



"THE DEVIL AND DANNY WELLS"

Written by

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THE DEVIL AND DANNY WELLS

FADE IN:

INT. D.I.T. CLASSROOM

A group of students sits quietly in a cave-like classroom, tiered seating carved out of stone. Smoke rises from vents, a geyser of steam occasionally erupting in a far corner. The students are a strange mixture -- everything from punkers and heavy metal fanatics to well-groomed yuppie types.

TITLE IN: THE NETHERWORLD
THEN: FIRST PERIOD

The room is silent as a STUDENT peers through a window in the door. He turns, calling out.

STUDENT
He's coming!

The classroom erupts, students throwing things, fighting, playing loud music on tape decks. The door bursts open, a fiery red glow and the sound of flames announcing the arrival of the TEACHER. Books under his arm, he has the jaded-yet-constantly-on-guard look of an experienced educator. He grins at the commotion.

TEACHER
All right, quiet down. Everybody
in your seats.

The students return to their places as the Teacher moves to his desk at the front of the room.

TEACHER (CONT'D)
Your reports on the seven deadly
sins are due today, so if you could
pass them down...

The students pass their reports to the front of the room, the Teacher gathering the papers. He looks to the back row, where he sees LARRY, who looks like any typical teenaged student -- bored, apathetic, and at the moment asleep.

TEACHER (CONT'D)
You -- Larry! Where's your paper?

Larry wakes with a start.

LARRY

Oh, uh... it's late, sir. I'm still researching...

TEACHER

Still researching? Which sin are you working on?

LARRY

Sloth.

TEACHER

You know my policy. No late papers. Do you have any idea what your grade is in this course?

LARRY

(hedging)

I'm not sure. I know it's a ways down the alphabet, but...

The other students snicker. The Teacher frowns, speaking sternly. The papers in his hand start to BURN, SMOKE RISING with his anger.

TEACHER

There are only five days left in this grading period. I strongly suggest that if you want to pass this class you buckle down and do some work.

LARRY

Yes, sir. It won't happen again.

TEACHER

That's just the point. This is your third time through this course. I don't have to tell you the punishment for failing three times.

The students murmur, Larry shaking his head uneasily as an ash from the smoldering papers floats past him.

LARRY

No, sir. I think that's the one question I've gotten I've gotten right on all the tests.

The Teacher softens, speaking consolingly.

TEACHER

You're not stupid, son. You just have to motivate yourself...

He points to a dangerous looking boy with long hair moussed straight up, wearing a torn 'Mötley Crüe' t-shirt and carving his name into his desk with a switchblade.

TEACHER (CONT'D)

... Why can't you be more like Morgan here? An honor student, straight A's, valedictorian of his class. All you have to do is apply yourself.

LARRY

I will, sir. You can count on me.

The Teacher steps back to his desk, speaking to the entire class.

TEACHER

Good, because your last assignment will be your most difficult. You'll have to use everything you've learned in this class. You must each deliver a human soul by midnight Friday -- it'll count as fifty percent of your grade. We'll inform you when we've found a suitable mortal. Any questions?

Morgan stands, looking to the Teacher impatiently.

MORGAN

Yeah. Is that all? I've got an extra-credit project due in my political ethics class.

TEACHER

(looks at charred papers in hand)

No. You'll have to retype your reports. I'm afraid I burned them up talking to Larry.

Larry slumps in his seat as he is pelted with pens and books.

CUT TO:

EXT. WELLS HOUSE - DAY

Morning on Earth. We find ourselves in a quiet neighborhood, each tract home looking like every other tract home on the block.

CUT TO:

INT. WELLS HOUSE - DANNY'S BEDROOM - DAY

DANNY WELLS, seventeen, lays in bed, curled into a fetal position as his father steps into the room. MR. WELLS reaches down, shaking the mattress playfully.

MR. WELLS

Let's go -- wake up, Sleeping Beauty. It's your first day at the new school.

Danny lets out a moan as he slinks further into the bed. He covers his head with his pillow, as well as the sheet, blanket and bedspread.

CUT TO:

INT. WELLS HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Mr. Wells sits at the kitchen table, switching on a television set on the counter with a remote control. MRS. WELLS stands at the stove, frying a couple of eggs as Danny enters. He joins his father with all the enthusiasm of a condemned man about to be given his last meal.

MRS. WELLS

Breakfast is almost ready, honey. You don't want to be late on your first day.

Danny picks another remote control from the table, switching the TV from a news show to '20 Minute Workout'.

DANNY

Late? I don't want to go at all. Couldn't I just commute by plane to my old school?

MR. WELLS

You hated that school. You said you couldn't make any friends when we moved there last year.

DANNY

Yeah, but I was just getting used to it there. Now I've got to go through it all over again...

Mrs. Wells takes a remote control from the stove, changing the channel to a cooking show.

MRS. WELLS

It takes two people to make friends, Danny. You should try to be a little more outgoing.

MR. WELLS

I know it's hard, Danny. Your mother and I are having to start over, too. Work in new places, make new friends. It's all part of life.

(nudges Danny)

Besides, did you see all those great looking girls when we enrolled you Friday?

DANNY

Great. I'll be rejected by a higher class of girls.

Mr. Wells looks to the television, noticing the channel has been changed.

MR. WELLS

What's going on with the TV? I was watching the news.

MRS. WELLS

Well, I wanted to see a cooking show.

DANNY

I was watching '20 Minute Workout'.

Danny's parents give him a knowing look. Embarrassed, he shrugs, making up an excuse.

DANNY (CONT'D)

It has nothing to do with the girls. I've been thinking about starting to exercise more...firm up my thighs.

MR. WELLS

We've got too many remotes in this house.

(MORE)

MR. WELLS (CONT'D)

One day we're all going to use them
at the same time and we'll end up
with Dan Rather cooking omelettes
in an aerobics outfit...

Mrs. Wells steps up, dishing the eggs onto Danny's plate.

MRS. WELLS

Promise me you'll give this school
a chance, Danny.

DANNY

(sighs)
I promise...

MR. WELLS

Before you go I want all the
controls in front of me. I'm going
to put a stop to this once and for
all.

Danny and his mother turn over their remote controls, piling
them in front of Mr. Wells.

MR. WELLS (CONT'D)

Okay, now we'll pick one remote,
and that'll be the only one we use.

Grabbing a remote from the top of the pile, Mr. Wells aims it
at the TV. He presses the button, nothing happening.

MR. WELLS (CONT'D)

(annoyed)
What's wrong now?

MRS. WELLS

(glancing out window)
I think you just opened the garage
door...

CUT TO:

EXT. BUS STOP - DAY

Danny approaches the bus stop, where a kid (CLINTON) leans
against a road sign, eating his breakfast. They exchange
nervous smiles, Danny stepping forward.

DANNY

My name's Danny. I just moved
here. I'm trying to make some new
friends.

CLINTON

Good luck. I've lived here for sixteen years and still haven't made any.

Smiling wanly, Danny glances to one side, where he sees CARLY MITCHELL, an attractive, sandy-haired girl sitting in the grass. She busily draws in a large sketch pad. Screwing up his courage, Danny moves to where she sits. Taking a deep breath, he mutters to himself.

DANNY

Outgoing... outgoing...

Reasonably composed, he steps up behind Carly, trying to sound nonchalant.

DANNY (CONT'D)

Hi.

Surprised, Carly turns, closing her pad self-consciously.

CARLY

Hi. You scared me.

DANNY

I'm sorry. I didn't mean to sneak up on you. It's just... I'm new here and I thought I'd introduce myself.

CARLY

(stands)
Okay.

DANNY

Okay.
(smiles -- then remembers)
Oh! I'm Danny Wells.

CARLY

I'm Carly Mitchell. Did you just move into the blue house by the corner? The one with the garage doo going up and down?

DANNY

That's us.
(motions to pad)
What's that?

CARLY

Oh, nothing. Just some drawings.

DANNY

Can I see?

CARLY

(opening pad)

They're not very good.

DANNY

Oh no, that's great. I like abstract art.

CARLY

It's a tree.

DANNY

(over enthusiastic)

Oh! Oh yeah, I see it now. That's good.

Carly closes the drawing pad, Danny rolling his eyes in disgust with himself. He takes another deep breath before pressing on.

DANNY (CONT'D)

Anyway, I was wondering... seeing as I'm new here and don't really know anybody... maybe if you're not doing anything you could have lunch with me today. Kind of show me around?

CARLY

Gee Danny, I'd like to, but...

Carly stops short as a silver Mustang convertible roars by, jumping the curb and heading straight for them. Danny and Carly scramble out of the way as the car skids to a halt. SHANE THOMAS -- captain of the football team, Student Body President, and resident B.M.O.C. -- sits behind the wheel, laughing.

SHANE

Boy, you cheerleaders can really move when you put your mind to it. You want a ride, Carly?

CARLY

I don't know. I'd rather ride with someone who drives on the streets.

Shane notices Danny, who stands silently to one side.

SHANE

So who's this dweeb? He bothering you?

CARLY

His name's Danny. It's his first day here. We were just talking.

SHANE

Yeah, yeah -- you want a ride or not?

A school bus pulls up to the curb, doors sliding open. Inside we see kids screaming and fighting, paper airplanes flying, and general chaos. Carly sighs, giving in.

CARLY

Anything's better than the bus...
(to Danny)
Thanks for asking me to lunch, Danny, but...

SHANE

This guy asked you to have lunch with him?
(to Danny)
Look, Mr. First Day -- seeing as you're new here I'm gonna cut you some slack. She's my girlfriend. And that means you stay away from her if you want to live to see your second day here. Got it?

CARLY

Leave him alone, Shane. I'm not your girlfriend, and I can lunch with whoever I want.

SHANE

You mean you'd actually go out with this creep?

Carly looks to Danny, who smiles hopefully. She blushes.

CARLY

Well, no -- I just met him. But I'll decide who I want to go out with.

The BUS DRIVER calls out from the school bus.

BUS DRIVER

Any of you kids going to get on?
There are spots in front -- just
don't sit on my colostomy bag.

Carly hesitates a second before climbing into Shane's car.
She looks to Danny sheepishly.

CARLY

It was nice meeting you, Danny.

SHANE

Your bus is waiting, Casanova.

Shane puts the car into reverse, punching the accelerator.
The car peels back onto the street and speeds off. Danny
shakes his head, climbing onto the bus behind Clinton.

DANNY

'How To Win Friends and Influence
People', by Danny Wells. Chapter
One: Having Your Life Threatened...
(watches Shane's Mustang
speed off)
Why do the best girls always go
with the biggest jerks?

CLINTON

Yeah, they seem to prefer guys with
a touch of the demon in their
eyes...
(watches Shane's car
disappear down the hill)
Or in Shane's case, Chernabog, the
evil god of darkness...

CUT TO:

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

The school symbol, a happy lemming, is painted on the side of
the gymnasium, smiling down on the campus. Danny's bus,
shaking with student activity, pulls up to the front of the
school, doors opening as the students file off, now acting
like angels in perfect order -- except for Danny, who steps
out, looking around uncertainly. Sighing, he moves out of
line toward the administration building.

CUT TO:

INT. HIGH SCHOOL - ADMINISTRATION BUILDING - DAY

Danny stands at a counter, his COUNSELOR cheerfully handing him his class schedule. He glances at the schedule, calling to the Counselor.

DANNY

Wait a minute -- these aren't the classes I signed up for...

The Counselor takes the schedule from Danny's hand, looking it over.

COUNSELOR

Well, we weren't able to get you all the classes you wanted. It is the middle of the semester, after all. Instead of 'Creative Writing' we got you into the 'Advanced Biology' class; instead of 'Ceramics' we got you into the 'Steel Welding', and rather than 'Photography' you'll be taking... 'Second Year Steel Welding'.

DANNY

But why am I taking 'English as a Second Language'?

COUNSELOR

It's all we have open during the period. Besides, it's a very popular class -- it'll probably help you get a job in this country.

CUT TO:

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL - HALLWAY - DAY

Danny moves through the crowded hallway, looking from his class schedule to room numbers, obviously lost. In his oversized hockey jersey and tan slacks, Danny stands out from the other students, who all wear shorts, t-shirts and sunglasses.

CUT TO:

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL - HALLWAY - DANNY'S P.O.V.

We watch from Danny's point-of-view as he goes through his first day at a new school. Fighting his way through a sea of unfriendly faces, CAMERA MOVES down the hallway.

Suddenly, through the crowd, he catches a glimpse of Carly. He moves toward her, calling out.

DANNY (O.S.)
Carly! Hey, Carly...!

As Danny changes direction we hear a loud crash. CAMERA PANS to see a huge pile of books and papers on the floor. Glaring back at us is a huge mountain of pubescent muscle called JOE as a crowd gathers.

JOE
You made me drop my books.

BYSTANDER #1
Get him, Joe.

BYSTANDER #2
Pound him, Joe.

Danny begins to back away, hands raised defenselessly.

DANNY (O.S.)
Sorry, Joe. That's a nice shirt.
Did I mention that it's my first
day here?

Joe pokes Danny in the chest threateningly.

JOE
I'll see you in the parking lot
after school, pal.

CUT TO:

INT. HIGH SCHOOL - BIOLOGY CLASSROOM - DANNY'S P.O.V. - DAY

Danny sits in the back of the class as the biology teacher (MISS MURPHY) lectures from the front table. In her late twenties, she is very attractive despite her sterile white lab coat and glasses.

MISS MURPHY
... For today's lecture, I'll need
a volunteer from the class.

Danny quickly slides down in his seat, hiding behind the person in front of him. CAMERA TILTS DOWN to the random doodles on his notebook paper -- a drawing of a grave with the marker reading 'DANNY WELLS', the word 'dull' written at least fifty times, a Porsche, a football player, and the school being annihilated in a nuclear blast.

MISS MURPHY (CONT'D)

How about you?

(Danny doesn't look up)

The new boy...

(Danny still doesn't look
up)

Mr. Wells?

Danny finally looks up to find everyone in the class staring back at him. Standing, the CAMERA MOVES obediently toward the front of the class.

DANNY (O.S.)

Yes, ma'am.

Danny reaches the front of the room as Miss Murphy pulls a metal dish from underneath the table.

MISS MURPHY

Today we'll be dissecting a fetal pig. Come closer, Danny. It won't bite.

Miss Murphy smiles understandingly as Danny steps up, CAMERA looking at the ceiling, the clock, trying not to look down Miss Murphy's top under the lab coat -- doing everything to avoid looking at what's in the dish.

MISS MURPHY (CONT'D)

Okay, you'll notice as I make the incision...look over here, Danny...we want to be careful not to cut too deeply...Danny, are you watching...the skin peels back to reveal...be ready, Danny -- the smell can be a little overwhelming if you're not prepared for it...

The CAMERA starts to wobble slightly, suddenly falling over backward a we...

CUT TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

INT. HIGH SCHOOL - NURSE'S OFFICE - DANNY'S P.O.V. - DAY

A large, annoyed looking NURSE stares down at us, slapping Danny on the side of the face.

NURSE

Wake up, you fainted. Every day somebody seems to faint in that class. You're the first boy. Are you awake yet?

(CAMERA nods 'yes')

Do you want an aspirin?

(CAMERA shakes 'no')

Okay. Why don't you go over to the cafeteria? You'll feel better after a good meal.

CUT TO:

INT. HIGH SCHOOL - CAFETERIA - DANNY'S P.O.V. - DAY

We stare down at Danny's lunch tray, where a balanced meal has been laid out. There is a salad covered in thick brown dressing, corn covered in thick brown dressing, and a sandwich. Danny lifts the bread to find a thick slice of ham covered in thick brown dressing.

DANNY (O.S.)

Ham. It would have to be ham.

CAMERA TILTS UP as Danny scans the cafeteria for a place to sit. Spotting Carly at a table across the room he hurries forward -- colliding with another kid, whose tray clatters to the floor. The kid (WALLY) glares at Danny, who mumbles apologetically as a crowd gathers.

DANNY (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Gee, I'm sorry. I didn't see you...

BYSTANDER #3

Get him, Wally.

BYSTANDER #4

Pound him!

Wally points at Danny, jabbing his finger at the CAMERA.

WALLY

You're dead, kid. You and me.
After school in the parking lot.
Got it?

Wally stomps off angrily. Groaning, Danny turns, bumping into another student, his tray dropping to the floor.

CAMERA looks up to see another student staring at him, fists clenching as another mob forms.

CUT TO:

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL - FOOTBALL FIELD - DANNY'S P.O.V. - DAY

In a huddle. Everyone is dressed in t-shirts and sweats for P.E. class. The QUARTERBACK barks out instructions to the other players.

QUARTERBACK

Okay, Jerry -- you go out fifty yards and hook around. Hank, you stay in the backfield and wait for the screen...

DANNY (O.S.)

What about me?

QUARTERBACK

Joey, you go long...

DANNY (O.S.)

What about me?

The Quarterback finally looks at the CAMERA.

QUARTERBACK

Oh yeah. You can block Joe.

The huddle breaks as Danny turns to see Joe on the line waiting for him, a smile on his face.

JOE

It looks like I won't have to wait until after school.

Joe gets into the set position and waits. Danny looks toward the Quarterback, who calls out the signals.

QUARTERBACK

Hut, hut... HIKE!

The CAMERA is suddenly jostled, throw to the turf as we...

CUT TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

INT. HIGH SCHOOL - NURSE'S OFFICE - DANNY'S P.O.V. - DAY

The Nurse once again stares down at us, slapping Danny's face.

NURSE

Wake up, wake up. First time I've ever seen anybody suffer a concussion in a game of touch football.

(holds up three fingers)

How many fingers am I holding up? Three, right?

The CAMERA nods 'yes'.

NURSE (CONT'D)

Okay, you're all right. You spend a lot of time in here. Did you ever think of enrolling as a nurse's aid?

DANNY (O.S.)

I did. But they put me in 'Advanced Mountaineering' instead.

The Nurse laughs, stepping out of the room as Danny sits up. He looks across the room, where he sees himself in a mirror. He shakes his head, speaking to his reflection in amazement.

DANNY (CONT'D)

Unbelievable. Not even through your first day and you've alienated everyone on campus. I wish there was some way to erase this whole day -- start over like nothing happened.

CUT TO:

INT. HIGH SCHOOL - RESTROOM - DAY

Clinton, the kid from Danny's bus stop, finishes scrawling the words 'CARLY MITCHELL IS A FOX' on the wall with a magic marker. Stepping to the sink he washes his hands, glancing into the mirror to see FLAMES rising behind him. Startled, he whirls around to find the bathroom normal -- no fire. Turning back to the mirror he sees the reflection of Larry standing behind him. Larry stares out of the mirror at Clinton.

LARRY

Excuse me. This is Rancho Vista
High School, right?

Clinton nods numbly as Larry climbs through the mirror into the restroom, backpack in hand. Speechless, the boy can only stare.

LARRY (CONT'D)

I'm not scaring you, am I? I
haven't been up here in a while. I
forgot how easily frightened you
humans are.

CLINTON

(pleading)

Please don't kill me -- I won't
ever write on the bathroom walls
again, I promise!

LARRY

That's not my department, kid.
It's even below my dignity.
(pulls photo of Dany from
pocket)
I'm looking for this kid -- do you
know where I can find him?

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT II

FADE IN:

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL - HALLWAY - DAY

Still wearing his gym clothes, Danny steps out the Nurse's office to find Carly waiting for him. He stops, surprised.

DANNY

Oh, hi.
(laughs)
This time you scared me.

CARLY

I saw them carry you in here. I hear you've been having kind of a lousy day.

DANNY

It could be worse. At least nuclear war hasn't broken out yet. Wait a second -- you heard about it? What, is it all over school that the new guy's a complete loser?

CARLY

No... actually it's all over school that you were killed by Joe in P.E. What did the nurse say?

DANNY

She said I had a slight concussion, that I should watch for any signs of dizziness, and that she wants to meet me in the parking lot after school.

CARLY

Be careful. She's beat up three other guys already this month. I just wanted to make sure you were okay. I'd better get to class.

Carly moves off, Danny following her eagerly as they weave their way through the crowd of students in the hallway.

DANNY

Maybe we're in the same class. Are you taking 'Introduction to Manual Labor'?

Carly holds up a large book of Rembrandt paintings.

CARLY

No, I've got 'Advanced Art Appreciation'. I'm doing an oral report on Rembrandt today.

DANNY

Is he pretty good?

CARLY

He's my favorite artist. He did these sketches... when his wife was on her deathbed he'd stay with her all day, drawing her over and over. It's so romantic.

DANNY

Yeah, well if I ever make it out of the parking lot this afternoon maybe you could come to the hospital and sketch me.

Carly stops in front of a classroom.

CARLY

This is my room. You'll be okay. The first day's always the worst.

DANNY

(smiles)

Yeah. It can only go uphill from here, right?

Carly nods, stepping into the classroom. Still grinning, Danny turns, only to find himself face to face with Shane and his gang of friends. Grinning, Shane slaps Danny hard on the back -- taping a piece of paper with the word 'DWEEB' to Danny's shirt.

SHANE

If it isn't Mr. First Day. Nice outfit.

DANNY

(warily)

Thanks. I just threw it together.

SHANE

I thought I told you to stay away from my girlfriend.

DANNY

But she said she wasn't...

Shane sets his books on top of the lockers, grabbing Danny by the front of the shirt.

SHANE

What she says doesn't matter. If I were you I'd listen to the guy who's about to rearrange your dental work.

DANNY

Come on, Shane -- I don't want to fight you...

SHANE

You should've thought of that before you tried to steal my girlfriend.

Behind one of Shane's laughing friends we see a hand rise up and scratch Shane's books with a long fingernail, sparks flying as flames start to rise from the pages.

SHANE (CONT'D)

(stepping back)

Come on, try something, wimp. Make your move...

Larry steps through the crowd, speaking calmly.

LARRY

I don't mean to interrupt, but does anyone know whose books those are on fire?

SHANE

Hey! Those are mine!

LARRY

Gosh, that looks like a fifteen page history report burning up in that Pee Chee folder with the lame rock band logos scribbled all over. Is that important?

Shane grabs the books, throwing them to the ground and stomping out the fire. Nothing is left but charred paper.

LARRY (CONT'D)

Gee, that's too bad. That report'd due in an hour, isn't it?

SHANE

Quick! Find me a typewriter... and another report to copy!

Shane and his friends hurry off, leaving Danny and Larry standing alone. Larry peels the sign off Danny's back.

LARRY

You must be...
(reads sign)
... 'Dweeb'.

DANNY

No, I'm Danny. 'Dweeb's' just an affectionate nickname. Did you set his books on fire?

LARRY

Naw -- spontaneous combustion. Happens all the time. You shouldn't let him push you around like that.

DANNY

Sure. What am I gonna do -- threaten to break his fist with my teeth?

Still carrying his backpack, Larry puts his arm around Danny's shoulders, leading him down the hall.

LARRY

What you have to do is develop an attitude, like me. A look of self-assurance. A look that tells everyone you can take care of yourself.

DANNY

You obviously don't know me.

LARRY

Sure I do. Guys like Shane only pick on kids who are afraid of them. They don't want any fights, that's why they come after wimps like you.

Danny grins bitterly, slipping out from under Larry's arm.

DANNY

Thanks for the encouragement.

LARRY

What's the problem? You're the new kid in school, and that makes you a wimp. It's a documented fact.

(MORE)

LARRY (CONT'D)

But if you stick with me I can help you beat your problem.

DANNY

What are you talking about? Who are you, anyway?

LARRY

(smiles)

I'm your friend, Danny.

The class bell rings, students hurrying to their classrooms.

DANNY

Oh crud. I gotta go. I'm late for my class and I don't even know where it is...

LARRY

Come on, you don't want to go to class...

Trying to be casual, Larry leans against the wall -- setting off the fire alarm mounted there. He and Danny both jump in surprise, Danny shouting out to him over the shrill ringing.

DANNY

That was brilliant -- now we're really going to get in trouble!

LARRY

Not if they can't find us. C'mon.

DANNY

(not budging)

No, we'd better hang around. We'll only get in more trouble if we leave.

LARRY

Don't sweat it. I can turn this thing off...

Dragging Danny away, Larry snaps his fingers -- setting off the sprinkler system just as the students and teachers rush into the hallway.

CUT TO:

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL - PARKING LOT - DAY

Danny and Larry walk through the school parking lot, alarm bell still ringing in the background.

Danny glances nervously from side to side as they move among the rows of cars.

DANNY

Did we have to come to the parking lot? It's not exactly the safest place for me to be...

LARRY

Stop worrying. You've got to learn to loosen up and have a good time.

DANNY

What do you mean? I know how to have a good time.

LARRY

Sneaking into your mom's room and reading her romance novels isn't my idea of a good time.

DANNY

(shocked)
Hey, how did you know...?

Larry steps to a car, jumping into the driver's seat.

LARRY

Hop in. We're going for a ride.

DANNY

Wait a minute, I don't even know you. Where are we going?

LARRY

Trust me, Danny. I'm here to help you. I can change your life.

DANNY

You're not some religious fanatic, are you?

LARRY

(laughs)
I can guarantee it. Get in.

Puzzled but intrigued, Danny gets into the car -- a silver Mustang convertible.

DANNY

Is this your car? It looks kind of like Shane's.

Larry starts the engine, backing the car out of the parking space.

LARRY
It is Shane's.

Larry slams the car into gear, tires squealing as he guns the engine and speeds off.

CUT TO:

INT. MUSTANG

Danny stares at Larry, wide-eyed.

DANNY
What are you doing? You can't do this!

LARRY
Why not? We're just borrowing it. Shane won't even know it's gone -- he's gonna be typing for hours.

DANNY
Does he know you're borrowing it?

Larry steers the car into a fencepost, smashing the grill.

LARRY
Don't distract me -- see what you did?
(pulls away)
It's okay -- it still runs.

DANNY
(dazed)
When Shane finds out about this he's gonna pound us into dust. No, he's gonna have us jailed for twenty years, wait for us to be released, and then pound us into dust. Let me out!

Larry shoots Danny an insulting glance.

LARRY
Geek.

DANNY
I'm not a geek.

LARRY
 (softly)
 Danny's a geek, Danny's a geek...

DANNY
 I am not a geek!

LARRY
 Geek-geek-geek-geek-geek-geek...

DANNY
 (infuriated)
 I am not a geek and I'm staying
 right where I am. Now let's get
 out of this crummy school!

LARRY
 Have it your way...

The car pulls out of the school lot, tires screeching as it careens into the street. Grabbing the dashboard to steady himself, Danny glances at Larry nervously.

DANNY
 You're not from around here, are
 you?

LARRY
 What makes you say that?

DANNY
 Because in this country we drive on
 the right side of the road!

CUT TO:

EXT. CITY STREET

The Mustang barrels through the left lane, oncoming traffic swerving to avoid a collision. Laughing, Larry veers the car into the right lane, flooring the accelerator as we...

CUT TO:

INT. SMORGASBORD RESTAURANT - DAY

Danny and Larry move down the line, pushing their trays along the counter. Danny's plate is nearly empty, while Larry's is piled a foot high with every type of food available.

LARRY

I love this stuff. We don't have anything like this where I come from. Every time I come here I make a complete pig of myself.

DANNY

Is there anything you won't eat?

LARRY

I'll eat anything -- especially hot spicy stuff. I love that... except I won't eat snake -- call me sentimental. What's this?

DANNY

Fruit jello.

Larry tries some. Grimacing, he spits it back onto the spoon and dumps it on the tray of the man in front of him.

LARRY

Snake and fruit jello.

DANNY

So how long have you gone to Rancho Vista?

LARRY

I just transferred from down south.

Danny nods sympathetically.

DANNY

It's a drag having to move and leave all your friends.

LARRY

It's not hard to make new friends.

DANNY

It's hard when you move as much as we do. We never even stay in one place long enough for the teachers to learn my name. It's embarrassing. My mom even called me 'Donnie' once.

LARRY

That's because you don't assert yourself enough. Be a dude...be a jerk -- be something.

DANNY

It's not that easy, though.

Larry smiles strangely, popping an olive into his mouth.

LARRY

Easier than you think.

DANNY

(thinks)

I don't know, maybe you're right.
I should quit waiting for heaven to
send me a guardian angel or
something, huh?

LARRY

You got that right.

They slide their trays to the cash register, Larry grabbing a handful of sugar packets and dumping them on his mountain of food. Danny looks at Larry's plate, concerned.

DANNY

This is a lot of stuff. Do you
have any money?

LARRY

No, don't you?

Seeing the panicked look on Danny's face, Larry laughs.

LARRY (CONT'D)

Don't worry about it. No problem.

He snaps a finger and a large GREASE FIRE erupts in the kitchen behind them, everyone panicking and rushing to either contain it or escape. Larry calmly continues to innocently push his tray down the counter as everybody flees, when they are stopped by a stern CHECK-OUT GIRL.

Holding up a finger, Larry pulls a book out of his backpack, thumbing through quickly. The Check-Out Girl waits sternly as Larry looks up from the book, flashing a charming grin.

LARRY (CONT'D)

(glances to book)

Hi. We don't have any money. Can
we take this stuff?

Seemingly hypnotized, the Check-Out Girl gives a dazed smile.

CHECK-OUT GIRL

Of course, sir. Have a nice day.

Slipping the book into his backpack, Larry casually picks up his tray, leading a stunned Danny past the girl and out the front door.

DANNY
How did you do that?

LARRY
(proudly)
I told you -- it's my attitude.

CUT TO:

EXT. SMORGASBORD RESTAURANT - PARKING LOT - DAY

Danny and Larry step out of the smoking restaurant, carrying their trays. Danny freezes when he sees a MOTORCYCLE COP standing next to the Mustang, which is parked in a red zone, front tires resting on the curb. The Cop writes out a ticket, taking down the license number from the smashed grill as Larry steps nonchalantly forward.

LARRY
There's no need for a ticket.

The Motorcycle Cop backs off, speaking cordially as Larry begins loading plates of food into the car.

MOTORCYCLE COP
Oh, yes sir. Of course, sir.
Sorry to bother you...

The Motorcycle Cop moves away, tearing up the ticket as Larry and Danny climb into the car. Danny pauses, calling to the cop.

DANNY
By the way -- can you tell me what time it is?

MOTORCYCLE COP
(starting bike)
Don't give me any lip, son, or you'll find yourself spending the night in a cell.

The Motorcycle Cop drives off. Danny looks to Larry, who just smiles and shrugs.

DANNY
How do you do that? Really.

LARRY
Attitude, attitude...

Larry starts the car as we...

CUT TO:

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

The Mustang roars down the road, disobeying all traffic laws. It tears through an intersection, pedestrians in the crosswalk scattering.

CUT TO:

INT. MUSTANG

Larry eats from his plate as he drives, calling out over his shoulder.

LARRY
Watch where you're going! Reckless
pedestrians!

Danny nervously braces himself against the passenger door.

DANNY
Yeah, they shouldn't clutter the
crosswalk like that. Where did you
learn to drive?

LARRY
What do you mean? This is my first
time. It's kind of fun.

The car swerves, Danny grabbing the dashboard for support.

DANNY
You still haven't told me why
you're doing all this.
(looks to Larry
pleadingly)
Why are you doing all this?

LARRY
I represent an organization that's
interested in helping people get
what they want. We heard you've
been having a hard time lately and
wanted to see if there was anything
we could do. You gonna eat that
apple?

Larry reaches over, grabbing the apple from Danny's plate. Danny looks up, horrified to see a red light at the next intersection, which is filled with cross-traffic.

DANNY
Hit the brakes!

Larry slams on the brakes -- the smorgasbord food flying forward, landing with a splat against the inside of the windshield.

LARRY
Oh, man -- look at this. I wasn't even through the appetizers yet.

He begins to scrape food from the windshield with a spoon.

DANNY
(muttering)
Maybe the prison will let me finish high school by mail.

LARRY
You're a real drag, you know that? I try to show you a good time and all you do is complain. No wonder you have a hard time making friends.

The traffic light turns green, Larry starting forward as Danny notices Larry's backpack on the floor, textbooks spilling out. Picking them up, he notices that they bear such titles as 'TEMPTATION FOR BEGINNERS', 'LYING AND DECEIT 101', 'NETHERWORLD NOTEBOOK', and 'REAGANOMICS' (or '1001 GROSS JOKES'). Danny looks to Larry, confused.

DANNY
Who are you?
(gulps)
Chernabog, the god of darkness!

LARRY
Not quite. My name's Larry. I'm a Demon-In-Training sent from the Netherworld.
(extends hand)
Pleased to meet you.

DANNY
(uncertainly)
You're kidding, right?

LARRY

Let me tell you what we're offering. We're will to supply you with all the fame, wealth, women and popularity you want. Not to mention material goods, like cars, yachts, mansions. Not even Harvard can make a guarantee like that.

DANNY

What do you want from me?

Larry looks to Danny seriously, all business.

LARRY

I've been authorized to give you anything in the world you desire. In exchange for your soul.

Danny can only stare at Larry, frightened, as we...

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT II

ACT III

FADE IN:

INT. SHOPPING MALL - DAY

Danny and Larry stroll through the mall, Larry ogling every girl they pass. Danny doesn't notice, intent on questioning Larry.

DANNY

Now let me get this straight -- I'm supposed to believe that you've come up here for my soul, and in return you'll give me everything I've ever wanted. Get real.

LARRY

I'm not joking, Danny.

An old lady walks past carrying armfuls of shopping bags. Larry snaps his fingers and the bottoms fall out of the bags, her shopping items falling everywhere as Larry chuckles.

DANNY

I'm not sure about this giving up my soul stuff. I haven't even had my tonsils out.

LARRY

(laughs)

It's not like that. Think of it like filling out the organ donor card on the back of your driver's license... if you had a driver's license.

DANNY

But don't I have to go down to...
(points downward)
...you know...

Larry checks out some girls in the lounging area and snaps his fingers again. Twenty dollar bills fly out of an ATM machine in rapid progression, the girls jumping up and down to catch the money.

LARRY

There are loopholes. I can probably get you into minimum security. That's where all the guys from Watergate are going.

DANNY
 (reluctantly)
 I don't know...

LARRY
 Okay, what do you want to be,
 Danny? President? A movie star?
 (notices a record store)
 How about a rock star?

Larry snaps his fingers. There is a sudden silence, Danny turning to see all the girls in the record store and at the ATM machine staring at him.

DANNY
 What's going on? Do I have
 something in my nose?

LARRY
 They think you're a rock star.

DANNY
 Which one?

LARRY
 Nobody in particular. Just a rock
 star.

A young woman with an arm full of twenties near the ATM points to Danny excitedly.

GROUPIE
 I don't believe it -- it's...
 it's... what's-his-name!

The girls around the ATM immediately toss all of their money aside, while more girls rush out of the record store, calling out "It's what's-his-name!" They grab at Danny, ripping his clothes, kissing and fondling him wildly. Larry is shoved out of the way, Danny calling to him, terrified as the crowd around him grows.

DANNY
 Wait a minute! Larry, help!

LARRY
 (pushing through crowd)
 I'm sorry -- I thought teenaged
 boys were supposed to like stuff
 like this.

DANNY
 Ow! Someone bit me! Get me out of
 here!

Reaching through the crowd of girls, Larry grabs Danny by the arm. The girls pull back, taking clothing, hair and whatever else they can pry off Danny with them. Larry drags Danny toward an exit marked 'Employees Only', slipping through the door.

CUT TO:

INT. MUSTANG - DAY

Larry and Danny hide in the beat-up Mustang, which sits in the mall parking lot, its top up now. Girls run back and forth through the lot, calling "Where's what's-his-name?", "I miss what's-his-name" and "I'll never forget what's-his-name!" Danny seems shaken.

DANNY

Wow! I don't think I want to be a rock star.

LARRY

(watching girls)

Well I do.

Looking down at his torn clothing, Danny shakes his head.

DANNY

I appreciate the offer, Larry, but I think I'm going to have to pass on this. I'd be dead by the end of the week.

LARRY

(desperate)

Look, I'll tell you what -- I'll give you a trial offer. If by Friday at midnight you don't think your life is great you can back out. No obligation.

Danny looks to Larry, intrigued.

DANNY

If I don't like it I can get my soul back?

LARRY

How fair can I be?

DANNY

And you can get me everything I want?

LARRY
Everything.

Danny thinks for a moment, nodding his head tentatively.

DANNY
Okay, I'll do it. But I don't want to be President or a rock star. I want to be the most popular kid at school. I want everyone to like me because I'm me. And I want Shane to quit picking on me.

LARRY
(grins)
That's great! You won't regret it. By tomorrow at this time you'll have the whole school at your feet. If you'll just sign this contract...

Opening his backpack Larry removes a contract, spreading it out on the dashboard. Danny looks it over, confused.

DANNY
I can't read this. What language is it?

LARRY
Ancient Khirbet Qeiyafa Hebrew, although there's also some Sanskrit, Greek, farsi, old English... We've had the same contracts forever. It's pretty standard stuff. Here...
(takes pen from pocket)
... I'll just add the part about the trial period -- Force Majeure -- and then you can sign it.

Larry scribbles a few lines at the bottom of the contract, handing it back to Danny.

DANNY
Can I borrow your pen?

LARRY
Oh no, you have to sign in blood -- and initial here.

DANNY
Blood? My blood?

LARRY

Not mine.

Larry jabs Danny's finger with the pen, drawing a couple drops of blood.

DANNY

Ow! That hurt, you jerk!

LARRY

Caveat Emptor. Sign on the bottom line. I'll send you a photocopy in a couple of days.

Danny signs his name in blood, turning to Larry expectantly.

DANNY

So what happens now?

Larry slips the contract into his backpack.

LARRY

Now I take you home so you can get some rest. Things are gonna be pretty different tomorrow.

DANNY

(grins)

You know, you're okay for a minion of evil.

LARRY

Thanks. I thought when they sent me up here I'd get some boring egghead kid who'd ask for a better complexion, or to meet the cast of 'Star Trek'. I'm glad I got you.

Larry starts the car, the Mustang squealing out of the parking lot as we...

CUT TO:

EXT. HOOVER HIGH SCHOOL - PARKING LOT - DAY

A group of tough-looking boys hang out in front of the rival high school ('Hoover Albatrosses') as Larry pulls up in Shane's Mustang. Climbing out of the car, he addresses them cordially.

LARRY

Is this the school that plays
Rancho Vista for the city football
championship tomorrow night?

The boys nod as they look Larry over.

LARRY (CONT'D)

Well, this car belongs to the
quarterback of their team. I'm
going to have to leave it here.
Gosh, I hope nothing happens to it.

Larry tosses the keys to one of the boys, smiling. They look at each other questioningly as Larry walks away. Grins break out on their faces as they move toward the car.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. HOTEL SUITE - NIGHT

Larry enters the suite, a BELLBOY turning on the lights. Larry looks around the room approvingly.

BELLBOY

Can I get you anything else, sir?
Room service? Money? My car?

LARRY

What kind of car?

BELLBOY

A '75 Pinto.

LARRY

That's okay.

The Bellboy leaves the room. Tossing his backpack on the bed Larry opens it, removing the contract and a flashlight before heading toward the bathroom.

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL BATHROOM

Larry enters, not bothering to turn on the light. Staring into the mirror he places the flashlight under his chin, casting eerie shadows on his face.

LARRY

(chanting)

Show me the face of evil...show me
the face of evil...show me...

The mirror image morphs in a way right out of 'Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs' (yes, we stole this from the script): There is a mysterious chiming sound and the mirror begins to get cloudy, Larry's face is obscured, and the clouds, at first quit transparent, become opaque, finally forming the mirror's face -- a horned, scaly creature with fiery eyes like Chernabog, the god of darkness from 'Fantasia', flames rising in the background. Larry's expression never changes, however. He is used to it.

LARRY (CONT'D)

Demon-in-Training Larry reporting
from earth.

The creature vanishes from the mirror, its image replaced by the Teacher. He glares through the mirror at Larry.

TEACHER

It's late, Larry. You were
supposed to have called in two
hours ago.

(looks around bathroom)

Nice set-up. Did you locate the
subject?

LARRY

I've called to report that I've
already closed the deal.

TEACHER

Splendid. And on your first night.
I guess my little pep talk did some
good.

Larry smiles nervously, handing the teacher the contract through the mirror.

LARRY

There's just one small hitch -- he
wouldn't agree to the deal until I
offered him a three-day trial
exchange. I was sure you'd
approve, considering the situation.

The Teacher unfolds the contract, reading Larry's scribbled additions.

TEACHER

What? We don't give trial periods on our contracts. This isn't some used car lot. Everyone gets the same contract.

LARRY

But I had to make the deal. He wasn't going to take it otherwise.

The Teacher reaches into his pocket, removing a pillbox.

TEACHER

Hand me a glass of water. I have to take my blood pressure pills.

LARRY

Heartburn?

TEACHER

Yes, but it isn't helping.

Larry fills a glass from the bathroom sink, handing it through the mirror.

TEACHER (CONT'D)

(glass boils as he speaks)
This is not "Let's Make a Deal"! One-on-one contact with humans means changing the course of earthly events -- and we don't like to mess with that, as it seems to be going our way lately.

He takes the pills and down the now-steaming-hot glass.

LARRY

I don't see the problem. There's no way he's going to turn us down after getting everything he wants.

TEACHER

(empty glass now melting)
We can't afford to take that chance. You are to write a new contract -- Danny Wells will get everything he wants for three gays, at the end of which we screw him over per the usual deal, and he will meet his end, his soul being delivered to us.

LARRY
(surprised)
He only gets three days?

TEACHER
(the glass gone, the
mirror starts to melt)
There's less chance something else
will go wrong. You've already
messed up once. Do we understand
each other?

LARRY
Yes, sir. It just doesn't seem
fair... I mean, I promised him --
and you're melting my mirror...

TEACHER
(flames rising behind him)
We're demons! I'm not interested
in what's fair. If Danny Wells is
not toiling in the pit in three
days I'll see to it that you're
sent there in his place.

The Teacher's image disappears from the twisted, smoking
mirror. Larry stares at his distorted reflection worriedly.

LARRY
Great. How do I get myself in
these situations?

Larry flicks off the flashlight as the smoldering mirror
drops with a crunch.

CUT TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

EXT. WELLS HOUSE - DAY