

INT. ANGELO'S WINGS - DAY

Angelo's is crammed full of customers, everyone wolfing down wings coated with the chain's famous mouth-puckering sauce.

MANNY, small for his age, dark eyes hidden behind a flop of hair, walks tentatively down the gauntlet of booths.

A football player at one booth snorts and turns to harass him, but Manny quick-steps and hurries past.

Manny heads to the only calm spot in the room: the pristine booth where MR. LONESTAR sits, eyes inscrutable behind dark shades, thin hands clasped around a sweating glass of water.

MR. LONESTAR

Ah, yes, my boy! I knew you'd come.
You're the right sort! Pull up a
seat and let me bend an ear.

MANNY

You said you'd show me how you do
those tricks.

MR. LONESTAR

Tricks, he says! I'm no party
clown, boyo.

MANNY

Whatever, it's all fake anyways.

MR. LONESTAR

Fake! This can't be accurate?

Mr. Lonestar picks up a butter knife and taps his water glass. The water INSTANTLY BOILS.

With a deft motion, Mr. Lonestar picks up the glass and THROWS it in Manny's face... but the glass is EMPTY!

Manny flinches and Mr. Lonestar guffaws, ugly and honking.

MANNY

The fuck?

MR. LONESTAR

You're surrounded by pigs in a
trough, young man. Come with me and
learn to be their master!

Manny looks around and realizes that everyone in the restaurant is frozen in place, statues mid-meal.

He turns back to Mr. Lonestar, hesitates, and then nods.