

DEMONS IN D.C.

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EXT. US NATIONAL MALL

A GIANT CRACK in the earth runs across the entire National Mall and right through the East Wing of the US Capitol building - but no one cares. Tourists mill about, stepping over POOLS OF LAVA as if they were puddles.

JUDITH (V.O.)
Mr. Rockbone, do you believe
Brimstone Mining is worth its
environmental costs?

INT. CONGRESS

ROCKBONE, sweating in a bad suit, is testifying behind a nameplate that reads: BRIMSTONE MINING CEO.

He has HORNS, and STEAM flowing from his nostrils forms a permanent gray beard on his beet-red face.

ROCKBONE
(outburst)
You're supposed to be on my side!

Whispers flood the chamber.

REVEAL: REP. JUDITH HELLER, the only demon on the panel, who's been questioning him. She also has HORNS, and a perfect red lip.

JUDITH
BrimCo's spill destroyed protected
wetlands in my home state of New
Jersey, so no, I'm proud to say I'm
not on your side.

REVEAL: Video pauses on Judith's triumphant smile and the NowThis logo plays across the screen. The title of the video: "Congresswoman DESTROYS Brimstone CEO".

INT. NJ POST NEWSROOM - DAY

LILITH (red eyes, messy hair and horns) sits with her feet propped up in a beige CUBICLE decorated with newspaper articles. A nameplate reads: "L. CAMINO".

A giant sign on the back wall reads "THE NJ POST".

Lilith's eating Flamin' Hot Cheetos and surfing the web.

LILITH
That's it!? That's "destroys"? The
man is still completely intact!

Near her, Lilith's pet owl-sized bat, GAVIN, is hanging
upside down in a BIRD CAGE. One YELLOW EYE appears as he
peeks his head out from under his wing.

GAVIN
I thought it was pretty good.
Measured, civilized--

LILITH
She should rip apart his flesh!!

GAVIN
--but of course there are other
opinions. We can agree to disagree.

LILITH
You need to stop reading *The Hill*.

GAVIN
You're the one who lined my cage
with it.

LILITH
At least the NJ Post hates her.
Honestly I couldn't stand if I had
to work at a newspaper that praised
my sister.

A bell CHIMES as the front door to the office opens. REP.
JUDITH HELLER (from the video!) and ANN-MARIE (blonde human
in a sensible sweater) file in.

LILITH (CONT'D)
Shit, what are they doing here!?

GAVIN
Could it have anything to do with
the hit pieces you've been writing
about her?

Lilith dives below her desk.

LILITH
Shut up and hide, Gavin!

Gavin looks to his left, then his right.

GAVIN
I'm in a cage.

Lilith swiftly grabs his cage and pulls it beneath the desk with her, just as Judith and Ann-Marie walk up.

Under the desk, two sets of GLOWING EYES: Lilith's red eyes, and Gavin's yellow eyes.

JUDITH
So this is L. Camino's desk huh?
How sad.

ANN-MARIE
Certainly explains why all the
articles sound so bitter.

Lilith's eyes NARROW.

ANN-MARIE (CONT'D)
Whoever he is, he's not here.

Judith spies the end of a POINTED TAIL peeking out from under the desk.

JUDITH
Or is he?

She steps on the tail with her stiletto.

LILITH
YOW!

Judith bends over and makes eye contact with Lilith.

JUDITH
LILITH!?

Lilith crawls out from under the desk.

LILITH
(stiffly)
Hello.

GAVIN (O.S.)
Can I come out too please?

Judith KICKS OPEN his cage door. He FLIES OUT.

GAVIN (CONT'D)	LILITH
Wheeeeeee!	No, hey!

Gavin flaps away behind her.

LILITH (CONT'D)
Great, now he's gonna go eat all
the Peanut M&M's in the breakroom.

JUDITH
Lilith, why would you write these--

Judith grabs a briefcase from Ann-Marie and dumps out a STACK
of negative articles written about her. HEADLINES rise like
dust as she shakes them all out:

Anonymous source calls Rep. Judith Heller "totally fake"

Insider claims Rep. Judith Heller "doesn't care about family"

Close associate declares Rep. Judith Heller's "feet smell"

JUDITH (CONT'D)
--about your own sister!!

LILITH
I write what I know.

Ann-Marie taps the stack.

ANN-MARIE
This has got to stop. Judith is
about to launch a campaign for
Senate, and as dumb as these little
tabloid hit pieces are, we can't
have them picking up traction in
major press.

JUDITH
Couldn't you get a real job that
doesn't involve smearing me?

LILITH
I literally don't think I could,
no.

JUDITH
Can't believe you were the favorite
growing up!

LILITH
Of course I was. You couldn't even
cast a simple blood curse without
wailing about how it was "wrong".

JUDITH
We're not little kids growing up in
hell anymore!
(MORE)

JUDITH (CONT'D)

Mommy's favorite can't stand that
up here, *you're the freak--!*

ANN-MARIE

Judith, calm down! Remember why we
came here. This changes nothing.

JUDITH

Of course it does! I'm *not* offering
her a job on my campaign!

LILITH

You were gonna give L.Camino a job?

ANN-MARIE

We can't let you keep publishing
those articles. And of course,
we're prepared to pay.

LILITH

You couldn't pay me enough to sell
my soul!

Beat.

LILITH (CONT'D)

Figuratively, of course. We demons
don't have souls, much as Judith
likes to pretend.

JUDITH

You could just help your sister.
Especially when I'm actually trying
to, y'know, make a difference in
this world.

LILITH

(snorts)

Sure you are.

JUDITH

I am! I believe we can achieve--

LILITH

Save your speech for the lobbyists.

ANN-MARIE

How did you know about that? That's
a private event.

JUDITH

Shh, Ann-Marie!

Gavin lands on Lilith's shoulder, and drops a peanut M&M in her hand.

She pops the M&M in her mouth and eats it contemplatively.

LILITH
Interesting...

JUDITH
This is a waste of time, Ann-Marie.
Let's go, I left my husband in the
car.

CUT TO:

EXT. PARKING LOT - SAME TIME

Inside a car, Judith's husband JOHN PAUL waits patiently, with the window cracked. He's holding Judith's purse in his lap.

THEME

INT. HIGH SCHOOL GYM

Hung with red, white & blue streamers. Judith speaks at a makeshift podium, flanked by Ann-Marie and John Paul (still holding her purse).

JUDITH
--you and I have a lot in common,
New Jersey! Let's just say, I know
what it's like to be, *demonized*.

The crowd laughs dutifully and claps. Ann-Marie gives her a thumbs up.

JUDITH (CONT'D)
I'm proud of my state, and proud
today to announce my campaign for
United States Senate.

WHOOPS and CHEERS from the crowd.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL GYM - LATER

Judith leaves the podium and speaks to Ann-Marie, beaming.

JUDITH
I think that went really well.

SMASH CUT TO:

ON SCREEN : EVENING NEWS

NEWS ANCHOR
Terrible timing for Rep. Judith Heller's announcement of a campaign for Senate. Just after her speech a major accident occurred on the turnpike. A truck carrying brimstone collided with the bus of the New Jersey Devils hockey team.

IMAGE: NJ Devils hockey bus in a wreck with a truck leaking gallons & gallons of BRIMSTONE - the brimstone is bubbling, steaming, melting the road.

NEWS ANCHOR (CONT'D)
Every team member sustained an injury and their season is now effectively over.

IMAGE: Devils hockey players nursing various injuries, from skinned knees to hair on fire.

NEWS ANCHOR (CONT'D)
Many people are blaming unsafe practices in brimstone mining and questioning Rep. Heller's ties to the industry, especially after images emerged of Judith sharing a cigar and a hearty chuckle with the very Brimstone exec she eviscerated in Congress.

IMAGE: Rep. Judith Heller, sharing a cigar and a hearty chuckle with the Brimstone CEO.

NEWS ANCHOR (CONT'D)
Thanks to L. Camino at the NJ Post for the image.

Judith growls.

NEWS ANCHOR (CONT'D)
On top of that, rumors are swirling that she's even attending a brimstone industry event tonight to raise money for her campaign. Rep.
(MORE)

NEWS ANCHOR (CONT'D)
Heller's camp vehemently denies
this, and says quote:

IMAGE: Quote from Judith overlaid on her picture.

NEWS ANCHOR (CONT'D)
"Rep. Heller's heart is with the
hockey players & fans who are
suffering tonight, and always
remember...

IMAGE: a Devils player sobbing into his hockey stick on the
side of the road.

NEWS ANCHOR (CONT'D)
...Rangers suck."

INT. HOTEL BALLROOM - LOBBYING EVENT

Dimly lit with a red glow, patrons mill about and eat
canapes.

About half of the patrons are DEMONS - on the center table,
there's a chocolate fountain and a lava fountain. Judith
holds a drink in one hand, with the other she dips a chip in
lava and pops it in her mouth. Ann-Marie gives her
instructions.

ANN-MARIE
--Remember to really drive home
that both your grandfathers were
brimstone miners. You come from a
salt-of-the-underworld, brimstone
mining family, and you're happy to
support the bosses of the industry.

JUDITH
Thrilled.

Judith finishes her drink in a GULP.

JUDITH (CONT'D)
What are we gonna do about this
hockey disaster?

ANN-MARIE
Don't worry about it now. All the
guests signed an NDA, what you say
tonight is between you and the
lobbyists.

JUDITH

You know, sometimes I forget why I got into politics, and then a night like tonight reminds me: I did it because I'm a bad person.

ANN-MARIE

Don't say that about yourself, you got into politics to help people! And because you're *one of the people*.

Ann-Marie reaches over to adjust Judith's necklace.

ANN-MARIE (CONT'D)

Hang on, your diamonds are getting caught on your cashmere.

Judith grabs a FLAMING SHOT from a passing tray and downs it.

We follow the tray and notice GAVIN hanging from underneath it.

The waitress turns slightly and SMILES - she doesn't have horns, but she has LILITH'S RED EYES.

EXT. HOTEL - PARKING LOT - FLASHBACK

Lilith-as-waitress STRIPS out of her skin and leaves it in her wake - the skin forms a puddle on the asphalt and then SOLIDIFIES into a COCKTAIL WAITRESS.

COCKTAIL WAITRESS

(coming to)

Oh man, I shouldn't have eaten all that fun-dip.

Lilith pulls a camera out of her purse, grinning as she clicks through photographs. Gavin flaps along beside her, peering over her shoulder.

She lands on a photo of JUDITH GIVING HER SPEECH TO LOBBYISTS, which SPINS INTO:

CU: NJ POST NEWSPAPER

LEAD IMAGE: Judith giving her speech

HEADLINE: REP. HELLER SPEAKS AT BRIMSTONE LOBBY, BETRAYS NJ

IMAGE BELOW: Hockey players lying in the road, nursing injuries

REVEAL: Ann-Marie reads from the article, as Judith paces back and forth in her campaign office.

ANN-MARIE
 "Demon celebrates as Devils cry."
 Damn, that's a good headline.

Judith SHRIEKS in frustration, and the newspaper BURNS UP in Ann-Marie's hands.

ANN-MARIE (CONT'D)
 Whoa, hey! We said no demon magic on the campaign trail, it freaks out the humans.

JUDITH
 It's just us two, there's no one else here.

JOHN PAUL
 (pipes up from the corner)
 I'm here as well!

ANN-MARIE
 Anyway, we have to be careful. I still have no idea how Lilith got these pictures.

JUDITH
 She probably possessed someone to get in.

ANN-MARIE
 Possessed someone? That's illegal, and immoral!

JUDITH
 (sarcastic)
 So report her to the NJ Post editorial board, I'm sure they'll care.

CUT TO:

INT. NJ POST HEADQUARTERS

Lilith's BOSS is flourishing the paper at her.

BOSS
 I don't even care how you got this! This is excellent work, L, excellent! The paper's selling like crazy!
 (MORE)

BOSS (CONT'D)

I haven't seen people this mad at a politician since the Mayor of DC *literally opened the portal to Hell*. God I love a good outrage! Tell me you have more!?

LILITH

Oh, there's plenty more. Trust me - I've got an inside guy.

BACK TO:

INT. CAMPAIGN OFFICE

Inside Judith's purse (still in John Paul's lap), a YELLOW EYE peeks out - it's GAVIN, listening intently.

Ann- Marie and Judith are now pacing back and forth past each other.

ANN-MARIE

We need something big to make people stop talking about this.

JUDITH

Like an earthquake, or a zoo escape.

ANN-MARIE

I was thinking more political, but we do need something major.

JUDITH

(under breath)
Maybe we could kill someone.

JOHN PAUL

(quickly)
I've got an idea. What about a high-profile endorsement?

JUDITH

An endorsement? Who cares about an endorsement?

ANN-MARIE

Actually wait, there is one person whose endorsement could change everything.

ANN-MARIE (CONT'D)
The President!

JOHN PAUL
Satan!

ANN-MARIE
(to John Paul)
What?

JOHN PAUL
I just think his endorsement could
really rally the demon community.

ANN-MARIE
Yeah, and scare away all the human
voters. Think it through.

JUDITH
Actually... maybe it would be a
good thing. And I bet Satan would
love you, John.

JOHN PAUL
Oh, you want me to go to Hell?

JUDITH
Yes!

JOHN PAUL
I was just gonna send an email.

Judith shakes her head.

JUDITH
No that won't cut it with Satan,
he's very ceremonial.

JOHN PAUL
Well if you think I should go--

Judith snaps her fingers and calls forth a SWIRLING VORTEX,
emanating burning light and the screams of the damned.

JUDITH
There's the portal.

John Paul swallows, then rallies.

JOHN PAUL
Well ok then! Anything to get you
elected to Senate! Satan, here I
come!

He steps through the portal, still carrying her purse with
GAVIN INSIDE. We catch a brief glimpse of a panicked yellow
eye.

JUDITH
WAIT!

The portal CLOSES.

JUDITH (CONT'D)
Dammit, did he just take my purse?

ANN-MARIE
Yup.

JUDITH
So inconsiderate. Oh well, nothing
in there but old mints and my
drivers' license.

She tosses her keys to Ann-Marie.

JUDITH (CONT'D)
So you'll have to drive us to the
White House.

INT. SWIRLING VORTEX

John Paul travels through space and time, clutching his
wife's purse. He notices it's lumpy, and opens Judith's purse
to REVEAL:

Gavin is nestled inside. He looks sheepish.

JOHN PAUL
Oh, hello! You're Lilith's little
pet aren't you?
(baby voice)
How did you get in there?

He smiles and pets Gavin's head. Gavin GRIMACES.

The vortex disappears around them and they are
unceremoniously dumped onto the floor of an:

INT. ENORMOUS CAVERN

The only light comes from streams of LAVA running down the
walls, and glowing red stalactites poking out of the floor.

JOHN PAUL
Whoa, Satan's lair!

GAVIN
No, not even close. This is just a
random cavern. They're all over the
place in Hell.

JOHN PAUL
So how do we find Satan?

GAVIN
Wait for him to corner you at a
cocktail party, I guess. That guy
is the worst.

JOHN PAUL
Wait, you've met him?

GAVIN
Everybody's met him. He's like the
Andy Dick of the Underworld. Well,
at least until Andy Dick dies.

JOHN PAUL
Seriously?

GAVIN
No, I'm kidding. Dead people don't
actually go to Hell, they just
cease to exist- which if you ask me
is much more terrifying.

JOHN PAUL
No, I meant seriously Satan isn't a
big deal?

GAVIN
Well, I guess to traditionalists he
is, but he's a figurehead. He has
no real power.

JOHN PAUL
But I'm supposed to get his
endorsement! Is that worth anything
- do people trust his word?

GAVIN
(sarcastic)
Satan? The Deceiver, the Father of
Lies, the King of the Bottomless
Pit? Yeah of course they trust him.

JOHN PAUL
(taking it literally)
Great! So how do we get out of
here?

Gavin scans the walls.

GAVIN
Uhhhh....

He notices a small ray of light peeking out near the top of the cavern.

GAVIN (CONT'D)

There!

Gavin takes off, flying toward the hole.

JOHN PAUL

Wait! You've gotta carry me!

Gavin snorts.

GAVIN

Yeah right. Start climbing!

INT. OVAL OFFICE

The door is guarded by A SECRET SERVICE AGENT with LILITH'S RED EYES and smirking smile.

PRESIDENT ORB (49, floating crystal ball) is behind the Resolute Desk, yelling on the phone. An aide, MATTHEW (35, corporeal) stands next to her and holds the phone.

Judith sits in front of the desk, patiently waiting for the conversation to resolve.

PRESIDENT ORB

Well you tell the demon possessing Boris Johnson that he can kiss my ass, if he can find it!

Matthew SLAMS the phone down for her.

MATTHEW

So inspiring, Madam President, but small note for next time: there isn't actually a demon possessing Boris Johnson, he's just like that.

PRESIDENT ORB

Really? Amazing. I thought only a demon could possibly be that grating.

Judith CLEARS HER THROAT. President Orb notices her.

PRESIDENT ORB (CONT'D)

Oh, Representative--whoever.

JUDITH

Judith Heller. I flipped NJ-14 for your party in the last election, gave you the majority in the House?

PRESIDENT ORB

Oh yes, of course! This administration is incredibly grateful. We couldn't have gotten anything done without your loyal support.

JUDITH

Great! So will you endorse me in my campaign for Senate?

PRESIDENT ORB

No.

JUDITH

What, why?

PRESIDENT ORB

I can't tell you why.

(whispers)

This office is bugged.

(normal voice)

I bugged myself, just like Nixon.

I'm sure it won't backfire.

JUDITH

So you won't endorse me because I'm a demon.

PRESIDENT ORB

Who said that? Couldn't be me. I don't have a mouth anymore. No body at all, thanks to a demon.

JUDITH

Just because *one demon*--

PRESIDENT ORB

Do you know where I come from, Judith? I am sincerely asking, because I don't! I can't remember anything from my life as a human. And do you know the name of my book?

Judith sighs.

JUDITH

From Pickle Jar to--

PRESIDENT ORB

--*From Pickle Jar to President*, that's right. Because I was found in a pickle jar. In a swamp. Just a disembodied soul without a single friend or memory, plucked from my body by a demon who's probably still walking around in my flesh. And I made it to the presidency. So why do you need my help, just to get to the lousy Senate?

JUDITH

Because that's how politics work?

PRESIDENT ORB

That's how-!?

(to Matthew)

Matthew, slam a fist for me--

Matthew SLAMS A FIST on the Resolute Desk.

PRESIDENT ORB (CONT'D)

--That's how politics work!? Why don't you go one week without a scandal and then you can tell me how politics work. I have a 97% approval rating, bitch. You just pissed off environmentalists and hockey fans in the same week. Those are basically the two parties!

JUDITH

That wasn't my fault, that was a freak accident.

PRESIDENT ORB

Well, freak accidents happen. Just ask your mother.

(to Matthew)

Matthew, do that mic thingy.

Matthew makes a DROP THE MIC motion with his hands.

PRESIDENT ORB (CONT'D)

Thank you Matthew.

Judith gets up.

JUDITH

Ok, I'm done here.

PRESIDENT ORB

Don't let the door hit you!

JUDITH
Don't let Matthew drop you!

Judith SLAMS THE DOOR.

The (suspiciously Lilith-like) Secret Service Agent standing by the door SNICKERS.

PRESIDENT ORB
Is that funny, Gary?

The Secret Service Agent notices their name tag, which reads GARY, and starts.

GARY
Uh, no ma'am, I just...have allergies.

Beat.

PRESIDENT ORB
(to Matthew)
Pick me up, bring me to Gary.

Matthew looks uncomfortable.

MATTHEW
Ma'am...

PRESIDENT ORB
I have needs, Matthew!

Matthew reluctantly obliges. He picks her up, and holds the orb directly in front of Gary's face. Gary's confused.

Then the floating soul inside the orb SLAMS itself against the glass edge, like a fish against the side of a bowl, while making obscene puckering noises.

PRESIDENT ORB (CONT'D)
MMMMMMMMMM...

Gary is absolutely bewildered.

The prick of light pulls back, panting.

PRESIDENT ORB (CONT'D)
Aren't you going to kiss me, Gary?

Gary gets it. His red eyes SCREAM.

CUT TO:

INT. RECEPTIONIST OFFICE - HELL

John Paul, huffing and puffing, approaches a desk manned by a horned DEMON with horn-rimmed glasses. The desk is engraved with the OFFICIAL SEAL OF HELL.

Gavin flaps in lazily behind him.

John Paul wipes his brow.

JOHN PAUL

I'd here to request an audience
with the Devil, please. I'm sorry
I'm so sweaty.

RECEPTIONIST

We're all hot, we're in HELL.

He cackles maniacally.

Then he tosses John Paul a TOWEL.

RECEPTIONIST (CONT'D)

But seriously, here's a towel.
Clean that shit up.

GAVIN

Why do you have a stack of towels?

RECEPTIONIST

Because Satan's throne room is a
literal sauna. There's slippers by
the door. And after we search ya,
we'll give you a robe.

JOHN PAUL

You mean you're letting me in? I
get to meet Satan?

RECEPTIONIST

What? Of course we are. I don't
think we've ever turned anyone
down.

JOHN PAUL

It's still an honor, sir.

RECEPTIONIST

It isn't, but whatever. Word of
advice: wear your slippers in the
shower afterwards, I got a nasty
foot fungus last week.

CUT TO:

INT. SATAN'S SAUNA/THRONE ROOM

Steaming rocks line the sides of a long, rectangular throne room. Long wooden benches stretch the length of the room. Generic flute music, peaceful and calming, plays quietly.

At the far end, a towering THRONE OF SKULLS.

SATAN sits atop the throne of skulls... filing his nails?

JOHN PAUL

Hello?

Startled, Satan drops his file.

SATAN

Oh, Jesus!

It bounces down the mountain of bones.

Satan glares at John Paul and Gavin.

SATAN (CONT'D)

I told them to warn me when people
are coming in here! I could've
been... doing anything!

Satan leans back.

SATAN (CONT'D)

What do you want?

John Paul opens his mouth but can't make anything come out.

Gavin sighs.

GAVIN

He's here to ask a favor.

SATAN

If it's an autograph we sell them
in the gift shop. And if you've
come to trade your soul for some
extraordinary ability, you should
know I don't do that anymore.

(under breath)

Brady ruined the game!

JOHN PAUL

No, I- I've come on behalf of my
wife, who has roots in Hell--

SATAN
(twirling his hand)
Skip to the end.

JOHN PAUL
--She wants your endorsement for
Senate.

Beat.

SATAN
(joking)
Wow these politicians aren't subtle
anymore are they?

JOHN PAUL
I just thought a respected leader--

Satan hoots.

SATAN
Don't you know about me, kid?

JOHN PAUL
I know you've been unfairly
maligned--

SATAN
I'm not talking about that, that's
old news! I'm talking about how I'm
basically the Queen of England for
goths. I have no power, no
responsibilities and I prefer it
that way - I turned my throne room
into a *sauna*, I'm living!

JOHN PAUL
But you're the Prince of Darkness!

SATAN
And yet, I'm not the owner of the
Brimstone Mines. That's who holds
the real power in Hell: the
capitalists.

JOHN PAUL
You're sitting on a throne of
skulls!

SATAN
Oh these? Got 'em at Party City -
bulk deal. Humans hate me and
demons laugh at me.
(MORE)

SATAN (CONT'D)

Any candidate I endorse is making a
gigantic and hilarious mistake.

Satan stands.

SATAN (CONT'D)

Therefore, I'll do it.

INT. HOSPITAL - NEW JERSEY

Ann-Marie whispers in Judith's ear as they walk down the
corridor of the hallway.

ANN-MARIE

Essentially, what I want you to do
is just beg. Just beg the
forgiveness of these hockey
players.

JUDITH

I'm not going to beg, I'm going to
be friendly and warm.

Judith gives a strained smile. Ann-Marie pauses.

ANN-MARIE

Ok well if that doesn't work I
think we should offer them a bribe.

JUDITH

Ann-Marie! Calm down. We need one
photo.

A nurse approaches them.

ANN-MARIE

Shh-shh, shut up!

NURSE

Hi, are you here to see the Devils?

JUDITH

Yes, I'm their Congresswoman.
(cheeky)
Hoping to become their Senator,
vote for Judith Heller.

NURSE

They don't want to see you.

Judith looks through a glass partition. Angry DEVILS HOCKEY
PLAYERS, in bandages, can be seen on the other side.

The NJ DEVIL MASCOT, wearing a comically large bandage, gives her the foam finger.

NURSE (CONT'D)

I'm going to have to ask you to leave.

INT. OVAL OFFICE

President Orb MONOLOGUES as she stares out the window of the Oval office.

Lilith-as-Gary stands behind her, guarding the door.

PRESIDENT ORB

Oh, Gary, Gary, Gary. Sweet, moderately attractive Gary. You have no idea the pressures of being President! Especially for me, the first woman-orb president. I'm going to be an icon, Gary. And what do I want them to say about me after I'm smashed? 'She did her job, and things were mostly ok'? No! A great ruler must do something...dramatic. And what's the most dramatic thing to happen in our lifetime, Gary? You may not remember it, you're so young and supple. 25 years ago, the doors of Hell broke open. No other event can match it for sheer what-the-fuckery. The world changed, seemingly forever. But what if we could go back, Gary? What if the doors of Hell...close?

Gary-as-Lilith's red eyes go wide.

PRESIDENT ORB (CONT'D)

I'm going to close them, Gary. I'm going to drive all the demons back into Hell and close the gates for good. Then you know what they'll say about me? They'll say, 'wow, she really went above and beyond.' And that's all I've ever wanted. And if I have to crush a million demons like Judith Heller to get that mild praise, I will.

(scoffs)

Not that I have to do much work.

(MORE)

PRESIDENT ORB (CONT'D)
 She's getting destroyed in the
 press as it is.

Lilith-as-Gary's red eyes narrow.

The Orb swivels, turning back toward Gary.

PRESIDENT ORB (CONT'D)
 Would you like to play Twister,
 Gary?

LILITH-AS-GARY
 Um...how would that--

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. OVAL OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Gary is alone on a Twister mat, struggling to keep up as
 President Orb shouts orders.

PRESIDENT ORB
 Left foot blue, Gary! Right hand
 green! God, you're an animal!

EXT. WHITE HOUSE - LATER

Lilith-as-Gary slips out of their skin - the skin forms a
 puddle on the sidewalk and then SOLIDIFIES into GARY.

GARY
 Mommy!

Lilith walks away, shuddering.

INT. NJ POST HEADQUARTERS

Lilith sits at L. Camino's desk, staring at her computer.

She's attempting to type a HEADLINE over an image of Judith
 and President Orb.

She types:

"Rep. Heller's hopes *UP IN FLAMES* as Pres refuses to endorse"

She deletes it, then types:

"The Orb sees a *LOSER*: Pres refuses to endorse Rep. Heller"

She deletes again, and types:

"Pres Orb to Demon Congresswoman: GO TO HELL"

Lilith sighs. She deletes the headline again, then closes her computer.

CUT TO:

INT. JUDITH'S CAMPAIGN OFFICE - WASHINGTON DC

Lilith drops out of a PORTAL into Judith's campaign office. Judith is sitting on the floor, drinking.

JUDITH

You!

She blasts a FIREBALL right at Lilith's face, which Lilith expertly dodges.

LILITH

Whoa! Since when are you doing magic?

JUDITH

I stopped doing it to protect my political career. I no longer *have* a political career.

Ann-Marie falls out from behind Judith's desk. For the first time, she too is drinking.

ANN-MARIE

(slurred)
We're doomed.

LILITH

Fear not, your angel has arrived.

A HALO OF FLAMES erupts around her.

LILITH (CONT'D)

Figuratively, of course. I've decided to help you.

JUDITH

Why?

LILITH

I recently learned a lot about President Orb - I mean, way too much - and I decided I'd rather see her lose than you.

(MORE)

LILITH (CONT'D)

It's more about how annoying she is
than how much I love you--

Ann-Marie leaps up drunkenly.

ANN-MARIE

You love us!

LILITH

Well, my sister. But I guess you
too, Ann...Jolie?

ANN-MARIE

Aw.

JUDITH

I don't believe you for a second.
You just want more dirt for that
rag you work for, you don't wanna
help me.

LILITH

*That rag just cleaned up a mighty
big mess for you, Judith. Check
today's headline.*

The front page of the NJ Post has the headline: ENDORSEMENT
next to a picture of the NJ Devils. In fine print below: The
Devil endorses Judith Heller.

ANN-MARIE

(drunken whisper)

The hockey team loves us!
Everything will be okay!

LILITH

They don't actually. If you read
the article it's about how Judith's
simpleton husband journeyed to hell
to get the endorsement of a
glorified sockpuppet. It's ok
though, most of our readers get
their info from headlines and
images, nobody reads the article.
As far as they're concerned, yes:
hockey team loves you.

Ann-Marie closes her eyes, and hums contentedly.

JUDITH

Won't the team be mad when they
find out?

LILITH

My boss at the NJ Post owns the NJ Devils, as well as everything else Jersey-branded. He's very proud. And he wants you to win your Senate race.

JUDITH

Oh!

LILITH

So we can keep publishing terrible articles about you for years to come.

JUDITH

...oh.

LILITH

But don't worry sis-

Lilith claps a hand on Judith's shoulder.

LILITH (CONT'D)

-I've got your back.

REVEAL: Lilith's fingers (and tail) are crossed behind her back.

OUT.

TAG

INT. SATAN'S SAUNA/THRONE ROOM

Satan and John Paul are getting pedicures from scaly little imps, as Gavin hovers nearby.

JOHN PAUL

This is nice, but my wife's gonna send a portal for me any minute.

SATAN

Sure, sure.

Beat.

GAVIN

Got any peanut M&Ms?

SATAN

No we don't have those here, we've only got regular.

GAVIN
Oh, you're kidding!

SATAN
Yeah I know, it's Hell.

OUT.