

# THE FIX

## ***THE WORLD – MODERN DAY LOS ANGELES***

...in all of it's sun-soaked, celebrity obsessed, kale-eating DEPRAVITY. We open up on two masked thugs climbing out of a vintage caddy in a strip-mall parking lot...

***"I'm not gonna lie to you. Being a criminal these days? It's shit. I mean, unless you're those Russian hackers that stole like six billion worth of credit card numbers. Those guys are doing pretty good."***

...approaching their next mark, cocking their pistols.

***"Me? I know as much about a fucking computer as I do Russian. I like some kicking, the occasional blunt instrument...and best of all a big gun."***



***"I get what you're thinking. This is pretty low, right? But I figure that's exactly where to start."***

After cleaning out the pockets of the senior Bingo-players, they barge into a resident's room, tear it apart.

***"Just so there's no confusion. We are not nice guys."***

But our thugs aren't particularly deft. Bickering over the sleeping resident's cache of vintage porn, they don't notice him wake up...and draw a shotgun on them. He gets off a few close rounds before they execute a sloppy escape.

***"We are not sympathetic protagonists."***

Parked and sitting on the hood, they count their earnings...a whole \$53—still a long way from paying off their massive debt to JOSH, and he *does* keep on talking about feeding them to his dogs. But hey, at least they scored some free porn. That's when they hear the static chatter from the car—ALL UNITS, ALL UNITS – 129 WESTCHESTER, POSSIBLE ARMED ROBBERY.

***"Like I said before, being a criminal these days is shit."***

Peeling off his mask, our narrator, ROY goes into the car and picks up the receiver:

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DISPATCH, THIS IS 3-4-0—YOU SAID 129 WESTCHESTER?

His partner, MAC shrugs and takes off his ski mask, nodding. WE CAN TAKE THAT.

*“That’s why I got into law enforcement.”*

## **THE PREMISE**

ROY and MAC are mediocre LAPD detectives...and even worse criminals. Always on the look out for the next get-rich-quick scheme, they spend most of their time gambling away their money on Robo-death-matches with their sleazy producer friend, DONOVAN.

Now both are in a MASSIVE amount of debt to LA’s rising, new-age crime lord: JOSH.

And until Roy finally sells his life-rights for that million dollar screenplay, looks like he and Mac are stuck covering up Josh’s murders, holding up nursing homes, and picking up side money selling knick-knacks from the most recent celebrity over-dose. *Those fetch a handsome price on the black market.*

If that isn’t stress enough, Roy’s sexy-Ice-Queen Internal Affairs officer, SHERYL, is *constantly* riding him about he and Mac’s ungraceful juggle of cops AND robbers. And when their next payment to Josh is due. Yeah, she’s on Josh’s payroll too...

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After failing to meet another deadline, Josh gives them a final task—smuggle someone through LAX, or die. Now pitted against the most fearsome officer in the entire force, an unwavering drug-sniffing beagle named PRETZELS, our hapless partners-in-crime find themselves in one helluva FIX, that quickly escalates into celebrity murder, heart-pumping In-N-Out shoot-outs, well-mannered assassins and...ISIS??

Bizarre. Irreverent. Intelligent. Deranged. Morally bankrupt at every turn.

NEO-NOIR has never been funnier and more deplorable than Nick Spencer’s best-selling take on crime and political corruption in the City of Angels; where the only redeemable character is a narcotic sniffing dog with a nose for bullshit and a taste for justice.

## **THE RESPONSE**

“The Fix is so full of rich comedy that you’ll swear the creators collaborated with Tarantino and H. Jon Benjamin to re-work some lost script from Miami Vice into a fresh new genre.” – ***Broken Frontier***

“Spencer’s biting portrayal of celebrity culture, Hollywood egomaniacs and too-precious suburban neoliberals cuts deep while you’re laughing. I can’t wait for all the awful things I’m going to laugh at as it goes on.” – ***Kotaku***

“The Neo-Noir Comedy HBO never made.” – ***IGN***

**THE FIX is TARANTINO meets IN BRUGES meets LA CONFIDENTIAL meets TURNER & HOOC.**

**Complete absurdity whose witicism and outrageous characters defy the farcical.**

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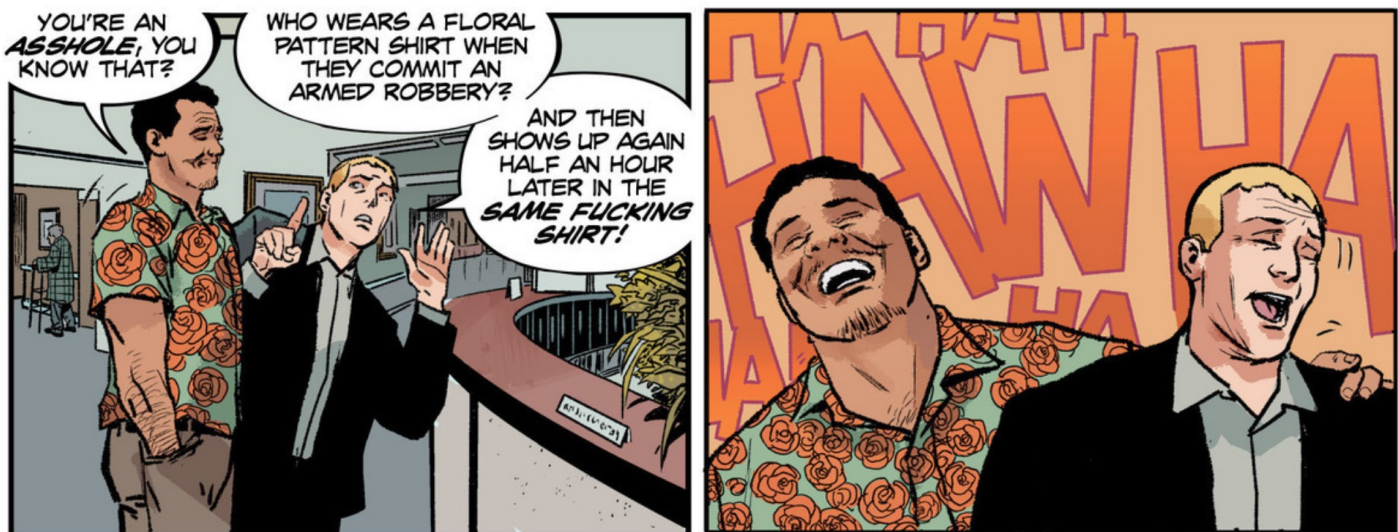
## THE ASSHOLES

### ROY



Unlike most children, Roy grew up idolizing the bad guys in Westerns—that is, until he was witness to a real bank robbery. Seeing that robber’s head get blown off made Roy realize something fundamental: if he wanted to live free of the law, he HAD to be a cop. Roy is thoroughly convinced that normalcy is a con. He not only avoids, but despises the average life of a 9-5, wife, kids and mortgage. Roy was meant for the big life: money, drugs, and women. And like most white American men, he’s entitled to it without actually needing to work for it. Roy loves the smash and grab, but he lives for the limelight. His easy charm and quasi-sociopathic personality make him the natural face for the LAPD, even though he is admittedly the worst cop on the force. Roy’s is a weasel and can almost talk himself out of anything, but when that fails, he sees no shame in turning tail either. If Roy ever cared about anything other than himself, it would be Mac, or money...(probably money).

### MAC



If Roy is the brain of the operation, Mac is definitely the loud, Hawaiian-print wearing muscle. Pre-occupied with his many long-term girlfriends and their seeming perpetual dissatisfaction with him, Mac is less concerned with the riches and more interested in plugging the hole inside of him he’s had all his life. And that plug usually consists of petty crime, black market gambling, a tasteful porn collection and somewhat chronic masturbation. Mac doesn’t really have what you’d call “social graces” and most of the

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time it's just better if he shuts up and takes the bruises. But Mac is a softie at heart—his instagram is just FULL of dog photos. And he'd go to absurd lengths for his best friend and partner, Roy—even if it means getting shot by him. Still, Mac has the sneaking suspicion that something will always be missing; maybe it's just finding something to care about? Navigating a life of junk food and So-Cal ennui will be rudely upended when he's forced to take on a new partner: a tough narcotics beagle, who just may be the missing piece of the heart he didn't think he had.

## PRETZELS



After being abandoned by his family as a puppy, Beagle #265 was adopted by the LAPD and discovered his true calling: solving crime. Now the most fearsome and lauded officer in the LAPD, Pretzels has a perfect record with almost 600 arrests made. Pretzels has a keen sense for corruption. Stoic, morally unshakable, and a bit of a live wire, he's got a big bark, and an even bigger bite. Pretzels' dislike for moral corruption and law breaking is only matched by his fondness for Cinnabon and Animal Fries. Pretzels works alone, but if you earn his trust, he'd take a bullet for you. *And no, he doesn't like fucking pretzels.*

## DONOVAN



Donovan talks A LOT, usually about one of two things: drugs or sex. Unsurprisingly, Donovan is the successful (*we use this word loosely*) film producer (*that one too*) of Unicorn Films, bringing you such

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classics as ALIENZ and that porn spoof of THE FLY: COCOON. When he's not traipsing around with other Hollywood low-lives, he likes to grab dinner with Roy, maybe get a blow-job under the table while they discuss their next movie, and then hit up that evening's illegal bum-fight. Unfortunately, Donovan's rap sheet is significantly longer than his IMDB page. Actually, he met Roy when he drove his car INTO the Jamba Juice kiosk at the Grove while high on Bath Salts. Naturally he, Roy and Mac became fast friends, almost selling a script based off the incident. Donovan checks in with Roy weekly on his cases—he needs just one “big one” to turn into his next Hollywood Blockbuster “based on true events”. As far as Donovan is aware, Roy and Mac are solid cops—and with Roy's career putting him in the circles of celebrities and the Mayor himself, Donovan's got all the incentive to stick around.

## JOSH



Josh is a model citizen. A local resident of Abbot Kinney, where he only shops farm-to-table, sustainable and locally grown for his family: career-oriented Amanda and their newborn son. With Amanda back at her demanding job at Google (because maternity leave is practically *criminal* in America #MothersMatter), Josh has fully committed himself to being a stay-at-home dad. It's a hard job, what with mandatory vaccinations, GMOs, Gluten, Venice's Homeless problem...what's this world come to? Josh is just trying to not lose himself in this transition: maintaining his yoga practice, finding time to jam out with his blue-grass revival band, and of course, running his multi-million dollar crime syndicate. But it's hard to find your CENTER when you're surrounded by idiots—especially when those idiots lose a very LARGE sum of *your* money. For Josh, there's no need to be rude, no need to get angry. He'll just feed you to his dogs.

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## SHERYL



**SIGH.** Internal Affairs can be...challenging. Especially when your detectives are too careless to cover up their own goddamn crimes. But Sheryl is nothing if not professional and competent. As Josh's lead enforcer, she keeps the cops on his payroll in tow, greasing the many slick palms of City Hall and the DA to keep his peace. You'll usually find her in her office, bemoaning the latest absurd report that Roy and Mac have filed—REALLY? A bus full of Nuns? Yes. Often thought of as an Ice-Queen, something about her deadpanned expression really gets Roy going—much to her chagrin. But it's only a matter of time before Roy and Mac fuck up royally, they're already on Josh' chopping block—then, she'll be free of Roy forever. Sheryl is going places. First stop, right-hand to the King, Second Stop, City Hall. Roy has always liked Authoritative women, and that couldn't be more disgusting. *Eww.*

## DEAL



Polite. Well mannered. Well dressed. Well spoken. We don't know much about Deal, except that he's good at managing people and managing problems. He's Josh's perfect new business partner. Maybe a little terrifying too. *Talk about business synergy!* Too bad Deal might be a little less socially conscious than Josh, what with his recent contract with ISIS.

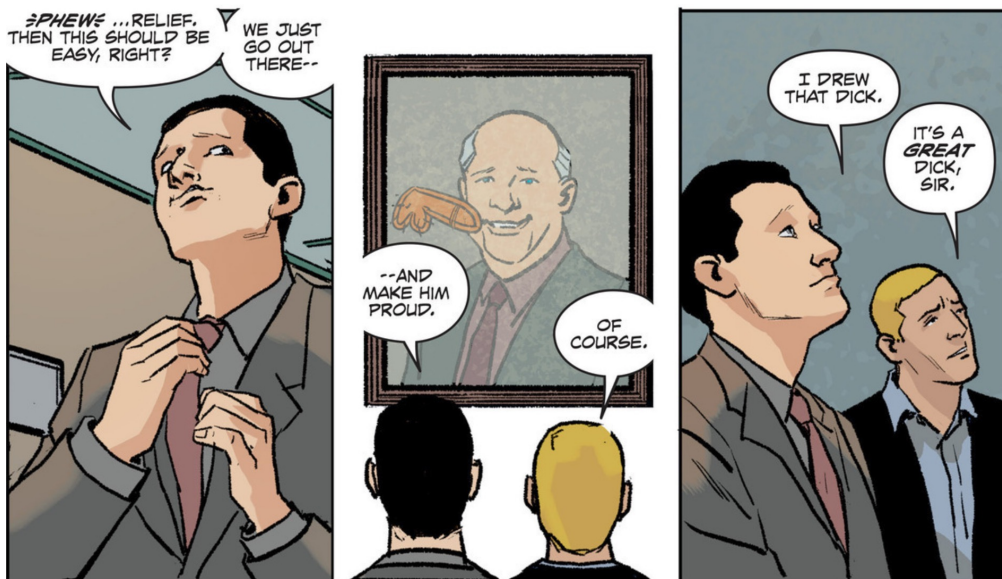
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## ELAINA



Elaina is the newest in the long-line of fallen child stars. Spinning out of control faster than Amanda Bynes can tweet Drake to #MurderHerPussy, Roy realizes he's bitten off A LOT more than he can chew by becoming her new LAPD-assigned security detail. Sure, it's great being around her coked out model friends and getting into all the hottest clubs on the strip. But kind of a buzz kill when she is ready to off herself in public after spotting her budding action-star boyfriend out with another girl. It doesn't matter that he's gay and she's his beard, she'll be DAMNED if she's going to be thrown over that easily. Turns out, Elaina might be just as cunning and ruthless as the corporate CEOs that groomed her. After all, one man's Britney Spears Head-Shave can be another's Robert Downey Jr. comeback. But with donut-less Roy at her side, that plan might just have to wait, as Roy's own agenda backfires with explosive consequences.

## THE KID



The Kid, as he's known to anyone City Hall-adjacent, otherwise known as **MAYOR KINCAID**. LA's reigning millennial Mayor—beloved by the people and getting elected after his father, who formerly held the position, passed away. A skillful orator with a handsome face, it's a wonder anything is getting done, he's usually too busy smoking a bowl and rage quitting CALL OF DUTY. He takes an immediate liking to ROY after Roy is willing to call SWAT on the 13 year old who kept stealing ALL HIS KILLS. It's a blossoming partnership that has Sheryl reeling. But they can all agree on one thing: at least he's not the President. Actually....*KINCAID 2020 - SOMETIMES DOING GOOD, IS DOING NOTHING AT ALL*

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## METH-HEAD MATT



At one point there was like at least a 30% chance that Matt was going to be famous. He was great at skateboarding, and one of his tapes even made it onto a TV at Val Surf. But like most people in Hollywood—that didn't happen. Matt went down the elusive rabbit hole that is Crystal Meth. But life is funny sometimes, and years later Matt found himself Crystal Champion of Skid Row's Bum Fighting ring. **Paqiao. Mayweather. Ali.** Like all the greats that came before him, Meth-Head Matt unlocked the key to the undefeated bum fight: get so high off meth that you can't feel anything, and just let the other guy beat you until he gets too sick off his come down to keep fighting. Brilliance like that doesn't go unnoticed, and Roy is ever on the look out for a lackey to pilfer a celebrity's trashcan or stage a robbery to get a faded teen idol to star in his next movie. Too bad not all Meth Heads can be as reliable—and Matt might be facing more than a bruising after his latest caper goes **HORRIBLY** wrong.