

BEST WISHES FROM SATAN

Written by

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FADE IN

INT. HALLWAY -- DAY

Hallway of a modern apartment building.

HARRY NATHAN (25) -- neat and nervous -- moves down the hallway and stops outside of the door to apartment #9. He reaches out to press the buzzer, but stays his hand.

He turns away from the door and heads back up the hallway. He stops again, turns around and heads back to apartment #9.

Harry's hand hovers over the buzzer.

INT. HELL

Tormented Souls shovel coal into furnaces.

A loud and elongated belch shatters the sounds of shoveling. In its wake, BILLY C. BUBB (looks 45) -- fearfully charismatic -- appears. He looks and dresses like a corporate executive. Two small horns sit either side of his widow's peak.

BUBB

Junior! Front and center, son.

BILLY C. BUBB, JR.(looks 18) -- tries hard to look cool -- steps out of the shadows and raises his hand.

Bubb signals for Junior to approach him. Junior sidles over.

BUBB

You asked me for a chance to prove yourself.

JUNIOR

That was in seventeen eighty-seven, Dad! I've had my tail in a knot ever since.

BUBB

You may be able to untie it today.

An exaggerated belch. Bubb disappears. A smaller belch. Junior disappears.

INT. HELL -- ROOM 666

Bubb and Junior watch a huge video screen that dominates the room.

The screen shows Harry Nathan hovering in the hallway. He paces back and forth in a parody of indecision.

During this, Junior opens a titanium attaché case. It contains an electronic pitchfork complete with dials and flashing buttons. He removes the pitchfork. Fits it together. Waves it around in the air.

JUNIOR

Behold. The Soul Sucker.

BUBB

Pay attention to the screen,
Junior.

INT. HALLWAY -- DAY

Harry stops in front of the door to apartment #9. He sucks in a gigantic breath, then presses the buzzer. As he waits, Harry checks in the back pocket of his jeans.

JUNIOR (V.O.)

Is that him, Dad? The mark?

BUBB (V.O.)

Harry Nathan in the faltering
flesh.

The apartment door opens. BETTY BRADDOCK (24) -- petite and pretty but with a hard edge -- stares silently at Harry.

HARRY

How've you been?

Betty remains stoic.

HARRY

I got your new address from the
post office and... how've you been?

Betty remains stoic.

HARRY

I've been okay. I missed you of
course. I know we only went out
for... so, how've you been?

Betty remains stoic.

HARRY
I've been thinking. About what you
said.

VOICE (O.S.)
Betty? Who's at the door?

BETTY
No one.

HARRY
Is that him?

DWAYNE DIAMOND (28) -- a mountain of a man in a T-shirt and
jeans -- joins Betty at the door.

DWAYNE
Is that him?

Dwayne towers over Harry. They check each other out.

HARRY
Can I talk to you? I need to talk
to you.

DWAYNE
She's got nothing to say to you.

HARRY
Five minutes. It's real important.

DWAYNE
You heard me. You want me to make
you do the chicken!?

BETTY
Not now, honey. You can make him
do the chicken some other time.

Harry pulls out a folded piece of paper from the back pocket
of his jeans. He fiddles with it nervously.

HARRY
I made this list of all my good
points and bad points, and some of
the decisions I've made lately.

DWAYNE
You were with this guy?

BETTY
Two weeks. I was on Prozac.

HARRY
I didn't know --

DWAYNE
Listen, buddy --

BETTY
Dwayne, honey. I can speak for
myself thank you.
(to Harry)
Five minutes. I suppose I owe you
that much.

Harry stares at Dwayne.

HARRY
Can we go someplace more private?

BETTY
Whatever you have to say, you can
say it in front of Dwayne.

HARRY
But it's... personal.

BETTY
Four-and-a-half minutes.

HARRY
(reads from list)
Remember how I could never decide
which socks to wear? Well now I
just open my sock drawer --

BETTY
Four minutes.

Harry offers the list to Betty.

HARRY
Here. This'll be faster.

Dwayne snatches the list from Harry's hand. Harry makes an attempt to get his list back, but there's no way he's going to beat out Dwayne.

Dwayne scans the list. He shakes his head and scoffs.

HARRY
Oh, like you're perfect!

Betty holds out her hand for the list. Dwayne gives it to her. Betty slips it into her pocket without looking at it.

BETTY
Harry... what do you want?

HARRY
I want... I wish you'd just give me
another chance.

BETTY
Be careful what you wish for
because you might not get it.

HARRY
I've changed. I'm a new me. You
can see how decisive I've become.

BETTY
Okay. I'll get back together with
you.

Dwayne glowers, but Betty digs him in the ribs.

BETTY
Just answer one question. My hair.
What do you think?

Betty puts her hair up.

BETTY
Up?

Betty lets her hair fall.

BETTY
Or down?

HARRY
Up or down? Your hair?

Betty puts her hair up.

BETTY
My hair. Up?

Betty lets her hair fall.

BETTY
Or down? Which do you prefer?

HARRY
Down. Down looks good.

Betty puts her hair up.

HARRY

But up looks nice too.

Betty lets her hair drop. She smiles at Dwayne, then closes the door in Harry's face.

HARRY

Down? Did you want me to say down?
Down is nice too.

INT. HELL -- ROOM 666

Bubb and Junior watch the big TV screen. Junior switches the Soul Sucker on and off, absentmindedly. Bubb looks over, irritated.

The screen shows Harry standing outside of apartment #9, looking uncertainly at the closed door.

Bubb clicks the remote. Harry's image freeze-frames.

BUBB

Get him to sell and I may just
retire early.

JUNIOR

And if I can't?

BUBB

You're back on the furnaces.

JUNIOR

Supervising?

BUBB

Stoking.

Junior gulps. He glances at the TV screen, then looks down at the Soul Sucker.

JUNIOR

(proud)
The Soul Sucker'll fix him.

BUBB

I still like to reach in and grab
them.

JUNIOR

You have to make way for modern
technology.

BUBB

I want you to use Wilma Deakins on this one.

A quick burp. WILMA DEAKINS (70) appears. Her white hair in curlers, wearing an asbestos apron and oven mitts, she could be your grandma. She talks with a Texas drawl.

WILMA

You called?

BUBB

Not yet, Wilma.

A quick burp. Wilma disappears.

JUNIOR

Why can't I go myself?

BUBB

People trust Wilma. She has a one hundred percent success record.

JUNIOR

I can take care of business, Dad.

BUBB

I see you're anxious for another millennium on the furnaces.

JUNIOR

Wilma Deakins it is.

BUBB

You can show yourself when the deed is done, okay, son?

JUNIOR

Then you'll see the Soul Sucker is bomb.

BUBB

Make sure it doesn't blow up in your face.

JUNIOR

Do you, like, always have to get the last word in?

BUBB

No.

INT. HARRY'S OFFICE -- DAY

A small office within "The Jackson Hive" ad agency. Three working desks. Framed print ads and certificates adorn the walls.

One Award Certificate reads: "Best Print Advertisement -- 2012" and is made out to "Harry Nathan, Head of Copy, The Jackson Hive, Burlingame, California" for "It Was Dale's Turn in the Database."

Harry sits at his desk, working with his computer. The desk is neat, like him. His monitor screen displays a photograph of Betty with her hair up. Harry presses a key and the screen shows a photograph of Betty with her hair down.

Harry flips between the two photographs.

CARLY CURTIS (25) -- smart, attractive but understated -- comes in clutching a toiletry bag. She sits at her desk, then puts the bag in a drawer. The drawer contains several unopened toothbrushes, tubes of toothpaste, floss and a bottle of mouthwash.

Harry quickly presses a key on his computer. Text replaces the photograph.

HARRY

After every meal? Even a cookie?

Carly runs her tongue over her perfect teeth. She nods.

CARLY

Especially a cookie.

Carly glances at the graphics on her screen, then at Harry. Her look lingers on him a little too long. When he stirs, she becomes flustered, then catches herself.

CARLY

I did your Numerology chart last night. You have a five destiny and a seven soul urge.

HARRY

Is that good?

CARLY

It's neither good nor bad. It's all what you make of it.

HARRY

What do you make of it?

CARLY

They're in opposition. Your five wants to be out there all of the time.

HARRY

That's fives for you.

CARLY

Your seven prefers to stay at home and be introspective.

HARRY

A party pooper, huh?

CARLY

Which could make you, well, indecisive.

HARRY

Where do these numbers come from?

CARLY

Your name and date of birth.

HARRY

I could lie about my age?

CARLY

Oh no, you mustn't do that. When you add both numbers together it means "burns brightly after ignition."

HARRY

You make me sound like a Zippo.

CARLY

It means you have a great potential once you get started. You just need the right person to turn you on.

HARRY

Yes, well, er, how's the graphic coming along?

CARLY

Take a look.

Harry's phone rings.

HARRY

That's probably Betty.

CARLY
Can she still freeze water with a
single touch?

HARRY
Hey, I have feelings for her.

CARLY
So do I.

Harry grabs the phone.

CARLY
I thought you guys broke up?

HARRY
I worked my magic on her yesterday.
I think she's changed her mind.

Harry picks up the phone, then puts it down.

HARRY
Wrong number.

CARLY
You're better off without her.

HARRY
She saved me. From Beaver Lady.

CARLY
Beaver, what?

HARRY
Some busybody at the library.
Betty intervened on my behalf.

CARLY
Okay, maybe she did one good deed,
sure, but --

The phone rings.

HARRY
This, is definitely Betty.

INT. MAX'S OFFICE -- DAY

MAX STANFORD (25) -- slick, self-centered and thinks he's paper-cut sharp -- lounges in a leather swivel chair, his feet resting on the edge of his polished oak desk. He wears a slimline headset and rocks back and forth as he speaks.

MAX

Can I borrow your car? Mine's in the shop.

INTERCUT TELEPHONE CONVERSATION -- HARRY AND MAX

Harry fiddles nervously with the phone cord, wrapping it and unwrapping it around his finger.

HARRY

Oh, hi, Max. I thought you were --

MAX

C'mon, Harry. Who's your best buddy since fifth grade? I got this hot date see.

HARRY

I'll probably -- I may have to go over to Betty's place.

MAX

Isn't she with Dwayne Diamond now?

HARRY

How do you know that?

MAX

I -- It's common knowledge. Can I come by at seven?

HARRY

Seven?

MAX

For the car.

HARRY

I may need --

MAX

You should see this piece of ass I've got for tonight, my man. She's so hot, just standing next to her can give you a tan.

HARRY

What if --

MAX

But I plan to be even closer than that.

HARRY

What if Betty calls? I've got to be ready.

MAX

I thought you were painting your bathroom?

HARRY

You're right. Betty mentioned it needed some work.

MAX

Good idea. Do it tonight. Leave the car keys on that table by the door and I won't even have to disturb you.

HARRY

What do you think? Paint the bathroom? Go to Betty's? Paint the bathroom?

CARLY (O.S.)

Do both. Paint the bathroom, then go to Betty's, if you have to.

HARRY

(to Carly)

Great idea. I wish I'd thought of that.

MAX

Thought of what?

HARRY

I was talking to Carly. She said I should paint the bathroom, then go to Betty's.

CARLY (O.S.)

If you have to.

MAX

That Carly's a fine piece of ass too, my man. You should hook me up with her.

HARRY

She's not your type.

MAX

Oh yeah? Exactly what type is she?

HARRY

She's her own type. Leave her alone.

MAX

Okay, okay. Here's what you do. Paint the bathroom. And then if you really need to go to Betty's, grab a cab. On me. I'll be over at seven.

Max hangs up.

BACK TO SCENE

GOUGH JACKSON (40) -- stocky and cocky -- sweeps into Harry's office, his ponytail swinging like a metronome.

GOUGH

I want you to start work immediately on an ad for Magnum Monitors.

HARRY

We already have a monitor account.

GOUGH

Now we have another one.

HARRY

I can't work on two competitive monitor accounts. It's not... ethical.

Gough makes the sign of the cross over Harry.

GOUGH

I give you special dispensation. The sin is on my head.

HARRY

You can't suddenly make a bacon sandwich kosher because you say so.

GOUGH

Okay, okay. What about this? You don't have to work on Magnum Monitors.

HARRY

Thank you.

GOUGH

Or any other account.

HARRY
How... What --

GOUGH
You're fired. Clear your desk.
And make sure you take only stuff
that belongs to you. Like your
coffee mug.

HARRY
I would never --

GOUGH
And your ethics.

Gough storms out. A stunned Harry watches him leave.

INT. HARRY'S OFFICE -- DAY (LATER)

Harry places his coffee cup and other personal items into a
cardboard box. Carly sits on the edge of Harry's desk.

CARLY
I'm so proud of you. Sometimes,
you're kind of, you know?

HARRY
I know.

CARLY
But when you do make a decision.
Watch out!

HARRY
I had no choice.

Harry slumps down in a chair.

CARLY
What?

HARRY
The downside. How do I get back
with Betty if I don't have a job?

CARLY
The hell if I know. Here.

Carly writes on the back of her business card. She hands it
to Harry.

CARLY
My home number. Call me any time.
To talk. You know.

Harry's places the final item in his box. He's ready to go. He and Carly stand off looking at each other in silence for a moment.

Harry holds out his hand. Carly steps closer to him. She hugs him, kisses him on the cheek.

CARLY
Call me, okay. Promise?

The phone on Carly's desk rings.

HARRY
That fast enough for you?

Carly smiles.

CARLY
Promise?

Phone keeps ringing.

HARRY
You should get that. I promise,
okay?

Carly picks up the receiver, listens.

Harry picks up his box, slips out.

INT. HARRY'S BATHROOM -- NIGHT

White-paint-spattered newspapers cover the floor. Several of them are stamped with white footprints.

A paint tray sits on the newspapers.

A paint-spattered Harry balances precariously on the lip of the bathtub. He grips a paint roller in one hand, then twists around so he can lean up against an unpainted section of the wall with the other, supporting himself.

Harry paints.

A door opens and closes.

MAX (O.S.)
Harry? You in there?

HARRY

Let me just --

MAX (O.S.)

Stay where you are, it's okay. I just came by to pick up the car keys.

Harry tries to turn himself around.

HARRY

I got canned today. Canned!

MAX (O.S.)

I hate that. My mother used to do that. Talk to me while she was on the can.

HARRY

I'm not on the can.

MAX

I'm outta here, my man. I'll bring the car back in the morning.

A door opens and closes.

HARRY

Max! Wait! I've got to talk to you.

Harry slips off the lip of the tub, plunging toward the paint tray.

He tries to pirouette in mid-plunge to avoid stepping into the paint tray. He steps onto the edge of the toilet bowl instead.

His foot slips. It plunges into the toilet bowl.

His left hands strikes the lever. The toilet flushes.

The water swirls around Harry's foot, sucking at his sock.

Harry pulls his foot free with an audible "pop." The momentum carries him backward. He reaches out to break his fall... and puts his hand in the paint tray.

LIVING ROOM

Harry slumps on the sofa, his head between his hands.

He wears a glove of white paint on his left hand. His right foot is bare. His shoe and soggy sock lie on the floor next to his feet.

Harry sits up, wipes away his tears. He picks up his shoe, holds it up, looks inside. A glob of paint spills out onto his face. He hurls the shoe across the room.

KITCHEN

Harry rummages through a drawer in the kitchen cabinet.

A coil of rope lies in the drawer.

Harry unspools the rope. He snaps it taut a couple of times. He lays the rope on the worktop, then takes a large kitchen knife from another drawer, sets that down next to the rope. His hand hovers between the rope and the knife.

He picks up one item, then discards it in favor of the other. He does this several times.

Harry taps the rope, then the knife, moving from one to the other.

HARRY

Eeney, meeney, miney, moe.

His finger finishes on the knife, so he grabs it up. He practices positioning the knife over his heart, then notices a spot on the knife blade. He turns the knife over and over beneath the light. There are many spots and blemishes on the blade.

He washes the knife. Then he washes another knife and another. Soon, he is washing the dishes, then wiping down the worktops, then cleaning the floor, then vacuuming the apartment.

LIVING ROOM

Harry lies on the sofa, snoring softly. He wears a change of clothes. His hair is still damp from the shower.

The doorbell rings.

Harry snuffles.

The doorbell rings.

Harry awakens groggily.

HARRY

Max?

WILMA (O.S.)

Wilma Deakins.

Harry struggles upright.

WILMA (O.S.)

Come on, son, get your skinny butt out here!

HARRY

Are you the Avon lady? You don't sound like the Avon lady?

WILMA (O.S.)

Nope, definitely not the Avon lady.

HARRY

Then go away.

WILMA (O.S.)

Can't do that. Got something for ya. A gift, like.

HARRY

Leave it at the door.

WILMA (O.S.)

Can't do that, either. You have to sign for it.

Harry heads for the door.

HARRY

You from UPS? You folks sure do work late.

Harry opens the door.

Wilma stands in the hallway. She wears a matching sweater and cardigan, pearls, pants and cowboy boots.

HARRY

I thought you guys all wore brown?

Wilma carries her knitting bag. She hands a business card to Harry.

It is a red card with black lettering on two lines. The first line reads: "Wilma Deakins." The second line announces "666: The Sign of the Tines." A pitchfork graphic sits in the bottom right corner.

HARRY (O.S.)
Tines? Forks? Is that the gift?

WILMA
Don't just stand there with your
manners hanging out. Invite me in,
son.

Harry looks Wilma over.

HARRY
Sure.

Wilma smiles as she steps across the threshold. She looks
around the room.

WILMA
This place ain't too shabby.

HARRY
Thank you.

Wilma smiles.

HARRY
I have to warn you. I already have
plenty of forks.

Wilma smiles.

WILMA
That ain't the gift, son. Not yet,
anyways.

INT. HELL -- ROOM 666

Junior sits in front of the large TV screen. He watches
Harry and Wilma.

He press "FAST FORWARD" on his remote. Nothing happens.

He shakes the remote. Presses "FAST FORWARD" again. Still
nothing.

He hurls the remote across the room.

INT. HARRY'S LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT

Harry sits on the sofa. His hair is now dry. Wilma paces up
and down in front of him, making her pitch.

WILMA

... and that's about the size of it, son. Three wishes.

HARRY

From this Billy C. Bubb?

WILMA

The Devil himself. So, what do you think? About the wishes?

HARRY

Give me a minute.

Wilma smiles. Harry rises. Wilma sits. She knits. Harry smiles.

HARRY

Are you from that new TV show "Bloopers"?

WILMA

I'm from Hell, son and still cooling off.

HARRY

And this is for real? The wishes? The Devil? The whole nine yards?

WILMA

The entire enchilada.

HARRY

Okay, Mrs. Deakins, I'll play along. Tell me more about these wishes.

WILMA

You c'n call me Wilma.

HARRY

Wilma. You were going to grant me three wishes.

WILMA

Trade you. For your immortal soul.

HARRY

And I can wish for whatever I want?

WILMA

Yep. So long as you make all of them wishes in thirty-six hours.

HARRY
I really would like to get back
with Betty.

WILMA
Good looking filly.

HARRY
Yeah.

WILMA
Who bucked ya off for another
rider.

HARRY
Yeah!

WILMA
Who's all hat and no cattle.

HARRY
An ape.

WILMA
Dumber'n dirt.

HARRY
A Neanderthal. A mouth-breathing,
knuckle-dragger!

Harry pounds his fist into his palm.

WILMA
And if'n you do beat the Devil, why
everything ya wish for gets to stay
in your saddlebags.

Harry digests Wilma's words. His eyes reflect a look of
wistful longing.

HARRY
Like Betty perhaps? And my own
agency?

WILMA
(flat)
Like Betty perhaps. And your own
agency.

HARRY
Let's do it!

Wilma snaps her fingers. A contract appears. She snaps her
fingers again. A pen appears. She hands the pen to Harry.

HARRY
How did you do that?

WILMA
I led a very bad life.

Harry weighs the contract in his hand. It's as thick as a phone book. He paces the floor.

HARRY
This is really for real, then?

WILMA
I'm obliged to tell you that losing your soul is for real too, son.

HARRY
What's it like? Does it hurt?

WILMA
Not one bit. Ya ever heard of a soulless task? That's what you will get.

Wilma holds up her knitting. The sweater has the makings of a pointy tail.

WILMA
Mine is to knit forty-seven billion three hundred million two hundred six sweaters. Just in case Hell ever does freeze over.

INT. SUPERMARKET -- CEREAL AISLE -- NIGHT

Wilma trails Harry as he fills his shopping cart with "Fiber One."

WILMA
A whole aisle. Nothing but cereal.

Wilma waves the contract in Harry's face.

WILMA
Not that I'm not having an exciting time an'all, but....

HARRY
I want to... but then again...

WILMA

I'm sorry, should I get Max to help make your decision for ya? Just like he's been doing all your life.

HARRY

I can handle my own decisions, thank you.

WILMA

I was just wondering is all.

Harry hesitates. Wilma suddenly strikes her forehead with the heel of her hand.

WILMA

Shoot! I know what's bothering ya. You ride mighty high in the saddle and wouldn't wanna be riding double with the Devil. Ya think he's unethical, am I right?

HARRY

Is that a question?

WILMA

You are wrong, see. It's what they call a "popular misconception."

FROZEN FOODS AISLE

Harry loads quarts of Ben and Jerry's "Phish Food" into his cart.

WILMA

A whole aisle. Nothing but ice cream.

HARRY

So the Devil's really a nice guy, huh? The epitome of ethics.

WILMA

He's an entity of his word, same as you are, son. Think on it a spell. Ya ever heard of the Devil welshing on a deal? That folks didn't get what he promised?

HARRY

No...

WILMA

Nosirreebubb. And as for evil... that's just your Judeo-Christian propaganda says the Devil is bad.

HARRY

Propaganda?

WILMA

Sure. Ain't these the very same folks who tell you that candy is bad and that sex is bad? But candy is good. And sex is --

HARRY

Yeah. I know.

WILMA

Are you gonna turn down a sure-fire offer 'cause some people gave the Devil a bad rap?

HARRY

Keep talking.

WILMA

Are them folks gonna get ya back with Betty? Are they gonna give you chocolate instead of vanilla? I don't think so.

Wilma offers Harry the pen.

WILMA

Just need your John Hancock.

HARRY

Show me the fine print.

Wilma flips through the contract expertly. It drops open at a page of teeny-tiny almost microscopic print. She hands it back to Harry.

Harry looks at the tiny type with dismay. He flicks forward several pages to find more of the same.

HARRY

Do you have a magnifying glass?

Wilma pats herself down.

WILMA

Seems I forgot to pack it.

OFFICE SUPPLIES AISLE

Harry picks a magnifying glass from the rack. He cracks open the packaging.

HARRY

Now we shall see what we shall see.

WILMA

Isn't that stealing?

HARRY

Not when I add it to my cart.

Harry scrutinizes the fine print with the magnifying glass.

WILMA

What do you see, son?

The magnifying glass reveals type as tiny as it was before.

HARRY

The same mouse crap.

Harry throws the magnifying glass into his cart in disgust.

Wilma hesitates for a brief moment.

WILMA

What you are looking at here says that whatever you wish for, your best friend gets double.

HARRY

Max Stanford? If I wished for fifty thousand dollars, Max would get one hundred thousand dollars?

WILMA

Correct. That is, of course, if he agrees to the wish.

HARRY

Are you nuts? Who wouldn't agree to one hundred thousand dollars!?

WILMA

Oh, a young feller who was, let's say, a skosh undecided. Maybe recently unemployed...

HARRY

Very funny.

EXT. SUPERMARKET -- PARKING LOT -- NIGHT

Harry struggles out with his bags. Looks around the lot.

WILMA

We walked here, remember?

Harry sags.

WILMA

But I can get us back to the ranch.

Wilma proffers the pen once more.

Harry reaches out, then pauses.

HARRY

It doesn't hurt? And I get to keep everything?

Wilma nods.

HARRY

Dwayne. Your days are numbered.

INT. HARRY'S KITCHEN -- NIGHT

A double belch. Harry and Wilma appear. Harry holds a plastic bag in each hand. Wilma is similarly loaded down.

Harry places the bags on the kitchen counter. He gestures for Wilma to do the same.

She holds out the contract for him to sign.

HARRY

Let me put my stuff away first.

Harry places his ice cream in the freezer. Wilma watches.

WILMA

You surely like that there "Phish Food."

HARRY

My mom once told me fish is "brain food." I can't stand the smell of fish, so I buy this.

WILMA

But this here is chocolate.

HARRY

Two birds and so on.

Harry stows the "Fiber One" into the cabinet, which is already lined with the same cereal.

WILMA

Chocolate fish ain't real fish,
son.

HARRY

And fish balls ain't real --

WILMA

Bang my britches but you sure like
that cereal.

HARRY

When I was a small boy, other
mothers wanted their kids to be
doctors or dentists.

WILMA

How sweet.

HARRY

My mother just wanted my bowels to
be regular.

Wilma glances at the boxes of cereal.

WILMA

Like clockwork, I'll bet.

Harry tucks the final box into the cabinet.

WILMA

You ready now?

HARRY

As I'll ever be.

Wilma holds out the contract.

Harry sucks in a humongous breath, then signs the contract with a flourish.

LIVING ROOM

Wilma takes out a tiny pin in the shape of a pitchfork from the collar of her twin set, reaches for Harry's hand.

WILMA
You don't mind?

Wilma pricks Harry's index finger.

WILMA
It's tradition, like.

Wilma blots the blood from Harry's finger on the contract.

A hiccup breaks the silence. The contract disappears in a puff of smoke.

WILMA
Now remember, son, ya got just
thirty-six hours to make all of
them wishes. If you should fail,
then --

HARRY
The Devil gets my soul.

WILMA
So you want to wish for a hundred
thousand dollars?

HARRY
(smiles)
No. My first wish is... three more
wishes!

WILMA
Well look at Mr. Chocolate here.
But are ya sure?

HARRY
Just do it!

Harry watches Wilma intently.

HARRY
So. I have five wishes now?

WILMA
Six. The first one's on me.

HARRY
Does Max get twelve wishes?

WILMA
Nope. Only you gets to make the
wishes. 'Course, ya still got just
thirty-six hours to make all six of
them wishes.

HARRY

Piece of cake. I've already
decided on my next wish.

WILMA

Landsakes. You are quick as a
hiccup when ya gets goin'.

Harry screws up his eyes tightly, like a little boy after
blowing out his birthday candles.

HARRY

I wish that Betty and I are back
together again.

Harry stands with his eyes tightly closed. Wilma taps her
foot idly, inspects her fingernails.

Harry opens his eyes, scans the room.

HARRY

Is it done? I don't see her? Is
she here?

Harry looks behind the TV, under the table, even removes the
sofa cushions.

HARRY

Betty? Betty? Betty!

Wilma fights the urge to smile.

WILMA

She can't hear you, son.

HARRY

But you said --

WILMA

I said that everything you wished
for, your best friend gets double.

HARRY

And?

WILMA

You have to check with him first.
It's in the fine print.

HARRY

I'll call him right now. I know
Max would want me to get back with
Betty.

Harry snatches up the phone.

WILMA
I'm sure he would. But ask
yourself this question. How can
one Max get back with two Bettys?

Harry pauses, then slowly hangs up the phone.

WILMA
It ain't logical.

HARRY
You said nothing about logic. Just
wishes.

WILMA.
Logic too. That's in the fine
print as well.

HARRY
I can't wish to get back with
Betty?

WILMA
Nu-uh.

HARRY
Can I wish for Betty to get back
with me?

WILMA
Nu-uh.

HARRY
Still not logical, right?

Wilma tries not to gloat, but fails.

HARRY
Are all of my wishes going to be
like this?

Wilma nods and smiles. She sits at one end of the sofa. She
knits. The tail shows a definite arrowhead point.

HARRY
I wish I could go back to the way
things were.

Wilma shakes her head.

HARRY
I know. Not logical.

Harry slumps down at the other end of the sofa, defeated.

INT. MAX'S BEDROOM -- NIGHT

The bedroom is dark.

Max sits on the edge of his bed in his boxers, the phone to his ear.

A digital clock radio stands on the bedside table. Its illuminated dial reads: 11:45 PM.

LUCY LANGHORN (25) forms a dim voluptuous outline behind Max.

MAX

No, no, Dwayne, don't come over here! I'll get you the money. Tomorrow. I'll find a way. I promise.

INT. HARRY'S LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT

Harry holds the receiver to his ear. He paces back and forth.

Wilma looks up from her knitting. The sweater now has a hood and the nubs of two horns.

INT. MAX'S BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Max snatches up the ringing phone.

The digital clock radio dial now shows 11:47 PM.

MAX

I told you. Tomorrow!

HARRY (V.O.)

What about tomorrow?

MAX

Oh, it's you, Harry. D'you know what time it is?

INT. HARRY'S LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT

Harry continues his excited pacing.

HARRY
... and the Devil gave me three wishes.

INTERCUT TELEPHONE CONVERSATION -- HARRY AND MAX

Max snorts.

MAX
Yeah. You wish!

HARRY
I did. I wished for another three.
Now I have six.

MAX
That's what you got me out of a hot bed for?

Lucy sits up. She snakes her arm around Max's waist. Her hand strokes his chest.

MAX
I got a wish of my own, my man, and she's getting antsy right now.

HARRY
I need your help. With the wishes. See, whatever I wish for, my best friend, that's you, gets twice as much.

MAX
I like the way this devil thinks.

HARRY
But I have to check with you first.

MAX
Still can't make a decision, huh?

HARRY
No. I mean, yes. I mean, it's part of the deal.

Lucy kisses and nibbles Max's neck and shoulders. Max responds with pleasure.

MAX
Whatever. Okay. So, if I tell you what to wish for, will you let me get back to bed?

HARRY

Sure. I thought I'd like to be more decisive.

MAX

Which means I'd be twice as decisive, right?

HARRY

Right.

MAX

I'm decisive enough, thanks. What else you got?

HARRY

I thought money?

MAX

Money is good. Then sex. Then a big, fast car. A Ferrari.

Lucy smiles seductively at the mention of "sex" and "Ferrari."

HARRY

I thought fifty -- two hundred thousand.

MAX

Two hundred grand!? That would hardly pay off my -- Why think small? Go for broke. A mill. No. A billion.

HARRY

Two billion!

MAX

Whatever. I'm going to hang up now, Harry. Don't call me again tonight, okay? I'll see you tomorrow when I -- I'll see you tomorrow.

(to Lucy)

My friend, Harry Nathan. I think he's been drinking. Now, Lucy, where were we?

Max hangs up the phone, jumps on Lucy.

MAX

About here, I think.

INT. HARRY'S LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT

Harry stands almost at attention in front of Wilma.

HARRY

I formally wish for two billion dollars.

WILMA

Okay, just hold your horses, son. I ain't seen anyone so all-fired anxious since I slapped my grandson's gerbil on the griddle.

Harry takes a deep breath.

HARRY

I wish for two billion dollars.

WILMA

'Fraid you are gonna have to be a mite clearer than that, son.

HARRY

More fine print, huh?

Wilma smiles and nods.

HARRY

I'd like to see this fine print.

WILMA

It's in the contract ya signed.

HARRY

Then I'd like to see the contract again.

WILMA

That's downstairs. Being processed.

HARRY

Then get it back here as soon as it is processed.

WILMA

About this wish. Two billion dollars is a shootload of money. And four billion is a shootload more.

HARRY

Thanks for the math lesson.

WILMA

For example. Do you want the money in cash? Do you want it to appear here or in your bank account?

HARRY

Cash. Here. No. Yes. Here.

WILMA

Okay, here, you say. But where, here? Two billion actual dollars is a mess o'money. Enough to fill this whole room.

HARRY

Okay, bank account.

WILMA

Cashier's check or wire transfer? Landsakes, you can't just march into the bank with a roomful of cash.

HARRY

Cashier's check. No. Wire transfer. No.

WILMA

Wire transfer is quicker.

HARRY

Okay. Wire transfer, then.

Wilma smiles.

HARRY

Did I say something funny?

WILMA

Nope. You asked for a wire transfer. One wire transfer coming right up.

HARRY

Just like that?

WILMA

Just like that.

HARRY

Two billion dollars in my account?

WILMA

Two billion dollars.

HARRY
And four billion in Max's?

WILMA
Four billion.

HARRY
No hard feelings, but I'm going to check.

WILMA
The banks don't open till morning.

HARRY
I can check my bank balance on-line.

LIVING ROOM -- DAY (LATER)

Harry sits at his computer screen.

Wilma knits the last horn on the hood of her sweater. The sweater disappears and a ball of red and black wool takes its place. Wilma starts in on the new sweater.

The computer screen shows an on-line entry of Harry's bank account. The most recent line items flashes. It reads:

"112312: 12:05:10 AM: \$2,000,000,000.00: PENDING"

LIVING ROOM -- DAY (LATER)

Wilma dozes in a chair, snoring delicately. The knitting rests in her lap.

Harry sits in front of his computer screen, fixated by the flashing line.

He checks his watch. He looks at the screen. He checks his watch again.

HARRY
Come on, bank. Open-open-open!

LIVING ROOM -- DAY (LATER)

The line item on the computer screen continues to flash. This time, the line reads:

"112312: 9:30:27 AM: \$2,000,000,000.00: CREDITED"

Harry and Wilma doze in their respective chairs.

The phone rings.

Harry catapults awake, snatches up the receiver.

INT. NORMA PETERSON'S OFFICE -- DAY

NORMA PETERSON (45) -- well groomed, wears a business suit -- sits behind her desk. An American flag and a sign bearing the legend "Cal Republic Bank" bracket her like parentheses. She flicks a glance at her computer screen.

HARRY (V.O.)

Hello?

INTERCUT TELEPHONE CONVERSATION -- HARRY AND NORMA

Harry white-knuckles the phone.

PETERSON

Harry Nathan?

HARRY

Yes?

PETERSON

This is Norma Peterson at Cal Republic.

Harry checks his computer screen.

HARRY

The money's credited now.
Excellent!

PETERSON

That's the reason for my call.

HARRY

I couldn't believe it either. I was sure he'd welsh on the deal. Two billion dollars! Isn't that a trip?

PETERSON

Not one we can take right now. I have a few questions first.

HARRY

Ask away.

PETERSON
I need to substantiate the funding source. Exactly where did this money originate?

HARRY
Isn't it on the wire transfer?

PETERSON
Precisely my point. The transfer originates from a bank out of Baghdad in Iraq.

Harry nudges Wilma awake.

HARRY
(to Wilma)
The wire transfer comes from Iraq!

PETERSON
Exactly.

WILMA
So?

PETERSON
Why did you receive two billion dollars from a bank in Iraq?

HARRY
(to Wilma)
Why did the money come from Iraq?

PETERSON
This would go much faster if you didn't repeat my questions.

WILMA
Because that's where the boss landed when He was cast out of Heaven.

HARRY
(to Peterson)
Because that's the headquarters of the person who gave me the money.

PETERSON
This is all very suspicious. And the bank's policy on suspicious money is to send it back where it came from. Which is exactly what I'm going to do.

Harry places his hand over the mouthpiece.

HARRY

(to Wilma)

She's sending the money back! She thinks I'm an arms dealer or something. What should I do?

WILMA

Tell her the truth, son. I've knitted sweaters for many a bank manager.

HARRY

Maybe a little white lie would be better here?

WILMA

Excuse me?? Aren't you Mr. Ethics-Even-If-It-Costs-Me-My-Job?

HARRY

(to Peterson)

You're probably not going to believe this, but I swear it's true. I did a deal with the Devil. I sold him my soul for three -- no, excuse me -- six wishes and --

PETERSON

The money goes back.

LIVING ROOM -- DAY (LATER)

Harry sits at his computer, fixated by the screen.

The line item flashes and now reads:

"112312: 10:30:45 AM: \$2,000,000,000.00: DEBITED"

After a moment, the flashing stops and the line item disappears.

LIVING ROOM -- DAY (LATER)

Harry slumps at his computer. Wilma knits. The phone rings.

Harry brightens. He snatches up the receiver.

HARRY

Did you change your mind?

INT. MAX'S OFFICE -- DAY

Max sits at his desk, hunched forward. He holds the receiver with one hand and dry washes his face with the other.

MAX

Tell me again what happened to my four billion dollars.

HARRY

My bank manager, she...

(to Wilma)

What happened? Why didn't Max keep his money?

MAX

Who you talking to?

HARRY

Wilma. She was the one who gave me the wishes.

MAX

Keep her there. I'm coming over. ASAP.

INT. HARRY'S LIVING ROOM -- DAY

Harry paces the floor.

Wilma knits. She works on the sleeves.

WILMA

That's him, huh? Your best friend?

HARRY

I know. With friends like me...

WILMA

He's in a stampede without a saddle.

HARRY

I've been thinking.

WILMA

About the wishes?

HARRY

About why you picked me.

WILMA

No reason. Or maybe there was a reason? Nope. No reason. Or maybe --

HARRY

Very funny. I've been thinking about Betty too. I don't want to force her to be with me. I wouldn't want her that way. Or anything else that I couldn't get honestly. It wouldn't be... ethical.

WILMA

Hold that thought.

Wilma smiles like a fox.

WILMA

Trivial items too. Like socks and shirts and stuff. You wouldn't want to waste your ethics on them either, right?

HARRY

I've got enough socks.

WILMA

That's good, 'cause it's already in the fine print.

HARRY

This fine print is growing like Pinocchio's nose. Why didn't you mention all of this before?

WILMA

Plain forgot.

HARRY

Anything else in the fine print you "plain forgot"?

WILMA

Now, son, if there was anything else I forgot, well, I just wouldn't remember it now, would I?

HARRY

I'd better take another look at this contract. It should have finished processing by now.

Wilma snaps her fingers. A tiny hiccup and the contract appears in Wilma's hand.

Harry reaches out for it.

Wilma snaps her fingers again. Another tiny hiccup and the contract disappears.

WILMA

You are gonna have to be a lot
quicker on the draw than that if'n
ya wanna beat the Devil's son.

LIVING ROOM -- DAY (LATER)

Wilma sits on the sofa, knitting.

Harry sits on the sofa. He looks hopeful.

Max paces up and down.

HARRY

Or a dog, you know. A big one.
Like a Lab or something. A house
too. In the country. The dog and
I could go for walks and --

Max grinds to a halt.

MAX

I don't want two houses in the
country. I've been to the country.
The whole place stinks of cow shit.

HARRY

You don't have to live there. You
can rent the houses. Even sell --

MAX

Let's fix the first wish. This
time, wish for four billion
dollars.

WILMA

He can't.

MAX

Sure he can. He just says, "I wish
for four --"

WILMA

He can't make the same wish twice.

MAX

Who says?

WILMA

It's in the fine print.

MAX

But this isn't the same wish. It's for four billion dollars not two.

WILMA

Good try, but you will have to beat the bird to the worm to get one over on the Devil.

HARRY

I feel bad about this. I wish --

MAX

Stop! Don't say another word. I'll put together a list of stuff you can wish for.

EXT. HARRY'S DECK -- DAY

Wilma knits. Harry sits. Max consults a list.

MAX

Here's something. I could handle another say, two or three inches. Not that I'm small. But nine inches... the things I could do with that baby!

HARRY

Nine inches of what?

MAX

What do you think?? I want a nine-inch dick, okay!

HARRY

But -- but -- I'd have to wish for a four-and-a-half...

MAX

Size doesn't matter. You never use it anyway. Okay, okay. A car, then? I want that new Ferrari. Maximum speed, two hundred two miles an hour. Two hundred two!

HARRY
I've already got a car.

MAX
Harry, my man, let me put it this way. Without me, there are no wishes.

Max points to himself.

MAX
Best friend, see? Need my sign-off, see?

Max hands Harry a piece of paper.

MAX
I've written down the specs. All you have to do is call them in.

INT. HARRY'S KITCHEN -- DAY

Wilma brews coffee. Max paces the kitchen.

MAX
One little wish. And it'll help you meet your target.

HARRY
I will not wish for a babe! It's sleazy.

MAX
Exactly! The most beautiful woman in the world at your beck and call. No questions. No headaches. No whining. Come on, Harry, go for it. Say the words.

HARRY
It's not eth --

MAX
Christ, Harry. Start in with that ethical shit again and you deserve to go down.

HARRY
I'll think of something.

MAX
What about a porno empire? All those hot babes...

Max gestures with his list. Harry hesitates. Max sags.
Wilma smiles.

HARRY

I wouldn't have earned it, though.
It's not honest. It's not --

Max turns away in disgust.

MAX

When you're ready to make my
wishes, call me.

Max storms out. Harry watches him go. Wilma watches Harry.

WILMA

I just got me an idea for one of
your wishes.

Harry looks interested.

WILMA

An asbestos suit and a shovel.

HARRY

Asbestos is banned now.

WILMA

Not where you're headed, son.

INT. CARLY'S APARTMENT -- DAY

Living room of a modern apartment, tastefully decorated with
artistic flair. BOBBIE -- a blue parrot -- sidles from side
to side on his perch.

Harry paces back and forth. Carly stands watching him, a
toothbrush sticking out of her mouth.

HARRY

And then I thought of you.

CARLY

One second, okay?

Carly leaves the room. Bobbie and Harry look each other
over. The sound of rinsing and spitting, then Carly returns.

CARLY

And you're serious? This is not a
joke? No, you wouldn't joke about
something like this. Why me?

HARRY

You did my numbers and I thought --

CARLY

Okay, let me think. If you can't make the wishes, then you've got to get hold of that contract. Find a loophole; a way to break the pact.

HARRY

That's why I came here.

CARLY

I'd love to help. But at my level? That'd be like racing at Daytona in a Pinto.

HARRY

Do you know someone?

CARLY

I know lots of people, but I don't think anyone does this stuff anymore. It's... Nobody even believes -- I mean, selling your soul to the Devil? What were you thinking?

Harry slumps down on the sofa.

HARRY

I wasn't thinking. Obviously.

BOBBIE

Obviously.

CARLY

That's amazing. He never says anything except "Bobbie want a cracker."

BOBBIE

Bobbie want a cracker!

HARRY

Listen. Maybe it was a bad idea to come here. I got myself into this mess and --

Carly sits down next to Harry. She takes his hand.

CARLY

What's done is done and you came here for help.

Carly checks her watch.

CARLY
It's twelve-thirty now. What time?
When?

HARRY
Noon tomorrow.

CARLY
Wow! That's less than twenty-four
hours from now. We'll really have
to rock and roll.

Harry smacks the palm of his hand with his fist.

HARRY
I don't want to knit sweaters for
the rest of eternity!

Carly puts her arm around Harry, but he bounces to his feet
and starts pacing the floor.

HARRY
Maybe I should go to the library
and find some books? Maybe I
should try and find Max and make
those wishes he wants? Maybe I
should force Wilma to let me see
that contract again? Maybe --

CARLY
Harry! Take a deep breath.

Harry sucks in some air.

CARLY
We'll work this out. We just have
to put our heads together.

EXT. SUBURBAN SURFACE STREETS -- DAY

Max drives his red Ferrari down a quiet street.

A large and expensive SUV suddenly screams out of an
intersection and cuts Max off.

Dwayne leaps out of the SUV. He scrambles over to the
Ferrari, yanks open the driver's door, hauls Max out of the
car.

DWAYNE

Maxie Stanford. Well, I'll be damned.

Max gulps in fear.

DWAYNE

So, Maxie, nice wheels. Expensive wheels.

MAX

Pretty cool, yeah?

Dwayne grabs a handful of Max's shirt, hauls him up against the car.

DWAYNE

My question is, how come you're driving this fancy car when you still owe Nails a shitload of money!?

MAX

I can explain.

DWAYNE

You'd better, otherwise you'll be doing the chicken. You ever done the chicken, Maxie?

MAX

I don't think so.

DWAYNE

It's easy. I just grab your neck like so, see?

Dwayne grabs Max by the back of his neck.

DWAYNE

Then I force you to the ground and make you squawk like a chicken.

Dwayne slaps Max on the back of the head.

DWAYNE

Then I burst your spleen like an over-ripe melon!

INT. DWAYNE'S SUV -- DAY

Dwayne restrains Max in the shotgun seat with a meaty arm.

DWAYNE
Harry Nathan?

MAX
Do you know him?

DWAYNE
We've met.

MAX
So you believe me, then? About the wishes?

DWAYNE
Let's just say I'm not surprised everything's all screwed up.

MAX
Do I still have to do the chicken?

DWAYNE
Temporary reprieve, buddy. Let's you and me take a ride.

INT. RED FERRARI -- DAY

Dwayne drives the red Ferrari. Max sits nervously in the shotgun seat.

A Christmas tree air freshener dangles from the rear-view mirror. The digital clock displays 1:05 PM.

DWAYNE
Four-point-two-five seconds? Nails will be real pleased with his new car.

MAX
Just a minute. I --

Dwayne gives Max a look that would shrink the gonads on a gorilla.

MAX
I was just going to say, it'll be my pleasure to give Mr. Norman this car to pay off my debt.

DWAYNE
Part of the debt, buddy. Part of the debt.

Max swallows hard.

MAX
Part of the debt.

DWAYNE
And do you know how you can pay off
the rest?

MAX
How?

DWAYNE
I'm asking you. Do you know how
you can pay off the rest?

Max swallows hard again.

MAX
Not yet.

DWAYNE
Don't worry, I'm sure Nails'll
think of something.

MAX
That's what I'm afraid of.

INT. CARLY'S APARTMENT -- DAY

Harry and Carly are hard at their research. Books litter the floor.

Harry sits on the sofa, taking notes from a book in his lap.

Carly sits at the computer, staring intently at the screen.

Every so often, one of them sneaks a glance at the other. When they do this simultaneously, they both look away quickly.

CARLY
How you doing?

HARRY
I'm not even sure what I'm looking
for.

CARLY
I think I may have found something.

Harry catapults to his feet, rushes over to join Carly.

CARLY

I did a Google search on "pacts
with the Devil" and...

Harry leans in a little closer.

Carly inches back so their bodies are just touching.

CARLY

Voila!

Harry squeezes Carly's shoulder.

HARRY

Good job! This could be it. Let's
print it out.

Carly sets the printout in motion.

Harry's hand remains on Carly's shoulder.

Carly turns her head, rests her cheek against Harry's hand.

The printer pings to life.

Harry and Carly jump apart.

EXT. NAILS NORMAN'S HIDEOUT -- DAY

A large warehouse, one of many in the Mission district of San Francisco.

INT. NAILS NORMAN'S HIDEOUT -- DAY

A conference-type room with a whiteboard, podium and five rows of plain wooden chairs. The room has several doorways but none of them have doors attached.

NAILS NORMAN (40) -- big, bulky and mean -- stands at the podium. He holds a hammer in one hand and clutches a bunch of six-inch nails in the other.

Dwayne stands to one side of Nails.

Max sits in the center chair of the front row.

There is no one else in the room.

NAILS

This better not be a scam,
otherwise...

Nails pounds a nail into the podium.

Max swallows hard.

MAX

I swear on my mother's grave. How else would I get a Ferrari?

NAILS

Double, you say?

MAX

Double.

NAILS

Maxie, Maxie. You're holding out on me, Maxie.

MAX

No. I wouldn't.

NAILS

Let's do the math.

(to Dwayne)

Tell me. What's one plus one.

Dwayne looks from the hammer to the nail in the podium.

NAILS

It's okay, Dwayne. It's not a trick question.

DWAYNE

Two?

NAILS

Of course it is. So Dwayne, figure me this. If Harry Nathan wishes for one Ferrari and his best friend Maxie Stanford here gets double... how many Ferraris does Maxie get?

Nails pounds twice on the podium with the hammer. He glares at Max.

NAILS

Maxie?

DWAYNE

Two, boss.

MAX

Two.

NAILS

Thank you, Maxie.

MAX

Aw, come on, Nails, let me keep...
you don't need two... you're
welcome.

NAILS

Dwayne. Go collect my other
Ferrari. And bring this Harry
Nathan character back with you.

INT. CARLY'S APARTMENT -- DAY

Harry and Carly sit side-by-side on the sofa, poring intently
over several printouts. Carly instinctively passes a
printout to Harry at the precise moment he reaches out his
hand for it. Neither of them look up from their reading.

CARLY

Harry, I'm scared. This is serious
shit.

HARRY

I must have been nuts.

CARLY

You were stressed. Losing your
job. Breaking up with whassername.

HARRY

Yeah, whassername. Maybe we
shouldn't dabble, Carly?

CARLY

Don't second-guess yourself.

HARRY

It's just that --

Harry's stomach rumbles at top volume.

HARRY

(surprised)
I'm hungry.

Carly's stomach rumbles.

CARLY

Me, too.
(rises)
I'll make something.

HARRY

No. Let's keep working. I'll send out for pizza.

INT. HARRY'S LIVING ROOM -- DAY

Wilma sits on the sofa, knitting.

The lock mechanism snaps and clicks and the door swings open. Dwayne catapults into the room. He holds a lock-pick. He looks around the room.

DWAYNE

Don't give me no trouble, grandma or I'll make you... Where's Harry Nathan?

WILMA

Whoa, there, big feller.

DWAYNE

Where is he?

WILMA

Visiting with his friend, Carly Curtis.

DWAYNE

You got an address?

WILMA

She's in the book.

Dwayne scans the room. He spots the phone book and skims through it.

DWAYNE

Carly Curtis, you say?

Dwayne rips a page from the phone book.

INT. CARLY'S APARTMENT -- DAY

Bobbie sits quietly on his perch. Harry and Carly pore over a printout. They lean so close to each other to read it that their heads touch. They break apart, but not as quickly as before.

HARRY

I need a shave.

Carly rubs Harry's chin. Her hand lingers on his face. He lets it.

CARLY
Shave later. We've got to save
your soul first.
(double-take)
Will you listen to me??

Harry studies one of the printouts. He starts to smile.

HARRY
It says here that according to
Saint Alphonso Maria de Ligouri
back in seventeen eighty-seven, it
is possible to break a pact with
Satan, even if it has been signed
in actual blood.

CARLY
Harry?

HARRY
Which mine has. Well I signed it
in ink, but Wilma pricked my finger
and I suppose I sealed the deal in
blood. Is that like signing in
blood? I suppose it is.

CARLY
Harry?

HARRY
I know. Take a deep breath.

Harry sucks in the full capacity of his lungs.

INT./EXT. RED FERRARI -- DAY

Dwayne drives south on 101. The ripped-out page from the phone book lies on the seat next to him. The digital clock reads 3:30 PM.

INT. CARLY'S APARTMENT -- DAY

Harry paces while Carly sits. She reads from his copy of the printout.

Bobbie snores softly on his perch.

CARLY

"Renounce and abjure any contract with Satan."

HARRY

I renounce and abjure any contract with Satan.

CARLY

"Destroy all writings, talismans, charms, et cetera connected with the black arts."

HARRY

Don't have any of those.

CARLY

"Burn the written contract."

HARRY

That's going to be a problem.

CARLY

It says "or declare you regret and reject it." You can do that.

HARRY

I declare that I regret and reject my written contract with Satan.

CARLY

"Make restitution for any harm done, insofar as is possible."

HARRY

Harm done? Only to me.
Restitution? Carly?

CARLY

You never got the money, so you won't have to give that back. But you'll have to give all three Ferraris back, I imagine.

HARRY

I think Max may have a problem with that.

CARLY

I thought he was your best friend?

HARRY

We broke up.

INT./EXT. RED FERRARI -- DAY

Dwayne negotiates the surface streets. He consults a map.

INT. CARLY'S APARTMENT -- DAY

Harry cleans up the books strewn around the floor and places them into neat piles. He checks his watch.

CARLY

We can't wait any longer for this pizza. Let's pick something up on the way to Max's.

BOBBIE

Bobbie want a cracker!

HARRY

I'll bring you something back.

INT. CARLY'S APARTMENT -- DAY (LATER)

The apartment is empty. Some books are neatly arranged in piles. Others still litter the floor.

The lock mechanism snaps and clicks. The door swings open. Dwayne bursts into the room. He pulls out his gun and scans the apartment. Bobbie watches him.

DWAYNE

Yo! Harry Nathan? Get your butt out here, boy!

Dwayne moves around the living room.

DWAYNE

I'll find you, Nathan, and when I do, you'll be doing the chicken. Big time.

BOBBIE

Bobbie want a cracker.

Dwayne spins around and levels his gun at Bobbie.

BOBBIE

They went to Max's!

EXT. BETTY'S APARTMENT BUILDING -- DAY

Betty strokes the fine lines of the Ferrari seductively.

BETTY

This car is hot. Maybe your boss
will let you keep it?

DWAYNE

Only if he nails me to the seat.

INT. NAILS NORMAN'S HIDEOUT -- DAY

Two six-inch nails pin Max to his chair, one each through the fabric of his pants' legs. His eyes are wide and his mouth forms a silent scream rictus.

Nails holds the hammer over another six-inch nail that hovers just a skosh above Max's crotch.

NAILS

Do you believe in circumcision?

Nails raises the hammer.

MAX

Best friend! Become his best
friend! You get twice whatever he
wishes for.

NAILS

You mean, whatever I wish for.

INT./EXT. RED FERRARI -- DAY

Dwayne and Betty drive along a neighborhood street. Harry and Carly drive directly ahead of them in a silver Ferrari.

BETTY

That's Harry Nathan!

Dwayne roars by the silver Ferrari. He forces Harry to the side of the road.

Dwayne jumps out of the red Ferrari, barrels over to the silver Ferrari, yanks open the driver's door, grabs a handful of Harry's shirt.

DWAYNE

Okay, Nathan, don't give me no
trouble or I'll make you do the
chicken!

HARRY

The funky chicken?

DWAYNE

It'll be funky, sure. I'll grab you by the back of your neck and force you to the ground and make you squawk like a chicken. Then I'll --

HARRY

I know you. You're Dwayne Diamond.

DWAYNE

Yes and you're coming with me.

HARRY

Dwayne, listen. If this is about Betty, then I'm no longer interested. She's all yours. She can tear up the list and --

CARLY

What list?

HARRY

Something from a previous life.

DWAYNE

Get out the car.

Harry looks back at the red Ferrari.

DWAYNE

Both of you.

CARLY

You have no right --

Dwayne flashes a glimpse of his gun.

CARLY

Since you put it that way.

DWAYNE

Maxie said he got twice whatever you wished for.

HARRY

You spoke to Max?

Harry notices the Christmas tree air freshener dangling from the red Ferrari's rear view mirror.

HARRY

This is Max's car!

DWAYNE
Where's the other Ferrari?

HARRY
Where's Max?

Dwayne lifts Harry off his feet. Carly rushes to Harry's aid.

DWAYNE
I asked first.

CARLY
We're looking for Max too. Now put him down, please.

Dwayne lowers Harry.

DWAYNE
You two are coming with us.

Dwayne opens the passenger-side door of the red Ferrari. Betty gets out.

BETTY
Oh, look, it's Ho-hum Harry and Colgate Carly.

Carly launches herself at Betty, but Harry holds her back.

DWAYNE
(to Betty)
Harry'll go with me in this car. You and his girlfriend can follow us back to Nails' place in the other one.

INT./EXT. SILVER FERRARI -- DAY

Carly focuses on Harry's shape in the red Ferrari.

BETTY
Harry's with you now? What can you see in him?

CARLY
He's bright, articulate. He's intelligent. He's funny. He's crea --

BETTY
Is that what he wrote in his list?

CARLY
What list?

INT./EXT. RED FERRARI -- DAY

Harry brightens. He turns to face Dwayne.

HARRY
Betty seems to like my car.

DWAYNE
What's not to like?

HARRY
Then it's hers. As an act of retribution, I hereby relinquish ownership of and all rights to the Ferrari, registration plate --

DWAYNE
Good try. But it won't work.

HARRY
Nails, huh?

DWAYNE
He's smart. He'll do the math.

They drive in silence for a while.

DWAYNE
It's really true? All that stuff about the wishes?

INT./EXT. RED FERRARI -- NIGHT

The digital clock reads 6:15 PM. They drive along in silence for a while.

HARRY
Dwayne. I'd like you to let Carly go. She hasn't done anything. She doesn't have to be involved in this.

DWAYNE
Or Betty. I don't think Nails would actually hurt her, but...

HARRY
Then do it.

DWAYNE

I wish I could, but I need Betty to drive the other car. At least as far as Nails' place.

HARRY

I can do that.

DWAYNE

Why should I trust you?

HARRY

Remember the list I gave to Betty? You read that, right?

DWAYNE

It was pathetic.

HARRY

I wrote that I was honest. And I am. So if I give you my word that I'll drive the other car to Nails' place if you let Carly go, then I'll keep it.

DWAYNE

Say, "May the Boogeyman get me if I lie."

HARRY

Dwayne, I --

DWAYNE

Just say it.

HARRY

May the Boogeyman get me if I lie.

DWAYNE

You cross me and I'll make you do the chicken. I'll grab --

HARRY

Dwayne? You ever made anyone actually do the chicken?

DWAYNE

... no.

HARRY

Then don't worry, I won't break your run.

Dwayne pulls off at the next exit ramp.

The silver Ferrari follows.

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET -- NIGHT

The two cars sit side-by-side next to Dwayne's SUV.

Dwayne and Betty stand by the side of the SUV.

BETTY

Are you nuts?

DWAYNE

I believe him.

BETTY

Then you're a bigger jerk than I gave you credit for.

Dwayne raises his hand to where his gun is hidden, then drops it slowly to his side.

DWAYNE

Take the SUV. Take Carly home. Then go back to your place and stay there.

BETTY

I'll do no such thing. I'm not throwing away --

DWAYNE

Betty. Shut your yapper!

Harry and Carly stand by the silver Ferrari.

CARLY

I can help. I could --

HARRY

No. I want you at home. Where it's safe. Please.

CARLY

Harry?

HARRY

I need you to read up on those pacts and things. Find me another way to get out of this contract in case I can't complete my act of restitution.

Carly hesitates. Harry pulls her close to him. They embrace. Betty pouts at Dwayne.

DWAYNE
Stay at home until I come for you.

BETTY
And when will that be?

DWAYNE
When I get there.

Betty gets into Dwayne's SUV. Dwayne approaches the red Ferrari.

CARLY
Be careful, Harry.

HARRY
Hit those books, okay?

Dwayne interrupts Harry and Carly's kiss.

DWAYNE
(to Harry)
You seem pretty calm.

HARRY
I have a plan.

INT. NAILS NORMAN'S HIDEOUT -- NIGHT

Harry and Max sit facing the podium. Dwayne oversees them.

HARRY
You were supposed to be my friend.

MAX
It was you or a nail in the nuts.

They all stiffen at the sound of approaching footsteps.

Nails stomps into the room. He takes his place behind the podium. He carries the ubiquitous hammer and six-inch nails.

Max places his hands protectively between his legs.

Nails raps on the podium with the hammer.

NAILS
(to Harry)
Allow me to introduce myself.
(MORE)

NAILS (CONT'D)

Nails Norman. Your new best friend.

HARRY

Not unless I make it so.

NAILS

And so you will, Harry, and so you will.

HARRY

I need Max's Ferraris. Please give them to me.

NAILS

No.

HARRY

Please?

NAILS.

No. Nein. Nyet. Non. And in case you're dyslexic... O.N.

HARRY

Oh.

DWAYNE

(to Harry)

That's it?? That's your plan??

HARRY

Plan A only. Plan B is that I explain how vitally important this is, then I throw myself on his mercy.

Silence hangs in the air like a thick woolen blanket.

Nails watches Harry. Then he laughs. It's like a bullfrog's death rattle.

Nails laughs so hard, his eyes stream tears and he falls, convulsing, to the floor. He rolls around, smacking the floorboards with his hammer.

No one else moves. Or speaks. Or looks at Nails.

INT. NAILS NORMAN'S HIDEOUT -- DAY

Early morning.

Harry is bound and gagged to a chair with duct tape. He struggles against his bonds.

Max struggles in another chair. He is similarly bound and gagged with duct tape.

Dwayne dozes in a chair next to the podium. He needs a shave.

Nails strides into the room. He looks clean and sharp and wears a change of clothes. He carries the hammer and nails.

Nails approaches Harry. He rips the gag from his mouth.

Dwayne bolts awake. Max snaps his head around to see what's going on.

NAILS

Last chance.

HARRY

I can't. You're dishonest.

Nails smiles at some inner amusement. It is a frightening sight.

NAILS

Paneled or flat?

HARRY

Huh?

NAILS

The door. Paneled or flat?

HARRY

Do I have to be nailed to this door? Can't you just scotch-tape me?

NAILS

I'm going with flat.

Nails leans over Harry, smiles his awful smile again. He raps on the edge of Harry's chair, then cups a hand to his ear.

NAILS

Who can that be? Why, it's Destiny knocking. I'll just get the door.

Nails saunters out.

Harry and Dwayne watch him leave.

DWAYNE

You're lucky Nails is in such a good mood.

HARRY

He's going to nail me to a door!

DWAYNE

At least it's not paneled.

Max strains against his bonds. He cries out beneath his gag. Dwayne removes the tape.

MAX

I don't want to die! There are still thousands of women out there with my name on them.

HARRY

Dwayne, please?

Dwayne puts the tape back over Max's mouth.

DWAYNE

Maxie's right. Nails will kill you both.

HARRY

It's okay. I have a plan.

DWAYNE

Oh, shit!

HARRY

No. Trust me. It's a good plan. I'm going to make you my best friend.

DWAYNE

Why pick on me?

HARRY

Because you trusted me. Because you know it's only a matter of time before you end up nailed to a door too. Because I can get us both out of this.

DWAYNE

How?

HARRY

I make us disappear.

DWAYNE
This is no time for magic tricks.

HARRY
I can do it. Believe me.

DWAYNE
Say the words.

HARRY
May the Boogeyman get me if I lie.

DWAYNE
Okay. What's your plan?

HARRY
Cut my bonds. I need to be free of
the chair.

Dwayne hesitates.

HARRY
Quickly! Before Nails gets back.

Dwayne produces a switchblade. Frees Harry.

DWAYNE
Now what?

HARRY
Hold onto Max's arm. We need to
get him out of here too. I owe him
that much.

Dwayne grips Max's arm. Max's eyes widen in terror. He
shouts something unintelligible beneath his gag.

HARRY
Dwayne Diamond, I formally make you
my best friend. Do you agree to
that?

Dwayne nods.

HARRY
Say "I agree."

DWAYNE
I agree.

HARRY
If I wished to be fifty miles from
here, that would be okay with you,
wouldn't it?

DWAYNE

Sure. The further the better.

HARRY

You have to say, "Yes, it's okay with me."

The sound of footsteps causes everyone to whip their heads back and forth in concern.

DWAYNE

Yes, yes. It's okay with me.

Harry closes his eyes tightly.

HARRY

I wish to be fifty miles from here.

Nails invades the room carrying a door. He stops in his tracks.

Harry sits with his eyes closed. Dwayne holds on to Max's arm. Max squirms and yells beneath his gag.

POP! Harry disappears.

POP! POP! Dwayne and Max disappear.

CRASH! Nails drops the door.

EXT. CAMPBELL PARK -- DAY

A small dark park. Clouds scud by covering and uncovering the moon.

A pathway runs between bushes and trees.

POP! Harry appears on the pathway, still sitting in the chair. He leaps immediately to his feet.

Harry glances at his digital watch. It shows the time as "4:45 AM" and the date as "Thu 24 Nov."

HARRY

Phone, phone, phone.

Harry rushes off down the path.

EXT. CAMPBELL AVENUE -- DAY

Campbell Avenue, the main drag in downtown Campbell. Various stores line either side of the quiet street.

Harry stands at a phone booth. He snatches the receiver from its cradle. He hears the dial tone. He feeds in two quarters and dials Carly's number.

He gets the busy signal.

INT. CARLY'S APARTMENT -- DAY

Carly paces the room, the receiver pressed to her ear.

CARLY

Can't you use your powers to locate him? At least tell me if he's alive?

WILMA (V.O.)

I can't tell you exactly where he is, but wherever it is, he sure is hungrier than a horse in an oat famine.

EXT. PHONE BOOTH -- DAY

Harry replaces the receiver and sniffs the air. He turns through one-hundred-eighty degrees until he locates the source of the smell.

His stomach growls. He almost swoons. He licks his lips and sets off across the street to a pancake house.

HARRY

Got to eat. Got to think.

INT. CARLY'S APARTMENT -- DAY

Carly reaches out for the phone. It rings. She snatches her hand back.

BOBBIE

Bobbie want a cracker!

CARLY

Shut the hell up! Sorry, sorry, sorry.

Carly snatches up the phone on the third ring.

CARLY

Harry?

INT. LINDA HUNTER'S APARTMENT -- DAY

LINDA HUNTER (60) -- matronly, wears a dressing gown and slippers decorated with an astrological motif.

The room is immaculate. It is decorated with new age paintings and tchotchkes, each placed precisely and neatly in their respective positions.

HUNTER

Linda Hunter. The spiritualist.
You called me last night.
Something about devils and pacts
and wishes and deadlines and souls.
Said it was urgent. Said to call
you back at any time, day or night.

INTERCUT TELEPHONE CONVERSATION -- CARLY AND LINDA

Carly puts her hand on her heart.

CARLY

Yes, yes. Linda. Good. Great.
Terrific.

LINDA

Take a breath, dear.

Carly takes a deep breath.

LINDA

Have you read Alphonso?

CARLY

Yes, yes. But we need an
alternative. I don't think Harry
can successfully complete the
restitutions. He has this friend,
see and --

LINDA

There may be another way. But I'll
need to tell you some things.

Carly grabs a pen and pad. She writes furiously, the phone pressed to her ear.

INT. CARLY'S APARTMENT -- DAY (LATER)

The apartment is empty. The ringing phone pierces the silence.

BOBBIE
Shut the hell up! Shut the hell
up!

The ringing stops abruptly as the answering machine kicks in.

CARLY'S VOICE
Hi, this is Carly. Please leave a
message.

HARRY (V.O.)
Carly! Good, listen, I -- It's me.
I just had this truly wonderful
idea. Everything's going to be
okay. Just trust me.

Carly barrels into the apartment clutching two paper bags.
She ditches them and grabs the phone.

CARLY
Harry! It's me!

HARRY (V.O.)
Can I use your shower?

CARLY
What? Sure.

HARRY (V.O.)
Can you pick me up?

INT. CARLY'S APARTMENT -- DAY (LATER)

Carly sits at the table, checking her notes.

CARLY
(calls)
I think Linda's given us a way out
of this.

Harry walks into the room. He is barefoot and his hair is
wet. Carly drinks him in.

CARLY
Will you do me a favor?

HARRY
Anything.

CARLY
Help me make the bed.

Carly takes Harry by the hand, then leads him into

BEDROOM

The bed is made. Neat. Squared away.

HARRY
The bed is made already.

CARLY
I didn't mean now. I meant...

She slides into his arms.

CARLY
... afterward.

They kiss and fall onto the bed.

INT. LIVING ROOM -- DAY (LATER)

Bobbie scuttles to the left side of his perch.

BOBBIE
(imitates Carly)
Oh, Harry! Oh, Harry!

Bobbie scuttles to the right side of his perch.

BOBBIE
(imitates Harry)
Oh, Carly! Oh, Carly!

Bobbie scuttles to the left side of his perch.

BOBBIE
(imitates Carly)
Oh, Harry! Oh --

Harry's shoe sails through the air and knocks Bobbie off his perch.

BOBBIE
Oh, shit!

INT. HARRY'S LIVING ROOM -- DAY

Wilma sits, knitting. She glances at her watch. Smiles.

Harry and Carly enter the apartment. Harry carries Carly's paper bags. They smile and brush up against each other.

WILMA

You are sure taking this pretty calm for a man who's on the short end of a lasso.

Harry taps the side of his nose.

WILMA

Got a plan, have you, son?

HARRY

Maybe.

WILMA

Maybe?? You sure as shooting better have a plan. I'll let you into a little secret. It's sure no picnic on the line.

HARRY

The line?

WILMA

There are these furnaces, see.

BEDROOM

Carly and Harry stand in a corner of the bedroom. Carly closes the bedroom door carefully.

CARLY

(whispers)

Do you believe in God?

HARRY

(whispers)

I suppose if there's a Devil there has to be a God.

LIVING ROOM

Wilma smiles as she knits.

HARRY (O.S.)

(whispers)

Okay. I tell the Devil that my soul belongs to God. Therefore, it's never been mine to bargain with or sell. Therefore --

CARLY (O.S.)
 (whispers)
 He can't take it from you.

BEDROOM

Harry and Carly high-five each other.

WILMA (O.S.)
 That dog just won't hunt in real
 life.

Harry and Carly sag.

WILMA (O.S.)
 You made a bargain, son. We all
 kept our part, now ya have to keep
 yours.

Harry suddenly smiles and kisses Carly.

HARRY
 That's it!

CARLY
 What?

HARRY
 The answer. I have a plan...

KITCHEN

Harry helps Carly empty the contents of the bags onto the worktops: books, Scotch tape, Magic Markers, a Bible, a copy of the Koran, a cross, a Star of David and a small Buddha.

Wilma hovers at the door. She knits. She watches. She smiles sadly.

HARRY
 We may not even need this stuff.
 Not if Plan A works.

CARLY
 Which is?

HARRY
 You become my best friend.

CARLY
 And we just blow the wishes off.
 Great!

HARRY

I have to formally wish it and you have to accept. Ready? Okay. I formally wish --

WILMA

That bronc'll never make the rodeo, son.

HARRY

-- Carly Curtis --
(to Wilma)
I did it with Dwayne and --

WILMA

Mighty clever it was of ya too. But you can only transfer your friendship to your best friend.

CARLY

I am his best friend.

WILMA

You are more than a best friend now, l'il lady. Ever since ya both made the two-headed toothbrush.

HARRY

Who says she can't be both?

WILMA

The fine print.

Harry gestures to the stuff on the worktops.

HARRY

(to Carly)
When we've done this, you'll tell me what else to do. Then I want you to go home.

CARLY

You need me here.

HARRY

I need you someplace safe.

Carly hands Harry a diagram. He starts to tape the paper together. Carly removes several books from one of the bags. She opens one and scrutinizes it. They work in silence.

KITCHEN -- DAY (LATER)

The pentagram is complete. Harry and Carly step back to survey their work.

HARRY
You seem pretty copacetic about
this.

CARLY
Make a fist.

Harry makes a fist.

CARLY
That's how I feel.

HARRY
Then why --

CARLY
If you have to ask...?

Carly disperses a cross, a Star of David, a Bible, a Koran and a Buddha in each of the five points of the pentagram as Wilma looks on.

WILMA
You are wasting your time. I'm not
affiliated.

Carly ignores Wilma and continues working.

Wilma's half-completed sweater disappears in a puff of smoke. She looks at her watch.

WILMA
Yippee! Round-up time.

Harry and Carly instinctively step closer to each other.

Wilma suddenly looks down at the floor.

WILMA
(to floor)
Uh-huh. Yep. Will do.

Wilma snaps her fingers.

Carly's pentagram disappears.

The Kitchen disappears.

BLACKNESS.

INT. DEVIL'S PENTAGRAM

A red light illuminates Harry, Carly and Wilma. They stand in the middle of a new pentagram. With more ominous-looking symbols. That pulse with a faint red glow.

Wilma smiles and gestures at the pentagram.

WILMA

One of ours. I believe we have
home field advantage.

(to Carly)

You should skedaddle, l'il lady.
We're down to the wire now.

Carly holds a book in one hand. She reaches out and grips Harry's hand with the other.

CARLY

I'm in it for the long haul.

WILMA

Then let's start cooking this
critter. Harry. You just stand
here and --

HARRY

I want to see the Devil.

WILMA

Mr. Bubb? I don't think that's
such a good idea, son.

HARRY

It's my soul. If he wants it,
he'll have to come get it himself.

WILMA

I reckon you think there's some way
ya can outsmart Mr. Bubb, huh?

HARRY

Just get him here.

WILMA

It's your funeral, son. But you
lose this one and it's straight to
Hell today. Do not pass GO. Do
not collect two hundred dollars.
The l'il lady too.

HARRY

No!

WILMA

Too late, son. She's in the circle.

Harry tries to push Carly out of the pentagram, but it's as if an invisible wall surrounds them.

The red light suddenly flares to an intensity that blots out everything else. When it subsides, Junior appears holding the titanium attaché case.

JUNIOR

Thank you, Wilma. I'll take it from here.

Wilma nods. She touches Harry gently on the arm.

WILMA

Been a real pleasure, son... I'll lady. See y'all down there.

She disappears with a small burp. Harry and Carly exchange glances as Junior takes their measure.

JUNIOR

So, you think you can weasel out of the contract?

Junior smiles a truly horrible smile. A riff off of his dad's smile.

JUNIOR

You won't object if I make preparations to harvest your soul while you whine, beg and plead for your life.

Junior sings to the tune of "Bringing in the Sheaves."

JUNIOR

"Bringing in the souls, bringing in the souls / We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the souls."

(smiles)

Oh, I do so love my job.

Junior sets the attaché case down.

JUNIOR

Technology is the thing now. And Hell is right there on the bleeding edge thanks to, like, moi.

Junior gestures at Harry.

JUNIOR

But there are still the old formalities to be observed.

He pulls a laminated card from his pocket. It smolders.

JUNIOR

(reads)

"Name of mark here." Sorry, sorry.
"Harry Nathan, you have the right to remain silent."

Harry opens his mouth to speak. Carly clutches his arm.

JUNIOR

(reads)

"Or you have the right to plead, beg, whine and grovel for your life."

He returns the card to his pocket.

JUNIOR

Please grovel. I love it when they grovel.

Junior opens the attaché case to reveal the Soul Sucker. He assembles it.

HARRY

Then you're in for a disappointment.

Junior gestures proudly to the Soul Sucker. He plugs the pitch fork end into the stem.

JUNIOR

Be quick. Groveling time is running out.

Junior continues assembling the Soul Sucker.

HARRY

What makes you think I'm going to grovel?

Junior stops. He is genuinely surprised.

JUNIOR

I've never met anyone who does not grovel at this particular juncture.

HARRY
You're obviously mixing in the
wrong circles.

JUNIOR
Or begs or pleads or whines.

HARRY
Sorry to disappoint, but none of
the above from me.

JUNIOR
"Oh, please don't take my soul, Mr.
Bubb," they say. "I'll give
everything back."

HARRY
I can't give anything back.

JUNIOR
Then let's get this show on the
road.

Junior snaps the final two pieces together. He switches it on. It thrums and vibrates and glows red. The buttons and dials spring to life.

JUNIOR
Say hello to my little friend.

He does a little dance and a "ta-dah."

JUNIOR
The Soul Sucker.

Junior calibrates some dials, then prods Harry in the chest with the pitchfork end. Several lights flash on the console.

Harry takes a step backward. Carly takes a step forward.

CARLY
Stop that! I have a plea for him.
You can't take his soul until you
hear my plea.

Junior lowers the Soul Sucker.

JUNIOR
And who might you be?

CARLY
Carly Curtis. I'm his --

HARRY

Fiancée.

Harry and Carly exchange glances.

CARLY

I'm his fiancée.

JUNIOR

It's going to be a very short engagement.

Carly pulls out a piece of paper.

CARLY

(reads)

"Beelzebub, desist and heed my words!"

JUNIOR

You spoke my name. How did --

CARLY

Billy C. Bubb? How hard is that?

JUNIOR

I'm sorry to disappoint you, Carly Curtis, but any plea you plead or whine you whine has no merit.

Junior raises the Soul Sucker.

CARLY

But Alphonso says --

JUNIOR

Alphonso is working on the line.

Junior points the Soul Sucker at Harry. A red spark crackles on the pitchfork and arcs to Harry's chest. Harry steps back, literally shocked.

A clock chimes twelve times.

JUNIOR

My-oh-my-oh-my. How time flies when you're sucking souls.

Harry plays his ace-in-the-hole.

HARRY

You broke your own contract. I didn't get everything I wished for.

CARLY

He's right.

JUNIOR

He's wrong. He got the money, the car and being fifty miles from Nails Norman.

Carly takes hold of Harry's hand.

HARRY

I did not get the money. So I am right.

CARLY

And you forfeit --

Junior suddenly changes and for an instant appears as he really is: part-lizard, part-goat, part-human; slick, slimy, oozing.

This apparition throws back its head and emits a loud bellow. The stench emerging from its maw is visible and palpable.

Harry and Carly take a step backwards, cringing from the sight, the sound and the smell.

Then Junior returns to his previous shape, his head thrown back in laughter.

JUNIOR

I forfeit nothing. As old Wilma would say, "We're covered like grease on a wagon wheel."

HARRY

Wilma's wrong.

JUNIOR

Remember the wire transfer?

HARRY

From the bank in Iraq.

JUNIOR

Pretty sneaky, huh?

CARLY

But he never got --

JUNIOR

The money was actually credited to his account, was it not?

CARLY

Not long enough for him to get his hands on it.

Junior kisses his fingers.

JUNIOR

Perfecto!

CARLY

You bastard!

JUNIOR

Flattery will get you nowhere.

Junior raises the Soul Sucker to Harry's chest.

HARRY

Wait! I do have a plea.

Junior switches off the Soul Sucker.

JUNIOR

Groveling time. One knee or both?

HARRY

Let Carly go.

JUNIOR

Why would I do such a thing?

HARRY

She was just helping me. The same way Wilma was helping you.

JUNIOR

Carly's life was never in any danger. I just said that to scare the hell into you.

Harry pushes Carly away.

HARRY

Go. Now. Quickly.

Junior snaps his fingers. Carly cannot move.

JUNIOR

I say who stays or leaves.

HARRY

Let her go.

JUNIOR

Rest assured, I can't take her
soul. Not without a bargain.

Junior switches on the Soul Sucker.

JUNIOR

But I can take yours.

He prods Harry in the sternum. Electric sparks flicker into
action. The first level lights up briefly.

JUNIOR

That was Wrath. You don't seem to
have a lot of Wrath, Harry Nathan.

CARLY

You tricked him. I demand --

Harry pulls Carly to him.

HARRY

It's okay. I have a plan. No
matter what happens, remember I
love you.

CARLY

I love --

Junior makes the "Devil Hand" gesture at Carly. She vanishes
from the pentagram.

JUNIOR

Yuck!

Harry looks frantic.

Carly reappears on the other side of a veil that separates
the pentagram from the real world.

JUNIOR

She's fine. She can see us but she
can't hear us. Besides, I don't
need to hear her screaming. I'm
already having too much fun.

Junior fires up the Soul Sucker. Harry gestures to it.

HARRY

You make that sucker yourself?

JUNIOR

It's not something you can just buy
off of the shelf.

Junior strokes the Soul Sucker like a pet.

HARRY
You programmed it too?

JUNIOR
Of course. Coded the Seven
Deadlies right in there.

He shows off the dials and buttons with pride.

JUNIOR
One through seven here are the
sins. Just sucks a piece of your
soul right out for every one.

He zaps Harry. Harry flinches and steps back. Button #2
lights up.

JUNIOR
There's a little Lust, right there.

They both look over at Carly. Harry waves. She waves back.

JUNIOR
We'll come back for the rest later.

HARRY
What happens if someone hasn't
committed enough sins?

Junior taps a large red button marked "Manual."

JUNIOR
Covered like red on a demon's ass.

HARRY
You're a pretty smart devil.

JUNIOR
From your lips to my dad's ears.

Harry places the pitchfork to his chest.

HARRY
Does anyone ever go willingly?

JUNIOR
(snorts)
What planet are you from?

Junior hits Button #5.

JUNIOR

This is the prototype --

Junior zaps Harry three big ones. The color drains from Harry's entire body.

JUNIOR

-- and you are my first field test.

HARRY

Glad to be of help.

The Soul Sucker powers off suddenly.

JUNIOR

What the --

Junior plays with the dials. Reboots the Soul Sucker.

JUNIOR

What did you do?

HARRY

Nothing. Just being honest.

The Soul Sucker powers off again.

JUNIOR

Impossible. Honest people do not sell their souls to Satan.

Harry smiles. Junior boots up the Soul Sucker. Prods Harry in the chest.

JUNIOR

Let's hit Lust again.

They both glance over at Carly.

JUNIOR

I'm sure there's plenty more where that came from.

Junior zaps Harry. Lifts him off his feet.

HARRY

Guilty as charged.

The Soul Sucker powers off.

JUNIOR

Bubbdammit, will you stop being honest. I'm not programmed for it.

Junior boots up the Soul Sucker once more.

JUNIOR
This'll make you beg, plead, whine
and grovel for mercy.

He zaps Harry again. Harry rises two feet off the floor.
Hovers in the air like a rag doll.

Harry gasps through gritted teeth.

HARRY
Don't deserve mercy. Made
agreement. Both keeping our parts.

The Soul Suckers powers off instantly. He falls to the
floor.

JUNIOR
Are you messing with me?

HARRY
I'm keeping my part of the deal.
It's the only ethical thing to do.

Junior presses buttons and turns dials frantically. More
lights fizzle out. The Soul Sucker jerks around in his hand,
then explodes.

JUNIOR
You think you're so clever, Mr.
Honest, Mr. Ethics?

The broken pieces of the Soul Sucker spasm and twitch on the
words "honest" and "ethics."

JUNIOR
Nobody makes a fool out of Billy C.
Bubb, Jr.

Junior snaps his fingers. A large woven handbasket appears.
It's big enough to contain two people.

Junior steps into it. He gestures to Harry.

JUNIOR
Join me.

HARRY
No thanks.

JUNIOR
It's not a request.

Junior yanks Harry into the basket. Junior snaps his fingers. They disappear.

HARRY (V.O.)
Where are we going?

JUNIOR (V.O.)
To Hell.

HARRY (V.O.)
In a handbasket?

EXT. HELL FIRE HOTEL

A large, ten-storey building sits alone on an empty plain. Flames leap all around the building but do not consume it.

A neon sign on the front of the building flashes, "HELL FIRE HOTEL."

A tiny belch, then Harry and Junior appear in front of the hotel. They step out of the handbasket.

JUNIOR
This hotel has a thousand rooms...

INT. HELL FIRE HOTEL

Harry and Junior stand in a corridor. Red flock paper lines the walls. Rooms extend to infinity on both sides of the corridor.

JUNIOR
... and I'm going to torture you in every one.

HARRY
Does your father know about this?

JUNIOR
Let's see what's behind door number one, shall we?

Harry disappears.

INT. ROOM NUMBER ONE

The hotel kitchen. Four stoves with four burners each. Pots and pans cooking on each burner on each stove. Each stove has a CHEF in attendance.

A DEMON walks up and down the line whipping any Chef who falls behind.

Harry appears in the kitchen. The moment he does, the Chef on stove #1 disappears and the Demon whips Harry to take his place.

Harry struggles to keep the pots and pans going.

The Chef disappears from stove #2. The Demon forces Harry to attend that one too. Then the Chefs disappear from stoves #3 and #4 until Harry races around under the Demon's lash, trying to maintain all four stoves.

INT. OUTSIDE ROOM NUMBER ONE

Junior peers at Harry through a window in the door. Above the window, a small sign reads: "ROOM #1: HELL'S KITCHEN."

INT. ROOM NUMBER ONE

Harry rushes around. Food burns. The Demon lashes.

JUNIOR (V.O.)
Ready to beg for mercy?

HARRY
No.

A fifth stove appears.

JUNIOR (V.O.)
What about now?

HARRY
Nope. Still not on the menu.

INT. ROOM NUMBER THIRTY-TWO

A pack of wild-eyed slathering Dobermans and Pit Bulls are chained to the walls. Harry stands in the center of the room.

The dogs lunge for him but their chains are too short and the dogs are yanked back.

JUNIOR (V.O.)
Now?

HARRY
I love dogs.

On the next lunge, the chains are longer. The dogs' snapping jaws, closer.

INT. OUTSIDE ROOM NUMBER THIRTY-TWO

Junior peers in through the window. The sign reads: "ROOM #32: THE HOUNDS OF HELL."

INT. INSIDE ROOM THIRTY-TWO

Harry runs this way and that, but the dogs keep nipping his ass.

JUNIOR (V.O.)
Still love dogs?

HARRY
They do what's in their nature.
Just like you.

INT. OUTSIDE ROOM THIRTY-TWO

Junior snaps his fingers. Harry appears in the corridor. He sweats and breathes hard. The back of his pants are torn to shreds.

Harry leans against the wall. He slides down to sit on the floor. Then jumps up painfully.

JUNIOR
You're insufferable, you know
that!?

HARRY
I believe a man should keep his
word. You're keeping yours. I'm
keeping mine.

JUNIOR
Please beg for mercy. Everyone
begs for mercy. No one ever --

A sudden thought strikes Junior. He brightens.

JUNIOR
You're friend, Carla...

HARRY
Carly.

JUNIOR
Can she skate?

HARRY
Far as I know.

JUNIOR
Let's go watch her skate.

INT. ROOM NUMBER NINETY-SEVEN

The room is completely bare. A small burp. Carly appears.

Carly wobbles. She looks at her feet. She wears Rollerblades.

The floor moves beneath her. She walks. Then, as the floor moves faster, she skates to keep up.

After a moment, she drifts backwards. The instant this happens, sharp one-inch spear-like points pop out from the wall behind her.

Carly skates faster. The floor moves faster.

She fights hard to keep up. But drifts slowly but inexorably toward the wall.

CARLY
(calls)
Harry? If you can hear me? I'm fine. Don't give in on account of me.

The spear points pop out to six inches. Carly skates faster. But it's a losing battle.

INT. OUTSIDE ROOM NUMBER NINETY-SEVEN

Harry yanks on the doorknob frantically. Junior watches and smirks.

The sign on the door reads: "ROOM #97. HELL ON WHEELS."

HARRY
Okay. You win. You want my soul? It's yours. You want me to beg for mercy? I'm begging. Let Carly go.

JUNIOR
They all come around eventually.

Junior eases his shoulders.

JUNIOR
 Since you broke my Soul Sucker,
 I'll just reach in and grab --

Harry holds up a hand.

HARRY
 First things first. Send Carly
 back to the real world.

JUNIOR
 Soul first.

HARRY
 Carly first.

JUNIOR
 Too late.

Junior reaches forward. His hand snakes out toward Harry's chest.

Then freezes in mid-air. Junior tries again. Same result. His hand freezes in mid-air. No matter how hard he tries, Junior cannot reach in and snatch Harry's soul.

Junior sags.

JUNIOR
 I wanted to do this on my own. But
 you're forcing my hand.

Junior adopts a formal pose.

JUNIOR
 By the power of evil invested in
 me, I call upon... Dad!

An enormous belch. Billy C. Bubb appears. He does not look happy.

BUBB
 Yes??

JUNIOR
 I can't seem to...

He makes the grabbing gesture.

JUNIOR
 ... you know.

BUBB
Use your Soul Sucker.

Junior drops his head.

JUNIOR
(mumbles)
... he broke it.

BUBB
Speak up.

JUNIOR
He broke it.

BUBB
So you summoned me?

JUNIOR
I got him to beg for mercy and
everything, just like in training,
but... well...

Junior brightens.

JUNIOR
I thought you could grab his soul
for me.

Bubb turns to Harry. Flexes his fingers.

HARRY
You can't do that.

JUNIOR
My dad can do whatever he wants.
Can't you, Dad?

Bubb eases his shoulders.

BUBB
In this case, no.

HARRY
You made mistakes, Junior.

BUBB
You failed to calibrate the Soul
Sucker correctly.

Junior drops his head.

BUBB
You should have stopped when he
broke it.

Junior looks up at Harry, then at Bubb.

JUNIOR
He offered me his soul.

BUBB
In exchange for another. That's
against the rules.

HARRY
You had no claim on Carly's soul.

JUNIOR
You didn't know that.

Harry taps the side of his nose.

HARRY
Actually, I did. But you're a
loose cannon and I was taking no
chances.

BUBB
The man had you licked seven ways
from Sunday, son.

Bubb snaps his fingers.

BLACKNESS.

INT. DEVIL'S PENTAGRAM

Harry and Junior stand inside the Pentagon. Carly stands
outside the barrier, wide-eyed and shaking.

Bubb stands with his arms folded across his chest, glaring at
Junior.

BUBB
We may be Satanists, son, but we
have a code and you broke it.

JUNIOR
A deal's a deal.

BUBB
You just don't get it, do you,
Junior?

JUNIOR
 You can't blame me, Dad. We've
 never had to deal with an honest
 man before.

Bubb places a fatherly arm around Junior's shoulders.

BUBB
 I don't blame you, son.
 (to Harry)
 You win. And I still owe you two
 billion dollars.
 (to Junior)
 But I do hold you responsible.

HARRY
 You, sir, are a mensch.

BUBB
 I suppose I deserve that.

JUNIOR
 I got him to grovel.

Bubb snaps his fingers at Junior. His mouth disappears.

BUBB
 (to Harry)
 How would you like your money?

Bubb snaps his fingers at Junior. A shovel appears in his
 right hand.

HARRY
 I want the money in my bank
 account. From a legitimate source
 like... the California Lottery.

BUBB
 (flat)
 Congratulations. You're this
 week's big winner.

HARRY
 That's two billion after tax.

BUBB
 Of course.

Bubb snaps his fingers at Junior. A shovel appears in his
 left hand. Junior strains to speak.

HARRY
 What in hell did he do?

BUBB
Two things.

Bubb touches one of his horns.

BUBB
He misjudged you.

Bubb touches the other horn.

BUBB
And two, he disappointed his
father.

Bubb makes the "Devil Hand" gesture at Junior. Junior's eyes widen in terror. Then he disappears in a ball of fire.

Bubb turns to Harry.

BUBB
I won't say it's been a pleasure.

HARRY
Me, either.

BUBB
But it has been an experience.

HARRY
And then some.

A loud, elongated belch. Bubb disappears.

A burst of brown light fills the room.

INT. ICE CREAM PLANT -- DAY

Chocolate ice cream flows like a river from a huge vat.

Vanilla ice cream flows from another vat.

They meet in a third vat where huge mixers blend them into a smooth combination of the two.

The vat bears a metal plate that says: "HarCar Choco-Nilla Ice Cream, Inc. Founded 2012."

INT. BOARDROOM

Max Stanford stands in front of a pie chart, pointing at the medium-sized slice that represents their market share.

Harry sits at the table. Dwayne stands by the door. He wears an earpiece and whispers into a small mic concealed in his fist.

Betty hunches over her keyboard in the corner.

MAX

... and thanks to our creative director's terrific advertising campaign --

Harry smiles demurely.

MAX

-- our market segment for sales of Choco-Nilla has expanded by twenty percent.

HARRY

Thanks to our new sales manager.

MAX

You're welcome.

DWAYNE

When you guys have quite finished kissing each other's asses... Carly is here.

Carly sweeps into the room.

CARLY

Mr. HarCar.

HARRY

Mrs. HarCar.

Harry and Carly embrace.

CARLY

Come on or you'll be late for our first anniversary party. I don't want to miss the flight.

HARRY

You won't. We own the airline.

Betty trundles in pushing a cleaning cart.

CARLY

Not now.

Betty trundles out with the cleaning cart.

DWAYNE

A quick security question, boss. I believe you found a job for Nails. Should I be worried about that?

CARLY

No. We sent him on special assignment.

HARRY

Drilling for ice cream in the Arctic.

Harry and Carly stroll out, arm-in-arm.

FADE OUT.

THE END.