

# HELL.. Its over crowded

by

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**FADE IN:**

**EXT. HELL - ALWAYS NIGHT**

HELL. How best to describe it..? Night time with red clouds, Mid-town L.A Chine-town in the 80's. Just a lot more fucked-up and extremely over crowded with the walking dead ZOMBIE like residents loathing around aimlessly.

SATAN. How best to describe him..? Take Donald Trump and spray him red, give him goat horns and add a tail...

...His walking home, pushing and shoving his way through the zombies. Pizza box held in one hand above his head.

**INT. HOME**

At home, entering, he slams the front door behind him with his free hand. He's clearly upset. He tosses the pizza box on to his kitchen table as he shouts out...

**SATAN**

SON!

Satan stares down a passage to the loud sound of music playing... Collide, by Boys-2-Men.

**SATAN (CONT'D)**

SON... HELL-BOY! Get your ass here now. And turn that shit off!

Hell-Boy, as we know him in the movie... here he is a 16 year old punk-kid... earing studs in his horns and all!

He comes walking up the passage. Bare foot, white shorts, and a pink T-shirt that reads - CHOOSE LIFE. And a cap that reads WHAM.

With him is his B.F, MICHAEL JACKSON that's dressed in his infamous black suit, black hat, white socks and one white glove.

Satan gives Hell-Boy a disgust look of disapproval.

**HELL-BOY**

Hay dad... What-up?

**MICHAEL JACKSON**

Hay MR S. Cool... you got pizza.

Satan is not impressed.

**SATAN**

YOU... FUCK-OFF!

Michael bolts for the door - GONE!

**SATAN (CONT'D)**

And you... SON. Please tell me you never leave the house dressed like that. You know I have a reputatio...

...Frantic banging at the front door that's opened by a tall skinny man dressed in a smart business suit. I-PAD in one hand. He's quick to slam the door behind him.

He is the ACCOUNTANT. A real nerd. Satan's right hand man.

**ACCOUNTANT**

*(Straightening his attire)*

Bloody hell... Where the fuck are all these people coming from?

Satan gives him a stupid look.

**ACCOUNTANT (CONT'D)**

Yeah okay.... Stupid question.

**SATAN**

Speaking of... What's the numbers?

Accountant taps away on his I-PAD as he gives a glance at the pizza box on the table.

**SATAN (CONT'D)**

There's eight in there. How many in there?

Accountant tapping away on his I-PAD as he walks around the large kitchen to then come to an abrupt halt.

**ACCOUNTANT**

You know your Wi-Fi really sucks in here!  
Population. 955, 870, 263, 528, 651  
*(Turns to the pizza box)*  
...And three in there.

Satan turns to see Hell-Boy stuffing his face with pizza.

**SATAN**

You little shit!

Hell-Boy bolts away.

**ACCOUNTANT**

Yeah... The population is becoming a problem.. We at the edge of Hell and we running out of land! At the current rate of population, 32.26% year-on-year we going to have to figure out a way to kill the dead and send them elsewhere.

**SATAN**

Mmm... What in GODS name is going on up there? And I mean that literally... Is God slacking down in that there is more evil, than good on earth?

**ACCOUNTANT**

That be cool... Then the balance should soon shift in your favour. You'll have majority souls and then you will rule earth.

**SATAN**

Something don't seem right? I gotta go up and have a look.

**ACCOUNTANT**

WHAT! You know you can't!

**SATAN**

Just a look-see... Short stay... There must be something in the rule book?

Accountant's finger swiping and tapping away on his I-PAD.

**ACCOUNTANT**

So there is... Chapter IIVIO, Paragraph 632. Either God may give the other a cross-over pass of 24 hours. In which instant they shall occupy the body of a newly deceases... and with no powers whatsoever.

Satan and accountant stare each other...

**ACCOUNTANT**

He will never!

Satan extends is arm out to accountant. Accountant sways his head in disapproval as he takes his cell phone out his

pocket. His finger swiping down it - taps it and gives it to him as it rings on speaker phone. Satan holds it in his palm.

**EXT. HEAVEN - GODS OFFICE - ALWAYS DAY**

HEAVEN. How best to describe it...? Open air - blue sky - fluffy white clouds.

On one of these fluffy white clouds is a large wooden desk. Scatter of office stationary on it and two file trays that read; PRE-APPROVED and DENIED. Also, A RED TELEPHONE, the old ring finger turn dial kind.

ZOOM IN - On red telephone as it rings..

**GOD (O.S)**

*(Startled)*

What the fuc... FUDGE!

Back ground sounds - like someone flipping backwards off their chair in fright.

..Telephone still ringing. A white man's hand removes the phone from its cradle. Ringing stops.

**INT. HELL - SATAN'S KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS**

Satan puts the cell phone down on the kitchen table (on speaker)...

**GOD (O.S)**

...Hello?

**SATAN**

*(Cheerful)*

HELLO! - H.E.L.L.O... Remove the O and you get?

**GOD (O.S)**

*(Grumpy)*

What the HELL do you want! Excuse the pun.

**SATAN**

Chill man... What's it been? About a thousand years..?

**GOD (O.S)**

Not long enough... What do you want!

**SATAN**

Say, I need a favour.

**GOD (O.S)**

Not gonna happen.

**SATAN**

You haven't even heard me out yet...

**GOD (O.S)**

Not gonna happen.

**SATAN**

The rule book. Chapter IIVIO,  
Paragraph 632.

**GOD (O.S)**

Not gonna happen.

**SATAN**

HAY. You owe me... These pedophile catholic priest I'm housing for you! You want me to send them back up?

**GOD (O.S)**

GONNA HAPPEN!  
...What do you want?

**SATAN**

BETTER... Good! As per the rules, I need to go up... Stretch the legs a bit you know.

**GOD (O.S)**

Mmm... Okay. But no prospecting!

**SATAN**

Right... As per the rules, put your consent in writing and E-mail it to me; devel.1@hell.com

**GOD (O.S)**

*(Confused)*

E-MAIL..?

**SATAN**

REALLY NOW! Fax...?

**GOD (O.S)**

A what..?

**SATAN**

You know what... I'll just take your word for it.

**GOD (O.S)**

Your 24 hours starts tomorrow sunrise.

**SATAN**

SUNRISE! Like the fucken sun shines down here?

**GOD (O.S)**

Ye... Didn't think that one through. Well then your time starts NOW!

CLICK.

**SATAN**

Geez... Someone's in a shitty mood.

Accountant gives Satan a look...

**ACCOUNTANT**

You got the part of... Your powers will not work up there, right?

**SATAN**

Not that I'll need them. They just a bunch of harmless humans doing bad shit.. Or good.

**ACCOUNTANT**

HARMLESS!? Have you had a good look at your tenants of late? They pretty fucked-up!

**SATAN**

Sticks and stones.

**ACCOUNTANT**

Yeah... Maybe a good few years ago when you were last up there. That was HITLERS funeral if I'm not mistaken?

...Look at young JIMMY that works down here at the Burger King, his head half blown away. He tells me his school teacher pulled a SHOTGUN on him. --Whatever that is?

**SATAN**

I'll let you know if I see one... Now find me a fresh one. And not some fat whore.

Accountant on his I-PAD.

**ACCOUNTANT**

I got a stock broker that's just jumped?

**SATAN (O.S)**

Lame...

**ACCOUNTANT**

Donald Trumps has just been assonated.

**SATAN (O.S)**

Hell no! SHIT..! Don't tell me his on our list?

**ACCOUNTANT**

Durrr... ITS DONALD!  
Here's one you'll like. A gangster has just been shot.

**SATAN (V.O)**

I'll take it.

**ACCOUNTANT**

Right... I'll tap it in and see you in 24 hours.

Accountant taps his I-PAD. Satan vanishes.



**EXT. LOS ANGELES - DAY - CONTINUOUS**

Busy street corner. Satan appears as a young black man wearing baggie jeans and a white vest. He instantly shades his hand over his eyes...

**SATAN (V.O)**

FUCK - DAY - SUN! Been in the dark  
for too long.

He squints his eyes open as he removes his hand. A blur, but he can see a figure before him. The figure clears to reveal a black man holding a SHOTGUN by his hip. Satan looks at this "thing" that's now pointed to him. From it he sees a bright FLASH to the sound of BANG.

**INT. HELL - SATAN'S KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS**

Satan appears as the gangster. A bloody hole in his chest. A much bigger hole in his back. Blood dripping down onto the floor. Accountant taps his I-PAD.

**ACCOUNTANT**

*(Sarcastic)*

57 SECONDS! So... Much changed up  
there over the years?

Satan looking at the hole in his chest. Sticking his hand in in amusement...

**SATAN**

SHOTGUN! There's your answer.

Accountant looking on in WOW, as he walks around inspecting the big hole in Satan's back. Looking through it...

**ACCOUNTANT**

WICKED!

**SATAN**

Right, let's try that again.  
Next...

Accountant on his I-PAD.

**ACCOUNTANT**

Got a catholic priest doing it with  
a young bo...

**SATAN**

...NO THANKS! And just what the hell is with them and young boys!

**ACCOUNTANT (V.O)**

Ye... Ask your son!

**ACCOUNTANT**

Mmm... This looks safe. A police officer. Just hit a wall off a high speed pursuit.

Accountant has his finger twitching above his I-PAD.

**SATAN**

Sounds safe... SEND.

**EXT. NEW YORK - CENTRAL - DAY - CONTINUOUS**

Satan appears as the police officer. Strapped in his patrol car that's on its roof in a busy street. His (P.O.V) upside down seeing a black S.U.V pull up to a screeching halt. A man steps out placing an R.P.G on his shoulder, aiming it at him. It fires...

**INT. HELL - SATAN'S KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS**

Satan appears as the police officer - what's left of him. His arm falls off to the floor.

Accountant taps his I-PAD.

**ACCOUNTANT**

1 minute, 38 seconds.

**INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS**

Satan as a young women tied to a chair. Three guys pour fuel over her and throw a lit zippo at her. She burst into flames.

**INT. HELL - SATAN'S KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS**

Satan appears as the char burnt women.

Accountant eating pizza. He taps his I-PAD.

**ACCOUNTANT**

1 minute, 14 seconds.

**EXT. PALM BEACH - DAY - CONTINUOUS**

Satan as a ten year old white boy. He's with two other same age boys busy buying drugs from a uniformed police lady. This, in plain site on a street corner...

An old Chev drives up past them as it mows them down in good old drive-by style.

**INT. HELL - SATAN'S KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS**

Satan appears as the ten year old boy, ripped with bullet holes.

Accountant taps his I-PAD.

**ACCOUNTANT**

2 minute, 47 seconds. Your best time yet boss. I must sa...

**SATAN**

..ZIP IT! And change me back to me.

Accountant taps on his I-PAD, SATAN reappears. Accountant looks down at the pool of blood Satan is standing in. Satan looks down too...

**SATAN (CONT'D)**

...The wife is going be pissed!

**ACCOUNTANT**

Mmm... Five visits and you still have 23 hours 53 minutes 40 seconds left. I see this is going take a while.

**SATAN**

They ruthless.. Fucking animals! Natural born killers.

**ACCOUNTANT**

Yeah... As its written. Every man is born in sin.

**SATAN**

Yeah... But they supposed to grow out of it! Go to school... church... I mean what the fuck, I'm a ten year old buying Meth from a police officer. I'm shot to pieces in a drive-by!

**ACCOUNTANT**

What you moaning about boss? It's good for business. More numbers right. You'd be so lucky if the ten year old kid was scoring for his five year old sister...

**SATAN**

...Probably was. Listen... I gotta go back up and stay there for a while. You think you can find me someone that's not going to get killed in under an hour... At least! And maybe somewhere quite, like France?

**ACCOUNTANT**

FRANCE! You'd shoot yourself!

Accountant tapping away on his I-PAD.

**SATAN (V.O)**

Greenland?

**ACCOUNTANT**

You clearly don't surf the web. Here... I got a Nun, heart attack.

Satan gives him a raised eyebrow worried look. Accountant gets the look, as he taps away...

**ACCOUNTANT**

...No. She's clean! She's not doing any little boys. Or girls.

**SATAN**

SEND.  
WAIT... A Nun? Hello... I'm the Devil remember. You don't think it's going to piss God off?

Accountant smiles.

**SATAN**

Fuck ye..! SEND!

**INT. CHURCH - DAY - CONTINUOUS**

Satan appears as the Nun, 30's, white, sexy. She's standing at the back of the church looking on to a near empty church, a PRIEST, 60's, white, fat. His on the stage in sermon...

**PRIEST**

*(Loud)*

...you must believe and have faith in God. Fear not how cruel, painful and sadistic your death may be. As it's written in the bible; If your enemy slaps you, turn the other cheek.

It's also written.. God is on your side. So I say fuck-it! You fight back with all you have and you don't stop till your last breath is sucked out of you... Your lost drop of blood sprays from your body...

Nun stands listening wide eyed - jaw dropped.

**NUN (V.O)**

HOLY SHIT!

**PRIEST**

Amen.

**CONGRIGATION (O.S)**

Amen.

**PRIEST**

Before you leave... Those that are low on ammo come see me at the back. I only have for those carrying 9mm Para and 45's, for the rest of you I have plenty of switch blades donated by the youth church.

**NUN (V.O)**

FUCK ME!

Everyone, all seven of the church follow the priest to the back.

**INT. BACK OF CHURCH - CONTINUED**

Nun walks in passing the congregation as they walking out reloading their hand guns. She comes to stand by the priest who's packing R.P.G's into a crate. Priest looks up at her...

**PRIEST**

Ah... Sister Mary. You looking ravishing as always. Give me a moment and I'll see you in my room shortly.

She maintains a pose the "past nun" would have.

**NUN (V.O)**

WOW... One that's not into little boys.

**PRIEST**

Wait... no, don't worry. I forgot it's Sunday, TOMMY will be here shortly for his private bible study.

**NUN (V.O)**

Yeah... right. Thought it was too good to be true.

Priest takes out a video camcorder and a tri-pod stand from a duffel bag.

**NUN (V.O)**

You sick pedophile! Even I'm not that fucked-up. I'm definitely bunking you with big Bubba when you come down under.

**PRIEST**

Oh... And Sister don't forget to bolt the doors and arm the security system when you leave.

**NUN**

Yes Father. Father, a question if I may. All that's happening on earth... The violence and killing?

...We overcome by evil. Does God not rule this world? Where is our God?

Priest gives her a genuine sincere look.

**PRIEST**

Gone...?  
 Given up...?  
 Wouldn't you after years and years  
 of pleading with people to be good.

Nun having that look of thought.

**NUN (V.O)**

God given up..?  
 HAS HE?

Priest removes a 45' from behind his back and places it on the table before walking out...

**PRIEST**

Father John will be here soon...  
 Gives that to him please.

Nun picks it up as she sticks the barrel between her eyes.  
 BANG.

**INT. HELL - SATAN'S KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS**

Satan appears as the Nun. Bullet hole between her eyes and a LARGE HOLE at the back of her head. Accountant stares at her. Then down to the floor, to the fresh pool of blood forming around the dry blood from all the other past arrivals.

Nun looks down, then back up to meet accountants disapproval glee.

**ACCOUNTANT**

Yeah... thought I'd wait till you  
 all done. You know... Mop the floor  
 just once.

He taps his I-PAD. Satan appears as himself.

**ACCOUNTANT (CONT'D)**

Not bad... 28 Minutes, 4 seconds.

Satan in deep thought.

**ACCOUNTANT (CONT'D)**

Boss?

**SATAN**

I think God has given up.

**ACCOUNTANT**

Say what..?

**SATAN**

FREE WILL... Do with it as you will.

**ACCOUNTANT**

Cool...

**SATAN**

BUT WHY?

**ACCOUNTANT**

Maybe his pozzie is even more over crowded than ours?

Satan is troubled in thought.

**SATAN**

Send me back!

**ACCOUNTANT**

Ahh... Nun has a real big fucken hole in her head!?

**SATAN**

Send ME back... As I am, THE DEVIL I AM.

**ACCOUNTANT**

Are you mad! You'll turn to ash in an instant - GONE... DEAD! Leaving your old lady to rule.

(BEAT)

FUCK!

**SATAN**

And send me back to that same church. I got a horn to pick with a Priest.



**ACCOUNTANT**

You really think you have the numbers boss..? Don't you wanna play safe... Send up a probe - your son?

**SATAN**

Just where is that little shit anyway?

**ACCOUNTANT**

No Idea.  
(V.O)  
Probably at the gay bar.

**SATAN**

If I don't return, clean up this mess and tell the bitch I'm real disappointed in how she brought up our son.

Accountant on his I-PAD, scrolling... He taps it. Satan disappears.

**INT. CHURCH - DAY - CONTINUOUS**

SATAN appears. Walks down to a young boy (Tommy) sitting under a Jesus crucifix statue, his head hung down, a blood stained knife in his hand. Satan sees the bloody Priest laying dead on the ground...

**SATAN**

Tommy... Right?

Tommy looks up to him. His morbid look is quick to change to a grin like smile.

**TOMMY**

Yes...  
(He looks over his  
shoulder to the Priest)  
You here for him?

**SATAN**

HELL YE!

**TOMMY**

Nice of you to come in person Mr Devil.

**SATAN**

Yeah... Hay, nice job by the way.  
Say, you got a phone on you I can  
borrow?

Tommy takes out a cell phone from his pocket giving to him.  
Satan dials 0800 666 and puts the phone to his ear...

INTERCUT BETWEEN SATAN AND ACCOUNTANT

**ACCOUNTANT (O.S)**

Hell. H.R Department.

**SATAN**

Get God on the line. I'm gonna  
hold.

**ACCOUNTANT (O.S)**

That you Boss..?

**SATAN**

YES... Now phone him!

**ACCOUNTANT (O.S)**

*(Excited)*

YOU MADE IT! Hell yeah. You the new  
ruler of earth and all it's  
degenerates... Can I come up?

**SATAN**

NO! Now shut-up and get him on the  
fucking line.

**ACCOUNTANT (O.S)**

Okay boss. Putting you on hold.

(BEAT)

**ACCOUNTANT (O.S)**

Boss. No answer, I left a voice  
mail for him to call me back.

**SATAN**

You got this number I'm calling you  
from right.

**ACCOUNTANT (O.S)**

Yes, I'll give you a cal...

Satan ends the call. Holding onto the phone.

**SATAN**

Say... Tommy, you a good kid right?  
You know... Behaved, don't do  
drugs, say your prays every night?

Tommy looks over his shoulder.

**SATAN (CONT'D)**

Besides that. That's a good thing.

**TOMMY**

Yes Mr... I'm a child of God.

**SATAN**

That's good to hear. Now look kid,  
I got a favour to ask of you. When  
you get to heaven I need you to ask  
the big man to give me call.

**TOMMY**

Sure. Ahh... I don't understa...

Satan points a finger at him. In that instant, Tommy  
explodes into a fog of ash.

Satan stares up to the Jesus statue...

**SATAN**

WELL PLAYED... Really well played.  
You've always been the BRIGHT one.  
No pun intended.

Satan pushes redial on the phone and puts it to his ear...

**ACCOUNTANT (O.S)**

*(Scared voice)*

Boss hold on...

Satan moves the phone from his ear, to the loud shouting of  
an hysterical woman (SATAN'S WIFE) screaming in the back  
ground...

**SATAN'S WIFE (O.S)**

Is that him!? Give me the phone...  
Give me the fucken phone now.

Accountant makes a run for it as he taps away on his I-PAD.

**ACCOUNTANT (O.S)**

Fuck this shit boss... I'm coming up.

Accountant appears by Satan's side. His clearly scared shitless as he drops to his knees breathing heavy.

Satan stares at him. Phone still by his ear.

**ACCOUNTANT**

FUCK..! Hell have no fury like that woman that lives there.

Satan switches off his phone.

**SATAN**

I told you to clean up the blood on the floor. But no...

**ACCOUNTANT**

I was busy with it. Till your Sons buddy comes walking in... WALKING IN the blood all over the floor.

**SATAN**

That shit Michael Jackson?

**ACCOUNTANT**

No. The other Michael --Mmm --Goer --Wham --Make it bit --Choose life.

**SATAN**

GOERGE MICHAEL!

**ACCOUNTANT**

YEAH. Him.

*(Starts to sing)*

Wake me up before you go go. Wake me up before you go...

Out of nowhere a church bench smacks accountant straight across his face that sends him flying across the church.

Satan throws down the bench...

**SATAN**

ACCOUNTANT! Get your ass back here.

Accountant at the back of the church. Staggered-up... stands, pulling himself together as he walks back up to Satan.

**ACCOUNTANT**

Sorry boss... Real catchy song  
that.

Accountant looks around. Touching himself... Hand over his  
mouth felling his breath. Then it hits him...

**ACCOUNTANT (CONT'D)**

We made it.. I.. I'm not ash. I'm  
breathing. BOSS! Ruler of earth...  
MY KING.

Accountants phone rings. He looks at the screen...

**ACCOUNTANT (CONT'D)**

Boss.. It's NUMBER #2 upstairs  
*(He chuckles)*

**SATAN**

Put it on speaker.

**GOD (O.S)**

Yeah what do you want..? Young  
Tommy says you looking for me.

**SATAN**

Well played... You played me well!  
So now what..?

**GOD (O.S)**

So now what..? Now you can bloody  
well do what you want too!

FADE TO BLACK

- THE END -