

DEVIL'S DEAL

Written by

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INT. BAR - NIGHT

JACK, 35, walks into empty bar. Three men sit while a musician, 30 packs his stuff on stage. Jack notices the DEVIL, 25, clean cut, wearing an expensive suit. Who sits at the end of the bar, alone, smoking and drinking.

Jack makes this way over to the Devil as he lays tarot cards out. Stacking them in 4 sets like Solitaire.

JACK

What the Hell are you doing here?

DEVIL

What? I just though I'd swing by to listen to my favorite living musician.

The Devil sets a card down then smiles at Jack.

DEVIL (CONT'D)

At least while he still holds that title.

The devil laughs as Jack sits down.

JACK

I can't do this. This deal just isn't right.

DEVIL

If you wanted it to feel righteous, should've gone to a church, not a crossroad. Now relax. All you have to do is kill a single musician. Others have had much worst tasks.

The Devil signals the bar tender.

DEVIL (CONT'D)

A Devil's kiss.

The Devil sets another card down then looks at Jack.

JACK

I can't kill an innocent man.

DEVIL

No man is truly innocent.

The Devil laughs.

(MORE)

DEVIL (CONT'D)  
If they were, what would I be here  
for?

The bar tender arrives with a purple drink with a white skull  
and crossbones on the glass. He sets in down then walks away.

JACK  
I'm not in the mood for  
philosophical shit. I can't live  
with that guilt.

DEVIL  
You're already living with some  
now. Remember why you're doing  
this? You made a promise to Annie,  
and you intend to keep it.

Jack puts his fist on the Devils shirt.

JACK  
Don't you dare say her name.

The Devil doesn't move.

DEVIL  
Easy there. Remember who your  
dealing with?

Jack lets go. There is a burn mark on his palm. He tires to  
shake out the pain. Jack sighs.

JACK  
I know, and I have to do this, I  
just don't know if I can.

DEVIL  
Here, I'll make it easy on you.

The Devil sets a Tarot card face down on the drink then  
slides it to Jack.

DEVIL (CONT'D)  
Just take this drink back to the  
musician. Tell him its from his  
future employer.

Jack lifts the card to reveal the "Death" card.

INT. GREENROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jack walks backstage, goes to knock on the door of the green  
room, but stops. He glances inside and sees the musician  
kissing on a woman 20's, standing with a little girl 13.

JACK  
Shit. I can't do this.

Jack throws the glass into the trash can and walk back into the bar.

INT. BAR - CONTINUOUS

Jack walks over then sits down next to the devil. All the other bar patrons have left. The devil sets down a card atop another. Neither make eye contact.

JACK  
I can't do it. I can't kill a man.  
Not in front of his daughter.

DEVIL  
Ha, she'd be better off without the  
bastard. He just uses her.

Jack looks at the devil.

DEVIL (CONT'D)  
He keeps her around to look like a  
nice loving farther. When takes  
them home, then locks her in her  
room.

JACK  
You can't know that. Your lying.  
You're just using my daughter  
against me. That's all this is.

The Devil looks down at the cards.

DEVIL  
What if I am, what if he treats her  
like a little angel. What if he  
packs her lunch, takes her to the  
park, tucks her in at night. What  
if he is the perfect father. But.

The Devil laughs.

DEVIL (CONT'D)  
Oh, what if your wrong?

The Devil grins at Jack.

DEVIL (CONT'D)

What if he just uses her, like a sad little pawn, in a sick twisted game. Oh, the things that child must suffer through.

Jack balls his fist. The Devil stares off.

DEVIL (CONT'D)

Imagine, her, at night all alone. Crying out to God, hoping someone will save her. Someone to care. To take the pain away.

The Devil looks at jack.

DEVIL (CONT'D)

Yet, no one hears her sobs. The that should care the most, is just down the hallway.

Jack sits frozen as The Devil finish his drink.

JACK

You.. You can't know that.

The Devil smiles then sets down his last Tarot card: The Devil

JACK (CONT'D)

How can I trust your telling the truth?

DEVIL

You can't, but the truth is irrelevant. All that matters is what you believe it to be. Your truth is that he is in your way of leaving this shit show you call a life.

The Devil sets a silver coin on the bar, then stands up

DEVIL (CONT'D)

Tell yourself whatever you need to, to get the job done. That's all that matters now.

The Devil walks towards the exit.

DEVIL (CONT'D)

Right now he is taking a smoke break in the ally way out back.

(MORE)

DEVIL (CONT'D)  
If you're up for finishing this deal, I left you a present under the dumpster. Though I doubt you'll even use it.

EXT. ALLEY WAY - NIGHT

Jack walks out into the Alley way. He sees the alone Musician smoking and talking on the phone.

MUSICIAN  
No, don't worry about her.

Jack looks at the dumpster to see the axe, then grabs it.

MUSICIAN (CONT'D)  
No she will be fine at the house in her room for a few hours. We need time, just the two of us.

Jack approaches the Musician quietly.

MUSICIAN (V.O.)  
I don't care if she gets upset. We are just down the hall, it doesn't bother her anyway.

Jack loudly drops the axe.

MUSICIAN  
Hey, fuck-face, can't you see I'm on the Goddamn phone? Who the Fuck you think you are?

Jack punches the Musician in the face multiple times before the Musician falls to the ground. Jack stands overtop him and repeatedly punching him. Beating him to death.

A crowd gathers around the alley way.

INT. COP CAR. - NIGHT

Jack, bloody hands cuffed together, sits in shock in the back of a Cop Car with the devil. The Devil drinks from a shot glass.

DEVIL  
Well, you did it, how do you feel.

JACK

I don't understand, you said I  
could get my record label. We made  
a deal. How can I get my deal now?

DEVIL

Oh, don't worry. You will.

(Beat)

Once you get out.

The Devil tosses the Fool card on Jacks lap and vanishes.

The End.