**Episode 1**

What would you like? A juicy piece of veal roasted with garlic, rosemary and pepper. Or maybe tender salmon in cream sauce, aromatic mushrooms in fantastic white wine? Or tomatoes simmered on the grill with slices of zucchini baked to a caramelized crust. Food is passion. Food is love. Food is life for each person. I’m a cook, I know what I’m talking about. The truth is, that’s not me. Here I am. But no problem, within a couple of years I’ll also become a famous chef. Because the famous get the most beautiful girls. But although I’m not famous yet, I have my own way. It’s a little painful, but it works 100% of the time.

Ah!

Hey man – is that anyway to treat a girl?

Does it hurt?

Not at all. It's just that I have an interview tomorrow. And I think I have a broken nose. It's instrumental for my work.

What do you do?

Oh, I'm a cook at a restaurant.

A cook? Ha ha! I work in a restaurant too.

Really?

Yes. We have a lot in common.

And where are you going?

I'm uhh... I need to leave.

What, are you the type that runs away?

Why do you say «runs away»? No. I'm just leaving.

Is that so? And that's all? What about what happened between us?

Thanks, it was fun.

Fun, and that's all?

What else is there? Oh, I get it. No, I don't have any money. And actually we never came to any kind of agreement.

I always knew that I'd become a cook. Not a policeman, not a fireman, not an astronaut, but a cook.

Well, how are the pancakes, sonny?

My parent's though I'd grow up and change my mind. But I grew up and didn't change my mind.

Chow is over. Outside!

And then one day...

Listen freak, your comander is calling you.

Fate rewarded me for my efforts.

Private Лавров, as ordered.

There he is – our hero.

I really loved your performance.

I really loved your stew. Well done! A masterpiece from practically nothing. If after your discharged you suddenly want to work as a good cook in a good restaurant, you are welcome and I'd be glad to have you. I'm serious.

Restaurant Claude Monet, the coolest restaurant in Moscow. Certainly, the best head chef in in Russia works here.

Chef! Chef! Chef!

Quiet!

You owner calls.

Owner? What are we, living in a society of slaves? Doesn't he have a name? Huh? Slave.

Oh, again?

Yesterday Spartacus played.

How much did he lose?

100,000 rubles.

Wow. Why do those pigs always have to lose right before my shift?

Good morning chef!

Cook this medium rare.

Yes chef!

Don't ever use that disgusting cognac...Already ready...slice thinner...tenderize the meat...rosemary...salt in seven minutes...the meat is delicate, idiot...go away!...three minutes until it's tender. Monitor it.

Yes, chef.

Ainura, what time is it?

12:30 chef.

I need clean clothes.

You got it chef!

Shit...shit...shit...shit.

Did you drink yesterday?

Is it obvious?

Bon appetite! Do you need something?

Water.

With or without gas?

A liter!

Ok, I'll go get it.

Do you want me?

What?

I said, do you want a menu?

Oh, no. No thanks. Im here to see Dmitri Vladimirovich. Last year he invited me to work here. Ah, there he is.

Dmitri Vladimirovich is busy now. You can wait for him here.

They missed in the 91st minute. Aren't they a bunch of pigs?

It's makes no difference to me. You gotta quit drinking.

Dima, the restaurant is full, the guests are happy and the competitors are angry. If it was the other way around, you’d fire me.

I'm inviting competitors tonight. Screw up, and I'll fire you.

What other competitors?

From a restaurant behind our wall which they are opening right under our noses.

Want me to poison them?

You don't need to poison anybody. It's our friend who's opening it. He's bringing his new head chef. He says he's bringing him from India. He's a very cool guy. He always succeeds.

What, he's not from Tajikistan? With a Tajik he could have had a chef and a repairman all in one. I'm gonna go, ok?

You don't have to go anywhere, sit down. Yeah, I'm going now. So I'll return and discuss everything with you, and how you'll surprise our guests tonight. It's not you who'll be surprised, your already surprised.

Uh, hello Dmitri Vladimirovich. We met last year. Do you remember me?

What do you mean by «met»? No, of course I don't remember. Nevertheless, thank you very much for finding time to visit our humble restaurant. Bon appetit, and have a good evening.

Thank you.

(Attention, the Moscow to Voronesh train is leaving from the third track.)

Well, how did it go?

Everything's super. He gave me the job, and told me to go to the kitchen. (No problem Max!)

Well then, it's over there.

The owner of the restaurant isn't the most important person in the kitchen. The main thing is for the chef to like me.

Excuse me, are you the chef?

No. Why do you ask?

I have an interview.

Here’s the chef. Chef, excuse me. This man is here to see you for his interview.

Ah, well ok. Let’s go talk. Well, tell me something about yourself.

Here’s my resume.

A modern chef’s doesn’t need a resume. You can see it in his eyes, and by his hardworking hands. I saw your potential right away. Welcome to the team, son. Drink. Smoke.

Chef, excuse me. Victor Petrovich is coming.

Oh, that fool again. Well, I’ll be right back. You just drink and smoke.

Thank you.

What’s this crap? Who the hell are you?

Hey man, settle down!

What are you doing here?

Having an interview.

An interview for what?

For work. And incidentally, the chef already hired me.

Who?

Sasha, did you tell the chef that I requested a new menu?

I told him…

Understood.

What are you doing here?

I was just chatting with your head chef. Dropped in on him. I’m wondering if I should stay or go. Your kitchen, of course, is a little primitive.

So, he can’t work here.

Who is “he”?

This guy.

Now wait a second. I don’t understand. Since when did you become the boss here? Cenya!

Aye!

Tell us, who’s the boss?

Huh? You’re the boss.

Wow! In this part of the kitchen I’m the boss. Interesting. And that part? Аinura! Who’s the boss over there?

You chef!

And I’m the boss over there too. So I’ll be the one to decide who works in my kitchen and who doesn’t. Chicken-butt, you are accepted into the staff. You will work from two to two. And certain others may disperse to the dining area to command their waiters. Oh, I’m sorry, to the unique atmosphere of our restaurant, for which they are personally responsible. Restrain your jubilation. Everybody get to work, invalids! Lyova, I have a special mission for you for dinner. Have you been to India? What are you standing around for? Go change your clothes.

Congratulations!

Chef, I’m ready. What should I do?

Why not the clergy?

What do you mean?

Why not the circus, a taxicab company or a crematorium? What are you doing in the kitchen, Maxim Lavrov?

Because I’m a cook. I’m professional about my work.

What? Who are you? A professional? Come here. See over there? That’s Cenya. He’s a fool, of course. But he could shave your legs with a knife and you wouldn’t even notice. Look over there. That’s Ainura. She’s worked here 3 years without a work permit. And there’s Louis. Everyday our restaurant brings in 100,000 just from his desserts. And what can you do? Professional! And even her, in all the time she’s worked here she hasn’t slept with anyone, although many have tried. That’s what I understand as professionalism. And what can you do? Professional…

I can cook.

Oh yeah? Attention everybody! Attention! Quiet! Finally, a person who can cook has appeared in our kitchen. We’ve waited for him for 5 years, and hallelujah, he came! Here he is, our savior! Chosen one, there is a job that only you can do.

What is it?

Beef marinated in mint with artichokes.

Lyova, our guest today is from India. Are you serious? Beef for a Hindu?

And why not?

Lyova, if you prepared Archangel Gabriel with artichokes for dinner, what would you think about that?

That’s sacrilege!

Right. Today we have Indians. And you want to give them sacred cow for supper. Do you understand what that would look like? What an invalid! I have to do everything myself. Go get some lamb or pork and bring it here.

Chef, here’s an idea. My specialty. Chicken in a creamy sauce with spinach and pine nuts. When I worked in a restaurant in Voronesh, everyone was delighted with it.

Super idea! And I think I'll take your offer. I understand, man who accidentally got caught in my kitchen today. After all, your dish was the hit of all Voronesh. Fedya! Bring five boxes of bananas! You see, this man has nothing to do!

Yes Chef!

Chef, what’s all this nonsense? Why do all the stickers need to come off of the bananas?

To balance the universe. After all, somewhere in Africa, there’s a chicken-butt just like you putting stickers on the bananas.

Incidentally, *this* chicken-butt can frikken cook.

Ok, I’ll give you a chance. We have a regular client. Will you prepare a desert for her? Cenya! Is Elenora Andreevha here already?

Yes chef, I just saw her.

Alright, if you can please Elenora Andreevha, I’ll believe that you can cook.

Okay.

Hold on, Elenora Andreevha. More than one woman is crazy about this dessert.

Chef, the dessert for Elenora Andreevha is ready.

Attention everyone. Now Elenora Andreevha will try the meal of our novice. To me, Elenora Andreevha. Come to me please.

Look, she’s not eating it.

Uh huh. She’d eat a piece of meat.

Chef, that’s not fair. It’s a frikken dog!

Yes, and furthermore she’s a bitch. What’s more, the world isn’t fair. Stop laughing. Everybody back to work.

If you want to prove something to him – challenge him.

What?

Challenge him!

Chef – I challenge you!

What?

If that wasn’t a dog, but just a normal person, he would have liked my dish.

Alright, I accept your challenge. Make a dish for me. If I like it, you win, and you can stay. If you lose, you leave from here naked.

Agreed!

Get a move on girls! You need to keep away from the competitors. Ainura (in Tajik). Luis? 200 (grams) of butter.

Yes chef!

Thank you sir. Lyova, rabbit and truffles. Fedya, rings. Cenya, julienne. Like always…get away, chicken-butt. Daddy’s gonna cook.

We have a meeting with Dmitri Vladimirovich.

Good day.

Hello, please come in.

Good day.

Uh huh.

Please sit down. Hello.

Good day.

Please sit down. We sincerely welcome you to the best restaurant in Moscow.

Well ... so far the best. We open in two weeks. Let me introduce you to my head chef Elena.

Her? But you said that your head chef was from India. I guess you didn’t have enough money to pull that off.

What are you talking about? This is her. She worked in the best restaurant in Deli.

Well, I wouldn’t necessarily say the best…

She’s being modest. Before that in New York and Venice, right?

Yeah, yeah, yeah.

And your alcoholic chef? His liver hasn’t failed yet?

Don’t worry. His liver will survive your restaurant.

Pray to God.

Vika!

Yes Dimitri Vladimirovich!

C’mere a minute, Vik, hurry, our guests are hungry; they’re bored by normal food.

Yeah, but just make sure, please, that there isn’t any pepper.

Ok; I’ll go notify the head chef.

Viktoria Sergeevna said the main courses for the guests should have already been served.

Take ‘em. Lyova, take over. I’ll be thinking up the new menu.

That came out nicely. It’s a pity he won’t appreciate it.

We’ll, we shall see.

Yeah, he won’t even try it. And if he does try it, he still won’t like it. I know him.

Wait. Then we need a more objective assessment. If it comes up, you didn’t see anything.

Nastya, how much longer do I have to wait? I have to do everything myself. I’ll take it. Get to work. What?

Nothing.

Oh Victor Petrovich. What have you done? “I didn’t know that the guest doesn’t like white pepper”. But you must have know, Victor Petrovich.

Chef! Chef! Come quickly!

What happened? You finally learned how to cook lamb?

Your dish poisoned the guest. Dimitri Vladimirovich left with him.

What happened?

That’s what I want to ask you. What did you prepare?

They said he’s allergic to pepper. He could die.

What allergy?

That’s not my dish. What’s this, Nastya, I’m asking you.

It’s my dish. Chef, it’s my fault. I switched your meal with mine. I wanted to prove myself to you.

What’s going on here? What is this, a cafeteria?

And who are you?

I’m the head chef of a restaurant that doesn’t poison our visitors.

Pepper? Chef, I didn’t add pepper. Chef, I never thought this dish would…

Thought? How dare you send your dish to the dining hall! It’s my kitchen! Mine! And you, in order to show off, endangered the lives and health of people! And for this don’t need to be fired, you need to be locked up! Get out! Hello? Yes Dim.

Well, Mustachio, it’s rare that I have good news for you. They examined my friend. They found an aortic aneurysm. So if had never had an allergic reaction to your dish, he’d be saying hi to his grandma by tomorrow. So it turns out that you saved his life Mustachio. So don’t clean off that table. He said his prescription is to drop in on you and finish eating. Later.

Oh, butthead, are you still here?

Chef, I understood you. You don’t need to humiliate me more.

You’ve been floating around in my mind all day. I can humiliate you for a few more months.

You’re letting me stay? But why?

If I start to think about why I’m doing it, I’ll fire you for sure.

Chef, what…your letting him stay?

I bet Ainura that within a week he’ll leave on his own. By the way, chicken-butt, you lost that bet.

Everybody has the right to a second chance. Someone who has painstakingly worked for it for a long time deserves that chance. Sometimes your life itself gets a second chance. Some want a second chance, even though they are afraid to admit it to themselves. All in all, life is full of surprises.

**Episode 2**

(They say that every coin has two sides. I absolutely agree. On one side you get a job in the best restaurant in town, but on the other side it doesn’t improve the quality of your food. On one side - you’re beloved guests of a restaurant, but on the other side - you never find out what they think about you. On one side you think you are in the most beautiful and peaceful place on earth, on the other hand…)

Veal with capers!

Yes Chef!

Two orders of tarragon trout! Senya, where's my bechamel?

Right away, Chef. 20 seconds!

And you, what are you standing around for?

(And finally, on one side you’re two hours late and you think they’re going to crucify you, but on the other hand…)

Chicken-butt, I love you! He was late. I win. Everyone who bet, fork it over. Hurry, hurry! Because you improved my mood in this hideous day, I’m rewarding you with a very important, and more specifically, socially useful work: you will unload the groceries.

Chef, well…

And don’t thank me; it’s straight from my heart.

Chef, I thought I was going to cook.

Well looky here. You relied on your two non-existant abilities – thinking and cooking. March!

Nastya, because of you I could have a heart attack at any time.

Chef, what’s the word for a female head chef? Chefina?

A freak of nature.

Well then, the freak of nature from the restaurant next door is sitting in the dining hall.

What’s she sniffing around here for?

Want me to ask her?

No need. What did she order?

Coffee.

That’s it? What are we, a coffee house?

Chef, are you afraid of her?

Yeah right. Why? My shoelaces were simply untied.

What, they didn’t fire you yesterday?

Well, first of all, good day. Second, smoking is bad for your health. Third, who would fire such a specialist? Wait! Were you really upset that I might leave? Were you going to miss me? In memory of our wonderful night! Hi, Aunur.

Listen, you. If anyone here finds out something happened between us, I’ll…

Viktoria Sergeevna!

Yes Kostya.

Viktoria Sergeevna, the C-Keeper in the bar broke again.

I told you yesterday that you need to call the repairman. Now you’ll have to fix the problem yourself.

So the C-keeper broke?

Yes. Do you know how they work?

What’s to know. In my last job, the C-Keeper broke every day. I left, and don’t know who fixes it now.

Listen, can you fix mine? In return, I’ll unload everything.

Well, ok.

(So, the unloading problem was solved. The only thing left is to find out what a C-Keeper is.)

Good day.

Hello!

What brings you here?

Work. They brought chic dishes to our restaurant. While they’re unloading, I decided to kill a half hour at your place.

Yes, good tableware often helps. And what, you’re not ordering anything?

Well, I just said I wanted to kill time, and not myself. Bad joke, huh?

Yeah, but never mind. Everybody knows there are two things women can’t do – joke and cook. I think that a cup of disgusting coffee won’t delay you too long in our horrible restaurant. Good bye.

Perhaps I will order. Oh, fricassee partridge. Chef’s specialty. How intriguing!

Sasha, take this ladies order.

There’s a silly woman. All the same to me, chef. She worked in India! There they roll any trash in curry and call it food. And where’s my knife?

And what are you doing here? You were chosen to unload groceries.

Everything’s fine there. I just need to get to the bar.

Who took my knife? I repeat, who took my knife? Understood. Senya, come to me. Senya, buddy, was it you who took my knife? Then who? Well then, invalids, until I find my knife, none of you can leave here to go home. Understood?

Chef, I made a ticket for partridge fricassee.

And I won’t cook anything until I find my knife!

So, everybody look for the knife. Hop to it!

Listen, what’s the problem? Somebody hurry up and buy him the same kind of knife.

Buy it? Do you know anything about that knife? Now do you understand? Quickly buying him the same kind of knife won’t do. Go on – look for the knife!

Aha..

(And what the hell does this C-Keeper look like? Oh wow, that’s a C-Keeper? I thought it was a cash register.)

Kostya, make two espresso, please. Ushastik (Russian cartoon character), what are you doing there?

I’m the new bartender. They fired Kostya because he doesn’t know shit.

Yeah right, what are you lecturing me about? I saw you in the kitchen. You’re a cook.

I have many talents, but in my heart I’m a bartender. The bottle was empty; there was no balance. What are you after, coffee?

Yeah, make two espressos please. I’m a bartender too. Get outta here. I’ll do it myself.

Maybe a cup of tea?

You just asked me that 10 minutes ago.

Well, maybe you already want another one.

Would you mind finding out how things are going with my order?

Sure.

Well, will you find out?

Ah, you want to know right now! Ok.

Excellent. It’s not ready. It pleases me that Dmitri Vladimirovich’s favorite chef refuses to cook. Be happy. Soon you’ll have a new chef, provided, of course, the old one doesn’t make his frikken fricassee.

Let’s make it ourselves.

If we make his meal, he’ll…we…

He’ll chew us out, you’re right. Better not risk it.

And if we don’t make it, he’ll fire us!

Exactly, your right, we have to make it. Or you’re right. Krap, I’m confused.

It’s a bad idea.

As out captain says, “better to crap your pants because of a storm, than because of a weather forecast”.

(something in Kyrgyz)

Is that good or bad?

(something in Kyrgyz)

Is she eating it?

Of course she’s eating it, what else is she going to do?

Miss, can you come here for a second? Please call your head chef.

(something in Kyrgyz), she said something to Sasha.

Maybe she asked for seconds!

The guest…the guest requests the chef!

I warned you!

You evil prophet!

Go to Chef’s office.

I’m staying here!

Go! Go!

I was generally against it from the beginning. Fyeda though the whole thing up. Let him go.

Why me? You go! You're his right hand. You're his right hand. He won’t touch his right hand.

Go!

I’m not going!

Let Luis go. He has nothing to lose, he’s just a Frenchman.

Listen – let’s write Chef an SMS.

Yeah, we’ll write it on our dismissal letter.

You don’t need to be such a pessimist.

Don’t panic!

Chef!

What now?

That attractive neighbor of the future restaurant is calling you. You know…the one that you like.

Aunura, don’t talk nonsense. I don’t like anybody. She still hasn’t left?

How may I be of help?

I tried your fricassee.

Well, how did you like it?

Truthfully? You know, I liked it. Yeah, it’s a good recipe.

Yeah, it’s not really a recipe. There was a partridge left over and we didn’t want to throw it away.

Oh, I see. Well, it was nice to leave your place in good health.

What, you’re leaving already?

How unfortunate! Imagine that – I have absolutely no time left. Your chef’s special took a very long time to prepare. Good bye!

Not only was my knife stolen, but they spoiled my dish too. Ah well, you all go to hell!

Chef, we wanted to make it better.

I don’t give a damn what you wanted. Do you know what she said about your fricassee? I was disgusting!

Chef – that’s exactly what I told them!

The chef’s speciality – disgusting! You invalids!

Kostya, did you repair the C-Keeper?

No, but I'm working on it.

What are you doing here?

Fixing the C-Keeper.

Get out of the bar! Over there, I said! Arty, call Kostya quickly. Why are you standing there? Get out of the bar!

Ok, ok. What’s gotten into you?

Yes Vicktoria Sergeevna?

Kostya, is this normal? Why is there a mess and outsiders in the bar?

Well it’s just that…he was fixing the C-Keeper.

Yeah? Well then where’s the congac?

I don’t know.

Well than who does know? Koctya, do I need to fire you?

It was there, I saw it. That bastard! Excuse me, I’ll be right back.

Listen – where’s the congnac?

What congac?

The 20,000 ruble congac.

20,000? Oh wow! You’ve got a really big problem dude!

This will really knock *you* out, dude!

Listen, you big bull, you’re outta’ control. Have you ever heard “the bigger they are the harder they fall?” I’ll kill you! Do you know how many years I’ve been boxing?

Lord, I’m so fed up with all this! Why am I always taking it up the ass? Why couldn’t I ever, not even once, have a normal day? One day, my God! Something inconvenient always happened…

What, are you deaf? I haven’t seen your congac!

There, the bottle was right there in that place.

Surprised? You’re lucky that you caught me offgard. I would have bowled you over for sure.

I don’t understand.

Listen, Kostya, in the meantime I fixed your C-Keeper.

Old buddy, please forgive me.

What does your “please forgive me” mean to me? Your mistake, I know, a big mistake. What are you looking at? Make me something fresh. My head is spinning.

Right away.

So what do I do now, Arkady. I can’t go out like this as if nothing had happened. Or can I? Hide it somewhere? What are you all standing around for, slackers? Have you found the knife? Lyova come here.

Yes chef.

What? What’s with you? You’d do something like that? Why did you take it? He’ll cut you up!

I didn’t take it. I was inside of the fish.

Listen, it’s better to stretch it out a while longer and let the chef find it.

Hey chicken-but, why are you leaving that dirty box here? Take it a way quickly! Don’t do it again.

Lyova, has the knife been found?

Not yet chef.

Did they look everywhere?

Everywhere.

Well look! Well, maybe someone cut something and left the knife there, well, for example, in a fish.

In a fish?

Well, in some meat. I don’t know where. Look everywhere.

Yes chef.

(something in Kyrgyz) Hide the knife! If the chef sees it, he’ll cut you up. It’s better to let him find it himself. Hide it! Hide it!

Well, what – did you find it?

Chef, we looked everywhere, and it isn’t anywhere.

There was a fish here. Where did it go?

They took it to the dining hall.

Chef, you’re being called. They found a knife inside a fish.

So what? It happens. Once we found a monkey inside a shark. Alive.

(Oh, something needs to be done. Two slip-ups in two days. They’ll fire me for sure.)

Good evening.

Hi.

I’m the head chef of this restaurant. I was told you wanted to se me.

Yes I did. Can you explain to me what this is?

Please allow me, Chef.

What?

Tell the guests what you told me. Good evening.

Hi.

Here is a unique recipe with more than a thousand years of history. So lets go back to the time of the crusades. War. Hunger. The year 1107. Godfrey of Bouillon passes through the Bosporus and invents a unique way of cooking fish by skewering it on the edge of a sword. The uniformly heated blade gives the fish a refined flavor and aroma. Try it.

Yes, really.

As I say. It’s real poetry cooking. Chef, did I miss anything?

No, it’s all correct.

Excuse me, can I have the same fish?

This minute. Go Max. Enjoy your meal.

Thank you.

Chef, you called me by my real name.

Oh yeah, sorry. Chicken-butt, if you go to the dining hall again without my permission, I’ll fire you.

Understood.

Make sure that guy doesn’t steal the knife.

I warned you. That’s all, bye. I can’t now. I told you I can’t.

Dima, what happened? Vika, what, are you quitting?

Yeah, what’s up Vika? What have you got there?

Dmitri Vladimirovich, God only knows what’s going on in this restaurant. As a woman, I can’t oppose Victor Petrovich, and he breaks all the rules.

Yes. I’m tired of this. I told you I can’t now. Ok. Please, I have to run, so quickly Vika.

Yes, ok. Maxim Lavrov started work as a cook in the kitchen yesterday. I want him fired.

But for what reason? Why? Is he a complete idiot?

Yes. Today he made a mess in the bar. Smashed a bottle of liquor, glasses, and broke the coffee machine.

Kostya, is that true?

Sorry, sorry, actually it's my fault. I asked Max to fix the C-Keeper. Incidentally, he repaired it. The coffee machine is running, and the bottle was almost empty.

Well, thank God, guys, the C-Keeper works. I love happy endings like this. So, everything’s alright. I can run…

No, everything isn’t alright. He also approached some guests in the dining hall.

I asked him to do that. We presented a new dish. Generally, he’s a good guy. Intelligent.

A regular guy. And when he’s not smiling his face isn’t goofy. Anything else, Vick?

Yes. Today he also started a fight.

Hey now! I don’t like fighting in our restaurant. Is it true?

Yeah, we were just fooling around…

Fooling around? Fooling around…Just a second, I filmed the whole thing. Here.

Thanks to Vika, who films everything in her life.

(on the video) Max, are you filming? Stop it.

Sh-h-h…We haven’t finished watching it yet.

Yeah. We find it interesting too.

We still haven’t finished watching it.

I like it. I love these kinds of movies. Arms, legs, screaming. Well, what kind of fight is this? It’s not a fight – you aren’t even resisting. So there’s no reason to fire him for that. Thank you very much. I hope that you won’t bother me over such trifles anymore. Yes, I saw my goodbyes to you. Not to you, idiot. What are you whining about? Yes, I hear you. Yes, yes. Speak.

Know this, fools, and don’t let anybody else find out about it. Vika is a bitch, of course, but she’s not the worst art director. She still has to work here. Understood?

(There you have it. Every coin has two sides, and one day everything can turn around. The one you liked starts to hate you. The one who hit you in the face becomes your friend. The one who seemed like an angry tyrant becomes less so.)

**Episode 3**

(I’ve been working for a week in the restaurant “Claude Monet” – the best restaurant in Moscow. I already know everything about everybody. This is our assistant chef, very anal. This is Kostya, our bartender and my new friend.)

Freight accepted!

(Interesting that with such an appearance he’s never made it with the girls.)

Wonderful choice! Lovely champagne for beautiful ladies.

I’m leaving here with my friend to go to my place. Can we make in a threesome?

(This cook is Senya, a great expert on vegetables. And this is Fedya. You’ve never seen such fools, but without them the kitchen wouldn’t be so fun. This waitress is Nastya. She is a vegetarian and sometimes it’s not easy for her.

Tender rack of six month old lamb, which was probably sucking it’s mother's milk at the moment when he was killed and roasted. Bon appetite!

(And this pretty girl - Vic. Rather, Viktoria, art director of the restaurant. Yes, our relationship has some issues ... And this is our chef. At first glance, this is a man who hates everything and everyone around him.)

Well, what invalid sliced ​​pepper strips for ratatouille bread strips?

(Actually, that’s the way he is. I think I’ll fit in well with this team.)

Stanislav Nikolaevich! This Victor Barinov calling about my license. And how could they deny it if I wasn’t even in the Tver court? Who? Vassily Mikhailovich? I just finished talking to him. Uh huh.

Chef – here.

What's this?

A goose.

Really? I thought it was a camel.

Well, we have a banquet today.

And what, he’s invited? What the hell are you doing to me…a live goose in the kitchen?

But chef, the vendor said that you asked the freshest.

Vassily Mikhailovich? This is Barinov bothering you about my driver’s license ... Stanislav Nikolayevich? He’s standing right beside me. Yeah. He said you’d help. Ok, I’ll wait.

Good morning chef! What are we going to do today?

Go unload the groceries.

But chef, I’m not a stock boy, I’m a cook. I’ve been unloading and cleaning for a week. I came here to cook, not unload. What’s more, I already finished unloading.

Ok. Kill the goose.

What do you mean?

Whack the goose for today’s banquet.

What, just kill it?

Would you rather slice it into pieces live? Or do you think that pieces of meat grow on trees? Every cook should be prepared to kill. Kill the goose! Kill, kill, kill!

(Hmm! Kill the goose – easy to say! I have never in my life killed. And this thing looks like my uncle.)

Yeah, I already explained it to you. I can’t leave her right now. I need to wait for the right time.

Vadim! I’ve listened to this for two years. That’s all! I already told you last week.

You’re seeing someone else, right?

Maybe I am.

Does he work here?

What’s it to you? You’ve got a wife and a happy family.

If I find out who he is, I’ll rip his head off!

Viktoria Sergeevna, I hope today’s banquet will be up to par.

Yes. I'll go check on everything.

Damn, every day I cook foie gras, and I’m forced to wait for pasta with meatballs.

As my one-legged captain used to say, rejoice that you are eating, and not being eaten.

Just pasta for me.

Why don’t you eat meat?

Because I’m a vegetarian.

Oh you are? A vegetarian? And I thought you were a Russian.

Vegetarians are people who don’t eat meat.

That mean I was a vegetarian in 1990. I didn’t have any money, so I just ate a potato.

I absolutely don’t eat meat. I just think is unacceptable to kill animals for food. That was probably a sweet cow with her favorite calf who were grazing on a meadow and loved each other. And then some people came, slit her throat and made juicy cutlets out of her, and the poor little calf must have been baked whole on a spit!

Wow! You make it sound so delicious!

What? Absolutely nothing? And if you give money? How much? Yes it’s easier to buy a new driver’s license. Well, if there is nothing that can be done. In any case, thank you. Yes!

Chef, they’re calling you.

This platform can be used for dancing, if you wish. There’s our bar. Oh! And here is Viktor Petrovich. Allow me to introduce you. Elvira Gumarovna, the guest of honor at tonight's celebration.

Happy birthday.

Thank you.

How can I be of help?

I'd like to tonight’s desert to be traditional Tatar chak chak (sweet cake).

And maybe instead of baguettes, bread baskets and put in some uchmuchmaki and shurpa.

I’m afraid not everyone would like that. Let’s just have the chak chak.

Come on!

I can’t. Can you?

No. I just can’t do it.

Kostya, this is bullshit!

No, it’s totally true! I’ve seen it in the movies! Throw the switch! Crap! The plug blew.

What do you think – did we kill him?

It says that they have a very weak cardiovascular system. Let's scare him. It’s 100% sure to kill him.

On the count of "three", turn around and yell. Got it?

One, two, three!

Creeps! Don’t you have anything better to do? I’m working! Morons! Creeps!

I need a killer, a professional to kill him. Come here. Sit here for the time being.

Aynura, help me kill the goose.

One thousand rubles, and you will *sometimes* see it.

Do you maybe mean *never*?

Ah yeah, *never*.

Listen little fellah, can we talk?

Yes.

Vika works here at your place, Victoria Sergeevna. I need to know who she’s dating here. Well, why are you so quiet?

Why do I have to answer?

If you don’t want to answer here, you’ll answer all the questions in the prosecutor's office. Got it?

Got it, got it. As far as I know, she's not dating anyone here.

Well, find out.

(Interesting. I wonder who’ll be killed first – me or the goose?)

Fuck you with butter - no chak chak! This French restaurant.

Don’t you understand who we have here tonight? If she’s a judge, then it’s unlikely plumbers will come. And it’s absolutely unacceptable to argue with such people.

A judge of which court?

I don’t remember. Probably Tverskoy.

Louis, you need to make chak chak for today’s banquet.

What? Chak pak?

Louis, shut up. The chitchat is over. If I say make chak chak, you need to make chak chak. You need to do it without saying a word. You need to make it and that’s that. Invalid.

This is a madhouse.

(The fact that I slept with Vika is known only to the chef, Vicka and Kostya. I need to warn Kostya not to accidentally spill the beans.)

He was the most talented chicken-butt, I ever knew. Sleep well, just like you slept with someone else’s woman.

Why did you tell him? Now I’m finished!

Who?

That man. What did he ask?

Relax. He asked where the toilet is.

Here you are, chak-chak from our pastry chef. Try it.

Thank you. Thank you that you made ​​changes to your menu.

Not at all. I’m the head chef, and I carry out any wish of my clients – it’s my job. And by the way, what do you do?

Well, I don’t have such an interesting job. I’m a judge.

What do you mean! You know, it’s a pity that we weren’t acquainted yesterday.

What do you mean?

It’s no big deal. They took my driver’s license. And even if we had known eachother…you’re not in the Tver court? That would be too much of a coincidence.

Can you believe it – the Tver court is exactly where I work.

You’re kidding me!

No, really. What is your last name?

Barinof. Victor Barinof.

Ah! I was the one who judged your case, and you didn’t even attend.

I was busy with your banquet. Maybe you could fix this for me? I’d be grateful.

No. You swerved into the oncoming lane and knocked down a traffic light.

I have an excuse. I was drunk.

Say thank you for only being without a license for a year.

Oh, ok. Thank you.

And your chak chak is kind of strange. You know, I’ll probably order it from a place that makes it correctly.

Hi!

We’ve already greeted each other today.

Vika, that guy that you told off…

My private life is none of your business.

Yeah, that’s exactly what I wanted to say. Well, actually, what happened between us, you know…In short, it seems to me you shouldn’t tell him anything about it. Because of the thing you’re fighting about, he’ll get the wrong idea. Do you understand?

You're afraid that I’ll tell?

Me? Yeah, right. Tell him if you want, it’s up to you. What’s more, the sex was just so-so.

Ah, so that’s how it is.

Vadim, you wanted to know who I’m seeing? Let me introduce you. This is my Max.

Relax, I see what she’s up to. She wants me to get upset about you but, no offense, she would never in her life hook up with such a wimp as you. Want a drink?

No thanks.

Well, as you wish.

Where’s your goose?

Wait. Damn. He was right here!

Why did you put there? The garbage man probably took it away.

(Relax Max. You don’t have to kill anybody. You just have to find a goose carcass somewhere.)

Ainura – where is the market?

Say thank you for only being without a license for a year. What a snake! Today you’ll dance to my tune. Go, go. Fedya!

Yes chef?

Get over to the pharmacy!

Got it, chef. This is classic!

Chicken-butt! Where’s the goose?

Uh…I just finished him off.

Why are you so clean? You didn’t get a drop of blood on you?

I didn’t chop its head off. I strangled it.

Okay, Othello. Get your Desdemona assistant-chief. Lyova! Begin cooking the goose, and it’s about time.

Got it, chef.

And I'll take care of the complements of the chef.

Vika, we need to talk.

I already told you everything.

Quit it Vik. Well, you know how I feel about you, my little bunny.

Vadim, here you are!

I’m here talking with Victoria Sergeevna about the banquet. Let me introduce you. This is Victoria Sergeevna.

We’ve already met. Victoria Sergeevna helped me a lot today. Vadim, you were so right about suggesting this place to mark this occasion. You’re the best.

Why’s it so small?

The feathers made it look bigger. I was surprised myself after I plucked it.

Here chef. It’s pretty new. One tablet, and then, the client won’t be able to stay more than three meters from the toilet.

It's time to congratulate the birthday girl.

Miss, can you come here for a minute please?

Of course.

There!

Oh…see here, goose.

So that’s why I left her to call you.

Thank you very much. Go into the dining hall. If I see anything interesting, I’ll call you too. Go ahead, go ahead. Darn, I just knew I’d find you in here. Let’s go, I’ll hide you again. Don’t be afraid. When my shift is over, I’ll set you free. Sit here, only be quiet.

I would like to raise a glass for my beloved. Dear, to your health! Everything else will be taken care of by “gratitude” brought (bribes paid) by others. Yeah, you know, I’d like you to remember that I will always be around. Let's drink to the best woman, to my beloved. Hoorah!

Hoorah! Hoorah! Good evening. Despite the fact that we failed to come to an understanding this afternoon, I still would like to give you a little surprise - a complement of the chef in honor of your birthday.

Thank you for everything. Everything is so delicious.

You know, I see you're very responsible and honest man. I think I can do something to help you. Call me tomorrow.

Yummy!

Oh, let me try that first. Too much pepper. Yeah. Sasha, take this away to the kitchen. I’ll remake it bring it back.

In my opinion, it’s delicious. Waiter, can I have a little more…I’ll be back in a minute.

I fell right into a soap opera. He loves her, but he loves his wife more.

Jerk!

Listen Vika, forgive me, I didn’t want this. I really didn’t know this would happen.

Don’t touch me. Why do I attract suck assholes? Just after breaking up with one asshole, I met another asshole in the same night.

Listen Vika, everyone makes mistakes. Yes, I’m guilty for deciding to run away in the morning, but I…

No, it was my fault that I decided to hook up with you at all.

Oh, you slut!

Vadim.

So, then, it is true, isn’t it? You hooked up with this ??? Oh, you beast!

Listen! Watch your language! By the way, you’re talking to a lady.

What did you say?

I said leave her alone.

What are you going to do about it?

Are you people out of your minds?

Chef?

Excuse me – can we serve the goose now?

Put the gun away! Pants, put on your pants!

Lunatic! Somebody stop him!

Wait, you critter!

Is this my goose?

Murderer! Goosey…

What a messed up banquet! I missed it.

Excuse us. My Vadim really shouldn’t drink. Don’t worry – it wasn’t a real gun. Traumatic, huh? He shot up my last birthday too. Here, take this and give it to all the employees for any inconveniences. And call me tomorrow.

Agreed.

To sum up your first week of work. On the first day you almost poisoned someone. On the second day you fought with the bartender and destroyed the entire bar. Now I know that you banged Victoria Sergeevna, and today you almost got shot. You seem to fit into our team. Come on. Well, what do you know, Chicken-butt, we accept you into our kitchen. Take a knee. Henceforth and forever more we accept you into our kitchen in the name of the oven and baking, and in the name of the pan and the ladle. Amen.

(Life is a series of losses and gains. As one person grieves their loss, another rejoices their gain. There are those who gain from a loss.)

So chef, aren’t you even going to punish me?

Wasn’t that enough for you? You're actually the first person who passed this rite. Actually, it turned out pretty well, huh? Everybody needs to be that devoted. Come on, Senja. Loew! Fyodor! Aynura!

(In any case, the important thing to understand is that this is only the beginning.)

**Episode 4**

I read the resume. I think I could take a worker with such potential into my kitchen. Honestly speaking, I really don’t know why they wouldn’t value such a person at Claude Monet. This is my contact information in any case. So I'll call you in a couple of days, to see if we can come to an agreement.

Good morning, Victor Petrovich!

Hi! I see you’re using an ad to recruit personnel. You’d be better off posting it at the subway, higher quality professional cooks pass by there.

You know, that’s not necessary. Some excellent cooks have already come to me. And some of them are working in decent restaurants.

Since when did chiburekki stands become decent restaurants?

Well, if you consider your restaurant chiburekki stand, then…

Don’t BS me. I'll eat my hat if I find out that someone from my restaurant goes to work for you.

Then, bon appetite. One more thing. If suddenly you’re in need of a job, you are most welcome.

Thank you. I’ll definitely take you up on that.

Wonderful.

I said medium rare, Dummy! Redo it! Hurry, girls, move it! Is the fricassee ready?

Uh…ten minutes chef.

Too long. Three minutes. What are you walking around here for? Don’t you have anything to do?

No, I…

Maxim Leonidovich! I peeled all the labels off the bananas. What should I do next?

What's next? On your knees! You're doing fine, Vic, Victorini! My chicken-butt!

Chicken-butt! Are you completely hopeless? You’re sleeping here?

Chef, I lay..lay…well, yeah, I laid down for 5 minutes. I couldn’t sleep all night. I guess I’m acclimating.

Max, I’m leaving. Are you coming with me?

Go on, go on Kostya. I’m staying longer. Go a head. Thank you!

What the hell do you mean by acclimating? This isn’t a flophouse, it’s your job.

Chef, you still haven’t given me any work. I’m already a whole month ahead in taking stickers off bananas.

Ok, you want to cook, you’ll cook. Attention! Today’s employee lunch will be made by our Chicken-butt. It’s a task that requires high responsibility. If they don’t like it, and they stay hungry, I’ll give them permission to eat you. Understood?

Tough Max, but edible.

(I dreamed of this day since I started working! Crap, but why did it have to be this day?)

Well, are you satisfied?

I’m very happy chef. Only first I’ll drink a coffee.

Where are you going? Change your clothes. Let’s work.

I'll eat my hat if I find out that someone from my restaurant goes to work for you.

Then, bon appetite.

Oh, you ungrateful bastards! Whose is this? Why so quiet, invalids?

I’ll destroy you! Traitors! Judas! Who did this? Filthy Iscariot (Judas)! Confess, freaks! I hate you!

Give me another one. Kostya, look, she has some sort of nest on her head.

Pretty.

She’s what? You like her?

Huh? What? No.

Wow! Kostya’s in love! Nastya, come here for a minute.

Just a sec.

What, you…really? Why?

Kostya here has something to tell you.

What do you need? Don’t you have anything to do? Go on, get out of here.

Nastya, I simply wanted to tell you that you have a really pretty hairdo.

And you’re a fool.

You really are a fool, Kostya. Well, if you really like her than be daring. Ok. I’m going to cook. For you, by the way.

Who of you could doing this to me? Maybe…invalid! I told you not to defrost the fish! Unlikely. Or maybe…Lyova, do you know when you’ll become chef? When this partridge swims instead of flying. Because this smells like fish! Two meters of incompetence! Nah…who is so unhappy with me? Boobies, half-wits, dregs, scraps, parasites! God only knows.

(No worries! I prepare such a soup for them now. They’ll all love it.)

Listen, you piece of crap, you’re grating your fingers.

I feel that you’re not capable of making us soup. Come with me.

Here’s a big pot.

Don’t bother anyone here.

You will cook us soup.

Here are your mushrooms,

Cream and carrots,

And here are the onions. Boil.

Lavrov, you got it?

Yes.

Well, get started!

H1!

Hi!

I wanted to thank you for yesterday.

Sure, everything is fine.

You're tasked to cook dinner?

Well, yes.

Congratulations.

Doctor, look, this came out of my ass today.

Don’t worry. I’m analyzing it now. Oh, how delicious. You know, I can’t wait to congratulate you – you have very fertile soil there for growing carrots.

Wow doctor! Wonderful. I’m very happy.

What are you, complete fools? Fedya! Report to the chef!

Come in.

Hello.

Hands up.

Chef, what is this?

It’s a lie detector Fedya. I don’t have any other way to catch the rat.

To start with, I’m going to ask simple questions. Answer only “yes” or “no”. Is that clear?

Understood.

I said – yes or no.

Yes.

Are you a cook?

Well, what do you think I am? A doctor or something?

Answer yes or no. Well?

Well, yes.

Is your name Fedya?

Yes.

Then tell me Fedya, have you ever broken the law?

What? In what sense?

Well, for example, have you ever killed anybody?

A person? No.

Did you go to an interview at the restaurant next door? Talk fast! Did you go?

No.

You’re free to go. And call Cenya in here.

Listen! He's not Fedya. And I think he killed a man.

That’s not important. The main thing is, he didn’t go to an interview. Next!

Well, come on. Take the initiative. Girls love confidence.

Moron.

Chef, please…can I not do this? I’ll tell you everything. I took the fish that was left over after the banquet. And I also took that venison that I pretended was spoiled.

And the half pound of caviar?

Not me! Yes. Forgive me chef.

Was it you who went to an interview at the restaurant next door?

No.

Yes or no?

The sensor fell off.

Ugh!