

EXT. CAFE PATIO - DAY

A fortyish man, EAMES, sits fidgeting with a mug of coffee. He's sweaty, twitchy, watching the street for someone.

When a BABOON in a tailored suit thumps into the chair across from him, Eames lurches away with a strangled shriek.

The baboon is unimpressed. It reaches into its pocket for a phone, dials a number, and holds it out, expectant.

Eames stares, dumbstruck.

EAMES

Is that... for me?

He reaches for the phone as if it might burn him, then holds it up to his ear so that it doesn't quite touch.

EAMES (CONT'D)

Hello? Yes, that's um. That's me.  
What is this... what did you say?

He looks at the phone, perplexed, then speaks to the baboon.

EAMES (CONT'D)

I'm supposed to ask if you're ready  
to chow down?

The baboon hoots, displaying intimidating fangs. Eames flinches away and turns back to the phone.

EAMES (CONT'D)

He seems very hungry, yes.

As he listens to the caller, his face goes ashen.

EAMES (CONT'D)

I don't think you're a charity! I  
can definitely get you the money by  
the end of the month if-

Eames winces and holds the phone away from his ear.

EAMES (CONT'D)

Of course, two days. Or the baboon  
eats me. Loud and clear.

Eames hangs up. He offers his coffee to the baboon, who gulps it down and then smashes the cup.

EAMES (CONT'D)

This is what I get for borrowing  
money from a cryptozoologist.