

A HELLUVA TIME

by

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FADE IN:

INT. MAN-CAVE - DAY

Ancient relics positioned around 70's decor and 80's tech.

A game of chess in progress.

GOD in a bright leisure suit with large lapels and even larger afro. The DEVIL in a sloppy red tracksuit.

The Devil stares at the chessboard, frustrated. He glances up at a scoreboard, which reveals God has won hundreds of games.

DEVIL

You sure those are accurate?

God gives him a look, then checks his pocket watch.

The Devil makes a move, then takes in the surroundings.

DEVIL (CONT'D)

I like what you haven't done with the place. You really dig the whole retro thing, don't ya?

God looks around, admiring the surroundings.

GOD

It was a better time. People had more faith.

DEVIL

People like her?

The Devil nods at the Farrah Fawcett poster on the wall.

Both men smile at Farrah's image.

GOD

Man, I do good work. And stop trying to distract me.

DEVIL

Hey, it's what I do.

God moves a chess piece.

GOD

Check.

The Devil looks stunned. As he plots his next move...

DEVIL

So, I've been thinking. Maybe it's
time I took a vacation.

The Devil moves his queen. God immediately takes it.

GOD

Check. A vacation from what?

The Devil desperately scans the board for his next move.

DEVIL

You know, Devil stuff. It's a lot
of work aggravating folks. I think
it's giving me wrinkles.

The Devil moves his King out of check.

GOD

So, how long will you *not* be
aggravating folks?

God moves again, putting the Devil back into check.

DEVIL

I don't know exactly. A little
while. Maybe longer. But don't get
too excited. I already have a plan
for a replacement.

GOD

Say again?

DEVIL

You know, someone to fill in while
I'm away.

GOD

I'm not sure I like that idea.

DEVIL

Hey, whatever happened to free
will? It's still free, right?

Thunder echoes in the room and the lights blink on and off.

DEVIL (CONT'D)

All I'm saying is, if I find
someone willing to sign a contract-

GOD

Contract?

God holds out his hand. Reluctantly, the Devil passes the paper to God. He looks it over, scoffing, shaking his head.

GOD (CONT'D)
Can't imagine the poor soul who
would actually sign this.

God hands the contract back to the Devil.

DEVIL
Are you kidding? This job sells
itself. The perks alone-

GOD
You already have someone in mind,
don't you?

A fiendish grin spreads across the Devil's face.

DEVIL
Hey, I gotta ask. I've always
wanted to know. Why all of this? I
mean, you could blink an eye and
blink me out of existence. What
gives?

GOD
Let's just say that you're a...
necessary evil.

As the Devil reacts to this...

GOD (CONT'D)
You serve a greater purpose.

The Devil sits up a little taller in his seat, smiling.

DEVIL
Great purpose.

GOD
You SERVE a greater purpose.
Greater than yourself.

DEVIL
It's your world, I just play in it.

God makes a move and topples the Devil's king with checkmate.

GOD
I don't want to see a single word
changed on that contract. I mean it
now. No games, or else.

The Devil holds his arms out, smirks a "hey, it's me" look.

Thunder fills the room causing the lights to go out.

A moment later, the lights are back and the Devil is gone.

God shakes his head like a disappointed father and stands from the table. He turns to leave, but notices that Farrah has a freshly drawn mustache, pointy beard and horns.

As God reacts to this...

CUT TO:

EXT. FUNERAL - ESTABLISHING SHOT

A red-brick church with stained-glass windows on the corner of central avenue.

A sign reads "CELEBRATING THE LIFE OF KURT JASPER. MARCH 01, 1995 - SEPTEMBER 18, 2023"

INT. FUNERAL HOME - DAY

Organ music and mourners fill the room. KURT JASPER lays in an open casket as the PRIEST addresses the grieving congregation.

PRIEST

At this time, we would like to
invite Kurt's fiancé, Gina to come
forward and pay her last respects.

GINA is sobbing as an OLD COUPLE assists her down the aisle toward the open coffin.

In the back of the church sits the Devil, still dressed in his sloppy red tracksuit. His feet propped up on the pew in front of him. He eats an apple while taking in the event.

Gina's eyes are filled with tears. She wipes her eyes and tries to steady herself. She steps forward, lays her hand on the dead man's hand. She leans in and gently kisses his lips.

As she pulls away, Kurt's eyes pop open.

KURT

What, no tongue?

Gina faints, drops like a stone, out of view as we hear the Devil break into laughter.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. CHURCH - DAY

The church doors fly open and angry people file out.

Gina is seething, biting her lip as she makes her way down the sidewalk, storming away from the church.

Kurt runs to catch up to her.

KURT

Gina! Gina! Hold up. Come on.

Kurt runs past Gina, spins around to face her. He walks backwards in front of her, but she doesn't break pace and looks right through him.

KURT (CONT'D)

Gina, come on. That was funny. You should have seen the look on your face...

Gina stops and glares at Kurt as he pulls out his phone and starts scrolling.

KURT (CONT'D)

...it should be posted by now.

GINA

You filmed it?!

KURT

Gina, it was my funeral.

GINA

I can't believe you.

OLD WOMAN (O.C.)

Asshole!

Kurt and Gina turn to see the old couple from the church entering a cab.

KURT

Mom?! Dad?!

Kurt's father flips him off, then rides off in the cab.

Kurt struggles to contain his laugh. And he's losing the battle. Gina's glare makes him laugh even harder.

GINA

You're poor parents. I just can't do this anymore, Kurt.

KURT

Gina, you can't be serious?

GINA

I'm the only one in this relationship that IS serious. Do you have any idea what I went through? What your parents went through? We just spent a week thinking you were dead!

KURT

Gina, this is how I make money. Pranks like this go viral and the money comes pouring in. Think of the kind of life we'll be able to live a couple of years from now.

GINA

We don't need money to have great lives.

Kurt shakes his head.

KURT

Over fifty percent of marriages end in divorce and forty percent of those are because of money. That's like...ninety percent.

GINA

Ok, first off, I'll be in charge of the finances until you learn math. And second, why are you talking divorce before we even get married?

KURT

I--I just want to get this right. Your family's rich. Mine isn't. I just don't want you waking up ten years from now with regrets.

GINA

Money's no guarantee. Marriage is about faith, trust and love. Not how much money is in the bank. I'm not saying some wouldn't be nice.

KURT

This is the only thing I'm good at, Gina.

Gina looks at him for a moment.

GINA
Maybe we need to take our time with
this.

Gina slides off her engagement ring and places it in Kurt's hand. Kurt's face goes somber.

KURT
Gina, you don't mean that. We're
getting married in two months.

GINA
With all that's happened, I forgot
to cancel the wedding venue.

KURT
See? That's a sign from God.

Gina looks unconvinced.

GINA
I honestly don't think anyone would
show up after what you just pulled.

KURT
Give me another chance, Gina.

Gina wrestles a thought, but her feelings betray logic.

GINA
No more pranks, Kurt. I just can't.

KURT
Like...ever?

GINA
I don't know. Maybe April Fools
Day. But this has to stop, Kurt.
It's just not right making money
off of other people's pain.

KURT
I'm not trying to hurt anyone. It's
just pranks. It's meant to be fun.

GINA
Did it look like we were all having
fun back there?

Kurt thinks about it for a moment. Her words hit home. He pulls Gina into a tight hug. She melts into his embrace.

GINA (CONT'D)
Oh God. I have to go tell my
parents you're still alive.

KURT
I won't point out that they'd know
had they showed up for my funeral.

GINA
Consider yourself lucky. If my Dad
was here, you'd need that coffin.

Kurt breaks off the hug and places the engagement ring back
on her finger. Gina looks at the ring and smiles.

KURT
Give your folks my best.

Gina scoffs, gives him a kiss, then leaves.

As Kurt watches her leave, someone taps him on the shoulder.

He turns and a fist slams into his face. He goes down hard.

As he wipes his bloodied nose, he sees the priest storm off.

Then, a voice...

DEVIL (O.C.)
That damn Irish temper. You
alright, kid?

Kurt stands and dusts himself off.

KURT
Some people just can't take a joke.

Kurt turns, looks at the stranger dressed in a red tracksuit.

DEVIL
Hey, I'm a fan.

KURT
Yeah. Thanks. Uh...do I know you?

DEVIL
We gotta talk, kid.

Kurt's face twists in confusion.

KURT
Maybe some other time.

Kurt turns, starts to leave and comes face to face with the stranger he had just walked away from.

He takes a few steps backward to put distance between them. Turns in the opposite direction, and again comes face to face with the stranger in red.

KURT (CONT'D)
H-How did you do that?

DEVIL
Like I said, we need to talk.

The Devil snaps his fingers.

SMASH CUT:

INT. MOVIE THEATER - DAY

A darkened half-filled theater. A movie in progress.

The Devil and Kurt sit in the glow from the movie screen. Kurt is completely freaked out at being suddenly transported to a new location.

KURT
W-what? Where are we? How did you do that?

DEVIL
Shh! This is the best part.

The Devil shoves a handful of popcorn in his mouth as Kurt looks up at the screen.

Off camera we hear...*"Goodbye Old Yeller"*

Then...*BAM!*

The Devil breaks into laughter as Kurt looks horrified.

DEVIL (CONT'D)
Alright kid...we're outta here.

The Devil snaps his fingers and...

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. AIRPLANE - DAY

A small prop job at 10,000 feet.

A nervous SKYDIVER is about to make his first solo jump.

The Devil and Kurt suddenly appear behind the skydiver who is fixated on the open door, unaware of their presence.

Kurt's in shock. He grabs hold of the plane, scared to death.

SKYDIVER
Three...two....one...

DEVIL
Wait!

Surprised, the skydiver jerks his head to look at the Devil.

DEVIL (CONT'D)
You got a string.

The Devil takes a pair of scissors and snips off the ripcord handle, then shoves the bewildered skydiver out of the plane.

KURT
Y-You just killed that guy!

DEVIL
Nah, he's got a reserve. At least I think he does.

The Devil shrugs indifference. Kurt is hyperventilating.

KURT
Who the hell are you?!

DEVIL
I'll give you three guesses.

The Devil snaps his fingers and...

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. SKYSCRAPER - DAY

A TIGHTROPE WALKER walking a wire stretched between two buildings, thirty stories up.

The Devil and Kurt suddenly appear on top of the building near one end of the wire.

Kurt clutches his stomach, trying to regain his composure from teleporting.

DEVIL
You alright, kid?

KURT
Why are you doing this to me?

DEVIL
Hey, what happened to the cocky,
self-assured kid who convinced his
6th grade teacher that he had a
twin that was always in the
restroom. Changing shirts
throughout the day. You really got
her good. Hook, line and sinker.

KURT
H-how could you possibly know that?

The Devil grabs hold of the tightrope and shakes it.

The tightrope walker starts wobbling, losing his balance.

TIGHTROPE WALKER
Oh my God! Oh my God!

DEVIL
Not even close!

The tightrope walker looks over his shoulder and sees the
Devil laughing, shaking his wire. He's scared shitless.

Kurt rushes forward to stop the Devil, who is now using both
hands to shake the wire even harder.

The tightrope walker falls out of view. His screams fade as
he drops.

Kurt rushes over to the side of the building and looks down.
The tightrope walker fell safely into a net.

DEVIL (CONT'D)
You gotta learn to relax, kid.
You'll give yourself an ulcer.

The Devil snaps his fingers and...

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

A trendy coffee shop filled with people sipping ten dollar
coffees while scrolling on their phones.

The Devil and Kurt suddenly appear at a table outside. Kurt takes in his surroundings, including the coffee in his hand.

DEVIL

Figure it out yet, kid, or do I
have to play some Charlie Daniels?

Kurt thinks this over. His eyes grow wide as it sinks in.

The Devil matches his look and gives him a knowing nod.

DEVIL (CONT'D)

Now I know you have a million
questions, but there's no time for
that. I just need your John Hancock
on this piece of paper and I'll be
on my way.

The Devil places the contract in front of Kurt, who has yet to take his eyes off of the Devil.

KURT

I don't, uh...I don't think I want
to sign that.

DEVIL

You haven't even looked at it.

KURT

You know, you're right. I'll just
have my lawyer look it over.

Kurt grabs the contract, stands to leave.

DEVIL

Nice try. Sit down, kid.

Kurt slinks back to his chair. Nervous, ready for anything.

DEVIL (CONT'D)

Relax. I'm not gonna bite. Now,
you're looking at this all wrong,
kid. This is a great opportunity.
Look over the contract. You might
think differently.

Kurt grabs the contract, looks it over, keeping one eye on the Devil as he does.

KURT

I don't have to hurt anyone, do I?

DEVIL

It's not a requirement, but I won't hold it against ya.

Kurt continues reading.

KURT

I get the feeling this isn't gonna end well.

DEVIL

I got news for you. It's not starting too well either. Look kid, this is right up your alley. A walk in the park for guys like us.

KURT

Like us?!

Kurt looks around for help, trying to catch people's eyes, but people are only interested in their phone screens.

DEVIL

Let's get down to brass tacks. I'm going on vacation. I'll give you one million dollars to take over the business for a little while.

Kurt's eyes pop at hearing the word "million". He scans the contract even closer.

DEVIL (CONT'D)

Don't worry kid. You'll do great. The job takes care of itself. There's only one rule, you can't tell anyone.

The Devil steals a pen from a passing BARISTA, and slides the paper and pen to Kurt.

DEVIL (CONT'D)

...one...MILLION...dollars.

Kurt runs his hands over his face. Sighs a deep breath.

The Devil grins like the cat that ate the canary.

KURT

Ah, what the hell.

DEVIL

That's the spirit!

Kurt grabs the pen and signs the contract.

The Devil separates the contract in the old style carbon copy. Rips out the pink copy and hands it to Kurt.

KURT
So...that's it?

DEVIL
Nothing to it.

The Devil tucks his copy into his red tracksuit.

KURT
So when do I start?

DEVIL
No time like the present. Good luck, kid.

The Devil snaps his fingers and is gone.

What isn't gone is the red tracksuit. It instantly appears on a surprised Kurt.

Kurt looks around to see if anyone noticed. Nada.

CUT TO:

EXT. CITY SIDEWALK - DAY

The chaos of lunch hour in the big city.

Kurt stands at a crosswalk with a GROUP OF PEOPLE waiting for the light to change.

A baseball rolls out of the park across the street, crosses between passing cars, comes to rest at Kurt's feet.

Kurt looks across the road and sees a LITTLE BOY holding up his baseball glove.

Kurt nods, picks up the ball and throws it over the passing cars towards the boy across the street.

A BLIND MAN's seeing-eye dog chases after the ball, dragging the Blind Man into moving traffic.

Kurt grabs for the Blind Man, but the dog is much too fast.

Tires SKID. Glass BREAKS. People SCREAM.

Kurt looks horrified at what he just witnessed. So do the people around him. A few rush out to help the Blind Man. Others pull out their phones and start filming.

Kurt slinks backward into the crowd and walks the other way.

Kurt rounds the corner and bumps into a BUSINESS WOMAN forcing her to collide with a BAKER carrying a HUGE ELABORATE WEDDING CAKE towards a catering van.

The Baker trips and his face goes deep into the cake.

The Business Woman stumbles backward, knocking over a barricade sign that blocks an open manhole.

A MAN IN ARMANI, too busy watching his phone, doesn't see the open manhole and drops through the hole.

Kurt stands there, stunned. Too afraid to move. After a cautious moment, he bolts away.

INT. KURT'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Small. Cheap. Untidy.

Kurt rushes inside and slams the door shut behind him, trying to keep the chaotic world outside from following him in.

He collects himself, takes off the red tracksuit jacket and drapes it over the kitchen chair.

He grabs a beer from the fridge, carries it into the living room.

The red tracksuit jacket magically appears back on.

He peeks back into the kitchen, sees the original jacket is still on the chair.

He goes into the bedroom, changes into jeans and a t-shirt, but when he comes back into the livingroom...BAM...the red tracksuit is back on!

He goes back into the bedroom, picks up the other red tracksuit and stares at it.

A MOMENT LATER...

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

Red tracksuits launch out of Kurt's open window onto the side walk below.

CUT TO:

ESTABLISHING SHOT - A TROPICAL RESORT CALLED HEAVENLY PARADISE.

Tanned, scantily clad bodies in a tropical environment.

INT. TROPICAL RESORT BAR - DAY

The Devil is all smiles, drinking in the sights and a pina colada. His head is on a swivel checking out the female talent parading about the place in barely-there outfits.

He takes a seat at the bar, next to a busty RED-HEAD. He looks her up and down as she ignores his unwelcomed advance.

He holds up his hand and snaps his fingers. Nothing happens. He does it again. Nothing. He seems to have forgotten that he no longer has his powers since the signing of the contract.

Then it hits him. But he's not giving up this prize easily.

DEVIL

So what's a nice place like this
doing around a girl like you.

She glances his way annoyed.

DEVIL (CONT'D)

Wait--what's a girl like you doing
in a nice place like this. Hmm.
That's doesn't sound right either.

She goes to leave.

DEVIL (CONT'D)

Can I buy you a drink...a car...a
house?

She rolls her eyes and is gone.

The Devil looks at the muscle-bound BARTENDER who is glaring at him. He looks even less impressed than the Red-Head.

DEVIL (CONT'D)

She's just playing hard to get.
I'll take another one of these.

The Devil slides his pineapple cup forward. He takes in his surroundings as the Bartender prepares his drink.

The Devil tries to catch the eye of each passing beauty but he may as well be invisible. He turns back to the Bartender.

DEVIL (CONT'D)
Never been this hard to meet a
woman before.

BARTENDER
Right.

The Bartender slides the pineapple drink to the Devil.
The Devil takes a sip and his face wrinkles in disgust.
He looks in the pineapple cup.

DEVIL
I don't think a Pina Colada is
supposed to have olives in it.

The Bartender stares indifferent at the Devil.
The Devil picks up the Bartender's distaste for him.

DEVIL (CONT'D)
What's a matter with you? Gym
closed today?

The Devil snorts a laugh.
The Bartender crosses his thick arms. He's had a enough.

DEVIL (CONT'D)
Listen Jumbo. I'm not someone you
should be messing with.

The Bartender grabs a hand full of olives, holds them
directly over the Devil's pineapple cup, and crushes them in
his fist, dropping olive juice through his fingers and into
the Devil's pina colada.

The Devil stares, somewhat impressed. Then walks away.

CUT TO:

INT. KURT'S APARTMENT - DAY

Kurt sits at a table with his laptop open. He is googling
'the Devil' when gets a text from Gina.

GINA (TEXT)
*Here's the address of a support
group. They meet three times a
week. I think you should go.*

Kurt types: "Gina, I don't need a support group."

But when he presses send, his words have changed.

KURT (TEXT)
*And here's the address of a weight
 loss clinic. Lizzo called...she
 wants her ass back.*

Kurt sees his text with the auto-corrected new words.

KURT (CONT'D)
 Noooooo!

His phone starts ringing. It's Gina.

KURT (ON PHONE) (CONT'D)
 Baby, I didn't --

We can hear Gina's raised voice coming through the phone.

CUT TO:

INT. RECREATIONAL CENTER - DAY

A dimly lit room. Folding chairs and motivational posters.

A THERAPIST and several ADDICTS are in a group session.

Kurt sits among the addicts. His red tracksuit is noticed.

ADDICT #1
 ...and that's pretty much when I
 became the bread winner of the
 family.

THERAPIST
 So you were the sole source of
 income for your family...at 12?

ADDICT #1
 There was no money. It was bread. I
 won bread. Weren't you listening?

THERAPIST
 In some sort of contest?

ADDICT #1
 I guess you could say that. You'd
 be amazed at the fighting skills of
 the homeless, especially over baked
 goods.

A few of the addicts nod in agreement. Kurt looks
 uncomfortable as the therapist takes notes.

THERAPIST

So you were engaging in combat with the homeless...for food...at 12 years old?

ADDICT #1

Until I learned about the drugs.

THERAPIST

You fought them for drugs?

ADDICT #1

No...the drugs were for the sex.

ADDICT #2

They gave you drugs to have sex with them?

ADDICT #1

No. I gave *them* drugs so they would have sex with me. I'm a sex addict.

(turns to Kurt)

This is the addict support group, right?

Kurt holds his gaze for a moment and then announces...

KURT

I don't think I belong here. I'm not really an addict, and I don't want to take time away from the others.

ADDICT #3 (O.C.)

Yeah, man. Me either...

Kurt turns slowly to his right and comes face to face with ADDICT #3. His name is HENRY. A disheveled man with ratty hair, brown teeth, and sores all over his face.

HENRY

Whaddaya say we blow this joint?

Henry holds up a big fat blunt.

This brings moans of excitement from this crowd.

THERAPIST

Henry, how many times have we told you... you can't bring drugs to the addiction meeting?!

Disappointed, Henry puts the blunt away, but gives Kurt a knowing nod for later.

ADDICT #2

Henry has to share that with everyone, doesn't he?

ADDICT #1

Oh like you need more weed. Your lips are on a bowl more than your ass is.

THERAPIST

Everyone, please just calm down.

The Therapist glances at his clipboard.

THERAPIST (CONT'D)

So...Kurt...I just want to say how proud we all are that you are taking this critical first step in the healing process.

Kurt looks around the room, the guilt of being somewhat healthy is etched on his face.

THERAPIST (CONT'D)

That's an interesting choice of wardrobe you have on. I didn't know they still made those.

ADDICT #4

Me either, until I saw a guy throwing them out of his window not three blocks from here.

ADDICT #5 nods his approval as he admires Kurt's attire.

KURT

Look, I'm not really sure that I meet the requirement to be here.

THERAPIST

And what sort of requirement would that be, Kurt.

Hard, judgmental stares from the others.

KURT

I'm not really an addict. I'm not officially addicted to anything. I'm just here because my fiancé thinks I am, and she was ready to pack her bags.

ADDICT #5

Bags? What kind of bags? Like the kind that zip lock?

ADDICT #4

Bags, man. You know?

Addict #4 holds up his hands, cupping imaginary breasts.

ADDICT #2

You dumbass. He means like grocery bags. She was getting ready to take all the food.

THERAPIST

Actually, I think Kurt was referring to a suitcase, metaphorically.

ADDICT #1

So why not just say that then?

The group bickers over word choice as Kurt sneaks out.

EXT. RECREATIONAL CENTER - EVENING

Kurt steps outside. He draws a breath and steadies himself.

HENRY (O.C.)

So you're lady's mad at you, huh?

Kurt jumps in fright.

KURT

Geez, you scared the shit out of me! I didn't even hear you walk up.

HENRY

That's because I wear my socks *outside* my shoes. Keeps things quiet and keeps the kicks looking new, while hiding the fact that they look new.

Both men look down at Henry's sock-covered shoes.

HENRY (CONT'D)

Can't be seen with anything new on the street. That's a good way to get yourself shivved.

Kurt's face softens. He pulls out his wallet.

HENRY (CONT'D)
I don't want your money, man. What
am I gonna do with it anyway?

KURT
Sorry, I just thought--

HENRY
A burger sounds great though.

Kurt gives Henry a smile and pat on the shoulder, sending a
plume of dust into the air.

Kurt pretends not to notice.

They turn and walk down the street together.

CUT TO:

INT. TROPICAL RESORT NIGHT CLUB - EVENING

Pretty people and music bumping in dim neon lights.

The Devil walks in the room, stopping at the door to survey
the area for potential conquests. He is completely
overdressed in a sharkskin suit.

He adjusts his cuff links, straightens his jacket, then
slicks his hair back. Then removes his sunglasses...at night.

He is severely sunburned, except for the white circles where
his sunglasses did their job.

He makes his way onto the dance floor, stopping now and then
in front of a woman dancing alone, trying to match her moves.

His approaches are met with recoils and sneers of disgust.

He's man-meat walking, but the women in this crowd are
vegetarians. He might as well have a herpe on his lip.

He laughs off the rejections as he makes his way to the bar.

He slaps his hand on the bar to bring over a bartender.

One appears...the musclebound bartender from earlier.

DEVIL
You again? Don't you have a day
job?

The musclebound bartender does not look happy.

DEVIL (CONT'D)
Doesn't this cut into your gym
time? I mean, do you even lift?

The Devil snickers.

The bartender snaps his fingers and points to the Devil.

TWO BOUNCERS, even bigger than the bartender, pick the Devil
up by his arms and carry him to the door.

They gently place him down next to the CROWD lined up outside
waiting to come into the club.

DEVIL (CONT'D)
(to the crowd)
I suppose I look a little red in
the face. Haha. Get it?

If they do, they're not playing along.

Frustrated, the Devil waves them off.

He puts his sunglasses on and strolls away, carefree.

CUT TO:

INT. CORNER BAR - EVENING

A street corner bar half-filled with regulars.

Kurt and Henry sit in a corner booth. Kurt nurses a beer
while Henry eagerly enjoys a burger and fries.

HENRY
So why does your lady think you're
an addict?

KURT
She thinks my not wanting to change
must be because I can't.

Henry looks confused.

HENRY

I see. I see. So if you had to rephrase that another way--

KURT

I guess she wants me to be a better man before she marries me, but I thought that's what I was doing.

HENRY

Well, I'm sure you earned some points by coming to group tonight.

Kurt nods and smiles. He watches Henry devour his food.

KURT

How about you Henry? What brought you to the meeting tonight?

HENRY

The snacks, man. The snacks. As long as I show that joint now and then, I get to eat.

KURT

So you're not an addict?

HENRY

Never even tried a drug.

The two men laugh.

KURT

How about another burger?

Henry's eyes light up at the proposition.

OUTSIDE THE BAR--

Gina and her GIRLFRIEND are walking past the bar. She spots Kurt through the plate-glass window.

GINA

I don't believe it.

Gina pulls out her phone and calls Kurt.

We see Kurt answer Gina's call.

KURT (ON PHONE)

Hey Baby.

Gina stares at him through the window. Kurt doesn't see her.

GINA
Hey, how's the session going? Are
you on a break?

KURT (ON PHONE)
*Yeah, we're about to head back in.
Call you back in a bit?*

Gina hangs up. She watches Kurt shrug his shoulders at Henry.
She's pissed.

INSIDE THE BAR --

HENRY
She bought that crap?

KURT
Bow to the master, Henry.

Henry and Kurt share a laugh.

HENRY
Hey man, I gotta ask...what's with
those sweet threads?

KURT
You really like it?

HENRY
Yeah man. It's bold.

KURT
Well, it's yours.

Kurt stands and removes the red jacket. His arm connects with
the tray of a passing COCKTAIL WAITRESS.

Food and drink go airborne.

The cocktail waitress stumbles backward, through the men's
room door and crashing into an occupied stall.

She trips and falls, her head coming to rest in the
OCCUPANT'S pants.

The man shitting locks eyes with the waitress looking up at
him from between his legs.

Both are speechless.

The contents of the airborne tray landed on an ELDERLY WOMAN'S freshly styled blue hair, causing it to go flat.

Henry is rolling, almost pissing himself laughing.

Kurt stands motionless, in shock. As he turns to look at Henry, he spots Gina glaring at him through the window.

Gina shakes her head, then storms away.

Kurt runs out the door after her.

KURT (CONT'D)
Gina! Wait!

Gina's friend steps in front of Kurt, blocking his path.

GINA'S FRIEND
She doesn't want to talk to you.
Why don't you just leave her alone.

Kurt bolts around her and steps in front of Gina.

KURT
Gina, wait. Let me explain.

GINA
Did you record all that back there?

KURT
What? No. That was an accident.

GINA
So why aren't you in the session,
Kurt. Or are you "still on break"?
And what's with the stupid outfit?

KURT
I can't talk about that.

GINA
But you *can* lie about it.

Kurt lowers his gaze.

Gina takes off her diamond ring and places it in Kurt's hand.

GINA (CONT'D)
Goodbye, Kurt.

Kurt stares down at the ring in his hand, speechless.

He watches as Gina and her friend disappear in the distance.

Someone behind Kurt taps him on the shoulder. It's Henry.

HENRY

Probably not the best time for this, but they want us to pay the check and leave, and I'm a little light on funds.

CUT TO:

EXT. TROPICAL RESORT - EVENING

Moonlight, waves and sand. Live music in the background.

The Devil leans against a rail, taking in the surroundings with a glass of wine in his hand.

A CURLY HAired BEAUTY in a low cut evening gown strolls up to the Devil and hands him her room key.

He watches her leave, her hips swaying side to side. She peaks back at him and throws him a smile over her shoulder.

DEVIL

Now that's more like it.

CUT TO:

INT. RESORT HOTEL HALLWAY - EVENING

The Devil stands outside a room, comparing the room number on the key to the one on the door.

He unlocks the door and goes...

INSIDE THE ROOM --

Dim lights, soft music, and champagne chilling.

The Devil sees Curly in silhouette come into the room. Her curves covered with lingerie.

DEVIL

Come to papa.

The Devil and Curly's silhouettes come together to the song, Take My Breath Away...just like in Top Gun. They fall to the bed, exchange kisses and we fade to black.

IN THE MORNING --

The DEVIL stirs awake, smiling at Curly's arm crossed over his body. He kisses her arm and notices that a few of her fingernails have come unglued, dangling from her finger.

He looks closer and one falls off.

He turns to get a better look at Curly in the morning light.

She barely resembles the woman he met last night.

She's at least 20 years older than he had expected. Her wig is on the night stand. Her real hair is thin and straggly.

Her make-up has come off on the pillow and one of her incisors is completely brown.

A string of drool wavers as she chokes on a deep snore.

The Devil looks as if he may be sick.

He collects his clothes, sneaks past several empty champagne bottles and sneaks out of the room.

IN THE HALL --

The Devil finishes dressing and fights back a dry heave.

He reaches in his pocket and pulls out Curly's hotel room key. He tosses it over his shoulder, staggers down the hall.

CUT TO:

INT. KURT'S APARTMENT - DAY

Henry is asleep on Kurt's couch, as Kurt sits in the kitchen drinking coffee. Cellphone in hand.

He types a text "Gina, please call me" and hits send.

INT. GINA'S APARTMENT - DAY

Gina's phone is blowing up with incoming texts from Kurt.

"Debbie, call me"

"Monica, call me"

"Jessica, call me"

Gina's seethes as she sends Kurt a response.

INT. KURT'S APARTMENT - DAY

Kurt is fumbling with his phone, trying to correct the auto-corrected names when Gina's text comes through.

GINA (TEXT)
Real nice Kurt.

Kurt puts his phone down. Frustrated. Helpless.

A new text comes in.

"GAME TIME"

Kurt texts back. "???"

In an instant, he disappears from his kitchen.

CUT TO:

INT. GOD'S MAN-CAVE - DAY

Kurt instantly appears in the room, but doesn't know where he is or what to do. He sees God standing nearby, but he has no idea who he is.

KURT
W-where am I?

GOD
Where do you think?

Kurt takes in the surroundings.

KURT
The 70's?

GOD
Well, you're not wrong. You're outside of time here, Kurt.

KURT
You know my name?

GOD
I know everything about you, Kurt. Including how you got that outfit.

KURT
Oh my God!

GOD
That's right.

KURT
You're--

GOD
Right again.

Kurt looks elated to be in the presence of God. His expression shifts from joy to fear. He drops to his knees.

KURT
Am I dead?

God laughs at this as he lifts Kurt to his feet.

GOD
Not yet. Relax, Kurt. You're safe here. Even from yourself.

God puts his arm around Kurt, leads him to the chess board.

MOMENTS LATER --

Their chess game in progress.

KURT
So you know everything that's been going on?

GOD
Oh yeah. Looks like you're having A HELLUVA TIME.

KURT
I didn't mean to--. Is this something you can help me with?

GOD
Have you asked? In fact, when was the last time you talked to me, Kurt? People always wait until they're in trouble.

Kurt lets this sink in. He averts God's gaze.

GOD (CONT'D)
Look, I didn't bring you here to
pass judgement on you, Kurt. But
why in heaven's name did you sign
that contract?

Kurt looks confused.

GOD (CONT'D)
I already know the answer, but I
wonder if you do.

KURT
A million dollars is a game
changer. And the contract didn't
mention anything about hurting
anyone. I honestly didn't see the
harm in it really.

GOD
You didn't see the harm in selling
your soul?

KURT
What? Wait--there was nothing in
there about my soul! I have a copy
of it right here.

Kurt digs through his pocket and pulls out the carbon copy of
the contract. He hands it to God.

God looks at it. He scans the page. He turns it over looking
for what's missing. Then, he spots it. He pulls the paper
closer and squints. He's not happy with what he sees.

GOD
That sneaky little--.

He hands the contract back to Kurt.

Kurt scans the page and sees nothing.

God hands him a magnifying glass.

In the contract, printed in microscopic font--

"... agrees to forfeit his soul upon his demise. Should the
signatory be in breach of this contract, he agrees to forfeit
his soul immediately and without haste"

KURT
H-how was I supposed to see that?!

GOD

He is clever. He didn't change a single word. He just changed the font size.

KURT

Is there any way out of this?

God gives Kurt a look.

GOD

How are things with Gina?

KURT

I suppose you already know.

GOD

Humor me. I enjoy conversation.

KURT

I think she's done.

GOD

Done? With you?

KURT

She doesn't see the real me. She sees my actions, but not my intentions.

GOD

And your intentions have been focused on giving her...things?

KURT

I just want to give her the kind of life she's used to. I want *us* to have a good life together.

GOD

So you want a good life...without having to earn it?

Kurt mulls this over and realizes how bad it sounds.

GOD (CONT'D)

Listen, I know you're feeling pretty low right now, but there's still time to fix things. You have all of the tools. You just can't give up. I see too many people do that. It's very disappointing.

KURT

If I can fix things with Gina, do you think you can help me get out of this contract?

GOD

You mean use my omnipotent divine powers to manifest a miracle to get you out of the mess you're in?

KURT

Yeah!

GOD

No.

Kurt's face drops.

GOD (CONT'D)

However...

He holds up his index finger and then slowly points it towards the chess board.

Kurt's eyes drop to the board.

God turns the board around 180 degrees.

Kurt's eyes widen. He pretends to have not missed God's clue.

GOD (CONT'D)

Do you understand?

Kurt, not wanting to lie to God, holds his breath hoping the answer will reveal itself. And then--

KURT

I wanna say yes, but--

GOD

Look, you've been granted the Devil's powers. And to your credit, you've been trying your best to not use them.

Kurt's face light up.

GOD (CONT'D)

Play his own game against him.

KURT

That's allowed?

God smiles

GOD

As long as you don't interfere with
freewill.

KURT

Sure would be easier if we could.

GOD

It might seem that way, but it
wouldn't be much of a life now,
would it?

Kurt nods his understanding.

KURT

Do you really think he will tear up
the contract?

GOD

Well, he's on vacation for the
first time in his existence, and
things aren't exactly going his
way. That's not something he's used
to. He's arrogant with a sense of
entitlement.

KURT

Right. I think I can use that.

God smiles.

A concerned look crosses Kurt's face.

KURT (CONT'D)

So, am I in trouble with you at
all?

GOD

Let's just say...there's a lot of
weeds that need pulled outside the
pearly gates.

God stares at Kurt blankly.

Kurt shrinks under his gaze.

God breaks into a hearty laugh. Kurt nervously joins in.

God makes his final chess move.

GOD (CONT'D)
Checkmate.

CUT TO:

EXT. GINA'S APARTMENT - DAY

A bright, tidy place with half-filled boxes.

Gina is wrapping dishes in newspaper and placing them in a box when there's a KNOCK at the door.

She pauses packing, makes her way to the door and opens it.

It's Kurt in his red tracksuit.

GINA
I see you're still wearing that
ridiculous outfit.

Gina goes back to packing, as Kurt steps inside.

KURT
Hey, what's all this?

Gina collects herself with a deep breath.

GINA
What's it look like?

KURT
Well, it looks like you're moving?
Where? Why? What's going on, Gina?

GINA
I accepted a new job today. It's
out of state. I start in two weeks.

KURT
What?! When were you gonna tell me?

GINA
I didn't know myself until last
night. I was on the fence, but when
I saw what you did to that poor
woman.

KURT
Gina, that wasn't--

GINA

Your fault? Explain it to me, Kurt.
How did it come to pass? Tell me I
didn't see what I saw.

KURT

It's not what you think.

GINA

I'm getting pretty tired of you
telling me that I don't understand.
Either you think I'm too dumb, or
your too smart, and either couldn't
be further from the truth.

KURT

Gina, listen to me. Something has
happened. Something I can't really
explain, or talk about. But I
promise you, I did not
intentionally set out to--

GINA

Stop, Kurt. Just stop. You're like
a broken record. It doesn't matter
what your intentions were. It
doesn't matter if it was an
accident. It just shouldn't have
happened, and it wouldn't have
happened...if you were doing what
you were supposed to be doing.

KURT

Gina--

GINA

One question, Kurt...and I just
want a yes or no answer. Would it
have happened if you weren't there?

Kurt's gaze falls. He shakes his head, then leaves.

He steps outside and doesn't even hear Gina close the door.

He looks up, stares directly into the camera. Anger building.

CUT TO:

EXT. TROPICAL RESORT BEACH - DAY

The Devil is sitting in a cabana, poolside.

A CABANA BOY passes by with an arm full of clean towels.

DEVIL

Oh, Cabana Boy...Cabana boy!

The Cabana Boy pretends not to hear and quickens his pace.

The Devil is about to chase down some clean towels, but the cabana entrance is blocked by Kurt.

DEVIL (CONT'D)

Hey Kid! I gotta admit, red is your color. How's the job going?

KURT

We need to talk.

DEVIL

Well, I'm on vacation, but we'll have plenty of time to talk later.

KURT

We talk now.

The Devil admires this new bold Kurt standing before him.

DEVIL

Alright, Kid. What's on your mind?

KURT

I saw the fine print on the contract.

The Devil snickers.

DEVIL

Pretty clever, right? I mean, no one in their right mind would have signed that contract otherwise. Not even for a million.

KURT

I want out.

DEVIL

No can do, Sporto.

KURT

Is this your final say on the matter?

DEVIL

Final say? Is there an ultimatum
coming? Tread lightly, my boy.
After all, I get the final say.

KURT

We'll see.

In a blink, Kurt vanishes.

The Devil stands and stretches, enjoying the moment.

Two TANNED BEAUTIES stroll past the Devil's cabana.

TANNED BEAUTY #1

Thanks for the drink.

TANNED BEAUTY #2

Yeah, thanks sweetie.

The Devil looks at them, curious.

A group of DUDES walk passed. They hold up their drinks.

DUDE #1

Thanks Bro!

DUDE #2

Very cool.

A third dude fist bumps the confused Devil.

A CABANA GIRL walks up with a bill for the Devil to sign.

She hands him the padded booklet.

Confused, he opens it and looks at the bill.

The bill is so long it unfolds and dangles a full twelve
inches below the booklet.

He gives the Cabana Girl a questioning look.

CABANA GIRL

Will you be paying for another
round, or would you like to close
out the tab.

The Devil smiles and chuckles.

DEVIL

Let's go ahead and close it out.

The Devil hands her a credit card. She slides the card into the portable reader.

It immediately declines.

She runs it again. Declined.

CABANA GIRL
Sir, do you have another card?

The Devil snaps his fingers. Nothing happens.

DEVIL
Oh that's right. No powers. Haha.

The Cabana Girl rolls her eyes.

DEVIL (CONT'D)
How about you just charge that to my room?

Another eye roll and she's gone.

The Devil takes a seat and is about to stretch out in the cabana when the Cabana Boy steps in.

CABANA BOY
Sir, this Cabana has been reserved by another guest. Please feel free to join the others around the pool.

DEVIL
But there's no shade out there.

CABANA BOY
It is the Caribbean, sir. We are known for our sunny days.

Annoyed, the Devil gathers up his belongings and clumsily drags them out to the pool area.

He is about to grab a lounge chair when another GUEST snatches it first.

He goes for another, but is beaten to it again.

A volleyball comes out of nowhere and smashes into the Devil's face, sending him into the deep end of the pool.

He frantically splashes, struggling to stay afloat.

DEVIL
H-Help! Help! I can't swim.

Everyone stares at the spectacle.

A bored LIFEGUARD climbs down from his chair and walks slowly over to the Devil desperately trying not to drown.

The Lifeguard grabs the Devil by his shirt and pulls him out of the water.

LIFEGUARD

Sir, we have a policy against swimming while fully dressed. We have approved swimwear in the giftshop if you need to--

Between coughing and gasping for air...

DEVIL

I don't need--

The Devil stops just short of having a conniption.

He stands, straightens himself out, and walks quickly past the SNICKERING GUESTS.

His wet clothes and deck shoes flopping water with each step.

CUT TO:

INT. KURT'S APARTMENT - DAY

Kurt appears in his living room, on the couch next to Henry, still sleeping.

His sudden appearance jolts Henry awake.

HENRY

Oh hey, man. How long was I out?

Kurt checks his watch.

KURT

About 12 hours.

HENRY

Wow. I haven't slept that long in years. Can't really sleep too long on the streets. Could wake up to a whole new world. Know what I mean?

Kurt studies Henry.

KURT
You're life hasn't been easy, has
it, Henry.

HENRY
Hey man. Everyday above ground is a
good day.

Kurt gives him a smile.

KURT
You hungry?

HENRY
Starving.

CUT TO:

INT. RESTAURANT - DAY

Vinyl booths and wooden tables filled with hungry people.

Henry and Kurt sit in a booth. Full plates of food in front
of them.

Kurt is nervous, afraid any thing he does will wreak havoc on
innocent customers. His movements are intentionally robotic.

HENRY
You okay, man?

KURT
Just a bit accident prone lately.

HENRY
You seem a little pre-occupied.
Listen, you don't need to be
wasting your time hanging out with
a guy like me. There must be a
million other things you could be
doing right now.

KURT
Maybe, but this one makes me feel
good.

Henry puts down his fork.

HENRY
I don't need charity, you know.

KURT
This isn't charity, Henry. This is
you helping *me* out.

HENRY
How so?

Henry picks his fork back up, goes back to eating.

KURT
I've had a few things happen to me
that make me think I'm not doing
things right. And this...just feels
right.

HENRY
Whatever floats your boat, man. But
seriously, thanks for what you're
doing. I don't have the words, man.

KURT
And you don't need 'em.

Henry nods and smiles.

HENRY
Why do you think seated us way in
the back like this?

KURT
Maybe they just don't like the
color red.

Kurt tugs on his clothes, They both chuckle.

Kurt catches the attention of their WAITER.

The waiter brings the check, but then--

KURT (CONT'D)
Can we see a dessert menu please?

The waiter scoffs indifference, drops menus on their table.

The attitude rubs Kurt the wrong way. He focuses his
attention on the waiter.

The smug waiter is carrying a carafe of hot coffee when the
swinging door to the kitchen opens and smashes the carafe,
splashing hot coffee on the waiter's crotch.

The waiter stifles a scream and grabs a glass of ice water
from a CUSTOMER and pours it down the front of his pants.

Kurt smirks and turns toward Henry.

KURT (CONT'D)
I know a better place to grab
dessert. Finish your food while I
go pay the check.

Kurt heads toward the cashier, but ducks around the corner.

He pulls out his cell phone and calls Gina's phone. It goes directly to voicemail.

Kurt looks around making sure no one can see him.

CUT TO:

INT. TROPICAL RESORT HOTEL - DAY

The Devil makes his way down the hallway to his room.

He inserts his room card key and the lock flashes red. He tries again and again and gets the same result.

IN THE LOBBY--

The Devil approaches the FRONT DESK GIRL.

FRONT DESK GIRL
How may I help you today, sir?

DEVIL
My room key is not working.

The Devil slides the key card to her.

She taps the card key on the desk as she waits for her computer to pull up the information.

FRONT DESK GIRL
Okay, I see the problem.

DEVIL
Great.

FRONT DESK GIRL
Looks like your credit card has
been declined.

The Devil is pissed.

DEVIL

I want to speak to your manager.

The Front Desk Girl peeks into the room behind her.

FRONT DESK GIRL

Sir, we have a guest out here that
would like to speak with you?

The receptionist leads the Devil into the manager's office.

A big chair facing backwards swivels, revealing Kurt.

DEVIL

Oh, you gotta be kidding me.

KURT

What seems to be the issue, sir?

DEVIL

Very funny, kid. I want my room
back.

KURT

Oh, I'm sorry, sir...did you not
see the *fine print* on your
admission paperwork?

Kurt pulls out a magnifying glass and the signed paperwork
and presents them to the Devil.

He looks at Kurt for a long beat.

Frustrated, he snatches the magnifying glass and scans the
tiny print on the document.

ON THE DOCUMENT--

"If the below signatory is an asshole at anytime, he
immediately forfeits his room. Should he continue to be an
asshole, things only get worse from here."

The Devil glares at Kurt.

KURT (CONT'D)

I want my life back.

DEVIL

You're playing with fire here, kid.

KURT

Well, the way I see it...I don't
have anything to lose.

DEVIL

Oh, you are so wrong about that.
What do you think happens at the
end of this? Do you think you're
safe? Do you think I'll just forget
all of this?

Kurt looks at the computer screen.

KURT

Let me see what I can do to rectify
the situation. It appears your room
is no longer available, so we'll
need to move you to a new room.

Kurt grabs a new room key and hands it to the Devil.

DEVIL

Now that's more like it.

KURT

Enjoy the rest of your stay.

Kurt watches the Devil walk away whistling a victory tune.

A smile creases Kurt's lips and in an instant, he's gone.

IN THE HOTEL ELEVATOR--

The Devil looks at his key to determine which floor his room
is on, only his key doesn't start with a number, it starts
with a letter.

The letter "B".

He hits the "B" button and rides the elevator down to the
bowels of the hotel.

He steps from the elevator into a dimly lit corridor.

He has to squint to read the sign.

He's in the basement.

From the look on his face, it smells exactly as expected.

He finds his room, opens the door and steps inside.

There are no windows. The bed is a cot. And there is an air-
sending unit taking up a third of the room and humming at
full power.

There's a tub tv console suspended on a pipe above the shelves where towels are stored.

Several staff uniforms are hung up in the bathroom to dry.

DEVIL
He knows not what he do.

A giant cockroach scurries up the wall behind him.

CUT TO:

INT. RESTAURANT - DAY

Henry is wiping his mouth when Kurt walks up to the table.

KURT
Ready?

Henry nods. But before he stands, he fills his pockets with the condiments, the salt and pepper shakers, and the sugar and cream packets.

Henry winks at Kurt.

HENRY
Let's roll.

EXT. RESTAURANT - DAY

Kurt and Henry leave the restaurant and walk down the street.

KURT
You ever been in love, Henry?

HENRY
Every pay day.

Kurt laughs at Henry's joke, but Henry isn't joking.

HENRY (CONT'D)
Lady got you down, huh?

KURT
Actually, we broke up. Well, more she than we. She gave back her ring.

HENRY
What?! No way.

Kurt pulls out the ring and shows it to Henry.

Henry whistles.

HENRY (CONT'D)

Wow, look at that doorknob. So
what's the plan, man? How do we get
her back?

Kurt looks over at Henry, admiring his friendship.

KURT

Flowers and apologies aren't gonna
work this time.

HENRY

Is this all because of the other
night in the bar?

KURT

It started long before that. And
then I have this other situation
that I'm trying to undo. I'm not
really sure if I'm on a path to
making things right, or if I'm
rushing headfirst into a
woodchipper.

HENRY

Well, I may not be a rocket
scientist, but I think it's best to
stay away from a woodchipper.

Kurt smiles, looks at Henry to see if he's joking. He's not.

HENRY (CONT'D)

Listen, man...you're a good guy.
You've got a good heart. She knows
that or she wouldn't have accepted
that ring to begin with, right?

KURT

Yeah. Maybe. I guess.

HENRY

You want me to put a good word in
for you? I can be pretty damn
charming when I want to be.

Kurt gives Henry a smile.

KURT

Better not. I don't need her
falling for you, Henry.

Henry licks his hands and smooths out his hair.

KURT (CONT'D)
Hey, I've got an idea.

Henry gives Kurt a questioning look.

CUT TO:

BEGIN MONTAGE

- Kurt and Henry step into a barber shop.
- Henry in the barber's chair.
- Henry's chair spins around and when he comes full circle his hair has been shampooed and combed straight, revealing the full length.
- Henry spins around again. This time when he comes full circle, his hair has been clipped to a short length.
- Another spin reveals Henry's beard trimmed into a goatee.
- Henry's barber gown is removed, revealing a new location.
- Henry in a clothing store, getting measured.
- Henry trying on various clothes. Some casual. Some formal.
- Henry slipping into new shoes.
- Henry standing in the mirror looking dapper.

End Montage

Henry stands there, admiring his new look in the mirror. Kurt stands behind him.

KURT
You look great. Whaddaya think?

Henry thinks for a moment. His face falls a bit.

HENRY
I'm not sure.

KURT
What?! You look like a million bucks.

HENRY

Look, I appreciate what you're doing here, but it's just not me. I look in the mirror and I don't recognize the guy looking back. I don't want to lose me by pretending to be someone else. To you...I look like a million bucks, but to me...it's just a rental.

Off Kurt's reaction...

CUT TO:

INT. KURT'S PARENT'S HOUSE - DAY

A simple place. Warm colors, nick nacks and family photos.

Gina sits across from Kurt's father as Kurt's mother serves them coffee.

KURT'S FATHER

I'd like to tell you to give Kurt another chance, I really would.

GINA

I just wanted you to hear it from me first. I think the world of you guys. You're family to me.

KURT'S MOTHER

And we think the same of you, dear.

KURT'S FATHER

Maybe we should have been spanking parents. My old man would really let me have it and--

KURT'S MOTHER

Yes dear, we've all heard how well your father beat you as a child.

KURT'S FATHER

All I'm saying is, back in my day, we wouldn't dream of pulling even an ounce of the crap that Kurt does.

KURT'S MOTHER

He's a good boy, he just--well, he just prefers shortcuts.

KURT'S FATHER

And he doesn't mind who he cuts in the process.

KURT'S MOTHER

Kurt doesn't have a mean bone in his body. He just doesn't think of the consequences of his actions.

KURT'S FATHER

He would if I had taken my belt--

KURT'S MOTHER

That's not helping.

Frustrated, Kurt's father leaves the room.

Gina starts crying a bit.

Kurt's mother embraces her.

GINA

I just want you to know that I still love Kurt. I just can't see a future with him. And it just breaks my heart.

From the other room--

KURT'S FATHER (O.C.)

He wouldn't be breaking hearts had we broke a few spatula's over his ass!

CUT TO:

EXT. TROPICAL RESORT BEACH - DAY

Sand, sun and waves.

CLOSE UP on the Red Head from the bar. She's suntanning face down with her bikini straps undone.

A pair of oiled hands begins to rub lotion on her in slow sensual movements.

She moans and writhes in pleasure.

We pan to see the hand's owner.

They belong to the Devil.

The Devil wearing long sleeves and pants to avoid getting even more sunburned, continues to rub lotion on the Red Head.

RED HEAD
Don't forget my legs.

The Devil's eyes widen in excitement.

He quickly moves lower and pours an excessive amount of lotion in his hand. It spills everywhere.

He is suddenly yanked to his feet and spun around, and pulled nose to nose by the musclebound Bartender.

There is a moment of recognition before the Bartender's fist slams into the Devil's face.

The Devil drops like a stone.

RED HEAD (CONT'D)
What the hell?!

The Devil fights to stay conscious, clutching his nose.

DEVIL
Hey! What gives?! Get your own girl!

The Bartender pulls him to his feet, brings his face close.

BARTENDER
No one puts their hands on my wife!

The Devil stares at him for a moment, then breaks into a small, nervous laugh.

RED HEAD
(to Bartender/husband)
I thought it was you putting lotion on me.

The Bartender carries the Devil over to a trash can, turns him upside down, and drops him inside headfirst.

From inside the trash can, we hear--

DEVIL
You will RUE the day!

CUT TO:

INT. POOL HALL - EVENING

Dimly light billiard room. Neon beer signs. Hair-band music.

Henry, back in his old clothes, sinks the eight ball, beating Kurt at pool.

HENRY

I think that makes it twenty grand
now, but buy me a beer and we'll
call it even.

Kurt stares at Henry incredulously.

KURT

How'd you get so good at pool?

HENRY

We had a pool table growing up.

Kurt considers this for a moment.

HENRY (CONT'D)

Don't look so surprised, man. I
wasn't always on the streets.

Kurt catches the BAR-BACK's attention, holds up his empty
beer bottle and two fingers.

KURT

So, what happened, Henry? How did
you end up on the streets?

HENRY

Well, how can I explain this. You
know how in almost every situation,
there's a good choice and a bad
choice? Well, I always seemed to
choose the bad one, or I didn't
make a choice at all. That gets to
be a habit...until you lose
everything. Then there are no
choices.

Their beers arrive. Empty bottles are traded for full ones.

HENRY (CONT'D)

I didn't even have my first drink
until I was homeless. Turns out
you'll do just about anything to
pass time when time hurts.

Henry takes a sip from his bottle.

HENRY (CONT'D)

You see, most people see a homeless dude and think he's crazy, lazy or drugged out of his mind. There are some out there like that, but most of us just screwed up and can't find our way back. We ain't looking for a handout, we just want a second chance. Sort of like you with your lady. Know what I mean?

Kurt snorts a bit.

KURT

Yeah, I do.

Kurt takes a drink of his beer.

KURT (CONT'D)

So how'd you make a living before?

HENRY

I was a contractor. Man, with the right tools, I can fix and build just about anything. I was good.

KURT

I hope you get your second chance, Henry.

HENRY

You too, man.

They clink their beer bottles together.

HENRY (CONT'D)

Mind if I offer you some advice?

Kurt shrugs and nods, yes.

HENRY (CONT'D)

Dude, you have almost zero self awareness.

KURT

Henry's cut off. No more for you.

HENRY

I'm serious. You don't seem to pay attention to anything that's going down. You're clumsy as hell. You have questionable fashion sense, but I actually dig that about you.

Kurt tugs at his red clothes.

HENRY (CONT'D)
Why do think you're hanging out
with me?

KURT
I told you. It feels right.

HENRY
Sure, it may be some of that. But I
think you're using this to avoid
what really needs fixed.

Kurt looks perplexed.

Henry pokes Kurt in the chest with his index finger.

HENRY (CONT'D)
We're a lot alike. We both use life
to distract us. And we both need
help, but we're too proud to ask
for it.

As Kurt ponders this...

CUT TO:

INT. GOD'S MAN-CAVE - DAY

Back in the realm of God's tribute to the 70's and 80's.

Kurt pops into the room. He's getting used to the travel.

God invites Kurt to take a chair at the chess table.

GOD
You've been busy.

KURT
Does anything go unnoticed by you?

GOD
No. But noticing and intervening
are two entirely different things.

KURT
You already know, don't you?

GOD
That you're going to ask for my
help?

KURT

Yeah.

GOD

Of course.

KURT

So you'll help me?

GOD

Use my omnipotent divine powers to manifest a miracle for you?

KURT

Yeah.

GOD

No.

Kurt's face falls a bit.

GOD (CONT'D)

Don't look so down.

KURT

I just--I gotta find a way to convince her to take me back.

GOD

Mind if I share an observation?

Kurt shrugs and nods, anxious to hear the next words.

GOD (CONT'D)

You seem to focus on making others do the things you want them to.

KURT

You think I'm trying to manipulate people?

GOD

Aren't you? Almost every thought you have starts with...I need or I want...if only they would do this or do that. You seem to always want *someone else* to do something.

Kurt mulls this over.

KURT

You're right.

God smiles at Kurt. Gives Kurt the "Hey, I'm God" gesture.

GOD

Let me ask you this...if you had a son and he was trying to win back his girl, what advice would you give him?

Kurt thinks for a moment.

GOD (CONT'D)

Instead of trying to trick or scheme your way back into a relationship, how about working on being the best version of you. Become worthy and those meant to be in your life, will.

KURT

Not to question the Almighty, but that kinda sounds like giving up and just hoping she comes back.

GOD

More faith than hope. Now, let's play chess and talk about your other problem.

CUT TO:

EXT. TROPICAL RESORT - DAY

The Devil has black eyes and padded gauze in both nostrils.

He stops on an small walk-way bridge arching over a coy pond and stares in disgust at a beautiful wedding in progress.

He notices a peacock sitting on the handrail of the bridge.

He shoves the majestic bird off the rail and into the pond.

It SCREECHES IN PROTEST.

The Devil's snickers make him clutch his nose in pain.

He pauses for a beat, sensing something to his side.

He slowly turns and comes nose-to-beak with a peacock much larger than the one he pushed.

FROM THE POV OF THE WEDDING PARTY--

A traditional wedding in progress.

The BRIDE decked in white and the GROOM in his tux stand before their FRIENDS and FAMILY reciting their vows in front of a MINISTER.

MINISTER

...to have and to hold, from this
day forward, til death do you part?

A LOUD NOISE interrupts the ceremony.

All heads turn to see the commotion the Devil being pecked over and over again as he runs back and fourth, screaming, trying to dislodge the angry peacock.

He trips and crashes into the coy pond.

The Devil clutches at the fresh wounds on his face.

Clearing water from his eyes, his blurry vision comes to focus on Kurt standing behind a hibiscus bush, smiling.

CUT TO:

INT. KURT'S APARTMENT - EVENING

Henry is sitting in Kurt's reclining chair, drinking a beer.

Henry has Kurt's laptop open.

ON THE LAPTOP SCREEN--

Henry scrolls through Kurt's Instagram feed of pranks.

BEGIN MONTAGE--

- a video of a OLD WOMAN being scared from an air horn,
dropping a birthday cake with lit candles

- a video of a OLD MAN panicking and falling out of his kayak
after seeing the fake alligator head pursuing him.

- a video of MIDDLE-AGED COUPLE walking past the lion's cage
in the zoo. The cage door flies open and a mighty roar sends
them running away. We see it's actually a loud speaker tucked
under a large stuffed animal.

- a video of a YOUNG MAN mountain climbing. His climbing partner above him loses footing and falls past him screaming. As the Young Man screams for his falling friend, we see his hidden parachute open and hear laughter descending below.
- a video of a DRUNKEN MAN waking up in the morgue, slowly realizing where he's at. His terrified screams fill the room.
- a video of seagulls being fed food with laxatives. Moments later, unexpected beach-goers getting nailed with gull shit.
- the video of Kurt's funeral.

END MONTAGE.

Kurt walks into the apartment, nodding to Henry.

HENRY
Dude, you really faked your death
and posted it?

Kurt nods.

HENRY (CONT'D)
No wonder your lady's pissed at
you.

Kurt sighs, collapses on the couch.

KURT
It's kind of funny though, right?

HENRY
Yeah. It's funny, but it's the kind
of funny you where you feel bad for
laughing. It's probably not too
funny for them.

Henry scrolls to the next video in the IG feed.

On the screen, HOMELESS people asleep in a public park.

The sound of VICIOUS DOG BARKING jolts everyone awake and sends them scattering in all directions.

Then we see the sound is coming from a tiny remote control dog rolling out of the shadows and into view.

Henry shoots Kurt a look and heads towards the door.

KURT
Henry?

Henry storms out of Kurt's apartment, leaving the door open.

KURT (CONT'D)

Henry?!

Kurt looks confused.

He glances at the open laptop, sees the video that Henry was looking at before he walked out.

EXT. KURT'S APARTMENT - EVENING

Henry walks quickly down the sidewalk, putting distance between himself and Kurt's apartment.

Kurt chases after him.

KURT

Henry...wait up!

Kurt runs in front of Henry and stops him.

KURT (CONT'D)

Henry, I didn't mean--

Henry holds his hand up, stopping Kurt from talking.

HENRY

Listen, I know you don't think what you do is wrong. But I sleep in that park. I knew those people you chased out the park with some fake fricking dog. Do you have any idea how hard it is to find a spot for the night? When that sun goes down, tension goes up. Anything will send you running into the dark.

KURT

Henry, I don't know what to say.

HENRY

That just wasn't cool, man.

KURT

I know, Henry. I know.

HENRY

Here's a little hint, Kurt. If the person you're pranking doesn't laugh with you after the prank, it's probably not okay.

Henry storms off leaving Kurt standing there.

Kurt collects himself, turns to go back to his apartment. He nearly collides into Gina who's standing there holding a box.

KURT

You scared the crap out of me!

GINA

I don't even want to know what you did to that guy.

GINA (CONT'D)

I just came over to return some of your things.

Kurt takes the box from Gina and places it on the ground.

KURT

Gina, I don't want you to leave. I know we can work this out. Our relationship is too important to me to let you walk away.

GINA

You're not *letting* me walk away, Kurt. You pushed me away with the choices you made.

KURT

How can you say that? Every choice I made was for us.

GINA

You say you do the things you do so that we have a good life, but it's more important to do something good *with* your life. You keep choosing things you know I can't handle. Then, you lie to me. And I don't know what you just did to your friend, but he looked pretty pissed off too. You're always *working* everyone, when you really need to be working on yourself.

KURT

Gina, I get it. I'm trying.

GINA

How Kurt?

KURT

What?

GINA

It's a simple question. Explain to me how you are working on yourself. The details.

Kurt shrinks a bit.

GINA (CONT'D)

I know. I know. You can't explain it. So how about this...just give me your goal?

KURT

My goal?

GINA

Yeah. What goal have you set for yourself?

Kurt thinks about this for a second.

KURT

Gina, I'm trying to change. I'm in the process of changing. I guess my goal is for you to be around to see it.

Gina kisses Kurt on the cheek. She whispers in his ear.

GINA

That's what I wanted to. Goodbye, Kurt.

Gina walks away into the night.

CUT TO:

INT. KURT'S APARTMENT - EVENING

Kurt walks into his apartment carrying the box from Gina.

He sets it down on the table and grabs a beer from the fridge.

CUT TO:

EXT. TROPICAL RESORT - EVENING

The Devil lays on his bed holding a towel filled with ice to his wounded face.

A knock on the door reluctantly stirs him from the bed.

He opens the door revealing the real HOTEL MANAGER.

HOTEL MANAGER

Oh my. Are you alright, sir?

DEVIL

Do I look alright to you?

HOTEL MANAGER

Sir, on behalf of the hotel, I want to offer my sincerest apologies regarding your situation.

DEVIL

This vacation has been a total clusterfuck from the start.

HOTEL MANAGER

I understand, sir...which is why I've been authorized to offer you a full refund for this stay, as well as a 7 day stay at any time during the next calendar year, free of charge.

DEVIL

Listen, Jeeves...I appreciate what you're trying to do, but it simply won't work.

HOTEL MANAGER

Sir?

DEVIL

You're trying to make sure I don't cause a problem, but I assure you, as sure as you're standing there, this hotel and everyone in it, everyone around it, anyone next to it. Anyone who has ever stayed here or will stay here is going to experience an unholy shitstorm of biblical proportions.

The Hotel Manager stands there, afraid to react in any way.

DEVIL (CONT'D)

This room is basically a closet. I want an upgrade immediately. Something on the top floor, with an ocean view. Preferably next to some honeys. I also want a bottle of your best champagne--

HOTEL MANAGER
Sir, I'm afraid there are no other
rooms available at this time.

DEVIL
Look, I want to be
compensated...and I mean right now.

HOTEL MANAGER
Sir, please--.

DEVIL
Top floor...with a view.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. RESORT HOTEL ROOFTOP - EVENING

The Devil and a FEMALE HOTEL EMPLOYEE standing next to a tent
pitched atop the roof on the Hotel.

The Hotel Employee fights back her laughter as the Devil eyes
his new digs.

HOTEL EMPLOYEE
Top floor...with a view, sir.

DEVIL
Oh, I'm losing it.

The Hotel Employee can no longer hold back and breaks into a
guttural laugh.

HOTEL EMPLOYEE
W-would you...like a wake up call,
sir? Hahahaha

With as much dignity as he can muster--

DEVIL
Yes, that would be fine. And my
champagne?

The Hotel Employee hands the Devil a six pack of soda.

DEVIL (CONT'D)
What the hell is this?

HOTEL EMPLOYEE
There's no alcohol allowed on the
roof, sir. We wouldn't want you to
jump off. Hahahaha

The Devil peeks inside the tent and sees a 5 gallon bucket with the words 'Squat Pot' on the side.

Off his reaction...

CUT TO:

INT. KURT'S APARTMENT - EVENING

Kurt sits on his couch, drinking a beer, going through the box of personals that Gina brought over.

It's filled with memories, keepsakes and tokens of their time together. A ballcap. A stuffed animal. A coffee mug with the words 'Better Half'.

He sips his beer as he continues down memory lane.

He wipes a tear from his eye as he laughs at a memory.

He picks up a photo of him and Gina standing outside a mall. It brings a smile to his face. His face slowly fades into reluctant acceptance of Gina being gone.

He tosses the picture back in the box and grabs another beer from the fridge.

He spots the salt and pepper shakers that Henry lifted from the restaurant. He picks one up and smiles.

A thought slowly forms.

He reaches in the box and pulls out the picture of him and Gina standing in front of the mall.

He pulls it closer to see the billboard in the picture announcing the mall's closure.

A thought forms.

CUT TO:

EXT. PARK - EVENING

Dark shadows stretch across the tree-lined park.

Kurt races into the park.

KURT
Henry?! Henry?!

Grumbling rises from the SLEEPING HOMELESS.

VOICE #1
Go use Tinder! It's cheaper.

VOICE #2
Hey, people are trying to sleep.

Kurt looks nervous, but pushes on.

KURT
Does anyone know a guy named Henry?

VOICE #3
Yeah, and he told me to tell you to
piss off.

VOICE #4
The Bee Gees called, they want
their running suit back.

Kurt pushes deeper into the park.

KURT
Henry?! Henry!

Henry steps out of the shadows.

HENRY
What are you doing here, man?

KURT
Henry, I owe you an apology. I-I
guess I make bad choices too.

Henry stares at him for a second.

HENRY
You came down here this late to
tell me that?

KURT
You were right, Henry. I've been
avoiding what I really need to do.

HENRY
Dude, go tell a priest. Why tell
me?

KURT
Because I need your help, Henry.
I'm asking for your help.

Henry scoffs.

HENRY
What can I do?

Kurt begins to explain his need of Henry.

Henry looks curious as Kurt speaks.

His face lights up more as Kurt continues to lay things out.

The sun is starting to rise as they walk and talk on their way back to Kurt's apartment.

INT. KURT'S APARTMENT - DAY

Kurt pours Henry a cup of coffee.

HENRY
How do you plan on paying for all of this?

KURT
I'm selling the website.

HENRY
Is that gonna be enough?

KURT
Probably not, but I have a line on some more funds, but it's risky.

HENRY
You plan on robbing a bank? Haha

KURT
Not exactly.

Henry takes a sip of coffee and looks at Kurt curiously.

KURT (CONT'D)
I'm gonna raise the bet and hope I don't get caught bluffing.

Henry stares at Kurt, trying to figure out what the hell he's talking about. He gives up and breaks into laughter.

HENRY

Man, I knew you were crazy the first time I laid eyes on you. Crazy knows crazy.

KURT

Does that mean you're in?

Henry pauses for a beat. And then--

HENRY

100%

They shake hands.

HENRY (CONT'D)

By the way, this coffee sucks. I probably shouldn't have washed my socks in the pot.

Kurt sniffs his coffee and scrunches his face.

HENRY (CONT'D)

Relax, I'm just messing with ya.

Kurt looks relieved.

HENRY (CONT'D)

...it was my underwear.

Kurt spits the coffee out of his mouth.

HENRY (CONT'D)

Dude, I'm just horsing around. I don't even wear underwear.

Off Kurt's reaction...

CUT TO:

EXT. RESORT ROOFTOP - DAY

The Devil climbs from his tent, bent over, clutching his back in pain. He looks like shit.

DEVIL

If I wanted to go camping, I would have went to Montana!!

The Devil spots the room service tray left just outside of his tent.

A smile creases his wounded face.

He rubs his hands together in anticipation and lifts the lid, revealing a beautiful breakfast.

As he looks for a place to sit down and enjoy his meal, seagulls rush in and take all the food.

The Devil tries to fight them off, swinging wildly, trying to connect with the airborne menaces.

They squawk and mock him until the food is all gone.

He throws dishes at them as they fly away.

CUT TO:

INT. KURT'S APARTMENT - DAY

HENRY

Hey man, thanks for this.

KURT

Henry, you're the one whose doing me a favor. It should be me thanking you.

Kurt hands Henry his credit card.

KURT (CONT'D)

Just don't go too crazy with this.

HENRY

Roger that. What are you gonna do?

KURT

I'm gonna go shake hands with the Devil.

Henry snorts a laugh and leaves the apartment.

Kurt pulls out the contract between him and the Devil.

CUT TO:

INT. RESORT FRONT DESK - DAY

The upscale lobby is filled with upscale people.

The Devil stands at the counter waiting to get the attention of an indifferent CONCIERGE sporting a paper thin mustache and pompadour hair.

The Devil clears his throat several times. Each time louder than the first.

The Concierge finally looks up, annoyed.

He looks the Devil up and down.

CONCIERGE

Sir, are you a guest here?

DEVIL

Why, yes I am. I happen to be on the top floor.

The Concierge looks a bit impressed by this.

CONCIERGE

How may I help you today?

DEVIL

Well, first...you can have this.

The Devil places the semi-filled 5 gallon bathroom bucket on the marble counter.

The Concierge recoils in disgust.

DEVIL (CONT'D)

And next, I want to speak to the slimy little bastard that calls himself the Hotel Manager. That's him right there! Trying to hide behind that copy machine!

Busted, the Hotel Manager slowly stands up, into view.

HOTEL MANAGER

I was merely clearing a paper jam.

The Devil gives him the "yeah, right" smile.

DEVIL

I'm going to assume you have an actual room available for me today?

HOTEL MANAGER

As a matter of fact, our suite is available.

DEVIL

And?

HOTEL MANAGER

And the minibar is complementary.

DEVIL

And?

The Hotel Manager's eyes shift as he thinks.

HOTEL MANAGER

And we would like to offer you a free island excursion today where you will receive a free charter vessel of your choosing to pilot to one of our private beaches in the surrounding islands.

DEVIL

Now we're talking. These private beaches...how private are they?

HOTEL MANAGER

I don't understand the question, sir.

DEVIL

Will there be any women on these private beaches?

HOTEL MANAGER

Yes, many of our guests enjoy spending time on the--

DEVIL

Just point out which island has the most babes.

CUT TO:

EXT. RESORT BOAT DOCK - DAY

A weathered BOAT COORDINATOR is handing a set of boat keys to the Devil. He stops short of dropping them into his hand.

BOAT COORDINATOR

You've driven a boat before, right?

DEVIL

Don't worry, Ahab. I got this.

The Devil snatches the keys from the Boat Coordinator and climbs aboard the boat.

He looks around for the ignition. He's not finding it.

The Boat Coordinator stares at the spectacle.

The Devil pretends to be inspecting the dash of the boat.

DEVIL (CONT'D)
Everything seems to be in order.

The Devil's face lights up as he finally finds the ignition.

He starts the boat and turns towards the Boat Coordinator.

DEVIL (CONT'D)
Behold the white whale!

The Devil laughs and guns the throttle, but the boat reverses into the dock.

DEVIL (CONT'D)
Whoopsies.

The Devil throttles the boat forward, but it comes to an abrupt stop.

It's still tied to the dock!

DEVIL (CONT'D)
What the hell, boat boy?!

The Boat Coordinator gives him a dirty look as he unties the boat from the dock.

The Devil speeds away through the 'no-wake' area under a torrent of LOUD JEERS and withering stares.

The Devil races past them all, out into open water.

SOMEWHERE BETWEEN THE ISLANDS--

The Devil's boat sputters and engine stops.

He is adrift between islands, but too far to swim to one.

He looks over the vessel for a mechanical problem, but he's not really sure what to look for or what he's looking at.

He walks to the back of the boat to look at the engine.

He's peeking over the side when the boat suddenly roars to life and lurches forward.

The Devil tumbles over the stern and splashes headfirst into the ocean.

When he breaches, he sees Kurt in the Captain's chair.

DEVIL

You again!

The Devil attempts to board the boat, but can't seem to pull his body up and over the side.

DEVIL (CONT'D)

Give me a hand, kid.

Kurt begins to clap his hands.

DEVIL (CONT'D)

Ordinarily, I would find this amusing, but as I'm sure you know, I've had a few challenges thrown my way lately and I'm not in a playing mood.

KURT

Join the club.

DEVIL

Are you really going to stand there and whine after all I've done for you?

KURT

Done for me? You ruined my life.

DEVIL

Yeah, like you really needed a push for that one. Now pull me back in the boat.

KURT

I'm here to make you an offer.

DEVIL

Ha! If I wasn't struggling to stay afloat, I'd be laughing my pretty little head off. Speaking of which, if you want to keep your head in tact, you'll help me aboard.

KURT

Sucks feeling helpless, doesn't it.

DEVIL

Look kid, if you're going to just stand there and vent about how unfair life is, at least throw me a life preserver.

KURT
You're gonna sign a new contract,
voiding the other one.

The Devil laughs.

KURT (CONT'D)
I don't think you fully understand
your situation.

DEVIL
So pull me in and explain it to me.

KURT
I don't have much left to
lose...but you do.

Kurt lifts a bucket to the side of the boat and digs out a large scoop of red goop and throws it overboard.

Kurt is chumming the waters!

And it lands next to the Devil.

DEVIL
Hey, what are you doing? What is
that?

Kurt shovels another scoop into the water.

KURT
You knew I needed money to keep my
promise to Gina.

DEVIL
You're a big boy. You knew what you
were getting in to.

KURT
You tricked me into signing my soul
away.

Another scoop.

The Devil realizes what Kurt is tossing into the water.

KURT (CONT'D)
But here's what you didn't count
on...a man with nothing left to
lose...is a very dangerous man.

DEVIL
You want to know what's dangerous?
Poking a bear, and right now, you
are poking a grizzly.

Another scoop from Kurt.

DEVIL (CONT'D)
Do you even an inkling of what I
could do to you--

KURT
Sure...but that's assuming you live
to take back the reigns.

The Devil looks nervous.

KURT (CONT'D)
You're human right now, with human
frailties...and all that that
implies.

DEVIL
I'm warning you, kid. When I get
out of this--

KURT
IF you get out of this. I think
you've overlooked my friends.

Two dorsal fins cut through the water several feet from the Devil. They circle The Devil struggling to tread water.

The Devil's fear just took a giant leap up the oh shit scale.

DEVIL
Ok. Ok. Ok. Just pull me up and
we'll talk.

KURT
You're going to release me from the
other contract. Still pay me the
one million dollars. And you're not
going to retaliate against me,
anyone I know, or anyone you met
during this little vacation of
yours.

DEVIL
But eternal torment is my thing.

Another scoop of chum drops directly in front of the Devil.

DEVIL (CONT'D)
Alright. Alright. Alright. I agree
to your terms.

KURT
I want you your signature.

The Devil eyes the dorsal fins getting closer.

DEVIL
Kid, if I die, you don't get a
thing.

Kurt holds a clipboard over the side of the boat.

The Devil resists signing.

A dorsal fin passes right in front of him.

DEVIL (CONT'D)
Gimme that damn pen.

The Devil struggles to sign the document, but manages to
scrawl the letter "D" on the contract without drowning.

DEVIL (CONT'D)
Now get me out of the water before
these things eat me!

KURT
Oh, they won't eat you.

The Devil looks at Kurt curiously.

The dorsal fins dive and disappear.

Then we see two dolphins as they breach the surface.

DEVIL
Oh, you are one tricky bastard,
aren't you?

Kurt smiles as he folds the contract, tucks it away.

KURT
If you're nice to them, they may
help you back to shore.

DEVIL
You can't leave me out here after
chumming the water. I'll be killed!

KURT
That wasn't chum...

Kurt reaches in the chum bucket, pulls out a red dripping chunk and takes a bite of it.

KURT (CONT'D)
...jelly donuts in raspberry sauce.

Between bites, Kurt throws the Devil a life preserver.

DEVIL
I could still get humped by horny dolphins.

KURT
Even dolphins need love.

Kurt fires up the engine.

KURT (CONT'D)
I heard playing hard to get just pisses them off.

Kurt speeds away in the boat as the Devil scans for fins.

Clutching the life preserver, he rolls over and nervously back-paddles his way towards the shore.

CUT TO:

INT. HARDWARE STORE - DAY

Henry is strolling through the aisles, filling his cart with tools and equipment.

He notices TWO EMPLOYEES are following him, giving him the stink eye.

Henry tries to lose them down another aisle, but they follow.

They step in front of his cart.

EMPLOYEE #1
Sir, can you pay for those items?

HENRY
I guess you'll find out in checkout.

Henry tries to maneuver around the employees, but they step in front of him again, blocking the way.

It's a stand-off.

Henry let's go of the cart, hangs his head low and starts to walk off in the other direction.

KURT (O.C.)
Is there a problem here?

Kurt grabs Henry's shoulder, preventing him from leaving.

EMPLOYEE #2
Sir, is this gentleman with you?

KURT
Not that it's any of your business,
but yeah, he's with me. You should
be more concerned with aisle 3.

VOICE ON INTERCOM
Pick up on aisle 3.

The two employees trade looks and head toward aisle 3.

IN AISLE THREE--

All of the shelves are empty. Their contents strewn about on the floor, 4 four feet high, the entire length of the aisle.

Off the employees reaction...

BACK AT HENRY'S CART--

Henry looks defeated. The wind has left his sail.

HENRY
Maybe we should call this whole
thing off.

KURT
Because of those two idiots?

HENRY
Don't sweat it, man. I'm used to
the treatment.

KURT
Doesn't make it right, Henry. Look,
I don't think it was an accident
that we met. And I don't think I
can do this without you.

HENRY
How do you know this will work?

KURT
Just gotta have faith I guess.

HENRY
You doing this so she'll come back?

Kurt stops and thinks about the answer for a moment.

KURT
She's everything I want, but I'd
rather be the man that *she* wants.
And besides, this just feels right.

CUT TO:

INT. KURT'S APARTMENT - DAY

Henry excitedly unpacks the things just purchased at the hardware store: power tools, measuring tape & caulking gun.

Kurt pulls out his cell phone.

He fights the urge to call Gina and loses the battle.

Her number is no longer in service.

He tries her social media accounts, but he's been blocked.

Henry notices something is wrong with Kurt.

HENRY
Everything okay?

Kurt pockets his phone.

KURT
Yeah. Let's figure out next steps.

CUT TO:

EXT. RESORT BEACH - DAY

The beach is filled with tan couples in love.

The Devil crawls out of the surf with the life preserver around his neck and seaweed trapped in his clothes.

ONLOOKERS stare with concern, but no one says anything.

The Devil stands up in the shallow water, exhausted.

He suddenly SCREAMS out in pain.

He lifts his leg and we see there's a sea urchin stuck to the bottom of his foot.

He hops around in pain.

He turns and we see an octopus stuck to his back.

Rather than anyone helping him, they pull out their cell phones and start recording.

CUT TO:

INT. RESORT SUITE - DAY

A two thousand dollar a night suite.

The Devil draped in the hotel's finest robe, comes out of the bathroom after showering. Clean, but covered with injuries.

On the couch...sits GOD.

GOD

Looks like you need a vacation from
this vacation.

DEVIL

And people wait all year for this
crap? I supposed you talked to the
kid?

GOD

I did.

DEVIL

Did you help him with that
contract?

GOD

No, that was all him.

DEVIL

He's good, but then again, I'm a
little off my game right now.

GOD

He is good. No doubt about that.
And I want to make sure he stays
that way.

DEVIL

We established the boundaries.

GOD
Yes, but I also know who I'm
talking to.

The Devil makes a motion of crossing his heart.

GOD (CONT'D)
Good. Now that that's settled,
let's have a game while we discuss
a few things.

The Devil looks over at the table and sees the chess board.

DEVIL
The tiny font?

God nods.

CUT TO:

INT. GINA'S NEW APARTMENT - 3 MONTHS LATER

Plants, bright colors, and coffeehouse music.

Gina sips her morning coffee while scrolling on her phone.

Someone has tagged something for her to see. She clicks the
link and an article opens.

She sees Kurt's name and pauses.

She clicks the video and it begins to play.

IN THE CLOSED MALL--

A FEMALE REPORTER stands next to Kurt, both in hard hats.

The camera is already rolling.

REPORTER
...so tell us about your venture
here and why it's so special.

KURT
Well, as you've probably noticed,
we have a homeless issue in this
city, but it's not do to a lack of
space, but more lack of focus and
resources.

REPORTER
And why do you think that is?

KURT

Well, I think a lot of people look the other way. They assume it's a self-imposed problem and that there's not a lot of effort to change their situation. Sometimes that's the case, but a lot of times it's not...

Gina eyes pop as she turns up the volume of her phone.

...we're here to help those who want to help themselves. This isn't a Holiday Inn. This is merely a step in their journey, not a final destination. Those who choose to come here will have a lot of hard work ahead of them, but they will have a game plan and the means to achieve it.

REPORTER

So please share with our viewers what you've done here and what you're offering.

KURT

Well, as you know this mall has sat empty for years. So with a generous donation we were able to purchase the property, secure the proper permits and renovate the entire structure into a homeless shelter, but not just any homeless shelter...

Kurt steps aside and allows the CAMERA MAN to film the background.

KURT (CONT'D)

In addition to onsite residency, we have a medical center, a dentist office, a barbershop, a cafeteria, a fitness center, career council stations where folks can get help with resumes, interviews, and job placement. We also have a clothing donation center to ensure when those interviews do come, they can look their best for it.

(MORE)

KURT (CONT'D)

The entire project is run by volunteers, and while there are tax incentives to donate, no taxes are being used in this project.

REPORTER

This is so exciting. This is basically a small city under one roof.

KURT

That's exactly right. And we couldn't have done it without this man...

Kurt reaches out and pulls Henry into the camera frame.

KURT (CONT'D)

Meet our Site Foreman.

REPORTER

And your name is?

The Reporter holds the microphone up for Henry.

Henry is catatonic, mesmerized by the camera.

Kurt gently shoves him out of frame.

KURT

That was Henry. Without him, none of this would have been possible.

REPORTER

Wow! What an incredible job you've done here. You should all be very proud of the work you're doing. Really, an amazing job.

KURT

Well, we just feel that everyone deserves...

Kurt pulls a sheet off of the miniature model of the Mall, revealing the name of the new Homeless Service Center

KURT (CONT'D)

...A SECOND CHANCE!

BACK IN GINA'S APARTMENT--

Gina leans back in her chair.

She can't believe what she just watched.

CUT TO:

ESTABLISHING SHOT

The Second Chance Homeless Service Center building.

INSIDE THE BUILDING--

Days have passed and the building is fully up and running.

RESIDENTS and VOLUNTEERS are milling about the service centers.

Kurt is finishing up a tour with a GROUP of potential residents.

KURT

Thank you all for coming. I hope you enjoyed the tour.

GINA (O.C.)

Can you please tell me where the volunteers sign up?

Kurt turns around.

His eyes grow wide when he sees Gina.

KURT

Gina! What are you doing here?

GINA

I saw you online. Why didn't you tell me about all of this?

KURT

It just would've sounded like I was trying to win you back.

Gina nods in agreement.

GINA

Looks like someone took over your website.

KURT

Yeah. I sold it to help finance this place.

Gina stares at Kurt for a moment.

GINA
You look different.

Kurt grabs her by her waist and pulls her into a kiss.

She doesn't resist.

After a long moment, the kiss ends.

She takes a moment to catch her breath.

GINA (CONT'D)
So...why did you do this?

KURT
I guess I didn't want our last kiss
to be our last kiss.

She pulls away, turns coyly, hiding her smile.

She takes a few steps away from Kurt.

GINA
I meant, all this. This center.

KURT
Gina, you're leaving left a hole.
The life I imagined for us was
gone. I now know that I was doing
all the wrong things for the right
reasons. I guess I just wanted to
get back to doing something that
felt right. In a way, I learned
that helping others helps me...if
that makes sense.

Gina nods.

GOD (O.C.)
You've done a great job here, Kurt.
I'm proud of you.

Kurt looks and sees God dressed and styled to current times.

KURT
Oh wow!

Kurt reaches out and takes God's hand and begins to kneel.

God shakes his head to stop him from doing so.

Kurt looks at Gina, then at God and back to Gina.

KURT (CONT'D)
(whispers to God)
Can she see you right now?

God is amused by the question. He nods, yes.

Gina gives Kurt a look to nudge an introduction.

KURT (CONT'D)
Uh...Gina...this is...

Kurt struggles to find the right words.

God watches the struggle with joyful interest.

KURT (CONT'D)
...this is my...uh...mentor...Gee.

Gina looks at God to measure Kurt's words.

God looks impressed by Kurt's improvisation.

Gina reaches out to shake hands with Gee.

GINA
Very nice to meet you.

GOD
And nice to meet you, Gina.

They shake hands.

GINA
So how did you two meet?

God, amused, waits for Kurt to give an answer.

KURT
We met...uh...playing chess. He's
incredible. He taught me a lot.

Kurt and God smile at each other.

GINA
(to Gee)
Well, you've done a wonderful job
with him.

GOD
He's a remarkable young man. Do
yourself a favor, and snatch him up
before someone else does.

Gina looks and smiles at Kurt, standing there, awkward.

GOD (CONT'D)

Well Kurt, keep up the good work.

Kurt reaches out and shakes God's hand again.

KURT

I wouldn't have made it through all this if it wasn't for you. Thanks, for everything.

GOD

I knew you had it in you. I'll be seeing you around.

God and Kurt finish shaking hands, and God departs.

Gina walks up and wraps her arms around Kurt.

GINA

I think Gee was right. I think I better snatch you up.

KURT

Does that mean you want this back?

Kurt pulls out the engagement ring from his pocket and holds it up for Gina.

Gina stares at it for a moment.

GINA

You've been carrying that this whole time?

KURT

We were meant to be together, Gina.

Gina takes the ring and stares at it.

GINA

I don't want this anymore.

Kurt can't believe what he just heard.

GINA (CONT'D)

Let's sell it. That money would go a long way here. And I don't need a diamond. A wedding band will be just fine.

Kurt grabs Gina into a tight hug.

GINA (CONT'D)

But like a really nice one.

Kurt chuckles and kisses Gina.

HENRY (O.C)
Hey man, get a room. We've got
plenty of 'em here.

Henry walks up.

Kurt introduces him to Gina.

As they shake hands and begin chatting...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CHURCH - DAY

Suits, dresses, and flowers. A wedding is about to start.

Kurt in a tux. Beside him is his Best Man, Henry, looking like a million bucks.

The Priest from Kurt's funeral is presiding over the event.

The organ music starts 'Here comes the Bride'.

Gina, in a beautiful flowing gown is being led by HER FATHER up the aisle. He's about to give her away when --

GINA'S FATHER
Ok. Stop! Stop the music!
(to Gina)
Gina, I can't bless this marriage.
I can't give you to this...person.
You can do so much better than him,
sweetheart. Pick anyone. Anyone but
him.
(to wedding guests)
Are there any single guys in the
crowd? Anyone in a bad relationship
and just wants out?

Kurt and Henry look at each other. Mouths agape.

Gina's Father turns back to Kurt.

GINA'S FATHER (CONT'D)
Gotcha!

As Kurt squirms...

GINA'S FATHER (CONT'D)
Welcome to the family.

Kurt comes out of shock and gives a nervous chuckle as the crowd applauds the performance.

They shake hands and Gina's Father takes his seat.

KURT
(to Gina)
Were you in on this?

GINA
Kurt, it *is* my wedding.

She gives him crazy eyes and he stifles a laugh.

KURT
Let's do this.

Gina gives Kurt a wink.

They turn and face the Priest, who is locked in a hard stare at Kurt. It's obvious he hasn't forgiven Kurt for the fake funeral.

A moment later--

PRIEST
Dearly Beloved...we are gathered
here today...

As his voice trails off...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. RECEPTION HALL - DAY

A celebration underway as the Bride and Groom enter the hall.

Kurt spots God over in the corner.

KURT
I'll be right back. I have to go
say hi to someone.

Kurt kisses Gina's cheek and makes his way over to God.

God motions for Kurt to kneel down.

He starts to do so.

GOD
I'm just messing with you, Kurt.
Please, stand up.

Kurt laughs awkwardly.

GOD (CONT'D)
You did well. She's a keeper. Hang
on her and she'll hang on to you.

KURT
Being God the Almighty, knowing all
the things you do...do we make it?

GOD
Are you asking me to use my
omnipotent divine powers to look
into your future so you can avoid
getting yourself into trouble?

KURT
Would you do that?

GOD
No. But you'll be fine.

KURT
I'll do my best.

GOD
I know you will.

God extends His hand and Kurt shakes it.

GOD (CONT'D)
By the way...no one can see me
right now.

KURT
So I pretty much look--

GOD
...crazy. God's got jokes too.

ACROSS THE ROOM--

Gina chats with some GUESTS until she sees Kurt shaking hands
with the air. What the hell is he doing?

GINA
Will you excuse me for a moment?

She starts making her way over to Kurt.

GOD
Take care, Kurt. Enjoy your life.

KURT

Do I have anything to worry about
with...you know who?

GOD

I wouldn't give it a thought. He's
gonna be busy for a long time.

Gina taps Kurt on the shoulder. He turns around to face Gina.

GINA

What are you doing over here? We've
got guests to greet.

Kurt smiles and gives Gina a kiss. He takes her hand and
leads her back to the guests.

God is watching Gina and Kurt when Henry approaches and
stands next to Him.

HENRY

Kurt's a good guy.

God smiles.

GOD

So are you, Henry.

HENRY

Thanks, Boss! So what's my next
assignment?

GOD

Right now, you've got a toast to
give. After all, you're the Best
Man.

Henry smiles as God pats him on the shoulder.

As Henry makes his way back to the others...

CUT TO:

INT. GOD'S MAN-CAVE - DAY

The Devil is back in his red tracksuit.

The injuries are gone, but so is the pep in his step.

He's on his hands and knees, mopping God's floor with a
sponge and bucket. And he's not too happy about it.

As he wrings the water from the sponge, he looks up and notices a fresh clean Farrah Fawcett poster on the wall.

The Devil looks around before creeping over to the poster.

He pulls a sharpie from his pocket and begins to defile Farrah with horns, pointy ears and go-tee. He steps back to take stock in his art work and giggles.

A thought forms.

He takes the sharpie and writes "KURT" in his palm.

His wild evil snicker bellows through the room as he goes back to mopping.

FADE OUT