

UNTITLED 'CHEF PROJECT'

By Steven Knight

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INT. PARISIAN RESTAURANT KITCHEN, NIGHT

Flames, knives, madness, chaos and hell.

CAPTION: 'Cafe Jean-Luc, Boulevard St. Germain, Paris, France.'

The kitchen is hitting its cruising speed with two dozen chefs, porters and kitchen waiters all rushing about their business. Superbly crafted meals are scooped up from steel surfaces and carried above heads towards the front-of-house waiters in their red uniforms with golden buttons. Porters weep into their aprons as they are yelled at by the chefs.

At the front of the kitchen is the *passee*. A steel table where meals are inspected for imperfection by the *Chef de Patron*. And the *Chef de Patron* in this kitchen, in no uncertain terms, is ADAM.

We move in on Adam slowly through the chaos. The white chef tunic he wears is smeared and well worn. He is unshaven and his hair flops around his face. In spite of this we see that he is handsome in a noticeable way.

All dialogue in this scene is in FRENCH and Adam yells and swears fluently in French along with the rest of them. We see subtitles.

ADAM

(This shit is not fit for a pig, take it away and use it to stuff the in-bred son of a whore who made it then roast his legs!).

Adam yells out the orders as they are given to him by his *maître d'hôtel*, who is a neatly buttoned up Greek guy in his mid thirties. This is TONY. We will get to know him well later but for now he is just a face in the steam and the chaos.

We cut close to see a chef chopping vegetables at lightning speed. A second chef cuts tomatoes at the same speed. A third chops cocaine at the same speed and when it is shaped into a line, he brings it to Adam, who hoovers it up.

As this madness continues a young ALGERIAN PORTER hurries to Adam's side and yells above the noise in French.

YOUNG PORTER

(Chef! There is a guy outside on a motorbike who says you owe him money).

ADAM

(One order of Cassoulet a la facon de ma grand-mere!! This veal needs eight more seconds! Money for what?)

The Algerian porter hesitates...

INT. PARISIAN RESTAURANT, STAFF TOILET

Adam is in a cubicle, snorting another line of coke on the window ledge. There is a knock at the door.

Adam growls and unlocks the door. We see a distinguished looking gentleman in his late sixties, dressed in blazer and cravat. This is the owner of the restaurant, JEAN LUC.

JEAN LUC

(Some dear friends of mine would like to try our signature dessert. They *insist* you to make it personally.)

INT. PARISIAN RESTAURANT, KITCHEN

Adam has isolated himself from the frenzy and is shaping a beautiful dessert from ice cream, peaches and glazed sugar. The thing is a work of art. The young Algerian porter arrives again, accompanied this time by an older porter, who looks very grave...

OLDER PORTER

(Chef. There is a drug dealer in the alley on a motorbike who says he needs to see you).

Adam's eyes sparkle as he turns to the porters with a smile, gesturing at his dessert creation...

ADAM

(What do you think? Beautiful huh?)

Adam picks up the bottle of cooking brandy and takes a swig as he strides back to his place at the *passe*. Tony brings another order and Adam begins to yell in French.

ADAM (CONT'D)
(Filet de daurade sauce vierge!!
Papillon d'avocat et son
carpaccio!!)

Adam smiles and raises the brandy bottle again before yelling out another order.

ADAM (CONT'D)
(Millefeuille d'aubergines et
tomates sur lit de mesclun!)

In the background we see the Algerian porter hurrying back to Adam from the darkness of the alley...

OLDER PORTER
(Chef. He has a gun.)

Adam picks up a large butchering knife.

ADAM
(I have a knife.)

Suddenly a young guy on a powerful motorbike comes roaring through the back door of the kitchen, sending chefs, porters, food, pots and pans flying. The motorbike roars and the rider, who has long wild hair and a gun, begins to curse and yell in French at all around him. Two porters and a chef dive onto the bike rider and a struggle ensues. After a few moments a porter calls out...

OLDER PORTER
(Where is the Chef?)

Things quieten down a little. The *chefs de partie* and the porters look from one to the other...

YOUNG PORTER
(I think...he has gone at last.)

EXT. BEAUTIFUL GARDEN ON THE FRENCH RIVIERA

Heavenly tranquility.

Jean-Luc, casually but immaculately dressed, is sipping a very expensive red wine on the patio of an old country *Mas* (farmhouse). Birds sing. There is blossom on the trees.

Caption: Mougins village, South of France...ONE YEAR LATER.

As Jean Luc sips, we hear a buzzing sound and find a wasp fretting frantically inside an upturned glass on the table.

Adam emerges from the house, dressed in jeans, T-shirt and sunglasses. As he sits down at Jean Luc's table, the buzzing of the wasp is the only sound for a few moments. Finally...

JEAN LUC
Where have you been?

ADAM
Grand Central Station, New York.

Jean Luc shrugs. With Adam it seems, nothing surprises him.

JEAN LUC
For a whole year?

ADAM
I took a job as a kitchen porter.
I opened one and a half million
oysters. I am so good at it now I
can open a *fin-de-claire* with a
kiss.

Jean Luc pushes the wine bottle across the table. Adam studies the label and is impressed. However, he pushes the bottle back.

ADAM
I've quit drinking.

Jean Luc reacts with astonishment.

ADAM (CONT'D)
Also sniffing, injecting, smoking
and licking yellow frogs. And I
have given up sleeping with women.

Jean Luc pours himself another glass of wine, neither impressed nor unimpressed.

JEAN LUC
It is a little late for redemption.
After you disappeared from the face
of the earth I had to close the
restaurant. Also some girl came
after me saying you made her
pregnant. There were drug dealers,
some mafia guys...all of them
asking...'where the fuck is Adam?'

Jean Luc grabs his arm.

JEAN LUC (CONT'D)
You have a great gift. You have a
civic duty to give pleasure.
(MORE)

JEAN LUC (CONT'D)
For Christ's sake, you are a two
star Michelin chef...

Adam is slowly sliding the glass with the wasp across the
table.

ADAM
I am a two star Michelin chef who
has decided...

Adam looks up and grins, putting his hand under the glass
with the wasp.

ADAM (CONT'D)
...to become a three star Michelin
chef.

Jean Luc reacts with disbelief. Adam is stung by the wasp...

ADAM (CONT'D)
Son of a bitch...

Adam lets the wasp fly.

JEAN LUC
To win three stars you would need
to have a heart.

Adam nurses the sting on his palm.

JEAN LUC (CONT'D)
You just have a pump for pushing
drugs around your body.

Adam shrugs, evidently unconcerned. Jean Luc swigs his wine
and studies Adam, becoming anxious.

JEAN LUC (CONT'D)
If you set up a restaurant in Paris
I will have you shot in both knees.

Adam looks up and smiles.

ADAM
Don't worry. Paris is in the past.

Jean Luc peers at him...

JEAN LUC
So where then...is the future?

EXT. WESTWAY. A HUGE, HEAT HAZED SNARLED UP TRAFFIC JAM...

The high arc of the main road into London from Heathrow is solid with traffic. The image shimmers in the heat. We see a caption...

London, England, two days later.

Among the traffic is a black taxi. Adam climbs out of the taxi and begins to walk between the cars, a small carpet bag slung over his shoulder. He yells aloud to the world a quotation from General Patton...

ADAM

'Have a good plan, execute it
violently...do it today'.

EXT. SIMPSONS HOTEL

Uniformed doormen open the doors of limousines and Rolls Royce's for smartly dressed customers. Adam walks through this formal opulence in jeans and T-shirt, his bag slung over his shoulder.

INT. SIMPSONS HOTEL, RESTAURANT

As we move through the hotel dining room, we feel the atmosphere of the place. It has the faded elegance of a restaurant which is living on its reputation. The MAITRE D' is taking a personal call. The waitresses are all young, bored, East European.

Then we find Adam sitting alone at a table, reading the classified section of a newspaper. The moment we join him, a waitress places a starter in front of him. It is a sad looking plate of *boudin-noir* with a poached egg beside it. Adam barely glances at the food before calling the waitress back.

ADAM (LOUDLY)

Excuse me.

The waitress stops and turns.

ADAM (CONT'D)

I'd like to speak the manager.

WAITRESS (POLISH ACCENT)

There is a problem?

Adam grabs the egg and screws it up in his fist so that yoke and white squeeze out between his fingers.

INT. SIMPSONS HOTEL, RESTAURANT KITCHEN

The kitchen is working at half capacity with chefs gossiping, dirty dishes stacked near the pastry area. One of the commis chefs is swigging from a can of coke. *Later we will see this same kitchen transformed so it is important that it now feels grubby, badly organized and lacking in energy.*

The Maitre d' is walking through the kitchen alongside TONY KONSTANTINOOU. He is the same guy who was the Maitre d' in the Parisian restaurant.

MAITRE D'

I wouldn't bother you but he says he knows you from Paris. He called you 'Little Tony'.

INT. RESTAURANT

Tony and the Maitre d' enter from the kitchen and see that Adam has left his table. However there is a note on the table addressed to 'Little Tony'. When Tony unfolds it he reads 'ROOM 659'.

INT. ADAM'S HOTEL ROOM

The suite has a panoramic view over London, with French doors opening out onto a balcony. Adam is on the bed, eating a McDonalds. When the door is knocked, Adam calls out, chewing his food.

ADAM

It's your hotel, let yourself in.

Tony uses his hotel master key to open the door. When he enters and sees Adam he reacts. *We will find out later that Tony and Adam have a complex history. Much more will be revealed later.*

For now Tony looks startled to see that it is Adam. Adam talks as if resuming an interrupted conversation

ADAM (CONT'D)

The *boudin-noir* was cooked yesterday and had been kept warm for at least eight hours under a serving light. A crust had formed...

Adam eats his burger with relish...Tony wanders toward him...

TONY

Can you actually afford this room?

ADAM

And the egg? It was like an old hooker, you know? It was probably sweet and innocent when it first came into town but it had been hanging around too long in smoky bars.

Tony checks his watch.

TONY

It's six thirty. Shouldn't you be drunk. Or stoned. Or dead?

Adam turns and smiles....

ADAM

I've been doing some research. Your Polish waitresses are offering your customers blow jobs for money.

Tony straightens a painting on the wall and half turns...

TONY

By the way, we count the paintings...

ADAM

You used to run the best restaurant in France.

TONY

And you destroyed it.

ADAM

Ah...we'll always have Paris...

Adam gets to his feet to dump the burger box into the trash.

TONY

Adam, what exactly are you doing here?

ADAM

The way you are running your kitchen is a sin against our Gods. So I have decided. I'm going to take over your restaurant.

Tony begins to chuckle. He turns and heads for the door and stops in the doorway.

TONY

My advice to you, chef? If you want to live a long life?

A pause.

TONY (CONT'D)

Eat your own tongue.

INT/EXT. SMITHFIELD MEAT MARKET, 3AM

Smithfield is London's MEAT MARKET. It operates in the early hours of the morning inside a huge Victorian market hall. Big trucks disgorge body parts. Blood runs through the gutters. In the crowds of butchers and restaurateurs buying meat, we find a good looking BLACK GUY in his mid thirties. This is MITCHELL. He is paying for a piece of meat.

He feels a tap on his shoulder. He turns to see Adam and reacts with absolute astonishment....

MITCHELL

Jesus Christ!....

ADAM (WITH A SMILE)

...is risen. Hallelujah.

Mitchell smiles and hugs Adam...

MITCHELL

Adam it's nice to see you alive.

ADAM

Mitchell my friend I have a job for you.

MITCHELL (INCRECULOUS)

Yeah, right.

Mitchell moves on to the next stall and Adam follows.

ADAM

I'm going to open the first
restaurant in the world where the
live lobsters are fed on caviar...

Mitchell laughs but goes about his business, checking out
some pork bellies. Adam pursues him.

ADAM (CONT'D)

Mitchell I'm going for the third
star.

MITCHELL (BUSY)

I'm settled. I'm happy. I've got my
own restaurant.

As Mitchell sets off to leave Adam speaks softly...

ADAM

I know. I ate there last night.

Mitchell walks on a few yards then stops. He turns and peers
at Adam as if awaiting the verdict of God.

MITCHELL (HESITANTLY)

And...what did you think?

Adam half smiles but doesn't answer. Mitchell is trying to
hide his frantic concern.

MITCHELL

What did you have?

ADAM

Do you know the Greek myths? I
love to read the Greek myths.

MITCHELL

If you had the sweet breads with
milk that was just an experiment,
OK?

ADAM

I read a lot of Greek myths while I
was opening oysters...

MITCHELL

Look, Monday's always a bad
night...You should have fucking
called me. I haven't got the
brigade right yet but I'm on it...

ADAM (INTERRUPTING)
This is you being settled and
happy, right?

A pause. Adam comes close.

ADAM (CONT'D)
My friend I'm putting a brigade
together and you are going to be my
sous chef. Your restaurant is a
brave little ship in a storm but
it's going to sink. I'm offering
you a life boat.

MITCHELL (ANGRY)
Fuck you.

Mitchell grabs his bags of meat and walks away.

INT. MCDONALD'S RESTAURANT, DAY/MORNING RUSH HOUR

Adam is sitting at a table WEARING A RED CARNATION and eating
a McDonald's breakfast with relish. Crowds of commuters
hurry in and out with their coffees and meals. A woman in her
early thirties approaches the cafe.

This is SWEENEY.

She is beautiful but practically dressed, a woman accustomed
to hard work. We hardly notice her as she is about to enter
the cafe along with other commuters but she stops when she
spots the red flower in Adam's lapel.

SWEENEY
Adam Jones?

Adam looks up.

SWEENEY (CONT'D)
I'm here about the vacancy for a
fish chef...

ADAM
You didn't wear your flower...

Sweeney sits...

ADAM (CONT'D)
In the ad I specifically said 'wear
a red carnation'.

SWEENEY

Sorry. I thought it was part of the joke.

ADAM

What joke?

SWEENEY

...Conducting interviews for a two star restaurant in a McDonalds.

ADAM

How is that a joke? In the absence of an office this place is accessible, cheap and easy to find. And they don't throw you out if you talk to yourself. That's important to me. I'm lovin' it. You want breakfast?

SWEENEY

Not here, no.

ADAM

Why not?

Sweeney is a little thrown but she's a chef so she's tough too.

SWEENEY

Because I don't eat cows' lips eye lids and ears lobes.

ADAM

You know what tete de veau is?

SWEENEY

Of course...

ADAM

It's a classic French dish. The face and head of a cow. So what's the difference?

Sweeney hesitates for a moment.

SWEENEY

Tete de veau is cooked by a cook. Not re-heated from frozen by a...

Sweeney glances at the employees working in the kitchen.

ADAM (INTERRUPTING)

By a what? You don't like kids who didn't go to college?

SWEENEY

Mr Jones, I'm fine with kids who didn't go to college. I am one. Do you want to see my resume?

Adam is now on a crazy roll...

ADAM

You know why people like you hate McDonalds?

SWEENEY (CALM)

People like me?

ADAM

Because it's food for the working class.

SWEENEY

You've never saw 'Supersize me?'

ADAM

Bourgeoise propaganda.

SWEENEY

Excuse me, has the interview begun?

ADAM

Yeah. So far I've learnt you know what tete de veau is and you didn't go to college. Good start. But I question your attitude to fast food...

Adam gets to his feet.

ADAM (CONT'D)

All the great chefs say the best food is peasant food, right?

Adam grabs a burger from the plastic tray of a child who is about to eat it. His mother looks up, astonished and open mouthed. As Adam rants, he unwraps the burger, sniffs it and examines it.

ADAM (CONT'D)

McDonald's is just peasants doing what peasants do.

(MORE)

ADAM (CONT'D)

Using up the cheap cuts of meat and giving them a little showbiz to make them edible. What scares people is that McDonalds is American peasant food...

He is starting to get an audience...

ADAM (CONT'D)

Truckers, cowboys, blacks, Hispanics. People who'd happily kick your ass. Not like those sweet, tame French peasants with their *petite dejeuners* and their *Camembert*, which, by the way, is ten times higher in fat, pound for pound, than a big Mac and fries.

Adam returns the burger to the child. More heads are turning. Adam becomes serious and peers at Sweeney...

ADAM (CONT'D)

You're not right wing are you?

SWEENEY (HORRIFIED)

Excuse me?

ADAM

Come with me...

Adam takes her hand and they set off for the counter...

INT. MCDONALDS FOOD PREPARATION AREA

Adam leads Sweeney to the counter and engages a young African who is cooking french fries in full McDonald's uniform.

ADAM

My friend here is from Somalia. Hey Chewi...

The young African looks up from his work and smiles...

CHEWI

Hey Adam. How are you?

ADAM

Chewi came to London strapped to the axle of a truck. You know the first thing he did when he hit Piccadilly?

SWEENEY

Bought a guide book?

ADAM

He went to a McDonalds. Because in his village McDonalds is a legendary place. A place where poor people eat fresh meat in toasted buns and no one shoots you. And there's a guy with a red nose always smiling...

Chewi slips Adam a free bag of fries.

ADAM (CONT'D)

'Supersize me'? Hell yes. If I'm a poor starving African fucking Supersize my ass. You want coffee by the way?

Sweeney is baffled, impressed, horrified...

SWEENEY

Wait a minute. Are you.... are you suggesting McDonalds is the answer to world poverty?

ADAM

I just believe if everybody agrees about something, it must be wrong. Chewi, these fries are just mmm.

Adam offers Sweeney a french fry and she simply stares at him.

SWEENEY

Mr Jones...where is your restaurant?

ADAM

I don't have one.

Sweeney nods as if that figures.

ADAM (CONT'D)

But I'm working on it and I need my brigade in place.

He eats...Sweeney becomes deadly serious.

SWEENEY

You know I answered your ad because I heard you did some really interesting things in Paris.

ADAM

Man that is so true.

SWEENEY

But I also heard...that you were pretty wild. Which can get...quite boring.

A mood change. Adam's smile dies.

SWEENEY (CONT'D)

I came here on the off chance the 'interesting' had overcome the 'wild'.

A pause. She glances at Chewi then turns to leave.

SWEENEY (CONT'D)

Nice to have met you Mr Jones.

Adam watches her leave with interest...admiration even.

INT. BRIXTON PRISON, DAY

It's visiting time in West London's grimmest prison. Various wives, friends and lovers are sitting face-to-face with inmates.

We see Adam sitting in a booth opposite a skinny Corsican guy with a thin moustache and a twitchy nervous energy. This is MAX. He is telling Adam his tale of injustice in an earnest whisper.

MAX

...So *three times* he prepares the raspberry coulis upside down. *Upside fucking down* on the plate. He was a fat fucker...and he was always chewing gum...

Max does a quick, vicious impression of someone chewing gum.

MAX (CONT'D)

And I'd find this gum in places. On the *passe*, stuck under the stove, on the pastry surface.

(MORE)

MAX (CONT'D)

He was fucking Canadian...A country where they put sweet little clams into batter and fry them to death. So anyway one night, ninety fucking covers..and I'm like...Adam, you know how I get...and this fat gum chewing fucker says to me...'hey Spic, lighten up'.

A long pause.

ADAM

So you cut off his nose with a boning knife.

Max looks all around, pained...

MAX

Yeah but they sewed it back on and you know why? Because it was me who picked his nose up off the floor and put it in the refrigerator until the ambulance arrived. People conveniently forget that part.

Adam looks suitably impressed.

ADAM

You get out in four weeks.

MAX

Twenty six days. I'm going back to fucking Corsica to grow olives like my dad.

A long pause. Adam grins at him.

ADAM

No you're not.

INT. MITCHELL'S NORTH LONDON GASTRO PUB, NIGHT

Mitchell is in charge of a small, busy kitchen. Flames burst from beneath pans and there is controlled chaos at the passe.

Suddenly a very young *commis chef* emerges from the steam and grabs Mitchell's attention.

COMMIS

Chef! Chef! Some blokes in suits out the back. They're coming in.

Mitchell looks up sharply as two guys in suits (THE INSPECTORS) suddenly enter the back of the kitchen from the darkness outside.

MITCHELL

What the fuck?

Mitchell strides to confront them and one of the guys shows some ID.

INSPECTOR

Department of Health. Spot inspection. We've had a complaint from a member of the public about severe food poisoning.

A pause. Mitchell is bewildered...

MITCHELL

Which member of the public?

INSPECTOR

A tourist. American.

Mitchell begins to put two and two together, getting angry...

INT. HOTEL ROOM, NIGHT

Adam is lying on the bed with his eyes open, staring at the ceiling. We should feel the machinations inside his skull as a breeze blows open the net curtains to reveal the night-time view of London and the river.

Adam begins to tremble and perhaps we feel some inner craving which he is fighting. There is a knock at the door. Adam doesn't move.

EMPLOYEE

Mr Jones?

A hotel employee with a master key enters, accompanied by two heavy looking security guys.

EMPLOYEE (CONT'D)

Unfortunately your credit card no longer has sufficient funds to cover your bill. The management would like you to leave.

INT. SIMPSONS HOTEL, LOBBY

Adam emerges from the elevator, escorted by the two burly security guards with his single bag in his hands. The moment he is in a public area, Adam begins to yell...

ADAM

Do not eat in the restaurant of this hotel!! I found half a rat's ass in my French Martini...

INT. STAFF AREA/KITCHENS

Adam is being escorted through the staff changing area toward the rear exit. A grubby looking old guy in chef whites emerges from the lavatory...

ADAM

Have you washed your hands? I mean, ever?

Tony is working in his glass walled office and hears Adam protesting as he is escorted to the kitchen exit.

ADAM (CONT'D OOV)

I just want to speak to Tony. Just give me five minutes with him...

As Adam struggles with the security guys we see a look of great sadness on Tony's face and realize, to our surprise, the depth of his feeling for Adam. He fights the urge to go to him.

INT. ADAM'S HOTEL ROOM, A LITTLE LATER

The room Adam left is in half darkness. The door opens as Tony lets himself in. He closes the door and seems to savor the air.

He goes to the mini-bar and sees that NOTHING HAS BEEN DRUNK. In the light of the open mini-bar door we see Tony's reaction. *Our curiosity should be aroused.*

EXT. THAMES EMBANKMENT, NIGHT

It's a warm evening and people wander through the park towards the West End lights. Adam is sitting on the grass, hugging his knees with his bag by his side, watching the boats drift down the Thames.

In his eyes, his certainty is undiminished. There are a couple of homeless people near-by and one of them approaches Tony. He offers his can of super-strength lager.

WINO

I'll give you a swig for a quid.

Adam stares straight ahead.

ADAM

The tables will be oval.

A pause...

ADAM (CONT'D)

And there will be salt on the table. If people want to fuck up their own food that's their prerogative.

He hugs his knees again. The homeless guy glances at him, hardly blinking at his outburst. Adam turns to him.

ADAM (CONT'D)

Please don't tell me your life story. I've had a bad day.

INT. MCDONALDS, NEXT DAY

Rain pours outside and the place is full of customers. A young, gangly English chef in his early twenties (DAVID) is wearing a red carnation and sitting opposite Adam. Adam looks dishevelled and unshaven.

DAVID

I graduated from the London school of food and hygiene, then I worked at La Gavroche and I'm now commis at the Fat Duck.

A pause.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Also...Mr Jones...you've always been a...bit of a hero of mine.

ADAM (QUICK AS A FLASH)

Really? Where do you live?

David is wrong-footed.

DAVID

Live?

Adam nods.

DAVID (CONT'D)

I've...got a flat in Shepherd's
Bush.

ADAM

Do you have a spare bedroom?

A pause. David looks perplexed. He glances at Adam's bag.
Adam stares at him.

ADAM (CONT'D)

It's a simple question.

INT. NEAL STREET RESTAURANT

A busy medium to high priced Italian restaurant in Covent
Garden (CARLUCCIO'S) is doing a decent lunchtime trade.

The big avuncular figure working the room is CARL, the
Italian owner and some-time celebrity chef. He is schmoozing
the business crowd and asking after their opinions of his
food as he notices Adam walking in.

Carl cuts his conversation short and approaches Adam with an
almost tearful joy, his arms open....

CARLUCCIO

Adam? Adam. Adam...my baby...

They hug and Carl holds Adam tight then recoils...

CARLUCCIO (CONT'D)

So thin....Come.

INT. CARLUCCIO'S KITCHEN

Adam is at the chef's kitchen table as a plate of pasta with
a tomato sauce is placed in front of him by a waitress. Carl
is sitting opposite, about to pour two glasses of wine. Adam
covers his glass. Carl reacts with surprise and pours himself
a small glass...

CARLUCCIO

So Adam, what brings you to London?

Adam doesn't answer. He has already tasted the tomato sauce. He sniffs it and reacts. He analyzes the flavors and Carl sees what he is doing and sighs...

CARLUCCIO (CONT'D)
Eat, eat, fucking eat. Always you are working. Always you taste and never eat.

Adam looks up, filled with awe.

ADAM
Carl this is the best fucking tomato sauce you ever made.

Carl looks just slightly embarrassed. Finally...

CARLUCCIO
I didn't make it.

INT. CARLUCCIO'S KITCHEN, SERVICE AREA NEAR THE PASSE

Three chefs are hard at work, all dressed in their whites with their heads buried in pots and steam. Carl escorts Adam through the bustle and calls out.

CARLUCCIO
Hey Sweeney my dear. You just got the biggest compliment I ever heard anybody get.

One of the chefs emerges from the steam. Adam sees that it is SWEENEY. Adam and Sweeney both react with a hiccup of surprise when they see each other.

CARLUCCIO (CONT'D)
Sweeney this is Adam Jones. You've probably heard of him.

ADAM
Oh she knows all about me.

Carl is a little puzzled by their reactions but continues.

CARLUCCIO
Adam just said that your tomato sauce was the best he'd tasted outside Italy.

Adam and Sweeney have locked eyes. Adam steps forward and invades Sweeney's station.

She half protests as he picks up a spoon and samples a white truffle risotto which she is preparing. Carl raises his hand to stop Sweeney protesting. Adam analyzes every flavor.

CARLUCCIO

You like it?

Adam thinks for a moment and peers at Sweeney.

ADAM

It's...interesting. Maybe it could be a little more wild.

Sweeney reacts. Adam tries another dish and is obviously impressed. Carl becomes defensive.

CARLUCCIO

Hey...she has been with me for four years. She is part of my family now. She will never leave me.

Adam peers at Sweeney.

ADAM

Next time you make tomato sauce try frying some sage leaves for five seconds in hot oil. Add them at the last minute.

Carluccio sees the look between them.

SWEENEY

Mr Jones, I really don't need a new ingredient.

INT. DAVID'S FLAT IN SHEPHERDS BUSH

David and his girlfriend (SARA) are asleep in bed. They are woken up by noise...They can hear Adam singing and working in the kitchen, making a terrible clatter with pots and pans and occasionally cursing a burn....

As David and Sara slowly wake, she puts on her spectacles, checks the clock and listens with trepidation...

SARA

Do you think he's drunk?

DAVID

He says he doesn't drink anymore.

SARA

What's he doing?

DAVID

It sounds like he's cooking.

SARA

Are you sure he's famous?

DAVID

If you're a chef he's like...the Rolling Stones.

SARA

He scares me.

DAVID

Two star Michelin chefs are meant to be scary.

SARA

Two doesn't seem like many.

DAVID

To get even one Michelin star you have to be like...Luke Skywalker. Then to get two you have to be whoever Alec Guinness was. And if you get three...you're...Yoda.

Sara thinks then whispers...

SARA

What if he's Darth Vader?

A knock at the door. They freeze. David sits up and straightens his hair as if preparing for an interview. Adam enters with a breakfast tray. There are two beautifully presented breakfasts of eggs Benedict and bacon with two flowers in vases. He lays the tray down and we see there are also two glasses of Champagne....

They look stunned...Adam smiles at Sara.

ADAM (CONT'D)

May I use the bathroom first. I have an appointment.

INT. 'REECE-LONDON' RESTAURANT, EARLY LUNCH

We glide slowly through a pristine, lemon yellow restaurant somewhere in Belgravia. The diners eat in reverent silence while a string quartet plays Bach. The whole place is filled with sunlight which pours through a glass atrium. The restaurant looks the way you might imagine heaven to look.

In silhouette against a vast sunlit window we see Adam in conversation with a waiter.

INT. 'REECE-LONDON' KITCHEN

Through flames, smoke, fear and yelling we follow the anxious waiter who heads for the pastry area. Finally he stops and hesitates...

There before him is the *chef patron* of this legendary establishment...REECE. He is early forties with long unkempt hair and a gaunt, tortured face. THIS MAN DEMANDS PERFECTION, even though he looks as if he hasn't slept for days. He is using a blow torch on a *creme-caramel*.

WAITER (TERRIFIED)

Chef?

Reece turns...

WAITER (CONT'D)

There's been...we have a complaint.
About...

A pause.

WAITER (CONT'D)

...the crayfish.

Silence. Horror. The blow torch is switched off..

INT. 'REECE-LONDON' RESTAURANT

Reece walks across the restaurant floor with purpose. His immaculately dressed, mid-fifties Maitre d' (JACK) sees Reece emerging from the kitchen and immediately stops what he's doing to head him off.

JACK (TACTFULLY AND SOFTLY)

Do we have a problem?

Reece continues to walk until he sees Adam. As their eyes meet it is obvious that they are old enemies. Finally Adam smiles. Reece squeezes out a smile for the benefit of the other customers who are beaming up at him. Reece approaches Adam's table and stands close, the Maitre d' hovering at his side. Adam gestures at the dish in front of him...

ADAM

Hello Reece. A little bird told me you've lost your touch. A little crayfish just confirmed it.

Reece speaks softly to Jack without taking his eyes off Adam...(he has a Southern Irish accent).

REECE

Leave us alone.

Jack withdraws. Reece sits down opposite Adam and smiles.

ADAM (SOFTLY)

I'm taking over this City.

REECE (SMILING)

Leave now or die.

ADAM

You are over.

REECE

You fucking American cunt get your burger-fat arse out of my post code.

ADAM

I am half French.

REECE

I will eat you.

ADAM

Fuck you. Mr History.

REECE

You...stole...my recipes.

ADAM

You fucking pretentious asshole, you think you own the recipe for anchovy sauce? You are over. Over. And out.

REECE

Get out of my restaurant now or I will cook you and put you on the menu as 'American fuck-up in junkie sauce'.

Adam offers his hand to shake.

ADAM

I'm here to stay my friend. May the best man win.

Reece, to our surprise, takes Adam's hand and they grip hands like warriors. As they squeeze...

ADAM (CONT'D)

In truth....the crayfish was almost OK.

INT. SIMPSONS HOTEL, RECEPTION

Tony enters for another evening's work from a rainy street. He is greeted by a junior who takes his raincoat and umbrella. He checks his appearance in the reflective gold panelling beside the elevators and stretches his cuffs. As he does, he notices someone in the reflection. He turns to see a dark haired middle aged woman talking on her cellphone in the lobby area, checking her watch.

This is FAY MASCHLER. Tony reacts with horror.

INT. SIMPSONS HOTEL, RESTAURANT

Tony hurries to the Maitre D' and splutters....

TONY

Fay Maschler is here....

MAITRE D'

Who?

Tony stares at his Maitre D' with horror.

TONY

'Who?' She is the restaurant critic of the fucking Evening Standard.

INT. SIMPSONS RESTAURANT, KITCHEN

Tony is on the verge of a nervous breakdown, tasting a bubbling pot of sauce. He reacts with horror to the taste of it. The head chef arrives from the lavatory, trousers half hitched, buttoning his flies...

CHEF

What's wrong?

TONY

Fay Maschler is eating here tonight.

The chef doesn't know the name. Tony grabs him and is about to yell in his face but the Maitre D' arrives at a trot....

MAITRE D'

Sir? There's someone to see you.

Tony is now trying a morsel of duck and spits it out. He turns to the chef.

TONY

It's dry. The duck is dry and the sauce tastes like...*bedrooms*. Everything is fucked. We are finished. She will destroy us...

MAITRE D'

Sir? Sir...Adam Jones is here.

INT. SIMPSONS HOTEL, TOILETS

The shoulder-brusher in the valet toilet is brushing Adam's shoulders as Tony bursts in. Adam smiles in the reflection.

TONY

You set this up.

ADAM

Like Dionysus I offer destruction and creation in the same gesture.

Adam fixes Tony in the mirror.

ADAM (CONT'D)

Jean Luc in Mougins is an old friend of Fay Maschler. He called her to say he was shocked at how far things had fallen in what was once his mother's favorite restaurant in London. Fay has come to find out for herself... and deliver her verdict to three million Londoners.

Tony goes for Adam but Adam shrugs him off and dusts his sleeves....

ADAM (CONT'D)
She's booked in for...(checks
watch)...eight thirty. You have
one hour.

A pause.

ADAM (CONT'D)
I will cook for her...

TONY
You are insane.

Adam turns to the shoulder-brusher and drops him a pound
coin.

ADAM (CONT'D)
I'll be in the bar.

INT. SIMPSONS HOTEL, BAR

Adam is drinking a glass of water and reading a newspaper in
the opulent upper bar. Fay Maschler is drinking a cocktail
with her companion and checking her watch. The Maitre D'
hurries into the bar and locates Adam....

MAITRE D'
Mr Konstantinou would like to see
you in the kitchen.

INT. SIMPSONS RESTAURANT, KITCHEN

Into the mayhem steps Adam. Tony has admitted defeat and is
now in shirt sleeves, wiping spilled soup from a surface and
sweat from his brow. As Adam surveys the scene, one by one
the chefs and commis all stop what they are doing. The noise
level slowly drops until there is silence.

ADAM (SOFTLY)
The only words any of you need to
say are...'yes chef'.

A pause. One by one the chefs mumble...

CHEFS (ONE BY ONE)
Yes chef.

ADAM
Give me a knife and some space.

INT. SIMPSONS HOTEL, RESTAURANT

Tony wanders through the restaurant as if unconcerned. However he dares to glance at the table where Fay and her companion are eating. We don't need to labor the point but we see she is having a wonderful meal.

Tony arrives at the Maitre D' station and they both watch her. Tony's face fills with some remote remembered glory.

TONY

The guy could cook a brick, you know?

INT. RESTAURANT, MIDNIGHT

All the customers are gone. The last of the kitchen staff are pulling on coats and leaving. Tony is sitting alone at a table, a bottle of champagne open with two glasses poured. He is cashing up. Adam emerges from the kitchen and sits opposite. Tony pushes one of the glasses of Champagne across the table.

TONY

She said it was the finest orange sauce she had ever tasted.

ADAM

That's because it was tangerine.

Adam pushes the glass back and peers at Tony with a question in his eyes.

TONY

This doesn't change a thing.

Adam gets to his feet and speaks to the walls, using the space of the restaurant as his theater.

ADAM

This restaurant will be called...
'Nida'.

Adam adopts a deliberately theatrical tone...

ADAM (CONT'D)

'Nida' was the name of the cave where the great God Zeus was hidden by his mother to stop his father Cronus from...*eating him alive.*

A pause. Adam peers at Tony, who tries to keep working...

ADAM (CONT'D)

My restaurant will be dedicated to all those who have managed to escape the destiny their fathers had mapped out for them.

Tony sips his champagne but there seems to be a bitter taste.

ADAM (CONT'D)

People like you, Tony.

Tony tries to apply himself to his figures but eventually speaks softly...

TONY

You even remember our conversations?

ADAM

Some things stick to the walls of a junkie's skull...like old movie posters.

A pause.

ADAM (CONT'D)

In your movie your dad wanted you to work in his shipping business. You could have had an easy life with easy money. But you had a passion. For beautiful food, beautifully cooked.

Adam comes close.

ADAM (CONT'D)

What happened to that passion?

Tony buries himself in his papers. Adam turns around...like a witch stirring a cauldron...

ADAM (CONT'D)

You run this place badly and without ideals because you don't want to find out if you can still do it well. You think you're cynical but the truth is you're just afraid.

Tony is using the count of the receipts as a way of hiding.

TONY
...fifty four, fifty five...When
did you get to be a student of
psychology?

ADAM
Oyster number seven hundred and
fifty five thousand.

A pause. Tony tries to go back to his papers...

ADAM (CONT'D)
In Paris I let you down too many
times, right?

TONY (UNDER HIS BREATH)
...sixty seven, sixty eight, sixty
nine....

ADAM
I did it because I knew you would
always forgive me. Because I knew
the truth about you.

Tony sips some more Champagne and peers at his papers. He's
afraid of what comes next. He checks the back of a receipt.

TONY (SOFTLY)
What truth?

Adam sits down opposite Tony...

ADAM (SOFTLY)
Your feelings for me...

A pause. Tony tries to chuckle...

TONY
What 'feelings'?

Adam puts his finger to his lips.

ADAM
Shhhh. My restaurant will also be
a place where people will find
refuge from their secrets.

Tony is now deeply unsettled and follows Adam with his eyes
as he gets up and patrols the room...

ADAM (CONT'D)
Mitchell will be my sous chef...

TONY

Mitchell has his own place...

ADAM

Not for much longer. Also Max is in.

TONY

Max is in jail.

Adam shakes his head.

ADAM

He's out in two days. He says working in a prison kitchen has improved his technique. He can now make an axe-murderer weep using only bread sauce.

Adam stares into Tony's uncertain eyes.

ADAM (CONT'D)

Also I have found a *chef de partie* who doesn't know how good she is.

TONY

'She'?

Tony chuckles bitterly and returns to his receipts.

TONY (CONT'D)

Within three days you will be fucking her.

ADAM

No. I left my cock on the battlefield.

Tony looks at the untouched glass of vintage champagne then looks at Adam.

TONY (SOFTLY)

How long have you been clean?

ADAM

One year fifteen days.

A long pause. Adam reaches out and touches Tony's hand. Tony reacts as if he's been hit by a bolt of electricity ...but hides it.

ADAM (CONT'D)

In Nida, everything will be possible. *Everything.*

Tony studies Adam and they are silent for a moment.

EXT. THAMES EMBANKMENT, NEAR CHARING CROSS PIER, DAY

Adam is fishing in the big, muddy river.

Simpsons hotel is behind him. In front of him barges drift past. Along the river we see Big Ben, the Houses of Parliament and Westminster Bridge. Adam casts out his line and sits down on a beer crate, a prosaic lone figure silhouetted against all the grandeur.

After a moment we see Tony, wearing his suit, hurrying down stone steps down to the riverbank. He hovers at the edge of the muddy shoreline. He peers over at Adam then hitches his suit trousers to walk onto the mud. Adam sees him approach and tries not to appear concerned.

As Tony comes close, Adam hardly turns, staring out at his line. He is obviously expecting Tony and is awaiting news. Tony comes to his side but before Tony can speak...

ADAM

You know some homeless guy told me this river used to be so full of chemicals if you fell in you'd fizz on the surface like a multi-vitamin. Now it's full of fish. This river is like my bloodstream.

A pause. Finally Adam turns to Tony and glances down at his muddy shoes.

ADAM (CONT'D)

I'm guessing you got your Prada shoes muddy for a reason.

After a moment, Tony smiles a broad smile.

TONY

I don't know how it worked but it worked. I told my father all that shit about Zeus and Dionysus. He loves all that stuff.

Adam shrugs as if he knew this would be the outcome.

TONY (CONT'D)

In the end I got it so he believed calling the place 'Nida' was his idea.

ADAM

I'll name a dish after him.

TONY

He's called Pelopanopolous.

ADAM (SOFTLY)

Does he have a nickname?

They both can't help smiling to themselves, an understated excitement which builds.

ADAM (CONT'D)

How much is he in for?

TONY

Five hundred grand. That'll be enough for a complete overhaul.

A pause.

TONY (CONT'D)

Also...he said to me...'good luck'.

Adam knows how much this means to Tony but turns away to cast his line. Tony peers at Adam for a moment, wanting more. Then Tony turns and walks back across the mud. After a moment Adam calls out..

ADAM

You did OK Tony. Tell your dad Dionysus won't let him down.

EXT. HARLEY STREET

Adam strolls towards a door with a brass name plate. It identifies *Dr Hilda Rosshilde, Psychiatrist*.

INT. DOCTOR ROSSHILDE'S OFFICE

Adam is sitting up in a hard backed chair beside a couch as DOCTOR ROSSHILDE waits for a kettle to boil in the corner of the office. She's late forties, Canadian, almost glamorous. She's making a herb tea.

ROSSHILDE

You should understand Adam I'm not
a rubber stamp service.

Adam is studying the walls.

ADAM

I get that. You have certificates
on your wall.

ROSSHILDE

I have been psychoanalyzing Tony
Konstantinou and his father for
many years. 'Popa' has great faith
in my judgement.

ADAM

So *that's* his nickname.

She pours her boiling water onto her herbal tea bag.

ROSSHILDE (CONT'D)

He needs to be certain of your
mental condition before he actually
writes the cheque.

Rosshilde comes over to Adam and takes a seat.

ROSSHILDE (CONT'D)

And more importantly...

She dumps her tea bag in the bin and proceeds delicately...

ROSSHILDE (CONT'D)

He has asked that I take blood
samples. To test for alcohol and
class A drugs.

Adam begins to roll up his sleeve and offers his bare arm.

ADAM

Take a bite.

ROSSHILDE

I'm afraid...it's something I would
need to do every week.

ADAM

What tea is that? It smells
disgusting.

ROSSHILDE

It's camomile.

ADAM

I'm very sensitive to disgusting things.

Rosshilde is a little put out. She puts her tea aside.

ADAM (CONT'D)

So how do you test for insanity?
Is there a machine?

ROSSHILDE

No, but to be blunt Tony tells me you're pretty fucked up.

Adam picks up Rosshilde's cup and sniffs the herb tea.

ADAM

Why do you drink this? Is it some kind of penance?

ROSSHILDE

He blames your mother.

Adam's self assuredness is knocked sideways for a moment. It is just a flicker but the fact that Adam shows any reaction proves the subject of his mother is important.

ADAM (SOFTLY)

I don't have a mother.

ROSSHILDE

He said she was French.

ADAM

Isn't there some kind of rule against discussing patients with other patients?

ROSSHILDE

Tony thinks your obsession with French cuisine is actually a search for your mother.

ADAM

You know, thinking about it, I never met a crazy person I didn't like.

Rosshilde seems to reconcile herself to Adam being difficult.

ROSSHILDE

Perhaps we should begin with your blood.

Rosshilde produces a sample kit. Adam looks straight ahead, his mind racing.

ADAM

Have you seen the movie '300'? I want my chefs to be like that. Does that make me insane?

EXT. PRIMARY SCHOOL IN KENTISH TOWN, LONDON

It's late afternoon and parents are gathering at the school gates to meet their children (aged five to eleven).

Between the groups of parents we see Adam, leaning against a tree in the shadows. The school gates are unlocked to allow the parents through and they all go into the playground.

After a moment Sweeney appears, hurrying and checking her watch because she's late. As she does, Adam joins her and she almost jumps out of her skin for a second time. Adam smiles...

ADAM

Hey, you only just made it. I hope this doesn't mean you're not a punctual person.

Sweeney looks astounded.

SWEENEY

What the hell are you doing here?

ADAM

You collect your daughter from school only on Wednesdays. Every other day your mom and dad pick her up...They do a lot of baby sitting.

Sweeney is about to speak but Adam ploughs on.

ADAM (CONT'D)

...That's because most days you're working at Carl's. Sixteen hour shifts. That's probably why Lily's dad left you. Your daughter's called Lily, right?

Sweeney stares in disbelief...

SWEENEY

I don't believe it. I've got a bloody stalker...

ADAM

Carluccio told me all about you. He thinks my interest in you is...romantic.

A pause.

ADAM (CONT'D)

...When in fact I just wanted to be sure you'll have sufficient child care arrangements when you come to work in my kitchen. When you're with me the hours will be even longer.

Sweeney makes a fast decision.

SWEENEY

You're insane.

Sweeney walks into the playground and Adam walks beside her.

ADAM

No I'm not.

He reaches into his pocket and produces some official looking documents. He offers them to Sweeney.

ADAM (CONT'D)

A Harley Street psychiatrist gave me this. I'm officially not insane. How many people do you know who have paperwork to prove that?

Sweeney smiles in spite of herself. There are now children all around, carrying their paintings and workbooks.

ADAM (CONT'D)

She said I probably have Obsessive Compulsive Disorder which I have been self medicating with heroin for ten years.

One of the other mothers hears Adam and reacts...Sweeney hisses....

SWEENEY

Oh well that's OK then.

Lily has arrived at a run and Sweeney hugs her.

LILY

Mummy, are we going to go for a Big Mac like you promised?

Adam and Sweeney react.

ADAM

It's OK, I like hypocrites. They are aware that the truth is flexible, like space and time.

Lily peers up at him.

LILY

Who's he?

ADAM (CONT'D)

I'm Adam. Do you prefer the Big Mac or the chicken McNuggets?

Lily looks a little afraid.

SWEENEY

He's not coming with us is he?

Sweeney turns on him.

SWEENEY (CONT'D)

No. He's not coming with us.

ADAM

OK, OK...I'm leaving.

A pause...

ADAM (CONT'D)

But you should know. I have a restaurant now.

Adam hands her a business card and she studies it. She is obviously stunned and hugely impressed.

SWEENEY

Are you *serious*?

Adam suddenly looks deadly serious.

ADAM

So how was the tomato sauce when you added sage leaves?

A pause. Sweeney uses the card to hide her reaction. It's obvious she tried his new ingredient. Finally she looks up and smiles.

ADAM (CONT'D)
Better huh?

She nods gently...

ADAM (CONT'D)
Be at the Simpsons hotel staff
entrance three weeks from today.

INT. SIMPSONS RESTAURANT, KITCHEN

The place is being ripped apart by builders.

A central chef table is being installed in the middle of the kitchen. Two young builders are chasing a rat around the debris. An old oven is being dug out from the wall.

At the heart of this chaos we find Adam, wearing a hard hat, cooking a fish sauce on the one remaining hot stove. He is consulting some hand-written notes which he has scribbled down. There is dust and noise everywhere.

A very large builder in a hard hat walks by and Adam grabs a glass of *amuse bouche* he prepared earlier. He offers it to the builder...

ADAM
Try.

Without missing a beat the guy sips it back and examines his palate.

ADAM (CONT'D)
I added a little more tarragon.

BUILDER
I preferred yesterdays.

EXT. OLD COMPTON STREET

The fashionable and the gay are out in force on a busy Friday evening. Among the crowd we find Max, who is selling drugs on a street corner.

Max is approached from behind with a tap on the shoulder. He reacts with terror then turns to see that it's Adam.

MAX

Hey, fuck don't do that, man,
Jesus.

ADAM

We start prep in two weeks, OK?

Max looks all around.

MAX

You want some of this?

Adam smiles and kisses Max on the forehead before disappearing into the crowds. Max shrugs and calls it a night.

INT. BAR, SIMPSONS HOTEL RESTAURANT, DURING RENOVATIONS

The restaurant is being re-vamped. The carpets are gone and the chandeliers are being taken out.

On the far wall a mural artist is painting a gigantic likeness of the Greek God Dionysus, taken from an authentic frieze.

The East European waitresses are all standing in a line as the work goes on all around. Adam is patrolling in front of them like a Sergeant major.

ADAM

OK I know most of you are Polish and Russian. But in the kind of restaurant this is going to become...all the wait-staff must be French.

There is an anxious reaction. Are they about to be fired?

ADAM (CONT'D)

But we're already over budget. So I'm going to need you all to pretend to be French.

They begin to murmur and Adam quietens them.

ADAM (CONT'D)

It's easy. If you want to be a French waiter all you have to do is behave as if the restaurant is your own home...

A pause.

ADAM (CONT'D)

....And the customers are armed intruders.

A pause.

ADAM (CONT'D)

What I'm saying is, if you want to pass as French, *stop smiling*.

INT. SIMPSON'S KITCHEN

The kitchen is a little further along than it was before but there are still builders working. Adam is trying out another dish.

Tony enters with a fax in his hand. He approaches Adam and has to work to get his attention away from his cooking.

TONY

Adam, this came for you.

Adam isn't listening. His dish flames and casts a devilish light on his face. Tony tries to force the fax on him.

TONY (CONT'D)

My French is rusty but I think technically it's a death threat.

Adam doesn't react.

TONY (CONT'D)

You remember Monsieur Merlot? The drug dealer? He says you still owe him a lot of money.

Finally Adam is half engaged...

ADAM

For what?

Tony sighs...

TONY

He's a drug dealer and you owe him money. So who knows what it's for? Curtain fabric?

ADAM

Taste this.

Adam is utterly unconcerned and offers Tony a taste of the sauce he has prepared. He spoons it into Tony's mouth and Tony welcomes the intimacy. Tony tastes and peers at Adam.

TONY

Beautiful. Really beautiful.

Adam goes back to his work. Tony steps back and peers at him, happy that he is at last in his true element. He folds the fax and puts it into his pocket.

EXT. SOUTH BANK

Adam is being interviewed by a female journalist at a table outside the 'Anchor' pub on the banks of the River Thames, opposite Simpson's. We see the commerce of the River and the majestic north bank as a back drop. As the interview progresses, a photographer snatches photographs of Adam. She has a tape recorder on the table between them and a file of research beside it.

JOURNALIST

You were raised in Nebraska, is that right?

ADAM

Not the prettiest State but by God it's the flattest.

JOURNALIST

But your mother was French.

ADAM

How do you know that?

The journalist looks a little embarrassed and sorts through her file. She hands Adam an article printed off from the internet.

JOURNALIST

It's an old 'Paris Match' interview you did when you were working in Monaco.

Adam studies the interview, looking puzzled.

JOURNALIST (CONT'D)

You don't remember that interview?

ADAM

I don't remember working in Monaco.

The journalist makes a hasty note of Adam's comment. A pause as Adam begins to read the interview. We glimpse a photo of him looking younger, more strung out.

JOURNALIST

Adam, you've gone on record defending American style fast-food outlets. Do you feel there is an element of snobbery in the London restaurant scene?

Adam stops reading and hands the article back.

ADAM

Jesus...how long was I in Monaco?

INT. SIMPSON'S KITCHEN

The kitchen is now almost finished. Adam is again working on dishes, this time on an almost completed range.

Adam is absorbed and doesn't notice when someone stands at his shoulder. Adam turns and for a moment doesn't identify the black guy in the hard hat.

Then he sees it is Mitchell.

Mitchell snatches the hand written menu Adam is using and studies it. He nods his head approvingly and hands it back. Adam lets his creation sizzle. Mitchell is expressionless.

MITCHELL

I'm in a lot of debt. Maria's pregnant. She told me to swallow my pride and ask for a hundred grand a year.

Adam turns to him.

ADAM

Maria sounds nice.

Mitchell turns and leaves. Adam watches him go, looking a little concerned as his dish in the pan begins to burn and flame...

EXT. SIMPSONS HOTEL, EVENING

It's opening night. Rain is pouring in torrents.

A red carpet is being laid and velvet ropes are being fastened but the driving rain is destroying any semblance of grandeur. Tony marches up the red carpet as it is being unrolled under an umbrella, talking on his mobile phone and looking deeply concerned.

TONY

....So tell them we'll send a car for them. Jesus...what's the matter with these people? It's just a little fucking shower...And we have umbrellas.

Tony's umbrella is blown inside out. He hurries inside the hotel.

INT. SIMPSON'S KITCHEN

Chaos, panic, preparation....

Mitchell, Max and David are among the two dozen cooks, chefs, commis and porters who are preparing for the opening night service.

Adam is in charge, calling out instructions to a frantically busy team as he patrols the kitchen.

ADAM

You stay at your station unless I give you the word to move. There will be no talking. No whistling, singing or laughing. Anyone caught drinking soda will be fired. The only words I want to hear are 'yes chef'. Do you understand!

The brigade begin to call out 'yes chef' one by one as they continue about their work.

ADAM (CONT'D)

I can't hear you!

Everyone yells a response...

Adam peers over at Max who is hard at work. He turns Max around physically and grabs his face and stares deeply into his eyes, looking for something.

MAX

Hey what's wrong? I'm clean.

ADAM

I can see that. *Why* are you clean?

Adam lets him go.

MAX

I'm taking your example.

ADAM

First night is not a night for experiments.

Max shrugs, lays down his knife and grabs an old fashioned kitchen tin marked 'FLOUR'. He pours a little white powder onto the surface.

EXT. DELIVERY BAY OUTSIDE THE KITCHEN

The rain is pouring and Adam stands alone among the sacks of garbage. He has his face raised to the pouring rain and appears to be silently praying.

Then at the other end of the alley we see Sweeney, pushing her bicycle. She stops when she sees Adam then wheels her bike towards him. He is too engrossed in his prayer to notice her until she is very close.

Finally he looks at her. He doesn't register any surprise.

ADAM

Hey.

A pause.

ADAM (CONT'D)

Sorry. I was praying.

SWEENEY

For what?

Adam smiles but doesn't answer. She lays her bike aside.

SWEENEY (CONT'D)

Who do you pray to?

ADAM

Dionysus. The bringer of ecstasy.

A pause. She wipes rain from her face.

SWEENEY

You knew I'd come?

Adam nods gently.

ADAM

People like you and I have no choice. Cooking is more important than life, right?

A pause. There is a moment between them.

INT. SIMPSONS RESTAURANT KITCHEN

The kitchen is working at full tilt. Adam is at the *passe* calling out orders as Tony brings them to him on hand-written docketts. Max and Mitchell are driving the team while Sweeney is consumed in her station.

Tony glances at Adam with mild concern as he delivers another docket. Adam spots it...

ADAM

Why is it so slow? Are we full yet?

Tony shrugs and Adam reads his face. He repeats before Tony can depart.

ADAM (CONT'D)

I said...are we full?

TONY

There are some no-shows.

The news hits Adam hard but he hides it.

ADAM

How many?

TONY

Four...

ADAM

Covers?

TONY

Tables.

Adam curses under his breath. Tony is about to leave again but Adam grabs him.

ADAM

How many paparrazzi?

Tony hesitates.

TONY

Look, it's raining, you know?

Adam stares at Tony and senses deceit...

ADAM

What else? Tell me.

After a moment Tony grabs a copy of the Daily Telegraph.

TONY

You don't read the papers.

Tony flicks through the pages...Adam grabs it. We see a photo of Adam in his old strung-out days, with a headline...

'Nida-nother Burger bar?' with a sub-heading 'Not us' say London foodies'

(English newspapers love silly puns and would use the name 'Nida' relentlessly in this way). As Adam reads...

ADAM

Well fuck them....

TONY

It's because you're American. It's a class thing. London is about your family. At least the French had a revolution.

Adam goes to grab the paper but Tony tosses it away...

TONY (CONT'D)

Like you say, fuck them. You have work to do.

Tony finally hurries away. Adam becomes a still point among the mayhem as he thinks. He makes a fast decision as a plate of starters is laid on the passe before him. Without even looking at it he calls out...

ADAM

Take it through...

INT. RESTAURANT

Tony is at front of house, greeting a party of two and taking a fur coat which he passes on to an assistant. The next customer is wearing a broad brimmed hat. When he removes it we see that it's Reece.

Tony recognizes him instantly and double takes. Reece smiles as he hands his hat to an assistant.

REECE

I booked in the name of O'Reilly.
He's my Priest. I've come to
deliver the last rites...

Tony smiles and gestures at the mural of Dionysus, who is naked...

TONY

As you can see from the painting on
the wall this is no place for a
Priest.

Reece glances at the naked mural and chuckles. Then he scans the restaurant, sees the empty tables and speaks softly.

REECE

Tell Adam not to bother coming out
to see me. I'm sure he's busy....

A pause. Reece looks mock-puzzled....

REECE (CONT'D)

But not *that* busy.

He smiles....

REECE (CONT'D)

I'll just sit myself down at one of
these empty tables shall I?

Reece drifts off. Tony reacts then looks anxiously at the reservations book. A young assistant nearby is putting the phone down...

ASSISTANT

The Alexandra party of five just
called to cancel.

TONY (SOFTLY)

Shit...

His hiss turns to a smile for an approaching customer.

INT. KITCHEN, AT THE END OF THE SERVICE

All the staff are cleaning up and unwinding and joking around. There is a lot of laughter, a lot of congratulation going on.

Tony enters and looks nervous as he looks around for Adam. He approaches Max, who looks equally uneasy as he sharpens a knife...

TONY

Where is he?

MAX

I don't know. I heard him throwing up outside...

Then Adam enters through the back door and stands dead still in the middle of the kitchen. Slowly everyone realizes he is here and stops what they are doing. Eventually there is silence.

Adam leaps up to stand on a food preparation surface.

There are smiles at first until people see the look on Adam's face. A pause.

ADAM

I'm giving everyone who ate here tonight their money back.

Tony thinks about speaking but decides against it.

ADAM (CONT'D)

I will write to them all personally and offer them my sincere apologies. The only reason I let all your shit through was because I'm not strong enough to stop a tidal wave.

Adam speaks softly and with venom.

ADAM (CONT'D)

Let me explain something to you people. This is not a democracy. It isn't a dictatorship. It isn't even slavery. This is a Theocracy. You know what that means?

Adam strides from the work surface onto a lit burner...his heels digging into a lit gas flame briefly, smoke issuing from his shoe....

ADAM (CONT'D)

It means...this is a system that is run by Priests who all believe in the same God.

Silence. Even Tony looks a little concerned. Adam begins to stride across the surfaces and the burners in the kitchen.

ADAM (CONT'D)

It is obvious to me that none of you truly believe.

He suddenly kicks a huge pot from a surface and sends it clattering against a wall.

Then he jumps down from a surface and suddenly descends on David. He pushes him up against a wall...

ADAM (CONT'D)

You missed six calls for fresh cuts and you couldn't even keep a rota going, is that Ok?

David looks terrified.

DAVID

No Chef.

ADAM

Is it good enough?

DAVID

No chef.

Adam shoves him away and stares all around.

Adam shoving David shouldn't be a huge moment but it should be the first time Adam's craziness genuinely troubles us.

A gear change here.

Adam begins his descent from zany eccentric to possibly dangerous madman...and we should know that this happens because he is finally in his natural environment...at the head of a kitchen.

Everyone shrinks from him. He grabs MITCHELL...and pulls a chicken breast from his pocket. He holds the chicken up for Mitchell to see.

ADAM

You let this go through to the passe?

MITCHELL

Yes chef.

ADAM

Eat it.

A pause.

ADAM (CONT'D)

I said fucking eat it!!

He jabs the chicken towards Mitchell's mouth. Mitchell is burning with anger but takes a bite. He begins to chew...

ADAM (CONT'D)

Now spit it out because it's
fucking raw. If you ate that you'd
fucking die.

The cook spits it out into his hand.

ADAM (CONT'D)

You want to kill someone?

MITCHELL (ANGRY BUT EVENLY)

Chef, it isn't raw...

Adam shoves Mitchell back against a burner with enormous power. Adam is a different animal, filled with some dark new energy. He roars at Mitchell...

ADAM

It's fucking raw!!

MITCHELL (YELLING)

Yes Chef!!

Adam sweeps a hot pot from another surface. He turns on Sweeney and stares deeply into her eyes.

ADAM

Everything you touch turns
into...sweet, sweet fucking
nothing. It turns into the suburbs.
Into...sexless, dull English
fucking nothing....

She meets his stare.

ADAM (CONT'D)

You made *mousseline of scallops*
ordinary. How the fuck do you do
that?

He physically turns her around to face a pile of scallop shells.

ADAM (CONT'D)
Apologize to the scallop shells
because they died in vain...

Silence.

ADAM (CONT'D)
I said fucking apologize!

Sweeney doesn't speak. Adam gets closer.

ADAM (CONT'D)
I gave you an order.

Sweeney is overwhelmed and tries to turn her response into a joke...

SWEENEY
Scallop shells I sincerely
apologize...

No one joins her in the humor. Everyone cowers. Adam sweeps the shells from the surface with a clatter. He yells at Sweeney again.

ADAM
Everything is so neat and so
fucking nice. Did you ever take a
chance? Did you ever take a
fucking risk?

Sweeney is scared but brave....

SWEENEY
I came to work for you didn't I?

Muffled laughter followed by a horrified moment. How will Adam respond? He is silent for a long time. Then he pulls a knife on her...and holds it to her throat.

We should believe he would use it if she says another word.

ADAM
When you speak to me...you call
me...Chef!!!

Sweeney stares at him...genuinely shocked....

SWEENEY (SOFTLY)
Yes chef.

He shoves her back against the wall. Tony pushes himself from the shadows...

TONY (SOFTLY)

Hey Adam come on...

Adam still has the knife and turns on Tony...

ADAM

Fuck you!!

Tony retreats. Adam finally steps away from Sweeney and she angrily fights tears. Adam drops the knife then leaps up on a surface and kicks another pot across the kitchen. It clatters against a wall.

ADAM (CONT'D)

I'm inviting everyone who ate here tonight to come back one week from now.

He glares all around.

ADAM (CONT'D)

We're going to try again. I'm giving you one week to learn how to fucking cook. In the meantime we honor all our bookings. But everyone who eats here in the next seven days eats for free.

Everyone is now looking at their shoes, some fighting back tears. A pause.

ADAM (CONT'D)

The shit you serve is fucking worthless.

Silence apart from a dripping tap. Adam goes to it and uses his anger to squeeze it shut.

ADAM (CONT'D)

Now get out of my fucking kitchen all of you. Get out!!!

One by one they begin to leave in silence and in a hurry. Tony is studying Adam.

It takes a while for the kitchen to empty but when they are all gone, Tony comes to Adam and speaks softly..

TONY

Adam? They did OK.

ADAM
OK is not OK.

A pause. He turns to Tony and smiles.

ADAM (CONT'D)
Call the papers and tell them about
my free offer.

A pause.

ADAM (CONT'D)
I want press, radio, TV. Next time
there will be no empty tables.

A half smile.

ADAM
At Nida...there are no empty
tables.

INT. SWEENEY'S KITCHEN, VERY LATE AT NIGHT

We see the kitchen in darkness for a while. The digital
clock reads 3.17 Am. Sweeney suddenly enters in her
underwear, her hair a mess, her face contorted with fury.

She begins to grab pots and pans and ingredients. She
angrily turns on the burner on the stove and begins to mix
together ingredients.

INT. TV STUDIO

Adam is being interviewed on a lightweight commercial TV
breakfast show. The husband and wife team of presenters are
on a sofa, with Adam looking suitably angst ridden and
dishevelled in the guest armchair.

INTERVIEWER
So for the rest of the week
everyone eats at Nida for free.

ADAM
I have a certain standard, you
know? My brigade haven't quite
reached that standard yet. Until
they do I can't honorably ask
anyone to part with their money.

The interviewer turns to camera.

INTERVIEWER

We'll have more...

INT. SWEENEY'S KITCHEN/DINER

The TV is on, showing the interview.

INTERVIEWER

...from the two star Michelin chef
Adam Jones, after this break. Don't
go away.

Sweeney is in her dressing gown, exhausted, whisking a mixture in a mixing bowl compulsively as she watches the interview go into a break. The kitchen is a chaos of pots and pans. Sweeney's daughter Lily is in pyjamas, watching the TV too.

She turns to Sweeney...

LILY

So he's the man who makes you cry.

Sweeney half nods and sighs as she goes to the stove.

LILY (CONT'D)

What's for breakfast?

SWEENEY (SOFTLY)

Mousseline of scallops.

LILY

Oh not again.

INT. DOCTOR ROSSHILDE'S OFFICE, DAY

The doctor is taking a sample of Adam's blood by pricking his finger. She squeezes his finger and blood oozes. Their faces are close. Adam is studying her...

ADAM

Do you have any idea how many types
of oyster there are on the East
coast of America alone?

Rosshilde puts the blood sample into a plastic bag and peers at it.

ROSSHILDE

You seem pretty wired today.

She holds up the sample.

ROSSHILDE (CONT'D)
Is this going to be bad news?

ADAM
Two hundred and seventy five. How
dare they call me a burger flipper?

She turns her gaze to him.

ROSSHILDE
You know I forgot to ask. She's
dead, right? Your mother?

ADAM
In your head, mothers don't die.
They just get promoted.

Rosshilde checks her watch and makes a note of the time of
the sample. She sighs...

ROSSHILDE
Every time I boil a fucking egg
these days I think of you.

ADAM
So just have the toast.

INT. SIMPSON'S HOTEL KITCHEN, NIGHT

It's four nights into the 'free week'. The brigade are hard
at work with Adam patrolling. Everyone doubles their efforts
as he walks by.

At the passe Mitchell is inspecting every plate, re-arranging
the garnish with the care of a surgeon. Adam studies him as
he works.

Max is disappearing in flashes of brandy flames and Adam
helps steady his hand. David drops a plate of chopped fennel
with a huge crash. He waits for Adam to descend on him.
Instead Adam bends down, picks up a slice of fennel and bites
it.

Adam approaches Sweeney's station. He looks at her dish then
dips his finger into the sauce.

He sucks his finger in front of her and she holds her breath.
His reaction is neither positive not negative. He walks
away...

Sweeney hates herself for being so concerned.

INT. SWEENEY'S APARTMENT/DAUGHTER'S BEDROOM

It's the early hours of the morning. Sweeney enters, totally exhausted, and very gently kisses Lily on the cheek. Lily doesn't wake. Sweeney lies down on the bed beside Lily and almost immediately falls to sleep.

INT. SIMPSONS KITCHEN, MORNING

Adam is asleep on one of the preparation surfaces in the kitchen as morning light pours in through the skylight. A rat nibbles around his fingers. Then he wakes with a start.

The rat scurries away. Adam sits up. He looks around and remembers where he is. The realization pleases him. His eyes sparkle with resolve.

EXT. SIMPSONS, ALLEYWAY/DELIVERY BAY, A FEW MOMENTS LATER

Adam emerges into the alley, carrying a plastic bag of yesterday's bread. A homeless person sleeps nearby and Adam drops the bread at homeless guys' side.

Then Adam hears a voice from the far end of the alley.

VOICE

Hey Adam. *Comment allez-vous?*

A pause. The heavy speaks in French and we see sub-titles.

HEAVY

(Monsieur Merlot wants to speak to you).

Adam turns and sees three heavy looking guys filling the entrance to the alleyway. Adam takes one look at them and runs like hell in the opposite direction.

EXT. SOHO CHINA TOWN, EARLY MORNING

Adam runs through the crowds of Chinese shopkeepers, illegals, and delivery boys shouldering joints of meat. The three guys run after him. Adam ducks down an alleyway and bursts into an open kitchen door. We hear yells in Chinese...

INT. CHINESE KITCHEN

A couple of startled waiters react as Adam holds himself flat against the wall as the heavies run by. After they have gone Adam relaxes a little then smiles at one of the chefs, who has a cleaver raised.

ADAM

Do you have a good, reliable supplier of live lobsters who can supply on Mondays?

EXT. SIMPSONS HOTEL, AN HOUR LATER

Sweeney is crossing the Strand with a coffee in her hand, on her way towards the hotel side-alley. The rush hour traffic is heavy.

As she crosses Adam catches her up and takes her arm. He looks all around as they walk side-by-side.

ADAM

Walk with me, there are some people trying to kill me.

Sweeney laughs but sees the serious expression on Adam's face.

SWEENEY

Which people?

ADAM (KIDDING)

Tony said it's something to do with curtain fabrics.

Adam smiles as they reach the front entrance of the hotel.

ADAM (CONT'D)

How come you're here so early?

Sweeney looks as if she's been caught out in something...

SWEENEY

I want to...get ahead of myself today.

ADAM

You're finding it hard to keep up, right?

She looks anxious and he peers at her for a moment.

ADAM (CONT'D)

You want to come and get some
breakfast?

She hesitates.

INT. SMALL SANDWICH CAFE

The cafe is cheap and busy, full of commuters and workmen
getting early breakfasts. A waitress is taking Adam's order.

ADAM

Put the ham above the cheese and
leave it under the heat for around
four minutes.

The waitress stops writing and looks at him.

ADAM (CONT'D)

A little butter on the outsides.
That stops the bread burning before
the cheese melts. And at the last
minute put some French mustard on
the ham. Then close the sandwich up
again. Give it another forty
seconds.

The waitress looks at Sweeney as Adam hands the menu back.

ADAM (CONT'D)

The rest I leave up to you.

The waitress departs. Sweeney is smiling...

ADAM (CONT'D)

What?

SWEENEY

I can't believe you can be so
precise about a cheese and ham
sandwich.

Adam shrugs.

ADAM

My dad used to make it for me every
morning before I went to school. He
gave it the French name. 'Croque
Monsieur'. To me it was the most
exotic dish in the world.

A pause. Sweeney is a little wrong footed by the personal revelation.

ADAM (CONT'D)

He said my mom taught him how to make it before she left us. So to me 'Croque Monsieur' was like the photograph I didn't have.

A pause.

ADAM (CONT'D)

You may find it strange that my father didn't keep a photograph of my mother but it's true. He said the pictures are better if you close your eyes. He was kind of crazy.

Sweeney is a little embarrassed that Adam is opening up to her like this.

SWEENEY

I thought you said using French names was pretentious.

ADAM

I didn't say that. I said every cuisine has its value. Even fast food.

A pause. In the awkward silence Sweeney decides to be light-hearted.

SWEENEY

So...your mother has a lot to answer for.

He takes her wrist...

ADAM (CONT'D)

Hey...I'm not telling you about my broken childhood to enhance our intimacy. I'm telling you to make a point.

SWEENEY

What point?

ADAM

Food is memories. Food is love.
Food is times lost.

SWEENEY

I know...

ADAM (BLUNTLY)

No you don't.

Sweeney is angry at herself for being so affected. Adam speaks softly without emotion...

ADAM (CONT'D)

Sometimes you have to tear up the recipe to get the dish.

A pause. Sweeney can't meet his eye.

ADAM (CONT'D)

What I'm saying is...I need you to improve...

The comment is a jolt. But after a moment...

SWEENEY

Maybe if you actually ate my food...

ADAM

What the hell does *that* mean?

SWEENEY

Hey, look, you're the boss.

ADAM

Not in here I'm not. Tell me...

Sweeney hesitates.

SWEENEY

Sometimes a dish is different if you...eat the whole thing. Clean the plate. It...develops. It...nourishes...

He peers at her.

SWEENEY (CONT'D)

I've only ever seen you have one spoonful of any one dish. You get the...

She clicks her fingers to indicate something instant, fleeting...

SWEENEY (CONT'D)
...But not...the whole story. Food
is life because it sustains...

Sweeney is getting tongue tied, embarrassed.

SWEENEY (CONT'D)
I'm sorry I'm not making much
sense.

We imagine Adam might give her a sympathetic hearing but his face is expressionless. He doesn't seem to be even entertaining her ideas.

ADAM |
You look tired. Maybe that's your
problem. Max can help you out with
some stuff.

She looks up sharply and studies Adam. We see he is utterly impervious to everything she said.

SWEENEY
What? You want me to take drugs to
improve my lobster sauce?

Adam lays twenty pounds from his pocket on the table.

ADAM
This much keeps you on the ball
through a whole service. Maybe
that's the service we get for the
star. I call that value for money.

She peers at him. Then pushes the twenty pound note back across the table.

He stares at her. She gets to her feet.

SWEENEY (CONT'D)
Perhaps you like *croque Monsieur* so
much because you actually eat it.

She leaves.

EXT. SIMPSONS RESTAURANT, 3 NIGHTS LATER

The second 'opening night' is noticeably more bustling than the first. The sun is shining. Where there were only a few photographers for the first one there are now a dozen and there is also a local TV news crew setting up. There is a crowd around the red carpet behind ropes.

We catch a TV reporter rehearsing for on-air...

REPORTER

...And we're told that for opening night number two perfectionist chef Adam Jones is finally happy with his kitchen and will be...(she fluffs and waves away an insect)...sorry, damn wasp.

INT. SIMPSON'S RESTAURANT

The place is bursting at the seams. The waitresses are delivering the dishes with suitably serious looks on their faces.

The customers are eating with relish. Tony is at the front of house position and is taking a call on his cell-phone while customers hover with glasses of Champagne.

TONY

This is my private number, how did you get this number? No, there are absolutely no tables at all. Please don't call me on this number again.

He cuts the call and his apparent brusqueness turns instantly to glee. He knows the place is a hit.

INT. SIMPSONS KITCHEN

The kitchen is humming like a Rolls Royce engine. Everyone is hard at work as dishes arrive at the passe for Adam's attention. Adam is pronouncing to the kitchen...

ADAM

An ingredient is at its best when you allow it to be what it is. Don't try to change the ingredients. Just introduce them to each other.

He peers at Sweeney and she looks up for a moment from her station.

ADAM (CONT'D)

Remember what counts is the taste. That first instant on the tongue...

He clicks his fingers. Sweeney reacts then returns to her work....

Adam inspects the dishes arriving at the *passee* with an expert eye and arranges them to his satisfaction.

A dish arrives which makes him angle his head like a bird of prey. He stares at the dish then takes a small spoonful to taste. He then very deliberately picks it up and drops it with a clatter onto the floor. He yells..

ADAM (CONT'D)

Don't fuck with me Sweeney!!

Heads turn briefly but everyone is too busy to stop working. Sweeney curses under her breath.

INT. SWEENEY'S BEDROOM, MORNING

Sweeney is asleep in her bed and Lily is in bed with her. After a moment, Sweeney opens her eyes and registers a monumental weariness. As the world falls into place she sits up and grabs the bedside clock. She reacts with horror....

SWEENEY

Shit!

EXT. SCHOOL GATES

Sweeney and Lily run towards the school gates. No other mothers are visible and they are obviously very late. Sweeney gives Lily a quick hug and then Lily runs into school.

Sweeney looks dishevelled and wrecked as she surveys the empty suburban street. She takes a breath then takes out a pack of cigarettes. She lights one...pauses for a moment, then checks her watch and hurries away.

INT. SIMPSONS RESTAURANT, FRONT OF HOUSE, LUNCH SERVICE

Tony is at his position at front of house with a junior by his side. The restaurant is packed and people are waiting in the bar area.

A middle aged man (EMILE) arrives at the desk. He's overweight with a shock of white hair and the florid expression of a man who drinks. His manner is brusque to the point of rudeness. Tony looks up and registers a flicker of recognition before offering his professional smile.

TONY

Ah Emile.

EMILE (DISMISSIVE)
I didn't bother booking because I
know you'll fit me in.

Tony bows.

TONY
Of course. It'll be a pleasure to
fit you in Emile.

He drifts off and speaks softly....

TONY (CONT'D)
...like It'd be a pleasure to fit a
knife between your ribs...

INT. SIMPSON'S KITCHEN

Adam is at his position at the passe. Everyone is working
hard. Tony enters in a hurry...

TONY
Adam, we have the food critic from
the Daily Telegraph on table four.

Adam hardly misses a beat as he continues to work...

ADAM
That's the guy who called me a
burger flipper, right?

Tony sees Adam's anger...

TONY
Adam, just use the food to express
your anger, OK?

Adam snatches the order and peers at it. After a moment...

ADAM
OK brigade!

In ones and twos the chefs respond from their busy
stations...

CHEFS (ONE BY ONE)
Yes Chef!

ADAM
We have a food critic on table four
who has...preconceptions.

The brigade yell out a busy 'yes chef' response.

ADAM (CONT'D)

We have to change those
preconceptions and make sure he
enjoys his meal.

ALL TOGETHER

Yes chef!

ADAM

Max!

MAX

Yes Chef!

ADAM

Do you have any marijuana in your
tin?

Tony reacts as if he knows what comes next.

TONY

No, no, no, no....

Adam is studying the order.

ADAM

Mix up a quarter ounce with some
olive oil and two crushed chillies!
I want it as a salad dressing!

Tony leans back against the passe. The brigade all begin to
laugh. Adam calls out to the kitchen...

ADAM (CONT'D)

Tomorrow morning I want you all to
buy his paper and read his review.
Do you hear me brigade?!

ALL TOGETHER

Yes chef!

EXT. BELGRAVIA STREET, DAY

Jack, Reece's Maitre d', is buying a copy of the Daily
Telegraph from a street vendor. As he walks away he
hurriedly turns to the review page and reads as he walks. He
stops and registers growing dismay as he reads...

INT. REECE'S KITCHEN, EARLY MORNING

Jack enters without the newspaper and the moment he steps inside the kitchen we see a look of horror.

The place has been trashed. Pots and pans and ingredients everywhere. A young commis chef is cowering in a corner, sobbing. Jack then hears the sound of breaking furniture coming from the restaurant. Jack hurries through.

INT. 'REECE-LONDON' RESTAURANT

The formerly pristine restaurant is wrecked too. As Jack enters, Reece is smashing a chair over a table. Legs fly off in all directions. Reece sweeps a tablecloth from a table and the plates and cutlery sail through the air. After a moment Reece feels Jack's presence and stops to catch his breath.

He smiles at Jack...

REECE

That's seven excellent reviews in a row for the American.

A pause.

REECE (CONT'D)

So...I've decided. Time for a little re-launch.

INT. SMALL TOILET INSIDE SWEENEY'S FLAT

Sweeney is sitting on the toilet, fully clothed and asleep. We hear a gentle knock on the door.

LILY

Mummy? We're going to be late again.

She wakes with a start...

SWEENEY

Yeah just coming.

She takes a deep breath and leans back against the wall.

INT. SIMPSONS KITCHEN, STAFF CHANGING AREA

The changing room is bare and functional, with a row of staff lockers. Max is pulling on his whites as Sweeney enters and goes to her locker. Max peers at her as she grabs her whites...studies her look of exhaustion.

MAX

Hey, you OK?

She pulls back her hair and speaks unconvincingly...

SWEENEY

Yeah I'm fine...

A pause. Max shrugs and busies himself with his uniform, but we see a flicker of concern on his face.

INT. KITCHEN LATER

We see the brigade in all its glory, running fast. Adam is yelling orders, dishes fly and flames burst from stations.

Then we see Sweeney sitting in a hard-backed chair, her eyes closed, totally and utterly spent. There is a clock ticking on the wall above her. She has her head back against the wall. She opens her eyes and we hear the noise of the kitchen through distortion....

Max sees her and hurries to her, glancing around at Adam to check he hasn't seen.

MAX

Hey Sweeney come on, come on, get up on your feet.

Max helps Sweeney to stand up. Sweeney is back on her feet and cooking, swaying a little. She is being pushed beyond her limits.

INT. SIMPSONS HOTEL KITCHEN, CHOCOLATE ROOM, LATER

The chocolate room is an air conditioned, sealed area where dozens of ornate chocolate creations are kept ready for service. Adam and Max are working together on an elaborate gateau, both concentrating intensely on their work as they talk.

Outside the kitchen is still working at full tilt.

They work in unison, with Adam glazing a sugar casing with a blow torch.

MAX (BUSY)

Hey Adam...I've had an idea.

Adam dips his hands in warm water...

MAX (CONT'D)

A tropical soup. Mango, papaya and lychees served in a whole coconut.

Adam studies his glazing....

ADAM

That's not an idea, that's an hallucination. That's your abused soul vomiting inside your head.

Adam continues to work. Max gets annoyed....

MAX

You don't listen to anybody anymore.

ADAM

Pass me the cherries.

Max hands Adam some glazed cherries which he begins to place on the creation.

MAX

No sensitivity these days. Like a fucking robot. Wires coming out of your arse...

Adam stops and looks up from his work.

ADAM

What's wrong with you?

Max throws down his knife.

MAX

I don't like the way you treat the girl.

ADAM

What the fuck are you talking about?

MAX

I have a daughter her age...

A pause....

MAX (CONT'D)
...somewhere.

ADAM (BUSY)
That's a very sweet story Max.

MAX
I'm serious.

From nowhere Adam suddenly grabs Max and pushes him against the wall.

ADAM
Are you trying to say I'm too harsh
with my brigade?

Max sees Adam is joking. Adam lets him go and returns to his delicate work.

ADAM (CONT'D)
She wants the same thing we want
and to get it she has to live the
life. Just because she's a woman
doesn't mean the rules are
different.

MAX
You know she's a woman?

ADAM
She's a fucking chef. Chefs are not
men or women. They are equipment.

Adam lights the blowtorch and puts his face close to the flame as he glazes some more sugar...

ADAM (CONT'D)
What's important Max...is that you
use the hottest part of the flame.

A pause.

ADAM (CONT'D)
That's the only part that does the
job.

Max studies Adam with concern as he hides behind his flame.

INT. SIMPSONS RESTAURANT, EARLY MORNING

The waitresses are lined up and Tony is addressing them while Adam looks on. They are standing directly in front of the mural of the naked Dionysus.

TONY

OK, we just wanted to tell you all that so far you're doing great. Great reviews, full houses, no complaints and to my knowledge, very few blow-jobs on the premises.

Adam begins to applaud and the waitresses fill with pride. Tony glances at Adam, seeking approval too. Tony is about to continue but Adam steps forward and interrupts...

ADAM

So we've decided you all get five hundred pounds bonus. In cash.

Tony raises his hand...

TONY

I wasn't there when that was decided.

The waitresses giggle.

ADAM

But that's not why we called you here. There is something very important we need to tell you about.

Tony steps back as Adam begins to patrol the line.

ADAM (CONT'D)

Something very close to my heart.

A pause as he studies them.

ADAM (CONT'D)

Something like life and death.

A pause.

ADAM (CONT'D SOFTLY)

The Michelin men.

Adam nods to Tony who grabs a file full of photocopied sheets. He begins to hand the papers to each of the waitresses...

TONY

Any of you know about the Michelin men?

WAITRESS

It is a book?

ADAM

It is the book.

The waitresses begin to read the sheets...

TONY

The Michelin guide sends inspectors who award stars. No one knows who they are. Not even me. They come, they eat, they go, you don't know....

ADAM

But they have habits. They have to stick to a routine to give every restaurant the same chance.

TONY

So here's the routine we need you to look out for. The Michelin men eat in pairs. Sometimes the Michelin man is a woman...

Some giggles...Adam puts his fingers to his lips.

ADAM

They always book a table before seven thirty.

TONY

The first of the pair arrives early and takes a drink at the bar.

ADAM

His partner arrives half an hour later. Then they go to their table but leave their bar drinks behind.

TONY

One orders the taster menu, the other orders a la carte...Always. No exceptions.

ADAM

They order a half bottle of wine.
Never a whole bottle. Also they ask
for tap water.

TONY

They wear business suits. They are
polite and respectful.

ADAM

But....

A theatrical pause.

ADAM (CONT'D)

...if they decide...one single
thing is wrong with their entire
experience in this restaurant...
they will kill us all. Bang, bang,
bang, you're dead.

Some of them laugh but Adam's eyes are burning.

ADAM (CONT'D)

They will come for me soon and we
must be ready. We must not be good.
We must not be excellent. We must
not be fantastic. We must
be...perfect.

TONY

The pieces of paper I just gave you
give a summary of what we just said
in English and Polish. Study it.

ADAM

If you see customers behaving in
this way you tell Tony before you
take another breath.

A pause. Adam peers up at the naked Dionysus.

ADAM (CONT'D)

I will do the rest.

EXT. SIMPSONS RESTAURANT, DELIVERY AREA, NIGHT

Among the trash and the boxes of reject vegetables we find
Sweeney. She is in her whites, smoking a cigarette, looking
shattered. From inside the kitchen we hear the noise and
bustle of a service being prepared.

Then Adam appears in the doorway and Sweeney leaps to her feet. She throws her cigarette to the floor...

ADAM

I've been looking for you.

SWEENEY

Sorry chef. Just taking my break...

Adam comes close...and smiles.

ADAM

When we're not in the kitchen you can call me Adam.

She looks at her feet. Adam produces something from behind his back. A wrapped gift....

ADAM (CONT'D)

I was looking for you to give you this.

Sweeney looks at the gift with astonishment.

ADAM (CONT'D)

It's Lily's birthday tomorrow isn't it?

Sweeney peers at him, disbelieving....

SWEENEY

Yes...it is.

ADAM

It's a little Shrek toy. She likes Shrek, right?

Sweeney takes it with astonishment...

SWEENEY

How did you know?

Adam shrugs. A pause.

ADAM

People tell me I should be nicer to you. They tell me I have to be different with you. Is that what you want?

She looks up at him defiantly. She's a wreck, hollow-eyed, exhausted...

SWEENEY

No.

ADAM

Good. That's what I thought.

A pause. Adam picks up her burning cigarette from the floor and hands it back to her. He puts his hand on her shoulder.

ADAM (CONT'D)

You're doing OK.

Adam turns to walk away. Sweeney speaks softly...

SWEENEY

Adam...

He turns...

SWEENEY (CONT'D)

I....

After a moment Sweeney looks him in the eye, searches herself...

SWEENEY (CONT'D)

In the past I've always had a birthday party for Lily. Perhaps tomorrow I could miss lunch service...

A pause. Adam stares at her dispassionately.

ADAM

So...this is what happens when I'm nice. You take advantage.

A pause.

SWEENEY

No I...

ADAM

The problem with being good is you make yourself indispensable.

A pause.

ADAM (CONT'D)

I need you here tomorrow all day.
For all we know tomorrow might be
the day when the Michelin guys
come. Tell Lily Happy Birthday
from me.

Adam walks back into the restaurant. Sweeney slowly slides down against the wall with the gift clutched tightly in her hand.

INT. ROSSHILDE'S OFFICE

Doctor Rosshilde is squeezing blood from Adam's finger, taking his blood sample. Once gain, their faces are close.

ROSSHILDE

I had dinner with...Tony last night.

ADAM

He wasted a night off on you, huh?

She squeezes his finger hard.

ROSSHILDE

He talked a lot about you.

A pause.

ROSSHILDE (CONT'D)

You know the way you feel about your third star?

She bags the blood...

ROSSHILDE (CONT'D)

I believe Tony feels that way about you.

Adam swings to his feet.

ROSSHILDE (CONT'D)

Are you aware of that?

Adam nods gently.

ADAM

The chef who taught me to cook said a brigade runs on love and hate.

ROSSHILDE
That's very profound.

She studies him.

ROSSHILDE (CONT'D)
I don't believe there's nothing
inside you but stars.

He smiles as he heads for the door.

ADAM
Just analyze my blood OK?

Adam leaves.

INT. SIMPSONS, KITCHEN, MORNING JUST BEFORE LUNCH SERVICE

A busy service is running at full tilt.

Adam is at the passe and orders are flying. He looks over at David, who is now cooking for real, a promotion. Adam notices anxiety and calls out to him..

ADAM
David! Come on! Keep
focused!...Use the whole of the
pan...

We see Sweeney working hard too and also Mitchell. We glimpse a look of resentment on Mitchell's face, and we can sense there is an atmosphere. Adam is oblivious.

As he turns back to the passe Tony enters. He is not wearing uniform but instead is wearing his own clothes.

ADAM (CONT'D)
What the fuck are you doing here?

TONY (DEAD PAN)
Order for table eight.

Adam is busy and glances at the order.

ADAM
Man you are one sad fuck coming
here on your weekend off.

TONY
I'm eating here. I'm with a friend.
It's her birthday.

We notice Sweeney glancing up from her work then resuming.

ADAM (BUSY)

So take her somewhere nice.

TONY

This *is* somewhere nice. And I want a cake.

Adam is confused. From the looks and glances all around the busy kitchen we get the feeling everyone else is in on the secret.

ADAM

You want a cake?

TONY

Yeah. You're a chef. You make cakes right? So make a fucking cake.

Adam doesn't understand Tony's anger. He glances around and catches Sweeney's eye.

TONY (CONT'D)

Chocolate. My friend likes chocolate.

Sweeney clatters a pot down and decides to resolve the mystery.

SWEENEY

Tony it's OK. There's honestly no need...

ADAM

What the hell's going on here?
We've got ninety covers out there.

Sweeney is beating a mixture and explaining at the same time.

SWEENEY

Chef it's my fault. I couldn't persuade Lily to stay with a sitter on her birthday. Tony said if I brought her in with me he'd look after her during service.

Tony is glaring at Adam.

TONY

And we're having lunch together and she wants a fucking chocolate cake, OK?

A pause. Everyone is busy but all attention is on Adam. He peers at the order Tony gave him. We sense turmoil but see very little reaction. He hides in the business of putting the order in position on the passe. After a moment he wipes his hands on a cloth.

ADAM

OK Max take station four.

MAX

Yes chef!

ADAM

Mitchell you step up to the passe.

MITCHELL

Yes chef.

Adam steps away from the passe and goes to the station vacated by Max. He grabs some equipment. Sweeney is just two yards away, still busy. Adam speaks matter-of-factly as he prepares to start work...He's going to make the cake himself.

ADAM

She likes marzipan, right?

Sweeney wipes her eyes, tries not to let emotion get to her.

SWEENEY

Yeah.

Adam grabs some ingredients.

ADAM

Lily with one 'L' right?

Tony shares a half smile with Sweeney then turns and leaves.

INT. RESTAURANT, A LITTLE LATER

We drift through the busy restaurant. Saturday lunchtime diners are eating and chatting. Then we find Tony at a table for two.

We see that Tony is sitting opposite Lily, who is just finishing her dessert of ice cream.

She gulps down the last mouthful and pushes the plate away.

LILY

Did my Mum make that?

TONY

No. A guy called Max. He's the best.

LILY

Is the horrible one in the kitchen?

TONY

Which horrible one?

LILY

Mum calls him the Ogre. Like in Shrek.

TONY

Shrek's a good guy, right?

LILY

I don't think your ogre's good. Mum says he's always shouting at people.

Tony nods, thinks...

TONY

He just likes things to be right.

Then Lily spots something over Tony's shoulder.

He turns and we see Adam approaching with a large ornate and beautifully constructed chocolate cake with seven candles burning on it. He walks slowly so as not to let the candles blow out. The other diners look around...then begin to applaud.

Tony looks a little overcome. Adam is dead pan. Finally Adam lays the cake down on the table and smiles.

ADAM

Cake for table eight.

In spite of the beautiful cake, Lily glares at him.

LILY

You're the ogre.

Adam allows himself a weary smile.

ADAM

Yeah but I bake great cakes.

INT. CHOCOLATE ROOM

For a moment we study the beautifully designed chocolate desserts...a representation of pure pleasure made manifest. It is strangely ugly...too much.

Then we find Adam. He is sitting down on a hard-backed chair, his face raised to the ceiling, his eyes closed.

He sits among the chocolate and the excess for a long time. But his eyes are closed so we don't know what he's thinking. Perhaps Dionysus is beginning to *feel something*.

Finally Tony enters, pulling on his uniform jacket and tying his tie as he talks, preparing for evening service.

TONY

Hey Adam...

ADAM

How long till dinner service?

A pause. Tony looks concerned as he stares at Adam, his eyes still closed.

TONY

One hour.

Adam gets slowly to his feet...

TONY (CONT'D SOFTLY)

Adam? There's someone outside to see you.

Adam stops.

TONY (CONT'D)

A woman. French. She says her name is Anne-Marie.

INT. KITCHEN LATER, KITCHEN DISH-WASHING AREA

Everyone is hard at work cleaning their stations. We find Adam sitting opposite a good looking French woman (ANNE MARIE), who is gently rocking a ONE YEAR OLD BABY as they talk.

Sweeney is hard at work, but she is close enough to be within hearing distance of Adam and Anne Marie's conversation.

Adam and Anne Marie speak in FRENCH but we see subtitles.
Anne Marie is nervous, Adam is oblivious...

ANNE MARIE

(I have been reading all about you.
They say this place is the best in
London now).

Adam glances at the baby, who is the elephant in the room.
Adam then grabs a pen and pulls an old docket from the wall
board. He turns it over and begins to scribble an address.

ADAM

(This is the name and address of a
woman who carries out blood tests.
She has my blood already).

He hands the piece of paper over.

ADAM (CONT'D)

(If it turns out the kid is my son,
leave your bank account details
with her. I will send you an
allowance every month).

Anne Marie peers at Adam. The baby smiles...

ADAM (CONT'D)

(That's why you came isn't
it?...You heard I was doing well.
You and the drug dealers want my
blood.)

Anne Marie looks shocked. The baby gurgles contentedly.

ANNE MARIE

(You don't want to hold him?)

Adam doesn't react.

ANNE MARIE (CONT'D)

(I named him Jean Luc, after your
hero).

Adam peers at the baby. *We should detect the faintest tremor
of emotion which Adam fights to bury.* Anne Marie peers at
him...

ANNE MARIE (CONT'D)

(Adam? What happened to you?)

ADAM
(I got cured.)

A pause.

ADAM (CONT'D)
(You'd better go).

After a moment Anne Marie gathers her things and hoists the baby to her shoulder. She refuses to allow tears to come as she hurries toward the door. Adam watches her go then gets to his feet. As he walks past Sweeney's station he stops for a moment.

ADAM (CONT'D)
You understand a little French,
right?

Sweeney carries on working.

ADAM (CONT'D)
So now you know I'm a bastard in
two languages.

She finally looks up.

SWEENEY
Do you care what I think?

Adam hesitates for half a moment then departs. Sweeney is left to glance at the door where Anne Marie is leaving...

INT. TONY'S OFFICE ANNEXED TO THE KITCHEN, NEXT MORNING

Tony's office is transformed, with a brand new computer and with the mountains of paperwork all tidied away.

A young post boy enters with a stack of mail.

POST BOY
More fan mail for the Jesus figure
in our lives...

Tony begins to go through the mail, all addressed to Adam Jones. One particular envelope stands out. It has the logo of 'Reece-London' restaurant on it.

INT. SIMPSONS, KITCHEN, MORNING

The kitchen is empty. Adam is asleep on the passe in his chef-whites. Tony arrives with the letter...

He studies Adam for a moment, emotion hidden in his eyes. It is as if Adam is a statue to be admired...Finally Tony clears his throat and speaks gently.

TONY

Adam, this came for you...

Adam opens his eyes. He sits up and takes in his surroundings.

ADAM

What day is it?

TONY

Friday.

Adam nods.

ADAM

Lobster today.

Tony offers the letter. We glimpse that it is an invitation...

TONY

Montgomery Reece has invited you to the re-launch of his restaurant.

Adam takes it and reads it dispassionately...

TONY (CONT'D)

I thought he hated you.

Adam hands it back.

ADAM

That's why he invited me. He wants to fuck me off with his beautiful new interior. Tell him yes.

A pause. Tony looks concerned as Adam heads for the *passe* to immediately begin work.

TONY

You're sure?

ADAM

You keep telling me to take a night off.

TONY

If you go, you should take someone with you. Someone to stop you getting into a fight with him.

Adam turns to Tony. Tony doesn't presume to offer himself but Adam knows him well.

ADAM

You mean you?

Tony doesn't answer for a moment. Finally he smiles at his own absurdity.

TONY

No.

A pause.

TONY (CONT'D)

You said in Nida everything is possible but I know not everything is possible.

We see another flicker of compassion in Adam's eyes which he doesn't know how to handle. There is a long silence as Adam tries to work out how to respond. Tony turns to leave and Adam calls after him...

ADAM

Hey, can I...cook you breakfast or something?

Tony smiles at Adam's awkwardness.

TONY

No I already ate.

Tony hands the invitation back.

TONY (CONT'D)

But take someone. Take someone nice.

Tony leaves Adam alone.

INT. KITCHEN, LATER

The frantic activity of Lunch service is under way and Sweeney is hard at work at her station. Adam comes close and yells above the noise...

ADAM
Change the scallops with coral to
scallops without corral.

SWEENEY
Yes chef.

Adam picks up her sauce pot.

ADAM
And thin this sauce down a little.
It's like fucking glue.

SWEENEY
Yes chef.

ADAM
Also...

A pause.

ADAM (CONT'D)
Do you have any nice clothes?

Sweeney stops and turns.

SWEENEY
Any what?

Adam is strangely formal and embarrassed for a moment. He
stops himself then continues.

ADAM
There's a party. You're the only
woman I know.

Sweeney stares in amazement...

ADAM (CONT'D)
Keep stirring that sauce.

Adam turns and walks away.

SWEENEY (SOFTLY)
Yes chef.

INT. 'REECE-LONDON' RESTAURANT AFTER RE-FURB., EARLY EVENING

The restaurant has had a complete makeover and the opening
party is a grand affair. All kinds of celebrities, minor
aristocrats and business people are being greeted by Jack,
and being introduced to Reece himself.

There is a spread of canapes and there are waiters serving Champagne. Adam and Sweeney arrive at the door.

Sweeney looks fantastic in a simple dress and has had her hair re-styled. Adam is in a tuxedo. As Jack takes their invitations he speaks softly...

JACK

Ah Adam Jones, how nice of you to come.

Jack gives Adam a sly look.

ADAM

How strange of you to invite me.

JACK

Ah now, no unpleasantness tonight. Champagne is over there by the new fountain.

ADAM

I don't drink Champagne. Maybe I'll drink the fountain.

Jack turns to Sweeney...

JACK

We haven't been introduced....

ADAM

That's too bad.

He leads her into the throng.

INT. PARTY

Adam leads Sweeney through the crowds of guests. As they push through...

ADAM

Do you mind if I pretend you're my girlfriend? If Reece knows you're my fish-chef he might try to steal you.

SWEENEY

If I was your girlfriend you'd probably hold my arm.

ADAM

If you were my girlfriend we'd have argued in the taxi and we wouldn't be speaking.

A pause. They stop to look around and stand in silence for a while.

ADAM (CONT'D)

You want to make up?

SWEENEY

Depends. What did we argue about?

ADAM

Something stupid. Let's forget all about it. I forgive you.

SWEENEY

And I forgive you.

Adam grabs a sparkling water from a passing waiter. Sweeney takes Champagne.

ADAM

Listen, I've been working on a shrimp sauce with white truffle. I think we should try it tomorrow with some seared tuna.

Sweeney smiles as she sips the Champagne...

SWEENEY

You don't enjoy things like this do you.

Adam shrugs. A pause. They look all around in awkward silence for a while.

ADAM

You look great by the way.

Sweeney reacts by almost choking on her champagne. As she recovers...

SWEENEY

Thank you.

A pause.

ADAM

Dress. Hair. You know.

She smiles with wonder at how awkward he is.

SWEENEY

I'm sure I read you had a
reputation as a womanizer.

ADAM

Yeah that's really something isn't
it. I guess when I drank and took
drugs I became charming.

SWEENEY

Must have been bloody strong stuff.

They peer at each other. Adam smiles at last. Suddenly Reece
is upon them.

REECE

Ah Adam. How's the burger bar?

ADAM

Free action figure with every happy
meal.

As Reece kisses Sweeney's hand, Jack emerges from behind
Reece as if this is part of a pincer movement...

JACK

My dear lady, could I borrow your
boyfriend for just a moment.

Jack leads Adam away. Sweeney notices another sly look from
Jack.

INT. PARTY, NEAR TO THE WINDOW

Jack is leading Adam to a quiet part of the party, obviously
with an agenda.

REECE

Now, Adam, it was my idea to
invite you to this little bash
tonight because I have a surprise
for you.

They arrive at the window and look down at the street below.
There is a huddle of paparazzi and reporters around the red
carpet.

JACK

In the past year you've proven rather adept at using those vermin to publicize your restaurant and discredit ours.

Adam sips his water...

JACK (CONT'D)

Now I know you don't mean it personally. Which is why I know you won't mind that I put one of those persistent little chaps onto a rather juicy story I heard about you.

Jack reaches into the shadows and produces a tabloid Sunday newspaper which he left there for the purpose.

JACK (CONT'D)

I thought it would be a good idea to have our re-launch...coincide with your downfall. This is tomorrow morning's edition.

Jack holds open the paper at the centre pages. We see a photo of Anne-Marie holding her baby with a headline 'I Nida father'.

JACK (CONT'D)

She has some pretty interesting stories about your time in Paris.

Adam looks at the article, dead pan. Then he fixes Jack with a stare.

ADAM

You think I give a fuck what people think of me?

Jack smiles.

JACK

No. Actually I really don't.

He turns a page...

JACK (CONT'D)

But when these journalists get their teeth into a story they can be very thorough.

Jack smiles.

JACK (CONT'D)
He...even managed to dig up your
mother.

Adam tries hard not to react. He sips his water.

JACK (CONT'D)
You've made a big thing in your
interviews about the fact that your
mother was French.

Jack glances at the paper....

JACK (CONT'D)
According to this reporter...she
was actually American.

Adam reacts with astonishment but hides it....

JACK (CONT'D)
Very American in fact. Used to work
in Las Vegas.

He breezily scans the article...

JACK (CONT'D)
Apparently she was a
prostitute...Did you know that? He
found some mug-shots of her from
police files. Look...

A pause. Jack holds up the paper and we see blurred images.
Adam is determined not to react, but his face betrays him.
Jack peers at him, all innocence...

JACK (CONT'D)
You look like you need a drink, old
man. Why don't you have a glass of
champagne.

Adam turns and walks fast through the crowds towards the
door. Sweeney sees him leaving and hurries in pursuit. Jack
cuts her off and hands her the newspaper...

JACK (CONT'D)
Your boyfriend left his paper.

Jack smiles.

EXT. LONDON STREETS

Sweeney runs out down the red carpet and is confronted by an empty street...She looks all around and calls out...

SWEENEY

Adam!!

Adam has disappeared and Sweeney turns. Flashbulbs pop all around.

INT. BILLINGSGATE MARKET, EARLY HOURS OF THE MORNING

Billingsgate is London's fish market. Whole fish on ice are traded among huddles of buyers and sellers. The air is thick with noise and some of the fish are still flapping.

Among the crowds we see Sweeney, searching for Adam. She goes from stall to stall, asking buyers and sellers if they have seen him.

Finally she turns a corner and sees Adam sitting on a large wooden transporter crate, hugging his knees, eyes closed, surrounded by boxes of ice. Behind him, inside a brightly-lit and tiled gutting area, a fish-monger in white overalls is working on a large tuna.

Sweeney approaches Adam.

SWEENEY

Good morning.

Adam opens his eyes. Sweeney sees a copy of the scandal-sheet newspaper on the crate beside him. Adam appears to be emotionless.

ADAM

How did you find me?

SWEENEY

I knew you wouldn't let a little thing like a tabloid scandal get in the way of a new recipe. Tuna with shrimp wasn't it?

Adam gestures at the gutting room.

ADAM

I found a beautiful blue-fin. Sushi-quality. Lot of toro on the belly.

Sweeney sits down beside him. She glances at the newspaper which is now between them. He peers at it too.

SWEENEY

Anne Marie must have loved you once. Otherwise she wouldn't hate you now.

A pause.

ADAM

There's nothing to love so there's nothing to hate.

Sweeney smiles.

SWEENEY

You don't have to give anything back to make someone love you, you know. People fall in love with all sorts of things. Objects. Teddy bears, cars... mountains. Sometimes giving nothing back actually makes it worse.

Adam peers at her to see who she's talking about. After a moment Sweeney smiles...

SWEENEY (CONT'D)

No one is looking at you Adam. No one is waiting for you to crack. You don't have to be a mountain.

The fish-monger emerges from the gutting area with the tuna dressed and wrapped. There are two heavy bags which he places beside Adam.

FISHMONGER

Do you want the bones for stock?

Sweeney grabs the newspaper and hands it to the fishmonger...

SWEENEY

Yeah. Wrap them in this.

EXT. CHINA TOWN, DAWN THAT MORNING

Adam is carrying the heavy bags. Sweeney is by his side. China town is empty apart from restaurant workers sweeping out their kitchens. The morning sparkles on the cobbles of China town.

Adam is actually engaging with Sweeney and is as close as we've seen to opening up...

ADAM

...My dad used to say she left us because a little town in Nebraska couldn't hold someone as beautiful as her. Like she was aristocracy or something. He said she was living on the French Riviera. Even the word was...

He gets hold of himself...

ADAM (CONT'D)

...I don't know...

A pause.

ADAM (CONT'D)

I should have known it was a lie. But when you've been told a lie since you were a little kid...

SWEENEY

He was just protecting you from the truth.

Suddenly Adam flips back...

ADAM

You know what? I never protect anybody from the truth because that's an insult. My dad was a stupid old man.

Adam closes down again. Sweeney is about to react...Before she can, Adam points to a particular doorway.

ADAM (CONT'D)

That's the place I get my lobsters these days. Little old Chinese guy. They're better than the market ones. And he even supplies on Mondays. Remember that doorway because I might send you there to pick stuff up.

SWEENEY

Do you really think he was a stupid old man for telling you beautiful stories?

Adam reacts as if he isn't listening...

ADAM

When you pick up a live lobster it has to fight back. That means it's going to be OK on the plate. Remember that. It's important.

EXT. THE STRAND, EARLY MORNING

Adam and Sweeney emerge from Exeter Street into the Strand and are about to cross to the hotel. Adam stops and peers at a car parked near the entrance of the hotel. We see the outlines of three guys in the car.

We recognize them as the three French heavies. Adam hands Sweeney the bags without taking his eyes off the car.

ADAM

Take this. If I'm not back for lunch service sear the tuna with a little sesame oil...

He puts on his dark glasses....

SWEENEY

What are you talking about?

ADAM

Fry some shrimp shells in butter then fry the shrimp for thirty seconds in the burnt butter...pour it over the tuna with some lemon grass garnish...shit...

One of the guys has spotted Adam and is getting out of the car. Adam sets off at a run but turns and yells...

ADAM (CONT'D)

Thirty seconds each side! No more!

INT. SIMPSONS KITCHEN, LATER

The kitchen is preparing for lunch service. Everyone is at their stations, working. Tony is marching through the kitchen tying his tie with Sweeney in pursuit...

TONY

Don't worry about him. He is a survivor.

SWEENEY

We should call the police.

Tony stops dead and stares Sweeney in the eye.

TONY

In Paris this happened two times a week. I used to worry now I don't. Believe me, the only person who will kill Adam is Adam.

Tony looks into her eyes, sees an emotion he recognizes. He doesn't appear to be surprised but smiles with compassion.

TONY (CONT'D)

Unfortunately for both of us...he will always return.

EXT. SIMPSONS, ALLEYWAY AT THE BACK OF THE KITCHEN

A car pulls up and one of the three heavies rolls Adam's badly beaten body out of the car into the trash. The car screeches away.

Adam is lying in the trash and we see he has taken a bad beating. His clothes are bloody and his hand is broken. He reacts with agonizing pain then blacks out.

A few moments later David emerges from the kitchen to dump some trash. He spots Adam and reacts.

INT. SIMPSONS, KITCHEN

Adam is sitting on a surface bleeding like a rare steak.

Tony is tending his wounds. Sweeney arrives with some neat alcohol and a wet cloth.

SWEENEY

By law every commercial kitchen should have a proper first aid kit.

ADAM

Sweeney shut up.

SWEENEY

No you shut up.

ADAM

I wasn't speaking before you arrived. It hurts me to speak.

She begins to clean a wound.

SWEENEY

Did they want money?

ADAM

I paid them their money. This was just for old times' sake.

Mitchell arrives with a cold compress.

MITCHELL

Use this, you're getting blood all over my station.

TONY

OK, you think you can walk?

ADAM

Yeah I can walk...

TONY

Good, we're going to the doctor.

ADAM

Fuck that, service has begun.

TONY

Adam for Christ's sake you can't cook like this. They broke at least three of your fingers.

Adam tries to make a fist but reacts with pain. Tony and Max take up position under his arms and begin to half carry him towards the rear exit. Sweeney hesitates then calls out...

SWEENEY

You're sure you want me to burn the butter before I fry the shrimps...

Tony turns and yells...

TONY

Jesus, you're as bad as he is...

ADAM

Just a little bit. Just light brown...and cracked pepper...

As Max, Adam and Tony make painful progress, a waitress arrives in a hurry...

WAITRESS 1

Tony....

Tony lifts Adam higher to take his weight.

TONY

Denitzi, what are you doing in here?

WAITRESS 1

Tony there's man in bar....he is wearing a suit...

Max grabs Adam's coat and drapes it over Adam's shoulder.

TONY

So fucking what? Max, get the door...

Adam painfully stretches his arm to pull on his jacket.

TONY (CONT'D)

Denitzi, help me with his arm...

The waitress helps Adam pull on his jacket but is still fretting...

WAITRESS

His friend arrived half an hour later...they left their drinks at the bar....

A second waitress hurries in and reports directly to the first waitress...

WAITRESS 2

They have ordered half bottle of wine.

A pause.

WAITRESS 2 (CONT'D)

And two glasses of tap water.

A long pause. Adam is frozen in mid-stretch to pull on his jacket. Adam and Tony peer at each other for a long time.

TONY

Holy shit.

INT. KITCHEN A FEW MOMENTS LATER

Controlled panic.

Max and Sweeney are at their stations preparing. Adam is near to one of the refrigerators with Mitchell holding him up.

MITCHELL

For fuck's sake, Adam, let me handle it.

ADAM

Just get some ice and put it on my fucking hands...

Tony enters in a hurry. Adam turns to him...

TONY

One taster, one a la carte. I'd put my house on it. It's the Michelin men...

The kitchen reacts. Tony stares at Adam and takes in how badly hurt he is...

TONY (CONT'D)

Adam, look at you, Jesus, you're falling apart, Jesus Christ...

ADAM

Ok calm down, everybody calm down...

Adam puts his weight onto a surface and reacts to pain in his hand. Mitchell dumps some ice on a surface near to him.

ADAM (CONT'D)

I need silence! Tony, show me their order.

Tony hands Adam an order sheet and Adam reads it.

ADAM (CONT'D)

OK, Sweeney? Clean some muscles..

SWEENEY

Yes chef!

ADAM

Mitchell, get me four lamb kidneys and cut away the fat...

MITCHELL

Adam let me fucking handle it...

ADAM

Yes chef! You say 'yes chef'!

A pause.

MITCHELL (SOFTLY)

Yes chef.

ADAM

Max? When I shout for a knife you pass it.

MAX

Yes chef.

Adam takes a breath and prepares. Blood drips from his wounds onto the *passee*.

ADAM (SOFTLY)

Brigade, this is the battle we must win.

INT. SIMPSONS, KITCHEN A LITTLE LATER

We see Adam in agony, preparing the meal of his life. One hand is hardly working, the other is painful but Adam forces his body to obey.

Sweeney comes close and cuts some of the vegetables for him. Mitchell seems nervous as hell as he assists with the plates. David is working the shift of his life.

We cut to Tony arriving back at the *passee*.

TONY

Starter's finished and they cleaned their plates. Mains now!

Adam works on, preparing two main course dishes, his body still wracked in pain. We cut close as he carefully slices the ingredients where before he would have cut them at high speed. He uses his broken fingers to taste a sauce. Sweeney stands close as she helps to lift a hot pan from the heat as Adam instructs her...

Finally, after much agony, Adam has two main courses which are ready at the *passee*.

He croaks...

ADAM

OK...take them through...

Tony is about to take the two plates. Mitchell steps up with a grin....

MITCHELL

Wait. Let me bless them...

Mitchell passes his hand over the plates. Adam is in too much pain to pay much attention. Tony takes the plates and leaves.

INT. SIMPSONS, BACK OF THE KITCHEN

Adam sits with his hands in ice. The kitchen clock ticks above his head. He has his head back against the wall as the seconds tick by. Sweeney is close by...

Then he hears Tony hissing as he arrives at the *passe*....

TONY

Adam....

Adam looks up and sees a look of thunderous horror on Tony's face. He has two barely touched meals in his hands. After a long silence Tony manages to speak...

TONY (CONT'D)

I never heard of it before.

They...sent their meals back.

Adam looks disbelieving. He struggles to his feet and walks to the *passe*....

ADAM

What the fuck are you talking about?

TONY (IN SHOCK)

They said...way too much....

ADAM

Too much what?

Adam uses his fingers to scoop up some of the sauce from one of the plates. He tastes and reacts with horror. Then he remembers...

Slowly he turns towards Mitchell, who is smiling at him, with his arms folded....

WE REPLAY A MOMENT FROM THE PREVIOUS SCENE.

We see again Mitchell passing his hand over the meals to 'bless' them.

MITCHELL (THROUGH DISTORTION)

Wait. Let me bless them...

Then we replay again from an earlier moment. This time we see Mitchell pouring a large amount of salt into his hand and concealing it, then passing his hand over the dishes and dropping the handful of salt onto the food.

MITCHELL (THROUGH DISTORTION)

Wait. Let me bless them...

Back in real time, Adam is staring at Mitchell with horror. After a long moment...Mitchell smiles....

MITCHELL (CONT'D)

Some dishes...are best served cold.

The whole kitchen is beginning to realize what has happened...Mitchell smiles and tears off his whites. He tosses them onto the floor then walks out through the door.

All eyes are on Adam.

EXT. SIMPSONS, KITCHEN ALLEYWAY

Adam stumbles out into the alley. Sweeney and Tony follow....

SWEENEY

Adam!

Adam shrugs Sweeney off and hurries away down the alley.

EXT. OLD COMPTON STREET, NIGHT

The street is frantic with drinkers and revellers. The pitch where Max sold his drugs is now occupied by another dealer. He's young, Asian, strung out. Adam looms up on him from the darkness and takes the dealer by surprise. Adam still looks badly beaten. He produces a roll of notes from his pocket.

DEALER

I think you need a doctor, mate...

ADAM

I'm in pain, give me something for the pain.

A deal is done.

EXT. CHINA TOWN ALLEYWAY

In a dark doorway in China town Adam inhales a chest full of white heroin smoke from a bell-bottomed glass jar.

Suddenly it is as if all the air has been let out of his body. All the pain is taken away. The stiffness of his pain leaves him and he looks to be relieved of all feeling. His head falls back against the door and he mumbles.

ADAM

Have a good plan. Execute it violently. Do it today....

INT. SIMPSONS RESTAURANT, LATE

Tony is sitting in front of the mural of Dionysus, in the place where Adam first proposed the restaurant. He has a pile of receipts and orders in front of him. He tries to busy himself but fails.

Sweeney joins him from the kitchen, dressed in her whites. They are both silent for a long time.

Tony begins to flick through his papers...

TONY

He'll be OK. He was always OK.

INT. 'REECE-LONDON' RESTAURANT, LATE EVENING

The service is over and the kitchen staff are cleaning up their stations. Jack is doing the same cashing up job that Tony was doing at Nida.

A young porter enters the kitchen from the delivery bay outside, laughing.

PORTER

There's some piss head outside says he wants to speak to chef.

Jack hardly looks up.

JACK

Just lock the door...

The porter closes the back door and is about to lock it when it suddenly bursts open. Framed in the darkness we see Adam.

He's been patched up in a public hospital but he's out of his head on booze and heroin. He stumbles against a burner and clatters some pots. Jack leaps to his feet...then smiles when he sees who it is.

JACK (CONT'D)

Well, well. So you've...fallen off the wagon.

Adam yells and slurs...

ADAM

I want to see that fucking smug Irish bastard to tell him I'm in town to stay...to fucking stay. He is over. Over and out...

Adam sways a little. The chefs and porters begin to snigger.

JACK

I tell you what Adam, why don't you have a little drink to steady your nerves.

Jack nods at a chef who grabs a bottle of brandy. Jack pours a huge measure and hands it to Adam. He begins to guzzle it.

JACK (CONT'D)

Steady old man, that's vintage.

There is laughter. Adam sways then stumbles to the floor. It takes him an age to get to his feet. Jack pours him another drink.

As he hands it to him....Reece enters from the restaurant in his whites. When he sees Adam it takes him a while to recognize his old enemy. When he does he glares at the drink in his hand and at Jack.

REECE

What the fuck are you doing?

Reece shoves Jack against a stove and gently takes the drink out of Adam's hand.

REECE (CONT'D)

Get the fuck out my kitchen, all of you!

For a moment everyone stares....

JACK

We were just having a quiet
drink...

Reece hurls a pan across the kitchen....

REECE

Get out!!

The staff leave in a hurry. Jack hesitates but sees the look of murder on Reece's face. He leaves too. Adam has fallen unconscious and Reece gently lifts him into a chair. He grabs a set of clean chef's whites and lays them over Adam as a blanket.

Reece then takes a seat...crosses his legs and studies Adam with calm compassion.

INT. REECE'S RESTAURANT KITCHEN, EARLY NEXT MORNING

Shafts of sunlight penetrate the kitchen.

Adam is now stretched out on a work surface. A wasp buzzes around his face and wakes him up. He reacts to his surroundings, smells cooking, sits up and reacts to a horribly painful head.

Reece is bright as day, frying a huge breakfast on a burner in the empty kitchen, dressed in his whites.

ADAM

Am I dead?

Reece half turns and chuckles.

ADAM (CONT'D)

Is this hell?

REECE

I guess it is, yes. The mercy of
your enemy is a kind of hell...

Adam sits up and feels the pain of his wounds. Reece smiles and slides some eggs onto a plate...

REECE (CONT'D)

...And heaven too.

ADAM

What happened?

REECE

I have no idea. You showed up,
that's all I know. Here, eat
something...

Reece helps Adam to the kitchen table, half carrying him like a soldier with a wounded comrade. He then lays a cooked breakfast in front of him. Adam smells it then grabs a bucket and throws up....

REECE (CONT'D)

That's your verdict is it?

Adam wipes his mouth, takes a breath or two...

ADAM

You took care of me? Why?

Reece smiles, pours some milk for Adam...

REECE

Because I need you.

A pause.

REECE (CONT'D)

We all do.

Reece sits opposite Adam and speaks softly.

REECE (CONT'D)

We need you to go back. Get clean.
And cook.

A pause. Reece takes Adams arms at the wrists and looks deeply into his eyes.

REECE (CONT'D)

Because you are the best.

A pause. Adam looks down at his plate. The words overwhelm him. Adam's hands are shaking as he picks up a fork.

Reece smiles...

INT. SIMPSONS KITCHEN, LUNCH SERVICE

The kitchen is running smoothly.

Sweeney is at the passe, calling out the orders and finishing the meals. She is hiding her anxiety in her work, just as Adam would do.

After a moment, Adam enters through the back door. David spots him first and is about to whisper to Sweeney but she turns and sees him herself. As he straightens up they stare at each other across the busy kitchen, where steam and smoke rise.

She is almost overcome for a moment. Adam leans on a surface and Sweeney steps closer. She speaks without emotion...

SWEENEY

Welcome back chef.

She goes to him and stands close but daren't touch. After a while...he looks at her with genuine anxiety...

ADAM

So...how was it?

Sweeney looks puzzled...then realizes. She is close, speaks softly...

SWEENEY

The tuna took up the sauce really well. The burnt butter worked. It tasted great. But I added some smoked paprika.

A pause.

SWEENEY (CONT'D)

And spoiled it completely.

They both smile. Sweeney seems to be about to reveal something but stops herself. After a moment...

SWEENEY (CONT'D)

Tony needs to speak to you. He has some news.

Adam sets off and walks past Sweeney. She watches him go, not sure if anything has changed.

INT. TONY'S OFFICE

Tony is busying himself on his computer. Then he sees a reflection in the glass of the window and looks up. He sees Adam and gets to his feet. Adam enters and Tony looks mad for a moment. Then he goes to Adam and hesitates. Finally it is Adam who hugs Tony hard. Tony reacts then they part.

TONY (SOFTLY)
I thought this was the time you
didn't come back.

Tony gets angry again...

TONY (CONT'D)
You don't know London like you knew
Paris. I thought you might fall
into the river or something.

ADAM
Jesus Tony....

TONY
No, forget being the bullet-proof
guy who can't be touched, you're
not, no you're fucking not...

ADAM
I know. I've realized that.

Tony reacts to Adam's realization and peers at him. A moment
between them.

ADAM (CONT'D)
You have some news for me.

Tony gets hold of himself and forces himself to restore his
business-like attitude.

TONY
Yes. I have good news. Which you
don't really deserve.

Tony pulls out a chair and Adam painfully sits down...

TONY (CONT'D)
You put us through all that pain
for nothing. I got it wrong.

ADAM
What are you talking about?

TONY
I called the Michelin office in
Paris to explain what Mitchell did
to your dish...

A pause...

TONY (CONT'D)
They said they had no inspectors in
London last night.

The realization begins to hit Adam...

TONY (CONT'D)
So I called the number those two
guys used to book their table.

Tony speaks through a sigh of relief...

TONY (CONT'D)
They were software salesmen from
Liverpool.

A pause.

ADAM
Are you serious?

TONY
We're back in business...

Adam's head falls back and he peers at the ceiling. Tony
studies him...

TONY (CONT'D)
You'd better get those fingers
strapped up and get into the
kitchen and start cooking. For all
we know the real guys will be in
today. Or tomorrow.

A pause. Adam doesn't move. After a while, Tony becomes
puzzled.

TONY (CONT'D)
Adam...I've never seen you be still
before for so long. What is it?

Adam doesn't move. He is still motionless, staring up at the
ceiling.

TONY (CONT'D)
Adam what's wrong?

Adam smiles at the ceiling.

INT. SIMPSONS, KITCHEN, A LITTLE LATER, DURING LUNCH SERVICE

Sweeney is hard at work as Adam returns to the kitchen and begins to pull on his whites. When he has painfully tied his straps he approaches Sweeney and takes her arm.

ADAM

I want you to go home.

Sweeney reacts with horror and stares at Adam with disbelief.

SWEENEY

Why? What did I do?

A pause.

ADAM

It's Saturday. Go and play with Lily. We'll be fine here.

Their eyes lock for a moment. Sweeney sees that Adam has a new warmth in his eyes and that she can't refuse his offer. After a long time she slowly begins to untie her whites and removes her apron.

She peers at him.

SWEENEY

If I cooked for you at my house one night would you eat it?

A pause. Adam shrugs.

ADAM

Depends what you cook.

They both smile. Sweeney lingers for a while then turns and leaves the kitchen.

INT. SWEENEY'S KITCHEN, DAY

Sweeney and Lily are preparing dinner. Sweeney is chopping and Lily is mixing eggs rather reluctantly. Sun shines in through the window. The kitchen is modest but it has been tidied up to look its best.

Sweeney and Lily chop and mix and fuss. The inter-action between them should be natural and determined by the food and the steaming pots for a few moments.

Then the doorbell rings.

Sweeney tries to be very business-like as she dries her hands. Lily is obviously not happy.

SWEENEY

Lily where's your happy face?

LILY

I don't have one. I just have this one.

She pulls a horrible face.

LILY (CONT'D)

And if he shouts at me I'll use the potato peeler on his arm.

Sweeney sighs as she adjusts her hair in a small mirror. She murmurs to Lily...

SWEENEY

Look, he's just...

The bell rings again.

SWEENEY (CONT'D)

...he's just...always had to do everything on his own.

INT. KITCHEN DINER, LATER

Adam, Lily and Sweeney are at the dining table. Silence apart from the clatter of cutlery. Lily still isn't amused.

Sweeney is serving an Italian dish. There is a tomato sauce. They all sit in silence as Sweeney serves the tomato sauce to Adam. Sweeney isn't fazed and appears to have found a new level of confidence.

She finishes serving and they all pick up their cutlery. Still silence. Lily glares at Adam. Adam tastes the sauce.

Sweeney doesn't even glance in Adam's direction. After a moment...

ADAM

It's....

SWEENEY (INSTANTLY)

Finish it.

Adam reacts with astonishment...then obeys. He begins to eat. Lily sees this obedience and is rather pleased. She glances at her mother with pride.

They all eat. Even Lily. After a while...

ADAM

You...you didn't add sage like I taught you.

Sweeney pours Lily some water casually...

SWEENEY

I decided my way was better.

Adam reacts and eats. He begins to really eat. Sweeney glances at him but doesn't react. They all eat in silence for a while then Adam speaks casually to Lily.

ADAM

So...I never got an answer. Big Mac or chicken nuggets?

A pause.

LILY

I have the Mac. Mum has the nuggets.

Adam and Sweeney glance at each other and share half a smile. Adam has finished his sauce.

SWEENEY (CASUALLY)

You want more?

A pause.

ADAM

Yeah. I want more.

INT. SIMPSONS RESTAURANT, DAY

The waitresses are hard at work for a busy service. Among the customers we see two middle aged men in business suits who are sitting down at a table.

We see a caption: 'Three months later'.

A waitress arrives at their table...

WAITRESS

Would you like to order some drinks?

The first businessman glances at the menu...

BUSINESSMAN

We'll try the *Gavi de Gavi*....

A pause.

BUSINESSMAN (CONT'D)

A...half bottle.

The second businessman lays down his menu.

BUSINESSMAN 2

And two glasses of tap water.

After a moment, the waitress reacts.

INT. SIMPSONS, KITCHEN

We drift through the kitchen as the brigade responds to the presence of the Michelin men. There is no yelling or screaming. The brigade works efficiently.

We find David at the fish station preparing ingredients. Max is hard at work too, looking less wired than before and pouring real flour from his flour tin.

Then we find Sweeney who is working at the *passe* alongside Adam. The mood is controlled and efficient. They work closely, and even though there are no words we should see the intimacy of their movements, the easy way they brush by each other in a kind of dance.

Without words we should see that they are now together.

As we watch the brigade work we see two main course meals being constructed by the different members of the team. Finally the meals arrive at the *passe* and Adam inspects them. He lowers his head to study the construction of the meals...

Finally he raises his head...

ADAM

Ok take them through.

Adam and Sweeney glance at each other before returning to their work...

INT. RESTAURANT

The two meals we saw being constructed are delivered to the table of the Michelin men by Tony. Tony smiles at them and gives them a small bow before retiring to a polite distance, where he hovers...

We watch the two diners eating their meal in silence for a long time. We see the process of subtle inspection, followed by the first mouthfuls of food.

There is no explosion of reaction but they give small flickers of appreciation. They take third and fourth mouthfuls and we glimpse Tony drifting through shot to peer at them.

Finally the first Michelin man speaks softly...

BUSINESSMAN/MICHELIN MAN

So...

A PAUSE

BUSINESSMAN/MICHELIN MAN (CONT'D)

What do you think?

They both smile.

Cut to black.

THE END