The Cure

By

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EXT. BACK ROAD- NIGHT

A BLUE MINI-VAN is parked on the side of the empty, quiet street.

Trees surround both sides of the road, blocking most of the moons light.

A young man (23) steps out of the MINI-VAN and leans against the front. He is very lanky and has a worn look about him.

This is TIM GOREMAN.

Tim looks down at his wrist watch. He takes a deep breath.

    TIM
    Where the hell are you.

A BLACK CAR pulls up and parks behind the MINI-VAN.

Tim walks to the back of the MINI-VAN.

An older man (40), good looking and well kept, steps out of the BLACK CAR and approaches Tim.

This is STEVEN WRIGHT.

    STEVEN
    Mr. Goreman?

Tim nods. He looks nervous.

    TIM
    Yeah.

    STEVEN
    Steven Wright. Nice to meet you.

Steven examines Tim and smiles.

Tim shifts around nervously.

    TIM
    How... how do you do it?

Steven shakes his head.

    STEVEN
    You wouldn’t ask a magician how he does his magic, would you?

(CONTINUED)
TIM
This is a bit different.

STEVEN
The only thing that matters is that I cure you. How I do it shouldn’t concern you.

Tim nods his head.

TIM
They said you can cure anything. Is that really true?

STEVEN
Any form of suffering, yes. Depression. Addiction. Even cancer! I can cure it.

TIM
But at what cost?

Steven smiles.

STEVEN
You simply giving me permission to cure you, that’s all.

Tim shakes his head.

TIM
No... There has to be some kind of a catch! There has to be!

Steven just continues to smile.

STEVEN
No catch.

Tim stares up at the trees and takes a deep breath.

STEVEN
Yes or no Tim?

Tim turns back to Steven and nods his head.

TIM
Alright.

STEVEN
Thank you Mr. Goreman.

Steven pulls out a revolver and aims it at Tim’s face.

(CONTINUED)
Tim goes pale.
Steven pulls the trigger.
SMASH TO
BLACK