

BALLS DEEP

"Pilot / The Bicycle Thief"

Written by

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COLD OPEN

FADE IN:

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

ARTHUR DERBY (29), unassuming and handsome, and JACKSON WRIGHT (35), muscular with false bravado, sit on a couch.

Arthur wears a World War II British general costume. Jackson is dressed as Adolph Hitler, mustache and all. Arthur reads James Joyce's 'Dubliners,' while Jackson stares at Arthur. Arthur glances over.

JACKSON

Nah, nothing.

(off Arthur's look)

Fifty-two minutes. My longest ever.

ARTHUR

Congratulations.

JACKSON

I think 'Reverse Führer' was a real breakthrough for me.

Jackson mimes the sex position: a double Nazi salute hump.

ARTHUR

I feel like a proud, estranged uncle.

JACKSON

I've finished four times before, but never four loads that massive.

ARTHUR

...and there goes proud uncle.

JACKSON

Living to fuck and fucking for a living. Huh, man?

Jackson goes to high-five Arthur. Arthur rejects it. Jackson high fives himself, like that were the plan all along.

ARTHUR

You keep enjoying it, Jackson.

(off his confusion)

This is my swan song.

He still doesn't get it.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)
 Today's my last day. I'm finished
 working in porn.

A beat. He processes the information.

JACKSON
 Ray --

ARTHUR
 -Don't call me that.

JACKSON
 What can I do?

ARTHUR
 Not call me that.

JACKSON
 We are Nick Majesty and Ray
 Gatzby...

ARTHUR
 What did I say about calling
 me that?

JACKSON
 Best friends, tag teaming,
 mother-and-daughter-fucking
 studs.

ARTHUR
 You are not Nick Majesty and I am
 not Ray Gatzby. I am Arthur Derby.

JACKSON
 You sound scared. Are you scared?

ARTHUR
 No.

JACKSON
 Don't be scared. If you want to do
 this, we can. Together. I'm in.

JACKSON
 (quietly sung)
 Say the word and I'm already
 there.

ARTHUR
I'm doing this. Okay? This is
 not a team effort.

ARTHUR
 The only team here is a team of not
 team.

Jackson looks discouraged. Arthur holds up Dubliners.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

James Joyce, the greatest author to ever live, wrote: "Better pass boldly into that other world, in the full glory of some passion, then fade and wither dismally with age." That's me.

JACKSON

You wrote that?

ARTHUR

No, I just said...

Arthur opts not to deal with that.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

If you want to do your own thing, I support that. But separate. No all for one, one for all. Me for me, and you for... whatever you're for.

JACKSON

Kim always says you think you're too good for porn.

ARTHUR

Yes, I do. You should too, buddy.

Arthur messes with Jackson's hair like a condescending big brother before walking off.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

Last scene ever. Wish me luck.

The camera ZOOMS OUT, revealing Arthur is simply leaving a porn sound stage decorated as a living room.

Jackson holds up a limp Nazi salute.

JACKSON

(quiet)

Viel glück, mein freund...

Subtitle: *Good luck, my friend.*

JACKSON (CONT'D)

(yells)

Fifty-two's still the time to beat.

FADE OUT.

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

INT. WESTCHESTER PREPARATORY - PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE - DAY

Arthur, dressed in a well-fitted suit, sits across from principal of Westchester Prep, JEFFERY JUNIPER (late 40s), overzealous and enigmatic. He rakes a Zen Garden on his desk.

JUNIPER

Arthur, I'll be honest: I love everything about you. Smart, quick witted, and sexy. That is one tremendous suit. Stand up for me, will you?

(Arthur stands)

Turn.

(Arthur turns)

You got those V-lines? You do. You've got to. If you don't, I'll shove a revolver into my mouth and blow my brains out.

(he mimes it, LAUGHS)

Sit down.

(Arthur sits)

I could call you the perfect man. Dare me? No, don't. Save 'perfect' for David Duchovny.

(then)

I mean, on paper, Arthur, you fit nice and snugly at Westchester Prep.

ARTHUR

Snug is good. I like snug.

Juniper picks up a piece of paper, stares at it.

JUNIPER

There are some small, small details I'd like to go over with you, if you don't mind.

ARTHUR

Not at all, Mr. Juniper.

JUNIPER

Please, call me Jeff.

(after a beat)

Please. Call me Jeff.

ARTHUR

...Jeff.

JUNIPER

Thank you.

(then)

Your resume is incredibly clean.

Maybe, maybe, too clean.

CLOSE ON: ARTHUR'S TEACHING RESUME, containing only his name and contact information center/centered.

JUNIPER (CONT'D)

And your cover letter.

CLOSE ON: ARTHUR'S COVER LETTER, a blank page stapled to the resume.

JUNIPER (CONT'D)

I'm not sure you have, what some would call the "seasoning" for this position. The last guy I interviewed told me he's got 150 years of teaching experience. I mean, wow! How can anybody compete with three lifetimes --

ARTHUR

-Sir, if I may...?

Juniper stops and gestures for Arthur to continue. During the speech, Juniper rakes his Zen Garden.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

(bullshitting)

The piece of paper in front of you is blank because I don't define myself by the past. If you need my credentials, I'm happy to show you my English degree from Stanford. Even happier to mention my semi-best selling novella. You can't find a book I haven't read cover-to-cover. If you do... I'll get to it eventually. The students at this school need someone without character, Mr. Juniper. Someone who won't be weighed down by accomplishments. A painter is their blank canvas. A scientist is their undiscovered discovery. I am my blank resume.

Juniper considers, but he's a little distracted, staring a hole through his Zen Garden.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)
 (trying to relate)
 Those Gardens stress me the hell
 out.

A revelation for Juniper. He pushes the Zen Garden off of his desk, straight into a trash can.

INT. GYM - TREADMILLS - DAY

Jackson and his girlfriend KIM OSWALT (late 20s), sexy and unwavering, run on treadmills. Kim wears earbuds.

JACKSON
 I hate exercising.

Kim doesn't respond. Jackson looks over at her.

JACKSON (CONT'D)
 I hate exercising.

Kim takes an earbud out of her ear.

KIM
 Yes?

JACKSON
 I'm sad.

KIM
 Why?

JACKSON
 It's Arthur. He's dead.
 (off Kim's look)
 ...to me.

KIM
 What did we say about finishing
 your thoughts?

JACKSON
 "If I don't, people will find me
 strange and off-putting."
 (beat)
 He's leaving the porn industry.
 Forever and ever. He got some job
 doing something... somewhere.

KIM
Sounds exciting.

JACKSON
You don't care?

KIM
About what? Jackson, I'm fine where I am. It's a different story with Arthur. Look, I think he's a smart guy. It's... fuck him and fuck his judgements, alright? But I wish him the best.

JACKSON
Kim, that's not the best. That's the worst. You wished him the worst.

Kim feigns a smile as she puts her earbud back in.

INT. GYM - WEIGHT MACHINES - MINUTES LATER

Kim does leg press. Jackson hovers.

JACKSON
I could get a real job, too. Not that porn is a fake job. I mean a not-sex one. I'm good at a lot of things.

KIM
Go for it.

INT. GYM - MATS - MINUTES LATER

Kim and Jackson do planks.

JACKSON
Porn does pay well. And I've been doing it for ten years. God, ten years. It seems drastic to stop now, doesn't it? And I'm at the peak of my powers.

KIM
Then keep going.

INT. GYM - BOXING AREA - MINUTES LATER

Kim punches a punching bag. Jackson stands to the side.

JACKSON

I'm thirty five and not getting any younger. That's how time works. There are other things I'd like to do. Climb a mountain, buy a watch.

KIM

Then quit.

INT. GYM - WOMAN'S LOCKER ROOM - MINUTES LATER

Jackson stands outside the locker room while Kim showers.

JACKSON

What if I'm not cut out for anything else? This is what I'm meant to do forever, I know it.

(beat)

Climbing a mountain would be fun.

Kim, wearing a towel, approaches Jackson. She KISSES him with forceful love.

KIM

I'm can't tell you what to do. You've got to do what's in here.

She points to his heart.

JACKSON

Wrong side.

KIM

No. It's not.

JACKSON

If I quit, you would be the only one who's... you know. Doing it with other people.

KIM

We've managed for two years.

JACKSON

I'd be jealous.

She kisses him again.

KIM

I like you when you're jealous.

She returns to the locker room.

JACKSON
Your butt looks great today.

INT. WESTCHESTER PREP - VARIOUS HALLWAYS - DAY

Juniper and Arthur WALK AND TALK through the corridors.

JUNIPER
This, Arthur Derby, is a little
slice of academic heaven. We pride
ourselves on state of the art
everything: desks, learning,
urinals.

They stop in front of a classroom door. Juniper KNOCKS.

JUNIPER (CONT'D)
Bill Gray's room.

BILL GRAY (late 40s), jaded beyond repair, opens the door.

GRAY
What is it?

JUNIPER
Bill teaches Sophomore history.
Probably 'cause he's been around
long enough to have lived through
it all, am I right?

GRAY
We're the same age, Jeff.

JUNIPER
He's quite the jokester.

GRAY
I've never made a joke in my life.

JUNIPER
(snapping)
Why don't you shut your mouth --

Arthur puts his hand out for a handshake.

ARTHUR
-Nice to meet you, Bill. I'm Arthur
Derby, Sophomore English.

Gray shakes his hand, pulls him close, stares into his soul.

GRAY
 (whisper)
 Get out. While you still can.

JUNIPER
 Glad you two are getting on, but
 secrets are for little girls and
 bad marriages.
 (beat)
 Keep up the good work, Bill.

They continue to walk and talk.

ARTHUR
 How did this teaching position come
 open?

JUNIPER
 I believe Caroline's husband was
 relocated to the East coast. Or was
 it her gallbladder...?

ARTHUR
 Caroline was the previous teacher?

JUNIPER
 Probably.
 (off Arthur's look)
 Kidding. 'Course she was.

They stop at another classroom. Juniper KNOCKS.

JUNIPER (CONT'D)
 Jay's room. You'll love this guy.

JAY COULOMBE (early 30s), a grown up frat boy, opens the
 door, LAUREN CARLSON (early 40s), tightly wound, behind him.
 Lauren has sex hair and looks like she's been wrongly accused
 of terrorism.

LAUREN
 Jay and I had both had a free
 period. He was helping me prep.

JAY
 (re: Arthur)
 Who's this?

JUNIPER
 This is Arthur. He will be
 replacing Caroline. Arthur, this is
 Lauren Carlson, Psychology and...

ARTHUR
We should say hello.

JUNIPER
She looks busy.

ARTHUR
So did Bill Gray --

JUNIPER
-Aaaaaaand here we are!

They stop in front of a classroom.

INT. WESTCHESTER PREP - ARTHUR'S CLASSROOM - CONTINUOUS

Juniper and Arthur enter. An ordinary high school classroom by most standards, with admittedly great desks.

JUNIPER
Here she is. So, we'll fill out the boring paperwork this week, and blah blah blah... consummation the next?

Arthur nods. He's overjoyed.

JUNIPER (CONT'D)
I'll leave you two alone.

Juniper exits. Arthur surveys the room.

ARTHUR
He wasn't kidding about the desks.

Arthur sees a mirror on the wall on the back wall. He approaches it, looking at himself. Shades of Boogie Nights.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)
(Dirk Diggler)
I am a star. I'm a star, I'm a star, I'm a star. I am a big, bright, shining star.

FADE OUT.

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

INT. WESTCHESTER PREP - ARTHUR'S CLASSROOM - DAY

Arthur stands in front of a class of STUDENTS, about 25 kids. The students pass around and fill out a seating chart.

ARTHUR

I'm usually pretty good with names, so my goal is to have them down by the time you graduate.

Joke falls flat.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

No? Nothing? Okay. I thought today might be a good day to get to know everyone and see where your heads are at with the class.

He points to NICK BRODEUR (16).

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

Tell me where you left off.

NICK

No idea. We've been taking double Spanish since Mrs. Carr left.

ARTHUR

You've been taking an extra Spanish class instead of English?

Arthur rubs his eyes. MADISON CROSS (16) raises her hand.

MADISON

What happened to Mrs. Carr?

ARTHUR

She moved. They didn't tell you?

MADISON

We heard something about a gallbladder.

A student holds up the attendance sheet. Arthur takes it.

ARTHUR

Hm. Okay. Well, why don't you each tell me your favorite book, and we can start a discussion from there.

EVAN FARIA (16) raises his hand. Arthur checks the seating chart.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)
Uh, Evan, question?

EVAN
Yeah. Why?

ARTHUR
Because this is a classroom...
where we have discussions about
literature.

EVAN
It's the first day.

ARTHUR
No, it's my first day.

EVAN
Same thing.

ARTHUR
Is it, though?

BECCA HYDE (16) raises her hand.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)
Rebecca.

BECCA
Just "Becca."

ARTHUR
Okay, just Becca.

BECCA
What's your name?

ARTHUR
That would help. Mr. Derby.

BECCA
How do you pronounce that?

ARTHUR
Seriously?

MADISON
Derby kind of rhymes with pervy.

BECCA
And curvy.

MADISON

And turkey.

RANDOM STUDENT IN BACK

And rodeo.

EVAN

Can I use the bathroom?

ARTHUR

(blowing his casket)

I don't know, can you?

EVAN

(after a beat)

Yeah.

As Evan slithers out, he crosses paths with Erin Mulligan, who, with a light KNOCK, enters.

ERIN

I hope I'm not interrupting.

BECCA

We're learning about words that rhyme with derby.

ERIN

The stuff that matters. Hmmm. Curvy?

MADISON

We already got that one.

ERIN

Well then, 'scuse me!

The class CHUCKLES.

ERIN (CONT'D)

(to Arthur)

I'm Ms. Mulligan. To them. Erin to you. Which I guess makes me Erin Mulligan.

ARTHUR

I'm Arthur. Mr. Derby.

ERIN

Welcome to the neighborhood, Mr. Derby. I was hoping I could borrow one of your dry erase markers. Mrs. Carr and I always shared supplies. You know, being neighborly and all.

(MORE)

ERIN (CONT'D)
I've been depressed without anyone
to share my printer paper with.

ARTHUR
Sharing is caring.

Arthur tosses her dry erase marker.

ERIN
Don't let me stop the rhyme party.

ARTHUR
Oh, no. We were about to talk about
the class's favorite books. Um,
Isabella Monroe.

ISABELLA MONROE [16, soft spoken and calculating, AKA Issy]
stops doodling in her notebook.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)
What's your favorite book?

ISSY
Oh. Not sure. 'To Kill A
Mockingbird' maybe.

ARTHUR
Really? That is an all-timer. What
do you like about it so much?

ISSY
It's cool the way Lee tackles
racism through a young girl's eyes.
It gives it a unique perspective. I
dunno.

ARTHUR
Yeah, good. Excellent! That wasn't
so hard, was it?
(then)
Where's the kid who went to the
bathroom?

NICK
He's not coming back.

INT. ISSY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Issy barges through the front door, wearing a bicycle helmet
and backpack. She tosses her backpack on the couch.

ISSY
 Anyone home?
 (waits)
 'Course not.

INT. WESTCHESTER PREP - CAFETERIA - DAY

Erin looks through the candy section in the vending machine. Arthur, messenger bag on his shoulder, approaches.

ARTHUR
 You always here this late?

ERIN
 Oh, you can't find vending machines
 like this anywhere, my friend.

She hits the side of the machine. A candy bar falls out.

ERIN (CONT'D)
 Fingers crossed the new janitor
 misses this gold mine.
 (then)
 Okay first day?

ARTHUR
 It was good, yeah.

ERIN
 (sarcastic, playing along)
 Riiiiight, and I forgot to mention
 I'm Margaret Thatcher.

ARTHUR
 I mean it. For a first time
 teaching, it wasn't so bad.

ERIN
 Ah. Today is the day Arthur Derby
 popped his teaching cherry. I'll go
 carve the date into a tree.

INT. ISSY'S HOUSE - HALLWAY - SAME

Issy stands in front of her brother Derek's room. She KNOCKS on the door.

ISSY
 Derek, I need to borrow your car
 for a couple of hours. I'm coming
 in. Don't be naked.

She closes her eyes.

INT. ISSY'S HOUSE - DEREK'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Issy steps into the room.

ISSY
Hello?

She opens her eyes. No one's in the room. It's a pigsty.

INT. WESTCHESTER PREP - CAFETERIA - SAME

Arthur and Erin continue their conversation.

ERIN
What were you doing before you
decided to slum it here?

ARTHUR
(avoiding)
Eating. Breathing.

ERIN
For work, smart ass.

ARTHUR
I wrote, traveled. Stuff that
involved a lot of finding my inner
self. You know, deep dark stuff.

ERIN
That's terrifying. I don't ever
want to go searching for myself.

ARTHUR
Why's that?

She shrugs she shoulders.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)
So... you're here?

ERIN
Been here. Still here.

ARTHUR
Here's not so bad.

ERIN
Ups and downs.

ARTHUR
New neighbor. That's an up.

Erin smiles. The two share a moment.

INT. ISSY'S HOUSE - DEREK'S ROOM - SAME

Issy digs car keys out of a pair of dirty jeans. She goes to leave, but stops herself. She feels around her pockets.

ISSY
Pen, pen, pen...

No luck. She surveys, sees her brother's laptop on his desk.

ISSY (CONT'D)
Technology saves the day. Again.

She opens the computer. LOUD SEX MOANING.

FAMILIAR MALE VOICE (O.S.)
Huh? You like that?

Issy shuts her eyes and presses the space bar, pausing the video.

She cautiously opens her eyes. She sees. She freezes.

INT. WESTCHESTER PREP - CAFETERIA - SAME

A MAN in workout clothes, LANDON AARON (30s), confident with a hint of phoniness, approaches.

ARTHUR
(to Erin)
And that might be the oldest high school student I've ever seen.

LANDON
Funny. Babe, you good to go?

ERIN
Arthur, this is Landon. School guidance counselor.

LANDON
Don't undersell it. People 'round here call me "The Problem Solver."

ERIN
Who calls you that?

LONDON
Lots of people.

ERIN
I've never heard anyone --

LONDON
(ignoring her)
-You must be the new guy.

ARTHUR
So they say. Maybe someday they'll
call me "The Problem Causer."

Landon forces out a CHUCKLE.

LONDON
(to Erin)
We should get out of here. My
game's in an hour.
(to Arthur)
My personal chauffeur service.

ERIN
I'll see you, Arthur.

Landon throws his arm around Erin as they exit. Arthur waves,
disappointed.

INT. ISSY'S HOUSE - DEREK'S ROOM - SAME

Issy continues to stare blankly at the screen. She slowly
closes the laptop. She sits for a second. She opens it back
up.

CLOSE ON: LAPTOP SCREEN. A freeze frame of a porn video,
featuring none other than Arthur Derby as Ray Gatzby. As luck
would have it, a close up of Arthur's face.

Issy can't stop staring.

ISSY.
Well, shit.

FADE OUT.

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

EXT. ISSY'S HOUSE - FRONT YARD - DAY

Isabella, wearing her backpack and bike helmet, frantically searches around her yard. Something on the ground near the fence catches her eye.

CLOSE ON: CUT BIKE LOCK.

She picks up the cut bike lock and heaves it as far as she can, which isn't very. She lets her backpack plop to the ground, then lets out an irritated SCREAM.

Still wearing her bike helmet, she jogs down the street. A NEIGHBOR BOY, 11, has been observing her.

NEIGHBOR BOY

You're crazy.

ISSY

KIND OF HOW IT WORKS!

She doesn't break stride.

INT. WESTCHESTER PREP - ARTHUR'S CLASSROOM - DAY

Arthur writes his first lesson plan on the board. A KNOCK at the door.

ARTHUR

Come in.

The door OPENS. At the sound of the voice, Arthur stands totally still, not wanting to believe what's behind him.

JACKSON (O.S.)

(sung, Bad Boys For Life)

We ain't, go-in nowhere. We ain't,
going no where. We can't be stopped
now. 'Cause it's Baaad Boy for
liiiiife.

Arthur wills himself to turn around. It's Jackson. He wears a tucked-in polo shirt. After a stare down...

JACKSON (CONT'D)

Hi.

(beat)

Guess what?

ARTHUR
(disbelief)
What are you doing here?

JACKSON
That's why I said "Guess what?"

ARTHUR
No.

JACKSON
It's not fun if you don't guess.

ARTHUR
Why are you here?

JACKSON
Ride or die, brother.

ARTHUR
Are you stalking me?

JACKSON
Get this. I followed you here one day, right? Turns out Kim's best friend, Hailee? Her uncle was the janitor at this school. Gets even better. His gallbladder goes to hell, he drops dead, position opens up. Kim tells me, I get an interview, and bang. The cars aligned --

Arthur plops down in his desk chair.

ARTHUR
-stars.

JACKSON
"Better pass bold into that another world, in a full glory of...
(forgetting)
...something to be better and you should do something cool too." I heard that quote --

ARTHUR
-From me! You heard it from me.

JACKSON
Oh. Yeah. Good quote.

ARTHUR
Jackson, please...

JACKSON

I even thought of a little code for us to use, like 911 for the police. Ready? "Balls deep."

Arthur throws his head backward.

JACKSON (CONT'D)

And don't think I did this just because of you. I want this. Cleaning and shit is the bomb. Plus, this school's got a reputation.

ARTHUR

What reputation is that?

JACKSON

Not sure of the specifics of it, but I've heard it has one.

ARTHUR

Jackson, me working here is risky enough. But the two of us? We would be fucked. Okay? Royally and completely fucked. This, right here, is a one shot deal.

JACKSON

That's why we have balls deep.

The first period bell RINGS.

ARTHUR

Just... keep busy and stay quiet.

JACKSON

Okay. You have anything that needs cleaning?

INT. WESTCHESTER PREP - VARIOUS HALLWAYS - DAY

Issy, now a train wreck covered in sweat, enters through the front doors. She still hasn't taken off the bike helmet. We follow her as she walks through the halls, breathing heavily. Lingered STUDENTS stare and point as she walks by. She doesn't acknowledge any of it.

INT. WESTCHESTER PREP - ARTHUR'S CLASSROOM - CONTINUOUS

Issy storms in as Arthur speaking to the class.

ARTHUR

I'm handing each of you a copy of
Lord of the Flies. Please do not
spill anything on...

Arthur and the entire class stop. She sits. Everyone
continues to stare.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

Isabella, is everything alright?

ISSY

Yeah, I'm fine.

ARTHUR

Are you sure? If you need a pass to
the nurse's office --

ISSY

(annoyed)

-I said I'm fine.

ARTHUR

Okay, then. Uh... right. Okay, Lord
of the Flies. I will briefly go
over some facts about the author,
William Golding...

Arthur continues his lecture, which becomes BACKGROUND NOISE.
Madison and Becca lean toward Issy, WHISPER...

MADISON

What happened?

ISSY

I had to run here. Someone stole my
bike.

BECCA

You're wearing a helmet.

Issy grabs the top of her head, feels the helmet. She checks
her shoulders: no backpack.

ISSY

Do you have a pen and paper?

Madison gets her the materials.

BECCA

And you're covered in sweat.

ISSY

Thank you for the constructive feedback.

BECCA

You look disgusting.

MADISON

Becca!

BECCA

What? I'm being a good friend. I'd want someone to tell me if I looked... I don't know, what?

MADISON

Like you worked nine-to-five in a Lybian whorehouse.

BECCA

Yeah, that.

(re: Arthur)

He's hot. If he asked, I'd let him fuck me.

ISSY

Please, Becca, not today.

BECCA

Fine. Tomorrow.

The three break from their conference.

BEGIN FANTASY SEQUENCE:

The lights dim.

ARTHUR (O.S.)

Hey...

Cue the PORN MUSIC. Issy turns. Arthur's now dressed in medical doctor's attire. The room has emptied. Arthur walks toward Issy.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

You look exhausted. I don't know why I said you should go to the nurse. What you need is a doctor. Let's check that heart of yours.

He puts a stethoscope to her chest.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

Sounds fine to me.

He pulls out a reflex hammer and tests her knees.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)
Sharp. Open your mouth.

He sticks a tongue depressor in her mouth, looks around.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)
Mhmm. Mhmmm. It appears you have
what we in the medical field call:
Cock Deprivation.

He unties his pants.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)
Here, I've got your prescription...

END FANTASY SEQUENCE:

Issy stares into space. Arthur's real voice returns.

ARTHUR (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Isabella?

She snaps out of it.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)
An example of another work of
dystopian fiction?

ISSY
1984.

ARTHUR
Yes! 1984 is a perfect example of
what I'm talking about.

INT. WESTCHESTER PREP - OUTSIDE ARTHUR'S CLASS - DAY

Arthur stands next to the door as the class files out.

ARTHUR
Don't forget: Read chapter one for
tomorrow.

As Isabella walks by...

ARTHUR (CONT'D)
(to Isabella)
Hey, can you hang back for a
minute?
(to rest of class)
(MORE)

ARTHUR (CONT'D)
 I'm going to be strict about
 getting the reading done. So... do
 it.

Everyone's exited, leaving Isabella and Arthur alone.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)
 Are you sure you're okay? I know
 it's only my second day and I don't
 want to overstep boundaries, but if
 you need to talk about anything, my
 doors always open.

Issy gives him a long, hard look.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)
 What is it?

She hands him folded piece of paper and walks away. Arthur
 opens the note, reads it with an expression that can only be
 described as vacant.

INT. WESTCHESTER PREP - VARIOUS HALLWAYS - MOMENTS LATER

Arthur, note in his hand, speed walks down the halls, passing
 various teachers and students, not stopping for anyone.

JAY
 Fresh Teach of Bel Air, you watch
 the game last night?

ARTHUR
 That's a little too vague of a
 question for me to answer, Jay.

BILL
 Good. Get out, son.

Arthur does a double take.

STUDENT
 Mr. Derby, quick question about the
 reading.

ARTHUR
 Email me.

STUDENT
 You didn't give us your email.

ARTHUR
 Use context clues.

CHRISTINE STANTON, [50s, cold and skeptical] stops Arthur in his tracks.

CHRISTINE
Arthur Derby, I assume?

ARTHUR
Yes. Hi. Great to see you. Or meet you. Whichever this is.

CHRISTINE
Christine Stanton, Vice Principal. Nice to finally put a face to the name.

ARTHUR
Very much so, but I have to run --

CHRISTINE
-Read your novella last night.

ARTHUR
(backing away)
That's wonderful, and really Mrs. Stanton, I would love to continue this conversation. But right now, I am in a huge hurry to get somewhere. Please forgive me. Or don't. I can't tell you what to do.

Arthur turns away. Christine eyes him curiously. Arthur turns back on a dime.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)
You know what? It would be a huge help if you could point me in the direction of the janitor's office.

INT. WESTCHESTER PREP - JANITOR'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Arthur and Jackson stand inside of a tiny Janitor's closet, barely big enough for the both of them. Jackson looks over the note.

ARTHUR
This is your office?

JACKSON
I'm working my way up.

ARTHUR
Shelter cats get bigger spaces.

JACKSON

Meow.

ARTHUR

What's our next play?

JACKSON

(optimistic)

Our?

ARTHUR

Yeah, our. She doesn't explicitly mention you, but...

(working Jackson)

We're in this together, right?

JACKSON

Yeeeah. Wait. You haven't said the code.

ARTHUR

The code? -- Oh, come on.

JACKSON

I need to be sure it's you.

ARTHUR

(bitter)

Balls deep.

JACKSON

Now, this... is not good.

ARTHUR

Worked that out myself.

JACKSON

If you want to keep her quiet -- you're not going to like this -- but, you've got to give her what she wants.

Jackson leans back, knocks over a shelf of cleaning supplies.

JACKSON (CONT'D)

You have to do her.

ARTHUR

Are you out of your fucking mind?

JACKSON

I didn't say I was crazy about the idea.

ARTHUR

Jackson, I am not having sex with my sixteen year old student.

JACKSON

What happened to, "Age is just a number?" You were doing sixteen year olds when you were sixteen.

ARTHUR

It wasn't statutory rape then.

JACKSON

That's just semantics.

(then)

The thing about working in porn is everyone thinks they have a shot with us. You meet with her at lunch, give her the in-and-out, and wash up. Once it's done, it's done. Have I ever steered you wrong?

ARTHUR

I don't know. I've never taken your advice.

A KNOCK on the door.

JUNIPER (O.S.)

Jackson Wright? Are you in there? Say yes if you are.

JACKSON

Present. I mean, yes.

JUNIPER (O.S.)

Do I have your permission to enter? Say yes if I do.

JACKSON

Yes.

Juniper opens the door.

JUNIPER

Arthur Derby! What a pleasant surprise. I was coming to see how Jackson's first day was going.

Juniper steps into the closet, closes the door. The three are shoulder-to-shoulder-to-shoulder, no room to spare.

JUNIPER (CONT'D)

You two know each other?

ARTHUR
Why?

JUNIPER
Call it a gentle curiosity.

ARTHUR
No.

JACKSON
Yes.

ARTHUR
What I think he means is, yes, we know each other, as in we are familiar with one another's existence. But I was speaking in more of a philosophical sense, as in, can we ever really know anybody?

Juniper absorbs the bullshit.

JUNIPER
That... is exactly the kind of shit I want you teaching these kids.

INT. WESTCHESTER PREP - AUDITORIUM - DAY

Arthur sits alone in the school's auditorium. We hear the rear doors OPEN. Issy enters. She walks toward Arthur. She takes a seat next to him.

ARTHUR
(rehearsed)
Look, I don't know what you think you know, but whatever that may be, it is not true...

ISSY
-You worked in porn under the name Ray Gatzby. And yes it is.

ARTHUR
I'm not sure where or how you got said erroneous information...

ISSY
-My brothers practically a porn addict, I opened his computer and saw you.

ARTHUR
...but I would appreciate it if you didn't try and soil my name.

ISSY

-The wholesome name of Gatzby? No, never. Give me one eighth of a break, Mr. Derbs.

Arthur's lost steam. She's not backing down.

ARTHUR

(cautious)

Hypothetically, if what you were saying were the truth, then hypothetically, you would have to be very careful. You're, hypothetically, dealing with a man's livelihood, and a hypothetical livelihood is not something to mess around with.

Trying anything, Arthur puts his head down and FAKE CRIES.

ISSY

Now I know you worked in porn with those acting skills.

(then)

You can stop. This isn't a negotiation. I want one thing.

ARTHUR

It's sex, isn't it?

ISSY

...no. No, it's not.

ARTHUR

No, I know. Good. I'm not asking because I'm some kind of child molester.

ISSY

Didn't think you were.

ARTHUR

No one thinks someone is a child molester until they're kidnapped and--

(catching himself)

What is it that you want?

ISSY

My bike was stolen this morning. You need to get it back for me.

She hands him a photograph of her with the bicycle.

ARTHUR
That's it?

ISSY
That's right, Travis McGee.

ARTHUR
Any idea who might of taken it?

ISSY
My guess is someone who likes
bikes. I'd start here.

ARTHUR
And if it's not here, I'm supposed
to shakedown Los Angeles for a
Peugeot?

ISSY
Should've saved the fake tears.

Issy heads to the exit.

ARTHUR
Wait. You haven't told --

ISSY
-Nope.

ARTHUR
And you're not going to?
(after a beat)
Isabella?

Before she exits...

ISSY
The only people who call me
Isabella are my grandmother and my
pediatrician. My name is Issy.

EXT. WESTCHESTER PREP - FRONT - DAY

Landon, Jay, and Bill monitor the students as they get picked
up by parents, board the buses, get in their cars, etc.

JAY
(to Landon)
What do you think of new teach on
the block?

BILL
Pleasant.

JAY
Holy shit, Bill. Did anybody ask
you?

BILL
I'm going for a haircut.

Bill exits towards the cars.

LANDON
I haven't decided if Derby is an
dick or an asshole. What do you
think?

REVEAL: Arthur stands a few feet away, passively listening to
the conversation, but more concerned with looking for the
bicycle.

ARTHUR
I have no opinion.

JAY
Woooooww. Touchy touchy. You've got
to chill. Calm down. Relax, man.
We're messing with you.

ARTHUR
You couldn't comprehend my
relaxation right now.

LANDON
I'm gonna grab my stuff and head
out. Derby, cover us.

Landon and Jay head back into the school. Jackson comes
outside with two paper plates.

JACKSON
Have you eaten?

ARTHUR
I had a Jolly Rancher a few hours
ago.

Jackson hands Arthur a plate.

JACKSON
Left over mozzarella bread.

Arthur and Jackson sit on a bench. They take a synchronized
bit of their mozzarella breads. They pull their bites from
their mouths, stretching the mozzarella cheese like a string.
It's a cute moment.

ARTHUR

"There's a cure for everything
except death."

JACKSON

They found a cure for polio?

ARTHUR

It's a metaphor. Let me have this
one.

JACKSON

This mozzarella bread is my
guardian angel.

ARTHUR

Jackson, am I to lose it, lose it
after two days?

JACKSON

Lose what?
(off Arthur's look)
Oh, the normal life stuff. Wasn't
sure if you were talking about the
bread, too.

ARTHUR

I don't know how I'd begin to
explain to my friends... my mom and
dad.

JACKSON

Sometimes, you've got to be honest.
You say, "I've made the decisions
I've made, and I made them for my
own reasons...
(whisper)
...and I can't help that I have a
big cock."

ARTHUR

There it is. You see? You see why I
have to find the bike?

Evan and another STUDENT walk by them, turn the corner,
looking suspicious. Arthur follow them with his eyes.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

That kid walked out of my class
yesterday. He didn't even show up
today. Brian? No. George? No. What
was his name...?

JACKSON
You forgot?

ARTHUR
I didn't mean to. Nobody means to
forget someone's name -- Evan!

JACKSON
Looks like he's going back where
they all keep their bikes.

An odd beat.

ARTHUR
Were you planning on telling me
about said bike storage area?

JACKSON
If you asked.

Arthur shoves the rest of the bread in his mouth, gets up.

ARTHUR
(mouth full)
Go through the school and meet me
back there.

Arthur follows Evan. Jackson jumps up, begins to run inside,
turns around, puts the rest of the bread in his mouth, and
runs back.

EXT. WESTCHESTER PREP - BACK - MOMENTS LATER

Arthur peeks around a corner to see Evan and his friend
walking toward a sea of bikes, about fifty.

He tries to look at the bikes from a distance, but becomes
disoriented. Fifty bikes might as well be five-hundred.

ARTHUR
How many of these kids can possibly
ride bikes to school?

Arthur takes out Issy's bicycle picture. Arthur notices the
back of the photo is dated "2009."

Jackson re-appears with something behind his back.

JACKSON
Any luck?

ARTHUR
I'm going to need to get closer.

JACKSON
I got it under control.

Jackson shows him a bottle of bleach.

ARTHUR
What is that?

JACKSON
Bleach. To distract them.

Arthur takes the bottle and throws it as far as his can.

JACKSON (CONT'D)
Hey! I need that to clean the
toilets.

ARTHUR
What were you planning on doing?
Bleaching them to death? Words, not
bleach.

Arthur slides around the corner, crouches behind a shed.

JACKSON
(yelling to kids)
Hey, you two! Come here.

Evan and his friend approach Jackson, away from the bikes.

JACKSON (CONT'D)
I'm Jackson, the new janitor.

EVAN
Yeah?

JACKSON
Yeah, like you're acknowledging I'm
the janitor or yeah, you already
knew that?

EVAN
Yeah, like who gives a shit.

Meanwhile, Arthur creeps toward the bikes and scans through them. He finds a Peugeot that he thinks may be Issy's.

He tries to figure it out by referencing the picture. He can't quite tell. He looks back and forth between two frantically. He sees the bike has no lock.

ARTHUR
(morally torn)
Come on, come on, come on.

Jackson continues distracting Evan and his friend.

JACKSON
...what about the bathroom? You
fellas know where that is?

EVAN
If you're the janitor, you should
be telling us where the fucking
bathroom is.

Jackson sees Arthur take the bike out of the rack.

JACKSON
(yelling)
Arthur! You found it!

Evan looks back.

EVAN
Yo, man! That's my bike!

Evan and his friend sprint toward Arthur, causing him to back pedal faster than he should. He trips over the bike tire and falls down. Evan picks up the bike.

EVAN (CONT'D)
You're lucky I don't kick your ass.

ARTHUR
Hey, I was looking for my friends
bike and I thought that was it.
Honest mistake, really. So let's
keep this between us.

Evan and his friend, LAUGHING, ride their bikes away.

EVAN
Whatever you say, dude.

ARTHUR
Why weren't you in class today?

Already gone. Jackson approaches Arthur.

JACKSON
How'd it go?

ARTHUR
(without looking)
I'm guessing there are a bunch of
people watching.

Jackson looks over to see a SMALL CROWD, including Erin, Jay, Landon, and other SCHOOL STAFF.

JACKSON
Definitely.

ARTHUR
I think I'll stay right here, then.

JACKSON
(re: Erin)
Hey, I think I did a scene with her. Wait... no. Hold on... yeah. Wait... yeah, no.

The faculty file back inside, to their cars, etc.

ARTHUR
This is it. I'm finished.

Jackson leans down and kisses Jackson on the top of the head. After a considered beat...

ARTHUR (CONT'D)
Please don't do that.

JACKSON
I was being comforting --

ARTHUR
-I know. Just... don't.

JACKSON
Okay.

INT. ISSY'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Issy browses on the computer. She hears a car BEEP outside. She peaks outside her window, sees something near her garage.

EXT. ISSY'S HOUSE - FRONT YARD - MOMENTS LATER

She finds a brand new red Peugeot bicycle, with a uncuttable U-Lock. She sees a note tied to the handlebars. She reads.

ARTHUR (V.O.)
"Issy,
It's easy to hold on to the past.
Embrace the new. Hope you like it.
Also please don't tell anyone."

She gives the bike another once-over.

ISSY

If only I didn't hate red so much.

She takes the U-Lock key and tosses it in the air, catching it with one hand.

FADE OUT.

END OF SHOW