

Sympathy for the Devil

written by

Can't get the song out of my head.

EXT. HELL

A SWIRLING OCEAN OF FIRE to the backdrop of forbidding explosive volcanoes.

The skeletons of damned souls plead in the flames.

There is no mercy given here.

INT. DARK ROOM

Like it was in a cave, lit by ancient fire lamps, everything looks deliberately primeval and sombre to the bone.

A FIGURE sits at a stone table, wearing a full hooded cloak. He is jotting things down on a paper list with a QUILL pen. Next to him, a SCYTHE lies against the stone wall.

From off-screen -- heavy stomping footsteps.

The figure looks up as we hear the sound of a gate thrashing open.

And from the darkness, appears...

SATAN

Tall, blood-red skin, massive black horns, a black cape draped around his imposingly muscular torso, cloven hooves instead of feet and a mouth full of razor-sharp teeth.

Whilst his expression is still highly malign it's more pissed off than anything else.

He stops and stares at the seated figure.

Note - Satan's voice is deep and bellowing, the figure's voice is mild, wise and has a mysterious foreign tint to it.

SATAN

...Hit me.

FIGURE

Four hundred and twenty in hold.

SATAN

What?

FIGURE

We... or shall I say you, missed yesterday's batch.

SATAN

Possession training -- I miss one day and it's four hundred and twenty??

FIGURE

(checks list)

Also, got a few who've slipped registration -- Bundy's in there.

Satan glares...

SATAN

Four Hundred and twenty -- I gotta do this shit in front of four hundred and twenty??

The figure sits silently... As Satan places his claws on his hips... shakes his head.

SATAN

I need to speak to the big man, Reaps.

The figure, REAPS, stares... then shakes his hood-covered head.

SATAN

Who do you think you're shaking your head at?

REAPS

When he said "forever banished", it wasn't just a figure of speech.

SATAN

Jesus Christ!

Satan quickly corrects himself, looks apologetically upwards and lowers his voice --

SATAN

C'mon, it's been two hundred thousand years -- won't he just see me for a minute?

REAPS

Not one to change his mind...

Satan stands, both claws on the hip, at a loss.

Then, a BANGING ON A DOOR.

SATAN
Piss off, Adolf -- not in the mood.

A wooden door flies open and ADOLF HITLER bursts in wearing Liza Minelli's "Cabaret" costume, stockings included. He also has a feather tickler in his hand.

ADOLF
I can't do this anymore, how long now? How long!

SATAN
Ah, let's see...

Satan snatches Reaps list and feigns a quick read.

SATAN
So, you're sixty years into your eternal damnation.

ADOLF
But I can't go on, he's a sick Russian bastard!

SATAN
Like for like,
(shouts with eyes burning red)
Now fuck off or you're back on Churchill's ass!

Hitler scampers straight outta the door. Satan turns back to Reaps.

REAPS
So... ready?

SATAN
No... You sure this was the big man's idea? Not JC's? Or that whining Arch-dick Gabriel's?

REAPS
(shakes head)
Word on the street.

Satan takes a deep resentful breath.

SATAN
You talk to him... this place is losing serious credibility with this bullshit.

Reaps... eventually nods.

SATAN

(under breath)

I'm gonna get you, Jagger...

(then firmly, to Reaps)

Roll it.

Reaps reaches into the darkness and pulls out a compact disc case. He opens the case and pulls out the compact disc.

CLOSE on DISC: Label - "Your introduction song. For eternal use"

Reaps then presses (as though there was a button) the stone wall behind him. A CD TRAY ejects out of the wall.

Reaps inserts the CD, we watch it slowly close as does a pre-humiliated Satan.

A moment...

Then, a familiar drum beat.

The opening drum beat to the Rolling Stones "Sympathy for the Devil" And it's really LOUD.

Satan takes a deep breath and stomps indignantly forward into the darkness...

INT. MUCH LARGER DARK CAVE ROOM

Big enough to hold hundreds of souls which include --

Blood-splattered bratty-looking teenagers. Balaclava-clad militants, still armed with their assault rifles. Tonnes and tonnes of folks wearing prison attire... and many many others.

And they're all looking around wondering why the 'hell' they are listening to the opening beat of "Sympathy for the Devil".

In front of them all is a BIG STAGE. At each of its sides, HUGE FLAMES shoot up in rhythm to the beat.

Then, BANG!

AN EXPLOSION OF RED SMOKE. Startles everybody.

It quickly dissipates to reveal SATAN. Centre stage. Leaning into a mike. Looking fierce and begrudging.

His audience gasp - what's he gonna do?

This --

SATAN
 (half singing)
 Please allow me to introduce
 myself, I'm a man of wealth and
 taste...

Most in the crowd revert to grins, BUNDY flat-out laughs.

SATAN
 ...I've been around for a long,
 long years, stole million man's
 soul and faith...

The crowd love it, thinking they're at a rock concert,
 pumping their fists/assault rifles in the air, to that beat.

SATAN
 ...And I was 'round when Jesus
 Christ had his moment of doubt and
 pain...

Satan's vengeful eyes quickly take in his audience's rapture.
 They've all clearly forgotten where they are.

SATAN
 ...Made damn sure that Pilate
 washed his hands and sealed his
 fate...

The whole crowd jumps in with Satan and returns --

CROWD/SATAN
 Pleased to meet you, hope you guess
 my name!...

Satan's already irate expression, intensifies.

CROWD/SATAN
 ...But what's puzzling you is the
 nature of my game!

If you tried to read Satan's mind right now it would only
 return --

"Boy, I'm gonna punish this lot"

And on the song continues as we...

FADE OUT.