

Serviced

Pilot

"Up in Smoke"

Written by

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COLD OPEN:

EXT. ROADCOOK SERVICE STATION - DAY

A damp and gloomy British morning with every cloud in the sky. A run down service station just off the M6 motorway. This place looks like it hasn't seen a renovation in years.

INT. MATT'S OFFICE - DAY

MATT, early 50's, scruffy shirt, badly tied tie, sits behind the desk. It's tidy in here. He adjusts the STAPLER so that it's parallel with his notebook.

MATT

(To the camera)

The business partner's visiting today
so, I'm just dotting the T's and
crossing the I's.

Matt takes a TAPE MEASURE, measures the distance from the stapler to the end of the desk. He nods to himself in quiet satisfaction.

MATT

Pete likes his space to be
geometrically pleasing. So no stone
shall be left unturned.

PRODUCER

(O.C)

So he's your business partner then?

MATT

Well, he's more of a numbers guy.
Personally I prefer it here on the
frontline, where all the action is.
I don't mean to brag but, I sort of
thrive here.

INT. FOODCOURT KITCHEN - DAY

ROB, 30's, a fat bearded man in chef whites, leans against the counter. He casually eats SALSA from the jar like one might a yogurt.

He pours an industrial sized bag of NACHOS into a mixing bowl, adds several fistfuls of grated CHEESE. He eagerly pops it into the microwave and watches it go round.

INT. NEWSAGENT SHOP FLOOR - DAY

HELEN, 30's, a muscular, intimidating woman chews gum and reads a copy of muscle and fitness magazine. She leans back in her chair, raises her feet and rests them on the counter.

A MIDDLE AGED MAN, 50's, in a tweed jacket waits to be acknowledged, newspaper in hand.

MAN

Excuse me, are you serving?

Helen LOOKS UP, annoyed, takes her feet off the counter, ushers him forward.

The man approaches, places the paper on the desk and Helen scans the barcode.

HELEN

One thirty five.

The man hands her a COIN, Helen puts it in the till, hands him the receipt and his change before quickly resuming her previous position. The man goes to walk away.

HELEN

Oh mate?

MAN

Yes?

HELEN

Can you pass us a bag of maltesers?

The man looks confused?

MAN

You mean from....

HELEN

One of the big bags.

The man reluctantly hands her a big bag of maltesers from his side of the counter and leaves displeased.

HELEN

Tah.

Helen kicks back and fully relaxes, opens the bag of maltesers. She reaches under the counter and produces a large VAPE, takes a deep drag and exhales a thick plume of SMOKE.

MATT TALKING HEAD - DAY

MATT

We've got an amazing team here. Our people LOVE to work. Take Damian for example, this is Damian's first holiday in three years. That's just how fantastic our workplace culture is. Why take a holiday when you're already on one?

INT. FORECOURT FLOOR - DAY

Matt is showing the camera crew around the building.

MATT

As you can see we've got everything the traveling Brit could want. Burgers, coffee, bogs. You name it we've got it.

Matt spots GREGG, late 20's, walking in with his backpack.

Gregg tries to avoid his gaze but it's too late.

MATT

(In a bad American accent)

Gregory! My brother from another Mother. What's happening broski?

GREGG

Not much, just got in.

MATT

Ahh you're full of it.

Matt laughs, jokily punches Gregg on the arm. It's awkward, Gregg notices the cameras.

GREGG

What's all this?

MATT

Oh this? Mainstream caught wind of the ol' management skills didn't they.

Gregg acknowledges the camera crew.

GREGG

(To the camera)

Oh, hi.

MATT
Yeah, they're just doing a doc on me.
Nice little doc. The man behind the
myth.

GREGG
(Unimpressed)
Right.

BEAT. Awkward. Matt stands smiling at the camera, his best
Hollywood smile.

GREGG
Anyway I better...

GREGG
Yeah, go and clock in.

Gregg leaves, can't get away soon enough.

MATT TALKING HEAD - DAY

MATT
Roadcook is about service. It's about
your fellow man. It's about making
memories. Now granted we may not be a
part of the big three, but you wanna
know what we do have?

Matt waits for a response from the producer but doesn't get
one.

MATT
Banter, passion, art deco floors.

Matt winks cockily at the camera.

OPENING TITLES

GREGG TALKING HEAD - DAY

GREGG
I've been at coffee barn for about
four years now. It's not exactly my
ideal career. My job is to make
coffee, talk about coffee and to be
under the influence of coffee at all
times. I take the latter part very
seriously.

EXT. COFFEE BARN - DAY

An independent style cafe. The Coffee Barn section is surrounded by a glass front and a glass door which separates it from the rest of the service station.

A frustrated BUILDER, 40's, paces back and fourth in a his-vis jacket on the other side of the glass.

INT. COFFEE BARN - DAY

SOPHIE, late 20's, stands behind the counter. She non-nchalantly stares at the builder whilst sipping a cup of coffee.

Gregg emerges from a door behind the counter, chucks a wash cloth on the side.

We see the builder's face now, Phil Mitchell meets Bruce Willis. He doesn't look happy. He raises his hands as if to say "What's going on" and taps his watch.

GREGG

We should probably let him in.

SOPHIE

Why? We're not open for another three minutes.

GREGG

I dunno... he just looks a bit...

Back to the builder.

GREGG

Agitated.

SOPHIE

Let him stew, I don't see why we should we open up early just for him.

GREGG

True, I thought builders were your type though?

SOPHIE

Builders?!

GREGG

You liked that one guy.

Sophie scoffs.

SOPHIE
Yeah, that specific guy. This guy's
idea of a first date is probably a
pork pie and a fight.

GREGG
Hell of a combo.

SOPHIE
Yep, plus I made myself a rule a long
time ago. No pork pies on a first
date.

GREGG
Well it is good to have boundaries.

SOPHIE
Did you read that on my Instagram?

GREGG
(Unconvincing)
No.

The builder aggressively knocks on the glass.

BUILDER
C'mon stop pissing about!

Sophie checks her watch and approaches the door. She talks
calmly with the builder through the glass.

SOPHIE
You've still got two minutes mate.

BUILDER
You're supposed to open at seven!

SOPHIE
We don't open till eight today. Try
reading the sign.

The builder scoffs.

BUILDER
Look I'm in a rush.

SOPHIE
Not my problem.

The builder shakes his head, positions a coffee flask below
the LETTERBOX on the door.

BUILDER
Just pour it through then if you're
gonna be awkward about it!

SOPHIE
What?

BUILDER
I said pour the coffee through the
letterbox! All I want is a black
coffee!

SOPHIE
What is going on?

BUILDER
Large black coffee and... actually..
I'll have an almond croissant as
well!

SOPHIE
I'm not posting you a croissant.

BUILDER
Why not?!

Gregg approaches and intervenes.

GREGG
We open in like thirty seconds mate
so if you like we could..

BUILDER
Who asked you?!
(To Sophie)
Now are you gonna open up or what?

Sophie obnoxiously checks her watch.

SOPHIE
I will....when the time is correct.

INT. MEGA BURGER - DAY

A sad and dated looking fast food chain with cream decor and
chipped paint.

TOBY, 30's, stands behind the counter serving a customer.
The customer leaves with their food and the next CUSTOMER,
30's, moves to the counter.

TOBY

Welcome to Mega Burger how can I help?

CUSTOMER

Hi, can I get one mega breakfast meal with a large sprite please?

TOBY

One mega breakfast with a large sprite.

CUSTOMER

And an XL meal with a Pepsi and a corn on the cob.

Toby taps the till screen.

TOBY

Is that everything?

CUSTOMER

Yes, thanks.

TOBY

Thirteen thirty nine then please.

The customer puts her card into the machine and pays.

Toby turns around to the hot plate and places the meals onto the tray. The burgers are TINY. He slides the tray over to the customer's side of the counter.

TOBY

Enjoy.

CUSTOMER

That was quick.

TOBY

We're very proud of our speedy service.

The customer looks down disappointingly at her meal.

CUSTOMER

Is that the Mega XL?

TOBY

Certainly is.

CUSTOMER

Are you sure? I thought it was supposed to be extra large?

TOBY

An XL meal only supersizes the drink
and the fries I'm afraid.

BEAT. Confusion on both sides. Toby thinks he's stating the obvious.

CUSTOMER

OK but the burger itself is..

TOBY

Company policy. Mega Burger is no
more responsible for the improper
reading of the t's and C's than they
are for the ingestion of any small
bones.

CUSTOMER

I see.

TOBY

Would you like any ketchup, mayo or
sweet chili?

CUSTOMER

No.

TOBY

Any sides, fries or pies?

The customer's becoming a little scared of Toby's intensity.

CUSTOMER

No, but, can I get my corn on the
cob?

TOBY

Oh, yes, silly me. Honestly it's been
one of those days.

Toby chuckles, reaches back to the hot plate and places the
SMALLEST CORN ON THE COB ever onto the tray.

CUSTOMER

Is that...

TOBY

The free side. Would ya like butter?

BEAT

CUSTOMER

Go on then.

Toby reaches under the counter and places a TUB of butter onto the tray which almost tips it.

CUSTOMER

Jesus!

TOBY

Is one alright? An error was made at the suppliers so you can have as many as ya want?

The customer angrily slams the butter back onto the counter and walks away. Toby smiles at her, totally oblivious.

TOBY

Enjoy.

Toby serves the next in line.

TOBY

Welcome to Mega burger, how can I help?