

The bell on the entrance rings. He looks up. No luck. He checks his watch again, pens his coat and peeks at -- A manila envelope. His anger rises. He's a coiled spring as --

WAITRESS

Are you ready?

DAMON

What did you ask me?

She seems unsettled. He stares.

WAITRESS

Are you ready to order?

DAMON

Look at me. Tell me what you see.

WAITRESS

I'm sorry?

DAMON

Tell me. What. You see.

He stares. She's frozen. Frightened.

DAMON (CONT'D)

Let me give you a clue. I sat facing the door so I can see people enter. There are two menus on the table --

WAITRESS

So, you want to --

DAMON

-- Do not interrupt me.... There are two menus on the table. My own menu is at the same forty-five degree angle it's been at since I got here so, clearly, I haven't opened it. And I haven't once tried to meet your eye... So, you tell me. Am I ready to order? Or do they need to send you back to waitress school?

WAITRESS

So, you want to wait for your friend?

Damon stands abruptly. She seems nervous. A beat. He takes out a five and tosses it on the table.

DAMON

He's not my friend.

And Damon walks away as --