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# Burnt

By Steven Knight

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Jean Luc, my mentor...  
...the guy who gave me  
a chance as a chef...  
...said to me it was God  
who created oysters and apples.  
And you can't improve recipes like that.  
But it is our job to try.  
Being a young chef,  
I sure as hell tried.  
I spent ten years cooking in Paris  
and became head chef  
of Jean Luc's restaurant.  
I was good.  
Some nights I was almost  
as good as I thought I was.  
999,696...  
Six ninety-seven.  
At least that's what I'm told.  
Six ninety-eight...  
Six ninety-nine,  
Then I destroyed it all.  
My devils chased me out of Paris  
and I washed up in New Orleans.  
I sentenced myself  
to hard labor shucking oysters.  
999,999.  
And today's  
the last day of my penance.  
One million.  
You could give me a raise  
and we'd be good.  
Where the hell you goin'?  
Hey!  
He complained about the eggs.  
He said they were staring up at him  
like the eyes of a dead clown.  
He said he knows you from Paris.  
He called you "Little Tony."  
It's your father's hotel.  
You can let yourself in.  
The boudin noir  
was cooked yesterday.  
It was warmed up five hours

under a heat lamp.

A little crust had formed around it.

Are you drunk or stoned?

Or stoned or drunk or something else

no one apart from you has ever been?

You're serving seared tuna.

What happened to your

self-respect, Tony?

Mm.

This from a guy who once stole methadone

from a dying sous chef.

You used to run the best

restaurant in Paris.

Yeah. And you destroyed it.

Good. Anger.

- Hi, Tony.

- You know, after you disappeared,

Jean Luc and I

had to close the restaurant.

There were rumors you had been

stabbed to death in Amsterdam.

There were drug dealers.

And Jean Luc's daughter

claimed you made her pregnant.

And now I'm back.

I'm going after my third star.

If you try to start a new

restaurant in Paris,

there are at least a dozen people

who will try to have you killed.

Oh, no, no. Not in Paris.

Here, in London.

I'm gonna take over your restaurant.

Ah.

My advice to you, chef?

If you want to live a long life,

eat your own tongue.

Good afternoon, sir.

Adam!

Jesus!

- So, where you been?

- Uh, Louisiana.

- Doing what?

- Shuckin' a million oysters.

- Why?  
- Ah, gave up drinking.  
Oh, good for you.  
Along with, uh, sniffing,  
snorting, injecting,  
licking yellow frogs, and women.  
Three years without a word.  
Nothing. You bastard.  
- Celia's gonna be delighted.  
- Thank you.  
She missed you, you know?  
Really worried about you.  
When Jean Luc died,  
we were afraid that...  
You didn't know?  
Oh, I'm sorry.  
I know how close you two were.  
He was a great chef.  
Hey, eat.  
That is something, huh?  
Sweeney! You just received one  
of the best compliments I've ever heard.  
This is Adam.  
Kinda notorious, back in the day.  
Adam has just said your cacio  
is one of the best  
he's tasted outside of Rome.  
- What's your name again?  
- Helene.  
Next time you make cacio, toast  
the pepper first to remove the moisture,  
and then you want to  
grind it by hand, yeah?  
- Hello?  
- Yeah.  
Is this asshole  
a friend of yours, Conti?  
A close friend.  
Also, add some  
chopped sage, why not?  
- American?  
- Yeah.  
- Yeah. Arrogant prick.  
- Well, he's a chef.

Jesus. Still crazy.  
Oh, shit.  
Adam?  
Okay!  
Michel! Okay!  
Okay!  
It's okay.  
I had a long time to think about  
what you did to me in Paris.  
When I was your sous chef  
at Jean Luc's, we were like brothers.  
So when I left, it's only  
natural that you were... hurt.  
So you took your revenge.  
Look, Michel, I don't know  
why I did that.  
I know it was terrible, but...  
what exactly did I do to you?  
You don't remember what you did to me?  
No.  
You called the health inspector.  
after releasing rats  
into my new restaurant.  
Oh, wow, that's terrible.  
Conti told me  
you're going for the third star.  
I need a job.  
In Paris, they say  
we are "old school."  
That's bullshit.  
Okay, pal.  
We're good?  
Mr. Jones?  
Mr. Jones, your credit card  
has been denied.  
There's no longer sufficient  
funds available  
to cover the cost of your room.  
That's okay.  
I'm friends with Tony Balerdi.  
Tony said to tell you that  
your knives are in the bag.  
Fuck.  
Yes, mate? What can I get you?

Him.

You marinate the lamb in  
za'atar and lemon zest, right?

Yeah. And yogurt, too, yeah.

- Gorgeous.

- Thank you.

Look, Mr. Jones,

I just want to say, I...

you've always been a hero of mine.

We studied your menus  
and recipes...

- A hero or a god?

- I...

I don't know the difference.

- Would you work for me for nothing?

- For nothing?

- For food, for meals.

- Yeah, absolutely.

- Yeah, if I was learning loads, yeah.

- Would you pay me?

How much would you pay me  
to work for me?

Would you pay me

a hundred pounds a week?

Two hundred? Three hundred?

I'm trying to make a point.

Your resume is great,  
this lamb's fucking fantastic,  
but you lack arrogance.

And to be in my kitchen,  
you have to defend yourself.

Okay.

No, you mean, "Fuck you."

Yeah.

Yeah, fuck you.

Okay.

Now the most important question.

You have a spare bedroom?

How long did

you say he could stay?

Do you think he's drunk?

He doesn't drink anymore.

Are you sure he's famous?

If you're a chef, he's like...

The Rolling Stones.

Oh.

- He scares me.

- He's a two-star Michelin chef.

He's supposed to be scary.

Well, two doesn't seem like many.

To get even one Michelin star,  
you have to be like Luke Skywalker.

Okay? To get two,

you have to be...

...whoever Alec Guinness was.

But if you manage to get three...

...you're Yoda.

Well, what if he's Darth Vader?

Sara, I went crazy

on summer vegetables

on a bed of ricotta for you.

And for your carnivore boyfriend,

tea-smoked mackerel

with duck egg.

And then we have bouillabaisse,

followed by escargot with garlic

and parsley butter.

What?

David says escargot

is old-fashioned.

Keep eating.

- Is this a joke?

- Is what a joke?

You leaving me a note

to meet you at a Burger King.

Hmm. No joke.

No, this place is easy, accessible,

and cheap. It's easy to find.

They don't kick you out

if you talk to yourself,

which, for me, is crucial. Sit down.

Mmm. You want some lunch?

No, not here, no.

Why not?

I prefer to eat food cooked

by a proper chef.

You don't like people on minimum wage?

Mr. Jones, I'm a sous chef.

I'm a person on minimum wage.

You know why people like you  
don't like fast food?

Sorry. "People like me"?

Because it's food  
for the working class.

- Excuse me?

- Justify why it costs \$500 more  
to eat at a place where we work  
than it does at a place like this.

- No.

- 'Cause you can't.

Because the food here  
is made with too much fat  
and too much salt and too many  
cheap cuts of meat.

You just described most  
classic French peasant dishes.

Burger King is peasants  
doing what peasants do,  
giving a cheap cut  
of meat a little style.

Goulash, bourguignon, cassoulet.

Shall I go on?

- I really have to go.

- What you should have said  
is that the problem with this  
place is it's too consistent.  
And consistency is death.

Consistency is what  
every great chef strives for.

No, a chef should strive  
to be consistent in experience,  
but not consistent in taste.

It's like sex.

It's like, you're always headed  
to the same place,  
but you got to find new  
and dangerous way of getting there.

I wish I could say it was  
nice seeing you again, Mr. Jones,  
but I'm happy where I am.

Good luck.

Adam Jones. My God.

One hoped you were dead.  
Closed down any, uh,  
good restaurants lately?  
I don't close good restaurants.  
My reviews close bad ones.  
I need you to help me kick  
this arrogant city's ass.  
I'm back, and I'm gonna cook  
like we did in the old days,  
before we started warming up  
fish in little plastic bags.  
You know, when I lie awake at night  
and list my regrets...  
...you're one of them.  
I say to myself,  
"Simone, you're a lesbian.  
Why did you sleep  
with Adam Jones?"  
- Simone Forth is here.  
- Sorry, who?  
"Who?" The restaurant critic  
of the fucking Evening Standard.  
It's dry! The grouse is dry  
and the sauce tastes like...  
Everything is fucked!  
We're finished!  
She will destroy us.  
You set this up?  
Your restaurant is fucked  
unless you let me cook for her.  
You are insane.  
Wait. Wait.  
Wait!  
Service.  
The bastard could cook gravel.  
I want to make amends for Paris.  
So I hand my restaurant over to you,  
and it's you doing me a favor?  
If your father didn't own this place,  
you would have been fired years ago.  
Michel will be my sous chef.  
Michel is in Paris.  
- Max is in.  
- Max is in jail.

He's out in two days.  
Also I found a chef de partie  
who doesn't know how good she is.  
"She?" Ay.  
Right there,  
the whole thing falls apart.  
Because in three days  
you will be fucking her,  
in another three you will dump her,  
and then she leaves  
with screams and tears.  
No more women.  
I've been sober two years,  
two weeks, and six days.  
Now, I want you  
to talk to your father.  
- My father is sick.  
- Your father's not sick. He's dying.  
I'm giving you a chance  
to finally make him proud of you.  
You are the best maitre d' in Europe.  
My kitchen is going to be  
the best in the world.  
And we're gonna get the third star.  
The money the Balerdi family has  
agreed to pay to renovate the restaurant  
is contingent upon you  
showing up here every Friday.  
I'll be taking samples of blood to test  
for drugs and alcohol.  
Should a test prove positive,  
the family will withdraw their financial  
support for your restaurant immediately.  
I've been psychoanalyzing  
Tony Balerdi for many years.  
- Do you attend meetings?  
- No, I'm not much for groups.  
How do you to plan  
to maintain your sobriety?  
Oh, long walks in Walden Wood.  
The power of prayer.  
You have a disease;  
there's no shame in seeking help.  
I run a group here on Tuesdays

and Thursdays at 10:00.  
You'd be more than welcome to join.  
You could make the sandwiches.  
I don't make sandwiches.  
Well, I've injected  
so much junk in my life,  
there may still be stockpiles  
in my ankles.  
In my experience, people who  
come in here and make silly comments  
are generally frightened  
of what they might reveal  
if they really took the time  
to be themselves.  
Oh, I've been myself since the '90s.  
Do you have a fear of needles?  
Well, that question indicates  
a serious lack of research.  
Did you ever see that movie,  
Seven Samurai?  
That's how I want my chefs to be.  
Chef.  
Chef, I'm afraid  
there's been a complaint.  
Do we have a problem?  
Please don't fight him  
among all this bone china.  
It'll be me who picks up the tab.  
Hello, Reece.  
A little bird told me  
you'd lost your touch, so...  
a little lobster confirmed it.  
Leave us alone.  
So, not dead.  
- Apparently not.  
- Ah, looks can be deceiving.  
I mean, "dead" these days can  
mean barbecuing chicken wings  
with minor celebrities  
on morning television.  
I'll never be that dead.  
I love the decor, by the way.  
- It's perfect for stoning infidels.  
- What do you want?

I wanted to see how far the tortoise  
had gotten ahead of me.

- You're the hare in this analogy?

- It's your analogy.

- What happened to butter?

- What happened to your angel face?

Oh, crack cocaine and Louisiana.

I heard an idiotic rumor  
you're going for a third star.

I heard an idiotic rumor  
that you'd gotten yours.

- Then I found out it's true.

- That must have hurt.

Eh, I was on heavy painkillers  
at the time.

Okay, all right, look.

The whole Mozart/Salieri bullshit  
doesn't interest me anymore.

I cook good, local ingredients  
in a unique, creative way  
to impress my diners.

Well, you don't cook.

You warm food up in condoms.

Frying pans, flames and booze  
went out with Adam Jones.

And please don't think  
I'm impressed with the water.

You're an addict.

So it's not alcohol now.

It'll be coke, or booze,  
or fucking every girl you meet,  
because you're addicted to the way  
you feel every second of the day.

Doomed youth is romantic.

Doomed middle age really isn't.

Please don't think that's on the house.

You pay your way like everyone else.

Reece, in truth,  
the lobster was good.

If you have any humanity left,  
leave Tony Balerdi and his father alone.

But you fucked up the sauce  
with too much lemon juice.

Excuse me one second.

Was he drunk?

Find out how far he's got and  
who the fuck he's got with him.

Got freed. You're out.

Really?

Oh, fantastic.

- Nice bike.

- Michel's.

- Does he know you borrowed it?

- Not yet.

- How are you?

- Good, good.

Assault?

He plated the monkfish upside-down.

Three times.

Upside-fucking-down, man.

Come on.

He was a fat fucker,  
and he was always chewing gum.

So you-you took, you took matters  
into your own hands?

Yeah, yes, I did.

But they sewed his nose back on.

You know why? Because it was  
me who picked it up off the floor  
and put it in a fish locker  
until the ambulance arrived.

I mean, people conveniently  
forget that part.

That's a shame.

Jody!

Added more tarragon.

It was better yesterday.

Can I try it?

Come on.

Mmm.

- Better yesterday.

- I didn't ask you.

You know, I'm thinking the, uh,  
'89 Chateau Angelus with the pigeon.

Yeah. Try this.

Good.

"Good"?

"Good" means nothing.

- I've had a call from a TV show today.

- Absolutely not.

You know, my analyst suggested you may have an obsessive-compulsive disorder that you self-medicated for years.

She thinks you should be in a program or in a group.

I don't do groups.

So what do you think, is it too much or too little tarragon?

An e-mail came addressed to you.

My French is rusty, but, uh,

I think technically it's a death threat.

Do you remember the drug dealer in Paris? Bonesis?

He says you owe him a lot of money.

- For what?

- Wild guess. Drugs?

Everybody does TV these days.

Tell me the truth about the tarragon.

It's a little heavy.

Fuck off.

You have to take

Bonesis seriously, yeah?

'Cause he's fucking...

...crazy.

- Night, chef.

- Night.

- And what's the oil for?

- Just garnish.

Right.

You need to make a new one?

Well, what are you doing?

- Is it ordered? Is it ordered?

- Yes, chef.

Yeah, because you didn't make the new one.

Why... no, why are you still cooking it?

I'm talking to you. Look at me.

Why are you still cooking it?

- Sorry, chef.

- Yeah. Go get a new one.

How long has this been out here?

Service, table four.

- 30 seconds to that lamb.

- Yes, chef!

Whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa.

All right, don't let  
that sauce over-reduce again.

Yes, chef!

Ca marche, table three.

- One terrine, two pork, one beef.

- Yes, chef!

Medium beef.

Make sure that's medium beef, Max.

- Yes, chef.

- Put capers on the beef.

- I want that in 30 seconds, yeah?

- Yes, chef!

- Thirty seconds.

- Got three minutes on that halibut.

Ca marche, table two.

One foie gras, one risotto.

- Yes, chef!

- Followed by two beef, one turbot.

Sorry I'm late, Conti.

Lily was sick at school.

- You're fired.

- What?

Take your knives and go.

What the hell are you talking about?

Just... go, huh? Go on.

And hurry up, or you'll be late.

- You cost me my fucking job!

- Yes.

I told you,

I don't want to work for you.

I see you brought your knives.

I'll triple your salary.

Conti said you needed the money.

You want to come in here

and make some real money,

or do you want to stab me?

You're wasting your talent there.

Service!

Go with Michel at the sauce. Go!

- Yes, chef.

- How come we're slow?  
We're not full yet?  
- I said, how come we're not full yet?  
- There are some no-shows.  
- How many?  
- Four.  
- People?  
- Tables.  
Tell me, what else?  
A journalist had an advance  
look at the new menu.  
This stupid city, you know?  
Everything has to be...  
- Michel, to the pass.  
- Yes, chef.  
Mr. Reece.  
I booked under the name of O'Reilly.  
He's my priest.  
I've come to deliver last rites.  
Lovely room, Tony.  
it's very Paris 2007.  
Please tell Adam not to bother  
to come out to see me.  
I'm sure he's very...  
busy, it being opening night.  
Maybe not that busy.  
Come on!  
What the fuck is this bullshit!  
Table four, right now!  
Clean the pass!  
What did I say?  
Did I make a mistake this morning  
when I went, "How much did I order?"  
That can't be right!  
Michel, where's my pig?  
Yes, chef. Coming, chef.  
- Carrots! Carrots! Carrots! Carrots!  
- Twenty seconds, chef.  
What the fuck is this?  
You don't give me a plate?!  
Why are you fucking with me?  
You're handing me a plate  
with nothing on it?  
What the fuck's wrong with you?!

I said 40 seconds  
with a warm ingredient.  
It develops a crust around it.  
When you're ready to cook,  
let me know, I'll be right here.  
Where are we with the two turbot  
and two pork?  
Coming right up, chef!  
Thirty seconds  
on the spinach, chef.  
Pork!  
Fuck!  
Fuck!  
- Michel, to the pass.  
- Yes, chef.  
Clean it up!  
Fuck.  
Where is he?  
Outside. Throwing up.  
I'm gonna give everybody who had  
dinner here tonight their money back.  
And I'm gonna write to each  
and every one of them and apologize...  
...and apologize,  
'cause of the fuckin' disaster  
that happened here tonight...  
was my fault.  
My fuckin' fault.  
- I gave you this to use, right?  
- Yes, chef.  
Because each slice  
of potato for pommes Anna  
has to be exactly two millimeters thick.  
- Did you think that was a joke?  
- No, chef.  
- Did you measure your potato slices?  
- No, there was no time.  
There's no time.  
You just have to know.  
But you don't know.  
I thought you did. I'm sorry.  
My fault.  
Michel you allowed  
a portion of scallops

to remain in the pan  
for an extra minute  
because the garnish wasn't ready  
and then you served it.  
Why did you do that?  
We were backing up, Chef.  
If I had thrown it away,  
the whole table...  
Then you throw it away.  
If it's not perfect, you throw it away.  
No matter what.  
If it's not perfect, you throw it away.  
Regardless of time.  
Eat it.  
Yes, chef.  
Now spit it out before you die  
of "who gives a fuck" scallop.  
I kinda made a mistake with you.  
I didn't know you were deaf.  
I'm not deaf.  
Then how come I left you at the saucier,  
then I find you at the poisson?  
- Adam...  
- I'm not talking to you!  
How did you turn a beautiful,  
fresh piece of turbot  
into a pale, lifeless turbot fuck-all?  
How the fuck did you do that?  
Apologize to the turbot  
'cause it died in vain.  
I said apologize.  
- Turbot, I...  
- Not to me. To the fucking fish.  
Turbot, I sincerely apologize...  
Do you ever take a chance?  
Do you ever take a chance in your life?  
Yes. I came to work for you, didn't I?  
You don't get to talk back.  
That wasn't a fucking question.  
- Tonight went wrong...  
- You're a piece of a equipment.  
- ...because your menu lacked balance.  
- Until you run your own kitchen,  
- you say, "Yes, chef..."

- Everything was designed to shock.  
"...whatever you want, chef,  
right away, chef,"  
- and then you shut the fuck up!  
- A fucking impossible line to walk!  
You're a fucking poison,  
you know that?  
You're a fucking infection!  
Get the fuck out of my restaurant!  
Don't ever fucking touch me again.  
Get the fuck out.  
Get the fuck out!  
Get the fuck out now!  
Everybody get the fuck out now!  
Call the TV people,  
tell them I'll do all their shows.  
There's not gonna be another empty  
table at this restaurant again, Ton.  
...Jones. Adam, good morning.  
- Morning.  
- Thanks very much for coming in.  
Now, listen, tell us why you've agreed  
to come on our show this morning.  
Um...  
Well, um, uh, Friday night,  
uh, Adam Jones at The Langham  
opened up, and it wasn't...  
Let's just say it wasn't perfect, and...  
- I like things to be perfect,  
- Is that man who makes you cry?  
so we are offering free dinners  
before we reopen next week.  
Wow, well, that's a big deal.  
- All week. In that case, but why...  
- Mm-hm.  
I think I'm gonna cook  
for you today, too, right?  
You are supposed to be  
cooking for us as well,  
but before people get too excited,  
I imagine that those tables  
- are all booked up already.  
- Yeah, they are booked,  
but, um, in the restaurant business

there are always cancellations, so...

- Come have your breakfast.

- And it's your favorite.

Turbot? Not again.

You can have

chocolate puffs, too.

- It's good.

- Better than yesterday?

Okay.

Granny'll pick you up

after school, okay?

- You can't come?

- I've got to find another job.

Baby, I'm sorry. I'll try, okay?

- Be good.

- Lily?

- I'm sorry.

- Come on.

Bye.

You know, what you said

about the menu is right.

Adam goes for fireworks.

But he can be okay.

I've actually seen him be okay.

You know, when we all started

at Jean Luc's...

Michel and I, Reece, Max...

he was different.

He had a difficult childhood, you know?

His father...

No mother.

Handed off

from one relative to the next.

Listen, he really wants you back.

And also, I think... he likes you.

- So that was Adam liking someone?

- I said I'd get you back.

- And I'll double your salary.

- He already tripled it.

Well... then it's

times three and then times two.

You can learn from him.

Use him as a stepping stone

to get your own star.

His cooking style is out of date.

This isn't Paris five years ago.

Tastes have changed.

The commis call

the frying pan drawer "the museum."

- Did you know that?

- Yeah.

Fuck.

This is equipment.

And this is a chef.

It's a sous vide, or water bath.

It's used for poaching food

at fixed low temperatures.

- It's a condom.

- She has an idea.

- Using condoms?

- We can finish the meat on the fire.

There's nothing wrong with that, but we

use this to seal in all the flavors:

vegetables, herbs, spices, marinades,

anything you want sealed in.

We adapt.

You good?

I am. You?

Yeah. Good.

Okay.

Okay.

Yeah.

Works with the bass. Chef?

- Chef? The menu.

- Hey. Right here.

Mm. Pigeon.

Perfect with the beef.

### **It's 5:**

Can I please see the menu?

The critic from the Times is coming.

All new?

Is it okay?

Yes, chef.

Aprons up!

- Two minutes to the mackerel.

- Yes, chef!

- Where's that turbot?

- Coming up, chef!  
Turbot! Table three!  
- One minute on that pork, Max.  
- Yes, chef.  
Good.  
This is my private number.  
Who gave you the number?  
No, no, no, no.  
There's no table.  
And please don't call  
this number again. Okay?  
- Adam Jones at The Langham.  
- Excuse me.  
Excuse me.  
The Times.  
Emile.  
Ay, Papa.  
I have almost everything I own  
invested in this restaurant.  
You're worse than schoolgirls.  
Read the review?  
Yeah.  
I don't know why you're so happy.  
I'm thinking of firing you.  
And everyone else.  
- It's fantastic.  
- Well, glad you're happy.  
Well, you're not, obviously.  
Cooking's an expression of what?  
Tell me.  
At it's best...  
of sustaining someone, of love.  
That's bullshit.  
"Adam Jones at The Langham  
is now one of the best  
and most interesting places  
in London to come and eat."  
Which part of that don't you like:  
"one of" or "interesting"?  
I don't want my restaurant to be  
a place where you come and eat.  
I don't want my restaurant  
to be a place where you fucking...  
I mean, we should be dealing

in culinary orgasms.  
When's the last time you had an orgasm  
that was... "interesting"?  
Remind me never, ever  
to discuss food with you in public.  
People eat  
because they're hungry.  
I want to make food  
that makes people stop eating.  
You're being stupid.  
Cooking is an expression  
of who we are.  
Right now we're two stars.  
Both of us. It's a two-star review.  
Now, we can keep on cooking  
and be interesting,  
but I want people to sit at that table  
and be sick with longing.  
And I need you in order to do that.  
- Good night, chef.  
- Good night, chef.  
- Morning, chef.  
- Morning, chef.  
Mmm.  
- Morning, chef.  
- Morning, chef.  
Quick, quick!  
Mommy, I want some biscuits.  
We're late.  
We'll get something on the way.  
And Granny'll bring you a surprise when  
she picks you up from school, okay?  
Sweetheart, please, come on.  
Lily, we're late.  
Lil? Please. Come on.  
One, two, three.  
Have a look at the new menu.  
A few items will seem familiar.  
Most are new.  
And most of our guests will be  
a bit uncomfortable at first.  
Do you know about the Michelin men?  
- It is a book.  
- It is the book, Yana. The Bible.

Michelin sends its inspectors  
to restaurants to eat and award stars.  
- One. Two. Three.  
- Or none.  
No one knows who they are.  
No one.  
They come, they eat, they go.  
But they have habits.  
They have to stick to a routine  
to give every restaurant  
the same chance.  
Michelin men eat in pairs.  
Sometimes the Michelin man  
could even be a woman.  
They always book a table before 7:30.  
The first of the pair arrives early  
and has a drink at the bar.  
His partner arrives  
half an hour later.  
One orders the tasting menu,  
the other one a la carte. Always.  
They order half a bottle of wine.  
They ask for tap water.  
They wear business suits.  
They're polite. But attention.  
They may place a fork on the floor,  
under the table to see if you notice,  
and they wouldn't drop it  
because that could make  
a noise and make it too easy.  
Everything from now on  
must be perfect.  
Not good, not excellent...  
perfect.  
If they find one single thing wrong,  
they will kill us.  
And they will come for us soon.  
- How long on the lamb?  
- Give me two more minutes, chef.  
Adam.  
There are two men at the kitchen door  
wanting to see you.  
They're French.  
Service!

Should I tell them  
you left half an hour ago?  
- Canapes!  
- No. They'll just come back.  
- Michel, to the pass.  
- Yes, chef.  
Bonesis?  
Adam still  
owes him all that drug money.  
Why don't you lend it to him?  
I offered, but he won't take it.  
You all right?  
Yeah. Fine.  
Chef, just careful, it's hot.  
What's wrong? What's wrong?  
Let me see, let me see,  
let me see.  
Oh. You need a Band-Aid.  
Michel.  
Sorry, chef.  
I was taking my break.  
Stay.  
I want you to try something.  
I'm working on a, uh,  
Ratte potato and truffle.  
And I used a little bit  
of your beef sauce.  
That's good.  
It's my daughter Lily's  
birthday on Thursday.  
Conti used to let me have the day off  
so that I could throw her a party.  
I was hoping I could maybe miss  
the lunch service on Thursday.  
The problem with being good  
is you become indispensable.  
I need you here all day Thursday.  
Yes, chef.  
- Max, truffles.  
- Got them.  
- David!  
- Yes, chef?  
- Fish!  
- Yes, chef.

Chef.

It's not cooked.

- Sorry?

- Raw. It's not cooked.

It's fucking raw, David!

It takes a real genius to fuck up  
the sous vide, David, let me tell you.

One mackerel,  
one scallop, two veal. Where's my fish?

- Coming.

- David!

- Yes, chef?

- Hurry up!

When are you gonna do something  
about Medusa out there?

You're pushing her too hard.

If you're not careful,  
she's gonna end up like you.

And we can't have a kitchen  
with two of you in it.

It's the end of service.

She should be fine.

If not, we need to know that.

She wants to be like us.

In order to do that,  
she's got to live the life.

I liked her better before.

Just wanted to tell you.

I had dinner with Tony last night.

He wasted his night off  
with you, huh?

We talked a lot about you.

Isn't there a rule that analysts have  
about discussing patients  
with other patients?

I'm not your analyst.

Thank God.

You know he's in love  
with you, don't you?

Yes.

He didn't relaunch the restaurant  
to impress his father.

- He did it for you.

- Yeah.

He wants you to get your third star.  
Even after all the pain  
you've caused him.  
He wants to see what you'd be like  
without a knife in your hand,  
fighting for your life.  
You know, people pay prostitutes extra  
to fake orgasms.  
Maybe Tony pays you extra  
to fake concern.  
Tell me what frightens you.  
Spiders. Death.  
Well, or maybe  
the imperfection of human relationships,  
the imperfection of others,  
of yourself.  
What happens if you get  
this third star?  
- Oh, no, not "if," "when."  
- All right, when you get it.  
Celebration. Fireworks.  
Sainthood, immortality.  
Perfection.  
Mm-hm, sure.  
What happens if you fail?  
Plague, pestilence.  
Seas rise, locusts devour.  
The four horsemen ride  
and darkness descends.  
Death.  
- Sure.  
- Okay, this is for free.  
Someone told you when you  
were very small that you were good  
and the world was good,  
and everything naturally would be good.  
And then the serpent  
served you a bad apple,  
and for all your bullshit,  
you can't take bad.  
Not in a souffle,  
not in an apple,  
and crucially, not in a person.  
Should I be writing this down?

'Cause I don't have a crayon.  
Whatever it was  
or whoever it was in the past,  
it's time to get on with it.  
And you can't do this alone.  
There's strength  
in needing others...  
not weakness.  
Make sure to thank Tony  
for those kind thoughts, Doc.  
Oh, that wasn't Tony.  
That was all me.  
Food's up, guys.  
Family meal.  
Chef?  
David made pie.  
Good.  
Want me to make you a plate?  
No, thanks.  
One beef, one tartine  
platter, one turbot.  
Yes, chef!  
Capers on the beef.  
Don't forget that!  
Yes, chef!  
Fuck off!  
For fuck's sake, fuck off!  
Michel, those kids there...  
do something my friend.  
How are you?  
Yes, chef.  
Max. Keep them  
under control, yeah?  
- Yeah.  
- What's going on here?  
Hello?  
What are you doing here?  
It's your day off.  
Order for table eight.  
I'm with a friend.  
It's her birthday.  
I want a cake.  
- No, no cake.  
- You're a chef.

You can make cakes, right?

No. No cake. I have sorbet.

- Tony, it's fine.

- Tony?

What's going on?

What's going on?

Chef, Lily didn't want to stay at home today because it's her birthday, so Tony said if I brought her into work, he'd watch her during service.

And she wants a fucking birthday cake, okay?

So make a cake.

Nice gravy.

It's not called gravy anymore.

Well, actually, it's called gravy again.

Is the ogre in the kitchen?

The one who shouts?

I have no idea who you mean.

You're the ogre.

Yes.

But I bake great cakes.

Good?

I've had better.

Really?

Adam?

Ay.

Adam?

- Adam?

- Yo.

The maids don't come?

I always leave the, uh, "do not disturb" sign on.

We have a laundry service as well.

You have an invitation.

Montgomery Reece invites you to the relaunch of his restaurant.

I thought he hated you.

He does. That's why he invited me.

Tell him yes.

Well, if you go, you should take someone with you.

Someone to stop you from getting into a fight with him.

Oh, you mean like you?

No.

Your therapist's got a big mouth.

Nothing you didn't know.

You said in your restaurant

everything was possible,

but, um, I know

not everything is possible.

Besides, you're not as pretty

as you once were.

Hey, Tony.

Uh, you hungry?

Can I... can I make you

breakfast or something?

You mean, cook me breakfast

instead of falling in love with me?

Yeah.

No. Thank you.

I already ate.

But I appreciate the thought.

Take someone nice.

Little more skin on the bass, yeah?

- Yes, chef. Yeah.

- You got that, right?

Oh, you got to thin this sauce.

It's like fucking glue.

You have a nice dress?

- Excuse me?

- Do you have a nice dress?

I got to go to this party, and, uh...

...you're the only girl

that I know, so...

Uh, yeah. Sure.

Good.

Hey, pretend you're my girlfriend, okay?

If Reece knows who you are,

he'll steal you away.

If I was your girlfriend,

you'd probably hold my arm.

No, if you were my girlfriend,

we would've gotten

in an argument in the taxi.

We wouldn't even be talking.

I've been working more

on the potato truffle veloute.  
I think we should put it  
on the menu tomorrow,  
as a sort of modern take  
on sole bonne femme.  
Michelin loves it when  
you celebrate French cuisine.  
- You look great by the way.  
- Thank you.  
- Hello.  
- Oh, hi, nice to meet you.  
This is Montgomery Reece.  
This is Marcus.  
- Marcus.  
- Nice to meet you, sir.  
Marcus, is, uh, actually one of  
the investors in the other restaurant.  
Excellent.  
Well, thank you very much.  
Hello, Jones.  
You find a nice flat surface yet?  
I take it you are the saucier he's been  
trying to hide from me this whole time,  
in which case,  
when you do get tired of him,  
this is what you could be cooking.  
You're doing me  
almost as good as me.  
And you're using butter.  
Where'd you come up with that idea?  
Adam?  
I didn't invite her.  
She came with another guest.  
Who is she?  
That is Jean Luc's daughter,  
Anne Marie.  
The Times just arrived.  
What are you doing here?  
I thought maybe you would  
come to Papa's funeral.  
Yeah, I didn't know that he'd died.  
I've missed you.  
I'm better now.  
Been clean almost two years.

I went to a clinic in Milan.  
They helped me stop.  
You look good. Strong.  
What do you want?  
Papa wanted you  
to have his knives.  
Would you like me to send them?  
Yes, please.  
We were beautiful together, you know?  
Hi.  
Have you been here all night?  
How'd you find me?  
Couldn't sleep, then I remembered  
sole bonne femme needs sole.  
Yeah, without skin.  
Sweeney's Irish,  
by the way, not Scottish.  
It's my ex-husband's name.  
Leon Sweeney.  
Didn't work out, huh?  
It could have done.  
We were really good  
for a long time, but...  
You know, we drank too much,  
and partied too much and...  
I could stay up for days,  
and he loved that about me.  
Then I got pregnant with Lily and,  
you know, I wanted to stop,  
and he didn't.  
- Didn't or couldn't?  
- What's the difference?  
Yeah.  
I worked in places like this  
all the time when I was a kid.  
I saved up a bunch of money,  
bought a one-way ticket to Paris.  
Lied my way  
into Jean Luc's kitchen.  
That's when Max was there, and Reece,  
and, uh, Michel came later.  
I didn't speak any French.  
Worked 20-hour days, six days a week.  
I was 19 years old.

I loved every minute of it.  
The heat, the pressure, the violence,  
the fucking screaming.  
You know, all the cooks.  
That kitchen is the only place  
I've ever felt like I really belonged.  
Why?  
What happened in Paris?  
I just fucked it all up.  
Maybe it's...  
Maybe I just wanted it really bad,  
and then when I got it too early,  
I didn't know how to hold on to it.  
I tried to control everything.  
Then when I wanted  
to escape from it...  
Five o'clock's always the worst time  
for thinking things.  
I always think of things,  
like I make a list of, like,  
things and people  
I always think about right now.  
It's like my mom,  
my grandmother, Jean Luc.  
It's like a broken fucking record.  
That woman at the party  
was really pretty.  
- Is she on your list?  
- Nope.  
Her perfume was amazing.  
You smell okay.  
Thank you.  
What about Tony?  
Is he on your list?  
Yeah, he's there.  
I worry maybe I'm too hard on him.

**At about 6:**

And there's you.  
- Wait, I'm on the list?  
- Yeah, apparently so.  
It's getting to be a long list.  
No wonder I don't sleep.  
Why are you thinking

**about me at 5:**

I just think you and I  
are exactly the same, you know?  
All we want to do...

Thanks...

...is just fry some fucking fish.

I'm thinking of doing that  
sauce with a chicken stock base,  
a white chicken stock,  
just to lighten it up a bit.

- Yeah?

- Yeah.

Adam.

Yeah?

This is a fucking stupid idea.

It was your idea.

No water bath, okay?

Just slowly baste them  
in butter on either side.

What?

Okay, and then confit  
the rattes and then peel,  
emulsify in butter,  
stock, truffles, okay?

Who are they?

Thirty seconds, no more.

In Paris, it happened two times a week.

I used to worry, now I don't.

Believe me, the only person  
who will kill Adam Jones  
is Adam Jones.

Oh, Helene.

"Oh, Helene" what?

Adam?

Jesus.

I'm okay.

What the hell was that?

Who were those men?

- I still owe some people some money.

- Just pay them.

- It's a lot of money.

- You think you can walk?

- Yeah, I'm fine.

- You have to go and see a doctor, Adam.

- No, service.

- No, you're not cooking, Adam.

We can handle it, all right?

Just tell me quickly.

Do you want me to baste them in butter?

- Slowly, and then peel and emulsify.

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

- Tony. Tony!

- What?

There's a man... There's a man  
at the bar. He's wearing a suit.

His friend arrived half an hour later.

They left their drinks at the bar.

They ordered

half a bottle of wine,

two glasses of tap water,

and there is now a fork

on the floor under their table.

Michelin.

- Max, get my knives?

- Yeah.

Where is it? Where's the order?

- I said I'll handle it.

- Are they seated?

Do we know what table they're at?

- I'll handle it.

- Where's the order?

- Where's the order?

- One taster, one a la carte.

- Jesus, look at you. Adam.

- Be quiet.

Just be fucking quiet.

- Service.

- Is this it? Is this it?

- Yeah.

- Okay, Michel, I want you to make  
the short ribs for the beef,

and I want you to make

- the sauce for the sea bass.

- Adam.

Let me finish and then you say

fucking, "Yes, chef!"

Make the sauce for the sea bass.

I'm gonna portion out  
that fish and the beef.  
Max, where are my knives?!

- Yes, chef.

- Max. Max, give me the knives!  
And I want to see every element  
of every garnish.

Yes, chef.

And remember, they're not  
just watching their own table!  
They've got eyes on everything,  
so everything has to be pitch perfect!

- Do you hear me?

- Yes, chef.

- Yeah?

- Yeah, it's good.

Yeah? Other side, yeah.

Five minutes.

Yeah. It's good?

Yeah, that's right.

That should be thick.

That's good, that's good.

Thank you, chef.

More salt.

- Like velvet, yeah? Like velvet.

- Yes, chef. Yes, chef.

Yes, chef.

Show me, show me, show me.

It all has to be same size.

It all has to be the same fucking size.

- Yes, chef.

- What do we got? Yeah?

Okay, good.

Every one, glaze on every one.

Double of everything.

Two of everything!

Yes, chef.

Come on, got to thicken it up.

Come on, this is the dish.

You are looking  
at that all the time, yeah?

You have eyes on it the whole  
time till you hit the pass.

- Yes, chef.

- Yeah? Look at me.  
- Yeah? You up for it?  
- Yes, chef. Yes, chef.  
- All right, let's go!  
- Yes, chef.  
- Plates are clean.  
- Okay.  
- Starters are finished.  
- Mains to the pass, right now!

Yes, chef.

Hey! Hey!

You're gonna wait right here.

You're gonna make sure  
everything goes out to them.

Okay, give me some room.

Is it okay?

It's perfect, exactly how you like it.

Are you absolutely sure, my friend?

I checked it myself. It's great.

Come on, Adam, let them go.

Come on.

Service.

- Fingerprints off, yeah?  
- Yes, chef.  
- Keep it level.  
- Yes, chef.  
- And exactly how I gave it to you.  
- Yes, chef.

Clear the pass.

They sent it back. Too spicy.

- What?

- Too fucking spicy!

Pepper.

I added cayenne to it.

For Paris.

Michel.

Michel.

Michel!

Hey!

I'm gonna figure out...

Hey!

Whoa! Whoa-oh!

What the fuck is that?

This is like...

How, what are you doing in here?  
What are you guys doing in here?  
This is so great!  
This stuff is so great!  
- Tell me...  
- Everybody out, now.  
Get out now!  
Oh!  
I got it, I got it.  
I can figure it out. I got it.  
I got it. Hold on.  
Do I...? Yeah.  
That's it.  
That's it.  
That's it.  
That's it.  
What do you do?  
You got to plug it in.  
I just don't know  
how you plug it in.  
Just let me do it!  
Let me do it! Let me do it!  
Let me do it.  
Jack!  
Just let me do it.  
Let me do it!  
Let me do it!  
Let me do it.  
I'm tired.  
- What is this, hell?  
- Yeah, I suppose it is.  
Well, the mercy of your enemy  
is a kind of hell.  
- What happened?  
- I have no idea.  
You turned up out of your head.  
Come and eat something.  
That's your verdict, is it?  
What was the name of that dive  
on Rue Des Panoyaux  
Max and Michel  
always insisted we go to?  
Le Saint Sauveur.  
Le Saint Sauveur.

Every night.

**At what, 2:**

After doing 18 hours at Jean Luc's,  
knowing we had to be back  
in the kitchen at what, 7:00?

Yeah.

I think I was hung over for two years.

Fucking great times, though.

It is a miracle any of us survived.

It's good.

I know.

The Michelin men came last night.

- And?

- We fucked it up.

I fucked it up.

Fucked it up a long time ago.

Why'd you take care of me?

'Cause I need you. We all do.

If you understood that,  
you wouldn't fight so hard.

Yeah?

You're better than me.

Which makes you the best.

But the rest of us need you  
to lead us to places  
we otherwise wouldn't go.

Now, finish that and go.

I'm almost certain it isn't Friday.

I didn't get my third star.

And yet, still alive.

Well, come on then.

Group doesn't start for 20 minutes.

I'll put the kettle on.

You're a very lucky man.

You paid them?

The debt was

as much mine as yours.

You look terrible.

I'll be okay.

Papa's knives.

He sharpened them himself  
before he died.

He said,

"Adam likes everything perfect."

I have a train to catch.

Anne.

You're better off without me.

It's going to be a long, hard road.

But slowly...

I hope to regain everyone's respect  
and be worthy of your father.

I liked your cook from the other night.

She seemed nice.

I thought this was the time  
you didn't come back.

- Who's at the pass?

- David.

- What?

- You trained him well.

The kid's a star.

Go on, tell him.

I called the Michelin office  
in Paris this morning  
to explain what Michel  
had done to your dish.

They said they had no inspectors  
in London last night.

So... I called the number  
the men used to book the table.

They're software salesmen  
from Birmingham.

Hey, come on.

Laugh or something.

Thank you.

The kitchen may be  
in good hands, but, uh,  
Kaitlin can't handle  
the front of the house.

She's got beautiful legs, but, uh,  
she's not very useful on the phone.

Okay?

Stay here and make sure this idiot  
doesn't have a concussion.

Okay.

- You okay?

- Mmm. Yeah.

- Let me see.

- Um...  
- Oh, shit.  
- Hey, don't look at that. Ooh.  
- Jesus.  
- It's okay.

Sit down. Let me clean you up.

- I'm all right.  
- No, you're not.

Jesus.

What is that?

It's probably a boot mark.

Geez.

Oh.

Anne Marie paid my debt.

Yeah, Reece said she might.

You called Reece?

I was looking for you.

I was looking for you everywhere.

- Oh, sorry.  
- No, it's okay.

I'm afraid.

I don't know if I can do it.

Listen.

Conti and Tony and Max and David.

We cook together.

And we take care of each other.

You can't do it alone.

No one can.

You have to trust us. Okay?

We're your family.

George, I need that sauce.

Ten seconds, David.

Sauce up.

Thank you.

Good.

- Thank you, chef.

- Excellent.

Good job, man.

One pappardelle, one foie gras,  
one halibut, one pigeon.

Yes, David.

How long on

the sweetbread and the burrata?

Mmm, all right.

- Good morning, boss.

- Morning.

- Chef.

- Chef.

Try a bit of the sauce.

Would you like to order an aperitif?

No, thank you.

We'll try the Gavi de Gavi.

- Certainly.

- A half bottle.

Oh, and two glasses of tap water.

Michelin, table nine.

Two customers. Late 40s.

Half a bottle of wine.

One taster, one a la carte.

Denitizi saw one place

a fork on the floor.

They're here.

We do what we do.

- We what?

- We do what we do.

And we do it together.

Yes, chef.

Ca marche, table nine.

One taste, one scallop,

follow one toast,

lamb, one halibut.

- Yes, chef.

- Okay, clear the pass.

Ready?

Service.

Food's up, guys.

Family meal.

Thanks.