EXT. WOODS - CAMPFIRE - NIGHT

Two outlaws sit at a campfire. Southern American accents.

ZEEEK
Damn Willo, why’d you have to go and punch that man in the nose?

WILLO
Oh, that? That cause I’m racist.

ZEEEK
Racist how?

WILLO
He was fat.

ZEEEK
What you sayin’ is you racist against fat people?

WILLO
I get, what’s the damn word... repulsive. That it? I get repulsive?

ZEEEK
But ain’t you fat?

WILLO
So.

ZEEEK
Don’t you get repulsive to your own damn self?

WILLO
I do.

ZEEEK
Why don’t you punch yourself in the nose then?

WILLO
I do worse things than that.

ZEEEK
Like what?
WILLO
Oh, I threwed myself off a house rooftop once, drilled a screw through my palm, three in fact, kicked a bull from behind and paid dearly for it when he got to turning around on me, ummm, this one time I drove myself up north to Niagara Falls and throwed myself over the guard rail but somehow survived the fall. Another time I went into one a them sweet shops and didn’t stop eating candy until I went into cardiac arrest. Went into Arby’s and threwed myself into one a them fryer pot thingies where they make the fries and oh man, I don’t know, flew over to Japan and tried to be a goddamn sumo wrestler but instead got hospitalized for a year and two months.

ZEEK
Ain’t it easier just goin’ on a diet?

WILLO
Tried all them diets. (pause.) Cacomorphobia.

ZEEK
Who?

WILLO
Cacomorphobia. I have a bad case of fearing the fat man.

ZEEK
What in the hell are you—

WILLO
When I was a boy, Jesse Robberson, this giant man boy used to pin me in corners all around the school grounds and sit on my face til I fainted. He’d snuff me out with the bulk of his ass, just like putting out a cigarette.

ZEEK
You foolin me?

WILLO
Wish I was.
ZEEK
I think you’re full of shit.

WILLO
I ain’t.

ZEEK
I think you’re making all this up to justify your violent tendencies.

WILLO
I’m violent because of fat fear.

ZEEK
That don’t make no damn sense. I ain’t never heard a such a thing.

WILLO
It do. Look it up if you don’t believe me.

ZEEK
You need a therapist is what you need.

WILLO
I know, I ain’t right.

ZEEK
You need to talk to some damn doctor about it before you find your dumbass in prison.

WILLO
Already got a record sheet as long as halfway around the globe.

ZEEK
They gonna lock you up and throw away the key.

WILLO
Shit, I know it.

ZEEK
So go seek help man.

WILLO
I can’t.

ZEEK
Why can’t ya?
WILLO
It’s a pride thing.

ZEEK
Man, you are one stupid son of a bitch.

WILLO
I have no control over it.

ZEEK
Bullshit.

WILLO
It comes over me like a reflex.

ZEEK (BEAT)
Hey...I have an idea...what if we went and found that guy who used to bury his ass in your face?

WILLO
Jesse Robberson?

ZEEK
Let’s go pay him a visit.

WILLO
And do what?

ZEEK
Maybe you can kick his ass and cure yo self.

WILLO
I ain’t got a damn thing to say to that man.

ZEEK
But maybe if you beat ’em down you’d feel differently.

ZEEK pulls out his phone.
Now...how you spell...Jesse is easy enough but how you spell his last name?

WILLO
What you doin’?

ZEEK
Willo, just tell me how to spell his last name for God sake.
WILLO (SPELLS OUTLOUD)
R-O-B-B-E-R-S-O-N.

ZEEK
Right. Hold on, let me just type in the right county. I have this app locator, find anybody at anytime.

WILLO
Okay.

ZEEK
Here! This the guy?

WILLO (LOOKING AT ZEEK’S PHONE)
I can’t believe it.

ZEEK
BAM!!

WILLO
That can’t be…

ZEEK
That’s him, right?

WILLO
Jesus–

ZEEK
He is skinny as all hell.

WILLO
I can’t–

ZEEK
Yep.

WILLO
All these years…and now he’s a little guy.

ZEEK
Hey, you know what? I think the roles have been reversed. Now you the fat man and he the skinny man.

WILLO
I think you’re crazy.

ZEEK
Sink or swim buddy boy!
WILLO
Swim!

ZEEK
That’s what I’m talking ’bout?
(Zeek stands up and starts gathering belongings)

WILLO
Now?

ZEEK
Right now. We drive over to his house, knock on the door, drag him out and you squat right on his face til he runs outta air. You’d be cured! I’m telling you! You’d be cured!

WILLO
I ain’t never thought a this before. Let’s go!