

THE DEVIL MADE ME DO IT

by

Vincent Vinas

FADE IN:

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - DAY

The walls are bone white and sterile in a bare, windowless room. You can almost see the alcoholic vapors in the air. A RECEPTIONIST, 20s, crabby, sits behind a desk typing away at her computer.

The monitor reads, "I AM A BAD, BAD DOGGY," several hundred times.

Just then, GABRIEL GOODMAN, 30, stocky and handsome, walks in. He looks worried as he approaches the Receptionist.

GABRIEL

Hi, I have an appointment with Dr. Christianson.

RECEPTIONIST

What's your name, pudgy butt?

GABRIEL

Excuse me?

RECEPTIONIST

Your name?

GABRIEL

Oh, uh... Gabriel Goodman.

The Receptionist looks it up on her computer.

RECEPTIONIST

Yes, well Dr. Christianson didn't show up today, so you'll be seen by Dr. DeVille.

GABRIEL

Dr. DeVille?

RECEPTIONIST

(annoyed)  
Dr. DeVille.

GABRIEL

Who's Dr. DeVille?

RECEPTIONIST  
(more annoyed)  
Well, another doctor I would assume.  
Does it really matter?

GABRIEL  
I guess not.

RECEPTIONIST  
Great. There's the waiting area.  
Buh-bye.

She turns back to her computer and continues typing her strange message. Gabriel takes a seat.

RING!!! RING!!!

The Receptionist picks up her phone, more annoyed than ever.

RECEPTIONIST  
(on phone)  
What?  
(beat)  
Okay.

She slams the phone down, then flashes a big, phony PR smile.

RECEPTIONIST  
The doctor will now see you, Mr.  
Goodman.

GABRIEL  
Me?

The Receptionist scans the empty room.

RECEPTIONIST  
(snotty)  
Uh... yeah!

Gabriel rises from his chair and heads into the doctor's EXAMINATION ROOM.

INT. EXAMINATION ROOM - DAY

Gabriel comes into the room and is instantly greeted by DR. DEVILLE, 20s, awkwardly handsome, with a strained grin. He speaks like a jackhammer.

DR. DEVILLE  
Hi!

GABRIEL

Hi, you must be Dr. Deville.

DR. DEVILLE

And you must be Gabriel. Have a seat.

GABRIEL

Okay. Man, it's hot in here.

DR. DEVILLE

Nonsense, it's just right. Shut up, let me look at you.

Gabriel sits down quickly; nervously.

DR. DEVILLE

All right. Let's see here.

Dr. Deville places his hands on Gabriel's head and begins massaging it like he's kneading pizza dough.

DR. DEVILLE

Hmmm, very interesting.

Dr. Deville then puts Gabriel in a headlock.

DR. DEVILLE

Don't move.

Gabriel begins to turn blue.

GABRIEL

(choking)

Dr. De... Ville. I can't... breathe.

The doctor releases him.

DR. DEVILLE

Hmmm, just as I thought. Not enough nicotine in your system. I'm gonna write you a prescription for five packs of cigarettes a day. Get some black on those healthy lungs of yours. Do you drink?

GABRIEL

No.

DR. DEVILLE

So, you're liver must be tip-top?

GABRIEL  
Last I checked, yes.

DR. DEVILLE  
See, that's no good. But don't worry,  
I've got a cure for that. Your liver  
will be wasting away soon enough.

GABRIEL  
Why would I want my liver to waste  
away?

DR. DEVILLE  
What kind of a diet are you on?

GABRIEL  
I'm on a fish and vegetable diet.  
No dairy, cholesterol or sodium.

DR. DEVILLE  
Diets are for pussies and fairy  
ticklers. From now on, you'll eat  
nothing but bacon and cheese. Make  
sure it's that very fatty bacon and  
if you feel so inclined to eat bacon  
topped with melted cheese, that's  
okay too.

GABRIEL  
No offense but that not only sounds  
very unhealthy, it sounds gross.

DR. DEVILLE  
I'm the doctor, I'll decide what's  
gross here. Gross will be when I  
take your temperature, but that's a  
guilty pleasure. Now, let's get on  
with it.

GABRIEL  
(scared)  
Okay.

DR. DEVILLE  
You're impeccably groomed, Goodman.

GABRIEL  
Thank you.

DR. DEVILLE  
When's the last time you wet your  
willy?

GABRIEL

Excuse me?

DR. DEVILLE

Fucking. You. Last time. When?

GABRIEL

I really don't think that's an issue here, doctor.

DR. DEVILLE

Of course it's an issue. This is your health we're talking about, damn it. What if you've contracted some sort of disease?

GABRIEL

I doubt it, but if you must know, the last time I had sex was two weeks ago, with my wife.

DR. DEVILLE

Did you wear a condom?

GABRIEL

Of course.

DR. DEVILLE

Geez, you fuckin' suck. Do you ever swear in public?

GABRIEL

No.

DR. DEVILLE

Private?

GABRIEL

No.

DR. DEVILLE

Why?

GABRIEL

Why should I?

DR. DEVILLE

Say "fuck."

GABRIEL

No.

DR. DEVILLE  
"Fucking shit."

GABRIEL  
No.

DR. DEVILLE  
"Fucking shit-dick-nuts-clit mopper."

GABRIEL  
No! I don't use bad language.

Dr. Deville gasps.

GABRIEL  
I'm sorry. Look, I don't know what  
this all about, but I don't like it.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)  
I'll tell you what this is all about.

Dr. Deville and Gabriel turn towards the door. DR.  
CHRISTIANSON, 20s, angry, sports a fresh shiner. He limps  
over to Gabriel and Dr. Deville.

DR. DEVILLE  
(faux-confusion)  
Dr. Christianson, what are you doing  
here?

DR. CHRISTIANSON  
Cut the crap, Lu. You know what you  
did and you know it's wrong.

DR. DEVILLE  
Oh, please. I have every right to  
be here.

DR. CHRISTIANSON  
No, you don't. You know you don't.  
That's why you hit me and tied me to  
that, now thanks to you, very confused  
obese woman on the subway.

GABRIEL  
Uh... can someone tell me what the  
hell is going on?

DR. CHRISTIANSON  
Hell is right. This so-called Dr.  
Deville, is not who he seems.

DR. DEVILLE  
Neither are you!

GABRIEL  
(to Dr. Deville)  
Well, who are you?

DR. DEVILLE  
I guess the jig is up. I'm the Devil.  
The Dark Lord. The Evil One. I  
shit on mankind. Here, drink this.

Dr. Deville cracks open a beer and offers it to Gabriel.

GABRIEL  
I told you I don't drink.

DR. CHRISTIANSON  
Good man, Gabriel. Don't you give  
in to him. He's nothing but trouble.

DR. DEVILLE  
You mean nothing but fun. Who wants  
to live their life completely drug  
and booze free? Some of my favorite  
lost souls are junkies. You know  
why? They're loyal. They don't  
stab you in the back when you least  
expect it and then blame that shit  
on mysterious ways.

DR. CHRISTIANSON  
Hey, I didn't make that line up. My  
suggestion was the Lord works in not  
so beneficial to everyone ways from  
time to time.

DR. DEVILLE  
See, what I mean, Gabriel? He admits  
it himself, he's not fair. He doesn't  
want you in Heaven. And if he did,  
you have to work your ass off, being  
good and thinking only of others 'n'  
shit. With me, it's all about you.  
If you need money, I encourage you  
to take it. If you hate someone, I  
encourage you to kill them.

GABRIEL  
What about, what goes around comes  
around?

DR. DEVILLE

That only applies if you leave survivors.

DR. CHRISTIANSON

You can't just go around killing and stealing from people. It's not right.

DR. DEVILLE

Not right? Not right is waking up every morning at the crack of dawn to go to some shitty job and waste your life away making someone else rich. That's not right. Do you enjoy your job, Gabriel?

GABRIEL

Actually, no. Not really.

DR. DEVILLE

Do you even like your boss?

GABRIEL

No, he's a very difficult man.

Dr. Deville takes out a GUN and hands it to Gabriel.

DR. DEVILLE

Here, go kill him. Do yourself a favor. He's on my list. I got your back.

Dr. Christianson grabs the gun away.

DR. CHRISTIANSON

Gabriel will do nothing of the sort. He is a gentle soul and wouldn't hurt a fly.

DR. DEVILLE

That's a crock. Just today he thought of punching this man on the subway for stepping on his foot and not apologizing. Isn't that right, Gabriel?

GABRIEL

How did you know that?

DR. DEVILLE

I know everything.

DR. CHRISTIANSON  
Don't fall for it, Gabriel. Don't  
let him trick you into admitting  
things that aren't true. Don't let  
him--

GABRIEL  
No, he's actually telling the truth.

DR. CHRISTIANSON  
No! No! I will not let you do this,  
Lu. You can't cheat with possession.

Dr. Christianson grabs Gabriel's head, frightening him.

DR. CHRISTIANSON  
(yelling)  
Out! I cast you out unclean spirit!  
Damn you to hell and the foul abyss  
from hence you came. Back! Back to  
the dark recesses. Back to--

GABRIEL  
Doc, you're scaring the shit out of  
me.

DR. CHRISTIANSON  
Oh. Sorry.

DR. DEVILLE  
(to Gabriel)  
You said "shit."

GABRIEL  
No, I didn't.

DR. DEVILLE  
Denial is the seed of hopelessness.

DR. CHRISTIANSON  
Hopelessness is all you're selling.

DR. DEVILLE  
As opposed to your lies?

DR. CHRISTIANSON  
Oh, go to hell!

There is an awkward moment of silence.

DR. DEVILLE  
(sarcastic)  
That was creative.

GABRIEL  
I didn't say "shit."

DR. DEVILLE  
(rolls eyes)  
My mistake.

DR. CHRISTIANSON  
You're beaten, Lu. Get going while  
the getting's good. Gabriel will  
not succumb to your temptation.

DR. DEVILLE  
Oh, let the man decide for himself.  
Shit, for someone so quick to praise  
the majestical beauty of free will,  
you certainly act like a fuckin'  
dried-up housewife when it comes to  
lettin' others make up their minds.

DR. CHRISTIANSON  
We'll let Gabriel decide then.  
Gabriel, do you want to be a good  
person, helping others and earn a  
free ticket to Heaven with me or do  
you want to be a bad, hateful, poor  
excuse for a lowly, loathsome,  
disgusting, pig of a soul, foul,  
unholy, cruel and hideous person and  
burn for all eternity in the scorching  
flames of the abyss with Lucifer  
here?

Gabriel is at a lost for words.

DR. DEVILLE  
(sarcastic)  
That wasn't biased at all.

GABRIEL  
I don't know what to think. You  
both make good arguments. I mean,  
I'm very happy with my life. I have  
a great wife, two great kids, a nice  
home and a good job. What more can  
a guy ask for?

DR. CHRISTIANSON

Exactly. You have all those things because I felt you deserved them. Good people like yourself should be rewarded for your kindness and generosity.

GABRIEL

Thank you. You've been very generous to me indeed.

DR. DEVILLE

Some reward. What about the time Gabriel helped that homeless man that was having a heart-attack in the street?

DR. CHRISTIANSON

What about it? That was an amazing thing Gabriel did. Not many would have come to that man's aid. He saved a life.

DR. DEVILLE

How soon we forget. That homeless guy wasn't having a heart-attack. He faked it and when Gabriel went to help him, the guy robbed him at knife point. He stole Gabriel's wallet, his car and his clothes.

DR. CHRISTIANSON

Oh, yeah. I remember now. I was probably off that day.  
(to Gabriel)  
Sorry about that.

DR. DEVILLE

Is that how you reward your favorite souls of the world?

DR. CHRISTIANSON

Hey, at least he wasn't hurt.

GABRIEL

I was a little traumatized after that for a while though. I wouldn't walk on the streets alone for months. And I even had to seek counseling just to overcome my fear of homeless people.

DR. DEVILLE

I feel for you, Gabriel. I really do. If it were up to me, I would've found that guy for you, doused him with gasoline, tied him to a telephone pole naked in the winter and then let you pitch matches at him.

GABRIEL

Maybe that would've helped.

Dr. Christianson's jaw drops.

DR. CHRISTIANSON

I'm not hearing this. Gabriel, you're not that kind of man.

GABRIEL

I don't know. Sometimes I have these violent thoughts. Especially, when my wife goes to sleep immediately after she orgasms, regardless of whether or not I have. I feel like I want to kill her.

DR. DEVILLE

You should. She gets off every other guy in town behind your back, and then has no strength left for you at the end of the day. No! No! No! Ain't no type of fairness going on in your home Gabriel.

DR. CHRISTIANSON

Your wife is a good woman, Gabriel. She loves you very much. If she didn't she would have told you a long time ago that your two children are really from the affair she had with your brother.

Gabriel's eyes BUG OUT. Dr. Deville smiles... well, devilishly.

DR. CHRISTIANSON

I can't believe I just said that.

Dr. DeVille takes out another GUN and hands it to Gabriel.

DR. DEVILLE

Take this gun and show her who the boss is. She thinks you're a fool. You're not a fool are you, Gabriel?

GABRIEL

No, I'm nobody's fool.

DR. DEVILLE

That's right. Do what you gotta do. And afterwards maybe you can take a little trip over to your office and show your boss what you really think about him.

GABRIEL

Yeah, I hate that sack of shit.

DR. DEVILLE

He thinks your a fool too.

GABRIEL

(angry)

I'll show them I'm no fool!

Gabriel laughs deliriously.

DR. CHRISTIANSON

You'll be a fool if you go through with this, Gabriel.

Gabriel puts the gun to Dr. Christianson's head.

GABRIEL

Don't be calling me a fool, motherfucker. I know you created the Earth and the Heavens 'n' shit, but don't be calling me a fool or so help me You I'll carve Christ in your forehead and dot the fuckin "I" with my shooter.

DR. DEVILLE

He's pissed.

Gabriel ROARS.

DR. DEVILLE

Show'em what it's like, Gabey boy.

Gabriel storms out of the room. From outside we hear a commotion.

RECEPTIONIST (O.S.)  
Hey, what you doing with a gun?

GABRIEL (O.S.)  
Don't call me a fool.

A GUNSHOT rings out just before a door SLAMS.

RECEPTIONIST (O.S.)  
I can't believe he fuckin' shot me.  
I'm like so dead.

A LOUD THUD is heard.

DR. DEVILLE  
That's another one you lost, G-O-D.  
Pay up.

DR. CHRISTIANSON  
Shit, I always lose them when it  
comes to their wives. Aren't any of  
these lousy cunts faithful to their  
men anymore?

Dr. Christianson hands Dr. Deville some money.

DR. DEVILLE  
Faith is a funny thing, doc.

DR. CHRISTIANSON  
How you figure?

DR. DEVILLE  
When you have faith, you keep thinking  
tomorrow will get better. But when  
you have no faith, you know you need  
to wake the fuck up.

FADE OUT: