

The Night Train

by

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INT. SCHYUMER CORPORATE OFFICES - PAUL'S OFFICE - DAY

At a desk, piled with many papers, vice president of Schyumer Corporate Enterprises, PAUL PETERSON (40s) stares intently at one of his many employees, CARLY (50s).

CARLY
You can't be serious.

Paul slowly lifts up a paper from one of his piles, hands it to Carly.

PAUL
Would you like to read it?

Carly shoves it back into Paul's hands.

Paul puts on his glasses, lifts up the paper.

PAUL
Your typing has decreased by 10 words per minute.

CARLY
10 words?

PAUL
And you've scheduled my lunch with the President this Wednesday.

CARLY
So?

PAUL
Must I remind you what day that is?

Carly glares at Paul.

Paul takes off his glasses, lowers his head, shows Carly his perfectly groomed hair, all gelled down.

PAUL
Go on. I know you want too.

CARLY
No thanks.

PAUL
Alright.

Paul leans back, turns back to the paper, sighs.

PAUL
I'm sorry.

CARLY
Paul?

Paul lowers the paper, pulls out a cardboard box from underneath his desk, and plops it down on top.

PAUL
Have it all cleaned out before the end of day, would you?

Carly scoffs, glares at the box.

CARLY
I've worked here for almost twenty years.

PAUL
And you've done a great job, really, but...

Paul takes out another piece of paper, shows it to to Carly.

PAUL
I'm afraid the numbers speak for themselves.

Carly snatches the paper out of Paul's hands and reads the chart.

Carly fidgets, her hands tremble as she slowly stands up and turns to leave.

PAUL
Carly?

Carly flips around, glares at Paul.

Paul smirks, taps at the box.

Carly stomps forward, tosses the paper in front of Paul's face, snatches the box.

PAUL
I'll put in a good recommendation for you.

Carly spits in Paul's face and stomps out of the room.

As Paul wipes his face off, the phone on his desk rings. Paul picks it up and answers it.

PAUL
(into the phone)
TERRI? I'm busy.

TERRI (O.S.)
The representative from Limoux
Enterprises is on the line for you,
says it's urgent.

Paul reaches forward and picks up a trophy that reads:

SCHYUMER CO. MANAGER OF THE YEAR
2019.

PAUL
(into the phone)
Put it through.

The phone beeps.

PAUL
(into the phone)
Hello?

STEVEN (O.S.)
How are you doing Paul?

Paul smirks.

PAUL
(into the phone)
STEVEN? How's the company?

STEVEN (O.S.)
Running as smooth as a knife through
butter.

PAUL
(into the phone)
I would hope so. Your shares went down
this month.

STEVEN (O.S.)
It's been a bit of struggle for us to
keep up with the latest technology.
Surely you of all people can
understand?

Paul sets down the trophy, turns to a picture of himself and Steven taken around ten years ago, with Paul wearing far more casual attire.

PAUL
(into the phone)
I can imagine. You are a software company after all.

STEVEN (O.S.)
I take it you haven't run into any problems yet?

PAUL
(into the phone)
Oh, just one.

STEVEN (O.S.)
More issues with your staff?

Carly screams from outside Paul's office.

PAUL
(into the phone)
I had to let another one go.

STEVEN (O.S.)
Who was it this time, Ben?

PAUL
(into the phone)
His was last week, although, I probably should have done it sooner.

STEVEN (O.S.)
What was it for?

Paul leans forward.

PAUL
Do you know what he does every meeting?

STEVEN (O.S.)
Nothing?

PAUL
(into the phone)
He sits, watches me or DEAN do are usual spiel, and leaves for a cup of coffee.

STEVEN (O.S.)
I'm not sure I see the problem?

PAUL
(into the phone)
That's just it.

STEVEN (O.S.)
OK?

Paul grabs his cup of coffee, leans back, and places his feet on the desk.

PAUL
(into the phone)
I can't have people like that here,
not in my business.

STEVEN (O.S.)
You do realize, you still answer to
someone, right?

Paul takes a sip.

PAUL
(into the phone)
I'm always prepared.

STEVEN (O.S.)
Really?

Paul sets down the coffee, reaches into the drawer below him and pulls out a folder.

PAUL
(into the phone)
I got everything he needs, right here.

STEVEN (O.S.)
Sure Paul.

PAUL
(into the phone)
Can you tell me why you really called?

STEVEN (O.S.)
I was hoping we could get together for
lunch tomorrow, at our usual place?

PAUL
(into the phone)
Oh?

STEVEN (O.S.)
I have a proposal.

Paul drops the folder and picks up the picture of himself and Steven.

PAUL
(into the phone)
Not like the last one, I hope?

STEVEN (O.S.)
I think you'll be intrigued by what I
have to say this time.

PAUL
(into the phone)
Oh, I'm sure I will.

STEVEN (O.S.)
So, what do you say old buddy? 12
o'clock?

PAUL
(into the phone)
I'll note it in my calendar.

STEVEN (O.S.)
I'm certain that you will. Take care
now.

PAUL
(into the phone)
You too Steven.

Paul hangs up and, sets the picture down, looks towards a
homemade bracelet on his wrist.

Paul smirks, tightens it, begins typing.

INT. SCHYUMER CORPORATE OFFICES - MAIN FLOOR - EVENING

Paul exits his office with his suitcase, locks the door
behind him as JANET (50s), walks up to him with a stack of
papers in hand.

JANET
Paul.

PAUL

Janet.

JANET

I was just, uh coming to see you...

Janet giggles, hands Paul the stack.

JANET

It's the report.

Paul takes the stack, reads from the top.

JANET

The one for our company's new motto.

WALTER (O.S.)

We take what we make!

Paul groans, looks behind Janet towards WALTER (50s), wearing a bright pink pastel button-up in his cubicle.

PAUL

Thank you, Walter.

Walter purses his lips, resumes typing.

JANET

I think you'll find that it meets most of your expectations.

Paul nods.

PAUL

Times New Roman Font.

JANET

Size 12.

PAUL

And 2 inch margins?

Janet nods.

Paul smirks, slowly reaches behind Janet, "squeezes" her butt.

Janet blushes.

JANET

Paul.

Paul and Janet giggle as Walter, MADDIE (30s) and MINDY (20s) watch, eyes wide, jaws dropped.

Paul, seeing that his subordinates are starting, gently steps back and clears his throat.

PAUL

Thank you.

Janet winks, walks away towards Maddie and Mindy as Paul slowly walks towards his secretary, TERRI'S (40s) desk, next to his office.

At her desk, Terri, wearing a rather hideous floral dress, types on her computer.

TERRI

The copy machine's jammed again.

PAUL

Jerry?

Terri shifts her eyes behind Paul.

Paul flips around and groans as he watches JERRY (20s) fumble with a stapler.

PAUL

Hasn't he ever heard of double-sided?

TERRI

And, I caught someone using unregistered web links.

PAUL

For what website?

Terri flips her computer screen around, showing Paul a rather "erotic" display.

Paul grumbles, shifts his eyes towards Maddie, ear-deep in a conversation with Janet.

PAUL

Write 'em up. Have the reports on my desk by noon, and...

Paul throws Janet's report on top of her keyboard.

PAUL

Have this proofread through Grammarly;

the usual.

Terri takes the report.

TERRI
Anything else I should note of?

Paul flips around, stares at Janet.

Paul sighs, his heart races, as Janet, noticing him, flashes him her biggest smile.

TERRI (O.S.)
Paul?

Paul blinks, turns back around, grumbles.

PAUL
Just get it done.

Terri types into the keyboard as Paul leans forward.

PAUL
And remember...

Paul makes a "lips locked" gesture; Terri quickly returns it.

Paul turns to leave only collide with GWENDOLYN (30s), knocking her stack of papers to the ground.

GWENDOLYN
I'm sorry.

Gwendolyn bends down, begins picking them up, only for Paul to SLAM his foot down on top of them.

Gwendolyn trembles, she looks up.

PAUL
Let's try that again, shall we?

Gwendolyn grumbles, bites her tongue.

GWENDOLYN
I'm sorry, sir.

PAUL
That's better.

Paul removes his foot.

Gwendolyn scoops up the papers and jumps up.

GWENDOLYN
Sorry, it's just...

PAUL
Just?

GWENDOLYN
It's hard to forgot who's in charge of
here sometimes.

Paul smirks.

PAUL
Not to worry.

Paul looks towards the logo of SCHYUMER CORPORATE OFFICES
behind Terri's desk, relaxes.

PAUL
Very soon this place will tell a
different story.

GWENDOLYN
I'm sure it will, sir.

PAUL
What's your position here, Ms.?

GWENDOLYN
Gwen.

PAUL
Gwen?

GWENDOLYN
I'm a support assistant.

PAUL
Support?

GWENDOLYN
I manage all your files and records.

Paul smirks.

PAUL
That's funny.

Paul's eyes shift to Terri, back to Gwendolyn.

PAUL
I've never seen you around here
before.

GWENDOLYN
Maybe you just didn't notice?

Gwendolyn hurries away.

Paul furrows his brow, shuts his eyes, exits.

INT. SCHYUMER CORPORATE OFFICES - ELEVATORS - EVENING

Paul enters the elevator and squeezes himself in-between his tech support specialist CHARLIE (40s) and customer service specialist NATASHA (also 40s).

The elevator doors close.

Charlie and Natasha do their best to look away as Paul stares intently at the elevator doors, motionless.

Natasha fidgets, shifts her eyes to Charlie, Paul.

NATASHA
We were friends you know.

Charlie shakes his head as Paul slowly turns around.

PAUL
Who are you?

NATASHA
T...

Paul slowly raises his hand.

PAUL
Let me rephrase that.

Paul's eyes meet Natasha's as he backs her into the corner of the elevator.

PAUL
Who, are, you?

Natasha can't think of anything to say.

DING!

The elevator doors open.

Natasha rushes out as Paul sighs, straightens his tie.

PAUL
Night Charlie.

Charlie waves as Paul exits.

The elevator doors close.

EXT. PAUL'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Paul pulls up to his driveway in his expensive Mercedes-Benz and stops.

INT. PAUL'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Paul cracks open a bottle of wine and pours himself a glass as a Josh Groban song echoes from the living room.

Paul sets down the bottle, picks up the glass, and carries it to the living room.

INT. PAUL'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Paul sits down on an expensive looking leather sofa, lowers the volume of the music with a remote, and flicks on the television.

NEWS REPORTER #1
Another mass shooting has claimed the
lives of three victims...

CLICK

NEWS REPORTER #2
A deadly earthquake with a magnitude
of 6.2...

CLICK

NEWS REPORTER #3
Here are the numbers from Wall Street
today...

Paul sets down the remote, takes a sip of wine.

Van Halen's Runnin with the Devil suddenly explode out of Paul's speaker.

Paul jumps, drops the glass of wine and covers his ears. The wine hits the ground, splattering all over the polished white

carpet.

PAUL

Shit.

Paul grabs the speaker remote, flicks it off, and hurries to the kitchen.

INT. PAUL'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Paul pulls out a bottle of carpet cleaner and cloth from a cabinet. As he closes the door, a bright yellow light suddenly shines through the kitchen, blinding him.

Paul narrows his eyes towards the window above of his sink, reaches up, and pulls down the blinds.

INT. PAUL'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Paul bends down and jams the cloth into the carpet. As he wipes, Paul hears an ominous horn.

HONK!

Paul digs his hand into the carpet.

HONK!

Paul bites his tongue, frantically rubs the cloth over the carpet.

HONK!

Paul jumps up, rushes towards the window, peeks out the blinds.

Nothing.

HONK!

Paul screams, drops to the floor and covers his ears.

The room SHAKES! Paul's priceless antique's clatter to the floor and smash into pieces as a bright yellow light shines into the room.

HONK!

Paul crawls towards the front door.

EXT. PAUL'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Paul steps off his patio, stops.

In front of him, a large vintage steam train, a Big Boy, sits on the road, surrounded by a deep mist, with a pair of ghostly tracks underneath it. It is coupled with a coal car and several passenger cars that seemingly, stretch on for miles with no end in sight.

Paul cheeks puffy, hands sweaty, stares wide-eyed at the locomotive, in front of him.

HONK

PAUL
Alright, alright!

Suddenly, from within the mist, the CONDUCTOR (80s) steps up to him. A whistle hangs around his neck.

THE CONDUCTOR
Well?

PAUL
Who are you?

The Conductor lifts up an ancient pocket watch and stares at it, presumably checking the time.

THE CONDUCTOR
You're going to be late.

PAUL
For?

The Conductor places his pocket watch back under his belt and turns around.

THE CONDUCTOR
Come.

The Conductor steps onto on of the passenger cars and disappears inside.

Paul looks below the train and spots the tracks beneath it.

Paul grimaces, shakes his head, enters the train.

INT. THE NIGHT TRAIN - NIGHT

Paul steps into the car, stops. In front of him, various people sit around him, most of them in torn, ripped clothing, some covered in blood, others with a body part missing.

Paul tries to leave only to come face to face with the Conductor.

THE CONDUCTOR

Please, have a seat.

The Conductor shoves Paul into a seat next to a PROSTITUTE (30s) dressed in a bikini and wearing a long coat, head glued to the window.

PAUL

Are you alright?

The prostitute ignores Paul as The Conductor suddenly smacks the top of Paul's hand. It sizzles.

Paul winces, cries out in pain.

THE CONDUCTOR

Our ride will begin shortly.

The Conductor disappears into the coal car as Paul lifts up his hand. A mark, in the shape of an ominous looking eye, stares back at him.

PAUL

What the hell is this place?

PROSTITUTE

I have to find my boyfriend.

PAUL

What?

The prostitute stares out the window, Paul can't see her features.

PROSTITUTE

I have to tell him...

PAUL

Hey.

Paul snaps his fingers in front of the prostitute's face.

Nothing.

Paul grumbles, grabs the prostitute's shoulder, flips her around...

PAUL
Look lady...

An empty face stares back at Paul, eyes and mouth missing with seemingly no nose.

Paul screams, jumps back, as the prostitute reaches for him.

PROSTITUTE
It wasn't my fault!

PAUL
Shit!

Paul shoves the prostitute's hands away, stands up, flips around only to be met with the face of a MAN WEARING A BUSINESS SUIT (40s).

MAN
They'll come for you.

PAUL
Listen, buddy...

The man slowly raises his hands, to reveal, just that, nothing, expect for two bloody stubs.

MAN
I didn't steal.

Paul trembles, backs away into a BLONDE WOMAN (30s) wearing a sparkling red dress and black high heels, with half her gut missing.

PAUL
Fuck!

BLONDE WOMAN
I loved my husband!

Paul staggers back, raises his hands.

PAUL
Stay back...

BLONDE WOMAN
Why didn't they...

Paul backs up into another MAN, wearing a prisoner's uniform (40s) and flips around.

The man looks normal except for that fact that he's as thin as a skeleton. His skin is nonexistent, bones clearly visible, with a face that nearly sags to the ground.

The man slowly reaches towards Paul.

MAN
Please, I have to see my son...

PAUL
No!

Paul pushes himself away from the two people and dashes towards the exit. Several more gruesome and disfigured people reach for him as Paul frantically tugs at the door handle.

Nothing.

Paul looks inside the coal car, spots the Conductor, pounds at the door.

PAUL
Hey, hey!

Paul bangs away to no avail.

PASSENGERS
(in unison)
It's not too late.

Paul flips around, drops to the ground, as the train's many passengers stagger towards him.

GWENDOLYN (O.S.)
You can change.

Paul whips around to find, Gwendolyn, of all people.

PAUL
Gwen?

Gwendolyn shoves her hands over Paul's head.

HONK!

Paul shuts his eyes.

INT. PAUL'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Paul wakes up, stares at the TV.

NEWS REPORTER #3

Here are the numbers from Wall Street
today...

Paul groans, looks down, sees the stain on the carpet, bolts towards the front door.

EXT. PAUL'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Paul flings open the front door and steps outside.

Nothing. No ghostly tracks, no locomotive, and no Conductor.

Paul sighs, chuckles, turns back around, reaches for the handle.

Paul's eyes meet the "eye" on his hand. He stops, frozen.

INT. SCHYUMER CORPORATE OFFICES - MAIN FLOOR - DAY

As Paul approaches his office, Maddie jumps up from her desk and rushes up to him.

MADDIE

Hey Paul?

PAUL

Maddie?

MADDIE

Do you got a minute?

Paul agree, Maddie takes his hand.

MADDIE

Back here.

Maddie leads Paul over to the conference room in the back of the offices.

INT. SCHYUMER CORPORATE OFFICES - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Paul enters as Maddie slowly closes the door behind him.

PAUL
Look, if this is about the website,
I've already...

MADDIE
It's not.

Maddie sits down on the conference table and undoes her suit jacket.

PAUL
Hot?

MADDIE
It's rather stuffy in here, don't you
think.

Maddie takes off her jacket, drops it to the ground, flips her hair back.

Paul raises his brow.

PAUL
You looking for a raise or something?

MADDIE
Maybe, If...

Maddie wags her finger.

Paul steps forward.

Maddie seductively grabs his chin, pulls him in close, whispers in his ear.

MADDIE
If you can give me what I want.

Paul snorts, steps back.

PAUL
Sorry, I don't work that way.

Maddie hisses, shoves Paul into a chair.

PAUL
Maddie?

MADDIE
I bet you said the same thing to that
slut you just fired.

PAUL

Carly? What are you...?

Maddie places herself onto Paul's lap, rips off his pants, underwear, places her hands on his "stuff".

PAUL

Maddie?

Maddie's eyes turn a deep yellow, her voice becomes coarse, demonic.

MADDIE

I know, you want me.

Maddie jerks her uterus into Paul's penis and smacks her lips against his.

Walter suddenly bursts in.

WALTER

Hey, Maddie, phone's...

Maddie growls, flashes her eyes at Walter.

Walter flees, slams the door shut behind him with a THUD.

Paul frantically pushes Maddie back.

PAUL

What are you?

MADDIE

I'm what every man wants.

Paul's eyes shift towards a pen on the table next to her. As Maddie moves back in, Paul grabs it, opens it, and stabs it into her chest.

Maddie groans, staggers back.

PAUL

Consider that your resignation.

Maddie sneers, rips the pen out of her chest.

Paul gulps, dashes to the door with Maddie in hot pursuit.

INT. SCHYUMER CORPORATE OFFICES - MAIN FLOOR - DAY

Paul slams the door shut, throws himself against it as Maddie

pounds at it.

MINDY

Paul?

Janet jumps up, rushes forward.

PAUL

It's alright.

JANET

What's wrong with...?

The banging stops, silence.

PAUL

Get somebody up here, now.

Janet rushes towards her desk, picks up the phone as Paul cracks open the door.

WALTER

(to Mindy)

Man, you should have seen her eyes.

JANET

(into the phone)

Hmm, OK.

Janet peers into the conference room.

JANET

Paul!

INT. SCHYUMER CORPORATE OFFICES - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Paul steps up to a large glass window, looks down.

JANET (O.S.)

What should I tell them to look-out
for?

Nothing.

PAUL

Anything.

INT. SCHYUMER CORPORATE OFFICES - MAIN FLOOR - DAY

Paul shuts the door to the conference room, jogs over to his office, enters, and slams the door shut with a THUD.

INT. SCHYUMER CORPORATE OFFICES - PAUL'S OFFICE - DAY

Paul's phone rings, he jumps.

Paul straightens his suit, marches over, picks it up.

PAUL
(into the phone)
Yes?

TERRI (O.S.)
Just reminding you that you have that
lunch this afternoon with Steven.

A knock at the door catches Paul's attention.

PAUL
Who is it?

CHARLIE (O.S.)
Charlie sir, from tech support?

Paul sighs, hangs up, rushes over to the door, thrusts it open.

CHARLIE
Are you alright, Mr. Peterson?

PAUL
I'm fine, just uh...

BANG!

Paul shifts his eyes towards the window. He gasps, jumps back.

It's Maddie, covered in blood. She glares at Paul, hungry.

CHARLIE
Sir?

PAUL
Uh.

Paul dashes over to the window, turns down the blinds.

PAUL
How's I.T.?

CHARLIE
Just dealing with the usual Trojan

horses...

Maddie pounds hard on the glass from outside.

BANG!

BANG!

PAUL

Well, sounds riveting.

Charlie narrows his eyes at the window.

CHARLIE

Birds?

PAUL

Pigeons, dumb little fuckers.

The glass cracks.

Paul stiffens, Charlie gulps, takes a breath, tip-toes towards Paul's computer.

PAUL

So, what are you here for? Another upgrade?

CHARLIE

I'm here to install that new antivirus software?

PAUL

First time I'm hearing of this?

CHARLIE

It just came down from headquarters, something about a data leak?

PAUL

That's not all that's leaking.

Maddie's high heel whacks Paul on the head.

Paul bites his tongue, whips around, stomps over to the window as Charlie sits down and logs on.

CHARLIE

Nice wallpaper.

Paul rips open the blinds, kicks Maddie in the chest.

She falls, down, down, down...

PAUL
I took it myself.

CHARLIE
Last year's vacation?

PAUL
Lisbon, beautiful city.

Charlie clicks on the screen, begins typing, as Paul shuts the blinds and marches over.

PAUL
What do I pay you?

CHARLIE
Sir?

Paul glares at Charlie.

CHARLIE
\$27 an hour? I think.

PAUL
Seems fair enough.

CHARLIE
Boss?

PAUL
How are you all adjusting without Carly?

CHARLIE
Can't say I won't miss her but...

A loud BOOM rocks the office.

PAUL
What the hell...

Paul marches to the door, flings it open.

INT. SCHYUMER CORPORATE OFFICES - MAIN FLOOR - DAY

Paul huffs, puffs out his chest, narrows his eyes at Walter, Mindy, Janet, CARLOS (40s), huddled around a small cake on Carlos's desk that reads HAPPY BIRTHDAY.

Colorful streamers litter the floor around them.

PAUL

A party?

WALTER

It was a surprise.

CARLOS

(in Spanish)

Do you want a slice?

Paul sneers, turns around.

INT. SCHYUMER CORPORATE OFFICES - PAUL'S OFFICE - DAY

Paul slams the door shut with a THUD.

PAUL

Idiots.

CHARLIE (O.S.)

I got him an iPhone.

Paul whips his head around, narrows his eyes at Charlie.

CHARLIE

So he could play Pigeon Wings.

Paul snorts, marches over to his desk.

PAUL

Do you all think that's what you're
here to do? Play?

CHARLIE

We're efficient.

PAUL

Really?

CHARLIE

Who was that guy that changed out all
those computers in one evening?

Paul sighs, grumbles, as Charlie clicks on the mouse.

CHARLIE

There, that should do it.

Charlie stands up, turns to leave, as Paul takes a seat.

CHARLIE

Oh, did you get Tasha's resignation yet?

Paul furrows his brow, reaches into a trash can underneath his desk, pulls out a crumpled sheet of paper, unfurls it.

PAUL

So this wasn't an error report?

Charlie wavers, shifts his eyes towards the door.

CHARLIE

Uhh...

Paul stares at the paper.

PAUL

Hmph, shame, the borders were a nice touch.

Paul chucks the paper into the can.

CHARLIE

Well, If that's it, I really should...

Charlie hurries to the door as Paul opens his desk drawer.

PAUL

Charlie.

Charlie stops, turns around, as Paul pulls out a beige folder and hands it to him.

PAUL

Give this report to Gwen, she should know where it goes.

Charlie raises his brow.

CHARLIE

Gwen?

PAUL

My support assistant.

Charlie fidgets, snickers.

CHARLIE

Support assistant?

Paul grumbles, narrows his eyes at the folder, shoos Charlie away.

Charlie bolts out of the room as Paul drops the folder on the desk and boots up Microsoft Word.

Paul begins typing.

T...

H...

E...

Nothing.

Paul clicks away at the R key.

Nada.

Paul grumbles, flips the keyboard upside down, rips open the battery compartment.

As Paul stares at the batteries inside, words slowly appear on the screen.

T-Y-R-A-N-T

Paul raises his brow, sets down the keyboard, glares at the screen.

P-E-R-V

Paul freezes, shakes, slams his finger down on DELETE.

C-A-L-L-O-U-S

F-I-L-T-H

S-C-U-M

Paul jumps up, unplugs the computer.

C-I-P-H-E-R

Paul grits his teeth, clenches his fists.

PAUL

Son of a...

As Paul turns to leave, a malicious but cute looking frown

emoji pops up onto the screen.

Paul stops, sits back down, leans forward, as the computer types...

D-E-M-O-N.

Paul cocks his head.

The emoji flickers.

Paul leans closer, closer...

A staticky blue arm BURSTS out of the screen, grabs his face.

Paul screams, tries to pull away, can't.

Gwendolyn bursts through the doors.

GWENDOLYN

Paul!

The arm twitches, flickers like a television, as it slowly pulls Paul in.

PAUL

Gwen?

Gwendolyn runs over, grabs onto Paul and yanks him out of the monitor.

GWENDOLYN

Are you alright?

A loud ROAR shakes the room.

Paul and Gwendolyn shift their eyes towards the monitor. The emoji sneers, chuckles, as the background around it turns red.

Paul's eyes go wide, he slowly stands u.

PAUL

It's going too...

GWENDOLYN

Get down!

Gwendolyn knocks Paul to the floor as the computer monitor explodes.

Terri bursts through the doors.

TERRI

Paul?!

PAUL

Code Red.

Terri rushes away as Paul shifts his eyes towards the broken monitor, to Gwen.

PAUL

And, that was?

GWENDOLYN

A demon.

Gwendolyn helps Paul to his feet, looks down at the mess, smirks.

GWENDOLYN

...One with damn good sense of humor.

PAUL

Who are you?

Gwendolyn bites her tongue as Terri rushes in with a bottle of fruit punch and hands it to Paul.

Paul takes it, cracks it open, takes a sip as Terri closes the door behind her and exits.

GWENDOLYN

You saw me last night, didn't you?

Paul raises his brow, opens his mouth, but hesitates.

GWENDOLYN

Well?

Paul snickers, plops down in his chair.

PAUL

It was just a dream.

Gwendolyn sneers, forcefully grab's Paul's hand.

PAUL

Just what are you...?

Gwendolyn flips it around.

GWENDOLYN

That's one funny looking tattoo.

Paul glares at the strange eye on his hand, grumbles, shifts his eyes towards the window.

PAUL

So, that thing was?

GWENDOLYN

The Night Train.

Gwendolyn moves towards the windows, lifts open the blinds, stares out into the horizon.

PAUL

What?

GWENDOLYN

It's a tool, operated by King Lucifer himself.

Paul fidgets, chuckles, grabs the bottle of fruit punch.

GWENDOLYN

You shouldn't laugh.

Paul chugs the entire bottle down in one sitting, slams it back down on the desk.

PAUL

Sorry, but...

GWENDOLYN

It comes for those that have been cheating.

PAUL

Cheating?

GWENDOLYN

That report your file clerk typed up, you tampered with it didn't you?

Paul shifts his eyes towards the broken computer, door.

PAUL

I don't know what you're talking about.

Gwendolyn sneers, whips out a list from behind her back, puts

on a pair of reading glasses.

GWENDOLYN

Well, let's see.

PAUL

What is that?

GWENDOLYN

Paul pushes his litter sister Gracie off the swing-set resulting in two broken bones.

PAUL

An accident.

GWENDOLYN

That left her bound in a wheelchair for life. And, how often do you see her?

PAUL

I send her a birthday card.

Gwendolyn clicks her teeth, flips the page.

GWENDOLYN

Paul gets expelled from school for having sex with a Mrs. Kimberley Wood.

PAUL

I didn't know she was married.

GWENDOLYN

And 44.

Paul grumbles as Gwendolyn plops down on the desk, crosses her legs.

GWENDOLYN

Paul punches his wife over a heated argument regarding their sexual activities, resulting in...

Paul sighs, flips open the desk drawer, pulls out a ring, lifts up.

It's inscribed, *Janet*.

PAUL

Always too far, but never apart.

GWENDOLYN
Hard to control sometimes isn't it?
Those urges...

Paul shifts his eyes towards his "private are", lifts up his hand, slowly clenches his fist.

PAUL
We both agreed it was for the best.

GWENDOLYN
But you still think about her all the time don't you? How it feels...

Gwendolyn leans forward, grabs Paul's chin, opens his mouth, licks the inside.

Paul shoves her away, jumps up, straightens his jacket.

PAUL
I'll ask again.

Paul stomps forward, shoves his face into Gwendolyn's.

PAUL
Who, are, you?

Gwendolyn sneers, flips out a pair of large white, fluffy wings from behind her back.

Paul stammers, staggers back, pats his forehead with his jacket.

GWENDOLYN
The creature that saved your life.

PAUL
An angel?

GWENDOLYN
Guardian.

Paul chuckles.

PAUL
Wow.

GWENDOLYN
Your one and only.

Gwendolyn folds up her wings, jumps off the desk, begins

pacing.

GWENDOLYN

Now, I do believe you're late for a meeting?

Paul furrows his brow, checks his watch.

PAUL

Shit.

Paul grabs his briefcase, hurries to the door, stops in front of it.

PAUL

That train.

GWENDOLYN

A one way ticket to inferno.

PAUL

Hell?

GWENDOLYN

The one and only.

Paul flips around.

PAUL

And those corpses? Maddie?

GWENDOLYN

Rejected souls, refusing to repent, unworthy for Purgatory.

PAUL

Purgatory?

GWENDOLYN

The garden between heaven and hell, your last chance at forgiveness.

PAUL

From who, God?

Gwendolyn nods.

Paul snorts.

GWENDOLYN

As for your analyst, well...

Gwendolyn walks over to Paul's desk, picks up a small bobblehead of the Devil, struts back over.

GWENDOLYN

Let's just say me and her aren't on speaking terms.

Paul grumbles, fidgets.

PAUL

Angels, demons, trains from hell...

Gwendolyn pulls out a loose key from Paul's keyboard.

GWENDOLYN

Don't forget your little friend.

Paul grimaces, takes the key.

PAUL

How do I stop it?

GWENDOLYN

The train forces people to live out their worst sins.

PAUL

Meaning?

GWENDOLYN

They are driven mad by their own wrongdoings until they become nothing more piles of rotting flesh.

Paul stiffens, bites his tongue.

PAUL

Am I going to end up like them?

GWENDOLYN

If you continue on this path of self-destruction your on, yes.

PAUL

It was just one report.

Gwendolyn puckers her lips, furrows her brow, takes Paul's hand, opens the door.

PAUL

What are you...?

Gwendolyn pulls Paul into the offices.

INT. SCHYUMER CORPORATE OFFICES - MAIN FLOOR - DAY

Gwendolyn leads Paul over to an empty cubicle, shoves him into a chair.

GWENDOLYN

Who's was this?

Paul grumbles, stands back up.

PAUL

I don't have time for this.

Gwendolyn shoves him back in the seat.

GWENDOLYN

Think.

Paul shifts his eyes towards the computer, spots a sticky note on the monitor, picks it up.

PAUL'S NUMBER

XXX-XX-XXXX

PAUL

Amy.

GWENDOLYN

Fired for, what again?

Paul stares at the note, crumples it up.

PAUL

I think you've made your point.

Gwendolyn digs her hands into Paul's chair.

PAUL

Come on.

Gwendolyn rolls Paul over into the next cubicle, also empty.

GWENDOLYN

And, this one?

Paul stares at the desk, sees an old photograph in the corner, picks it up.

It's BRETT (30s), outside of an amusement park.

PAUL
Abused his free time.

GWENDOLYN
Let's not forget, BAILEY, RYAN,
SAMANTHA, NED, NONA...

PAUL
We all have to make some cuts.

GWENDOLYN
Only when it benefits you, right?

PAUL
I gained nothing from them.

GWENDOLYN
That palm tree near your door.

Paul grits his teeth, stands up, faces Gwendolyn.

GWENDOLYN
The \$10 increase in your pay, extra
week of vacation time, exclusive trip
to Portugal, and let's not forget...

Gwendolyn narrows her eyes at Paul's tie.

PAUL
Enough of this.

Paul grabs his briefcase, hurries to the elevators.

GWENDOLYN
Let me give you a little hint.

Paul stops, looks over his shoulder.

GWENDOLYN
Don't look the other way.

Paul sneers, exits.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Paul rushes down a busy NYC street in his Mercedes towards
his meeting spot with Steven.

INT. PAUL'S MERCEDES - DAY

As Paul drives, his car phone rings. He looks towards it, sees that it is Steven, answers.

PAUL
(into the phone)
Sorry, I'm running late.

STEVEN (O.S.)
I almost thought you forgot.

PAUL
(into the phone)
Look, order anything you want, it's on me.

Paul comes to a stop at an intersection.

STEVEN (O.S.)
I'm feeling rather adventurous today.

PAUL
(into the phone)
Aren't you always?

Paul eyes a MAN (40s) on his phone to his left, standing near the crosswalk. A WOMAN (20s) shifts toe-to-toe behind him, eyes glued to the device.

The sign flashes GO.

STEVEN (O.S.)
Hmm, what do you think Paul? Should I go for the Cesar Salad, or Penne?

As the man steps into the crosswalk, the woman whips out a knife, jams it into the man's side.

Paul's eyes go wide, his jaw drops.

PAUL
(into the phone)
Shit.

STEVEN (O.S.)
I know right? They make it so hard to decide.

PAUL
 (into the phone)
 No, not that, tch..

The light turns green.

The man clutches his side, drops to the ground as the woman snatches his phone and hurries away.

PAUL
 (into the phone)
 Dammit.

A car honks behind him.

STEVEN (O.S.)
 What it is?

PAUL
 (into the phone)
 Someone just got stabbed...

The woman dashes into an alley as Paul rolls down his window, stares down at the man.

A crowd of people rush to his side as Paul takes off his seatbelt and cracks open the door.

STEVEN (O.S.)
 Probably just a junkie, no need to get involved.

Paul hesitates, stares at the man as a person in the crowd dials 9-1-1.

STEVEN (O.S.)
 Paul?

Paul grumbles, closes the door, rolls up his window, drives forward.

INT. PAUL'S MERCEDES - DAY

Paul fidgets, looks out the rearview mirror.

PAUL
 (into the phone)
 Fuck.

STEVEN (O.S.)
 You made the right decision.

PAUL
(into the phone)
I don't think...

The phone malfunctions.

STEVEN (O.S.)
Paul? I can't...

PAUL
(into the phone)
Steven?

Paul frantically taps the screen, until he hears a bellowing.

HONK!

Paul freezes, looks to the side mirrors as a thick cloud of smoke quickly fogs up his windows.

PAUL
Shit, fuck.

GWENDOLYN (O.S.)
Need help?

Paul yelps, whips his head around to find Gwendolyn, in the back seat, a sour smirk on her face.

PAUL
Can't you just like flutter your wings
or something, so I know you're there?

GWENDOLYN
Sorry pal, there are rules.

PAUL
Rules?

HONK!

Paul leans forward, wipes his arm against the windshield to no avail.

PAUL
Where is it?

GWENDOLYN
Right.

Paul frantically rolls down the window, looks right.

PAUL

Woah!

Paul swerves left, narrowly missing The Night Train.

PAUL

How? I thought that it only...?

GWENDOLYN

Comes out at night? Normally, no. But in this case...

More fog covers the windows, blinding Paul.

GWENDOLYN

Someone's been very naughty.

PAUL

Look, I wanted too alright, but...

HONK!

GWENDOLYN

Left.

Paul rolls down the window, swerves right.

EXT. STREET - DAY

The Mercedes glides around the Night Train as it barrels into a building and disappears into a cloud of dust.

INT. PAUL'S MERCEDES - DAY

PAUL

Surely there's people worse than me?

GWENDOLYN

Did you think of that before or after you closed the door?

Paul grimaces, grips the wheel.

HONK!

GWENDOLYN

Front.

Paul looks up, turns on the wiper blades.

As the blades wipe off the mist from the shield, a bright

light fills Paul's vision.

HONK!

PAUL

Shit!

Paul slams the brakes.

BOOM!

The airbags deploy.

EXT. STREET - DAY

The PASSENGER of an SUV exits and walks up to the bumper, checks the damage.

INT. PAUL'S MERCEDES - DAY

Paul looks up, sees the SUV in front of him, relaxes.

PAUL

Thank god, Gwen?

Paul swivels around to find, nothing.

The passenger taps at the window.

Paul grumbles, takes off his seatbelt.

INT. RESTAURANT - DAY

Paul enters, sees his old partner STEVEN LOMIEUX (40s) sitting a table near the window, rushes over, sits down.

STEVEN

Your out of breath Paul, everything alright?

PAUL

Yeah, just got into a little accident.

STEVEN

How bad?

PAUL

It's just the bumper.

Steven grumbles, whips out his checkbook, grabs a pen, clicks it open.

STEVEN

How much?

PAUL

That's not necessary.

STEVEN

You have a reputation to uphold, do you not?

Paul grumbles.

PAUL

Look, I'm not mad about it, alright?

STEVEN

Well you ought to be, considering how much you spent on it, but whatever, it's your car.

Paul fidgets, stares out the window as a mysterious WAITRESS (30s) slowly steps forward and places down two plates of food in front of them.

STEVEN

I went with the Caesar, ordered you one as well.

Paul slides forward the bowl, cracks open a packet of dressing, drizzles it over it.

STEVEN

How's Janet? Walter?

PAUL

Fine, performing splendidly, as usual.

Steven sighs, stares down at his salad.

PAUL

Am I an asshole?

STEVEN

Paul?

PAUL

Go on, I want your honest opinion.

Steven grumbles, shakes his head.

STEVEN

You always know when to make the right call.

PAUL

That's not what I mean.

Steven bites his tongue, says nothing.

Paul grumbles, picks up a fork, takes a bite of his salad.

PAUL

So, about this proposal...

Steven clicks open his briefcase, takes out a folder, slides it over to Paul.

STEVEN

It's about the merger, the one you declined so abruptly last time.

PAUL

You mean the takeover.

STEVEN

It's Scott's company, Paul, not yours.

PAUL

Not yet.

Steven grumbles as Paul pulls aside the WAITRESS, lifts up the packet of dressing.

PAUL

Can I get some more of this?

The WAITRESS nods, walks away as Paul takes another bite of the salad.

PAUL

Man, this is good.

STEVEN

I'm not sure you understand.

PAUL

About?

STEVEN

You forget all the strings I pulled to get you where you are.

Paul slides his bowl across the table.

PAUL
You really must try this.

Steven pushes the bowl away, groans.

STEVEN
What's happened to you Paul?

PAUL
Steve?

STEVEN
I mean, look at you.

Steven glares at Paul's Rolex on his wrist, Donald Trump tie, Burberry suit, Ralph Lauren button-up.

STEVEN
Next thing I know you'll be riding in
on a Pagani.

Paul coughs, covers his mouth.

PAUL
Nothing wrong with a little showing
off...

STEVEN
That's fine for the first few times,
but seriously, Paul, and I'm saying
this to you as your friend...

Steven slowly leans forward.

STEVEN
You ought to show some humility.

Paul coughs, covers his mouth.

STEVEN
Paul?

PAUL
I'm alright.

Paul coughs, coughs, slams his fist down on the table.

Steven stands up, leans forward.

STEVEN

Paul?

Paul vomits around a swarm of botfly's, right into Steven's face.

Steven screams, jumps up.

PAUL

Steven!

Steven mercilessly swats away the flies as they chase him straight out of the restaurant.

Paul jumps up, rushes after him.

EXT. RESTAURANT - DAY

Steven smacks away at the flies, steps out into the street, in front of an oncoming car.

Paul bursts out of the restaurant, whips his head towards the street, cries out.

PAUL

Steve!

Steven looks up.

THUD!

Steven flies into the air, twirls around, and crashes down onto the pavement below, dead.

The DRIVER of the vehicle exits, frantically looks for help as Paul slowly steps forward.

PAUL

Steven?

Steven's lifeless eyes stare up at the sky as botflies crawl in and out of his mouth, ears, nose.

GWENDOLYN (O.S.)

It's all about you, isn't it?

Paul whips around.

PAUL

Excuse me?

GWENDOLYN
You really ought to show some
humility.

Paul shifts his eyes towards the restaurant, Steven,
sniffles.

PAUL
Steve...

GWENDOLYN
Great, now it hits you.

Paul sneers, clenches his fists.

PAUL
You know, for an angel, you're...

GWENDOLYN
Rude, foul-mouthed, a tad sassy?

Paul nods.

Gwendolyn smirks, extends her hand.

PAUL
Gwen?

GWENDOLYN
Take my hand.

Paul raises his brow, takes it.

GWENDOLYN
Close your eyes.

Paul complies.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL - CAFETERIA - DAY - 1988

GWENDOLYN (O.S.)
Now, open them.

Paul slowly opens his eyes, stares around the room, chuckles.

PAUL
No way.

GWENDOLYN
Yes, it's real.

PAUL

How?

GWENDOLYN

Pretty basic power, most of my class have it.

PAUL

Class?

GWENDOLYN

Rudimentary system, hard to explain.

Paul smirks, watches a YOUNG GIRL (18) walk by with a perm, whistles.

PAUL

Man, that was some fad.

Gwendolyn grumbles, points to a table near the corner of the room.

GWENDOLYN

There.

Paul walks forward, stops at the table, stares at Steven (18), JANET (18), and himself (18).

PAUL

Steven, Janet.

GWENDOLYN

Who would have thought you two would be working for the same company?

PAUL

We had similar passions.

Paul cracks a smile as Paul (18) nudges Janet in the shoulder.

GWENDOLYN

You make a cute couple.

PAUL

This was way before we hooked up.

GWENDOLYN

And, surprise, surprise?

Paul shifts his eyes towards Steven, his smile drops.

PAUL

Went off to Rochester, graduated with a degree in business, top of his class.

Steven cracks open a can of soda, chugs it down as Paul (18) and Janet (18) cheer on.

PAUL

Eventually created his own enterprise, offered me a position.

Paul looks to his bracelet, shows it to Gwen.

PAUL

He made me this you know? Before he graduated.

Steven slams the can of soda down, jumps up, pumps his fist in the air.

Paul shuts his eyes, turns to leave.

Gwendolyn pulls him back, shakes her head, motions to the table.

JANET (18)

So, who are you taking the dance, Steven?

STEVEN

Uh, ain't that obvious?

Steven stands up, waves to STACEY (17) across the room. She waves back, sits down.

JANET (18)

Well, what about you Paul?

Paul clears his throat, looks into Janet's eyes.

PAUL (18)

Janet.

Walter (18) suddenly walks over, leans forward.

WALTER (18)

What up clowns.

STEVEN

You look excited.

WALTER (18)
Why wouldn't I be? I've got my date
right here!

Walter sits down, puts his arm around Janet, kisses her on
the cheek.

JANET (18)
Well, Paul?

PAUL (18)
Uh.

Paul sneers, grumbles.

PAUL
Take me back.

GWENDOLYN
I don't think so.

Gwendolyn flips Paul around.

PAUL
What are you?

Gwendolyn smacks Paul in the face.

He falls, into the floor, darkness.

Paul screams, silence escapes his lips.

EXT. JANET'S HOUSE - DAY - 1988

Paul hits grass, face-first.

PAUL
Mother...

Paul stands up, spits dirt out of his mouth as Paul (18), in
a red tuxedo, walks up to the front door and knocks.

Janet (18) slowly opens the door, dressed in a beautiful pink
gown.

JANET (18)
Paul?

PAUL (18)
I know your probably still going with
Walter, but I was wondering if maybe,

well, you'd like too...

WALTER (18) (O.S.)
Who's that? Steven?

Janet (18) purses her lips, stares at Paul (18), sees him fidgeting.

Janet (18) grabs her purse, exits, shuts the door behind her.

PAUL (18)
Really?

JANET (18)
What are you driving?

Paul (18) smirks, throws out his hand.

PAUL
25 pounds of dynamite.

Janet (18) grins, takes it as Paul (18) leads her over to his 1971 Ford Pinto.

GWENDOLYN
Quite a rough ride wasn't it?

PAUL
We had to push it halfway there.

Paul (18) shuts the door for Janet (18), enters, starts up the Pinto.

GWENDOLYN
So, what happened?

PAUL
Things were good, for a long time,
until...

Gwendolyn slowly puts her finger to Paul's lip.

GWENDOLYN
Look up.

As Paul looks up, Gwendolyn clocks him in the nose.

Paul falls back, through Janet's house, into, Janet's condo.

INT. JANET'S CONDO - BEDROOM - 1994

Paul walks in, grimaces as Paul (23) thrusts himself into Janet (23).

The bed shakes, rocks wildly.

JANET (23)

Paul...

PAUL

Please, I can't...

Gwendolyn, bottle of Crystal Pepsi in hands, motions towards the bed.

GWENDOLYN

Watch.

Paul (23) bounces up and down, pushes himself forward, back, as Janet (23) reaches for his hands.

JANET (23)

That's, too hard.

PAUL (23)

Just one more, one more...

The bed creaks, moans, as Paul (23) flexes his dick.

JANET (23)

Paul!

Janet (23) shoves Paul off, jumps out of bed, covers herself with a sheet.

PAUL (23)

Janet...

JANET (23)

This is the fifth time!

Paul (23) sighs, walks over, extends his hand.

PAUL (23)

Babe...

Janet (23) shoves it away, smacks him in the face.

Paul (23) winces, grits his teeth, softly touches his cheek as Janet's eyes go wide.

JANET

I'm sorry...

Paul (23) sneers, smacks Janet (23) back.

Paul frowns, chokes back tears.

PAUL

I never meant to hurt her.

GWENDOLYN

Five times Paul? Come on.

Paul (23) throws on his jeans, grabs his shirt, exits, as Janet (23) enters a nearby bathroom, shuts the door.

PAUL

Yeah? And just where were you?
Bowling?

GWENDOLYN

It's not my job to bail you out every
time you screw up.

Paul grumbles, shifts his eyes towards the bathroom door as the front door slams shut with a THUD.

PAUL

I wish I could make it up to her.

GWENDOLYN

Well, no time like the present.

Paul flips around as Gwendolyn splashes him with Pepsi.

PAUL

Hey!

EXT. RESTAURANT - DAY

Paul opens his eyes only to be greeted by the sight of a CORONER (40s), taking photos of Steven's dead body.

Paul grimaces, whips out his cell phone, dial's Janet's number.

INT. SCHYUMER CORPORATE OFFICES - MAIN FLOOR - DAY

Janet types as her cell phone ring's, she answer's.

JANET
 (into the phone)
 Paul?

PAUL (O.S.)
 Hey, you free after work?

Janet smirks, leans back in her chair.

JANET
 (into the phone)
 What's this about?

PAUL (O.S.)
 I figured maybe we could catch up, for
 old times sake.

Janet purses her lips, shifts her eyes towards a photo of
 herself and Paul on her desk, picks it up, stares at it.

PAUL (O.S.)
 Only if you're interested?

JANET
 (into the phone)
 I've got a Paramount Plus
 subscription.

PAUL (O.S.)
 Let me guess, Star Trek?

JANET
 (into the phone)
 The original, without all the new
 effects.

PAUL (O.S.)
 6 o'clock?

JANET
 (into the phone)
 I'll buzz you in.

Janet hangs up, leans over to Mindy, calls her over.

EXT. RESTAURANT - DAY

Paul hangs up.

GWENDOLYN
 Congratulations.

PAUL
That wasn't easy.

GWENDOLYN
And for that, you get a reward.

Gwendolyn reaches into her pocket, pulls out a golden star, and sticks it onto Paul's forehead.

PAUL
Are you having fun with yourself?

GWENDOLYN
It's meant to protect you nimrod.

PAUL
From what, Green Day?

Gwendolyn sneers, shifts her eyes towards an oncoming car, to Paul.

PAUL
Gwen?

GWENDOLYN
Think fast.

Gwendolyn shoves Paul into the street, right in front of the car.

Paul flips around, shields himself.

BAM!

The coroner looks up, his eyes go wide.

CORONER
Holy shit!

Paul opens his eyes, turns to the car, which now sits as a wreck before him, folded up like a table.

Paul scans his body, up, down, left, right.

He's completely clean, not a hair out of place.

PAUL
What in the hell?

GWENDOLYN
There's more work to be done.

Gwendolyn grabs Paul by his collar, yanks him out of the street, and towards his Mercedes.

INT. SCHYUMER CORPORATE OFFICES - ELEVATORS - DAY

PAUL

So, let me get this straight, if I try to make things right with Janet...

GWENDOLYN

You stay one step ahead of that beast.

Paul chuckles.

PAUL

You make it sound like's it's alive.

GWENDOLYN

Oh, it is, very much so.

PAUL

How?

GWENDOLYN

Word is that Lucifer's minions got so tired of carrying souls back to hell, they issued a formal complaint.

PAUL

Like a true corporation.

GWENDOLYN

So, he built them a train, infused with a portion of his power.

(pause)

Certainly took a load off of them.

PAUL

How do we kill it?

GWENDOLYN

By cutting off it's power source. Souls.

PAUL

Huh?

GWENDOLYN

Remember what happens to those go crazy?

PAUL
You can't be serious.

Gwendolyn nods.

GWENDOLYN
They get scooped up, dumped inside a boiler, and...

Gwendolyn wipes her hands,

GWENDOLYN
That's that.

PAUL
Incredible.

GWENDOLYN
It shouldn't be that hard to access.

PAUL
Gwen?

GWENDOLYN
Most demons who guard that thing like to sit on their ass all day and drink whiskey.

PAUL
Watch the tongue there St. Michael. What's your position up there anyway? You mentioned there was...

GWENDOLYN
Ishim.

PAUL
Ishim?

GWENDOLYN
Jewish, for man-like beings.

PAUL
So, you're what, like human than too?

GWENDOLYN
If I was, could I do this?

Gwendolyn waves her hand in front of Paul's suitcase.

It disappears.

PAUL

Gwen.

Gwendolyn, huffs, snaps her fingers.

Paul suddenly finds the suitcase back in his hands. He grumbles.

PAUL

And your weird Back to the Future powers?

GWENDOLYN

A gift from our heavenly Father, only to be used in certain circumstances.

Paul snorts.

PAUL

I'm not that special.

GWENDOLYN

Everyone is worth saving.

PAUL

Do you really believe that bullshit?

Gwendolyn acknowledges her belief to Paul with a firm stare.

Paul fidgets, a bead of sweat falls off of his forehead.

PAUL

What if I keep messing up?

GWENDOLYN

Than you become a lump of coal while I have to deal with the "higher-ups".

PAUL

Your CEO's?

GWENDOLYN

Archangels.

The elevator doors slowly open, Paul steps out.

INT. SCHYUMER CORPORATE OFFICES - PAUL'S OFFICE - DAY

Paul writes on a piece of paper as Walter knocks out his door.

PAUL

Yes?

Walter, wearing a brightly striped button-up, opens the door and sticks his head in.

WALTER

I heard what happened with Steven.

PAUL

Terri?

Walter nods.

Paul grumbles, sets down his pen.

Walter shuts the door behind him, steps forward.

WALTER

You want to talk about it?

Paul snorts.

PAUL

Too you? Seriously?

Walter stops, raises his hands.

WALTER

I'm not looking for a fight.

Paul grumbles, leans back in his chair, glares at Walter's shirt.

PAUL

You miss a golf tournament or something?

WALTER

Listen, Paul...

PAUL

Walter.

WALTER

I know how you feel about me, Janet...

Janet knocks at the door.

PAUL

Yes?

JANET (O.S.)
Is Walter in there?

WALTER
Janet?

Janet cracks open the door, turns to Walter, grins.

JANET
I just wanted to thank you for
earlier.

Paul sneers.

PAUL
For?

JANET
Bailing me out on that phone call, I
didn't think you were that
charismatic.

WALTER
Just doing my job.

Janet blushes, exits.

WALTER
As I was saying...

Paul grits his teeth, shifts his eyes towards a photo of
himself (18), Walter (18), Tommy (18), and Janet (18) on the
desk, picks it up.

WALTER
Paul?

PAUL
You think making smooth talk will win
her over?

Walter fidgets, shifts toe-to-toe as the phone on Paul's desk
rings.

WALTER
Paul...

Paul drops the photo, stands up, marches over to Walter.

PAUL
You drive a Lincoln, don't you?

WALTER
Yeah, Continental. Why?

Paul chuckles, stops in front of Walter, stares at his perfectly manicured hair, warm brown eyes, neatly ironed khakis, brown wingtips, golden watch around his wrist.

PAUL
Yes, magnificent.

WALTER
Paul?

PAUL
A picture perfect example of a Brooks Brothers commercial.

Walter sneers, bites his tongue as Paul slowly leans forward and whispers into his ear.

PAUL
She'll never love you.

Walter grits his teeth, grabs Paul by his suit, and slams his fist into his face.

Paul chuckles, turns to his right, spits out blood.

PAUL
Always the snob, even in high school.

WALTER
Don't make me hurt you.

PAUL
How would Steven feel? Do you still think about him?

Walter growls, socks his fist into Paul's face, breaks his tooth.

Paul snickers, shows Walter his bracelet.

PAUL
I still wear mine, do you?

As Walter revs his fist up for another punch, Terri bursts through the doors.

TERRI
Paul? Why aren't you...

Terri shifts her eyes towards Walter, Paul, his face, the blood on the floor.

Terri gasps, covers her mouth.

PAUL
Not one word of this.

Terri nods, exits, slams the door shut behind her.

Walter releases Paul, flexes his neck, as Paul shifts his eyes towards his bracelet, the picture, flips it around.

PAUL
I'm sorry.

Walter bites his tongue, clenches his jaw, exits.

As the door slams shut with a THUD behind him, Paul picks up the picture, strokes Janet's image.

Suddenly, his hand twists, contorts.

Paul yelps, drops the picture. It cracks.

PAUL
What?

Paul's hand moves up, down, left, right, twisting, turning.

PAUL
Fuck...

Paul winces, looks down at his hand as the "eye" morphs into a face, his face, complete with nose, ears, and teeth.

"PAUL"
Yes, give me more....

"Paul's" mouth slowly opens wide, it's flesh tears into Paul's.

PAUL
No.

Paul stumbles over to his desk, pulls out a cloth from within, and stuff it into the mouth.

"Paul" mumbles and groans as Paul grabs his briefcase, fixes his suit, and hurries to the door.

INT. SCHYUMER CORPORATE OFFICES - MAIN FLOOR - DAY

Paul stumbles out, gently closes the door behind him, as Mindy suddenly walks up.

MINDY

Paul?

Paul yelps, flips around, slams his back into the door.

PAUL

What is it Mindy?

MINDY

I just wanted to know if I could have your help with something.

Mindy's eye's shift towards Paul's face, the moving cloth in his hands.

MINDY

Is that?

Paul quickly shimmies left, towards the elevators.

PAUL

Have Janet or Walter help you.

Paul staggers past Terri's desk, into a potted plant, a table, the janitor TERRENCE (50s), and into an elevator.

INT. SCHYUMER CORPORATE OFFICES - PARKING GARAGE - EVENING

Paul rushes to his car, bumps into Charlie.

PAUL

Charlie!

CHARLIE

Paul.

PAUL

What the hell are you still doing here?

CHARLIE

I figured I could use the extra hours.

Paul sneers as Charlie looks up, sees the star on Paul's forehead, snickers.

CHARLIE

Is that some new trend I don't know about?

Paul snorts.

PAUL

Where's your car?

Charlie, smirks, whips out his keys, presses a button.

A bright light shines through the parking garage.

Paul whips his head left, sees Charlie's car, a vintage Pontiac G8 parked at the other end of the garage.

PAUL

That's quite a walk from here.

CHARLIE

Just trying to get my steps in.

Paul grumbles, keeps his eyes glued on Charlie, as he enters his Mercedes.

CHARLIE

Oh, your radio was acting up, so I gave it a little tune up.

PAUL

Tune up?

Charlie pats the car, waves.

CHARLIE

Enjoy.

Charlie jogs away.

INT. PAUL'S MERCEDES - EVENING

Paul grumbles, starts the car, flips on the radio.....

RADIO

Authorities have confirmed the death of Lomieux Enterprise's CEO earlier this afternoon after he was hit by a car in what is now being described as a "freak accident".

Paul grits his teeth, changes the station.

RADIO

Police have now confirmed the death of Schyumer Enterprise's Vice President, Paul Peterson after his body was discovered mutilated in his car.

Paul's jaw drops.

PAUL

What?

Static soon fills the car, until a cover of Johnny Cash's Ring of Fire, blares out.

PAUL

No.

As Paul reaches for the door, a black, sickly looking arm filled with scratches, bursts out of the fabric of Paul's chair and grabs hold of his chest.

PAUL

Fuck!

Paul tears off the sticker, presses it down on the arm.

It howls, jerks around as, another arm bursts out of the other side of the seat and grabs hold of Paul's face.

Paul loses focus, screams, drops the star. It hits the floor as two more arms burst out from the seat, grab Paul's shoulder and pin him to the chair like chains.

As Paul struggles to get free, a giant hole opens up beneath the pavement.

INT. SCHYUMER CORPORATE OFFICES - PARKING GARAGE - EVENING

Paul's Mercedes slowly tilts down, into the hole, filled with lava, magma, flames, screams, death.

INT. PAUL'S MERCEDES - EVENING

Paul stares down at the hole, can't see a bottom, kicks at the ground.

CHARLIE (O.S.)

You just had to give her another chance, didn't ya?

Paul shifts his eyes towards the seat next to him, where

Charlie sits, arms behind his back.

PAUL
(muffled)
Charlie?

CHARLIE
You know, it's that kind of behavior
that makes our Emperor feel well...

Charlie smirks, reaches forward, grabs Paul by his balls.

Paul yelps, sobs.

CHARLIE
Feels good, don't it?

Charlie tightens his grip on Paul's "sack" as the Mercedes
continues sliding towards the hole.

PAUL
(muffled)
You're?

CHARLIE
A demon? What, can't you tell?

Charlie waves his hand in front of his eyes.

Paul gasps, his eyes shoot out of his sockets, as Charlie's
eyes change from a clear blue to a bright yellow.

CHARLIE
Boys.

The hand covering Paul's face retreats into the seat. Paul
gasps, pants, takes a deep breath.

PAUL
I trusted you.

CHARLIE
I know, feels great to be used doesn't
it?

Paul grits his teeth, lunges forward, tries to swipe at
Charlie, fails.

PAUL
I'll kill you, you son of a bitch.

CHARLIE

Imagine if she knew, how many of her friends you've fucked?

Paul freezes as Charlie opens the glovebox, pulls out an assortment of expensive jewelry and love letters.

CHARLIE

Well, what do we have here?

Charlie picks up a green gem, whistles.

CHARLIE

Axinite. A true beauty.

PAUL

They meant nothing too me.

CHARLIE

Really?

Charlie sneers, tosses the gem out the window, rips open a letter, begins reading from the top.

CHARLIE

Kynneddy, the way you move your tongue in my mouth, arouses me, gives me the chills.

Paul spits at Charlie.

PAUL

Bastard!

Charlie snickers, wipes it off, continues reading.

CHARLIE

Why don't you come by my office later this evening? I'll give you an extra bonus.

Charlie chuckles, shifts his eyes to Paul's private area.

CHARLIE

I can only imagine what that was like.

Paul grits his teeth, shifts his eyes towards the windshield. A sea of red and orange fill his vision.

CHARLIE

Well, see you in ten seconds.

Charlie waves, vanishes.

PAUL

Shit.

Paul pulls forward, tries to break free, can't.

PAUL

Gwen!

A flutter of wings fill the air followed by the hit Alanis Morissette song, Ironic.

Paul whips his head right to find Gwendolyn, face buried in one of Paul's love letters.

GWENDOLYN

Round and round the pole we go until
I'm all but buried up in yours.

PAUL

Do something, dammit!

Gwendolyn shifts her eyes towards Paul's dick.

GWENDOLYN

That thing must really get around.

Gwendolyn glares at Paul's rear.

The glass cracks, sweat pours down Paul's forehead.

PAUL

Gwen!

Gwendolyn huffs, tosses the letter aside.

GWENDOLYN

Tch, fine.

Gwendolyn grabs Paul, vanishes with him, as the Mercedes slides down into the pit.

EXT. JANET'S CONDO - DAY

Paul and Gwendolyn suddenly finds themselves at the door to Janet's condo.

GWENDOLYN

Well?

Paul rushes forward, knocks hard at Janet's door.

PAUL

Janet?

Janet pulls open the door.

JANET

Your early!

Paul pushes his way inside.

INT. JANET'S CONDO - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Paul steps in, takes in the surroundings.

PAUL

This place hasn't changed one bit.

JANET

Are you OK? Do you want to sit down?

Paul shifts his eyes towards the sofa, takes a deep breath.

PAUL

This is going to sound crazy.

Janet grabs Paul by the arm, leads him over to the sofa sits down with him.

PAUL

I'm uh, being chased.

JANET

By what, the police?

PAUL

No, god no.

Janet fidgets, sees the strange mark on Paul's hand, reaches over.

JANET

What is that?

Janet grabs Paul's hand, stares at the mark.

GWENDOLYN (O.S.)

His ticket.

Janet yelps, jumps back, swivels around, comes face to face

with Gwendolyn.

GWENDOLYN

To hell.

PAUL

Janet, this is...

GWENDOLYN

Gwen.

JANET

Janet.

GWENDOLYN

Streisand wallpaper?

JANET

How did you...?

Gwendolyn smirks, walks forward.

GWENDOLYN

I loved her in What's Up Doc.

Janet furrows her brow, shuts her eyes as Gwendolyn stops in front of a DVD cabinet and pries it open, looks inside.

GWENDOLYN

Oh you've got some real good ones in here.

Gwendolyn takes out a copy of The Prince of Tides, makes a face, tosses it to the ground.

PAUL

I don't have that much time.

JANET

Paul?

Paul's eyes meet Janet's. He opens his mouth, but nothing comes out.

Janet sees the bracelet on his wrist, cracks a smile.

JANET

You're still wearing it.

PAUL

Yeah, you?

Janet rolls down her sleeve, lifts up her wrist.

JANET

I heard what happened to him.

Paul stutters, fidgets, as Gwendolyn puts in a DVD copy of Funny Girl, grabs a remote, plops down on the sofa next to Paul.

Paul grumbles, slides closer to Janet.

PAUL

I've made some mistakes.

JANET

We all do Paul, it's normal,
especially in our line of work.

Paul grumbles, digs his hands into his jeans.

PAUL

Tampering with Carly's report,
misusing my vacation time, forcing
Terri to work when she was ill.

JANET

We really needed the help.

Paul rolls his eyes.

PAUL

Stage 2 Breast Cancer, come on!

Janet bites her tongue, looks away.

PAUL

I'm not the same man you knew in high
school.

JANET

Paul.

Paul snuffles, stands up, turns to leave.

PAUL

Let's go Gwen.

Gwendolyn shoos Paul away.

GWENDOLYN

Quiet! I'm missing it.

Paul grumbles, shifts his eyes towards the TV.

Gwendolyn slowly leans forward, closer, closer as Fanny Brice nearly tumbles off the stage in her roller skates.

Gwendolyn sneers, clicks her teeth, flops back.

GWENDOLYN

So close.

Paul snorts, hurries to the door, cracks it open.

Janet arises.

JANET

Wait.

Paul stops, looks away as Janet slowly walks up to him, closes the door, turns his head around.

JANET

Please, let me help.

Janet tenderly touches Paul's cheek with her hand.

INT. JANET'S CONDO - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Janet moans, groans, on her bed as Paul bounces up and down on top of her, his penis deep in her uterus.

JANET

A train?

PAUL

Yup, powered solely by human souls.

Janet shifts her eyes towards her uterus, her eyes go wide.

JANET

Shit.

PAUL

I know.

JANET

Shit!

Paul stops jerking, looks down at her uterus.

It's red.

Paul pulls his dick out of Janet, stares down at it.

Paul's jaw drops as a thick stream of blood oozes out of his penis and onto Janet's sheets.

Paul grimaces, lifts his head to the ceiling, wails.

PAUL

Why?

Janet jumps off the bed, rushes into the bathroom as Paul frantically wags his penis up and down.

GWENDOLYN

Well, I can't say you deserved it,
but...

PAUL

Quick, use your power.

Gwendolyn frantically shakes her head, steps back.

GWENDOLYN

I ain't Cupid.

Paul grumbles, stares down at his penis, as Janet returns with a towel, jumps on the bed, wraps it around Paul's dick.

PAUL

I should've worn a condom.

JANET

Is all this, because of...?

Janet shifts her eyes towards the mark on Paul's hand.

Paul grits his teeth, stares at it.

PAUL

Have you been seeing anybody?

Janet narrows her eyes at Paul, leans back.

JANET

Paul?

PAUL

I see the way Walter looks at you.

Janet snorts, throws back her head.

JANET

Paul.

PAUL

You're still in love with him, aren't you?

GWENDOLYN

Paranoia at it's finest.

Janet sighs, scoots forward, puts her arms around Paul.

JANET

If I was, do you think I would've invited you here, made love to you?

Paul stutters.

GWENDOLYN

I think someone's developed a tic.

PAUL

Don't you have a movie to finish?

Gwendolyn sneers, vanishes with a FLAP of her wings.

PAUL

Listen, for all those times I was rough with you, hurt you, refused to stop, I...

Janet hushes Paul, plants a kiss on his lips.

JANET

It was honestly kind of fun.

Paul chuckles.

PAUL

Seriously?

Charlie claps his hands.

Paul and Janet whip around, frantically grab the bedsheet, cover themselves with it.

PAUL

You...

CHARLIE

I must say I'm disappointed.

JANET

Charlie?

Charlie clicks his teeth, walks over to Janet's dresser, stares at several pictures of herself with Paul, Tommy, Walter.

CHARLIE

I would've thought good apples like you would know when someone's rotten.

PAUL

What? Still pissed you're little trap didn't work?

Charlie picks up a picture of Paul (18), Tommy (18), and Walter (18), steps forward.

CHARLIE

Oh, believe me Paul.

Charlie sneers, flicks his hand, sets the photo ablaze, drops it.

CHARLIE

The fun's just getting started.

Paul and Janet scramble to the door as the sheets quickly ignite, setting the whole room on fire.

JANET

Paul!

Janet tosses Paul his shirt and jeans.

Paul grabs them, Janet, rushes to the door.

INT. JANET'S CONDO - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Janet and Paul rush to the front door, pull at the handle.

Nothing.

JANET

Shit!

Paul shifts his head towards the television, sees Gwendolyn asleep on the sofa, with a bowl of popcorn in her lap.

Paul marches forward, slaps her awake.

GWENDOLYN
Mr. Ziegfield?

PAUL
Hello, Dolly? Fire!

Gwendolyn groans, jumps up, marches over to the door, takes a step back, kicks it open.

GWENDOLYN
I feel a thanks is in order?

PAUL
Later.

Paul grabs Janet, rushes to the door, only to come face-to-face with, Charlie.

Charlie wags his finger, steps in.

CHARLIE
You two aren't playing by the rules.

JANET
Paul?

PAUL
Gwen?

Gwendolyn steps in front of Paul and Janet, cracks her knuckles.

GWENDOLYN
You her? Too bad.

PAUL
Wait, what?

JANET
Me?

CHARLIE
Yes, you, Daisy Gamble!

JANET
Why?

CHARLIE
To ensure Mr. Chabot here makes his train.

PAUL
Like hell.

Charlie sneers, cackles, throws out his arms as two large streams of fire spit out from his palms.

CHARLIE
You don't know hell!

GWENDOLYN
Oh great, here we go.

CHARLIE
I, am hell!

Gwendolyn conjures up a ball of light with her hands, bends down.

GWENDOLYN
You'll find your final trial waiting
for you at your office.

JANET
Trial?

Paul grabs Janet, darts out of the room, as Charlie shoots a flame ball into the wall, breaking it to pieces.

CHARLIE
I'm powerful than you realize.

GWENDOLYN
You demons are all talk.

Gwendolyn vanishes, leaving Charlie with his brow furrowed, jaw dropped.

A hand taps on his shoulder.

Charlie flips around.

GWENDOLYN
No action.

Gwendolyn slams the ball of light in his face. Charlie flies through the air, into the kitchen, the fridge.

Charlie staggers up, licks his lips, cracks his neck as two horns emerge out from his head.

CHARLIE

It gets rather lonely down there,
listening to all those screams.

GWENDOLYN

I'm sure you have some escape. Ice,
Slush, the River Styx?

CHARLIE

And listen to that Jew rant about his
money?

GWENDOLYN

Sounds like it would be a stimulating
conversation. You mind inviting me
over someday?

Charlie snorts, flicks his hand, conjures a flame.

CHARLIE

I'll put in a good word to the higher
ups.

Gwendolyn smirks, conjures up a ball of light, flings it at
Charlie.

INT. JANET'S CAR - DAY

Janet drives as Paul sits in the seat next to him.

JANET

So, this, train.

PAUL

Night Train.

JANET

Night Train. What exactly...?

PAUL

It's like one of those old insane
asylums, without any guards.

Janet bites her tongue, grips the wheel.

JANET

And these trials?

PAUL

Well, from what I've gathered...

Paul lifts up his bracelet, stares at it.

PAUL

...are to prove I have some shred of
humanity left in me.

JANET

Everyone at the office likes you,
respects you. Me, Terri, Walter,
Mindy...

PAUL

That surprise birthday with Carlos,
screwing around on porn when I'm not
watching?

Janet looks away.

PAUL

I'm not a good fit for this company,
let alone life.

JANET

Don't say that.

Janet takes Paul's hand, squeezes it, looks into his eyes.

Paul gently pats it, cracks a smile.

GWENDOLYN

Congrats, you've made good progress.

Paul groans, whips his head around.

PAUL

You take care of Charlie?

Gwendolyn smirks.

EXT. JANET'S CONDO - DAY

Charlie, suspended upside down on a flaming crucifix made up
of makeshift wood, howls in fury as he attempts to break
free.

INT. JANET'S CAR - DAY

Gwendolyn whips out a piece of rope, strokes her hand over
it.

GWENDOLYN

That ought to keep him busy for a while.

PAUL

So, this trial...

Paul's cell phone rings; he answers.

PAUL

(into the phone)

Hello?

SCOTT (O.S.)

Hello, Paul.

PAUL

(into the phone)

Mr. President?

JANET

Who is it?

Paul shushes Janet, leans forward.

PAUL

(into the phone)

What can I do for you, sir?

INT. SCHYUMER CORPORATE OFFICES - PAUL'S OFFICE - DAY

The CEO of Schyumer Corporate Offices, SCOTT SCHYUMER (80s) stares down at Paul's broken computer.

SCOTT

(into the phone)

I must say I love what you done with the place.

PAUL (O.S.)

I had some technical issues.

Scott smirks, kicks away a piece of compute with his foot.

SCOTT

(into the phone)

Listen, I've been going over your recent progress here and I believe it's time I gave you an evaluation.

PAUL (O.S.)
Evaluation?

Scott picks up the photo of Paul and Steven, sneers, flips it down.

SCOTT
(into the phone)
You know, ability to attend meetings,
boost morale, keep our company's motto
in check.

PAUL (O.S.)
We take what we make.

SCOTT
(into the phone)
I'm retiring Paul, and in my place, I
need someone bold, adventurous,
daring.

Terri suddenly enters, rushes over to Scott, hands him a glass of water.

SCOTT
(into the phone)
Someone who isn't afraid to take
risks. Even if it means cutting the
fat.

PAUL (O.S.)
Listen about that, there's something
you should...

Scott's opens the drawer, pulls out a familiar looking folder.

SCOTT
(into the phone)
I'll be here for the next hour or two,
doing a little last minute changes.

PAUL (O.S.)
Changes?

SCOTT
(into the phone)
I'll be waiting for you.

Scott hangs up, sits down, flips the folder open, stares down at it.

INT. JANET'S CAR - DAY

Paul clicks his teeth, hangs up.

JANET

Well?

Paul tucks in his shirt, straightens his collar, takes a deep breath.

PAUL

It's time I make an impression.

INT. SCHYUMER CORPORATE OFFICES - MAIN FLOOR - DAY

Paul and Janet step off the elevators, walk up to Terri's desk, see Scott glaring at Terri, her eyes filled with tears.

TERRI

I don't understand.

SCOTT

Then, let me make my point clear.

Scott raises his arm, and, with one quick swoop, swipes the contents of Terri's desk to the ground.

SCOTT

Get out.

Terri snuffles, grabs her purse, stands up.

PAUL

Terri?

TERRI

Paul.

Terri hugs Paul, Janet, exits.

PAUL

Mr. Schyumer?

Scott ignores Paul, walks over to Carlos's cubicle, only to run into Walter, wearing a striped suit.

Walter's eyes go wide, his jaw drops.

WALTER

Sir. If I would've known you were coming, I would've...

Scott smirks.

SCOTT
Shopping again at Goodwill?

Walter grimaces, looks down at his suit as Scott pats him on the back and marches up to Carlos.

Paul and Janet step forward.

JANET
Walter.

WALTER
What the hell's going on?

A keyboard CRASHES onto the floor.

CARLOS (O.S.)
(in Spanish)
What the fuck!

Janet, Paul, and Walter flip around to find Scott standing over Carlos, a bag of Wendy's in his hands.

SCOTT
Now, you see Carlos?

Scott grabs Carlos by the scruff of his neck, pulls him forward, shoves the bag of fast food in his face.

SCOTT
This is what happens when you order
the Big Bacon Classic without pickles!

Scott shoves the bag to the ground, smashes it with his foot.

SCOTT
(in Spanish)
Pack your stuff and get out.

Carlos gasps, buries his head in his desk as Scott marches over to SHAUN (19) in the next cubicle and rips off his headphones.

SCOTT
Rainbow Six?

SHAUN
Ghost Recon.

Scott smirks.

SCOTT
Same thing.

Scott grits his teeth, grabs the monitor, rips it out of the wall, chucks it at the wall.

Janet, Walter, and Paul watch, eyes wide as the monitor flies by LISA (30s), narrowly missing her head, and smashes into the wall.

SCOTT
Congratulations, now you have all the time in the world to play.

Scott shoves Shaun's backpack in his hand, marches to Mindy's cubicle.

JANET
Paul.

Paul rushes forward.

PAUL
Scott!

Scott stops, smirks, turns around.

SCOTT
I'll be with in you just a minute.

Scott flips back around, walks up to Mindy's desk, leans forward, grins.

SCOTT
Mindy.

Mindy's eyes go wide, she freezes.

SCOTT
Relax.

Mindy lets out a sigh of relief as Scott picks up a BIG GULP from her desk, shakes it.

SCOTT
A little large for you isn't it?

MINDY
It helps me unwind.

SCOTT
I'm sure it does.

Scott sets down the drink, looks to the monitor, sees several tabs hidden.

SCOTT
Shopping?

Mindy trembles, she takes a deep breath.

MINDY
My husband and I are having a baby.

SCOTT
Really?

Scott sneers, looks at Mindy's bulging stomach.

SCOTT
Boy or girl?

MINDY
Boy.

Scott picks up the cup, takes off the lid, dumps it over Mindy's head.

SCOTT
I hope you've named him Ronald.

Mindy jumps up, runs away, as Paul, Janet, and Walter step forward.

PAUL
What the hell do you think you're doing?

SCOTT
A good business only succeeds when all the pieces are in play.

WALTER
Pieces?

Scott whips out a pistol, fires it at Walter. The bullet hits him in the shoulder.

WALTER
Shit.

Walter hits the ground, as Paul and Janet cry out.

PAUL

No.

JANET

Walter!

Janet, Paul, Carlos, Shaun, and Lisa rush to his aid.

PAUL

Have you gone mad?

Scott sighs, shrugs his shoulders.

SCOTT

Remember all that money that helped
fund your little vacation?

PAUL

Yeah, so?

Scott shifts his eyes towards Walter, shoves the pistol back in his jacket, marches forward as Paul turns Walter around, shakes him.

PAUL

You didn't...?

WALTER

It helped put me in charge for one
week.

SCOTT (O.S.)

And that was all I needed...

Scott stops in front of the six, glares down at them.

SCOTT

To see who was really desperate.

PAUL

What do you want Scott?

SCOTT

Come.

Scott walks away, towards Paul's office as Carlos grabs a towel off Mindy's desk and shoves it over Walter's wound.

JANET
 (to Lisa)
 Call for help.

Lisa nods, runs to her cubicle, picks up the phone, as Paul stands up, marches towards his office.

INT. SCHYUMER CORPORATE OFFICES - PARKING GARAGE - DAY

Gwendolyn plays Resident Evil 4 on Paul's iPhone, next to Janet's car, until a sudden CRACK catches her attention.

Gwendolyn huffs, looks up.

GWENDOLYN
 Well, how was it?

Charlie, his body covered with scars, burn marks, clutches a bloody piece of rope in his hands, glares at her.

CHARLIE
 Your so smart, mocking me?

Charlie pounds his fist against his chest, sneers as Gwendolyn grumbles, looks back down at Paul's phone, resumes tapping.

GWENDOLYN
 I'm not in the mood to play right now,
 sorry.

CHARLIE
 Oh, I'd think you want to, after
 all...

Maddie steps out from behind Charlie, wearing a crop top, mini skirt, black boots, and silk lacings.

Gwendolyn grumbles, puts Paul's phone away.

GWENDOLYN
 Last time I saw you, you were dangling
 outside Paul's window.

MADDIE
 I needed some to time to heal.

GWENDOLYN
 Listen honey, the cabaret called, they
 want their clothes back.

Maddie sneers, conjures up a ball of ice, prepares to fire, only for Charlie to pull her back.

CHARLIE

Now now, you'll get your chance.

MADDIE

Where are they?

GWENDOLYN

There in an important meeting right now I'm afraid, I can take a voicemail.

Charlie sneers, conjures up a flaming sword, grips it.

CHARLIE

I'll cut you to bits.

Gwendolyn smirks, whips out the sword of Saint Michael, readies herself.

GWENDOLYN

Go ahead and try.

Charlie and Maddie, lean back, roar, and charge at Gwendolyn.

Gwendolyn raises the sword, rushes forward.

INT. SCHYUMER CORPORATE OFFICES - MAIN FLOOR - DAY

Paul and Janet step inside as Scott puts his feet up on Paul's desk, takes out a cigar, lights it.

SCOTT

Well?

Paul pulls Janet aside.

PAUL

Go wait with the others.

JANET

But...

Paul kisses Janet on the lips, grabs her hand, squeezes it.

Janet nods, exits, as Paul closes the door behind her and storms up to Scott.

PAUL
Comfortable?

SCOTT
Let's get down to business.

Paul sneers, sits down in a chair as Scott stares down at the contents of Paul's folder.

SCOTT
Wow wow wow, I must say you outdid
yourself with these graphs.

Paul sneers as Scott flips one around, shows it to him.

SCOTT
Isn't data beautiful?

PAUL
It can be.

Scott sighs, grabs the folder, chucks it in the trash can.

Paul's eyes go wide.

PAUL
Scott?

SCOTT
I'll be blunt with you Paul.

PAUL
OK?

SCOTT
I want to promote you, as the new head
of my company.

Scott pulls out an envelope from his jacket, hands it to Paul.

Paul takes it cracks it open, pulls out a packet, stares at the front cover.

Paul's eyes nearly burst out of their sockets.

PAUL
That's one hell of a benefit's
package.

SCOTT
Two month vacation included.

Paul hastily flips through the pages.

PAUL
What's the catch?

SCOTT
How does The Peterson Company sound to
you?

Paul's eyes shift towards the trophy on his desk, to Scott,
the folder.

SCOTT
Think of it Paul, meetings in Tokyo,
private trips to Hawaii, Costa Rica,
Fiji...

Paul looks over his shoulder, stares at the door.

PAUL
All for what? The expense of my staff?

SCOTT
I'll hire you a new one, consider it
my final offer.

Paul sighs, closes the folder, tosses it down on the desk,
stands up.

PAUL
I think I'll take my chances
elsewhere.

SCOTT
Then I'm afraid I'll have to ask for
your resignation.

Paul chuckles, begins taking off his jacket.

PAUL
You want it?

Paul yanks it off, throws it at Scott, takes off his belt,
unzips his pants.

Scott sighs, looks away, as Paul rips off his trousers,
underwear, shoes, chucks them on the desk.

PAUL
Take it, all of it.

SCOTT
I'm disappointed in you Paul.

Scott stands up, walks over to Paul, pats him on the shoulder.

SCOTT
You had real potential.

Paul raises his brow, shifts his eyes towards Scott's neck, spots a familiar whistle hanging around it.

Paul's eyes go wide, he steps back, only for Scott to grab his hand, whip it around.

SCOTT
Now, you're going to be late.

HONK!

The office rattles, shakes.

INT. SCHYUMER CORPORATE OFFICES - MAIN FLOOR - DAY

As Janet, Carlos, Lisa, Shaun, and Mindy tend to Walter's wounds, pieces of tiles crumble to the floor around them.

WALTER
The hell? An earthquake?

Carlos whips out a rosary, begins praying.

CARLOS
(in Spanish)
Our father, who art in heaven...

Janet arises, rushes towards Paul's office, knocks frantically at the door.

JANET
Paul?

INT. SCHYUMER CORPORATE OFFICES - PAUL'S OFFICE - DAY

PAUL
Janet!

Scott clicks his teeth, twists Paul's wrist, breaks it, kicks

him to the ground.

SCOTT

He's looking forward to meeting you.

Paul withers in pain as Scott walks over to the door, grabs the handle, rips it off it's hinges.

SCOTT

Got you a seat right in the front row!

Janet's jaw drops, she staggers back.

PAUL

Janet, run!

INT. SCHYUMER CORPORATE OFFICES - MAIN FLOOR - DAY

Janet rushes over to Walter, tries to help him up.

WALTER

Forget it, leave me...

JANET

No way.

SCOTT

Well, well, what do we have here?

Scott conjures up a ball of lightning, aims it at the five.

SCOTT

Looks like I have a mess to clean up.

As Scott prepares to strike, Charlie suddenly bursts up from the floor, with a pair of black wings behind his back.

Scott grumbles, leans back.

SCOTT

I told you to keep her occupied.

CHARLIE

She's, a lot tougher than she looks.

As Scott sighs, Maddie suddenly comes crashing through the glass windows, behind the five employees, startling them.

SCOTT

Maddie?

MADDIE

She's got the Sword of Michael!

Scott grumbles, turns his attention back to Janet, Walter, and the lot, takes aim.

SCOTT

I'll assure you this will be painless.

Janet winces, shuts her eyes, shields Walter, as Scott prepares to fire.

GWENDOLYN

Don't think so!

Gwendolyn suddenly pops up behind him, nicks him with the sword.

Scott sneers, staggers back, joins Charlie and Maddie as Paul staggers out of his office.

JANET

Paul.

Janet and Mindy rush over, help Paul maintain his balance as Gwendolyn raises her sword towards the three demons.

HONK!

GWENDOLYN

You shouldn't leave the engine running, it could overheat.

SCOTT

You're quite strong for a simpering Ishim.

GWENDOLYN

I was trained by Raphael himself.

Gwendolyn makes a pose, readies herself, shifts her eyes towards Carlos, Shaun, Lisa, Walter.

GWENDOLYN

Can you walk?

WALTER

I think.

Gwendolyn grabs Carlos's keys off his cubicle, tosses them to him, cocks her head towards the elevators.

Carlos, Shaun and Lisa, lift Walter off the ground and rush to the elevators, passing by Janet and Paul...

WALTER

Paul...

Paul's eyes meet Walter's.

PAUL

Go.

Walter cracks a smile, exits with Carlos, Shaun and Lisa as Maddie conjures a wrecking ball of ice, Carlos his flaming sword, and Scott, a rod of lightning.

Gwendolyn shifts her eyes, to Paul, Janet.

GWENDOLYN

Can either of you fight?

Paul spits out blood, shakes his head, as Janet steps forward.

Gwendolyn nods, whips out the Spear of Lugh, hands it to her, as Maddie's jaw drops.

CHARLIE

The Spear of Lugh?

GWENDOLYN

Nabbed it off of him just after he died.

Janet takes the spear, stares intently at the flaming tip.

GWENDOLYN

Watch the tip.

Gwendolyn smirks, raises her sword.

GWENDOLYN

Now than?

Scott sighs, grips his rod.

SCOTT

You'd make a fine demon.

Scott raises his rod, points it at Gwendolyn. Maddie and Charlie charge forward.

Gwendolyn and Charlie lock swords as Janet dodges Maddie's whipping ball.

The four dance around the office, ripping it to shreds as Scott slowly advances to Paul.

As Paul scrambles to the exit, he stops, winces, grips his broken hand, stares down at the mark as it slowly transforms into "Paul".

"PAUL"

More...

SCOTT (O.S.)

The more you resist, the more hungrier
it gets.

Paul crawls back into Terri's desk, sneers at Scott, spits at him.

PAUL

I'll never give in.

Scott smirks, snaps his fingers.

The elevator doors open.

Paul whips his head, his jaw drops.

Scott chuckles as Steven, rotting, blue, black, and green, steps up to him.

STEVEN

Hello Paul.

PAUL

Steve.

STEVEN

Help me.

HONK!

The building rattles, rocks.

SCOTT

You're out of time.

Paul shifts his eyes to a window to his left, slowly stands up, presses his hand against it, looks down.

EXT. STREET - DAY

The Night Train, shrouded in a thick fog, barrels through heavy traffic, straight towards the office building.

INT. SCHYUMER CORPORATE OFFICES - MAIN FLOOR - DAY

Paul tries to speak, but nothing comes out.

STEVEN

You still have a chance.

Paul whips his head around, steps forward.

PAUL

Steven?

STEVEN

Forgive yourself.

Scott sneers, conjures a ball of electricity, rams it into Steven's chest.

Paul's eyes go wide, he lunges at Scott.

PAUL

Don't you fucking touch him!

Scott flips around, shoves Paul aside, drops his pistol.

Paul hits the ground, moans as Steven drops next to him, shaking, electrified, and lifts up his bracelet.

Paul snuffles, turns to his, shuts his eyes.

INT. SCHYUMER CORPORATE OFFICES - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Janet thrusts her spear at Maddie, once, twice, three times, but misses.

Maddie snickers, jumps on top of the desk, shows off her breasts.

MADDIE

You only wish you had these.

JANET

To think I confided in you...

Maddie giggles, winds up her ball, chucks it at Janet.

The heavy block of ice hits Janet square in the chest, knocking her to the ground.

MADDIE

I never liked you humans, so weak,
fragile.

Maddie whips out a small mirror, fluffs her hair.

MADDIE

However, I must say, he definitely
knew what he was doing when he made
Eve.

Janet howls, charges forward, plunges the spear into Maddie's chest.

Maddie groans, looks down at it.

Janet steps back, relaxes.

Maddie sneers, grabs the spear, rips it out, tosses it out the window, morphs into a hideous succubus, complete with devilish looking wings, horns, and a long red tail.

Janet freezes, fidgets, shifts her feet towards the door.

MADDIE

I'm usually only prey on men, but...

Maddie sniffs the air.

MADDIE

Scrumptious, Frederic Malle?

Janet bolts out of the room as Maddie chases after her.

INT. SCHYUMER CORPORATE OFFICES - MAIN FLOOR - DAY

Gwendolyn and Charlie lock swords, back and forth near Mindy's cubicle.

CHARLIE

Tired?

GWENDOLYN

Yes, actually.

Gwendolyn suddenly vanishes.

Charlie sneers, grips his sword, peers into Shaun's cubicle.

CHARLIE

Come out, come out, my little angel...

Charlie tip-toes to Carlos's dirty cubicle, stops, jumps in, brandishing his sword.

A loud YAWN catches his attention.

Charlie turns around to find Gwendolyn, sprawled across a sofa, reading an Entertainment Weekly magazine, wearing a pair of roller skates.

GWENDOLYN

The shlock they get away with these days.

Gwendolyn huffs, throws the magazine aside, stands up, grabs her sword.

Charlie sees Gwendolyn's roller skates, twitches, digs his hand into his sword.

CHARLIE

Am I joke to you?

GWENDOLYN

Don't feel bad, you all are.

Charlie smirks, snorts.

CHARLIE

Well, than...

Charlie morphs into a sadistic looking ogre, complete with horns, large black feet, and broken, jagged looking wings.

Charlie's voice booms as he speaks.

CHARLIE

I guess I'll have to change that.

GWENDOLYN

Lovely, another reason to hate you.

Charlie smirks, throws back his head, lets out a loud roar.

Gwendolyn whips out Paul's phone, pulls up Roller Skate Rags from Funny Girl, presses play.

GWENDOLYN

Charlie.

CHARLIE

Gwen?

Gwendolyn zips around Charlie, slices his shoulder.

Charlie winces, grabs his arm.

CHARLIE

Maddie!

Janet suddenly shoves past Charlie, with Maddie in hot pursuit.

MADDIE

Janet!

Janet rushes by Paul, staring down at Steven's corpse.

JANET

Paul!

Steven sniffles.

PAUL

Steven.

Scott's eyes shift to Terri, near the elevators.

SCOTT

Terri?

TERRI

I uh, forgot my coat.

Terri rushes forward, grabs her coat off her chair, waves to Paul, and exits.

Charlie trembles, shakes, lets out a deafening roar as Gwendolyn snickers, clicks her skates together, and does a pose.

GWENDOLYN

The roller skate rag's...

Gwendolyn glides forward, slices Charlie across the torso with her sword.

Charlie howls, flings his at Gwendolyn misses.

GWENDOLYN

A really up to date rag.

CHARLIE

I'll kill you!

As Charlie launches himself in the air at Gwendolyn, she zips past him, waves her arms in the air back and forth with the sword, and slices it against Charlie's arms.

GWENDOLYN

It's heard every place.

Janet kicks a chair into Maddie, sending her flying across the room.

JANET

You'll find the grand old flag.

Maddie jumps off the chair, flies towards Janet as Paul grabs Scott's pistol, stands up.

PAUL

Kick your states.

Gwendolyn suddenly zips by Scott.

GWENDOLYN

Spin your wheels.

Scott narrows his eyes at his pistol.

SCOTT

You're going to be surprised?

Gwendolyn leans forward like a swan, cuts Charlie clean in half with the sword.

GWENDOLYN

How your torso feels.

Charlie's body PLOPs to the ground like grilled cheese, his flesh melts into the floor as Janet runs towards Paul's office, shielding her head, as Maddie claws at her.

Maddie's wing's go WHEE, WHEE!

Janet rushes inside Paul's office, slams the door shut with a THUD, as Gwendolyn spins around, takes aim at Maddie, bends down, and begins zig-zagging her way towards her.

GWENDOLYN

The girls in Paree, in gay Paree cross
the sea...

Paul loads the gun, points it at Scott.

PAUL
Say it's bigger than can-can ever used
to be...

Scott sneers, charges up his rod, shoots a bolt of lighting at Paul.

Paul twirls around, dodging it, and shoots a bullet into Scott's shoulder.

PAUL
Twirl your hips.

Gwendolyn shakes her rear.

GWENDOLYN
Shake your top.

Maddie fidgets, freezes.

MADDIE
The ever lovin' roller skating rag...

Gwendolyn raises her sword, whizzes past Maddie.

Maddie grumbles, utters a loud moan, as her head slowly falls off and hits the ground with a sickening PLOP.

GWENDOLYN
Rag is on top.

Gwendolyn cleans off her sword, zips over to Paul, leans up against his back, glares at Scott.

Gwendolyn kicks her skates.

GWENDOLYN
Kick your skates.

Paul twirls the gun.

PAUL
Spin your wheels.

Gwendolyn and Paul glide forward.

Scott grimaces, howls, shoots lighting bolts at the pair.

Gwendolyn twirls around the blasts, Paul kicks some away.

GWENDOLYN
Twirl your hips.

PAUL
Kick, spin, twirl, shake...

Scott backs into a corner, sneers, trembles, as Gwendolyn and Paul exchange glances, nod, and advance forward.

GWENDOLYN
Get your heart a-palpitatin

Gwendolyn raises her sword.

PAUL
Get your torso undulated.

Paul raises his gun, takes aim at Scott's forehead.

GWENDOLYN
Be forever syncopated.

PAUL
Naughty and accelerated.

Scott roars, fires away mercilessly at the pair.

GWENDOLYN
Ever lovin roller skatin...

Gwendolyn's blade slices into Scott's throat.

Scott gasps, raises his hand towards his neck as his head tumbles down his torso and stops in front of Paul's feet.

PAUL
Rag is on top!

Paul fires at Scott's forehead.

Silence.

Gwendolyn sighs, drops the sword, collapses onto the ground, as Janet bursts out of Paul's office.

JANET
Paul!

Paul whips around as Janet throws herself into his arms.

PAUL
It's alright.

Janet snuffles, stares into Paul's eyes as Gwendolyn takes off the roller skates, picks one up, stares at it.

GWENDOLYN
Well, looks like I've gotten better.

Gwendolyn sighs, tosses the skate away, stands up, grabs her sword.

JANET
Did we stop it?

Paul rushes towards the windows, peers outside, as Gwendolyn walks up to Scott's head and places her heel over it.

GWENDOLYN
Well, you know what happens to a train without it's conductor?

Paul grins, looks to Janet, rushes over, hugs her, as Gwendolyn smirks, exits.

INT. SCHYUMER CORPORATE OFFICES - PAUL'S OFFICE - DAY

SUPER: 1 WEEK LATER

Paul piles his belongings into a cardboard box when suddenly, Janet knocks at his door.

PAUL
Yes?

Janet walks in, accompanied by Walter, in a hideous looking printed button-up, cast around his shoulder.

JANET
Just wanted to see if you were ready.

Paul sighs, looks inside his box, stares at at the picture of himself, Walter, Steven, and Janet.

PAUL
Yeah, I think that's everything.

Paul grabs the box off the desk and carries it to the door as Janet and Walter step aside.

INT. SCHYUMER CORPORATE OFFICES - MAIN FLOOR - DAY

Walter closes the door behind Paul as the Janet slowly picks up her box from the floor next to the door.

WALTER

So, what are you two going to do now?
Now that you're both officially..

Janet lifts up her finger, twiddles with the wedding ring around her finger.

JANET

We're going to go away for a few
months.

WALTER

Where too?

Paul pulls out a heap of travel brochures from his box, shows them to Walter.

PAUL

A bit of a cross-country round trip.

WALTER

With Schyumer's money?

PAUL

Left gracelessly in his pocket.

WALTER

Guess he was really expecting you to
take that job.

JANET

His loss.

Walter sighs, turns to Mindy, piling her belongings into a box.

WALTER

Mind if I come along? For, you know?

Walter lifts up his bracelet.

PAUL

We'll send you some pictures.

Walter sighs, pats Paul on the shoulder, walks up to Mindy.

WALTER (O.S.)

Need help?

JANET

It's a shame about everyone else
though.

Paul chuckles.

JANET

Paul?

PAUL

Remember Steven's company?

JANET

Yeah?

PAUL

Well, his vice president called,
wondered if I was interested in a new
job?

Janet's jaw drops, as Shaun and Carlos walk past her,
carrying two boxes full of their personal belongings.

SHAUN

Thanks again Mr. Peterson.

CARLOS

(in Spanish)

Many thanks.

PAUL

Don't sweat it, and you...

Paul narrows his eyes at Shaun.

PAUL

Get a PlayStation.

SHAUN

Yes, sir.

Shaun high-fives Carlos, exits with him as Janet watches
Walter help Mindy to her feet.

PAUL

How long is she coming along?

JANET
The baby's due any month now.

PAUL
What she name him?

JANET
Gabriel.

Mindy takes a sip of water, waves to Janet and Paul.

The pair wave back, turn their attention back to the elevators.

JANET
Hey, what happened to Gwen?

PAUL
I don't know.

Paul takes out a note from his pocket, unfurls it.

PAUL
She left me this.

Janet takes the note, reads it, and glares back at Paul, eyes wide.

INT. HEAVEN - INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

Gwendolyn, in handcuffs stands outside a room as an ARCHANGEL (40s) slowly opens the door to a mysterious room. The angel shoves Gwendolyn inside, slams the door shut behind him as a light flickers on above her.

Gwendolyn huffs, shakes her head, as a shadowy figure clomps forward.

ST. MICHAEL (O.S.)
So, I heard you took my sword.

GWENDOLYN
Yeah, you see, I kind of needed it,
for uh, a mission.

ST. MICHAEL THE ARCHANGEL, steps into view.

ST. MICHAEL
A mission?

GWENDOLYN

Well, you have it back now, so...

Gwendolyn stands up, tries to leave, only for St. Michael to slam his fist down on the table.

Gwendolyn bites her tongue, turns around.

GWENDOLYN

Please, don't rat me out too you know who...

St. Michael sneers, gestures towards the chair.

Gwendolyn raises her brow, sits down, as St. Michael pulls out a white folder, slides it over to her.

ST. MICHAEL

I have a new mission for you.

Gwendolyn takes the folder, picks it up, scans the photo on top of it.

Gwendolyn's eyes go wide.

It's Mindy.

END