

SATAN GOES TO WORK

by

Andrew Bean

creative@boolean-union.com
www.boolean-union.com

FADE IN:

INT. ADMINISTRATIVE OFFICES OF HELL, NINTH FLOOR

Camera pushes in towards the ELEVATOR DOOR, located at the far end of the room. It is a normal looking place of business in most respects, full of cubicles and corner offices. A wall clock reads "9:05". As we reach the door, we hear a <DING> as the elevator reaches the NINTH FLOOR. The door opens and SATAN emerges, clutching a BRIEFCASE. He is clearly too large to fit easily into the elevator, and it is all he can do not to fall out onto the floor. SATAN looks around to see if anyone was watching.

SATAN (under breath)

Friggin' elevator.

(loudly)

Someone parked in my reserved parking space by the entrance again! I had to park my Lamborghini Diablo in J lot- it took me five minutes to walk all the way here! This is unacceptable! I wrote down your license number! When I find out who it is, I'll have security take away your parking permit! They won't even let you on the lot!

SATAN stalks off towards his office.

CUT TO:

INT. BREAKROOM

SATAN is fiddling with the COFFEE MAKER. It seems to be giving him some trouble. His MUG, on the counter, says "Number 1 Dad". Clock on wall reads 9:15.

SATAN (peevd)

I swear I'm the only person contributing to the office coffee fund- I know I'm not the only one here who drinks coffee, because no one ever cleans up after themselves. You know, your mother doesn't work here! When you make a pot, change the filter, ok? I'm sick and tired of finding old grounds in the coffee machine!

SATAN finally gets the MACHINE to do what it's supposed to do, and he fills his MUG with steaming coffee.

SATAN

Ah, can't start the day without my jolt!

SATAN takes a sip, and then promptly spits it out into the sink.

SATAN (outraged)
THIS IS DECAF!

CUT TO:

INT. SATAN'S OFFICE

The camera pulls in towards the door to Satan's office, but does not go in. The room number displayed is 666, but SATAN's office is much like any other. There is a picture of his wife on the desk, he has "Sucessories" posters on the wall, and he has a calendar displayed. The wall clock reads 10:30. SATAN himself is really too large for the room, but he manages somehow.

SATAN is sipping from his MUG when EZEKIEL OBERWALD pushes the office mail cart up to the door and brings in a stack of mail, picking up what is already in SATAN'S outbox. After EZEKIEL OBERWALD is gone, SATAN shuffles through the pile of mail. He stops abruptly and then holds up an ENVELOPE.

SATAN

(calling after the departed mail clerk)
Dammit Oberwald! You gave me Stan's mail again! It clearly says, "Stan Anderson, Marketing"! This is the third time this week that this has happened! I really don't know how you screw that up. Stan in Marketing, Satan in Human Resources. He's on the eighth floor with all the other frauds! That's it! I'm putting my foot down on this one. I'm not going to walk it over there any more. I'm going to put it in my outbox, and I'm going to put a post-it on top of it, and it's going to sit there until it gets picked up on Monday!

SATAN puts the envelope on top of his tray, and then stares at it for a second.

SATAN

I wonder if Stan got anything that was supposed to be for me. I better go check.

SATAN picks up the ENVELOPE and leaves the office.

FADE OUT

FADE IN:

INT. SATAN'S OFFICE

Clock reads 11:30. MALITOS sits in front of SATAN's desk. SATAN holds up some PAPERS for MALITOS to see.

SATAN

Is this your work?

MALITOS cranes his neck to look but says nothing. His attitude suggests that he is less than concerned.

SATAN

These forms must be filled out in triplicate. They are not. Canary goes downstairs! White with the original requisition! Pink on my desk! Why is that so hard? You've been cutting corners. I know you don't think anyone notices, but I do! This is unacceptable. Have you given any thought to your future with this company? Where do you want to be in five years? This kind of work reflects badly on you and on me as your manager. I'm going to have to really rake you over the coals on this one! A written reprimand will be placed in your file where it will be available to anyone who requests it. It will remain there for six months, after which you may request it to be expunged. A lot of people have invested time and money into you, and I want to see you improve. Am I understood?

MALITOS nods.

SATAN

Good. I don't want to see this kind of sloppiness again. We're under a lot of pressure right now to improve our bottom line- the friggin' board wants to downsize our division. I'd hate to see you in the unemployment line because of something like this. Now get back to work.

CUT TO:

INT. BREAKROOM

Clock on wall reads 11:55. ASMODEUS has the REFRIGERATOR open and is taking things out quickly. SATAN walks into the door. ASMODEUS slams the REGRIGERATOR shut and spins around.

SATAN

There! I caught you!

ASMODEUS points at himself as though to say "who, me?"

SATAN

Now I know who's been eating everyone else's lunch! (sighs) Bring your own food! My wife made that tuna sandwich! It's special!

SATAN sighs deeply. ASMODEUS edges towards the door.

SATAN

Asmodeus, you have an eating problem. We all knew about it, but no one's said anything. You should see a doctor! Maybe you don't care about your health, but it raises everyone else's insurance premiums! The company has good benefits; don't waste them for all of us!

ASMODEUS shrugs and leaves hurriedly.

SATAN sighs and waddles over to the refrigerator.

SATAN

Bob's lunch looks good today. Maybe he won't notice if I...

CUT TO:

INT. SATAN'S OFFICE

Clock reads 1:30. SATAN is idly shuffling through paperwork. The TELEPHONE rings and SATAN picks it up.

SATAN

Human Resources, this is Satan speaking.
(pause) Oh, hi honey. (pause) You found what?
No, no, you know I would never look at another woman!

As SATAN says this, SARAH slowly walks by his door and SATAN's head follows her, though the hand holding TELEPHONE does not. Once she is out of sight, SATAN's head snaps back to the TELEPHONE.

SATAN

What? No, no! It must have been Junior! He's on that thing all day long after he gets off of school- who know's what he's doing all day unsupervised. We... we should get him involved in a sport, or 4-H or something.
(pauses) No, no, don't say anything to him about it... um, it would embarrass him to hear it from his mother. I'll say something

to him- it'll never happen again. (pause) No, I'll be working late again today.

SATAN's head turns, and the camera pans with it to look at SATAN's CALENDAR. The CALENDAR shows "Beer w/Baal @6:00" encircled in red marker on today's date- Friday the 13th.

SATAN (continuing)

Yeah, they work me like a slave here. I'll be back around 7 o'clock or so. Any later than 7:30 and I'll call. (pause) All right. (in a lower voice) I... I love you too, honey. All right, bye bye.

SATAN hangs up the phone.

SATAN

I forgot to clear the browser history AGAIN!

FADE OUT

FADE IN:

INT. SATAN'S OFFICE

Clock reads 2:00. SATAN is shuffling paperwork when BRYAN walks in.

SATAN

Ah, the new recruit, eh? Good to see you. Our recruiters tell me you have a lot of potential. Go on, have a seat.

BRYAN sits in the chair.

SATAN

Now, lets get down to brass tacks. I'm supposed to explain your benefits package. Our company is pretty generous about that stuff. First of all, your health insurance. You get six months paid maternity leave.

BRYAN frowns.

SATAN

Well, I guess that doesn't really apply to you. Um, the death benefit is generous. If you die on the job, your widow and orphans get the equivalent of a year's worth of your salary... though I guess that doesn't mean much for you either. They'll help you quit smoking... Is that?

BRYAN shakes his head.

SATAN

Uh. Let's see... you get access to company transportation- though all the cars are taken right now, you'd have to wait for one to become available. We have a gym and a pool you can use, though they had to clean all the asbestos out of there so it's off limits. Uh, there's a vision plan... I guess you don't wear glasses. So, yeah, we have good benefits. See you around.

BRYAN rubs his forehead in clear exasperation, stands up, and leaves.

SATAN

He seems like a good kid; I hope he sticks around.

FADE OUT

FADE IN:

INT. SATAN'S OFFICE

Clock reads 3:00, and SATAN is slumped over a pile of paperwork. He seems to be playing with a pencil. SARAH saunters in the door, and SATAN looks up quickly.

SATAN

There you are. Do you know why I've called you in here? Several people- and I won't name any names- have complained that your appearance is distracting, and I for one agree with them. We have a dress code for a reason. Even on Casual Fridays we still expect you to wear appropriate attire. (points at SARAH) This is unacceptable! My wife wouldn't wear that on the beach! If you show up again dressed inappropriately, you will be asked to go home and change clothes. That's all I have to say!

SARAH gets up to leave, and SATAN's eyes are glued to her posterior until she exits. He exaggeratedly wipes sweat from his brow.

FADE OUT

FADE IN:

INT. SATAN'S OFFICE

Clock reads 4:30. EMILY and JOHN sit in chairs in front of SATAN's desk.

SATAN

An audit? My division? That isn't right!

EMILY and JOHN look at him doubtfully. EMILY frowns.

SATAN

Do you have any idea what I have to work with here? All around me, goldbricks and goofoffs! No one takes their work seriously! I can't get them to DO anything!

JOHN starts tapping his fingers on the chair.

SATAN

You can't mean it. You think I don't know this is the first step to replacing me? Oh, I know. This is how it starts. First they audit me, and then I wake up one day with a pink slip. I've given years of my life to this company! I've been working here company since... since... well, a long time, anyway! I don't think either of you know what that kind of loyalty means! Somebody upstairs doesn't like me, do they? I'm not stupid! I've been in this same position for years without a promotion, dealing with all the riff-raff. Well, I won't stand for it! I'm gonna... I swear... I'll... I'll work harder! There must be something else I should be doing! Maybe I've been too soft. Well, I won't let up for a second- I'll lead them by example! I swear I won't disappoint you!

EMILY and JOHN stand up. EMILY is shaking her head.

SATAN

Wait! Don't go! There must be something...

EMILY and JOHN walk out.

SATAN

Oh, damn. I'm in deep crap, aren't I?

SATAN slumps back in his chair and stares off into space.

About two seconds later, the TELEPHONE rings. SATAN picks it up with obvious reluctance.

SATAN

(dejectedly) Human Resources, this is Satan speaking. Oh, hi, honey. (pause) You found WHAT?

FADE OUT

THE END