

**SCENE 4.**

**AN INTERVIEW ROOM. TYPICAL MODERN OFFICE, WITH THE ONLY DIFFERENCE BEING AN OPEN WINDOW LETTING IN AMBIENT NOISES OF HELL. A DEMON SITS AT A DESK SCRIBBLING ON PAPER, PRETENDING TO MAKE NOTES.**

**ADAM'S SCREAM FADES IN.**

**ADAM FALLS THROUGH THE CEILING LIKE IT DOESN'T EXIST, AND LANDS ON HIS FACE.**

COLFUGA: Ahh! The new guy.

**ADAM STUMBLES TO HIS FEET.**

So nice to finally meet you face to face, Adam.

ADAM: Huh? Hi. Hello?

COLFUGA: Bit of a fall, isn't it? How's your head?

ADAM: Haven't had any complaints.

COLFUGA: Splendid. I'm Colfuga. I'll be running this interview today, is that alright?

ADAM: Where am I?

COLFUGA: Hell. You must've read a sign on your way down.

ADAM: No no, sorry. I mean this room. Where are we? (BEAT)  
How did I fall through the ceiling?

COLFUGA: I believe I'll be the one asking questions.

ADAM: There's no hole up there or anything—

COLFUGA: Alright, let's not delay. I've got your CV here. This is going to be a short interview then we can get to work. How does that sound?

ADAM: I still don't know where... Okay. Right. Interview. Hello, my name's Adam, and I'm a recent graduate and I've got a bunch of skills under my belt from my degree along with a placement I did in my second year and I'm—

COLFUGA: Yeah, great, whatever. I don't want to hear all that. You've got the job.

ADAM: I'd say my biggest weakness is when I'm working on... Whuh?

COLFUGA: You've got the job. You're hired.

ADAM: I just got here. Fell here. What are you talking about?

COLFUGA: Adam, I'll be a little candid. We've been trying to fill this position for far too long. I'm sick of these stupid interviews. If you showed up, you got it.

ADAM: We didn't even talk about... things. Experience. I dunno.

COLFUGA: Oh, please. The people that came through here. Could've fertilized half the world with the amount of bullshit they spewed. You got a pulse?

ADAM: If shock hasn't gotten to me, yes.

COLFUGA: Great. You're in.

ADAM: (PAUSE) This isn't a joke, is it?

COLFUGA: The only joke was all the applications we got before yours.

ADAM: You're serious? I got the job?

COLFUGA: That was only funny the first time, come on.

ADAM: Serious you're serious?

COLFUGA: Alright, keep this up I'm gonna change my mind.

**ADAM STARTS LAUGHING IN DISBELIEF.**

ADAM: I've got a job?

COLFUGA: Yes Adam.

ADAM: I'm employed?!

COLFUGA: Yes, Adam.

ADAM: I'm employed. I'm— I'm employed!

**COLFUGA SNAPS HIS FINGERS. A SCROLL  
AND QUILL APPEAR IN FRONT OF ADAM.**

COLFUGA: Just sign your name here and we can get started.

ADAM: What's this?

COLFUGA: Employee contract. Standard procedure.

**ADAM SIGNS WITHOUT READING.**

Fantastic. You'll do just fine.

**COLFUGA SNAPS HIS FINGERS. THE  
SCROLL DISAPPEARS.**

**PAUSE.**

ADAM: Er... You know, this might be a silly question?

COLFUGA: Yes?

ADAM: What actually is my job?

COLFUGA: Marketing.

ADAM: Right. Yeah. The receptionist said that. What's the actual job, though?

COLFUGA: You know, marketing. Didn't you read up on the position?

ADAM: The best answer I got from a recruiter about a position was that they had pizza parties.

COLFUGA: It's marketing. I don't understand what else you need to know.

ADAM: You know, what kind of work am I doing? My degree isn't based in marketing. I'll admit that. The recruiter guy says I'm perfect for it but I really don't see that.

COLFUGA: Well, look, it's marketing—

ADAM: See that's the problem I've always had? I never know if I'm qualified for something. Like, I threw out a bunch of applications for anything and everything but even then I'd read all the requirements and think I'm not good enough—

COLFUGA: Oh I've had enough of this.

ADAM: No no, no. I'll shut up I won't talk anymore. I talk a lot. I know I talk a lot. I'm sorry.

COLFUGA: Enjoy the job, Adam.

**COLFUGA PULLS A LEVER. A TRAP DOOR IN THE MIDDLE OF THE ROOM OPENS.**

**ADAM LAUGHS A LITTLE.**

ADAM: Come on. After dealing with that up in reception do you think I'm going to fall for the *extremely* obvious trap door in the middle of the room—

**COLFUGA PULLS ANOTHER LEVER. A SECOND, HIDDEN TRAP DOOR OPENS, WHICH ADAM IS STANDING DIRECTLY ON.**

**ADAM PLUMMETS AGAIN, SCREAMING.**

**SCENE 5**

**FADE IN THE CITY OF DIS, CAPITAL OF HELL. SOUNDS OF CITY TRAFFIC, MILDLY ANNOYED CROWDS, AND OTHER URBAN CHAOS. IMAGINE THE SPEED OF LONDON IN 2020 WITH SANITATION FROM 1820. ALSO DEMONS, BUT I ALREADY SAID LONDON. IT'S MORNING, BUT THAT CHANGES NOTHING.**

**ADAM SCREAMS LESS AND LESS, BECOMING MORE IRRITATED AT THE NOTION OF FALLING THAN SCARED.**

ADAM: (LOW) God, if you can hear me, please make this fall less painful than the last one.

**ADAM CRASHES INTO THE MIDDLE OF A BUSY ROAD. HE BEGINS TO STAND SLIGHTLY DAZED, BUT MORE ANNOYED THIS HAPPENED TWICE.**

I guess God can't hear you down here. (BEAT) Of course He wouldn't. Of course He wouldn't, idiot!

(ADAM/CONT'D OVER)

**A TAXI HONKS ANGRILY AT HIM. ADAM  
SCREAMS AND TRIES TO DODGE HIS WAY  
OUT OF THE ROAD.**

ADAM (CONT'D): Sorry, sorry! Sorry!

TAXI DRIVER: Watch where you're going, dickhead!

ADAM: I've been trying to! Believe me!

**THE TAXI SCREECHES OFF. MORE CARS  
TRY SWERVING AROUND ADAM AS HE  
CLAMBERS TO THE PAVEMENT.**

**THE PAVEMENT IS UNREASONABLY BUSY.  
ADAM TAKES A SECOND TO CATCH HIS  
BREATH. HE BUMPS INTO A PEDESTRIAN.**

ADAM: Sorry. Sorry!

PEDESTRIAN: Who do you think you are?

ADAM: Adam?

PEDESTRIAN: Don't sound sure of that.

ADAM: Can you help me out? Where am I?

PEDESTRIAN: In my way, clearly.

ADAM: No no no no no. Please, please. I'm looking for... I don't know what I'm looking for.

PEDESTRIAN: Me too. Doesn't make you special.

ADAM: I just need some help—

**THE PEDESTRIAN STORMS OFF.**

**ADAM CONTINUES TO TRY DODGING THROUGH THE CROWD, MOSTLY FAILING. HE APOLOGISES TO ANYONE HE BUMPS INTO AND RANDOM MEMBERS OF THE CROWD INSULT OR SWEAR AT HIM IN RESPONSE.**

**ADAM DARTS OUT OF THE CROWD AND LEANS AGAINST A CAFE WINDOW.**

(PANTING) How are there so many people here? People. Demons. Whatever. (PAUSE) A cafe. Cafe people know things. Baristas. Them. Okay. Okay, this works.

**ADAM ENTERS THE CAFE. THE DOORBELL CHIMES AS IT OPENS. HE TAKES A SECOND TO APPRECIATE THE QUIET AFTER THE DOOR CLOSES, SIGHING.**

BARISTA: Morning.

ADAM: Hi. Yeah. Morning. (BEAT) Oh God my— Oh God!

**ADAM DESPERATELY ROOTS THROUGH HIS POCKETS.**

BARISTA: The hell are you doing?

ADAM: My mask, I'm really sorry I forgot my mask. Give me a second I'll find it I know it's in...

**ADAM STOPS LOOKING FOR HIS MASK.**

You look like someone I met.

BARISTA: Well I don't know you.

ADAM: He was a barista too. Yeah. I just met him earlier today when I was getting a coffee. Well, trying to. I've had a bit of a day, you see.

BARISTA: I don't care.

ADAM: Yeah, yeah. The slicked-back hair, lip piercing, had this stare like he wanted to walk out the door and not stop until he reached the ends of the Earth... Well, he didn't have the horns, but—

BARISTA: Look, what's your poison?

ADAM: Oh, no. No. I need directions.

BARISTA: To?

ADAM: To a company...

BARISTA: (PAUSE) Yes?

ADAM: A company.

BARISTA: If you're here to piss about this ain't a latrine mate.

ADAM: No no, I really need help here. I do. I have no idea where I am.

BARISTA: Alright, where you going?

ADAM: That's what I'm trying to explain. I have no clue.

BARISTA: So you've wandered into Dis for a laugh, is it?

ADAM: Not by choice! I was in an interview a second ago, then I fell down a hole and now I'm here!

BARISTA: For what job, then?



ADAM: That's the thing. I don't know. I kept asking and I got more questions.

BARISTA: They had to have told you something.

ADAM: Tried to ask about what I'm doing and then I got thrown down here. All they said was 'marketing'. That doesn't tell me anything—

BARISTA: Head straight south and keep to the right. Then it's the third turn, and look for the building with Forneus over it. Can't miss it.

ADAM: What's a 'forneus'?

BARISTA: *He*, arsehole, is the one regulating the Phlegethon.

ADAM: (BEAT) Nope.

BARISTA: (LOW) Oh you are useless. (NORMAL) Big whale. Steam coming off him. It's the only building in that bloody complex with a huge sign. If you're able to miss it that's more an accomplishment.

ADAM: Whale? Okay, whale. I can remember that.

BARISTA: Now please get lost. There's people here for what I'm actually paid for.

ADAM: There are? (BEAT) Oh God, sorry. Sorry! I'll leave and get going, thank you. Thank you.

**ADAM SQUEEZES BY A QUEUE OF PEOPLE  
TO LEAVE THE CAFE.**

CUSTOMER: Watch it! What's your deal?

ADAM: (TRAILING OFF) I'll tell you when I know!