

**THE NATURE OF MY GAME**

Written by

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Loosely Based on, SYMPATHY FOR THE DEVIL  
(ROLLING STONES)

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EXT. HELL - ETERNAL DARKNESS

BLACK. Glimpses of flames in the distance. The fires get closer and closer.

The spooky landscape comes into closer view. Black, jagged mountains surround the area. A huge lake of lava and fire runs through the valley below.

Volcanos erupt thunderously and spew more hot lava into the fiery scene, but also add light to the frightening back drop.

**HAPPY (Pharrell Williams)** plays as a fireball lands in the lava and causes a huge wave. A lone soul is seen through the darkness. And it appears ... He's surfing?

Upon a closer look, his flowing blonde hair flips around his face from the wind, ... A big smile is seen. His skin seems reddish and he wears swim trunks and a red, flowing kimono.

SATAN (early 20's), grins wider as he rides the large wave of lava on his surfboard. Fangs sparkle. His eyes seem more reptilian than human. Around his neck is a pentagram choker.

The horns that stick out from his head are translucent, but colors seem to generate from within them. Somehow, Satan has them change colors according to the music.

Satan does an odd version of the 'robot-dance' on his board as he zips through his the lava channels that run through his domain. As he swerves, the dragon-like tail he has is seen.

Looking like the love-child of young, DAVID LEE ROTH and BUFFALO BILL in SILENCE OF THE LAMBS, the excitement of riding the waves is seen throughout his whole red body.

Hell-fires burn all around him as he grooves to the music. He zigs and zags around volcanos. Hot lava is no more bothersome to him than ocean water.

He uses his tail like a rudder and does a multitude of gravity defying tricks on his metallic surfboard. It seems synchronized to the song.

Burning corpses and skeletons float in the lava just ahead. He grins, well ... devilishly.

SATAN

Obstacle course? Stoked, bro!.  
Let's pop some, nug-gets.

He does more tricks on the board to avoid the out-stretched arms of the damned as he scoots along, enjoying the rush. As he motors around, human heads pop out of the lava.

Bearing down on them, he decapitates the corpse with his surfboard. Satan seems tickled by it.

Next, he side-swipes a body and knocks it into a ragged rock that sticks out from the molten madness.

Limp, it splatters against the out-cropping and bounces around on the jagged rock comically before flopping back into the lava in several pieces.

SATAN (CONT'D)

Ha, rag-dolled that fucker. Yee-ha.

After his intense session ripping the lava flow, he finally heads to shore. He shakes the hot cinders from his hair with a big grin.

EXT. HELL BEACH- ETERNAL DARKNESS

His happiness bubbles over as he 'pops and locks' to the song playing. Still in the groove, he grabs his board and does a little dance as he walks from the shore.

The beach steams from the heat of sharp, molten rocks and burning coals that he navigates like common sand. He looks around, curious look on his face.

SATAN

Where's my puppy?

He spins around, still seeking his pup. Satan rubs his chin in confusion. His hand thrusts into the air.

SATAN (CONT'D)

Squash the jams.

The illuminated horns go dark, the music abruptly stops.

SATAN (CONT'D)

(yells)

Uno ... Dos ... Tres!

Satan scans the Inferno he calls home. He hears the sound of dog feet approaching and he turns to the side to face it. He smiles. A huge, dark mass moves towards him from the shore.

One dog's head is seen, then another ... and another. They look happy to see their master as tongues hang.

As it gallops closer, it becomes clear that all three heads are attached to one body. A huge body, over ten feet long and solid black.

It's a three headed Cerberus dog, with lion paws and the tail of a serpent.

The hellhound almost knocks Satan down as it joyously jumps on him affectionately. Satan giggles as all three tongues try to lick his face.

SATAN (CONT'D)

Okay, okay. Chill, bro. So aggro.

The dog calms down and rubs it's huge body against his leg, tail wagging.

SATAN (CONT'D)

(baby talk)

How's my boys? What's up, cuties?  
You miss me? Yes, Big Poppa was  
out there ... Mack-king, dude.

He imitates surfing while standing on shore.

SATAN (CONT'D)

Epic Coffin-Drops, Tomb-Stoning and  
even shredded some dweebs. I'm  
still feeling - fizzy, bro.

Markings on the forehead, differentiate them. UNO has one red stripe directly in the middle. DOS has a red stripe above each eye. TRES three red stripes.

The dog looks frightening in the nightmarish back-drop as the massive tail wags back and forth, affectionately.

Uno looks his master in the eyes. He has a strong Southern accent that is a bit hoarse.

UNO

Howdy, boss. I'm bout ready to do  
some shredding my damn self.

He growls and shows humongous fangs, that drip with saliva. His voice is bitter, slow and menacing.

UNO (CONT'D)

Who you need chewed up today?

Dos lets his opinion be known. His British accent sounds a bit cockney.

DOS

Ay, Boss. How's bout a bloody  
politician? Quite unpleasant on me  
taste-buds ... But love biting into  
them blokes.

Tres rolls his eyes. His Bronx accent is strong enough and scary enough to even make The Godfather piss himself.

TRES

Yo, fuck all dat nonsense. I just bite whoever you point me at. Straight soldiering in this bitch. And today, my teeth, ... They itchy. Who you need done?

Satan's horns light up again.

SATAN

Let's scope it out, bro-skis and see who's been bad.

The horns twinkle and a cabana set-up magically appears on the fiery beach. It's complete with a big bean bag for the Cerberus, large TV-type screen that just hangs in mid-air and of course a lounge chair/throne for the king of darkness.

They cop their squats and get comfy. Satan looks through his daily feed on the TV as the name, EVIL-VISION app, is seen on the bottom of the screen.

Lands on Putin right away. The screen gives the number of those killed by him. Every few seconds it ticks up a number.

UNO

Forget what I said about some dem rascal politicians. That boy there got some o'dat ... Fascist flesh. I'm-a fixin' to chomp on that sack of shit, whenever you give the word.

TRES

I'm with you, brotha. Eat his ass up and shit him into one of those mass graves he likes so much.

DOS

Yeah, mates. That Moscow meat in me belly would set me off nice. How bout a spot of gin to clear me palate?

A huge, black dog bowl with metal spikes appears in front of the creepy canines.

A bottle of top shelf gin floats over from a small refrigerator and pours itself into the ornate bowl. He laps it up with vigor as the other two look on.

TRES

Look at dis fucking drunk. Lap it up, bitch.

Dos growls at him.

DOS

If you was stuck in the middle of you stinky fuckers, you'd get sloshed more than me.

SATAN

Plenty, to go around. I didn't forget ya bro. Who's your daddy?

Two more bottles float over and pour themselves into bowls that appear. Uno gets Kentucky bourbon, Tres gets Puerto Rican rum. They dig in and slurp.

SATAN (CONT'D)

Enjoy, my dudes. I'm feeling in a hula-hula mood.

He imitates the tropical dance in the lounge chair with a goofy look on his face. His horns twinkle.

Drum-laden Hawaiian music is heard. A bottle of rum levitates towards him, followed by a coconut, a pineapple, limes and ice.

POOF. An attractive dancer in a Polynesian grass skirt appears. Her hip motion is upbeat to match the drumming. Upon closer look, her skin is reddish like Satan and she has horns too, but much smaller.

The ingredients hover above her head as she dances and smiles for her master. He winks back at her with a half-grin. The music abruptly stops.

A second later, she snaps her head backwards so fast it would kill a mere mortal. Her jaw unhinges to show a ridiculously huge mouth.

The ingredients zip into her oral cavity one after another. Her stomach is seen expanding as each item is added.

The Hawaiian drumming music starts again, but now it's even more up-tempo. The dancer's moves accelerate as do the articulation of her hips.

Satan gives her a thumbs-up as she shakes her body beyond the capacity of any hula dancer who ever lived. Her legs and hips become a blur.

The music lowers volume and Satan holds out a large red goblet. She stops shaking. The abs of the dancer are back to normal.

She leans over the goblet and vomits her guts out into it. Each stomach convulsion brings out more of the 'uniquely', mixed drink.

Satan is amused as she gags. A foamy Pina Colada now occupies the inside of the un-holy grail.

Some drips from her lips. He kisses her and licks his huge tongue around her mouth, cleaning it off.

SATAN (CONT'D)

Smoking, boo. How about some toppings for your sweet loving daddy?

Her head jerks and gags as she tries to regurgitate something. Suddenly a slice of pineapple and a maraschino cherry shoot out as projectile vomit. It lands in the perfect spot in the goblet.

Her saliva drips down the side of the frosty side of the lavish container. His long tongue slurps it up.

Satan holds up his drink for a toast.

SATAN (CONT'D)

To Hell ... And all the gnarly fuckers who still are sent here. Serious job security, bruh.

He tips his head back and drains the entire large goblet in two gulps.

SATAN (CONT'D)

Oh yeah, baby.

An enormous BURP follows.

SATAN (CONT'D)

Righteous. See you later my sweet, dude-ette. Time for business. Stay horny, babe.

He points to her cranial outcropping. She giggles, then vanishes and the music stops.

Attention is turned back to the screen. A televangelist sells holy water that heals you (The EVIL-VISION App shows he's a billionaire). A race rally is seen. Hatred on the faces (lists name who financed it).

SATAN (CONT'D)

These fools must know they'll end up here. Right? What are they thinking?

He throws up his hands and seems befuddled.

SATAN (CONT'D)

They've seen the imagery about this place since ancient times. I put it in their heads, personally, so they avoid this place. From Dante's Inferno to SOUTH PARK.

UNO

Old Saddam was yer butt-slut in that 'un. Funny shit.

DOS

Guessing they like how you wreck the rectum, old chap.

The dark angel looks distraught.

SATAN

I must not be doing it right. It don't scare nobody. They still want to spend the eternity of their soul's existence here? Burning and ... Churn-ning.

TRES

So fucking stupid, but so damn tasty. Especially the wife-beaters and the racists.

SATAN

They must know that they have to Pay for their whack choices. Right here. With yours' truly. Blows my mind, homey.

Does the hand motion to convey an explosion in the brain.

UNO

We try and treat 'em, downright hospitable. Sometimes, ... Eh, maybe never.



DOS

I say, my lord, that I think this species, will never learn. Bloody crazy for evermore.

SATAN

Right? Fuck, dude. Each year I have to expand hell, more and more. I'm actually running out of room for them all right now.

TRES

Yeah, starting to feel like a tenement building in here.

SATAN

Administering this place is hard enough. With the population explosion, it creates billions of douche-bags that ain't worth shit.

The dogs burp, one by one. Satan rolls to the side on the lounge chair and lets out a hellacious fart. The dogs wince from the smell.

SATAN (CONT'D)

You know the processing nightmare it causes? If they think I'm out there causing people to do these sick things to each other - They don't know how swamped I am.

TRES

Yeah, stupid pendejos think you're a recruiter, cheerleader or what? Them evil fucks. You're the only one who can give'em what they deserve.

UNO

Fried in tater grease and served with a side of maggots. You tell the Boss we need to expand yet?

Satan looks down, hesitates.

SATAN

I didn't. I don't want the Boss to think this whole thing with free will is a failure. Or I'm a failure in keeping them from coming here. What if I get ... Replaced?

Silence. The dog heads look to each other as fear is seen on the face of their master.

TRES

Hope not, boss.

SATAN

Me either. That would kill me. If I have one fear, it would be losing my kingdom.

(beat)

It's just these humans, they suck.

DOS

And always bloody blame you.

UNO

(Scarlett O'Hara voice)

Oh, I'm a good person, but one day, ole Satan got in my soul and heavens-to-Betsy .. I killed my entire family. It's HIM, not me.

All grin at the Southern Belle impression.

SATAN

Look at me bro. I can't even go to Earth unless invited. Seduce those bags of walking turds and piss? Ha. That's not how it goes down.

DOS

Cheeky bastards.

SATAN

These idiots come to me after they do dumb shit. Whose got time to recruit? Who the fuck wants more beach leeches sniffing around my jock strap, anyway?

UNO

Like you said before, Boss. It's job secure-it-tie. Who we gonna rip apart if they's all little ole sweet thangs?

SATAN

Point taken. Back to work.

The devil continues clicking through the mayhem that is modern life. Homelessness, starvation, child trafficking, suicide bombs, ice caps melting, shooting drugs, drive-bys that kill kids. He shakes his head at the stupidity.

SATAN (CONT'D)

And they blame all that on me?  
Dude, please. I'd love to get my  
side of the story out there.

DOS

Fancy that. Too bad the buggers  
don't find out until the maggots  
show up. Too late, mate.

More scenes of inhumanity are seen.

TRES

You really think they'd change,  
Boss? It's a choice, right? Look.  
They seem to enjoy this sick shit.

SATAN

Straight truth, my man. I don't  
think it would matter anyway. Just  
look at these losers.

More disgusting crimes against humanity are shown. He stops  
at one nerdish looking guy with satanic looking tattoos ...  
Lots of them.

SATAN (CONT'D)

Whoa, check this snaky fucker. I  
think he likes me. Really, really  
likes me ... Or at least who this  
asshole, thinks I am.

INT. OCCULT BOOKSTORE - DAY

Psycho looking guy, TIMOTHY PAYTON (20's) is in line to check  
out. Bowl haircut, he looks like Moe of the Three Stooges.  
Young face, cold eyes.

He buys a book called, THE SATANIC ARTS. Uses debit card and  
his name is seen.

EXT. HELL - ETERNAL DARKNESS

On his lounge chair, in hell, The Devil is intrigued.

SATAN

What is this clown up to?

EXT. OCCULT BOOKSTORE - DAY

Payton puts the book in his backpack and goes to his car.

INT. PAYTON'S CAR - DAY

In the backseat are many guns, lots of ammo. He motors to BURGER KING drive-thru.

PAYTON  
Gimme a Whopper, extra jalapenos.

Payton and his funny haircut eats in his car as he reads the newly purchased book.

EXT. HELL BEACH - ETERNAL DARKNESS

The Devil shares insight with the dog.

SATAN  
I kinda dig his urge to communicate  
with me but I know the blame  
machine will say ... I'm the one  
behind whatever this clown-ass will  
do with the guns.

EXT. ROADSIDE - DAY

Payton's car is parked near a synagogue. Machine gun fire is heard inside. Moments later Payton runs out with his long gun and hops in his car quickly.

The pattern is repeated at a Mosque ...

A Buddhist temple ...

At an AME ZION, African American church, it goes down different.

Several wounded Black church members chase Payton out, ... Shooting at him. Some go to their car trunks and pull out the big guns.

Terror is on Payton's face as a hail of bullets zip towards him. He catches one bullet in the leg as he gets in his car.

The back window is blown out and other shots come close and hit his vehicle as it screeches away, under fire. In the car mirror Payton is seen, grimacing from the wound.

EXT. HELL BEACH - ETERNAL DARKNESS

Satan shakes his head, gets on his Hell-phone (cell phone).

SATAN

Yeah, we need another special room prepared. Yep, all the torture stuff, he's been very bad.

Spit from Satan's mouth, hits a rock ... Melts a hole in it. He speaks to the TV.

SATAN (CONT'D)

Dude, if I was the guy you think I am, I'd have to say ... You rock, bruh. But I'm not, ... So go fuck yourself, dweeb.

INT. PAYTON'S CAR - DAY

Payton winces from the leg wound as sirens are heard in the background. He drives by an isolated Catholic church in his bullet-ridden car and slows down.

Thunder is heard overhead as rain starts to fall. A scowl crosses his face - followed by a wicked smile.

INT. CATHOLIC CHURCH - DAY

Cavernous, it seems old, pre-dating WWII. The trappings of the cathedral seem normal, but there is a dark vibe. Pews are empty, but voices are heard.

INT. CONFESSION BOOTH - DAY

In the darkened confessional booth, the Priest, FATHER ANGELO (50's), clean cut and graying ... Looks down, as an OLD LADY with sorrow in her voice speaks through tears.

OLD LADY (O.C.)

When I found his body, I couldn't believe my eyes. My husband, the man I love ...

At first it seems that Father Angelo is affected by her sadness. A closer look shows, what he is looking down at is ... TIK-TOK.

ANGELO

Sorry to hear that.

He scrolls through various videos on his phone, occasionally smiling. She's very upset and emotional, but the preoccupied priest only hears ...

OLD LADY (O.C.)  
Blah-blah-blah. Blah-blah.

Angelo rolls his eyes and discreetly waves her off. Eyes glued to the phone. Before she's done, he interjects--

ANGELO  
Sure, it's a difficult time. May God have mercy on you, and having forgiven your sins, lead you to eternal life. Amen. Do three Hail Marys and have a nice day.

Not paying her attention, he doesn't even look up.

OLD LADY (O.C.)  
Uh, thank you, Father. You do the same. See you next week.

He rolls his eyes. He hears her walk away, using a cane. After she's gone, he takes out a flask, hits it, makes a face, swallows it down, then smiles.

EXT. CATHOLIC CHURCH - DAY

Outside, in a field across from the church, Payton hides his bullet-ridden car among bushes. He places tree branches on top so cops can't find it.

INT. NEAR ALTAR - DAY

Father Angelo goes to the offering plates, then snatches up the money there. He looks around, both ways, then slides it in his pocket.

ANGELO  
Cheapskates. These people suck. I need to refill the holy flask.

He scoots down a hall.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

The priest uses his key to unlock to a semi-hidden cabinet. Opens it to see it loaded with bottles of booze. He smiles. Grabs the vodka and starts filling his flask. A bit spills over. He mourns.

ANGELO  
No, no, no. Can't waste the REAL holy water.

He sips a mouthful off the top.

                          ANGELO (CONT'D)  
Ah. This fucking job.

FLASHBACK

INT. HOSPITAL - DAY

Father Angelo stands next to dying man in a bed who is hooked up to various machines. The nurse leaves the room.

He looks around himself making sure they're alone. Angelo pulls out a document with, 'POWER OF ATTORNEY', written across the top.

The respectable looking priest shoves a pen in the hand of the weak, semi-lucid man.

                          ANGELO  
Okay, Mr. Willis. This is the paper I mentioned before. I'll take care of the entire inheritance for you.  
(beat)  
Like I said, if you can't trust your priest, who can you trust?

The sickly man struggles, but signs it. The priest gives him a devilish smile.

FLASHBACK #2

EXT. CATHOLIC CHURCH - DAY

A brand new, fully loaded truck pulls up to the church. Father Angelo gets out, smiling and goes inside.

INT. CONFESSION BOOTH - DAY

Father Angelo hears hi-heels prance towards him. He puts his phone away. A young woman goes in, but he can't see her fully due to the partition between them.

From the glimpses that he can see... This HOTTIE is stacked.

                          HOTTIE (O.C.)  
Forgive me Father, for I have sinned.

ANGELO

I understand my child. You were in last week. Same problem with the sex addiction? Be sure to give all the details. That's the only way to cleanse those sins.

(beat)

One moment, please.

The priest pulls out some tissues and hand lotion closer. He leans back and tries to quietly unzips his pants.

ANGELO (CONT'D)

Thank you, my child. Yes, tell me ... Everything.

FLASHBACK #3

EXT. CATHOLIC CHURCH - DAY

Several kittens run around the grounds of the cathedral. Father Angelo sees them as he goes to his new truck. His eyes show shock.

Paw prints are on it. He's enraged.

ANGELO

Goddamn cats. I've had it.

He catches as many as he can roughly stuffs them in an old burlap sack.

EXT. ISOLATED BRIDGE - DAY

The new truck is parked near an embankment. Angelo carries the burlap sack. Now on the bridge, he stares at the river below. He tosses the sack off the bridge, into the water.

END OF FLASHBACKS

INT. OFFICE - DAY

Father Angelo hears someone walk in. Takes a swig and scoots to the booth. The sound of boots gets closer. The limp the man has is heard in his stride.



INT. CONFESSION BOOTH - DAY

The man goes into the booth and sits. It's Payton. The active, but wounded, shooter.

PAYTON

Hi, uh, is that you Father Conner?

Father Angelo raises his eyebrow.

ANGELO

I'm sorry, my son. He passed away a month ago. May he rest in peace.

PAYTON

Damn. That breaks my heart. Had a special surprise for him.

The priest cracks a sly grin.

ANGELO

Feel free to give the gift to me. I'll pass it to his family.

PAYTON

That's very kind. I'll give it to you before I leave. But first ... Father, lately I've had disturbing thoughts.

ANGELO

Speak your mind, son. Maybe I can help you.

PAYTON

Seems I love Satan, but hate God. Crazy, huh? I feel like I want to do something to get more power from Satan to do more of his bidding.

Shock shows on Father Angelo's face.

ANGELO

Son. No need to embrace evil. God loves you.

PAYTON

Does he love you, father?

ANGELO

Yes, I believe he does.

PAYTON

Good, maybe this won't hurt.

Payton shoots through the partition and wounds the priest in the leg. Angelo screams as blood squirts.

The gunman gets up, goes to the other side of the booth and drags the priest out of it - and across the floor.

INT. NEAR ALTAR - DAY

The bloodied priest is dragged to the church sanctuary. A trail of blood is left behind.

ANGELO

No. My God, what are you doing?

PAYTON

This is the gift I had for Father Conner, but you'll do just fine.

Payton pulls duct tape from his backpack.

ANGELO

You're mad. Get me to a hospital this instant. I might bleed to death.

PAYTON

Death? That is certain, my friend. Consider it a sacrifice. Priests are big on that, right?

ANGELO

You little fucking psycho. Stop it. Get me some help. Now.

PAYTON

Help? I'm getting ready to summon some powerful help. Sit tight.

Payton goes to the backpack. He pulls out the book and starts reading. Angelo with bleeding leg, tries to squirm away. Payton pops him with his gun butt. Angelo moans.

ANGELO

Oh my God.

PAYTON

Stop being a pussy. I'm shot too. Be a man about it.

The duct tape is used to tie him, spread eagle, on the floor. Payton grabs a bible from the altar and rips out random pages from it.

He bundles the pages and uses them as a paint brush to draw a pentagram around Angelo's out-stretched body -- in the priest's own blood.

ANGELO

No. Don't. Please, son. This is evil. You can fight it.

When the floor pentagram is done, Payton uses fresh pages to draw a bloody pentagram on Angelo's forehead. The storm outside grows louder.

Payton grabs the book and fumbles around until he finds the right pages.

PAYTON

Oh lord Lucifer, I bring you a humble offering. I pledge myself to Satan, the king of darkness and ruler of the underworld.

(louder)

Please come forth and take this sacrifice, in the name of all that is evil.

Angelo writhes in pain, cursing at him.

ANGELO

Fuck you and the devil too. Let me up, you goddam psycho.

Thunder rocks the church repeatedly.

EXT. HELL BEACH - ETERNAL DARKNESS

Satan watches them, from the lounge chair, ... Then pops up, excitedly.

SATAN

Road trip! Earth, my dudes. Been a minute since we cruised through. Oh my, what should I wear?

A closet magically appears on the beach. Satan goes through his wardrobe, giddy. Everything is red. A large mirror is on the closet door. He tries different outfits when his horns twinkle.

First from the closet is a red leather jacket with matching pants and gloves. It pops onto his body. He ponders it.

SATAN (CONT'D)

Red leather. Too Eddie Murphy.

Satan imitates Eddie's unique laugh. The dogs look at each other and seem confused.

Next on, a red wizard outfit. The robe looks more like a sparkled gown. He frowns.

SATAN (CONT'D)

Naw. Too Ru Paul.

The devil imitates the entertainer's famous cackle and tosses around his hair around with a Broadway smile. The dogs raise their eyebrows in unison.

SATAN (CONT'D)

But what if I go all out?

He turns back. Now he's in full drag. Make-up and poofy hair stands out. The red dress is outrageous. Lucifer pretends to walk a runway.

SATAN (CONT'D)

Too much?

The dogs back away from him.

DOS

Forget these wasnkers. I'm a bloody David Bowie fan.

TRES

Dragged to hell ... Would have a whole new fucking meaning, yo.

The devil looks through more clothes. Then he smiles.

A red, glittery cowboy outfit materializes on his body, as does the hat. Satan admires himself in the mirror.

He pretends to be a gunslinger and practices his quick-draw moves. Next he spins the handguns with his hands so fast it's blur. Desperado look on his face.

SATAN

(cowboy accent)

Get ready to burn in hell, cowpoke.

(normal voice)

Whatcha think?

UNO

Naw. You know how Little Nas X is. Ole boy would throw a hissy fit.

SATAN

I can't risk losing his lap dances  
can I? He probably looks sexier in  
it than me, anyway. Oh, how about  
this. Nobody's wearing this.

ZAP. Satan sports a red fur loincloth and matching boots  
with chains around the neck. Skulls hang from his belt. He  
growls with blood thirsty intensity as he looks at himself in  
the mirror.

TRES

Too barbarian. Last time, it went  
down, the dirtbag we snagged, shit  
on himself right away. Stinky  
fuck. We got sensitive noses.

The devil's feelings seem hurt, which looks funny in that  
costume. He pouts.

SATAN

How about if I mix in some Dolly  
Parton? Everyone loves her.

The barbarian now has a huge blonde wig and over-sized tits.

UNO

Not really feeling that Dolly-the-  
demon, look. Nice rack though.  
Might give an Earthling, wood.

DOS

I say, ole chap. Isn't a priest  
involved? I'd fancy something from  
the Heavy Metal selections.

SATAN

Of course. Duh. Judas Priest.

He magically changes into a black leather, stud covered biker  
outfit. His horns stick out through his now bald head.  
Satan flips his tail in front of him and the top part turns  
into a Fender electric guitar.

The devil slowly pulls a nail off of one of his fingers and  
uses it as a guitar pick.

After blasting reverb, he starts wailing on, **HELL BENT FOR  
LEATHER'**. His singing voice is menacing but the dogs dig it.

SATAN (CONT'D)

(sung)

*Hell bent, hell bent for leather*  
*Hell bent, hell bent for leather*

Satan gets into the performance and even slips in a tasty solo. When the song ends, his eyes glow. The dog stands on his hind legs and applauds with his paws.

TRES

A serial killer and a bad priest?  
They don't deserve nothing special.  
Bunch of punk-ass bitches.

SATAN

Did you say punk?

He pops into a red denim vest with a black T-shirt and ripped jeans. His blonde hair is spiked like BILLY IDOL.

Satan looks in the mirror and snarls. He launches a glob of spit that hits the mirror and oozes down the surface.

The tail now is a Flying - V style, glossy, six-string. He shreds to, '**WHITE WEDDING**'.

SATAN (CONT'D)

(sung)

*Hey little sister, who's your  
superman?  
Hey little sister, - shotgun!  
It's a nice day for a white wedding  
It's a nice day -- to start again.*

Another round of applause from the canine congregation.

SATAN (CONT'D)

Yeah baby. I feel this.

He does poses as a camera floats in the air and takes still, action photos. CLICK, CLICK, CLICK.

INSERT

Pose after humorous pose is displayed as he mugs for the still pics.

BACK TO SCENE

The dog admires him.

UNO

Look at you, boss. Jumping sharp  
as a tiger tooth. I like it.

TRES

What about us? We wanna be stylin' too. Might find a poodle who wants the noodle. Feel me?

DOS

Hold tight, mate. Boss, let's nix the spiked collars. Got these buggers on both sides poking me in me head whenever theses cheeky blokes get a wild hair in their bum.

SATAN

Forget my boys? Dude, please. Try this shit out. Get ready for some mack-king.

His horns twinkle, then he smiles. A mirror appears in his hands. He brings it eye level to his canines. They blink at the sight before them.

The collars on the dogs are now made of solid ruby, thick and inches wide. The solid gem makes their collars sparkle in the light of volcanic explosions around them.

TRES

Fuck yeah. That's what I'm talking about.

SATAN

Check the neck, bruh. Sa-weet, no?

Uno's eyes get misty.

UNO

I ain't never mangled nobody -- looking this purdy before. You's sweeter than Carolina honey, Boss. Check me out, y'all.

He mugs in front of the mirror. Satan giggles.

DOS

Much obliged, dark prince.

SATAN

Awes-to-the-some. Alright boys. Let's get rolling so we can start, stroll-ling.

The horns do their thing as the devil does a goofy dance. The mirror disappears. Behind them, a red, diabolically painted, speed boat sits on the shore.

It's huge engine is loud and powerful as it revs by itself. A white Captain's Hat appears on Satan's head. Holes are carved out for the horns. We squints his face like POPEYE.

SATAN (CONT'D)

(imitates Popeye)

Yeah. Surf's up, puppy pups. I figure we can buzz down to the River Styx, then do some hard charging down the waterway. Be there in a sick minute.

Cerberus follows him to the boat, huge tail flips back and forth in happiness.

DOS

We should go chinwag with these primates more often, boss.

The devil takes a seat in the captain's chair and giggles.

EXT. CATHOLIC CHURCH - NIGHT

Lightning slices across the horizon as rain pours down. Cop cars speed past the church but don't see Payton's hidden car.

INT. NEAR ALTAR - NIGHT

Payton has Angelo fully tied down with duct tape, spread eagle. Both are bleeding.

He reads from the book, but it's in Latin. Payton tries to sound out words and struggles with it.

PAYTON

Um, omnis immunde spirit-toes. Then omni satanica po-potestas?

ANGELO

No you imbecile. You can't even say it right. Let me go. Nothing's gonna happen here. You're too stupid. Admit it.

Payton stops reading and looks sad.

PAYTON

Who am I kidding. I can barely read English. What the fuck is this shit anyway? Why can't it be written in American?



Angelo rolls his eyes.

ANGELO

Look, get me up, call an ambulance and I'll say I didn't get a good look at who did this. I swear to God himself. Let me go.

PAYTON

I did all this work. The sacrifices in his honor. It can't be for nothing.

ANGELO

Look, practice your Latin and find different priest later. I'll even help you find one - with a stash of kiddie porn.

PAYTON

Really? You'd help me.

ANGELO

Heck yeah, buddy. I'm sure there's dozens. That'll be perfect for you. I'm not like them. Just please, get me to a medic.

Payton runs his fingers through his sweaty hair. Despair on his face.

PAYTON

You promise in the name of Jesus?  
Not one word?

ANGELO

I'm not like Father Conner. I take this job seriously. My son ... You can trust me.

After a deep exhale, Payton pulls a buck-knife from his boot. He moves towards a restrained wrist as the priest closes his eyes and smiles, then ...

BOOM

Smoke and sparks cover everything by the front door. The air is pierced by the blood-curling howl of the Cerberus.

Payton, transfixed, drops the blade. Angelo looks over, stunned and frightened.

The sound of loud music is blasted.

A part of the song, **SYMPATHY FOR THE DEVIL (Rolling Stones)**, is heard from the cloud. Concert-like lighting appears above the area, still opaque to the human eye. Congo drumming and yelps are heard. Then, Satan's voice is heard ...

SATAN (O.C.)

(sung)

*Pleased to meet you  
Hope you guessed my name, oh yeah*

Satan steps out from the cloud. His hat is gone and his horns are even larger. His pentagram choker glows red. A menacing smile covers his face.

SATAN (CONT'D)

(sung)

*But what's confusing you  
Is just the ... NATURE OF MY GAME*

The devil walks closer to the human sacrifice and the active shooter. Satan morphs from BILLY IDOL to MIC JAGGER and gets more animated with the STONES logo on his shirt.

The cloud he stepped from, now blows away. The ferocious Cerberus is seen clearly and the humans cringe in fear.

The dogs jump into singing the chorus of 'Woo-Who' in tandem.

SATAN (CONT'D)

(sung)

*Just as every cop is a criminal  
And all the sinners, saints ...*

Satan points to Father Angelo.

SATAN (CONT'D)

(sung)

*As heads is tails  
Just call me ... LUCIFER  
Cause I'm in need of some restraint*

He prances closer to them. His eyes look like flames. The tongue on the Rolling Stones shirt, comes alive flicks around. Saliva droplets fly into the atmosphere.

SATAN (CONT'D)

(sung)

*So if you meet me  
Have some courtesy  
Have some sympathy, and some taste  
Use all your well-learned politness  
Or I'll lay your soul to WASTE,  
Mmm, yeah*

The pentagram design on the ground around Angelo starts on fire, then goes out after a few seconds. Satan smiles, showing fangs a-plenty.

SATAN (CONT'D)

(sung)

*Pleased to meet you  
Hope you guessed my name,  
Mmm yeah  
But what's puzzling you  
Is the ... NATURE OF MY GAME,  
Mmm mean it, get down.*

A statue of Francis of Assisi, seems to melt, but then morphs into a demon who looks like KEITH RICHARDS.

It plays a guitar that looks like it was made from human bones. The guitarist writhes and squirms his body around supernaturally as he plays the spicy riffs.

CERBERUS

(sung)

*Woo, who ... Woo, who ...*

Satan ad libs and scats as he prances around and does the Mic Jagger, 'rooster dance', looking possessed.

SATAN

(sung)

*Oh yeah, get on down  
Oh yeah -- Aah yeah  
Tell me baby, what's my name?*

Satan eyes do tricks as he sings to them. It seems to have a hypnotic effect on the two.

The devil acts spacey as he sings in falsetto. His tail tickles the chin of the priest as Satan enjoys watching him squirm around.

SATAN (CONT'D)

(sung)

*Tell me honey, can ya guess my  
name?  
Tell me baby, what's my name?*

The Keith Richards gives ghoulish facial expressions as he contorts his body, in time with the guitar licks.

Now in Payton's face, the Darkness, grins. Suddenly Satan grabs his head with both hands and his extra long, slimy tongue sticks out. As does the one on his shirt.

He licks Payton's face aggressively, leaving several coats of Satanic saliva on his face. The huge tongue on his shirt licks his neck and chest. It drips. Satan winks to him.

SATAN (CONT'D)

(sung)

*I tell you one time, you're to  
blame -- Woo, Who*

As the dogs sing the chorus and demon Keith wails away, Satan starts to spin in place.

Faster and faster he goes, beyond human capacity for such a stunt. Soon he's a blur and winds inside the church pick up. Papers fly and candles blow out.

The music starts to fade. The Keith demon melts into a glob. Overhead concert lighting disappears.

Satan stops spinning on a dime. BOOP. The music stops when he stops, then he turns to face his audience in his surfer duds. He emits a high pitched giggle.

Father Angelo and Payton can't believe their eyes.

Satan half strolls ... Half dances over to them in full surfer dude mode. Lips pouted like a bad boy.

SATAN (CONT'D)

Rad, huh? And yes, that's my  
favorite tunage, bruh. It's soooo  
sick.

The mouths of the two men hang open.

SATAN (CONT'D)

Mahalo, flesh bags. You have  
called ... And I have come-come.  
Wazzup?

Cerberus at his side. The dogs jowls bark and drool. He calms them down by petting them, then giving them some nearby crosses to munch on.

Payton goes to his knees wincing from the leg wound, to worship him.

PAYTON

My Lord.

SATAN

Such flattery. But stop. Yeah,  
right now. Most def.

Payton is levitated in the air by Satan. He puts his legs down and is able to stand.

SATAN (CONT'D)

All that you've done to your soul  
is your issue, not mine. Talk  
about some sick shit? Wow.

The devil takes a step back from him, repulsed.

SATAN (CONT'D)

And please don't say you killed  
those innocent people to get on my  
good side.

Payton seems shocked ... And confused.

PAYTON

But-but ...

His voice gets octaves deeper with a slight reverb.

SATAN

(demonic voice)

Did I ever tell you to do that?  
Give you advice? We ever chit-chat  
before, sent text, slip into your  
DMs? Nope.

PAYTON

But the book said that to call you,  
I need to kill the innocent.

SATAN

Well, you called, I'm here, but you  
didn't have to do all of that,  
'murderation'. Gimme that bullshit  
book, you stupid fuck.

He hands it over. The devil scans it quickly.

SATAN (CONT'D)

Written by a priest, no wonder. You  
got played, sucker. Too late now.

The book starts on fire. Satan tosses it, laughing.

SATAN (CONT'D)

This scam led to the damnation of  
your soul, dummy. You wanted to  
spend time with me? You got it.  
An eternity worth.

TRES

This dip-shit might be too fucking stupid for hell.

UNO

That's alright. We'll break him in, -- righteous. Ain't that right, pretty boy?

The Cerberus lifts his leg and pees on Payton. The active shooter jumps away but the hot stream has already hit his trousers and the material of one pant leg melts off.

PAYTON

(screams)

Noooo. Ahhh!

DOS

What a looney sod. That was your baptism, bitch. You're welcome.

ANGELO

Y-your monster. It talks?

All three heads turn in his direction, at once.

TRES

Gimme something to drink. We need more piss to go around.

Satan bends down to get closer to the priest.

SATAN

That's my doggy-dog, bruh. The legendary Cerberus. A dark angel's best friend. Of course they talk. Didn't you hear them sing, dummy?

The canine creature strikes a Hollywood pose.

SATAN (CONT'D)

Uno represents the past, Dos, the present and Tres, the future. These immortal dudes are deep.

Satan swoops closer to Angelo's face. Then grins, fangs show.

SATAN (CONT'D)

And you call them monsters? Aw, that's so harsh. You want monsters?

ANGELO

No, please. Stop.

SATAN

(demonic voice)

I can show you monsters all fucking day and even while you sleep. That's what you deserve anyway.

PAYTON

I'm real sorry to call you from, uh, where you were. Can we just call this off and pretend it didn't happen? Please?

Satan spins around quickly to face him. Another giggle.

SATAN

Fuck no. Why do you want to meet me anyway? Humans usually blame me for shit that's not my fault and don't want anything to do with me.

PAYTON

Ever since I was abused by Father Conner, my hope was to meet you and bring down this whole church.

The demeanor of the devil mellows a bit.

SATAN

Oh. That dude? Yeah, bad news. Messing with kids puts you right in the garbage heap. Bloop. Justice served. Wanna say hello to him?

PAYTON

No, hell no.

SATAN

Seeing him might change your mind.

A window into hell opens as Satan snaps his fingers. CONNER(60's) is tied down, naked, legs spread. A birthday cake with a candle on top is positioned over his loins, dripping with icing.

He struggles and cries. Small doors slide open in the room. Hundreds of rats converge towards the ex-priest.

SATAN (CONT'D)

It's his birthday, figured we'd do something special. I guess I'm just a softie, huh?

ANGELO

Not close.

SATAN

Feel free to speak, he can hear  
you. Although rats can be noisy.

Rage can be seen rising in Payton.

PAYTON

Conner. You disgusting asshole.  
It's me, Timothy Payton, grown up.  
Laughing at you and loving it. How  
does it feel, you pervert?

Rats run across his body as he reacts in shock to Payton's  
voice. With his jaw wide from the utter surprise of hearing  
from a former victim, it makes a perfect place for one of the  
vermin to enter.

Others take bites out of his cheek, showing bone underneath.  
His eyes get super wide.

PAYTON (CONT'D)

You deserve every second of that.  
I love it.

Satan snaps and the image disappears.

ANGELO

Look. I'm not Father Connor. I  
never touched you or saw you  
before. I don't do that kinda  
thing. Ever.

The devil looks surprised by that statement.

SATAN

Really? What about on the Navajo  
reservation four years ago? Did  
you forget why they transferred you  
here, sweet cheeks?

Satan's tail flicks into the air. The tip of it seems to  
glow red hot. It slithers to Angelo and the hot end goes  
under his body and down the back of his pants. Then ...  
Penetration. Then -- screams.

ANGELO

Ahhhh. Noooo. Take it out.

SATAN

Or are you trying to lie to ...  
Lucifer?



UNO

You could get a smack for that,  
boy.

A huge paw swipes at the pain-engulfed, priest.

Father Angelo closes his eyes tight and prays.

ANGELO

Our Father, who art in heaven --

Satan mocks him, imitating his whiny voice.

SATAN

(weak voice)

Our Father who art in heaven ...

(normal voice)

Shut up. God doesn't want nothing  
to do with you either.

ANGELO

Lies!

The man of the cloth, moans in agony.

SATAN

You're a con man, a grifter, a  
fraud. You get paid to do this job  
- but you lie and steal for more  
... And could give a fuck about the  
people who really need your help.

The devil retracts his tail as Angelo's face shows relief. A huge jar, labeled, 'TAIL SANITIZER' appears. Satan sticks his serpent-like appendage in it and swirls it around.

SATAN (CONT'D)

You priests are like cops. The  
vast majority are just trying to do  
your best and some are so  
compassionate, its incredible.

Beelzebub holds up his red finger.

SATAN (CONT'D)

But - when you guys go bad, you  
stretch the very boundaries of  
evil. Hell is wallpapered with bad  
cops and bad priests.

TRES

Yeah, you got homeboys a plenty to  
play with.

The tail sanitizer jar vanishes. Satan dries his tail off on the priest's chest as Angelo squirms and tries to look away.

Dos sniffs and sniffs.

DOS

I believe I smell booze in the air,  
old chap. Hand it over, if you  
please.

All three heads growl at him.

ANGELO

Me? I don't have any.

Satan laughs hard.

SATAN

Dude, are you not getting the  
concept? Stop lying to me.

The now cleaned tail, slaps him 'a good one' across the face.

Satan levitates the flask from his pocket and it hangs in the air. The top opens, the flask tilts and pours into Dos's large mouth.

When empty, the flask is sent flying into a row of statues of saints. The figurines are smashed to bits.

UNO

Looky at this here garbage, boss.  
They calling that a statue? I  
recollect when crap like that was  
made of gold. Still idol worship,  
but it had some class.

DOS

Vodka? Not bad, old chap. Doesn't  
taint the breath, smart. What else  
you got mate?

Angelo refuses to answer. Dos bites his leg.

DOS (CONT'D)

And don't lie.

The priest screams in pain. The flesh around the bite mark starts to change color.

TRES

Hey Mack. You best get up offa the  
goods. If I bite ya, I'm bringing  
a chunk home with me.

ANGELO

Okay, okay. I can't get it now.  
Tied up.

UNO

This old boy. What a knee slapper.  
Tied up. Get it? He made a funny.

DOS

Not in the mood for jokes, quite  
frankly. I'm on vacation, old boy,  
and I'd like to get rather pummeled  
and plastered.

The massive canine head turns to Satan.

DOS (CONT'D)

Boss, could you help relieve Father  
Asshole of his stash?

SATAN

How can I say no to my sweet little  
puppy-wuppy?

He waves his arm and bottles float out from where they were  
hidden in the church. The hiding places, like taped under  
pews, behind statues etc makes Satan laugh.

A row of bottles float in from the hall.

DOS

Now we're talking, mate. I might  
need a doggy bag for this  
comeuppance.

The snake-like tail wags fast like a happy shelter pup.

In addition to the booze, several vials of cocaine and a bag  
of pills are also in the haul.

DOS (CONT'D)

Hey old chap. You're my kinda guy.

SATAN

Allow me.

The vials magically open. White lines trail from the  
containers and float across the room to the noses of all  
three dogs. They sniff it all up, then sneeze.

When their eyes open, they glow red. They howl loudly.  
Humans seem to feel pain in their ears from it.

SATAN (CONT'D)

Bruh, that shit must be the bomb.  
So hard to get doggy treats these  
guys like.

ANGELO

Uh, glad to help. Can I go now?

Satan looks at the dogs, and they all laugh. A goblet from the alter floats over to Satan. He wipes it off then holds it out.

The cork in a bottle of floating champagne is popped. The bubbly pours into the goblet.

Fierce looking dog bowls magically appear on the floor. Booze pours into them and the dogs lap it up.

SATAN

Chill, bro. The party's just starting. First, I'd like to give a toast to my beloved boss. I'd do anything for you God. Even deal with these losers in human flesh.

TRES

And don't let him get 86'ed 'cuz of these ungrateful ass humans who wear evil like a jock-strap.

Payton is stunned.

PAYTON

You? You love God?

Satan glares at him as he sips champagne.

SATAN

Why would I take a job like this if I didn't? Ha, you people are a mess. So vile, twisted and mean.

The devil rolls his eyes and shakes his head as he takes another drink.

SATAN (CONT'D)

I deal with you so God doesn't have to. Makes God sad to see what some of you have done with the precious chance of life that was given to you, freely.

PAYTON

No, that's not what I was taught.

ANGELO

Me either.

Satan sighs, He looks over to his doggy, then back to the troublesome mortals.

SATAN

See what I mean? So fucking stupid. You have a soul and a brain, use them. If something sounds like a fairy tale, look into it. Duhhhh.

(beat)

Truth. You familiar with it?

The devil stares at blank faces. He raises his eyebrow.

UNO

That goofy look on their face actually means ... Duhhh. Sad fuckers, ain't it?

SATAN

These people who lie to you, just want your money and your loyalty. If you can't see that, you don't belong in the presence of the ultimate divine.

ANGELO

Lies! I don't believe you. You are the king of liars. Humans are in this situation because of how you tricked Eve in the Garden of Eden.

The devil twitches his horns ... Then turns into Donald Trump. His facial expression and hand gestures are spot-on.

SATAN

(imitates Trump)

Fake news. Witch hunt. Me? I'm perfect. Never did a thing wrong.

Satan turns back into himself. Then rubs his forehead in frustration.

SATAN (CONT'D)

Another fairy tale. Hey, Tres, is this lowly human, with a child's blood on his hands, calling me a liar? That's so harsh., bruh ...

The Cerberus growls and charges the body of the priest. It stops inches from his face, drool dripping, huge teeth flashing.

TRES

Say pretty boy, you done hurt my boss's feelings, GRRR. Apologize, now.

Angelo cringes and looks away in fear. A wet spot forms on his pants.

ANGELO

Okay, okay. I'm sorry. Please.

TRES

You alright with that, boss?

The boss looks despondent and distant.

SATAN

Eh, hey, I'm chill ... Except for the smell of piss in the air.

An incense-stencher flies in from the side and crashes between the priests legs. Satan takes another sip.

SATAN (CONT'D)

That's what I get for not having a public relations department. So dig, the Garden of Eden was this super rad place. Paradise, yo. And you losers blew it.

ANGELO

You led us astray.

SATAN

I just told Eve what the deal was. What her and Adam did was a choice. Obey or disobey. We had to see how stupid this new creature could be.

Satan waves his arm. The incense smoke tuns into a vision.

ANIMATION

Garden of Eden is seen. So lush and rich with vegetation and wild animals. Looking down from above, oceans, mountains and fertile valleys - far as the eye can see.

SATAN (V.O.)  
 Paradise ... That's what The  
 Almighty gave you ... Out of love.

The smoke-image transforms to a 3D replica of the human body. The heart pumps, sending blood throughout. Muscles expand and contract as it moves. The body runs, jumps and swims.

SATAN (V.O.)  
 A body with 37 trillion cells that  
 work automatically, without your  
 direction. It can even heal  
 itself.

Meditating on a mountaintop, the body is in Lotus position, eyes closed. Visible brain waves can be seen emanating from the third eye. Ancient symbols, math equations and musical notes are seen in the discharge of the brain waves.

SATAN (V.O.)  
 You losers, so caught up in your  
 petty bullshit ... Have yet to  
 figure out what this totally rad  
 miracle is capable of.

The human body, walks through a peaceful forest. It looks down, sandals are put on the body, followed by clothes. Under its feet, a sidewalk forms. As it keeps walking, the woods around him fade into buildings and skyscrapers.

SATAN (V.O.)  
 What more could this life source  
 give you? But you wanted more, and  
 more. Even to this day, who's  
 satisfied and really appreciates  
 their blessings? Not many.

The body looks up to see smoke stacks belching pollution into the air. Dead fish on the beach. Rain forests getting bulldozed. Mass graves, people starving, injecting drugs ...

SATAN (V.O.)  
 I kinda figured this experiment  
 with mortals was doomed from the  
 start, but your creator believes in  
 you and loves you.

The body floats upwards through the sky. It heads towards a bright light in outer space.

END OF ANIMATION

BACK TO SCENE

The smoke dissipates. Satan looks over at the human failures who await their fate.

SATAN

Me? ... I personally think you suck. You can't imagine what a disappointment you've been to God. But that love, it's never stopped. I don't get it.

PAYTON

I'm still your guy, all praise to Lucifer.

SATAN

Another lie. I don't want your praise. I just take out the trash. If I was into doing evil, then I would've been behind what Father Conner did to you. Wasn't me, dude.

PAYTON

But then, who's responsible for all the shitty stuff in the world if not you?

Satan exhales, then polishes off the rest of the champagne, straight from the bottle. A healthy burp follows.

SATAN

Dude, sometimes I feel bad and it kinda hurts my feelings that humans do all this evil on their own. But I get all the blame. The devil made you do it? Really?

He slings the bottle to the side and it shatters into a thousand pieces.

SATAN (CONT'D)

(demon voice)

Wrong, your weak species do unthinkable things to each other, of your own free will and then want to say some outside force led you astray. Please.

He gets off his seat and goes closer to Payton.



SATAN (CONT'D)

At least your species has a great imagination. But ... I'm not the source of evil.

(beat)

YOU are. But you losers can't admit it. Maybe if you admitted that you schmucks have a problem, it could get fixed, but no, no NO.

Satan focuses on both humans.

SATAN (CONT'D)

It's not addressed, so it goes on and on throughout time.

UNO

Tell 'em, boss. Looky here, we got billions of lost souls down yonder, just-a weeping and a-wailing and regretful as all get out. Blame my boss all you want. Don't mean a hill of beans down there, meat-bag. You'll see. Sure 'nuff.

Payton seems confused.

PAYTON

I don't get it. Billions? But ... This is how we are. How's it get fixed?

SATAN

The example you idiots are supposed to follow was laid down by the guy from Nazareth and the one who sent him. If you praise anybody ... Praise him.

Angelo and Payton lock eyes. Both shocked by the statement.

SATAN (CONT'D)

Dude is epic. He earned it. Sacrificed himself for you clowns and you still act like violent baboons to each other.

ANGELO

What do you know of our savior? Weren't you happy when your Romans killed him?

SATAN

Happy that he accomplished his mission? Yeah. Everyone in heaven and hell was. He wasn't killed, so to speak. He gave himself up. A tough thing to do.

ANGELO

But the Roman soldiers--

SATAN

He could have wiped out all Roman soldiers with a sweep of his hand. Instead, he stuck to the plan that would show God's love and power.

Satan sits back down as human eyes follow. He sighs.

SATAN (CONT'D)

And of course, humans twisted it, ignored it and found a way to make bank from it and exploit other cultures ... In his name. Talk about evil? Whoa bro.

DOS

No wonder you suck. You got mankey little bitches like this teaching you blokes the wrong way.

ANGELO

I love Jesus, goddamnit. Fuck you and your mutant dog.

The priest casts his eyes towards the life-sized statue of Jesus. It looks more like a kind Viking than a resident of ancient Palestine.

SATAN

This statue is supposed to be Christ? Please, I met him, spent 40 days with him, and ... Kinda bro'd up. He don't look nothing like that.

The devil gets up and looks over the depiction, then stands right next to the statue.

SATAN (CONT'D)

Looks more like me.

He transforms to the image. Satan's face replaces the crafted one. He shakes his hair around.

Same clothes as the 'artwork' - with the crown of thorns in grisly detail, dripping blood down his face.

Satan morphs back to himself and looks angry. He slams the statue to the ground and it shatters.

SATAN (CONT'D)

If you praise him, at least find out what he looked like and what his real name was. Oh, I forgot, that image makes more money for you, huh?

Bending down, he gets close to the priest's face. Puncture wounds from the thorns still drip blood. Pissed.

SATAN (CONT'D)

Hustling cash off of the name of a person who sacrificed himself so that you knock-off apes could live a civilized existence ... **IS THE GREATEST SIN - OF THE ALL!**

As Satan goes back to his seat, he notices a statue of a female nearby. She wears several robe garments. Her arms are held wide for an embrace as she smiles compassionately.

ANGELO

I'm getting a lesson about Christ from Beelzebub? You hate Jesus. Stop lying. Please wake me from this nightmare, oh lord.

Satan strolls around the life-sized female statue, looking it up and down.

SATAN

No, loser, I got no beef with the king. Come on, buddy ... That was one cool dude.

He glances back to Angelo momentarily.

SATAN (CONT'D)

Tried to convince him to take the whole Roman empire with his power and then spread his word that way as emperor.

Lucifer goes back to admiring the female statue.

SATAN (CONT'D)

And yes, I told him the mission wasn't worth it.

(MORE)

SATAN (CONT'D)

That you people would turn your back on him, use his name to build fortunes and to start wars, and never turn into the loving beings that he intended.

UNO

Right as rain on that one. These shaved monkeys got as much sense as an empty piggy bank.

The Prince of Darkness points to the statue.

SATAN

This one, what's her name?

ANGELO

Guadalupe. Don't touch her.

SATAN

She your girlfriend or something? Don't tell me what to do, ya two-legged meatball.

Satan twinkles his horns, then turns into Elvis - in a red, diamond studded jumpsuit with matching scarf. And matching mannerisms.

SATAN (CONT'D)

(imitates Elvis)

Howdy-do, Miss Guadalupe. My friends, they call me... Luci.

Her eyes become alive. They roll in Satan's direction, she smiles wide.

SATAN (CONT'D)

(imitates Elvis)

You must be a touch warm under all them robes. Let's try the nightclub look, Missy.

The long robes she wears, start to shorten until it's a mini-skirt, heels appear on her feet. Her head covering falls off and long, curly locks bounce on her shoulders.

She sees her reflection in a widow and seems to love it. Satan as Elvis, curls his upper lip and gives her the eye. She blushes.

ANGELO

Leave her alone, you fucking animal.

SATAN  
 (imitates Elvis)  
 Watch your mouth, buddy. A lady is  
 present. I got something to tell  
 her. Tupelo style.

Satan goes full Vegas with his signature moves and facial  
 expressions. Pelvic thrusts accentuate the lyrics of,  
**HEARTBREAK HOTEL.**

SATAN (CONT'D)  
 (sung)  
*I get so lonely ...*  
*I get so lonely, baby.*  
*I get so lonely ...*  
*I could die.*

She holds out her arms wider for a hug from Elvis. At first  
 the hug is platonic, then he winks at Angelo and tongue  
 kisses her until she gags.

After he pulls away, hot desire is in her eyes. She leaps  
 off of her platform and into his arms. He cradles her in his  
 arms, off the ground.

She motions for another kiss. His extra long tongue sticks  
 out. He licks her face as they kiss passionately. Angelo is  
 disgusted.

ANGELO  
 May Jesus strike you down for such  
 an abomination.

Satan finishes kissing, then whispers to her ...

SATAN  
 (imitates Elvis)  
 Hey sugar, I gotta take care of a  
 little business right now. But  
 I'll be back ... For dessert.

He tosses her to the platform and she turns into a statue  
 again, in her previous outfit.

Satan turns back to his normal self and spins to face Angelo.  
 Anger on his face. Steam shoots from his horns.

SATAN (CONT'D)  
 (demonic voice)  
 Fake priest, how dare you invoke  
 his name against me. You're the  
 true abomination.  
 (MORE)

SATAN (CONT'D)

Even after his humiliation, torture  
and murder, he still loves you.  
Which is bitchin' on its own.

Moving closer, his eyes glow.

SATAN (CONT'D)

(demonic voice)

But do you love him the same way?  
No. Not close. Especially those  
who claim to represent him. Your  
church was okay with slavery,  
genocides and child molesters.

ANGELO

Yeah, but--

SATAN

(demonic voice)

And you say you represent the  
Nazarene? Ha. All lies. The love  
in his heart for your kind, boggles  
the mind, yo.

ANGELO

But ... We try.

Satan and the dogs have a hearty laugh.

TRES

Who is this guy? Father Angelo  
'Dice' Clay? He's cracking me up.

ANGELO

Fine. We suck. Okay? What the  
hell do you do that helps God?

Storm still rages outside, but louder now.

SATAN

I'm the trash man., bro Defective  
humans who do evil are sent to  
yours truly to dispose of, their  
souls. We make it approp-pro to  
their whackest sins.

DOS

Each spankin' is customized, mate.

SATAN

Takes creativity and it keeps me  
stupid busy. Evil is an exhausting  
human invention.

(MORE)

SATAN (CONT'D)

Wouldn't hurt my feelings if you all turned out the way God intended, -- but it seems like you are unable or unwilling.

ANGELO

We humans would be good without your interference. Your lies and deceit have doomed many. You are evil and bent on destroying humans.

Satan looks over to his canine, then back at Big-mouth.

SATAN

(demonic voice)

I'm like repeating myself to you and getting pissed on a mega level. Open them ears or my boys will chew them off. You ... You little fuckers are the evil ones.

UNO

Pig ears, priest ears. Taste the same to me. Who got the hot sauce?

Satan points out the window. Lightning illuminates the landscape outside.

SATAN

Look at all that God hipped you to. An awesome planet that regenerates food and water. Your bod, it can heal itself. Say what?

The Horned One, struts over towards Guadalupe. He puts his arm around the statue and looks at her when he talks. His wiggly tail rubs across Guadalupe's body, then gets rigid in her out-stretched hands.

SATAN (CONT'D)

Organs that not only give pleasure-  
(sexy moan)  
... But ensures that your DNA goes on for generations.

He kisses Guadalupe on the cheek, then faces Payton.

SATAN (CONT'D)

Five senses that allow you to take in this bomb-ass creation in so many sweet ways. A brain that can think up shit that never existed before.

TRES

All that, all that ... But they are on the verge of putting a bullet in their own brains. Pitiful shits.

SATAN

Bunch of ungrateful douchebags. I won't destroy you, you'll get that done yourselves. But won't miss you when you're gone.

ANGELO

Humans aren't going anywhere. We were taught that God loves us more than he does his own angels.

SATAN

And how do you pay the Lord back for all of these blessings? Huh? Angels don't stab God in the back. Don't be too confident about that.

The Cerberus gives him a high five.

ANGELO

What? Look at all the churches around here. God knows we love him. You lie.

SATAN

Really? You kill each other, abuse children, pollute and poison your own planet. You embrace the animal in you, rather than the spiritual.

PAYTON

Survival of the fittest. Right?

SATAN

Wrong. That's the beast talking, not spirit. Those who speak out for love, follow what Christ and the other enlightened ones God spread around the world preached -- get punished and often executed.

He drags his fingernail across his throat.

Lightning flashes more intensely strong winds are heard inside the church from the storm.

UNO

My favorite was that Georgia preacher, MLK.

(MORE)



UNO (CONT'D)

As fearless as the day is long. He had a dog too. Guess his name.

TRES

I dunno. Hip me.

UNO

His doggy's name was King. I reckon that's an easy name for him to remember.

TRES

Yeah, these meat-bags was threatening to ice him on the daily. Keep it simple.

SATAN

And what happened to him?

The humans divert their eyes from the devil. All three dog heads, hang in sorrow.

SATAN (CONT'D)

Exactly. You people are so worthless, I'm really lost why God still puts up with you. Am I against humans? Yes, because God deserves so much better than you have shown.

The storm outside shakes the whole building. Lightning blows a whole in the roof. Rain and roof debris falls through. Humans cringe.

The Wanda Sykes-like, voice of GOD is heard from the skies above. Definitely, a middle-aged, black female. An angry one, at that.

GOD (O.S.)

I sure do. Much better!

The voice sounds depressed, pissed off and exasperated.

A small cloud, orb-sh in shape, descends through the hole in the ceiling as colors swirl around it.

Satan twinkles his horns and instantly changes into a royal looking red robe, gold trim and matching gold belt. His formal uniform?

Lucifer and the Hellhound kneel at God's presence. When God talks, the cloud pulsates and turns colors.

GOD (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
 Hey there, Luci, it's been a while.  
 You and the puppy are looking good.

SATAN  
 Thanks boss. Yeah, it's been too  
 long. How you been?

GOD (O.S.)  
 Long story. First let me return  
 something to that fake priest.

A sack appears and lands on the floor, gently. Several  
 kittens scamper out. They look at Angelo then rush over and  
 hiss as they scratch on his face.

When Cerberus laughs, they run to the exit. Angelo turns  
 away, embarrassed and afraid. The devil points to him.

SATAN  
 This guy. I tell ya. Numero uno  
 level, whack job. And he's  
 supposed to be repping you?

A frustrated groan is heard from the cloud.

GOD (O.S.)  
 Yeah, how sad. Maybe all this is  
 my fault. I trusted that with free  
 will, the freedom to choose, they  
 would pick the correct path.  
 Everyday they prove me wrong.

SATAN  
 Then they blame me for their  
 evilness ... Then do it again.

GOD (O.S.)  
 No Satan, it's not your fault. But  
 yeah, they stand up in my face and  
 say you made them do it. Real  
 talk, you are one of my best angels  
 and I'm proud of the work you do.

Satan fights back tears from the honor and recognition.  
 Father Angelo can't believe his ears.

ANGELO  
 This is some kind of trick. The  
 real God hates the devil.

GOD (O.S.)

Did I say you could talk? We don't have the time or space for evil embracers like you in heaven.

(beat)

We owe Satan props for cleaning out the garbage like YOU, and making room for those who truly deserve an eternity of paradise.

God extends something from the cloud towards Lucifer. It's a Klondike bar. Satan's eyes get wide and his gratitude is visually shown. He graciously takes it.

SATAN

Wow. Super-Rad. Thanks boss. All I wanted was some props for doing a good job and, I dunno ... Sympathy?  
(beat)

Hey ... What would I do for a Klondike bar? You're looking at it, my people.

GOD (O.S.)

And this one.

A light shines on Payton.

SATAN

I got this.

Vines come out of the floor and grab his arms and legs. He's yanked to the floor and pinned down. A pentagram takes form, burned into the floor by the flames that appear from nowhere. He's now in the same position as Angelo.

PAYTON

What? No. Not me.

The devil takes a bite of his desert and hums in ecstasy.

SATAN

Be quiet, dweeb.

Satan turns to face the cloud.

SATAN (CONT'D)

God, please don't be so hard on yourself. Cheer up. Either they clean up their act soon and become beings you can be stoked about ... Or they tombstone themselves with their own grubby hands.

GOD (O.S.)

Too true.

SATAN

Either way, the headache should be over soon. I would have destroyed them all, long ago.

GOD (O.S.)

I wanted to, trust me. Especially after they executed my son, like that ... My boy. The nerve!

SATAN

I hear ya, boss.

GOD (O.S.)

I'm still getting over that. Then they ignored the example he set? Whew. I was ready to bring back the dinosaurs after that stunt.

SATAN

That's still an option ... I hope. What was the grimiest part of that whole situation?

A moment of silence feels heavy in the air.

GOD (O.S.)

The exit. Of course he had to die. A sword through the heart would have ended his mortal existence, but no. Humans had to make it an all day event.

SATAN

I remember it well.

GOD (O.S.)

These feces-filled skin bags, tortured him all night long, then sent him out to die on the cross ... And humiliate him ... Which took most of the afternoon.

ANGELO

So why didn't you kill us off?

The devil takes offense at his rudeness.

SATAN

Why don't I do you right now?

His eyes change colors, fangs show.

GOD (O.S.)  
 Relax, boy. I got this. Hey ...  
 The angels fixed your skateboard.  
 Go and play.

A shiny, metallic skateboard pushes out of the cloud. Satan catches it before it falls to the floor.

SATAN  
 Oh boss. She's a beauty. Missed her. Thank you.

GOD (O.S.)  
 You're welcome. It's been upgraded. Enjoy.

Satan finishes his Klondike bar. Burps.

SATAN  
 Sorry.

Now in his element, Satan changes his clothes back into the red kimono and shorts he surfed in. Smiling he gets on the board. Small jets on the bottom of the board, lets it hover four inches from the floor.

GOD (O.S.)  
 You like?

He scoots around a bit to get a feel of it.

SATAN  
 As the saying goes, Boss. How Great Thou Art. Check me.

Eyes follow the giddy demon as he tries out the board.

GOD (O.S.)  
 Back to you, kitten killer ... My son begged me not to kill you all. It's not like I haven't wiped out the population before.

Satan tries to maneuver a turn. He bounces off a wall and almost falls off, but straightens himself.

GOD (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
 I'm not sure what he sees in you people, but his love for you defective beings is strong.

Slowing down, near the cloud, the devil adds ...

SATAN

He gets it from you, boss. You had  
such high hopes for this creation.  
But they keep breaking your heart.

The skater slides by them, wind in his hair.

GOD (O.S.)

You got that right, Luci. You like  
skating to music. Let me hook you  
up, baby.

**PAPA'S GOT A BRAND NEW BAG** by James Brown is played as Satan  
smiles wide. His speed picks up. The cloud turns back  
towards Payton.

GOD (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Even other humans I had groomed to  
be peace makers and generate a  
spiritual evolution ...

With a musical bounce to his routine, Satan dances on his  
board as God and the fake priest talk it out.

GOD (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Wise and great people, from all  
nations, colors and cultures, come  
to a violent end, early in life.

When he spins around, Lucifer is now dressed like James Brown  
in a red, Vegas type suit. But the wig looks silly.

The cloud ... Now spins in mid air.

GOD (O.S.) (CONT'D)

These humans, they are part of me  
and I'm a part of them.

Doing James Brown signature moves on the board, it's clear  
the devil has mastered his fancy contraption.

GOD (O.S.) (CONT'D)

If they only knew what they were  
capable of and what each life means  
to me.

Satan skates by, backwards.

SATAN

It would change the world.

GOD (O.S.)

And ... Each individual's life for  
the better, so much.

ANGELO

And how do we do that?

The James Brown inspired moves seem impossible on the board but are executed flawlessly, nonetheless.

SATAN

Can you believe a priest asked you that? Wow.

GOD (O.S.)

And you represent me? Urrg.

(beat)

They have to seek it and manifest it on their own. I can't do it for them.

In mid-flip, Satan adds commentary ...

SATAN

Too lazy, too stupid.

The landing back onto the board is a bit wobbly but he maintains balance.

UNO

Close one, Boss.

GOD (O.S.)

I experience life through each separate soul, billions at a time. The good, the bad and the sad. Their time on earth is short and I want them to have a good time.

Satan does a handstand as he zooms through. He shifts his weight so that only one hand holds him up.

SATAN

Amen to the good times. It's all about balance.

GOD (O.S.)

When things are painful ... And they will be, no matter who you are ... I want human beings to know that I'm with them.

Satan does very fast figure-eights around the priest and Payton. He's almost a blur.

GOD (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
 Each individual goes through  
 something unpleasant in their  
 lives. Guaranteed.

Speeding towards Cerberus, the dog looks shocked. Satan springs into the air and hurdles the dog's back, as the skateboard rolls underneath it. The devil lands perfectly on the still scooting board.

GOD (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
 It's designed to make their souls  
 stronger. But it's important that  
 you need to make the right  
 decisions when the time comes.

Now the devil changes into an outfit that looks like, NAPOLEON DYNAMITE. He mugs to the humans.

SATAN  
 And if you don't. You gotta deal  
 with ... Yours truly.

Horns stick through his goofy headband. Satan crosses his eyes and then 'moons' the humans as he swoops by.

GOD (O.S.)  
 And another thing Look in any  
 garden, ocean or jungle. The  
 constant theme you see is  
 diversity. In insects, flowers,  
 clouds, in rocks -- you name it.

Riding across the top of the pews, Satan body-pops, robot-style to the song in his new look. His blonde afro flops around comically.

ANGELO  
 Sure. But what's the point?

GOD (O.S.)  
 The point is ... If I love  
 diversity in nature, why wouldn't I  
 love it in my greatest creation?

Satan skates slow and moves objects by pointing to them. In moments, he's assembled all the pieces. He zips around the obstructions like it's an obstacle course.

GOD (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
 All souls come from one entity.  
 The idea of separation from each  
 other is a dangerous myth, created  
 by humans, not me Or Lucifer.



Upon completion of the course, Satan's new look is John Travolta in SATURDAY NIGHT FEVER. His dance suit is red, rather than white. He does the iconic 'pointing' as he wiggles his hips. The song continues.

GOD (V.O.)

Persecuting people because they are different from you --only pushes yourself farther away from me and the intent behind what I want for you all.

The floor beneath Satan lights up with different colors, disco style. He pops his collar up and gets in character.

SATAN

(imitates Travolta)

I think they see it, but just don't give a flying fart about it. Know what I mean? Skin color, gender, culture, all that. Divided when they should be united. It's crazy.

A HOT WHEELS type track is built in front of Satan. He zooms down it at top speed as it is constructing itself. A loopy-loop forms up ahead. He accelerates into it and defies gravity as he skates upside down. Boogies on the flat part.

GOD (O.S.)

They attack diversity. Fear and hatred for anything different than themselves. Some get rich exploiting that difference between them.

Satan skids to a stop just inches away from Payton as the song ends. The shooter cringes in fear.

SATAN

(imitates Travolta)

And then there's dummies .. Like this guy. Trying to impress ME with blood and gore. Geez. I didn't ask for that.

A demonic finger is pointed at Payton's face as Satan gives him, a 'true' evil eye.

GOD (O.S.)

That's right, boy. That reminds me of something. Y'all hold a second.

The cloud zips through the hole in the roof and disappears. Awkward silence.

The faces of the priest and the shooter look tense.

Satan changes back to red kimono and board shorts. He opens a window to hell.

It shows his cabana on the volcanic beach. He gently floats his skateboard through the portal. It lands softly on his lounge chair.

SATAN

Welcome to your new home, my sweet.  
These two meat-sacks will be  
joining us there shortly. Slightly  
different accommodations.

The window closes. He spins to face the out-stretched mortals with one eyebrow raised. He seems to study them.

ZAP. In seconds Satan grows twelve feet tall. His head and body instantly morph into the medieval archetype seen in ancient books. Solid red. His eyes bulge and split tongue flickers back and forth.

SATAN (CONT'D)

BOO!

The humans jump in fear.

A stream of fire shoots from his mouth. It comes close to each of their faces. They scream.

Satan slowly turns back to his normal self and joins the Cerberus in a hearty laugh.

SATAN (CONT'D)

That never gets old.

As he pets the dog, he looks over at Guadalupe. He winks at her. She acts bashful and blushes.

ANGELO

Leave her alone, perv.

SATAN

Excuse me?

ANGELO

I don't know what kind of trick  
this is, but God isn't some lowly  
female. They can't even be  
priests. All this is fake.

SATAN

Zeus is a man. Is that who you  
pray to? The real God is beyond  
gender. But believe what you want.

The God-cloud returns with sparks of light following it. The  
lights line up in front of the opposite wall.

Quickly, the lights transform into human shapes but are  
translucent. Souls? They reflect all of human diversity  
including racial, religious, age and gender.

GOD (O.S.)

Hey folks. I'm back. They behave  
while I was gone?

SATAN

You know how THEIR KIND is.

A stream of mist is propelled in the direction of the souls.

GOD (O.S.)

These are the innocent souls who  
departed your world today. So  
beautiful, so precious.

They all smile back to the cloud, with joy.

GOD (O.S.) (CONT'D)

My beloved ... Please point to the  
man who took you from your families  
and ended your journey early.

All fingers line up to single out the young man tied down on  
the floor. Payton turns away.

As the faces of the souls are seen, some look angry. Others  
look sad.

GOD (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Justice will be given, my babies.  
It will be swift, merciless and  
eternal. I'll put my best  
specialist on the case.

(beat)

Do you know this fellow with a  
thing for the color red?

A spotlight shines on Satan. He smiles and waves back, Prom  
Queen style.

GOD (O.S.) (CONT'D)

The punisher ... Supreme.

His outfit instantly changes. He's now DEADPOOL.

SATAN

Oops, wrong superhero.

The costume is now SUPERMAN. His red cape flutters in the breeze he manufactures. Under the uniform, he is overly muscular and buff.

SATAN (CONT'D)

Thanks, boss. These good people had a long, horrible day, because of this dweeb. Can I show these folks a sample of what's in his future? Especially the merciless part? Please, please?

GOD (O.S.)

Do your thing, Luci.

Satan smiles and flutters his eyes, feeling honored. Meanwhile his tail wipes itself off on Payton's face as the young killer struggles against it.

SATAN

Drum roll, please.

The Cerberus slaps it's tail on the floor rapidly to imitate the drum roll sound. It's tongues wag in anticipation.

Satan jumps in the air, Superman style. He soars to the rafters, then waves to the victims again.

He awkwardly adjusts his tights in mid-air. Then he points to a spot on the floor below.

His body tips so he is face first. With the posture of a Olympic board diver, he accelerates at incredible speed to the ground.

SPLAT! He hits the floor and squashes into a red glob. Souls gasp. The glob starts to shift and move.

It forms itself into a shiny, red cobra with horns. The audience of the dearly departed applauds the feat.

The huge snake slithers over to a terrified Payton, who struggles away from it.

It then seems to smile through its fangs. Suddenly the snake quickly scoots up Payton's pant leg.

PAYTON

Nooo!

Payton squirms and screams. As the serpent-lump pauses in the crotch area the screams get louder.

The lump is seen going up his body, then the snake's head pops out of Payton's collar, right in front of his face.

The red cobra's eyes glow as it stares at his whimpering victim and weaves side to side, like cobras do. It shows its fangs, inches from his face.

It's cheeks seem stretched by something in its mouth. It spits both items out. They are Payton's balls.

They roll across the floor as Payton screams more. Two of the kittens run over and start to play with them.

Satan looks at them in the eye, then their eyes turn red. They start to bite into the testicles, which have a crunchy sound. The priest looks away in disgust.

While some souls who watch cringe, a few guys in the crowd give him a thumbs-up.

The snake crawls away from Payton, coughing and gagging.

TRES

Them Rocky Mountain oysters got a nasty kick to em', huh boss?

UNO

Grab you something to get that taste outta ya mouth. What in tarnation you waiting for?

A bottle of tequila pours itself into a dog bowl and the snake drinks from it.

Suddenly its eyes glow, horns sparkle. The snake turns into Satan in a Mariachi outfit, all red ... And with spurs. Satan tips his hat to the adoring crowd.

A sombrero lands on Payton's torso and MEXICAN HAT DANCE MUSIC begins. Satan gets the souls to clap along to the beat of the song.

Satan does the high energy moves on Payton's stomach with the facial expression of a matador. The shooter underneath his feet is in agony.

As the song goes more up-tempo, his boots are like a blur. His moves are all spot-on, as if classically trained.

The song ends dramatically with Satan shouting ...

SATAN

O-LAY!

A standing ovation is the immediate response from the souls.

Roses fall from the sky over him. He catches one in his mouth. He takes a bow.

SATAN (CONT'D)

Muchas to the gracias, bruh.

He looks down. The hat is now a pile of straw. Payton's shirt has been shredded and hundreds of small puncture marks dot his torso.

Satan turns into SIGMUND FREUD in an old-time suit, but red. He lights his cigar with his finger tip, then rubs his beard.

His extra thick glasses look over Payton, then addresses the crowd of souls. His accent is Austrian.

SATAN (CONT'D)

(imitates Freud)

By the grouping of wounds on the subject, we can deduce, that he's been ... A bad boy. Perhaps, even quite hideous.

PAYTON

Screw you. Just kill me, you weirdo. I don't need this.

SATAN

(imitates Freud)

Unexpressed emotions will never die. They are buried alive and will come forth later ... In uglier ways. My friends, what could be uglier, than that -- thing?

The crowd of souls boos Payton as they give, thumbs down.

SATAN (CONT'D)

(imitates Freud)

I agree. I don't even think a Freudian slip will help.

Satan's horns sparkle. Instantly, Payton now wears a shiny red lingerie type slip. A caricature of Freud with his cigar is on the front.

Payton struggles against his restraints as the souls of the people he killed get a big laugh out of it.

PAYTON

I hate you all. If I could kill  
you again, ... I would.

A hush comes over the souls. Some faces look hurt and on the  
verge of tears. Some look plain pissed off.

GOD (O.S.)

Why you little shit. I ought to--

Satan spontaneously turns back into his normal self.

SATAN

Hold up, boss. I got this.

He pimp-walks over to Payton.

PAYTON

Get away from me.

SATAN

Hey tough guy, as soon as that  
heart stops, we can have fun like  
this everyday ... In Hell.

PAYTON

Fuck you and all this shit. You're  
not the real devil, are you? He'd  
welcome me. Go anywhere with you?  
When fucking pigs fly.

SATAN

Mister, nasty mouth. You'll never  
hurt another human being again. If  
that's what it takes, bruh ... Then  
... Oink to the oink.

His horns sparkle and Satan turns into a silly looking ,  
super fat, red pig with a cartoonish, big smile. And horns  
of course.

Suddenly it sprouts red metallic wings. It takes off and  
soars through the high ceiling church.

The souls of the dead produce 'woos and awes', as the  
grinning porkster does aerial acrobatics gleefully amid the  
rain and lightning flashes.

The bodiless spirits applaud his talents. At the end of the  
routine, it hovers over Payton.

Payton sees a bulls-eye suddenly appear on his chest, but  
it's around his mouth too.

Something falls on his face and chest from above. It's brown and doesn't seem to smell good.

As he struggles, the crowd of souls laughs harder than ever. Now huge mounds of brown almost suffocate him. Flies are heard as they swarm his body. He moans loudly.

Satan, as the pig, levitates down from mid-air. The PORKY PIG type face is still large, but the body is now skinny.

Before he lands, his clothes change into a red, cheesy tuxedo. His hair is plastered down and he carries a mic. His teeth are augmented so the GAME SHOW HOST smile is huge.

SATAN (CONT'D)

Welcome to the game show, GO  
STRAIGHT TO HELL, YOU BASTARD.

A game show stage appears, lit with the production's name. The APPLAUSE SIGN flashes.

Female demons, doing VANNA WHITE impersonations, line up next to three large boxes with doors on the front. They are marked with numbers, one to three.

SATAN (CONT'D)

Greetings ladies and gentlemen. My name is B.L. Zeebub. We hope you enjoy the show.

He motions to Payton, still struggling to breathe under the pile of pig dung.

SATAN (CONT'D)

Our contestant today is Timothy Payton. I think you're familiar with his deeds.

The souls BOO him loudly.

SATAN (CONT'D)

He's our grand prize winner today. Here's a look at what he's looking forward to.

The demon girl next to door number one smiles and opens it. Fog pours out, then a vision inside becomes clearer.

SATAN (CONT'D)

You get to spend quality time with the royal puppy.



DOOR #1

Payton runs in fear across hot volcanic rocks. He looks behind himself often.

A wider view of the landscape shows that Cerberus chases him. Sweat pours down his face as he stumbles over red hot rocks and through sulphur smoke.

Payton trips as he tries to climb a hill. Cerberus catches up to him and grins. Fangs flash and saliva drips.

The teeth from all three heads, rips into his flesh. Screams pierce the air.

The Hellhound plays with him like a chew-toy. They toss him in the air and catch with their teeth.

Limbs are mercilessly ripped from where they are attached to the evil-doer. Now only a head and torso is left.

The big dog backs away as blood and slobber dribble from it's three jowls. It seems to grin.

From the ground around him, thousands of maggots emerge from the ground. They begin to crawl on Payton and go into his open wounds ... And across his face. He can't move.

He screams, cries and whimpers. No help comes.

The fog from the box disappears. The souls applaud.

GOD (O.S.)

Such creativity. You get more  
gruesome each century.

SATAN

Thanks, Boss.

GOD (O.S.)

I almost feel guilty about enjoying  
this, but the pain this little shit  
inflicted - needs YOUR SPECIAL KIND  
of justice.

Souls of the dead nod in agreement.

GOD (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Continue.

The whack, PAT SAJAK, points to door number two.

SATAN

Timothy Payton, You thought it was funny to see Father Conner's birthday bash? Good news, you will have an even bigger party, daily.

DOOR #2

The door for the second one is opened. More smoke. An image becomes clearer within the space.

Payton sits at a dinner table in an expensive looking apartment. A gorgeous woman in a sexy dress comes from the kitchen with a birthday cake and candles.

PAYTON

Ah, babe. So sweet. You didn't have to do that.

She smiles as she sets in on the table in front him.

PAYTON (CONT'D)

I wish everyday could be this good.

He blows out the candles. She uses a huge knife to cut him a large slice. Payton takes a bite and grins as he chews.

PAYTON (CONT'D)

Wicked delicious. I'm tempted to eat the whole thing.

She beams back, but it seems menacing. Payton doesn't notice her face.

Without warning, the whole cake is smashed into his face. As he wipes the frosting off his face and eyes, he hears her laugh, which turns into a cackle.

The cake and icing is all over his face and hair.

PAYTON (CONT'D)

Not funny.

With the last of the desert removed from his eyes, he sits stunned. His mouth moves, but no sound comes out.

His beautiful date ... Has now transformed into a female demon. Her eyes look reptilian. She blows him a kiss.

Payton pushes up from the table quickly, gasping for breath.

PAYTON (CONT'D)

No. No, you can't be real.

The 'demonette', rises with the huge knife in her hand. The dress still looks sexy on her. She cackles again.

As Payton turns to run from the table, she swipes at him with the blade. With cake still on his face, he knocks over furniture as he runs from her. He zips to the front door.

In the hall, he hits the elevator button. He huffs and puffs as he waits. Seconds are like hours.

PAYTON (CONT'D)  
Hurry. Hurry up ... Please.

His demonic date peers around the corner of the apartment and sees him. She walks seductively towards him, knife behind her back. Licking her lips, he sees a serpent-like tongue.

Payton runs to the stairwell. He slams open the door and descends as fast as his feet can move.

As he tries not to stumble in his haste, he notices the walls of the stairwell change.

Like a film projected onto the walls, Payton sees his recent past in stark detail.

#### FLASHBACK

As a armed gunman, he is seen busting into church services. Worshipers scramble for cover as he holds his long gun and enjoys seeing their fear.

Scenarios are seen of him shooting up people in the Synagogue ... Mosque ... Buddhist temple ... And Black church. He shows no emotions as bodies fall.

#### END OF FLASHBACKS

Just another flight of stairs away is the exit. He trips as he picks up speed. He falls to the bottom, the writhes in pain and grabs his leg.

A bone sticks out from the wounded area as blood flows heavily. He screams.

He tries to get to his feet, but falls. Leveraging himself against the wall, he finally stands. Limping to the door, he pushes and pushes until it opens.

Now outdoors, he feels the breeze and sun on his face. He takes a deep breath. Relief on his face.

As Payton looks to the side, he sees the lady demon smoking a cigarette on a bench and looking bored.

It's already smoked down to the filter. She flicks it at Payton, then springs up.

The enormous knife is snatched up and the chase is on.

Hobbling and wincing, Payton tries to run as fast as he can. He looks back, she's catching up.

The landscape around him starts to change. As he runs, the city park environment morphs into a barren hell-scape.

Tears drip down his cheeks. Payton looks backwards. The demon is still charging, but suddenly stops.

Payton's good leg steps into a foot snare. A rope tightens around his ankle and jerks his body skyward.

He finds himself hanging upside down by his foot. The broken leg hangs in a way it's not supposed to. He hollers in pain.

Some icing has slid into his eyes and he wipes it off. In front of him, fangs sparkling, is his birthday date.

She raises the knife lustfully. The blade glistens as volcanos erupt nearby.

SATAN (O.C.)

Chill, Boo. I got this.

His minion drops the weapon and backs away. Behind her, Payton sees Satan, dressed like a construction worker with a big belly.

Satan's horns stick out from his hard-hat. Half-smoked cigar protrudes from his jaw.

He sits at the controls of a crane. Horror overtakes Payton when he sees the rope he dangles from is attached to the arm of the of the machine Satan commands.

SATAN (CONT'D)

Happy Birthday, studly. Don't you think you should share that cake with some of your friends?

The crane moves the suspended serial shooter, directly over a deep crater that looks dark and ominous. A chunk of cake falls from his face, onto the lip of the hole.

Dozens of dingy rats scamper from the dark abyss and devour it in seconds.

PAYTON

No. No, no. Please don't. I'm  
sorry. Don't!

He is lowered face first into the cavern as he screams his lungs out. The sound of a thousands of rats feasting is heard before the yelping stops.

After a few puffs on his cigar, Satan reverses the controls. The crane pulls up its load. Only bones are attached to the bloody rope.

Door number two, shuts slowly.

Satan takes an extended bow as the aggrieved souls applaud ... The Payback.

SATAN

Thank you, As you see, we believe  
in recycling in Hell. Not a morsel  
goes to waste. Plus dummy will  
feel every single bite.

The eyes of Payton burn into the devil.

PAYTON

I know how to stop all this  
bullshit.

He turns his head to the side and looks to the God-cloud.

PAYTON (CONT'D)

God, forgive me for I have sinned.  
I'll do a thousand Hail Marys and  
promise to never do it again.

(beat)

There. Now let me up. I'll go do  
penance right away.

All heads turn in his direction. A moment of silence follows. Suddenly God and Satan burst out in laughter. It's followed by the dogs and souls, joining them.

GOD (O.S.)

This boy. Whew. I tell ya. Ain't  
he something?

SATAN

The funniest bowl of rat food I  
ever met.

GOD (O.S.)  
 Look at his face. This fool was  
 serious. Can you believe it? My,  
 my, my.

Payton's face looks redder than Satan's. He explodes with  
 rage and frustration.

PAYTON  
 Fuck you both. That's right. I  
 said it.

GOD (O.S.)  
 I knew that was coming.

SATAN  
 Ew, potty mouth.

Satan makes a face.

SATAN (CONT'D)  
 Maybe we should clean that mouth  
 out with soap.

Suds start to ooze from Payton's mouth. Lots of it. He gags  
 as it pours from his body.

TRES  
 I gots a better treatment for that  
 dirty mouth. Deez nuts.

The dog moseys over to the pinned down slaughter machine. It  
 positions it's huge rear haunches over his face.

SATAN  
 Any kiddos in the crowd may want to  
 look away.

PAYTON  
 No, I take it back. I take it--

Cerberus squats down, choking off Payton's words. He gasps  
 for air. The big dog grins.

SATAN  
 Yep, you take it, dude. I'm a  
 witness, yo.

The Hellhound gets up chuckling.

DOS  
 Me sack feels clean and minty  
 fresh. Might have him scrub me  
 bum, next.

Satan moves closer to Payton, finger pointed.

SATAN

You surfed yourself into a tsunami,  
bruh. Don't blame us. That's  
lame. It's torture time for you,  
like it is for their families.

Satan points to the souls who hover nearby.

SATAN (CONT'D)

Don't worry. It won't last too  
long. How long you think, boss?

GOD (O.S.)

Eternity.

SATAN

Oh, guess I was off by a few  
million years. But hey, time flies  
when you hang with me, buddy.

Payton turns to the side and whimpers.

GOD (O.S.)

Look at his pitiful ass.

A chuckle is heard from the cloud.

SATAN

Well we can't let one soggy diaper  
ruin the party. I'll change him.

The red 'Freudian Slip' is replaced with an old time diaper.  
A huge bottle of baby powder materializes. It shakes out its  
contents, inches thick, onto the out-stretched, mass killer.

SATAN (CONT'D)

(baby talk)

Is our coodums all nice and fresh  
now? Aw, he's just so cutie-cutie.  
Look at him.

UNO

Precious, ain't he?

Back into emcee mode, Satan makes sweeping arm movements.

SATAN

And now for the trifecta. Let's  
see what's waiting behind ... Door  
number three.

DOOR #3

The demonic version of VANNA WHITE, swings open the door. A thick mist bellows out.

A forest becomes clear. Men are dressed like Americans in the Revolutionary War. Muskets at their sides.

In front of them is a scarecrow tied to a tree. It wears a Redcoat uniform.

SATAN

Since you love guns so much, how could we forget to honor your passion? That would be rude.

DOS

A Brit? Really Boss?

SATAN

No offense, old man. Just history. Nothing personal.

UNO

Whatcha got in mind?

SATAN

Buddy boy was a reckless gun owner, to say the least. He might need a lesson on the power of the 'boom-stick', first hand.

Satan outstretches his hand as horns flash colors. Payton's body breaks it's restraint and levitates above the floor.

ANGELO

Hey, that's not fair. Hey. Let me go too.

SATAN

You think I'm setting him free? You, my friend, are hilarious.

His body spins in mid-air a few times, then zooms towards the stage. It enters the body of the scarecrow.

INT. SCARECROW

Payton finds himself standing up. All around him is hay and straw. He tries to move, but can't.

He peeks through the straw that covers his face. The soldiers raise their muskets in his direction.



From a tent emerges Satan, dressed as GEORGE WASHINGTON. The troops salute him. Payton's eyes get wide.

EXT. FOREST

The man saluted by the soldiers seems to be the real first president of the United States.

Only Payton and the audience sees him as Lucifer ... In a white wig.

SATAN

Men, we take no pleasure in  
bringing death to others. But when  
they are a threat to our liberty,  
our freedom, our lives ... We have  
no choice.

The troops nod back in agreement. General George points to the scarecrow with his sword.

INT. SCARECROW

Sunlight glistens off of the horns that stick through Satan's powdered wig as Payton looks on.

SATAN

There, that limey bastard just  
killed women and children. Welcome  
him to America.

(beat)

Fire!

BANG! BANG! The muskets send hot balls of metal streaking at Payton in the scarecrow facade. Gun-smoke makes it hard to see the soldiers, but Lucifer's wide grin is clearly seen.

A dozen rounds penetrate the straw one by one. Payton looks down to see the holes ripped in his body. A gory mess.

He screams, but it goes unheard.

His silent screams become more animated as the scarecrow catches fire around the entry wounds. Payton seems to die.

EXT. FOREST

The scarecrow, full of holes, slumps over. Soldiers cheer as fire consumes it. The scene fades.

INT. STAGE

Back as the Game Show host, Satan bows to the happy, clapping souls in attendance.

Payton's body, back to the diaper outfit shows no wounds. It spins in the air, under Satan's spell.

SATAN

Musket fire must have hurt, but he  
finally proved to the world ...  
He's got big balls.

Laughter from all around.

DOS

How's about another spanking? Not  
quite so British this time, would  
you please?

SATAN

Sure, my man. I'll stick to the  
battle against bullies vibe though.  
I like that. How bout you guys?

TRES

How 'bout we lose the cannonballs  
and see him eat some real slugs ...  
Like the hot rocks he gave them.

A cheer of approval is heard.

More smoke rolls from door number three. A neglected, desolate, urban landscape comes into view.

INT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE

Graffiti covered walls are illuminated by holes in the roof of the dilapidated building. Gangsta rap is heard.

A large group of Black and Latino young men are gathered. Some wear red clothing, some wear blue clothing ... But everybody's pants sag.

Faces show tension and anger as they sit amongst each other. The sound of a loud motor is heard.

INT. STAGE

The spinning body of Payton stops. Satan grabs his foot and hurls him towards the unfolding scene.

SATAN  
See you later, sweetie.

INT. MANNEQUIN

Payton opens his eyes. It seems he's looking through a mask. He looks over his now standing body. He's now a mannequin, unable to move.

His eyes look perplexed as he notices that he now wears a police uniform.

The gang members now come into his field of view. They look rugged and dangerous.

VRRRR. The sound of the motor is followed to an approaching blue Harley. A hottie wearing a matching blue outfit is the driver and she pulls up in the middle of the warehouse.

The passenger is now seen by Payton. It's Satan. In all red, of course. He rocks cornrows as he jumps from the back of the chopper.

His tail makes his sagging pants look ridiculous. He bows to his lady rider, then turns to the gathered thugs.

INT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE

The real gang leader, who is black, raises his hand to command everyone's attention. The crowd of hardened street warriors turn all eyes to him.

GANGLEADER  
Never did I think I'd see a day  
when Bloods, Crips and Chollos  
would come together for anything,  
... At anytime. But this did it.

He holds up a newspaper. The headline reads, COPS FOUND NOT GUILTY. Boos thunder from the street enforcers.

GANGLEADER (CONT'D)  
They beat Rodney King like a dog in  
the streets. We finally caught  
those assholes on tape ... And  
STILL no justice?

Unbridled rage is seen on the faces and gestures of the menacing mob.

GANGLEADER (CONT'D)

You fucking kidding me? Muth-tha-fuck Los Angeles! Treat us like that? Say WHAT?

(beat)

Let's burn this bitch to the ground.

Jumping up and down, the various loudly vocal gangs - seem to enthusiastically embrace the need for urban rebellion. They hold their varied arsenal in the air so the leader sees it.

Guys push the cop mannequin into the sunlight. It catches the 'mad dog look' from the ominous congregation.

GANGLEADER (CONT'D)

Get your target practice on. Be ready to shoot this muthafucka before he shoots you.

INT. MANNEQUIN

Payton sees everything going down. The gangleader, who he can see as Satan, puts on a red bandana and winks at the cold-blooded killer who is trapped inside the plastic policeman.

Shotguns, handguns, and rifles all point to the stand-in for bad cops everywhere.

GANGLEADER

FIRE!

Guns of all kinds fire at the mannequin. Payton screams as a literal wall of bullets soars towards him in slow motion.

He sees the first few rounds penetrate the mannequin, then enter his body. In his dimension, he sees his blood spray everywhere.

INT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE

The ammo hits the dummy with hundreds of rounds, blowing it to pieces. Bits of plastic and traces of a uniform are all that is left.

The crowd cheers. Mist starts to cover the gangland scene until it disappears.

INT. STAGE

Satan materializes as the Game Show host as applause rains down from the victims of Payton's madness.

SATAN  
You like that?

The decibel level is raised in approval. Payton scowls as he spins around in the air again.

SATAN (CONT'D)  
This loser loves bullets. I gave him a variety to play with.

TRES  
Shitload of good gunpowder would go to waste on a goomba like this.

Lucifer considers the logic for a moment.

SATAN  
You're right, especially when we need to kill him several times a day. Hmm. I'm stuck.

The extra large 'game show host' teeth Satan wears -- wiggle their way out of his mouth and hang in mid-air, facing him.

DENTURES  
All you need is one bullet ... But it needs to be a big one.

Now toothless, Satan 'gums' for a moment, then asks the chompers in front of him ...

SATAN  
Got any ideas?

The dentures float over to his ear and whispers softly. No one can hear it, but a big gummy smile spreads across the devils face.

SATAN (CONT'D)  
Wow. Perfecto, bruh. Now get back in there.

Body-less, false-teeth -- zoom back into his face. He turns to face God and the souls.

SATAN (CONT'D)

Ladies and gentlemen. We like to keep innovative when we torture evil-doers. Keeps away the boredom and victims get better payback.

Satan stops Payton's body from spinning with the wave of a hand. He creeps closer to the killer who wanted to meet him so badly.

Thick clouds bellow out of door number three again. Fear is seen as he senses another painful event on the horizon.

PAYTON

Please. Stop!

Lucifer strolls closer to the souls.

SATAN

Did any of you make that request to Mister Timothy Payton?

Heads nod affirmatively.

SATAN (CONT'D)

Did he stop?

Heads shakes in negative fashion. Some faces look furious.

The devil turns back to the suspended body of the assassin. The king of Hell pouts.

SATAN (CONT'D)

Bad news, fella. No mercy. I guess you get ... What you gave.

Payton's body starts to spin again. Faster and faster.

SATAN (CONT'D)

By the way, how do you feel about, ... Kimchi?

Payton vanishes from the stage. Haze clears away slowly from Door number three.

INT. HOUSE

Payton opens his eyes to find himself sitting on a couch, looking through a window, to a park in the distance.

He peers at his body. Seems normal ... No straw, no plastic surrounds him.

Trying to stand up, he can't. The room is relatively dark. He spies several electrodes attached to his body.

Upon shifting his eyes around, he sees a bowl of kimchi on the table in front of him. Chopsticks are nearby.

He blinks in confusion.

INT. CENTRAL COMMAND

Banks of computers and video screens populate the room. Asians in lab coats dash to and fro. A thick, glass picture window shows the facility is partially underground.

A rotund man strides into the room and everyone bows to him. It is KIM JUNG UN. He seems all business, even if his haircut says otherwise.

KIM  
(in Korean)  
We ready?

A scientist who sits at the main computer, nods yes.

Kim makes his way to an area where lights and cameras are set up for him. The North Korean flag is on the wall.

INT. HOUSE

Payton is startled when the room is suddenly lit up. The TV flickers to life. Satan is on camera, but looks more puffy than usual.

SATAN  
(in Korean)  
If imperialist, American dogs  
continue to be a threat ... We must  
be prepared to defend ourselves.

PAYTON  
What the fuck is he talking about?

With more light, Payton sees more around him. An American flag is on the wall.

Against the wall, sits two females, but they don't move either. Both wear red, white and blue dresses - but are also attached to electrodes.

As he looks closer, no expression is on their face.

PAYTON (CONT'D)  
Robots? Huh?

He sees his reflection in the window now. He's as statuesque as they are. For some reason, he's wearing a red, white and blue top-hat like Uncle Sam.

On the TV, Satan now stands in front of the fortified picture window. In his hand, binoculars. Asian scientists flank him on both sides.

INT. CENTRAL COMMAND

Camera follow the 'DEAR LEADER' as he points to a small house in the distance.

KIM  
(in Korean)  
As long as I am your leader ... We  
will always be prepared to strike  
back. And if needed ... Strike  
first. No mercy.

INT. HOUSE

Payton exhales in frustration. Eyes on the plasma screen.

PAYTON  
Fuck. Speak American. Goddam  
foreigner bullshit.

The devil nods to the scientists. They push buttons and slide a lever. Satan scopes out the landscape with his binoculars through the window.

INT. CENTRAL COMMAND

Kim smiles wide and waits.

From the sky, a missile quickly falls to earth near the isolated house. BOOM!

A blinding, white light illuminates the command center.

INT. HOUSE

Payton looks curiously through the window as something hurtles towards the ground.

His eyes show that he's finally figured it out.



PAYTON

Oh shit.

In slow motion, ... A super bright spark is detonated when the projectile crashes. The house is rocked hard.

In even slower motion ... Walls blow out and heat-waves melt the robot women quickly as parts of them flake away.

Payton watches the same happen to him. The robot cover burns off first, then his skin. It turns red, then peels off and incinerates before his eyes. He screams ... Until his face melts away.

Fog covers the scene as it vanishes from sight.

INT. STAGE

Satan struts in from the wings. His face is normal but he still wears the North Korean's uniform. At center-stage, he rips it off. Fat suit and all.

Applause is deafening. Now ... Dressed as a Game Show host, he addresses the crowd.

SATAN

Judges ... How did I do?

The souls hold up cardboard signs with their numerical grade written on the front. All, TENS. All three dog mouths hold signs that read, TEN, too.

Lucifer acts humbled and bows three times to the appreciative gathering before him.

The stage disappears and the church is back.

The killer's diaper is replaced by his old clothes. Payton is tied to the floor, on his back again.

GOD (O.S.)

Look at you, Mista Red Pants. All creative and stuff. Hit 'm with the Grand Finale. We got to get these precious souls through the orientation.

SATAN

I'll hook up a different emcee.  
Any requests?

God chuckles to herself.

GOD (O.S.)  
That fool you did last time had me  
rolling. Feeling it?

Satan turns his back to everyone while grinning.

SATAN  
Your wish is my command, ... Oh  
Great One.

The devil vanishes without warning. Souls look perplexed.

The sound of a voice that seems familiar is heard from behind  
the altar.

SATAN (O.C.) (CONT'D)  
HEY ... HEY ... HEY!

Eyes are directed to the outburst.

Leaning on the alter is Satan. Blonde afro, glasses and an  
ugly multi-colored sweater. He smirks as he eats chocolate  
pudding from a plastic cup.

SATAN (CONT'D)  
(imitates Cosby)  
Mmm. Pudding. Whooo ... Doesn't  
like pud-ding?

The audience 'gets it' and laughs hard.

TRES  
Tastes like Detroit diarrhea mixed  
with tap water from Flint.

SATAN  
(imitates Cosby)  
Har, har har. You're right.

He flings it over his shoulder and brown goo goes everywhere.

Satan pulls out a cigar and sparks it with his finger as he  
strolls closer to the pinned down culprits.

He looks to the floating souls and makes a face.

SATAN (CONT'D)  
(imitates Cosby)  
Ya know what's funny? Heee ...  
Doctor Huxtable-Suxtable, played me  
in a movie ... Now I play him here  
... Har har har.

The devil is spot on with the mannerisms and vocal style.

UNO  
That movie sucked donkey balls.

SATAN  
(imitates Cosby)  
Donk-key balls. Yes ... But I  
still got paid ... Har har har.

DOS  
Bet that bought a lot of knock out  
pills, eh Governor?

Satan pulls out a container and shakes it and flutters his eyes as he makes a funny face.

SATAN  
(imitates Cosby)  
I don't know - what you mean. I'm  
America's dad.

He happens to notice the Guadalupe statue.

SATAN (CONT'D)  
(imitates Cosby)  
One never knows ... When  
opportunity knocks. Dig it? Good.

He looks at the killer and the fake priest.

SATAN (CONT'D)  
(imitates Cosby)  
And what ... In the name of pudding  
pops ... Do weeee ... Have here?

PAYTON  
Eat shit ... You Fat Albert fuck.

An artificially startled look is shown by Bill Beelzebub. He makes sure the audience of spirits see his, HOME ALONE-ish facial expression.

SATAN  
(imitates Cosby)  
C-c-cussing? You knooooow ... I  
don't put up ... With that.

GOD (O.S.)  
Unless Spanish Fly is involved,  
right? Look boy, let's get this  
rolling. You need my help, fool,  
or what?

Another comically twisted face shows the effects of being scolded by the Boss.

SATAN

(imitates Cosby)

I ... Would appreciate ... Your  
assistance ... With the thing ...  
And the stuff ... And the har-har

GOD (O.S.)

You ain't nothing but a stone cold  
fool. Hold on.

Four souls start to materialize, sitting in the front pews.  
Two on each side of the aisle.

SATAN

(imitates Cosby)

And now ... For the worstest-est  
... Of all tortures.

GOD (O.S.)

Fool, speak like you got some sense  
in your head. Nobody understands  
that gibberish. Speak English.

SATAN

(imitates Cosby)

This stuff ... Made me ...  
America's dad.

GOD (O.S.)

For a hot minute. Kinda went away  
right quick, huh?

The slam hits and elicits a goofy facial reaction. Busted.  
His eyes bug and move side to side.

In the pews, four people appear. Two men and two women.  
Satan raises the floorboards the two are tied down on, so  
they can see the spectacle. Their mouths drop.

PAYTON

What kinda sick shit is this?

ANGELO

No. No way.

They stare at the figures, quaking. Eyes glassy.

PAYTON

Mom? Dad ... Is that you?

The couple sit side by side. PAYTON'S MOM (50's) wears a  
nurse's uniform, graying hair. She seems dazed. PAYTON'S  
DAD (late 20's) sports a sailor's uniform.

PAYTON'S DAD

Glad I died young so I don't have  
to deal with this.

The mom snaps out of it. She looks longingly at the man next  
to her. She touches him. He looks back lovingly.

PAYTON'S MOM

Harold? Oh my God. Is that you?

PAYTON'S DAD

Yeah, babe. Miss you, very much.  
Got sent me here to sort out this  
mess our worthless kid got into.  
You heard about it?

Her eyes burn as she focuses on her son. She covers her face  
in shame and agony.

PAYTON'S MOM

I sacrificed so much for him. This  
is how he pays me back? Cops told  
me. Doctor had to sedate me.

PAYTON'S DAD

What the hell is wrong with you,  
boy? Huh?

Payton mumbles as tears run down.

PAYTON

I-I just--

PAYTON'S MOM

You just ruined both of our lives,  
you demonic asshole. I didn't  
raise you to do this shit.

SATAN

(imitates Cosby)  
And weeee ... Have proof.

He swipes his arm and a video screen appears from the mist.

TV SCREEN - SERIES OF SHOTS

1. Younger mom, smiles and rubs her pregnant belly as her  
husband kisses her.
2. Tears of joy at the birth of their son in the hospital.
3. Cute baby pictures and clips of him laughing with his  
parents in a nice home.

4. Mom weeps as she holds a photo of the husband in dress uniform to her bosom. Now older, Payton comforts her.

5. Mom in nurse outfit, drops a smiling Payton at High School. The teen pecks her on the cheek as he gets out. He waves goodbye as she leaves.

6. Payton reads the Satanic book, guns in the backseat.

The parents hug.

PAYTON'S MOM

We had good times. Now this. I feel like ripping out my womb with my bare hands! I HATE YOU!

PAYTON

Don't say that. Please.

PAYTON'S DAD

What do you want? A parade? That shit-head move brought dishonor to generations of your kin.

PAYTON'S MOM

My job is over. My life! How do I live now? You think of that asshole? No, you evil shit. Take him Satan, do what you want.

Chest heaving from sobbing, Payton is crushed.

PAYTON

I'm so sorry. It just ...

PAYTON'S DAD

We're done talking to you.

The parents try to comfort each other.

SATAN

(imitates Cosby)

Ohhh, oh. That's gonna leave a mark. Ouchy. And now, the man of the cloth.

The other couple is seen. ANGELO'S MOM (40's) is an XXL sized lady who wears a moo-moo. Tattoos cover her arms. She looks at her son with scorn.

ANGELO'S MOM

Look at you. And you wonder why I drank myself to death?

(MORE)

ANGELO'S MOM (CONT'D)

I knew you'd turn out to be a loser. Just like this dirtbag.

ANGELO'D DAD (60's) takes offense.

ANGELO'S DAD

Maybe I ran off 'cause I saw this coming. Should have aborted the fucker like I told you.

Confused and hurt to the core, the fake priest looks the older, bearded man up and down. A tear runs.

ANGELO

Wait ... You're my dad? I never met you before.

ANGELO'S DAD

I guess that streak of good luck just ran out, huh?

Anger and sadness is on Angelo's face.

ANGELO

You left us alone, on purpose? Fuck you. My dad became Jack Daniels and any biker with a hard cock. I hate you.

ANGELO'S MOM

Yeah, blame somebody else for becoming a weasel. You had a choice. You chose being a con-man in the clergy. That's fucking low down.

ANGELO'S DAD

How much longer do we have to look at this sleazy pimp?

Satan turns to the souls.

SATAN

(imitates Cosby)

Aww, I just love me some family reunions. Don't you? Even when they hate your guts, it's nice to ... Reconnect, hah har har.

PAYTON

No, it's fucking not. Do what you're gonna do and get it over with. I hate this.

GOD (O.S.)

Pretty boy is uncomfortable. Boo  
hoo hoo. How do you think the  
victims and their families feel?  
Who, do you think THEY hate?

The spirits of the dead stare at Payton, repulsed. Payton's  
mom cries from the depth of her heart.

PAYTON'S MOM

May I?

She clenches her husband's hand. They levitate, then float  
over closer to the victims of their son's insanity.

PAYTON'S MOM (CONT'D)

With all the cells of my body, I  
apologize for what this monster, I  
tried to raise differently, did.

PAYTON

Oh Jesus.

PAYTON'S DAD

It's not a joke, asshole.

PAYTON'S MOM

Together, we humbly ask your  
forgiveness, in light of this  
hideous act. The pain your  
families suffer, because of him--

PAYTON'S DAD

It's ... Too much. Please find it  
in your hearts to forgive us.

The souls smile, then do a half-bow to the parents.

Payton starts slamming his head against the floor boards he's  
attached to. Mad as a hatter. His eyes look scrambled.

PAYTON

No. No. Make it stop. I can't  
take it. Arrrg!

TRES

Aye. ... So loco.

UNO

That boy got a bee in his bonnet  
and a buzzard up his butt.



Almost foaming at the mouth, Payton continues trying to concuss himself. His parents shake their head at the antics, The shame is palatable.

GOD (O.S.)

They forgive you, as do I. Sister,  
I know you got a rough road ahead.  
I'll be with you, every step. Lean  
on me. You understand?

She nods as tears flow down her cheeks. Her husband hugs her, supportively.

PAYTON'S DAD

I'll be there for you too, babe.

God gives them a moment to themselves, then all four parents slowly vanish.

GOD (O.S.)

Alright, Luci. We're ready to  
finish and head back.

(beat)

What the hell are you doing?

Still dressed as 'America's Dad', he's trying to push a pill into the mouth of Guadalupe's statue.

SATAN

(imitates Cosby)

Aww, come on baby, don't be that  
way. It'll help you loosen up.

GOD (O.S.)

Lucifer! Will you cut it out?

The pill drops from his hand. He kicks it away and tries to look innocent. His eyes become like a cute kitten.

SATAN

(imitates Cosby)

Who? Me? I ... Me? Your honor, I  
am inn-no-cent. Har har har.

GOD (O.S.)

Boy ...

Annoyance is heard in her voice. A red aura starts to surround the God-cloud. Satan looks like he knows he's stretching the boundaries of his boss's patience, big time.

SATAN

(normal voice)

Sorry, got lost in character.

The horns that poke through the blonde afro, shimmer.

Satan instantly transforms into a red, baggy jumpsuit. The word, SANITATION DEPARTMENT, is across the back. A red bandana scarf covers his hair, 2Pac style, but his horns stick out.

His customized pitchfork magically appears in his hand. He struts over to the bodiless souls, like a boss.

SATAN (CONT'D)

Thank you all. Very, very much.  
Don't worry folks, I take my job  
seriously. They will get what they  
deserve. I promise.

The Cerberus heads all howl at the same time.

SATAN (CONT'D)

And these guys will help me. Not  
only do I take out the garbage, but  
I'll dispose of it ... In my own  
special way. Ya feel me?

He points to Payton with the pitchfork.

SATAN (CONT'D)

When his soul is mine, that morsel  
of torture will look like a Girl  
Scout picnic.

Satan walks closer to the floating souls. He points to them as he speaks.

SATAN (CONT'D)

I do this, so that ... You, and  
you, and you and the rest ... Get  
just-tice, bay-bay.

(beat)

For all eternity.

A standing ovation that rivals the best of them, rains down. Some spirits have tears in their eyes.

GOD (O.S.)

Okay my babies. Go on back to  
paradise. I'll be there in a hot  
minute or two.

The souls turn into small orbs that cluster, then zoom through the hole in the roof, towards the heavens.

ANGELO

Glad that's settled. Yep, he's a bad man. I'm nothing like ... That. Could you let me go now?

(beat)

I'm an employee, right God? I'll be better from now on.

The devil turns to the side and giggles.

GOD (O.C.)

Employee, huh? You're fired. Smartass. You didn't represent me, you pimped my words for your benefit. Don't pretend that you love me if you participate in that bullshit.

ANGELO

Fine, forget it.

GOD (O.S.)

I'm there for strength, for guidance, for unconditional love. I'm there to love them when they can't love themselves.

SATAN

Whew. Talk that talk, boss.

GOD (O.S.)

I will be with these creatures who don't know how divine they are ... And I will love them until the end of time.

SATAN

With the weapons of destruction they have, the end of time could happen at any moment.

GOD (O.S.)

What more can I do? Really ... What will it take to turn this situation around?

God is heard weeping. From the look on Satan's face, seeing that pain, hurts Satan to the core. His eyes water up.

SATAN

Boss, please ... Don't be sad. Please. They ain't worth it. You're doing a great job.

The sobs continue. The cloud turns gray. Satan's tears fall now. The devil screams at the top of his lungs ...

SATAN (CONT'D)  
WHY THE FUCK CAN'T YOU PEOPLE STOP  
BEING SO EVIL? ... Sorry.

The heavenly crying begins to cease.

GOD (O.S.)  
We're doing our best, that's for  
sure. Keep doing what you do.  
It's appreciated. Sorry you had to  
be the garbage man, but it needs to  
be done.

Satan bows down like loyal subject of the throne.

SATAN  
It's my pleasure and honor to serve  
you Lord. In any way you need me.  
I hate to bring this up, you've  
already had a dispiriting moment.

GOD (O.S.)  
It's not the first time I shed  
tears over my creation. Won't be  
the last. Spit it out, boy.

The devil raises from his bow. He speaks, but doesn't face the cloud.

SATAN  
This no reflection on you and your  
efforts. But ... We may need to  
expand Hell some more. Sorry to  
say. Their fault, not yours.

The cloud trembles and turns darker gray. Silence. Satan hangs his head.

An Earth tremor rolls through. Lightning flashes three times. The cloud is restored to normal.

GOD (O.S.)  
Ugg. It's done. You know I'm  
getting tired of this, right?

SATAN  
Acutely.

GOD (O.S.)  
There's something else on your  
mind. What's wrong?

Satan look to the floor and even seems, nervous?

SATAN

God, I hope you know I'm trying my best to keep these souls from ending up here.

He goes to his knees, head bowed.

SATAN (CONT'D)

Please - please don't replace me. I promise to try harder to get them to avoid this and have them take responsibility for the evil they create. And hopefully stop it.

Silence. The cloud shines brighter than it ever did.

GOD (O.S.)

Look at you. Replace you? Ha, not hardly. If anything, I need to clone you. Why'd that even cross your mind? Stand up, boy.

He shakes his head in failure as he rises.

SATAN

The numbers. More and more and more. Urgg. And they don't get a second chance. I try to scare them away from this outcome, but -- I've failed you.

GOD (O.S.)

Nope. Stop that, soldier.

(beat)

So it's not fair when mortals blame you, so you start blaming yourself?

(chuckles)

Forget the numbers and just keep doing your best. That's what I ask of them ... And that's the effort I always get from you.

Lucifer grins widely at the cloud.

SATAN

Thanks, Boss. I needed to hear that. Directly from you.

GOD (O.S.)

Oh, I understand the frustration. It's worse on my end. Making life takes a lot of work.

(MORE)

GOD (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Then to see this outcome? Hmmph.  
The rules are easy. I don't get  
it. What's going on?

SATAN

Right. It's a simple rule. Don't  
be an asshole. Heck, even I can do  
that ... Once in a while.

He winks to the cloud and slips out a smartass grin. God is  
heard laughing.

GOD (O.S.)

But not for long. You so cray-zee.  
Bring it in, boy, give me a hug.

With joy in his heart, the devil embraces God's cloud and  
closes his eyes to feel the union deeply. After a few  
moments, he lets go.

SATAN

Please don't stay away so long.  
Love you, Boss.

The cloud twinkles, then puts on a display of colors and  
patterns of cosmic geometry that boggle the mind. It then  
spins quickly and zooms back through the hole in the roof.

All in the church stare at it as it flies out of sight as  
raindrops continue to fall.

Satan turns and squats down near the doomed men.

He looks directly into the camera.

SATAN (CONT'D)

All you pervs, thuggish  
degenerates, serial killers,  
predators, dictators, ...

He counts out the crimes on his fingers.

SATAN (CONT'D)

... Planet destroyers, junkie  
creators, hate mongers, greedy  
bastards and mass grave makers ...  
You'll see me one day.

The smile he projects is sinister. His eyes go from normal,  
to reptilian ... And back.

SATAN (CONT'D)

And on that day, we'll become best  
friends forever. And ever and ever.  
(MORE)

SATAN (CONT'D)

Be a fool if you want to. We got plenty room.

Satan turns to the two. He looks down at the killer and the wayward priest.

SATAN (CONT'D)

Okay, break is over, meatbags. Back to business.

The devil knocks over some candles. The church starts on fire, gets smoky.

Concert lighting and an ominously designed stage appears from nowhere. **NIB (BLACK SABBATH)** plays.

The blob that was Keith Richards, now morphs into an image of TONY IOMMI, the group's guitarist, cloaked in black leather.

A second later, Satan morphs into OZZY OSBOURNE. Which is not a far reach for his morphing skills. His heavily made-up eyes pierce to the children of the damned, before him.

SATAN (CONT'D)

(sung)

*Oh yeah!*

*Now I have you with me, under my power ...*

*Our love grows stronger now with every hour ...*

*Look into my eyes, you will see who I am ...*

*My name is LUCIFER, please take my hand*

The dog rocks out and head-bangs as the song plays. Both Angelo and Payton have bled out badly and are seconds from death. The church is full of flames. Music continues.

SATAN (CONT'D)

(normal voice)

My name is Lucifer, ... Please, take my hand.

He squats down in between them to grab their hands. Firmly grasping the hands of each of them, he smiles, ... Then yanks backwards, hard.

The translucent looking souls of the two are ripped from their bodies. The souls physically look like the condemned corpses on the floor.

Satan holds them, dangling from the ground. He flings them both over his shoulder with all his strength.

A garbage truck magically appears. They land in the back of it with a thud. The trash compactor goes to work, crunching and smashing.

Then the truck seems to melt into the floor and disappear.

Satan looks back as the bodies of flesh and bone start to burn, still on the floor.

A siren is heard in the distance as the music continues. Lucifer turns to the Cerberus.

SATAN (CONT'D)

Guess our work is done here. Oh,  
almost forgot.

He grabs the Guadalupe statue and hoists it on his shoulder. The dog romps over to the ceramic guitarist and lets him jump on it's back, while he's still shredding.

As Black Sabbath metal scorches eardrums, the dogs sings the often repeated chorus of the song.

CERBERUS

*Oh yeah ... Oh yeah ...*

The instrumental part plays as the Satan-made guitarist leans into a blistering solo.

They all trot off towards the altar and vanish behind it. Parts of the church cave-in and burn ... As sirens are heard getting closer.

The song continues.

EXT. HELL - ETERNAL DARKNESS

Now back in his comfortable confines of Hades, Satan does what he loves. He surfboards across the hot lava in his kimono and shorts as the song plays.

He goes around skeletons as he rips the waves, wind in his hair. Huge smile on his face.

In front of him, Father Angelo and Payton stick their heads out of the lava. Satan grins. His eyes sparkle.

His surfboard beelines towards them with speed.

POP POP. Satan lops off their heads with his board. Both noggins propel into the air. Eyes wide.



Lucifer chuckles then does the heavy metal 'devil horns' with his fingers ... And smiles even wider. Now he dances on the board and head-bangs to the beat.

Cerberus, on shore, release an ear-splitting howl, then wags its tail rapidly. Happy to be home.

Satan winks back at his puppy and continues to ride the lava flows as the song fades out and darkness consumes ... Everything.

THE END