

EXCERPT FROM "A CHRISTMAS CAROL PART II - REQUIEM AETERNAM

Written by

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Based on the characters from Charles Dickens' "A Christmas Carol"

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EXT. ALLEY BEHIND CRATCHIT'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Scrooge steps into the alley behind Cratchit's house and sees Belphegor and Abaddon. Belphegor sits propped against a wall, blood pooling out from a massive wound on his stomach. Abaddon lies on his back a few feet away, bleeding badly, barely alive.

BELPHEGOR

Oh, look who it is! Fucking Hermes himself.

Belphegor spits a wad of blood onto the ground.

BELPHEGOR (CONT'D)

Y'know, you move pretty fast for an old guy. You hoping they bring back the Olympiad or something?

ABADDON

(weakly)

Heard a rumor ... they were gonna try ... after the turn of the century.

BELPHEGOR

Oh, yeah? Well ...

(looks down at his wound)

Too bad we won't be around to see it. Those lower demons love betting on sports. I coulda made a killing.

Scrooge kneels down in front of Belphegor.

SCROOGE

What happened here?

BELPHEGOR

You are aware that if we die in the mortal world, that's it for us, right? We go off to fucking oblivion.

SCROOGE

What ... happened?

BELPHEGOR

Whaddya think happened, genius? Abby and I tried to stop Molech from taking the kid.

ABADDON

(weakly)

Don't call me Abby, fuckface.

BELPHEGOR

Only between Abaddon's busted wing
and my ... less-than-well-
maintained physique ... we didn't
stand a chance against the big
bastard, even if he is down to one
arm.

Mrs. Dilber steps into the alley and looks over the scene.

MRS. DILBER

Good heavens. What a bloody mess.

BELPHEGOR

Y'know, we probably could've
stopped Molech if we'd all worked
together. Why'd you go running off
like that?

SCROOGE

It was my understanding of the
situation that you intended to do
me grave harm.

BELPHEGOR

What made you think that?

SCROOGE

You told me you were going to ...
tear my heart out through my
asshole.

BELPHEGOR

Well, what did you expect, fuckwad?
You blew off my goddamn horn! I was
pissed! This might come as a shock
to you, but demons have pretty
short fuckin' fuses.

SCROOGE

Are we too late? Has Molech already
transferred his soul into the boy?

Belphegor sighs and leans his head against the wall.

BELPHEGOR

Probably not yet. First he's gotta
take the kid to a particular place,
then there's a whole ceremony
involved ...

SCROOGE

Where? Where has Molech taken Tiny
Tim?

BELPHEGOR
"Tiny Tim?" That's the kid's name?
Oh, fuck me. That is just perfect.

SCROOGE
Where?

ABADDON
(weakly)
The cemetery.

SCROOGE
A cemetery? Which one?

Abaddon is too weak to respond.

SCROOGE (CONT'D)
There must be dozens of cemeteries
in and around London. I say again,
which one?

ABADDON
(with great effort)
You know the one.
(beat)
You've been there.

SCROOGE
I have?

BELPHEGOR
Oh, yeah. Right. A year ago. That
lanky motherfucker took you there
to show you what would happen if
you didn't "change your ways."

SCROOGE
The Ghost of Christmas Yet to Come?
Is this the ... lanky motherfucker
of whom you speak?

BELPHEGOR
Uh-huh. Abaddon saw you guys
through the portal. Ain't that
right, Abby?

Abaddon doesn't answer, his strength about to give out.

BELPHEGOR (CONT'D)
Yeah. He said old Christmas Future
gave you a vision of your own
grave. Said you damn near pissed
yourself when you saw your name on
the tombstone!

Belphegor begins to laugh while Scrooge looks off in fear.

BELPHEGOR (CONT'D)

And, hey! Now it looks like that vision is actually gonna come true! You and the little cripple boy are gonna die tonight! Who knew?!

Belphegor laughs harder. Even Abaddon, in his weakened state, manages to let out a chuckle. Then Abaddon's head turns to the side, the life gone out from his eyes.

Belphegor's laugh turns into a coughing fit. He hocks up a clot of blood.

BELPHEGOR (CONT'D)

Oh, shit. That's not good.

SCROOGE

(to Mrs. Dilber)

We must go to this cemetery immediately. It is the only chance we have of saving poor Tim.

BELPHEGOR

(weakly)

Why bother? If me and Abby couldn't stop Molech, what makes you think ... you ... c--

Belphegor slides sideways down the wall and lies dead. Scrooge stands and looks over the fallen demons.

Cratchit enters the alley.

CRATCHIT

Sweet merciful heavens. These ... these are the two demons who attempted to stop Molech?

SCROOGE

The very same.

CRATCHIT

Did they tell you anything? Do they know where to find Tiny Tim?

Scrooge nods, his eyes fixed on Belphegor.

CRATCHIT (CONT'D)

Then what are we waiting for? We must go at once!

Scrooge hesitates. Mrs. Dilber puts a hand on his arm.

MRS. DILBER
Maybe Mr. Cratchit and I oughta
take this one, sir. You've done
enough tonight.

Scrooge looks down at Belphegor for another beat.

SCROOGE
No. No, I must see this through. No
matter the cost.

He looks away from the slain demon and refocuses.

SCROOGE (CONT'D)
The burial ground they spake of is
Havelock Cemetery in Southall. The
horse outside can take two riders.
If we leave now, we should arrive
at Havelock not long after Molech.
Mrs. Dilber? You shall accompany
me. Bob, stay here and be with your
children.

CRATCHIT
Stay here? Are you mad? I'll not
stay behind. I have to rescue my
boy and find my wife!

SCROOGE
It's too dangerous, Bob.

CRATCHIT
To hell with danger! This is my
family!

SCROOGE
And should you meet your end this
night, what becomes of the rest of
your family? Would you have your
children consigned to spend the
remainder of their youth in an
orphanage? Is that what you want?

CRATCHIT
I'm going, Ebenezer. Nothing you
can say will stop me.

MRS. DILBER
Mr. Scrooge? Bob is right. It's his
decision, not yours. The two of you
should ride to the cemetery
together. I'll follow on foot.
Southall's not that far. I'll be
right behind ya'.

Scrooge looks back and forth between Cratchit and Mrs. Dilber.

SCROOGE

Very well, then. Let us away.

Cratchit and Mrs. Dilber turn and walk back into the house.

SCROOGE (CONT'D)

(to himself)

And may God be with us all.