

"FIX IT?" Or, "TORCH IT!"

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Simply Scripts
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FADE IN

INT. SUBURBAN HOME - ESTABLISHING SHOT - MORNING

A young couple curled up on the sofa. Their toddler plays with toys on the coffee table in front of them. It's their weekend morning routine watching home improvement TV programs filled with wishful thinking!

ANGLE ON TV SCREEN

The program promo features an old SHACK on a depressing overgrown landscape. Shutters hanging off their hinges, front door with a hole kicked in it, and the wraparound porch mostly rotted away. A freakin' nightmare!

The program TITLE rolls over the scene: **"FIX IT?" Or, "TORCH IT!"**

ANNOUNCER V.O.

Why on earth did anyone buy this old shack? Today you at home are going to decide if the owners should put money into it, or put a match to it!

EXT. THE SHACK - DAY - CONTINUOUS

The two young and perky show hosts walk into the scene.

OLIVIA

We're the O'Neals, and I'm Olivia!

ANDY

(He's had way too much
caffeine.)

And I'm Andy!

PROGRAM MONTAGE: BEFORE & AFTER IMAGES OF SHACKS TURNED INTO SERENE, COZY, ELEGANT OR FUNKY LITTLE HOMES AND GETAWAYS.

ANDY V.O.

We've helped countless couples turn their shacks into their dreams.

END MONTAGE

OLIVIA

Or, if we think the shack is too far gone --

PROGRAM MONTAGE: IMAGES OF VARIOUS SHACKS GOING UP IN FLAMES BEING CONTROLLED BY LOCAL FIRE DEPARTMENTS.

OLIVIA V.O.

We tell our clients, "folks, don't waste any more money, put a match to it!"

END MONTAGE

ANDY

But today, the show is live, and we're not going to advise our clients, **you are!**

OLIVIA

We'll tell you how later.

INT. SUBURBAN HOME - SAME

HUSBAND

What a shit hole, why didn't they just buy an outhouse? Burn it down!

WIFE

Naw, it could be cute. You have no imagination.

HUSBAND

(Jokingly, maybe.)
Imagine, I married you!

She **THROWS** a sofa pillow at him!

EXT. THE SHACK - SAME

OLIVIA

Let's meet the owners, Ken and Karen.

An older couple. He's aged well, but she's had work done -- more like a total restoration gone bad: lopsided duck lips, too much of a boob job, and a face lift where the surgeon must have gotten a hernia. They join in, and hug the hosts.

ANDY

Ken, what's the story with this place?

KEN

We bought it at the county auction for 50 bucks! Some old hermit character lived here for like a thousand years. When he died neighbors said there had been a sister or brother, but they were never found. So years later it reverted to the county.

(Getting into it!)

Yeah, so I'm game! I hope you and Olivia can work your magic.

OLIVIA

And what about you, Karen?

KAREN

(Heavy New Yark accent)

I brought matches. This is a GD dump!

INT. SUBURBAN HOME - SAME

HUSBAND

She's got my vote!

WIFE

For what? Most obnoxious shack buyer?

He **THROWS** a sofa pillow at her.

EXT. THE SHACK - SAME

OLIVIA

OK, let's go inside and see what we have to work with!

CUT TO:

INT. THE SHACK - LIVING ROOM/SEEN THROUGH A PEEP HOLE IN THE CEILING - SAME

As they all enter the room...

KAREN

I told ya' kids, it's a BLEEP hole. I should have brought toilet paper!

We hear a low level angry **GRUNT** from whomever is watching.

They roam around the living room, a ransacked mess: broken furniture, cobwebs, old newspapers, trash bags, empty cans strewn about, and holes here and there in the floor.

CUT TO:

INT. THE SHACK - LIVING ROOM/NO PEEP HOLE VIEW - SAME

ANDY

(Reengaging the audience.)

OK, let's see what else we have to work with.

(Beat)

As you watch us check out the rest of the rooms we want you to decide what Ken and Karen should do.

Then...

(Beat)

Text to 5588 either "**Fix it,**" or "**Torch it.**"

CAMERA FOLLOWS AS THE FOUR WALK THROUGH THE:

- KITCHEN WITH POTS & PANS ON THE FLOOR AND THE SINK FILLED HIGH WITH DIRTY DISHES.
- BEDROOM WITH FILTHY SHEETS, CLOTHES ON THE FLOOR.
- BATHROOM WITH THE BROKEN SINK, SHOWER CURTAIN SHREDDED

INT. SUBURBAN HOME - SAME

HUSBAND

Oh my God, torch the fuckin' place!

WIFE

No! Olivia and Andy are fabulous. You've seen what they can do.

HUSBAND

I'll tell you what somebody else just did! Our little rug rat just made a stinky. Christ, can't you smell it?

WIFE

Of course.

(Beat)

Tell ya' what, I say the vote is going to be "Fix it." If I'm right, you take care of Mr. Stinky.

(MORE)

WIFE (CONT'D)

And if you're right, I'll go on
Poop Patrol.

HUSBAND

You gotta deal, suck-ah!

Out come their phones to text their votes.

ANGLE ON TV

The group is done with their walk through, and as they head for the door to leave, Karen's phone rings. She takes it, and motions she'll follow them soon.

ANDY

(Directly to the viewers.)
We'll be right back after the break
with your decision.

An "Accident Law Firm" commercial comes on air.

MR. MORGAN

If you've been in an accident, or
injured in any way...

**INT. THE SHACK - LIVING ROOM/AGAIN SEEN THROUGH A PEEP HOLE
IN THE CEILING - SAME**

Karen walks aimlessly around the room while on the phone.

KAREN

I'm on this fakakta TV
show with Ken standing in
this shit hole shack the
moron bought for fifty
fucking bucks where some
deranged and degenerate
asshole must have
lived...

SMASH CUT AWAY FROM PEEP HOLE VIEW TO IN THE ROOM:

An OLD MAN grabs Karen from behind, knocks the phone out of her hand, lifts her in the air by her neck, and chokes her until she's unconscious. Then, throws her brutally to the floor.

MR. MORGAN

...Call Morgan and Morgan. The
lawyers who will help you get what
you rightfully deserve, or we get
nothing!

EXT. THE SHACK - SAME

The three are taking their places for the reveal.

ANDY

Ken, where the hell is Karen?!
Still inside?

KEN

Yeah, I'll get her.

ANDY

Too late man, we're going live now.
Fuck it!

(Taking the director's
cue.)

Well, we're back and your votes are
in!

OLIVIA

I love it! "Fix it" wins! This is
going to be a ton of fun.

INT. SUBURBAN HOME - SAME

The couple watch as the Shack is beginning to go up in
FLAMES. Ken races to the front door, stumbling up the steps,
and scrambling to open the front door.

KEN

It's locked! F-u-u-u-c-k!

Flames burst out the front windows.

Confusion. Panic. Hysteria. The three run toward the camera
as the Shack explodes in a fire ball.

There's a quick glimpse of a figure running away from behind
the Shack who disappears into the woods.

As he picks up Mr. Stinky...

HUSBAND

Shit!

FADE OUT