

QUICK FIX

Written by

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OVER BLACK

PHILLIP (V.O.)
(nervous)
How do you do it?

WALTER (V.O.)
You wouldn't ask a magician how he performs his trick, would you?

PHILLIP (V.O.)
This is a bit different.

FADE IN:

INT. DINGY HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Dimly lit, with all the usual furnishings. Two queen beds, a dresser, a TV, etc. Generic framed landscape paintings decorate the faded walls. Not a cozy place.

TWO MEN, one older and one younger, sit on either bed, across from each other.

The younger man, PHILLIP, (27), a scrawny guy with long, stringy hair, nervously fiddles with his thumbs as he stares at the floor. He sweats profusely as he fidgets around.

The older man, WALTER, (54), broad shouldered with piercing eyes, sits perfectly still with an emotionless look on his face. He stares at Phillip.

An uncomfortable silence fills the space.

Walter sighs.

WALTER
Look... The only thing that should concern you is if I've got the ability to fix your problem. How I do it does not matter.

Without looking up, Phillip nods.

PHILLIP
Yeah, but...

His eyes slowly rise to meet Walter's intense stare.

PHILLIP
I haven't told you what's wrong with me yet.

WALTER

Doesn't matter. I'm not here to
feel pity or to pass judgement.

Phillip's eyes fall back to his feet.

PHILLIP

When my father-in-law told me about
you... I thought it was a bad joke.

He lets out a slight chuckle, looks back up at Walter.

PHILLIP

Or a scam.

Walter remains straight faced.

WALTER

Not a joke. Not a scam. Any form of
suffering. Depression, addiction,
cancer... I'll fix of it.

Phillip shakes his head, keeps his eyes down.

PHILLIP

That's what he said. That you'll
"fix me." Yeah... Sounds like a
fuckin' scam.

Walter sighs again.

WALTER

What exactly would I be scamming
you out of?

PHILLIP

Well, I'm guessing this ain't gonna
be cheap.

WALTER

Won't cost you a dime.

Phillip looks up at Walter, stunned.

PHILLIP

Bullshit. Nothing's free in this
world. There's gotta be a catch.

Walter stares back, unblinking.

WALTER

No cost. No catch.

PHILLIP

What are you, the devil or something? You gonna ask me to sign over my eternal soul to you or some crazy shit like that?

WALTER

I'm an atheist. I don't believe in the concept of souls.

Phillip opens his mouth to respond, but can't find the words. He looks up at the ceiling, laughs.

WALTER

So. What's it going to be, Phillip? Are we doing this?

Eyes still locked on the ceiling, Phillip takes a deep breath. After a moment, he lowers his gaze back to Walter.

PHILLIP

Alright. Alright, yeah! Do it, man! Get these disgusting thoughts out of my fuckin' head!

He takes a deep breath, calms himself.

PHILLIP

Please... I can't think like this anymore... Whatever it is you do... Work your magic.

WALTER

I've heard all I needed to hear.

Walter reveals a framing hammer, SWINGS IT AT PHILLIP'S FACE!

SMASH TO BLACK.

CRUNCH! THUMP!

Silence, for what seems like an eternity. Then --

CUT TO:

INT. DINGY HOTEL ROOM - BATHROOM - LATER

Dark red liquid swirls down a sink drain.

Walter stands before a cracked mirror, washes his bloody hands off in the sink.

Just then, his cellphone RINGS.

He checks it, answers the call.

WALTER

Hey there, Jim. Your little "son-in-law problem" has been handled.

JIM (V.O.)

That's great news. Fantastic! Have to say... I really didn't think he was going to go for it, but I guess he was dumber than I thought!

Walter smirks at his shattered reflection.

WALTER

They always are.

FADE OUT.