



## Episode 1: When Hell Freezes Over.

**Narrator:** The culinary world is a messy one, and for the first time ever, you viewers will get a front row seat to just how competitive chefs can be for a job.

*The screen cuts to footage of numerous chefs cooking in the kitchen as intense music begins to play.*

**Narrator:** For the first time ever, the Swoldow network will host a reality television series where sixteen chefs compete for the gig of a lifetime...

*Drone footage of the Las Vegas skyline plays, as the screen pans to a restaurant called "Izanovich Steak: Las Vegas"*

**Narrator:** Head chef position at Izanovich Steak, the biggest and busiest steakhouse on the Las Vegas strip.

*Footage of the chefs running into the kitchen plays as the Narrator continues talking.*

**Narrator:** And with a prize this huge, the hunger to get it is too. We have assembled the most competitive...

*The show then cuts to a confessional where a boastful looking chef with black hair is seen talking to the camera.*

???: I will outcook every last scrub in this competition.

**Narrator:** Most confrontational...

*It then cuts to what seems to be an argument being had in the dorms. A chef with long brown hair is going at it with a blonde chef.*

???: WANNA THROW DOWN, PRETTY BOY?

**Narrator:** And most passionate group of chefs...

*It then cuts to one of one of the red team chefs talking to another one.*

???: Okay... so I may have a tiny little crush on someone...

**Narrator:** For the most demanding job application they will ever have.

*Footage of a chef hunched over on a kitchen counter is shown. They seem to be in pain.*

**???:** My back...

*Footage is then shown of the upstairs balcony. A hand offscreen grabs the railing to it, and ice is shown freezing the railing up.*

**Narrator:** Overseen by the most ruthless chef in the business.

*Artem is shown in full chef garb, crossing his arms.*

**Narrator:** World renowned chef, Artem Izanovich, known as “The Ice Man” in the culinary community for his impossibly cold standards... and let’s just say it will definitely take awhile for them to be met.

*A montage of an angry Artem yelling at the contestants plays.*

**Artem:** IT'S SHIT!

**Artem:** What the actual hell...

**Artem:** THAT HALIBUT IS SO UNDERCOOKED IT'S STILL SWIMMING IN THE FUCKING BROTH, DICKHEAD!

*Footage then plays of Artem kicking the trash can over.*

**Narrator:** Could anyone survive the ice man’s wrath, or will Hell freeze over first. Find out on Swoldow’s Hell’s Kitchen.

*The camera pans to footage of an airport, where planes from all over the country fly into.*

*Footage of our contestants is shown as they exit their planes and walk through the airport.*

**Narrator:** Our sixteen contestants have landed in LA, and will quickly be bussed to the Hell’s Kitchen location there, eager to get started on what could potentially be a career-launching opportunity for them.

*Anton, the Maitre D of Hell’s Kitchen is shown next to a bus with the logo of the show on it, holding up a sign that says “Hell’s Kitchen Chefs.” Some of the chefs quickly pile in, as Anton, with a list, takes roll of everyone. A mustached asian man is one of the first to get in on the bus, with a smile on his face.*

**Ichiro (Conf.):** This could easily be the highlight of my career and I couldn’t be happier. Not only do I get to meet a chef I’ve looked up to for so long in Mr. Izanovich, but I also get to work with him and learn from him. If he likes my hibachi then I will be the happiest man alive.

*The bus pulls away from the airport, and footage of it driving down the bustling LA streets are shown. An Indian woman looks out of the window, extremely excited.*

**Yadeesha (Conf.):** This competition was made for me. I can tell that Chef Artem is looking for someone who can handle any hurdle thrown at them and I more than think I can exceed his expectations. I’m well trained in french cuisine, as well as the cooking of my home country in India, so I definitely feel ahead of the curve here.

*The bus makes a turn to the Hell’s Kitchen location, and to the shock of all of the chefs, a huge audience is seen outside of the restaurant, waiting for them to exit. Confetti rains down as the contestants enter. Cheers can be heard, and a blonde filipina is seen looking out the window at the applause with a smirk.*

**Zeb (Conf.):** I bet these other chefs just feel so special getting their undeserved recognition, but let’s be real, these people are here for *me*. In case you all have been living under a rock, hi, I’m Zeb Mendonez, former pop sensation, current full time barista. Yeah, I may be a little bit more

recent than everyone else when it comes to picking up cooking, but as soon as Chef Archie or whatever his name is sees me, he knows his kitchen deserves the star power I bring.

*The contestants exit the bus, with some chefs (especially Zeb) showboating to the audience. A black haired chef exits the bus eyeing his competition rather than the crowd.*

**Chris (Conf.):** I look at all of these people and I can simply tell that none of them stand a chance. I am easily the best chef here, and have certainly gone through the most training to make that happen. I deserve this, plain and simple.

*The chefs all exit the bus, and their attention is immediately directed to the front door, which opens to reveal Chef Artem in front of all of them. The crowd immediately erupts in applause.*

**Itachi (Conf.):** I simply can't believe this is actually happening! I've spent years watching Chef Artem on his other shows, and he actually was one of my inspirations that convinced me to join culinary school in the first place. I just hope he likes my food...

*Artem signals for the audience to quiet down, before he clears his throat.*

**Artem:** Добро пожаловать, everyone.

**Big Harry (Under his breath):** Huh? Is that some weird cookin' language I don't know?

**Harrison (Under his breath):** It's Russian, dumbass,

**Artem:** Sorry, that's just how I greet people. Let me try that again. Welcome, everyone.... to Hell's Kitchen.

*The applause breaks down again, only for Artem to immediately roll his eyes and signal the audience to stay quiet.*

**Artem:** All of you are here to go through trials and tribulations, head to head against your peers, for the prestigious position of becoming *my* head chef, at Izanovich Steak, my new restaurant set to open on the bustling Las Vegas strip.

*The chefs all clap, zooming in on a large Italian man with a giant mustache.*

**Seppie (Conf.):** I've never left the east coast before when looking for work, but if it means I get such a prestigious job at such a prestigious restaurant, I'd move as far as Antarctica. Cooking is my life, and I couldn't be more excited to show off my craft.

*It cuts back to Artem talking.*

**Artem:** And with this big job, comes a big pay... how does 250k a year sound to you all?

*The entire group of chefs erupt into cheering. The camera zooms in on a pink haired woman, who looks the happiest of all.*

**Phoebe (Conf.):** AAAAAAAAAAAAAH I'M SO EXCITED! I can hardly contain myself! This money could do wonders for me and my family. I just know I have to work extra hard so I can pull this win off.

*Artem continues to talk.*

**Artem:** However, while I'd love to keep on gushing about the job opportunity only one of you will get, I'm much more of a fan of getting right down to business. To start this game out, the sixteen of you will be split up into two teams... the red team, and the blue team. Women, you will be on the red team, while the men will be wearing blue. However, you guys won't be working alone... I have organized two of my most trusted employees to work with you two as Sous Chefs, to babysit you in case you end up tanking my services.

*Harrison is seen rolling his eyes as Artem says that backhanded comment.*

**Artem:** Helping out the blue team, the head chef of three of my restaurants in New England, Brad Masterson.

*A bald Bostonian man exits the front doors, standing on Artem's right. He makes eye contact with the men, but keeps a stern face.*

**Artem:** And our red team sous chef, culinary prodigy and the head chef of one of my most well known restaurants, Izanovich Tex Mex. Here is Marta DeBose!

*A latina woman with piercings in her twenties exits the front doors next. She shakes Brad's hand and stands on Artem's left side.*

**Artem:** Don't let her age fool you, she will cook circles around you with an arm behind her back. Give her any disrespect and I will personally chew you out.

*A skeptical-looking Julie has a confessional.*

**Julie (Conf.):** I don't really appreciate the fact that someone half my age will be bossing me around, but whatever Chef says goes. If she could join his inner circle that young, she has to be doing something right.

*The camera pans back to Artem and his sous chefs at the entrance.*

**Artem:** And I'm sure you have all met my Maitre D, Anton on the way here. He will be handling the dining room during your dinner services.

*Anton quickly runs up to Artem and gives a quick wave to the crowd, with a charismatic grin.*

**Artem:** And that is our full staff. We will work hard to make sure you all succeed, so we better get the same respect back or else it won't be pretty.

**The Chefs:** Yes chef!

**Artem:** That's more like it.



*Artem clears his throat again.*

**Artem:** Now that you've gotten to know us... first impressions are quite important, and while I could spend time getting to know you all as people, food speaks where the mouth doesn't. For your first challenge, you all have forty-five minutes to prepare your signature dishes. We have supplied you with everything your recipe requires. I want to see you, on a plate. Now don't disappoint me.

*The batch of newbies immediately runs into Hell's Kitchen as the audience cheers for them one final time, quickly entering their respective kitchens and beginning to cook.*

**Lawrence (Conf.):** Shiiiiit things are going fast. Normally I frequent a beach so immediately being thrown into a high stress environment with a bunch of other chefs running around is definitely something I ain't used to yet. However, I do what I do when it comes to anything, and just roll with it.

*Lawrence is seen picking out at least three different fish from the Blue Kitchen's pantry. Big Harry meanwhile is getting chicken, and looks to his right a bit shocked.*

**Big Harry (Conf.):** Aw shucks! I'm looking around at this pantry, and there's just so many different kinds of these exotic meats and stuff? Like I'm sure my team knows what they're doing but how can one man cook so much fish? I'm a one meat kinda guy.

*As the Blue Team chefs cook, Brad walks around checking in on everyone. He stops by Harrison, preparing numerous ingredients for a broth.*

**Brad:** What are you doing?

**Harrison:** Butter chicken. Indian classic.

**Brad:** Seems gutsy. Do you cook this kind of food?

**Harrison:** Wouldn't be my signature dish if I didn't.

*Brad walks away as Harrison looks at the camera and rolls his eyes.*

**Harrison (Conf.):** Two seconds in and I already fuckin hate the bald asshole Artem has looking after our team. For some reason he thinks I can't cook Indian style, and that it's "too big of a risk?" Fuck that shit, man! When you're crammed in a shitty old food truck all day like me, you know you're gonna have to pull out the stops to get this job.

*Meanwhile, at the red kitchen, Bella is checking in on Itachi.*

**Bella:** Have everything you need, girl?

**Itachi:** Yeah, um, don't worry about it.

**Bella:** Cool just making sure.

**Marta:** Appreciate the teamwork, Bella, but focus on your own food.

**Bella:** I know, I know.

*Bella quickly goes back to cooking.*

**Bella (Conf.):** A lot of chefs here are out for themselves, but not me. Yeah, this is a challenge where we each make individual dishes, but we still are all one team. Itachi just didn't look confident so I just went over to check on her. No harm in that, right?

*Camila meanwhile is shown deadset on her cooking, with no distractions, searing her scallops in a pan.*

**Camila (Conf.):** This challenge is definitely important for me. At home at the restaurant I run, I get complaints, and I genuinely don't know why. I've gotten a prestigious education and the recipes I do are exact, and passed down from generations of my family. Hopefully Chef is able to prove everyone who is against me wrong, as it's... definitely been doing a number on me. *Eventually the timer gets down to one minute.*

**Artem:** You all have one minute left. If you haven't gotten to plating already, do so right now.

*Everyone quickly scrambles to start plating, however a brown haired chef seems to be doing the opposite.*

**Narrator:** While every other chef begins plating their food, Adrien, has decided to tackle his dish a different way.

*Adrien is seen waiting by the microwave, as the timer counts down to zero, letting out an annoying beep that distracts both kitchens. This immediately alerts Brad.*

**Brad:** The HELL are you doing?

**Adrien:** What does it look like, dude?

**Brad:** First of all, you are to address me with respect. Second of all, why the hell do you think it's appropriate to MICROWAVE FOOD before it's about to meet the most refined taste buds of all time.

**Adrien:** What do you mean? I employ this technique all the time, and my diners love it.

**Brad:** I'm genuinely lost for words... just plate your food.

*Adrien sloppily starts putting his microwaved chicken in his penne, as Brad facepalms.*

**Artem:** Five seconds.

*Everyone immediately scrambles to put the finishing touches on their dishes.*

**Artem:** Four.

*The chefs make a mad dash to the pass.*

**Artem:** Three.

*The chefs start putting their plates under the serving platters.*

**Artem:** Two.

*The chefs step back.*

**Artem:** One. Time.

*Itachi lets out a sigh of relief, while Joey wipes his head.*

**Artem:** Now get in line. I will be judging your dishes head to head with someone from the opposing team. I will give each dish a rating on a scale of one to five. First two, step up.

**Narrator:** Head Chef Seppe and Executive Chef Bella are the first two people from each team to face off.

*Seppe and Bella walk up with their platters to Artem's table. Bella looks noticeably nervous, while Seppe seems very confident.*

**Seppe (Conf.):** I cook high end Italian cuisine on a daily basis. Hell, I even cook it for my kid. I definitely hope with simply how often I do this I can bag an easy lead for my team.

*Artem looks at Bella first.*

**Artem:** What's your name, Madame?

**Bella:** Bella, chef.

**Artem:** What do you have for me today?

*Bella unveils her dish.*

**Bella:** Today I have a lobster bisque for you, chef, topped with croutons.

*Bella sighs in anticipation.*

**Bella (Conf.):** I didn't think this would be as nerve wracking as it is. It's like playing basketball in front of LeBron, you don't wanna let down the best to ever do it.

*Artem digs into the bisque, tasting the broth first, before eating the lobster.*

**Artem:** This actually tastes quite nice. Meat's a bit overcooked to my liking but overall a solid start. Four out of five.

*Bella celebrates, while Seppe nods.*

**Artem:** And your name is?

**Seppe:** Giuseppe, but my friends call me Seppe.

**Artem:** Am I supposed to be your friend?

**Seppe:** I'd hope so, chef.

**Artem:** Depends on what I'm about to taste. Open it up.

*Seppe unveils his dish.*

**Seppe:** I have a rustic-styled fettuccine carbonara for you. Dash of parmesan, and some black pepper to finish it off.

*Artem begins to eat.*

**Joey (Conf.):** Please, Seppe start us off strong. I mean, the dude's like the biggest Italian stereotype I've met, and I'm also Italian. If he fucks up this dish then I don't know how I'll even get close to impressing chef.

*Artem finishes eating and smiles.*

**Artem:** Absolutely delicious. Perfect five.

**Seppe:** YES!

*Seppe goes back in line, high fiving Joey and Lawrence.*

**Artem:** Five to four, men in the lead.

**Narrator:** Coming off of two high scores, Hibachi Chef Ichiro and Executive Chef Camila hope that they can keep those high numbers coming.

*Artem looks at Camila.*

**Artem:** What's your name?

**Camila:** Camila, chef.

**Artem:** Anything special about your dish?

**Camila:** It's a family recipe. Mom taught it to me, her mom taught it to her, and so on.

**Artem:** Alright, let's see it then.

*Camila unveils her dish.*

**Camila:** This is a scallop ceviche, served with numerous spices and topped with citrus juice.

*Artem begins to take a bite, but very quickly notices something odd.*

**Artem:** Hm, that's weird.

**Camila:** I'm sorry, what?

**Artem:** On one hand, the scallops are seared absolutely perfectly.

**Camila:** Thank you, chef.

**Artem:** But there is way too much citrus, and with the other spices, nothing to counter the acidity. Three out of five.

**Camila:** Yes chef.

*Camila sighs in the confessional.*

**Camila (Conf.):** I don't know what it was or if I was just stressed but... why did I make such a rookie mistake. God, I hate myself right now...

*Artem directs his attention to Ichiro.*

**Artem:** And your name is?

**Ichiro:** Ichiro, sir. It is an honor to meet you.

**Artem:** As much as an honor of your food meeting my taste buds?

**Ichiro:** Hope so...

*Ichiro sighs, becoming a little nervous.*

**Ichiro (Conf.):** I did not think it would be this easy for the nerves to get to me, but here they are. If this wasn't a dish I've spent years of my life repeatedly making, I'd definitely be a tad worried.

*Ichiro unveils his dish.*

**Ichiro:** This... this is a Hibachi Steak topped with garlic powder and sesame seeds. Enjoy.

*Artem begins to eat, seemingly savoring the few bites he had.*

**Artem:** I can tell this is a dish you make as much as you do. The meat is seared beautifully. I'd add a dash more pepper, and it would be perfect. Four out of five.

**Ichiro:** Thank you, chef.

**Artem:** Men lead, nine to seven.

**Narrator:** With the men leading by two points, it's up to Restaurant Owner Harry to keep up the lead, while Sashimi Chef Julie works to even the gap.

*Julie unveils her dish.*

**Julie:** I have a Hamachi Sashimi for you, chef.

*Artem looks at the dish amazed.*

**Artem:** Wow. Before I even dig in and this is easily one of the most well-plated dishes I've seen in my career. The hamachi slices are perfectly even.

**Julie:** Thank you chef.

*Artem begins to eat.*

**Artem:** However I feel like this could use a little bit more, outside of the fish. It's beautifully cooked but it could use something to top it to truly elevate the already great look of the dish, as well as the taste. Four out of five.

**Julie:** Alright.

*Julie gets back in line.*

**Julie (Conf.):** Am I upset that the dish wasn't perfect? Yes, but for my whole life I've improved on myself to meet what's expected of me. Artem liked my Hamachi, but next time, I will make sure he loves it.

*Big Harry takes a deep breath.*

**Big Harry (Conf.):** Julie scored pretty good on her uh, hamchi? Yeah, hamchi. I know I gotta bring it for the chef, though, as I don't wanna be the reason our team ends up losing.

*Artem directs his attention to Big Harry.*

**Artem:** What's your name, big man.

**Big Harry:** Howdy. The name's Harold, but y'all can call me Big Harry.

*A couple laughs can be heard.*

**Artem:** So you do southern cooking, I presume?

**Big Harry:** For the past forty years, chef. Been servin' chicken and cornbread to happy customers before some of these guys have even been alive!

**Artem:** Then let's see if your experience will pay off. Show me what you have.

*Big Harry unveils his food.*

**Big Harry:** Chicken and biscuits! A southern classic.

*Artem begins to dig in.*

**Artem:** It was a big risk to do more "pedestrian" food when I primarily focus on fine dining... but ultimately it paid off.

**Big Harry:** WOO!

**Artem:** I'd go a little bit easier on the deep frying, but overall, it felt like a homecooked meal from mom. Four out of five. Men lead thirteen to eleven.



**Narrator:** Due to both chefs receiving a four, the men stay in the lead. Now it is Executive Chef Yadeesha and Food Truck Owner Harrison's turn to show off their signature dishes.

*Artem looks at Yadeesha's food.*

**Artem:** So, tell me what's in there, Yadeesha.

**Yadeesha:** Chef, I have for you today a Kiribath Lunu Miris.

*Harrison's face immediately falls.*

**Harrison (Conf.):** Well this is just fucking perfect. I bust my ass making my Indian inspired dish, and of course Artem decides to pit me against the lady who's literally from India. Greeeeeeeat.

*Artem begins to chow down.*

**Artem:** Presentation could be a bit better, but the flavors just melt into each other so perfectly. Immaculately cooked. Five out of five.

**Yadeesha:** Yes!

*Yadeesha smiles to herself in the confessional.*

**Yadeesha:** It feels good to be the one that puts your team back on the map. Glad Artem liked it, my mother made that recipe herself.

*Artem directs his attention to Harrison, who immediately sighs to himself.*

**Artem:** And what did you prepare for us?

**Harrison:** A South Asian inspired butter chicken.

*Harrison unveils his dish, and Yadeesha looks at it feeling partially bad for Harrison. Artem begins to eat.*

**Artem:** Hm... this is a very sophisticated dish to try and pull off, but I feel like you got a bit too experimental with it. You picked the right ingredients... but there's the wrong amount of each of them. It's called "Butter Chicken." I never thought I'd see the day where the sauce somehow needs more *butter*. Three out of five. Do better.

*Harrison doesn't say anything and goes back in line.*

**Harrison (Conf.):** That was a four and chef knows it. If it was against literally anyone else but Yadeesha I guaranteed win the round, no questions asked.

**Narrator:** With the points all tied up, sixteen to sixteen, Pastry Chef Phoebe faces off against.... Adrien, but let's just let him do the talking for us.

*Artem, curious, puts his attention on Adrien.*

**Artem:** So, young man, what do you do in the culinary world?

**Adrien:** Best line cook Applebees has ever had, yo.

*A lot of the other contestants try to hold in their laughs.*

**Artem:** I'm sorry, what?

**Adrien:** Something supposed to be funny, chef?

**Artem:** No, no. I'm not the type to discriminate based off of a previous job, but what is it that makes you think you have what it takes to win Hell's Kitchen?

**Adrien:** I mean, I got a natural talent, dude.

**Artem:** A talent of what, talking? Only thing that will prove to me you can cook is your food.

**Adrien:** Aight then. This is my three cheese chicken penne. It's special because I made it with three cheeses.

*Adrien unveils his food to Artem, while Artem rolls his eyes.*

**Adrien (Conf.):** I got this in the bag. Like, I'm by far the best chef out of the guys in my college frat. What makes this any easier? This'll be the first ever 6. That's how good my cooking techniques are.

*Artem takes one bite of it and immediately spits it out on the floor.*

**Adrien:** The fuck was that about man? You gotta finish it!

**Artem:** I'm shocked ANYONE would finish that. Jesus christ.

**Adrien:** Well you see, I have this cooking technique-

**Artem:** WHAT? MICROWAVING IT? I CAN TELL WHEN SOMETHING IS HALF-ASSED YOU DONUT.

**Adrien:** ...

**Adrien:** So is it like a four?

**Artem:** ONE. OUT OF FIVE.

*Adrien rolls his eyes.*

**Adrien (Conf.):** Fuck this shit man! That old shithead has NO idea what he's talking about! The janitor at my applebees lets me make this for him all the time and he LOVES it!

*Artem regains his composure, sighing.*

**Artem:** Now, what's your name?

**Phoebe:** Phoebe, chef. It's so nice to meet you.

**Artem:** Please tell me you cooked me something better than a microwaved penne...

**Phoebe:** Don't worry! I'm sure you'll love it!

*Phoebe unveils her dish, revealing a bright pink pastry dish, with pink icing nearly covering the entire thing.*

**Phoebe:** This is my pastry shop's famous Pate Sucreè!

**Artem:** What the fuck is that?

**Phoebe:** Do you... not like it?

**Artem:** The presentation is shocking. This looks as if a Barbie doll snorted cocaine and then vomited on a pie. Why is the whole thing pink?

**Phoebe:** It's my favorite color, chef.

**Artem:** If a dessert hurts to look at, nobody is going to want to eat it, no matter how good it is. You know that, right?

**Phoebe:** Well, you wanted me on a plate, and-

**Artem:** YOUR SHITTY HAIR DYE IS NOT GOOD MATERIAL FOR ICING. You better hope it tastes good, because you took a big risk making a pastry for me. Desserts are what got me on the map back in Russia.

**Phoebe:** I know, chef.

*Phoebe crosses her fingers, while Artem takes a bite.*

**Artem:** A little too sugary, but not the worst pastries I've eaten. The presentation made me want to give it my second one, but because of the taste, I'm moving it up to two.

**Phoebe:** Yes, chef.

*Phoebe sighs in the confessional.*

**Phoebe (Conf.):** Guess he isn't a fan of pink. It isn't the end of the world, though. I'll get a higher score next time.

*It cuts back to a very aggravated Artem.*

**Artem:** Women are now leading eighteen to seventeen, and I hope that shitty pink abortion doesn't remain as the reason the red team gets the win. Next.

**Narrator:** The women have now taken the lead by just one point. Now it's up to Barista Zeb to keep up the lead, and to Sous Chef Chris to try and regain the men's lead.

*Artem looks over at Zeb first.*

**Artem:** Alright then, introduce yourself, young lady.

**Zeb:** I mean, you know who I am, right?

**Artem:** ...

**Artem:** Are you fucking stupid? Introduce yourself.

*Zeb rolls her eyes.*

**Zeb:** Zeb Mendonez? Ring a bell?

**Artem:** Am I missing something? What's so special about some barista?

*Zeb looks noticeably mad.*

**Zeb:** No, chef. No you're not.

*A very angry looking Zeb is seen in the confessional.*

**Zeb (Conf.):** Well it seems Chef doesn't seem to be super cultured. If he wants to mess with me then he can go ahead, but my cooking will definitely make him remember me.

*Zeb unveils her dish.*

**Zeb:** I'm half-filipina so I decided to cook something from my culture. Here is an adobo.

*Artem scans the plate.*

**Artem:** The plating... it's a mess. It definitely seems haphazardly put together.

**Zeb:** Do you not know how to plate it chef?

**Artem:** Excuse me?

**Zeb:** Sorry, just- go on.

*Artem starts to taste the adobo.*

**Artem:** A tad bit too much of vinegar but it's overall solid. On taste alone it's a four.

*Zeb smiles with a smug grin.*

**Zeb:** Thank you chef.

**Artem:** But.

**Zeb:** Huh?

**Artem:** Because of the plating, and in general you giving me lip, I'm moving it down to a three. Show. Some fucking. Respect.

*Zeb glares at Artem but says nothing.*

**Zeb (Conf.):** This has-been is testing my patience already. He has the audacity to call my adobo average when he's probably never tasted or made one in his life. I just can't right now.

*Artem directs his attention to Chris.*

**Artem:** And your name?

**Chris:** Chris.

**Artem:** What do you do in the culinary world?

**Chris:** I work as a sous chef in L'Maison De Ego, and in my free time, post culinary-related content on TikTok where I put fine dining spins on common restaurant items.

**Artem:** You work at L'Maison? What are you even doing here? That place has multiple michelin stars.

**Chris:** Well, I simply think someone as skilled as me deserves to move up in the food chain a little and this head chef position definitely deserves someone like me taking it.

**Artem:** You talk a big game. Show me if you can back it up.

**Chris:** Gladly.

*It cuts to a confessional of Chris.*

**Chris (Conf.):** I am a visionary in everything I do, and I will outcook every last scrub in this competition. Best part of it all is that it seems the chef is already impressed with me before he's even tasted my food. This win is mine, on a silver platter.

*Chris unveils his signature dish to Artem.*

**Chris:** This is one of my many viral dishes on TikTok, the venison burger.

**Artem:** Venison... burger?

**Chris:** Yeah. Took the average burger you get in every other restaurant and elevated it to a true fine dining experience.

**Artem:** I'm sorry, but I just don't see venison as something you put on a burger. It's a refined and elegant meat meant to be served on its own. I'd be a little less strict if this was labeled a gourmet hamburger, with a different meat. The dish itself looks beautiful, but the concept just doesn't work for me.

*Artem has a quick taste.*

**Artem:** The meat... is perfect.

**Chris:** Thank you.

**Artem:** But the texture of the venison doesn't match with the texture of the bun you've chosen. It could use a couple more ingredients to truly make the taste unique. I expected better. Three out of five.

*Chris gets back in line, clearly agitated.*

**Chris (Conf.):** No, this is wrong. That was very clearly a five and Artem barely tasted it. For a chef of such a high caliber I'm shocked he could even recognize genius if it went up and slapped him in the face. A THREE? That's just an embarrassment!

*Artem shakes his head.*

**Artem:** It's getting down to the wire. The women are still leading by one, at twenty-one to twenty. It could still be either team's game.

**Narrator:** With the women in the lead, Bartender Joey now faces off against Line Cook Beverly, both with hopes to clinch the win for the team.

*Artem directs his attention to Beverly.*

**Artem:** What's your name, madame?

**Beverly:** Beverly.

**Artem:** Wow, um. How old exactly are you?

**Beverly:** 70 years young, and still counting!

**Artem:** Aren't you a little too... old to be working a line? Most chefs I know your age have retired.

**Beverly:** A lady's gotta feed her grandbabies somehow, chef. I'll be cooking until the day I die if I have anything to say about it.

**Artem:** I like your tenacity, but has your many years in the kitchen led you to hone those skills? Let's find out. Show me your dish.

*Beverly unveils her dish.*

**Beverly:** Back at home they call me the chicken lady, and for good reason too. Here is my twist on lollipop chicken.

*Artem looks at the plate.*

**Artem:** And what's so different about it?

**Beverly:** Well for starters, I'm not a fan of how it's called "lollipop chicken" when it's spicier, as lollipops are meant to be sweet, so I made a handmade glaze to sweeten up the dish.

**Artem:** Interesting...

*Artem takes a bite.*

**Artem:** Presentation can be a little better, but the combination of flavors works. Three out of five. Good job.

**Beverly:** Thank you, chef.

*Beverly celebrates in the confessional.*

**Beverly (Conf.):** Do I wish I got a four? Of course, but after the sweet goodness of my chicken I'm sure the young gun next to me has some huge shoes to fill. As long as my team stays winning, I don't care what I get.

*Joey looks at Beverly with a smile.*

**Joey:** Good job.

**Beverly:** Aww, thanks dearie.

*Artem directs his attention to Joey.*

**Artem:** And your name?

**Joey:** Joey DiFalcone. At your service, chef.

**Artem:** And what do you do?

**Joey:** Currently I work at a bar.

*Chris immediately looks down, a little mad.*

**Chris (Conf.):** Greeeeeeeeat. The women are already leading and then of course we get a *bartender* on our team. I wanna duke it out with the best of the best, and half of these people don't even work in a kitchen.

*Artem continues talking to Joey.*

**Artem:** So is cooking *not* your job?

**Joey:** I mean, I still handle some of it at the bar. Wish I had more credentials but culinary school is pretty pricey, so as of now, it's more of a hobby I hope to turn into a full on job.

**Artem:** Alright, let's see what you've made.

*Joey unveils his dish.*

**Joey:** Alright. I got some classic Italian cuisine for ya. Chicken parmesan.

**Artem:** Big fan of it. Let's see if you've done it justice.

*Artem takes a bite.*

**Artem:** Technique isn't all there... but I'd be lying if I said this wasn't delicious. Four out of five. Good job.

**Joey:** Thank you, chef.

*Joey charismatically grins as he walks back in line.*

**Joey (Conf.):** Hopefully now these dudes on my team know I'm legit. I may not be experienced, but trust me, I know my way around a kitchen. And hey, now that everyone knows THE Artem Izanovich likes my dish, if any ladies want me to make it for 'em personally, call me.

*Chris has another confessional.*

**Chris (Conf.):** Never mind then. Still a little insulting that my dish got ranked lower than a bartender's but I'll give credit where credit's due, pretty boy knows how to cook. Let's just hope he can keep it up during services.

**Narrator:** Now all tied up at twenty-four to twenty-four, it's down to the last two chefs of the night, gourmet Beach Vender Lawrence, and Culinary School Student Itachi to give their teams a win.

*Artem glances at Itachi.*

**Artem:** What's your name?

**Itachi:** I-Itachi...

*Itachi looks visibly nervous in the confessional.*

**Itachi (Conf.):** It's definitely a little nerve wracking talking to someone who is basically the best chef in the world... Hopefully my food can speak for itself.

*It cuts back to Artem talking with Itachi.*

**Artem:** Alright then. What do you have for me today.

*Itachi uncovers her dish.*

**Itachi:** I have... I-

*A shot of Bella whispering into Yadeesha's ear is shown.*

**Bella (whispering):** Poor girl...

**Itachi:** I have a... uh... S-Shrimp Jambalaya for you... chef.

*Artem begins to eat.*

**Artem:** The shrimp is very flavorful, however I feel the rice could use some of the same seasoning you gave your meat. Three out of five.

**Itachi:** Thank you, chef.

*Itachi has another confessional.*

**Itachi (Conf.):** I was hyperventilating the whole time... but he didn't give me a one or a two, so for me that's a win. Thanks, chef.

*Artem then directs his attention to Lawrence.*

**Artem:** And your name?

**Lawrence:** The name's Lawrence.

**Artem:** And what do you do for work?

**Lawrence:** Currently I work a stall on the beach of a resort, serving happy customers delicious seafood.

**Artem:** Interesting. Curious to see what you've prepared.

*Lawrence unveils his dish.*

**Artem:** Wow. Just looking at it and the colors are already popping out all over the place.

**Lawrence:** This is what I like to call the Seaside Symphony. A dish of assorted seafood including Calamari, Prawns, Scallops, and Fish Fillet, with numerous tropical fruits and spices passed down from my family to add to the ensemble.

**Artem:** Well if it tastes as good as it looks, this will easily be the best dish of the night.

*Artem digs in, making sure to taste each fish on the plate.*

**Artem:** Wow. It is a *big* risk to cook all these different types of seafood, as they all take a specific amount of finesse but... each one is cooked perfectly!

**Lawrence:** Means a lot, chef.

**Artem:** Easiest five of the night. Congratulations men, you are the winners of the signature dish challenge.

**Harrison:** YES!

*The men all celebrate, and hi-fives are exchanged all around.*

**Lawrence (Conf.):** Feels good to know that Chef liked my food, but knowing I won it all for the team? That's an experience no reward can top. I'm feelin' on top of the world, right now.

*It cuts back to Artem, signaling for everyone to quiet down.*

**Artem:** Blue team, due to winning I have quite the night planned for you all. You will go on a first class excursion to Las Vegas to take in the location of where one of you may be working, and for the night, you will stay at a luxury hotel, overlooking the strip, with a gourmet dinner being served as well. Your limo arrives in five minutes. Go to the dorms and get changed to something fancy.

*The men immediately rush upstairs to get started.*

**Big Harry:** WOO! YEAH BABY!

*The men leave the room, leaving a defeated red team.*

**Artem:** Ladies, while the men live it up in luxury for the night, you have quite the grueling day of work ahead of you all. Opening night at Hell's Kitchen is tomorrow, and thanks to the confetti and the crowd that greeted you, there is quite the mess outside. I want the outside of the restaurant spotless, and each of the tablecloths in the dining room ironed before your big first service. Do you understand?

**The Red Team:** Yes chef...

*It then cuts to a defeated looking Julie in the confessional.*

**Julie (Conf.):** This whole thing is stupid, and now I have to put in work for a lot of other people's mistakes. While the men have actual well known chefs competing like Chris and Seppe, I'M stuck with some pink-obsessed lunatic who smiles like a serial killer, a lady who should currently be in a retirement home, a girl who can barely even talk to chef, and some spoiled blonde who very clearly thinks she deserves this job handed to her on a silver platter. If they don't start pulling their weight, then I'm in for a loooooong season.

*The women are seen with cleaning supplies getting started on the long day of work ahead of them. The limousine pulls up, and the men excitedly run out of the front door. Itachi looks down not wanting to look at them. Joey exits last with a grin.*

**Joey:** Lookin' good, ladies.

**Bella (playfully):** Oh, shut up...

*It then cuts to Big Harry in the confessional.*

**Big Harry (Conf.):** I am SO happy I get to be on this reward and not cleaning the restaurant with the women. My wife and I have cleaned our place for years, and it ain't gettin' any easier for me. Meanwhile, Hell's Kitchen is like, ten times bigger than my current restaurant, so I guess these old bones get a bit of a rest.

*A montage of the women cleaning plays out, with sweat pouring down their faces as they work. Camila has a confessional while the montage happens.*

**Camila (Conf.):** It's grueling work having to clean this place up. The amount of confetti that ended up stuck in the carpet is alarmingly high, and the LA heat isn't making things better for us either. Yes, I definitely feel I could have gotten more points, but unlike *some* people I'm actually taking this punishment in stride.

*The camera pans to Zeb, who is very noticeably doing very little work, while everyone else clans around her. Yadeesha eventually takes notice of this.*

**Yadeesha:** Hey Zeb, care to pitch in a little bit more?

**Zeb:** No, actually. Let me rest, for the thirtieth time.

**Julie:** Cut the crap. You've been resting for ten minutes.

**Bella:** Yeah, I'm not a fan of you taking so much time off of our punishment. All of us as a team contributed to the loss, so all of us need to contribute in cleaning up too.

**Zeb:** Oh, but BEVERLY can rest all she wants, right?

**Beverly:** What happened to respecting your elders?

**Julie:** She's 70. She rests because her body physically is unable to work for as long as the rest of us.

**Zeb:** Then why aren't you on HER case then!

**Yadeesha:** She's actually putting in work. Now shut up, grab a broom, and get to cleaning.

**Zeb:** You're just out to get me! Jealous, right?

**Yadeesha:** Jealous of what? Your terrible attitude? I got a five on my dish, and you don't see me complaining.

**Camila:** Yeah, had you shown respect to Chef we might have actually had a chance to win.

**Zeb:** Suckups...

*Zeb stands up. Marta immediately notices and walks up to Zeb.*

**Marta:** Get back down, now. I don't want ANY more arguing from you.

**Zeb:** Get out of my face, bitch! You even know who I am?

**Marta:** A shitty chef who contributed to her team's loss. Now get back down there, and work.

*Zeb rolls her eyes and continues to pretend to work.*

**Yadeesha (Conf.):** In my twenty years of cooking experience I don't think I've ever been as mad at a coworker as I currently am with Zeb. Every other person on this team is pulling as much weight as they can in the punishment, and then this brat just complains and slacks off the whole time. The lack of respect she has is unreal, especially in an industry built around respect.

**Zeb (Conf.):** I fucking hate this team already. They're all a bunch of prissy little sticklers who constantly worship the ground Artem stands on. However, once I beat every last one of them, the only person they'll be sucking up to will be ME!

**Narrator:** While cracks begin to form with the women, the men couldn't be any more united on their reward.

*Footage of the limo arriving in Las Vegas is shown, where a glowing sign ends up saying "Welcome Hell's Kitchen Chef's" on it as they pull in.*

**Lawrence (Conf.):** We pull into Vegas, bright lights everywhere, and immediately we all look at this huge sign that's welcoming us! I'm just a guy who serves food on a beach for people, but now I'm getting that superstar treatment? Sign me up, bro!

*The car parks at the luxury hotel, and Sous Chef Brad is there, waiting for the Blue Team.*

**Joey:** Eyyy! How are you doing, man?



**Brad:** Doing great. You all barely clinched out the win but I'm more than happy to share this reward with you. A nice meal is in the VIP dining area for you all, so get ready to dig in.

**Ichiro:** Nice.

*The men quickly sit down at the VIP table, as platter after platter of delicious food is sent to them.*

**Harrison (Conf.):** Now THIS is what I'm talking about. Suck on it, girlies, I get to eat gourmet food while you all just sulk around cleaning a carpet. Have fun, 'cause I sure know I am.

*Clips of the blue team, plus Brad eating plays. Big Harry especially is shown trying a lot of food, eating it messily.*

**Chris:** You full yet, Harry?

**Big Harry:** Nah, this is uh, palette training. Yeah.

*Big Harry is shown grinning in the confessional.*

**Big Harry (Conf.):** Of course I'm gon' dig into this stuff. My wife wants me to cut a couple calories down, but come on! I don't usually eat gourmet food so this is a whole new opportunity for me. There's all these meats and sauces I haven't even heard of before, and all of it's good, so I'm just not gonna stop eating.

*Ichiro, meanwhile, is shown talking it up with Sous Chef Brad.*

**Narrator:** While some enjoy food, other's are enjoying the company of their Sous Chef.

**Ichiro:** Could I get some wisdom for a bit?

**Brad:** Of course, man. Ask away.

**Ichiro:** So I'm not really... used to brigade cooking. I usually just cook my Hibachi in peace, so I'd appreciate any advice on what makes a solid brigade.

**Brad:** Well, I know you definitely have the culinary skills to be in one, so don't stress about that. The thing I definitely feel like you should be mindful of is communication. You all will be working different stations and need to push out orders all at the exact same time, so everyone has to be mindful of how much time each order will take on each station.

**Ichiro:** Interesting... I'll definitely take that to heart. Thank you.

**Brad:** No problem.

*Ichiro is then shown in the confessional.*

**Ichiro (Conf.):** While he's technically my boss, I definitely feel like I have a lot in common with Brad. We're both roughly around the same age, and we're both family men, so I definitely feel like getting advice out of him to succeed is time well spent, even if I'm focusing more on him than the food.

**Narrator:** While the men dine to their heart's content, the women do something a little bit different in the dining room.

*It cuts back to Hell's Kitchen, where the women have now moved on to ironing out the tablecloths.*

*A shot of Julie feverishly ironing to try and get her batch done is shown.*

**Julie:** God, this sucks.

**Phoebe:** Hey, look on the bright side. We at least have air conditioning now.

**Julie:** I'd still prefer whatever reward the men are currently going on but it's something... I guess.

*Phoebe has a confessional.*

**Phoebe (Conf.):** Yeah, this punishment sucks, but there's no need to sweat the small stuff. My philosophy in life is to always look on the bright side, and it seems I'm on a team with a couple more... pessimistic people. It's definitely weird being the only person smiling in the room, but that's just how I react to everything.

*It cuts to a different part of the dining room with Camila and Bella ironing.*

**Camila:** We can't keep on losing these.

**Bella:** Yeah. I know. It's grueling work, but it's better than losing someone on the team.

**Camila:** I guess you're right... even if I think we could be fine without Zeb.

**Bella:** I know her attitude is a bit... extreme, but we need her just as much as we need each other. We gotta stick it to the guys, right?

**Camila:** Yeah.

**Bella:** So let's just focus on winning the service, rather than who deserves to go.

*Bella has a confessional.*

**Bella (Conf.):** This punishment is just dragging on forever! I need to rally the team up somehow just so we can get this over with, and get our heads into becoming a well oiled machine of a brigade. I DO NOT want to keep losing these, and having solid teamwork is the one way that we won't.

**Narrator:** While the red team dreams about their punishment ending, the blue team remains on cloud nine.

*The blue team is shown being let into their hotel suite.*

**Joey:** Jesus christ, my apartment is like, half the size of this? You sure nobody actually lives here?

**Adrien:** I know, it's huge!

*Adrien immediately runs off towards the table.*

**Lawrence:** Ayo where are you going, dude?

*Adrien comes back with a bottle of scotch that looks way too expensive for his own good.*

**Adrien:** Celebrating, bro! What does it look like? Who wants shots!

**Seppe:** The day before our dinner service? No, not on my watch. We can't ALL be hung over, that would be a disaster waiting to happen.

**Adrien:** Eh whatever. More for me!

**Seppe:** Come on.. don't-

*Before Seppe can say anything, Adrien is already downing the bottle.*

**Seppe (Conf.):** Adrien, Adrien, Adrien. The amount of unprofessionalism this guy has is just insane! This is the career opportunity of your lifetime, and all this guy wants to do is just drink and party.

*Later, Adrien is seen incredibly drunk, standing on top of the couch with his shirt off.*

**Adrien:** We're gonna- (hic.) We... we will BEAT the red teyeam... yeah!

**Ichiro:** Is he trying to like... motivate us?

**Harrison:** I dunno. Hey Joey, where does this rank on the list of funniest drunk people you've interacted with.

**Joey:** Definitely top five. Guess the man likes his wine.

*Later on, Adrien is passed out on the couch, much to Seppe's dismay. He walks onto the balcony, seeing both Chris and Joey looking at the bustling Vegas Strip from above.*

**Joey:** Ain't this view sick, Seppe?

**Seppe:** Of course. I'd love to live here one day.

**Chris:** Same.

*Joey has a confessional.*

**Joey (Conf.):** Now that I've been immersed in the lifestyle here in Vegas, yeah, I definitely think this city could use me. I mean, it's perfect for me. Beautiful lights, beautiful women, and once I'm done, beautiful food. The whole package of paradise.

*Cutting back to the balcony, Seppe continues the conversation.*

**Seppe:** Either of you worried about service?

**Joey:** Nah, not really. We kicked the girls' asses once, we can do it again.

**Seppe:** Yeah, but there are a couple *people* I'm a bit worried about.

**Chris:** Like Adrien?

**Seppe:** Bingo. He just doesn't seem to understand that you're supposed to be professional if you want to be a head chef at such a high end place.

**Joey:** I'm sure the guy will eventually have his time to shine. I mean, I wouldn't say I'm the most experienced guy here and yet my dish still got a four.

**Chris:** Yeah, but at least you can cook. Artem *spat* out his food, on his SIGNATURE DISH. That's someone I wouldn't even *consider* working with.

**Seppe:** As long as one of us covers for him on his station, I think we'll be fine, but I also don't think he'd appreciate assistance either.

**Joey:** Yeah.

*Chris smugly placed in the confessional plays.*

**Chris (Conf.):** So myself, Seppe, and Joey have all come to an agreement that the weakest link on our team is easily Adrien. Obviously with me on the team, we aren't gonna lose this service, but in the embarrassing case that we do, Adrien will probably be the unanimous target. I mean look at him! The only thing he's good at is drinking alcohol!

*The men are seen sleeping in king sized beds, while the women retire to their dorms for the night. The screen cuts to a picture of a sunrise over Hell's Kitchen, and the limo pulling back in as the men get out, and get back to the dorms. A group of Bella, Yadeesha, Big Harry, and Joey are seen talking.*

**Bella:** So, how was it?

**Joey:** What do you expect? It was insane.

**Yadeesha:** I bet the dinner was good.

**Big Harry:** Oh trust me, it was. I ate about half of it!

**Joey:** I can confirm, yes, he did. The parfait dessert, though... damn that was the highlight.

**Bella:** Glad to know you all enjoyed it.

**Joey:** Adrien got blackout drunk.

**Yadeesha:** Really?

*Bella laughs.*

**Joey:** I literally work at a bar, and I've NEVER seen someone so under the influence before. Assuming you all didn't have it good.

**Yadeesha:** Yeah. At least you all got entertainment from Adrien, we had to deal with Zeb complaining the entire time.

**Big Harry:** The heck? And you didn't? If I got a five and had to clean this place I'd definitely be mad.

**Bella:** It's no big deal. The punishment's over, and now it's time for the two of us to beat the two of you.

**Big Harry (jokingly):** I wouldn't be so sure, partner.

*The phone in the dorm rings, Yadeesha picks it up.*

**Yadeesha (on phone):** Hello? This is Yadeesha.

**Artem (on phone):** Hi Yadeesha. It's Chef. I want everyone downstairs in the kitchen, immediately.

**Yadeesha (on phone):** On it.

*Yadeesha gets off the phone.*

**Yadeesha:** Everyone get downstairs. Chef wants us ASAP.

*Everyone rushes downstairs. Joey stands up and looks back at Bella.*

**Joey:** Game on.

*Joey winks, shocking Bella, before she too walks downstairs*

*The contestants all walk downstairs to see the sous chefs in the kitchens.*

**Narrator:** Before the first service of the season goes down, our two sous chefs have decided to give our sixteen contestants a bit of a gift.

*Marta takes out a bundle of black knife kits from under the pass.*

**Marta:** Now before we get into why we actually called you here, we would like to give you these. Hell's Kitchen was made to create an outstanding head chef, so naturally, you all need outstanding materials to work with.

**Brad:** That's why our friends at Henkel have given us these knife kits uniformly used at every restaurant Artem owns. There ain't anything more high quality than these, so use them with care.

*The knife kits are given out to each individual chef.*

**Harrison:** Now THIS is what it feels like when you hit the big time. I get a real kitchen, not some toaster of a food truck, and the highest quality knives I likely will never be able to afford in my lifetime. I know I'm gonna do some good work with this shit, just watch.

*After the chefs get their knife kits, Marta clears her throat.*

**Marta:** Now as you all know, we have our first dinner service tonight. These services will make or break your games in this competition.

**Brad:** Especially because Artem himself will be evaluating your performances as a part of this brigade to determine who will stay in this game, and who gets eliminated.

**Marta:** So naturally, we feel like you all should definitely get a head start on learning the menu for tonight.

**Brad:** You'll be cooking the same stuff this whole game, only with some minor additions here and there. If you have these recipes committed to memory, there will be no problem at all.

*A montage of Brad and Marta cooking the entire menu is shown, while the chefs feverishly take notes.*

**Brad:** You don't want the risotto to taste like regular rice. If it's more of a solid than a liquid, there is no way it will survive the pass.

*Another shot played of Marta cooking the ribeye.*

**Marta:** You will be gaining the position of a head chef at a steakhouse so this is definitely one you need to know. With our ovens, you only need five minutes maximum to cook them.

*As the sous chefs explain, Beverly is seen scribbling in a notebook.*

**Beverly (Conf.):** I personally believe I need as much information as I can get. Yeah I may be old, but I'm still sharp. As long as I jot everything down, I will remember it when it's time to start cooking. It's absolutely important that I get these recipes perfectly so I can be an early standout to Chef.

*As Marta and Brad continue explaining, a perplexed Joey is also taking notes, but seemingly is having trouble keeping up.*

**Joey (Conf.):** Yeah, it's well known to my team as of now that when it comes to working a brigade, I have probably the least experience. Cooking has been just a hobby for me, so I'm definitely not used to all this info just bein' thrown at me. I'm crossing my fingers I can get all this stuff right as I do NOT wanna make an ass of myself on the very first service.

*The camera cuts to more people taking notes, only to pan to Zeb, just watching.*

**Zeb (Conf.):** I know I'm a great cook, and the fact that all these people have to *take notes* just shows they aren't ready for this job. I know I'll kick ass tonight, just like any other performance I've done. Suck it, red team.

*As the final menu item is cooked, Brad and Marta clean up the kitchen.*

**Brad:** You have three hours to study up on every note you've taken on this menu. Artem will be judging your performances, so *don't* disappoint him.

**The Chefs:** Yes chef!

*The contestants are seen going upstairs to the dorms, some immediately taking out their notes, and just reading over it, over and over. Yadeesha is seen on the couch, going through page after page.*

**Narrator:** While the majority of our chefs want to make sure they have a leg up, some have... different ideas.

*While Yadeesha reads, Zeb is seen taking out a bag of chips from the pantry and starts eating. Her bites alert Yadeesha, who is trying to study.*

**Yadeesha:** Hey, Zeb... could you keep it down? I'm trying to read the menu here.

**Zeb:** And I'm just trying to eat. Go somewhere else.

*Not wanting to argue, Yadeesha rolls her eyes and leaves the room. Zeb takes Yadeesha's spot on the couch, and continues eating.*

**Yadeesha (Conf.):** I genuinely don't get it with some of these people. This is a competition for the biggest job of your life, and instead of studying the *same menu* we'll be cooking *indefinitely*, Zeb for some reason just decides that she's above studying it at all. It genuinely infuriates me to no end how someone could care so little about an opportunity so big.

*More shots of the players studying up occurs, and a timelapse of hell's kitchen is seen, as it turns to night. Seppe is seen checking his watch.*

**Seppe:** It's time to go down guys, It's 7:00.

**Lawrence:** Best of luck, brother.

*Lawrence and Seppe hi-five, before changing into their chef uniforms. The camera pans to the kitchen area, where the chefs all line up with their teams. Artem walks in, in uniform, and speaks to the contestants.*

**Artem:** This is our first service together as a brigade, is it not?

**The Chefs:** No, chef.

**Artem:** So that means I want to see early standouts. I want to see teamwork. While you haven't worked together yet, I want us to finish. service. Am I clear?

**The Chefs:** Yes, chef!

**Artem:** Good. Get to your assigned stations. While you do that, Anton, open Hell's Kitchen.

**Anton:** Oui.

*Footage of the Hell's Kitchen doors opening plays, as many customers enter.*

**Narrator:** Hell's Kitchen has opened, and the customers are already pouring in, proving Hell's Kitchen is the hottest dining experience on the west coast.

*Some celebrities have also seemingly entered the restaurant, including standup comedian Pablo Chavez, real housewives star Belinda Schafer, and renowned soccer coach Dominick Crossely. Footage of Adrien and Joey at the Blue Kitchen apps station is shown.*

**Narrator:** To start the opening dinner service off strong, it is up to Adrien and Joey on appetizers, as well as Lawrence and Seppe on garnish to put out the first few orders. Similarly, on the red team, Bella and Zeb are on appetizers while Yadeesha and Camila are on garnish. *The first order enters the pass.*

**Artem:** Blue kitchen, first order of the night. Give me two risottos.

**Blue Team:** Yes chef!

*The blue team immediately works, however a hung over Adrien is seen putting way too much rice in his first risotto batch.*

**Joey (Conf.):** It's the first order and I already can tell that Adrien very clearly did not pay attention to what Brad was teaching us about risotto, as he's cookin' way too much, so naturally, I gotta immediately start covering his ass. I am not letting this station go under immediately.

*Joey is seen staring at Adrien's dish while he cooks too. Joey looks back at Lawrence.*

**Joey:** Yo how much more time on garnish?

**Lawrence:** Two minutes, dude.

**Joey:** Adrien do you have two minutes left of that?

**Adrien:** Uh.... sure?

**Joey:** If you say so.

*Artem is seen at the pass.*

**Artem:** I NEED THIS FIRST RISOTTO! NOW!

*Lawrence immediately brings his first batch of garnish over to Adrien.*

**Lawrence:** Let's go dude!

**Adrien:** Don't yell at me man, I got this!

*Adrien walks up and brings his risotto to Artem.*

**Artem:** IT NEEDS GARNISH, YOU DONUT!

*Lawrence quickly runs over and pours the garnish into Adrien's risotto. Artem looks at it at the pass.*

**Artem:** Fucking hell.... ADRIEN!

**Adrien:** Yeah, what's up?

**Artem:** THE GARNISH IS COOKED PERFECTLY, BUT YOU FUCKED IT UP!  
UNDERCOOKED RISOTTO!

**Joey:** I got a batch of it coming up right now, chef.

*Joey brings up his own risotto, pouring the rest of Lawrence's garnish into it and stirring it. Artem immediately takes it and brings it back.*

**Artem:** Are you fucking kidding me?

**Joey:** Wait what?

**Artem:** THIS ONE ISN'T COOKED EITHER, YOU DICKHEAD!

**Joey:** Yes, chef.

**Artem:** START OVER, BOTH OF YOU! Jesus christ we can't even get ONE app out without messing up.

**Joey:** Refiring right now.

*Harrison is seen rolling his eyes in the confessional.*

**Harrison (Conf.):** Of course, we just can't start right to save our lives, as we got dumb and dumber manning the apps. If I can't send a single fish entree out and gotta keep cooking scallops all night I will rip out Adrien's hair so help me god.

*The focus shifts to the red kitchen, where Bella is shown cooking risotto as well.*

**Narrator:** While Adrien and Joey immediately set their team back, Bella tries to take a step forward with her take on Artem's risotto.

*Camila is seen giving Bella her risotto garnish as Bella mixes it in with her risotto. Bella takes it up to the pass.*

*Artem looks at it for a moment before sending it out.*

**Artem:** Good job on that risotto, Bella.

**Bella:** Thanks, chef.

*Bella smiles to herself in the confessional.*

**Bella (Conf.):** Artem's been spending a lot of time yelling at the blue kitchen so I know I needed to step it up and start pumping out some food, and that's exactly what I did. Hopefully Zeb can keep up the momentum though, I'm definitely a little worried working with her.

*It then cuts to Zeb also trying to cook risotto.*

**Narrator:** With Bella putting the red team on track, it's now up to Zeb to continue their hot streak.

*Zeb gloats to herself in the confessional.*

**Zeb (Conf.):** It's a little insulting they put me on apps to start off. I mean, I'm a main course kind of girl. It's like being an opening act to a pop star instead of, you know, *being* the pop star. Still, I'm sure I can cook this risotto in my sleep.

*Zeb sends her first risotto to the pass. Artem takes a bite out of it to taste test, only to spit it out on the floor.*

**Artem:** ZEB!

**Zeb:** Yeah?

**Artem:** The hell is THAT!

**Zeb:** A risotto?

**Artem:** Don't play dumb with me, young lady. Too much salt, and the rice was being toasted for WAY too long. Start again.

*Zeb rolls her eyes.*

**Artem:** ANSWER ME WHEN I TALK TO YOU, YOU FUCKING DUMBASS.

**Zeb:** Yes chef...

*A moody Zeb starts her second risotto, and Yadeesha walks over to try and help.*

**Yadeesha (Conf.):** Looking at Zeb on apps, I can immediately tell that she's floundering on risotto as she simply didn't care enough to learn the recipe. I'd call it karma if I wasn't on a team with her, so now I need to swoop in and save the apps so we don't fall behind.

*Yadeesha approaches Zeb and she very clearly seems mad.*

**Yadeesha:** You need any help?

**Zeb:** No. Go away.

**Yadeesha:** Are you sure you know what you're doing? I'll gladly remind you of the recipe.

**Zeb:** How about you shut the fuck up, bitch!

*Marta is immediately alerted of the altercation.*

**Marta:** HEY!

*Marta runs over.*

**Marta:** Stop this infighting. NOW.

**Zeb:** But-

**Marta:** No buts. Be professional. We do not want any attention drawn to us from the customers. Focus on making the risotto.

**Yadeesha:** Yes chef.

*A shocked Beverly is seen in the confessional.*

**Beverly (Conf.):** I don't know what they're feeding these young'uns nowadays but I'd NEVER let someone treat me the way Zeb treated Yadeesha just for trying to help her. That young lady is on thin ice.

*The blue team is seen feverishly cooking.*

**Narrator:** Tensions are rising in the red team, and with the blues, things don't seem to get any better when Adrien continues to push out his risotto.

*Adrien is shown putting even more rice into his pan than needed.*

**Joey:** Dude, your portions are getting way too big.

**Adrien:** Don't tell me what to do, bro. I'm fine.

**Joey:** We can't run out of risotto before even one table is served!

*Adrien ignores Joey, causing Joey to roll his eyes. As a result, Joey tries to get away with cooking less rice in his own risotto. To make up for lost time both Adrien and Joey bring up their risottos at the same time to the pass.*

**Artem:** Fucking hell...

*Artem glares at the two risottos in disbelief.*

**Artem:** EVERYONE, STOP WHAT YOU'RE DOING!

*The entire blue team stops and walks up to the pass.*

**Artem:** I have two pans of risotto here for you all. This first one is STILL. FUCKING. UNDERCOOKED, and this other one of course is cooked perfectly, BUT THERE'S BARELY ANY RISOTTO ON THE PLATE!



**Joey:** I had to put it up, chef. Adrien is using way too much rice.

*Artem glares at joey.*

**Artem:** You gonna keep playing the blame game, dickhead?

**Joey:** No chef,

**Artem:** BOTH OF YOU ARE THE PROBLEM. I haven't gotten a SINGLE good risotto out of either of you. GET A GRIP!

**Joey:** Yes chef.

*Sepe sighs to himself in the confessional.*

**Sepe (Conf.):** This is just embarrassing. Adrien is so bad at his job that he's dragging Joey down with him thanks to his incompetence. I cannot let apps sink tonight. I just can't.

*Sepe is shown back at the kitchen looking at Lawrence.*

**Sepe:** You think you can handle both of our garnish workloads?

**Lawrence:** Yeah.

**Sepe:** Alright. I'm helping with apps.

*Sepe switches stations and starts firing risotto next to Adrien and Joey. He finishes a risotto quickly and it passes Artem's standards going out to customers.*

**Joey (Conf.):** And of course as soon as Sepe comes in and starts practically doing Adrien's job for him, risottos start leaving the kitchen. I hate that I have to just watch as someone performs because I can't, but honestly, I'm just glad we can finally start serving people.

*Risotto is delivered to Pablo's table and he starts eating.*

**Pablo:** Delicious. Absolutely delicious.

**Narrator:** After a forty five minute wait, appetizers finally start leaving the blue kitchen. Meanwhile with the red team, Bella also pushes out apps too, but a certain someone seems to be a hindrance.

*Bella is shown cooking risottos, while Zeb is talking in her ear.*

**Zeb:** Can you BELIEVE the audacity she has? Assuming that I don't know what I'm doing? Absolutely pathetic!

**Bella (Sarcastically):** Oh no, how terrible.

**Zeb:** I know! It's like she has no respect for my abilities!

*Bella just keeps on cooking, trying to clog out Zeb's petty insults.*

**Bella (Conf.):** Anyone who works at my restaurant knows that I'm a team player but even I can't handle the unfiltered pettiness that comes with working a brigade with Zeb. It's just this constant blah blah blah about how Yadeesha sucks, and it not only distracts her from the task at hand, cooking, but also distracts me, and out of the two of us, I'm the only one actually getting food sent out.

*Another one of Bella's risottos is sent by Artem to be served.*

**Artem:** That's all for apps. Everyone, you're free to move to entrees

**The Chefs:** Yes chef!

**Narrator:** Thanks to Bella, and only Bella, enough risottos have been served to the point where it's time for the red kitchen to move to entrees. The blue kitchen moves on as well, but it doesn't seem like the communication is all the way there.

*Artem is shown with the first entre orders.*

**Artem:** Blue team, we have our first order. One ribeye, one halibut. Let's get it out in five minutes.

**The Blue Team:** Yes chef!

*Big Harry immediately begins cooking his ribeye, checking it after a couple minutes.*

**Big Harry:** Looks good to me. WALKING UP, YALL!

*Chris looks at Big Harry's ribeye.*

**Chris:** You can't bring it up, dude. Way undercooked. Give it another minute.

**Big Harry:** Alright.

*Big Harry smiles in the confessional.*

**Big Harry (Conf.):** I love going fishing with my son but I don't really cook fish often. I'm more of a "catch-and-release" kind of guy. Because of that, I'm glad Chris has my back. That dude knows his gourmet food the same way I know my fried chicken, so I'll gladly take his advice when it comes to making this stuff.

*Ichiro is seen walking up his Halibut.*

**Ichiro:** Walking Halibut.

**Big Harry:** Wait, uh... I need another minute!

**Artem:** WHAT?

**Big Harry:** Yeah... uh, thirty seconds, Chef!

**Artem:** You've gotta be kidding me... THAT HALIBUT IS COOKED PERFECTLY AND NOW IT'S DYING ON THE PASS! COMMUNICATE!

**Big Harry:** Yes chef.

*Big Harry takes his ribeye out and gives it to Artem.*

**Artem:** Are you serious? IT'S FUCKING OVERCOOKED!

**Chris:** Wait, what?

**Artem:** ICHIRO GIVES ME A PERFECT HALIBUT AND IT'S WASTED ON A SHIT, OVERCOOKED RIBEYE!

**Big Harry:** Chef, uh, Chris told me to give it another minute.

*Artem glares at Chris.*

**Artem:** ARE YOU TRYING TO FUCK WITH HIM?

**Chris:** No chef, I-

**Artem:** Let the big man do his own thing Chris. Respect your fucking team because under your guidance, there clearly isn't anything going right. Now refire the ribeye and make it right.

**Chris:** Yes, chef.

*Chris sighs in the confessional.*

**Chris (Conf.):** Do I doubt Big Harry's abilities? Yeah, why wouldn't I, he just cooks chicken, but apparently he got it right. I'm in hot water with Chef already and while I don't really agree with him, acting like it won't get me a head chef job, so as of now I just gotta shut up, and let Big Harry butcher meat.

*The focus shifts to the red kitchen, where Julie is seen grilling fish.*

**Narrator:** While a slowed blue team meat station kept the fish from leaving the pass, over on the red side, the fish isn't even getting there.

*Footage of Beverly slowly walking from her station is shown.*

**Julie (Conf.):** I'm on fish with Beverly and I'm definitely starting to be a little concerned for her. It's not about her as a chef, but I can immediately tell she's slowing down fairly early on in this service thanks to her age. These services are all about efficiency, and that's the one thing we won't have no matter what station she's on. Hope her fish comes out fine though...

*Another shot of Beverly grilling fish plays. Eventually she walks to the pass.*

**Artem:** Can you speed it up, madame? I'm used to fish dying on the pass, not on the way there.

**Beverly:** Trying my best, chef.

*Beverly puts the halibut on the pass. Artem examines it, and eventually starts to plate it.*

**Artem:** Good job on the halibut. Keep making them this good, yeah?

**Beverly:** Yes, chef!

*Beverly grins in the confessional.*

**Beverly (Conf.):** I'm already getting flack for not being the fastest in the kitchen, but at the same time, if I get to pick between being slow and cooking perfect fish 100% of the time, I'm definitely picking the latter. Just hope meat can keep up with us...

*Itachi is shown cooking a ribeye, while Julie is searing a snapper.*

**Julie:** Hey Itachi, I'm starting the next table. How much time do you need for your ribeye so we can send them out at the same time?

**Itachi:** ...

*Itachi is seemingly concentrating on her cooking.*

**Julie:** Itachi?

**Itachi:** ...

**Julie:** ITACHI!

**Itachi:** Agh! Uh..... what?

**Julie:** How much time for your ribeye?

**Itachi:** Sorry... um, uh.... six minutes?

**Julie:** Are you serious? I'm two minutes out! Get it down to three!

**Itachi:** Okay...

*Julie frowns in the confessional.*

**Julie (Conf.):** And of course, Itachi just can't do timing because she seemingly left her ability to communicate back at home. We NEED to get these orders out and she's just floundering!

*It cuts back to Julie cooking.*

**Julie:** I need to bring it up, Itachi!

**Itachi:** I-I still need a minute!

*Julie rolls her eyes and brings her snapper to the pass.*

**Artem:** Where's the ribeye?

**Julie:** Ask Itachi.

**Itachi:** I... uh... still need a minute!

**Artem:** YOU JUST KILLED A PERFECTLY COOKED SNAPPER. START OVER, AND MAKE ANOTHER ONE, CORRECTLY TIMED.

**Itachi:** Yes, chef.

*One of the celebrity guests, Belinda, seemingly starts to get impatient and walks up to Artem at the pass?*

**Artem:** Can I help you?

**Belinda:** I've been waiting an hour for my snapper and it hasn't shown up yet. What's taking so long.

**Artem:** Your snapper was ready, until one of these donuts forgot to cook the meat that went with it. ITACHI! COME OVER HERE AND TELL THIS CUSTOMER WHY SHE DOESN'T HAVE HER SNAPPER!

*Itachi begins hyperventilating.*

**Artem:** She won't even fucking come over... COME ON! Phoebe, Julie, I want a snapper, WITH MEAT, in three minutes.

**Phoebe:** Yes chef!

**Julie:** Yes chef.

*Itachi sighs to herself in the confessional.*

**Itachi (Conf.):** It sucks knowing I brought Julie down with me... I just got frazzled and... I just- I don't know what to do...

*Back in the blue kitchen, Harrison is shown cooking fish with Ichiro.*

**Narrator:** While the red team is yet to find their pace syncing up meat and fish, the blue team has seemingly found their groove.

*Footage of Harrison and Ichiro's fish is shown leaving the kitchen.*

**Narrator:** However some people believe they need a little bit extra help.

*Adrien is shown walking from the apps station over to Harrison.*

**Adrien:** I'm gonna help you dude.

**Harrison:** Uh... why?

**Adrien:** Why not? You could use an extra hand, yo!

**Harrison:** Jesus christ, dumbass can you be any more dense? Fuck off!

**Adrien:** THE HELL YOU JUST CALL ME!

**Harrison:** A dumbass, and I'll call you that again, DUMBASS! I don't need your fucking help, go away!

*Ichiro notices the argument ensuing.*

**Ichiro:** Hey! Not in front of the customers. Please, be professional. We appreciate the help, Adrien but we're fine.

**Adrien:** Your loss...

*A still hung over Adrien has a confessional.*

**Adrien (Conf.):** These guys are lost without me and they know it. Like, fuck you in particular Harrison. You're floundering and I come over to help, and he REJECTS me? Did he not see how many risottos I got out? Fuckin' ridiculous. This whole service would fall apart without me!

*Back with the red kitchen, Yadeesha and Camila are seen pumping out garnish.*

**Narrator:** While meat and fish are steadily leaving the blue kitchen, it's the red kitchen's garnish that's easily the most efficient.

*Camila is shown patting herself back in the confessional.*

**Camila:** Yadeesha and I definitely seem to have a good rhythm going. The garnish station acts as a "leader" in the team and the both of us seem to be communicating well with meat and fish! Well, minus Itachi but that's more of a her problem. Props to Phoebe for holding down the fort though.

*Phoebe is shown finishing grilling a meat, however instead of disposing of her pan, she leaves it, hot, on the countertop of herself and Itachi's station.*

**Phoebe:** I can just see the finish line, baby!

*Phoebe is shown smiling in the confessional.*

**Phoebe (Conf.):** Yeah, we've had a couple of minor bumps along the way, but I definitely think the red team is in the clear to not just finish this first service, but win it too! Nothing can go wrong!

*Footage of Zeb leaving her station, approaching Yadeesha is shown as Phoebe looks at it.*

**Phoebe (Conf.):** And then immediately after I start thinking positively, something goes wrong... Mockingly, Zeb walks up to Yadeesha's garnish and stares at it.

**Yadeesha:** The hell are you doing here?

**Zeb:** ArE yOu SuRe It'S bEiNg CoOkEd RiGhT?

**Yadeesha:** You did not just say that.

**Camila:** Zeb, please shut up.

**Zeb:** Oh, so YOU can take my cooking apart all you want, BUT GOD FORBID PERFECT YADEESHA GETS ANY CRITICISM!

**Camila:** Nothing she's put out has come back, while Bella carried you on risotto. Get back to your station, and stop whining.

**Zeb:** Then stop whining over me existing! You wish you were me soooooo badly.

**Yadeesha:** No, not really.

*Itachi is shown almost grabbing Phoebe's hot pan.*

**Zeb:** BETTER ME THAN A WRINKLY, OUTCAST, SUCKUP! GET OFF YOUR HIGH HORSE AND MAKE ROOM FOR PEOPLE WHO DESERVE IT!

*The fight distracts Itachi, so she ultimately doesn't grab it.*

**Yadeesha:** So not you?

**Zeb:** SEE! THIS! ALL YOU'VE DONE IS TREAT ME LIKE SHIT! YOU ARE NOTHING BUT THE DIRT PEOPLE STAND ON TO ADMIRE ME!

*The customers immediately take notice of the fight going on between Zeb and Yadeesha.*

*Crossely looks up.*

**Crossely:** Not cool, man! Where's the teamwork? I'm outta here.

*Some of the customers, turned off by the arguing, begin to leave. Artem takes notice of this.*

**Artem:** EVERYONE! STOP!

**Zeb:** Chef, Yadeesha has done nothing but-

**Artem:** AND YOU, SHUT UP, FOR ONCE IN YOUR MISERABLE LIFE! BECAUSE YOU JUST CAN'T BE PROFESSIONAL WHATSOEVER, YOU JUST SCARED AWAY THE CUSTOMERS! GET OUT OF THE KITCHEN. NOW.

**Zeb:** But-

**Artem:** I SAID GET OUT!

*Zeb rolls her eyes and heads to the dorm.*

**Zeb (Conf.):** I've been treated like shit by Yadeesha this whole day and yet I'M the villain? Fuck off, Artem! I'll put a million bucks on the entire service going to shit without me!

**Narrator:** Our first chef has been expelled from the diner, leaving the rest of the cast to go through the tumultuous task of making up for what little work Zeb was doing.

**Artem:** Back to work, everyone.

*Itachi is shown about to grab the pan again. Luckily, Artem notices the pan is fuming.*

**Artem:** ITACHI DON'T-

**Itachi:** Huh?

**Artem:** That pan... IS FUMING!

**Itachi:** Wait what?

**Artem:** WHO LEFT THAT PAN THERE?

*Phoebe looks down before ultimately deciding to admit to her mistake.*

**Phoebe:** I did, chef...

**Artem:** Well good job you fucking dickhead. IF IT WASN'T FOR ME, ITACHI WOULD BE LEAVING THE GAME WITH A THIRD DEGREE BURN.

**Phoebe:** Oh my god... I'm so sorry-

**Artem:** YOU CAN BE SORRY IN THE DORMS. I'M DONE. THIS SERVICE IS DONE. EVERYONE IN BOTH KITCHENS, GET OUT!

*The chefs immediately begin to pile out.*

**Artem:** AND BE SURE TO THINK OF TWO PEOPLE FROM EACH TEAM TO GO UP FOR ELIMINATION WHILE YOU'RE AT IT, DONUTS! BRAD, MARTA, FINISH THE SERVICE.

*Phoebe looks sad in the confessional.*

**Phoebe (Conf.):** I had no intention of doing that to Itachi, and chef knows that. Man, I feel terrible right now, especially since it was the straw that broke the camel's back on what already was a bad service.

*The chefs pour into the dorms, and see a smirking Zeb waiting for them.*

**Zeb:** Fumbled without me, huh?

**Julie:** Shut up, and sit down. We need to decide as a team two people to nominate.

*The red team is seen sitting in the common area.*

**Itachi:** Ok so... uh, I'll go first...?

**Phoebe:** Go head.

**Itachi:** Phoebe, I'd like to address the elephant in the room... you almost burnt me, and had me lose the game via medevac thanks to the pan...

**Phoebe:** I know and I assure you it wasn't on purpose.

**Itachi:** I know, but I need to nominate you. It was a massive safety risk.

**Phoebe:** I understand.

**Beverly:** So who's your other vote then.

**Itachi:** I'd go Phoebe and Zeb.

**Zeb:** THE HELL DID I DO?

**Camila:** Frankly, Zeb, I'm tired of your bullshit as much as everyone else here. You got kicked out first, thanks to starting an argument for virtually no reason, in front of the customers mind you.

**Bella:** You also barely did anything! I practically sent out all our hot apps!

**Zeb:** Well fuck you too! I shouldn't be going up.

**Yadeesha:** Then who should?

**Zeb:** You and Camila, duh? You've belittled me this whole time, and I don't deserve any of it!

**Julie:** Are you serious? They didn't get a single dish sent back by Artem and were easily the two most consistent people of the night. Yadeesha and Camila have no business being up there.

**Yadeesha:** Thank you.

**Julie:** I'd also like to bring up you, Itachi. It sucks that you almost got burnt, but at the same time, I tried timing fish with you, and you just didn't communicate at all, leading to many of my orders dying on the pass.

**Itachi:** I know. If you want to put me up, go ahead, but I... I promise I'll do better.

**Beverly:** Yeah, no offense Itachi but I think you should be the second person up here tonight.

**Itachi:** Alright...

**Bella:** So it's Zeb, and then Phoebe or Itachi, right?

**Camila:** Guess we gotta pick who's the second one up then....

*Meanwhile on the balcony, the men are seen meeting for their discussion. Joey has a confessional.*

**Joey (Conf.):** I know for a fact that when it came to the service, apps fucked up. Myself and Adrien definitely were the two biggest liabilities this time, and frankly, I'm disappointed in myself that I floundered so much. This brigade shit is HARD, man.

*Joey is shown clearing his throat.*

**Joey:** Listen, I don't wanna start any arguments or drama, I'll lay it to you straight. I know I fucked up tonight on apps, I got no ill will if y'all wanna put me up tonight.

**Chris:** Yeah, I was about to say, apps definitely struggled the most.

**Lawrence:** Agreed. Love you bro, but I'm definitely voting Joey and Adrien.

**Joey:** No hard feelings, man.

**Adrien:** Sorry WHAT? ME?

**Seppi:** You serious? You didn't send out a single appetizer. I had to do your job FOR you.

**Adrien:** I ain't no bitch, bro! I didn't SAY I wanted help!

**Harrison:** And neither did I but that didn't stop you from trying to help me on fish.

**Adrien:** Well yeah, you needed it.

**Harrison:** EXCUSE ME?

**Ichiro:** I'm sorry Adrien but myself and Harrison were perfectly fine with fish. All you did was just distract us.

**Adrien:** Well personally Harrison I think your ass should be up there! You're just disrespectful.

**Harrison:** Yeah, but at least I can cook.

*Big Harry clears his throat.*

**Big Harry:** I'd also uh, like to throw Chris' name out there.

**Chris:** Come on, man. That was just one slipup.

**Big Harry:** I had my meat perfect and you told me to go another minute though. I'm definitely voting for you.

**Seppi:** Yeah, but that was just one mistake. Joey and Adrien held back apps for 45 minutes and threw off the flow of the service. Chris' mistake wasn't nearly as bad.

**Adrien:** Y'ALL ARE JUST A BUNCH OF DICKHEADS, YOU KNOW THAT?

**Joey:** Holy shit this is gonna be a long night...

*Both teams are shown walking back into the kitchen area, and line up in front of Artem.*

**Artem:** The service we had... I'll cut to the chase, it was dreadful. There were so many bad performances it was simply astounding food got out at all. Let's start with the red team.

Yadeesha, first name, and why.

**Yadeesha:** Yes, chef. Our first nominee is Zeb.

*The camera pans to Zeb who rolls her eyes.*

**Zeb:** Fuck off...

**Yadeesha:** She's unprofessional, she can't work with the team, she didn't do anything in either the service or the punishment, and she started a fight in front of the diners. See, there she is instigating stuff now.

**Artem:** And second nominee?

**Yadeesha:** Itachi, chef.

*Itachi looks down.*

**Yadeesha:** She wasn't communicating with the team and it wasted Julie's fish.

**Artem:** Now for the blue team. Big Harry, first nominee and why.

**Big Harry:** Well, chef, our first nominee was Adrien.

*An angry-looking shot of Adrien is shown.*

**Artem:** And why is that?

**Big Harry:** Didn't push out any risotto to the point where Seppe had to jump in for him.

**Artem:** Ridiculous. Three chefs on apps. Who else?

**Big Harry:** Joey, chef. He also struggled on appetizers, and left a lot of diners waiting for food.

**Artem:** Ok. Zeb, Itachi, Adrien, Joey, step forward,

*The four chefs step forward.*

**Artem:** All four of you did TERRIBLE tonight. However...

*The chefs in the back look shocked.*

**Artem:** There's one more person I want to hear from.

*Shots of the chefs faces sweating plays out as intense music builds up.*

**Artem:** Phoebe. Get over here.

*Phoebe sighs and joins the other four chefs.*

**Artem:** You almost got Itachi escorted out of Hell's Kitchen in an ambulance. Absolutely terrible judgement with the hot pan.

**Phoebe:** I know, chef.

**Artem:** Now, each of you pitch to me why you should deserve to stay in Hell's Kitchen.

**Joey:** I messed up today, chef, but I'm a fast learner. I have little to no brigade experience but I never make the same mistake twice, and I assure you I will bounce back. That service will never happen again.

**Artem:** God I hope not...

**Zeb:** I frankly believe I'm being targeted by these petty envious *bitches*. They want me out because I'm me, and I know I have more to show.

**Adrien:** Unlike Joey I actually work in a line, like at Applebees and stuff! These dickheads have been bossing me around the whole time, but you need to give me another chance to truly let me kick some ass.



**Phoebe:** This mistake wasn't intentional and I will make sure it has never happened again. I've apologized to Itachi privately, and while yes, that one mistake was severe, I communicated with my team the rest of the service.

**Itachi:** My anxiety just got the best of me chef... I-I know how to cook. I have the experience, and I promise I will do better next time.

**Artem:** Hm...

*Artem ponders for a second.*

**Artem:** Five mediocre performances... but only one of you will go. I've made my decision. *Suspenseful music builds up as shots of the five chefs up for elimination show their nervousness.*

**Artem:** The person leaving Hell's Kitchen is...

*Shots of each contestant's face flashes on the screen before it cuts to Zeb checking her nails. The screen cuts back to Artem who says...*

**Artem:** Zeb.

*Zeb looks up from her nails.*

**Zeb:** Wait what?

**Artem:** Get over here, young lady.

*Zeb walks over to Artem.*

**Artem:** You have no respect for me, no respect for my staff, no respect to your team, and no respect to the customers. Frankly, I can't work another minute with you. Give me your jacket, and learn some discipline.

*Zeb rips off her jacket and hands it to Artem before walking out the door.*

**Zeb (Elimination Confessional):** Fuck Argon or whatever his name is and fuck this show! I'm too famous for these people anyway. I may not tour anymore but thousands come every day just so I can serve them coffee, and I'd rather have the respect of my adoring fans than some musty old chef set to die in a month. I hope my team crumbles without me, they'd definitely deserve it.

*Artem is shown walking up to his office approaching a picture of Zeb.*

**Artem (Closing Words):** Zeb seemingly confused the culinary business with show business when on the brigade, but it seems the only ones she's good at putting on are shitshows.

*Artem puts her jacket on a hook under the picture, causing the picture to light on fire, burning her face off of it. Zeb has been eliminated from Swoldow's Hell's Kitchen.*



## Episode 2: Sushi Rollin'

*Cutting back to where we left off, the four other chefs in line sigh in relief that they aren't going.*

**Artem:** I expect better from all of you. If the four of you don't bounce back, you're all heading out the door as soon as possible. Get some rest, we have a lot of work to do tomorrow.

**The Chefs:** Yes chef.

*The chefs walk back to their dorms, reflecting on the first elimination.*

**Julie (Conf.):** Personally, I couldn't be more glad that Zeb left. That girl was a massive weight on our entire team, and with her out of the way, our kitchen can finally start running smoother. As long as Itachi remembers to talk during the next service, we're all good.

**Adrien (Conf.):** Who has two thumbs and just survived elimination? THIS GUY! These stuck up dickwads on my team have NO idea what they've gotten themselves into, 'cause now none of 'em are gonna nominate me because they know Artem is gonna keep me here! Get. Fucked.

*Phoebe and Itachi are seen talking on the couch, with Phoebe's normally smiling face showing genuine concern.*

**Phoebe:** I don't know how many times I need to say this to you, but I'm incredibly sorry about what happened last night. You did not deserve to go thanks to me getting frazzled on the line.

**Itachi:** ...

**Itachi:** (Sigh.) Listen, I get it. We all make mistakes, just please don't keep making them.

**Phoebe:** Trust me girl, I'm never doing that again.

**Itachi:** G-good. I have no bad blood at all, let's just focus on winning that next challenge.

**Phoebe:** You got it. Get a good night's sleep too.

**Itachi:** Yeah...

*Itachi sighs to herself in the confessional.*

**Itachi (Conf.):** Yeah, I'm a liiiiittle bit mad at Phoebe for the whole almost burning me thing. However, it was an accident, and they happen all the time. There's no point in being petty over it

like Zeb. At the end of the day, I wanna win the head chef job, so I needed to handle this professionally... and that's what I did.

**Phoebe (Conf.):** The last thing I want to be remembered by Artem as is the person who almost sent Itachi to a hospital. I definitely feel that I needed to check up on her to make sure that she's all good. We're already down a team member, and luckily, said team member was the one causing 100% of the drama on our side, so now that I've patched things up with Itachi, the red team is set to win some challenges.

*The chefs on both teams are seen heading off to bed for the night.*

**Narrator:** While most of the chefs all get some rest before next morning's challenge, Joey seemingly has a completely different idea.

*Joey is seen working the recreational stove in the dorms, attempting to cook the risotto he failed on last night.*

**Joey (Conf.):** Last service was a mess, and I definitely held up the team by simply not cooking these damn risottos right. As a result of this, I gotta improvise, and luckily, that's what I do best. While we can cook ourselves anything, the dorm pantry has a lot of what we use in the dinner services, so of course I'm gonna spend the night practicing these dishes. Sleep is for the weak, as they say.

*Joey continues to work on batches of risotto, tasting one and then looking at the camera.*

**Joey:** Now THAT is a money making dish right there.

*Joey puts away his equipment and sneaks into the dorm room.*

**Joey (Conf.):** Ultimately, I think my practice paid off. Yeah, I get a couple less hours of sleep, but if the result of that is never cooking a risotto wrong again, I'm gladly takin' it and runnin' away with it.

*Footage of the night turning to sunrise over Hell's Kitchen plays, and eventually, the dorm's alarm clocks go off.*

**Adrien:** AAGH!

*Adrien immediately falls off the bed. Harrison wakes up, notices this, and laughs.*

**Adrien:** What's so funny, asshat?

**Harrison:** That.

*Adrien grumbles to himself.*

**Ichiro:** I appreciate the banter and all, but I think this is a signal to go downstairs for one of Chef's challenges.

**Harrison:** Yeah...

*The contestants quickly change into their chef jackets, and walk downstairs into Hell's Kitchen, where Artem is waiting for them.*

**Narrator:** The chef's have been brought down for an early-morning challenge Chef Artem designed to test their attention to detail.

*Artem clears his throat.*

**Artem:** Good morning everyone. Get some rest?

**The Chefs:** Yes chef!

**Artem:** Like that pep. Can't wait to further ruin it.

*Lawrence sighs in the confessional.*

**Lawrence (Conf.):** I really didn't realize when signing up for this how much of the game is just trying to avoid Artem breaking you down. Luckily for me, I'm all about them good vibes, so I personally don't see me going out because of that anytime soon, but anything Chef says could be an immediate morale killer for some of the other dudes on my team.

*The camera pans back to Artem who introduces the next challenge.*

**Artem:** Now, pay close attention. As a chef, a very important thing to know is that food defines cultures, so naturally as chefs, I want you all to be prepared to make different kinds of food from all around the world efficiently. To start out, for this challenge, we will be making a Japanese classic...

*Artem takes a cloth off of the pass to reveal...*

**Artem:** Sushi!

*The chefs immediately begin clapping, while Big Harry gulps.*

**Big Harry (Conf.):** Well, uh, back where I come from, we don't... really have a lot of sushi. I barely even know what goes in it, let alone how to cook it. I need to pay attention to Chef because I don't wanna lose this doggone challenge one bit.

**Ichiro (Conf.):** Now this is definitely something up to my speed. Before I had my current job I used to work at a sushi joint, and I still know the process as if it were yesterday. Obviously since this recipe might be a tad more gourmet, I still need to pay attention, but I feel like I'm not gonna have any problems with this challenge.

*Back with Artem, he begins demonstrating to the chefs how to make his Sushi recipe.*

**Artem:** We will primarily be focusing on making Salmon Rolls today, and the moral of the story is *consistency*. If your rolls are gonna pass my standards, the salmon must be cut evenly, the cucumbers must not have any of the skin on them, and when you roll it all up, I want the pieces *dead even*.

*Artem successfully and easily makes a salmon roll, showing the chefs.*

**Artem:** Now in this challenge, you will each be working in pairs of two to produce these salmon rolls. Each batch produces five individual rolls, and I will accept as many as I deem good enough for service. The first team to give me thirty perfect Salmon Rolls will be winning reward today, while the losers will be dealing with the punishment of the day.

*Bella has a confessional, after seeing that this would be a reward challenge.*

**Bella (Conf.):** We may be down a member, but I really hope the red team can pull through this time. Punishment last time suuuuuucked and the last thing I want to do is go through that again.

*Back with Artem he quickly comes to a decision on something.*

**Artem:** Red team, since you are down one person, I want you all to come to a decision on who will run this challenge without a partner.

*Without hesitation, Julie raises her hand.*

**Artem:** Wow, Julie didn't even have to think.

**Julie:** I know my way around some sushi, chef.

*Julie looks at her team.*

**Julie:** Are you guys okay with me going alone?

**Yadeesha:** Sure.

**Artem:** Alright then. Everyone else, find your partners.

*Footage of the chefs talking to each other plays before it cuts to the beginning of the challenge.*

**Artem:** Alright, your partners have been chosen. On the red team, Julie will work alone, Yadeesha will work with Beverly, Camila will work with Itachi, and Bella will work with Phoebe. On the blue team, Joey will work with Seppe, Lawrence will work with Harrison, Ichiro will work with Big Harry, and Chris will work with Adrien. You happy with your partners?

**The Chefs:** Yes chef!

*Footage plays of Chris saying nothing while the rest of the chefs speak.*

**Chris (Conf.):** No, Artem. I am not happy with being Adrien's partner whatsoever. The dude is an incompetent dumbass who doesn't even deserve to be in a fifty mile radius of actual accomplished chefs, like myself. Guess I'm gonna have to do what I normally do and just carry his dumb ass to victory.

*Big Harry is seen talking with Ichiro.*

**Big Harry (Conf.):** I may not be the best sushi chef in the room, but I ain't stupid. If I wanna perform like the best, I gotta learn from the best, and since Ichiro has worked at a sushi place before, I asked if he could take me under his wing for the challenge and teach me what he knows. With him helpin' me, I know I can pull off some good tastin' sushi!

*Back with Artem, the challenge is about to begin.*

**Artem:** Remember, the challenge ends when a team successfully gives me thirty passable Salmon Rolls. The challenge starts.... NOW!

*The chefs immediately scramble to get started on making sushi. Camila looks next to her and Itachi's station and sees Julie immediately cutting into her cucumber as fast as possible.*

**Camila (Conf.):** Our team immediately tore off extremely fast. Like, Julie is already done with her salmon and moving on to cucumber like she's the terminator of sushi or something. The fact that she can go that fast while *alone* honestly makes me want to keep up that pace too.

*Back in the kitchen, Camila is shown looking at Itachi.*

**Camila:** I'll cut the cucumber, you do the salmon. We gotta get this cut fast!

**Itachi:** AH... uh, okay!

*Itachi quickly begins cutting her salmon, only for Julie to stand up and take her already finished Salmon Rolls to the pass.*

**Artem:** Wow. Already?

**Julie:** You know it.

*Artem looks at Julie's salmon rolls.*

**Artem:** Good job. I'm passing all five.

*With a smile, Julie runs back to her kitchen.*

**Julie (Conf.):** This challenge was MADE for me. I'm looking at both teams and I'm working at twice the pace with half the manpower, which definitely makes me feel good about my chances here.

*Meanwhile, in the blue kitchen, Ichiro is seen rolling up the sushi, while Big Harry watches.*

**Ichiro:** And then you roll it up like this.

**Big Harry:** Thanks for the help, man. Is it ready to go?

**Ichiro:** Yeah, let's take it up.

*The two men run their sushi up, and Artem looks at it.*

**Artem:** Good job. Were tied at five each.

**Big Harry:** WOOOO!

*Big Harry laughs in the confessional.*

**Big Harry (Conf.):** Yeah that was basically Ichiro doing all the work but hey, we finished first, and got five good lookin' sushi bits on the board, and that's all that matters.

*Joey and Seppe are seen working on their sushi, with Seppe very quickly rolling the sushi. Joey takes the knife and begins to cut, using his finger to measure where to cut.*

**Joey:** It's gotta be perfect.

**Seppe:** Yeah, we can't risk not getting a low score.

*Eventually, Joey cuts the sushi rolls and the two chefs run up their rolls to Artem.*

**Artem:** Wow these are very well cut. Who did that?

**Joey:** Me, chef.

**Artem:** Really? You?

**Seppe:** You told him to bounce back and that's exactly what he's doing.

**Artem:** I can tell. One of these slices has a little bit of cucumber skin inside it, but I'm passing the other four. Good job. Men lead nine to five.

*Seppe and Joey run back to their station, happy about their score.*

**Seppe (Conf.):** Did Joey mess up during service last night? Yeah. However, I wanna have faith in the guy. He kind of reminds me of one of my own kids, so with my guidance, I can definitely help him prosper in this kitchen, and minus that one mistake on the cucumber, that's exactly what we're doing.

*Meanwhile back with Camila and Itachi, Camila checks on her partner.*

**Camila:** You cut the sushi up?

**Itachi:** Yeah... I uh, think they're ready.

*Camila and Itachi quickly run up to Artem and he checks on their rolls.*

**Artem:** Great cutting on the rolls themselves, but two of the salmon slices aren't as exact as the rest of them. Three out of five.

**Itachi:** Sorry, chef.

*Itachi gets a bit somber in the confessional.*

**Itachi (Conf.):** I... I don't know what went over me. I guess I just got frazzled, but it sucks that me cutting the salmon wrong is the reason I couldn't get a couple more points for the team.

**Narrator:** While some chefs get a little somber over not performing super well, over in the blue kitchen, the only emotion being expressed by some is anger.

*The camera cuts to Chris and Adrien trying to make their Salmon Rolls to.... very mixed results.*

**Chris:** The HELL are you doing, man?

*Adrien is seen cutting the cucumber, but very noticeably is leaving large amounts of skin on it.*

**Adrien:** What does it look like, I'm cutting stuff. You need glasses bro?

**Chris:** THE SKIN ISN'T EVEN CUT RIGHT!

**Adrien:** Eh, it's fine enough. That Artem guy is old. He's not noticing shit.

**Chris:** Just let me cut the cucumber...

**Adrien:** But it's good though!

**Chris:** I WOULDN'T EVEN FEED THE HOMELESS THAT!

**Adrien:** Fuck it.

*Adrien takes Chris' unrolled, uncut rice roller, puts the cucumber in it, and walks it to the pass.*

**Chris:** WHAT ARE YOU DOING!

**Adrien:** We'll just let Artem be the judge of which one of us is right, yo.

**Chris:** YOU DIDN'T EVEN FUCKING ROLL IT!

*Chris facepalms in the confessional.*

**Chris (Conf.):** North Korea probably uses Adrien's food to torture people. There is no way any self-respecting business would let him cook for them. Even Applebees is above his level for fucks sake! The sheer amount of incompetence I've had to deal with this challenge is driving me absolutely nuts.

*Adrien brings up what he calls a Salmon Roll up to Artem.*

**Adrien:** Here.

**Artem:** I'm not even gonna ask what that is...

**Adrien:** So, what's our score, yo?

**Artem:** Is this a fucking joke?

**Adrien:** What?

**Artem:** YOU DIDN'T EVEN BOTHER TO ROLL IT, OR CUT IT. ZERO. START OVER.

**Adrien:** Yes chef...

*Adrien walks away, mad.*

**Adrien (Conf.):** CLEARLY that Chris fucker is trying to sabotage me! He talks shit about my cutting technique, and it throws off the vibes so much that Artem doesn't like my clearly perfect dish! The fucking NERVE of these people, man!

**Narrator:** The challenge continues, and chefs continue to put out quality pieces of sushi for Chef Artem to judge.

*Lawrence and Harrison bring up their Salmon Rolls.*

**Artem:** I'll give you four.

**Lawrence:** Sick.

*Julie sends up another batch of sushi.*

**Artem:** Another five.

*Bella and Phoebe send up their Salmon Rolls.*

**Artem:** Three.

*Beverly is seen slowly walking up with a very clearly stressed looking Yadeesha.*

**Yadeesha:** Come on...

**Artem:** Four out of five.

**Beverly:** Yay!

*Beverly has a confessional.*

**Beverly (Conf.):** I can tell Yadeesha is a little bit nervous about our speed, but yet again, while I may be old, I can cook, and I've delivered us both some pretty damn good sushi, so personally, this is a win for me.

*Back with Joey and Seppe, the two of them have seemingly found their rhythm, and roll up another batch of sushi. Seppe cuts the rolls this time, and Joey runs them to Artem.*

**Artem:** Good job. You just earned yourself a perfect five.

**Joey:** YEAH BABY!

*Joey smiles in the confessional.*

**Joey (Conf.):** God damn does it feel good to finally get out of last night's slump. Seppe and I are a well oiled machine in this challenge, and the result is us almost getting a third of the points needed for our team to win. Now that's teamwork if I do say so myself.

*The scene then changes to the red kitchen.*

**Narrator:** While some chefs have finally found their groove, others begin to fall apart.

*Camila is seen prepping her next batch of sushi, and notices Itachi hyperventilating next to her.*

**Camila:** Oh my god... are you okay Itachi?

*Itachi doesn't reply, very clearly getting into her own head.*

**Camila:** Come on, snap out of it.

*Itachi starts cutting the salmon again, but it very clearly is uneven.*

**Camila:** (sigh...)

*Camila wraps up the uncut salmon knowing it would get a bad score.*

**Camila (Conf.):** Itachi is a very sweet girl, she just unfortunately has the habit of being way too hard on herself after one singular mistake, which obviously leads to a downward spiral the more and more she cooks. I don't have much confidence in this next batch of sushi, but if I go up without her and then tell her Artem liked it, it could re-instill confidence in her? I don't know, I just don't want Itachi to bring this mindset into dinner service.

*Camila brings up the next batch and Artem looks at it.*

**Artem:** The cucumbers are good and the actual cutting of the rolls is good.

**Camila:** Thanks chef.

**Artem:** But these salmon are all over the place. One out of five. Current score is nineteen for the men, and twenty for the women.

**Camila:** Alright.

*Camila runs back to the station with Itachi.*

**Itachi:** (Sigh...) What was the score...

**Camila:** It... was a four.

**Itachi:** Wait, really?

**Camila:** Yeah, just keep your head in it.

*Itachi smiles, before getting back to work with a little more pep.*

**Itachi (Conf.):** Wow... I did not think bouncing back from that was possible, but apparently I did. Thanks, Camila, you're a great partner.

*Back with the blue team Big Harry is seen attempting to prepare his own salmon rolls.*

**Big Harry:** Uh, is this lookin' good, man?

**Ichiro:** Yeah, just keep rolling it.

*Ichiro smiles in the confessional.*

**Ichiro (Conf.):** A lot of people would say this challenge is about speed, and while I've definitely proven I can make these rolls fast, I want Big Harry to also make sure he can walk out of this challenge a better chef, so I've taken the liberty of trying to help him learn how to make these rolls himself. Unfortunately we started off a bit... shaky though.

*Big Harry is seen cutting the rolled up sushi but accidentally cuts off way too much for his first slice.*

**Big Harry:** Oh god...



**Ichiro:** It's okay, just cut the other four pieces equally and you're good.

*Big Harry begins taking his time, and eventually brings up his plate to Artem.*

**Artem:** One of them's big, but I'll give you a four. Rest are good.

**Big Harry:** Yes, chef.

*Big Harry smiles in the confessional.*

**Big Harry (Conf.):** Holy heck I actually did it! Yeah it wasn't a perfect five but for a southern guy's first ever go at sushi, I say this was a success. However now I wanna focus on getting that five next time.

*Lawrence and Harrison are seen bringing their next round of rolls to Artem right after Big Harry leaves.*

**Artem:** One of the salmon slices isn't cut right, but the rest is perfect. Solid four. Men lead twenty-seven to twenty.

**Harrison:** Nice.

*Harrison smirks in the confessional.*

**Harrison (Conf.):** Myself and Lawrence work pretty damn well together, and while sure, he may be the designated "fish master" of the blue team, but I'm keeping up just as well. We're making minimal mistakes, however I'm looking over at some other teams on our side, and they simply don't have their shit together. Ichiro is straight up LECTURING Big Harry on how to prepare this simple recipe... and don't get me started on Chris and Adrien...

*The screen immediately cuts to Adrien and Chris mid-argument, having a clash of the egos.*

**Chris:** YOU'RE DOING IT WRONG!

**Adrien:** YOU CAN'T SAY SHIT TO ME! I KNOW YOU'RE TRYING TO SABOTAGE!

**Chris:** YOU BROUGHT SHIT UP TO CHEF THAT WASN'T EVEN PREPARED YOU FUCKING IDIOT... (sigh)... now I've made two extra rolls to the three leftovers you have. Put them on the plate and take them to Artem.

**Adrien:** Nah.

*Adrien gets up again, bringing only the salmon rolls that he prepared up to Artem.*

**Artem:** You've got to be kidding me...

**Adrien:** What?

**Artem:** YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO BRING UP FIVE, YOU DONUT! I ONLY SEE THREE!

**Adrien:** Well my partner is being very slow.

**Artem:** HE'S SLOW? YOU CAN'T EVEN COUNT TO FIVE! Worst of all... NONE OF THEM HAVE PROPERLY CUT SALMON! ZERO!

*Adrien rolls his eyes and walks back. Chris brings the two salmon rolls Adrien didn't bring up to Artem.*

**Artem:** So are these the two rolls that sack of shit forgot?

**Chris:** Yep.

**Artem:** Jesus christ finally something passable. I'll give you a two. One more correct roll and the men win.

**Chris:** Yes, chef.

*Chris walks back to his station with an arrogant smirk.*

**Chris (Conf.):** You know how at the beginning of this challenge, the red team got a choice on who gets to work alone? Well I'd rather be doing that than having to carry Adrien's stupid ass

the whole time. The guy is SO stubborn and doesn't know shit about dining. Makes sense he's just a fry cook.

*The camera pans to the red team, where Bella and Phoebe are shown working.*

**Phoebe (Conf.):** The men only need one more point to win, so it's crunch time. Unfortunately for us... neither me or Bella has made sushi in our lives.

*A montage of Bella and Phoebe attempting to roll up the sushi plays, where they fail each time. Bella laughs a little. Footage of Bella bringing up a set of rolls to Artem is shown.*

**Artem:** I have to give it a two.

**Bella:** Yes, chef.

*Bella sighs in the confessional, with mixed feelings.*

**Bella (Conf.):** Yeah... I'm not doing so hot right now, but honestly I'm not too worried. Our team has a Julie, which is honestly more than enough to completely lap the men repeatedly.

*Julie is shown bringing up another set of Salmon Rolls to Artem.*

**Artem:** Wow. You are on fire, young lady. Another perfect five.

*Shots of both kitchens feverishly working plays out.*

**Narrator:** With twenty-seven points to the women and twenty-nine points to the men, it's going down to the wire, as the next batch of rolls can be the one to seal the deal, meaning it's a race for who can deliver quality rolls the fastest.

*Ichiro and Harry are seen working.*

**Big Harry:** C'mon we need to get this thing out!

**Ichiro:** You think you can handle the cutting?

**Big Harry:** Yeah, don't worry.

*Yadeesha and Beverly finish their Salmon Rolls.*

**Yadeesha:** Come on, go go go!

**Beverly:** Heading up.

*Big Harry and Beverly both run up to Artem, however in a shocking turn of events... Beverly trips, spilling her rolls.*

**Yadeesha:** Oh my god, Bev! Are you okay?

**Beverly:** Yeah...

*Julie doesn't look up at the fall, trying to speedrun another batch to clinch the win. However, Big Harry gets to Artem.*

**Artem:** You need one to win...

**Big Harry:** Yeah...

**Artem:** Wow. Didn't matter the points but be proud of yourself, Harry. That was a perfect five!

**Big Harry:** YEAAAAAAAAAH BABY!

*Big Harry celebrates in the confessional.*

**Big Harry (Conf.):** Holy crap, I won! I never thought I'd ever win a sushi challenge, but hey, you learn somethin' new every day! Shoutout to Ichiro for teachin' me what to do, couldn't have done it without him.

*The contestants line up in each kitchen.*

**Artem:** Now before we announce anything pertaining to the reward, Beverly, for the sake of your health, my in-house medic is going to look at you. I also believe that because of this injury, you should sit out of the punishment I have planned for your team.

**Beverly:** I understand chef... I just wanna, you know, be a part of it all.

**Artem:** You're a tenacious woman, but please, you need rest. I don't want you to work yourself so hard you end up being taken out of here on a stretcher.

**Beverly:** Alright...

*Artem's staff escorts a limping Beverly out of the room.*

**Artem:** Now for the part you all have either been hoping for, or dreading. Men, you reached the goal of thirty perfect Salmon Rolls first, meaning that you won the challenge. For reward, you will be escorted out... by helicopter... to see one of the most beautiful sights the American West has to offer... the Grand Canyon!

*The men begin celebrating, with Joey looking especially pumped.*

**Joey (Conf.):** I'm from the city. The only "National Parks" we got there are a couple square meters long, and the only thing to sightsee is like, a squirrel or something. I am SO excited for this reward.

*Back with Artem, while the men leave to get changed, the women wince in anticipation of what they will have to go through in the next punishment.*

**Artem:** And women, you will be prepping both kitchens for a very important service. Tonight is couples night in Hell's Kitchen, and to make sure these happy couples have the night out they deserve, we will be decorating the dining room accordingly, as well as adding a new special to the menu: the sushi recipe you all have been doing in this challenge. A delivery for these additional items is coming in any minute now.

**Yadeesha:** Yes chef...

*Yadeesha looks down in the confessional.*

**Yadeesha (Conf.):** It sucks that the challenge was lost simply because Beverly fell, as she definitely would have been checked before the blue team. However, her response definitely made me grow a lot of respect for her, as even though she was injured, she still wanted to go through the punishment with everyone else, which says a lot about her character. I just hope she'll be okay... she may have some mobility issues thanks to her age but she is just as good a chef as everyone else here, and *deserves* to be on this team.

*The men are seen running out of Hell's Kitchen in street clothes.*

**Harrison:** FUCK YEAH!

*The women, milling around in the kitchen, look at Harrison, with Julie rolling her eyes.*

**Julie (Conf.):** The long haired man is one of the most punchable human beings I've met in my life, bar none. All he does is rub it in when his team wins, and it's pissing me off. I've had two good performances in these challenges, but because of some of my other teammates, I haven't even seen the sun since I got here.

*As the men hop in the transport, taking them to their helicopter tour, a giant truck rolls into the Hell's Kitchen parking lot, letting out an obnoxious honk.*

**Camila:** (sigh...) Well, guess that's the fish delivery...

*A montage plays of the women hoisting heavy boxes full of fish off of the truck and into Hell's Kitchen.*

**Phoebe (Conf.):** Yeah... I preferred the first punishment, even with having to deal with Zeb. These boxes are heavy, and we... yeah we're not the strongest group of gals out there in terms of lifting stuff. As chefs, of course we are, but I'm pretty sure the only person on our team that works out is Bella.

*Bella is seen doing a lot of the heavy lifting.*

**Bella (Conf.):** I definitely am one of the people at fault for why we lost, but I'm not gonna dwell on it, and prove my worth to the team by working the hardest in this punishment. Yeah, this stuff is heavy, but with Bev all injured, we're now down two people instead of one, so we need to put in as much work as we can get.

*Eventually, the boxes of seafood are unloaded, and now the women have to prepare them.*

**Camila (Conf.):** Another unfortunate addition to this job that Artem decided to leave out is the fact that we now have to prepare the salmon rolls for both kitchens too... great. We just spent this entire morning precisely cutting salmon, and now, we gotta do it for another hour or so as well. This is NOT fun whatsoever.

*The red team continues work cutting the salmon. Camila randomly starts a conversation.*

**Camila:** I mean, hey, look on the bright side. There's a chance that one of Harrison or Adrien might fall out of a helicopter as we speak.

*The women erupt in laughter while they work, with even Sous Chef Marta letting out a smirk.*

*The blue team's car is shown pulling up to a local helipad.*

**Narrator:** While the women laugh off their misery, the men do nothing but celebrate.

*The men get out of the car and board the helicopters, looking excited.*

**Seppe (Conf.):** I've never been taken by helicopter anywhere in my life before, but honestly, I could get used to this. If this is what life is like working for Chef Artem, sign me up and pack my bags immediately.

*The men are now in their helicopters, four in each one. However, Adrien notices something inside it.*

**Adrien:** YOOOOOO! They got booze here!

*Seppe, Joey, and Harrison, who are seated in the same helicopter as Adrien, immediately look down.*

**Seppe:** Not again...

*Joey sighs in the confessional.*

**Joey (Conf.):** And of course, Adrien being the doofus he is, immediately goes to the bottle of wine on the helicopter. Like, there were four wine glasses, that shit was easily meant to be sipped, but nah, dude just hoards the bottle to himself and starts chugging... again.

*Harrison looks noticeably mad.*

**Harrison (under his breath):** It's like he learned nothing from last time...

*Harrison groans in the confessional.*

**Harrison (Conf.):** If our helicopter somehow crashes because of some drunken outburst Adrien has, I swear to god I will resurrect myself from the dead just to beat the shit out of him. How did any self-respecting restaurant even hire this fucking bozo!

*The helicopters take off, and while Adrien very noticeably is enjoying the alcohol more than the view, in the other helicopter, Big Harry is amazed.*

**Big Harry (Conf.):** Seein' the Grand Canyon has been on me and my wife's bucket list since we were newlyweds, but because of having to manage the restaurant we just never have the time... (sniff)... I wish she could see it right now. Our country truly is beautiful!

*A montage of views of the grand canyon plays while the men react to it. Eventually, the helicopters land after a long flight.*

**Lawrence (Conf.):** I've lived on some of the most pristine beaches in the world, but even I couldn't be spoiled in regards to that view. That helicopter ride has to have been one of the most wicked experiences of my life, bar none.

*Back with the women, they have moved on from preparing the sushi, to decorating the dining room for couples night.*

**Narrator:** While the men are on top of the world, the women are on top of yet another daunting task.

*Julie and Bella are seen decorating the center of a table with an intricate pattern of flowers.*

**Julie:** This brings me back. My husband used to get me this kind of flower all the time when we were younger.

**Bella:** Aww that's sweet. I bet he's so proud of how far you've gotten.

**Julie:** I'm sure he is too, but I'd rather focus on what I need to do to improve. That way I'm continuing to grow.

**Bella:** You sure that's... a good mindset to have?

**Julie:** It's done me no wrong in the twenty years I've been doing this, so why change now. So, you have a significant other, Bella?

**Bella:** Uh, no, not right now. I guess I'm just too focused on my cooking to commit to a relationship.

**Julie:** You'll find someone eventually... c'mon let's knock out these last two tables.

**Bella:** Yeah.

*After hours of work, the punishment finally ends. The women just sit down, leaning on the pass extremely tired.*

**Itachi (Conf.):** I don't know if I can keep doing these... they're just so grueling. Yeah, I want our team bonded through this shared suffering... but like... haven't we suffered enough, Artem? I think we could use a break and let the guys have a punishment instead.

*The men quickly re-enter Hell's Kitchen, and a montage plays of both the men and women changing into their chef jackets for their next dinner service.*

**Joey (Conf.):** Tonight is redemption night for me. I proved to chef in the sushi challenge I can bounce back, but I do not want that to be a fluke. I gotta be on my A-Game no matter what bullshit happens.

**Yadeesha (Conf.):** Us girls have been through a lot, and I'm getting a little nervous as I haven't seen Beverly back yet, but we need to take this bull by the horns and put those men in their place. I'm sure that as long as we can work as a team together, we can absolutely crush this dinner service.

*The two teams walk downstairs, and see Artem standing before them.*

**Artem:** Welcome back red team and blue team. Men, did you enjoy your reward?

**Big Harry:** Loved it, chef.

**Julie:** I'm sure it wasn't *that* good.

*Some of the ladies on the red team chuckle.*

**Artem:** I see the red team is taking their loss like a champ. Luckily for you, before we get to the dinner service, I have more good news for you guys. Beverly, get in here.

*Beverly walks in, with her right ankle in a brace. The red team seems happy their teammate is alright.*

**Phoebe:** You feeling better, Bev?

**Beverly:** Sprained my ankle, but besides that, I'm feeling better than ever. Let's get this show on the road!

*Beverly smiles in the confessional.*

**Beverly (Conf.):** It'll take more than just a measly fall to get me out of this game. Yeah, I gotta wear an ankle brace now, as I kind of sprained it during my fall, but hey, I'm in my seventies, I have trouble walking anyway. All this will do is give me more of a drive and more of a fight to take this win.

*Back with Artem, he begins to explain the next dinner service.*

**Artem:** Now that both teams are now completely reformed, we have quite the busy night ahead of us. Last service... let's just say it wasn't great. However, I'm not going easy on you. This is Hell's Kitchen after all. In addition to the regular menu, one of you of my choosing will be on an added sushi station, and will be preparing the sushi recipe from this morning's challenge tonight. In addition, thanks to it being couples night, I have decided to invite two famous reality TV couples here to watch the madness unfold firsthand. Each team will be serving them personally at their respective chef's tables, and trust me, you do *not* want to get on their bad sides.

**Itachi (Conf.):** When I'm not watching anime, I'm watching reality TV, and I definitely know of a few couples of the more... notorious variety. I'd rather not be serving them as simply, I'd either crack under the pressure or be distracted from my food to ask for an autograph... hehe.

*Back with Artem, he finishes introducing the challenge.*

**Artem:** Now get to your assigned stations, and get cooking, because one of you is going home tonight. Anton, open Hell's Kitchen.

**Anton:** Oui, chef.

*Footage of the Hell's Kitchen doors opening plays, as many couples enter.*

**Narrator:** It's Couples Night at Hell's Kitchen, and the customers are already pouring in, proving Hell's Kitchen is the hottest dining experience on the west coast.

*The two Chef's Table couples come in, the first being Chelsea "Sass" Virge, and Johnathan "King" Kingsley, two villains who met on a dating show. The second, which alerted a lot of media attention and paparazzi is the celebrity power couple of Taylor Ross and Shawn "The Syncopation" Voldoski, who met on a competition show and would both end up ridiculously successful in their fields as well.*

*Artem is shown approaching King and Sass at the red team's table.*

**Artem:** Nice meeting you both, hope you enjoy your time here.

**King:** Duuuude this is absolutely sick!

*Sass raises a wine glass.*

**Sass:** To some good food!

*Sass and King clink their glasses and begin enjoying the wine as service begins. It then cuts to the blue team's table where Taylor and The Syncopation are shown shaking hands with Artem.*

**Artem:** Pleasure meeting you both.

**The Syncopation:** Likewise.

*After Artem leaves, The Syncopation turns to Taylor, who smirks.*

**Taylor:** Honestly, a part of me *hopes* they mess up our food.

**The Syncopation:** True. This'll be the funniest tableside entertainment of all time.

*Footage of Ichiro and Chris at the Blue Kitchen apps station is shown.*

**Narrator:** To start the opening dinner service off strong, it is up to Ichiro and Chris on appetizers, as well as Joey on garnish to put out the first few orders, ideally not replicating when went down last night. Similarly, on the red team, Camila works appetizers while Julie works garnish.

*The first order enters the pass.*

**Artem:** Blue kitchen, I'm gonna need three risottos, and fast. Tickets are already flying in.

**Blue Team:** Yes chef!

*Chris and Ichiro immediately get to work making their risottos, while Joey gets to work on making the garnish for them.*

**Joey:** How much time you guys got?

**Chris:** Can you do one minute?

**Joey:** It'll be rough but I think I can push enough garnish out.

**Chris:** If you say so.

*Joey looks a bit nervous in the confessional.*

**Joey (Conf.):** Of course, as soon as I hype myself up trying to bounce back again, Artem decides to throw a fast one on me, and put me on garnish, without anyone else to help. He either wants me to succeed, like, *a lot*, or he wants me to crash and burn, and let's be real, there's only one choice I'm fine with making.

*Joey turns up the heat on his garnish as Chris finishes his first batch of risotto.*

**Chris (Conf.):** Yeah, I honestly doubt Joey can even keep up. Myself and Ichiro, well, giving Ichiro credit is practically charity. Either way, I am pushing out perfect apps like there's no tomorrow, and Joey hasn't really been good at pushing *anything* out if the last service is to go by.

*Joey ends up finishing his garnish and pours it into Chris' risotto. Chris brings his batch to Artem as he finishes mixing it in. Artem looks at the risotto and puts it on the pass.*

**Joey:** Yes!

**Ichiro:** No time to celebrate, we gotta keep pumping these out.

**Joey:** Lemme get three minutes on the next one. Is that manageable?

**Chris:** Yeah.

*Ichiro smiles in the confessional.*

**Ichiro (Conf.):** Color me impressed, Joey's finally found his voice. Guess that first service must have been a wake up call for him, but if this is the Joey we get the rest of the game now that Artem's lit a fire under him, I can tell for a fact things are gonna get intense farther down the line.

*The focus shifts to the red kitchen, where Camila and Julie are shown working apps and garnish respectively.*

**Narrator:** Thanks to Chris, Joey, and Ichiro communicating, the blue team starts pushing out their appetizers at a speedy pace. It's now up to Camila and Julie to even the gap for the red team.

*Julie is seen getting her garnish in order.*

**Julie:** Ready to go when you are, Cami.

**Camila:** Sorry I need another minute.

**Julie:** Come on, speed up the pace a little.

**Camila:** Jeez, I'm trying.

*Artem looks over from the pass.*

**Artem:** STILL WAITING ON MY FIRST APPS TICKET.

**Julie:** Heard, chef.

**Camila:** Alright I think we can bring it up.

*Julie pours her garnish into Camila's risotto, and Camila brings it up to Artem who has a taste.*

**Artem:** Undercooked. Start over.

**Camila:** Shit.

**Artem:** It's LITERALLY the FIRST FUCKING DISH! PUT SOME HEART INTO IT, WILL YOU?

**Camila:** Yes chef.

*Camila walks back to Julie.*

**Camila:** We need to start over.

**Julie:** Are you kidding me? Just, please communicate how much time you need.

**Camila:** Got it.

*As Camila frantically starts cooking her next risotto, she has a confessional.*

**Camila (Conf.):** It's only the second service of the show and I'm already feeling the heat. I worked garnish last time, and thanks to being down one person thanks to losing Zeb, and a second thanks to the sushi station, we went from four people on apps and garnish to just two, which makes it way harder simply due to the lack of hands.

*Camila finishes her risotto.*

**Camila:** Ready with the next batch.

*Julie pours her next batch of garnish in, and tastes it.*

**Julie:** Tastes good to me. I'll bring it up.

*Julie brings the risotto to the pass. Artem tastes it, and sends it to the server.*

**Artem:** Good job. Now keep making them like this, and for next service, do it the first time. Understand?

**Julie:** Yes, chef.

*Julie sighs in the confessional.*

**Julie (Conf.):** I'm glad Camila is able to bounce back and all, but just watching her work I can tell she rarely puts any thought into what she puts on a plate. While I want our team to succeed as much as the next girl in it, that lack of thought is going to be what screws Camila over in the end.

*A montage plays of both teams continuing to push out successful appetizers.*



**Narrator:** Both teams have been successful starting out this service with only a few minor hiccups... however one diner doesn't seem to be a fan of her appetizer.

*Sass is shown eating her risotto, but doesn't seem to like it much. She makes a fake puking face to King, who shrugs and starts eating her risotto instead.*

**Sass:** Um, excuse me? Who cooked my risotto?

*Camila looks up from her station.*

**Camila:** Um, that'll be me?

**Sass:** Make me another one. That first one tasted like nothing.

**Camila:** I'm sorry, what?

**Sass:** You heard me. I came for good food. Give me the good food.

**Camila:** Well your boyfriend seems to be enjoying it.

*King immediately stops in his tracks, realizing he is losing his girlfriend the argument, and stops eating the risotto.*

**Sass:** Leave me out of this, and get me another. Now.

**Camila:** I did not go to years of culinary school to be disrespected like this.

**Sass:** And I did not go here and pay a crap ton of money for food this bad.

**Camila:** You know absolutely NOTHING about cooking.

**Sass:** And apparently neither do you!

*Camila rolls her eyes and leaves, while Sass flips her off when her back is turned.*

**King:** Yeah, you go babe! That *totally* tasted bad.

**Sass:** Of course.

*Watching the altercation from the sidelines, Itachi looks genuinely shocked.*

**Itachi (Conf.):** This service is like a free subscription to all those dating shows back in the day.

As an avid reality TV guru, Sass... yeah you don't want to get on her bad side, at all. Makes sense why she calls herself that, and apparently Camila learned that the hard way... um, I think you're a good chef though, Cami!

*Camila looks angry in the confessional.*

**Camila (Conf.):** Man I *love* being lectured over what tastes good from a bimbo who doesn't have a single culinary bone in her body. What does she know? Fuck Sass for throwing off my groove. At least King liked my food though.

*More tickets come in and Artem looks back at both kitchens.*

**Artem (Conf.):** All apps have been served. Move on to entrees, including the sushi dish.

**The Chefs:** Yes chef!

*As the chefs begin working on their entrees, the camera pans to The Syncopation and Taylor's table.*

**Narrator:** Both teams have moved on to entrees, and while the picky eating one of the special guests in the red kitchen brought it back, the blue kitchen's guests want to do the same.. for fun?

*The camera pans to The Syncopation and Taylor eating their risotto, sipping wine, and looking around at the chefs.*

**The Syncopation:** Wait so like, the old white dude. They have *him* doing sushi?

**Taylor:** Seems like it, babe.

**The Syncopation:** Hm...

**Taylor:** I see some gears turning and honestly I don't like where this is going. Lemme guess, you wanna mess with him?

**The Syncopation:** Read my damn mind. You wanna order a shit ton of sushi and see how he handles it?

**Taylor:** Alright. You're paying for the meal though.

**The Syncopation:** As a firm believer in gender equality I-  
*Taylor puts her hand up The Syncopation's shirt and seductively eyes him.*

**Taylor:** Pay for the dinner, and after you have your fun here, we can have a different kind in the hotel.

**The Syncopation:** Can't say no to that. Guess I'll worry about the bank account another time.  
*The Syncopation begins ordering multiple orders of the sushi.*

*The camera cuts to the red kitchen, where Phoebe is shown cooking meat along with Yadeesha.*

**Narrator:** While trouble seems to be on the horizon for the men, the women make their first attempt to stay out of it on the meat station.

*Phoebe is shown grilling her ribeye.*

**Phoebe:** I'm one minute out on the ribeye. We gotta get that sushi in at the same time.

**Beverly:** Uh... I think we're gonna need a couple more minutes.

**Phoebe:** What's the hold up?

**Beverly:** I just need a little more time cutting.

*Beverly cuts into the sushi and winces.*

**Yadeesha:** Are you okay?

**Beverly:** It's my ankle.

**Phoebe:** Take your time. I'm gonna send up what we have.

*Phoebe walks up to the pass with her finished ribeye and hands it to Artem.*

**Artem:** Excuse me, madame, where's the fucking sushi? I asked for an order of ribeye and an order of sushi.

**Phoebe:** Bev has a pain in her leg so I sent my order up here and let her take her time.

**Artem:** Are you fucking stupid?

**Phoebe:** I-I don't really see what I did wrong...

**Artem:** I am NOT sending half of a table's entrees over leaving the rest of my diners watching other people eat. By the time Beverly will be done, your ribeye will die on the pass too. Now how about for ONCE IN THIS FUCKING COMPETITION plan around the weaknesses of your team. COMMUNICATE!

**Phoebe:** Yes chef.

*Phoebe walks back to the red kitchen.*

**Phoebe:** Bev, both of us need to start over. The timings are off.

*Phoebe looks solemn in the confessional.*

**Phoebe (Conf.):** Apparently I just... didn't plan enough with Beverly and it ended up with me spiraling. I can't keep making these rookie mistakes in front of Artem or there's no way he hires me!

*Yadeesha looks a bit mad in her confessional.*

**Yadeesha (Conf.):** I genuinely don't know what Phoebe expected would happen after she didn't talk to Beverly at all until she was a minute out from bringing her food up. We gotta communicate the entire time, especially thanks to Beverly's injury slowing things down a lot.

*Back with the red kitchen, Yadeesha begins taking charge.*

**Yadeesha:** Bev, how much time do you need on the sushi?

**Beverly:** I have a shaky hand... probably five minutes.

**Yadeesha:** Phoebe can you do that?

**Phoebe:** Of course.

*The meat and sushi stations successfully get back on track, and once their second go is done, Artem puts it on the pass to be taken out.*

**Artem:** Good recovery. Now KEEP that communication going for the rest of service. Got it?

**Yadeesha:** Yes chef.

*Back with the blue kitchen, Big Harry is prepping his many sushi orders, a bit scared.*

**Narrator:** While the red team's sushi station finally gets itself in gear, Big Harry, on the blue team's sushi, definitely has a long night ahead of him.

*Big Harry looks a tad discombobulated in the confessional.*

**Big Harry (Conf.):** Well, seems like y'all on the west coast really love your sushi, 'cause I'm rollin' in these orders like nobody's business. It's especially scary because I don't have Ichiro with me to help me anymore, but I gotta suck it up and make the best of it. I also decided I should probably get the chef's table over with, 'cause it's like 3 orders of sushi, and Chef very clearly wants 'em happy, so uh... here goes nothin'.

*Big Harry is seen delicately cutting the first batch of sushi for the Blue Team chef's table.*

*Harrison, who is close to finishing his steak, looks over at Big Harry.*

**Harrison:** How long's that gonna take ya, huh? More tickets are rolling in dude.

**Big Harry:** Chill man, I'm workin' on it...

*Harrison walks over to Big Harry's station and sees a pile of tickets.*

**Harrison:** You kidding me? You're gonna make us fall behind!

**Big Harry:** It's a lot of tickets, but I'm workin' on 'em.

*Lawrence looks at Harrison from their station.*

**Lawrence:** Dude, can you chill out for a second? Big Harry's got the chef's table order, we have a different one. Let the guy work.

**Harrison:** Oh please! He practically is forgetting what planet he's on. He needs the reminder, beach bum!

**Lawrence:** Just cool it, dude.

**Big Harry:** Guys... I really need the silence right now I gotta cut this stuff right!

**Harrison:** You'll get it once you cook faster!

*Brad immediately walks into the area steaming mad.*

**Brad:** What the fuck. Did ANY of you learn ANYTHING FROM LAST TIME? No fights in the kitchen. Save your drama for the dorms after. Now shut up, and cook.

**Harrison:** But-

**Brad:** No buts. One more word comes out of your mouth tonight, Harrison, and I let it slip to Artem the way you're treating your teammates.

*Harrison rolls his eyes and shuts up.*

**Harrison (Conf.):** Fuck Brad the bald and his stupid fucking high horse! I'm just trying to make sure, you know, we actually get shit out on time, because that dandruff-covered senile moron Big Harry clearly isn't doing us any favors.

**Lawrence (Conf.):** Honestly, it's only been two services and I'm already sick of the way Harrison is treating the rest of the dudes. Like, what gives? Yeah, I want the food to get out fast too but it can't happen if you're not on your station, and stressing out another one. If his performance is what screws us tonight, it'll be the worst wipeout ever, dude.

*The Syncopation and Taylor look at the blue kitchen, and seem to be having a good time.*

**The Syncopation:** Jesus christ this is such a shitshow. I should've just brought popcorn and not ordered anything!

**Taylor:** I know. Money well spent at its finest.

**The Syncopation:** To you, yeah, you're not paying for shit.

*Big Harry walks to the chef's table with the three orders of sushi.*

**Big Harry:** Sorry for the wait, y'all. Had me a lot of orders.

*The Syncopation immediately begins eating.*

**Taylor:** Don't worry about it. However could we add something to our order?

**Big Harry:** Of course!

**Taylor:** Can we get a couple ribeyes for the road? My boyfriend and I love fine dining.

**Big Harry:** Got it. I'll tell Harrison about the order change.

*Big Harry leaves, and The Syncopation stops eating.*

**The Syncopation:** Babe, what was that for?

**Taylor:** You know the long haired dude that was picking a fight with the guy we were talking to?

**The Syncopation:** You're trying to fuck with him now?

**Taylor:** You know it, baby.

**The Syncopation:** I love it when you get petty...

**Taylor:** I know.

*The camera cuts back to the red kitchen, where Bella and Itachi are working fish.*

**Narrator:** The Chef's Table guests have seemingly switched targets noticing Harrison's weaknesses in the kitchen. However, in the red kitchen, Bella decides to cover for a teammate's weaknesses.

*The camera cuts to Artem at the pass, yelling out an order.*

**Artem:** One ribeye, one halibut, one sushi.

*Back at the red kitchen, Bella is seen talking with Itachi.*

**Bella:** You got the next halibut, yeah?

**Itachi:** Yeah...

**Bella:** How much time do you need?

**Itachi:** Um... three minutes?

**Bella:** Alright, stick with that. Bev, Yadeesha, can you do three minutes on your ribeye and sushi?

**Beverly:** On it. Prepping right now.

**Yadeesha:** Same.

**Bella:** Alright. Keep track of time, guys!

*Bella smiles in the confessional.*

**Bella (Conf.):** Itachi has some talent in her, I can tell, but the thing holding her back is she doesn't have a strong voice in the kitchen, so knowing I'd be her partner tonight, I decided to be her voice for her. It's important that meat, fish, and sushi all get synced up because one wrong move causes all three stations to start over, so I need to communicate not just with Itachi, but with the other stations too.

*Back in the kitchen, Itachi finishes her halibut.*

**Bella:** Itachi's done. Can you two walk up to the pass?

**Yadeesha:** Walking ribeye.

**Beverly:** Right behind with the sushi.

*All three plates make it to the pass, and Artem sends them out to service.*

**Artem:** Nice timing, girls. Good job.

*Itachi celebrates in the confessional.*

**Itachi (Conf.):** Bella's been helping me out a lot, and is honestly a great partner to have. If I had things my way, we work together every service. That's how good of a partner she is.

*The camera pans to the Blue Kitchen where Big Harry is telling Harrison about the new order.*

**Harrison:** WHAT DO YOU MEAN THEY ORDERED RIBEYE!

**Big Harry:** Don't question 'em. They're the special guests.

**Harrison:** Fine...

*Harrison begins cooking only for The Syncopation to yell from the chef's table.*

**The Syncopation:** Ayo can I get mine well done?

**Harrison (trying to hold back anger):** Yep.

*The camera cuts to Seppe cooking a snapper.*

**Narrator:** While Harrison has just found out about the chef's table order, that isn't the only thing that could spell trouble for the Blue Team tonight...

*Seppe brings his snapper to the pass, eager for it to move on. Artem accepts it.*

**Seppe (Conf.):** I feel like I've been doing a pretty good job tonight holding it down on fish, as I get my orders out fast, and they're also done perfectly. Unfortunately... I have a partner, and that partner is... well, Adrien.

*Adrien is shown cooking a halibut that very blatantly has a burnt bottom, but it's practically white on the top.*

**Seppe:** Have you turned the fish around yet?

**Adrien:** What kind of bizarro technique is that, yo? Trust me, I got this.

*Adrien brings his halibut up to Artem.*

**Artem:** WHAT THE FUCK IS THIS? BLUE TEAM, STOP WHAT YOU'RE DOING AND LOOK AT THIS!

*The blue team looks at Adrien's pan.*

**Artem:** LOOK AT IT! THE TOP PART IS THE RAWEST PIECE OF MEAT I'VE SEEN IN MY LIFE, AND THE BOTTOM'S BLACKER THAN THE "SOUL" THAT PROBABLY WASN'T EVEN PUT IN THIS PATHETIC DISPLAY OF FOOD! TWO POLAR OPPOSITES, BUT BOTH OF THEM ARE SHIT! START AGAIN!

**Adrien:** Yes chef.

*Adrien goes back to his station while the rest of the blue team returns to what they were doing.*

**Adrien (Conf.):** Yeah, I'm really not a fan of Seppe right now. The fat bastard tells me of a wrong way to cook fish, and now apparently I'M the one who cooked it wrong when he was right there! What a fucking joke, dude!

*Adrien continues to cook, while Seppe looks at him in disbelief.*

**Seppe (Conf.):** Now, you'd hope this, uh... mistake would be a one time thing, like what happens with all chefs, but unfortunately, Adrien isn't an ordinary chef. For some reason he made the same mistake not once... not twice... but, well I'm sure what you're watching is gonna speak for itself.

*The camera pans to another shot of Adrien bringing up a halibut to Artem.*

**Artem:** HOW IS IT THAT YOU MADE THE SAME MISTAKE TWICE!

*Footage plays of Adrien walking back to make yet another halibut.*

**Narrator:** Unfortunately for Artem, Adrien makes that same mistake way more than twice. A montage plays of Adrien repeatedly bringing up halibut extremely burnt on the bottom and not cooked whatsoever on the top. Artem gets increasingly dead inside the more Adrien keeps repeating the same mistake.

**Artem:** I'm just... I'm just stunned. I've.... just never seen anything like this. I'm honestly lost for words. Try again. And PLEASE get it right.

*Despite constantly failing, Adrien seems... happy in the confessional?*

**Adrien (Conf.):** Well would you look at that! Artem said himself that my cooking was so good it stunned him, AND made him lost for words. Suck it, Seppe! I'M the best cook in the kitchen now, fucker!

*Back with the red kitchen, Yadeesha is seen looking at their next ticket.*

**Narrator:** While Adrien wrongfully thinks he's on top of the world, the red team, with Yadeesha stepping up as a leader, gets on top of their next orders.

*Back with Yadeesha, she begins calling them out.*

**Yadeesha:** We need a halibut, a snapper, a ribeye, and a sushi order for the next table. Bella, Itachi, how much time do you need for both?

**Bella:** Itachi can you do five minutes?

**Itachi:** I think so?

**Yadeesha:** How about you, Bev?

**Beverly:** I'm getting my groove back, I'm down.

**Yadeesha:** Alright, we need to make sure we stick to our five minute plan. If anything goes awry speak up.

*A montage of the red team kitchen cooking plays, and Artem is shown sending their dishes out to service.*

**Yadeesha (Conf.):** With Zeb out of the team for good, I feel like we finally have ourselves a rhythm going, and it couldn't be a better feeling. We had our slip ups towards the beginning, but now, we're cruising to actually finishing service!

*Back with the blue team, Harrison is seen grilling the two ribeye steaks for the chef's table.*

**Narrator:** With the red team in rhythm, it is up to Harrison to stay on top of the game along with them. However, he seems to have forgotten something.

*Harrison finishes cooking.*

**Harrison:** Done!

*Harrison smirks in the confessional.*

**Harrison (Conf.):** Decided to just get the steak orders for the chef's table over with first, and fast, so I can actually get back to doing service instead of personally catering to these two chucklefucks. The one in sunglasses wanted a well done steak, but like, you think that asshole knows shit about cooking? As long as he thinks it's well done, I don't care, as it's still gonna taste good.

*Harrison brings the two steaks over to the blue team chef's table.*

**Harrison:** And here are your steaks.

**The Syncopation:** Ayo what the fuck? That's medium rare not well done.

**Harrison:** Can you please just eat-

**The Syncopation:** No. I gotta pay for this meal, so I want a steak that's actually cooked the way I want it. Is that too hard to comprehend, dickhead? Fire me a well done steak, and make it snappy.

*Harrison grumbles to himself as he grabs another steak from the storage area and turns the stove on the highest temperature to burn it as much as possible.*

**Harrison:** He wants well done? I'll give his ass well done...

*After a couple minutes Harrison returns with The Syncopation's next steak... which is burnt to a crisp. Taylor looks at The Syncopation's steak in disbelief.*

**Taylor:** Um... what's that supposed to be?

**Harrison:** Your boytoy's steak, you stupid bitch.

*The Syncopation immediately stands up.*

**The Syncopation:** THE HELL DID YOU JUST CALL MY GIRLFRIEND, PUNK?

*Due to their size difference, Harrison is notably more scared, but decides not to back down.*

**Harrison:** Um... I was just saying... I did your steak well done? I mean, I have the most culinary knowledge out of the three of us... heh... I think I know what I'm-

**The Syncopation:** Ah, okay.

**Harrison:** Ah sweet.

**The Syncopation:** NO YOU DUMBASS, THAT STEAK JUST GOT ARSON COMMITTED ON IT!

**Harrison:** Uh... calm down and-

**The Syncopation:** Y'know what? No. I don't trust your judgment. Ayo, Artem!

*Artem looks up from the pass and immediately walks up to The Syncopation.*

**Artem:** What is it?

*Taylor points to The Syncopation's dish.*

**Taylor:** Your chef thinks *this* is well done.

**Artem:** WHAT THE FUCK IS THAT? IT LOOKS LIKE A BOMB WENT OFF ON IT!

**Harrison:** Sorry chef, I-

**Artem:** SHUT UP AND MAKE HIM A NEW ONE!

**Harrison:** Yes chef.

*Harrison looks angry in the confessional.*

**Harrison (Conf.):** NOTHING is fucking going right to me today! My ass is stuck with the two most ungrateful customers of all time, and Artem DEFENDS THEM? What a pushover, man. Now I gotta take MORE time from cooking the other orders to satisfy this one douchebag!

*Adrien is also shown continually messing up his food.*

**Narrator:** Luckily for Harrison, he isn't the only one having a hard time cooking on his team tonight.

*Artem looks at Adrien yet again presenting a shoddily cooked halibut.*

**Artem:** Jesus christ WHAT is GOING ON WITH YOU PEOPLE! ADRIEN CAN'T COOK A HALIBUT... HARRISON CAN'T COOK A RIBEYE, WHAT CAN YOU DONUTS FUCKING MAKE? APPETIZERS? THIS ISN'T JUST A ONE STATION SERVICE, DUMBASSES! GET BACK TO WORK AND DO IT RIGHT!

*Harrison is seen digging through the meat storage area.*

**Harrison:** No... no this can't be right...

*Big Harry looks up from the sushi station.*

**Big Harry:** You good, dude?

**Harrison:** I think we're out of ribeye...

**Artem:** WHAT? WE HAD THREE TICKETS OF IT LEFT!

**Harrison:** I know, I-

**Artem:** If you cooked that first ribeye like THE GOD DAMNED CHEF TABLE ASKED YOU TO, WE'D HAVE FINISHED SERVICE!

**Harison:** ...

**Artem:** NOW GO APOLOGIZE TO THE CHEF'S TABLE, AND THE OTHER TWO TABLES THAT DIDN'T GET THEIR FOOD!

*Harrison rolls his eyes as he walks up to the chef's table, where he sees The Syncopation and Taylor splitting her ribeye.*

**Chris (Conf.):** I looked up from my station, and apparently Harrison ran out of ribeye? I don't even know how the idiot could even do it, but the funniest part was the apology tour he had to do after. He very clearly does NOT wanna be up there saying what he's gotta say, but honestly, it makes it more appealing... at least to watch.

*As Harrison makes his apology rounds, Artem gets back to the pass.*

**Artem:** WE HAVE TWO MORE HALIBUT ORDERS BLUE TEAM!

**Seppe:** Coming right up, chef.

*Seppe opens the meat locker only to see that they've also run out of halibut.*

**Seppe:** Wait what?

**Adrien:** Huh, that's weird. I thought the halibut or whatever lived there.

**Seppe:** THERE'S NONE LEFT?

**Adrien:** Wait so we won service?

**Seppe:** YOU WASTED IT ALL!

*Artem is alerted to this.*

**Artem:** I'M SORRY, WHAT!

**Seppe:** Apparently we're out of halibut. Sorry, chef.

**Artem:** WHY THE FUCK ARE YOU APOLOGIZING, THE ONES YOU COOKED WE'RE PERFECT!

**Adrien:** What about me?

**Artem:** ARE YOU KIDDING ME? WE'RE SUNK. NO MORE RIBEYE, NO MORE HALIBUT, AND NOW, NO MORE BLUE TEAM IN THE KITCHEN! GET OUT! ALL OF YOU!



*The blue team shuffles out of the kitchen.*

**Seppe (Conf.):** It sucks to have to leave the kitchen not because of anything the majority of the team did, but because of two absolute unprofessional idiots completely ruining the service for the rest of us who actually tried our best. We definitely lost, and I already know who I want out of this team.

*Camila looks at the blue kitchen and realizes that nobody is in it.*

**Camila:** Wait... are the guys gone?

**Phoebe:** Yay! We won!

**Julie:** Not yet we haven't. We gotta finish this service strong, ladies.

*A montage of the red team chefs cooking plays.*

**Narrator:** With the men leaving as a last minute motivation, the women finish their first service.

*Bella holds up a fist to Itachi.*

**Bella:** Good job.

*Itachi fistbumps her. The camera then cuts to King and Sass done with their meal.*

**King:** It was delicious guys. Great job on not getting kicked out!

**Sass:** Still... wish it did happen to *some* people.

*Camila rolls her eyes.*

**King:** So... still up to hit the rave at my place?

**Sass:** Of course, babe.

*The camera pans to the blue team chef's table where Brad gives desserts to The Syncopation and Taylor.*

**Brad:** Sorry about the food fiasco. Here's two sundaes, on the house!

**Taylor:** Awww, thank you!

**The Syncopation:** I mean, hey, it was some damn good entertainment. If this show ain't a hit I don't know what will be.

*The two reality stars get up and leave as footage of the doors closing plays.*

*At the post-service meeting, the blue team is brought back down.*

**Artem:** Now, while both teams had their bumps, I think it's pretty obvious that the red team won this service, so men, tonight you will be saying goodbye to one of your own. However, while you may have lost, one chef this evening stood out to me, as he had a bad service last time, but successfully managed to bounce back under even more stressful circumstances.

*Adrien smirks in the confessional.*

**Adrien (Conf.):** I mean, let's be real, he's obviously talking about me, yo! I made that dude SPEECHLESS! HELL YEAH!

*Back with Artem, he looks at Joey and points to him.*

**Artem:** Joey, congratulations, I am awarding you with this show's first ever best of the worst!

**Adrien:** WHAT?

**Joey:** Wait, me?

**Artem:** Last service, I thought you'd be one of the next to go, but today you clearly proved me wrong. Thanks to this performance, I am giving *you* the ability to pick the two people that go up for elimination today. However, if any funny business goes on, I will change it if I have to.

**Joey:** Thank you, chef.

**Artem:** The rest of you have a chance to talk with Joey and give him suggestions on who to put up for elimination.

**Blue Team:** Yes chef.

*Both teams head up to the dorms.*

**Narrator:** With Joey now having all the power over who goes up for elimination, some chefs try deliberating with him, while others... have a different strategy.

*Adrien is chilling on the couch with a beer in his hand.*

**Adrien (Conf.):** Joey would be *stupid* to put me up! Artem clearly likes me, because he saved me last time, AND he likes my halibut technique! I'm practically golden at this point! I ain't even gotta talk to the guy, that's how confident I am.

*However, Joey is seen on the balcony talking with Chris and Seppe, two chefs that actually want to say something.*

**Seppe:** Congrats on the win, dude!

**Joey:** Thanks man, and thanks for the help with the sushi challenge, it really gave me the confidence I needed.

**Seppe:** So about the vote, I think it's obvious who the two going up are, right?

**Chris:** Harrison and Adrien?

**Seppe:** Yeah.

**Joey:** I'm chill with that. Nobody really likes either of 'em, and they both had us running out of food.

**Chris:** Only issue is we gotta, you know, keep one of them. Can't they just both go?

**Joey:** Ideally Harrison stays. Yeah, he's an asshole, but he's nowhere near as bad of a chef as Adrien is.

**Seppe:** Yeah. As the guy who was forced to work on Adrien's station with him, I barely kept fish afloat, and all of mine came out perfect!

**Chris:** So Harrison and Adrien it is then?

**Joey:** Yeah.

*After Seppe and Chris leave, Harrison enters the balcony area.*

**Joey:** You here to talk?

**Harrison:** Yeah. Personally I think the votes are obvious but I just wanna confirm you're doing Adrien and Big Harry.

**Joey:** Wait, why Big Harry?

**Harrison:** Dude was slow on the sushi like there was no tomorrow, and he was so bad, I got distracted from my own job which led to my bad showing. He's almost as fuckin' useless as Adrien is, which really says something.

**Joey:** I'll consider it...

**Harrison:** Consider it?

**Joey:** Dude, you ran out of ribeye. I don't think you're going over Adrien but-

**Harrison:** Trust me kid. You don't wanna put me up, and you DEFINITELY don't wanna be on my bad side.

*Joey sighs.*

**Joey:** Alright.

**Harrison:** Good...

*Harrison leaves. Joey facepalms in the confessional.*

**Joey (Conf.):** So apparently Harrison thinks he now can just... strongarm me into putting up who he wants? I don't know who the guy thinks he is but last time I checked, Artem made me best of the worst, not him. I don't even know why he's so pissy over it. He's literally against fucking ADRIEN.

*The blue team is shown walking back to the kitchen, with the red team seated to the side of it. The men line up in front of Artem.*

**Artem:** Welcome, blue team, to your first elimination. Joey, give me your first nominee, and why.

**Joey:** Yes chef. Our first nominee is Adrien.

**Adrien:** I'm sorry WHAT!

**Joey:** He kept repeating the same mistakes with the halibut, and despite Seppe's best efforts to save the station, he wasted so much fish we ran out.

**Artem:** And the second nominee.

**Joey:** The second nominee is...

*Footage of Harrison and Big Harry waiting in anticipation is shown.*

**Joey:** Harrison.

*The attitude gets bleaker as Harrison stares Joey down.*

**Harrison:** Wrong move, kid.

**Joey:** I guess he thinks he's super threatening, or something, but I put him up because like Adrien, he ran out of food. Also, he argued with both his team, and the chef's table.

**Artem:** Alright. Adrien, Harrison, step forward.

*Adrien and Harrison step forward, both looking pretty mad at being nominated.*

**Artem:** Adrien, why should you stay in the competition.

**Adrien:** You've seen my food, chef! I think all this stuff Joey is blaming me for is just a bunch of stupid lies, yo! You yourself said my food made you speechless! It was that good!

**Artem:** ARE YOU KIDDING ME?

**Adrien:** What?

**Artem:** I WAS SPEECHLESS BECAUSE YOUR FOOD SUCKED, ADRIEN! IT SUCKED!

*Artem sighs.*

**Artem:** Harrison, why should you stay?

**Harrison:** I had to work tableside for two of the biggest assholes in reality television history, and it was clear they wanted me riled up. Yeah, I ran out of ribeye, but I never repeated the same mistake.

**Artem:** And by that do you mean going from undercooked to overcooked?

**Harrison:** No I-... just let me stay, and I will prove you, as well as a certain someone else wrong...

*Joey rolls his eyes in the background.*

**Artem:** ...

**Artem:** You both have a lot of work to do if you want to even get close to becoming my head chef...

**Artem:** Hm...

*Suspenseful music builds up as shots of Harrison and Adrien's nervous faces play.*

**Artem:** The person leaving Hell's Kitchen is...

*Adrien takes a deep breath while Harrison scowls.*

**Artem:** Adrien.

**Adrien:** GOD FUCKING DAMMIT!

**Artem:** Quit the talk, and give me your jacket.

*Adrien walks over to Artem.*

**Artem:** You are absolutely out of your league, and your services have simply been too mediocre to let you continue. I hope you grow as a chef, it just won't be here.

*Adrien rips off his jacket and gives it to Artem.*

**Adrien:** Thanks for the opportunity, but FUCK YOU BLUE TEAM! Stupid bitches...

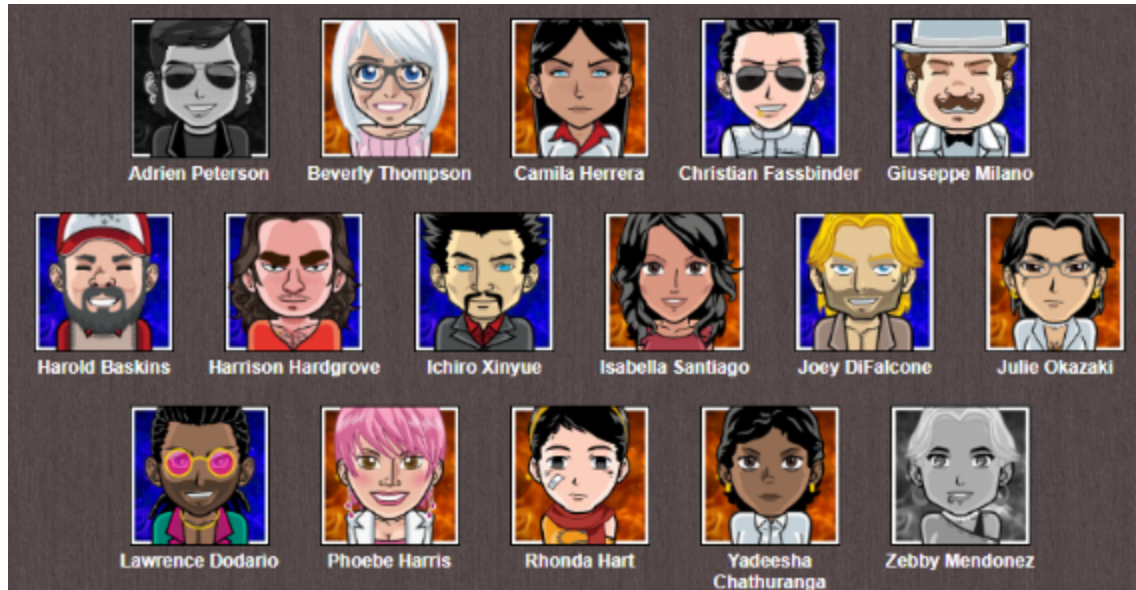
*Adrien walks out the door.*

**Adrien (Elimination Confessional):** I thought I was winning this thing from the first second I walked in, but apparently everyone just saw me as such a big threat I just had to take the blame for their dumb mistakes. I don't care though, yo! I still got my job at Applebees, and honestly, if this is what working fine dining is like, I'm probably just gonna stick to what I know. Peace, bitches!

*Artem is shown walking up to his office approaching a picture of Adrien.*

**Artem (Closing Words):** The only thing Adrien proved to me he was capable of over his two services here was making me never want to eat at Applebees ever again.

*Artem puts his jacket on a hook under the picture, causing the picture to light on fire, burning his face off of it. Adrien has been eliminated from Swoldow's Hell's Kitchen.*



## Episode 3: Karma: The Shit That Keeps on Shitting

*Cutting back to where we left off, Harrison takes a breath in relief over him not being eliminated.*

**Artem:** Harrison, the only reason you're still here is because unlike Adrien, you *only* need your attitude fixed. Get it together, and bounce back.

**Harrison:** Yes chef.

*The chefs walk back to their dorms, with Harrison looking disgruntled in the confessional.*

**Harrison (Conf.):** What Artem said was bullshit, simply because I never should have been up there to begin with. There's very clearly a lot of strategy going on, as Joey was definitely trying to get me out. Pretty boy bartender's scared of a *real* chef like me and him putting me up is about to bite him in that ass of his.

*Chris meanwhile looks way more happy about Adrien going home.*

**Chris (Conf.):** The fact that this casting department considers Adrien of all people in the same culinary pedigree as me is simply an insult to everyone here, especially myself. I'm glad that dumbass is gone. Hopefully, Harrison can just keep that yap of his shut, as if that happens, I can lead the blue team to sweeping every single service.

*The chefs shuffle into the dorms.*

**Narrator:** As the chefs settle into a goodnight sleep, Harrison believes he has some unsettled business with a certain someone.

*Joey is about to enter the dorms but looks back and sees Harrison.*

**Harrison:** Can we talk for a sec?

**Joey:** What?

**Harrison:** Don't what me, fucking snake, I know exactly what you did.

**Joey:** You argued with the guests, dude.

**Harrison:** YOU'RE FUCKIN' SABOTAGING ME!

*Lawrence notices the fight going down and tries to break it up.*

**Lawrence:** Guys-

**Harrison:** SHUT THE FUCK UP!

**Joey:** That's no way to treat a teammate, dude.

**Harrison:** I'LL TREAT HIM HOW I WANT, AND TRUST ME, I'M TREATING YOUR UNTALENTED BARTENDER ASS WORSE.

**Joey:** Listen, can we just talk about this in the morning, I need my sleep-  
*Harrison runs up to Joey and starts shouting in his face.*

**Harrison:** NAH, WE'RE GONNA SETTLE IT LIKE MEN, RIGHT HERE RIGHT NOW. WANNA THROW DOWN, PRETTY BOY?

*Lawrence holds Harrison back from a physical altercation, and Harrison's outburst alerts all of the dorms. A couple of the girls exit their dorm to see what's happening, while Seppe tries getting in the middle of Joey and Harrison.*

**Seppe:** Harrison, stop it.

**Harrison:** I WANT A FUCKIN' APOLOGY!

**Joey:** Keep dreaming dude.

**Harrison:** HE WAS SABOTAGING ME!

**Joey:** JESUS CHRIST DUDE, YOU WERE AGAINST ADRIEN! I COULD PUT A FUCKING ROCK AGAINST ADRIEN AND ARTEM WOULD KEEP THE ROCK IN FOR FUCKS SAKE!

**Seppe:** Chill out.

**Bella:** Yeah, the hell is wrong with you?

**Harrison:** Oh so now I'M the bad guy but PERFECT FUCKING JOEY gets off scot free. Whatever. If I see you in the dorm, It's on sight. Hear me?

**Joey:** I hear ya.

*Harrison walks into the dorms and slams the door. Joey nonchalantly gets a cigarette and starts smoking. Seppe reads the room and takes one of the blankets from the dorm and gives it to Joey.*

**Joey (Conf.):** Honestly I'll sleep on the couch every night if it means I don't have to look at Harrison's ugly mug first thing in the morning. This guy is a loose cannon, and if I have anything to say about it, this isn't the last time he's gonna be up on that block.

*Joey is seen taking deep breaths on the couch, trying to sleep off the argument. Bella is shown opening the door to check on him, walking over to the couch.*

**Bella:** Hey...

**Joey:** 'Sup.

**Bella:** Sorry about everything that went on back there. Are you good?

**Joey:** Yeah I'm fine. I work a bar, this isn't even in the top ten of angry tirades I've dealt with from drunk men in their thirties.

*Bella laughs a bit.*

**Bella:** Just don't let him get to you. Artem picked you to choose the nominees, not him.

**Joey:** Yeah, I know... it just sucks already having to work so hard to prove yourself, just to get Harrison squawking down your ass.

**Bella:** I get it. You're doing a good job though, don't let him get to you.

*Bella hugs Joey and then goes back to the dorm.*

**Bella (Conf.):** Seeing how Harrison treated Joey over his nomination was sickening, of course I was gonna check in on him. At first I thought he was just some smug pretty boy womanizer, but he has the most heart out of anyone on that team for cooking. He doesn't deserve all the negativity he's probably going through, so hey, someone might as well give him a little positivity to balance it out too.

*The chefs are all shown heading to bed, or in Joey's case, the couch. Footage of the night turning to sunrise over Hell's Kitchen plays, and eventually, the dorm's alarm clocks go off.*

**Phoebe (tiredly):** Please five more minutes....

**Julie:** Come on Phoebe, we have a challenge to do.

*Brad and Marta are shown walking into the dorms.*

**Marta:** Wake up everyone and get ready, this morning we're going out.

**Lawrence:** Siiiick. Where to?

**Brad:** Well... let's just say it involves this.

*Brad drops a box of clothes onto the ground. The chefs open it up and they seem to be plaid shirts and overalls.*

**Camila:** Oh god...

**Brad:** Put 'em on and head downstairs. Your ride is waiting.

*The Chefs begin changing into their farmer outfits, with Joey checking himself out in the mirror.*

**Joey:** Damn I think I actually look good in this.

**Chris:** Yeah...

*Chris looks a bit disgruntled in the confessional.*

**Chris (Conf.):** Farm work and me do not mix, man. I'm more... let's just say high class. You will NOT catch me in public wearing this... ugh..

*Big Harry meanwhile couldn't be more happy putting on the new outfit.*

**Big Harry (Conf.):** I've been doin' farm work longer than I've been cookin' man. Whatever challenge this is, I'm PUMPED! YEEEEHAW BABY!

*The chefs leave Hell's Kitchen only to see their ride... is actually a hayride. They file into a hay filled cart attached behind a tractor.*

**Itachi (Conf.):** Last time I did a hayride, I was six... and potentially may have screamed every time I saw a scarecrow. With the combination of zero sleep thanks to Harrison and... and the suppressed memories, I sure hope I can start this challenge on a good note, and that definitely involves me pulling out a win. W-we definitely need some rewards.

*The tractor pulls into an open field at a farm, where Chef Artem in full chef garb, as well as Anton, also dressed as a farmer. The chefs file out of the wagon.*

**Artem:** Hello there chefs, or shall I say, farmers for a day! Welcome to your reward challenge. *The chefs applaud, as Artem clears his throat.*

**Artem:** This is one of the many local farms Hell's Kitchen sources their ingredients from. In fact, farms produce about 90% of what I use in my restaurants worldwide, so I designed this challenge to test your creativity using ingredients you can find on a farm. Each team will produce me a chicken dish, a pork dish, and a beef dish, however the ingredients you use to make them, you will scavenge for. However, there's a twist.

**Beverly:** Oh god.

**Artem:** Anton, release the pigs!

*Anton opens a gate and a flood of pigs come running out of it into a large fenced enclosure.*

**Anton:** Relax, you aren't cooking *these* pigs. However, they are very important to how your dishes will turn out.

**Artem:** Indeed. Each pig has a tag on their neck that states the name of one ingredient you can find on a farm. The teams will take turns sending one of their players to herd a pig into their respective team's stall, where you can then assign said ingredient to one of your meats. Whichever team produces the most delicious dishes will win the reward challenge, which trust me, you wouldn't want to miss out on. Understand?

**The Chefs:** Yes chef!

*A montage plays of the chefs trying to herd the pigs.*

**Narrator:** While some chefs get right into their newfound farmwork...

*Big Harry is shown energetically trying to herd a pig around.*

**Big Harry:** Heeere piggy piggy!

*Big Harry manages to herd a pig into the Blue Team's stall, reading the ingredient.*

**Big Harry:** We got Cabbage!

**Sepe:** Put it on the pork, I have something in mind.

*Big Harry agrees, putting it up.*

**Narrator:** Others... have a harder time.

*Phoebe is shown trying to herd the pigs around and they keep getting away from her.*

**Phoebe:** Aw come on man! Why don't you like me... I'm pink just like you!

*Phoebe tries to grab a pig and falls face first, causing Harrison to erupt laughing.*

**Narrator:** And as the challenge progresses, plans begin to form.

*Bella is seen running into the pigpen, immediately picking one of the smaller pigs up, and bringing it to the Red Team's stall.*

**Yadeesha:** What is it?

**Bella:** Mushrooms? Uh, what do we do with those?

**Julie:** Beef. Trust me on this.

*Sepe is then shown casually walking around, looking at the pigs' collars before making his move.*

**Sepe (Conf.):** The key to this challenge is knowing what options are available so you can make the best choice to contribute to the dish. Is it slow? Yeah, but are the dishes gonna taste better? Exponentially.

*Sepe looks at a pig tagged with "Egg" on it, and immediately grabs it.*

**Sepe:** I could make a killer spätzle with that...

*Harrison is then seen charging into the pigpen, immediately chasing the closest pigs around.*

**Narrator:** But despite Sepe's strategy, others seem to think this is a race.

*Harrison chases this closest pig into the Blue Team stands, only to read the tag after.*

**Harrison:** So I got uh... lingonberry?

*Chris facepalms.*

**Chris (Conf.):** Can this guy even read? Like seriously, first I have to touch a bunch of ugly, smelly, dirty pigs, but to add insult to injury, Harrison the dumbass just screwed one of our dishes over. Nothing goes with lingonberry. NOTHING!



*Beverly is seen walking into the pigpen towards the end of the challenge.*

**Yadeesha:** Keep it slow, and pick something you know will be good.

**Beverly:** Already on top of it.

*Beverly gently walks a younger looking pig to the Red Team pen.*

**Beverly:** I got us some tomatoes.

**Yadeesha:** Get it on chicken. We need a good sauce.

*Chris is then shown picking up a pig on the verge of vomiting, only to transition to after the challenge.*

**Artem:** So, let's just say this definitely was quite the spectacle to watch. Not from an "inspired to cook" standpoint but a pure comedy standpoint. However, this game is not a joke, as now, it's time to show me what you can do. Take the ingredients you've assigned each of your dishes, form into groups, and make me the best chicken, pork, and beef dishes you can.

**The Chefs:** Yes chef!

*Footage of Hell's Kitchen plays as the chefs are shown running back into it, and putting on their chef's jackets.*

**Narrator:** The chefs have forty-five minutes to prepare a chicken dish, a pork dish, and a beef dish that will be pitted against the other team's meats. Chef Artem will judge both dishes, but will only pick one to get a point.

*In the red kitchen, Yadeesha and Beverly are shown cooking.*

**Beverly:** Sorry I couldn't get a lot for our Chicken dish.

**Yadeesha:** Don't worry about it. We just gotta work with what we have, and I think I know how.

**Beverly:** What are you thinking?

**Yadeesha:** Incorporate the chicken into a Ragú?

**Beverly:** Sure. Guess I'm making tomato sauce.

*Beverly smiles in a confessional.*

**Beverly (Conf.):** I'm glad all of the young'uns on the red team are patient with me. I know I can't walk, but trust me, I can still cook fine. Fortunately for me though, I have Yadeesha as my partner, who's very quick with coming up with ideas off the top of her head. While I may be the chicken lady back at home, I know I couldn't have made something good with these limited ingredients, but Yadeesha knew exactly what she wanted, and I commend that.

*In the blue kitchen, Joey is seen preparing pasta while Big Harry and Ichiro are searing some chicken.*

**Joey:** Hey, you two good?

**Big Harry:** Yeah, I just haven't ever seared chicken before, let's just say I'm more of a, uh, deep fryer?

*Ichiro chuckles.*

**Ichiro:** Don't worry, friend. I got you.

**Big Harry:** Alrighty. Puttin' all my trust in you, buddy. How many more minutes do we need?

**Ichiro:** Just a couple? I'm sure we'll be fine.

*Back in the red kitchen, Phoebe is seen directing the flow of the cooking for their Pork dish.*

**Phoebe:** Alright Cami, I'm gonna need that rice cooked and fast.

**Camila:** I know, I know...

**Camila (under her breath):** How about you help a little...

**Phoebe:** How long on the bok choy, Itachi?

**Itachi:** Um... uh...

*Itachi's pan she's cooking on begins to heat up, severely burning the bok choy.*

**Camila:** You gotta be kidding me...

*Camila rolls her eyes in the confessional.*

**Camila (Conf.):** Phoebe for some reason thinks she has “a voice” in this kitchen, but just because you have one, doesn't mean you take a break from cooking entirely. If we had her closely looking after Itachi's bok choy, she could have caught it being burnt in time. Chefs like this are why I am genuinely *shocked* people come after my own restaurant...

*Seppe and Lawrence are seen tenderizing their pork.*

**Seppe:** You don't do schnitzels often?

**Lawrence:** Nah, man. More of a seafood guy, but hey, it doesn't hurt to learn something new here.

**Seppe:** Alright. Focus on making sure the slices we're gonna use are thin before frying it.

**Lawrence:** Gotcha.

*Lawrence smiles in the confessional.*

**Lawrence (Conf.):** Yeah, I consider myself a pretty good chef, but like, that ain't the right mindset if you wanna like, ever improve man. Seppe though, that dude is a seasoned veteran and knows his stuff, so I'm definitely tryna soak in all the knowledge he's spitting about these exotic foods I ain't familiar with... which is funny because my specialty is like, only exotic foods.

*Bella is seen chopping mushrooms, while Julie is seen creating a salad.*

**Bella:** So what's your plan regarding the mushrooms?

**Julie:** I wanna make a stroganoff with them, plus our beef. If you wanna get on the salad, I'm fine with that.

**Bella:** Sure, if you have a vision, then I'll let you take charge and bring it to life.

*Bella and Julie seem to switch positions and continue to cook.*

**Bella (Conf.):** Last night was evident that there are... let's just say quite a few egos running rampant around this kitchen. However, I feel that the dish is more important than the ego. If something requires me to step back and let someone take charge to better the dish, I'll do it. There's no harm in that, I'll be on a reward for it.

*Julie also seems happy in the confessional.*

**Julie (Conf.):** Bella is someone that I myself would want in my brigade... if she could cook sashimi but I genuinely might teach her. She understands the value of teamwork in a way not a lot of the younger chefs on this team do, and is someone I hope gets far for the sake of my sanity, because oh my god you have no idea how crazy this group of people is to live with, let alone cook with.

*Chris and Harrison are seen preparing their beef dish in a more... explosive matter.*

**Chris:** THE FUCK ARE WE SUPPOSED TO DO?

**Harrison:** WHAT DO YOU MEAN? I GOT US ALL THESE INGREDIENTS! SOME HAVE TO WORK TOGETHER!

**Chris:** Listen dumbass. Name ONE SINGLE THING that lingonberry works with. We need to use EVERY FUCKING INGREDIENT!

**Harrison:** Who cares, we can just use it as a, uh... slight reduction!

**Chris:** Slight... reduction?

**Harrison:** Yeah, we just use less of it than normal. Artem will barely taste the lingonberry.

**Chris:** I don't think Artem wants to taste IKEA meatballs on a high class beef roast.

**Harrison:** Well fuck you too! I'm working my ass off and you're just bitching!

*Harrison rolls his eyes in the confessional.*

**Harrison (Conf.):** Fuck Chris and his stupid, stuck up ass. I genuinely can't tell if I hate him as much as Joey, both are smarmy little shits who think they're better than me anyway! Once I make this reduction and kick this dish's ass, dude will have no choice but to never talk down to me again... snooty little dickhead...

*Chris doesn't seem to be happy in the confessional either.*

**Chris (Conf.):** I'd say a chef as good as me can fix this... but let's be real, nothing can fix Harrison's stupid decisions. Why is it always fucking me that's partered up with the current biggest dumbass of the blue team? I know I'm the best one here, but like, come on! I'm probably getting worse just by being in close proximity to these losers.

*Harrison is shown pouring a small amount of their lingonberry reduction onto their dish.*

**Artem:** Five seconds.

*Harrison is shocked at the lack of time, and pours more on... perhaps a bit too much.*

**Artem:** Four.

*Camila, tired of her team, begins quickly plating her dish.*

**Artem:** Three.

*The chefs start putting their plates under the serving platters.*

**Artem:** Two.

*The chefs step back.*

**Artem:** One. Time.

*Sepe wipes the sweat off his head, while Beverly and Yadeesha hi-five.*

**Artem:** Now get in line. I will be judging your dishes head to head with the opposing team's same meat. First up, the battle of the chicken. Let's go.

**Narrator:** To start off the night, Yadeesha and Beverly present Chef Artem with...

*Yadeesha unveils the pair's dish.*

**Yadeesha:** An Oxtail Ragú with Semonila Gnocci.

**Artem:** Hm. Interesting. There doesn't seem to be *much* used.

**Beverly:** Well, as they say, quality over quantity!

**Artem:** Let's see if whoever "they" are is right...

*Artem takes a bite out of the Gnocci.*

**Artem:** Delicious. Good job.

*Yadeesha and Beverly celebrate.*

**Big Harry (Conf.):** The girls already started out with a solid dish, but my group used way more. Now I have full trust in my buddy Ichiro on the chicken, so I know with him workin' with us, and Joey's expertise cookin' italian food, we got this one in the bag.

*Artem directs his attention to the blue team's chicken dish.*

**Artem:** And what do we have here?

**Ichiro:** We have a Chicken Piccata with homemade pasta, with a white wine reduction, pan seared Chicken, and capers.

**Artem:** Wow, what a dish. A lot of components that need to be perfect for it to work. Let's see if it worked out...

*Artem cuts into the chicken, but ultimately decides not to eat it. Artem sighs.*

**Artem:** Are you kidding me?

**Big Harry:** Huh?

**Ichiro:** Wait, what?

*Artem gestures to the chicken.*

**Artem:** IT'S UNDERCOOKED!

**Ichiro:** Oh god...

**Artem:** YOU HAD THREE PEOPLE IN THIS GROUP AND NOT ONE OF YOU COULD WATCH THE FUCKING CHICKEN?

*Ichiro sighs.*

**Ichiro:** It... it was me chef. I messed up the timing.

**Artem:** Thank you for honesty, but what the fuck? You've prepared way harder meals than this Ichiro. What gives?

**Ichiro:** I... I- don't know, chef.

*Artem checks out Joey's pasta and takes a bite.*

**Artem:** It's a shame too, because the pasta is actually quite nice.

**Joey:** Thank you, chef.

**Artem:** But not enough to save the dish. The star is the chicken, and it wasn't even cooked. Point goes to the women!

*The red team celebrates, as Ichiro looks down.*

**Ichiro (Conf.):** I... I genuinely don't know what happened! I need to show Chef I can bounce back, because making these mistakes is the last thing he wants to see. Especially if I'm supposed to get a job at a steakhouse for crying out loud! I just... I need to be perfect from now on! Absolutely perfect!

*Artem puts away the chicken dishes.*

**Artem:** Now hopefully I can get something a tad more evenly matched. Bring out the pork.

*Sepe and Lawrence step forward from the blue team while Phoebe, Itachi, and Camila step forward from the red team.*

**Artem:** Let's start with the women. If you secure a point here, you win.

*Phoebe proudly unveils her dish only for Artem to look at it a tad disgusted.*

**Artem:** What the fuck is that? It looks like a mess! Who plated it?

*Camila sighs before raising her hand.*

**Camila:** I did, chef. I was low on time, and-

**Artem:** You ALWAYS need to save time for plating. Plating food is like making a painting, and *that* looks like the Mona Lisa if someone shat on it at the bloody museum!

**Artem:** Now what *is* it?

**Phoebe:** Honey Garlic Pork over rice with charred Bok Choi, chef.

**Artem:** Interesting... the Bok Choi doesn't seem very charred though...

*Itachi breaks out into tears.*

**Itachi:** I... (sniff)... I burnt one and had to... to start over.

*Camila puts her arm around Itachi.*

**Artem:** Jesus Christ, could anything go right today? Was there any quality control? ANY TEAMWORK OR LEADERSHIP?

**Phoebe:** Well, I think I was-

**Artem:** YOU were the leader? What a joke. Captain Phoebe, sailor on this absolute shipwreck of a dish. All three of you ought to be ashamed.

*Itachi seems sad in the confessional.*

**Itachi (Conf.):** My nerves... they just keep getting the best of me. I'm... I'm sick of it! I can't keep messing up like this. I just want to impress Artem and everyone at home...

*Camila looks more mad in the confessional.*

**Camila (Conf.):** The fact of the matter is, if Phoebe was off on another team spouting her feelgood bullshit, Itachi and I wouldn't have been in this mess. If Phoebe wants to continue to try and lead though, I guess I'll let her. If she continues to bring us down with her, Artem will notice.

*Back with Artem, he turns towards Seppe and Lawrence.*

**Artem:** I've had two piles of shit in a row. This better be good, you two.

**Lawrence:** Keep your worries at the door, man. Presenting, an Upscaled Pork Schnitzel, with purple cabbage and Spätzle.

*Lawrence unveils the dish.*

**Artem:** Looks promising.

*Artem begins to dig in, clearly enjoying it.*

**Artem:** That was absolutely delicious. Great job, both of you.

*Seppe pats himself on the back in the confessional.*

**Seppe (Conf.):** Well, it seems my plan worked to a T. I knew what would have went with the meats, organized them, and voila, a schnitzel that knocked THE Artem IZANOVICH's socks off. I couldn't be more proud of myself and Lawrence.

**Narrator:** With the points tied, one to one, it is up to both teams to score the winning point on their beef dish, starting with Bella and Julie's...

*Julie unveils the dish.*

**Julie:** Beef stroganoff with a crispy Brussel sprout salad.

**Artem:** Interesting...

*Artem digs into the stroganoff, seemingly enjoying it.*

**Artem:** Great use of mushrooms. I know it's something that a lot of chefs would be scared of using in a challenge like this but you two made a solid effort.

**Bella:** Thanks, Chef.

*Artem turns to Harrison and Chris. Chris immediately gets sour in a confessional.*

**Chris (Conf.):** Yep, we're screwed. All because of Harrison's complete inability to think. There's no way anything we do can beat the girls... thanks, asswipe.

*Artem turns to Harrison.*

**Artem:** What do you have?

*Harrison unveils his dish while Chris looks away.*

**Harrison:** We got a rosemary beef roast over cheese polenta, with a lingonberry reduction on top.

*Artem looks stunned.*

**Artem:** Lingonberry...?

**Harrison:** I grabbed it, so we included it.

**Artem:** Bloody hell...

**Harrison:** Don't worry, you can barely taste it!

**Artem:** You better be fucking right, because in my 38 years of work as a chef I've never seen somebody try to make a beef dish taste sour via the reduction.

*Artem digs in... only to immediately spit out the food.*

**Artem:** THAT'S BARELY TASTING IT?

**Harrison:** Well I put in a small amount!

**Artem:** ARE YOU BLIND, STUPID, OR BOTH? I CAN ONLY TASTE THE FUCKING LINGONBERRY! EVEN WORSE, THE BEEF ROAST WAS COOKED PERFECT. WAS THAT YOU TOO?

**Chris:** No, that was me, chef.

**Artem:** What the fuck, Harrison. HOW CAN YOU RUIN A DISH SO BLOODY BADLY? It isn't even a close call. Ladies, congrats, you've won your first reward!

*The red team jumps in excitement.*

**Julie (Conf.):** Now this is something I could get used to. After being screwed over twice and forced into these stupid punishments, I finally get to leave this kitchen, relax, and just get to know my team, woman to woman, not having to worry at all about competing.

*Back with Artem, he begins explaining the reward.*

**Artem:** Red team, as reward for winning, the farm we rounded up the pigs at was so kind to provide you all with a once in a lifetime experience of horseback riding!

**Phoebe:** Yes!

**Big Harry:** Dammit...

**Artem:** After that you will have a delicious lunch on the grounds, overlooking the entire view of the farm from the very top. What are you waiting for, get changed!

*The red team immediately obliges, running up to the dorms.*

**Phoebe (Conf.):** When I was a little girl, I had dreams of riding a pony one day. Obviously Santa couldn't have gotten me one, and I'm much more of a city girl than a country girl, but the dream is still alive, and now it finally can come true. I couldn't be more excited!

*Back with Artem, the blue team looks down, defeated.*

**Artem:** Men, while the ladies get to have fun riding on horseback, you will *also* be going to the farm...

**Big Harry:** Aw sweet!

**Artem:** For a little bit of... "community service" if you will. A token of my gratitude for this specific farm supplying a lot of my ingredients. Specifically, the animal stables need a cleanup, if you're catching my meaning...

**Chris:** Do we have to clean animal shit?

*Artem smirks.*

**Artem:** Yes, Chris, you have to clean animal shit. Now get changed and have fun!

*As the men get changed, Ichiro looks defeated in the confessional.*

**Ichiro (Conf.):** Whatever the girls had to do, it definitely doesn't seem as bad as cleaning literal animal feces from a farm. I feel very ashamed because, well, I was one of the reasons our team lost, and I know some of the others are going to be mad at me for this. I'll just take this one

mistake, learn from it, and hope it doesn't happen again, because if you're working on a brigade with people, you can't be on their bad side.

*Footage of the farm the chefs competed at in the challenge is shown, cutting to the Blue Team in janitorial uniforms and cleaning supplies unhappily walking to the farm.*

**Narrator:** The men get started on their... let's just say, crappy punishment, and get greeted by...

*Brad walks in wearing casual clothes, greeting the blue team.*

**Lawrence:** Yo what's up, Brad! Come to help?

*Brad laughs.*

**Brad:** Hell no. Marta's having lunch with the girls and I have nothing better to do so I might as well watch you guys.

*Brad sits down on a beach chair near the stables and gets out a beer.*

**Joey:** Come on man, what about team bonding?

**Brad:** I mean, I'm here, right? We can bond after you're done cleaning the pigpens and the stables.

*Brad starts chugging his beer.*

**Sepe:** Welp... seems like we gotta get to work than.

*The blue team hesitantly starts cleaning with a couple gagging upon smelling the stables.*

*Sepe looks mildly mad in the confessional.*

**Sepe (Conf.):** The blue team lost, and frankly, I'm pissed. I'm many things, but a cow janitor is not one of them. To add salt in the wound, I was the only person on my team minus Lawrence that even got us a point so, yeah, great work you guys. We did it. Some teammates.

*Big Harry is seen getting down and dirty, plugging his nose and cleaning the pigpen.*

**Big Harry (Conf.):** This doggone punishment sucks but luckily it's something I'm good at. Farm work was my whole thing growin' up, and unfortunately doing this was just a part of it, so it ain't *that* big a fuss... at least to me.

*The camera cuts back to Joey who is scrubbing the floor angrily only to cause some of the dirt to go flying.*

**Joey:** Oh my god... is there pig shit in my hair?

*Harrison breaks down laughing and Brad looks up from his chair and smirks.*

*Cutting to a different part of the farm, the red team is shown getting on their horses for their reward challenge.*

**Narrator:** While the men suffer the toil of farm labor, the women get to ride out their win.

*A lady in a cowboy hat walks out.*

**Madeline:** Hey y'all, I'm Madeline and I will be helpin' you ride these horses today!

*Camila looks over at Julie*

**Camila (whispering):** Why does she sound like Big Harry, but a woman?

*Julie lets out a slight laugh.*

**Madeline:** Y'all ready to get it on?

**Phoebe:** More than ever!

*A montage of the red team riding their horses is shown, with Itachi seeming nervous.*

**Itachi:** Ohmygodohmygodohmygod I'm gonna fall off!

**Bella:** You're fine, girl, don't worry about it.

**Madeline:** Yeah, just sit up and let the horse follow mine.

**Beverly:** You don't have to tell me twice!

*Beverly smiles in the confessional.*

**Beverly (Conf.):** Honestly I gotta do these shows more often. My family insists I join a retirement home but come on, you're seeing me ride this horse right now. I got way more life to live and I'm gonna be living it large!

*Phoebe also seems very happy in the confessional.*

**Phoebe (Conf.):** AAAAAAH! This is such a dream come true for me! Me and this horse are going to be friends for life now... wait what was her name again?

*Back with the blue team, they are still hard at work on their punishment.*

**Narrator:** While the red team makes unforgettable memories... yeah I think it's safe to say the blue team wants to forget this, and fast.

*Ichiro is shown shoveling crap out of the stables, and Chris just watches, reluctant to pitch in.*

**Ichiro:** Jeez this is hard... Hey Chris, care to help a little?

**Lawrence:** Wait yeah, have you even touched any of these cleaning supplies dude?

**Chris:** No thanks. I'm not a cleaner.

**Lawrence:** Come on, dude, it's a punishment, you have to do it.

**Ichiro:** Yeah, could you please just-

**Chris:** Fuck off, Ichiro.

**Ichiro:** I'm sorry, what?

**Lawrence:** Hey, man, chill.

**Chris:** I don't NEED to do this punishment because unlike you, Ichiro, I didn't cost the team the challenge!

**Big Harry:** But you didn't get a point, Chris.

**Chris:** I BUSTED MY ASS ON THIS CHALLENGE!

*Chris then points to Harrison.*

**Chris:** AND I EASILY WOULD'VE GOTTEN THAT POINT IF THIS ASSHAT DIDN'T MAKE US WORK WITH LINGONBERRY!

*Harrison's face contorts into a snarl and it seems like another argument is going to break out but Harrison shockingly doesn't say anything and gets back to work.*

**Harrison (Conf.):** The badass in me wanted to walk up to Chris and punch that pretentious asshole in that yap of his, but luckily I'm just as smart as I am a badass. These assholes put me on the bottom for no reason, but if I conveniently decide not to involve myself in Chris and Ichiro's little fight, all eyes are on them instead of me, as now they're deservedly gonna make asses of themselves. That's what you get for doubting me, you dumb motherfucker.

*Chris still is milling about doing zero work.*

**Joey:** You still gotta clean though man. Lawrence is and Seppe is, and they both got points.

**Chris:** I am NOT fucking cleaning this shit.

*Brad gets up from his chair, puts down his beer, walks over to Chris and glares at him.*

**Brad:** Yes, Chris, you will. You are not above these punishments. Now get to work.



*Chris rolls his eyes and gets on the ground next to Ichiro and begins cleaning. Chris immediately starts gagging and seems to be on the verge of vomiting. He looks over at Ichiro angered.*

**Chris:** Fuck us all over again, and we're gonna have a problem.

*Ichiro attempts to ignore Chris but you can tell on his face he's a little nervous.*

**Ichiro (Conf.):** And now, just as things couldn't be getting worse, I've already made myself an enemy in this competition in Chris. We *have* to have a cohesive team but I can't just... keep making Chris mad, right? I can't keep costing us these challenges...

*Chris is fuming mad in the confessional.*

**Chris (Conf.):** Fuck Ichiro, fuck Brad, fuck this punishment, and fuck Artem for okaying it. I'm too big for this competition honestly. I PAY PEOPLE to clean shit up for me for Christ sake. These people just aren't on my level, and I will make sure Ichiro goes out this door as soon as possible if it means I never have to do this peasant work for a punishment again.

*The camera pans to a beautiful hilly landscape of fields that the red team ends up walking to.*

**Narrator:** While Chris nearly loses his lunch, the red team gets started on theirs.

*A picnic blanket is set out and Chef Marta is waiting for them with food.*

**Marta:** Hola, red team! Congrats on winning.

**Yadeesha:** Hey Marta. What do you have for us?

**Marta:** Well, I'm sure you guys must be hungry after all that horseback riding, so while you all were doing the challenge, myself and Brad prepared a delicious meal for you all. Our takes on elevated gourmet picnic food.

**Camila:** Neat, that's a fun combo.

*Marta unveils a platter of gourmet peanut butter and jelly sandwiches that the girls immediately dig into.*

**Beverly:** How do these taste so good, let alone look good? Last time I took my grandkids on a picnic the PB&J just smeared everywhere.

**Marta (Jokingly):** It's Artem's secret sandwich technique...

*A couple of the girls begin laughing.*

**Camila (Conf.):** Marta on reward compared to Marta in the kitchen is like, an entirely different person. Artem trained her to be ice cold, but she definitely has the attitude of a girl in her twenties, and I should know, I am one too. While she's technically my boss, I'd definitely hope to be friends with her by the time this competition ends. Connections in this business are everything, after all.

*Yadeesha is shown digging into what seems to be a dish primarily consisting of sliced apple.*

**Yadeesha (Conf.):** The more I'm at Hell's Kitchen the more I believe that anyone trained under Artem could elevate anything. I'm eating Marta's fine dining equivalent to the apple slices you take with you on picnics... but mixed with who knows what and arranged beautifully. If I want to make it, I honestly need to step it up if this is what people in their twenties are doing.

*Bella is seen finishing her sandwich.*

**Bella:** Thanks, Marta. This was delicious.

**Marta:** Anytime... as long as you keep winning.

**Phoebe:** We sure will!

*The Hell's Kitchen transport pulls back into the lot as the red team get out of the cars and go to the dorms.*

**Yadeesha:** Man that was nice... wait, what's that smell?

*Shocking music plays as the men, ridiculously dirty and smelly, are waiting in line for the single shower in the dorms.*

**Harrison:** Like what you see, ladies?

**Julie:** Ew, no! What did you guys even do?

**Joey:** Trust me on this one, you don't wanna know. Let's just keep it at that.

**Julie:** Will do.

*Julie walks away repulsed.*

**Julie (Conf.):** The blue team smells like a bunch of pigs... or in Harrison's case, in general is a pig, but even worse, thanks to their punishment, they're stinking up the dorms. Like, I have to sleep in here. There's no way Artem would let me sleep on the pass in the kitchen. The men smell so bad in fact, that this honestly seems like a punishment for the red team too!

*A montage of the skyline over Hell's Kitchen plays. Joey is seen out of the shower, in front of the mirror, putting his wet hair into a ponytail.*

**Bella:** Honestly, I think you pull it off.

**Joey:** Nice. I've always wanted to wear my hair like this for a bit.

*The phone in the dorms goes off. Joey picks it up.*

**Joey (on phone):** What up, this is Joey.

**Artem (on phone):** Hey, Joey. This is chef. Get everyone downstairs. It's time for your next service.

**Joey (on phone):** Aight.

*Joey hangs up.*

**Joey:** It's go time, guys. Whoever's in the shower, sorry but we gotta cut it short.

**Harrison (from in the shower):** OH COME ON!

*Yadeesha looks excited in the confessional.*

**Yadeesha (Conf.):** Our next service is happening, and I couldn't be more pumped. The red team has already beaten the blue team before, and yeah, their weakest link is gone, we've won two challenges in a row and are on a high right now. This will be a piece of cake... as hopefully we'll be getting to desserts and the men won't.

*Ichiro looks nervous in the confessional.*

**Ichiro (Conf.):** Now is the time to show Mr. Izanovich that this slip up was just a one time thing. My service tonight has to be absolutely perfect, as I need to stay perceived as a frontrunner by chef.

*The two teams walk downstairs, and see Artem standing before them.*

**Artem:** Hello there, Chefs. Did you enjoy your trip to the farm?

**Yadeesha:** Loved it.

**Harrison:** You're one to talk...

**Artem:** Seems like we have some mixed responses from the Blue team.

**Brad:** I enjoyed it.

**Harrison:** You didn't do shit! I couldn't even shower after!

**Artem:** I'm sorry WHAT!

**Chris:** Don't *tell* him, dumbass.

**Artem:** Wash your bloody hands you pigsty! I can't let you in my kitchen after admitting that.

*Harrison sighs.*

**Harrison:** Yes chef...

*Harrison walks away to wash his hands.*

**Artem:** I guess we're gonna have to open late thanks to that bloody oaf...

**Anton:** Don't worry Chef, I'll tell those waiting outside...

**Artem:** No need to, Anton.

*Artem glares at the chefs.*

**Artem:** Do you people truly understand how difficult it is for our staff to deal with you people?

**Phoebe:** I mean, we can't *all* be bad.

**Artem:** No, you are. These last two services have been, let's just say less than stellar, so now, I'm giving you all a taste of your own medicine... and Anton the night off.

**Sepe:** Wait, what?

**Artem:** One person from each team shall work as an assistant Maitre D tonight, and not only have to face the customers, but improvise when the chefs still in the kitchen eventually make their guaranteed five mistakes of the night. Joey, I assume with your bartending work, you'd be more than willing to step up.

**Joey:** Of course, chef.

**Artem:** And Phoebe... I need a welcome presence for these diners. Show them that smile and kill them with kindness.

**Phoebe:** I will.

*Phoebe doesn't look happy in the confessional.*

**Phoebe (Conf.):** Seriously? I'm trying to think positive but like come on! Chef doesn't want me in the kitchen! I need to be in there for my team, cooking the orders instead of taking them.

*Camila looks relieved in the confessional.*

**Camila (Conf.):** Personally, I'd vomit out my food if it was given to me by a hot pink clown who smiles like a murderer, but I understand why Artem wants Phoebe out of the kitchen. Her attempt at "leading" us at the reward challenge was a disaster, so this service can truly distinguish if she's an anchor to our team to him or not. If we win, well, sorry Phoebes, but you're in for a rude awakening.

*Harrison walks back from the bathroom.*

**Harrison:** I'm done, what did I miss?

**Artem:** Just get to your fucking stations. Anton, open Hell's Kitchen and then enjoy your night off.

**Artem:** Oui, chef.

*Footage of the Hell's Kitchen doors opening plays, as many customers enter.*

**Narrator:** Hell's Kitchen has opened, and the customers are already pouring in, proving Hell's Kitchen is the hottest dining experience on the west coast.

*Some celebrities have also seemingly entered the restaurant, like Singer/Songwriter Cass O'Brien and reality television personality Ethan Valentine. Footage of Artem talking to Itachi at the garnish station is shown.*

**Artem:** Now listen, there's a reason I put you on garnish, young lady. One of the loudest voices on your team is now no longer in the kitchen. You have the makings of a great chef, but it's up to you to find your voice. Be assertive, and control your kitchen. Understand?

**Itachi:** Y-yes, Chef.

**Artem:** Good.

*Artem gets up to run the pass. Itachi sighs in the confessional.*

**Itachi (Conf.):** What chef's saying is right... but, uh, it's making me nervous too. I don't wanna let chef down or anything... but I'm also not really the best with talking... or times in general.

*Phoebe and Joey are seen, now dressed in gray tuxedos, taking the first batch of orders.*

**Joey:** Hi, welcome to Hell's Kitchen. My name's Joey, what can I get you?

**Cass:** A risotto, thanks.

*It then cuts to Phoebe, taking an order from a family.*

**Phoebe:** I'll get that for you right now. Enjoy your time here!

*Joey looks happy in the confessional.*

**Joey (Conf.):** Personally I'm glad Artem gave me the day off in the kitchen. I shmooze people for a living, so I'm in my element doin' this. Hopefully the kitchen works like a machine without me though... yeah I'm sure we'll be fine.

*It then cuts to Harrison looking at Joey talking up Cass.*

**Narrator:** Unfortunately for Joey, his first couple of appetizer orders are being mixed with a bit of... spite.

*Joey walks up with the ticket.*

**Joey:** One risotto Harry. It's for one of the celebs here so make sure it's good.

**Harrison:** On it...

*Harrison smirks in the confessional.*

**Harrison (Conf.):** It's no secret that Joey is an absolute rat bastard, but now he basically gets to skip the service? Nah, not on my watch. Celebrities are picky eaters, as shown from last service, so I may or may not overcook a risotto or two so Joey looks like an ass to the customers... That's what you get for ordering me around, dickwad.

*Harrison brings a overcooked risotto up to the pass, Artem looks at it.*

**Artem:** WHAT THE FUCK IS THIS SHIT?

**Harrison:** Ah shit did I overcook it? Sorry chef.

**Artem:** OF COURSE YOU DID YOU NUMBNUT! GET BACK TO YOUR STATION AND MAKE ANOTHER!

*Harrison walks back whistling and very non-discretely takes his time with the next risotto. Cass notices her lack of food and gets up from the table which Harrison notices and smirks.*

**Cass:** Where's my food?

*Joey is caught off guard.*

**Joey:** Oh, your risotto? It's coming, just wait a little bit longer.

**Cass:** I've put out *albums* shorter than this wait. Where is it?

*Artem also notices Cass talking to Joey.*

**Artem:** Oh for fucks sake. HURRY UP HARRISON! JOEY IS NOT GETTING SHIT FOR YOUR MISTAKES.

*Harrison sighs, before firing up his risotto.*

**Harrison:** Yes, chef.

*Harrison smirks in the confessional.*

**Harrison (Conf.):** Of course I can't do this all night because Artem's eventually gonna catch on... but damn was that satisfying. Get fucked, Joey.

*Harrison is seen finishing his risotto.*

**Harrison:** Hey, Ichiro, how much time do you got left? Can I get a minute?

**Ichiro:** Yeah.

*After a minute of cooking, Harrison brings his plate up to the pass.*

**Harrison:** Come on, Ichiro. You said a minute.

**Ichiro:** One more minute...

*Harrison facepalms.*

**Artem:** ICHIRO.

**Ichiro:** AGH! Yes chef!

**Artem:** Get your SHIT together, and get your timing FUCKING RIGHT. Before I KICK YOU BOTH OUT AND COOK THIS FUCKING RISOTTO MYSELF.

**Ichiro:** Yes chef...

*Harrison rolls his eyes and restarts another risotto.*

*The camera pans to the red team, where Itachi on Garnish and Beverly on Appetizers are working.*

**Beverly:** Hey, Itachi, how much time do you need for the garnish for this? I'm done with my risotto in two minutes.

**Itachi:** Um... uh, yeah! Two minutes is good...

*Itachi begins her risotto garnish and is in the process of mixing it.*

**Beverly:** One minute until it goes to the pass. You good with that, dear?

**Itachi:** Um, uh... I think I need a...

**Beverly:** What was that? My left ear ain't what it used to be.

**Itachi:** You're good... uh, don't worry about it... hehe.

*Beverly finishes her risotto and walks it to the pass. Artem walks up.*

**Artem:** Great risotto, Bev, but where's the garnish?

**Beverly:** Uh, Itachi?

**Artem:** JESUS YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO MIX IT IN WHEN IT'S AT THE PASS! WHY ARE YOU STILL MAKING YOUR GARNISH?

**Itachi:** I- I fumbled with the times chef... I still need a minute? Bev... could you whip up another risotto?

**Beverly:** I can try.

**Artem:** Fuck me. How slow do you need to be, Itachi.

**Beverly:** Don't worry, I'm cooking something up right now, chef.

*Beverly feverishly makes another risotto.*

**Artem:** Oh for fucks sake it's no use! NOW ITACHI'S GARNISH IS DYING. START OVER, BOTH OF YOU!

*Itachi looks down, with tears in her eyes.*

**Itachi:** Yes, chef...

*Beverly feels bad in the confessional.*

**Beverly (Conf.):** Poor girl... Garnish definitely isn't Itachi's station, and I feel bad knowing I'm potentially contributing to her feeling the way she is right now. I'm praying inside she can bounce back because if her anxiety gets the best of her now, then the rest of service... yeah it's not gonna be pretty.

*The camera pans to an empty table, with a lot of plates on it. Joey is looking at it.*

**Joey (Conf.):** I think I've been doing a pretty good job as a Maitre D so far, but there's this giant-ass table in the middle of the dining room with 8 blue team plates on it. It's definitely scary, especially when apps station is barely even popping out *one* order at a time, let alone eight. *Then the doors open, and a group of incredibly attractive women walk through the front door, and begin sitting at the table.*

**Joey (Conf.):** Nevermind, this just got way more interesting.

*Joey walks up to the table of models with a smile.*

**Joey:** Hey there, ladies. I'm Joey, and I'll be your Maitre D for the evening. What can I start you off with?

**Lacey:** Hm... I've heard good things about the risotto appetizer.

**Joey:** You'll love it.

**Lynn:** Can we get like, four to split between the table?

**Joey:** Of course, coming right up.

*Joey walks the order up to the blue kitchen. Harrison glares at it and smirks.*

**Harrison (Conf.):** Well, seems like love is in the air for Joey. I see the way he's looking at those ladies. I know it's smarter to lay low and not sabotage, but it would be pretty unfortunate if he's gonna have to explain to all of them why their risottos are coming in late....

*Harrison whistles, as he very slowly starts to fry up his risottos, making sure that the stove isn't set as hot as it usually is. Back with the models, Joey starts to make small talk.*

**Joey:** So, what do you ladies do for a living?

**Lynn:** We're models.

**Carly:** Yeah. We're on a girls night out before a big photo shoot in LA tomorrow.

**Joey:** Yeah that tracks. You easily are the most beautiful guests we've had here.

**Lacey:** Awww, I'm flattered!

**Joey:** Anyway, you all want drinks? I may just be a Maitre D, but I can whip up a mean margarita. You *are* our special guests after all.

**Carly:** I'll take one.

**Lynn:** Same.

**Joey:** Excellent. I'll be right back with it. Consider it a gift for having to wait this long for the apps.

**Lacey:** This is a long wait? It's felt like nothing.

**Joey:** I try, I try.

*Joey leaves to get some drinks at the bar. Lynn nondescreetly begins writing her number on a napkin for Joey. Harrison notices all of this and facepalms.*

**Harrison (Conf.):** Welp, now I may have just given the dickhead a smokeshow girlfriend... great.... Seems like I have to actually fucking try now if it means he'll stop talking to them.

*Harrison finishes his four risottos, and takes them to the pass.*

**Artem:** A little late there, Harrison, but they all look good. Good job.

*Joey delivers the apps to the models, and as he sets down the plate, Lynn puts the napkin in Joey's pocket.*

**Joey (Conf.):** Could Artem just let me Maitre D this place full time? If this is the clientele I get to chat with then I'm packing my things and moving here immediately.

*With the red team, Itachi and Beverly are still attempting to get their risottos out.*

**Narrator:** While Joey impresses the ladies, the red team doesn't seem to be impressing their Maitre D.

*As Itachi and Beverly work, Phoebe walks over to the kitchen.*

**Phoebe:** Hey guys. Could we push out those risottos faster? I got three on order and my tables are getting mad at me.

*Itachi immediately gets stressed, while Camila, all the way on the fish station, rolls her eyes.*

**Itachi:** I-I'm sorry! I'll get it as fast as I can...

**Camila:** Phoebe, go away.

**Phoebe:** Stop being so mean! I'm just checking.

*Artem immediately notices this and walks over to Phoebe.*

**Artem:** What are you doing here?

**Phoebe:** Just checking on my team, Chef.

**Artem:** Since when was Marta demoted and you were sous chef?

**Phoebe:** They're just taking awhile and...

**Artem:** YOUR JOB IS TO CHECK ON THE CUSTOMERS! NOT THE CHEFS!

**Phoebe:** Yes chef....

*Phoebe walks away. It cuts to a confessional where she doesn't look too happy.*

**Phoebe (Conf.):** Given my career of bakery work, I've never been Maitre D before, but I can tell the kitchen is falling back without me. I hope Chef knows I'm just trying to help as the last thing I need him to see me as is a hinderance.

*Back with the red team, Artem walks over to Itachi on garnish.*

**Artem:** Don't let Phoebe stress you out, okay? You're on Garnish today.

**Itachi:** I-I know...

**Artem:** I know this is a high stress environment but you need to learn to handle it. It's your time to run the kitchen, but as of now, you're letting not just the kitchen run you, but the wait staff too. Please find your voice Itachi. I have faith that you can.

**Itachi:** O-ok.

*Artem gets up and leaves. Itachi tears up in the confessional.*

**Itachi (Conf.):** What chef is saying... is truthful... but with all my anxiety running this kitchen is just so hard.... I wanna impress him though. I need to.

*A montage of Harrison, Ichiro, Itachi, and Beverly pushing out apps plays. Artem is seen sending out the last risotto order.*

**Artem:** Alright everyone. We're behind a bit, but now it's time to move on to entrees. Don't disappoint me, and don't disappoint your Maitre D teammates now getting flack for your mistakes,

**The Chefs:** Yes chef!

*Artem is shown walking up to the blue kitchen.*

**Artem:** Men, it's your first entree of the night, so don't fuck it up. Give me two ribeye, one snapper. Got it?

**Seppe:** Yes chef!

*Seppe and Big Harry are immediately shown getting to work on their ribeye steak.*

**Narrator:** With appetizers now served, it is up to Seppe and Big Harry on meat, and Chris and Lawrence on fish to get out their orders.

*Lawrence is seen grilling up his snapper.*

**Lawrence:** I got this one, man. We chillin.

**Chris:** Alright.

*Chris looks smug in the confessional.*

**Chris (Conf.):** Besides me, Lawrence is the best fish chef in the kitchen, so I have no worries we're gonna push out our food like that, but unfortunately, we also have to time our order with the meat station and garnish. Now, even if Harry's a bit of an idiot, I trust Seppe to push it out, but Ichiro on garnish? Yeah, he's a lost cause. Get his ass out of here.

*Chris looks over at Seppe and Big Harry's station.*

**Chris:** How many more minutes do you need on meat?

**Seppe:** Two minutes.

**Lawrence:** I'm good with that.

**Chris:** Yeah. Ichiro, two minutes, let's go.

*Ichiro immediately begins to look flustered.*

**Ichiro:** Oh... yeah I can push out garish by than.

**Big Harry:** Love the communicatin' y'all!

*Big Harry smiles in the confessional.*

**Big Harry (Conf.):** Man, I'm pumped for this service. Yeah, Harrison put us back but he's Harrison. With how the blue team is talkin' and gettin' our times in gear, we're a well oiled machine if I say so myself!

*Seppe begins to plate his ribeye.*

**Seppe:** Walking in thirty seconds.

**Lawrence:** Same, dudes.

**Ichiro:** Um...

*Chris rolls his eyes.*

**Ichiro:** I think I need a minute for garnish guys.

**Chris:** All of it's gonna die on the pass now. Great...

*Artem walks over.*

**Artem:** I've been hearing good teamwork. Why isn't any food leaving the kitchen?

**Chris:** Garnish.

**Artem:** ARE YOU KIDDING ME ICHIRO?!?!

**Ichiro:** Sorry, chef. I-

**Artem:** You're seriously letting down your whole team here. Joey has to face the customers...

*Artem takes a knife and cuts into both ribeye and the snapper.*

**Artem:** And all three of these were cooked FUCKING PERFECTLY!

*Seppe looks down.*



**Artem:** Start over, and get your times right.

**Lawrence:** Ichiro, can you do three minutes?

**Ichiro:** I guess...

*Ichiro sighs in the confessional.*

**Ichiro (Conf.):** I really think I've spent all of my time cooking by myself wrong because I guess I'm just *that* bad at timing. The worst part about it was how eager Chris was to tell Artem it was me who messed up the timing. It's like he wants me gone for costing him that reward! I don't want to give up... but if he's gonna keep treating me like this I don't know how much longer I can go.

*Chris looks a little bit more arrogant in the confessional.*

**Chris (Conf.):** Ichiro wouldn't know what it's like to cook fine dining if this whole experience slapped him in his wrinkly-ass face. If he's just gonna keep fucking up, I'll give him as much shit as I can. I'll take him out of this game before he potentially brings me down to his level with him.

*Meanwhile with the red team, Camila is seen cooking up a halibut. Itachi seems to have lost track of timing on garnish though.*

**Camila:** I can push this one out in two minutes, Itachi. You good with that time?

**Itachi:** I.. I think I just need one.

**Camila:** You said three minutes two minutes ago. I gotta start plating now.

**Itachi:** S-sorry Cami...

*Camila sighs.*

**Camila:** Please just be consistent with the times....

*Camila begins walking up her halibut to the pass, and before setting her plate down she sees Itachi still working on her garnish. Artem walks over.*

**Artem:** What the fuck? Where's the bloody garnish?

**Camila:** Itachi's working on it.

**Artem:** Well you know what? START OVER! THAT HALIBUT IS SO UNDERCOOKED IT'S STILL SWIMMING IN THE FUCKING BROTH, DICKHEAD!

**Camila:** Yes chef.

*Camila walks back to her station with the halibut and wanting to push the order out, puts it back onto the grill.*

**Artem:** Oh for fucks sake... YOU DON'T EVEN HAVE THE FUCKING DECENCY TO START OVER WITH A NEW FISH!

**Camila:** I'm just trying to push out the order-

**Artem:** You could push out a piece of shit as fast as possible and nobody's gonna eat it. IT'S A PIECE... OF FUCKING SHIT! START OVER! AND ITACHI, COMMUNICATE YOUR TIMES CORRECTLY GOD DAMMIT!

**Camila:** Yes chef.

**Itachi:** Yes chef...

*The camera pans to Bella also on the fish station looking at what just transpired.*

**Bella (Conf.):** I love Camila to bits, but I feel like she's starting to get a little bit lazy when it comes to working fish. I know we're behind and all, but I'd rather leave the diners waiting if it means they're guaranteed good food instead of half-assing it.

*It then cuts to Camila in the confessional.*

**Camila (Conf.):** I wouldn't be cutting corners if we weren't ridiculously behind schedule. Itachi messing up the times and not communicating is sinking the entire kitchen. These people wanna eat, after all. While Chef is right... I really don't feel like I should be getting flack when Itachi put us in this spot to begin with.

*The camera then cuts to Ichiro continuing to struggle on garnish.*

**Narrator:** Fortunately for Camila, the blue team is just as behind on their entrees.

*At the fish station, Chris looks at Lawrence cooking a halibut.*

**Chris:** You think you can handle this yourself?

**Lawrence:** Fish is like my love language, dude. I'll be fine.

**Chris:** Alright.

*Chris leaves the fish station and decides to hop on garnish.*

**Ichiro:** Um, what are you doing-

**Chris:** Saving our service. Garnish station needs someone strong.

**Ichiro:** That's too far-

*Chris ignores Ichiro and immediately starts the next order's garnish.*

**Chris:** Two minutes for the next welly and halibut. Seppe, Lawrence, can you do that?

**Seppe:** On it.

**Lawrence:** Yeah dude.

**Chris:** Good. Now that wasn't so hard, was it?

**Ichiro:** You don't need to rub it in.

**Chris:** And you don't need to keep tanking us.

*Ichiro looks down as Chris, Seppe, and Lawrence sync their dishes in time, all three getting to the pass. Artem inspects them.*

**Artem:** Service, please.

*The blue team's first orders have been served. Chris smirks in the confessional.*

**Chris (Conf.):** And would you look at that? Me coming to the rescue as usual, and carrying this team on my back. Ichiro can object all he wants, but this is *my* show, *my* kitchen, and *my* job, so if I gotta throw your useless ass off of your station, I will.

*Artem is seen walking back to the red kitchen.*

**Artem:** Blue team is starting to pull ahead ladies. You all need to catch up. We got two orders of wellingtons coming in.

**Julie:** Yes, chef!

*Julie looks laid back in the confessional.*

**Julie (Conf.):** Yadeesha and I are both powerhouses in this kitchen, and it's no secret to anyone, so I'm expecting the two of us to whip up some perfect orders for these guests. If anyone could step up and catch up to the men, it's us.

*Yadeesha successfully finishes her wellington, and brings it to the pass, with Julie not far behind. Yadeesha walks back to her station and looks at garnish, only to see Itachi prepping numerous sides on her station, none of which have been brought to the pass.*

**Yadeesha (Conf.):** This service for me has been a strong one so far, and while I know I need to stay focused and on task, many things in this game unfortunately lead my mind to wander, and probably the most blaringly offputting one has to be Itachi's station. It's nothing about her

cooking or anything, she's a talented girl, but she has a huge amount of sides resting near her station, yet seemingly no orders for them have come in. I need to get to the bottom of this.

*Yadeesha walks up to the pass.*

**Artem:** Why aren't you at your station?

**Yadeesha:** Sorry, chef. I just noticed that for some reason no sides have been ordered... and Itachi has been cooking them.

**Artem:** I'm sorry, what?

**Yadeesha:** I'm just as confused as you, chef.

*Artem walks over to Itachi's station.*

**Artem:** Itachi, why haven't any of your sides been taken to the tables?

**Itachi:** I- I don't know, chef. Nothings been ordered so I've just-

**Artem:** WE MAKE OUR BLOODY SIDES TO ORDER GOD DAMMIT!

*Artem sighs.*

**Artem:** You're stacking up your sides, you're stacking up your garnishes, and they're all dying. You're wasting a lot of food.

**Itachi:** I'm so s-sorry chef...

**Yadeesha:** For some reason our kitchen has not gotten *any* side orders in, though.

**Artem:** Why though? My menu is designed so that every entree has sides that come with them...

*Artem ponders for a bit.*

**Artem:** You gotta be fucking kidding me...

*Artem storms out of the kitchen ridiculously angry.*

**Itachi (Conf.):** Nothing has seemed to go my way today... from the times, to people not ordering sides, to me wasting food... god I feel so stupid. Especially in front of one of my culinary idols! Props to Yadeesha for standing up for me though... glad at least someone's in my corner...

*Artem is seen exiting the kitchen and walking up to one of the red team tables with a full entree, being celebrity guests Ethan Valentine.*

**Artem:** Hey there. Sorry about the bad service first of all, but I have a question.

**Ethan:** Ask away, dude.

**Artem:** Why didn't you order sides? The menu is designed for sides to come with the entrees.

**Ethan:** Oh, it is? I didn't order sides because the pink chick in the tux told me not to.

**Artem:** You have to be bloody kidding me...

*Artem regains his composure in front of the guest.*

**Artem:** Enjoy the meal.

*Artem immediately storms off again, walking up to Phoebe talking to a table with their entree.*

**Artem:** We need to talk.

**Phoebe:** Oh, hi chef!

**Artem:** Cut the bullcrap and come with me for a second.

*Artem grabs Phoebe's hand and storms from the dining area, into the kitchen, into the back closet. Phoebe sheepishly grins in the confessional.*

**Phoebe (Conf.):** Well... I guess my wish to get back in the kitchen was granted... yeah no, I'm dead.

*In the back closet, Artem clears his throat. Phoebe braces for impact.*

**Artem:** WHY DID YOU TELL THE CUSTOMERS NOT TO ORDER SIDES, YOU FUCKING DICKHEAD!

**Phoebe:** Um... it's not like I *told* them not to order it.

**Artem:** THAN WHAT DID YOU BLOODY DO?!?!?

**Phoebe:** I... highly recommended it?

**Artem:** Fuck me... YOU DON'T DECIDE WHAT GOES IN AND OUT OF THE KITCHEN! GET OFF YOUR GODDAMN POWER TRIP AND REALIZE YOU'RE NOT JUST BETRAYING ME, AND PUTTING MY RESTAURANT'S ETHICS AT RISK, BUT YOU'RE BETRAYING YOUR OWN TEAMMATE, ITACHI!

**Phoebe:** I was just trying to pump out food, chef... I- I know she was struggling and-

**Artem:** YOU DON'T CONTROL ANYTHING THAT HAPPENS IN THE KITCHEN. YOU ARE A MAITRE D. YOU CHECK ON THE DINERS! I LITERALLY LET YOU *SKIP* WORKING THE KITCHEN, AND YOU STILL FOUND A WAY TO FUCK SOMETHING UP IN THERE!

**Phoebe:** I'm sorry, chef, I-

**Artem:** I DON'T NEED A BLOODY APOLOGY! IT WON'T CHANGE HOW MUCH OF A BLOODY DONUT I THINK YOU ARE! WITH THE HAIR YOU'RE THE FIRST EVER STRAWBERRY FLAVORED DONUT I'VE BLOODY WORKED WITH! GET BACK OUT THERE, GO TO EVERY TABLE WITH AN ENTREE, AND ORDER THEIR SIDES!

**Phoebe:** Yes chef...

*Phoebe quickly walks out of the closet, while Artem takes a deep breath.*

**Phoebe (Conf.):** Yeah... this wasn't my best look. Between almost burning her, and keeping her sides from being ordered Itachi probably thinks I despise her too. I guess I have to suck it up, take everyone's orders again, and accept Artem's wrath... I wanted to be his five star chef... but I guess I really am just a donut.

*Artem walks back to Itachi's garnish station.*

**Narrator:** With Phoebe "calmly" being dealt with by Artem, it's now up to Itachi to redo all her sides while keeping up with the main orders.

*Phoebe is seen apologizing to a table, and taking their order. Back with Itachi, Artem taps her on the shoulder.*

**Artem:** Phoebe is having your sides re-ordered, so it's now up to you, and you alone to get them out, and fast. You think you can do it?

**Itachi:** I... I don't know chef... nothings gone right for me.

**Artem:** I know you're anxious but you *HAVE* to. The ones you've cooked are all dead now, and the diners deserve their delectable sides.

**Itachi:** Ok, I'll try.

*Marta walks up to Artem with Phoebe's first ticket.*

**Marta:** First side order, Chef. We need two golden beet salads.

**Artem:** Get to it then, Itachi.

**Itachi:** Yes chef...

*Itachi opens up a storage container and freezes in her tracks.*

**Artem:** Oh, what now...

**Itachi:** We're... we're out of beets, chef.

**Artem:** GOD FUCKING DAMMIT!

*Artem runs to the containers.*

**Artem:** And a whole bunch of other shit too. Guess Phoebe got her bloody wish, some people won't get their sides.

**Itachi:** I'm... i'm so sorry-

**Artem:** I know you are, but I can't let this service go to shit. GET OUT.

**Itachi:** Yes, chef...

*Itachi begins to tear up as she walks to the dorms. Artem walks up to the pass and clears his throat again.*

**Artem:** PHOEBE, COME HERE!

*Phoebe runs up to the pass.*

**Phoebe:** Hey Chef. Just took all the orders!

**Artem:** Good. NOW GET OUT!

**Phoebe:** I'm sorry, what?

**Artem:** DON'T MAKE ME BLOODY REPEAT MYSELF. YOU FUCKED US. GET OUT.

*Phoebe sighs.*

**Phoebe:** Yes chef.

*Artem looks at Marta.*

**Artem:** Marta, get into the extra Maitre D outfit, and tell anyone who ordered beet salad we're out of it. I'll handle your job.

**Marta:** Yes, chef,

*Marta runs off into the bathroom and quickly changes while Artem then walks up to the meat station.*

**Artem:** Yadeesha, you and Julie have been solid the whole night. I need you on garnish right now.

**Yadeesha:** On it.

*Yadeesha quickly changes stations and begins to seamlessly adapt to the role of garnish.*

**Yadeesha:** Alright, Bella, Julie, can you do two minutes on the next halibut and ribeye? I got their garnish going and I also can get one of the Mac and Cheese sides out.

**Bella:** I'm good for two minutes.

**Julie:** Same.

*The three women successfully get all their foods done on time, and Artem looks pleased.*

**Artem:** Service, please. Now THAT is how you work a bloody garnish station.

**Yadeesha:** Thank you, chef.

*Yadeesha celebrates in the confessional.*

**Yadeesha (Conf.):** I'm glad I'm able to impress Artem as much as I am. If I could potentially salvage this service, I will be the happiest woman on this earth.

*A montage plays of the red and blue kitchens now steadily pushing out their food. Marta is shown walking up to Ethan's table with a cake slice.*

**Ethan:** Woah, you look different!

*Marta laughs.*

**Marta:** Apologies for the kitchen not coming through on your side. Here's a complimentary dessert, on the house.

**Ethan:** Thank you!

*Ethan begins to dig into his dessert, as Joey is seen sliding the model table their cards after splitting the check.*

**Joey:** Thanks for coming out, ladies.

**Lynn:** We'd love to come back. Do you normally work in front of house?

**Joey:** Sorry, but I'm normally a chef here. The Maitre D is on break today.

**Lacey:** Can't he just have a longer break though? Some of us loved your service today.

*A couple of the models eye Lynn specifically.*

**Joey:** Means a lot. I'll hopefully see you all around.

**Carly:** We'll see you around, Joey.

*The models exit the restaurant. Lynn turns around, points to the pocket she slipped her number into, and mouths "call me" to Joey. Joey winks at her and smiles.*

**Joey (Conf.):** Since when was this place called Hell's Kitchen? Last time I checked, I'm in heaven here.

*Joey laughs for a bit as it cuts back to the kitchen with both teams standing in line. Artem begins to talk to the chefs.*

**Artem:** That could have been better on both sides. It was no secret tonight that the biggest issue on both team's was timing with the garnish station, however both team's we're able to come back as different people stepped up to their respective stations. However, unfortunately for one of the teams, the station change was too late, as the damage was already done to both the kitchen's workflow, and our stock of food...

*Tension fills the air as the chefs look at Artem waiting for him to announce the winner.*

**Artem:** Congratulations Blue Team, you've won your first service.

*The blue team high fives all around, with Seppe looking extra happy.*

**Seppe (Conf.):** I busted my ass out here tonight, and yeah the service may have been sloppy, but as soon as me, Lawrence, and Chris got into a groove, we were basically unstoppable. Hopefully this one win turns into more of a streak.

**Ichiro (Conf.):** I needed this win... I definitely feel that I messed up a bit too much to the point where if we lost, I probably join Harrison up on that block. I need to show Chef this was a one time thing next service, as there's no way I can perform this badly again.

*As the men celebrate, running up to the dorms, the red team looks down defeated.*

**Artem:** Red team, you unfortunately lost. Come up with two individuals you believe you'd be better off without. Personally, based on who isn't here, I think you have an easy choice tonight. Now fuck off.

*The red team walks back to the dorms. Julie looks somewhat annoyed in the confessional.*

**Julie (Conf.):** Unfortunately we have to lose a teammate tonight, but chef is right. The two individuals who are dead weight on this team are insanely obvious. I now just have to trust that my team will actually vote them in, as while I may like them, you can never know that these people can actually listen to reason.

*The red team meets up with Phoebe and Itachi in the dorms.*

**Phoebe:** Did we lose?

**Bella:** Yeah.

**Phoebe:** Dammit. Whoever wants to start, just start.

**Camila:** Alright. Itachi, I love you girl, and I know a lot of things ended up contributing to your stress with this service, but I just can't not put you up. You messing up the times on garnish contributed to the majority of the mistakes that went on in the kitchen tonight.

**Itachi:** I get that. Sorry I couldn't do what I needed to.

**Camila:** I also think Phoebe should be up there.

**Beverly:** Agreed. While you weren't *in* the kitchen, you didn't even respect Itachi enough to let her attempt sides. She directly lost food because of you messing with the orders.

**Julie:** So are the votes Itachi and Phoebe?

**Phoebe:** Well I also think Camila should be considered too.

*Camila rolls her eyes.*

**Camila:** Over you? Seriously?

**Phoebe:** You refired an already cooked halibut and in general don't respect your team or your craft.

**Camila:** Rich coming from you.

**Yadeesha:** Yeah. Camila made a mistake but are you seriously comparing it to flat out betraying Itachi like that? She was having a rough day already and you tanked her!

**Phoebe:** No, no, I'm not I'm just-

**Julie:** I think it's clear who the two picks are gonna be.

**Bella:** Agreed. Sorry you two.

**Itachi:** It's fine...

**Phoebe:** Yeah...

*Phoebe sighs in the confessional.*

**Phoebe (Conf.):** I need to make things right with Itachi, I'm just saying the wrong things. If I survive this elimination I still have to go on a *lot* of damage control, which sucks as I'm supposed to be the one that makes everyone happy, not anxious!

*The red team is shown walking back to the kitchen, with the blue team seated to the side of it. The women line up in front of Artem.*

**Artem:** Welcome, red team, to hopefully the elimination that could make you all finally have a good bloody service. Bella, first nominee and why.

**Bella:** Well, our first nominee is Phoebe, chef.

*Phoebe puts her head down and steps forward.*

**Bella:** While she wasn't in the kitchen physically, she still made her presence known for all the wrong reasons. She constantly checked on us when she should have been checking on the customers, and of course, flat out told them not to order sides because she didn't think Itachi could push them out.

**Artem:** Second nominee.

**Bella:** Itachi, chef.

*Itachi sighs.*

**Bella:** Like Phoebe she was kicked from the kitchen, she ran out of sides, and wasn't able to successfully communicate her times.

**Artem:** Good decisions. Itachi, step forward and stand next to Phoebe.

**Itachi:** Yes, chef...

*Itachi moves forward.*

**Artem:** I'm honestly disappointed. I genuinely expected better from the both of you. Let's just keep it brief. Itachi, why should you stay in Hell's Kitchen?

**Itachi:** I- I'm... I'm actually a team player, and respect this group too much to do what Phoebe did to me. I can... I can fix my voice, or at least try to as well.

**Phoebe:** I know I messed up Chef, and I'm willing to take responsibility for my actions. I know I'm supposed to be asking you for another chance, but I'd rather focus on Itachi with this speech. Win or lose, regardless of who goes home here, I have nothing but respect for you and I am terribly sorry for stepping out of line and keeping you from performing at the potential you could have.

**Itachi:** T-thanks.

**Phoebe:** Of course.

*Artem sighs, looks down at the floor, and then looks back up.*

**Artem:** I've made my decision, and trust me, it was a tough one. My logic is that I feel like one of you has a chance to genuinely redeem yourself while the other has been floundering for too long, and simply can't improve in an environment like this.

*Itachi takes a deep breath while Phoebe looks down.*

**Artem:** The person leaving Hell's Kitchen is...

*Suspenseful music swells as shots of Itachi and Phoebe looking nervous plays.*

**Artem:** Itachi.

**Itachi:** ....what?

*Itachi immediately begins to tear up. Phoebe looks remorseful and puts her arm around her.*

**Artem:** Give me your jacket, young lady.

*Itachi begins to cry, as she walks up to Artem, taking her jacket off. Artem sighs.*

**Artem:** Hey, keep your head up.

**Itachi:** But I- I failed you.

**Artem:** No. You're a talented girl with a lot of life ahead of you. All you need to do is find your voice, but I believe you deserve to do so in an environment that isn't high stress.

**Itachi:** Means a lot, chef.

**Artem:** You know what, keep your jacket. I want you to succeed, so I hope that keeping it could at least be the start of a new, confident Itachi.

**Itachi:** I understand chef.

*Itachi runs up to Artem, and gives him a hug.*

**Itachi:** (sniff.) It's been an honor.

*Wiping her tears, Itachi begins to walk out the door.*

**Itachi (Elimination Confessional):** This experience... It was eye opening for me. A part of me felt like I wouldn't be able to handle the stress of working under Artem, but I... I'm not too sad even if I did fail. After all, I met one of my idols! Hopefully I can use what I've learned about myself here to potentially develop my weaknesses into strengths, and maybe later down the line I can have another chance to impress Artem... maybe. A girl can dream, hehe.

*Artem is shown walking up to his office approaching a picture of Itachi.*

**Artem (Closing Words):** Itachi had all the skills of a contender to win, but I can't believe in someone to be my head chef, if she hasn't learned to believe in herself first.



*Thanks to letting Itachi keep her jacket, Artem pulls on the hook under the picture, causing the picture to light on fire, burning her face off of it. Itachi has been eliminated from Swoldow's Hell's Kitchen.*



## Episode 4: Too Many Cooks In One Kitchen

*Cutting back to where we left off, Phoebe looks down at the ground, still in front of Artem.*

**Artem:** Phoebe, I may have saved you this time, but you're on thin ice, young lady. One more major slip-up like this and you will be going out the door. Understand?

**Phoebe:** Yes chef.

**Artem:** Good. Now get some rest. We have yet another busy day tomorrow.

*The chefs shuffle their way back to the dorm, with Phoebe taking a breath in relief.*

**Phoebe (Conf.):** Tonight was close. I genuinely thought I was going home instead of Itachi, but I'm glad I have this second chance... However, I know for a fact that if it was my team's choice, they'd rather have Itachi still in the game, so before I mend things with Artem, I need to fix things with the red team.

*The contestants pile into the dorm. While most of the men head immediately to bed, the red team is seen in the common area and Camila is seen getting out a cigarette. Phoebe clears her throat, while Camila rolls her eyes.*

**Phoebe:** So, uh, about last night...

**Camila:** Don't wanna hear it, Phoebe.

*Yadeesha seems a bit shocked by Camila's interaction, and Camila immediately walks to the balcony to smoke there instead.*

**Phoebe:** I'm just trying to say-

*Phoebe looks back and sees Camila no longer in the room. It cuts to a confessional of Camila.*

**Camila (Conf.):** Of course I'm mad at Phoebe, who wouldn't. She thinks she's the leader when she sucks at it, her culinary experience is fucking *pastries*, she doesn't respect the integrity of this restaurant, and worst of all, she's the reason we're down Itachi now. She was one of my closest friends out here, and now she's gone despite Phoebe making way worse mistakes.

*Phoebe sighs and sits on the couch.*

**Phoebe:** I messed up badly, didn't I?

**Yadeesha:** You need honesty, so I'm just gonna be blunt with you. Yeah, you did.

**Phoebe:** I was just trying to help though...

**Yadeesha:** I know, but you attempting to help Itachi is seen by many as sabotage. What I recommend going forward is try not to argue about why you did what you did. Just admit you messed up, apologize, and move on.

**Phoebe:** But Cami doesn't even want to look at me...

*Phoebe tears up.*

**Yadeesha:** Give her time. Her and Itachi were close. Just in the future, try to focus on your own job rather than the whole team. Okay?

**Phoebe:** Okay...

*Yadeesha passes Phoebe a tissue, and then goes to bed.*

**Yadeesha (Conf.):** Do I agree with what Phoebe did last night? Absolutely not. However, I know that it's not out of a place of malice, but a simple lack of experience. She's never worked a brigade this big, so she definitely can't employ the same tactics she uses at her pastry shop for those services to run smoothly. She's rightfully catching a lot of flack for staying over Itachi, but if there's one thing I want from this team is it needs to be united, and because of that, I need Phoebe to own up to her flaws, as that will be what mends things with her and Camila.

*Phoebe continues to mope around in the common area.*

**Narrator:** While the red team reflects on their most recent loss, the blue team does nothing but celebrate.

*The camera immediately cuts to the men in the dorms high fiving all around. Even Harrison seems to be in on it.*

**Sepp:** Congrats to an amazing first win, gentlemen!

**Lawrence:** True that broskis! That service ruled. Even with a couple slips we still crushed the ladies!

**Chris:** Yeah. However, I definitely think we should continue to avoid losing though. We've had enough services fucking up. No mistakes, no nothing, just winning.

**Ichiro:** Yeah...

*Ichiro looks down, before looking a bit somber in the confessional.*

**Ichiro (Conf.):** The guys are all celebrating the win, which I get... but at the same time I don't think that service should have been celebrated and 90% of the reason why, well, was my fault. I hope the good vibes we have can get Chris to stop fixating on me, but that "no more mistakes" comment could have very well been directed at me.

*Back with the men celebrating, Chris diverts his attention to Joey.*

**Chris:** Speaking of good services, how was the day off Mr. Maitre D?

**Joey:** Honestly I think I might be gunning for Anton's job after this. I think I did pretty good.

*The men laugh as Harrison rolls his eyes.*

**Chris (teasing):** You were spending a lot of time at that one table though. Talkative bunch?

*Joey smirks and takes out the napkin with the phone number from his pocket.*

**Joey:** I think me and one of the guests are gonna do a little more than talking once this thing's done.

**Lawrence:** Yoooo, congrats dude!

**Harrison:** Throw a party for him, why don't you...

**Big Harry:** Aww, young lovin' is adorable! You two could make a beautiful family together.

**Joey:** Don't think we're that far yet, Harry.

**Big Harry:** Just joking, buddy.

*The men continue to celebrate as it cuts to Julie and Bella in the women's dorms trying to sleep.*

**Julie:** Jesus can these assholes keep it down.

**Bella:** Yeah... it's hard to sleep... especially hearing what they're saying.

**Julie:** You good, Bella?

**Bella (sad sounding):** Yeah...

*Julie looks mad in the confessional.*

**Julie (Conf.):** The men seem like they all want to gloat about their win, which is fine by me, lose all the sleep you want, but unfortunately for the red team our dorms are right next to theirs. In a game like this, energy is everything, and given that our group isn't the most unified now, I do *not* want a lack of sleep to further throw us off our game.

*Eventually the noise dies down, and a time lapse shot of Hell's Kitchen's exterior plays as it goes from night to morning. It cuts to Beverly and Camila waking up in the dorms.*

**Camila:** Huh-

**Beverly:** Did chef not... wake us this morning?

*Camila gets out of bed.*

**Camila:** Seems like it.

**Beverly:** Guess I'm going back to sleep than. This mattress isn't the best for a lady's back-  
*As soon as Beverly finishes her sentence, a loud operatic voice can be heard from downstairs.*

**Beverly:** Nevermind then...

*The red team gets dressed, and the blue team wakes up hearing the singing too.*

**Seppe:** Oh hey, I know this song.

**Harrison:** You work at one of those places that only plays shitty Italian opera?

**Seppe:** It also plays good Italian opera.

**Harrison:** And I thought my car radio was the worst thing to cook to...

*As the cast gets dressed, Anton walks in with a large Italian opera singer trailing behind him, continuing to belt out notes.*

**Lawrence:** Make it stop, man, please!

**Anton:** Unfortunately, Artem told him to stop only when you all get in the cars in front of the restaurant. Get going for all of our sanities.

*The chefs quickly change and run out the door with the singer trailing behind them. Each team gets in a different car.*

**Joey:** Seems like we're going out again.

**Seppe:** Hope it doesn't involve more shit cleaning though...

*The cars take off and as soon as he leaves frame, the opera singer stops singing.*

**Anton:** ...

**Opera Singer:** ...

**Opera Singer:** Can I get paid now?

*A drone shot of a high end Italian restaurant plays as the cars pull in front of it. As the teams leave their vehicles, Artem is shown exiting the restaurant with Brad and Marta on either side of him.*

**Artem:** Good morning, chefs, and welcome to your next challenge. As we continue to master different culinary styles from around the world, we have come to a challenge I know some of you have either been looking forward to, or dreading...

*The chefs look at each other in anticipation.*

**Artem:** Because tonight in Hell's Kitchen... is Italian night!

*Some chefs celebrate, while other chefs roll their eyes. Seppe specifically looks very happy.*

**Sepe (Conf.):** Artem saying "Italian night" was like hearing angels sing! This is my heritage. My whole family either lives there, or immigrated to America from there, so if there's any night I can excel at, it's tonight.

*Camila rolls her eyes in the confessional.*

**Camila (Conf.):** Great. It's Italian night and I'm on the team that doesn't have the secret third Mario brother on it. When are we getting a Peruvian night, Chef? I wanna see Seppe struggle on some Causa Rellena for crying out loud.

*Chris, as usual, looks arrogant in the confessional.*

**Chris (Conf.):** This restaurant is high end, which is exactly my style. I may not be Seppe, but I can definitely go toe to toe with him in Italian cuisine. Hell, I bet I'm the only one here that can even use the equipment Chef might have us working today. This challenge is mine for the taking.

*Back with Artem, he is shown clearing his throat.*

**Artem:** Now if you follow me, I will show you why this challenge might be a bit more difficult than you think, and it's for this reason.

*The chefs follow Artem down a hall into the kitchen area, where the chefs look at a wall of rustic wood ovens.*

**Joey:** Woah.

**Artem:** These aren't your average kitchen ovens. These are beautiful, classic Italian wood ovens that have produced some of the finest pizzas ever tasted by man. They take a special finesse to operate though, and the pizza peels you will be working with will be extra long to avoid burns. One slip up and the entire pie might be misshapen.

*Joey nods, looking a little bit more nervous.*

**Joey (Conf.):** Luckily for me, I'm the second most Italian person in this competition, *and* I can cook a mean pizza. Used to work at a little pizza parlor in Brooklyn before I took up bartending. However, the places I work can't afford these ovens, so I'm just as new to using these guys as basically everyone else around me. This complicates stuff a *lot* more.

*Back with Artem he continues to explain the challenge.*

**Artem:** Now this challenge is simple. Each chef has 45 minutes to produce the greatest pizza they can, that is both cooked well, and not fucked up by your inexperience manning these ovens. The three best pizzas on each team will then be put head to head with each other, with the team with the most points winning. Your time starts... now.

*The chefs immediately sprint to behind the pass where they start making their pizzas.*

*The chefs are shown beginning to roll their dough as well as finding adequate toppings.*

**Narrator:** In this Italian night challenge, the contestants have to make a pizza utilizing wood ovens that will be judged by Chef Artem. Right off the bat, contestants are seen employing different strategies.

*Joey is seen quickly tossing his dough around before it cuts to him in the confessional.*

**Joey (Conf.):** I've never used one of these ovens before, but 40 minutes is definitely a long time to make a pizza, at least for me, so what I'm trying to do is get dough into the oven so I can see how difficult using these peels are. Sort of like a pizza patient zero I guess.

*While Joey quickly is seen getting his pie into the oven, on the other side of the kitchen, Beverly is shown taking her time rolling her dough.*

**Beverly (Conf.):** I know my strengths and weaknesses in this competition. Thanks to my injury, my mobility isn't the best, so if I'm gonna have to knock this pizza out, I need one shot. My hand may be shaky, but if I take my time, I can ensure it looks good.

*Julie is shown putting her pie into the oven.*

**Julie (Conf.):** One of the big things with this challenge is the presentation side of things, as Chef wants to make sure we can actually use this equipment, so what I'm trying to do is make sure that I get the perfect, circular slice of pizza. Of course I need to not manhandle it with the peel, but that's exactly why I'm at a pace where I can make multiple pizzas in this time limit.

*Seppe is seen blissfully tossing his pizza dough, nowhere near the oven yet. Cheesy Italian music plays as he continues to toss it.*

**Seppe (Conf.):** Don't mean to brag or anything, but if anyone here is gonna whip up the best classic wood fired pizza, it's gonna be me. I have an oven exactly like this back at my restaurant, and sometimes my brigade has to tear me off the station with how much I love using that thing. I'm taking my time with this challenge, and truly honing my craft to ensure it comes out right on my first try.

*Bella is seen trying to move her pie in the oven with the peel but accidentally misshapes her pie.*

**Bella:** (sigh...)

**Camila:** You good, Bella?

**Bella:** I... I don't know...

*While Bella starts over, Camila has a distraught confessional.*

**Camila (Conf.):** I don't know what it is, but this morning, something has thrown Bella off her game. I really hope she's okay, as she's definitely one of the more... sane people on this team. Whatever she's going through, she's gotta snap out of it before service, though. I can't let her go home before Phoebe too.

*The chefs continue preparing their pizzas, with a lot of scenes of them looking into their ovens.*

**Narrator:** The pizzas start to pile up in the ovens, and luckily for Bella, she isn't alone, as mistakes seem to be piling up too.

*Ichiro is shown looking in his oven and sees a misshapen pizza.*

**Ichiro:** Dammit, I have to start over.

**Seppe:** There's still enough time for another pizza. Don't stress.

*Big Harry looks in his oven.*

**Big Harry:** If it makes you feel any better Ichiro I may have accidentally turned mine into a semi circle. Guess I'm startin' over too.

*Joey is shown taking his pie without anything on it out of the oven.*

**Joey:** Doesn't seem like I slipped up at all. Now to start on the actual pizza.

*Joey begins to roll out some more dough and begins to apply some pepperoni as a topping.*

*Harrison scoffs at this in the confessional.*

**Harrison (Conf.):** These assholes are fuckin' *clueless* in this challenge! Everyone knows that you can't move a pizza around the oven until after the crust dries up. The problem my dumbass team is having is they're not letting 'em cook as long as they should. I'm removing my pie from the oven only when I know for a damn FACT I should.

*Chris is seen still in the planning stage, elaborately putting numerous vegetable toppings on the pizza.*

**Chris (Conf.):** Let's be real, my team's turning into a dumpster fire right now. I just have to block all of them out of my head and focus on my elevated everything pizza. When Artem sees just how many flavors I've combined into absolute goodness, he'll have no choice but to give it a five.

*Back with the women, Julie takes out a fully cooked pizza from the oven.*

**Yadeesha:** Wow, Julie! I can smell how good it is from here.

**Julie:** Wait.

*Julie looks down and sees a tiny part of the pizza misshapen by the peel.*

**Julie:** It's not the perfect shape. I need to restart.

**Yadeesha:** Are you sure, Julie? I don't think chef will care if there's one tiny error with the shape.

**Julie:** He's Artem Izanovich. He'll care.

*Julie very quickly begins to start over. Yadeesha looks concerned but quickly gets back to pulling out her own spicy curry pizza.*

**Yadeesha (Conf.):** Julie is a strong teammate in this competition, but sometimes I worry if she's a bit *too* much of a perfectionist. The pizza smelled good, the combination of toppings was good, she just felt like she had to restart just because it was slightly off shape. We're running out of time and I hope she can pull off another pizza, because what I've seen, half the team hasn't even pulled out a mildly correctly shaped pie yet.

*Artem walks up to the pass.*

**Artem:** One minute left, everyone. Get to plating!

**The Chefs:** Yes chef!

*Julie is seen pulling her pie out of the oven and sighing in relief over it not being misshapen.*

*Phoebe and Bella don't have much luck as Phoebe accidentally crushes her pizza into itself with the peel.*

**Phoebe:** Dammit!

*Over with the men, Lawrence is seen briefly chopping up pineapple to add as a topping.*

*Harrison takes his pie out of the oven.*

**Harrison:** Prepare for the best pie of the night!

*Harrison takes his pizza out of the oven only to find out it's burnt.*

**Harrison:** DAMMIT!

*Artem clears his throat.*

**Artem:** Five.

*Joey quickly adds a dash of Parmesan cheese to his pizza.*

**Artem:** Four.

*Seppe plates his pizza, satisfied.*

**Artem:** Three.

*Beverly walks over with her pizza and puts it on her plate.*

**Artem:** Two. One. Time.

*The chefs back up from their plates, some looking better than others. Ichiro looks down on his misshapen pizza and sighs.*

**Artem:** Now, for the next part of the challenge, I want each team to pick their top three best pizzas. You have five minutes to deliberate amongst yourselves.

*With the red team, Yadeesha immediately takes charge of the discussion.*

**Yadeesha:** So first off is there anyone who doesn't want their pizzas up there.

*Phoebe reluctantly raises her hand.*

**Phoebe:** Sorry guys. Mines a mess, there's no way he'd let it near a winning score.

**Bella:** I guess that rules me out too... sorry guys, I don't know what went over me.

**Beverly:** It's fine, dearie.

**Yadeesha:** So all we have left is mine, Camila's, Bev's and Julie's?

**Camila:** I'm gonna be honest, I'll step down and let you three put yours up. Compared to what you did, mines definitely more basic, and doesn't have many toppings. Yadeesha's should definitely be up though. It's very creative.

**Julie:** Did you put curry on that thing?

**Yadeesha:** Proud of my heritage.

**Beverly:** I'm good with mine, Yadeesha's and Julie's.

**Phoebe:** Same.

*Beverly smiles in the confessional.*

**Beverly (Conf.):** I'm glad I got picked to represent my team! My back may be hurting and my foot may be sprained, but nothing is keeping this oldie out of the kitchen. Guess my patience manning that oven paid off.

*With the men, Chris begins the discussion.*

**Chris:** From looks alone, I definitely think between Big Harry and Ichiro's pies not being shaped right, and Harrison's being burnt, I think we have a pretty easy top four of the evening.

**Harrison (under breath):** Well fuck you too...

**Big Harry:** From the looks of it, we definitely gotta have Chris and Seppe's pizzas up. They're the easy standouts, and seem super advanced.

**Joey:** So the final one's between Lawrence and I?

**Lawrence:** Hell yeah, bro! Bring it on.

**Seppe:** Wait...

*Seppe looks at Lawrence's pizza.*

**Lawrence:** What's wrong, man?

**Seppe:** Is that... pineapple?

**Lawrence:** Yeah! My beach goes love that on a pizza.

**Chris:** Sorry dude but I am vetoing that immediately. Hawaiian pizza isn't real pizza.



**Lawrence:** Damn it isn't?

**Seppe:** Sorry, man. Joey's just looks and smells way more authentically Italian. My votes for him.

**Chris:** Agreed.

**Harrison:** Nah, Lawrence's is better.

**Big Harry:** Ain't you just sayin' that because you hate Joey? You even smelled his pizza yet?

**Harrison:** Whatever, but if he costs you the challenge I warned you...

**Joey:** Damn. If only you were as good at burning me as you were your pizza.

*Harrison rolls his eyes.*

**Big Harry (Conf.):** Yeah I didn't do too hot on the pizza myself, but between Seppe, Chris, and Joey, I definitely don't think we're gonna lose that challenge! Don't get why Harrison's so mad at Joey for making better food than him though. We're a team, the best food should always be sent to Chef in challenges like this.

*Chef Artem clears his throat.*

**Artem:** Times up, chefs. Now send me the first two pizzas from either team.

*Yadeesha and Joey walk up with their plates to Artem.*

**Artem:** Alright then, Joey, start us off.

*Joey unveils his dish.*

**Joey:** I have a classic, New York style pizza for you, Chef, elevated using the wood oven, and topped with pepperoni, shredded bacon bits, and a dash of Parmesan on the top.

**Artem:** Interesting.

*Artem cuts a slice and takes a bite out of it.*

**Artem:** Delicious, well done.

**Joey:** Thank you, Chef.

**Artem:** And you, Yadeesha?

*Yadeesha unveils her dish.*

**Yadeesha:** Keeping up with the theme of food from our cultural roots, this is my take on a curry pizza, topped with chicken breast, bell peppers, shallots, and each meat glazed in curry sauce.

*Artem takes a bite out of a slice of Yadeesha's pie.*

**Artem:** A very interesting combination of flavors. I like this one as well...

**Yadeesha:** Thank you.

**Artem:** Both dishes were extremely well done, but only one can take the point, and it's thanks to its authenticity... point goes to...

*Yadeesha and Joey both take a deep breath.*

**Artem:** Joey.

**Joey:** Thank you.

*Joey celebrates in the confessional.*

**Joey (Conf.):** I am absolutely over the moon right now! After that first service I thought I'd be toast before this challenge would even happen, but I not only proved myself to chef Artem but also beat Yadeesha, easily one of the most talented chefs on the red team? Is this even real right now?

*Joey and Yadeesha shake hands as Beverly and Chris walk up with their plates.*

**Narrator:** With Joey scoring the first point for the men, it's now up to Beverly to even it out, or Chris to close out the challenge.

*Artem looks at both chefs.*

**Artem:** Remember, this challenge is a best of three. If Chris wins, the blue team wins the challenge, but if Beverly wins, the women will tie it up and still have a chance. Chris, show me what you have.

*Chris unveils his dish.*

**Chris:** Today, Chef, I have for you an elevated everything pizza, topped with numerous flavors that all combine into a cohesive taste, including pepperoni, bell peppers, onions, arugula, and shrimp. Enjoy, chef.

*Artem picks up a slice and some of the toppings fall off.*

**Artem:** Will I be missing out without any of that on?

*Chris rolls his eyes.*

**Chris:** No, chef.

*Artem takes a bite.*

**Artem:** The most impressive thing about this is how you kept all of those toppings on the pizza while manning the peel.

*Chris clearly looks annoyed.*

**Chris:** And the taste?

**Artem:** It's good, don't get me wrong, but it lacks the simplicity a truly authentic pizza needs.

**Chris:** Yes chef.

*Chris looks angered in the confessional.*

**Chris (Conf.):** Is this guy for real? Apparently my cooking is at such a high level his measly taste buds can't even comprehend it. What am I even doing trying to work for this guy if he isn't gonna respect my artistry!

*Back with Artem he looks at Beverly.*

**Artem:** And you, madame?

*Phoebe unveils her dish.*

**Beverly:** This is my take on a meat lovers pizza, topped with bacon, pepperoni, chicken, and some ground black pepper for the flavor.

*Artem takes a slice of Beverly pizza.*

**Artem:** It's simple, yet delicious. Congratulations, red team, you're all tied up.

*Beverly smiles in the confessional.*

**Beverly (Conf.):** And just like that, points are back on the board for the ladies. I am on a roll today!

*Back with Artem, Julie and a confident Seppe walk up.*

**Artem:** Julie, Seppe, it is one to one. Whoever wins this point wins the challenge for the team. You ready?

**Julie:** Yes, chef.

**Seppe:** Yes, chef.

**Artem:** As usual, let's start with the men. Show me what you got, Seppe.

*Seppe unveils his pizza.*

**Seppe:** This is the pizza recipe I've been fine tuning at my restaurant for two decades now, chef. This is a two-cheese margherita pizza with a layer of burrata on top, as well as my favorite toppings of pepperoni, olives, and basil. Enjoy.

*Artem digs in to Seppe's pizza, eating the majority of the slice.*

**Artem:** Wow. Seppe, knowing your background, I had high expectations of you, and even then, you blew them out of the water. I can tell this kind of food is your passion. Easily the best dish of the challenge.

**Seppe:** Means the world to me, chef.

*Artem turns to Julie*

**Artem:** However, there's still a chance it could be topped. Show me what you have, Julie.

*Julie unveils her pizza.*

**Julie:** This is my take on a mushroom pizza, sautéed with thyme and oregano and intricately plated so the mushrooms form a pattern.

**Artem:** Wow. I don't even want to eat this, it looks like a work of art, the plating is that good.

**Julie:** Thanks, Chef.

**Artem:** But plating isn't everything, and I need a good taste.

*Artem takes a bite of Julie's slice.*

**Artem:** Hm...

**Artem:** I can tell the combination of flavors is there. This would definitely be a top two pizza of the challenge...

**Julie:** Thank you Chef.

**Artem:** ...If the crust wasn't undercooked.

**Julie:** I'm sorry, what?

**Artem:** It needs two more minutes in the wood oven, and *then* it would be perfect. I'm sorry, Julie, but this mistake just cost you. Congratulations blue team, you've won the challenge!

*The blue team celebrates as Joey and Lawrence both immediately walk over to Seppe to high five him.*

**Artem:** Men, for winning the challenge, you will be staying here, at Antonio's Pizzeria, the most highly rated Italian diner in LA, and being served a delicious, three course meal with wine. Sound good?

**Big Harry:** Sounds awesome, Chef.

**Artem:** Marta and Brad brought your formal wear from the dorms. Head to the bathrooms, get changed, and enjoy your lunch.

*The blue team celebrates as they head to change. Yadeesha looks down.*

**Artem:** Red team, while the men stay here, you lot will unfortunately be heading back to Hell's Kitchen to prep for tonight's service...

*As Artem said this, the vehicles that took the chefs to this restaurant drive in front of the pizzeria's window and are seen leaving.*

**Artem:** That's odd... they were supposed to pick you up. I'm sure I could supply another way for you all to get back.

*Brad and Marta walk in, dragging along a circular contraption with six seats, six sets of pedals, and a giant steering wheel in the middle.*

**Artem:** And here it is. Before you prepare dinner tonight, you will take a trek back to Hell's Kitchen undergoing my favorite way to destroy a chef's ego... public embarrassment! This

monstrosity of a vehicle is powered completely by your pedaling, and in the scathing LA heat, it will definitely get hard for you all on the way back.

*Marta passes each woman a helmet, while a notification plays on Artem's phone.*

**Artem:** Have fun and enjoy pedaling. Marta and I are Ubering back.

*Artem and Marta leave as Phoebe sighs in the confessional.*

**Phoebe (Conf.):** Yeah, that challenge couldn't have been worse for me. This was prime time to prove my worth to my team, but not only did I ruin my pizza, taking an opportunity away from us to have a pizza that could beat out the men, but my team lost anyway. I'm a pastry-eater and always have been. Physical exercise simply isn't my thing. (Sigh...) It's gonna be a long punishment, isn't it....

*The red team is shown putting on their helmets and getting onto the odd transportation device.*

**Narrator:** The red team begins their treacherous trek back to Hell's Kitchen on...

*Camila is seen looking down at what they will be pedaling in.*

**Camila:** What even is this?

**Beverly:** Looks like two unicycles had sextuplets together...

**Phoebe:** Hehe, nice one Bev.

*Camila rolls her eyes*

**Camila (under her breath):** Just please shut up...

*Bella is looking down while Yadeesha clears her throat.*

**Yadeesha:** Can we just get on with this already? Chef gave us a map back to Hell's Kitchen so as long as we follow it I think we'll be good.

**Julie:** Not even a GPS? Jesus, this is gonna blow.

*The red team chefs begin to pedal and the machine begins to move in the opposite direction of where they expected right towards a wall.*

**Julie:** TURN EVERYONE! TURN!

*The red team grabs the steering wheel and all twist it to the right, leading them to narrowly avoid the wall.*

**Phoebe:** Phew.

*Camila looks angry in the confessional.*

**Camila (Conf.):** A punishment of hard labor I can take. I prep for my own restaurant basically every day, but this? It's definitely grinding my gears. Not only do all six of us have to pedal this thing, and like, two of us are fit, but I also have to listen to Phoebe talk the whole damn time. Worst part is, we were fucked from the getgo! None of us know Italian cooking!

*The red team is seen slowly traveling down the road on the weird 6 person circular bicycle.*

*Yadeesha clutches a map in her hands.*

**Yadeesha:** Ok, so if we turn here, that will be...

*Suddenly a car horn interrupts her. She looks up from the map and sees that the red team is now blocking traffic.*

**Bella:** (Sigh...)

**Julie:** Dammit.

*Julie looks annoyed in the confessional.*

**Julie (Conf.):** Yeah, this isn't gonna be the best for my publicity if I ever set up shop here. Now we're holding up traffic and since it's LA, everyone here is probably stuck up about it too. We're

about to be the six most hated people in the city with the pace we're going, and worst of all, we're all already tired...

*The camera cuts to Beverly covered in sweat, panting extremely hard.*

**Yadeesha:** Bev, you good?

**Beverly:** I... I don't know.

**Phoebe:** I know you can pull through! You can do it Bev!

**Camila:** Stop brown-nosing her. She's tired, *let her fucking rest.*

**Phoebe:** Sorry...

*Phoebe looks sad in the confessional.*

**Phoebe (Conf.):** No matter what I try to do now, I just can't make Camila happy! What, were you expecting me to tear down Beverly and tell her she's weak? No! She kicks ass. We also need to get back to the kitchen at a reasonable time or else the blue team will be stuck doing service by themselves! I just can't explain myself because I know for a fact I'm gonna get shot down.

*Back with Beverly, she catches her breath.*

**Beverly:** Can there *please* be no more arguing. I do not want us to hate each other going into this service. I just need a little rest, Phoebe, that's all.

**Phoebe:** Alright, thanks...

*Back at the restaurant, the blue team is shown sitting at a table in formal wear.*

**Narrator:** While the red team is torn down by their rigorous punishment, the blue team dresses up.

*Joey looks around at the table.*

**Joey:** Daaaamn we clean up nice!

**Chris:** Yeah. Didn't even know Big Harry had a tux in his wardrobe.

**Big Harry:** I wore this bad boy to my daughter's wedding! Of course it was years ago, and a little tight for my belly now, but hey, a tux is a tux.

*Harrison puts his hair in a ponytail, as a waitress starts to pass around some wine. Harrison immediately begins to drink.*

**Harrison (Conf.):** I think it's common knowledge by now that I don't really get along much with my team. This kitchen is stuffed to the brim with a bunch of stuck up, pretentious assholes, so even being on reward with them is a punishment. Fortunately, I got some wine too, so I guess that's gonna be how I enjoy myself instead of talking to these fuckers. After all, if I keep my mouth shut, one of the others doesn't, and if I'm not starting shit, someone else will, which means I'm no longer a deer in the headlights.

*Lawrence picks up his glass of wine.*

**Lawrence:** A toast to victory, dudes!

*Ichiro raises his glass.*

**Ichiro:** A well earned one.

*Chris raises his glass with a smirk.*

**Chris:** No matter if our pizzas were a masterpiece or a semi-circle, at least we're not scooping up pig feces.

*Sepe laughs but Ichiro feels a little uneasy.*

**Ichiro (Conf.):** Even on reward Chris won't let my mistakes go! I'd say he's obsessed with me, but have you *seen* how he feels about himself? There's definitely a pecking order, and I'm second on it. I know I haven't been performing the best the past couple of challenges, but it's like the blue team is oblivious to how backhanded some of Chris' compliments are to me specifically. I need to stand up for myself.

*Ichiro clears his throat.*

**Ichiro:** Um, Chris, I'd really appreciate it if you *didn't* talk all backhanded about me.

**Chris:** I'm sorry, what?

**Ichiro:** You don't need to constantly bring up my mistakes. It's getting into my head and making me perform even worse!

**Chris:** Why the hell would I sabotage my own team member? I'm not stupid, Ichiro.

*Chris smirks in the confessional.*

**Chris (Conf.):** Yep, that's exactly what I'm doing.

*Back at the table, Chris continues to argue with Ichiro.*

**Ichiro:** Even if it's by accident, it still hurts as a fellow chef. Could you please stop being so mean spirited?

**Chris:** Mean fucking spirited?

*Harrison looks at the camera as the argument goes down and smirks.*

**Joey:** Guys can we please not argue? We're on reward.

**Chris:** He's literally fucking attacking my character!

**Seppe:** Let's just change the subject before our order is taken...

**Lawrence:** Agreed.

*Lawrence sighs in the confessional.*

**Lawrence (Conf.):** Damn man... I thought after back to back wins in the service and this reward I thought it would be nothing but good vibes, but apparently Ichiro and Chris have some pent up frustration from going at it during yesterday's punishment. We gotta get everyone back on the same page for service, because I don't want this team to hate eachother. I'm just glad they were able to settle down before the chef came.

*Harrison meanwhile looks way happier in the confessional.*

**Harrison (Conf.):** This is exactly what I was fuckin' looking for! Chris and Ichiro can't even hide how much they hate eachother, so honestly, my plan from just not failing has shifted. I want these two to hate eachother so much there's no choice to put them on the chopping block over me! That's what you get for goin' against me, suckers.

*Back with the red team, Hell's Kitchen can now be seen in view.*

**Narrator:** Just like the arguments with the blue team, for the red team, while one form of physical work ends, another begins.

*Everyone looks at the restaurant glad they made it back, but tired.*

**Julie:** Oh my god... it's over...

**Yadeesha:** Not yet... we have to prep for the service too...

**Camila:** Completely forgot about that part... great...

*The chefs limp into Hell's Kitchen, where they see Marta.*

**Marta:** Hey there, señoritas! What took you so long?

**Bella:** Not... Ubering back... that's what...

**Marta:** I know, i'm joking. I already loaded in all the food for you. I want two of you each preparing each topping, as well be using Seppe's winning pizza as the recipe for tonight. Get chopping, ladies.

*As the red team rushes to get started on their stations, Beverly is notably slower. She stops, and then immediately lies down on the ground.*

**Bella:** Um... Bev?

*The red team immediately stops what they're doing. Marta also looks up.*

**Marta:** Oh my god! Someone, get a water bottle from the dorms and some ice.

**Phoebe:** On it.

*Phoebe runs up to the dorms while the medical team is called down.*

**Doctor:** Beverly, can you hear us?

**Beverly:** ...

**Beverly:** Yes...

**Doctor:** She seems out of breath. Please just stay there and take some deep breaths.

*Beverly complies and starts breathing.*

**Doctor:** Are you dizzy?

**Beverly:** Y-yeah...

*Phoebe comes back with the water. The doctor moves Beverly so she's leaning on the pass, and hands her the water.*

**Beverly:** I'm just very tired... The ride back took a lot out of me...

*The doctor checks her pulse.*

**Doctor:** The good news is, you aren't in need to be pulled, but we're gonna have to monitor you, as someone your age should not be under all this physical strain. That means you will be sitting out of this punishment, but ideally you're well rested enough for service.

**Beverly:** Okay...

*The doctor helps Beverly to her feet and the two of them walk up to the dorms.*

**Marta:** Alright than. That means that you guys are gonna be down a chef for this punishment. Is anyone here willing to put in double the work?

*Phoebe raises her hand.*

**Phoebe:** I might as well. I promise you all I'll work hard and do it right.

**Marta:** Alright then. Camila and Yadeesha, you do the pepperoni slices. Bella and Julie, you're on olive duty, and Phoebe, you're handling the basil.

**The Red Team:** Yes chef!

*Yadeesha looks worried in the confessional.*

**Yadeesha (Conf.):** A part of me is very scared for Beverly's overall health. This is the second reward challenge where she's ended up injured, and I simply don't know how many more injuries that woman can take. She's a warrior, but maybe a bit too much of one? I don't know. I just hope she's okay.

*Bella and Julie are seen chopping up olives for pizza toppings.*

**Bella:** ...

**Julie:** Hey, uh... are you good?

**Bella:** What?

**Julie:** I don't know if it's the lack of sleep but you're seeming way less peppy than usual. Is there any way I can help?

**Bella:** Oh, uh, don't worry about it.

**Julie:** It's impacting your performance and I want you at your best. Of course I'm worried about it.

*Bella sighs.*

**Bella:** I don't know... it's stupid, you'd judge me.

**Julie:** Why the hell would I do that? You're my teammate.

*Bella takes a deep breath.*

**Bella:** Please don't tell anyone...

*Julie chops up some olives and puts them in a container.*

**Julie:** Not a soul.

**Bella:** Okay... so I may have a tiny little crush on someone... Someone on the blue team.

**Julie:** Please tell me it's one of the sane ones...

**Bella:** It is... it's...

**Bella:** It's Joey.

**Julie:** And the issue is?

**Bella:** I think he met someone else... one of those model girls he waited for.

*Julie sighs.*

**Julie:** So you think you don't have a shot?

**Bella:** You know me, Julie. I haven't dated anyone in seven years to focus on my cooking. I'll be a deer in the headlights! And did you *look* at the girl who was smiling at him?

**Julie:** No, I was looking at my station.

**Bella:** Fair, but like, I genuinely don't know where to take it from here. He's a nice guy, but... if I ask, what if he says no?

**Julie:** Listen, Bella. As a married woman who doesn't want this dwelling on you for the rest of the competition, take your shot. You'll never know how he feels if you're not honest with him.

**Bella:** I guess, but-

**Julie:** Don't be so insecure. If there's a chance you can talk to him privately after tonight's service, take it. Just focus on the actual service first.

**Bella:** I know, I know, but do you think I actually have a chance with him?

**Julie:** You're a sweet girl with a common hobby and definitely look better than you give yourself credit for. Be confident and I'm sure the two of you can hit it off... as long as you prioritize this first.

**Bella:** I will, it was just on my mind.

**Julie:** Good. Now let's chop up the rest of these.

*Bella cuts another olive.*

**Bella:** Way ahead of you, Julie!

*Julie sighs in the confessional.*

**Julie (Conf.):** I'm still not convinced Bella is older than me, especially with her being all boy crazy about Joey. Of course I'd rather have a boy crazy teammate than a teammate thrown off her game, so I gave her a bit of a confidence boost. After all, my own husband didn't know about my feelings until I was honest with him about it. I just hope this can keep her in check, and if they actually couple up, she continues to prioritize the competition over some Adonis on the other team.

*Bella looks a bit relieved in the confessional.*



**Bella (Conf.):** That pep talk from Julie is what I needed. Obviously, I want to perform the best for Artem more than anything else, and it's a little scary I could potentially be rejected on live television, but hey, i'm out of my rut now, and I hope he does good enough this service to where I can find the time to chat with him.

*Back with the blue team, they sit awkwardly at the table.*

**Narrator:** While Bella breaks the silence of some newfound romance, a special guest breaks the silence at the blue team's reward.

*The chef of the pizzeria they're at walks up to the table.*

**Antonio:** Hello everybody! My name is Chef Antonio, the owner and head chef of this establishment, and I congratulate you all on winning!

**Sepe:** Grazie!

**Antonio:** Oh, we have an Italian speaker here? Nice. Anyway, my team has prepared you numerous Italian delicacies for you to enjoy

*Waitresses bring numerous dishes to the table, including multiple rustic Italian pizzas cooked in their wood ovens, numerous pasta and seafood dishes, as well as a chicken parm.*

**Antonio:** Dig in, chefs!

*The chefs immediately dig into the buffet of high class Italian cuisine in front of them. Chris takes a bite of the chicken parm and looks around in awe.*

**Chris:** I gotta find the recipe for this... wow!

**Joey:** Damn, guess I no longer got Artem's favorite parm dish.

*Big Harry laughs before grabbing a slice of pizza. Lawrence takes a bite of the shrimp scampi.*

**Lawrence:** This puts my hometown's shrimp to shame. Wow.

*Sepe grabs one slice from each pizza to taste them all, as well as a giant spoonful of spaghetti. Sepe looks filled with joy in the confessional.*

**Sepe (Conf.):** It's like all the post-argument awkwardness completely flew away! Now I'm feelin' like a kid in a candy store! All this delicious food from my home, and yet i'm still learning new taste combinations I can experiment with. You can tell Antonio's work is authentically Italian, and for that, me and my taste buds couldn't be happier!

*The camera zooms out as the blue team stuffs their face with food, and it cuts to a drone shot of the restaurant.*

*Clips of Hell's Kitchen are shown, and the Blue Team is seen pulling into the premises and walking into the restaurant. The women are finishing prepping the toppings.*

**Camila:** Oh god, is that them?

**Big Harry:** Yep! We wined and dined on what I think y'all are making right now.

**Camila:** Wow, how perceptive...

*Chris smugly glances at the red team while he walks to the dorms.*

**Chris (Conf.):** The red team... yeah they're a joke. I mean, our team has Harrison and Ichiro weighing us down and yet we're still winning everything! Whoever they have leading over there must be doing a terrible job, as they're going through nothing but punishment, and it's glorious.

*Joey and Lawrence are seen opening the door to the dorms.*

**Joey:** And then I said, "if you're not gonna pay your tab, then-"

*Joey and Lawrence see Beverly sprawled across the couch drinking water.*

**Lawrence:** Oh my god, are you okay?

**Beverly:** Yeah... the punishment took a lot out of me...

**Joey:** Cuttin' pizza toppings?

**Beverly:** No... it was more of... how we got back here to start cutting them.

**Joey:** I feel ya. The heat here sucks sometimes.

**Beverly:** Yeah...

*Harrison walks up into the dorms after and looks at Beverly.*

**Harrison:** Oh my god she injured herself AGAIN? It's like you guys are *trying* to lose.

**Lawrence:** Be nice. She's hurt.

**Harrison:** And for the sake of us winning, I want it kept that way. Ever heard of mind games, Lawrence?

**Beverly:** I'm literally right here, whippersnapper.

**Joey:** Can you not, dude?

**Harrison:** UGH! You're ALWAYS finding new ways to target me. Don't talk to me until service.

*Harrison walks away to get changed. Joey facepalms. Beverly smiles in the confessional.*

**Beverly (Conf.):** I may be old, but I still have my spirit. I've been recovering pretty well, but Harrison trying whatever dumb "psychological warfare" plan sealed the deal. I'm gonna be cooking tonight, and it'll be to prove the naysayers wrong. Anyone can cook, and at any age, too!

*The red team is seen finally entering the dorms after finishing their punishment.*

**Bella:** Oh my god, Bev, are you okay?

**Beverly:** Perfectly fine, dearie. I'm healed enough to cook tonight.

**Yadeesha:** Are you sure? You're a valuable teammate but we can't risk you hurting yourself more.

**Beverly:** I'll be fine, trust me.

**Yadeesha:** Whatever you say.

**Phoebe:** Well, at least now that the punishment's over, we have downtime to rest before the service!

*Right as Phoebe finishes her sentence the phone rings.*

**Camila:** You gotta be kidding me...

*Camila looks annoyed in the confessional.*

**Camila (Conf.):** It's like she's a walking bad luck charm! I wouldn't consider myself a superstitious woman but Phoebe has manifested nothing but bad luck for our team, and hopefully, now can be the final service we have to deal with her in.

*Phoebe is seen on the phone.*

**Phoebe (on the phone):** Hey, chef.

**Artem (on the phone):** Hello, Phoebe. I need all the chefs down here, pronto.

**Phoebe (on the phone):** You got it, chef.

*Phoebe hangs up.*

**Phoebe:** It's go time, guys.

*As footage of the chefs walking downstairs plays, Phoebe has a confessional.*

**Phoebe (Conf.):** Tonight for me... well, I at least hope, will be redemption night. I've messed up, I've angered my team, but this kitchen's gonna meet a new Phoebe! I am not going home tonight, mark my words.

*The teams are shown lining up in front of Artem.*

**Artem:** Welcome, red team and blue team to your fourth service as brigades.

*The chefs clap in applause.*

**Artem:** I'm not going to sugarcoat it though. Now is the time perfection begins to be expected. You've had three services to feel each other out and learn each other's strengths and weaknesses, so now it's time to truly work together as teams. I want you all to be machines in the kitchen tonight, and most importantly, no more arguing.

**The Chefs:** Yes chef!

**Artem:** Good. Now, for the twist. Thanks to it being Italian night, we will be adding Seppe's challenge winning pizza on the menu as an Entree, and one member of each team will be on a new pizza station for tonight only. Seppe, as the best performer of the blue team, I have picked you to work the station.

**Seppe:** I'm honored, chef.

*Seppe smiles in the confessional.*

**Seppe (Conf.):** I guess in tonight's service Chef is rewarding me for having to sit through all the immaturity and unprofessionalism the rest of my team is spewing. I'm a great chef already, but put me in front of a pizza oven? Might as well hand that job over now, Artem.

*Back with the chefs, Artem looks at the red team.*

**Artem:** Now, I was going to pick Beverly for her team, but thanks to her injury I believe it would be more beneficial for her to be on a station with another chef, so for the red team, I have picked Yadeesha to make pizzas. She had the second best performance of the red team.

**Yadeesha:** Yes, chef.

*Beverly looks down in the confessional.*

**Beverly (Conf.):** I worked my ass off in the pizza challenge, but Artem is right. These old bones can only withstand so much, and honestly, I'm shocked they've survived the sheer amount of injuries I've had in such a small amount of time. I'm sure Yadeesha will be fine on pizza though, as I'm definitely gonna need someone looking out for me on my station.

*Yadeesha has mixed feelings in her confessional.*

**Yadeesha (Conf.):** On one hand, I'm more than excited that Chef is allowing me to step up to the plate and make some good pizzas for him. However, I'm a little nervous for the rest of my kitchen. Since the first day I've always been the de-facto leader, and since I'll be away from everyone else on the pizza oven, I feel like without me providing structure, the team is gonna fold, especially thanks to Phoebe and Camila's issues, and Beverly's injuries. I just hope they'll all be okay...

*Back with the chefs, Artem beckons for Anton to enter.*

**Artem:** Alright then. Enough with the chit-chat, we have a service to do. Anton, open Hell's Kitchen.

**Anton:** Oui.

*Footage of the Hell's Kitchen doors opening plays, as many customers enter.*

**Narrator:** Hell's Kitchen has opened, and the customers are already pouring in, proving Hell's Kitchen is the hottest dining experience on the west coast.

*Some celebrities have also seemingly entered the restaurant, including politician Bertram Goodman, and his entourage, as well as former singer Yua Aoki.*

*Footage of the red kitchen is shown with Bella on appetizers and Julie on garnish.*

**Julie:** Remember, Bella. Keep your head in the game and focus on your cooking.

**Bella:** Way ahead of you, Julie.

*Julie smiles in the confessional.*

**Julie (Conf.):** Yadeesha all the way at the pizza station means that Artem wants to see someone else on the red team attempt to step up as a leader tonight, and luckily, I was able to get on the garnish station tonight. Nothing can be pushed out until it has garnish on it, so tonight, I'm gonna be calling the shots on this service, and I'm gonna make sure it goes smooth as silk for Artem.

*Artem walks up to the pass.*

**Artem:** Red team, I'm gonna need two risotto, and fast.

**Julie:** Two minutes?

**Bella:** On it.

*As Bella cooks her risotto, a confessional plays.*

**Bella (Conf.):** After messing up that pizza challenge, I know I have to bring it tonight. Yeah, a certain guy on the other team may be a tad... uh, distracting, but my head is in the game, and this service, I'm proving that not just to Artem, but to Julie, and the rest of my team.

*Back with the chefs, Julie is seen finishing her garnish.*

**Julie:** Walking in thirty.

**Bella:** Same.

*The two women successfully coordinate times and Julie walks the risotto to the pass.*

**Artem:** Great job communicating, Julie and Bella. The risotto looks delicious. Send it out.

*The wait staff takes the risotto from the pass, as Bella reaches across her station to hi-five Julie.*

**Bella:** Now *that's* how you start a service!

*The camera cuts to the blue team starting out on their first orders.*

**Narrator:** Julie and Bella have started off the service well, so now it's up to Lawrence and Big Harry on appetizers and Harrison on garnish to continue this streak of good performance for the Blue Team.

*Lawrence is seen cooking up a risotto efficiently.*

**Lawrence:** Yo, I'm one minute out for my first risotto. Harrison, how much time you need, dude?

**Harrison:** Um... yeah I'm gonna need another minute.

**Big Harry:** You serious? I'm 'boutta walk mine up? We all agreed on a three minute time!

**Harrison:** Yeah, a time that sometimes can't be kept. Get off my ass.

*Artem notices the infighting.*

**Artem:** What is going on here?

**Harrison:** Nothing, chef. Just slow on the garnish.

*Harrison brings his garnish to the pass.*

**Artem:** Thankfully that wasn't enough time for the risottos to die. Service, please.

*The blue team's risottos are taken.*

**Artem:** You're on garnish, Harrison.

**Harrison:** Uh, yeah? Don't baby me, Chef, I think I know what station I'm-

**Artem:** For fucks sake, LET ME FINISH!

*Harrison freezes like a deer in the headlights.*

**Artem:** What I was *trying* to say before you fucking interrupted me was that since you're on Garnish, you *need* to fucking communicate more! You basically run this kitchen! No food leaves the pass without your garnish on it. This is basic stuff, Harrison. If a time can't be caught up to, LET YOUR TEAM KNOW!

**Harrison:** Yes chef...

*Artem leaves, and Big Harry notices Harrison getting heated.*

**Big Harry (Conf.):** I guess it's to train him, but uh... who in their right mind would willingly put Harrison on the garnish station? He doesn't even like talkin' to us, let alone be a leader. He better turn this service around because it's been one single order and he's already makin' Chef all mad.

*Harrison rolls his eyes in the confessional.*

**Harrison (Conf.):** Artem is on my ass for everything I'm fuckin' doing no matter what. I fucking hate this, but at least he's made it clear that since I'm on garnish... I control the kitchen. Now, let's see if thanks to my input, a couple chumps not named Harrison can be torn down a few pegs so *they* get eliminated...

*A montage of both the red and blue teams sending appetizers out plays. Artem is seen at the pass clearing his throat.*

**Artem:** Alright then, teams. Enough apps have been ordered to start pushing some entrees out. Are you all ready?

**The Chefs:** Yes chef!

**Artem:** Good. Now DON'T DISAPPOINT ME...

*As Artem reads the next ticket his eyes widen.*

**Artem:** Shit... it's the big table.

*Bertram Goodman, former representative of Texas, is seen at a large table with an entourage of political personnel. Both red team and blue team plates are on it.*

**Artem (to himself):** They're gonna dissappoint me, aren't they...

*Artem clears his throat.*

**Artem:** RED AND BLUE TEAM MEAT STATIONS, GET SOMEONE OVER HERE.

*Camila is seen walking over.*

**Camila:** Coming, chef.

*Ichiro and Chris are seen at their station.*

**Ichiro:** Don't worry Chris, I got this.

*Chris ignores him and walks up instead.*

**Ichiro:** What the- Are you even listening to me?

**Chris:** You've already potentially poisoned my whole team against me. Can't risk it with Chef. Nothing personal.

*Ichiro puts his head down as Chris laughs in the confessional.*

**Chris (Conf.):** I genuinely didn't think getting into Ichiro's head could be this fun, but like, he deserves it. First he costs us a reward I had to scoop up poop for instead, and then he *correctly* assumes I was trying to break his spirit as revenge! The absolute audacity! Since he basically messes up everything he touches, of course I was gonna handle the meat for the big table.

*Chris walks up to the pass with Artem and Camila.*

**Artem:** The big table has ordered a *lot* of meat, and it requires both teams to send their food out at the same time. Can we get a designated time to prepare the eight total ribeye orders?

**Chris:** I know it's a lot for you, but can you do three minutes?

**Camila:** Yeah.

**Chris:** Alright. See you at the pass.

*Both Chris and Camila return to their stations and Camila is seen juggling all four ribeye steaks assigned to red team plates.*

**Camila (Conf.):** Thanks to us being down a player, I'm the only woman on meat station tonight, and it's definitely tough, as I have to cook four separate ribeye steaks at once, and in three minutes. I always have felt the hate my restaurant has gotten is undeserved, but now, more than ever, I can step up to the plate and deliver for Chef Artem.

*Camila is seen flipping her steaks to get a good sear on both sides.*

**Camila:** This table is as good as served. The blue team has double the hands, too.

*The camera cuts to Ichiro and Chris arguing at the blue team meat station.*

**Narrator:** Unfortunately for Camila, double the hands, means double the infighting.

*Ichiro does not seem happy with Chris.*

**Ichiro:** Three minutes?!?!? That's barely enough time for me to make sure both ribeyes of mine are good!

**Chris:** Well, if it makes you feel better, Camila is doing four at a time in three minutes.

**Ichiro:** But you didn't factor me in-

**Chris:** And you're just wasting more time *not cooking*. Shut up and cook your steaks, dammit.

*Artem notices the arguing.*

**Artem:** Oh for the love of god...

*Artem walks over to the blue team meat station.*

**Artem:** THE HELL ARE YOU TWO DOING?!?

**Chris:** I'm trying to cook chef-

**Artem:** NO, YOU OAF! BOTH OF YOU ARE ARGUING, AND TO ADD INSULT TO INJURY, ARGUING IN FRONT OF WHAT I BELIEVE TO BE A DISTINGUISHED FUCKING POLITICIAN!

**Ichiro:** I'm sorry, Chef, just-

**Artem:** NO APOLOGIES. JUST BE FUCKING PROFESSIONAL!

**Chris:** Sorry to burst your bubble Artem, but this dude isn't the average Russian dictator you're used to.

**Artem:** ARE YOU GIVING ME LIP?

**Chris:** Yes, but uh, this guy was unironically dabbing as a campaign message on social media...

**Artem:** Just SHUT UP, and SHOW RESPECT FOR YOUR CUSTOMER.

*Chris rolls his eyes.*

**Chris:** Yes, chef.

*Eventually, both Ichiro and Chris finish their ribeye and take it to the pass with Camila's. Artem inspects each one.*

**Artem:** Camila, yours are perfect.

**Camila:** Thank you, chef.

**Artem:** Chris, so are yours.

**Chris:** Of course.

*Artem inspects Ichiro's*

**Artem:** ICHIRO!

**Ichiro:** Oh god... yes chef?

**Artem:** One's perfect but you undercooked the other. I'm not risking the other seven dying on the pass though. Start over, get it out, and we'll serve the other seven.

**Ichiro:** Yes, chef...

*Artem's servers take the rest of the ribeye to Bertram's table while Ichiro restarts his ribeye.*

**Ichiro (Conf.):** I genuinely think Chris *wants* me to lose, so I can get eliminated. I just keep screwing up over and over... and... and it just sucks. I don't want to let my family down like this, but it's just so hard...

*As Ichiro continues cooking, Big Harry looks up from his station and sees Bertram at the table.*

**Big Harry:** Oh man, that's Bertram Goodman! I voted for that guy back in '02!

*Joey looks down hearing Big Harry say that, barely holding in a laugh.*

**Joey (Conf.):** Yep, that tracks. Big Harry's a good dude but after the stuff Goodman pulled on socials... yeah, I think he could use a better taste in politicians. At least his taste in food is good though.

*At the blue team pizza station, Seppe is seen effortlessly making his recipe, and sending out many orders.*

**Seppe:** Now *this* is what I call a service!

*Seppe takes another incredibly made pizza out of the oven and moves it to the pass.*

**Artem:** Order.

*Seppe's pizzas are taken to the customers.*

**Narrator:** While in the kitchen, the blue team struggles, Seppe on the pizza station does nothing but impress with his recipe.

*Yua is seen eating Seppe's pizza at a red table with her daughter.*

**Yua:** Absolutely delicious!

*Seppe smiles in the confessional.*

**Seppe (Conf.):** Today's hopefully been a wake up call for Chef. Artem is seeing firsthand that not only am I efficient in the kitchen, but my specialty food is impressing the customers. If he puts me in charge of a menu he knows he's gonna be striking gold! However... I'm not the entire blue team, so while I may be doing well, I know that this arguing might throw off the rest of the service. Hope they can pull themselves together, but up in Seppeland, Italy, it's nothing but happy customers.

*Yadeesha is also seen at the red team pizza station.*

**Narrator:** However, while Seppe impresses, Yadeesha has a harder time pushing pizzas out in a timely manner.

*Yadeesha is seen impatiently waiting for a pizza in the oven, and has a confessional about it.*

**Yadeesha:** Yeah, this is definitely a lot harder in the service than in the challenge. While Seppe's recipe is way less experimental than mine, just the fact that we spent forty minutes on one pizza there and at maximum five per pizza in this service shows that I just can't sit around and take my time, because if I do...

*Artem is seen waking up to the pizza station with an order.*

**Artem:** YADEESHA?

**Yadeesha:** Yes chef?

**Artem:** Table 16 is still waiting on their order. How much longer do you need?

**Yadeesha:** Coming right now chef-

*As Yadeesha reaches into the oven with her peel she accidentally misshapes her pizza.*

**Yadeesha:** Nevermind than. I have to start over!

**Artem:** FOR FUCKS SAKE, YOU'RE BETTER THAN THAT! Just get it out fast...

**Yadeesha:** Yes chef.

*Yadeesha quickly puts a pizza into the oven and turns up the heat. She quickly recovers and takes a perfectly shaped pizza to the pass. Artem cuts through it.*

**Artem:** Good job on that pizza. Just do it right the first time.

**Yadeesha:** Thank you, chef.

*Yadeesha wipes her forehead in the confessional.*

**Yadeesha (Conf.):** Jeez that was rough. Glad I got through it though. I can't fumble in front of Chef over *pizza* of all things.

*Artem is seen walking up to the rest of the red kitchen with another order in hand.*

**Artem:** Alright next order is one halibut, three snapper, and a ribeye. Let's get this out quick.

**The Red Team:** Yes chef!

**Julie:** Prepping garnish now.

**Camila:** Firing the ribeye.

**Beverly:** Phoebe, can you take one or the snappers and the halibut?

**Phoebe:** Yeah, don't worry.

*The red team begins to cook their respective foods, while Camila has a confessional.*

**Camila (Conf.):** We just got a very fish heavy order, so it's gonna be crunch time for Phoebe and Beverly. Now, I'm willing to change my mind about Phoebe if she's able to actually step up to the plate and have a good service, especially when I've found my rhythm on this station and would rather Phoebe not cost myself and Bev further resources. However, I will say I'm glad Beverly is the designated Phoebe babysitter for this service, because if that reward challenge is any proof, Bev is one patient woman.

*Camila is seen finishing up her ribeye.*

**Camila:** One minute out. You good with that, meat station?

**Beverly:** I can handle it.

**Phoebe:** Guys... I'm falling a bit behind. Can we get another thirty seconds?

**Camila:** I can be generous and give you fifteen but it can't be more than that.

**Phoebe:** I don't know if I can though-

*Camila rolls her eyes.*

**Beverly:** I'm almost done, I-



*However, before Beverly finishes her sentence she drops her equipment in a stumble.*

**Julie:** What was that?

**Phoebe:** Um, Bev? You good?

*Beverly is now hunched over her stove, in pain.*

**Beverly:** My back...

**Julie:** Oh my god are you okay?

*Beverly collapses to her knees, still in pain.*

**Beverly:** I can go on...

**Camila:** You don't seem to.

*Another swell of pain hits Beverly's back as she writhes again.*

**Beverly:** AAGH... Yeah, on second thought.... Phoebe, you're gonna.... agh.... you're gonna have to finish this order.

*Artem notices Beverly's collapse*

**Artem:** Medical team! Get her out of there!

*Beverly is walked out of the kitchen, while Phoebe is left at the meat station alone. She quickly takes both her and Beverly's plates to the pass, looking stressed in a confessional.*

**Phoebe (Conf.):** Oh god, this is bad. I barely had a rhythm with a second pair of hands on the fish station, and now said the second pair of hands is writhing in pain with the medical team. I'm alone, already in enough stress to earn the trust from my team back, and while I'd normally smile it all off... yeah it's not looking good for the future of the fish station.

*After Beverly is situated with the medical team, Artem is seen walking an order up to the blue kitchen.*

**Narrator:** With Beverly now out of the kitchen, Phoebe is getting overwhelmed with orders. Luckily for her, though, her team isn't alone.

*Artem reads off the next order.*

**Artem:** Blue team, this next table is gonna be a big order. I'm gonna need two Halibut, two ribeye, two wellingtons, and make it quick.

**Chris:** Harrison, how much time for garnish do you need? All four of us have to be tight on the timing.

**Harrison:** Hm...

*Harrison smirks on the confessional.*

**Harrison (Conf.):** Well then, it seems like I've found me an opening! I need Chris and Ichiro at each other's throats for as long as I can to ensure one of them is put up instead of me if we lose. The solution? Name a time that appeals to both Chris and Joey's egos, while further stressing out Ichiro. The result? Hopefully a giant fuckin' argument I can laugh all the way to next round watching.

*Back with Harrison he thinks for a second before blurting out a time.*

**Harrison:** Can all of us do two minutes?

**Chris:** Yep.

**Joey:** Sure...

**Ichiro:** Um... are we?

*Chris rolls his eyes.*

**Chris:** I think so. You gonna actually cook or waste more time?

*Ichiro sighs and starts to cook for himself. Joey focuses on his food but looks a bit suspicious.*

**Joey (Conf.):** I'd be a bit more strict about Harrison rushing out the food if I knew I couldn't prepare a couple halibut in that time. The dudes an idiot but luckily for him I'm well versed enough that I can cook through his... let's just say stupid decisions. I am a bit nervous for Ichiro finishing both his ribeyes, though, especially since he clearly has some problems with Chris, but if the two of them ain't gonna be adults about this, then that's on them.

*Chris, Joey, and Harrison all feverishly cook their respective orders but Ichiro is very clearly falling behind.*

**Ichiro:** Guys, I really don't appreciate not being listened to here... I-I need another minute!

**Chris:** Are you kidding me, dude? It's 45 seconds to the pass, you should know this!

**Ichiro:** But I need more time!

**Chris:** We are not starting over because of your lack of skills!

**Ichiro:** I CAN'T DO IT, CHRIS! I CAN'T!

**Joey:** Guys?

**Ichiro:** CAN YOU LISTEN TO ME FOR ONE SECOND? PLEASE?

*The customers begin to notice the argument, and Artem does too, as he begins to fume. Joey rolls his eyes and walks his halibut to the Garnish station in an attempt to ignore it and get it plated.*

**Chris:** NOT UNTIL YOU STOP LYING ABOUT ME TO THE REST OF THE TEAM!

**Ichiro:** I DON'T CARE IF IT'S TRUE! YOU ARE A NASTY YOUNG MAN WHO SHOULDN'T WORK IN ANY KITCHEN!

**Chris:** At least I can cook, dumbass...

*Artem walks up to Chris and Ichiro just as Joey's dish makes the pass. Worried, a waitress takes it.*

**Artem:** THAT'S ENOUGH OF BOTH OF YOU!

**Chris:** THE HELL DID I DO? I COOKED EVERYTHING PERFECTLY!

**Artem:** CLEARLY SOMETHING! ICHIRO IS ONE OF THE MOST PATIENT CHEFS HERE AND YOU FUCKING BROKE HIM! ARE YOU TRYING TO SABOTAGE HIM?

**Chris:** HE'S SABOTAGING ME! HE SPENT ALL OF REWARD MAKING FALSE ACCUSATIONS ABOUT MY CHARACTER!

**Ichiro:** THEY WEREN'T FALSE, AND YOU WERE PRESSURING ME!

**Artem:** QUIET! BOTH OF YOU!

*Chris and Ichiro both immediately get silent.*

**Artem:** YOU ARE ARGUING IN FRONT OF THE CUSTOMERS, AND BECAUSE OF THAT, YOU'VE WASTED VALUABLE TIME! ONLY JOEY'S HALIBUT MADE IT TO THE PASS BECAUSE YOU TWO FUCKS BEGAN ARGUING LIKE YOU JUST GOT BLOODY DIVORCED! NEXT TIME YOU SEE ME, YOU BETTER BE FUCKING PROFESSIONAL, BECAUSE IT SURE AS FUCK ISN'T GONNA BE IN FRONT OF MY CUSTOMERS ANY LONGER. GET OUT! BOTH OF YOU!

**Ichiro:** Yes chef...

*Chris doesn't say anything as both chefs leave.*

**Artem:** LAWRENCE?

**Lawrence:** Yes, chef?

**Artem:** HOP ON MEAT. YOU DEFINITELY AREN'T GONNA ARGUE.

**Lawrence:** Don't worry, chef. I got this.

*Lawrence immediately starts over on Ichiro and Chris' orders, with Joey also helping out. As this happens, Chris has an angry confessional.*

**Chris (Conf.):** This is fucking bullshit! I get kicked out because *Ichiro* can't make a fucking ribeye? My welingtons *died* because he couldn't shut his damn yap in front of Artem. If I go home because of this fucking *scrub*, Chef would have made the biggest mistake of his damn life.

*Ichiro looks a lot more somber in the confessional.*

**Ichiro (Conf.):** Yeah... that didn't go super well for me. It felt good to finally stand up to Chris and all of his straight rudeness, but at the same time... I know I'm more professional than this! I knew better to argue in front of the customers... god I'm just so mad at myself right now. It's like nothing I do in front of Chef is the correct thing!

*Back with the red team, more and more fish orders pile up for Phoebe.*

**Julie:** Listen, Phobes, we gotta get the next one out in a minute, are you good with that?

**Phoebe:** I don't know.... I think I'm gonna need another thirty seconds on Table 19's snapper...

**Camila:** Come on *Phoebe*, now is not the time to fall behind! We have to start getting these orders out fast or they're gonna pile up.

**Phoebe:** I know, but-

**Julie:** Sorry, but Cami's right. We're gonna be swamped if you keep requesting thirty extra seconds for every fish.

**Phoebe:** I'm trying!

**Camila:** We know, just do it a little bit harder!

*Phoebe's tone immediately shifts.*

**Phoebe:** I DON'T NEED YOU ADDING MORE STRESS, CAMILA!

*Both Julie and Camila are shocked at the sudden change in mood Phoebe has.*

**Julie:** She's not trying to stress you out though! It's the truth!

**Phoebe:** No, she is. EVERYTHING I DO ISN'T ENOUGH FOR HER!

**Camila:** You are taking this way too far, Phoebe!

**Phoebe:** I AM NOT, THOUGH!

*Unfortunately for Phoebe, she doesn't notice Artem taking notice of the third consecutive argument of the service.*

**Artem:** YES, YOU BLOODY ARE!

*Phoebe winces and looks behind her to see Artem.*

**Phoebe:** No, chef, please, I promise I didn't mean-

**Artem:** CUT THE FUCKING FAKENESS! CAN'T ANY OF YOU FUCKS BE PROFESSIONAL? LIKE AT ALL?

**Phoebe:** I can, I just-

**Artem:** NO, I'M FUCKING DONE! YOU CAN'T STOP ARGUING WITH CAMILA! ICHIRO CAN'T STOP ARGUING WITH CHRIS! HARRISON SPENT A SERVICE ARGUING WITH CUSTOMERS! I'M SICK AND TIRED OF THE UNPROFESSIONALISM.

*Artem slams his hand against the countertop and walks back to the pass.*

**Artem:** BOTH TEAMS, LISTEN UP AND LISTEN FUCKING GOOD! THERE IS NO TEAMWORK, NO PROFESSIONALISM, AND A DESPERATE NEED FOR FUCKING

LEADERSHIP. I'M SICK OF THE FIGHTING, ESPECIALLY FROM CHEFS I EXPECTED BLOODY BETTER OF! IF YOU CAN'T WORK AS A TEAM, YOU CAN'T WORK THIS SERVICE ANY LONGER. BOTH TEAMS, GET OUT. HEAD BACK TO THE DORMS AND PICK ONE PLAYER EACH YOU COULD DO WITHOUT. NOW FUCK OFF!

*Phoebe looks down.*

**Phoebe (under her breath):** Sorry, chef...

*Both teams walk up to the dorms while a team of trained backup chefs take over the remaining stations to finish service.*

**Yadeesha (Conf.):** I definitely feel that this team needs me as a leader as without me, they fell apart like a house of cards! I was genuinely rooting for Phoebe to regain everyone's trust, but after what she pulled, resorting to arguments instead of actually stepping up to the challenge, there's no way I don't vote for her, even with Beverly's medical problems holding us all back. Worst of all, since I was on pizza duty, I just had to watch it all happen!

**Lawrence (Conf.):** I knew going into this game it wasn't gonna be smooth sailing, but like, what the hell dudes? I was whipping out apps like nobody's business, and then Ichiro and Chris just argue themselves out of the kitchen, and eventually the rest of us? Even if I like Ichiro, that's just not cool of 'em both.

*The red team and the blue team both walk up in the dorms.*

**Joey:** So... uh... should we take the balcony, you take the dorms?

**Yadeesha:** I guess that works...

*As the blue team brings Chris and Ichiro to the balcony, the girls settle into the dorm. Beverly is helped upstairs after they all settle in by a couple members of the medical team.*

**Beverly:** Can... can I take the couch?

**Julie:** Sure.

*Julie immediately gives up her spot for her elderly teammate.*

**Camila:** Okay, so my vote I think is very obvious. I'm sorry, Phoebe, but I wanted to give you a second chance, and out of nowhere you start arguing with me.

**Phoebe:** You're just such a blunt person! I didn't want to hear that I need to speed up! How about you take things a bit slower for me, huh?

**Julie:** Phoebe, a deadline is a deadline, especially when multiple stations are involved. I know Beverly's collapse stressed you out, but you don't add more stress to the rest of the team. My votes for you, too.

**Phoebe:** Well I'm throwing a vote on Camila! The way you treated me today was not okay!

*Camila rolls her eyes.*

**Bella:** Her service was fine though!

**Yadeesha:** Yeah, I don't think she deserves to be up there.

**Bella:** I will say though... I know this is a hard decision to make, but... are we sure nominating Bev isn't an option?

**Beverly:** W-what?

**Bella:** It's not because I don't like you. In fact, I love you. You're like the grandma I never had. It's just... I think this game isn't doing good things for your health, with this service being proof of that.

**Beverly:** I know, but I'll recover... you don't have to worry about me.

**Yadeesha:** Bella raises a fair point though. You have had quite the amount of injuries so far, and it's been only four services here.

**Beverly:** I know but I wanna stay though! I want my grandkids to know I kick ass even at my age, and no matter what, they can set their mind to any dream they have.

**Camila:** The medical team is yet to pull her though... I'm still going Phoebe personally.

**Bella:** God, this votes hard..

*Bella looks a bit worried in the confessional.*

**Bella (Conf.):** I genuinely do not know who to pick, here! On one hand, Phoebe has been messing up a lot, and started an argument with Camila despite her trying her best to work with Phoebe... but at the same time, Phoebe is more able-bodied than Beverly, who I love with all my heart, but she's older and has had quite a few blows to her body, with this service arguably being her worse. On one hand, Phoebe going will make the team run smoother... but I don't want to make Beverly be in even more pain than she already is!

*Meanwhile, on the balcony, the blue team discusses their pick for the vote.*

**Ichiro:** Okay, before we discuss the elephant in the room, can you catch us up on why the rest of you got kicked out.

**Harrison:** Oh, that was your faults too, actually.

**Chris:** How? We weren't even in the kitchen!

**Joey:** From what I saw, the red team also got into a fight and Chef was simply tired of the lack of professionalism in front of the customers. Personally, I wouldn't blame him.

**Harrison:** So I think we can all agree it's gonna be Ichiro or Chris, right?

**Lawrence:** Unfortunately, yes. You two not getting along on the meat station is what led to the majority of the mistakes that happened tonight. Y'all really need to chill out.

**Seppie:** I say we let both of them say their piece.

**Ichiro:** Okay. I personally feel like Chris has been nothing but mean or dismissive of me for the past few services and it's greatly impacted my performance in a bad way. Once I'm gone, he *will* treat one of you the way he treats me instead.

**Chris:** There he fucking goes again with the baseless lies and accusations. Just look at our consistency. Outside of the first service, Ichiro has messed up literally every subsequent service and challenge unless it was making sushi, something he's done for years. Even with Ichiro arguing with me the whole time, all my food came out perfect, and had he not kept me not focused on my wellys, more food for that one table would have made the pass and be taken to order. You guys need me.

*Big Harry sighs.*

**Big Harry:** This is difficult but I'm goin' with my buddy Ichiro on this one.

**Seppie:** I'd rather have continued good results though. I'm keeping Chris over Ichiro, personally.

**Harrison:** And I vote-

**Joey:** Wait before we set this in stone, I gotta ask. Harry, what were you doing asking both meat and fish for just two minutes for an order? Personally, if I was on garnish, I'd have given Ichiro a bit more leeway.

**Harrison:** Are you fuckin' assuming I would stoop as low as you and *sabotage* people? I genuinely thought Ichiro could do his part in that time.

**Joey:** Not throwing any accusations, dude. The last thing Artem wants is yet *another* argument. I just wanted to see your rationale.

**Lawrence:** So... who are we gonna put in then?

**Joey:** Guess it's up to a vote, then...

*Seppi looks a bit mad in the confessional.*

**Seppi (Conf.):** The last thing I wanted was on *Italian night* of all nights, was my team losing. Obviously, I didn't have any problems this service, but looking at things objectively, I think it's best for the team if Ichiro goes. He's a good guy, but Chris is more consistent in services, and we need to split up their rivalry so it doesn't keep tearing us down. I just hope we can keep on winning after this...

*Both teams are shown walking back into the kitchen area, and line up in front of Artem.*

**Artem:** I am genuinely disappointed in the both of you. I thought after the first service we wouldn't have both teams lose again, but here we are. Let's start with the red team. Julie, who is your nominee, and why?

**Julie:** We nominated Phoebe, chef.

*Phoebe looks down in shame.*

**Artem:** And why is that?

**Julie:** Phoebe had a prime opportunity tonight to prove that her last service was a fluke, after Beverly's collapse tonight. She instead argued with Camila and myself who were just trying to help her stay on task so the orders didn't pile up.

**Artem:** Alright then. Phoebe, step forward.

*Phoebe does so.*

**Artem:** Now on to the blue team. Lawrence, name your nominee, and why.

**Lawrence:** Tonight we picked Ichiro, chef.

*Ichiro sighs to himself, looking noticeably stressed.*

**Lawrence:** It was the infighting on meat that wiped the rest of us out, and we felt like Chris has had consistently better services than Ichiro.

**Artem:** Alright then. Ichiro, join Phoebe in front of me and step forward.

*Ichiro steps forward and looks at Phoebe.*

**Ichiro:** Good luck.

*Artem clears his throat.*

**Artem:** However, I'm not done.

*Both teams looked shocked as Artem scans the room.*

**Artem:** Both teams need an attitude adjustment, so let me bring up one of the sources of it...

*Camila looks down, thinking she might get nominated.*

**Artem:** Chris, get up here.

*Chris looks shocked, but obeys and walks up to Artem.*

**Artem:** You have been nothing but rude to some of your teammates, and frankly, I'm starting to get sick of it. Now, it's time to plead your cases.

*Artem looks at Phoebe.*

**Artem:** Phoebe, you've been up here twice before. Tell me why third time shouldn't be the charm.

**Phoebe:** I'm a fighter, chef.

**Artem:** Well you sure do get in fights when something seems difficult...

**Phoebe:** Not in that way. I know there's a pecking order here, and I know I'm on the bottom of it. However, I will never give up no matter how many more days I have left in this competition and I *will* cook my butt off for you.

**Artem:** Ichiro, why should you stay?

**Ichiro:** I feel like I'm floundering because the teammate standing next to me has been purposefully making me as anxious as humanly possible. I'm just a scapegoat to him. If you make the decision to boot Chris over me, I promise you, you're gonna see a whole new, stress free, argument free Ichiro. I know I'm more professional than what you saw of me tonight, Chef, and arguing in front of the customers like that will never happen again.

**Artem:** And Chris, how about you.

*Chris clears his throat.*

**Chris:** Ichiro seems to have taken issue to some of my, uh, let's just call it teasing? Yeah, teasing, but a joke is a joke.

**Artem:** Yes, because teasing makes a man that stressed enough to shout at you at the top of his fucking lungs...

**Chris:** But teamwork aside, you know what I'm capable of in that kitchen. I am yet to have a bad service, and outside of arguing in front of the customers, the actual food I have made has come out perfect, and you know this. My teamwork can change, but my consistency will always be 100%.

*Artem looks down at the floor.*

**Artem:** Three dreadful displays of teamwork, but that's just scratching the surface of the issues I have with the current state of this group.

*Artem continues to think.*

**Artem:** I have made my decision.

*Ichiro looks at Chris. Chris looks at Ichiro and smirks.*

**Artem:** The person leaving Hell's Kitchen is...

*Phoebe takes a deep breath while Ichiro looks down.*

*Artem takes his finger and points it at each individual contestant. However, at the last second, Artem points his finger towards an unsuspecting member of the red team.*

**Artem:** Beverly.

*The room is silent. Phoebe looks shocked as some of the red team members look at Beverly.*

**Beverly:** What?

**Artem:** I'm sorry, madame, but after what I heard from the medical team, I don't think it's wise to keep you in the competition. Especially at your age.

**Beverly:** I promise I can fight through it, chef. Please, I-

**Artem:** Trust me, I want the three up front out of here too, but it's for the sake of your health. It's been a valiant effort, and you fought to your limit, but it's time for you to go. Give me your jacket.

*Beverly sighs as she takes off her jacket, and gives it to Artem.*

**Artem:** You never surrendered, and have loads of talent, and I hope you continue your passion into years and years of old age. It's been a pleasure.

**Beverly:** Thanks, Chef. Beverly leans in for a hug, and Artem reciprocates.

*Beverly laughs, before waving to her team, and limping out the door.*

**Beverly (Elimination Confessional):** Yeah, maybe the whole trying to get a physically stressful job in your seventies *wasn't* the best idea ever, but hey, at least I got some cool new battle scars to show off to my grandbabies! Regardless, I'm happy I even got to be here and show off some recipes of mine to Artem that he really enjoyed! Obviously I *want* to keep going on, but now isn't my time, and my team's got quite a few chefs from the younger generation I think would kick some serious butt as Artem's new head chef. I'm thankful for the experience and excited to return to my family.

*Back with the chefs, Ichiro sighs in relief, as Chris smirks.*

**Artem:** But... I'm not done.

**Phoebe:** What?

**Artem:** There very clearly are way too many cooks in one of these kitchens, and I have to break up a certain pair of squabblers or else their whole team is screwed.

*Ichiro sighs, thinking it's his time to go.*

**Artem:** Ichiro....

*A tear goes down Ichiro's face*

**Artem:** Back in line.

*Ichiro sighs in relief.*

**Artem:** Chris, give me your jacket.

**Chris:** THE HELL?

**Artem:** Don't use that mouth with me, young man, because you're further proving my point. If I need someone to lead my kitchen, they have to bring people up, and you've done nothing but tear your team down this entire competition...

*Chris glares at Artem, lost for words.*

**Artem:** So I'm giving you a second chance to do better.

*Artem hands Chris a new jacket.*

**Artem:** You, Chris are moving to the red team.

We are evening out the numbers.

*Chris still doesn't look pleased.*

**Chris (holding back anger):** Thank you, Chef.

**Artem:** If you want to be a leader, maybe treat the ladies nicer than the men, because if you don't, I assure you you're gonna be right back in front of me next time, and I won't be so generous.

*Chris grabs his new jacket and walks over to the women.*

**Artem:** And Ichiro.

**Ichiro:** Yes?

**Artem:** You got your wish. A blue team without Chris. However, you better commit to what I was promised by you. A "whole new, stress free, argument free Ichiro", right?

**Ichiro:** Right.

**Artem:** I expect no more slip ups, or there will be consequences. Now fuck off out of here and get some rest.

**The Chefs:** Yes, chef.

*The chefs head upstairs, with Chris especially looking mad.*

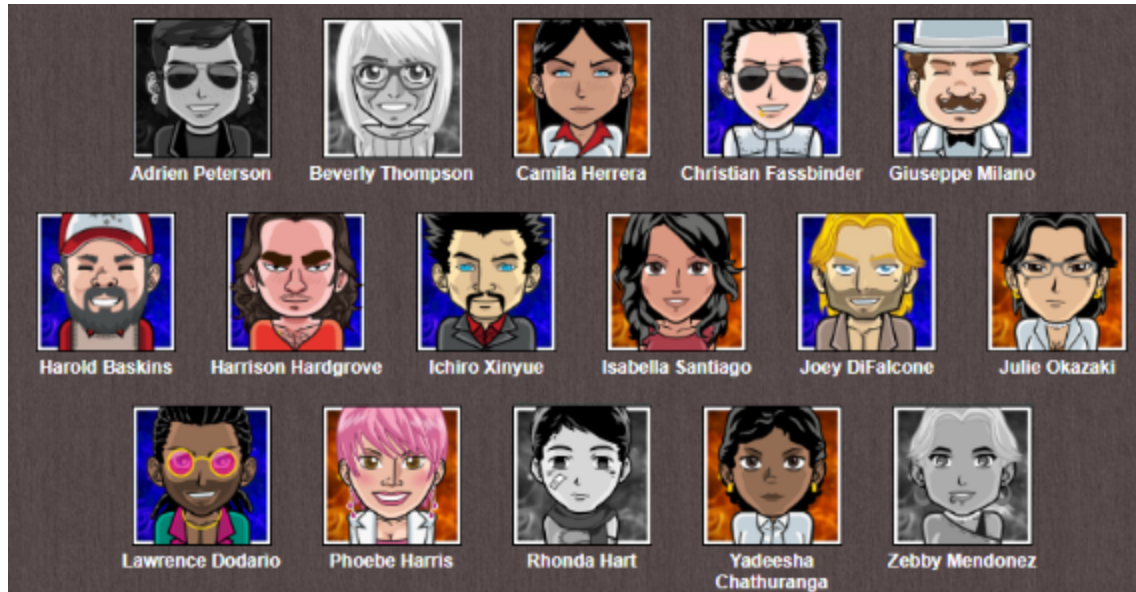


**Chris (Conf.):** I was carrying that team on its back, and Chef does THIS? It's Ichiro that's the problem, not me. If he wants someone to lead these hopeless ladies around though, I gladly will, because I'm gonna turn this shithole team into a competent group of chefs, and even without me, Ichiro is going to flounder about anyway. Artem is about to be proven wrong, and I can't wait to see the look on his face too. Mark my words, Ichiro is going next.

*Artem is shown walking up to his office approaching a picture of Beverly.*

**Artem (Closing Words):** If Beverly was twenty years younger, and able bodied, she would still be here. Unfortunately, I'm a professional, not a monster, and if someone's health is at risk, I sadly have to eliminate them over the argumentative donuts that were put in front of me. Hopefully, with a strong chef in the red kitchen, and away from the man he stresses out, both kitchens can run smoother even in Beverly's absence.

*Artem puts his jacket on a hook under the picture, causing the picture to light on fire, burning her face off of it. Beverly has been eliminated from Swoldow's Hell's Kitchen.*



## Episode 5: The Wrong Kind of Pot-Stirrer

*Cutting back to the dorms, the remaining chefs shuffle in, with Chris looking noticeably angry, and Ichiro looking relieved.*

**Ichiro (Conf.):** That was my first time coming face to face with Mr. Izanovich and it was like staring death in the eyes. I definitely don't want to go through that again, but luckily for me, I think things are gonna be easier. Artem picked up on Chris' bullying, and moved him to the other team! Now, I wouldn't wish having to work with Chris on even my worst enemies, but hopefully the women aren't gonna let him walk all over them like he did to me and my team. Now, I just gotta focus on moving on!

*Chris in his new red jacket sits down and sighs. Lawrence walks up to him.*

**Lawrence:** Best of luck, dude.

**Chris:** Yeah...

*Chris looks angry in the confessional.*

**Chris (Conf.):** Plain and simple, Artem just shouldn't have swapped me to work with the red team. Ichiro was the one who started the arguments during service, and fucked up the food but I am the one that's punished? Some fucking competition... The caveat to this is now I am in prime position to take over the red team, as they clearly need a leader. I mean look at them! They've been practically hopeless the whole time!

*Sepe is seen rubbing his eyes and taking off his chef uniform.*

**Sepe:** Mamma Mia... I'm goin' to sleep...

*Sepe sighs in the confessional.*

**Sepe (Conf.):** I got nothing but respect for Artem, but I definitely worry about losing Chris. Yeah, the kid has an attitude, but he's easily one of the strongest chefs we have in services. If it were up to me, Ichiro would have been the one to swap. He's a good dude, but I just don't think he's handling the stress of brigade work in a way that would translate well to a full time job doing this.

*Julie and Yadeesha are seen looking out of their room at the clearly enraged Chris on the couch.*

**Julie:** Wow. He is pissed.

**Yadeesha:** I wanted to introduce him to everyone, but... yeah he's not in the mood right now. Should the team be worried? He definitely gives off bad vibes.

**Julie:** He's got a prestigious culinary background and from what I've seen is definitely one of the stronger men here skill-wise. As long as he doesn't start drama, I think he'll be an asset. He gives consistent results.

**Yadeesha:** But he was literally put on our team for starting drama though...

**Julie:** Relax. I know losing Bev has hit us hard, but I definitely feel gaining Chris makes up for losing her.

**Yadeesha:** I hope so...

*Yadeesha heads off to bed while Julie sighs and takes out a cigarette.*

**Yadeesha (Conf.):** The red team now has a Beverly-shaped hole in it and frankly, it sucks to have lost her this early. Now, Artem attempted to fill said hole with Chris... but I really don't think he's the right fit for the team. Bev had her strengths and weaknesses, and while it's undeniable that Chris is a strong chef, I don't want more drama on this team. Camila and Phoebe still have their issues, and adding Chris to the mix definitely isn't gonna help if he keeps the same attitude he had on the blue team.

*Joey is seen on the balcony, smoking, staring at the glowing LA skyline surrounding Hell's Kitchen. Bella slides the door open and walks up next to him.*

**Bella:** Hey... um, mind if I join?

**Joey:** Sure.

*Joey gets his lighter out.*

**Joey:** Never really saw you as the smoking type.

**Bella:** Well... I kinda don't smoke.

**Joey:** Here for the view then?

**Bella:** Yeah, you can say that.

**Joey:** Cool.

*Joey puts his lighter back in his pocket as the two of them look at the city.*

**Joey:** Man I always thought the Big Apple had this beat, but man, LA is really outdoing itself.

**Bella:** I know, the lights here are beautiful. No shade to New York but it's just... too much there.

**Joey:** Wait, *you* live in New York too?

**Bella:** Yeah, hehe. Moved there three years back thanks to the culinary scene there. I was born in New Mexico though.

**Joey:** Ah, nice.

*Both chefs go silent.*

**Joey:** ...

**Bella:** ...

**Bella:** Um.... I know this kinda sounds stupid but... I...

**Bella:** I like you.

**Joey:** Oh...

**Bella:** Like... a lot.

**Joey:** I see.

*Joey thinks for a bit.*

**Bella:** Sorry if this is awkward or...

**Joey:** Don't worry about it. You're a sweet girl, Bella. I like you too.

*Bella's face lights up.*

**Bella:** Wait, really?

**Joey:** Yeah.

*Joey smiles seeing how happy Bella got after he said that. The bartender puts his arm around Bella as the two of them continue to look at the view, causing Bella to blush.*

**Bella (Conf.):** HE SAID YES! AAAAAAAH! I'm so happy right now! Thanks to Julie giving me the motivation to ask him, I was able to muster up some courage, and now Joey and I know how we feel about each other! I hope the whole being on different teams thing doesn't complicate our relationship, but now that I've told Joey how I feel, I can focus entirely on the competition... and maybe also Joey but *mostly* the competition.

*Joey smiles in the confessional.*

**Joey (Conf.):** At first I was shocked Bella had like, a romantic interest in me, especially because she's like five years older than me, but I'm not complaining. She's a genuinely kind and sweet woman which is something I cannot say about basically 99% of the overly shallow barhoppers I talk to on a daily basis. She also helped me through the whole Harrison thing, so I'm definitely willing to see where things go between us.

*A time lapse of Hell's Kitchen plays from night to morning. Chris is seen waking up and brushing his teeth and Yadeesha walks up to him.*

**Yadeesha:** Morning, teammate.

**Chris:** Morning.

**Yadeesha:** I'm assuming we're gonna be called for the challenge sometime soon so I just wanna frontload you on what's going on with the red team if that's okay.

**Chris:** I think I have a pretty good stance on what's going on.

**Yadeesha:** Really? What's the name of our teammate with the pink hair?

**Chris:** ...

**Yadeesha:** Go on.

**Chris:** I don't wanna fuckin' do this right now, and she should have been gone like three services ago anyway. Why do you even keep her around?

**Yadeesha:** It's not *our* decision, it's Artem's.

**Chris:** You're the...

*Chris smirks and then does air quotes with his hands.*

**Chris:** "leader" here, right?

**Yadeesha:** Yes, I am, and I'm getting a little mad about the lack of respect for the rest of our team you have when you haven't done a single service with us.

**Chris:** I'm not here to be besties with you. I'm here to turn your team around...

**Yadeesha:** I'd tread lightly. Not being "besties" with your team is what swapped you here.

**Chris:** I'm treading wherever I want, thanks.

**Yadeesha:** We have a system in place, Chris.

**Chris:** A system that's lost you five of the eight challenges we've done. Frankly, I could lead a kitchen better than you with my vocal cords ripped out.

**Yadeesha:** Keep talking like that and you'll be right back in front of Artem.

**Chris:** Over Pink Hair? You're joking. You just lost the old lady. You *need* my skills more than ever at this point.

*Not wanting to talk to Chris anymore, Yadeesha rolls her eyes and walks out to get changed.*

**Yadeesha (Conf.):** It's like talking to a brick wall! I don't care how good at cooking he is. If he isn't going to work as a team with the rest of us he is going on the block as soon as he loses service. As long as I am in this game, Chris is not going to treat us the way he treated his other team. It's like Zeb all over again!

**Chris (Conf.):** Some warm welcome... at least with the Blue Team the stuck up asshole who hated my guts wasn't anywhere *NEAR* a power position. How do you expect me to respect your self-proclaimed leadership when the very clear strongest asset of your team can't even get a "hello!" If I'm gonna prove Artem wrong and run this team so they actually start winning stuff, Yalisha or whatever her name is *needs* to go.

*Big Harry is seen walking out of the dorms noticeably tired. Suddenly, out of nowhere, a marching band drumline starts playing downstairs as a huge array of horned instruments starts trumpeting up to the dorms.*

**Big Harry:** Oh, dad gummit!

**Harrison:** God it's every single FUCKING morning with this show!

*The teams put their Chef jackets on and walk down to the source of the noise where Artem is standing. Behind him as an entire high school marching band playing their instruments. As the chefs line up Artem does a conducting motion to signal the band to stop.*

**Phoebe:** Aw, man, I was starting to like that.

*Phoebe smiles in the confessional.*

**Phoebe (Conf.):** This takes me back to when I was a band nerd in high school. Yeah, pastries were my hobby since childhood but a girl can do more than just one thing and still kick butt. This might convince me to try and re-learn the flute, actually.

*Back with Artem, he turns around to the band.*

**Artem:** Thank you for your playing, out front is a complimentary breakfast prepared by my sous chefs.

*The band members shuffle out as Artem gets down to the challenge.*

**Artem:** What you just heard was the Keating High School Marching Band, a local school in the LA suburbs, that has gifted us the privilege of hosting their high school's homecoming dance, and naturally, every good dance needs some delicious food to go with it, so your challenge today is to get creative and design the best possible menu items for this dance.

*Camila gets excited in the confessional.*

**Camila (Conf.):** Now this is a challenge I can get behind. Thanks to primarily working family recipes I don't often have the chance to get super creative with my cooking and now is the perfect time! After all, these are high schooler kids, they'll eat practically anything that looks cool.

*Artem continues to explain the challenge.*

**Artem:** Remember, these menu items need to be fairly small, as these students have come here to dance, not for dinner. Each team will be split into three different groups, with two groups coming up with dinner items, and one groups providing a dessert.

**Phoebe:** Do I hear angels singing right now?

*Bella laughs at Phoebe's joke.*

**Bella (Conf.):** Phoebe hasn't been that good of a teammate, but I'm still rooting for her to pull something out. She hasn't impressed Artem much, but she makes desserts for a living! If there's any challenge she could potentially score us a point for, it's gonna be today.

*Artem clears his throat.*

**Artem:** Now, who will be judging your creations? Well only the most scathing critics imaginable... a group with the most impossibly high standards ever!

*The Hell's Kitchen doors open, and three spoiled looking teenagers walk in.*

**Artem:** The average Suburban LA high schooler!

*Harrison grumbles to himself.*

**Harrison (Conf.):** Greaaaat. I already gotta deal with some stuck up pretentious kids on this show in Joey and Chris and now there's fucking *three more* of these spoiled dickwads! What do these fucks know about cooking that could lose us the damn challenge?! Come on Artem!

*Artem brings the trio of judges over.*

**Artem:** These three are a part of the homecoming committee at their high school, and they alone will be picking the menu. Remember, it's gotta be trendy and appealing to these teens. Understand?

**The Chefs:** Yes chef!

**Artem:** Good... now as for teams, I have taken the liberty of randomly assigning your partners for the challenge. For the red team, Bella and Julie will be working together...

*Bella hugs Julie who lets out a smile.*

**Artem:** Yadeesha and Phoebe will be partners...

*Yadeesha nods to Phoebe.*

**Artem:** And Camila will be working with Chris.

*Camila offers her hand for Chris to shake it. Chris reluctantly does. Camila then has a confessional.*

**Camila (Conf.):** I overheard Yadeesha and the new guy getting into it this morning, but frankly, I don't really care much. From what I've heard about Chris in services is he's a strong chef, so I'm not too mad about being partnered with him. He could be a strong ally if I play my cards right, as I can already sense Phoebe is gonna start brownnosing Yadeesha to get in good with her. Hopefully with both a strong *and* able-bodied chef in the kitchen, Artem has no reason to eliminate anyone from this team other than Phoebe next time we lose.

*Artem directs his attention to the blue team.*

**Artem:** And for the blue team partnerships, the two Harry's are gonna work together...

*Big Harry gives Harrison a pat on the back but he does it hard enough to knock Harrison forward a bit.*

**Harrison:** AGH! What was that for!

**Artem:** Seppe and Joey will be partners...

*Seppe and Joey hi-five.*

**Joey:** The sushi bros are back, baby!

**Artem:** And Ichiro and Lawrence will be the final duo.

*Lawrence looks at Ichiro.*

**Lawrence:** Hyped to work with you, brah!

**Ichiro:** Same with you, um... brah?

**Lawrence:** We'll fix your surfer slang later.

*Lawrence seems laid back in the confessional.*

**Lawrence (Conf.):** I'm totally stoked to be gettin' them creative juices flowing with Ichiro. I think the dude's been gettin' wayyy too bad of a rap thanks to Chris and luckily he has me to help him now. All I gotta do is be my usual chill self, and hopefully I can contribute to a stress free and new Ichiro that can start kicking butt in the services.

*Back with Artem he looks at his watch.*

**Artem:** You have 40 minutes. Get cooking.

*The chefs scramble to the kitchen to get started on their menu items.*

*Chris and Camila are seen organizing their station in the kitchen.*

**Camila:** I'm willing to be flexible here. You have any ideas on what to make?

**Chris:** It's a little bit fancy but those kids are gonna eat it up if we do it right. You ever cook a fillet mignon?

**Camila:** You want us to make fillet mignon... for kids?

**Chris:** Yes, topped with like three different items.

**Camila:** I can do it, but are you sure this is the right target audience for this?

**Chris:** Trust me. It is.

**Camila:** If you say so.

*Chris smirks in the confessional.*

**Chris (Conf.):** Listen, I speak fluent rich kid, hell, I was one, so it's very clear these judges are gonna want something flashy, and fancy, which is exactly my specialty. What i'm planning is a pretty different dish, especially since the filet itself is going to be a smaller size, but unlike Yadeesha, Camila seems actually able to listen to some reason out here and treat me like a damn teammate.

*Sepe and Joey are seen at the meat locker looking at options.*

**Sepe:** You good with seafood?

**Joey:** A little. What are you thinking?

**Sepe:** Crab cakes. They're bite sized, and perfect for a fancy school dance.

**Joey:** I got this mean imperial sauce recipe I found online. I can focus on that.

**Sepe:** Got it.

*Sepe grabs the crab meat and some other ingredients, as the camera pans to Julie grilling a short rib and Bella peeling a potato,*

**Julie:** So what we do to give it that "bite sized" feel is cut a smaller rib and put it in the bowl with the mashed potatoes.

**Bella:** Smart idea. We gotta make sure the flavors mesh though.

**Julie:** I can handle seasoning, don't worry about it.

*The camera cuts to Ichiro and Lawrence, with Lawrence breaking open a mussel.*

**Ichiro:** I like the mussel idea, as I definitely trust you with seafood. It needs something else though...

**Lawrence:** The world is your oyster, dude!

**Ichiro:** Hm... oh, I got it! I can whip up some garlic bread.

**Lawrence:** Right on.

*Ichiro smiles in the confessional.*

**Ichiro (Conf.):** With Lawrence's help, I feel like I have a whole new lease on life in this game! I'm getting creative with a style of cooking I don't do much of, but the idea just works! Now all I gotta do is make sure this bread is baked perfectly, and prove that Ichiro 2.0 is here!

*The camera cuts to Yadeesha and Phoebe elaborately planning out a dish.*

**Phoebe:** Hm... you know of a baked Alaska?

**Yadeesha:** Heard of it. It definitely seems like a solid dessert the kids could get behind.

**Phoebe:** Great! Let's get started-

**Yadeesha:** Not yet. Phoebe, this is your time to shine. It *has* to go the extra mile to impress Artem. This is your literal specialty!

**Phoebe:** I know... but Artem didn't even like my signature dish!

**Yadeesha:** Just go easy on the pink... hm, while you focus on the ice cream center, I can work on some elaborate toppings to elevate the dish.

**Phoebe:** Please, go ahead. Oh, and thanks for looking out for me, Yadeesha.

*Phoebe gets excited in the confessional.*

**Phoebe (Conf.):** At first I didn't want to take a risk... but this might be my last reward challenge in this competition, and I am not going down without a fight. Yadeesha's right, I *need* to both bounce back, and exceed expectations on this challenge.

*Harrison and Big Harry are seen thinking about what to do.*

**Big Harry:** We need somethin' *fun*, Harrison! The kids here *love* fun!

**Harrison:** No shit, Sherlock, but I feel we gotta do something a bit more sophisticated than "carnival food." I don't want one of these talentless fucks grilling me!

**Big Harry:** Trust me, bud. I can make a mean ice cream from scratch, and in a *funnel cake*? Man that's gonna be to die for!

**Harrison:** I hope you're right.

**Big Harry:** I'll work the ice cream, you make the cake. Got it?

**Harrison:** Alright...

*A montage of the contestants making their dishes plays out. Artem looks at his watch.*

**Artem:** Ten seconds remaining. Get plating!

*Phoebe rushes to organize her dessert.*

**Artem:** Five...

*Seppe arranges a couple of carrots stylistically next to a plated crab cake.*

**Artem:** Four...

*Ichiro quickly takes the garlic bread out of the oven.*

**Artem:** Three...

*Bella and Julie walk their plate to the pass.*

**Artem:** Two...

*Chris and Camila cover their plate.*

**Artem:** One, and time.

*Phoebe takes a deep breath as Julie has a confessional.*



**Julie (Conf.):** This is definitely a nerve wracking experience for me, as while yes, appealing to the average person who doesn't know much about cooking is a culinary skill itself, this could make or break having to do another punishment, which I'm already sick of, so of course I'm worried. I just hope our team can pull this one out.

*The chefs stand in line in front of Artem.*

**Artem:** Alright, now that the entrees have been finished, it is time for our homecoming committee to judge your dishes. Remember, each winning dish will be featured on tonight's menu, so it's not just these three kids that are going to be tasting it. First non-dessert item for each team, step forward.

*Bella and Julie step forward for the red team and Seppe and Joey step forward for the blue team.*

**Artem:** Red team, show your dish to the judges first.

*Julie unveils their dish.*

**Julie:** This is a very simple yet very sophisticated dish, a braised short rib on Queen Anne potatoes. Dig in.

*The homecoming committee members each take a bite out of the food. The singular male in the group talks first.*

**Trenton:** I really like the meat on this one.

**Bella:** Thank you.

*One of the two girls rolls her eyes.*

**Erika:** Unfortunately, I think the potatoes mixing with the meat won't taste good.

*Julie looks down not wanting to argue as the other girl in the group talks.*

**Gia:** Yeah, I agree with Erika on this one. I think the student body wouldn't want everything all mixed.

**Julie:** Okay.

*Artem looks at a slightly more nervous Joey and Seppe*

**Joey (whispering):** Yeah these dudes are no joke...

**Artem:** Blue team, unveil your dish.

*Seppe unveils it and introduces it.*

**Seppe:** This is a crab cake made of Snow Crab with a buttermilk tartar sauce with a side of sous vide carrots. Enjoy.

*The homecoming committee takes a bite.*

**Gia:** This is like, actually really good!

**Erika:** Yeah, way better than the potatoes.

**Julie (under her breath):** Rude.

**Trenton:** The carrots don't seem "school dance" enough though. I like how bite sized the crab cakes are.

**Artem:** Alright, so each judge pick your favorite.

**Trenton:** I'll go with the short rib.

**Gia:** Crab cakes for me.

**Erika:** Yeah, crab cakes, like, all the way.

**Artem:** Alright then. Blue team takes the first point of the night.

**Joey:** Thanks, guys.

*Joey and Seppe hi-five.*

**Joey (Conf.):** These three are... yeah let's just say I never thought I'd be scared of a culinary judge more than Artem, but hey, we got the point, and now these kids are gonna be enjoying some pretty damn good crab cakes if I do say so myself. Hopefully the other duos keep our lead up and we can snag yet another reward.

*Back with Artem, he clears his throat.*

**Artem:** Next duo with the remaining entree, step forward.

*Chris, Camila, Ichiro, and Lawrence all head to the judges with their dishes.*

**Narrator:** With the blue team one point in the lead, it is up to Chris and Camila to tie that point, or for Ichiro and Lawrence to secure a win for their team.

*Ichiro takes a deep breath in the confessional.*

**Ichiro (Conf.):** Well, this is it. After our constant arguments in the kitchen it seems like Artem organized this next round as a grudge match against Chris. God, I really hope I can prove that bully wrong and secure the point over him, but I'm scared. He's quite skilled for a man as young as he is.

*Back with Artem, he looks at Camila and Chris.*

**Artem:** Red team, it's up for you two to tie up the game or it's yet another punishment.

**Chris:** Don't even finish the sentence, chef, Camila and I have just the dish...

*Chris unveils his dish.*

**Chris:** This is a filet mignon, served with pine nut mint chutney, roasted potatoes, and butter soaked asparagus.

*One of the girls' interests is piqued.*

**Gia:** Like, I don't know what half of that is, but it seems expensive so it's probably good.

**Camila:** It's well deserving of any high price tag. Have a taste.

*The judges take a bite.*

**Erika:** Yeah this is great.

*Trenton looks at Chris*

**Trenton:** Hold on, I think I recognize you. You make culinary TikTok's doing stuff like this?

**Chris:** Guilty as charged!

**Trenton:** Well just so you know I'm a *huge* fan.

*Chris flashes a smug grin in the confessional.*

**Chris (Conf.):** Take that, Ichiro. It seems the judges have taste.

*Ichiro looks down and sighs.*

**Ichiro:** Here goes nothing....

**Lawrence:** You got this, bro.

*Ichiro unveils his dish to the homecoming committee.*

**Ichiro:** This is a mussel pasta in a white wine butter sauce, served with garlic bread. Enjoy.

*Trenton takes a bite of the pasta and one of the mussels.*

**Trenton:** Wow... this is delicious! I love me some good seafood.

**Lawrence:** Thanks, lil' dude!

*Erika takes a bite of the garlic bread and almost barfs.*

**Erika:** EW!

*Ichiro's face falls.*

**Ichiro:** Um... what?

**Gia:** It tastes like, dry and stuff!

*Artem rolls his eyes.*

**Artem:** Oh don't tell me you overcooked the garlic bread Ichiro...

**Ichiro:** I know chef, but-

**Artem:** You're supposed to be bouncing back!

*Ichiro looks down and sighs.*

**Ichiro:** I know...

*Chris smirks as Artem looks at the judges.*

**Artem:** Alright then, what do you three vote?

**Erika:** The filet mignon.

**Gia:** Same.

**Trenton:** That mussel pasta almost changed my vote but I just can't ignore you overcooking something. I'm also going with the fillet.

**Artem:** And just like that, the red team is still in it, meaning the final round is a tiebreaker.

*The chefs presenting their food get back in line, and Chris looks over at Ichiro.*

**Chris:** Even without me you still suck. How cute.

*Ichiro looks down, trying his hardest not to argue back.*

**Ichiro (Conf.):** I can't believe it... I blew it! I told Artem my problem was with Chris and that without Chris the mistakes will stop... but the mistakes just aren't stopping, and I just don't know why! Am I... not good enough for this? Is that it?

*Back with Artem, he is seen calling up the final two pairs.*

**Artem:** Last course of the meal in desserts will serve as the tiebreaker. Whoever wins this match wins the challenge for their team.

*Phoebe and Yadeesha walk up for the red team while Harrison and Big Harry walk up for the blue team.*

**Artem:** Start us off, ladies.

*Yadeesha nods at Phoebe signaling her to introduce the dish. Phoebe unveils the dish.*

**Phoebe:** This is my take on a Neapolitan baked Alaska with a saffron ice cream center.

**Yadeesha:** It's topped with pistachios, candied orange, and is served with a dark chocolate cream sauce.

**Trenton:** Complicated, I like it.

*The three judges each take a bite.*

**Gia:** Wow... that's just... delicious!

**Erika:** Can I hire you as a private chef now?

**Trenton:** Yeah this is really good.

**Phoebe:** Thank you all.

*Harrison looks smug in the confessional.*

**Harrison (Conf.):** Pssh. Those teens are probably just buttering Phoebe up to tear her a new one. There is *no* way she beats what I have prepped. I mean look at her, she's Phoebe! She's sucked at everything so far!

*Artem looks over at the blue team.*

**Artem:** Harry and Harry.

**Big Harry:** Harry cubed?

**Artem:** You mean squared?

**Big Harry:** I ain't a math guy, to be honest.

**Harrison:** You don't say...

**Artem:** Just show your fucking dessert.

**Big Harry:** Alright then, fellas! This here is a good ol' fashioned funnel cake made with matcha and dark chocolate, topped with a vanilla ice cream and a chocolate whipped cream, both made in house!

*The two girls take a scoop of the ice cream but Trenton looks at the funnel cake itself.*

**Trenton:** Um... is it supposed to be this greasy?

**Harrison:** Um, duh! We're pro chefs, kid. We know what we're doing.

**Trenton:** Dude, I'm literally the president of the Keating High School culinary arts club. A greasy funnel cake means it's undercooked.

*Big Harry looks down, annoyed, and has an equally annoyed confessional.*

**Big Harry (Conf.):** Come on now, Harrison! I gave you one gosh darn job to make the funnel cake! I did all the heavy lifting makin' the ice cream on my own and you didn't even listen to the amount of time I needed it cooked for! You just lost us the dang challenge as far as I'm concerned!

*Back with Artem, looking mad at Harrison, he rushes to the voting.*

**Artem:** I don't think it's that hard to see which one won, correct?

**Trenton:** Yeah, I'm going with the baked Alaska.

**Erika:** I don't cook, but like, same.

**Gia:** Yeah that was delicious. Good job red team.

**Artem:** So It's official, congratulations red team, you just won the challenge!

**Yadeesha:** Yes!

*Phoebe gets on one knee and breaks down crying, tears of joy. Bella notices this.*

**Bella:** You good, Pheeb?

**Phoebe:** Of course I'm good! I won a challenge!

*Bella hugs Phoebe while Camila rolls her eyes.*

**Camila (Conf.):** Listen, I'm not gonna complain, we won the challenge, but come on. Phoebe's acting like she just finished a marathon, or won a Nobel prize, or something. She correctly cooked something that she cooks literally every day of her life! I get that she needed at least one win but of course the pastry chef is gonna win the challenge where she makes a dessert. It's her specialty!

*Back with Artem, the chefs are lined up in front of him.*

**Artem:** Congratulations, red team. You won the challenge, so for the rest of the day today, I have the six of you scheduled for a delicious meal at a seaside resort, that you will spend the night at after a full day of delicious food and hitting the beach.

*The red team celebrates.*

**Artem:** However... There is a twist. I paid for seven people to go on this trip as initially Marta was going to join you, but thanks to her niece being an incoming freshman at Keating this year, she's opted to oversee the process of setting up the dance.

**Gia:** Can I go, then? I gotta get a better tan.

**Trenton:** No, we need you to oversee setting up-

*Artem cuts the two teens off.*

**Artem:** Don't spoil the punishment. Now, what I was trying to say here, is that for this one challenge only, I am allowing the red team to pick one member of the blue team to join them for this reward and skip the punishment.

**Yadeesha:** Alright, let's huddle up.

*The red team gets into a huddle.*

**Yadeesha (whispering):** It's gotta be one of the guys who scored a point, right?

**Julie (whispering):** I'm fine with that.

**Chris (whispering):** I know them more than you all. Shouldn't I get the pick?

**Phoebe (whispering):** I'd much rather it be a team decision.

**Julie (whispering):** Bella, what are your thoughts?

**Bella (whispering):** Well, I'd rather it be Joey but I'm fine with either him or Seppe going.

**Chris (whispering):** I'd be okay with Joey being the pick.

**Yadeesha:** It's settled then.

*The red team gets out of their huddle.*

**Yadeesha:** We pick Joey.

*Joey's face lights up.*

**Joey:** Damn I now owe all six of you a drink.

*The entire red team laughs, as Bella lets out a smile. Seppe rolls his eyes in the confessional.*

**Seppe (Conf.):** Yeah, I really don't wanna say it but losing Chris kinda hit us hard. Besides the entree myself and Joey worked on, both of the other dishes we sent to be judged had big blaring rookie mistakes that nobody who I'd let run Hell's Kitchen should have done. I will say though, while the crab cakes were my idea, if there was anyone on my team that deserved to take the punishment off, it would be Joey, as we were the two best performers of the challenge with Lawrence being the only other person who didn't majorly mess up their dish or fail to communicate with their teammate.

*Julie smiles a bit in the confessional.*

**Julie (Conf.):** I may have been a tad suspicious of Bella and Joey but I saw them on the balcony last night. Joey said yes to Bella and I couldn't be happier, so I saw an opportunity for Joey and Bella to have a "date" over reward and took it by asking Bella to bring up Joey's name. They're a cute couple, and it really takes me back to when I first met my husband.

*Chris continues to look smug in the confessional.*

**Chris (Conf.):** Now, if this was based off of who is the better chef, I pick Seppe to go on reward every day of the week. However, Seppe is easily my biggest competition in this game, so to me, it's a no brainer. Joey doesn't have restaurant experience. I'd rather Joey get the reward and Seppe to continue to work hard and grow tired, as the better cook is now more likely to slip up faster. Also, with how Yadeesha treated me, I could definitely use Joey as someone to talk to to keep me sane, because as far as I know, Yadeesha doesn't want me anywhere near this team despite me helping win the challenge, so it'll be good to catch up with the blue team brethren.

*Artem continues talking with the red team.*

**Artem:** Alright then. Red team, Joey, get packing. Your ride awaits!

*The red team plus Joey exit.*

**Artem:** Now, Blue team... unfortunately thanks to losing the challenge, you will be punished and we have quite the big one planned for you.

**Harrison:** Oh, god...

**Artem:** This dining area needs to be absolutely transformed for tomorrow's homecoming dance, and while I did invite a solid chunk of the Keating student body here to play for you all... yeah, you all helping decorate the dining room instead just felt more right. Have fun, as Anton, Brad, and I are now going out to lunch.

*Artem and Co. walk out leaving the blue team alone with the homecoming committee.*

**Harrison:** Fuck me dude...

*Harrison snarls in the confessional.*

**Harrison (Conf.):** First that little twerp for some reason thought he knew how to make a funnel cake more than me... than we lose the challenge, than fucking Joey just *magically* gets to skip the punishment because of course he does, and NOW I HAVE TO SET UP THIS FUCKING ROOM FOR THE TEENAGE SHITBAGS THAT LOST US THE CHALLENGE? This genuinely might be worse than the scooping up pig poop one, and that one was fucking terrible too! It's like this show *wants* me to be miserable!

*The camera cuts to footage of a car taking the red team to their overnight reward.*

**Narrator:** While Harrison is taken aback by the punishment that he caused for his team, the red team is taken to paradise.

*The car stops at a beachfront resort with a waitress waiting for them.*

**Waitress:** Welcome to Playa La Balnéaire, and congrats on winning! Shall I take you to the dining area?

*Most of the red team members just take in the beauty of the area.*

**Camila:** Wow.

**Phoebe:** This is beautiful!

**Waitress:** You haven't even seen the beaches yet, my dear. Come on, let me show you.

*The red team walks single file with Joey getting behind Chris, tapping his shoulder.*

**Joey (whispering):** How is it?

**Chris (whispering):** Oh, the team?

**Joey (whispering):** Yeah.

**Chris (whispering):** Not ideal. Yadeesha is basically keeping me from getting any say at all.

**Joey (whispering):** That sucks, dude. You're a great chef though I think you'll be fine.

**Chris (whispering):** Hope so, but that woman is dangerous.

**Joey (whispering):** Good to know.

*Joey uneasily laughs in the confessional.*

**Joey (Conf.):** A good thing about bein' able to take this reward with the opposite team... well, besides chilling with Bella, is that you get to know what their dynamics are, and apparently according to Chris, Yadeesha is being a bit of a dictator over there. Now, obviously Chris has a bit of a... um, attitude, but he's one of my bros. I'll take his word for it for now, but I won't know for sure until I'm working with her on a line firsthand.

*The group walks onto an elevated pier overlooking a private beach where numerous tables sit.*

**Waitress:** The entire beachside dining area has been rented out for this meal so sit any way you want. I'll be back with your drink menu in a bit.

*Joey looks over at Bella*

**Joey:** Wanna do a table for two?

**Bella:** Oh, um... like a first date?

**Joey:** I guess you can call it that.

**Bella:** I'd love to!

*The two lovebirds sit down at a separate table from the rest of the red team and drinks begin to get ordered. Yadeesha starts up a conversation at the main table.*

**Yadeesha:** So, first things first, big congratulations to all of us for winning this thing! However, I want to give a special shoutout to Phoebe.

**Julie:** Yeah, congrats on scoring the deciding point.

**Phoebe:** Wait, really?

**Yadeesha:** Yeah, you earned it. You should be proud.

**Phoebe:** Awww, thanks guys!

*Camila does not seem super happy over Phoebe getting all the attention. Chris also sits in silence not really feeling included.*

**Camila (under breath):** Chris and I scored a point too...

**Yadeesha:** Sorry, what was that?

**Camila:** Oh, nothing. Just tired from the challenge.

**Julie:** Yeah, we all worked pretty hard, but now it's time to get our resort on!

*Yadeesha smiles in the confessional.*

**Yadeesha (Conf.):** Phoebe... yeah, let's just say she's been going through it in this competition. She's definitely caused a lot of drama and had a lot of anger pointed at her, some warranted, some unwarranted, but she needed this win. This competition can get in your head, so after a string of failures, of course I'm gonna boost Phoebe's confidence when she finally starts succeeding!

*Camila looks annoyed in the confessional.*

**Camila (Conf.):** Is Yadeesha out of her mind? Why do we need to shout out the lady who literally just did the thing she does every day of her life for winning a challenge against tweedledee and tweedledum on the blue team. While she's been a great leader so far, I'm really starting to feel unappreciated here, especially compared to Phoebe who has done nothing but mess up all game? You know who else could have scored a point for that round? Itachi? Beverly? They'd both have scored us more points during the other rewards too. I just really don't get babysitting this lady when she clearly needs her head in the game instead of in La La Land!

*Over at Joey and Bella's table, the two of them are deep in conversation.*

**Joey:** So, I know you've worked this industry a bit longer than I have, so tell me, what do you think is the most romantic possible meal for two?

**Bella:** Hm... that's a hard one. I'd say Spaghetti because of that one Lady and the Tramp scene but it's so overdone... hm... let's spice it up. What about Chicken Piccata?

**Joey:** Ooh, that seems delicious. You think I could get the chef to make one?

**Bella:** For us?

**Joey:** I mean, they've probably had stingier eaters here...

*Bella laughs.*

**Joey:** I kid, but it's our first date! It deserves something special for a special lady.

*Bella giggles, blushing a bit. A couple people from the main table look over at them.*

**Chris:** How is that woman thirty...

*Yadeesha especially looks nervous seeing Bella and Joey flirting.*

**Yadeesha:** Um, Julie, are you sure this is a good idea? I don't want Bella distracted from the services.

**Julie:** Don't worry about it, Yadeesha. We've talked and her head is still in the game. This might be the only reward they share together, let them enjoy it.

**Phoebe:** I think they're a pretty cute couple, too.

**Yadeesha:** I guess... but she needs to put these services first.

**Camilla:** She's always been a team player, Yadeesha. This isn't changing that.

**Yadeesha:** Alright, I'll trust you, but Bella needs to stay on her game.

*Chris says nothing, thinking about how to use this situation. Julie meanwhile smiles in the confessional.*

**Julie (Conf.):** I haven't been a wing-woman since high school, but I forgot how great it is to help your friend get a boyfriend, and that boyfriend *doesn't* suck. Yadeesha has some valid thoughts about Bella having to balance love and this competition, but I went over this with Bella myself, and her head is in the game. There's no shot someone as good a teammate as her wouldn't be focused. She now just gets a consolation prize in Joey in case she doesn't win the job.

*The camera cuts to a shot of Hell's Kitchen outdoors.*

**Narrator:** While love blossoms for the red team, the blue team begins to feel nothing but hate for their new bosses.

*The three members of the homecoming committee are seen directing the blue team members around.*

**Erika:** So first, we like, need all the tables re-organized. They gotta be closer to the pass so there's enough room for a dance floor towards the back of the dining hall.

**Lawrence:** Alright then, fellas, let's get movin'!

*Big Harry is seen pushing one of the tables over, noticeably struggling.*

**Seppe:** Need help?

**Big Harry:** Uh, yeah, thanks buddy.

*Seppe moves to help Big Harry push his table over. Big Harry looks tired in the confessional.*

**Big Harry (Conf.):** Gosh darn it, that red team! If they wanted us tired or somethin' they did a pretty dang good job at makin' us work. They just gained Chris as a teammate, and Joey's out with 'em, so the blue team is just Beach Bod Lawrence doin' 95% of the hard work and the four middle aged men sweating over barely any work. I will say though, big shoutout to Seppe for helping me push my table. He may not be much fitter than me but it really shows teamwork makes the dream work.... especially if you're two out of shape old men!

*Later on, Gia is seen with Harrison and Ichiro.*

**Gia:** Okay, so... yeah we need some balloons blown up. Could you two focus on that for now so the room looks *extra* decorated for the hoco?

**Ichiro:** Hoco?

**Harrison:** It's slang, dumbass...

**Ichiro:** Rude...

*Ichiro starts to blow up the party balloons while Harrison just doesn't.*

**Ichiro:** Um... aren't you gonna help?

**Harrison:** I'm out of breath, smoked three doobies before this, and *didn't* cost us the challenge unlike you. Give me a moment.



**Ichiro:** We both didn't get points, Harrison.

**Harrison:** Any dumbass would know what undercooked bread tastes like, or whatever! The bozo who said my funnel cake sucked *thinks* he's a pro chef but is still in high school. Our performances were nothing alike.

**Ichiro:** Believe what you want to believe but you still lost a point. Now blow.

**Harrison:** Awww, is wittle baby Ichiwo getting cwanky? What happened to not arguing now that Chris ain't here?

**Ichiro:** You're not much better than him... and I know you're just trying to anger me.

**Harrison:** I know your damn breaking point... but all the slip ups for *this* challenge? Yeah, you did 'em to yourself...

*Harrison gets up to blow up his balloons somewhere else. Ichiro sighs.*

**Ichiro (Conf.):** I hate Harrison's guts sometimes but... in a way he's right. I had no reason to mess up my dish now that Chris isn't here, but I still did. I've never been stressed out this much working a culinary job in my life and no matter what I do... it's just not ending. God, this sucks...

*Back at the resort, the red team has now finished their meal and has made their way to the beach. Bella looks at Joey.*

**Bella:** Race you to the water.

**Joey:** It's on.

*The two of them book it to the ocean while everyone else walks into the water at a more reasonable pace. Chris noticeably just takes a towel and sits on the sand, trying not to touch it. Phoebe looks over at Chris.*

**Phoebe:** You coming in?

**Chris:** Nope.

**Phoebe:** Aw come on, show some team spirit a little.

**Chris:** I'm not gonna get *dragged* into the ocean if I don't want to.

*Phoebe walks away.*

**Phoebe (under her breath):** Rude...

*Phoebe doesn't look happy in the confessional.*

**Phoebe (Conf.):** I don't know what Chris' deal is, but he must *hate* this team. He barely talked during dinner, and now he doesn't want to even get into the water with the rest of us. Does he think he's better than us or something? Come on! I have been struggling this entire time and still hang with my team when I can. What's his issue?

*Chris looks uncomfortable in the confessional.*

**Chris (Conf.):** I just hate sand, okay? It's uncomfortable to walk on, it gets in your shoes and stays there even after you shower. I am NOT stepping a foot off of my towel if it means I don't get to walk around the kitchen with that stuff in my shoes, and if Phoebe thinks she can force me to join them in the water, she's got another thing coming.

*Camila and Yadeesha are seen wading around in the water as Joey and Bella playfully splash each other in the background. Yadeesha looks back and sees Chris on his towel.*

**Yadeesha:** See him like that, Camila?

**Camila:** Relaxing on the beach?

**Yadeesha:** No, he clearly doesn't want to be around us, at all!

**Camila:** You're overthinking this. He hasn't actually gotten to know us yet and just swapped.

**Yadeesha:** He had ample time to do so at the meal, and left a pretty bad first impression on me before the challenge. I just don't get why he's not trying to bond with the team!

**Camila:** Let the guy have his private beach time. I wouldn't be on his case for something as dumb as that.

*Yadeesha sighs.*

**Yadeesha:** I guess...

*Camila rolls her eyes in the confessional.*

**Camila (Conf.):** Yadeesha so far has been a pretty solid leader but clearly I'm beginning to notice the mere existence of Chris has her on edge or something. Yeah, I've heard of some attitude problems on the blue team, but come on! She's harping on him for the oh so terrible sin of not wanting to get into the water at the beach. I hope this doesn't lead to *more* drama up here, as unlike Phoebe, Yadeesha is supposed to be one of the actual professional chefs here that doesn't do this sort of thing.

*The sun is shown setting and the camera cuts to Joey and Bella walking on a pier looking at the sunset.*

**Joey:** Yeah, I don't think I've ever seen one this good.

**Bella:** Well, it helps when there aren't a billion buildings blocking it up in New York.

**Joey:** True.

*Joey puts his arm around Bella.*

**Joey:** Thanks for bringing me up here by the way. The time with you has been awesome.

*Bella blushes, and then smiles at Joey.*

**Bella:** I like what we have going right now.

**Joey:** Same. I kinda wish I was the guy switching and not Chris.

**Bella:** Well, too bad. I'm gonna kick your butt in service tomorrow.

*Joey flashes a smile at Bella.*

**Joey:** I think you got the two of us mixed up here, babe.

**Bella:** Winner of service gives the loser a backrub?

**Joey:** Deal.

*Joey smiles in the confessional.*

**Joey (Conf.):** While most people would be happy they just don't have to do the punishment, getting to go on this reward to spend time with Bella is easily the highlight of this game for me. I like that I can just let loose and be myself around her, especially compared to work where I gotta put on an act when talking to women I bartend. Beyond her outer beauty is a genuinely amazing person and I couldn't be happier we found each other here.

*Bella looks lovestruck in the confessional.*

**Bella (Conf.):** Before this little "date" with Joey I had second thoughts about joining a relationship in the middle of a potential life-changing job opportunity, but I'm glad the two of us are just as competitive even if we are gonna be facing off against each other. Hell, it's even more motivation to win services now because in addition to not having to send anyone home, I get a free massage. This show is awesome.

*Night is seen falling at Hell's Kitchen too.*

**Narrator:** While the red team retires for the night, the blue team still has quite a bit of work to do.

*Harrison is seen pushing a table around.*

**Trenton:** Wait, what are you doing?

**Harrison:** The fuck does it look like, kid? Do I have to explain it since you're too young to see it with your own eyes?

**Trenton:** I was just trying to say that's where the hired DJ is gonna be. You're putting a table on the dance floor, and I don't think the student body is gonna want to run into a table.

**Harrison:** THEN WHY DIDN'T YOU FUCKING TELL ME?

*This gets the attention of the other two students.*

**Erika:** Excuse me?

**Trenton:** I told you that was where students would be dancing like fifty times!

**Harrison:** Oh, NOW you're just gonna make shit up again, huh. LIKE HOW YOU DID ABOUT MY DISH?

**Trenton:** Just because I'm a kid doesn't mean I can't cook.

**Gia:** And even then, I thought it sucked too, so like, it isn't just Trenton.

**Harrison:** Well MAYBE you could get THAT PALETTE FIXED!

**Lawrence:** Dude... chill out.

**Harrison:** NO! I'M NOT GONNA BE BOSSED AROUND BY TALENTLESS SPOILED BRATS LIKE YOURSELF!

*Harrison walks away as Seppe rolls his eyes. Lawrence sighs.*

**Lawrence:** I'll take over for him. Sorry.

**Trenton:** It's cool...

*Seppe looks mad in the confessional.*

**Seppe (Conf.):** Once this show hits the air I am genuinely convinced that Harrison is never going to get a culinary job again with how he treats people. This guy was about to throw hands with some kid that's half his age! I get being mad you didn't get a point, but the kid's like 15, *and* has culinary experience, so maybe instead of finding stupid ways to blame literally anything else, Harrison should blame himself for costing us the challenge. I've had it up to here with him.

*Harrison is fuming in the confessional.*

**Harrison (Conf.):** You know what? Serving every beck and call of these sheltered, spoiled brats is *not* in this fucking job description. Artem ain't here, his sous chefs ain't here, so no, I'm not gonna play stupid fucking games with these unqualified teens talking out of their asses. I'm a 30 year old man and they are NOT bossing me around any longer.

*The sun is shown turning to night and then rising, as footage of cars driving back to Hell's Kitchen plays. The red team, plus Joey are seen exiting the vehicles and they look at the decorated dining area.*

**Julie:** Wow, looking spiffy.

*The red team walks to the dorms and are greeted by Seppe lounging on the couch.*

**Phoebe:** This place looks great, guys.

**Seppe:** Thanks, I hung the streamers myself.

**Joey:** Was it rough?

**Seppe:** Yeah, it was a lot of work. Didn't help when a certain angry man decided to stop working halfway though.

**Chris:** Ichiro?

**Joey:** Pretty sure it was Harrison.

**Camila:** Figures. Is he ever in a good mood?

**Joey:** I figured not spending time around me would boost it but yet again, I got the five star beach resort and he got bossed around by teens.

**Seppe:** All I'm saying is during service, don't poke the bear.

**Joey:** Got it.

*The phone rings and Seppe picks it up.*

**Seppe:** Ciao, chef.

**Artem:** Hey, Seppe. Get everyone downstairs in 15 minutes. We have a homecoming to host.

**Seppe:** Yes chef.

*Seppe hangs up.*

**Seppe:** Everyone get changed, service is starting!

*Ichiro is shown quickly getting into his chef jacket.*

**Ichiro (Conf.):** I failed the challenge miserably, even without Chris on my team, so this service has to go *perfect* for me. I need to prove to Mr. Izanovich I deserve to be here, as I need this job to make sure my family has a good life. I'm riding on a lot tonight, and simply put, I have no other choice but to pull through.

*The remaining Hell's Kitchen chefs line up in front of Artem with their team's, in uniform.*

**Artem:** Welcome back chefs. Blue team, I'm assuming your punishment was enjoyable.

**Seppe:** Well, there is a bright side in that most of us worked hard to decorate this place and now our handiwork is going to pay off.

**Artem:** Most of us?

*Harrison is seen rolling his eyes.*

**Seppe:** I'd rather not get into it...

**Artem:** Well next time, blue team, regardless if I'm in the kitchen or not, you *do* the fucking punishment. Understand?

**The Chefs:** Yes chef!

*Harrison looks annoyed in the confessional.*

**Harrison (Conf.):** Of course, Seppe, in his never ending quest of brown-nosing Artem, decided to let it slip to him that someone may have slacked off during the punishment... and he's definitely gonna think it's me. Starting this service with the guy who decides who goes home mad at me ain't a good thing, so if these bozos are gonna try and throw me under the bus... I might dabble in throwing someone else there with me.

*Artem is seen clearing his throat.*

**Artem:** After I'm done with this conversation the doors will be open and the Keating High School Students will enter for their dance. These kids have long lives ahead of them, but you all better make this one a night to remember... and not in a bad way. The cooking and teamwork should be immaculate this time around. Understand?

**The Chefs:** Yes chef!

**Artem:** Good. Since the winning dessert dish will be on the menu, I have created an additional station for tonight's service exclusively to prepare the baked Alaskas. Seppe, Phoebe, you two will be working that station, and I expect perfection from you both.

**Phoebe:** You'll get nothing less.

**Artem:** Now that's an attitude I like to hear. Let's get this service started. Anton, open Hell's Kitchen!

**Anton:** On it.

*Footage of the Hell's Kitchen doors opening plays, as many customers enter.*

**Narrator:** Hell's Kitchen has opened for tonight's school dance, and while the customers are young, their taste buds will be shown why Hell's Kitchen is the hottest dining experience on the west coast.

*Some students are seen on the dance floor to start the party out while some groups sit at tables to get a full meal. The first order is walked up and Artem walks over to the red team.*

**Artem:** First order of red team appetizers. We got two risottos. Make it snappy.

**Yadeesha:** Yes chef!

*Yadeesha looks nervous in the confessional.*

**Yadeesha (Conf.):** Since tonight's setting is a homecoming dance instead of a restaurant, I can tell these kids are going to want to get through their full meal fast so they can have time to party it up on the dance floor, so naturally, us as a team need to be quick on our feet. The only issue is that I feel that since Chris is on garnish, he might let the power get to his head tonight, which is the opposite of what I want.

*Chris is seen preparing the risotto garnish, while Yadeesha and Camila start to cook their rice.*

**Yadeesha:** We're good for two minutes, right?

**Chris:** I say we take three. There's less people at the tables so we can take our time with this:

**Yadeesha:** People are gonna come and go, though.

**Chris:** Yeah, they can dance while they wait for their order. This isn't a packed restaurant.

**Camila:** Guys can we just make a decision? We've wasted thirty seconds just arguing.

**Yadeesha:** What would you want, than?

**Camila:** Chris is on garnish, if he preps for three minutes that's what we do.

*Yadeesha eyes Chris angrily.*

**Yadeesha:** Fine. Three minutes.

**Chris:** Good.

*Camila looks nervous in the confessional.*

**Camila (Conf.):** The tension between Yadeesha and Chris couldn't be more obvious, especially when the two of them can't even agree on a fucking time. I sided with Chris on this one because you're supposed to listen to whoever is on garnish. That's basic culinary teamwork 101. No matter what though, a fight two seconds into service is *not* good to start out with.

*The camera pans to Joey on the garnish station.*

**Narrator:** While Chris struggles on garnish to get a hold of his new team, it's up to Joey on his team's garnish to start the service off better.

*Joey looks a tad excited in the confessional.*

**Joey (Conf.):** This is my first time on the garnish station and I couldn't be more excited. While I'm not the best technique wise in this game, I know I'm a good communicator as that's the most important part of working this station. However, this game's challenging, and I can tell with

having to serve the full entrees to everyone at the tables and the smaller ones for the people dancing is gonna make this difficult.

*Artem is seen walking up with a blue team order.*

**Artem:** Blue team, we got a big one. Two risotto for the tables, two crab cake plates for the dancers. Get going.

*Joey immediately begins to project his voice.*

**Joey:** Let's get moving, guys. Can everyone on apps and fish do three minutes?

**Big Harry:** Gotcha, buddy.

**Harrison:** Yep.

**Ichiro:** On it.

**Joey:** Alright. I'll give out a one minute warning so we're all on the same page.

**Big Harry:** Alrighty, then!

*Big Harry is shown cooking his crab cakes and has a confessional.*

**Big Harry (Conf.):** I am really impressed with Joey on garnish tonight. The kid had his struggles earlier on but I can tell he's way more confident at this station compared to the rest of them, and he did a great job communicating the times. Hell, I've been cookin' for longer than he's been alive and I never thought of doin' a one minute warning at my chicken place. Smart kid.

*At the appetizer station, Harrison and Ichiro are preparing their risottos, while Joey works on the garnish for both the risottos and the crab cake dishes. Ichiro is seen as a little nervous.*

**Ichiro:** Can I get a time check, Harrison?

**Harrison:** Yeah, we got two minutes thirty seconds left.

**Ichiro:** Thanks.

*Ichiro breathes a sigh of relief in the confessional.*

**Ichiro (Conf.):** In my normal line of work, I don't really do much with a brigade. As a hibachi chef, you usually prepare everything on your own, and don't have to worry much about timing as there's more of a showmanship angle where you do cool tricks instead of being laser focused on pushing everything out at the same time as the rest of your brigade. As a result, I'm not the best with times, and while I don't trust Harrison, he's at least he's letting me know the time whenever I lose track.

*Harrison meanwhile is seen looking at the camera with a smirk. He is seen working noticeably faster than Ichiro.*

**Joey:** One minute warning, guys. Finish what you're doing and get plating.

**Ichiro:** Wait, what?

*Big Harry still looks jovial.*

**Big Harry:** Two delicious crab cake orders coming right up!

**Ichiro:** Joey, I'm not ready yet!

**Joey:** You told me you were good for three minutes.

*Harrison is seen finishing up his risotto order and begins walking.*

**Harrison:** Walking risotto.

**Big Harry:** Walking crab cakes.

*Ichiro is still shown feverishly cooking his risotto.*

**Ichiro:** Come on... come on...

*Both other plates, with garnish, are on the pass.*

**Artem:** Both are good but... WHERE'S THE SECOND RISOTTO!

**Ichiro:** Thirty seconds, chef!

**Artem:** Joey, did you tell everyone a time?

**Joey:** They got three minutes with a warning at one minute, chef.

**Artem:** THEN WHY CAN'T YOU PACE YOURSELF, ICHIRO?!?!?

**Ichiro:** Sorry, I- Harrison told me a weird time.

**Harrison:** Why are you dragging me into this? I did no such thing!

**Ichiro:** You told me two minutes and thirty seconds!

**Harrison:** Yeah, because it was. Stop blaming me. If I gave you the wrong time we'd both have been behind.

**Artem:** Oh for the love of god... ICHIRO! WHY DO YOU KEEP BLAMING PEOPLE FOR YOUR MISTAKES!

**Ichiro:** I promise you I cooked to the times I was told!

**Artem:** You were clearly told three minutes AND one minute. You had NO RIGHT to fall behind.

**Ichiro:** Sorry chef...

**Artem:** AND BECAUSE OF YOUR YAPPING A PERFECT RISOTTO DIED ON THE PASS! PUSH OUT THE CRAB CAKES, START THE RISOTTO OVER!

**Ichiro:** Yes chef...

*Harrison smirks in the confessional.*

**Harrison (Conf.):** Well would you look at that. Poor little Ichiro, who always plays the victim, just made a giant ass of himself. If flopping *this* hard is what he thinks being on a team without Chris is like, then I'm gonna drive this hopeless loser's chances into the damn ground, and more importantly, I live another day to get out of Artem's shitlist.

*Back with the red team, Artem walks over and sends in another order.*

**Artem:** One more order of two filet mignon for the red team. Remember, keep it fast. I like the quality so far but we can't run behind this time.

**Red Team:** Yes, chef.

*Chris is shown quickly preparing his garnish, and looks over at Julie's station to see her struggling a bit.*

**Chris:** Need an extra hand on the filet, Julie?

**Julie:** If you don't mind, yeah. Making two of these dishes at once is rough.

**Chris:** Okay.

*Chris leaves his own station and gets a good grill on one of the filets.*

**Chris:** I made this menu item so I think I'm able to handle both stations.

**Julie:** Thanks.

*Chris is seen smirking in the confessional.*

**Chris (Conf.):** Yeah, seems like Yadeesha is gonna have a hard time convincing Artem to eliminate me any time soon when I'm literally juggling multiple stations. Honestly, I'll give Julie props, too. Asking me to help with her cooking has probably been the smartest thing anyone on this team has done so far. I'm clearly the best one here. You see what happens when you're able to take your ego down a notch and acknowledge your shortcomings?

*Chris jumps back on his station to finish up his garnish.*

**Narrator:** As Chris preaches the exact opposite of what he wants his team to practice, entrees begin to steadily leave from the red kitchen.

*The two filet mignon orders are sent to the pass.*

**Artem:** Service, please.

*Chris and Julie hi-five.*

**Julie:** I think that was record time. Thanks for the help, Chris.

*Chris side eyes Yadeesha.*

**Chris:** Of course. I'm glad my contributions to the team are being acknowledged, finally.

*Yadeesha gets close to blowing up on Chris.*

**Yadeesha:** One more word out of your mouth and-

**Yadeesha:** Ugh... forget it.

*Yadeesha doesn't look happy in the confessional.*

**Yadeesha (Conf.):** I will concede that Chris helping out Julie was a net positive for our team, but did he really need the backhanded banter too? And what happened to "taking your time" like how he wanted to during apps. I am ninety percent sure he is just trying to screw with me at this point, which is just so unprofessional on so many standpoints. However, I'm not gonna fall for it, so I ultimately decided to avoid confrontation and be the more professional chef in the kitchen.

*Artem is seen walking back to the blue kitchen.*

**Artem:** Blue team, we have a big influx of orders. Two crab cake, two filet, and you still have to get out the risottos.

**Joey:** Ichiro, Harrison, take your time to make sure those risottos get out right the first time. I need to focus on getting the crab and filet orders.

**Ichiro:** Alright.

*Joey turns to Big Harry and Lawrence.*

**Joey:** Can you do two of each order in two minutes?

**Big Harry:** I'm able to.

**Lawrence:** I don't think so dude... these filets are rough.

**Joey:** Is three minutes good then?

**Lawrence:** Yeah, I can do three.

**Joey:** Three it is, then. Gives me more time to work on the garnish for all three orders too.

*Big Harry is seen preparing his crab cakes, while Lawrence starts to get the hang of the filet mignon.*

**Lawrence (Conf.):** Chris ain't the best dude to chill with or anything, but if I can give him credit, these filets are hard to make and at that challenge he made it look effortless. I'm glad Joey decided to slow down a bit so I can make sure these come out good because we may be behind, but I'd much rather be consistent than rushing everything out.

*Joey is seen preparing the risotto garnish and the crab cake garnish on different stoves.*

**Joey:** That's one minute down, Ichiro. Two minutes until the pass.

**Ichiro:** Thanks.

**Harrison:** Yeah, but we really don't need to be checked on every minute...

**Joey:** We will because I don't want apps to fall more behind than they already are. We need to get this out with everything else.

**Harrison:** Fine...

*Big Harry is shown finishing up his crab cakes.*

**Big Harry:** Plating now.



**Joey:** Hear that? Everyone plate. I'll go around with each garnish.

*Joey runs with his pans to each station and applies the garnish.*

**Joey:** Take 'em up.

**Harrison:** On it.

*Harrison takes the orders to the pass. Artem checks them.*

**Artem:** Service please. Now THAT is organized. However this is just one of the many appetizer orders that need to be pushed out so PLEASE bounce back on apps station.

**Ichiro:** Yes, chef.

*Joey looks relieved in the confessional.*

**Joey (Conf.):** I never thought I'd be saying this with as bad of a start we had tonight but I may have just wrangled everyone into being on the same page from the garnish station. God, is it nerve wracking though, having to make three different garnishes from memory, and at the same time, too. I want everyone to stay on the same page but I can't keep spending all this brain power doing a million things at once, and unfortunately one of those things I might need to stop doing is constantly reminding Ichiro of the time. If we're gonna make it out of this service alive, Ichiro *has* to start timing himself correctly instead of depending on the rest of us.

*Artem is seen back at the red kitchen.*

**Artem:** These kids clearly aren't eating dinner before dessert tonight. Phoebe, I got five Baked Alaska on order!

**Phoebe:** Starting them now, chef.

*Phoebe is seen preparing her Baked Alaska, but seems a bit puzzled.*

**Phoebe:** Hm... If it's five orders then how much of Yadeesha's toppings do I need?

*Phoebe is seen counting out pistachios.*

**Artem:** For the love of- WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

**Phoebe:** Counting out my toppings, Chef!

**Artem:** YOU HAVE FIVE BAKED ALASKA STILL YET TO GET ON THE PASS AND YOUR FIRST THOUGHT IS *TOPPINGS*?

**Phoebe:** Well I wasn't the one who designed the toppings on the dish so I'm making sure it's the same amount I gave you-

**Artem:** FOCUS ON THE ICE CREAM CENTER FOR NOW! Your priorities are NOT straight!

**Phoebe:** Sorry, chef. Five orders at once is a lot, even for me... could I get a little more time?

**Artem:** Fine, but DON'T fuck these up.

*Phoebe takes a deep breath and starts to pick up the pace.*

**Phoebe (Conf.):** Desserts are my specialty, so I'm trying my hardest to make sure they come out the best they can for Artem. Unfortunately, this also means it's gonna take longer. I just got swamped with orders too so that isn't making my pace to push out good desserts much better either.... God, I need to pull through.

*A montage of Phoebe working on her dishes plays as she takes them to the pass.*

**Phoebe:** Sorry for the wait, Chef...

*Artem looks at the baked Alaska.*

**Artem:** Service, please.

*Phoebe smiles and runs back to her station.*

**Phoebe (Conf.):** I never thought I'd be saying this in this competition but Artem *passed* my food... and on the *first try!* Granted... yeah he still yelled at me, but a good order is a good order. Let me have this one.

*The camera cuts to Seppe also on desserts.*

**Narrator:** While Phoebe gets the first batch of desserts out for her team, it's up to Seppe to continue to push them out for the blue team. Unfortunately though...

*Seppe shrugs in the confessional.*

**Seppe (Conf.):** I don't really work with pastries much, so while I have studied this recipe before service... this is my first time actually making a Baked Alaska, so I might have my work cut out for me, especially when I'm against the person who literally *made* this dish in Phoebe. I'm a fast learner, but the issue here is you can't learn how to make something when you have people to feed first and foremost.

*Seppe is seen trying to construct the layers of ice cream in the Baked Alaska.*

**Artem:** Come on, Seppe. We have three orders and can't leave these kids waiting.

**Seppe:** I know, Chef, i'm just-

*As Seppe talks, his first attempt at a Baked Alaska collapses on itself.*

**Artem:** You don't strike me as a pastry guy.

**Seppe:** No, chef.

**Artem:** Well you still have a job to do. START OVER, AND DO IT RIGHT!

**Seppe:** Yes chef.

*Seppe is seen throwing together his second attempt at the Baked Alaska and is finally able to get the layers right.*

**Seppe:** Bingo!

*Seppe is able to replicate this and quickly sends all three of his orders out.*

**Artem:** Service, please.

**Seppe:** Hell yeah!

*Seppe looks relieved in the confessional.*

**Seppe (Conf.):** That could have been a disaster.... Luckily for me though I was able to get it right on that second time around and didn't waste a lot of food. Now hopefully I can stay locked in for the rest of the service, because from what i'm hearing from the other stations... yeah, this one's a doozy for the rest of the team...

*Back with the rest of the blue team, Joey is seen preparing multiple garnishes, applying one to an order of New York Strip Lawrence gave him.*

**Joey:** Alright, that's ready for the pass.

**Lawrence:** Siiiiick.

*While Lawrence takes his order to the pass, Joey looks back on appetizers station.*

**Joey:** Apps station, I still need those two risottos from earlier. You all should be one minute out.

**Ichiro:** May I please get another thirty seconds, Joey?

**Joey:** I can't keep giving you extra time. These orders *need* to come out at the same time, Ichiro.

**Ichiro:** I know, I just wanna make sure it's-

**Harrison:** Jesus, PICK UP THE PACE ALREADY!

**Ichiro:** I'M TRYING!

*Artem gets another order at the pass and rolls his eyes, walking over to the blue team appetizers station.*

**Artem:** Appetizers, we have two more risotto orders in addition to the two YOU STILL HAVEN'T PUT OUT YET!

**Ichiro:** Sorry, chef-

**Artem:** DON'T PULL THAT WITH ME! YOUR TABLES ARE NOW WATCHING OTHER KIDS EAT THEIR BLOODY DESSERTS!

**Joey:** I need all four out in two minutes. Can each of you do two risotto each?

**Harrison:** I can, but I swear to god Ichiro you have to cook fast.

*Ichiro puts his head in his hands for a bit and starts cooking.*

**Harrison (Conf.):** Ichiro is now floundering even more and I barely even have to do anything to stir the pot anymore! Now I can just focus on stirring my *own* pot and looking better in comparison to the mustached mess beside me asking for more time like he's a cancer patient. This is fuckin' *rich*.

*Harrison is seen finishing up his, while Ichiro falls behind.*

**Joey:** Thirty seconds. Start plating and I'll bring my garnish to you.

**Harrison:** Done.

*Joey applies his garnish to Harrison's risotto, and mixes it around.*

**Ichiro:** Wait, thirty seconds?

*Artem notices this and walks over.*

**Artem:** Don't fucking tell me you STILL need more time.

*Ichiro looks down and sighs.*

**Ichiro:** I... I need another thirty seconds.

*Artem takes Ichiro's pan of risotto and hits it against his counter. Ichiro jumps back and even Harrison looks a bit scared.*

**Artem:** THIRTY SECONDS? AT THIS RATE YOU'VE TAKEN THIRTY EXTRA MINUTES AND RARELY EVEN GOT A SINGLE RISOTTO ORDER OUT. YOU WANT MORE TIME, WELL YOU CAN HAVE IT... ONLY IT'S TIME OUT OF THE KITCHEN AND IN THE DORMS WHERE YOU CAN THINK ABOUT HOW FUCKED YOU'VE MADE THIS SERVICE! *GET OUT!*

**Ichiro:** Yes chef...

*Tears fill Ichiro's eyes as he leaves the kitchen, defeated.*

**Ichiro (Conf.):** I can't even make any excuse this time around... I just... got into my own head about timing and looked where that got me? One single risotto order successfully put out and kicked from service... I really hope Artem is willing to give me a chance, because I'm starting to see less and less ways out of the hole I've dug myself into...

*As Ichiro collects himself in the dorms, the blue kitchen gets even more feverish, with Harrison quickly finishing another batch of risotto.*

**Harrison:** Here, chef.

**Artem:** Service please... unfortunately though at this point I think the damage is done. These kids have been waiting for their orders and have watched others leave. This kitchen needs to be like clockwork for the rest of the night or else the dance ends before we finish our service. Can we do that, blue team?

**Blue Team:** Yes chef!

*Artem walks over to the red kitchen and reads out an order.*

**Artem:** We have one more order or scallops and everyone at a red table would be served. Get to it.

**Bella:** Yes, chef!

*Bella is seen searing her scallops and looks over at the blue team still working hard in their kitchen.*

**Bella (Conf.):** I don't mean to brag or anything, but I really don't see the red team losing tonight. We got everything done in a timely manner and while I'm working on my final order for the night, I look over at the blue kitchen and they're frantically running around, without Ichiro, with a mountain of orders they still have to complete. Good on them for not giving up, but wow, it would suck to be them right now. We're basically done!

*Over in the blue kitchen, Joey is seen scrambling on garnish.*

**Joey:** One more minute on the snapper and filet!

**Lawrence:** Plating right now.

**Sepp:** Two Baked Alaska coming right up....

**Artem:** Service, please,

*A montage of the blue team quickly sending food to the pass and it being sent to service plays. Eventually, the blue team gets down to their last order.*

**Joey:** Is this our last one?

**Big Harry:** Yep! Let's get 'er done!

*Big Harry brings the crab cakes up to the pass.*

**Artem:** Send it. Thank god this bloody nightmare is over

*The school dance is shown unwinding as numerous kids exit having a great time. Trenton, the homecoming committee member walks up to the pass.*

**Trenton:** Thanks for having us.

**Artem:** Anytime. Hope next time it's with a group of chefs more time intensive, but I hope you enjoyed our food.

**Trenton:** Sure did.

*The aspiring chef shakes Artem's hand before he takes his leave, and Hell's Kitchen becomes empty. Big Harry has one more confessional.*

**Big Harry (Conf.):** Welcome to comeback city, Keating High! Yeah, apps definitely screwed us, but I'd be lying if I didn't say our remaining crew didn't do a doggone good job catching up when the goin' got tough. I definitely think it's obvious who's gotta go on the block tonight, and as much as I hate to say it, as I love Ichiro, he just couldn't get those times right.

*The red team and the remaining members of the blue team line up, with Ichiro walking back down from the dorms and standing in the back of the line.*

**Artem:** Well, that certainly was eventful... both team's had their issues but in a job setting like this, I'm looking for someone that has consistency, and while I commend the blue team for trying their hardest to make a comeback after getting so behind on the appetizers... yeah that showing on apps was so bad I have no choice but to reward the red team with the win. Congratulations.

**Bella:** Yes!

*Bella hi-fives Julie as the rest of the team celebrates.*

**Artem:** Head back to the dorms and take the night off.

**Yadeesha:** Will do!

*The red team heads up to the dorms as Bella celebrates.*

**Bella (loud but distant):** I'm getting a backrub tonight!

*A couple of the blue team members laugh as Joey looks down and smiles.*

**Artem:** Blue team, you lost the service, and at this point, you know the drill. Go up there and talk amongst yourselves to decide two names you feel like you'd be better off without.

**Sepe:** Yes, chef.

*Sepe thanks to himself in the confessional.*

**Sepe (Conf.):** This decision is gonna be hard, especially with Chris no longer on our team. Ichiro is objectively the right name to put up because of how badly he tanked on appetizers, but the issue is I *like* being on a team with Ichiro. Harrison, meanwhile, is way more difficult to work with and has also had a fair share of screw ups during these services too. I just want to make sure that at the end of the day, our team benefits from the person who stays, rather than is harmed by it.

*The Blue Team is seen in the dorms, now having to pick someone to eliminate.*

**Sepe:** Well, it sucks to be in this position again, but let's just go around and say who we feel should go up.

**Joey:** Ichiro, I'm sorry, dude, but you're my first vote. I was swamped with garnish so the last thing I needed was to also have to remind you of the time and give you additional time repeatedly.

**Sepe:** Yeah, the apps station was definitely the worst station tonight because it delayed the rest of the service.

**Harrison:** Wait, me too? What? Our issues were like 99% Ichiro.

**Lawrence:** On this service, yeah, but overall you just don't vibe with the rest of the team! You aren't much of a team player, Harrison.

**Harrison:** Oh are you still pissed about the punishment bullshit? Grow up.

**Big Harry:** You yelled at a teenager!

**Harrison:** He fucking had it coming.

**Ichiro:** I understand if you all would nominate me, I was kicked out, but Sepe had some issues with desserts...

**Sepe:** I get that, but that was just one mistake.

**Harrison:** Compared to Ichiro's fifty. You tanked *both* of us on apps, buddy. THEN you threw me under the bus for "giving you fake times" when I DIDN'T DO SHIT!

**Joey:** For the love of god, Harrison, can you have a civilized conversation without yelling for just one minute?

**Harrison:** I'm only spitting facts!

**Sepe:** Yeah, I think our bottom two is settled.

**Lawrence:** Ichiro and Harrison?

**Sepe:** Yep.

**Harrison:** Oh for FUCKS SAKE!

*Harrison is angry in the confessional.*

**Harrison (Conf.):** I don't know *what* these people are smoking! Apparently I'm a "bad team player" or whatever but I didn't fuck up *anything* tonight AND helped the team make the comeback. If I go over Ichiro I swear to god I will fucking strangle these people...

*The blue team is shown walking back to the kitchen, with the red team seated to the side of it.*

*The blue team lines up in front of Artem.*

**Artem:** Welcome to another elimination. That showing was rough, but I trust you all have proper judgment this time around. Big Harry, first nominee and why.

**Big Harry:** As much as I hate to say this as I consider him a friend, our first nominee tonight is Ichiro.

*Ichiro sighs as he walks forward.*

**Big Harry:** He got in his own head about the times and held back appetizers a lot because of it.

**Artem:** And your second nominee?

**Big Harry:** The second nominee is... uh...

*The camera pans to both Seppe and Harrison.*

**Big Harry:** Harrison.

**Harrison (under his breath):** Bitch.

*Harrison steps forward, next to Ichiro.*

**Artem:** Let's make this quick, as apps tonight were absolutely dreadful. Ichiro, tell me why you should stay in Hell's Kitchen.

**Ichiro:** I never give up, Chef. I promise that I am working hard and working for you 100% of the time, especially when compared to Harrison who is not a team player, and didn't even want to compete in the punishment last night.

**Artem:** You promised me you would be a completely new Ichiro now that Chris is on a different team and didn't deliver.

**Ichiro:** Harrison starts just as much drama, chef.

**Artem:** Are you just gonna keep blaming other people, because I am NOT also putting Harrison on the red team just to see if you can do better without him.

*Artem looks at Harrison.*

**Artem:** And you?

**Harrison:** You see what Ichiro does? Every time he fucks something up, he blames it on someone else not being nice to him, like that automatically excuses the hundreds of timing errors he made during service today. He made some pretty bold accusations about me purposefully feeding him wrong times, or not knowing the times at all. I made no mistakes during this service and even helped make the comeback at the end. I simply don't deserve to go.

**Artem:** You may have not made mistakes tonight but something needs to change between you and your team as you do *not* work well with any of them.

*Artem thinks for a moment.*

**Artem:** Unfortunately it seems I can't continue to ask you lot to drastically change because last time when I did that, nothing changed. I have made my decision.

*Ichiro breathes deeply while Harrison wipes some sweat away.*

**Artem:** The person leaving Hell's Kitchen is...

*Closeup shots of both Ichiro and Harrison waiting in anticipation play.*

**Artem:** Ichiro.

**Ichiro:** Chef, please-

**Artem:** Last time you were in front of me, you promised change. I even helped you in the right direction by moving Chris, but you simply didn't change.

**Ichiro:** I'm sorry chef...

**Artem:** Give me your jacket.

*Ichiro walks up to Artem and takes off his jacket.*

**Ichiro:** Sorry for failing you, chef...

**Artem:** Listen, don't dwell on this loss, you understand.

**Ichiro:** But I-

**Artem:** Don't be hard on yourself. This is your first experience in a brigade, right?

**Ichiro:** Yeah.

**Artem:** You may have struggled here, but I will tell you that your hibachi dish was one of the best I've had. You don't need this job. Stay in your lane, keep sending out some quality hibachi, and you *will* find success and make your family proud. Mark my words.

*Ichiro begins to cry.*

**Ichiro:** That means a lot to me, sir.

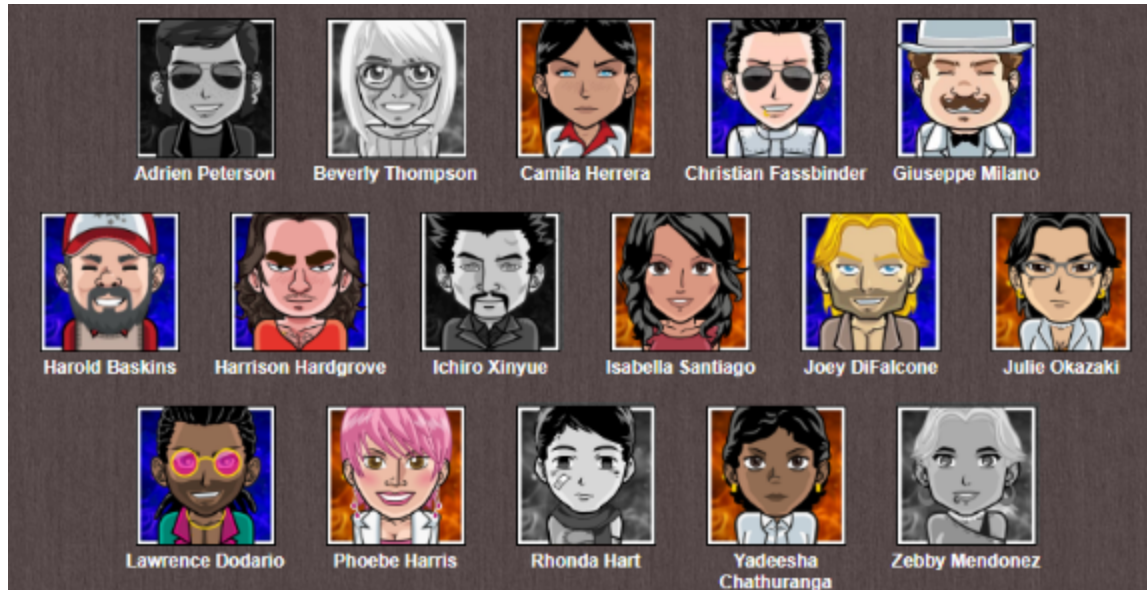
*Ichiro and Artem shake hands, and Ichiro waves one final goodbye to his team before walking out the door.*

**Ichiro (Elimination Confessional):** I struggled a lot in this competition, and learned a lot too. I guess I was at a disadvantage thanks to my line of work not involving brigades, but while I messed up a lot, I would never regret this experience. Learning under a renowned chef like Mr. Izanovich has been a dream of mine since I discovered him on TV and I can't wait to take what I've learned and apply it to my hibachi. I may not have made him proud in this show, but I promise I will in my own line of work.

*Artem is shown walking up to his office approaching a picture of Ichiro.*

**Artem (Closing Words):** Last time he was in front of me, Ichiro promised better services and less stress. Now, after one more service of mistakes, he *can* de-stress.... outside of Hell's Kitchen.

*Artem puts his jacket on a hook under the picture, causing the picture to light on fire, burning his face off of it. Ichiro has been eliminated from Swoldow's Hell's Kitchen.*



## Episode 6: More than the Grills are Heating Up

*Cutting back to where we left off, Harrison is seen in front of Artem.*

**Artem:** You better be lucky Ichiro floundered as much as he did, Harrison. Now fuck off.

**Harrison:** Yes, chef.

*Harrison has a confessional as the blue team chefs walk back up to the dorm.*

**Harrison (Conf.):** I think it's clear now that these bitches finally know that they ain't getting rid of me if I'm up in front of Artem. This is the second nomination in a row I've survived, and while getting to Ichiro may have been easier than most, yeah, I'll find a way to fuck with the rest of 'em anyway...

*Back in the dorms, Seppe sits on the couch tired as Big Harry and Camila both enter. Harrison walks in with a smirk after.*

**Harrison:** There you have it, folks. Two nominations survived. Y'all better think twice before putting me up on that thing again.

*Seppe tiredly rests his forehead on his hand.*

**Seppe:** Can we not do this right now, Harrison....

**Harrison:** Does someone miss Ichiro? Well guess what, he's gone now.

*Big Harry looks mad.*

**Big Harry:** The hell is wrong with you?

**Harrison:** Psh, you're one to talk...

**Harrison:** Mama Mia...

**Big Harry:** Like seriously? Down south, the 30 year old men where I live at least know their damn MANNERS!

**Harrison:** Well CLEARLY you don't got ya damn priorities straight. ARTEM AIN'T SENDING ME OUT, BITCH!

*Camila doesn't say anything just watching the chaos unfold. Harrison agitates Seppe who stands up and gets in Harrison's face.*



**Seppe:** ALRIGHT THEN KID, HERE'S WHAT'S GONNA HAPPEN.

**Camila:** Woah.

**Seppe:** YOU ARE GONNA SHUT YOUR DAMN MOUTH FOR TWO FUCKING SECONDS, AND LEARN. TO WORK. ON A TEAM. CAPICHE?

**Harrison:** HOW ABOUT YOU QUIT ORDERING ME AROUND, LARDASS!

**Big Harry:** BECAUSE YOU DOGGONE HAVE TO IF YOU WANNA STAY HERE! ICHIRO MAY HAVE MESSED UP BUT AT LEAST HE KNEW TEAMWORK!

**Harrison:** Well clearly whatever I'm doing now is workin' juuuust fine. You old fucks can just rot in here for all I care.

*Harrison leaves, Seppe sits back down, looking at Camila.*

**Seppe:** Forgive me for getting loud... just be glad we're stuck with him and not you.

**Camila:** I can tell.

*Camila looks shocked in the confessional.*

**Camila (Conf.):** I did not see Seppe raising his voice coming, as he's always came off as a chill dude, but I can just tell that Harrison is simply too much to handle. Yeah, my team has its drama too, but at least Phoebe isn't both useless *and* mean spirited.

*Big Harry looks sad in the confessional.*

**Big Harry (Conf.):** Man I hate it that Ichiro's gone! Yeah, he messed up service big time, but he's a team player! Harrison for some weird reason is convinced that he's immune to being taken out if he was up there, but that son of a gun has another thing coming. God, I hope the third time's the charm for him.

*Harrison is seen in the confessional, pulling out a notepad meant to be used for recipes.*

**Harrison (Conf.):** I'm keepin' a shitlist of everyone in this competition that gets on my damn nerves. Joey's on it. Ichiro's on it, but he's gone so I crossed it out. Chris is on it, and well, congrats Seppe and Harry, you two just joined it. I'll get back at you both, and once final service comes around, I'll be bossing you around.

*Joey and Bella are seen on the balcony. Joey followed through with his bet and is massaging Bella. They both hear the argument.*

**Bella:** Hear that, babe?

**Joey:** Yeah. Just Harrison being Harrison.

*Bella laughs as Joey continues to massage her back.*

**Joey:** Honestly I'm glad he's found someone else to be pissed at instead of me. I straight up thought he was gonna kill me in my sleep after I nominated him.

**Bella:** Well that night wasn't *that* bad...

**Joey:** Of course you say that, it indirectly led to this backrub you're getting.

**Bella:** A backrub by the man of my dreams, nonetheless.

*Joey stops for a second.*

**Joey:** Wait, you really mean that?

*Bella turns around so she faces Joey.*

**Bella:** Of course I do!

*Joey seemingly holds back a tear.*

**Joey:** That's the most genuine thing someone's said to me...

**Bella:** Wait for real? I'm sure you've heard that a lot-

**Joey:** But to hear it genuinely is hard to come by.

**Bella:** If you don't mind me asking, how so?

**Joey:** Growing up, and even now, I had a *lot* of trust issues. My parents disowned me when I was young, and tossed me right into an orphanage. Even as a bartender, the only "love" I got was from half drunk, disingenuous women who only liked me for my looks.

**Bella:** That's terrible... I'm sorry to hear that.

**Joey:** Pasts in the past now. I have you now, Bella. You're sweet, kind, hardworking, genuine... hell, you're the woman of my dreams too.

**Bella:** I love you so much.

**Joey:** Me too.

*The two of them go in for a long, passionate kiss.*

**Joey (Conf.):** Opening up to Bella is something I unfortunately have not been able to do much. I don't trust many people, but Bella, she's different. Even if we've known each other for such a small amount of time, I feel heard around her. I feel valid around her. And man, that's such a fun feeling to have.

*Bella is smiling in the confessional.*

**Bella (Conf.):** I know I'm getting ahead of myself because we've been dating for like, a day, but Joey might genuinely be the one for me. He's just as great a person as he is good looking, and I'm glad he trusts me, especially after everything he went through growing up. No matter what happens in this show, win or lose, I know that the two of us are gonna stay strong.

*In the women's dorms, as the night settles down, Phoebe is seen walking up to Yadeesha, in bed.*

**Phoebe (Conf.):** It's been no secret that I have been on the verge of death in this show for a while now, but now that I've had my first actual good service, I believe I can finally start getting places. Yadeesha is a strong chef in the kitchen, and a strong leader too, so if I make sure I can get under her wing, I feel like I'm gonna have a *way* better chance of being safe if we are to lose again.

*Phoebe begins to talk to Yadeesha.*

**Phoebe:** Hey Yadeesha. Hyped we won service?

**Yadeesha:** To an extent. Congrats on kicking butt on your station, especially after all those struggles.

**Phoebe:** Thanks, however I definitely am a bit nervous regarding something on our team...

**Yadeesha:** Camila? I'm sorry but that bond isn't gonna fix itself overnight, Pheebees.

**Phoebe:** No, it's something different. Chris... I don't think is a team player.

**Yadeesha:** Me neither. He's no doubt a strong chef but he's clearly out for himself, ignoring how we do things in services.

**Phoebe:** Well just so you know, I will always go up to bat for you in front of Artem if he gives you trouble.

**Yadeesha:** ...

**Yadeesha:** That means a lot, Phoebe. If his teamwork makes you that uncomfortable, I am more than willing to work with you to get him out of here.

**Phoebe:** Thanks! It... really means a lot to finally have a friend here.

**Yadeesha:** Of course.

*Yadeesha looks skeptical in the confessional.*

**Yadeesha (Conf.):** Phoebe is raising some very valid points about Chris, and I'm glad it isn't just me that feels this way about him, because now, we can do something about it. Unfortunately, there still is a chance she is only doing this to live another day in this competition, but while she is considerably weaker, I'd rather have a red team with Phoebe instead of a red team with Chris, as she at least tries to be a team player even if it falls flat in her face.

*Footage of the remaining chefs heading to bed plays.*

**Narrator:** The red and blue team chefs head straight to sleep, and with what Chef Artem has planned, they're gonna need it.

*Brad and Marta are seen at 5 AM sneaking up into the dorms with comically large megaphones.*

*Brad enters the men's dorm and turns it on.*

**Brad:** EVERYBODY WAKE THE HELL UP!

*Harrison immediately jolts awake.*

**Harrison:** MOTHERFUCKER

**Joey:** Here we go again, folks...

*Marta is seen in the woman's dorm with her megaphone.*

**Marta:** Buenas días, ladies! Get to the front doors, now.

*The competitors shuffle downstairs in their pajamas, as Brad and Marta stay in the dorms. Once everyone leaves, the two fistbump.*

**Brad:** I love this job...

*Julie looks tired in the confessional.*

**Julie (Conf.):** Another early morning challenge has happened and I'm genuinely sick of them. Living with these people has led to a lack of sleep so bad that I bet the bags under my eyes could stock a whole refrigerator of our ingredients. Obviously I'm prepared for anything Artem throws at us, but still, a woman needs her sleep sometimes.

*The chefs walk out of Hell's Kitchen's front doors and see Artem in front of the building, and 6 backyard grills on the patio.*

**Artem:** Good morning, chefs.

**Bella:** Morning!

**Artem:** Glad to see you're peppy as always... Can't say the same for the rest of you.

*Big Harry is seen drifting to sleep before waking himself up.*

**Artem:** Case in point, Harry. Wake up, sleepyhead. We have a challenge to do.

**Big Harry:** I'm all ears, Chef!

**Artem:** There we go. Now hopefully you all have been paying attention enough to know the location you will be working at if you win this thing. What's the restaurant called?

**The Chefs:** Izanovich Steak!

**Artem:** Exactly. You will be winning a job at a steakhouse, so I designed just the challenge to make sure you all are up to the task.

*Chris, despite being tired, still looks smug in the confessional.*

**Chris (Conf.):** Making steak? *Seriously?* The hell does Artem think we are, children? You'd think that he'd cast people who already know how to do this stuff, but I guess it makes even more sense why I am the best option to win this thing. This is gonna be child's play.

*Back with Artem, he gestures towards the grills.*

**Artem:** Each team will split up into three groups, and each group will provide me with three different meats, at three with different levels of doneness. You will prepare for me a medium rare New York Strip, a medium well Ribeye, and a well done Burger. You will work in groups of two, but since Blue Team is down a member, one of you will have to work alone and prepare all three meats exactly to my liking. Any volunteers?

*Seppe immediately raises his hand.*

**Seppe:** Would love to, Chef.

**Artem:** Very well then. Seppe will work alone.

*Seppe looks determined in the confessional.*

**Seppe (Conf.):** Am I tired? Yes. Am I stupid? Definitely not. In a show like this where Artem picks who advances, you need to stand out amongst your peers, and if I prep all three meats correctly, with *no* partner, Artem is *definitely* gonna remember that down the line.

*Artem continues assigning the groups.*

**Artem:** As for the rest of the blue team, Lawrence will work with Harrison, and Joey will work with Big Harry.

**Big Harry:** Alright!

**Lawrence:** Yeah... tubular.

*Lawrence looks uneasy in the confessional.*

**Lawrence (Conf.):** I'm not the kinda dude to needlessly hate on people, but I just don't wanna work with Harrison. I'm all about the vibes and he's all about... well, disrupting them anyway he can. Hopefully I can get him to chill a bit, but it's not gonna be fun.

*Artem continues assigning groups, directing his attention to the red team.*

**Artem:** And for the red team, Camila will work with Yadeesha, Chris with Phoebe, and Bella with Julie.

*Bella and Julie hi-five while Phoebe looks uneasy. She continues these feelings in the confessional.*

**Phoebe (Conf.):** Chris... he doesn't mesh with the team well, so I guess I'm gonna have to take one for the team and work with him on this challenge. I *want* us to run smoothly, but it ultimately comes down to if he listens to what I have to say as a teammate or not.

*The groups are seen behind their respective grills.*

**Artem:** Thirty minutes starts now. Go!

*The groups begin to grill their meats.*

**Narrator:** In this meat grilling challenge, the chefs have to prepare three different meats at three different levels of doneness. A medium rare New York Strip, a medium well Ribeye, and a well done Burger.

*Bella and Julie are seen working their grill.*

**Bella:** Yeah we got this.

*Yadeesha and Camila are seen with their meat not yet on the grill.*

**Yadeesha:** I could do multiple if you want.

**Camila:** Sure, I could handle the well done burger.

**Yadeesha:** Cool.

*Seppe is seen putting just the burger on first.*

**Sepe:** The burger needs the most time on the grill so I'm gonna give it a minute before anything else goes up.

*Harrison is seen turning up the heat on his grill.*

**Narrator:** While some chefs are confident in their abilities and teamwork, Harrison seems to forget he is in fact on a team.

*Harrison starts grilling his ribeye and Lawrence notices this.*

**Lawrence:** Um, dude? I don't think the grill needs to be this high for the ribeye.

**Harrison:** I know what I'm doing, you don't need to fucking baby me.

**Lawrence:** But the ribeye is supposed to-

**Harrison:** YES I KNOW! Work your own damn station!

*Harrison looks mad in the confessional.*

**Harrison (Conf.):** Now LAWRENCE is trying to boss me around? Fuck that shit! He needs to get out of *my* face, before *his* face ends up on that grill. I work a food truck, for fucks sake!

*Lawrence looks uneasy in the confessional.*

**Lawrence (Conf.):** Yeah, uh, I think Harrison is gonna burn the ribeye. I'm trying to tell him he has the grill on too high but he isn't listening! What the hell, man?

*Back with Artem, he checks his time.*

**Artem:** 15 minutes!

*Chris uncovers his and Phoebe's grill and looks at an oversight of Phoebe's.*

**Chris:** You gotta turn the heat up on this.

**Phoebe:** What do you mean? I think they're good.

**Chris:** The strip looks medium. It HAS to be medium rare!

**Phoebe:** Well you don't have to be so rude about it.

**Chris:** FIX IT!

**Phoebe:** I'm sorry, Chris, but I will not tolerate you treating your teammates like they're under you.

**Chris:** Well in *THIS CASE* they are! You're just yapping your mouth about how wrong I am for *everything* but you won't even fucking LISTEN to me!

*Artem notices the fight.*

**Artem:** The fuck is going on over there?

**Phoebe:** Um, nothing Chef!

**Artem:** Yeah, I better hope nothing and the random argument is somehow part of your plan to give me those perfect doneness levels, now get back to fucking work!

*Annoyed, Chris turns his burger around to see he left it on one side for too long.*

**Chris:** Dammit.

*Chris looks mad in the confessional.*

**Chris (Conf.):** Why is the team that doesn't have Adrien, Harrison, and Big Harry on it the stupid people team? I'm very clearly telling Phoebe she needs to cook her meat more, but apparently *I'm* the problem for whatever fucking reason. Yadeesha must have her hand shoved so far up her ass because Phoebe is clearly just puppeting whatever she says. And worst of all, because of Phoebe, I was so distracted arguing with her that *my* burger got burnt. Thanks a lot, "partner."

*Joey and Big Harry are seen working their grill.*

**Joey:** You good to take two of the meats?

**Big Harry:** Darn tootin! I'm a southern dad, I've been grillin' longer than you've been alive.

**Joey:** Sounds good to me.

*Joey begins to put his burger on the grill. Big Harry puts both of his meats down but seems confused.*

**Big Harry (muttering to himself):** Wait, what were those darn temperatures again?

*Big Harry goofily wipes his brow in the confessional.*

**Big Harry (Conf.):** Well I done messed up. Artem said that one of the meats was medium rare, and the other was medium well... but I don't know which one was which, man! There both medium-somethings but I flat out forgot which meat was which so uh... guess it's a coin flip's chance o' me getting points.

*Artem checks his watch again.*

**Artem:** Thirty seconds!

*Everyone begins plating. Chris takes his burnt burger and puts it face down so the burnt side touches the plate.*

**Artem:** Three.

*Bella plates the three meats.*

**Artem:** Two.

*Yadeesha is seen closing her grill.*

**Artem:** One, and serve.

*Each meat is delivered to Artem's table.*

**Artem:** Alright, it's time to see if you all know your levels of doneness. Red team will go up first, with Yadeesha and Camila.

*The two women bring their plate over. Artem takes out a knife and cuts open the NY strip.*

**Artem:** The strip is.... Medium Rare.

**Camila:** Nice.

*Artem cuts into the ribeye.*

**Artem:** The ribeye is... Medium Well.

*Yadeesha and Camila hi-five as Artem cuts the burger.*

**Artem:** The burger... isn't Well Done, it's Medium Well.

*Camila's face falls.*

**Camila:** Dammit.

**Artem:** Red team starts off with two points. Solid showing.

*Camila looks mad at herself in the confessional.*

**Camila (Conf.):** It sucks knowing the single thing I cooked this morning was undercooked, but I'm not too worried about this challenge. Julie and Bella work good as a team, and well... hopefully Chris can carry Phoebe. We have this in the bag.

*Artem then invites the first blue team pair up.*

**Artem:** Harrison, Lawrence, you're up.

*Harrison brings their meat over. Artem cuts into the strip.*

**Artem:** The strip is.... Medium Rare.

**Lawrence:** Siiiiick.

**Harrison:** We fuckin' got this..

*Artem cuts into the ribeye.*

**Artem:** The ribeye is... yikes, that's definitely well done.

**Harrison:** You can't be serious...

**Artem:** I am.

**Lawrence:** Dude, I told you-

**Harrison:** I DON'T wanna hear this shit now.

*Artem cuts the burger.*

**Artem:** The burger... is Well Done. Congrats, we're tied 2-2.

*Lawrence facepalms in the confessional.*

**Lawrence (Conf.):** What's this dude's deal, man? I tell him he's cooking his ribeye too much, he doesn't listen, and then costs us a lead. Not cool, Harrison.

*Artem then looks back at the red team.*

**Artem:** Julie and Bella.

**Narrator:** With the points tied 2-2, it's up to Julie and Bella to secure a lead for the red team.

*Artem begins cutting into the strip.*

**Artem:** The strip is.... Medium Rare.

**Camila:** Yes!

*Artem cuts into the ribeye.*

**Artem:** The ribeye is... Medium Well.

**Julie:** Pleaaaaase give us a three for three.

*Julie looks excited in the confessional.*

**Julie (Conf.):** Come on, I need some sort of miracle right now. We *gotta* get that third point.

*Artem cuts the burger.*

**Artem:** The burger... is also Well Done. Congrats on a solid three points.

**Julie:** YES!

*Julie and Bella hug.*

**Bella (Conf.):** Perfect score, baby! Julie and I were in our element this challenge and I couldn't be more proud of our little duo.

*Back with Artem, he directs his attention to the blue team.*

**Artem:** The red team is up 5-2. Joey, Big Harry, it's your turn.

**Joey:** Alright.

*Joey brings up the plate as Artem cuts into the strip.*

**Artem:** The strip is.... not Medium Rare. It's more Medium Well actually.

*Big Harry's head falls down.*

**Big Harry:** Oh come on!

**Artem:** What seems to be the problem, Big Harry?

**Big Harry:** Um, it ain't with you, chef. I kinda mixed up which one is medium rare and which one is medium well...

**Artem:** For fucks sake are you even awake? Pay attention next time. Or ask Joey if he remembers?

**Big Harry:** I know, chef. I know. I was in my own world.

**Artem:** Clearly. Get your head out your ass and in the game, big boy.

*Artem cuts into the ribeye.*

**Artem:** The ribeye is... Not Medium Well, it's Medium Rare.

*Joey looks down.*

**Big Harry:** MAN I'm mad at myself.

**Artem:** Well if it makes you feel better you cooked what you thought each meat was correctly. They were just on the wrong meats. Joey, did you let Big Harry touch your burger?

**Joey:** Luckily, no.

**Artem:** Alright.

*Artem cuts into the burger.*

**Artem:** The burger... is Well Done. Congrats, you got one point.

**Big Harry:** Sorry, y'all. That lack of sleep must have gotten to me...

*Harrison looks mad in the confessional.*

**Harrison (Conf.):** Are you fucking *serious* Big Harry? WAKE THE FUCK UP! If you cost us whatever the hell this reward is because you FORGOT what each meat was supposed to be I will cook your stupid bitch ass medium rare *AND* medium well.

*Back with Artem, he calls up the next team.*

**Artem:** Chris, Phoebe, it's up to you two.

**Narrator:** With the red team leading five to three, Chris and Phoebe need at least two points to win the challenge for their team. However...

*Chris looks annoyed in the confessional.*

**Chris (Conf.):** While that showing sucked for the blue team... yeah we're not getting a single point thanks to a certain someone not listening to me. (cough) Phoebe (cough). She's an embarrassment to this team and *especially* me.

*Artem cuts open the strip.*

**Artem:** The strip is.... Not Medium Rare. You cooked it Medium.

**Chris:** Told you.

**Phoebe:** Yeah, yeah, whatever.

*Artem cuts into the ribeye.*

**Artem:** The ribeye is...Not Medium Well. You cooked it Well.

*Phoebe puts her head in her hands as Artem cuts the burger.*

**Artem:** And the burger... while it looks good on one side, I can hear that crunchy sound anywhere. It's overcooked.

**Phoebe:** Oh but I'M the one that's always wrong, okay.

**Bella:** Cut it out, you two.

**Artem:** THANK YOU Bella. Now, Seppe, you will close it out for the Blue Team.

**Narrator:** With the Blue Team still down by 2 points, Seppe needs a perfect score to win the challenge for his team.

*Seppe takes a deep breath as Artem cuts into the strip.*

**Artem:** The strip is.... Medium Rare.

**Seppe:** Yes!

**Joey:** Good Job, Seppe.

*Artem cuts into the ribeye.*

**Artem:** The ribeye is... Medium Well.

**Lawrence:** Yo, we're tied!

**Artem:** One more point and the Blue Team wins...

*Seppe looks nervous in the confessional.*



**Sepe (Conf.):** It's all coming down to the wire and I couldn't be more scared right now. We've been on a losing streak, so I need to get this team on the same page, even if it's single-handedly.

*Artem cuts the burger.*

**Artem:** The burger... is Well Done! Congrats blue team, by one point, you win the challenge.

**Sepe:** YES!

*Joey runs up to Sepe and gives him a hi-five.*

**Joey (Conf.):** Now that's what I like to call a nailbiter. Sepe kicked absolute ass in this challenge, so I'm glad he's taken me under his wing a little bit. To be the best you gotta learn from the best, and that's exactly what I'm gonna do. Time to rock another reward!

*Both teams line up in front of Artem.*

**Artem:** Blue team, for winning this challenge you will have the afternoon to remember... on a luxury yacht!

**Joey:** Holy shit!

**Sepe:** YES!

**Harrison:** FUCK YEAH!

*Big Harry has a lighthearted confessional.*

**Big Harry (Conf.):** Back where I live the only thing I can get on is a rusty little raft my dad made for me when we fished at the swimmin' hole. This is the real deal kinda boat, and I couldn't be happier!

*The blue team continues to celebrate.*

**Artem:** Now get changed, and you better be presentable, as Brad and I will both be joining you.

**Lawrence:** Nice.

*The blue team walks back into the Hell's Kitchen building and gets changed.*

**Artem:** Red team, while the blue team are out and about on their yacht, you'll be letting your mistakes consume you... or is it the other way around?

**Camilla:** The hell's that supposed to mean?

**Artem:** You'll see. Also, I need these grills squeaky clean, and both kitchens prepped for service tonight. You got that?

**The Red Team:** Yes, chef.

*Yadeesha looks defeated in the confessional.*

**Yadeesha (Conf.):** We were winning by a landslide until the team of Phoebe and Chris ended up messing up and not getting a single point. On one hand, we have a weak chef who at least tries her best to be a team player, and on the other side, a way stronger chef, but a way weaker teammate. I really need to make sure everyone on this team is on the same page of who the bigger liability is, because the one thing we need right now is unification.

*The blue team are seen walking out of Hell's Kitchen nicely dressed while the red team stands around the six grills.*

**Harrison:** Hasta La Vista, ladies!

**Camila:** Fuck off.

*As the blue team gets into their car to drive to their yacht trip, Yadeesha clears her throat.*

**Yadeesha:** Alright then, everyone. To make things easier and better for time I think we should all handle one of six grills. Is that okay with you all?

**Phoebe:** Sure, I'm down.

**Chris:** Of course *you* are okay with evenly splitting the work. You're the reason we lost this thing!

**Yadeesha:** Don't act like you didn't lose a point either, Chris.

**Chris:** Well had Phoebe listened to me *literally* telling her she was overcooking her stuff the argument wouldn't have distracted me and we would have been three for three. She fucked us today.

**Bella:** We win as a team, and we lose as a team. There's no reason to get all mad about who did what, Chris.

**Chris:** So you're not mad at all about you and Julie getting a perfect score and having to pull the same amount of weight as Phoebe?

**Julie:** We all lost. It's not about who did what if it's a team challenge.

**Yadeesha:** Just suck it up and get cleaning...

*Chris rolls his eyes.*

**Chris:** Fine...

*A montage plays of each red team member uncomfortably cleaning the grime out of their grills.*

*Chris looks annoyed in the confessional.*

**Chris (Conf.):** It's better than cleaning literal animal poop, but anything would be. However, it's definitely still unflattering having to clean this up when I'm very clearly *above* that. These ladies can preach their team unity all they want, but Phoebe is the reason we lost this challenge. They'd be absolutely stupid to want to keep Phoebe over me, but it genuinely seems like they do.

*The camera pans to drone footage of the Blue Team's car pulling up at a dock.*

**Narrator:** While arguments anchor the red team down, the blue team begins to set sail.

*The men board the boat with Seppe smiling in the confessional.*

**Seppe (Conf.):** It's a great feeling when you pretty much win a whole challenge for your team because not only does it show Artem that I know my steak temperatures for the job I'm trying to get, but it also boosts team morale. We've lost three back-to-back challenges, so hopefully the team is on their best behavior for when Artem joins us.

*Seppe is seen on the yacht, laughing.*

**Seppe:** As winner of the challenge, I dub this vessel the S.S. Milano!

**Joey:** Hella good name, dude, but I prefer the S.S. DiFalcone.

**Seppe:** But that just makes it sound like it's three letters and then Falcone. Your name objectively isn't good for boats.

**Joey:** The hell do you mean?

**Seppe:** S. S. D. Falcone. Three letters.

**Joey:** Fuck, you're right.

**Lawrence:** Yeah, Seppe won the boat contest.

**Big Harry:** Nah screw that, y'all! Boats are owned by seniority, so we're actually on the S.S. Baskins!

*Seppe laughs.*

**Seppe:** I think that one's even worse.

**Joey:** Name sounds straight out of an 1800s steamboat.

**Big Harry:** Hey! I'm not that old!

**Harrison:** Regardless though, why the hell would we even put *your* name on the boat, Harry. You almost lost us the damn challenge!

**Lawrence:** Dude, it was just a joke.

**Joey:** Yeah. We're on reward. Learn to enjoy it.

**Big Harry:** I'm *really* not enjoying your attitude, young man.

**Harrison:** Suit yourself, but don't come crawling back to me when he fucks up meat station by mixing them up...

*Harrison walks away.*

**Joey:** It's like he *literally* exists just to ruin every reward we go on. Sorry about that dude.

**Big Harry:** Don't worry, bud. I'm good.

*Big Harry sighs in the confessional.*

**Big Harry (Conf.):** I know what I did was dumb but Harrison continuing to bring it up on reward is just painstakingly hard to deal with sometimes. He's not a good person, and frankly, I hope he's outta here quick because I can tell the rest of us are losin' our patience with the guy.

*Back in Hell's Kitchen, the red team walks back into the dining area where Marta waits for them.*

**Narrator:** As Harrison begins to get bitter, the red team continues their bitter loss.

*Marta is standing behind a table with a covered platter.*

**Marta:** Hello, everyone. I know you all have been hard at work on your punishment, so to give you all a little break, I have decided to make you all lunch today.

**Bella:** Awww, really? Thanks Marta, you're the best.

*Marta unveils the platter, revealing the meats each team prepared in the challenge.*

**Chris:** Wait, we're eating this? Even the burnt ones?

**Marta:** Don't worry, Chris. I know some of you have more... refined taste buds than others so I'm gonna make it easier for you all to consume this.

*Marta then proceeds to take out a blender, put all of the meat entrees into it, and blend it until it becomes a paste. She then pours it into six glasses and passes it to each red team member.*

**Marta:** Enjoy!

**Phoebe:** I'm gonna be sick...

**Marta:** Don't judge me, it was Artem's idea.

**Julie:** Of course it was.

*Camila is first to take a drink as she plugs her nose.*

**Camila:** AGH! That sucks!

**Yadeesha:** We have to get it down though. It's a part of the punishment.

*Yadeesha attempts to drink some of hers and spits it back out.*

**Yadeesha:** Yeah... harder than it looks.

*Chris rolls his eyes and takes a drink of his. His face immediately changes expression and runs to the nearest bathroom. The women can hear vomiting noises.*

**Julie:** I genuinely don't think he's gonna digest anything from that drink...

*Chris walks back enraged.*

**Phoebe:** Are you okay?

*Chris glares at Phoebe.*

**Chris:** What does it look like?

**Phoebe:** Well then... I guess you aren't.

*Camila groans in her confessional.*

**Camila (Conf.):** I just can't with Phoebe sometimes. She's just so monumentally fake it's genuinely aggravating to be around her. Of course Chris isn't okay! Look at him! He just vomited! Read the damn room for once!

*Back on the yacht, the vessel parks at a different dock.*

**Narrator:** While the red team gets tired of each other, the blue team receives some welcome visitors.

*Artem, wearing a naval hat, and Brad both board the yacht.*

**Lawrence:** Yoooo! Artem!

**Artem:** How are you all doing, chefs?

**Seppe:** Excited to be here!

**Brad:** Same. Congrats on the challenge win.

**Joey:** It mostly was Seppe, but thanks.

**Artem:** Let's get dining then.

*The boat takes off and Artem, Brad, and the blue team all sit down. Lawrence has a confessional.*

**Lawrence (Conf.):** The beautiful thing about this reward is that Artem is here with us, which means that for the first time in this show we can actually talk to him in a casual manner outside of service. I may come off as just a surfer dude, but I hope he gets to see more than that during this talk.

*As waiters bring out delicious seafood for the team to dine on, Artem clears his throat.*

**Artem:** Now that you all have survived the stress of this show for enough time, I simply have to ask, what is motivating you all to continue to work for this job?

**Seppe:** Simply because cooking is my passion, chef. I was born to make good food and that is what I want to do for the rest of my life.

**Joey:** As for me, I just never had much outside of a dream. I barely make ends meet working bars so this job could be a life changer.

**Big Harry:** I know it's gonna sound a bit corny, but I just wanna make my family proud.

**Lawrence:** For me, it's like, a lot. I'm Bahamian and my family always took strides to give our culture a fine dining spin, but I just always wanted to be able to give high quality foods from my culture to the common man. That's why I work at my beach stall, and hopefully, while it's a steakhouse I'll be working at, I can add some influence from my culture to continue my dreams of it all.

**Artem:** Wow. Very wordy, Lawrence.

*Harrison scoffs in the confessional.*

**Harrison (Conf.):** Lawrence just kept going on and on and on about his culture or whatever but WHO CARES? Artem doesn't want a five fucking paragraph essay on why you're here, dude! Just cut the blah blah blah, and keep it concise, nimrod!

*Harrison smirks, thinking he has a better response than Lawrence.*

**Harrison:** And as for me, well, I'm gonna keep it short and sweet. My dad saddled me with a food truck business I don't like, and simply put, I think I deserve better than driving a toaster around all day for your ungrateful, retired dick of a dad!

**Artem:** ...

**Joey:** ...

**Seppe:** ...

**Brad:** Well... that's... um. Interesting.

*Seppe facepalms in the confessional.*

**Seppe (Conf.):** This is why you never force your kids into this industry if they don't want to... as they just become Harrison. I tried training my son as well for this, but he's good with money so instead of keeping him in the kitchen he's prospering and handling the money side of my business. Way better if you ask me.

*Back with the blue team, Joey pours everyone a glass of wine.*

**Joey:** Aight everyone. Today, we're gonna have a toast. A toast for winning this challenge, a toast for our guests Brad and Artem, and a toast for winning tonight's service!

*Joey raises his glass.*

**Joey:** To the blue team!

**Everyone:** To the blue team!

*Everyone continues eating. A time lapse of the skyline plays.*

*Back at Hell's Kitchen, the red team is seen finishing up prepping both kitchens for the service.*

*Seppe is the first of the blue team to walk through the front doors.*

**Seppe (jokingly):** Man, I can't believe Artem forgot to tell you all I also won the yacht!

**Camila:** Are you serious?

**Seppe:** Nah, I'm just playing.

**Camila (jokingly):** Asshole.

*Chris is seen finishing up his work.*

**Chris:** If you want though, I can show you my dad's after this.

**Seppe (assuming Chris is joking):** Very funny, bro, but I'm good.

*Chris looks weirded out, as his family actually does own one. Camila is seen finishing up her prep work. She looks around and points to Chris.*

**Chris (whispering):** What's up?

**Camila (whispering):** Can we talk privately for a bit?

**Chris (whispering):** Sure.

*The two of them walk up to the balcony.*

**Chris:** What's up?

**Camila:** I think it's pretty obvious what's up. Phoebe is trying to turn the team against you.

**Chris:** Has she looked at herself in a mirror at all?

**Camila:** I know, it's stupid. She's been brown-nosing Yadeesha ever since you joined the team, and I think it's very clear that she's trying to utilize you and Yadeesha's feud so if you two were up on the block, Yadeesha would vouch for her over you.

**Chris:** So that means we have to beat their effort then.

**Camila:** Exactly. It's so dumb how Phoebe is now suddenly a member of the team now that she had one good challenge, when you are a way stronger chef in service compared to her! Booting you over her is stupid!

**Chris:** And yet all of our team minus us IS stupid.

**Camila:** So because of that we need to act and get Phoebe out of here. I'll vouch for you as long as you vouch for me.

**Chris:** Same.

*The two chefs shake hands. They faintly hear the phone ringing in the dorms.*

**Camila:** I'll get it.

*Camila picks up the phone.*

**Camila (on the phone):** Hello?

**Artem (on the phone):** Hey Camila, this is Chef. Bring everyone down here immediately. It's time for service.

**Camila (on the phone):** Yes, chef.

*Camila hangs up.*

**Camila:** It's time for service, everyone!

*The chefs get changed and walk downstairs as Chris has a confessional.*

**Chris (Conf.):** It's service time, and frankly, I'm nervous. Not because I'm gonna mess up, because I don't, but because my team, minus Camila and maybe Julie, want me out even though I've only made it stronger. They can be jealous all they want, though. I'm winning this thing, plain and simple.

*The chefs are seen in the kitchen lined up in front of Artem.*

**Artem:** Blue team, I hope you enjoyed your little boat trip because you all are about to be anchored back to reality, as this is one service that you should *not* fuck up. Understand?

**The Chefs:** Yes chef!

**Artem:** Now the reason why tonight's service is so important is that the US Poker Championship Tournament will be hosted right here in LA, and I have arranged for the 12 remaining poker players to dine together before their big game.

**Big Harry:** Twelve people? In just one table?

**Artem:** Yes. Because of this, both teams not only have to communicate with their teammates, but with the other team, as this table will be served by both kitchens, with all food having to come out at the exact same time.

**Julie:** Wow.

*Julie looks uneasy in the confessional.*

**Julie (Conf.):** Upon hearing that, I know our team has to start performing perfectly. We can't risk one person messing everything up so we have to start over. Our team has some current problems, and with Harrison on it, the blue team also definitely has its teamwork issues, so this is the service where we as a collective group have to work together.

*Artem continues to talk.*

**Artem:** There also will be a time limit for serving them. They all have to be somewhere so I will be gravely disappointed if any of them leave this restaurant without eating. Now what are we waiting for? Get to your assigned stations.

**The Chefs:** Yes chef!

*As the chefs scurry to their stations, Joey has a confessional.*

**Joey (Conf.):** Vegas is the capital of the gambling world, and fortunately for these poker pros, Izanovich Steak is gonna be there too. Hopefully if I do well enough tonight they might wanna continue to be my clientele once I win this restaurant.

*Joey gets behind his station confidently as Artem looks at Anton.*

**Artem:** Anton, open Hell's Kitchen for poker night.

**Anton:** Oui, chef.

*Footage of the Hell's Kitchen doors opening plays, as many customers enter.*

**Narrator:** Hell's Kitchen has opened, and the customers are already pouring in, proving Hell's Kitchen is the hottest dining experience on the west coast.

*People are shown walking in, including the poker tournament competitors, with some of the more notable ones including famous poker players Kim Juri and Jessica Abrefa, and the undefeated reigning champion, Vincent Slim.*

**Vince:** Well then, let's eat.

**Kim:** Hope you enjoy the taste then, because it will be the only taste of victory you get tonight.

**Vince:** We'll see, we'll see...

*Artem is seen with the first order, walking up to the red kitchen.*

**Artem:** Order for table three, two risotto. Let's start out strong.

**Bella:** Yes, chef!

*Bella and Chris are seen working on their risotto, with Chris quickly throwing his together.*

**Chris:** Phoebe, are you ready with garnish in a minute?

**Phoebe:** Um, yeah?

*The appetizers and garnish stations continue to work.*

**Chris:** Walking risotto.

**Bella:** Same.

*Both risottos get to the pass as Phoebe mixes in her garnish.*

**Artem:** Oh for fucks sake... BELLA!

**Bella:** Yes, chef?

**Chris:** Great...

**Artem:** YOU GAVE ME AN OVERCOOKED RISOTTO! IT'S PRACTICALLY BLACK IN THE PAN! BOTH OF YOU? START OVER!

**Bella:** Yes chef.

**Chris:** Are you serious right now?

*Chris looks mad in the confessional.*

**Chris (Conf.):** And of course, Bella in all her glory messes up her first order of the night. Way to help out, "teammate." We haven't even taken the orders of the big table yet and you're already messing up.

*Chris is seen angrily making another risotto.*

**Chris:** I can't believe we're wasting food two seconds into service!

**Bella:** I know, Chris, but you don't have to keep bringing it-

*Chris looks over at Bella's stove.*

**Chris:** Jesus Christ your temperature is WAY too high. Get it fixed.

*Bella immediately corrects her mistake.*

**Chris:** Good. Now hopefully we won't waste even *more* rice now.

**Bella:** I get it, Chris. I made a mistake. Please stop being so rude about it.

**Chris:** I fixed it, didn't I?

**Bella:** Whatever...

*Bella doesn't look too happy in the confessional.*

**Bella (Conf.):** I will be the first person to admit my own mistakes, but Chris has *NO* right to continually rub it in my face that I almost messed up two risottos. Yes, I made a mistake, but in a brigade like this you're supposed to prop people up instead of keeping them down, and with the way Chris talks down to me, it's like he *wants* me to stay messing up this whole service!

*The camera cuts to Artem getting another ticket from the pass.*

**Narrator:** While Bella messes up the first risotto for her team, it's up to Lawrence on appetizers and Seppe on garnish to start the blue team off at an early lead.

*Seppe is seen preparing his garnish as Artem reads the ticket.*

**Artem:** Two risottos for table five, blue team.

**Lawrence:** Yes, chef!

**Seppe:** I got two minutes on garnish. You good with that Lawrence?

**Lawrence:** Yeah, I'm chillin' bro.

**Seppe:** Cool.

*Seppe and Lawrence continue to work their stations.*

**Seppe:** I need that risotto over here in thirty seconds!

**Lawrence:** I got you.

*Lawrence is seen walking his risotto up as Seppe starts mixing the garnish into it. It's taken to the pass and Artem checks it.*

**Artem:** Beautifully cooked, that risotto. Great start, blue team!

**Seppe:** YES!

*Seppe and Lawrence hi-five. Lawrence looks happy in the confessional.*

**Lawrence (Conf.):** Now *this* is how people start a service off, dude! Seppe and I were like... in sync at the exact same wavelength and it couldn't be better. These apps are gonna be a breeze this service.

*Back at the red kitchen, Phoebe is seen working her station.*

**Narrator:** The blue team has begun to exhibit great leadership on their side. However on the red team...

*Phoebe leaves her station and walks up to Chris and Bella.*

**Phoebe:** Let's aim for a minute thirty seconds on those risottos, apps station! We gotta catch up on times so nobody is left waiting!

*Bella looks uneasy as Chris rolls his eyes.*

**Chris:** Sure.

*Chris begins speeding up his process as Phoebe looks excited in the confessional.*

**Phoebe (Conf.):** Look at me, stepping up to be a leader! After Chris grilled Bella for messing up, I did what a real leader does and put the team back on track to win! I've really come into my own these past two services!



*Chris and Bella speedily cook their risottos as Chris finishes.*

**Chris:** Walking in ten seconds.

**Bella:** Wait, *ten*?

*Bella tries to turn up the heat on her risotto, but Phoebe has already walked up to put her garnish in.*

**Bella:** I don't think that's-

**Phoebe:** You're a great chef, Bella. Don't worry.

*Phoebe takes the two risottos up to the pass as Artem stands there.*

**Phoebe:** Here you go, chef!

**Artem:** What the- why are you here so bloody early.

**Phoebe:** To crank up the heat!

**Artem:** These better be good...

*Artem looks at Bella's risotto.*

**Artem:** IT'S BLOODY UNDERCOOKED! EVERYONE, STOP WHAT YOU'RE DOING!

*The red team stops their work as Artem parades the risotto around.*

**Artem:** Look at it. LOOK AT IT! IT LOOKS LIKE SLOP I'D FEED A PIG!

**Bella:** I'm sorry, chef. I-

**Artem:** For fucks sake, Bella. You wouldn't even be IN this mess if PHOEBE GAVE YOU A GOOD FUCKING TIME!

*Artem walks up to Phoebe's garnish station and starts working on it.*

**Artem:** Now throw together a fucking risotto in two minutes.

**Bella:** Yes chef.

*Bella and Chris get working while Artem does Phoebe's station for her. Eventually Artem pours his garnish into Bella's dish.*

**Artem:** See how to lead a fucking kitchen now, Phoebe?

**Phoebe:** Yes chef. I'm sorry Bella, I won't give you bad times again.

**Bella:** It's fine. Just please try and be more realistic.

**Artem:** THERE WE FUCKING GO! Now keep pushing these damn things out... WITHOUT ME!

*Artem heads to the pass with the two perfect risottos. Watching it all unfold, Camila has a confessional.*

**Camila (Conf.):** It was almost cathartic watching Artem teach Phoebe how to actually work a garnish station correctly, but even then, stuff like this shouldn't even be happening to begin with. We've survived five services, the team should be better than this, proving more and more that Phoebe getting this far has been pure dumb luck.

*The poker players watch everything go down from their table.*

**Jessica:** The hell is going on over there?

**Vince:** Whatever it is, I hope it goes away before we get our food. I'm starving, here.

**Kim:** You get food at the poker table, stop complaining.

**Vince:** I've heard great things about this place though, so I'd rather not have my expectations ruined.

**Jessica:** Well I know how to pass the time... hey Kim, wanna bet?

**Kim:** On what?

**Jessica:** I'll bet you 10k out of my winnings this round that those guys in red over there flounder the service.

**Kim:** You know what? Deal. I love a good underdog story, and I'm all for some girl power taking it home. Red team wins the service and you give me 10k of *your* winnings.

**Jessica:** Is it *really* girl power when there's that one dude in there? Also there's no way you'd catch me betting on them. I can't in good faith trust anyone who makes as bad a fashion choice as hot pink hair to win literally anything.

**Kim:** Which is why it will be way funnier when I prove you wrong...

*Kim looks at Vince.*

**Kim:** So then, "Mr. Undefeated." Who are you betting on?

**Vince:** I only bet on things I know I can win, thanks.

**Kim:** Coward.

**Vince:** This "coward" has never lost a poker match. I think I know what I'm doing here.

*Anton walks up to the table.*

**Anton:** Hello there, esteemed guests. Are you all ready for your order?

**Jessica:** Awww, we're esteemed? I'm so flattered.

**Vince:** Yep. Let's get this meal started...

*Anton walks up with the ticket for the poker players. Artem takes it.*

**Narrator:** The 12 person table of poker players has now ordered their meal, and so everyone gets their food at once, both the red team and blue team music get their orders out at the exact same time.

*Artem clears his throat.*

**Artem:** I NEED BOTH GARNISH STATIONS UP HERE, NOW.

*Phoebe and Seppe leave their stations to meet up with Artem.*

**Artem:** Listen closely, as this is for the big table. On this ticket, the red team must prepare me with two ribeyes, one wellington, one snapper, and two halibut, while the blue team needs to give me one halibut, two snappers, and three ribeye.

**Seppe and Phoebe:** Yes, chef.

*Seppe looks at Phoebe.*

**Seppe:** Do you think your team can do three minutes for everything?

**Phoebe:** Yep!

**Seppe:** ...Are you sure? It seemed like there was some trouble with the appetizers.

**Phoebe:** Don't worry, we're doing three. This is my night to prove I can do this to Artem, so I will step up and be a leader.

**Seppe:** Whatever you say.

*Seppe and Phoebe walk back to their stations. Seppe has a quick confessional.*

**Seppe (Conf.):** Phoebe is insisting that everyone on both sides of the kitchen can throw their dishes together in that time, and while I'd love it if we can actually serve these guests on our first try... I don't trust Phoebe as a leader for the red team on garnish. I'd really like to be proven wrong here, but if not, this is gonna be a loooooong service.

*The red team is seen at their stations as Phoebe walks back.*

**Phoebe:** Hey guys. We're gonna need a snapper from Julie, two halibut from Camila, and two ribeyes and a welly from Yadeesha in three minutes.

**Yadeesha:** Got it. Get moving, everyone!

*Yadeesha looks determined in the confessional.*

**Yadeesha (Conf.):** I have three entrees to make in three minutes, and yeah, it's a lot, but I'm up to the task! Getting this table's orders out has to be smooth like butter, and I want to contribute to it going seamlessly as much as I can.

*Yadeesha puts her two ribeye on the stove as she wraps her wellington.*

**Julie:** The snapper's coming out nicely. Cami, how's your halibut?

**Camila:** Let me check...

*Camila looks at her fish and sees it's undercooked.*

**Camila:** Fuck...

**Julie:** What's wrong?

**Camila:** It's undercooked. I need at least two more minutes. Phoebe? How much time do we have left?

*Phoebe is seen trying to throw together the garnish for all three dishes.*

**Phoebe:** Um... sorry, I gotta focus on my garnish now, it's piled up.

**Camila:** Are you *kidding* me?

*Camila starts to breathe rapidly in stress as she turns up her stove. She doesn't look too pleased in the confessional.*

**Camila (Conf.):** This can't be real life... I make a mistake yet have time to correct it, and Phoebe doesn't even bother to communicate with me on how much I should correct the issue! You're on garnish. You're supposed to be a leader. *Act like one.*

*Sepe is seen walking back to the blue kitchen.*

**Sepe:** Alright, on order for the big table, one halibut, two snappers, three ribeye. Harrison, you're on heavy meat duty so if you need my help let me know. Let's get this out in three minutes.

**Joey:** Heard.

**Harrison:** Heard... (asshole.)

**Big Harry:** I got the snappers grillin' now!

**Joey:** Cooking the halibut.

*Sepe is seen preparing the garnishes of the three dishes. Joey looks over at Harrison's station and sees him busy.*

**Joey:** You sure you don't need any help, dude?

**Harrison:** Stop fuckin' babying me. I make ribeye all the damn time!

**Joey:** Suit yourself.

*Sepe turns around.*

**Sepe:** One minute left. Finish cooking and start plating at thirty seconds.

**Big Harry:** Got it!

*Big Harry rushes to take his two snappers out of the oven.*

**Joey:** Plating right now. Bring the garnish up.

*Sepe starts applying the garnish to each dish.*

**Harrison:** Fuck yeah! Let's take 'em to the pass!

*The blue team walks up to the pass and gives their dishes to Artem. Harrison looks boastful in the confessional.*

**Harrison (Conf.):** Yeah, no, I fucking crushed those ribeye! We brought all that shit up to the pass with *no* issues at all! There ain't no way we lose this fuckin' service now! Nothing can go wrong!

*Phoebe looks at the blue team plating.*

**Narrator:** Unfortunately for Harrison... Well, many things are about to go wrong.

*Phoebe turns to the red team.*

**Phoebe:** Guys, the blue team is at the pass! Everyone get plating, and fast!

**Camila:** Wait, what? That's not nearly enough-

*The red team is seen bringing their plated food to the pass. Camila rolls her eyes and takes her two halibut up to the pass, but since she's in a rush she loses her balance, and drops her fish.*

**Camila:** No!

*Chris looks over from his station and facepalms.*

**Artem:** Fucking hell...

*Camila looks at Phoebe*

**Camila:** Are you fucking *serious* Phoebe? Maybe give me a good time next time!

**Phoebe:** The hell did I do? You dropped the fish!

**Camila:** YOU DIDN'T COMMUNICATE WITH ME AT ALL!

*Julie sternly looks at Camila.*

**Julie:** Are you seriously trying to blame *Phoebe* for dropping the fish? She was at her station. She did not walk over, and push the fish off your damn plate!

**Camila:** But-

*Camila looks down and sighs.*

**Artem:** Fucking hell. That entire batch was just ruined.

**Camila:** Sorry chef...

*Artem looks at the blue team dishes, and unfortunately his face falls. He proceeds to bang his head against the pass defeatedly.*

**Harrison:** Heh, he probably thinks the red team's food sucks!

**Artem:** WE CAN'T EVEN SEND THE FUCKING BLUE MEALS OUT!

**Harrison:** Wait, what?

*Artem grabs a ribeye and a halibut.*

**Artem:** COME OVER HERE, BLUE TEAM!

*The blue team walks over.*

**Artem:** THIS RIBEYE IS COOKED TO *FUCK*, AND THIS HALIBUT IS SO UNDERCOOKED IT'S LIKE IT JUST LEFT THE FUCKING FREEZER!

**Big Harry:** Sorry, chef...

**Artem:** DON'T CARE IF YOU DROPPED SOMETHING OR FUCKED A DISH UP! ONE MISTAKE AND THIS WHOLE ORDER CRUMBLES! START AGAIN!

*Joey sighs in the confessional.*

**Joey (Conf.):** This just sucks! Harrison and Big Harry don't have their acts together on this side, apparently a giant catfight between Phoebe and Camila happened... if both team's keep fucking

up like this, we're screwed. It's gonna be another damn joint loss if the blue team doesn't do something about it.

*Back in the blue kitchen, Seppe is seen working garnish.*

**Seppé:** Joey, you only got one fish to make. Check on Big Harry's if you have time.

**Joey:** Got it.

*Joey and Big Harry start preparing their fish.*

**Big Harry:** There we go! Now things are heatin' up!

**Joey:** Yeah that's looking good, buddy.

*Seppé finishes some of his garnish.*

**Seppé:** We're a minute and a half out.

*Seppé walks up to Harrison's oven.*

**Harrison:** What do you want?

**Seppé:** Just here to tell you to get your ribeye out in thirty seconds. It's not gonna need any more than that.

**Harrison:** Fine, whatever you say.

*Seppé goes back to making his garnishes, and Joey does one more double check on Big Harry's fish.*

**Joey:** Yeah, I think we're good to plate in thirty seconds.

**Big Harry:** Let's hope the ladies are on the same page too...

*Big Harry looks happy in the confessional.*

**Big Harry (Conf.):** We had our slip ups but I'm startin' to think we actually got a pretty good rhythm going on right now! Of course we won't know for sure until Artem takes everything to the diners, but I got a good feelin' about this batch of food.

*Camila is seen in the red kitchen attempting a second shot at her halibut.*

**Narrator:** The team has seemingly gotten into rhythm making their dishes. It is now up to the red team to follow suit.

*Camila looks over at the garnish station.*

**Camila:** Phoebe? I'm gonna need a time for this halibut.

*Phoebe is seen trying to concentrate on her garnish.*

**Phoebe:** ...

**Camila:** Talk to me, Phoebe!

*Yadeesha notices this from the meat station.*

**Yadeesha:** Two minutes thirty seconds I believe.

**Camila:** Got it, thanks.

*As the meat and fish stations begin to prepare their food, Phoebe is seen preparing garnish.*

**Phoebe:** Hm... what was the recipe for halibut again? I'm getting confused with the snapper garnish...

*Julie is seen looking over at the blue team.*

**Julie:** Guys, the blue team is plating. Phoebe you *need* to bring the garnish up, now.

**Phoebe:** I need thirty seconds!

*Chris is seen on the appetizers station.*

**Chris:** Screw it, if she's not gonna do her job, I will.

*Bella tries to stop him.*

**Bella:** She's stressed out enough, Chris. Don't fuel the fire.

**Chris:** She's sinking, and apps are done!

*Phoebe is seen still working on a garnish.*

**Phoebe:** I think I got it.

**Bella:** Just let her do it, Chris.

**Chris:** Fine...

*Chris looks mad in the confessional.*

**Chris (Conf.):** Bella looooooves to pull the "teamwork" card on me, but personally, I don't know what type of side effects Joey slipped into her love potion. She clearly isn't thinking straight because if she knew what was best for the team, it would be letting me go and do Phoebe's job for her, as she's absolutely useless in garnish! Unlike her, I'm actually strong in these services!

*Artem is seen at the pass.*

**Artem:** RED TEAM, YOU BETTER GET FUCKING PLATING!

*Julie looks over.*

**Julie:** Oh, god.

*Phoebe is still seen working on her garnish.*

**Julie (Conf.):** I'm sorry, but Phoebe's performance tonight just wasn't it. We are about to completely waste yet another batch of food for the central table and are holding up the rest of the diners because she can't commit to her own times to save her life! She *needs* to get her act together if we're winning the service tonight.

*Phoebe sheepishly looks over at Artem.*

**Phoebe:** Um... can I have more time?

*Chris rolls his eyes as Artem reacts from the pass.*

**Artem:** FOR FUCKS SAKE, PHOEBE!

*Artem looks over at the blue team's dishes and checks them, he looks at a waiter.*

**Artem:** Take the blue plates up only. You lot held up this FUCKING dining room so much that I'm BREAKING MY OWN FUCKING RULE!

*Harrison looks over at his team.*

**Harrison:** Holy shit I think we just won this thing.

**Lawrence:** We still got a service to finish, dude.

*The blue team dishes are seen heading to the Poker Night Table. Vince and Jessica, both with blue plates, get their meals while Kim, with a red plate, doesn't.*

**Vince:** Jesus this thing looks delicious and I haven't even tasted it yet!

*Jessica looks smugly at Kim.*

**Jessica:** Welp, someone owes me 10k.

**Kim:** Yeah, yeah, whatever. We'll see how much you get outside of that when I beat you in poker...

*Back in the red kitchen, Phoebe is seen finally finishing her garnish.*

**Phoebe:** Sorry for the wait, guys!

*Phoebe starts putting her garnish on the menu items and they are taken to the pass.*

**Bella:** Come on... this *has* to go to the diners.

*Artem cuts into a halibut.*

**Artem:** Oh for fucks sake...

*Camila's face falls as she learns she messed up yet another halibut.*

**Artem:** WE CAN'T GET A SINGLE FUCKING ORDER FOR THIS TABLE OUT! LOOK AT IT! HALF THE TABLE IS ENJOYING FOOD YOU DIDN'T EVEN FUCKING COOK!

*Artem storms up to Camila and Phoebe.*

**Artem:** YOU WASTED MY HALIBUT, AND YOU WASTED MY TIME! BOTH OF YOU, GET OUT!

*Camila is seen shedding a tear.*

**Camila:** Yes chef...

*Camila and Phoebe leave the kitchen and walk up to the dorms. Camila looks sad in the confessional.*

**Camila (Conf.):** I genuinely messed up tonight, and it sucks, because I know I'm better than this! I'm here to prove some bad reviews wrong... and I need to stay. I'm gonna fight like hell to make sure I stay in this kitchen, because this is not the Camila that Artem deserves to have working for him.

*Back with Artem he looks over at the appetizers station.*

**Artem:** CHRIS, BELLA, TAKE OVER THEIR STATIONS!

**Bella:** Yes, chef.

*Bella hops on the garnish station while Chris immediately starts preparing another halibut.*

**Artem:** Now hopefully we can actually get some fucking food out of this kitchen for once!

**Chris:** Oh, you will, chef.

*Bella looks happy in the confessional.*

**Bella (Conf.):** It's great that Artem is allowing me to take over for Phoebe because in this service I had a bit of a shaky start, so now I can prove myself to him by getting this kitchen back into shape!

*A montage of Bella working garnish plays.*

**Bella:** Two minutes left for every dish!

**Yadeesha:** Wrapping my wellington right now.

*Eventually it gets to the thirty second mark.*

**Bella:** Get plating, everyone. I'll take my garnish to you.

*Artem is seen finally sending out the red team dishes for the big table.*

**Artem:** Service please.... Thank fucking god...

*Kim is shown finally getting her dinner.*

**Kim:** There we go!

**Jessica:** You're still down ten thousand dollars, Kim.

**Kim:** It's a free meal, let me have this.

*More food is shown leaving the red kitchen.*

**Narrator:** While it may have been rocky, Artem switching people's stations ultimately paid off as the red team managed to finish their service.

*Julie is seen wiping her brow as she turns off her stove. She then has a confessional.*

**Julie (Conf.):** I'm glad we were able to finish the service, but I can tell that as a team, we lost today. There were so many people off of their A-game this service that it will be hard to pick who

exactly gets to go up but I definitely believe that the two people kicked from the kitchen should be the ones up on that block tonight.

*After service, the red and blue teams line up in front of Artem in the kitchen.*

**Artem:** That, ladies and gentlemen, was what I like to call... fucking dreadful! I wanted better teamwork out of you all, and what I got instead was so much miscommunication that I had to break my own rule of breaking all entrees to a table at once. However, there was one team, that while messy, was able to fix their mistakes earlier on, and that would be...

*Some of the chefs look at each other in anticipation. Chris stares blankly, knowing it surely isn't his team.*

**Artem:** The blue team!

**Lawrence:** Niiiiice!

*Joey and Seppe fistbump.*

**Artem:** Head back to the dorms and enjoy the night off. Your losing streak has officially ended.

*Lawrence seems happy in the confessional.*

**Lawrence (Conf.):** I feel like tonight was probably the first semblance of actual teamwork we had, and 90% of why is because of Seppe on garnish. If we keep this momentum going, we might just surf our way to the end of this thing... even with Harrison being a bit of a downer.

*Back with Artem, he looks at the red team.*

**Artem:** Red team, tonight was a mess. Bad times, dropped fish, burnt risotto, you did it all. So tonight I want you to think long and hard and pick two people you believe you'd be better off without. Now fuck off.

*The red team is seen walking to the dorms. Chris has a confessional.*

**Chris (Conf.):** Yeah, tonight was just torture, because I had to watch and do nothing as these *idiots* ran around the kitchen acting like they owned the place! However, there is one silver lining which is the fact that I am in the clear for elimination! I made zero mistakes tonight, and Camila and Phoebe are the clear two frontrunners for the block. However, I will still honor the little agreement Camila and I have and vouch for her to stay. I could use someone with an actual brain on this team, after all.

*The red team is seen sitting in the dorm, defeated.*

**Yadeesha:** Anyone wanna go...?

*Camila sighs before standing up.*

**Camila:** I'm gonna be real with you, I may have not been at my best today but Phoebe's performance on garnish was abysmal. Her bad leadership caused the whole service to snowball.

**Phoebe:** But Camila, you can't just blame everything you did on me.

**Camila:** I wasn't.

**Phoebe:** YOU LITERALLY BLAMED ME FOR YOU DROPPING YOUR FISH!

**Camila:** Alright then, genius. Who would be your votes, then?

**Phoebe:** You and Chris.

**Camila:** Of course...

**Chris:** Me? The hell did I even do this service?

**Yadeesha:** You're just not a team player, and act like you're above all of us.



**Bella:** Yeah, you really didn't have to constantly rub it in my face that I made a mistake. It contributed to the stress in the service.

**Yadeesha:** Yeah. I'm probably nominating you too. All you do is cause drama.

**Chris:** So *you're* telling me, that despite not making a SINGLE mistake tonight, I have less value on this team than *Phoebe* who made every mistake possible? It's clear you all are just protecting her so one of us goes home?

**Julie:** Yeah I really don't see where Chris being nominated comes from. He made a really integral save last service helping me with my station, and has had two strong services.

**Chris:** EXACTLY!

**Yadeesha:** So who would you pick, Chris.

**Chris:** Well since y'all are trying to gang up on me, I'm going Phoebe and Bella.

**Bella:** Me?

**Chris:** Yes you! You fucked up two risotto! If you're gonna team up to keep Phoebe off the block I might as well go for it too.

**Camila:** Fuck it. My second vote is also for Bella.

**Phoebe:** Ok, you two *definitely* have something going on! Bella should not be going up!

**Chris:** AND NEITHER SHOULD I, BUT HERE YOU ARE VOTING FOR ME?

**Julie:** I seriously don't get what's happening here. Fuck the bullshit, I'm voting Phoebe and Camila. They were the two weakest.

**Yadeesha:** So Camila's definitely up... and it's tied between Phoebe and Chris for a second pick?

**Camila:** I guess so.

*Chris gets up and walks away.*

**Yadeesha:** Where the hell are *you* going?

**Chris:** Fuck off. You wanna play games, well guess what, the weakest chef here isn't gonna be going home tonight.

*Bella whispers in Julie's ear.*

**Bella (whispering):** It's this kind of drama we need gone. He's just gonna keep arguing!

**Julie (whispering):** But over Phoebe's bad cooking?

*Camila is seen facepalming as Yadeesha has a confessional.*

**Yadeesha (Conf.):** This has to have been the messiest group decision we've made, as now we couldn't be more divided. I mean, look at us! Four different people were voted for this service! Whatever decision Artem makes tonight, I hope it's the right one, as this team needs the drama gone before it implodes!

*The red team is shown walking back to the kitchen, with the blue team seated to the side of it.*

*The red team lines up in front of Artem.*

**Artem:** Welcome to another elimination, and frankly red team, I'm disappointed. I hope the correct people are put up here tonight as I am tired of some of the bullshit that has been going on out here. Phoebe, name your first nominee, and why.

**Phoebe:** Our first nominee is...

*The camera pans to Camila and Phoebe*

**Phoebe:** Camila, chef.

**Camila (under breath):** Of course it fucking is...

*Camila steps forward.*

**Phoebe:** She messed up multiple seafood dishes, dropping one of them, and contributes to a lot of the drama on our team.

**Artem:** Alright. And your second nominee?

**Phoebe:** Our second nominee is....

*The camera pans to Chris, Bella, and Phoebe.*

**Phoebe:** Chris.

**Chris:** You can't be fucking serious...

*As Chris walks forward, Artem interjects.*

**Artem:** Yeah, she can't be. The hell did Chris do to warrant being nominated?

**Phoebe:** Well, Chef, he doesn't get along with the team at all, acts like he's better than the rest of us, and is a massive sponge for drama. You saw what he did on the blue team. We're not making the same mistake.

**Artem:** Quite an... interesting second choice for you, red team.

**Chris:** Oh, it's interesting alright. It's interesting because in actuality there was a tie for the second nominee.

**Phoebe:** Um... what?

**Artem:** There was?

**Chris:** Yep. Phoebe in all her glory tied with me for second, yet for some reason, refused to be honest to you about also being on the block.

**Camila:** I can vouch. Camila and Chris tied.

**Artem:** Anyone else?

**Julie:** She did. Yeah.

*Yadeesha looks down.*

**Yadeesha:** She tied.

**Artem:** Well that fucking explains why the lying donut isn't up here. Chris, get back in line.

**Chris:** Thank you, chef.

**Artem:** Phoebe, get up here, and let me fucking tell you why YOU'RE nominated.

*Phoebe's face falls as she walks next to Camila.*

**Artem:** I tested you by asking you to name the nominees, and instead of admitting to all your fuck-ups this service, you tried to avoid the block by lying to me.

**Phoebe:** I'm... I'm sorry chef...

**Artem:** Save it for later.

*Artem turns to face Camila.*

**Artem:** Tell me, why should you stay in Hell's Kitchen?

**Camila:** Well, chef, unlike Phoebe, this is the first service I've made a major mistake in, and even then, half of the ones I made tonight were a direct result of Phoebe on garnish.

**Artem:** You *dropped* a fish, and blamed it on Phoebe. When are you going to stop blaming other people and realize your own mistakes? The truth is, I think you're floundering, Camila.

*Artem looks at Phoebe.*

**Artem:** And Phoebe, just make it quick, and don't fucking bullshit me this time.

**Phoebe:** I may have not named myself for elimination, but look at my team. Three of them wanted to keep me in over Chris, despite him being a stronger chef. I feel like I am integral to this team, I keep fighting through my mistakes, and I see myself as an asset!

**Artem:** A bedazzled hot pink donkey is what you are.

*Phoebe takes a deep breath and doesn't say anything. Artem thinks to himself.*

**Artem:** I've made my decision. Two dreadful performances happened tonight, but only one I believe can change. The person leaving Hell's Kitchen is...

*The camera pans to Camila as she wipes sweat off her brow. Phoebe looks down, as Artem directs his attention to...*

**Artem:** Camila...

**Camila:** W-what?

*Chris looks shocked watching her be eliminated. Camila, sad, walks forward.*

**Artem:** ...You're on thin ice, but this isn't the end. Back in line.

**Camila:** Thank you chef.

*Phoebe looks to her right, sees nobody beside her, and gulps.*

**Artem:** Phoebe, give me your jacket. Clearly, red isn't your color, and neither is blue.

Unfortunately for you, there are no pink jackets in this show.

**Phoebe:** I'm sorry, chef.

*Phoebe takes off her jacket, and gives it to Artem.*

**Artem:** You're talented with pastries, but I simply can't work with you on my line any further.

**Phoebe:** Thanks for the opportunity.

*Phoebe looks back at her team.*

**Phoebe:** And thanks to you all for being the best team a girl can ask for. It's all love, guys.

*Chris rolls his eyes as Bella waves to Phoebe.*

**Bella:** See ya, girl.

**Yadeesha:** Bye, Pheebees.

*Phoebe waves to her team one last time before exiting Hell's Kitchen.*

**Phoebe (Elimination Confessional):** I had a lot of ups and way more downs in this game, but I'm glad I was even brave enough to step out of my comfort zone and try a type of cooking I haven't done much of. I definitely regret not telling Artem about the tie, as I think it made me come off as trying to screw Camila over, but I was genuinely in panic mode over the tie. I wish my team well, and hope one of them pulls it out in the end.

*Back with Artem he directs his attention to the red team.*

**Artem:** Play more games like this, and I won't be merciful next time you don't nominate the right people.

**Yadeesha:** Yes chef.

*Artem then looks at Camila.*

**Artem:** And Camila, you simply need to know that you escaped by the skin of your teeth tonight. I'm interested to see how you handle the brigade now that you don't have Phoebe to blame your mistakes on.

*Camila seems shocked Artem would say that. She takes a breath before responding.*

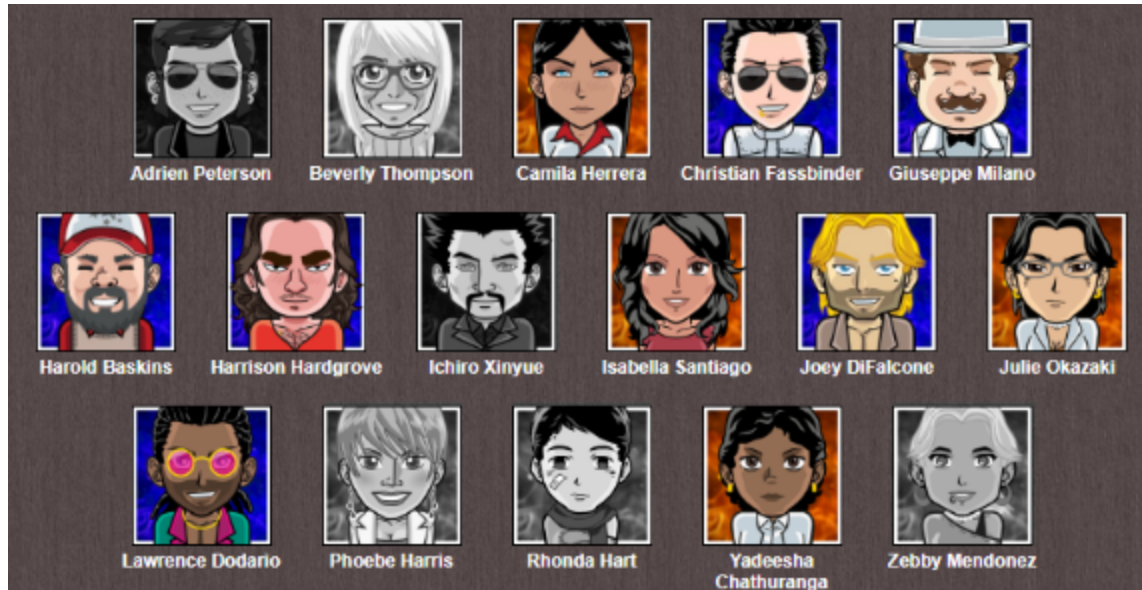
**Camila:** Of course, chef...

*A saddened looking Camila walks up to the dorms.*

*Artem is shown walking up to his office approaching a picture of Phoebe.*

**Artem (Closing Words):** Phoebe was a mess for this entire competition, and her lying to me was the last straw. She may have had pink hair, but when it came to her dishonesty, I caught her red handed.

*Artem puts her jacket on a hook under the picture, causing the picture to light on fire, burning her face off of it. Phoebe has been eliminated from Swoldow's Hell's Kitchen.*



## Episode 7: Cook For Your Life

*The episode starts during Phoebe's elimination, after she leaves the premises, with Camila still standing in front of Artem.*

**Artem:** Camila, you simply need to know that you escaped by the skin of your teeth tonight. I'm interested to see how you handle the brigade now that you don't have Phoebe to blame your mistakes on.

**Camila:** Of course, chef...

*Camila is seen walking upstairs, trying to hold back emotions. Once they get to the dorms, Yadeesha notices this.*

**Yadeesha:** Hey... Camila?

**Camila:** Leave me alone...

*Camila tries to get away from her team and goes to the balcony, where she sits down, puts her head into her hands, and in a burst of emotion, cries.*

**Camila:** Why can't anything even... Why can't it go right for me?

*Camila continues to cry, as it cuts to a confessional where she continues to look somber.*

**Camila (Conf.):** Tonight... Well, I guess tonight is the night I just hit rock bottom mentally. (sniff.) I applied for this show as a way to show myself I *can* cook, and... well, getting bad reviews from customers is one thing, but I just got told by Artem Izonovich, one of my damn culinary idols, that I messed up big time tonight. I just... I always clung to that hope that I knew what I was doing and these bad reviews were just trolls... but they're right. I... I really *can't* cook! And I was too fucking stupid to notice until my damn idol screamed it in my face...

*Big Harry sticks his head out of the door into the dorms and sees Camila crying. He looks back into the dorm.*

**Big Harry:** Um, is she good?

**Yadeesha:** I think she wants to be left alone now.

*The dorm room is filled with an awkward silence until Bella takes a deep breath.*

**Bella:** I'll talk to her.

*Bella is seen stepping out of the dorms, where she has a confessional.*

**Bella (Conf.):** This team... yeah as of tonight, it's more than divided, and I know that I contributed to that division thanks to me trying to get Chris nominated. However, our team can't stay like this forever. Something needs to bring us all together, and seeing how bad the nomination affected Camila, I knew I had to talk to her, girl to girl, heart to heart.

*Bella walks out onto the balcony, and sees Camila still crying. Bella walks over to her and sits down next to her.*

**Bella:** Hey.

*Camila looks over at Bella and sighs.*

**Camila:** Hey...

**Bella:** I know it's a lot, but if you need someone to talk through what you're going through, I'll always be here for you, Cami.

**Camila:** Beats just crying out here alone... I guess...

*The two women stare out at the sky sitting next to each other. Camila sighs.*

**Camila:** Please be honest... am I... am I out of my league here?

**Bella:** I can confidently say that you aren't. You *belong* here, Cami.

**Camila:** But... you nominated me.

**Bella:** Listen, one bad service does not define us as chefs, and you nominated me too.

*Camila cries for a bit and regains her composure.*

**Camila:** I just- I just don't know what I'm doing wrong! I checked the boxes! Went to culinary school! Worked in a restaurant since I was a kid! And yet despite all this, I'm just wasting away, getting bad review after bad review, and now Artem himself thinks I don't have much time left here... should I even waste my time with this? I'm clearly in over-

*Without warning, Bella gives Camila a giant hug.*

**Camila:** ...

**Bella:** You'll bounce back, Cami. I know you will.

**Camila:** (sniff) Thanks.

*Camila continues to cry, but now has someone she can lean on.*

**Camila (Conf.):** I needed Bella tonight. I got hit with a wake up call that I might not be good at the thing I've dedicated my entire life to... and even against my own wishes she was there for me. My reviewers don't believe in me... Artem doesn't believe in me... my team doesn't believe in me... but Bella does, and even in this rough patch... It's nice that at least one person does.

*The camera pans back into the dorms, where a group of Julie, Chris, and Yadeesha is seen talking.*

**Narrator:** While Camila and Bella talk it out on the balcony, Julie dishes out a more tough form of love.

*Julie clearly looks a tad irritated as she talks.*

**Julie:** Okay, so can someone just talk me through what the hell happened tonight? *Four* people were up for nomination when it should have just been an easy decision with Phoebe and Camila.

**Yadeesha:** Phoebe was campaigning hard to stay. Especially to me.

**Chris:** Really now? Was lying the same way she did to Artem a part of her campaign too?

**Yadeesha:** Don't act like *you're* innocent either Chris. You and Camila had a deal to keep each other off the block too.

**Chris:** Bella at least made mistakes in service, unlike me.

**Julie:** Are you fucking serious? Just nominate the people who suck the most! It's not rocket science!

*Bella is seen walking back into the dorms. Yadeesha immediately looks at Bella.*

**Yadeesha:** Is she good?

**Bella:** Yeah, we talked things out, but she still needs some time to process things.

**Julie:** Well lucky for you there's some more drama I need you as therapist for!

*Chris rolls his eyes while Julie has a confessional.*

**Julie (Conf.):** I'm frankly mad at my team right now, and I'm glad Bella is here because I'm at my wits end trying to babysit these people! This is a cooking show! Why the hell are people making safety deals!? If you wanna do social politics, play Survivor or whatever. This is Hell's Kitchen.

*Back with the group, Bella is seen trying to pull everyone together.*

**Bella:** Look, I know we all have our own viewpoints on this situation, but thanks to the collective shitshow our team has been since Chris swapped, a woman is sitting outside and breaking down crying. If that isn't a sign that we *have* to pull ourselves together, I don't know what is.

**Julie:** Agreed, and this starts with you two, Chris and Yadeesha. You've been at each other's throats this whole time.

**Bella:** Yadeesha, I need you to kindly and non-argumentatively explain your issues with Chris' general teamwork. Chris, please don't interrupt.

**Yadeesha:** Okay... Chris, the way you talk to people, especially when they make mistakes, makes you come off as believing you are "above" or "better than" the rest of the team. This is a stressful environment and a lot of us would prefer it if you didn't add to the stress with your mean-spirited "criticisms."

**Bella:** I can corroborate this, I also believe you need to treat your teammates more respectfully, as it would make us want to listen to you more if you choose your words better. Now, Chris, if there are any issues you have with Yadeesha, please state them the same way.

**Chris:** Well for starters I never felt welcomed to the team at all, as Yadeesha basically alienated me from the group from the getgo.

**Yadeesha:** You had opportunities to bond with the group, though.

**Julie:** Please let him finish, Yadeesha.

**Yadeesha:** Sorry, go on.

**Chris:** I just don't feel heard, and I'm a damn strong chef and an asset to the kitchen, so it sucks when I give out advice and nobody even listens to me!

**Julie:** Yeah, Chris has had two great services on our team. He definitely isn't a weak link for his cooking.

**Bella:** So that settles it then. Chris, if you want to integrate with this team better, please treat us as equals.

**Chris:** Sure...

**Bella:** And in return, Yadeesha, let Chris be heard so he can actually contribute to the team. I will do this too, because I know I also ignored Chris trying to save my station a couple times too.

**Yadeesha:** So... Can we shake on it?

**Chris:** Sure.

*Yadeesha and Chris shake hands. Yadeesha is seen in the confessional.*

**Yadeesha (Conf.):** Honestly, I'll have to give it up to Bella here. She's trying to fix our issues at the source, so while I still don't trust Chris as far as I can throw him, I am more than willing to alter my leadership so he feels more heard, especially if it contributes to the team's betterment, and if he holds up his end of the bargain.

*Chris looks annoyed in the confessional.*

**Chris (Conf.):** I guess I just made some dumb pinky promise with Yadeesha to "treat her with respect" or whatever, but they gotta start respecting me too! However, if it means they all actually start growing brains and listening to what I have to say in the kitchen, I'll stop acting "above" them... to their faces that is. We all know I'm the best one here, but they don't have to know that... until I walk away with this job.

*A time lapse of the Hell's Kitchen building plays as night turns to day. Harrison is seen waking up... peacefully?*

**Harrison:** What the-

*Harrison checks the clock to see that it's 9 AM, way past the time the staff would wake them up. Lawrence wakes up too.*

**Harrison:** Dude.

**Lawrence:** Um... what?

**Harrison:** It's 9 AM. We haven't been woken up yet.

**Lawrence:** So... we got the day off? Wicked!

**Harrison:** Fine by me.

*Harrison goes back to sleep, only for the sound of someone running up stairs begins to play. Bella is seen barging into the dorms.*

**Bella:** Guys? There's a big problem!

*A groggy Julie is seen exiting her room.*

**Julie:** What now...

*The scene transitions to the chefs lined up downstairs, in their pajamas. Brad and Marta are seen in the kitchen area.*

**Brad:** What the *hell* is wrong with you all?

**Seppie:** I beg your pardon?

**Marta:** All ten of you should have been downstairs three hours ago!

**Bella:** I tried to get them all down here, Chefs, but-

**Brad:** You all slept through every single elaborate way we tried to wake you up this morning! EVERY LAST ONE OF YOU!

**Harrison:** The *fuck*?

**Marta:** So because of you all not being here on time, Artem just decided to *leave*. The absolute *nerve* of you people!

**Big Harry:** Wait, so if Artem's not here, what's the challenge gon' be?

**Brad:** Well it *was* gonna be a dish creation challenge that we flew in a Michelin star chef to judge...

*The camera cuts to a chef with long hair and glasses sitting in a chair on his phone.*



**Brad:** But now that you all woke up after Artem left, he told me that *all* of you are being punished!

**Chris:** The hell? It was just a mistake!

**Yadeesha:** How could all of us have slept in?

**Camila:** This blows...

**Lawrence:** Tell Artem that we're sorry. I'll make sure I'll do whatever punishment is given.  
*As the commotion continues, the guest judge in the back starts slow-clapping.*

**Guest Judge:** Wow that was good...

**Joey:** What?

**Guest Judge:** Seeing you all this discombobulated is great...

*The Guest Judge begins to change his voice, as a natural Russian accent begins to form.*

**Guest Judge:** But I wouldn't rush to some *cold* conclusions just yet...

*The Guest Judge takes off the wig and glasses, as well as a prosthetic nose, revealing that he was Artem.*

**Harrison:** Oh, you fucking asshole!

**Artem:** Good morning to you too, Harrison. Now, get changed, and get back here. It's time for your next challenge.

**The Chefs:** Yes chef!

*The chefs run upstairs and get changed as Lawrence has a confessional.*

**Lawrence (Conf.):** I just got bamboozled, dudes! I can't believe I fell for sleeping through this entire challenge, but I'd be lyin' if this show didn't mess with our trust a bit *too* much. Now that I know it's back to business for us, it's time to win this next challenge for the team!

*Now fully changed, the chefs are seen standing in front of Artem yet again.*

**Artem:** Before we start, I would like to first congratulate you all for making it to the top ten.

*The chefs celebrate.*

**Artem:** Reaching this landmark means that you are guaranteed to work in a brigade in the finale, and can directly impact who wins once it's just two chefs remaining...

*Yadeesha smiles in the confessional.*

**Yadeesha (Conf.):** Reaching the final ten means that I'm one step closer to making the final two. This job means the world to me, as I get to express myself as a chef at such a highly rated restaurant, so if you think I was trying hard to win then, you've seen nothing yet.

*Back with Artem, he finishes his train of thought.*

**Artem:** However, this also means that I have a higher expectation of every last one of you going forward. You've had six services to learn how to do this. I won't be so nice next time slip-ups happen in the same way.

*Harrison rolls his eyes in the confessional.*

**Harrison (Conf.):** Greaaaaat... because Artem was *totally* bein' easy on us the first six services. I came here to win this job, not be fucking yelled at all day, because I'm starting to think he already threw these impossibly high expectations at me compared to the rest of my team from the damn getgo!

*Artem finishes his speech.*

**Artem:** And as a result... for the next challenge, we're gonna weed out the weak, with a type of cooking I know you've either been dreading or anticipating...

*Artem pulls a sheet off of the pass, to reveal a bunch of food traditionally used in South Asia.*

**Artem:** Today, you will be working with South Asian ingredients, as each contestant will be preparing me a stunning dish that utilizes the ingredients on this table in creative ways.

*Camila hesitantly looks determined in the confessional.*

**Camila (Conf.):** This challenge is now or never for me. I... I *have* to prove to Artem that last night was a fluke. I may not be the best with South Asian cooking but I hope I can be creative enough to figure something out.

*Harrison is then seen looking arrogant in the confessional.*

**Harrison (Conf.):** Hahaha! Finally something goes my damn way in this competition. South Asian cuisine is my specialty and while Artem wasn't the biggest fan of my signature dish, I know for a damn fact whatever I throw together is gonna taste leagues better than the talentless dumbasses on my team!

*Julie looks skeptical in the confessional.*

**Julie (Conf.):** Artem mentioned weeding out the weak... and that makes me very nervous! This reward challenge could actually be a surprise elimination so I need to make sure that I have the best dish of the night, as I simply cannot go home by default for having a weaker dish.

*Back with Artem, he takes a quick look at his watch before looking back at the contestants.*

**Artem:** You have forty-five minutes... and your timer starts...

*The chefs brace themselves in anticipation.*

**Artem:** Now!

*The chefs immediately rush to the table and start selecting ingredients.*

**Narrator:** The chefs begin planning out their food... with varying degrees of confidence.

*Chris is seen looking arrogant in the confessional.*

**Chris (Conf.):** With potential elimination on the line, I need to show Artem that I have to think outside the box here, and as soon as I saw masala ingredients I knew exactly what I had to do. It's gonna be a little risky, but trust me, this time, Artem's liking my dish, and the risk will pay off.

*Big Harry, meanwhile, looks very confused.*

**Big Harry (Conf.):** I don't even know what any of this stuff is man! I'm looking for a meat I could potentially sub in for chicken, and I see some goat. Now, I don't know how to cook goat, and the only Indian food I even know about is curry... so yeah this is gonna be a looooong challenge for me.

*Lawrence is seen cooking a rack of lamb on his griddle. He looks determined in the confessional.*

**Lawrence (Conf.):** To Artem, I've been the "fish guy" this whole time. I wowed him with my signature dish because of that. However, I need him to know I'm not a one trick pony, so I decided to make a dish incorporating lamb. Now, I haven't cooked lamb that much before, but with the right combination of flavors... trust me, this thing boutta pop off.

*Yadeesha is seen compacting rice together at her station, looking confident in the confessional.*

**Yadeesha (Conf.):** I really don't wanna come off as arrogant here, but I definitely believe this challenge is in the bag for me. If anyone here knows South Asian cuisine, it's me, as it's been a part of my life since I was a little girl, so for this challenge, I'm making something close to home with some rice cakes.

*Artem is seen back at the pass, clearing his throat.*

**Artem:** TWENTY-FIVE MINUTES LEFT!

*Joey is seen confused, only to get very disoriented by the announcement. Seppe notices this.*

**Seppe:** You good, dude?

**Joey:** I'm a bit lost, man. I wanna make some cream puffs and use some of these ingredients as a chutney, but I don't really know what's gonna taste good.

*Seppe looks over at Joey's station where an assortment of ingredients was taken from the pass.*

**Seppe:** Definitely get some mango in there. It'll add a lot of flavor if you pair it with the right things.

**Joey:** Nice! Thanks for the help dude!

*Seppe is seen in the confessional smiling.*

**Seppe (Conf.):** I feel pretty good about my own dish. I may not be *from* India but I can work a mean curry! As a result, I decided to help out Joey with his dish, as I can tell the kid isn't the most familiar with South Asian food. Hopefully with my push in the right direction he's gonna get inspired and make a good dish.

*As Seppe continues to watch Joey's station, Harrison sneaks up to Seppe's station and turns his stove down, before sneaking back to his own station.*

**Harrison (Conf.):** When I heard Artem say "weed out the week," let's just say a massive lightbulb appeared above my head. Obviously, I know my shit when it comes to Indian cooking. It's my pride and joy. However, if there's one dude on this team that's gonna beat my ass, it's gotta be Seppe, so I decided to fuck with his dish! If he scores low and is potentially taken out for this... that's one less chef in the way of my job, and he's a damn good one too. Get fucked, Seppe. That's for snitching on my ass.

*Seppe goes back to his station and continues to cook, not noticing his stove has been turned down. Joey continues to think for a moment and decides to add coconut to his chutney.*

**Joey (Conf.):** Yeahhhh, I'm just grasping at straws in this challenge. Seppe guided me in the right direction, but I don't know this cuisine well at all, and I obviously can't let Seppe also make my dish for me. I just hope the coconut and the mango blend well together because this could make or break my game.

*Artem is seen at the pass announcing the time.*

**Artem:** FIFTEEN MINUTES LEFT!

**Camila:** Oh god...

*Camila looks down, clearly stressed. Bella notices this.*

**Bella:** Hey, hang in there. You got this.

**Camila:** But I don't know what I'm doing-

**Bella:** Don't get into your own head like that. You still have fifteen minutes, I know you can throw something good together.

*Camila sighs.*

**Camila:** If you say so...

*Bella looks nervous in the confessional.*

**Bella (Conf.):** I'm a tad worried about Cami, as the anxiety coming from the last service is really getting to her. I hope she can overcome this, but it's really not looking good right now. I hope this challenge is still somehow a reward and not an elimination....

*A time lapse plays of the kitchens working, and Artem is seen at the pass again.*

**Artem:** ONE MINUTE! Get plating everyone!

**Julie:** Let's get going ladies! Homestretch.

*Julie starts meticulously plating her dish so there are two symmetrical lamb chops. She feels confident in the confessional.*

**Julie (Conf.):** Last night... yeah that was rough, but today is the day where we have to actually prove ourselves as a team. I don't care if this is a team challenge or an elimination. As long as we all put out some good food, I'm certain the teamwork can be mended at least a tiny bit.

*Back at the pass, Artem begins his countdown.*

**Artem:** Five!

**Big Harry:** Oh god...

**Artem:** Four!

*Joey slides his plate onto the pass.*

**Artem:** Three!

*Chris brings his food over with a smirk.*

**Artem:** Two!

*Harrison eyes his competition with an evil grin and his plate on the pass.*

**Artem:** One, and done!

*The two teams step back from the pass.*

*Artem is seen clearing his throat.*

**Artem:** You all successfully completed this challenge... however, for today, we have a twist...

*A couple of the chefs are shocked and look at each other.*

**Artem:** For this reward challenge, you won't be competing against the other team... you'll be competing against your own!

**Joey:** Wow.

*Big Harry looks shocked in the confessional.*

**Big Harry (Conf.):** Wow! I did NOT see that part coming. I'm just glad this challenge ain't an elimination because I really don't know if I would survive with my dish. I just hope whoever wins the challenge is someone who actually deserves to go on reward... so basically anyone but Harrison honestly.

*Artem continues to explain the twist.*

**Artem:** Only two of you will win a reward for this challenge, with only one per team, and it might be the most important reward yet... which is why for now it's staying a mystery.

**Julie:** Dang.

**Artem:** But as of now, it's time to determine who on which team has the best dishes. First up, it's the battle of the Blue Team. Get in line!

*The blue team line up in front of Artem.*

**Artem:** First up, Joey.

*Joey looks nervous in the confessional.*

**Joey (Conf.):** I did not wanna be the first guy here, but lucky me, I immediately get to start this challenge off with a bang... for better or for worse. I am SO nervous right now, and going first isn't doing much to help.

*Joey unveils his dish.*

**Joey:** Today I have some Coconut-Mango Chutney Cream Puffs for you, chef, drizzled with a coconut-white chocolate ganache.

**Artem:** Interesting combo of flavors...

*Artem takes a bite of a cream puff.*

**Artem:** ...that really don't work too well if I'm being honest.

**Joey:** Sorry, chef.

**Artem:** You used coconut for two different aspects of this dish and neither of them work with the mango. Back in line.

**Joey:** Yes, chef.

*Joey gets back in line, sighing in the confessional.*

**Joey (Conf.):** Yeaaaahhh that could have gone better. I really wished I could have stepped up for this, but hey, I barely knew this style of cooking so I definitely knew I would struggle.

*Artem looks back at the line.*

**Artem:** Lawrence, you're next.

*Lawrence walks up a bit more hopeful than Joey.*

**Lawrence:** 'Sup chef. Today I have a seared lamb with date chutney, seared carrots, and my own custom naan recipe.

**Artem:** Wow, another vibrant dish.

*Artem takes a bite.*

**Artem:** It also has a very solid balancing of the flavor. The sweetness of the carrots and chutney compliment the seasoning quite well. So far, this is the one to beat.

**Lawrence:** Means a lot, chef.

*Lawrence is happy in the confessional.*

**Lawrence (Conf.):** Me broadening my horizons paid off dudes! He liked my dish and I couldn't be more happier. Reward, say hello to Lawrence, because we're gonna be chillin' a lot together, bro.

*Artem looks at the next person in line.*

**Artem:** Big Harry?

**Big Harry:** Oh gosh... um...

*Big Harry unveils his dish.*

**Big Harry:** I have a goat vine-daloo?

**Yadeesha:** Vindaloo.

**Big Harry:** Vindaloo, what she said... uh, served over an Indian style fritter.

**Artem:** I can tell you don't know much about this culture's cuisine Harry...

**Big Harry:** I tried my best-

**Artem:** But this transcends that. The fritter loses the crunch when dipped in the curry, and even then, the fritter even fucking *being* here adds NOTHING to the dish. It has the exact flavors as the curry. I'm not even gonna fucking try this.

**Big Harry:** Sorry, chef.

*Big Harry puts his head down as he walks back in line.*

**Big Harry (Conf.):** My father used to say that you win some, and you lose some. Well... I definitely lost some today. That wasn't my best work and I know that. All these worldly cuisines are so hard, man!

*Artem then looks at Seppe.*

**Artem:** Seppe, you're next. Hopefully you have something a little less disappointing.

**Seppe:** I got you, chef!

*Seppe unveils his dish.*

**Seppe:** I have an Eggplant Curry served with a Potato Naan, which I also drizzled with a herb oil.

**Artem:** Seems delicious. Excited to eat it.

*Artem takes a bite and his facial expression changes immediately.*

**Artem:** For fucks sake, Seppe.

**Seppe:** Huh?

**Artem:** You fucking undercooked it.

**Seppe:** I'm sorry, what?

**Artem:** This is such a rookie mistake too because the dish looked quite nice. Lawrence's dish is still leading by quite the large margin.

**Seppe:** Sorry, chef. I'll be more careful next time.

*Seppe looks mad in the confessional.*

**Seppe (Conf.):** I don't even know what the hell went over me? I always use the same temperature for my oven whenever I make curry, and I swear this one was no different, but if Artem thinks it's undercooked, it's definitely undercooked. I'm just so mad at myself for letting that slip by so much.

*Artem directs his attention to Harrison, who seems a bit happy his plan worked.*

**Artem:** Wow wow wow. What a very overall dreadful display from this team. Harrison, it's up to you to hopefully close it out not terribly.

**Harrison:** Well, chef, I'm here to redeem myself! Say hello to my Curry-Filled Samosas!

*Harrison unveils his dish.*

**Artem:** They look great visually, and I love the bite sized aspect of it, like you could get it at a bar. The question is, does it taste good...

*Artem takes a bite.*

**Artem:** Wow. Harrison, that curry is prepared beautifully. They're at that perfect happy medium where they don't soften up the samosa, but are still liquid enough to leak out after a bite.

**Harrison:** Thanks, chef.

*Artem ponders to himself.*

**Artem:** Hm...

**Artem:** It's a close race between this dish and Lawrence's, but I ultimately decide to go with...

*Artem sighs, almost as if he thought he would never say this in his life.*

**Artem:** I can't believe I'm fucking saying this, but congrats Harrison. You won the challenge!

**Harrison:** YEEEEES!

*Harrison immediately starts popping off, and jumping around in excitement. Joey looks over a tad weirded out where Harrison grins in the confessional.*

**Harrison (Conf.):** Finally I actually fucking showed up today and showed Artem that maybe he should stop treating me like shit all the time. The best part of this though? I WON THIS SHIT! ME! NOT MY DUMB FUCKING TEAM! ME! Now I get the reward *all* to myself, and there's NOTHING THESE FUCKING CUNTS CAN DO ABOUT IT! I mean, yeaaaaah I may have tampered with Seppe, but who cares! I WIN! BAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAAAA!

*Harrison eventually tires himself of celebrating.*

**Harrison:** So, what's the reward I get?

*Artem rolls his eyes.*

**Artem:** You'll find out after I pick who wins the challenge for the red team.

**Harrison:** Of fucking course.

*Sepe groans in the confessional.*

**Sepe (Conf.):** Harrison of all people winning? Yeah I did not see that coming, more power to him, but still. How the hell did he do it? Personally if he goes away on reward alone I actually think it will also double as reward for the rest of the team for not spending time with him. The only problem though is the fact he is likely gonna dangle this win over our heads for the rest of this damn competition now. Surviving this show really is tough.

*Harrison gets back in line, as Artem directs his attention to the Red Team.*

**Narrator:** With Harrison somehow being crowned the winner for the Blue Team, it is now time for the red team to see who will join him in their reward.

*Artem clears his throat.*

**Artem:** Get in line, red team.

*The red team lines up with Julie in front.*

**Artem:** Alright then, Julie. You're up.

*Julie smiles before unveiling her dish.*

**Julie:** This is a Deconstructed Rogan Josh, which turns your regular old curry into a heartier meal, featuring lamb chops on top and a cucumber salad, with tomato reduction.

**Artem:** Very sophisticated dish, and as usual, I love the plating here.

*Artem takes a bite of the dish.*

**Artem:** And this is very well done too! You set yourself up for a strong start.

**Julie:** Thank you, Chef.

*Julie smiles in the confessional.*

**Julie (Conf.):** I definitely think this dish wowed Artem more than my signature dish, which is great, because it means I keep pushing myself to improve. I definitely want to hit the ground running and win this challenge because an unspecified reward means potential power for Artem "weeding out the week," and after the absolute crapshoot that was last service, I think I only trust myself, and maybe Bella to actually put the weakest chefs up for elimination.

*Julie moves to the back of the line and Bella is up next.*

**Artem:** Now what do you have for me, Bella?

*Bella unveils her dish.*

**Bella:** I may be up on the East Coast but my grandparents are from Texas, so I made a fusion of Indian cuisine and Tex Mex! Here are my Tandoori Chicken Fajitas!

**Artem:** Very fun combo. I'm curious to see how it tastes.

*Artem takes a bite.*

**Artem:** Wow, another solid dish. It appears we have a close race for reward!

**Bella:** Awesome!

*Bella looks excited in the confessional.*

**Bella (Conf.):** After my mistakes last night, I needed this challenge to go well, as I want Chef to know my spark is still there and last night was a fluke. I'm glad he liked the idea I put out, and hopefully in the end I can beat out Julie for the reward!

*Bella moves to the back of the line and a very nervous Camila is next.*

**Artem:** Camila?

*Camila sighs before bringing her dish up, clearly nervous. Yadeesha looks back at Bella.*

**Yadeesha (under her breath):** Poor Cami.

*Bella nods, a bit nervous for her teammate. Camila unveils her dish.*

**Camila:** This... is Butter Chicken Alfredo, which combines a standard Chicken Alfredo dish with Indian Butter Chicken.

*Artem sighs.*

**Artem:** This looks hastily thrown together.

**Camila:** I know... I was, low on time, and-

**Artem:** You spent I don't even know how long on planning this recipe and all you could *fucking* come up with, is CHICKEN ALFREDO... WITH A SLIGHTLY DIFFERENT CHICKEN?

*Camila sighs.*

**Camila:** Yes chef...

**Artem:** For creativity alone, you're definitely out of the running. Back in line.

*Camila does so without a word, with tears filling her eyes. Bella gives her a hug.*

**Camila (Conf.):** And here we fucking go again... another damn giant slip up by me! (She begins tearing up.) Can I... can I even do a single thing right here? Like at all? Am I just that bad at this...?

*Yadeesha looks regretful in the confessional.*

**Yadeesha (Conf.):** Camila's been spiraling and it hurts to see because I feel like I've developed a bit of camaraderie with her despite her teamwork issues. I want her to bounce back but she's getting *way* too in her own head... and it just sucks to see a really strong chef like her fold like this, especially since I partially caused this stress. Hopefully I can at least score well and get whatever this reward is because I want to make sure that this team, yes, even Chris, survives this round in one piece if a couple weaker chefs are put against some of the blue team's.

*Chris is next in line and confidently walks up to Artem.*

**Chris:** Hopefully I have something a little bit more to your liking, chef.

**Artem:** Let's see it, Chris.

*Chris unveils his dish.*

**Chris:** This is a Masala Chai Tres Leches. To explain it better, it's a Chai sponge cake soaked in milk infused with what you might see in a masala, topped with a spiced whipped cream.

**Artem:** That's quite a creative combination of foods. There aren't that many chefs I know with balls of steel like that, but there's a solid chance it doesn't pay off...

*Artem takes a bite.*

**Artem:** Fortunately for you, it paid off. Easily one of the most creative dishes of the night using the sample ingredients.

**Chris:** YES!

*Chris smirks in the confessional.*

**Chris (Conf.):** Finally, the old man developed some damn taste buds! I don't know why he didn't like my *other* creative endeavors here, but I finally blew his socks off, like what should have happened from the getgo. As far as I know, this reward is mine for the taking.

*Artem looks at Yadeesha.*

**Artem:** And to close out the challenge, let's see what you have, Yadeesha.



*Bella looks nervous in the confessional.*

**Bella (Conf.):** The challenge so far has been a pretty close race between me, Julie, and Chris, but there's a reason they saved Yadeesha for last. She's the Indian cuisine expert, so while it's close now, I'm fully expecting a blowout once she gives Artem her dish.

*Yadeesha unveils her dish.*

**Yadeesha:** These are a nice and simple favorite of my family's. Enjoy these crispy rice cakes, Chef!

**Artem:** Interesting choice...

*Artem takes a bite from one.*

**Artem:** They're very well made, Yadeesha.

**Yadeesha:** Thank you, chef.

**Artem:** However, I have an issue.

**Yadeesha:** I'm sorry, what?

**Artem:** I was just expecting something... well... more from you. I am 100% confident you've worked with basically every ingredient on that table, so why wasn't it a creative dish? It's practically the same thing as the Kiribath Lunu Miris you gave me as your signature dish!

**Yadeesha:** It's from the heart though.

**Artem:** I know it's a family dish, but in a challenge where I am judging creativity, I'm just not gonna let it slide, even if the taste isn't that bad. You're out of the running, Yadeesha.

**Yadeesha:** Sorry, chef.

*Yadeesha sighs in the confessional.*

**Yadeesha (Conf.):** I don't know how I messed up this egregiously but I somehow didn't win the Indian cuisine challenge. I guess I assumed I was winning anyway and underestimated literally everyone else on my team, but hopefully this is just a one time mistake. Next time a challenge like this happens, I am pulling out all the stops.

*Back with Artem, he is seen thinking to himself.*

**Artem:** Choosing a winner for this... wow. Such a hard decision. Julie, Bella, and Chris' dishes all were really well done...

*Artem thinks for a bit longer.*

**Artem:** But only one truly stuck out creatively. Congratulations Chris, you have also won reward!

**Chris:** HOLY SHIT!

*Chris smirks in the confessional.*

**Chris (Conf.):** Yeah, I won, yeah, I'm awesome, yeah, I'm amazing, yadda yadda yadda. I don't think I need to repeat myself much longer because of course I was gonna win this. I honestly thought Yadeesha would put up a tad more of a fight, but apparently the only Indian cuisine the literal Indian woman knows how to make is rice cakes, and rice cakes with a few extra steps. Beating these losers is plain child's play.

*Chris and Harrison step forward.*

**Artem:** Now, most previous rewards are excursions, adventures, et cetera. However, tonight's reward is going to impact this competition... and more importantly, your teams.

**Bella:** Oh god...

**Artem:** Remember what I said about weeding out the weak, as tonight both chefs will pick two chefs on their team that they deem the weakest... to *Cook For Their Lives*.

*Joey immediately looks down.*

**Joey (Conf.):** I'm fucked. I'm literally fucked. With Harrison the nutcase in charge of who goes up there is no shot I'm saved from the block after me putting him up earlier in the game. I might as well get into the headspace of elimination now because the last thing I want is to be thrown for a loop.

*Artem continues explaining the reward.*

**Artem:** Each team will have time to deliberate with the challenge winners on why they deserve to not be up for elimination. However, I have the right to veto picks if they're personal, or to attempt to keep allies off the block. I'm not stupid, and after last night, I am not tolerating any bullshit.

**Chris:** Understood.

**Artem:** Get to the dorms, then. You have the afternoon to deliberate.

*The chefs get up and walk upstairs while Lawrence has a confessional.*

**Lawrence (Conf.):** I don't think this could have been worse for the blue team, man! Chris and Harrison couldn't have been the two worst picks to choose who goes up for elimination, as all they wanna do is make drama! Harrison's made a lot of enemies in this competition, so there might even be a chance I go up, despite my strong performance! This is *not* cool, dudes!

*The chefs are seen shuffling up to the dorms. Harrison has a grin on his face as he sits on the couch and reclines back. He smirks in the confessional.*

**Harrison (Conf.):** Now THIS is the fuckin' life! I get to dictate who goes on the block today and now I get to sit back and watch the fucking *bastards* on my team grovel at my feet *begging* not to be up there like the pathetic bastards they are! It's like the universe is finally rewarding me for having to deal with these assholes all season! I *can't* wait!

*As Harrison chills on the couch, the blue team chefs either go to the bedroom, or the balcony.*

**Narrator:** Unfortunately for Harrison, his expectations of what would happen did not become reality.

*Harrison looks around and sees nobody came up to him.*

**Harrison:** OH COME ON!

*Meanwhile, Joey, Seppe, and Big Harry are all seen on the balcony. Joey has a cigarette in his hand.*

**Joey:** This fucking sucks, dude.

**Seppe:** I know. How in the hell did *he* win of all people? He's sucked this whole time!

**Joey:** And now he has to pick the two "weakest chefs here."

**Big Harry:** But *he's* the weakest chef here! And he knows it!

**Joey:** With that ego of his I doubt it. There's no way I'm not up there after the Adrien boot too, and that pisses me off. I don't even wanna talk to the dude. That's how confident I know that no matter what, I'm up there.

**Big Harry:** Sorry to hear that, buddy.

**Seppe:** Whatever happens here though, I hope Chris is actually honest with who the weakest on the red kitchen is. I don't think any of the blue team deserves to go out here unless Harrison puts himself up.

**Joey:** Yeah, like that's gonna happen.

*Seppe facepalms in the confessional.*

**Sepe (Conf.):** I'm so mad at myself right now, because had I not undercooked my dish at the challenge, I believe I definitely could have potentially beaten Harrison, put him up for elimination, and whatever other blue teamer comes in kicks his ass. It's just not like me to fuck up a dish that blatantly... which means this show really is messin' with my head.

*Big Harry doesn't seem to be happy in the confessional.*

**Big Harry (Conf.):** I'll be the first to admit that I don't got me the best track record here, but I don't deserve to be labeled the weakest chef here! The blue team unfortunately is in a situation where the weakest chef is picking the weakest chefs, so if one of us loses the competition, we undeservingly lose someone who really shouldn't have been next to go! It should have been Harrison, not one of us!

*Lawrence is seen relaxing in the bedroom, and he has a confessional.*

**Lawrence (Conf.):** I don't think Harrison... well, hates me... at least as much as the rest of the guys here. My plan is to just chill out. I don't need to deal with Harrison and his drama right now when I can just vibe out, mentally prepare for potentially having to go cook for my life, and hopefully be in a better place than the rest of my team. I don't want this to happen either, but with Harrison being... Harrison, I gotta prepare for the worst here.

*Meanwhile, in the girls dorm, Julie and Chris are seen talking.*

**Julie:** So, I'm assuming we're good, right?

**Chris:** You rarely make mistakes. I won't be nominating you.

**Julie:** Good. However, I implore you not to repeat last night. I'm tired of the bullshit, I want the actual two weakest chefs in.

**Chris:** And who would they be?

**Julie:** To me, Camila is the easy first pick, and as much as I like her, and she's doing wonders to try and bring this team together, Yadeesha is a stronger chef than Bella.

**Chris:** You do realize Yadeesha wants me gone though?

**Julie:** Yes, but Artem wants the two weakest chefs. Yadeesha is not a weak chef.

**Chris:** I'll think about it, but what she pulled last night wasn't great.

**Julie:** You pulled it too.

*Chris sighs.*

**Chris:** I'll think about it.

*Julie leaves the bedroom as she has a confessional.*

**Julie (Conf.):** As of last night, the red team is the drama team, and while he's a strong chef, Chris has caused some drama here. What I'm trying to do is simply make sure he doesn't continue to make more drama by potentially nominating someone who shouldn't be up here. The issue is, he tried to get Camila off the block last time, so he could very well put Yadeesha and Bella up as revenge.

*Camila is then seen walking in.*

**Camila:** Chris, I desperately need to not be on the block today. My nerves are getting to me and... I might fuck up.

**Chris:** Wow, how terrible.

*Chris rolls his eyes in the confessional.*

**Chris (Conf.):** After Julie made my decision harder than it needed to be, Camila comes in and starts talking about how anxious she'd be if she goes up there, and I'm like, pretending to care? However, she's been fucking up a lot since last service, and is by far the weakest chef here, right now.

*Back with Chris and Camila, Camila continues to talk.*

**Camila:** If I have to cook for my life, I *WILL* lose. No questions asked.

**Chris:** Artem wants the weakest chefs up there though. You've been fucking up a lot.

**Camila:** I know... but if you put anyone but me up, there's gonna be a way bigger chance a threat on the blue team goes here.

**Chris:** ...

**Chris:** Okay, now I'm interested.

**Camila:** Harrison is easily the worst chef in this competition, but with him ineligible to be up for elimination, the blue team *has* to lose a stronger chef. Keep me off the block and any of Bella, Yadeesha, or Julie would sweep the floor with whoever is up there on the blue team.

**Chris:** I'll definitely think about it, but I'm only doing this because you vouched for me last night.

**Camila:** And I know that... but thanks.

*Camila takes a deep breath, clearly stressed out, and leaves. She looks just as stressed in the confessional.*

**Camila (Conf.):** At this point... yeah, I'm in survival mode right now. If I cook for my life tonight, I'd bet against myself because of how much I'm spiraling, but I need time to just get my bearings together. Because of that I'm just trying to throw stuff at the wall and see what sticks, but it's gonna be hard to do. I hope Chris pulls through... I need this.

*With Camila out, both Yadeesha and Bella walk in to talk to Chris.*

**Yadeesha:** Easy decision for you?

**Chris:** Definitely not.

**Bella:** Just be sure, even if it's me going up there, you make the decision for the *team*, and not just yourself. I've made mistakes here and I know that. I won't take it personally.

**Chris:** Thanks for your honesty.

**Yadeesha:** However, I have something to say.

**Chris:** What's up?

*Yadeesha sighs.*

**Yadeesha:** I know we haven't seen eye-to-eye here-

**Chris:** Yeah, no kidding.

**Bella:** What did I say about interrupting each other?

**Chris (unenthusiastically):** Sorry. Go on.

**Yadeesha:** Listen. I understand that there's a very high chance that you can put me up for targeting you, but I just want to remind you what Artem said. No personal reasons, no bullshit.

**Chris:** Blaming "teamwork" seemed fine enough to get *me* on the block though.

**Yadeesha:** Artem swapped you here because he lost faith in your teamwork. If you keep me off of this block after what happened last night, you *will* redeem yourself in his eyes, and to this team too. Put me up as an act of revenge and you'll just seem like the same petty bully Ichiro spoke about.

**Chris:** Is calling me a petty bully supposed to help your case?

**Yadeesha:** Perception is reality in this business, especially when it's Artem who decides who goes. You can either fix your image, or worsen it. The choice is yours.

*Yadeesha leaves, with Bella leaving after. Yadeesha wipes her brow in the confessional.*

**Yadeesha (Conf.):** Knowing Chris, there is a very solid chance that I could cook for my life tonight despite not being a weak chef here by any means. However, I tried to reason with him here and show him how keeping me safe benefits him. Hopefully if he realizes this, we can *both* benefit from this decision.

*Chris is seen thinking to himself, as he has a confessional.*

**Chris (Conf.):** For a bunch of mediocre chefs, my team raises some decent points. I have two different choices to make. Either I put up Camila and Bella, get in better graces with Julie, and "fix my image" according to Artem to show him swapping me here was a mistake, or I save Camila, piss my entire team off minus Camila, and ensure a bigger threat on my old team goes, leaving less competition for me. While I hate Yadeesha's guts and think it'll be funny watching her squirm having to cook for her life... she does have a point, and I fucking hate that. I do *not* know what to do, and that is not a good thing.

*The chefs are seen getting changed into their Chef Jackets to prepare to potentially cook for their lives. Harrison, not bothering to change at all, continues to think of decisions while he has a confessional.*

**Harrison (Conf.):** Well if these fucking bastards don't even wanna talk to me so I can keep them safe... well, I'm gonna fucking make them regret that shit. Yeah, Joey's going up. I can get away with his lack of experience as an excuse. However the second pick is up in the air. I hate Lawrence, I hate Seppe, I hate Big Harry even more, and potentially forcing Seppe to have to cook against Joey would be pure karma for Joey putting me up. God, there are so many ways I can fuck over these idiots, and I can't wait to see the look on their damn faces...

*The chefs walk down to Artem in the kitchen area in their chef garb, minus Harrison, still in casual clothes.*

**Artem:** Thank you all for coming down here on time...

*Artem eyes Harrison.*

**Artem:** I see you, Harrison, have dressed for the occasion.

**Harrison:** I ain't cookin' tonight, chef. Lemme live a little.

**Artem:** Neither am I and you aren't seeing me here in a five dollar T-Shirt.

*Joey grins, looking down.*

**Joey (Conf.):** Glad to see chef roast the shit out of Harrison five seconds into this thing since there's a pretty solid chance this might be my last day here, but now that I think about it... I don't think I've even seen Artem *not* in a chef's jacket. Huh.

*Back with the chefs, Artem continues to talk.*

**Artem:** Now hopefully your picks for who will be cooking for their lives tonight is a bit more professional than the current fit. Who are the two blue team members going up?

**Harrison:** Hm...

*Harrison thinks for a second, before smirking.*

**Harrison:** Big Harry and Joey.

*Big Harry's face falls. Joey doesn't seem phased.*

**Joey:** Fuckin' knew it.

**Artem:** And the reasoning is?

**Harrison:** The two of 'em are the least skilled of the team. Joey has the least experience in a kitchen out of everyone left, and Big Harry has been slipping up in numerous services, and doesn't have many skills out of his comfort zone.

**Artem:** Alright. Get up here, gentlemen.

*Joey and Big Harry walk up to the kitchen.*

**Big Harry:** Damn...

*Harrison smirks in the confessional.*

**Harrison (Conf.):** A part of me *really* wanted to put Seppe up to watch this entire challenge burn to the ground, but I ultimately decided against it. Winning this challenge could be the first thing that gets me some fuckin' respect from Artem on this show, and I don't wanna immediately lose it by sabotaging a stronger threat.

*Artem directs his attention over to Chris.*

**Artem:** And you, Chris? Who are your nominees?

*Chris looks around at his team.*

**Chris:** This was a pretty hard decision, but I ultimately decided on...

*Julie, Yadeesha, and Camila are seen anticipating his decision.*

**Chris:** Bella and Camila, Chef.

*Julie looks relieved while Camila looks over at Chris, first hurt, then scared for her life in this game.*

**Camila:** But Chris... why?

**Artem:** Drama aside, on that topic, Chris, please explain yourself.

**Chris:** Bella straight up owned up to her mistakes in the past service and told me she'd be fine with going up.

*Chris looks over at Camila.*

**Chris:** And as for you, Camila, I'm sorry, but you've been floundering and bad. Artem told me to pick the weakest two chefs here, not the two chefs who going home would benefit me.

*Camila begins tearing up again, looking defeated in the confessional.*

**Camila (Conf.):** Yep... it's over for me. Not even the guy who vouched for me last night wants me on this team...god... why the hell am I a failure? Why am I even here if I'm just gonna keep disappointing my family like this... (sigh.) The hell do I even do...

*Julie looks relieved in the confessional.*

**Julie (Conf.):** While I do feel for Camila here, I'm glad Chris made the objectively best decision for the team. Yeah, the kid has an ego, but this decision shows that he's actually growing on this team, despite all the drama. I can't believe I'm saying this but... I'm... proud of him? Huh? What?

*Back with Artem, Bella and Camila are seen lining up with Joey and Big Harry.*

**Artem:** Four of you will enter, but only three of you are leaving with your jackets on. Bella, Camila, Joey, Big Harry, the four of you are cooking for your lives. Everyone else, head back to the dorms. You won't know who leaves until all three of the survivors re-enter.

*Seppe takes a breath as the remaining chefs walk upstairs.*

**Seppe:** Good luck, guys.

**Big Harry:** Thanks, bud.

*Big Harry seems a bit sad in the confessional.*

**Big Harry (Conf.):** Man, I *hate* that this is the doggone group I have to compete against. Joey's been impressin' me quite a bit with his growth here, and while I haven't been on a team with either of 'em, both Bella and Camila seem like good kids. I get that the rules are the rules and all, but none of the people I'm against *deserve* to go here!

*Artem continues to explain the challenge.*

**Artem:** For this challenge, I am giving you all the freedom to create to your heart's content. No gimmicks, just four imaginative dishes for me to judge. You have fifteen minutes to plan what you will make without touching the ingredients, and a full forty-five minutes to prepare your dish. Your fifteen minutes starts.... Now!

*The chefs quickly run to the pantry, with Big Harry opening it to see the ingredients they have to work with. As this happens, Bella has a confessional.*

**Bella (Conf.):** As soon as Artem said "go," I immediately tried getting into game mode, but having to compete against Camila, and *especiallly* Joey... it's bittersweet. I definitely want to make sure Joey survives here thanks to the bond we've developed, but I also have my own dish to make too! It's just a lot.

*Joey and Bella are seen looking at the options.*

**Joey:** Hm... I could try a meatloaf maybe?

**Bella:** Fun idea, but you still gotta spruce it up a bit. Creativity here is key.

**Joey:** Thanks, babe. What are you doing?

**Bella:** I think something inspired by one of the rewards I went on. I don't know what I'll be doing yet, but it's easily gonna be my most creative dish here.

**Joey:** Siiick.

*Big Harry is seen looking at the meat options.*

**Big Harry:** I can't use much chicken because I gotta redeem myself... hm... I can kinda do some shrimp? Yeah.

*As Big Harry continues to look for ingredients, Camila is seen sitting down, seemingly giving up. Big Harry notices this and sits down with her.*

**Big Harry:** Hey, uh, sorry if you don't want me asking, but... why the long face?

*Camila wipes a tear off her face.*

**Camila:** I just don't know what I'm doing here. I vastly overestimated my abilities, and now... well, all I'm doing is messing up. There's just so much riding on this... and I failed.

**Big Harry:** But you're still in the game, though.

**Camila:** But I'm obviously going to lose! The review bombers were right... I'm nothing compared to my parents...

*Big Harry takes a deep breath.*

**Big Harry:** Listen, kid. Sometimes I'm in the same boat here, y'know? I ain't been the best chef here, or the most consistent guy here either, but makin' mistakes... that's perfectly fine!

**Camila:** Not in this industry... Artem wants perfection, my clients want perfection, and... well... I can't deliver. I can't prove myself. I'm... I'm just gonna give up.

*Big Harry, genuinely concerned, gets a bit more stern.*

**Big Harry:** Please never say that again.

**Camila:** What-

**Big Harry:** Sorry, grandpa reflexes came in. How old are you, Camila?

**Camila:** 27?

**Big Harry:** You're nearly half my age! You still got a whole life ahead of you! I'm in my sixties, and with how much fried food I've been eatin' I'm shocked I even made it that long. You got a whole life before you to make mistakes, because ultimately, that's how you grow.

**Camila:** But Chef wants consistency, not growth...

**Big Harry:** Chef wants a head chef at his restaurant. Doesn't matter the road it takes there, you just can't give up. I've seen you in the challenges, Camila. You got some talent, and I don't wanna stand by as you get in your own head and miss out on potentially the job of a lifetime.

**Camila:** Why do you care? Everyone on my team now has wanted me gone. I won't survive another service...

**Big Harry:** Because I was your age once, too. When I was twenty I was drunkenly given a restaurant on a bet. I just knew how to fry chicken, not how to run the dang place! However, by not givin' up, I turned the dinky place I was left into the successful restaurant it is today. Yeah, I slipped up, counted money wrong, hired the occasional wrong person, but sometimes making a mistake can be the greatest thing that happens to you. Because of getting drunk with my boss one night, I now have a purpose, a lovely wife, and a giant family full of kids and grandkids to call my own. I'd have *none* of that if I tried bein' perfect.

**Camila:** I get that, but it's just so hard to deal with the hate sometimes...

**Big Harry:** But you're thinkin' about it all wrong. You can't grow from your slip-ups if you never slip up to begin with.

*Camila takes a deep breath.*

**Camila:** Yeah.

**Big Harry:** You went to culinary school?

**Camila:** Yeah, I did.

**Big Harry:** Boom. Already something you have over both myself and Joey. There *has* to be a dish idea from back then you've always wanted to attempt to do.

**Camila:** But I haven't tried something like that in awhile! I've just made my parents' old dishes at the place I run.

**Big Harry:** At least try. If you go out here, I'd much rather you fight to the end instead of just givin' up.

*Camila thinks for a second.*

**Camila:** You know what... yeah. I'm tired of the pressure. I need to earn my place here.

**Big Harry:** Attagirl!

*Camila holds out a fist to Big Harry. He tries hi-fiving it, only to realize it's a fistbump, and awkwardly reciprocates it.*

**Camila:** Thanks for the talk.

**Big Harry:** Anytime.

*Camila begins to scour the pantry for ingredients and ideas as she has a confessional.*

**Camila (Conf.):** I barely know this dude, but Big Harry... yeah he kind of lit a fire under me. If me caring too much about perfection is what's losing me my passion for the thing I've dedicated my life to, something has to change, and hopefully, this dish can be the start of that. It might suck, it might be a mess, but it's gonna be my mess.



*Big Harry seems a bit happy in the confessional.*

**Big Harry (Conf.):** I know I should be focusing on my own dish, but after seeing Camila down both last night and now, I had to give her the good ol' Big Harry pep talk. I'm all for family tradition, but she seems to hold herself to an impossibly high standard to not let her folks, or her diners down, and while this is a competition for a job, I just can't do nothin' as one of my fellow chefs loses their drive and their passion. Obviously, I hope myself and Joey survive, as we're teammates, but I'm kinda rootin' for Camila now.

*A montage plays of the chefs writing their ideas on notepads, only for it to cut to Artem.*

**Artem:** Your fifteen minutes are up. Get cooking!

*The chefs immediately run into the kitchens. Big Harry and Camila enter the red kitchen, while Bella and Joey enter the blue one.*

**Joey:** Welcome to mi casa.

*Bella laughs before getting out a pan and starts to broil it.*

**Joey:** Real talk, though, I'm glad we can at least work together once.

**Bella:** Agreed. You have a plan yet?

**Joey:** I'm trying out a scottish egg meatloaf?

*Joey starts broiling his egg.*

**Joey:** But I don't really know what works with it on the side.

**Bella:** Maybe try some green beans?

**Joey:** Don't make 'em often, but sure, I'm down.

**Bella:** If you need someone to taste test, I got you.

**Joey:** Same to you, babe.

*The two lovebirds fist bump before going back to prepare their meal. Joey has a confessional as a montage of him preparing his meatloaf plays.*

**Joey (Conf.):** Bella is coming in clutch for me in the ideas department. The fact that she's taking a bit of time out of her own dish to make sure mine is up to par too means a lot to me. God, she's such a special girl, and I hope we both get out of this thing alive.

*Camila is seen turning on a grill in the red kitchen.*

**Narrator:** With Joey and Bella in support of each other in the blue kitchen, both Big Harry and Camila need to turn up the heat and make sure their own dishes can shine.

*Camila is seen putting a mixture of cheese and chorizo on the grill. Big Harry smells it.*

**Big Harry:** Smells cheesy! I like it.

**Camila:** Hopefully this can measure up creatively... this might be a bit messy!

**Big Harry:** I'm sure it will, and who cares about a doggone mess! I say that if it's got cheese in it, it's pretty dang... gouda!

*Camila chuckles a bit, before looking down.*

**Camila:** One more dad joke and I'm moving to the blue kitchen.

**Big Harry:** Aw, come on! That was good!

*Big Harry is seen turning on a deep fryer and tossing some shrimp in. He then has a confessional.*

**Big Harry (Conf.):** Camila is... startin' with the cheese first? Whatever she's doin' must be very out of the box, because usually cheese is meant to go on top of somethin' else! Either she's

making a fondue, or I might have to actually kick my own creativity up a notch... which is why I changed courses and whipped out my good ol' friend, Mr. Deep Fryer. Hopefully chef likes my Big Harry-fied twist on a classic, because this is *not* what I was plannin' to do initially.

*Artem checks his watch as the chefs continue to work.*

**Artem:** Fifteen minutes left everyone!

*Camila notices this and wipes her brow.*

**Camila:** Oh god...

*Camila crosses her fingers in the confessional.*

**Camila (Conf.):** It's coming down to the wire now, and the closer that time limit ends, the more and more stressed I'm becoming. I can't backtrack on my idea anymore, so it's now, or nothing for me to show Artem I actually deserve to be here. A lot is riding on this...

*Bella and Joey are continuing to work together. Bella walks over to Joey.*

**Bella:** Could you try one of these?

*Bella hands Joey a potato shard and he takes a bite.*

**Joey:** Love it. I'd add just a bit of salt but besides that it's perfect.

**Bella:** Awesome.

*Joey also takes out a green bean from the stove.*

**Joey:** Did these turn out good?

*Bella takes a bite.*

**Bella:** I'd boil them for another minute.

**Joey:** Alright. Thanks for the help.

**Bella:** Of course!

*Bella kisses Joey on the cheek as she goes back to her station, as Joey continues to prepare his own meal.*

**Bella (Conf.):** Joey and I apparently have just as much chemistry in the kitchen as we do out of it! Just having that bit of feedback to work off of is very helpful in a situation like this where it's do or die, and even if it's my last meal being cooked here, I'm glad I got to do at least one with Joey.

*Bella is shown preparing a salad as a montage plays of everyone adding the finishing touches to their dishes.*

**Artem:** One more minute, everyone! Get plating.

*Big Harry is seen throwing his dish together. Camila is taking deep breaths.*

**Big Harry:** Don't worry, you got this.

**Camila:** Thanks.

*Camila resumes plating with a bit more reassurance.*

**Artem:** Ten seconds.

*Joey looks over at Bella.*

**Joey:** Let's do this.

*The two walk their plates to the pass.*

**Artem:** Five...

*Big Harry adds a small bit of salt to his dish before walking up.*

**Artem:** Four.

*Camila walks up with her dish.*

**Artem:** Three.

*Joey and Bella's plates touch the pass.*

**Artem:** Two.

*Camila puts a covering on her dish.*

**Artem:** One, and serve.

*Everyone steps back from the pass. Joey has a confessional.*

**Joey (Conf.):** Here it is, ladies and gentlemen, the moment of truth. I have a one in four chance of leaving this place tonight, and while I have grown a lot here, I ain't done with this show just yet. I hope I was able to prepare my dish well enough to survive, but man is it getting tense here.

*Artem looks at the four chefs at the pass.*

**Artem:** Well, it's time for what you've all been waiting for, the results. Bella, what do you have for me?

*Bella unveils her dish.*

**Bella:** This chef is inspired by something Marta made on a reward. She made a gourmet picnic, but I made... a gourmet "Brown Bag" Lunch! I made a quail egg salad served between 2 toasted brioche buns, topped with crispy potato shards, and served with a pickled vegetable medley

**Artem:** Quite the gamble. Let's see if elevating a simple packed lunch can keep you in this game.

*Artem takes a bite of the quail egg salad sandwich.*

**Artem:** Wow. Very delicious combination of flavors...

*Artem then eats a potato shard.*

**Artem:** And these shards are perfect. Great overall job.

**Bella:** Thank you, chef.

*Bella smiles in the confessional.*

**Bella (Conf.):** I was nervous as the first person to go here, but Chef likes my food! Things are looking good for me, and I hope I can keep the lead up as everyone else gets their dishes graded!

*Artem puts the plate down.*

**Artem:** Great job. Back in line, please.

*Bella gets back in line. Artem directs his attention to...*

**Artem:** Big Harry! Get up here, big boy.

*Big Harry walks up with his dish, unveiling it.*

**Big Harry:** This chef is Popcorn Shrimp and Grits! A take on your classic shrimp and grits recipe, with the shrimp deep fried for that truly crunchy feel!

**Artem:** Oh god...

**Big Harry:** What's up, chef?

**Artem:** You can't just deep-fry a meat and pass it off as a new idea!

**Big Harry:** Well, you should try it! The crunch of the shrimp, plus the grits does wonders texture-wise.

*Artem takes a bite of the shrimp, but notices the fried part of the shrimp, leaving residue in the grits.*

**Artem:** Big Harry, it seems like your shrimp accidentally forgot to take some of itself with them on vacation. The last thing I want to eat is *crunchy* fucking grits.

**Big Harry:** Dang. Sorry, Chef.

**Artem:** It's a shame too, as the shrimp is cooked quite nicely, but the combination of the deep fried shrimp and the grits actively worsens the grits.

*Artem begins to think to himself.*

**Artem:** The better of these two dishes is clear as day. Bella, congratulations, you keep your jacket.

**Bella:** YES!

*Bella runs over to Joey and hugs him.*

**Bella:** See you on the other side, babe.

**Joey:** Hope so. If not though...

*Joey kisses Bella, she smiles before walking up to the dorms, running up the stairs. The camera pans to the dorm room.*

**Bella:** Guess who's baaaaack!

**Yadeesha:** I knew you could do it, Bella!

**Julie:** Yeah. Glad to have you here.

*Bella hugs both of her teammates as Chris watches from the sidelines.*

**Julie (Conf.):** Bella being back here is great for the team, because as of now, she is the unifier here. I may have convinced Chris to put her up thanks to her weaknesses in the kitchen, but that doesn't change the fact that she has a place on this team, and earned it tonight. Here's to kicking some more butt in services with her.

*Back to Artem, he then looks over at Joey.*

**Artem:** Joey, you're up next.

*Big Harry looks a tad nervous in the confessional.*

**Big Harry (Conf.):** My dish... yeah, I definitely could have done somethin' better! Making the shrimp popcorn shrimp is what screwed the dish up, so while I love Joey, it's gonna be me against him now, and hopefully, I can get back into the game.

*Joey brings his dish up.*

**Joey:** I decided to get a bit experimental with this one, chef. This is a Scottish Egg Meatloaf.

*Joey unveils his dish.*

**Artem:** A Scottish Egg What-Now?

**Joey:** I took the gimmick of the scottish egg, and turned it into a full on meatloaf. I sliced it, deep fried it, and served it with a tomato reduction, and green beans.

**Artem:** That... certainly is a very interesting combination of foods. I'm not sold on the concept, but that's what tasting it is all about.

*Joey looks nervous, as Artem takes a bite. After tasting, Artem nods his head.*

**Artem:** Maybe it's the lack of culinary training, but nobody who went to culinary school would ever try something this crazy...

**Joey:** Okay.

**Artem:** But somehow, you pulled it off.

**Joey:** Holy shit, really?

**Artem:** For a weird concept, this is quite a solid dish. Everything from the meatloaf to the green beans is cooked perfectly!

**Joey:** Thank you chef.

**Artem:** A decent idea with bad execution versus a bad idea with great execution... hm...

*Artem ponders for a bit.*

**Artem:** If it's between Big Harry's dish and Joey's... I'm gonna have to give it to Joey here.

*Joey wipes his brow, taking a deep breath.*

**Joey:** Thank god.

**Artem:** You are free to head back up to the dorms.

**Joey:** Gimme a sec.

*Joey walks up to Big Harry and hugs him.*

**Joey:** You got this, bro.

**Big Harry:** Thanks, bud. If I ain't back, give Harrison hell for me.

**Joey:** Of course.

*Joey walks upstairs to the dorms, flashing a smile as he walks in to see the rest of the chefs.*

**Joey:** Simple. And. Clean.

*Bella immediately runs up to Joey and the two hug it out, glad they still are in the game together.*

*Harrison watches from the corner, mad.*

**Harrison (Conf.):** Greeeeeat. I wanted that fucking bastard gone, and he's *second up here?*

DAMMIT! Why can't anything on this damn team go right for me, for fucks sake?

*Joey sits on the couch, giving Seppe a fistbump.*

**Seppe:** So it's just Camila and Big Harry?

**Joey:** Yeah.

*Yadeesha looks down before sighing.*

**Yadeesha:** I don't think it's looking good for Cami...

**Harrison:** Well duh! She sucks!

*Yadeesha angrily glares at Harrison, before ignoring him and going back to the conversation.*

**Bella:** Chef didn't like Harry's dish that much. There's still hope for her.

**Yadeesha:** I hope so...

*Yadeesha looks nervous in the confessional.*

**Yadeesha (Conf.):** The ideal scenario here is Big Harry goes. Yes, she is the "weakest chef" on the team as of now, but I don't want Camila to go here. She has her strengths, and if she can get this challenge to get out of the rut she's in, I can use the boost in morale to potentially wrangle this team back together. I need to show Artem we all can collectively bounce back, and while some would just throw Cami to the vultures, I am not going to do that.

*Back in the kitchen, only Big Harry and Camila stand in front of Artem.*

**Camila (Conf.):** This is it... it's either me going, or one of the very few people left here who actually believes in me. I want to survive, but surviving against Big Harry who's been nothing but nice to me? Yeah... this hurts.

*Artem directs his attention to Camila.*

**Artem:** And last, but hopefully not least, Camila, it's your turn.

*Camila sighs before unveiling her plate,*

**Camila:** This is a reverse chorizo tostada. I put cheese and chorizo onto the grill until crispy, shaped it like a tortilla, and topped with tortilla bits, lettuce, salsa, and guacamole.

**Artem:** So this is a tortilla but with the ingredients all mixed up?

**Camila:** In a sense, but it tastes better than it sounds.

**Artem:** Let's hope so.

*Artem picks up the chorizo tostada and takes a bite, as Camila crosses her fingers, hoping she can score high.*

**Artem:** Wow. Very great combination of flavors, with especially the cheese being cooked enough to harden, but still not burnt to shit.

**Camila:** Thank you.

**Artem:** I do think the salsa was prepared a tad sloppily... but overall it's a very decent dish, and a huge step up from the one in the challenge.

*Camila tears up.*

**Camila:** Means a lot.

*Artem ponders one more time.*

**Artem:** Both of these dishes, while flawed, are passable. This is quite the rough decision... but one was just slightly better.

*Camila and Big Harry anticipate the result, clearly nervous.*

**Artem:** And that dish was Camila's. Big Harry, give me your jacket.

**Big Harry:** Shucks!

*Camila, feeling a tad guilty, tears up looking at him.*

**Camila:** I'm... I'm so sorry...

**Big Harry:** Hey, don't feel guilty! I couldn't just let you get in your own head and fail. You got some talent, Camila, keep workin' at it.

**Camila:** You leaving here won't be in vain... I promise.

*Big Harry opens his arms, and he gives Camila a big ol' bear hug. Artem checks his watch.*

**Artem:** Appreciate the touching moment, but I'm on a schedule here.

**Big Harry:** Ah, sorry.

*Big Harry walks up to Artem and takes off his jacket.*

**Artem:** You have heart, Harry, but you and I both know that fine dining isn't your wheelhouse.

**Big Harry:** Yeah, I know. Still, it couldn't have been a better experience from me. Learnin' from you has been a dream.

**Artem:** Glad it has been.

*Big Harry and Artem shake hands, and Big Harry walks out, before turning around to Camila.*

**Big Harry:** Say bye to my team for me!

**Camila:** I will.

*Big Harry turns around, letting out a "YEEHAW" before leaving Hell's Kitchen.*

**Big Harry (Elimination Confessional):** Welp, I was cookin' for my life today but the rooster wasn't crowin' in my favor. Even if I lost, and missed out on that sweet sweet paycheck, I ain't gonna regret doin' this show one bit! I learned a lot about cultures and their food outside of my own, made a lot of good friends, and hey, even if I didn't win, I'm glad I was able to help turn Camila's mindset around. That young'uns got some skills on her, I'll tell ya. Regardless. I got my chicken place still, and an amazing family that sees me as a winner even if I lost this thing.

Seppie, Lawrence, Joey, if any of y'all are watching this and wanna take a trip to Texas, beers on me. Have a good one, y'all.

*Artem is shown walking up to his office approaching a picture of Big Harry.*

**Artem (Closing Words):** It was admirable to see Big Harry try to help Camila find her footing again, but in a show like this, you cook for your life, and like his heritage, Big Harry's dishes went south tonight.

*Artem puts his jacket on a hook under the picture, causing the picture to light on fire, burning his face off of it. Big Harry has been eliminated from Swoldow's Hell's Kitchen.*