

FOUR SEASONS

Episode One

Written by

Carly Mills

INT. OFFICE. FOUR SEASONS TAKE AWAY PIZZA. MILLISLE, NORTHERN IRELAND. EVE.

GRACE (17, preppy, an air that she's above this) stands awkwardly in a tiny corner office. Filing cabinets cover one wall, shelves another, all full of 'Four Seasons' branded uniforms, stationary, dusty awards for 'Best Kept Store' and the like. The office is windowless, apart from one tiny glass square that looks out to the main kitchen.

Sitting opposite her in full four seasons uniform is Brian (40s, Canadian, pristine), holding an iPad, Grace's CV on the screen.

BRIAN

So Grace, welcome to Four Seasons Pizza, thanks for joining us.

GRACE

-This is just a trial shift though, right? I'm not really 'joining'...

Brian blinks, then smiles, choosing to ignore that comment.

BRIAN

We pride ourselves on our pizzas going from order to box within three minutes, but that doesn't happen without our best ingredient: our people.

Grace just manages to contain an eye roll.

BRIAN (CONT'D) (CONT'D)

But, to maximise the flavour of those ingredients, we have to have some rules. First, no phones on the floor. If I catch you with your phone, I will lock it in the safe until the end of your shift.

GRACE

I don't think you're allowed to do that-

BRIAN

It's in your contract.

GRACE

But I haven't signed a con-

BRIAN

-Secondly; here is your uniform. I'm going to ask you to sign for it-

He pushes the iPad over to Grace, who reluctantly squiggles her name. Brian takes it back and looks at her signature.

BRIAN (CONT'D) (CONT'D)
Thank you Grace...Cruckshank. I
feel like I've heard that name
recently...

GRACE
It's a common surname.

He hands her a little pile of plastic wrapped clothes.

BRIAN
So, shirt tucked in, collar down,
trousers with a singular roll.
Failure to comply with uniform
regulations will result in
suspension. Oh and -

He hands her a baseball style hat. Grace grimaces.

BRIAN (CONT'D) (CONT'D)
Everyone in the pizza making zone
must wear a hat at all times.
That's how we maintain-

He taps the wall of certificates behind him-

BRIAN (CONT'D) (CONT'D)
A five star hygiene rating for six
years running. Any questions so
far?

GRACE
Do you know what time I'll finish?

Brian blinks. A grimace this time.

BRIAN
We usually let trialers go after
the second rush. Now, I'll show you
where you can change.

INT. TOILET. A MOMENT LATER.

Still holding her pile of clothes, Grace locks the door on the grim little bathroom, the bright white tiles only highlighting how dirty it is. Looking in the mirror, Grace tries on her Four Seasons hat. Scowls as she lifts it to smooth her hair - it's going to leave a kink.

Her phone pings, she pulls it out, where a message from SEB reads, 'Excited to see you later, know what time you're free?'

She replies, 'Sorry, have a thing first, don't know what time I'll be done.' Hits send.

As an afterthought she types, 'Excited to see you too.' Smiling, she forgets herself a moment, then catches her reflection again in the mirror. Her smile fades at the hat.

INT. BACK AREA. CONTINUOUS.

The toilet leads out in to a large store room, where crates hold stacks of folded pizza boxes, and a sad little employee area of plastic chairs are set out next to hooks on the wall where staff have hung coats and bags. Grace is just hanging up her jacket when Brian reappears with a clipboard, his hat on.

BRIAN

Ah - you found the backstage area - this is where we fold boxes when it's quiet - I like to keep my bees busy!

GRACE

Yeah, I was thinking, cos its my trial shift, I probably won't actually be making any pizza, I could do without the hat?

She smiles sweetly. Brian smiles politely back, stopping at the threshold to the kitchen.

BRIAN

I'm afraid not.

He stares Grace down until eventually, she puts her hat on.

INT. MAIN FLOOR. CONTINUOUS.

They step on to the main floor - a huge oven takes up one wall, perpendicular to that is the pizza making station, a dough bench slides along to sauce, then toppings.

A girl (TORI, 17, Chinese/Northern Irish, pure attitude, long false nails and fake eyelashes, NO HAT) sits on the dough bench, but jumps down quickly when she sees Brian. Standing beside her are two other girls. They turn to look at Grace. The phone starts to ring, Tori slinks past them.

GRACE
 She's not wearing a - you're not
 wearing a hat.

TORI
 I do phones.

She answers the ring with 'Hiya, Four Seasons...'

BRIAN
 You'll be on pizzas, with-

One of the girls steps forward (18, white, neat as a pin, a
 very Northern Irish accent)

CATH
 Bonjour, je suis Cath.

Grace raises an eyebrow as Cath rings her hand earnestly.

CATH (CONT'D) (CONT'D)
 I have a French exam tomorrow and I
 really need to practice. You're not
 studying it too, are you?

GRACE
 Afraid not.

Cath's face falls. She points to the other girl (16, white,
 innocently smiley).

CATH
 This is Moira.

GRACE
 Hi. I don't know if I've ever met a
 Moira.

MOIRA
 It's where I was conceived. My Ma
 says I was lucky, she and daddy
 were in Ahoghill the weekend
 before.

BRIAN
 I'll leave you in their capable
 hands, sounds like you've got an
 order coming in.

On the screen above them, an order flashes up on the screen.
 Brian glances at it.

BRIAN (CONT'D) (CONT'D)
 Good one to get you started- two
 Hot Summers and three Spring Fevers
 - my personal favourite. Cath-

Cath springs to action, using her hands to shape balls of dough into a base. Brian leaves. Tori rejoins the group.

TORI
 There he goes, away to wank over
 the latest Four Seasons uniform-

CATH
 Don't say that!

TORI
 Oh aye, just cos you want in his
 pants-

CATH
 -So where do you go to school
 Grace?

GRACE
 I'm at Kings for sixth form.

Tori snorts.

TORI
 Posh.

Cath throws Tori a dirty look as she slides the pizza along the bench, begins adding sauce.

CATH
 You must be super clever to be
 there.

GRACE
 I'm not. Either of those. Where do
 yous go?

CATH
 I'm at St Bernards, Moira's at the
 Academy, Tori's at Tech. I thought
 King's didn't allow for jobs, don't
 your classes run really late?

Grace shrugs.

MOIRA

One of my cousins went to Kings,
she's like 'the smart one',
actually checked the Chinese
translation of her name **before** she
got the tattoo. Dakota Williams?
She left a few years ago.

GRACE

Don't know her, sorry.

MOIRA

What's your surname?

GRACE

Er...Cruckshank.

CATH

I feel like I know someone else
with that name...

TORI

Well you're not from the estate. I
know everyone there and there's no
Cruckshanks.

GRACE

No, we just moved.

CATH

Oh, where were you before?

GRACE

Here, do you know when second
rush is?

MOIRA

Anyone's guess.

CATH

Technically it depends when first
rush is, usually between 6 and
7.15pm.

TORI

Means you're in til 9 at least,
Trialer.

Grace's face falls. Moira appears carrying a huge bag of
grated cheese, which she snaps open and begins emptying into
a large plastic vat.

MOIRA

-Would you say its like missing the train when you really have to be somewhere?

CATH

No, I'd say that's just poor time keeping-

Moira sprinkles cheese on the pizza, slides it along the line, Cath starts systematically placing the toppings on the pizza.

MOIRA

Is it like when Tori tells Brian she actually does want to hear the people-are-like-ingredients talk?

CATH

No, I think that's just sarcasm.

TORI

Definitely.

CATH

Grace, maybe you can help - we're trying to explain irony to Moira.

GRACE

Oh - like rain on your wedding day?

Grace smiles knowingly, but Cath looks at her, bemused.

CATH

No, that's just bad luck.

She slides her completed pizza into the oven, catches the next one Moira has slid her.

CATH (CONT'D)

(CONT'D) Right, every ingredient has a number, and every pizza has a combination, once you learn the numbers and the combinations its easy. For example, a Hot Summer is pepperoni, chicken, jalapeños and chilli, so 4,3,8,14 - or quatre, trois, huit et quatorze, as the French might say.

Grace looks at her blankly.

CATH (CONT'D) (CONT'D)
 Then, each slice has to have three pieces of pepperoni, one piece of chicken, three jalapenos, and a chili in the middle. Which is fine on the large but is trickier on the smalls because-

Grace looks to Moira, who shrugs.

MOIRA
 I do sauce and cheese.

GRACE
 Can I be on phones?

TORI
 Nope. It's a one man job, Trialer.

GRACE
 What about when it's busy?

Tori folds her arms, lifts her chin.

TORI
 I can handle it.

She drops the stance when her phone pings, hurriedly taking the pink, scratched diamanté encased android from her pocket.

GRACE
 Aw come on, you can't be allowed your phone on the floor too?

CATH
 She's not.

Cath has turned from the pizza bar, leaving Moira working on the toppings.

TORI
 It's a one off, I need it for later.

CATH
 Yes, how will TikTok still function without you?

TORI
 Don't you have some French to butcher?

MOIRA
 Here, what do you think?

Cath and Tori turn. Moira has used pepperoni to make a smiley face on the pizza.

CATH
Moira, not again! Zut alors!!

She dashes off.

MOIRA (OOV)
But it brightens everyones day!

Tori smirks and goes back to her phone.

GRACE
Come on, please, let me be on phones too.

TORI
No, Trialer. I'd have to teach you how to use the systems, not worth it if you're only here for a shift-

Neither of them notice Brian appear.

BRIAN
Grace, I printed you a name badge, to be worn on your left please-

Tori's phone is back in her pocket in a flash, but it's too late.

BRIAN (CONT'D)
Tori! Hand it over.

TORI
Och Brian, you won't see it again.

BRIAN
You're right I won't, and neither will you. Give it to me.

TORI
But Brian!! I need it!

BRIAN
You know the rules. You can go home if you want.

Begrudgingly, Tori slaps her phone into his hand.

BRIAN (CONT'D) (CONT'D)
Thank you. Come and see me at the end of your shift.

He hands Grace her badge, turns and walks back to his office.
Tori spins round to her.

TORI
That was all your fault, Trialer.

GRACE
My fault?! How?

But Tori isn't listening.

TORI
Fuuuuuuck. I need my phone. I have
to make a call later.

GRACE
You can use mine if you like-

TORI
As if I know the number, Dipshit!

The Four Seasons phone starts to ring. Then the next one.

GRACE
Come on, let me do phones, I can't
wear this stupid hat.

Tori is heading to the phones, about to pick one up.

TORI
No, fuck off-

GRACE
Please?

The third phone starts to ring.

CATH
Will you hurry up? You'll wreck our
speed stats.

GRACE [TO TORI]
I'll help you get your phone back.

Tori picks up the first phone.

TORI
Hello Four Seasons, hold please.

She pushes a button on the keypad. Turns to Grace.

TORI (CONT'D)
How?

GRACE

We get him out of the office, get it out of the safe.

TORI

We don't know the code.

Another phone starts to ring.

GRACE

Do you want my help or not?

Tori hesitates. Then, with a sigh, gestures for Grace to answer. Grace throws off her hat with a flourish, picks up the phone.

GRACE (CONT'D)

Hello, Four Seasons.

INT. BACK ROOM

Grace takes a drink from her water bottle, pulls out her phone.

There's a message from Seb; 'Woman of Mystery eh? Love it.'

Smiling, she responds, 'International Woman of Mystery actually. Should be free from 9ish. See you at yours?'

Tori appears behind her, swigging a can of Monster.

TORI

Are you ready? It has to be now, I have to make this call before 8.

GRACE

Yep, lets go. We just need a distraction.

TORI

I've got that covered.

INT. BACK ROOM/OFFICE.

Brian is playing a Four Seasons themed game on the computer, when there's a knock at the door.

He spins in his chair.

BRIAN

Yeah?

The door opens to reveal Moira mummified in reams of date stickers, holding the date sticker gun.

MOIRA

I think I made a mistake.

BRIAN

Holy pepperoni Moira! Tell me you haven't dated the toppings containers.

He's already on his feet.

MOIRA

They all needed done Brian, but I think I put the month and the date the wrong way round-

Brian's already out of the office, Moira follows.

BRIAN (OOV)

Moira, I appreciate you trying but those tasks are for management...

Tori and Grace come sneaking in to the office, Tori still drinking from her can.

TORI

OK, how are we going to do this? Find something heavy and bust it open?

Grace leans down in front of the safe.

GRACE

No. My Dad has one of these in the house, its just a four code safe. And we know Brian's a bit of a Four Season's fanboy-

TORI

That's an understatement-

GRACE

-And we know his favourite pizza is a Spring Fever.

She yanks a menu from the counter top.

GRACE (CONT'D)

-whose topping code is

TORI
9, 6, 4, 2 - you fucking little
genius, Trialer!

Grinning, Grace types it in - but the safe blinks red. They both look at it confused.

TORI (CONT'D)
Try again!

Grace does. Still blinking red.

TORI (CONT'D)
Fuck!!

INT. MAIN FLOOR

On the main floor, Cath hands over some take-away pizzas to a customer. The phone rings, it flashes up 'internal call.' Cath's face falls.

CATH
[To customers] Thanks now! [as she
answers] I want no part of this.

INT. OFFICE. CONTINUOUS.

Tori and Grace are crowded round the phone, on speaker.

TORI
Fuck's sake Cath-

GRACE
Look Cath, you know him better than
anyone-

INT. MAIN FLOOR

CATH
I don't know the code for the safe!
And even if I did-

INT. OFFICE. CONTINUOUS.

GRACE
-if his favourite is a Spring
Fever...does he have a second
favourite?

Silence. Tori and Grace look at each other.

TORI
Cath, if you're trying to play it
cool to hide how much you fancy
him, I swear to God-

CATH
He'll know. He'll know I've helped-

TORI
Cath! This is important-

Through the line, the phone starts to ring - customer
calling.

CATH
I have to go, the phone is ringing-

TORI
No, Cath-

GRACE
I can help you with your French.

Tori stares at her, Cath is silent on the end of the phone.

GRACE (CONT'D) (CONT'D)
...We have a holiday house in
Marseille. I'm pretty good at it.

There's a pause on the phone. The other line still ringing.

CATH
He likes a Winter Solstice
sometimes.

And with a click, she hangs up. Tori looks at Grace.

TORI
I knew you were posh.

But the menu is already in Grace's hands, she ignores Tori as
she types in

GRACE
2, 1, 9, 5.

Click! They're in! Elated, Tori grabs her phone, they slam
the door as they hear-

BRIAN
Now for the last time Moira-

MOIRA
'Day and Month in the UK,
Month then day in the USA!'

Brian's voice gets closer-

BRIAN
Very good-

MOIRA
What about Ireland though?

They aren't going to make it out. Tori grabs her Monster can, and chucks it all over Grace's t-shirt. Grace looks at her, shocked and annoyed, just as Brian opens the door.

BRIAN
What are you two doing in here?

TORI
Grace had an accident, she needed a
new t-shirt.

Graces nods enthusiastically.

MOIRA
Aw Grace, that's a nightmare.

BRIAN
Alright, you'll have to return your
previous to me Grace, protocol
dictates one t-shirt per staff
member and cleaning it is your
responsibility.

GRACE
No problem.

MOIRA
How ironic!

The rest of the room look at her blankly.

MOIRA (CONT'D) (CONT'D)
No? OK.

INT. BACK AREA. CONTINUOUS.

Beaming, elated, Tori and Grace walk out into the back area. Moira still has one arm covered in stickers. Grace ducks into the little toilet.

TORI
Nice work Moys.

MOIRA
No problem. It was actually quite educational.

Moira heads back to the kitchen as Grace reappears, her new t-shirt on. As she hangs up her sodden one to take home, she hears Tori on the phone.

TORI
'Hi Nanny...yeah OK, just the usual...how's Strictly?...He did not?

Grace smiles to herself, and heads back out to the floor.

INT. MAIN FLOOR. CONTINUOUS.

Cath slides up to Grace as she approaches the counter.

CATH
So, I was thinking you could test me on some bits - I have to talk about French cinema.

Neither of them look up as a couple of TEENAGE BOYS enter the shop.

GRACE
Sounds good -

SEB
Grace?

Grace looks up, mortified, a rabbit in headlights. Seb (17) oozes rich dickhead vibes; smart clothes, unnecessarily jangling his car key.

GRACE
Seb - hi.

SEB
You work here?!

GRACE
Uh...no, its just a trial shift.

SEB
Right.

GRACE
But I'll see you later?

Seb looks to his smirking mates.

SEB
Um, no, something else has actually
come up.

GRACE
Oh right OK. No worries.

Grace looks down, trying to hide her disappointment.

SEB
Grace?

Grace looks up, hopeful.

SEB (CONT'D) (CONT'D)
Can we get our pizza? Rang in a
Summer Fling half an hour ago.

GRACE
Oh yeah - course.

Cath has already lifted the pizza from the hot plate waiting
area. Hands it to Grace, who passes it to Seb.

GRACE (CONT'D)
See you soon?

SEB
Probably. We order from here every
Saturday.

Laughing, he and his friends saunter out the door. Just as
he's about to go, Seb looks back.

SEB (CONT'D)
Maybe you can get your Da a job
here when he's out!

CATH
(to herself) Cruickshank, of
course!

The door slams as he leaves. The Main Floor is silent. Grace
can't look anyone in the eye.

TORI
What. A. Prick.

MOIRA

If Grace had just stayed on pizzas
and kept her hat on, he probably
wouldn't have seen her - that's
ironic, right?

Grace turns on her heel and marches out the back. Cath and
Tori exchange a look.

CATH

Yes Moira, that's ironic.

EXT. BACK STEPS. EVE.

Grace sits on the steps outside. Tori comes to join her, vape
in one hand, pizza box in the other.

TORI

Here, Torialer, have a slice.

She passes down the box.

TORI (CONT'D)

We didn't know what you liked so-

Grace opens the box, inside is a pizza with a face made of
pepperoni, hair of pineapple, ears of peppers. Grace can't
help but smile. She takes a slice.

TORI (CONT'D)

It's a Moira special.

GRACE

Thanks.

Tori sits down beside her.

TORI

I've seen that guy before, he
thinks he's the shit.

Grace says nothing, picks morosely at her pizza.

TORI (CONT'D) (CONT'D)

Look, no offence, but why are you
here? Posh girls normally go retail
if they have to get a job.

GRACE

I'm not posh.

TORI

Please. You've probably only ever eaten pizza with a knife and fork.

Grace can't help but laugh.

TORI (CONT'D) (CONT'D)

Cath figured out who you are. I don't know what you're so worried about, my Dad's in jail for armed robbery too.

GRACE

Embezzlement isn't quite the same as armed robbery, and he isn't in jail...yet.

TORI

Right.

GRACE

I wanted to go travelling next year, I had visa for Australia all lined up. Then my stupid Dad had to go stealing a load of money, so we lost our house, had to sell our car....no-one at school talks to me anymore.

TORI

Right. So, Daddy can't fund your gap year, let me just get my violin-

GRACE

Oi!

Laughing, she chucks her pizza crust at her. Cath pops her head around the corner.

GRACE (CONT'D)

Please don't tell anyone.

TORI

Too late. Moira's already asking if embezzling is the man's version of putting diamonds on their-

She's interrupted by a cough. They spin round. Cath is standing at the doorway.

CATH

You haven't forgotten that French thing, right? Je necessaire tu aide.

Grace stands up, brushes herself down.

GRACE
Oui, tu le fais.
{Subtitled: Yes, you do}

Cath beams cluelessly at her. Moira appears beside Cath.

MOIRA
Did you like your pizza?

GRACE
It positively brightened my day.

Moira elbows Cath.

MOIRA
See?

From behind them Brian hollers

BRIAN
Does anyone work here any more?!

Cath jumps a mile and runs back inside. Brian appears at the door.

BRIAN (CONT'D)
What is this, some kind of
convention?

Tori rolls her eyes.

TORI
Couldn't have one of those without
you, Brian.

She heads back inside, Moira goes after her and Grace goes to follow.

BRIAN
Grace, I'm doing the rota for next
week. Are you in or out?

Grace pauses, smiles. Tori slows down to eavesdrop.

GRACE
In.