

WELCOME TO HELL

Written by

Scott Duvall

13052 Brookmead Drive
Manassas, VA 20112
SCOTT.DUVAL92@gmail.com
571-274-4878

COLD OPEN

INT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - NIGHT

A television illuminates the living room on a stormy night. We see a MAN and WOMAN (early 30s) sitting on the sofa. Muffled audio from the television is heard.

A BABY MONITOR and two beer bottles sit on the coffee table.

We see a silhouette, an INTRUDER, approach and linger just outside of the room. A BLODDY KNIFE held in a DIRT COVERED HAND drips. A beat. He enters the room.

The Woman sees him and screams, alerting the Man on the sofa. Over the Intruder's shoulder, we see the Man stand guard.

MAN

What happened to you?
(sees knife, knowingly)
No...

The Intruder lunges forward.

INT. LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

The bodies of the Man and Woman lie strewn about the room, bleeding. The Intruder stands between them. A CRY is heard through the baby monitor.

INT. NURSERY - MOMENTS LATER

A BABY cries in his crib. The Intruder's silhouette stands in the doorway. He approaches the crib.

He places his knife down, staining the crib's sheets and blanket, and cuddles the Baby in his arms. The crying stops after a moment and he leans in to place the Baby back.

Standing back up, he sees HIS SLEEVE IS ON FIRE! He panics and pats it out, looking around for the source. Coming up empty, he exits in confusion.

Two banners stacked one above the other on the nursery wall can be partly seen in the dark room by a LIGHT outside the window. We can read the words "WELCOME TO--" and "HELL--". Lightning from the storm fills the room with light, revealing "WELCOME TO THE WORLD!!" AND "HELLO, PAL!!"

END OF COLD OPEN

ACT ONE

INT. WAITING ROOM - MORNING

A drab room filled with people of all ages, races, and creeds placed in tightly packed chairs throughout. Some old, some young. Some dressed well, some sloppy. Some bored, some excited. Among them sits a well built man with a rough beard but gentle expression - meet BUDDY CONNERS (35-40).

A SECRETARY (20s-early 30s) in business casual, a metal collar like something you'd see in *Saw*, and a disturbingly forced smile wanders around the room. She looks around with zeal and speaks with a vigor that can only be described as "there's a gun to my head, and I need you to think I love my job." She reads from a clipboard.

SECRETARY

Buddy Connors?

Buddy stands up, nods to the Secretary, then exits through a side door next to him.

The Secretary returns back to her clipboard and scans the room.

SECRETARY (CONT'D)

Pal O'Shea?

No movement from the room.

SECRETARY (CONT'D)

O'Shea!

Still nothing.

SECRETARY (CONT'D)

(one last try)

Pal?

The front door to the waiting room flies open and SLAMS against the wall.

Two BURLY MEN carry in a haggard looking man - meet PAL O'SHEA (late 20s). The Secretary is disappointed to see this.

PAL

(thick Irish accent)

I'm sorry! I'm sorry. I didn't know who she was. We've all been in my position before.

(points to one of the men)

(MORE)

PAL (CONT'D)
I know you have. Women like your
sister are just incredibly easy--

The floor interrupts him as he is thrown down, face first.

PAL (CONT'D)
--on the eyes. On! The! Eyes!

The Burly Men spit on him, nod to the Secretary in chivalrous respect and exit.

The Secretary stands directly over Pal who flips onto his back, clearly more beat up than we initially figured. He opens his eyes from his grimace to stare upward.

PAL (CONT'D)
Hi there, Wendy.

SECRETARY
Mr. O'Shea! You were supposed to
come here immediately after
arriving in town!

Pal staggers up and looks guiltily at the Secretary.

PAL
I know, I know. Look, I was at the
bar. It was a little rest stop--

SECRETARY
(a rare moment of anger)
Nobody cares, sweetie. You're
holding up my waiting room!
(points to the side door)
Get your hungover ass out of my--

The Secretary and her hair bolt upright and stiffen as the collar ZAPS her. After a moment, she returns to normal and grabs at the collar and recovers her happy demeanor.

SECRETARY (CONT'D)
(back to happy)
Sorry! Sorry. Please get your
hungover ass out of my queue and
into the office!

Pal, not sure how to process what just happened, nods politely in obedience. As he walks to the side door:

PAL
(to the Secretary)
Why do they make you wear that?

SECRETARY
(a deep breath)
They say I deserve it. Not the
worst I've seen, though.

Pal reacts and exits even more freaked out. A LITTLE GIRL (8-10) approaches the Secretary.

LITTLE GIRL
Ma'am, I've been waiting for four
days. Can I please have some water?

SECRETARY
(bluntly, still happy)
Did your parents have any water
when you set their house on fire?

The Little Girl drops her head and walks away. As she exits:

LITTLE GIRL
No...

The Secretary fixes her attire and returns to work.

INT. OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

The office is bland. Muted tones throughout with fluorescent lighting. If we look closely, we see photos of an OLDER MAN (65+) with HITLER, BIN LADEN, a BIG BIRD-LIKE CHARACTER and other nefarious ne'er-do-wells enjoying themselves. Other photos display groups of sad individuals and a HOODED FIGURE.

VOICE (O.S.)
Says here you two are going to be
partners in our Peacekeepers
Division!

We see who the voice belongs to - the Older Man in the photos - looking bored, sitting behind a desk glancing at paperwork. Surrounding him are various Hell-related memorabilia such as a college pennant flag with "GO H.U. MOSQUITOS" on it.

Buddy and Pal sit next to each other on the other side of the desk. Buddy sits upright, ready for the meeting. Pal remains haggard, struggling, not prepared at all.

OLDER MAN
Now, let's see. Buddy Conners...
(mildly impressed)
That's a respectable amount of
murders. Even for here. Welcome!

Buddy remains stoic as a rock. It's unclear if he is unsympathetic or simply over hearing about his past.

OLDER MAN (CONT'D)
(in awe)
And Pal... Wow. You- Is this right?
14 riots? 11 kidnappings?... 3
immolations...

Pal nods casually. It's unclear if he is too confident, too guilty, or too hungover.

OLDER MAN (CONT'D)
Right! Well, your job is to ensure
our residents receive the treatment
that the Big Guy sees fit. When
something goes wrong, you're our
agents on the inside.

The Older Man reveals a car key.

OLDER MAN (CONT'D)
And here are the keys to your
vehicle.

He looks at hungover Pal, then turns to Buddy.

OLDER MAN (CONT'D)
You drive.

Following the key are two identical STACKS OF PAPER topped with TOURIST BROCHURES that read "WELCOME TO HELL" and badges that read "H.P.K."

OLDER MAN (CONT'D)
Alright, gentlemen. Welcome to
Hell.

Buddy and Pal look at each other with almost negative excitement. CONFETTI from a CONFETTI POPPER falls on the stone-faced duo to put an exclamation mark on the beginning of their afterlife together.

EXT. PARKING LOT - LATER

Buddy and Pal stand on the curb. Buddy plays with his key while Pal eats a granola bar. Pal seems to have bounced back a bit.

PAL
So, what are you in for?

BUDDY
Killed some people.

PAL
Yeah. Who hasn't? What else?

BUDDY
(getting it over with)
I killed a large amount of people
in California. Led the cops down a
wild goose chase for years, while
still killing in other locations on
the side. Ended up killing the love
of my life and their partner. Ran
for about a year more before dying
in a shootout with state troopers.

PAL
Nice! Okay. That's what I'm talking
about! My turn. Hi, my name is Pal.

BUDDY
I know.

PAL
I really enjoy burning people,
inciting mass riots, wine, tequila
and the occasional Irish car bomb
is what I think you'd call it.

BUDDY
They're great at happy hours.

PAL
Tell me about it. The smell of the
gas, the burning metal. Children
screaming. It's even better if
you're drinking!

Buddy side eyes Pal reminiscing dreamily for a moment before
realizing they're discussing two very different things.

PAL (CONT'D)
What kind of car do you think we're
getting?

Buddy shrugs.

PAL (CONT'D)
I hope it runs.

BUDDY
It'd be nice!

PAL
Didn't drive much in life.

BUDDY
Too busy making bombs--

PAL
(almost overlapping)
--I was busy making them explode,
yeah.

BUDDY
Were you some Irish punk rockstar
or something?

PAL
No, actually! I had a number of
professions, but music was not one
of them. In fact, I prefer American
country and EDM.

BUDDY
EDM.

PAL
Yeah. Electronic dance-- You know
what, I can just play some for you
when we get in the car.

BUDDY
No, thanks.

PAL
Sounds good! Sounds... fun...

A moment passes.

BUDDY
Where in Hell is this guy?

PAL
I think he's coming now!

Dust flies up over the other cars in the parking lot. We hear
the ENGINE ROAR as it approaches. Buddy and Pal look on with
anticipation.

A red SPORTS CAR pulls up. Buddy and Pal stare wide-eyed.

We see a DRIVER get out on the other side of the car. He
waves at the two men.

DRIVER
Hey! Over here!

They approach the car, but suddenly a WOMAN with PURPLE SKIN and DREADLOCKS walks up. Another DRIVER gets out of the sports car and tosses her the keys. She gets in and drives off, leaving behind the familiar cloud of dust.

As the dust settles, we see it - A NEARLY BROKEN DOWN sedan. The two stand there for a moment staring.

PAL

Hot.

BUDDY

It's the only one we got. Don't blow it up.

PAL

I don't think it can.

DRIVER

I don't got all day!

Buddy and Pal walk up.

BUDDY

Thanks, man.

DRIVER

(exiting)

Fuck off.

PAL

Must hate the job.

BUDDY

It is hell.

PAL

Oooh! Good one... Shotgun!

Pal runs to the passenger side of the car.

BUDDY

I'm the one with the keys! Where else would you sit? You're a grown ass man!

Buddy walks over to the driver's side and gets in. We jump to look

THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD

Buddy and Pal get adjusted inside the car.

PAL
Let's get some tunes goin'!

Pal turns on the radio. STATIC FILLED MARIACHI MUSIC comes through. Buddy appears to get a headache.

BUDDY
Please change it.

Pal turns a knob and the static fades out for a crisper signal.

BUDDY (CONT'D)
Literally any other frequency,
please.

Pal turns the dial again and a RADIO DJ comes on.

RADIO DJ (O.S.)
¡Los demonios se han calmado, las
pesadillas han terminado y estamos
listos para el work-a-thon!
Presentado por L. Ron Hubbard,
"¡Quién! ¡Voluntad! ¡Convertir!
¡La! ¡Mayoría!" ¡Mira Fox News este
viernes a las ocho de la noche para
unirse a la diversión! Pero ahora,
volvamos a la música. Hasta la
próxima, Los Pantalones Pequinos
con su ultima cancion, "Mi Senora
es un Burro!"

BUDDY
Oh, what in Hell?!

PAL
You speak Spanish?

Mariachi music comes back on.

BUDDY
Here, let me try.

Buddy adjusts the radio. An NPR-STYLE RADIO SHOW comes on with a tone similar to "This American Life".

NPR RADIO HOST
And there he was. The source of my
eternal suffering. His final words
to me still echo in my head. "These
popsicles won't melt themselves."
One by one, he shoved them under my
armpits...

A BED OF MARIACHI MUSIC fades in under the storyteller's voice.

NPR RADIO HOST (CONT'D)
...Each one colder than the last.
The worst part, I was wearing my
nice sweater. Soon enough, my
sleeves were stuck to my torso. It
was clear that I would need to
visit my dry cleaner before my in-
laws visited for the weekend--

A knock on the car's window cuts through the radio. It's the Older Man from the office.

OLDER MAN
Hey, guys! Looks like you're
settling in to your new car quite
well! Listen, in the back seat
pocket, you'll find your
assignments. Your damnation
description is in the papers I gave
you, but in short, you are to
correct any issues that may arise
in others' damnations.

Buddy reaches into the glove box to pull out their stacks of papers from earlier. Pal reaches around behind his seat.

OLDER MAN (CONT'D)
I'd wish you good luck, but I know
it won't come.

BUDDY
Yeah. Thanks, man.

OLDER MAN
Oh! Looks like you got your first
batch of assignments! Exciting!

The Older Man points to Pal. Buddy turns to see Pal unravelling an endless scroll of names.

PAL
We may have to skip lunch today.

The Older Man nods cheerfully.

BUDDY
Do we have to wear a uniform?

OLDER MAN
Easy! We're in Hell, not Catholic
school.

PAL
So shorts?

OLDER MAN
Loose slacks.

PAL
(to Buddy)
We're going to have to stop by
Target.

OLDER MAN
We only have Walmart! Ciao!

With that farewell, Buddy and Pal set off out of the parking lot. As they pull out onto the road, we hear the engine SPUTTER and the car rolls to a stop.

PAL
What's happening?

BUDDY
They didn't fill the damn tank!

OLDER MAN
(from parking lot)
It takes premium!

Buddy and Pal get out to push the car down the road.

EXT. GAS STATION - AFTERNOON

Buddy is working a gas machine as Pal leans on the car next to him smoking a CIGARETTE.

BUDDY
That's going to give you cancer.

PAL
Already dead.

BUDDY
Well can you at least step away
from the gas line?

PAL
Buddy.

Pal puts the cigarette out on his arm. No pain, no mark.

PAL (CONT'D)
Even if we catch fire, we won't
burn. We can't get hurt.

Immediately after, they hear a METALLIC THUMP and a CRY OF PAIN from the other side of the lot. A YOUNG MAN (18-25) is laying on the pavement as a TRUCK drives away.

Buddy runs over, but the Young Man waves him away. Pal watches knowingly as Buddy returns to the car.

BUDDY

Says it happens all the time...

Pal nods in an "I told you so" fashion.

PAL

I need a candy bar. Come on.

Pal walks off toward the gas station store.

BUDDY

We can't leave the car while--

PAL

Buddy!

Buddy hesitates then follows Pal inside.

INT. GAS STATION - MOMENTS LATER

Pal walks up to the counter with a candy bar.

PAL

Hey, mate. Just one.

The CLERK (70+) rings Pal up.

CLERK

Never mind, Eric. The youngster out there? He's just fulfillin' his damnation. 'Posed to get hit by every car in reverse this side o' Hell.

BUDDY

So, that's his punishment?

Clerk nods.

PAL

How'd Eric end up in Hell?

CLERK

Saddest story I ever done heard.
Sex with too many trees.

PAL
So there is a limit...

BUDDY
Fucking trees gets you sent to
Hell?

CLERK
Line's crossed after huggin' to be
honest. But in Eric's case, trees
were maple trees. Did it to trick
syrup makers.

Pal and Buddy react.

CLERK (CONT'D)
Mhm. Went on for years. Anyway...
cost is 80.54.

PAL
80.54 what?!

CLERK
Dollars.

PAL
80 U.S. dollars for a candy bar and
a tank of gas?

CLERK
Recession. Plus the Hell Support
tax, 'course.

PAL
Fuck. Do you take pounds?

Pal pulls out his WALLET, but finds nothing but American ONE
DOLLAR BILLS and NICKELS.

PAL (CONT'D)
So, we just have American singles
now? That's the currency in Hell?

CLERK
Thems 'n nickels.

PAL
Why not pennies?

CLERK
(shrugging)
Don't make the rules.

PAL
It's 54 cents!

Clerk shrugs.

Pal throws enough money down on he counter. He and Buddy exit. We jump to look

THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD - MOMENTS LATER

Pal eats his candy bar in the passenger seat. Buddy gets in the car after returning from the pump.

BUDDY
Dammit. Someone's backing into the space in front of us.

We hear a THUMP.

ERIC (O.S.)
Fuck!

BUDDY
Ugh. Eric... Alright, let's go. Buckled up?

Pal rolls his eyes.

BUDDY (CONT'D)
Just do this one thing for me.

Pal gives in and buckles his seat belt. Buddy backs the car up. THUMP!

ERIC (O.S.)
Dammit!

PAL
(leaning out the window)
Sorry, Eric!

ERIC (O.S.)
'S all good, guys! Have a great day! Welcome to Hell!

Buddy changes gears and they drive off.

EXT. GAS STATION - CONTINUOUS

BUDDY (O.S.)
How'd he know we were new?

PAL (O.S.)
(mouth full)
No clue.

As the car drives out of the parking lot, we see a BUMPER
STICKER on the rear fender: "JUST BURIED".

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO

EXT. HIGHWAY - AFTERNOON

Buddy and Pal cruise down the highway.

BUDDY

So, where's our first stop? What's the case?

Pal pulls out the scroll of names from earlier.

PAL

(reading)

Top of the list is Vladimir Impman. Says his neighbor keeps breaking into his house, complaining about stolen cats. Doesn't say why.

BUDDY

Alright. Seems simple enough.

A moment passes.

PAL

Whatcha do when you were alive?

BUDDY

I was a detective.

PAL

No way.

BUDDY

Yep.

PAL

So that's how you led the cops on for--

BUDDY

Yeah. When you enforce the rules, you learn how to break them.

PAL

So it's true what they say. It's only illegal if you get caught.

BUDDY

Nope. It's definitely illegal to commit a crime either way. Not getting caught just keeps it fun.

PAL

Yeah, when I died, cops weren't really, um, well supported by the public in the States.

BUDDY

We never were. Until, of course, someone gets killed or something gets stolen. Then we're heroes who catch the bad guys. It's a long standing grievance a lot have with the job.

PAL

Does it suck knowing you're destined to pretty much do your day job for eternity because of what you did?

BUDDY

I mean, I was always going to be a detective or law enforcement officer of some kind. My father was abusive. A cop pulled me and my mother out of harms way one night.

PAL

I never knew my parents. Well, for like, maybe a month...

BUDDY

I'm sorry to hear that... I bet that was hard in Ireland. It's not a peaceful place.

PAL

Never was. Except when I lived with my papa. He adopted me after my parents died. I lived with him in Dublin until I enlisted.

BUDDY

Really? What'd do you?

PAL

Explosives expert. Stationed in Asia for a bit, saw some battle. I finished the tour, got out, became a mechanic.

BUDDY

I see. So the car bombs?

PAL
I don't know. I guess I missed the
smell.

BUDDY
Well, Hell welcomes you.

PAL
(shaking his head)
The car bombs aren't why I'm here.
(off Buddy's look)
I don't wanna get into it.

BUDDY
Don't worry about it. We got time.

Pal looks at the scroll.

PAL
Turn left up here, onto Euclid.

BUDDY
Aren't we on Euclid?

PAL
Yeah, it's another one, I suppose.

BUDDY
Okay... Then what?

PAL
(reading)
Looks like we go on for about two
or three blocks, then another left
on... Euclid Ave.

BUDDY
...Right... Okay, so is every road--

PAL
Every road's named Euclid Avenue,
yeah.

BUDDY
Solid work, Satan.

PAL
That fuckin' bastard.

BUDDY
Left here?

PAL
Next one.

GPS
Recalculating.

BUDDY / PAL
FUCK! / My bad.

EXT. VLAD'S HOUSE - LATER

Buddy and Pal get out of the car in a driveway of a SUBURBAN HOUSE. They walk up the sidewalk.

PAL
Alright, Buddy. This is it.

BUDDY
Yep.

PAL
No need to be nervous!

BUDDY
I know.

PAL
Cool. And calm.

BUDDY
(stopping Pal)
I got this, Pal. How about you just stay in the car for this one?

PAL
What? No! I can handle it! I got this. Come on.

Pal takes the lead.

BUDDY
I was an actual cop! You can take this one easy. Seriously.

PAL
Right! Right! I know! I've been thinking about it. We'll play good cop, hot cop.

BUDDY
What?

PAL
You know. A spin on the classic.

BUDDY

No, no. I- I get it. Who's the "hot cop?"

PAL

(stops to think)

Who do you think?

BUDDY

(passing Pal)

We're not doing that.

Buddy rings the doorbell.

PAL

Buddy! This is our dynamic! I get on your nerves, you get on mine! We're constantly at odds, but at the end of the episode, we solve the case! Sure, there's a few moments where we see eye to eye, but--

BUDDY

Are you seriously comparing our eternal suffering, the damnation of our souls in the infinite void of Hell, to a cop drama?

PAL

That's all I have to run off of! True Detective! The Other Guys! Men in Black!

BUDDY

21 Jump Street. Lethal Weapon. The list goes on. And we're not in any of them.

Buddy rings the bell again, placing a period at the end of their conversation.

PAL

We could film it and make our own.

BUDDY

Can you just be serious?

PAL

We've got eternity to be serious! Let's have some fun! No one's expecting us to get it right on our first try! For real, there's nothing to be scared of!

The door opens. Buddy and Pal turn to see who opened it. They slowly look up from their normal eye line as the look of fear grows on their faces.

In the doorway, we see a hulking brute of a man - meet VLADIMIR (30s-40s). He towers over them with a menacing aura. He's very good looking, but upon closer inspection, we see that HIS FACE IS ACTUALLY SOMEONE ELSE'S STITCHED ONTO HIS FACE LIKE A MASK.

VLADIMIR

Hello.

BUDDY

H-Hello. We're Buddy...

PAL

...And Pal... Of...

BUDDY

Hell's Peacekeepers...

PAL

H.P.K. for short.

Buddy and Pal pull out their badges, terrified of what may come next.

BUDDY

We're here about the disturbance.

Vladimir studies them for a moment.

VLADIMIR

(elated)

Finally! Come in! Come in!

He beckons them inside. They slowly obey. As they enter, Vlad glances around outside with darting eyes before following them in.

INT. VLAD'S LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

A rustic aesthetic.

We look slightly down on Buddy and Pal, sitting on an ANTIQUE SOFA across a COFFEE TABLE, staring into us. Pal chews on something and looks over to Buddy, but Buddy stays fixated, almost perplexed. Pal returns his gaze to us, still chewing. They are both deathly scared of who they are meeting with.

BUDDY

(anxious)

So, we hear someone's been stealing cats.

VLADIMIR

Yes! But it is not I who is the caper. You must believe me.

BUDDY

Do you know who is?

VLADIMIR

There is none.

BUDDY

Explain.

VLADIMIR

The cat's are present in their house. Not a single one missing...

(then)

At least, by my hand.

BUDDY

So, the cat's aren't stolen?

VLADIMIR

On the contrary. Each feline denizen of that wretched hag's residence remains there. Yet, she refuses to believe.

BUDDY

Does she not see them?

VLADIMIR

I know nothing of her visual abilities, minus the fact that she knows who I am, where I live and how to get inside. However, I've never once spoken to her. She sees me walk down Euclid, as I do every sunrise, and she profiles me. She can see. She raided my face collection one night. That was when I called the Peacekeepers.

BUDDY

Your face collection...

VLADIMIR

A gathering of my beauty supplies.

BUDDY

Understood. Listen. We will speak
to Miss...?

VLADIMIR

Morisset. Topanga Morisset.

BUDDY

Ms. Topanga Morisset. To get to the
bottom of this. Clearly she thinks
you are tampering with her pets.

VLADIMIR

Should you have any more questions,
please ask. I am grateful for your
assistance in this matter.

BUDDY

I'm good! I have enough to run
with.

(remembering Pal)

Pal! Do you have any questions for
Mr. Impman?

Pal swallows and sits there for a moment never lifting an eye
off of Vladimir. After a moment, he lifts up a SMALL PLATE OF
PIE and a FORK from below our view. He slowly takes another
bite, still staring, and chews. Mouth still full:

PAL

(meek)

This is very good pie.

BUDDY

Pal.

VLADIMIR

Thank you. It is key lime.

PAL

This is very good key lime pie.

VLADIMIR

Would you like more?

Buddy patiently looks at Pal, awaiting his response. Pal
reluctantly looks over to Buddy, wanting support before
talking. He then looks down and swallows, lost in
contemplation. He looks back at Vladimir.

Pal

(calculated)

Yes.

Buddy drops his face into his hands.

EXT. CAR - THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD - LATER

Buddy drives as Pal eats pie in a TUPPERWARE BOWL.

PAL

Where do you think he keeps them?

BUDDY

Keeps what?

PAL

The faces! Does he have a shoebox under his bed? Is there a special drawer in his room, because I noticed he wasn't wearing socks--

BUDDY

Who in Hell cares?

PAL

He does, I'm sure!

BUDDY

Jesus.

PAL

By the way... Great job talking back there, detective.

BUDDY

(stares down Pal)

Okay, you weren't exactly "hot" or confident, either. He was a monster of a man!

PAL

Eyes on the road!

BUDDY

We're already dead!

They sit in silence for a moment.

BUDDY (CONT'D)

He probably keeps them in a freezer of some sort.

Pal goes wide eyed and nods with enlightenment. He sucks his fork clean.

PAL
Or maybe just a refrigerator. A
freezer would require thawing. I
wouldn't want to thaw my face...
(horrificed)
What if he baked the pie in the
same oven he uses to thaw faces...

BUDDY
You really overthink things.

Pal reacts but falls silent. He's clearly affected by Buddy's
sentiment.

BUDDY (CONT'D)
Probably have a point, though.

Pal stares at his pie. He slowly regains interest to eat it.

Buddy fakes throwing up.

PAL
Oh, fuck you! It's pie!

EXT. CAR - THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD - LATER

Mariachi hip hop plays on the radio. Buddy continues to
drive. Pal looks out the window, continuing to eat - he's on
his last few bites. As he finishes, he flings the Tupperware
and his fork out of the window. Buddy sees this and pulls
over.

PAL
Why are we stopping? The lady's
house isn't for another few
kilometers!

BUDDY
Pick that up!

PAL
What?

BUDDY
That's littering! Pick it up!

PAL
We're in Hell!

BUDDY
A family just moved in down the
street! I met them in the waiting
room this morning!

PAL

They're murderers, Buddy! I ran into them in the bathroom! They poisoned everyone at a dinner party! They led a cult!

BUDDY

Whatever! Hell's still a community! A gated one at that! Heaven's not the only afterlife with standards.

PAL

Oh, so Hell's got it going on? It's eco-friendly?

BUDDY

Exactly!

Pal stares at Buddy in disbelief. After a beat, he gets out. As he exits:

PAL

You're the one person in Hell not fighting gentrification!

END ACT TWO

ACT THREE

EXT. RUNDOWN FRONT PORCH - LATER

Buddy and Pal stand at the front door of a POORLY KEPT HOUSE. Pal is ringing the DOORBELL incessantly.

PAL
Come on, where in Hell is she?
What's her name again?

BUDDY
Topanga Morisset.

PAL
Topanga? Like Boy Meets World?

BUDDY
Boy Meets World?

PAL
("yeah, you know")
Boy Meets World. Cory and Topanga.
The greatest love story ever told.

BUDDY
I don't think I've seen it.

Pal stops ringing the bell and pivots his upper body toward Buddy to stare at him in an attempt to comprehend the fact that he has never seen the beloved sitcom. A moment passes. He returns to the door.

PAL
(muttering)
Fucking culture yourself, you
ignorant twat.

Pal goes back to ringing the doorbell.

Suddenly, the door swings open. TOPANGA (70+) stands in the doorway.

TOPANGA
I can hear just fine, thank you!
What do you want?

BUDDY
Ms. Morisset, I'm Buddy and this is
Pal. We work for H.P.K.--

PAL
Hell's Peacekeepers.

BUDDY
...Yes... and we're here on behalf
of your neighbor a few miles down
the street. He claims you broke
into his house looking for
something?

TOPANGA
I did no such thing!

Topanga tries to close the door. Pal puts an arm against the
door to stop it. They both smile at her.

BUDDY
(falsely charming)
Ma'am, could we please come in?

TOPANGA
(dismissive)
Fine, but only because I like your
face.

BUDDY
As long as you don't cut it off, I
appreciate that.
(entering, to Pal)
Hot cop.

Buddy follows Topanga inside. Pal follows suit.

PAL
(entering)
The fuck is wrong with these
people?

INT. FOYER - MOMENTS LATER

The room is filled with CATS - like THIRTY cats. They're
everywhere. PHOTOS OF CATS hang on walls and sit on tables
and shelves. CAT TOYS and LITTER BOXES span the floor.

BUDDY
I see you like cats.

TOPANGA
I love my cats, but that monster
stole them from me! Every single
one... But I didn't steal them
back!

PAL
How many cats do you even--

Buddy stops Pal short.

BUDDY
Wait, you can't see the cats?

TOPANGA
(stressing her words)
He won't let me!

BUDDY
Pal, can I have Ms. Morisset's
information?

Topanga exits into her living room. Buddy and Pal follow.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Pal takes a piece of paper out from his pocket and hands it to Buddy. Buddy skims it and nods.

BUDDY
Specifically, when did your cats go
missing?

TOPANGA
As soon as I moved in next to that
demon.

BUDDY / PAL
Oh, a demon! Shit! / He's a God
damned demon!

BUDDY
(to Pal)
Wow! That makes so much more
sense...

PAL
(to Buddy)
That's fucking crazy... I read in
the car that they're typically
feral.

BUDDY
(to Pal)
No shit! Insane...

They stand there for a moment, then snap back to reality.
Buddy looks at the paper and points something out to Pal who
brightens up with enlightenment.

PAL

Ms. Moris-- Topanga. Can I call you
Topanga?

TOPANGA

No.

PAL

Ms. Morisset.

TOPANGA

Missus.

Pal looks at Buddy out of exhaustion. Buddy shrugs.

PAL

Ahem, Mrs. Morisset, do you know
where you are?

TOPANGA

I don't have time for this. Leave.
Get out. Who are you again? I will
have you ruined by online reviews!

PAL

All the reviews suck. It makes no
difference.

BUDDY

It's Hell.

TOPANGA

That certainly sounds awful.

PAL

No, Mrs. Morisset, you're literally
in Hell.

Buddy opens the curtain of a nearby window and points out. A
neighbor's car backs out of a driveway. ERIC is seen riding
his bike down the road. THUMP!

TOPANGA

Excuse me? Is that how you talk to--

BUDDY

It says right here that you died
last Wednesday and were found the
following Saturday. You're dead.
You've been dead for about a week
or so.

PAL

And in Hell. We really can't stress this enough.

TOPANGA

I don't deserve Hell!

BUDDY

Well, apparently you do. What happened when you were alive?

TOPANGA

Stop!

BUDDY

Ma'am, I understand this is a lot to take in, but no one stole your cats. You're here for a reason, and I'd like to find out why. It may explain why you can't see them.

TOPANGA

(confessing)

Their owners weren't taking care of them! I had to take them in. They were running around in the streets like troublemakers!

PAL

(slightly amazed)

Cats roam during the day. You stole people's cats?

TOPANGA

I adopted them! I don't deserve Hell for that!

PAL

Did their owners know you "adopted" them? Did they not put out notices for them?

TOPANGA

Well...

BUDDY

Okay. So, "Thou shalt not steal?" You were literally a cat burglar.

TOPANGA

I was not! I was taking care of them! They are the most beautiful things and they deserve love!

(MORE)

TOPANGA (CONT'D)
They deserve to be fawned over and
looked after with affection!

A moment passes as Buddy and Pal let Topanga process.

BUDDY
(gently explaining)
In Hell, people suffer...

Topanga looks up.

BUDDY (CONT'D)
We don't have your torture papers
on hand, but I'm guessing your
damnation is not being able to see
your cats since all you want to do
is look at and look over them, but
they're not yours to do so with.
The demon - Vladimir, his name is
Vladimir - didn't steal any of
them. You're just not allowed to
see them.

TOPANGA
(sniffling)
I always thought Hell would be full
of dog people.

PAL
Well, you know, it probably is. I
mean, if all dogs go to heaven,
then the perfect Hell for dog
lovers would be going through
eternity and never being around a
dog. And cats are arseholes, so...

Pal points downward.

BUDDY
(to Pal)
That's a very inspired way of
looking at it.

TOPANGA
(quietly)
Eternity...

Topanga feebly makes her way into a chair. Cats scurry away.

BUDDY
If it makes you feel any better,
the cats are here with you.

PAL

Every single one. Can you not smell them?

Topanga stays silent. The tension is heavy.

TOPANGA

What can I do to change this? Is there anything I can do? There must be!

BUDDY

All you can do right now is accept that you made a few mistakes--

PAL

A few dozen...

BUDDY

You made a recurring mistake that I think you knew deep down was wrong. The only thing you can do right now is accept and move on.

A moment passes.

PAL

She should let them free.

TOPANGA

I can't let cats lose in Hell! They'll die!

PAL

I think these cats are a little bit beyond that.

TOPANGA

Oh. True...

PAL

If stealing them led to this torture, perhaps letting them go will reverse it?

BUDDY

She's still in Hell. Doesn't she need a damnation?

PAL

She's a sweet old lady in Hell without any cats of her own, let alone her family. That is Hell.

Buddy, surprised at Pal's thoughtfulness, nods.

BUDDY

Come on, Mrs. Morisset. Let's open
the door.

Buddy and Pal help Topanga up and back into the

INT. FOYER - CONTINUOUS

Topanga opens the door and stands there. The cats try to
exit, but can't get around her.

PAL

(chuckling)

Mrs. Morisset. Come this way.

Topanga shifts out of the way and the cats run out of the
house.

Topanga stares out the doorway and begins to cry.

BUDDY

What's wrong?

TOPANGA

They're beautiful...

A cat makes its way back inside. Topanga looks down.

TOPANGA (CONT'D)

Oh!

The cat rubs against her leg.

Buddy and Pal look at each other and share a little smile,
unsure if they broke the rules of their job by helping
Topanga or if that is the point of their job.

BUDDY

Well, now that we cleared this up,
can we assure your neighbor that
his house won't be broken into
anymore?

Topanga picks the cat up and walks into her living room in
peace.

BUDDY (CONT'D)

We'll see ourselves out then.

Buddy begins to exit as Pal follows.

TOPANGA (O.S.)
Please, grab some pie on your way
out! And I have a few faces for you
to return... vile things.

Pal stops, turns around in surprise and then back toward
Buddy. Buddy shrugs. Pal turns back to look into the house,
contemplating.

EXT. CAR - THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD - MOMENTS LATER

Buddy and Pal sit in the car in Topanga's driveway. Pal eats
pie on a paper plate. A SHOEBOX sits on the center armrest.

PAL
This is not as good as the face
guy's.

BUDDY
(looking at Pal)
Probably wasn't made in a face
oven.

Buddy puts the car in reverse and backs up. We see ERIC come
up from the ground, trying to put his BIKE HELMET back on.
THUMP!

BUDDY (CONT'D)
Shit! Was that a cat?!

Pal looks in the mirror.

PAL
(mouth full)
Nope. Just Eric.

END ACT THREE

TAG

INT. VLADIMIR'S LIVING ROOM - LATER

Buddy and Pal sit on the sofa and eat pie as Vladimir enters.
The shoebox from the car sits on the coffee table.

VLADIMIR

I appreciate you looking into that
matter. I don't know how to thank
you!

BUDDY

Just doing our job, sir.

VLADIMIR

You did more than that. I wanted to
thank you for going the extra mile.

Vladimir pulls out two FACES from the box and hands them to
Buddy and Pal.

VLADIMIR (CONT'D)

From my own collection. This one
was a baseball player. This one, an
emperor!

(beat)

Go on! Try them out!

Pal reluctantly puts the face loosely overtop of his own.

PAL

(muffled)

...I love it...

BUDDY

(off Vladimir's look)

I actually just put my current face
on earlier...

VLADIMIR

I understand entirely!

We see Pal who has pie covering his face's mouth hole.

BUDDY

Jesus Christ.

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF SHOW