

LLOYD: No, she doesn't. It's because I won't flirt with her.

LOIS: She doesn't want you to flirt with her.

LLOYD: You don't know. Yes, she does! I come here more than you do. The Visiting Angels bring me.

LOIS: Why would she care if you flirt with her or not?

LLOYD: She thinks she'll get a bigger tip if we flirt. I see her do it with all the men around here. But I'm on to her.

LOIS: She's just doing her job.

LLOYD: She hasn't come over, has she? Not since she dumped the plates in front of us and ran off.

LOIS: They're busy.

LLOYD: No, they're not. (Gestures at the room.)

LOIS: (sighs)

LLOYD: Hard to talk to me, right?

LOIS: Not at all. Not at all.

LLOYD: I'm still hungry. You ate most of mine.

LOIS: Let me try. (Waves for the waitress) Server!

LLOYD: "Server"? That's worse than "waitress." It makes her sound like a slave. (Snaps his fingers again.) Hey, where's our slave!

LOIS: Are you positive you're hungry?

LLOYD: (hard of hearing) What's that?

LOIS: (louder) Are you positive you're hungry?

LLOYD: I'm not hungry. Who said I was hungry? I just like to get that waitress's goat.

LOIS: Well, I don't think she's coming over here. I can go ask for some more food. (Gets up.)

LLOYD: Never mind. Sit down. I'll have some salt.

LOIS: (still standing) Salt?