Afraid, stressed, OMAR sits at the table, looking up at the stone-faced OFFICER JONES.

OMAR tries to stay measured, careful.

OFFICER JONES

Why were you in such a hurry to get out of here?

OMAR

I wasn't…

OFFICER JONES

No? Were you discharged from the hospital?

Off OMAR's non answer:

OFFICER JONES (CONT'D)

You were told to wait and see a doctor.

OMAR

Yes.

OFFICER JONES

If a doctor told me I needed medical attention,
I'd be sure to get it.

OMAR

I'm not seriously injured.

OFFICER JONES

Everyone else in that truck's path was; lucky you're fine.

OMAR doesn't say anything. OFFICER JONES stares at him.

OFFICER JONES (CONT'D)

You were also told to stick around and give a statement to me.

OMAR

I saw that truck one second before it hit. I didn't think that would help you.

OFFICER JONES

That makes you a witness. And a witness who doesn't cooperate is guilty of obstructing a peace officer.

OMAR doesn't know how to respond to that.

OFFICER JONES

That restaurant is a crime scene. What were you doing there?

OMAR

I work there.

OFFICER JONES

I'd like to see some identification please.

OMAR hesitates.

OMAR

Is that necessary?

OFFICER JONES

Yes.

OMAR reaches in his pocket and finds his Permanent Resident Card.

OFFICER JONES takes it… Reads. Pauses. Thinks.

Then OFFICER JONES stands to leave the table

OFFICER JONES

Sit tight Mr. Huss-ain,

OFFICER JONES mispronounces OMAR'S name and leave him to stew

OMAR exhales as OFFICER JONES leaves.