

EXT. STREET CORNER - DAY

Connor stands in front of a hotdog stand, WHISTLING Johnny I Hardly Knew Ye, through the relatively large gap in his front teeth. He plants his hand on the dash of the hotdog stand showing off the wedding ring on his pinky finger.

CONNOR

Ey, buddy... What do ya think of this ring? Not bad, huh?

JAUHAR, the middle-eastern hotdog vendor behind the barbecue, looks up with raised eyebrows. His gaze shifts down to the wedding ring and he shrugs his shoulders.

JAUHAR

It is a nice ring.

CONNOR

Ya?

JAUHAR

Ya... Sure.

Connor looks down at the ring.

CONNOR

How can ya tell?

JAUHAR

Well, it looks nice. How many carats?

CONNOR

Carrots? Listen guy, I don't speak middle-eastern. No comprendè.

Jauhar opens his mouth to explain, but stops himself, unwilling to comply to Connor's ignorance.

JAUHAR

It is a nice ring.

CONNOR

Ya, ya, what d'ya know anyway. I'll just take it to one of those pawnners. Those guys know what they're talking about.

Connor leans over the dashboard of the hotdog stand.

CONNOR (CONT'D)

Eh buddy, what's taking that hotdog so long?

JAUHAR

Hotdog? This is not a hotdog sir.
You asked me for the Italian
sausage, so, I make you the Italian
sausage.

CONNOR

No... I asked for the hotdog.
Y'better not charge me for the an
Italian sausage mister. The Italian
sausage is a dollar more. I'm not
paying that kind of money for a
hotdog with the word Italian in
front of it. No way.