

The Devil's Due

By

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1. EXT & INT. VARIOUS LOCATIONS - MONTAGE OF IMAGES

As OPENING TITLES begin, a cover of Jerusalem (Parry) plays. Static grows.

-- The sun sets over an Anglican church.

-- Derelict and decaying brick buildings stand in the shadows of the inner city.

-- Litter in front of a suburban semi-detached house.

-- Inside the house of a hoarder. A bedsit. It is PRICE's home. He rambles. A porcelain tea set, covered in dust. The music is now diegetic, playing on a radio in the corner. It rains outside.

-- A fresh piece of paper is pinned to a wall.

-- A wall of papers. Notes on demons, the occult and missing persons.

-- Car headlights illuminate a row of closed shops in torrential rain. PRICE in a trench coat walking.

-- Piles of paper on the floor and on a desk. A map, missing persons posters and notes on Fester, Mammon, and the Devil.

-- PRICE walks down a dark road. He marches against the storm.

-- PRICE works at his desk. We see the strange tools of his trade laid out; including an ornate dagger and flat stones marked with painted runes. An empty cat basket sits beside him.

-- PRICE pulls his coat around himself more tightly.

-- PRICE fills a cat bowl with food. His hands tremor.

-- A dark shadow creeps up the wall.

-- PRICE mutters to himself as he looks out of a small, dusty window.

-- Ominous corporate spires rise out of the blackness.

-- A man and a woman howl with laughter as they intimately fumble with each other.

-- A man pissing in the street.

-- Fire.

-- PRICE bends down and places the bowl in front of a photograph of his dead cat.

-- MISSING PERSON aims a pool shot.

-- EDGAR smiles. The clattering of pool balls.

-- PRICE walks over a junction, he is at a crossroads. On the far corner stands a pub.

-- Poster of MISSING PERSON taped to a lamp post.

-- A stack of identical missing persons posters sit in PRICE's printer.

-- PRICE dresses in his trench coat and boots. He slides the ornate dagger into an inside pocket. He is ready.

-- He leaves and staggers into the storm. The door slams shut.

The Cavalier pub stands menacing in the late night torrent. The depths of hell emanate.

Torrential rain. PRICE stares up at the pub beneath the glow of a street light.

CUT TO TITLE CARD:

**TITLE: 'THE DEVIL'S DUE'**

2. INT. THE CAVALIER PUB - NIGHT

PRICE enters. The establishment, traditional in its architecture, is a typical London, working man's pub. It has become corrupted with vulgar décor and is in a state of cultural decay. It features a classic, wood bar adorned with an array of taps along its counter, gaming machines and a pool table. Its old walls are busy with debauched paraphernalia - taxidermy, skulls and crude paintings. The peripheral seats are filled with PATRONS, all foreign to PRICE - his eyes dart wildly from face to face. The hubbub drowns out his words.

PRICE

(muttering)

Do not be conformed to this world, but  
be transformed by the renewal of your  
mind...

PRICE bolts the entrance shut behind him. The PATRONS don't pay him more than a cursory glance, but the owner, EDGAR, spots him.

EDGAR

You are not welcome here.

PRICE

(muttering)

...by testing you may discern what is his will, what is good.

PRICE scans the room. PATRONS revel in excess as they laugh and drink together. The walls whisper to PRICE as he searches the interior.

The owner slams his fist.

EDGAR

Get out, Price!

The room falls completely silent. All eyes are transfixed on the pair.

They glare at one another.

The haggard man, still sodden and dripping, wanders beyond the bar towards the tables that line the edge of the room.

PRICE

How long has it been, Edgar Oak? Ed. Old friend.

EDGAR

Another decade could pass and still it wouldn't be long enough, Jude.

PRICE stops.

PRICE

Jude is it? You never used to call me by that name.

PATRONS glare at the intruder as he wanders past a few tables. PRICE reaches inside his pocket. He withdraws a fistful of missing persons posters and scatters them over the nearest group of punters, much to their dismay.

EDGAR

For heaven's sake!

PRICE  
Heaven? No heaven here.

EDGAR  
You've been drinking again, haven't  
you?

On the wall, sits the old English colours; a white dragon on a red background, in a cheap frame. The glass is covered in grime. PRICE removes it and attempts to clean it with his sleeve.

PRICE  
Hic. [Here.]

EDGAR hastily motions to a colleague to watch the bar, as he sidles round it. PRICE replaces the flag and approaches another table. A few onlookers avert their eyes as PRICE points at them.

PRICE (CONT'D)  
Hic. [Here.]

He stops beside a table filled with glasses. Its occupants gaze up at him. They are tense.

PRICE (CONT'D)  
Hic. [Here.]

PRICE picks up the nearest drink and smashes it on the ground. The PATRONS jump. PRICE turns to EDGAR as he approaches.

EDGAR  
I've a good mind to call the police!

Through narrow eyes, PRICE studies EDGAR.

PRICE rushes forward. He grasps EDGAR by the scruff of the neck.

PRICE  
Cradle of the law. I grant no mercy.  
There is no higher authority than  
thee!

EDGAR  
Used to be.

EDGAR, more than a decade PRICE's junior, breaks the older man's grip with ease.

EDGAR (CONT'D)

You used to be.

PRICE recoils. The PATRONS behind look to EDGAR, who shakes his head slightly.

PRICE

I know, Ed. I know it happened here.

EDGAR hesitates, before his composure returns.

EDGAR

You know... Come, let's talk somewhere quieter. We can discuss what you think you know.

EDGAR addresses the room as a BARMAID arrives with a dustpan and brush.

EDGAR (CONT'D)

A simple misunderstanding. Go about your business.

EDGAR leads PRICE to the back of the pub.

### 3. INT. THE CAVALIER PUB - NIGHT

The storm outside beats hard against the sturdy, bolted doors and windows. A cautious murmur rises again. The back of the pub where the pool table is sat looms. The space is unnaturally still. Illuminated by a single, orange spotlight, it is darker and dingier than the rest of the premises. Near the pool table hangs a portrait of Edmund Oak, the pub's former owner.

The room lights flicker on. Seated, PRICE stares up at the portrait.

PRICE

Edmund Oak would have never allowed the chaos that's set about his house. The degradation of his legacy.

EDGAR

Dad's dead, Price. It's my pub now.

EDGAR can't bring himself to look up at his father, and instead turns his attention to the unoccupied pool table. He softens.

EDGAR (CONT'D)

You used to be quite handy back in the day. How about we play a game? For old time's sake.

PRICE looks at the table where he'd spent his younger years hustling pool. PRICE nods.

EDGAR inserts a key from his lanyard into the table, takes a gold sovereign from inside and puts it through the slot. He feigns a smile.

EDGAR (CONT'D)

Perks of being the owner.

The balls clatter into the opening at the end of the table, and EDGAR starts setting them up.

EDGAR (CONT'D)

You know, I never could best you, back in the day. Jude Price, the wild man. Drinking, gambling, fighting.

PRICE picks up a well-worn cue, remembering how it feels in his hands. EDGAR moves to the head of the table to break.

EDGAR (CONT'D)

(gesturing to the pub)

But times change. Tastes change.

With a heavy sigh, PRICE undoes the buttons of his coat. Rain splashes and drips onto the floor. EDGAR breaks, a colour falls into one of the pockets.

EDGAR (CONT'D)

I've been practicing.

He moves round the table to take another shot, potting with ease.

EDGAR (CONT'D)

And besides, the likes of you weren't going to keep the place open. You stopped drinking.

EDGAR eyes PRICE.

EDGAR (CONT'D)

Or so I'd thought.

PRICE slides his hand into an inner pocket. The dagger slips

into view. EDGAR's eyes widen. PRICE withdraws a handful of items and clutters the felt with a collection of newspaper clippings. He arranges them on the edge of the table and points at the headlines: 'ANOTHER DISAPPEARANCE'.

PRICE

They were last seen here, at the  
Cavalier.

Beads of sweat break on the owner's forehead.

PRICE (CONT'D)

You know something, Edgar Oak.

EDGAR looks at PRICE with contempt.

PRICE (CONT'D)

It's not too late, Edgar. Even now,  
you are not lost.

EDGAR

Oh, spare me all that. You know I  
don't go in for all of that salvation  
nonsense.

PRICE

But you must still believe in  
something! God? King? Country?

EDGAR laughs.

EDGAR

Bloody hell, you've gotten old.

In defiance, EDGAR dumps the rest of PRICE's things onto a nearby table and prepares his next shot.

PRICE

Do you deny the use of black magic?

EDGAR

(scoffs)  
Black magic?

EDGAR leans towards the table. PRICE grabs the owner by the shoulder and twists him around. They look each other in the eyes.

PRICE

Do you deny it?



EDGAR

You were barred for good reason, Price. I was hoping you could be reasoned with. But, look at you, you're a mess. Come now. Is there someone who can pick you up?

EDGAR says nothing. Turning his attention back to his shot.

PRICE

I am done with the vassal. I must speak with the master.

EDGAR

It's my pub, Price. And I'm done with this nonsense.

In anger, PRICE slams another copy of a missing persons poster down onto the wooden surface. EDGAR miscues. He stands to confront PRICE.

#### 4. INT. THE CAVALIER PUB - NIGHT

Once again, silence falls across the pub at the inevitability of trouble. PRICE looks EDGAR up and down, certain of nefarious intent.

PRICE

I have you cornered, demon. I know your true name.

PRICE approaches the unsuspecting owner.

The old man catches him by surprise, and throws him to the ground. Nearby PATRONS look on in shock.

PRICE (CONT'D)

Reveal yourself! Thou who corrupts from within this mortal.

PRICE produces four runestones from his pockets and sets them in position around EDGAR. He takes a fifth in hand. EDGAR chokes and laughs incredulously.

EDGAR

You really are mad!

Silence falls. Nothing. PATRONS move to help EDGAR. PRICE produces the dagger and repels them. He then throws his arms above his head.

PRICE

Reveal!

A wind pushes through the pub doors.

PRICE (CONT'D)

Revelate! [Reveal!]

PRICE's coat flutters.

PRICE (CONT'D)

(in full voice)

induite vos arma iustum ut possitis  
stare adversus insidias diaboli. [Put  
you on the armour of the just, that  
you may be able to stand against the  
deceits of the devil.]

quia non est nobis conluctatio  
adversus carnem et sanguinem sed  
adversus principes et potestates  
adversus mundi rectores tenebrarum  
harum contra spiritalia nequitiae in  
caelestibus. [For our wrestling is not  
against flesh and blood; but against  
principalities and powers, against the  
rulers of the world of this darkness,  
against the spirits of wickedness in  
the high places.]

A few PATRONS manage to grab PRICE and haul him aside. The  
entire pub joins EDGAR in laughing.

PRICE (CONT'D)

in omnibus sumentes scutum fidei in  
quo possitis omnia tela nequissimi  
ignea extinguere. [In all things  
taking the shield of faith, wherewith  
you may be able to extinguish all the  
fiery darts of the most wicked one.]

et galeam salutis adsumite et gladium  
Spiritus. [And take unto you the  
helmet of salvation and the sword of  
the Spirit.]

et pro me ut detur mihi sermo in  
apertione oris mei cum fiducia, [And  
for me, that speech may be given me,  
that I may open my mouth with  
confidence,]

The wind is a gale, the shutters bash. The laughter grows manic and to raucous levels. They laugh as one. The lights flicker. There is a howl, a rumble and flames.

PRICE (CONT'D)

Reveal thou evil spirit. Reveal thou  
Fester, servant of Mammon!

There is a bang and the lights go out. Their surroundings are illuminated only by the swinging, orange light above the table. The laughter stops, silence.

The Cavalier pub awaits the arrival.

5. INT. THE CAVALIER PUB - NIGHT

EDGAR stands before the orange light, and his shadow looms large across the bar. Every patron of the Cavalier stands too, staring at PRICE. The shadow grows. It is the demon, FESTER, who now possesses EDGAR. It looks at PRICE through the hosts eyes.

FESTER

We are no serf. Who dares to summon  
us?

PRICE

Jude Price, servant of the King.

Emboldened, PRICE stands ready. FESTER takes a step forward. PRICE searches FESTER's face. In his features there is a subtle yet uncanny difference from EDGAR.

FESTER

A demonhunter? No, you jest?

The PATRONS mutter derisively. "Drunk". "Senile fool".  
"Failure".

FESTER (CONT'D)

And what does a cantankerous fool,  
smelling of urine and decay demand of  
a prince?

PRICE

A prince? You're nought but an  
arrogant underling who grows fat and  
stupid, and above their station. Under  
the dark of night, your tongue flicks,  
but you possess no real strength.

The PATRONS fall silent.

FESTER  
State your intent, cur?

PRICE  
You will leave, demon. Return this  
body of flesh you have wrongly stolen.  
Abandon this dwelling of brick and  
mortar you have illegally inhabited. I  
order you begone this place!

FESTER  
And if we choose not to?

PRICE  
(threatens with the dagger)  
Then I will rob of you your very  
existence!

The PATRONS burst into laughter. A number of them seize PRICE  
by the arms and disarm him.

PRICE (CONT'D)  
(to the PATRONS)  
You see it! Why are you complicit with  
the creature?

The PATRONS present the dagger to FESTER.

FESTER approaches.

FESTER leans into PRICE and holds the blade to his neck.

FESTER  
You die, a martyr for no one.

There is no escape. PRICE looks at the portrait of Edmund Oak  
and then down at the pool table.

PRICE  
Wait-

FESTER  
Now it is us, who grants no mercy.

FESTER presses the knife into his flesh.

PRICE  
The game. Allow two old men to finish  
their game of pool.

FESTER ponders PRICE's suggestion.

FESTER  
In the spirit of hospitality?

The PATRONS titter.

FESTER (CONT'D)  
Surely not.

PRICE  
I offer a wager. Their souls, you took  
them in this manner. Grant me the  
courtesy of those same terms. Let it  
be a competition between equals.

A look of disgust. Blood drips down PRICE's neck. Indecision  
in the demon's eyes. FESTER mulls the idea, its interest is  
piqued.

FESTER  
We have no need for your curdled soul.  
We both know that you are bound for  
the black.

The PATRONS whisper. "Pride". "Lechery". "Adultery".  
"Assault". FESTER smiles.

FESTER (CONT'D)  
However, besting a demonhunter, does  
represent a story worth telling.

FESTER turns to the table. Only a few of its colour balls  
remain.

FESTER (CONT'D)  
Very well. We accept your wager. But  
know that it will only be a momentary  
stay of execution.

#### 6. INT. THE CAVALIER PUB - NIGHT

It begins. The PATRONS release PRICE and move to stand in a  
circle around the table. PRICE wipes his brow, and takes up  
the cue. FESTER watches intently as the old man makes his  
first shot, spotting the tremor of PRICE's hands.

FESTER  
You do not fear us nor death, mortal.

PRICE ignores him. He pots again.

FESTER (CONT'D)

So why do you quake?

It's close, but PRICE pots another ball. FESTER eases its grip, and EDGAR comes to the fore. In the background, a BARMAID pulls a pint.

EDGAR

How long has it been, Price? You remember it don't you, the taste. You were our best customer once.

PRICE looks up from the game and scoffs.

PRICE

Unbarred am I?

EDGAR

I wish that were possible, but those were dad's wishes.

PRICE

(looks around)

Like you care.

EDGAR

I cared for you. You just vanished.

PRICE snorts, and returns his focus to his shot.

PRICE

Your area of expertise? A lot of people missing.

EDGAR

It's a big city. People disappear every day. I did what I had to.

PRICE

The son did as the son pleased. Was all this *sacrifice* worth it?

EDGAR

You always were a condescending bastard. It's easy to be principled when you have nothing, Price. Ideals won't keep this place in business. I swore, I would do whatever it took to keep the doors open.

The portrait of Edmund Oak looms. PRICE makes another shot,

there's not much left on the table. The BARMAID approaches with the pints of beer, and sets them down in PRICE's field of view. He stares at them. EDGAR approaches the glasses.

EDGAR (CONT'D)

There was a time, we'd have sat here together. Argued like brothers. Set the world to rights.

PRICE rounds the table to where he must make his next shot. Next to EDGAR, who lifts one of the glasses.

EDGAR (CONT'D)

Remember, Price?

PRICE

(mumbling)

Do not accept a bribe, for a bribe blinds those who see and twists the words of the righteous.

EDGAR offers one glass to PRICE, taking up the second in his other hand. PRICE looks at the proffered glass.

EDGAR

Do you retreat from the world around you? Would you deny me again, old friend?

PRICE tries to steady himself for his next shot, but he's distracted. He stands.

EDGAR (CONT'D)

Remember?

PRICE takes the pint in hand.

EDGAR (CONT'D)

Have a taste.

He looks from the pint to EDGAR's face, and sees in it the warped smile of FESTER.

PRICE

Damn it, Demon!

PRICE pours out the pint onto the ground. Sets the empty glass on the table, and takes the shot.

He makes it. Only one of his colours is left on the table, and then the black. FESTER's grip on EDGAR returns.

PRICE (CONT'D)

You adopt memories to distract me. You peddle Mammon's cheap excesses to tempt me, but here, you appeal to the weakness of a ghost.

PRICE pots.

PRICE (CONT'D)

That *person* is no different, he too long gave up his humanity.

PRICE swiftly takes his final shot, but FESTER snatches the ball from the table in a rage.

PRICE (CONT'D)

You cheat, demon! You forfeit the game! You lose!

FESTER

Lose? Forfeit? We agreed to no wager! It is our vassal who is forfeit. Now you and I play.

The PATRONS move to reset the table.

FESTER (CONT'D)

Escapes, a straight shootout. The first to fail loses all.

FESTER produces the dagger, pokes a fingertip and marks the table with its true name. He offers the dagger to Price.

FESTER (CONT'D)

Your true name, wretch, and the wager is set.

PRICE disregards the blade. He rubs his bloody throat with two fingers and signs the table.

7. INT. THE CAVALIER PUB - NIGHT

Darkness creeps in. Silence settles as the PATRONS set up the first escape. It is an easy shot. PRICE takes up the cue, and pots.

The cue ball and a colour are placed exactly as before.

FESTER takes the shot. He scores.

The PATRONS move in closer. The cue ball and a colour are



placed further apart this time.

With the butt of his cue, PRICE pushes a PATRON out of his way.

PRICE leans in to eye the shot. His hands tremor. He holds the cue as steady as he can in defiance.

The PATRONS whisper. "How long has it been, Price?", "You're a mess.", "Why do you quake?".

He pots.

The cue ball and a colour are placed for FESTER. The shot is similar to its first, with the balls only slightly further apart. It is a lot simpler than PRICE's. PRICE moves to adjust the balls. A loud hiss from the PATRONS.

FESTER

Halt. You would forfeit the game?

PRICE

Fetid creature! You defy the rules with flagrant abandon.

FESTER

This is my property, these are my people, we play my game. If you feel the odds are in my favour, then so be it. But I have broken no rules.

The PATRONS step aside as FESTER traverses the table and simply pots.

FESTER (CONT'D)

Your anger, it is misplaced. The mistakes are your own. Desperation leads you to me, not righteousness.

The balls are placed. The Shot is very difficult now.

PRICE focuses. The room is almost completely dark now, save the intense, orange glare of the light overhead. The doors and windows of the Cavalier buffet. The storm outside breaches the room. The PATRONS murmur.

FESTER (CONT'D)

You are no different from the others. Lost, unwanted. The world waits for you to die. It wills it.

PRICE strikes the ball. It ricochets off the pocket. FESTER perks up. It falls into an opposite pocket. FESTER smiles.

FESTER (CONT'D)

Lucky. Why did you crawl from your hole? You are not welcome here, for it is no longer your world.

FESTER stares at itself in a mirror on the wall.

FESTER (CONT'D)

The PRICE he knew never truly cared for lost souls. Is this game a panacea, or one last hit?

They lay the balls for FESTER. They are barely an inch further than before. FESTER creeps around PRICE.

FESTER (CONT'D)

Society hates you.

The demon pots with ease.

PRICE's final shot is lined-up. The shot is practically the length of the table and at an incredibly tight angle. PRICE looks on. The PATRONS move closer. FESTER leans in.

FESTER (CONT'D)

Take yourself to a dark corner and lie down. It's for the best.

The room beyond the table is pitch black, the PATRONS stand shoulder to shoulder around PRICE as he aims the shot.

PRICE

Your kind...

PRICE straightens up.

PRICE (CONT'D)

You take, and take, and take until a husk remains. You despise these people, this place. Their tomorrow? Like you give a shit. Pride is your blindfold as your grotesque appetite swallows the very ground beneath your feet. You're a parasite!

PRICE and FESTER square up.

PRICE (CONT'D)

You present yourself as an intellectual when in fact you are an imbecile. Like an ever-undulating tongue, you writhe in hunger. Your unfettered greed is bottomless. It is without ethics and unsustainable. No matter. As I look you in the eyes, I see a murderer, and despite your hubris, I see that you are empty. Nothing but a nothingness, and you cannot take your ill-gotten-gains back to the black with you.

The din is a cacophony. With haste, PRICE lines-up the shot.

PRICE (CONT'D)

You shall burn in the depths and it'll be an unwanted wretch, no, an abandoned friend, whom sends you there!

The cue ball is struck. It rolls.

The shot is missed.

PRICE (CONT'D)

Damn.

#### 8. INT. THE CAVALIER PUB - NIGHT

The demon sets the cue down on the table. Satisfied. It turns away from PRICE, as the PATRONS move to grab him.

A tear rolls down PRICE's cheek as he looks to the heavens, to Edmund Oak, then down at the cue in his hands.

The PATRONS try to grab him. He struggles free. Chaos ensues. The storm rages. Screams. Howling. PRICE snaps the cue over his knee and charges. FESTER swivels. The two lunge at each other. Black.

#### 9. INT. THE CAVALIER PUB - DAWN

EDGAR is dead. Pierced through the heart with the broken pool cue. The blood-drenched ornate dagger drops from his hand. PRICE clutches his neck as blood flows between his fingers.

PRICE turns and heads towards the exit. FESTER's influence begins to lift from The Cavalier. The unison of demonic howls fragments into individual cries of shock and terror from its

PATRONS.

The shadows dissipate as a sobering morning light seeps into the pub. The din becomes muted and fades into the background. Police sirens in the distance.

PRICE unbolts the door and staggers out into the early morning sunrise never to return.