A lawyer leaves his home in a hurry with a briefcase in his hand. Just before getting into the car, he sees a boy of seven digging a hole with his stick in the lawn amongst a bed of flowers.

LAWYER (with a smile)
Hey, buddy, don't spoil the flowers, it's my flowerbed.
What are you doing here?

The boy gazes through him and, without saying a word, turns away and continues to dig the ground.

LAWYER
Listen, boy, did you hear what I said? I am talking to you!

The boy continues to dig without turning his head.

LAWYER (irritated)
Stop immediately and go home. Where do you live?

BOY
You, mister, go to hell.

LAWYER (indignantly)
How dare you talk to adults like that? Where are your parents? I'll show you...

The lawyer walks with determination to the boy. The boy raises his stick threateningly.

BOY
Just try touching me!

LAWYER (ironically)
And what if I will?

BOY
I will immediately complain to the police, stating that you hit a child. You will
The lawyer stops in his tracks. The boy sees his hesitation, takes out a water pistol and starts shooting water at the lawyer.

LAWYER (shouting)
Stop it! What are you doing?

His wife runs out of the house.

WIFE (to the boy)
What's going on here? I'm going to smack your ears, little bully.

LAWYER (to his wife, quietly)
Wait darling, it's a child! You can't touch him.

WIFE
If so, I'm calling the police! Let them come and sort it out.

LAWYER (frightened, quietly)
No way! We'll have to justify ourselves to everybody, because this child is only seven years old. It is dangerous to get into conflict with children. I'm telling you this as a lawyer.

The wife looks at her husband in astonishment and runs back into the house. She runs into their ten year old son's room.

WIFE (to their son, shouting)
Son, help! A small boy is beating up our daddy outside!

The Son picks up a toy sword and runs out decisively into the yard. The boy sees their son and immediately ceases
to run after the attorney with his gun, shooting water at him. The boy watches guiltily and fearfully their Son.

BOY
That's it, I'm going. I have to go...

The boy retracts his steps. Their Son moves menacingly closer, waving his sword.

SON
Wait, where are you going?
I haven't finished yet, we have to talk ...

BOY
Don't hit me, I was just joking ... 

SON (menacingly)
I'll show you, 'joking', so that you'll remember it for a lifetime ...

The boy swiftly turns and runs away quickly. Their Son rushes after him, whooping and waving the sword above his head, but soon he stops and returns.

SON (confidently)
That's it, he won't come back ...

LAWYER
Thank you son, you just saved me from this thug.

WIFE
Our protector! What would we have done without you?

The lawyer shakes his son's hand and then, embracing his wife, they return together to the house.