

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.

**START** →

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.

**END**

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

~~ACROSS THE PARKING LOT: Monk and Samuel are behind the van.  
They've been watching this.~~

~~SAMUEL  
(softly)  
Sum jee-toe mum-bolly.~~

~~MONK  
What does that mean?~~

~~SAMUEL  
"He is the guy."~~

END OF ACT TWO

**"MONK" - DISHWASHER**

1/1