

INT. EMPTY ROOM

GEORGE looks around the room. There is little in it, other than a bench and a bulletin board with a few flyers on it. The camera zooms in on the flyers. One is a "Help Wanted" ad for "Heaven's Kitchen" and the other is a "Assistant Needed" ad for "The Demon of Hell Himself". George walks over to the bulletin board and starts to read the ads. THE SECRETARY walks in, she is dressed smartly in a pencil skirt and button down. She taps George on the shoulder.

THE SECRETARY

Are you here for the Assistant position? That's wonderful, Mr. L will be overjoyed. No one's applied yet- I think everyone's a little scared of the big man, right? I mean, they are Luc- Oh, I'm rambling. Right this way, George, is it?

George is obviously confused.

GEORGE

Um, yeah, that's my name- can I ask- where am I?

THE SECRETARY

Oh, this is purgatory, sweetheart. But we're going down to Hell now, shouldn't be too long, the elevator's right here-

They approach an elevator. Everything is very bland looking, the hallway is empty, no decorations or distractions. The Secretary smiles at George as he uncertainly looks at the buttons. There's only two- a red down button and a white up button. His finger reaches for the down, and he presses it. The elevator dings. They enter the elevator together.

GEORGE

So... How did I get here?

THE SECRETARY

Well, you were judged by the Almighty Judges- Michael Jackson, Mr. Rogers, This man named Steve- no one really knows who he is, but I guess Michael likes him enough to keep him around, oh and Gordon Ramsey-

GEORGE

Wait, Gordon Ramsey's dead?

THE SECRETARY

Oh, yes, tragic cooking accident during his TV show, Hell's Kitchen? A bit ironic, because now he works in the real Hell's Kitchen- don't worry, Hell is a lot nicer than people believe. Anyways, most people are sent to heaven or hell, but you, George, you had such a completely bland life that they had no idea where to send you, so they brought you to me. I'm sorry, I assumed you knew, and you wanted to apply for the Assistant position- of course, I can figure something else out, oh my, Mr. L will be so upset...

GEORGE

Oh no, it's okay, I can... apply?

THE SECRETARY

Oh, that's wonderful! Thank you, George, I'm sure you'll be the perfect person for this position... as long as you don't end up like the others... but you seem trustworthy, I'm sure you'll be fine!

GEORGE

Wait, what others?

The elevator doors open and The Secretary uses it as an excuse to not respond to George's question. Hell looks surprisingly normal, very similar to Purgatory. It is an empty hallway, with no decorations.

THE SECRETARY

This way. Mr. L is known to pull a few tricks, so don't be scared-

The twin girls from The Shining appear at the end of the hallway.

THE SECRETARY (CONT'D)

(unfazed)

Oh, go away, girls.

She waves her hand and the girls turn around sadly and exit.

George and The Secretary enter a door to a conference room. LUCIFER is sitting in a chair that is not facing the shot. The audience cannot tell who it is. George sits down nervously far away from Lucifer. The Secretary stands next to Lucifer.

LUCIFER

(on the phone)

No, I swear, I gotta talk to someone up in I.T., people keep calling me thinking that I'm a player on the New Jersey Devils- I'm a literal Devil, it's different-

THE SECRETARY

(interrupting)

Mr. L, sir, an applicant is here.

Lucifer turns around slowly. Lucifer can be a man or woman. They are wearing a black suit and have red eyes. They look pretty normal for a devil.

LUCIFER

(on the phone)

Look, I'll have to call you back.  
(hangs up the phone)  
So? Who's this?

GEORGE

Um, my name is George, sir- ma'am- whatever pronoun you use-

LUCIFER

(interrupting)

I prefer O Almighty One, but I'm indifferent.

GEORGE

Oh- I'm so sorry, O Almighty One...

LUCIFER

That... That was a joke. Dang, you humans take everything so literally. Buzzfeed quizzes don't define you, what type of bread you are doesn't matter in the afterlife- that really ruffles my feathers- 'Oh, I'm sourdough!' Becky, no one cares-

The Secretary clears her throat and Lucifer calms themselves.

LUCIFER

Ahem... anyways... you aren't  
sourdough though, are you, because  
that's really a deal breaker-

THE SECRETARY

(interrupting)

Mr. L.

LUCIFER

Yes, Yes, sorry. So, you're here to be  
the Grim Reaper? What sort of  
qualifications do you have for this?

GEORGE

Woah, what? Don't assistants just  
like... file taxes? I don't want to  
kill anyone.

LUCIFER

Well yes, as my assistant you'll also  
have to file my taxes, but that's  
beside the point. And no, the Grim  
Reaper doesn't kill anyone. You just  
guide the dead to me, or to God if  
they're like... good people. Ew. I  
despise good people.

GEORGE

Oh... well... I guess I can do that.

LUCIFER

That's... That's it?

Lucifer and The Secretary share a surprised glance.

GEORGE

I mean, yeah, I can do that. I might  
need a map, I don't really know how to  
get here...

LUCIFER

We've... we've never had someone  
willing to do this job. Usually they  
all run away screaming when I tell  
them they have to look at dead people.

GEORGE

Oh, don't worry, I don't get queasy.

LUCIFER

I- wow. Okay. Awesome. You're hired.

GEORGE

You know, you're not as scary as everyone makes you seem.

LUCIFER

People think I'm *scary*? Dang, that's just plain mean. Demons have feelings too.

Fade out.