

INT. RESTAURANT COATROOM

*From inside the tiny room. A couple of ratty rain coats and an old flight jacket hang to one side in immediate f.g. as Chili steps into the doorway and freezes. He looks o.s. and whistles . . .*

CHILI: Hey. *A moment later the MANAGER, , joins him in the doorway.* What happened to my coat? The Manager peers into the room . .

MANAGER: It's not one of these?

CHILI: You see a black leather jacket, fingertip length, You don't, you owe me three seventy-nine.

MANAGER: Maybe you don't see my sign?

The manager points to a sign on the wall: 'WE CANNOT BE RESPONSIBLE FOR LOST ARTICLES.'

CHILI: Look, I didn't come down to sunny Florida to freeze my ass. You follow me? You get the coat back or you give me the three seventy-nine my ex-husband paid for it at Alexander's.

MANAGER: Mr. Barboni borrowed the coat.

CHILI: Ray Bones took my coat? Just now?

MANAGER: He didn't take it. He borrowed it. For his girlfriend. See, someone took her coat, you know . . . (indicates flight jacket) . . . leave this old one. So Mr. Barboni, he took on this other coat that fit her pretty good.

CHILI: You mean my coat.

MANAGER: She was wearing it, you know, to go home. Thry wasn't gonna keep it.

CHILI: My car keys were in that coat.

MANAGER: We call you a taxi.

CHILI: Lemme get this straight. You aren't responsible for any lost articles like an expensive coat of mine, but you're gonna find Ray Bones' coat or get him a new one? Is that what you're telling me?

MANAGER: Mr. Barboni is a good customer. (making sure to add) He works for Jimmy Capp.

CHILI: I know who he works for. Where's your phone.