

WELCOME TO HELL

Written by

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**INT. DEPARTMENT OF CROSSING OVER - AFTERNOON**

A HULKING MONSTER MADE OF ROCKS opens his eyes, confused.

Disoriented, the Rock Monster looks around to find himself in a cheaply furnished office cubicle.

Peeking over the walls, he sees offices and reception desks stretching on and on, in what seems like a never-ending DMV.

A SMALL FIGURE navigates through the vast bureaucratic wasteland, too short to be seen over the CROWDS.

The small figure makes its way closer and closer until...

DINKY  
HAPPY FRIDAY!

At the entrance is a chipper little skeleton with an outfit that can only be described as government-employee-casual.

But instead of eyes in his sockets, two little candles burn.

This is DINKY.

His smile is unflinching and there's a literal spring in his step. Not breaking eye contact, Dinky continues in.

Startled, the Rock Monster TUMBLES backward and is visibly shocked by his own body which is made entirely of stone.

DINKY  
Oh, a Rock Monster! That's a great  
new form!  
(trying to be chummy)  
I should be so lucky...

Taking a seat at his desk, Dinky leafs through a file.

DINKY  
Sorry, I'm late! My name is Dinky  
and I'll be your Cross-Over Clerk!  
(scanning file)  
And your name is going to be...  
(then)  
Morax! That's a good one, wouldn't  
you agree?

Still dazed, Morax the Rock Monster struggles to answer.

DINKY  
Now, you probably noticed that all  
your living memories were erased.  
Protocol I'm afraid.

Some of the more prolific war  
criminals were becoming a handful.  
Best to start fresh I always say!

Morax GRUMBLES, trying to form words. Dinky eagerly jumps out  
of his chair to get closer.

DINKY

Ohhh, your first words! I've got to  
tell you, THIS is my favorite part!

MORAX

Annoying.

DINKY

What?

MORAX

You. Are. Annoying.

Veiling his visibly hurt feelings, Dinky plasters on an even  
bigger smile and moves on.

DINKY

Morax, today is your lucky day!

Dinky quickly looks up and down the hallway. Deeming that the  
coast is clear, he gets uncomfortably close to Morax.

DINKY

(whispering)

So. You see, I run this little  
organization on the side.

(correcting himself)

Not little! Growing. And I think  
you'd be a great fit!

Dinky hands him a crude flier but Morax CRUMPLES it  
immediately. This pains Dinky.

DINKY

I don't have a lot of those...

MORAX

Where am I?

DINKY

(slapping forehead)

Apologies! I get so ahead of myself  
sometimes. Allow me to be the first  
to say...

(theatrically big)

WELCOME TO HELL!

Morax's eyes go wide as he uncrumples Dinky's homemade flyer that reads: "THE HELL'S BETTERMENT SOCIETY: JUST BECAUSE WE'RE IN HELL, DOESN'T MEAN WE HAVE TO SUFFER!"

Morax HOWLS as we CUT TO:

**INT. DEPARTMENT OF CROSSING OVER - BREAK ROOM - LATER**

In the break room, Dinky looks out the window at the busy underworld streets below.

In the crowds of DEMON PEDESTRIANS, Dinky spots Morax wandering up to a cross walk.

DINKY  
(proud, satisfied)  
You did it again, Dinky. Another  
successful crossing-over.

Morax crosses the street only to get immediately FLATTENED by an oncoming semi-truck.

Dinky WINCES and turns away.

Looming over him is JEZEBEL, a towering and ancient demon.

DINKY  
Jezebel! How's my favorite  
supervisor. Didn't hear you...  
surprisingly. How's that hell hound  
of yours, huh? Doom-bringer, right?

JEZEBEL  
(opting out of small talk)  
Dinky. Did you give another cross-  
over assignment a flier to your  
little club?

DINKY  
Oh. It's not a club! It's a  
community of like-minded Hellspawn  
that...

Dinky realizes she doesn't give a shit about the details.

DINKY  
(struggling to lie)  
But... No! Did not do that. Because  
after our last talk, I just stick  
to the script.

JEZEBEL

Good. Because if I find another  
flier, it's termination.

Jezebel leaves. Against his better judgement, Dinky follows.

DINKY

I'm sorry, it sounded like you said  
termination? Isn't that a little-

Jezebel shoots a look that says, "This discussion's over".

DINKY

Yes! You are right. I should be  
working to be the best I can be,  
and doing right by my cross-over  
assignments. And what could be more  
important than that?

She doesn't answer the question.

DINKY

Nothing! I pledge allegiance to the  
3 P's: Policy, Protocol, and  
Persecution.

Jezebel leaves Dinky as his wristwatch BEEPS.

DINKY

Oh no, I'm late!  
(for any eavesdroppers)  
For a... sacrificial barbecue!

**EXT. HELL'S STREETS - LATER**

Now wearing an obnoxiously large helmet, Dinky furiously  
pedals his pathetic little bicycle through rush hour traffic.

The streets and neighborhoods are eerily similar to that of  
Los Angeles. Except the cars are bigger, the streets are  
smaller, and road rage is the only language spoken.

Weaving through cars, Dinky rehearses a speech.

DINKY

When you think about it, what  
really IS money? Why must we give  
the power of assigning value to  
tokens that have no value  
themselves?

**EXT. CLOCK FACTORY - LATER**

Dinky arrives outside the entrance of a factory warehouse.

He wraps his bike in a plastic bag and KNOCKS on a nearby manhole cover.

DINKY  
Hello? Anyone there? I'm really  
late...

Dinky takes a deep frustrated SIGH.

DINKY  
(impatient)  
Capricorns...

The manhole cover lifts and, through the sewer water, emerges a grimy looking CAPRICORN (top half goat, bottom half fish).

This is Oggly.

DINKY  
Oggly! How are the pipes these  
days?

But Oggly's wall-eyed goat gaze remains unbroken.

OGGLY THE CAPRICORN  
Smelly. The pipes are smelly,  
Dinky.

DINKY  
(trying to change subject)  
So anyhow, I-

OGGLY THE CAPRICORN  
I heard what you said just now.

DINKY  
All I said was "Capricorns".

OGGLY THE CAPRICORN  
It was the tone.

DINKY  
Right... So, listen-

OGGLY THE CAPRICORN  
I'll have you know that capricorns  
are the backbone of the underworld,  
Dinky.

DINKY

Yes. And thank you for everything you do. But I'm late for a meeting and I need to valet my bike to keep it safe.

Dinky pushes his wrapped bicycle to Oggly

OGGLY

Show me some bones, Dinky.

DINKY

(suddenly uncomfortable)  
Which ones...?

OGGLY THE CAPRICORN

Bone **coins**, Dinky.

DINKY

(relieved)  
Oh. Why didn't you just say so.

Keeping his wallet close to his chest, Dinky peers inside...

Nothing.

DINKY

So what's the damage?

OGGLY THE CAPRICORN

Ten bone coins.

DINKY

TEN?!

OGGLY THE CAPRICORN

If that's too much, let me join your club. All I would need is a bathtub.

(yearning)

I've always wanted to sit in a bathtub.

DINKY

It's not a club and I don't have a bathtub, Oggly...

OGGLY THE CAPRICORN

Then it'll cost ten bone coins.

Dinky CLEARS his throat and prepares his speech giving voice.

DINKY  
 (grandstanding)  
 When you think about it, what  
 really IS money? Why must we-

OGGLY THE CAPRICORN  
 Everything.

DINKY  
 What?

OGGLY THE CAPRICORN  
 Money is everything. Do you have  
 any?

DINKY  
 Well. No.

OGGLY THE CAPRICORN  
 Then good-bye, Dinky.

Oggly closes the manhole and submerges back into the water.

DINKY  
 No no no! UGH!

Dinky looks around and finds a nearby dumpster, and hides his  
 bike behind some trash before running into the factory.

**INT. CLOCK FACTORY - FACTORY FLOOR - CONTINUOUS**

Dinky frantically runs into the after-hours clock factory.  
 The stations are all empty and assembly lines shut down.

**INT. CLOCK FACTORY - BREAK ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Dinky ENTERS and assumes a makeshift podium.

DINKY  
 Hey! Sorry, I'm late! Just one of  
 those...

Dinky sees only three ATTENDEES in the sea of empty chairs:

- FERMOT, a grumpy GARGOYLE who speaks in a Russian accent.
- KOMP, a twitchy little BAT.
- PILSY, another SKELETON like Dinky.



DINKY  
 (sighs)  
 ...days. Right. Fermot, Komp,  
 Pilsy. Thanks for coming.

Dinky pulls out a huge binder and leafs through the pages when he notices Fermot's raised hand.

DINKY  
 Yes, Fermot?

FERMOT  
 You are late.

DINKY  
 Yes, I apologized.

FERMOT  
 Fermot is foreman of clock factory.  
 Fermot shows great patience leaving  
 doors open so you can have little  
 club.

DINKY  
 Not a club-

FERMOT  
 You do well to show up on time.

DINKY  
 Thank you, Fermot. Anyone else?  
 Okay, great.  
 (clears throat)  
 The four-hundred and forth session  
 of the Hell's Betterment Society  
 has commenced. Let us begin with  
 our oath: Just because we are in  
 Hell...

Dinky looks out expectantly to the three members.

FERMOT / PILSY / KOMP  
 (unenthusiastic)  
 ... Doesn't mean we have to suffer.

DINKY  
 Great! Now, first on the old docket  
 is. Our old nemesis... The pothole  
 on Dante Street. Now, what will we  
 do if they don't fill it?

Komp the Bat steals the floor, her little eyes lighting up.

KOMP THE BAT

We'll set fire to their houses and  
rain acid upon them as they flee!!!

DINKY

(used to these answers)

Now, Komp. If you disfigure someone  
and destroy their lives, are they  
more likely, or less likely, to  
help you?

KOMP THE BAT

I need NO ONE's help! Hellspawn  
shall fear me and do my bidding!

DINKY

Anyone else? No? Okay. I was  
thinking a strongly worded letter  
to the infrastructure department. I  
even took the liberty of drafting  
something with some pretty fiery  
language.

(reading aloud)

To whom it may concern. We humbly  
request that-

KOMP THE BAT

The only fiery language is FIRE!  
And I speak it fluently...

FERMOT

Little bat! Let pathetic skeleton  
finish reading pathetic letter. No  
more interruptions with violence.

DINKY

Um. Thank you, Fermot.

KOMP THE BAT

I'll interrupt your EXISTENCE with  
violence!

FERMOT

Fermot senses fighting words! But  
Fermot curious, how would a little  
bat stand a chance?

KOMP THE BAT

I'll bite your ears off!

FERMOT

Fermot will have them reattached!

KOMP THE BAT  
 Not if I swallow them! Hope you  
 enjoy having POOP ears!

FERMOT  
 Fermot has no plans to have POOP  
 EARS!

Dinky HITS a little gavel on the podium.

DINKY  
 Deep breaths, everyone. Deep  
 breaths! Now. Let's remember that:  
 Respect starts with...  
 (blank looks all around)  
 Self respect! Very good. Everyone  
 deserves to be heard, no matter how  
 maniacal or sadistic they might  
 sound.

Dinky unfolds his letter again.

DINKY  
 Now...  
 (reading)  
 To whom it may-

FERMOT  
 AHHHHHH!

Komp has begun CHEWING on Fermot's ear.

FERMOT  
 Okay! That is it! Fermot locking  
 up. Meeting over!

DINKY  
 Seriously?! We have so much to get  
 through.

FERMOT  
 Fermot lock up. And when Fermot  
 lock up, everyone goes!  
 (to Komp)  
 You. Outside.

Komp and Fermot exit.

Pilsy slowly makes her way to the door.

DINKY  
 Hey Pilsy?

PILSY  
Yeah, Dinky?

DINKY  
Do you think I'm pathetic?

PILSY  
What?

DINKY  
Fermot called me a pathetic skeleton. I think it was out of love, but that somehow makes it worse. Do you think I'm pathetic?

PILSY  
(not wanting to lie)  
Good night, Dinky.

**EXT. CLOCK FACTORY - MOMENTS LATER**

As Komp and Fermot DUKE it out, Dinky heads back to the dumpster where he left his bike.

However, when he pulls the trash bags away, nothing's there.

DINKY  
What? No! No! No!

Dinky feverishly dives through the garbage, but no bicycle.

He finds a note written on a beer bottle label that reads: "Thanks for the bike".

DINKY  
(hardly staying calm)  
Find a silver lining...  
Find a silver lining...  
SILVER LINING!  
(somewhat calm)  
At least it went to someone with nice handwriting?

But even Dinky knows this isn't good enough and begins his long walk home.

**INT. HELL'S HALL - CONFERENCE ROOM - THE NEXT MORNING**

On the executive top floor, SATAN sits slumped at the conference table which is piled high with PRESENTS.

Satan looks old, exhausted, and cranky.

The walls are lined with AC units, BLOWING AT FULL BLAST.

All around him, his SUBBORDINATES cajole him.

SUBBORDINATES

Happy Birthday to you...

Happy Birthday to you...

Happy Birthday dear...

(looking at each other)

Beelzebub? / The devil? / Lord of  
the flies...

(back on track)

Happy Birthday to you...

Satan BURPS out the candles on the shitty grocery store cake.

TIME LAPSE of Satan lazily unwrapping all the gifts while the subordinates doze in and out of sleep.

Finally, all the presents are unwrapped.

SATAN

Pitch fork, pitch fork, pitch fork,  
tuning fork for finding pitch  
and...

Satan holds up a weird shovel / pitch fork hybrid.

SATAN

A pitch *spork*?

(deep sigh)

Wow. You've really out done  
yourselves everyone. Wait a  
minute...

Satan scans the presents over, finding something amiss.

SATAN

BELPHEGOR!

A hobbly little demon named BELPHEGOR enters.

BELPHEGOR

Yes, Satan?

SATAN

What did YOU get me?

BELPHEGOR

Well, for the devil who has it  
all... Um, nothing.

SATAN

Nothing?

BELPHEGOR

Well, don't you hate turning your birthday into a big thing?

SATAN

(hell's fury)

THAT'S JUST SOMETHING I SAY TO BE COOL!

Belphegor SHRIVELS up in fear.

BELPHEGOR

I'll have you something before the day is done!

SATAN

Good. Or it's another thousand years of torture again.

BELPHEGOR

That is tough but... Yes, consider it done!

SATAN

Everyone out. Not you Belphegor.

The crowd exits, leaving the two of them. Satan stands before the wall of AC units and finds something that displeases him.

SATAN

Belphegor. What setting are these air conditioners operating at?

BELPHEGOR

I set them all to Maximum Coolage, just the way you like it.

Satan studies one that blows slightly less than the rest.

SATAN

(getting angry)

Not this one. Though the dial says Max Coolage, I sense a meager HIGH Coolage. I demand you discipline this type of insubordination!

BELPHEGOR

Discipline the air conditioner, sir?

SATAN

(to the AC unit)

There is no room for weak links.  
(to Belphegor)

Perhaps someone is syphoning MY power to condition THEIR air. I suspect nothing less from my enemies.

BELPHEGOR

Um, Satan. You are the only one with air conditioning in all of hell.

SATAN

Right.

(then)

Well, fix it. Or it's a thousand years of torture for you.

BELPHEGOR

Very wise.

WE GO OUT on Satan casting hateful eyes on the Sun burning brightly above.

SATAN

(to the sun)

You win this battle, Sun. But I will win the war.

**INT. DINKY'S APARTMENT - MORNING**

Dinky is awoken by his BEEPING watch.

He grabs at some matches from the night stand and lights the wicks atop his eye candles.

DINKY

A new day! A new opportunity to make a difference! A new-

(then)

Oh shit. I don't have a bike.

Dinky FUMBLES and STUMBLES as he gets dressed.

QUICK CUTS of Dinky racing to work:

-- On the bus, he's SQUEEZED between two butts.

-- He expertly "froggers" his way across a busy street.

-- TWO BULLIES trap him in a revolving door.

**INT. DEPARTMENT OF CROSSING OVER - LATER THAT MORNING**

OUT OF BREATH, Dinky arrives and sneaks his way through the maze of cubicles. But he BUMPS into Jezebel.

DINKY

Jezebel, hi there! Must have missed you when I came in. Just coming back from the bathroom. You know those morning coffees. Got a busy one today, best get to it!

JEZEBEL

You're being terminated.

All the air gets sucked out of Dinky's proverbial lungs.

DINKY

TERMINATED?!

(coming clean)

I'm sorry! I WAS late. And worst of all, I lied. What kind of example am I setting for my cross-overs?!

Two HIGHER UP DEMONS come around the corner. They're dressed in smart suits and have an air of scumbag entitlement.

HIGHER UP #1

That's not the reason.

HIGHER UP #2

Yesterday, one of your cross-over's, Morax, I believe, was hit by a semi-truck.

DINKY

What? That happens all the time!

HIGHER UP #1

Yes but this was found on him.

Higher Up #2 pulls out a crumpled up flier for the Hell's Betterment Society, the same one that Dinky gave Morax.

HIGHER UP #2

We take radical ideas very seriously around here.

HIGHER UP #1

Bettering the lives of others? You ought be ashamed.

HIGHER UP #2

Now, come with us.



They lead the way but a light flashes above Dinky's cubicle.

HIGHER UP #1

Wait. He's getting a crossing-over.

HIGHER UP #2

(to Jezebel)

Get someone else to do it.

JEZEBEL

We're a little short staffed.

Higher Up #2 checks his watch.

HIGHER UP #2

(to Dinky)

Fine. Make it quick and you're coming with us.

#### **INT. DINKY'S CUBICLE - CONTINUOUS**

On the verge of tears, Dinky paces his cubicle. As he awaits his cross-over, he vents through a would-be welcome speech.

DINKY

(pissed off)

Hi! Welcome to Hell. A magical place where dreams and aspirations are stomped and crushed!

Dinky calms down and sits at his desk, pulling out a file.

DINKY

(reading the pages)

What the...

All the pages of the file are blank.

A FIERY PORTAL materializes in front of him.

The FLAMES and WHIRLWINDS rock his office like a tornado, knocking Dinky to the ground.

Finally, the COMMOTION stops.

Peering over his desk, Dinky squints his eyes at a figure: a tall angel with pristine wings and tunic.

This is MURIEL.

DINKY

Um... Hi. Welcome to-

She brandishes a badass GLOWING SWORD and points it at Dinky.

MURIEL

HELL. I know where I am. And don't even try a mind game. My brain is like solid, forged steel.

DINKY

Games? I'm actually here to help you get settled into... I'm sorry, what are you exactly?

MURIEL

Feast your eyes on the form you once knew. An angel has arrived in the underworld.

Dinky SCRIBBLES on a notebook.

DINKY

Angel... I'm sorry, how do you spell that?

MURIEL

A-N-G-E- NO! Enough! You will not make a fool of me!

Dinky looks at the empty folder once again.

DINKY

So typically, I'd tell you what your name is, but it's all blank for some reason so I'm going to check with my supervisor-

MURIEL

I know what my name is!

DINKY

You do?

MURIEL (THE ANGEL)

I am Muriel. Warrior Dominion of Heaven's Second Sphere.

DINKY

(scribbling)  
Warrior... Dominion.

MURIEL

ENOUGH! I am your judge, jury, and executioner. And I sentence you to die... SATAN!

Utterly confused, Dinky points to himself.

DINKY

ME!? Oh, no no no. I think you're mistaken, lady. I'm not Satan I'm just... JEZEBEL!!!

Jezebel and the Higher Ups come running to the cubicle.

Muriel CHUCKLES as she sizes them up.

MURIEL

Ha! Your servants of evil won't help you now...

Jezebel, showing emotion for the first time, RUNS for her life while the Higher Ups stand, enticed by the sight.

DINKY

GUYS?!

The Higher Ups give Dinky the "one second" signal as they WHISPER amongst themselves.

HIGHER UP #1

(to Higher Up #2)

Listen. I'm not doing terminations for the rest of eternity. If we do this right, it could really impress the big man.

Higher Up #2 gives a reluctant nod, then turns to Muriel.

HIGHER UP #1

You there. Tall feathery lady.

DINKY

She's an...  
(checking notes)  
Angel.

HIGHER UP #1

Feel free to kill the skeleton-

DINKY

I'm sorry, WHAT?!

Higher Up #2 SHH's Dinky.

HIGHER UP #1

But either way, you're coming with us.

Muriel grins a twisted grin as she approaches the Higher Ups.

HIGHER UP #1

That's it. Easy does it, now what did you say your name was again-

MURIEL

(rehearsed line)

The road to justice is paved with the skulls of the wicked.

(struggling to remember)

And that road is a windy, no, um, LONG! It's a long road that you need to take in order, to, um-

DINKY

I would have stopped after the skulls part.

MURIEL

Shut up!

In a lightning flash movement, Muriel STICKS her giant glowing sword into the heart of Higher Up #1.

He emanates a SHARP BLUE GLOW and VANISHES.

Witnessing this, Higher Up #2 RUNS FOR HIS LIFE.

Muriel turns to Dinky to find that he's gone!

MURIEL

Ah, you're so stupid, Muriel! The second you get an opportunity for cold-blooded murder, you lose focus.

Muriel FLAPS her giant wings and soars above the cubicles, catching the attention of every BUREAUCRAT she passes.

MURIEL

(booming voice)

SATAN. YOU SHALL KNOW MY...

(struggling)

My...

RANDOM BUREAUCRAT

Wrath?

MURIEL

Yes! Wrath. Thank you.

Muriel spots Dinky climbing through the break room window.

DINKY

LADY! I'M NOT SATAN!

Dinky HITS an emergency button and the floor goes on LOCKDOWN, giant iron bars come down from the ceiling.

Muriel closes in as Dinky looks at the streets way below. He plugs his nose for some reason and LEAPS!

**EXT. HELL'S STREETS - CONTINUOUS**

Dinky FALLS and COLLIDES with the ground.

BOUNCING down the street, Dinky's head DETACHES from his body!

DINKY

No!!

His head and body finally settle... separated by two blocks.

A PASSERSBY casually walks past Dinky's decapitated head.

DINKY

Hello! I seemed to have become discombobulated, would you mind-

But the passerby KICKS Dinky's head like a soccer ball and it goes rolling into the street.

DINKY

(woozy)

Okay, body. Looks like you're coming to me.

Dinky focuses but struggles to operate his body remotely.

While his headless body clumsily walks, Dinky keeps up his politeness despite being hundreds of feet away.

DINKY

Excuse me, pardon, just coming through, sorry about that!

Dinky's headless body BUMPS into a BURLY DEMON.

DINKY

Excuse me...

The Burly Demon PUNCHES Dinky's body in the stomach. Hard.

DINKY

OW!

While no one seems to bat an eye at Dinky's discombobulation, all eyes look up to see... Muriel DIVEBOMBING.

MURIEL

All the fires of Hell are mere  
candles when... when...

Muriel gets distracted with her own attempt at bad-assery and  
lands beside the BURLY DEMON.

MURIEL

(struggling)

All the fires of Hell are mere  
candles...

(to the demon)

Like you know what I'm trying to  
say, right?

The Burly Demon RUNS for his life.

MURIEL

Whatever.

Muriel HIGHTAILS it for Dinky's head as his panic arises.

DINKY

What is with this lady?!

But Muriel TRIPS over Dinky's clumsy body, giving him just  
enough time to reattach his head.

Whole once again, Dinky makes a break for it but Muriel GRABS  
him by the seat of his pants.

DINKY

LEAVE ME ALONE!

Muriel FLAPS her wings once again and takes to the skies.

But Dinky is able to CLING at the top of a street light as  
Muriel TUGS and TUGS at him.

MURIEL

Would you please let go?

DINKY

I'd rather not!

Rolling her eyes, Muriel brandishes her giant sword but gets  
distracted, once again, by her execution words.

MURIEL

Time nor place hold any import to  
me in this judicious slaying. For  
timeliness is... punctuality...  
which is godliness?

DINKY

W-w-what?

MURIEL

I'M GOING TO KILL YOU RIGHT HERE!

Muriel centers herself with a DEEP BREATH. But when she looks down, she finds only Dinky's wallet in her hand.

Fleeing, Dinky SLIDES down the light pole.

MURIEL

Hey! You owe me your death!

DINKY

Well, you owe me all the money in that wallet!

MURIEL

(looking in the wallet)

There isn't any...

Muriel SLAPS her forehead, realizing the distraction.

She DIVE BOMBS once again but comes up short as Dinky SLIDES into a small sewer grate.

MURIEL

Do not delay the inevitable, Satan!

DINKY (O.S.)

Still not Satan!!

**EXT. HELL'S SEWERS - CONTINUOUS**

Dinky PLUMMETS into an underground sewage junction.

DINKY

AHHHH!

He SPLASHES into the sewage river and reemerges with his eye candles snuffed.

DINKY

(crying)

UGH! It's in my eye sockets...

Though blinded, Dinky clumsily runs down the sewer.

**EXT. HELL'S SEWERS - MUCH LATER**

Slouched and exhausted, Dinky's still trying to navigate without sight.

He is suddenly startled by nearby SPLASHING. It gets closer and closer to him.

Unable to see, Dinky tries to track the encroaching figure.

Dinky's shoulders drop. Believing Muriel to be right behind him, Dinky gives up.

DINKY

You know what, crazy monster lady?  
Fine. I surrender. I've got no  
bike, no job, no friends, and  
instead of glasses on my face,  
there's actual shit. So if this is  
living, then I want the other  
option. So just go ahead and do it.

Suddenly, a match SIZZLES to life and relights Dinky's eyes.

Dinky is shocked as his vision is restored. Before him is...

Oggly the Capricorn.

OGGLY THE CAPRICORN

You seem to be having a rough day,  
Dinky.

Dinky SIGHS a heavy sigh.

DINKY

You know what, Oggly? If I was a  
smaller skeleton, I'd blame this  
all on you.

OGGLY THE CAPRICORN

Why is that?

DINKY

This whole garbage dump of a week  
started with you! If you just held  
onto my bike, it wouldn't have been  
stolen and if it hadn't-  
(deep breath)  
Nevermind. Bye Oggly. And thanks  
for nothing.

OGGLY THE CAPRICORN

What about giving you your vision  
back?



DINKY

Okay. Apart from that, thanks for nothing!

OGGLY THE CAPRICORN

If this is about your bicycle, I should remind you that YOU were the one who didn't have the money.

DINKY

I am aware!

OGGLY THE CAPRICORN

You really should be nicer to us, Dinky. Because-

DINKY

Yeah, yeah... Because you're the backbone of the underworld, I know.

OGGLY THE CAPRICORN

No. Because I can help you find your arm...

Dinky looks down and, below his right shoulder, is nothing.

Panicking, Dinky drops to his knees and uses his attached hand to search the ground beneath the sewage.

OGGLY THE CAPRICORN

So you DO need my help?

DINKY

Maybe in the next life.

(giving up)

It's gone... Must have lost it in the street.

OGGLY THE CAPRICORN

I'm sorry, Dinky.

DINKY

You're- you're what?

OGGLY THE CAPRICORN

I don't want you to suffer or get put out. But you think it's easy being us? Capricorns need to look out for capricorns because no one else will. You know as well as I do... It's how it works in this place.

Overcome with guilt, Dinky rests his head in his hand.

DINKY  
I'm sorry, Oggly. Really, I just-  
(then)  
Wait. I can feel something.

OGGLY  
Those are your emotions, Dinky.

DINKY  
No. My missing arm! Someone's  
holding it!

OGGLY THE CAPRICORN  
Who?

DINKY  
I don't know.

OGGLY THE CAPRICORN  
What do they want?

DINKY  
I don't know...

OGGLY THE CAPRICORN  
Where are they?

DINKY  
I DON'T KNOW, OGGLY!  
(then)  
Sorry. Wait. They're putting  
something in my hand. I think it's  
a pen...

OGGLY THE CAPRICORN  
I think they want you to write  
something.

DINKY  
OGGLY, for the last time I-, wait,  
I think you're actually right.

Thinking hard, Dinky comes up with an idea.

DINKY  
I know! I'll write, "Answer no, one  
tap. Answer yes, two taps." Then  
I'll write a question!

OGGLY THE CAPRICORN  
And three for "Maybe"!

DINKY

Fine.  
 (writing aloud)  
 "Three for maybe..."

OGGLY THE CAPRICORN

And four for "You raise a good point, but I'll have to get back to you on that."

DINKY

I think we're covered, Oggly.

Dinky ignores Oggly and focuses on writing the question.

DINKY

(then, writing aloud)  
 "Is this the angel that chased me down here?"

OGGLY THE CAPRICORN

What's an angel?

DINKY

No idea. Something that loves stabbing I think.  
 (then)  
 Two taps. She said yes. It's her.

OGGLY THE CAPRICORN

Ask her what an angel is.

DINKY

(hiding frustration)  
 Oggly. Yes or no questions.

OGGLY THE CAPRICORN

Or a maybe question.

DINKY

(writing aloud)  
 "I am not Satan. Agreed?"

OGGLY THE CAPRICORN

She thinks you're Satan and you think I'M dumb?

DINKY

Well she doesn't think that any more. One tap.

Dinky feels his back pocket, noticing that it's empty.

DINKY  
 (writing aloud)  
 "Do you still have my wallet?"  
 (then)  
 "Can I have it back?"  
 (then)  
 "So you're a thief too?!"  
 (then)  
 OW!

OGGLY THE CAPRICORN  
 What happened?

DINKY  
 She hit me.

Dinky paces briefly before writing another question.

DINKY  
 "Do you need help or something?"  
 (then, surprised)  
 Oggly, she needs my help.

OGGLY THE CAPRICORN  
 Didn't she try to stab you?

DINKY  
 Right, I forgot about that...  
 (then, writing aloud)  
 "No stabbing, okay?"  
 (then)  
 "NO! NOT MAYBE!"  
 (then, not trusting)  
 "Really? Because you seemed kind of  
 into it."

Dinky seems satisfied with her answer then RUSHES OFF.

OGGLY THE CAPRICORN  
 Where are you going?

DINKY  
 (heroic)  
 To help someone.

OGGLY THE CAPRICORN  
 Really?

DINKY  
 And get my arm back.

**INT. SATAN'S OFFICE - LATER**

Like the conference room, Satan's office is lined with AC window units.

Sweat trickles down his face as he peers through a crack in the window to the outside. He stares furiously at the sun.

SATAN

(to the Sun)

How dare you look at me... I may cast my eyes where ever I please but I do not permit you to-

(staring too long)

GAH! You'll pay for that!

When suddenly, Belphegor ENTERS out of breath.

BELPHEGOR

(panting)

Satan, Prince of Darkness. There's been some news.

SATAN

Yes?

BELPHEGOR

(not in good shape)

Can I sit down a minute?

SATAN

No.

BELPHEGOR

Okay. So remember, like, ages ago, you were fired from that heaven gig?

SATAN

They had no vision!

BELPHEGOR

Right, totally, yes. Well, you know how they totally screwed you on your severance package?

SATAN

I recall...

BELPHEGOR

Specifically, they didn't let you keep your wings...

SATAN

Company property they said.

BELPHEGOR

Well, do I have the perfect birthday present for you! A fallen angel just arrived in Hell and with her, a beautiful set of wings.

SATAN

(ears perking up)  
Wings you say?

BELPHEGOR

Right. So, my birthday gift to you is that particular set of wings!

Satan beams devilishly at the prospect.

SATAN

Well... Where are they?

BELPHEGOR

Oh. I don't have them.

SATAN

WELL GO GET THEM. OTHERWISE IT'S NOT A PRESENT, BELPHEGOR!

Belphegor WINCES at this oversight.

BELPHEGOR

Yes of course! But word on the street is that she is violent. Like unusually so, even by Hell's standards.

SATAN

And...?

BELPHEGOR

Well, I was hoping I could use some help? Maybe I could activate the GOONS?

Satan stands up, grinning at the idea.

SATAN

Ah yes. The GOONS. My little wayward bunch of miscreants.

BELPHEGOR

Actually, it's the "Gang of Outrageous Nefariousness".

SATAN  
 (repeating)  
 "Gang of Outrageous Nefariousness"?  
 That's what GOON stands for? Feels  
 like you were trying really hard  
 with that one.

BELPHEGOR  
 Oh, it was your idea- I mean my  
 idea. That's why it's so bad.

SATAN  
 Very well. Do what you must.

Belphegor runs off but notices something for the first time.

BELPHEGOR  
 Huh, I never noticed how your  
 office is in the shape of a  
 pentagram. Pretty clever...

SATAN  
 What? No. It has five corners  
 because it's exactly five times  
 better than your standard corner  
 office.

BELPHEGOR  
 Oh, of course. Very cool.

**INT. DINKY'S APARTMENT - HALLWAY - DAY**

Wet from the sewer voyage, Dinky approaches his front door.  
 With bated breath, he unlocks the door and creeps into...

**INT. DINKY'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS**

Inside, Dinky finds nothing amiss save for a GIGANTIC HOLE  
 ripped from the wall, exposing the home to the outside world.

DINKY  
 (bemoaned, re: the hole)  
 What, they don't have security  
 deposits where she's from?  
 (then, coaxing)  
 Hello? I'm Dinky. I forgot your  
 name, monster.

MURIEL (O.S.)  
 Why did you call me that?!

DINKY  
(startled)  
Dragon tits!

Startled, Dinky backs up against the nearest wall as Muriel appears from a dark corner of the apartment.

MURIEL  
Why did you call me a monster?

DINKY  
(scared)  
Well... Well.. That's because  
you're hideous?

Muriel pulls out her sword and points it at Dinky.

MURIEL  
(furious)  
Why would you say that to someone?!

Not sure what the issue is, Dinky continues.

DINKY  
I mean, it's because, you're ugly?

MURIEL  
SHUT UP! I am Muriel, Warrior  
Dominion of Heaven's Second Sphere!  
(self-conscious)  
And I am not ugly!

DINKY  
(going along with it)  
Yeah! Okay!

MURIEL  
But for your foul words, I sentence  
you to die.

DINKY  
No! Wait! Here in Hell, words like  
"hideous" and "ugly" are good  
things! Compliments!

MURIEL  
(skeptical)  
You're playing tricks on me again..

DINKY  
No, I promise! Listen. I respect  
you AND I'm afraid of you. So  
that's why I called you an ugly and  
hideous monster. It's a good thing.



MURIEL  
 (unconvinced)  
 Use it in a sentence.

DINKY  
 Umm, "Hey, have you been working  
 out? Because you're uglier than  
 Satan."

Putting the sword away, Muriel pensively paces the apartment.

MURIEL  
 Satan... Do you know him?

DINKY  
 (loosening up, laughing)  
 Oh yeah... Totally. We're best  
 friends.

MURIEL  
 THEN I DEMAND YOU TAKE ME TO HIM!

DINKY  
 JOKE! JOKE! I was joking! I've  
 never even seen Satan. He's like a  
 hundred floors above where I work.  
 (then)  
 Worked.

Muriel sits on Dinky's cot, CRUSHING it under her weight.

MURIEL  
 (overwhelmed)  
 This place is not what I expected.  
 There's got to be a million people  
 here.

DINKY  
 Try, like, ten billion.

MURIEL  
 Seriously?

DINKY  
 Humans just don't stop dying.

MURIEL  
 Yeah, what's with that?

DINKY  
 I think they like it?

Beat. Dinky rubs at his shoulder socket.

DINKY

You think I can have my arm back?

MURIEL

On one condition... Help me kill Satan.

DINKY

You know what, you can keep it.

MURIEL

Oh come on! It's super important.

DINKY

Why would you even THINK about thinking about something like that? Do you have any idea what would happen if someone heard you say something so ridiculous?

MURIEL

(coaxing)

I'll let you hold my sword?

DINKY

Pass.

MURIEL

Fine! Have your stupid arm back.

Muriel absent-mindedly tosses the arm as it arcs towards the gaping hole in the wall.

DINKY

No!!

Dinky lunges after it and barely GRASPS it. He TETERS on the edge of falling to the streets below.

With arm in hand, he SIGHS with relief. However, his eye catches something on the streets below:

A peculiar van SPEEDS down the street towards the apartment.

DINKY

Say, Muriel, how did you find my apartment?

MURIEL

Oh, um. I found this little card inside the- what do you call it?

DINKY  
(getting nervous)  
Yes. A wallet. Keep going.

MURIEL  
So I asked around. Little stabbing  
and some screaming later, I found  
this place.

The van below HALTS at the front of the apartment building.

DINKY  
But how did you find my exact  
apartment?

MURIEL  
Well, I didn't at first. I think  
this was the fifteenth or sixteenth  
place I busted into.

DINKY  
Would you say that you were seen  
doing all of this?

MURIEL  
Oh yeah, definitely. Why, what's  
up?

Dinky turns to Muriel, petrified.

DINKY  
Because the GOONS are here.

MURIEL  
What's that?

DINKY  
The Gang of Outrageous  
Nefariousness.

MURIEL  
That sounds... forced.

DINKY  
NEVERMIND WHAT IT SOUNDS LIKE! WE  
NEED TO GO!

Muriel stands up and perches herself on the gaping hole.

MURIEL  
Farewell.

DINKY

NO! That's exactly how they tracked you here. We need to sneak you past them.

MURIEL

What do you care?

DINKY

If they come and I'm alive, they'll know I helped you.

MURIEL

(taking out sword)

I can think of an easy solution.

DINKY

No! Please. I know this place better than you, better than anyone. I'll get you out without being seen. Then you can try to...

(lowering voice)

Kill Satan.

(then)

But we have to do it MY way.

MURIEL

Ugh. Fine.

**INT. APARTMENT LOBBY - MOMENTS LATER**

The GOONS enter the lobby.

They are comprised of a dozen barbarous demons, carrying clubs and axes. The leader PICCOLUS enters, ready for war.

PICCOLUS

Time to raise some Hell.

Piccolus CLICKS the elevator button and must wait a moment.

In the awkward lull, various GOONS look over their weapons.

GOON MEMBER 1

What if we changed it to "Band of Ornerly Barbarians"?

GOON MEMBER 2

So BOOB? No, the abbreviation has to sound cool too.

GOON MEMBER 1  
 What about DEATH?  
 (working it through)  
 Demons... Eating... All... The...  
 Ham?

GOON MEMBER 2  
 No. You're just not getting it.

Annoyed, Piccolus CLICKS the elevator button repeatedly.

A nearby TENANT who holds a bag of groceries, also waits.

TENANT  
 You know hitting the button doesn't  
 make it come faster, right?

Piccolus turns to the tenant and smiles a crooked smile.

CUT TO:

**INT. APARTMENT HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER**

Dinky peaks his head out of his apartment door.

DINKY  
 Coast is clear. This way.

Dinky and Muriel scurry down the hallway when suddenly the elevator DINGS open.

The tenant is HURLED from the opening doors and SLAMS against the opposite wall, groceries SPILLING everywhere.

DINKY  
 Shit!

Dinky begins knocking on a nearby neighbor's door.

MURIEL  
 What are you doing?

DINKY  
 My way. Remember. My way.

The NEIGHBOR opens up the door, chain still locked.

NEIGHBOR  
 Yes?

DINKY  
 She really needs to use the  
 bathroom.

MURIEL  
No I don't.

Dinky shoots her a look.

MURIEL  
(reluctantly playing  
along)  
I mean... Yeah. I gotta take a big  
ol' dump.

NEIGHBOR  
Sorry. Can't help you.

DINKY  
Ten bone coins!?

NEIGHBOR  
Deal.

DINKY  
(whispered, to Muriel)  
Okay, you hide in there.

MURIEL  
(offended)  
You want me to hide? Only cowards  
hide.

DINKY  
Hey! I hide all the time!

MURIEL  
And you are a coward.

DINKY  
(looking down the hall)  
PLEASE DO THIS.

Muriel rolls her eyes and enters the apartment.

NEIGHBOR  
What about the money?

DINKY  
I'm good for it, I promise!

Dinky SLAMS the door.

Down the hall, the GOONS exit the elevator. Dinky tries to  
play it cool and it works... at first.

Piccolus passes Dinky but stops, a curious look on his face.

PICCOLUS  
Skellie. You see an angel about?

DINKY  
(overselling it)  
An angel? Let me think. Nope. I mean, what's an angel?

PICCOLUS  
Gross looking thing. Wings. General sense of entitlement.

DINKY  
That like a dragon?

PICCOLUS  
You getting smart with me?

DINKY  
Smart? I've never been smart. Ever. Promise.

Piccolus grows more suspicious as he gets in Dinky's face.

PICCOLUS  
Say, what you doing standing around here for?

DINKY  
Just waiting on a friend... She's, um, taking a dump.

PICCOLUS  
And this friend. What's her name?

DINKY  
Ummm. M- Mu- Moola.

PICCOLUS  
Your friend's name is Moola?

DINKY  
Hey. Department of Crossing-Over, what are you gonna do?

Piccolus looks deep into Dinky's eyes, then PUSHES him away.

PICCOLUS  
She's in there!

One of the GOONS puts an ear up to the door, listening in.

BLAM. Muriel's sword pierces the door and it gets buried right through the GOON's head.

Muriel KICKS down the door.

MURIEL  
We're doing this MY way.

The rest of the GOONS line up, ready for a fight.

GOON MEMBER 1  
I got just one question for you...

MURIEL  
Oh, um, now? Yeah, shoot.

GOON MEMBER 1  
(intense)  
Who ate all the ham?

MURIEL  
(confused)  
Uhh... I don't know. Who?

GOON MEMBER 1  
We did.

GOON MEMBER 2  
I TOLD YOU! We are NOT gonna be the  
"Demons Eating All The Ham"! And  
you SUCK at pre-fight tough talk!

GOON MEMBER 1  
I just have trouble is all!

MURIEL  
It's more common than you think.

PICCOLUS  
ENOUGH! Can we all agree that it is  
fighting time?

The GOONS nod their heads.

PICCOLUS  
(to Muriel)  
And you?

Muriel nods her head. A twisted smile surfaces on her face.

PICCOLUS  
And... GO!

The GOONS and Muriel DUKE it out but Muriel CHOPS and HACKS  
at the GOONS, who fall one by one.



GOON MEMBER 2  
 (dying on the floor)  
 You know, I shouldn't have been so hard on you. You were always the creative one and I was just a little bit jealous.

GOON MEMBER 1  
 (dying on the floor)  
 It's okay. You were always punished for out-of-the-box thinking so your outburst isn't unreasonable.

Goon Members 1 and 2 hold each other's hands.

GOON MEMBER 1  
 (final words)  
 See you on the other side.

GOON MEMBER 2  
 (final words)  
 Save some ham for me.  
 (then)  
 Wait. If we're already in Hell, where do we go when we-

Dead.

All of the GOONS lay fallen save for Piccolus.

Muriel goes for a strike but Piccolus shields himself with a welcome mat, and wrangles the sword from Muriel's hand.

Now in possession of Muriel's sword, Piccolus SWIPES and nearly makes contact with Muriel and Dinky.

Backed into a corner, Piccolus closes in on them.

MURIEL  
 How hard is that head of yours?

DINKY  
 Fairly hard?

In a lightning fast motion, Muriel POPS Dinky's head from his neck. She then HURLS it at Piccolus and KNOCK HIM OUT COLD.

Dinky's head rolls across the ground.

DINKY  
 (writhing)  
 Just so you're aware, that's immensely painful. You know, for next time.

Muriel picks Dinky's head off the ground.

DINKY

Okay. Let's just leave-

But instead of leaving, Muriel SLAMS Dinky's head into the unconscious Piccolus, savagely and repeatedly.

With HEAVY BREATHS, Muriel stands up, pleased with her work.

MURIEL

Sorry. What was that?

DINKY

(woozy)

Let's just go.

**INT. RESEARCH AND DEVELOPMENT LABRATORY - LATER**

Satan wanders through a sophisticated underground labratory. A small handheld fan BUZZES away, barely keeping him cool.

Mechanisms lie about in different stages of development while DEMONS in lab coats scurry around doing science-y things.

Satan stops at one station in a dark corner. A tarp covers something BIG.

Satan RIPS off the tarp to reveal a GIGANTIC SATELLITE. He SIGHS as he looks at it longingly.

BELPHEGOR (O.S.)

Ohh, that one had so much promise  
didn't it?

Satan turns to see Belphegor behind him.

BELPHEGOR

Just one fatal flaw. It could only  
be activated once it was in orbit.  
How many poor souls did we try  
strapping to this thing?

SATAN

(trying to recall)

Twelve? Fifty? I can't remember, it  
was a two digit number though.

(stroking the satellite)

But they just kept dying on the way  
up. It's like they've never heard  
of teamwork.

Through a window high up in the warehouse, Satan looks fiendishly at the sun.

SATAN

But with that birthday present of yours, Belphegor, things will change...

BELPHEGOR

(suddenly embarrassed)

Oh. Right. The wings. Well you remember the GOONS? The Gang of Outr-

SATAN

Yes, yes. When will they return?

BELPHEGOR

Well. You see, they're all dead.

Satan's face falls.

SATAN

I'm sorry, do you WANT to be tortured for a thousand years?

BELPHEGOR

What? No! I mean, I have other options and plans, and back ups. Loads of ideas to capture the angel.

SATAN

Like?

BELPHEGOR

Well, we've learned their names! Ha ha! The angel is called Muriel and her accomplice is...

(checks notes)

Dunky.

SATAN

Enough, Belphegor! If you are unable to see my plans through, then I must do it myself.

BELPHEGOR

Wait. You're going outside? Are you sure about that?

SATAN

I will blend in...

**EXT. HELL'S STREETS - DUSK**

Muriel and Dinky wander the streets, trying to act natural.

MURIEL

I hate blending in.

DINKY

Yeah, well you promised to do it MY way.

MURIEL

I did do it your way.

DINKY

My way doesn't typically mean removing my own head and beating someone to death with it, okay? Just act natural and-

Dinky runs into a ladder leaned up against a brick wall. It teeters and a DEMON comes falling from the top.

DINKY

I. AM. SO. SORRY.

The demon peels his face off the ground and gets nose to nose with Dinky.

DEMON WITH LADDER

Oh. You'll be sorry, skellie! I only gots one ladder, and you's BROKE it!

DINKY

I'm sure we can put it back together again.

DEMON WITH LADDER

Oh sure! How about we's hop in a time machine to a magical place where my boss didn't climb all over my ladder. Before my ladder betrayed my trust and my ladder kicked me out of the apartment!

MURIEL

(to Dinky)

I don't think this is about the ladder.

DEMON WITH LADDER

So do you?!

DINKY

Do I what?

DEMON WITH LADDER

HAVE A TIME MACHINE?!

DINKY

(getting scared)

No. I don't have a time machine.

DEMON WITH LADDER

Well, I have another idea! How about I break YOU into little pieces and try to put YOU back together again. You can be my weird little sculpture!

MURIEL

We're still doing it your way right?

DINKY

YES! YES WE ARE!

The demon turns to Muriel.

DEMON

And what might you be?

Muriel's eyes turn cold.

MURIEL

I'm the last dick you'll ever see.

DEMON

(genuine confusion)

What?

MURIEL

No, I mean, YOU'RE the dick... And I'm the last THING your dick will ever, um...

Muriel PUNCHES the demon in the face and he goes out cold.

DINKY

Why did you do that?!

MURIEL

I was put on the spot. And besides, he was going to turn you into a piece of art.

DINKY

How about I give you a signal next time.

MURIEL

How about I do whatever I want?

DINKY

(noticing something)

Oh no...

REVEAL: the Demon was putting up a wanted poster of Muriel and Dinky.

DINKY

(reading the posters)

"Large reward for information leading to the capture of enemies of the underworld... Muriel, Threat Level: Indomitable. Dunky, threat level: N/A."

(then)

N/A? They could've at least said low, or minimal but N/A?

(then)

And Dunky?

The Demon slowly opens his eyes.

DEMON WITH LADDER

(coming to)

It's you... On the posters.

MURIEL

Well, we've been made.

Muriel WHIPS out her sword and POINTS it at the demon.

MURIEL

Any first words? I mean LAST! Any last dicks, I mean-

(then)

Say some stuff before you die.

DEMON

Shit.

(then)

Wait, that doesn't count!

MURIEL

That totally counts.

Dinky jumps in front of the Demon, protecting him.

DINKY  
STOP! He won't tell anyone  
anything!

DEMON WITH LADDER  
I won't?

Dinky shoots him an incredulous look.

DEMON WITH LADDER  
I mean, I won't! I promise!

MURIEL  
(exploding at Dinky)  
STOP INTERRUPTING MY EXECUTIONS!  
IT'S ANNOYING!

DINKY  
He's just doing his job! Like  
everyone else, he's just trying to  
get by. You don't need to kill him!

MURIEL  
What about the GOONS?? They were  
just doing THEIR job!

DINKY  
(stalling her)  
You know, maybe it's like a  
spectrum where you take into  
consideration WHAT the job is, and-  
(to the Demon)  
WHAT ARE YOU STILL DOING HERE?!

The Demon scrambles to his feet and high tails it.

DINKY  
Okay. Let's just keep cool and-

Dinky looks down the street and his face falls.

MURIEL  
Now when I offer last words, it'll  
mean nothing!

DINKY  
(noticing something)  
Shit.

MURIEL  
Yes, I heard what he said.

Dinky points down the street and sees every surface of every  
wall is covered with their wanted posters.

DINKY

Man, that guy works fast. Listen,  
we're not safe on the surface any  
more.

MURIEL

(groaning)

Not safe in the sky. Not safe in  
the streets. Where is it safe, my  
all knowing guide?

DINKY

Underground.

MURIEL

Do you know anything about the  
underground?

DINKY

No. But I know a capricorn who  
does.

**EXT. HELL'S STREETS - LATER**

Satan walks the streets in a trench coat and oversized hat,  
trying to blend into the FOOT TRAFFIC.

SATAN

Blending in...

The demon from before, turns a corner and BUMPS into Satan.

DEMON WITH LADDER

Sorry man!

(then)

Say, don't you look familiar?

Satan squints his eyes furiously, then SNAPS his fingers.

ARMED GUARDS pop out of nowhere and BEAT the demon up.

Satan SNAPS his fingers again and the guards VANISH.

SATAN

Right. Blending in...

**INT. UNDERGROUND TAVERN - LATER**

Muriel and Dinky walk through a long subterranean corridor.  
As they approach the end of it, RABBLE-ROUSING gets louder.



MURIEL  
What is this place?

DINKY  
What, you've never been to a bar  
before?

MURIEL  
(covering)  
Uhh, yeah. I love bar. It's my  
favorite. Does it have a name.

DINKY  
(snickering)  
It does actually. It's called  
Heaven's Gate.

Muriel stops, offended.

MURIEL  
That is completely inappropriate. I  
demand the name be changed.

DINKY  
("are you serious" look)  
Don't we have more important things  
to do? Let's find my friend. He can  
do what's called a "flush" and get  
you into Hell's Hall. Then you can  
take it from there.

Muriel and Dinky enter. It's crawling with SEEDY DEMONS  
getting shitfaced and SCREAMING.

MURIEL  
Do they serve alcohol at this bar?

DINKY  
("duh")  
Why, yes they do.

MURIEL  
I would like an alcohol.

DING. A BARTENDER serves up a drink.

DINKY  
(grumpy)  
Better enjoy that.

Muriel takes a SWIG and grimaces.

MURIEL  
 (through tears)  
 It's good.

The bartender puts out an open palm for payment. Dinky suddenly realizes he's got no cash.

DINKY  
 We'll um... Keep it open!  
 (then)  
 Say, I'm trying to arrange a  
 "flush" for my friend here. Have  
 you seen any capricorns around?

BARTENDER  
 What are they like?

DINKY  
 (searching)  
 A bit offensive, in the aroma  
 department. And-

A ROWDY GROUP of DEMON BIKERS pull into the tavern atop their motorcycles. They REV their engines loudly.

BARTENDER  
 Sorry, can't hear you.

DINKY  
 THEY SMELL BAD!

The bartender gives up and tends to other CUSTOMERS.

DINKY  
 (to the Bikers)  
 HEY! EXCUSE ME! I DON'T MEAN TO BE  
 RUDE BUT DO YOU THINK YOU CAN-

But the Bikers ignore Dinky and continue REVVING their bikes.

Frustrated, Dinky turns to Muriel.

DINKY  
 (over the revving)  
 WHY DO THEY NEED TO DO THAT?! IT'S  
 LIKE THEY'RE DETERMINED TO BE  
 OBNOXIOUS! YOU KNOW WHAT THEY ARE?

The engines all turn off and it's completely silent.

DINKY  
 (still yelling)  
 A BUNCH OF DUMBASS BITCHES!

Mortified, Dinky looks over to the biker gang and sees the LEAD BIKER DEMON approaching him.

BIKER DEMON

Whoa, whoa, whoa... Listen, me and the boys are sensitive creatures. Why go looking for trouble, skellie?

DINKY

(frantic, manic)

Trouble? Definitely not looking for that! Actually, I'm looking for my capricorn friend, Oggly. Have you seen him around?

(they haven't)

But even if one WAS looking for trouble, wouldn't find any here because there is none-

The Biker Demon GRABS Dinky by the throat, hoisting him up. Muriel TENSES UP but Dinky gestures to her to stay calm.

DINKY

(rasping)

MY WAY.

BIKER DEMON

How about you quit with the name-calling, you jerk-off. We're stressed out after a long day's work. Most of our hostages were quite uncooperative.

DINKY

(rasping)

No no, I get it. I've also had a bad day so I get it. My bicycle was stolen and-

BIKER DEMON

Ah ha! This skeleton lets his mode of transportation define who he is!

The bikers REV their engines and LAUGH.

BIKER DEMON

(studying Dinky's face)

Say. You look familiar...

DINKY

No I don't.

BIKER DEMON

Whatever. Why don't you be a pathetic loser somewhere else?

The Biker Demon DROPS Dinky.

Dinky picks himself off the floor, humiliated by the affair and joins Muriel at the bar who finishes off her drink.

MURIEL

This stuff grows on you.  
(noticing Dinky)  
Oh, did the motorcycle man make you feel bad?

Dinky nods his head. Molten candle wax drips from his eye candle, forming a tear on his cheek.

DINKY

Why did I yell that? I should have just killed them with kindness.

Muriel wraps an arm around Dinky.

MURIEL

Listen, bud. You can't kill someone with kindness. You can't decapitate with a compliment. And I don't think you can inflict blunt force trauma with a restaurant recommendation.

DINKY

What's your point...

MURIEL

Instead of kindness, have you ever tried something really, really sharp? Like a cleaver. Have you ever killed someone with a cleaver?

DINKY

No.

MURIEL

Well, think of me like your cleaver. Now you've got something sharp, why not use it?

Dinky looks unsure.

DINKY

You think you can take them?

MURIEL

Absolutely. Go on. I got your back.

DINKY

Um. Okay...

The Biker Gang now sits, gambling with huge piles of money, LAUGHING and SWEARING.

Dinky approaches the gang. Nervously, he looks back to Muriel who gives him a confident thumbs up.

Dinky turns back to the gang and takes a DEEP BREATH when...

CRASH! Muriel hurls an empty glass at one of the motorcycles, KNOCKING IT OVER. A domino effect ensues and every bike CRASHES.

The Biker Demons stand and furiously step up to Dinky.

DINKY

(working up courage)

I hope you have insurance?

BIKER DEMON

As a matter of fact, we don't! We find it incongruous with our lifestyle!

The Bikers get up, ready to dish out a beating.

DINKY

Muriel?!

Muriel DRAINS another drink and CRACKS her knuckles.

She steps right up to the lead biker demon and takes a HUGE SWING...

But she MISSES by a mile!

The biker gang watches as Muriel goes unconscious, falling onto the poker table and money FLIES EVERYWHERE.

DINKY

Oh shit. She's wasted.

The whole gang stands up and looms over Dinky.

DINKY

(nervous)

Hey. Listen. We just wanted to, um, JOIN your gang!

(reading the jackets)

The, uh, "Bone Grinders"  
 (gulp)  
 And what better way to that than  
 with a little splash. So... Splish  
 splash, am I right?

BIKER DEMON  
 KILL HIM UNTIL HE'S DEAD!!!

Panicking, Dinky runs over to Muriel.

MURIEL  
 (nauseous)  
 I think I'm going to be-

Dinky holds up Muriel's head, pointing it at the biker gang.  
 She immediately starts PROJECTILE VOMITING on the bikers.  
 The vomit stops and the gang is COVERED.

BIKER DEMON  
 GROSS! Who else got it in their  
 eyes?

BIKER GANG  
 Me. / I did too. / Eh, I'm blind.

BIKER DEMON  
 GAH! You two wait right here until  
 our eyes are thoroughly washed so  
 we can kill you and such.

The Demon Bikers march to the bathroom.

Dinky quickly looks for a getaway and spots one of the  
 motorcycles.

Nearly throwing out his back, Dinky HEAVES Muriel onto the  
 back of the bike, and REVS away.

Unwieldy at first, Dinky KNOCKS into various PATRONS and  
 tables while the bikers exit the bathroom.

BIKER DEMON  
 I don't know if there's still some  
 puke in my eye but it appears  
 they're stealing my bike and very  
 much not listening to my  
 unambiguous instructions!!

The gang squints and confirms the Biker Demon was correct.

BIKER DEMON  
AFTER THEM!

**INT. SEWERS - CONTINUOUS**

In a harrowing escape, Dinky and Muriel fly through the narrow underground corridors atop the motorcycle.

In pursuit, the bikers criss-cross through the tunnels, SWINGING chains.

Up ahead, Dinky sees a DEEP CHASM. Unable to stop, the motorcycle soars off the cliff.

DINKY  
AHHHH!

Dinky and Muriel CRASH and BOUNCE their way down to the bottom of the deep, deep chasm.

The bikers SCREECH their brakes and look over the ledge.

BIKER DEMON  
Would insurance have covered  
something like that?

**INT. UNDERGROUND TAVERN - LATER**

Defeated, the Bikers toss cards around.

BIKER DEMON  
Hey Travis, you think I can grab a  
ride back on your bike?

PRESUMABELY TRAVIS  
Yeah, sure. Just don't tickle me  
this time.

BIKER DEMON  
I have NEVER tickled you!

PRESUMABELY TRAVIS  
I know. Just don't start now.

CRASH! All their bikes fall in a domino effect once again.

BIKER DEMON  
These out-of-pocket expenses are  
really starting to add up!

The Biker Demon looks up to find Satan.

SATAN

Hello. I'm looking for a certain pair of degenerates.

BIKER DEMON

Puking isn't gonna work on us, pal. We're great learners from experience!

(then)

Wait a minute. You're Satan!

SATAN

No, no. I'm...

(covering)

Stan. Stan Damon.

BIKER DEMON

No you're not! Stan Damon is a hastily made up pseudonym. And listen here, we don't deal with authority! It's incongruous with our lifestyle.

PRESUMABELY TRAVIS

Like auto insurance.

BIKER DEMON

We're reconsidering that one.

(then)

But, regardless, get lost!

Satan SIGHS and SNAPS his fingers.

CUT TO:

**EXT. TORTURE CHAMBER - LATER**

Belphegor exits the torture chamber and WASHES his hands.

Iced tea in hand, Satan enters and the two have a very casual workplace conversation between supervisor and subordinate.

BELPHEGOR

Hey Lord of Darkness. You'll be happy to know that the torture is going very well.

SATAN

Oh, glad to hear it. You know Belphegor, I just want to say I've noticed all the extra-



BIKER DEMON (OTHER ROOM)  
 (agonizing)  
 IT HURTS SO MUCH! THIS TORTURE IS  
 PARTICULARLY BAD.

SATAN  
 -effort you're putting into your  
 work and it isn't going unnoticed.

BIKER DEMON (OTHER ROOM)  
 (agonizing)  
 AND BY BAD, I MEAN FROM MY  
 PERSPECTIVE. THE ONE RESPONSIBLE  
 SHOULD BE PLEASED WITH THEMSELVES.

BELPHEGOR  
 Well, that means a lot coming from  
 you.

SATAN  
 Well, the work-

BIKER DEMON (OTHER ROOM)  
 (agonizing)  
 I HAVE BEEN ROCKED TO MY CORE. AND  
 MY CORE ITSELF HAS ALSO BEEN  
 ROCKED.

SATAN  
 -really speaks for itself. So what  
 did you learn?

BELPHEGOR  
 Well, a meeting is being arranged  
 with a capricorn named Oggly. To  
 arrange something called a "flush".

Satan heads for the door.

BELPHEGOR  
 Oh, and one more thing. I have some  
 information on this... Muriel.

Belphegor hands Satan a FILE which Satan peruses.

SATAN  
 (reading the file)  
 Hmmm. I'll certainly follow up on  
 this...

Satan gestures to the torture room.

SATAN  
 And hey, keep up the good work.

BIKER DEMON (OTHER ROOM)  
 (agonizing)  
 HIS WORK HAS BEEN AT A CONSISTENTLY  
 HIGH LEVEL. I'D BE GENUINELY  
 SURPRISED IF HIS PERFORMANCE DIPS  
 ANY TIME SOON!

BELPHEGOR  
 I'll do my best!

**INT. UNDERGROUND PIT - CONTINUOUS**

At the bottom of the deep and narrow pit, Dinky slowly rises.  
 All around him are the remains of the motorcycle.

DINKY  
 (rubbing his head)  
 Hey. You think you can fly us out  
 of here?

Muriel slowly comes to.

MURIEL  
 (drunk)  
 Oh, yeah, totally.

Muriel clumsily gets to her feet and picks up Dinky.

She FLAPS her wings and they gain some height until...

Muriel drunkenly goes FACE FIRST into the cliff wall, and  
 they go TUMBLING to the bottom again.

DINKY  
 Fall down a jagged pit once, shame  
 on you...  
 (moaning)  
 Why don't we sober up for a bit.

MURIEL  
 (slurred)  
 You wanna know something?

DINKY  
 If it's about cleavers, I'll pass.

MURIEL  
 You're my first real friend.

This catches Dinky off-guard.

DINKY

What? You don't have tons of friends back where you're from?

MURIEL

HA! In heaven, everyone is so mean.  
"Muriel, you're a psychopath."  
"Muriel, you have no conscience."  
"Muriel, you're kind of ugly."

Dinky can't help but relate on some level.

DINKY

You know, I don't really have any friends either. I don't even think my organization members respect me.

MURIEL

You have a club?

DINKY

It's not a club. But it doesn't matter now. It's probably done for, I had to keep it a secret and the secret got out.

MURIEL

Eh screw it, you know? We'll be each other's friends. And after I kill Satan, I'll be super popular and you can do your club however you want.

DINKY

It's not really a club- Wait, what do you mean?

MURIEL

Like you have to be secretive because of Satan, right? So when he's dead, you don't have to worry about anyone finding out.

Dinky stands up, having an epiphany.

DINKY

You're right. You're actually right. It's not the potholes and litter that's our enemies. It's Satan. How have I been thinking so small for so long?

With him gone, I can do real  
change, I can help everyone suffer  
less, and I CAN HAND OUT ALL THE  
FLIERS THAT I WANT, JEZEBEL!

MURIEL

Yeah, but everyone hates fliers.  
(suppressing a dry heave)  
I think you'd be better off with a  
word of mouth campaign.

DINKY

Details, sure. But don't you see?  
It's not about your way or my way.  
How's about we do this OUR way. I  
want the best for everyone and you  
have the courage to make it happen.  
We'll call it "Good and gutsy!"

MURIEL

(dry heaving)  
Please don't say guts.  
(then)  
But count me in. After all this is  
done, I think I'll get a little  
house down here for the Winters.  
And you's can come over.

DINKY

I'd like that.

MURIEL

I trust you, Dinky. Don't know why,  
but I's do.

DINKY

In a weird way, I's trust you too,  
Muriel.

MURIEL

(sincere)  
I'm happy we crossed warpaths.

Muriel starts VOMITING again and Dinky holds back her hair.

DINKY

Just let it out. Let it all out in  
this cramped, unventilated hole in  
the ground.

Muriel passes out once again.

DINKY  
(to self, excited)  
I've got a friend!

**INT. OPIUM DEN - LATER**

In a smoke filled den, various drugged out CAPRICORNS float in knee high water.

CAPRICORN  
Oggly. Someone is here to see you.

OGGLY  
Hey Dinky, did you ever get your  
arm...

However, down the stairs walks Satan.

OGGLY  
... back?

SATAN  
I'm looking for a capricorn. One  
named Oggly...

All the capricorns, save for Oggly wade away in the waters.

SATAN  
Are you Oggly?

OGGLY THE CAPRICORN  
(nervous)  
Um. No. You are.

SATAN  
I'm Oggly?

OGGLY THE CAPRICORN  
Nice to meet you.

SATAN  
Then who are you?

OGGLY THE CAPRICORN  
Who wants to know?

SATAN  
Satan, the Prince of Darkness.

OGGLY THE CAPRICORN  
Do you work for him?

SATAN  
I AM SATAN.

OGGLY THE CAPRICORN  
I thought you were Oggly?

Satan's blood boils but he pulls it together.

SATAN  
Could you take a message?

Oggly nods his head.

SATAN  
"Dear Oggly, where ever and whoever you might be. There are two fugitives who are seeking your help. If you do either aid or abet them, you will be shot into space where there is no water, no air, and no drugs."

All the capricorns GASP.

OGGLY THE CAPRICORN  
I'll be sure to pass that along...  
If I ever meet him.

SATAN  
Thank you.

Satan leaves but stops at the bottom of the stairs.

SATAN  
Oh, one more thing, Oggly?

OGGLY  
Sure, what is it?  
(then)  
Oh. Shit.

**INT. UNDERGROUND PIT - THE NEXT MORNING**

Bleary eyed, Dinky wakes up to find Muriel standing above him. She extends a hand which he takes.

MURIEL  
Come on. Let's go be good and gutsy.

**INT. OPIUM DEN - LATER**

Dinky and Muriel hobble down the rickety stairs into the capricorns' den.

Various Capricorns lie about in different stages of comatose.

MURIEL

Which one is he? They all look the same.

DINKY

Shhh! You can't say that.

(then)

Over there! The one that looks like he has something to hide!

Clearly trying to hide, Oggly gets made by Dinky and Muriel.

DINKY

Oggly!

OGGLY THE CAPRICORN

You are! I mean... Hey.

DINKY

So happy we found you. Look, she-  
(correcting himself)

No. WE need to get flushed into the penthouse of Hell's Hall. Shower preferable, but a toilet will also work.

MURIEL

Toilet? You never said anything about a toilet.

DINKY

Oh come on, it's called a "flush".

OGGLY

Sorry, Dinky. The pipes are out of order.

DINKY

Oggly. You're a terrible liar.

MURIEL

Are you sure this guy can even do it?

OGGLY

I can do it! It's just-

Dinky looks at him suspiciously.

OGGLY

It's five hundred- no, six hundred  
bone coins. I didn't want to make  
you look poor in front of your  
friend.

DINKY

Six hundred?!

OGGLY

(to Muriel)

Well, it was nice meeting you.

Oggy SUBMERGES his whole body underwater to hide but Dinky quickly pulls him back up.

DINKY

Oggy, what are you talking about?!  
That's insane.

MURIEL

Wait...

Muriel digs in her pockets and pulls out HEAPS of coins.

Both Oggy and Dinky marvel at the wealth.

DINKY

Where did you get all that?

MURIEL

Must have taken it from those  
bikers. Does alcohol make you do  
that?

DINKY

Umm, sure.  
(to Oggy, smug)  
Two flushes please.

OGGLY

(sullen)

Fine.

**INT. HELL'S SEWERS - PIPE JUNCTION - MOMENTS LATER**

Oggy leads Dinky and Muriel into a room with all sorts of criss-crossing pipes.

As if preparing for a water slide, Muriel and Dinky lay down within a pipe with rushing water.



OGGLY  
 Just keep your arms together, head  
 down, and try to enjoy yourselves.  
 (then)  
 And Dinky?

DINKY  
 Yeah?

OGGLY  
 I'm sorry.

Before Dinky can follow up on that, the latch is closed and they're SHOT AWAY.

**INT. HELL'S SEWERS - LATER**

Dinky and Muriel SHOOT through the pipes like a water slide.

MURIEL  
 WHY DID HE SAY SORRY?!

DINKY  
 UM. IT WAS PROBABLY NOTHING?

MURIEL  
 PEOPLE DON'T APOLOGIZE WHEN THEY  
 HAVE NOTHING TO APOLOGIZE FOR.

DINKY  
 NOT TRUE! I DO IT QUITE FREQUENTL-

**INT. HELL'S PRISON - HOLDING AREA - LATER**

Dinky and Muriel SHOOT out of some pipes that are directed into TWO SEPARATE OPEN CAGES which resemble birdcages.

LANDING inside, the cages CLOSE AND LOCK BEHIND THEM.

Sopping wet, they stand up in their respective cages and take in their surroundings:

In a vast abyss, railings criss-cross every which way with hundreds of thousands of similar cages dangling from them. Inside, are innumerable PRISONERS. This strange dangling prison seems to extend infinitely in every direction (think the door chase scene in "Monsters Inc.")

DINKY  
 Where are we-

Dinky touches his prison bars and is ELECTROCUTED. He falls back unconscious.

MURIEL

Ha! Can't even handle a little electrocution.

Muriel touches the bars but is also ELECTROCUTED and knocked unconscious.

**INT. HELL'S PRISON - RECEPTION - LATER**

In what resembles to be a dry cleaner, a lazy CLERK sits behind a desk and reads a magazine.

Behind him are countless cages all dangling from that dry-cleaner mechanism, inside are PRISONERS.

The door JINGLES as a DEMON comes in.

DEMON WITH LADDER

Hi. I'm here to pick up my friend?

CLERK

Ticket?

DEMON WITH LADDER

Oh, I don't have one but his sentence is up.

CLERK

No ticket. No freedom.

DEMON WITH LADDER

What? It's been two hundred years!

(noticing something)

Right there! He's right there, I can see him!

Dangling in a cage behind the desk is a PRISONER that looks out helplessly.

DEMON WITH LADDER

So we can agree that I don't NEED a ticket!

CLERK

Policy. Sorry.

DEMON WITH LADDER

OPEN THE CAGE, MAN!

The Clerk looks up from his magazine and hits a button.

A TRAPDOOR opens and the Demon with Ladder is spat into a cage and joins his friend behind bars.

CLERK

Don't forget your ticket...

The clerk places a ticket on the counter and it immediately BLOWS away in a breeze.

DEMON WITH LADDER

TODAY FUCKING SUCKS!

The clerk HITS a button, and like plastic wrapped dry-cleaning, the cages are WHISKED AWAY on the rails.

CLERK

Next.

Satan enters and flips the sign to "CLOSED".

The clerk STUFFS the magazine away and snaps to attention.

CLERK

They're in the back.

The Clerk hands Satan TWO TICKETS as he walks to the "back".

**INT. HELL'S PRISON - INTERROGATION AREA - CONTINUOUS**

In a dark room, Muriel and Dinky's cage are reeled in and hang suspended in an interrogation-style room.

From the shadows, walks Satan.

Waking up, Dinky nervously glances between Satan and Muriel.

Muriel comes to and shoots daggers with her eyes as Satan begins his "bad guy in control" saunter towards her.

SATAN

So you must be the indomitable  
Muriel. Warrior Dominion of  
Heaven's Second Sphere.

She reaches past the bars, placing her hand on Satan's head.

SATAN

(feigning terror)  
Oooohhh... A noogie! What shall I-

With her other hand, she GRABS the bars. An electric SHOCKWAVE passes through Muriel and SHOCKS Satan badly.

Satan reels back and falls to the floor. Pissed.

Dinky BURSTS OUT IN LAUGHTER, his nervousness shedding.

DINKY  
(newfound courage)  
Watch out! You're dealing with  
"Good and Gutsy" buster!

MURIEL  
Yeah. So if you're going to kill  
us, you better do it now, without  
hesitation.

Dinky GULPS at the prospect.

DINKY  
Or hesitate! You know, mull it over  
if you have to.

Satan rubs his staticky hair flat and gets to his feet.

SATAN  
So you two are friends, or  
something?

MURIEL  
That's right.

SATAN  
Like besties for the resties?

DINKY  
Oh definitely.

Satan eyes Dinky closely.

SATAN  
You must be Dunky.

DINKY  
(intimidated)  
It's Dinky.  
(finding confidence)  
I mean, it's Mr. Dinky to you, pal!

Dinky looks over to Muriel who gives an approving thumbs up.

SATAN  
So tell me, Mr. Dinky. Do you plan  
on staying friends after Muriel's  
mission is complete?

Dinky looks inquisitively at Satan, wondering how he knew.

DINKY

Yes?

Satan pulls out the folder which Belphegor had given him.

SATAN

Well, given the full extent of Muriel's purpose here, it would seem difficult for her to be friends with anyone in Hell.

MURIEL

Shut your mouth.

DINKY

What is he talking about?

Satan CLEARS his throat.

SATAN

(reading the file)

"Dear Muriel. We know how desperate you are to be a popular angel. And you've done, like, so well this far. But for your final test, and to be one of us, this is all you have to do... Kill Satan."

(then)

Oh, here's the part you'd be interested in.

(reading the file)

"And everyone in Hell. Haha! There's no way she'll do it. Wait, stop writing."

Destroyed, Dinky looks over to Muriel.

DINKY

You were going to kill me? You were going to kill everyone?

MURIEL

(guilty)

I... I hadn't made my mind up about that part.

DINKY

I was so stupid...

Muriel and Dinky fall silent, their friendship destroyed.

SATAN

(sympathetic)

Mr. Dinky, you were simply used by a sadistic social climbing psychopath. Really, it could have happened to anyone. Don't go beating yourself up.

DINKY

So you have her. Does that... Does that mean I can go?

Muriel shoots Dinky a look of icy betrayal.

SATAN

HA! Dude, you assisted in a murder plot against me. Listen, when I rose to power, my platform was based on law and order. Mostly. Well, not really.

(then)

You're staying in the cage, man.

Unable to contain her rage any longer, Muriel lashes out.

MURIEL

I don't care! I don't care one bit! You wanna know why? Because there's one thing you'll never be able to do!

SATAN

And what's that?

MURIEL

Fly. When you fell from Heaven, they kept your wings and you will never have them back!

SATAN

My wings? No, those are long gone. You're absolutely right about that one.

(evil grin)

But YOUR wings?

Belphegor creeps in from the shadows, holding Muriel's wings!

BELPHEGOR

Happy Birthday!

(then)

To Satan, in case that wasn't clear.

Muriel feels at her back and realizes that her wings have been amputated while she was out!

MURIEL

No! No! What have you done!?

BELPHEGOR

You know, they're awfully heavy.  
Ever considered flying a marathon  
or something?

MURIEL

(getting tough)

You best spend your time preparing  
for the worst ass kissing- KICKING!  
I meant kicking.

(then, less confident)

You'll pay for this.

SATAN

Hmm. You know, actually, I don't  
think I will.

There's an awkward pause where no one says anything.

SATAN

Oh man, I never know how to end a  
conversation. Well, goodbye!

Satan pulls out the tickets and rips them into pieces. He SLAMS a button and the two of them are whisked away.

**INT. HELL'S PRISON - HOLDING AREA - MOMENTS LATER**

Back in the vast abyss of hanging cells, Dinky and Muriel sit in their isolated cages. The tension is thick between them.

DINKY

I can't believe you were going to  
kill me...

MURIEL

(somewhat guilty)

I probably wasn't going to start  
with you...

(then)

Wait. I can't believe you were  
going to leave me back there! Good  
luck going back into that world  
without any guts.

DINKY

Being GUTSY got us put in here!

MURIEL

No being GOOD got us here. You trusted those unicorns-

DINKY

Capricorns.

MURIEL

Whatever. Your incessant need to be nice might as well be the key that locked us up.

DINKY

You know, I don't mind being stuck here indefinitely. I really don't. The real punishment is spending the rest of eternity next to you!

MURIEL

Oh, because YOU'RE such a delight to be around? Dinky, face it. In one day of knowing me, you've come closer to doing something important than you EVER have.

Although offended, Dinky knows that she's right.

Dinky's watch BEEPS.

DINKY

(looking at the time)

Great. The meeting's starting without me.

MURIEL

Maybe they'll actually have the balls to get something done now.

The watch continues to BEEP.

MURIEL

Can you please turn that off?

Dinky smiles, a cruel idea forming.

DINKY

No. I don't think I will.

The BEEPING continues like water torture for Muriel.

MURIEL

Turn. It. Off.



DINKY  
Turn what off?

MURIEL  
(exploding)  
I change my mind! I WOULD'VE  
started with you! I would have  
chopped you up into little pieces  
and made a nice BONE BROTH! And it  
wouldn't have even been the main  
course. Just a little side dish in  
an otherwise forgettable meal!

DINKY  
Oh, were you saying something?

MURIEL  
AHHHHH!!!

Muriel's furious SCREAMS fade and turn into...

**INT. RESEARCH AND DEVELOPMENT LABRATORY - DAY**

Satan BELLOWING with laughter.

With new wings outstretched, Satan strikes an exceptionally  
evil pose. It's a scary sight to behold until...

Satan suddenly WINCES with a cramp.

SATAN  
Oh, ow, charley horse. Charley  
horse.  
(then)  
Still breaking them in.

Satan regains his composure and CLEARS his throat.

SATAN  
Belphegor. It is time to vanquish  
my oldest and most treacherous foe.

Belphegor, working at a lab station, turns around.

BELPHEGOR  
(suddenly nervous)  
... God?

SATAN  
No! Him and I are, like, doing our  
own thing nowadays. I'm talking  
about the Sun!

BELPHEGOR  
Right, right, right.

Through a small window, Satan stares loathsomely at the Sun.

SATAN  
(to the Sun)  
No more sunscreen and prescription  
sunglasses eating away at the  
budget. No more sweat ruining my  
favorite grey tees. And no more  
insubordinate air conditioners!!  
(then)  
OW!

Again, Satan stares too long at the Sun.

SATAN  
(to the Sun)  
Fight me all you want... TODAY YOU  
DIE!

Belphegor RIPS off the tarp off to reveal...

Satan's satellite strapped to a big ass ROCKET!

BELPHEGOR  
It's time.

SATAN  
(giddy)  
Oh, please tell me there is a big,  
clicky button.

BELPHEGOR  
There certainly is.

Belphegor HITS the button and mechanical gears start MOVING.

SATAN  
Oh, I was asking because I kind of  
wanted to press it?

BELPHEGOR  
Oops. Sorry about that.

SATAN  
No no. It's fine. Just, you know,  
next time.

The satellite missile LAUNCHES into the atmosphere, leaving  
behind PLOOMS of exhaust.

BELPHEGOR

But I assure you the button that awaits you in space will be much bigger and FAR clickier..

SATAN

(evilly)

Good. Good.

Satan admires the satellite coursing up into space and readies himself for flight!

SATAN

Today, brings in a new era. The day-

Satan BREATHES in a lung full of exhaust.

SATAN

(coughing)

You know, I'm going to give it a second.

**INT. HELL'S PRISON - LATER**

Dinky's wristwatch still BEEPS. It's the only thing that can be heard until... a SNIFFLE.

Dinky looks over to Muriel whose back is turned.

DINKY

Are you... crying?

MURIEL

What? You've never seen a caged angel cry before?

Muriel fights a SNIFFLE, trying to act tough but gives in.

Suddenly guilty, Dinky silences the BEEPING on his watch.

MURIEL

(sardonic)

Angel... Have you ever even heard of an angel without wings?

DINKY

(cajoling)

Well up until a couple of days ago, I didn't know what an angel was. So my definition is still flexible.

Muriel sits unmoved.

DINKY

So what's so great about this clique any way?

MURIEL

What do you mean?

DINKY

The one that you're trying to impress. They seem like a pack of little Satans, except somehow shittier.

MURIEL

Everyone respects them. They destroyed Sodom and Gomorra, they did some of the more famous plagues and put curses on sports teams. You know, cool shit.

DINKY

(disbelief)

And Heaven's the good place?

(then)

Hey. It may not be much, but you can always join my outfit. I won't even ask you to kill anyone.

Through tears, Muriel lets loose a much needed CHUCKLE.

DINKY

Hey. You're an angel to me.

Dinky smiles and POPS off one of his hands. He tosses it through to Muriel's cage. There, his dismembered hand climbs up Muriel's shoulder and wipes away a single tear.

MURIEL

(sincerely touched)

Thank you.

Muriel gently takes his hand... and BLOWS HER NOSE IN IT.

She's about to toss it back but Dinky interrupts her.

DINKY

Keep it. Really.

Muriel studies the mucus riddled hand and has an epiphany!

MURIEL

Dinky... Throw me all of your bones!

DINKY  
You know, my generosity has limits.

MURIEL  
No! Give me your bones and I'll-

DINKY  
(finally getting it)  
-re-assemble me... on the outside.

Dinky stands up and starts unbuttoning his shirt.

MURIEL  
What are you doing?!

DINKY  
Can I give you my clothes?

MURIEL  
Why?

DINKY  
Well, I don't want to do this  
naked!

MURIEL  
Fine just hurry.

Standing as naked as a science room skeleton, Dinky takes his clothes and HURLS them to Muriel.

WOOSH! A gust of wind takes them and they fall into the seemingly bottomless abyss.

DINKY  
Awesome.

MURIEL  
Just forget about them!

DINKY  
Says the fully clothed one.

Starting with his feet, Dinky pops them off and SQUEEZES them through the bars.

Bone by bone, Dinky TOSSES himself over to Muriel who reassembles him outside of her cage.

DINKY  
You seriously think that's where  
the foot goes?

REVEAL: Muriel has placed his foot at the top of his neck.

Muriel corrects her mistake and continues assembling Dinky.

Last up, his hand. Dinky pops individual fingers into his mouth and SPITS them over.

With only his skull left in his cage, Dinky sees a problem...

DINKY

Wait. What about my head?

MURIEL

You'll have to do without.

DINKY

Great, naked AND blind.

Muriel boosts Dinky's headless body up to the top of her cage. From there, he SHIMMIES across the railings.

**INT. HELL'S PRISON - RECEPTION - MOMENTS LATER**

The Clerk SLEEPS at the desk, magazine over his SNORING face.

Dinky's headless body tiptoes into the reception area. Clumsily he feels around but manages to stay silent. Until...

CLANG! Dinky knocks over a coat rack, the Clerk's hat and jacket spilling onto the floor.

The Clerk JOLTS awake and spots Dinky.

CLERK

Hey! How did you get out?!

CUT BACK TO:

**INT. HELL'S PRISON - HOLDING AREA - CONTINUOUS**

Back with Dinky's incarcerated head, Dinky PANICS.

DINKY

Oh no!

MURIEL

What happened?

DINKY

I think he saw me...

MURIEL  
Well do something!

CUT BACK TO:

**INT. HELL'S PRISON - RECEPTION - CONTINUOUS**

As the Clerk angrily approaches him, Dinky's body blindly feels around and comes across the coat and hat on the floor.

He quickly puts on the coat, the Clerk eying him suspiciously.

In quite possibly the most awkward burlesque dance, Dinky TWIRLS around and STRUTS a sultry strut.

Suddenly intrigued, the Clerk lowers his defenses and Dinky playfully pushes him back into his chair.

CUT BACK TO:

**INT. HELL'S PRISON - HOLDING AREA - CONTINUOUS**

Muriel anxiously watches Dinky's facial expression, trying to get a read on what's going on.

DINKY  
It's actually working...

MURIEL  
Great! What are you doing?

DINKY  
I'd rather not say.

CUT BACK TO:

**INT. HELL'S PRISON - HOLDING AREA - CONTINUOUS**

Dinky continues his dance and FLINGS off the coat, revealing the Clerk's hat covering Dinky from hip to hip.

A bit flushed, the Clerk continues watching.

Dinky sensually places the hat over the Clerk's face.

All smiles, the Clerk peeks out from underneath his hat to find...

Dinky feverishly PUSHING every button on the control panel!

CLERK  
NO NO! Not again!

The Clerk tries to do something but it's too late! All the cages are rapidly WHISKED along their rails.

**INT. HELL'S PRISON - HOLDING AREA - CONTINUOUS**

Muriel and Dinky's cages begin MOVING.

MURIEL  
You did it! I can't believe it! You actually did it!

DINKY  
(embarrassed)  
At what price?

MURIEL  
What's that?

DINKY  
Nothing. Nothing.  
(then)  
JAILBREAK!

All the other incarcerated PRISONERS begin CHEERING.

**INT. HELL'S PRISON - RECEPTION - MOMENTS LATER**

Cage after cage crash into the reception, all of which opening and PRISONERS making a break for it.

In vain, the Clerk tries to slow them down.

CLERK  
TICKETS! I WANT TICKETS!

Muriel hops out of her cage, grabbing Dinky's head and sticking it on Dinky's body.

Dinky and the Clerk make awkward eye contact which Muriel clocks with confusion.

MURIEL  
What happened-

DINKY  
Nothing. Let's go!



**EXT. HELL'S STRATOSPHERE - LATER**

High above Hell, Satan's satellite DETACHES from the missile and floats weightlessly.

Next to it, arrives Satan himself, FLAPPING his new wings.

SATAN

(seething)

You stupid, stupid Sun! Your reign ends now!

(getting woozy)

Whoa, the air is really thin up here.

Satan CLICKS the button on the satellite.

He watches with great anticipation as the satellite UNFOLDS over and over again, extending every which way.

Both Satan and the Sun become dwarfed by a DISH OF UTTERLY MASSIVE PROPORTIONS. It blocks out the Sun and casts an all encompassing shadow on Hell below.

Satan soaks up this triumphant moment..

SATAN

HAHAHAHAHA! LET HELL FREEZE OVER!!

(then, woozy again)

Seriously, I gotta lower my altitude.

**EXT. HELL'S STREETS - CONTINUOUS**

Alongside the rush of PRISONERS, Dinky and Muriel make their way down the street.

DINKY

Wait. I have to ask you something.

MURIEL

Dinky, I'm not going to kill you.

DINKY

You're not?

MURIEL

No. I'm not going to kill anyone. Except Satan, definitely still axing him. You cool with that?

DINKY

Oh yes. Super cool with the, um, axing. But if it's just him, you're not going to be popular in Heaven.

MURIEL

I'm not doing this for them. I'm not even doing this for me.

DINKY

Wait, you're doing this for... me?

MURIEL

Well look who understands the process of elimination.

DINKY

But what's our plan?

MURIEL

We're going to march down to that meeting of yours, grab every last member, and the rebellion begins!

(smirking)

Can't wait to see Satan's face when all of us descend upon him.

DINKY

(covering)

Right... All those members. Who attend every meeting. Best not to keep them waiting.

Muriel and Dinky press on but something suddenly feels off...

They look over their shoulders to find...

A GIANT, ALL-ENCOMPASSING SHADOW quickly envelops the block and casts everything into DARKNESS.

Confused, they both look up to the sky.

MURIEL

What's going on?

DINKY

Did he... turn off the Sun?

Dinky then curiously traces the path of a LONE SNOWFLAKE until it lands on his nose. He BRISTLES at the sudden cold.

DINKY

AH! It shocked me!

MURIEL  
It didn't shock you. It's just a  
snowflake.

DINKY  
(pointing up)  
There's an ARMY of them!

Above them, a light dusting of snow descends.

Dinky's teeth start CLATTERING and his bones SHIVER.

DINKY  
(panicking)  
It got inside me! I'm infected!  
Muriel HELP!

For the first time, Dinky sees his breath and panics.

DINKY  
AHHHH!

But the screaming only makes more visible breath. Confused,  
Dinky alternates between covering his mouth and SCREAMING.

Muriel grabs the shivering Dinky by the shoulders.

MURIEL  
Relax, you're just a bit cold.

DINKY  
Cold? Is that... terminal?

Muriel rolls her eyes but finds herself suddenly chilly.

MURIEL  
You know, it IS getting a bit  
nippy. Let's get moving.

**INT. SATAN'S DEN - NOON**

SMOOTH JAZZ plays as Satan indulgences himself with a cognac  
in front of cozy fireplace.

OUT OF BREATH, Belphegor runs in.

BELPHEGOR  
Satan! There's been a-  
(noticing the fireplace)  
What's that?

SATAN  
 (exceptionally cozy)  
 It's called a fireplace. You light  
 it up on...  
 (snuggling)  
 Cold nights.

BELPHEGOR  
 Satan, there's been a prison break  
 and the people are freezing. They  
 seem to be without a "fireplace".

SATAN  
 Belphegor, listen very carefully.  
 The prisoners, the freezing people,  
 they are not me. So I shan't be  
 thinking of them.

BELPHEGOR  
 But-

SATAN  
 Good-bye...

**EXT. CLOCK FACTORY - EVENING**

In the streets of Hell, a BLIZZARD falls upon the underworld.

SHIVERING, Muriel and Dinky approach the factory door. Dinky  
 pulls on it... locked.

DINKY  
 Oh look, the snowflakes have locked  
 the door! We should probably just  
 turn around.

MURIEL  
 What are you talking about?

Muriel KNOCKS on the door.

DINKY  
 No stop!

MURIEL  
 What's the matter with you?

DINKY  
 It's just...  
 (coming clean)  
 It IS a club. A pathetic little  
 club with only four members! And  
 that's including me...

I didn't want you to open the doors  
and find just a couple misfits. You  
just seemed pretty excited at the  
prospect of a homicidal mob.

The door CREEKS open to reveal...

**INT. CLOCK FACTORY - CONTINUOUS**

A CROWD OF HELLSPAWN fill the factory floor wall to wall,  
very much resembling a homicidal mob.

Suddenly, it's SILENT and they all turn to Muriel and Dinky.

KOMP THE BAT (O.S.)  
Give me some room.  
(then)  
I SAID GIVE ME SOME ROOM OR IT'S  
YOUR EARS!

Komp flutters above the crowd, delighted to see Dinky.

KOMP THE BAT  
It's him! He's back!

Pilsy, the other skeleton, approaches Dinky.

PILSY  
Dinky, all these people came to see  
you! They want you to lead them  
and fix whatever's happening! Go  
on, take the stage!

Fermot addresses the crowd.

FERMOT  
You all be listening up! This is  
Fermot's clock factory so you be  
making room now!

The crowd parts allowing Dinky and Muriel to walk through,  
but they can't hide their disappointment.

CROWD  
Aww, that's him? / I thought he'd  
be taller. / I'm suffering just  
looking at him.

Unconvinced, the crowd SHUFFLES and heads for the door.

DEMON WITH LADDER (O.S.)  
Hey, wait a second!

That poor Demon with Ladder comes forward.

DEMON WITH LADDER  
Listen! You see that tall one?  
She's an excessively violent  
psycho.

Muriel goes for a rebuke but then kind of agrees.

DEMON WITH LADDER  
But the short one- What's your  
name?

DINKY  
Dinky.

DEMON WITH LADDER  
Dinky? But the poster said Dunky-

DINKY  
Forget what the poster said.

DEMON WITH LADDER  
Dinky saved me!  
(getting serious)  
Seriously. Who does that?

A sewer grate in the floor LIFTS and Oggly the capricorn  
pokes his head out.

OGGLY THE CAPRICORN  
And I got scared and let myself  
betray his trust. Got him sent to  
prison, but he forgave me...  
(to Dinky, pleading)  
Right?

DINKY  
Of course, Oggly. I forgive you.

OGGLY THE CAPRICORN  
(to the crowd)  
Seriously. Who does that?  
(then)  
And he'll get me a bath tub so I  
can attend meetings with more  
comfort.

DINKY  
On thing at a time.

Off to the side is the biker gang and the leader comes forth.

BIKER DEMON

Yeah! All of that and more!

DINKY

(confused)

The Bone Crushers? Why are YOU here? We knocked over your bikes, destroyed one of them, stole your money, and did you forget about the puke?

BIKER DEMON

Yeah, I mean seriously. Who does that?

The Biker Demon unpockets a little flier and unfolds it to reveal Dinky's homemade "Hell's Betterment Society" flier.

BIKER DEMON

I remember where I knew you from... You were my Cross-Over Clerk. You were the only one who told me...

(getting teary)

I got potential.

(then)

And besides, we could use someone like you because I'm not much of an "ideas guy".

But the crowd, most of whom are strangers, keep walking.

CROWD

Eh, I don't buy it. / Altruism's overrated. / Yeah, this mob is disappointingly not violent.

MURIEL

Are you all serious?!

Startled, the crowd stops as Muriel delivers an impassioned speech.

MURIEL

I've been in this shit hole for two days but I get the gist of it. When have any of you gone out of your way to help someone else? When has anyone done that for you? This little idiot never stops trying to help others. "The Hell's Betterment Society"? Seriously? Who has ever heard of something so stupid and futile.

DINKY  
Are you getting to a point?

MURIEL  
My point is this weird bundle of bones is the only selfless thing in all of Hell. Hear him out. He knows what's best!

CROWD  
(not buying into it)  
Did he say puke? / Puke grosses me out. / Yeah me too.

Most of the crowd AGREES that vomit is gross and exit.

KOMP  
How dare you walk away!

DINKY  
Komp, it's fine.

KOMP  
No it's not. They should be RUNNING!  
(to the crowd, maniacal)  
Run for your lives! HAHAHA!

Komp chases out the spooked crowd of strangers.

MURIEL  
(marveling at Komp)  
She's like a little me...

Dinky looks around at those left: Muriel, Oggly, Komp, Fermot, Pilsy, the Bone Crushers, and Demon with Ladder.

He's genuinely touched by their loyalty.

DINKY  
Thank you.

A pride builds in Dinky and he addresses them confidently.

DINKY  
Listen! I just have one question for each of you... What do you love more than anything?

And everyone thinks on it and answers in earnest.

DEMON WITH LADDER  
My ladder.

FERMOT  
Clocks.



OGGLY THE CAPRICORN  
Bath tubs.

PILSY  
Socks with the little toes.

BIKER DEMON  
The arts.

KOMP THE BAT  
Violence.

Dinky looks expectantly to Muriel who is unsure.

MURIEL  
Um. What the bat said.  
(off Dinky's look)  
Fine... a sense of belonging. I've  
never had one, but I got a feeling  
that I'd be into it.  
(again, off Dinky's look)  
Fine! Love it. I would LOVE a sense  
of a belonging.

With confidence and verve, Dinky addresses his team.

DINKY  
And me? I love Hell. And I love  
what it could be: a place where you  
all get to have those things.  
Except you, Komp. We'll need to  
find a new thing for you. Right  
now, there's one selfish prick who  
thinks the underworld revolves  
around him and everyone else has to  
pay the price. You know what I say  
to that?  
(then)  
Just because we're in Hell...

EVERYONE  
Doesn't mean we have to suffer!

KOMP  
Unless they have it coming!

DINKY  
Fine.

**EXT. HELL'S STREETS - DAY**

With the whole team behind him, Dinky leads the way. NOTE:  
Muriel, Dinky, and Fermot are dressed as uniformed repairmen.

The whole team turns a corner and Dinky looks up the clock  
tower on top of Hell's Hall. It's FROZEN and unmoving.

At the base of Hell's Hall, GUARDS secure the perimeter.

DINKY  
We're gonna need to distract those  
guards...

KOMP  
I propose a riot.

DINKY  
Komp, that's actually brilliant.

KOMP  
Oh come on! I never get to incite  
anything!  
(can't believe her ears)  
Wait... You mean it?

DINKY  
We're in Hell, might as well raise  
some.

Komp leads most of the group into battle. Muriel eagerly runs  
too, but Dinky PULLS her back.

DINKY  
Not you!

MURIEL  
(not happy about it)  
Fine.

DINKY  
Fermot. Muriel. With me.

The guards get RUSHED and suddenly, it's MAYHEM.

With the guards distracted, Dinky, Fermot and Muriel sneak  
into...

#### **INT. HELL'S HALL - RECEPTION**

Muriel, Dinky, and Fermot enter the lobby with toolboxes.  
They approach the RECEPTIONIST.

MURIEL  
Hello. We are here to clean your  
clock.

DINKY  
FIX your clock! As in the clock  
tower is broken and we are gonna  
fix it.

RECEPTIONIST

Hmmmm. How do I know you're actually here for the clock and not some sort of hostile regime change?

Fermot CLEARS HIS THROAT.

FERMOT

That clock was forged by Fermot. Its hands sculpted by Fermot's hands. That clock and Fermot are spiritually connected. Every tick that goes unticked is a slap in Fermot's face! IT MUST BE SAVED!

RECEPTIONIST

... Who's Fermot?

FERMOT

FERMOT IS FERMOT!

DINKY

He has trouble with first-person.

RECEPTIONIST

Alright, fine. This way.

**INT. ELEVATOR BAY - CONTINUOUS**

The receptionist shows Muriel, Dinky, and Fermot to two neighboring elevator doors.

RECEPTIONIST

THIS elevator takes you straight to the clock.

Dinky points to the other elevator.

DINKY

Where does that one go?

RECEPTIONIST

THAT elevator goes to Satan's personal penthouse. So obviously, you won't be taking that one. If someone were here to personally confront Satan, that would be the quickest way to get to him. But of course, you don't need to know any of that. Because you'll be taking the other elevator.

MURIEL

Right.

RECEPTIONIST

So I'll leave you here since you  
know which elevator to take.

(pointing at the clock  
elevator)

It's that one.

The receptionist leaves and Dinky immediately CLICKS the Satan elevator button.

However, Fermot CLICKS the clock elevator button.

DINKY

What are you doing? The clock stuff  
was just a cover.

FERMOT

Not for Fermot.

Fermot exits to fix his precious clock.

DINKY

Guy loves his clocks.

**INT. ELEVATOR - MOMENTS LATER**

Dinky and Muriel enter the elevator and click the top floor, but it doesn't move. Instead a pre-recorded message plays.

SATAN (RECORDING)

"A message from your dark prince:  
Moving forward, I will no longer be  
requiring interactions of any kind.  
Oh, and I have wings now so no more  
elevators for me! Thank you".

Dinky CLICKS it again.

SATAN

"Listen. IT DON'T WORK. Go away"

Frustrated, Dinky CLICKS once more.

SATAN (RECORDING)

"Going up."

MURIEL

(readying for battle)  
Here we go...

SATAN (RECORDING)  
 "Just kidding. Please fuck off."

MURIEL  
 Asshole.

DINKY  
 Time for Plan B.

Muriel BOOSTS Dinky up to the elevator roof and they climb through into...

**INT. ELEVATOR SHAFT - CONTINUOUS**

In the infrastructure, loads of pipes criss-cross.

Dinky KNOCKS on the walls and Oggly pops his head out of a pipe.

OGGLY THE CAPRICORN  
 Hey Dinky. Hey Muriel.

DINKY  
 Hey Oggly.

OGGLY THE CAPRICORN  
 I know this might not be the right time. But when this is all said and done, can we revisit the bath tub thing?

DINKY  
 Sure, Oggly.

Oggly nods his head and goes back in the pipe.

Suddenly there's a RUSH of water flooding the shaft. The surface rises with Muriel and Dinky rising with it.

PULL OUT TO REVEAL: It's barely pooling up. This is going to take a while.

**INT. SATAN'S RESIDENCE - LATER**

Freezing and miserable, Belphegor sits at a computer and works on his resume.

BELPHEGOR  
 (typing aloud)  
 "Comes when called..."

SATAN (O.S.)  
BELPHEGOR!

Belphegor GROANS.

**INT. SATAN'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Satan puts on slippers, pajamas, and sleeping cap.

SATAN  
Belphegor... Bring in the latest,  
sinister invention from the R&D  
department...

Belphegor enters, looking haggard. He carries a packaged bundle.

BELPHEGOR  
Well, the R&D department all froze  
to death.  
(annoyed)  
So I was the one up all night with  
your specs.

Belphegor reveals a hand stitched blanket. Satan snatches it and cocoons himself.

SATAN  
What shall I call it?

BELPHEGOR  
I believe it's called a blanket.

SATAN  
That's a terrible name. It shall be  
known as...  
(coming up with nothing)  
Blanket will work for now.

BELPHEGOR  
You know, Satan. I'm happy that  
you're comfortable an all but don't  
you think-

SATAN  
Shh, shh, shh. Satan cozy. Good-  
bye.

BELPHEGOR  
Okay. Guess I won't tell you about  
the hostile takeover.

SATAN  
Come again?

**INT. ELEVATOR SHAFT - MUCH LATER**

Muriel and Dinky have ascended in the flooding elevator shaft, but not by much.

DINKY  
You know, this was much cleverer in my head.

MURIEL  
Want to get off at this floor?

**INT. DEPARTMENT OF CROSSING OVER - MOMENTS LATER**

The elevator doors open and a flood of water RUSHES out. Muriel and Dinky ride the cascade, landing in the middle of the office floor.

DINKY  
Let's find some stairs.

MURIEL  
Get a load of this depressing floor.

DINKY  
I used to work here...

MURIEL  
That's right... Oh! I did my double homicide over there. Time flies.

Dinky can't help but drop by his desk, examining everything and realizing how far he's come.

DINKY  
What was I thinking? Believing I could do anything good from this desk. You know, I'm happy you came into my life Muriel. Even if you are slightly on the murderous side.

Muriel puts a supportive hand on Dinky's shoulder.

BLARING SIRENS RING OUT and bars come down from the ceilings trapping them in the office.

SATAN (O.S.)  
Well, if it isn't my two favorite  
idiots.

MURIEL / DINKY  
Crap.

CUT TO:

**EXT. HELL'S HALL - ROOFTOP - LATER**

Atop the skyscraper, Muriel and Dinky are chained to a pole. They've been stripped of most of their clothes (not enough to be immodest) and are FREEZING in a harsh BLIZZARD.

Opposite them, is Satan in a very warm fur coat, his new wings tucked away. Belphegor stands beside him, miserable.

Satan admires the frigid landscape.

MURIEL  
What's your endgame? What's all  
this for?

SATAN  
Endgame? Girl, it's all done. No  
more Sun! I will never drop another  
bead of sweat ever again.

DINKY  
That was it? Everyone's dying  
because you were too warm?

Satan breathes in the cool air, happy as can be.

SATAN  
Yup.

DINKY  
(whispering)  
Muriel. Pull my finger.

MURIEL  
(whispering)  
Not the time.

DINKY  
(whispering)  
No. Please just do it.

Wriggling, Muriel is able to grab Dinky's finger and gives it TUG. His hand POPS off and falls to the ground. Like a spider, it crawls away and disappears.



SATAN

Now, I have a fun idea. I'm going to let one of you live and one of you freeze to death. Will it be...

Satan eyes Dinky.

SATAN

Dinky? You know I've met every kind of sicko, scumbag, and psychopath but the "Hell's Betterment Society"? You're the craziest one of them all. And if you go, I'll even let you keep the club. Keep 'em happy or whatever, I'll even help you... Well, Belphegor will help you.

Satan turns to Muriel.

SATAN

Or will I let you live, Muriel. You can return to Heaven and expense some new wings!

Tapping his chin, Satan tries to make up his mind.

SATAN

But how to choose? Oh! I know. I'll let you make the choice. The first one to say something, anything at all, will live! And the other will die.

(enjoying this)

So... which one of you will speak first? Who will choose life over a silly, meaningless acquaintance...

Muriel and Dinky look to each other, the friendship suddenly put on the line...

MURIEL / DINKY

(in unison, to Satan)

Fuck you.

SATAN

Well Belphegor, we tried didn't we?

Belphegor GRUMBLES.

SATAN

Well, I'm off for my morning flight. Have fun with those untimely deaths!

Satan SHEDS the fur coat and turns to the ledge to reveal: Dinky's hand has climbed up the wings and PLUCKED every feather!

His hand PLUCKS one last feather and returns to Dinky.

Belphegor's eyes go wide at the sight.

BELPHEGOR

Um. Satan?

SATAN

GAH! Quit interrupting all the time, Belphegor. That's a thousand years of torture for you. What is so important?

Belphegor smiles.

BELPHEGOR

Nothing.

Satan SWAN DIVES off the building with his naked wings. He FLAPS his wings and they catch no air at all!

SATAN

(realizing)  
Oh dragon tits...

SATAN PLUMMETS!

Belphegor unshackles Muriel and Dinky.

BELPHEGOR

What. An. Asshole.

**EXT. HELL'S HALL - CLOCK FACE - CONTINUOUS**

Fermot wrenches at the clock but the gigantic minute hand is stuck.

FERMOT

Stupid jammed hand...

Satan BOUNCES off the minute hand in his descent and continues FALLING to the street.

TICK. The minute hand starts moving again.

**EXT. HELL'S STREETS - LATER**

In a tangle of limbs, Satan is splayed and bloody in the cold streets.

A CROWD surrounds Satan.

SATAN  
(extreme pain)  
Owie...

Dinky and Muriel wander up to the mangled Satan.

Muriel SNAPS off a nearby icicle and points it at Satan with an executioner's focus.

MURIEL  
(steely)  
You're fucked, friend.

DINKY  
Wait!

MURIEL  
Oh come on! I finally said  
something bad ass on the first try.  
What is it??

DINKY  
Listen, I'm thrilled you've learned  
that less is more but we're  
entering a new chapter of Hell.  
This is how he'd do it. We need to  
be different...

MURIEL  
We're going to let him go?!

DINKY  
No. Not quite...

**INT. PRISON - RECEPTION - DAY**

Satan gets LOCKED in a cell behind the reception desk. Dinky, Muriel, and their entire team send him off.

MURIEL  
For the record, I wanted to kill  
you.

SATAN  
(defeated)  
Right back atcha.

Meanwhile, he Clerk and Dinky avoid eye contact.

DINKY  
(awkward)  
Hello again.

Avoiding the subject, the Clerk grabs at a ticket and a pen to write on it.

CLERK  
How long?

BELPHEGOR (O.S.)  
A thousand years.

Everyone turns to Belphegor and NODS in agreement.

SATAN  
(agonizing)  
Belphegor... How could you? IT'S-  
IT'S- IT'S MY BIRTHDAY!!!

The Clerk hands over the ticket and Satan is WHISKED AWAY.

Dinky looks over to Muriel, satisfied. However, a thought occurs to him.

DINKY  
We didn't think of one thing...

MURIEL  
What's that?

DINKY  
Without Satan, who's going to, you know... Run this place?

FERMOT  
What are you? Some kind of idiot?

DINKY  
What?

EVERYONE  
YOU SHOULD DO IT!

DINKY  
Me?

MURIEL  
You really are dense...  
(to everyone)  
All in favor of making Dinky the newest ruler of Hell say 'aye'!

EVERYONE

AYE!

MURIEL

Then it's settled. Now, as ruler of all Hell. What do you have to say?

Dinky smiles at their confidence in him.

He CLEARS HIS THROAT.

DINKY

Just because we are in Hell...

**INT. HELL'S HALL - CONFERENCE ROOM - MORNING**

The satellite in the sky has been removed and beautiful ray of sunshine BEAMS through the windows.

An executive office chair spins around to reveal Dinky.

DINKY

... Doesn't mean we have to suffer.

At the table are: Muriel (with her wings), Fermot, Belphegor, the Biker gang, and Demon with Ladder.

Off to the side, Oggly indulges in a bubble bath.

Everyone APPLAUDS Dinky. Muriel and Dinky look to each other, smiling and proud of one another.

DINKY

Alright. Lots to get through today-  
(very concerned)  
Wait. Where's Komp?

**INT. DEPARTMENT OF CROSSING OVER - LATER**

A new SOUL arrives in hell in Dinky's old cubicle.

Confused and disoriented, the soul fixates on an office chair in front of them. It slowly turns to reveal Komp the bat.

KOMP

(evil look in her eye)  
Welcome to Hell, motherfucker.