## THE GRANDPA ADVANTAGE

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INT. KITCHEN - MORNING

MOTHER is making breakfast as the house is in a normal state of morning disarray. But disarray in the Fitzgerald home isn't quite average as we'll soon see.

MOTHER

Derek, don't forget your assignment. I'm not dragging it to school if you forget it.

DEREK (O.C.)

Don't worry, Mom, I've got it.

SND FX: metallic clanging, ear piercing squeals, glass breaking, dogs growling then yelping before we hear it's feet scramble and scratch attempting to get away.

EVANGELINE (O.C.)

Hey, watch it! MOM! Derek is dragging his who knows what through the house.

DEREK enters the kitchen dragging this unwieldy erector set behind him. He begins to set it up on his chair.

DEREK

It's my school assignment, if you have to know.

MOTHER

That's nice, Derek. It doesn't have any flammable parts like last time, does it?

Chastised, Derek answers.

DEREK

No.

MOTHER

Because you know what the school said, if you cause a fire to. . .

DEREK

. . . I know, MOM! I said it a million times! I didn't know oranges were flammable.

EVANGELINE (O.C.)

I do.

DEREK

Now!

Mother comes to the table with food. She stops to take in the contraption Derek is setting up on his chair.

MOTHER

It's a big day so make sure you. . . what is that?

DEREK

It's the Test-Isolator 3000.

EVANGELINE (O.C.)

How come every thing is 3000? The Garbage Extruder 3000. The Rain-VapOrator 3000. The. . .

DEREK

. . .it's science! You wouldn't understand.

EVANGELINE (O.C.)

I understand plenty.

(pause)

About stupid.

DEREK

MOM!

MOTHER

Shut up the both of you before I crank up the Mom'll-Ground-U 3000.

Mother puts the three plates down while not taking her eyes off the contraption.

MOTHER (CONT'D)

What does it do? Exactly?

Derek becomes animated as he begins to show off his invention.

DEREK

As you can see, the Test-Isolator 3000 will fit over a standard chair to enhance the test taking experience.

Derek slides into the Test-Isolator 3000 to demonstrate it.

DEREK (CONT'D)

As you can see, the Test-Isolator 3000 gives you an advantage over other taking the test because, not only do you have both hands free but, with the move of a foot. . .

Walls along the side of the Test-Isolator 3000 slide forward.

DEREK (CONT'D)

. . .blinders slide forward so you're not distracted by the other, less fortunate, test takers.

The walls slide back.

DEREK (CONT'D)

As you can see, with both hands free, I can calculate numbers quickly while writing down the answers so as not to waste precious test taking time.

Derek leans his head back.

DEREK (CONT'D)

And, when you're done with a page, with a simple movement that paper is stored away for when you have to pass it in.

SND FX Louder, if possible, more cacophonous clattering cascades through the other room.

Without missing a beat Mother moves away from the table.

MOTHER

Take that down to make room for your Grandfather. Good morning, Dad.

Hauling in mirrors and pulleys and rotary arms and who knows what else the white clad, white haired, wild eyed PROFESSOR rumbles in.

Professor looks at the Test-Isolator 3000 transfixed. He likes what he sees so far.

**PROFESSOR** 

I like it. I like it.

EVANGELINE (O.C.)

Of course you do. You built it.

4.

Derek and Professor exchange looks.

DEREK

He helped, sure, he's a great inventor, but I did most of it myself. Isn't that right, Grandpa?

Startled to hear his name invoked Professor snaps to.

PROFESSOR

Yes, yeah, uh-ha, of course. I just lent the boy some tools and made sure he was going in the right direction.

Professor looks over the Test-Isolator 3000 approvingly.

PROFESSOR (CONT'D)

Not bad. Looks very solid. Quite a test taking marvel.

Professor looks around then conspiratorially whispers into Derek's ear.

PROFESSOR (CONT'D)

You were able to include the Cassegrain reflector, right?

MOTHER

What was that, Dad?

Professor acts as if he's caught.

PROFESSOR

What? No! Nothing. I was just asking our budding inventor here if he remembered a vital piece of infrastructure.

DEREK

That's all, Mom, just infrastructure.

MOTHER

I may not be an inventor. . .

Professor and Derek begin to interrupt her to agree but she shuts them down.

MOTHER (CONT'D)

. . .but I've been around them my whole life, Dad, so, if I remember correctly, a Cassegrain reflector is a combination of mirrors and the only thing mirrors could be used for while taking a test is. . .

EVANGELINE (O.C.)

. . . cheating. He's cheating, Mom!

DEREK GRANDFATHER

Shut up!

Shut up!

Derek jumps from the chair pleading his case.

DEREK

Mom! Cheating? Why would I. . .I would never. . .I have no need to.

MOTHER

Enough. I'm not saying you were. .

Mother walks up to her Father.

MOTHER (CONT'D)

. . .and I'm not saying you were helping but I am saying the thing stays home.

DEREK

MOM! But it's the first real world trial. It's our big opportunity to test proof of concept. We could revolutionize test taking for generations to. . .

MOTHER

. . .here. Stays. End of discussion.

Mother stares at her Father.

PROFESSOR

What? You know I'm a man of science who could never condone cheating.

Grandfather looks sternly at Derek.

PROFESSOR (CONT'D)

You weren't planning on cheating with this, were you, Derek?

DEREK

No Grandpa. I wanted to try to enhance the solitude of the environment to heighten my internal level of concentration to give me the greatest opportunity to achieve my full potential.

EVANGELINE (O.C.)

Are you believing any of this crap?

DEREK GRANDFATHER

Shut up!

Shut up!

-

MOTHER Enough. All of you. Get ready the bus is almost here.

Slowly Derek gathers up the Test-Isolator 3000 under the watchful eye of Professor. Professor looks over at his Daughter cleaning up the morning dishes so takes this opportunity to check in with Derek.

PROFESSOR

How did the Masticator 3000 trial go yesterday?

Derek looks toward his Mother.

DEREK

Could have gone better.

INT. LUNCHROOM - AFTERNOON

We follow a long line of KIDS holding unwanted food items in their hands. Derek is standing at a table with a huge glowing orb on a base undulating. A folded sign next to the orb reads: Masticator 3000 - Get Rid Of Icky Food. \$1. Behind the orb is a box.

DEREK

What do you have there?

A BOY steps up as Derek looks into the bag. He leans back in horror.

DEREK (CONT'D)

Brussels sprouts? Do your parents hate you?

BOY 1

I think so.

Boy hands over the dollar as Derek sends the brussels sprouts into the Masticator 3000 which undulates and gurgles as it does it's job.

DEREK

Next?

A GIRL steps up holding her bag out. Derek looks at her before peering into the bag. He jumps back bumping into the table.

DEREK (CONT'D)

What is that?

GIRL

Tripe.

Derek looks at her as if she's making up these words.

DEREK

Tripe? What's that?

GIRL

A delicacy.

DEREK

Of course it's a delicacy. All delicacies look snot. But what is it?

GIRL

The walls of a stomach.

DEREK

Wait, your parents think your stomach can eat a stomach?

GIRL

Apparently.

DEREK

Are you an only child?

GIRL

Yes.

DEREK

That explains it.

Derek reaches past the orb into the box.

DEREK (CONT'D)

Here's an eclair. Wait, here's two and they're on the house.

Derek points at the Masticator 3000.

DEREK (CONT'D)

Throw it all right in.

The Girl tosses the bag in as she takes the eclair.

GIRL

Thanks. See you next Friday.

The Girl exits as Derek calls to her.

DEREK

Next week it won't be on the house.

Derek looks at the long line in front of him.

DEREK (CONT'D)

Who's next? Get rid of the crap your parents are trying to feed you and buy yourself some food you actually like.

Two BOYS step up.

DEREK (CONT'D)

What do you have there?

Derek begins to lean over to see what they have but steps away in disgust.

DEREK (CONT'D)

Are you trying to bury a goldfish? What is that smell?

BOY 2

Our grandmother is visiting.

BOY 3

So she wants to cook for us all the time.

BOY 2

For lunch today she made. . .

DEREK

. . .say no more! I don't even want to look it. Toss it right in. Two dollars first.

Each Boy hands Derek a dollar before tossing the food into the Masticator 3000.

DEREK (CONT'D)

Make sure to pick up a delicious snack and maybe one to three or four extra to soothe your stomach after grandma's dinner.

The line keeps coming but the Masticator 3000 starts to wiggle and vibrate faster. Steam begins to rise from it. The once soothing glowing orb begins flash multiple colors. The force of the disruption begins to shake the table.

Derek looks at the Masticator 3000 and immediately knows things are not going well. He looks at the crowd formed before him and knows he has to do something.

DEREK (CONT'D)

RUN!

Kids scream and scatter running rapidly from the lunch room. The orb continues to gather steam as particles of food begin to froth from it's intake receptacle. The orb becomes more agitated, food continues to force secondary exits in the walls of the Masticator 3000, lights are glaring, the room is shaking and just as it can't take anymore pressure. . .

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

ECU Professor's shocked face

Professor jumps back landing next to Derek.

DEREK

I probably don't have to tell you I had to stay after school.

PROFESSOR

We seem to have some kind of miscalculation here. I made the stomach of cast iron. Nothing should have been able to penetrate the muscularis propria much less the subserosa or outermost serosa. I did rigorous testing that should have prevented. . .

Professor stops. He looks down at Derek for a beat before grabbing him by his shoulders.

PROFESSOR (CONT'D)

. . .you didn't put any braunschweiger in there, did you?

Derek shrugs his shoulders.

PROFESSOR (CONT'D)

Think, son!

DEREK

Yes, yes, I think so, I think that's what the foreign exchange student called it.

Professor stands up. He's crestfallen at his failure.

PROFESSOR

I could get the enzymes I was using to absorb everything, even maggot cheese, but with the formula I was using I just couldn't break down braunschweiger.

Professor grabs Derek. As he speaks he begins to shake him wilder by the syllable.

PROFESSOR (CONT'D)

How was I do know someone in your school would have braunschweiger?

DEREK

I don't know. I don't know. I don't know.

MOTHER

Let's go, everyone. The bus is here.

Professor let's go of the disheveled Derek and begins to help him become presentable. Mother hands Derek two cans.

MOTHER (CONT'D)

Here's your ginseng tea and one for you Evangeline.

EVANGELINE (O.C.)

I don't want one. It smells like a bush.

DEREK

I hate it. Can I get a soda?

MOTHER

No. Take it and get going.

Professor grabs a can from Derek and starts taking a can opener out of his pocket.

**PROFESSOR** 

Let me open it.

DEREK

Not in the house!

EVANGELINE (O.C.)

Are you trying to make us move away?

Professor puts the opener on top of the can.

DEREK

It's a pop top, Grandpa, it's easy.

Professor affixes the opener to the top of the can. Two claws reach out to hold the outer rim of the can as an third claw reaches out to pop the can open.

The middle claw grabs the top of the can and tears the entire top of the can off. The grinding is deafening.

EVANGELINE (O.C.)

That one's Derek's. Don't open mine. Don't open mine.

Professor holds the sloshing can out to Derek.

MOTHER

Say thank you to Grandpa, Derek.

Derek takes the dripping can.

DEREK

Thank you, Grandpa.

MOTHER

Now off to school. Don't forget your soccer cleats, Evangeline.

Derek begins to exit the kitchen but is stopped by Professor.

PROFESSOR

I guess I have to adjust the tension on the main spring.

Derek nods his head while spilling tea all over the place as he exits the kitchen.

PROFESSOR (CONT'D)

Come and see me after school. I think I'm about to make a breakthrough.

DEREK (O.C.)

Okay, Grandpa.

PROFESSOR

And bring back anything you can salvage from Masticator 3000.

DEREK

Okay.

PROFESSOR

I'll fix everything in the next version.

SND FX Door close.

PROFESSOR (CONT'D)

Why do you vex me so braunschweiger?

INT. LABRATORY - AFTERNOON

Professor is sitting at a lab table tinkering.

FEMALE (V.O.)

They're ready for you.

PROFESSOR

Thank you. I'll be there momentarily.

Professor shuts down all of the equipment on his table then exits.

INT. BOARDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

The Boardroom is metallic and sleek. Vaguely uncomfortable. Decisions made here are made fast, decisively and with authority.

A group of white haired men at seated around a large table. Each man represents one part of the invention process. They are each a vital cog in Professor's creations but they all think they're the most important so act accordingly.

Each man is played by Professor in age and stature appropriate attire.

At one end of the table is the CEO. To his immediate right is the INVESTOR. At the middle of the table on the left side is R&D on the right is SALES with ACCOUNTING to his right. At the end of the table doodling on a whiteboard is DREAMER.

A cart comes crashing and banging through the door attracting everyone's attention. Everyone seating views the scene with varying degrees of amusement. Dreamer, on the other hand, is excited beyond belief. He races up to Professor bounding around him.

CEO

Glad to see you could make it, Professor.

DREAMER

I know! Isn't it great that he's here? It's great that you're here. This is going to be the best day ever.

The Professor continues pushing the cart to the front of the room. Everyone seated looks over the cart and then they exchange quizzical glances.

INVESTOR

You seem to be little light with inventions there, Professor.

DREAMER

It's not the number, is it, Professor? It's the quality. Isn't that right?

SALES

If we can sell it.

ACCOUNTING

If we can make a profit.

R&D

If we can manufacture it cheaply.

INVESTOR

If we can control the market.

CEO

If we can keep this barge floating for another quarter.

The Professor ignores everyone as he positions his cart at the front of the room.

CEO (CONT'D)

So, Professor, I'm sure you didn't bring us all here to see one of your inventions.

INVESTOR

You do have another trolley or seven coming in, right?

PROFESSOR

I'm sure you'll be more than pleased with my presentation.

DREAMER

More than pleased, did you hear that? We'll be more than pleased.

CEO

Then, please, get to it. What do you have for us today, Professor?

Professor picks up a blue spool and holds it aloft like a scared relic. Dreamer is transfixed. The others? Not so much.

SALES

String?

PROFESSOR

Yes, but more than just string.

DREAMER

Oooooooooo. More.

INVESTOR

Are you going to hold us in suspense or get to the point, Professor?

DREAMER

He'll get to the point, he'll get to the point. Don't you want to savor the moment?

CEO

INVESTOR

No!

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Professor isn't phased by the lack of encouragement so plows ahead.

PROFESSOR

Yes, this may appear to be mere string but it has the tensile strength of steel.

DREAMER

Tensile! Which sounds like tinsel and who doesn't like tinsel?

PROFESSOR

At the weight of a dandelion petal.

Dreamer shakes his head and body.

DREAMER

No, no, no. Not dandelions. They make me sneeze and my eyes all puffy like cheesy poofs.

R&D stands up to take it from here.

R&D

The original idea was to be used as thread in the manufacturing of hockey jerseys. The original results showed a decrease in upper body injuries.

INVESTOR

That's encouraging.

R&D sits down while Sales is pounding on a calculator.

SALES

There are over half a million amateur hockey players in the US alone with another million world wide. At a wholesale average of forty dollars per, fifty or more in our case due to the safety factor, add in the world wide professional market and. . .

Sales finishes pounding on his calculator.

SALES (CONT'D)

. . .we could make ourselves a stinking fortune.

ACCOUNTING

If we came in at a favorable price point per unit.

Accounting pauses for what passes for a dramatic accounting moment.

ACCOUNTING (CONT'D)

Which, if the rough numbers from R&D are anywhere close to reality, is feasible.

Slowly R&D stands up. After a pause CEO speaks.

CEO

I sense a but here.

DREAMER

Ha ha, he said butt.

R&D

The first round of live testing was encouraging. . .

INVESTOR

. . .but?

Dreamer giggles.

R&D

But. There were unforeseen occurrences.

INT. ICE RINK - DAY

SCIENTIST with high tech gear surround the Ice Rink. Cameras are recording every move the two PLAYERS on the ice make.

PROFESSOR

Okay, block the shot with your body.

PLAYER 1 nods while PLAYER 2 begins to set up a shot from the blue line. Player 2 goes into his motion. Player 1 begins to move into the blocking lane. The shot goes off. The block is made. And everyone starts ducking at the puck deflects around the rink off every surface. It comes to rest smashing a laptop.

Professor picks up the laptop and attempts to pull the puck from the screen to no avail. He drops the laptop.

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Scientists look at video and data from the test. Other Scientists check Player 1 who is none the worse for wear.

SCIENTIST

Okay, let's do a checking drill.

Player 1 lines up at the boards while Player 2 positions at the blue line. After a beat Player 2 skates towards Player 1. They make contact at the boards where, a moment after contact, Player 2 is jettisoned down the rink into the netting at the back of the rink.

INT. BOARDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Everyone around the table is staring off into the distance.

PROFESSOR

I know the results were more than we hoped for.

CEO

Hoped for? We hoped for flying hockey players?

PROFESSOR

If we reformulate the process we can limit the jettisoning reaction.

INVESTOR

Did I waste time paying for tests in other areas?

R&D

Because of the outstanding results we recorded. . .

CEO, Investor, Sales and Accounting look at R&D as if he's lost his mind.

R&D (CONT'D)

. . .inconclusive results we recorded we were able to define an emerging market, bulletproof vests.

CEO

Did you test it?

R&D

We did a real world field test.

CEO

And the results?

R&D looks away.

INT. CITY STREET - DAY

POLICE are chasing a CRIMINAL down the street.

POLICE

Stop or I'll shoot.

Criminal stops, turns around and shoots. Three, four, five bullets bounce off the Police vest and ping all around the street. Everyone runs and ducks out of the way.

INT. BOARDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Everyone around the table is staring at R&D.

R&D

Although we had unwanted results the vest did perform up to and beyond it's task.

INVESTOR

This is nonsense. What do we have here? Bouncy shirts?

CEO

Don't be too hasty, I'm sure they've been working on other, useful, application of this invention.

CEO glares at Professor.

CEO (CONT'D)

Haven't we, Professor?

Professor stands at the head of the table absentmindedly stretching the string. He's staring off lost in his own thoughts.

CEO (CONT'D)

Professor? Anyone?

R&D stands up in a brave attempt to salvage this meeting.

R&D

Because of it's elasticity and ability to curl back up safely our tests have shown potential as nautical rope.

EXT. DOCK - DAY

A boat is gearing up to head out to a day on the sea. A CREW MEMBER unties and tosses the rope onto the dock. The rope begins to roll up and tuck itself away as the boat pulls away.

The next Boat in the slip is waiting it's turn to head out to the open seas. A couple of CREW MEMBERS are standing on the boat as it begins to pull away from the dock.

As the Crew Members chat we notice the rope is still tied to the mooring on the dock. The boat continues to pull away as the rope pulls tighter and tighter.

Just before the boat is about to pull into the open sea the rope stretches at taut as it's going so then starts to pull back. Sending the boat sailing out of the water flying across the docks onto the shore.

INT. BOARDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Everyone around the table jumps with the thud.

INVESTOR

I see we still have some very expensive bugs to iron out before we even consider taking this to market.

CEO

The potential is there but before we proceed we're going to have to get a blue ribbon panel to study this product much further.

INVESTOR

Maybe.

The air has been taken out of the room. The only one still happy is Dreamer.

CEO

Do you have any other presentations?

Professor is still playing with the string. It should work, he's thinking. The application is there. He knows it's a revolutionary product.

CEO (CONT'D)

Professor?

Professor snaps to attention.

INVESTOR

Anyone? Anything? Anyway I didn't waste an entire day coming here?

Sales, Accounting and R&D pretend to be thinking of anything else. But they don't have a lead unless Professor gives it to them.

CEO

Professor!

Professor snaps to attention.

PROFESSOR

It should work. The potential is there.

INVESTOR

And unless the potential unearths itself in the next week for little or no cost I guess that's another one of your inventions to flush my money down the toilet.

The Investor stands up. Everyone else fidgets around in their seats. Professor begins to rummage around his pocket.

PROFESSOR

I do have the Hydrator 2700.

Everyone around the table groans.

INVESTOR

Not this again.

ACCOUNTING

I thought that was banned from the property?

R&D

Professor, we haven't and may never perfect that.

PROFESSOR

I've been working on it. Look.

Professor drops a pill on the table.

PROFESSOR (CONT'D)

This is a weeks worth of shopping for a family for four.

SALES

Can I go? Last time this was demonstrated it took a week to get pimento loaf out of my hair.

PROFESSOR

With just a little more experimentation we could revolutionize so many markets.

SALES

I'm serious. Just seeing that pill is giving me flash backs.

INVESTOR

I think we've wasted enough on this, Professor.

PROFESSOR

It's not a waste. Every more, no matter how small, is an incremental development toward the success of this invention.

Professor walks over to get some water.

SALES

Oh no, I'm starting to get hives.

Professor gingerly pours one drop onto the pill. Sales slumps under the table. All others take cover behind folders and laptops and briefcases.

The pill begins to shimmy, expand, foam. Suddenly bags of groceries begin to sprout on the table. One, two, three, four pristine bags are now sitting on the table.

Everyone begins to relax their defenses to look at the that have bags miraculously appeared on the table. Nods and grins begin to fill their faces.

Suddenly the bags begins to vibrate. The bottom of the bags expand. Moisture begins to seep through the expanding bottoms. Suddenly all of the bags crumble and fall in overflowing piles on the table.

R&D begins to move debris around with a pen. Sales and Accounting push their chairs as far away as they'll go from the table. CEO and Investor sit there glumly taking in yet another failure.

R&D

Still haven't solved the issue of glass containers being unable to contain the product then shattering during compression.

**PROFESSOR** 

But we will!

INVESTOR

We won't.

PROFESSOR

We can!

CEO

We won't. Get a hazmat crew in here.

Professor begins to reach into the remnants.

PROFESSOR

Look! Broccoli. In perfect condition.

As Investor walks by he points to a pile of glass that has a white and brown substances mingled together.

INVESTOR

And what's this?

Dreamer reaches in and takes a big finger full of whatever that is. He looks at it to the horror of everyone else. He sniffs it. Sales begins to get sick. Dreamer takes one last look at it before he takes a big bite of it. People recoil but Dreamer is quite enjoying himself.

DREAMER

Mayonutter! Delicious!

Everyone begins to quickly file out of the boardroom. As they leave Professor glumly surveys what he has done.

PROFESSOR

Maybe they're right. Maybe all this is a waste of time.

DREAMER

Not on your life!

Dreamer holds up a dripping fistful of mayonutter.

DREAMER (CONT'D)

You gave the world mayonutter! Isn't that enough?

Dreamer continues to feast while Professor wheels his spool of string out of the boardroom.

INT. LABRATORY - AFTERNOON

Professor is tinkering in his lab. He seems miles away. The meeting earlier may have taken some wind out of his sails.

DEREK

Grandpa!

Professor startles looking towards the sound. Derek comes bounding down to the labratory.

DEREK (CONT'D)

Grandpa! Look!

Derek holds up his tennis racket with the strings broken.

DEREK (CONT'D)

And we have our first match of the season tomorrow.

Derek puts his racket on a bench.

DEREK (CONT'D)

Not that it matters. We're going to get creamed anyway.

PROFESSOR

What kind of attitude is that? You know the only time you lose is when you give up.

DEREK

Not tomorrow. Those guys from Mount Merryhook always kill us.

PROFESSOR

They were tough when I was in school too. But you can beat them. You just have to. . .

DEREK

. . .sorry, Grandpa, it's not going to work this time. They're almost professionals and we stink.

PROFESSOR

You're just letting them get into your head.

DEREK

I played their best player this summer and didn't win a point in the first set.

Professor thinks for a second.

PROFESSOR

You might be right, that sounds like more than just in your head. Is there anything I can do to help?

DEREK

I don't think so. Just string my racket so I can take my beating.

PROFESSOR

That's the spirit!

Professor picks up the racket and starts cutting the strings out.

PROFESSOR (CONT'D)

Go to the other room and get the racket string for me. I'll get the racket stringer.

DEREK

Sure, Grandpa.

Derek exits.

## INT. LABRATORY STORAGE - CONTINUOUS

Derek walks into the cluttered lab storage room. Inventions in various levels of disarray litter the room. There are a few spool of string on a table with some different colored string hanging up. On the cart from earlier is the string on the blue spool. Without paying any attention Derek takes the blue spool.

## INT. LABRATORY - LATER

Professor is screwing the racket into his invention, the String Master 7500 when Derek walks in. He puts the blue spool of string down.

PROFESSOR

Thanks, Derek.

Without paying any attention Professor picks up the spool and measures out forty feet of string and places the ends in the clips. He turns on the machine and it starts to string the racket on it's own.

The left side of string feeds through and quickly ties off. A round grip holds the tension of the strings as the clip feeds through tying off the string and clips the end.

The right side begins rapidly stringing with the round grip following across the strings to maintain it's tension. It feeds up and then begins to snake through the strings horizontally until it reaches the top and ties off. The entire process takes just as long as the Professors pep talk.

PROFESSOR (CONT'D)

Derek, I know it may seem an insurmountable task but when you put your mind to it and you beat just about anyone on the planet. You know the game as well as anyone else. You've been playing your entire life and, not to brag, but you do have my tennis DNA built inside of you.

The String Master 7500 clanks and releases the racket.

PROFESSOR (CONT'D)

Here's your racket.

Derek takes the racket and pounds the strings against his palm.

DEREK

Thanks, Grandpa. I know what you're saying but there's good and then there's Ethan Healy good.

**PROFESSOR** 

He's that good, is he?

DEREK

He has his own mail truck to deliver scholarship offers.

PROFESSOR

That is good. Point him out tomorrow. Maybe I can spot a flaw or two.

DEREK

Thanks but I doubt even you'll find one.

PROFESSOR

Never hurts to look.

MOTHER (O.C.)

Derek! Dad! Dinner.

Professor puts his arm around Derek's shoulder as they begin to exit the lab.

**PROFESSOR** 

Good. I'm starving. Leave the racket here you know what your mother will say if she sees you with it upstairs.

Derek puts the racket near the String Master 7500.

DEREK

PROFESSOR

Why don't we surgically attach that thing to your hand.

Why don't we surgically attach that thing to your hand.

They laugh as they exit the building. When they walk out of the building the strings begin to shimmer and glow.

EXT. ICE CREAM SHOP - NIGHT

KIDS and ADULTS fill the parking lot and stand in line at the Original Cone Of Silence Ice Cream Shop.

ETHAN HEALY, the #1 player of the Mount Merryhook varsity, and the VARSITY are seated on and around a table. A few yards away are members of the JUNIOR VARSITY.

VARSITY 1

I can't believe the dump my parents booked for vacation.

VARSITY 2

What's so bad about it?

VARSITY 1

My "wing" if you want to call it that, only has a half bath.

**ETHAN** 

You don't have a private bath?

Ethan is overly shocked. A few of Players start to look away because they're used to Ethan always having to one-up a story.

ETHAN (CONT'D)

When I found out my parents had me sharing a shower I forced them to rent me a suite on a resort.

Ethan looks directly at Varsity 1 challenging him.

ETHAN (CONT'D)

I would never allow them to get away with something like that.

Ethan looks at Varsity 3 & 4 talking.

ETHAN (CONT'D)

What's going on here?

Varsity 3 & 4 try to pretend not to have been talking.

VARSITY 3

What? Us? Nothing.

VARSITY 4

Yeah, we just couldn't believe what your parents are trying to pull off.

JUNIOR VARSITY 1

They were talking about the junior classic.

Varsity 3 & 4 glare at Junior Varsity 1 but he's giddy because he feels in ingratiated himself to Ethan.

**ETHAN** 

Oh? What about it?

Varsity 3 & 4 know it's a touchy subject for Ethan.

VARSITY 3

Nothing really. I was seeing if he wanted to play doubles this year. That's all.

VARSITY 4

Yeah, that's all.

Varsity 4 looks at Varsity 3.

VARSITY 3

And, yes, I'd be happy to play doubles.

Varsity 3 & 4 tap rackets.

JUNIOR VARSITY 1

Yeah and they were also talking about last years final.

With this information Ethan seethes.

ETHAN

Oh, last years finals?

Ethan glares at Varsity 3 & 4.

ETHAN (CONT'D)

What's so interesting about last years finals?

Varsity 3 & 4 exchange looks. They know they're cooked.

VARSITY 3

Nothing really. Just a shame.

VARSITY 4

Yeah, a shame.

JUNIOR VARSITY 1

They were saying. . .

Varsity 4 places his foot on Junior Varsity 1's chest and shoves him to the ground.

VARSITY 3

. . .that it was a shame.

Junior Varsity 1 begins to scramble to his feet but Varsity 3 jumps off the table and stands above him. He looks for Ethan for support but he knows no matter how much he brown noses there's only so far Ethan will go to protect him.

Ethan also knows exactly what they're talking about and won't stand by and let that happen.

ETHAN

He cheated. He was calling shots on the line out the entire match. That's the only reason he could come close to beating me. The Varsity and Junior Varsity grumble in half-hearted agreement.

ETHAN (CONT'D)

And then the sun only seemed to come out when I was serving on that side. I couldn't believe it happened all the time.

VARSITY 5

Why didn't you call the tournament director and tell him about that bad calls?

**ETHAN** 

I did but he wouldn't do anything about it because he said he didn't see it for himself.

Ethan becomes apoplectic.

ETHAN (CONT'D)

Of course he couldn't see it. Of course he's going to call the lines right when the TD is there.

VARSITY 6

Did you ever confront him about it?

ETHAN

I was going to after the match but, of course, he was with all his friends.

VARSITY 7

Well, you're with all your friends now.

Varsity 7 points toward the driveway.

A couple of cars pull in to the shop. In one car Derek is driving CALLUM and PAUL. WESLEY is driving MASON, SVEN and CARLOS in the other. They park sideways back end to front end and exit their cars.

Ethan thinks this over for a second.

**ETHAN** 

No, I don't want to drag you guys into it.

VARSITY 6

We don't mind.

**ETHAN** 

No, we kick their asses and you all get suspended. That's not fair.

VARSITY 5

Really, we'd be protecting the honor of Merryhook.

**ETHAN** 

No, don't worry, I have other plans.

Ethan signals Junior Varsity 1 & 2 over. They scurry over. Ethan whispers to them as they agree with every word. Junior Varsity 1 & 2 run off. Ethan surveys his domain.

ETHAN (CONT'D)

Better plans.

Ethan looks around and makes eye contact with Junior Varsity 3 and calls him over. Junior Varsity 3 hesitantly meanders over. Ethan whispers to Junior Varsity 3 while pointing toward Derek and his teammates. Junior Varsity 3 nods and walks close enough to overhear what they're saying.

EXT. ICE CREAM SHOP - CONTINUOUS

Derek, Callum, Paul, Wesley, Mason, Sven and Carlos are sitting on and around a bench.

CARLOS

We're sunk.

SVEN

You said that. We'll be lucky to win a match.

MASON

We'll win a match. What's the name of that school? The one with the player who serves underhand because he sweats so much he doesn't want to show the stains?

WESLEY

He quit. He's on their swim team.

PAUL

That makes sense.

CALLUM

Come on! We can do this. We're just as good as any other team. All we have to do is play our best and the wins will pile up.

Callum, still doing his best to motivate, looks around to see he's having no effect.

CALLUM (CONT'D)

Fine, be that way but I look around and see a team I know will make the state finals.

His teammates look at him oddly. Callum points to the Mount Merryhook table.

CALLUM (CONT'D)

Them. They're a lock.

Callum's teammates throw items at him as Junior Varsity 1 & 2 run past up to Ethan who smiles when they fill him in. Ethan jumps up and straightens out his clothes. Ethan walks up to Varsity 4.

ETHAN

It's time.

Varsity 4 nods then picks up three tennis rackets and starts juggling them. He's so good a crowd begins to form. The team from Tittersville glances over but quickly blows off the spectacle.

Ethan begins juggling three yellow balls while Varsity 4 continues to do his death defying tricks. The crowd continues to grow as Ethan tosses one ball into the middle of Varsity 4's juggling rackets. After a moment Ethan tosses the other two balls in.

Varsity 4 continues to put on quite a display. Although they are trying their best to ignore this display the Tittersville players keep sneaking glances.

Varsity 4 hits one yellow ball after another high into the air. The crowd gasps. He finishes his routine by tossing each racket into his own racket case. The crowd begins to cheer.

Suddenly, while the crowds eyes were averted, the yellow weighted balls crash onto the Tittersville teams table crushing everything they smash into.

DEREK

What the?

The Tittersville players jump back as the crowd applauds, cheers and laughs. Ethan is getting congratulated by his adoring teammates. While this is happening Junior Varsity 3 scurries around picking up the three weighted balls.

CALLUM

Someone could have got killed.

The crowd pays no attention to a railing Callum.

CALLUM (CONT'D)

That ball whizzed past my head.

The crowd waves Callum off. He can't believe no one is taking him seriously. Callum pulls his phone out of his pocket.

CALLUM (CONT'D)

I'm going to call the police.

Ethan can't believe what he's hearing.

**ETHAN** 

Call the police? For what?

Ethan steps towards Callum.

CALLUM

Attempted murder.

Ethan laughs and everyone follows.

**ETHAN** 

Attempted murder?

Ethan walks into the crowd.

ETHAN (CONT'D)

Go ahead call. I'm sure the charges will stick.

The crowd laughs as Callum begins dialing the phone. As he does it Ethan pulls out his phone and dials. Callum's call gets answered first.

CALLUM

I'd like to report a crime. (pause)

Attempted murder.

The crowd chuckles.

CALLUM (CONT'D)

I'll hold.

Ethan's phone gets answered. He looks at the screen for this video call.

ETHAN

Hi, Uncle Rod? Did you just get a

call about a crime?

(pause)

Yeah, attempted murder.

(pause)

I'll hold.

CALLUM

Yes, I'm still here.

(pause)

Well, they hit weighted balls onto

our table that could have killed us.

(pause)

No, no one died but. . .

(pause)

. . .but. . .

(pause)

. . .but. . .

(pause)

. . .yes, sir. I'll hold.

ROD (V.O.)

Ethan.

ETHAN

Yes, Uncle Rod.

UNCLE ROD is shown of the video call.

ROD

What's that kids deal?

ETHAN

He's from Tittersville.

ROD

That explains it. Are these the kids you were telling me about?

ETHAN

Yes.

ROD

Hold on.

CALLUM

Yes?

(pause)

A prank? So I can't. . .

(pause

. . .I see.

Callum ends the call.

ROD

Ethan.

**ETHAN** 

Yes, Uncle Rod?

ROD

Are you ready for phase two?

Ethan smiles and starts moving people out of the way.

ETHAN

Counting down.

ROD

Make sure I have a front row seat.

Ethan clears a path so we see Derek's and Wesley's cars parked with the windows half up filled with tennis balls. The crowd finds this endlessly amusing.

The Tittersville team looks at their cars filled with tennis balls and are none to happy about it. Ethan walks to Derek's car and leans on the front end.

DEREK

What the?

ROD

Is the line of fire open?

**ETHAN** 

Totally.

ROD

Fire away.

Ethan pulls a remote control from his pocket and hits a button. The balls in the cars begin to move around. The crowd watches wondering what's going on. The balls continue churning until the working end of a Lobster Elite Freedom ball machine clears and begins firing balls at the scrambling Tittersville team to the delight of the crowd.

The balls are coming fast and furious from both cars at the Tittersville team does anything possible to avoid the onslaught.

CALLUM

I'm sure this isn't a crime?

ROD

Not in our state. Here we chalk this up to the exuberance of youth.

Tittersville players are getting pelted and hitting the ground. The balls keep coming endlessly. The crowd laughs, the balls keep coming and the Tittersville team does it's best to stay alive.

INT. DEREK'S CAR - LATER

Derek is driving Callum and Paul who is in the backseat with the grinding ball machine on his lap.

DEREK

Can you shut that thing up?

PAUL

I can't find the off switch and Ethan slammed the remote on the ground.

A ball pops out of the machine out the window.

MAN (O.C.)

HEY!

PAUL

Sorry.

Callum is twitching around in the passenger seat. Finally he reaches under himself and pulls out a ball which he tosses into the backseat.

DEREK

I really wish we could make them pay for this.

CALLUM

What are we going to do? We're no match for them on the court.

PAUT

You beat Ethan at the classic last summer.

DEREK

Which made his parents enroll him in the best tennis camp on the planet. He came back a beast.

PAUL

But he's still a head case.

DEREK

You've got to break down his game before you can even get into his head.

The ball machine kicks out another ball.

SND FX Window breaking

CALLUM

We better get out of here.

Derek speeds up but his mind is on Ethan.

DEREK

But if we can get into his head first.

PAUL

What?

DEREK

Just thinking out loud.

Derek keeps driving away. The ball machine pops out another ball.

SND FX CARS SQUEALING, PEOPLE SCREAMING, HORNS BEEPING

EXT. TENNIS STANDS - DAY

Professor is sitting by himself in the stands. By that I don't mean no one is sitting near him. He is the only one in the entire stands.

Which is a good thing because of all the equipment he has with him. A laptop, tablet, graph notebook, binders on each player. Pretty much his lab with less mess.

COACH ARTHUR 'FINGERS' FORTESCUE walks up to Professor.

PROFESSOR

How's the team look this year?

COACH FORTESCUE

Remember my first year coaching here?

PROFESSOR

Yes. You went one and eleven. You won that one because their bus got lost.

COACH FORTESCUE

To this day that city swears I gave them wrong directions on purpose.

**PROFESSOR** 

You did.

COACH FORTESCUE

I know but to hold a grudge for so many years.

Coach Fortescue is indignant.

COACH FORTESCUE (CONT'D)

Childish.

PROFESSOR

So not one of our best offerings?

COACH FORTESCUE

It's not like when we played here. It's different. Half the team has doctor notes excusing them from speed drills. The other half I don't make do them because I'm afraid of their mothers.

PROFESSOR

What about our opponent? Derek seems to think they're unbeatable.

COACH FORTESCUE

By us?

(PAUSE)

Yeah, yes, no question, positively.

**PROFESSOR** 

Really?

COACH FORTESCUE
Just wait until you see them.
They're like Hit. . .

SND FX Shrill whistle

COACH FORTESCUE (CONT'D)

. . .see for yourself.

Stepping off the bus is the varsity tennis team from Mount Merryhook High School. One by one they exit and wait in formation until they are prepared to march down the street two by two in seven groups. As they march in lock step down the people get out of their way.

PROFESSOR

What in the world. . .

COACH FORTESCUE

. . .wait. It gets better.

The Mount Merryhook team marches into the court. They split up evenly onto two courts in two rows. Two coaches at the service line hit volleys to the two players at the net, after they hit the volley the two coaches on the baseline hit lobs deep into the court which the first two players retrieve. This drill continues for everyone.

PROFESSOR

Are they the world's first synchronized tennis team?

COACH FORTESCUE

Wait until you see the overhead drill.

In perfect synchronization the first four players in line hit overheads. This continues with precision down the line.

PROFESSOR

Where's the individual in this individual sport? Where's the joie de vivre?

COACH FORTESCUE

Buried with their last losing season.

PROFESSOR

Where are our players? The mighty Tittersville Numbats.

Coach Fortescue looks across the street. Professor follows his gaze.

Derek and the rest of the Tittersville varsity tennis team is seen struggling to cross the street to get to the courts from the school.

COACH FORTESCUE

And don't even ask. The school board says we can't bet on them making it across the street.

Professor begins to say something but Coach Fortescue stops him.

COACH FORTESCUE (CONT'D)

No, not even an over/under.

The traffic, what little there was of it, subsides so everyone starts running across the street. Halfway across Callum trips and falls.

COACH FORTESCUE (CONT'D)

That's Callum. I've seen him wobble and fall over standing still.

The team reaches the court as the Mount Merryhook players are hitting ground strokes as one. They are mesmerized and, as is the reason for such a uniform display, already defeated.

COACH FORTESCUE (CONT'D)

Hey! Guys! Here.

Slowly the team pulls itself away from it's future doom and heads toward the stands.

COACH FORTESCUE (CONT'D)

All right, let's look alive.

Derek, Callum, Paul, Wesley, Mason, Sven and Carlos crowd in.

COACH FORTESCUE (CONT'D)

Take a look out there. Look at that display.

Everyone looks at Mount Merryhook going through approach drills. It's frighteningly efficient.

COACH FORTESCUE (CONT'D)

I have to say, that's pretty impressive.

Everyone agrees.

COACH FORTESCUE (CONT'D)

But it's not what makes a winning tennis player. Am I right?

No one makes a sound.

PROFESSOR

Of course you're right, Coach.

COACH FORTESCUE

Thank you. At least someone has faith in us.

PAUL

No offense but he doesn't have to play them.

COACH FORTESCUE

Point taken but you know who this man had to play?

No one has a clue.

COACH FORTESCUE (CONT'D)

Have you ever heard of Guillermo Espada?

All of the players recognize that name.

WESLEY

Wasn't he just inducted into the hall of fame?

DEREK

You played Guillermo Espada, Grandpa?

PROFESSOR

No. I played his cousin Felipe. Hell of a slice backhand.

COACH FORTESCUE

The point I'm making is it doesn't matter what tricks a player has learned it's what they can do once they get out on that court.

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SND FX Booming serves

Everyone watches them serve two at a time in perfect harmony.

COACH FORTESCUE (CONT'D)

Okay, so maybe these guys can play too. But so can you.

PROFESSOR

Yeah!

COACH FORTESCUE

We have a long line of tennis greatness in our history.

**PROFESSOR** 

Yeah?

COACH FORTESCUE

Yeah!

Coach Fortescue looks at Professor.

COACH FORTESCUE (CONT'D)

Our team won the states in our senior year. Didn't a team a few years after us do it too?

PROFESSOR

I don't think so. I think one team in the 80's won the division.

COACH FORTESCUE

Was that the year a mono outbreak sidelined half the league?

Coach Fortescue looks over his team.

COACH FORTESCUE (CONT'D)

Okay, we may not have a great past but we can make it a bright future!

The team half cheers.

COACH FORTESCUE (CONT'D)

So let's get out there and show them what we've got.

The team begins to amble toward the court. Coach Fortescue looks at Professor.

COACH FORTESCUE (CONT'D)

Does that count as a pep talk?

PROFESSOR

Barely.

COACH FORTESCUE

I'll take it.

EXT. TENNIS COURTS - MOMENTS LATER

Both teams are on their courts. Derek is playing first singles against ETHAN HEALY. Ethan is all he's been talked up to be. Derek's game is good but he's very inconsistent. So many balls he hits scatter all over the place.

Ethan walks up to the net to retrieve some balls.

**ETHAN** 

If you're this bad during warm up I won't even have to take my sweats off.

Ethan turns and walks back to the baseline as Derek barely registers what's being said but he's still insulted by it. He looks at his racket, as tennis players do, trying to find out what issues are going on.

SND FX Shrill whistle

The Tittersville players freak out while the Mount Merryhook team stands at attention.

SND FX 2 shrill whistles

The Mount Merryhook team heads to their baselines to begin the match.

EXT. TENNIS STANDS - CONTINUOUS

Professor and Coach Fortescue watch this unfold.

PROFESSOR

I think you should give the boys a little more discipline.

COACH FORTESCUE

I'll get right to that as soon as I'm sure they all know they're on the same team.

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EXT. TENNIS COURTS - LATER

All of the courts are busy with tennis. The Mount Merryhook team is rolling over Tittersville with ease.

EXT. TENNIS COURTS - LATER

Derek is returning serve and hits the first ball straight across into the next court.

DEREK

Oh, sorry.

Derek returns the next one sky high. The next ball a rocket into the back fence. The next one he hits directly into the ground in front of him causing the ball to bounce sky high.

EXT. TENNIS STANDS - CONTINUOUS

Professor is making notations in his laptop.

EXT. TENNIS COURTS - CONTINUOUS

Callum is racing for a ball but tries to stop as if he's skating and falls over. The ball flies past him.

EXT. TENNIS STANDS - CONTINUOUS

Professor is making notations in his notebook.

EXT. TENNIS COURTS - CONTINUOUS

Paul hits a very weak serve.

VARSITY 3

Double fault. Game.

EXT. TENNIS STANDS - CONTINUOUS

Professor is drawing on a whiteboard.

EXT. TENNIS COURTS - CONTINUOUS

Wesley is chasing a lob back to the baseline dragging his racket on the ground. He returns it and Mason sets to hit a volley. The ball comes back to him as a perfect set-up.

Mason moves forward with perfect form and hits the ball into the bottom of the net.

# EXT. TENNIS STANDS - CONTINUOUS

Professor is completing a clay model of what we just saw happen on the court.

# EXT. TENNIS COURTS - CONTINUOUS

Sven is standing on the service line in a puddle of sweat that is flowing from his hand. He returns a serve which comes back to Carlos who swings at the ball after it's already passed him.

#### EXT. TENNIS STANDS - CONTINUOUS

Professor is in the stands working. His laptop is humming beside him with current match data, notebooks are open, he has graph paper on his lap while drawing out racket paths, footwork patterns, kinetic energy calculation of ball to racket impact, and other scientific derring-do.

## SND FX Chanting

Professor looks up from his work and see that each match is ending at the same time.

## EXT. TENNIS COURTS - CONTINUOUS

Tittersville players stagger to the net while Mount Merryhook players march there in unison. After the post match ritual Mount Merryhook turns and sharply form groups at the baselines as they march off the courts.

Tittersville players begin to filter onto court one with little rhyme or reason. They watch as Mount Merryhook players march past them without a glance in their direction.

#### MASON

That was quite efficient.

#### DEREK

I wonder what would have happened if one of us won a set and thrown off their time table?

CALLUM

He would have had to run back to the school.

CARLOS

Behind the bus.

Professor makes his usual frenzied entrance.

PROFESSOR

I think I've got it.

WESLEY

You know what would have happened if we won a set?

PROFESSOR

No, that would have been nice though. But I think I understand what went wrong.

MASON

We picked the wrong sport to play them in?

SVEN

Is napping a sport?

PROFESSOR

No, that would be nice though. I understand how they defeated you.

DEREK

By being able to play this game?

PROFESSOR

No, yes, well, they are very good but that's not the reason. You all lost because of yourselves.

CALLUM

Yeah, we stink.

PROFESSOR

No, you have potential but you each have something that's holding you back.

PAUL

The game?

**PROFESSOR** 

No, it's how your kinetic coefficient is at odds with the way you're genetic structure is reacting to your stroke production.

The team is dumbfounded. The Professor gets flummoxed then starts collecting gear.

PROFESSOR (CONT'D)

Give me your rackets.

The Players start wondering what he's after and balk at his request.

PROFESSOR (CONT'D)

Give it here, give it here. Do you want to win every match for the rest of the year?

The Players like the sounds of that but it does sound a little fishy. The Professor takes over.

PROFESSOR (CONT'D)

Just give them to me.

Professor takes the glasses off Paul.

PAUL

Hey!

PROFESSOR

Don't worry about it. I'll have them back tomorrow.

PAUL

But what about tonight?

PROFESSOR

I'm sure you have an extra pair.

Paul is hesitant.

PROFESSOR (CONT'D)

Do I have to go through your bag?

As hesitant as Paul is he sure doesn't want that to happen. He rummages through his bag and pulls out a pair of glasses a few years out of date. He puts them on and everyone laughs.

PAUL

You'd better be quick.

PROFESSOR

Okay, come on, I've got to get working on this. Hand them over.

The Players start to hand over their rackets. Professor stops Callum.

PROFESSOR (CONT'D)

I don't want your racket. Give me your sneakers?

CALLUM

What?

PROFESSOR

Your problem is in your feet. Hand over your sneakers.

Callum shrugs and starts to take off his sneakers. He holds them out to Professor who starts to take them but falls back away from them.

PROFESSOR (CONT'D)

Put them right in the bag. Just in the bag.

Callum drops the sneakers in and the Professor quickly shuts the bag.

PROFESSOR (CONT'D)

I'll fix that problem while I'm at it.

CALLUM

Thanks. My mother won't let them in the house.

WESLEY

I live on your steet, we don't want them on the street.

The Players fuss amongst themselves as the Professor collects everything and without another word turns and exists carrying everything precariously. The Players watch Professor leave.

MASON

Are we going to get our stuff back?

DEREK

Yeah, of course.

SVEN

Will we still be able to use it?

Derek shrugs his shoulders in the time honored 'we'll see'.

INT. BUS - MOMENTS LATER

Ethan is sitting in the bus satisfied with his rousing victory. Varsity 3 taps him on the shoulder.

VARSITY 3

What's that old kook doing?

Varsity 3 points out the bus window where we see Professor rushing off the courts with everyone's rackets. Ethan blows it off.

**ETHAN** 

Probably just restringing their rackets trying to make them feel good about the beating they took.

Ethan high fives players around him.

VARSITY 3

What's he doing with sneakers?

Ethan looks out the window again and this time it does seem a little odd to him. He calls over Junior Varsity 1 & 2, whispers to them, they nod then head off to their seats.

Ethan continues to watch Professor as he struggles to load everything into his car.

ETHAN

What are you up to, old man?

Professor finishes loading his car, gets in and drives away.

INT. LABRATORY - NIGHT

Professor is staring at his whiteboard crammed with notations. He takes a deep breath.

PROFESSOR

I think I've finally figured it all

Professor walks over to the pile of equipment.

# PROFESSOR (CONT'D) Now to see if I can do it.

The Professor picks up all of the rackets and walks around the lab putting them on tables. He's very methodical about his work checking everything over before moving on. Two rackets go on a table with an elaborate clamping system. One rackets on a table with a drill press and one racket on a table with a hose set-up. The glasses go onto it's own worktable as do the sneakers.

## EXT. YARD - MOMENTS LATER

Junior Varsity 1 & 2 are skulking around the Professor's house. They're cautiously watching everything but with a bravado that comes from sneaking around in too many video games.

Junior Varsity 1 & 2 come upon a set of windows blazing light. They're careful because they feel it's so bright they'll be seen so Junior Varsity 1 gets as close to the house as possible. Junior Varsity 2 gauges the situation before hitting the ground and rolling to the other side.

# INT. LABRATORY - CONTINUOUS

Professor is clamping down a racket when he stops and looks around. He thinks he heard a sound but nothing is out of the ordinary so he goes back to securing the racket.

Professor steps behind a laser and flips a switch to turn on a red light. He adjusts it so until the light is centered on the side of the racket.

Professor flips another switch which causes a humming sound to start. He leans over the laser and begins slowly moving it up the racket cutting it in two.

#### EXT. YARD - CONTINUOUS

Junior Varsity 1 & 2 are on each side of the window watching the laser easily slice through the racket. Junior Varsity 2 points toward the window and his finger makes contact.

## INT. LABRATORY - CONTINUOUS

Professor stops moving the laser and stands up straight. He flips a switch and the humming sound stops. He looks around paying particular attention to the window.

#### EXT. YARD - CONTINUOUS

Junior Varsity 1 & 2 are laying on the ground as close to the house as possible. Suddenly a sliding sound is heard and the light from the window ceases.

Junior Varsity 1 & 2 slowly look at one another before standing up and running from the yard.

## INT. LABRATORY - CONTINUOUS

Professor continues to slide the shades down the rest of the windows. He then goes back to the racket and gently lifts the racket apart. He threads a plastic tube through the racket before placing the top back on and welding it together.

Professor drills a hold into the butt of the racket grip then threads the tube through the hole. He attaches a valve to the butt end and then attaches it to the racket.

Professor takes that racket out of the vise before placing the other one in before firing up he laser again.

## INT. LABRATORY - LATER

Professor is attaching the end of a coil onto a USB power connector then placing the butt end back onto the racket. Professor puts the racket aside and moves on.

Professor sits at the worktable with the sneakers and finishes pulling the soles off the sneakers. He looks into a cast and is happy with what he sees. He gathers tools to extract the soles and then sprays adhesive onto them and adheres them to the sneaker. He slips in new cushions and puts each sneaker onto it's own rack.

Professor stretches as he walks over to another racket. This one is in a simple clamp. Professor picks up a drill and begins drilling holes into the grip.

We see holes through each bevel of the grip as Professor drills one last larger hole in the bottom of the grip. He inserts a Micromodal strip into hole of the racket. He closes the hole with a knurled head thumb screw.

Professor leans back and stretches in his chair. It's been a long night but he still has work to do. He finishes he stretching before moving on to the next workbench.

51.

EXT. TENNIS STANDS - NIGHT

Junior Varsity 1 & 2 are explaining to Ethan what they've seen.

**ETHAN** 

So he's modifying their rackets? For those guys? I can't believe he'd waste the time.

INT. LABRATORY - LATER

Professor is putting the finishing touches on the glasses. He puts them on and we see the exact measurements and locations of the balls location. Speed and probabilities of chance, among other criteria, are also listed on the screen.

Professor takes the glasses off and puts the powerpack down next to it. He looks over at the last racket and smiles. He puts on a full body suit, grabs the painting nozzles and hoses and heads into the paint booth.

INT. LABRATORY - LATER

Professor is washing off the last of the paint that was on him. He's drying off as he looks over at Derek's racket.

PROFESSOR

Now what are we going to do about that?

Professor walks over and picks up the racket.

PROFESSOR (CONT'D)

I guess we're going to have to figure you out.

EXT. SCHOOLYARD - NIGHT

Professor is walking through a schoolyard with Derek's racket and a full ball hopper. He gets to a wall, puts down the hopper, tosses the ball up and, with an open stance, gently hits it. The ball ricochets out of the schoolyard to his left (assuming Professor is right handed). Professor turns to watch the ball soar out of sight.

PROFESSOR

That's not a good start.

Professor looks at the racket. He's baffled because nothing seems out of the ordinary. He tosses another ball and hits it again with an open stance. The ball careens off the wall and soars out of the schoolyard to his left.

Professor stops and begins to evaluate what has just transpired. He takes a few swings recreating the motion before it dawns on him. Maintaining an open stance Professor tosses a ball to his backhand side. The ball flies off the wall to the right hitting a fence which clangs.

 $$\operatorname{MAN}$$  (V.O.) Hey you kids, don't make me call the cops on you.

Professor barely registers what the Man said. He's breaking down what just transpired. He reaches into the ball hopper, takes out another ball, tosses it into the air and steps into the ball with the classic tennis stroke of old.

The ball comes directly back to Professor so he begins a fast paced rally. Wherever he points his shoulder is where the ball goes and comes back to.

Stroke after stroke the rally continues. Forehand, backhand and back again. Wherever he points his shoulder the ball goes directly to. Professor is overjoyed at his discovery.

Deciding to get fancy Professor moves in and begins volleying against the wall. It's going very well so he decides to see what he can get away with.

Professor begins to volley while moving down the wall. At the end of the wall he begins volleying off items in the schoolyard. The cuts are from the item to Professor and back again.

Professor hits it off a door, stairs, fence post, tree, light post, street light, car windshield, picket fence, house, wind chimes, dog house.

SND FX Dog barks

Series of fence posts, set of swings (causing each one to swing), wind directional, climbing wall bounces into a slide, rungs up and down a jungle gym, off a basketball backboard where it flies to the other backboard where Professor hits it off that backboard back to the other where it soars high into the air where the Professor hits an overhead across the schoolyard.

Professor backs way up as the ball begins to descend. He tracks it to the baseball diamond where he hits it off the stands. The ball climbs high as Professor let's it hit the pitching rubber. He waits for it before hitting a monster overhead.

Professor chases the ball across the schoolyard tracking the ball until he starts hitting it off fences and benches and then he starts hitting the ball higher and higher up a blue wall until we reveal the ball bouncing off a police badge over and over

The ball begins to slow down hitting as we reveal ANTHONY PASCAL.

ANTHONY PASCAL

Enjoying this nice evening I see, Professor.

Professor stops hitting the ball.

PROFESSOR

Hey, Tony, how's it going?

ANTHONY PASCAL

It'll be better if you can explain what you're doing here.

PROFESSOR

Just getting in a little hitting time.

ANTHONY PASCAL

At two o'clock in the morning?

PROFESSOR

Less crowded during this time. What brings you out here?

ANTHONY PASCAL

Got a call that some kids were throwing rocks at some of the houses. Have you seen anything?

PROFESSOR

No but I haven't been here that long. Did you get a description?

ANTHONY PASCAL

No, just your random youths.

**PROFESSOR** 

Random youths. I'll make sure to keep an eye out.

ANTHONY PASCAL

I think you should shut it down for the night, Professor.

Professor acts surprised to be given such an ultimatum.

ANTHONY PASCAL (CONT'D)

Wouldn't want to get me back here on a 10-30.

Professor shakes his head.

**PROFESSOR** 

10-4, Tony.

Professor tosses the ball into the ball hopper, picks up the hopper and turns with Anthony as they walk out of the schoolyard.

INT. DEREK'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Derek is sleeping.

SND FX Alarm

Without opening his eyes Derek reaches over and slaps at his alarm.

SND FX Hand slapping face

Derek's eyes wake wide open. He looks over and we see his hand covering Professor's face.

DEREK

Grandpa!

PROFESSOR

It's finally time to get up. I've got to show you something.

DEREK

It's a school day.

PROFESSOR

This won't take long. I'll be in the driveway waiting.

Professor stands up and exits the room. Derek lays there for a beat before shaking his head.

DEREK

I wonder what it's like to have a normal family?

PROFESSOR (O.C.)

I heard that.

Derek starts to get out of bed.

DEREK

Valid question.

EXT. TENNIS COURTS - MORNING

Derek is standing with his racket on the court with Professor standing next to him with a laptop.

PROFESSOR

I know you can do it.

DEREK

I don't even know what you're talking about. Classic stroke production. What does that even mean?

PROFESSOR

Today's game is a very open, looping stroke game but that's not going to work for you.

DEREK

It's done pretty well for me so far.

PROFESSOR

Not with this racket. For some reason, when strung with these strings, it only reacts to a classic stroke.

DEREK

I still don't know what you mean.

PROFESSOR

Hit the ball with a closed stance letting your shoulder point to the direction you want the ball to go.

DEREK

Doesn't that project where you're going to hit the ball?

PROFESSOR

I don't think that'll be an issue with this racket but, no, it happens so quickly your opponent couldn't react in time. It was the go to stroke for the first hundred years of tennis.

Professor holds the laptop up to Derek.

PROFESSOR (CONT'D)

Look here.

Professor shows Derek a series of strokes from an earlier time. Stan Smith, Rod Laver, Ken Rosewall, etc. are sampled.

PROFESSOR (CONT'D)

See how they step into the ball?

DEREK

How did they generate any pace like that? It looks like they're not even going to be able to get it over the net. I'm not going to play like that. Everyone will laugh at me.

Professor glares at Derek.

PROFESSOR

You have to trust me. If you continue to use your current form you'll never win another match.

DEREK

Yeah, but look at. . .

PROFESSOR

. . . Derek! If you do what I tell you you'll master this racket in no time and once you do you'll be unbeatable.

Derek thinks it over. He's not sure playing an old fashioned version of tennis is going to work.

PROFESSOR (CONT'D)

At least try it. If it doesn't work I'll cut out those strings and you can play the way you always have.

Professor holds out his hand.

PROFESSOR (CONT'D)

Deal?

Derek pauses for a beat before taking Professors hand.

DEREK

Deal. But if I look like a fool...

PROFESSOR

. . .winners never look like fools.

Derek heads to the other end of the court and they start to play.

At first Derek falls back into his normal stroke and balls go flying all over the place. The safest place in the area is actually on the court.

PROFESSOR (CONT'D)

Close up your stroke. Step into the ball. Let your shoulder lead where you want the ball to go.

Slowly Derek starts to get the hang of the new stroke. As he does his shots become unreturnable for Professor. The more he makes Professor chase after shots the more confident Derek becomes with his new stroke.

Professor and Derek meet at the net. Professor is winded and sweaty. Derek is full of energy.

DEREK

I get it. It's like I can make the ball go wherever I want.

**PROFESSOR** 

I told you.

DEREK

I have total control over every shot.

PROFESSOR

Do you feel comfortable?

DEREK

Totally. Can we hit a little more?

Professor grabs on to the net shaking his head no as he slumps over.

DEREK (CONT'D)

Why not? I'm just starting to get the hang of it.

PROFESSOR

No, we have to go. You have to go to school.

Professor slides down to the ground.

PROFESSOR (CONT'D)

And I have to go rest for the next six hours.

EXT. TENNIS COURTS - AFTERNOON

Professor is standing to the side of a court with everyone's gear laid out on a bench. Derek, Callum, Paul, Wesley, Mason, Sven and Carlos enter the court and go right to their gear.

PROFESSOR

Slow down, slow down. I've got a lot of explaining to do.

The Players are looking the gear over.

CALLUM

What did you do?

PROFESSOR

You have trouble with balance.

Callum holds up his sneakers with a rounded sole.

CALLUM

This is going to help?

PROFESSOR

Yes. You are more comfortable on ice skates so I rounded the sole to simulate your skating motion.

CALLUM

If you say so.

Callum sits down and starts putting his sneakers on as Paul holds his glasses and the power case.

PAUL

Should I even ask?

PROFESSOR

Your stroke production is good so you shouldn't be playing as poorly as you are.

PAUL

Thanks?

PROFESSOR

After running a quantified kinetic model it seems when you get nervous you have trouble focusing on distant objects.

Professor takes the glasses from Paul and puts them on him.

PROFESSOR (CONT'D)

This will rectify that problem.

PAUL

Whoa. It's like a video game.

Paul unsteadily wanders off trying to gain his composure.

WESLEY

What have you done for me? Other than put a valve in.

Professor drags a helium canister over, takes the racket and starts filling it up.

PROFESSOR

The problem is your racket is too heavy.

WESLEY

Then I'll go buy a lighter one.

PROFESSOR

The problem is the racket you're using is the lightest on the market.

Professor finishes filling the racket and hands it back to Wesley.

PROFESSOR (CONT'D)

So I had to find a way to make it even lighter. What do you think?

Wesley swings the racket around.

WESLEY

It seems a little lighter.

PROFESSOR

You'll really notice the difference once you get use to it.

Professor look around.

PROFESSOR (CONT'D)

Mason? Mason?

Mason looks up from his laptop.

MASON

What?

PROFESSOR

Good, you brought your laptop.

Professor pulls out a cable, grabs the racket, plugs the cable into the racket then into Mason's laptop.

PROFESSOR (CONT'D)

Let it charge for five minutes and you'll notice the difference.

MASON

What difference?

PROFESSOR

You have a very looping stroke so what's happening is your racket head has trouble catching up to the moment of impact. So all we had to do is put a little wiggle room in there and you'll be a different player.

MASON

Is any of this legal?

Professor is shocked at the implication.

PROFESSOR

I would never break the rules of the game of tennis. That would be unethical.

Professor grabs Mason's racket and bends it. It flexes easily.

PROFESSOR (CONT'D)

Now, bending the rules of tennis there is no rule against that.

After seeing what happened to Mason's racket the players become excited.

SVEN

What about me? What did you do with me?

Professor looks at Sven and pats him on the shoulder.

PROFESSOR

Sven. You were an interesting conundrum.

SVEN

Conun-what?

PROFESSOR

Your strokes, when successfully accomplished, which was, sadly, only twenty-three point six percent of the time, were remarkably steady. But. . .

Professor takes Sven's hand. Sven quickly pulls away. Professor takes the racket from Sven

PROFESSOR (CONT'D)

. . .seventy-six point four percent of the time your hands were so moist you could barely hold on to the racket.

Professor unscrews the wick from the grip of the racket.

PROFESSOR (CONT'D)

So I inserted a Micromodal strip into the grip.

Professor pushes it back in and hands the racket to Sven.

SVEN

And this will work?

PROFESSOR

I guarantee it.

Professor looks at Carlos who keeps turning his racket over and over trying to figure out what he did to it.

PROFESSOR (CONT'D)

You seem perplexed, Carlos.

CARLOS

What good is painting my racket going to do?

PROFESSOR

It's more than just a paint job, Carlos. It's a red paint job. Your problem was generating racket head speed to contact the ball at the optimum point. It's called the doppler effect.

CARLOS

You mean I can make it rain?

PROFESSOR

If you become a good enough player I don't see why not.

Professor looks at the Players who don't seem sold on the idea.

PROFESSOR (CONT'D)

What I'm giving you is not magic. It'll take you some time to get the hang of it but, trust me, when you do, you will become the best players you were meant to be.

Professor sees that he's not getting the rousing endorsement he was hoping for.

PROFESSOR (CONT'D)

Are you ready to be the best you can be?

The Players are, at best, unsure.

PROFESSOR (CONT'D)

I said are you ready to be the best you can be?

The Players buy into it halfheartedly.

PROFESSOR (CONT'D) Good enough. Let's get out there and play.

#### EXT. TENNIS COURTS - AFTERNOON

Derek and Callum on court one try to maintain a rally but balls are flying all over the court. Derek is still hitting balls with an open stance so balls fly off the court. Callum is quicker but he's unsteady because he's not used to stopping at the right moments.

Paul on court two is serving. He adjusts his glasses, begins his toss and hits the first ball out of the court, over the parking lot, over the house past that and out of sight.

Wesley and Mason on one side of court three face off against Sven and Carlos. Wesley's racket moves so fast he is there before the ball arrives. Mason's racket flexes sending balls blasting into other courts. Sven is mishitting balls because he's still overcompensating. Carlos' racket flies through the air hitting the ball too early.

We watch the disaster unfold for a little while as we:

FADE TO:

## EXT. TENNIS COURTS - LATER

Derek, Callum, Paul, Wesley, Mason, Sven and Carlos are still playing but now with confidence. Derek has a perfect stoke for his strings; Callum is running and stopping on a dime making shots he never would have retrieved before; Paul's serve is deadly; Wesley and Mason are a dynamic doubles team chasing down everything; but they're up against Sven and Carlos who are equal to the task.

Professor takes it all in. He's excited his experiments have worked.

PROFESSOR

All right, let's pack it in for the day.

The Players grumble at having to leave but begin to walk off the courts buzzing excitedly.

As the Players crowd around the bench to pack up in the background we see Ethan parked across the street in his car.

ETHAN

Something's just not right here.

Ethan drives away as the Players and Professor begin exiting the courts.

#### EXT. TENNIS COURTS - DAY

Derek, Callum, Paul, Wesley, Mason, Sven and Carlos are on courts playing as well as anyone on the planet. Derek is serving, Callum is returning, Paul is serving, Wesley is returning with Mason at the net, Sven is serving with Carlos at the net.

All of the balls are put into play at the same time. Derek hits an ace, Callum returns a winner, Paul hits an ace, Wesley returns the ball as Mason crosses the court and hits a winner as Sven serves an ace.

UMPIRE (V.O.)

Game, set, match. Tittersville Numbats win five zero.

All Players tap rackets at the net.

# EXT. TENNIS COURTS - DAY

Derek is hitting lasers around the court. He takes two steps in, postions himself and hits a winner down the line.

UMPIRE (V.O.)

Game, set, match. Tittersville.

A graphic superimposes above the action:

Mount Merryhook 2-0
Knotbarely High 1-1
Saint Ignatowski 1-1
Tittersville High 1-1
North Peak High 1-1
Holly Hill Prep 1-1
Malrose High 0-2
Dotmere High 0-2

# EXT. TENNIS COURTS - DAY

Callum is racing around the court retrieving everything. He's gliding around the court as he hits a clean winner.

UMPIRE (V.O.)

Game, set, match. Tittersville.

A graphic superimposes above the action:

Mount Merryhook 3-0

North Peak High 2-1 Tittersville High 2-1 Saint Ignatowski 1-2 Holly Hill Prep 1-2 Knotbarely High 1-2 Malrose High 0-3 Dotmere High 0-3

## EXT. TENNIS COURTS - DAY

Paul is at the service line ready to serve. He goes into his service motion and hits the ball.

UMPIRE (V.O.)

Game, set, match. Tittersville.

A graphic superimposes above the action:

Mount Merryhook 4-0

Tittersville High 3-1
North Peak High 2-2
Knotbarely High 2-2
Holly Hill Prep 1-3
Saint Ignatowski 1-3
Malrose High 0-4
Dotmere High 0-4

# EXT. TENNIS COURTS - DAY

Paul is at the service line ready to serve. He goes into his service motion and hits the ball.

UMPIRE (V.O.)

Game, set, match. Tittersville.

A graphic superimposes above the action:

Mount Merryhook 5-0

Tittersville High 4-1
North Peak High 3-2
Knotbarely High 3-2
Holly Hill Prep 2-3
Saint Ignatowski 2-3
Malrose High 1-4
Dotmere High 0-5

## EXT. TENNIS COURTS - DAY

Wesley and Mason are rushing the net. Alternating volleys until Mason gets a high forehand which he easily puts away.

UMPIRE (V.O.)

Game, set, match. Tittersville.

A graphic superimposes above the action:

Mount Merryhook 6-0

Tittersville High 5-1
Knotbarely High 4-2
North Peak High 3-3
Holly Hill Prep 3-3
Saint Ignatowski 2-4
Malrose High 1-5
Dotmere High 0-6

## EXT. TENNIS COURTS - DAY

Sven is serving with Carlos at the net. The serve goes in and Carlos poaches hitting a winner down the middle of the court.

UMPIRE (V.O.)

Game, set, match. Tittersville.

A graphic superimposes above the action:

Final Standings

Mount Merryhook 6-1

Tittersville High 6-1
Knotbarely High 5-2
Holly Hill Prep 4-3
North Peak High 3-4
Saint Ignatowski 3-4
Malrose High 1-6
Dotmere High 0-7

INT. OFFICE - AFTERNOON

COMMISSIONER ROWLETT is sitting behind his desk listening to Ethan and COACH BUFFINGTON plead their case.

**ETHAN** 

No, I don't have any proof but what other explanation is there?

COMMISSIONER ROWLETT
I know it sounds implausible, but,
I have seen teams put together
miraculous seasons.

**ETHAN** 

But this team? This bunch of losers? When was the last time they had a winning season?

Coach Buffington opens his notebook and starts scouring.

COMMISSIONER ROWLETT
I understand, it's been awhile. But
to accuse them of equipment
tampering is very difficult to
prove.

**ETHAN** 

How difficult? Impound their rackets, look at them and see the illegal alterations.

COMMISSIONER ROWLETT We can't impound equipment without probable cause.

**ETHAN** 

I'm giving you probably cause!

COMMISSIONER ROWLETT You're giving us theory, rumor, speculation. What we need are facts.

ETHAN

Then go down and see for yourself. Your own eyes will see the facts.

COACH BUFFINGTON
Must I remind you, Commissioner,
that your position is coming up for
election after this season.

Commissioner Rowlett looks at Coach Buffington at first appalled that a veiled threat such as this would be offered. Then he considers who's speaking and isn't shocked at all.

COMMISSIONER ROWLETT

The division tiebreaker is tomorrow afternoon. I guess it would be proper for the league commissioner to be there.

Knowing they've won this battle Coach Buffington and Ethan smugly rise and begin to exit the office.

COACH BUFFINGTON

I'm sure you'll find what you're looking for.

Coach Buffington extends a hand to shake but the Commissioner ignores it picking up the phone instead.

COMMISSIONER ROWLETT Theresa, cancel my afternoon appointments tomorrow. I'll be

appointments tomorrow. I'll be going to the tennis tiebreaker.

Coach Buffington and Ethan gleefully exit the office.

INT. LABRATORY - NIGHT

Professor and Derek are looking at a laptop.

DEREK

His first serve percentage is eighty-three percent. He'll be dragging me all over the court.

PROFESSOR

But he only wins sixty percent of his first serve points. Focus on the right numbers. If you get him into a rally off his first serve his win percentage goes down to forty-three percent.

Professor pushes away from the laptop and looks at Derek.

PROFESSOR (CONT'D)

It's effective for starting the point but not overpowering if you get him into a rally.

DEREK

Easier said than done.

PROFESSOR

No, it's not. Look at how you're playing. You annihilated the kid who beat him in straight sets. You have a game plan to keep him off balance. All you have to do is execute your game plan.

Derek seems a little hesitant. He picks up his racket and swings it.

DEREK

He's still. . .

PROFESSOR

. . .beatable. You're playing as well as you've ever played. He knows it. You're in his head.

DEREK

But it's because of the racket.

**PROFESSOR** 

No, it's not. Do you want to know the one truth about tennis? No matter what racket you use it exceeds your ability.

Professor takes the racket and holds it up.

PROFESSOR (CONT'D)

This racket will never make an error. This racket will never mishit. This racket will never choose the wrong shot.

Professor hands the racket back to Derek.

PROFESSOR (CONT'D)

But it's nothing without you. The racket will let you play as well as you're able.

Derek looks at the racket then Professor.

PROFESSOR (CONT'D)

But it's up to you to do it.

MOTHER (O.C.)

Derek! Time for bed.

Derek rolls his eyes. Professor laughs.

PROFESSOR

You've got a big day tomorrow. I'll see you in the morning.

Derek hugs Professor.

DEREK

Night.

**PROFESSOR** 

Sleep tight.

Derek exits the labratory. After a beat Professor looks at the laptop before remembering something. He looks at a clock.

PROFESSOR (CONT'D)

Oh no, the ice cream shop closes in twenty minutes.

Professor jumps up and hurries out of the labratory.

EXT. YARD - CONTINUOUS

Professor races out the door leaving the door swinging open behind him. He gets into his car, turns the lights on and starts pulling out.

As he pulls out of the driveway the light shines on Ethan and Varsity 2 cowering in the bushes.

VARSITY 2

We should go before we get caught.

**ETHAN** 

Are you kidding? This is the perfect opportunity.

Ethan stands up and makes his way to the open door. At the door he stops and turns toward Varsity 2.

ETHAN (CONT'D)

You coming?

VARSITY 2

I'll stay here as a lookout.

Ethan looks at Varsity 2 in disgust.

ETHAN

Suit yourself but you're not going to share in anything I find.

Varsity 2 mumbles.

VARSITY 2

Like there's some magic in there.

**ETHAN** 

What?

VARSITY 2

Nothing. Just hurry. I'll watch from out here.

Ethan looks at Varsity 2 one last time before entering the laboratory.

## INT. LABRATORY - CONTINUOUS

Ethan enters the labratory and starts snooping around. He looks at the laptop for a moment and keeps on his way. He looks at a bench with racket grips, racket tape, and other accessories on it. He pockets as much as he can.

SND FX Fist pounding on glass.

Ethan jumps a mile as he turns toward the window. It's Varsity 2 signaling that they should be leaving soon. Ethan waves him off.

Ethan looks around some more before spotting something. He rushes into the next room where he sees two reels of string hanging on hooks and one sitting on a bench. He starts to feel each reel of string trying to figure out which one is the special string.

SND FX Fist pounding on glass

Ethan looks up to see a frantic Varsity 2 waving manically as headlights shine through the window. A moment later they shine through the open door.

Ethan grabs all three reels of string and heads to the door.

## EXT. YARD - CONTINUOUS

Professor is walking down the driveway toward the labratory with a bag of ice cream in his hands. He reaches the door and steps in.

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INT. LABRATORY - CONTINUOUS

Professor enters the labratory.

PROFESSOR

I've got to get this in the freezer before it melts any more.

Professor begins walking to the other room as we see Ethan slip from behind the door and hurry out of the room shutting the door behind him.

SND FX Door closing

Professor is startled by the door closing so stops and looks around. He sees nothing out of the ordinary so shrugs his shoulder and keeps walking into the other room toward the freezer. As he passes we see the empty spot where the reels of string were.

The labratory door moves silently, slightly, as Ethan sneaks around the door and exits the labratory.

EXT. STREET - MOMENTS LATER

Ethan's car lights turn on as he pulls into the street and drives away.

EXT. TENNIS COURTS - DAY

Commissioner Rowlett and Coach Buffington are watching the Tittersville's tennis team warm-up.

COMMISSIONER ROWLETT What am I looking at, exactly, Coach Buffington? From here I see nothing out of the ordinary.

COACH BUFFINGTON
Do you think they're going to
broadcast that they're cheating
with neon signs and fireworks?

COMMISSIONER ROWLETT Attitude duly noted. What modifications have you seen to warrant this visitation?

COACH BUFFINGTON
Myself? Personally? Well, look at
them!
(MORE)

73.

COACH BUFFINGTON (CONT'D)

When we played them earlier they were terrible. Now look at them?

COMMISSIONER ROWLETT

They're playing well, I can see, but could that be nothing more than dedication to the sport? Putting in the time to improve?

COACH BUFFINGTON

No. . .well, yes, but what are the odds? They're improved too rapidly for it just to be that? I demand you inspect their equipment.

COMMISSIONER ROWLETT

Demand? With what evidence? That they've improved? Isn't that what we hope for our student athletes?

Ethan races up to Commissioner Rowlett and Coach Buffington.

ETHAN

Have you checked their rackets yet? Have you disqualified them?

COACH BUFFINGTON

He was just getting to that, Ethan.

COMMISSIONER ROWLETT

I was?

Ethan is perturbed that things aren't going his way.

**ETHAN** 

Do I have to take care of everything myself?

Ethan turns and heads into the courts. Coach Buffington tries in vein to stop Ethan. Commissioner Rowlett is non too happy with these turn of events. They quickly follow Ethan.

COMMISSIONER ROWLETT

This had better not blow up in my face, Dermont, or things will not go well for you.

EXT. TENNIS COURTS - MOMENTS LATER

Ethan is hurrying up to Derek who is startled to see Ethan.

DEREK

What do you want, Ethan?

ETHAN

I want to, I mean, the league commissioner wants to inspect your racket.

By now everyone has stopped playing and is beginning to gather around the proceedings. Professor follows in behind the team.

COACH FORTESCUE

What seems to be the problem here?

**ETHAN** 

You know what the problem is, you and your players have been caught cheating.

COACH FORTESCUE

We have?

Coach Fortescue looks at the adults to see if some semblance of sense can be made of these proceedings.

COACH FORTESCUE (CONT'D)

Can someone let me know what the charges are?

**ETHAN** 

Stop obstructing.

COACH FORTESCUE

Obstructing what? Can someone. . .

Coach Fortescue turns to Ethan.

COACH FORTESCUE (CONT'D)

. . .in authority explain what's going on here?

COMMISSIONER ROWLETT

Coach Fortescue, it has been brought to the leagues attention that illegal modifications may have been made to your players equipment.

Coach Fortescue looks at Ethan, chuckles, then addresses the Commissioner.

COACH FORTESCUE

Can I get a list of our accusers or should I just point to him right now?

COMMISSIONER ROWLETT

Now there's no need to point fingers. . .

COACH FORTESCUE

. . .hasn't someone already done that?

COMMISSIONER ROWLETT

Coach, I know you run a tight team so if you'd just let me look over your teams equipment we can move past this minor inconvenience.

COACH FORTESCUE

Minor inconvenience? To who? You come here accusing us of cheating and we're supposed to accept it as a minor inconvenience?

**ETHAN** 

If he refuses to allow you to inspect, Commissioner, according to rule thirty-seven a, section. . .

COMMISSIONER ROWLETT

. . . I know the rules, Ethan.

Commissioner Rowlett looks at Coach Fortescue pleadingly.

COMMISSIONER ROWLETT (CONT'D)

Fingers, can I just take a look?

Coach Fortescue looks at his players and then at Professor. They are the face of solidarity. Derek holds out his racket first and all the others follow suit. No one moves for a beat so the Players step up to the Commissioner and press their rackets into his chest. He tries to grab them all but some fall to the ground.

DEREK

We'll be over here when you bring our rackets back.

The Tittersville's team walks over to the fence to wait. Ethan kicks the rackets on the ground toward the Commissioner.

ETHAN

Look that them. I'm sure you'll find what you're looking for.

Commissioner Rowlett picks up all the rackets and begins to walk away. Ethan is close behind so Commissioner stops.

COMMISSIONER ROWLETT

Back off.

Ethan is appalled at being spoken to that way but, knowing he shouldn't push his luck, he stops. Commissioner turns and heads to the far end of the courts.

EXT. TENNIS COURTS - CONTINUOUS

The Tittersville's Players, Coach Fortescue and Professor stand against the fence watching the Commissioner.

Sven and Carlos

DEREK

What do you think he's looking for?

CALLUM

Anything illegal done to the rackets.

PAUL

We're in the clear then.

WESLEY

Was anything illegal done?

MASON

Last time I checked rackets didn't come with USB ports.

SVEN

We're done. We're going to jail.

CARLOS

We're not going to jail. We're kids. Now the Professor. . .

PROFESSOR

. . . relax, boys, nothing illegal was done to anything.

COACH FORTESCUE

Then how can you explain the modifications?

PROFESSOR

Just that. I put chips in all the rackets to track a myriad of data.

COACH FORTESCUE

But you also put in air and heating coils and who knows what else in there.

PROFESSOR

So? None of it's illegal.

PAUL

Not even my glasses?

PROFESSOR

Technically, that's not covered by the rules of tennis.

COMMISSIONER ROWLETT (O.S.)

Professor.

Everyone turns to Commissioner Rowlett who is waving Professor over. Professor smiles and heads over.

EXT. TENNIS COURTS - CONTINUOUS

Commissioner Rowlett and Professor are talking.

PROFESSOR

The USB is to save data which we go over after the match.

COMMISSIONER ROWLETT

But what about this?

Commissioner pulls out a moist cloth from a racket.

PROFESSOR

The kid sweats. I couldn't find anything in the rule book about racket handle absorption.

COMMISSIONER ROWLETT

Probably because no one would think of such a thing.

Commissioner Rowlett is frustrated. He knows he has nothing to go on here but he also knows Ethan's going to complain for the rest of his life about this miscarriage of justice. He holds all the rackets out to Professor.

COMMISSIONER ROWLETT (CONT'D)

I don't know what you did but I can't find anything against the rules.

Professor gathers the rackets and heads back to the Players. As he's walking past an irate Ethan is running toward the Commissioner.

**ETHAN** 

What's going on here? Why didn't you confiscate their rackets?

COMMISSIONER ROWLETT Nothing wrong, Ethan. Every racket was within the rules.

ETHAN

That can't be. They have to be cheating.

COMMISSIONER ROWLETT And why is that?

Ethan pauses to think for a moment.

**ETHAN** 

Because. . .

COMMISSIONER ROWLETT . . . they're competition for you now?

Ethan is boiling as he looks at Commissioner.

ETHAN

I'll have your job. Do you know who my father is?

COMMISSIONER ROWLETT
I don't but I did see a guy on the news this afternoon with his name who was arrested for embezzlement.
Could that be him?

Ethan stares at Commissioner.

COMMISSIONER ROWLETT (CONT'D)

Have a good match, Ethan.

Commissioner Rowlett exits the courts.

UMPIRE (V.O.)

Players report to your courts. Play will begin in five minutes.

Ethan looks around as people mill about.

**ETHAN** 

I guess two can play at this game.

Ethan turns and walks toward his court.

EXT. TENNIS STANDS - MOMENTS LATER

Professor is sitting in the stands surrounded by cheering fans. All of his gear is piled up haphazardly around him because of lack of space.

EXT. TENNIS COURTS - MOMENTS LATER

Derek and Ethan are warming up. Ethan is swinging harder than usual trying to figure out how to activate the rackets cheat mode but nothing's happening.

UMPIRE (V.O.)

Matches commence.

Ethan runs to the side of the court to change his rackets. He squats down and pulls one out of his bag. He bangs the strings with the other racket a couple of times before heading back to the court.

Derek is standing at the baseline calmly waiting for Ethan to get ready.

Ethan is hopping around at the baseline getting ready to return serve. He nods at Derek signaling he's ready and the match begins.

Derek takes a deep breath, exhales and begins his service motion. The ball lifts into the air, Derek's body begins to swing into motion, the ball hits the apex of the toss, Derek begins his forward motion that comes into contact with the ball.

The ball hits the sideline as Ethan begins to move and prepare his forehand return. The ball bounces high as Ethan begins to unfurl his lethal forehand return.

The ball and racket begin closing in to contact. The ball hits the middle of Ethan's racket, a perfect service return.

Until the ball hits his strings which immediately shatter into a million shards. The strings fly through the air as the ball passes almost effortlessly through the racket.

There is total silence for a moment until the ball hits the ground then bounces into the fence. Both players stand there confused for a moment. Derek looks at Ethan then steps over the center mark to the next service side.

DEREK

Fifteen love.

Derek stands there awaiting his next serve.

Ethan is still trying to figure out what happened. Coach Buffington runs over to see what happened.

COACH BUFFINGTON

What's going on?

Ethan holds up his racket.

COACH BUFFINGTON (CONT'D)

Broke a string. I see that.

**ETHAN** 

I broke every string.

COACH BUFFINGTON

Yep, that's right, you did all right. Now go get another racket.

UMPIRE (V.O.)

Court one, please continue.

Ethan keeps looking at his racket in disbelief.

UMPIRE (V.O.)

Court one, please continue or a point penalty will be assessed.

COACH BUFFINGTON

Go get a racket, Ethan. Do you want me to get it?

Ethan snaps out of it.

ETHAN

No, I'll get it.

Ethan jogs over to his area, tosses his racket into the fence and grabs another racket out of his bag. He looks at the racket for a second before jogging back to return serve. Ethan gets to the baseline just as Coach Buffington finishes sweeping the shards off the court. Ethan holds his racket up to Derek to signal that he's ready. Derek begins his service motion.

Everything slows down. The toss is perfect, Ethan is shifting his weight from foot to foot, Derek's racket reaches up and comes in contact with the ball, Ethan begins to move in to the court to return serve, Derek's racket contacts the ball in the sweet spot, Ethan begins his forehand return.

The ball crosses the net hitting the corner of the service line. Ethan's back swing begins it's forward motion in preparation for the moment of contact.

The ball soars further and further from the court pulling Ethan far into the doubles sideline. Ethan's racket continues forward, the ball moving closer and closer to the point of impact.

The moment of contact is here. The strings hit the ball dead center on the racket. The ball keeps moving forward. The strings begin to stretch and stretch and stretch as Ethan completes his stroke.

Derek begins moving to return the ball but after a few steps he stops and looks around. The ball wasn't returned in the court. He looks around and can't seem to find it anywhere. That's when he looks at Ethan who is holding up his racket with what looks like a fishing net for strings. Ethan looks into his racket, reaches in and pulls out the ball.

DEREK

Thirty love, I guess.

Ethan stares at his racket and can't comprehend just what he's seeing. He swings the racket a few times and the strings flop back and forth.

UMPIRE (V.O.)

Court one, please con. . .

**ETHAN** 

. . .yeah, I know.

UMPIRE (V.O.)

Point penalty, abuse of an official. Forty love.

Ethan poises himself to complain but he knows better. He jogs to get his last racket then heads right back to the court. He gets to the baseline and signals that he's ready.

Ethan hits a return, Derek swoops in and hits a winning volley.

DEREK

Game.

Derek begins to change sides. He gets to the service line to see Ethan is still there.

DEREK (CONT'D)

Ah, Ethan. . .

**ETHAN** 

. . . I'm going, I'm going.

Ethan slowly walks to the other side as Derek looks into the stands.

EXT. TENNIS STANDS - CONTINUOUS

Professor is standing up cheering. All of his gear is falling on other fans.

INT. YARD - EVENING

Professor and Derek are sitting in the yard sipping ice cold beverages.

PROFESSOR

Remarkable, Derek, just remarkable.

DEREK

I owe it all to you.

Professor shakes his head almost hard enough to snap it off.

PROFESSOR

No, no, no. You did it all on your own.

DEREK

I couldn't have done it without your magical string.

PROFESSOR

Nothing magical about it. Just your average nylon, polyurethane, Zyex, Vectran with a little Kevlar thrown in.

DEREK

But what about everyone else? Carlos hit every ball solid, Paul hit more aces than ever, Wesley went from lugging his racket like it was a log to. . .

**PROFESSOR** 

. . .nothing more than the power of suggestion, Derek. I just had to do a little suggestion and you all added the power.

DEREK

Nah, that's not all. You did something.

The Professor's smile begins tiny but grows into a giant smile.

PROFESSOR

Well, maybe I added a little something but it wasn't magic, I'm a man of science.

Professor stands up.

PROFESSOR (CONT'D)

To science!

Professor and Derek clink glasses. They laugh as Professor sits down.

DEREK

What about Ethan?

PROFESSOR

What about him?

DEREK

What was up with his strings?

PROFESSOR

How would I know?

Derek looks at Professor knowing he knows.

PROFESSOR (CONT'D)

I knew he was outside one night and what he was up to. So I left and gave him enough time to come in and check out the place.

DEREK

You let him?

**PROFESSOR** 

Why not? Nothing in here would help him. I didn't give him enough time to go through the place so he left with exactly what I wanted him to get.

DEREK

What?

PROFESSOR

The string that shattered is an invention to make neon glass easier to shape.

DEREK

It sure breaks like glass.

PROFESSOR

That it does. The other string is my invention for a retractable fishing net.

DEREK

That worked pretty good.

PROFESSOR

Except for the retractable part.

DEREK

Maybe we can work on it this summer.

PROFESSOR

I don't know. I have an idea I think will revolutionize the world.

DEREK

What is it?

Professor looks around making sure no one is listening.

PROFESSOR

I want to put together the Swiss Army spork.

Professor reaches into his pocket and pulls out version one of the Swiss Army spork.

PROFESSOR (CONT'D)

But right now I can't think of anything to go with it. The spork is such a perfect tool alone I just can't figure out what else could go with it.

Professor holds up the Swiss Army spork.

PROFESSOR (CONT'D)

Why do you have to be so perfect, spork?

DEREK

I might have an idea.

PROFESSOR

You do? What is it?

Derek looks around making sure no one is listening then he summons Professor closer to whisper it into his ear. Professor listens for a few beats, his eyes get wide, he stands up taller than he's ever been with wide and excited eyes.

PROFESSOR (CONT'D)

Derek! I think you've stumbled upon the beginning for the creation of the Swiss Army spork.

Professor holds the Swiss Army spork aloft.

PROFESSOR (CONT'D)

Who'd have ever thought of pairing the spork with a. . .

EVANGELINE (O.S.)

. . . GRANDPA!

Professor snaps out of his revelry and turns in the direction of the bellow.

EVANGELINE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

I broke my soccer cleat. You have to fix them.

FATHER (O.S.)

We'll just go get another pair, Evangeline. No need to bother your grandfather.

EVANGELINE (O.S.)

No, these are my lucky cleats. I know he can fix them.

(pause)

GRANDPA!

Professor tosses the Swiss Army spork to Derek.

PROFESSOR

Hold this for safe keeping.

Professor heads into the house.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Professor walks into the kitchen where Evangeline is sitting at the table holding her cleat while FATHER, only seen from his waist down, is putting a bowl of fruit on the table.

**FATHER** 

I don't know what granddad can do about that. It looks as if you've played yourself into a new pair.

PROFESSOR

Let's not make any rash decisions here. Let me see what we've got.

Professor pulls up a chair and sits down. Evangeline hands him a cleat and he looks it over. After a beat he reaches for a piece of fruit. He pops it into his mouth while turning the cleat over and over.

PROFESSOR (CONT'D)

How would you like to be able to dribble the ball like you have magnets?

Evangeline becomes very excited.

**EVANGELINE** 

I'd love that.

FATHER (O.S.)

You're not going to put magnets in her shoes, are you?

Professor stands up, grabs a handful of fruit and begins to exit the room. Evangeline mimics Professor on their way out.

PROFESSOR

Magnets? Don't you know anything about soccer? Balls aren't made of metal.

**EVANGELINE** 

Yeah, Dad, they're not made of metal, you know.

Professor and Evangeline walk through the kitchen.

PROFESSOR

What about traction? Do you think you need more swift traction?

EVANGELINE

I think that's exactly what I need.

PROFESSOR

Then let's see what we can put together here.

Professor and Evangeline exit the kitchen.

EVANGELINE (O.S.)

Can you help me make gigantic overhead kicks?

PROFESSOR

Once I know what that is why not!

FADE TO BLACK.