

Tutor

By

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INT. WILL'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

WILL, 15, is dressed from head to toe in wrestling merchandise. He waves a ticket above his head, celebrating.

WILL

It's come. It's finally here. I can't believe it. My first ever live wrestling match. This is going to be so freaking awesome.

As he comes into the kitchen screaming and giggling overcome with excitement he's met by the sight of his parents at the kitchen table.

He comes to a sudden stop.

RYAN, 45, and MAGGIE, 40, both with a stern look gesture for Will to take the empty seat on the other side of the table.

RYAN

Sit down.

MAGGIE

We need to talk to you.

Will sits down, leans back in his chair.

WILL

What is this?

Ryan slides over a piece of paper, it shows Will's school grades.

RYAN

Your school has been in touch and yours failing every single class.

Will laughs.

WILL

Oh is that it? I thought it was something serious.

Maggie slams a hand down against the edge of the table.

MAGGIE

This is serious.

WILL

I thought someone died.

MAGGIE

If you keep this up you won't graduate high school.

He shrugs.

WILL
I won't be the only one.

Furious Maggie stands up from the table and snatches the wrestling ticket out of his hand.

MAGGIE
You've been given too much
freedom for way too long.

He jumps up, horrified.

WILL
What are you doing, are you
insane?

RYAN
Hey, don't talk to your Mom like
that.

He points at the ticket, pleading.

WILL
It's this weekend.

MAGGIE
Then you've got until this
weekend to improve your grades.

WILL
How, it's impossible there's not
enough time.

RYAN
Show you're at least willing to
improve. You need to take school
serious or this ticket is going
in the trash.

His parents walk away from the table.

He watches them go, emotional.

WILL
I'm not missing this. It took me
six months of work and I still
had to save every penny I could
get. You're not taking this from
me!

INT. CAFE - DAY

Will sits opposite JOANNE, 27, she's dressed in a nice suit. Very professional looking. Each with a cup of coffee in front of them.

WILL
So your charge?

JOANNE
One hundred an hour.

WILL
Damn.

She smiles at him, curious.

JOANNE
Private tutors aren't cheap. What
were you expecting to pay?

He shrugs.

WILL
Nothing.

JOANNE
Would you work for nothing?

WILL
I thought teachers did this kind
of work for the love of teaching?

She laughs and shakes her head dismissive.

JOANNE
Money and time off are the real
reasons.

WILL
I need a tutor. Just long enough
for my parents to see.

JOANNE
You can't afford one.

WILL
I still need a tutor. Just long
enough to charm my parents. Make
them think I care about school.

JOANNE
Sounds to me like that could be
just about anyone. If all you
want is to someone to make
believe.

He opens his mouth to say something back, but stops. His
face changes. A sudden realization.

EXT. ALLEYWAY - DAY

A dark dirty alleyway. Will passes a number of suspicious and dangerous looking characters. Prostitutes, drug dealers and thugs.

He spots JIMMY, white hair and beard, dressed in a tattered suit and half hanging out of a trash container.

Will approaches. Nervous.

WILL

How would you like to make a nice
easy fifty?

Jimmy pulls himself out of the trash container and gives Will a cool once over, one eye closed.

JIMMY

You're a little young for blow
jobs aren't you?

Will blushes bright red, horrified.

WILL

No. Wow. Not that.

JIMMY

Hand job?

WILL

No nothing like that.

JIMMY

You wanna give me a hand job?

WILL

This has got nothing to do with a
penis, mine or yours.

JIMMY

Then why the hell are you
offering me fifty?

WILL

Have it ever thought about
becoming a private tutor?

Jimmy can't help but laugh.

EXT. BAD PART OF TOWN - DAY

Will comes out of a rundown battered door with a brown paper bag in his hand.

Jimmy waits for him on the street corner. Holds out both hands greedily beckoning the bag over.

JIMMY

Come on, come on, come on. Hurry up.

Will gives it too him.

WILL

Here. I was fast as I could be.

Jimmy licks his lips.

JIMMY

Yeah you did great kid, should be proud of yourself. Got a medal in the post heading your way.

WILL

Well I kept up my end of the bargain now it's time you kept up yours.

Jimmy opens up the bag and reaches inside.

JIMMY

Sure, sure, sure.

WILL

You're a private tutor keep the lie simple don't try to add much else.

Jimmy pulls out a syringe full of heroin from the bag.

JIMMY

Lie, I know how to do that. I've been doing it to myself all my life.

WILL

What the hell is that?

Jimmy injects the syringe into his heavily scratched and scarred arm.

JIMMY

My medicine.

WILL

You couldn't wait?

Jimmy closes his eyes, enjoys the rush of euphoria.

JIMMY

I'm ready, let's go teach.

INT. WILL'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Will sits up at the kitchen table with Jimmy beside him.

They've got several open textbooks in front of them. A pretend class. Will has a note pad and pen but the note pad is empty. Still he mimes as though he's writing.

Maggie and Ryan stand together on the other side of the table, they watch.

Jimmy for his part acts as though he is showing and explaining something to Will from one of the books.

Maggie and Ryan both smile, impressed.

MAGGIE

I've got to say I'm liking the look of this.

Will smiles back at them.

WILL

I had a think and realized you guys were right. I need to take school more seriously. So I got myself another part time job to pay for this.

RYAN

And how long have you got this tutor?

WILL

For as long as I need him, it's all about getting my grades to where they need to be.

Jimmy forces a pleasant smile.

Maggie reaches into her back pocket and removes the ticket.

She places it down onto the table in front of Will.

MAGGIE

I know this is not exactly our deal but I'm proud of you.

Will takes the tickets victoriously, it's worked.

WILL

Oh my God yes, yes, yes.

Ryan takes a hold of Maggie's arm and pulls her away from the table, out of the room.

RYAN

Let's leave these two, looks like they're busy.

Maggie and Ryan leave, both still smiling, so very proud.

Once they're gone Jimmy leans over to Will and whispers.

JIMMY

Can I go now?

Will is still fixated on the wrestling ticket.

WILL

Not yet, lessons not over.

Jimmy rolls his eyes. Reaches inside the bag and takes out another syringe and injects it into his arm.

He sighs with pleasure, eyes roll into the back of his head after a few seconds he's no longer breathing.

Will finally puts the ticket away, turns to Jimmy.

WILL (CONT'D)

Do you want a coffee or something? All we've got to do is sit here and wait.

Will looks at Jimmy suspicious. He doesn't look right, nudges him then tries to shake him awake.

WILL (CONT'D)

Wake up.

Now shakes him as hard as he can.

WILL (CONT'D)

Oh shit.

It's hits Will hard, Jimmy's dead.

Maggie calls from behind the door.

MAGGIE

(O.S)
Will?

Will panics, jumps up from the table.

WILL

Yeah?

MAGGIE

(O.S)
Me and your Dad are just going out.

WILL
That's great.

He can hear her coming closer.

MAGGIE
(O.S)
Is there anything you want?

WILL
No just go. I'm fine.

MAGGIE
(O.S)
Hang on.

She's coming to the door. Will looks around the kitchen and spots a pair of sunglasses on the side.

He puts them onto Jimmy, sits down next to him. Holds him forwards and closes his open mouth. Tries to make him look as alive as possible.

Maggie opens the door.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)
Would either of you like anything
whilst I'm out?

Will, panic stricken and drenched in sweat picks up one of the textbooks and waves it at Maggie.

WILL
Got a lot to get through.

A thumbs up, Maggie closes the door shut again.

Will looks over at Jimmy.

WILL (CONT'D)
Shit.

He gets up from the table looks at the ticket again.

WILL (CONT'D)
For one night only and I'm not
missing this.

He pats Jimmy on the back.

WILL (CONT'D)
You were the best god damn
teacher I ever had.

Will escapes out of the back door running away.

FADE TO BLACK. THE END.