Every ten years, without fail, Mike Lata opens a new restaurant. The man is patient, never rushing off to New York or Vegas—not even Hilton Head—to stamp out some imitation of himself. And so, a decade after opening FIG—still one of the best restaurants on the Eastern Seaboard—he has unleashed the Ordinary, whose name belies the canny intelligence that went into making it a best-in-class American seafood house built within the stately confines of a historic bank building, with sixteen-foot Palladian-arch windows and a backlit skylight. It's a big, echoing room with a fine long bar, a six-seat marble raw bar, and a lofty mezzanine overlooking the dining room.

Lata is a master of the trick of making the simple into small marvels of invention. You could, of course, just share tiers of iced shellfish lavished with peel-and-eat shrimp, clams, mussels, and lobster. And you would be happy. But you don't want to miss the fine-grained smoked-trout pâté with brown bread or the meaty skate wing with potato terrine and rémoulade sauce. One of the best main courses I had, which depend on what's best in the market that morning, was a southern triggerfish done ingeniously as a crisp schnitzel, with a simple brown-butter vinaigrette.

And for dessert, what else but a creamy, cool Carolina-gold rice pudding? Wear seersucker or jeans—you'll find both here—and listen in on the lilting Daisy Buchanan–like drawl of women for whom local gossip is one of the high arts. 544 King Street; 843-814-7050; eattloordinary.com