

As Good As It Gets S ~~SHORT~~

(A1)

SHE:

Can't live without me huh? I'm finally going to ask.
All right, what's with the plastic picnic wear? Why
don't you try ours? Afraid it isn't clean?

HE:

Well I see the help. It's a judgment call.

SHE:

So give yourself a little pep talk. Must try other
people's clean silverware as part of fun of dining out.

HE:

Whats wrong with your son?

SHE:

What do you care? (Pause) He's got to fight to
breathe. His asthma can just shoot off the charts,
he's allergic to dust, and this is New York so his
immune system fails on him whenever there's
trouble so, an ear infection - is this bothering you?

HE:

No.

SHE:

An ear infection sends us to the emergency room
five, six times a month where I get whatever nine
year old they just made a doctor. Nice chatting with
you.

HE:

His name?

SHE:

Spencer.

HE:

Okay.

SHE:

Spence.

HE:

They Left.

SHE:

Yeah, what do ya know? Brian said he doesn't care how long you've been coming, you ever act like this again you're barred for life. I'm going to miss the excitement, but I'll handle it.

HE:

Three eggs over easy, two sausage, six strips of bacon with fries...

SHE:

Fries today.

HE:

...short stack, coffee with cream with sweetener.

SHE:

You're going to die soon with that diet, you know that?

HE:

Yeah we're all going to die soon, I will, you will and it sure sounds like your son will.

SHE:

If you ever mention my son again, you will never be able to eat here again, you understand? Give me some sign you understand or leave now. Do you understand me, you crazy fuck? Do you?

HE:

Yes. Yeah. Yes.

SHE:

Okay, I'll get your order.