

HELLGATE

Pilot

"Hell Goes to the Mall"

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WRITER'S DRAFT

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EXT. PROFESSOR HORGATHO'S LAB - NIGHT (ESTABLISHING)

Raindrops pound a puddle in front of a warehouse. There's a flickering white light coming from inside.

INT. PROFESSOR HORGATHO'S LAB - SAME TIME

ANGLE ON: The dark window of a welder's mask lights up with the finishing touches on a grand instrument of destruction.

He flips up the mask and inspects the weld. Meet HANS HORGATHO (45), assistant professor in the Department of Theoretical Demonology at Canada State University. He's power-hungry, neurotic, and crippled with self-doubt.

PROFESSOR H.

(German accent)

Behold my creation. This campus will never be the same. Or maybe it will, I don't know. But nevertheless behold!

(beat)

Fiona... Fi-ooooona... FIONA!!!

His teaching assistant FIONA (25), is texting on her phone. She's standing right next to a giant electrical switch.

FIONA

(without looking up)

Huh? What is it now Professor H.?

PROFESSOR H.

Fiona. Are you beholding? Is that too much to ask?

FIONA

I'm totally beholding Professor H., I mean wow and stuff.

Professor H. pulls a notecard out of his pocket and addresses a nearby camcorder.

ANGLE ON: CAMCORDER VIEWFINDER

PROFESSOR H.

It is finished...once the Hellgate is switched on, a portal will emerge between our world and the world of the damned. The most vile, vomitous, evil will cross into this Earthly realm to sow chaos and discord--

FIONA
Why are we doing this again?

PROFESSOR H.
Why? WHY you ask?! Your feeble little teaching assistant brain cannot comprehend the treachery we will unleash upon the entire UNIVERSE...ity, torturing every dumb dumb who stands in the way of me becoming DEPARTMENT HEAD! Does that answer your question Fiona? Fiona!

FIONA
Huh? Yeah. Now?

Fiona flips the giant switch.

PROFESSOR H.
Oh no. Oh no. What have you done? I haven't set the coordinates. The machine isn't ready!

FIONA
Like...oops.

Professor H makes a move towards the machine, but a bolt of electricity strikes him down. It's too late, the device sparks and whirs, papers fly around, lightning shoots all over the room. A portal begins to take shape.

EXT. PROFESSOR HORGATHO'S LAB - SAME TIME

Thunder cracks as the clouds above the warehouse spit an unreasonable amount of lightning.

INT. PROFESSOR HORGATHO'S LAB - BACK TO SCENE

The gelatinous, blood-red portal oozes and bubbles until it is complete. The HELLGATE speaks -- it sounds like it's improvising a lot.

HELLGATE
(clears throat)
Who is it that deems themselves worthy of summoning Hellgate?

PROFESSOR H.
It is I, Professor Hans Horgatho. I am not worthy, but I love Hell so much, it is so cool.
(MORE)

PROFESSOR H. (cont'd)
Please bestow upon me Hell's most
craven offerings, so I may rule this
university in your name.

HELLGATE
Yes, we shall unleash Hell's most
wicked sons upon thee!

(then)
Let me see what I got here. Oh here
we go. First! I give to you a demon
who always knows where the nearest
vat of frosting is. From the umm
fattest part of Hell I give you BIG
FAT RON!!

A mobility scooter emerges through the Hellgate carrying BIG
FAT RON (29). He spills over his scooter like one of those
fat twins in the Guinness Book of World Records. The ice in
his giant refillable cup sloshes around and he's forever
smoking a cigarette. He sounds like Jesse Ventura.

BIG FAT RON
I NEED GUMMY THINGS.

PROFESSOR H.
If I wanted a Big Fat Ron I could've
just hung out at Baja Fresh. Are you
for serious right now?

HELLGATE
Hellgate is totally for serious
right now bro. Next up is a lady who
is damned to clean level 14 of Hell,
the third dirtiest floor in the Hell
building. She's sorta like a witch
on drugs or something.

PROFESSOR H.
Ooh, now we're talking.

HELLGATE
I give unto you Cashandra.

CASHANDRA (34 going on 50), a kleptomaniac tweaker, bursts
through as if someone on the other side shoved her.

CASH
Hey, what gives? Not cool Hellgate.
Oh Big Fat Ron's here, hell yeah.
What up BFR? Give me a drag.

Cash takes a drag off Ron's cigarette.

PROFESSOR H.

Let's put a pin in the demon reveals
for a moment until--

HELLGATE

Nobody puts a pin in Hellgate except
Hellgate's mom sometimes. Umm let's
see who else is nearby. Oh yes here
we go.

(clears throat)

Here's something so annoying even
Hell doesn't want him. He makes Jar
Jar Binks look like James Bond. I
deliver unto you a pink ball of
evil. Chum Chum.

PROFESSOR H.

Chum Chum?

CHUM CHUM (age unknown) rolls through the portal. He's like
a bright pink Mogwai with hundreds of dirty teeth.

CHUM CHUM

Chum Chum go kluuuuuuurbeee!

PROFESSOR H.

Oh come on H.G., isn't there a
serial killer or something? I'd even
take a cop.

Hellgate shoots lightning throughout the lab.

HELLGATE

Quit complaining or I'll lightning
you in the balls. These next two
total demons died when their
helicopter crashed into their yacht.
I give unto you, Eric and Patsy
Crawford!

ERIC (52) and PATSY (40) saunter through the portal as if
it's a cocktail party. Eric is in khaki shorts, a red polo
shirt and transition lenses. Patsy is in a sheer white
dress, bikini underneath, sunglasses, and a giant sun hat.

ERIC

What's that smell?

PATSY

Poors. Ugh, I forgot how much I hate
Earth.

PROFESSOR H.

Umm, Hellgate, excuse me, maybe I can cross into Hell and do a little looking around myself?

HELLGATE

Shut up. You get what you get, it's a Friday. And finally, I present to you the High Commander of Hell's Navy, who once stole the Lord of Lies' VCR and died to tell about it. I present to you Admiral Felony Mugustus!

MUGUSTUS (MEW-GUST-US) hovers through, feet never touching the ground. Finally a truly frightening character: black holes for eyes, a metal plate nailed over their mouth, they're wearing a tight black leather corset with a hole in the stomach that accentuates a large pulsating wound. A serpent, SKULLSNAKE, darts in and out of Mugustus's empty eye sockets.

Professor Horgatho breathes a sigh of relief.

PROFESSOR H.

Phew. Finally, now this is what I was talking about everybody, a true Hellbeast.

Then Mugustus speaks through the wound on its stomach.

MUGUSTUS

(sounds just like
Leslie Jordan)

Hey hey, what's up y'all?

PROFESSOR H.

What in Christ? Excuse me Hellgate. Can I speak to your supervisor?

HELLGATE

That's it! Hellgate's on break!

The bubbling red goo of the Hellgate goes calm as the Hellions gather together and stare at Professor H. Fiona snaps a selfie with everyone in the background.

FIONA

Oh god, I can already feel the rush from the DMS.

Professor H. paces back and forth in front of the group.

PROFESSOR H.

Hmmm. Community college here I come.
So you guys are supposed to be
demons?

CASH

Psshhh, I'm demonic as Hell. I'll
pee in your eyes for fun. Hot pee
too. Tell him Big Fat Ron.

BIG FAT RON

FUNNEL CAKE!

ERIC

Oh you don't think we're evil
enough? Check this out.

Eric pulls up his shirt to reveal he has beautiful eyes
where his nipples should be.

ERIC (cont'd)

Patsy.

Patsy whips off her sunglasses. Eric's nipples are where her
eyes should be.

PATSY

Ta da! Now, am I gonna get my steps
in or what?

PROFESSOR H.

Listen, I summoned you here because
tomorrow I go before the tenure
committee, where I will wow them
with my Hellgate video that I still
have to edit, and you will use your
Hell powers to frighten them into
giving me tenure for eternity!

MUGUSTUS

We don't really have great Hell
powers, but you did summon us so we
shall do your bidding. Rules are
rules?

Everyone halfheartedly agrees.

PROFESSOR H.

I got totally ripped off by my own
Hellgate. My life is over, I finally
know how Jared Fogle feels.

CHUM CHUM
Chum Chum need stab.

FIONA
Awww, I love Chum Chum.

PROFESSOR H.
There'll be plenty of time to stab
later in the week Chum Chum.
Everyone rest up, and tomorrow you
shall receive super evil...
MAKEOVERS!!!

INT. MALL - NEXT DAY

Professor H., Fiona, and the Hellions walk through the mall.

PROFESSOR H.
I order you to pick out some nice
new scary outfits for yourselves.
Fiona will help you all find
something that accentuates your
unique brand of evilness. It's
probably best if we start here, the
most demonic store in the entire
mall...

They stop. Go wide to reveal store signage.

PROFESSOR H. (cont'd)
Hot Topic!

The Hellions are not interested. They split off in different
directions.

PROFESSOR H. (cont'd)
Hey, wheres you going? They have so
many Slipknot shirts in here. Okay
meets me back here in one hour
sharp. We can't be late. Remember to
steal stuff and maim people in the
name of Mastema.

Fiona walks away as well, still fixated with her phone.

PROFESSOR H. (cont'd)
FIONA! do you want anything from
Sbarro?

FIONA
Why don't you Sbarro this.

She flips him off without looking up from her phone.

INT. MALL - MOMENTS LATER

Big Fat Ron sniffs the air, Chum Chum on his shoulder.

BIG FAT RON
My lifeblood. It is near!

BFR shifts his scooter into high gear, speeding through the mall. He drives right through a kiosk of phone cases, then in and out of a clothing store, blouses fly as he rips through clothing racks. He sees a SECURITY GUARD up ahead.

SECURITY GUARD
(voice cracking)
Excuse me sir, there's no smoking in the mall.

Big Fat Ron runs him over, throws the scooter in reverse, and runs over him again.

BIG FAT RON
Excuse me sir, there's no being alive in the mall.

CHUM CHUM
Chum Chum take face.

Chum Chum hops onto the security guard's face and begins gnawing around. A horrified crowd gathers. A LITTLE BOY watches. He tugs on his MOM's sleeve.

LITTLE BOY
Mom, I want to eat someone's face.

MOM
Not right now, honey.

INT. MALL - CINNABON - MOMENTS LATER

TWO WORKERS stand behind the counter as Big Fat Ron rams right into the glass case, breaking it open. He reaches through and grabs Cinnabon after Cinnabon.

BIG FAT RON
Come here so I can lick the Cinnabon off you.

He grabs one of the workers, starts licking. Then he looks at the other worker, a portly fellow himself.

BIG FAT RON (cont'd)

Hmmmm...

Fiona enters, taking video selfies of the chaos.

FIONA

Hashtag mall life bitches.

INT. MALL - BRADS OFFICE SUPPLY - MOMENTS LATER

Cashandra rushes inside an office supply store and walks up to a FEMALE EMPLOYEE in a red apron.

EMPLOYEE

Can I help you find something today?

CASH

Air duster.

EMPLOYEE

Aisle twelve.

CASH

Do I look like I know what numbers are shaped like?

EMPLOYEE

Umm, right this way.

INT. MALL - BRADS OFFICE SUPPLY - AISLE 12 - MOMENTS LATER

EMPLOYEE

Here they are.

Cash grabs a bottle of air duster and takes a big ole drag off of it. This has a reverse-Popeye effect, she's now completely useless and incoherent. She looks in the eyes of the employee and is startled.

CASH

Whoa! Who are you? A chef? What've you done to me?

EMPLOYEE

Is there anything else I can help you with?

CASH

(choked up)

My gerbils never came home.

EMPLOYEE
I'm sorry to hear that.

Cash lays down on the floor. She looks around the aisle, sees pencils, Post-it notes, binder clips, etc. She visualizes the employee wearing a fiendish costume made out of all these office supplies. She takes another drag off the air duster and bolts up, ready to work.

CASH
I'm the smart.

Fiona is once again surreptitiously recording all this.

FIONA
Amazeeeee.

INT. MALL - SUNGLASSICS KIOSK - LATER

Eric and Patsy are trying on sunglasses.

PATSY
What about these?

ERIC
(without looking)
So good honey. You should get those.

PATSY
Hmm, what about these ones?

ERIC
So good honey. You should get those.

The STORE CLERK comes to assist them.

STORE CLERK
Hi there, we have a buy one get the second pair forty-percent off going on right now?

PATSY
Eww. Does it look like we need a sale?

ERIC
We'll be paying double thank you very much. Do you have any glasses for eye nipples?

STORE CLERK
Huh?

ERIC
Geez, am I the only one around here
with eye nipples?

Eric lifts up his shirt to the store clerk. The clerk stares at the eye nipples for a long moment. They stare back. Back and forth...back and forth...then one eye nipple winks.

The store clerk quietly presses an emergency button underneath the counter.

STORE CLERK
Ummmmmmmmmmmmmm, I'm sure we could
make something work.
(re: Patsy)
Do you have eyes for nipples too?

PATSY
No you perv. I have nipples for
eyes.

She removes her sunglasses.

PATSY (cont'd)
God I hate employees. Y. U. K.

Fiona is checking herself out in a new pair of sunglasses. She's doing another video with Eric and Patsy in the BG.

INT. MALL - HATS STORE - LATER

Mugustus walks into Hats, a store with everything from formal hats to novelty hats. WORKER #1 faints. Mugustus is proud.

MUGUSTUS
Oh my gosh I'm so scary I love it.

Worker #2 steps forward as Mugustus tries on a fedora.

MUGUSTUS (cont'd)
Does this make me look weird?

WORKER #2
Fedoras are kinda for incels.

MUGUSTUS
Gross, I hate incels, they're all
over Hell now. Could you recommend a
hat?

WORKER #2

Sure, why don't you tell me a little about yourself and what occasions you might find yourself wearing a hat?

MUGUSTUS

Well, I'm Admiral Felony Mugustus Commander of Hell's Navy. This is my first time walking the Earth in over four-thousand years...

As Worker #1 comes to we INTER CUT with gruesome animations of the torture Mugustus describes.

MUGUSTUS (V.O.)

Fun fact, for the past two-thousand years I was skinned alive and then dipped in a salt water bath on an hourly basis, while miniature eye beetles slowly chomped away at my delicious eyes. I felt every tiny bite. It was like, ow, you know?

BACK TO SCENE:

Worker #1 comes to and stands up.

MUGUSTUS

Ooh, and double fun fact, a snake lives in my head.

Skullsnake juts out of Mugustus's right eye socket, wiggles its tongue "hello" and then darts back in through the left socket. Worker #1 faints once again.

MUGUSTUS (cont'd)

(chipper)

And I guess I want a hat to, ya know, let people know I'm fun, but still quite evil.

Worker #2 just stares at Mugustus. Mugustus starts shoving hats into her stomach's mouth like crackers.

MUGUSTUS (cont'd)

Sorry, I eat when I'm nervous.

Fiona, hiding behind mannequins, takes another video.

INT. MALL - OUTSIDE HOT TOPIC - LATER

Professor H. is waiting for the gang to reunite, holding a Hot Topic bag. He checks his watch.

PROFESSOR H.

I know Hell may be a timeless void,
but the tenure committee is not.
Where are my worthless Hellions?
Fiona, you have betrayed me for the
last time!

POV of Professor H - He looks to his left: People are screaming, crying, alarms are going off. Then he looks to his right: security guards running towards the chaos. Then straight ahead: the mall kiosks are in shambles. He can't piece together that his Hellions are the ones responsible.

END of POV

PROFESSOR H. (cont'd)

My demons are totally worthless.
Regular mall people are more evil
than my Hellions.

(very sad)

Hellgate was supposed to make me
happy.

Prof. H. sulks away.

EXT. TENURE COMMITTEE HEADQUARTERS - LATER (ESTABLISHING)

Professor H. wheels a TV cart into a very collegiate-looking brick building.

INT. TENURE COMMITTEE HEADQUARTERS

Reveal of the nine-person TENURE COMMITTEE. It's an intimidating set-up, like a Supreme Court of stuffy academics.

Professor H. wheels the squeaky TV cart into place. He is wearing a tweed jacket with elbow patches over a new Slipknot t-shirt.

COMMITTEE MEMBER #1

Before we turn it over to you for
your presentation. We have some
questions regarding your tenure
file.

PROFESSOR H.

Yes, please ask away. I am an open book.

COMMITTEE MEMBER #2

We noticed you have not been published in any peer-review journals.

PROFESSOR H.

I have published many spells and incantations, but it is impossible for a peer to review my work since I have no peers. I am peerless in my discipline. Thank you next question.

COMMITTEE MEMBER #3

Yes, half of your file is pictures of you at Burning Man. And you listed Burning Man as one of the conferences where you've spoken.

PROFESSOR H.

Every year I go to the Burning Man with my fellow Satanists and on the last night I summon the dance demons for an all-night dance party. It's common demonology practice.

COMMITTEE MEMBER #3

I see.

COMMITTEE MEMBER #4

It also says you have been working on a project called Hellgate since you were three years old and yet there has been no progress reports and nothing published?

Professor H. starts digging through his briefcase, buying time.

PROFESSOR H.

Yes, it's funny you bring that up, I guess you do deserve an explanation after all. And I have that explanation right here in my brief--
(finds the DVD)

BEHOLD!

Professor H. holds up a DVD as if it was Simba. The DVD has "Hellgate" scrawled on it in sharpie.

PROFESSOR H. (cont'd)
 Fiona. The diapers please. Oops,
 sorry, thought my teaching assistant
 Fiona was here, but I just
 remembered she betrayed me.

Professor H. starts handing out diapers to the tenure
 committee.

PROFESSOR H. (cont'd)
 You may want to put these on, I
 don't know, you probably won't need
 them since my Hellions aren't here
 in person, they're very tired from
 traveling all the way from Hell.
 (re: the dvd)
 Now let's see, what input is this
 on? I want HDMI 3.

COMMITTEE MEMBER #5
 I think it's on composite, there's a
 button on the side.

Professor H. scrolls through the inputs.

PROFESSOR H.
 Composite, Antenna, S-video, HDMI 1,
 2, and 3! Voila! Do you like my DVD
 menu? Pretty scary right? Okay
 buckle up your loosey-goosey
 buttocks tenure committee.

ANGLE ON: THE TV CART as the DVD BEGINS. It plays a cheesy
 MONTAGE:

INT. PROFESSOR HORGATHO'S LAB - NIGHT (ON SCREEN)

The Professor is pretending to screw in a screw. He turns to
 the camera and whispers...

PROFESSOR H.
 Hellgate.

EXT. ROAD - DAY (ON SCREEN)

Professor H. is driving his 2011 Hyundai Sonata.

EXT./INT - ROAD/SONATA - CONTINUOUS (ON SCREEN)

The Professor turns to the camera in the passenger seat.

PROFESSOR H.
Hellgate.

INT. PROFESSOR HORGATHO'S LAB - NIGHT (ON SCREEN)

The camera is on Fiona as she eats a salad.

FIONA
(begrudgingly)
Hellgate. There, I said it.

Professor H. then quickly moves in front of the lens.

PROFESSOR H.
Hellgate.

INT. TENURE COMMITTEE HEADQUARTERS - SAME TIME

The tenure committee is giggling to themselves, looking at each other in disbelief. Just as Hellgate begins to form in the video, the committee members are distracted by their phones vibrating in unison.

HELLGATE (O.S.)
Who is it that deems themselves
worthy of summoning Hellgate?

Professor H. waves his arms, trying to get their attention back to the screen.

PROFESSOR H.
Hello! What are you doing? Pay
attention! You're missing the
Hellgate you dumb dumbs! Let me
rewind a little.

ANGLE ON: COMMITTEE MEMBER'S PHONE: We see video of the Hellions wreaking havoc at the mall. Fiona pops up on screen.

FIONA (ON SCREEN)
Put your diapers on tenure bitches
and then turn to your left.

The committee looks up from their phones, and they all look to their left through a big window where they see the Hellions walking towards them. Several committee members quickly grab their diapers and start putting them on.

EXT. CAMPUS - SAME TIME

The Hellions are doing one of those awesome slow-motion walks in their new outfits. They look badass!

Big Fat Ron is in an ill-fitting Cinnabon uniform.

Cashandra is in a super-shitty-looking costume and crown made from office supplies, nothing like she imagined on the "Brads" employee.

Eric is bare-chested with a pair of sunglasses over his eye nipples.

Patsy has a new pair of glasses that magnify and accentuate her nipple eyes.

Chum Chum is wearing the face of the security guard and a security badge.

Mugustus is wearing a foam trucker hat that says "My Other Hat is Your Mom." Skullsnake slithers out of her eye long enough to see he's wearing a tiny fedora.

And leading the pack is Fiona, looking at her phone, letting the likes wash over her.

INT. TENURE COMMITTEE HEADQUARTERS - CONTINUOUS

The slow-motion immediately speeds up to BOOM! Big Fat Ron breaks through the window on his scooter and the Hellions come barreling in behind.

PROFESSOR H.

Hey guys, I'm kind of in the middle of trying to prove my Hellgate works-- wait a second.

(to committee)

I give unto you fresh from the flames of the abyss...my Hellions!

The Hellions take turns making their case for the Professor.

MUGUSTUS

Listen up tenure nerds. You need to give this man his tenure or we'll do Hell stuff.

ERIC

Check this out...

(MORE)

ERIC (cont'd)

(beat)

Hold on, wait for the lenses to transition.

The lenses slowly transition to reveal Eric's eye-nipples, and after seeing Patsy's nipple-eyes, they quickly look down.

PATSY

I see you looking at my chest, but my nipples are up here.

Cash takes a drag off the air duster, then addresses the committee.

CASH

LISTEN! CHEESE ISN'T A CANDLE, YOU GOT THAT?!?! I'll put all your precious books in a washing machine. Every last one of 'em. I don't care.

COMMITTEE MEMBER #6

Not my books!

PROFESSOR H.

So I wasn't able to calibrate the machine exactly how I wanted, that's why some of these--

BIG FAT RON

Hey professor -- SHUT UP and watch this.

Big Fat Ron opens his mouth wide. The committee is on edge waiting to see what happens. Fresh, hot onion rings start pouring out of his mouth like coins from a slot machine.

BIG FAT RON (cont'd)

Help yourself. If you dare!

COMMITTEE MEMBER #6

Are those onion rings? They smell incredible.

BIG FAT RON

They are incredible. I made them in my stomach kitchen. I'll make ketchup now.

COMMITTEE MEMBER #7

(re: Chum Chum)

And who's this little fella?

Chum Chum cutely crawls onto the committee's table. He skips over to number SEVEN, slowly slides off the face he was wearing, and looks him in the eyes.

CHUM CHUM
Chum Chum take tongue.

COMMITTEE MEMBER #7
Excuse me?

Chum Chum shoves his hand into Seven's mouth and yanks out their tongue. The rest of the committee applauds wildly.

COMMITTEE MEMBER #4
With this stamp that clearly reads
"ACCEPTED" we hereby grant you
tenure. Nothing you can do can get
you fired from this university.
Congratulations.

INSERT: THE "ACCEPTED" STAMP HITS THE TENURE APPLICATION.

MUGUSTUS
Great job everybody, we did it.
We're totally a really scary bunch
of demons.

PROFESSOR H.
(choked up)
I have worked so long for this. Come
here my Hellions. Group hug.

Before the Hellions can gather Ron begins spraying a stream of hot ketchup out of his mouth like a firehose. Professor H. takes some ketchup right to the face.

PROFESSOR H. (cont'd)
This is the greatest day of my life.
Thank you Fiona. Thank you.

FIONA
Whatever. I gotta go. There's a
"Bones" marathon on.

Fiona walks out as all the Hellions and the Professor embrace.

TAG

INT. PROFESSOR HORGATHO'S LAB - SAME TIME

Hellgate is back from break, and all by itself in the lab.
It's improvising a little ditty about itself.

HELLGATE

(singing)

*HELL IS AWFUL, HELL IS GREAT // HELL
HAS A DOOR CALLED HELLGATE, THAT'S
ME! // HELLGATE IS EVIL, HELLGATE IS
RAD // SUMMON ME AND I'LL SEND YOU
SOME...DEAD DADS. HMMM HMMM HMMM.*