

(Name of Project)

(Genre)

by  
(Name of Writer)

Name

Address

Phone Number

Agency Information

CHARACTER NAME	BRIEF DESCRIPTION	AGE	GENDER
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CHEFFIN' IT

WIDE SHOT EXT KITCHEN

We see JAKE exit the back doors of the kitchen to the back alley. He leans against the wall to the right of the door looking dejected. JAKE fumbles around for a cig, puts in mouth, realises doesn't have a lighter.

Enter PAUL with boxes of chicken, sets aside to right of JAKE, sits down on the boxes, looking at JAKE, then puts his own fag in his mouth and produces lighter to light both.

They smoke.

PAUL goes back inside. Jake can't bare to look at the boxes of chicken to his right, so turns to his left.

PAUL immediately reenters with more boxes of chicken, and sets them to the left of JAKE- trapping him between two towers of boxes.

PAUL

Sixty kilos.

(silence.)

JAKE

It's a lot, it's a lot of chicken Paul.

PAUL

Yeah. Why've you done that?

JAKE

It looked like chickpeas.

Paul holds up a bag of chicken parts.

PAUL

It doesn't.

JAKE

On the form, it looked like chickpeas.

PAUL

Have you got it?

JAKE

The order form?

PAUL

Yeah.

JAKE

Yeah.

JAKE hands him the list.

PAUL

"ChickenP's" Jake. Chick-en.

JAKE

Yeah, but to the untrained eye...

PAUL

You are trained, you're a trained chef.

JAKE

By you!

PAUL

But look mate, it's £6.67 a kilo! Did you not twig?

JAKE

I thought they were the expensive ones, it says on there, errr....

JAKE looks at form.

There - free range.

PAUL

You can't get free-range vegetables.

JAKE

Can't you though?

PAUL

We're down about forty thousand chickpeas Jake.

JAKE

We'll get more!

PAUL

On a Sunday?

JAKE

What about the cash and carry.

PAUL

We'd need the cash and carry card.

Enter Dom, head waiter smarmy git.

DOM

What do you need the card for the cash and carry for?

JAKE

Napkins.

DOM

Loads downstairs.

JAKE

Swan Napkins.

DOM

They're just normal napkins mate. It's up to you to turn them into swans. You know you're not to use the card without my permission... Today.

PAUL

We wanted to throw in a extra starter.

DOM

Whaaa, Paul, they're going to bloody love your hummus! You not confident in the stuff you've cooked? Just tell me if there's a problem, I'm in charge so just tell me and I'll take care of it.

JAKE

You're not in charge.

DOM

Well I am in... charge, though. So... Just let me know and we can sort it out. But if you don't, yeah...

Dom mimes picking up and dialling a phone using his hands. Swipes as if iphone.

Hello Jane -

PAUL

Dom.

Dom mimes muting the 'phone hand' with his hand.

DOM

Can we just agree that I am in charge.

Nods of agreement from the chefs.

'Yeah they're doing great'.

Dom hangs up the 'phone hand'. Mimes as if landline.

JAKE

It's a landline now.

DOM

Oh, when you get a chance, have a glance at the Bride.

JAKE

Fit?

DOM

Fat.

PAUL

Is she?

DOM

Fucking whale mate. Massive.

JAKE

Oh.

DOM

Put another cake in the oven boys.

PAUL

We don't make them, we get them in.

DOM  
No, I just mean't...

JAKE  
'Cuz she's fat, yeah.

DOM does a fat person impression.

DOM  
Vast.

PAUL  
Right.

DOM  
Don't choke!

Dom goes back inside

JAKE  
Don't lynch yourself on that girl's necklace!

PAUL  
Jake!

JAKE  
Can't we just give them the chicken?

PAUL  
No, the bride and groom are vegetarian. It's a vegetarian wedding. If it wasn't a vegetarian wedding, we'd need chicken and you'd have ordered chickpeas.

JAKE  
Can't we just take it back to the supplier?

PAUL  
Err maybe, if it's all still cold...

As PAUL does this, he picks up a bag of slippery chicken parts and some chicken falls out and splats on the floor.

Ah, they're all open.

JAKE  
I was double checking they were all chicken.



PAUL

Were ya.

JAKE nods, and Paul grabs a dustpan and indicates for him to pick up the chicken.

JAKE goes to pick up the chicken off the floor where it has landed in a newspaper with some shit and leaves on it, somewhat resembling a tex mex mess.

JAKE

(Gasps.)

Fajitas! Make fajitas, make money back. Yeah, we could do a little pop up! There's a trestle table over there.

Jake goes back inside and returns with things to make a table out of.

(Off)

I'll make a sign!

PAUL

You're going to cook the chicken.

JAKE

We've got enough of it mate.

PAUL

And sell it. To the public.

JAKE

Yeah! We'll make money hand over fist!

PAUL

That's brilliant! How much are you going to sell them for?

JAKE

Fiver a head?

PAUL

We'll make hundreds!

JAKE

Thousands maybe!

PAUL

Great! Hang on, what about the wedding party!

JAKE

Bloody hell, sod the public we've got a captive market in there!

PAUL

250 guests, you think a fiver's fair?

JAKE

Wait there, no, mark it up for the wedding Paul.

PAUL

You're right, so...

JAKE

Eight quid?

PAUL

That's fair. Can we just run through it?

JAKE

What, why?

PAUL

I've not done a pop up before, i'll be a guest, you be you.

JAKE

Ok.

PAUL

Hello mate! I'm the groom of the vegetarian wedding.

JAKE

Congratulations.

PAUL

Jesus Christ. Ok, I'm bloody starving, what's going on here?

JAKE

Just cooking up some fajitas.

PAUL

Ooo, smells delicious, one please!

JAKE

There you.

PAUL

That's great, and that's all sorted is it, I don't need to give you any money or...

JAKE

Oh! Yeah that's five, no that's eight pounds please mate.

PAUL

Eight pounds, what in cash, you want me to give you eight pounds, and is that on top of the thousands I've spent on the catering for two hundred guests or, no nevermind - mmm, delicious, what's in this?

JAKE

Yeah its just onions, bit of paprika, peppers, chicken, and the wrap obviously, that's bread.

PAUL

This is fake chicken, it's brilliant.

JAKE

No it's just real chicken that.

PAUL

Real chicken, but I'm the groom of the vegetarian wedding, where is the vegetarian option i've spent a lot of money on?

JAKE

Ah! Yeah, the veggy option is inside with the...

PAUL

Is it? Is there the veggy option inside is there? Where's that then, because we're all going mental with hunger in there and it bloody looks like you've spent the money I gave you to buy vegetarian based dishes on meat and are trying to sell it back to me. That's what it looks like Jake. And I'm suing you.

Jake's phone rings.

JAKE

Bloody yes! Hello?

TAKEAWAY

Hello mate, is that Paul?

JAKE

Yep.

PAUL

Is it!

TAKEAWAY

Yeah hiy a mate, i've got an order you put through Just-Eat.

JAKE

Great!

TAKEAWAY

Do you think you're funny mate.

JAKE

What?

TAKEAWAY

300 hummus, 250 falafel... i mean.

JAKE

No! Not taking the piss, can you still do it?

TAKEAWAY

First of all your bill comes to 2 and a half grand.

JAKE

Do you do any sort of group discount?

TAKEAWAY

No mate, we're only a small takeaway, we do about 300 orders a week, you want a catering company or a large restaurant or something.

JAKE

Oh don't worry, we are a restaurant, i mean we are chefs.

TAKEAWAY

You are chefs? Well, why can't you cook it yourselves.

JAKE

Could do, you couldn't lend us some chickpeas could you?

Hello?

Dial tone.