

AND HE SPOKE A DARKEND HEART

INT. CORPORATE BALL ROOM - NIGHT

Filled to capacity up with hundreds of guests. An opulent chandelier hangs suspended above the event.

FAIRIES ZIP PAST A SERVANT AND SNATCH DRINKS FROM HER TRAY.

AT THE PODIUM

GARRINGTON GESTALT (100), now stands. His beams a disapproving gaze at the guests that continue to speak among themselves.

A hushed silence envelopes the crowd.

GESTALT

Let me begin by saying that through hard work at Warlock and Co., the per capita income of every Satanic shareholder here this evening has grown by thirty-seven percent this year alone.

APPLAUSE from demons, witches; satanic dwarves.

A CELEBRITY TABLE

Elvis sits with James Dean the Marx Brothers and Michael Jackson. They cheer along with the crowd.

GESTALT (CONT'D)

Our Evil Potions Division alone has increased twelve percent this year. Soul acquisitions and trading has also seen a significant increase in stock diversification, especially among politicians, teens and world leaders.

(beat)

In emerging markets, such as China and Russia, we've managed to penetrate the selfish, self-centered marketplace. Strides in these two areas alone will guarantee for the next five years a projected earning of twenty seven percent.

MORE CHEERS FOLLOWED BY FIRE AND BRIMSTONE FROM ABOVE.

GESTALT (CONT'D)

I'd like to introduce the individual responsible for this explosive year at Warlock! He's also a personal friend of mine.

(MORE)

GESTALT (CONT'D)

I've known him for several thousands years and I can honestly say when it comes to sucking the life out of life there's no one more powerful or more frightening. Let's have a round of applause for he whose name we dare not speak!

JEERS AND MOANS FROM THE CROWD.

GESTALT (CONT'D)

Just kidding! You all know him as Phil from marketing. Let's have a round of applause.

PHIL FROM MARKETING

Steps to the podium. He's SUPER HANDSOME. 30 years old, jet black features and belongs on the cover of GQ.

PHIL

Funny, is that fire and brimstone I smell?

LAUGHTER AND APPLAUSE

PHIL (CONT'D)

Or am I in New Jersey?

MORE LAUGHTER.

PHIL (CONT'D)

But seriously, I'd like to thank everyone at Warlock and co. for making this a banner year. With the demise of Christianity, the capturing of God and imprisoning him in the Eternal Innerspiritual Chamber - thanks to the brilliant boys at General Electric's Spiritual Capture Division, we are poised for global domination.

HOOTS AND HOLLERS of approval. FISTS SLAM AGAINST TABLES.

PHIL (CONT'D)

Now, you're all wondering, what does the future hold? Is it a blind road? No my friends. Our powers of magic, coupled with state of the art technology like the microchip makes us a power to be reckoned with. Where once we lived in castles, mud huts, caves, we now live in cities.

(MORE)

PHIL (CONT'D)

Fingers of steel and glass reaching
to the sky like fingers stretching
out from a malevolent hand. Humanity
will soon bow to corporate will. Or
they shall watch the value of their
stocks dissolve before their very
eyes.

CHEERS FROM A CROWD OD DEMON POSSESSED CHILDREN

They clap and vomit at the same time.

PHIL

We have developed incantations that
has sown war and profit. We have
made nations wage death at every
corner and have made mercy extinct.
We have turned starvation of the
weak and helpless into wealth and
power.

(beat)

Tomorrow, mankind will once again
wage war. Think of it. Years of
suffering, hate, death by means too
numerous to count.

A PIE CHART

Appears on the wall behind him.

PHIL (CONT'D)

Take a good look at this chart. It
represents our expected earnings
from the first year of the war alone.
That's 40 percent. Suffering and
pain make up the other 60 percent
and we will drink every delectable
drop.

THE CROWD STAND AND CHEER.

PHIL (CONT'D)

I want everyone here to enjoy this
night. Eat, drink, release the
darkness of your soul and perversity.
Partake freely of your filthiest
desires with no one or God to judge
you.

VOICE (O.S.)

Where's the orgy!!!

WOMAN

And the goats!

Phil holds up his glass of wine.

PHIL
TO EXTERNAL HELL!

CROWD
EXTERNAL HELL!

EXT. BALCONY - NIGHT

SCREAMS OF AGONY are heard in the distance as the party is now in full swing.

A YOUNG MAN (20), stares at the night sky. He sips his wine, with a quiet introspective expression.

PHIL

Emerges from the party. He stands beside the Young Man.

PHIL
You're leaving, I hear.

YOUNG MAN
I wanted to say good-bye.

PHIL
Frightened?

YOUNG MAN
A little, Perhaps.

PHIL
It's to be expected. You'll find as you get older, fear is only a word found in a dictionary of cowards.

YOUNG MAN
It's a beautiful evening. I wish I could paint something as beautiful.

PHIL
You're no painter.

YOUNG MAN
Then what I am?

PHIL
The future.

YOUNG MAN
Who's?

PHIL
I'll make a bargain with you. You accept who and what you are. In return, I promise you'll never have any doubt about your place in the world.

YOUNG MAN
You'll be at my side?

PHIL
Always! Every step of the way.
Just think of me as... your other shadow.

YOUNG MAN
I prefer brother.

PHIL
Brother it is.
(beat)
Did you drink your sacrament of blood?

YOUNG MAN
Yes.

PHIL
How did it taste?

YOUNG MAN
Sweet.

PHIL
Did you enjoy it?

YOUNG MAN
Yes.

PHIL
My mother once told me as a child that tenderness was sweet as honey. It wasn't until I discovered the true depth of the darkness that I learned how wrong the bitch was. All darkness is a delicacy. Just as pure as light.

He place a confident hand on the Young Man's shoulder.

PHIL (CONT'D)
The Warlock Corporate Office has carved a place for you in history.

They shake hands.

YOUNG MAN
Then until we meet again.

He walks off. Phil looks up at the sky. He gazes at the stars.

He turns his gaze down at the Young Man who now walks with a prideful march to an awaiting vehicle.

The Young man enters the car. He's driven away.

PHIL
Auf Wiedersehen, Adolph.
(beat)
My Son.

INT. CAR - MOVING - NIGHT

The Young Man sits; stoic. He reaches into his vest pocket and pulls out an Satanic amulet.

He kisses it and shoves it back into his vest pocket.

He smiles at AUDIENCE.

WINSTON CHURCHILL (V.O.)
If Hitler invaded hell, I would make
at least a favorable reference to
the devil in the House of Commons.

FADE OUT:

THE END