

SEVEN MINUTES IN HELL

Written by

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FADE IN:

INT. COLLEGE DORM - NIGHT

TWO STUDENTS face off; They toss ping pong balls at cups of beer arranged in a triangle.

TATER TOTS, 21, thick glasses, ill-fitting clothes with an unhealthy posture, throws the ball, skims off a cup, and lands on the floor.

TATER
This game sucks!

MO ANA, 21, a college jock, physically imposing, throws his ball and lands in a cup.

MO
Boom.

He lifts the cup, raises it in Tater's direction... necks it.

MO (CONT'D)
It's only cuz you suck at it.

They both look at the cups. Mo has two left; Tater still has all ten.

TATER
Well, if this ball had finesse property, I could use my Dexterity modifier instead of strength for my attack and damage rolls.

A ping pong ball cracks Tater in the head.

TATER (CONT'D)
Ouch.

Tater glances back at DARIEL, 21; he lies back on the couch, a bag of Cheetos rests on his stomach; he smokes a joint.

DARIEL
You're frying my head with the D&D talk.

RENNE, 21, with a few buttons conveniently missing from her shirt, and TINA, 20, shy, reserved, dressed like a plain Jane, walk through the door.

DARIEL (CONT'D)
Talk about sucking.

RENNE

So funny. Well, this looks lame.

Mo begins to down all Tator's cups.

RENNE (CONT'D)

I have another game we should play.

Everyone ignores her. Renne climbs on top of a table.

RENNE (CONT'D)

Hey guys!

Renne pulls up her shirt.

MO

Boobies.

And falls over drunk. Dariel and Tater smile like the Cheshire cat. Renne pulls her top down.

RENNE

Now that I have your attention.
We're gonna play seven minutes in
Heaven.

Renne walks around the room and hands each person a piece of paper. She tosses Mo's on his lifeless body.

RENNE (CONT'D)

Ok, each piece has been numbered
one through five.

Dariel puts his hand up.

RENNE (CONT'D)

What?

DARIEL

Why can't we use one of Tators' D&D
5-sided dies?

Tator throws his hands up.

TATER

You're an idiot. There's no such
thing as D5. Creating a perfectly
balanced five-sided die with equal
probability for each face can be
challenging.

Tina smiles and steps forward.

TINA
 Yes, typically, I would use d4, d6
 or d8.

Tator smiles at Tina.

TATER
 You play D&D?

Renne looks back and forth at the two of them.

RENNE
 What numbers do you guys have?

Tater folds over his paper and shows Number Two, and Tina
 folds over hers and shows Number One.

RENNE (CONT'D)
 Well, that's it. You, too, are in
 the closet.

Dariel raises his hand again.

RENNE (CONT'D)
 What's your problem now?

DARIEL
 I feel like you just made that up.

Renee glares at him, and then she lifts her top. Dariel finds
 his smile again.

DARIEL (CONT'D)
 T and T are the winners. Get in
 that closet, and remember to do
 everything I would do.

Tater and Tina walk towards the closet door.

TATER
 I don't remember ever using this
 closet.

DARIEL
 None of us have. We're boys.

He opens the closet. It's empty. Tater and Tina step in.

They turn around, Dariel is stripped to his underwear.

TATER
 What the...

Dariel closes the door quickly.

INT. CLOSET - COLLEGE DORM - CONTINUOUS

Tater and Tina stand in darkness.

DARIEL (O.S.)
Seven minutes, starting now.

RENNE (O.S.)
I don't see a timer... ahh.

The closet starts to rumble.

TATER
Do you hear that?

TINA
Yeah. It's getting warmer in here.

Tate grabs the door and pushes forward. They're locked in.

TATER
I'm sweating.

Tate starts to bang on the door.

TATER (CONT'D)
This isn't funny. Open up, bro.

TINA
C'mon Renne, it's getting too hot
in here.

Suddenly, writing appears, illuminating the closet. Tater slowly reads it :

TATER
Abandon all hope, those who enter.

Tina takes hold of his hand. A ding is heard like an elevator stop. An announcement sounding like the voice of Fran Drescher:

VOICE (V.O.)
First stop: Limbo

The closet door opens. BILL COSBY stands before them. Tater and Tina look at each other, then beyond Bill. It looks like a retirement home.

TATER
Where the Hell are we?

They both glare at Bill Cosby.

BILL

Hell, yes.

He pulls two drinks outta nowhere.

BILL (CONT'D)

Welcome to the first circle of Hell. You both look thirsty.

Tate and Tina barge right past him.

TATER

I think we'll pass.

BILL

As I like to say, "You snooze, You lose.

He downs both drinks.

TINA

I'm sure you do.

Bill collapses on the floor. Tate and Tina walk around him.

TINA (CONT'D)

This is Dante's Inferno, which I wrote a paper on.

TATER

That's handy. I wrote a paper titled "Can Frogs Play Tubular Bells?"

TINA

Hmm. Anyways, It's the first circle. You know, the pagans and unbaptized... Thinkers.

TATER

Well, they all seem happy, and they've got a TV. It's not exactly hell.

A group of OLD PEOPLE gather around a TV. Tater approaches.

TATER (CONT'D)

Oh no. It's torture. It's Caillou!

TINA

That whiny little cartoon kid.

TATER

Let's get outta here.

They step over Bill Cosby as they get in the closet. Tina turns and boots him in the balls multiple times.

TINA
Don't worry, you won't remember a thing.

Tater glances at Tina as she stands in the closet. She is psyched up. She glares back.

TINA (CONT'D)
What?

Tater puts his hands up, terrified. The closet rumbles and dings again. Announcement:

VOICE
Second stop: Lust

TATER
Ohh. Sexy.

The doors open. It's full of reality TV stars. Then, out of nowhere, P. DIDDY and R KELLY pop up.

TATER (CONT'D)
It's like Johnson and Johnson.

TINA
We're too old for you.

They pull the closet door. It rumbles. Tater looks at Tina.

TATER
That was close. What's next?

TINA
Gluttony.

TATER
Oh good, I'm starving.

Tina shakes her head.

TINA
A three-headed hellhound guards it from Greek mythology.

TATER
Well it can't be worse than the last three heads.

TINA
Fair enough.

It stops. Announcement:

VOICE
Third stop: Gluttony.

TATER
I wonder who's in here.

The doors open. CHRIS FARLEY, JOHN CANDY, PATRICE O'NEAL, JAMES GANDOLFINI AND ELVIS sit around a table devouring food with animalistic abandon.

A wintery mix for all eternity lashes down, yet they continue gorging.

ELVIS
Pass me a turkey leg, my plump friends. Thank you very much.

JEFFERY EPSTEIN appears at the closet door. Tina jumps back, startled.

JEFFERY
Hi. I'm --

TATER
Fuck no.

He shuts the door on his face. He turns to Tina.

TATER (CONT'D)
Ok. So why are all the host's sex offenders?

TINA
And also, they're all still alive except Jeffery --

They both point fingers.

TATER/TINA
Aha.

Announcement:

VOICE
Fourth Floor: Greed

The door opens, HARVEY WEINSTEIN greets them.

HARVEY
How would you like to be in a movie?

TATER
I would love to!

Harvey raises an eyebrow.

HARVEY
Wasn't talking to you.

He tries to wink seductively at Tina but comes off like the back of Warthog's nutsack. Tina sticks two fingers down her throat.

Behind Harvey stands a PRIEST, A RABBI, and a VICAR.

TATER
Oh, come on. Is this some kind of
joke?

They try to close the door, but Harvey jars it open. Tater punches clean on the chin.

TATER (CONT'D)
I hate your movies.

Tina kicks him in the nuts.

TINA
Me too.

The door shuts. The closet rumbles.

TATER
How many more?

TINA
Well, technically, five or seven.
Because there are three rings in
the seventh circle.

TATER
Maybe they stick them all on one
floor. Get it over and done with.

TINA
Why?

TATER
Parameters.

TINA
Ahh. The parameter police.

The closet stops moving. Announcement:

VOICE
Fifth floor: Anger

TATER
I feel like the most immense
torture is her voice.

TINA
Imagine she was your Nanny.

VOICE
I heard that. Fine. Fifth, Sixth,
Seventh with all three rings,
eighth and ninth combined.

Tina grips Tater's hand.

TINA
I'm afraid.

TATER
I am, too. This is going to be the
holiest of hell imaginable. That
Dante is a sick fuck.

The door slowly opens. It's completely white. A small table
with a sole sheet of paper on it occupies the room.

They glance at each other, mystified. KEVIN SPACEY appears.

KEVIN
Hi, and welcome to hell.

TINA
Oh, I liked you. You disappoint me
the most.

Kevin shakes his head.

KEVIN
I'm innocent.

TATER
No dude. You're a fiddler.

They walk towards the table. Tater picks up the paper.

TATER (CONT'D)
This is my biggest fear.

Tina glances over his shoulder at the paper.

TINA
Oh no.

KEVIN
I'm sorry, the worst possible
torture known to man --

He looks at Tina.

TINA
Me too.

KEVIN
You should start a movement.

They hear a noise behind them. A horse walks into the closet.

TINA
Why?

KEVIN
You're part of an OWC and you've
run out of room and, more
importantly, time.

Tina looks at Tator.

TATER/TINA
Parameters.

A small group of PEOPLE huddles in the distance.

TATER
Who are they?

Kevin smiles.

KEVIN
Those are your judges. They're
waiting for you to get to the end.
Some like to laugh, but most don't.
You see, comedy is subjective. But
many serious people are on board,
but maybe you have just enough room
for one more gag. So make it epic.
You need to return. Your seven
minutes are up.

Tater and Tina step into the closet along with the horse. The
horse rips the biggest fart ever as the door closes. As we:

FADE OUT.

