

EXT. PURGATORY

CLAYTON and CHRIS step onto the battlefield.

CLAYTON

Good Morning From Hell, it is I,
Commander Clayton, Brother of Satan
and Secretary of War for Hell's
Army.

CHRIS

And I'm Chris, I died recently and
my eternal punishment is to do this
podcast where we interview everyone
in Hell.

Intros, updates on what we're doing/where we are. Clayton
talks about his shitty tank. Chris is a drummer boy. Clayton
asks him to stop. We're in the battlefield and we encounter a
few familiar faces.

CLAYTON

You're a worse drummer than Ringo.

JOHN LENNON

Hey, that's not true. We think you
got a lot of potential, Chris.

PAUL MCCARTNEY

Yeah mate.

CHRIS

John Lennon and Paul McCartney?
What are y'all doing here?

PAUL MCCARTNEY

The Beatles are reuniting to do a
little USO jam session to rally the
troops. And we're looking for a
drummer, if you're interested.

CHRIS

Absolutely! But doesn't Ringo play
the drums?

JOHN LENNON

Well yeah, but that's why we're
looking for a new drummer. Ringo's
awful.

RINGO

(ignorant, kind)
I'm right here. And I heard
everything.

JOHN LENNON
Good. We'll say it again, Ringo.
You're shit.

JOHN LENNON (CONT'D)
Real shit.

RINGO
(smiling, dumb)
That's fair.

CHRIS
So, y'all are playing music for the
troops? What happened to give peace
a chance?

JOHN LENNON
That's not what I was singing
about.

PAUL MCCARTNEY
He was saying "give CHEESE a
chance." For all those lactose
intolerants.

CLAYTON
A much better message. And glad
you're reporting for duty. But I
can't let you have Chris. I need
someone to block the bullets.
You'll just have to suffer through
Ringo.

RINGO
Sorry.

JOHN LENNON
Say, what song should we play? "Let
It Brie"?

Paul and John continue to riff about what song to play as
Clayton and Chris walk away.

CHRIS
So Clayton, what's the battle plan?

CLAYTON
Well Chris, we're on our way to
meet with my generals to discuss
strategy. They're right over here.
Gentlemen.

**Pre-Recorded Meeting with Joseph Stalin and Napoleon
Bonaparte (Andrew).**

CLAYTON (CONT'D)

I don't want get caught up on the nitty gritty of "tactics" and "strategy." We should focus on the important things.

CHRIS

Like what..? The weapons?

CLAYTON

No. The SNACKS.

CHRIS

Right. So, what's everyone eating?

CLAYTON

We're about to find out. Over here we've got an all you can eat buffet staffed by Hell's top chefs, Chef Bile and Guy Ferrari!

(beat)

Gentlemen! What's cookin'?

BILE

Hey guys! Me and Guy here have some dishes that will blow your socks off.

GUY

A real explosion of flavors. BAM!

CHRIS

So, is everything, like, really spicy?

CLAYTON

No, they're literally feeding the troops explosives, Chris. That way if they get shot, they'll blow up and hopefully take a few Angels down with 'em. So, what's on the menu, Bile?

Chef Bile talks about the meal being served today. Fancy chef language, includes explosives ingredients (C4, TNT powder, Nitroglycerin sauce, bullets, etc). **Michael, if you want to toss in any dishes, please do.**

GUY

Yeah, we want them to detonate into a big ball of shit, piss, blood, and guts.

BILE

Chris, care to try some?

CHRIS

No, I'm good. Thanks.

CLAYTON

Well, be sure to save him some leftovers - it sounds delicious. Come along Chris, time to mingle with the soldiers.

Clayton and Chris zooms away on his little tank.

CLAYTON (CONT'D)

It's important to touch base with the infantry before they're all inevitably killed.

Chris and Clayton riff about why they're gonna get killed.

CLAYTON (CONT'D)

Up ahead we've got The Monster Squad. Looks like they're warming up with The Monster Mash. That's great.

(beat)

Uh, Doctor Frankenstein, how are things!?

DOCTOR FRANKENSTEIN

Güt! Nice to see you two again.

CHRIS

So, Doctor Frankenstein, are you going to be working as a Medic?

CLAYTON

Yeah! You could reassemble the bodies of all the dead troops!

DOCTOR FRANKENSTEIN

Ya. I've been doing that all morning. My boy here hadn't socialized a whole lot prior to army what with the home schooling. So, he's been hugging people to death, und (and) shaking their hands to death, und high-fiving them to death. Just a lot of things that end with death.

FRANKENSTEIN'S MONSTER

GOOD TO MEET YOU!

CLAYTON

WHOA. We've already met, nice catching up with you big fella, good luck out there! Go Chris, RUN!

FRANKENSTEIN'S MONSTER

YOU WANT GOODBYE HUG??

Doctor Frankenstein lectures her son briefly as Chris and Clayton quickly leave.

CHRIS

Oh, look, it's the Vegan Werewolf!

WEREWOLF

Hey guys. Just a reminder that I *will* kill, but I refuse to eat anyone because that's unethical.

CLAYTON

Ok, noted. Just the killing will do. Hey Samara! (It's the Ring girl everyone)!

SAMARA

Hey guys, thanks for letting me join the battle.

CLAYTON

Of course. Hey we actually wanted to talk to you. You know how you have that seven day turnaround on Kills? Could you bump that up a bit for the battle?

CHRIS

Yeah, could you maybe kill in like 7 minutes? Or 7 seconds?

SAMARA

I don't know. Did they watch the tape?

CLAYTON

I mean, yeah, I assume so. We sent the tape up a week ago like you asked, so probably. I assume they've all seen it.

SAMARA

Okay, I can make that work.

CLAYTON

That's great.

(beat)

And over here we have our vampire division.

CHRIS

Hey, it's Mitchell the tiny vampire, and his friend, the ex-vampire hunter, Luchen!

MITCHELL

Hey guys, great to see you again. Really great.

CLAYTON

So, what's with the umbrellas?

LUCHEN

Well, when I got turned into a vampire, ON YOUR SHOW, I lost my ability to walk around during the day time.

MITCHELL

Yeah, still sorry about that. Y'see, it's really sunny out so we've gotta stay protected under these umbrellas. Hopefully it's not too windy.

CHRIS

Well the forecast says it will be. But also, a 20% chance of clouds later, so, there's that.

MITCHELL

Yeah, I love clouds!

CLAYTON

So Luchen, seems like life as a vampire is going... well..?

LUCHEN

If the sun wouldn't kill me, I'd take this umbrella and beat your ass with it right now.

CLAYTON

Oh okay... nice catching up with you fellas!

There's sounds of hissing snakes...

CHRIS

What is that? Is that snakes?

CLAYTON

Uh oh, better radio Voldemort.
Sounds like Nagini got out again.

(beat)

Oh wait, no, that's just Medusa's
hair!

(beat)

CHRIS, AVERT YOUR EYES.

CHRIS

Oh shit. Hey Medusa, good to see
you again. Or, not *actually* see you
but, you know.

MEDUSA

Ah, Clayton! Chrissssssss. Thanks
for inviting me. I'm gonna make so
much money from this.

CLAYTON

How? Did you make a bet?

MEDUSA

No, most of my income is from
fighting angels and then selling
their stone bodies to the church as
statues.

CHRIS

Wow, I had no idea. But now that I
think about it, there were A LOT of
angel statues up on Earth.

MEDUSA

Yeah! Some of the uglier ones go as
gargoyles - less money in gargoyles
- but still!

CLAYTON

Well, best of luck. Hope business
is booming!

MEDUSA

Thank you! And hey, let me know if
you two wanna get stoned before
battle!

CLAYTON
Maybe just one hit to calm the
nerves.

MEDUSA
Here ya go!

They zooms off on his tiny tank.

CLAYTON
Alright, let's check in on the
artillery division. Cupid! How's
everything looking!

CUPID
Really good. Like, really, really
good. Have you seen angels? They're
all so freaking hot. I'm getting
hard just looking-

CLAYTON
No! Stop! I don't want to hear it.

CHRIS
Neither do I.

CLAYTON
Remember, I said you could come to
the war but only to shoot
projectiles.

CUPID
Oh, I'll be shooting projectiles
alright.

CLAYTON
See- that's why they didn't let you
into heaven, Cupid.
(beat)
Speaking of shooting things...
there's Balnock! The sleep
paralysis demon!

Pre-Recorded bit with Andrew

CLAYTON (CONT'D)
Oh, welp, there's the signal. Get
ready Chris.

Everything quiets down. It's eery. Wind blows.

CHRIS
... Is the battle about to start?

CLAYTON

No, no, no! It's time for the parley. We gotta go out to the middle of the battlefield and meet with Heaven's commander. Negotiate, all that stuff.

CHRIS

Oh, what are we gonna negotiate.

CLAYTON

Well, honestly, not much. It's just our last chance shit talk them. Come on.

Chris and Clayton go out to the middle of the battlefield. Clayton's tiny tank breaks. He makes Chris carry him. They arrive at the meeting.

CLAYTON (CONT'D)

Whooooah, Mighty steed. Good boy.

FIONA

Did you actually ride that poor, skinny man into our pre-battle meeting?

CLAYTON

Yeah? So? You think you're all tough because you have an armored, winged battle horse? You have your own wings, idiot.

FIONA

I'm not an idiot, YOU'RE an idiot!

DORIE

Enough! Can we begin the parley?

CLAYTON

Yeah, let's get this party started. Go ahead, Purgatory Dory.

DORIE

For the last time, that's not my name.

FIONA

Whatever you say Purgatory Dory.

Dory sighs.

DORIE

Ok, for the record we have Arch Angel Lucy, leader of Heaven's armies, and for Hell, Clayton, Secretary of War.

CHRIS

...And Chris. Secretary for the Secretary of War.

CLAYTON

NO, you're my steed! Shut up.

DORIE

Whatever. Now, if you'll recall from our last meeting, no one in Purgatory agreed to have the battle take place here, but we were overruled. And by that I mean, you all just showed up. So, could we possibly negotiate some sort of truce, or reschedule, or relocation?

CLAYTON

No, nope, no way. Do you have any idea how much it takes to get Grey Hound bus fares for an army? I'm not getting a refund on that. We fight TODAY.

DORIE

Oookay. Well can we at least have both sides agree to no spills or messes? We try to keep things tidy here in Purgatory, got a lot of white, lot of beige...

FIONA

(interrupting)

Oh don't worry Purgatory Dorie, we'll clean... Clean the floor with these SHIT HEADS.

CLAYTON

Who cleans with shit!? That's the dumbest thing I've heard all day. You want some shit? I'll take a dump right here! Get to cleaning!

Fiona starts to spit.

FIONA
(Spitting)
You disgust me! I spit at you! I
spit at your feet!

DORIE
Okay! Stop! Stop! Please! Can you
guys just go fight each other and
get this over with? I'm gonna go
call a cleaning company.

Dorie stressfully mumbles to herself as she walks away.

FIONA
See you on the battlefield,
assholes.

CLAYTON
You know, for an angel you've got a
really shitty cussing habit.

FIONA
Go to Hell!

CLAYTON
I live there!

Fiona groans angrily and leaves. Clayton and Chris depart.

CLAYTON (CONT'D)
Well, I think that went really
well. I may have actually shit a
little bit though.

CHRIS
I think that's a sign of a good
parley. So, when does the actual
fighting start?

CLAYTON
Oh, not for a few hours. Now it's
time for me to give my big,
inspirational speech! Here, hand me
that megaphone Chris.

CHRIS
Here ya go.

CLAYTON
You're gonna love this, I've been
writing it for weeks. It's a bit
long but I think it'll really get
everyone amped for the battle.

Clayton activates the megaphone.

CLAYTON (CONT'D)
(megaphone)
Denizens of Hell! Creatures of
Evil! Soldiers of the Underworld,
hear me now--

A horn plays in the distance.

CLAYTON (CONT'D)
Ahh Shit! It's starting! GO! GO!
GO! Come on Chris, we gotta move!

Yells, weapons, and explosions erupt as both sides charge
towards each other.

CHRIS
Oh my god, the battle's actually
starting!

CLAYTON
Chris! Chriiis! Quickly, hand me my
machine gun!

CHRIS
They didn't let me on the bus with
it!

CLAYTON
WHAT? Just- - Go grab me that sword
there! I think it's Goliath's, but
it doesn't look like he's using it.

CHRIS
Well, he's fighting with *something*.
What is that?

CLAYTON
It looks like... David! Goliath is
using David as some sort of human
club.

CHRIS
Huh.

DAVID
(screaming)
Ahhh! Help! Heeelp! Put me down!

GOLIATH
AH! HAH! Take that you goddamn
angels! I'm gonna shove his head up
your ass!

DAVID
Oh please don't! AHHH!

CLAYTON
That's the spirit, Goliath! Maybe I
should try that...

CHRIS
No, no, no, here's a sword. You got
your sword. No need for that.

Suddenly, the growls and snarls of angry dogs grow louder.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
Woah, look at that! Is that?
Cerberus!

CLAYTON
Oh yeah, and they've got something
pinned down and they are really
going to town on them! Body
slamming them over and over and
over! Oh, wait, no, they're just
humping. Cerberus, are you humping?

The giant three-headed dog howls.

CERBERUS
Oh hey fellas! Yeah! This is the
most action we've gotten in
centuries! Since all dogs go to
heaven, it's been a while since
we've made a canine connection.
Guys, this is Sadie. We're in love!
(alt)
Since all dogs go to heaven, it's
been a while since we've been able
to, you know, do it doggie style.
And we met someone really special.
Guys, this is Sadie. We're in love!

We hear a female dog bark.

CLAYTON
Oooh, you dirty dogs! Alright, well
hurry up with that. I need you to
maul a few angels, too.

CERBERUS
Will do! Good luck in the battle!

We hear more dog noises but they're overtaken by the
cacophony of a machine gun.

CHRIS

Wow, Cerberus isn't the only one
having fun. Look at George
Washington, he's having a blast.

Over the machine gun, George Washington lets out a delighted yell.

WASHINGTON

Yes! Yes! Eat lead! Taste the
Freedom!

CLAYTON

Nice shooting, George! Keep it up!

WASHINGTON

Who said that? DIE!!!

The machine gun blasts get louder and begin ricocheting around Chris and Clayton as George spins to their direction.

CHRIS

Whoah, whoah! Stop, stop - we're on
your side!

WASHINGTON

HA, HA, HA! Who wants freedom? Come
on! I've got one thousand rounds a
minute of America!

CLAYTON

He's gone presidential, Chris!
There's nothing we can do. Quick,
duck into this trench!

The battle sounds are muffled as the two dive into a deep muddy ravine. As Clayton brushes the dirt off:

CLAYTON (CONT'D)

Oh! Look, it's the Tooth Fairy.

TOOTH FAIRY

Hey guys.

CHRIS

Tooth Fairy? Who's side are you on?

TOOTH FAIRY

No ones! I'm just here for the
teeth. This place is littered with
'em! Oh, there's one right there!

CHRIS

Ahh, yeah, still using that one.

TOOTH FAIRY

I could put it to better use.

(shrugs)

Oh well, I'm gonna go check under
Goliath. Looks like he's making it
rain. Later!

As the flutter of fairy wings carry him away, the machine gun
fire slowly dissipates.

CLAYTON

Alright, it sounds like
Washington's moved on, let's get
back out there.

The sounds of boots on dirt bring the battle noises to the
forefront again. Suddenly, there's a *whoosh* of magic and an
explosion nearby.

VOLDEMORT

Potter! Potter! I found you at
last! Time to die!

CHRIS

Whoah! I'm not Potter!

CLAYTON

Voldemort, that's Chris!

VOLDEMORT

Oh! So sorry! I saw a pale, skinny,
little brunette boy and assumed it
was Potter!

CLAYTON

Voldemort, you're one of our big
guns, man. We need you out there
ass-blasting angels, not obsessing
over a little kid with glasses.

VOLDEMORT

You're right, I'm sorry. I just got
so excited. But hey, if you see
Potter, tell him to suck it!

CLAYTON

Ok! We won't! And even if we did,
we would't!

Voldemort makes several grunts and guffaws as he blasts his
wand and runs foff. Chris coughs loudly.

CHRIS
(coughing)
Oh, wow, hard to see anything in
all this smoke.

CLAYTON
Yeah! But on the dark side, it's
covering the sun and the vampires
are able to fight. Look at them go!

Vampires hiss in the distance.

CLAYTON (CONT'D)
Gee, I think this battle's going
really well!
(beat)
And hey, it's Nostradamus, let's
see if we can get his prediction on
the fight! Nostradamus!

NOSTRADOMUS
Ah, yes. Your names were J- Jo-
Geor- Jerr-

CHRIS
It's Chris and Clayton.

NOSTRADOMUS
Yes, of course! Chliss and Crayton!

CLAYTON
Say, Nostradamus, what's your
prediction for the battle? Do you
think we'll win?

NOSTRADOMUS
Ahhh, yes. I can see everything!
The vision is so clear. We will
win! And afterwards, you and I will-

A MASSIVE Explosion cuts Nostradamus short. Blowing him into
bits. Gooie chunks drop down around them.

CLAYTON
Whoah! Holy cow!

CHRIS
Oh my god!

CLAYTON (CONT'D)
Who could've seen this coming!

CHRIS
I guess not him!

CLAYTON

But hey, did you hear that? He said we're gonna win!

CHRIS

Yeah, but he also said he'd live.

CLAYTON

I mean, he could be alive.

CHRIS

He just exploded!

CLAYTON

Out of excitement! He must've known that the ultimate fighting machine, Doug Gug Gug Gug Chaos 3.2 was here! Hey Doug!

DOUG GUG

Hey boys! Here we are again, fighting the bad fight!

CHRIS

Wow, Doug Gug Gug Gug Chaos, you're more machine than demon now!

DOUG GUG

Yeeeah, that's right, after the last incident they were only able to salvage my brain, a few fingers, and the tip of my penis, but I'm feeling better than ever!

CHRIS

That's so cool! Any big plans for the battle?

DOUG GUG

Oh yeah, "BIG" plans. You didn't tell him, Clayton?

CLAYTON

Nah, I wanted it to be a surprise! Rita Repulsa! Get over here and do your thing.

RITA REPULSA

Ahhhh! At last! Time to conquer Earth!

CLAYTON

We're in Purgatory.

RITA REPULSA
 (correcting self)
 Time to conquer Purgatory! Magic
 Wand, make my cyber-demon GROW!

Doug Gug let's out an excited holler as he grows with a
 rumble and low-pitched balloon noises.

DOUG GUG
 Oh yeah! Here we go!

CHRIS
 Wow! Look at him! He's huge!

DOUG GUG
 That's right, time for the big
 guns! Get Ready!

A machine charges up, building power. Suddenly, a missile
 strikes with an EXPLOSION.

Doug Gug groans as he dies. The sound of a massive object
 falling can be heard, followed by a large, earth-shattering
 crash.

CLAYTON
 Oh no! Doug Gug Gug Gug is down!
 Again! I dunno if we can put him
 back together after that one.

The sound of faint jingling is heard.

CHRIS
 Yeah, probably not...
 Wait, do you hear that? Is... Is
 that... It's jingle bells!

CLAYTON
 It's Santa! It's a Christmas
 Miracle!

Santa calls out from the sky on his flying sled.

SANTA
 HO-HO-HO, mother fuckers! Some of
 you angels have been very good.
 It's time to open your presents.
 (beat)
 Napkin! Drop the mustard gas!

NAPKIN THE ELF
 Ok, Santa!

SANTA

Thank you!

There's the sound of a punch and Napkin groans.

NAPKIN THE ELF

Owe! You know, all you have to do
is ask. You don't have to punch me,
too.

Gas cannisters *HISSS* as they rain from the sky.

CLAYTON

Oh, yeah! Christmas came early!
Santa's about to deliver a North
Pole Knock Out!

More explosions pop off as Santa sings from his slay:

SANTA

Deck the halls and suck my balls!
Falalalah la la, la, lah!

NAPKIN

Santa! Incoming enemy fire!

An EXPLOSION shakes the ground (and the jingle bells).

CHRIS

Oh no! They've been hit!

NAPKIN

We're going down! I'm sorry Santa!
I'm sorry!!!

SANTA

Ho-Ho-H'Oh, No! No! NOOOOOOO!

We hear the sound of a plane falling from the sky, growing
closer and closer.

CLAYTON

Oh my god! Not Santa! They're
coming down fast!

(beat)

Faun Risnger! Move out of the way!
You're about to get crushed!

FAUN RISINGER

What?! What'd you say?

CLAYTON

Move! Get out of the way!

CHRIS

Get to cover! Faun Risinger
Move!

FAUN RISINGER
I can't hear what you're sa-

A massive Christmas-y explosion lands nearby.

CLAYTON
Oh my god, we just lost Santa and
Napkin The Elf.

CHRIS
And Faun Risinger.

CLAYTON
Sure, and Faun Risinger. Wow,
things took a turn!

CHRIS
It's not looking good, Clayton!

Moaning can be heard in the distance.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
What is that weird, sad noise in
the distance?

The moaning continues.

CLAYTON
It's Gorko the Alien!

GORKO
I'm freaking out, man.

CLAYTON
Gorko, do you have any Alien powers
that you can use to help us?

GORKO
I have the ability to urinate from
five orifices. I am currently doing
so.

CHRIS
Well, that might've been helpful
during *negotiations*.

The whistling of bombs is heard in the distance.

CLAYTON
Oh no, another aerial bombardment!
Take cover!

We hear hasty footsteps and explosions. Clayton and Chris
dive into a trench.

CLAYTON (CONT'D)
Quick Chris! Back into the trench!
Get in here!

Chris grunts as his body hits the ground.

CHRIS
Ugh. I think I landed on something.

CLAYTON
Is that Sigmund Freud?

Pre-recorded Freud bit.

Chris and Clayton have an "All is lost" moment. They accept their sad fate as the enemy closes in.

CLAYTON (CONT'D)
I think it's time now, Chris. All
there's left to do is accept the
cold embrace of Death.

There's the rustling of clothing and a pat on the back.

DEATH
There, there Clayton. I just wanted
to give you a hug. Sorry I'm so
cold. I'm just all skin and bones,
but without the skin!

CLAYTON
That's okay, Death. You can take me
now.

DEATH
Where we going?

CHRIS
(interrupting)
Hey, Clayton?

CLAYTON
No not now Chris, I'm dying.

CHRIS
No, Clayton, look!

CLAYTON
Chris! Can you not see I'm about to
accept the kiss of death!

DEATH
Whoa now, take me on a date first!

CHRIS
No, Clayton, look! Ships are
landing over there!

A trumpet sounds in the distance.

CLAYTON
Wait, it can't be! All the John
Smiths that left Hell to found New
Hell! They're here!

There's the CREAK of boats landing on shore. Yelling from one
of the ships:

JOHN (SMITH)
Sorry we're late boys!

JOHN (JACOB FULLERTON) (CONT'D)
We came as quick as we could, which
wasn't very fast in these big
wooden ships.

CLAYTON
Thank you, John Smith!

JOHN (JACOB FULLERTON)
You're welcome.

JOHN (SMITH)
You're welcome.

JOHN SMITH
John Smiths! Forward, March!

John Smith and John Smith both sing "John Jacob Jingleheimer
Smith but are joined by a chorus of men singing along with
them and the sound of marching boots.

CLAYTON
I've never seen a more beautiful
sight.

CHRIS
(astonished)
They do move in herds.

CLAYTON
Wait! More buses are arriving?
Chris! It's the Karens! They made
it!

A bus parks. The door opens. The fast paced sound of high
heels scurries closer.

KAREN

Excuse me! Are you the Grey Hound manager? Our bus driver jumped out of the window of our vehicle just because we were giving him some pointers on how he can drive better and now we're late! AND I broke a nail driving that danged thing here! This is unacceptable! We need to see your manager right now!

CLAYTON

Yes ma'am, my manager is right over there, across the battlefield where all those angels are grouped up. I need to warn you though, he offers NO refunds.

KAREN

Oh my god. Come on girls! CHARGE!

The sound of women going into a berserk rage can be heard.

CHRIS

Brilliantly done, Clayton. Or should I say... Oh Captain, my Captain.

CLAYTON

Shut up, Chris. But thank you. My goodness, those Karens are foaming at the mouth, look at those purses fly. We're gaining ground again!

CHRIS

(in disbelief)

Clayton- are we going to win?

CLAYTON

I think we might! Nothing to do now but join the fray!

Clayton and Chris charge into battle.

CLAYTON (CONT'D)

Chris! Look! It's that bastard, Benedict Arnold!

BENEDICT ARNOLD

Clayton! Chris! Guys, so good to see you! Hey, sorry about betraying you the other day, it was all a joke, okay? We're good, right?

CLAYTON

Oh, yeah? You wanna switch sides again because you're losing now?

BENEDICT ARNOLD

Whaaat? No, I never left your side. I still have all the cool Hell equipment you gave me underneath this angel stuff.

CLAYTON

Oh, you do, huh?

BENEDICT ARNOLD

Yeah, bro! Hell till the end!

CLAYTON

Well, your end may be sooner than you expected!

A *beep* followed by a big, wet explosion and the WHOOSH of a object flying away at an incredible speed.

CLAYTON (CONT'D)

Never took that exploding cockring off, did you Bene-dickless!

In the distance, there's the CLINK of metal followed by another MASSIVE explosion.

CHRIS

Oh my god! His penis blew off so fast it took out an entire angel carrier!

CLAYTON

Yeah, we are kicking ASS!

There's the sound of a sword SWOOSH and a decapitation followed by:

FIONA

CLAYTON!

CLAYTON

Well, I'll be damned. If it isn't my arch-nemesis, the arch angel.

FIONA

It's too bad you shit your pants earlier, because I'm gonna make you eat that shit.

CLAYTON
Well not I eat it first!

Clayton and Fiona both give a BATTLE YELL as they run towards each other. Swords clash, explosions boom, there's battle yells everywhere.

CLAYTON (CONT'D)
Chris, I need your help!

CHRIS
What?

CLAYTON
Grab that sword, it's time to end this!

CHRIS
Hail Clayton!

CLAYTON (CONT'D)
Hail Clayton!