

Moon glazes the pan with wine and a fire goes up. There is a quiet but focused determination in him. This win matters.

MOON (CONT'D)

(To Fatin)

Where you at with my tuile Fatin?

Fatin has sweat coming down his brow as he tries to accomplish the extremely complex wheat tuile cookie.

It breaks each time he attempts to pick it up.

FATIN

I'll get it chef.

Moon smiles.

MOON

If you want a job - you better.

Fatin takes a deep breath.

JAMES

Time?

MOON

Two hours.

The look of grit in his face is admirable. They've gotten close to finishing, Moon uses tweezers to put the final garnishment on the featured dish.

MOON (CONT'D)

Tuile?

Fatin attempts to pick it up; it breaks. He's heartbroken.

INT. KADUNA RESTAURANT - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Night has fallen - a single light is above Moon. He stares at a divorce decree between himself and Alyssa. He throws a pen.

INT. KADUNA RESTAURANT - DINING ROOM - SAME MOMENT

JAMEL, any age, the nerdy Republican-black-boy type who always seems to have too much shit to do. He holds a name card that says: ALYSSA. He's trying to find her placement at the table for eight.

START →

JAMEL

(To himself)

So if Bevy is there, and Marcus is there. Ummm, I guess guess guess Alyssa will go... you know what it'll it'll it'll be fine, she can sit next to Moon.

Faith snatches the card.

FAITH

No, the fuck she can't.

She switches the card that reads: CHELSEA with Alyssa's.

FAITH (CONT'D)

Chelsea ass going right there.

JAMEL

Moon hates Chelsea.

FAITH

And?!?!

JAMEL

Fine, I have other shit shit shit to do. (Beat) Wait, hey - (Whispering) how's the food?

FAITH

It's good.

JAMEL

(Whispering)

It can't just be good. So, you know Moon hasn't been offered the contract yet.

FAITH

(Whispering)

Jamel, what the fuck you talking about.

JAMEL

(Whispering)

I'm dead dead dead serious. Yeah, Moon never provided them with a menu or plan. So they was like fine you have, one night - one meal.

FAITH

(Whispering)

Shut. Up. (Beat) Hold up.

(MORE)

FAITH (CONT'D)
But Moon designed everything, all
the way down to the toilet paper.

JAMEL
(Whispering)
Yep. But none of this is his, until
after this meal. Like, literally
gone to hand a blank contract and
let him name the price.

FAITH
(Whispering)
I love white people.

END →

INT. KADUNA RESTAURANT - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

The guest have all arrived. They're all sitting in their
seats enjoying a glass of wine and laughter. Moon comes out.

He looks for Alyssa, and her seat is empty. He quickly pulls
himself together. Drums can be heard; giving him strength.

MOON
I want to thank everyone for being
here. This is an incredible moment
for me as I embark on this new
journey.

He peeks at Alyssa's chair.

MOON (CONT'D)
I especially want to thank Marc and
Caren for believing in me and
bestowing this beautiful restaurant
upon me. I hope tonight exceeds
your expectations. Tonight's first
course will be: spoon bread, sea
urchin, buttermilk dashi, ham, and
caviar covered in a sheet of wheat
tuile. Enjoy.

The plate is uncovered. Fatin has successfully completed his
task. James and him look at one another in satisfaction.

MOON (CONT'D)
Tonight's second course is
blackened octopus with squid ink
grits and fennel chow chow.

Each dish becomes more riveting. The diners smile and are
blown away. Fatin and James smile as they witness the joy