

BEEF, BEEF, LAMB

INT. KITCHEN. DAY

A chaotic kitchen in a lunchtime rush. Sounds of pans clanging, clattering knives, sizzling oil, and a timer's beeping, pots bubbling.

JULES in the middle of the stage with a table in front of her covered in Kitchen paraphernalia.

CHEF JULES

Service, please.

Get these out now. Careful, plates are hot. Right, what's next? Beef, beef, lamb. Got it. We can do this. Keep it up. Check those roasties—crispy on the outside, fluffy on the inside. Don't you dare let them burn.

We're low on veg—get me more carrots chopped. No, not like that! Cut them thick. Like this. Yes. We're going to microwave them. No arguments: all I want to hear is "Yes, Chef."

Big party sending food back. What's wrong with it now? Lamb is supposed to be pink. New kid! No, I've got no time for names. Break's over. Whose Station is this? Clear it up. I shouldn't have to tell you. I'm not your m[other]... just sort it.

Why did I agree to this? Mother's Day, of all days. I should've swapped shifts. Should've said no. Everyone's out there dressed up, smiling, eating with their mums. And me? I'm back here, stuck in the heat, hidden away from it all. Just get through lunch, Jules. Just plate up the roasts and get through it. Why is this still sitting here? Where are the servers? Someone, run these plates out, now!

Right next table. Beef, beef, salmon. What? Hey, come back here. Who ordered this? We don't do this on Sundays. It's Sunday. It's roast day. Meat and two veg. Who put this on the specials? The other chef. I've been here for years we've never had... Do we even have any salmon?

Mum loved salmon. No. No time for that.