

CONSTANTINE

Written by
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Based on the character created by Alan Moore
And the DC/Vertigo Comic Book HELLBLAZER

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FADE IN:

New York from the air. At night, it's almost gothic. Lights like candles in the windows of castles. Obelisks in the form of skyscrapers reaching towards God.

EXT. TIMES SQUARE - NIGHT

Garish, decadent, intoxicating. An ingenue prostitute, CASEY ANN, trawls for business. Trying to look sexy and streetwise.

We see her from somebody's POV. A predatory one.

It GLIDES from the shadows. But before it reaches her--

A big man with greasy hair, SLICK, steps in front of it and talks to Casey Ann.

The POV sees a deal struck. Casey Ann and Slick walk down an alley.

EXT. ALLEY NEAR TIMES SQUARE

Slick notes Casey Ann's unsure smile.

SLICK
New at this?

CASEY ANN
(coy)
I know what to do.

SLICK
Don't sweat it. I like it that
you're new.

At the end of the alley, Casey Ann takes out her chewing gum. She startles as a SECOND MAN with a hungry smile steps from the shadows. Casey Ann backs away from SMILEY.

CASEY ANN
Uh, hold on here. The deal was just
for you. Your friend's going to
have to wait his turn.

SLICK
But we share everything, sweetie.

In a beat, he SLAMS her against the wall. A BLADE glimmers in Smiley's hand. He RIPS it through the front of her dress. Lays it on her throat.

CASEY ANN
(hysterical)
Oh, Jesus no, please! I'll do
anything you want just please don't
kill me!

SLICK
(loonytune smile)
You got it wrong, sweetie. You'll
do anything we want and then we'll
kill you.

VOICE (OS)
(deep, guttural,
distinguished)
Oh, I'm sorry. Am I interrupting
something?

They WHIRL. In the shadows, there's a FIGURE. All they see is
a long, black coat and the reflection of dark glasses. The name
is BALTHAZAR. We won't see his face.

SMILEY
Keep moving motherfucker or you're
dead too.

BALTHAZAR (OS)
(calm)
There's no need for profanity. Let
the girl go.

Slick and Smiley exchange glances. In prison yard ambush
technique, they suddenly ATTACK. Smiley SLASHES with the knife.
Balthazar's POV moves, preternaturally fast. In a swirl of coat
he grabs Smiley's hand, breaks it backwards and makes him cut his
own throat.

SLICK
(pulls gun)
Sweet Christ!

As he raises his gun, Slick is suddenly jerked into the shadows.
A horrifying CRACK. He falls back into the light, his head
facing the wrong way.

BALTHAZAR (OS)
In a world of predators, you're a
tad low on the food chain.

A stunned Casey Ann looks into the darkness gratefully.

CASEY ANN
Oh Christ... You... you saved me.

BALTHAZAR
Haven't you heard? Christ is dead.
(gallantly)
But it was my pleasure.

CASEY ANN
They would have... they were going
to...

She shudders. Imagining the worst.

BALTHAZAR

Yes, they were... It would have been such a loss.

(beat)

Have you ever been told you have beautiful eyes?

She peers at her reflection in his sunglasses.

CASEY ANN

How can you tell? You probably can't even see me through those shades.

BALTHAZAR

Would it make you more comfortable if I took them off?

CASEY ANN

Yeah. You can tell a lot about a person by their eyes. The windows of the soul, you know.

Balthazar's POV steps in front of her and removes the glasses. We don't see what lies behind them but she does...

And then all we hear are her SCREAMS.

CUT TO:

INT. LEE HANG GAMBLING SALON

A back room full of gamblers. Playing Pai Gow. Mah Johng. Cards fly. Dominoes turn. The room is full of smoke.

The crowd is Asian. A lot of them tattooed.

Except for JOHN CONSTANTINE. The trenchcoat is at odds with his punky haircut. A half smile that hints he's just slept with your girlfriend. Eyes that size everything up, looking for an angle. James Dean spliced with Bogie.

Right now, he nods to the Chinese CROUPIER

CONSTANTINE

47. Turn it.

No chips here. Everything is cash. Chinese ENFORCERS watch from the sidelines as the betting goes on.

The dominoes flip over. The Croupier points at Constantine.

CHINESE CROUPIER

Winner.

Constantine gets 5 grand added to his pile.

He smiles. The Croupier doesn't.

CHINESE CROUPIER
You are very lucky. 5 times in a row.

CONSTANTINE
(dry)
It's my birthday.

Constantine looks at the dominoes. Intensely. Then he moves the 5 grand forward.

CONSTANTINE
39. Turn it.

The Croupier turns the dominoes. They add up to 39.
The Croupier pushes forward the money. Nods to the Enforcers.

CHINESE CROUPIER
Your bet stays on the table.

CONSTANTINE
Nah. I don't think 39's going to show twice in a row.

And now the Enforcers are beside Constantine. And we're even more aware he's the only caucasian in the room.

CHINESE CROUPIER
It stays.
(beat)
You're lucky I don't know how you're cheating or they'd kill you.

Constantine looks at the Enforcers. Then at the Croupier.

CONSTANTINE
I'm a good guesser.
(then, softly)
That false tile in your bedroom is going to get you in trouble.

CROUPIER
What?

CONSTANTINE
That's where you put the skim money you take from here... I wonder what the owner would do if he found out? Or is he one of those very understanding Triad godfathers?

The Croupier blanches. His tongue darts over suddenly dry lips.

CHINESE CROUPIER
How..?
(too rattled to push it)
Take the money and go. But don't come to any other Lee Hang games.

Constantine gathers his winnings.

CONSTANTINE
Pity, that. This was the last place
that hadn't heard of me.

Constantine walks away. Stops. Returns to one of the Enforcers.
Nods at the guy's partner.

CONSTANTINE
He's fucking your girlfriend.

EXT. CHINATOWN

Constantine enters a STRIP CLUB.

INSIDE

Women dance, men leer. Constantine moves through the throbbing crowd to a booth where a tall black man sits. PAPA MIDNIGHT is soft spoken with New Orleans patois. A blood red suit over a yellow and black vest.

PAPA MIDNIGHT
You took your time, Constantine. I
wondered whether you'd lost your
touch.

CONSTANTINE
This better be worth it, Midnight.
I'd been saving that place for a
rainy day.

PAPA MIDNIGHT
Oh, John, you're so tense after a
scam. You need to relax more.

Constantine lights a cigarette. Squints at Papa's ensemble.

CONSTANTINE
And you need to brighten up your
wardrobe. What, you afraid there's
a blind pimp can't see you from New
Jersey?

Papa smiles. Then waves to his reflection in the mirrored wall that surrounds them. A door opens in the wall and a PALE MAN emerges from the security room. Sits.

PALE MAN
The money?

Constantine suddenly has 15 grand in his hands. The Pale Man reaches for it. Blink! It disappears. Constantine smiles.

PAPA MIDNIGHT
The object?

The Pale Man hands him a small OBJECT wrapped in tissue.

PALE MAN
It's a perfect copy of the one in
Aleister Crowley's collection.

CONSTANTINE
Perfection is a noble goal. One
that is rarely attained.

He cocks an eyebrow as Midnight finishes examining the object.

PAPA MIDNIGHT
(a theatrical sigh)
We'll have to settle for close
enough.

Constantine pulls another sleight of hand. The money reappears.

CONSTANTINE
Tah-dah.

The Pale Man counts it quickly. Nods, then departs.
Constantine gets up.

PAPA MIDNIGHT
Stay, have a drink. Enjoy the floor
show.

CONSTANTINE
I'll pass. The mark's expecting me.
And you're a dirty old man.

PAPA MIDNIGHT
(chuckles)
Ah, the flesh is weak.

Constantine grimaces as he pinches between his eyes. Shakes out
some painkillers. Dry swallows them.

PAPA MIDNIGHT
You okay?

CONSTANTINE
Headache following me around like a
junkyard dog.

EXT. FIFTH AVENUE

Constantine ambles below fifth avenue monoliths. Rich folk
walking tiny dogs glance at him uneasily. He smiles back.

INT. PLUSH APT. BUILDING

He enters an ornate Lobby. The Doorman looks him over dubiously

DOORMAN
Are you expected, sir?

CONSTANTINE
Always.

INT. PRIVATE ELEVATOR

Constantine gets out of the elevator in the Penthouse.

He walks through a magnificent art collection of DEMONS AND ANGELS - Blake, Grunwald, Bosch, Bacon - with barely a glance.

Checks out the 8 million dollar view of Manhattan at night. Sniffs. Big deal. He might as well be in line at the DMV.

A stage COUGH behind him. Constantine doesn't turn.

CONSTANTINE

Hello, Bellows.

A septegenerian cut from the old cloth appears. EVAN BELLOWS is East Coast aristocracy. Eyes like shining coal. A birthmark on his temple. Very long manicured fingernails.

BELLOWS

Do you have it?

CONSTANTINE

(wearily)

Tell you what, let's cut the social niceties and get right to business.

BELLOWS

(like he needs a fix)

Do you have it?

Constantine smiles a drug dealer smile as he takes a package from his trenchcoat. It's a TRYPLICH, a small ebony statue depicting a 3 headed devil, each head snapping at the others.

BELLOWS

(examining the heads)

Balthazar, Lucifer and Beelzebub - the anti-Trinity of Hell, locked together for eternity. Fighting for souls and the leadership of Hell.

(beat)

It's beautiful.

CONSTANTINE

It's also just been stolen from Aleister Crowley's collection.

Bellows hands him a wad of bills. Constantine nonchalantly puts it in his pocket, fingercounting it as he does so.

BELLOWS

50 thousand. As agreed.

(coughs)

I understand a new item may be coming onto the market. A relic discovered near Jerusalem a week ago by a group of British archaeologists.

CONSTANTINE

I heard they were all murdered by a group of satanists who stole the relic.

BELLOWS

The rumours say that after the killings, the relic was nowhere to be found... Apparently, it's first generation.

CONSTANTINE

(a low whistle)

Touched by the man himself. I'll keep a lookout.

He turns to leave. Bellows looks at him, curious.

BELLOWS

You are... one of us, aren't you?

CONSTANTINE

(after a beat)

I'm not one of anybody.

INT. RAVENSCAR PSYCHIATRIC HOSPITAL - NIGHT

It was a private mansion once. High ceilings, stone mouldings and mahogany balustrades.

Two ORDERLIES bring a new patient into the Locked Unit.

It's Casey Ann. She's drooling and her eyes look blind.

Patients mill around, swatting at themselves and whispering.

An overworked DOCTOR appears. Shines a light in her eyes.

DOCTOR

Hysterical catatonia. Negative for drugs. Was she raped?

ORDERLY

No signs. Cops found her wandering in a vegetative state.

DOCTOR

Stick her in an Exam room.

INT. SUBWAY TRAIN - NIGHT

Constantine is packed in with rush hour commuters.

He looks around the sea of faces. Everyone studiously avoiding eye contact.

As the train rushes into a tunnel, the lights FLICKER.

In the strobe effect, Constantine sees--

Everyone on the train is dead. They're lying in piles, body on body. Terrified eyes.

Constantine is the only one alive here.

He STARES in shock.

WHOOOOOSH!

The train emerges from the tunnel.

Everything's back to normal. People ignoring each other just like before.

Constantine GULPS for air. Terrified at what he's just seen.

Then he calms.

A terrible resignation washes over his face.

INT. RAVENSCAR PSYCHIATRIC HOSPITAL - LATER

Casey Ann is in a TREATMENT ROOM by herself. Her dull eyes suddenly snap into focus.

She gets up, shuffles into the

COMMON ROOM

Patients play games. A BLONDE WOMAN whispers to herself, a BALD MAN stares at the wall, a MAN WITH GLASSES twists his hands nervously.

Casey Ann lifts her wrists to her mouth, bares her teeth and RIPS at her veins. Then puts her other hand into the wound.

Another patient notices this, starts to giggle.

Casey Ann writes some DATES ON THE WALL.

March 17. June 21. August 12.

THEN--

She draws a SIGIL, an occult symbol, with her blood. As she does so the asylum becomes quiet.

The 3 patients we noted suddenly seem to "wake up."

They smile at each other conspiratorially.

As one, they move through the room. Giggle as if they share a secret. Like children on a big adventure.

They stop at a LOCKED DOOR with a digital entry pad.

The Blonde Woman cocks her head as if hearing a voice, then keys in the numbers.

Together they enter a STAIRWELL.

EXT. RAVENSCAR ROOFTOP

The 3 patients come out on top of the roof.

They exchange sly glances. Children passing notes in class.
Then walk to the edge of the building.

They reach out and hold hands. Ready for a childish game.

15 floors below, traffic races along busy streets.

Then, in one completely calm move, the Blonde Woman, Bald Man and Man With Glasses simply step off the building.

Silently plunge 15 floors. Their reflections STROBE in glass windows.

ON THE STREET

THUMP... THUMP... THUMP...

Bodies SLAM down on cars and pavement.

Passersby start to scream.

BACK IN THE WARD

Casey Ann stands on a chair, wraps her blouse around a chain light fixture. Wraps the other end round her neck and KICKS off from the chair.

CUT TO:

INT. CONSTANTINE'S APT. - MORNING

Constantine awakens from a deep sleep to BANGING on his door.

CONSTANTINE

Jesus...

He slides out of bed. Half asleep.

CONSTANTINE

Hold on... Give me a minute...

Constantine pads through the apartment. It's in an old brownstone, tattered furnishings. A lot of books. Funky.

He opens the door on an obese, sweaty man in his 50s. ULRICH HENNESSY is 400 pounds and likes it that way.

HENNESSY

Constantine. You're a hard man to find.

CONSTANTINE

(scowls)

Nobody usually looks too hard. What do you want, Hennessy?

HENNESSY

The police have asked me to help them with some strange deaths at Ravenscar.

A long beat. The name means something to Constantine. Hennessy watches him... waiting for a reaction.

Instead, John lights a cigarette.

CONSTANTINE

So? You've played catch the killer before.

HENNESSY

This time it's different.

CONSTANTINE

(world weary)
Why?

HENNESSY

Because I'm scared.

Constantine is surprised. Tries not to show it.

HENNESSY

Things don't feel right. There's a strangeness in the air... I've been having bad dreams, visions. You must have felt it?

CONSTANTINE

(lies easily)
Can't say I have...

HENNESSY

I'd like... I need your help.

Constantine STARES at him. A silent agreement has been broken.

HENNESSY

John... I know that since Newcastle you haven't been involved in this sort of thing...

CONSTANTINE

And I'm not starting now.
(beat, softer)
Listen, you were the one who picked up the pieces after last time. I may be insane but I'm not crazy enough to let it happen again.

HENNESSY

John, aren't you at least curious?

CONSTANTINE
 (deliberately)
 No. I. Am. Not. Curious. That
 shit kills cats.
 (beat)
 I stopped being nosey a long time
 ago. And I can't believe you're the
 one asking me to get into this shit
 again.

Somewhere, deep inside Constantine we sense a loyalty to Hennessy
 but it's held back by something more powerful... fear.

Hennessy admits defeat. Walks slowly out. Turns at the door.

HENNESSY
 I hear you work with Papa Midnight
 now. Conning rich satanists and
 collectors with occult forgeries.

CONSTANTINE
 (shrugs)
 It's a living.

HENNESSY
 So this is what happens to a washed
 up exorcist.
 (beat)
 I expected more from you, John. A
 lot more.

CONSTANTINE
 You and my father should do lunch.

Hennessy leaves. Constantine runs his hand over his stubble.
 Rattled by Hennessy but not admitting it.

He catches his reflection in the mirror. Frowns.

CONSTANTINE
 You're a bit of a bastard, John...

INT. RAVENSCAR PSYCHIATRIC HOSPITAL

Casey Ann's body has been laid out. The other 3 bodies are on
 gurneys under sheets.

A CORONER'S GUY speaks to a DETECTIVE. Nods at the bodies.

CORONER'S GUY
 Shouldn't we be moving the meat?
 Starting to stink.

DETECTIVE
 Leave it. Murdoch's bringing in a
 specialist.

He nods towards ANGELA MURDOCH. Poised strength with vulnerable
 eyes that beguile her drive. Fiery and intelligent but she'll
 decide when to show it. She knows all the tricks. That's why
 she made Detective Sergeant at 28.

A Uniform brings Hennessy in. Angela addresses the cops.

ANGELA

Okay guys, everyone out. Give our forensic expert some room here.

The cops file out. Hennessy looks at her quizzically.

HENNESSY

You still can't say psychic?

ANGELA

Can't even spell it. And I don't want the tabloids getting hold of your involvement. This thing is weird enough already.

Hennessy looks around.

HENNESSY

What happened?

ANGELA

We can't figure out how it all happened but it started in this room. That's what you're here for. Ready?

Hennessy swallows and nods. He approaches the bodies. Fear beads all over his body. He reaches out for the Bald Man.

He touches his hand.

For a few moments, nothing. Then--

His body goes rigid and his eyes lose focus.

A WHISPERING sound teeters on the edge of audibility.

HENNESSY

Oh, God.

His hand JERKS away from the victim. Either thrown off or pulled back. There are tears in his eyes.

ANGELA

Hennessy? You alright?

Without looking at her, he answers:

HENNESSY

I'm hungry.

He walks out of the room.

Angela rushes after him.

ANGELA

Hennessy, wait. What the hell happened?

CUT TO:

EXT. MANHATTAN MEDICAL BUILDING - DAY

Constantine passes a BLIND MAN carrying an "End is Nigh" sign as he enters the Doctor's Office.

CUT TO:

INT. STEAKHOUSE RESTAURANT - LATER

Hennessy eats a Porterhouse. He can't get the food to his mouth fast enough so he lifts up the steak and tears it apart with his teeth.

Other diners look on in disgust as the obese man stuffs food into his face.

A WAITRESS approaches as he finishes the steak.

WAITRESS

Sir, you're upsetting our other diners.

HENNESSY

I'm hungry.

WAITRESS

But that's the second steak dinner...

Hennessy leans over and grabs another diner's steak. Stuffs it into his mouth.

At that point, ANGELA ENTERS. Looks over in shock at Hennessy. His face is smeared in blood from rare steak.

ANGELA

Hennessy, what the hell's going on?

HENNESSY

I'm hungry.

He moves through the restaurant GRABBING other people's food and swallowing it whole.

And here's the weirdness:

Even though he's trying to eat everything going, this 400 pound man is wasting away before our eyes.

Hennessy plows into the

KITCHEN

Strips of RAW MEAT waiting to be cooked on countertops.

Hennessy grabs the steaks and GULPS them down like a wild animal.

His skin becomes loose as the body inside it grows thinner.

He looks like a concentration camp victim as he crams more meat into his mouth.

The KITCHEN STAFF and WAITERS try to pull this crazy man away but he turns on them and BITES into their limbs.

HE WASTES AWAY BEFORE OUR EYES, still eating.

Lying on the floor, literally skin and bone, is the carcass of what used to be a 400 pound man.

Angela bends to him as he CROAKS something.

ANGELA

What?

His wild, now sunken eyes, plead with her.

HENNESSY

Stop him...

ANGELA

Who? Stop who?

HENNESSY

Con... Get... Constantine.

His breathing RASPS into a choke.

ANGELA

Who?

It's too late. Hennessy, or what is left of him, is dead.

INT. DOCTOR'S WAITING ROOM

Constantine ignores the Warning Signs and lights a cigarette. DOCTOR GREEN (60s) enters. Looks at Constantine's smoke.

DR. GREEN

Got another?

Constantine grins. Offers him a cigarette which the Doctor lights up and drags from deeply.

CONSTANTINE

One of those days, huh?

DR. GREEN

You have no idea.

(takes a drag, steels himself)

John, I've known you for 20 years and I don't know any other way than to come right out and say this.

(beat)

The film came back.

Constantine nods as the doctor throws an MRI on the viewer.

CONSTANTINE

And?

Dr. Green points to a dark egg on the screen.

DR. GREEN

You've got a tumor the size of my fist in your head.

Constantine absorbs this. Just doesn't believe it.

CONSTANTINE

Bullshit. I'm as healthy as a chain-smoking horse.

Dr. Green's face is etched with compassion but resigned.

DR. GREEN

It's non-operable. I consulted my colleagues. There's just nothing we can do... I'm very sorry.

Constantine swallows hard.

CONSTANTINE

This is a bad joke.

(after a beat)

How... how...

DR. GREEN

Long? Probably within 3 months. But it could be anytime.

Constantine looks out the window. People on the streets. Going about their business. People who haven't just been told they're dying.

CONSTANTINE

Give me my cigarette back.

DR. GREEN

What?

CONSTANTINE

I'm not giving a cigarette to the fucker who's just told me I'm dying. Give it back.

Dr. Green shrugs, hands him the cigarette. Constantine stubs it, puts it back in the pack.

DR. GREEN

John, there's a therapist who can help prepare you...

CONSTANTINE

Yeah, right.

(beat)

What am I going to do?

INT. POLICE PRECINCT - MARCUSE'S OFFICE

Angela sits opposite her boss, CAPTAIN MARCUSE. Heavy eyebrows on a serene Italian face. Wisdom and strength in the eyes.

MARCUSE

So what happened to Hennessy?

ANGELA

I don't know. I mean, I know what I saw... I just don't know if I believe it.

(shrugs)

According to the coroner, his system went into accelerated decline and... he starved to death.

MARCUSE

A 400 pound tub of lard eats half a steakhouse and starves to death doing it? Somebody call Jenny Craig.

ANGELA

(shrugs)

It was the only explanation they could come up with.

MARCUSE

Anything on this guy he mentioned..?

ANGELA

Constantine...

EXT. A BROOKLYN HOUSE

Constantine stands outside. Gathering courage, he knocks. An OLDER MAN opens the door. Stares at John in silence.

CONSTANTINE

Hello, Dad.

INT. CONSTANTINE'S FATHER'S HOUSE

Constantine's FATHER is a man beaten down by life, angry at it but scared to stand up to it. There's no love lost between him and his son.

FATHER

So you just decided to visit?

CONSTANTINE

Yeah.

FATHER

I'm honoured. Wish you'd come by when your mother was still alive, she'd have been honored too.

CONSTANTINE

Jesus... Listen, I just wanted to see you...

FATHER

To apologize?

CONSTANTINE
Apologize! For fucking what?

His father stares at him. Fire in those tired eyes.

FATHER
What is it then? You need money?

CONSTANTINE
No, I don't need money. I just
wanted to see you...
(sees this is going
nowhere)
I just wanted to say hello.

FATHER
Well, you've said it.

CONSTANTINE
Yeah.

He stands. Walks out. His father turns to the closed door.

FATHER
Goodbye, John.

INT. A BAR

Older place. Nice. No TV. Constantine sits at an empty table.
His glass is upside down. He takes a drag of a cigarette then
tips the glass up and blows smoke on the trapped spider within.

The spider rushes to and fro, bumping off the glass edges as it
attempts to escape the smoke.

CONSTANTINE
Welcome to my life.

He lifts the glass and the spider escapes to freedom.

John signals the barman.

CONSTANTINE
Another JD.

BARMAN
(the talkative type)
What's the occasion?

CONSTANTINE
I'm in mourning.

BARMAN
Who's dead?

Constantine looks at him with dead eyes.

CONSTANTINE
What's it to you?

BARMAN

Well, pardon me all to hell.

Behind Constantine we see someone enter and walk over to him.

ANGELA (OS)

Mr. Constantine?

(he looks up)

Your neighbour thought I might find you here.

John stares at her, deadpan.

CONSTANTINE

Did I win a prize? Because right now I'd kick the shit out of Ed McMahon if he turned up.

ANGELA

(shows ID)

Detective Angela Murdoch.

CONSTANTINE

Oooh, a detective. What did I do now?

ANGELA

(sitting)

A friend of yours gave me your name. Ulrich Hennessy.

CONSTANTINE

That was nice of him.

ANGELA

Before he died.

CONSTANTINE'S POV

The world goes into a tailspin. Everything in flux.

In the mirror along the bar, he sees Hennessy looking at him. As if he were right behind him.

In a drunken stumble he lurches towards the restroom.

INT. RESTROOM

Constantine dry retches into a toilet.

Angela follows him in. Not worried at infringing on man's sanctum.

ANGELA

You alright?

CONSTANTINE

You always ask stupid questions? Get out.

ANGELA

Sorry, I thought you were going the same way Hennessy did. I was there wh...

CONSTANTINE

Well, I'm fine. Goodbye.

Angela continues as Constantine starts to breathe normally again.

ANGELA

Hennessy used his abilities to do some... consulting work for us.

(beat)

He was working on something before he died. I thought you might be able to help.

CONSTANTINE

(laughs)

So after Hennessy died working for you, you'd like me to step in? You got any swampland you wanna unload as well?

Angela throws CRIME SCENE PICTURES of the Locked Unit scene on the floor in front of him.

ANGELA

Hennessy mentioned your name with his dying breath. I thought that meant you were friends.

But John's not listening. He stares at the crime scene photos. Not at the victims but at the SYMBOL on the wall.

CONSTANTINE

A Sigil.

ANGELA

What?

Constantine points it out.

CONSTANTINE

It's a Sigil. An occult symbol for claiming possession of life. If someone puts it nearby when you die, he gets your soul... Whoever did this took their souls. Or thinks he did.

ANGELA

We're looking for a satanist?

CONSTANTINE

I don't know.

(after a beat)

Where are the bodies?

INT. A CHURCH - DAY

Someone's POV enters the church. Moves to the confession box.

INT. CONFESSIONAL

FATHER SPINELLI draws back the shade. He can't see who's on the other side.

(NOTE: This is always the case with Balthazar who will not be fully seen until later. We will recognize him by his distinctive voice.)

FATHER SPINELLI

May God bless you and give you strength to make a good confession.

BALTHAZAR

First I have a question.

(beat)

I understand God forgives all who make a full confession of their sins. I was wondering what would happen.... if the Devil walked in here and made his confession?

(long pause)

Would God forgive him?

FATHER SPINELLI

(a half laugh)

That's not a question I can answer. You'd need to talk to the Jesuits about theology.

(beat)

Are you ready to make your confession now?

BALTHAZAR

I only have one sin, Father.

FATHER SPINELLI

Well, my son, I'm sure God can forgive it.

BALTHAZAR

I'm not so sure, Father...

INT. CHURCH - LATER

Feet clip on marble floors as Balthazar walks out of the church.

The camera slowly turns through the church. It passes a wall on which March 19 and the Sigil is drawn.

The Camera continues until it comes to the confessional.

Outside the Priest's Door--

BLOOD forms a Rorscarch pool on the white marble.

INT. POLICE MORGUE - EVENING

Constantine and Angela move through the cold, government gray labyrinth. The silence is eerie. At last they come to a room with 4 bodies covered by white sheets.

ANGELA

That's them... Two of the patients were moved here last week. We've been looking for some kind of link between them.

Constantine looks around the squalid room with death hanging in the air. His gaze ends on the bodies.

ANGELA

Whenever you're ready.

Constantine flips her a half grin.

CONSTANTINE

Let's do it.

He pulls the sheet off one of the bodies. It's the Man With Glasses. Constantine stares at him. Slowly reaches out.

There's a tremor in his hand.

And in his eyes we see that he's terrified.

HIS HAND

brushes the Man's fingers.

Angela tenses. Half expecting a repeat of what happened to Hennessy.

Constantine just holds his hand then releases it.

CONSTANTINE

Nothing.

He almost seems relieved. Angela watches as he moves to the Blonde Woman.

He softly strokes her hair.

Angela takes the opportunity to examine him closely. Looking beneath the attitude. Trying to figure him out.

Constantine sees the look.

CONSTANTINE

It's a long time since I did this.
It might not work.

He moves to the Bald Man that Hennessy touched. Touches him. A long beat and then he shrugs. Moves to the last sheet.

Pulls it away.

It's Casey Ann.

Constantine reaches out and puts his hand to her face.

And suddenly we're

IN THE ALLEY - CASEY ANN'S POV

The dark outline of Balthazar moves towards her. We still don't see a face. Then she zeroes in on the shades.

And we get to see what Casey Ann saw earlier.

CLOSE - As hands come into the frame and take the shades off.

Where there should be eyes there are instead TINY MOUTHS FULL OF GLEAMING TEETH.

BACK WITH CONSTANTINE

He jerks away from the body.

CONSTANTINE

It used her to get in.

Angela stares at him.

ANGELA

It?

CONSTANTINE

(matter-of-factly)

Yeah, it. It's a demon. They use people all the time. She didn't even know she was possessed. Until it crippled her mind.

ANGELA

What do you mean, a demon?

Constantine lights a cigarette. The glow tints his face eerily.

CONSTANTINE

The story goes that God created the angel first. When 3 of them, Lucifer, Balthazar, and Beelzebub showed pride and thought themselves equal to God, He cast them and their followers into a pit far below the earth. The 3 leaders became devils, the followers became demons.

(beat)

Of course he knew they'd try to destroy his great experiment, Man, so he placed a rule on them. Only one devil could ever leave hell... but if he did the other two would die. That way he knew they'd watch each other like hawks. Those 3 pricks hate each other's guts and fight for power in hell by the amount of souls they claim...

ANGELA

But 3 devils inside 1...

CONSTANTINE

... is the same as Catholic 3 in 1 oil. Father, son and holy ghost. Think of all the names there are for the devil: Lucifer, Satan, Calibraxis, Mnemoch, Baal, Azazel, Beelzebub, Belial and so on.

(beat)

And in the bible, when Christ speaks to a possessed man in Gadarenes and asks who is possessing him, he answers "Call me legion, for we are many."

Angela doesn't buy any of this.

ANGELA

Whatever it is... why would it want to get inside an asylum?

CONSTANTINE

It wanted to get to someone in the hospital. To the other 3.

ANGELA

They were schizophrenic, manic depressive, paranoid delusional patients. Nobody special.

CONSTANTINE

Somebody thought they were. That's why he took their souls.

Angela shoots him a dismissive look.

ANGELA

Okay. Thanks for your help. We're outta here.

They leave the covered bodies behind them.

EXT. MORTUARY - NIGHT

They walk down a dark street lit only by streetlamps.

Constantine takes a TicTac box out of his pocket. Pops one.

CONSTANTINE

Want one?

Angela takes one. Fixes him in her laser stare.

CONSTANTINE

You don't believe me, do you?

ANGELA

It's not exactly an easy one to swallow - a serial killing demon walking the earth.

CONSTANTINE

They've done worse. A demon walked this earth, raised an army of sinners then fought and won, a battle against God. We called him Hitler.

ANGELA

That's different. I see terrible things every day. 10 year old kids who shoot babies. It's not demons, it's the evil that men do.

CONSTANTINE

You're right, we're capable of terrible things but we usually cover it up with motives like money and power.

(softly)

Then sometimes a demon comes along and gives us just the right nudge and we do truly evil things just for the joy of it.

Behind them, a streetlight blinks out.

Then another. They're not looking back so they don't see it.

ANGELA

It doesn't matter. I don't believe in demons.

CONSTANTINE

You should. They believe in us.

Angela wrinkles her nose.

ANGELA

What's that smell?

CONSTANTINE

The morgue?

ANGELA

No, it's different.

As they pass under a street lamp it goes bright then blacks out.

Constantine looks up. They continue walking.

The next lamp FLARES then fizzles out.

Angela looks behind, sees that there are no lights behind them.

She turns to Constantine. He's staring ahead.

Because now the light in front of them is flaring bright.

CONSTANTINE

Uh, let's...

It blinks out.

And they RUN. Towards the next light.

It blinks out seconds before they reach it.

They race to stay in the light but whatever is doing this OVERTAKES them and the streetlamps flicker off ahead.

And now they HEAR something.

A deep, rusty RASPING SOUND rushes at their heels. It sounds like something physically huge and predatory.

Constantine and Angela BARREL down the deserted street as darkness envelopes them.

ANGELA

(breathless, bordering
on hysteria)

What... is... it?

CONSTANTINE

(ironic)

Something... that doesn't... like
us.

And then the street lamps far ahead start to blink ominously off... but coming back towards them.

Then the RASPING comes rushing back at them.

It's ahead of them, cutting them off.

THE RASPING IS DEAFENING.

Constantine drags Angela off the pavement and they run across the street into a

SMALL PARK

They plunge through trees, branches whipping them as they race for the lights on the other side.

A WIND spins up from nowhere...

The lights are blacked out as the branches close in on them.

Animated by the sudden storm, the trees are like skeletal creatures.

The limbs tear at them, holding them back for whatever is in pursuit.

THE RASPING IS EARSPLITTING NOW.

Constantine DRAGS Angela through the tearing branches--

They come out in

A BUSY STREET

Cars rushing by. Lots of good citizens walking determinedly to their destinations.

Everything looks normal.

And the rasping is gone.

It could all have been an illusion.

Until they look down the street they walked up.

As one by one--

The streetlamps come back on, moving away from them.

As whatever was pursuing them, recedes.

Constantine stares at the invisible thing defiantly.

CONSTANTINE

(shouts)

Was that meant to scare us?

Angela stares at him in disbelief.

CONSTANTINE

(under his breath)

Because it was a pretty good try.

(turns to Angela)

Got a cigarette?

Angela pulls out her .45. Aims it at him. Eyes wild, hair wet with sweat, pale skin.

ANGELA

(screams)

What did you do to me? What was in that pill?

CONSTANTINE

What?

ANGELA

Get down on your knees, right now.

CONSTANTINE

Oh, for...

ANGELA

NOW!

Passersby stare as Constantine sinks to his knees.

INT. POLICE STATION - LATER

Angela sifts through computer files. Marcuse appears.

MARCUSE

A priest was found dead in a confessional today... The patients at the asylum were Jewish, Baptist and Atheist. We've got a religious full house.

ANGELA

A serial?

MARCUSE

(nods)

The computer still can't figure out these dates over the bodies.

(beat)

Tell me your guy's the sick fuck doer.

Angela points to Constantine's record on the computer.

ANGELA

(reading)

John Constantine. Suspicion of illegally importing antiquities. Charged with fraud - not prosecuted because evidence spontaneously combusted.

Marcuse knits his eyebrows together on that one.

ANGELA

Here's where it gets interesting. He spent 2 years in Ravenscar psychiatric hospital. Hennessy used his cop contacts to get him out.

MARCUSE

What was he in for?

ANGELA

A nervous breakdown.

(beat)

After he was questioned in the disappearance of a 13 year old girl during a reported exorcism.

MARCUSE

Work him, Angie.

INT. CONSTANTINE'S CELL

He's in there with 7 hard looking guys. DOG moves up beside him.

DOG

Hey, man you're wearing my coat.

CONSTANTINE

(sighs)

Really?

DOG

Yeah, that's my coat alright.

CONSTANTINE

Gee, you think Mom gave us the wrong ones this morning?

DOG

Give me back my fucking coat, asshole.

Constantine stands. The guy is a head taller and 40 pounds heavier. Dead jailyard eyes.

Constantine stares into them.

CONSTANTINE

Sit down and be quiet.

Dog tries to hold his stare but can't. There's something terrible in there. Then Dog buckles under Constantine's evil eye. He starts to sob, backs away into the corner.

Constantine sits down. Swallows hard.

INT. FORENSIC LAB - SHORTLY AFTER

A TECHNICIAN takes SAMPLES of hair, skin and blood from Constantine as Anglea speaks.

ANGELA

You can't account for your whereabouts on the night of the killings at Ravenscar - an institution you were formally an inmate of.

CONSTANTINE

(shrugs)

I was trying to quit smoking. Thought it would help.

ANGELA

Says here you underwent a breakdown after the disappearance of a young girl.

Constantine's face hardens.

CONSTANTINE

That had nothing to do with me.

ANGELA

When was the last time you saw Hennessy? Did you slip him some sort of drug too?

CONSTANTINE

Can't believe your own eyes, can you? What happened to us was real.

ANGELA

Either you slipped me a hallucinogen
or used some kind of hypnotic
suggestion.

Constantine smiles. Sits back.

CONSTANTINE

You ever hear of Pascal's Bet?

ANGELA

Who?

CONSTANTINE

Rene Pascal. French guy.
Mathematician and philosopher.
Probably rude to tourists. He was
trying to figure out whether or not
God existed.

(beat)

He decided that if you followed
God's rules, you'd go to heaven when
you died. If he did exist, you were
kicking it in paradise. If he
didn't, you were wormfood and you
wouldn't know or care. So you had
nothing to lose by believing in God.

ANGELA

And you're telling me this
because...

CONSTANTINE

Same thing here. If you don't
believe in demons, you'll end up
looking in all the wrong places for
this killer. If you believe, you
have a chance to stop him.

ANGELA

Pretty slick, aren't you?

Constantine shrugs. Then his eyes impale hers.

CONSTANTINE

Whatever came after us tonight isn't
going to stop now. Get ready for
some more strange shit.

EXT. ANGELA'S APT. BUILDING - LATER

Angela walks up to her building. There's nobody around.
She already has her key in her hand, a streetwise New Yorker.
She twists the key in the door. But it won't turn.
A quick glance around-- there's a lot of shadows out there.
Forcing herself to be calm, she tries again.

This fucking thing won't turn. What's wrong with it?

The sounds of the city seem to drop out, one by one.

Angela starts to slowly freak. She's strong but unnerved.

Then she sees what's wrong. Laughs at herself, relieved.

ANGELA

Wrong key! You're letting this
thing freak you out.

She finds the right one. Goes inside.

INT. SUBWAY PLATFORM - NIGHT

A BLIND MAN in shades walks with a sign reading "THE END IS
NIGH". (We saw him earlier when Constantine went to the Doctor.)

As a train's lights leave, a shadow falls on him.

BALTHAZAR (OS)

(reads)

"The end is nigh."

(chuckles)

It certainly is.

Before the man can move, the shadow THROWS LIQUID onto him. The
Sign Man tries to run but is THROWN to the ground. He gibbers.

SIGN MAN

I know you. You were in my dreams.

The shadow flicks a match and throws it onto Sign Man.

WHOOSH! He BURSTS into flames. The liquid was gasoline.

Sign Man burns, staring at his attacker with blind eyes as his
DARK GLASSES MELT. Like a Buddhist monk during Vietnam.

Seen through the flames, the subway looks like Hell and Balthazar
is a shadowy devil.

SIGN MAN

He'll stop you.

BALTHAZAR

(calm, definite)

No. He won't.

Balthazar walks away.

August 12 and the Sigil are illuminated amongst the scrawls of
graffitti.

INT. ANGELA'S APT. - BEDROOM - NIGHT

She's asleep. She stirs, awakening. Angela looks around. What
woke her?

Gradually she becomes aware of a NOISE like air whistling through a pipe.

She gets up, checks the faucet.

The noise becomes a raspy HISSING. The same hissing that came after her and Constantine earlier. She looks over at the door.

Something RIPPLES through it. Just a flicker.

In stark terror, Angela GRABS HER GUN from the nightstand.

The HISSING moves across the room. Her eyes flick over the patterned wallpaper.

Which begins to move.

The pattern rearranges itself, knitting together, lines snaking through each other until Angela is looking at a FIGURE IN THE WALLPAPER.

She gradually recognizes the Figure as its FACE comes together.

It's herself. The Wallpaper Angela starts slashing at the wallpaper from behind. A RIP appears in the paper.

Wallpaper Angela is trying to GET OUT from within the wall.

BRRRIIIIIINNNNNNGGG!

ANGELA SCREAMS!

Then realizes that her phone is ringing.

The Hissing has stopped.

She moves in a trance, picks up the phone.

ANGELA
(into phone)
Murdoch... Another? What time?
Okay. I'll be there.

She hangs up.

Turns to the wall her image was in.

Her figure is no longer there. But--

There's a Sigil cut into the wallpaper.

Angela backs away. No sound comes out of her mouth as she tries to scream.

INT. POLICE STATION - MORNING

Constantine picks up his things at the police holding cell.
Turns to Angela as he puts on his belt.

CONSTANTINE
Why are you letting me go?

ANGELA

We had another killing last night.
Another date beside the... whatever
you call it... symbol.

(sighs)

You couldn't have done it.

CONSTANTINE

Sorry to disappoint you.

Angela works up her nerve then plunges.

ANGELA

If I were to believe what you're
saying... that the symbol beside
the body allows someone to claim
your soul when you die...

(beat)

What happens to you?

CONSTANTINE

(surprised she's
asking)

Your soul is directly linked to the
taker's. If he suffers, you suffer.
If he ceases to exist, you cease to
exist.

(beat)

Why are you asking?

ANGELA

(blurts it out)

Something happened last night.

CONSTANTINE

Yeah?

ANGELA

I had a bad dream. When I woke up,
the... symbol was cut into my
wallpaper.

(beat)

I think I might be the next victim.

INT. ANGELA'S OFFICE

She shows a map to Constantine.

ANGELA

I checked to see if anyone had come
across these types of killings
before. The FBI drew a blank. But
Interpol just came through with
this.

(beat)

He's been busy.

CONSTANTINE

Where?

ANGELA
(pointing to map)
Rome. Prague. London. Moscow.
Mecca. Tibet. Jerusalem. New
Delhi.

CONSTANTINE
They were all spiritual centers.
Rome is the center of the Catholic
Church and before that was Prague.
London is the fountainhead of Anglo-
Saxon Protestantism. The Russian
Orthodox church grew from Moscow.
Islam evolved from Mecca. Buddhism
came out of Tibet. Judaism is
centered in Jerusalem. New Delhi is
the central hub of Hinduism.

ANGELA
Eight cities. And New York makes
nine. Why here? It's not exactly
spiritual.

CONSTANTINE
It used to be. The Algonquian
Indians were the most spiritual of
the tribes. They once lived right
here in Manhattan... Before they
sold it for beads.

Angela looks through her notes.

ANGELA
There were nine victims in each
city, all with a date and a sigil
found near the body.

CONSTANTINE
Nine by nine. He's on a countdown
to something.

ANGELA
And all the deaths took place over
a 3 day period. Beginning at
midnight, ending at midnight.
(beat)
Which means we've got less than 2
days left. And no idea what
connects the victims.

CONSTANTINE
I know someone we can ask.

EXT. HARLEM - PAPA MIDNIGHT'S APOTHECARY

Constantine and Angela are outside a Harlem storefront. All
voodoo symbols and candles in the window.

ANGELA
What are we doing here?

CONSTANTINE

The easiest way to find a killer is
to ask the victim who killed him.

INT. PAPA MIDNIGHT'S - DAY

Blood red walls, ornate and gothic furnishings. PARROTS and MYNAH BIRDS mutter. Papa Midnight feeds MICE to SNAKES that slither through each other in a glass cage.

PAPA MIDNIGHT

Constantine. Unexpected but
welcome. And you've brought a
friend?

CONSTANTINE

This is Angela Murdoch.

Angela looks at the CRYSTAL BALL. Her face turns upside down and
distorts in it.

PAPA MIDNIGHT

Would you care to know what life has
in store for you, my dear?

CONSTANTINE

She's not a mark, she's a detective.

Papa bows deeply and charmingly.

PAPA MIDNIGHT

I'm pleased someone has taken John
into custody. It was long overdue.
But I assure you anything he says
about me is not to be trusted.

Angela rewards him with a polite smile.

CONSTANTINE

We need to speak to Hennessy.

PAPA MIDNIGHT

But he's departed.

Papa Midnight's PARROTS repeat his words.

PARROTS

Departed... Departed...

CONSTANTINE

I know.

The implication dawns on Papa Midnight.

PAPA MIDNIGHT

The mind boggles in surprise.
You've stayed away from this type of
thing for a long time.

CONSTANTINE

Yeah, well I'm back in.

PAPA MIDNIGHT
Is there wisdom in that? Remember
Newcastle.

MYNAH BIRDS
Newcastle... Newcastle...

Constantine's eyes dig into Papa's.

CONSTANTINE
We need to ask Hennessy a question.

ANGELA
(to Constantine)
Are you asking him to hold a
sceance?

CONSTANTINE
You know any other way to talk to
the dead?

MOMENTS LATER

Papa Midnight covers the bird cages with black velvet.

Angela looks for something to sit down on. Slumps into a wide
wooden chair with leather straps on the arms.

PAPA MIDNIGHT
Ah, you found my favorite chair.
Came from Sing Sing. 300 men drew
their last breath in the gas chamber
on it. Their spirits give it
powerful magic.

Oops. Angela leaps out of the chair, eyes wide.

SAME - LATER

They sit at a table in front of an antique, gild framed mirror.

Angela's eyes are alive with fear and anticipation. Constantine
breathes shallowly. Papa Midnight smiles.

ANGELA
Should we hold hands or something?

CONSTANTINE
You've seen too many old movies.
Just hush and let Papa do his stuff.

The only light comes through stained glass windows. Papa's smile
twists into a grimace as his body goes rigid.

The room grows darker.

Angela shivers. Constantine swallows hard.

PAPA MIDNIGHT
Something's coming. Lord, the power
of it! It's rushing in like a
fucking rocket.

An eternal moment.

And then the mirror SHATTERS.

They see their faces splintered into pieces.

Then become aware that there is one whole face left in the mirror. It is Hennessy's.

Angela looks behind her but he's not there.

Hennesy has shards in his voice.

HENNESSY

No. I can't... He won't let me...

PAPA MIDNIGHT

I command you...

HENNESSY

Fuck your commands... He's got my soul...

ANGELA SHUTS HER EYES. Hennessy is still there when she opens them.

CONSTANTINE

Hennesy, you got me involved.
You've got to tell me in what?

HENNESSY

He knows you, Constantine. I can't say his name.

CONSTANTINE

Then tell me what the dates mean?

Hennesy tries to answer but something chokes him.

HENNESSY

You can't rush in where angels fear to tread.

CONSTANTINE

Tell me who took you, Hennessy?

HENNESSY

Pleeeaaaaaassssseeeee!!!

Hennesy screams as his upper and lower TEETH distend and narrow into points, pushing through each other to cut into his eyes and throat.

Angela SCREAMS too.

Hennesy MELTS as if he were wax. They're left looking at their own splintered faces in the mirror.

Constantine grabs Angela. Is she all right? She nods.

Papa Midnight looks over at him. Rattled.

PAPA MIDNIGHT
That was a first.

Constantine acts like he usually does when he doesn't want to show his feelings. He lights a cigarette and wisecracks.

CONSTANTINE
I thought he looked quite well considering.

Papa Midnight looks at Angela with surprised respect.

PAPA MIDNIGHT
It's a strange world you've entered, cherie. You handled it well. Others would have ran screaming into the streets.

She smiles, still scared but appreciative.

ANGELA
I still might. But thanks.
(shudders)
The whole thing was horrible. And all for nothing.

CONSTANTINE
Not quite for nothing.

PAPA MIDNIGHT
He couldn't tell us anything. Whatever has his soul is too powerful.

CONSTANTINE
But he managed to slip us a real live clue. He said you can't rush in where angels fear to tread.

ANGELA
(shrugs)
It's a saying.

CONSTANTINE
No. It's someone I know.
(looks at Midnight)
Gabriel.

EXT. CAMBRIDGE CLUB - DAY

Constantine and Angela get out of a cab in front of an opulent mansion. Ivy covered and protected by gargoyles. It's a Gentleman's Club from the 19th century.

ANGELA
Nice spot. Who are we meeting here?

CONSTANTINE
If I told you, you wouldn't believe me.

INT. CAMBRIDGE CLUB

All old leather, old money and cigar smoke. Stern dead guys frown down from the walls. Old wood floors lead to a winding marble staircase with a mahogany balustrade.

A Commissionaire leads Constantine and Angela into a

PRIVATE MEETING ROOM

Angela looks around the opulent surroundings.

ANGELA

So this is how the other half live.

CONSTANTINE

I don't think it's half, more like 1 percent.

They look up as GABRIEL arrives. He's very handsome with a cultivated and bored air.

GABRIEL

Estat icit, Magus?

(SUBTITLES)

Why are you here, Magus?

His voice is soft and charming, strangely seductive.

Constantine surprises us by responding in Latin.

CONSTANTINE

Querem edo verat alorum.

(SUBTITLES)

To ask you a question.

He indicates Angela.

CONSTANTINE

Let's not be rude to my friend.

ANGELA

Id erat lingus in alorum mensa
Columbia ancens cutla.

(SUBTITLES)

I learned latin when I studied
Ancient Civilizations at Columbia.

(switches to English)

In future don't be so condescending.

Constantine shoots her a look of surprise. As does Gabriel. ¹
switches to English in an educated American accent.

GABRIEL

As you wish, young lady.

(after a beat)

What burning question has brought
you to see me?

CONSTANTINE
Somebody's collecting souls. We thought you might have noticed a shortfall in your supply.

GABRIEL
I'm afraid not.

CONSTANTINE
Whoever's taking them uses a Sigil to claim them. And leaves a date written on the wall. We don't know the significance yet.

GABRIEL
How annoying for you.

Constantine's eyes drill into him.

CONSTANTINE
You'll have to forgive me, Gaybo but I think you're lying.

GABRIEL
(soft as death)
Do you realize who you're talking to?

Gabriel walks by the window and his image FLICKERS.

ANGELA'S POV

Gabriel's hair is snow white and long. His eyes are piercing gray. From his spine jut 3 sets of wings, pale and leathery with barbed spines framing them.

It's an unfamiliar, scary image of an angel. As soon as Angela sees it, Gabriel has flickered back to human form.

CONSTANTINE
Yeah, I do. And you're full of shit. The seraphim wouldn't be in the dark about this so why aren't you doing something about it?

Gabriel gives an arch smile.

GABRIEL
You know how it is, conjurer. I'm just here to observe you creatures. Keep Him informed. Maybe answer a few prayers or make some statues cry. Just enough to keep the flock believing.

CONSTANTINE
Oh, for Christ's sake - pardon the language - just tell me what's going on?

GABRIEL

You are interfering in a world that you are not welcome in. And please lower your voice. Remember, this is my club.

CONSTANTINE

Well that's just too fucking bad! You shouldn't be in an exclusive club anyway - you should be kicking it with the poor. What was that about a camel going through the eye of a needle sooner than a rich man entering heaven?

Passing members look into the room. An embarrassed Gabriel smiles as they pass.

SLAMMMM! With startling speed--

The door shuts of its own accord.

Then WHOOOSSHH!

A RING OF FIRE flames up around Constantine.

GABRIEL

(still calm)

That was public relations for the poor. And I don't care for your tone.

Inside the inferno, Constantine is unimpressed.

CONSTANTINE

Can you make a rabbit pop out of a hat as well?

Gabriel glares at him. Then all of a sudden, he smiles.

The flames disappear. Gabriel sniffs the air.

GABRIEL

Oh, my. Oh, this is just too delicious. I can smell it on you. Dark and sweet.

(beat)

The decaying scent of Death.

He laughs and it's a little boy's laugh. Innocent and sweet. And all the more horrifying for that.

GABRIEL

I did wonder why you were involved, especially in light of your embarrassing faux pas in Newcastle. You're dying and you're seeking redemption.

(beat)

Oh, Constantine, how sweet of you. But with your track record you're the last person the angels want on their side. Stay out of our affairs.

Constantine looks at him with icy eyes.

CONSTANTINE

I thought you'd be more concerned about someone taking souls. I thought that was why you were here.

GABRIEL

I've been around a lot longer than you. Let me decide why I'm here.

Boom! Behind Constantine's eyes, a lightbulb had just gone off.

CONSTANTINE

(putting it together)

That's true, isn't it? You have been around a lot longer. By the way, what date is it today?

GABRIEL

(confused)

June 15. Why?

CONSTANTINE

Bzzzzz! Wrong. You go home with the crappy gameshow t-shirt. It's actually August 23.

(beat)

But if you were some fancy ass immortal who's been around for so long you can't be bothered to learn our silly new timekeeping systems, you might still use the Roman Calendar.

(softly)

And I'll bet that's just what our killer is doing.

Constantine nods at a not particularly happy Gabriel.

CONSTANTINE

You've been a great help. Say hi to the boss for me.

INT. NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

Gothic and cavernous. They're alone in the Religious section. Angela looks up from a book.

ANGELA

In the Roman calendar, there were 10 months and the lengths varied... Now if I make the changes... August 12 becomes October 21?

CONSTANTINE

Means nothing to me.

Angela swats at a BUZZING FLY as she looks up the next date.

ANGELA

June 21 becomes August 29.

CONSTANTINE

(something clicks)

It's the date of St. John the Baptist's beheading.

ANGELA

And March 17 becomes May 30.

Constantine pulls a book from the shelf. It's The Oxford Dictionary of The Saints. He flips through it.

CONSTANTINE

(finds the date)

That's when they burned Joan of Arc.

ANGELA

Want to try August 12/October 21 again?

CONSTANTINE

(flicks through book)

Isaiah's stoning to death in the old testament..

Angela looks at him.

ANGELA

So someone's killing these people according to the murders of the saints?

Constantine nods. Then--

CONSTANTINE

But they weren't just ordinary saints. They were all prophets... Joan, Isaiah, John the Baptist... They were the seers of the church, granted wisdom to see beyond this world...

ANGELA

Which means?

CONSTANTINE

(wry)

I don't know. I'm sure it's some kind of clue.

EXT. CENTRAL PARK

Joggers move between and around them. Parents hold their children's hands tight.

ANGELA

Back there with... Gabriel. You insulted him, laughed at him.

CONSTANTINE

You've got to. If these types see fear, they've got you. You've got to look like you're too cool to be scared, even if you're shitting yourself.

ANGELA

I thought angels were supposed to be... well, nice.

They pass the STONE ANGELS which are covered in pigeons. Despite this, they look ready to shed their stone skins and move.

CONSTANTINE

(scowls)

They always look so innocent in religious art. Butter wouldn't melt in their mouths. Makes you forget God sent them to smite his enemies and kill first borns in their cribs.

(beat)

Gabriel's a battle angel. He's here to maintain the status quo.

ANGELA

You mean God sent angels here to counteract the demons?

CONSTANTINE

(nods)

The demons tempt and possess us, the angels try to stop them and inspire us with miracles.

Angela shakes her head, amazed she's listening to this without a straitjacket on.

ANGELA

What religion is this from?

CONSTANTINE

All of them. You got to remember that religions were created to inspire people to live good lives or failing that to scare the shit out of them if they even thought about sinning.

(beat)

They all got it right but it's the same story told by different storytellers... there's always a few differences.

ANGELA
(ironic)
Just enough to fight several
thousand years of religious wars
over.

They walk past the GARGOYLES.

ANGELA
What he said about smelling death on
you...

CONSTANTINE
He's right. I'm going to come down
with a severe case of not breathing
in a short time.
(looks away)
That's the trouble with these
pricks, it's hard to keep a secret
from them.

Angela looks at him.

ANGELA
I... I don't know what to say.
(beat)
You're sure?
(he nods)
I'm sorry.

CONSTANTINE
So am I.

He looks at the children playing by the FOUNTAIN. Some horses
clipclopping by. At the beauty of the park. Drinks it all in.

CONSTANTINE
I've walked through this place a
thousand times and I've never seen
it look this good.
(catches himself)
I mean, if you're into that kind of
thing.

She looks at him with real kindness. Touched.

ANGELA
I am.

The horses walking by them SNICKER AND WHINNY skittishly.

Then SUDDENLY REAR BACK.

And Constantine sees that the fountain water--

is tinged with SPLOTCHES of red.

It increases until--

THE FOUNTAIN IN CENTRAL PARK TURNS TO BLOOD.

It gushes out... splatters over the edges... a terrible sight.

And the children playing... just continue playing... surreally.
Constantine stares in horror...

And Angela follows his gaze, confused.

FLASH

And suddenly the scene is just as before. Bucolic and perfect.

ANGELA

You okay?

CONSTANTINE

(swallows hard)

Yeah. Peachy.

Beat.

CONSTANTINE

The dead saints were prophets,
right? They saw visions.

(beat)

What if the victims did too?

ANGELA

What do you mean?

CONSTANTINE

I want to go to the asylum.

INT. RAVENSCAR - COMMON ROOM

Constantine and Angela wait by a desk. Patients go through their own little rituals in their own little worlds.

ANGELA

What are we doing here?

CONSTANTINE

(gestures around)

I wanted you to meet the family.

ANGELA

You are a sick human being.

Constantine half smiles. But behind it all, he's reliving some bad memories.

CONSTANTINE

Even after all these years, this
place...

He shakes his head, trails off as--

An ADMINISTRATOR brings them a selection of PAINTINGS.

ADMINISTRATOR

This is the work done by the
patients who died.

She hands them horrible PAINTINGS of blackened trees, oceans full of human limbs, the sun and the moon covered in blood...

a subway car full of dead bodies...

Constantine stares at it.

CONSTANTINE
They were all watchers.

ANGELA
Watchers?

CONSTANTINE
They had gifts. Clairvoyance, psychic abilities, precognisance - call it what you want but they saw something coming...

ANGELA
They're just a bunch of psychotic paintings. How can you be sure they were psychics?

A long beat.

CONSTANTINE
Because I'm one too...
(beat)
I've been having the same visions. I just didn't understand what they meant.

It hangs there.

ANGELA
This is for real? You're going to be one of the victims?

CONSTANTINE
If the brain tumor doesn't get me first.
(dry)
I'm having a really bad day here.

Angela lets this sink in.

ANGELA
Why is he doing this?

CONSTANTINE
Why would you kill a psychic? Because he knows about something other people don't. Because he knows about something that hasn't happened yet.

ANGELA

So they're being killed because of something that's going to happen in the future... What do we do now? Put bodyguards on The Pyschic Friends Network?

Constantine shoots her a withering look.

ANGELA

What's going to happen?

He looks at the paintings' theme of horrific destruction.

CONSTANTINE

The only images I've seen that resemble these are images of the Apocalypse...

ANGELA

He's killing people who can see the Apocalypse coming?

And Constantine thinks for a moment--

CONSTANTINE

Why would he bother? I mean who'd believe them..?

(beat)

I think he's killing them because they might know how to stop it.

As she ponders that Angela glances over to--

THE FROSTED GLASS DOOR OF THE ROOM

Something moves behind it... terribly quickly... A figure springs back and forth like a metronome...

Stops.

The impression of scarred, bloated flesh through the obscured glass... Protrusions from the head...

Angela startles... Constantine pulls the door open...

Looks up and down the corridor. Patients and orderlies. Nothing unusual.

CONSTANTINE

This place can make you see things... You hungry?

INT. CHINESE RESTAURANT - DAY

A hole in the wall with red vinyl seats.

Angela looks around at the other DINERS.

ANGELA

I wish I were one of them. Just out for a meal. Pissed off about work maybe. Wondering what's on TV later. Not knowing that there are demons out there. And that they want to kill me.

(beat)

I don't know why this is happening to me. I'm not a particularly religious person. I never even thought of heaven and hell as real places.

Constantine can see how unnerved she is.

CONSTANTINE

Listen, you can walk away from this.

ANGELA

Wh... what do you mean?

CONSTANTINE

You're not having visions. He doesn't need to kill you. I think he put the Sigil on your wall because you were with me when I pissed him off. So he decided to fuck with you.

(beat)

You don't have to risk staying involved in this thing.

ANGELA

(shakes her head)

I'm a detective. I have to find and stop whoever's doing this.

It's pretty final. Constantine smiles.

CONSTANTINE

So why did you become a cop?

ANGELA

I was an orphan.

CONSTANTINE

Don't see the connection.

ANGELA

I was older than most of the kids. I looked after the ones who couldn't stand up for themselves. That's what I think being a cop is about. Plus it's a family. I like that.

Constantine looks at her with a new respect...

CONSTANTINE

It's all so ridiculous when you think about it. Demons and angels fighting over our souls without so much as asking us what we'd like done with them.

Angela looks at him closely.

ANGELA

You're a very strange man, John Constantine.

CONSTANTINE

Nah, not really. It's just a routine I go through to pick up girls.

ANGELA

(smiles)

Does it work?

CONSTANTINE

Not often...

Angela picks the the FORTUNE COOKIE off the table.

ANGELA

They only gave us one. We'll have to share.

They crack the cookie together. The fortune falls out.

Constantine opens it up.

CU - FORTUNE

It reads - YOU WILL DIE VERY SOON.

ANGELA

What does it say?

CONSTANTINE

("reading")

Great advancements in career and love life. Lucky color blue.

ANGELA

Oh, yeah. Been waiting for that one.

And then her cellphone rings....

ANGELA
(listens and hangs up)
We found a link.
(beat)

The families of 2 of the asylum victims got a visit from a doctor. Told them they'd be better moving their relatives to Ravenscar. Gave them 10 thousand dollars as a research payment.

CONSTANTINE
And the doctor?

ANGELA
The name was false. But the checks came from a charitable foundation owned by a man called Evan Bellows.

Constantine reacts to the name.

CONSTANTINE
Bellows...

INT. BELLOWS PENTHOUSE - DAY

Constantine and Angela step out of Bellows private elevator. He's waiting for them. Calm and confident.

BELLOWS
So, Detective Murdoch and Mr. Constantine, how can I be of assistance?

Angela glances over the art collection.

ANGELA
You have a wonderful collection. That's a Grunewald, isn't it?

BELLOWS
Yes.

THE PAINTING: It's the rape of an angel by a demon.

ANGELA
Fascinating subject matter.

BELLOWS
It's of interest to me.
(less polite)
You're forcing me to repeat myself. How can I help you?

ANGELA
(matter-of-factly)
We were wondering why you paid for psychiatric patients to be sent to Ravenscar Asylum?

BELLOWS
(perturbed)
I'm afraid you have me at a loss.

ANGELA
We have two checks for the transfers
that can be traced back to you.

BELLOWS
I am on the boards of several large
charity organizations. Perhaps my
name was used in helping somebody
attain better care.

Angela fixes him in her eyes.

ANGELA
The people you transferred are all
dead.

BELLOWS
I still fail to understand what this
has to do with me.

Constantine loses his patience.

CONSTANTINE
C'mon, Bellows. You know what's
going on. There's a demon out there
claiming the souls of watchers.

Bellows looks him up and down in amazement. Turns to Angela.

BELLOWS
(incredulous)
You can't tell me you believe this
man's ravings. A demon killing
people? It's an insane idea.

ANGELA
We do want to know who, or what, is
carrying out these killings?

Bellows shoots Angela a stern look.

BELLOWS
Perhaps I should call your superior
and discuss this bizarre line of
inquiry with him.
(shows them the door)
In the meantime, submit any
questions via my lawyer. I believe
he knows your DA quite well.

Angela looks at Constantine. He holds out his hand.

She takes her GUN from her shoulder holster... and gives it to
Constantine.

BELLOWS
What... what is this?

CONSTANTINE
 (serious as cancer)
 I can stop it by killing you right now.

Bellows looks to Angela in horror.

BELLOWS
 You're a police officer. You can't allow this to happen.

ANGELA
 After the things I've seen, I have no choice.

Constantine aims the gun at him.

CONSTANTINE
 I'm one of the watchers, Bellows. He's going to come for me too. I have nothing to lose. Tell us what's going to happen.

Bellows looks at them. His fear turns into a sneer.

BELLOWS
 (smug)
 It's too late you know. He doesn't need me any more. Everything is already laid out for him...
 (almost euphoric)
 The Devil will taste the blood of Christ and walk the earth to bring the apocalypse...

CONSTANTINE
 Aren't you forgetting something? One devil can't leave hell without the other two getting zapped. And they're not about to let that happen.

BELLOWS
 Really?

And he smiles. Angela stares at him in horror.

ANGELA
 How could you be a part of this?

BELLOWS
 My father was a Lutheran minister and my parents wanted a daughter. They dressed me as a girl for 7 years because God could not have failed them. I prayed to all 3 devils to kill them and one of them heard me.

(more)

BELLOWS (Cont'd)

(born again)

That's when I accepted him as my saviour... When the devil takes a living soul the other 2 don't know about it... so I was able to work to bring him here as the one true devil.

CONSTANTINE

Who am I, Oprah? Just tell me which devil it is and how he's planning to get out?

Bellows walks by some of his PAINTINGS. Fra Angelico's "Last Judgement" from Dante's Inferno. Nine levels of hell full of suffering multitudes.

BELLOWS

(a gleeful rush)

He's building a staircase from hell...

Bellows steps into a doorway and closes it.

Constantine bolts over to pull it open but it won't budge.

A mechanical descending sound. The room was an ELEVATOR.

ANGELA

A security elevator to avoid kidnap attempts.

CONSTANTINE

Shit.

He looks at the Angelico Painting.

Suddenly the PICTURE STARTS TO GROW...

It spreads out from the frame and fills the wall

Then moves over the other walls, floor and ceiling.

Covers the furniture.

Even Angela.

Everything is suddenly blood red with thousands of upside down crucifixions and other torments...

ON A MAZE OF STAIRS... all on different levels.

Constantine is in the middle of a painting.

Angela turns to him. She's part of the painting now... she holds her eyes in her fingers... her empty sockets look at him.

ANGELA

Constantine!!!

FLASH

John is suddenly in the room again.

ANGELA

It's happening again, isn't it?

Constantine points to now normal painting. To the staircases.

CONSTANTINE

This is taken from Dante's Inferno.
There are 9 levels of hell with 9
steps in each...

ANGELA

(realizing)

Like the 9 victims in 9 cities.

Constantine points to the 3rd step from the top...

CONSTANTINE

The devil is building a staircase
from hell made of the souls of those
who could stop him...

(beat)

And he's almost here.

EXT. STREET

Constantine and Angela exit the building. Walk down the street.
Lost in their own thoughts.

People pass by... some in conversation... some on cellphones.

Snippets of their discussions the white noise of city living.

ASSORTED VOICES

... check it out, real Rolexes for
50 bucks... everytime... Angela....
he's not worth it you know...
You're going to die, Angela...

And Angela whirls... can't see anyone speaking to her.

WHISPERED VOICE (JUST ABOVE THE OTHERS)

He's going to tear you to pieces...
he'll eat you up, little
buttercup...

Constantine sees her distress. Looks around.

CONSTANTINE

What is it?

ANGELA

You can't hear it?

He listens.

ASSORTED VOICES

... oomingdales is 50 bucks
cheaper... move the 3.30 to 4...

But Angela is trembling.

Constantine guides her into a

SIDESTREET

It's an alley behind a department store.

CONSTANTINE

Do you still hear anything?

And she listens. And the street is a distant din...

ANGELA

It's gone now... Oh, god..

She stares down the alley.

Beside a dumpster, a dozen people stand stock still, watching them.

Then we realize they're MANNEQUINS waiting to be dumped.

ANGELA

Maybe I'm losing it.

It's quiet...

And then there's the slowest, strangest CRACKING noise... Very grating and deliberate...

And Angela looks to Constantine. Can he hear it?

And oh yes he can... He looks around for the source of the sound.

At the building they're walking past...

And looks up... to the 3rd floor...

The glass in the window panes is CRACKING slowly... Cobwebs spreading through glass... first one window... then the next... very deliberately... moving along the entire building...

And in a burst---

The windows SHATTER and the glass explodes outwards...

A thousand shards rain down on them... deadly edges glimmering in the sun...

And they run...

As the glass pours down on them, window by window.

There's no way they can outrun it...

And in a flash, Constantine sees an EMPLOYEES ENTRANCE - pulls Angela into the doorway... there's just enough room for them to squeeze against the door

And they watch the glistening BLIZZARD OF GLASS fall onto the entire street. Lethal raindrops.

The few cars on the streets are decimated... glass puncturing roofs and hoods...

They see the mannequins - as glass THUNKS INTO THEM - into their eye sockets, mouths, limbs. Thousands of shards stick out of their heads and bodies...

Exactly what would have happened to them if they were out there.

And then it stops...

And both of them are ashen...

CONSTANTINE

(dry)

I think he's really getting pissed with us now.

ANGELA

Stop... stop it...

Angela stares at the shredded mannequins. Shivers.

CONSTANTINE

You okay?

Angela turns. Her eyes set with a determination she's not quite sure she feels.

ANGELA

I'm. Fine.

(beat)

I should get back to the station...

CONSTANTINE

Would you like to stay with me tonight?

(doesn't want it taken the wrong way)

I mean, there's safety in numbers.

ANGELA

Thanks for the offer but I have things to do.

CONSTANTINE

Be careful. Stay around people.

ANGELA

(touched)

I will. Thanks.

INT. PAPA MIDNIGHT'S - LATER

Papa Midnight regards Constantine with quiet fear.

PAPA MIDNIGHT

You're sure about all this?

CONSTANTINE

(nods)

Had any visions?

PAPA MIDNIGHT

I dream of skyscrapers filling with blood, all the windows red.

(pissed)

The devil himself is coming. Why the hell are you trying to stop him? You've probably got him mad at all of us now.

CONSTANTINE

Got no choice. He's on a collision course anyway.

PAPA MIDNIGHT

(it hits him)

We should just get on a plane and go to Jamaica! Nothing bad happens in a place where you drink fruit cocktails all the time.

Constantine smiles. If only.

CONSTANTINE

Last time we did business, Bellows was looking for the relic from Jerusalem.

(beat)

If it's really something Christ touched then it's pretty powerful. Maybe they're still looking for it.

PAPA MIDNIGHT

In which case we let them look their asses off and we head for the hills.

CONSTANTINE

If they're looking for it, they need it. And if they need it bad enough, we get it first and destroy the fucker. Then they can't bring that thing here.

Papa Midnight sighs. Opens his snake aquarium.

PAPA MIDNIGHT

Your arrogance is going to be the death of you. You can't take the devil on directly. You won't beat him in a pissing contest.

CONSTANTINE

(smiles winningly)

Then I'll win him over with my smooth tongue and glib charm.

Papa lets his snakes run through his hands.

PAPA MIDNIGHT

You can't con a conman, John...
Remember, he's the master of
temptation. He looks at all his
options then chooses the one he can
tempt you with... And he never
loses.

CONSTANTINE

You're a real glass-is-half-empty
kind of guy, aren't you?
(beat, serious)
Help me find the relic. It's our
only hope.

PAPA MIDNIGHT

What have we become? You've got us
acting like good guys now.
(beat, with a glower)
If I'm stupid enough to stay in this
city, I'll look for it.

Constantine nods.

INT. POLICE STATION - EVENING

The dept. has emptied out. Angela is alone at her desk, typing
into a computer.

SOUND - Only the rhythmic pad of her fingers on the keyboard.

She bites her lip, quietly intense.

SOMETHING BRUSHES AGAINST HER HAIR.

Angela JUMPS.

Marcuse is behind her.

ANGELA

SHIT... Please don't do that...

MARCUSE

We need to talk.

(beat)

Someone said you were working along
with that freak Constantine on this
thing?

ANGELA

These murders aren't normal. I
can't use normal methods to solve
them.

MARCUSE

What do you mean?

ANGELA

I mean there are things in this city we have no idea about. Someone... or some thing... is killing psychics.

MARCUSE

Some "thing?"

ANGELA

A demon...

Marcuse looks at her like she has two heads.

MARCUSE

(after a beat)

Would you like to talk to the police shrink about this?

Angela makes a mental reversal. 'Don't get thrown off the case. She hits Marcuse with a don't-be-a-moron look.

ANGELA

I mean somebody who thinks he's a demon. Some kind of satanist. Constantine is the only one who knows this world.

MARCUSE

Christ, Angela. He's taking you for a ride.

ANGELA

Right now he's the only chance I have to figure this out.

Marcuse shakes his head. Let her run things her way. He looks at the computer screen.

MARCUSE

What's that?

ONSCREEN

The occult figures strongly in this case. The killer is removing a select group of psychics who may be able to stop his final plan... Whatever it may be.

Then--

UOYGNIHCTAWM' IYTTERPYREVER' UOYOLLEH

ANGELA

I don't know what happened, I must have fallen asleep.

MARCUSE

Still writing? Maybe you're pushing it too hard. Get some rest.

ANGELA

I will.

He leaves.

Angela peers at the gibberish.

ANGELA
It's nonsense.
(realizes)
It's backwards...

Angela types out the letters in reverse. The gibberish becomes--
HELLO. YOU'RE VERY PRETTY. I'M WATCHING YOU.

Angela JUMPS BACK from the screen, ashenfaced.

She walks backwards away from the terrifying words.

The PHONE on the desk next to her rings. Just once.

Then the next one rings.

And the next. One by one. Echoing in the empty office.

Angela hesitates then her eyes grow defiant.

Another phone RINGS. She PICKS it up.

ANGELA
(into phone)
Fuck you. You don't scare me.

But the line is dead. There is no-one there.

A sudden, horribly familiar RASPING behind her--

She PIVOTS in fear... only to see a cop there. Pushing a squeaky file trolley

He reacts to her reaction.

COP
What?

INT. CONSTANTINE'S APT. - NIGHT

Constantine finishes painting a PROTECTIVE SIGIL on the door. We notice there are sigils on the windows as well.

He looks out into the night. A feeling of menace in the air.

He walks past a full length mirror on a wardrobe.

Something's wrong about it. He looks again.

IN THE MIRROR

An impossible sight. Constantine's back is reflected as if the mirror were showing someone's POV behind him. As if he were in a Magritte painting.

A shocked Constantine tries to figure out what he's seeing.

Then his Reflection TURNS AROUND to look at him.
And smiles.

BRRRRRRRIIIIIIIIIIIIIINNNNNNNNNNNNGGGGGGG!!!

Constantine almost jumps out of his skin.

Then realizes his buzzer is going.

He goes to the door and opens it.

Angela is there.

ANGELA

I decided to take you up on your
offer. Can I stay?

And Constantine smiles.

CONSTANTINE

Some company would be... nice.

SAME - SHORTLY LATER

Angela looks at his large collection of books.

ANGELA

So many books. Latin, Greek,
Hebrew, Italian, French.

(looking at the subject
matter)

Demons, devils, the occult, druidic
rites, a census of hell... All
summer reading I see.

CONSTANTINE

My Danielle Steele's are in the
bedroom.

She sees the fresh sigils on the windows.

ANGELA

And more sigils?

CONSTANTINE

These are for protection. You can
use others to call up spirits, or
like our friend, to claim souls...
Amazing what you can do with a few
squiggles of blood, isn't it?

ANGELA

(smiles)

How did you... start off in all of
this?

CONSTANTINE

Voices. I used to hear them in my head. I thought everyone did. Then I went to a funeral and I saw this man watching everything and he seemed so sad...

(smiles ruefully)

Turns out he was the guy they were burying. I told my parents and they brought me to a priest. He told me to stay out of this world, that I'd be punished terribly if I got involved in it. Of course that meant I went right out and read everything I could lay my hands on about the occult.

He indicates his eclectic library.

CONSTANTINE

For a while it was fun. I used it to cheat at exams and to pick up girls... Nothing as wonderful as knowing exactly what a girl's fantasy is.

(beat)

But after a while I wanted to know more. Hennessy taught me some stuff. That's when I learned about heaven and hell and what they're all really about. I travelled to London and hung around for awhile. I picked up little things here and there. How to put the Evil Eye on people...

(beat)

...how to perform exorcisms. How to force a spirit to appear... I just had to know it all. And I thought I did.

He trails off.

ANGELA

But you've seen nothing like this?

CONSTANTINE

No.

She's lost in her thoughts for a few moments. A fleeting idea has become real. She turns to him with great sadness.

ANGELA

We're going to die, aren't we?

The simplicity of it startles him.

CONSTANTINE

I don't know if you are. But I am.

ANGELA

Then why are you doing this?
Shouldn't you be enjoying the time
you have left. Precious moments and
all that?

CONSTANTINE

Because once upon a time I made a
mistake...

ANGELA

And?

CONSTANTINE

Death is no escape for me. If I die
I'm going straight to hell.

It hangs there. Until John laughs darkly.

CONSTANTINE

(mocking himself)

I'm trying to save my soul.

ANGELA

(remembers)

Gabriel said you were trying to
redeem yourself because of
Newcastle... what happened?

He speaks slowly, his very marrow exposed.

CONSTANTINE

I sent an innocent to hell. There's
no way I can make up for that.

His eyes are somewhere else. Somewhere painful.

She waits but there is no more. He can't bring it out.

He looks away. A subtle shine in his eyes.

ANGELA

Are you as scared as I am?

CONSTANTINE

Yes.

She reaches out for him. And he enfolds her in his arms.

The embrace is awkward and tender. A fleeting moment of life in
the face of death.

Feelings choke them both.

Angela closes her eyes. Neither of them is sure if this is love
or simply the need to be close to another living, breathing
person but they don't care.

They hold each other. And that's enough.

LATER

They're lying in bed, still fully clothed.

His fingers run through her hair.

Angela's eyes flicker towards sleep.

And Constantine smiles. A soft, sad smile.

And then his eyes close too.

Right now is the best either of these wounded souls have felt in a long time. Even before all this insanity began.

INT. TRUMP TOWERS - NIGHT

A magnificent apartment overlooking the park. A collection of statues, Greek and Roman. All the lights are on.

A very tanned man, ROBERT STAMES, sits in a terrified heap in the corner.

STAMES

Our father who art in heaven,
hallowed be thy name, thy kingdom
come...

A NOISE makes him stop. A HISSING coming from amid the statues. A movement in there. Then:

BALTHAZAR (OS)

You were expecting me? I'm
flattered.

Stames wets himself in terror.

STAMES

Please, no, please...

BALTHAZAR

Now how shall we do this?

INT. CONSTANTINE'S APT. - MORNING

Sun pokes around the edges of the shutters.

Constantine wakes. Alone.

He gets up.

Angela is in the bathroom. Throwing water on her face.

She turns to him. And from a place deeper inside than we'll ever guess:

ANGELA

Thank you.

CONSTANTINE

I was just about to say that.

A long beat. A moment full of potential.

Then Angela's phone goes off...

EXT. STAMES' APT. - LATER

Constantine and Angela arrive.

INT. STAMES' APT.

A FLASH goes off in his face as photos are taken. He sees Angela standing over Stames' body with the MEDICAL EXAMINER.

On the wall, the Sigil and October 9.

CONSTANTINE

St. Stephen, come on down.

ANGELA

(reads case notes)

Robert Stames. Won a 23 million
Lotto then made some very wise
investments. A psychic with an eye
for profit.

CONSTANTINE

(dry)

You'd think he would have seen this
coming.

He looks at the body. There's something odd about it. Almost
like a life cast of Stames. Pale.

MEDICAL EXAMINER

His skin feels coarse. Like
sandpaper. The constitution of it
feels all wrong.

ANGELA

Almost looks like one of the
statues.

Constantine touches the body then TASTES his finger.

CONSTANTINE

He's showing off.

MEDICAL EXAMINER

What do you mean?

Constantine goes over to the faucet. Fills a cup with water.

Brings it back and DRIPS some on Stames.

CLOSE ON STAMES

Where the water hits him, Stames CRUMBLES apart. Like the ocean
rushing in over a sandcastle.

CONSTANTINE
He turned him to salt.

A beat. The coroner's guys exchange glances. Angela coughs.

ANGELA
What do you make of this?
Constantine follows her into the next room.
Written on the wall --

"HELP ME PLEASE... MAKE IT STOP..."

ANGELA
You think he's trying to stop
himself?

Constantine stares at the words in absolute shock. Something
terrible washes over him. He's shaking like a leaf now.

CONSTANTINE
No... It's a message to me.
Somebody said it to me before they
died.
(terrified)
It's him... Jesus, it's him.

ANGELA
Who?

COP
There's another one in the next
room.

Constantine follows him in...

ANOTHER ROOM

Constantine enters and sees:

"I'M GOING TO TAKE SOMEONE YOU CARE ABOUT"

His face drains of blood.

AND HE RUSHES OUT OF THE ROOM.

Angela follows.

EXT. CONSTANTINE'S FATHER'S HOUSE - MORNING

Angela's car screeches to a halt outside.

Constantine runs to the door.

HAMMERS on it.

CONSTANTINE
DAD!
The door slips open. Unlocked.

And with pure dread, Constantine enters the house.

INT. CONSTANTINE'S FATHER'S HOUSE

Constantine moves through the house.

It's deathly still.

He checks every room.

CONSTANTINE
(with growing horror)
Dad?

Every time he turns, he expects to see the worst.

Angela is at the door.

CONSTANTINE
He's not here.

And then--

Constantine's FATHER walks into the house.

Constantine almost weeps with relief.

OUTSIDE - SHORTLY AFTER

Angela sits in the car.

INSIDE

Constantine sits with his father.

FATHER
Why now, John? I don't see you for
10 years and you show up twice in
one week.

CONSTANTINE
There are things I want to say.
(after a beat)
I'm sorry...
(swallows)
I know you wanted me to be more than
I became.

His father looks at him.

FATHER
(a long pause)
When you started studying all the
stuff on evil, we thought... we
thought you were going to become a
man of god. Then you told us that
good and evil was bigger than
religion and you had no time for
following anyone like a sheep.
(beat)
You called us sheep.

CONSTANTINE

I was young. I was trying to piss you off.

FATHER

It worked.

But he smiles when he says it. Constantine speaks softly:

CONSTANTINE

Things are happening now, Dad.
Things that could turn very bad.

FATHER

I can feel it. Out on the streets.
This city is hell on earth.

CONSTANTINE

It's not just the city. Maybe you
should take a vacation. Go to the
country, to Uncle Frank's.

(beat)

Go now. Today.

FATHER

What are you involved in, John?

CONSTANTINE

I don't really know yet.

(beat)

Promise me you'll leave.

FATHER

I will.

His father puts his hand on Constantine's shoulder. Not a big gesture but enough.

FATHER

Thanks.

Constantine looks at him. Nods. Then leaves.

INT. ANGELA'S CAR

Constantine gets in.

ANGELA

He seems like a nice man.

CONSTANTINE

He is.

(beat)

This... thing... we're taking on.
I met him before. At Newcastle...
I took on the devil himself... And
I lost.

(beat)

I don't think I can take him on
again.

ANGELA
Don't decide just yet. We may have
found something.

INT. BELLows BUILDING

They are in his penthouse, looking at a monitor. The TAPE shows
images of people arriving at the building.

ANGELA
I had our guys go through the
security tapes checking for visitors
to Bellows. Thought it might help
us find who he's involved with. One
person stood out.

CONSTANTINE
How?

ANGELA
You'll see. She's coming up now.

ON MONITOR

A woman comes into screen.

But while all the other people were clear...

HER FACE IS OUT OF FOCUS. MUSHY AND INDISTINCT.

ANGELA
She came here twice. Both times the
camera couldn't make out her
features. Everyone else is clear as
day.

Constantine stares at her.

ANGELA
We logged all of Bellows' phone
calls that morning to see if he
called her. Only one was to a young
woman. Her name is Anthea Nadrine.

CONSTANTINE
Her real name is Lilith. Where is
she?

EXT. REEDER SCHOOL FOR DISTURBED CHILDREN

At the ENTRANCE, Angela shows her badge.

INT. REEDER SCHOOL FOR DISTURBED CHILDREN

Constantine and Angela move through the building.

Ahead of them, a BLIND STUDENT walks with his guidedog.

When he passes AN OFFICE DOOR, a strange thing happens. The dog's hackles rise. He guides the blind student across the corridor, staying as far from the door as possible.

Constantine notes it. Nods at that door.

CONSTANTINE
We're in the right place.

They go to the door.

DR. ANTHERA NADRINE - CHILD PSYCHOLOGIST

At that moment, the door opens and a 10 YEAR OLD GIRL walks out. Her face is puffy from crying and she looks scared.

VOICE (OS)
Have a nice night now, Tracy.

Angela enters. A WOMAN turns to her. Maybe mid 30s. Sweet, wholesome good looks, the girl next door. Kind, warm eyes and a genuine smile.

LILITH
Hello, can I help you?

Then she sees Constantine. Lilith's whole demeanour changes. Her eyes become sly and hungry.

LILITH
Hello, conjurer.

CONSTANTINE
Hi, Lilith. Still staying close to children I see.

LILITH
Oh, it's the perfect career for me. The poor abused little creatures tell me about how the terrible things that were done to them and I sip on their pain. It's quite exquisite.

CONSTANTINE
Lilith likes to be near children. She was little Charley Manson's kindergarten teacher for a while. And Hitler's nanny.

Angela stares at her.

ANGELA
You make children evil?

LILITH
No, I'm just here to help them be more... creative.
(to Constantine)
Do introduce me to your interesting companion.

CONSTANTINE

Lilith, this is Angela Murdoch.
Angela this is Lilith, Gabriel's
sister.

(Angela reacts)

She chose the wrong side when the
angels rebelled against God. Got
her ass kicked down to hell.

LILITH

Enchanted.

Lilith takes Angela's hand in hers and kisses it. Sucks Angela's
finger between her lips.

Angela pulls her hand away. Lilith giggles.

CONSTANTINE

We know all about the staircase from
hell, Lilith. One of your masters
is coming to party down for the end
of the world.

Lilith reacts. She didn't expect them to know this.

LILITH

(tries to hide her
surprise)

Really? I'm always the last to
know.

CONSTANTINE

Gabriel pretended he didn't know as
well.

LILITH

Oh, you visited that bleached
pigeon. Loyal little puppy. When
my masters discovered God was
insane, Gabriel could have helped
overthrow him but he was too scared.

ANGELA

Discovered God was insane?

CONSTANTINE

She's lying.

LILITH

(such a tease)

Why would I do that?

CONSTANTINE

Because you're the spawn of Satan
and you always lie.

Lilith turns to Angela.

LILITH

At least you know where you stand with the devil. You give your soul to God... he still judges you to see if you're worthy to enter his kindgom. Such a snob.

(beat)

You sell your soul to the devil, he always takes you in. He honors his contracts.

ANGELA

(sarcastic)

So he's really a nice guy. Just misunderstood.

LILITH

Oh, come on. Which would you prefer - Mozart's silly little hymns or the moment when the devil takes Don Giovanni to hell?

ANGELA

What?

LILITH

The devil has the best music, the best stories, the best box office! In all that counts, he's the really powerful one.

CONSTANTINE

Then why is he shitting himself over a couple of whacked out psychics? What do the watchers know that will stop him?

LILITH

Do you really expect me to answer that? Constantine, you are a fool. And you shouldn't annoy him again... remember, last time?

She turns to Angela with a malicious grin.

LILITH

Did he tell you about Newcastle yet? About little Astra?

CONSTANTINE

(threateningly)

Lilith...

LILITH

Oh, come now, John, I think it's rather endearing. You see when Constantine was younger he fancied himself an exorcist - true he had some gifts but he never learned how to choose his battles.

Constantine GROWLS with fury. He tries to LEAP from his chair--

But his skin has FUSED with it. As he stands, strands of his flesh pull him back down. Like chewing gum stuck to your shoe.

LILITH
(as if nothing has
happened)

One time he was approached, by a priest no less, to free a young girl from an unknown demon that was having some fun with her. Constantine and 3 others carried out the exorcism in the basement of an old library in a suburb called Newcastle...

Although Lilith is telling Angela the story, she stares at Constantine. Her every word hits him like a well aimed arrow.

Angela can't stand to see it. She turns on Lilith.

ANGELA
Stop it. That's enough.

A chair rushes forward and slams Angela into it.

LILITH
(sweetly)
They banished the demon but dear John didn't have quite enough power to shut the door behind him. Somebody much, much more powerful, came through the open door. The devil himself. He did such things to her... exquisite, terrible things... and when he was finished he dragged her back to hell with him.

Angela stares at Constantine.

ANGELA
The missing girl?

LILITH
But that's not all. John's 3 friends had seen things they weren't ready to see.

ANGELA
What happened to them?

Constantine finally speaks. Measured, careful tones.

CONSTANTINE

We had what they called a
 "collective breakdown." Ended up in
 Ravenscar. Hennessy tried to help
 us. We got out after 2 years.

(beat)

Mark stood in front of a train on
 his first day out. Tracy became a
 nun. Lenny ended up a heroin
 addict. Eventually they both killed
 themselves.

It hangs there. His sadness and guilt exposed.

LILITH

Gruesome, isn't it?

Angela turns on her with blazing eyes.

ANGELA

Leave him alone.

LILITH

I was right about you. You have
 strength.

She leans in and kisses Angela on the lips.

BEHIND HER

Constantine's limbs move freely again.

He SLIPS out of the chair.

Comes around behind Lilith and WRAPS SOMETHING AROUND HER THROAT!

Lilith SHRIEKS in horror as Constantine JERKS her head back.

ANGELA'S POV

A GLIMMER of Lilith as demon - leathery folds of skin hanging
 from a face cracked in three as if she were Siamese Triplets cut
 apart and stuck back together. Strange protuberances, like
 useless extra limbs. Between her lips, snapping jaws. On her
 back, 3 sets of twisted stumps where her wings have been hacked
 off.

Constantine has black beaded WIRE with a crucifix at the end
 around her throat. Rosary beads.

LILITH

(gasping for breath)
 You'll die screaming...

CONSTANTINE

Not when I've got rosary beads
 threaded with piano wire around you
 neck.

(beat)

I'll saw your head off unless you
 tell me what he's afraid the
watcher's will find out?

The demon TWISTS against a mirror, shattering it.

CONSTANTINE
That's 7 years bad luck.

Lilith can fight no more.

LILITH
YOU FUCK, YOU'LL ROAST IN HELL FOR
THIS.

CONSTANTINE
Blah, blah, blah... Just tell me
what he's so worried about? He
needs the relic, doesn't he? Why?

He tightens the BEADS. They CUT INTO demon flesh.

LILITH
(spits it out)
It's one of the nails the Nazarene
was crucified with.

Constantine JERKS the beads even tighter.

CONSTANTINE
They need the blood of Christ to
bring the Anti-Christ here... Where
is it?

LILITH
I don't know.

CONSTANTINE
Come on, you can do better than
that.

But Lilith's HANDS go behind her to get to Constantine.

It's an impossible angle for them to reach.

Then her arms break backwards at the elbows.

Impossibly, they keep going...

She GOUGES into Constantine and THROWS HIM off her back.

Twists her arms around to the front again--

And HURLS HIM ACROSS THE ROOM.

THERE ARE SOUNDS AT THE DOOR. People banging, asking what's
going on?

Constantine struggles to his feet. Grabs Angela and gets to the
door.

He opens it on the curious SCHOOL STAFF.

Lilith is in her human form again.

But she can't touch them with witnesses around. As they hurry out:

LILITH
(softly threatening)
Constantine... I'll be seeing you.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Rush hour busy. People with places to go moving past them. The sounds of the city odd after the scene with Lilith. Constantine rubs his wounds.

CONSTANTINE
I think she broke a rib.

Angela turns to him.

ANGELA
I'm sorry. About the little girl.

CONSTANTINE
(remembering)
He took her away like she was nothing. God, she was in so much pain.

(beat)
He never would have come if I hadn't fucked up the exorcism and left a door open for him to just walk through.

ANGELA
What happened?

FLASHBACK TO--

INT. NEWCASTLE LIBRARY - NIGHT - 15 YEARS BEFORE

The camera moves through a maze of bookcases full of books.

In the CHILDREN'S READING ROOM--

Constantine and his friends are gathered around--

A 13 year old girl tied down to a chair.

She's screaming.

CONSTANTINE (VO)
The only way to beat the fucker was to attack him when he was vulnerable... when he was between hell and earth. Just as he possessed her.

Before our eyes, her hair turns white.

And the younger Constantine realizes something has gone very wrong.

CONSTANTINE (VO)

Only problem with that was it would have killed her and sent her soul to hell... But he'd have nowhere to go when he arrived... He'd be stuck until her body decayed completely.

Astrais crying.

Her tears turn to blood... Then her eyes become sly.

BACK TO SCENE

CONSTANTINE

I would have had a bargaining position. I could have made him release her soul to heaven in exchange for allowing him to return to Hell.

(beat)

But I still thought I could save her somehow... and I was too scared. And she ended up worse than dead.

ANGELA

You were trying to do something good and it went wrong.

CONSTANTINE

Bullshit. I was showing off. I was a rock star of the occult, casting out demons. It was fun.

ANGELA

It was what?

CONSTANTINE

(angry at himself)

You don't get it, do you? I wasn't doing exorcisms for holy and noble reasons. I was doing it for the thrill, the kick. I was a Hell Junkie and just taking these guys on, feeling their power and then beating them was the greatest rush I've ever had.

(beat)

I was so fucking arrogant I thought I could take on anyone or anything.

ANGELA

But you were wrong.

CONSTANTINE

I was wrong.

He STAGGERS, holding his side. Angela grabs him.

ANGELA

Let's get you looked at.

INT. PAPA MIDNIGHT'S APOTHECARY

Papa Midnight is on the phone.

PAPA MIDNIGHT
Detective Angela Murdoch, please...
Can I leave a message?... Tell her
to bring Constantine to Midnight's.
I've got the relic.

He hangs up.

Goes to his refrigerator.

Opens it. AND HIS HEAD KICKS BACK WITH THE SMELL.

All the food is rotten and dessicated.

He lets the door softly shut. Looks around. Terror nipping at him.

He pads into the shopfront.

Suddenly his own home is a nest of danger, creeping with shadows and unfamiliarity.

IN THE SHOP

Papa Midnight stops in shock--

His SNAKES ARE CONSUMING EACH OTHER.

Like a Russian doll that pulls apart to reveal other dolls, the snakes have eaten the smallest and continued on.

A large snake is widening its jaws around a smaller one who has the tail of another snake in it's mouth.

Papa Midnight struggles for calm.

He goes straight for the door but the SNAKE AQUARIUM suddenly SCREECHES across the floor, moved by unseen force. Cuts him off.

Midnight turns and looks into the dancing shadows.

There's a movement across the room. A REFLECTION in glass for just a second.

PAPA MIDNIGHT
Show yourself.

A shadow crosses Midnight's face.

He looks directly at something.

And he recognizes it.

PAPA MIDNIGHT
Etu es in orbe ...

And then there's that CHILD'S LAUGH. Delighted at the prospect of fun.

INT. E.R. ROOM

Constantine's ribs are being taped up.

Angela appears.

ANGELA

While you've been playing patient,
I've been finding out what other
buildings Bellows owns and picking
up my messages...

(the motherlode)

Midnight's got the relic...

Constantine gapes.

EXT. PAPA MIDNIGHT'S - EVENING

Constantine and Angela RUSH from her car towards the hidden door
when they hear a SCREAMING VOICE:

PAPA MIDNIGHT (OS)

Please, no... please... Oh sweet
Jesus don't....

They rush inside.

INT. PAPA MIDNIGHT'S

A vision of hell greets them.

The room is a wreck. A shaft of light from a broken window
illuminates blood splatters on the walls.

And on the floor, in the centre, is Papa Midnight.

He shouldn't have died like this.

His CRYSTAL BALL is stuck in his mouth - his lips expanded like
Dizzy Gillespie's.

His voice comes from the PARROTS AND MYNAHS in their cages,
echoing his pleas for mercy. Chilling and terrifying. An echo
of his horror, not a cutesy squawk.

PARROTS (PAPA'S VOICE)

Oh, please... I'm begging you...

Angela turns away and gags.

Constantine just stares at Papa.

CONSTANTINE

(whispers)

Too late.

He turns and hits his head off the wall like a child. Using pain
to take away pain. Then--

CONSTANTINE'S POV

Written on the wall, in Papa Midnight's blood, are the words:

REMEMBER NEWCASTLE

Angela follows his gaze.

CONSTANTINE
He beat me then, he'll beat me
again. I can't stop him.

ANGELA
Yes, you can.

CONSTANTINE
He's the devil. I'm a piece of shit
con artist with a few tricks. No
contest.

The birds repeat Papa's cries.

PARROTS/MYNAHS (PAPA)
DON'T KNOW!

ANGELA
We can still stop him.

CONSTANTINE
(bitter laugh)
Yeah, right. And then I'll teach
frogs to jump.

Angela TOUCHES his face gently.

ANGELA
You've done okay so far. He tried
to stop us every step of the way but
you wouldn't give up. We wouldn't
know what we were up against without
you.

(beat)
That's it, isn't it? You were able
to fight him until you discovered
who he was.

CONSTANTINE
I can't beat him.

ANGELA
We can't just give up.

CONSTANTINE
Watch me.

She barks at him in frustrated anger:

ANGELA
You're dying anyway. What have you
got to lose?

Constantine stares at Papa.

The parrots and mynahs OVERLAP EACH OTHER. Each giving us a diffent glimpse at Papa Midnight's last moments.

PARROTS/MYNAHS (PAPA)
DON'T KNOW WHERE... IT IS... JOHN...
HELP ME... FLESH IS WEAK...

Constantine FLINCHES as he hears the words.

ANGELA
Sounds like he didn't want to give up the relic.

PARROTS/MYNAHS (PAPA)
OH JESUS... MAKE IT STOP!... MY
FLESH IS WEAK...
(then)
I'LL GIVE IT TO YOU.

And then there's silence.

CONSTANTINE
So they have it.

ANGELA
But where?

CONSTANTINE
Lilith would know. But she's not about to tell. Our only other possibility is Bellows.

ANGELA
We could look at those other places he owns.... You in?

CONSTANTINE
Like you say, what have I got to lose?

INT. APT. BUILDING - DAY

It's not quite as decadent as his penthouse but it's up there. Bellows and a small coven are gathered in a black mass.

BELLOWS
Oh, dark father, we your willing disciples invoke your presence.

There is a GUST OF WIND inside the room knocking over bookshelves and bouncing paintings off walls.

Bellows and his followers look up as a SHADOW falls on them.

They look positively ecstatic.

BELLOWS
Oh, master. Oh, sweet master we are so privileged to have you here...

Suddenly, their beatic expressions turn to terror.

The coven all begin to scream at once.

BELLOWS
Noooooooooooooooooooo!

EXT. BELLOWS' APT. - LATER

Angela and Constantine are outside with the DOORMAN.

DOORMAN
He was having a party or something
but nobody's answering.

Angela takes out her gun.

ANGELA
Open it.

The Doorman puts his key in the door and steps hastily aside.
Constantine opens the door as Angela enters with her gun leading.

ANGELA
Oh shit.

HER POV

The COVEN'S BODIES lie all over the apt. Faces imprinted with terror.

CONSTANTINE
Looks like they pissed somebody off.

And then they hear a MOAN. Over by the window there's a WOMAN with long blonde hair over a red dress in an armchair facing away from us.

ANGELA
She's alive.

Constantine reaches her and swings her chair around.

Her hair comes away in his hand.

Which is when he realizes it's a wig and that this is BELLOWS IN A DRESS AND MAKEUP.

His eyes and his lips have been sewn shut. Black thread in a crude zigzag stitching.

But Bellows is still alive. Trying to make sounds from inside a sewn up mouth.

ANGELA
Oh, my god!

CONSTANTINE
They think he talked too much.

Bellows WHIMPERS helplessly.

CONSTANTINE

You're dying, Bellows. Look how he rewarded you. Help us stop what's coming.

Bellows blinks. Trying to tell them something.

Constantine turns to Angela.

CONSTANTINE

You got any nail scissors or something?

Angela searches her bag. Produces a small pair of sewing scissors.

ANGELA

What do you need...

She trails off as Constantine bends over Bellows and brings the scissors up to his lips.

A horrific beat as we realize he's going to cut out the stitches.

Remember the shudder of involuntary fear that accompanies the removal of stitches?

Multiply it by a hundred and you're got some idea of Bellow's pain as Constantine CLIPS the zig-zag thread away from his lips, stitch by stitch...

And then it's done.

The pathetic sight still has thread hanging from his lips as he opens his mouth.

CONSTANTINE

Where's the relic?

A gasping RATTLE escapes Bellows tortured lips.

BELLOWS

Midnight... gave us... a replica.
Balthazar... knew... when he came.

CONSTANTINE

(small smile of
victory)

Papa scammed him. Even when he was dying, he scammed him.

(beat)

But how can Balthazar come here?
What about his brothers?

It takes all Bellow's strength. Every syllable a struggle.

BELLOWS

Deceived... them... Got... a secret
soul...

Bellows tries to speak but all that comes out is a RATTLE.

It stops and he is still. Angela touches him and he topples back dead. A long beat, then--

ANGELA

A secret soul?

CONSTANTINE

A soul the other 2 don't know about, like Bellows. He's got it all figured out.

ANGELA

What will happen now?

CONSTANTINE

Armageddon. Greatest show on earth. Balthazar wants to be the one and only devil. Walk the earth and take all the souls for himself. Then take on God to prove he's his equal.

(beat)

Greed and power. Same motivations for man and demon.

ANGELA

And there's no way to stop him. Unless we can figure out where the relic is?

Constantine is thinking.

CONSTANTINE

Before he died, Papa called out for me to help him. Then he said he'd hand it over because his flesh was weak. I think he was trying to send a message.

EXT. CHINATOWN

Constantine leads Angela through the throngs of shoppers and tourists.

Enters the stripjoint where he and Midnight met the forger at the opening of the film.

INT. STRIP JOINT

Sad and empty looking during the day. Constantine goes to the mirrored wall and looks into his reflection.

Reaches out and pushes the glass. The hidden door opens.

INSIDE THE SECURITY ROOM

A MAN turns around from a workbench. It's the Pale Man.

CONSTANTINE
Midnight had you make a copy of
something. I'm picking up the
original.

The Pale Man looks at him. A sly smile.

PALE MAN
I've heard there are better offers
out there.

And the coldest look we've ever seen comes over Constantine.
He leans in close. And looks the Pale Man directly in the eye.

The Pale Man blinks. Swallows.

Not a word is said.

The Pale Man shakes as he gets up.

Goes into an ante-room.

Comes out with a package.

Hands it to Constantine without a word.

EXT. STRIP JOINT

Constantine turns into a doorway. Opens the box.

INSIDE THE BOX

A NAIL

Worn by age but still sharp. 9 inches long. Craggy and vicious.
Constantine holds it reverently. Looks at Angela.

ANGELA
So what do we do with it?

CONSTANTINE
Destroy it... But it needs to be
done right.
(beat)
We bring it to Gabriel. He'll have
to believe what's happening and tell
the man upstairs about it.

INT. CAMBRIDGE CLUB

They speak with the Commissionaire.

COMMISSIONAIRE
I'm afraid Mr. Gabriel was called
away yesterday and hasn't returned.

Constantine blanches.

CONSTANTINE
If they've got him...

ANGELA
We don't know that yet. We'll try
back later.

EXT. ANGELA'S APT. - LATE EVENING

Constantine and Angela enter.

She moves past him...

Brushes against him...

And it just happens.

Constantine reaches for her...

In an achingly slow pirouette, she turns and they kiss.

The danger, the fear... All disappearing as they find each other.

BEDROOM

In her bed... The lovemaking is tender and slow.

And in Constantine's eyes, the softest and most vulnerable shine.
For the first time, his soul is laid bare to us.

They're falling through the world with each other.

Trying to make it last forever.

And then bliss.

And silence.

And nothing but their eyes on each other.

ANGELA
(murmurs)
It's almost as if none of this were
real.

CONSTANTINE
I know.

And he holds her...

LATER

Angela slips from the bed. Throws a dress on over her head.
Something lighter about her now.

ANGELA
I need caffeine. Want some?

CONSTANTINE

Sure.

She starts making it as Constantine pulls on his clothes and walks around

He looks at the pictures of her on the wall.

Sees one of her at the ORPHANAGE with a group of children.

There's something weird about the photograph.

CONSTANTINE

Which one's you?

Angela looks uncomfortable. Points to a girl with long, blonde hair. Something strange about that hair.

It's not blonde. It's white.

CONSTANTINE

What was wrong with your hair?

ANGELA

That was my natural color. I dye it now.

CONSTANTINE

White was your natural color?

As she goes to the refrigerator--

ANGELA

Before I went to the orphanage, they found me wandering outside a church with complete amnesia. My hair had turned white. They thought I'd suffered some trauma.

Constantine freezes, turns to her.

CONSTANTINE

Do you remember what it was?

ANGELA

No. Before that day, I have no memories at all. I think I'm probably better off not knowing.

Constantine churns with dawning realization...

CONSTANTINE

(so softly)

After all this time, it's you.

He chokes on the emotions rising within him. Walks around to her. She's still at the refrigerator.

CONSTANTINE

Astra...

She turns to him in a mixture of confusion and recognition.

ANGELA

No.

(she backs away)

No. I couldn't forget that...

Nobody could forget that... Could they?

And Constantine is looking at her with so much kindness.

She sees it and her eyes tear over.

CONSTANTINE

"Remember Newcastle?" It wasn't a message to me. It was a message to you. Oh, sweet Jesus...

Angela is being torn apart here. The emotions shudder through her.

The milk carton FALLS from her hands. Takes an eternity to land. Then SPLATTERS on the floor.

Her nose wrinkles at the smell.

ANGELA

(surprised)

It's sour!

Constantine WHIPS ROUND like he's been hit with 10 thousand volts.

CONSTANTINE

GET OUT. GET OUT NOW!

She runs towards him as SOMEONE RUSHES AT HER FROM BEHIND.

Constantine thrusts the NAIL into her hands.

CONSTANTINE

Find somewhere to hide. Keep this safe.

A terrified Angela nods, fumbles open the door and RACES OUT.

Constantine TURNS TO FACE her Pursuer.

GABRIEL

GABRIEL

Out of my way, conjurer.

Constantine stares at him in confusion.

CONSTANTINE

You?

GABRIEL

(laughs)

You understand nothing, Constantine. But why should you, you're just a pawn?

CONSTANTINE

You're going to bring the devil here? But your boss...

GABRIEL

... knows nothing about it because his eyes and ears has joined the opposition. The devil will walk the earth in his chosen body and claim all the souls for himself.

CONSTANTINE

It's the pefect betrayal.

GABRIEL

You know what they say. God is in the details... By the way, do you like music?

CONSTANTINE

What?

GABRIEL

My new lord wants to make a music machine out of you. He'll take your soul and attach gut strings to it. All the strings beget different screams. He'll compose a symphony of your pain.

He reaches out for Constantine but John grabs a wine bottle and SMASHES it into Gabriel's face.

Gabriel lashes out and tears Constantine's shirt. Constantine has cut a PENTAGRAM into his chest.

Gabriel looks at Constantine in jaw dropped shock!

Constantine HITS him again, knocks him back. KICKS him in the balls. Constantine is streetfighting with an angel.

GABRIEL SHRIEKS AND THE ROOM SHAKES. Constantine presses his hands to his ears as Gabriel RUSHES at him.

GABRIEL

You'll die now!

Gabriel THUNDERS into him and they smash into the wall. Constantine screams horribly. But he puts his hands together and CLUBS Gabriel aside.

Grabs a knife from the rack and SLASHES at Gabriel.

CONSTANTINE

I'm going to cut your fucking wings off!

GABRIEL BECOMES ANGEL. His WINGS flap. One RIPS into Constantine's face and THROWS him to the floor.

There's no way Constantine can win when Gabriel's in angel form.

But then--

Constantine grabs a gas pipe and RIPS IT OFF THE WALL. Gabriel comes at him as Constantine flicks on his lighter--

WHOOSH! Makes a jerryrigged FLAME THROWER out of the gas line.

Gabriel goes up in flames.

A terrible KEENING from the angel then--

Gabriel becomes man again.

Which is when Constantine SLAMS into him with every coiled ounce of strength he has left--

CRASH!

Sends the still burning Gabriel flying through the 4th story window.

Gabriel flails down towards a wrought iron fence until--

THWAAAKKK!

He is IMPALED on 5 iron posts which protrude from his body like a bizarre spine.

Constantine tries to get his breath back as down below--

Gabriel sits up and struggles to pull himself off the posts with sickening sucking sounds.

Constantine RUNS to the door. Throws it open.

EXT. HALLWAY

Constantine barrels into the hallway.

Angela is there. Staring at him.

CONSTANTINE

What are you doing here? I told you to run.

Angela smiles. It's not a nice smile.

ANGELA

Hello, Constantine.

When she speaks it is in Balthazar's voice!

ANGELA/BALTHAZAR

Surprise!

And Constantine's world caves in. Absolute mind numbing horror and the faint realization that it all makes sense now.

CONSTANTINE

Oh, please, no.

ANGELA/BALTHAZAR

It's a kick in the head, isn't it?
I knew you'd bring us to the relic
and I needed her close to the most
powerful of the final nine.

CONSTANTINE

I only wanted to help her.

ANGELA/BALTHAZAR

(smiles)

The road to hell is paved with good
intentions.

(beat)

She didn't know it herself. I had
to force her to work with you.
Almost scared the poor girl to
death. But I have what I want now.

Realization hits Constantine like a punch to the gut.

ANGELA/BALTHAZAR

I really have to thank you for her,
Constantine. True, I could only
control her for short periods but
she worked out very well for me.

MEMORY CUTS

(Every image layers on top of the other as it appears - like a
multiple exposure photograph... until the screen is full)

Angela walks into the light of the alley and takes off her shades
in front of the Hooker.

Angela is in the confessional with Father Spinelli.

Angela laughs as the End is Nigh Man burns.

Angela watches the cowering Stames praying.

Angela stands over Papa Midnight as he begs for his life.

BACK TO SCENE

CONSTANTINE

She was the secret soul... It's my
fault.

ANGELA/BALTHAZAR

I sent her back with no memories.
My brothers knew nothing about her.
She was my secret weapon... and she
fooled everyone.

(bemused)

Tell me... what does it feel like
to have slept with the devil?... Was
I a good fuck?

Constantine teeters on the precipice of madness. He makes a move
towards her.

Instantly, Angela/Balthazar locks eyes with him.

ANGELA/BALTHAZAR

Oh, yes, do. I'd relish doing
battle with you again. Remember
last time?

And in that moment Constantine knows he'll loose. Backs away.

ANGELA/BALTHAZAR

I still want your soul, Constantine.
It's the most powerful.

(tempting him)

If you give it to me, it won't hurt.
You've lost your chance for
redemption. False hope is the
greatest torture of all. Make it
easy for yourself.

As she comes for him--

Constantine has only a second to think.

He LEAPS OVER the stairs and falls down between the staircases.
4 floors down.

He SLAMS OFF a wooden bannister, breaking it but also breaking
his fall.

Thuds into the floor. A CRACK as something breaks.

Then he SCRAMBLES up and runs/limps out the door.

EXT. BUILDING - LATE EVENING

A street full of cars. Constantine RUSHES right into the middle
of all the traffic

Cars honk at him until finally a taxi stops and he gets in.

INT. TAXI

Constantine shuts his eyes.

CONSTANTINE

(to himself)

The Apocalypse is coming. And I
can't stop it.

CABDRIVER

Where you heading, pal?

CONSTANTINE

Holy ground.

INT. THE CENTRAL SYNAGOGUE ON LEXINGTON - NIGHT

Constantine enters the empty temple. Collapses onto a PEW.

A man betrayed and defeated beyond all description.

He looks around the cavernous temple.

Starts to SOB. All the horror and emotion pour out.

SAME - LATER

Constantine weeps.

Suddenly he sits up. Feels like there's someone there with him.

His eyes whip around.

Fall on the ETERNAL FLAME above the ark where the sacred scrolls are kept. It suddenly flares...

Constantine sees something in there.

CONSTANTINE

Oh, God not me. I can't stop this.
I'm not a saviour, I'm a fraud and
a trickster.

(beat)

You can't expect me to be the one.
There must be someone else, someone
good... clean living... a nonsmoker
who can do this.

(the flame almost looks
like eyes)

I'm sorry but I can't. I don't have
that kind of courage.

He gets up and leaves.

EXT. STREETS

Constantine walks down the dark streets.

He looks like he doesn't give a shit anymore.

Nothing left to lose.

Walks by a PAWNBROKERS. 3 gold balls hanging outside.

Stops and looks at his reflection in the window.

PAPA MIDNIGHT (VO)

You can't con a conman, John...
Remember, he's the master of
temptation. He looks at all his
options then chooses the one he can
tempt you with...

Then, oddly... Constantine fixes his hair.

Leaves.

There is a sign in the window.

"All items accepted. All contracts honoured."

INT. PAPA MIDNIGHT'S STORE - NIGHT

CRASH! Constantine kicks in the door and pushes through the yellow police tape.

Goes over to the gas chamber chair from Sing Sing.

Sits down on it.

Swallows hard.

CONSTANTINE

Forgive me.

Flicks out a penknife.

Puts it to his left wrist.

Slashes it open.

Switches hands and cuts his right wrist open.

Blood spurts from both wrists.

Constantine lets the blood spurt onto the floor. Makes a PATTERN in front of the chair with it. Then sits back down as his life ebbs out of him.

We're witnessing John Constantine's suicide.

He has given up and is taking the easy way out.

Or at least that's what we think until--

A deafening WHISPER comes from right in front of him, as if someone were standing in the middle of the blood sigil.

LUCIFER (OS)

What do you want?

CONSTANTINE

Lucifer, nice of you to come.

LUCIFER (OS)

I will ask once more before I tear you up, why have you used my sign to call me?

CONSTANTINE

(after a beat)

I want to sell my soul.

FADE TO BLACK

FADE IN:

PAPA MIDNIGHT'S - LATER

Constantine unplugs a clothes iron.

Swallows hard then presses it against his left wrist.

It HISSES as the hot iron burns into his flesh and cauterizes the wound.

Constantine bites down hard on the pain. SCREAMS THROUGH GRITTED TEETH.

Then weakly stands. Picks up a pitcher of water.

Throws it on on the floor where the sigil was.

Washes it away.

Then--

Turns his still cut right wrist around. More blood pumps out as he--

Makes a different sigil.

After a few moments, his nostrils flare at a FOUL SMELL.

Something strange is happening in the windows.

The glass MELTS. Runs down itself like ice droplets.

Something has arrived.

Constantine wills himself strength for this.

CONSTANTINE
Beelzebub?

Nothing. Silence mocking him.

CONSTANTINE
We need to talk.

And a shadow comes over him. Engulfing him.

FADE TO BLACK

FADE IN:

EXT. SUBURB

A taxi pulls up. Lilith gets out and walks towards a decrepit brownstone LIBRARY. Enters.

A few beats later, another taxi stops.

John Constantine climbs out of the cab. As he pays the driver we see both wrists are freshly scarred from cauterization.

He lights a cigarette, turns and blows smoke towards the LIBRARY.

CONSTANTINE
Newcastle... Had to be here, didn't
it...

And he just stands there looking at it and smoking.

SAME - LATER

Constantine takes a last drag then flicks the cigarette away.
Walks up to the old building.

He goes to the door. Knocks on it.

The door swings open.

A SET OF HUGE TWINS behind the door.

INT. NEWCASTLE LIBRARY

They regard him coldly.

TWIN #1
What do you want?

Constantine smiles. Looks into their eyes.

CONSTANTINE
It's a pleasure to welcome you, sir.
Please go right on in.

TWINS
It's a pleasure to welcome you, sir.
Please go right on in.

Constantine walks through the ancient Library. It's a wreck.
Rotting shelves, empty now.

FLASH

The Library as it looked when Constantine came here 13 years
before. Everywhere filled with books.

BACK WITH CONSTANTINE

Doubting himself. Can he actually pull this off?

He walks towards a door framed by slivers of light.

He goes through the doors. Into the--

CHILDREN'S READING ROOM

FLASH

In the past the room is full of furniture. And a 13 year old
girl is tied down to a chair... Astra.

BACK TO SCENE

The room is almost empty of furniture. The gothic interior is
home to a LARGE CROWD OF PEOPLE. A mixture of ages, colors and
social standing.

Satanists here to welcome the AntiChrist.

Constantine wends between the satanists. Carefully avoiding Gabriel and Lilith...

He looks up the walls where gargoyles overlook the proceedings.

CONSTANTINE'S POV

The gargoyles heads have been twisted into the faces of the victims. Papa Midnight, the End is Nigh Man etc. are all there.

IN A CORNER

ANGELA IS AGAINST THE WALL.

Her hands have been nailed to it.

WITH THE RELIC NAIL.

Gabriel and Lilith stand in front of her.

In the pindrop silence, Angela sobs:

ANGELA
Please, no...

The Gathering allow themselves amused smiles.

Nothing scarier than a hundred people standing in absolute silence with smiles on their faces.

Lilith and Gabriel KISS DEEPLY then smile.

LILITH
(addressing gathering)
Welcome, true believers. Tonight
God will die. And we will see the
birth of the Lord of suffering and
anguish.

A ripple of delight through the crowd.

GABRIEL
(beat)
It is time.

Constantine looks at Angela. Her every sob tears him apart.

ABOVE ANGELA

There is a lead glass WINDOW through which the moon can be seen.

It's three quarter full... no, it's half full...

Something is blocking off the moon. It's being covered over by something black that gets larger by the second.

And now there's a strange sound.

It's a weird hissing... no, it's a trilling buzz.

Whatever it is, it's getting louder.

And the moon is getting smaller.

Someone points and EVERYONE LOOKS UP at the window. Their faces light up with joy at what they see.

The darkness seems to be moving. As if it were composed of millions of tiny pieces of darkness rather than a uniform whole.

The window is completely blotted out by darkness.

The sound grows louder. The TRILLING is everywhere.

LILITH

surveys the gathering. A face is obscured behind one of the faithful's.

THE WINDOW

is ink black. The darkness seems to be physically growing closer--
CRAAAAAASSSSSSHHHH!

The window SMASHES OPEN.

The BUZZING is incredible now.

A blizzard of glass falls.

And darkness enters the room.

The devil is here.

A MASSIVE SWARM OF FLIES comes through the window.

A collective gasp from the faithful.

The SWARM stops in place above the gathering as if RELISHING the moment--

Then funnels its way down into the room, casting shadows on everyone.

As it spirals into a point and descends on

ANGELA

THE TWINS pull her mouth open. She's gone beyond fear into dread. She BITES at their fingers but they force her bared teeth apart.

And the swarm of flies rushes down her throat.

She spits and gags but they are unstoppable

Hundreds swarm over her face and enter through other orifices - her nostrils, her ears.

Her entire body is soon covered in flies - in fact it's hard to discern her features beneath them.

All trying to get inside her.

CONSTANTINE

looks on in sheer, undisguised horror.

LILITH'S POV

As somebody moves and she SEES CONSTANTINE.

With a shriek, she rushes at him--

CONSTANTINE

turns to see Lilith coming at him. His eyes harden.

He moves in a swirl of coat.

There is a GLINT of steel.

Then BLOOD FOUNTAINS into the air.

Lilith falls, clutching at her neck.

Constantine has cut her throat.

THE GATHERING

pull their attention away from the horrific invasion of Angela. Then react. Like rabid dogs, they try to grab the intruder.

As Lilith RECOVERS and races ferociously after him--

CONSTANTINE

Run through the clawing hands to Angela.

CONSTANTINE

I can only attack him when he's vulnerable... And I won't be able to send him back to hell... You know what that means...

She looks at him. Nods. Do it... DO IT!

Constantine puts the knife to her forehead...

CONSTANTINE

I'm sorry.

And he cuts the sigil into her forehead.

Angela looks at him with such compassion...

Then her eyes turn sly...

AS GABRIEL THROWS HIM AGAINST THE WALL...

AND LILITH'S FINGERS CLOSE AROUND HIS THROAT...

A familiar voice interrupts--

BALTHAZAR

You fools. This insignificant little worm has trapped me.

They turn. Balthazar is now in complete possession of Angela. He turns to Constantine.

BALTHAZAR

YOU WILL SUFFER AS NO ONE HAS
SUFFERED BEFORE. YOU WILL DIE A
MILLION DEATHS FOR THIS.

CONSTANTINE

I'm a bit old for all the trembling
virgin shit so don't try to scare
me.

(beat)

You're powerless and trapped in that
body. And I'm the only one who can
release you back to Hell.

Balthazar realizes something. Smiles.

BALTHAZAR

Oh, Constantine, you try to be
clever but you're so transparent...
You want your redemption, don't you?
You'll release me if I release
little Astra to heaven...

CONSTANTINE

(unnerved)

That's about it. Unless you want to
stay in that body until it decays
completely. Could take a hundred
years.

BALTHAZAR

It's the blink of an eye to me,
Constantine. Your deal isn't good
enough.

Constantine feels the life run out of him. Outsmarted.

CONSTANTINE

Then fuck you. Rot for a hundred
years.

BALTHAZAR

Let's bargain on my terms.

(beat)

I could release her soul. I could
grant her peace. If I had another
soul in its place...

And Constantine realizes what he's saying.

BALTHAZAR

Sell me your soul for hers... and
I'll release her right now.

Constantine is ashen. His plan in tatters.

BALTHAZAR

I'll take you to Hell instead. Are you willing to sacrifice yourself for her?

(softly)

You are Orpheus and I am offering you Eurydice. All you have to do is sell me your soul for hers...

And Constantine decides. To do what he knows is right.

CONSTANTINE

Agreed... I'll sell you my soul. But you must release her first.

(beat)

Can I speak to her before..?

Angela's eyes close and reopen. They are the real Angela's eyes now.

ANGELA

Thank you.

CONSTANTINE

I wish there was some other way.

ANGELA

I died the day he took me... But I got to meet you... again. I remember now... you fought so hard for me.

(beat)

I... I love...

CONSTANTINE

Me too.

And in utter simplicity, the LIGHTS FLARE UP TO IMPOSSIBLE BRIGHTNESS as Angela's soul moves through the room. It hurts our eyes.

And then Balthazar is back.

BALTHAZAR

Well, that was sweet.

(beat)

I've fulfilled my part of the bargain. Now fulfil yours.

In a flash, Lilith pulls the nail from Balthazar's hands and STABS CONSTANTINE IN THE HEART WITH IT.

He falls, gasping. Constantine dies in front of us. Looks at the smiling faces that crowd around to look at him.

CONTANTINE

See you in hell.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. HELL

Well, it's actually a dank, dark, deserted subway tunnel.

Constantine lies there. His eyes flick open and he gets to his feet.

A SHUFFLING sound in the empty tunnel.

Constantine turns around.

Nothing.

He turns back.

BALTHAZAR IS THERE

In a horrific perversion of Angela's form. The demon inside is bursting out of her. Angela looks like a possessed Picasso drew her.

Balthazar shakes with delight.

BALTHAZAR

I have come for my soul.

Constantine smiles.

CONSTANTINE

Fair enough.

BALTHAZAR

(laughs)

If only you were smarter, magus.
But you were blinded by your love
for the girl...

(beat)

Now that I've escaped your trap I
can return and bring about the
Apocalypse with your soul.

CONSTANTINE

You're breaking your promise to keep
me in Hell?

BALTHAZAR

Oh, come on Constantine. I am the
devil.

(a hint of respect)

You came so close to stopping me.
I never thought you'd find the
courage. You surprised me,
Constantine. Nobody has done that
before.

CONSTANTINE

(smiles, then)

Actually there's a question I've
always meant to ask you.

BALTHAZAR

Really?

CONSTANTINE

Where does the devil go when he dies?

BALTHAZAR

What?

CONSTANTINE

I mean, if someone killed you, where would you go? Couldn't go to hell. Certainly couldn't go to heaven. Where would the Nazarene send you?

BALTHAZAR

(dismisses it)

It's of no importance. Why are you thinking of that?

CONSTANTINE

Just passing the time until I die.

BALTHAZAR

(laughs)

You are a strange one, Constantine. But your time is at hand.

(softly, horribly)

And now I claim your soul.

And... Constantine laughs... so hard that he ends up in a coughing fit.

BALTHAZAR

What amuses you about this?

CONSTANTINE

It's ironic, that's all. That's the only promise you can't break. You have to take a soul when it's sold to you.

BALTHAZAR

I think desperation has made you mad.

(gleeful)

I'll make you vomit the soul out then watch as I eat it.

Constantine staggers back as a wave of nausea hits him.

Then--

LUCIFER (OS)

Now this is interesting...

Balthazar turns to see a strange shape before him. It resembles a man but is completely covered in BLADES. It's as a man were skinned and blades inserted into every piece of his flesh.... And indeed he sometimes is known as the Lord of Blades.... his name is LUCIFER

Balthazar's eyes dig into Lucifer.

BALTHAZAR
What are you doing here, Lucifer?

LUCIFER
I don't answer to you...

Then--

Another horrendous voice thunders through hell.

BEELZEBUB (OS)
Why are you both here???

Constantine turns to see a man made up of BEETLES. His face has features but they are all made up of squirming bugs. This is BEELZEBUB, the Lord of the Flies.

CONSTANTINE
Getting a little crowded down here,
isn't it guys?

All 3 demons stare at each other then at Constantine, racked with convulsions on the ground.

BALTHAZAR
Lucifer and Beelzebub, stay out of
my affairs. I own this soul...

LUCIFER
(almost amused)
I have claim... Don't make the
mistake of provoking me...

BEELZEBUB
(angry)
This cannot be. HE SOLD ME HIS
SOUL.

A long slow beat... As the devils regard each other.

Constantine laughs. What's just happened sinks in.

BALTHAZAR
He sold it to all 3 of us?

CONSTANTINE
Who gets to go home with me then?
(with a smile)
Someone has to. It's written in the
small print somewhere.

LUCIFER
He's right. We all have proper
claim to his soul and under our
covenant must claim it when he
dies...

BEELZEBUB
But only one can actually possess
it...

BALTHAZAR

We will have to fight each other to the death for him.

(realizes)

Hell will be destroyed.

CONSTANTINE

It's called a sting, you fucking pricks...

(looks at Balthazar)

If only you were smarter, Balthazar... I wasn't sure you'd think of buying my soul. I was ready to bring it up myself when you thought of it.

BALTHAZAR

You piece of angel shit...

Constantine looks mock affronted.

CONSTANTINE

Now don't go insulting me. I have a way out for you.

BEELZEBUB

Which is?

CONSTANTINE

Make sure I don't die.

(beat)

You can heal me. Cure my wounds. And pull that tumor out of my head as well, while you're at it.

Balthazar screams:

BALTHAZAR

NO. I WILL NOT BE BESTED BY THIS CONJURER.

CONSTANTINE

Then go to war and find out where the Nazarene sends you when you kill each other...

LUCIFER

(soft)

He is correct.

He and Beelzebub turn to Balthazar.

BEELZEBUB

It is your responsibility. You involved him in our affairs.

Balthazar steps over to Constantine's wracked body.

BALTHAZAR

(a whisper)

You win, magus. As long as you
live, I cannot walk the earth...
You've made a fool of me.

(softly)

But healing doesn't have to be
painless.

CONSTANTINE

watches as Balthazar grips the flesh around his wounded heart and
TWISTS IT UNTIL IT JOINS. The flesh grafts itself together.

Constantine SCREAMS inhumanly.

Then BALTHAZAR PLUNGES HIS HAND INTO CONSTANTINE'S HEAD and pulls
out the fleshy and blackened tumor.

Constantine makes sounds that have never been heard before.

And then it is done. Constantine wipes tears of agony from his
eyes.

Balthazar is chomping at the bit to get at Constantine.

BALTHAZAR

More than anything I've every lusted
for... more than the Nazarene's head
on an ivory platter... more than
bathing in angel's blood... I want
you Constantine.

CONSTANTINE

I'm flattered.

The three of them stand side by side. Twisted dementia visions.

LUCIFER

(bemused)

Well done, little magus. You
tricked us this time...

BEELZEBUB

(confident)

... but we will find a way out of
it. And when we do...

BALTHAZAR

(a promise)

... you will suffer like no-one has
ever suffered.

Constantine turns around.

CONSTANTINE

I've only got one thing to say to
you guys.

He holds up his index finger at them.

CONSTANTINE
GO TO HELL.

INT. NEWCASTLE

Constantine sits up in the deserted room. Looks around.
Then walks out.

INT. BAR - MORNING

The one where Constantine met Angela for the first time.
The same Barman is there.

Constantine sits down at the bar.

CONSTANTINE
JD, straight up.

BARMAN
Still in mourning, huh?

CONSTANTINE
Yeah.

He gives him the drink and Constantine lifts it into the air.
Looks into the mirror.

In it are the reflections of those who died during this.

They are gathered to say goodbye to him.

The Inmates from Ravenscar, Casey Ann, the End is Nigh Man, the Priest, Stames, Papa Midnight, others we don't know.

Among them is Angela.

Constantine meets her eyes in the mirror.

A moment between them.

Then he looks at the others.

Constantine raises his drink to them.

Angela smiles.

Constantine knocks the whiskey back.

Looks at the mirror again.

The reflections are gone.

CONSTANTINE
To old friends.

And then we pull back, leaving him in the bar.

A song is playing on the jukebox.

It is the Pogues "A Rainy Night in Soho"

POGUES

We watched our friends grow up
together/ And we saw them as they
fell/ Some of them fell into heaven/
Some of them fell into hell.

We pull further back, leaving Constantine with his thoughts.

And we--

FADE OUT