

PHIL (to OLIVER) You must be the luckiest man alive. Marrying the most beautiful girl in the world . . . though you should have seen her mother! . . . and starting your lives together in Paris!

(OLIVER looks at JENNY. PHIL sees the look.)

PHIL (to JENNY) You didn't tell him about Paris?

JENNY Of course I did.

PHIL So?

(JENNY looks hard at OLIVER, frowning her encouragement for him to speak.)

OLIVER So . . . we're not going to Paris.

PHIL (*increasingly angry*) You're not going to Paris? All her life she's dreamed of going to Paris, all her life we *all* dreamed of her going to Paris, and she gets a scholarship to study in Paris and now she's not going to Paris?

OLIVER No sir.

PHIL And this is your idea of loving her?

OLIVER I have to finish law school, sir.

PHIL And what's she going to do? Take a lousy job to support you?

(OLIVER looks away, embarrassed and humiliated.)

PHIL She *is*!?

JENNY (*angry and defensive*) I'm taking a teaching job . . . just for a few years until Oliver leaves law school and then –

PHIL A few years?! God save me . . . If y our mother was here this would kill her!

JENNY Phil . . . Calm down!