

MAGNANIMITY

INT. SATANIC CHURCH - NIGHT

A single candle illuminates BROTHER SERIF (20s), a hooded acolyte with a goatee. He lights the candle of BROTHER PATRIUS (30s), elder, self-controlled, deliberate.

They move back-to-back, lighting candles around an altar set with skulls on red velvet.

POV - DEMON

Somewhere in the dim church, a snarling monster floats towards them.

INT. ALTAR - NIGHT

Serif stands, listening.

SERIF
He's coming.

PATRIUS
Light the rest. Quickly.

They start lighting more candles at the center of the altar. They then lift a flaming object, their faces bathed in glowing light. They intone low notes in unison.

SERIF AND PATRIUS
Haaaaa...

POV - DEMON

The demon spots them both in the circle of light. It rushes towards them. They suddenly burst into huge smiles:

SERIF AND PATRIUS
(singing)
...aaappy birthday to you!
Happy birthday to you!

The demon slows and oohs happily in a rumbling voice.

SERIF AND PATRIUS (CONT'D)
Happy birthday, dear -
(they make a noise which
sounds like a car running
over a cat)
Happy birthday to you!!!

They hold out a cake with candles lit in a pentagram shape.

DEMON (O.S.)
You guys! You didn't forget!

PATRIUS
Present the gifts!

Serif holds aloft one of three large metal urns.

DEMON (O.S.)
Oh, yeah, that's great! What is that, Celtic blood urns?

SERIF
Yup!

DEMON
Man. I haven't seen one of those...you fill 'em with blood, right?

PATRIUS
(pleased, goading)
That's right!

DEMON
You didn't.

PATRIUS
We did.

DEMON
Oh, man!

Serif uncaps one.

DEMON (O.S.) (CONT'D)
They're full of the blood of virgins? Nice!

SERIF
Uhhhh...

PATRIUS
Uh. Pig's blood.

DEMON
Pig's blood? OK, yeah. That's good!

PATRIUS
There really...aren't...

SERIF
We don't hang around with...

PATRIUS
...that many virgins --

DEMON
Right, right.

PATRIUS
-- anymore.

DEMON
Maybe the pigs were virgins?

SERIF
Probably --

PATRIUS
-- not.

SERIF
We got cake!

PATRIUS
Cake!

DEMON
Cake! Hey...

They show off the delicious frosted cake.

DEMON (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Hey, cake! It's good, it's just...I
can't... really do --

SERIF
-- carbs?

DEMON (O.S.)
-- cake, I'm not, really,
corporeal, here.

PATRIUS
Oh, right. I should have thought of
that.

DEMON
You guys have a piece, though.
When's everybody else coming?

PATRIUS
Oh. Uh. We thought we'd keep it...
intimate. This year.

DEMON (O.S.)

Uh huh. I guess that's how it is when you get old. When I was young, my birthday was a feast day. Everybody would come out and we've have food, wine, blood orgies.

SERIF

Good times.

DEMON

I mean, you wouldn't remember it --

SERIF

No.

DEMON

-- it was, like, two thousand years ago.

PATRIUS

Before our time.

DEMON (O.S.)

Don't get me wrong, you two put in a great effort. You're here every year. It just feels like sometimes, I don't know, people go through the motions of a sacrificial ritual to keep me mollified. Or something.

Serif glances anxiously at Patrius, who remains steadfast.

PATRIUS

Anyway.

DEMON

Right, well what do you wanna do? Let's raise the dead and attack the town!

SERIF

Oh, OK --

PATRIUS

Uhhhh, I don't know.

DEMON (O.S.)

What? That'd be great!

PATRIUS

-- yeah, it's just, I gotta get to work in the morning.

DEMON (O.S.)

Ah, come on, live a little. How late were you planning on staying?

PATRIUS

I don't know, like, nine. I guess, that's, what, like two hours.

Silence.

SERIF

I mean, *I* can stay longer.

DEMON (O.S.)

No, no, that's fine. You know what, why don't you just go now.

Patrius shakes his head, annoyed.

PATRIUS

Oh, don't get like that.

DEMON (O.S.)

Well, I think I have a right to be annoyed that my head priest is so pussy-whipped by his wife that he can't stay out past his bedtime.

PATRIUS

Jesus Christ.

DEMON (O.S.)

Oh, COME ON! Don't bring up Jesus at my birthday party, you dick!

SERIF

(trying to make peace)
I'm gonna have some cake.

PATRIUS

Why do you always do this?

DEMON (O.S.)

Oh, here we go. OK, tell me. What do I ALWAYS DO, Pat?

PATRIUS

You make situations unbearable. And uncomfortable. And you make me wonder why I even do this anymore!

SERIF

(re: cake)
It's good.

DEMON (O.S.)
Some friend you turned out to be.

PATRIUS
I am your friend! I worship you!
You know why there's no one here?

DEMON (O.S.)
Go ahead, I can handle it.

PATRIUS
Because people have lives now,
they're growing up. They'd don't
need to show up to a party where,
frankly, you always end up getting
pissed off and murdering somebody!

DEMON (O.S.)
I bet you all get together and have
a great time on CHRISTMAS, though.

PATRIUS
Well maybe the reason why people
like to celebrate Jesus's birthday,
is because HE'S NOT A TOTAL
DOUCHEBAG TO EVERYONE.

Patrius suddenly gags. Blood pours from his mouth. The
candles gutter and go out, then swim back to life. All that
remains of Patrius is a dark puddle of liquid on the floor.

SERIF
Ah. So.

DEMON (O.S.)
I'm sorry. Look, am I the asshole,
here?

SERIF
No, of course not!

DEMON (O.S.)
I just want a nice party for once.
Tell you what, why don't you go.

SERIF
You sure? I was having fun, but,
you know, if you want to be alone --

DEMON (O.S.)
I think that would be best. Keep in
touch, right?

SERIF

Absolutely, how about Chr...how
about Thanksgiving? We could
sacrifice a turkey!

DEMON (O.S.)

Sounds great.

SERIF

OK. I'll just...I'll talk to you
soon. OK? Happy birthday. Right.

Serif runs. The demon looks down at the abandoned cake.

DEMON (O.S.)

I can't even eat this stupid cake.

FADE TO BLACK.