

1 INT. NO. 30 REBECCHI HOUSE - MORNING X
JAY, SHANE

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Jay is studying at the table. Shane enters.

SHANE

What are you up to?

Jay's reply is playfully smart alec.

JAY

Knitting a hydrogen bomb.

SHANE

That's got to be some high quality wool.

JAY

Enriched Uranium-235.

SHANE

There's your first mistake. You're thinking of an atom bomb.

JAY

Or, it's the fuel for a fission reaction to trigger the fusion reaction.

Shane considers the chemistry behind this.

SHANE

Yeah. Alright. I'm worried about what's going to slip through the stitches though.

JAY

Obviously, I would embed the whole thing in a non-reactive case.

SHANE

Least you've got your head screwed on right.

Jay enjoys the intellectual bonding with his dad.

SHANE

Did you want to invite any of your mates down from school?

JAY

Nah, I'm good.

SHANE

Sure?

JAY

Don't want to throw the reds in with the whites.

Shane is confused and Jay explains.

JAY

It's a boarding school thing. You know, like who you are in the dorms versus when you're home. I like to keep those separate.

SHANE

Right, so which Jay have I got now?

JAY

Aloof and charming with a hint of Letterman sass.

Shane's amused. Jay risks a little honesty.

JAY

There's different rule there, but it's pretty standard. You figure out who's who and where you fit, then it's like anything else: stay in the middle of the pack and coast on through.

SHANE

Sounds ambitious.

JAY

But it doesn't *look* ambitious. That's the art of it, Dad.

On Jay, smug and self assured..