

DEVIL'S ADVOCATE

Written by

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INT. H.E.LLC LOBBY - DAY

A sweat droplet falls onto the grey dress pants of a shaking leg. GABRIEL (20s) wipes the sweat from his forehead.

His phone dings and the notification reads:

BALANCE IS LOW.

Behind the notification is a wallpaper of Gabriel kissing his boyfriend on the cheek.

SECRETARY (O.S.)
(through microphone)
Gabriel, time for your interview.

SECRETARY (20s), sitting at her desk, points to the interview door with her freakishly long black nails.

SECRETARY
(pointing)
Right in there.

A door down the hallway oozes smoke.

Gabriel looks at her for confirmation.

GABRIEL
There?

Secretary nods. Gabriel gulps.

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Gabriel opens the door to a BIG, BRIGHT RED, DEVIL (30s) with long horns and a sleek black suit posing in front of a MIRROR as he's smoking a CIGAR.

GABRIEL
(gasps)
Oh, sweet baby Jesus!

DEVIL
How dare you utter that name?!

Gabriel holds his breath.

Devil straightens up and puts the cigar out on an ASH TRAY.

DEVIL (CONT'D)
I'm teasing. Gabriel, right?

Devil passes Gabriel. Gabriel stares in disbelief.

DEVIL (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 Let me give you a lay of the land.
 This place is a labyrinth.

Gabriel wavers, but follows Devil.

DEVIL (CONT'D)
 How was the drive over here?

INT. ELEVATOR - MOMENTS LATER

Devil presses elevator button. Gabriel's mouth agape.
 Reversed elevator music cues at a low volume.

DEVIL
 (rubbing under his nose)
 What? Do I have a little something-

GABRIEL
 (looking away)
 No. No--you're good.

Elevator doors close.

DEVIL
 Let's touch base. Have you worked a
 PR position before?

GABRIEL
 Uh, no--I actually just graduated
 so this will be my first one.

DEVIL
 Ah fresh meat. Let's see if you can
 handle it.

Doors open. RED GLARE flashes, followed by a strong breeze.

A horrific SCREAM.

DEVIL (CONT'D)
 Oopsie, wrong floor.

Devil chuckles and the elevator doors close.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Gabriel trails behind Devil down the hallway.

DEVIL

Let's say H.E.LLC has multiple, and I mean *multiple*, human rights violations. I'm talking forced labor, unsafe working conditions, the whole shebang.

(beat)

Now how would you, hypothetically speaking, go about dealing with the public's perception of this?

GABRIEL

I guess I would-

DEVIL

And let's say the DOL, OSHA, and even the UN is getting involved. Still hypothetical of course.

GABRIEL

Okay... It'd be a little tricky to spin that narrative but-

Devil's foot slides on a blood spill from the head of a dead body which is covered by a "Wet Floor" sign.

GABRIEL (CONT'D)

(gags)

Oh dear God.

DEVIL

(yelling)

Ok, now who killed the HR guy?!

Devil combs his horns to compose himself and then takes a large step over the dead body.

DEVIL (CONT'D)

Mind your step.

Gabriel hesitantly steps over the dead body, doing the sign of the cross.

INT. BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Gabriel throws up into a toilet. Devil enters bathroom.

DEVIL (O.S.)

You alright in there, sport?

Gabriel groans and flushes the toilet. He sits himself on the toilet seat with his head in his hands.

GABRIEL

Is it a common thing to see dead
bodies around the office?

DEVIL (O.S.)

(using the urinal)

Tends to get messy around here. But
that's where you come in. You'll be
my clean-up guy. Keep things hush-
hush.

Gabriel sluggishly shuffles out of the stall.

DEVIL (CONT'D)

It'll be our little secret.

Devil raises his enormous pinky finger to Gabriel as his
other hand is occupied with the urinal.

GABRIEL

Uh, maybe later.

Devil shrugs.

INT. WORK SPACE - MOMENTS LATER

Gabriel and Devil enter a weary office space with employees
absorbed in work. Low heads and exhaustion fills the room.

DEVIL

Here's where you'll be working. I
wanted to go for an open concept.
It's easier to observe everyone
that way.

As they stroll, Devil notices DAVID (20s), ghost-like skin
with dark under-eyes, sleeping at his desk.

DEVIL (CONT'D)

(tapping David's cheek)

Hey, David, wake up.

David wakes up, rapidly typing on his computer. Devil creeps
up close.

DEVIL (CONT'D)

This is the third time I've caught
you sleeping on the clock... I
think it's time you go to the pit,
buddy.

DAVID
No. Please. Dark Lord, sir, not the
pit. I promise I won't let it
happen again.

Devil taps his INNER EAR DEVICE.

DEVIL
(on inner ear device)
Code pit. Third floor.

DAVID (CONT'D)
(falling asleep)
But my family they need...

Two security guards sprint into the work space. David is
lifted from his desk chair and escorted away, feet dragging
on the floor. Gabriel stands in shock, once again.

GABRIEL
What's the pit? Is that like a
break room or something?

DEVIL
You'll see all that info in the
company handbook. Let's continue.

Gabriel follows Devil. He eyes an exit sign as he gradually
lags behind. He inches toward the door.

DEVIL (CONT'D)
Chop, chop.

Gabriel hesitates, then continues trailing behind Devil.

INT. SATAN'S WALL OF FAME - MOMENTS LATER

Devil and Gabriel stroll over to a wall full of paintings of
the Devil. Devil stops in front of a black and white photo of
all the employees with the title "Satan's Greatest Soldiers".

DEVIL
And here's the picture we took with
all of our staff.

GABRIEL
Do all these people still work
here?

DEVIL
Oh yeah. My employees tend to stick
around for a very long time.
(pointing to David's desk)
Except David.
(sighs)
We'll need to retake the staff
picture now.

Devil turns to Gabriel as two security guards lift the employee picture from its place and take it away.

DEVIL (CONT'D)

You can take his spot in the next one.

GABRIEL

I got the job?

DEVIL

Sure, kid. You were the only applicant.

(beat)

If you accept, the job's yours.

CUT TO:

BEGIN MONTAGE:

The horrific events Gabriel witnessed during the interview (i.e. The elevator, dead body, and David's sentencing).

END OF MONTAGE

INT. DARK ROOM - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Gabriel scrolls through a countless amount of job rejection emails on his LAPTOP.

INT. SATAN'S WALL OF FAME - MOMENTS LATER

Gabriel ponders for a brief moment.

GABRIEL

So what's the pay?

DEVIL

Starting pay is 85 thousand a year.

Gabriel puts his hand out. Devil shakes it.

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM - CONTINUOUS

An ANCIENT-LOOKING JOB CONTRACT is displayed on a desk in front of Gabriel. Devil lays his hand on Gabriel's shoulder.

SZZZ... OUCH!

Gabriel's shirt is left with a black burn mark. He shakes the pain and signs his name in ink.

GABRIEL

What's permanent onboarding?

DEVIL

We'll circle back to that.

SHINK!

Blood spills out of Gabriel's mouth.

INT. WORK SPACE - DAY

A small grave-shaped plaque that reads "Here Lies Gabriel" sits on a desk. Gabriel, withered in his chair, continues typing away.

Devil drops a stack of files next to the keyboard. Gabriel looks at the files with a vacant expression.

DEVIL

Could you get these done end of day? Yeah... that'd be great.

THE END