

Hell is *Certain* People

By

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FADE IN ON:

**INT. HELL-FORSAKEN CAVERN - LIMBO**

Flames lick - well, *everything*. Jagged rocks glow from heat. Smoke wafts from an unseen source, so thick it's hard to see...

Over the sounds of AGONIZED SCREAMS, one hears a keyboard. CLICK, CLICK, CLICK.

An annoyed voice bellows:

ANNOYED VOICE

Dammit!!

Someone else chuckles at those words.

In one craggy corner: SATAN perches on a CHAIR OF THORNS, an Ikea logo on one side.

His yellow eyes glare at a laptop - stashed on a protruding rock ledge. Buzzing, the computer looks DOA.

Nearby, demon BEELZEBUB cradles a Starbuck's coffee cup. It's the only thing not steaming here.

SATAN

What's so funny, Beez? My computer's frozen. Again!

BEELZEBUB

"Frozen"? Lucy, no offense, but don't you think that wording's odd?

SATAN

Word-police all you want. The Blue Screen of Death's nothing to laugh about.

BEELZEBUB

But you said "Dammit". I mean... here?

SATAN

Drink your Soy Chai Latte, Wise guy. Some of us have *real* work to do.

(grumbles)

Fails right after warrantee. Fucking Lenovo POS.

BEELZEBUB

Well, we could have had a Macbook.

SATAN

I asked Jobs personally. He said no. Said  
it would be bad PR...

The PC flickers. Resets. Displaying: A space-eye view of  
the Earth.

Satan grins, clumsily lays down keystrokes with his  
claws. He's clearly the hunt-and-peck type.

Little RED DOTS spread over the globe like measles. Above  
that, red letters blink:

"Earth volatility maximized. Critical momentum reached."

SATAN

Woot!

He and Beez "fist bump."

SATAN

After all these centuries, we've done it!  
Apocalypse in da house! Time to -

He strangles, coughs. Nearly hacks up a lung.

SATAN

(rasps)  
Fucking incense.

Reaching behind the laptop, he grabs an INCENSE BURNER.

Turning it over, he shakes it like pick-up-sticks. One  
stomp of a cloven hoof snuffs the incense out.

THAT was the source of all the smoke. The air clears up.

SATAN

Beez, stop ordering from *Goop*!

BEELZEBUB

I did the best with what was in stock. It  
was either eucalyptus, or Gwyneth's -

SATAN

That's hell, too. Now where were we?

BEELZEBUB

Hades, of course.

Beez flicks the trackpad. Opening... ZOOM.

BEELZEBUB

Now all we have to do is call your son.  
After checking his availability, of  
course.

Before Beez can dial, Satan grabs his arm.

SATAN

Whoa, whoa. Hold your demon horses. Do  
NOT involve my son in this!

BEELZEBUB

Uh, that's sort of a prerequisite. The  
Earth's not gonna curse itself.

SATAN

(arches a devilish eyebrow)  
They're doing fine on their own *thus* far.

BEELZEBUB

Sowing generic chaos? Sure. But those  
primitive apes have no goal. They need a  
demon from hell - you know, a pro - to  
finish their half-assed job!

Satan grunts, sits back with his arms crossed.

SATAN

A month ago my son and I had - a talk. He  
says he wants nothing to do with the  
family business. Turns out, he's more the  
"artsy type".

BEELZEBUB

You mean like Lord Byron?  
(winks)  
Ooooh, tasty role model. Clever boy!

SATAN

No, not like Byron. He's into-  
(groans)  
Robert Frost.

BEELZEBUB

"The Road Not Taken". A bit too  
inspirational. But at least your son has  
taste!

Satan side-eyes Beez - sudden suspicion in his eyes.

SATAN

First the Starbucks, now Robert Frost. No  
judgment - especially here. But is there  
something you want to tell me, Beez?

Beez looks bashful. Satan flashes the proverbial evil eye.

SATAN

And now you're blushing. Busted.

BEELZEBUB

That's not blushing, I swear! I'm red.  
And a Demon. Duh!

Beez flutters huge hands around to deflect.

BEELZEBUB

OK, so your son's off the roster. Who do you fancy his replacement to be?

SATAN

Hmmmm. Rush Limbaugh's a possible? He's a loud enough speaker. And he'd appreciate the audience. No-one listens to his BS down here.

Beez wags a talon.

BEELZEBUB

Tsssk-tsssk. No cheating, Lucy.

SATAN

Since when do *you* care about rules?

BEELZEBUB

We've been a team for how long? You know I'd volunteer if I could. Wreaking havoc on Earth would literally be the bomb. But you *know* the bringer of doom has to run in your family line. Anything less doesn't complete the circuit. So - if not your son, then who?

Satan muses, deep in thought. Shoots Beez a guilty look.

SATAN

The family and I don't often talk. We had a falling out.

BEELZEBUB

Worse than that God ordeal?

SATAN

(shrug)

By far. God would have forgiven me. My family... well, they hold a grudge.

BEELZEBUB

I hear ya, bro. Siblings suck. Oooo, oooo  
- I know! What about your second cousin,  
once removed?

SATAN

Alfie? Nah. He went vegetarian last year.  
Now he literally won't harm a fly.

BEELZEBUB

Hitler was vegetarian.

SATAN

That's an urban myth.

BEELZEBUB

Ask him yourself. It's true!

SATAN

(sighs)

But humans are animals.

BEELZEBUB

Which is why it's time to lay waste to  
Earth!

SATAN

But for Mr. Purist Alfie, that makes  
apocalypse-triggering a no-go, too.

The PC screen flashes a new prompt:

"Input Guest User: First Name, Last Name. No symbols or  
hieroglyphs allowed."

Satan puts on spectacles. Squints closer... gasps.

SATAN

Fuck!

BEELZEBUB

What? Did peace on Earth break out?

SATAN

No. I'm down to five percent on battery.  
We have to decide *now*.

The two fall silent. Beez's eyes suddenly brighten. He  
tiptoes over, whispers in Satan's ear.

Grinning, Satan sits up.

SATAN

That's so devilish, it just *might* work!

BEELZEBUB

I mean, they COUNT as "family".  
Technically. Lawyer wise.

SATAH

And they've made my life... well, Hell in Hell. So they could pull off "Hell on Earth" with their eyes shut!

BEELZEBUB

Four percent battery left, Lucy. We have to download the messenger - now!

Grabbing the laptop, Beez fires up Zoom. Types...

### **EXT. POLITICAL RALLY**

Political signs and banners wave over a CROWD.

\* Actually, Bad Things Are Good

\* Reconsidering Slavery

\* Malthus Had a Point

A sudden BOOM shakes the building. Rally participants cower. Dense smoke fills the air.

Within that dust cloud, a DEMONIC FIGURE looms...

The crowd creeps forward, curious. Out steps a demon. Humans GASP.

Hideous and female, it wears a muumuu. Pendulum earrings dangle from drooping, red earlobes - under white hair cinched in a bun.

One attendee (BRAD) inches closer. Braver than the others, he wears a t-shirt: War Is Cool!

BRAD

Who, I mean, WHAT the fuck are you?!?

Another human (ROGER) calls out.

ROGER

Hey, who invited Hillary Clinton?

The crowd snickers. The Demon snarls.

FEMALE DEMON

Impudent mortals! Speak only when you're spoken to!

Roger gulps, runs to Brad's side.

ROGER  
I bet Soros paid it to start trouble.  
Ignore the troll - let's move across the  
street.

The female Demon belly laughs.

FEMALE DEMON  
Fleeing will do your kind no good. Soon,  
the Earth itself will be destroyed!

Roger eye-rolls. Brad glares.

ROGER  
(snickers)  
By what? Socialism?

BRAD  
Screw that. By WHO?

FEMALE DEMON  
By the one who stands before you now.  
Behold, I am Mother in Law to Satan. Look  
upon me and despair!

She lunges into the crowd. Unseen bones crunch. Rally-  
goers scream.

#### **INT. HELL-FORSAKEN CAVERN - STILL LIMBO**

Satan and Beez watch the chaos on the laptop - now at  
66.6%, it's plugged into a squirming MINION'S side.

SATAN  
I TOLD you she's evil incarnate! But no -  
you didn't have faith.

BEELZEBUB  
That's why you love me so much, Lucy! At  
least she's out of Hell - and your face.

SATAN  
A win-win for all who matter. Here's to  
Heaven in Hell.

The two high-five.

BEELZEBUB  
Boo-yah!

FINAL FADE OUT: