DAMON CHANDLER, co-owner of Double D Catering. The hunk.

AIMEE: How did it go, Damon?

DAMON: There wasn't much to say. I only arrived at the reception about a half hour before it was supposed to begin. Although he was very interested in my standing at the IPSC events.

CELIA: What's that?

BUTLER: The International Practical Shooting Confederation. Damon is a champion Shot.

DESIREE: Isn't that telling.

DAMON: But I generally leave my gun at the club.

MAC: And how do you just happen to know that, Butler?

AIMEE: Butler is a certified instructor with the Canadian Firearms Institute.

ANTOINE: You, too, have a gun? What is it with this country?

MAC: Did he ask you about your relationship with Chuck?

DAMON: Darla and I just cater here, that's all. More and more often lately, it's true.

AIMEE: Your food's so good. (to the others) We offered them a contract to supply appetizers for all our wine tasting events.

DAMON: Until Chuck reneged.

AIMEE: What!

DAMON: He didn't tell you?

JORDAN: Figures.

DAMON: He promised our company that catering contract, so based on that business we were finally able to update our kitchen and buy some new equipment. Then the day Darla and I went in to sign the contract Chuck said he'd changed his mind.

AIMEE: That's terrible.

DAMON: On top of that, he's been spreading it around that the food we served at the Zimmerman stag gave him food poisoning. We've lost three jobs that we know of because of that lie.

MAC: I heard he was completely plastered at that stag.

DAMON: He was. And that's what made him sick, not our food. And now we've lost all that business! I could have killed the guy. (dramatic music)

AIMEE: (a little weakly) I'll try to find a way to make it up to you both.

DAMON: Thanks. We'll –

(Suddenly all the lights go out. There is a loud bang, a shriek. A few panicky "What happened?" comments; then the lights flicker and come back up. AIMEE is slumped in an armchair)