# SCRIPT – TOBY AND GLORIA

***SUPERMARKET***

***INT (DAY)***

**Toby** A smile, see. Toby Chandler’s Advice for the Emotionally Crippled strikes again.

**Gloria** *Giggling…* You’re funny, you know that?

**Toby** Laugh a minute, that’s old Tobes.

**Gloria** How come a kid’s so smart about feeling and stuff? I didn’t know nuthin’ when I was your age.

**Toby** I eat the right breakfast cereal.

**Gloria** Nah, I’m serious. Tell us.

*Toby ponders for a few moments, and then he decides to open up. He likes the*

*dumb broad. He is still being flip, but there is a seriousness underlying it. This is a*

*boy who has been hurt through the years.*

**Toby** Sensitivity seems to come in direct ratio to weight.

**Gloria** Come again?

**Toby** Fat kids learn a lot about hurting early in life.

**Gloria** Don’t call yourself fat.

**Toby** What would you call me?

*Gloria feels awkward and put on the spot.*

**Gloria** I dunno, I…

**Toby** Plump? Nicely padded? A victim of puppy fat? Nicely rounded? Doesn’t matter how hard you try to put it nicely, it all boils down to the same thing. This boy is fat.

*Gloria goes to say something but Toby anticipates.*

**Toby** Don’t worry, I can handle it. You wanted to know how come I’m so good at solving problems, I told you. When you’ve analysed your own ‘icks as much as I have, other people’s are a snack. *He forces a falsely cheery, self send up edge…* Speaking of snacks, this is one fat boy who needs food. *A la Cookie Monster…* Food, give me food.

**Gloria** *Giggles…* You really are funny.

**Toby** *Normal voice…* I’ll have a pizza supreme, hold the anchovies. And extra olives for the advice.

**Gloria** *Giggles…* I like you.

*Toby’s smile holds up for a few moments, and then dies. Philosophically he mutters to himself.*

**Toby** Better than nothing.