

# THE DEVIL

28. 1/3

## ACT THREE

FADE IN

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

CLOSE on a frying pan, where a thick slab of some kind of breaded meat sizzles. Sam sits at the counter, watching as the Devil flips the meat onto a plate.

THE DEVIL

Look, I get it. This is a big deal and you didn't choose it. Not fair. Nobody's blaming you for freaking out.

← START

The Devil takes a fork and samples his creation.

THE DEVIL (CONT'D)

Oh, yeah. Chicken fried steak. I am so glad I don't have arteries.

(to Sam)

Try? Just a bite.

Sam can only shake his head. The Devil pulls his plate over and sits next to him. He seems genuinely sympathetic.

THE DEVIL (CONT'D)

Sam. This doesn't have to be so bad.

Sam finally finds his voice.

SAM

So, uh... what happens? Do I have to go to hell now?

THE DEVIL

Now? No. No, no, no. Not now. You're gonna work for me here, in the earthly realm.

SAM

(feeling sick)

Like, kill people and stuff?

The Devil frowns, practically aghast at the notion.

THE DEVIL

Wow. You're a real pessimist. Of course you won't be murdering people. You have a much better gig -- find souls that escaped from hell and bring them back.

(then)

Got any root beer?

SCENE 1 OF 2

CONTINUED

# THE DEVIL

29. 2/3

CONTINUED

The Devil goes to the fridge and rummages around.

SAM

I don't get it. Find souls?

THE DEVIL

You know. Like a bounty hunter.

SAM

People can get out of hell?

The Devil pulls out some OJ and drinks from the container.

THE DEVIL

Yeah... that's kind of a problem we've been having. Overcrowding and so forth. Honestly, we were underprepared for the influx. I blame myself.

There's a cageyness in how the Devil describes this. You get the sense he's not telling the whole truth.

THE DEVIL (CONT'D)

But that's not your problem. All you need to do is track down fugitives and haul their asses to the portal. Easy.

SAM

What portal?

THE DEVIL

(thinks)

Let's see, in this sector, closest portal to hell is the DMV on Mission Street. Turn in a fugitive, get your license renewed. I'm all about the perks.

(looks)

~~Hey, Frank.~~

~~Sam looks up - his father stands at the entryway to the kitchen, in his P.J.s, holding an empty water glass.~~

~~THE DEVIL (CONT'D)~~

~~I'm giving Sam the lowdown. You hungry?~~

~~Dad shakes his head. He looks at Sam for a beat, opens his mouth to speak, but can't. He simply drops his eyes and walks away. Sam holds his head in his hands.~~

SAM

Why did they do this?

SCENE 1 OF 2

CONTINUED

# THE DEVIL

30. 3/3

CONTINUED (2)

THE DEVIL

I just draw up the contract. I don't ask for personal motivations. Tends to be a deal killer.

Sam looks depressed. The Devil pats his shoulder.

THE DEVIL (CONT'D)

Kiddo, it's okay. I've seen how this all ends. Don't worry, God wins. You'll be doing humanity a favor by putting bad guys where they belong.

Sam sighs. He's tired of fighting it.

SAM

What do I have to do?

And suddenly, we're --

← END

EXT. FIREHOUSE - BROAD DAYLIGHT

To Sam's utter confusion he and the Devil are now standing in front of a fire station and it's daytime. The Devil holds his plate of chicken fried steak. Sam is briefly dizzy.

SAM

Where are we?

THE DEVIL

Seat of all that is good and pretty in suburbia. Also known as Escondido -- about 10 miles away from your house.

(points)

There's your fugitive.

SAM'S POV

Of a shirtless, muscled, tanned and incredibly gorgeous FIREMAN, washing a firetruck. It's like a calendar spread.

THE DEVIL (CONT'D)

Broke out of hell after doing fifty years. Wanna guess why he was damned?

SAM

Not really.

THE DEVIL

Get this -- arson. In life he was a big time pyro. Hello ironic.

SCENE 1 OF 2

CONTINUED