

TANK

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1st Draft
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FADE IN

INT. SATAN'S APARTMENT IN HELL - LIVING ROOM

Dressed in boxers and ancient Grateful Dead t-shirt, SATAN enters. He speaks into his 'phone.

SATAN
No, I talked to some lady who said
you guys would call me back, but
nobody ever did.

Beyond the windows, rotting corpses ALEJANDRO and LYLE relax on the lawn. They chat and smoke weed, a bunch of gardening implements and power tools abandoned on the grass nearby.

SATAN (cont'd)
I called about buying a tank.

Satan gesticulates at the corpses but they do not notice. He tosses a magazine at the glass and Alejandro looks up, waves at Satan, then returns to chatting.

SATAN (cont'd)
I'd prefer to hold. I mean, no one
called me back yesterday. So...

Satan approaches the window, taps on the glass. Lyle and Alejandro look at him. Satan points at their abandoned tools. They follow his gaze. Alejandro makes a "What?" motion before continuing his discussion with Lyle.

SATAN (cont'd)
Yes, I'm here.

Satan waves a hand and Alejandro abruptly rises into the air, flips upside down, then flies back and forth above the lawn, helplessly flailing.

SATAN (cont'd)
I called about buying an M1 Abrams
tank. You guys make those, yes?

Lyle rolls on the grass, laughing, pointing at Alejandro.

SATAN (cont'd)
Sure, of course, I get that, but I'm
Satan, so I thought maybe you could
make an exception in this case.

Satan waves again and Lyle bursts into flames. He runs around, beating at his rotting skin.

Still airborne, Alejandro points and laughs at Lyle.

SATAN (cont'd)
Yes, the Satan. As in, the Prince of
Darkness. A.k.a. The Devil. Right.

Satan waves yet again, and Alejandro falls to the lawn.

SATAN (cont'd)
Honestly, I don't really like that
name. It's kind of outdated. Who even
says 'Beelzebub' anymore?

Still laughing, Alejandro stands, dusts himself off while
watching Lyle run, flail, fall to the grass and roll around.

SATAN (cont'd)
Prove it? Seriously?

He waves his free hand. His 'phone emits terrified screams.

Satan watches Alejandro approach Lyle, light a cigarette on
the flames.

SATAN (cont'd)
Fuck me.

Satan waves his hand again. The 'phone screaming stops.

SATAN (cont'd)
(to 'phone)
So, are we good? No, no, "Master" was
my father. No, not Lord, either. You
don't have to kiss my ass, okay?

He looks on as Lyle rolls up against a gas can.

SATAN (cont'd)
Sure, you can call me Lucifer.

The can explodes and Alejandro goes up in flames with it.

SATAN (cont'd)
Goddamned morons.

Satan sees Lyle mock the panicked Alejandro, who sets fire
to bushes and hedges as he runs.

SATAN (cont'd)
Why the fuck do I even bother?

Turning away from the window, Satan throws his hands in the
air with disgust. The flames outside instantly extinguish.

SATAN (cont'd)
 (to 'phone)
 Sorry. Just a little trouble with the
 contractors. Kids today, am I right?

Outside, Alejandro and Lyle chat again as they resume their
 place on the lawn.

Satan exits the frame.

INT. DINING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Satan sits at his dining table, a thick document before him.

SATAN
 (to 'phone)
 Jesus Christ, tell me about it. They
 don't want to work anymore.

He waves a hand and the lights come on.

SATAN (cont'd)
 Right? It seems as if everybody who
 comes down here says they were a
 "social media influencer".

He opens the document to a page marked with a pencil.

SATAN (cont'd)
 Listen, not to be a dick or anything,
 but your kid Justin will be coming to
 live with me soon. He's dealing
 behind the high school. That's an
 automatic one-way ticket.

Satan listens to anguished squawking from his 'phone.

SATAN (cont'd)
 Hey man, better you hear it from me
 than from a cop. Anyhow, your family
 is Catholic. You have a Get Out of
 Jail Free card, you know? He ought to
 cash that in sooner rather than
 later, if you get me.

He looks at the abandoned gardening tools outside.

SATAN (cont'd)
 Listen, just out of interest, does he
 know how to drive a riding lawnmower?
 Oh. Pity.

He turns to the document, points the pencil at the text.

SATAN (cont'd)
 So, anyhoo, my manual says the M1's
 three fuel cells hold 500 gallons.
 Can I mix different fuels, or does it
 all have to be the same?

Behind him, Alejandro and Lyle rise, move out of view.

SATAN (cont'd)
 It's the Army tank manual, I guess.
 (reading the cover)
 "User Guide: M1 Abrams Main Battle
 Tank".

Satan's doorbell rings.

SATAN (cont'd)
 Some site on the Internet. I
 downloaded it and printed out a copy.

He rises and exits the frame.

INT. FRONT DOORWAY - CONTINUOUS

Two figures can be seen through the patterned glass.

Satan opens the door. It is Alejandro and Lyle.

SATAN
 Oh good Christ you guys, now what?
 (to 'phone)
 Can you give me a second?

LYLE
 Yo, how's it going, man?

SATAN
 I'm on the 'phone here.

ALEJANDRO
 Yeah, hey, uh, we was wondering if we
 can take off early today.

LYLE
 We'll finish up the backyard
 tomorrow.

SATAN
 You haven't finished the front yard.
 Fuck, you barely even started it.

ALEJANDRO
It's just, today is Angela's
retirement party.

SATAN
(to 'phone)
Sorry, one more second.
(to the corpses)
What time is the party?

LYLE
At shift change.

SATAN
That's almost five hours from now.

ALEJANDRO
We gotta shower, you know? Get nice.

LYLE
It's her retirement party.

SATAN
Oh, will you fuck off.

He waves his free hand and the corpses vanish into the sky.

SATAN (cont'd)
(to 'phone)
God, it's like a creche down here.

He slams the door.

INT. DINING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

With coffee, Satan sits at his table, browses the document.

SATAN
(to 'phone)
The thing is, I don't get why it's a
problem. I mean, this is Hell.
Everyone here is already dead, so,
you know, shooting guns isn't gonna
do a whole lot to anyone. Nothing
permanent, right? I figure what's the
point of owning a tank if you can't
shoot the guns and blow shit up?

He sips while looking at pictures of tank components.

SATAN (cont'd)
Sure, I can appreciate that, but those restriction hardly apply to me. I mean, all that shit happens because of me, but I don't do it directly. Like, I have no need to invade anyone. Most of you people come to me at some point.

A double THUMP somewhere above him.

SATAN (cont'd)
But I don't have any enemies. It's not personal for me. You do bad stuff, I punish you for it, but you come to me. I don't chase you in a tank. Well, not yet, anyhow.

Alejandro and Lyle fall to the lawn from his roof.

SATAN (cont'd)
Listen, I'm being pretty nice about this. It's not like you could stop me just taking one, right?

Alejandro and Lyle stand, stretch. Alejandro flips the bird at Satan. The pair limp out of view.

SATAN (cont'd)
Oh, I know exactly what I'm gonna do with a tank.

Satan waves a hand.

Screams from outside.

The two corpses run into view, pursued by a swarm of baby HELL DRAGONS vomiting flaming bile at them.

SATAN (cont'd)
Can you deliver? I'm hella busy down here right now.

He watches as the baby Hell Dragons circle Alejandro and Lyle, taking turns to flame them.

SATAN (cont'd)
Hey, maybe give Justin a crash course in tank driving. Two birds with one stone and all that.

FADE OUT