

# ANNIE HELL

by

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YELLOW-ORANGE FLAMES RISE...

**INT. BEN'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

From a CRACKLING FIREPLACE.

Except it's not real. Only a television providing fake fireplace ambiance.

BEN WHITMAN, 32, not a hair out of place, mild Patrick Bateman vibes, expertly pours wine from an unmarked bottle into two glasses, then sits on the couch next to--

ANNIE BELL, 28, long hair, dress and accessories not for the faint of monetary heart, a crooked smile revealing naughty intentions, damn good posture.

Take-out burgers and fries cover the table. Ben cuts his burger with a kitchen knife, then eats. She's not eating.

BEN

Do you like the fireplace? 4K UHD!

ANNIE

I prefer some **real** heat.

He raises his wine glass.

BEN

Cheers to getting hot.

ANNIE

Cheers!

They CLINK their glasses. Look into each other's eyes. His eyes linger on her long after she looks away. Some would call this creepy. Others would also call this creepy.

She chugs her entire glass of wine in one sloppy gulp.

BEN

I'm surprised you agreed to come over. We've known each other, what, an hour?

ANNIE

I trust my gut, and since there won't be a second date, might as well get straight to the good part.

Annie is already a bit tipsy.

BEN

It's tough to fully charm a girl on a single date.

ANNIE

I don't do second dates.

She eyes his bedroom door for a beat.

ANNIE (CONT'D)

Let's go to your bedroom and do awful things to each other, Ben.

BEN

I'm all for doing awful things to women, but we have all night.

ANNIE

You may have all night. I have a meeting first thing.

BEN

A business meeting?

ANNIE

(hesitantly)

I, um... it's a legal thing.

BEN

Fighting a parking ticket?

ANNIE

Oh no, nothing like that. It's more like people suing me.

BEN

How many people?

ANNIE

A few... dozen... hundred... thousand or so. It's all my dad's fault. He kind of ruined my life.

BEN

That sounds terrible.

ANNIE

It's fine.

(It's not fine.)

Annie kisses him so he won't notice her wet eyes.

Then she pulls away and suddenly loses her balance, nearly falls off the couch, but grabs the coffee table and gracefully braces herself.

ANNIE (CONT'D)

Whoa. Got dizzy for a second there.

BEN

Nice recovery.

ANNIE

Years of training. I'm a dancer.

BEN

Good to know.

ANNIE

Want to see me dance? I have a funny feeling all my clothes might accidentally fall off.

BEN

But you've hardly eaten.

She shoves a handful of fries into her mouth, chews - barely - and swallows. Coughs. Nearly chokes. Gags. Spits out a wet potato ball. Pretends what she just did was sexy. It was not.

ANNIE

Satisfied?

BEN

I do need to digest my food before any strenuous activities. A little more chit-chat, okay?

ANNIE

Fine, you can do the chitting and the chatting. I'll wait.

BEN

How about that new serial killer, huh? San Francisco hasn't been this scared since the Zodiac.

ANNIE

You're seriously ruining the mood.

BEN

Don't you find serial killers endlessly fascinating?

ANNIE

I find them endlessly icky.

BEN

The Classy Killer. Cool name, don't you think? He poisons his victims, then leaves their bodies inside Michelin-starred restaurants. You gotta admit - classy move. Who's your favorite serial killer?

Ben is oddly excited by serial killers, and doesn't give her a chance to answer.

BEN (CONT'D)

My favorite is Ted Bundy! Those women didn't know what hit 'em. Ted was the handsome one. That's how I have him labeled in my book.

ANNIE

You wrote a book?

BEN

It's more of a... scrapbook.

She makes a *That's weird, dude* face.

BEN (CONT'D)

It documents his killings, his work in politics--

ANNIE

No politics, please.

He looks closely at her.

BEN

Wait a second.

A sudden realization hits him.

BEN (CONT'D)

Was your dad **Quentin** Bell? The State Senator who stole all that money from cancer patients?

He takes out his phone, does a quick search.

BEN (CONT'D)

Yes! Look, that's you! Annie Bell!

Ben shows her his phone. We see a PICTURE OF ANNIE AND HER FATHER, QUENTIN BELL, 60, silver hair, tall and trim, exiting a courtroom. She's crying. He's smiling and waving. Below the pic, a caption reads: *Senator Bell Charged with Embezzlement, Wire Fraud, Tax Evasion, Bank Fraud, and Money Laundering.*

Annie closes her eyes, tries hard not to break.

ANNIE

I should go. I'm feeling weird.

He puts away the phone, refills her glass.

BEN

I'm sorry. Forgive me. Please?

Ben smiles wide. He might be obsessed with serial killers, but holy shit is he gorgeous. She nods.

ANNIE

I'm here to take my mind off my troubles. Please take my mind off my troubles, or what's the point?

BEN

You've clearly been hurt by men.

ANNIE

And you're clearly blowing it.

Annie downs another glass of wine, demurely burps. Her eyes glaze over. She looks worse by the second. Clammy and pale.

ANNIE (CONT'D)

What kind of wine is this?

BEN

It's homemade.

ANNIE

You make your own wine?

BEN

I don't so much "make it" as buy it and then add the poison.

She's confused but quickly gets it. *Oh, shit!*

ANNIE

Poison... you... asshole...

BEN

But a **classy** asshole.

Annie falls onto the table, then slides to the floor. Food and wine and utensils spill around her.

She gasps, struggles to breathe, fights to stay conscious. Her eyes slowly close.

BEN (CONT'D)  
 (grins wickedly)  
 Look at the bright side - dying is  
 the best way to get out of legal  
 trouble. I did you a big favor.

**INT. HOTEL - ROOM - NIGHT**

NOAH REYNOLDS, 28, eager but nervous and awkward, fashionably  
 hopeless, and LISA WILCO, 26, tight, short dress, heavy make-  
 up, enter, both wearing cheap wedding rings.

A CHILL BELLHOP, 24, wheels their bags inside. Through the  
 window - a nice view of San Francisco.

NOAH  
 I'm sorry I couldn't afford a real  
 honeymoon just yet, but this place  
 is pretty great, huh?

LISA  
 Yes, it's always great.

NOAH  
 (beat, concerned)  
 You've been here before?

Her eyes widen. *Ooops.*

LISA  
 You know, for uh... conferences.

NOAH  
 They have fitness conferences?

LISA  
 I've gotten good workouts here.

The Chill Bellhop stares at Lisa.

CHILL BELLHOP  
 Do I know you from somewhere, lady?  
 You look hella familiar.

LISA  
 No! You don't know me. I don't know  
 anyone except my husband.

CHILL BELLHOP  
 You must have a twin sister then,  
 cuz I remember that booty.

LISA  
I have that kind of... ass.

Noah gives the Chill Bellhop a ten and leads him to the door.

NOAH  
Thanks for your help. Me and my new wife have some unfinished business.

CHILL BELLHOP  
Bro, you didn't have to marry her to get some of that--

LISA  
BYE!!!

Lisa violently shoves the Chill Bellhop out and SLAMS the door, then smiles nervously.

LISA (CONT'D)  
Where were we?

NOAH  
Is there something you're not telling me?

Lisa immediately collapses onto the bed and SOBS.

LISA  
I'm so sorry!

He joins her on the bed, tenderly rubs her back.

NOAH  
You can tell me anything.

She takes a breath. Wipes her eyes. Squeezes his hand.

LISA  
Oh, Noah. I'm a lady of the night.

NOAH  
I'm a morning person, but we can make it work.

LISA  
No... I'm a **working** girl.

NOAH  
And I appreciate that about you. I would never make you choose me or your career.

LISA  
I'm a call girl.

NOAH  
Like at auctions?

She shakes him violently.

LISA  
Jesus, Noah! I'm a sex worker!

NOAH  
Phone sex?

LISA  
Bed sex, mostly. Sometimes couch  
sex or counter sex or floor sex or  
balcony sex or sex dungeon sex.

Realization smacks him in the face. He's devastated.

NOAH  
My wife is a hooker.

LISA  
No, not cool! That term is  
offensive and disrespectful!  
(beat)  
But yes, exactly.

He buries his head in his hands.

LISA (CONT'D)  
I'm sorry I didn't tell you sooner,  
but you're so nice, and I know  
you've been waiting until marriage  
to get laid, so you were almost  
impossible not to take advantage  
of. But I do like you, I swear.

He looks at her, hoping he hasn't just ruined his life.

NOAH  
You married me because you like me?

LISA  
Of course! But also, it's the only  
way I could get away from my sex  
manager, Bobby.

NOAH  
You mean your pimp?

LISA

Again with the offensive terms. Get with the times, Noah.

NOAH

Sorry. This is a lot.

LISA

My sex manager said he'd kill me if I ever left him, but if I'm married he **has** to let me go, right?

NOAH

Lisa, is your sex boss going to kill me?

LISA

I hope he'll respect the institution of marriage, but we probably should hurry and get this marriage consummated before he gets here.

NOAH

How would he know where we are?

LISA

He implanted a tracking chip in me.

NOAH

That's bad, Lisa. Very bad!

KNOCK! KNOCK!

BOBBY (O.S.)

(through door)

Open up! I know you're in there!

LISA

(shouting angrily)

Leave me alone or my new husband will beat the shit out of you!

NOAH

Or we could just talk it out...?

CLOSE ON the door as--

BULLETS fly through it as several BANGS ring out. Then the door is KICKED open and BOBBY THE SEX MANAGER storms in.

He has a handlebar mustache, derby hat, gold teeth, and face tattoos, like if Post Malone was in *Gangs of New York*.

BOBBY

What the hell are you doing here?  
You have an appointment downtown!

Lisa nervously shows off her ring.

LISA

I'm a taken lady, so you have to  
let me go. Noah's my husband. I  
belong to him. He's my future.

Bobby looks past her. Cringes.

BOBBY

You sure about that?

She turns and SCREAMS.

Noah is on the floor, MOANING weakly. He's been shot in the  
chest. Lisa, in tears, rushes to his side.

LISA

Noah! I'm so sorry, but... you'll  
be in Heaven soon, baby.

NOAH

Is there suh... sex in Heaven?

LISA

Probably not.

NOAH

(weakly)  
Aww crap.

His eyes close.

TO BLACK.

Then we FADE INTO:

## **HELL**

Yes, **that** Hell. Looks a lot like Florida. We're on a...

**EXT. BEACH - DAY**

\*Please note - In Hell, it's always daytime and the sky is  
always hazy and red.

The water is purple-ish, covered with algae and dead fish.

Annie lies on the sand, asleep, wearing a pink prom dress. Her hair is shorter, badly-cut, and red. She also has braces.

A WEIRD KID, 12, curly hair, pimples, snotty nose, OshKosh B'gosh overalls, stands over Annie, staring at her.

Annie suddenly wakes up SCREAMING.

ANNIE

Ahhh!!!

She jumps to her feet and looks around, confused, then notices the Weird Kid.

ANNIE (CONT'D)

What happened? Where am I?

Annie talks like someone not used to wearing braces.

WEIRD KID

The beach, but I wouldn't go in the water cuz it's basically just poop and toxic algae.

ANNIE

I was on a date with Ben and...

Her eyes tighten with anger.

ANNIE (CONT'D)

That asshole tried to poison me!  
Ben is the Classy Killer!

WEIRD KID

I'll be your boyfriend.

ANNIE

You're a little young for me, kid.

WEIRD KID

Age don't matter here.

ANNIE

Where is "here" exactly?

She looks around, taking it all in, then grunts disgustedly.

ANNIE (CONT'D)

Oh, crap! Am I in freakin' Florida?  
How did I get here?

WEIRD KID

You died.

ANNIE  
Real funny.

WEIRD KID  
You must'a been bad.

ANNIE  
Wrong! I'm a sweet person, you  
little turd!

She pats herself down, looks at the ground.

ANNIE (CONT'D)  
Have you seen my phone?

WEIRD KID  
Phones don't work here.

ANNIE  
I gotta figure out what the hell's  
going on.

WEIRD KID  
Hell's going on.

ANNIE  
Stop repeating what I say.

She stomps off across the sand, until she TRIPS over--

NOAH

And lands on top of him. Noah, face down, wakes up GROANING and spitting up sand. She climbs off him, not gently, and accidentally kicks him in the head.

NOAH  
Ouch! Hey!

ANNIE  
Not my fault. I'm trying to get  
away from this weird kid.

The Weird Kid is by the water, holding a dead fish. And now he's licking it.

WEIRD KID  
I'm not weird. I'm Wayne.

(He's Wayne now.)

WAYNE  
You barely notice the disease taste  
after a while.

Noah wipes sand off his face, then frantically checks his chest. No bullet wound.

NOAH

I'm okay! I'm not dead! I'm...

He's wearing heart boxer shorts, a Backstreet Boys T-shirt, and has cartoony penises drawn in ink on his face and neck.

NOAH (CONT'D)

...Covered in penises, aren't I?

ANNIE

Is this a common thing for you?

NOAH

It happened once before, at Dylan Weiner's graduation party. I passed out and woke up like this. Same clothes. Everyone laughed. Most humiliating moment of my life.

Annie looks herself over. Touches her hair. Feels her braces.

ANNIE

Senior Prom... no friggin' way.

NOAH

Was it the most humiliating night of your life? I'm guessing yes.

ANNIE

Why are you talking to me? Go away.

NOAH

We both seem to have the same problem. I'm Noah.

ANNIE

And I'm annoyed.

Annie looks around and sees--

A STRIP MALL a hundred yards away. She marches toward it.

NOAH

Where are you going?

ANNIE

To see the manager!

NOAH

The manager of what?

ANNIE  
Florida!

NOAH  
Wait!

She ignores him.

NOAH (CONT'D)  
(shouting)  
Maybe this is a bizarre dream we're  
somehow sharing...?

Noah gives up on her and walks to the water. Wayne hurries to his side.

WAYNE  
What'cha doing?

NOAH  
I have to clean off these penises.

WAYNE  
Ooh! Can I help?

NOAH  
No!

A few feet from the water, Noah GAGS and stops moving.

NOAH (CONT'D)  
Oh man, that's awful.

WAYNE  
It's poop-scented.

Noah looks up at the hazy red sky. Looks at the disgusting ocean and the dead fish. Looks at the sand and notices he's standing near a worm-covered GOAT SKULL. Looks at his miraculously-healed chest. He gasps. It makes sense now.

NOAH  
I... died. And now I'm in Hell.

WAYNE  
It's not so bad. Plenty of dead things to eat and cuddle with.

Noah stumbles to his knees.

NOAH  
I died a virgin. And **still** went to Hell. Un-freakin'-believable.

Wayne tries to high-five Noah.

WAYNE

I'm a virgin, too. Team Virgin, go!

Noah leaves him hanging.

**EXT. STRIP MALL**

Annie walks across the parking lot, scanning various stores, all out-of-business, windows broken - a pizza shop, a greeting card store, a thrift store, a fitness center.

At the end of the strip mall, one storefront remains intact - an office space. A crooked paper sign taped to the door reads: *New Resident Orientation Here! Yes, That Means You!*

Annie hesitantly enters.

**INT. HELL ORIENTATION CENTER - CONTINUOUS**

HONG, 40's, smiling wide, dark hair in a top knot, dressed like she's the ship captain in some scrapped 90's *Star Trek* series, immediately greets Annie.

HONG

Bienvenue! Siyakwamukela! Welcome!  
Annyeonghaseyo!

ANNIE

Uh... hi. What exactly is this?

HONG

It's the start of your exciting and  
also terrible new life. I'm Hong,  
your transition counselor.

Annie looks around.

Sees stained shit-brown wallpaper, dirty green shag carpet, an old, yellowing poster of--

**SATAN.** He's a bit furry, with horns, a tail, and red skin. Looks kinda like Pete Davidson if Pete Davidson was the Devil. Wearing an ill-fitting suit, holding a cup of coffee, giving the thumbs up. The caption reads: *Satan Welcomes You!*

ANNIE

(suddenly overwhelmed)  
Is there a bathroom?

HONG

Right over there. It's gender-disinterested, there's no lock, and Bob lives inside, but have at it.

Annie rushes into the bathroom.

**INT. HELL ORIENTATION CENTER - BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Annie goes straight to the sink, where she VOMITS.

TOILET BOB (O.S.)

Hey, toots.

She turns and sees--

TOILET BOB, 75, in a stall without a door. Pants at his ankles, lit cigar, Hawaiian shirt open, belly over his junk.

TOILET BOB (CONT'D)

Hope you don't gotta use the toilet. I'm gonna be a while. My gears are all jammed up.

ANNIE

It's... no, I'm okay.

She looks at herself in the mirror. Sees a haircut unsure if it wants to be a pixie cut or a bob. A color more orange than red. Formless homemade pink prom dress. Ugly metal braces.

ANNIE (CONT'D)

*Pretty in Pink*. Shit. What was I thinking watching all those John Hughes movies before Prom.

She CRIES. But quickly pulls herself together, sniffing as she looks around for a paper towel.

TOILET BOB

No toilet paper or paper towels. Jungle rules.

ANNIE

I really am in Hell.

Annie opens the medicine cabinet and finds a pair of rusty scissors. She considers, then cuts her braces and YANKS them out. Painfully. They fall into the sink in several pieces.

TOILET BOB

Can I have those braces to remember our special time together?

ANNIE

I don't even belong here.

TOILET BOB

That's what they all say.

**INT. HELL ORIENTATION CENTER - MEETING ROOM**

Annie enters and squeezes into a tiny chair, like a parent at an elementary school back-to-school night.

A film projector rests on a stand in the back of the room.

OTHER PEOPLE are already seated in their own tiny chairs facing a blackboard, where Hong stands, holding messy chalk.

It's a motley crew. One-shoe wearing WALK OF SHAME GIRL. FRAT BRO with half his head shaved. TWITCHY GUY in a *Cannibal Holocaust* T-shirt. Naked except for his RAINCOAT GUY, who winks at Annie. She gives him the finger.

Noah enters and sits. He sees Annie, brightens, and waves.

NOAH

Hey, it's me! From outside! Noah!  
You fell on top of me!

She ignores him.

Hong writes on the blackboard: *Hell For Beginners*.

HONG

Here's a short educational video.

Hong pulls down a white screen over the blackboard, then goes to the projector and PLAYS A FILM:

With cheap 1970's Saturday morning cartoon animation, like an episode of *Super Friends*, we see an OCEAN OF FIRE. Just above the fire, screaming souls who look like members of the *Scooby-Doo gang*, except skinless and hairless, are stuck to poles.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Welcome to Hell! This is the Pit, where you'll burn forever. The Pit is the bad part of Hell. You do not want to go there. You're currently in the **Crossroads** - the fun part of Hell, where the party never stops!

THE FILM CUTS TO A SERIES OF LIVE ACTION SHOTS - SENIOR CITIZENS on a golf course, dancing badly, having a Fight Club, drunkenly riding golf carts, puking in the rough.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

If you die in the Crossroads, your soul goes directly to the Pit.

One of the Seniors trips, looks up, and SCREAMS as a golf cart rolls over him. We CUT BACK TO ANIMATION and follow his soul leaving his now-rubbery skin suit and flying straight to the Pit, where it sticks to a wooden pole and burns.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Hell's current setting is "Florida." Enjoy!

THE FILM ENDS and Hong turns off the projector.

HONG

Let's dive right in. You are technically dead, but your soul lives in a skin suit. You can still feel pain, and you will feel lots of it. Fun hurts. Any questions?

Walk of Shame Girl raises her hand.

HONG (CONT'D)

You. Skanky Susie.

WALK OF SHAME GIRL

Is there wi-fi?

HONG

Nope. Hell's a total dead spot.

Annie raises her hand. Hong points to her.

HONG (CONT'D)

You. Carrots.

ANNIE

My name is Annie.

HONG

Congratulations.

ANNIE

There's been a huge mistake. I was poisoned. I'm the victim. I don't belong here, and I want to go home. At least send me to ~~Heaven~~ BLEEP.

Annie looks around, confused by the diegetic bleep.

ANNIE (CONT'D)

Who bleeped me?

HONG

Careful saying the "H" word. Or the "G" word. Or the "J" word! That type of language can get you sent to the Pit, where you'll--

ANNIE

Burn forever. Got it. I just need help fixing this huge mistake.

HONG

Only the President can help you.

ANNIE

Hell has a **President**? Not Satan?

HONG

Satan retired from politics. He said it wasn't good for his mental health. He owns a coffee franchise now. Beelzebeans. To die for.

Noah raises his hand.

HONG (CONT'D)

Yes, you. Penis Face.

NOAH

I'm a virgin, so maybe I don't belong here either?

Everyone giggles. Even Annie grins faintly.

NOAH (CONT'D)

I got married so I could, you know, have sex, and it turns out my wife, Lisa, was a... courtesan and--

ANNIE

What, are you from Ancient Rome?

Noah ignores Annie.

NOAH

Her sex manager shot me dead.

WALK OF SHAME GIRL

I wish someone would manage my sex. I've made some baaaaaad choices.

FRAT BRO

How'd you like to make another one?

WALK OF SHAME GIRL

No, I'm trying to be good. Well, maybe. No, I shouldn't. Okay!

RAINCOAT GUY

I'm innocent, too. I have an allergy to clothes. Not my fault.

HONG

Hey, Virgin. Sex has nothing to do with who comes to Hell. It's what's in your wicked little heart.

Noah's jaw drops. His world collapses.

ANNIE

How do I file a formal protest?

HONG

You'd see the President directly.

ANNIE

At the White House?

HONG

The President lives in Ecstasy City, in the Black Tower.

ANNIE

I demand to see him. I have rights.

HONG

In Hell, you have zero rights. On the plus side, you can steal, murder, and pillage to your heart's content. I'm a pillage gal myself.

ANNIE

Why do I look like I did at my junior prom?

HONG

Everyone arrives looking like they did in their most humiliating moment. It's our way of letting you know you're not in Kansas anymore.

NOAH

I knew it.

HONG

Every day here is like The Purge, but a **fun** Purge. Also, kindness will be severely punished.

ANNIE  
Why Florida?

HONG  
The President gets to pick Hell's  
setting. He chose Florida.

Twitchy Guy points to Raincoat Guy.

TWITCHY GUY  
Can I kill this sex pest? I feel  
unsafe with him near me.

HONG  
Sure. Have at it.

RAINCOAT GUY  
Wait, what? Me? I didn't do  
anything except forget my pants.

ANNIE  
No one's killing anyone until I  
figure this out!

HONG  
Actually, part of Orientation is me  
violently killing someone to show  
you all how that works.

Hong opens the desk drawer and pulls out a sledgehammer. She  
looks at the group, closes her eyes, and says:

HONG (CONT'D)  
Eeny, meeny, miny, slutty...

While pointing at Noah, at Annie, at Twitchy Guy, at Walk of  
Shame Girl, then-

HONG (CONT'D)  
Moe!

The pointing stops at Raincoat Guy. Hong walks to him.

HONG (CONT'D)  
This will only hurt for a second,  
then it will really hurt forever.

RAINCOAT GUY  
No, stop! I'll put on pants!

She raises the sledgehammer and WHACKS Raincoat Guy's head,  
and his now-empty skin suit collapses into a rubbery heap.

Everyone SCREAMS, except for the Twitchy Guy - he's pretty happy about the whole thing.

HONG

His soul is now burning forever at the Pit.

ANNIE

This is ridiculous! I demand to see the President!

Annie struggles but manages to get up from her tiny chair.

Hong looks at the clock on the wall. It reads: **9:30am.**

HONG

Better hurry. At midnight, your stay in Hell becomes permanent.

ANNIE

How do I get there?

HONG

Follow the **Yellow Slick Road**. It's a long and dangerous journey.

(smiles)

I recommend you go alone and trust everyone.

ANNIE

What happens when I get there?

HONG

If the President agrees a mistake has been made, you'll be sent back.

ANNIE

To ~~Heaven~~ BLEEP?

HONG

No. To Earth... to your old life. Like your death never happened.

Annie grins and rushes out.

HONG (CONT'D)

Good luck!

(beat, cheerfully)

She's totally screwed.

Hong pulls out a large trash bag from the desk drawer, then stuffs the empty skin suit into it.

HONG (CONT'D)

Okay, folks, we're done here. Make room for the next group of losers.

NOAH

Is there a bathroom I can use?

HONG

Down the hall. Ignore the large, hairy man on the toilet.

Noah exits in a hurry.

**INT. HELL ORIENTATION CENTER - BATHROOM**

Noah takes off his T-shirt, then scrubs his face and neck, washing off the cartoony penises.

TOILET BOB (O.S.)

Can I have that shirt if you're not using it?

Noah looks at Toilet Bob, who's smiling back at him while also picking his gross brown toenails with Annie's braces.

TOILET BOB (CONT'D)

We're all outta toilet paper.

NOAH

(under his breath)  
I don't even belong here.

TOILET BOB

That's what she said.

NOAH

Who?

TOILET BOB

The girl. Bad haircut. Attractive, if a little niche. Do you know her?

NOAH

Yeah. We're not exactly friends. She went to see the President. Thinks there's been a mistake.

TOILET BOB

She needs help.

NOAH

That's for sure.

TOILET BOB

No, dumbass, I mean someone to **physically** help her. She won't make it alone. It's Hell out there.

He considers, then tosses his shirt to Toilet Bob.

NOAH

Here you go.

Noah exits as Toilet Bob excitedly sniffs the shirt.

### INT. THRIFT STORE

Annie enters. The store is a disaster - clothes, books, toys, balls, and knickknacks all over the floor. It's mostly clothes from the 1970's.

She searches through piles of clothes. Picks up a men's T-shirt with an arrow pointing down that reads: *Cootch Patrol*.

ANNIE

This could take a while.

### MOMENTS LATER

Annie exits the dressing room wearing bell bottoms, leather boots, a Fleetwood Mac T-shirt, and a white knitted beret. She checks herself in a cracked mirror - *Not bad*.

NOAH (O.S.)

Cute.

Noah, leaning on the counter, still shirtless, smiles. His right nipple has been turned into the dot that an ink-drawn Pac-Man is about to eat.

ANNIE

Stalker much?

NOAH

I doubt stalking's a crime in Hell.

ANNIE

Go away.

NOAH

We both could use a friend.

ANNIE

Says the shirtless guy in Hell.

NOAH

I gave my shirt to the toilet guy.  
You don't want to know what he's  
doing with your braces.

He steps closer.

NOAH (CONT'D)

You'll need help on the road. I'm a  
good guy.

ANNIE

Every guy I've ever known has  
screwed me over - my awful dad...  
allegedly-gay Dave from dance camp  
who turned out to be **extremely** not  
gay... Ben the serial killer who  
murdered me - classy, my ass!  
(looks at NOAH dubiously)  
Good guy. I'm so sure.

NOAH

I'm not "every guy." I'm me. And I  
get it. My dad was awful, too.

ANNIE

Look, I know all about you, mister  
virgin. You're super religious,  
which I definitely do not need.

NOAH

I'm not religious anymore.

ANNIE

Then why are you still... whatever.  
Don't care.

NOAH

Can you help me find something not-  
ridiculous to wear?

ANNIE

I'm in a hurry.

NOAH

It'll only take a minute. Please?  
My nips are hanging out here.

She looks at him - pathetic. Takes pity.

ANNIE

Fine. Five minutes, then I'm gone.

**MOMENTS LATER**

Noah exits the dressing room, looking like an old rock star who doesn't realize he's not cool anymore - sunglasses, headband, beads, striped tight pants, flowery shirt mostly unbuttoned and showing his meager chest hair, platform shoes.

NOAH

How do I--

She laughs. Hard. This is the most amused she's ever been.

ANNIE

Oh yeah, that's the one! Hot!

Noah, embarrassed, goes back into the dressing room.

**MOMENTS LATER**

Noah exits the dressing room in blue jeans and a Chicago (the band, not the musical, not the city) T-shirt.

ANNIE

Boring, but totally you. See ya!

She walks toward the door.

NOAH

Let me come with you!

She stops, turns back to him.

ANNIE

You think they made a mistake with you, too?

NOAH

Yeah, totally... big mistake. Huge.

ANNIE

You don't sound so sure.

NOAH

Annie, you shouldn't be out there alone. Let's go see the President together.

She stares at him for a long beat. Softens.

ANNIE

Well...

A faint RATTLE. The door OPENS.

Annie grabs Noah and pulls him behind the counter.

ANNIE (CONT'D)

Shhh.

A PREPPY DUDE, 25, enters. All preppy, no brakes. Burgundy loafers, feathered light hair, green sweater tied around his neck, crisp white designer shirt, tan trousers.

He WHISTLES and heads to a knocked-over rack of sunglasses. His keys JINGLE as he reaches for a pair of Ray-Bans.

Annie peeks, sees his car key logo - CAMARO.

He puts on the sunglasses, checks himself out, nods.

PREPPY DUDE

Lookin' good, my man.

He walks toward the front door.

Annie looks at Noah, then at Preppy Dude. Makes a decision.

ANNIE

Wait!

She stands, smiles nervously, and waves.

ANNIE (CONT'D)

Hi. I'm Annie!

PREPPY DUDE

Well, well, aren't you a sexy little Cherry Pop-Tart?

ANNIE

You have a car, right?

PREPPY DUDE

I do indeed, and she's a beauty.

ANNIE

I need a ride.

PREPPY DUDE

Where to?

ANNIE

To see the President. I shouldn't be in Hell, and I only have until midnight to correct the mistake.

PREPPY DUDE

I shouldn't be here, either. All I did was drugs. A lot of drugs. And I may have done some drug dealing and some drug trafficking, and some human trafficking. Who's counting?

ANNIE

How long have you been here?

He checks his watch.

PREPPY DUDE

Twenty-six years.

ANNIE

You're a total disaster, but I'll still take that ride.

PREPPY DUDE

You got it, babe. Let's go.

ANNIE

Call me "babe" again and I'll rip off your skin suit and make your soul eat it.

PREPPY DUDE

Kinky. I like it.

NOAH (O.S.)

Wait!

Noah stands nervously.

NOAH (CONT'D)

Um, hi...

Preppy Dude grabs a baseball and throws it at Noah, who dives out of the way. The baseball SHATTERS the glass counter.

ANNIE

Hey! Stop! I know him. He's okay.

Noah gets back up.

NOAH

Annie, you can't trust this guy.

ANNIE

He has a car.

He steps closer, pleading.

NOAH  
I'll get us a car. Promise.

Preppy Dude opens the front door, looks at Annie.

PREPPY DUDE  
You coming or what? Only you. I  
don't do sausage parties.

He exits.

Annie offers a sad sort of smile to Noah.

ANNIE  
I'm sorry. I have to go.

She rushes out. Noah stands alone. He sighs.

NOAH  
I'm all alone. In Hell.

WAYNE (O.S.)  
Team Virgin!

NOAH  
Oh, no...

Wayne climbs inside through a broken window, SLIPS AND FALLS, lands hard on his head, then pops right up. He's clearly fallen on his head many times.

NOAH (CONT'D)  
Not now, Wayne.

WAYNE  
Are you sad cuz you love that girl  
and she left with that better-  
looking guy?

NOAH  
I don't **love** her. She's very mean,  
but she needs my help. And looks  
are purely subjective.

Noah hurries out.

WAYNE  
Hey! Wait up, best friend!

**EXT. STRIP MALL - CONTINUOUS**

Noah runs to the other side of the strip mall and sees--

Annie hopping into the passenger's side of a Camaro.

NOAH  
(shouting)  
ANNIE!!! STOP!!!

The Camaro pulls away, speeding over the YELLOW SLICK ROAD. Bright yellow cement. Always looks wet and slippery.

Noah gazes at the sky, then at the road, and starts walking. He's sweating. It's hot. Hell hot. Wayne rushes to his side.

NOAH (CONT'D)  
Stop following me.

WAYNE  
Okay, boss.

NOAH  
I'm not your boss.

WAYNE  
You're right. Best friends can't be bosses. Team Virgin rules!

NOAH  
I need a car. Why are there no cars passing by?

WAYNE  
Because in Hell everyone needs a ride.

Noah spots a nearby BUS STOP and runs to it. Wayne runs alongside him.

A few SAD-LOOKING OLDER PEOPLE wait patiently for the bus. No bus arrival time is given, only blinks "Delayed."

Noah looks at the clock. It's **10:55am**. He approaches a SWEATY MAN wearing trash bags as clothes.

NOAH  
Excuse me. How long have you been waiting for the bus?

The Sweaty Man checks his watch.

SWEATY MAN  
Since 1999. Must be on a holiday schedule.

Wayne tugs on Noah's shirt.

WAYNE

The bus never comes. You just wait  
and wait and wait.

NOAH

That does sound like Hell.

WAYNE

I can get us a ride, boss.

NOAH

Really?

WAYNE

Team Virgin powers activate!

Wayne runs away. And for Wayne, "runs" means he propels himself forward while wobbling from side-to-side, somehow not falling over with each uncoordinated step.

Noah hesitates, then reluctantly follows. His options are fairly limited, so the weird kid it is.

**INT. HELL ORIENTATION CENTER - MEETING ROOM**

We scan the new batch of arrivals...

A CONSTRUCTION WORKER with his hands stapled to his face. A GRANDMOTHER in a revealing nightgown, crooked wig, and smeared lipstick. A BRAZILIAN WOMAN missing the top of her bikini and using plastic cups as a makeshift top. And--

Ben and Lisa.

They sit next to each other.

Ben's dressed like a purple pirate. Lisa's wearing a Hooter's uniform with a high school graduation sash over it. She looks around, then CRIES. Ben scoots closer and pats her back.

BEN

Don't cry, pretty lady.

LISA

Are we really in Hell?

BEN

Yes, so sad. I'm Ben.

LISA

You're dressed like a pirate.

BEN

Becky Jones. She asked me to a school dance, said I'd look cute in a pirate costume. She lied. When I showed up, everyone laughed at me. How about you?

She looks herself over.

LISA

Oh, this? I worked at Hooters in high school, and had a shift right after graduation, so I wore this to the ceremony. Most of the dads weren't looking at their kids. They were staring at my chest. A gang of angry moms attacked me behind the bleachers like I was some husband-stealing version of Freddy Krueger.

He offers a warm, mildly creepy smile.

BEN

You seem too nice to be in Hell.

LISA

My husband got shot, and it's all my fault. I've been a bad girl.

BEN

And I've been a bad boy. Maybe we could help each other...?

LISA

I'd like that. I'm Lisa.

Lisa looks through the window and sees--

NOAH walking with Wayne past the strip mall.

LISA (CONT'D)

Noah... NOAH! That's my husband!

She runs to the window, tries to open it, but it won't budge.

LISA (CONT'D)

NOAH!!!

Hong enters.

HONG

Hey, you! Tits. Have a seat.

LISA  
But that's my husband out there!

HONG  
Do you want to burn forever in the  
Pit?

LISA  
I don't think so.

HONG  
Then sit, and you and your boobs  
keep quiet.

Lisa sits. Ben whispers in her ear:

BEN  
I'll help you find him.

LISA  
Thank you, you're very kind.

BEN  
(grins)  
And classy.

**EXT. YELLOW SLICK ROAD**

The Camaro SPEEDS along the empty road, slipping and sliding a bit, surrounded on either side by the swampiest swamp land.

**INT. CAMARO (MOVING)**

Preppy Dude drives, barely paying attention to the road. Annie looks for a seatbelt that doesn't exist.

PREPPY DUDE  
No seatbelts in Hell. We're free-  
balling!

ANNIE  
That's not what free-balling means.

He pops open a beer. Chugs it. Tosses the can out the window. Then lights a joint and inhales deeply. He winks at Annie.

PREPPY DUDE  
Hell is so rockin'.

ANNIE  
Can you still get drunk and high?

PREPPY DUDE

You can get zonked to bejeesus.

ANNIE

And crash and die and get our souls  
sent to the Pit to burn forever.

He takes another hit. He's already wasted, fully unbothered.

PREPPY DUDE

Enjoy the ride, babe. It's not  
about the destination, it's about  
the journey.

ANNIE

No! The journey sucks!

PREPPY DUDE

You're tense. You need a massage.

He lets go of the wheel, rubs her back. She shoves him away.

ANNIE

Stop it! Be careful!

PREPPY DUDE

Careful is my middle na...  
AHHHHHHSSHHHHHITTTTT!

THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD, Annie sees a husky OLD WOMAN using a  
walker in the middle of the road. She's frozen as the car  
HITS her. She SMASHES against the windshield, BOUNCES OFF,  
and goes flying. The Camaro SCREECHES to a stop.

ANNIE

You hit an old lady! We have to  
help her!

PREPPY DUDE

You shouldn't do that. Big mistake.

She exits.

**EXT. YELLOW SLICK ROAD**

Annie runs to the Old Woman's side.

ANNIE

Oh, my God BLEEP! Are you okay?

The Old Woman is conscious, her wig crooked.

OLD WOMAN

Deary, so sweet of you to help me.

Annie notices something odd - the Old Woman's face looks like it's cracking, and football shoulder pads peek out from her large flowery dress.

ANNIE

Something's wrong with your face.

OLD WOMAN

I wear lots of makeup. Have to look my best for...

ANNIE

Stay still. I'll get help.

OLD WOMAN

**Satan!**

The Old Woman rips off a DISGUISE - wig with a hidden helmet beneath it, mask, dress, revealing not just shoulder pads, but padding everywhere. She's actually...

OFFICER CHANEL, 38, fabulous and glittering in a tight dark red police uniform, short shorts, and big black boots. She points a huge gun at Annie.

OFFICER CHANEL

Freeze, do-gooder!

ANNIE

I was only trying to help you!

OFFICER CHANEL

You're under arrest. Hands behind your back. One count of Kindness, one count of Gee Oh Dee Utterance.

ANNIE

This isn't fair.

OFFICER CHANEL

Fair? That's cute. Maybe I'll put you over my knee and teach you a few lessons, girlie.

ANNIE

What kind of cop are you?

Officer Chanel cuffs Annie.

OFFICER CHANEL

I'm the best Hell has to offer -  
not great at my job, but I sure  
look good doing it!

Preppy Dude approaches Officer Chanel, who turns quickly and  
points her gun at him.

OFFICER CHANEL (CONT'D)

Freeze!

PREPPY DUDE

Wait! I barely know this lady,  
officer, I swear. She seemed like a  
huge bitch when I met her.

ANNIE

Hey!

PREPPY DUDE

But it was all an act. She's  
actually... ugh... nice.

Annie is taken aback.

ANNIE

I am?

Officer Chanel sizes him up, lowers the gun.

OFFICER CHANEL

Gotta be careful who you pick up.  
All kinds of shady characters  
getting into Hell since the new  
President took over.

PREPPY DUDE

Want a beer?

OFFICER CHANEL

You better believe I do!

He hands her a beer. She chugs.

ANNIE

You set up traps to catch people  
being **kind**?

OFFICER CHANEL

Works every time.

ANNIE

I want to go home.

OFFICER CHANEL  
Your new home is a jail cell.

PREPPY DUDE  
I'll bet you need a massage after  
getting hit by my car.

OFFICER CHANEL  
A massage sounds nice. Can we stick  
her in your trunk for a while?

PREPPY DUDE  
Great idea.

He pops the trunk.

ANNIE  
You are both terrible people!

OFFICER CHANEL  
And you talk too much.

Officer Chanel shoves Annie in the trunk, slams it closed.

**INT. CAMARO - TRUNK**

The car ROCKS. MOANING is heard.

Annie bites her lip.

ANNIE  
You will not cry. You will not cry.

**INT. QUENTIN'S OFFICE - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)**

Annie has her head down on Quentin's desk.

ANNIE  
(softly, to herself)  
You will not cry. You will not cry.

Quentin, in a suit and tie, stands by the window, looking out  
at his stellar view of the San Francisco Bay.

The walls are covered with many portraits of Quentin. On his  
desk, a framed photo of ANNIE DANCING IN A SHOW that looks  
suspiciously like *A Chorus Line*, and several pics of ANNIE AT  
DIFFERENT AGES at dance class - tired, sore, sweaty, happy.

QUENTIN  
Well, I had a good run.

Her head shoots up in anger.

ANNIE

A good run? You resigned in shame  
after ripping off millions from  
cancer charities.

He turns to her, smiles faintly.

QUENTIN

In fairness to me, I have dozens of  
girlfriends who need expensive  
clothes and cosmetic surgery to  
keep looking hot. That money has to  
come from somewhere.

ANNIE

How many times did you cheat on Mom  
when she was alive?

QUENTIN

**All** of the times. Your mother was a  
sweet, wholly unsexy person. Call  
me crazy, but I like sexy.

She wipes her damp eyes, rage bubbling over, then stands.

ANNIE

You're going to Hell.

QUENTIN

You don't believe in that Heaven  
and Hell nonsense, do you?

ANNIE

I don't know. Maybe.

QUENTIN

Are you worried for me or...  
yourself?

He walks to her, kisses her forehead. She pushes him away.

ANNIE

Don't.

QUENTIN

Annie, will you dance for your old  
man one last time?

ANNIE

Eww, no! I don't even want to look  
at you.

QUENTIN

So be it. Unfortunately, I'll have to spend the rest of my life in prison, and I simply can't have that. I'm going to take off now and let you clean up my mess.

ANNIE

What do you mean by take...

He suddenly runs to the window and--

QUENTIN

"I am a Golden God!"

JUMPS AND CRASHES THROUGH IT. GLASS LOUDLY SHATTERS. Quentin is gone. His HOWL echoes for a beat. Then, silence.

ANNIE

...Off?

**EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - HELL (BACK TO PRESENT)**

Noah follows Wayne onto a cul-de-sac. The houses look exactly alike - nice and normal, which is weird for, you know, Hell.

An ICE CREAM TRUCK sits in the middle of the road.

NOAH

Are we still in Hell? This looks like the suburbs.

WAYNE

Yup, it's the suh-burps all right, but there's a dark under-smelly.

NOAH

Underbelly?

Wayne lifts his shirt.

WAYNE

My bellybutton is an innie. I can stick my thumb all the way in!

He sticks his thumb all the way in.

Noah looks curiously at Wayne.

WAYNE (CONT'D)

What's up, boss? I got a booger hanging from my nose?

He does have a booger hanging from his nose.

NOAH

I mean, yes, but... why are you in Hell? Aren't children innocent?

WAYNE

Kids can be bad.

NOAH

Sure, kid-bad, not go-to-Hell bad.

Wayne immediately CRIES. He's red-faced and SOBBING and trembling. Noah gives him a half-hearted hug.

NOAH (CONT'D)

Hey, it's gonna be okay.

WAYNE

Is it really?

Noah's face silently says - *Probably not.*

Wayne cries harder. Snot bubbles explode like tiny balloons.

WAYNE (CONT'D)

I hated my parents cuz they called me fat and stupid and locked me in my room with my pee-pee pants for days and then they died because I turned on the gas from the oven by accident and then I choked on a ham sandwich and died cuz I'm not good without adult supervision.

NOAH

Are your parents in one of these nice houses?

Wayne points.

WAYNE

That one. But they never let me in. Or play with me. Or feed me.

NOAH

Come on, kid.

Noah marches up the driveway to Noah's house. Wayne follows.

WAYNE

What're you gonna do, boss?

NOAH  
Give your parents a good talking-  
to, that's what.

Noah KNOCKS.

NOAH (CONT'D)  
(shouting)  
Hello? Anyone home?

After a beat, FOOTSTEPS are heard.

WAYNE'S DAD (O.S.)  
(through the door)  
What do you want?

WAYNE  
Hi, Daddy! It's me, lil' Wayne!

WAYNE'S DAD (O.S.)  
Go away!

Noah POUNDS on the door.

The door opens slightly. WAYNE'S DAD, 40, peeks out. He's a nervous, damp little man. WAYNE'S MOM, 35, stands behind him. She's a sturdy woman with painted-on eyebrows.

NOAH  
You need to let Wayne inside.

WAYNE'S MOM  
Shoo! Go away!

NOAH  
He's your kid.

WAYNE'S DAD  
He **murdered** me and my wife.

NOAH  
Wayne said it was an accident.

WAYNE'S MOM  
He turned on the gas and went to  
sleep outside. Then he ate  
sandwiches while sitting on our  
dead bodies. We thought we'd  
finally have peace and quiet...

WAYNE'S DAD  
Then this idiot choked and died and  
now he's tormenting us here, too.

NOAH

Look, it doesn't matter now. You're in Hell. He's in Hell. You were bad parents. Let bygones be bygones.

WAYNE

Remember we went fishing and you hooked my face and almost ripped it off, Dad? I still loved you.

NOAH

Wayne's a good kid. Whatever he did, I'm sure he's sorry.

WAYNE

Double extra sorries!

WAYNE'S DAD

We never want to see him again.

NOAH

Just be a good dad to him, please?  
(pleading, emotional)  
Be the one good dad in Hell... be the one good dad **anywhere**.

Wayne's Dad SLAMS the door in Noah's face.

WAYNE

It's all my fault. I'm so dumb.

NOAH

Listen, I hated my dad, too. I had bad thoughts and... I understand. But you're just a kid. It's okay to let yourself off the hook.

WAYNE

My dad hanged me on hooks a lot.

NOAH

Not that kind of hook.

Noah again KNOCKS on the door. Harder.

NOAH (CONT'D)

Don't be jerks! Open the d--

A CLICKING SOUND, then... BANG! A BULLET FLIES THROUGH THE DOOR, just missing Wayne but GRAZING NOAH'S SHOULDER. Noah CRIES OUT, stumbles and falls.

NOAH (CONT'D)

Why are people always shooting at me? ~~Jesus~~ BLEEP!

WAYNE

You have a very shootable face.

He grabs Wayne and pulls him away from the house.

NOAH

Shut up and come on!

WAYNE

Get in the ice cream truck! It's my house!

Noah runs to the truck.

WAYNE (CONT'D)

The ice cream guy got arrested for giving out free samples, so finders keepers, losers burn forever!

Wayne pulls the sticky ice cream truck key from pocket and hands it to Noah. They hop into the truck. Noah STARTS it.

**EXT. YELLOW SLICK ROAD**

The ice cream truck moves slowly along. "Greensleeves" PLAYS.

**INT. ICE CREAM TRUCK (MOVING)**

Noah drives, his shoulder bloody. Wayne's seated next to him on the floor, eating a messy chocolate ice cream cone and SINGING:

WAYNE

*"The daddies on the bus go, 'Wayne you're so dumb, you're so dumb, we hate you,' all through the town..."*

The awful singing makes Noah wince. Wayne mercifully stops singing.

WAYNE (CONT'D)

Hey, did you know when alligators sleep half of their brain stays awake? And they keep one eye open? They're always ready to eat you even if you think they're asleep!

NOAH

That's absolutely terrifying, but  
let's stop talking and focus on  
finding Annie, okay?

Wayne tries to stay quiet, but it's physically impossible for  
him. He squirms and grunts and suddenly blurts out:

WAYNE

Alligators really like me! They  
always eat the person next to me.  
Maybe they think I'm not delicious,  
but they're wrong cuz I tasted  
myself once and--

The SOUND OF SIRENS cuts Wayne off. Behind them - a POLICE  
CAR flashes its lights.

NOAH

Wayne, how are the cops in Hell?

WAYNE

Great! One time they let me ride  
**under** a police car!

**EXT. YELLOW SLICK ROAD**

The ice cream truck pulls over to the side of the road. The  
police car stops behind it. Noah rolls down the window.

TWO POLICE OFFICERS, looking like porno movie cops, approach  
the driver's side and peek inside.

NOAH

What's the trouble, officers?

POLICE OFFICER #1

You got a kid in your ice cream  
truck. Do you have bad intentions?

NOAH

What? No! The poor kid's been  
abandoned. I'm trying to help him.

The Officers look at each other, visibly disgusted.

POLICE OFFICER #2

That's too bad. You're under arrest  
for Felony Kindness.

POLICE OFFICER #1

Out of the vehicle now, shit-face!

NOAH

I was kidding! I don't even know this kid. I was about to throw him off a bridge, swear to ~~God~~ BLEEP!

POLICE OFFICER #1

The "G" word, really? Now you're asking for it!

The Officers grab Noah and VIOLENTLY PULL HIM OUT of the truck like he's a rag doll. He hits the ground hard. Wayne hurries to his side.

WAYNE

I'll never leave you, boss!

The Officers cuff Noah, not gently, then glare at Wayne.

POLICE OFFICER #1

Get lost, kid.

WAYNE

Welp, gotta go!

Wayne runs away.

NOAH

Can I call a law--

A FIST connects with Noah's face. Then another. And another. It becomes hard to tell where face ends and fists begin.

NOAH (CONT'D)

This isn't really happening...

**INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)**

Noah (now 19, looks pretty much the same but with a different, worse haircut, and some pimples) sits by the bed, holding the hand of MARY REYNOLDS, 56. She's emaciated and hooked-up to various machines. On her last legs.

NOAH

This isn't really happening.

MARY

I'm afraid it is. Life goes by fast, but a better place awaits.

NOAH

What am I gonna do without you?

MARY

You **know** what would make me proud.

NOAH

I'll do it, Mom. I'll become a football coach, better than Dad ever was.

MARY

And you'll forget about that silly idea of being an artist? Artists are degenerates who go to Hell. Andy Warhol. You know where he is? Hell! Vincent van Gogh? Hell! Banksy? Hell!

NOAH

Banksy is still alive... but strangely could also be in Hell.

(beat)

Okay, no more art.

MARY

Good boy. Just one other teensy little thing... come closer.

He leans closer, squeezes her small hand.

NOAH

Anything.

MARY

No sex until you're married.

He coughs, gets instantly sweaty and flushed.

NOAH

Say what now?

MARY

Save yourself for your lovely wife.

NOAH

But Mom, I've already gotten hand stuff from Barbie Bennett and--

MARY

(loud and clear and scary)  
PROMISE ME!!!

He nearly falls off his chair.

NOAH

Okay, okay!

MARY

If you have sex before marriage,  
God will curse you to Hell!  
(beat, smiles sweetly)  
You'll do this for me, right? I'll  
be looking down on you from Heaven.

NOAH

Um... yeah. No sex before marriage.  
I promise, Mom.

Mary goes still and FLATLINES. With a smile.

NOAH (CONT'D)

Mom! NO!!!

She's gone. He shakes her.

NOAH (CONT'D)

Come back! We haven't defined "sex"  
yet! MOM!!!

**INT. HOSPITAL - HALLWAY - NIGHT**

Noah stands by his mother's room, a mess of tears. A series of BEAUTIFUL NURSES hug him, one after another, pressing many ample bosoms against him.

NOAH

I'll marry any one of you right  
now.

The Nurses smile sweetly and walk away.

NOAH (CONT'D)

(regretfully)  
What did I just do?

**INT. JAIL CELL (BACK TO PRESENT)**

Noah slowly opens his eyes and sees--

ANNIE smiling at him. Angelic. A vision. Like she's glowing.

(She's just extra sweaty.)

NOAH

Is this a dream?

ANNIE

Sorry loser, still Hell.

Noah's on the cement floor. He sits up and rubs his head, looks around. He has many bumps and bruises, a black eye.

ANNIE (CONT'D)

Prison Hell. Welcome to the party.

Two stained mattresses on the floor. A clogged toilet. A leaky sink missing its handles. A few nightmare-inducing bugs that could only exist in Florida or Hell.

She sits next to him.

ANNIE (CONT'D)

What are you in for?

NOAH

I was in an ice cream truck with some kid.

ANNIE

That never ends well.

NOAH

What happened to Preppy Dude?

ANNIE

I should've stayed with you.

NOAH

How much time until midnight?

She looks up to a clock that reads: **5:01pm**. Officer Chanel is at her desk, reading *The Duke and I* by Julia Quinn.

ANNIE

About seven hours.

NOAH

We'll get you to the President.

ANNIE

How? The criminal justice system in Hell is severely lacking, in case you haven't noticed.

OFFICER CHANEL

Shut up! I'm trying to read this sexy-ass book and all your yappin' makes me have to pee.

Officer Chanel stands and walks to the bathroom.

OFFICER CHANEL (CONT'D)

No funny business while I'm gone.

She disappears into the bathroom.

Annie leans against Noah's wounded shoulder. He cries out.

ANNIE  
Your shoulder!

NOAH  
Someone shot me. Again.

Annie rips off a T-shirt sleeve, licks the cloth, then wipes dried blood from Noah's shoulder.

ANNIE  
Only a scratch. You're fine. Also,  
you're already dead so this seems  
like the least of your worries.

Noah glances at the now-bloody spit cloth.

NOAH  
Is that sanitary?

ANNIE  
Of course. Nothing's cleaner than  
my spit. It's all good bacteria,  
and little bits of old food.

He smiles as she tosses the cloth onto a mattress.

NOAH  
Thank you.

ANNIE  
Don't mention it. For a guy, you're  
not, like, totally awful.

They stare into each other's eyes for a charged beat, then she suddenly stands and paces.

ANNIE (CONT'D)  
Wait! We're doing this all wrong.  
We're in Hell. We gotta start  
acting like it. We gotta be bad!

NOAH  
I don't know how. I'm too nice.

ANNIE  
Do you trust me?

NOAH  
Yes, I trust everyone.

ANNIE  
Stop doing that!  
(beat)  
But still trust me.

**MOMENTS LATER**

A FLUSHING SOUND. The bathroom door opens. Officer Chanel exits, wiping her hands on her shirt.

A LICK-SMACKING SOUND.

Officer Chanel turns and sees--

NOAH AND ANNIE KISSING as they roll around on the floor.

OFFICER CHANEL  
Hey! No! Don't do that...

She rushes to the cell, unlocks it, enters.

OFFICER CHANEL (CONT'D)  
...Without me!

She drops her belt, keys, cuffs, and gun. Tears off her clothes down to her underwear, then--

OFFICER CHANEL (CONT'D)  
I got something special for you,  
and it's barely contagious!

JUMPS on them. Bodies entwined, they roll over, then...  
CLICK. Annie cuffs Officer Chanel's hands behind her back.  
Noah grabs the keys. They hurry out of the cell. He SLAMS the cell door closed and locks it.

OFFICER CHANEL (CONT'D)  
Aww no, not again.

ANNIE  
Sorry, we're on a tight schedule.

Officer Chanel stands up, more amused than upset.

OFFICER CHANEL  
You tricky, sexy bastards.

NOAH  
I hope you won't get in trouble.

OFFICER CHANEL  
Nah, you're my fourth escape this week. I'm the worst cop ever.

Annie grabs the book and tosses it to Officer Chanel.

ANNIE

So you won't be bored.

OFFICER CHANEL

That's sweet of you, sugar.

NOAH

Where's my ice cream truck parked?

OFFICER CHANEL

You can take my patrol car.

NOAH

Really?

OFFICER CHANEL

Sure thing. We shitty Hell Cops have a reputation to uphold. You make an adorable couple, BTW.

NOAH

Us? No, we... we're not a couple.

ANNIE

We're not even friends.

OFFICER CHANEL

I could sauce my biscuit with the sexual tension oozing off you two.

**EXT. YELLOW SLICK ROAD**

The police car passes a sign that reads: *Ecstasy City - Home of the President! And Hell's Best Coffee! 200 miles -->*

Near the sign is a billboard showing Satan at Beelzebeans, handing out coffee to young people who look like zombies, with the caption: *Coffee So Good, You Literally Died For It!*

**INT. POLICE CAR (MOVING)**

Noah drives as Annie watches the swamp land end and a never-ending series of strip malls come into view. We see a store sign that reads: *Sal's Cheap Skin Suit & Shoe Repair.*

ANNIE

My dad loved Florida. Hell would be just his kind of place. He dragged me and Mom there every summer, then ignored us the entire time.

(MORE)

ANNIE (CONT'D)

(beat, eyes widen)

Oh, ~~God~~ BLEEP. My father's dead! He must be here in Hell, right?

NOAH

(raises hand)

Dead Father Club member here. Maybe our shitty dads are at the Pit--

ANNIE

Burning forever. A girl can dream. I want to toast marshmallows off their burning souls.

He laughs.

NOAH

You're so much better at being bad than I am. I just... it's hard.

ANNIE

You don't have to be bad all the time, just at the **right** time.

Up ahead, Noah spots an open restaurant - GUT STUFFERS.

NOAH

Hungry?

ANNIE

This sexy dead girl is famished.

**EXT. GUT STUFFERS**

Noah and Annie exit, holding greasy bags of take-out food. They walk to the police car, which is parked near the front, a few spots from a HEARSE, and climb inside.

PAN TO THE SIDE OF THE RESTAURANT where we see a woman bent over, MOANING. A man approaches her from behind. Gets closer. Like he's about to choke her. Then we see his face...

It's Ben. The woman is Lisa.

The police car speeds past. Ben looks at the car and sees... ANNIE DRIVING. He grins wickedly.

Lisa stands upright, turns to him.

LISA

False alarm. It's not the food. I'm sick about what I did to Noah... stuff he doesn't even know about.

BEN

Don't be hard on yourself. He'll forgive you, but we should get back on the road. I think I saw an old friend pass by, and I'd like to catch up and get... reacquainted.

LISA

You're so sweet. You haven't even made a move on me. Can I flash you my boobs or something?

BEN

No. I get my kicks in other ways.

They walk to the hearse, get inside, and soon speed off in the same direction as the police car.

**INT. POLICE CAR (MOVING)**

Annie's driving. Noah's in the passenger's seat. Fast food wrappers cover the floor. The clock reads: **6:12pm.**

Noah turns on the radio. Ear-wormy YACHT ROCK PLAYS. Noah SINGS. What he lacks in singing talent, he makes up for by also not remembering the words.

NOAH

*"Sailing... takes me away... to where I always have a place to pee..."*

ANNIE

Stop singing before I murder you. And I'm totally allowed to do it.

NOAH

So, um... we haven't talked about the kissing.

ANNIE

You and Officer Chanel make a fire couple. I approve.

NOAH

No, **us**. Our kissing.

ANNIE

Get over yourself. You're married.

He looks at his hand, where his wedding ring used to be.

NOAH

I only married Lisa so I could lose my virginity. How pathetic is that?

ANNIE

Right. Religious person.

Noah shakes his head.

NOAH

Mom was the religious one, but I made her a promise - no sex until marriage.

ANNIE

Does mouth and hand stuff count?

NOAH

Unclear.

Beat. He grins faintly. A nice memory.

NOAH (CONT'D)

I used to draw, you know. Even had my own indie comic for a while. Thought I'd be the next Daniel Clowes. I had **hundreds** of fans.

ANNIE

Wow. Hundreds. Please don't tell me you stopped drawing because your mother wanted you to do something else.

NOAH

I wish I could.

(beat)

Now I coach football at a small high school. I don't even like football. Or balls in general. Or feet.

She SLAMS the breaks. SCREECH! No seatbelts - they're both thrown around and shaken hard as the car slides on the Yellow Slick Road, SPINS around, and finally jerks to stop.

NOAH (CONT'D)

Hey! A little warning next time!

ANNIE

I'm not taking you to see the President unless you promise me you'll live your life for **you!**

Beat. He can't look her in the eye.

ANNIE (CONT'D)

You do want to go home, don't you?

NOAH

Yes... of course. I totally don't deserve to be in Hell. No, not me.

(beat)

What about you? When you get home, give a guy a chance for once, okay? I want you to be happy.

ANNIE

(grins)

Just some random guy, huh? No particular guy?

NOAH

Annie, this is hard to say, but--

She suddenly hits the BREAKS. Noah jerks forward.

ANNIE

Sweet mother of ~~God~~ BLEEP.

**EXT. YELLOW SLICK ROAD - CONTINUOUS**

In front of them, we see a dozen GOLF CARTS driven by SENIOR CITIZENS, moving *so damn slowly*, with even more carts pulling out from a retirement home called *The Villages of Hell*.

Annie rolls down the window and shouts:

ANNIE

Are you all having medical emergencies at the same time? Move it, people!

The Seniors keep moving slowly, smiling, like they're under some weird enchantment spell. Or maybe they're just really old and don't give a shit about Annie and her busy schedule.

**INT. POLICE CAR - CONTINUOUS**

Annie HONKS. Noah assesses the situation.

NOAH

We can't stay behind them for long.

Annie considers. Smiles deviously.

She HITS the gas.

**EXT. YELLOW SLICK ROAD - CONTINUOUS**

The police car jerks forward and BUMPS a golf cart. The cart slides, spins, bumps another cart, causing a CHAIN REACTION. Golf carts swerve off the road, leaving an opening to pass.

Annie leans out the window and gives the Seniors the finger.

(Not her finest moment.)

She doesn't notice the HEARSE speed past.

**INT. POLICE CAR (MOVING) - CONTINUOUS**

Annie laughs, celebrating her small victory.

ANNIE  
Suck it, oldsters!

She turns to Noah, who doesn't share her excitement.

ANNIE (CONT'D)  
Dude, what's wrong? And don't lie  
or I will donkey punch your dick.

NOAH  
That's physically impossible,  
but... I don't think I'm getting--

A loud POP. Then a steady GRINDING SOUND as the car swerves to the right. Annie loses control, then regains it.

ANNIE  
No no no, not now!

NOAH  
(points)  
Pull in up there.

**EXT. PARKING LOT**

The police car pulls into the dirt parking lot of a--

**Traveling Carnival.** Something Wicked Amusements. Rigged Games. Greasy funnel cake. Unsafe rides. Fun house. Fortune teller. Tunnel of love. Sickly animals. A sea of tents. Annoying, repetitive MUSIC. Every employee looks like the definition of "Florida Man."

The police car parks in the lot. Noah and Annie exit the car and see a nail in their FLAT FRONT TIRE. He pops the trunk, pulls out a spare, keeps looking, then suddenly stops.

ANNIE

What?

NOAH

There's no jack.

They turn and gaze at the carnival, fully taking in its trashy grandeur.

NOAH (CONT'D)

Somebody's gotta have a jack.

As Noah and Annie walk to the ticket booth, we PAN AROUND the lot and see the hearse pull in and park. So, yeah, not good.

**EXT. CARNIVAL - TICKET BOOTH**

Annie and Noah reach the booth. A DENTALLY-CHALLENGED DUDE, 30 or 50, hard to tell, greets them with a horrific grin.

DENTALLY-CHALLENGED DUDE

What can I do for y'all?

NOAH

Our car has a flat, and we need a jack to change it.

ANNIE

How much money would that cost?

DENTALLY-CHALLENGED DUDE

Money's no good here.

NOAH

Is everything free?

DENTALLY-CHALLENGED DUDE

(snorts a laugh)

Ain't nothin' free. Always a cost, my bro. You pay in **pain**. And I drink your pain. Your pain is my milkshake. I drink your milkshake. SLUUURRRRPPP!!!

ANNIE

Maybe you should make his pain your dentist...?

The Dentally-Challenged Dude glares at Annie.

ANNIE (CONT'D)

Or keep doing what you're doing.  
It's clearly working for you.

DENTALLY-CHALLENGED DUDE

I can change your tire, but it's  
gonna hurt **real bad**.

ANNIE

No problem. My friend here will  
cover the bill.

NOAH

Sure, I can handle a little pain.

CUT TO:

NOAH SCREAMING IN BLOODCURDLING AGONY from inside the...

**INT. BRANDING TENT**

Noah's shirtless, on his knees, getting BRANDED on his upper back with a large "H" from a red-hot poker, held by the excited Dentally-Challenged Dude. Flushed and sweaty and panting, Noah looks up at Annie. She gives him the thumbs-up.

ANNIE

You're doing great!

Dentally-Challenged Dude drops the poker, smiles gruesomely.

DENTALLY-CHALLENGED DUDE

Gimme about 30 minutes on that tire  
change. Meantime, please enjoy our  
many unsafe rides.

**EXT. CARNIVAL**

Annie and Noah exit the tent. He gingerly puts his shirt back on. She looks around and grins.

NOAH

I'm glad my pain amuses you.

ANNIE

We're at a carnival. In **Hell**. And  
you desperately need some fun. Last  
one to the Ferris wheel is a rotten  
skin suit!

She runs away. He chases.

BEGIN CARNIVAL MONTAGE:

-- Annie and Noah ride the Ferris wheel, which is going way too fast. Noah holds on for dear life, while Annie has her hands in the air, gleefully enjoying the ride.

ANNIE (CONT'D)  
Relax, it's totally safe!

A SCREAMING MAN slips through the security bar and FALLS OFF the ride.

ANNIE (CONT'D)  
Maybe not "totally" safe.

-- Annie and Noah stand by the zoo, where it's basically all sick-looking white GOATS. A single BLACK GOAT with red eyes stares at them. Like it wants to fully murder and eat them. They slowly back away from the zoo, then run.

-- At the STRONGMAN GAME, Noah tries to lift the mallet, but it's too heavy. He can't do it. Annie laughs at him.

-- A vendor hands Noah and Annie funnel cake. Noah takes a bite. Makes a weird face. Swallows. She looks at hers. It's covered in maggots. She drops the funnel cake and STOMPS it.

ANNIE (CONT'D)  
Do not eat the food!

-- A PUNK ROCK BAND with a female lead singer plays loudly for a small rowdy CROWD. The band looks and sounds like **X-Ray Spex**, and the singer is the spitting-image of **Poly Styrene** (if you know, you know).

Annie dances by the stage. She moves with precision and grace, yet also with complete freedom and wild energetic joy. Noah watches her, mesmerized. His eyes give it all away.

-- In the FREAK TENT, Annie and Noah watch a prim and proper COUPLE, both 40's, seated on a stage, enjoy tea and biscuits at a table covered with a fancy tablecloth and flowers. An ANGRY CROWD BOOS them and PELTS THEM WITH ROCKS.

ANGRY CROWD  
FREAKS!!!

Annie and Noah quickly exit, then run to the Tunnel of Love.

END CARNIVAL MONTAGE.

**INT. CARNIVAL - TUNNEL OF LOVE**

Annie and Noah ride in a shaky car, traversing jerkily through a PITCH BLACK tunnel. Nothing to see, but--

PLENTY TO HEAR. Namely, the steady, intense MOANING of unseen people having sex. Occasionally, we get a glimpse of a bare leg, a finger, a tongue, an armpit.

Annie and Noah sit side-by-side in the small car. She bites her lip, a little turned on. Noah seems embarrassed.

NOAH

We should go check on the car.

Annie touches his thigh. Squeezes. Moves her hand up his leg. Bears a naughty grin.

ANNIE

This is the perfect time to road test our skin suits.

(beat, licks his ear)

Is your penis doing anything? Do you **have** a penis?

NOAH

I do, and it's... not uninterested, but I can't. We have no future together, because I'll be stuck in Hell forever.

She pulls away, frustrated.

ANNIE

Are you kidding me?

NOAH

I'm serious. My dad... he hurt my mom, really hurt her and--

ANNIE

Wait, let me guess: Your mom - lover of ~~God~~ BLEEP, football, and her baby boy, Noah - stuck with your abusive dad, and you hated him. You prayed every night for that douche nozzle to die. Then he died, and you blamed yourself.

NOAH

You're good. But that's not all. Dad died exactly the way I wished - getting hit by a bus. My heart was wicked. I **deserve** to be in Hell.

ANNIE

He was probably drunk and stumbled  
in front of that bus.

NOAH

He might've been a little drunk.

ANNIE

Ha!

NOAH

Something else you should know... I  
knew who you were, not at first on  
the beach, but later at the thrift  
store. I remembered seeing a video  
about your dad's death - it had a  
clip of you dancing.

ANNIE

Why didn't you tell me?

NOAH

I never want to make you feel bad.

This melts her heart, in the good way, not the bad "all your  
internal organs liquifying in Hell" way.

The ride car nears the exit, a hint of light in the distance.

ANNIE

Why come with me to see the  
President if you're so sure you're  
staying in Hell?

NOAH

I like you, and I want to make sure  
you get home safely. If I can help  
you, at least I've done one good  
thing in my life... or afterlife.

ANNIE

That's sweet... but holy shit are  
you an idiot! We're both getting  
home. Screw your dad. I hope he  
suffered. But you... you are **good**.

NOAH

You really think so?

**EXT. CARNIVAL - CONTINUOUS**

Annie and Noah's car exits the Tunnel of Love.

ANNIE

I know so. You're the sweetest guy  
I've ever met. And I've met Tom  
Hanks.

Annie and Noah move closer, about to kiss...

ANNIE (CONT'D)

(breathlessly)

Let's do this ride again right now,  
while I sit on your--

...Until Noah looks up, gasps, and pulls away.

NOAH

Lisa!

He hops out of the car.

ANNIE

Noah?

Noah sees her.

Lisa. Looking fantastic. Holding a maggoty funnel cake. She  
sees Noah. Runs to him.

LISA

Noah!

NOAH

Lisa... don't eat that!

Noah knocks the funnel cake out of her hand, then hugs her.

Annie watches them for a beat, then stands and walks away.  
*Just another disappointing man.* She bumps into someone--

ANNIE

Excuse you.

BEN. Wearing a nice suit. Classy. He grins menacingly.

BEN

Hello, Annie. Guess I'm getting  
that second date after all.

His FIST speeds toward her face. CRACK!

TO BLACK.

BEN (PRE-LAP) (CONT'D)

I should really thank you.

**INT. TENT**

Annie's eyes slowly open. Confusion. Blurriness. Then clarity. She's sitting up, tied to a wooden pole in the middle of the tent. Black eye swelling by the second.

Ben looks through a medical bag. A heap of someone's SKIN SUIT rests in the corner, rubbery skin covered in tattoos.

ANNIE

How are you even here?

BEN

You don't remember, do you?

**INT. APARTMENT - DINING ROOM - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)**

Annie. On the ground. Dying. Poisoned. Struggling to breath. Ben kneels over her. Pleased. Her fingers grip the knife, then she STABS him in the neck.

Ben collapses on top of her, but she's already gone.

**INT. TENT - HELL (BACK TO PRESENT)**

Annie brightens.

ANNIE

I killed you! I win! You lose, **loser!** If I could move my hands, I'd make a big "L" with my fingers and it would be hilarious!

BEN

But did I lose? I'm a serial killer in Hell, and you... you're my pet. I'm going to torture you forever.

ANNIE

Sounds fun, but I'm on a tight schedule. Maybe a spanking on my bare bottom and we'll call it even?

He turns away, grabs something from the bag, then turns back. He's holding an ancient torture device - like something heavy and metal you might charge a car battery with.

BEN

Let's start with the Tongue-Tearer, then see where the day takes us.

ANNIE

You must've had a terrible father.

BEN

He was sweet, actually. Single dad with a heart of gold. But nurture is nature's bitch.

He uses a blowtorch to heat the metal.

ANNIE

How did you know I'd be at the carnival?

BEN

Did you think that nail in your tire was accidental?

He slowly moves toward her, grinning nightmarishly.

**EXT. CARNIVAL**

Lisa and Noah walk, hand in hand, smiling at each other, into a section of small tents where the workers sleep.

NOAH

What happened after I died?

LISA

Bobby barricaded us inside the hotel room. There was a shootout and Bobby was like, "You won't take me alive, coppers!" He used me as a human shield - total dick move. Next thing I know, I'm in Hell at Orientation. I met a classy guy, Ben, and here we are.

Noah stops walking, looks into her eyes.

NOAH

Sex work isn't anything to be ashamed of. You're a good person. You should be in ~~Heaven~~ BLEEP.

LISA

(nervously)

Well, actually, I was in a Satanic Cult once. And I did have sex slaves I tortured and doused with pig's blood. It was a whole big messy thing. So me being in Hell probably has more to do with that.

NOAH  
 Maybe you could've told me all that  
 before we got married?

LISA  
 Doesn't matter... I want you now!

She grabs Noah, KISSES him, pulls him into a tent.

**INT. SLEEPING TENT - CONTINUOUS**

Lisa throws Noah to the ground, on top of a dirty sleeping bag, and straddles him.

LISA  
 I'm gonna screw you stupid!

The tent is mostly bare, only the sleeping bag, some weight-lifting equipment, and a few Ryan Gosling posters.

LISA (CONT'D)  
 Let's live our best lives in Hell!  
 The coffee here is amazeballs!

NOAH  
 I'm not sure about--

Lisa kisses him again and undoes his pants.

LISA  
 We'll make love and worship Satan.

She tries to lift off his shirt.

NOAH  
 No! This isn't right!

He eases her off his lap.

LISA  
 But you're my husband.

NOAH  
 Lisa, I wish you well, but we're  
 different people. I want a loving,  
 non-Satan-worshipping relationship.

He stands, zips his pants.

NOAH (CONT'D)  
 Also, there's someone else. Annie.

LISA  
Is she pretty?

NOAH  
Yes.

LISA  
Is she racist?

NOAH  
What? No! Why would she be racist?

LISA  
It would make my Satanic Cult thing seem less bad.

NOAH  
Annie is smart and funny, and she gave me hope when I had none.

LISA  
Is she nice?

He considers. It could go either way.

NOAH  
I mean... nice-*ish*. We're going to see the President to get her... **our** lives back. We have to get there by midnight or we're stuck in Hell.

She stands. Softly touches his face.

LISA  
I wish I was different. I wish I was someone you could love. When I was a kid, no one liked me. I was shy, full of acne, and so damn lonely. Sex became my way of getting people to like me. And they did like me, for a few minutes.  
(beat)  
But you showed me life could be different... better.

NOAH  
You have so much to offer someone.

She grins shakily.

LISA  
Just not you?

NOAH  
No, not me. Maybe that classy  
guy...

He trails off for a beat.

NOAH (CONT'D)  
Wait. What was his name again?

LISA  
Ben. Why?

His eyes widen with realization.

NOAH  
Oh, shit!

He races off.

**EXT. CARNIVAL**

Noah runs across the grounds.

NOAH  
(shouting)  
Annie!

A WOMAN SCREAMING in the distance. Noah focuses, listens,  
turns, then races toward the sound. He runs to a small tent.

Another SCREAM from inside.

NOAH (CONT'D)  
I'm coming, Annie!

He rushes inside.

**INT. BONDAGE TENT - CONTINUOUS**

A MUSCULAR WOMAN, built like an Olympic Shot Putter, in a  
bikini and on a BED OF NAILS, SCREAMS with pleasure as four  
MEN IN DIAPERS, all wearing black rubber hoods and ball gags,  
whack her with fly swatters.

NOAH  
Um... wrong tent.

MUSCULAR WOMAN  
You sure? We have extra diapers.

He races out of the tent.

**EXT. CARNIVAL**

Noah runs past the DUNK TANK. Something catches his eye. He stops. Turns slowly. Inside the glass dunk tank he sees--

ANNIE. Underwater. Hands and legs tied. Blood spilling from her mouth as she silently screams.

A few PEOPLE stand nearby gawking, including Ben.

Noah looks around, panicked. Spots the strongman game. Grabs the mallet. Drags it across the grass back to the dunk tank.

He can barely move it. But Noah finds a strength he didn't previously have. A strength that only comes when someone you love needs help. Moms lifting trucks to save babies strength.

Noah raises the mallet and SMASHES the dunk tank glass. Annie SPILLS OUT and hits the ground hard. Noah rushes to her side. She COUGHS and spits up water. He quickly unties her.

NOAH

You're okay! I got you!

BEN

Step away from her. She's mine!

Noah hugs Annie tight. She's crying now. Can't speak.

Ben pulls a gun from his pocket and points it at Noah.

BEN (CONT'D)

Any last words?

NOAH

(beat, sees something BEN  
does not, grins)

Have fun burning forever, asshole.

BEN

What?

CRACK! The mallet SMASHES against Ben's head. His skin suit collapses into a rubber-ish heap.

LISA

Drops the mallet and looks urgently at Noah.

LISA

You're running out of time! Go!

NOAH

Thank you.

Noah and Lisa exchange sweet smiles, then he helps Annie up and puts his arm around her. They hurry toward the exit.

**EXT. YELLOW SLICK ROAD**

The police car speeds along the road, dodging an unusually large amount of abandoned vehicles.

They pass a sign that reads: *Ecstasy City - Home of the President! And Hell's Best Coffee! 50 miles -->*

**INT. POLICE CAR (MOVING)**

The clock reads: **10:26PM.**

Annie's in the passenger's seat in a T-shirt, pink sweatpants, and red Crocs. A bloody towel pressed against her mouth. Hair wet and frizzy. Black eye. Not her best look.

Noah drives, swerving past abandoned cars.

The speedometer reads: **85 MPH.**

NOAH

We're gonna make it, I promise.

She moves the towel from her mouth. Sticks out her tongue (still there, whew!) and looks into the mirror - her tongue is cut and bleeding. She's missing a tooth.

ANNIE

~~Jesus~~ BLEEP! I'm a mess.

He offers a comforting smile.

NOAH

You're fine. We have matching black eyes now, and I'm actually super into toothless girls. My first girlfriend was missing like four teeth, and I didn't mind at all.

(beat)

We were 9, but still...

ANNIE

Shut up.

She grins, then laughs, then grimaces. Hurts to laugh.

ANNIE (CONT'D)

You came back for me. No one's ever come back for me.

NOAH

We've got a journey to finish.  
Together. No more pit stops. No  
more serial killers. No more ex-  
wives. We're gonna make it.

ANNIE

**Ex**-wife?

NOAH

Lisa and I are going in different  
directions. Hers is more Satan-y.

ANNIE

Which direction are you going?

NOAH

Your direction seems pretty nice.

They stare at each other. Lips part. Then--

The police car SPUTTERS, slows, and stops.

ANNIE

What's happening?

NOAH

Um... not sure.

He glances at the fuel gauge. Except there isn't one.

NOAH (CONT'D)

I think we're out of gas. Maybe we  
should've noticed earlier there's  
no fuel gauge...?

ANNIE

I didn't see a gas station  
anywhere.

NOAH

All those abandoned cars - people  
who didn't make it to the  
President.

She smacks the dashboard.

ANNIE

It's on purpose! The President  
doesn't want anyone getting out of  
Hell. I'll bet no one ever makes it  
to the Black Tower.

NOAH  
(brightens)  
Don't worry. I have a plan!

SMASH CUT TO:

**EXT. YELLOW SLICK ROAD**

Annie and Noah on the side of the road. Thumbs sticking up. Hitchhiking. No cars coming. Just two hot and sweaty people.

NOAH  
Maybe hike up those sweatpants and  
show a little leg?

She is not pleased. At all.

ANNIE  
This is your big plan? Hitchhiking?

NOAH  
Everyone hitchhikes here. Probably.

ANNIE  
(softly)  
We were so damn close.

Her face tenses. Something on her mind.

ANNIE (CONT'D)  
Did you kiss her?

NOAH  
Lisa? She was my wife. I was  
excited to see her.

ANNIE  
Answer the question, Noah.

NOAH  
She kissed me, but I stopped it  
almost right away.

ANNIE  
Almost. Got it.

NOAH  
Don't be like this.

ANNIE  
We're not going to make it! It's  
over. How should I be? Tell me!

NOAH

Well, what about **me**? I did everything right! Stayed a virgin, was kind to people, loved my mom, and look at me now! DAMN IT!!!

Noah completely loses his shit. SCREAMS in frustration, KICKS an abandoned car and hurts himself. Tears stream down his face as he hops around in pain, just as--

A SOUND in the distance. Soft, growing louder. The SOUND of "Greensleeves" from the ice cream truck as it approaches.

WAYNE

Leans out of the truck and waves.

WAYNE

Go Team Virgin!

Noah and Annie are stunned.

ANNIE

Shit on a shingle...

The ice cream truck swerves as Wayne leans half his body out the window. Then the truck SIDESWIPES a station wagon and--

Wayne is THROWN from the truck. He HITS the ground hard, bounces, rolls over, and stops at Noah's feet.

NOAH

Are you okay?

WAYNE

Never better! But also... ouch.

Wayne hugs Noah's leg.

WAYNE (CONT'D)

I missed you, boss!  
(turns to ANNIE)  
Are you Team Virgin, too?

ANNIE

Sorry, no. I trusted the wrong guy when I was way too young.

WAYNE

You can be an honorary virgin!

ANNIE

(beat, smiles sweetly)  
Thanks, kid.

NOAH  
Can you drive us to Ecstasy City?

WAYNE  
Maybe you should drive cuz of how I  
don't really know how to drive.

**EXT. YELLOW SLICK ROAD**

The ice cream truck speeds along.

**INT. ICE CREAM TRUCK (MOVING)**

Noah drives, focused.

Annie and Wayne sit on the floor, holding on as best they can, getting knocked around a bit. (Ice cream trucks weren't built with passenger safety in mind.)

NOAH  
How did you find us?

WAYNE  
I went to the police station to  
bust you out but the booby cop lady  
told me you already busted her nuts  
so I got my ice cream truck cuz I  
knew you guys would need my help!

ANNIE  
Where'd you get the gas?

WAYNE  
I sucked it outta some police cars.  
I think I swallowed too much gas...

Wayne GAGS violently, like he's trying to cough-up a hairball. It's not pretty, but it passes.

ANNIE  
You did all that by yourself?

WAYNE  
No, my new friend helped! He kept  
the police distracted while I got  
the gas in the truck. He's in the  
back resting.

Annie and Noah look at each other, then slowly turn and see--

A fucking ALLIGATOR! Sleeping (or whatever weird shit alligators do) next to puddles of melted ice cream.

Annie SCREAMS. Noah loses control of the truck, almost crashes, recovers.

ANNIE

~~Jesus Christ~~ BLEEP BLEEP, Wayne!

WAYNE

Don't worry, he's real sleepy. He ate a **lot** of cops.

Noah looks straight ahead. His eyes widen.

NOAH

I think we're here...

ANNIE

Oh, thank ~~God~~ BLEEP!

**EXT. ECSTASY CITY GATE**

The truck slows then stops as it comes to the end of the road and nears a closed and locked security gate.

The gate surrounds A CITY. Ecstasy City. Gray and depressing.

In the middle of the city - the BLACK TOWER. A metal and glass shadow. Taller than the other buildings.

**INT. ICE CREAM TRUCK**

The clock reads: **11:25pm.**

Noah smiles warmly at Annie. Wayne excitedly CLAPS.

NOAH

Told you we'd make it in time.

ANNIE

Don't count our chickens just yet.

WAYNE

I had a pet chicken named Weenis. We played kickball with him, then ate him. He was my best and most delicious friend.

Annie hops out of the truck. Noah and Wayne follow.

**EXT. ECSTASY CITY GATE**

A SECURITY GUARD, 42, dark mustache and goatee, longish black hair, intense, dreamy eyes, looks very familiar, rushes from his office after spotting Annie, Noah, and Wayne.

SECURITY GUARD

STOP!!!

He pulls out his gun and holds it shakily in his hands.

SECURITY GUARD (CONT'D)

I will shoot all your faces!

Annie, Noah, and Wayne raise their hands.

ANNIE

We're here to see the President!

SECURITY GUARD

On the ground and **shut your mouths!**

They drop to the ground.

SECURITY GUARD (CONT'D)

(moves his lips weirdly)

Mouths... mouthses... mouts... does that sound weird to anyone else?

NOAH

We don't belong here. We're trying to get home.

WAYNE

I can't go home cuz one time I poisoned my parents and they're still salty about it and--

SECURITY GUARD

Shut your mouth, kid, or I will shoot it off your face!

Wayne starts to CRY. Snot bubbles from his nose like clam chowder starting to boil.

NOAH

Really, man? He's a kid.

SECURITY GUARD

You think I won't shoot a face off a kid? There's a new sheriff in town, and his name is... my name!

The Security Guard KICKS Noah's leg.

NOAH

Hey! What was that for?

The Security Guard bends down and gets in Noah's face, finger pointing and spitting out his words.

SECURITY GUARD

I don't like your face! You look like Channing Tatum if Channing Tatum was younger and even more adorable! How do you like that?

NOAH

I... I don't hate it.

SECURITY GUARD

You better hate it, Magic Mike, or we're gonna have a serious problem!

NOAH

Okay okay, I hate it!

SECURITY GUARD

I should shoot your face into your brain, then pull your face through the back of your skull-hole!

The Security Guard's anger now seems a bit forced, and odd.

NOAH

You look so familiar....  
(sudden realization)  
Yes! I know you! You're Adam Driver! From the *Star Wars*!

The Security Guard looks suddenly uncomfortable.

SECURITY GUARD

No, you're wrong! I'm, um...

He looks at his name tag.

SECURITY GUARD (CONT'D)

Grimsby! Security Guard Grimsby!  
And seriously - **the** *Star Wars*? You don't say **the** *Star Wars*. It's just *Star Wars*! I should shoot off your face for that! Then sew your face back on and shoot it off again.

NOAH

Stop saying you're gonna shoot people in the face!

SECURITY GUARD  
 (muttering, pacing)  
 Damn, he's right. It's getting  
 repetitive. Dumb, Adam. Ugh!

ANNIE  
 You just called yourself Adam!

SECURITY GUARD  
 Did not!

ANNIE  
 Grimsby my sweet ass. You're Adam  
 Driver. You died last year. Just  
 because Tom Cruise hangs from  
 planes didn't mean you should too.

SECURITY GUARD  
 Maybe this handsome Adam Driver  
 person - who I'm definitely **not** -  
 needed to up his game!

ANNIE  
 You can't even hold a gun right.

SECURITY GUARD  
 What?

He looks at the gun, fumbles with it, drops it, accidentally  
 kicks it, and it GOES off, the bullet *barely* missing Noah's  
 head. Everyone SCREAMS, including the Security Guard.

NOAH  
~~Jesus, Mary and Joseph~~ BLEEP, BLEEP  
 and BLEEP!

SECURITY GUARD  
 Sorry, wasn't sure it was real.

ANNIE  
 Because you're an **actor**.

SECURITY GUARD  
 Actor? That's utterly ludicrous.  
 Security guarding is my life.

NOAH  
 "Utterly ludicrous"?

ANNIE  
 "Security guarding," really?

WAYNE

Can you pretend to be my daddy who loves me?

Wayne grins hopefully, snot running down his face.

SECURITY GUARD

You are freaking me out, kid.

ANNIE

Can we get up now?

SECURITY GUARD

Fine. Whatever. You've already given me a migraine.

They stand.

ANNIE

Me and my boy... uh, my **friend** need to see the President. Time's running out!

NOAH

You'd be the hero if you let us through, not the villain. You could be Luke Skywalker.

SECURITY GUARD

Better than Luke Skywalker.

NOAH

So much better.

The Security Guard considers. Buys Noah's bullshit.

SECURITY GUARD

Okay, go. Because I'm... Grimsby, security guard hero! This is an exciting new direction for my character. I gotta call Hitch.

NOAH

Hitch? You mean Alfred Hitchcock?

SECURITY GUARD

All the best directors are here. Satan's a true cinophile. Movies give him his best ideas.

NOAH

Why are you even here, Adam?

SECURITY GUARD

It's not so bad. I'm working on some great projects with cool people. I'm about to start *Megalopolis 2* - Satan loved the first one.

He takes out his keys, unlocks the gate, then pulls it open.

ANNIE

And as a token of our gratitude, you can have this kid as a gift!

Annie shoves Wayne toward the Security Guard.

WAYNE

You have a really big face, mister.

SECURITY GUARD

Get this nightmare child away from me before I change my mind.

ANNIE

Worth a shot.

SECURITY GUARD

Leave the truck behind, for security reasons. Can't let you drive that into the city. I still have a pretend job to do.

NOAH

Of course. Excellent security guarding. Bye!

Noah tosses the Security Guard the key, then runs through the gate with Annie and Wayne. The Security Guard waves goodbye.

SECURITY GUARD

Live an artful life! And update my IMDb!

The Security Guard walks to the back of the truck.

SECURITY GUARD (CONT'D)

Let's see what we have here...

He opens the doors. Beat.

SECURITY GUARD (CONT'D)

...aaaaaand that's an alligator.

He's PULLED into the truck and SCREAMS.

CUT TO:

**EXT. BLACK TOWER**

Annie, Noah, and Wayne rush inside.

**INT. BLACK TOWER - RECEPTION AREA**

Seated at the reception desk is STELLA, 70's, flowery dress, slippers, orange wig, name-tag, enormous glasses. She's knitting an ugly sweater.

Annie, Noah, and Wayne run to the desk.

The clock reads: **11:41pm.**

ANNIE

We need to see the President!

Stella stays focused on her knitting.

STELLA

Not happening. It's nearly midnight. That's when the President has his "special" time.

ANNIE

My life depends on it. Please?

Stella is unmoved.

NOAH

We only need a minute of his time.

STELLA

No can do, virgin.

NOAH

How do you know I'm a virgin?

STELLA

I can smell it. Like sour milk.

Noah sniffs himself, then looks at a massive framed POSTER behind the desk featuring--

SATAN. He's standing by the Pit, sipping coffee as a SOUL in agony burns next to him. The caption reads: *Every Day In Hell Is The Worst Day Of Your Life, Why Not Have Good Coffee?*

Wayne steps forward, hands crossed, begging.

WAYNE

You just gotta help my friends,  
miss old lady! No one else in Hell  
cares about me, but they care.

Stella looks up at Wayne and sees... an angel from Heaven.

STELLA

Wait one gosh darn minute! Who's  
this adorable little blob of  
vanilla pudding?

WAYNE

I'm Wayne Wallace Weiner.

ANNIE

(stifles a laugh)

Oh my ~~God~~ BLEEP. How did we not  
know that sooner?

NOAH

We really need your help, Stella.

ANNIE

And Wayne needs **you**. He's actually  
a pretty terrific kid, but he can't  
come with us.

Noah looks at Annie, grins as her sweetness peeks through.

WAYNE

Please help them. And don't worry  
about me. I'll be okay. Even though  
I'm a loser and nobody loves me.

Stella considers, softening.

STELLA

Your parents don't want you?

WAYNE

Nope. They're still mad about how I  
killed them and all.

STELLA

I know how you feel. I had a bit of  
a black widow situation with all my  
husbands. I poisoned every last one  
of 'em. Sons'a bitches.

WAYNE

Will you be my new Momma?

She shakes her head.

STELLA

Sorry, I can't. I'd get into big trouble for kindness. But how would you like a vocation?

WAYNE

Boy, would I! Where should we go?

STELLA

No, a **job**. You can watch the front desk whenever I need to nap. You can sleep in the basement. I'll get you some pajamas.

WAYNE

Wow, pajamas!

STELLA

Welcome to the team.

She stands and grabs Wayne, squeezes him so hard it's a wonder he doesn't burst like a human-sized pimple.

STELLA (CONT'D)

Okay you two, go on up.

Noah and Annie wave goodbye to Wayne as they rush into the elevator. Wayne gives them a wink.

**INT. BLACK TOWER - ELEVATOR**

The top button reads: "Presidential Suite - 66th Floor." She presses it. The doors close. The elevator rises.

NOAH

I'm sorry for kissing Lisa.

ANNIE

Forget it. I wasn't really mad at you. It was just... everything.

NOAH

I'd rather kiss you. On a permanent basis.

ANNIE

Good sir, are you trying to rizz me up right now?

NOAH

Lady, I'm rizzing all over you.

ANNIE

First off, eww. And second... I wouldn't even know how to be your girlfriend.

(beat, melancholy)

I hate that my dad made me so untrusting of men. I even tried dating a woman once, but instead of sex all we did was drink mojitos and binge *Grey's Anatomy*.

NOAH

Maybe having bad fathers made us stronger, more resilient, made us want to be better for our kids.

ANNIE

**Our** kids?

NOAH

I mean whatever kids we have separately... or together.

She stares into his kind eyes. Sees something that makes her happy. *Him*. Every part of him. She touches his cheek.

DING! The elevator doors opens and we see the...

**INT. BLACK TOWER - PENTHOUSE - CONTINUOUS**

A massive, gorgeous space. Black and white furniture. Fire red carpet. Abstract art. A few take-out coffee cups from Beelzebeans atop a large desk. A big window gives a full view of Ecstasy City. Seen in the middle of the city is--

**THE PIT.**

A lake of fire, with SOULS IN AGONY BURNING above it.

Annie and Noah enter, look around in awe.

NOAH

Whoa.

An odd, steady SLAPPING SOUND comes from the bathroom.

She looks at the desk, sees something we don't. Gasps.

ANNIE

No no no no please ~~God~~ BLEEP no...

Noah takes notice of a picture on the wall - ANNIE on stage waving to the crowd after a dance performance.

NOAH

Um, why is there a picture of you?

We now see what Annie sees. A placard for **President Bell**.

The slapping sound stops. After a beat, the bathroom door opens and out comes PRESIDENT... oh, wait, no, it's a--

GOAT WOMAN. Goat's head. Human body. Wearing a tight black dress and heels. She's startled by Noah and Annie.

GOAT WOMAN

BAHHH!!!

She runs to the door and exits. Then--

QUENTIN exits the bathroom, wearing only a small bathrobe and tube socks. He sees Annie. Doesn't seem surprised.

QUENTIN

Annie, nice to see you!

ANNIE

You're the President of Hell?

QUENTIN

Crazy, right? Hell has elections, and I'm great at elections. I'm a tremendous liar, and that sort of thing really plays here.

ANNIE

Unbelievable.

QUENTIN

And my baby girl has come to join me. No one ever makes it here, but you made it. I had faith in you.

ANNIE

Why tell people to come here at Orientation if most won't make it?

QUENTIN

This is Hell, baby. Screwing with people is kind of our thing.

He sits on the couch and manspreads, pleased with himself.

QUENTIN (CONT'D)

You look terrible.

ANNIE

And your balls are on the floor.

He crosses his legs.

QUENTIN  
Sorry, extra pull in Hell. Makes  
your balls feel like an anchor.

Noah looks at his own crotch.

QUENTIN (CONT'D)  
Hello, Noah.

NOAH  
You know who I am?

QUENTIN  
Of course. I appreciate you looking  
after my daughter. You can go now.

NOAH  
I'm staying. I'm Annie's boyfriend.  
I lifted the big mallet for her.  
(beat, embarrassed)  
I mean, not **my** mallet.... **a** mallet.

QUENTIN  
Annie, you've never introduced me  
to a boyfriend before.

ANNIE  
Never had one before. Men suck.

QUENTIN  
Wrong! Men rock! We're so hairy and  
toxic, I love it.

She quietly fumes.

QUENTIN (CONT'D)  
Well, we're all here now, so let's  
party! Noah, do you like cocaine  
and anthropomorphic women?

NOAH  
I don't think so.

QUENTIN  
Bummer.

Quentin gets up, grabs a cup of coffee, and hands it to Noah.

QUENTIN (CONT'D)  
Try it. Go on.

Noah sips. He brightens.

NOAH

That's the best coffee I've ever had. And still hot.

QUENTIN

In Hell, the coffee's always hot.

ANNIE

Dad, why am I here?

QUENTIN

Because I picked you. See, ~~Heaven~~ BLEEP and Hell, we have a draft. They get a pick, then we get a pick. It's split fifty-fifty.

NOAH

Isn't Hell only for evil people?

Quentin laughs so hard his skin suit almost falls off.

QUENTIN

Funny, but no. Hell is for losers, liars, cheaters, quitters, killers, and people who like to party.

NOAH

So why am I here?

QUENTIN

You wasted your talent and lived an unfulfilled life. You're a loser.

NOAH

(beat)

What about... my dad?

QUENTIN

Not here. You know where he was right before getting hit by that bus? At church in Confession. All his sins forgiven, went straight to ~~Heaven~~ BLEEP. How about them apples?

Noah laughs bitterly. Like he should've known. *Fucking Dad.*

ANNIE

Can I actually get my life back?

QUENTIN

Sure. Click your heels together and say, "There's no place like home, there's no place like home--"

Furious, she takes off her shoes and THROWS them at him. He ducks. The Crocs hit the floor.

QUENTIN (CONT'D)

Someone doesn't appreciate a good  
*Wizard of Oz* reference.

Quentin goes to the window, looks out at his 66th-floor view.

He motions for Annie to come closer. She considers, takes a heavy breath, then walks to him.

QUENTIN (CONT'D)

Sorry I wasn't a better dad. I  
tried. But it was so damn **boring**.  
Go home to your frumpy wife and do  
what? Sit there? Who does that?

ANNIE

Let me go! I... I'm a good person!

His eyes tighten. He gives Annie a look - *Are you serious?*

QUENTIN

Is that what you've been telling  
your boyfriend here? Honey, we both  
know you're...  
(sings)  
"Not that innocent!"

ANNIE

I don't know what you're talking  
about.

QUENTIN

Oh, but you do. Your exclusive  
private schools. Dance training -  
the best teachers in the world.  
Designer clothes. World traveling.  
I spent millions on you. And you  
knew where the money came from.

ANNIE

I... I didn't know for sure.

QUENTIN

Come on. You heard me talking about  
stealing money. You confronted me  
when you were 18. I lied, of  
course, but you **knew** I was lying.

ANNIE

I was confused.

QUENTIN

Whatever helps you sleep at night.

Ashamed, she looks at Noah.

ANNIE

I'm sorry.

He looks away from her, disappointed.

QUENTIN

You can get your life back. There is a way. We don't advertise it but... see the Pit down there? Jump in and make a wish.

ANNIE

You're trying to trick me.

QUENTIN

It's true. Close your eyes, make a wish to live again, and jump in. You fall through the ocean of fire and right back into your old body.

Quentin puts his arm around Annie.

QUENTIN (CONT'D)

But you're staying. I'm going to be a good dad now. Isn't that great?

He looks up at the clock. It reads: **11:53pm.**

QUENTIN (CONT'D)

At midnight, the computer rolls are updated and your stay here becomes permanent.

She angrily pushes him away.

ANNIE

We're leaving, and if you get in our way, I'll kill you!

QUENTIN

No, you won't. You're just like me.

ANNIE

I'm **nothing** like you. I'd give it all away for someone who loved me.

QUENTIN

You're just talking crazy now.

NOAH

You'll let us leave or... or I'll  
do something not nice to you!

QUENTIN

You? You're too nice.

Quentin turns to back Annie.

QUENTIN (CONT'D)

I asked you to dance for me once  
but you refused. You don't get to  
refuse me anymore... dance for me.

ANNIE

Are you joking?

QUENTIN

DANCE FOR ME!!!

(He's not joking.)

She takes a deep breath, then nods.

ANNIE

If that's what you really want.

She stretches, then DANCES. Beautifully. Twirling and  
twisting and jumping and flipping across the room. She's  
really putting on a show. Quentin is mesmerized.

QUENTIN

That's my girl.

Annie stops, out of breath, and looks at Noah.

ANNIE

Now is the **right** time, Noah.

Noah nods. He knows what to do.

NOAH

(to QUENTIN)

Sometimes you just gotta be bad.

QUENTIN

What are you babbling about?

Noah THROWS HIS COFFEE in Quentin's face. He SCREAMS, blinded  
for a moment.

Annie runs at Quentin, jumps and... KICKS him in the head  
with great force. Sending him into the glass, which SHATTERS.

QUENTIN (CONT'D)

NOOO!!!

Quentin flies from the penthouse. He FALLS. He SCREAMS.

Annie rushes to the window, looks down. We hear a loud THUD.

ANNIE

I... I only meant to knock him out.

NOAH

We have to go! Come on!

They race to the elevator and get in. The doors close. After a beat, the penthouse door swings open and--

SATAN

Cheerfully enters, holding two large coffees.

SATAN

Hey, I'm back! Satan's special brew here! Sorry I forgot the goat lady milk last time.

(beat)

Prez?

Satan looks around. Sees Annie's Crocs and Noah's spilled coffee. He hurries to the broken window and looks down.

SATAN (CONT'D)

Yikes. Sucks to be you.

He sits at the President's desk, puts his feet up, sips coffee, then makes a call.

SATAN (CONT'D)

(into phone)

Stella, the President's been murdered! Whoever did this is gonna be in Hell-a trouble.

(beat)

**Hell**-a trouble? See what I did there?

WAYNE (V.O.)

(from phone)

Ooh, can I be President?

SATAN

Who the hell is this?

WAYNE (V.O.)

Are we best friends now?

**EXT. THE PIT**

A CLOCKTOWER above the Pit shows the current time:  
**11:59:48... 11:59:49... 11:59:50...**

Noah and Annie run to the edge of the Pit, stop, and look at each other. She smiles shakily, eyes glistening.

ANNIE

Still going in my direction?

NOAH

I don't know... I'm sorry.

They close their eyes and jump into the Pit as the CLOCK STRIKES MIDNIGHT.

Her tears melt away.

DARKNESS. SCREAMS OF MISERY AND PAIN AND HOPELESSNESS.

Then... SILENCE.

Then... BIRDS CHIRPING.

Then... SUNLIGHT shining inside...

**INT. BEN'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

The fake fireplace CRACKLES.

Annie's eyes slowly open. She sees--

BEN! Dead. On top of her. She pushes him off. He rolls onto his back. A knife is buried deep in his neck. His shirt covered in blood. Annie is also covered in blood.

ANNIE

Eww eww eww!

Then it hits her.

ANNIE (CONT'D)

I'm alive. I'M ALIVE!!!

Annie checks her face in the mirror. Looks good. Has all her teeth. She grabs her phone from the table and kisses it.

ANNIE (CONT'D)

I've missed you so much.

She calls 911.

ANNIE (CONT'D)

(beat, into phone)

You know the serial killer who's been terrorizing the city? I took him out. You're welcome. Quick question: Any chance me saving the city from a serial killer might help me with any pending legal trouble I might have?

**INT. HOSPITAL - NOAH'S ROOM - NIGHT**

Noah opens his eyes. He's in bed, in a hospital gown, but very much alive. A YOUNG NURSE smiles and touches his hand.

YOUNG NURSE

You're lucky, Noah. The bullet passed through your chest and somehow missed all your vital organs. But your wife...

NOAH

(solemnly)

Yeah, I know. I'd like to be left alone.

YOUNG NURSE

Of course. This must be devastating and painful and raw for you.

NOAH

Yes, all of the things.

She exits. Noah gets up and dances around the room. Then BLOOD seeps through his gown from his chest. He looks down.

NOAH (CONT'D)

Oh, right. Bullet wound.

He passes out.

**INT. ANNIE'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

The door opens and Annie enters. She's wearing a leotard, baggy sweatshirt, leggings, sneakers, and a U.C. Berkeley baseball cap. She looks tired. Long day.

She drops her garment bag, kicks off her shoes.



**INT. ANNIE'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - DAY**

Annie WAKES. Sweaty and out of breath. She looks around.

*JUST ANOTHER BAD DREAM.*

ANNIE

Um... God?

No bleep. She breathes a sigh of relief.

DING DONG. The doorbell.

Annie hops out of bed, throws on a pair of jeans and a T-shirt, then races from the room.

**INT. ANNIE'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY**

Annie opens the front door.

NOAH

Smiles nervously.

NOAH

Hi.

ANNIE

Hey.

NOAH

I drew this for you.

He hands her a piece of paper - a PENCIL DRAWING of Annie. Slightly Danial Clowes-ish but still showing Noah's own weird-but-cute style. She beams.

ANNIE

Thank you. I wasn't sure I'd ever see you again. It's been a week.

NOAH

I needed to think.

ANNIE

(grins)

Why start now?

NOAH

Whatever you did in the past, it's just that - the past. The Annie I know is wonderful.

ANNIE

No. I'm not wonderful. Maybe someday. I did stop taking my father's dirty money a long time ago, once my dance career took off. Just so you know.

NOAH

You don't have to explain. I shouldn't have reacted that way.

ANNIE

Wanna come in?

NOAH

More than anything.

**MOMENTS LATER**

Annie and Noah are seated on the couch, some space between them. It's a bit awkward.

ANNIE

Can I make you some coffee?

NOAH

No, thanks. After that delicious Hell coffee, everything else sucks in comparison.

He looks her over.

NOAH (CONT'D)

You look amazing.

ANNIE

Having all my teeth makes my outfits really pop.

NOAH

Are you doing okay? We were in Hell. We experienced the Afterlife. We know the answers to life's **big** questions. You killed your father.

ANNIE

To be fair, my dad was already dead and literally worse than Satan.

They laugh.

NOAH

We're going to need a lot of therapy.

ANNIE

So much.

He's suddenly nervous.

NOAH

Honestly, I don't really care about the big questions anymore. It's the **small** questions that matter.

(beat)

Annie, will you be my girlfriend?

Annie bites her lip, considers, then shakes her head.

ANNIE

I'm sorry, no. I can't date a virgin. I'm almost 30. That would be ridiculous.

He's devastated.

NOAH

Oh. Okay. I understand.

She gets up. Walks to the bedroom. Opens the door. Starts to go in but stops. Looks back at Noah.

ANNIE

Are you coming or what?

NOAH

What's happening?

ANNIE

We're having sex. Actually, we're having sex twice. Because the first time will obviously suck.

NOAH

I'm so confused.

ANNIE

Once you're not a virgin anymore, I'll be your girlfriend.

NOAH

What's the catch?

ANNIE  
(beat, grins)  
I'm the catch, dummy.

He runs to her, smiles wide, and takes her hands in his.

NOAH  
Yes, you are.

He kisses her. She pulls him into the bedroom. The door closes. We linger on the door until we hear faint MOANING.

Then we PAN across the room to the front door.

KNOCK! KNOCK! KNOCK!

WAYNE (O.S.)  
(through door)  
Hey, guys! It's me! Satan said you  
could have me! Isn't that great?

**FADE OUT.**