

SAMESIES

Written by

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EXT. SUBURBIA

Cookie cutter homes line cookie cutter streets that wind through a gated community like matching candy bracelets.

EXT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

DEBORAH - 40s, in the middle of a mid-life crisis - EXPLODES from a cookie cutter door and rushes to her car past a balloon'ed mailbox. She totes a cat carrier.

Her husband, ALAN - 40s, more doormat than dad - follows.

ALAN

It's her birthday!

DEBORAH

She's turning one, she won't remember if I leave for an hour.

ALAN

Deb...

DEBORAH

I've worked for three years to get us here--

She emphasizes her point with the cat carrier.

ALAN

No. Not us. Your company. That..."thing".

Low blow.

DEBORAH

One of these days you're gonna have a great opportunity and I'm going to be a TOTAL ASSHOLE about it!

She speeds off. On her rear window someone wrote--

HAPPY BIRTHDAY KAYLIE!

EXT. BEACH STAGE - DAY

Deborah rushes onto a sleek, minimalist stage built on the beach. ARTHUR - 50s, intellect outpaced by ego outpaced by billions of dollars - turns--

ARTHUR

How was your daughter's birthday?

DEBORAH

Oh my gosh, wonderful. Thank y--

ARTHUR

Give me Meow Meow.

Deborah hands the cat over.

DEBORAH

Finished up the tests last night,
99% stable. And a perfect match.

ARTHUR

It does look like her.
(hands the cat back)
Make more for the presentation.

DEBORAH

Arthur, Meow Meow is the result of
six months of tweaks and years of
research. We can print more, but we
don't know what type of animal--

ARTHUR

My vision of this company promises
exact replicas of a customer's pet,
delivered at scale. One cat is not
'at scale'.

DEBORAH

(resigned)
I'll get the team started.

She waves a few HARRIED TECHS over to the stage.

ARTHUR (PRE-LAP)

You hold in your hands, the future.

EXT. BEACH STAGE - LATER

Arthur is in front of dozens of reporters and acolytes.
Everyone in the audience holds a cat.

ARTHUR

Each of you now has an exact clone
of the best cat I ever owned. She
was a 99% purebred Persian that I
lost when I was fourteen years old.

The crowd claps. Deborah watches from the side of the stage.

DEBORAH
(looks up)
Don't fuck me on this one God.

ARTHUR
But it's not just Meow Meow.
Imagine never having to lose any
pet, ever again.

People clap and smile. Some cats get agitated. A few hisses.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)
Meow Meow didn't always have the
sunniest disposition, I see she
passed that on.

Someone YELPS. A cat wanders through the aisle.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)
Let us know if you're more of a dog
person.

The wandering cat LATCHES on to a SCARED REPORTER's leg.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)
Don't antagonize the kitty.

SCARED REPORTER
I'm not!

The Scared Reporter drops her cat and violence ERUPTS. The
audience PANICS.

ARTHUR
They've been programmed to
recognize your scent, don't run!

A cat JUMPS at Arthur from the audience. Deborah rushes him
offstage like Secret Service. A light falls where they stood.
Someone flails by, ENGULFED in flames.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)
(over noise)
I though you said this was ready!
You should have skipped your
daughter's birthday.

DEBORAH
I did skip her birthday. You wanted
more cats than we could test!

The cats topple the guardrail around the event and escape.

ARTHUR
You're fired.

Deborah marches off stage past a burning sign.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)
I'm surrounded by idiots. I don't
need Deborah. Or tests. Or another
Meow Meow. I need me. I need ten
me's...One million me's.

Arthur notices the burning sign, maybe for the first time,
and we reveal the name of his company AND the film--

TITLE: "Samesies"

SUPER: Seventy Years Later...

INT. APARTMENT - MASTER BATHROOM - MORNING

A pocket door slides into the wall. ARTHUR - 30s, a happier,
younger version of the CEO - throws it open. He's trailed by
BETSY - 30s, a lover AND a fighter. Arthur's smile beams.

ARTHUR
Hey, you ever think about--

BETSY
How we get to start a family today?

ARTHUR
That's what I was going to say!

He grabs her, elated. They kiss and roll into the shower.

INT. APARTMENT - MASTER BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Arthur steps from the bathroom, still smiling. Betsy slaps
his butt with a towel.

BETSY
I don't care what sob story they're
giving you at work to get you to
stay, this family comes first.

ARTHUR
Already told them I'd be out.
(he touches her hand)
Let's go look at it before we head
out.

INT. APARTMENT - NURSERY

Arthur and Betsy stand in the doorway of nursery FILLED with children's toys and furniture.

ARTHUR

There's going to be a kid in here.

BETSY

Our kid.

(checks watch)

We're going to be late. And you're going to forget the appointment!

ARTHUR

No, you're going to forget!

(to house computer)

Hey computer, remind Betsy of our family appointment today.

COMPUTER (V.O.)

Yes Arthur, setting reminder for--

BETSY

(laughing)

No! Computer! Ignore him!

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - MORNING

Arthur emerges from the lobby of the apartment. Betsy honks and drives by in her sci-fi car - it's the future, remember?

Arthur waits for her to leave and sneaks around the corner. An old 'SAMESIES' ad promising a happy nuclear family of Arthurs, including a little KID ARTHUR, peels from the wall.

Arthur grabs a ball and bounces it against the kid in the ad.

RICH ARTHUR (O.S.)

Having one of your own soon?

Arthur cools. Turns and faces RICH ARTHUR, his neighbor from upstairs. 40s, handsome, always smiling--what an asshole.

RICH ARTHUR (CONT'D)

I hear those licenses are hard to--

ARTHUR

I don't need your advice.

(puts ball in his pocket)

I gotta go to work.

Arthur rushes to hop on a bus that--thankfully--just arrived.

INT. BUS - CONTINUOUS

The bus is FILLED with clones of Arthur. Old Arthurs, Young Arthurs, Big Arthurs, Skinny Arthurs. And women interspersed in a normal, non-clone fashion.

Every clone sits next to a window. Arthur grabs an empty seat, next to a window.

EXT. STREET - MOMENTS LATER

The bus passes stores like **JUST MY TYPE CLOTHES, FOODS WE LOVE**, and **THE CLONE ZONE**. It's a world adapted to clones.

EXT. JOB PLACEMENT AGENCY - DAY

Gigantic letters adorn a concrete box of a building-

JOB PLACEMENT AGENCY - YOUR JOB IS OUR BUSINESS

Arthur walks past a HOMELESS MAN - 50s, dirty, and NOT a clone - on his way into the offices.

INT. JOB PLACEMENT AGENCY - CONTINUOUS

Arthur swipes himself in and chats up an ARTHUR SECURITY GUARD - 60s, platonic ideal of a grandpa.

ARTHUR

Who let you back in?

ARTHUR SECURITY GUARD

How many damn jokes like that you think I heard this morning?

(smiles)

And I loved all of 'em!

He waves Arthur through the gate, cackling.

INT. ELEVATOR - MOMENTS LATER

Arthur stands in an elevator with a bunch of clones in suits.

EXT. JOB PLACEMENT OFFICES - SEVENTH FLOOR

Arthur's floor is a giant bullpen that stretches into the horizon.

RECEPTIONIST ARTHUR - 20s, corporate climber - grumbles--

RECEPTIONIST ARTHUR
Your ten o'clock is here already.

ARTHUR
We're always early!

INT. ARTHUR'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Arthur's office is dark, comfortable and quiet--a refuge from the fluorescent noise outside.

Arthur sits across from BLUE COLLAR ARTHUR - late 20s.

BLUE COLLAR ARTHUR
This is my first interview. Pa told me I was wastin' my time, said he never got a good postin'.

ARTHUR
Your dad never worked with me.

Arthur pulls up some numbers on the screen of his computer.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)
Ok, looks like you filled out the forms already, thank you.

BLUE COLLAR ARTHUR
I don't wanna wanna be here any longer than I gotta.

ARTHUR
Then let me check a few last boxes--would you say you're more outgoing or introverted?

BLUE COLLAR ARTHUR
S'pose I'm more comfortable with a book than a feller.

ARTHUR
And do you have a good relationship with your parents?

BLUE COLLAR ARTHUR
Aside from interrupted coitus--
(off Arthur's look)
Wife and I ain't been able to split out on our own. We're still bunkin' down with Ma' and Pa'.

Arthur, relieved, presses some keys and turns the screen to show Blue Collar Arthur. It reads--

SMOOTHIE SHOP ASSOCIATE

BLUE COLLAR ARTHUR (CONT'D)
(crestfallen)
Ah. Well. I was hopin' for
something a little more lucrative.

Arthur's phone alarm goes off. He silences it quickly. Looks at the door, then back to his computer.

ARTHUR
(motions to computer)
You know they've got all kinds of
algorithms in this thing--give me a
second to play with the numbers.

Arthur flips the computer around and hits some buttons.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)
I think I misheard you earlier, you
meant to say extroverted, right?

BLUE COLLAR ARTHUR
(catching on)
Yup, yeah you're right about that.

Arthur flips the computer, now it reads--

SMOOTHIE SHOP MANAGER

Blue Collar Arthur stands and shakes Arthur's hand.

BLUE COLLAR ARTHUR (CONT'D)
You come by anytime, I'll treat you
to a whatever-we-make, on the
house!

He leaves. Arthur plays it cool until he's gone, then packs up his bag and rushes through the door.

INT. JOB PLACEMENT OFFICES - SEVENTH FLOOR

Arthur sprints through the bullpen towards the elevator. Several Arthurs shout "good luck!" as he rushes by.

RECEPTIONIST ARTHUR
Cuttin' it a little close to the
appointment?

ARTHUR
We always do!

EXT. FAMILY LICENSING BUREAU - DAY

The Family Licensing Bureau is an offensively boring building with an offensively boring sign. Like most buildings here.

Betsy waits out front. Arthur sneaks up beside her.

ARTHUR
What took you so long?

BETSY
Don't even.

She laughs and grabs his hand.

BETSY (CONT'D)
Did you bring it?

Arthur pulls a small plastic baby from his pocket.

ARTHUR
Betsy Jr. is ready.

BETSY
If they license us for a girl,
that's definitely going to be her
name.

INT. FAMILY LICENSING BUREAU - ENTRY - MOMENTS LATER

A large lobby filled with photos of happy families. All of the men in the photos are some variation of an Arthur.

A WARM ARTHUR sits at the front desk - 40s, welcoming face.

WARM ARTHUR
How are my future parents?

ARTHUR
Ink's not dry yet!

BETSY
(leans in)
We'll tell you in fifteen minutes.

They laugh. Arthur and Betsy continue down the hall.

BETSY (CONT'D)
I like that guy. That's a good guy
to keep up front.

INT. FAMILY LICENSING BUREAU - OFFICE

Arthur and Betsy sit in a nicely-appointed office filled with medical ephemera. It's like a lawyer and gyno split a lease.

DOCTOR TESS enters - 40s, normal human woman.

DR. TESS

Hey all, final visit! Let's see how your application turned out.

Arthur squeezes Betsy's hand. Dr. Tess pulls a file.

DR. TESS (CONT'D)

(reading)

Oh.

ARTHUR

"Oh, your license is approved faster than I've ever seen?"

DR. TESS

You've been denied.

(looks over the paper)

The numbers are good--

BETSY

We've followed the routine--

ARTHUR

We worked on our application for months. We even took vitamins!

DR. TESS

You have. You have.

(puts paper down)

Look, this happens. People spend ten years prepping their application and--nothing. Then another couple walks in and gets approved first try. No one knows.

ARTHUR

(elevated)

No one knows how to approve a form?

Betsy puts a calming hand on his knee.

BETSY

What's next?

DR. TESS

The decision is final--

ARTHUR
(standing)
FINAL??

DR. TESS
But you can appeal.

ARTHUR
So it's not final.

DR. TESS
It is until you appeal.

Betsy's phone BLARES--

PHONE (V.O.)
*Reminder for Betsy--
(Arthur's voice)
Don't forget our appointment! Can't
wait to start a family with you!*

BETSY
Ok so do you have information on
how we appeal?

DR. TESS
The decision is final.

ARTHUR
We'll figure it out. Thanks.

INT. FAMILY LICENSING BUREAU - ENTRY - MOMENTS LATER

Arthur and Betsy solemnly pass the front desk.

WARM ARTHUR
Where can I hang the family port--?

BETSY
Fuck off.
(catches herself)
Sorry.

INT. BETSY'S CAR - LATER

Betsy drives. Arthur stares out the window. It's silent.

ARTHUR
(remembering)
I gotta get back to the office--

BETSY

What?

ARTHUR

I can't leave in the middle of the day. I'll figure out what's next.

BETSY

Dr. Tess didn't sound confident in the appeal process.

ARTHUR

They wouldn't lie to us.

Would they?

INT. ARTHUR'S OFFICE - LATER

Arthur interviews NAIVE YOUNG ARTHUR. Arthur taps the keyboard, in a daze.

NAIVE ARTHUR

--I saw that I needed to fill out the forms ahead of time so I did, and I'm sorry I'm nervous. Hey--
(off Arthur)
Is it a bad time? I can come back.

ARTHUR

I can help you, I can help you.

NAIVE ARTHUR

I think my career placement officer should be focused--if you can. If possible.

ARTHUR

(ignoring)
I did everything right, and it still didn't work.

NAIVE ARTHUR

Are we talking about my job placement?

ARTHUR

My wife and I had our final family license denial. An hour ago.

NAIVE ARTHUR

Oh. My parents wanted me to have a little brother but couldn't get past the application.

ARTHUR
Did they appeal?

NAIVE ARTHUR
Couldn't figure out how. Tore them
apart. My dad buried himself alive.

Arthur has to get out of here.

ARTHUR
Ok I have your data I can place you-

Arthur hits a few keys. Spins the monitor.

FISH GUTS REMOVER

NAIVE ARTHUR
Not so bad.

ARTHUR
(typing, trying to fix it)
Uhh, sorry. Probably just need to
change a personality point. Let's
see if we can improve--

The monitor blinks and refreshes

FISH GUTS REMOVER APPRENTICE

ARTHUR (CONT'D)
Looks like you're in fish guts.

NAIVE ARTHUR
Sounds like a learning opportunity!
(stands to leave)
Sorry for taking up your time.

INT. ARTHUR'S OFFICE - BULLPEN - MOMENTS LATER

Arthur strolls by the Receptionist's desk, feigning calm. He
needs to get outside where he can think. He's stopped short.

RECEPTIONIST ARTHUR
Got rejected, huh?

ARTHUR
No, he took the job I gave him.

RECEPTIONIST ARTHUR
I meant your license. Your face
looks like mine does whenever I
don't get my way. Except wrinklier.

ARTHUR

I'll be back in a little bit.

RECEPTIONIST ARTHUR

I heard appeals only work about
fifteen percent of the time.

(off Arthur's face)

Just wanted to make sure you had
the most up-to-date info.

EXT. JOB PLACEMENT OFFICES - ROOFTOP

Arthur sits on hold.

PHONE (V.O.)

*At the Family License Bureau, our
customers are us, because we're
clones. We take your call seriously
and will be with you shortly--*

Someone answers.

ARTHUR

Hello?

REPRESENTATIVE (V.O.)

(on phone)

Family Licensing.

ARTHUR

I'm trying to figure out how to
make an appeal.

REPRESENTATIVE (V.O.)

(on phone)

All decisions are final.

ARTHUR

But I was told I could appeal.

REPRESENTATIVE (V.O.)

(phone)

*Take that up with the appeals
department. Our decisions are
final.*

ARTHUR

Can I have their number--

The Representative disconnects.

PHONE (V.O.)
*We treat every caller like
ourselves, because you are. Please
hold for a quick survey--*

Arthur waits, fuming. We don't hear the questions.

ARTHUR
(into phone)
Poor. One. One. Poor. Not
Applicable.

INT. JOB PLACEMENT OFFICES - BULLPEN

Arthur briskly walks into the bullpen.

ARTHUR
Are you able to find out what time
the courthouse closes?

RECEPTIONIST ARTHUR
4pm...you wouldn't get there in
time.
(leans in)
Just go. I've got it here.

ARTHUR
Thank you.

The Receptionist watches Arthur leave in the elevator, then
picks up their phone.

RECEPTIONIST ARTHUR
(into phone)
Yeah, I'm sure he already got your
sign off but just wondering if
Arthur mentioned he was heading out
for the day? Oh, he didn't? Ah ok.

EXT. COURTHOUSE - DAY

The Courthouse punches a concrete figure through the dreary
office buildings. Arthur strides up a set of massive stairs,
determined. He passes a board of WANTED POSTERS, all
featuring the same scowling criminal face.

INT. COURTHOUSE - DAY

Arthur steps through a metal detector. A SECURITY GUARD hands
him his keys. Another SECURITY GUARD, #2, stops him for an
additional check.

SECURITY GUARD #2
Ears, please.

Arthur pulls down his ear to reveal a tattoo'ed number.

SECURITY GUARD #2 (CONT'D)
Go ahead.

INT. COURTHOUSE WAITING ROOM - DAY

Arthur sits in a MASSIVE courthouse waiting area. It's a bus terminal inside of an airport inside of a stadium. The seats are plastic and there isn't a comfy inch to be found.

Arthur studies his ticket--**E02**

Looks up at the monitor--**E98**. Shouldn't be too long.

The numbers flicker. Arthur stands. The monitor flips an additional monitor from behind it--to fit more characters:

E100. Arthur settles in for a wait.

INT. COURTHOUSE WAITING ROOM - LATER

Arthur is asleep. Something tugs at his arm. One eye opens.

Some LITTLE KID Arthur is trying to steal his ticket!

ARTHUR
Hey! Hey! No. Inappropriate.

The kid runs off. Arthur looks up at the screen. His number has been called. *Finally*.

INT. COURTHOUSE MEETING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Arthur sits in another bullpen like his office. But it's filled with miserable PEOPLE shouting at miserable CASEWORKERS.

There are no walls and the floors are concrete-- it's loud as hell. His CASEWORKER has gigantic ear-phones, meant to help her hear, but it doesn't help Arthur.

Arthur
(over the din)
Can you hear me??

The Caseworker nods and talks but it's unintelligible.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)
(points to ear)
What?!

The Caseworker shakes their head. Mouths words, slowly.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)
I can't--I need to appeal my case!

The Caseworker digs for some papers. Holds the stack in their hand and points.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)
I need this?

The Caseworker nods and hands it over.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)
Thank you!

EXT. COURTHOUSE - LATER

Arthur steps outside the courthouse and opens up the packet the Caseworker gave him. It's a bureaucratic nightmare.

ARTHUR
What is this??

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

Betsy sits at the table with PATTY - 60s, WASP-y nosy neighbor. The deadbolt unlocks and Arthur enters, face buried in the paperwork.

BETSY
How'd it go?

ARTHUR
They gave me this form--
(cold)
Hello, Patty.

PATTY
Hi, dear.

BETSY
Patty was telling me she knew
someone who went through this--

ARTHUR
No, Patty doesn't need to know.

PATTY

Oh, I wouldn't tell anyone dear.

ARTHUR

You already told Betsy about your friend! We'll just be the next friend in this story!

Arthur walks out.

BETSY

(to explain)

It's our first day since the denial.

INT. BEDROOM - LATER

Arthur lays on the bed underneath papers. Betsy sits near the edge and grabs his leg.

BETSY

You told me we'd talk about it before we made any moves. What are these papers?

ARTHUR

I couldn't stop thinking about it all day. I left early--

BETSY

You don't even leave early for my birthday but you left to go rogue and work on this??

ARTHUR

I made progress.

BETSY

Include me. We're a team.

ARTHUR

(an admission)

I think I have to go to an expediter to help with these forms.

BETSY

I heard they'll charge you an arm and a leg just to talk.

ARTHUR

No, c'mon. They'd never get any customers if they did. These guys are legit.

EXT. OUTLET MALL - DAY

Arthur sits in his parked car, staring. Across the lot is a GIANT BABY MASCOT, dancing with a spinning sign that reads:

FAMILY APPEALS EXPEDITED!

INT. FAMILY EXPEDITER'S LOBBY - LATER

A dimly lit office that's never been dusted. Arthur taps the bell.

On the wall are portraits of SMILING ARTHURS shaking hands with a SLIMY ARTHUR - 50s, clone body, weasel face. Slimy Arthur emerges from the back.

SLIMY ARTHUR

My wall of victories...Impressive, right?

ARTHUR

Are these all the same guy?

SLIMY ARTHUR

Buddy, look at us.

ARTHUR

No. I know we're-- I mean. *This* guy looks the same in every picture.

Arthur taps the face in the photo. Slimy Arthur motions.

SLIMY ARTHUR

Why don't you come on back, Mr. Conspiracy?

Arthur gives the picture one more hard stare.

INT. FAMILY EXPEDITER'S OFFICE - LATER

SLIMY ARTHUR

I was you once. I still am, but I'm also me, and me was once trying to start a family. And that process was so frustrating I started this business. To help others.

ARTHUR

None of it has made sense--

SLIMY ARTHUR

My best chance at getting your family is my executive elite package, for elite executives such as yourself--

ARTHUR

Oh, I'm just at the job placement agency.

SLIMY ARTHUR

But you have management written all over your face. 7500 bucks and I'll have your appeal in before you know it. And another 4k once the appeal goes through for closing paperwork.

ARTHUR

That's pretty high.

SLIMY ARTHUR

You really want to step into the ring with those bureaucrats downtown? You saw my wall of wins.

ARTHUR

I get you. I went downtown--

SLIMY ARTHUR

You went downtown? Without me?

ARTHUR

I didn't think places like this were legit. I got this form--

Arthur lifts his form.

SLIMY ARTHUR

You fuckin' jackass.

ARTHUR

Excuse--

SLIMY ARTHUR

Idiot. I'm legally barred from assisting unless you gave me power of attorney BEFORE you picked that form, you jumping-the-gun freak.

ARTHUR

So...

SLIMY ARTHUR

So that's it! And I'll need 75 for
my time today.

Arthur fishes his wallet out. *What the hell just happened?*

INT. APARTMENT - FOYER - LATER

Arthur opens the door quietly. Hopefully Betsy won't--

BETSY (O.S.)

Babe. Come in here!

Shit.

IN THE KITCHEN

Betsy is seated across from Rich Arthur. Arthur scowls.

ARTHUR

Why is Rich Arthur in here?

BETSY

I've been asking neighbors for
help.

ARTHUR

You told the whole building??

BETSY

You went to the courthouse *without*
me.

RICH ARTHUR

We're a community.

ARTHUR

Save it.

BETSY

Please don't be rude to our guests.
(to Rich)
Tell him what you told me.

RICH ARTHUR

I know downtown can be kinda noisy
and pointless, that's why you have
to go to the smaller, out-of-the-
way courthouses. Like in Parma--

ARTHUR

You want me to go to a town named
after cheese?

RICH ARTHUR

Cheese or not, the courthouse
should get you in.

BETSY

Thank you.

(beat)

Arthur!

ARTHUR

I'm going to bed, cheese man.

Arthur stomps off.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Arthur and Betsy lie on either side of the bed and face the
wall.

ARTHUR

This sucks.

BETSY

Yeah. It does.

ARTHUR

I didn't get anywhere today.

BETSY

Either we keep trying or we give
up. I'm not ready to give up.

ARTHUR

I'm not going to go somewhere cause
our rich asshole neighbor says it
works.

BETSY

Your choice. But it says volumes
about the kind of dad you'll be.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - MORNING

Arthur walks past Betsy's car. Doesn't wave. Walks past the
kid in the ad and doesn't throw a ball. Takes a spot at the
bus stop. The bus loads. Drives off.

Arthur is still at the stop. Arthur flags a cab.

ARTHUR

Taxi!

EXT. PARMA - DAY

Rusted signs and stores for lease. It's a boomtown gone bust.

Arthur hops out of the cab. Spots a MASSIVE BILLBOARD for **SAMESIES** showing lines of clones emerging from a chamber:

OUR FUTURE IN OUR HANDS.

EXT. PARMA COURTHOUSE - DAY

The Courthouse is the only building that the city cares for. It's clean, quiet, and best of all, empty. Arthur approaches.

DIRTY ARTHUR (O.S.)

Hey. Hey bud.

DIRTY ARTHUR - 50s, grimy, slinking in the shadows - motions.

ARTHUR

Can I help you?

DIRTY ARTHUR

Nah pal, question is—can I help you? You here for an appeal?

ARTHUR

I...

DIRTY ARTHUR

Don't worry. It's the only reason anybody comes out to our shithole. Come with me. I can help.

ARTHUR

I'm going to stick with the government sanctioned option.

Arthur walks through the door.

INT. PARMA COURTHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Marble floors and walls make the lobby more of a mausoleum than a place of business.

Arthur steps up to the welcome desk. The RECEPTIONIST - 20s, normal human woman - hands him a clipboard.

RECEPTIONIST

Fill out your name hun.

ARTHUR
No number to wait for?

RECEPTIONIST
Oh my gosh, no.

Arthur fills out his name and hands her the pen, excitedly.

RECEPTIONIST (CONT'D)
First room on your right.

ARTHUR
That's it?

RECEPTIONIST
That's it.

INT. PARMA COURTHOUSE - HALLWAY

Arthur finds his door and closes his eyes. *Please let this work.*

He opens the door into--

INT. PARMA COURTHOUSE - OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

A normal office. It would suck to work here everyday but it's a miracle of a sight for Arthur.

CONFIDENT ARTHUR waves him over - 30s, no crow's feet.

CONFIDENT ARTHUR
Didn't expect to be helped right away?

ARTHUR
This place is amazing.

CONFIDENT ARTHUR
Just wait til we start working on your problem! What do you got for me?

Arthur holds up his forms he's had since his first disastrous appointment.

ARTHUR
I don't know what these are.

CONFIDENT ARTHUR
You don't need them.

Confident Arthur grabs the forms and shreds them into a bin.

CONFIDENT ARTHUR (CONT'D)

You want to appeal your family
decision?

ARTHUR

That's right.

Confident Arthur types into his computer.

CONFIDENT ARTHUR

I had Janessa send your info over
to me--you were denied three days
ago.

ARTHUR

It's been kind of a nightmare--

CONFIDENT ARTHUR

Hey hey, let's stay focused on the
positive ok?

(clicks around)

Ok, so I'll just need your form
5954A-B.

ARTHUR

I think that's what I handed to
you.

CONFIDENT ARTHUR

No, that looked completely
different than ours.

ARTHUR

What? Can't you print me one of
yours then?

CONFIDENT ARTHUR

Maybe. Mmm no. Once it's printed,
you have to get it from the
originating courthouse.

ARTHUR

I can't go through to anybody
there.

CONFIDENT ARTHUR

You can't get through with me
either, letting me shred up your
very important forms.

ARTHUR

I thought you had a grip on this situation!

CONFIDENT ARTHUR

(re: anger)

That's why they didn't want to help you.

ARTHUR

Gimme the fuckin' shreds. I'll tape 'em back together.

CONFIDENT ARTHUR

No that's government property.

Arthur LUNGES across the desk--

EXT. PARMA COURTHOUSE - LATER

Arthur gets tossed on the curb. He lays for a second. Pulls his phone. Dials Betsy.

A van screeches to a stop in front of him. A whole family - DAD ARTHUR, MOM, and KID - step out.

DAD ARTHUR

Take it in junior! They don't make cities like this anymore.

MOM

My grandfather worked in the Parma clone mills until he retired with a full pension. This is a proud place for your family.

KID

It's amazing!

The Dad holds a camera to Arthur. Arthur cancels the call.

DAD ARTHUR

Mind taking our picture?

MOM

Honey, he looks desperate--

Arthur grabs the camera.

DAD ARTHUR

(holds his wife and son)

I love you both so much. I'm glad we're a family.

MOM

Say Cheese!

KID

I love you Mom and Dad...cheese!

Arthur puts his finger over the lens and smudges the photo before he takes it. He hands the camera back.

DAD ARTHUR

Thank you so much.

The family loads into the van and guns it out of there.

When the dust settles, Arthur spots Dirty Arthur, sawing at a street sign.

ARTHUR

Hey!

Dirty Arthur drops the saw.

DIRTY ARTHUR

I wasn't doing nothing!

ARTHUR

I need your help.

DIRTY ARTHUR

(glint in his eye)

Meet me around back.

EXT. ALLEYWAY - TEN MINUTES LATER

Arthur rounds the corner, Dirty Arthur is crouched by a dumpster.

ARTHUR

My wife and I, we were denied--

DIRTY ARTHUR

I know, it's the same story every time. I can help. As long as you're ok with 'extra-legal' means.

ARTHUR

Whatever it takes.

Dirty Arthur flops off his 'homeless' coat to reveal a snazzy outfit. He pulls a high-tech scanning device from a pocket.

DIRTY ARTHUR

Give me your license.

Arthur hands over the license. Dirty Arthur scans it.

DIRTY ARTHUR (CONT'D)
I collect your data so moles in my
network can manipulate the queue
for appeals and put you at the
front of the line--
(scanner beeps)
hold on a second.

Dirty Arthur studies the screen of the scanner.

DIRTY ARTHUR (CONT'D)
You live in the building on 82nd
street?

ARTHUR
Yeah, that's what it says...

DIRTY ARTHUR
You're at the heart of it.

ARTHUR
Look if this is a long-winded sales
pitch--

Arthur reaches for his license. Dirty Arthur snatches it
back.

DIRTY ARTHUR
Rich Arthur lives above you.

ARTHUR
That's his real name?

DIRTY ARTHUR
Richard Arthur, yes.

ARTHUR
Guy's an asshole.

DIRTY ARTHUR
He's also one of the chief
architects of the world today.

ARTHUR
I thought he was in
like..integrated..dynamics
engineering or something.

Dirty Arthur sighs, exasperated. He opens the dumpster. Pulls
out a banana peel, egg shells, moldy fruit, and a half-eaten
twinkie.

DIRTY ARTHUR

Sit.

Dirty Arthur dumps the garbage in front of Arthur.

DIRTY ARTHUR (CONT'D)

His job title is fake. Imagine--
he's this banana.

Dirty Arthur splays the banana out until it resembles a star.

DIRTY ARTHUR (CONT'D)

And this is his reach.
(puts eggs under one peel)
Here's the courthouses and the law.
(puts fruit under peel)
Here's all the businesses downtown.
(twinkie under a peel)
And here's the news. You get it?

ARTHUR

No, not really.

Dirty Arthur crosses his arms.

DIRTY ARTHUR

This family license debacle you've
been experiencing is by design--

CUT TO:

INT. COURTHOUSE MEETING ROOM - DAY

The same noisy courthouse meeting room from Arthur's first
trip downtown. We see a sea of miserable faces...

DIRTY ARTHUR (V.O.)

*They stuffed everybody into that
room. They gave the workers those
hearing aids that work one-way.*

And the BACK of a MAN IN A SUIT surveying over all of it. *Is
that Rich Arthur?*

DIRTY ARTHUR (V.O.)

*It's by design. They want everybody
miserable so they don't think how
we're all being stepped on--*

ARTHUR (V.O.)

Why would they do that?

CUT TO:

INT. FAMILY EXPEDITER'S OFFICE - DAY

Slimy Arthur stands with PHOTO ARTHUR and holds up different color shirts against him.

DIRTY ARTHUR (V.O.)
If we're screwing over our fellow man, we'd never notice the real asshole stealing from both our pockets.

CUT TO:

INT. PARMA COURTHOUSE - DAY

We see the same back of the MAN IN A SUIT enter the office that just threw Arthur out. Confident Arthur stands to shake his hand.

DIRTY ARTHUR (V.O.)
These people are experts in screwing things up. World class frustration experts. That's just the tip of this Christmas tree.

BACK IN THE ALLEY

Dirty Arthur has mushed up all the garbage. Arthur stares, confused and horrified.

ARTHUR
And my neighbor...works for them?

DIRTY ARTHUR
It's a shadow government, man. I don't have their org chart.
(wipes trash off fingers)
I'm part of a group pushing to change it all. Millions of people out there, just like you, are suffering. If you knew you could make their lives better, make YOUR life better, wouldn't you do that?

Arthur thinks on this.

ARTHUR
If I help, I'll get my family license?

DIRTY ARTHUR

(nods)

Tomorrow there will be a message
for you. Follow the message and get
your family license. Or don't.

Dirty Arthur tosses his ratty coat back on and leaves.

BETSY (PRE-LAP)

Things are different now.

INT. THERAPIST'S OFFICE

Betsy sits across from THERAPIST ARTHUR - 40s.

BETSY

Ever since we were denied, he's
been disappearing. I honestly don't
know what he does during the day.

THERAPIST ARTHUR

Have you told him that this bothers
you?

BETSY

He hasn't been around long enough.
He gets home and just falls asleep.
(changes gears)
I'm sorry, I never ask this but I'm
having trouble this session with
your appearance.

THERAPIST ARTHUR

Of course. I understand.

Therapist Arthur opens a drawer and puts on a disguise.

BETSY

Thank you.

THERAPIST ARTHUR

That was the most honest you've
been since we started working
together. Maybe it's time you give
Arthur that same energy.

INT. APARTMENT - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Betsy lays in bed, browsing on her phone. She hears the door.
Pretends to sleep.

Arthur tiptoes into the room and stops near her side. He leans down and gives her a kiss on her forehead. He climbs into bed.

Betsy steels herself. Turns over.

BETSY

Arthur?

Arthur is already fast asleep.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - MORNING

Arthur walks to his bus stop and spots something different. An envelope is taped to the hand of the kid in the advertisement. He pulls it and rips it open.

192 W 5th, PARMA...BASEMENT

Betsy pulls out from the garage in time to see Arthur hop into a cab. *Where's he going?*

EXT. 192 W 5TH - DAY

Arthur pops out of the cab in front of a brownstone.

AT THE BASEMENT DOOR

Arthur knocks. A slot SLIDES OPEN. A pair of eyes study him.

SLOT EYES

(through the door)

Put this on.

Slot Eyes tosses him a garbage bag. Arthur puts it on. The door opens.

INT. BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

Cobwebs and plastic chairs circle an open room, like an all-hands meeting in a haunted house.

Other GARBAGE-BAGGED ARTHURS sit in chairs and give Arthur looks. Arthur can't place anybody--that explains the bags.

DIRTY ARTHUR (O.S.)

Take a seat.

Dirty Arthur stands at the front of the room with a SCOWLING ARTHUR - 20s, punk. Arthur sits.

DIRTY ARTHUR (CONT'D)
Everyone is here today because they
received a calling. A purpose.

A few Arthurs nod.

DIRTY ARTHUR (CONT'D)
Our world could be a paradise. We
can make unlimited clones! Why
can't we make unlimited food?

SCOWLING ARTHUR
That's right!

DIRTY ARTHUR
We have an adoption crisis in this
country, and more kids than homes,
but what do we do? We make families
jump through hoops to get there.

Dirty Arthur looks right at Arthur as he says this.

SCOWLING ARTHUR
It's fuckin' pathetic.

DIRTY ARTHUR
This has to change!

SCOWLING ARTHUR
God damn right.

DIRTY ARTHUR
And that's why we're here.
(points at someone)
What would you change if you could?

A BAGGED ARTHUR seems surprised to be called on--

BAGGED ARTHUR #1
I'm tired of job placements being
decided for me. What if I want to
work harder? Why do THEY get to
decide how much my family makes?

Arthur shrinks into his seat.

DIRTY ARTHUR
And you! What would you change?

Another Bagged Arthur steps up.

BAGGED ARTHUR #2

I want anyone who's not a clone to have a nice life! I walk by so many homeless folks on my way to work.

DIRTY ARTHUR

And you!

BAGGED ARTHUR #3

I want to be able to see the color orange! I know they're messing with our genes to keep us from seeing it.

A few CHEERS sprinkle throughout the room.

DIRTY ARTHUR

What about you?

Dirty Arthur points right at Arthur.

ARTHUR

I...uhh..well these are all really noble causes. Mine's kinda silly.

BAGGED ARTHUR #1

Speak your truth.

ARTHUR

I want to get a family license.

BAGGED ARTHUR #3

For someone you care about?

ARTHUR

For me.

BAGGED ARTHUR #1

That's it?

DIRTY ARTHUR

Everyone is here for a reason. Trust me, if we accomplish what we're after, a family license will seem paltry compared to the reward of an improved society.

Arthur shrinks himself to avoid stares from the others.

DIRTY ARTHUR (CONT'D)

I'm going to have my friend here explain the ground rules.

SCOWLING ARTHUR

You might be wondering, "why the hell am I in a trash bag?" One of you gets arrested, we don't need him taking the rest of us down. Don't share names. Don't share interests. Don't share anything—except a fervor to change this world. We're going to take you one-by-one and give you an assignment and a point of contact. Everybody out!

The group shuffles out.

EXT. ALLEYWAY

Arthur stands in the alley with a bunch of quiet Garbage Arthurs.

The door creaks open. Scowling Arthur points at Arthur.

SCOWLING ARTHUR

You. Inside. Now.

INT. BASEMENT

Dirty Arthur and Scowling Arthur study a map.

DIRTY ARTHUR

My friend here didn't think I should bring you along.

SCOWLING ARTHUR

You're going to get us all arrested.

ARTHUR

I'm putting my career on the line too.

SCOWLING ARTHUR

You're a paper pusher. Part of the problem.

DIRTY ARTHUR

We need you to do a few things, simple things, then we can get you your license.

ARTHUR

Like what?

SCOWLING ARTHUR

So you can back out now? No.

DIRTY ARTHUR

There will be another message where
you found the first one.

ARTHUR

Can I get a ride back?

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Arthur steps out of a cab, still holding his trash bag. He looks up at his window. The light's on at home. And there's a message for him on the wall.

Arthur plucks it off the wall. Reads it. Looks up at his lit window once more.

EXT. JOB PLACEMENT OFFICES - NIGHT

Arthur steps out of a cab in front of his work. It's dark and the city is empty without all the office drones.

AT THE FRONT DOOR

He swipes his key card. Tugs. The door stays shut. It's a sign. He turns to walk home and forget about all of this.

ARTHUR SECURITY GUARD (O.S.)

Can't get enough of me, huh?

ARTHUR

(turning)

I had to come and check on you,
make sure you didn't steal any pens
when we went home.

ARTHUR SECURITY GUARD

Please. I take the pens during the
day.

(motions)

Come in!

INT. JOB PLACEMENT OFFICES - MOMENTS LATER

Arthur and the Security Guard walk together through the atrium.

ARTHUR SECURITY GUARD
I'm old. My family's had enough of
me. Why are you here when you could
be home with your loving wife?

ARTHUR
Boss says come in, I come in.

ARTHUR SECURITY GUARD
Welcome to the club.

INT. JOB PLACEMENT OFFICES - SEVENTH FLOOR

The elevator doors open on the bullpen. Arthur is about to
step out when he spots Receptionist Arthur, toiling away at
his desk. Arthur DIVES back into the elevator.

Receptionist Arthur hears the noise, looks up. Spots the
empty elevator. *Creepy*. He puts his headphones in.

Arthur crawls along the floor, out of sight thanks to the
walls of the cubicles.

AT HIS OFFICE

He gently pushes his door open. Slides into the room. The
door SHUTS behind him.

Receptionist Arthur BOLTS UPRIGHT from his seat. Looks around
the bullpen. Terrified.

INSIDE ARTHUR'S OFFICE

Arthur takes a deep breath and boots up his computer. Pulls
out the letter that was left at his house and reads through a
list of instructions:

**MOVE THESE CLONES TO THESE JOBS- #100293Z1 to Water Treatment
Plant, #100319F2 to Electrical Operations, #100394HA1 to
Infrastructure Payroll.**

Arthur looks at his awards on the wall for EMPLOYEE OF THE
MONTH. Shakes it off. Arthur types.

IN THE BULLPEN

Receptionist Arthur explores the cubicles. Walks up to an
office door—not Arthur's—and opens it. It's just a room full
of sports memorabilia--the office Bro's space.

IN ARTHUR'S OFFICE

He hears Receptionist Arthur exploring the rooms nearby and types with more speed.

IN THE BULLPEN

Receptionist Arthur bursts in on another empty office. He's going to catch whoever is making this noise.

IN ARTHUR'S OFFICE

Receptionist Arthur is getting too close! He's not done! He furiously clicks around and watches the door. A shadow passes the sill.

IN THE BULLPEN

Receptionist Arthur grabs Arthur's doorknob. PUSHES HARD.

ARTHUR'S EMPTY OFFICE

Is on the other side of the door. Receptionist Arthur stares. There's gotta be something here. Notices--the computer's on.

Receptionist Arthur circles the desk and puts in keys to shut down the computer. The window is still flashing:

CONFIRM SWITCH (y/n)

Arthur stares at Receptionist Arthur's legs from under his desk. He holds his breath.

Receptionist Arthur hits 'y' and and turns the computer off.

Arthur watches him go and exhales.

INT. JOB PLACEMENT OFFICES - ATRIUM

Receptionist Arthur exits the elevator.

RECEPTIONIST ARTHUR
G'night Art!

ARTHUR SECURITY GUARD
G'night, young man. Hopefully your boss heads out soon, too.

RECEPTIONIST ARTHUR
(realizing)
Oh. Yeah. Must have missed him.

Receptionist Arthur smiles. *I can use this.*

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

Arthur opens the door quietly and settles in to sleep on the couch.

BETSY (O.S.)
Why are you out here?

Arthur wakes and spots Betsy standing over him.

ARTHUR
I didn't want to wake you up. I'm
sorry I'm back so late.
(confession)
I needed some help with all this. I
found a support group for guys
going through a denial.

Betsy sits on the couch with him.

BETSY
I'm frustrated too.

ARTHUR
You're busy with work. I didn't
want to add to it. I want us to do
this together.

BETSY
Why don't we make an appointment to
go back to the courthouse? We'll
bring lunch and cushions and it can
just be a whole day adventure.

ARTHUR
Yeah. I'd like that.

BETSY
Come on, let's have a sleepover.

She takes his hand and they walk into the bedroom together.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - EARLY MORNING

Arthur heads to the bus stop and then notices--

ARTHUR
Aren't you from Parma?

Dirty Arthur is taping another envelope to the advertisement.
He is surprised to see Arthur.

DIRTY ARTHUR

Oh jeez. Didn't think you'd wake up this early.

ARTHUR

Is that my next--

DIRTY ARTHUR

Shh! Jesus you live right next to the guy.

He pulls the envelope from the wall and hands it to Arthur.

DIRTY ARTHUR (CONT'D)

Read that.

ARTHUR

Is this another job? I took a big risk last night.

DIRTY ARTHUR

And as far as we can tell, it paid off. I got word that all of your placements went through.

Arthur reads the instructions. Looks up at Dirty Arthur.

DIRTY ARTHUR (CONT'D)

We have a window to do that, think on it and let me--

ARTHUR

Alright.

DIRTY ARTHUR

That's it?

ARTHUR

Let's get this over with. Today.

DIRTY ARTHUR

Ok, but you can't judge my car. It's a mess.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - MORNING

Betsy pulls her car around the corner. Looks for her husband. He's gone already. She must have missed him.

Wait! *There he is.* Pulls up.

BETSY

Morning stranger!

Rich Arthur turns around.

BETSY (CONT'D)

Oh, sorry.

RICH ARTHUR

Not the first time it's happened.
Actually, it's good you ran into
me.

BETSY

Why's that?

RICH ARTHUR

I know your husband is a proud man,
I've got those genes myself. But--I
have a few friends downtown. I
spoke to them. I was able to get
you an appointment at the
courthouse for an appeal.

BETSY

Not just a number? An appointment?

RICH ARTHUR

In front of a judge and everything.

BETSY

I--that's so kind. We hardly know
each other. Why would you do that?

RICH ARTHUR

We're neighbors, we have to look
out for each other. But it is
tomorrow, so it's last minute. Make
sure you put in the time off
request now!

BETSY

Nah I was thinking I'd skip it.
(before she leaves)
Thank you.

Rich Arthur gives her a reassuring smile.

RICH ARTHUR

It's going to work out.

INT. DIRTY ARTHUR'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Arthur rides in silence. His phone buzzes. He checks the
screen.

WE'VE GOT AN APPOINTMENT AT THE COURTHOUSE TOMORROW, 2PM :-).

Arthur smiles.

DIRTY ARTHUR

What?

ARTHUR

Just something my wife sent.

DIRTY ARTHUR

Ok well if it's a dirty picture I don't want to see it.

ARTHUR

It's about our appeal.

DIRTY ARTHUR

Hah! Good luck. You already spun off that hamster wheel once.

ARTHUR

I am happy she's making the effort. And if we wrap this up today then I can show her we won't have to do that anymore.

DIRTY ARTHUR

Nobody will have to do it anymore if we do this right.

Arthur watches the buildings go by.

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING - MORNING

We see an IMPOSING glass office building. This must be the tech part of town. Betsy steps out and gives her keys to a VALET ARTHUR who takes her car around the corner.

VALET ARTHUR

I'll fill her up for you, Mrs. Gamma Zed 19!

BETSY

Thanks, Artie.

AT THE FRONT DOOR

A SECURITY ARTHUR rushes to open the door for Betsy.

BETSY (CONT'D)

Thank you.

INT. BETSY'S OFFICE - DAY

Betsy walks into a high-tech lobby and gets waved through a security gate.

AT THE ELEVATORS

Betsy hits a keypad to access a restricted floor.

INT. BETSY'S OFFICE - RESTRICTED FLOOR

Betsy walks off the elevator and puts on a lab coat. Holds her hands under a sterilizer.

LAB ARTHUR (O.S.)

I think we finally figured out the B.O.

LAB ARTHUR - 30s, glasses, geek - waits for Betsy on the other side of a glass door.

Betsy swipes herself in.

BETSY

Good morning to you too.

LAB ARTHUR

I was looking at the chromosomal patterns last night and I noticed something strange near the centromere on #12.

BETSY

And you fiddled with it--

LAB ARTHUR

And I fiddled with it and ran some simulations. No more B.O.

BETSY

You all don't smell that bad.

LAB ARTHUR

Be honest.

BETSY

You get used to it.

Betsy walks over to a science device and examines it.

LATER

Betsy sits at a steel, sterilized desk. She runs experiments on her computer. At the end of each simulation, the computer flashes **FAILED**.

She pulls out a desk drawer and finds a photo of her and Arthur, in a small plastic sleeve.

She picks up her desk phone.

BETSY (CONT'D)

(into phone)

I have one more thing I'm going to do, then I'm going to jet out early for lunch. Can you cover me?

(pause)

Thank you.

She hangs up.

LATER

Betsy has on VR gloves and manipulates DNA data on a computer screen. She flips it back and forth. Checks the clock. Turns the invisible DNA over in her hands, on the screen we see the helix rotate. Finds a spot, highlights it. Computer reads: **BODY ODOR (REMOVED)**.

She hits 'undo' and inserts the missing piece back in its place.

Takes the gloves off.

EXT. RUNDOWN PHARMACY - DAY

Dirty Arthur's car struggles to make it into a parking spot in front of an old pharmacy. Arthur hops out and both men walk around back.

INT. RUNDOWN PHARMACY - CONTINUOUS

Dirty Arthur and Arthur get looks from a few SHIFTY ARTHURS scanning the aisles. They walk to the back of the store and go through a door marked 'EMPLOYEES ONLY'.

INT. RUNDOWN PHARMACY - BACKROOM

COUNTERFEIT ARTHUR - 50s, poorly grown goatee - looks over a passport through a jeweler's loupe.

DIRTY ARTHUR (O.S.)
What kind of illegal shit do you
have going on back here??

Counterfeit Arthur throws the passport in a panic, then
relaxes when he sees Dirty Arthur.

COUNTERFEIT ARTHUR
Son of a bitch, I told you to stop
doing that.
(spots Arthur)
Who's this guy? I don't know him.

DIRTY ARTHUR
Yeah, you met him at my birthday.

Arthur stands there, unsure of what to say.

DIRTY ARTHUR (CONT'D)
Just kidding. Never get tired of
that joke.
(gestures)
This is the man who's going to
change everything.

COUNTERFEIT ARTHUR
Like the other five?

DIRTY ARTHUR
(to Arthur)
He's joking. Take a seat.

Arthur sits on a stool.

DIRTY ARTHUR (CONT'D)
(to Counterfeiter)
I need a top-to-bottom ID packet in
three hours.

ARTHUR
I haven't had a fake ID since
college.

DIRTY ARTHUR
This is a little more than that.

COUNTERFEIT ARTHUR
I'm going to put together a story
packet for you. You're going to
need to memorize names, dates, and
details so if anyone stops you, you
can put them off your scent long
enough to get out of there.

DIRTY ARTHUR
I need it to work at Family
Licensing.

Counterfeit Arthur stops.

COUNTERFEIT ARTHUR
They have holographic IDs and
biometric recognition.

DIRTY ARTHUR
We have time.

ARTHUR
I can help.

COUNTERFEIT ARTHUR / DIRTY ARTHUR
No you can't.

Dirty Arthur plugs a USB into a computer.

DIRTY ARTHUR
We need you at a level with access,
but not high enough for a secondary
screening. Invisible.

COUNTERFEIT ARTHUR
VP's assistant.

DIRTY ARTHUR
Oh, that's good.

COUNTERFEIT ARTHUR
It's why you come to me.

Arthur picks up a passport, studies the face inside.

COUNTERFEIT ARTHUR (CONT'D)
Put that down!

EXT. BETSY'S OFFICE

Betsy waits with at the valet stand. The valet brings the car
around.

VALET ARTHUR
Sneaking out a little early?

BETSY
No! I--

VALET ARTHUR
Don't worry. My secret.

BETSY

Thank you.

INT. SANDWICH RESTAURANT - LATER

Betsy waits in line in a LOUD sandwich restaurant. People bump and shove her.

SANDWICH ARTHUR

Number 84!

BETSY

(above the crowd)

Here! Here! Thank you!

INT. BETSY'S CAR - LATER

Betsy drives along the road.

BETSY

Oh, what the hell.

In front of her are two construction signs and a CONSTRUCTION ARTHUR pointing her in the direction of a detour.

BETSY (CONT'D)

Great.

She turns the corner straight into

A HUGE TRAFFIC JAM.

Betsy lays her head on the steering wheel.

EXT. JOB PLACEMENT OFFICES - LATER

Betsy struggles to parallel park her car in between two large SUVs. She manages to squeak it into the spot but SCRAPES the wheel along the curb.

INT. JOB PLACEMENT OFFICES

Betsy puts her sandwich bag down on the security desk.

ARTHUR SECURITY GUARD

Lunch? You shouldn't have!

She cracks her first smile of the day.

ARTHUR SECURITY GUARD (CONT'D)
Who ya here for?

BETSY
My husband works on the 8th floor.
Arthur Gamma Zed 19.

ARTHUR SECURITY GUARD
Well I'll be! He's always talking
about his wife but I didn't realize
he married an angel!

Betsy blushes.

BETSY
I wanted to surprise him with
lunch, so if you don't mind just
letting me through without calling
ahead--

ARTHUR SECURITY GUARD
I'd love to do that dear. But I
thought maybe he was playing hooky
with you already. He hasn't swiped
in yet. I'd know, that sucker
always has a crack ready for me.

BETSY
Oh.

ARTHUR SECURITY GUARD
Yeah he was here so late, figured
he just was sleeping in.

BETSY
Oh.

ARTHUR SECURITY GUARD
And I've gone and put my foot in my
mouth.

BETSY
(covering)
No, you haven't. I just remembered.
I was supposed to meet him at the
park with the sandwiches.

ARTHUR SECURITY GUARD
Course you were. You two lovebirds
have a good break. If anyone asks
after him, I'll tell 'em he's
remote today.

BETSY

Thank you.

EXT. JOB PLACEMENT OFFICES - LATER

Betsy walks back to her car. Two NEW SUVs have completely parked it in.

BETSY

God damn it!

She tosses the sandwiches in the trash.

INT. RUNDOWN PHARMACY - DAY

Arthur sits across from Dirty Arthur and Counterfeit Arthur.

COUNTERFEIT ARTHUR

What generation are you?

ARTHUR

Tau.

DIRTY ARTHUR

What's your job?

ARTHUR

EA to VP.

COUNTERFEIT ARTHUR

Where'd you celebrate your thirteenth birthday?

ARTHUR

The colonies.

DIRTY ARTHUR

Why are you here?

ARTHUR

To help people.

DIRTY ARTHUR

BZZ! Wrong. You're here to drop off the P&L for the last three quarters and transfer protected financial data.

ARTHUR

Sorry.

COUNTERFEIT ARTHUR
Go easy on the kid. It's his
funeral if he screws up.

ARTHUR
I'm not going to screw up.

DIRTY ARTHUR
You can't. And if you do. Don't
talk.

COUNTERFEIT ARTHUR
Hey, you've come to my secret HQ.
I'll make sure you don't talk. I
have folks on the inside.

Arthur laughs uncomfortably.

EXT. BETSY'S OFFICE - DAY

Betsy parks her futuristic car in front of the valet stand.

VALET ARTHUR
Back so soon?

BETSY
Mind your own fuckin' business.

EXT. FAMILY LICENSING BUREAU - MORNING

Dirty Arthur's jalopy grinds to a stop near the Bureau.
Arthur clears a few fast food bags off the dash to get a
look.

DIRTY ARTHUR
Last chance to back out.

Dirty Arthur hands him a usb flash drive and an ID card.
Arthur moves to open the car door, stops.

ARTHUR
When I was out there, going through
the nightmare of trying to appeal,
I saw something bigger that was
broken. If this--
(waves flash drive)
Helps to fix it, then I'm willing
to do that.

DIRTY ARTHUR
Too bad we don't have fifty more
like you.

Arthur puffs out a laugh and heads into the Bureau.

INT. FAMILY LICENSING BUREAU - CONTINUOUS

Arthur steps up to the security gate. Pulls the card that Dirty Arthur gave him. Swipes.

Red light.

Arthur swipes again.

Red light.

The SECURITY GUARD peeks over to see what's making all the noise.

One more swipe. Green light. Arthur walks through.

INT. FAMILY LICENSING BUREAU - ELEVATOR

Arthur jumps into an empty elevator and references the paper Dirty Arthur gave him. It's a map and a couple of number codes. He types it into the number pad.

INT. FAMILY LICENSING BUREAU - 8TH FLOOR

Arthur steps out onto a restricted floor. It's quiet. He tosses a smile to a SUSPICIOUS RECEPTIONIST and walks into a nearby office.

INT. FAMILY LICENSING BUREAU - OFFICE

Arthur locks the door behind him and sits at the computer. He references instructions on the sheet of paper.

Starts to type. Pretty straightforward. He just has to--

SUSPICIOUS RECEPTIONIST

Knock knock! Have I seen you up here before?

ARTHUR

Not too much. Thankfully. I only show up when things are real bad.

SUSPICIOUS RECEPTIONIST

Oh god, anything I can help with?

ARTHUR

As long as I finish this in the next twenty minutes, both of us can keep our jobs.

The Suspicious Receptionist nods curtly and closes the door. Arthur breathes a sigh of relief.

Arthur continues to type but then notices. Next to the work he's doing is a file called **CURRENT DENIALS**. He opens the file and is inundated with a stream of names, all labeled **DENIED LICENSE**. He finds himself on there. Highlights the box containing the word, 'denied'. Checks the door. Writes 'approved'. Hits enter.

His name disappears from the list. He breathes a sigh of relief.

Goes back to his work, references the paper Dirty Arthur gave him. Finishes up. Stands. Heads to the door. Stops.

He looks back at the computer. Checks his watch.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

You idiot.

Arthur sits back down and opens up the **CURRENT DENIALS** folder. Highlights the whole batch. Changes all the names from 'denied' to 'approved'. Hits enter. The list disappears. Arthur smiles.

INT. FAMILY LICENSING BUREAU - 8TH FLOOR

Arthur steps out onto the 8th floor. It's empty. That's weird.

He walks towards the elevator and the Suspicious Receptionist steps out of a nearby office with a few other SECURITY ARTHURS.

Arthur turns and heads for the stairwell.

INT. FAMILY LICENSING BUREAU - STAIRWELL

Arthur runs down the stairs. As he gets closer to the bottom, the 8th floor door above him opens. He ducks into a door before he reaches the bottom.

INT. FAMILY LICENSING BUREAU - THIRD FLOOR

Arthur rushes out onto a large bullpen. The floor is busy, so he grabs a jacket off a nearby chair and takes a seat. Watches the door.

Suspicious Receptionist and a few Security Arthurs walk in. They scan the room. Walk through the group of employees. Approach Arthur.

And walk past. Arthur watches them go through his fingers. He slowly stands and walks to the stairs again. He trips over a power cable and knocks a cup of pens off a cabinet.

SUSPICIOUS RECEPTIONIST (O.S.)

Hey!

Shit.

Arthur TAKES OFF down the stairs.

EXT. FAMILY LICENSING BUREAU - MOMENTS LATER

Arthur BURSTS through a fire exit. The alarm sounds. Arthur looks for a solution. Spots a smoothie shop. Runs towards it.

Suspicious Receptionist and Security Arthurs go through the door a few seconds later. The group splits to cover more ground.

INT. SMOOTHIE SHOP - CONTINUOUS

Arthur enters and hops in line.

BLUE COLLAR ARTHUR (O.S.)

What you doin' all the way back there? Come on up!

It's the smoothie shop manager Arthur placed weeks ago.

ARTHUR

(quickly)

I need to see the back of your store.

BLUE COLLAR ARTHUR

Is this? Is this something y'all do?

ARTHUR

Now.

INT. SMOOTHIE SHOP - BACKROOM

Arthur glances from frozen fruits up to the window in the door. Blue Collar Arthur walks him through the stock.

BLUE COLLAR ARTHUR

Anyway, we got frozen blueberries, peaches, strawberries, peanut butter, bananas. Bananas ain't frozen. Neither's the peanut butter. And this here's the secret ingredient--turbinado sugar. Health freaks think this stuff is good for 'em but by god I must put a cup o' that turbinado in there.

Arthur watches the shadows of Security Guards pass the front of the shop.

ARTHUR

Is there a freezer?

INT. SMOOTHIE SHOP - FREEZER

Blue Collar Arthur pulls things off the shelf and describes them to Arthur.

BLUE COLLAR ARTHUR

--So here's my special batch of blueberries I grew on my home patch. And then, umm, well, you've seen most of it.

ARTHUR

Ok. This checks out.

BLUE COLLAR ARTHUR

Phew. I thought maybe this little dream of mine was about to kick the bucket.

ARTHUR

Do you mind if I hang out here in the back for a few more hours?

BLUE COLLAR ARTHUR

Whatever you need pal, just thank you for not shutting us down.

ARTHUR

Honestly, I never would have. They just send me on these check-ins, but I see how hard you're working.

BLUE COLLAR ARTHUR
I appreciate ya. Mind steppin' out
of the walk-in?

ARTHUR
Of course.

INT. BETSY'S OFFICE - DESK

Betsy sits at her desk, stewing. She checks her phone for a call. Puts the photo of her and Arthur back in her desk.

BOSS ARTHUR (O.S.)
Knock knock.

Betsy turns. BOSS ARTHUR - 50s, middle-manager, bald - stands over her.

BOSS ARTHUR (CONT'D)
Got time for a meeting?

Betsy's eyes go flat.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Betsy sits across a large conference table from Boss Arthur and Lab Arthur.

BOSS ARTHUR
I wanted to sit down with everyone
to get a 360 view of what happened
earlier.

BETSY
What happened earlier?

LAB ARTHUR
(very angry)
Like you don't know!

BOSS ARTHUR
Let's give everyone a chance to
talk, please.

BETSY
I genuinely don't know what either
of you are talking about.

LAB ARTHUR
I told you earlier about my
discovery! I was about to change
the face of science!

BETSY
The B.O. thing?

LAB ARTHUR
(to Boss)
Do you see what I'm saying?

BOSS ARTHUR
I think when you call it a 'thing'
you are undervaluing exactly how
impactful this discovery is--

BETSY
And you're upset I added it back?

BOSS ARTHUR
I think he would like an apology.

LAB ARTHUR
That's the least you could do.

Betsy sits back in her chair.

BETSY
Do either of you ever think about
what it is we're doing here?

Blank stares.

BETSY (CONT'D)
Sixty years ago, I'm sure this was
the hottest industry to work in. We
were literally playing god,
creating new humans and improving
them along the way. But now?

BOSS ARTHUR
Now we continue the human race.
That's still pretty impressive.

BETSY
Now we design and redesign some
asshole's genome because, what,
because he had money? What about
the rest of us?

The Arthurs look like Betsy slapped them across the face.

LAB ARTHUR
How dare you.

BOSS ARTHUR

Neither of us asked to be brought into this world. We didn't ask to inhabit this genome.

BETSY

But you are, and what are you choosing to do with it?

BOSS ARTHUR

I think it's time you head out early for the day. We can discuss your future with this company later this week. After cooler heads prevail.

LAB ARTHUR

I will never forgive you.

Lab Arthur walks out.

BETSY

I think you should know, I found something--

BOSS ARTHUR

Get out!

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Arthur walks to the front of his building. He sips on a smoothie. He watches the light in his apartment turn off.

INT. APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Arthur walks in the door. He's drenched in sweat. Takes his shoes off and walks into the

MASTER BEDROOM

Betsy sits and browses on her phone.

ARTHUR

You doin' ok?

BETSY

Fine.

ARTHUR

I had a crazy day. Work was so busy.

BETSY

You don't need to lie to me.

ARTHUR

Ok.

BETSY

Let's just make it to our appeal tomorrow--

ARTHUR

What do you mean?

BETSY

I mean someone smiled on us and took pity and gave us a real-deal appeal in front of a judge. We'll be able to turn this around. Then we can get past all this weirdness.

ARTHUR

(wants to tell her)

Yeah, but do we need it?

BETSY

Don't finish that thought.

ARTHUR

I just meant--

BETSY

I'm going to bed. Tomorrow. 2pm. Skip work. Or don't. It's just our family.

Betsy turns over. Conversation finished.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - MORNING

Arthur races to the street to wave goodbye to Betsy. She drives past before he can reach.

He checks his phone and scans the news for any updates on the hack.

ARTHUR

Where is it??

Arthur walks to his bus stop. Hops on.

INT. JOB PLACEMENT OFFICES - ATRIUM - DAY

Arthur swipes himself through the gate. Walks up to Security Arthur's desk.

ARTHUR

I was thinking--

ARTHUR SECURITY GUARD

I'm going to stop you right there, son. I don't know what you were doing having your beautiful wife run all over town and back just to join you for an early supper, but I want no part of your lies. I can't tell you what to do but I can tell you if I were you, I'd go home and apologize. And never do it again.

Arthur doesn't have a response. He heads for the elevator.

INT. ARTHUR'S OFFICE - DAY

Arthur sits at his computer and refreshes a news website. Amongst all the clone-focused headlines like '**IS B.O. A THING OF THE PAST?**', there is nothing about the hack he just completed.

There's A KNOCK at the door. Arthur checks the clock. Almost time to head out. Great.

ARTHUR

Come in.

Receptionist Arthur walks in and takes a seat.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

I know I owe you a career consult but I do have to get going soon. Can we push it to later?

RECEPTIONIST ARTHUR

I'm here about *your* career.

Arthur frowns. *What's this about?*

ARTHUR

I, well I don't know what to say. I'm always happy to get feedback, though. But again, I gotta head out soon so--

RECEPTIONIST ARTHUR
I know where you were.

Arthur nearly chokes.

ARTHUR
Where I was...when?

RECEPTIONIST ARTHUR
The other night. When you were here.

Well shit.

ARTHUR
I don't know what you're talking about.

RECEPTIONIST ARTHUR
If that's the way you want to play it. But I'm very good friends with Security, I'm sure I can get the logs. For the cameras, the computers. All of it. Do you want me to share what you were up to?

ARTHUR
What do you want?

RECEPTIONIST ARTHUR
This job is beneath me. I've been support for three years. It's time I moved up. You can help me do that. All you have to do is change a few numbers in your machine.

ARTHUR
This agency doesn't use the algorithm to promote internally. Every move up is merit-based.

RECEPTIONIST ARTHUR
Bullshit. Since when do you toe the company line?

ARTHUR
You're right.

Arthur stands and locks the door to the office.

RECEPTIONIST ARTHUR
Why are you doing that?

Arthur sits on the desk.

ARTHUR

Have you really thought this through?

RECEPTIONIST ARTHUR

Practiced it twice in the mirror before I got here.

ARTHUR

And what did mirror-me say?

RECEPTIONIST ARTHUR

He sat for a second and drew up the paperwork. Me and him even got lunch a few weeks later...as peers.

ARTHUR

Mirror-me sounds like a nice guy.
(leans in)
I'm not.

Receptionist Arthur stirs in his seat, uncomfortably.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

Did you consider the context of everything you're saying?

RECEPTIONIST ARTHUR

You came in after-hours and futzed with company property. What's more to know?

ARTHUR

If I actually did that--we work for one of the most important pseudo-governmental entities on Earth. Decisions made here are responsible for millions of livelihoods. "Futzing" with those decisions is punishable with federal jail time, not to mention the absolute destruction of one's career and social score. And me, a dope from the seventh floor who isn't even your boss risked all of that to make a few minor changes you couldn't even figure out?

RECEPTIONIST ARTHUR

Yeah. That's why I'm here.

ARTHUR

And if I did all of that, what kind of importance do you think I'd place on not wanting to be found out? How seriously do you think I would take it? Do you think I'd make sure it happened, *at all costs?*

Receptionist Arthur's jaw straightens.

RECEPTIONIST ARTHUR

The practice in the mirror was about the negotiation, I don't care what about--

ARTHUR

And that's where you messed up. If I'm capable of this, what else am I capable of? What else would I do, even if I was at work?

Receptionist Arthur stands.

RECEPTIONIST ARTHUR

I have to get back to my desk.

Arthur steps in front of the door.

ARTHUR

And how are you planning on doing that? Was this in your rehearsal?

Receptionist Arthur stares at him. Takes a step forward. Arthur doesn't budge.

Receptionist Arthur reaches for the doorknob. Arthur stands still. Receptionist Arthur unlocks the door and heads out of the office.

Arthur collapses against the wall and smiles with himself. *I like this new me.*

INT. JOB PLACEMENT OFFICES - ATRIUM - LATER

Arthur walks through the security gate on his way to the courthouse. He makes one more attempt to connect with the Security Guard.

ARTHUR

You were right earlier.

The Guard doesn't look up from his paper.

ARTHUR SECURITY GUARD

Sure thing.

Arthur walks on. The Security Guard watches him exit and then picks up the phone.

ARTHUR SECURITY GUARD (CONT'D)

He's outside. Keep me out of this.

EXT. JOB PLACEMENT OFFICES - CONTINUOUS

Arthur walks outside the office. It's quiet. That's strange. Usually the afternoon is the loudest time outside.

He notices Traffic Cop Arthurs holding back the crowd on either side of the entrance to the Job Placement agency. *What is that about?*

Arthur doesn't want to find out so he heads for the street. Maybe he can grab a cab.

A BLACK SUV pulls up and several UNIFORMED ARTHURS pop out. They grab Arthur.

ARTHUR

What the hell?

UNIFORMED ARTHUR

Arthur Gamma Zed 19, you're under arrest for breaking and entering and the technological espionage of the Family License Bureau.

ARTHUR

No. That's not...No!

They open a back door and SMUSH Arthur into the back of the car between two Uniformed Arthurs.

The SUV takes off.

The Traffic Cop Arthurs release the crowds and the sidewalks fill again with people going about their day, as if nothing happened.

EXT. COURTHOUSE - DAY

Betsy waits patiently outside the courthouse. It is a madhouse. There are throngs of people shouting and screaming at the front gates. Betsy has a nametag that reads **APPOINTMENT**. She holds another nametag in her hand.

She checks her watch. Messages Arthur on her phone--**I'M HEADING IN**. And walks through the gates, past the poster board full of the same scowling Arthur face and the screaming crowds.

Betsy approaches the FRONT SECURITY.

BETSY

I have an appointment.

FRONT SECURITY

Get inside, ma'am!

BETSY

What are all these people here for?

FRONT SECURITY

Something to do with family licenses. The whole system went to shit last night. Get inside!

The Front Security Guard gently pushes Betsy into the building.

INT. POLICE SUV - DAY

Arthur sits in-between two UNIFORMED ARTHURS - 40s, muscular.

ARTHUR

I have to get to the courthouse.

No answer.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

I have an appointment. You both can follow me to it. I just, I have to be there. I told my wife I'd be there.

Both Arthurs put headphones in to block out his begging.

INT. COURTHOUSE - HALLWAY

Betsy waits in the hallway. It's quiet inside, but we can hear the low roar of the crowds outside.

She watches for Arthur. No sign of him. A BAILIFF ARTHUR pokes his head out of the door.

BAILIFF ARTHUR

It's time, ma'am.

Betsy nods and turns her head to wipe away a tear. She goes into the room. She takes one last look at the hallway.

INT. POLICE SUV

The police SUV stops and the two Uniformed Arthurs step out.

ARTHUR

Which door do I go through?

A hand YANKS him from the car.

EXT. COURTHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The SUV is parked in front of the courthouse. The crowds are pushing against the fences set up in front to hold them back.

ARTHUR

This is perfect! Do you see my wife?

(off crowds)

What's going on?

UNIFORMED ARTHUR

You should know.

One of the Uniformed Arthurs DRAGS Arthur by his handcuffs around the back of the building.

ARTHUR

No! She'd be up front with everyone else! This is the wrong way.

INT. COURTROOM

Betsy sits in the Courtroom with a few other people. The Judge walks in and sets their docket down on the bench.

JUDGE

(reading paper)

You all are lucky. The appointment system is completely down. I've heard they've stopped accepting any more appeals until they can figure out what happened with the computers last night. You are the last folks who can potentially get a family license for months, if not years.

(motions to Bailiff)

Let's get started.

Betsy casts a worried look back to the door. She texts on her phone - **WHERE R U?!?**

INT. COURTHOUSE - PRISONER INTAKE

Arthur gets shoved past a line of other PRISONER ARTHURS and straight through a security checkpoint.

PRISONER ARTHUR #1
Hey how-come he doesn't have to
wait in line like the rest of us?!

A Uniformed Arthur SMASHES Prisoner Arthur #1 in the stomach with a baton.

INT. COURTHOUSE - HOLDING TANK

Arthur gets tossed into a holding tank.

UNIFORMED ARTHUR
Put these on.

The cop throws BRIGHT ORANGE clothes at Arthur. Who attempts to put them on with handcuffs.

ARTHUR
(motioning with hands)
I can't--Can you undo these?

UNIFORMED ARTHUR
Figure it out!

Arthur sheepishly strips down.

INT. COURTROOM

Betsy watches another case approach the bench.

JUDGE
Case Number 535729A. Tell me what's
going on.

It's a DOTING HUSBAND ARTHUR and a SOBBING WIFE.

SOBBING WIFE
We submitted our application last
August, and we just got our denial
six months ago because we "didn't
put our address in the correct
box."

DOTING HUSBAND ARTHUR
There wasn't even a box to put our
address in--

JUDGE
Just hold on a second. Let me see.

The Judge looks over the paperwork.

JUDGE (CONT'D)
(to themselves)
Jesus.
(to applicants)
Listen. I see what happened here.
Someone mixed your form up with the
property tax division. This isn't
the first time. Your appeal is
granted. Go enjoy your family.

The two Applicants COLLAPSE in each other's arms.

DOTING HUSBAND ARTHUR
I love you so much.

SOBBING WIFE
I love you! Thank you for being so
supportive through this.

INT. COURTHOUSE - HOLDING TANK

Arthur finishes and pulls the shirt down over his head. A
Uniformed Arthur GRABS him and drags him down the hallway.

ARTHUR
Where are we going?

UNIFORMED ARTHUR
You'll see.

INT. COURTHOUSE - HALLWAY

Arthur gets dragged through the hallway and searches the
window of every door he passes to find Betsy.

ARTHUR
Betsy! Betsy!

The Uniformed Arthur slaps a friendship-bracelet-style gag
over Arthur's mouth to shut him up.

He shoves Arthur straight into a door...

INT. COURTROOM

The door to the courtroom SQUEAKS open. Betsy turns, hoping to see Arthur!...It's just a family, arriving late.

JUDGE

Excuse me. What time was your appointment?

ARTHUR DAD

It was 2pm, your honor. We're late. We apologize.

JUDGE

Is everyone here?

ARTHUR MOM

Everyone who needs to be.

JUDGE

If someone on the appeal is missing, your hearing is going to be skipped. And you missed this part—someone hacked the entire license system last night so the group in this room is the last group to get licenses for the foreseeable future.

The family members nod and sit down, fastidiously.

INT. DIFFERENT COURTROOM

Arthur BURSTS through the door into a courtroom and gets shoved to the front. A Uniformed Arthur RIPS off his gag.

ARTHUR

Ow! I can walk!

He straightens himself out and approaches the MEAN JUDGE ARTHUR — 60s, mustache and bad mood.

MEAN JUDGE ARTHUR

Arthur Gamma Zed 19. This is your arraignment hearing. You have been charged with breaking and entering as well as technical espionage. Both are felonies. How do you plead?

Arthur looks around the room for help.

ARTHUR

Don't I get a lawyer?

MEAN JUDGE ARTHUR

You need to enter a plea. We've got hundreds of angry people outside because of what you've done.

DIRTY ARTHUR (O.S.)

He's going to plead not guilty.

Dirty Arthur speaks up from the gallery. *What the fuck is he doing here?*

MEAN JUDGE ARTHUR

Who are you to speak on behalf of the prisoner?

DIRTY ARTHUR

I'm with Intelligence.

Dirty Arthur flashes a badge. Arthur can't believe this shit.

MEAN JUDGE ARTHUR

And you are taking responsibility for the prisoner?

DIRTY ARTHUR

He has some things to answer to above the jurisdiction of this court.

MEAN JUDGE ARTHUR

Well, you've stepped in it now, son.

ARTHUR

Wait! No. I plead guilty. Put me in jail!

The Mean Judge Arthur stands and walks back into his chambers, leaving Arthur alone in the room with Dirty Arthur. Scowling Arthur walks through the door.

SCOWLING ARTHUR

Coast is clear, let's get out of here.

ARTHUR

I'm guilty! I plead guilty!

DIRTY ARTHUR

(roughs him up)
Be quiet.

INT. COURTROOM

JUDGE

The Gamma Zed 19 family.

BETSY

Here, your honor.

JUDGE

Where's your husband?

BETSY

He's on his way.

JUDGE

He's beyond late.

BETSY

He's...he's...

Betsy covers the mic and takes a moment to herself.

JUDGE

Do you know why we ask for everyone to be present at the appeal?

BETSY

No, your honor.

JUDGE

This appeal is to determine your ability to start and raise a family. I need all appellants present because they are going to be present for the rest of the child's life. Do you understand?

BETSY

I do. And Arthur will be present. He's a good man.

JUDGE

But he's not here.

BETSY

If I could call him...I could try and text him again.

Betsy is a mess. The phone slips out of her hand.

JUDGE

It is unfortunate timing that you failed today's appeal, with everything else going on, but I wish you luck in the months and years to come.

(bangs gavel)

Appeal denied.

Betsy swallows hard, stands, and heads for the exit.

INT. COURTHOUSE - HALLWAY

Dirty Arthur drags Arthur through the courthouse.

ARTHUR

Intelligence?! What are you talking about intelligence?! You had us wear trash bags!

Dirty Arthur punches him in the stomach to get him to quiet down.

DIRTY ARTHUR

I can put the quiet bracelet on you if you want.

ARTHUR

No. What is going on?

DIRTY ARTHUR

You wanted to play revolutionary and I indulged you. How do you think this world has stayed safe for the last seventy years? Do you think people just accept it for how it is? No. But we can find the cosplayers like you and give you stupid little tasks to do and make you feel like you're making a change and no one is the wiser.

ARTHUR

All those jobs, the family license.

DIRTY ARTHUR

But you--IDIOT--decided to aim high. I don't know if it's something you read. Or someone got in your ear. But you stepped WAY out of line with your appeals stunt.

SCOWLING ARTHUR

Now we have to answer for your dumbass.

DIRTY ARTHUR

I blew my cover to everyone in that court room. I have to start all over.

SCOWLING ARTHUR

They're probably going to send me to the colonies.

ARTHUR

Sounds like your problem.

DIRTY ARTHUR

This is your problem. Believe me. Going to jail would have been a cakewalk compared to what you have in store.

SCOWLING ARTHUR

You're dog shit on our boots and you're about to get scraped off.

DIRTY ARTHUR

Cool off. Go wait in the car, get out of here.

Scowling Arthur STOMPS off down the hallway.

DIRTY ARTHUR (CONT'D)

You don't have a cover to blow. And jail is three meals a day and a place to sleep. You want to make a difference?

ARTHUR

I did make a difference. Change is coming. It's outside those windows.

DIRTY ARTHUR

You're an idiot who fell into a revolution. But since you want to play insurgent, I'll have you do that.

ARTHUR

I'm not doing shit for you, you're the people that put us here in the first place.

DIRTY ARTHUR

You have no idea the forces you've upset. Your neighbor--

ARTHUR

My neighbor is one of the good guys if he's your enemy.

DIRTY ARTHUR

Your neighbor needs to die. Tonight.

Holy shit.

ARTHUR

You're going to kill him?

DIRTY ARTHUR

No. This is why you'll never be cut out for this. You're going to kill him.

ARTHUR

I can't...I--

DIRTY ARTHUR

You had an easy time breaking into the offices I told you, hacking the things I told you to hack. You even took it into your own hands and completely kneecapped the family appeals division. You scrapped your only chance at getting a kid while you were trying to help.

ARTHUR

I'm not going to do it.

DIRTY ARTHUR

You're going to do exactly what I tell you. Or your wife is going to die.

Almost on cue, Betsy turns the corner. Arthur spots her out of the corner of his eye. She sees him and is about to speak--

Arthur gives her a simple signal with his eyes-- *not now.*

Betsy swallows a sob and walks past, undetected by Dirty Arthur.

ARTHUR

What do you need me to do?

DIRTY ARTHUR
Exactly what you're told.

Dirty Arthur SHOVES him through an exit door and
INTO AN ALLEY

Where Scowling Arthur pulls up in the jalopy. Dirty Arthur
throws Arthur into the backseat.

EXT. APARTMENT - DAY

The crappy car pulls up and Arthur and Dirty Arthur hop on.
Dirty Arthur undoes Arthurs cuffs and hands him a sweater.

DIRTY ARTHUR
I've left a package for you outside
your door. In it is everything you
need to finish this. Go take care
of Rich Arthur and meet us in his
apartment in three hours. We'll
clean up the body.

Dirty Arthur leans into the car and then stops.

DIRTY ARTHUR (CONT'D)
After you do this, after you go
upstairs and meet us, your life is
over. You are going to fill the
shoes of Rich Arthur and do
everything we tell you from here on
out. You're going to be a good
little soldier. Because that's what
you do. So if you need to say
goodbye to your wife, do it now.
She'll never see Arthur Gamma Zed
19 ever again.

INT. APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Arthur sits at the table looking at a box of weapons. There's
a knife with a sticky note labeled "**DIFFICULT**" and a gun
labeled "**EASY :-)**". Underneath these is a poison vial and a
hammer labeled "**OUCH**".

Arthur studies these items. *Which one will he use to kill
Rich Arthur?*

Also in the package is an ID with a picture of Arthur and his
new identity, and an employee badge.

The door BURSTS open. Betsy rushes straight at Arthur.

BETSY

What the hell is going on??

ARTHUR

I don't--I can't do this right now.

BETSY

Do what? Be a husband? Fight for this family?

ARTHUR

There is so much stuff--

BETSY

Why are you here? Weren't you arrested?! I saw you in handcuffs! In a jumpsuit! Our kid is going to have a felon father!

Arthur takes a deep breath.

ARTHUR

I need help.

A smile flits across Betsy's face. Blink and you'll miss it.

BETSY

What took you so long?

ARTHUR

I didn't want you to think I was useless. You've done so much for this family. I thought I could do it on my own.

BETSY

And now you're sitting in front of a box full of weapons.

ARTHUR

I should have asked sooner.

BETSY

What's happening?

ARTHUR

I don't think I have time to explain it all--I have three hours before I have to go upstairs and kill Rich Arthur.

BETSY

Wow. You really stepped in it. What are you going to do?

ARTHUR

If I don't they're going to--

BETSY

Kill me? Please. Is this their first time? What is it, some kind of coup?

ARTHUR

How do you know so much about this?

BETSY

I look at your DNA all day.

ARTHUR

They gave me this stuff to kill Rich Arthur.

BETSY

Well you're not going to do that.

ARTHUR

Maybe I will!

BETSY

I look at your DNA.

Arthur puts his head in his hands.

ARTHUR

I have an idea.

EXT. DOCK - DAY

Naive Arthur works the fish cleaning table next to a dingy harbor. He cuts open a fish and holds back vomit. His phone rings.

NAIVE ARTHUR

Fish guts removal, Art speaking.

(beat)

Oh I'll be right there!

INT. APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Arthur talks into the phone while Betsy looks on.

ARTHUR

(into phone)

And don't forget a bucket of your nastiest fish guts...for inspection.

(MORE)

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

(beat)

Ok.

Arthur hangs up.

BETSY

Well, it's certainly an idea.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - LANDING

Betsy knocks on the door to the penthouse. Rich Arthur answers.

BETSY

Do you have a second?

RICH ARTHUR

Shoot.

BETSY

I'm sorry to bother you it's just my husband and I wanted to run something by you.

She motions him to the stairs. Rich Arthur obliges. As Rich Arthur passes her on the landing, Betsy flips a door stopper into the door to hold it open. Arthur and Naive Arthur appear out of hiding and sneak in through the unlocked door.

INT. APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Betsy motions for Rich Arthur to sit at the table. She pulls a gun from a drawer.

RICH ARTHUR

Whoa! What happened to community?

BETSY

We are community. I just need you to stay here for the next two hours. At least until it's over.

RICH ARTHUR

Until what's over?

BETSY

Once it's over, I can explain. But right now, let's just hang here and talk.

RICH ARTHUR

Is this about the appointment? My source said Arthur didn't even make it. I was trying to do something nice--

BETSY

(taken off-guard)

No. What? No. It's not--

RICH ARTHUR

It's ok. I know it's stressful. And it doesn't sound like your husband is helping.

BETSY

This isn't about family stuff! I mean it's about my family, not my future family. I don't know. Just sit right there and we'll wait for the all clear.

INT. PENTHOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Arthur steps out of the bedroom in one of Rich Arthur's fancy clothes. They don't fit. Arthur picks up a bucket and spills a few fish guts on the floor.

KNOCK KNOCK.

Arthur inhales and heads to the door.

AT THE DOOR

Dirty Arthur and Scowling Arthur fill the door frame.

DIRTY ARTHUR

Did you do it?

ARTHUR

See for yourself.

Arthur steps aside and behind him is a HORROR SHOW. Rich Arthur lays face down on the floor, surrounded by blood and entrails.

SCOWLING ARTHUR

Holy shit!

DIRTY ARTHUR

Didn't think you had it in you.

Scowling Arthur rushes out into the hallway and throws up in a potted plant.

ARTHUR
Are we done?

DIRTY ARTHUR
What? You thought you'd do this and just be clear--I'm sorry can we go downstairs, this is a nightmare.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - MOMENTS LATER

Arthur and Dirty Arthur exit the door and run into several TRASH-BAGGED ARTHURS.

DIRTY ARTHUR
The team's going to head up there and clear the scene.

He motions for them to head in.

DIRTY ARTHUR (CONT'D)
Penthouse.

Arthur steps in front of the group.

ARTHUR
Right now? It's daylight.

DIRTY ARTHUR
They can break him down and put him in smaller bags.

ARTHUR
The noise from that--

DIRTY ARTHUR
Do you have an issue?

Arthur steps to the side.

ARTHUR
No.

The Trash Bagged Arthurs head up the stairs. Arthur steals a glance up at the window of his apartment. The blind shakes.

INT. APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Betsy steps back from the window.

RICH ARTHUR
What is it? What's going on out
there?

BETSY
It's nothing.

Rich Arthur stands.

BETSY (CONT'D)
(points gun)
Hey!

Rich Arthur takes the gun from her hands.

RICH ARTHUR
The safety's on. I'm here to help.

He looks out the window.

RICH ARTHUR (CONT'D)
God damn it. Did they give you this
gun too?

He pulls the magazine.

RICH ARTHUR (CONT'D)
No bullets. They were trying to
walk you into a trap.

BETSY
Oh shit!

Betsy bangs on the window.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

Arthur hears the pounding from the street.

DIRTY ARTHUR
What is going on up there?

Dirty Arthur pulls a radio from his jacket.

DIRTY ARTHUR (CONT'D)
(into walkie)
Alpha team, let me know when you're
finished. We're headed back to
base.

TRASH-BAG ARTHUR (V.O.)
(through walkie)
Almost done.

DIRTY ARTHUR

What are you talking about? You didn't clear the scene that fast.

TRASH-BAG ARTHUR (V.O.)

(through walkie)

Mop up was easy.

Dirty Arthur puts the walkie on his forehead.

DIRTY ARTHUR

(into walkie)

You're the body clean up. Where's the body? Guts team is mop up.

Arthur takes a few cautious steps away from Dirty Arthur.

TRASH-BAG ARTHUR (V.O.)

(through walkie)

Don't see it.

DIRTY ARTHUR

(turning)

God damn you!

But Arthur is HALFWAY towards the building. Rich Arthur EXPLODES from the entrance. He's wielding a bucket. He rushes Dirty Arthur.

Arthur ducks past him and grabs Betsy.

ARTHUR

We need to get to the car, now!

Rich Arthur LAUNCHES the bucket across the parking lot and it connects with Dirty Arthur's face. He goes down for a split second and comes up wiping guts and a bloody nose.

RICH ARTHUR

Get out of here!

Dirty Arthur extends a police baton from his jacket and charges Rich Arthur. Arthur grabs Betsy and runs.

INT. UNDERGROUND PARKING GARAGE - MOMENTS LATER

Betsy and Arthur rush to her sci fi car.

NAIVE ARTHUR (O.S.)

WAIT! Wait up!

Naive Arthur, still DRIPPING with fish remains, appears from behind a column.

NAIVE ARTHUR (CONT'D)
I had to get out of there. I think
they know we didn't kill anybody.

ARTHUR
Get in the car!

BETSY
Wait, hold on!

Betsy goes into her trunk and puts a towel down over the
backseat.

BETSY (CONT'D)
Now! Go go go!

The car SQUEALS out of its parking spot and the ramp and--

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

LAUNCHES ITSELF out of the parking garage. When it lands, it
loses two hubcaps that go spinning off to either side.

Betsy JAMS the car into a hard left turn and around to the
front of the building.

Dirty Arthur and Rich Arthur PUMMEL each other on top of
Dirty Arthur's jalopy of a car.

Scowling Arthur wipes his vomit from his mouth and approaches
with a knife.

Dirty Arthur pulls a syringe and raises his arm to bring it
down with FORCE into Rich Arthur's neck. Rich Arthur deflects
and the syringe sticks into Scowling Arthur.

Scowling Arthur shakes and drools and SCREAMS in feral rage.

ARTHUR
(re: the scene)
What the hell is that?

BETSY
There's no way...

ARTHUR
What?

BETSY
I've been doing research on this. I
think, there's something in your
DNA, or something about the process-

-

Scowling Arthur RAGDOLLS Dirty Arthur and JUMPS at Rich Arthur, who rolls off the crappy car.

BETSY (CONT'D)

Hold on.

Betsy FLOORS it in reverse.

ARTHUR

What are you doing?

BETSY

Battery is in the front of the car!

ARTHUR

Wha--

Betsy's sci-fi sedan SMASHES through the front of Dirty Arthur's jalopy and puts it out of commission.

The jalopy spins on its axis and delivers a PUNISHING BLOW to Dirty Arthur and Scowling Arthur.

Dirty Arthur is unconscious but Scowling Arthur picks himself up like a wet dog and scrambles into the nearby woods.

IN THE CAR

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

Holy shit honey!

BETSY

I've wanted to do that so many times in traffic.

ON THE STREET

Rich Arthur flips Dirty Arthur over. He ties his hands with some jumper cables that fell out of the jalopy when it got walloped by Betsy's car.

RICH ARTHUR

What was your plan here?

ARTHUR

We figured we'd improvise if they figured out it wasn't your body.

RICH ARTHUR

Wasn't my body? Who's the guy in the back?

NAIVE ARTHUR
Hey. I'm an apprentice.

ARTHUR
We may need to pay for a maid
service in the penthouse.

POLICE SIRENS wail in the distance.

TRASH BAGGED ARTHURS rush from the front of the apartment
building, but Betsy draws down on them from the car.

BETSY
Don't move!

They raise their hands and lay on the ground.

DIRTY ARTHUR
(through groans)
I'm...intelligence.

Rich Arthur shuffles through Dirty Arthur's coat. Finds his
badge.

RICH ARTHUR
Not anymore!

He pockets the badge.

IN THE CAR

BETSY
Are you ok?

ARTHUR
Of course. Are you ok?

BETSY
I'm just glad we have comprehensive
insurance.

ARTHUR
What are we going to do?

BETSY
Take it a step at a time.

ARTHUR
I can do that.

Naive Arthur MOANS from the backseat.

NAIVE ARTHUR
Can we talk about my job placement?

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - DUSK

Betsy and Arthur cuddle in emergency blankets while Rich Arthur talks to a cop. He gives him a handshake and heads back to our couple.

RICH ARTHUR

My friend, Officer Patterson Zeta 12, wants to go for a drive with us.

ARTHUR

What about the scowling one that disappeared off into the woods?

RICH ARTHUR

Some local boy scouts caught him gorged out on peanut butter. SWAT's bringing him in.

BETSY

(concerned)

What's this drive about?

ARTHUR

I know what he wants.

EXT. PARMA - LATER

Betsy's sci fi sedan coughs and sputters to the front of the building in Parma. The cop car pulls up behind and Rich Arthur and OFFICER PATTERSON - 30s, no nonsense - hop out.

ARTHUR

It's in the basement.

INT. BASEMENT

The door FLIES open and Officer Patterson enters first, flashlight and pistol drawn. He lowers his weapon.

OFFICER PATTERSON

Holy shit.

In the basement are DOZENS of photos and files. Even pictures of Rich Arthur.

RICH ARTHUR

I knew they were watching me, I just didn't realize the extent of their operation. And they have a lot of our guys on here too.

Officer Patterson rummages through a desk.

OFFICER PATTERSON
Found the ID files!

RICH ARTHUR
Idiots.

BETSY
(looking at paper)
These files refer to jobs in water,
food supply. They were going to
release the chemical that turned
that nasty guy on everybody.

RICH ARTHUR
The goop in the syringe?

OFFICER PATTERSON
What are you talking about?

BETSY
I work with your genome. I've
noticed that the procedure does
something to inhibitions. Every new
generation, the firewall between
you and that thing grows a little
thinner. I think these guys wanted
to accelerate that process.

ARTHUR
(realizing)
They had me put those people in
those jobs.

RICH ARTHUR
You didn't know.

BETSY
And we can stop it.
(off hesitation)
Right?

Officer Patterson and Rich Arthur look at each other.

RICH ARTHUR
It won't be easy--

OFFICER PATTERSON
And they have a head start--

RICH ARTHUR
But we have their base.

OFFICER PATTERSON

We needed a new space to work out of. And they won't be coming back here any time soon.

Arthur takes Betsy's hand.

ARTHUR

Are we done here?

Rich Arthur and Officer Patterson share a look.

RICH ARTHUR

You were both incredible today--

ARTHUR

I'm going to stop you. I've already gotten this speech once. In here. And my answer is "no". Honey?

Betsy mulls it over.

BETSY

I'm a "no", too.

OFFICER PATTERSON

If you ever change your minds, we'd love to have you.

ARTHUR

I don't think we will. We've had enough revolution for one life time.

Arthur and Betsy walk up the stairs.

EXT. PARMA - SUNSET

Arthur and Betsy scrape open the doors to the sci-fi sedan.

IN THE CAR

They sit in silence.

ARTHUR

I mean, raising a kid is going to be a cinch compared to this, right?

BETSY

It has to be. Let's go home.

The car drives towards the big city.

INT. ARTHUR'S OFFICE - DAY

Arthur sits across from a NERVOUS ARTHUR - 20s, sweating in his oversized suit.

ARTHUR

Hey no stress here. Take a breath.

NERVOUS ARTHUR

Sorry. Sorry. My first one of these.

ARTHUR

Well it's not my first—you're in good hands. So, just a few questions...

INT. BETSY'S OFFICE - DAY

Betsy pokes and prods at DNA on her VR helmet. She moves chromosomes around and TAGCs the GATCs. Something pops into place.

BETSY

Oh shit.

She rips her helmet off.

BETSY (CONT'D)

I did it!

She bangs on the window to Lab Arthur's workspace.

BETSY (CONT'D)

I did it!

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

Betsy and Arthur sit across from each other. In the center of the table is a syringe.

ARTHUR

And I just take that, and--

BETSY

And it should undo any protections that were placed on the original clones back when they first produced you.

ARTHUR

But it's such a big needle.

BETSY
It's intra-muscular.

ARTHUR
There wasn't anything smaller?

BETSY
No. It has to be injected into the
muscles.

ARTHUR
Ok.

Arthur picks up the needle.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)
I need you to do it.

He hands it to her. He closes his eyes.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - MORNING

THWUMP. A ball bounces against the advertisement. It's a few
small Arthurs engaged in a desperate game of wall ball.

Betsy's sci-fi vehicle, now with parts bondo'ed and
sanded-but still not painted-drives by and honks.

KID ARTHUR LEADER
Hey Mr. And Mrs. Gamma Zed 19!

The kids wave.

EXT. BASEMENT DOOR - PARMA - DAY

KNOCK KNOCK. A hand reaches into frame and pounds on the old
wooden door.

A slot slides open. Eyes narrow and suspiciously eye the
hand's unseen owner.

The door FLIES open to reveal Security Arthur-yes, the one
from Arthur's old office-with a grin that stretches from ear
to ear.

SECURITY ARTHUR
Here's my favorite family!

REVERSE ON

Betsy, Arthur, and BETSY JR. - 5, in a baggy dress - in the
alleyway.

ARTHUR

Betsy Jr. was asking what Uncle Rich does so we wanted to bring her by the office.

BETSY

Technically, I mean genetically, he is also the--

ARTHUR

Enough of that!

SECURITY ARTHUR

Come in, come in!
(shouts behind him)
Rich! You got visitors!

Security Arthur steps aside. Behind him is a buzz of activity as revolutionaries and community organizers work to make the world a little bit better of a place.

Rich Arthur gives Betsy a hug and shakes Arthur's hand.

RICH ARTHUR

I'm glad you could make it out.

ARTHUR

We promise we won't tell anybody about your HQ.

BETSY

Although it's been a few years, you might want to change it up.

RICH ARTHUR

The rent is too good.

BETSY JR.

I want to work here when I grow up!

BETSY

No!

ARTHUR

Absolutely not, sweetie.

Rich Arthur leans in.

RICH ARTHUR

Once you get your driver's license, let's talk.

BETSY JR.

Woo! I'm gonna change the world!

Betsy Jr. runs into the basement.

Arthur motions for Betsy to step in first and grabs her hand.
She gives him three quick squeezes.

They head down into the basement.