

EXT. TENNIS COURTS -- SIMULTANEOUS

Chip hits a ball to AUGUST, his chubby ill-tempered ten-year-old son. August flails at it, then tosses his racket down.

START

AUGUST
This blows!

CHIP
What is the matter with you? We do not sulk on the court, August! Are you still upset about that Snickers bar?

AUGUST
I wasn't finished with it yet!

CHIP
You were eating on the toilet! Do you want Type I diabetes? Pretty hard to play tennis after they amputate your feet.

AUGUST
Yeah, well, you're fat too.

CHIP
I'm also very rich. Go practice your serve.

Bob arrives as August slinks off.

BOB
I think you're reaching him.

CHIP
That's just what I was thinking.

Bob was joking.

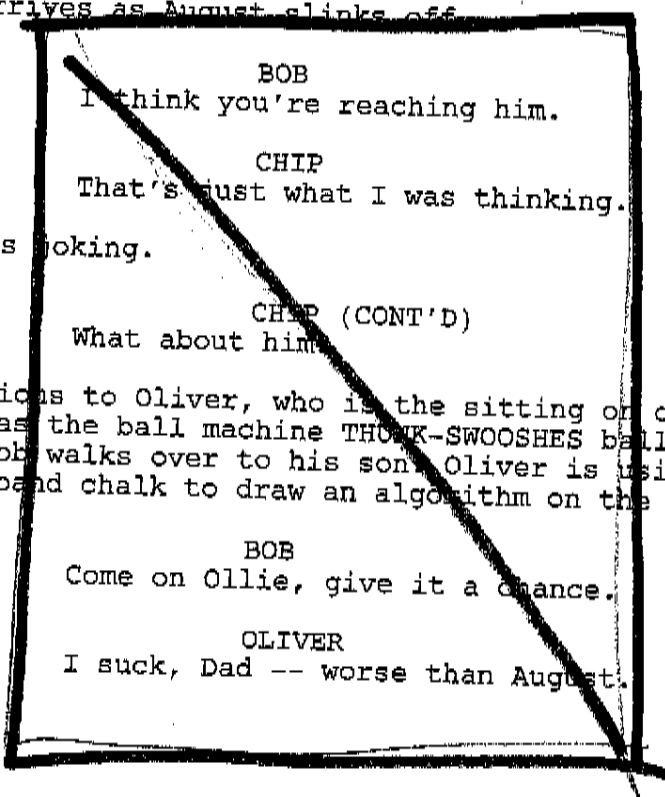
CHIP (CONT'D)
What about him?

He motions to Oliver, who is sitting on one side of the court as the ball machine THUNK-SWOOSHES balls all around him. Bob walks over to his son. Oliver is using a piece of contraband chalk to draw an algorithm on the court.

BOB
Come on Ollie, give it a chance.

OLIVER
I suck, Dad -- worse than August.

PRETTY HANDSOME



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Now Bob understands. He sits.

~~BOB
 That amazing brain of yours is going to change the world, Ollie -- but just because so much is going to come so easy doesn't mean you can quit on things that come hard.
 (a beat)
 I'll make you a deal. Come volley with me and I'll add a half hour day to your computer privileges.~~



Oliver notices Chip giving August some coaching -- bad coaching.

BOB (CONT'D)
Hold that racquet level, August.

~~CHIP
 Back off. J.V. varsity's doing fine over here.~~

August listens to his dad and sends the ball into the net -- that makes Bob happy. Chip, playfully defending his honor --

CHIP (CONT'D)
Hey tube socks, why don't you pick on someone your own size?

BOB
(grinning right back)
You challenging me?

~~CHIP
 One set. You pick the stakes.
 BOB
 Loser buys ice cream for the entire team.~~

The kids along with Elizabeth and Corkie gather around the court, excited and amused at the duel.

CHIP
You're on.

August muscles up to Oliver.

AUGUST
Your dad's meat.

Oliver just stares at August, freaking him out.

STOP

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