

EXT. CAR - MOVING - DUSK

A beat-up sedan barrels down an empty highway.

The windows are wide open.

INT. CAR - MOVING - DUSK

Wind rushes through ROWAN'S hair as LOUD METAL MUSIC blares.
ROWAN(20s) drums his fingers to the beat.

An opened backpack is on the passenger's seat.

A notebook pokes out - a busy to-do list visible.

A branded university lanyard is shoved into the water bottle pocket.

The speedometer climbs higher and higher.

A PHONE RINGS from the cupholder. ROWAN glances down before turning the MUSIC up to drown out the ringing.

ROWAN throws his head back, sighs exhaustedly, closing his eyes for just a moment.

Debris appears ahead.

ROWAN grabs the steering wheel with both hands.

He swerves hard.

The car lurches

It spins out of control as he tries to overcorrect.

The beat drop of the song hits as the barrier rushes towards him.

CRASH.

White light. Disorienting flashes.

EXT. CAR - NIGHT

Quiet sirens are heard.

Garbled music plays from the crashed sedan.

The image begins to FADE TO BLACK.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. HELL INTAKE TUNNEL - DAY

A long dark red brick tunnel is lined with glowing orange lanterns. A heavy metal double door blocks off one end.

ROWAN appears abruptly, disoriented. He stumbles, then steadies himself.

ROBOTIC VOICE (O.S.)

Applicant number, - [GARBLED STATIC] - Please proceed to kiosk -
four

TITLE CARD: **Error 404**

INT. HELL FILING ROOM - DAY

ALARMS blare.

VIRTUS(30s-40s) is frantically flipping through papers.

BOB(30s-40s) enters calmly, he motions with his hand abruptly silencing the ALARMS.

VIRTUS turns his head, startled.

VIRTUS

(frantically) Everything is under control. I will find the file.
Don't even worry.

VIRTUS chuckles in embarrassment, dropping another thick stack of files onto the desk and flipping through them.

BOB

We both know this isn't a paperwork issue anymore, Virtus.

VIRTUS looks up in horror.

BOB (CONT.)

Even if the file exists, you'll always be too late. He's already here.

VIRTUS

I can still-

VIRTUS trails off, dropping the remaining files, he inhales sharply standing up.

BOB

(authoritatively) You know the plan. We execute.

VIRTUS nods vigorously, standing up and grabbing his staff lanyard from the desk.

BOB (CONT.)

We will play our cards right. Hell has no use for incompetence.
Does it now?

VIRTUS

Of course not, Bob. I won't mess this up.

VIRTUS hurries for the door

BOB

(Under his breath) You already did.

VIRTUS

Huh?

BOB

We'll be waiting in the office. The King will want to meet the
Error.

(beat)

If you make it before he's processed I will personally approve
your raise.

VIRTUS' face flashes with shock as he sprints out of the room

CUT TO:

INT. HELL INTAKE TUNNEL - DAY

ROWAN looks around in confusion, glancing at his hands and checking his empty pockets.

He approached the door and bangs on it loudly.

ROWAN

(yelling) Is anybody there?

ROWAN'S voice echoes in the silence. He turns around staring down the long tunnel. He gives another half-hearted knock on the door.

ROBOTIC VOICE (O.S.)

Applicant number, - [GARBLED STATIC] - Please proceed to kiosk -
four

ROWAN swivels around looking for the source of the voice. He takes a deep breath

ROWAN

(attempting to reassure himself) This is fine. This is a dream.
I'm fine.

He cautiously walks down the tunnel.

After a while the tunnel opens up into a larger room, five turnstile-like stations block the path. Multiple metal bars block access to move further, impossible to jump over. The screen of the fourth station from the right is lit up.

ROBOTIC VOICE

Number - [GARBLED STATIC] - Cause of Death - Vehicular Accident
- Time of Death - Eleven - thirty - seven - PM

The same text appears on the display. ROWAN flinches, terrified as he processes that he's dead.

ROBOTIC VOICE (CONT.)

Number - [GARBLED STATIC] - Please place your completed
documentation into the slot

A green light illuminates on the machine around a slot. The words 'Please place your completed documentation into the slot' flash on the screen.

ROWAN checks his pockets once more, finding them empty.

He attempts to push on the bars, but the door doesn't turn.

ROWAN

I don't have-

ROBOTIC VOICE

Number - [GARBLED STATIC] - please place your completed
documentation into the slot

ROWAN

(exasperated) I said I don't have any documentation. I don't
know what you want from me

ROBOTIC VOICE

(Glitching) Number - [GARBLED STATIC] - Please place - [STATIC]
- into the slot. Please - [STATIC] - slot - [STATIC] - place -
[STATIC] - Error - Documentation not found. Initiate error
protocol - [STATIC]

The machine screen begins to fill with 404 error pop ups
covering the text that says "please insert documentation".

The screen distorts, static obscuring any readable text.

The slot glows red.

ROWAN panics, stepping back and preparing to run.

The machine screen abruptly clears, flashing green and PINGS
approvingly.

LESS ROBOTIC VOICE

Welcome - Rowan

(beat)

Please insert your hand into the scanner to finalize the
onboarding process.

A larger slot opens up in the machine, BEEPING softly.