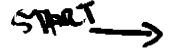
19 CONTINUED: (2)

19

Then- voices. Angry voices. ACROSS THE PARKING LOT: ELLIOT NICHOLS- the restaurant's owner- emerges from the rear door. Nichols is 40-ish. Arrogant. Wealthy.

He's yelling at a frightened young DISHWASHER.



ELLIOT NICHOLS I DON'T WANT TO HEAR YOUR EXCUSES! I'VE BEEN WARNING YOU ALL MONTH!

DISHWASHER

Mr. Nichols! Please! I'll pay for the bowl! You can take it out of my pay. Just tell me what's it's worth-

Nichols waves a chipped ceramic SERVING BOWL.

ELLIOT NICHOLS

It's worth a helluva lot more than you!

Nichols hurls the bowl into a DUMPSTER.

ELLIOT NICHOLS (CONT'D)

Adios. You're fired. You can pick up your check on Friday. (then)

Hey- hey- hey. The apron.

The Dishwasher unties his apron... hands it to Nichols... and skulks away.

ACROSS THE PARKING LOT: Monk and Samuel are behind the van.

ve been watching this. SAMUEL (softly) Sum jes-toe mum-bolly. MONK does that mean? SAMUEL "He is the guy." END OF ACT TWO 1721CH27