

THE BEAR (HULU)

Written By

Challis Lee

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Marielee1204@gmail.com

LOGLINE:Carmy must sit with the error of his ways when he is forced to spend the entire night, alone, in the restaurant.

FADE IN:

INT. THE BEEF RESTAURANT - CLOSING TIME

The sound of the typical hustle and bustle of the kitchen fades in. Coming out of the kitchen door, CARMY yells at RITCHIE about some spoons and knives.

CARMY

Yo, I told you how the placement goes: fork, spoon, knife. Say it with me, fork, spoon, fucking knife!

RITCHIE

I got it, cousin, I got it. But you know, I did it right. Somebody must have messed with them, I swear it.

CARMY

It was your fucking job Ritchie! Don't give me that bullshit! You and your half a brain could have figured it out!

RITCHIE

Oh you know what, FUCK YOU CARMY! I do everything for this restaurant and I make one mistake, just one, you don't call out anybody else like this!!

Carmy ignores him, and turns his head and looks at the clock. He goes into the back kitchen.

CARMY

Do you guys know what time it is?

He points at three different employees and starts to yell and complain about them not doing their jobs right. The audio starts to fade out and muffle.

The noise is interrupted by the sound of a pan falling as Carmy winces.

CARMY

Everyone, get the fuck out!!!

The employees curse at Carmy while gathering their things.

SYDNEY

Carmy, I wanna stay, I wanna help clean up.

CARMY

Just go, alright!

Sydney turns, and walks away slowly. Carmy gets the broom and starts to clean. Hours pass and the restaurant looks tidy. Carmy goes for his car keys...they're not there. He then goes on a rampage searching every nook and cranny known to man. In the midst of searching, he accidentally drops and cracks a group picture of him and the rest of the staff. Still, he comes up short in his search. He looks at his phone, it's 4 AM. He sighs.

CARMY

Of course, everyone is sleeping right now. Why can't they be on their A game 24/7, like me?

He shakes his head.

CARMY

Assholes.

It's now the morning and the sun rises on Carmy's face. He comes out of the closet to a fully busy, fully functional kitchen.

RITCHIE

Well good morning sunshine! Well, I guess it's never a good morning for you, is it?

Carmy's rubbing his eyes, still not all the way awake. Sydney comes over and hands him his keys.

SYDNEY

You left them in the big bowl of the spoons, forks, and knives.

CARMY
Thank you.

Sydney nods, and heads to the back.

CARMY
Ritche, you wanna help me set the tables?

Richie follows Carmy into the dining area and grabs the bowl of cleaned silverware.

RITCHIE
So what'll it be? Fork, spoon, and fucking knife?

CARMY
Whatever you think looks best, cousin.

RITCHIE
(With a hint of doubt) Really.

Richie then begins to put every plate of silverware in different combinations, as he and Carmy both start to laugh. Doors open and we see the sunlight peeking in again, shining in on Carmy's face.

FADE OUT:

