

# CONSTANTINE

by

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FADE IN:

EXT. ISTANBUL - DUSK

Glimpses of an ancient city. Almost motionless against the tide of time.

Sea swelled along an endless wall. Billowing silk frozen against the sky. Birds lighting on Byzantine columns.

FINAL IMAGE is of an imposing STRUCTURE beyond the trees.

INT. PRISON FOR THE CRIMINALLY INSANE

Corridor of ancient stone and steel extends into infinite darkness. Stale air hangs in the dim half-light like atomized ether.

There is WHISPERING. And tangled VOICES.

DRIFT IN PAST prison cells the size of closets. Brief flashes of carved faces, insanity -- COMING TO REST ON the --

FINAL CELL

A gaunt PRISONER kneels on the granite, head bowed to a wall hung tapestry of Christ. But he's not just praying.

He's digging. With his arm under the tapestry, he scratches at the stone with a SPOON. After only a year, the spoon finally breaks through.

INT. NARROW CHANNEL

Prisoner claws his way between ancient walls, comes to a dead end against a thick wooden door. He nudges a shoulder against it, digs in and pushes. DOOR GROANS open, sucking air into the pitch black CHAMBER.

INT. PRISONER'S CELL

The tapestry covering the HOLE is pulled against the wall, then billows outward like a sail.

INT. CHAMBER - PRISONER

pulls himself inside, chokes in the heavy air. He scans the musty room. Antique furniture. A few empty crates. And the remains of several deteriorating skeletons.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He looks to the far wall, sees a hint of light above through the crumbling limestone. A way out. Too high to reach, Prisoner pulls an old CHEST out of a cobwebbed corner and slides it under the light.

He steps up onto the chest, grabs the edges of the hole and starts to shove off when the top of the chest gives way and his foot crunches through.

Prisoner reaches down to free his foot when he sees something inside -- wrapped in a red cloth. He pulls it out and as he unwraps it, he discovers the cloth is a Nazi flag.

At the center is a crudely-shaped IRON RELIC. Eight inches long. Stains on the edges. Could be the petrified tooth of some prehistoric animal. Or maybe an ancient arrowhead.

As he holds it, feverish sweat starts to form on his face.

MYSTERIOUS POV

From BEHIND. As if he's being watched by someone else. Prisoner spins, looks back AT us. Nothing.

PRISONER

starts toward the way out.

INT. PRISONER CORRIDOR

The Guard's flashlight beam probes the cell -- one by one -- falls on the tapestry. Christ billows out from the wall, revealing the hole.

INT. PRISON - VARIOUS SHOTS

ALARMS SOUND. Lights BLAST ON. Guards with weapons rush through.

INT. NARROW CHANNEL

Prisoner squeezes toward light, grips the relic tight.

EXT. PRISON - NIGHT

SIRENS BLARE as SPOTLIGHTS sweep across the ominous structure. Prisoner breaks from the darkness, runs for the trees on the other side of the wall.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GUARDS  
(in Turkish)  
Stop! Stop!

Prisoner spins, gripping the relic tight. GUNSHOTS RING OUT. Bullets streak toward him but never hit their target. Guards check their weapons on the run.

EXT. NEAR A ROAD - NIGHT

Prisoner breaks from the trees, runs into a road. Headlights wash over him and TIRES SCREECH. Prisoner spins, is right in the path of a car.

BRAKES SQUEAL -- car locks up but too late -- IMPACTS Prisoner who is violently thrown and lands in a heap.

CAR slides to a stop. DRIVER jumps out, sees the front end sheet metal has accorded all the way to the tires.

He scans the area for a body, spots the Prisoner and is stunned to see him getting to his feet. Uninjured.

Prisoner is just as amazed. He glances at the RELIC in his hand, notes the wrist has reddened and an odd SYMBOL has appeared as if embossed in the flesh.

Driver calls out but the Prisoner is spooked, runs off.

OVER this we hear -- A CHILD'S SCREAM.

INT. APARTMENT - DAY

FATHER HENNESSEY (50), stands over a young teen (13), JEANIE, splashes holy water on her body. She screams again.

HENNESSEY  
*Et separatur a plasmate tuo, Ut  
num quam laedatur amorsu antiqui  
serpentes!*

Her body convulses, pulls against the bandages tying her hands and feet to the bed frame. Notice her fingernails. Drained of color. Almost black.

Her MOTHER is off to one side, completely hysterical.

On the other side is a crowd of bewildered TENANTS, all crammed into the hallway outside the opened door.

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CONTINUED:

Nothing can compare with an exorcism. Especially one that's gone bad.

The rather obese Priest tries to steady his hands and his heart. It's obvious he's totally out of his league here.

GIRL lets out another SCREAM that ECHOES OVER --

EXT. AGING APARTMENT BUILDING

Not in a third world country but smack center in one of America's richest cities. Sparkling high-rises tower in the distance while flashy billboards tout the sexiest fashions, the hottest automobiles and the smoothest malt liquor.

SUPERIMPOSE: LOS ANGELES - TODAY

EXT. ALLEY BY THE APARTMENT

A faded yellow taxi PULLS UP and stops. Someone steps out, grinds a cigarette butt into the asphalt.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - FOYER

Doors open, flood the musty darkness with a brief relief of sunlight. A MAN -- whose face we don't see -- steps inside, his trench coat hanging like the folded wings of a raven.

He pauses, pulls an ORNATE LIGHTER and lights a cigarette. Takes a puff and pushes on inside.

INT. NARROW STAIRCASE HALL WALL

Lined with tenants trying to get a glimpse of the unexplainable.

The Stranger pushes through. Suspicious faces step out of his path. The ones that don't he pushes aside -- even the gangbangers.

The man has no patience for politeness, no time for tact, no fear of anything.

This man is JOHN CONSTANTINE.

He arrives at his destination, barges into --

INT. APARTMENT 7B

One scan of the situation is all it takes. The bed -- the child -- the panicked priest -- who rushes to John.

HENNESSEY

(whispering)

Thank God you're here...

John shoots him a disgusted look. Hennessey gives him a wide berth.

John walks past the panic-stricken MOTHER without a glance, sets his cigarette on the nightstand, the glowing tip drooped over the edge. He puts a gloved hand to the child's face and it burns on contact. His demeanor instantly changes as he leans right next to the ear of the little girl and whispers --

JOHN

This is Constantine. John  
Constantine, asshole.

The girl JOLTS, bandages on her arms cut into her skin. Eyes snap open -- glare right through him.

JOHN

How ya doing?

JEANIE

*Vamos juntos a matarla.*

John whips out a key chain crammed with medallions.

JOHN

Let's see who we got here...

He holds them up so they cast shadows across Jeanie's face. He flips through each of these sculptured SAINTS until the child suddenly reacts to one -- tries to look away.

John stares at the Saint responsible, seems genuinely puzzled. He turns to the Mother -- very serious.

JOHN

I need a mirror. Now.

Shaken, the Mother produces a small compact. John pushes it away, turns to the doorway crowd.

JOHN

A large mirror. At least --  
(sizes up the child)  
-- three feet high.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The hallway crowd discusses possibilities.

JOHN

MOVE.

Tenants run to retrieve a mirror. Hennessey looks worried.

John grabs the bed -- shoves Hennessey aside as he swings the bed around, legs gouging hardwood all the way. Faces it toward the window.

INTERCUT - APARTMENT 5G BELOW

Several of the MEN from the hallway crowd storm through an OLD WOMAN'S stuffy apartment, locate a huge iron-framed mirror and rip it and half the plaster from the wall.

JOHN

centers on a drapery ROPE, pulls hard. Drapery HOOKS EXPLODE off the curtain rod as he swings open the window, looks down into the alley where that yellow taxi is parked.

JOHN

Chaz?

CHAZ (20s) looks up from his cab. Cool. Frustrated. You just know he'd love to be up there, not down here.

JOHN

Move the car.

CHAZ

Why?

JOHN

MOVE THE DAMN CAR.

John frees the drapery rope, ducks back into the room.

CHAZ

Park the car -- Move the car...

Chaz shifts into reverse, moves the car three feet.

CHAZ

There, I moved the damn car.

INT. HALLWAY

Four men struggle to carry up that enormous mirror. The Old Woman follows, begs them to be gentle. They swing the mirror around, take out a chunk of banister. She freaks.

INT. APARTMENT 7B

Hennessey can only watch as John threads the drapery rope through the fire escape railing, drapes it back through the window and loops it over the ceiling fan.

He climbs onto the bed, leans over the child whose eyes have closed and she's shaking badly. Her body seems to be going into shock. Isn't strong enough for this.

John has no choice -- slaps her. Eyes pop back open. Dark and dilated. He yells down at her in Aramaic and English.

JOHN

*Amar natash bow basar! -- Rescind  
from the flesh I command thee --*

The girl chokes as if ready to spit.

JOHN

That's it -- time to go home.

Jeanie SCREAMS --

JEANIE

*Tiempo para morir!*

Her body suddenly PULSES half again larger. John recoils for a beat. Odd. He continues in Aramaic --

JOHN

*Amar natash bow basar --*

Another PULSE and this time a SHAPE is clearly seen expanding under the child's skin -- as if the demon inside were trying to burst right through.

John backs off -- watches as the shape ripples her flesh, like fingers caressing from the other side. John glances to Hennessey. What the hell?

MIRROR arrives at the doorway, BANGS against the JAM. John waves them in. The four men heft it into the room.

JOHN

Lift it. Over the bed. Up.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

John ducks, settles on the girl as they raise it over him.

JOHN

Hennessey, tie it off --

Hennessey is glad to be called into service -- quickly ties one end of rope to the mirror. John straddles the girl, positions his head between her and the mirror above him.

JOHN

Now close your eyes -- all of you  
-- and whatever happens -- do not  
look into the mirror.

The men close their eyes. Muscles tense under the weight.

JOHN

*Amar natash bow basar!* -- rescind  
from the flesh I command thee!

Jeanie reacts -- that SHAPE reappears, contorts the young body all out of proportion.

John unblocks the mirror for a second and Jeanie is reflected inside. It's not just the image of a young girl in there, but something else. The surface of the mirror FLEXES in the hands of the men. One starts to look --

JOHN

No!

Jeanie SCREAMS -- breaks free of the straps. She rises up, grabs John tight around the throat. Nails dig deep.

HENNESSEY

John?!

JOHN

(looking into  
mirror)

Not yet!

John struggles, puts his hands over her mouth -- cutting off her air supply. Question is, who's going to pass out first?

Jeanie's body is racked by whatever's inside her. She goes into shock, body collapsing -- shaking -- close to death.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOHN

Look! Look at me!

But she's passing out first. John quickly takes the medallion that caused the earlier reaction --

JOHN

Goddamit -- look!

-- and presses it against her forehead. Eyes snap wide and John unblocks the mirror. Jeanie locks on her reflection and the image in the mirror changes drastically.

JOHN

Smile pretty you vain prick.

The child's reflection has now changed to a pissed off DEMON. One that knows it just got suckered in.

MIRROR VIBRATES wildly in the men's grip. Demon reflection ripples the glass -- bending it outward into three-D space as the girl takes her last breaths --

JOHN

Now, Hennessey. Now!

Hennessey PULLS the rope with all three-hundred-plus pounds as John gives the demon face a full extended FINGER.

JOHN

For your boss.

Demon pushes for him but mirror is jerked into motion. Swings right out the window but catches on a sliver of wood --

JOHN

No you don't.

John jumps up and helps push the mirror free.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - HUGE MIRROR

Falls SLOW MOTION from the 7th story -- tumbling end over end, sunlight beams glancing off the glass, PROJECTING the image of the Demon into the LA cityscape. ONTO buildings, sidewalks, a passing truck -- until all three hundred pounds of IRON AND GLASS come CRASHING down ON the taxi's hood.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHAZ

SHIT!

Demon's image SHATTERS on impact -- GLASS SPLINTERING into a million diamond-like fragments that choke the air. The GROAN of something evil reverberates into the city beyond.

Chaz looks up, sees he missed dying by three feet.

INT. APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS ACTION

Jeanie GASPS -- takes her first breath as a child again. And CRIES. Mother pulls her in, hugs her tight. Note the girl's fingernails. No longer black.

John's beat, reclaims that stub of a cigarette, still burning. Takes a drag. He pushes past Hennessey who is approaching the mother.

HENNESSEY

Now about the fee...

John slips FROM VIEW into the kitchenette, hides the fact that he has to lean against the door to keep his balance.

He catches his breath, looks up and is staring right at a child's crayon drawing magneted to the fridge. A drawing of a figure poking another in the side with a long stick. This image is repeated over and over.

John tugs it off the fridge, tucks it away.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - STAIRWELL - LATER

Hennessey follows John down the spiraling stairs, passing the gathered tenants. A few are freaked, cross themselves. Others horrified. But many want to touch them, shake their hands.

A shadowy FIGURE several floors up stares over the rail at the heroes below. Note the slick suit, the polished veneer.

This is BALTHAZAR and he definitely does not rent here. He flicks an ancient COIN between his fingers.

JOHN pauses, gazes up through the stairwell as if sensing something. No one there. Balthazar is gone.

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CONTINUED:

JOHN shakes off the feeling, continues down the steps where Hennessey is shoving his HAT in front of the tenants. They're gladly giving to the cause.

HENNESSEY

Thank you. Yes... Gracias...

JOHN

Hennessey.

Hennessey stops his panhandling, continues toward the exit.

INT. FOYER

John and Hennessey stop near the front entrance. John rips the white collar from Hennessey's neck.

HENNESSEY

I know, I know, but I didn't think she was really possessed, not like that.

JOHN

I'm not back an hour and you drag me into --

HENNESSEY

-- Don't be mad, John, don't be --

John rummages through his coat pockets --

HENNESSEY

On the left side.

John keeps searching.

HENNESSEY

Vest pocket.

John rips his smokes from the left vest pocket --

JOHN

Don't do that shit on me --

HENNESSEY

Sorry, sorry. Here, you can have half.

Hennessey starts to divvy the cash but John snatches the hat.

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CONTINUED:

JOHN

I should take it all, save you  
from yourself.

He gestures that bagged BOTTLE in Hennessey's jacket.

HENNESSEY

It keeps them out, so I can sleep.  
Please, John, I need to sleep.

John stares at his pathetic friend, sighs, finally slips  
a few bills from the wad and hands them over.

Hennessey is bubbling with appreciation, starts to  
follow. John simply holds up a hand. Hennessey stops,  
watches John walk out. Alone.

EXT. ALLEY BY THE APARTMENT

John turns the corner, spots Chaz punching a dent from  
the taxi's hood.

JOHN

I told you to move it.

CHAZ

Well maybe if you had told me you  
were dropping a three-hundred  
pound mirror with a pissed-off  
demon in it I would have moved it  
further.

Chaz slams the hood. They slide into the car.

CHAZ

Well?

JOHN

Well what?

Chaz reaches back into John's front coat pocket -- pulls  
out Hennessey's wad of cash -- slips off a few bills.

CHAZ

Shouldn't have cut your stay in  
the land of enlightenment. You  
were so close to growing a  
conscience.

John grins, pulls his special lighter, lights a smoke and  
sits back.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOHN

Los Angeles...

He looks back up at the apartment, still puzzled.

JOHN

Never ceases to entertain.

Chaz crams the car in gear as John takes a drag, coughs.

EXT. THE SKY

One of those perfect days. With perfect clouds. So clear you feel you could reach out and touch Heaven.

Two young girls rise INTO FRAME on side-by-side swings. For a moment they're suspended against that incredible sky. Then gravity takes hold and they fall back to Earth.

MAN (V.O.)

You still with me?

INT. SUBWAY - DAY

ANGELA'S (30) weary eyes open. She's on her belly hidden between track ties and shadows even deeper. Grips a police-issue revolver tight. She's pinned down, unable to move.

ANGELA

Yeah...

The MAN is thirty feet down the same track. Their VOICES ECHO off the curved walls, come from everywhere.

How either of these two got here isn't important. Who will get out is.

MAN (O.S.)

So what's next, Detective? We gonna do a full marathon?

Intermittent RADIO CHATTER buzzes from Angela's WALKIE-TALKIE. You get the sense Angela is not alone in here.

ANGELA

Put your weapon on the tracks and step out with your hands above your head.

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CONTINUED:

MAN (O.S.)

Or how 'bout you show yourself and  
I put a bullet in your skull just  
like I did hers!

ANGELA

That's just not going to happen.

MAN (O.S.)

You sure about that?!

Angela checks the chamber -- sees she has one bullet  
left.

ANGELA

(almost pleading)

Now put down your weapon on the  
tracks and --

GROUND BEGINS to VIBRATE. Tunnel starts to GLOW.

MAN (O.S.)

Well ain't this a peach?!

Angela looks back, sees several SHADOWS of figures waving  
far off. Her RADIO is flooded with futzed CHATTER.

DETECTIVE WEISS (V.O.)

(over radio)

Get off the tracks! Blueline is  
coming! Clear the tracks!

Angela peeks over the track. Still no sign of her perp.

The TRAIN is coming INTO VIEW and its BEAM shoots through  
the tunnel, turning every particle of dust into a supernova.

The SOUND is DEAFENING.

MAN (O.S.)

C'mon, Detective, step into the  
light and be saved!!

Angela looks back, squints into the brilliant LIGHT.

She grips her GUN and in one burst of flat-out bravado --  
rises as she AIMS.

And there he is -- the Man rising with his own gun.

Angela FIRES as both dive off the track. His BULLET  
RICOCHETS behind her. Hers finds its mark. Man goes  
down right in the train's path.

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CONTINUED:

Angela rolls over on the side of the tracks, catches her breath. She closes her eyes and crosses herself as the train roars past in a staccato blur.

EXT. 20 LANES BOWLING ALLEY - DAY

Chaz's taxi pulls up, parks.

TAXI TRUNK

OPENS, REVEALS suitcases stamped with AIR INDIA. John starts inside, pauses as Chaz yells --

CHAZ

There are four bags. I have two hands. This give you any ideas?

JOHN

Make two trips?

John walks in. Chaz curses under his breath.

INT. 20 LANES BOWLING ALLEY

Evening leagues are going strong. John walks in, looks totally out of place. He moves down the BALL RACK area, runs his fingers across the various leftovers, finally stops at a pearl-white dazzler.

He lifts it from the rack, steps out into the prep area -- in front of one of the few lanes not in use.

Number 13.

John snatches a grease pencil from the overhead, scribbles right on the ball -- "PROVISIONS DEPLETED."

He fluffs his trench coat back, steps onto the polished wood with his well-traveled Oxfords.

Young bowlers on both sides stop to look at this oddity. An attractive brunette is rather curious. John gives her a wink. Her boyfriend doesn't appreciate it.

John bowls. Perfect hook ball. Strike! Brunette grins. John returns the smile, heads into the hallway by the pool tables.



INT. JOHN'S APARTMENT

Seems small until you walk in and realize it's as long as a bowling lane. Makes that cage enclosed bed at one end seem like it's a mile away.

Chaz throws the suitcases on it as John arrives.

CHAZ

(yells across room)

Simple question. How much longer  
do I have to be your slave?

John pulls a chain and a wall of window shutters open.

JOHN

You're not my slave, Chaz. You're  
my very appreciated assistant.  
Like Tonto and Robin and that  
skinny fellow with the fat friend.

Along the floor, encircling the entire room, are 5 gallon Sparkletts bottles. Each is adorned by a small hand-marked CROSS. John takes a moment to adjust one out of place.

CHAZ

How much longer?

John doesn't like his tone.

JOHN

Well I don't know, what's the  
going rate for saving a taxi  
driver hanging from his  
fingernails about to be swallowed  
into the jaws of Hell?

CHAZ

So what time you want me back?

John gives him a knowing look, goes back to emptying his pockets.

JOHN

I need to make an appearance at  
Midnite's. Say ten-ish?

Chaz sighs, starts out --

JOHN

Chaz...?

Chaz turns back, catches an object John throws him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOHN

A little something from Delphi.

It's a dashboard air freshener shaped like a cow.

Chaz tips it. Moooooo. John finds it rather amusing.

CHAZ

Gee, thanks.

Chaz leaves. John removes a small BLACK BOX from his jacket. He sets it carefully on its own shelf by the window -- stares out.

BEEMAN (O.S.)

'Provisions depleted?'

John turns to see BEEMAN waddle in.

BEEMAN

I gave you three months worth.  
You were gone only one.

This diminutive occult version of Bond's "Q" carries a custom bowling bag and squints in the light like a mole.

JOHN

What can I say, Beeman, India was  
a real drain.

They shake hands. Beeman sets his bowling bag onto the table, unzips it.

BEEMAN

So what do you need?

JOHN

Everything you got.

BEEMAN

(pausing)

You smell something, John?

JOHN

Maybe. Incubus in this girl I  
just exorcized seemed a bit more  
spirited than usual.

Beeman starts pulling things out. First is a frayed RAG.  
Then glass containers...

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CONTINUED:

BEEMAN

Well, I've got your stone  
fragments from the Road to  
Damascus, dust from the Dead Sea  
Scrolls -- oh, you'll love this --

Out comes a little MATCHBOX with a smiling bug graphic.

BEEMAN

Screech beetle from Mount Sinai.

He shakes the matchbox and the BEETLE flutters inside.  
It's WINGS create an eerie HIGH-PITCHED WHIRL. John  
shrugs. So?

BEEMAN

Yeah, to you it's nothing but to  
the Fallen -- like fingernails on  
a chalkboard.

JOHN

What is it with you and bugs?

Beeman pulls out a set of sculptured BRASS KNUCKLES.  
Actually solid gold and engraved with religious markings.  
John takes them, tries them on. Nice fit.

BEEMAN

Gold was blessed by the Bishop  
Anicott during the Crusades.

John spots a foot-long COPPER TUBE in the bag, pulls it  
out, grips the bicycle handle on one end.

BEEMAN

Watch it there.

With this puny little thing? John gives the handle a  
squeeze and WHOOOOSH -- ten-foot FLAME BELCHES out.

BEEMAN

Dragon's breath.

JOHN

I thought you couldn't get it  
anymore.

Beeman shrugs, modesty. John starts to put it down on  
the table and Beeman quickly pulls the frayed rag away.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BEEMAN

Whoa, don't want to get a flame  
near this.

(off John's look)

Piece of the shroud Moses wore to  
the mountain.

John picks it up -- You're shitting me, right? Nope.

JOHN

Got any callinicus?

BEEMAN

(intrigued)

How spirited was this incubus?

JOHN

(coughs)

Like it was trying to come right  
out through the girl

Beeman just stares at him -- is this a joke?

JOHN

I know how it sounds...

BEEMAN

We're finger puppets to them,  
John, elaborate costumes -- they  
can work us but don't come through  
us. They can't. You know that.

JOHN

Check the scrolls anyway.  
Corinthians. See if there are any  
precedents.

BEEMAN

Sure, John. Anything else?

JOHN

(coughs again)

Wouldn't happen to have anything  
for --

Beeman sets down a bottle from the bag -- Vick's 44.

BEEMAN

On the house.

EXT. LOS ANGELES POLICE DEPARTMENT - DAY

Lots of blue on blue in this parking lot.

INT. LOCKER ROOM

Locker door opens and Angela is there, covered in the grime of the subway. She's pained as she pulls off her shoulder holster. Looks at herself in the door mirror.

Tired, aging eyes stare back.

WEISS (O.S.)

Gutsy move out there, Dodson.

Angela glances at DETECTIVE WEISS as he opens his locker.

ANGELA

Gutsy? Well that's a new one.

The two exchange a look.

WEISS

You're alive. Bad guy's dead. No point in using the other words.

ANGELA

Thanks.

WEISS

(shuts his locker)

Even though it was reckless -- irresponsible -- stupid...

ANGELA

I knew you still cared.

WEISS

You're good, Angela, real good but one of these days...

ANGELA

(heard it before)

I know, nobody's luck lasts forever.

He meets her eyes. Exactly. He really does care.

Weiss breaks it off, leaves. Angela turns to close her locker door, notices her reflection does not turn.

She grabs the door, looks back in. Reflection is as it should be. She shudders, slams the locker door.

EXT. CLUB MIDNITE - 10 PM

So exclusive there's not even a line out front. Just a pair of bouncers waiting to roll someone just for fun.

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Chaz follows John from the cab to the entrance. A Bouncer selects a PICTURE CARD from a deck. On the front are TWO FLYING DOLPHINS. Only we can see the back, which is --

JOHN

Two frogs on a bench.

Yep. They let him pass. Chaz steps up and lucky him -- he gets the same TWO FLYING DOLPHINS.

CHAZ

Two frogs on a bench.

But Chaz is stiff-armed because the back of this card shows a BEAR in a dress.

CHAZ

What? But I'm with him! Right,  
John? John?

John glances back -- gives him an impassive look. Chaz backs away, stares after him. Someday.

INT. CLUB MIDNITE

MUSIC FLOODS this exclusive establishment. It's a clash of cultures and influences not easily dated. A retro speakeasy for the new millennium.

John walks through a maze of passages while the fantasies of a twisted city play out in the shadows. He pauses, sees a clan of suited businessmen in a corner, showing off for several ladies.

One fills a line of shot glasses from a pitcher of water. Another waves his hand over them, turns the water into RED WINE. The ladies are very impressed, drink up.

NICO, a young black man, walks past John.

NICO

Neighborhood's going to Hell.

John offers a half smile. He likes this kid, walks on. One of the men in the group turns, watches John. Balthazar. He grins and pockets that odd COIN.

INT. HALLWAY

John starts up a long flight of stairs, stops in front of two very large doors.

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CONTINUED:

Their surface is ancient, the wood petrified over countless centuries. John places his fingers into the gnarled folds, closes his eyes --

JOHN

*Numquam leadatur a morsu.*

A living GROAN BELLOWS from the rigid seams but the doors don't budge.

JOHN

Bastard changed the code again.

(bangs the doors)

Midnite! Come on, do I have to huff and puff here?!

The doors unlatch.

INT. MIDNITE'S OFFICE

SWEEP ACROSS a meticulously-crafted ORRERY, a scientific sculpture that normally displays our solar system in relative motion. But the planets here are ancient RELICS with symbols and names -- MATERIAL, ASTRAL, SPIRITUAL, ICONIC, etc. And the globe at the center -- "CREATOR."

This is an orrery of the forces of the Universe. And it's not moving.

MIDNITE (O.S.)

*Et separatur a plasmate tuo, Ut  
num quam laedatur amorsu antiqui  
serpentes...*

John steps in through the doors behind.

JOHN

Deciding which color to paint this place again?

PAPPA MIDNITE stands in the jungle he calls an office. Part African witch doctor, part savvy businessman. A full six and half feet of solid contradictions.

MIDNITE

You're back early.

JOHN

I got tired of spending your money.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MIDNITE

But I'm sure you spent enough.

JOHN

Well I do have a certain standard of living.

MIDNITE

Tell me you found it.

JOHN

I found the vault.

MIDNITE

That's not what I asked.

JOHN

Hey, can I help it if Buddhist monks don't take bribes?

Midnite strides toward him when John calmly pulls from his pocket a small ebony and gold RELIC. It stops Midnite cold.

JOHN

Gotcha.

A reluctant grin cracks Midnite's stern features. He takes the relic in his thick fingers -- stares breathlessly at a gaunt figure bracing itself against a cosmic wind.

MIDNITE

Second century depiction of a sephiroth in the 4th realm...

JOHN

Right. So we good here?

Midnite ignores his outstretched palm, slides the relic precisely onto one of the many rods jutting from the Universal orrery.

MIDNITE

It should counter the iconic plane --

JOHN

That damn thing's never going to balance.

Midnite lets go and the complex machine actually starts to move. To turn.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

John is somewhat intrigued until the newest relic collides with another and the orrery jams to a halt. Midnite deflates, stares at John, suspiciously.

MIDNITE

Must I remind you of what selling fake relics will do to your health?

JOHN

It's authentic, Midnite, you just have the wrong piece. Jesus...

The two have a mini stare-down. John's rigid poker face is only broken by a cough. Midnite sighs, breaks it off.

JOHN

What? -- I didn't blink -- that was a cough. You never cough?

Midnite reaches into his tuxedo jacket and hands over a thick stack of HUNDREDS.

JOHN

Better not be any Washingtons in here this time.

MIDNITE

Why did you cut your trip short?

John stops the counting, actually thinks about it.

JOHN

I don't know... Just a feeling --

John suddenly spins toward the entrance doors, is stunned to see --

JOHN

Balthazar.

Balthazar is behind him. Utterly confident. Chillingly so.

BALTHAZAR

We're not still whining about Manhattan, are we?

John's attempt to disguise his anger fails.

BALTHAZAR

That expression alone has made my entire night.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

John takes several steps toward him. Grins. Malevolent.  
There's history here.

JOHN

I'll make your night -- I'll  
deport your sorry ass right where  
you stand --

MIDNITE

JOHN.

John stops in his tracks.

JOHN

It's bad enough that you let these  
half-breeds in at all but this  
piece of shit --

BALTHAZAR

Perks of becoming a primary  
investor.

JOHN

What?!

Midnite's eyes say it all -- not here, not now.

BALTHAZAR

Things change, balances shift.  
Get used to it, Constantine.

JOHN

Not while I'm still breathing --

John starts to cough again.

BALTHAZAR

I'm sorry, I didn't catch that.

John tries to catch his breath, can't. And that scares  
him a bit. He tries to hide it, pushes out.

EXT. CLUB MIDNITE

John SLAMS out the exit -- coughing. He pulls the Vicks  
44 from his jacket, struggles with the child protector  
cap.

HENNESSEY

Hey, John.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

John is surprised to see Hennessey waiting. He chokes, is about to bust the Vicks 44 bottle. Hennessey grabs hold, twists off the cap with one flick. John guzzles the syrup.

HENNESSEY

I'm real sorry about this morning,  
John, real sorry. Please don't  
hate me for draggin' you into  
that. Please don't...

John can finally breathe.

JOHN

I don't hate you.

HENNESSEY

That's good to hear. Real good...

JOHN

But could you at least wait until  
I call for you before you show up?

HENNESSEY

You didn't call?

JOHN

Not yet. Jesus, Hennessey, you  
freak me out sometimes.

HENNESSEY

So you want me to go away and come  
back?

JOHN

No. I've got an assignment for you.

HENNESSEY

Really? What kind of assignment?

JOHN

The kind you'll have to be sober  
for.

HENNESSEY

Oh God, you want me to surf the  
ether.

He instinctively touches an AMULET around his neck. Four intersecting crosses.

JOHN

Come on, you know that exorcism  
wasn't right.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HENNESSEY

I... I don't have the Sight anymore.

JOHN

Don't have it or don't want to use it?

Hennessey vacillates. This is obviously tough for him.

JOHN

Just look around. A few days. You spot anything unusual, anything -- you let me know. Okay?

John wraps an arm around his shoulder like a good buddy, then reaches behind his neck --

JOHN

It'll be like old times.

-- and unclips the amulet from Hennessey's neck. That unnerves the big guy. John drops it in Hennessey's pocket.

JOHN

Just for a few days.

HENNESSEY

Okay, okay... for you, John. Like old times. Right.

Hennessey takes one last sip from his drink, hands the bottle over. John downs the rest. Nods.

INT. ST. ANTHONY'S CHURCH - CONFESSION BOOTH - NIGHT

Angela sits inside.

ANGELA

I killed a man today. Another one.

FATHER GARRET sits on the other side of the mesh window.

FATHER GARRET

I'm sorry, Angela.

ANGELA

Most cops go twenty years without firing their gun. Not me. I always seem to be in the wrong place at the wrong time.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - SERIES OF SHOTS - NIGHT

Angela arrives home. Pours milk for a cat. Lets her hair down. Slips off her shoes.

ANGELA (V.O.)  
I didn't even see his face. I  
just pulled the trigger and he  
went away. Just like all the  
others...

Angela in the SHOWER -- trying to wash off the guilt.

FATHER GARRET (V.O.)  
These feelings are natural in your  
line of work, Angela. I'd be  
worried if you didn't have them.

Angela now in a recliner, cat in her lap. She's tired.  
Eyes are heavy.

FATHER GARRET (V.O.)  
But you have to be strong. You  
can't allow your faith to be  
overshadowed by guilt.

ANGELA (V.O.)  
I'm trying.

Her eyes close.

ANGELA (V.O.)  
I'm trying real hard.

INT. RAVENSCAR - NIGHT

Angela's eyes open. An Angela whose frightened features  
are dripping with a fever sweat.

She's in a hospital gown, stares around a corner.

Janitor polishes the floor in the distance. A nurse  
checks off charts in the f.g. And right between the two  
darts Angela, unseen by anyone.

EXT. ROOFTOP - NIGHT

A metal fire door swings open and Angela bursts out --  
breathing deep. She runs across the tar roof, almost  
afraid to look back.

She gets to the ledge, steps up. A BOTTLE in the way  
fall -- FOLLOW IT DOWN TO the --

COURTYARD

-- where it SHATTERS --

INT. GROUND FLOOR HOSPITAL ROOM

The sound has drawn the attention of BARRY (10) lying in bed. He moves up and stares out the window -- sees the broken glass in the courtyard. He scans up the building and spots a FIGURE standing on the roof.

ROOFTOP - WIDER

Chilling April air flutters Angela's gown, vaporizes her breath. Tears stream down her cheeks as she contemplates the unthinkable.

Cityscape of lights are spread out below but Angela is seeing something else.

REFLECTED IN HER EYES --

is a city engulfed in RED FLAMES. Follow that tear with the same reflection of fire inside as it traces her cheek and slips into her mouth.

ANGELA shudders, rubs her wrist where we see the skin has swelled and reddened just like the Prisoner's. And there's that same circular symbol in the flesh.

She wipes her tears -- tries to be strong. Takes a few breaths for courage, then simply steps off.

INT. BARRY'S ROOM

BARRY'S WIDE EYES follow her down.

EXT. COURTYARD - LATER

Barry approaches across the barren courtyard, leans down to Angela's contorted body. But she's still alive. Barry stares into eyes that are fading fast. He reaches out, touches her face. Eyes close. She's gone.

INT. ANGELA'S APARTMENT

Angela stirs awake. Disturbed.

OVER this we hear INCESSANT COUGHING --

INT. JOHN'S APARTMENT - BATHROOM

John switches on the light, leans up from the sink and wipes his mouth with a towel. It's covered with blood. More runs down the drain. He stares at himself in the mirror. ON John's worried eyes --

MATCH CUT TO:

ANGLE - ANGELA'S EYES

looking equally distraught.

WEISS (V.O.)

It's her, Angela...

EXT. RAVENSCAR HOSPITAL - WIDER - CONTINUOUS ACTION - DAY

Angela is led by Detective Weiss past several officers and medical personnel.

WEISS

It's Isabel.

They arrive at the covered body in the courtyard. Coroner sees Angela approach and lifts the sheet from the face.

Angela comes to a dead stop, emotions coming fast and furious.

She leans close and we see a mirror of Angela. That's when you realize that wasn't a dream. This is her twin.

But that circular symbol is nowhere on her wrist now.

Angela's eyes well with tears. It takes everything she has to stay in control. Helps to wrap herself in the job. She steps back, looks up at the tall building.

ANGELA

She... she fell from the roof?

WEISS

No. She jumped.

Angela gives him an incredulous glare. Shakes her head.

WEISS

I know it's hard to accept but --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANGELA

Isabel would never in a million years take her own life. Never.

WEISS

Angela... there was a surveillance camera on the roof.

INT. HOSPITAL - DAY

John marches down a hallway, his trench coat a step behind. He unconsciously rubs his left wrist, coughs. Flicks an unlit smoke between his fingers.

John stops at a doctor's office door -- hesitates.

INT. RAVENSCAR - SURVEILLANCE FOOTAGE

View of the rooftop. There's Isabel in her nightgown, stepping up -- pausing just a second. Then one step and she's gone. So clear. So unrefutable.

WIDER

Angela shudders as a comforting HAND rests on her shoulder.

WEISS (O.S.)

Take some time...

Angela brushes off his hand, then spots Weiss and the others on the other side of the room. Whose hand was that?

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE

A LINE OF LIGHT BOXES illuminate several CHEST X-RAYS. A DARK sinister splotch snakes through both LUNGS. John stands there, stares at this wall of death with disbelief.

JOHN

No -- I've beaten things, insurmountable things, things most people have never even heard of and after all that you think I'm going to be done in by THIS?

He raises a puny little cigarette. DR. LES ARCHER (50) sighs. A delicate bedside manner is not his specialty.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

DR. ARCHER

You wouldn't be the first, John.

JOHN

It can't be that simple. I mean  
come on, Les, you saved me before.  
You can do it again, right.

DR. ARCHER

This is different. This is  
aggressive.

John tries to stay cool -- fails. He TRASHES the X-ray  
boxes. Diseased lungs disappear. Doc shakes his head.

DR. ARCHER

Twenty years ago you didn't want  
to be here. Now you don't want to  
leave.

JOHN

That's because I know exactly  
where I'm going this time.

INT. HALLWAY

John steps outside of the Doctor's office, pauses to  
gather himself. He starts walking. Wants out of here  
fast.

INT. RAVENSCAR - HALLWAY

Angela is on the move. Emotions are coming in strong.  
She can't get out of here fast enough.

She aims for the elevators, sees a MAN has just entered  
one.

ANGELA

(rushing toward it)

Wait, hold the door!

Angela, gets to the elevator, looks in. John stands  
inside alone. This should be the first time we realize  
they were in the same hospital.

ANGELA

Going down?

John pauses as the doors start to close.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOHN  
Not if I can help it.

The doors close right on Angela.

EXT. SOMEWHERE IN ISTANBUL - DAY

A PICKUP TRUCK crosses a barren landscape.

In the back bed are several goats and one Prisoner.

He grips the relic tight in one hand. That anxious fever has returned.

Glazed eyes dart to the side and lock on a rising jetliner in the distance -- dart back to the road they're on -- heading the opposite way.

Prisoner clamps his eyes tight, grips to the relic tighter.

Eyes snap open and he turns, thrusts his elbow through the center window, leans in and grabs the Driver -- jerks his head back against the bulkhead -- cracking it in the process.

Prisoner latches onto the wheel, takes control. He swerves the car off the pavement, gets out and takes over as driver.

Truck continues on, bouncing through a shallow ditch and into the field beyond, aiming straight for the rising airliners in the distance.

EXT. L.A. APARTMENT - DAY

Close to condemned status. SCAN UP floor after floor, COMING TO REST ON a window covered with aluminum foil.

INT. HENNESSEY'S APARTMENT

Every wall of this tiny shithole is covered in aluminum foil. A sober Hennessey stands surrounded by decades of newspapers and periodicals -- tries to get his breathing in check.

He instinctively reaches to his neck to touch the amulet but it's not there. Oh yeah -- in the pocket. Decision made, he reaches up, starts tearing the foil from the walls and the window.

EXT. ECHO PARK (DOWNTOWN L.A.) - DAY

John sits at a park bench. Motionless. Taking in the world. Clouds passing the sun. Shadows drifting across the city. Leaves swirling after passing cars.

John just sits there, HEARING every breath he takes, wondering which one will be his last.

ELLIE (O.S.)

Lung cancer? Lung cancer?!

John turns to see ELLIE (23) strutting up the sidewalk. Uninhibited. Oozing sex appeal. But dangerous. In more ways than you think.

ELLIE

That's funny as shit, John.

JOHN

As if you guys didn't have something to do with it...

ELLIE

Hey, I think you brought this one on yourself.

John stares at her, tries to get a read.

ELLIE

Now why wouldn't you trust me?

JOHN

I don't know, something in the air --

She sits right on his lap, playfully.

ELLIE

Don't worry, John, you'll beat this. You beat everything.

JOHN

Not this time, Ellie.

John lifts her off of him, sets her aside.

ELLIE

Oh wow, you're serious... No wonder the Boss is in such a good mood.

JOHN

Yeah, I thought maybe you could talk to him for me. You know...?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Ellie jumps off the bench, creates an odd SOUND as she does.

ELLIE

What?! Dammit, John, I know I owe you but to even ASK that? All those saints and martyrs slipping through his grasp -- his own foot soldiers sent back to him in chunks. He's going to take all that out on you, John, and he's going to enjoy ripping your soul to shreds until the end of time.

JOHN

So I take that as a 'no?'

ELLIE

You're the one soul the man himself would actually come up here to collect. And you know how much he despises this place.

JOHN

I'm starting to see his point.

Ellie sits back down, strokes his arm.

ELLIE

Have you gone to see the Snob?

Like scratching fingers across a blackboard. No way.

ELLIE

Look, don't let your ego get in the way on this. I'd miss having someone up here I can... relate to.

She gives him a kiss. And for a second John's leg is brushed by a tail. John doesn't react. Just turns and walks away.

INT./EXT. CHAZ'S TAXI - DAY

Seen through a mild rain is the Theological Society building, a foreboding structure that looks out of place for this city. John stares out the back seat window, takes a swig from a bottle of hard liquor. He turns to Chaz --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOHN

I'm sure I can get you in here.

Chaz gives the building another glance, shoves the meter flag back down. Tick... tick... tick...

CHAZ

Pass.

INT. THEOLOGICAL SOCIETY - LATER

A few bishops talk quietly. A cardinal studies Scriptures. Definitely not the place for atheists.

John walks through the vaulted chamber room to the --

LIBRARY

John stops, fixes on the two gentlemen standing in front of a fireplace. One is a young man of pure class wrapped in Armani's best. The other is Father Garret.

John stands to the side and waits for their conversation to end. An ATTENDANT makes the rounds.

ATTENDANT

Can I take your coat, Mr.  
Constantine?

JOHN

No thanks, I'm not staying long.

ATTENDANT

How about you, ma'am?

Attendant turns to Angela standing just a few feet away, her gaze fixed on the same two men.

ANGELA

I'm not staying long either.

John glances over and for the second time they make contact. Something about her eyes. John stares a bit too long. Angela looks back toward the fireplace.

ANGELA

My business with him is urgent.

JOHN

First come, first served.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANGELA

So you're rude no matter where you are.

John gives her a look. The two men shake hands and start to part. John and Angela make their move toward the men. Both are surprised when Angela goes for Father Garret and John goes for --

-- the SNOB, officially known as GABRIEL. Yes, that one.

FATHER GARRET

and Angela have retreated to another area for privacy.

ANGELA

Why is he stalling on this? My sister needs a Catholic funeral.

FATHER GARRET

Angela, it's still considered a mortal sin --

ANGELA

She didn't commit suicide.

FATHER GARRET

The Bishop has read otherwise.

ANGELA

Father... David -- this is Isabel.  
(meeting his eyes)  
Please...

Father Garret stares at her, tries to be compassionate.

FATHER GARRET

I'll talk to him again.

But Angela has just lost a load of faith.

BY THE FIREPLACE

Gabriel sits in his chair, watches the fire with unblinking eyes. John approaches from behind and against the backdrop of flame, sees the nebulous shape of wings. The ghostly image is visible for only a heartbeat.

GABRIEL

(without looking back)  
I know what you want, son.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

John sits across from him.

JOHN

Been keeping your all-seeing eye  
on me, have you?

GABRIEL

I could offer how a shepherd leads  
even the most wayward of his flock  
but it might sound disingenuous.

JOHN

So you're going to make me beg?

Angela pauses on her way out, looks over.

GABRIEL

It wouldn't help. You've already  
wasted your chance at redemption.

JOHN

What about the minions I've sent  
back, the souls that I've saved --  
that should guarantee my passage  
across --

GABRIEL

(keeping it private)

-- No -- passage requires faith  
and faith by definition is belief  
without proof. You have proof.  
And that means you're not playing  
by the same rules as everyone  
else. Your work has mostly been  
for selfish reasons. I'm sorry.

JOHN

This is bullshit -- bullshit!

Now he's really got Angela's attention.

JOHN

It's like you've got some cosmic  
scale weighing everything we do --  
help an old lady across the  
street -- put in a nickel, kick a  
dog, take out a dime -- you're  
fucking nickel and diming us to  
death down here!

GABRIEL

Keep your voice down.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

John jumps up, leans into his face.

JOHN

And you know what, you're the ones with the problem, not us -- You make these impossible rules to decide who goes up, who goes down and you don't even understand us --

This more than anything gets under Gabriel's skin.

GABRIEL

Each of you is born with the promise of salvation preordained. The cost of your redemption is simple belief. And yet you whine about impossible rules. Sometimes I imagine you hardly deserve the gift you have been given.

JOHN

Gift?! More like a curse the way you manage things.

Gabriel stands and towers over John.

GABRIEL

I am taking your situation into account, John, but don't push me.

JOHN

Why me, Gabriel? It's personal, isn't it? I didn't go to church enough? I didn't pray enough? I was five bucks short in the collection plate? Why?

Gabriel moves right up to him, makes this very personal.

GABRIEL

You're going to die because you smoked 30 cigarettes a day since you were 15. And you're going to Hell because of the life you took. Or to put it in a way that your kind would understand. You're fucked.

EXT. THEOLOGICAL SOCIETY - MINUTES LATER

Angela stands on the porch at the edge of a downpour. She hears a cough, looks over to see John standing on the other side, looking equally frayed. They share another glance.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

John fishes a pack of cigarettes from his pocket. Empty.

JOHN

He has a rotten sense of humor.

(steps past)

And his punch lines are killers.

John tosses the cigarette pack, walks right into the RAIN, away from Chaz's taxi pulling up.

CHAZ

(shouting out)

John? It's raining! Hey!

Angela watches John disappear in the rain, looks down at the empty cigarette pack.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. HENNESSEY'S APARTMENT - A CIGARETTE PACK

lies on the floor next to food wrappers, Coke bottles and stacks of newspapers. Hennessey sits amongst the garbage, slumped over. But he's not sleeping.

He's surfing the ether. Allowing his sixth sense to guide him. His hands move down and across the stacks of newer periodicals, fingers probing the layers of information.

Left hand suddenly stops.

Hennessey's eyes open. He removes the layers of periodicals on top of his left hand, leans close. Edges his fingers away and sees an OBITUARY. A name -- Isabel Dodson.

EXT. L.A. STREETS - EVENING

John walks the streets, numb to the world. A rat scurries past near the curb. Then another. Several crows fly by.

Above him is a BILLBOARD - "YOUR TIME IS RUNNING OUT."

Doesn't matter that below it is -- "TO BUY A NEW CHEVY." The point is crystal clear. John shakes his head, breaks out laughing which quickly turns into a coughing fit.

He leans to a gutter. Another rat scoots past. John barely notices. Then a frog jumps past. But it's the crab crawling by that finally catches John's gaze.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VOICE OF MAN (O.S.)

Hey, buddy, you got a light?

John turns, settles on a silhouetted figure standing behind him, unlit cigarette butt in its mouth.

OLD MAN

(coughs)

We gotta stick together, right?

John gathers himself. As he walks over to this OLD MAN, he rummages through his coat pocket, retrieves a matchbox.

The box shudders as a high-pitch FLUTTERING filters from inside. Old Man winces as his entire body VIBRATES.

John realizes -- this is Beeman's matchbox, the one with the screech beetle inside. And now he knows -- a beat too late.

Old Man attacks.

John is knocked onto his haunches. As the Old Man closes in, he's revealed in more detail. Body and face are actually an intricate puzzle, an assemblage of city vermin. Rats, insects, crows, frogs, crabs -- all held together in the shape of a man.

John scampers backwards, just inches from this being's outstretched grasp. He shakes the matchbox and the screech beetle inside flutters again.

Old Man/Demon cringes as his entire body vibrates apart for a second, then snaps back together. He GRABS onto John with fingers of squirming vermin. Snake wraps around his wrist. Crab snaps at his skin.

John shakes the beetle box harder -- causing the parts to vibrate even further. Old Man grabs John's head and vermin of various leg count crawl right onto John's face.

John's had enough -- shakes the matchbox violently, then smashes it against the sidewalk.

BEETLE lets out a death SHRIEK and the Old Man stutters -- his parts vibrating so wildly you can actually see the b.g. through the seams.

John scampers loose, grabs a road barricade and swings it with all his might. Old Man form shatters on impact.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The entire mess collapses to the ground in a flood of scattering critters. John starts stomping on them as they scatter into the city.

John stands there, shocked and concerned. What the hell is going on?

INT. ANGELA'S APARTMENT - DAY

That surveillance VIDEO FOOTAGE from Ravenscar plays again. There's Isabel in her nightgown walking across the roof.

Spread out on a cluttered coffee table is Isabel's case file. CORONER'S REPORT is opened. Let's see "NO DRUGS IN SYSTEM" and the biggie -- "Cause of Death -- SUICIDE."

Angela sits on the couch in her robe. Disheveled and distraught. She's taking this hard.

ANGELA  
I'm sorry, Isabel...

She lowers her head. And in that brief moment of silence --

ISABEL (V.O.)  
(on TV)  
Constantine.

Angela snaps back to the TV, freezes in shock.

There's Isabel ready to jump but this time she's looking right back AT us -- at Angela. Then she's gone.

Angela quickly rewinds the tape and watches the sequence again. This time Isabel doesn't look back. This time there is no name. But Angela did see it. Did hear it.

She sits for a second. Stunned.

INT. MIDNITE'S OFFICE

John paces as Midnite works on that Universal orrery, adjusting components but balance continues to elude him.

JOHN  
A few months, maybe a year.  
That's it. End of story. Game  
over.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOHN (CONT'D)  
(as Midnite doesn't  
react)

Well, don't break down on my  
account.

MIDNITE  
What do you want from me? A  
shoulder to cry on?

JOHN  
This bastard attacked me right out  
in the open -- on Sepulveda no  
less.

MIDNITE  
They don't like you, John. You've  
deported how many back to Hell?

JOHN  
That's just it -- this wasn't some  
possession or wayward half breed,  
it was a full-fledged demon.  
Here. On our plane.

MIDNITE  
Right.

JOHN  
I know what I saw.

MIDNITE  
You must have just crossed over  
and didn't even realize it --

JOHN  
I didn't cross over -- It was on  
this side. Here.

MIDNITE  
-- it's wet out, you're wandering  
around aimlessly, not to mention  
completely emotional --

JOHN  
Emotional?!

John slams a fist against the counter. The orrery almost  
topples but Midnite saves it. Decades of work almost  
lost.

Midnite glares at a desperate John.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MIDNITE

Okay, so you saw something. We've seen a few small ones slip through now and then.

JOHN

It's more than that... first the girl, then this.

MIDNITE

John, you know my connections. Any shifts or tremors in the planes and I'd hear about it.

John just shakes his head, looks up -- convinced.

JOHN

Something's coming.

Midnite sighs, gives up with him.

INT. LAPD OFFICE - LATER

The name JOHN CONSTANTINE is center screen on a monitor -- typed into the police station's SEARCH ENGINE.

Angela sits alone in the squad room, rain streaking across the windows.

Interpol comes back with results and a list of priors scroll under John's name.

Must be a hundred PARKING VIOLATIONS. Several SPEEDING tickets and a few RECKLESS ENDANGERMENT. In fact John's license has been REVOKED.

But it's the other incidents that draw Angela in.

BRIEF CLOSEUPS

Of specific words in a few HEADLINES -- "Occult activity on the rise..." "Claimed possession is refuted by Bishop..." "Satanic cult dissolved..."

Accompanies with an assortment of unusual case photos.

-- BLOOD PATTERNS on a WALL -- Odd SYMBOLS burned into a ceiling. A cross burnt to a crisp.

-- JOHN in handcuffs looking back at a mother holding her son in her arms. A younger and more noble Father Hennessey stands beside them, looking grateful.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Another line -- "INSUFFICIENT EVIDENCE to PROSECUTE."

Angela scrolls, sees cities listed where John has made waves -- LONDON -- PARIS -- ROME -- BUDAPEST -- MOSCOW. Stops on the one that matters -- LOS ANGELES. And there's an address.

Angela hits PRINT and the HP HUMS away.

A desk PHONE RINGS. Angela quickly looks around, sees she's the only one here. She gets up, answers it.

ANGELA

L.A.P.D. This is Dodson, hello?

Dead air. The next PHONE RINGS. Angela reaches for it when the NEXT ONE RINGS, and the NEXT, the NEXT.

The RINGS HOP phone to phone in intimidating mockery.

Angela freezes, forces herself to stay calm. Sure enough, the RINGS abruptly CEASE.

Angela reaches over, rips the page from the printer, leaves.

INT. ISTANBUL AIRPORT - DAY

A police guard scans passengers and a printout of the Prisoner. He walks past a man standing in the metal detector line.

This is actually the Prisoner wearing the clothes and glasses of the Driver. Is that a blood stain on the lapel?

Sweat drops from his forehead and he nervously places the iron relic in a bag he took from the truck driver. He has no choice but to place it on the conveyer belt.

MYSTERIOUS POV

Watching the Prisoner. He looks back AT us, suspicious. Nothing there.

PRISONER

looks back nervously, as his bag goes through the detector.

## DETECTOR SCREEN

shows the folds of the bag, a wallet, a passport and nothing else. The iron relic doesn't even produce an outline.

Bag slides out, untouched. Prisoner can't believe his luck, grabs the bag and walks on toward the gates.

## EXT. LOS ANGELES - NIGHT

VARIOUS of the city -- the contrasts between the bright and cheerful and the dark and mysterious. That abandoned mission behind Bob's Big Boy, the Islamic Temple wedged between competing banks.

COME TO REST ON --

The towering statue of The Good Shepherd. His hands are welcoming us into the "HOLY CROSS CEMETERY."

Right across the street is the 20 Lanes Bowling Alley.

## INT. 20 LANES - THE BAR

John drinks alone. Pissed at life. At death.

That small black box of his lies on the table unopened. Spider runs across the table. John flips an empty glass, traps it underneath. He takes a drag on his cigarette, tips the glass and blows smoke inside. Spider can't escape the poison air, bumps the glass. Trapped. Dying.

JOHN

Welcome to my life.

ANGELA (O.S.)

Mr. Constantine?

John looks up, spots Angela. Those eyes again.

ANGELA

I saw you at --

JOHN

-- I remember.

ANGELA

And --

JOHN

Yeah.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She did make an impression.

ANGELA  
I'd like to ask you a few  
questions.

JOHN  
I'm not really in the talking mood  
right now.

ANGELA  
Could you just listen then?

Angela sets her LAPD detective badge on the table.

ANGELA  
Please?

JOHN  
Always a catch...

Angela sits across from him, puts the badge away.

ANGELA  
My sister was murdered last week.

JOHN  
Sorry to hear...

ANGELA  
Her name was Isabel. Isabel  
Dodson?

She looks for a reaction. None.

ANGELA  
You don't remember her?

JOHN  
Never met her.

ANGELA  
You sure?

JOHN  
She look anything like you?  
(as Angela nods)  
I would've remembered.

Another beat as their eyes meet. John looks away.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

ANGELA

She was a patient at Ravenscar.  
Then last Tuesday she just decided  
to step off the roof.

JOHN

I thought you said she was murdered?

ANGELA

Isabel would never take her own life.

JOHN

You'd be surprised at what people  
will do.

ANGELA

Look, I know I'm not making much  
sense -- hell I'm not really sure  
what I'm doing here... I just  
feel -- the circles you travel  
in -- the occult, demonology,  
exorcisms...

John just stares at that spider in the glass. Trapped.

ANGELA

I believe someone got to her, Mr.  
Constantine, brainwashed her into  
stepping off that roof. Some kind  
of legion or cult.

JOHN

Sounds like a theory. Good luck.

ANGELA

Well I thought with your  
background and experience, you  
could at least point me in the  
right direction.

JOHN

Yeah, okay. Sure.

John points -- toward the exit. Angela is not amused.  
But she's not giving up.

ANGELA

My sister always talked about a  
world better than this. Heaven as  
some call it. She wasn't afraid  
of dying because she knew it was  
waiting for her. What everyone  
fails to grasp is that if she had  
really taken her own life --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOHN

-- she would have committed a mortal sin and her soul would have gone straight to Hell where it would never feel love or compassion or anything but pain again as the master himself rips her apart over and over for the rest of eternity.

(beat)

That about right?

The words have hit so hard that Angela is speechless. John sees the hurt in her eyes, would like to take it back -- but it's too late.

She turns and starts out, slows --

ANGELA

You're not the only one afraid of Hell.

John tries not to let that get to him. She leaves. He glances out the window, watches her pass by. So long. Good riddance.

But something's not right. Those deep shadows on the buildings seem to be moving. John watches, confused, realizes they're heading in Angela's direction.

JOHN

Oh shit...

He stands, gains his bearings. As he walks out he flicks the glass over. Spider runs free.

EXT. 20 LANES BOWLING ALLEY - NIGHT

Cars are lined all the way down the street. Angela walks along the sidewalk unaware of the shadow following her.

It's joined by another in the trees -- both closing in with each step.

JOHN (O.S.)

Detective!

Angela looks back, sees John in the street.

JOHN

How open is your mind?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She doesn't answer, continues walking. What she doesn't see are the shadows seeping back into the fringes. But John does. He starts walking toward her.

JOHN

Do you believe in Heaven and Hell?  
(off no answer)  
How about what comes out of each?

Angela keeps walking. He catches up with her.

JOHN

Hey!

ANGELA

You mean like angels?

JOHN

And demons.

Angela stares at him, continues walking. He keeps up.

JOHN

See, you don't have the mindset  
for this kind of work.

They walk together down the lonely street.

ANGELA

Look, I see terrible things every  
day. A mother drowns her baby. A  
ten-year-old shoots his father.  
But it's not demons, it's the evil  
that men do.

Behind them, a streetlight BLINKS OUT. Then another.  
They're not looking back so they don't see it.

JOHN

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

Another LIGHT FIZZES, blinks out.

JOHN

Then sometimes, something comes  
along and gives us just the right  
nudge and we do truly evil things  
just for the kick of it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANGELA

I don't believe in demons.

JOHN

You should. They believe in us.

They pass another streetlamp as it goes bright, then blacks out. Both look up.

The next LAMP FLARES then FIZZES OUT.

Angela turns and sees that there are no lights behind them. She looks to John. But he's staring straight ahead. Because now the light in front of them is FLARING BRIGHT.

JOHN

We should go...

Second later it BLINKS OFF. John grabs her hand --

JOHN

Fast.

Angela's confusion turns to tension as a raspy guttural WIND races toward them.

John jerks her into action. They run towards the next light. It blinks out right when they reach it.

They race to stay in the light, aiming toward the safety of the brightly-lit statue of the Good Shepherd.

EXT. HOLY CROSS CEMETERY

They make it through the gate, pass through an alley of overhanging trees. Something RIPPLES through the branches -- flutters right past Angela's face. She swats at it, manages to get a branch across the cheek.

They near the Good Shepherd and the floodlights FLICKER, fade out. Statues of saints become dark monoliths.

John stops in an OPEN AREA between trees and a mausoleum. A lit CROSS on the wall provides the only illumination.

Angela feels the scratch on her cheek, sees a trickle of blood. Now she hears SOUNDS in the darkness. Like LEATHER RUBBING. Surrounding them.

ANGELA

What is that?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

John is just as surprised he's saying this --

JOHN

Wings.

ANGELA

Wings?

John rummages through his trench coat -- fishes out that cloth Beeman gave him. The one supposedly wrapped around Moses.

JOHN

And maybe talons.

The cross is getting dimmer and dimmer...

ANGELA

Are you kidding? Of what?

JOHN

Something that's not supposed to be here.

John quickly wraps the cloth tight around his hand. Angela spins, eyes seeing only darkness as the sounds get CLOSER -- ghastly sound of MOVEMENT in the fringes of light.

The cross now resembles a dying wire filament and with every second the circle of light gets smaller and those SOUNDS GET CLOSER. John takes out his special lighter.

JOHN

Close your eyes.

They are now standing in pitch darkness.

ANGELA

Why?

JOHN

Suit yourself.

John flicks the lighter and in one powerful motion -- sweeps his arm up as he lights his hand.

Sacred cloth catches fire -- then IGNITES with a brilliant retina-searing FLASH -- blinding Angela and illuminating a --

-- CIRCLE OF WINGED DEMONS -- a roiling broth of reptilian death -- right there -- ready to pounce.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RED FLAME radiates from the cloth and DEMONS SHRIEK as they are instantly vaporized.

John tucks his burning hand into a coat pocket, extinguishes the flame. He leans down to a rubbery stain left from one of the burnt demon carcasses. Shakes his head in disbelief.

JOHN

(to himself)

'I accidentally crossed over?' I don't think so.

ANGELA

(coming up behind)

What was that? I saw wings -- and teeth -- they were flying. What the hell were those things?!

JOHN

They weren't angels.

John scans the area, trying to think this through.

JOHN

Seplavites, actually. Scavengers for the damned.

(off her lost look)

Demons?

ANGELA

What? You can't be serious... this is impossible...

JOHN

Yeah...

(to himself)

And I don't think they were after me...

John looks at her with renewed interest.

JOHN

You really believe she wouldn't commit suicide?

ANGELA

(a bit thrown)

My sister?

(a beat)

Never in a million years.

John makes the decision.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOHN

Let's be sure.

He starts walking. Angela is now compelled to follow.

ANGELA

How?

JOHN

Simple. See if she's in Hell.

EXT. L.A. COUNTY MORGUE - NIGHT

Not exactly an inviting place.

Hennessey steps off the curb, looks up at his destination.

INT. ANGELA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

John stares at a photo of Angela and her father in police uniform. Obviously happier times.

Angela walks out of her bedroom holding a cardboard box. That gray cat follows close to her heels.

ANGELA

These are all Isabel's things.

JOHN

The cat too?

ANGELA

Yeah, why...?

John ignores the box of items, picks up the cat. He studies it a bit, then sits back in a chair with it.

ANGELA

Don't you need candles and a pentagram for this to work?

JOHN

(deadpan)

Why, do you have any?

John puts his feet, shoes and all into a BUCKET OF WATER.

JOHN

I need you to step outside now.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Angela wants to stay.

JOHN

Angela? Please.

Angela reluctantly moves toward the exit. John holds the cat, stares into its huge, unblinking eyes. There's a moment where animal and man seem to connect.

The water around John's feet begins to BOIL.

ANGELA pushes the door closed behind her but it slows on its way to latch.

Bulbs pulsate as current ramps down. The room flickers, is suddenly caught in a ghostly dim half-light and John has now crossed over into --

APARTMENT IN HELL

Same layout, different decorator. John takes a deep, raspy breath, slowly stands. He turns to the wall behind him which is torn away, looking like some half-bombed structure in Beirut.

Beyond the wall is no longer the blackness of a nightscape but a sickly sepia glow. Not quite day, not quite night.

John steps over the crumbling wall into --

EXT. HELL LOS ANGELES

John walks out onto the top overpass of a crumbling maze of intersecting freeways. Burnt-out husks of long-forgotten vehicles sit in rows of gridlock. A low DRONE penetrates the silence.

JOHN

Is she here?

On the horizon is a dying RED SUN. It strains to cut through the putrid brown haze.

JOHN

Is she here?!

His VOICE REVERBERATES to infinity.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

John cautiously steps closer to the railing, looks down to the ribbons of twisting streets below. They're crammed with teeming masses of the damned. All walking down in silence, faces numb with sorrow and grief.

JOHN

IS SHE HERE?!

That low DRONE RISES IN PITCH and John now spots a huge blanket-like BLACKNESS crawling over the cityscape, rapidly closing in on him. You get the feeling this isn't a safe place for the living.

JOHN

It's a simple question! Is she here or not?!!

John suddenly locks on something far off.

On top of a distant skyscraper is a FEMALE FIGURE in a sheer white gown. John can't make out her face but knows she's looking right at him.

JOHN

Isabel?

She lifts something and tosses it. John watches as a small object tumbles toward him just ahead of closing darkness.

INT. ANGELA'S APARTMENT - HALLWAY

In that same motion we left her in -- Angela finishes pushing the door closed. As it LATCHES --

JOHN (O.S.)

(weakly)

Angela... come back in...

Confused, Angela pushes the door back open. Cat BOLTS out. Angela catches her breath, moves inside.

INT. LIVING ROOM

John sits slumped in the chair, drained. Steam rises off his skin. Angela sees the water in the bucket has almost all boiled out. She walks in, kneels down to him.

ANGELA

John? What happened?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Sweat drips off as he looks up. He opens his palm -- reveals to Angela a simple HOSPITAL BAND. The name "ISABEL DODSON" is typed on it.

Even as a semi-convert, this news completely floors Angela. She takes the plastic band -- grips it tight -- tries to hold herself together. The adrenaline and pain overwhelm. Her knee buckle and she drops to the floor.

John watches, isn't sure how to help. He finally reaches out a single hand -- slowly rests it on her shoulder.

The contact seems to open a floodgate of emotion and Angela falls right into his arms. John hasn't been this close to anyone in a long time. Angela finally composes herself.

ANGELA

How? How did you do this...?

John tries not to stare into those eyes too long. Fails.

INT. L.A. COUNTY MORGUE - NIGHT

Body drawer slides open -- reveals Isabel. Lying in a cold, sterile room of death. A Hell of a different type.

Hennessey stares down at her, looks around the room again, makes sure he's still alone.

He reaches in, rips open the protective plastic and lowers his hand inside. Places it first on her forehead. Nothing. Then on her chest. Nothing. Wrist is last. Hennessey shudders. This is it.

He closes his eyes and opens himself to the void --

JOHN (V.O.)

When I was a kid, I saw things...

FLASHBACK - EXT. STREET - DAY

A TEN-YEAR-OLD John comes out of a corner store with milk in a bag. He slows, eyes a MAN at a mailbox.

JOHN (V.O.)

Things I wasn't supposed to.

The man looks right at young John as he passes. His face is distorted and his feet have sprouted roots which are dug into the ground.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WAITRESS (O.S.)

Coffee?

Young John looks up toward the voice --

INT. DINER - NIGHT (PRESENT)

John looks up at the Waitress.

JOHN

Tea.

She leaves. Angela sits across from him. They're at the table by the window.

JOHN

My parents sent me to a doctor, a shrink, a priest. I was in four different institutions by the time I was eighteen.

Angela notes him rubbing his wrist.

JOHN

The last place they put me was run by a church...

A DOCTOR rushes past their table. PAN WITH him INTO...

FLASHBACK - INT. MENTAL INSTITUTION - HALLWAY

The Doctor rushes toward distant SCREAMING.

JOHN (V.O.)

The revered Father made the brilliant deduction that I was possessed, said I needed to be exorcised...

INT. ROOM - HIGH ANGLE

The Doctor runs in. Sees the revered Father below, leaning over a bed where an 18-year-old John is held down by three interns and that Doctor. John angrily screams at them all.

JOHN (V.O.)

It was like someone trying to pull teeth that weren't there.

Young John clamps his eyes shut tight.

INT. DINER - JOHN (PRESENT)

Present-day John does the same, remembering the pain.

JOHN

So I took things into my own hands  
and I found a way out.

ANGELA

You attempted suicide.

John sees she's looking at his wrist. The hint of a jagged scar can now be seen under the sleeve.

JOHN

I never attempt anything.

John's reflection in the window becomes --

FLASHBACK - TEENAGE JOHN

kneeling with a pair of scissors. He's inside a...

INT. CLASSROOM

Teenage John looks up at a room filled with people from all walks of life. Teachers, doctors, lawyers, garbage men. All somewhat different than normal. They sit in school chairs and wait for John to do the deed.

He puts the blade to his wrist -- one swipe and the world around him accelerates away in a STREAKED BLUR --

INT. DINER (PRESENT)

ANGELA

But you're still here. Alive.

JOHN

Not my doing.

His chest suddenly HEAVES forward -- and we're on...

FLASHBACK - TEENAGE JOHN

as he's jolted by DEFIB PADS. He's in the back of a...

INT. AMBULANCE - MOVING

Paramedics are soaked in sweat. One looks a bit like a young Dr. Archer. Heart monitor is FLAT LINE. There's little hope.

EXT. LOS ANGELES

The ambulance moves through a city that is transforming.  
From this world's Los Angeles to a barren Hell version.

JOHN (V.O.)

Officially I was dead for seven  
minutes. But believe me, seven  
minutes in Hell is a lifetime.

Ambulance heads toward that dying RED SUN.

INT. AMBULANCE

FLAT LINE on the monitor suddenly SPIKES with a pulse --

INT. MORGUE (PRESENT)

Hennessey's hand jerks back from the plastic. His eyes  
fix on Isabel's wrist. That odd circular SYMBOL is back.  
Hennessey's unsettled, quickly shoves the drawer closed.

He rushes out, slams right into a SECURITY GUARD coming  
in.

SECURITY GUARD

Hey, what're you doing in here?

Guard looks back into the body room, sees a drawer  
partially open. He walks over, pulls it out further --  
sees the plastic cut away. Jesus.

The symbol has already faded from Isabel's wrist.

JOHN (V.O.)

When I returned I didn't just see  
demons anymore, I could do the one  
thing they couldn't -- come and go  
as I please.

EXT. MORGUE - HENNESSEY

runs as fast as a very obese man can -- aiming for that  
PHONE BOOTH on the corner. He grabs the receiver,  
punches numbers as fast as he can. RING -- RING --  
RING --

HENNESSEY

Be there, John... please...

Something shivers up Hennessey's leg and into his body.  
Eyes glaze over and Hennessey settles on a RESTAURANT.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOHN (V.O.)

Heaven and Hell are right here,  
behind every wall, every face --  
the world behind the world. It's  
crossing over that's the real  
trick. That's why most demons can  
only whisper in our ears. But  
even a whisper can turn your  
favorite pleasure into your worst  
nightmare.

INT. LATE NIGHT RESTAURANT

HENNESSEY barges in, squeezes past the MAITRE D'.

MAITRE D'

Sir, you need a reservation!

But Hennessey is on a quest. For food. And it's  
everywhere.

He starts grabbing meals right off of plates. Fish,  
pasta, prime rib. Shovels it all in. Patrons are  
yelling -- screaming. He's eating as if his life  
depended on it. And even though he's devouring anything  
in sight, this huge man is wasting away before our eyes.

In the middle of all this chaos is one customer calmly  
eating his meal. Balthazar.

Hennessey hijacks a food cart -- consumes everything on  
it yet his skin is getting looser and the body inside  
gets thinner.

He grabs a steak from a woman's plate but she jerks it  
back so he bites into his arm. She screams as her  
husband pulls her away.

Hennessey's strength is withering away. Desperate, he  
grabs a FORK, digs it into his own hand.

A Hispanic BUSBOY rushes into the room, grabs onto  
Hennessey.

JOHN (V.O.)

But the worst demons are the ones  
that are allowed to be here -- the  
ones that are half-human so they  
blend in...

Balthazar stands, throws a few bills on the table and  
starts toward the back EXIT.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOHN (V.O.)  
 ... just like those with the  
 angel's touch living alongside of  
 us. The half-breeds.

That Busboy lowers Hennessey to the floor. For a moment  
 we see him framed against the front doorway. And in that  
 instant we get a brief glimpse of --

ALTERNATE LOS ANGELES

An incredible pristine lake reflecting a city of light.

BACK TO SCENE

BUSBOY looks up, meets Balthazar's eyes. Bitter enemies.  
 Balthazar grins, flips that coin between his fingers. He  
 leaves out the back exit.

JOHN (V.O.)  
 They call it 'the Balance.' I  
 call it hypocritical bullshit.

INT. DINER

JOHN  
 So when one of them gets a little  
 cocky, peddles their influence or  
 hijacks a soul -- I deport their  
 scaly ass right back to Hell.  
 (takes a sip of tea)  
 I don't get them all but maybe  
 enough to insure my retirement.

ANGELA  
 Sounds like you're trying to buy  
 your way into Heaven.

JOHN  
 Well, what would you do if you  
 were sentenced to a prison where  
 half the inmates were put there by  
 you?

Not a serene image at all. Angela studies him.

ANGELA  
 Why you? I mean many go to Hell,  
 why were you able to escape?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOHN  
(sips tea)  
I don't know.

ANGELA  
God has a plan for all of us.

JOHN  
Not for me.

John's bitterness is obvious. Angela just stares at him -- finally --

ANGELA  
Isabel saw things too.

John looks up. Moment is lost when her CELLULAR RINGS. The cop in her reacts, flips it open.

ANGELA  
Detective Dodson here.

EXT. RESTAURANT - LATER

The morgue is seen across the street. The Guard that chased Hennessey is just outside.

WEISS (O.S.)  
Security Guard spotted him near  
the body, chased him out.

We MOVE PAST Angela standing with Weiss. Around them is a complete shambles of fine dining --

WEISS  
He comes over here, makes a run at  
the entire menu and pow --  
deflates like a fricken Macy's day  
balloon.

-- COME TO REST ON John's shattered face. He stares down at Hennessey. Now yards of loose flesh sunken over an assemblage of bones. Only that ragged black tie he wore is familiar now.

John leans down to the remains of his friend. A cop starts to intervene but Angela blocks him. Let him be.

John has trouble taking this in, reluctantly reaches into Hennessey's coat pocket -- finds the protective amulet he himself removed from his friend. That's even more crushing.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

JOHN

Shit...

(sympathetic)

Why didn't you call me, you fat  
sonna bitch...

John lowers his head, then spots blood stains on one of Hennessey's hands. He opens the fingers, studies the fork wound. The blood is already drying over it.

John reaches over to the mess of dishes on the floor and grabs a melting ice cube.

He pushes it into Hennessey's hand, wiping away the dried blood. It quickly becomes apparent -- this isn't random stabbings. This is a shape.

John takes a napkin, lays it on the palm and presses. Residual blood creates a symbol onto the napkin.

It's the same circular symbol we saw on Isabel's wrist. John doesn't know what it is, but he knows it's important.

JOHN

(to Hennessey)

Rest in peace, Father.

INT. 20 LANES - BEHIND THE LANES

With a loud crowd and 20 huge PIN MACHINES GRINDING AWAY the noise back here is DEAFENING. But this is Beeman's home. See the desk, the TV. The fold-away bed.

Beeman is on the phone. There's a conversation but it's way too noisy to hear. All we see are the emotions on Beeman's face. No doubt news of Hennessey's death is one of the biggies.

Beeman quickly reaches for a marker, puts it to paper and starts drawing -- listening and drawing --

He's finished, hangs up. Stares at the Symbol. That cabinet with the ancient books now gets his attention.

JOHN (V.O.)

I need to see where Isabel died.

EXT. EAST LA - NIGHT

Graffiti-adorned walls give way to a tall iron fence, heavily-shadowed grounds and finally the six-story hospital complex of RAVENSCAR.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A rim-lit figure stands on the roof. But this one isn't wearing a hospital gown, he's wearing a trench coat.

ANGELA (V.O.)  
Seances, crystals -- channeling...  
Our father thought she was just  
trying to get attention. She  
certainly did that.

EXT. ROOFTOP

Angela stands behind John. A large water tank is anchored to the roof next to her. Note the FLAME logo.

ANGELA  
She'd tell everyone about things  
she said she saw. Crazy things.  
Things that hadn't happened yet.  
She'd scare my mother to death,  
talking on and on about  
Revelations and the end of the  
world. Then one day she just  
stopped... never said another  
word.

JOHN  
So you put her in here.

Angela doesn't need to be reminded. It hurts even more now.

JOHN  
Show me her room.

INT. CORRIDOR

John and Angela head toward Isabel's room. A NURSE appears from around the corner walking with a boy. It's Barry, the boy in the courtyard.

He locks on Angela and when she makes eye contact he breaks away from the Nurse, runs toward her with arms outstretched.

NURSE  
Barry!

He runs right into Angela's arms, hugs her tight. Angela is totally baffled. John is thoroughly intrigued.

NURSE  
Oh God...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She rushes in, gently tugs the boy away.

NURSE

No, Barry, that's not Isabel.

Barry stares at Angela. He reaches out, touches her face, confused. Nurse pulls him back even further.

NURSE

I'm sorry. They were friends. He kind of had a crush on your sister.

Angela nods, understanding. The Nurse leads Barry away. He doesn't take his eyes off Angela the entire time.

Neither does John.

JOHN

You were twins.

Angela nods, steps inside. John pauses, thinking.

INT. ISABEL'S ROOM

John steps inside, gives the sterile room a thorough scan.

JOHN

So how long?

ANGELA

Two months.

(beat)

This time.

He pulls out a drawer, looks at the bottom.

ANGELA

I already did all that.

John runs his hands under the steel bed frame.

ANGELA

Now you're insulting me.

JOHN

You don't walk off a building without leaving something behind.

ANGELA

You saw everything she left behind. In that box.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOHN

Maybe she left something else.  
Something more personal. Just for  
you.

Angela doesn't like that look he's giving her.

JOHN

You were her twin, Angela. Twins  
tend to think alike.

ANGELA

I'm not like my sister.

JOHN

But you were at once time. When  
you were kids. When you'd spend  
every waking hour with each other.  
You'd start a sentence, she'd  
finish it. You'd get hurt, she'd  
cry.

ANGELA

That was a long time ago...

JOHN

That kind of bond doesn't just  
disappear.

ANGELA

There's nothing here.

Angela seems unbalanced. John gets more aggressive.

JOHN

She planned her death in this  
room, she thought it up right  
where you're standing --

Angela backs away. John advances.

JOHN

She knew you'd come -- She counted  
on you to see what she saw, to  
feel what she felt -- to do what  
she did. What did she do, Angela?

ANGELA

How should I know?

JOHN

What did she do, Angela?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANGELA

I don't know!

JOHN

What would you do?

Angela backs into a wall. Nowhere else to go now.

JOHN

What would you leave her? What  
would it be? Where would it be?!  
Where would it be?

Angela lashes out, shoves John hard, pushing him out of her way. She turns to the window, almost hyperventilating.

John stays back, watches. Angela opens her eyes. The tension seems to flow right out of her when she sees --

ANGELA

The tree.

EXT. COURTYARD - NIGHT

A lone tree stands in the center of the lit courtyard.

John and Angela approach it. Examine it. Nothing. John drops lower on the tree, to a child's height. Finally sees something near the ground, gestures to Angela.

She kneels down next to him, sees what he sees.

That same SYMBOL. The one Hennessey carved into his hand. But this time there's more.

ANGELA

(trying to  
rationalize)

There must have been a tree in our  
backyard... when we were kids...

John may not be buying it but he's not saying anything. His fingers trace these words carved below the symbol --

JOHN

'COR 14:01.'

ANGELA

Cor?

JOHN

Corinthians.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANGELA  
(shaking her head)  
There is no 14h act in Corinthians.

John's face goes pale --

JOHN  
I need a church.

INT. HOSPITAL CHAPEL - MINUTES LATER

Several families sit in solemn prayer. The pastor comforts a man and wife. John and Angela slip through, head for the shelves of reference books on the back wall. They whisper.

JOHN  
Corinthians goes to 21 acts in the book of Ethenius. It's like a dark mirror of the Bible. It paints a different view of Revelations, says that the world will not come to an end at the hand of God but be reborn in the embrace of the damned.

ANGELA  
There's a difference?

JOHN  
Depends on which side of the fence you're standing.

John stops, casually sticks his hand in the pastor's bowl of holy water near the altar.

ANGELA  
So why haven't I seen this book before?

JOHN  
Because it doesn't exist here on this side.

John closes his eyes and the water in the bowl begins to BOIL --

ANGELA (O.S.)  
What do you mean --

Flickering candlelight slows to a stop, catching Angela mid-question and the room in that dim half-light.

John turns and is inside --

## SAME CHAPEL - HELL

The epitome of blasphemy -- A church in Hell. Only they don't worship God in here. And that's not Christ on the cross. And those stained glass windows are now slate black.

John is now facing books with completely different markings. He searches as a DRONE rises in pitch and an INKY BLACKNESS begins to flow down the walls, getting closer to John with each heartbeat.

He finds the book, steps back as he closes his eyes --

## REGULAR CHAPEL

ANGELA

-- not here on this side?

John turns, covered in sweat. He's holding a book she's never seen, is already flipping through it.

ANGELA

Where did that come from?

JOHN

(stopping to read)

13:29. 13:30 -- Here...

Corinthians 14:01...

(skimming to this)

'The sins of the father would only be exceeded by the ego of the son.'

ANGELA

Whose son?

John stands, his brain going into overdrive.

JOHN

Symbol isn't a demon's... that's why I couldn't place it... not a normal possession...

ANGELA

John, what are you talking about?

JOHN

But he can't cross over -- impossible for the son to cross over...

ANGELA

Whose son? God's?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOHN  
No. The other one.  
(off her look)  
Lucifer had a son too.

INT. 20 LANES - BEHIND THE LANES

Beeman sits under the glow of a desk lamp. The narrow alley of machines stretches out behind him. He stares into the scrolls -- an ancient book with a single page folded a thousand times. Turns another page.

BOWLING AREA

Amazing how disturbing a bowling alley is when it's closed. Rows of empty lanes stretching into darkness, the unlit pin areas looking like the jaws of an army of beasts.

BEEMAN (O.S.)  
Oh my...

BEHIND THE LANES

Beeman has stopped turning pages. That's because he's now staring at an etching of the same symbol. Below are ink drawings of a ghastly beast rising up through a body.

But it's what's above the beast that is most troubling.

A figure on a cross -- his arms outstretched -- seemingly welcoming the beast into this world.

BEEMAN  
This is not good...

BOWLING BALL hits a lane. Beeman spins to the sound.

BALL ROLLS round and round, closer and closer until it CLANGS dead against the back wall of one of the lanes.

Beeman gets up, starts down the corridor of dormant pin machines.

He stops at lane 13, leans way way down, past the machinery and peeks out the pin hole.

BEEMAN  
John?



EXT. LA STREETS - NIGHT

Angela's SUV races quickly through traffic while John gets her up to speed.

JOHN (V.O.)

The myth says Mammon was conceived  
before his father's fall from  
grace but was born after.

INT. SUV

JOHN

But unlike his old man, he's never  
been in the presence of the Creator  
so he has no fear of him, no respect  
either. That goes double for us --  
God's most prized creations. Mammon  
would be the last demon we'd ever  
want crossing over.

ANGELA

But demons can't come and go,  
that's what you said.

JOHN

Unless they found a bridge.  
(off her look)  
Some psychic with the chops to  
reach all the way to Hell and the  
grit to withstand whatever shit  
she'd pull out.

ANGELA

Isabel...

JOHN

But even a bridge wouldn't help  
Mammon. Because to cross over, the  
myth says he'd still need the one  
thing he could never get. Divine  
assistance. The help of God.

Angela sits back, letting that sink in.

ANGELA

So it's impossible.

JOHN

Impossible? Sure it's impossible.  
That's what makes it so dangerous.  
These things exist to break the  
rules, to find the loopholes. If  
the past is any indication, then  
the future isn't on our side.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

John sits back, gut churning. Angela's in detective mode.

ANGELA

She knew. That's why she killed herself. But it doesn't make sense...

JOHN

Makes sense to me.

ANGELA

John, she sacrificed herself to beat him.

John nods. Your point?

ANGELA

Why is she in Hell?

One of those rare moments where John has no answer.

INT. 20 LANES BOWLING ALLEY

Something small and SHINY is rolling down the alley. It lands in the trough, spins round and round --

Beeman leans out to try and see what it is. The silver object keeps spinning.

He waits for it to stop, swats a fly near his face. Then another.

Book on his desk ignites in flame.

EXT. 20 LANES - NIGHT

SUV pulls into the empty parking lot. John is out before Angela gets it in park, unlocks the side door. A few flies escape to freedom as he opens the door. John rushes in.

INT. 20 LANES BOWLING ALLEY

Only a LOW HUM pervades the dead stillness of the alley.

JOHN

Beeman?

John grabs the door that leads behind the pin area. It's locked from the other side.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOHN  
(pounds on door)  
Hey, Beeman? Beeman?!

The LOW HUM fluctuates -- sounds like a BUZZING.

ANGELA  
Maybe he's not here.

JOHN  
He's always here.

Several more flies flit by him. This time John notices, turns and spots the source of the HUM -- a cloud of FLIES near the center aisles. Angela follows his gaze, spots them as well.

ANGELA  
What?

John heads across the lanes. Swarm gets thicker and thicker. Angela keeps up with him, covers her mouth.

They approach the pin area of the center lane. The source of the swarm is slowly revealed. In the catch trough is a solid mound of flies.

John leans closer, spots a HAND protruding from the mound.

JOHN  
Oh Jesus, no --

He rips his coat off, flings it at the mound and million flies scatter -- revealing the body of Beeman. Ravaged. Flies pouring out of his mouth, his ears --

ANGELA  
(stepping back)  
Oh God --

John goes ballistic, screams to the walls --

JOHN  
Who are you?! Answer me!!  
Goddamit -- reveal yourself! I  
summon you!

He angrily rips his sleeves up -- revealing two distinct TATTOOS on his forearms. Slams them together with all his might -- clenching his eyes tight -- concentrating --

Veins in his arms and neck bulge, look ready to explode --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Angela steps back in awe as the air around his outstretched arms begins to WARP -- to tear a faint hole from the bowling alley right into another world right here -- darker -- Hellish --

JOHN

Into the light I command thee!!  
Into the light I --

John is choked by a cough -- can't finish -- arms separate and he buckles to his knees, reveals to Angela just how ill he really is.

She leans down to him, sees hints of blood on the floor.

JOHN

... this is my fault... I sent them in... I sent them right to their deaths... a damn one-man plague.

ANGELA

John, you need a doctor.

JOHN

I've seen a goddamn doctor!!

Angela glares at him -- understands now. He's dying.

John stands, almost stumbles. Angela tries to help.

JOHN

Get away from me!!

ANGELA

John?

JOHN

Stay the hell away --  
(tortured look to her)  
Please --

He uses the handrail to walk away. Angela stands there, confused by her own emotions. She turns back to the carnage, hears the distant SIRENS.

INT./EXT. JOHN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

John sits in his opened window, simmering. He holds a lit cigarette but doesn't dare put it to his lips. Outside the city goes about its unending churn.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Down on the street are several police vehicles. ENGINES START and they drive away. Swirl of blue and red lights flash across John's moist eyes.

ANGELA (O.S.)

There were no trees in our back yard.

John finds Angela across the room in his doorway.

ANGELA

But you knew that already, didn't you?

John meets her eyes. Sees the questions piling up.

ANGELA

(walking towards him)

You see something in me...  
Something Isabel had.

JOHN

Go home, Angela.

ANGELA

I need to understand --

John just shakes his head.

ANGELA

Why not?

JOHN

Because you open up to that world,  
you're inviting whatever's out  
there back in. That's what  
happened to Isabel.

ANGELA

I'm not Isabel.

JOHN

No, she embraced her gift while  
you denied yours and that denial  
is exactly why you're still alive.  
Stick with me, that'll change.

John gets off the window, starts walking away.

JOHN

And I don't need another ghost  
following me around.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANGELA  
Dammit, John -- they killed my  
sister!

That stops him cold.

ANGELA  
I can't let them get away with  
that. Even if it means going down  
the same path she did. Now if you  
won't help me get there, I'll find  
my own way. But I won't run.  
Never.

The two stand there -- locked in this moment.

ANGELA  
Please...

John can't believe this day -- looks her dead in the eye.

JOHN  
You do this, there's no turning  
back. You see them -- they see  
you. Understand?

Angela never blinks as she nods in agreement.

INT. JOHN'S APARTMENT - LATER

Pushing slowly through a lifeless apartment -- drawing  
closer to the opened bathroom door. WATER is pouring.

ANGELA (O.S.)  
Do I take off my clothes or leave  
them on?  
(a beat)  
John?

JOHN (O.S.)  
I'm thinking.

ANGELA (O.S.)  
John.

JOHN (O.S.)  
On is fine.

INT. BATHROOM

John fills a 70-year-old porcelain BATHTUB. Angela  
stands in the center.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANGELA

Why water?

JOHN

It's the universal conduit.  
Lubricates the transition from one  
plane to another. Now ask me if  
there's water in Hell.

John turns off the faucet.

JOHN

Sit.

Angela grabs his shoulder for balance, lowers herself.  
When she's sitting, the water is all the way to her neck.

JOHN

Normally only a portion of the  
body has to be suspended but you  
wanted the crash course...

ANGELA

(teeth chattering)

What will I see?

His eyes say it all. Enough.

JOHN

Lie down.

ANGELA

(gesturing the depth)

Lie down?

JOHN

You have to be fully submerged.

ANGELA

For how long?

JOHN

As long as it takes. Here --

John cups the back of her neck, holds her face just above  
the water as she lowers down. Her breathing is picking  
up. John leans over the tub, looks straight down at her.

JOHN

Last chance...

(off her look)

Take a deep one.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Angela takes a deep breath, holds it. John pulls his hand away and she settles to the bottom, her eyes riveted on his the entire time.

ANGELA'S POV

A silent John ripples above. His hand grips her arm, skin to skin.

BACK TO SCENE

Angela lies there and panic sets in. She starts to surface but John pushes her head back to the bottom, holds it firm. Her eyes dart about. Air is running out. She can't hold her breath much longer. It's not working --

But the room's lighting begins to pulsate -- as if the current were ramping down. It slows to that dim half-light as --

JOHN'S EYES -- CLOSE. A single blink.

ANGELA is lying in now BOILING WATER, screaming for all of her life. Water muffles the sound but not the fury.

Huge TUB SHUDDERS hard -- snapping out of the hold down bolts. John is stunned -- how powerful is this woman?

Another SCREAM and the inch-thick TUB CRACKS. Water starts streaming onto the tile.

John lunges, grabs Angela and PULLS her up from the water -- her muffled SCREAMS SHATTERING the air as her mouth breaks the surface. She SLAMS hard against his chest -- arms wrapping tight -- fingers digging into his back -- leaving marks that might just scar.

TUB GIVES WAY and the damn breaks. John and Angela go down -- hit the tile as one -- water washing over them both.

ANGELA lies there on top of John. Trembling. She looks up him, eyes filled with revelation.

ANGELA

All those people... so sad...

John nods, helping her understand.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

ANGELA

... I've always known... where the  
bad guys are... where to aim, when  
to duck... it's not luck... I've  
always known...

Tears stream down her cheeks. John reaches out to touch  
her when her eyes CLAMP TIGHT in pain --

JOHN

Angela?

Eyes snap open and she's off him in a second, runs out.  
John pries himself from the tile, goes after her.

INT. BEHIND THE ALLEY

Angela runs behind the vertebrae of machines, dripping  
water the entire way. John tries to keep up.

ANGELA

It was rolling toward him -- not a  
ball -- something smaller. Shiny.

She stops, kneels to the floor. John walks up to join her.

Something glints in the catch trough. She reaches down,  
plucks it up and brings an odd COIN INTO VIEW --

John's face contorts with rage as he takes the familiar  
coin.

JOHN

Balthazar.

INT. JOHN'S APARTMENT - LATER

Beeman's bowling bag is flipped and the contents are  
dumped onto a table. Powder, bugs and bullets go  
everywhere. John retrieves the odd-tipped bullets.  
Those brass knuckles and that copper pipe are taken also.

CHRISTIAN RELICS

are removed from a display cabinet.

There's the pure platinum Flask of Divinity, the  
petrified husk from the River of Life -- the hollow shaft  
of an iron cross -- all striking pieces individually but  
when twisted and locked together form a very imposing --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

-- HOLY SHOTGUN.

He swings the cross down, pours a pound of blasting powder into the husk -- chambers a special bullet into one of the ten barrels, snaps it shut -- turns and FIRES.

BULLET leaves a trail of flame as it streaks across his endless apartment, blasts the center out of --

A carton of Lucky Strikes.

SETTLE ON the Surgeon General's warning -- burning away.

ANGELA (V.O.)

Can you kill him? What about the  
Balance?

INT. JOHN'S APARTMENT - LATER

John is stuffing the bowling bag while Angela watches, now dressed in dry clothes. That shirt is John's.

JOHN

That half-breed tipped my scales  
when he started killing my  
friends. I'm just adding a little  
counterweight.

John lifts that holy shotgun -- KA CHICK --

ANGELA

What about me? I can't stay here  
forever.

John turns to her -- locks on those eyes. He reaches into his coat pocket as he walks up to her. She shudders as his arms wrap around her face and for a beat they're cheek to cheek. When he pulls back she sees he has clipped Hennessy's AMULET around her neck.

JOHN

Think of it as a bulletproof vest.

ANGELA

So I'm going.

JOHN

(knows he can't win)  
You're staying in the car.

INT./EXT. 20 LANES - DAWN

FAT-ASS TIRES BURN under the full torque of a 426 HEMI. A jet-black '70s BARRACUDA BLASTS from the basement garage of 20 Lanes -- slides onto the streets of L.A.

Angela hangs on as John grabs the SKULL shifter knob -- slams into 2nd -- leaves another layer of tread behind.

EXT. OCEAN

FLYING OVER the ocean, a 747 ROARS RIGHT OVER US. Dipping out of cloud cover, it reveals the coast of a sprawling metropolis stretched out miles below.

L.A. LANDMARKS - DAWN

streak PAST. The Big Donut, the occult bookstores, the '57 Chevy sign, that Mission in the park.

This is actually the POV FROM John's Barracuda.

He downshifts -- DRIFTS PAST a building with a facade of pre-stressed concrete and huge gold letters -- "BZR FINANCE AND BROKERAGE."

JOHN (O.S.)

This shouldn't take long.

INT. BZR BROKERAGE

Elevator opens and John steps out into a lobby of concrete and glass. Pretentious design screams money. Lots of it.

Since trading is still a half hour away, the place is practically empty.

Across the room a stainless steel DOOR HISSES open. John looks the other way as a Security Guard exits. Thick DOOR glides closed, seals with another HISS. No way in.

John notices the janitor down one hallway. It's Nico from Midnite's. He and John lock stares. Nico opens a "Security Only" door, steps inside -- leaves the door open.

INT. TRADING ROOM

Monitors are powering up around the room. A few of those Young Businessmen we last saw at Midnite's are here.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

YOUNG TURK

(into phone)

Hey, early bird is a fat bird,  
know what I'm sayin'?

Balthazar walks through, looking every bit like the smug and successful businessman he is. He stops at a LONG MIRROR on one wall. Adjusts his collar, his hair. His "look."

PRETTY BOY

What are we pushing today, sir?

BALTHAZAR

Phillip Morris.

As Balthazar admires himself, his reflection distorts slightly. The demon in him? He touches his face, does a vowel stretch. His face distorts even further.

That's got him moving closer to the mirror.

Balthazar's concerned because now his skin appears in motion, rippling as if liquefied. And just when he sees the surface of the mirror BLISTERING and starts to move --

BOOOM --

One way GLASS EXPLODES outward on the front edge of a FIREBALL -- sending Balthazar flying with glass and flame.

John stands on the other side in an ACCESS CHANNEL -- that Dragon's breath flamethrower now duct-taped to his holy shotgun.

JOHN

How's he doing it?

John steps into the trading room, eyes Balthazar rising from the floor. Suit's in shreds, half his face is burned off, but now he's pissed.

BALTHAZAR

This is in direct violation of the  
Balance!

JOHN

Screw the Balance.

John hits him with another BLAST of FLAME -- pins him hard against the wall.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Balthazar's young turks attack. One leaps over the trading station. John swings around -- aims the SHOTGUN -- BOOM -- half-breed is blasted midair.

The other turk seems to defy gravity as he scampers across the ceiling. John aims up -- PUMPS SEVERAL ROUNDS -- steps out of the way as a body falls, smashes into a desk. BOOM -- BOOM -- that'll keep it down.

INT. BARRACUDA

Angela hears the GUNSHOTS. Cop instinct takes over and she gets out of the car. Checks the amulet. Intact.

INT. BZR TRADING ROOM

John turns his attention back to Balthazar, doesn't hesitate and hits him with a continuous tide of flame.

Suit and skin is peeling off, revealing something else underneath. The true form.

JOHN

How's he doing it, you half-breed  
shit?!

John swings the flame aside so he can KICK Balthazar against the wall. But now his WEAPON SPUTTERS. Shit. Charcoal hand thrusts out, bats away the shotgun and grabs John by the throat.

Balthazar rises from the ashes. He may be burned, but he's one tough son of a bitch.

Balthazar slides John up a wall by his neck. John can't break his hold. He's choking, frantically rummages through his coat pockets. Comes out with those sacred GOLD KNUCKLES on his right hand.

Balthazar tightens his grip and John swings, clocks him across the face. The enhanced punch sends a dizzying ripple throughout Balthazar's body.

But he doesn't let go. John is choking, starts whaling on him. Again and again -- each punch weakening this demon more.

John finally gets him against the wall. Right arm's tired so he slips the gold knuckles onto his left hand, and with extreme pleasure -- continues punching away. Drives Balthazar to the floor, right to the brink of death.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He leans up, winded. Watches in delight as Balthazar strains to take his final breaths.

BALTHAZAR

I will see you very soon...

JOHN

Not really, no.

BALTHAZAR

You can't cheat it this time...  
you're going back to Hell.

JOHN

True. But you're not.

John removes that small BLACK BOX from his coat.  
Balthazar tries not to be concerned until John unlatches it and removes the one weapon he hardly ever uses --

A Bible.

BALTHAZAR

What are you doing?

JOHN

I'm reading you your last rites.

Balthazar reacts. This isn't good.

BALTHAZAR

Your remedial incantations have no  
relevance to my kind.

JOHN

Aren't you half human?

Balthazar doesn't have to answer.

JOHN

You see, that makes you eligible  
to be forgiven. You do know what  
it is to truly be forgiven? To be  
welcomed into the kingdom of God?

Balthazar's worst nightmare.

JOHN

A demon in heaven -- love to be a  
fly on that wall...

BALTHAZAR

You're not a priest, you have no  
power...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOHN

-- I escaped hell, who else do you  
know that has the power to do  
that?!

Balthazar is now doubting his own beliefs.

JOHN

Just tell me how Mammon is  
crossing over and you can go back  
to your shithole.

Balthazar isn't convinced.

John stands -- raises the Bible and starts to read --

JOHN

'May the merciful God have mercy  
on you and grant you the pardon of  
all your sins...'

He places a hand on Balthazar's forehead. Balthazar  
glares at it as John's voice rises with commanding  
authority.

JOHN

'Whosoever sins you remit on earth  
they are remitted unto them in  
heaven. I absolve you from -- '

BALTHAZAR

-- It may not even work...

JOHN

How? How's he doing it?!

Balthazar looks scared as shit to tell him.

JOHN

(bellowing out)

'Grant your child entry into thy  
kingdom in the name of the Father,  
and the Son and the Holy Gh -- '

BALTHAZAR

... *Sangre de dio.*

John is stunned -- did he hear right? Balthazar nods.

JOHN

How?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BALTHAZAR

What killed the Son of God will  
give birth to the son of the  
devil.

John's mind races and he finally puts it together.

JOHN

He's found the Spear.

Balthazar's expression confirms it.

CLOSE ON THE PRISONER'S RELIC

It's tucked between the folds of an AIRLINES blanket.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT (V.O.)

(over com)

Ladies and gentlemen, we've been  
cleared for landing. Please make  
sure your seats are in their  
upright and locked position.

Hand COMES IN, grips the relic. WIDEN to see...

INT. 747 - MID-FLIGHT

Prisoner in an aisle seat, trying to keep calm. He looks  
behind him as if being watched. Just nerves again.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT (V.O.)

(over com)

We should be on the ground in Los  
Angeles within ten minutes.

EXT. BZR BROKERAGE - FRONT AREA

ANGELA moves through the gathered crowd looking up at the  
building. As she makes her way through, the amulet  
brushes against bodies -- swinging from side to side.

Angela suddenly stops in the center of the street,  
turns...

ANGELA

Something's coming...

She stares at her surroundings with an increasing sense  
of dread. Then hears the RUMBLE and TIRES SCREECHING.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

Angela spins, spots John's BARRACUDA exploding around the corner. It barrels up the street and slides to a SQUEALING stop in front of her. Passenger door swings open.

JOHN

What happened to staying in the car?

ANGELA

You were in danger.

JOHN

Well now there's a premonition.

SIRENS crack the air. Angela jumps in and John PEELS OUT.

INT. BZR

Balthazar is taking his last breaths when the sound of WIND filters through the room. He looks up as a shadow drapes across him. Eyes widen.

BALTHAZAR

One more chance...

Shadow darkens and his decimated form shudders.

JOHN (V.O.)

Jesus didn't die from being nailed to a cross.

EXT./INT. BARRACUDA - MOVING

John takes a turn at 70 as Angela stares into John's Bible.

JOHN

He was finished off by a soldier's spear.

He points in the Bible at a detailed painting of the event -- Jesus hanging on the cross -- being pierced by a soldier's spear. It matches that child's drawing John removed from the fridge -- now lying on his seat.

ANGELA

I'm Catholic, John -- I know the crucifixion story.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOHN

Then you know what this spear  
would mean to a demon trying to  
cross over.

She doesn't.

JOHN

The stains on its edges?

Angela looks back at the painting, notes the liquid  
flowing from Jesus' wound. Angela can't believe it --

JOHN

Mammon needed divine assistance --  
how's the blood of God's only son?

Angela sits stunned for a moment.

ANGELA

So that's it -- he's got  
everything he needs to escape...

JOHN

Not quite.  
(glances at her)  
Twins.

Angela gives him a look. Something in the rearview  
mirror catches his gaze.

JOHN

Here we go --

John floors it and Angela glances out the back window,  
spots something in the traffic -- bounding over vehicles,  
hitting the pavement on all fours --

ANGELA

What is that?

JOHN

A hound on the hunt.

A blur of muscle and bone leaps over cars at incredible  
speed -- denting in roofs, CRACKING a WINDSHIELD --  
causing general chaos. Cars brake -- SLIDE into each  
other. And still this thing keeps coming.

JOHN

Hang on --

BARRACUDA slides into an alley, races toward the other  
end.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Angela looks back, sees their pursuer enter the alley. It makes huge strides along the walls, defying all manner of physics.

ANGELA

Impossible.

The beast goes right up the wall and disappears above the building.

ANGELA

I lost it.

BAM, something lands hard on the roof, denting it a good foot.

A huge clawed TALON punches into the sheet metal, starts shredding it right over Angela. Talon thrusts in. Angela dodges it -- her amulet swinging wildly.

John HITS the BRAKES and the beast flips off the roof and onto the hood -- right INTO VIEW.

A muscular anomaly with eyes that are unmistakably Balthazar's. He lashes against the windshield with an extra appendage. Thank God for safety glass.

He jerks back his embedded talon, pulls the entire windshield out with it, smashing it on the hood. GLASS PARTICLES EXPLODE into the car.

John throws the car into a spin, slamming the Barracuda into several parked cars. Balthazar is uprooted, is thrown from the car.

Angela looks back, sees Balthazar rolling into traffic.

ANGELA

He's down --

JOHN

He's not down. Gimme your phone.

Angela pulls out her cellular.

EXT. DOWNTOWN

A BRITISH COUPLE sit in the back of Chaz's taxi, staring out at the seedy side of town as if it were "Wild Kingdom."

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRITISH MAN

They mark their territory with  
graffiti instead of urine but  
they're still very much animals.

British woman takes documentary photos.

Chaz's CELLULAR RINGS over the BUZZ of a dispatch SCANNER.

CHAZ

This is a private line -- John?!

INTERCUT JOHN.

JOHN

Chaz -- where are you?!

CHAZ

Ah... 3rd and Figueroa.

JOHN

You still got that Sedrallus?

CHAZ

(glancing to couple)

Yeah, but I'm kind of busy right  
now, John.

JOHN

Dammit, Chaz, I'm trying to save  
my ass here!

CHAZ

(under his breath)

What else is new...

JOHN

Remember the Chalic of Enook  
incident?

CHAZ

(remembering)

Oh no, no, no, not that, I just  
paid off this car!

JOHN

West side of the 3rd Street  
Bridge, say...

He checks the speedometer -- 90 mph.

JOHN

... 2 minutes.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHAZ  
I'm five blocks away!  
(as John CLICKS off)  
John? John?! Ah... shit.

Chaz downshifts, stops in cloud of dust --

CHAZ  
Sorry, tour's over.

The British start to argue.

CHAZ  
OUT YA WANKERS!!! NOW!!

EXT. LA STREETS - CONTINUOUS ACTION

John heads toward the skyline now -- at 90 mph -- to the 3rd Street Bridge on the horizon.

Angela scans behind them, can't believe her eyes.

ANGELA  
He's back.

Here comes Balthazar through traffic on all fours --

ANGELA  
John, he's back and he's gaining!

JOHN  
Of course he's gaining.

John PUNCHES the GAS to the floor.

EXT. 3RD STREET BRIDGE

Chaz swerves onto the other side of the narrow bridge. He SCREECHES TO A STOP across the roadway -- opens the glove box, grabs a velvet-wrapped object and pulls a glass vial out of it.

Inside flows a phosphorescent green liquid. Chaz jumps out, runs to the back of the car, pauses when he hears the sound of a STRAINING ENGINE.

Here comes the topless Barracuda over the bridge's arched roadway. And what the hell is that running behind it?

CHAZ  
Shit -- shit -- shit --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Chaz twists off the gas cap, drops the vial into the tank.

He pulls out his BEEPER, rips the cover off, exposing the electronics.

He wedges the beeper into the tank inlet, then starts sprinting off the bridge while --

INT. BARRACUDA

John gives Angela the number.

JOHN

9... 5... 4...

Taxi in view. Angela punches in the number --

ANGELA

9-5-4...

They RIP past the taxi --

JOHN

6... 6... 6

Here comes Balthazar up the bridge. Like a supercharged cheetah, running full stride. And not even winded.

ANGELA

6... 6... 6

Balthazar is almost to the taxi -- John waits -- then --

JOHN

6.

Angela punches the last digit as --

-- Balthazar LEAPS to jump the taxi --

INT. GAS TANK

BEEPER CONTACTS BUZZ -- spark -- GAS IGNITES --

TAXI

EXPLODES right under Balthazar in a tremendous FIREBALL. Initial impact only kicks him higher. It's when the Sedrallus in the tank truly ignites that the real FIREWORKS begin.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Balthazar is caught in a haze of brilliant red particles that tear his body apart in midair. His final SHRIEK is chilling.

EXT./INT. BARRACUDA

John smacks the wheel, victoriously -- looks over to Angela who sighs with relief. His expression changes as he centers on the empty necklace dangling around her neck.

JOHN

Where's the amulet?

WHAM -- something reaches through the roof hole and JERKS HER right out of the car.

JOHN

ANGELA!!

John SLAMS the BRAKES home -- car spins and John is already jumping out before it comes to a stop. He runs to the rail.

CHAZ

(running up)

What the hell was that?!

Both leap onto the concrete rail, lean over and spot a HUGE WINGED SHADOW just as it disappears below the bridge.

Chaz is speechless as he turns to John. This is too much. John gives him the out he's been waiting for --

JOHN

We're even.

Chaz nods and John leaves him at the rail. He jumps back in the BARRACUDA and PEELS OUT.

Chaz watches him race away, looks back at his burning taxi.

CHAZ

Even?

EXT. LAX - DAY

Prisoner walks out of the terminal, here at last. He stares at all the vehicles at his disposal. A family crowds around the back of a minivan. Wife hugs the dad.

MYSTERIOUS POV

Watches him from behind. Prisoner turns, looks back, suspiciously. Nothing.

PRISONER

walks out to the street, slides into the minivan, tears away. Kids' toys tumble across the seats.

INT. CLUB MIDNITE - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS ACTION

John bursts through a door -- Midnite right on his heels.

MIDNITE

Mammon has been trying to climb  
out of his father's shadow for  
eons.

JOHN

And this time he might just make  
it.

MIDNITE

(unconvinced)

Because he's got the Spear?

JOHN

And the bridge.

MIDNITE

You're giving this girl way too  
much credit.

JOHN

You don't know her.

MIDNITE

And you do? That would be a  
first.

John swings open a STORAGE ROOM DOOR -- looks in at  
large-scale relics -- statues, props, etc.

JOHN

Where's the chair?

MIDNITE

The chair?

JOHN

The delicate little number from  
Sing Sing?

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

Midnite just stares at him.

MIDNITE

It's a fine line that separates a  
hero from a fool.

JOHN

I'll take my chances.

MIDNITE

And taint my establishment with  
your blood? I don't think so.

JOHN

Midnite --

MIDNITE

You know what that device can do  
to the ill-equipped --

JOHN

Midnite --

MIDNITE

-- and even in your most glorious  
days your brain was never your  
most powerful attribute --

JOHN

Where the hell is the chair, you  
dumb shit?!

Midnite just stands there -- his body inflating past it's  
seven feet. John knows he went too far.

JOHN

That was the cancer talking, you  
know that, right?

MIDNITE

(holds up his finger)

Once.

John nods.

INT. STORAGE AREA

Fluorescents flicker, REVEAL boxes of toilet tissue,  
cooking supplies, etc. And sitting in one corner by the  
huge power transformer is --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

-- the chair. Heavy wooden monstrosity with straps and cuffs and the wear of many who sat in it for the last time. Yeah, it's an electric chair right out of Sing Sing.

JOHN

What's in your bathroom, a Renoir?

MIDNITE

I have insurance issues.

John clears off the seat, starts to sit. Midnite blocks him.

MIDNITE

You haven't surfed in decades.

JOHN

Like riding a bike...

He tries again. Midnite blocks him again.

MIDNITE

You'll be lucky to reach an elemental plane.

JOHN

Then just increase the juice.

John tries again. Again Midnite stops him.

MIDNITE

In your condition your body won't take much.

JOHN

I just need enough rope to find her.

MIDNITE

And if you do -- what then?

JOHN

One goddamn problem at a time --

John shoves past him, plops his ass in the huge chair. His feet dangle off the ground. Midnite stands by, won't help. So John starts strapping himself in the chair. His chest, his ankles. One wrist. He obviously can't strap the other. He looks to the big man.

JOHN

You want me to sign a waiver?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Midnite sighs -- finally straps the other wrist in -- pulls it TIGHT. Ouch.

JOHN

Hang on, Angela.

EXT. SKY - CLOSE ON ANGELA

moving in a surreal fashion across an evening sky. Below her the City of Angels sweep past. Her eyes drift open and widen in horror as she sees beyond reality --

REFLECTION IN HER EYES

The city is ON FIRE. It's a repeat of Isabel's prophetic vision before she jumped.

MIDNITE (V.O.)

Listen to my voice inside...

INT. MIDNITE'S - STORAGE ROOM

Midnite kneels in front of John who is now handcuffed to the chair, cables draped from every limb.

MIDNITE

I'll try and guide you out.

JOHN

Try?

MIDNITE

Mammon was forced out of that girl when she jumped so unless he found a holding vessel to wait in, he would have fallen back to Hell.

JOHN

No, he's still here. I'm sure of it.

MIDNITE

Then watch yourself. He could be in anyone out there.

John nods. Midnite lifts a palm of INSECT WINGS in front of his face.

JOHN

Roach wings? What happened to using lilac pedals -- ?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Midnite cranks the JUICE on the panel as he BLOWS and John reacts as if being hit by a blast of wind. His head slams back against the slats. His skin ripples from the force.

STAY ON his face as the sound of POWER courses through John.

MIDNITE

*Peter do caelis, Deus, misere  
nobis. Fili Redemptor mundi,  
Deus, Miserere nobis...*

A FLASH turns into a streak behind John's face -- stretching to infinity.

MIDNITE (V.O.)

Find the possessor and the Spear  
will be revealed... find them...  
find them and follow...

The flash whips back TOWARD us and John is suddenly somewhere else. He looks O.S.

INT. PRISON CHAMBER FROM THE OPEN

FROM that MYSTERIOUS POV, we watch the Prisoner hold the Spear for the first time. Like before, he turns and looks behind him where --

John now stands. Watching. John centers on the Spear in the Prisoner's hand.

FLASH AHEAD - INT. ISTANBUL AIRPORT

That same MYSTERIOUS POV of the Prisoner in line. He turns as he did before and it's --

-- John behind him. Watching. Prisoner turns away.

FLASH AHEAD - EXT. LAX TERMINAL - EVENING

MYSTERIOUS POV is ON the Prisoner at the exit doors. He looks back, suspiciously, and there's -

John. Watching. Prisoner turns, heads to the minivan.

FLASH AHEAD - EXT. EAST L.A. - MYSTERIOUS POV - NIGHT

of a minivan still smoking from a recent impact against a large iron ENTRANCE GATE. Prisoner is running from it, glances back --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

John is there. Watches as the Prisoner enters the abandoned wing of -- Ravenscar. John reacts. How did he miss this?

FLASH AHEAD - INT. SLEEP ROOM

Fifty beds with fifty patients. Asleep. The Prisoner kneels next to one of the beds. John walks over, touches him and he rocks to the floor. Dead. Body reveals the Spear on the blanket of the bed.

John reaches out to touch it when the boy BARRY suddenly SITS UP from under the blanket and grabs him by the throat. NOTE the boy's BLACKENED FINGERNAILS.

John struggles to pull him off but the boy's grip is locked tight. John grabs at his hands -- chokes out the name --

JOHN

MIDNITE!!

John's hands suddenly become MIDNITE'S as his ally pulls him back into --

INT. MIDNITE'S - STORAGE ROOM

John's face is held tight in the life-saving fingers of Midnite's grip. John gasps as he comes back -- nods to Midnite and finally --

JOHN

Ravenscar. The abandoned wing.  
He's in the boy.

EXT. OVER HILLSIDE - FLYING - EVENING

WINGED SHADOW glides across the landscape, sweeps across manicured grounds and rises to reveal Ravenscar Hospital.

INT. MIDNITE'S OFFICE - LATER

Midnite piles ASSAULT RIFLES, SHOTGUNS, GLOCKS onto a table.

MIDNITE

You know these won't kill them.

John adjusts the flames of a butane heater under a pan.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MIDNITE

You probably won't even get close  
enough to use them.

In the pan is that RELIGIOUS RELIC he brought from India.  
It's now MELTING. Midnite has trouble watching it  
dissolve.

MIDNITE

And it's not just the boy.

John coughs, pours the melted gold into several small  
casting blocks.

MIDNITE

You better worry about whoever's  
helping him.

John gives the big guy a glance, dips one of the castings  
into a pot of water -- HISSSSSS.

MIDNITE

As much as I admire your blind  
faith even in the most dire  
situations -- expecting to just  
waltz into a facility that is  
about to become the floodgate of  
Hell is reaching a bit, even for  
you.

John stops the work, centers on him and Midnite just  
knows what he's thinking. Midnite sighs, heavily.

MIDNITE

Well I suppose two fools can die  
just as easily as one.

John almost smiles.

MIDNITE

Hey, you think I'm trusting you to  
save the world?

John taps the casting and out falls a GOLD-TIPPED BULLET.

MIDNITE

But we're going to need more than  
a few magic bullets to get inside.

John centers on the Sparkletts bottles positioned around  
the room. Just like John's. Hmmmm...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOHN

That ritual you do with the water,  
can you do more than one bottle at  
a time?

Midnite raises an eyebrow.

EXT. RAVENSCAR - NIGHT

The motorized MAIN GATE is jammed -- opening and closing on a crashed VAN. The van the Prisoner carjacked. The abandoned hospital wing stands ominous against a moonlit night. Vague figures move about near the emergency entrance.

John's BARRACUDA IDLES up with its headlights off. John stares out, points up to the WATER TANK -- on the roof.

MIDNITE

(sighs)

Figures.

INT. RAVENSCAR - PHYSICAL THERAPY ROOM

Therapy machines look like medieval torture devices in the dimly-lit room. BARRY stands waist deep in a large hydrotherapy tank inset into the tile floor. His skin is pale, sickly looking. Obviously containing Mammon takes its toll. Especially on a child.

His hands are below his waist and now we see they're lowering a still-unconscious Angela into the water. Her face floats just above the surface as he buckles restraining straps around her wrists.

INT. RAVENSCAR - ABANDONED WING

Front glass doors swing open and John and Midnite calmly strut inside. Stop.

HEAR the O.S. MURMURS of an unseen crowd.

This EMERGENCY ROOM is crammed with people. Lawyers. Brokers. Soccer moms. Truck drivers. Etc... Most are crowded in front of a set of double doors.

Room goes dead silent as all eyes lock on our guys.

John steps from Midnite, raises his hands like a riot cop.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOHN

Okay -- let's cut the scratch and  
call it a night. Meeting's over.

That's got their attention. As entertainment. A few  
chuckle. John is surprised to see Ellie stepping from  
the crowd. Still that bundle of sexual energy.

JOHN

Ellie?

ELLIE

Oh, John, you know how much I love  
it on this side. This was just an  
opportunity to make it permanent.

JOHN

You think his son will be any  
different? He'll just turn this  
place into his own Hell and then  
where will you to party, Heaven?

ELLIE

No need to get nasty.

JOHN

Never bothered you before.

ELLIE

I am so going to miss our little  
trysts.

Ellie steps closer. The crowd starts to close in with  
her.

JOHN

I'm sure you will.

John pulls out his lighter, holds it up -- flicks it on.

JOHN

Now turn around and take your  
friends with you.

Can he look more ridiculous?

JOHN

I will deport you. All of you.  
You know I can.

John steps back up onto a chair, thrusts the lighter  
higher --

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

ELLIE

Oh, John, this is embarrassing.  
Where is your pride?

-- right under a SPRINKLER HEAD.

JOHN

Go to Hell.

Ellie looks up just as the sprinklers trigger.

SERIES OF SHOTS

Ellie and a room of half-humans -- all looking up as water sprays from every nozzle. John and Midnite tense because the first drops have no effect. A beat -- a SPURT in the waterlines and suddenly -- SHRIEKS fill the room as half human skin begins to FRY.

ELLIE

Holy water!

Emergency lighting has snapped on -- throwing the room into a strobing nightmare of action. Flashes of human skin melting, revealing snippets of the true demons underneath. It's total pandemonium as their rage is directed toward the only real humans in the room.

John and Midnite fling their coats open -- draw their WEAPONS and starts FIRING away at the attacking horde.

Sacred bullets cause major damage -- wounds that ripple out through demon bodies.

John and Midnite slam back to back -- spinning under the protective shield of a showering sprinkler head -- shooting at all manner of distorted forms that venture into the COLUMN OF SPRAY.

One reloads while the other FIRES. It's a hellish form of a turkey shoot. Nothing sacred, nothing spared.

John goes for the double doors. Midnite covers him -- blows away another two disintegrating demons. Two come up behind and he spins, takes them down.

JOHN gets to the doors, starts to open them when Ellie jumps onto his back -- nails digging in.

ELLIE

I'm not going back there!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOHN

We are what we are, Ellie --

John FIRES over his back, loosens her grip. He grabs hold, shoves her face up into the spray of an overhead sprinkler head. Legs flail about.

Midnite comes out of the rain -- grabs John.

MIDNITE

Let's go.

John drops Ellie to the floor. No more pretty face -- no face at all -- yet the screams still come.

John and Midnite get to the doors -- shove through.

INT. PHYSICAL THERAPY ROOM

Angela's body and face are completely submerged now. She comes to, sees Barry above her -- tries to rise but the boy pushes her head to the bottom, holds it there. Last bubbles are floating up from her mouth. Barry places his other hand on her arm, closes his eyes.

INT. CORRIDOR

Holy rain has stopped in here. A fine mist floats in the air. John and Midnite make their way through. Only their footsteps on the tile break the stark silence.

Another set of doors is ahead. Before they reach it a faint shadow crosses in the mist. Both pause, expecting something to reveal itself. But it doesn't.

INT. PHYSICAL THERAPY ROOM

Faint waves undulate Barry's skin -- ripple from his chest, down his arms and into a submerged Angela. Every muscle in her body tenses in stark relief.

ANGELA'S POV

Barry's image ripples above her in silence. Room lighting starts to pulse -- slower and slower and when it's caught in that dim half-light -- Angela JOLTS and this time we CROSS OVER INTO --

## PHYSICAL THERAPY ROOM HELL

Angela is lying in a bone-dry tank, lifts her head up to see a room not much different than the one she just left. Except for the SOUND. That low DRONE RISING IN PITCH -- those DEMONIC SCREECHES scratching at the walls.

And now those INKY splotches begin consuming the color and light from the walls. Moving in on Angela. Closer and closer -- whatever's coming is just about on her.

MAMMON (O.S.)

Angela.

Angela SPINS and for a split second comes face to face with the hideous form of MAMMON. She SCREAMS.

## INT. NORMAL PHYSICAL THERAPY ROOM - REAL TIME

John and Midnite burst into the room, spot Barry standing in the tank. His hands in the water. On Angela.

JOHN

(rushing toward him)

Barry!

Barry looks up, sees the two men rushing toward him. Guns aimed.

JOHN

Let her up!! Let her up!!

A beat as John meets Barry's eyes -- realizes he's staring at a frightened child. Barry backs away as --

-- Angela sits up behind John. Water rippling off, straps dangling free.

John turns -- locks on her BLACK EYES.

JOHN

Shit --

John thinks fast -- scans the area and sees every mirror in the room has been shattered. So much for the quick fix.

He jumps into the water with her, grabs her face and pushes her against the tank walls. This is an exorcism on the fly.

JOHN

*Amar natash bow basar!* Rescind  
from the flesh I command thee --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Angela's eyes snap open -- dark and dilated. John sees it -- clasps a hand over her mouth -- cutting off her air supply.

JOHN

Back to Hell, asshole --

Her body undulates as Mammon's shape tries to come through. Pulsating through her arms, her chest -- her face.

Angela BITES into his palm. John recoils. She shoves him off and John hits the tile hard. Angela jumps from the tank, pushes past in a blur. John spins to see Midnite standing right there -- Angela now firmly in his size-twelve grasp.

MIDNITE

(to John)

Finish it.

INTERCUT WITH:

MYSTERIOUS HIGH POV

John coughs, struggles to stand. He tries to cover but it's obvious his end is nearing. Midnite positions Angela to face him, braces her arms out from her sides -- crucifixion-style. She tries but can't break free. John puts a hand to her forehead --

JOHN

*Et separatur a plasmate tuo, Ut  
num quam laedatur amorsu antiqui  
serpentes.*

JOHN/MIDNITE

Rescind from the flesh I command  
thee -- *Amar natash bow basar!*

Angela's body stops fighting. The darkness in her eyes and fingernails begins to fade. It's working...

Midnite is suddenly JERKED backwards with an agonizing YELL. Angela is dropped, slips into unconsciousness.

John watches in horror as Midnite's 300-pound frame is lifted right off the floor by an INVISIBLE GRASP, slammed into the ceiling, then twisted and thrown with incredible force against the floor.

Midnite glares at John, tries to speak. But the words die on his lips.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Enraged, John scans the empty room, sees a large SHADOW on the ceiling that doesn't belong to any object.

He holds back a cough long enough to rip up his sleeves and slams those tattoos together --

JOHN

Into the light I command thee!  
Into the light I command thee!

It takes every ounce of John's life force to keep this spell alive and when he's about to drop from exhaustion the shadow is brought fully into the light -- becomes that familiar shape of WINGS.

VOICE OF MAN (O.S.)

Your ego is astounding.

John strains to see the shadow become the real thing -- the majestic wings of an angel.

JOHN

Gabriel?

John is too weak to even be surprised anymore.

JOHN

Figures...

Gabriel touches down in front of him. Spear in his hand.

JOHN

And the wicked shall inherit the  
Earth.

GABRIEL

You presume to judge me, John.

JOHN

Betrayal, murder, genocide? Call  
me provincial.

GABRIEL

I am seeking to inspire humankind  
to be all that was intended.

JOHN

By unleashing Hell on Earth? Good  
thinking...

Gabriel's wings fold behind as he walks around John.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GABRIEL

You've had it too easy for too long.

JOHN

So what's a few thousand years of pain, right?

GABRIEL

You never deserved to be blessed. You've all been born with a silver spoon in your mouth, never really appreciating the gift you were given so freely -- unconditional love from your creator.

JOHN

And that just bugs the shit out of you.

GABRIEL

It's not your fault. Like the animals you are, you never learn unless sufficiently prodded. Pleasure has no lasting effect. But subject you to pain, unpleasantness -- suffering -- and you will take notice, you will fight to overcome, to earn your redemption. That is when you're at your best.

Angela's fingernails are starting to darken once again.

JOHN

You're trying to teach us a lesson?

GABRIEL

No, I'm giving you the chance to rise above the suffering and truly earn the love of God.

(a beat)

The road to salvation begins tonight. Right now.

John just stares at this rogue angel, centers on the Spear in his hand. He makes a break for it. Gabriel's wings beat once.

The GUST BLOWS John through the double doors, back into the --

## CORRIDOR

-- where he smashes against a mesh-screened window, drops to the floor in a heap with the other dying carcasses.

## PHYSICAL THERAPY ROOM

Gabriel turns back to Angela. He approaches her -- his rippling wings sliding up around her, enveloping her -- pulling her in. Those eyes of his could melt Dracula.

## CORRIDOR - JOHN

can't even stand, let alone save the girl. Or humanity.

It would be so easy to give up. To roll over and die. But instead, he tries something he hasn't done in a long time.

JOHN

(whispering)

... I know I'm not one of your favorites... I'm not even allowed in your house these days... but I could use a little attention...

John waits for nothing. His body crumples, his cheek landing flat against the tile.

Glistening shards of mirror glass lie around him. As he stares at his reflection in one, he gets the idea.

## PHYSICAL THERAPY ROOM - ANGELA'S EYES

begin to quiver. The color drains. Blackness is waiting.

## CORRIDOR - JOHN

slides his back up the wall as he reels in that shard of mirror.

## PHYSICAL THERAPY ROOM - ANGELA'S

posture begins to change. Mammon's form ripples through her -- starts to push out through her skin. Gabriel stands behind her, his wings cocooned around her waist.

GABRIEL

(whispering to her)

Cross the bridge to your destiny...

CORRIDOR - JOHN

pulls up his sleeve, exposes his old scar. He pauses a beat, closes his eyes. STAY ON his face as he makes one swift SLICE movement.

But he's in a rush here -- makes that same motion across his other wrist as well.

With both wrists purging his life away, John settles back into the corner and waits for the inevitable.

JOHN

Hurry...

PHYSICAL THERAPY ROOM - GABRIEL

reveals the Spear.

CORRIDOR - JOHN

is dying. Eyes are starting to close as...

PHYSICAL THERAPY ROOM - GABRIEL

Raises the Spear over Angela's chest.

HEAR the SOUNDS of a million DEMONS inside of her ready to break free --

He holds the Spear high above her chest -- readies for the final thrust as --

CORRIDOR

Bulbs flicker as current ramps down and TIME COMES TO A COMPLETE STOP.

All we're left with is a distant METALLIC DRONE, like the reverberation of a gong struck a thousand years ago.

John lies in that dim half-light. Motionless.

Something starts to swirl near him and just like that, John is no longer alone. Shadow falls over his pathetic form.

SATAN (O.S.)

The time has come at last to collect your soul.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

John pries his eyes open...

SATAN  
Hello, John.

JOHN  
You're early.

SATAN  
You're the one show I wouldn't miss.

JOHN  
So I've heard.

Satan sees John's slit wrists.

SATAN  
I didn't think you'd make the same mistake twice.

John looks up at him.

SATAN  
You didn't, did you?

JOHN  
... so how's your son?

SATAN  
And why would that matter to you?

JOHN  
... he's topside...

SATAN  
I know.

JOHN  
With Gabriel.

SATAN  
Your point?

JOHN  
He's helping your son create his own Hell on Earth...

SATAN  
Well, boys will be boys...

JOHN  
He has the Spear of Destiny.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Satan didn't know that. Now he's concerned. He studies this dying man.

SATAN

This is another one of your cons.

JOHN

Go look for yourself...

Satan is still suspicious.

JOHN

You've waited twenty years for me,  
what's another twenty seconds?

Satan contemplates his remark. Metallic reverberation is overtaken as SOUND and MOTION ramp back to real time --

PHYSICAL THERAPY ROOM - THE SPEAR

is about to be thrust into Angela's chest.

SATAN (O.S.)

Gabriel?

Gabriel looks up -- spots him in the room. Gabriel reacts -- pulls the spear toward her with all his might -- but Satan is faster -- Angela vanishes and Gabriel has now pierced dead air.

Satan holds Angela tight -- covering her mouth like John did. She struggles and the demon inside appears -- reflected in the huge chunks of tank glass scattered on the floor. Hideous. The real MAMMON.

SATAN

Say goodbye to the sun -- both of  
you.

Mammon SHRIEKS and Gabriel's beautiful wings ignite in  
FLAME --

GABRIEL

No!!!!!!!!!!

CORRIDOR - JOHN

is rocked by a major jolt that shakes the entire building to its foundation. A moment later --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Satan is back. John looks up, gives him that look -- you owe me. Satan hates admitting it but knows it's true.

SATAN

So... what do you want? An extension?

John shakes his head, can barely utter a sound...

JOHN

Isabel...

SATAN

What about her?

JOHN

... let her... go home...

SATAN

You would give up your life so she could go to Heaven?

John manages a nod...

SATAN

Fine.

(closes, opens eyes)

It's done.

INT. PHYSICAL THERAPY ROOM

ANGELA gasps -- her first real breath's a strain. Adrenaline rushes through her and she quickly closes her eyes --

EXT. THAT GORGEOUS SKY

Stretches out BEFORE us. And here come those two swings, penduluming up in SLOW MOTION.

Young Angela and Isabel share that moment again. But this time Isabel lets go and jumps out of her swing.

Her body sails up and away, her fingers reaching out for what seems so close... so close...

Isabel keeps going until she fades into the sky.

SATAN (V.O.)

Time to go.

INT. CORRIDOR

John relaxes, stops fighting the inevitable. Satan takes his hand, starts to pull him home but suddenly finds himself pulling on what seems to be infinite mass. Try as he might, he can't budge John an inch.

And now John's other hand leaves his side, and as if weightless, begins to rise toward something above.

No sense in beating around the bush here, John is in the embrace of God.

Satan sees this and recoils in absolute RAGE --

SATAN

The sacrifice!! No!!!! THIS ONE  
BELONGS TO ME!!

John's rising hand drifts back down in front of Satan, the middle finger fully extended. Final straw.

Satan goes rabid -- turns to PURE ENERGY for a split second. His hands remain on fire.

SATAN

You will live, John Constantine,  
you will live so you'll have the  
chance to prove that your soul  
truly belongs in Hell. You will  
live!

Satan eagerly plunges his blazing hands into John's body --

John screams in agony. Satan tears through his tissue -- collecting the cancer, then ripping out a mass of diseased tissue with one vengeful pull. John's final blood-curdling SCREAM ECHOES over --

INT./EXT. RAVENSCAR

-- through every room. Every corridor. Rippling out across the ground and finally dissipating in the hills beyond.

INT. CORRIDOR

On his hands and knees, John takes that first breath. New lungs fill for the first time. No cough. Not even a wheeze. Face has renewed color. Wrists have sealed tight.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

John is healed.

He stands, steps back inside the --

PHYSICAL THERAPY ROOM

John stops over the body of one seven-foot African warrior. He stands immobilized, wrecked with emotion. A SOUND draws his attention to the one thing that could cause him even greater rage --

GABRIEL --

is hunched over near a wall. Jagged cartilage stumps protrude from his back. A pattern of sinew and bone is burned into the floor behind him. It's all that remains of his once majestic wings.

John approaches, spots blood dripping from the former angel. He realizes what this means. Gets a kick out of it.

JOHN

Human...

Gabriel looks up as John retrieves a gun from the wet floor.

JOHN

You don't deserve to be human.

GABRIEL

Then pass judgment on me now.

John raises the gun -- puts it to Gabriel's forehead.

GABRIEL

Do it. Seek revenge. End my life.

John's finger nudges the trigger.

GABRIEL

Kill me! Pull the trigger! Be the hand of God!

John pauses, realizes what's happening here...

JOHN

... and I'll be condemned again...

GABRIEL

Do it!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

It takes everything John has not to pull that trigger.  
He lowers the gun, shaking his head.

JOHN

You're even worthless as bait.

John starts to turn away --

GABRIEL

Deny your true nature today, but  
what of tomorrow, of the tomorrow  
after that? It is only a matter  
of time before you end up right  
back where you belong. It is who  
you are, Constantine. Damned.

John's fist starts behind his back, gains momentum the  
entire arc until it ends abruptly against Gabriel's face.

The ex-angel is propelled all the way to the wall --  
SLAMS HARD against the concrete. Body crumples on  
impact, slides down to the muck. You know this hurt like  
absolute hell.

JOHN

That's called pain. Get used to it.

John turns toward the double doors -- stops cold.

Huddled in the doorway, covered in grime is Angela and  
Barry. The experience has obviously left them both  
drained.

John walks across the room, kneels down to them.

ANGELA

Thank you, John.

He nods, beat. Wipes a trace of blood off her brow, puts  
a hand on Barry's shoulder. HOLD a beat ON this gritty  
family tableau.

INT. JOHN'S APARTMENT - MIDNITE'S UNIVERSAL ORRERY

MOVING SLOWLY PAST the inoperative device. PAST  
strangely-shaped objects of platinum and gold, with names  
and symbols that make a bit more sense now.

EXT. AFRICA - DAY

Huge sun beats down on a lone FIGURE walking across a  
stretch of the most barren landscape on Earth. He stops,  
kneels to the heavily-cracked soil. Starts digging.

INT. JOHN'S APARTMENT - THE ORRERY

A HAND comes in, affixes an unseen object to a protruding rod. Its weight causes it to drop OUT OF FRAME but a moment later it rises back INTO VIEW and finds a balance.

EXT. AFRICA

JOHN pulls back the protective hood from his face. Healthy and tan with a new lease on life. He pops a NICORETTE TABLET, then unwraps rolls of cloth from around the Spear of Destiny. He drops it in the hole, stares at it a long beat.

INT. JOHN'S APARTMENT - THE ORRERY

The entire mechanism shudders. And now miraculously, every globe, every moon, every obscure object in this miniature occult universe begins to rotate in complete sync.

As it does, the defining object finally slides INTO VIEW.

John's lighter. ANGELA watches it rotate past, nods in approval.

EXT. AFRICA

John sighs, finally sweeps mounds of soil over the sacred relic. He stands, nods. Job done.

A breeze blows past and John senses being watched. He spins and finds -- nothing. For a hundred miles. He starts walking.

JOHN (V.O.)

Some people are born to make a  
difference. I had to die. Twice.

MATCH CUT TO:

EXT. 20 LANES BOWLING ALLEY - ANGELA

walking right in step. Something is closing in on her. A new TAXI pulls up. Chaz is driving. Angela gets in.

JOHN (V.O.)

God does work in mysterious ways.

EXT. AFRICA

John continues walking as something closes in on him at incredible speed.

JOHN (V.O.)  
Some people like it...

Our view RISES OVER him and gliding across the barren landscape are the SHADOW of WINGS.

JOHN (V.O.)  
Some people don't.

FADE OUT.

THE END