

INT. BASEMENT. NIGHT.

A match is lit over a pentagram. Incense burns. A man kneels on the floor of a dark room. Latin words echo. A flash of darkness. A figure appears. Hushed words exchanged. Blood drops onto a contract. Darkness again.

TITLE: THE LONG AND MOST TRAGIC LIFE OF GEORGE CLARK

EXT. OPEN FIELD. DAY.

GEORGE (late 20s) is standing alone in a wide, open field. He impatiently looks around. There is a noise behind him and he turns. MARLOWE now stands there. He is eating an apple.

MARLOWE

What?

GEORGE

You should show me more courtesy
demon, for

I am your mast-

MARLOWE

No, you're not. You're a human I made
a deal with a few years ago.

GEORGE

Watch your tongue, demon. You are not
here to speak unto me in such a
manner.

MARLOWE

(irritably)

You're right, I'm here because you
summoned me.. What do you want?

GEORGE

More. I want more.

MARLOWE arches an eyebrow.

GEORGE

(cont.)

I want wealth, as well as longevity.
All the riches of the world. I wan-

MARLOWE
Yeah, that's not gunna happen. Deal's signed.

GEORGE
(angrily)
But I demand it, I demand it!

MARLOWE
Sorry pal. One desire per contract,
one contract per person.

GEORGE
Then this was your choice!

GEORGE withdraws a flintlock pistol and points it at MARLOWE.

MARLOWE
(unimpressed)
Woah, you need a hobby mate.

GEORGE
Give me what I desire Hellspawn, or I
shall send you back to whence you
came.

GEORGE cocks the pistol and grins. MARLOWE smiles, bemused.

MARLOWE
Riight. Cya then!

He tosses his apple to GEORGE, who reacts to it, before firing at MARLOWE, who vanishes. GEORGE looks around and snarls.

EXT. VARIOUS. DAY.

MONTAGE of GEORGE through the years. Sometimes MARLOWE can be seen with him, sometimes not. Voices and noises are heard surrounding him.

The montage escalates until...

INT. DIVE BAR. EVENING.

GEORGE is sat at a table, staring at his glass. MARLOWE enters the bar and looks around before seeing GEORGE. He goes and sits next to him.

MARLOWE
Wotchya Georgie.

GEORGE murmurs something.

MARLOWE
(cont.)
Huh?

GEORGE
Why are you here?

MARLOWE
Well, I just thought I'd check in, see
how everlasting life is treating you.
You know, me being your immortal
servant or whatever... Plus, I really
like this bar, great gin.

MARLOWE waves his hand and a glass appears before him. GEORGE
sighs.

GEORGE
It's fine, I guess.

MARLOWE
Only fine? This was your greatest
desire, remember? What about all that
stuff we got up to during the wars, or
that fire in London?
(to himself)
Now that, that was great...

GEORGE
People died! So many people...

MARLOWE
(confused)
I mean, I guess, I just brought
marshmallows.
(beat) So what's up?)

GEORGE
I am bored. I have done everything,
and I know now that nothing remains
for me.

MARLOWE
Everything?

GEORGE nods.

MARLOWE

(cont.)

Have you performed handstand whilst tweeting and riding horse? (beat) Do you have Twitter? I forget what year we're in at the moment...

MARLOWE glances at his watch.

GEORGE

Twitter? I am no bird Marlowe.

MARLOWE laughs.

MARLOWE

Soo that's a no?

GEORGE

Of course. The feat of becoming a bird is foolish.

MARLOWE claps his hands excitedly.

MARLOWE

Excellent, so give it a go and I'll give you a shout in, ooh, say fifty years?

GEORGE

Wait, I-

GEORGE goes to speak but MARLOWE has vanished. GEORGE sighs and downs his drink.

GEORGE

(under his breath)

I miss you.

EXT. STREET. DAY.

GEORGE is sitting against a low wall, he is grizzled and unkempt. His head is in his hands, but he looks up as he hears chuckling. He sees MARLOWE leaning against a wall nearby, reading a comic.

GEORGE

(croaky)

Marlowe...?

MARLOWE notices GEORGE and discards the comic.

MARLOWE
Geez, you look like Hell.

GEORGE
Release me.

MARLOWE
I'm not even touching yo-

GEORGE
(angrily)
From the contract!
(calmer)
Please.

MARLOWE paces a bit, before turning back around. He is holding a contract.

MARLOWE
Okay let's see, true desire, blah blah
blah, eternal damnation, er, oh here
it is, terms and conditions.

His eyes scan the document.

MARLOWE
(cont.)
All deals are non-refundable. Once
enacted the contract becomes binding
and is NOT available for
reimbursement...

MARLOWE trails off, looks up. GEORGE stands up.

GEORGE
(angry and desperate)
Release me demon! Now!

MARLOWE gestures to the contract.

MARLOWE
I can't! Ts and Cs you know? Always
read the small print that's what I
always say... well, I don't actually,
you know, I AM a crossroads demon but-

As MARLOWE puts the contract away GEORGE grabs him, drawing a knife and holding it to his throat. MARLOWE raises his hands.

MARLOWE
(cont.)
Woah, woah. Really?

GEORGE
You have to, I, I can't bear it.
(beat) Please.. friend?

MARLOWE
Deal's a deal Georgie.

MARLOWE pushes GEORGE away and begins walking off.

GEORGE
My name. Isn't. Georgie!

GEORGE stabs MARLOWE in the back and steps back. Silence.
MARLOWE slowly turns around and pulls the knife out of his
back with a grunt.

MARLOWE
(sinisterly)
See you in fifty years. Georgie.

MARLOWE vanishes and the knife clatters to the ground. GEORGE
collapses to his knees and weeps.

INT. BASEMENT. NIGHT.

GEORGE is standing in a basement, more unkempt and wild than
before. An intricate circle has been drawn on the floor.

GEORGE
Incolam Orci Ehwald, vocat te.

MARLOWE appears but after a moment he frowns, and, clutching
his chest, falls to one knee, breathing heavily.

MARLOWE
(viciously)
A bloody devil-trap?

GEORGE
Suitably infernal for one such as
yourself, demon. You will remain until
I am freed.

MARLOWE howls in pain for several seconds, but this turns to laughter. He stands and steps outside the circle as GEORGE backs up against a wall.

MARLOWE

Really? My dear Georgie you HAVE been watching too many bad films... do you have films yet, I can never remember...

MARLOWE glances at his watch as several long, silent seconds pass.

MARLOWE

(cont.)

Do you wanna know WHY I can't let you die? (beat) Because nothing in life is free Georgie, and the bill always comes due.

GEORGE

(confused)

What do you mean, free?

MARLOWE

Your life, all of it, nothing but a freebie courtesy of yours truly.

GEORGE

So let me die!

MARLOWE

And waste all this time I've spent working on you? Ha!

GEORGE

Working on me? What do you want?

MARLOWE

Just one itsy bitsy teeny tiny little soul.

GEORGE

For my death?

MARLOWE

Bingo. And then straight to the Pit you go!

MARLOWE smiles wickedly. GEORGE's eyes widen and he drops to his knees.

GEORGE

Please, no more, I can't...

MARLOWE

But I wouldn't want you to miss out on all the surprises I have waiting for you!

GEORGE stands and walks away, standing with his back against a doorway.

GEORGE

(snarls)

NO! I'll see you in Hell you cursed creature!

MARLOWE

Oh, most definitely (beat) but you first old friend. You. First.

Dirty, bloodied hands suddenly appear from inside the doorway and grab GEORGE in various places. He struggles, reaching for the door-frame, yet more hands appear and grab his arms, legs and torso.

GEORGE

Oh God no please oh God (beat) MARLOWE
PLEASE!

GEORGE screams in terror as he is pulled through. The door slams shut, then swings slowly open, to reveal, nothing.

MARLOWE taps his own head maniacally.

MARLOWE

(to himself)

Oh my dear Georgie, welcome to Hell.

MARLOWE laughs and the sound of him vanishing can be heard. The candles are blown out by a gust of wind.

CREDITS.