

The Albert Tross Affair

an original script
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EXT. EARTH/LA MEMORIAL HOSPITAL, 1998 -- MORNING

DEATH (30s), an everyday guy who looks like someone out of the Sopranos with deep black circles under his eyes and a grizzly five o'clock shadow, walks out of the hospital dragging by the arm MORRIS (24), a drug addict/dealer dressed in a hospital gown. Morris struggles against him.

THE SCENE FREEZES. "DEATH a.k.a. THE GRIM REAPER" TYPES ACROSS THE BOTTOM OF THE SCREEN. THE SCENE UNFREEZES.

MORRIS

Yo, man! Yo, yo, yo!

Morris whips his arm away.

DEATH

For Christ's sake. You wanna give me a break here? What is with you people. It's not like I enjoy this. It's my freakin' job!

MORRIS

Yo, man. Peep dis. Check it. Maybe we could, you know, work sumpin' out. Yo, I know dis lady, and oooooo. MMMM! She is foin.

DEATH

(Taking Morris' arm)

Yeah. No thanks. Last time I humped a mortal, I got crabs and the world got Islam. And crabs was the fun part. I can't begin to tell ya the kinda shit I got from the boss.

(Continues dragging him)

Man may have made the universe in 6 days, but he still ain't let up on the cracks. Oh sure, the man's all about love, but he's got a hell of a wicked sense of humor. Take marriage, for example...

Morris yanks his arm away again.

MORRIS

Yo. A'ight, a'ight. Check it. I gots a stash, you know? This shit is pure, man. I mean pure love, you know? Gotta be at least 10 grand on the streets. 20 if'n you head up to the B-Hills, know what I'm sayin'? Rich white folk just be givin' it away, Bee.

DEATH

Are you kidding me!? You're trying to bribe me? With a stolen stash! And it's Dee, not Bee you Ghetto yutz.

MORRIS

I ain't stole shit. That shit's mine.

DEATH

Oh yeah? Your girlfriend begs ta differ.

MORRIS

Man, that bitch don't know shit on how to move product. Without me, she'da just sucked that shit up herself. I the man. She know it.

DEATH

Yeah. Right. That's how come you ended up with a shiv in the gut.

MORRIS

Yo, man! I been stuck plenty o' times. I ain't never died before!

DEATH

Yeah, well... it wasn't the knife that killed you.

MORRIS

See!?! I knew it. Dis all be a mistake, man.

DEATH

No, it's right. You're in the book. And it's never wrong.

(Death waves a black book at Morris)

It just...

(smirks)

Wasn' the shiv that did ya.

MORRIS

Well, shit. What was it?

Death struggles with his smile. He takes Morris' arm again.

DEATH

Look, yer just gonna get all bent up, so what say we just head off--

Morris pulls away again.

MORRIS

Hol' up, man! I's got a right to know what did me.

DEATH

Look. Kid. Gimme a break, would ya? Look at me. I'm a freakin' mess, here! I've been on duty since 1 AD, and I ain't had a break since the War of 1812!

(MORE)

DEATH (CONT'D)

My eyes're bloodshot, I'm totally spent,
I haven't changed my clothes or brushed
my teeth since I started this shift and
I haven't had a chance to even sit down
for a second to have a cup of coffee in
73 years! I'm a wreck!!

(Composing himself)

This is my last week on the job 'til I
rotate out to a cushy spot working star
formation and lower life development in
creation. All I ask is that you make
this last week easy on me. So... can
we?

Death thumbs the direction he wants to go. Morris looks down his nose
at Death.

MORRIS

Yo. I got a right to know, man. I got
a right.

Death rolls his eyes and sighs in bewilderment.

DEATH

Fine. You wanna know so bad, okay. You
know that orderly? The tall one with
the bald spot?

MORRIS

What, you mean that guy wit' dat big-ass
mole 'n shit all over his face?

DEATH

And the googly eyes. Yeah, that one.
He's actually the M.E.'s assistant. Guy
loves corpses. But last night he was
acting as a nurse on account that a lot
people were brought in the ER.

MORRIS

So?

DEATH

Well, like I said. Guy 'loves' corpses.

MORRIS

So?

DEATH

What, I gotta spell it out for you in
ebonics? He's a necrophiliac.

MORRIS

(Confused)

My momma's what?

DEATH

Necrophiliac. That's a guy who likes to
do corpses. You know, fuck dead people.

MORRIS

(more confused)

So? Whazzat gots to do wit me?

DEATH

Well, it was kinda busy last night, it being the holidays and all. The hospital got filled up, so they had to stow a couple of patients down in the morgue. Patients like you. And you know... Guy comes on duty and finds things the way they are, no one tells him nothin', one thing leads to another, and... you know.

Morris thinks on this a little and realizes the implication.

MORRIS

Aw. Aw, nah. Nah! Nah, man, NAH!!

DEATH

Yeah. I'm no doctor, I don't know exactly how these things work, but it kinda impacted something. The pipes get backed up, you get a herniated something or other, badabing-badaboom, something tears... Here you are.

Morris goes nuts and yells at the hospital.

MORRIS

MOTHA FUCKA!!! I'm gonna kill yo skank ass! MOTHA FUCKA! Gonna kill you!!

Morris moves for the hospital door, but Death grabs him and drags him away.

MORRIS (CONT'D)

Gonna bus' a cap in yo ass!! Gonna carve that shit offa yo face!!

DEATH

Yeah, yeah. Hey, maybe you can sue. There'll be plenty of lawyers where you're going.

Death drags him off.

TITLE: 'THE ALBERT TROSS AFFAIR'

CUT TO:

INT. EARTH/THE OFFICE OF ALBERT G. TROSS, PSYCHIATRIST, 2003 --
DAY

ALBERT G. TROSS (35), a Woody Allen type, sits in a cushioned chair beside his patient lying on the couch, ANNA (20), this month's Maxim cover model.

THE SCENE FREEZES ON AL G. 'ALBERT G. TROSS - THE NICE GUY' TYPES ACROSS THE SCREEN AND THE SCENE UNFREEZES.

AL G.

Anna. You've been coming here for, I don't know, a few months. I can't help you if you don't get, you know, some control over yourself. I tell you you have to stop this destructive behavior, I give you exercises to help you get your urges under control...

ANNA

But I've tried the mental masturbation techniques, Doctor. It... just seems to get me hotter and... I end up wanting more.

AL G.

(fidgeting)

Yes, well... Perhaps that one wasn't working, but there's been other techniques I've showed you. But the second you walk out this door, the first thing you do--

ANNA

(Sitting up)

Oh, Dr. Tross, I can't help it.

(Getting sexy)

I mean can you imagine, everywhere you look, all you do is see yourself, looking

(She slides over to Al

G.)

Oh so sexy.

AL G.

(Getting uncomfortable)

I-I-I-I-I realize that. It does make it difficult. But-but-but-but--

ANNA

(Putting her hand on his leg)

I can't help myself doctor. I mean the way they make me look.

(She slides her hand up his leg)

All sexy and... delicious.

Al G. gets uncomfortable and backs away from her. Anna follows, grabbing a copy of Maxim, showing her sexy 2 page spread. Al G. takes in hand.

AL G.

(Nervous)

Yes, well, I see that.

ANNA

(Sliding her hands over her body)

Every time I see me, I can't help how I feel. I can't even look in a mirror without... Oooh.

AL G.
That must make, you know, brushing your
hair very difficult.

ANNA
If I don't end up touching myself,
Doctor...

Anna pins Al G. against the wall and slides her hands over his chest.

ANNA (CONT'D)
I have to find someone to do it for me.

AL G.
(Nervous, stuttering)
Yes-yes-yes-yes, I-I-I-I can see that.
B-b-but of course, those f-f-f-feelings,
while natural, are v-v-v-very self
destructive if not dealt with in a
healthy...

Al G. shrugs, holding the magazine up. Anna looks at her Maxim picture
again and gets even more turned on. She rubs her body over Al G.

ANNA
Oh, Doctor I need you so. I want you
to examine me oh-so thoroughly. Please,
teach me some more of your... special
techniques.

AL G.
N-n-n-now, Anna. R-R-Really. I-I-I
respect your feelings in this matter...
(Anna grabs his butt)
Oh! Respect, well, maybe that's not a
strong enough word. Admire really.

Al G. breathes heavily as she passes her finger over his face and down
his nose.

AL G. (CONT'D)
Oh, my. Um, but r-r-really, while the
prospect of... well, you know, is really,
REALLY appealing, I-I-I-I can't do that.
Not only is it unethical for me to--

Anna kisses him with full tongue.

AL G. (CONT'D)
(Dying to act)
Ooooh. Unethical. It's... so unethical.
And-and-and it would be, uh, taking
advantage of... you know, you're fragile
state.

Anna grabs him by the collar and slaps his hand on her ass.

ANNA
Trust me. I'm not that fragile.

She slides her hand to his crotch.

ANNA (CONT'D)

OH! Doctor! Oooo-hhhh. I never realized how b--

AL G.

(Slightly flattered)

Yes, well. It's, uh, genetic. From my mother's side really. N-n-not that my mother had one, you see, just that all the men in her family... Yes, I think one was in the adult movie business...

Anna is even more turned on.

AL G. (CONT'D)

(Looking at his watch)

Look at the time. Our session is over. That's too bad, and we were making such progress.

Anna is immensely disappointed. Al G. snatches a book off the shelf to cover his crotch so his secretary GRACE (40s) can't see his hard on. He pushes Anna to the door and shoves Anna out.

AL G. (CONT'D)

So, uh, next time we'll talk a little more about, you know, maybe your father and how he didn't show you enough love, and, uh... that's it. Grace? Set an appointment up for Anna some time next week, thank you.

He slams the door shut. Leaning against it, he sighs with relief and disbelief. He throws the book on the couch, adjusts his crotch and walks over to his desk. Grace calls him over the intercom.

GRACE

Doctor?

AL G.

Yes, Grace.

GRACE

Your 11 o'clock is here.

AL G.

Um...

Al G. sees the open spread of Anna in the Maxim magazine on his desk.

AL G. (CONT'D)

Just have them wait a few moments, I have to, uh... I have to go to the bathroom.

He snatches up the book. Holding his crotch, he runs in to the bathroom and slams the door. After only a minute and an odd sounding bleat, coming from within, Al G. re-emerges, his face filled with satisfaction and relief. He plops into his chair and sighs contently. He leans over and pushed the intercom.

AL G. (CONT'D)

You can send them in now, Grace.

He adjusts himself and waits for his next patient. Smiling.

INT. LAW OFFICES OF TROSS AND ASSOCIATES -- DAY

ALBERT B. TROSS (32), the best and most highly paid celebrity divorce lawyer in the business, sits at his desk, the phone to his ear.

AL B.

Yeah. Yeah. No. I've got all we need. Look, Angelina, I got Billy Bob bobbin' his nob in some whore on film. In full frontal color, baby! The monster's DEFINITELY havin' a ball, if you get my meaning. He ain't gettin' none o' yours, believe me. He'll be lucky if we leave him a fuckin' dollar for that dime store skeez o' his... What? What the hell do you care who the bitch is? Come on, you don't wanna know that. Angel, be smart here. All right. I hired her. Of course I'm a fuckin' bastard! I'm a divorce lawyer for God's sakes, it's a prerequisite in law school! Angel, come on. Wake up. You gotta think of it this way. What the hell's he doin' screwin' anyone, regardless of whether I hired 'em or not. Of course I've got a point. I'm your lawyer. I'm only looking out for your best interest. You got a kid now, right? You wanna keep him in style, right? Good education? Okay, then. No, I promise no one else will see them. They're totally safe. Okay? Okay. Speak to ya.

Al B. hangs up and calls someone else.

AL B. (CONT'D)

Yeah, Lewis. I got something for ya.

THE SCENE FREEZES. 'ALBERT B. TROSS - LAWYER SCUMBAG ASSHOLE' TYPES ACROSS THE SCREEN AND THEN THE SCENE UNFREEZES.

AL B. (CONT'D)

Oh, yeah, it's hot, baby. How about Billy Bob Thornton gettin' all Halle Berry with some young blonde hottie in a bar rest room. Oh yeah, they're authentic. But, hey, when the hell's the Enquirer ever given a shit about authenticity.

(Cackles)

Yeah. Okay, same place. Meet you there at lunch.

He hangs up the phone and looks at his files.

His secretary, DIANA (25) waddles in, pregnant and almost bursting.

DIANA
Good morning, Mr. Tross.

AL B.
(Angry)
Where the hell have you been!

DIANA
(Confused)
What?

AL B.
Where the hell have you been, Diana!?
You've been missing for 3 fucking days!

DIANA
Uh, I, I thought--

AL B.
Don't think! 3 goddamn days I've been
calling you. 3 goddamn days. No call,
no letter of resignation, no certificate
of death, nothing!

DIANA
Mr. Tross, I told you, I was going to be
out for 3 days.

AL B.
The hell you did!

DIANA
Mr. Tross, I promise. I did. I told
you that my husband and I were going to
that hospital in Nevada for tests. On
account that I'm having Siamese twins.
I arranged for a temp to come in.

AL B.
Do I look...

He turns his head and gives out a large, ecstatic groan

AL B. (CONT'D)
Now clean it up.

DIANA
Excuse me?

AL B.
I'm not talkin' to you! What was I
saying? Oh, yeah. Do I look like I
give a shit about your excuses?

Diana is flabbergasted.

AL B. (CONT'D)
Well!?!

DIANA

You know, Mr. Tross, I-I really don't appreciate being spoken to like this. I don't deserve--

AL B.

Deserve? DESERVE? Who the hell do you think you are? You deserve. 3 fucking days with no notice, that's gross misfeasance on your part and grounds for dismissal.

DIANA

Are-Are you saying I'm fired?

AL B.

Saying it? I think I've been clear!

DIANA

But-but you can't--

AL B.

I can't!? Try I JUST DID!

DIANA

That's not fair!

AL B.

FAIR!?! Get the hell out of my office, fair! Go!

DIANA

(On her way out)

Fuck you... asshole!

AL B.

Oo! Waddle your fat ass over to the welfare clerk! I hope the kids are born retarded!

Diana slams the door behind her. Al B. smiles.

AL B. (CONT'D)

That's good, baby. Real nice.

Al B. moves his chair back a little and a beautiful RED HEAD (23) comes out from beneath his desk. She wipes the corner of her mouth.

RED HEAD

That was a bit rash, wasn't it, hon? I mean, she did arrange for me to fill in for her, right? Just like she said.

AL B.

About the only thing she ever did right in this place. But hey, we got an opening here at the office now. You interested?

RED HEAD

Really?

AL B.
You wanna temp the rest of your life?

The Red Head giggles with glee and leans in to kiss him, but he pushes her face away.

AL B. (CONT'D)
Yeah, try brushin' first, baby.

Al B. smacks her on the ass and sends her on her way.

AL B. (CONT'D)
Go man the phones. Oh, and tell all my appointments that they gotta wait 'til I get back from lunch, 'kay? And if Meg Ryan calls again, tell her unless she wants to go for Quaid's nuts, I'm not interested. No amicable divorces in this biz! Ain't no money in it.

The Red Head leaves. Al B. puts his suit jacket on and puts a manilla envelope into his brief case and heads out the door.

INT. WAITING ROOM

Al B. heads out to lunch.

AL B.
(To the Red Head)
I'll be back around 1:30, 2 o'clock.
'Kay?

RED HEAD
'Kay, Al. See you then.

INT. THE OFFICE OF ALBERT G. TROSS, PSYCHIATRIST -- CONTINUOUS

Al G. writes in his note book at his desk. Grace calls him on the intercom.

GRACE (O.S.)
Dr. Tross, The Humanitarian award committee called, sir. They want to know if you've completed your list of guests for the awards dinner this Thursday.

AL G.
Please call them back and tell them I'll e-mail them an updated the list this evening.

GRACE (O.S.)
Yes sir.

AL G.
Grace?

GRACE (O.S.)
Yes, sir?

AL G.

When's my next appointment?

GRACE (O.S.)

Um. In about a half hour, sir.

AL G.

Good. Okay. I'm gonna step out for some coffee. Can I bring you back something?

GRACE (O.S.)

No thank you, but go enjoy.

INT. STARBUCKS COFFEE SHOP -- LATER

SAMANTHA (32), a mentally challenged woman, is working the coffee machine and taking orders. Death walks into the coffee shop. He looks in his book and finds, written in calligraphy, his next customer's name at the top of the list: Albert Tross.

DEATH

Anybody here Albert Tross.

(A beat)

Anyone? Al Tross?

No one responds or even looks up. He looks outside and then checks his watch.

DEATH (CONT'D)

(Under his breath)

I'll be damned. I'm early?

He smiles to himself and feels a sense of relief he hasn't felt in 200 years. He turns and walks over to the counter beaming with anticipation. Samantha finishes with a customer and walks over to Death.

SAMANTHA

Welcome to Starbucks. Can I help you, sir?

DEATH

(Giddy)

God, it's been so long since I had a chance to just have a cup of coffee.

SAMANTHA

(Overly enthusiastic)

Yah! Coffee is so great. Can I help you, sir?

DEATH

Yeah. Coffee. I'd like a cup of coffee.

SAMANTHA

Oh, okay.

She twirls around and comes back to him.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)

What kind would you like?

DEATH

What?

SAMANTHA

You-you said you wanted coffee, but-but you didn't say what kuh-kuh-kuh-kind. What kind or nothin'.

DEATH

What do you mean? Coffee. Don't worry about the cream or suger.

SAMANTHA

Yeah, okay. But we got a lot of coffee. Lots of coffee. You have to pick a kuh-kuh-kuh-kind.

DEATH

What do you mean?

SAMANTHA

(Pointing to the menu above)

See? We got lots of coffee. You can pick one. We've got Yukon, House blend, Kimono Dragon, Cafe Verona, Guatemala Antigua, Kenyan, Ethiopia Disamo, Sulawesi, Colombia Narino Supremo, Sumatra, and Italian Roast...

DEATH

(Agitated)

I just want a freakin' cup of kuh-kuh-kuh-coffee!

SAMANTHA

Are you making fun of me?

DEATH

(Looks into camera and winks)

Wouldn't dream of it.

EXT. ALBERT G. TROSS'S BUILDING

Al G. Steps out into the sunny afternoon and takes a great big breath. He absorbs the sun for a moment and then continues on his way to Starbucks.

Al B. rolls by in his Lexus, screaming on his phone.

MOVING -- ZOOM IN ON AL B.

He stops behind a bus waiting for the red light to change.

AL B.

Look, I don't care if Goddamn Holy Christ himself needs some wood varnished for a crucifixion party he's holding in the Hamptons this weekend!

(MORE)

AL B. (CONT'D)

You tell Tom Green if he tries to go after Drew's estate one more time with this physical abuse bullshit... Hey, he knew her thing with whips and chains, that's informed consent, so don't...

The light changes, but the bus doesn't move. He screams at it.

AL B. (CONT'D)

Ay! The light is green, asshole!

He peels out in front of bus 666, waking the old man behind the wheel. The old man flips him off in anger.

AL B. (CONT'D)

How dare you give me the finger. I'd sell my soul to the devil just to watch you die you old bastard. Leave it to the Democrats to give you keys to a bus.

INT. STARBUCKS COFFEE SHOP

Death is slowly moving into madness as Samantha continues her litany of different coffees.

SAMANTHA

... and Moroccan Macho Chaco. Ooo! And French Vanilla, and Vanilla-Fudge Blend, that's my favorite, and Vanilla, and Cinnamon, and--

DEATH

Coffee!! Just! Plain! Black! Coffee!!

SAMANTHA

(High spirited)

Okay.

(She spins around)

I don't think we have plain coffee.

Death slaps his head. Samantha looks under the counter and pulls out a tiny bag, the size of a fist, of regular coffee.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)

Oh! Okay,

(She giggles)

Yeah, we do got it.

She spins around again.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)

Would you like to try one of our delicious Starbucks pastries?

Death tries desperately to keep his composure.

DEATH

(Gritting his teeth)

No. Just. The coffee.

SAMANTHA

Okay.

Laughing, she walks over to the coffee machine only to return immediately.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)

What suh-suh-suh-size do you want?

DEATH

(In utter disbelief)

What?

SAMANTHA

What suh-suh-suh-size? We got Gigante, Grande, medium grande, tall--

DEATH

(Rubbing his face)

You gotta be fucking kidding me.

SAMANTHA

Medium, semi-medium--

DEATH LOOKS INTO THE CAMERA

DEATH

If only I could pencil a few names into my book...

EXT. THE STREET

Al B. activates his car alarm and walks furiously down the street, continuing his cell phone tirade.

AL B.

You think I'm some schmuck you can string along? I'm a busy man! Get your ass over here now or I go to the Star with these pics. Got me?

EXT. THE STREET -- CONTINUOUS

Al G. strolls happily along, greeting people heartily as he goes.

INT. STARBUCKS COFFEE SHOP -- CONTINUOUS

Death sits at the window with a smirk on his face. He watches life pass by as he sips his coffee blissfully. When he finally reaches the bottom of the cup, he checks his book and looks at his watch. He still has a few minutes to spare so he takes the time to take a piss. He enters the bathroom.

Just then, Al G. steps up to the Starbucks front door and opens it to let himself in. Al B. pushes by him. Al G. only smiles, and with the patience of a saint, he ushers Al B. in to the shop and follows. Al B. steps up to the counter. Samantha is cleaning a machine clumsily. Al B. loses his patience immediately.

AL B.

(Pounding the counter)

Ay! Can I get some freakin' service?

Samantha puts the machine parts down and walks up to the counter.

SAMANTHA

Welcome to Starbucks, can I help you, sir?

AL B.

What are you, retarded? When the fuck did they hire you?

SAMANTHA

I was hired last week and Mr.--

AL B.

Look, I don't give a shit. Can you make coffee without fucking it up?

SAMANTHA

(Chuckling)

I like to make coffee.

AL B.

Oh, that's just wonderful. Then how's about you get your ass in gear and get me some.

Al G. steps up in a calming way.

AL G.

Whoa. Sir. How about we take things one step at a time here.

AL B.

How about you mind your own fucking business there Finster.

AL G.

(Perfectly serene)

All I'm saying is the girl is obviously mentally challenged--

AL B.

Yeah? So are you, 'cause I swear I'm speakin' English!

AL G.

Sir, please--

AL B.

Are you fucking deaf!?!

EXT. THE STREET

The bus driver in bus 666 has a heart attack behind the wheel. The bus accelerates and swerves.

INT. THE BATHROOM

Death is pissing. His head hangs back in complete relief as he releases a few centuries into the urinal. Others around him find him odd.

INT. STARBUCKS COFFEE SHOP

Al B. continues his tirade as Al G. tries to calm him.

Just then, bus 666 smashes through the window, bashing into the two Als.

INT. THE BATHROOM

The crash rumbles the ground, throwing Death off balance sending piss everywhere.

DEATH

What the...

Death zips up quickly and runs outside.

As the dust settles, Death wades through the foggy air.

DEATH (CONT'D)

A guy can't take a freakin' leak...

He waves the lingering dust from his face, coughing and spitting.

DEATH (CONT'D)

I really hate these dusty ones.

Death looks around him. Through the dust he hears coughing and hacking. Al B. emerges, unhurt but covered in dust.

AL B.

(Coughing)

What the fuck... I swear to Christ someone's gonna get sued!

DEATH

You Albert Tross?

AL B.

What?

DEATH

Are. You. Albert. Tross?

AL B.

Who the hell wants to know?

DEATH

(Angry)

ARE YOU ALBERT TROSS!

AL B.

YES, WHY!

DEATH

Come on.

Death grabs his arm. Al B. yanks away.

AL B.

Who the hell you think you're man-handling? You know who I am!? Huh!? You know what I could do to you?

Al pushes Death away.

DEATH

Whoah, there. Boubi. I think you're a little confused here.

AL B.

I think you're the one confused. You know what I could do to you? By years end you and your family'll be livin' outa hock!

DEATH

(Frustrated)

You're scarin' me. I'm outa patience here. You'll cooperate or I will smite your ass like a dog in heat. Get me?

Death drags him along.

AL B.

Get your Goddamn hands off me!

Death grabs Al B. by the collar and pulls him close to his face.

DEATH

Ay! Watch the fuckin' blaspheme or I'll fuck you up!

(Composing himself)

Listen. Asshole, I'll make it simple for you. You're dead and I'm the guy supposed to bring you to the other side.

AL B.

What kinda happy horse shit...

Al B. is struck silent by the appearance of a bright light in front of them. Death drags him gaping into it and they disappear.

Al G. comes wading through the dust coughing, patting the dirt off himself. He catches sight of them as they fade away. He's amazed, and confused.

EXT. LIMBO -- GOLF COURSE

Death escorts Al B. through the light into a giant golf course fair way. Death looks around him to get his bearings.

DEATH

Crap. Did it again.

AL B.

What.

DEATH

Nothin', come on.

A golf ball flies by and nearly hits Al B. in the head.

AL B.
What the hell..!

DEATH
Guess again. But don't worry, my guess
is that's your next stop.

A little, pudgy man, GOD (50s), dressed in the ugliest golf clothes imaginable drives up on his pearly golf cart. Seated in the back is an ANGEL CADDIE. His toga flaps in the wind and his wings are folded behind him. The little Man stops the cart next to Death.

GOD
Grim. Hello.

DEATH
(Respectful)
Hello sir. How's your stroke today?

GOD
A little under par today.

DEATH
Good to hear, sir.

GOD
This another customer?

DEATH
Yes, sir. Right off the bus.

The Man leans forward.

GOD
(Humorously)
No pun intended, eh?

DEATH
(Chuckling)
Yes, sir. That's very good, sir.

GOD
You didn't happen to see a golf ball
come by here, did you?

AL B.
Yeah. Damn thing almost beamed me. I
could'a been killed, you schmuck. I
oughta sue your ass for negligent
infliction of emotional distress--

Death grabs Al by the ear and covers his mouth.

DEATH
Sorry about that, sir. It went
(motioning with his
head)
That way, I think.

GOD

(Hoity)

Looks like another coal for the fires,
eh?

DEATH

Y-yes sir. You got that right.

GOD

(Winks at Death)

Well...

The Man drives off. When far enough away, Death grabs him by the neck and pulls him close.

DEATH

You stupid asshole, you know who that
was? Huh? You know who you just
disrespected?

Al struggles as best he can against Death's steal grip.

AL B.

(Choking)

I... Don't... fucking...

DEATH

That was The Lord, you dumb fuck.

Al kicks Death in the crotch in a desperate effort to get out from his hold. Both of them just look down at Al's foot between Death's legs. Death pulls his fist back to strike.

EXT. LIMBO/GOLF COURSE -- A HALF MILE AWAY -- MOMENTS LATER

Al comes flying out of the sky and plops onto the grassy ground. He groans and moves his aching jaw. Death steps up to him and grabs him by the foot. Grumbling to himself, he drags Al behind him, leaving a an imprint of Al's form on the ground.

DEATH

Gimme the good ol' days of the fear of
God. The Inquisition knew how to put it
in 'em. Made collection a lot more fun,
too.

EXT. LIMBO/CLUB HOUSE

Death and Al B. approach the Club House. To the right of the building is a giant white tent with a big sign that says "ENRON Executives, Welcome." Standing outside the opening to the tent is a DEMON with deep red skin and pitch black horns. As they pass it by, the Demon lifts the unconscious Al B. up by his head and molests him with his hands and tail.

DEMON

Ahhh. Is this another of our welcome
guests? Not a lot of spunk in this one,
eh?

(He roars ferociously)

To bad. Tastes great through a straw.
Mmm-hmmm-hmmm-hmmm!

Death slaps the Demon upside the head. It drops Al and backs away, pouting.

DEATH

This one ain't yours, moron! Jeez. He ain't even been processed yet.

DEMON

(Humble)

Sorry, D.

Death drags Al B. along.

DEATH

Schmuck.

Death continues dragging Al along.

DEMON

(Calling after Death)

Sorry. So, see you later, huh? We'll do lunch?

The Demon resumes his ferocious behavior, accosting new guests to the tent.

INT. THE CLUB HOUSE

Death enters and drags Al B. through the bustling lobby. Many angels and souls pass them by on their way about their business. They travel deeper into the building, passing lines where souls wait for "Angel Upgrade", passing the "Offices for Act of God Disasters: Mass Death Processing and Assignment", and finally arrive at the "New Soul Processing Offices, Reaper Agent Division for The Americas". Passing through the large windowed doors, Death takes Al past dozens of offices and cubicals to an office at the back, marked on its door as "Romiel, Angel Advocate, Death Agent Processor".

INT. ROMIEL'S OFFICE

Death throws Al B. into a seat. Al groans as he begins to slowly regain consciousness. Death Steps up to ROMIEL (31) at his desk. Romiel is dressed in an all-white suit and tie with a happy face button pinned to his lapel that reads "Have a Nice Eternity".

DEATH

Ay, Romiel. How they hangin'?

ROMY

(Chuckles)

A little close to the chest today, D. You?

DEATH

Ah. You know. I ended up on the other side of the course again.

ROMY

Again? I keep telling you "use the map. Use the map"

DEATH

Romy, I'm the Grim Reaper. How's that gonna look, I use a map?

ROMY

Well, let me think about that for a second. Hey I know, like you're not trying to hide the fact you're a clueless jackass wandering lost about the back nine.

DEATH

Whoa. I get married again?

ROMY

I'm just sayin'--

DEATH

Yeah, well don't say. I just wanna get this guy processed and get the hell outa here.

ROMY

Whatever.

DEATH

I'm just wanna finish out my shift.

ROMY

Oh, yeah. This your last customer, right?

DEATH

Yeah. And a pain in the ass to end off a sucky run. You know? But after him, it's easy street.

ROMY

I hear ya, man. I hear ya.
(To Al)
Name?

Al is still groggy. Death slaps his face, rousing him.

DEATH

Ay. Genius. Wake up.

AL B.

Huh? What?

DEATH

Your name. Give the man your name.

AL B.

What the hell... Where the fu...

Death rolls his eyes.

DEATH

Come on, I ain't got all day.

Al jumps up and looks around him confused and outraged.

AL B.

Who the Hell are you people! I'll have your asses in a sling.

DEATH

God. Damn it! Could ya just give the man your name so everyone can be on their way?

ROMY

D, language.

AL B.

Kidnapping is a federal offense you dumb fucks. I'm gonna have the police up your ass so high, you'll smell crispy creams every time your husband cell mate looks to spoon. Where's the phone?

Al digs around Romy's desk. Romy tries to stop him.

AL B. (CONT'D)

I swear to God, someone's gonna swing!

Al makes for the office door. From no where a scythe stabs the wall right at Al's neck, pinning him to the wall. He stands carefully avoiding the sharp edge of the blade.

DEATH

It's like I get all the assholes the world's got to offer.

ROMY

I love that trick.

DEATH

Yeah. It is pretty good.

ROMY

You gotta teach me that some day.

Death digs into Al's pocket and pulls out his wallet and tosses it to Romy.

Romy looks at Al's Driver's License for his name and enters it into the computer. It beeps back nastily at him.

ROMY (CONT'D)

(Smacking the monitor)

Damn it.

DEATH

What's wrong?

ROMY

The computers are all backed up.

DEATH

Oh, naw. Don't tell me this...

ROMY

It's that damn Cherub strike. They maintain the system. Since the walkout, it's been all backed up.

DEATH

You're kidding me. That's still goin' on? I thought they resolved that thing a hundred years ago.

ROMY

I wish. Give those little bastards an inch, they want a mile, you know? Damn union. It's like, look, Cherubs are for carrying lace and cloth strips, and distributing 'love' and 'the word', right? What the hell else you gonna use 'em for? They should count their freakin' blessings we gave 'em the database too. Hell, we coulda gone with guardian angels. They gave us a better bid.

DEATH

Guardian angels? Whoa. With the affirmative action measures they put in place, those guys can barely find their own dicks when they need to piss.

Al still struggles to dislodge the scythe.

ROMY

Yeah, right? But the cherubs get it... I mean, it's not like there's a lot out there they can do, you know? I mean, put one of those pudgy little butterballs in archangel division... who'd take the wrath of God seriously then?

DEATH

(Laughing)

Those flying sacks of afterbirth need to learn their place in the universe. They remind me of that time Staten Island tried voting their way to becoming their own city. Or Quebec. 'Member that one? The French in Quebec were unfit for France and we know how backwards that place is.

ROMY

Heh-heh. Yeah. That was funny. But without those little bastards, all the paper work's backed up to the civil war. We still got people waiting since 1870.

DEATH

Aw, jeez.

ROMY

Watch out with the language, D. You know how he likes to just pop in unannounced.

DEATH

Oh, yeah. Sorry. So what now?

ROMY

Well... We can process him with the original order. Gimme your book and I'll just make a photo copy of it. We can turf him to Assignments then. They'll process him in a couple of years.

DEATH

Great.

Al finally gets the scythe off. It falls to the ground.

AL B.

What the hell are you people talking about!? Cherubs, angels, turf? Are you people outa your fuckin' minds or something!?

Death and Romy chuckle.

DEATH

(Condescending)

Well, you see... you're dead.

AL B.

Don't you fuckin' condescend to me, you burger-eating, fat psycho fuck. I went to Princeton.

DEATH

Ha! What bullshit. You went to Trenton Community. The degree on your wall in your office is fake. And you paid some Hacker to fabricate your school records.

AL B.

What! How the... Who the fuck are you people!

Death and Romy snicker and laugh.

ROMY

Woo. You got yourself a quick one, huh?

DEATH

Aa. He's just a shiester.

ROMY

Oooohhh. That explains it.

DEATH

Look. I'm gonna try and put this in tiny words so your monkey brain can comprehend. Big bus crash through window. Big bus crash through you. You. Now dead. Get it?

Al's head swims with the realization. He becomes dizzy and woozy. Romy and Death just laugh at him.

Suddenly, Al hurls chunks onto Death's sandled feet. He jumps back in revulsion. Romy laughs.

DEATH (CONT'D)

This ain't funny!

Romy tries to hold back his laughter unsuccessfully.

Al wipes his mouth and props himself against the wall.

AL B.

No. You... You're lying. I... I can't be... D--

Death grabs Al by the face and plants him in a chair.

DEATH

Lemme tell you something. I've been collecting you stupid puny brains for two millennia now and until now, I've managed to get by without catchin' the clap or gettin' puked on by some talking monkey. So you're just about topped off a shitty assignment at the end of an otherwise shitty shift. Now if you don't shut the fuck up and behave,

(He squeezes Al's face
until his tongue sticks
out)

I'll introduce you to a little hobby I had back in the great war. Cutting tongues outa pukers like you and wearing 'em as necklaces!

Death pushes him back and steps back up to Romy. Al sits there dazed and confused.

ROMY

Ain't no bones about where he's going, huh?

DEATH

Let's just get this over with.

Death checks his pockets and finds he doesn't have his book. He checks again, frantically, and then looks around on the floor, inside and outside the office.

ROMY

What's wrong?

DEATH

Ah, shit!

ROMY

What?

DEATH

I lost the book.

AL B.

You what!?!

DEATH

Shit! I musta left it behind!

ROMY

Holy, man that... that's not good. Not good at all, D.

DEATH

Damn it! I know!

(Thinks for a moment)

I probably dropped it in the crash.

ROMY

Well... sorry, D. But without it, I can't process this guy.

DEATH

You sure you can't call it up on that thing?

ROMY

I tried, D. It's all backed up.

DEATH

Try again.

ROMY

I'm telling you, it won't--

DEATH

Just do it, would ya!?

Romy pecks the keyboard. It beeps. He shakes his head and tries again. It beeps multiple times. He pounds the keyboard.

ROMY

Shit.

DEATH

What?

ROMY

It froze.

DEATH

What!?!

Death runs around the desk and pecks at the keyboard. It only beeps.

DEATH (CONT'D)

FUCKING MICROSOFT PIECE OF SHIT!

ROMY

Sorry, D. There isn't much I can do for you. Without the book... I mean, if I had the hard copy of the order from the database, maybe--

DEATH

What? Where is it? Can't you get it?

Romy goes to a door at the rear of the room and motions Death to come with him. He opens it and reveals a cloudy exterior with huge stacks of files piled on top of one another, all extending out to the distant horizon.

ROMY

It's the strike, D. Everything's backed up.

Death pounds his fist on the wall.

ROMY (CONT'D)

You gotta go back and get me that book. I can process him pretty quick with it.

Death sighs and turns to Al. He pulls some duck tape from his back pocket and binds Al to his chair.

AL B.

What the Hell are you doing!?!

DEATH

Making sure you don't go anywhere 'til I get back.

(To Romy)

He gives you trouble... Fuck it. Do what you like.

ROMY

Fun

Hunched bewilderedly, he heads back to earth.

INT. EARTH/STARBUCKS BATHROOM -- MOMENTS LATER

Al G. finishes cleaning himself off in the sink. As he throws his paper towel away, he notices a leather bound book on top of the trash can. He picks it up and admires its craftsmanship. He opens it up to the browned pages and finds it filled with names. His fingers pause on the last entry that says "Albert Tross - Heaven".

Just then, Death steps into the bathroom.

DEATH

Ay.

Death snatches the book away from him.

DEATH (CONT'D)

Gimme that.

AL G.

Oh, my. I didn't think there were any other survivors. I mean, I looked for any casualties I could help, but I couldn't find anyone. Are you ok?

DEATH

Where'd you find this?

AL G.

On the top of the trash bin, here.
Perhaps you left it during the commotion.

Death shakes his head. Finding the book in tact, he turns to leave, but a sudden thought halts him.

AL G. (CONT'D)

I'm sorry to bother you, but I seem to be having a little problem finding my way out of this coffee shop. Could you perhaps show me the way? I must be a little confused after all the--

DEATH

Wait a sec. You touched the book. I mean, you could touch it. You gotta be dead, then.

AL G.

(Surprised)
What?

DEATH

That's all I need. I forget a customer on my last run. What's your name.

AL G.

Wait. What did you say? Did you... say I was dead?

DEATH

You catch on quick.
(Fingering the book)
Your name Johnny Granger? No, wait, I picked that guy up already. The gerbil thing. That was funny.

AL G.

What? No. My name's Albert. Albert Tross.

ZOOM IN -- XCU ON DEATH

DEATH

(Smirking in disbelief)
What?

EXT. LIMBO/CLUB HOUSE -- MOMENTS LATER

Death yanks Al G. behind him toward the Club House. The two of them are covered in sticks and leaves.

AL G.

Is that how you normally come?

The Demon at the Enron Tent steps out to greet them, looking evil and dangerous. Death slaps him in the face and whisks by him like he were nothing. The Demon recedes back, pouting.

INT. ROMIEL'S OFFICE

Death bursts in with Al G. and throws him down on the chair beside Al B.

DEATH
What the Hell's goin' on here!

ROMY
(Defensive, Confused)
What? What?

DEATH
What do you mean "what"? I got two customers here named Al Tross.

Al G. looks at Al B. tied to his chair. He's been completely bound over with tape up to his mouth.

AL G.
(Confused)
H-Hello.

Al B. mumbles at him angrily. Death looks at him Al B. all tied up. He looks back at Romy.

ROMY
What?

DEATH
What the Hell is this?

ROMY
You said do what I want.

DEATH
Yeah, whatever. Look, I got two Albert Trosses here, but he's listed in the book only once!

Death shows him the book. Romy's eyes bulge.

ROMY
I can't believe this.

DEATH
You can't believe this?
(Muttering)
One more. One more soul and out. Goddamn it!

ROMY
You better watch--

DEATH
Shut up! Fix this, you stupid bastard!

ROMY
(Defensive)
I don't know what to do!

DEATH

This is your thing! This's what you do!
Don't tell me you don't know what to do!
Do something!!

ROMY

I can't! His record hasn't been entered
into the database yet! And even if it
were, the computers are down all over.

DEATH

(Head in hand)

Oh, man.

Death pulls his book back.

DEATH (CONT'D)

How could I have two, TWO guys named Al
Tross!? And in the same place and not
have both of 'em in here

ROMY

I don't know! Someone musta screwed up
in Scheduling. Set the wrong path, or
put them on the same one, I don't know.
All I know is one of them's not supposed
to be here.

DEATH

Well, THANK you Captain Obvious.

(He flashes the bird)

How many fingers am I holding up?

ROMY

Well, is there a middle name in the book?

DEATH

You think I didn't look!?!

AL G.

Mine's Goddard.

DEATH

Happy for ya. Look, we gotta do
something.

ROMY

Whoa. How did 'WE' get into this?

DEATH

Oh, yer just gonna let me twist in the
wind, huh? You bastard. I gotta remind
you that time with the "female" Muse?
You know, the one that little extra
somthin' under the tunic?

ROMY

Alright. Okay. Crimeny. So... what do
you want to do?

Death motions Romy to follow him out the door at the back of the room
where all the files are.

EXT. THE FILE SPACE

DEATH

Look, the way I figure it, one of 'em's gotta go up and the other's gotta go down, right? We just gotta choose. Then we, you know, keep our traps shut and go on with our eternities. Right?

ROMY

Yeah, but one of them's not even supposed to be here.

DEATH

Okay, tell ya what. Take it to the boss. I'm sure he'll understand, right?

ROMY

But it's not even really our fault.

DEATH

Yeah, you think he cares about that? I mean how many people were innocent in Sodom. And what about Babel, you remember that one? You think everyone was to blame there? And the floods. All the good guys that went under. Just collateral damage. You wanna be collateral damage too?

ROMY

You make a... good point.

DEATH

Holy shit. I'm dead. God's gonna smite me like a first-born Egyptian.

ROMY

I'm thinking the dickhead goes down. I mean you can't be that big an asshole and not end up in the basement.

DEATH

And yet Patton's got prime real estate on the cloud next to Mother Teresa. And if that psycho fuck can get in...

ROMY

Yah. That's true.

A voice comes from behind one of the stacks of files.

VOICE

Perhaps I can be of some assistance.

LUCIFER (27) steps out from the stacks. Blond with small black horns protruding from his forehead, he is dressed in a red fur lined over coat with a black mink collar, red slacks, and a red collared shirt opened half way to reveal his toned chest.

Death sighs in disgust.

DEATH

What the hell are you doing here.

LUCIFER

Death. Buddy. That any way to greet an old friend?

ROMY

You're not supposed to be here, Lucifer.

LUCIFER

Last time I looked, the "lawd" decreed this place neutral territory, Romiel. So suck on my angelic butt.

DEATH

Neutral or not, I oughta kick your ass--

LUCIFER

Tsk, tsk, tsk. D, buddy. When are you gonna give this daily grind up and join me downstairs. I got a position for you! Primo position. Comes with a couple hundred years vacation every millennia and the dental ain't bad.

DEATH

That's it.

Death starts at him. Lucifer points his finger and a fire flares in and out in front of Death.

LUCIFER

D. Don't sign checks your ass can't cash. Besides, I'm here to lend a hand. You got a little problem, I got a little solution for ya.

ROMY

No way. D, you can't. Not with him.

DEATH

Don't worry. I wouldn't deal with this piece of filth.

LUCIFER

Oh, my heart. You cut me to the quick, D. I was just trying to help. I had a plan you see. Something that gets rid of your little problem. And the Big Guy never has to know, you know? But if you don't want it...

Lucifer turns to leave.

DEATH

Wait.

Lucifer turns back, smiling.

DEATH (CONT'D)

What you got in mind?

ROMY

D, no.

DEATH

Shut up Rom.

LUCIFER

Yeah, Shut up, Rom. The deals simple. You got an extra soul on your hands. I'll take him. Once he's out of the equation, you can process the other through with no problems or head aches. And the Big G don't have to know a thing.

DEATH

Yeah. Right. What's your end in this.

LUCIFER

Besides the usual additional soul to add to my pit? Nothing. Business as usual. God still preaches love, I still add to my coffers of corruption.

Death squints at Lucifer, distrusting his motives.

DEATH

Yeah, right. You don't do nothin' unless you're gettin' somethin' out of it.

ROMY

But we don't know who's supposed to head upstairs. How do we choose?

LUCIFER

I don't know. We could flip a coin, I guess.

Romy pulls Death aside for privacy.

ROMY

Can we... do that? Just... flip a coin?

DEATH

I don't see why not. That's how the Boss chose which sex gets to bear children.

(To Lucifer)

Okay. Let's do it.

Lucifer pulls out a coin.

LUCIFER

Okay. Heads Goddard comes with me, tails it's Belva.

DEATH

Who?

LUCIFER

That's the other guy's middle name.

Death and Romy snicker.

ROMY

Wait, how'd you know that?

LUCIFER

What? You think we run Microsoft and have strikes? You think we don't keep files too? Can we get this over with? I got an appointment for a blow job in ten.

Lucifer flips the coin in the air and catches it on his fist. He uncovers it to reveal a demon head on the coin.

DEATH

Okay, then. Settled.

Romy and Death walk back into the office. Lucifer holds the coin up and shows that it has heads on both sides of the coin.

LUCIFER

(Smiling mischievously)

Yup. Settled.

Lucifer follows them.

INT. LIMBO/SOUL PROCESSING OFFICE

Romy makes a photo copy of the book page. Lucifer and Death approach the Trosses.

DEATH

(Pointing at Al G.)

You. Get up.

Al G. stands.

DEATH (CONT'D)

Al, Lucifer. Lucifer, Al.

LUCIFER

How they hangin', Al?

AL G.

Wait, who?

DEATH

'Kay, we're done here. Have a good eternity in the pit of ever lasting Hell Fire.

(Patting Al G.'s shoulder)

See ya.

Lucifer takes hold of Al G.'s arm and they disappear in a puff of fire and smoke.

Romy fills in some paper work and staples the photo copy of the page from Death's book to it.

ROMY

What about him?

Romy points at Al B.

DEATH

What about him? We stick him on the next elevator up and forget this whole thing happened.

ROMY

I gotta process him first.

DEATH

So? Do it.

ROMY

Uh, he's gotta sign some papers. That kinda means his arms have got to be free. You know, to write.

DEATH

Oh. Right.

Death stands over Al B. a moment and sighs. He reaches behind himself and pulls a tall scythe out. He holds it out and winds up for a swing.

DEATH (CONT'D)

Okay. Whatever you do. Don't. Move. An inch.

Al B.'s eyes bulge. He screams are muffled under the tape covering his mouth. Death pulls back and then swings, cutting all Al B.'s bonds down the center. Al screams like a little girl.

AL B.

(Catching his breath)

You. ASSHOLE!

DEATH

Oh, don't be such a fucking baby.

Death grabs Al B. by the arm and yanks him to the desk. Romiel takes his hand, dips his thumb onto an ink pad, and prints him on the page.

ROMY

(Pointing to spots on the page)

Sign here, here, here, initial here, and... here and then sign at the bottom here.

AL B.

You psychotic mother--

Death grabs his face and squeezes his tongue out.

DEATH

'Member my fetish for tongues?

(Al can say nothing)

Now sign.

Death lets him go. Al takes the pen from Romy. He moves it close to the page and then stabs Death through the hand. He runs out of the office. Death tries to take after him, but the pen has nailed him to the desk. He flops to the ground.

ROMY

D. You okay?

Death peaks over the desk.

DEATH

(Pissed)

Do ya mind!?!

ROMY

Oh, yeah.

Romy pulls the pen out. Death takes off after Al B.

INT. HELL/LUCIFER'S PALACE -- LATER

Lucifer and Al G. appear in the lobby of the palace in a flurry of fire and smoke. Dragging Al G. along, he walks up to the front desk where sits a sexy, red-skinned DEMONESS (20) in a tight black dress and a deep Long Island accent.

DEMONESS

Hey ya, Mr. L.

LUCIFER

Hello, sexy.

The Demoness giggles.

LUCIFER (CONT'D)

Do poppa a favor and call Argoth in for me.

DEMONESS

You got it, Mr. L.

Lucifer drags Al G. into an elevator.

INT. HELL/LUCIFER'S OFFICE

Lucifer exits the elevator into his spacious executive office. He walks past the fire place. It flares up and burns. He walks behind a stylish and fully stocked bar and pours himself a drink.

Al G. slowly steps off the elevator, looking around like a child in a new school. He shyly walks to the center of the shiny floor before the shag carpeted part of the room.

LUCIFER

AL, Come in, come in. Don't be shy.

Lucifer plops a few ice cubes in his drink and takes a gulp.

LUCIFER (CONT'D)

(Sighing with relief)

Man, I love ice.

Lucifer walks over to his desk.

AL B.

(Nervous)

Is... is this...

LUCIFER
 Hell? Yup. Every single burning ember
 of it. Whataya think?

AL G.
 (Shrugging shoulders)
 It's not so bad.

LUCIFER
 Well. Give it time.

Lucifer sits in his executive throne and pulls out a rolodex.

LUCIFER (CONT'D)
 You know, Al, baby. It's really great
 that your down here. I mean really great.

AL G.
 Really?

LUCIFER
 I'd say it's an honor, but I don't really
 have honor. You know. The evil thing.

AL G.
 (Understanding)
 Oh. Yeah.

LUCIFER
 But seriously, I'm just pleased as punch
 to have you with us.

He pulls a card from his rolodex and dials a number on the speaker phone.

LUCIFER (CONT'D)
 I mean, it was a real coup getting you
 down here. It's really going to piss
 off the Big Guy, you know?

AL G.
 Um. It is?

The line rings through.

LUCIFER
 (Chuckling)
 Ho-ho yeah. Flood-the-world pissed. I
 mean, I was really lucky this whole thing
 came along, but it's more than that, you
 know? I mean you have to have the cojones
 to cease the moment...

EXT. LIMBO/GOLF COURSE

God is lining up his shot, concentrating very hard on making his mark. He eyes where it is he wants to land and focuses on the ball again. He pulls back for the swing. As he brings the club down, God's cell phone on the golf cart rings. The distraction causes him to hit the ball wrong. It flies off the path and into the woods.

GOD
 Jesus Christ!

Jesus appears suddenly in a puff of cloud-like smoke.

JESUS
Yavol, mein Grossen Beite?

GOD
(frustrated)
What are you doing here? What's wrong
with you?

JESUS
But... you just called me. Didn't you?

GOD
No, I didn't just call you. I was just
shouting out. It was a figure of speech,
you idiot. Now get out of here. Stop
following me. Find a leper to heal or
something.

God's Angel Caddie runs up with his cell.

JESUS
(Innocently)
Okay. Sorry, Dad.

Jesus disappears.

GOD
For the love of me. How in Heaven did I
spawn such a schmuck.

God takes the cell.

GOD (CONT'D)
(To the Angel Caddie)
And he ain't too bright either, you know?
But that's what you get what you get
when you roll in the hay with a redneck.

God clears his throat and puts on his booming, echoing Godly voice.

GOD (CONT'D)
This is the Lord, thy God.

INT. HELL/LUCIFER'S OFFICE

Lucifer is leaning back in his chair and lights up a cigar.

LUCIFER
G-Man! It's me. How they hangin'?

EXT. LIMBO/GOLF COURSE

GOD
(In his regular voice)
Oh, it's you.

LUCIFER
Awww. I can feel the love.

GOD

Didn't I tell you never to call here?

LUCIFER

Look, Lordy, I thought I'd call and give you a heads up. You know, a little info on the down low. So to speak.

GOD

Please. I'm God. Maker of all things, creator of life, the heavens and Hell, architect of the universe. What could you possibly have to tell me I don't already know?

INT. HELL/LUCIFER'S OFFICE

LUCIFER

Oh, gee. Let me think. Hmm. How 'bout the fact I got one of your souls with me in Hell.

GOD

Oh, ha ha. That's so funny. That's so funny I forgot to laugh.

LUCIFER

Well, hey, don't believe me. Hear it from the horse's mouth.

(To Al G.)

Al. Get your buns over here. Say hello.

Al G. walks hesitantly over to the desk.

AL G.

Um. H-hello?

GOD

Yeah, who's this?

AL G.

G-God?

GOD

(Condescending)

Um, yeah. Who is this?

AL G.

(Overwhelmed)

Oh. Oh wow. I mean, I'm talking to God. I'm talking to THE God. I mean, wow--

GOD

Yadda-yadda-yadda. Who. Are. You.

AL G.

Oh, uh. Sorry. Sorry. I'm, uh, Al Tross. Albert Tross. Albert G. Tross.

GOD

The psychiatrist!?!

AL G.
Oh my God. You... you know me, sir?

LUCIFER
Hello. Stupid. God on the phone here.

AL G.
Oh, right.

GOD
What in the Hell are you doing there?!
You don't belong there! What are you
doing!?!

Lucifer snickers and chuckles.

LUCIFER
I know. Ain't it cool?

GOD
Lucifer. Pick up the phone. Now,
Lucifer. Pick up the phone now. Pick
it up.

Lucifer leans over and puts the phone to his ear.

LUCIFER
(Triumphantly)
Yes?

EXT. HELL/LIMBO GOLF COURSE

GOD
You listen to me, you little shit. I
don't know how you got that soul, but
you are breaking ALL the rules. You get
him back up here, RIGHT NOW--

INT. HELL/LUCIFER'S OFFICE

LUCIFER
Now, wait just one second, here. I didn't
break a single one of your obsessive
compulsive rules. Not one. You got
your soul processed up there in fantasy
land. And I've got mine. The books are
completely balanced. If you don't believe
me, check it out for yourself. You'll
find an Al Tross counted as among your
little flock. Talk to Death, not me.

EXT. LIMBO/GOLF COURSE

GOD
How dare you talk to me like that. I
put you into this universe, I can take
you out. You better return that soul--

INT. HELL/LUCIFER'S OFFICE

LUCIFER
Bye, now.

GOD

Lucifer, you son of a bitch, don't you
dare hang--

Lucifer hangs up the phone.

EXT. LIMBO/GOLF COURSE

God shatters the cell on the ground. He jumps up and down in frustration, growling and screaming. He storms over to his golf cart and takes off down the field. The Angel Caddie runs after him.

INT. HELL/LUCIFER'S OFFICE

LUCIFER

(Snickering)

I hate that self righteous prick!

AL G.

Did... did you just hang up... on God?

LUCIFER

Huh? Oh, that? Don't worry, I do it to him all the time. He loves it. It's our thing.

AL G.

(Shocked)

Wow, you really are... evil.

Lucifer smiles innocently and shrugs his shoulders.

The speaker phone buzzes. Lucifer pushes the speaker button.

LUCIFER

Yes?

DEMONESS

(Over the speaker)

Argoth is here, honey-bunny.

LUCIFER

Great. Send him in, you succulent little tramp you.

The Demoness giggles and hangs up.

ARGOTH, a big, fat, ugly demon with asymmetrical horns, walks into the office wearing a Victorian suit. Flipping his handkerchief in the air, he bows before Lucifer.

ARGOTH

(British accent)

You requested my presence, Great Evil One.

LUCIFER

Argoth. You slovenly sack of shit. How are ya. You're looking good. You put on weight?

ARGOTH

Unfortunately no, sire. As a matter of fact I've lost some. The mines are greatly understaffed these days, and I find myself overwhelmed with increasing orders from all over the nine circles--

LUCIFER

Yeah. Who cares. Listen, I got a new customer here and I think he could fit in nicely in your operation.

ARGOTH

Wonderful, sire. I could definitely use the additional labor--

LUCIFER

Argoth.

ARGOTH

Yes, sire.

LUCIFER

Still not caring.

ARGOTH

My apolog--

LUCIFER

So if you would just submit the usual payment, our dealings here will be done.

ARGOTH

Um... Yes, sire. I was hoping--

LUCIFER

Argoth. Hand on the table please.

ARGOTH

But, sire. Perhaps--

LUCIFER

Argoth. You're actually going to make me ask twice?

Hesitantly, Argoth approaches the table and places his hand on Lucifer's desk.

ARGOTH

(frightened)

Y-yes, sire.

Lucifer stands and pulls a rusty, bloody cleaver from his desk. He looks at Argoth's hand and ponders a decision.

LUCIFER

(Eyes Argoth's hand)

Let's see. Which little piggy will it be today. Maybe the pinkie?

Argoth fists his hand and sticks the pinkie out. He shuts his eyes and bites down on his handkerchief.

Lucifer chops down with the clever, taking the entire hand. Argoth lets out a rattling cry of pain. Lucifer flops back into his chair and starts playing with the hand, biting the fingers and sticking them up his nose. Argoth wraps his stump with handkerchief

LUCIFER (CONT'D)
Argoth, meet Mr. Tross. Al, meet Argoth.
Argoth, take Mr. Tross away.

Nursing his stub, Argoth grabs Tross and drags him out of the office. Lucifer waves to them with Argoth's hand.

AL G.
So, um, I guess I'll see you.

LUCIFER
(Smiling)
Doubtful.

When they leave, Lucifer spins around in his chair and hits a button that opens the back wall that covers a giant window overlooking Hell below. He tosses Argoth's hand in the waist paper basket and leans back in his chair relaxed.

LUCIFER (CONT'D)
(Chuckling evilly)
I love this job.

EXT. LIMBO/CLUB HOUSE

Al B. sneaks out the club house side door and skulks through the bushes peering around for a route of escape.

Death pops out of the front door to the Club House.

Al B. dashes to the side of the Enron Tent a few yards ahead of him and ducks in under the flap.

INT. LIMBO/THE ENRON TENT

Al B. weaves his way through the full tent, slipping between dozens of cheerful guests eating, drinking and chatting up the day dressed in fine suits and wearing expensive jewelry. He hears his name. He turns to find BAXTOR CLIFFORD (48) sitting at a table with friends eating a full plate from the buffet table.

BAXTOR
Al? Al Tross?

AL B.
Baxtor?

Baxtor rises and shakes Al B.'s hand.

BAXTOR
Al, I can't believe it!

Baxtor brings Al to the table.

BAXTOR (CONT'D)
What are you doing here? I thought, uh,
this was only for Enron executives?

AL B.

Yeah, no. I'm just, uh, passing through.

BAXTOR

Well, it's great seeing you again.

One of Baxtor's friends(40s and 50s), CARL (42), calls their attention.

CARL

Baxtor, you going to introduce us?

BAXTOR

Oh, yeah. Carl, Frank, Craig, this is Albert Tross. He was my divorce lawyer back in the real world.

They all wave hello.

FRANK

Holy shit, this is the guy? Jesus, I heard you did some deal for Bax.

CARL

Raked her right over the coals but good. Ended up with nothing but the rag between her legs.

CRAIG

Where were you when I was divorcing my ball and cunt?

The men laugh.

BAXTOR

Yup. This guy's my hero.

FRANK

So, Al. What brings you here?

CARL

You weren't one of our shareholders, were ya?

CRAIG

Stupid. Shareholders don't come here.

BAXTOR

Yeah, they go to welfare.

They laugh.

CRAIG

Or on the bottle!

They laugh more. Al sneers. Not even he can stomach these guys.

Death enters the tent. Al catches sight of him. He ducks down, sitting at the table to stay out of view.

FRANK

Al. You gotta try the lamb. It's the juiciest son of a bitch you ever had.

AL B.
You sure that's lamb? Could be the CEO.

BAXTOR
(Laughing)
Seriously, though. Eat up. Nothing but
the good life, right?

Frank and Carl smile.

CRAIG
Al, there's a guy you gotta meet.

AL B.
(watchful)
No thanks.

CRAIG
No, seriously. A real closer and a ball-
buster. You'd love him.

AL B.
I said no--

Death emerges from the crowd a few yards away. He hasn't noticed Al yet.

AL B. (CONT'D)
Okay.

Al hops up and pushes Baxter along.

AL B. (CONT'D)
(Annoyed)
Heh, yeah. Yeah. To bad you didn't pay
your fuckin' bill, you dead beat son of
a bitch.

BAXTOR
(Slightly nervous)
Hey, heh-heh. Whoa there. I was gonna
get back to you, I swear.

AL B.
Yeah? When was that? Before or after
the government took a hoover to your
colon!?

The others mock the two men.

BAXTOR
Al. Come on.

AL B.
Come-on? You see my hand on your ass?
Do I look like I'm flirting with you?

Al B. get's intimidating. Baxtor backs away a little.

BAXTOR
(Confused)
W-what?

AL B.

You deadbeat son of a bitch. You got off easy. I would have put the knife in you myself if I'd have thought I could collect from your estate, but the government got it all. After that, it would've just been for pleasure.

Al B. grabs a knife off the table and sticks it in under Baxtor's chin. Baxtor's eyes are wide.

AL B. (CONT'D)

I still want my pound of flesh, fucker.

The other men jump up and try to calm the situation.

FRANK

Hey, hey. Al. Come on. Let's cool it.

CRAIG

Yeah. Let's just calm down.

FRANK

Yeah, I mean, we're all in the same boat, here.

CARL

And it's not like you can take it with you, know what I mean?

A tense beat.

BAXTOR

Y-y-yeah, Al. I-I'm sorry. I didn't mean to, you know. I mean... we're dead. I-I-I don't even have any b-blood to give. You know?

Al B. stares at him icily. He looks beyond Baxtor and sees Death enter the tent with the Demon. He pulls the knife away and ducks down. Baxtor retreats to his friends, breathing heavily. Frank and Carl console him.

CRAIG

Look, uh... Al. Maybe I could introduce you to someone.

Al B. Looks him up and down, sneering.

CRAIG (CONT'D)

Seriously.

Careful to keep low and out of sight, he follows.

CRAIG (CONT'D)

Um... maybe you could... leave the knife.

AL B.

Whatever.

Al B. places the knife in his back pocket. They wade through the crowd.

Death squeezes through the crowd, searching for Al B. intently.

Craig brings Al B. to the front of the room to meet ASTOROTH (30), suave looking in his all red suit and tie.

CRAIG
Astoroath. Astoroath.

ASTOROTH
Craig! How are you? Enjoying the food?

CRAIG
Hey! Everything's just excellent. You guys have it good down here. I mean, this ain't what they taught us at church, you know?

ASTOROTH
Good. Glad to hear it.

CRAIG
Listen, I brought someone for you to meet.

ASTOROTH
Really. I thought I knew everyone here.

CRAIG
He's kind of a new arrival.

ASTOROTH
It's funny, I can't recall having any dealings with you.

CRAIG
This is Al Tross. He's a lawyer.

Al B. barely pays notice. He's busy watching for death.

ASTOROTH
Really, for the company?

AL B.
Ha! No. I wouldn't stoop so low.

ASTOROTH
Is that right?

CRAIG
He's a divorce lawyer. He represented Baxtor Clifford against his wife.

ASTOROTH
Really! Well, well. I hear you do good work. Quite impressive result, so my colleagues tell me.

CRAIG
(To Al B.)
Astoroath is the Treasurer of Hell.

AL B.

Yeah, great. That's nice. Look, I need to get out of here. I got a hot little red head waiting for me back in my office so if you could show me the exit.

ASTOROTH

(Confused)

In your... office? Oh!

(Chuckles)

You must mean on Earth. Oh, my boy, didn't anyone explain the rules? I'm afraid you're stuck here. I'm not certain how you got in, but we're always glad to add another log into the fire, as it were.

(Chuckles)

Besides, we have a special place in our hearts for lawyerly types--

AL B.

You know, this has all been a big mistake, so if you could just point me to the exit and--

ASTOROTH

Well, that's all fine, but it's time for my oration. If you'll excuse me.

Astoroth walks away.

CRAIG

(Slightly humble)

You know, Al, I'm trying to help you network. We're gonna need friends where we're going--

AL B.

What do you mean, "where we're going"? Where're we going?

Astoroth climbs the stage and knocks on the microphone to get the crowds attention. Everyone hushes and watches him.

Al B. catches sight of Death eyeing him in the crowd and pushing his way through to him. Al ducks into the crowd.

Astoroth clears his throat.

ASTOROTH

Hello, everyone. How are we all doing? Enjoying the accommodations?

The crowd responds positively.

ASTOROTH (CONT'D)

I'm glad. You know, it's been a long road, hasn't it.

The crowd agrees.

ASTOROTH (CONT'D)

Yes, I know. But what a ride, huh?

The crowd agrees.

ASTOROTH (CONT'D)

All that money. Oh! The fun we had.

The crowd chuckles.

ASTOROTH (CONT'D)

Yes, yes. But that US government. What a pain, huh?

The crowd chuckles.

Death searches harder for Al B. Al B. evades.

ASTOROTH (CONT'D)

I mean, can't a guy make a living?

The crowd laughs again.

ASTOROTH (CONT'D)

Yes. Well, like all roads, I'm afraid this one had to come to an end as well.

The crowd moans and boos.

ASTOROTH (CONT'D)

I know, I know. But that's just a fact of after-life. But you got the last laugh, didn't you? The government thought they'd get their hooks into you.

The crowd chuckles.

ASTOROTH (CONT'D)

They actually thought they could bring you to justice? What were they thinking? You'd gone years fooling them. Did they actually think they could get you so easily?

The crowd responds enthusiastically in the negative.

ASTOROTH (CONT'D)

Of course not. Now... they can never get you.

The crowd cheers.

ASTOROTH (CONT'D)

Yes, yes. You certainly had the last laugh, didn't you. Suicide has always been the most effective get-out-of-jail-free card.

The crowd cheers again.

ASTOROTH (CONT'D)

Yes. However, pulling out that particular card has had the unfortunate result of hastening our deal, hasn't it. Yes. But, we're still all friends, aren't we?

The crowd cheers.

ASTOROTH (CONT'D)

Oh, good. Well, as it is, it's come time to even the books.

Suddenly, chains with hooks extend out of the ground and hook many of the executives. Many start to burn in white hot fire. Others have their flesh begin to melt. And still others are attacked by various nasty creatures. They scream in agony.

Al B. jumps back from everyone and backs up against the tent wall.

ASTOROTH (CONT'D)

Yes, I know, it always hurts to be the tax man, but I will always cherish our bonds. They do go deeper than flesh, don't they? Or at least, they will.

A creature starts at Al B. He cringes as it sniffs his leg and salivates.

The Demon steps up and snatches the creature away. He snags Al B. by the nape of his neck, dangling him for Death to see.

DEMON

D. D. I got him! I got him! See?

Death comes up.

AL B.

Get the fuck off me, you giant afterbirth!

The Demon sticks the creature in Al B.'s face. It gnashes at him.

Al B pulls the knife from his back pocket and slashes at the creature. He then stabs the demon's eye. It stumbles back, dropping Al..

DEMON

My eye.

DEATH

(Flatly)
Yeah, great work.

AL B waves the knife at death.

AL B.

Stay back!

DEATH

You wanna cut me? Come on little man, cut me!

AL B lunges at death with the knife. Death effortlessly moves out of the way, knocks the knife from his hand and kicks him in the ass sending him face first into the dirt.

AL B.
You bastard!

Death kicks him in the gut.

DEATH
I fought angels with pig stickers bigger'n
that, you pig vomit.

Death grabs Al B. by the collar and knocks him out.

THE DEMON WALKS UP

DEMON
Woo, D. You got him good.

Death looks at The Demon. The Demon's eye is hanging from its socket.

DEATH
Look at yourself. You're a fucking
disgrace. Clean yourself up. Jesus
Christ!

Jesus appears in a puff of cloudy smoke.

JESUS
Vos Moxteah Guggalah?

Death shakes his head, groans and leaves with Al B. in tow. The Demon holds his eye.

DEMON (TO JESUS)
Can you fix this for me?

JESUS
That depends

DEMON
Depends on what?

JESUS
Do you have health insurance?

DEMON
Huh? I don't think so. Besides, I'm
Canadian.

JESUS
Sorry, last time I did Pro Bono, I got
crucified.

EXT. LIMBO/THE ENRON TENT

Death drags Al B. along.

DEATH
I hate this fuckin' job! I hate it!
(MORE)

DEATH (CONT'D)

I don't get paid enough for this shit!
Not that I get paid. But if I did, it
wouldn't be enough!

Two ARCHANGELS (26) step up to Death, swords in hand.

ARCHANGEL 1

Sir.

DEATH

Yeah. What.

ARCHANGEL 2

You have to come with us, sir.

DEATH

I've got a soul to process here. Can't
it wait?

ARCHANGEL 1

Sorry, sir. This comes from the top.

DEATH

(thrown)
What?

EXT. HEAVEN/GOD'S OFFICE WAITING ROOM -- LATER

Two other ARCHANGELS stand to either side of God's massive office door.
Death sits Al B. down.

DEATH

Don't you move. Don't you move, or I
swear--

AL B.

You think you scare me? Try repping
Rosanne in a divorce. The binging's
like a bear eating its young.

Death resists the urge to pummel him. He looks to his Archangel escorts.

DEATH

Make sure he doesn't go anywhere.

They nod. He enters God' office.

INT. HEAVEN/GOD'S OFFICE

God sits at his desk, flipping pages in his book. The great door to
his office, which extends up into eternity, opens. Death walks in and
steps up to God's great desk, which towers over him, adorned with
artistry like a French church.

DEATH

You, uh, called for me, sir?

GOD

What? Who's there?

DEATH

Uh, me, sir. It's me. Death.

GOD

(Looking around)

What? Where?

DEATH

Um, down here, sir.

God leans forward and peers over the front edge of his desk. He manages a glimpse of Death waving at him from below.

GOD

Wait, hold on a second.

God stands. He takes up his book and walks around the desk.

POV DEATH -- God walks around the corner wall of his towering desk and approaches.

GOD (CONT'D)

Grim. How are you.

DEATH

I'm good I suppose.

GOD

How's business?

DEATH

Good, um, things have been good. I'm in the middle of a job right now, actually. He's, uh, waiting outside. I just gotta get him on the books.

GOD

Ah, good, good. What about after him?

DEATH

Actually, sir. I'm due for a transfer. This guy's the last one, and then...

GOD

Oh yeah? Where.

DEATH

Creation, sir.

GOD

Oh. Now that's a great job.

DEATH

(Smiling)

Yes sir.

GOD

(Reminiscing)

I never had as much fun as when I was creating the universe. I mean, I'd have to say Golf is a close second, but creation... Nothing like it.

DEATH

Yes, sir.

GOD

What are you going to be doing?
Vegetation distribution? Life formation?
Intelligence development?

DEATH

Star and planet formation.

GOD

Awwhhh. That's great.

DEATH

Yes, sir. I'm looking forward to it.

GOD

You should be. That's real exciting
stuff. And you deserve it, too.

DEATH

(Humbled)

Well... thank you sir. I don't like to
think of it that way. I just did my
job.

GOD

(Kidding)

Bet you pity the next guy after you,
huh?

DEATH

(Chuckling)

Well... I certainly don't envy him,
sir.

GOD

I bet you don't.

The two of them laugh.

DEATH

So. Was there something else. Sir?

GOD

Not really, just wanted to see how things
were going. Oh. There is this one thing.
Minor little hiccup, really.

DEATH

How do you mean, sir?

GOD

Well, while I was playing a few holes, I
got a call from someone. They seem to
think we've allowed a good soul to go to
Hell... instead of coming here where it
belongs.

DEATH

(Slightly nervous)
Really? Hmm. Can't imagine why anyone
would think that.

GOD

Well, that's what I thought. Especially
considering from whom the call came from.

DEATH

Um. Who was that, sir.

GOD

(Matter-of-factly)
Lucifer.

Death tightens his lips and shakes his head.

GOD (CONT'D)

He tells me he has someone named Albert
G. Tross down there. A psychiatrist. A
really good soul. Stellar. His good
works, well, let's just say if we were
still doing the saint thing...

DEATH

Well, sir, you really can't trust anything
Lucifer says. Prince of lies and all
that.

GOD

That's what I thought, too. Funny thing
is, I actually talked to him. This soul,
I mean. He's the real McCoy. "But how
could that be?" I asked myself. I mean,
for Lucifer to get his hands on a good
soul like that, he'd have to break at
least half a dozen cosmic rules. MY
rules. But he says the books are
straight. So I decided to take a look
for myself. I got the latest order lists
and compared them with our input ratio
database hard copy, and lo and behold, I
find an Albert Tross on the list.
Collected and pending processing. That'd
be the guy outside, right?

God looks very closely into Death's eyes, glaring with anger.

DEATH

(Very nervous)
Um, y-yes, sir. He's, uh outside right
now. There was a little problem, but,
uh, he's definitely Albert Tross. Just
like it says on my list--

GOD

I'd be very careful with my next words,
if I were you right now, Grim. Especially
considering the fact that I've already
had a conversation with Romiel.

God glowers at him. Death sweats. He bobs his head a little and confesses.

DEATH

Well... There might have been... a little confusion... as to which one of them was supposed to... head upstairs.

EXT. HEAVEN/THE PEARLY GATES -- CONTINUOUS

The skies suddenly darken and large amounts of great big lightening bolts strike into the central palace of Heaven.

INT. HEAVEN/GOD'S OFFICE

God still stares angrily into Death's eyes. Death is singed and burned, sizzling and smoking.

GOD

Do you realize the mess you've made!?!

DEATH

I.. I.. I.. know, I'm sorry, sir, but--

GOD

(Pacing)

You're sorry? Your sorry!?! The whole system's been completely screwed and all you can say is your sorry? You brought a friggin Lawyer into Heaven. You know we don't let lawyers up here!! What's wrong with you!?!

DEATH

But sir, the book--

GOD

If this ever got out, it-it-it would be the end! Total uncreation!

DEATH

It didn't say which one I was supposed to take, sir! I couldn't be sure--

GOD

The guy in Hell was the only one you were supposed to take, you idiot! The other one's not supposed to die for another 7 years when he chokes on his own vomit at Mistress Kitten's House of Torture!!!

DEATH

(Slightly panicked)

I'm sorry. Really. But I did the best I could. It wasn't my fault. The order form was incomplete--

GOD

I know it was incomplete you imbecile. Creation requires great responsibility.

(MORE)

GOD (CONT'D)

It requires that you have the brains to ask questions when in doubt. To think outside the book. Clearly, you are not ready to move on.

DEATH

But sir, it was one little mistake. And not completely my fault--

GOD

Civilizations have perished and wars have been fought over little mistakes, Grim. You've been on the job two millennia now. You really think that explanation's gonna cut it? I expected better from you, Grim. Especially since you are the reason I put many of these rules in place. You do remember what I had to go through to save your soul, don't you?

DEATH

(holding his head)
Yes, sir.

GOD

Just... Get out of my office! I have to think things over.

Death leaves and God plops behind his desk, head in hands.

EXT. HELL/CIRCLE 7 COAL MINES -- LATER

Argoth rides in on his Victorian style carriage dragging Al G. behind by a chain bound to his wrist, huffing and puffing.

FITZ, Argoth's personal clerk and toady, a pale skinny demon wearing a Victorian valet uniform, approaches the carriage and kneels down in front of the door. Argoth steps out onto Fitz's back and down.

Fitz rises and pulls a daily scheduler from his back pocket.

FITZ

(Leafing the planner)
Master, it is so good to see you again. I was beginning to worry. And your hand... do you--

ARGOTH

(curtly)
How have things been since I've been gone?

FITZ

Not very good I'm afraid to report. Output has decreased 13% more.

ARGOTH

13%!?! Increase barbed whippings, then. And ironings.

FITZ

We've already done that, master. We are still hemorrhaging productivity. And the Sloth Demons have begun to express outrage at our delivery delays.

ARGOTH

Sloth Demons. Such dirty creatures. They're worse than the French. Though they smell better. And if we don't allow those monkey's in... Well never mind, I'll deal with them later. In the mean time, The Evil One has graced us with a new member for our labor force.

Argoth points to AL G.

AL G.

(Winded)
Hello. Pleasure.

FITZ

(Snooty)
Oh my, is this the best he could come up with.

ARGOTH

Careful now Fitz, the Master does not take kindly to criticism. And his ears are everywhere.

FITZ

(Sneering)
But sir, he's not even in the proper attire.

ARGOTH points his taloned finger at AL G. His clothes smoke and change into dirty, charred work rags.

ARGOTH

Now he will blend right in.

Two grey SCALY DEMONS unchain AL G. and lift him up by the arms. They drag him off to the mines

AL G.

(To the Demons)
Guys, my feet work perfectly fine. I can walk. Really. No need to put yourselves out. Where are we going anyway? Is there any food where we're going, I'm starving.

Argoth fans himself with his handkerchief.

ARGOTH

I'm feeling a bit cool. Have them send up a scolding cup of tar to my office.

FITZ

(Writing in his planner)
And shall I send a hook up to replace
your hand sir?

ARGOTH

That's all right Fitz, I'll wait for it
to regrow. But have two damned females,
one whip, and a roll of barbed wire sent
up as well.

FITZ

Very good sir. Shall I make the damned
self destructive or self deprecating.

ARGOTH

Oh, definitely self deprecating. Those
self destructive ones enjoy the barbed
wire far too much. Ruins all the fun in
a good torture.

INT. HELL/ CIRCLE 7 COAL MINES

AL G. is chained to a chain gang by SCALY DEMON 1. SCALY DEMON 2 shoves
a shovel in his hand and throws him to the ground.

DEMON GUARD

Get to work, newbie! Or I'll crack open
your skull and sop your brains up with a
piece of moldy bread.

The demons leave.

AL G. looks around him. Thousands of damned souls dig at the soil,
sweating and crying.

AL G.

(To Audience)

So this is Hell. Not a very nice place,
is it.

(A soul shrugs)

But not nearly as bad as marriage
counseling.

He picks up a shovel and starts to work.

INT. HEAVEN/GOD'S OFFICE -- LATER

God paces back and forth in front of Death and Romiel.

GOD

You two really screwed the pooch on this
one. Have you got any idea what a mess
you've made?

Romiel opens his mouth to speak.

GOD (CONT'D)

Shut up. Because of you, I've actually
had to think. HARD. About all this.
Do you understand? I had to think hard!

(MORE)

GOD (CONT'D)

Not since creation did I have to think this hard. Do you know what that's like?

Romiel tries to speak again.

GOD (CONT'D)

Shut up. I've got a headache now the size of the crab nebula. This whole thing has given me gas. You know what happens when I get gas?

Romiel tries to speak.

GOD (CONT'D)

Shut up. When I get gas like this... Well, let's just say the Earth's gonna suffer an el nino that makes the greenhouse effect seem like a cool spring day!

God jumps in front of Romiel.

GOD (CONT'D)

Did I not tell you to shut up!?!

ROMY

But I didn't say anything, sir.

God squints his eyes and sticks his face close to Romiel's.

GOD

(Booming voice)

Are you actually... correcting thy God?

Romiel stammers.

The room gets dark and thunder rolls above. A thick lightning bolt strikes Romiel and reduces him to a pile of smoldering ash. God looks at Death. Death stares straight ahead, never flinching.

God moves close to Death.

GOD (CONT'D)

I know what you're thinking. Oh, yeah, I do. I am God, after all. You're thinking, "Is that what's in store for me? Am I going to end up a pile of ash? Just. Like. Him?"

He wipes a sweat drop from Death's forehead and rubs it between his fingers.

GOD (CONT'D)

Well, I wouldn't Worry. Not because I'm God or anything. I mean you know I don't really get into that forgiveness shit. No. I've got something else in store for you, my friend. Something befitting a moron such as yourself. Something uplifting and contributing to all our hard works here in Heaven.

Death thinks a beat.

DEATH

Oh no.

GOD

Oh yes.

DEATH

Sir, you can't.

GOD

Check the name on the door outside. It says I am the Lord, thy God. Maker of all things, creator of the universe, light and life. That translates into I CAN DO ANYTHING THE FUCK I LIKE! GET IT!?!

God sits back behind his desk.

GOD (CONT'D)

(In a booming voice)

The books must be balanced. The soul is to be expedited and tasked. Tross must be incorporated into the system seamlessly. And you shall assure this transition. Without incident.

INT. HEAVEN/GUARDIAN ANGEL TRAINING DEPARTMENT -- LATER

Al B. is ushered into the department from off an elevator by the Archangels.

ARCHANGEL 2

Sir, please step into line over there.

Al B. scowls at him.

ARCHANGEL 2 (CONT'D)

Sir. Don't make us place you there ourselves.

Al B. begrudgingly walks to the line. The Archangels get back on the elevator and ride away.

A young, beautiful RECEPTIONIST (25) dressed in a tight, white dress stands with a clip board to receive new recruits.

RECEPTIONIST

(Texan accent)

Trainees? All Trainees must sign in here.

Al B. approaches the Receptionist and eyes her wantingly.

RECEPTIONIST (CONT'D)

Hello sir. Are you here for training?

AL B.

(Flirting)

How you doin'. What' your name, sweet love.

RECEPTIONIST

(Put off)

Huh. Excuse me?

AL B.

No, no. Excuse me. I'm being rude. My name Tross. Albert B. Tross.

(Kisses her hand)

I saw you from over there and... I was just taken aback. I mean...

(Looks her up and down)

You are a piece.

RECEPTIONIST

(Disgusted)

Thanks. Are you here for training?

AL B.

Well, I don't know. Are you the teacher?

RECEPTIONIST

Oh, you've got to be kidding me.

AL B.

How about you and me, we get outa here, find us someplace nice and quiet. To talk, get to know each other a little better, and...

(He flutters his eyebrows)

I'm a very successful lawyer, you know.

RECEPTIONIST

Gee, you know? I could see that. Tell ya what. You come right here.

(She puts him on line)

Now, when you're done with your training, you come find me and we'll see about some... extra credit.

AL B.

Heh-heh. You got it.

RECEPTIONIST

Good.

The Receptionist turns away and rolls her eyes.

AL B.

See ya, babe.

Al slaps her on the ass. She looks at him with shock and then dashes away, mumbling to herself.

AL B. (CONT'D)
 (To the soul in front
 of him)
 Dead or alive, I still got the shit.
 Huh?

The soul rolls his eyes.

EXT. HELL/ CIRCLE 7 COAL MINES

Al G. diligently shovels coal. He seems to be enjoying the work. He begins to whistle "Whistle While You Work".

The other souls stare at him in disbelief.

Two OVERSEER DEMONS on the hill above walk to each other. They look at Al G. and then to each other in disbelief.

OVERSEER DEMON 2
 That guy's just not getting it.

INT. HEAVEN/GUARDIAN ANGEL DEPARTMENT -- LATER

Al B. is on a tour of the facilities, bored out of his mind. The TOUR GUIDE (38) brings them to the Embarking Portal Hall where Guardian Angels are sent out to Earth to conduct their duties.

TOUR GUIDE
 And here we have the Embarkation Portal.
 From here Guardian Angels can access the
 Earth at any point and in any time.

This piques Al's interest.

One of the other TRAINEES raises his hand.

TRAINEE 1
 Anywhere?

TOUR GUIDE
 Yes, anywhere, any time.

TRAINEE 2
 You just walk through there, and poof?

TOUR GUIDE
 Well, not exactly. Unless you've been
 given an assignment card like this,
 (He holds up a card)
 That designates a place and time period
 on Earth, if you were to walk through
 the portal, you'd just float through
 time lost.

Al B. looks around for a GUARDIAN ANGEL that could be a potential "mark". He finds one and walks toward him. They bump into each other.

GUARDIAN ANGEL
 (English Accent)
 Oh. Excuse me.

Al B. just keeps walking, never looking up. He finds a nook out of sight and pulls an Embarkation Portal assignment card from his pocket. He smirks.

AL B.
Like riding a bike.

Death walks off the elevator and approaches the front desk. He asks the DESK CLERK a question. The Clerk points him in Al's direction.

Al dashes off to the Embarkation Portal, passing the tour.

TOUR GUIDE
The universe is basically one big bundle of time all wrapped up in a ball. Every point is layered, one point touching every other one. Not a stream as humans have come to believe. That's how you can access any point in time.

The Guardian Angel has a problem with SECURITY at the Embarkation Portal.

SECURITY
I'm sorry, sir. I can't let you through without a pass.

GUARDIAN ANGEL
(Searching his cloths)
I had it here only a moment ago. I can't imagine where on Earth it could have gone.

SECURITY
Definitely not on Earth, sir.

Al Weaves his way through the line to the front. Death catches sight of him.

DEATH
Ay! You! Come here!

Al nervously backs away toward the Portal. He bumps into another Angel carrying a brief case. The Angel stumbles forward and jabs the corner of his brief case into the first Guardian Angel's Butt.

GUARDIAN ANGEL
Ow, my bum!

A soul nearby exclaims with surprise:

SOUL
Did he say bomb!?!

SECURITY
Bomb!

The Security guy pushes a panic button, bringing gates down to seal off the Hall. Al manages to slip under the gate at the portal before it comes down. Security personnel pour into the Hall and tackle the Guardian Angel. The crowd runs in panic.

Death dashes for Al B. but the gates slam down between them before he can grab him. Al slides his card through the computer slider and jumps into the time stream, smiling. Death pounds the gate and screams in frustration.

An elderly NUN grabs Death's arm in fear.

NUN

Oh, God, please. I don't want to die a virgin again.

Death does a double take.

EXT. HELL/CIRCLE 7 COAL MINES

Everyone in the mine pit are singing while they work, singing along with Al G.. Their spirits are high and they are enjoying the labor, making a game out of it, almost. The spirited noise rises up into the sulfur filled air. The Overseer Demons stand around in amazement, confused as to what it is they should do.

OVERSEER DEMON 1

Shouldn't we do something?

OVERSEER DEMON 5

I don't know. I mean, should we? Productions... up.

GORRIN, the managing demon, stomps up to them like a drill sergeant.

GORRIN

What in the shit is going on here!!!
What the fuck are you cum licking pig fuckers doing to my chain gang!

The Demons stand at attention.

GORRIN (CONT'D)

You!

(Grabs a Demon by the horn)

What the hell is that noise coming from my mine, soldier.
What the hell is that noise coming from my mine, soldier.

OVERSEER DEMON 4

S-singing. Singing, sir!

GORRIN

"Singing, sir". Is that the type of noise that's supposed to be rising up from my mine!?!

OVERSEER DEMON 4

No, sir!

GORRIN

And what am I supposed to be hearing, soldier!?!

OVERSEER DEMON 4

T-Torture, sir--

GORRIN

Torture! Agony! Screams in pain!

Gorrin rips the demon's horn off. It screams in pain

GORRIN (CONT'D)

LIKE THAT!! Now get in there and whip me up some agony! NOW!

Gorrin kicks the demons down into the pit. They start whipping souls.

EXT. EARTH/VIENNA AUSTRIA, 1918 -- DAY

ADY (19), a young, starving artist stands beside a park entrance, peddling his bad paintings. An OLD LADY with a cane walks by. Ady accosts her with his peddling.

ADY

Freuline. Come. Would you not like a pretty picture to brighten up your flat?

He pulls her against her will to his paintings and presents one to her. It is God awful.

ADY (CONT'D)

This one. It calls to you. I hear its words. It says your home is in great need of its beauty.

The painting is some innocent expressionist attempt that looks more like blurred porn. The old lady gasps in outrage, hits him with her purse and hobbles away.

OLD LADY

You should be ashamed.
(Shaking head)
Meshugina

Ady slumps in depression, rejected once again.

ADY

Oh, woe is me.

Ady sits on the park wall, slouching and upset. Suddenly, Al B. falls from the sky and lands behind him in the bushes.

ADY (CONT'D)

Mein Gotte!

Ady reaches in and helps Al up and out.

ADY (CONT'D)

Are you all right, sir?

AL B.

I swear to Christ, someone's getting sued to shit.

ADY

Are you well, sir? Can I help you?

AL B.

What? Oh. Yeah, thanks for the hand.
Look, where the hell am I?

ADY

You don't know where you are? Perhaps
you have hurt your head from your fall,
though from where you fell--

AL B.

Hey. A.D.D. boy. Focus. Where am I?

ADY

You are outside Stadt Park, sir.

AL B.

Where? No, what city?

ADY

Well... Vienna.

AL B.

Vienna. Austria? Jesus Christ, shit on
me. How the fuck did I end up half way
around the world? God damn it. I'm
stuck in fucking Austria, no money...
and shit! No passport. How the fuck do
I get back to the states? And come to
think of it...

(He looks around)

What the Hell year is this?

ADY

You are from America? Ach. It is my
dream to one day visit there.

AL B.

That's great. Which way to the US
Embassy?

ADY

Perhaps, sir, before continuing your
journeys, you would care to buy a picture?
A piece of Vienna beauty to bring home
for sharing with your family and friends.

Al looks at the paintings.

AL B.

What the hell are these supposed to be?

ADY

It is my heart and soul, mien heir.

AL B.

Kid, it looks more like your breakfast
and lunch.

ADY

(Upset)

You... cannot find just one that speaks to you?

AL B.

Dude. They're all speaking to me. They saying: "Please, God, kill me now. Just burn me from existence.

Ady slumps in defeat.

ADY

Ach. Kind sir, your words strike at my very heart as a knife.

AL B.

Sorry, kid. Gotta learn to take criticism in this business.

Al turns and continues on to find his way home.

ADY

Well, thank you for your honesty, sir. It is my eternal sorrow that you have found offense from my work.

Al stops. He looks back at Ady standing over his terrible work in sadness. For the first time in his long life, Al feels sympathy.

AL B.

(To himself)

God. What am I doing?

He walks back to Ady.

AL B. (CONT'D)

What's your name, kid?

ADY

My proper name is Schmekle.

AL B.

Sh-Sh-Schmuckle? What is that, a Hebe name?

ADY

My friends and family refer to me as Ady, though. For my middle name.

AL B.

Yeah, better. Anyway, I wanna help you out here.

ADY

You wish to buy a painting?

AL B.

Shit, no, son. I'd be tried for crimes against humanity if I brought that over national borders. No, I wanna tell you a story.

They sit on the wall together.

AL B. (CONT'D)

When I was a kid, I wanted to be a writer.

ADY

You are a writer?

AL B.

I'm tryin' to tell you a story, here. Shut up. No, I'm not a writer, I'm a lawyer.

ADY

Ah, a lawyer. Such a noble profession.

AL B.

Ha. Yeah, right. You're a good kid. Now shut up. So anyway, I wanted to be a writer, so I used to write every single idea I had in my brain down in this little journal I'd carry everywhere with me. I finally got around to actually writing one of those ideas into a story. Wrote myself a nice little novella, but I didn't show around right away. I just kept it to myself.

ADY

Why?

AL B.

Wasn't ready. Wasn't good enough yet. Needed tweaking. Took me two years before I felt it was ready. Poured everything I had into the fucker. So I'm 21, fresh outa college and ready to take a chance. I find the biggest publisher out there and take the big plunge.

ADY

You jumped from a great height on to a publisher? Were you hurt?

Al looks at him a beat.

AL B.

Kid, by any chance your mom ever drop you on your head a lot when you was a kid?

INT. HELL/ARGOTH'S TORTURE CHAMBER -- LATER

Argoth stands over a torture victim dressed in leathers, splattered in blood, and a whip tied to his stump.

Fitz bursts in.

FITZ

Master! You must come quickly!

ARGOTH

Fitz! Curse your eyes! I was to not be disturbed!

FITZ

But... sir! It's... It's horrible!

Argoth notices the sound of singing coming from beyond the chamber door. He throws his robe on and runs outside.

EXT. HELL/CIRCLE 7 COAL MINES -- MOMENTS LATER

The Overseer Demons have exhausted themselves trying to beat the happiness out of the damned. They pant with exhaustion.

OVERSEER DEMON 2

(To Gorrin)

Sir... It's... it's no use, sir.

GORRIN

Don't tell me that, scum! You will beat the agony from those souls or you will join them in their reeking pools of shit filled urine!

Gorrin jumps into the pit.

GORRIN (CONT'D)

You have to rip 'em a new one like the meat they are!

Gorrin rips the arm off one soul and hits the other with it, sending the other 20 yards off.

OVERSEER DEMON 2

We've tried that, sir.

The other souls help out the two Gorrin attacked, picking them up and getting them back into the spirit of things.

OVERSEER DEMON 2 (CONT'D)

They... just keep helping each other. They won't be swayed.

Gorrin is blown away. He's never seen anything like this.

Argoth charges up in his robe.

ARGOTH

Captain! What is the meaning of this!

Gorrin stands at attention.

GORRIN

Sir! We, uh, we are having a small problem, sir. But everything's under control, sir.

ARGOTH

Under control!?! This is under control!?! Captain! These people... they're... they're... HAPPY!

The singing gets louder.

ARGOTH (CONT'D)

What is responsible for this... outrage!?!

Overseer Demon 1 steps forward.

OVERSEER DEMON 1

I think I know, sir.

EXT. EARTH/VIENNA AUSTRIA, 1918

AL B.

... that stupid bastard had me thrown out of the building.

ADY

How terrible.

AL B.

Forget about it. Guy had his in the end. Released 4 shit books in a row after that and got his ass booted to the street. But anyway, after that publisher I figured I'd try one of those smaller publishing houses. I find this good one that's got a rep publishing newcomers. I figure, hit up the head instead of some middleman lackey. Turned to be a rich bitch with an attitude. Biggest Nazi cunt you'd ever meet.

Ady laughs goofily.

ADY

Nazi. I like this word.

AL B.

Took me 2 weeks to corner this hussy, but I got her. She eats lunch at the same place every Thursday. I put my best suit on, I practice what I'm gonna say to her for two days and walk right up to her.

ADY

Really.

AL B.

Walked right up to her, introduced myself and shoot my load right in her face. You know what she does? That fucking dime store slut berates me in front of the whole restaurant. Calls me a loser and a hack and that she wouldn't read my bathroom wall shit if she was on a bender and prayin' to the porcelain Gods for inspiration.

ADY

Oh, no. What means "shoot my load?"

AL B.

Bitch pissed me off, man. Humiliated me in front of everyone. Thought she got away with it, too. I went to some lawyers, they didn't want it. Not big enough, they said. So I did the research myself and sucked the blood from that hussy's icy veins. Took her for a quarter mil.

ADY

What means "quarter mil"?

AL B.

Dollars, genius. A quarter million dollars.

ADY

Ach. Money. That is a lot, yah?

AL B.

That is a lot, yah. Anyway, that's when I learned of my love of the law. So I took my winning and went to law school, did my time under employment and the rest is successful legal history, baby.

ADY

That is a vunderbar story, sir.

AL B.

And the moral is..?

Ady tilts his head and looks at him blankly. Al taps him on the back of the head.

AL B. (CONT'D)

You suck at the painting thing, son. Find something else that gives ya wood.

ADY

Oh. Well, I don't... know anything else.

AL B.

Ain't there something you do that you enjoy? That you're good at?

ADY

Well... my rabbi sometimes lets me write and read sermons for shule sometimes.

AL B.

Public speaking. That's good. Can use that for law. Or politics.

ADY

Politics? I don't know. I think I might like this. To help people, yah?

AL B.

Sure, kid. If that's you're thing.

(MORE)

AL B. (CONT'D)

But you gotta involved now. Can't just fall into it, you know?

ADY

My friends often invite me to join them to the Workers organization.

AL B.

Unions. Good, that's a good start. But get away from all that jew shit. No one'll vote for a jew. No one likes bein' told what to do by a jew, you know?

(Rising)

A'right. I gotta go. Here endeth the lessen.

ADY

(Shaking Al's hand)

Thank you, sir. I have learned a great deal from you. I shall be a great statesman some day.

AL B.

Yeah, that's great.

A beep comes from inside Al's pocket. He pulls out his travel pass. It beeps and a spot flashes red at its center. He looks at curiously.

AL B. (CONT'D)

Hey, look. Drop that name, sh-sh-sh-shmock, or whatever. Too ethnic.

Al touches the blinking spot with his thumb.

ADY

Oh. Then I will use my middle name. You will hear of me again. I promise this. You will come to know and respect the name of Adolph Hitler.

A bright light comes down on Al from Heaven and sucks him up like a vacuum. Ady is left in shock of what he has just seen.

INT. HEAVEN/GUARDIAN ANGEL CENTRAL -- MOMENTS LATER

A DESK AGENT collects Al from a make-shift portal.

DESK AGENT

It's about time. Took you long enough down there. You new? I don't recognize you.

AL B.

Um.

DESK AGENT

No time for chit-chat. We gotta get you on assignment again. The lock down at the Portal Hall's got the whole department backed up and the back up portal's acting a bit iffy.

The Desk Agent ushers Al to his desk and processes a whole new travel card for him. Al looks on the security monitor on the wall. It views the Embarkation Hall. Death is on screen screaming and cursing, receiving a contamination hosing and scrub down. Al giggles.

DESK AGENT (CONT'D)
Yeah, I know. But can't be too safe
these days.

The Desk Agent clicks his computer and a new card pops up. He snatches it and ushers Al to their travel portal.

DESK AGENT (CONT'D)
Come on, the schedule's tight.

He puts Al in the portal, slides the card through the machine port and hands it to Al.

AL B.
This thing going to LA?

DESK AGENT
Pfff. I' think you'll mis a few
millennia.

The Desk Agent pushes a button and Al is on his way on a shaft of light.

EXT. EARTH/ANCIENT EGYPT -- DAY

Al falls from the sky and lands in a pile of manure.

AL B.
(Recovering)
Shit!

INT. HELL/ARGOTH'S TORTURE CHAMBER

Al G. hangs dangling by his arms, his legs and wrists bound by chains. Argoth bursts in, still in his robe. He growls with anger.

ARGOTH
You!

Al G. tilts his head with curiosity.

AL G.
Argoth. Isn't it?

ARGOTH
You... are responsible for this...
atrocities.

AL G.
Atrocities?

ARGOTH
Can you not hear it!?!

Argoth opens the chamber door. The singing can be heard outside. Argoth slams the door shut and shutters in disgust.

ARGOTH (CONT'D)

Singing! Cheerful, happy singing! You have... ruined my mines!

AL G.

(Smiling)

And what's wrong with your crew enjoying their work? I hear your productivity is up and you're reaping great benefit from their work--

ARGOTH

HAPPY! They are happy!

AL B.

A happy employee makes an efficient employee. You know, I've done a few motivational seminars for a few companies. Not really my area, but I did wonders for GM's staff. I could do the same for you, if you like.

Argoth is absolutely stunned at Al's complete lack of fear.

ARGOTH

(Raising his whip)

I very much wish to give you pain.

AL G.

I'm sensing a bit of anger from you, Argoth. Does my positivity somehow incense you in some way? Let's talk about it for a moment. What is it about a positive personality that angers you so? Were you, perhaps, subject to a great amount of criticism as a child?

Argoth gapes at Al with bug-eyes.

AL G. (CONT'D)

Perhaps a little word association. Just say the first thing that pops into your mind. "Flower."

ARGOTH

I'm... going to whip you terribly now.

AL G.

This need to "whip", Argoth. Do you feel you are phallicly inadequate? Thus, essentially needing to "lash" out? Both figuratively and physically. Is that why you bind the whip to your arm where you once had a hand?

Argoth looks at his whip bound to his stump and grunts questioningly.

EXT. HELL/CIRCLE 7 COAL MINES

The singing is louder now. The Overseer Demons stand around completely helpless.

OVERSEER DEMON 1

This is getting ridiculous. How are we supposed to deal with this? We're not trained for this. You know, I heard this shit's spread to the pain fields on Circle 8 and the torture wheels on circle 6.

OVERSEER DEMON 2

I hear it's even sprung up a bit in circle 2.

OVERSEER DEMON 1

No way. In gluttony?

OVERSEER DEMON 2

Uh-huh.

OVERSEER DEMON 1

Jeez. That's all you need. A bunch of fatties singing and whistling.

Gorrin walks by them.

GORRIN

It's a dark day for our kind, scum.
This could be the end of all things.

The 2 Demons look to each other, worried.

One solitary snowflake falls from the sky and lands on Overseer Demon 1's nose. He looks at it cross-eyed in shock.

OVERSEER DEMON 2

What the fuck is that!?!

INT. LUCIFER'S OFFICE -- LATER

Lucifer and the Demoness are tumbling around behind the desk. They scream and pant in their love-making. Snaps and buzzing are heard.

The phone rings.

Lucifer reaches up and grabs the phone. The demoness moans in pleasure.

LUCIFER

(Grunting and panting)
This better be good.

Lucifer listens.

LUCIFER (CONT'D)

What? What are you talking... WHAT!?!
(To Demoness)
Get off!!

Lucifer throws the Demoness off him and stands. The Demoness picks herself up and stands wearing scanty lingerie and holding a barbed whip and bloody, spiked vibrator. Lucifer pushes the button on his desk to open his wall window.

The wall slides open. There's a blizzard outside. Buildings, mounds, hills and mountains are covered in snow.

Lucifer's eyes glow red and smoke. He puts the phone to his ear.

LUCIFER (CONT'D)
(Seething)
What. The fuck. Is going on.

Lucifer hears the singing.

LUCIFER (CONT'D)
Is... is that... s-singing?

Lucifer puffs smoke from his nose. He drops the phone and smashes the window from the frame. The cold wind and resonating sound of the singing wafts in his face. He takes a deep breath and releases a roaring ball of flame from his mouth. It spreads across the land of Hell and over the far horizon. The singing turns back to screams and the snow turns to vapor and mist rising above the land.

Lucifer breathes a sigh of relief and contentment at the familiar sounds. He picks the phone back up to his ear.

LUCIFER (CONT'D)
(calmly)
You will find who is responsible for
this and bring them to me. Am I clear?
(A beat)
Hello?

He pulls the phone away from his ear. The CALLER is screaming in pain.

CALLER (V.O.)
Ahhhh! It burns! Oh God! It burns!

INT. HEAVEN/GUARDIAN ANGEL CENTRAL

The gates finally lift in the Embarkation Hall. Death heads quickly to Guardian Angel Central. He finds the first person he can find, the Desk Agent.

DEATH
Hey. I'm looking for a guy.

DESK AGENT
Sorry, sir. We're really backed up here.
You'll have to check with personnel.

Death throws him up against the wall.

DEATH
Listen to me, you little shit. You're
gonna help me find who I'm lookin' for
or I swear to Him, I'll do things to you
that'll make you wish you worked in Hell.

INT. GUARDIAN ANGEL CENTRAL -- LATER

Death sits with the Desk Agent at his desk, watching him check the security log recordings of Angels sent on missions since the Hall was quarantined. Al B. comes on screen.

DEATH

There! That's the guy!

The desk agent taps his computer keyboard.

DESK AGENT

According to the processing logs, that's supposed to be Angel Aaron. But that's not him.

DEATH

Thanks, genius. Where is he?

The Desk Agent taps on his computer.

DESK AGENT

Oh, no.

DEATH

What?

DESK AGENT

It says here he's been sent out four times already.

DEATH

But where is he now?

DESK AGENT

I sent a trainee into the stream. God, who knows what damage--

Death grabs him by the collar.

DEATH

Where is he!?!

INT. HELL/LUCIFER'S OFFICE

The demoness calls over the intercom.

DEMONESS (V.O.)

Baby, there's someone here to see you.

LUCIFER

I told you to cancel all appoints.

DEMONESS (V.O.)

But, Lucy, honey, he says he knows what happened--

LUCIFER

Send him in!

Gorrin walks in with Al G. shackled and gagged.

LUCIFER (CONT'D)

Who the Hell are you! And what's he doing back here!?!

GORRIN

(Standing at attention)
I'm Gorrin, Sire. Captain of the Guard
of the Circle 7 Mines.

LUCIFER

Never heard of you. Where the Hell's
Argoth, or that sniveling twerp, Fitz.

GORRIN

Mr. Fitz was charbroiled in your rain of
fire, Sire. And Master Argoth--

LUCIFER

Can you tell me how the fuck my Hell was
turned into a winter wonderland? You're
here, so I assume you have some answers
for me. 'Cause if you don't,

(Walks up to Gorrin)

I will gut you, have you torn apart and
fed to the lower beasts.

GORRIN

(Gulping)

He's the cause, Sire. It was him.

Gorrin points to Al G.

LUCIFER

What? This soul?

GORRIN

Yes, Sire. He made the rest of the
damned... well, he made them more...
cheerful.

LUCIFER

What?

GORRIN

Yes, Sire. He made them cheerful and
take pride in their work. They
actually... enjoyed it, Sire.

LUCIFER

Cheerful. And that's where the snow
came from.

GORRIN

Yes, Sire.

LUCIFER

Him.

GORRIN

Yes, Sire.

LUCIFER

A soul... made Hell... freeze over.

GORRIN

Yes, sire.

LUCIFER
 (Disbelieving)
 Where's Argoth.

GORRIN
 He's, uh--

LUCIFER
 Where is he!

Gorrin turns on a monitor on the wall that views the office waiting room. Argoth is nestling in the Demoness's breasts, crying and moaning.

ARGOTH (V.O.)
 Ooooh, I can't go on! I've been so ba-a-
 ad! Please! I don't want to be evil
 anymore. Ooooooh! I don't want to be
 bad! I want to be good! Kind, nice and
 dainty!

LUCIFER
 What the hell is this!?!

GORRIN
 (Pointing to Al G.)
 It's him, sir.

LUCIFER
 Him? Him what?

GORRIN
 It's his mouth. It's... dangerous.

Lucifer breaths out a fire ball onto Gorrin, burning him black and crusty.

LUCIFER
 That's dangerous, Captain!

GORRIN
 (Gurgled)
 Yes, sir.

LUCIFER
 Explain.

GORRIN
 It's him, sir. Just look what he's done
 to Master Argoth. He's the one
 responsible for it all, sir. All of it.
 He's converted two of my guards. They've
 gone AWOL, I think upstairs.

LUCIFER
 Upstairs!?!

GORRIN
 Yes, sir. I think... I think to repent.

LUCIFER
 Jesus Christ!

Jesus pops.

JESUS
Somebody say my n...

He sees Lucifer and the charred Gorrin.

JESUS (CONT'D)
Oops. Wrong number.

Jesus pops back out.

Lucifer shakes his head.

LUCIFER
I don't believe this.

GORRIN
Sir, it was all we could do to shut him
up, sir. If I hadn't gagged him... he
might have converted more of my men.
Sir. He's a danger to everybody down
here, sir.

Lucifer looks at Al G. closely. Al smiles under his gag.

LUCIFER
And you're responsible for making my
tortured souls...
(Almost can't say it)
Happy.

Al G. shrugs.

GORRIN
He is, sir.

Lucifer growls at Gorrin.

LUCIFER
(Frustrated)
I can't believe this! I can't put him
in another torture pit--

GORRIN
It'd be Christmas come early. Sir.

Lucifer knocks Gorrin's head right off his neck.

He looks Al up and down, scratching his chin.

LUCIFER
You're turning out to be more trouble
than you're worth.
(Thinks a beat)
But I think there's something we can
arrange. At the very least, something
that'll get you the fuck outa my hair.

EXT. 1865 EARTH/FORD'S THEATER, WASHINGTON D.C. -- NIGHT

Al B. drops from the sky into the bushes next to the Theater. He pulls himself up and sees Lincoln walk by, followed shortly after by John Wilks Booth.

AL B.
Lincoln? God damn it. Can't get the
right fucking year. What the fuck's it
take to get to LA, goddammit.

He climbs out of the bushes and wipes himself off.

Suddenly, Death, dressed for the period, grabs him by the neck and pounds him up against the wall, twice.

DEATH
You little shit. I got you.

AL B.
(Choking)
Let... go.

Death drags him into the THEATER.

INT. FORD'S THEATER

Death shoves Al onto a bench and cuffs him to the armrest.

AL B.
What the fuck--

Death slaps him in the face.

DEATH
Shut up. Don't fucking move. If you do
anything, anything, I will rip your
fucking legs off. You got me?

Death walks off into the crowd. Al grumbles to himself.

A gorgeous MOTHER (24) walks by with a little BOY (9) and places him down on the bench next to Al. She walks off to take care of business. Al ogles the Mother.

AL B.
Hey. Kid. That your Ma?

The boy nods.

AL B. (CONT'D)
She's one hot piece, son. Oof. I mean,
look at that ass. That is one perfectly
shaped ass. You are one lucky kid. I
wish she was my Mom.

Death comes back and uncuffs Al from the bench.

DEATH
(Cuffing Al to himself)
Come on. Our ride's waiting.

Death drags him off.

Mother returns for the Boy.

MOTHER
(German accent)
Come along, Siggy.

An USHER approaches.

USHER
Right this way, Mrs. Freud. Your
husband's waiting.

They follow the Usher. The Boy looks at his mother's ass and smiles.

EXT. FORD'S THEATER -- MOMENTS LATER

Death approaches AARON (32), the locally assigned Guardian Angel,
dragging Al B. behind.

DEATH
Aaron.

AARON
D. Good. We gotta go, man. Central's
screaming at me about my next assignment.

DEATH
Thanks again for the lift.

AARON
Don't worry about it.

Aaron touches his card and the three are sucked up into a shaft of light.

INT. HELL/NIGHTMARE DIVISION -- LATER

The place is a large area the size of a football field lined with
hallways arranged in a grid-like layout. The place looks as if it were
thrown together on short notice with no care for aesthetics. Along the
walls are large oval mirrors with computer stations manned by white
collared clerks under them, the two connected by wires. The mirrors
ripple and shift, showing scenes of people running through horrific
circumstances.

Lucifer enters with two guards pulling the still bound and gagged Al G.
along. They walk past all the work stations to the Director's Office
at the rear. The office door says: "Dr. Sigmund Freud, Director,
Nightmare Development". Before Lucifer can touch the door, SIGMUND
FREUD (56) steps out.

FREUD
(Deep German accent)
Good Lucifer. What an honor to have
your presence.

LUCIFER
(Chuckling)
Siggy. You know, you're the only soul
in the pit that actually refers to me as
good.

FREUD

Good and bad is a personal perspective subject to the bias of one's own experience. They are nothing but labels assigned to that which we find personally pleasing or disagreeable. In this case of you and I, your placing me in a position where I am able to use my talents pleases me so that to my mind, you are nothing else if not good.

LUCIFER

(Confused)

Thanks?

FREUD

My pleasure, good Master. Now then, have you come to inspect our facilities once more? We obviously were not prepared for your visit, but I am certain you will find that everything is working quite efficiently regardless.

LUCIFER

Sig, of that I have no doubt. But that's not the reason I'm here.

(Pointing to Al G.)

That is.

FREUD

Ach. An what would this be, then?

LUCIFER

Meet the newest member of your staff.

FREUD

Well... I was not aware we needed a new member--

LUCIFER

Siggy. Really. Do I look like one who cares much for what people need?

Lucifer's eyes flash red.

FREUD

(A little nervous)

Good point. Well, then, I welcome him with open arms. But, er... why is he gagged?

LUCIFER

Long story. So. Glad everything's good up here, and... I guess... that's it then. Bye.

Lucifer takes off back up the hall, his 2 demon guards following behind.

FREUD

Well... I suppose if we are to work together, you cannot be bound as you are.

Freud removes Al G.'s Chains and gag.

AL G.

Oh, my God, you're Sigmund Freud.

FREUD

Well, yes. I am.

AL G.

I don't believe this. The real Sigmund Freud. This is such an honor.

FREUD

(Humbled)

Well, thank you. Flatter me, sir. It is a pleasure to make your acquaintance, Mr., er...

AL G.

Albert Goddard Tross, sir. I'm a psychiatrist, too.

FREUD

Really. How vundebar. What year is it from where you come?

AL G.

2003, sir.

FREUD

Oh, my. I have so little occasion to actually speak with colleagues in such a position, you see. You are the first soul I have encountered since my assignment here.

AL G.

What about them?

Al refers to the white collared clerks.

FREUD

Oh, they are not human souls. They are demons. They only look that way... well, frankly, for my comfort. After all, one cannot work effectively surrounded by individuals with snarling teeth and goopy drool, now can one?

AL G.

No. I suppose not.

FREUD

So, tell me. How has the field of psychology fared since my day?

AL G.

Well, not really too far, I'm afraid to say. You still are the father of modern psychology.

FREUD

Oh! Heh-heh. You flatter me.

AL G.

Really, it's my honor. Well, there is the whole drug movement.

FREUD

Drugs?

AL G.

Well, yes. Most Doctors tend to medicate almost anything, from simple aches to the most severe psychological disorder these days.

FREUD

Ah.

AL G.

Yes, it's a real tragedy. I tend to believe that the therapeutic methods you developed were the true answer to finding the road to recovery. I've lived my life in your image and I'm thankful to say I've managed a modest success, if I do say so myself.

FREUD

I do not deserve such praise. I merely explored that which was there already. I discovered nothing.

AL G.

With all due respect, Mr. Freud. You were, are a great man.

FREUD

You honor me sir. But I will say this, never underestimate the value of pharmaceutical benefits. I myself enjoyed the stress relieving provisions of opium.

AL G.

Yes, I did read that. We've since learned that it can be quite dangerous in unsupervised circumstances. And you yourself died from cancer, sir, from the cigars you consumed.

FREUD

Is that truly what you believe, dear boy?

AL G.

According to the history books...

FREUD

(Chuckling)

Is that what they have recorded?

(MORE)

FREUD (CONT'D)

My death, my dear boy, did come from my enjoyment of excess, but my true death would not be one for which I wish to be remembered.

AL G.

Really.

FREUD

Yes. Which brings a point of advise.

AL G.

(Eager)

Yes sir?

FREUD

Remember, should you find yourself in the corporeal situation where you engage the services of prostitute that uses tools of some sort, to avoid an uncomfortable death due to a purification of the viscera, be certain she is expert at their use.

Al G.'s eyes bug.

AL G.

Uh... okay. Good safety tip.

FREUD

Now come. I will show you our work here.

Al follows Freud into the operation.

AL G.

Dr. Freud. Would you mind if I asked... How is it you ended up here?

FREUD

In Hell you mean?

AL G.

Yes.

FREUD

Well, the short tale is that even I have come to find it unacceptable to lust after my own mother, it appears.

AL G.

Ahhhhh.

INT. HEAVEN/GOD'S OFFICE

GOD

You. Are. The biggest moron in my entire creation!

God paces back and forth in front of Death and Al B.

AL B.

Ay, I never wanted to be here to begin with.

GOD

Oh-ho-ho-ho-ho, I will so smite you--

AL B.

Yeah? Go, ahead. I'll slap a suit on your ass so quick, the lightning bolts won't have a chance to shoot out! Maybe I'll even find the guy above you. We all report to somebody, buddy!

GOD

(Flustered)

You...

God squeezes his fist and rubs his face in frustration.

GOD (CONT'D)

(Pointing at Death)

You. This is all your fault.

DEATH

Sir, I--

GOD

Don't! You dare! Say a word, you asshole!

God breaths in deep to find patience.

GOD (CONT'D)

I mean, how is it that two schmucks could make such a mess in only one day?

AL B.

Hey, pal. Don't blame me.

GOD

Don't blame you? Don't blame you??

AL B.

What'd I do?

GOD

What did y... You encouraged the Marquis de Sade into torture!

AL B.

Hey. That guy need a hobby.

GOD

You caused the Salem Witch Trials!!

AL B.

That bitch was lookin' at me all weird!

GOD
 (Flustered)
 You... You... You... made Hitler...
 HITLER!!

AL B.
 Hey. We all got our callin'. 'Sides.
 You see that shit he was squeezin' out?

Al B. shutters in disgust.

God shakes with fury, unable to think of a thing to say or do.

AL B. (CONT'D)
 Hey, look. Wasn't my idea to bring me
 up here. I was happy where I was. You
 wouldn't send me back, so I had to try
 and find my own way. If things got a
 little... frazzled... Well, what can I
 say? Shit happens.

GOD
 (Flustered)
 You... I... You're...
 (To Death)
 You are in deep shit.

DEATH
 Me!?!

INT. HELL/NIGHTMARE DIVISION

Freud and Al G. walk by all the stations.

FREUD
 Those stations allow us to input
 information directly into the subconscious
 mind of each individual, allowing us to
 manipulate their dreams into nightmares.

AL G.
 Well, that's terrible. Dr. Freud, how
 can you do this?

FREUD
 Nonsense, my dear boy. You must see the
 benefits of what it is we are doing.

AL G.
 What benefit? You're terrorizing people.
 Unless the benefit's waking up in a puddle
 of your own urine in the mornings...

FREUD
 On the contrary. In fact, we are helping
 a great deal.

AL G.
 Helping. How?

FREUD

Think about it, dear boy. We have direct access to the subconscious, a scientific opportunity of gigantic proportions. We are finally able to peer into the very Id of a human being, personally witnessing theory as fact without all the messiness of verbal discourse and unreliable interpretative guess work.

AL G.

Well... I guess when you put it that way, I can see how that would be a... fascinating opportunity. But you're still terrorizing these people for the sake of science.

FREUD

Not at all. Well, actually, yes. We do give the people a good scaring, but in a manner that is controlled and for their own good. You are of course familiar with my conclusion that dreams are forums for our subconscious to deal with that which our conscious mind will not?

AL G.

Yes, of course.

FREUD

Well, I have molded this place into a mental health factory where we observe the Ids of those most disturbed by their own conscious so that they may come to deal with that which weighs on them most. So, you see? We are actually scaring the patient into health.

AL G.

Oh. I guess... I guess that is helpful.

FREUD

Very good, my dear boy. It is a pleasure to have you aboard. Now, permit me to show you the computer system.

Freud sits Al G. at a computer station.

INT. HEAVEN/ CREATION DEPARTMENT -- CONTINUOUS

Creation Department is a large room the size of an airplane hanger. Dozens of rows of small groups of four, angel manned desks run the length of the room (Like the trading floor of a financial firm). On the wall to the far side is a large screen showing the formation and inputted information algorithms of each creation programmed into the universe. God is conferring with the FLOOR MANAGER about repairing the damage Al B. has done to time. Death stands beside God and Al hangs back between the desks.

GOD

You can't tell me the system won't allow
a rewrite into time. I created time. I
created the system. The system does
what I tell it to.

Al B. wanders the desks, looking over the shoulders of typing angels.

FLOOR MANAGER

Sir, I realize that, but you also made
the system immutable. All we do here is
input. We take the formation orders and
submit them into the universal system
for conception. That's it. We don't
reprogram.

GOD

Well, I'm not saying reprogram the system---

MOVING WITH AL B. AS HE WANDERS BETWEEN THE DESKS.

One of the groups of four near to Al type fervently on their computers,
sipping Starbucks lattes. They never look away from their screens. A
little light starts strobing, indicating a shift change for that station.

ANGEL 1

(Stretching)

Thank God. I thought the day would never
end.

FLOOR MANAGER (O.S.)

Well, that's good, sir, 'cause the
system's specifically designed to disallow
that...

ANGEL 3

(Yawning)

God.

ANGEL 2

You guys wanna head to Club Babylon?
Those Angel chicks may be back tonight.

ANGEL 1

Cool.

FLOOR MANAGER (O.S.)

... to prevent a fractioning of the
universal code.

GOD (O.S.)

Just go back to the conception of each
item on the list...

ANGEL 2

Man, I'd love another chance at the red
head.

GOD (O.S.)

Submit an algorithm that reapplies the
original course of temporal evolution.
Avoid intervention all together.

ANGEL 1
Come on. Let's go.

ANGEL 4
What about our shift replacement?

FLOOR MANAGER (O.S.)
I can't, sir. The system won't allow me that type of access.

ANGEL 1
Screw 'em. They're the ones late again. Not our problem.

GOD (O.S.)
Then who has that kind of access?

ANGEL 2
Yeah, man. Let the higher-ups deal with 'em.

ANGEL 4
Awright.

ANGEL 1
Let's go.

The group log their computers off and disappear in a cloudy vapor.

FLOOR MANAGER (O.S.)
I wouldn't know, sir. I haven't been made aware of any such access available to anyone. Except, of course, I would assume you, sir.

Al sits down at the empty desk station. He sniffs a half drunken cup of coffee and turns away in disgust.

GOD (O.S.)
Hey, what're you doing? Don't sit there.

AL B.
What.

GOD
Don't touch anything.
(To Floor Manager)
Why is that station empty?

FLOOR MANAGER
We've had tardiness problems with that group, sir. I'm taking care of it. Nothing to worry about.

GOD
Fine, then. So, assuming my login works, what part of the system do we input what we want?

Al mocks God, making faces.

FLOOR MANAGER

That's just it, sir. There isn't anything to interface with to do it.

GOD

O cannot believe I'd create a system that I can't even gain access to.

FLOOR MANAGER

I think that was your intent. To prevent even yourself from gumming up the works.

Al B. touches the key board defiantly, punching random keys spitefully.

GOD

The works are gummed, you idiot! So how do I un-gum them?

DEATH

Isn't there a back door or something?

GOD

(Interested)

What's that, dip shit?

DEATH

A back door. I mean, do you have to go through the main operating system? Can't you go through the system bios?

GOD

Dim Reaper's got a point. So how 'bout it?

FLOOR MANAGER

Well... I don't know, really. Let me try.

The Floor Manager taps his keyboard and brings the Bios system up. God gives Al a quick lear. The screen waits for a prompt Login and password.

FLOOR MANAGER (CONT'D)

Well. Shit on me. Look at that.

God smiles and puts his fingers on the keyboard to type in his login.

Al B. flips God off. He leans on the desk and accidentally knocks over the half filled cup of coffee onto the keyboard. It sparks and the electricity flickers on every computer.

GOD

The fuck is this?

(He slams the side of the monitor)

Goddamn windows. I shoulda given Gates the clap instead of a brain. Devious bastard. We updated?

The keyboard sparks more and the entire complex goes nuts. Al pats at the keyboard to put it our. God catches sight of him.

GOD (CONT'D)

You!

The whole place shuts down. Emergency power sets in and the computer system goes crazy.

FLOOR MANAGER

Sir! The system! It's been corrupted!

GOD

What's happening??

FLOOR MANAGER

Input algorithms are bleeding into each other! Creation data is mixing!

GOD

Speak English! What does that mean!?!

FLOOR MANAGER

Look!

The Floor Manager points to the large screen on the wall. Pictures of things created in the computer system are morphing into combinations and merging into new creatures.

DEATH

Well shit. There goes my promotion.

INT. HELL/NIGHTMARE DIVISION

Al G. has just been fully briefed on how to interface with the system. He sticks the first of a stack of disks into a drive imbedded into his desk and hesitantly activates his computer system. A view into a woman's subconscious appears in the mirror above him. Itemized data scrolls on the screen, revealing the subconscious fear this woman has over men: How they look like monster to her and how she feels feeble before them.

AL G.

Oh. Interesting.

Al G. starts typing, creating a scenario where monstrous men begin chasing the woman, who he has programmed as having the form of a feeble chimp-like creature. They trap her in a corner. She can't escape. They creep closer and closer, ready to claw her to death. The woman moans with fright and breaths shallow.

AL G. (CONT'D)

(Scratching his chin)

Hmm. Can't just leave her there.

He thinks a moment more and types; He inputs a pair of scissors by the woman's feet. He has her pick them up. With eyes covered (the mirror goes dark), she snips at the monsters.

The sound of two thuds followed by silence.

The woman opens her eyes and sees two rubber balls on the floor below what used to be a monster but is now a tiny chimp. The chimp crawls away, emasculated. The monster gapes in shock.

The woman laughs. She looks normal now. She snips at the monster again, taking off more pairs of balls from the monsters, turning them into chimps. The monsters scatter to get away. The woman chases them all, laughing triumphantly.

Al G. sits back and smiles, proud of himself.

He pulls the disk out and puts the next one in. This time he writes a germophobe's dream where the dreamer is being eaten by hundreds of ant-like germs. Then he gets the upper hand with a can of spray.

Next is an acrophobe that can fly, etc.

INT. PURGATORY HOLDING CELL -- NIGHT

Death and Al B. are chained spread-eagle to the wall. Al struggles with his bands. Death crinkles his nose and blows at it with his mouth to try to alleviate an itch.

AL B.

I swear to... well, I swear, if I don't get released, I will have somebody's balls made into a PAIR OF EARRINGS! You hear me!?!

DEATH

Shut up!

AL B.

I will not be treated like this! Do you know who I am!?!

DEATH

If you don't shut up...

(Crinkles his nose)

I swear to God, I will fucking rip you apart and toss the pieces all over fucking creation!

AL B.

(Apathetic)

You're scaring me.

DEATH

You little shit, you know who I am!?! I'm death! An Archangel! The Grim Fucking Reaper! I destroyed Sodom and Gammora for breakfast, brought down the Tower of Babel for lunch and flooded the entire world for dinner! You are nothing but a flea! A pathetic little speck of dust! I could chew you between my teeth and spit you out without even a thought!

AL B.

Oh yeah?

DEATH

(Crinkling his nose)

Yeah!

AL B.

Pick your nose.

Death pulls his chains taught, unable to scratch his itchy nose. He can do nothing save scream in absolute frustration.

INT. HELL/NIGHTMARE DIVISION

Al G. is inputting the nightmare of his next "patient". It is an old MAN who is deathly afraid of impotence. He finds that his entire crotch has fallen out, leaving only a hole. He cries in misery.

Al inputs a scenario where the man uses a chemistry set to develop a formula. He uses the chemicals on his table, mixing them according to the formula to create a single small, blue pill. He eats the pill and the hole in his crotch closes up. Then it begins to bulge and grow large. The man becomes younger and he laughs with elation. Suddenly women start falling all over him.

MAN

That's it! That's it!

He keeps screaming the same thing until he wakes himself up. The picture fades away as he wakes to consciousness.

Al laughs with pride.

AL G.

A little viagra will do ya. I love this job.

He eagerly sticks the next disk into his computer.

INT. DR. FREUD'S OFFICE -- LATER

Dr. Freud is working at his desk, reviewing files and progress reports. The wall behind him is lined with dozens of pneumatic tubes. One of the pipes vibrates and spits out a canister. Freud, without looking, takes it up and pulls out the thick report inside. He reads it.

After a beat, his eyes widen. He takes his spectacles off his nose and stares out into space in disbelief.

FREUD

Oh, my.

EXT. LUCIFER'S OFFICE -- CONTINUOUS

Lucifer's office, at the top floor of his tower, explodes in a ball of fire and yelling.

INT. NIGHTMARE DIVISION/THE MAIN FLOOR -- MOMENTS LATER

Al G. pulls another disk from the slot and tosses it on a large pile of disks behind him. He chuckles to himself and rubs his hands together in anticipation of the next disk. Suddenly, a fiery stream cuts through the floor below him, cutting around him in a circle. He falls through the hole into smoking darkness.

INT. LUCIFER'S OFFICE -- MOMENTS LATER

Al G. drops from the ceiling, bound in dirty chains to his chair. He lands with a THUMP. Freud stands a few feet to the side, clutching the bad report.

Lucifer paces back and forth, flipping through his copy of the report, seething with anger.

Dr. Freud wipes the sweat from his brow, obviously nervous.

AL G.

(To Freud)

Doctor, what's going on here?

FREUD

(To Lucifer)

I realize you are displeased with the latest report, good Lucifer--

LUCIFER

Shut the fuck up, you stupid twat!

Dr. Freud bows his head in shame.

LUCIFER (CONT'D)

(To Al G.)

Some bitch... is no longer afraid of men. Now, instead of cowering at home and serving up dinner like a nice little whore SHOULD, she's out fightin' for women's lib. WOMEN'S FUCKIN' LIB, you ASSHOLE!

AL G.

I don't understand.

LUCIFER

My fucking God. It started here. HERE. In Hell. I got bitches giving blow jobs to elephants down here for spectator sport and you start the whole Goddamn women's suffrage movement!

AL G.

I still don't understand. I... What exactly is the problem?

FREUD

I agree that your anger is well placed. Young Albert Tross' actions have confounded your works some--

LUCIFER

Confounded? Confounded??

Lucifer shoves the report in Freud's face, pointing to a section.

LUCIFER (CONT'D)

See that? See it?

(MORE)

LUCIFER (CONT'D)

An emperor who hated everything from Zeus, to his mother to himself. Anyone who defied his word was crushed under his boot heel, God love him. Then one night, he has another of his lovely dreams, the one where he's being chased down by the entire world who are lookin' to torture him and tear him apart like a turkey at Thanksgiving dinner. The type of dream that inspires genocide. But look here.

(He points to another section)

This dream's a little different this time. It doesn't end with the patented screams and tears like they usually do. No. It's got a fucking Hollywood ending! Inspiring and satisfying. So much so, the man adopts CHRISTIANITY as the national Roman RELIGION!!

(He smacks Freud's head with the report)

Three or four more decades and it woulda been squenched from existence, but not any fuckin' more! Now we've become the next Walt Disney fucking Studios of the underworld where we inspire peace, love and embracing every living scumbag walking the Earth!!

(He smacks him again with the report)

Confounded!?! This registers a 12.5 ASS stuffing on the galactic sphincter scale!!!

He whacks Freud again, knocking his head from his body.

LUCIFER (CONT'D)

(To Al G.)

But you know, I mighta forgiven that. Well, not really. I still would've hung you by your testicles from the spire atop my fortress, here, but I wouldn't have been that angry, really. But when you inspired that... doctor to create viagra, ruining the greatest torture of man I ever devised, you crossed a whole new cosmic line.

The head of Freud calls to Lucifer from the front right corner of the room.

FREUD

Good Lucifer, I truly feel all this is unnecessary. Should we sit for a few hours and talk, I am confident we could find a solution to this particular problem. I have a wonderfully comfortable couch in any office, if you so choose, and we could--

Lucifer waves his hand and both the head and body of Freud fall, screaming, into a fiery fissure that opens beneath them and then closes. Lucifer returns his attention to Al G.

LUCIFER

As for you... I'm gonna have fun with you, you little prick.

AL G.

(Honestly confused)

I just can't understand all this hostility you have for me.

LUCIFER

(Overwrought)

You... You...

(Grabbing Al's neck)

You cured my impotence!!!

AL G.

I'm sorry. I'm confused. Is... that a bad thing?

Lucifer stands stunned. His eyes bulge under his furled brow and his face turns red.

LUCIFER

Schmuck! Fuckface!

Two demons appear in a blaze of fire.

SCHMUCK

Yes, sir.

FUCKFACE

You bellowed, mein Heir?

LUCIFER

Take this... piece of shit... to my fun room.

FUCKFACE

Yavole, mien commandant.

Fuckface and Schmuck drag Al G. by his chair through a rusty, metal door at the side of the office into a large torture chamber.

INT. LUCIFER'S TORTURE CHAMBER

The walls are wet with blood and adorned with many tools. They pull him from his bonds and chain him to the wall by his wrists. Then they shackle his ankles and pull them taught so that he hangs suspended in an angle.

SCHMUCK

Looks like the boss is gonna go all out on this guy.

FUCKFACE

Ya, das is gonna be a happy-happy time vis bumpsen.

Lucifer steps in wearing a biker's outfit with spikes all over. He slaps a club with nails in his hand. He smiles evilly.

LUCIFER

You two idiots get out.

The two demons wander out of the chamber, snickering.

EXT. LUCIFER'S OFFICE

The two demons close the door behind them and stand guard to either side. They look to each other and giggle.

INT. HEAVEN/GOD'S OFFICE

God sits at his desk, a glass of scotch in one hand and his head buried in his other arm.

There's a knock at his door. He doesn't move. Another knock. He still doesn't stir.

The door opens and the SECRETARY ANGEL (male) walks in with a report in his hands.

SECRETARY ANGEL

(Loudly to be heard)

Sir? Sir. I have the report, sir.

God still won't move.

SECRETARY ANGEL (CONT'D)

Um. Sir?

God mutters into his arm.

SECRETARY ANGEL (CONT'D)

I'm... sorry, sir. I didn't catch that.

GOD

You know, when I created the universe, I figured, hey, why not. I'm God. I can do stuff like that. Didn't exactly know what it was I was getting myself into, but, you know? It all kinda worked out.

God swigs down the rest of his Glen Fiddich bottle.

The Secretary Angel stands in confusion, not knowing what to do.

GOD (CONT'D)

I mean stars, they're really pretty. I love looking at them.

God rises and walks around his desk.

GOD (CONT'D)

I'd never get tired of looking at them, you know? But I didn't stop there. No. I went for life to. Plants, animals... humans. Had a little too much fun with that.

(MORE)

GOD (CONT'D)

Didn't realize the bureaucratic nightmare
I was getting myself into, but... It
all kinda worked out.

He stands in front of the Secretary Angel and looks at him with tired eyes.

GOD (CONT'D)

I mean the system's a bit of a mess, and
I got that Cherub strike going on, but I
was like, hey. I set up a system to
take care of the shit work, there's no
reason for me to get involved. Most
people don't understand this, but though
it only took six days for me to make the
universe and all the stuff, a day for me
is whole other thing than it is for most,
you know?

SECRETARY ANGEL

Um... I think I do sir.

GOD

I mean, this is only day ten for me,
right now, you know? I worked, like, a
whole four month's worth of creating in
six days, man. I deserve a vacation
here. Don't I?

SECRETARY ANGEL

Uh, absolutely, sir. You'll get no
argument from me.

God breaths deep and sighs mournfully.

GOD

So. That the damage report?

SECRETARY ANGEL

(Sympathetic)
Yes sir.

GOD

(Airy)
Well... let's see it.

The Secretary Angel walks to the wall and pushes a button, bringing
down a flat-screen monitor. He pulls a disk out from inside the report
and sticks it in a slot on the side of the monitor.

SECRETARY ANGEL

This is the damage from the data bleed,
sir.

All manor of messed up life forms flash on the screen.

GOD

(Whiny)
Oh. Oh no. Aw. Oh-OH. Oh, man.

SECRETARY ANGEL

And these are some of the higher life forms, sir.

A few weird looking bipedal, intelligent creature flip by until the ugliest of the bunch comes up and freezes on the screen.

GOD

(Frightened)

Jeez! Wha... What the hell is that?

SECRETARY ANGEL

(Checking his file)

That'd be a... Centauri, sir.

GOD

(Shocked)

Centauri! They're supposed to have, like, one head. And nd arms. And legs!

SECRETARY ANGEL

Y-yes, sir. But, uh... they're evolutionary path was merged with another indigenous animal called... the Sherik.

GOD

But... I mean... how?? What is this, syphilus all over again? Who fucked the sheep?

SECRETARY ANGEL

Well, uh--

GOD

Oh, forget it. Just show me what happened on Earth.

SECRETARY ANGEL

Yes, sir.

The Secretary Angel taps a button on the screen and earth animals flash by. The rhinoceros, the Elephant and the dodo. God whines more.

GOD

Oh. Oh for the love of me. I mean, look at that bird.

A giraffe comes on screen.

GOD (CONT'D)

What the hell is that?

SECRETARY ANGEL

(Checking his file)

A... Giraffe, sir.

GOD

That??

SECRETARY ANGEL

Yes, sir.

God rubs his head and sighs deeply.

A platypus comes on screen.

GOD
What the...

SECRETARY ANGEL
A platypus, sir.

GOD
(Speechless)
What the... How'd... what...

Next a woman with HUGE breasts comes on screen.

GOD (CONT'D)
(Blown away)
WHOA.

SECRETARY ANGEL
The higher life form on Earth, sir.

God cocks an eyebrow and tilts his head.

GOD
What's wrong with that one?

SECRETARY ANGEL
(Checking his file)
The female of the species. Apparently
given unusually large breasts.

God purses his lips approvingly.

GOD
Well, maybe this one's not so bad.

INT. HELL/LUCIFER'S OFFICE -- LATER

The demon guards snicker and giggle as they listen to the moans and cries in pain coming from behind the closed door to the torture chamber. One last scream of agony emits from behind the door and then is followed by silence.

The two demons look at each other after a minute of silence and shrug in confusion.

SCHMUCK
What happened?

Fuckface shrugs, shakes his head and grunts in ignorance.

FUCKFACE
Perhaps vee should look inside.

SCHMUCK
I don't know, I mean... If the boss
catches us peaking in on his fun time...

Schmuck draws a line over his neck with his thumb.

The two of them put their ear on the door and listen in. They hear nothing.

SCHMUCK (CONT'D)
Maybe we should look.

Fuckface shrugs his face.

Slowly, the two open the door and peak inside. Still, they hear no noise.

INT. LUCIFER'S TORTURE CHAMBER

They step in and look around and they see the most shocking thing they have ever witnessed.

Al G. sits on a couch with Lucifer lying his head in Al's lap. Lucifer is curled up in a fetal position, crying and lightly moaning, wiping his tears with a hanky.

LUCIFER
(Bawling)
Oh, God. I never thought... Oh, God.

AL G.
(stroking his head)
It's okay. Remember, we are never wrong in how we feel. It's how we act on those feelings that matters.

LUCIFER
But... but I was so horrible to him.
Why couldn't I see?

AL G.
Lucifer, you can't punish yourself for acting out as you did. Your craving for your father's affection, his love and respect, are natural. Unfortunately, being the supreme being of all creation makes it difficult to try to prove yourself an equal somewhat limited in the type of action that be taken, but you still were only trying to prove yourself to him. I believe, had he been a little more attentive to your feelings, things may have been different.

LUCIFER
So... do you think... was he at fault, really?

AL G.
There's no fault here, Lucifer. It just seems, perhaps, he had begun to take for granted your love and devotion to him and his cause.

LUCIFER
So then he is to blame.

AL G.

I didn't say that. It's not about blame. It's about relationship dynamics. It's not unusual for a son to be taken for granted by his father, nor is it unusual for a son to take for granted that the father will just know how he is feeling without communicating it. What's important to remember is to express your feelings as often as possible, maintaining a constant intercourse. But it seems to me there was a breakdown in communication on both sides.

LUCIFER

So... what do I do now?

AL G.

Well... someone's going to take the first step in re-establishing the lines of communication, breaking down the walls between you two.

LUCIFER

Oh, he's never gonna be the first one. He's too stubborn.

AL G.

Then it should be you.

LUCIFER

Oh, no. I can't...

AL G.

If you know he's not going to take the first step, and you want this wedge between you to end, then you have to be the first to swallow your pride and make the first move.

Lucifer thinks on this a moment

The CREEK from the chamber door slowly swinging shut catches his attention. He looks up and sees Schmuck and Fuckface standing by the door. They are in complete shock. Their mouths hang open and their eyes bulge.

Lucifer hops off the couch, humiliated and red with anger.

LUCIFER

You fucking cunts!! You're not supposed to be in here!! This shit's private!!

Lucifer belches out a fire ball at the two of them. They turn to ash and float on the wind. All that's left of them is their feet, smoldering at the ankles.

Al jumps up to Lucifer.

AL G.
 (Wagging his finger)
 Lucifer! No! You have to learn control
 over your temper.

LUCIFER
 (Remorseful)
 Sorry, Dr. Tross.

AL G.
 This is exactly why this feud between
 you and your father has gone on so long.

LUCIFER
 Sorry.

AL G.
 (Sighing)
 You know, I think it best I meet with
 your father.

LUCIFER
 What, now?

AL G.
 The sooner the better.

Lucifer slumps over bewilderedly.

LUCIFER
 (Airy)
 Okay.

Lucifer leads Al out of the chamber on their way to meet Lucifer's
 father.

EXT. LIMBO/GOLF COURSE -- LATER

God sits in his pearly golf carte knocking back a bottle of Glen Livet.

GOD
 (Muttering)
 All screwed up. All of it. I go to the
 trouble of building it, design it, put
 it all together from nothing... the whole
 system, just made up in my mind. But do
 they care? Do they treat it with respect?
 No. Someone's gotta screw it all up.

The Secretary Angel walks up, followed by Archangel 1 dragging Death
 and Al B. behind him by a chain. Al is gagged.

SECRETARY ANGEL
 Sir?

GOD
 Ah!

God stumbles out of his cart with some struggle.

GOD (CONT'D)
 (Slurred)
 Good.

He looks at Al B.

GOD (CONT'D)
 Why's he gagged?

ARCHANGEL 1
 Had to do it, sir. He wouldn't shut up.

GOD
 Well, how's he gonna scream when I hit
 him with his mouth all covered up like
 that?

ARCHANGEL 1
 Believe me, sir. It's better this way.

GOD
 Oh.
 (Thinks a beat)
 Well, I guess I'll... read his mind or
 something. I mean, I am God, after all.
 Right?

ARCHANGEL 1
 Yes, sir.

GOD
 (To Secretary Angel)
 Right?

SECRETARY ANGEL
 You sure are, sir. Absolutely.

God staggers over to his cart and pulls a club from his golf bag. He holds it like a bat and looks it over.

GOD
 Okay, now, I few like a fell moles... I
 mean... I feel like a few holes... and
 I'm gonna use your heads
 (Hiccups)
 As my balls.

He points the club at Al B.

GOD (CONT'D)
 How 'bout I start with you.

Death is worried.

DEATH
 But wait! Sir.

GOD
 All right. If you insist. I'll start
 with you instead.
 (To Archangel 1)
 Lay him on the tee.

Archangel 1 pushes Death to the ground, plants his knee in his back to pin him, and pushes his head onto the tee.

DEATH

Oh, God! Please!

GOD

Hold your horses. I gotta line up.

Death squeezes his eyes shut.

God lines up his shot, revving his swing. He pulls the club back for the stroke. Suddenly, Lucifer and Al G. pop up in a flurry of flame and smoke. The distraction throws God off, making him miss his shot. The force of the swing throws him off balance. He throws the club up into the air and falls on his back.

God shakes the disorientation and drunkenness from his head and focuses.

POV GOD

The club falls from the sky above straight down at God's head. The club falls right at his nose and stops centimeters from his nose, caught by Al G. Still holding the club above God's head, Al G. leans in and looks down at him.

AL G.

Hello.

God hops up.

GOD

Lucifer! You son of a bitch! How dare you show your face here!

God snatches the club away from Al G. and swings at Lucifer.

LUCIFER

Wait!

God misses and swings again. Lucifer ducks.

LUCIFER (CONT'D)

It's not what you think!

God chases him.

GOD

You don't wanna know what I'm thinking!

Lucifer runs behind the Secretary Angel. God swings the club again and clocks the Secretary Angel, knocking him a few yards away. Lucifer cringes as God lifts the club for the final strike.

Al G. grabs onto the club and jumps in front of him.

AL G.

Wait wait wait!

GOD

Who the Hell are you!?!

AL G.
I'm Albert Tross, sir.

God looks at Al B. and back at Al G.

GOD
Albert... Goddard Tross?

AL G.
Yes, sir.

GOD
Aren't you damned to a pit of Hell fire
in eternal damnation?

AL G.
Not really.

God looks at Lucifer.

GOD
What the Hell's going on here? What are
you up to?

AL G.
Only good, um... What do I call you?
God? Lord?

GOD
God'll do.

AL G.
Well, God, what you need to know is that
Lucifer is here to reach out to you.

Lucifer nods.

GOD
What in the Hell are you talking about?

LUCIFER
He's talking about the fact that, um...

Al G. nods at him.

AL G.
Go on.

LUCIFER
Well, um... Dad?

GOD
Dad? You haven't--

AL G.
God, please. Let him finish.

LUCIFER
Dad? Um... I, uh... I'd like to come
home... if you'll have me.

GOD

(Amazed)
What?

LUCIFER

Well... I've been talking. To Al, here.
(Points to Al G.)
He... He made me realize that... Well,
the whole thing with the war and the
trying to take your power, and all that...
stuff... Well... I'm...

AL G.

(Approvingly)
Go on.

LUCIFER

(Struggling)
Well, I'm sorry.

God is absolutely stunned.

GOD

Y... you're... you're what?

LUCIFER

I'm... sorry.

God at Al G. He smiles.

GOD

I... I don't... believe this.

LUCIFER

Could... I... come home? Please?

The tears well up in God's eyes.

GOD

Is this... is this a joke?

Elated, Lucifer hugs God. God squeezes back tightly.

AL G.

Dear God. It's no joke. Your child has
made an effort to try to end the animosity
between you. He's here, taking the first
step toward finding a resolution between
you for your problems.

GOD

(Confused)
He... I don't understand.

AL G.

God, your son is standing before you,
humbled, asking for a chance to make
peace. You are a forgiving God. Have
you none for your own child?

GOD

So... what, he wants to...

AL G.

He wants to come home. He wants to show you how much he really loves you and that he is willing to try to patch things up.

God, the Secretary Angel and Archangel 1 stand in awe and shock.

AL G. (CONT'D)

Don't you have something to say to Lucifer?

GOD

Um... Do I?

AL G.

Don't you want to say that you love him too? That you're willing to try if he is and that he can come home again in pursuit of that goal?

GOD

Uh... Yeah. Okay. I guess... that'd be... that'd be fine.

AL G.

Now you see? How about you two shake hands. Just to get the healing process started.

Lucifer and God hesitantly approach each other and quickly shake hands.

AL G. (CONT'D)

Now. You see? That just does the heart good, don't you think?

The Secretary Angel and Archangel 1 can't move, they're in such shock.

GOD

Wait a sec.

LUCIFER

(Worried)

What? What's wrong?

GOD

Well, if you come home... who's going to run Hell?

LUCIFER

Oh, that's right...

Everyone stands a little shell shocked. Al B. steps forward and mutters under his gag.

GOD

What?

He mutters again. God motions the Archangel to remove the gag.

AL B.

Well, far be it from me to interrupt this... Kodak moment... here... or whatever, but far be it from me to give up an opportunity. I have a little proposal if you're interested in giving it a listen.

God looks down his nose at him.

GOD

(Suspicious)

Uh-huh. All right. Let's hear what you've got to say.

FADE OUT:

INT. HELL/LUCIFER'S PALACE -- AFTERNOON

Argoth enters the palace front hall dressed in his most formal Victorian garb. He carries with him two large boxes on his shoulder. Fitz follows behind, running through an itinerary.

FITZ

... After this, the evil one requests our presence in limbo as liaison for the newly formed Guardian Angels' union.

ARGOTH

All right, already Fitz. I care not the reason, so long as I am given opportunity to pursue my true destiny.

(He stops and looks up
with pride)

As a muse for the down trodden.

DEMONESS

Oh, hey, hon. How are ya.

Argoth approaches the Demoness' desk.

DEMONESS (CONT'D)

(Chewing and popping
gum)

Is that more of the Poltergeist Union case? Just put over there with the rest.

She points to a HUGE pile of boxes the rises all the way to the high ceiling of the hall.

The phone rings. The demoness answers.

DEMONESS (CONT'D)

Law Offices of the Pillars of Hell, may I help you? I'm sorry, Mr. Zeus...

(Slightly sarcastic)

Well, I'm sorry God King Zeus...

(She rolls her eyes)

Mr. Tross is out of the office now.

(MORE)

DEMONESS (CONT'D)

(A beat)

I realize your wife has locked you out of Mount Olympus, but Mr. Tross is out in a very important conference...

EXT. LIMBO/GOLF COURSE

Al B. lines up a shot and throws his stroke. He watches the ball fly into the air and landed a long way away. The Angel Caddie collects his club and follows behind him.

Al walks over to the golf cart and gets into the driver's seat next to the Secretary Angel, who is dressed in an expensive suit, riding with Al B. representing God's interests.

MOVING WITH AL B. AS DRIVES TO HIS BALL.

AL B.

I'm sorry, those terms are unacceptable. The Cherubs have devoted a great deal of time and energy to servicing the administrative needs of Heaven. Your organization has engaged in an action of disparate treatment, and that is wholly unacceptable and deplorable.

SECRETARY ANGEL

The cherubs were created only to service and herald the coming of portents. Nothing more.

AL B.

Yeah? Well, you can tell your boss it's a brand new day. You're lucky they're forestalling the strike now. One call from me, and it's fuckin' the dark ages all over again in the city of everlasting fuckin' light, kid. Now, the glass ceiling gets shattered, I get equal opportunity for all angel positions in the clouds, improved pay and living quarters, or I make a call.

The angel Negotiator grinds his teeth and looks away frustrated.

SECRETARY ANGEL

I'll have to pass by Him first.

AL B.

Well, shit, son. Make a call.

The Angel Negotiator pulls a cell phone from his inside pocket and dials.

INT. HEAVEN/THE OFFICE OF A. TROSS, DIRECTOR, ANGEL PSYCHIATRY DEPARTMENT -- CONTINUOUS

Grace sits at her desk, a pair of wings at her back. The phone rings. She answers it.

GRACE

Angel Psychiatry Department, Director
Tross's office.

(A beat)

I'm sorry, sir. But the Lord is in
session at this time.

(A beat)

I'm sorry, sir. Department rules don't
allow the interruption of a session once
it's begun.

INT. AL G.'S OFFICE

Al sits in a comfortable chair in front of God and Lucifer. They sit
on the couch at opposite sides from one another.

AL G.

Lucifer... you have to be totally open
with your feelings. You have to tell
God everything.

Lucifer struggles with his thoughts.

LUCIFER

(Hesitant)

Well... when I took your throne... What
I really wanted was... I think I just
wanted you to acknowledge my abilities--

GOD

Oh, come on! I acknowledged you all the
time! How many times did I let you--

AL G.

(Stern)

God. You know you're not supposed to
interrupt the revealing process.

GOD

Well, come on! I mean what the Hell
else was I supposed to do? Baby him for
eternity? I created a power of light,
not a pansy-ass--

AL G.

(Wagging his finger)

Go-o-o-od. This is an insult free zone.
You know the rules about name calling.

God rolls his eyes and sighs heavily in frustration.

AL G. (CONT'D)

Lucifer.

Lucifer reaches over the side of the couch and picks a cushion bat from
the floor. He hits God twice with it, smiling, and puts the bat back.

AL G. (CONT'D)

Now, then. Lucifer, please continue
your sharing.

EXT. LIMBO/GOLF COURSE -- CONTINUOUS

Al B. pulls up to his ball and gets out. The Angel Caddie pulls a club out and hands it to him.

The Angel Negotiator gets out as well and hangs up his cell.

SECRETARY ANGEL

I can't get through to him at the moment.
I'm still authorized to continue
negotiations until he's available.

AL B.

Negotiation. Is that what you're calling
this?

(He chuckles)

How euphemistic.

Al lines up his shot.

AL B. (CONT'D)

Just as well. I've got more demands for
you on the list.

(He pulls his stroke
back)

FOUR!

Al hits the ball into the air.

EXT. GOLF COURSE WATER HAZARD

Death rises from under the water wearing a bathing suit, goggles and a snorkel. He looks closely at a golf ball he fished from the floor of the hazard and drops it in a basket of golf balls under his other arm. Suddenly, Al's ball drops out of the air and hits him on the head. He falls into the water unconscious and the ball bounces into the hole at the center of the green in front of the hazard

AL B.

Yes!

Al B. celebrates.

THE END.