

GUESS WHO

Simon: Babe, I believe I said I don't like talking about that part of my life...

Theresa: Nascar?

Simon: What did you want me to do? He was staring at me with those piercing eyes...

Theresa: Oh, he was not...

Simon: It was like filled with piercing disappointment 'case I don't play sports? "A man who don't play sports isn't really a man now, is he?" I had to give him something! He's big. He's like... you said he was big, but he's big-big.

Theresa: But why did you lie about Nascar? My father loves Nascar.

Simon: It's Nascar, baby. That's, like, the whitest sport on the planet.

Theresa: Not anymore, Simon.

Simon: Baby, there's like, Nascar and hockey. Hockey, I should have went with hockey.

Theresa: Babe, don't worry. He'll forget about it. He's like this with everyone. It always takes him some time to warm up to new people. That's all.

Simon: What are we talking about here?

Theresa: By Sunday, you'll be a part of this family. I can tell he really likes you. And I really don't think the whole racial thing matters to him.

Simon: Is this yours or mine?

Theresa: That's mine and that's for later.

Simon: No. I think it's for now. If memory serves me right, I think it's mine.

Theresa: No, Simon. Take it off. Take it off right now.

Simon: It's perfect on me.

Theresa: What are you doing?

Simon: Look at it. Red is my color. Always has been. Look at it. My goodness!

Theresa: Simon, take it off.

Simon: But it fits me so perfectly.

Theresa: Look, you're stretching it. Take it off right now.

Simon: It's not ruined. It's nice. You take it off.

Theresa: Simon, I'm not joking.

Simon: You want some of this?

Theresa: Stop it, Simon. Take it off...

Simon: You take it off.

Parent: Coming in