CE GARÇON

PILOT/“NEW MANAGEMENT”

BY ALEXIS MOH
1. INT. KITCHEN – NIGHT

The kitchen is shown at work, and camera moves into GASPARD GUEGANTON, who is finishing up a dish with lots of knife flourishes, etc. He pulls out a small vial from his pocket and sniffs from it. He whoops loudly—the kitchen barely reacts, implying routine, but young JAVIER ROCHA rushes over, beaming expectantly. Gaspard shakes his head vigorously, adds a couple of things to his dish, and then nods at Javier. The younger man puts down an armload of supplies, which Gaspard begins to work at, while Javier plates the prepared food. He does a good job—Gaspard makes a few tweaks then nods again, approvingly. He then pulls out the same small vial and tosses it at Javier, who catches it, and sniffs.

TALKING HEAD JAVIER

I working for Gaspard four months and I love. I learn so much!

1. INT. KITCHEN – CONT.

LYDIA NORDBY comes over with a busboy. The busser loads his tray while Lydia puts in more orders, and Gaspard nods at Javier. Javier offers the vial to Lydia, who refuses, and starts to walk away, but then steps back over, grabs the vial, sniffs it, and tosses it back as she leaves. Gaspard and Javier laugh.

TALKING HEAD LYDIA

I met Gaspard at a club I was singing at back when I was doing that a lot. Yes, he...likes to party.”

END OF TEASER

Opening credits with press coverage of Gaspard’s antics in the background.

ACT ONE

2. INT. FRONT OF HOUSE – NIGHT

The restaurant is closed. Gaspard, Lydia and Javier are sitting at a table in the corner with drinks. Gaspard is already in his black leather, but everyone else is still in their uniforms. They are chatting and laughing good-naturedly, if tiredly.

LYDIA

And the baby at Table 7 today! Oh god

JAVIER
(in a baby voice)
Lyddie-lyd no like des bébés? No? No?

GASPARD

(holding up his glass of whiskey)
You should've slipped it some of this.
Gotta get me some baby-babies tonight.

Gaspard sees something and rolls his eyes.

GASPARD

Here is another kind of baby coming.

Gangly SAM BARLOW, the maitre d' joins their table. His movements and manner are terribly awkward.

SAM

Hey guys...Lydia, thanks again so much for all your help today...again

LYDIA

(dryly)
Don't mention it. Just...

SAM

Yeah, I'll get the hang of it soon...I hope [nervous laugh]. Well, um, Unc--Mr. Kelly just called and he was a little stuck in traffic but should be here any...

LYDIA

(to Gaspard)
So what do you have for later tonight?

SAM

...minute now

3. INT. FRONT OF HOUSE - NIGHT

CHRIS KELLY walks into the restaurant. He’s a very small man, with a young face but balding head. He is loud and overly friendly. He approaches the table the staff has gathered at and greets everyone brightly.

CHRIS

Hey, team! How're you all doing? Tired? Of course you are--being the best restaurant in New York isn't easy!
He hooks his arm around SAM’s neck and gives him a nougie. Sam comes up looking embarrassed and pained. The other staff members try to reciprocate Chris’ friendliness but GASPARD makes no effort to hide his disdain, sitting silently with his arms crossed. JAVIER notices this, and ices up a bit.

CHRIS

Alright, everyone, I apologize for being late but boy does this feel great! I’m not really a food person but when I found out y’all were looking for a new capt’n. You guys are pretty slick and I figure I can pick it up fast enough. I’ve been eating all my life! Also I have some new ideas.

TALKING HEAD GASPARD

GASPARD

(bitterly)
Yes, yes. Sergio has sold Ce garçon to the former child star Chris Kelly. Apparently wants to class up his name by association. Pathetic. He is un philistin! He does not understand this art! Pfff! [leaning in to catch cameras’ next question] Sergio? He’s decided to go boating with his child-bride for ever or something. Wasn’t that my suggestion? I mean no, I told him to live fast not stupid! I just wanted him to come to a party with me! We were high! Merde...

4. INT. FRONT OF HOUSE – CONTINUOUS

Chris is rolling out his ideas.

CHRIS

Now, I expect that we’ll get some new clientele. Notably fans of my show! And I want to welcome these people. I need the bad boy shtick to be toned down a bit [at Gaspard, who sneers], and I’ve come up with suggestions for the menu.

The staff senses trouble. Freja gives a squeak and Adam coughs. Lydia seems to be holding her breath. Javier takes almost more offense than Gaspard does, brows furrowing deeply.

GASPARD

Excusez-moi, le menu? I’m sorry this is impossible.

CHRIS
Oh? Don't I get to do what I want? As owner?

**GASPARD**

(fuming)
Mr. Kelly. (gathers himself) In fact it is quite unorthodox for the owner to take a hand in the menu...especially when so new to this craft.

**CHRIS**

Well, first off call me Chris, and I’m sorry, Gaspard. I'll think of some other to get my name to shine through this place! Also I do know enough to expect someone to come and write about how this place is doing under some new management. I’m sure you will preform beautifully.

**GASPARD**

We always get great reviews and will continue to, if we keep doing what we do now.

The air is uncomfortable and Freja tries to break the silence.

**FREJA**

Does anyone want a cookie?

5. INT. LOBBY - EARLY EVENING

Sam is stammering and stumbling through his duties as maitre d’. He’s not failing, but noticeably nervous, which some find charming, some find strange.

**SAM**

Good afternevening. I’m sorry I started to say afternoon then realized it was evening. Um so, I’ll find your table now, wait, no what is your name? Wait, no, do you have a reservation? Wait, of course. Sorry. Name please? Sorry, I just um, started. Smith and how do you spell–er, nevermind. Um. This way please!

A tall, professional-looking lady walks in.

**WOMAN**

(breathlessly)
Hi, I’m a bit late but I had a reservation for 7:00 under Nolan?
SAM

[checking his list]

Noooolan...Nolan...ah! yes ooh 20 minutes ago...sorry that came out a weird tne. Sorry, um it’s fine just you’re going to have a bit of a wait if that’s. Yeah. Like a...um...fifteen minutes?

WOMAN

Yes, that’s fine; it’s my fault for being late. As long as I get my article! I wait over there?

SAM

Yes, please. Thank you.

The woman goes over to wait by the door and another group comes in.

SAM (cont.)

Uh hi. Welcome to Ce garço--[He freezes for a beat, wide-eyed and slack-jawed. Something has just dawned on him. He snaps out of it] Sorry. Name please? Pauszek...um...yes this...way please.

[cut]

INT. LOBBY – CONTINUOUS

There is a brief pause in guest arrivals and Sam takes the opportunity to try to get Lydia. He catches Lydia’s eye and waves wildly, elbowing a busboy in the head.

SAM

Oh gosh! I’m sorry are you ok?

BUSBOY

(rubbing his head)

Yeah, just watch it, dude.

The busboy strides away. Lydia shakes her head but comes over.

LYDIA

(hissing)

What?

SAM

[pointing to woman by the door from earlier]

That woman has a reservation for one and just mentioned an article!
LYDIA

What? How’d you get that out of her?

SAM

She just said it herself...

LYDIA

And you’re response was to make her wait?!

SAM

Well…she was late—

Lydia doesn’t let him finish. She turns sharply to face the woman and is now wearing a big, warm smile.

LYDIA

Hello! I’m so sorry for the wait. Please come right this way!

Lydia escorts the woman to a table. Sam watches, again wide-eyed, mouth in a small ‘o’ before turning around to return to his post. He turns straight into the same bus boy, who is shoved backwards, almost dropping his tray of empty plates. The busboy throws Sam an icy glare.

SAM

Oh gosh…sorry...

Like Lydia, the busboy doesn’t let him finish and simply just shoves past Sam, who sheepishly shuffles back to his post.

ACT TWO

6. INT. TABLE 16 – EARLY EVENING

Lydia turns on her full charm for the tall, blond woman.

LYDIA

(Warmly)
I am so sorry about that wait! We’d like to offer you a free drink to make up for it. I would recommend the East Side Breeze, [pointing on drinks menu]—it’s one of our new ones...

WOMAN

(Looking at page)
Sure that sounds great
LYDIA

(Handing over menu and opening it to its extra page)
...And here are our specials for the night—you're lucky, the chef is famous roasted black sea bass is on there today—and I’ll be back soon with that East Side Breeze. I’ll bring you some water with your pão de queijo as well.

Turns and walks away gracefully. At about three meters away, she rushes into the kitchen.

7. INT. KITCHEN – EARLY EVENING

Lydia bursts in, beelines to Gaspard.

LYDIA

Table 16 is a critic!

GASPARD

What?! How do you know?

LYDIA

Sam says she mentioned an article, which is weirdly careless but the idiot was making her wait.

GASPARD

(Slaps his forehead)
Quel con! Ok, you know what to do.

Lydia grabs the drink, an extra glass, a pitcher of water, and a basket of bread and whirls out of the kitchen.

As Lydia leaves, Gaspard calls over Javier and Adam.

GASPARD

Table 16 is a critic. Act accordingly.

Adam simply nods and leaves but Javier is freaked out.

JAVIER

A critic? What did they order? Where are they from? What am I supposed to do? I’m not rea–

GASPARD
Urgh, stop! Stop! How could I know any of that we’re lucky enough to know that they even are one. Your job is easy—stop shitting yourself and just be ready to do what I tell you.

TALKING HEAD GASPARD

Ce garçon has a very unique personality, a certain reputation...and Sergio, was of course, a big part of that. Now with this...washed up yahoo, that can all change, which really, would be the end of this establishment. Never mind he probably has no business sense at all—he has a bad tone, and I think we’ve done ok keeping it pushed away but if this writer picks up on it...”

8. INT. TABLE 16 – EARLY EVENING

Lydia has returned to the blond woman’s table and is setting things down.

LYDIA

Here is your drink and fresh pào. Are you ready to order?

WOMAN

Yes! I think I’ll start with the foy grass bruley and that black bass.

TALKING HEAD LYDIA

Head cocked, eyes squinted, lifts an eyebrow, mouths the woman’s mispronunciation

LYDIA

(Unwaveringly bright)
Great! I’ll be back soon. Is there anything else I can do for you?

WOMAN

No that’s all thank you

9. INT. KITCHEN – EARLY EVENING

Lydia reenters the kitchen

LYDIA
Ok she talks like a total hillbilly but I think she said foie gras then black bass.

GASPARD

Think? Think?! We need to know!

LYDIA

Oh my god, stop. Bad wording. That’s what she wanted.

She slaps down the order and leaves. Gaspard turns to Javier:

GASPARD

Tell Adam about the cipollini onion soubise and take care of the Swiss chard fricassé.

JAVIER

Yes, chef!

As he turns away, his face says he's terrified. He vaguely mutters to himself as he gets his ingredients and sets them down at Adam’s station. Adam is also muttering to himself, and after a brief moment, they both realize they are standing next to each other muttering to themselves. They chuckle over it. and when Javier explains his nerves, Adam replies

JAVIER

I don't know if I'm ready for this man!
I'm pretty good but I get nervous with the VIPs!

ADAM

(matter-of-fact)
It's just some stewed leaves. If you can't do that you wouldn't be here.

JAVIER

(heartened)
Yeah! you're right man. I was actually the top of my class at de French Culinary Institute. I couldn't understand lot for a while but it was go. I really think I have a special relationship to food, no? I mean you too, I didn't mean just me I meant us, as chefs. Well. Almost chef, for me. I'm nice though! I am just 24 you know this? I learn much with Gaspard. He is super cool.
Javier pauses from his rapid monologue to look up at Adam, who seemed to be listening, but has simply gone back to muttering to himself, clearing ignoring Javier.

10. INT. LOBBY - EVENING

An old man is in line for Sam's post with a young woman on his arm. Sam sees them and does a double take.

TALKING HEAD JAVIER

Her name is Jordan Carney. We dated for a few months last year...Yeah he does seem...older. I mean she is kind of like that...but maybe he's like her uncle, right?

The couple are at Sam's post.

JORDAN

Ohmigod, Sam?

SAM

Hey...

JORDAN

Wow, you're the maitre 'd of Ce garçon now? How?

SAM

Oh my uncle was in a bind so I just--

JORDAN

You look so weird in a suit! Oh sorry this is CJ diMitri.

OLDER MAN

Hello. Lady said it. The table should be under diMitri

JORDAN

So is this like. good?

SAM

Yeah! yeah, it turns out I like it a lot! Not like the rest of the stuff my uncle drags me into...this gig is (gestures a gliding hand) smooth sailing. I think I've
really found my niche and will probably be moving up pretty quick

OLDER MAN

Congratulations, son. I'm sure it's very difficult having to be at Chris Kelly's bidding haha. We're both pretty ready to sit now...

SAM

Yes! Of course. Right this way. No, wait. Um. Gotta see which...diMi..right ok let's go.

Sam is embarrassed, and keeps glancing back at Jordan as he returns to his post. The phone rings--it's Chris

CHRIS

Sammy-bammy how's it goin?

SAM

Fine, I guess...

CHRIS

Great! Well I'll be coming to see for myself actually, in just a little while now. Don't tell the others, I wanna sneak up and spy on 'em a little. Keep up the good good work, skipper! [hangs up]

SAM

Oh okay by--[dial tone]

Sam puts down the phone and considers leaving his post, hesitates, then rushes over to Lydia.

SAM

um...Lydia? Lydia...

LYDIA

Busy!

SAM

Sorry, I just um..have something to tell--

LYDIA
Speed, Sam! What?

SAM

Chris just called...he's dropping by in like half an hour--well. I don't know really he just said 'in a bit'

LYDIA

(exasperated)
Well does that typically mean in about half an hour? You know what? forget it. Just...keep him out of the way...And don't say a word about table 16!

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

11. INT. KITCHEN – EVENING

Lydia is back in the kitchen.

LYDIA

Chris Kelly is coming

GASPARD

Chris Kelly...is coming?

LYDIA

...yes..

GASPARD

Oh putain! Fils de put! Javier! What the fuck are these onion peels still doing here! Put that down, grab that knife-- no that one. Merde! HÜrry up! [to Lydia] Keep Chris out--

LYDIA

Yeah I know I know you keep it together

11. INT. TABLE 16 – EVENING

LYDIA

Hi--is everything good here?

WOMAN
Yes, thank you!

LYDIA

Can I get you another drink?

WOMAN

Oh my gosh--is that Chris Kelly? Is there any chance I could meet--

LYDIA

Oh good he's finally here! I'm sorry what was that--I'm not sure but I'll see what I can do. Was there anything else?

WOMAN

No, I'm fine for now

LYDIA

Great! [rushes off a bit too abruptly

14. INT. LOBBY - EVENING

Chris has just entered and is closing in on Sam

CHRIS

So! How is everything?

SAM

(to customer)
Yes, Krueger, over this way--one sec, Chris

CHRIS

Wow so it's pretty busy in here. What do you do now? Treat me like a customer.

SAM

Well it's like you saw me do just now, I just--sorry--[to arriving customers] good evening! welcome...table for four under Krishner, yes there it is! Um, just that way please, yes follow him [the busboy from earlier leads them away]. [Back to Chris] Yeah it's good I just ask people's names and then I look in the book then I give them a tabl--
CHRIS

Oh looks like that little waitress's spotted me

[CUT TO SAME SCENE INCLUDING LYDIA]

LYDIA

Mr. Kelly! What a lovely surprise! Welcome! Table 22 is open--would you like a seat?

CHRIS

Yeah, sure that'd be just--

LYDIA

Actually! Maybe you'd like to visit the kitchen! The pastry chef was wondering about suggestions!

CHRIS

Yes, that'd be great. Bye bye Sammy-whammy!

Sam looks over and gives a weak smile, then returns to dealing with customers.

14. INT. FREJA'S STATION -- EVENING

Lydia has brought Chris to Freja's station.

FREJA

Hello! What brings you guys here? Have you both been having good days? I hear Table 16 is--

LYDIA

Great! Thanks! Freja, didn't you say you had some questions for Mr. Kelly? He came in and so I brought him right to you!

Realizing she is being used to keep him busy, her smile weakens and she seems at a loss--Lydia slips out.

FREJA

Oh...um...yeah I was, um, wondering if you...had any suggestions...?

CHRIS
Hmm, well I hadn't but now that you ask...oh! How about if you added childhood favorites to the menu? like chocolate chip cookies and brownies?

FREJA

...that's an idea...quite a departure from the rest of the menu...

CHRIS

yeah maybe it would throw people off to start with foie gras then end up with cookies. Although I'm sure your cookies are delicious! Hmm...I say that because I want to sort of demonstrate my presence and I was a TV star as a young boy...you ever see it?

FREJA

no

CHRIS

ah well...oh! what about if I gave my greetings to the house with complimentary desserts! that's a classy move right?

FREJA

...well...maybe...it would cost the restaurant though...obviously...giving away free food--

CHRIS

oh I'm not thinking business right now I'm thinking publicity! which will in turn benefit business. What if you made those little pyramids of cream puffs? With the cream and chocolate? What are those called again?

FREJA

Cromquembouches?

CHRIS

Yes, that's the stuff! With little cards that say "Compliments of Christopher Kelly." In cursive.

FREJA
(after speechless pause)
Okay then. 500 cream puffs, coming right up.

15. INT GASPARD’S STATION – EVENING

Gaspard and Lydia are watching Freja.

GASPARD
Stop looking over! Don't make eye contact!

LYDIA
I doubt he has the ability to be aware of anything past the immediate two feet around him but whatever

GASPARD
Go finish up Table 16. Get them out of here before Kelly goes out front.

Lydia leaves as Gaspard sees Chris move away from Freja. He gestures Javier over.

GASPARD
Ey! Go over there and keep him busy!

JAVIER
Keep him busy? What I am supposed to--

GASPARD
Will you figure things out yourself once in a whi--urgh! Give him a fucing cooking lesson, I don't know. Go!

16. INT. TABLE 16 – EVENING

Lydia is at the blond woman’s table.

LYDIA
Would you like to do dessert?

WOMAN
This chocolate mille-feuille (points)

LYDIA
Chocolate mille-feuille. Got it--
WOMAN

And is there any chance at all I could meet Chris Kelly? I never watched his show but it'd still be cool to say I met him on my blog.

LYDIA

Blog?

WOMAN

Yes! I recently started a food blog and my husband made me a reservation here as a gift! He doesn't care much for fancy food--pizza and burgers guy--but we came on vacation with the kids and--

LYDIA

Where are you from?

WOMAN

Indiana! Fischers, Indiana. The blog's really starting to pick up traffic with the other moms at my kids' school. Park Tudor Country Day, have you heard of it?

LYDIA

No

WOMAN

Yeah, it's a big name there but also kind of new...anyways

LYDIA

Best of luck with the blog! And I'll be right back with that mille-feuille.

TALKING HEAD LYDIA

Are you joking, woman? That explains her total illiteracy but GOD what a waste of time!

17. INT. LOBBY - EVENING

Lydia smacks Sam upside the head.

LYDIA
(hissing)
Table 16 is a bloody. blogger.

SAM

Blogg-oh. Wow. Well I mean how was I supposed to know that? ANyways better safe than--

LYDIA

(at a passing, lower rank waiter, shoving the order form into their hands)
Hey take care of this one for me, will you?

She gives Sam one last glare, then leaves.

18. INT. KITCHEN - EVENING

Lydia is back in the kitchen with Gaspard.

LYDIA

She was a fucking blogger. Sam screwed up.

GASPARD

A blogger?! A blogg--[slaps forehead]
Okay. Sure. Go.

He pulls out a half full bottle of whiskey from under his station as Lydia rolls her eyes and positions her body to block the bottle from others' view. She sees across the kitchen that Chris has been passed on to Adam, who is working silently, clearing ignoring Chris' monologue but with an annoyed expression on his face.

LYDIA

Mr. Kelly? Sir, Sam has asked to see you.

CHRIS

Oh? Alright then, nice talking to you..um..

LYDIA

Adam

CHRIS

Adam! Yes
Adam watches Chris and Lydia leaves and breathes a deep sigh of relief. He holds up a chicken to his face:

ADAM

Thank bejeezus that's over, right?

19. INT. LOBBY – EVENING

Lydia has dropped Chris off at Sam's post.

SAM

Yeah it's been...okay...You know I'm not the people type and this place is real busy so...definitely a learning curve but

CHRIS

It's good to venture out of your comfort zone!

SAM

Cool Uncle Chris, but I don't know. I'm really glad you're always giving me these jobs and stuff--

CHRIS

You're my sidekick! You have been for all these--the cruise ships, the motivational speaking, the documentaries, the country album--

SAM

Yeah that's the thing though...I'm not sure if I so...well-suited for a lot of them and this one is kinda

CHRIS

No, no, no you have to stay! You never get anywhere with anything unless you stick with it! Hey isn't that that girl?

SAM

(he'd hoped Chris wouldn't notice)
Yeah...Jordan. It's not a big deal. It's been a year and it was only a couple mon--

CHRIS
Nah! Look at that gold digger. I'm not surprised. I bet I can surprise them though [marches off towards their table]

SAM

No! Chris, please!

TALKING HEAD SAM

He's--he means well. He really does! He's given me almost every job I've had. But I--Oh god [puts face in hands] I really feel sorry for him sometimes but other times...

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

20. INT. TABLE 16 - EVENING

Lydia is closing up the table, with a couple glances toward Chris at Table 22:

LYDIA

I'm glad you enjoyed yourself. Is there anything else I can do for you?

WOMAN

Nope! Thank you!

LYDIA

Thank you. I'll leave then check then. Have a good night!

21. INT. FREJA'S STATION - EVENING

Freja is totally frazzled, hair falling out of her braid and flour streaks on her face with piles of profiterole shells all around her.

[FROM OFFSCREEN]

GASPARD

Where are those croque's!? Vite, vite, Freja!

FREJA

(mostly to herself)
They're--I'm almost...
Javier enters frame

JAVIER

Hello I come to help

FREJA

Oh! thanks. Um. I don't normally have other people at my--here (hands him a pastry bag) can you start filling these?

JAVIER

Si, claro.

FREJA

Wow, look at you go! Yeah, I normally never need help but I normally never get an eighty-person order either...

JAVIER

Eighty and seven--I was help with the name cards. This man, he is a little loco, no?

FREJA

(laughs)
Maybe. I think more of just pathetically ignorant and pretty desperate. Hope he doesn't run us into the ground...

JAVIER

No! Gaspard will save us! but is bleak. For children stars who grow up, no? (they both shake their heads)

22. INT. SAM'S POST - EVENING

Sam is dealing with customers ("Thank you; Yes; Straight down to the left; hello) while throwing frequent glances at Table 22. He is sweating and anxious.

CUT

21. CONT - TABLE 22

Chris has pulled up a chair at Sam’s ex-girlfriend’s table.

CHRIS
So Jordan, you ever watch my show? It was probably before your time. Not you though—right buddy?

OLDER MAN

...No I'm sorry I can't say I've seen it either

CHRIS

Oh well. It's more of a family show. You ever have any kids?

OLDER MAN

Two sons

CHRIS

Ah! Lovely. How old are they?

OLDER MAN

Twenty-nine and thirty-three.

CHRIS

All grown up! Jordan how old are you?

Jordan just glares at him.

CHRIS (CONT.)

Oh probably around the same age as Sam [pointing] that strapping young man over there. Been my side-kick for years. Couldn't do without him! [to the older man] What do you do, sir?

OLDER MAN

I'm in finance

CHRIS

Money, money, money. You got one of those little offices up there? [pointing out window]

OLDER MAN

Well...yes...

CHRIS
And you enjoy your work? Counting?

OLDER MAN

And making the ventures of people like you, possible, Mr. Kelly.

Jordan is sending Sam dead-glares. Sam pretends not to notice.

CHRIS

Ah, yes. I like to dabble. See what I like.

OLDER MAN

And you have some knowledge of the restaurant world?

CHRIS

...No, but I'm a quick learner and have always landed on my feet.

OLDER MAN

I've read you haven't. The old fashion line actually cost you quite a bit, didn't it?

A fleet of waiters burst into the front of the house with trays and trays of beautiful croquembouches, bearing cards that say "Courtesy of Mr. Christopher Kelly"—a quite impressive spectacle.

CHRIS

(smugly)
I think I'll be alright

Older man rolls his eyes but Jordan puts an arresting hand on his arm.

23. INT. TABLE 16 - EVENING

Lydia returns to an empty table with a business card for 'funwithfood@tumblr.com' and rolls her eyes. She also notices that the woman has under tipped and rips up the card.

24. INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Gaspard and the crew are cleaning up. Gaspard catches Lydia as she passes by:

GASPARD

Let me know when the house clears
LYDIA

It is minus for Kelly--he's stationed himself at Table 22, and they're the only ones left.

GASPARD

Why are you letting him harass my customers?

LYDIA

Well, he just marched over and seemed to be in quite a conversation...better than having him float around?

GASPARD

Just get them the fuck out of here.

25. INT. TABLE 22 - NIGHT

LYDIA

Excuse me, but the house is closing soon. Is there anything else?...

The men ignore her, while Jordan, whose got a cheek in one hand, just looks back at her.

LYDIA

Okay, then. Thank you so much! Have a great evening!

She places the check in the middle of the table, interrupting the men's conversation.

OLDER MAN

Yes, I guess we must be going.

CHRISS

Well thanks for dropping by my joint! Would you like an autograph?

OLDER MAN

An autogra--no. Thank you. Good evening.

As the couple leaves, the girl shoots a loathing glare at Sam, who shrugs, and shakes his head, mouthing 'sorry.' The door shuts behind them, Sam slumps over into a nearby chair and sighs.
26. INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Chris has assembled the staff for a speech.

CHRIS

I'm really proud of all your work today! Let's beat 'em again tomorrow! Now how's about we all go back to my place to blow off some steam?

There is general murmuring as everyone demurs:

GASPARD

I have a previous engagement.

LYDIA

So do I.

JAVIER

I have to...things

FREJA

Yes, I'm busy too.

SAM

I'm pretty tired.

CHRIS

(unfazed)

Of course! Another time then! Well. Good work, team! Break!

Chris leaves and Freja throws a left over cream puff at him, which thankfully misses. Lydia follows him out.

27. INT. FRONT OF HOUSE - NIGHT

Lydia catches up to Chris.

LYDIA

(in a low, uncharacteristically hesitant voice)

Mr. Kelly...

CHRIS

Yes! Head Waitress Lydia Nordby! Have you changed your mind? Has anyone else?
LYDIA

No...sorry...I was actually hoping to ask you something. I don’t want to overstep--

CHRIS

Of course! Yes.

LYDIA

I heard you tri--recorded an album a couple years ago...I actually came to the city trying to be a singer, and it's been some years, but if you had any contacts, maybe, I'm be more than grateful...

CHRIS

Ah. Well. I had some. artistic differences problems with that but I am quite well connected. I'll do what I can. I'd hate to lose you but maybe we can Adele you up!

LYDIA

(uncomfortable laugh)

Well, she's not exactly wha--yes, thank you so much, I'd hugely appreciate it! Thank you!

TALKING HEAD LYDIA

No! No, I'm not trying to leave. I just thought it wouldn’t hurt. It’s nice to get gigs and the man’s is otherwise a pain in the ass...why shouldn't I try and get a favor out of him.

28. INT. FRONT OF HOUSE - NIGHT

The staff trickles out, Gaspard roaring away on his motorcycle. Javier is leaving when he notices Sam sitting with a glass of water in the corner, staring blankly out the window.

JAVIER

Rough day?

SAM

Rough few days.

JAVIER

Is not easy this place. And you are very awkward. But no worry! I still yelled at
all the time and Gaspard loves me! I been here months! Lydia help you and I get you drunk. Come!

Javier claps him on the back, and they leave, chatting.

SAM

So where ya wanna go?

JAVIER

We always go back to Gaspard's after day! Most days. I think you should not tell you uncle...

END OF ACT FOUR

END OF SHOW