

THE ONLY KID THAT THOUGHT THAT SCALES WERE COOL  
THE KID THAT GREW TO BE NOBODY'S FOOL

12-18

(JENNY and OLIVER enter the café. PHIL gives her a huge Italian hug.)

PHIL Every day I dream of this! You're too thin.

JENNY It's good to be home. And you're too fat.

(PHIL laughs.)

PHIL I've been eating for you!

JENNY And this is Oliver . . .

(PHIL turns to OLIVER and looks him up and down. Pause. He turns back to JENNY.)

PHIL He's okay.

JENNY I told you he was okay.

PHIL Well, okay. I still had to see for myself. Now I saw. Oliver!

OLIVER Yes, sir?

PHIL Phil.

OLIVER Yes, Phil, sir?

PHIL You're okay.

OLIVER Thank you, sir.

PHIL Phil.

OLIVER Phil. I appreciate it. Really. I do. And you know how I feel about your daughter, sir. Phil. And you, sir.

JENNY Oliver, will you stop babbling like a stupid goddamn preppie and —

PHIL Jennifer, can you avoid the profanity? The sonovabitch is a guest!

(Beat.)