# CONSTANTINE

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Revised Network Draft

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**TEASER**

FADE IN:

INT. RAVENSCAR PSYCHIATRIC FACILITY - TREATMENT ROOM - DAY

A man lies on his back on a gurney, staring at the ceiling with determination. This is JOHN CONSTANTINE, early 30s, a working-class Londoner with rakish, debonair looks and spiky blonde hair. A PRETTY NURSE straps his arms down.

CONSTANTINE
Make 'em good and tight, luv.

Whatever's happening, he's eager for it, like an astronaut strapping into a rocketship. John tests the binding. Nods. The only sounds are the BEEP BEEP BEEP of his heart monitor.

In CLOSE-UP CUTS, a MEDICAL STAFF preps John for a procedure. A general anesthetic shot in the leg. A blood pressure cuff around the arm. Conducting gel squirted onto two electrodes. As the anesthesia seeps into his cells, John stares groggily at the Pretty Nurse, now applying sticker leads to his chest.

CONSTANTINE (CONT'D)
Tickles.

NURSE
Sorry.

CONSTANTINE
'S my favorite part...

John fades to unconscious. A mouth guard is inserted. The electrodes are placed against his temples. A pair of hands hold his head firmly. On a panel, a button is pressed.

An electrical charge of 150 volts SLAMS into John's brain. He awkwardly spasms, face contorted, legs twitching, arms flailing. It's the real version of ECT, deeply personal and not pretty, like watching home porn. Off John thrashing --

INT. COMMON ROOM - DAY

John, wearing white cotton clothes, stares reflectively out the window of a turquoise day room. MUZAK plays. PUSH IN.

DR. HUNTOON (O.S.)
If you want to get better, you need to talk about the trauma. You witnessed the murder of a girl.

CONSTANTINE (O.S.)
Astra. Her name was Astra.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Out of focus behind John, two ORDERLIES wrestle with a BIG MAN throwing a physical tantrum. John just stares ahead.

DR. HUNTOON (O.S.)
That's right, John. Astra. You can't change what happened...

Off John's haunted face, we pick up the conversation in --

INT. PSYCHIATRIST'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

John sits in a chair opposite DR. HUNTOON, slab faced, square glasses, clinical air. Dr. Huntoon holds John's case file.

DR. HUNTOON (CONT'D)
...but talking can help you realize it wasn't your fault.

CONSTANTINE
That'd be a neat trick. Let's get to that part.

DR. HUNTOON
You can start by telling me what happened that night at Newcastle. Do you remember the killer?

CONSTANTINE
'Course I do. I see that demon every time I close my eyes.

DR. HUNTOON
By demon, you mean murderer.

CONSTANTINE
By demon, I mean bloody demon. Foul creature. Smelled like a slaughterhouse. Called itself Nergal.

DR. HUNTOON
You see what's happening, John? You feel guilty for being unable to protect Astra, so you turned her killer into the embodiment of evil. We're all powerless against demons.

CONSTANTINE
Not all of us, chief.

DR. HUNTOON
That's right, before you checked yourself in here six months ago, you were working as...
(finds John's CARD)
(MORE)

CONTINUED:

DR. HUNTOON (CONT'D)
An “Exorcist, Demonologist, and Master of the Dark Arts.”

John, frowning, leans forward to peer at his card.

CONSTANTINE
Says “master,” does it? I should change that to “petty dabbler.” I hate to put on airs.

DR. HUNTOON
In either case, you wouldn’t have been able to prevent Astra’s death.

CONSTANTINE
I can handle her death. It’s her damnation that’s eating me alive. Nergal dragged her soul to hell. Nine years old and suffering for all eternity. That’s on me, mate.

DR. HUNTOON
(removing his glasses)
John, it’s time to face the truth. The only one suffering here is you. There are no demons --

John SMASHES his fist on the coffee table, rattling the doctor’s tea, causing him to pull back in mild alarm.

CONSTANTINE
So you keep telling me -- now make me <u>believe</u>. It's what I'm paying you for, isn’t it?

John stares intensely at his unnerved doctor.

INT. COMMON ROOM - NIGHT

During Closure Group, a DOZEN PATIENTS sit in a semi-circle of card chairs, reviewing their daily goals. At the moment, a NERVOUS MAN, 30, stands talking with a mug of tea.

NERVOUS MAN
My goal today was to break my worry rituals. Like, I stir my tea nine times. Then I have nine minutes to drink. Nine sips in nine minutes.

As the Nervous Man drones, find John seated in back, bored. He notices a lone COCKROACH scurrying across the wall close by. John’s eyes idly follow the roach out to the hallway.

CONTINUED:

NERVOUS MAN (CONT'D)
Everything in multiples of nine. It keeps bad things away. But today I let go of my rituals and... nothing terrible happened. I only stirred this tea once.

He proudly holds up his cup. As the patients APPLAUD, John spots a SECOND COCKROACH on the ground, heading the same way. Frowning, he rises from his seat and slips into the --

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Where he finds a DOZEN COCKROACHES emerging from the walls and woodwork and scuttling toward one room. With a knowing concern, John heads that way.

INT. ART THERAPY ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The darkened room abounds with easels, work tables, and art supplies. The only illumination is moonlight pouring down through a series of high glass skylights.

John enters to see the back of a beautiful patient, EMMA, late 20s, messily hand-painting the far wall. What she's painting isn't clear because COCKROACHES, hundreds of them, are converging on the wall around her.

CONSTANTINE
Ah, miss. Whatever you're painting there, you might want to stop now.

Ignoring him, Emma feverishly continues working. John steps around to discover her eyes are ENTIRELY WHITE, rolled back into her head -- she's in the throes of <u>spirit</u> <u>possession</u>.

CONSTANTINE (CONT'D)
No... <u>no</u>. This is not my problem. I've closed up shop.

John, who checked himself into the hospital to forget such darkness exists, angrily turns and starts walking back the way he came. Over his shoulder, Emma starts WHISPERING fiercely and rapidly in what might be German or Austrian.

CONSTANTINE (CONT'D)
Bloody hell.

John reverses course back to Emma, still painting madly. John takes her shoulders and spins her around to face him.

CONSTANTINE (CONT'D)
I'm addressing the entity inside. Who are you? Tell me your name.

CONTINUED:

Emma stops whispering and a TEAR OF BLOOD drips from the corner of one eye. John places a hand on her forehead.

CONSTANTINE (CONT'D)
*Hear my words, whoever you may be, all malevolent spirits, infernal invaders, wicked legions --*

Abruptly, Emma's body STARTS TO LEVITATE.

CONSTANTINE (CONT'D)
Oh no you don't.

John throws his arms around her waist, which is now shoulder high, to hold her down. But Emma continues to rise, CARRYING JOHN UPWARD. John hangs on and raises his eyes heavenward.

CONSTANTINE (CONT'D)
*I rebuke you in the name of the light-bringer invincible, who formed the race of man from dust!*

Around the Art Therapy Room, cabinet doors abruptly FLY OPEN. Caps BURST OFF bottles and GEYSERS OF PAINT shoot upward. On the easels, pages of drawing pads FLIP AND RIP into the air, fluttering everywhere. And still Emma and John RISE.

CONSTANTINE (CONT'D)
*You are hereby commanded to leave this place! Be not and be gone!*

Emma SCREAMS and, with a RESOUNDING CRACK, all the windows of the skylights overhead SHATTER AT ONCE. John and Emma fall to the ground, followed by a SHOWER OF GLASS. John throws himself over Emma to protect her body.

Once the last shard has landed and silence has descended, Emma opens her eyes. John helps her up. Disoriented, she sees the RED LIQUID drenching her hands and nightdress.

EMMA
Oh my God what is this?

CONSTANTINE
Paint. Don't worry. It's water based.

EMMA
What happened?

CONSTANTINE
An angry spirit took your body for a spin. To send me a message, by the look of it.

CONTINUED: (2)

Emma turns to the insect-covered wall. With the spirit departed, the last of the cockroaches part like a living curtain to reveal the message painted in dripping letters:

LIV DIE

Emma looks back at John, confused.

EMMA
What's it mean?

CONSTANTINE
It means I've been wasting my time here. It means life is remorseless and inevitable and once you get a fast pass to hell, there's no stepping off the ride.

Hearing MURMURS, John turns around to see PATIENTS and STAFF pressing into the room, alerted by the noise. Dr. Huntoon enters last and surveys the chaos. John points to Emma.

CONSTANTINE (CONT'D)
She did it.

John starts for the exit.

DR. HUNTOON
Where are you going?

CONSTANTINE
I'm checking out.
(points to skylights)
You're lucky I don't sue you.

DR. HUNTOON
You're free to leave Ravenscar any time, but what about your therapy? You won't get anywhere in life until you face your demons, John.

CONSTANTINE
Ain't my demons I'm worried about, chief.

As John strides out of the room, he walks past the Nervous Man, who's now desperately stirring his cup of tea.

NERVOUS MAN
...seven, eight, nine.

PUSH INTO the curious words on the wall... Liv Die.

INT. VENTURE RENT-A-CAR OFFICE - NIGHT

CLOSE ON a desktop NAMEPLATE that says: LIV PARSON. A Windex bottle and a dirty rag plop down, followed by LIV, mid-20s, wholesome and ordinary, apart from the power to look pretty in a pantsuit. She joins her co-worker MAX eating Chinese.

LIV
Who would you say has a brighter future? Me or the squeegee man at the Williamsburg Bridge?

MAX
Squeegee man. No college loans to pay off. Pass me a fortune cookie.

Liv takes a cookie and hands it to Max, who opens it.

LIV
Doesn't it ever bother you? People are having adventures in the cars they rent from us. All we do is check for dents. I want some dents.

MAX
(reading his fortune)
"Failure is the opportunity to do better next time."

LIV
"To do better next time -- in bed." You always add "in bed" to the end. I'm sorry you're having problems in that department.

MAX
Oh yeah? Let me read yours.

Max reaches into the bag and opens another cookie. CAMERA SLOWLY STARTS TO RISE, keeping the pair in frame below. A wall sign behind them reads "VENTURE RENT-A-CAR."

MAX (CONT'D)
"Choose another cookie -- in bed." That doesn't even make sense.

LIV
Let me pick. I want a fortune that's going to change my life.

MAX
Ah ah. In bed. You can't read that till you're in bed tonight. I gotta bounce. See you tomorrow.

CONTINUED:

CAMERA KEEPS RISING until it includes a CEILING LIGHT in the foreground, then HOLDS. As Max heads out, Liv pockets the new cookie and starts cleaning up. Unnoticed above her, the ceiling light starts to FLICKER with a low BUZZ.

EXT. VENTURE RENT-A-CAR - NIGHT

Liv locks the glass door on the way out, then enters a code on a SECURITY KEYPAD. As she heads to her car, HOLD on the keypad. The screen says ***SYSTEM ARMED***. After a beat, the words flicker and blink out, then strange runic letters scroll across the screen: ᛈᚱᛁᛗᛖᚲᛁᛏᛁ.

INT. HYUNDAI - NIGHT

In the desolate rental parking lot, Liv enters her car and starts the engine. She begins to back up, when an audible alert BEEPS. Liv brakes and checks her backup camera.

CLOSE ON SCREEN: An alert says “Warning: Object Detected,” but the screen shows nothing visible behind the car.

Liv finds that odd. She tries to back up again but the alert BEEPS FASTER. What the hell? Liv puts the car in park but leaves the engine running.

EXT. CAR RENTAL LOT - NIGHT

Liv steps out of the car. The lot is eerie, silent. She checks behind the vehicle but doesn’t see anything. To be sure, she takes a knee and cautiously peers underneath... nothing.

INSERT: Inside the car, the BACKUP SCREEN lights up to show Liv behind the idling vehicle. PAN to the odometer. The trembling needle starts SPINNING as the car engine REVS.

Behind the bumper, Liv hears the RACING ENGINE and tries to scurry clear, but she stumbles and falls down. Vulnerable on her back, she looks up at the roaring exhaust pipes -- when the engine abruptly CUTS OUT. The car lights BLINK OFF, too, followed by ALL THE LIGHTS in the lot. Liv is astonished.

LIV
Really?

Liv pulls her cell phone from her pocket -- it’s dead, too.

EXT. DESERTED STREET - NIGHT

Liv walks away from the rental lot down an industrial street. As she walks, Liv observes with palpable concern that a rolling blackout occurs around her. Street and building lights BLINK OUT when she draws near, creating a path of darkness around her that threatens to swallow Liv any second.

CONTINUED:

Across the street, shining like a beacon, she notices the SOLITARY LIGHT of a battered old pay phone. It's the only light in her vicinity that hasn't cut out.

With a sigh of relief, Liv steps into the street. As she crosses, however, a low-pitched GROAN fills the air. Liv slows and looks around. The street is empty. A second groan. DEEP AND ROLLING. Liv looks down. It's coming from beneath the street.

Abruptly, the asphalt under her feet RISES TWO FEET, bulging outward. It knocks Liv down. As she tumbles off, the raised asphalt sighs and COLLAPSES into --

A GIANT SINKHOLE

It opens like a roaring maw in middle of the street, ever widening to pull in a MAILBOX, and then HALF A CAR -- and almost Liv, before she manages to climb to her feet and starts running away in panic.

EXT. STREET CORNER - CONTINUOUS

Liv moves as fast as her legs will take her. She rounds the first street corner, right into the arms of --

JOHN CONSTANTINE. Now wearing what we'll come to know as his signature trench coat. They stand under a dramatic pool of light from a single streetlight. The power here is working.

CONSTANTINE
Well hello. What have we here? A rapid heart beat. The unmistakable thrill of adrenaline. It tells me here lies danger. Am I right, luv?

Pulling free, Liv pulls a can of pepper spray from her purse.

LIV
Who are you?

CONSTANTINE
John Constantine. You're pointing that the wrong way.

Liv sees the nozzle aimed at herself and turns it around. John watches her calmly, bemused.

CONSTANTINE (CONT'D)
I'm not the one hunting you.

LIV
What are you talking about? Who's hunting me?

CONTINUED:

CONSTANTINE
It's probably more of a what. Or possibly an it.

Liv raises her pepper spray higher.

LIV
Answer my question.

CONSTANTINE
I don't know the answer. A secret cabal. The Illuminati. ZOG. Does it matter? You just saw what it can do. I suggest you come along before it regathers its strength.

LIV
All I saw was a rolling blackout and a sinkhole. Must have been a sewer collapse.

CONSTANTINE
It's easier to deny danger than face it. But make no mistake, if you don't listen to me, you won't live to see the morning.

With her free hand, Liv fumbles for her cell phone.

LIV
I'm calling the police.

CONSTANTINE
With a dead phone?

Liv holds up the phone, now GLOWING with power.

LIV
I'm dialing now.

CONSTANTINE
(sighs)
If you're committed to calling the authorities, here's where they can reach me. Or you can. If you enjoy breathing.

John hands her a BUSINESS CARD. She checks it.

LIV
<u>Master</u> of the Dark Arts?

CONSTANTINE
I'm getting new ones made.

CONTINUED: (2)

Liv backs away, then turns and hurries off, leaving John standing alone in a pool of light.

INT. SINKHOLE - NIGHT

John climbs into the sinkhole, a huge dirt pit with caved-in sides, slabs of collapsed asphalt and, oh yeah, a car pitched at an angle. Near the middle, John finds a row of exposed POWER CABLES and stoops to examine them closer -- they are torn open and blackened.

An ominous BLACK SHADOW, cast by something passing overhead, briefly falls over John. Hearing the ruffle of HEAVY WINGS behind him, he straightens and turns to perceive a long, tall FIGURE obscured in the shadows.

CONSTANTINE
Whoever you are, I'm a nasty piece of work. Ask anybody.

The figure steps out of the darkness and into the moonlight -- he's a black man, soulful, authoritative, dressed in simple dark clothing. We'll call him MANNY.

MANNY
You shouldn't be down here.

CONSTANTINE
I could say the same for you.

Manny steps over to the exposed cables and looks them over.

MANNY
Blown power line.

CONSTANTINE
Your work? This whole place stinks like sulfur.

Manny looks over John. Whether Manny is friend or foe -- or something in between -- is hard to determine.

MANNY
So you jump straight to demon? We're standing in an open sewer. What brings you back, John?

John is surprised to hear his name. He proceeds cautiously.

CONSTANTINE
Got a message from an old friend.

MANNY
A dead friend, more likely.

CONTINUED:

CONSTANTINE
Well he did have to possess a body to get my attention, but he made his point. Crudely. Who are you?

MANNY
You can call me Manny. I've just been assigned to you.

CONSTANTINE
Assigned?
(off his serene look)
Oh, that's brilliant, mate. No offense, but I'm not in the habit of slumming with angels. You'll murder my reputation.

MANNY
So will a mental hospital.

CONSTANTINE
Well I checked out. All better.
(looks heavenward)
You hear that? I'm okay!
(to Manny)
So flap off.

MANNY
You're not okay, Constantine.

Manny steps closer, his words comforting, mesmerizing.

MANNY (CONT'D)
You're in pain over the girl's soul you lost. You've been barred from the kingdom. I can't change your fate, but I can ease your suffering.

John, captivated by Manny's words, notices Manny's hand now lies on his shoulder. It feels oh so comforting, but with a force of will, John angrily slaps it away.

CONSTANTINE
You'd like that. All you beatific types are the same, like vampires. Go feed on someone else's loss.

MANNY
But yours is... exquisite.

Manny gestures to the sinkhole around them.

MANNY (CONT'D)
I can help you here.

CONTINUED: (2)

CONSTANTINE
I think I can handle a common demon attack.

MANNY
Are you sure it's a common demon? You've been off the street for a long time. The battle down here, it's... intensified. A new power has surfaced.

CONSTANTINE
What power?

Manny reacts to the sounds of APPROACHING SIRENS.

MANNY
We should go.

CONSTANTINE
Wait!

MANNY'S POV: John looks straight at us into camera. We hear a FLUTTER and the CAMERA RISES, until we're looking down at John from a height, accompanied by a mighty BEATING OF WINGS. John calls up to us.

CONSTANTINE (CONT'D)
What power?

ANGLE ON John. Manny's SHADOW passes over him and he's gone.

CONSTANTINE (CONT'D)
I hate those guys.

As sirens GROW LOUDER, John starts climbing out of the hole.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

UNKNOWN POV: We're peering through bushes outside a modest apartment building. On the street before us, a FIAT stops and parks. Liv exits the passenger side and her neighbor TALIA, late 20s, pretty and perky, exits the driver's side.

TALIA
...It was no problem. I work five minutes away from you.

LIV
Thanks, Talia. I really appreciate the ride.

The girls head up a walkway straight toward us. We PULL BACK into our hiding place in the bushes. Through leaves, we see Talia, in arm's reach, BUZZ the girls into the building.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TALIA
I'm just glad you got away from the freak in the trench coat.

LIV
He was wearing a hospital bracelet.

TALIA
That's really creepy. What if he's an escaped psychopath? What if he followed us home!

And then they're in. As the door swings closed, our unknown watcher's KNOBBY HAND, large and gnarled, enters frame and grabs the handle. We PUSH INTO the building after the girls.

INT. APARTMENT HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Outside their apartments, Liv and Talia ad lib good nights. As Liv unlocks her door, Talia enters the next apartment down and closes the door. The girls live in adjacent apartments.

ANGLE ON LIV. As she enters her apartment, Liv glances over her shoulder to see, standing at the end of the hallway --

A powerful TALL MAN, with sunken eyes and a dark, forboding face... our watcher. He stares at Liv. Unnerved, she enters and closes the door.

The Tall Man strides forward and stops at Liv's door, marked "1D." He runs a hand over the wood. From his coat, he pulls a wickedly CURVED KNIFE, with intricate inlays and a black-diamond blade.

EXT. DESOLATE ROAD - NIGHT

A New York yellow cab skirts a chain-link fence enclosing a derelict airfield surrounded by woods. The cab stops.

John exits the back, holding up a finger for the driver to wait, then he heads toward an open gash in the barb-topped fence. A rusted sign says: MAYWEATHER AIRFIELD. John ducks through.

INT. LIV'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Liv, freshly showered, steps out of the bathroom, drying her hair. She pauses when she hears a SCRATCHING NOISE, but it stops, so Liv continues getting ready for bed.

EXT. ABANDONED AIRFIELD - NIGHT

John walks down the middle of a weed-lined airstrip toward an old hangar.

CONTINUED:

As he approaches the hangar, signs of Santeria line the strip. Sacrificed GOATS and CHICKENS on gruesome display. Someone here is scared of something.

As John nears the hangar, he casually pulls out his Zippo and douses his hands with lighter fluid. A beat later, ARMED MEN stream from the compound and race toward him, shouting in Spanish, raising their automatic weapons.

John, palming the Zippo, calmly flicks the lighter between his two hands -- setting them aflame. John raises his FIERY HANDS high. The effect is freaky and the superstitious men stop in their tracks.

CONSTANTINE
*Yo soy Eleggua! El mensajero divino! Tengo un mensaje para tu jefe!*

As he speaks, SUBTITLES appear on screen: “I am Elleggua! The divine messenger. I have a message for your boss!”

Shaken and afraid, the armed men fall to their knees and let him pass. As soon as he's clear of them, John comically beats his hands against his pants to put out the flames.

CONSTANTINE (CONT’D)
Peasants.

John enters the hangar.

INT. APARTMENT HALLWAY - NIGHT

In an ominously steady TRACKING SHOT, we move along the hall toward Liv's door. Hallway lights eerily FLICKER OFF, then BACK ON, as we pass to indicate the movement of our presence.

We reach Liv's door to see there’s now an intricate OCCULT SYMBOL -- the Eye of Horus -- carved into the wooden door.

INT. LIV’S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Liv, wearing a robe now, brushes her hair before a mirror. The bulb overhead FLICKERS OUT. Liv frowns. Using a sock to protect her hand, she jiggles the bulb and it TURNS BACK ON. That's better.

INT. APARTMENT HALLWAY - NIGHT

The unknown presence faces the occult symbol on Liv’s door. TILT DOWN to reveal what looks like a line of salt across the doorway. The presence SLIDES past Liv’s door, 1D, to Talia's door, 1E, and stops. No symbol. TILT DOWN. No salt. With a WHOOSH, the presence PUSHES through the door.

INT. HANGAR - NIGHT

Inside the hangar, John sees vestiges of a thriving cocaine operation -- two tables with drug-packaging paraphernalia, diluting solution, digital scales, a steel press, grinders and razors. Half a dozen kilograms of cocaine and piles of cash are also in half-hazard evidence.

CONSTANTINE
Olly olly oxen free.

John rounds a corner to find PAPA MIDNITE, 30s, an imposing Cuban with a zig-zag beard and dirty white suit. Normally, Papa Midnite would be the alpha in any room but right now he's drained and exhausted, standing weakly with one hand on an IV stand and the other holding a HANDGUN pointed at John.

PAPA MIDNITE
Damn, Constantine. Almost shot you. I should shoot you.

CONSTANTINE
Papa Midnight. You're looking a bit knackered.

PAPA MIDNITE
Who let you in here?

CONSTANTINE
Your men are scared. I couldn't help but notice the sacrifices outside.

John's eyes sweep the area, which looks like a cross between a makeshift hospital room with monitors, and a botánica with statuaries and dozens of lighted religious candles, the only light in the room. Papa Midnite, real jittery, idly taps his head with the gun, talking more to himself than John.

PAPA MIDNITE
Gotta stay awake.

John moves closer to examine the IV bag connected to his arm.

CONSTANTINE
What is this? Cocaine?

PAPA MIDNITE
Can't fall asleep.

CONSTANTINE
Why? What's happening?

Papa Midnite desperately grabs John by the coat.

CONTINUED:

PAPA MIDNITE
Do you know?

INT. LIV'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

We hear John and Papa Midnight keep talking, as Liv prepares for bed. When she lifts her jacket from the bed, the fortune cookie from earlier falls out of the pocket onto the sheets.

CONSTANTINE (O.S.)
I don't know much. I've been out of play for six months.

PAPA MIDNITE (O.S.)
In an asylum, I heard.

CONSTANTINE (O.S.)
I'm cured. Let's not dwell.

Smiling, Liv plops down into bed and cracks open the cookie. CLOSE on the FORTUNE. It says: "Trust him." Liv stares in wonder.

INT. TALIA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Talia sits curled on her couch, checking e-mails on her laptop. We continue to hear John speaking.

CONSTANTINE (O.S.)
But I was on the job tonight when this celestial type tells me some bad mojo's coming. Now I know you dream the future. So why don't you tell me what you're dreaming.

The screen starts to FLICKER and DISTORT. Talia frowns.

INT. HANGAR - CONTINUOUS

John finishes his story to Papa Midnite.

CONSTANTINE (CONT'D)
I'll see what I can find out. Deal?

PAPA MIDNITE
I'm not dreaming nothing, 'cause I'm not closing my eyes. Even hired a medical doctor to keep me awake.

CONSTANTINE
Yeah? Where is he?

Papa Midnite points to a previously unnoticed DEAD DOCTOR lying in a pool of blood in a dark corner of the room.

CONTINUED:

PAPA MIDNITE
*Cabron* let me nod off.

CONSTANTINE
What do you see when you sleep?

Papa Midnite, on the edge, rolls his IV to John and holds the handgun to his chest.

PAPA MIDNITE
What do you care? It's not happening to you!

CONSTANTINE
(without flinching)
What do you see?

Papa Midnite can't hold back any longer. He collapses in exhausted tears as he says --

PAPA MIDNITE
Blackness. Utter blackness and pain. It's pulling me inside!

INT. TALIA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

We continue to hear Papa Midnite as Talia closes her static-ridden laptop in frustration. Abruptly, a LIGHT BULB in the lamp near her head POPS. Talia jumps, turns, and her eyes open wide in terror.

PAPA MIDNITE (O.S.)
It's pulling us all in! There's no place to run, Constantine. It's coming for us!

CLOSE ON A WALL. Talia's body FLIES INTO FRAME, smashing against the wall, breaking her neck. She falls to the ground, her head contorted at an unnatural angle.

CUT TO BLACK.

**END OF TEASER**

**ACT ONE**

FADE IN:

INT. LIV'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Rays of ethereal morning light shine through sheer curtains on Liv, asleep. She stirs awake to the sounds of MUFFLED MALE VOICES from the hallway. She sits and pulls on a robe.

INT. APARTMENT HALLWAY - MORNING

Liv opens the door to find the hallway busy with crime scene PERSONNEL. A young, black ASSISTANT MEDICAL EXAMINER with a friendly face pushes a collapsible gurney past her doorway and into Talia's apartment next door. Standing at Talia's door, a FORENSIC TECH dusts the frame for prints.

LIV
What's going on?

Liv steps closer and peers into Talia's apartment in mounting horror to see a SMEAR OF BLOOD on the wall and Talia's body on the ground below, head grotesquely twisted. The Assistant M.E. lowers the gurney to load the body. Liv freaks.

LIV (CONT'D)
Talia! Oh my God, Talia...

Liv starts to push inside, but a HOMICIDE DETECTIVE stops her, puts a gentle arm around her, and escorts her back into the hallway, using his body to shield her view of Talia.

HOMICIDE DETECTIVE
I'm sorry, miss. You can't be in here. Are you a friend of the victim's?

LIV
I live next door. What happened?

HOMICIDE DETECTIVE
We don't know, but maybe you can help us find out. If you'd just wait in your apartment.
(to a nearby UNIFORM COP)
Watch her door.
(to Liv)
I'll come talk to you soon.

Liv tearfully steps back into her apartment. As she does, she hears her foot SCUFF and pauses to look down at the now disturbed line of salt at her doorway.

CONTINUED:

When Liv raises her head to walk inside, she discovers the highly wrought OCCULT SIGN carved into her door. She rubs her fingers over the ominous symbol with mounting concern.

EXT. NEW YORK STREETS - DAY

A white van labeled “NYC MEDICAL EXAMINER” cruises through the busy streets of Manhattan.

INT. CORONER’S VAN - CONTINUOUS

The likeable and soulful Assistant M.E. from the crime scene drives, singing with an R&B tune on the radio. The music starts cutting out in that painfully sharp Bluetooth way.

ASSISTANT M.E.
Aw, man. Not now.

To fix the radio, the Assistant M.E. slaps the dashboard once or twice -- and the van's entire electrical system dies.

ASSISTANT M.E. (CONT’D)
Oh that’s good.

The young man brakes and steers into an alley. Once he puts the van in park, he hears a THUMP from the rear compartment. It’s followed by three more THUMPS, then a CRASHING SOUND, shaking the van. What the hell?

EXT. ALLEY - DAY

The Assistant M.E. hurries around the side of the van and opens the back door. He reacts with shock at what he sees.

HIS POV: The BLACK BODY BAG holding Talia's body has broken free of its straps and THRASHES about -- literally, bashing against walls and tumbling about in a scary kinetic fashion. It jackknives and straightens and flails much too rapidly.

ASSISTANT M.E.
Hold on! Hold still and I’ll get you out of there!

At the sound of his voice, the body bag reacts, holding perfectly still. The Medical Examiner enters the rear, unzips the bag, and looks down. Before he can react --

A HAND AND ARM SHOOTS OUT of the bag, grabs the young man's face, and bangs it great force against the side of the van, cracking his skull.

EXT. VENTURE RENT-A-CAR LOT - DAY

A rental car pulls into the lot and parks. Max, the driver, exits with his passenger, Liv. They head for the office.

CONTINUED:

As Liv nears the building, she sees a Yellow Cab parked a in the rental lot, with John leaning against the hood waiting. She splits off and walks over to him.

CONSTANTINE
You're late for work.

LIV
I just spent an hour with the cops. My neighbor was killed last night.

CONSTANTINE
Better her than you, eh? I suppose you gave 'em my name.

LIV
(reluctant beat)
No.

CONSTANTINE
Why not?

LIV
I don't know. A fortune cookie told me not to. Do you have any idea what this is?

Liv holds out a PHOTO of the occult symbol on her cell phone.

CONSTANTINE
The Eye of Horus. It's an Egyptian symbol of protection. Or so they say.

LIV
It's carved in my front door.

CONSTANTINE
Guess it worked it.

LIV
No. There are no mystical forces after me. There was a man. I saw him in the hallway.

John taps on the cab roof behind him. The door opens and the Tall Man steps out, unfolding his body. Liv shrinks back.

CONSTANTINE
Liv, meet Chaz. He's my driver.
(off Chaz's look)
And oldest mate. He made the carving that kept you safe. Mine always look like wounded birds.
(MORE)

CONTINUED: (2)

CONSTANTINE (CONT'D)
But Chaz knows his way around a blade.

Chaz turns to Liv, with pathos in his eyes. We'll come to learn that Chaz is compassionate and can be quite sensitive.

CHAZ
Don't worry. I learned my knife skills in culinary school.

CONSTANTINE
Oh how I missed your rack of lamb.

CHAZ
(to Liv)
I'm glad you're safe.

Chaz awkwardly returns to the driver's seat and closes the door. John turns back to Liv.

CONSTANTINE
Not a big talker, that one. Now, if you had listened to me, none of this would have been necessary.

LIV
Are you suggesting I'm the one who got Talia killed?

CONSTANTINE
No, that would be impolite. But I have it on good authority you've been marked for death. Bodies will keep piling up if we don't get you off the street.

She forces back the tears that threaten to consume her.

LIV
Why would anyone want me dead? I'm a <u>nobody</u>.

CONSTANTINE
Hate to burst your bubble, luv, but you ain't a nobody. I knew your father before he died. Jasper Winters. A lovely man.

LIV
No no, wait. Now I know there's a mistake. I was adopted. My mother never met my birth father.

CONTINUED: (3)

CONSTANTINE
They did a lot more than meet, and I can prove it.

He reaches into his trench coat, retrieves a small VELVET SATCHEL, and holds it out for a tremulous Liv.

CONSTANTINE (CONT'D)
Open this. It belonged to Jasper.

Liv takes the satchel, but before she can open it, they hear an ENGINE roaring down the street and turn to see the Medical Examiner's Van speeding straight for the rental office.

From their vantage point across the rental lot, John and Liv have no time to do anything but watch the dreadful inevitably of what's about to happen before their eyes.

LIV
No.

The van jumps the curb and SMASHES into the building, right through the plate glass windows that forms the front of the office. The van disappears from view, plowing deep into the open office space inside.

John and Liv both take off running for the office, followed by Chaz. Reaching the ragged glass, still falling in shards like icicles from above, they duck inside.

INT. VENTURE RENT-A-CAR OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

The people inside are checking on each other's safety, but nobody was hit. John, Liv and Chaz walk down the path laid through the office by the van. It ends with the van crashed and lodged into Liv's desk. She turns to John with dread realization.

LIV
That's my desk. I should've been sitting there.

CONSTANTINE
Whatever's after you must be able to feel your energy. Track it.

The driver's window of the van is open, smoke drifting out. From where they're standing to the rear, our trio can't see into the cab, but they hear sounds coming from inside -- a strangled CHOKING, as well as a curious rhythmic SLAPPING.

LIV
Someone's alive.

She instinctively rushes forward, but John grabs her arm.

CONTINUED:

CONSTANTINE
Not necessarily.

John turns and calls dramatically to the room.

CONSTANTINE (CONT'D)
Engine's on fire! It's gonna blow!

John nods silently to Chaz, who takes over the evacuation.

CHAZ
Everyone out. Clear the room.

General panic descends. Employees and customers hurry out, as Chaz oversees the exodus to make sure they all go. Liv looks at John questioningly.

CONSTANTINE
Stay here.

Cautiously, he lets go of her wrists, steps forward, and peers around the van's window pillar to see --

TALIA crushed behind the wheel and pinned in her seat. With the broken neck, her head dangles sideways, almost upside down. She has limited vision as a result, and her hands blindly slap around for purchase against the glass and seats, accounting for the slapping sounds.

Over his shoulder John hears a SCREAM. He turns to see Liv has stepped forward and stares at Talia with shock.

LIV
Talia! She's alive!

CONSTANTINE
That's not Talia. Her body's been hijacked.
(deeply troubled)
This is all wrong. They never operate in the open like this.

Liv starts to lose it.

LIV
I don't understand. What's happening?

John leans as close as he dare to Talia.

CONSTANTINE
Who are you?

Talia, head lolling, ROTATES HER EYES to look at John. The effect is extremely disturbing.

CONTINUED: (2)

CONSTANTINE (CONT'D)
Who sent you?

From deep down, Talia begins LAUGHING, a voluminous and low-pitched laughter that defies her petite body. Abruptly, the laughter stops, Talia falls limp, and the demon flees, which we track in a smooth upward WOOSH --

-- as all the desk lamps BLOW OUT at once, the Venture sign on the wall EXPLODES, and finally the overhead fluorescents POP-POP-POP like fireworks inside their protective fixtures.

John turns to check on Liv -- but she's nowhere to be seen.

CONSTANTINE (CONT'D)
Liv? Liv!
(then)
Brilliant.

Behind him, one side of the Venture sign on the wall comes loose, and the sign starts swinging back and forth. Off John, alone in the chaos --

FADE OUT.

**END OF ACT ONE**

**ACT TWO**

FADE IN:

EXT. RESIDENTIAL NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

Liv drives a borrowed rental car from work through a modest neighborhood of small pre-war homes. The rental car slows and pulls into the driveway of one. Liv, still upset, exits the car and heads to the front door.

INT. GEORGIA'S HOUSE/KITCHEN - DAY

FOLLOW Liv as she opens the door and pushes into the house.

LIV
Mom?

She hears VOICES and follows them into the modest kitchen, where GEORGIA, 50s, as plump and familiar as home cooking, sits at the table surrounded by wallpaper samples.

GEORGIA
Liv, oh good. Roy's going to paper the guest bathroom. You can help us pick patterns.

Beside Georgia sits ROY, 50s, one of those muscled masculine types, save for the distended belly drooping over the belt buckle. Roy is miserable.

ROY
'Afternoon, Liv.

LIV
Hi, Roy.

Georgia instantly recognizes her daughter is upset.

GEORGIA
Roy, honey, why don't you give Liv and I a little girl time.

Roy, only too happy to go, turns to Liv as he heads out.

ROY
Keep her away from the florals.

When he's gone, Liv turns to Georgia.

LIV
Did you know my father?

Georgia, caught off guard, starts flipping through wallpaper patterns.

CONTINUED:

GEORGIA
What a random question. You know the adoption agency never gave me the name of your birth parents.

LIV
Look at me, Mom.

Liv sits down across from her mother. Georgia reluctantly raises her eyes to meet her daughter's. Liv's heart sinks.

LIV (CONT'D)
It's true. You've been lying to me.

GEORGIA
No, no. Not lying. Improvising.

LIV
My entire life? I have a father.

GEORGIA
It's not like I know him, Liv. I haven't seen him since, you know...

LIV
No. I don't know. Were you married? Were you raped?
(just realizing)
Oh my God. You're my <u>birth</u> mother. You told me you picked me because I had Nana's smile. Why would you do that?

Georgia's feared this day for years. The tears emerge.

GEORGIA
A woman who chooses to be a single mother is a much better role model than a stupid girl who gets knocked up in the desert.

LIV
I don't get it.

GEORGIA
Your Nana, rest her soul, had a good heart, but she believed a woman's power was the power to catch a husband. Every day of my life was a beauty lesson. I can still feel her hovering over me, brushing my hair like a toy doll.

LIV
What's that have to do with --

CONTINUED: (2)

GEORGIA
One summer, when I was a teenager, I ran away.

LIV
To the desert?

GEORGIA
There was a rock festival. I got drunk and met a boy and... all my mother's lessons paid off.

Liv sighs. She's upset but feels for her mom.

LIV
I used to fantasize I had a dad.

GEORGIA
I know that, baby. But I never saw him again. Not even on Facebook.

Finding her motherly strength, Georgia takes Liv's hand.

GEORGIA (CONT'D)
I lied to you because I don't want you to be like me. I want you to find <u>your</u> power. You understand?

LIV
I'm trying to.
(beat)
So what was he like? Dad.

GEORGIA
Well, he was cute. What a smile. And charming. But otherwise, he was just another drunken teenager with a sunburn.

LIV
I think Jasper knew about us.

GEORGIA
(astonished)
How do you know his name?

LIV
I met one of his friends.

Liv, remembering, reaches into her pocket and pulls out the satchel that John gave her. She opens the velvet bag and dumps a PRIMITIVE PENDANT into her hand. Liv studies the tribal fusion of stone and metal and gems that she holds.

CONTINUED: (3)

LIV (CONT'D)
The man I met said this belonged to him. Does it look familiar to you?

Liv lifts the pendant by its chain for her mother to see, but when Liv raises her eyes to look at her mother, Liv lets out a small cry of astonishment.

LIV'S POV: The decrepit ghost of an OLD WOMAN, with tendrils of black veins under parchment white skin, stands behind Georgia. The Old Woman gazes down as she lovingly brushes Georgia's hair. Georgia, oblivious to the specter hovering over her shoulder, looks at Liv with concern.

GEORGIA
What's the matter, baby?

ANGLE ON LIV. She's in disbelief.

LIV
Nana?

LIV'S POV: The gaunt and wretched figure raises her head toward Liv -- to reveal her eye sockets are EMPTY BLACK HOLLOWS. When she exhales, she breathes out FROST.

Liv, freaked out, turns and runs out. From this objective POV, the Old Woman is no longer visible. Georgia rises.

GEORGIA
Liv? What's wrong? Liv!

But Liv is gone. We hear the front door SLAM.

EXT. RESIDENTIAL NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

The rental car driven by Liv tears out of the neighborhood too fast, squealing around corners, running a stop sign.

INT. RENTAL CAR - CONTINUOUS

Liv drives blindly. Not thinking. Just fleeing. Through the windows, we can see that her vehicle has cleared the residential streets and now races through open farmland.

As she puts as much distance as possible between herself and that thing, Liv feels overwhelmed and the tears start to flow. She wipes her eyes, then sees through the windshield --

A LONE FIGURE in a trench coat standing in the empty road.

EXT. FARMLAND - CONTINUOUS

The rental car BRAKES, laying long skid marks and stopping with its front bumper inches from Constantine.

CONTINUED:

On the side of the road, Chaz waits in the yellow cab. Liv exits her car, slams the door, and marches to confront John.

LIV
What's happening to me!

CONSTANTINE
Are you ready for my help?

LIV
How can you help me?

CONSTANTINE
I know what you are, luv. And you don't. First we need to get you off the street, before that heat seeker comes back.

LIV
No! You tell me right now! What am I? What was my father?

CONSTANTINE
Impatience. The psychic disease of the 21st century. Where's the pendant?

Liv hands him the satchel. John removes the pendant, places it in her hand, and clasps his around hers. Liv stares at their joined hands in fear.

CONSTANTINE (CONT'D)
Look around.

LIV
No --

CONSTANTINE
Do it.

Liv raises her head. The first things that catches her eye are WISPY DARK SHADOWS streaking across the gray sky, like dozens of shooting stars, traveling this way and that.

LIV
What are they?

CONSTANTINE
Souls. Trapped. Searching for a way out.

One of them pauses overhead, briefly revealing a PAINED HUMAN FORM, like Edvard Munch's *The Scream*, then darts off.

CONTINUED: (2)

LIV
Can you see them?

CONSTANTINE
You're the one with the second sight. What else do you see?

LIV
Nothing.

CONSTANTINE
(checks his watch)
That's odd. It should be passing through any minute.

LIV
What should?

Liv spins, looking around, then SCREAMS at the sight of --

A huge STEAM TRAIN barrelling straight for them. Its HORN BLASTS. Instead of a road, they're standing on train tracks now. Just as the train is about to hit them, John snatches the pendant from Liv's hand and --

THE TRAIN VANISHES. An instant before it strikes John and Liv. But a real-life WHOOSH OF AIR blows over them, taking away Liv's breath. She turns to John, breathless.

LIV (CONT'D)
There was a train!

CONSTANTINE
A century ago, this highway was a railroad. Till a passenger train crashed into a freight engine that was fouling the main line. Nine passengers died. Never knew what him 'em. For them, that train ride will never end.

LIV
So that was what? A ghost train? That's impossible.

CONSTANTINE
You can deny it if you like. You can deny anything if you like. You still saw it.

LIV
Why? Why can I see it?

CONTINUED: (3)

CONSTANTINE
You inherited your father's gift. When you touch his necklace, it focuses your ability to see what he saw.

LIV
Which is what?

CONSTANTINE
The worlds behind our world. The parallel planes of existence. The entities among us. Jasper could see 'em all. So will you, in time.

LIV
What was he to you? My father.

The question catches John unprepared. He abruptly looks away, pushing down a deeper pain, then turns back to Liv.

CONSTANTINE
A fellow occultist. He gave me no more or less than he gave all his friends, but it was more than I've ever known. Now pull your car off the road. You're coming with us.

John turns for the cab. Liv remains stubbornly standing. He looks back.

CONSTANTINE (CONT'D)
Oh for heaven's sake. Will you please come with us?

LIV
Only if you promise to tell me more about my dad.

CONSTANTINE
(with a pang of sadness)
Okay, but knowledge don't come cheap, luv. Sometimes the price can be astronomical.

Together, they turn to go.

EXT. DECO THEATER - DAY

The cab parks in front of a derelict deco theater, surrounded by chain-link and scheduled for demo. John, Liv and Chaz exit the car. Chaz waves them through a hole in the fence.

CHAZ
This way. May I hold your coat?

CONTINUED:

LIV
No, I'm good. Thank you. What are we doing here?

CONSTANTINE
We need an abandoned space to catch whatever's after you. Chaz scouted this theater. First rule of thumb in our work is no witnesses.

LIV
Why?

CHAZ
They die.

The trio disappears into the theater through a back door.

INT. DECO THEATRE - DAY

HIGH ANGLE on the stage floor, most of which is occupied by a sprawling DEMON SEAL, an intricate circular painting full of occult symbols and runes. Using a brush, John puts finishing touches on the paint job. Liv watches curiously.

LIV
What is it?

CONSTANTINE
Demon Seal.

LIV
You get that out of a book?

CONSTANTINE
This one's a proprietary design. The Triangle of Solomon with Elder Runes and demon script. When it's done, I'll summon your demon inside and order it to hell.

LIV
I thought you didn't know what was after me.

CONSTANTINE
Oh, I know it's a demon. I just don't know what sent it. Now if Jasper were here, we'd have it all worked out.

Liv is strangely proud of John's regard for her father.

LIV
He was that good?

CONTINUED:

CONSTANTINE
World class.

LIV
How'd he die?

John messes up a brush stroke, then steadily continues. We sense there's more to his connection to Jasper than we know.

CONSTANTINE
Bravely.

LIV
Maybe this demon wants revenge for something he did. Maybe that's why it's after me.

CONSTANTINE
I'm not concerned with the why and what not. I just want to send the beast packing, square my debt with your dad, and be done.

Overhead, a bank of stage lights FLIP ON, casting John and Liv in a glaring light. John turns and calls backstage.

CONSTANTINE (CONT'D)
Yo! Chaz! Enough with the lights!

Chaz enters from the theater lobby in the opposite direction.

CHAZ
I didn't turn them on.

CONSTANTINE
(realizing)
We're not ready.

INSERT: An ELECTRICAL PANEL backstage. A bank of stage light switches FLIPS ON on by an unseen hand, followed by a second bank, and then a third.

On stage, Liv and John shield their eyes as ROW AFTER ROW of overhead stage lights turn on and blast light down on them.

LIV
What do we do? John? John!

CLOSE ON JOHN

Staring upward, looking lost. Desperate. His face shows a sense of helplessness we haven't seen and can't imagine.

CONSTANTINE
Don't hurt her... don't.

CONTINUED: (2)

PULL BACK to reveal John with his arms around a 9-year-old girl in a white pajama gown, ASTRA, her face buried in his chest, crying. We're no longer in the theater --

INT. LIMBO - CONTINUOUS

We're in the limbo of John's memory. Keep PULLING BACK until the SILHOUETTE OF A DEMON enters frame, facing away from us. We can't see it clearly, but it has a primal shape, like the half-human, half-animal monsters that haunt the 17th-century canvasses of Francisco Goya. John begs.

CONSTANTINE
I'll do anything. Please...

In two unearthly steps, the demon, NERGAL, strides forward and grabs Astra. As the girl SCREAMS in terror, CUT TO --

INT. DECO THEATER - CONTINUOUS

Liv SCREAMS, as an ELECTRICAL CORD breaks free, lashes out, and SNARES HER ANKLE. It yanks her off her feet and DRAGS HER BY THE FOOT, right into the Demon Circle.

John snaps out of his revery and races toward Liv, who finds herself on her back, staring up at the dazzling stage lights. One of the heavy units BREAKS FREE and plummets down, just as Chaz hooks his hands under her shoulders and PULLS HER CLEAR. The light CRASHES a foot from Liv's head.

A second ELECTRICAL CORD ensnares Liv's other ankle and PULLS HER out of Chaz's grasp, back into the circle. John bravely stands over Liv, straddling her body under the spotlight, as more STAGE LIGHTS DROP like WWII artillery shells.

CONSTANTINE
*The sacred cross commands you! The Star of David commands you!*

Chaz uses his knife to cut the cords holding Liv. As John continues to speak, the stage lights slowly stop falling.

CONSTANTINE (CONT'D)
*The Omkar, the Lotus, and the Shahada command you! Flee our presence!*

Once Liv is free, Chaz lifts her into his powerful arms and carries her off stage. John hops off the stage and follows. The stage lights behind them DIM and then DIE OUT.

CONSTANTINE (CONT'D)
Think I got it.

CONTINUED:

The trio are halfway to the lobby when, with a demonic force of will, all the stage lights behind them SWITCH ON AT ONCE, like blinding stadium lights. From backstage, a METAL POLE comes flying out in SLOW MOTION. We follow its graceful arc over the stage, across the theater, and down into --

-- the back of Chaz. The pole pierces his side like a spear. Chaz stumbles to his knees, dropping Liv.

CHAZ
Go on. Don't wait.

LIV
No --

CONSTANTINE
Come on! We can't stop!

John pulls Liv through the lobby door and out of sight.

EXT. ART DECO - DAY

A theater door bursts open. Liv turns to John in tears.

LIV
Chaz... we need to go back for him.

CONSTANTINE
Like hell.

LIV
He's your friend!

CONSTANTINE
He can handle himself.

Liv doesn't care. She turns to go back inside.

LIV
He needs our help.

John places a hand on her shoulder.

CONSTANTINE
If you go back in there, we'll all die.

Liv is outraged, but too shaken to argue. John takes her firmly by the hand and pulls her toward the yellow cab.

FADE OUT.

**END OF ACT TWO**

**ACT THREE**

FADE IN:

EXT. CONNECTICUT HILLS - DAY

The yellow cab winds its way along a mountainous road. The surrounding trees are aflame with explosions of fall colors.

EXT. LAKE HOUSE - DAY

The cab pulls to a stop in the driveway of a lake house, but not just any lake house. It's a dreamy STORYBOOK COTTAGE by way of a Black Forest nightmare, dangerous and whimsical all at once. John exits, walks around, and opens Liv's door.

CONSTANTINE
We'll be safe here.

LIV
No one's safe around you.

Liv angrily exits and pushes past John, who closes the door.

INT. LAKE HOUSE - DAY

John unlocks the front door with a RING OF KEYS and enters the house. Liv follows him inside. She glances around the rustic and warmly appointed home, unmoved.

LIV
Who lives here?

CONSTANTINE
Presently unoccupied.

LIV
I'm guessing it belonged to one of your dead friends.

CONSTANTINE
As a matter of fact. It was your father's. He wanted you to have it.

John tosses her the keys. Astonished, Liv looks out the window toward the soulful nourishment of the still lake.

LIV
My father owned a house on Lake Waramug? I spent my childhood summers on this lake.

CONSTANTINE
Fancy that. He built it to watch over you. Over protective, I say.

CONTINUED:

LIV
You promised me answers. Instead, the questions keep getting bigger.

CONSTANTINE
That's the human condition. I can hardly be blamed.

John turns and walks out. Liv stares at the keys in her hands, taking a second to process, then follows him into --

INT. MAP ROOM - DAY

Liv follows John down dank stairs to a stone-walled basement transformed into a map room. Everywhere you turn are GLOBES, TOPOGRAPHIES and MAPS -- new and old, rolled up, spread out, hanging. The tension in Liv relaxes as she looks around.

LIV
What's with all the maps?

John looks over a small bookcase of OCCULT TEXTBOOKS.

CONSTANTINE
Jasper used them for divination. No one could find trouble faster than your dad, literally.

LIV
How?

CONSTANTINE
It's called scrying. Take out your pendant. Dangle it over a map.
(finding book)
Ah, here it is.

John takes down a leather-bound GRIMOIRE and starts flipping through the pages. Behind him, Liv looks over a drafting table with a chimerical, hand-illustrated MAP OF NEW YORK STATE. A CLOSER LOOK reveals unfamiliar locales: DAMNATION BAY, PANDEMONIUM, ILLUSION FALLS, SEVEN DEVILS, PHANTOM HILL.

LIV
This looks like a map of New York, but what's with the locations? I don't recognize these names.

CONSTANTINE
Jasper taught himself cartography. Started drawing his own maps, based on what he saw. Find a city map.

Liv pulls a MAP from a stand and unrolls it on a table.

CONTINUED:

LIV
Here's one of Manhattan.

She takes out the pendant and holds it over the map, swinging it slightly. John, meanwhile, finds what's he's looking for.

CONSTANTINE
Found your demon. Goes by the name of Furcifer. The angel was right, it's not common by a long shot.

LIV
What angel?

CONSTANTINE
(reading book, worried)
Furcifer draws strength from electricity. It can manifest tempests and lightning.

Liv is still swaying the pendant on its chain over the map of Manhattan. Suddenly, it FREEZES MID-AIR, straining at a 45-degree angle toward a spot in Lower Manhattan.

LIV
Hey hey! Look! I did it!
(off the map)
Chambers Street. So what, like, something bad's happening here?

CONSTANTINE
It's daytime. Most of the things your power's connected to hunt at night.

LIV
We should warn someone.

CONSTANTINE
Not exactly a system in place for that, is there?

LIV
Well, we should do something.

CONSTANTINE
We are. We're keeping you alive. I have an idea to cut Furcifer down to size but it means using you as bait.

LIV
I'm bait either way. People are dying around me.

CONTINUED: (2)

CONSTANTINE
I need the help of a contact at MIT. You sit tight till I come back.

LIV
Alone? What about the demon?

CONSTANTINE
Your father took care of that. This is a spiritual safe house. Loaded with ritual protections. Just stay on the property.

John heads out, leaving Liv alone.

EXT. MIT - DAY

A HEAVY RAIN is falling. John, driving the yellow cab, waits at the security gate, while the security guard, an OLD MAN in a slicker, checks the ID of the car ahead. When John reaches the gate, the security guard steps forward --

-- but John can see that he's now MANNY in a slicker. We'll realize that as an angel Manny has the power to step into other people's bodies. John is dismayed to see Manny.

CONSTANTINE
You know, it’s a fine line between “watching over” and “stalking.”

MANNY
I was right, wasn’t I? That wasn’t a common demon attack last night.

CONSTANTINE
Could you open the gate, please? I’m in a time pinch.

Manny closes his eyes tight. PUSH INTO his face, intensely focused. When Manny lifts his head, CUT WIDE to reveal --

The rain has stopped. Literally, DROPS ARE SUSPENDED in mid-air. Time has ceased, all around them. Nothing moves and the city is silent.

John exits the cab and waves a hand in the air. When the hovering drops hit his skin, they melt instantly, and the trail of his hand leaves a clear TUNNEL THROUGH THE RAIN.

CONSTANTINE (CONT’D)
Well this is new.

MANNY
Did you identify Liv’s attacker?

CONTINUED:

John peers through the tunnel he made with his hand.

CONSTANTINE
Furcifer.

MANNY
(frowns gravely)
That's a bad sign. A demon from the inner circle can't make it to this plane without powerful help.

CONSTANTINE
Last night, you said a dark force was coming. I talked to a colleague with bad dreams who agrees with you.

MANNY
Did he say what it was?

CONSTANTINE
He doesn't know.

Manny nods, introspective. John senses the truth.

CONSTANTINE (CONT'D)
Neither do you. I thought you cloud-huggers had all the answers.

MANNY
We're merely observers.

CONSTANTINE
You're not observing now. I think you want me to find information.

MANNY
Look at it from my position. We were created to bear testament to the development of man's spirit. Provide comfort, when possible. But watching the same blunders, century after century... it's hell.

CONSTANTINE
So you've taken matters into your own hands.

MANNY
Somebody had to.

CONSTANTINE
Slippery slope there, chum. That's how the First of the Fallen made his name.

CONTINUED: (2)

MANNY
We have different agendas. If you find out what threat is coming, I'll use that to save lives.

CONSTANTINE
What about my life, eh? You and yours damned me to hell. Why should I risk what little time I have left?

MANNY
Because thanks to your hubris you <u>are</u> damned to hell, Constantine. You're a carnival con man. A practitioner of shabby magic.

CONSTANTINE
Now hold on --

MANNY
Your decisions are questionable at best and without conscience at worst. Why should you risk what life you have left? Because maybe, for the first time in your life, that fight inside you can actually make a difference.

The implication of these words hit John like a flying brick. He looks down, disbelieving.

CONSTANTINE
Are you suggesting it's not too late for me to save my soul?

When he looks back up, he's facing the elderly guard and the RAIN IS FALLING again. Did Manny just suggest there's still a chance for him?

OLD MAN
You all right, sir?

CONSTANTINE
No. Not even a little bit.

John stands unsteady and shaken in the heavy downpour.

FADE OUT.

**<u>END OF ACT THREE</u>**

**ACT FOUR**

FADE IN:

INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY - DAY

John, still dripping wet, walks down a hallway with scattered COLLEGE STUDENTS. He draws the attention of a pretty COED.

CONSTANTINE
Professor Simpson's office?

COED
Last door on the left.

She smiles flirtatiously. John nods courtly and walks to the door she indicated and stops, amused.

PAN TO REVEAL that the door and the walls around the door are obscured by hundreds of POST-IT NOTES, all written reminders. The only open space is a door plaque that reads: "RITCHIE SIMPSON, DOCTOR OF METAPHYSICS."

INT. RITCHIE'S OFFICE - DAY

CLOSE on a RED PEN writing a vigorous "D" on a paper. The bony hand grabs a PRESCRIPTION BOTTLE, taps out some pills, and tosses them into the waiting mouth of RITCHIE SIMPSON. "Woeful" can't begin to describe this jaundiced deadhead, 40, with his sorry ponytail and afflicted eyes.

There's a KNOCK on the door. Ritchie quickly scoops multiple prescription bottles into a desk drawer and shuts it.

RITCHIE
Yeah. Come in.

The door opens and John saunters in with his soggy trench coat. Ritchie rolls his chair back and rises in fright.

CONSTANTINE
Hi'ya Ritchie. Long time.

RITCHIE
Get out of my office.

CONSTANTINE
Now is that any way to greet a mate?

RITCHIE
Fine, I'll get out. Take what you want. Just don't come near me.

Ritchie starts stuffing files into his saddlebag to go.

CONTINUED:

CONSTANTINE
Papa Midnite says something big's on the way.

Despite himself, Ritchie hesitates for beat.

CONSTANTINE (CONT'D)
I can see the spark in your eyes. Tells me you're still data-mining for paranormal events. What are your computers showing?

RITCHIE
If I tell you, will you leave?

John shrugs. Perhaps. Ritchie pulls a FILE from his bag and hands it to John, who flips through POLICE REPORTS.

RITCHIE (CONT'D)
Eyewitness reports are off the charts. I'm cross-referencing unexplained phenomenon in news wires, police reports, chat rooms. Things are crossing over from the shadows into the light on a scale we've never seen.

CONSTANTINE
That would include a demon from the inner circle terrorizing a young lady I know. I need your help, old son. Can you hack a power grid?

RITCHIE
I think I'll pass, John.

Ritchie shoulders his saddlebag.

CONSTANTINE
Listen Ritchie, I know Newcastle was a miscalculation --

RITCHIE
(unleashing)
It was a nightmare. I saw it all. What happened to that girl. Can't make it through a day now without Oxy to dull the pain. Diazepam to make me sleep. And I'll only get out of bed for Dextroamphetamine. I'm a walking pharmacy, John.

CONSTANTINE
We all learned our lessons.

CONTINUED: (2)

RITCHIE
Yeah, and mine was to stay away from you.

Ritchie starts to head for the door, but John puts a firm hand on his friend's chest, stopping him.

CONSTANTINE
You know, the coppers in Newcastle are still searching for the man who murdered Astra.

RITCHIE
It wasn't a man.

CONSTANTINE
They don't know that. 'Be a shame if I decided to come clean and ID my pal Ritchie as the killer.

Ritchie stares hatefully at John, against whom he knows he's entirely powerless.

RITCHIE
I wish it were you, John. I wish that demon took you instead.

CONSTANTINE
That makes two of us. Once more into the breach, Ritchie. You'll never see me again. I swear it.

Off the tense standoff between John and Ritchie --

INT. LAKE HOUSE - DEN - NIGHT

WIDE ANGLE on the den, lit by the flickering orange glow of a roaring fire in the expansive stone fireplace. An ORNATE MIRROR hangs above the hand-hewn wood mantle. Liv enters the den with two logs and bends down to add them to the fire. When she straightens up, looking at the mirror, she sees --

-- the REFLECTION OF A MAN in a heavy jacket standing right behind her, his hands reaching out for her neck. Liv SCREAMS and turns --

-- but there's no one in the room. The den is empty. Liv takes one step away from the fire and turns back to look at the mirror, which she now stands directly in front of.

LIV'S POV: In the mirror, Liv sees her own reflection, now standing next to THE MAN, who has no awareness of her being there. Looking closer, Liv can see that he wasn't, in fact, reaching out for her.

CONTINUED:

He's holding his hands out to the fire, warming them. He appears chilled with traces of snow on the arms and shoulders of his cozy fur-lined jacket.

ANGLE ON LIV. Astonished, she turns to look beside her. No one is there. She turns back to the mirror. There he is. Liv peers into the mirror. It's too dark to make out the man's face, but it would appear to be a gentle face.

LIV
Dad?

The man in the mirror turns away and steps to the couch. Liv remains where she stands, so she can follow his movements in the glass.

LIV'S POV: Reaching into his coat pocket, the man pulls out what appears to be a 5x7 PHOTOGRAPH, opens a hidden drawer in the coffee table, then pauses to gaze warmly at the picture. He then places the photo in the drawer, closes it, and walks from the room.

ANGLE ON LIV. Tremulously, she turns away from the mirror. Of course, the room behind her is empty. Holding her breath, she moves swiftly to the coffee table, finds the drawer, and slides it open. Inside, she sees a small stack of PHOTOS.

Liv takes them out and starts flipping through them. They are PHOTOS OF LIV, mostly 5x7 school photos over the years. Seeing them, seeing her father's interest in her life, Liv feels bittersweet.

She reaches the bottom of the pile of photos and finds one more, a Polaroid. It's a picture of a DRUNKEN TEENAGE COUPLE, standing arm in arm before the Burning Man, with great big smiles.

The tears that have been threatening to fall finally do. It's a sweet moment, until --

LOUD POUNDING at the front door startles Liv and makes us jump. Wiping her tears, Liv crosses to the foyer.

INT. FOYER - CONTINUOUS

Liv peers through the peephole, then opens the door for John, holding a grocery bag. He looks her over.

CONSTANTINE
Don't cry. I brought groceries.

LIV
I saw a man. In the mirror over the fireplace. With a big fur coat. Was that...?

CONTINUED:

CONSTANTINE
Jasper? Sounds like him.

LIV
Why could I see him?

CONSTANTINE
Time's out of joint in that mirror. You were watching the past. I should'a warned you. You'll find lots of dodgy business in this house. Coming through.

Liv steps back to let John pass, then she turns to close the door, only to find herself facing the towering figure of --

CHAZ holding two grocery bags. Liv SCREAMS.

CHAZ
Sorry to startle you.

LIV
But you're... you died.

CHAZ
I don't believe so.

Chaz enters and heads to the kitchen. Liv shuts the door and follows him insistently.

LIV
You had a pole in your body.

They reach --

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

John is unloading groceries.

CONSTANTINE
There's a reason Chaz is my oldest friend. I'm sworn not to divulge details, but let's just say he's a survivor.

LIV
He's more than that.

CHAZ
Thank you.

CONSTANTINE
Time for that famous rack of lamb. We could all use some grub before we head out.

CONTINUED:

LIV
We're going after the demon tonight?

CONSTANTINE
Live in the now, I always say.

Liv, suddenly unsure, quietly joins them unloading groceries.

EXT. MANHATTAN - NIGHT

AERIAL SHOTS of New York carry us into the city.

EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - NIGHT

CLOSE on hundred-dollar bills being counted out from one set of hands to another.

CONSTANTINE
Three hundred, four hundred, five hundred dollars.

John finishes counting out the bills to a slovenly RENTAL GUARD in a fenced-off construction site.

CONSTANTINE (CONT'D)
And thank you for making my wife's fantasy come true.

John puts an arm over Liv's shoulder and gives her a squeeze. The Rental Guard gives them a dubious look.

RENTAL GUARD
You really want to have sex way up there?

When he points up, we TILT UP to reveal that they're standing at the base of a SOARING SKYSCRAPER in skeletal form, still under construction. It's so tall we can't even see the top, which disappears into the gloomy black sky.

Liv looks up. The mere thought of this makes her stomach pitch. She turns to the Rental Guard and forces a smile.

LIV
Sure do.

RENTAL GUARD
Well, wear protection.

He offers them two HARD HATS, which John and Liv accept.

CONSTANTINE
One more crucial detail. There's an extra hundred in it for you, if you keep this by your side.

CONTINUED:

John hands him an ordinary household LIGHT BULB.

RENTAL GUARD
A light bulb?

CONSTANTINE
If it glows, call me immediately.

RENTAL GUARD
It's not screwed into anything.

CONSTANTINE
Just keep an eye on it and call me.
You have my cell phone number.

John hoists the duffle bag at his feet. He and Liv enter the construction elevator, slide the door closed, and hit the button. With a noisy lurch, the elevator starts to rise.

INT. SKYSCRAPER - NIGHT

On the concrete floor of one of the uppermost floors, John uses a paint brush to replicate the DEMON SEAL from the theater. The structure of the skyscraper is complete but it's only framed in metal, so the entire floor is open-air, with no exterior walls. This offers stunning views of surrounding skyscrapers, brightly lit, in every direction.

Liv curiously watches John.

LIV
That didn't work before. Why do you think it's gonna work now?

CONSTANTINE
I didn't know it was an arch demon before. This time I leveled the playing field. Or raised it, technically.

LIV
Why didn't we bring Chaz?

CONSTANTINE
If this goes south, luv, there's nothing he can do for us.

John finishes the last stroke and sets down the brush.

CONSTANTINE (CONT'D)
That should do it. Time to step into the circle.

Liv fearfully looks at the circle.

CONTINUED:

LIV
It looks like a giant bulls eye.

CONSTANTINE
That's the point.

LIV
I'd feel safer if Chaz was here.

CONSTANTINE
There's a vote of confidence.

John holds out a hand. Liv takes a deep breath, takes his hand, and steps over the line into the Demon Seal.

EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - NIGHT

The Rental Guard sits inside his guard shack, playing Candy Crush on his Android, with that CALLIOPE MUSIC playing. He reaches a new level and the game announces: "Sweet!" The guard smiles, and then the screen starts to GLITCH.

RENTAL GUARD
No no no... that's my high score!

As the guard tries to restore his game, PAN to the counter behind him, where the there light bulb starts to GLOW.

INT. SKYSCRAPER - NIGHT

Liv now sits cross-legged in the Demon Seal. John sits idly by with a deck of cards, flipping them one by one into an empty bucket, hitting each one. She watches him curiously.

LIV
So where'd you come from?

CONSTANTINE
The sordid passions of my parents.

LIV
You do that a lot, you know.

CONSTANTINE
What's that?

LIV
Deflect emotions with humor.

CONSTANTINE
Do I.

LIV
The kind of weird humor that makes me wonder if you're a sociopath.

CONTINUED:

CONSTANTINE
Forgive me if I don't wallow in my feelings. I'm a firm believer in repressing the past. It's where we are that counts.

LIV
No, where we come from counts, too. I just found out my boring life had a really good prologue, and I missed it. I'd give anything for a chance to have known my father.

John throws another card. Bingo. Liv studies him.

LIV (CONT'D)
C'mon, John. I'm sitting here waiting for an arch demon to take me out. The least you can do is share one small personal detail.

CONSTANTINE
(beat)
My mom died giving birth to me.

LIV
Or one big detail. I'm sorry.

She means it. John throws a card -- it misses the bucket.

CONSTANTINE
My dad said it was my fault. He had a nickname for me. I heard it every day. "Hey there, Killer." And after a night at the pub, which was every night, he'd punch my head and say, "That's for what you did to your mom, Killer."

LIV
Did you report him to the police?

CONSTANTINE
He was one of London's finest.

LIV
That's awful. Do you ever wonder sometimes? What your mom was like?

CONSTANTINE
No point in wondering. I'm going to find her.

LIV
How?

CONTINUED: (2)

CONSTANTINE
When I was a teenager, I started reading every book I could find on the occult. Taught myself spells, rituals, curses. I had a knack for it. Learned to conjure all kinds of dead things. Just not her. Not yet.

LIV
Is that how you got into all this?

CONSTANTINE
Maybe. Or maybe I just made it all up.

Liv stares at him, unsure what to think. Without warning, the single-bulb construction lights strung around their perimeter start to FLICKER. John and Liv rise to their feet.

CONSTANTINE (CONT'D)
Get ready.

They look around, expectantly. The lights continue to buzz and flicker. They hear STEPS behind them and turn to see --

The Rental Guard enter from the stairs. John sighs, annoyed.

CONSTANTINE (CONT'D)
I told you to call my cell. You don't want to be here right now.

The slovenly guard just stands there. His eyes look around, taking in the Demon Seal. Instinctively, Liv places her hand on her chest -- clutching her father's pendant, now hanging around her neck. She scrutinizes the guard.

LIV'S POV: The guard's body is GLOWING WHITE HOT from the spectral entity inside.

LIV
That's not the guard.

The Rental Guard's lips curl into a dark smile.

FADE OUT.

**END OF ACT FOUR**

**ACT FIVE**

FADE IN:

INT. SKYSCRAPER - NIGHT

John faces down the grinning Rental Guard.

CONSTANTINE
You killed that nice gentleman? Should'a seen that coming. Well, you want her. Go get her, chief.

The Demon Guard looks down at the edge of the circle but doesn't move. Liv is terrified but works up her courage.

LIV
Come on! You want me dead? Get on with it!

The guard speaks in his voice, but LOW and GUTTURAL.

DEMON GUARD
As you wish.

To John's mild surprise and Liv's sudden horror, the demon steps forward, crossing the threshold into the painted seal. Liv takes an involuntary breath and steps backward. John launches into an intense invocation to dispatch the demon.

CONSTANTINE
*Furcifer de hoc mundo exisse. In nomine Dei iuberis. De hoc mundo exisse in nomine Dei iuberis.*

The demon turns to John and laughs in low amusement.

DEMON GUARD
Nergal said your rituals lack the power of intention, and he was right.

Liv turns to run from the Demon Seal, but nearby EXTENSION CORDS snap to life, LASHING around Liv and holding her there.

LIV
John!

The demon ignores Liv and stays focused on John.

DEMON GUARD
You don't respect your enemy. If you did, you'd know where I draw my strength from.

CONTINUED:

CONSTANTINE
I do know. Why do you think we're on the top of a skeletal building? All I gotta do is switch off the electricity...

For the first time, we notice John stands near an electrical panel. He reaches out and FLIPS OFF THE MAIN SWITCH, killing the construction lights around them.

CONSTANTINE (CONT'D)
...and you're cut off.

Liv tries to pull free but the cords secure her tight.

LIV
John?

DEMON GUARD
You think that's enough? You led me to the heart of New York City at night.

The Demon Guard raises his hands overhead and an ELECTRICAL STORM erupts over the city in a rare display of ground-to-cloud lightning. DAZZLING BOLTS with crackling fingers of blue-white energy race across the sky in every direction.

DEMON GUARD (CONT'D)
In this city, I'm a God.

CONSTANTINE
That reminds me. Almost forgot.

John picks up a FLARE GUN, which he had hidden, aims it out the wall of the skyscraper, and FIRES A FLARE into the sky.

EXT. CONSTRUCTION SIGHT - NIGHT

Ritchie sits in his van below, watching the electrical show. When he sees the RED FLARE, he turns to his open laptop.

RITCHIE
I hope you're right, John.

Ritchie enters a string of command codes on his computer.

INT. SKYSCRAPER - NIGHT

Abruptly, the lightning storm DIES. The Demon Guard looks around in confusion. Outside the open-air walls, the lights of Manhattan start to BLINK OUT, entire grids going dark, one by one.

CONTINUED:

DEMON GUARD
What's this?

CONSTANTINE
The power of intention.

When our heroes are standing in the center of a black, dead city, John pulls out a match, flicks the tip with his thumb, and drops it onto the seal, which is painted with a flammable liquid that rapidly spreads into a FIERY CIRCLE.

The cords holding Liv loosen and she dives out of the circle as the flaming perimeter closes. The Demon Guard steps to the edge of the circle and looks out over the flames to John.

DEMON GUARD
Let me out. By my pledge to the First of the Fallen, I'll free Astra's soul.

CONSTANTINE
That's not your call.

DEMON GUARD
(calls out)
Nergal! Give her to me!

That surprises John. He straightens at the sound of a voice.

ASTRA (O.S.)
Where am I?

John steps closer to the flames surrounding the Demon Guard and looks down to see a tear-streaked Astra standing next to him, wearing her white pajamas, the embodiment of innocence.

CONSTANTINE
Astra?

ASTRA
John!

She tries to step forward, but the Demon Guard places a hand on her shoulder, restraining her. Completely adrift, losing his emotional stability, John turns to Liv.

CONSTANTINE
Is it her?

Liv touches her necklace, looks at Astra, and tears up. Liv nods yes. Astra starts crying, imploring John.

ASTRA
I want to go home. Take me home.

CONTINUED: (2)

DEMON GUARD
Say the words, release me from the circle, and her soul is free.

John, who would give anything for that to happen, stares numbly at Astra. He slowly nods his head in acquiescence.

LIV
John! Stop! What would my father do? Do what my father would do, right now.

John turns to stare numbly at Liv, then turns back to Astra, who's now sobbing.

CONSTANTINE
Astra, honey. Forgive me...
(turns to Demon Guard)
Go to hell. *Abi in malam*.

The demon's body IGNITES IN FLAMES, unnatural flames that grow HOTTER AND BRIGHTER, until their fuel is exhausted and the fire just as quickly SNUFFS OUT, leaving a pile of ashes behind -- and no trace of Astra.

CONSTANTINE (CONT'D)
They're liars. All bloody liars. I'll clean up here.

LIV
Are you okay?

CONSTANTINE
My colleague below will drive you home. Make sure you tell him to turn the city back on.

John sadly turns his back on Liv to start cleaning.

INT. VAN - NIGHT

Liv sits in the passenger seat staring outside, while Ritchie drives through Manhattan. The city lights are restored. Liv is quiet, introspective.

LIV
Who's Astra?

RITCHIE
Oh. She was the daughter of a friend of ours in Newcastle. England. A demon possessed her.

LIV
What happened?

CONTINUED:

RITCHIE
We couldn't figure how to get it out. So John, he uh... he decided to conjure a more powerful demon.

LIV
Nergal.

RITCHIE
There's no man alive with a firmer grasp of the occult than John. He said he could control Nergal, order it to drag the lesser demon away.

LIV
Nergal took Astra instead.

RITCHIE
After tearing her apart in front of us. John believes he has every situation under control -- and he makes you believe. That's his magic. And his curse.
(turns to Liv, serious)
Stay away from him, Liv. He's deadly.

Liv sees the conviction in Ritchie's haunted eyes -- and then she sees something out the window, beyond him. It's a street sign: CHAMBERS STREET.

LIV
Hey, this is Chambers Street. John taught me how to scry today and this street came up on the map.

The van approaches FLASHING EMERGENCY LIGHTS.

LIV (CONT'D)
Wait! Stop!

Ritchie stops the van. Liv rushes out.

EXT. CHAMBERS STREET - NIGHT

Liv approaches a CROWD. She pushes her way to the front.

LIV
Excuse me, I'm sorry.

At the front of the crowd, Liv finds police tape surrounding a DEAD BODY on the sidewalk -- an All American teenage boy, his throat torn out. Near the body, a POLICE OFFICER tries to hold back the GRIEVING MOTHER.

CONTINUED:

GRIEVING MOTHER
Let go! Let go of me! Who did this? What kind of monster does this to a boy? Why? *Why!*

The disconsolate woman collapses in the wail of a woman who has lost a child. Witnessing her pain, Liv tears up herself, and then her sorrow transforms to anger.

INT. PUB - NIGHT

John drinks alone at the bar of an English pub. Half a dozen LATE-NIGHTERS, most of them solo, are scattered about. John raises a finger to the bartender, a short-haired BUTCH WOMAN. The woman turns to pour a pint.

LIV (O.S.)
A teen-age boy was killed tonight.

John, half tossed, turns to see Liv join him at the bar.

CONSTANTINE
How'd you find me?

LIV
You're at the nearest pub.

CONSTANTINE
So I am.

LIV
He was killed on Chambers Street. We knew something was gonna happen there. We could've stopped it.

CONSTANTINE
You can't adapt that philosophy, luv. It'll drive you mental.

LIV
Or it'll save innocent people from horrible deaths. I figured it out, John. Why that demon was after me.

CONSTANTINE
You did now, did you?

LIV
Your friend Ritchie told me about the surge in paranormal attacks. So I went to the library to scry...

As Liv talks, she pulls out a UNITED STATES MAP, unfolds it, and spreads it out on the bar. The map is littered with Red X's, a HUNDRED OF THEM, scattered across the country.

CONTINUED:

LIV (CONT'D)
Look. It's happening <u>everywhere</u>.

CONSTANTINE
Take my advice. Go back to your rental cars. Live in the Hobbit house. It'll keep you safe.

LIV
I can <u>never</u> go back. Knowing what I do? I need to find these things and stop them, like my father did. But I can't do it alone.

CONSTANTINE
Afraid you're sniffing around the wrong lamppost. I paid my debt to your dad. You're alive, aren't ya?

LIV
But other people are dying. If you won't fight for them, do it for Astra. Give her loss some meaning.

CONSTANTINE
Hitting below the belt. Seems my lessons are rubbing off.
(beat, somberly)
I'll think about it. Okay?

LIV
Don't think too long.

Liv shoves the map in front of John and exits. John stares at all the X's. CLOSE on the map. A fresh PINT plops down on it. TILT UP to reveal the bartender is now MANNY.

MANNY
Congratulations. You actually made her believe that was all her idea.

CONSTANTINE
'Was easy. Hard part was getting Ritchie to drive ten blocks out of the way to pass Chambers Street. He made me pay for gas.

MANNY
Why didn't you just ask for Liv's help? She has a good soul.

CONSTANTINE
She's too clever, that one. She never would have trusted me. It had to be her idea.

CONTINUED: (2)

MANNY
A shame that young man on Chambers Street had to lose his life.

John stares into his pint, losing himself in the amber.

CONSTANTINE
Shame's what I live with every day. Liv or that boy were slated for death tonight. I could only save one.

MANNY
So you're really joining the fight.

CONSTANTINE
It's what you wanted. And you call me a con man.

MANNY
I just have one question. Are you doing it to save lives, or save your soul?

CONSTANTINE
I think that's a trick question, and I don't have the answer.
(draws on his pint)
Pick up the tab, would ya? You bastards are gonna owe me.

John pushes away from the bar and stumbles into the night. PAN back to the bar, where the Butch Woman is the bartender once again, wiping down the counter where John sat.

INT. HANGAR - NIGHT

From an EXTREME LOW ANGLE, we're GLIDING ACROSS THE FLOOR. Past the dead doctor lying in blood, flies buzzing. Over discarded and empty I.V. bags. At the same time, we hear fitful MOANING.

We reach the FOOT OF A BED, then we glide up and onto the mattress, where we find Papa Midnight lying in bed -- HE'S FALLEN ASLEEP. His body twitches. His lips moan, low.

PUSH INTO his fearful face, to see his eyeballs moving under the lids in furious R.E.M. The moans turn to audible cries, as if something is coming for Papa Midnite in his dream.

PAPA MIDNITE
No... no, por favor.... NOOOOO!

Abruptly, Papa Midnite's eyes POP OPEN, looking straight at us in fear, and he SCREAMS --

EXT. HANGAR - CONTINUOUS

The SCREAM echoes across the empty airfield. His men with their automatic rifles look at each other in superstitious fear, unsure what to do.

INT. HANGAR - NIGHT

One of Papa Midnite's men, a brave foot soldier named MANUEL, enters with trepidation to check on his boss.

FOOT SOLDIER
*¿Hola? Jefe? ¿Estás aquí?*

Manuel crosses to the mattress. Papa Midnite's clothes are torn and shredded on the bed, atop a bloody and flat shape. Manuel steps closer. Using the tip of his AK-47, he pushes the ragged clothing aside to see --

Papa Midnite's EMPTY FLESH. A bloody skin suit without a body inside. And then Manuel hears the voice behind him.

PAPA MIDNITE (O.S.)
Manuel? Is that you?

The Foot Soldier freezes. As he slowly turns, he sees the BLOODY FOOTPRINTS beside the bed, leading away into a shadowy corner. Thankfully the corner is too dark to see anything -- except for the eyes. Two ROUND WHITE SAUCERS without lids, staring at him from the darkness, pleading.

PAPA MIDNITE (CONT'D)
Help me...

A SKINLESS ARM, red and glistening, reaches out of the black and into the light. Off Manuel's total terror --

CUT TO BLACK.

**END OF SHOW**