

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 --

INT. DARIEN PREP -- 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.

Peety Handsome

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PATRICK
Hey baby. Ladies.

Cassie hands back the Ipecac before Patrick leads her away.
FOLLOW Patrick, Cassie and Oliver as they walk down the hall.

CASSIE
I don't think I can do this
anymore. They're not stupid.

OLIVER
Do what?

PATRICK
Nothing. You have my homework?

Oliver takes a typed sheet out of his backpack but before
Patrick can take it, Oliver pulls it back.

OLIVER
We had a deal.

Oliver motions to a PRETTY SOPHOMORE GIRL. To Cassie --

PATRICK
Everything is going to be fine.

A worried Cassie nods and heads into class as Patrick
approaches the girl, who is instantly starstruck.

START -

PATRICK (CONT'D)
Hey, I'm Patrick.

HEATHER
I know. Heather.

PATRICK
Heather, you know my brother Oliver
over there? He's got a 190 IQ and
he's going to save the world from
AIDS or invent some kind of super
computer before he's eighteen and
become richer than God.

HEATHER
That's cool.

PATRICK
So what do you say you invest early
and let him take you to the Fall
formal next week? He's a great kid.

HEATHER

He's ten. And he's a freak. It would be social suicide.

- STOP

Oliver watches silently as they talk. He can't hear what they're saying, but he's hopeful. Finally, Patrick returns.

PATRICK

She has a boyfriend.

Oliver sighs, then hands Patrick his homework. They begin into class. Patrick sweetly puts his arm around his brother.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

Don't worry, squirt -- we'll find you somebody.

INT. BOB'S OB/GYN OFFICE -- DAY

A generous BLOB of KY Jelly is squeezed on a woman's hugely pregnant belly. Bob, now in his white lab coat with DR. BOB FITZPAYNE embroidered on it, finishes lubing up his patient's abdomen and grabs his ultrasound wand. The stomach belongs to CONNIE WANG -- in her late-thirties and meticulously put together. So is WILLIAM, her husband who stands behind her.

WILLIAM

Where is Dr. Fitzpayne?

BOB

For the record, I'm Dr. Fitzpayne, too. My father had an emergency, he asked me to fill in.

CONNIE

(quickly)

No problem, I'm very comfortable with you.

William all but rolls his eyes at how instantly his wife is besotted, Bob can only smile. As Bob checks their file --

BOB

The baby's gender isn't in here.

CONNIE

We don't know it yet. Scotch said it's always turned the wrong way.

Bob starts the ultrasound. The almost fully formed baby appears on the black and white screen.

BOB

So it is. Someone is a little shy.

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