## <u>HELLBENDERS</u>

<u>Sides-Stephen</u>

INT. HELLBENDERS HOUSE, OFFICE - MORNING

STEPHEN, looks like Ned Flanders' Latino brother, is writing in an enormous TOME. The office looks like a rectory, the churchiest part of the building.

Stephen mutters/hums to himself while he works at the book, the hymn-- "Shall we Gather at the River."

STEPHEN

...Shall....hmmm hmmm a da riiiver.
Beautiful the beautiful, hmmm,
hmmmmm....

LARRY

Stephen. Stephen, you wanna give it a rest?

STEPHEN

What's that?

LARRY

You're singing again.

STEPHEN

No I'm not.

Larry looks at the camera and SIGHS.

Stephen nods at Larry and makes a drinky-drinky gesture to the camera. The camera moves in on him. He smiles nervously.

STEPHEN (CONT'D)

Hi.

The BOOM ducks down into screen for a second, Stephen dodges.

STEPHEN (CONT'D)

Oh, woops. You're the sound guy?

CAMERAMAN (O.S.)

Don't talk to the Boom Operator.

STEPHEN

Sorry.

CAMERAMAN (O.S.)

What's the book?

## STEPHEN

Hmm? I told you yesterday. Oh! For the camera. Right. Um. The book is—our Sin Ledger. We keep score, you know, make sure that we're far enough from a state of grace that we can personally drag a demon to hell, you know, if it comes to that.

He shrugs, flips through the book.

STEPHEN (CONT'D)

So, Elizabeth, for example. So far this week she's committed four counts of gluttony...

(snickers)

She ate four packages of microwaved Mallomars! Six counts of mastur... Um. Ha. Four counts of... other things.

(blushing dramatically)
Three more counts of mastur... All sorts of stuff.

Larry calls out from the background, still looking at his computer.

LARRY

How 'bout you, Stephen? Tell him your sins for the week so far.

STEPHEN

Oh. I'm working on it. You know. A surfeit of pride. I've been feeling proud. And I took the lord's name in vain.

LARRY

"Gosh" doesn't count.

STEPHEN

Matthew 5:28. I was sinning in my heart.

Stephen mugs, proud. Larry shouts in celebration:

LARRY

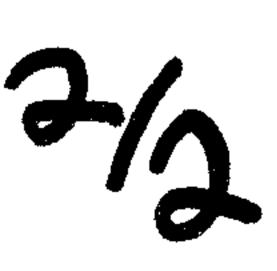
Christ on a cross of cocks!

Stephen winces.

LARRY (CONT'D)

I found a cake!

Drd End



drieme Stern Gating