

"A SCARY LITTLE CHRISTMAS"

by Dan Ewen

SERIES OF SHOTS

As Christmas cheer abounds on the Earth's surface --

EXT. F.A.O. SCHWARTZ - NYC - DAY

Shoppers bustle in and out of the venerable toy store -- a Christmas tree shimmers in the window --

EXT. BUCKINGHAM PALACE - NIGHT

As the snow falls, cheerful Brits decorate Christmas trees that line the Grand Entrance --

EXT. A HAVANA COURTYARD - NIGHT

A Christmas tree glistens behind a glorious Cuban feast. Couples salsa dance as a band plays --

INT. SANTA'S WORKSHOP - DAY

Santa makes his way through an endless sea of workbenches, manned by ELVES. He inspects a toy train, nods his approval.

An ELF MAILMAN enters, drops a massive bag at Santa's feet. All letters from children --

Santa Claus pulls out a letter, puts on his reading glasses.

A KID AT A TABLE -- scrawling on a piece of paper --

KID 1 (V.O.)

Dear Santa. Please bring me the Lego Construction set and a football. Oh, and of course the Robofriend 3000...

A LITTLE GIRL LIES ON A CARPET -- writes in crayon --

KID 2 (V.O.)

I was gonna ask for a bunch of Barbies. Blonde, Red, and other hairs. But this year is more different. Now I want a Robofriend so bad I could eat a horse!

A LITTLE BOY SITS AT A DESK -- scribbling desperately --

KID 3 (V.O.)

I'll leave, like, eighty cookies for you, and twenty-seven dollars from my piggy bank to sweeten the deal.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KID 3 (V.O.) (CONT'D)

That's all I got. Bring me the Robofriend  
Santa, if it's the last thing you do!

SERIES OF SHOTS

Little hands writing the word 'Robofriend', in crayon,  
marker, pencil, fingerpaint, watercolor...

CHORUS OF CHILDREN (V.O.)

Robofriend...Robofriend...Robofriend...

Building until we --

SMASH CUT TO:

ROBOFRIEND 3000, bathed in light, posing like a Greek God in  
all it's white, die cast glory -- It walks. It talks. It  
beeps. It flashes. It's everything a kid could want.

Pulling back we reveal Robofriend in the picture window of

EXT. LEBLANC'S TOY STORE - EVENING

A quaint small town toy store. Inside, it's mayhem.

INT. LEBLANC'S TOY STORE - CONTINUOUS

Plucky owner BUDDY LEBLANC (65) does his best to maintain  
order. However, the shopping PARENTS are on the brink.

PARENTS #1

My kid says if I don't find a Robofriend  
he's gonna run away!

PARENT #2

You've already got a Robofriend. I saw  
you buy it last week!

PARENT #1

I have twins!

Buddy grabs a GIANT NOVELTY WHISTLE, blows it.

BUDDY

I told you fussbudgets there's a shortage  
of Robofriends. I'll let you know if I  
get more. Now it's closing time. Please  
disperse so I can get my wrinkled behind  
to the International House of Pancakes!

PARENT #1

Christmas is in six days! I'll give you  
five hundred for the one in the window!

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CONTINUED:

BUDDY

Display only, now shoo flies!

Buddy brandishes a tall, stuffed giraffe, uses it to corral customers towards the exit.

RESUME LEBLANC'S EXTERIOR

The disappointed parents file out past the display window, where a bundle of quirkiness named MUFFIN stands, transfixed on the Robofriend 3000.

Muffin is a wide-eyed, freckled, 8 year-old redhead in a striped beanie, a plaid scarf, and paisley leggings.

Her eyes are locked with Robofriend's, her tiny breaths fogging up the window -- She reaches out, clears it with her sleeve, and continues gazing at the robot of her dreams.

MUFFIN

Robofriend...

After another moment of longing, a hand reaches in and tugs Muffin away -- Pulling wider, we reveal the cozy town of

EXT. GRANVILLE, OHIO - MAIN STREET - CONTINUOUS

A Norman Rockwell painting come to life. A brick downtown, decorated with holly leaves, peppered with snow.

NANCY, mid-30s, leads Muffin along the sidewalk towards a pack of other KIDS -- Nancy's a well meaning gal, but is clearly a bit flustered.

NANCY

Muffin, I told you to keep up.

MUFFIN

But did you see that robot? It's wonderful! It's called the Ro--

NANCY

-- Robofriend 3000. I know, honey. You've told me a hundred times.

MUFFIN

Robofriend could be just the dependable, unconditional cohort I need.

NANCY

"Unconditional cohort"?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MUFFIN

Through thick and thin. Just program Robofriend and there he is by your side, like clockwork.

They arrive at the rest of the kids.

BOY #1

Did weirdo wander off again?

MUFFIN

Maybe you're fine with writing to Santa all willy nilly and asking for whatever toy pops into your head. But not me. I'm carefully considering my request.

(excitedly to Boy #2)

And I think I have a frontrunner.

BOY #2

Wow, you really are a weirdo.

NANCY

Guys, that's not very nice.

They continue along the sidewalk. Muffin flanks Nancy.

MUFFIN

I'm ninety percent sold on the Robofriend, but I should still make a spreadsheet of pros and cons...

As Muffin rambles on, Nancy shakes her head, smiles.

EXT. MUFFIN'S HOUSE - DAY

Looks like a typical Midwestern home. A sign in the front reads: CEDAR SHOALS FOSTER HOME --

As Nancy leads her tiny residents up the steps --

NANCY

Dinner's in a half-hour, guys. Make sure to wash your hands.

MUFFIN

And it's Tuesday. That's spaghetti night. Just so we're clear.

NANCY

Um. Yes, that's right, Muffin.

MUFFIN

And it's a school night so lights out at 8:30, on the dot.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

They bustle in after Nancy. Boy #1 closes the door in Muffin's face, locks it. He peeks out the window, sticks his tongue out at her.

Muffin reaches for the doorbell, but decides not to ring it. She turns back to the quiet, snowy yard, smiles to herself.

A BIT LATER

Muffin has made the best of it, and is putting the finishing touches on an immaculate snowman in the yard.

MUFFIN (CONT'D)

And you can use my scarf. No, really,  
it's fine. I'm warmblooded by nature.

She wraps the scarf around its neck, surveys her new pal.

MUFFIN (CONT'D)

Don't have a pipe for you, but smoking's  
been linked to several health problems  
anyway. That's what took Frosty out.

Muffin GIGGLES, pats the snowman on the back. A pause...

MUFFIN (CONT'D)

So, are you gonna stick around, or you  
just gonna melt like all the others?

A COUPLE strolls past the house with a HAPPY DAUGHTER. They hold hands, giggling and smiling. The perfect little family.

Muffin watches them from the stoop, a look of sadness washing over her -- Then, to add injury to insult,

A SNOWBALL EXPLODES on Muffin's head -- behind a hedge, a pair of NEIGHBORHOOD BULLIES laugh, gather more snow.

BULLY #1

Think fast, freak!

He launches another snowball, as Muffin scurries to the door. Bully #2 runs into the yard, topples the snowman, laughs.

Muffin frantically rings the doorbell as more snowballs rain down -- Finally, Nancy opens it. The Bullies rush off.

NANCY

Muffin it's time for dinner. Why are you  
outside with your friends?

MUFFIN

Those aren't my friends!...  
No one's my friend.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Muffin mopes inside --

While back in the street behind her, a POSTAL TRUCK passes by, loaded with bags of mail --

EXT. POST OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

People scamper in and out, mailing and picking up holiday packages -- The mail truck arrives, and a POSTMAN drags three massive bags of letters up the steps.

INT. SORTING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

A WORKER sorts mail into two bins, marked "OUT OF TOWN" and "IN TOWN" -- She comes across a few letters to Santa, smiles, puts them into a bag marked "NORTH POLE"--

But she also puts a handful of letters into a DIFFERENT PILE, off to the side --

MOMENTS LATER

She collects this separate pile of mail, dons an OVEN MITT, and makes her way to A SIZZLING HATCH ALONG THE WALL --

She opens the hatch, tosses the letters in, SLAMS it shut. She quickly removes the now smoldering oven mitt --

INT. UNDERGROUND PIPES - CONTINUOUS

FOLLOWING THE LETTERS down a series of steamy pipes --

Past the rocky soil beneath -- Past layers of fossils and ground water -- Past pools of boiling magma -- Finally coming to rest inside a PERFECTLY NORMAL MAILBOX

Pulling out and wide to reveal

INT. HELL - CONTINUOUS

It's a massive and cavernous warehouse -- part DMV, part IKEA, part amusement park (minus the rides) --

Snaking lines that never end -- additionally, the Damned, once admitted, are forced to wear itchy wool suits --

At one end of the warehouse, the horrific BEEPS of airport metal detectors fill the air --

THE GATES OF HELL

Unlike anything in books or paintings, the actual entrance to Hell is the worst AIRPORT SECURITY LINE of all time --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A winding line of THE DAMNED, tormented by swarms of horned AIRLINE SECURITY DEMONS --

Way up in front, DAMNED MAN #1 deals with a pair of Demons.

SECURITY DEMON #1  
Empty your pockets, sir.

DAMNED MAN #1  
I did. I've got nothing in my pockets.

SECURITY DEMON #2  
Step through again.

The man moves back through a metal detector, it BEEPS --

SECURITY DEMON #1  
Empty your pockets, sir.

DAMNED MAN #1  
I did! What's wrong with you people?

He empties his pockets, steps through again. No beep.

DAMNED MAN #1 (CONT'D)  
(a surprised smile)  
How about that? I made it through.

Demon #1 slugs him in the stomach. The man doubles over --

SECURITY DEMON #1  
Enjoy your stay in hell, sir.

The man stumbles inside, where things only get worse -- Damned people run from demons dressed in various professional uniforms -- A METER MAID DEMON tickets a DAMNED WOMAN --

METER MAID DEMON  
Your bumper was in the red, Ma'am. Don't cop an attitude with me!

DAMNED WOMAN  
I didn't! I don't even have a car here!

An INSURANCE SALESMAN DEMON approaches Damned Man #1 from behind, hurling brochures at him.

INSURANCE DEMON  
Have you thought about afterlife insurance?

The Damned Man SCREAMS, runs away. But the Insurance Demon follows closely, chasing him past

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

A NEARBY CAVERN

Moving closer, the sound of FAINT SINGING deep in the cave.

EXT. SATAN'S CONDO - MOMENTS LATER

Nestled deep inside a jagged, scorched catacomb. An ominous, spike-studded doorway --

A welcome mat with a big yellow smiley face, a hatchet buried into it's forehead. Printed beneath, "HAVE A HORRIFIC DAY" --

INT. SATAN'S BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

The toilet is literally a throne, covered in thorns and spikes, a 24-pack of Soft n' Dry toilet paper at it's side --

We move to the shower. There, bathing in the lava from the shower nozzle, is SATAN, aka the Prince of Darkness, aka Mephistopheles --

He scrubs his armpits, SINGS 'Bad to the Bone' at the top of his lungs -- runs his fingers through his horns, lets lava drip over a pair of wings on his back, down to his hooves --

INT. SATAN'S DEN - LATER

Satan enters, still humming the song -- His evil, red-eyed HELLHOUND waits expectantly by his food dish --

Satan grabs a handful of smoldering lava rocks from the cupboard, tosses them into the dish. The hound scarfs them --

Satan glances at a TV -- a NEWSCASTER DEMON speaks --

NEWSCASTER DEMON

The flood will likely be the last created by Satan this year. Now for sports.

SPORTSCASTER DEMON straightens his tie, clears his throat --

DEMON 771

Satan's right hand demon Beelzebuth has continued his possession of a Breezewood, Pennsylvania man for a tenth straight day. He has defeated three priests, four rabbis and a faith healer named Sandy. Beelzebuth is undefeated this season, with only one tie.

Satan holds up his hand, magically turns the TV off -- He makes his way to the door, turns back to Hellhound.

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CONTINUED:

SATAN

Now you be bad.

Hellhound growls, his eyes glowing red, lava drooling from his razor sharp teeth. Satan smiles proudly, heads out.

RESUME THE MAIN CHAMBER OF HELL - MOMENTS LATER

Satan makes his way through the warehouse, giving high fives to other demons -- A DENTIST DEMON passes, waves.

DENTIST DEMON

Great job with that flood Monday, Satan.

SATAN

Thanks, Demon #433. How are the anesthesia-free root canals going?

DENTIST DEMON

You know I bring the pain.

SATAN

How's your spawn?

DENTIST DEMON

Growing like a weed. The wife and I are trying for another.

SATAN

You devil.

DENTIST DEMON

No, you devil.

Satan winks at him, continues on, past ANOTHER DAMNED MAN being accosted by a TELEMARKETER DEMON in a headset --

DAMNED MAN #2

I don't want it. Leave me alone.

TELEMARKETER DEMON

I know \$19.95 may seem like a lot of money, Mr. Rudd. But once you own Head-On you'll see the money you'll save on Aspirin alone. And if you act now --

He SCREAMS, scrambles away. The demon follows close behind --

TELEMARKETER DEMON (CONT'D)

I'll throw in the amazing Bedazzler!

The man stumbles, finds himself face to face with Satan --

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CONTINUED: (2)

SATAN  
Kneel before me!

The man jumps back, but doesn't kneel. Satan smirks, taps a wireless mic on his cloak --

SATAN (CONT'D)  
Hello? A little more echo?

SQUEAKY VOICE (O.S.)  
Sorry.

Satan clears his throat, tries again --

SATAN  
Kneel before me!

This time his voice BOOMS. The man kneels before him --

SATAN (CONT'D)  
Just had to scam those old ladies of their pension funds, didn't you?

DAMNED MAN  
I had payments to make on my Ferrari.

SATAN  
Car payments, eh? Maybe you ought to pay a visit to the Eternal DMV?

INT. HELL'S DMV - DAY

ELEVATOR MUSIC blaring -- a hideous DEMON CLERK in a DMV uniform sits at the counter, chews loudly on a wad of gum --

Satan shoves the damned man to the counter --

DEMON CLERK  
Sir, you don't have an appointment you gotta take a number and get in line.

The man turns, sees the ridiculously long line of damned people, crying and wailing -- The clerk hands over paperwork, tears off a number for him.

CLERK  
Please fill out these forms in triplicate. You're number 886,425,533,513.

DAMNED MAN  
What number are you on?

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The clerk points up to a sign, covered in cobwebs, '666' -- the man SCREAMS -- Satan laughs maniacally.

At the back of the line, an annoyed DAMNED WOMAN pipes up.

DAMNED WOMAN

Can we get this line moving or what?

Off of Satan's flaring nostrils --

INT. IKEA OF DAMNATION - DAY

Satan shoves the Damned Woman onto the torturous showroom in Hell's Ikea. She looks around, SCREAMS BLOODY MURDER.

DAMNED SHOPPERS push their carts down endless maze of furniture, following completely random arrows on the floor --

SHOPPER 1

There's no way out!

SHOPPER 2

And you have to assemble everything yourself!

They are being pelted with Swedish meatballs, flung at them by STOCKBOY DEMONS in blue aprons --

EXT. HELL'S MAIN OFFICE - MORNING

Like a foreman's office, overlooking hell -- MARGE, the demon receptionist, grabs the LETTERS FROM THE MAILBOX, heads in --

INT. RECEPTION DESK - MOMENTS LATER

Marge sorts mail, sips a cup of hot magma. Satan enters, and she hops up nervously --

SATAN

Bad morning.

MARGE

Bad morning, Satan.

Marge follows him, reads from a flaming phone ledger --

INT. SATAN'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Satan moves to a thorny swivel chair, takes a seat --

MARGE

Charles Manson called, "Thanks for the rotten fruit basket. See you soon."

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SATAN  
Can't wait.

Satan rolls his eyes, puts his hooves on his desk --

MARGE  
Beelzebuth rang. He's purchased fifty souls this week. Plus he's done "a whole bunch more super-mega-evil stuff".

SATAN  
Brown-noser.

MARGE  
He sent a gargoye with some footage.

Marge snaps her fingers. A small STONE GARGOYLE flies in, lands on the edge of Satan's desk -- The gargoye opens its mouth, starts PROJECTING FOOTAGE onto a nearby wall --

IN THE FOOTAGE:

A FOREST FIRE rages. Sinister demon BEELZEBUTH hops into frame, gives a thumbs up --

A MUDSLIDE rumbles down a distant mountain. Beelzebuth hops into frame, gives a thumbs-up --

At a CONSTRUCTION SITE, a CARPENTER accidentally hits his thumb with a hammer. Beelzebuth hops into frame, gives a thumbs-up --

RESUME SATAN'S OFFICE

As the gargoye closes his mouth, exits.

SATAN  
It's a bit much, isn't it?

MARGE  
Well, he's your Vice Dark Angel. He wants you to know that everything's out of control.

SATAN  
Well I'm like, the worst guy ever. And I'm all like, "Okay Beelzebuth, we get it, you're evil."

She nods, hands over a stack of correspondence --

MARGE  
Here's your mail.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Satan opens the first letter --

SATAN

"Oh Great Dark Angel, your hate is so strong. We are sacrificing a goat to you.." Yadda, yadda, yadda...

He moves to the next letter, opens it --

SATAN (CONT'D)

"Oh Powerful Mephistopheles, your wickedness is so freakin' awesome. I started a fan site, Satan is freaking awesome dot com..." Blah. Blah. Blah...

He moves to the last piece of mail --

SATAN (CONT'D)

And Sparkletts.

He sets the bill down, moves to a HUGE CONSOLE on the wall of his office. A map of the world dominates it --

Glowing dots show where Satan's work is being done -- The dots are labeled, "PLAGUE", "WAR", "EASY LISTENING MUSIC" --

SATAN (CONT'D)

Nothing bad happening in the tropics right now.

He presses a button, turns a few knobs --

SATAN (CONT'D)

How 'bout a little typhoid, suckers?

A huge dot springs up on the map -- he turns a knob --

SATAN (CONT'D)

A couple of tornadoes in the Midwest.

More dots appear. He taps his claws on the console, thinks.

MARGE

(checks her notes)

You had mentioned starting a volcano eruption this week?

Satan surveys the many dots on the display.

SATAN

I think we're all set for now.

But an evil smiles slowly creeps across his face.

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SATAN (CONT'D)

Maybe one more act of endless darkness. A Grammy for The Pussycat Dolls!

MARGE

Sir, you wouldn't.

He slaps a button with a LOUD CACKLE. A dot pops up in L.A. --

EXT. MUFFIN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

On a starry, chilly night.

INT. THE BUNKS - NIGHT

Nancy finishes a bedtime story for the kids, who are all fast asleep except for an extremely groggy Muffin.

NANCY

...and the little blue plunger agreed. It was the best adventure ever.

Nancy closes the book, moves to the light switch.

MUFFIN

Is tomorrow the day for Santa letters?

NANCY

Yes, ma'am. After school.

MUFFIN

So, probably like 3:15 to 4:30-ish?

NANCY

Yes, something like that.

MUFFIN

I'm officially asking for Robofriend. Consumer Reports 'Toy of the Year'. Hands down.

NANCY

You know, there are lots of other nice, easy to find toys.

MUFFIN

Yeah, but none with this safety rating.

NANCY

Good night, Muffin.

Nancy smiles, turns off the light -- Muffin closes her eyes --

SERIES OF SHOTS

EXT. FIELD - DAY

Muffin and Robofriend skip through the schoolyard, as a throng of ENVIOUS KIDS look on --

INT. PIZZERIA - DAY

Muffin and Robofriend share a pizza in a cozy booth, chatting and LAUGHING --

INT. ANTIQUE STORE - DAY

Muffin and Robofriend survey a fine carved footstool. They share an enthusiastic nod and a spontaneous hug --

BACK IN HER BUNK

Muffin smiles in her sleep.

INT. HELL - HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Satan makes his way down the long passageway, arrives at a door marked 'STABLE OF THE HORSEMEN' --

INT. HELL - THE STABLE OF THE HORSEMEN - LATE NIGHT

Satan and the FOUR HORSEMEN OF THE APOCALYPSE sit at a folding table, playing Texas Hold'em --

-- from left to right the horsemen are, FAMINE, DEATH, WAR, and PESTILENCE -- their stallions wait nearby --

FAMINE

Dang it, I fold.

SATAN

(collecting the chips)  
Prince of Darkness takes the pot.

Suddenly a Black Sabbath RING TONE -- Famine shuts it off --

SATAN (CONT'D)

Is that the old ball and chain?

WAR

"Why are you out so late?"

PESTILENCE

"You're supposed to be home by now."

Satan and the others LAUGH --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FAMINE

C'mon guys, you know how women get when they're gonna have a hell spawn.

They leave Famine alone -- A brief silence. War kicks Pestilence under the table --

PESTILENCE

So um, Satan. Think we're gonna get a shot at Armageddon sometime soon?

WAR

I mean, we're starting to wonder if it'll ever happen.

SATAN

Patience. It could be tomorrow, or it could be another four million years. Hell, you know how many things have to come together for that to happen.

They nod -- Famine deals another hand --

DEATH

Will you do it, Satan?

SATAN

Do what?

DEATH

Do the thing, with the thing?

SATAN

Really?

PESTILENCE

Please? It'd make us feel extra horrible.

Satan clears his throat. They all lean in excitedly --

SATAN

When Lucifer has been --

He stops, taps the wireless mic --

SATAN (CONT'D)

Echo please?

SQUEAKY VOICE (O.S.)

Sorry.

He starts again. This time, the echo BOOMS --

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED: (2)

SATAN

When Lucifer has been invited by The Innocent One, whose blood has been shed. When an animal has been sacrificed in his honor, then the Gates of Hell will swing wide. Satan shall return to Earth.

Satan jumps from his chair, raises his arms --

PESTILENCE

(whispering to the others)  
I love this part.

SATAN

After doing the bidding of The Innocent One, Satan shall win dominion over the world. All light shall be dimmed, and evil shall reign...End scene.

The Horsemen rip into APPLAUSE. Satan takes a bow --

SATAN (CONT'D)

Please, you're too kind.

ANGLE ON A NEWSPAPER DISPENSER

The headline of the Granville Gazette reads 'Meow. Pussycat Dolls Artist of the Year, AGAIN!' -- pulling up and away --

EXT. GRANVILLE, OHIO - MAIN STREET - DAY

Shoppers bustle, icicles drip --

In the window of Leblanc's Toy Store, Buddy flips a 'DAYS 'TIL XMAS' sign to '5'. A few PASSING SHOPPERS start jogging.

A SCHOOL BUS rumbles past --

EXT. MUFFIN'S HOUSE - DAY

The bus hisses to a stop, and the kids pile out. This time Muffin leads the charge, sprinting through the yard.

INT. DINING ROOM - LATER

The kids work furiously with crayons and construction paper -- Nancy walks behind, looking over their work, smiling --

MUFFIN

Can we get a tracking number for my letter? I wanna make sure it gets there.

NANCY

It'll get there, sweetie.

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BOY #2

He won't be able to read yours, Muffin.  
Because you have...dys...morphia...

MUFFIN

It's dyslexia. Lots of people have it.

NANCY

Yes. We all have things about us that  
make us unique.

MUFFIN

Right, like how some of us still wet our  
beds. That's pretty unique.

Boy #2 bows his head in shame, continues with his letter.

NANCY

Quit it, guys. You don't wanna end up on  
the naughty list, do you?

None of the kids make a peep, especially Muffin, who would  
hate to end up on that list so close to Christmas.

A HOUSEFLY buzzes around the dining room. Boy #1 rolls up a  
pack of construction paper, starts to stalk it --

The little boy takes a few harmless swings at the fly. But  
one last wallop NAILS the bug --

And sends it to a splattery death, on the top right corner of  
Muffin's letter -- She doesn't notice --

As the kids start to finish, handing their letters, Muffin  
still labors over hers --

NANCY (CONT'D)

Okay, wind it up, Muffin.

Muffin holds up an index finger, her free hand working  
furiously with glitter and glue --

She puts the finishing touches on the letter, moves to put it  
in the envelope, and gets a PAPER CUT in the process --

A DROP OF BLOOD drips from her finger, landing on the letter.

MUFFIN

Nancy, we have a bit of a paper cut  
situation.

Nancy puts the letter in the envelope, adds it to the stack.

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CONTINUED: (2)

MUFFIN (CONT'D)

Can a little girl get a band aid up in here?

Nancy chuckles, opens a nearby drawer full of band-aids -- Muffin smiles at the stack of letters. Hers is the crowning achievement of the pile, covered in glitter and candy canes --

Close on the letter -- Muffin has misspelled Santa's name,

S-A-T-A-N --

EXT. MUFFIN'S HOUSE - LATER

Nancy walks to the mailbox, Muffin in tow. Nancy holds the mailbox door open while a beaming Muffin puts the letters in.

INT. POST OFFICE SORTING ROOM - LATER

Once again the worker sorts the mail. She comes across the letters from the kids, smiles, puts them one by one into a bag marked "NORTH POLE"--

She stops at Muffin's letter, looks at the address, SATAN in big silver letters -- she scratches her chin --

After a moment, shrugs, grabs the oven mitt, opens the sizzling hatch along the wall, tosses Muffin's letter in --

EXT. HELL - MAIN OFFICE - MORNING

Again, Marge stops at the mailbox, brings the mail inside --

INT. SATAN'S OFFICE - LATER

He dictates a letter to Marge, who scribbles quickly --

SATAN

Demon #44. No thank you for your hard work on the Malaria account. You far exceeded the destruction I could have imagined, which is quite considerable, as I am the Devil. Hatefully Yours, Satan.

MARGE

Well said.

SATAN

And please CC my A-O-Hell account.

(beat)

Messages?

Marge flips the page on her notebook --

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CONTINUED:

MARGE

Paris Hilton called, says she's hoping to alter the deal.

SATAN

As if.

MARGE

A Bill Potts called about life insurance?

SATAN

Immortal. Don't need it.

MARGE

Kim Jong Il called. "Happy Birthday. Did you get the cologne?"

SATAN

Blech. Smelled like boiled leather.

She sets the mail pile on his desk --

MARGE

Your mail. Want a mocha lava?

SATAN

Indeed.

MARGE

You've got a ten o'clock with Beelzebuth, I'll be right outside if you need me.

She heads for the door --

SATAN

You suck.

MARGE

You suck worse.

She steps out. He turns to the mail pile, opens a letter --

SATAN

"Evil One, the havoc you wreak fills me with hate. Please send an autographed picture. I have enclosed a self addressed stamped envelope," yadda yadda yadda.

He shakes his head, tosses it, opens the next --

SATAN (CONT'D)

"Congratulations Satan, you may have already won ten million dollars. Simply return the enclosed..."

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Satan tosses it into the trash, sets it ablaze with a snap of his fingers -- He thumbs through the rest --

SATAN (CONT'D)

Gas. Phone. 'Love Boat' residuals.

INT. RECEPTION - CONTINUOUS

Beelzebuth slinks in. Marge moves to greet him.

MARGE

Bad afternoon, Mr. Beelzebu--

He shoves past her and into Satan's office --

INT. SATAN'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

The door bursts open as Beelzebuth stomps in --

BEELZEBUTH

You shoulda been there, Satan.  
Destruction. Screaming. Music to my ears.

SATAN

Heard of knocking, Beelzebuth?

BEELZEBUTH

Sorry, Evil One. I just wanted to detail the plan I'm implementing for Christmas. A nasty surprise for the humans. We've got four days 'til the big day, and --

SATAN

You're implementing an evil plan? Without approval?

BEELZEBUTH

Me and some of the other guys have been thinking. We can amp up the evil if we--

Satan lifts up a hand -- Beelzebuth is thrown into the wall by an invisible force --

SATAN

Listen to me. I...

He taps his wireless mic --

SATAN (CONT'D)

Hello? A little echo?

SQUEAKY VOICE (O.S.)

Sorry.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SATAN

(booming echo)

Listen to me. I am responsible for every bit of red on that console, as well as every ounce of power in your body. I am the Prince of Darkness. I decide when and where to enact my vengeance. Understood?

BEELZEBUTH

I'm sorry, master.

SATAN

Off with you.

Beelzebuth retreats, though a contemptuous look behind Satan's back reveals something less than admiration.

Satan straightens his cloak, cracks his knuckles, moves back to his swivel chair --

And sees one last envelope -- Covered in tiny candy canes and sparkles. He shakes it suspiciously, holds it to the lamp --

He looks again at his name on the envelope, scrawled in crayon and peppered with glitter --

He slices it open, unfolds it --

SATAN (CONT'D)

"Hello you jolly and fat guy."

Satan stops, pinches his mid-section --

SATAN (CONT'D)

"After much deliberation I have decided to ask for a Robofriend. I saw it at LeBlanc's Toy Store on Main Street. It looks so great. Not to mention the parent reviews are through the roof. I live in the foster home at 435 E. Mulberry, Granville, Ohio. I have added a Mapquest link for your convenience. Love, Muffin Reynolds".

Satan raises an eyebrow --

SATAN (CONT'D)

Definitely an invitation.

Then, he notices something on the corner of the letter -- THE SMASHED HOUSEFLY --

SATAN (CONT'D)

A sacrifice?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Satan jumps up, looks more closely at the letter --

SATAN (CONT'D)  
C'mon blood of an innocent, blood of an  
innocent. No whammies. No whammies...

He examines every thread of the paper, freezes on a tiny red stain -- he presses it against his nose, inhales deeply --

INT. RECEPTION - MOMENTS LATER

A cheery Marge feeds a human hand to piranha in a fish tank.

SATAN (O.S.)  
Armageddon!

Marge startles. Satan bursts in --

SATAN (CONT'D)  
Marge, it's on like Donkey Kong! Invited  
by an innocent, animal sacrificed, this  
Muffin's blood is right there!

He points to the tiny speckle of blood. She puts on a pair of spectacles, looks closely --

MARGE  
I can't believe it!

SATAN  
I just have to get her this "Robofriend"  
and I'll turn the universe into a house  
of unrelenting and eternal horror!

MARGE  
I knew you could do it!

They jump up and down together --

INT. THE ETERNAL DMV - LATER

Word spreads quickly. DEMON CLERKS whisper to one another --

DEMON CLERK #1  
Satan's been invited to Earth.

DEMON CLERK #2  
It has come to pass.

INT. IKEA OF DAMNATION - DAY

The Demon stockboys are giddy. High fives all around --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DEMON STOCK BOY #1  
Satan's going to Earth!

DEMON STOCK BOY #2  
Soon we'll rise and torment the living.

DEMON STOCK BOY #3  
Armageddon excited already!

Stock Boys 1 and 2 look to #3, shake their heads --

DEMON STOCK BOY #3 (CONT'D)  
Oh come on, that's hilarious!

INT. HELL - STABLE OF THE HORSEMEN - CONTINUOUS

The FOUR HORSEMEN stretch, do jumping jacks. They've been waiting a long time for this --

INT. SATAN'S DEN - DAY

He scoops a ton of food into his hellhound's bowl --

SATAN  
I'll be back in a week. You know how to work the remote.

Satan grabs a few maps from a kitchen drawer, makes sure his oven is ON -- then makes his way to the front door --

That's when the whimpering starts. Satan turns, faces Hellhound, who gives him bright red evil puppy dog eyes, WHIMPERS a bit -- Satan considers.

SMASH CUT TO:

HELLHOUND -- sitting in the passenger seat of a fiery red LAMBORGHINI DIABLO --

Satan sits behind the wheel, puts on a pair of red driving gloves, and turns the key. The engine roars to life --

EXT. HELL - MAIN OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Hundreds of demons gather around the car, cheering excitedly. A huge banner, 'MAL VOYAGE SATAN!' hangs from the roof --

A DEMON BRASS BAND plays a cover of Ozzy's 'Crazy Train', the low notes booming from a FLAMING TUBA --

Marge stands by the driver's side window, beams proudly --

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

SATAN

I've pre-programmed disasters for next week. Did you change my outgoing message?

MARGE

Of course I did. Don't worry about a thing. I charged your hell phone. Now go prepare the Earth for an eternity of suffering, you big lug.

Satan winks at her, revs his engine to a chorus of cheers --  
Beelzebuth looks on, claps halfheartedly --

Satan peels out, leaving a trail of flaming tire tracks --  
his vanity license plate reads 'S8TAN' --

He shoots into a CAVERN MARKED 'EXIT' --

EXT. PURGATORY CHASM - MOMENTS LATER

Located just minutes from Worcester, Massachusetts, this rock formation is the main passage to and from hell --

The Diablo rumbles from a cavern, onto a nearby dirt road --

INT. THE DIABLO - CONTINUOUS

They shoot down the road at breakneck speed -- Satan LAUGHS MANIACALLY, while Hellhound HOWLS --

LATER

Satan LAUGHS, a bit more subdued. Hellhound hangs his head out of the window, tongue sticking out, a bit less enthused --

EVEN LATER

Satan just GIGGLES now, fighting off a yawn. Hellhound is curled up asleep -- Satan taps him --

SATAN

Arise!

The dog doesn't move --

SATAN (CONT'D)

Arise and devour the souls of the good!

A slight tail wag. Satan shrugs, turns on the stereo, and fiddles with the stations -- manages to find a channel on the AM dial. A zealous HOST preaches --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HOST (V.O.)

I tell you the end times are here. Get right with God because Satan is on his way. Alright, we have a caller. Go ahead?

CALLER (V.O.)

I wanted to say that Satan is here.

HOST (V.O.)

Amen.

CALLER (V.O.)

I just saw him on I-70 near Zanesville, Ohio. He was in a red sports car, and he had a crazy looking dog with him.

HOST (V.O.)

Very funny. You won't be laughing when Armageddon comes.

SATAN

(a wide smile)

They certainly won't.

Satan puts in a CD -- It's 'The Macarena' -- He pressed a button on the stereo labeled 'BACKWARDS' --

The CD REVERSES -- the singer's voice becomes warped and evil, though the beat remains almost identical --

SINGER (V.O.)

*Satan's great, you should worship that guy. Seriously y'all, give it a try.*

Satan bobs his head, guns the engine -- But high above the road, beyond the clouds, he is being tracked --

INT. HEAVEN -- AIR TRAFFIC CONTROL - DAY

A few ANGELS sit at what looks like an air traffic control center. They wear headsets, punch in coordinates --

There's a map of the world on a console, similar to the one in Satan's office --

The HEAD ANGEL notices a new blip on the radar, picks up an emergency phone --

HEAD ANGEL

Better get me the big man.

EXT. MAIN STREET - GRANVILLE, OHIO - NIGHT

The Diablo roars down the quaint main drag --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SATAN  
LeBlanc's...LeBlanc's...

The Diablo purrs to a stop in front of the toy store.  
LeBlanc's is closed, but Robofriend shimmers in the window.

SATAN (CONT'D)  
There's our guy.

EXT. LEBLANC'S TOY STORE - MOMENTS LATER

Satan and Hellhound arrive at the door.

SATAN  
I melt the lock and we're home free.

Satan gazes at the door -- the lock starts to heat up, glow red -- Suddenly, a bright light from behind. Satan swivels --

GOD sits cross-legged on the bench behind them. He wears pristine robes, and a nifty white beret --

Satan is thoroughly surprised. Reggie cowers behind him -- After a long silence --

SATAN (CONT'D)  
Awkward...

Reggie growls. God reaches into his robe, pulls out a massive steak, tosses it down -- Reggie chews it, tail wagging.

SATAN (CONT'D)  
Show off.

GOD  
What are you doing on the surface? My apocalypse alarm didn't go off.

SATAN  
We're just on a little vacation.

GOD  
"Hey Hellhound, let's go on a vacation. Jamaica? No. Kauai? Been there, done that. How about we go to Ohio and break into toy stores?"

SATAN  
(out of ideas)  
Fraternity prank?

GOD  
Kosher bologna! You're here because Muffin invited you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SATAN  
You know about Muffin?

GOD  
I know everything, Lucifer.

SATAN  
Don't call me by my given name!

GOD  
Lucifer, Lucifer, Lucifer, Lucifer!

SATAN  
Two can play at that game, Donald Frazier  
Jehova!

GOD  
Muffin invited you by mistake, Lucy!

SATAN  
Na-ah, Lady God-iva!

GOD  
C'mon! Satan? Santa? Candy canes? "Bring  
me a toy"? You bring toys to kids?

SATAN  
I do now.

GOD  
Just do the right thing for once.

SATAN  
Hello? Me llamo Satan. I never do the  
right thing. And there's nothing in the  
scrolls about misspellings.

God thinks. Satan is right --

SATAN (CONT'D)  
So, if you don't mind I'll just get the  
toy and extinguish your light forever.

GOD  
Well surely you remember paragraph 183-6  
of truce 3,455.

A huge binder of parchment falls from the sky, lands on the  
bench next to God -- God thumbs through, finds it, reads --

GOD (CONT'D)  
Hither, thou, heretofore, shall,  
begotten, hithertofore...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Satan cocks his head. God shuts the book --

GOD (CONT'D)

Basically, if you come to Earth before Armageddon, you must appear in human form. You may not use supernatural powers, including, but not limited to lock-melting.

SATAN

Are you serious?

GOD

That's not even the best part. You can't break any of my Eleven Commandments.

SATAN

Eleven?

GOD

Amendment I put in last year. "Thou shalt not drive while holding a cell phone". Hasn't totally caught on yet.

SATAN

I agreed to all of this?

GOD

You signed it right here, with a little frowny face.

Satan looks. Sure enough -- God's got him there.

GOD (CONT'D)

Never were good with details. That's why I fired you. That and you were playing fantasy football all day on my dime.

SATAN

I was trying to work a trade with Saint Peter.

GOD

I'll be watching you, Lucy. So play nice.

God launches into the air. Satan calls after him --

SATAN

Only for a few days. Then I'll be more...eviller than...ever...

But God's long gone -- Satan closes his eyes. His horns shrivel away, as do his wings -- Satan looks at Robofriend.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

SATAN (CONT'D)

Let's see... Can't steal it... Can't  
conjure up one...

Satan looks at Muffin's letter again, raises an eyebrow.

SATAN (CONT'D)

She said she wants a Robofriend. Perhaps  
I can get her to sign off on something  
less than the real thing?

MOMENTS LATER

Satan lifts a dumpster over his head, shakes the contents out  
onto the sidewalk. He and Hellhound pick through the trash --

SATAN (CONT'D)

The Prince of Darkness and I'm dumpster-  
diving. One bark about this...

As Satan digs, a DRUNKEN GUY in a Santa Claus costume passes  
by, staggering and half-singing.

DRUNKEN GUY

Jingle bells, Batman smells, Robin...  
paid an egg...

Hellhound looks to the drunken man, then to Satan, then back  
to the Drunken Man, who disappears around the corner --

Hellhound trots around the corner after him. Soon thereafter,  
a short burst of SCREAMING and GROWLING --

MOMENTS LATER

Hellhound trots back around the corner, the Santa costume in  
his teeth -- the drunken man runs away in his boxers.

DRUNKEN GUY (CONT'D)

Freakin' Cujo, man!

Satan looks to Hellhound, then to the retreating man.

SATAN

Sorry! We'll have it back asap!

Hellhound drops the Santa suit at his master's feet.

SATAN (CONT'D)

You've gotta be kidding me.

Hellhound sits, waits politely.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

SATAN (CONT'D)

I guess it couldn't hurt to really butter  
this kid up.

SMASH CUT TO:

SATAN IN THE SANTA SUIT

At least three sizes too small. He's beyond humiliated.

EXT. MUFFIN'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Satan makes his way toward the house, tearing seams left and  
right as he walks -- He peeks through the front window.  
Nobody -- He eyes a window on the second floor.

MOMENTS LATER

Satan shimmies up a drain pipe, pulls himself up on the small  
porch roof. He grows more and more winded as he climbs.

SATAN

Much...easier...with...super...powers.

After one more arduous pull-up he reaches the sharply slanted  
roof of the house. He carefully slides across to the window.

SATAN (CONT'D)

Steeper grade...than I thought...

Exhausted, Satan makes it to the window, peeks in.

SATAN POV

There, in the closest bunk, Muffin SNORES away -- she's got  
crayons in her hand, and no less than a dozen drawings of  
Robofriend peppering her bed and the surrounding floor.

Satan looks down, gives a thumbs up to Hellhound --

Satan watches her slumber for a peaceful moment, before his  
feet completely slide out from under him --

He faceplants onto the roof, slides towards the edge. As he  
picks up speed --

SATAN (CONT'D)

So, I guess now this is happening.

He launches off the edge of the roof, flips backwards, and  
lands with a THUD on the snowy lawn.

INT. THE BUNKS - CONTINUOUS

Muffin's eyes open. She looks around, reaches for a cup by her bed, tries to sip from it -- Completely empty. She SIGHS, climbs out of bed.

INT. FRONT YARD - MOMENTS LATER

Satan staggers to his feet, dusts the snow off, then notices, movement through the front window -- Inside, Muffin patters toward the refrigerator.

INT. KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Muffin pours herself a cup of water, puts the jug back into the refrigerator -- A huge shadow slowly falls over her --

She turns, finds herself face to face with a smiling SATAN. He may be in human form, but he makes for one creepy human, let alone in a Santa suit sized for a pigmy.

SATAN

Hello, Muffin. Santa at your service.

Muffin turns sheet white, backs away --

MUFFIN

You don't wanna do this.

SATAN

Do what?

Muffin is scared as hell, but tries to reason with him.

MUFFIN

We can get you help.

Muffin looks around for something to defend herself with.

SATAN

I'm not going to hurt you.

He takes a step forward --

SATAN (CONT'D)

I'm Santa Claus.

-- Muffin makes her move, grabs a nearby canister of PAM and maces him with it.

MUFFIN

You're a stranger inside my residence! I had no choice!

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

Satan recoils for a moment, then collects himself, licks his lips. As she continues spraying his face --

SATAN

What is that, corn oil?

She tosses the can at him. It bounces off his forehead.

SATAN (CONT'D)

Ow. That was my...brain-bone. You just assaulted Santa.

MUFFIN

If you were Santa you'd have a beard.

SATAN

I shaved it. I'm...sponsored by Gillette now.

Muffin scrunches her face up, looks him up and down.

MUFFIN

All the pictures of you are fatter.

SATAN

I've been doing crunches.

Muffin notices Hellhound at Satan's side, red-eyed and as menacing as ever. She shrieks, jumps onto the counter.

MUFFIN

Holy shitzu, what's that!?

SATAN

It's...Santa's little helper.

MUFFIN

If Santa does have a dog it doesn't look like that!

Satan pulls a knife from the counter, grabs some ketchup and dressing from the fridge, snags Hellhound and turns around --

After a few yelps from Hellhound, Satan spins again to face Muffin, sets his prized pet down --

SATAN

It's Santa's poodle...Reggie.

The once menacing dog is shaved, except for a poofball on the end of his tail. He's also been dyed an ungodly shade of pink by a mixture of condiments --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MUFFIN

Santa has a poodle named Reggie?

"Reggie", growls at Satan --

SATAN

He's a very nice dog. Or else.

Reggie looks to Muffin, forces a tail wag -- Muffin looks to Reggie, then to Satan, then back to Reggie.

MUFFIN

I forgot that I need to...

Sliding towards a nearby phone.

MUFFIN (CONT'D)

...call my old friend...

As she slowly reaches for the receiver.

SATAN

You're not going to have me arrested  
after I show you this!

Satan presents the sorriest excuse for a Robofriend in the history of time -- various items from the trash, held together by pipe cleaners, some old lettuce clinging to it.

MUFFIN

Um. Okay. And that is?

SATAN

Robofriend.

MUFFIN

Alright, I may be eight and all, but that looks like an old microwave door, a popsicle stick, two and a half brillo pads, and a pickle jar.

Satan takes a good long look at the doll.

SATAN

That's because it's a...limited edition Robofriend, made of those things you just mentioned.

She's not buying it. Then, from up the stairs.

NANCY (O.S.)

Muffin? What are you doing down there?

Creaking from the stairs as Nancy starts down.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

SATAN

Look, I am Santa, how else did I get your letter?

He shows it to her. She considers.

SATAN (CONT'D)

My elves blew it on this one, but I have to get you the Robofriend.

MUFFIN

A real Robofriend? SKU#128849?

Satan nods, smiles wide. Muffin looks to Reggie, who forces a tail-wag, and even a semblance of a smile.

MUFFIN (CONT'D)

Meet me at Bryan Elementary School. 8am tomorrow morning, by the bus stop.

SATAN

As you wish.

ANGLE ON THE STAIRS

As Nancy comes down, rubbing her eyes.

NANCY

Muffin, what are you doing down --

Muffin stands in the kitchen, twiddling her thumbs. The back door is wide open. The can of Pam rolls across the floor.

NANCY (CONT'D)

-- here?

MUFFIN

I couldn't sleep. Just playing a little game of...kick the corn oil?

NANCY

Why's the door open?

MUFFIN

That's the goal, silly.

INT. BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Muffin crawls back into bed. Nancy covers her up --

MUFFIN

Nancy, I just told a lie.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NANCY  
About what, Muffin?

MUFFIN  
I wasn't playing kick the corn oil. I was talking to Santa and his poodle Reggie. They're gonna get me Robofriend tomorrow.

NANCY  
Sure they are.

She kisses Muffin's head, then switches off the light --

EXT. SIDEWALK - NIGHT

The town is completely quiet. After all, it's almost nine. Satan walks next to a disapproving Reggie --

SATAN  
What? She was about to go berserk.

Reggie BARKS --

SATAN (CONT'D)  
A poodle was a little much. I overreacted. Sue me, I'm the Devil.

Reggie WHIMPERS --

EXT. THE WOODS - LATE NIGHT

Satan and Reggie gather sticks together for a bonfire Satan reaches out his hand, about to use his powers to start the fire, remembers he can't --

SATAN  
Stupid truce.

MOMENTS LATER

Satan rubs sticks together, tries to start a fire. No luck --

LATER

Reggie and Satan, fast asleep, curled up together -- Satan tosses and turns as he dreams --

SERIES OF SHOTS

EXT. FIELD - DAY

Muffin and Satan skip through the schoolyard --

INT. PIZZERIA - DAY

Muffin and Satan share a pizza in a cozy booth, chatting and LAUGHING --

INT. ANTIQUE STORE - DAY

Muffin and Satan survey a fine carved footstool. They share an enthusiastic nod and a spontaneous hug --

RESUME THE WOODS

Satan awakens from the nightmare, a hot sweat, eyes wide --

He turns on his side, only to find Reggie inches from his face, bright pink and snoring -- Satan screams, jumps back --

EXT. MAIN STREET - MORNING

Satan stomps along the sidewalk, Reggie at his side.

SATAN  
I wasn't scared, alright? You just startled me...slightly.

Reggie grunts, "whatever you say" -- An OLD MAN passes by --

OLD MAN  
Good morning.

Satan looks at him strangely. The old man waits for a response -- Reggie nudges Satan --

SATAN  
(cringing)  
Good morning.

OLD MAN  
Looks like a nice day.

SATAN  
Yes. Very...pretty and good.

The old man nods, continues away. Another PASSER BY waves enthusiastically -- Satan forces a wave --

SATAN (CONT'D)  
(to Reggie)  
This is a living heaven.

The DRIVER of a passing truck beeps, waves. Satan blows him a sarcastic kiss --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SATAN (CONT'D)

Nice, nice. Smile, smile. Makes me sick.

A PAPERBOY pedals by, waves --

PAPER BOY

Hello.

SATAN

(a massive grin)

Good morning. I love you.

The paperboy pedals away quickly --

In the window of Leblanc's Toy Store, Buddy flips the 'DAYS 'TIL XMAS' sign to 3. Passing shoppers start sprinting.

EXT. BRYAN ELEMENTARY - MORNING

Busloads of CHILDREN are dropped off at the curb. Most of the kids rush inside, but Muffin doesn't plan on attending today.

She looks left, looks right. Then, across the way, Satan waves to her, Reggie by his side -- Muffin looks both ways, then darts across.

MUFFIN

Santa!

She runs up, all smiles. But first, an order of business.

MUFFIN (CONT'D)

Look, I totally slept on it. Sorry for being rude. You just look a lot different than I expected. And you were kinda breaking and entering. And you never see Santa with a dog. We good?

SATAN

Of course. We're good.

Muffin smiles, gives Satan an unexpected hug. She scratches Reggie's chin. The dog can't help but like it a little --

SATAN (CONT'D)

Shall we get you your toy?

Muffin smiles, nods. They start walking.

MUFFIN

You got a history of back problems. Anything like that?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SATAN

No, why?

Using Reggie as a stool, Muffin hop onto Satan's shoulders --

SATAN (CONT'D)

(spinning)

What are you doing?

MUFFIN

Riding on your shoulders.

SATAN

No one dares to ride on my--

MUFFIN

Come on, Santa. Toy store. Pronto.

Eventually Satan gives in, continues on --

SATAN

If it is your bidding.

MUFFIN

Whoooooooooooooooooooo!

SATAN

So, that noise means you're...happy?

MUFFIN

Yep.

SATAN

And I made you that way?

MUFFIN

Yeppers.

SATAN

Bear with me. I'm new to this.

EXT. MAIN STREET - DAY

TOWNSPEOPLE bustle past, sharing enthusiastic greetings --

MAN

Merry Christmas.

WOMAN

Hey there.

(re: Muffin)

What a cutie!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAN 2

How do you do?

Satan gives a half-hearted "parade wave". Muffin mimics --

SATAN

Hey. Fine, thanks. Love ya lots. Kisses.

As they near the toy store --

MUFFIN

Why don't you just have the elves make me  
a real Robofriend?

SATAN

Right. The elves.

MUFFIN

You still have elves, right?

SATAN

Yes. We've got a few elves in my  
"workshop". They were robbing graves.

MUFFIN

It's hard to find good help, huh?

Satan freezes --

EXT. LEBLANC'S TOY STORE - DAY

They stand motionless in front of the toy store. Robofriend  
IS GONE -- Muffin covers her mouth --

SATAN

Oh no they didn't.

Satan sets her down, takes her hand. They head inside.

INT. TOY STORE - MOMENTS LATER

Satan, Muffin and Reggie approach the register. Buddy  
straightens the wall display --

Satan clears his throat, prepares his deepest growl --

SATAN

Where is the robot?

BUDDY

(turning)

Hey there, boss. Sorry, the dog's gotta  
go. It's against health codes. Plus, he  
smells like a Whopper Junior.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

Satan points to the exit. Reggie leaves.

BUDDY (CONT'D)  
Say, you're new around here.

SATAN  
The robot. Give it to me now.

He extends a hand --

BUDDY  
Buddy LeBlanc.

SATAN  
What?

BUDDY  
Buddy Leblanc's the name.

MUFFIN  
(whispering)  
You shake his hand now.

Satan shakes Buddy's hand. The old man winces --

BUDDY  
Heck of a handshake you got there...

He waits for a name --

MUFFIN  
(more coaching)  
Tell him your name.

Buddy's hearing aid WHISTLES. Satan stalls, looks at the toy shelves for ideas --

SATAN  
G.I. Joe.

BUDDY  
Just like the toy. Well, good to meet you  
Joe. How do you know this little one?

Muffin crawls up onto the counter, whispers in Buddy's ear --

MUFFIN  
He's really Santa Claus.

BUDDY  
He is?

MUFFIN  
Yeah, but his elves are phoning it in.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BUDDY

I see. Must be why he needs a toy store.

EXT. SIDEWALK - CONTINUOUS

Reggie waits patiently for his owner to return. Then to his right, a BEAUTIFUL POODLE approaches --

She is being walked by a YUPPIE WOMAN chattering on a cellphone. Reggie's heart skips a beat --

YUPPIE WOMAN

So like, I said you can't expect, like, every dress to fit perfectly...

As she blabs, her poodle sees Reggie, moves to him -- A choir sings. An AIR SUPPLY BALLAD blares -- The dogs touch noses --

BACK IN THE TOY STORE

Satan leans against the counter. Muffin sits on it --

SATAN

I must have that robot.

LEBLANC

Sorry. Finally gave in and sold the display one ten minutes ago, Joe. It's back-ordered for months.

SATAN

That is most unfortunate.

LEBLANC

Well, there's a handful of places in Columbus. A couple of shopping malls.

Satan cringes --

LEBLANC (CONT'D)

Hate malls, huh?

SATAN

Hate everything.

Muffin looks at him expectantly --

SATAN (CONT'D)

Where are these malls?

EXT. LEBLANC'S TOY STORE - MOMENTS LATER

Satan and Muffin emerge -- Reggie watches sadly as the poodle is dragged away by the yuppie woman --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SATAN  
(to Reggie)  
What is it?

Satan looks down the block, sees the poodle --

SATAN (CONT'D)  
We have to go to the malls of Columbus.

No response from Reggie --

SATAN (CONT'D)  
Reggie? Shopping malls. Hello?

He yanks Reggie along --

EXT. ROUTE 70 - DAY

The Diablo cooks down the highway -- Muffin fiddles with the radio --

MUFFIN  
Looking for a weather report. The  
barometric pressure's been all over the  
place lately.

As she constantly changes stations --

SATAN  
(bothered)  
Muffin, would you --

She looks to him, a wide smile, still changing stations --

SATAN (CONT'D)  
Never mind.

MUFFIN  
I didn't know you had a car.

SATAN  
I worked sixteen-thousand Summers to earn  
this car.

MUFFIN  
I thought you had a sleigh.

SATAN  
Horses, but no sleigh...  
(considering)  
I'm gonna get my designers on that.

He pulls a smoldering digital voice recorder from a pocket --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SATAN (CONT'D)

Note to self, get sleigh prototype.  
Something fiery and ominous, with GPS.

MUFFIN

Some kids say people made you up, to make  
sure kids are good. "You don't eat your  
peas, you'll be on the naughty list."

SATAN

It takes much more than that to wind up  
on my "naughty list".

MUFFIN

That's what I thought.  
(sheepish)  
What if...I took a cookie before dinner?

SATAN

I applaud you.

She smiles --

INT. COLUMBUS MALL - AFTERNOON

Typical mall. Busy as heck. The parking lot is crammed.

INT. ROW OF STORES - DAY

Muffin is once again on Satan's shoulders. He navigates  
shoppers -- Christmas carols everywhere. He wants to scream --

Reggie's poof tail is stepped on by a SHOPPER, he almost  
takes her head off -- the shopper SQUEALS, runs away --

Muffin points at a store across from them --

MUFFIN

Toy town! Toy town!

SATAN

Finally.

Satan tries to enter, but is stopped by a bitchy EMPLOYEE  
with a headset on -- the Employee points to a line snaking  
out of the doors --

EMPLOYEE

Back of the line, Sir, thank you.

SATAN

Get out of my way.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EMPLOYEE  
 (a big fake smile)  
 Probably about forty-five minute wait,  
 sir. Thank you.

SATAN  
 (growling)  
 I could devour your soul.

EMPLOYEE  
 How 'bout you devour my soul when you get  
 to the front of the line, okay sweetie?

Satan's nostrils flare, but he composes himself, moves to the  
 end of the line --

EMPLOYEE (CONT'D)  
 (announcing)  
 People, we're exceeding fire code  
 regulations. We'll let you in as shoppers  
 leave. Great, thanks.

SHOPPER 1  
 Any more Easy Bake Ovens?

EMPLOYEE  
 (checking a clipboard)  
 No more Easy Bake Ovens. Sold out.

SHOPPER 2  
 How about the new Wii?

EMPLOYEE  
 A couple of those left.

SATAN  
 (pipes up)  
 I need the Robofriend 3000.

The crowd turns to face him, begins LAUGHING hysterically.  
 The employee LAUGHS too --

EMPLOYEE  
 Sold out two weeks ago, big guy.

Another huge fake smile --

EXT. TOYS R' US - DAY

SHOPPERS in the parking lot scatter as Satan's Diablo skids  
 into a stop -- he piles out with Muffin and Reggie --

INT. TOYS R' US - MOMENTS LATER

A CLERK shakes his head at them. No more Robofriends --

INT. TOY WORLD - DAY

Another CLERK shakes her head -- Satan slams his hand on the counter -- the wood splinters. The clerk backs away, scared --

Satan, Muffin and Reggie tiptoe out --

EXT. PROMENADE - DAY

Satan, Muffin and Reggie make their way through a bustling outdoor shopping area --

EXT. ZIGGY'S TOY AND HOBBY SHOP - CONTINUOUS

An exhausted Satan makes his way toward the doors -- Muffin holds his hand, pulls him forward. She hasn't given up yet --

INT. ZIGGY'S TOY AND HOBBY SHOP - MOMENTS LATER

Muffin rushes down the aisles -- Satan mopes behind --

They arrive at what used to be a huge stack of Robofriend 3000s. It's now just an empty shelf --

Satan shakes his head. Another miss. They turn to leave --  
WHEN HE SPOTS SOMETHING --

Hidden in the back of the bottom shelf, one box remains. Satan thrills, grabs it. Muffin hugs the box, kisses it --

AT THE REGISTER - MOMENTS LATER

Muffin is super-excited. Back on his shoulders, she slaps Satan on his forehead over and over --

MUFFIN

I've got Robofriend. I've got Robofriend.

Satan slides the box across the counter to the CASHIER --

CASHIER

(scans it)  
That's \$107.13.

Satan nods to the cashier, who waits patiently --

MUFFIN

Now you give her the moneys.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SATAN

I don't have any moneys.

CASHIER

Then you should put that back, buddy.

SATAN

(a growl)

I am not your "buddy".

MUFFIN

Do you have any idea who this is?

She leans in, WHISPERS --

MUFFIN (CONT'D)

He's Santa Claus.

CASHIER

I see. Don't you have a workshop, Santa?

MUFFIN

He does, but the elves totally suck.

CASHIER

Well then you need to get yourself a credit card or something.

Satan grabs the box, eyes the puny SECURITY GUARD by the door, considers taking the toy --

Until he spots a sign by the register -- "DO NOT STEAL - Shoplifting is a Crime" --

SATAN

Damned Commandments.

He sets the box on the counter. Muffin can't believe it --

MUFFIN

Just so we're clear, I'm not getting the Robofriend right now?

SATAN

We must play nice, Muffin.

She begins to whimper. Soon she is crying --

SATAN (CONT'D)

Muffin, enough.

Now it's full blast -- He marches her out of the store --

INT. MALL - MOMENTS LATER

He paces, Muffin on his shoulders again. Her tears dripping into his eyes --

SATAN  
You stop. No more crying.

MUFFIN  
(sniffles)  
How come you're broke as a joke?

SATAN  
There is no money where I'm from.

Satan thinks -- Nearby, A CELLIST plays a beautiful song. A CLOWN makes a giraffe out of a balloon. A JUGGLER juggles five balls at once --

Satan sees SHOPPERS giving money to the performers --

MOMENTS LATER

Satan finds himself a spot in the middle of the mall. He reaches out his hands, begins to summon fireballs --

But Reggie BARKS, eyes him sternly. Satan remembers, extinguishes them --

SATAN (CONT'D)  
Right. No powers.

The clown leaves -- Satan notices an unused BALLOON on the floor. Satan grabs it, inflates it, bends it various ways --

Then offers it to a passing CHILD --

SATAN (CONT'D)  
Balloon animal?

CHILD  
What is it?

SATAN  
Um... Amoeba?

CHILD  
(a snort)  
Amateur.

IN THE TOY STORE WINDOW -- the last Robofriend is removed from the display --

Muffin walks away, dejected. Satan and Reggie follow --

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

SATAN

See, I'm normally very powerful. Really,  
you have no idea. I...

He spots a nearby ARCADE. A few HAPPY KIDS play games inside.

SATAN (CONT'D)

Perhaps those machines would help cheer  
you up?

Muffin looks up, considers. Her face brightens a bit.

MUFFIN

Don't suppose you've got any quarters?

MOMENTS LATER

INT. ARCADE - MOMENTS LATER

Satan strains to tilt the Street Fighter machine -- Muffin  
looks underneath -- no quarters --

Satan moves to the next machine, tilts it -- still no  
quarters --

He moves to a third, tilts it -- Muffin SQUEALS with delight,  
snags a few pieces of change from beneath --

MOMENTS LATER

Muffin approaches DANCE DANCE REVOLUTION, a video game you  
dance on, trying to keep pace with the MUSIC --

She puts money in -- Satan watches curiously --

SATAN

Why play these games?

MUFFIN

'Cause they're fun.

Muffin jumps on the machine, presses start -- Satan watches  
as Muffin dances her little heart out --

He is forced to smile. Reggie runs around the machine  
excitedly -- A breathless Muffin steps off of the machine.

SATAN

Well done, Muffin.

Muffin shoves Satan onto the machine, shoves two more  
quarters in --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MUFFIN

Your turn.

SATAN

I don't do such things.

MUFFIN

(puppy dog eyes)

Just once? For me? Do it.

Satan eyes the machine, 'well, it is her bidding' --

MOMENTS LATER

Satan dances on the machine. Nuts and bolts fly every which way. Reggie shields his eyes. Muffin laughs like crazy --

EXT. ARCADE - CONTINUOUS

Across from the arcade, A STONE GARGOYLE on the wall, eyes glowing ominously --

RESUME INTERIOR ARCADE

Satan steps off the completely mangled machine. It sparks and smokes -- Satan picks Muffin up, walks away --

The MANAGER of the arcade comes out, looks at the destroyed machine, YELLS after them. Satan breaks into a sprint --

INT. DIABLO - DAY

They gun it back down the freeway --

MUFFIN

Thanks for dancing on the machine. It was great, even if you did flatten it.

SATAN

(a chuckle)

I did, didn't I?

MUFFIN

You're funny.

SATAN

Funny. That's a new one.

EXT. BRYAN ELEMENTARY - DAY

Satan drops her off across from the loading buses --

SATAN

Have I done your bidding?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MUFFIN

My what?

SATAN

Have I satisfied you?

MUFFIN

Look, I think we have serious friendship potential. Today was great. But, just so we're clear, I'm still hoping to get a Robofriend out of the deal.

Satan nods, sighs --

MUFFIN (CONT'D)

So see you tomorrow. 8am sharp.

Muffin climbs out, heads for her bus.

INT. DINING ROOM - EVENING

Muffin and the kids sit at the table. Nancy scoops lasagna onto their plates -- Muffin can't stop gabbing.

MUFFIN

So Santa took me and his dog to Columbus in his Lamborghini. And we looked for my present. And there was this mean woman. And Santa Claus said he would eat her soul. Then we played Dance Dance Revolution. He broke the game.

Muffin CHUCKLES, shakes her head. The kids all stare blankly at her -- Nancy plops some lasagna on her plate.

MUFFIN (CONT'D)

Oh, Santa says I can have a cookie first.

Off of Nancy's confusion --

EXT. FIELD - NIGHT

Satan tries to make himself comfortable for the night. Reggie leans against him, looks at him expectantly --

SATAN

Surely you don't expect me to pet you.

Reggie whimpers --

SATAN (CONT'D)

I do not like her better than you. She's our ticket to world domination.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Another whimper --

SATAN (CONT'D)  
You didn't say you wanted to dance.

Satan turns away from Reggie -- one last whimper --

SATAN (CONT'D)  
Well I'm not a mind-reader.

INT. HELL - NIGHT

A SCREEN on the far wall of the warehouse, blocked off so The Damned can't see it -- DEMONS settle down on beds of nails, bags of popcorn in hand --

TRIVIA QUESTIONS are projected onto the far wall of the cavern -- QUESTION 1: This actor portrayed both Satan and God in the 1984 film 'Oh God, You Devil'. ANSWER: George Burns.

DEMON #6322  
I knew that one.

The restless demons begin chanting --

DEMONS  
My Dog Skip! My Dog Skip! My Dog Skip!

Beelzebuth steps in front of the screen for an announcement. He turns on a microphone -- a scream of loud FEEDBACK --

BEELZEBUTH  
(tapping the mic)  
Sorry to interrupt on movie night.

DEMON HECKLER  
Then sit down!

BEELZEBUTH  
I know where you live, buddy.

DEMON HECKLER  
Sorry.

BEELZEBUTH  
This will come as a shock, but I feel you must know. Satan has become super-nice.

MURMURS of doubt from the demons. Satan would never go soft --

BEELZEBUTH (CONT'D)  
Don't take my word for it. Look at this hidden demon footage taken just today.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He props the GARGOYLE, A DEMON SPY, onto a slab of rock -- the demon's eyes project what he has seen onto the screen --

Satan gives Muffin a piggy back ride -- He makes an animal balloon for a child -- He dances on the video game --

The demons react with disbelief. Beelzebuth continues --

BEELZEBUTH (CONT'D)

Is this the behavior you'd expect from the ruler of hell?

DEMONS

(in unison)

No!

BEELZEBUTH

As you know, it's almost Christmas up there on the surface.

The demons BOO loudly --

BEELZEBUTH (CONT'D)

What we need now is leadership. I've got plans for our most evil deed yet. But I need your allegiance.

ON THE WALL -- Satan searches for toys with little Muffin -- it's enough to turn any demon's stomach --

DEMON #4775 begins to chant --

DEMON

Beetlejuice! Beetlejuice! Beetlejuice!

Another joins him. Then another. Then a handful. Soon thousands of demons CHANT his name, almost --

BEELZEBUTH

It's pronounced Beelzebuth. Hello?

But the chants have gotten too loud. Beelzebuth stops trying to correct them, raises his arms, laughs manically --

DEMON HECKLER

(looking around)

So...we gonna watch 'My Dog Skip' now?

Above it all, MARGE watches nervously from the office window -

EXT. PLAYGROUND - MORNING

Satan sits on the bottom of a see-saw, Muffin stuck in the air on the other end.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MUFFIN

So I was thinkin'. You need a job.

SATAN

Excuse me?

MUFFIN

When you're big you get a job. And then you get an envelope with cash in it. If you're lucky some quality health insurance. Dental. Life even?

SATAN

Will a job provide enough cash to buy a Robofriend?

Muffin nods. Satan sighs --

EXT. CHRISTMAS TREE LOT - DAY

Muffin rides Reggie as he zigs and zags around the trees. A few LAST MINUTE FAMILIES look for the perfect specimen.

A nervous Satan stands with the MANAGER, who surveys his job application --

MANAGER

Previous experience, "Two-million years as an angel of light, over four-million as the Angel of Death".

Satan nods, points to an item on the application --

SATAN

Not to mention three years in between as a dancer. Off Broadway.

MANAGER

Previous employer, "God". References, "Muffin".

Satan nods. The manager SIGHS balls up the application --

MANAGER (CONT'D)

You're overqualified, smart-ass.

INT. MALL - DAY

Satan, now wearing a fake white beard, has found employment as a mall Santa -- He perches awkwardly on a snowy throne as a line of CHILDREN wait to sit on his lap for photos.

SERIES OF SHOTS

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A TODDLER repeatedly swats Satan's forehead with a beanie baby --

A BABY coughs up all over Satan as a flashbulb blinds them both --

A PAIR OF 4-YEAR OLD TWINS perch nervously on Satan's lap.

SATAN  
(trying his best)  
So what do you want for Christmas, you  
cuddly tiny people?

The frightened twins don't answer. A long silence. A look of concentration on one twin's face. Then --

SATAN (CONT'D)  
Okay, that's urine! I'm out!

Satan jumps up, shoves the kids into their MOM's arms. He removes his beard, starts wiping his pants with it --

As several CHILDREN in line start CRYING --

EXT. STARBUCKS - DAY

Muffin and Reggie watch through the window --

INT. STARBUCKS - DAY

In a frenzied store, crowded with CUSTOMERS, Satan mans the register. He wears his Santa hat, along with a green smock, covered in bright red ribbons. Fairly humiliating --

A YOUNG EXEC steps to the counter, holding a cell phone. Satan SIGHS, goes into his rehearsed greeting.

SATAN  
Welcome to Starbuck's, and Happy  
Holidays. May I offer you our holiday  
special Candy Cane Christmas Cup of Cocoa  
with Creme?

YOUNG EXEC  
No, you can't. I want a venti soy chai, a  
grande white chocolate mocha, and a pound  
of Columbia Narino Supremo, pronto.

Satan takes a long hard look at him, then at the register.

SATAN  
Okay. That's a Wendy...soy...chop...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

YOUNG EXEC  
Venti soy chai. Clean your ears, moron.

Off of Satan's growing frustration --

EXT. STARBUCKS - MOMENTS LATER

The MANAGER shoves Satan out the door --

MANAGER  
Don't ever come back!

Satan runs away quickly. Muffin and Reggie follow --

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - DAY

The same YOUNG EXEC sits on an examination table, arms wrapped around his belly -- the DOCTOR holds up an X-RAY --

DOCTOR  
So, how exactly did your cell phone end up in your stomach?

INT. DIABLO - LATER

A frustrated Satan starts the engine. Muffin reaches across, buckles his safety belt for him.

MUFFIN  
Safety belts are our best defense against the unpredictable actions of the drunk driver.

She buckles her own. Satan pulls out.

SATAN  
I've earned less than eighteen moneys. That's not enough for the Robofriend.

Muffin's tummy GROWLS a bit. She shrugs.

MUFFIN  
It's enough to get lunch.

INT. PIZZERIA - DAY

Satan, Muffin and Reggie share a corner booth, and a pitcher of lemonade.

MUFFIN  
So, when did you decide you wanted to spend your life giving presents?

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

SATAN  
I just kind of fell into it.

MUFFIN  
You're a saint or something, right?

SATAN  
Oh, I'm hardly a saint.

A WAITER arrives with a steaming pizza.

MUFFIN  
Did you let the pizza sit for five minutes? Wouldn't wanna burn the roof of our mouths now, would we?

The waiter looks at her strangely, leaves the pizza.

SATAN  
You're wound a little tight, aren't you?

Muffin sets down her lemonade, grows serious.

MUFFIN  
I've had to live a lot of places. And I'm a kid, so I can't say anything about it. So when I do have control, over anything, I guess I take it real serious.

Satan nods, smiles a bit.

SATAN  
Then I insist that you control which piece is devoured first.

They share a CHUCKLE. Muffin grabs a piece, scoots it onto her plate --

EXT. BRYAN ELEMENTARY - DAY

She gives Satan and Reggie hugs, heads to her bus.

EXT. FIELD - LATE NIGHT

Satan snores. Reggie curls up at his feet, fast asleep. Moving in on Reggie's twitching eyes --

EXT. A MEADOW - DAY

Reggie and the Poodle run through the field together --

INT. PIZZERIA - DAY

Reggie and the Poodle share a pizza in a cozy booth --

INT. ANTIQUE STORE - DAY

Reggie and the Poodle sniff a fine carved footstool, then touch noses --

RESUME THE FIELD

Satan and Reggie asleep, until Satan's HELL PHONE sounds, 'Devil Inside' as the ringtone -- They both sit up --

SATAN  
(answering)  
This is the Dark Master, how can I hurt you?

MARGE (V.O.)  
It's Marge. We've got trouble.

SATAN  
What trouble?

MARGE (V.O.)  
It's Fizzybutt.

SATAN  
Beelzebuth?

MARGE (V.O.)  
Yeah him. He's trying to take your job. Says you've gone soft. He showed everyone footage of you and the girl.

SATAN  
Spies.

MARGE (V.O.)  
The Demons are starting to listen to him.

Satan nods. A few flames from his nostrils --

EXT. BRYAN ELEMENTARY - MORNING

Muffin waits as the BELL RINGS. After a moment, she heads in, disappointed.

EXT. MUFFIN'S HOUSE - DAY

The kids file in from the bus. Muffin snuffles.

NANCY  
What's wrong, Muffin?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MUFFIN

I was gonna get my present, but Santa and the poodle went away.

NANCY

(thoughtfully)

That exact same thing happened to me once.

MUFFIN

Really?

NANCY

No. Not at all.

(lovingly)

Go pour yourself some grape juice, hon'.

MUFFIN

But will Santa come back?

NANCY

Tomorrow. He's probably getting the reindeer ready right now.

She pats Muffin on her head. She manages an unsure smile.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

Satan speeds down the freeway, eyes fixed on the road. Reggie growls. They are ready for business --

EXT. PURGATORY CHASM - LATER

Satan drives into the entrance to hell --

INT. HELL'S OFFICE- RECEPTION DESK - DAY

Marge nervously reads the mail, tidies up around her desk --

INT. BEELZEBUTH'S OFFICE - DAY

Beelzebuth hunches over a flaming laptop, working in Power Point. He is flanked by a COMPUTER GEEK DEMON --

BEELZEBUTH

How do I insert a bar graph again?

GEEK DEMON

We went over that, Beelzebuth. It's in the templates. #02458.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BEELZEBUTH

That's right.

(a few clicks)

How do I make it kind of a royal blue?

Geek Demon SIGHS -- Marge enters, refills their cups of magma nervously --

MARGE

Just topping you off here.

(glances out the window)

Oh look, Satan's back, I'll be at my desk if you need me.

She rushes out --

INT. HELL - CONTINUOUS

Satan and Reggie head through the warehouse, waving to the familiar faces -- But the demons give him the hot shoulder --

Beelzebuth and several DEMON GUARDS step out to meet them. They stand face to face --

SATAN

So....how's it goin'?

BEELZEBUTH

Oh quite horribly. In fact, I've become quite cozy in your throne.

SATAN

Well, I'm back. I'll be sure to note your service when I cut those bonus checks.

Satan CHUCKLES nervously, but Beelzebuth and his guards aren't kidding -- More demons gather. Trouble is brewing --

BEELZEBUTH

I'm assuming your role as ruler of hell.

SATAN

Who the here do you think you are?

Beelzebuth moves uncomfortably close to Satan --

BEELZEBUTH

I am pure evil.

SATAN

Shuh. Half as evil as me.

Beelzebuth points to the gargoyle demon, who projects more footage for all to see --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PROJECTED ON THE WALL -- Satan hands a balloon animal to a LITTLE KID -- Muffin rides around on Reggie's back -- Satan tries to make a fire, sings 'Puff the Magic Dragon' --

It's pretty damning evidence --

SATAN (CONT'D)

Well come on. It's a campfire song.

The demons shake their heads in disgust --

SATAN (CONT'D)

I'm only being nice to her so I can start the Apocalypse, hello.

BEELZEBUTH

Rubbish. I can sense it. Your dark powers have grown weak.

SATAN

Yeah. Weak like a fox.

A pair of Demon Guards share a confused look -- Beelzebuth stands defenseless.

BEELZEBUTH

Hit me with a fireball.

SATAN

What?

BEELZEBUTH

C'mon. A big one. Right in the piehole.

The onlookers start CHEERING for Satan to do it. Satan cracks his knuckles, sighs, extends a hand into the air.

SATAN

I'll see you in...here...

Satan launches something at Beelzebuth. But instead of a fireball, A PINK GUMBALL bounces off Beelzebuth's forehead.

BEELZEBUTH

A gumball?

LAUGHTER from the crowd. A flustered Satan reaches his arm out, tries again. But again, no fireball --

BEELZEBUTH (CONT'D)

That's a nectarine...

More LAUGHTER. Satan tries one last fireball. BOINK.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BEELZEBUTH (CONT'D)  
...and a racquetball. We done here?

Satan looks at his own hands in disbelief -- A CUE CARD DEMON in a headset holds up a card with the correct spelling and pronunciation of Beelzebuth's name --

The rest of the demons begin chanting --

DEMONS  
Beelzebuth! Beelzebuth! Beelzebuth!

BEELZEBUTH  
They don't want you anymore.

Satan surveys the crowd of demons, some of them old friends --

SATAN  
Tell me you're not with them, Demon 71. I was at your Dark Mitzvah.

An ashamed Demon 71 can't bear to make eye contact --

SATAN (CONT'D)  
Say it ain't so, Demon 445. I'm anti-Godfather to your first spawn.

Demon 445 looks to the floor --

SATAN (CONT'D)  
And you, Demon 1772. We've played softball together, two years running.

The demon shuffles his feet, looks away --

SATAN (CONT'D)  
I've spawned over seven million plagues and diseases. Erupted over three million volcanoes. Caused over eighteen million tornadoes. That one's a record.

BEELZEBUTH  
Hall of fame numbers, no doubt. I just think you may be past your prime.

They all begin chanting again --

DEMONS  
Beelzebuth! Beelzebuth! Beelzebuth!

BEELZEBUTH  
It's been a hell of a ride. Now get out of here before things get messy.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Satan climbs into his car. Reggie follows, tail between his legs -- Satan takes one last look around, then leaves --

INT. BEELZEBUTH'S OFFICE - LATER

A sad Marge hangs a portrait of Beelzebuth on the wall -- She looks sadly at the "#1 SATAN" MUG still on the desk --

At a nearby conference table Beelzebuth has gathered a troop of his top Soldier Demons.

BEELZEBUTH

Now that we've gotten rid of the softy,  
it's time to ask ourselves, "Are we  
really being as evil as we can be?"

Beelzebuth hooks a Gargoyle up to a flaming laptop. It projects the Power Point on the wall, starting with a chart.

BEELZEBUTH (CONT'D)

Statistics show the human race reaches  
it's highest level of happiness around  
Christmas. The culprit?

He clicks. A PHOTO OF SANTA CLAUS pops up.

BEELZEBUTH (CONT'D)

Santa Jonathan Claus. Model of  
generosity, epicenter of the holiday  
spirit, unabashed elf-wrangler.

A few GROWLS from the demons.

BEELZEBUTH (CONT'D)

How about we pay a little visit to the  
North Pole, and put the fat man on ice?

Beelzebuth clicks again. A slide comes up that simply says,  
"NOW YOU LAUGH MANIACALLY" -- The Demons see it, comply.

Beelzebuth clicks to an aerial view of Santa's Workshop.

EXT. GRANVILLE, OHIO - MAIN STREET - DAY

Satan slouches on a bench, his head in his hands. Reggie mopes at his feet --

SATAN

Four million years, and it's over just  
like that.

Reggie WHIMPERS --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SATAN (CONT'D)

I'm more awful than him, aren't I?

Nancy leads her kids along the sidewalk, singing "Jingle Bells" at the top of their little lungs.

Muffin trails behind, still sad. Until she spots Satan.

MUFFIN

(running to him)

I knew you'd come back!

She hugs him, but Satan pulls away --

MUFFIN (CONT'D)

What's wrong?

SATAN

Just go! I can't help you. Looking for that stupid robot destroyed me.

MUFFIN

Robofriend's not stupid.

SATAN

Yes, Robofriend is stupid. A stupid pile of plastic and wires. Now leave!

MUFFIN

But I'm your friend.

SATAN

No you're not.

She starts crying --

MUFFIN

You can't do this.

SATAN

Just go back to your mommy.

MUFFIN

I don't have a mommy, or a daddy.

A confused Satan points down the block, to Nancy --

SATAN

Then who is she?

MUFFIN

She runs the foster home.

Muffin wipes tears on her sleeve, lip quivering --

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED: (2)

MUFFIN (CONT'D)

My Mommy and Daddy were taken to heaven.  
In a tornado.

SATAN

A tornado?

This hits Satan hard. He covers his mouth, aghast that he could have done this to Muffin -- She lashes out.

MUFFIN

Fine! I don't need you to stay my best friend if you're not gonna be nice to me!

SATAN

(eyes welling)

No Muffin. I haven't been nice to you at all.

A distraught Muffin leaves, catches up with the others -- Satan lowers his head, shaken.

SATAN (CONT'D)

It's true, Reggie. I'm as awful as they come.

Satan buries his head in his hands, then -- his WINGS BURST THROUGH the back of his Santa suit. Reggie YELPS quizzically.

SATAN (CONT'D)

I don't care about Armageddon. I don't care about evil. I don't care about hell. I just...care!

SATAN RISES, his wings fully re-forming on his back, his horns poking through his hat -- Reggie BARKS excitedly --

SATAN (CONT'D)

Now, we've got a typhoon to tend to in New Zealand.

Satan bursts into the sky. Reggie howls, follows Satan into the air -- Shoppers scatter.

EXT. A VILLAGE - NEW ZEALAND - DAY

A typhoon has started to batter the coast --

INT. A HUT - CONTINUOUS

A FAMILY hovers inside as the wind rips the roof apart --

EXT. THE SKIES - DAY

Satan sees the typhoon, dives down -- Reggie close behind --

EXT. SEASIDE CLIFF - MOMENTS LATER

Satan stands against the bruising wind, in the shadow of the ominous storm. He raises his arms above his head --

A mighty ROAR as the winds begin to burn away --

EXT. THE HUT - MOMENTS LATER

The family steps out, looks at the cloudless sky, amazed. They hug one another --

EXT. SKIES - DAY

Satan and Reggie fly onward -- nearby, a JUMBO JET --

INT. JUMBO JET - DAY

A cabin filled with HOLIDAY TRAVELERS -- the PILOT'S voice crackles over the speakers --

PILOT (V.O.)  
To your left you can see the Grand  
Canyon.

Passengers look out, "oohing" and "aahing" --

INT. COCKPIT - DAY

The PILOT and CO-PILOT look out to the right --

PILOT  
And on the right is the Prince of  
Darkness and his evil flying dog.

IN THE CABIN

A panic as everyone sees Satan and Reggie -- Passengers scream, run in the aisles --

BACK IN THE COCKPIT

The pilot rubs his eyes --

PILOT  
I gotta quit the caffeine, Bob.

CO-PILOT  
Right there with ya, David. Right there  
with ya.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The co-pilot opens the Sports section --

EXT. CHURCH - DAY

A stormy day in Kansas. A tornado SIREN wails. PEOPLE usher CHILDREN inside as a dark wall cloud approaches --

Soon a TORNADO moves down to the surface --

EXT. CHURCH - ROOF - MOMENTS LATER

Satan and Reggie stand on the roof. Satan holds his arms above his head, ROARS -- the winds die down --

EXT. CHURCH - A BIT LATER

The PASTOR peeks out. Not a cloud in the sky. A few people step into the sun, cheering --

EXT. A SMALL DOWNTOWN - EVENING

The main drag in a small Kansas town. A wall cloud looms. Soon, a warning SIREN sounds. TOWNSPEOPLE scurry inside --

EXT. WATER TOWER - EVENING

Satan and Reggie land on the water tower, overlooking the town. Satan raises his arms --

A HAND ON HIS SHOULDER stops him -- he turns to find GOD --

-- who takes his hand, pulls him back --

SATAN

God, what are you doing?

GOD

This one is not meant to be stopped.

SATAN

Why not?

GOD

It just isn't.

SATAN

But there's a town over there.

GOD

I know.

SATAN

I lost my job. I lost my only non-demonic friend.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SATAN (CONT'D)

If I'm going to use my powers on Earth  
and forfeit my right to Armageddon, at  
least let me do this.

GOD

Satan, I am proud of your choice.

God puts his hand on Satan's shoulder --

GOD (CONT'D)

I know you can't understand this now, but  
you can't go from master of evil to Pippy  
Longstockings overnight.

SATAN

I just want to make it right. I...like  
people!

GOD

I believe you. But you have to start  
small.

He moves his hands Muffin's height apart --

GOD (CONT'D)

About that small.

As God floats away, into the night sky, Satan nods knowingly.

EXT. GRANVILLE, OHIO - MAIN STREET - MORNING

A snow-peppered Christmas Eve -- In the window of Leblanc's  
Toy Store, Buddy flips the 'DAY'S 'TIL XMAS' SIGN to 1 DAY.

Frantic shoppers start sprinting and hip-checking one another  
en route to their next purchases --

EXT. MUFFIN'S HOUSE - MORNING

The kids play on the swings at the side of the house. Satan  
and Reggie watch from behind a tree. No Muffin in sight --

AT THE FRONT OF THE HOUSE

Satan floats at the window, looks in --

SATAN POV

Muffin sits on her bed, sulks --

Satan retracts his wings and horns, RAPS on the window -- She  
sees him, turns her back. He lifts the window, climbs in,  
sits next to her --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MUFFIN

Get away. I don't like you.

SATAN

I don't like me either.

(beat)

Muffin, I'm sorry for the things I said.  
I didn't mean them.

MUFFIN

Why'd you say 'em then?

SATAN

Sometimes, people try and act one way,  
when they aren't that way at all.

MUFFIN

Like when I pretend to be sick so I get  
ice cream?

SATAN

Yes, I was pretending to not be your  
friend. But--

MUFFIN

But you're my friend forever?

SATAN

Forever and ever. Whether I'm back in the  
North Pole. Or someplace way below that.  
I'll always be your friend.

Muffin smiles.

SATAN (CONT'D)

Now, it's Christmas Eve. We're buds  
again. How 'bout we get you a Robofriend?

They bump fists --

EXT. MUFFIN'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

They head out excitedly --

MUFFIN

Just so we're clear, what's the plan?

Satan stops. Crickets chirp. 'Plan?' -- She hands him a  
couple of dollars --

MUFFIN (CONT'D)

I made two dollars selling cocoa. You  
have anything you can sell?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Satan considers --

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. USED CAR LOT - LATE AFTERNOON

A grubby and deadpan MECHANIC looks over Satan's Diablo --

MECHANIC

You modified the hell out of this thing.

SATAN

Into it, really.

The mechanic pops the hood -- a red and smoldering engine --

MECHANIC

What kind of engine is this?

SATAN

It runs on human souls.

MECHANIC

I'd have to replace that. Just diesel and unleaded 'round these parts.

He closes the hood, looks it over again --

MECHANIC (CONT'D)

Only thing I can work with is the frame.  
The rest is a total rebuild. How 'bout  
five-hundred?

Off of Satan's pained expression.

INT. LEBLANC'S TOY STORE - MOMENTS LATER

Buddy stocks some shelves. Satan enters, cash in hand. An excited Muffin skips in behind him --

SATAN

Buddy LeBlanc, where is that robot made?

Buddy looks up, stands --

BUDDY

Hey, G.I. Joe. Got some stuffed animals  
in. Maybe Muffin can pick one out?

MUFFIN

Stuffed animals are so last season.

SATAN

Where is the robot made, please?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MOMENTS LATER

Buddy pulls out a catalog, points to an address in CHINA --

EXT. TOY STORE - MOMENTS LATER

Satan rushes out, puts Muffin under his arm.

SATAN  
Muffin, promise not to freak out?

MUFFIN  
Um. Sure?

Satan and Reggie share a nod, then launch into the sky --

A passing MAN drops his groceries, looks up, stunned -- Buddy rushes out onto the sidewalk, looks up --

BUDDY  
Did G.I. Joe just fly away with Muffin  
and that foul-smellin' dog?

The man nods, stunned --

BUDDY (CONT'D)  
I'll be darned.  
(a chuckle)  
Well, back to work.

He bustles back inside --

EXT. THE SKIES - DAY

Satan, Reggie and Muffin shoot through the air -- A wide-eyed Muffin clings to Satan's back, his wings flapping, his body leaving a trail of blue flame behind them --

MUFFIN  
Okay, so, just so we're clear, you're not  
Santa Claus at all are you?

SATAN  
Can't say I am, Muffin.

Muffin considers for a moment. An exhilarated smile --

MUFFIN  
Whoever you are, you're a lot of fun.

SATAN  
You'd be surprised how rarely I hear  
that.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He extends a fist, as they increase speed -- A JUMBO JET passes close by --

INT. PLANE - CONTINUOUS

The PASSENGERS enjoy a leisurely flight. The PILOT jumps onto the P.A., makes a subdued announcement --

PILOT (V.O.)  
Off to your right you can see  
Philadelphia, the City of Brotherly Love.

Passengers look out of the right side windows, smile --

INT. COCKPIT - CONTINUOUS

The pilot continues --

PILOT  
And off to your left you can see...

Glancing out of the cockpit window --

PILOT (CONT'D)  
...Lucifer, an evil dog, and about the  
cutest little princess you've ever seen.

IN THE MAIN CABIN

Passengers look to the left, erupt into a panic --

RESUME COCKPIT

The pilot shakes his head, rubs his eyes --

PILOT (CONT'D)  
I gotta get that Lasik surgery.

CO-PILOT  
Same here, Ed. Same here.

The Co-pilot stretches, opens the Classifieds --

EXT. BEIJING - DAY

Muffin points excitedly as they swoop down into the city --

EXT. FAB TOYS FACTORY - MOMENTS LATER

They knock on a massive door. A SECURITY GUARD answers --

SATAN  
(in Chinese)  
Do you have any more Robofriends?

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

The guard backs away from door, petrified --

MUFFIN  
You know Chinese?

SATAN  
I deal with humans from all over. I can  
beg for mercy in three-hundred languages.

INT. THE FAB TOYS WAREHOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

The frightened guard shows them the empty warehouse. The Robofriends have all been shipped away --

EXT. CORNER - DAY

The three of them mope along the sidewalk -- As they turn the corner, they are swept up in a parade.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

The Dongzhe Festival, a lively celebration of the Winter Solstice. Giant dragon costumes everywhere. Firecrackers and bottle rockets launch into the air --

They move with the procession to keep from being trampled. Satan holds Muffin's hand, looks at the dragons to his side --

Muffin looks at the masks and costumes, smiles. Satan looks to her, squirts some fire out of his nose. She laughs --

Satan looks like a man in an ornate costume, and no one thinks twice when he starts shooting massive fireballs from his horns -- Muffin cheers him on, smiling wide.

EXT. THE SKIES - LATER

They soar above Japan --

EXT. TOY STORE - DAY

Satan holds the door open for Muffin and Reggie --

INT. TOY STORE - MOMENTS LATER

Satan approaches the clerk, asks him in Japanese if they have Robofriend. The clerk shakes his head 'no' --

EXT. TOKYO - DAY

They soar high above the skyline. Muffin points down at a massive amusement park --

EXT. ROLLER COASTER - DAY

The three ride the coaster. Muffin cheers, Reggie whines, and Satan covers his eyes --

EXT. FERRIS WHEEL - DAY

Satan, Reggie and Muffin pose for a photo with a bunch of JAPANESE CHILDREN --

EXT. LONDON - DAY

Big Ben, Parliament, etc --

EXT. TOY STORE - DAY

They trot in, continuing their quest for the Robofriend --

INT. TOY STORE - MOMENTS LATER

Satan approaches a CLERK, puts on a pompous British accent --

SATAN

Cheerio old chap, would you happen to have the Robofriend 3000?

The clerk is scared, but still manages a polite response --

CLERK

Oh heavens no, sir.

By now they are used to rejection. They file out --

EXT. PICADILLY CIRCUS - DAY

PEDESTRIANS rush by. A double decker bus passes --

EXT. DOUBLE DECKER BUS - CONTINUOUS

The three ride on top of the bus, all smiles. Other TOURISTS sit as far away from them as possible --

EXT. THE SKIES - DAY

They sail over the channel and towards --

EXT. PARIS - DAY

They swoop down toward the city --

EXT. SHOPPE LE TOYS - MOMENTS LATER

They file into the toy store -- through the window we see Satan asking the clerk -- no luck --

EXT. EIFFEL TOWER - DAY

Muffin, Reggie and Satan pose on a park bench while a JITTERY PAINTER works on their portrait -- Muffin hugs Satan --

A BIT LATER

The painter adds one final stroke, hands the painting over --

PAINTER

Voila!

EXT. THE SKIES - NIGHT

They shoot through the clouds. Reggie wears a beret now --

EXT. HELL - MAIN OFFICE - EVENING

A regiment of DEMON SOLDIERS is ready for action -- Beelzebuth marches in front of them --

BEELZEBUTH

This will be a Christmas the humans will never forget.

The demons applaud. The same guard as before tries an EVIL LAUGH again. Beelzebuth nods, impressed --

BEELZEBUTH (CONT'D)

You've been practicing.

The guard smiles, shifts his weight, embarrassed --

BEELZEBUTH (CONT'D)

Now, let's go catch us a big fat fish!

A chorus of ROWDY CHEERS --

EXT. SANTA'S WORKSHOP - EVENING

Santa readies his sleigh, which is hitched to a team of REINDEER -- Santa makes sure the bag of gifts is tied down, then puts an Elvis Christmas CD into the player --

MRS. CLAUS waves from the doorway --

MS. CLAUS

Now you hurry back, and don't run over any grandmas.

SANTA CLAUS

That was Blitzen's fault.

BLITZEN looks down, ashamed --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MS. CLAUS

Well, I love you. Wear your seat belt.

SANTA CLAUS

I love you too.

Santa climbs into the sleigh, finds himself face to face with  
BEELZEBUTH --

BEELZEBUTH

Can I sit on your lap, Santa?

Santa throws a KARATE CHOP, which is easily blocked by the  
demon -- a dozen more demons surround him --

BEELZEBUTH (CONT'D)

This here's a sleigh-jacking.

INT. HELL - RECEPTION DESK - EVENING

Marge packs up for the day -- She stops as she looks out the  
picture window -- her eyes widen --

INT. HELL - WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Beelzebuth enters the warehouse, Santa Claus in his grasp --  
several other demons follow them in --

SANTA CLAUS

This is reindeer-puckey! You let me go  
this instant!

BEELZEBUTH

Can it, fatty.

SANTA CLAUS

I told you, I have a glandular condition.

BEELZEBUTH

You're a butterball.

SANTA CLAUS

This butterball's a yellow belt in Tae  
Kwon Do. Not to mention I have relatively  
sharp fingernails.

INT. HOLDING CELL - CONTINUOUS

Beelzebuth tosses Santa into a cold steel cell -- speakers  
line the walls, blasting 'RICO SUAVE' by Gerardo --

BEELZEBUTH

Enjoy, fat man.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SANTA CLAUS

No! Not Gerardo! Anything but Gerardo!

Santa struggles to squeeze through the bars, but can't.  
Beelzebuth stomps away, LAUGHING --

INT. HEAVEN - AIR TRAFFIC CONTROL - EVENING

A pair of ANGELS stand with GOD, surveying a huge radar --

ANGEL

This is the Santa Claus. Surely we need  
to intervene.

ANGEL 2

We can't let them ruin Christmas.

GOD

Carlos, Eddie, settle down.

(nods knowingly)

I think we need to sit this one out.

EXT. NEW YORK CITY - EVENING

Satan and Muffin soar past the magnificent skyline --

EXT. F.A.O. SCHWARTZ - NYC - EVENING

On Christmas Eve no less -- It's mayhem. Cartoon characters  
dance around in front of the store -- shoppers everywhere --

Satan and Reggie watch Muffin run ahead, towards the store --

INT. AT THE REGISTER - MOMENTS LATER

A CASHIER shakes her head at them --

CASHIER

No way, no day. Sold out this morning.  
And we had five hundred of 'em.

Muffin sits on a shelf, exhausted. Reggie whines. Satan  
turns, bumps into a GIANT COSTUMED RABBIT --

SATAN

Excuse me, large rabbit.

RABBIT

Satan. It's me, Marge.

Satan looks into the rabbit's mouth --

SATAN

What are you doing here?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARGE

You didn't answer your hell phone.

Satan checks his pockets --

EXT. TRAILER - EARLIER

The MECHANIC sits on the porch with a couple of FRIENDS --  
they look at SATAN'S CELL, covered in spikes and flames --

MECHANIC

Guy left it in the car he sold me.

FRIEND 1

(envious)

That's rad, dude.

The Mechanic nods --

MECHANIC

It singes my hand when I use it, but it's  
totally worth it.

RESUME F.A.O. SCHWARTZ

MARGE

Beelzeboob has kidnapped Santa Claus!

Satan's jaw drops. He takes her aside --

SATAN

He what?

MARGE

Yep. On Christmas Eve no less. Brought  
Santa in earlier today.

SATAN

So no Christmas?

MARGE

Nope.

SATAN

(winces)

That is like, an evil sandwich smothered  
in vindictive sauce.

Satan looks at the families passing by. Children pick out  
toys, buzz with excitement --

LITTLE BOY

Can I leave the cookies?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LITTLE GIRL  
I'll leave the milk.

LITTLE BOY 2  
How's he gonna fit in the chimney?

DAD  
(chuckling)  
Santa always finds a way.

LITTLE BOY 3  
I heard he devoured someone's soul at a  
toy store in Central Ohio.

LITTLE GIRL 2  
That was just a rumor. Santa's awesome.

Satan shakes his head --

SATAN  
It's all so sappy.

MARGE  
It's all so nice.

Satan winks at her --

SATAN  
Only one thing to do now.  
(cracks his knuckles)  
Go to hell.

A guy in a TURTLE costume passes by at that moment --

TURTLE  
You too, buddy.

EXT. MUFFIN'S HOUSE - EVENING

Satan sets Muffin in the yard --

MUFFIN  
Where are you going now?

SATAN  
I have to leave for a while, Muffin.

MUFFIN  
Why?

SATAN  
Alright, there's this demon named  
Beelzebuth, and he's the second chieftain  
of hell.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SATAN (CONT'D)

He recently convinced the other demons to help him overtake the Dark Throne. One of his first evil acts is--

Muffin's eyes have long glazed over. Satan stops --

SATAN (CONT'D)

You know I wouldn't leave if it wasn't very important. And remember, no matter where I am --

MUFFIN

We're best friends forever.

He starts away --

MUFFIN (CONT'D)

But you didn't give me--

Satan's sure she's gonna ask about the robot --

SATAN

Look, I don't think we'll ever find Robo--

MUFFIN

You didn't give me my hug.

Touched, Satan leans in, gives her a big hug --

SATAN

I'll see you again soon.

As Satan and Reggie launch into the sky, Muffin heads inside.

NANCY (O.S.)

Muffin! Where have you been?

MUFFIN (O.S.)

Oh, here and there.

INT. JUMBO JET - NIGHT

A cabin full of calm passengers. A PILOT clicks on the P.A. --

PILOT (V.O.)

On your right you can see the beautiful lights of Pittsburgh.

The people look to the right --

PILOT (V.O.) (CONT'D)

And on your left you can just make out Satan, some sort of menacing German Shepherd mix, and a flying old lady.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

The passengers look left, erupt into a panic --

INT. COCKPIT - CONTINUOUS

The pilot shakes his head, clicks off the P.A.--

PILOT

I need a vacation, Fred.

CO-PILOT

Amen to that, Vince. Amen to that.

The co-pilot opens the Calendar Section --

EXT. PURGATORY CHASM - EVENING

Satan, Reggie and Marge fly into hell's entrance --

INT. HELL - MOMENTS LATER

Satan and company enter the warehouse -- no one to be found --

SATAN

Is it bowling night?

Suddenly they are ambushed from behind. A massive NET drops onto them. Beelzebuth steps out --

BEELZEBUTH

I've been expecting you. Nice Santa suit,  
if you were Demon #211.

LAUGHTER all around. In the crowd, an EXTREMELY SMALL DEMON #211 folds his arms, scowls.

Humongous DEMON GUARDS take hold of Marge -- Beelzebuth moves to her, pats her on the cheek --

BEELZEBUTH (CONT'D)

Didn't think I would notice that my  
faithful secretary was gone?

Reggie manages to scamper under the net and run away -- a pair of Demon Guards chase after him --

BEELZEBUTH (CONT'D)

I knew she'd bring her puny ex-boss into  
this.

MARGE

You're half the uber-powerful,  
bloodthirsty hell-spawn he is.

She and Satan share a look. He smiles --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BEELZEBUTH

Lock her up with chubby cheeks.

Two guards usher Marge away -- And now Beelzebuth moves to Satan -- a dozen Guards close in too --

Satan rolls his shoulders, cracks his knuckles --

SATAN

(tough as hell)

You guys are making a big mistake.

ANGLE ON A STONE GURNEY - MOMENTS LATER

Satan is tied down by massive chains, completely motionless -- as Beelzebuth and his Guards look on --

SATAN

It still could have been a mistake, if one of you had...pulled a hammie or something while strapping me down.

Beelzebuth pets his head --

BEELZEBUTH

Poor Satan. I gave you a chance to leave peacefully, but you had to come back.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL

A throng of excited demons looking on --

DEMONS

(in unison)

Kill him! Kill him! Kill him!

Satan raises a hand, tries to use his powers -- A trickle of snot comes out of Beelzebuth's nose. He wipes it away --

BEELZEBUTH

A runny nose? Your powers are even weaker down here now. Proof that you're no more evil than Demon #488.

The crowd howls with laughter -- DEMON 488 stands in the crowd, in a SMILEY FACE SHIRT, and holding a lollipop --

DEMON 488

Hey!

Back on the gurney, Satan tries to reason with Beelzebuth --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SATAN

Look, you can't bring Santa Claus to hell. Firstly, he's not dead, and secondly, he's an extremely nice man.

BEELZEBUTH

Relax. I'm just borrowing him until Christmas is ruined, thanks to the new and improved Prince of Darkness.

The throngs of demons cheer. Beelzebuth takes a bow --

EXT. HELL - MAIN OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Feet away, in front of the office, demons look for Reggie.

GUARD

We'll find that overgrown poodle.

Moving in on the MAILBOX -- A familiar PAIR OF EYES -- Reggie has crammed himself in --

INT. PRISON BLOCK - CONTINUOUS

Santa and Marge share a cage, sharing some small talk -- A DEMON stands guard --

SANTA CLAUS

So then I changed my major to Poli Sci.

MARGE

I was poli sci too!

SANTA CLAUS

Small world. Small world...

Gerardo's 'Rico Suave' starts again -- Santa slumps --

SANTA CLAUS (CONT'D)

So, you got any special powers that might get us out of here?

MARGE

I throw an occasional fireball. Nothing too big... I can type 300 words a minute.

Satan nods glumly --

MARGE (CONT'D)

What about you? Any miraculous powers that might get us out of here?

SANTA CLAUS

I'm a strong swimmer.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

They both look around. Not much help --

SANTA CLAUS (CONT'D)

And I have a knack for knowing and giving people the exact gift they secretly want.

MARGE

No fireballs or telepathy or --

SANTA CLAUS

No. No. Just the gift thing.

A long pause. Then, Marge eyes the DEMON standing guard --

MARGE

That work on demons?

Santa looks at the demon, closes his eyes, concentrates, then opens his eyes, surprised -- Santa reaches into his coat --

MOMENTS LATER

The Demon Guard puts a pair of pumps onto his brand new MALIBU BARBIE --

Behind him, the doors of the cage are WIDE OPEN -- Santa and Marge climb into an AIR VENT --

DEMON GUARD

(calling after)

Thank you Santa!

SANTA CLAUS

Don't mention it.

Santa squeezes into the vent, pulls it shut --

INT. AIR VENT - MOMENTS LATER

Marge leads Santa down the passageway --

SANTA CLAUS

Air vents in hell?

MARGE

Oh you think it's easy to get oxygen two miles into the Earth's crust?

Santa nods. Makes sense --

MEANWHILE, ON THE GURNEY

Satan makes a plea to the demons --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SATAN

What he's doing is wrong. Evil must be used in moderation, like Metamucil.

Nobody seems to be listening --

BEELZEBUTH

Why would they listen to you? You're no master of mayhem. You're a pussycat.

Satan raises his hand, one last attempt at a fireball. Instead a LOOFAH SPONGE bounces off of Beelzebuth's forehead.

BEELZEBUTH (CONT'D)

A loofah sponge? Now that's just sad. I may not be able to kill Santa, but I can certainly put you out your misery.

SATAN

No you can't!

BEELZEBUTH

Scroll number 3,223,431, paragraph three.

SATAN

You've read all of those scrolls?

BEELZEBUTH

Fine, it's in Hell for Dummies, page 67. Demons can kill other demons. They never have because they were all on the same team. Until your little vacation.

Beelzebuth brandishes a menacing dagger.

BEELZEBUTH (CONT'D)

Now I will eat your heart, and leave the rest as a buffet for the rest of the demons.

SATAN

Um. Yuck.

Beelzebuth readies the dagger, raises it above his head --

BEELZEBUTH

Fare well, weakling.

Reggie makes his move. He shoots from the mailbox, sails through the air, lands on the gurney --

Which begins to move, picks up steam -- just as Beelzebuth lowers the dagger --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Suddenly Satan is gone --

BEELZEBUTH (CONT'D)

What?

Satan and Reggie ride the massive gurney across the warehouse. Reggie starts chewing at the shackles --

SATAN

Reggie!

The gurney smashes through a pair of doors --

INT. HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

The gurney shoots down the hall, out of control --

INT. AIR VENT - CONTINUOUS

Marge looks down through a grate, sees the gurney approaching their direction --

MARGE

Here they come!

SANTA CLAUS

Here who comes?

MARGE

Satan and his dog.

SANTA CLAUS

Is that good or bad?

MARGE

Good.

SANTA CLAUS

This is all so confusing.

The gurney nears --

MARGE

Three, two, one...

She kicks the grate open, yanks Santa out of the vent with her -- They land on Satan's lap with a THUD --

As Reggie finally eats through the chains, the four find themselves sitting BOBSLED STYLE on an out of control gurney, followed by angry demons --

They approach a turn --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SATAN

Right!

They lean into the turn, barely making it --

MARGE

Left!

They barely negotiate the next turn -- Satan thinks --

SATAN

Stables, Marge! Stables!

EXT. STABLE OF THE HORSEMEN - MOMENTS LATER

The gurney screeches to a halt, Santa Claus dragging his boots behind -- The doors are blocked by TWO GUARDS --

Santa Claus reaches into his coat, throws one a RUBIK'S CUBE and the other a TONKA TRUCK -- The demons immediately begin playing enthusiastically --

DEMONS

(in unison)

Thanks Santa!

Satan looks at Santa Claus, impressed -- The four rush in --

INT. STABLE OF THE HORSEMEN - MOMENTS LATER

The Four Horsemen sit in a circle, playing cards. Horseman 1 throws down a DRAW TWO -

HORSEMAN 1

Uno.

Satan, Marge, Santa and Reggie enter. Marge latches the door behind them -- The Horsemen turn --

SATAN

Yeah. Um. I'm gonna need to borrow you for a few hours.

WAR

We are no longer under your dominion.

SATAN

Come on, guys. I've known you for what, three and a half million years?

They're not budging --

EXT. STABLES - CONTINUOUS

Beelzebuth and a hundred demons arrive at the door --

DEMONS

Kill them! Kill them! Kill them!

The door is bending against their weight, little by little --

RESUME INSIDE THE STABLES

Marge, Santa and Reggie push against the splintering door --  
Santa decides to level with the immovable Horsemen --

SATAN

Wanna know the truth? You're the Four  
Horsemen of the Apocalypse, and you're  
playing Uno. What's next, Hungry Hippos?

The Horsemen share a look. It is beneath them --

SATAN (CONT'D)

You'll be sitting here for another  
hundred-thousand years, so why don't you  
stretch your legs a little?

They consider --

EXT. STABLES - MOMENTS LATER

Another mighty push, now with Beelzebuth in front -- finally,  
the DOOR CAVES IN --

-- but Beelzebuth is immediately KNOCKED OFF HIS FEET by a  
MASSIVE STALLION, guided by WAR, Satan sitting behind him --

The other horses follow, carrying the other Horsemen, Santa,  
Reggie and Marge --

INT. HALLWAYS - MOMENTS LATER

The horses burst down the passages -- demons scatter --

INT. HELL - WAREHOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

The horses gallop through, tailed by the angry demons. The  
horsemen head for the CAVERN MARKED EXIT --

But just as they arrive, BEELZEBUTH LANDS IN FRONT OF IT --  
The horses rear up --

BEELZEBUTH

Going so soon?

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

Satan looks back over his shoulder --

SATAN  
How did you do that?

BEELZEBUTH  
Shame on you for trying to escape, Satan.  
You're the main course.

SATAN  
(raising his hand)  
Let's try this one more time.

But again, no fireball. Instead a Yoga Ball ricochets off of Beelzebuth's forehead --

SATAN (CONT'D)  
Did that at least startle you?

Beelzebuth moves in -- Santa Claus narrows his eyes, trying to figure out what toy Beelzebuth secretly covets.

SANTA CLAUS  
(under his breath)  
What...toy? What...toy?

MARGE  
Not to rush you Santa, but he's about to  
mash Satan into a fine paste.

Santa racks his brain. Then, finally --

SANTA CLAUS  
I've got it!

Santa Claus hops off of his horse, jumps in between Satan and Beelzebuth --

It takes a lot of squirming, and spinning in place, but Santa Claus somehow pulls a full-sized SHINY RED WAGON from inside his coat.

Santa places it proudly at Beelzebuth's feet. The massive demon stares at it blankly, then back to Santa --

An awkward silence.

SANTA CLAUS (CONT'D)  
That's not the toy you secretly want, is  
it?

Beelzebuth shakes his head.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BEELZEBUTH

You must have had a bit too much egg nog.

SANTA CLAUS

Well, I tried to play nice.

Santa pulls a can of PEPPER SPRAY from his coat, sprays Beelzebuth, who writhes, stumbles, and falls into the wagon, which begins rolling back towards the catacombs --

The horses shoot around Beelzebuth, and through the exit -- War pulls Santa Claus up onto the last horse --

Satan watches Santa Claus tuck the pepper spray back into his coat. Santa notices, explains.

SANTA CLAUS (CONT'D)

It's just a last resort.

SATAN

Santa Claus packs pepper spray?

SANTA CLAUS

What? A dog sees a fat stranger crawl out of the fireplace, he will attack. Am I right?

Off of Satan's CHUCKLE --

EXT. PURGATORY CHASM - MOMENTS LATER

The Horsemen burst out of the cave, everyone on board --

EXT. SANTA'S WORKSHOP - LATE NIGHT

A couple of POLICE CRUISERS, lights flashing -- A distressed Mrs. Claus describes her husband to a pair of COPS --

MRS. CLAUS

He's about five foot eight, two-hundred-fifty pounds. With a red jacket.

COP 1

Could you describe the jacket, ma'am?

She SIGHS, until the Horsemen arrive, with Santa on board --

MRS. CLAUS

Santa!

He jumps down, hugs her -- the others climb down too.

MRS. CLAUS (CONT'D)

Where have you been?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SATAN

To hell and back. Oh, this is Satan, his dog, his receptionist Marge, and the Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse. Famine, War, Death and Pestilence.

PESTILENCE

(a wide smile)

You can just call me Pete.

Mrs. Claus and the Cops stare in silence --

MRS. CLAUS

Oh. Well. Seven cocoas coming right up.

She heads back inside. Santa Claus makes his way to Satan --

SANTA CLAUS

Thank you so much for saving me.

SATAN

If every kid gets what they want, it'll be worth it.

Santa checks his watch, shakes his head --

SANTA CLAUS

I hope I can make it up to everybody next year.

SATAN

Next year?

SANTA CLAUS

It's too late. There's just not time for me to get to every house.

(beat)

Unless you can help me deliver gifts?

SATAN

Me?

A doubtful Satan turns away --

SATAN (CONT'D)

I couldn't even get a gift for one kid.

SANTA CLAUS

What do you mean?

SATAN

A little girl wrote you a letter, asking for a toy. She misspelled your name, and I got it by mistake.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SANTA CLAUS  
Muffin?

SATAN  
You know her?

SANTA CLAUS  
Way cute? Ohio? A little dyslexic?

Satan nods. Santa Claus thinks back --

SANTA CLAUS (CONT'D)  
Last year she asked me for an A-Rod the Explorer doll.

SATAN  
I came to Earth hoping to get her the toy, and thus begin the Apocalypse.

SANTA CLAUS  
Well that was crappy.

SATAN  
Yes, it was crappy. But then we ended up having a great time. She called me her best friend.  
(shaking his head)  
She just...thought I was you.

Santa slaps Satan on the back --

SANTA CLAUS  
What's wrong with being me, bub?

SATAN  
Huh?

SANTA CLAUS  
There's millions of kids out there who need a Santa Claus. I do what I can, but it takes help to get gifts to so many kids. Everyone helps. Parents, uncles, cousins, best friends...

He looks Satan up and down --

SANTA CLAUS (CONT'D)  
...Lords of the Dark Underworld, apparently.

Santa Claus puts his hand on Satan's shoulder --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

SANTA CLAUS (CONT'D)  
 I've spent my entire life figuring out  
 who's naughty and who's nice.  
 (beat)  
 Satan. Deep down. You're nice.

Satan turns, his eyes welling up. They share a moment --

SANTA CLAUS (CONT'D)  
 Can I take my hand off your shoulder? It  
 burns.

SATAN  
 Go right ahead.

He does so immediately. Mrs. Claus returns with the cocoas --

SANTA CLAUS  
 Honey, we're gonna need the second  
 sleigh.

MOMENTS LATER

A SECOND SLEIGH sits in front of the workshop --

SATAN  
 For me?

Santa nods, throws a few gigantic bags into Satan's sleigh --

SATAN (CONT'D)  
 Can I...alter the sleigh a bit?

SANTA CLAUS  
 Anything you want. Oh, and when this is  
 all over we'll talk about a bigger suit.

MOMENTS LATER

The sleigh is set ABLAZE, and is hitched to the Four Horsemen  
 -- Satan sits in the driver's seat, with Marge and Reggie --

SATAN  
 My very own fire sleigh! Thanks Santa!

SANTA CLAUS  
 I knew there was a reason I bought fire-  
 retardant bags.

Santa tears the nice-list in half, hands it to Satan --

SANTA CLAUS (CONT'D)  
 There you go. Everyone who's been nice.  
 Gifts in the bags. It's all color coded.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

SATAN

Remember, I get all of Ohio.

Santa winks, hops into his sleigh --

SANTA CLAUS

On Dasher, on Dancer, on Prancer...

The sleigh shoots away in a cloud of sparkles -- Satan looks at the list. It's quite daunting --

SATAN

Okay. Robbie Harris. Athens, Georgia.  
Georgia? Hey, I went down there once.

Satan grabs the reins -- they launch into the sky, a streak of flames behind them --

EXT. ATHENS, GEORGIA - WEE HOURS

Satan guides his sleigh down toward the cozy town --

EXT. A HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Satan carries a bag down into the chimney -- a few moments -- a few more moments -- the lights turn on, SCREAMS from inside, DOGS BARKING --

Satan leaps out of the chimney, runs toward the sleigh --

SATAN

I did it! I did it!

EXT. ABOVE THE TOWN - CONTINUOUS

Lights go on from house to house as he delivers the gifts. More screams, crashes, dogs --

INT. A HEAVEN - AIR TRAFFIC CONTROL - SIMULTANEOUS

God sits with the two Angels, looking down --

GOD

This is classic.

They all bust out laughing, share high fives --

SERIES OF SHOTS

EXT. ROOFTOPS - NIGHT

Satan crawling in and out of rooftops --

INT. LIVING ROOMS - NIGHT

Satan putting presents under trees --

EXT. THE SKIES - WEE HOURS

Satan and Santa cross paths in the air. Their sleighs slow --

SANTA CLAUS

Almost forgot your special order.

Santa tosses him a present. Satan shoots back down to Earth --

EXT. ROOFTOPS - WEE HOURS

Satan slides in and out of a few more chimneys --

EXT. MUFFIN'S HOUSE - DAWN

An exhausted Satan slows his sleigh in front of the gate --

Covered in soot, Satan grabs a bag of presents from the sleigh --

Satan looks up to the chimney. Seems like a long way up. But heck, it's the last house of the night --

INT. LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Satan pops out of the fireplace, yanking a bag of presents behind him. He begins to set the presents under the tree --

Then, a voice from behind --

MUFFIN (O.S.)

You came back?

Satan turns. Muffin peeks in from the hallway --

SATAN

(smiling)

Of course I did, Muffin.

She runs to him. They hug. Then, another voice from behind --

LITTLE BOY

Santa?

And another --

LITTLE GIRL

Santa?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Soon, all of the other foster kids peek in from the hallway. Satan grabs a present --

SATAN

Let's see. Which one of you is Arnie?

Satan smiles at them. His razor sharp teeth glisten. His horns poke through his stocking hat --

Arnie still runs to him, grabs the present. Soon, all the kids rush in, crawl over Satan. He hands them presents --

Nancy steps in, sipping her morning coffee. She freezes, drops her mug --

Reggie scrambles out of the fireplace. Muffin scratches him under the chin. He wags his poofy pink tail --

MUFFIN

I told you he was real.

Satan looks at a horrified Nancy --

SATAN

Just go with it, lady.

A HORSE NEIGHS from the front yard. Nancy slowly makes her way to the window, peeks out --

NANCY POV

The sleigh, hitched to four flaming stallions. The horsemen sit on the curb playing Paddycake --

RESUME THE LIVING ROOM

Nancy, a bit wobbly, takes a seat on the couch --

Satan looks into the bottom of the bag. There is one present left, with Muffin's name on it. He holds it out --

SATAN (CONT'D)

It's for you, Muffin. The elves made it special. In Santa's workshop.

She tears into it, thrills. It's the Robofriend 3000 -- Muffin hugs it --

MUFFIN

Robofriend!

She moves to Satan, hugs him tightly. He hugs back --

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED: (2)

MUFFIN (CONT'D)  
Best friend.

Satan stands, pats her on the head --

MUFFIN (CONT'D)  
Where are you going?

SATAN  
(lump in his throat)  
I've got to go. But I'll still be around.

MUFFIN  
How are you going to be gone and here at  
the same time?

Santa moves in close.

SATAN  
Sometimes, people leave you. But they're  
never really gone. They're always around  
you, all the time. I promise you.

She smiles, eyes welling up. He kisses her on the cheek --  
Satan heads for the chimney, stops --

SATAN (CONT'D)  
I'm gonna leave out the front door.

EXT. MUFFIN'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Satan climbs into his sleigh -- Muffin patters out, blows him  
a kiss -- he catches it, and takes off into the night sky --

EXT. MAIN STREET - MOMENTS LATER

The same Drunken Man stumbles down the street, this time in  
plain clothes. He turns the exact same corner as before --

Reggie follows him again, this time with the Santa Suit  
already in his jaws --

Reggie disappears around the corner. Again, SCREAMS and  
GROWLS from an unseen struggle -- Moments later the confused  
Man runs back around the corner, wearing the Santa suit.

As the man runs, Reggie returns to Satan, who giggles nearby.

SATAN  
Good doggie.

EXT. SANTA'S HOUSE - DAWN

Santa and Ms. Claus sit on the porch, sipping cocoa.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MS. CLAUS

Did you have to use your pepper spray  
this year?

SANTA CLAUS

There was this one doberman in Tampa, but  
I just threw him a pork chop instead.

MS. CLAUS

You had a pork chop with you?

SANTA CLAUS

Long story.

Satan's fire sleigh shoots down from the sky, landing  
clumsily in the icy yard.

SATAN

Whoa, Horsemen.

As it skids to a stop, Santa Claus steps out.

SANTA CLAUS

Took you long enough.

SATAN

We stopped for waffles. After we  
delivered all the presents of course.

SANTA CLAUS

Thank you so much. I couldn't have done  
it without you, pal.

Satan blushes a bit. Santa makes his way to the Horsemen.

SANTA CLAUS (CONT'D)

You know my sleigh gets heavier each  
year. I might be able to use you if--

All Four Horsemen brandish resumes in unison.

PESTILENCE

References available upon request.

WAR

I'm a wiz at light filing.

DEATH

Not too proud to run errands. Dry  
cleaning. Groceries.

FAMINE

I make a fabulous tabouli.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Satan smiles, collects their resumes, then looks to Satan.

SANTA CLAUS

You know Satan, I also have an opening in elven resources.

SATAN

Thanks, Santa. But I'm gonna try and get my old job back.

Off of Santa's disapproving look.

SATAN (CONT'D)

No, my old old job.

Santa smiles, nods knowingly.

EXT. PEARLY GATES - DAY

A nervous Satan approaches SAINT PETER, who resembles a maitre d at an Italian joint, in a flowing, white robe.

SATAN

Long time no see, Peter. I have an appointment with God.

CONCIERGE

And your name is?

Satan smirks. Saint Peter LAUGHS.

CONCIERGE (CONT'D)

Just bustin' your fireballs. Follow me.

EXT. HEAVEN - MOMENTS LATER

It looks like Kauai, gorgeous beaches filled with PEOPLE having the time of their lives -- Peter ushers Satan to a domed building in the middle of it all --

INT. GOD'S OFFICE - DAY

Everything is white. God and Satan sit on opposing couches. A long silence. God picks a bit of fuzz off his robe. Finally --

SATAN

Look, I'm really sorry how things ended. I said some things. You said some things.

GOD

You've been a dark angel for so long. How can you just give it up cold turkey?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SATAN

I was foolish. I was acting how I thought I was supposed to act, instead of just being myself. It just took me a while to remember who I really was.

GOD

It took you several million years.

Satan nods. God looks at him skeptically.

GOD (CONT'D)

I must say you've got outstanding references. Santa Claus wrote you a letter of recommendation. Too many "ho, ho, ho"s, but, that's Santa, right?

God motions for Satan to follow into the next room --

GOD (CONT'D)

But this is what really got me.

INT. PRAYER SWITCHBOARD ROOM - CONTINUOUS

A gigantic switchboard covered in blinking lights, gauges, knobs and reel-to-reels -- Satan nods, impressed --

GOD

We get a lot of prayers here, but this one stood out.

God rewinds a tape, presses play --

INT. THE BUNKS - NIGHT

Muffin lies in her bed, whispers the prayer --

MUFFIN

Hey you. It's Muffin. I've had a tough time. But I wanted to thank you for giving me a best friend this year. He looked like a super-ugly Santa, and smelled like burned up macaroni. But he played with me a ton, and he got me the best toy ever. I love him so much.

RESUME SWITCHBOARD

God stops the tape. Satan wipes away a tear --

GOD

But there's one more thing to figure out.

Satan follows him to another door. God swings it open --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GOD (CONT'D)  
What type of wallpaper do you want?

INT. SATAN'S NEW OFFICE - DAY

A beautiful white desk. Marge already leans against it, smiling wide --

GOD  
Welcome back.

A mile-wide smile spreads across Satan's face.

EXT. PEARLY GATES - CONTINUOUS

An uncertain Reggie lies by the gates, his chin on his paw.

EXT. MAIN STREET, GRANVILLE - CONTINUOUS

The yuppie woman drags the poodle along the sidewalk, gabs on her cell phone -- She pays no attention as the poodle steps out into the crosswalk --

A passing car SCREECHES on the brakes, but it's too late. A quick YELP. The woman SCREAMS, jumps back --

EXT. PEARLY GATES - MOMENTS LATER

Reggie leaps to his feet as the BEAUTIFUL POODLE walks in. Reggie makes his way to her. They touch noses --

INT. SATAN'S NEW OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Satan runs his fingers along his gleaming white desk.

SATAN  
(to Marge)  
You knew about this?

Marge nods, hands Satan a gift box. He opens it. His '#1 SATAN' MUG glistens inside. He sets the mug on the desk.

SATAN (CONT'D)  
Thanks for believing in me.

Satan hugs her, kisses her on the cheek. She blushes --

GOD  
This was all part of my plan, Satan.

Off of Satan's confusion --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GOD (CONT'D)

(takes a deep breath)

If you had never spawned that tornado, Muffin might have never ended up in the foster home. She may never have written to Santa. And if you hadn't invented dyslexia six-thousand years ago, the letter would have never come to you.

SATAN

I gave her dyslexia too?

GOD

Mild case. Just enough to get that letter to you.

Satan shakes his head glumly --

GOD (CONT'D)

Relax, she wins the Pulitzer for literature two decades from now. The point is, you wouldn't be sitting here now if you weren't who you were then.

Satan nods knowingly.

SATAN

I guess sometimes you need the clouds, in order to see the silver lining.

God extends a hand. Satan shakes it -- The HEAD ANGEL from air traffic control approaches God --

ANGEL

Excuse me Your Awesomeness, there's a situation at the Times Square New Year's celebration.

God and Satan share a knowing look.

SATAN

Beelzebuth.

ANGEL

The crowd was counting down, but with two seconds left the giant ball turned into Pacman and started chasing the Mayor.

SATAN

(winces)

Gotta give him points for originality.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

GOD

Looks like we'll have our hands full.  
Better get to Angel-ing, big guy.

God starts away. Satan stops him --

SATAN

Not to be greedy, but, I would love to be  
Muffin's guardian angel.

God nods his approval, starts away --

SATAN (CONT'D)

And she'll need a nice set of parents  
too.

God nods his approval again, starts away --

SATAN (CONT'D)

And can I still give people colds? Just  
common colds?

GOD

Don't push it.

SATAN

Okay fine, then can I make a few  
modifications to Muffin's Robofriend?

A smile grows on God's face. Satan pats God on the butt --

SATAN (CONT'D)

Let's do this.

EXT. MUFFIN'S HOUSE - DAY

Muffin and Robofriend make a snowman in the front yard --

MUFFIN

So I said, "Who do you think I am, Dan  
Marino?"

Robofriend and Muffin SHARE A LAUGH at what must have been a  
very witty story.

ROBOFRIEND

Oh, you are a delight.

As they continue with the snowman, THE BULLIES creep to the  
gate. They gather snowballs, then launch them at Muffin --

The snowballs get within an inch of Muffin's head before  
being INTERCEPTED BY ROBOFRIEND --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROBOFRIEND (CONT'D)

Oh no you didn't.

The robot immediately sprints after the bullies, snowballs in hand, eyes glowing red --

The boys SCREAM, sprint down the block, Robofriend gaining on them. Muffin watches them run off, smiles, continues to play.

A station wagon pulls up -- A YOUNG COUPLE steps out, and make their way into the yard -- towards Muffin --

MAN

You must be Muffin.

Muffin smiles. Nancy comes out to greet the couple -- As we pull up and away --

FADE OUT:

THE END