

SATAN & THE STONERS

Written by

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Based on a True Story

Act I: Six Reasons Your Roommate is Worse Than Satan

INT. STONER LIVING ROOM - MIDNIGHT

It's a messy stoner apartment with lots of empty food containers, soda and beer cans, and other messes.

ADAM sits down on the couch drinking CANNED BEER. He's a slob with messy hair, wearing an old shabby ROBE and looks like he just woke up. He puts ALL THE WEED into a DIRTY BONG, scraping up every last bit.

He lights it up, getting a big hit, with smoke flowing from the bowl. He quickly exhales a large plume of smoke, admires how large it is, then finishes off the bowl like a pro.

GREG comes home wearing WAITER CLOTHES looking like he had a long day at work. He sees Adam holding the bong with all the smoke in the room and isn't surprised.

GREG

Working hard on the job hunt, I see. One more bong hit and you'll be ready for management.

ADAM

(Exhaling smoke)

Screw you dude. I looked but there weren't any jobs today. I'll look again tomorrow.

GREG

Really. There weren't any jobs at all. And did you actually get off your ass while you were looking for these jobs, or did you in fact look up your ass for the jobs?

ADAM

Dude. You don't even know, man. They discriminate against the long-term unemployed. I've been trying, man. But they won't even give me a callback, bro. It ain't fair.

GREG

Yes and lucky me just finished back-to-back doubles so I could pay the rent for this trash dump. Huzzah huzzah! It must be a miracle or something. How does he do it?

ADAM

Hey dude, if you've got something to say just say it.

GREG

Nope. I'm not even going to bother. I've got off for the next three days and nothing to do besides smoke a big bag of weed.

Greg plops down next to Adam and pulls out the CIGAR BOX. It's got weed paraphernalia but no weed.

GREG

Hey dude, where's all the weed?

ADAM

Oh, sorry man. It's gone.

GREG

Gone? Dude. That was two ounces of weed. We just got it last night. How could it be gone?

ADAM

Oh, well I was doing this thing I saw on TikTok where you fry it up and cook it inside peppers like chile rellenos. Dude, it looked so fucking good I just had to try it.

Greg is stunned.

GREG

You used three hundred dollars worth of killer weed to make chile rellenos? You asshole! What the hell were you thinking!

ADAM

Sorry, dude. You always complain I never do any cooking so I wanted to surprise you. It was like a twofer.

GREG

So where are they? You didn't eat them all, did you?

ADAM

No, dude. I didn't eat them all.

Greg looks relieved to hear this.

ADAM

No I stuck em in the oven but something went wrong with the timer cuz it didn't wake me up and they ended up burning so I threw em away. They were like charcoal. It sucked dude. I was so pissed.

Greg is even more stunned.

GREG

You're pissed?!! You ruined three hundred dollars worth of weed because you forgot to set a timer before passing out?!

ADAM

Something like that. But don't worry, dude. I'll make it up to you.

GREG

How? You don't have any money. Because that was MY weed we paid for with MY money and all you did was go pick it up from that dumbass friend of yours!

ADAM

See dude? That's what I'm talking about. You're so dismissive about everything I do. How about a little encouragement or a thank you for the things I do around here?

GREG

Ok, fine. I'd thank you if you could please call up your buddy Chad and get us another bag of weed. Now.

ADAM

No can do. Chad's in Denver for a weed dealer convention. Everyone else is out of town for Labor Day weekend. Looks like we're stuck.

GREG

God damn. That's the shittiest thing I've ever heard. But luckily I've got my secret stash tucked away. I was saving it for when I have a girl over, but...

He looks around at his shitty apartment.

GREG
I'm really not sure I'd ever want
to bring one here.

He heads to his bedroom singing the Secret Stash song. Adam finishes off his beer and goes to get the last one.

GREG
Secret stash! Sec-ret stash! Secret
sta-ash!

INT. GREG'S BEDROOM

He turns on the light and goes to his bookshelf, pulling out a FAKE BOOK. He presses a button on the side and it opens up. It's empty.

GREG
What the hell?

INT. STONER LIVING ROOM

Adam pops open his beer and starts drinking. Greg storms in holding the empty fake book.

GREG
Hey man, where the hell's my stash?

ADAM
Oh, sorry. Were you saving that for something? I found it the other day when I was looking for something to read on the can. That's what I just finished smoking. I didn't know it was yours.

GREG
Dude! That was my secret fucking
stash!

ADAM
Sorry dude. You should have put
your name on it. How was I to know?

GREG
Because it was in my bedroom, you
asshole. It was hidden in my
bedroom. Where else do you think it
came from? The fucking Easter
Bunny?!

ADAM

I said I'm sorry, dude. What else do you want from me?

GREG

I want you to give me the weed back. I want the weed back, motherfucker. Right now. It's midnight on a Friday night and I want to get stoned.

ADAM

Sorry, dude. Wish I could. But hey, I'll let you finish my beer. It's the last one.

Adam offers his half beer to Greg. Greg wants to slap him.

GREG

You suck dude. I'm going to go take a shower. I want a solution by the time I get back. Understand? I want a god damn solution!

He leaves the room.

ADAM

You should do that dude. You'll feel better when you get out. Not so stressed out about everything. It's all really pretty funny when you think about it.

GREG

(Offscreen)

Fuck! You!

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. STONER LIVING ROOM - AFTER MIDNIGHT

Adam and Greg are sitting on the couch. Greg is wearing normal clothes and looks like he took a shower, yet is still fuming. Adam is playing a video game.

GREG

This sucks, dude. I don't feel any better about this. In fact, I feel a lot worse just thinking about it. Not just the weed, but all of life's events that lead me to this point where I'm roommates to an idiot like you.

(MORE)

GREG (CONT'D)

And I ask myself why. Why am in this situation? How did I get here and what did I do to deserve this? Because this royally sucks in every conceivable way and it's entirely your fault for existing.

ADAM

Hey, dude. No sense in dwelling in the past. What's done is done. That's what I say. I mean, maybe if you hadn't been hiding it from me I wouldn't have smoked it. But you don't see me blaming you.

Greg's mouth drops open.

GREG

I could kill you legally just for saying that. No one would convict me. They'd probably thank me for removing you from this world.

ADAM

Don't say that, man. I've got feelings too, bro. And hey, I got it. Stem tea!

GREG

Stem tea?

ADAM

Yeah, stem tea. Ya take all your old pot stems, bundle em up in a coffee filter, and boil em. Totally gets you fucked up if you do it right. You always get mad at me for not throwing out all my stems. Now you'll see what I'm talking about once you have Adam's Ol' Last Resort Stem Tea. Booyah!

He heads back to his bedroom.

GREG

Dude, this better not suck.

INT. STONER LIVING ROOM

They're both sitting on the couch, drinking from MISMATCHED MUGS. Adam acts like he's thinking. Greg looks pissed.

ADAM

I think I'm feeling it, man. I think it's starting to work.

He starts checking out his fingers to see if they look cool.

Greg stews, then puts the mug down on the coffee table in disgust.

GREG

This sucks. This is so stupid. You can't get high drinking boiled pot stems, Adam. I looked it up!

ADAM

No, dude. I'm telling you. We did it once. Tripped our balls off, man.

GREG

Yeah, in junior high. Back when you were smoking banana peels and huffing candle wax. You're an idiot. Jesus this sucks. Honestly, at this point I'd sell my soul to the Devil for a good bag of weed.

SATAN appears looking like a human, wearing an OUTDATED SUIT, subtle HORNS on his head, and holding a CLIPBOARD.

SATAN

And I accept your offer.

Greg and Adam look astounded.

ADAM

See dude! I told you this stuff works!

Satan smiles.

SATAN

Afraid not, bucko. Stem Tea is a prank I invented in a Berkley dorm room in 1968. You've got a better chance of getting high from licking those moldy pizza boxes over there than drinking stem tea. And to this day, whenever people drink stem tea I secretly watch as they try to convince themselves they're getting high before they finally give up and feel stupid. It gets funnier every time.

GREG

You're the Devil, aren't you.

SATAN

That's right. You can call me Satan. I happened to hear your predicament and would like to help.

GREG

I suppose we sell our souls for a bag of weed? That sort of thing?

SATAN

Ya know? Just once I'd like to surprise someone with that again. Used to be I'd show up and people would get all excited, like I was Ed McMahon or something. These days everyone comes ready with a list of demands, like they were just waiting for me to show up. It kinda takes the zing out of it, ya know?

GREG

I bet. So what I want is a bottomless bag of really really strong sinsemilla. And I mean the kind bud. And I don't want any of your overly literal bullshit about the word bottomless or what a bud is. I want a bag full of really potent marijuana that I can keep getting weed out of without it ever running out. And I want it to get me totally stoned...but not literally. Only figuratively. Like the best shit anyone's ever smoked. You know, Magic Devil Weed. That's what I want.

Satan starts preparing the forms.

SATAN

Aren't you even the least bit concerned about what you're signing up for? You know, the whole damnation thing?

GREG

Nah. I figured I'm probably not getting into Heaven anyway. Might as well get something out of it while I've got the chance.

SATAN

Smart. Alright, how about you Adam?
He's getting the weed. What do you
want?

ADAM

Easy. I want a credit card with no
limit. I'm gonna be living like a
pimp!

SATAN

Good choice.

Satan finishes filling out the forms and hands over the
clipboard to Adam.

SATAN

Alright, boys. Just sign here, and
initial here, and sign and date it
right here on the bottom.

GREG

This doesn't need to be in blood,
does it?

SATAN

No, no. I'm not a lawyer.

He takes the clipboard and puts it aside, then reaches into
his jacket and pulls out a BAG OF MAGIC DEVIL WEED and a
SHINY DEVIL CREDIT CARD with Adam's name on it.

SATAN

Here you are. A bottomless bag of
Magic Devil Weed and a credit card
with no limit in exchange for your
souls. There will be no take backs.

Greg opens the bag and takes a sniff. The smell is very
strong.

GREG

Ooh, doggy. So this is the real
deal? It'll get me high?

SATAN

Oh, yes. You're going to find that
weed to be very strong, Greg.
Perhaps a little...too strong. Ha
ha ha.

GREG

Oh, good. I want something to
really knock my socks off.

SATAN

Oh, you'll have more than your socks knocked off. You may have gotten a little more than you bargained for with that weed, Greg Malone. Hope you like getting stoned. Ha ha ha.

GREG

Yeah, I love it. That sounds awesome. Now if we're done here...

SATAN

Sure, sure. I'll let you smoke your drug. But I'll be back in three months to check on you and see how much you're still enjoying your really strong weed. Ha ha ha. Try not to have too much fun, gentlemen.

He snaps his fingers and vanishes.

GREG

Geez, what a weirdo.

ADAM

Light it up, dude! I gotta try this stuff!

Greg takes another sniff of the weed then eagerly loads a mound of it into the bong and lights it up, taking a big hit.

Reality shifts, making everything slow, fuzzy, and sparkly. A slow funky song starts playing and everything looks kind of melty. Greg has a stupid grin on his face.

GREG

(Deep voiced)
Ooooh yeaaaah!

Sparkly smoke billows out of his mouth in slo-motion.

Adam grabs the bong from him and takes a big hit.

ADAM

(Deep voiced)
Yeaaaaaaaah!

Far too much sparkly smoke billows out. Adam gets up in a blur of light, waving his credit card.

ADAM
(Deep voiced)
I'm gonna buy me some porn!

Greg manages to give a thumbs up as Adam leaves the room in a blur. Greg looks like he's struggling against gravity itself. He slowly turns his head.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN in full beard, hat, and overcoat is sitting next to him on the couch.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN
(Deep voiced)
Nice place ya got here. Mind if I
have some of that?

Greg slowly nods. Abe grabs the bong and takes a big hit.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN
(Deep voiced)
Ooooh yeaaaah!

Smoke pours into the room. Adam stands in his doorway.

ADAM
(Deep voiced)
Holy shit! This is so much better
than free porn, dude. I'm in pussy
heaven!

ABRAHAM LINCOLN
(Deep voiced)
Let me see!

Abe moves like a blur into Adam's room.

GREG
(Deep voiced)
Whoa.

Act II: Six Reasons Satan is a Terrible Businessman

Three Months Later

INT. STONER LIVING ROOM - MIDNIGHT

Everything is new, including a BIG SCREEN TV, GIANT SURROUND SOUND SPEAKERS, and NEW FURNITURE. But it's still a mess.

Greg is sitting on the couch looking super stoned while loading a mound of Magic Devil Weed into the bong and lighting it up. It doesn't look like he's moved from the couch all day and he's wearing a robe and has a bad beard. He takes a big hit and looks like he's totally blasted from it.

GREG

Yeaaaaah.

Adam comes home from his pizza delivery job looking exhausted.

ADAM

Oh, fucking A, dude. It's rough out there. Tell me you've got some of that for me.

Greg slowly hands the bong to Adam, who eagerly grabs it and takes a big hit.

ADAM

Oh, yeaaaaaaah.

He collapses in the armchair holding the bong.

GREG

Oh, come on, man. It's not that bad. You only started last week and you don't even work full time.

ADAM

That's easy for you to say, dude. You just sell a little of your Magic Devil Weed whenever you need money. You're set for life. I don't see why you can't share the wealth. Help a brother out.

GREG

Cause I want to keep things small. A magic bag of weed doesn't do me much good if I'm in jail. Besides, you got yourself in this mess, brother. Get yourself out.

ADAM

Oh come on, man. If it wasn't for me you wouldn't even have that magic weed. You owe me, bro.

GREG

Yeah, because you smoked all my weed and invited Satan into our home by making stem tea. Thanks for everything, buddy. You should be lucky I even let you smoke any. May I remind you that my soul is damned for eternity thanks to you.

ADAM

Hey, at least you got something good out of it. All I got was a pile of trouble.

GREG

Good. That's the only reason I let you stick around, so I can watch you suffer for a change while I kick back getting high. Speaking of which...

Greg loads more weed into the bong and smokes it.

GREG

(Holding breath)

Oh, yeah.

Satan appears, dressed as before.

SATAN

Knock knock. Time for your three month checkup, boys. So how about it, Adam? How'd you like your unlimited credit card?

ADAM

Fuck you, man! Why didn't you tell me I had to pay it back?! I ran up two hundred G on the mofo and then they cut it off and threatened me with jail. You ruined me, man!

SATAN

Sorry. I guess you need to be a little more specific next time. And how about you, Greg? Had enough of your really strong weed?

GREG
(Holding his breath as a
little smoke comes out)
No, I'm good.

SATAN
Are you sure it wasn't a
little...too strong?

He smiles wide. Greg exhales.

GREG
No way, man. This stuff is great.
In fact, I was kinda hoping you
might turn it up a notch. You know,
add a little spice. Not that I'm
complaining or anything, but you
build up a tolerance after awhile
and I'd really like to take things
to the next level.

SATAN
Really? Huh. I thought for sure
that stuff would be much too strong
for you. That was my big surprise.
That it'd be so strong you'd never
want to smoke marijuana again.

GREG
No way. You can never get too
stoned. Haven't you ever smoked
weed before?

SATAN
No, I never touch the stuff. I've
got a lung condition from breathing
sulfur fumes for so long. It's
pretty bad.

ADAM
A lung condition? Dude! You're the
Prince of Darkness and Torturer of
Souls. And you haven't even smoked
grass? What kind of lightweight are
you? Have you even done drugs, bro?

SATAN
Hey, layoff. It's just not my
thing, ok. I need to keep a clear
mind. It's not easy doing battle
with an omnipotent being every day
for eons. It really takes a lot out
of you.

(MORE)

SATAN (CONT'D)

He's omniscient too, ya know. I don't think it gets much harder than that.

GREG

But that's all the more reason you should try some. Take the edge off. Look, dude. You're winning. The only people who want to go to Heaven anymore are old people and cranks. You deserve a little R&R. I mean, what's the point of being evil if you're not having fun?

SATAN

I don't know. It really just doesn't seem like my sort of thing.

GREG

You won't know unless you try.

Greg picks up the bong and tries handing it to Satan.

GREG

Come on. You know you want to.

ADAM

Come on. Do it, dude. You gotta try it once. You'll love it.

GREG

Come on! It's just one hit.

ADAM

Come on, man. Do it. Do it.

Satan reluctantly takes the bong, holding it awkwardly.

SATAN

Okay. Just to shut you fools up. I really doubt it will do anything. How does this thing work anyway?

GREG

Here, let me get this set up for you.

Greg takes the bowl and dumps it out, filling it with fresh bud from the bag. Adam looks excited. Satan looks unsure about this. Greg puts the bowl back on the bong and grabs a lighter.

GREG

Alright Satan, put your mouth on the pipe and start sucking.

Satan does so. Greg lights the weed while the bong fills with smoke. Greg pulls out the bowl and Satan takes in a huge hit.

Satan sits up straight and his eyes look big. He opens his mouth but nothing comes out, followed by a cloud of smoke.

SATAN

Whoa! This is amazing! Wow! I had no idea.

GREG

See? I told you, man. You didn't even know what you were missing.

SATAN

Man! I was so stupid. No wonder everyone was so upset about stem tea. This feels great!

GREG

I know, right? So how about it? You mind juicing this stuff up a little more? Maybe crank it up to eleven?

SATAN

No, I could never do that. We've got a deal. Sorry. If I fix your deal I'd have to fix everyone's deal. It'd be chaos.

GREG

But why? Why do you have to screw us on the deals? You're already getting our souls for eternity. Why can't you let us have a fun while we're alive?

SATAN

Because I'm Satan. I'm evil. Making people regret my deals is what I do. It's the one real perk of the job, to be honest with you.

GREG

Yeah, but you're discouraging people from taking the deal. It's counterproductive. Like you're secretly doing God's work by acting like a douchenozzle to sinners. You don't work for God, do you?

SATAN

No. I *hate* God. He's my immortal enemy.

GREG

Exactly. Then why can't you let us enjoy the stuff you're giving us while we're alive? That way, we can tell other people how awesome it was and you'll be swimming in new recruits before you know it. I mean, come on. You're handing out free wishes for christ's sake and they don't cost you anything. People should be begging to sell their souls to you. You just have to give them what you promised without screwing them over.

SATAN

Wow. I never really thought of it like that before. And that's weird, since I'm the guy who started Multi Level Marketing. Hmm. Maybe you're right. Why work for The Man when I can have man working for me? And I'll start with you guys.

He clicks his fingers.

SATAN

Boom. Your weed is now cranked up to eleven. Let me know when you're ready for twelve.

GREG

Cool.

Greg dumps out the old bowl and loads a new batch.

SATAN

As for you, Adam. All your debts are gone and your credit restored. Feel free to download all the porn.

ADAM

Thank you, Satan!

Adam dashes into his bedroom.

SATAN

No problemo. Be sure to tell your friends!

Greg takes a big hit on the bong. Time slows even more than the last time, as the lights dim a little and Greg somehow melts into the couch. A slower funkier version of the previous song starts playing.

GREG
(Super deep voiced)
Ooooooooooooooh, yeaaaaaaaaaaaah!

The room fills with sparkly smoke.

SATAN
(Super deep voiced)
Can I try?

Greg feebly attempts to lift the bong but can only raise it a few inches.

Satan takes it from him and lights it up, taking a big hit. His eyes glaze over and he tips over backwards like a big tree, filthy bong water pouring on the floor in super slow-motion.

Abraham Lincoln comes out of the kitchen holding a BURNT PAN of CHILE RELLENOS. He's wearing a CHEF'S APRON, CHEF'S HAT, and nothing else.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN
(Deep voiced)
Dammit! Somebody screwed with the timer again. Adam!

Abe sees Satan lying on the floor.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN
(Deep voiced)
Who's that fool?

He walks over and picks up the bong from Satan's hands.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN
(Deep voiced)
Gimme that.

Abe takes a big hit.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN
(Super deep voiced)
Whoa.

He tips backwards like a giant tree next to Satan.

Act III: Six Reasons Heaven is Worse Than Hell

Three Months Later

INT. STONER LIVING ROOM - MIDNIGHT

Greg and Adam are sitting on the couch looking super stoned, wearing robes with terrible beards and hair. They can barely move.

Adam is loading an epically huge hit into the bong, then passes it to Greg.

GREG

No way, man. I can't take it anymore.

ADAM

Come on, man. One more hit and you'll have the world record.

GREG

No way. I can't do it.

ADAM

Don't be a pussy. You can do it. You gotta do it.

GREG

I can't even feel my legs, man.

ADAM

Dude, I don't think I could move to save my life. But still, you've gotta do it. It's destiny. You can't fuck with destiny.

GREG

(Ruefully)

Destiny. Why do you challenge me so?

ADAM

Accept the challenge. Face the challenge. It's time for the Big Fifteen. You can do it, man. Face the challenge. Be the challenge.

GREG

Yeah, be the challenge. The Big Fifteen. I can do it.

Greg can't even move enough to pick up the bong so he leans over to put his mouth on the opening. Adam lights it.

ADAM

You've got it man. (Singing) Bah ba
da baah. Number fifteen of fifteen
in fifteen! It's a new record!

Greg takes in a big hit. Adam takes the bong away as Greg doesn't move. The smoke never comes out and he looks dead.

Adam slowly tops off fresh weed on the bowl, lights it up, takes a long hit. He doesn't exhale and looks like he's dead.

Satan shows up, looking like he came from a rave. He sees the two on the couch and looks disgusted.

SATAN

Pathetic.

He snaps his fingers and they slowly wake.

SATAN

Ya just had to do it. You kept
smoking till it killed you. I told
you that you weren't ready for
number fifteen. Who's the
lightweight now, bitch?

ADAM

We took fifteen hits of Number
Fifteen in fifteen minutes. It's a
world record.

SATAN

See? That's just stupid. Too much
of a good thing. And now you're
dead. They said it wasn't possible
to smoke yourself to death but you
guys managed to prove them wrong.
Congratulations.

ADAM

Whaaaat? We're not dead. Look,
could a dead guy do this?

He attempts some feeble karate moves while firmly implanted in the couch.

SATAN

Uh, yeah. Probably. That was
terrible.

GREG

Yeah, well if we're dead then how come you can see us?

SATAN

Because I'm the Devil. I deal with dead people all the time. Come on, I thought you were the smart one.

GREG

Maybe I shouldn't have taken that last hit.

SATAN

No, definitely not. You want proof you're dead? Look.

He goes to the front door and opens it. Outside is HELLFIRE and BRIMSTONE as far as the eye can see.

ADAM

Wait, huh?

SATAN

That's right, guys. You want Hell? This is it. For the rest of eternity the two of you will have nothing to do but smoke really strong weed stuck here in this shitty apartment. Day after day. Week after week. Century after century! Sitting on your pathetic little couch, playing childish video games, gorging on a never ending supply of munchies, and smoking more weed than you could possibly want in a million lifetimes! Ah ha ha ha haaaa!

Greg and Adam look over at each other and nod.

GREG

I can live with that.

ADAM

Yeah, sounds good to me. Do we still get porn?

SATAN

Oh, yes. More pornography than you can possibly imagine. The hardest of the hardcore. Gang bangs. Rim jobs. The Rusty Bicycle. I think that's a thing.

(MORE)

SATAN (CONT'D)

Website after website of gorgeous women who you'll only be able to touch in your mind as you watch them do the most despicable and depraved acts imaginable.

ADAM

Wow! That sounds amazing! You should have just lead with that and brought us down here months ago. You didn't even need a contract.

GREG

Yeah, this all sounds too good to be true. Are you sure you're doing this right?

SATAN

Oh, you say that now. But just wait until the boredom sets in after you've smoked your millionth bong hit at the billionth level as you futilely seek an even deeper high that eludes you forever. Knowing that no matter how much you smoke you'll only keep getting higher and higher and higher...

Pause

SATAN

Ya know what? I'm hearing it now. That does sound nice. You mind if I have a little toke of Number Fifteen?

GREG

Sure. Go right ahead. You're the dude who made it all possible.

Greg empties the bowl and loads a fresh batch.

SATAN

Thanks. I took a little Angel Dust half an hour ago and it's really starting to kick in.

Greg hands the bong to Satan.

GREG

PCP? Wow, that escalated quickly.

SATAN

Yeah, I figured I had a lot of catching up to do. Didn't want it getting out that the Devil is a square. Used to be all you had to do was possess a little girl and make her head spin around to impress people. Nowadays they just bury that in the tabloids like everything else I do. No sir. You've got to be hardcore these days if you want get people's attention. I tried butt sex. Not really my thing. Maybe I should have evacuated the old escape hatch a little better before I opened my pod bay doors.

GREG

Ew, gross.

ADAM

Hey, it was just an experiment.

GREG

I really didn't want to know about this. Are you going to smoke that thing or what?

SATAN

Yeah sorry.

He takes a big bong hit. His eyes get big then his head spins around.

SATAN

Woow!

ADAM

That had to hurt.

SATAN

Not as much as you think. That's why I take horse tranquilizers.

GREG

So, hey. Why do you do it? The whole punishment thing. Why do you punish the people who reject God? Seems to me those should be the people you'd reward since they're helping you fight your enemy by making the world a cooler place.

(MORE)

GREG (CONT'D)

So why do you punish the guys on your own team?

SATAN

I don't know. I guess I was just so angry at God that I didn't stop to think of myself.

GREG

What were you mad about?

SATAN

You don't even know what it's like up there. It's God this and God that. You just want a little Me Time, ya know. And you've got to love him all the time, even when he passes gas and stinks up the place. And yes, God farts. It's so disgusting.

GREG

So that's why you left Heaven? Because God's a farter?

SATAN

No. It's because I complained to him that it wasn't fair that humans got to have sexy private parts while everyone in Heaven is built like a Ken Doll. Yeah, even the girls. And if you even think of touching yourself, he knows. He doesn't say anything, but he just gives you that look. Ya, know? So he thought it'd be funny to teach me a lesson by giving me a big set of boobs to show how ridiculous I'd look. Each one was larger than my head. I was a laughingstock.

ADAM

I don't know. That sounds pretty nice to me.

SATAN

So I got mad and left. Started Hell. Figured the best revenge I could get on him was to trick his beloved humans to come here so I could humiliate them in absurdly convoluted scenarios based on ironic twists from their own lives.

(MORE)

SATAN (CONT'D)

I admit that it sounds a bit silly when said out loud like that, but it helps with the boredom.

GREG

But why do it at all? Why not give everyone here whatever they want? That'll really teach God a lesson, by showing him how much happier people are down here without him. So they're up they're playing harps and praising God while we're down here having drug orgies and raising Hell. This place could be the REAL Heaven if you let it be. Nobody will even want to go to the other place.

SATAN

Ya know? That is an excellent idea. I'm totally going to do that. From now on, Hell will be a sinner's paradise. Like Vegas, but without STD's. Come on, guys. I've got some porn stars you might like to meet. I've forced them to work as librarians, nurses, and teachers where they flirt with guys all the time but always get turned down. So they should be pretty horny.

GREG

Hell yeah.

ADAM

That's what I'm talking about!

They're all by the door.

SATAN

But hey, I'm not really too...familiar around the ladies. If you know what I mean. So if you could give me a little guidance...

GREG

Don't tell me you're still a virgin.

SATAN

No, of course not. Ever hear of Joan of Arc? I did her sister.

GREG

Ok, that's one. Who else? Come on,
we want names.

SATAN

I am not going to name all of the
many women I've screwed over the
years. But let's just say I'm a
little rusty. Back in my day you
didn't have to ask permission or
talk to them or anything and things
were a whole lot simpler. Damn
women's lib!

ADAM

Don't worry, Satan. We'll take good
care of you.

SATAN

Thanks, guys. You're the best.
Don't forget the weed. You're going
to want that.

Greg pockets the weed and they leave.

Abraham Lincoln comes out of the kitchen only wearing a
chef's hat. He's holding a PLATTER of PERFECT CHILI RELLENOS
at the proper height to hide his privates.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

(Deep voiced)

Hey, guys? I think I got it. Chili
Rellenos de Loco Diablo! Who wants
to get fucked up!

He looks around.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

(Deep voiced)

Guys? Guys. Fiddlesticks.

He sits down at the table, grabs a fork and takes a big bite.
Time almost stops as the music repeats the same note. He gets
a dumb look on his face.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

(Super deep voiced)

Oooooh yeaaaaah.