

# SECURITY

23. GUMP

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...?

Pretty Handsome

1/2

CHRISTINA  
Christina is fine.

They shake hands. Bob is incredibly awkward.

CHRISTINA (CONT'D)  
Mario told me how nice you were to  
him. Decent.

Bob still doesn't understand what this is about.

CHRISTINA (CONT'D)  
Mario is a proud man, doctor. He  
didn't tell you everything. He's  
been grappling with depression for  
years. There was a suicide attempt  
-- before he met me.  
(tearing up)  
He stays in bed until two in the  
afternoon, he's drinking again.  
Please doctor...I can't lose him.

Bob thinks. He's moved by this woman -- by her devotion, her  
openness. Christina picks up on it. She takes a pen and  
paper out of her purse and writes her address on it.

START -

CHRISTINA (CONT'D)  
This is our home address. I  
understand about the office.

APPROACHING SECURITY GUARD  
Excuse me, are you a club member?

Bob and Christina lock eyes. Before Bob can speak --

SECURITY GUARD  
Please come with me. I'll escort  
you to the exit.

- STOP

The guard leads her off. Car loaded, Elizabeth approaches.

ELIZABETH  
What was that about?

BOB  
Patient stuff. His...her partner  
has some issues.

ELIZABETH  
Those poor people. Can you  
imagine?

Off Bob, looking at the address, wondering just what kind of  
doctor -- and man -- he really is we CUT TO:

2/2