

CHIP

BOB  
(flirtatious and charming)  
You're all looking lovely today.  
Club Auxiliary?

BUNNY  
Darien Historical Society, darling.  
We're in crisis. There's a Tudor  
over on Grand that must be rescued.  
The new owners have turned in a  
ghastly plan for a remodel.

One of The Bramblewood Ladies leans in to Bob and whispers.

BRAMBLEWOOD LADY  
They're "G-A-Y."

BUNNY  
You can imagine. Grand Avenue is a  
treasure, my mother grew up on that  
street.

The ladies all agree. Nothing changes in this town without  
going through them first -- and they hate change.

BUNNY (CONT'D)  
How are the boys?

BOB  
Good. I'll bring them over soon.

BUNNY  
Thanksgiving is right around the  
corner, I'll see them then.  
Remember Bobby, -- raising children  
is the exact same as breeding dogs.  
It's all about the pedigree.

Off Bob, smiling tightly but stunned that he survived his  
childhood with this woman --

INT. CLUB DINING ROOM -- MORNING (LATER)

Bob sits with CHIP FROMME -- his closest friend. Chip's a  
lawyer, a Mayflower descendent, battles his weight. A WAITER  
places a plate of egg-whites with fruit in front of both of  
them. Chip takes a bite, then tosses his fork down.

CHIP  
This tastes like crap.

BOB  
Tastes okay to me, Chippy.

START

1/6

"4/02"

CHIP

Bullshit. It's flavorless. We're eating like a couple of girls.

BOB

We have high cholesterol.

CHIP

So did every man since Adam -- didn't stop them from having a steak now and then to remind them they had a dick. Look around, Bobby -- twenty guys in this place and not an egg yolk to be found.

Bob looks around. It's true. The room is full of PRIVILEGED MEN, and they're ALL eating bland egg whites and fruit. As Bob scans the room, he's suddenly shocked to see that ALL OF THEM are also suddenly wearing nothing but WOMENS UNDERWEAR.

One of the MEN in a matching bra and panty set looks over and smiles sadly at Bob, startling him. Chip's continuing tirade shocks him back to reality.

CHIP (CONT'D)

You know what we have at my house? A family schedule. It makes me feel like a pussy. I'm supposed to cook and do the dishes Mondays and Thursdays. My father played golf three times a week and dinner was on the table when he got home. Warm. With no complaints.

BOB

And your mother hated him for it.

CHIP

That's the brainwashing talking. This generation of women want us to feel bad for being men, like there's something wrong with going out and killing the lion.

BOB

You're over-reacting. Yes, gender lines have blurred over the last couple of years, but you don't see me complaining about Elizabeth bringing in extra money.

2/6

CHIP  
 (conspiratorially)  
 Let me ask you something -- how often does Elizabeth ask to be on top?

BOB  
 None of your goddamned business.

CHIP  
 Corkie wants it that way every time. You see? They're subtle, they get you in places where you're vulnerable.

BOB  
 If I order a hamburger will you shut up?

CHIP  
 There was an article in *The Times* a couple of months ago, Bobby. With all the soy products and additives in our food nowadays, men are taking in twenty times the amount of estrogen we need. *Twenty times*. Those female chemicals screw with a man's body on a cellular level. In a thousand years, there's only going to be one sex left -- chicks.

Off Bob --

END

~~INT. DARIEN DEEP HALLWAY -- DAY~~

~~CASSIE BOOTH, wrapped in her mother's bulky old herringbone overcoat, grabs her books out of her locker. Cassie's beauty sneaks up on you. As she turns to head to class, JILL and CLAIRE -- two lethal teen Wasps -- block her path. Jill forces a small VIAL OF LIQUID into Cassie's hand.~~

~~JILL  
 Ipecac. Didn't you say your gag reflex is shot from last summer?~~

~~CLAIRE  
 Face it, Cass -- you're obese.~~

~~CASSIE  
 I'll be sure to be just as supportive when you guys overcome a debilitating disease.~~

~~Patrick, with Oliver in tow, walks up and kisses Cassie.~~

3/6

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.

4/6

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 a day to your computer privileges.

Oliver nods. As Bob walks to the other side of the court, he 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

5/6

INT. TENNIS COURTS -- MONTAGE

Bob destroys Chip. It's not even close. Bob is fit, virile, competitive, while Chip seems to just get angrier with each lost net point. Finally, Bob aces him with a serve and goes to the net to shake his hand with a smile.

ANGLE: Elizabeth with her arm around Oliver. Oliver is wildly impressed with his father, and also defeated -- he will never be this masculine and athletic. Off Elizabeth, picking up on her younger son's pain --

~~EXT. CLUB PARKING LOT -- LATER~~

~~Bob and Elizabeth walk hand in hand to the car. Oliver runs awkwardly ahead of them. Elizabeth watches him, then --~~

~~ELIZABETH~~

~~I don't think Oliver should play tennis anymore.~~

~~(as Bob goes to protest)~~

~~Wait a minute, hear me out. He's miserable, Bob. Don't we just want him to be happy? Why are we forcing him to be something he's not?~~

~~BOB~~

~~He's ten-years-old. He doesn't know what he is yet.~~

Just then, the transsexual approaches. CHRISTINA CARPENTER is forty. There's something elegant in her pride of womanhood.

CHRISTINA

May I have a word, Dr. Fitzpayne?  
I'm Mario Wallace's wife.

Bob's never actually been this close to a male to female transsexual. He's transfixed. A beat, then to Elizabeth --

BOB

I'll catch up.

She looks at him -- is he sure? He nods and she moves off.

CHRISTINA

I'm sorry -- I actually followed you here from your office. I know it's awful, but I just got swept up in the V.I. Warshawski of it all.

BOB

What can I do for you, Miss...?

6/6