

HELL, INCORPORATED

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WGA REGISTERED

EXT. THE GARDEN OF EDEN - DAY

ADAM and EVE frolic about in the garden.

BRAEBURN'S VOICE

Look at these assholes... On the fifth day God created them. And this is the best He could do?

EXT. APPLE TREE - DAY

While Adam pokes a rock with a stick, Eve plucks an apple from the tree.

BRAEBURN'S VOICE

His little moronic pets were given one simple rule... and thanks to our CEO and founder, they broke it.

Eve takes a bite from the apple, grins in delight. Inquisitive, Adam jogs over. Eve offers him the apple. Adam hesitates then takes a bite.

BRAEBURN'S VOICE

And that was it. That's how the corporation began. A simple temptation to eat an apple.

MONTAGE

- In a nudie bar people drink, grope naked women, toss money around, start fights, snort coke...

BRAEBURN'S VOICE

Humans. What a waste of space.

- A man sits on the edge of his bed, hungover, bottles everywhere.
- A business exec at his desk, looking at internet porn.
- A lady throwing her money away in a slot machine.

BRAEBURN'S VOICE

Nonetheless, God loves His wretched inventions. But my boss loves them too.

- A football player shoots up 'roids in a bathroom stall.
- A fat man stuffs his face with food in front of the TV.

BRAEBURN'S VOICE

In fact, he wants them all for himself. It's my job to help him.

- A group of bullies push around a kid at school.
- A woman sits in a doctors office, while the doctor marks her body showing where he can nip and tuck.

BRAEBURN'S VOICE

My name is Braeburn. I work at Rome and Associates Collection Agency, a subsidiary of Hell, Incorporated. I'm in acquisitions.

INT. DRUNKARD'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

An old, dirty DRUNKARD sits in a recliner, chugs the rest of his beer. He hocks up a lung, spits it into the beer can.

A CAT rubs up against the Drunkard's leg, purrs. The man kicks it away.

DRUNKARD

Get this damn cat outta here!
Where's my dinner!?

The Drunkard's WIFE, a haggard woman with a black eye pokes her head in from the kitchen.

WIFE

I told you, it'll be ready in a few minutes! Keep your pants on.

The Drunkard throws the empty beer can at her, it barely misses, hits the wall. She retreats back into the kitchen.

DRUNKARD

Don't you sass me, woman, or the pants will come off!

The Drunkard burps, scratches his gut as he flips through the channels. Hold on his inebriated face...

...suddenly the image turns grainy as if he's being filmed. The screen splits into two views - the frontal view of his face remains, and added below is his POV of the TV. The audio of the TV and surrounding ambiance turns to low quality. A name pops up on the screen, "GILROY, DEREK."

This image is up on a flat screen MAC-like computer-

INT. ROME AND ASSOCIATES AGENCY - MAIN OFFICE AREA

-standing up, staring at the computer, is BRAEBURN. He's a slender man (demon) in his early 40's.

He wears a cheap suit, and a Bluetooth is clipped to his ear. He stays focused on the Drunkard.

BRAEBURN

Derek, that paunchy bitch has been treating you like dirt all week. You need to teach her another lesson after dinner...

Braeburn shares the cluttered office with about THIRTY other business clad men and women (demons).

The chatter is loud as all these AGENTS speak into their headsets to different individual people on their monitors.

Braeburn covers his Bluetooth.

BRAEBURN

Spigold, switch me over.

Across from Braeburn is a bespectacled, bookish agent, SPIGOLD. With lightning speed he follows Braeburn's direction and types several commands into the computer.

ON THE SCREEN - the "GILROY, DEREK" file is minimized, and another file is pulled up - "GILROY, RITA." A video of Derek's wife pops up to fill the screen - she stirs a pot of chili and ashes her cigarette into it.

BRAEBURN

Atta girl, Rita. Give that no-good husband of yours a little 'extra spice' if you know what I mean.

There's a sense that something big is about to happen; excitement is in the air. A few of the other agents begin to gather round to watch Braeburn work. Whispers about Braeburn's impressive manipulation skills are heard.

BRAEBURN

Rita, give that bastard a taste of his own medicine.

INT. DEREK'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

As if the thought suddenly hit her, Rita opens the cupboard under the sink and takes out a bottle of CLOROX.

INT. ROME AND ASSOCIATES AGENCY - CONTINUOUS

Braeburn covers his Bluetooth, turns to Spigold.

BRAEBURN
I think I got a winner here,
Spigold. This could be it!

He's aware of the crowd watching him now and he loves it.

BRAEBURN
Put me up on the big screen.

SPIGOLD
You got it.

Spigold types away, then on a huge projection screen at the front of the office the two "image files" of Derek and Rita are displayed, side by side.

The entire office now watches Braeburn work his magic.

On the screen - Rita comes into the living room with a big bowl of chili. She hands it to Derek. He takes a whiff of it, then begins to dig in.

Braeburn stands up and directs his attention to the screen.

BRAEBURN
Derek, have that woman fetch you a
cold beer to wash down that slop.

DEREK
(on screen)
Get me a beer.

BRAEBURN
Spigold, back to-

SPIGOLD
I gotcha, do your thing.

Spigold taps away on his computer.

BRAEBURN
(focusing on Rita)
Rita, get him his beer, you know
it'll be his last...

RITA
(on screen, to Derek)
As you wish, dear.

WINESAP, a young cocky agent trying to "tempt" his own client is distracted by Braeburn showboating his talents.

ON SCREEN - Derek eats away. Rita steps in, hands him a beer, all smiles. Derek takes a drink from his beer. Stops.

His face turns red. He begins to cough and choke. He stands to strangle Rita, she simply backs off. Derek falls on his face...

Braeburn takes off his Bluetooth, pumps his fist in the air.

BRAEBURN

There it is, ten thousand, baby!

The agents applaud as Braeburn basks in his own glory.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

A meeting is in session. Half a dozen exquisitely dressed EXECUTIVES sit around the conference table. Standing at the head of the table, giving a lecture is ROME, 40's, looks like a GQ man of the year type.

ROME

...our campaign on new media has driven our soul revenue up ten percent this quarter but it isn't enough! We need to double that!

Rome eyes every single executive looking for a suggestion but each remains silent.

The door to the room opens and Rome's assistant, JONAGOLD, steps in, rounds over to Rome, whispers into his ear.

Rome raises an eyebrow.

EXT. ROME AND ASSOCIATES AGENCY - MAIN OFFICE AREA

Up on the screen, a giant "C-3" blinks over the dying body of Derek.

Overjoyed, Braeburn turns around to Spigold.

BRAEBURN

Ashes to ashes...

SPIGOLD AND BRAEBURN

... and another one bites the dust to dust.

They shake hands. On both of their wrists they wear RED GLOWING BANDS.

SPIGOLD

It's been a long time coming, Braeburn...

BRAEBURN

Thanks for the assist, buddy. It's time for me to move up the ladder.

Winesap sighs, he's had enough of this gloating.

WINESAP

Do you guys mind? I have clients to tempt here...

BRAEBURN

Better watch yourself, Winesap. Your talking to an exec now.

Across the room, Rome and the other executives watch the commotion.

Rome rubs his chin, revealing a GOLD glowing band around his wrist. His eyes shoot up to a digital list up on the wall of all the AGENT names with a number next to them. At the top is "BRAEBURN - 9,999."

Braeburn spots Rome and company looking at him.

BRAEBURN

Mr. Rome, print me out the pre-judgment contract! This deadbeat human puts me at ten thou'!

Rome nods over to Jonagold, she runs off to her desk.

Braeburn grabs his briefcase then rushes over to Jonagold's desk. The printer next to her spits out a CONTRACT. Jonagold hands the contract to Rome who glances over it.

ROME

Well done. Winesap, go collect him for Braeburn.

Winesap throws his hands in the air in protest.

BRAEBURN

No, boss, I got this one. For old time's sake.

Rome nods, "as you wish." He hands the contract to Braeburn

BRAEBURN

Crack the champagne, I'm coming back an executive!

Braeburn files the contract away into his briefcase and rushes out through the exit doors.

The office is in a mixed mood, jittery from the action, yet some faces show envy, especially Winesap.

ROME

Alright, the show's over. Get back
to your clients!

INT. HOSPITAL - TRAUMA ROOM - DAY

DOCTORS and NURSES work on Derek, trying to pump his stomach. A heart monitor barely BEEPS.

The room and everything in it suddenly becomes FOGGY, GRAY, HAZY. Next to the doctors an apparition appears... it's Braeburn holding his briefcase.

(NOTE: This cloudy spirit world among the living will be referred to as the HAZE).

A NURSE reaches THROUGH Braeburn and grabs a few of the surgical tools right where Braeburn stands.

Braeburn pays no attention to her. He opens the case. Inside are: a few ZIP-TIES, a roll of DUCT TAPE, a GLOCK semi-automatic, the CONTRACT and a small STAMPING DEVICE.

Braeburn takes out a ZIP-TIE, peels off a strip of duct tape. He listens to the BEEP of the heart monitors. It flat-lines.

BRAEBURN

Music to my ears.

Braeburn glances at the contract, an illegible SIGNATURE followed by a NOTARY-LIKE SEAL magically forms on the contract then it GLOWS GOLD.

BRAEBURN

Done deal.

The DOCTOR working on Derek pulls the sheet over his body, calls the time of death.

Braeburn steps over to Derek. Hovers his hand over Derek's wrist, grabs for it, but his fingers go through.

BRAEBURN

Come on...

Braeburn tries again... success. He yanks Derek's spirit from his body and throws him to the floor, face first.

Before Derek knows what hit him, Braeburn has expertly zip-tied his wrists behind his back.

Braeburn grabs Derek's arm, then quickly takes his STAMPING DEVICE, which now glows bright red, and stamps Derek's forearm leaving a UPC code on it. It sizzles as the man struggles to no avail.

Suddenly the clothing on Derek MORPHS into a RED JUMPSUIT. Stenciled on the front is a large "C-3."

DEREK

What's going on here?!

Braeburn shuts him up by wrapping the duct tape over his mouth. Then Braeburn reveals the glowing contract.

BRAEBURN

Derek Gilroy, for a life lived full of unrepentant sin, you have been judged by the powers that be to spend eternity in the Third Circle of Hell under the jurisdiction of the city of Lost Angels.

Braeburn yanks the confused man to his feet.

EXT. STREETS - "HAZE"

IN THE HAZE - A beat up Lincoln Town Car speeds down the street, whizzing through the cars of the living.

INT. LINCOLN TOWN CAR - "HAZE" - CONTINUOUS

The back seat is heavily caged like a police car. A thick plexi-glass pane divides Braeburn from the rear.

UP FRONT - Braeburn drives, all smiles. It's nice and quiet. On his dash are dual temp and radio controls. He turns up the volume for the backseat and puts the heater on high.

IN BACK - Derek, still tied and gagged sweats his balls off as the vents pump in hot air while awful MARIACHI MUSIC blares out from the speakers.

EXT. STREETS - "HAZE"

The Lincoln comes to a line of similar Lincoln's waiting to enter a small structure that looks like an automatic car-wash. A sign above the structure says "SPIRIT REALM PORTAL."

When given the green light, one car enters at a time. A sliding door closes behind the car. A flash of light comes from within. The sliding door raises. The car is gone.

INT. LINCOLN TOWN CAR - "HAZE" - CONTINUOUS

Braeburn gets the green light. He pulls forward into the portal.

Once inside, the signal light turns red. Braeburn stops. The door slides down behind the car. Braeburn lowers his window, extends his arm out and waves his RED BAND on his wrist underneath a scanner. The scanner blinks "CIRCLE ONE."

There is a bright FLASH OF LIGHT. The door in front of Braeburn rises and the signal light turns green. Braeburn drives forward revealing Circle One of hell.

But it doesn't seem like hell. Everything is the same as where they just were. Hell is a MIRRORED EARTH. Only now, the haze is gone and the cars of the living have disappeared, replaced by cars of the inhabitants of the spirit realm.

Derek looks around, tries to process it all. The sky is a permanent bright red hue, there is no sun.

EXT. HELL HIGHWAY

The freeway is packed with human souls, all driving shitty cars. The human souls are recognized by the UPC brand on their forearm along with having to wear a RED JUMPSUIT just like Derek's. The only difference with Derek is that these humans have a "C-1" (Circle One) stenciled onto the fronts and backs of their jumpsuits.

Anyone not wearing this red jumpsuit or UPC stamp is a DEMON, but they look just like the humans.

There are dozens of people on the side of the road with smoking cars, or popped tires. It's sweltering.

INT. LINCOLN TOWN CAR - CONTINUOUS

Braeburn honks his horn as he makes his way to a special lane that glows red, like his band. This lane is not as bad as the others, but it's still bad traffic. The lane next to that one glows a gold color, and fancy luxury cars zip along without any traffic.

A big sign on the freeway overpass says:

"WELCOME TO HELL, POPULATION 2,875,903,877..."

Derek sees this. His eyes widen with fear.

EXT. ROME AND ASSOCIATES AGENCY

Braeburn passes a sign that says "CITY OF BEVERLY HELLS." He pulls into the parking structure of a large, luxurious building.

INT. HELLEVATOR

Braeburn and Derek descend in the "hellevator."

The floors listed go from C-1 to C-9. The C-3 button is lit up. Muzak jingles in the background.

Ding. The "hellevator" door opens.

INT. C-3 DELIVERY ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The room is grungy, crowded with various other C-3 humans, zip-tied and seated. It resembles a police booking room.

Braeburn brings Derek up to the counter. A large, pot-bellied BOOKING AGENT rises.

BOOKING AGENT

Agent Braeburn, how's life?

BRAEBURN

Couldn't be better. This client puts me at ten thou.

BOOKING AGENT

I heard. Guess this'll be the last I see of you then.

Braeburn slaps the glowing contract on the counter for the booking agent and winks at him.

BRAEBURN

I certainly hope so.

A DEMON GUARD hauls a crying SLOB C-3 HUMAN through a pair of doors labeled "C-3 ENTRANCE."

Through the doors - Derek catches a glimpse of the Third Circle of hell - a storm of rain and hail fall over humans as laughing demons force the humans' heads down into pig troughs full of manure.

The booking agent steps over to Derek and SCANS the UPC on his arm with a wireless gun-scanner. It beeps.

BOOKING AGENT

There you go. Delivered.

Derek trembles, turns to Braeburn.

BRAEBURN

Nice doing business with you, Mr. Gilroy. If you have any problems or concerns, please feel free to go fuck yourself. Enjoy your stay.

INT. AGENCY - MAIN OFFICE AREA

The digital number on the soul collection board next to Braeburn's reads "10,000."

On the other side of the room, Rome POPS open a bottle of champagne and pours it into his crystal flute. Then he pours for Braeburn, who holds a cheap plastic champagne cup. The fluid that comes out turns from sparkling to flat and murky.

The other agents of the office have gathered around and they too have plastic cups with flat murky champagne. All the agents here, except for Rome, wear RED GLOWING BANDS, just like Braeburn.

ROME

Put in the hard work and you can get promoted too. Not to mention-

Rome pulls out a velvet jewelry box. Hands it to Braeburn.

He opens it. Inside is a GOLD GLOWING "PRIVILEGE BAND". Braeburn salivates. He snaps off the red glowing band from his wrist and replaces it with the gold one. The glow from the red band dies, he tosses it into the trash.

Suddenly, magically, Braeburn's cheap suit morphs into a fancy pin striped suit. His hair is slicked back, it glistens. He looks like a million bucks. Then the plastic champagne glass that he holds morphs into a crystal glass-flute like Rome's and the champagne sparkles.

Braeburn raises his glass for everyone to see his gold band.

The other jealous agents raise their plastic cups and toast him. They drink. Cringe at the taste.

Braeburn sips from his glass. Ahhh. Delicious. Then he gloats, shakes hands with his envious co-workers.

WINESAP

(whispers to Spigold)
That's all we need. Another
egotistical jerk-off to boss us
around.

SPIGOLD

Watch your tongue, Winesap. That's
my friend up there, and I'm next in
line on the board...

WINESAP

We'll see about that.

Winesap reluctantly puts on a half smile as Braeburn turns to
him and shakes his hand.

INT. ROME AND ASSOCIATES AGENCY - OFFICE

Jonagold shows Braeburn into a nice office that over-looks
the putrid city below and the "HELLYWOOD" sign in the
distance.

JONAGOLD

Here you are.

BRAEBURN

Here I am. I finally made it,
Jonagold.

JONAGOLD

Yes, sir. You deserve it.

Braeburn takes a seat behind his desk, feels the smoothness
of the fine oak. On top of the desk is a device that looks
like an iPod. He picks it up.

BRAEBURN

Is this one of the new iTempts?

JONAGOLD

Sure is. It holds all your files,
and allows you to tempt on the go.

Braeburn plays with the iTempt, all smiles. He sets it down.

JONAGOLD

I'm just curious, what division
were you thinking of getting into?

BRAEBURN

I always liked marketing. I got my
temptation degree in that.

JONAGOLD

Mr. Rome was a marketing major. He created crystal meth-

BRAEBURN

-and the Easter Bunny, I know. He loves to honk his horn about that.

Jonagold giggles.

BRAEBURN

Jonagold, I've always wondered, how did a sweet girl like you end up working for the corporation?

JONAGOLD

Ahh. The eternal question. Like most of the fallen, I quit Heaven and Co. I was working under Rome in the advertising department. When he was fired, he promised me greener pastures here, so I followed.

Braeburn gives her a sad, understanding smile.

JONAGOLD

I still haven't seen any green pastures.

She returns the sad smile and backs out of the room, shuts the door.

Braeburn sighs, sorts through his box of stuff. He finds a POLAROID PHOTO among a pile of papers. He smiles. A sense of hidden longing in his eyes.

BRAEBURN

I finally made it...

He stares out the window at the "Hollywood" sign.

The photo is an 80's style picture of a beautiful BLOND WOMAN (angel) wearing a birthday hat as she blows out a lit "2K" candle on top of a cake. Co-workers cheer in the background, but most notably Braeburn stands next to her giving her a kiss on the cheek.

EXT. UP-STATE NEW YORK - SKYLINE

The skyline of New York.

EXT. SING SING PRISION - DAY

The infamous prison.

INT. SING SING PRISION - CHURCH HALL - DAY

A dozen prison INMATES sit and listen as a big, brawny prisoner preaches to them. This is CLARENCE, 35.

CLARENCE

I've seen it, brothers. The second
your heart gives its last beat,
they are there at the toe of your
dead body waiting to take you down.

The inmates listen intently.

CLARENCE

I've turned my life around. I
suggest you do likewise, otherwise
they will come to collect you...

INT/EXT. SING SING PRISION - DAY

At the weight lifting bench, Clarence spots an INMATE. He helps the man put the weights onto the support bar.

INMATE

(sits up)
So these demons, they look like
monsters? Like in the movies?

CLARENCE

Nah, man. They look like you and
me, only they wear suits.

A PRISON GUARD walks over, holding some mail letters.

PRISON GUARD

Clarence Morgan, I got more returns
for you.

The prison guard hands the letters to Clarence and walks off.

Clarence sits next to the inmate on the bench and looks at the letters. They're addressed to "LENDALE MORGAN" in PHOENIX. They're stamped "RETURN TO SENDER."

INMATE

He'll open one sooner or later,
Clarence. Give him time.

CLARENCE

Man, I need to get through to him.
I hear he's dealing smack now.

Saddened, Clarence looks away. Across the weight lifting area he spots a SHIV being handed off to a GANG MEMBER. The Gang Member bee-lines to a PRISONER playing basketball.

Clarence sees what's coming. He drops the letters and runs over...

The Gang Member nears his unsuspecting victim, he readies his shiv, lunges forward...

Clarence steps in his way, blocking the Gang Member from the prisoner. Clarence puts his arm around the Gang Member and veers him off as if they were pals.

CLARENCE

You don't want to do that, my young brother.

The Gang Member, startled and anxious, runs off.

Clarence looks down at his side. The shiv is stuck into his spleen. Blood soaks his shirt.

Clarence winces as he pulls the shiv out, drops it. He begins to walk back to the bench press, then falters. He drops to the ground as prisoners and guards rush over to him.

IN THE HAZE - A few moments go by then Clarence's soul gets up from his body. He dusts himself off.

Clarence looks around. Ten feet away from him, he sees two agents: SOPHIEL, the beautiful blond from Braeburn's photo and PEZNOUS, a large intimidating man. Both appear to be in their thirties. They wear casual business attire and have ANGEL WING PINS on their lapels. They give Clarence a warm welcoming smile.

Clarence spins back to see his dead body on the ground. His inmate friend and PRISON GUARDS attend to his body. One of the guards shakes his head indicating that he's dead.

Clarence looks back to Sophiel, and Peznous. He doesn't notice their angel wings, but rather the GUN holstered into Peznous' belt.

CLARENCE

No! You'll never get me!

Clarence spins around and books it out of there.

SOPHIEL
Clarence, no wait!

INT. ROME AND ASSOCIATES AGENCY - MAIN OFFICE AREA

The agents are busy "tempting" their clients.

Winesap stares at his computer. He hits a hot key and the screen splits into 50 different files of people.

WINESAP
(to Spigold)
This is bullshit! Why did Rome
dump Braeburn's client list on me?

SPIGOLD
You're a junior agent. You need to
step it up. Plus, all the hard
work has already been done. You
just have to keep tabs on them.

Winesap sighs, looks at the digital board. Spigold is at the top now at 9,209. All the way near the bottom is Winesap's name at 1,817.

WINESAP
Great, I'm gonna be here forever.

SPIGOLD
Nah, just a couple thousand years.

Winesap moans to himself, then he notices one of the files on his computer blinking. He clicks on it. It's a file with the face of CLARENCE MORGAN on it. A "C-8" flashes over it.

WINESAP
Whoa, I got a fresh one here.

Winesap takes a closer look. Something is off. He rolls in his chair over to Braeburn's old desk, rifles through a cabinet drawer. From a file, he pulls out a GLOWING CONTRACT.

INT. ROME'S OFFICE

Rome looks over the glowing contract, then shifts his gaze to Winesap as he stands in front of him, smug as ever.

INT. BRAEBURN'S OFFICE

Braeburn opens his desk drawer. A cigarette rolls into view, next to a matchbox. Braeburn raises his eyebrows, picks up the cigarette. It transforms into a nice, fat, CUBAN CIGAR.

Braeburn sniffs the cigar, savors the aroma then lights it with a match. He kicks his feet up and puffs on the cigar.

A KNOCK at the door, then Jonagold steps in.

JONAGOLD

Excuse me, sir, Mr. Rome would like to see you right away.

INT. ROME'S OFFICE - LATER

Sitting across from Rome, Braeburn reads over the glowing contract, a touch nervous.

ROME

If I recall, that client was a huge fiasco for you. Remember him?

Braeburn leans back, sighs as the memory comes to him.

EXT. STREET CORNER - "HAZE" - FLASHBACK

COPS barricade a crash site. An ESCALADE is upside down, totaled. The body of the DRIVER, an apparent gang-banger, lies dead in the seat.

Just outside the Escalade is the bloody body of CLARENCE, ten years younger. He wears gang colors, and a shotgun lies a few feet away from him.

As PARAMEDICS work on his body, his spirit rises. Clarence looks all around, can't believe what he sees. In front of him, BRAEBURN and another agent, JERSEY MAC, a large slob of a man, argue about something.

They turn to see Clarence.

JERSEY MAC

Boo.

Clarence runs off. Braeburn chases after him.

INT. ROME'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Braeburn rubs his temples, closes his eyes...

BRAEBURN
Yeah, I remember him...

EXT. STREET CORNER - "HAZE" - FLASHBACK

As Clarence runs around the wreckage, he barely escapes from Braeburn's grasp. He spots his body being hoisted into an Ambulance.

Next to the ambulance, Jersey Mac hauls off the spirit of the dead DRIVER who now wears a C-5 red jumpsuit.

Clarence thinks fast and makes a run for the Ambulance.

Braeburn yells at Jersey Mac to stop him. He doesn't. Instead, as Braeburn runs past, Jersey Mac body-checks him to the ground. Jersey Mac laughs and walks off with the driver's soul in hand.

AT THE AMBULANCE - EMT's pull a sheet over Clarence's body.

Braeburn gets up, pulls out his Glock...

Clarence dives into his body.

Braeburn FIRES, an ELECTRICAL PULSE BULLET goes right through Clarence's body.

The heart monitor in the Ambulance beeps.

The EMT's jump into action. Clarence has come back to life.

Braeburn tries to grab Clarence's soul. All he can find is thin air. He cries out in frustration.

INT. ROME'S OFFICE - DAY

Braeburn opens his eyes.

BRAEBURN
That was all Jersey Mac's fault.

ROME
That's why he was fired. But that's besides the point. Mr. Morgan was extradited to Sing Sing after his surgery.

Rome taps on his keyboard. The giant LCD screen behind Braeburn comes to life. It shows a map of New York and a blinking red beacon. Braeburn turns, and glances at it.

ROME

See, there he is. Somewhere in the Bad Apple... But you should know that right? Because you've been keeping tabs on him, haven't you?

BRAEBURN

Of course I have.

Suddenly Rome SLAMS down a newspaper in front of Braeburn.

ROME

Then what the hell is this, in today's soul trades!?

Taken aback, Braeburn looks at the "SOUL TRADES." It lists off names like stock market figures. Highlighted is "CLARENCE MORGAN-35-MALE-NEW YORK-HEAVEN & COMPANY, LLC."

Braeburn lowers the paper, to see Rome fuming.

BRAEBURN

Okay, look, he was judged to Circle Eight. It's practically impossible to redeem yourself from that.

ROME

'Impossible?' Without an agent to tempt him, the competitor can easily sway a human's mind.

BRAEBURN

We have the contract. There was no reason for me to waste my time continuing to tempt him.

Rome seethes.

BRAEBURN

He hasn't been collected by the competitor, right? So relax, this is no big deal. I'll send Winesap to pick him up.

ROME

You think Winesap is going to clean up after you?

Braeburn stays silent.

ROME

Braeburn, this contract is part of your total soul tally - 10,000 souls - but if Clarence Morgan isn't collected and the contract isn't fulfilled. You're back to being one short.

Braeburn grinds his teeth, very frustrated.

ROME

(winks at him)

I'll let you keep your gold privilege band for your trip.

INT. ROME AND ASSOCIATES AGENCY - MAIN OFFICE AREA

Up on the digital board, Braeburn's number is back to 9,999.

From his old desk, Braeburn takes out his GLOCK. It morphs into a shiny, silver-plated COLT SEMI-AUTOMATIC. Impressed, he takes a second look at the gun, then holsters it.

All eyes are on Braeburn as he puts on his suit coat, stuffs the contract into the inner coat pocket and picks up his briefcase. He's embarrassed to say the least.

Winesap leans back in his chair as he revels in this sight.

Spigold, at his desk, isn't as cold. He looks sympathetic.

BRAEBURN

Spigold, don't let this little peckerhead touch my files again.

WINESAP

Hey, it's not my fault you let one slip by, old timer.

BRAEBURN

You better learn to respect your elders, punk.

WINESAP

(laughs)

Bring me back an "I Heart the Bad Apple" shirt.

Braeburn gives him the evil eye then storms out.

INT. AIRPLANE - IN FLIGHT - DAY

The coach section is a nightmare. The sounds of crying babies fill the air, even though there aren't any children.

Every poor human soul that sits back there has to deal with the annoyances of the worst flight you could imagine.

The seats automatically jerk as if being kicked from behind.

A STEWARDESS pushes her drink cart down the row making sure she elbows all the humans' heads on her way down.

She notices that one of the soul's seats isn't jerking. She adjusts a knob and it continues to jerk.

STEWARDESS

There you go.

The poor human sitting there gives a meek smile.

A C-1 HUMAN gains her attention, hot air from the overhead vent blasts him in the face.

C-1 HUMAN

Miss, a glass of water, please.

The stewardess takes a water jug and pours the contents into a plastic cup. It fills with nasty brown water and a couple of dead bugs floating in it. To top it off she spits in it.

STEWARDESS

Here you are, your majesty.

The C-1 human takes the cup and reluctantly drinks from it.

IN FIRST CLASS - Braeburn sits comfortably in a leather seat, sipping a glass of champagne. His seat vibrates giving him a massage and soft classical music plays into his headphones.

INT. ROME AND ASSOCIATES AGENCY - ROME'S OFFICE

Jonagold reads the "Soul Trades". She sets it down and looks back up to Rome behind his desk.

JONAGOLD

So how is this going to work if the competition has a contract on the human too?

ROME

Our contract on Clarence Morgan is still legit. End of story.

JONAGOLD

But if the competition's contract
isn't fulfilled won't that mean...

Rome gives a sly grin, knowing what she's talking about.

ROME

Yes. If I get this soul, I'll be
able to corner the entire market.
(gives a stern stare)
You better keep this between us.

INT. APARTMENT - DAY

IN THE LIVING REALM - the body of a COLLEGE GUY hangs from a
noose attached to a hook on the ceiling. A knocked over
chair is underneath his swinging feet.

IN THE HAZE - Across the room, the soul of the College Guy
lies on the ground, face down. He's gagged, hog-tied, and
wears a GRAY JUMP SUIT with a "P" stenciled on it.

Standing with a steel toed boot on his back is JERSEY MAC.
Free from the confines of a suit, he now wears fatigues and a
weapons vest. He looks like a punk-rock mercenary.

He takes a puff off a cigarette and exhales. Around his
wrist is a BLUE PRIVILEGE BAND.

JERSEY MAC

Nothing like a nice, simple suicide
to start the day. Isn't that
right, hang-time?

The College Guy remains despondent.

Jersey Mac's cell rings. He plucks it from a vest pocket.

JERSEY MAC

Jersey Mac. Go.

EXT. ROME AND ASSOCIATES AGENCY - COURTYARD

In the courtyard, Winesap stands next to a fountain while he
speaks into his cell. The fountain has statues of devils
prodding humans with pitchforks in it.

WINESAP

Does the name Clarence Morgan ring
a bell?

INTERCUT JERSEY MAC AND WINESAP

Mac freezes, flicks his cigarette away.

JERSEY MAC

Yeah, he's Mr. Near-Death-Experience.

WINESAP

Well he's far from near death now; he just kicked. Your old pal Braeburn is going to collect him in the Bad Apple.

JERSEY MAC

Is that so?

WINESAP

Just giving you the heads up. In case you wanted to... intercept.

JERSEY MAC

It's about time, Winesap. Your so-called 'hot tips' haven't been worth the minutes charged to my phone.

WINESAP

Well this guy's a whale, so don't forget about me when you collect on your bond for him.

JERSEY MAC

Don't hold your breath.

Jersey Mac flips his phone closed.

Winesap hangs up. Looks around to make sure he wasn't watched, then walks off.

ON JERSEY MAC - He leans down to the College Guy.

JERSEY MAC

Sit tight, rubber-neck. Don't haunt the living while I'm gone.

EXT. BAD APPLE (NEW YORK) - ROADS

A black LUXURY CAR speeds down the executive express route and comes to one of the car-wash style "portals." The sign above it says: "LIVING REALM PORTAL."

INT. LUXURY CAR - CONTINUOUS

Braeburn pulls into the portal. The door closes behind him. He waves his gold band under the scanner. It blinks "Ossining, New York." Then a bright FLASH.

The door opens, Braeburn pulls forward.

SWITCH TO THE HAZE

The traffic now reflects regular living human traffic along with the odd spiritual traveler in black Lincoln Town Cars.

Braeburn cruises through the living traffic while he changes the channel on the radio to some alternative rock.

Signs indicate that "Sing Sing Prison" is just ahead.

INT/EXT. SING SING PRISON - BASKETBALL COURT - "HAZE"

Braeburn looks around the empty basketball court, pulls out his iTempt, taps on it.

ON THE ITEMPT - "CLARENCE MORGAN" is at the top. Below his name is a city map. A red beacon, a mile in diameter, blinks showing that Clarence is in the vicinity.

SOPHIEL (O.C.)

Casbriel.

Braeburn cringes at the sound of that name. He turns to see Sophiel and Peznous walking toward him. He eases up at the sight of Sophiel, gives her a lustful once-over.

BRAEBURN

Sophiel. It's been a long time.

SOPHIEL

Hasn't been long enough.

BRAEBURN

Come on now. Be nice. Don't you miss me? I've missed you...

Sophiel rolls her eyes.

SOPHIEL

You're quite a-ways from Hell-A, Casbriel, what brings you here?

BRAEBURN

Don't call me by that name.

SOPHIEL
Sorry, I forgot. What are you
doing here, Brae-burn?

BRAEBURN
I'm scouting for new recruits.

Sophiel notices the gold band on his wrist.

SOPHIEL
Moving up in the underworld I see.

BRAEBURN
Yeah, the corporation likes to
reward those who work hard...
unlike some companies I know.

SOPHIEL
Material possessions and a rise in
social status is not a true reward.

BRAEBURN
Says you. Now I'd love to catch up
on old times, but I'm busy, so if
you'll excuse me.

Braeburn turns to leave.

SOPHIEL
If you're here for Clarence Morgan,
you'd better forget about it.

Braeburn stops. Turns back.

Peznous takes out a gold glowing contract.

Cautious, Braeburn steps closer to read the contract. He
steps back, unperturbed. He looks Peznous up and down.

BRAEBURN
The hell are you?

SOPHIEL
This is my new trainee, Peznous.

BRAEBURN
Does Mr. Personality talk?

Peznous grins, nods.

Braeburn takes out his own glowing gold contract.

BRAEBURN

Well, Peznous, I have first rights
to the soul.

SOPHIEL

That contract is ten years old.

BRAEBURN

There is no statute of limitations
on a soul contract.

SOPHIEL

Technically, but-

BRAEBURN

But nothing. It's finders keepers
on this one, Sophie.

Braeburn walks off.

SOPHIEL

Peznous.

Peznous reaches out with his massive arm, grabs Braeburn by
the shoulder and spins him around.

BRAEBURN

(jerks away)
Watch it, chump!

Sophiel steps up, hands him her BUSINESS CARD.

SOPHIEL

Do the right thing here, Braeburn.
You find Clarence, call me.

BRAEBURN

Fat chance in hell, Sophie.

Peznous is furious, he reaches for the gun in his holster.
Sophiel grabs his arm, stops him.

Braeburn turns, walks away. He looks at the business card:
"SOPHIEL. VICE PRESIDENT OF HUMAN RELATIONS. HEAVEN &
COMPANY, LLC." He smirks, kisses the card, then tears it in
half.

INT. LUXURY CAR - "HAZE" - DAY

Braeburn drives down the streets, looks from his iTempt with
blinking red beacon to the corresponding street outside.

He spots a soup kitchen. A line of homeless people wait to be let in. A "JESUS SAVES" cross hangs above the door.

BRAEBURN
(grins)
He can't save you now, pal.

INT. SOUP KITCHEN - "HAZE" - DAY

Braeburn scans the main dining hall. Nothing but the living homeless as they eat lunch. He finds a sign that says "Prayer Room."

BRAEBURN
Last refuge for a condemned man.

INT. PRAYER ROOM - "HAZE"

Braeburn enters the small room. A few homeless sit in the pews, praying. Some sleep.

At the front of the room, kneeling before a cross is Clarence, still in his prison garb.

Braeburn slowly approaches, gun trained. He taps the gun on Clarence's shoulder to get his attention.

Clarence slowly turns, his eyes widen.

BRAEBURN
Hi there. Remember me?

CLARENCE
No way...

Braeburn whips out the contract for Clarence to see.

BRAEBURN
Yes way. Clarence Morgan, for a life lived full of unrepentant deadly sin, you have been judged by the powers that be to spend eternity in the Eighth Circle of Hell under the jurisdiction of the city of Lost Angels.

Clarence nods, slowly stands.

Braeburn puts away the contract, takes out a zip-tie.

BRAEBURN

Good boy. Now give me your wrists.
It's time to pay the piper.

Clarence offers his wrists for Braeburn to tie them.

Braeburn puts away his gun, takes Clarence's wrist and just before he closes the zip-tie, Clarence grabs Braeburn's wrist, twists it, punches Braeburn in the gut, shoves him to the ground and runs out of the room.

Braeburn grunts. Picks himself up, looks up at the cross on the wall, frowns then runs out after Clarence.

EXT. SOUP KITCHEN - "HAZE" - DAY

Clarence runs out through the entrance door, looks one way, then the other - nothing but homeless waiting to get in.

Suddenly Braeburn barges through the line of human homeless and blind-sides Clarence to the ground.

BRAEBURN

You're not gonna escape me again.

Like a seasoned pro, Braeburn drops his knee into Clarence's back, yanks his arms behind him and zip-ties his wrists.

CLARENCE

This has got to be a mistake!

BRAEBURN

The corporation doesn't make mistakes.

Braeburn hoists Clarence to his feet, shoves him against the luxury car door.

CLARENCE

But I repented! I became a counselor, preached the good word!

Braeburn takes out his iTempt, pulls up a file, shows it to Clarence.

BRAEBURN

This is your case file. Over four million pages of documented sin. You repented after the contract was executed, meaning your lucky second shot at life was moot.

CLARENCE

No, it can't be.

Braeburn opens the passenger door, takes out his briefcase, opens it and grabs the stamping device.

BRAEBURN

Oh, it is.

Braeburn smashes the stamping device into Clarence's forearm. It sizzles as the UPC number is embedded onto his skin.

Clarence shrieks out. Then his orange prison garb morphs into a "C-8" red jumpsuit. Clarence looks dumbfounded at his new uniform. Not much of a change for him really.

BRAEBURN

Whattya' know? From one prison uniform to the next. It suits you.

(opens the rear door)

Watch your head on the way in.

Clarence doesn't budge. Braeburn grabs his arm, Clarence rips free.

CLARENCE

You better step off, demon...

Braeburn sees the intensity in him. Backs off, smirks.

BRAEBURN

Look, I'm just the delivery guy. If there's some kind of complication here, then we'll figure it out back at the office. Until then, please let me do my job, okay? Just hop in the car.

As Clarence considers his situation, he remains steadfast.

Braeburn takes out his Colt, threatens to uses it.

BRAEBURN

C'mon human, don't make this difficult.

CLARENCE

If I'm dead, what use is the gun?

Braeburn shrugs and FIRES - an electric pulse bullet is sent into Clarence and ZAPS him. He convulses then drops to the ground, conked out.

Braeburn looks at him and sighs.

EXT. HELL HIGHWAY - BAD APPLE

A yellow HUMMER, with "MAC ATTACK SOUL BAIL BONDS" stenciled all over it, cruises down the road.

INT. HUMMER - CONTINUOUS

Jersey Mac drives, cigarette hangs from his mouth.

Up ahead are signs for the airport. He turns up the rock n' roll on the radio as he veers off for the exit.

EXT. BAD APPLE AIRPORT - PARKING LOT

Braeburn has parked the car. He opens the rear door and hauls Clarence out. Mariachi music spills out from the back.

Braeburn closes the door behind him and pushes him onward toward the airport.

From being shot, Clarence looks groggy and dazed. He looks all around, taking this new world in.

CLARENCE

Where are we?

BRAEBURN

The Bad Apple.

CLARENCE

You mean Big Apple? New York?

BRAEBURN

Bad Apple. The hell version of New York, in the First Circle.

CLARENCE

First Circle? Like in Paradise Lost?

BRAEBURN

No, the Divine Comedy. Some idiot engineer leaked the floor plans of hell to Dante.

CLARENCE

You've got to be kidding me.

BRAEBURN

Nope. Now less talk, more walk.

INT. BAD APPLE AIRPORT - AIRLINE GATE

Braeburn stands in line to board the plane with Clarence. They stand behind other red jump-suited humans and their accompanying agents.

CLARENCE
(rubs his eyes)
Man, what'd you do to me? I feel
hungover.

BRAEBURN
We use electro-pulse bullets.

Braeburn takes out his silver Colt gun from his shoulder holster, pulls out the clip and shows Clarence the bullets inside of it. The bullets have a transparent casing. It looks like lighting bouncing around within the bullets.

BRAEBURN
They basically knock you out. The
bigger the bullet the bigger the
headache.

CLARENCE
You mean, we still have physical
limitations?

BRAEBURN
Your body in the spirit realm is
not much different than in the
living realm.

CLARENCE
(realizes)
So you sadistic bastards can just
torture us forever?

Braeburn nods, laughs.

CLARENCE
That's messed up.

BRITISH DEMON (O.S.)
Showing off your gun again, Mr.
Braeburn?

Braeburn turns to find a classy, female, BRITISH DEMON AGENT step up behind them with an angry looking C-5 HUMAN in her grasp.

BRAEBURN
(sly grin)
Only when you're around, Gala.

Braeburn poses like James Bond, holding the gun to his chest while blatantly showcasing his gold band.

The British Demon, GALA, laughs. Braeburn steps out of line and they greet by kissing each other on both cheeks. Gala gestures to the gold band.

GALA
 Congrats on the promotion.
 (re: Clarence)
 What's with the human? I thought
 you were done.

Braeburn slams the clip back into the gun and holsters it.

BRAEBURN
 There was a slight accounting
 error... But not to worry. This
 one is the last.

GALA
 And a C-8 nonetheless. Very
 impressive.

Braeburn gives a humble "piece of cake" shrug.

GALA
 (to Clarence)
 You should be honored to be
 Braeburn's last delivery, human.

CLARENCE
 Yeah, I'm thrilled.

As Braeburn and Gala chat, Clarence looks around. He notices that no other Human wears a C-8 jump suit. Passerby's give him strange, intimidated stares.

CLARENCE
 (to the C-5 human)
 'Sup man. What'cha in for?

The man ignores Clarence and his attempt at a joke.

GALA
 (to Braeburn)
 Well, darling, I need to get going.
 I have to drag this import across
 the pond.
 (to the C-5 human)
 Don't I?

C-5 HUMAN
 I'm starving.

GALA

I told you not to ask -- you know what, fine.

The British Demon digs into her purse, pulls out a candy bar, waves it under the C-5 human's nose.

Clarence salivates, turns to Braeburn.

CLARENCE

Yo, I could use a bite myself.

BRAEBURN

That's a Mud-Bar. You don't want one of those.

The British Demon unwraps the "Mud-Bar" and stuffs it into the C-5 human's mouth.

CLARENCE

That doesn't sound bad.

BRAEBURN

It's not made out of mud.

Clarence gets the implication. He gags.

The C-5 human cringes as he's force-fed the bar. He pulls away from the demon, turns and coughs up the bar, some of it lands on Braeburn's shirt.

The British Demon smacks the C-5 human up side the head.

GALA

(to Braeburn)

So sorry, love.

Horrified, Braeburn looks at his soiled shirt.

INT. BAD APPLE AIRPORT - REST ROOM

Braeburn turns on the faucet. Crystal clear water pours and he uses it to clean his shirt with paper towels.

Clarence stands to his side, snickering to himself.

BRAEBURN

You'll get yours, human.

CLARENCE

Hey demon, you know my name. Call me by it. What's yours?

Braeburn dabs at his shirt, tosses the paper towels away then fixes his hair.

BRAEBURN

Mr. Braeburn.

CLARENCE

(laughs)

Like the apple? That's rich. I guess it's better than Granny Smith.

BRAEBURN

Funny you should mention him. He's your contact in the Eighth Circle.

CLARENCE

He? Man, this place is a joke.

BRAEBURN

Send me a postcard from C-8, let me know if it's a joke down there.

Braeburn grabs Clarence and leads him out.

Just as they turn the corner, Jersey Mac steps in and punches Braeburn right in the kisser which sends him to the ground.

Braeburn pulls out his gun, Jersey Mac kicks it out of his hand, sends it across the floor right to Clarence's feet.

Jersey Mac takes out a baton from his utility belt, extends it, clubs Braeburn in the gut, then spins to Clarence.

JERSEY MAC

Get into that last stall.

Clarence does as told. He slips back into the stall while shuffling the silver Colt in with him, shuts the door.

Jersey Mac picks up Braeburn and shoves him against the wall. Punches and clubs him.

JERSEY MAC

I have to thank you, Braeburn. Getting fired was the best thing that ever happened to me...

Mac hits a button on the baton and the end of it sparks. He prods at Braeburn, SHOCKING him.

JERSEY MAC

...Purgatory is where it's at. No more suits, ties, crummy town cars. I've got it made. However...

Mac grabs Braeburn's arm and examines the gold glowing band, compares it to the blue band on his wrist.

JERSEY MAC

...us Purgatory folk can't go above blue privilege.

Mac whips out a BOWIE KNIFE and CUTS OFF the gold band. The glow fades; it's dead.

Suddenly, without Braeburn knowing it, his fancy suit morphs into a hand-me-down, thrift store suit. His sleek hair and shoes lose their luster. He looks like a carpet salesman.

Mac stands up, laughs at Braeburn, then turns to the stall.

JERSEY MAC

You ready to rock back there, Clarence?

Jersey Mac steps over to the door, opens it and gets blasted back to the sink, spiderwebs the mirror. He falls to the floor, out cold.

Braeburn slowly rises to his feet. The wounds on his face begin to vanish.

BRAEBURN

You were always sloppy, Jersey Mac.

Clarence steps out, gun in between his zip-tied hands.

CLARENCE

Did I just kill that dude?

BRAEBURN

No, he'll be up again in a few minutes, now hand over the gun.

Clarence glances at the gun - how it's transformed back to the Glock - then notices how Braeburn is dressed.

CLARENCE

Did I miss something? Did you just get back from the flea market?

Braeburn finally notices the awful suit. He immediately looks at his wrist - just a white tan-line from where the band used to be. He sees his severed band on the floor.

BRAEBURN

No!

He turns on the sink faucet. Muddy water sputters out.

BRAEBURN

Damnit!

Jersey Mac begins to moan.

CLARENCE

Uh, commando here is waking up.

Braeburn curses himself as he moves into action. He takes out some zip-ties and ties Jersey Mac's hands behind his back, then ties his ankles together.

Braeburn stands up to find Clarence aiming the Glock at him.

BRAEBURN

(raises hands)

Hand over the piece, Clarence.

Clarence shakes his head 'no,' turns and runs out.

INT. BAD APPLE AIRPORT - TERMINAL

Clarence pockets the gun, runs down the terminal, passing humans and other traveling demons.

CLARENCE

Somebody help me! I've been abducted!

No one does anything, they just stare at him. Intimidated by the C-8 on his jumpsuit.

He approaches an airport demon SECURITY GUARD, who chews tobacco.

CLARENCE

Hey man, you gotta help me!

The guard glances at the C-8 on Clarence's jump suit, grunts, then spits a wad of chewing tobacco onto Clarence's shoe.

Braeburn races after him.

Clarence flinches then continues to run. He trips over some luggage and eats the floor.

Braeburn jumps on him. Wrestles him down. Clarence struggles, takes out the gun.

Braeburn tries to rip it free but Clarence has a death grip on it. A few SHOTS ring out, barely missing Braeburn.

Braeburn whips out a pocket knife, slips the blade under Clarence's trigger finger and SLICES IT CLEAN OFF.

Clarence screams out in pain, releases the gun to Braeburn.

CLARENCE
You cut off my finger!

Braeburn rises, amused by this. He holsters his gun.

BRAEBURN
No I didn't.

Clarence jumps to his feet.

CLARENCE
What do you call this!?

Clarence holds up his hand, the chopped off index finger regenerates right away.

CLARENCE
What the-!?

BRAEBURN
Make another move like that and
I'll chop off the part that doesn't
regenerate.

INT. BAD APPLE AIRPORT - AIRLINE GATE

Braeburn drags Clarence to the gate door as it's being closed by a POMPOUS TRAVEL AGENT.

Outside the window the plane taxis out.

BRAEBURN
Stop that plane!

The travel agent gives Braeburn a once-over, frowns.

POMPOUS AGENT
I'm sorry, can't do that.

BRAEBURN
Let us on, now! I'm an executive!

The travel agent gestures to Braeburn's naked wrist.

POMPOUS AGENT

Looks like you just got fired.

BRAEBURN

Listen, I make one call back to Hell-A and I can have your job.

POMPOUS AGENT

And I nod my head and the large guard standing behind you can kick your teeth in.

Braeburn turns to find the tobacco chewing SECURITY GUARD standing behind him. He spits on Braeburn's shoe like he did with Clarence.

Before Braeburn explodes, from the bathroom, Jersey Mac hops out, still tied up.

JERSEY MAC

Somebody stop those two!

Braeburn smiles up at the guard then BASHES his knee into the guard's nuts. The guard keels over in agony.

Braeburn grabs Clarence and they run off.

Jersey Mac, stumbles, falls to the floor, yells after them.

INT. BAD APPLE AIRPORT - TERMINAL CATWALK

Braeburn and Clarence run across the terminal catwalk toward the parking lot.

CLARENCE

What was that about?

BRAEBURN

That was Jersey Mac, he's bad news.

CLARENCE

No, I mean why did you get burned back at the gate?

Braeburn holds up his tan-lined wrist for Clarence to see.

BRAEBURN

My privilege band is gone, which makes me susceptible to the torments of hell.

CLARENCE

Like me?

Braeburn frowns, speeds up.

EXT. BAD APPLE AIRPORT - PARKING LOT

Keys in hand, Braeburn runs up to the luxury car, hits the keyless entry button. The car beeps, the doors unlock, Braeburn turns and blindly opens the rear door for Clarence. Then the entire car morphs into a crappy GEO METRO.

BRAEBURN

Get in!

Clarence, amazed at what he just saw, steps back.

CLARENCE

How'd you do that?

Braeburn turns to look at the car, he jumps back, startled.

BRAEBURN

Son-of-a-bitch!

The bumper hangs off. The front light is smashed. The front wheel is worn to the steel threads. The passenger door seems to be from a different car. To add insult to injury, amateurish hot-rod flames are painted on the hood and side.

Braeburn runs his fingers through his hair, sighs. Shows his tan-lined wrist to Clarence to explain why the car changed.

CLARENCE

I get the feeling this doesn't happen to you very often.

BRAEBURN

(scowls)

Get in.

Without further argument, Clarence moves for the front seat.

Braeburn stops him, shifts the seat forward.

BRAEBURN

In the back. I never sit next to humans.

CLARENCE

You're a cold dude, Braeburn.

INT. HEAVEN & COMPANY - SOPHIEL'S OFFICE

In a brightly lit, spacious office, Sophiel sits behind her desk, talks into her Bluetooth. Peznous sits on the couch off to the side.

SOPHIEL
 It's my butt? It's all our butts!
 (beat)
 Hello? Hello? Gabriel?

Sophiel takes off her Bluetooth, turns to Peznous.

SOPHIEL
 Gabriel is livid, to say the least.

PEZNOUS
 So what are we going to do?

SOPHIEL
 There's nothing we can do.
 Braeburn is probably on a flight to
 Hell-A with Clarence right now.

PEZNOUS
 No, I just checked. They never made
 it on the plane.

A hint of hope sparkles in Sophiel's eye as she looks over to an LCD map.

SOPHIEL
 (to herself)
 OK, Casbriel. Where are you?

EXT. BAD APPLE AIRPORT

Jersey Mac runs out the doors and spots his yellow Hummer, parked in the loading zone, getting a ticket from a PARKING ATTENDANT.

Jersey Mac sprints over to the attendant, throws him to the ground, crumples the parking ticket and tosses it at the attendant's face.

JERSEY MAC
 (holds up his blue band)
 I park where I want to, punk.

He gets into his car and speeds off.

INT. GEO METRO - DAY

Braeburn is stuck in the jam-packed 'human lane' on the highway. He's on his cell phone, while the awful Mariachi music plays up front.

Crammed in the back, with his legs scrunched up to his chest, Clarence sings AC/DC's "Highway to Hell."

BRAEBURN

At this rate, three, four days.

INT. ROME AND ASSOCIATES AGENCY - LOUNGE ROOM

Rome gets his shoes "spit shined" by a lowly C-1 HUMAN SHOE SHINER while he speaks into his Bluetooth.

ROME

Four days!?

INTERCUT ROME AND BRAEBURN

BRAEBURN

I'm driving a Geo, Rome!

ROME

There's a train out of Purgatory, head there. It'll be quicker. I'll have two tickets waiting for you.

BRAEBURN

Okay, fine-

(to Clarence)

Shut up back there!

(back into phone)

-but without my privilege band, this trip is gonna be hell. Pun intended.

Rome shoves the human shoe shiner away with his foot.

ROME

Braeburn, you don't inspire confidence with this delivery.

BRAEBURN

Don't worry, I'll bring him in!

He hangs up then turns back to Clarence.

BRAEBURN

I told you to shut up!

CLARENCE

(shifts in his seat)

Let me up in shotgun, I can hardly
breath back here. It stinks of
piss and french fries.

(sings)

I'm on a highway to hell...

Braeburn cringes. Tries to turn the music off but the knob
breaks off. He steams. Honks his horn, cranks the wheel and
sputters off down the shoulder of the highway.

INT. ROME AND ASSOCIATES AGENCY - LOUNGE ROOM

Rome gestures for the human to continue to shine his shoe.

Jonagold steps into the room, ready to take orders.

ROME

Jonagold, I need some insurance on
this human's delivery. Get me the
minions.

EXT. OPEN FREEWAY

The Geo Metro ambles along. It has a wonky wheel which makes
it jumpy - like a grocery cart.

INT. GEO METRO

Braeburn is about to lose it with the combination of the
Mariachi music and Clarence's incessant singing.

Braeburn slams on the brakes.

CUT TO:

Braeburn opens the passenger door.

BRAEBURN

Why'd you save my ass from Jersey
Mac back at the airport?

Clarence takes a moment to think.

CLARENCE

'I tell you the truth, whatever you
did for one of the least of these
brothers of mine, you did for me.'
Matthew 25:40.

Braeburn rolls his eyes.

BRAEBURN

Don't quote that mumbo-jumbo to me.

CLARENCE

Hey, you asked.

Braeburn shifts the seat forward and gestures for Clarence to sit up in shotgun.

INT. ROME'S OFFICE - DAY

Jonagold delivers drinks to two DEMONS that sit in front of Rome. She hands a tequila shot to RED DELICIOUS, a sultry dominatrix wearing a full fur coat.

JONAGOLD

Here you are, Granny Smith.

Red Delicious shoots the tequila back, revealing a BLACK ONYX PRIVILEGE BAND on her wrist. She hands the glass back to Jonagold and shakes her head.

RED DELICIOUS

Do I look like a Granny Smith to you, honey? I'm Red Delicious.

Jonagold looks over to GRANNY SMITH, a large, nefarious demon clad in a shiny leather suit. He grins as he reveals to Jonagold a green apple tattooed onto his forearm, BLACK ONYX BAND on his wrist as well.

Jonagold smiles an apology, hands him his cocktail, and leaves the room.

Granny Smith takes a sip off his drink, addresses Rome.

GRANNY SMITH

So what's the score with this Clarence Morgan schmuck?

RED DELICIOUS

Yeah, we've had a seat reserved for him for the past ten years. It's collecting dust and I'm getting salty without any fresh souls.

ROME

I have an agent en route to bring in Mr. Morgan, but he's having some difficulties.

GRANNY SMITH

And...?

ROME

With the resources you two have,
(re: their onyx bands)
delivery should be a snap.

Granny and Red turn to each other, considering this.

GRANNY SMITH

It'll be nice to get outta the
Eighth Circle for a while.

RED DELICIOUS

Get some fresh air...

They nod, then look back to Rome.

GRANNY SMITH

Okay. But one thing: did you get
approval from the boss on this?

ROME

Pardon me?

RED DELICIOUS

Don't jerk us around, jerk-off. We
know about the Heaven contract. We
know the consequences.

Rome puts on a fake smile.

GRANNY SMITH

Hey, ass-clown. Did you get the
approval or not?

ROME

Of course I did.

INT. APARTMENT - "HAZE" - DAY

Living COPS are in the room, examining the body of the
COLLEGE SUICIDE GUY, as his soul remains hog tied, wiggling
on the floor just feet away.

Jersey Mac walks through the apartment door.

JERSEY MAC

Told you I'd be back, stretch.

INT. HUMMER - DAY

Jersey Mac speeds down a Circle One highway. He slips in a CD, plays some 70's rock. He glances back through the divider at the College Guy who mopes to himself.

JERSEY MAC

Cheer up, Purgatory ain't that bad.

INT. GEO METRO - DAY

Out of the city limits now, Braeburn and Clarence have reached open land. It's a bit bleak to say the least.

Braeburn tears off some duct tape and places it over the speaker. All the speakers are taped over, muffling the Mariachi music.

CLARENCE

I like Mariachi. I used to listen to it in the joint all the time.

BRAEBURN

Good for you.

A dozen "air fresheners" with dead flies stuck to them hang from the rearview mirror. Braeburn rips them off, tosses them out the window.

Huge, nasty bugs splatter against the window. Braeburn turns on the washer fluid - dirt water sputters out then the wipers cross the windshield. It doesn't help much at all.

Clarence starts to sing a mariachi tune to himself. Braeburn shoots him a look. Clarence holds up his hands, 'sorry.'

Clarence looks out the window, a sign says "ENTERING SINSINATTI, CITY LIMITS."

CLARENCE

You got any family, demon?

BRAEBURN

Do I look like a family man? And stop calling me a demon.

CLARENCE

You're a fallen angel. Which makes you a demon. It's what you are.

BRAEBURN

That's not how I see it. I've been emancipated. Freed from the shackles of the competitor.

CLARENCE

Emancipated my ass. You done and got yourself fired.

Braeburn shakes his head, "you don't know anything."

CLARENCE

Why are you such a grump?

BRAEBURN

Isn't it obvious? I'm here in hell, with you, in this piece of shit car!

CLARENCE

Brotha, you gotta relax. Make the best out of a bad situation. Breath the fresh air.

Clarence rolls down the window, breaths in deep, coughs.

BRAEBURN

That sulfer-smog air fresh enough for you?

Clarence grimaces, rolls the window back up.

CLARENCE

Anyway, I've got a family. Well, just a son really. He lives in Phoenix. Last time I saw him was-

BRAEBURN

-on his second birthday. You gave little Lendale a Tickle Me Elmo - which you stole - then you got drunk and slapped his mother over a child support argument. She up and left the next day for Arizona. You could've cared less.

CLARENCE

(cold stare)

How you know about that?

A sly smile curls on Braeburn's lip.

CLARENCE

You're not just the delivery man
are you?

BRAEBURN

Let's just say that I was that
voice in your head that said, 'rob
that liquor store, steal that car,
get high, abandon your kid...'

CLARENCE

What are you, the devil?

Braeburn laughs, gives Clarence an evil, proud smirk.

BRAEBURN

You flatter me. No, I'm just a
temptation agent; a mid-level
employee of the corporation.

CLARENCE

You made me do all that stuff?

BRAEBURN

No, you did it on your own. I just
dangled the forbidden fruit in
front of your eyes. You took a
bite every time.

Clarence seethes.

A loud POP, then the Geo jerks to the side. Braeburn regains
control.

BRAEBURN

(hits the steering wheel)
Piece of crap!

A DINER is up ahead. Braeburn slows and parks into the Diner
parking lot.

Braeburn takes out his pocket knife, gestures for Clarence to
hold out his hands.

CLARENCE

You're not gonna cut off my finger
again, are you?

Braeburn takes Clarence's hands and cuts off the zip-tie.

BRAEBURN

You used to jack rims back in the
day... changing tires should be
like second nature to you.

EXT. DINER - LATER

Braeburn watches as Clarence hoists up a spare tire onto the front wheel of the jacked up Geo. The tire doesn't look that much better than the flat one he's replacing.

He tightens the bolts then turns to Braeburn.

CLARENCE
What happened to his mom?

BRAEBURN
She died of cancer, you know that.

CLARENCE
No, what happened to her, after?

BRAEBURN
Unfortunately the competition
acquired her.

Clarence sighs in relief, releases the jack on the car.

CLARENCE
Braeburn, I want to see my boy.

BRAEBURN
(laughs)
Yeah, that'll happen.

CLARENCE
Listen here, demon, you owe me. I
saved your butt back at the
airport, remember?

BRAEBURN
I owe you nothing.

Clarence shoves his finger into Braeburn's chest, forcing him back a few steps.

CLARENCE
If you've been dangling forbidden
fruit in front of me for my entire
life, then you are partly to blame
for me being here.

BRAEBURN
Thank you.

Peeved, Clarence turns and proceeds into the diner. An "F" health inspection letter on the door's window.

BRAEBURN
Where are you going? Hey!

INT. DINER - DAY

The diner is smoky, dirty and disgusting. C-1 HUMANS eat typical diner slop while DEMONS eat as well, their meals a bit better depending on the privilege band they wear.

Clarence plops down at the counter bar.

All the patrons stop and stare at him, aware of the C-8 on his jumpsuit. A DEMON TRUCKER picks up his meal and scoots down a few seats away from Clarence.

Braeburn comes into the diner.

BRAEBURN
I don't have time for this-

Braeburn grabs Clarence's arm. Clarence yanks away.

CLARENCE
If you want me to continue my cooperative journey to eternal damnation, then you best give me five minutes here!

Everyone stares at Braeburn, who looks like he's being pushed around by Clarence - the big C-8 human...

Before Braeburn reacts, a human WAITRESS, clad in C-1 red jumpsuit, steps over to them, a bit hesitant. Looks Clarence up and down, impressed.

WAITRESS
Whoa, cool. I've never seen a Circle Eight come through here...
What can I get'cha?

CLARENCE
I'll take the special.

WAITRESS
It's pretty gross.

CLARENCE
I would expect so. Bring it.

WAITRESS
Yes, sir. And you?

The waitress and Clarence both look to Braeburn.

BRAEBURN
(to Clarence)
Make it quick.

INT. DINER - LATER

A plate of moldy fries doused in mayonnaise and ketchup along with a nasty looking green burger is in front of Clarence.

The DEMON COOK in the kitchen winks at Clarence.

COOK
Bon appetite, jerk-off.

Clarence eats it up, not even phased. The Waitress bites her pen as she watches him, enamoured.

CLARENCE
(gives thumbs up)
My compliments, sir...

Braeburn grimaces at the food.

CLARENCE
Believe it or not, it beats the
prison food. You want a bite?

BRAEBURN
Are you serious?

Clarence chugs a mug of flat beer. Ahhh...

CLARENCE
Now, since I'm Circle Eight and all-
(burps)
I'm guessing that I'm pretty
valuable.

BRAEBURN
Your point?

CLARENCE
Grant me a last prayer, so to
speak. On our way down to L.A,
Hell-A or whatever it's called,
let's make a pit stop in Phoenix.
Bring me up to see my boy.

BRAEBURN
Out of the question.

CLARENCE
Alright. On the flip, if you
don't, I'll make this trip a
nightmare for you.

Clarence takes a fork full of ketchup fries and flings it at
the pie container.

CLARENCE
I'll be the most annoying human
you've ever seen.

Clarence jumps up on the counter, then kicks the DEMON
TRUCKER'S food away along with all the utensils, glasses, and
condiments. It's a mess.

The Demon Trucker stands, furious.

CLARENCE
What'chu gonna do, demon trash!?

The trucker stands down, turns his gaze on Braeburn.

BRAEBURN
Clarence...

The waitress watches, amused.

CLARENCE
(back to Braeburn)
And you don't have enough of them
tazer bullets to knock me out for
the whole trip...

The Demon Cook runs out from the kitchen.

COOK
The hell are you doing, human!?

CLARENCE
Not to mention, the lack of help
you'll get without that privilege
band of yours.

Clarence jumps down, picks up a meal from another demon
customer, tosses it onto the apron of the cook.

The cook, pissed to say the least, takes out a shotgun from
under the counter, aims it at Clarence.

BRAEBURN
Don't even try it. He's mine.

The cook sees the band missing from Braeburn's wrist.

COOK

In that case...

The cook aims at Braeburn, FIRES, the blast is a regular shotgun, not a pulse gun. The buckshot BLOWS BRAEBURN'S ARM OFF. He reels back, crouches over, screams in pain.

The customers are thoroughly entertained.

Braeburn turns back around, arm now fully regenerated, but the suit sleeve is all shredded up. He draws his gun out, aims it at the cook.

BRAEBURN

You ruined my suit!

COOK

Screw your suit, look at this mess!
You better put a leash on this
human of yours or it's gonna get
ugly in here.

Braeburn glances at all the angry customers, weighs his options, then lowers his gun, motions to all the customers.

BRAEBURN

I'll pay for all this.

COOK

Damn right you will, city boy.

Braeburn gives a stern look to Clarence who wiggles his index finger at him - the one Braeburn chopped off at the airport.

CLARENCE

Even in hell, Karma will get ya.

EXT. DINER - LATER

They walk to the Geo.

CLARENCE

You let me see my boy, I'll go as
far as to deliver myself to
Lucifer's doorstep. No hassle
guaranteed.

Braeburn thinks about this.

BRAEBURN

We'll see...

CLARENCE

'We'll see'? I want your word.

BRAEBURN

What good is my word to you, if
it's my job to deceive?

CLARENCE

No, it's your job to make humans
deceive. But you're a businessman.
And demon or not, I'll bet your
word is bond.

Braeburn stops, gets in Clarence's face.

BRAEBURN

Look, we have a lot of road to
cover, and I can't predict the
circumstances of what lies ahead,
so unless things go hunky-dory,
'we'll see' means exactly that.

Clarence looks into Braeburn's eyes.

CLARENCE

Things go 'hunky-dory' and I can
see my kid?

Braeburn nods his head 'yes,' while he opens the door for
Clarence to get into the Geo.

CLARENCE

Word.

EXT. OPEN FREEWAY

The Geo draws near to a PURGATORY CUSTOMS GATE. Beyond it,
within the city is the famous St. Louis arch.

CLARENCE (O.S.)

Purgatory is in St. Louis?

BRAEBURN (O.S.)

It's a good in-between spot for
Heaven and Hell to conduct
business; haggle over souls that
have yet to receive judgement.

INT. GEO METRO

Braeburn sits idle at the customs gate. Nervous, he watches the CUSTOMS OFFICER as he examines Clarence's contract and compares it with info on his computer.

The suspicious officer leans down to look at Clarence then eyes Braeburn's shredded suit sleeve and tan-lined wrist.

CUSTOMS OFFICER
What happened to you?

BRAEBURN
The human here got a little frisky.
A boom here, a bang there... it's
all under control now.

The officer smirks, then looks back at Clarence who smiles, eager to get going.

CUSTOMS OFFICER
Anxious to burn in C-8, are we?

CLARENCE
Satan's my homie.

Braeburn forces a nervous smile.

The customs officer eases up, hands the contract back to Braeburn.

CUSTOMS OFFICER
This contract is old, but it checks
out. Remember the rules, no
fighting or you're outta here.
(off Braeburn's nod)
Have a nice day.

The officer waves them on. The barricade gate rises and Braeburn speeds through.

BRAEBURN
'Satan's my homie?'

CLARENCE
I don't know, isn't he? Or is he
some old, corporate, Dick Cheney
lookin' dude?

Braeburn cracks a small smile.

INT. HEAVEN & COMPANY - KITCHEN

Peznous drinks a cup of coffee while debating to himself what to eat from an assortment of heavenly donuts.

Sophiel rushes in.

SOPHIEL

There you are! C'mon, they just crossed through Purgatory customs!

INT. PRIVATE JET - IN FLIGHT

Red Delicious looks at her iTempt - the red beacon blips over a map of Purgatory. She puts it away. Shines a large weapon with a cloth, then looks over to Granny Smith, who pets two massive dogs - ROTTWEILERS ON STEROIDS.

RED DELICIOUS

Purgatory. I hate Purgatory.

GRANNY SMITH

You and me both. We'll just wait for them on the outskirts...

INT. HUMMER - DAY

Jersey Mac looks at a text message on his phone from Winesap. It says "THE WHALE HAS BEACHED IN P-TOWN."

Mac grins in delight, dials a number.

JERSEY MAC

(into phone)

Moonpie, I need you to track down a couple of tourists for me...

EXT. PURGATORY - DAY

Purgatory/St. Louis is a drab, overcast, gray city.

EXT. PURGATORY-INN MOTEL - DAY

Braeburn and Clarence step out from the Geo. Clarence looks all around.

BRAEBURN

Beautiful isn't it?

CLARENCE

I guess, if boring is beautiful.

The motel is covered in stucco gray. It matches the color of the cars parked outside.

INT. PURGATORY-INN MOTEL - REGISTRATION AREA

A dozen HAPLESS SOULS wearing GRAY "P" jump suits, sit in rows of plastic chairs and watch Wheel of Fortune on a black and white TV. The depressed souls watch, expressionless.

As Clarence takes this in, Braeburn steps to the registration desk. He taps the bell.

An OLD "P" HUMAN LADY, comes out from the back to help him. She smiles, a sad smile but a smile nonetheless.

INT. PURGATORY-INN MOTEL - ROOM

The room is ordinary, no pictures. Just a bed and TV.

Clarence crashes down on the bed.

Braeburn comes out from the bathroom, having just washed his face and cleaned up his hair.

BRAEBURN

I'll be back shortly.

CLARENCE

Let me come with. I want to check this place out.

BRAEBURN

You've seen all there is to see. Purgatory is the city of sit and wait.

Braeburn slips his key card into the door, it unlocks, he opens it, nods goodbye to Clarence, exits.

Clarence looks around. No window to escape from. He tries the door. Locked. He takes a seat on the bed and turns on the TV. Changes the channel. Nothing but game shows in black and white.

EXT. CUSTOMS GATE

The gate rises and Jersey Mac floors it into Purgatory.

EXT. MAC ATTACK SOUL BAIL BONDS

Among a line of strip-mall stores is "MAC ATTACK SOUL BAIL BONDS." His neon mustard "open" sign flickers on and off.

The Hummer pulls up to the soul bond office.

INT. MAC ATTACK SOUL BAIL BONDS

The office is pretty small. Three or four very messy desks take up all the real estate here.

Behind one of the desks playing solitaire on his computer is MOONPIE, a lethargic human wearing a "P" jumpsuit.

Jersey Mac storms into the office with the suicide college guy in his grasp. He dumps the gloomy college guy onto a chair in front of Moonpie.

JERSEY MAC

Moonpie, I don't pay you to play games around here.

Moonpie speaks in a very monotone, depressed voice.

MOONPIE

Sorry boss. This guy need to be processed?

JERSEY MAC

No, he needs to be wined and dined. Don't be a moron.

MOONPIE

Sorry boss. Here, I found those tourists you asked about. They checked in an hour ago.

Moonpie hands him a slip of paper.

Very pleased, Jersey Mac ruffles Moonpie's hair.

JERSEY MAC

Cheer up, Moonpie. I catch this scumbag and I'll be able to retire.

MOONPIE

Yay.

Jersey Mac turns and jogs out of the office.

Moonpie waves hello at the college guy.

MOONPIE

I hope you like game shows.

INT. PURGATORY TRAVEL CENTER

It's like a massive terminal - for the train, airport, bus station etc.

Thousands of souls sit at school-like desks watching little individual black and white TV's.

TRAIN TICKET COUNTER

Braeburn turns around from the counter, having just picked up the two tickets to Hell-A. He stops in his tracks to see Sophiel and Peznous in front of him, they are surprised to see him disheveled in a crappy suit.

SOPHIEL

Having trouble with Clarence?

BRAEBURN

Nothing I can't handle.

He tries to pass by them but Peznous stands in his way.

SOPHIEL

Where is he, Braeburn?

BRAEBURN

Safe. Now out of my way.

Braeburn continues on. Sophiel and Peznous follow.

SOPHIEL

Braeburn, we need to talk.

BRAEBURN

Sorry, I've got a train to catch.

Peznous steps out in front of Braeburn again, this time he reveals the gun strapped to his belt.

SOPHIEL

Braeburn, we can throw down right here and get us all kicked out of Purgatory, leaving poor Clarence for Jersey Mac. Or, you can spare us a few minutes of your time.

Braeburn considers this.

BRAEBURN

Tell you what, pick up the bill on
a new suit for me and I'm all ears.

INT. PURGATORY INN MOTEL - RECEPTION AREA

Mac approaches the desk and talks with the receptionist lady.

JERSEY MAC

Hello, lovely. Listen, I'm on
official business...

INT. PURGATORY CLOTHING SHOP - DAY

Peznous and Sophiel wait in front of a dressing room door.

SOPHIEL

We don't have all day, princess.

Braeburn steps out of the dressing room. He's dressed in a
new classic gray suit, tie draped over his shoulder. He
steps in front of a full size mirror, pleased with the suit.

BRAEBURN

Okay, shoot. What's your offer?

SOPHIEL

We're not negotiating.

BRAEBURN

Then you're wasting my time. I'm
not handing him over for nothing.

SOPHIEL

What do you want? Money? You've
earned gold privilege; you don't
need money.

BRAEBURN

You know what I want...

Braeburn turns to her, a sultry stare.

SOPHIEL

Can't have it. You lost what we
had when you became one of the
fallen...

BRAEBURN

You won't sacrifice yourself for
Clarence? Isn't that what an angel
is supposed to do?

Sophiel steps close to Braeburn, turns him around and wraps
her arms around him and knots his tie.

SOPHIEL

(close to his ear)

I don't need to do that, because I
know you. Behind your facade, is
Casbriel. Deep down you know that
hell isn't what it's cracked up to
be. It's as empty as those
privilege bands.

Braeburn turns his face to hers, lips inches apart.

BRAEBURN

You're right. Without you, hell is
one angel short of becoming heaven.

Peznous rolls his eyes.

Braeburn's hypnotic gaze captures Sophiel.

BRAEBURN

C'mon, you'd be a terrific
temptress.

Sophiel furls her brow, pushes Braeburn away.

SOPHIEL

Look, the fact is, if you deliver
Clarence to C-8, it contradicts
God's guarantee for his admittance
into paradise.

BRAEBURN

Paradise, hah!

SOPHIEL

Do you understand what I'm saying?

BRAEBURN

(rambles perfunctorily)

If said contract isn't fulfilled
then all Heaven and Company
contracts are deemed null and void.

SOPHIEL

Yes, and you know what that means?

Sophiel rubs the material of his lapel.

SOPHIEL

The apocalypse. A soul free for all. It means you take off this nice suit and get into battle armor. No more pulse guns either. We bring out the heavy artillery. You get shot, you're obliterated.

The weight of the situation becomes apparent to Braeburn, but he continues to hold his smug, arrogant grin.

BRAEBURN

That gives you more reason to take one for the team.

She shakes her head 'no,' steadfast.

Braeburn stiffens, he walks past Sophiel and intentionally bumps into Peznous.

BRAEBURN

I guess I'll see you folks on the battlefield.

Peznous and Sophiel watch him go.

PEZNOUS

Let's take him down.

SOPHIEL

No, Braeburn is all talk. I have faith that Casbriel will come out and do the right thing.

INT. PURGATORY-INN MOTEL - ROOM

Clarence watches Family Feud.

The door opens, Mac steps in, presses his finger to his lips.

Clarence jumps out of the bed and backs off.

JERSEY MAC

Easy now. I'm here to help you.

CLARENCE

I don't think so.

Jersey Mac holds his arms out, puts on a friendly facade.

JERSEY MAC
I'm a soul bail bondsman for
Purgatory. Let me bring you in.

CLARENCE
But I'm contracted for Hell.

JERSEY MAC
He never told you? Braeburn's been
playing you for a fool.

CLARENCE
Told me what?

EXT. PURGATORY-INN MOTEL - ELEVATOR

Braeburn in the elevator, on the phone.

BRAEBURN
More like end of days! Don't jerk
me around, Rome!

INT. ROME AND ASSOCIATES AGENCY - ROOF

On the roof overlooking the city, Rome stands on a large
putting green as he practices putting golf balls.

ROME
(into Bluetooth)
It might cause the competition some
problems, so what?

BRAEBURN
(phone filter)
This is a move that needs to be
decided by corporate not you. The
boss has to sign off on this.

ROME
That old coot doesn't know
anything. I'm tired of waiting
around for him to pull the trigger
so I'm gonna do it for him! Who's
side are you on anyway?

INTERCUT ROME AND BRAEBURN

BRAEBURN
I'm on my side. And the apocalypse
will impose on my career plans.

The elevator doors open and Braeburn walks out into the hallway.

ROME

Apocalypse, hah! I wouldn't worry about that. What I would worry about is bringing the human in. Because if you don't, you won't have a career to make plans for.

Braeburn steps up to the door, takes out the key.

BRAEBURN

What are you talking about?

ROME

You don't bring in Clarence Morgan, then you take his place.

Braeburn freezes.

ROME

It's just a little insurance policy I put into the fine print of the contract. Section eleven-A. Take a look.

Braeburn whips out the contract from his inner pocket, squints as he reads the "fine print." His face turns white.

ROME

I have to keep the seats in the Eighth Circle filled. The minions don't care who takes the seat, demon or human.

BRAEBURN

You unbelievable son-of-a-bitch!

ROME

That's what you have to be to get ahead in this business.

Braeburn hangs up, punches the wall.

INT. PURGATORY-INN MOTEL - ROOM

Braeburn opens the door.

BRAEBURN

Clarence, lets roll.

He looks around. No sign of Clarence. Oh shit.

EXT. PURGATORY-INN MOTEL - DAY

Jersey Mac ushers Clarence out the back exit door.

CLARENCE

If I'm contracted for Heaven, why
don't you release me to them?

JERSEY MAC

I will. Once they bail you out. I
have bills to pay, understand?

He rushes Clarence over to the Hummer, opens the back door
and Clarence hops in.

Braeburn spots him, runs over.

Mac jumps into his car, slams the door just as Braeburn
arrives.

BRAEBURN

(bangs on the window)
Jersey Mac, he's mine!

Jersey Mac gives Braeburn the finger, then floors it.
Clarence waves goodbye as Braeburn runs back to his Geo.

INT. HUMMER - DAY

Jersey Mac drives wildly, as he speaks into his cell phone.

JERSEY MAC

That's right, Rome, ole buddy ole
pal. It's me, the Jersey Mac
attack. And guess who I have?

The divider behind Mac is lowered, he holds the phone out for
Clarence to speak into.

JERSEY MAC

Say hi to Rome, the guy who wants
you to rot in hell.

CLARENCE

Kiss my ass, Rome!

INT. ROME AND ASSOCIATES AGENCY - ROOF

Rome, in mid putt-swing, freezes. He can't believe it.

INTERCUT ROME AND JERSEY MAC

ROME
 (into Bluetooth)
 Have you booked him?

JERSEY MAC
 On my way to the office right now.

ROME
 (relaxes)
 Good. Then we can negotiate.

JERSEY MAC
 I don't think so, jagoff. I just
 wanted to let you know that
 payback's a bitch.

Clarence eaves drops as best he can.

ROME
 Okay, good for you. Get yourself a
 nice little payoff. Then what?

JERSEY MAC
 'Ritas and margs', baby.

ROME
 I doubt that. You'll keep on doing
 what you do, because that blue
 privilege band prevents you from
 living the high life.

Mac contemplates this, Rome is right.

ROME
 Tell you what, bring in the human
 and I'll give you what I was going
 to give Braeburn.

JERSEY MAC
 Go on...

INT. GEO METRO - DAY

Braeburn floors it, veering in and out of traffic. Slowly
 gaining on Mac.

INT. HUMMER - DAY

Mac is all smiles.

Clarence leans forward, a bit anxious.

CLARENCE
Everything cool?

JERSEY MAC
Peachy keen, Clarence.

Jersey Mac ambles through the Purgatory one-way exit that leads them out of the city. A highway sign indicates they're back in the first circle - a circle and a "1" within it.

Clarence turns back to see Purgatory City being left in the dust. He grows worried.

Up ahead the road splits. One way is the continuation of the Circle One highway. The other leads down into an UNDERGROUND TUNNEL. The road sign pointing down to the tunnel has a circle with a "2" inside of it.

Mac veers down into the C-2 tunnel.

CLARENCE
You're not taking me to the Purgatory office are you?

JERSEY MAC
Sorry man, it's just business.

CLARENCE
Just business? You're dealing with my soul you back-stabbing snake!

JERSEY MAC
(laughs, mock scary voice)
Welcome to hell!!!

Mac continues to laugh as he SLAMS the divider shut.

INT. CIRCLE TWO TUNNEL

Braeburn closes in on Mac. Follows him into the tunnel.

EXT. RED LIGHT DISTRICT - CIRCLE TWO

The Hummer speeds through the tunnel and upon the exit, it opens up to the world of CIRCLE TWO, hell.

It's permanently night. Seedy. A massive red light district full of lust for all things one can't have - sex, money, cars, women, etc.

All the humans wear "C-2" red jumpsuits.

INT. HUMMER

Clarence is heard in the back singing "Highway to Hell" again, but he's not as enthusiastic this time.

Jersey Mac hums along to the singing. He glances at the door mirror. In the reflection the Geo Metro closes in... smashes into the Hummer.

Mac laughs, no damage done to him. More so to the Geo Metro.

EXT. RED LIGHT DISTRICT - CONTINUOUS

Mac toys with Braeburn, plays bumper cars with him.

As they chase through the main drag they pass gaudy DEMON HOOKERS as they taunt lustful humans on the streets.

Braeburn pulls up along side the Hummer, crashes into it. It barely dents it. The hood on the Geo starts to billow smoke.

Mac lowers his window, gun in hand, FIRES REAL BULLETS wildly at the Geo.

Braeburn falls back to avoid the fire.

Cars honk at them as they tear through streets lit by neon signs promoting sex shops, strip clubs, adult book stores...

Braeburn pulls up along the passenger side of the Hummer and shoots his gun. His pulse bullets have no effect.

JERSEY MAC

Okay, Braeburn. Playtime is over.

Mac swerves to the left, gets ready to smash into the Geo.

Braeburn anticipates. Hits the brakes.

Mac swerves right, misses the Geo entirely, jumps the sidewalk and smashes into a sex shop...

INT. SEX SHOP - CONTINUOUS

Mac flies through the windshield, over the hood and crashes into a display full of sex toys. He's out for the count.

The divider in the Hummer has broken free. Dazed, Clarence climbs his way out.

Braeburn runs in.

BRAEBURN
Clarence, you alright?

CLARENCE
Nah man, I'm not alright.

Jersey Mac begins to regain consciousness.

BRAEBURN
You're fine, let's move.

Braeburn takes hold of Clarence and they run out of there.

EXT. SEX SHOP - DAY

Clarence looks all around him. Human souls long for the women in the windows, the fine food, the nice cars...

CLARENCE
Let me guess, Circle Two is lust
and whatnot.

The Geo is toast, Braeburn spots a subway entrance.

BRAEBURN
Whatnot indeed. This way.

INT. SUBWAY STATION

The hellish, graffiti laden subway car has its doors open. Braeburn and Clarence race inside just as the doors close.

INT. SEX SHOP

Jersey Mac brushes himself off, climbs into his Hummer and reverses out.

INT. SUBWAY TRAIN

Braeburn brings Clarence to the rear of the subway and they sit, exhausted. Some of the C-2 human souls stare at them.

Braeburn leans back, rests. Clarence isn't so restful. He gives Braeburn a cold stare.

CLARENCE
Have something you want to tell me?

BRAEBURN
Like what?

CLARENCE

Like how I'm contracted for Heaven!

Braeburn sighs, the jig is up.

CLARENCE

You better come clean with me or
I'll mess you up!

BRAEBURN

Technically our contract is still
good, from your first judgement.

CLARENCE

Technically I should put my foot up
your ass! C'mon, Braeburn, if
there is a new contract on me from
Heaven you gotta let me go.

BRAEBURN

I don't gotta do squat! All humans
belong in hell!

The human passengers stare at Braeburn, seething.

CLARENCE

Why? So punks like you can get a
better privilege band? New car?
Office with a view? Greed. That's
your poison.

Braeburn stands, waves to all the human souls on the subway.

BRAEBURN

My poison is you! Humans. For the
past thousand odd years I've had to
spend every waking hour around your
kind, tempting you all day and
night. Everything is about the
humans and I'm sick of it. You're
a horrible creature!

The humans give Braeburn the evil eye.

CLARENCE

You're a human racist.

BRAEBURN

That's part of the job description!

Clarence holds his shameful stare on Braeburn.

Braeburn looks away. Clearly conflicted.

The subway car slows down for the next stop.

BRAEBURN
 Look, I'm sorry, but it's
 complicated. If I don't bring you
 in...

CLARENCE
 Yeah...?

The subway car stops and half a dozen C-2 humans board.

Braeburn looks back at Clarence, about to tell him the truth if he doesn't deliver him... then commotion comes from down the subway car. Barking from dogs...

BRAEBURN
 (looks up)
 Oh no.

He spots Red Delicious and Granny Smith wading their way down the subway car toward them. The frightened humans scatter.

CLARENCE
 Who are those fools?

They spot Braeburn and Clarence and bee line toward them.

BRAEBURN
 Your Eighth Circle contacts.
 Granny Smith and Red Delicious.

Braeburn pulls Clarence out of the subway car.

EXT. SUBWAY CAR

They step out, so do Red and Granny. Granny holds his snarling Rottweilers by leash.

GRANNY SMITH
 Agent Braeburn, we can take him
 from here.

BRAEBURN
 All due respect, but he's my client
 and I'd like to take him in.

RED DELICIOUS
 Drop your pride. We can secure his
 delivery. You can't.

Red Delicious raises the large weapon from her fur coat.

GRANNY SMITH
Be a team player, Braeburn.

Braeburn nods as if he's conceding. Reaches into his coat.

RED DELICIOUS
Watch yourself.

BRAEBURN
Just getting the contract, okay?

Red and Granny ease up.

Suddenly Braeburn whips out his Glock and FIRES.

The pulse bullet nails Granny Smith between the eyes, snapping his head back. But it doesn't phase him. Granny holds up his arm with green apple tattoo and black onyx band.

GRANNY SMITH
(re: the onyx band)
That doesn't work on us, moron.

BRAEBURN
Can't blame me for trying.

Granny and Red aim their guns...

Then a group of DRUNK TEENAGE DEMONS stumble in their way.

Braeburn makes his move, pushes Clarence down to the subway tracks and they run off.

The minions angrily push their way through the drunk demons and fire blindly at Braeburn.

The massive pulse blasts barely miss them.

Granny releases his snarling hounds...

INT. SUBWAY STATION - TUNNEL - CONTINUOUS

Braeburn and Clarence run down the tunnel, the Rottweilers draw near...

They come to a door, locked. Braeburn smashes his shoulder against it. No dice.

Clarence moves Braeburn out of the way. He takes a few steps back, charges forward and kicks the door open.

They run inside and slam the door shut, seconds before the dogs reach them.

INT. STAIR WELL

Clarence follows Braeburn up the stairs.

Below, the minions smash through the door and release their hounds of hell on them.

EXT. RED LIGHT DISTRICT - STREETS

Clarence and Braeburn burst out the doors, leading back out to the sex-laden streets. Braeburn runs over to a demon PIMP teasing humans with a line of sexy girls.

BRAEBURN

Listen, I have a couple minions on my tail, can you help me out?

DEMON PIMP

Talk cash, homie.

Braeburn pulls out a few bills and hands it to the pimp.

DEMON PIMP

Slip down there.

He points to a statue of a large burlesque woman, wearing a big dress. Braeburn lifts up the dress. A man-hole lies underneath. He pushes it aside and leads Clarence down.

BACK ON THE STREETS - The minions run out and their ferocious dogs immediately bark at the Burlesque lady-statue.

Red lifts up the dress.

DEMON PIMP

Hey, you need to pay up to get a peek under that skirt.

Red raises her massive gun and FIRES. The blast sends the pimp flying through the air, he crashes into a garbage dump.

Red peeks down the man-hole. She takes out a small MARBLE-SIZED SPHERE. Twists the top. The marble blinks, and beeps. She pops the ball into her mouth, bites onto it with her front teeth, winks at Granny. The beeps become faster.

GRANNY SMITH

You are one crazy broad.

She turns and spits the marble down the manhole.

INT. MAN-HOLE - CONTINUOUS

Braeburn follows Clarence down a rope ladder.

He hears a BEEPING noise, looks up. The marble falls, clinking against the walls. Braeburn reaches out, catches it. It BEEPS very fast now. His eyes bulge. He quickly heaves the marble back up the hole, looks down to Clarence.

BRAEBURN

DROP!

Clarence lets go, followed by Braeburn.

EXT. RED LIGHT DISTRICT - MAN-HOLE

Red hesitates as the blinking marble flies up to her. She jumps back just before the marble EXPLODES.

The statue and everything around it are blown away. Red and Granny are blasted back along with the dogs.

They quickly get to their feet, small cuts heal over. Red looks to Granny with a crazy smile.

RED DELICIOUS

I haven't had this much fun in decades.

Granny grunts and walks off with his dogs.

Just down the road, Jersey Mac's Hummer slows to a stop.

INT. HUMMER

Jersey Mac watches Red and Granny walk away.

JERSEY MAC

I hate minions.

He puts the car in gear and speeds off.

EXT. MIDDLE OF NOWHERE - DIRT ROAD - DAY

Out of the blue, Clarence and Braeburn drop to the middle of a dirt road. They cough, dust off. Slowly get up. Clarence looks up. Nothing but red sky. No rope.

It looks like they are in Kansas; fields of grass everywhere.

A street sign has a CIRCLE WITH A FOUR within it.

CLARENCE

How the...?

BRAEBURN

Secret portal. We're in the Fourth Circle.

A yellow school bus approaches.

Braeburn steps in front of it and makes it stop.

The demon BUS DRIVER opens the door.

BRAEBURN

Can we get a lift?

INT. SOUL BUS

The bus is filled with "C-4" HUMANS as they stare out the window with hopeful, happy faces.

NEAR THE BACK - Braeburn sits in the aisle seat, while Clarence takes in the scenery out the window.

The bus stops. A BOWLING ALLEY manifests from within the infinite fields of grass.

The bus driver puts on his glasses, reads off a clipboard.

BUS DRIVER

97850 - Adams. This is your stop, enjoy your stay.

An OLD C-4 MAN, grins in delight as he steps off the bus and dances toward the bowling alley.

CLARENCE

Why's that dude going into a bowling alley? He gonna be used as the ball?

BRAEBURN

No. He's going to get exactly what he wants. For eternity.

The bus driver closes the door, speeds on. He looks at Braeburn and Clarence in his rearview mirror, then discreetly lifts his CB radio and whispers into it.

BRAEBURN

In fact, your buddy Ricky's here in Circle Four.

CLARENCE

Ricky, from the hood? He lucked out. This place don't look half bad.

Braeburn takes out his iTempt, reads a file from it.

BRAEBURN

Ricky's idea of heaven was to be at Hooters on Superbowl Sunday with all you can eat wings and an endless supply of beer.

CLARENCE

Yeah, that's Ricky alright. He loved him some Hooters.

BRAEBURN

He got what he wanted. An eternity of flat beer, superficial Hooters girls, mild wings, and the Broncos/49rs Superbowl on repeat.

Clarence gets the implications. Doesn't sound so good now.

BRAEBURN

Greed. That's Circle Four.

CLARENCE

So this is where you'd be if you were condemned?

Braeburn bites his tongue, resenting that truthful remark.

EXT. DIRT ROAD - LATER

The bus drives onward...

MONTAGE OF CIRCLE FOUR 'DWELLINGS.'

Everyone shows the same face of emptiness and misery...

- A MOVIE BUFF surrounded by mountains of popcorn and soda sits in an empty theater, watching the Godfather on screen.
- A GAMER plays PAC MAN in an arcade. He fills out his initials on the score screen. He holds all the records.
- A MILLIONAIRE lounges in a pool, thousands of dollars floating around him.
- Finally, RICKY, sitting in a Hooters bar, watching the Broncos/49rs Superbowl. A fake smiling Hooters girl delivers a pitcher of flat beer and a basket of wings to him. The bar counter is riddled with un-touched pitchers and wings.

EXT. DIRT ROAD

The bus kicks up dust as it speeds down the road.

Behind the bus, Jersey Mac's yellow Hummer closes in...

INT. SOUL BUS - DAY

Braeburn is on his phone.

BRAEBURN
Call your minions off, Rome.

ROME
(phone filter)
They're simply an insurance policy.

BRAEBURN
No need, I'm bringing the human in!

Braeburn hangs up, looks at Clarence who gives him a scolding stare.

CLARENCE
Why do you have so much hatred for humans? Seems to me that we're all the same.

Braeburn thinks carefully about this.

BRAEBURN
We're not the same. We are a divine creation. You're a second rate, pet project. You see, in the old days, before humans, everything was nice and simple. Peaceful. You weak humans messed that all up.

CLARENCE
(laughs)
No, see, cuz God saved the best for last. It all makes sense now.

BRAEBURN
Oh?

CLARENCE
You got it wrong. Before humans, angels, like you, were omniscient, lived for eternity, knew nothing of sickness, or fear, or death.

Braeburn leans back, arms folded, enjoying this...

CLARENCE

Then some of the angels became arrogant and prideful. They wanted more power. More freedom. So these bratty angels followed their leader underground.

Braeburn grunts a laugh.

CLARENCE

See, it's fallen angels like you who are the 'weak' creatures. God realized this and put forth a different kind of angel on earth. He made them mortal, gave them no answers, no knowledge of anything.

Braeburn nods in agreement, humoring Clarence...

CLARENCE

He tests His earthly angels with original sin. And those who are faithful through life are granted entry into Heaven. Until then, you, me, we're all the same. What do you think about that?

BRAEBURN

I think you must have been one hell of a good preacher in prison because that's the most ludicrous thing I've ever heard.

EXT. DIRT ROAD - DAY

A railroad crossing light blinks. The guard rail lowers. The bus slows to a stop at the railroad intersection.

The Hummer pulls up behind the bus. Mac steps out, cigarette dangling out of his mouth as he locks and loads his gun.

INT. SOUL BUS - CONTINUOUS

Braeburn gives Clarence a patronizing smirk.

CLARENCE

You know it's true.

Braeburn simply shakes his head and looks forward.

BRAEBURN

What's the hold up?

Worried, Braeburn stands to get a better look. The image of the train puts him on high alert. He pulls Clarence up.

BRAEBURN

We have to get out of here.

EXT. RAILROAD CROSSING - CONTINUOUS

The train hisses to a stop, right at the intersection. But it's no ordinary train. It's a three-car, 1920's steam powered passenger train.

JERSEY MAC - Approaches the bus, hesitates when the train doors open...

Red Delicious and Granny Smith step off, weapons in hand.

Jersey Mac back peddles behind the bus.

INT. SOUL BUS - CONTINUOUS

Braeburn and Clarence jog down the bus aisle.

BRAEBURN

Driver, let us out.

The bus driver opens the door. Braeburn steps down and is met with the barrel of Granny Smith's gun. Without warning, Granny Smith BLASTS Braeburn. He's sent flying back, hit's the bus driver then falls, out cold.

Clarence runs to the back of the bus. The frightened humans that remain duck for cover in their seats.

Granny Smith enters the bus, steps over Braeburn. Trains his gun on Clarence.

Clarence panics, he opens a window and tries to squeeze his body out of it.

EXT. SOUL BUS - CONTINUOUS

Head out the window, Clarence looks down to find Red, gun aimed at him. She blows him a kiss then FIRES.

JERSEY MAC - Peeks his head out from the rear of the bus, pulls back the hammer on his gun.

GRANNY SMITH

Don't even try it, Mac.

Jersey Mac turns - Granny Smith is there, gun in hand, Braeburn slumped over his shoulder.

Granny plucks the cigarette from Mac's mouth, flicks it away.

GRANNY SMITH
Get back in your yellow smog-mobile
and head back to P-town.

Jersey Mac grinds his teeth and does as told.

EXT. COLORADO MOUNTAINS - DAY

Snow falls. The mountains are covered in white. Along the edge of the mountain face, steam billows from the passenger train as it hauls down the tracks.

GRANNY SMITH (O.S.)
Wake up, douchbag.

INT. PASSENGER TRAIN - MIDDLE CAR - DAY

Braeburn comes to. He sits in an arm chair.

Granny Smith dips his fingers in a drink and flicks the fluid into Braeburn's face.

Braeburn waves Granny off, rubs his head. He gains his bearings. The car is lavishly furnished. The Rottweilers sleep soundly next to a gas fireplace.

BRAEBURN
Where's Clarence?

GRANNY SMITH
(sly grin)
Being attended to.

Granny Smith looks out the window at the falling snow.

GRANNY SMITH
Whattya know. It's a cold day in
hell.

Braeburn feels for his gun inside his coat, it's gone.

Granny Smith crosses the car and takes a 9 iron out of a golf bag, practices some golf swings.

GRANNY SMITH

Did you know that during his time in prison, that human swayed the minds of over two hundred and fifty men. Six of whom were on a path to the Eighth Circle.

Granny Smith sets up to take another imaginary shot.

GRANNY SMITH

You know how rare it is to get humans into the Eighth Circle?

Granny Smith sets down the club, takes out the contract.

GRANNY SMITH

But this contract can change all that. Once Clarence is delivered, I'll be swimming in fresh souls.

BRAEBURN

It will be chaos.

GRANNY SMITH

I like chaos. Keeps things interesting.

BRAEBURN

You've got problems.

GRANNY SMITH

No, I've got issues. You're the one who has problems.

INT. HUMMER

Jersey Mac speeds down the highway, keeps an eye on the train traveling above him...

INT. PASSENGER TRAIN - REAR CAR

Clarence is tied to a sadistic looking dentist style chair.

Red Delicious trails her finger along his body.

RED DELICIOUS

We have a lot of catching up to do, Clarence.

CLARENCE

What'chu gonna do? Scratch your
nails along a chalk board? Make me
drink hot sauce? Eat tin foil?

Red laughs, jumps on top of Clarence, straddles him.

RED DELICIOUS

That's petty first circle stuff.
How about a taste of what's
awaiting you in C-8.

She cups her hands around his face. Her eyes turn black,
matching the onyx band on her wrist. She kisses him. Her
touch makes Clarence's body go stiff.

LIGHTNING QUICK FLASH - of dozens of horrible sins that
Clarence has committed against others in his lifetime - only
here Clarence has the POV as the victim of these sins.

INT. PASSENGER TRAIN - MIDDLE CAR

The sound of Clarence's SCREAMS fill the air.

Braeburn shoots a look over to the rear car door.

GRANNY SMITH

I guess Red Delicious couldn't wait
to get home...

Braeburn looks concerned. Granny reads this.

GRANNY SMITH

Would you care to join her?

BRAEBURN

I'll leave the sadistic antics to
you lunatics.

Granny Smith tosses the golf club to Braeburn.

GRANNY SMITH

C'mon, don't be a pansy. I insist.

INT. PASSENGER TRAIN - REAR CAR

The door opens. Braeburn and Granny Smith step in.

CLARENCE

Get off me, you crazy bitch!

Red Delicious hops off of Clarence. Pats him on the head.

GRANNY SMITH

Sorry to interrupt, but I want to share the fun with Braeburn.

RED DELICIOUS

By all means...

Clarence sees the club in Braeburn's hand, grows anxious.

CLARENCE

Braeburn, don't do it, bro!

Braeburn raises the club head to Clarence's face, measuring the distance to hit him with it. Clarence sweats bullets...

Then Braeburn swings the club back, hard, right at Red Delicious, but she catches the club-head before it hits her.

RED DELICIOUS

(smirks, to Granny)

So predictable.

With club-head still in her hand, Braeburn shoves the shaft forward, smashing the club it into her face. She SQUEALS out, reels back.

Braeburn swings for Granny Smith, nails him in the head, sends him to the ground.

Granny Smith rips out his gun. Braeburn pounces on him. They struggle over the gun.

The dogs in the adjacent car bark and scratch at the door.

Red Delicious screams and charges.

Braeburn spins around, the gun FIRES, hits Red Delicious. The force blasts her back to the wall.

Braeburn knees Granny Smith in the nuts, which allows him to rip the gun free. He SHOOTS Granny Smith - the blast doing no damage except for throwing him to the ground. The contract sticks out from his vest.

Braeburn quickly snaps up the contract, then spins around to release Clarence from the chair.

Red Delicious slowly rises. One of her MARBLE bombs falls out of her pocket and rolls to Braeburn.

RED DELICIOUS

You just committed career suicide.

Braeburn spots the marble bomb, picks it up.

BRAEBURN

Career suicide, huh? I guess that makes me eligible to work in Purgatory.

Granny Smith gets to his feet. He and Red progress toward Clarence and Braeburn as they back up to the exit door.

Braeburn twists the top of the marble bomb. It BEEPS.

GRANNY SMITH

You know that won't hurt us.

BRAEBURN

Yeah, but it'll leave a big mess for you to clean up.

Point taken. They stay back.

GRANNY SMITH

What's the point, Braeburn? The second you deliver him, he comes back to us.

RED DELICIOUS

Granny Smith, I think Braeburn has had a change of heart. I think he intends on delivering the human to the competitor.

Clarence looks to Braeburn, 'would you?'

Braeburn gives nothing away. He picks up the golf club and leads Clarence out the rear exit.

EXT. PASSENGER TRAIN - REAR CAR

Braeburn slams the door shut, secures it with the golf club.

Granny Smith tries to open it, to no avail. He gestures for Red to climb up on top of the train.

Braeburn turns around on the small ledge, train tracks rush just feet below them. The marble bomb's beeps increase...

The train crosses a massive bridge that spans over a gorge.

CLARENCE

What now?

Braeburn looks over the edge. Below the bridge, a good two hundred yards down, is a roaring RED RIVER.

CLARENCE

Whoa, that's a crazy lookin' river.

BRAEBURN

It should be. It's the River Styx.

Braeburn looks up to the car.

BRAEBURN

Get up there. Go.

EXT. PASSENGER TRAIN - ROOF - CONTINUOUS

They climb up onto the roof of the train and run down it. Red Delicious pops up on the other end, gun in hand.

Braeburn stops, turns. Granny Smith has broken down the door and climbs up to flank them.

The train is half way over the bridge. The marble bomb in Braeburn's grasp indicates it's about to blow...

Granny Smith and Red close in.

Braeburn tosses the marble bomb to Red. She catches it and quickly deactivates it. Cocks her head at Braeburn.

BRAEBURN

(to Clarence)

I hope you can swim.

Braeburn runs off the side of the train, yanking Clarence off with him. They fall, and fall, and fall...

INT. HUMMER

Mouth agape with disbelief, Jersey Mac watches Braeburn and Clarence as they fall from the bridge.

EXT. RIVER STYX

Braeburn and Clarence crash into the roaring red River Styx.

EXT. PASSENGER TRAIN - ROOF

Granny Smith and Red Delicious look over the train.

GRANNY SMITH

What do you think?

RED DELICIOUS

No way I'm going into the Styx in these heels.

EXT. RIVER STYX

Braeburn and Clarence are rushed down the rapids of the river. They try to swim out, but suddenly a SWARM OF HANDS reach out from within the river, grab hold of them and yank them under.

INT. RIVER STYX - BATTLE ARENA

The hands belong to a MOB of ANGRY C-5 JUMPSUIT WEARING HUMAN SOULS as they push and shove Braeburn and Clarence through to an open battleground. Note: there are no demons here at all. This is a chaotic realm full of insanely pissed off humans.

It's a swamp-like marsh. The humans appear to be blood thirsty maniacs. They scream at Braeburn and Clarence, goading them on to beat the crap out of each other.

Clarence looks to the sky - the translucent red rapids of the river rage above them.

Suddenly a blood red neon sign lights the stage. It has a CIRCLE WITH A FIVE within it.

CLARENCE

Let me guess. We've drowned into the Styx; the fifth circle? What is it, a world of wrath?

BRAEBURN

Good work, genius. You're finally getting it now!

CLARENCE

Screw you!

BRAEBURN

Screw me? I just saved your ass back there.

CLARENCE

What for? Granny Smith said it himself, I'm gonna end up in his hands anyway.

BRAEBURN

You're right, I should'a joined in on the fun and tee'd off on you!

CLARENCE
What the hell is your problem!?

BRAEBURN
Welcome to the Styx! This is what
it does!

CLARENCE
You mean it makes you wanna beat
down some jerk like yourself?!

The humans start to throw garbage and other debris at them,
chanting for them on to fight.

BRAEBURN
Pretty much! That's the gist!

CLARENCE
Well, I don't need no stupid river
to make me feel like that!

Clarence seethes. He snatches a baseball bat from a human
and charges at Braeburn. Smashes him in the side with the
bat, sending him into the marsh.

The crowd cheers them on.

CLARENCE
This is a long time coming, demon.

Braeburn spots a long chain hanging around a human spectator,
he gets up and takes it from him.

Clarence circles Braeburn, winding up for a swing.

CLARENCE
I used to beat up punk-ass bitches
like yourself all the time back in
the hood.

BRAEBURN
Bring it on, human!

Braeburn whips his chain, slashes Clarence across his face.

Clarence wipes the blood from his cheek. The wound quickly
seals back up. Clarence circles around Braeburn.

CLARENCE
I'll never let you take me to the
Eighth Circle!

BRAEBURN

Fine by me. I'll skip my promotion
and continue the grind. However,
I'll be sure to focus all of my
efforts on your precious son!

That hit a nerve. Clarence attacks, swings his bat wildly at Braeburn, cracks it over his arm, breaks it.

Braeburn stammers back holding his arm. He snaps it back into place.

CLARENCE

You so much as go near my boy...

BRAEBURN

I'm gonna be on him like sugar to
candy. I don't need to take you to
see your son in the living realm,
because you'll get to spend
eternity with him here, in hell!

Clarence loses it, he charges and unleashes pure fury, bats Braeburn over the head and sends him to the swamp water. Then he pounces on top and punches him over and over... the crowd cheers him on.

Clarence tosses the bat aside and chokes Braeburn. Submerges his head under water. The crowd roars.

Clarence has a maniacal look in his eye. He brings Braeburn up from the water, punches him into a bloody pulp then he stops to catch his breath.

Braeburn seems to be in bad shape, he spits out a tooth.

BRAEBURN

This is the Clarence I remember
tempting all those years ago. Nice
to see you again.

These words deeply affect Clarence. He lets up.

Braeburn's face heals over. He smiles, the missing tooth regenerates.

Clarence helps Braeburn to his feet.

CLARENCE

I'm sorry. I'm not that man
anymore.

Braeburn is a bit taken aback by this.

The crowd boos.

CLARENCE
How do we get out of here?

BRAEBURN
You have to release your hate.

CLARENCE
I already have-

Clarence is suddenly shot up to the river/sky and disappears.

Braeburn sees him go. The angry human crowd begins to close in on Braeburn... he closes his eyes. The crowd engulfs him, fists and blunt objects wail down on him.

Then the crowd flies back as Braeburn shoots up to the sky.

EXT. RIVER STYX

Braeburn emerges from the rapids, gasps for air.

The river is calm now, however it's opening up to the LAKE OF FIRE. It no longer snows, they've traveled for miles...

Braeburn swims to the river bank and claws his way out to find Clarence waiting for him.

BRAEBURN
Why didn't you run?

CLARENCE
I thought about it, but you're my only chance to see my kid. Right?

BRAEBURN
This trip has been far from 'hunky-dory' so I'm still sticking with 'we'll see.'

CLARENCE
My man, that's good enough for me.

In the distance a FERRY BOAT enters a dock.

Braeburn waves Clarence onward.

EXT. LAKE OF FIRE - DOCK

A sign above the gangway says "Captain Charon's Lake of Fire Ferry Ride." CAPTAIN CHARON closes the gate to the gangway, as the ferry boat starts to drift off.

Braeburn and Clarence run to the entrance of the ferry boat.

Behind them, Jersey Mac's Hummer screeches to a stop. He jumps out and runs toward them.

Braeburn sees Mac, turns back to the Captain.

BRAEBURN

Listen, Captain. I'm a little short on cash, and even shorter on time, we need to get on board.

CAPTAIN

No dough, no ride.

Braeburn thinks fast, pulls out his iTempt.

BRAEBURN

How about this? It's a new iTempt.

CAPTAIN

The hell am I gonna do with that?

BRAEBURN

Check your email, sports scores, weather...

(off his look)

Porn.

CAPTAIN

Sold. Welcome aboard.

He opens the gate and just before the ferry is out of reach, they leap on board.

Jersey Mac arrives too late.

Clarence waves bon voyage, while Braeburn flips him off.

BRAEBURN

Give it up, Mac...

Jersey Mac steams, he turns and runs back to his Hummer.

INT/EXT. FERRY BOAT

The ferry crosses the blue flames of the lake of fire.

Clarence leans on the railing, stares into the blue flames of the lake below. It's beautiful.

Braeburn leans with his back against the rail.

CLARENCE

Did you really mean what you said back there about not taking me to see my boy?

BRAEBURN

Sorry. The Styx makes you say a lot of things...

Clarence nods, then he gets pumped up, boxes the air.

CLARENCE

Okay, so how is this going to work? Am I going to appear as a ghost to him or write messages in a foggy mirror or something like that?

BRAEBURN

You want to communicate with him?

CLARENCE

That's the point, isn't it?

BRAEBURN

You said you wanted to see him.

CLARENCE

Brotha, I want to talk to him. Set him straight so he don't end up here like me.

Braeburn groans, rubs his temples, shakes his head 'no.'

BRAEBURN

To do that I need cash, of which I have none.

Clarence is a bit bummed. He looks around, various TOURIST DEMONS wander the boat. He gets an idea.

CLARENCE

Forgive me Father, for I am about to sin...

INT/EXT. FERRY BOAT - DAY

A group of SNOBBY DEMONS stand at the bow. They drink wine and hob-nob with each other.

From behind, Clarence runs toward them, "BUMPS" into a few of them. They squirm, trying to get away.

Braeburn storms in and tackles Clarence to the ground. Lifts him up to his feet.

BRAEBURN

My apologies, everyone. I'll be sure to pour fire ants down this filthy human's throat.

Braeburn leads Clarence away.

Clarence holds up a wallet full of hell money, which he snagged from one of the demons he "bumped" into.

CLARENCE

Just like when I was a kid.

EXT. FERRY BOAT

The ferry has reached the other side of the lake and has docked. They're back into the city limits.

Braeburn hails down a taxi, speaks to the demon TAXI DRIVER.

BRAEBURN

Living realm, Phoenix, Arizona.

INT. SOPHIEL'S OFFICE - DAY

Sophiel paces in her office while Peznous anxiously sits on the couch.

Up on her LCD TV screen is a map of the United States.

Suddenly, two red beacons begin to blink in the Phoenix, Arizona area.

Sophiel and Peznous snap to attention.

SOPHIEL

They surfaced. Organize a crew.

INT. DEMON TAXI - "HAZE" - DAY

Back up in the HAZE of the living realm, Braeburn scans the streets, looking for something...

BRAEBURN

You want to communicate, we have to rent bodies.

CLARENCE

You talkin' about possession?

BRAEBURN

Illegal possession of living bodies. It's the only way. However, it also makes us easily traceable so we have to make this quick.

CLARENCE

What do you mean?

BRAEBURN

Think of it this way: as spirits we're all connected to one divine source within the spirit world. But once we enter the living realm, the divine source keeps tabs on us. A vague GPS system of sorts.

CLARENCE

So it's like being on house arrest. When you cross the line the po-po's know where you're at.

BRAEBURN

For the most part. But when you possess a body... it's two spirits within one body. The blip on the map shines twice as bright and pin-points where you are.

Braeburn finds what he wants outside.

BRAEBURN

There. Pull over.

EXT. BUS STOP - "HAZE"

The taxi speeds off as Braeburn and Clarence approach a bus stop.

A SHIFTY demon, that looks like a car salesman sits at the bus stop bench, reading a paper. Next to him sits a living human STUDENT.

BRAEBURN

Excuse me, you uh... selling?

Shifty peeks over his paper, looks at Braeburn suspiciously.

SHIFTY

What are you doing with the human?

BRAEBURN

We're on a date. Now do you have bodies to rent or not?

Shifty looks over his shoulder.

SHIFTY

Two hundo, for an hour.

BRAEBURN

For two hundred we better be getting some top notch skin.

SHIFTY

This ain't the shop-and-save, pal. You want variety? Go browse the psyche ward.

Braeburn acquiesces, takes all the cash out of his pocket.

EXT. CAB - "HAZE"

Shifty leads Clarence and Braeburn over to a taxi cab parked on the side of the road. He points to the driver of the cab, who is an INDIAN DUDE with a lazy eye.

BRAEBURN

Where's the other one?

Shifty gestures behind them, where a DRUNK BUM is passed out.

SHIFTY

(to Clarence)

No Exorcist stuff. No spinning heads or puking on priests. I want them returned as is. Got it? Good. Now who wants who?

CLARENCE

Wait a minute. Why can't we just possess some normal folk, like that kid sitting on the bench?

SHIFTY

Listen, my man. You possess a normal dude people start to notice when he talks to thin air.

You possess a crazy bum who talks
to his stuffed animal on a daily
basis, no one notices. Dig?

Clarence laughs, nods.

CLARENCE
I'll take the bum.

BRAEBURN
Fine, let's do this.

Shifty pulls out his iTempt, taps on it. Then he puts a
GREEN GLOWING BAND - similar to a privilege band - onto each
of their wrists.

SHIFTY
This'll regulate your timed
possession. And I can track you
too. So don't go running off with
my peeps, or I'll find you and
serve you up a beat down. Got it?
Good. Time starts now. Go.

The green bands BEEP, and a digital timer on them counts down
from sixty minutes.

Braeburn steps through the car and into the Cabbie's body.
The Cabbie convulses for a moment, then it becomes apparent
that Braeburn has possessed the body.

AS THE CABBIE, he turns to where Clarence stood, crazy eye
and all. He speaks in the CABBIE'S voice, an INDIAN ACCENT.

BRAEBURN/CABBIE
Your turn.

Clarence steps over to the seated bum then sits down into
him. The body convulses then Clarence possesses him.

The HAZE of the living realm dissipates along with Shifty.
They are now in the REAL LIVING WORLD.

AS THE BUM, Clarence gets up. Wavers a bit. His voice as
the bum is RASPY.

CLARENCE/BUM
Ahh, damn, this dude is hungover
somethin' wicked.

Braeburn reaches over and opens the passenger door.

BRAEBURN/CABBIE
Shut up, my guy has hemorrhoids.

INT. ROME AND ASSOCIATES AGENCY - MAIN OFFICE AREA

Rome impatiently wanders around the room. He glances up on the giant LCD screen where the red beacons of Braeburn and Clarence blink on a map of Phoenix. Then the beacons shrink down to a bright dot pin-pointing exactly where they are.

Rome grins, turns to Winesap.

ROME

Winesap, bring up the Morgan file.
Does he have any family in Phoenix?

Spigold and other agents watch on, curious.

Winesap works his computer, pulls up files, lightning fast.

The large projection screen flashes over to a young boy, 14. He loiters around a high school stoop. The name on the file is "LENDALE MORGAN."

Winesap shares a wry smile with Rome.

INT. CAMARO - "HAZE"

The speedometer is way past the 190 MPH mark.

Red Delicious drives in her suped up Camaro. An intense stare on her face. She's armed heavily: flak jacket, various weapons strapped to her.

Granny Smith, equally armed, sits shotgun. The Rottweilers sit in the back. A monitor on their dashboard shows a Phoenix map of the bright red dots...

EXT. HUMMER - "HAZE"

Jersey Mac on his phone while he drives.

JERSEY MAC

His son? Where, Winesap?

As Jersey Mac listens, he pulls a 180 on the road.

INT. ROME AND ASSOCIATES AGENCY - MAIN OFFICE AREA

Leaning under his desk, Winesap speaks into his cell.

WINESAP

You better hurry, the minions are
on the way as well.

ROME (O.S.)

Winesap!

Startled, Winesap knocks his head against the table. He stashes his phone and pops up holding a pen for Rome to see.

ROME

Stop playing around!

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL - "HAZE" - DAY

Clarence/Bum and Braeburn/Cabbie get out of the Taxi. They approach the run-down school.

Clarence/Bum spots LENDALE, 14, selling drugs to a high school kid. Clarence/Bum turns to Braeburn/Cabbie.

CLARENCE/BUM

That him?

Braeburn/Cabbie nods.

Clarence/Bum shakes his head in disappointment.

BRAEBURN/CABBIE

Go do your thing. Be quick.

INT. ROME AND ASSOCIATES AGENCY - MAIN OFFICE AREA

Winesap speaks into his headset, whispers temptations.

Lendale is still up on his screen, POV of Clarence/Bum walking toward him.

Spigold watches the screen from his desk. Doesn't like what Winesap is doing.

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL - "HAZE" - CONTINUOUS

Braeburn/Cabbie watches from a distance as Clarence/Bum tries to talk to Lendale. Lendale is agitated, yells at Clarence/Bum to leave, walks off.

Clarence/Bum follows Lendale, still talking. Then Lendale turns around and shoves Clarence/Bum to the ground, reveals a gun tucked into his pants, then walks away.

Clarence/Bum rises to his feet, glances at Braeburn/Cabbie, pleads for help with his eyes.

Braeburn/Cabbie sighs, gestures for Clarence to try again.

Clarence/Bum hesitates, turns back for Lendale.

Braeburn/Cabbie turns and jogs back to the taxi. He opens the door, locks it from the inside, tosses the car keys on the seat, closes the door. He concentrates then...

IN THE HAZE

Braeburn steps out of the Cabbie's body.

The Cabbie looks all around, disoriented. He sees the keys locked inside the taxi and tries to figure out what to do...

Braeburn looks at the green band. It says 20 MINUTES are left. He quickly takes out his cell phone, dials.

INT. ROME AND ASSOCIATES AGENCY - MAIN OFFICE AREA

Spigold's phone rings. He answers.

SPIGOLD
Agent Spigold.

BRAEBURN
(phone filter)
Spigold, it's Braeburn.

Spigold lowers his head, speaks quiet.

SPIGOLD
What the hell are you doing?
You're gonna get fired.

BRAEBURN
I don't care. Listen, is the
Morgan kid being tempted?

SPIGOLD
Of course, by Winesap. The whole
office is watching.

BRAEBURN
Alright, I need a huge favor, I'll
make it worth your while.

Spigold steals a glance at Winesap, who looks cocky as ever as he tempts Lendale.

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

Clarence/Bum runs up to Lendale.

Lendale turns around, draws his gun on him.

LENDALE

What did I tell you, old man?

CLARENCE/BUM

(raises his hands)

Do what you gotta do, Lendale, but I'm not leaving until we talk. Your dad was my cell-mate and he wanted me to relay a message to you, that's all.

INT. ROME AND ASSOCIATES AGENCY - DAY

Winesap, eyes wild, watches Lendale on his monitor. The POV of the gun trained on Clarence/Bum.

WINESAP

Shoot him, Lendale. Shoot that old crazy bum. Put him outta his misery...

Rome taps on a laptop, the image pops up on the large screen. All the agents turn to watch.

Winesap grins like a mad man. He stands and turns his attention to the large screen.

WINESAP

Do it. Do it...

Spigold makes his move, reaches across his desk and unplugs a wire from Winesap's computer, quickly sits back down.

SPIGOLD

(whispers into cell)

It's all you.

Spigold hangs up.

Winesap continues to speak temptations into his headset, unaware that he's disconnected.

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL - "HAZE"

Standing next to the disoriented Cabbie, Braeburn looks at Lendale as he speaks into his cell phone.

BRAEBURN

(calm, soothing)

Put the gun down, Lendale.

Listen to the man. He's come a long way to see you and a few minutes can't hurt...

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL - "HAZE" - CONTINUOUS

Lendale softens. Eases off the trigger, puts the gun away.

LENDALE

Alright, old man. Say your piece.

Clarence/Bum lowers his hands, smiles, grateful.

INT. ROME AND ASSOCIATES AGENCY - MAIN OFFICE AREA

Rome stares at the screen, watches as Lendale takes a seat on the high school stoop with Clarence/Bum.

ROME

What's happening? Winesap?!

Winesap frantically works at his computer.

WINESAP

He's not responding...

Spigold smiles to himself.

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL - "HAZE"

Braeburn sees that he got through to Lendale as he talks with Clarence/Bum.

Braeburn smirks, turns around, and is SMASHED head-on by the yellow Hummer. He sails through the living realm taxi and rolls to a stop on the ground.

Jersey Mac hops out of his car, gun in hand.

JERSEY MAC

Pretty ballsy coming up here, Braeburn.

Jersey Mac notices the green band on Braeburn's wrist. He leans down and takes it off, the timer reads 9 MINUTES.

Mac looks around, then back to Braeburn as he stammers to his feet. Jersey Mac aims his gun at Braeburn. Before he shoots, a SHOT whizzes by his head.

JERSEY MAC

What the- ?

Sophiel, Peznous and five other HEAVEN AGENTS jump out of their cars, guns out, they storm in.

Mac fires back and runs for cover behind his Hummer.

Clarence/Bum and Lendale continue to talk, oblivious to what is going on.

Braeburn springs up and runs off toward the Cabbie, who is on his cell calling for help.

Suddenly the minions' CAMARO squeals around the corner and tears through the school yard. Window down, Granny Smith unloads an automatic pulse gun, drive-by style.

Everyone dives for cover.

One of the Heaven agents gets hit, falls unconscious.

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL - STOOP

Clarence/Bum and Lendale continue to talk, peacefully. Unaware of the battle going on in the haze.

LENDALE

The streets are all I know. I'm good at doing what I do.

CLARENCE/BUM

That's how your dad felt too. And look where that got him. Lendale, don't go down this path. There is a life after this one, and you will be judged on the life you have lived.

INT. ROME AND ASSOCIATES AGENCY - MAIN OFFICE AREA

Rome is furious as he watches Clarence/Bum getting through to Lendale.

ROME

What's going on out there?

LENDALE

(on screen, skeptical)
You tryin' to scare me straight?

Winesap peeks behind his computer and finds the unplugged wire. He shoots a scowl over at Spigold who just shrugs, "how'd that happen?"

INT. HIGH SCHOOL - CONTINUOUS

Clarence/Bum and Lendale talk.

CLARENCE/BUM

Your soul is wanted and there is a war going on out there over it.

Lendale is almost convinced.

IN THE HAZE

Right in front of Clarence/Bum and Lendale, another Heaven Agent is SHOT in the chest by Red Delicious. He drops, unconscious.

BEHIND SOPHIEL'S CAR - Peznous and Sophiel fire pulse bullets back at the minions. The shots hit, but the minions' onyx bands protect them; the shots have no effect.

Braeburn runs for cover as Mac shoots at him, the pulse bullets whiz by. Braeburn dives next to Sophiel.

She fires back at Mac, then at the minions.

SOPHIEL

Your minion buddies don't play fair with those onyx privilege bands.

BRAEBURN

Those are no friends of mine.

Braeburn crouches up next to the car, catches his breath. Braeburn looks over to the Cabbie in the living realm. A LOCKSMITH has arrived and tries to jimmy the taxi door open.

BRAEBURN

I need to get back into that human. Can you cover me?

SOPHIEL

That depends. Why did you bring Clarence to see his son?

BRAEBURN

I... I don't have time for this-

Braeburn looks at his wrist, where the green band used to be.

BRAEBURN

Not again!

JERSEY MAC - lies on the ground, under his Hummer. He has a shot on Braeburn, but he sees Braeburn focusing on the Cabbie. Jersey Mac's mind races, his eyes turn to Clarence/Bum. Then the green band. 7 MINUTES remaining.

BRAEBURN - covers his head as shots from the minions buzz by.

The two remaining Heaven agents attempt to flank the minions. Out of nowhere a Rottweiler jumps on one of the agents and mauls him. The minions turn and mow down the other agent.

PEZNOUS - fires at the Rottweiler mauling the Heaven agent. The shot hits and knocks the dog out. The Heaven agent crawls away.

PEZNOUS

Sophiel, we gotta get out of here!

SOPHIEL

Backup's on the way.

Braeburn looks to the taxi, the Locksmith has unlocked the door for the Cabbie...

Red Delicious tosses out one of her marble bombs... It lands under one of the Heaven agent's cars... it EXPLODES.

Sophiel and Braeburn duck down.

SOPHIEL

Braeburn, this is how it'll be if Clarence is delivered.

BRAEBURN

If I deliver Clarence to you, will that get me back in?

SOPHIEL

In? In where?!

BRAEBURN

You know. The company!

SOPHIEL

Are you serious? Once you're fallen, you stay fallen!

Sophiel jumps up, fires off a few rounds, ducks back down.

BRAEBURN

Clarence got a second chance, why
can't I?

SOPHIEL

It doesn't work like that for us.

That's not what Braeburn wanted to hear. Conflicted, he
readies himself to dart out.

The minions close in. The other Rottweiler runs toward them.

BRAEBURN

I'm going for the cab driver.

Braeburn makes a run for it.

Sophiel and Peznous jump up, firing at the minions with all
they've got. The shots just slow them down...

JERSEY MAC - sees Braeburn sprinting for the Cabbie. Mac
puts the green band on his wrist, dashes out...

The Cabbie gets into his Taxi, starts the engine...

BRAEBURN - is shot at by Granny Smith, the pulse bullet
grazes his leg. He loses his footing, falls to the ground.
He crawls to the taxi, looks for his missing green band.

The Cabbie steps out of the car. Braeburn stands, trying to
enter the body. No use. The Cabbie looks at Braeburn in the
HAZE as if he can see him.

JERSEY MAC/CABBIE

I'll see you in hell, Braeburn.

Braeburn yells out in frustration as Jersey Mac/Cabbie walks
right through him.

Braeburn turns, trying to grab Mac's spirit, but instead he
finds his hands grabbing onto Granny Smith's jacket.

GRANNY SMITH

Here it comes again.

Granny raises his gun and FIRES. The blast nails Braeburn in
the face and sends him flying back to the ground.

Granny and Red turn their fire back on Peznous and Sophiel.

The Rottweiler jumps up on the hood of the car, snarls at
Peznous inside of it.

Peznous leans out the window and PUNCHES the dog in the nose, it whimpers away.

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL - CONTINUOUS

Jersey Mac/Cabbie runs over to Clarence.

JERSEY MAC/CABBIE
Clarence, wrap it up.

Clarence/Bum looks to Lendale.

LENDALE
You have the same name as my dad?

Clarence/Bum hesitates, offers his hand. Lendale shakes it.

CLARENCE/BUM
I gotta go. Take care, son. I'll
be looking out for you.

LENDALE
Wait...

Before Lendale can finish, Clarence/Bum gets up and walks away with Jersey Mac/Cabbie.

JERSEY MAC/CABBIE
You set him straight?

CLARENCE/BUM
I hope so. Thanks, Braeburn.

JERSEY MAC/CABBIE
Hey, it's the least I could do.

Clarence gives him a double take. That was a little too chipper for Braeburn to say.

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL - "HAZE"

Red Delicious grabs for Clarence/Bum - her hand just goes through him. She curses.

Jersey Mac/Cabbie seems to sense this and grins.

They hurry over to the taxi, walking through Braeburn's unconscious spirit as they get in and speed off in the car.

Granny Smith runs after the taxi but it's no use.

Red and Granny turn their attention on the helpless Peznous and Sophiel. Red pulls out a handful of marble-bombs, about to toss them at Sophiel and Peznous...

Then a Heaven & Co. CHOPPER comes flying in, shooting it's 50 caliber mini-gun REAL BULLETS at the minions.

A bullet RIPS OFF RED'S ARM, she screams out in pain. The marble bombs roll away from her and begin to EXPLODE.

As Red's arm regenerates, she and Granny flee.

Four more Heaven & Co. cars arrive, the agents jump out, firing upon the minions.

Granny and Red retreat into their Camaro. The Rottweilers jump in with them and they tear off down the street as the mini-gun's bullets from the chopper chases them away.

As the wounded Heaven agents heal up and the smoke from the bombs clear, Sophiel walks over to Braeburn and frowns at the sight of his unconscious body.

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL - STOOP

All quiet here. Lendale has no idea what has happened around him. He takes some drugs out of his pocket, the whispers of Winesap once again in the back of his mind...

WINESAP'S VOICE

Forget that ole' bum. Stick to the streets. It's what you know...

Lendale ignores the voice, tosses the drugs into the trash.

INT. TAXI CAB - "HAZE"

Clarence/Bum looks at Jersey Mac/Cabbie as he drives. There is something off about him. He picks his nose.

Mac/Cabbie catches Clarence/Bum watching him.

JERSEY MAC/CABBIE

What?

CLARENCE/BUM

Was that hunky-dory enough for you?

JERSEY MAC/CABBIE

Huh? The hell you talking about?

Clarence examines the Cabbie some more.

JERSEY MAC/CABBIE

Oh, right. Yeah, honky dory.

"Honky dory?" Clarence now knows that the Cabbie is inhabited by Mac. He reaches for the door. Mac/Cabbie grabs for him.

Clarence/Bum grips the wheel, cranks it.

The taxi veers off, CRASHES into a parked car. The air bags pop out, protecting them.

Jersey Mac/Cabbie and Clarence/Bum fight each other in the taxi, fists flail.

Then all of a sudden a BEEPING NOISE goes off and they are exorcised from the bodies.

SHIFT INTO THE HAZE

Clarence and Jersey Mac fall out of the bodies. The beeping is from their green bands as it flashes 0 MINUTES.

Clarence tries to escape, but Jersey Mac whips out his pulse gun and BLASTS Clarence in the back, knocking him out.

BACK TO LIVING REALM

The Cabbie and Bum look at each other totally bamboozled.

BUM

That's it. I'm calling my sponsor.

INT. SOPHIEL'S OFFICE - DAY

On a plush white couch, Braeburn comes to.

Sophiel sits by his side, hands him a drink.

Braeburn gets up, groans, takes the drink and chugs it. He rises, looks around the office. It's humble, yet very nice.

BRAEBURN

What am I doing here? I thought I couldn't come back?

SOPHIEL

I had to pull some strings. You can't stay for long.

Braeburn gets up, stares out the window to the city below. Light traffic. No pollution. No loud honks, or noise. A small smile curls on his lip.

BRAEBURN

I have to admit. I miss the view
from up here.

Braeburn takes a seat behind Sophiel's desk, leans back.

Sophiel walks over to him and hands him a Polaroid - the
birthday photo of Sophiel and Braeburn.

SOPHIEL

I found this in your pocket.

BRAEBURN

It's just a small keepsake.

She takes a look at it from behind his shoulder.

SOPHIEL

My two-thousandth birthday. Ugh,
I'm so old.

BRAEBURN

Nonsense. You don't look a day
over five hundred.

They share a laugh. Braeburn spins around in the chair to
face Sophiel.

BRAEBURN

Was Clarence delivered?

SOPHIEL

Jersey Mac has him in Sin City.
Apparently, he's made a deal with
Rome similar to yours.

BRAEBURN

A deal with the proverbial devil.

SOPHIEL

Can you get him back for us?

BRAEBURN

Sure, if you can get me back on the
company roster.

SOPHIEL

We went over this. Can't happen.
And why would you want to return?
I thought you were living it up in
hell.

Braeburn frowns, he can't hold his fake facade anymore.

BRAEBURN

You know what happens to me if
Clarence isn't delivered to hell?

SOPHIEL

That doesn't matter. This isn't
about you.

BRAEBURN

Sophiel, if he's not delivered, I
take his spot in the Eighth Circle.

Sophiel pauses for a moment to sympathize with him, then:

SOPHIEL

I wouldn't hesitate for a second to
take his place.

BRAEBURN

Yeah, to be a martyr, prevent the
apocalypse.

SOPHIEL

No, I'd sacrifice myself because he
was my friend. Simple as that.

Braeburn looks down, struggling with what to do.

SOPHIEL

It's up to you, Braeburn.

She takes an envelope from the desk and hands it to Braeburn.

SOPHIEL

Here's your ticket back.

Braeburn pockets the ticket, rises.

Sophiel hugs him, gives him a tender kiss. She takes off the
gold angel wing pin from her lapel, places it in his hand.

SOPHIEL

If it were my decision, I'd let you
back in.

Touched, Braeburn nods, turns for the door.

BRAEBURN

Say 'hi' to the Big Man for me.

He leaves.

Sophiel sits in her chair, buries her head into her hands.

EXT. HEAVEN & COMPANY - OFFICE AREA

Braeburn walks out. He looks around, impressed with the set up. It's impeccable. Everyone who notices him, gives him odd looks. Other than that, everyone is happy, laughing, joking around.

Braeburn has a nostalgic look in his eye as he walks on.

EXT. SIN CITY

The hell version of Vegas. Sin incarnate.

INT. CASINO

A C-1 human is tied down to a Wheel of Fortune wheel, surrounded by slot machines. A GAMBLING SLOT PLAYER hits a button, the wheel spins, the human's head is knocked against each of the numbered notches.

Next to this game, a CHILD DEMON plays "Whack a Mole," only instead of gophers that pop up, it's human souls' heads...

Then LOUD CHEERS come from across the room...

CRAPS TABLE

...Jersey Mac plays craps and has a couple of high class DEMON HOOKERS by his side.

Clarence is next to him, gagged and tied to a wheelchair.

JERSEY MAC
C'mon lucky six-six-six.

Jersey Mac tosses the dice. Cheers all around as he wins.

Mac grabs the dice and is about to roll again, but someone taps on his shoulder. He turns. Granny Smith and Red Delicious are there to greet him, guns in hand.

GRANNY SMITH
You shouldn't brag to everyone
about partying in Sin City.

RED DELICIOUS
(pets Clarence's head)
Especially when you haven't cashed
in the golden ticket.

Jersey Mac's jaw drops, he knows he's screwed.

EXT. HELL SKY LINE - DAY

"Hellamerican Airlines" is plastered onto the side of the airplane as it soars through the sky.

INT. AIRPLANE

Braeburn is stuck in the coach section, among the C-1 humans. Hot air blasts him in the face and the baby cries from the speakers loom in the background.

Braeburn deals with the situation the best he can. He takes out the birthday photo of Sophiel along with the angel wing pin that she gave him. He cracks a smile.

A RUDE STEWARDESS arrives, drink in hand, she grunts to gain his attention then shoves a drink into his hand. She sneers then walks off.

Braeburn looks at his drink. Murky, dirty water, like what the other humans have.

A C-1 HUMAN sitting next to him shrugs.

C-1 HUMAN

At least she didn't spit in yours.

Braeburn laughs at that. Sets down the drink.

In front of him, in the business class, a few DEMON TEENAGERS pick on a young C-1 HUMAN. They tease and mock him.

In another row of seats, a YOUNG DEMON JUNIOR AGENT brags to a few of his colleagues.

JUNIOR AGENT

My boss let me work one of his clients today. Some stupid soccer mom. I tempted her to watch Oprah instead of attending her daughter's dress rehearsal. Piece of cake!

The junior agent high fives his friends, then he taps away on his iTemp.

Braeburn furls his brow while he looks at the junior agent. A mirror image of himself. He rubs the angel wing pin.

One of the demon teenagers sticks a wad of gum into the C-1 human's hair, ruffles it about. They laugh and poke at him.

Braeburn's had enough. He gets up, walks down the aisle to the junior agent, snaps the iTempt from him, smashes it to the floor and stomps on it. Before the Junior Agent can react, Braeburn leans down to his face.

BRAEBURN

One more word from you and I'll
toss you out of this plane!

The agent does as told, freaked out.

Braeburn turns to the teenager demon who put gum in the human's hair. He plucks a piece of gum from the bottom of a seat and rubs it into the teens spiky hair.

Everyone on the plane, demons and stewardess included are dumbfounded and petrified. Except for the C-1 Human with the gum in his hair.

BRAEBURN

Anyone messes with this human again
and you'll answer to me.

The demons look at each other, "is he serious?"

Braeburn winks at the human, then returns to his seat.

EXT. HELL-A.X. DEPARTURES AREA

On his cell phone, Braeburn power walks out of the airport. He's on a mission.

BRAEBURN

When will they arrive?

INT. ROME AND ASSOCIATES AGENCY - SAME

Spigold on his cell phone, as he waits for the coffee machine to sputter cold coffee into a paper cup.

SPIGOLD

They'll be here in an hour or so.

INTERCUT SPIGOLD/BRAEBURN

Braeburn steps onto the street, flags down a luxury car.

BRAEBURN

Listen, can you get me in touch
with someone in the corporate head
office? The CFO? VP? Lucifer?

SPIGOLD

Hah! Yeah right.

The demon LUXURY CAR DRIVER honks, yells out the window for Braeburn to move.

BRAEBURN

Spigold... I'm out of options and this is super important. I'm talkin' apocalypse important.

Spigold thinks a moment.

Braeburn opens the driver's door, grabs hold of the startled DEMON DRIVER and yanks him out onto the street.

Spigold takes his coffee, sips on it. Cringes. He looks out the door to see Jonagold getting berated by Rome.

SPIGOLD

I can't do it, but I know someone who can.

Braeburn hops into the car - it morphs into a crappy EL CAMINO - and speeds off.

INT. JONAGOLD'S OFFICE

Jonagold on the phone in her small cubicle size office.

Spigold stands behind her, gives her a shoulder rub.

SPIGOLD

You're an angel.

JONAGOLD

I know.

(into phone)

I have Mr. Rome on the line, it's urgent.

INT. EL CAMINO - DAY

Mariachi music on the speakers - Braeburn speeds down the road, phone still to his ear.

JONAGOLD

(phone filter)

Braeburn, you're on.

The smooth, velvety voice of LUCIFER comes on.

LUCIFER

This better be good, Rome.

BRAEBURN

Sir, my name is Agent Braeburn, I work for Rome. I have some important information for you...

INT. ROME AND ASSOCIATES AGENCY

The doors are kicked open. Red Delicious and Granny Smith walk a despondent Clarence in, each with a tight grip on him.

All the agents in the room immediately shut up and stare.

Rome stands tall, a victorious grin on his face.

ROME

Clarence Morgan... We finally meet.
I'm Mr. Rome.

CLARENCE

Up yours, Mr. Rome.

Rome laughs, gestures to the exit.

ROME

Shall we?

INT. HELLAVATOR

Rome, flanked by the minions and Clarence, descend in the "hellavator."

Clarence watches the numbers as they go down C-2, C-3...

Rome taps the rolled up gold contract on his leg.

C-7, C-8... It doesn't stop... C-9. DING.

Confused, Rome pushes the C-8 button, nothing happens.

The doors open. Rome looks at the minions... uh oh.

INT. LUCIFER'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

They step into an enormous room that is basically a museum of anything and everything that relates to the devil.

They pass an array of pitchforks, devil masks, devil-related movie posters, photos of humans in devil Halloween costumes, AC/DC albums...

Clarence struggles to take all this in.

They finally arrive at a massive desk which is littered with little devil trinkets.

Behind the desk sits LUCIFER. Braeburn stands at his side.

Lucifer is as handsome as they get; he makes George Clooney look like a schlub. He wears a shimmering PLATINUM BAND.

ROME

What's Braeburn doing here, sir?
Whatever this traitor told you is
all lies.

BRAEBURN

Traitor!? I've worked my ass off
for your agency-

Lucifer gestures for Braeburn to back off. He does as told.

LUCIFER

Let me see the contract.

Rome hands Lucifer the glowing contract.

Lucifer reads it over while he bites on his pencil.

Clarence is horrified to notice on the desk a framed photo of George W. Bush shaking hands with Lucifer.

Just then, Lucifer's electric-blue eyes peer up at Clarence.

LUCIFER

You got very lucky with your little
near-death-experience, Mr. Morgan.

CLARENCE

So I've been told. Sorry about all
this mix up, Lou.

Lucifer sets down the contract, smiles.

LUCIFER

Mr. Morgan, this is not your fault.
Not at all.

Lucifer turns his attention to Rome.

LUCIFER

What were you thinking?

ROME

What do you mean? His delivery
will destroy the competitor.

Lucifer looks around his cluttered desk, lifts up his empty
in-box, opens some drawers.

LUCIFER

I'm sorry, I seem to have misplaced
the request form for that. You
were planning on getting approval
from me first, before starting the
apocalypse, weren't you, Rome?

Rome sweats bullets.

The minions stare daggers at him.

ROME

Of course, sir.

LUCIFER

Rome, you can't lie to the creator
of deception.

ROME

I know, I didn't mean to-

LUCIFER

Quiet.

Lucifer stands, paces in front of his desk. Taps the head of
a devil Bobble-Head.

LUCIFER

It was a good plan, Rome, but this
is my corporation and I am not
ready for war. We are only in the
beginning stages.

Lucifer turns to Braeburn.

LUCIFER

Did you intend on releasing the
human to the competition?

Clarence looks at Braeburn, the defining question...

BRAEBURN

Rome was going to screw me over,
and I'm not ready for war either...

LUCIFER

Answer the question.

BRAEBURN

Yes. I was going to honor the competitor's contract.

CLARENCE

My man. I knew it!

Braeburn shifts, uneasy with being truthful for once.

LUCIFER

I admire your honesty, Braeburn. I promote dishonesty, and the other deadly sins, upon the humans, but I despise to see it work within my domain. It's bad for business.

Lucifer takes the glowing contract and tears it in half. The glow dies and it crumbles into ash.

The UPC code on Clarence's forearm vanishes along with the zip-ties on his wrists. His red C-8 jumpsuit morphs into casual clothing. Clarence sighs in relief.

Braeburn smiles on his behalf.

ROME

What are you doing? We can at least hold him in Purgatory. We'll get billions for him.

LUCIFER

Rome, you're fired, effective immediately.

ROME

What?! You know how long I've worked for you!? You can't do this to me! I invented massage parlors, slot machines... Dr. Phil!

Lucifer ignores his pleas.

LUCIFER

Red Delicious, Granny Smith, I know you've been waiting ten years for that seat to be filled.

(nods to Rome)

Use him to fill it.

Rome's eye's bulge. His gold band crumbles to dust. A UPC number sizzles onto his forearm and his fancy suit morphs into a red C-8 jumpsuit.

The minions grin in delight. They haul Rome off as he continues to scream for mercy, listing off his "inventions."

Braeburn cracks a victorious smile then turns to Lucifer.

BRAEBURN

What now?

LUCIFER

How would you like to take over Rome's Agency?

Braeburn raises an eyebrow.

BRAEBURN

I'm honored, sir, but I don't think I'm cut out for this line of work anymore.

Lucifer isn't pleased with this answer.

BRAEBURN

However... I know a couple of solid agents that are prime candidates.

EXT. ROME AND ASSOCIATES AGENCY - CURB

A limo awaits Braeburn. Jonagold and Spigold are there to see him off. They both now wear gold privilege bands and are decked out in fancy suits.

Braeburn shakes Spigold's hand.

BRAEBURN

Told you I'd make it up to you. What's gonna be the first order of business?

SPIGOLD

To fire that little prick, Winesap, for corporate espionage. He likes Jersey Mac so much, he can rot in Purgatory with him.

Braeburn smirks, pleased to hear this.

JONAGOLD

What about you? What's next?

BRAEBURN

I don't know. Maybe become a telemarketer. Tempt you guys into buying life insurance.

They laugh.

From the back of the limo, Clarence rolls down the window.

CLARENCE

Let's roll, brotha. I'm dying to try the pizza up there.

Braeburn opens the door, nods goodbye to Spigold and Jonagold, gets in the car and it speeds off.

EXT. SANTA MONICA PIER - "HAZE"

Among families in the living realm, on the ocean dock, Braeburn gestures for Clarence to go, he's free.

Sophiel and Peznous wait for him.

Clarence offers to bump fists with Braeburn.

CLARENCE

Good lookin' out, Braeburn.

Braeburn nods, bumps his fist.

BRAEBURN

My name's Casbriel.

CLARENCE

Casbriel. I like that.

Clarence nods goodbye and heads over to Sophiel. She hands him over to Peznous who leads Clarence to their car.

Sophiel steps over to Braeburn, gives him a hug. She notices that Braeburn wears her angel wings pin on his lapel.

SOPHIEL

Glad to see your back, Casbriel.

He blushes. Then turns serious.

BRAEBURN

So what's the verdict?

SOPHIEL

Well... the Boss says that we can't let you back in outright.

Braeburn nods in understanding. A bit defeated.

SOPHIEL

But... He is going to offer you a second chance. Be thankful, He's never done this before.

BRAEBURN

(intrigued)

What are the terms?

SOPHIEL

Your admittance is based on how you live the rest of your life...

FADE TO MONTAGE:

- A STUDENT studies in a library.
- A HUSBAND gives his WIFE an anniversary gift, kisses her.

BRAEBURN'S VOICE

Look at these assholes... This is the best He could do?

- A FATHER pushes his DAUGHTER on a swing set.
- A TEENAGER picks up a ten dollar bill that a STRANGER dropped unknowingly and hands it back to him.

BRAEBURN'S VOICE

For them to be 'preferred' by God is insulting.

-In a park, a MAN approaches a HOMELESS person begging for change. But there's something different about this man...

BRAEBURN'S VOICE

So, the agents of Hell, Incorporated make it their job to exploit the weakness of the human mind in order to draw them into temptation...

EXT. PUBLIC PARK - CONTINUOUS

The man is Braeburn. He hands the homeless person a few bills and walks on toward a basketball court where LENDALE shoots some hoops by himself.

BRAEBURN'S VOICE

But what the corporation denies is that the human weakness is the same as ours.

Lendale's basketball gets away from him, it rolls over to Braeburn. He picks up the ball, smiles, tosses it back to Lendale and chats with him.

INT. GOLD AND GOLD AGENCY - DAY

Rome's office is now occupied by Spigold and Jonagold. They sit at opposing desks. On their LCD screen, the file for "Casbriel" is up on the screen. He laughs while playing basketball with Lendale.

BRAEBURN'S VOICE

God created them in His image, just
as He created us.

Spigold clicks on the file. It says: "Are you sure you want to delete?"

BRAEBURN'S VOICE

Clarence said it best...

Spigold and Jonagold share a glance, look back at the screen.

BRAEBURN'S VOICE

... the demise of Hell,
Incorporated, will be the result of
the simple denial of one thing...

Up on screen, Braeburn shoots a hoop, swish. He turns around, and stares straight ahead, as if looking directly at Spigold and Jonagold.

BRAEBURN'S VOICE

... demons, angels, humans...

Braeburn winks at them.

Spigold and Jonagold smile, nod to each other. Spigold hits "Yes," to delete the file. It vanishes and the screen goes-

TO BLACK.

BRAEBURN'S VOICE

... we're all the same.

FADE OUT: