

CONSTANTINE

Episode #104

“The Devil’s Vinyl”

Written by

Mark Verheiden
&
David S. Goyer

Directed by

Romeo Tirone

3J5554 / 27.12554

Production Draft	July 23, 2014
Full Blue Revisions	July 25, 2014
Full Pink Revisions	July 31, 2014
Yellow Revisions	August 1, 2014
Full Green Revisions	August 4, 2014
Goldenrod Revisions	August 5, 2014
Salmon Revisions	September 10, 2014

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Character List

Episode 104 - Green Revisions

John Constantine

Manny

Chas

Zed Martin

Papa Midnite / Man's Voice

Jasmine Fell

Ian Fell

Julilah Fell

Creed

Traylor

Willie Cole

Bernie

Marcus Mooney

Anton

Duty Nurse

Homeless Man

Freddy / Teenage Boy (sign language)

Johnny Rotten (music playback)

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Location List Episode 104 - Goldenrod Revisions

INTERIORS

Mill House
Ian's Mansion
 Front Room
 Home Studio
 Upstairs Hallway
 Hallway
 Julilah's Bedroom
Chicago Morgue
College Radio Station
 Hallway
 Studio
Moonrise Studios
 Back Room
 Various
Modern Recording Facility
 Kitchen
Large Room
Projects - Corridor (Outside Large Room)
Devonshire Nursing Facility
 Nurses' Station
 Marcus' Room
N.D. Loft
Zed's Car
Creed's Car

EXTERIORS

Mill House
Moonrise Studios
Ian's Mansion
 Back Yard
College Radio Station
Chicago Morgue
Dance Club
 At the Ambulance
Chicago Street
Chicago Projects
Devonshire Nursing Facility
Derelict Warehouse District
Chicago (Stock)
Walled Garden

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Day / Night Breakdown
Episode 104 - Green Revisions

Scene #.....	Day #
1-3.....	Night 1
4-6.....	Night 2
7-9.....	Night 3
10-17.....	Day 4
18-42.....	Night 4
43-56.....	Day 5
56A-61.....	Night 6

TEASER

FADE IN:

1 EXT. MOONRISE STUDIOS - NIGHT (1938) (N1) 1

We are outside a modest studio -- in 1938 the building is alone on the block -- in Memphis' *colored* section. A fancy 1938 era car parked out front. A modest BLACK COUPLE strolls past.

SUPER TITLE: "MEMPHIS, TENNESSEE - 1938"

2 INT. MOONRISE STUDIOS - NIGHT (1938) 2

Bluesman WILLIE COLE (60s) tunes his guitar. Judging by his rings and fancy suit, he's done well. It's hot; thermometer is pushing 90. But oddly, Willie is shivering, chilled, and he looks under the weather. MARCUS MOONEY (20s, white) sets up a Presto audio recorder, getting ready to record a vinyl acetate at 78 rpms. The words "WILLIE COLE - 6-18-38" handwritten on the blank label. Marcus nods to Willie --

MARCUS

All set, Willie. Gonna be a good one tonight.

WILLIE

Best record yet.

MARCUS

You look pale. You feeling okay?

WILLIE

Might have a touch of fever.

MARCUS

Well I know ya'll like to sing alone, so I'll leave you to it.

Marcus turns on the Presto, leaves. Willie sips from a glass of sweet tea. Strums his guitar, singing an eerie lament --

WILLIE

Sun come sinkin' low, shadows gonna rise. Reaper man come for everyone. Crows are gonna fly, bitch dogs gonna howl. Reaper man come for everyone --

Suddenly, the lights FLARE as the playback equipment blares out DEAFENING SOUNDS. Then everything dies. Except for the Presto Recorder. Willie shivers, his breath visible.

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED:

2

WILLIE (CONT'D)

Hello --?

The wall thermometer PLUNGES below 20 as Willie's tea FREEZES and SHATTERS. Then the control room partition ICES OVER --

WILLIE (CONT'D)

No! It's not my time! You promised me! You promised --

Abruptly, the DARKNESS CLOSES AROUND WILLIE, CRUSHING HIM.

And as Willie's SCREAMS reach a fever pitch, we PAN TO the iced-over glass partition as BLOOD spatters across it.

3 EXT. MOONRISE STUDIOS - NIGHT (1938)

3

We DOLLY OUTSIDE. TIME SPEEDS UP as the studio ages. Lights fade out, Willie's elegant ride vanishes, boards cover the windows. BUILDINGS appear to the left and right, the Memphis skyline grows as the studio mural FADES and vegetation grows on the building. A 70's car pulls up out front and two 70's era HOOKERS run to the car. They fade away and HEADLIGHTS flare the lens. This is JASMINE'S PRESENT DAY CAR.

4 EXT. MOONRISE STUDIOS - NIGHT (2014) (N2)

4

PRESENT. The studio is now derelict, graffitied. JASMINE (30s) leaves her car and approaches, attractive, drawn. She's been crying. She looks at her phone; a PHOTO of A GIRL (JULILAH, 10). Steeling herself, Jasmine forces the front door with a crowbar --

5 INT. MOONRISE STUDIOS - VARIOUS - NIGHT (2014)

5

Jasmine enters, uneasy. She turns on a FLASHLIGHT, revealing decades of trash. It's cold here. Jasmine shivers, putting on gloves as her breath becomes visible. As she ventures further in we hear a disconcerting THUMP-THUMP up ahead.

Jasmine's flashlight washes over FLY-RIDDEN DEAD ANIMALS, ALL DESECRATED. A rotting dog has a cross jammed in its carcass. Squirrels are nailed to the wall to make eerie designs. A "DEVIL'S TRAP" has been spray-painted on another wall; a circle with Latin inscriptions and a scorpion trapped in the middle. Jasmine heads deeper, eventually coming upon --

A WHITE-TAIL DEER. Bloated, tongue hanging out. As Jasmine tries to step over it, the deer suddenly KICKS VIOLENTLY, not quite dead. (The source of the THUMPING.) Jasmine gags, heading into --

6 INT. MOONRISE STUDIOS - BACK ROOM - NIGHT (2014) 6

Overhead pipes have frozen and burst, dripping with ICICLES. Jasmine locates a FALSE WALL and attacks it with her crowbar, revealing --

A HIDDEN CACHE. CROSSES jammed inside, surrounding an OBJECT WRAPPED IN CANVAS, coated in ice. Jasmine finds a KING JAMES BIBLE within. Anxious, she opens it, discovering the ORIGINAL ACETATE Willie Cole made the night he died.

7 INT. MODERN RECORDING FACILITY - NIGHT (N3) 7

It's after hours as Jasmine is buzzed inside. She finds BERNIE REED (60s), an old-school British music producer.

JASMINE

Thanks for seeing me, Bernie.

BERNIE

No worries, darlin'. Can I fix you something? Spot of tea?

(sensing her apprehension)

Shot of tequila, perhaps?

JASMINE

I'm good. We alone?

Bernie nods. As Jasmine pulls out the acetate, we note she's still wearing gloves. As Bernie reaches for it --

JASMINE (CONT'D)

Wait. You should put on gloves --

(offers cotton gloves)

The acetate is *old*. The oils from your fingerprints could damage it.

Bernie shrugs, slipping on gloves. He notes the Moonrise Records label on the acetate, then shivers involuntarily --

BERNIE

It's *freezing*. You keeping it inside an icebox?

JASMINE

Just run the spectrum analysis. I need to know if it's genuine. And whatever you do, don't actually --

BERNIE

-- *listen* to the damn thing. You made that clear.

JASMINE

Promise me, Bernie...

(CONTINUED)

7 CONTINUED:

7

Jasmine's phone RINGS, photo of JULILAH on screen.

BERNIE

Hear no evil, I swear. There's
coffee behind the glass -- I'll
get you when I'm done.

Jasmine leaves for the call as Bernie starts the record,
studying the strange waveforms on the analyzer. Mesmerized.

8 INT. MODERN RECORDING FACILITY - KITCHEN - NIGHT

8

Jasmine is on the other side of a soundproof window that
overlooks Bernie in the studio. Wrapping up her call, her
back to the studio.

JASMINE

(into phone)

I'll be home soon as I can, honey.
Your Mama loves you, okay?

Jasmine hangs up and slips off her coat. She reaches in her
purse and removes a PARCHMENT DOCUMENT, written in archaic
symbols, MOST OF THEM FADED. While Jasmine watches, A LETTER
FADES. Only a few left...

9 INT. MODERN RECORDING FACILITY - NIGHT

9

While Jasmine's turned away behind the soundproof glass,
Bernie watches the waveforms, hearing WILLIE COLE'S TINNY
VOICE coming from some headphones he forgot to unplug.
Unable to resist, Bernie puts on the headphones. We hear --

WILLIE (VIA RECORDING)

-- *Reaper man come for everyone.*
Reaper man come for everyone --

Then, AN INHUMAN VOICE intrudes on the track. Bernie squirms
in pain. He tries to pull the headphones off, but they CHILL
WITH FROST, COLD-BURNING his head. He SHRIEKS, his breath
icily visible. He finally tears the headphones off, but
PULLS the plug from the jack, so the acetate NOW PLAYS IN THE
STUDIO. His agony doesn't stop --

While Bernie WRITHES, Jasmine is lost in her thoughts. The
soundproof glass blocks Bernie's SCREAMS.

Bernie can STILL HEAR THE VOICE. Frenzied, he grabs a short,
pointed SCREWDRIVER on his desk and RAMS IT IN HIS EAR, DEEP
INTO HIS BRAIN. He lunges forward and SLAMS on the glass as
he dies, blood SPATTERING --

The POUNDING JOLTS Jasmine, who turns and reacts in HORROR as
Bernie SLIDES DOWN THE GLASS.

(CONTINUED)

9 CONTINUED:

9

She races back into the studio and finds Bernie slumped dead, his face covered in FROST. Acetate still spinning, "CHK CHK CHK" as the needle scrapes the run-off groove. Panicked, she grabs the record and runs.

10 EXT. MILL HOUSE - DAY (D4)

10

ZED MARTIN drives warily, studying the mill house through her windshield. The TAXI sits on blocks, undergoing body work.

CHAS (O.S.)
Hold it right there.

Startled, Zed sees CHAS approaching, a shotgun aimed at her.

CHAS (CONT'D)
You Zed?
(off her nervous nod)
John said you might show up. Kinda hoped you wouldn't.

ZED
I gathered that, seeing as how he didn't actually give me an address.

CHAS
How'd you find us?

Zed produces a SKETCH BOOK from her shoulder bag and flips to a page, revealing a sketch of the mill house.

ZED
Can I get out?

Chas stands back and Zed exits the car. She starts towards the mill house. Chas trots to keep up.

CHAS
John did say you were persistent.

ZED
I found a place to live downtown, so you better get used to me.

CHAS
Zed means 'zero', right? What kind of parents name their kid that?

ZED
Who says my parents named me?

CHAS
(she's done, so --)
Go on, then. Say hi to His Satanic Majesty.

11 INT. MILL HOUSE - DAY

11

On CONSTANTINE, in a room off the main room -- buck-naked, daubed head-to-toe in CHICKEN BLOOD. Standing in a CIRCLE OF SALT. A BUZZCOCKS song blasts over speakers. Atop this, John SCREAMS EVEN LOUDER, mouthing an INCANTATION, doing a mad, whirling dervish dance.

CONSTANTINE

(English then Aramaic)

Hear me, most Unnameable of Devourers... Shmaynee la geree la geray ohkleen who guardeth the Eternal Gateway... who natair yat aboola dahba... I seek an audience with one in your embrace -- evray metah b'pee mehabbaqaq...

As Chas and Zed come in, Zed takes in the scene. Sees John in the room off the main area as Chas gives her the tour.

ZED

He looks ridiculous.

CHAS

He's learning a spell.

ZED

Naked?

CHAS

Says it helps him concentrate. Come on, I'll give you the penny tour --

(moving on)

Mill belonged to a friend. He called it a 'supernatural safe house'. Most of the stuff here's too dangerous to fall into the wrong hands.

ZED

It didn't seem this big on the outside.

CHAS

It's not. I've been measuring the rooms and I keep getting different results. Sometimes, it'll be off by a few inches. Sometimes more --

ZED

That doesn't make any sense.

(CONTINUED)

CHAS

You want sense? You stumbled down
the wrong rabbit hole.

Chas opens a closet -- which leads to a SURREAL CORRIDOR that seemingly stretches on to infinity.

CONSTANTINE (O.S.)

Easy, mate --

Zed turns to see John now behind them. Wiping chicken blood from his face with a towel.

CONSTANTINE (CONT'D)

Even *I'm* not ready for *that* one yet. What I think Chas *meant* is, don't go wandering here without a chaperone. Now, you want to make yourself useful?

MOMENTS LATER. John's cleaned up and dressed. The trio at the millstone table, LIV'S MAP spread out, stained with BLOOD STIGMATA.

CONSTANTINE (CONT'D)

Each of these stigmata indicates a place where something *bad* is going down. Supernatural brushfires, if you will. Me and Chas, a few others -- we're the bucket brigade.

Zed studies the map, then a nearby newspaper with an article about Bernie Reed's death. The headline reads: "LEGENDARY MUSIC PRODUCER, DEAD BY APPARENT SUICIDE".

ZED

And this is your latest fire?

CONSTANTINE

Bernie was a friend of mine. No way in hell he'd take his own life.

ZED

Doesn't mean his death was one of your stigmata.

And here, John grins, pointing to a BLOOD STAIN on Chicago.

CONSTANTINE

Bernie worked in the Windy City and I don't believe in coincidences. Go on. See if you get a hit --
(to Chas, explaining)
She's a regular psychic smorgasbord, this one.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED: (2)

11

CONSTANTINE (CONT'D)

Picks up impressions from tactile stimuli, which I'm guessing is kind of a buzz-kill in the sack.

Zed ignores that and touches the photo. With a shiver, Zed looks down to see JASMINE FLOWERS under her feet. When she looks up she's literally standing in a FIELD OF JASMINE.

ZED

-- I smell jasmine, it's all around me -- and I'm *cold*.

CONSTANTINE

Right. I'll let you know if any of that pans out.

With John's voice, Zed finds herself BACK IN THE MILL HOUSE. John turns to go, but Zed grabs his arm.

ZED

No. You're not ducking out on me again. You promised you'd teach me about my abilities.

CONSTANTINE

Teaching you is one thing. Letting you ride shotgun on a spiritual scavenger hunt is another beast.

ZED

You said you didn't believe in coincidences. And I showed up *just* as you were planning to leave. This is my education.

CONSTANTINE

Chas's cab is still down. You got a car?

(she nods)

Does the air conditioning work?

Zed nods again. John surrenders and gestures to the stairs.

CONSTANTINE (CONT'D)

Knock yourself out, then, MacDuff. But I'm in charge of music.

As Zed exits, John looks to Chas, lowering his voice:

CHAS

Girl's got skills.

CONSTANTINE (CONT'D)

And she's easy on the eyes.

CHAS

But --?

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED: (3)

11

CONSTANTINE

She showed up out of nowhere last week. Maybe she's legit or maybe she has more *unseemly* motives. Either way, I'm better off keeping her close for now. See what you can dig up on her, would you?

12 EXT. CHICAGO MORGUE - DAY

12

John and Zed are standing by Zed's car near the personnel entrance. As WORKERS file in and out, John opens his bag...

ZED

What's in the man-purse?

CONSTANTINE

Bits and bobs. Every case is different, but certain items I find myself using again and again -- holy water, police scanner, cemetery dirt, duct tape...

Zed reaches in and pulls out a LODESTONE (a piece of magnetite) with two RUSTY NAILS clinging to it.

ZED

What about this?

CONSTANTINE

Nails from the coffin of St. Padua. Patron of lost people. Watch --

As John lifts a nail up, the OTHER NAIL spins around on the lodestone, reorienting in the direction of the FIRST NAIL.

CONSTANTINE (CONT'D)

The nails follow one another. Tuck that in some bloke's pocket, you've got a nifty tracking device.

(nods to door)

Now if I'd only brought something to get us through that door.

Zed glances around. As a WHITE-COAT EMPLOYEE brushes past, she steps in front of him, bumping into him.

ZED

I'm so sorry. I really need to be more careful.

The man smiles and waves. It's okay. What guy wouldn't want Zed to bump into him? He continues forward and Zed turns to John, revealing the PALMED SWIPE CARD she holds.

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED:

12

ZED (CONT'D)
Will this help?

CONSTANTINE
One day I'm going to find out where
you learned how to do that.

Only half joking, John takes the card.

13-14 OMITTED

13-14

15 INT. CHICAGO MORGUE - DAY

15

John uses the SWIPE CARD to open the door, and he and Zed
sneak in cautiously, finding it empty but for corpses. John
starts pulling sheets from the bodies until he locates --

CONSTANTINE
(checking bodies)
We've got minutes at most --

-- Bernie's body. The man's chest showing the stitched-up
INCISION post-autopsy. John sucks in his breath, saddened by
what he sees.

CONSTANTINE (CONT'D)
Damn it, Bernie, look at you --

ZED
How did you two know each other?

CONSTANTINE
Back in Jurassic times, I fronted a
punk band called Mucous Membrane.
(off her surprise)
That's right, I wasn't always an
upstanding warlock. Bernie here
produced our first and only record.
He tried his best, but the truth
is, we were just a bunch of wankers
looking to get laid.
(takes OBJECT from bag)
Bernie found himself some *real*
stars, I fell into more sordid
pursuits -- and here we are,
reunited for one final comeback
tour courtesy of this --

John unwraps a PETRIFIED HUMAN HAND. The fingertips have
been turned into CANDLES. Zed stares at it, aghast.

(CONTINUED)

CONSTANTINE (CONT'D)

A Hand of Glory. Take the left
hand from a man that's been hanged,
pickle it in amniotic fluid for
seven years.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED: (2) 15

CONSTANTINE (CONT'D)

Say the right incantation and the
dead will rise for as long as the
candles burn.

John pulls out TWO BLOOD BAGS and tosses them to Zed --

CONSTANTINE (CONT'D)

Here, empty those onto the floor.

ZED

I take it this *human* blood.

CONSTANTINE

Tapped it myself.

As Zed empties the blood, John uses his lighter on the hand.
As it sputters, throwing off SMOKE, he SHOUTS:

CONSTANTINE (CONT'D)

*Hear me, most Unnameable of
Devourers. He who guardeth the
Golden Gateway. I seek an audience
with one in your embrace --*

John looks at Bernie's body, expectant, but nothing happens.
Puzzled, he leans closer, slapping Bernie's face --

CONSTANTINE (CONT'D)

Come on, old boy, wakey-wakey, eggs
and bakey --

Bernie's corpse BOLTS UPRIGHT, SHRIEKING. Zed jumps and even
John is caught off guard because now -- EVERY CORPSE IS
THRASHING ABOUT OR BANGING in their metal tombs.

CUT TO BLACK.

END TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

16 INT. CHICAGO MORGUE - DAY 16

As before. Bernie and the other recently dead are thrashing and WAILING. John shoves the Hand of Glory at Zed --

CONSTANTINE
HOLD THIS!

-- then grips Bernie, SHOUTING over the unholy din.

CONSTANTINE (CONT'D)
BERNIE, IT'S JOHN!

Bernie snaps his head around to look at John, his fear-filled eyes suddenly flooding with recognition. And pain.

BERNIE
-- Johnny --?!

John smiles reassuringly even as his eyes glaze with tears.

CONSTANTINE
It's *me*, mate, your old friend --
tell me who did this to you --

BERNIE
-- *the voice* -- *oh god, the VOICE!*

CONSTANTINE
I don't understand, Bernie --

BERNIE
On the acetate! It was so cold --

Bernie sags, his brief resurrection ebbing. John looks to Zed, SEES that two of the Hand's candles have sputtered out.

CONSTANTINE
Bring the Hand closer! HURRY!

Zed complies, joining John. John keeps trying to prop Bernie up, but the corpse is literally turning back to dead weight --

CONSTANTINE (CONT'D)
Come on, Bernie, don't leave me
yet! Give me something else --

Bernie offers a SLURRED WHISPER. John puts an ear to his friend's mouth as the last finger candle sputters out --

(CONTINUED)

16 CONTINUED:

16

BERNIE

-- Moonrise --

As Bernie slumps into stillness, the other corpses drop like marionettes. John stands. The morgue is a mess, BODIES sprawled all over, some having flopped off gurneys. John CLOSES Bernie's eyes, gentle --

CONSTANTINE

Rest in peace, mate.

17 EXT. CHICAGO MORGUE - DAY

17

Moments later, John and Zed are walking to her car, pensive. Zed is on her smartphone, furiously typing away.

ZED

You okay?

CONSTANTINE

For most of those stiffs, dying was the worst moment of their existence. It certainly was for Bernie. And I forced the poor sod to live it all over again.

ZED

You said every spell had its price. What did that one cost?

CONSTANTINE

My own mortality. A few days worth. Sort of like a reverse mortgage.

ZED

You do that a lot?

CONSTANTINE

I do what it takes. Now, we need to swing by the library to follow Bernie's leads -- a voice, an acetate, and 'Moonrise', whatever that refers to.

ZED

I'm guessing "Moonrise Records."
(reading from her phone)
According to Google, an 'acetate' was an early vinyl record. Bernie was in the music business and there used to be a Blues label called Moonrise back in the 30s.

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED:

17

CONSTANTINE

You don't say.

ZED

The owner, Marcus Mooney, is still alive. He just turned a hundred, according to this article. I won't call it a coincidence, since you don't believe in them, but he's in a nursing home a few hours from here. We could pay him a visit --

They reach the car and stop.

ZED (CONT'D)

Or we could 'swing by the library'.

CONSTANTINE

Don't get cocky.

18 INT. IAN'S MANSION - HALLWAY/HOME STUDIO - NIGHT

18

Jasmine silently creeps down the hall, still carrying her backpack, wearing gloves. She enters a home studio adorned with framed GOLD RECORDS, filled with recording equipment.

She pulls a step stool to a set of shelves, then fishes the acetate from her pack, standing on tippy toes so she can hide it on the very top shelf --

JULILAH (O.S.)

Mom?

Jasmine spins. Her daughter, JULILAH (10), stands in the door. Jasmine steps down, stripping off her gloves.

JULILAH (CONT'D)

What are you doing?

JASMINE

Nothing, I just --
(deflecting)
Why are you up?

JULILAH

I had a nightmare. Someone was trying to take you away from me. You were screaming --

JASMINE

I'm not going anywhere, Julilah.

As Jasmine approaches and hugs her, Julilah stiffens --

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED:

18

JULILAH
 Mom, look behind you --

Jasmine turns, eyes widening -- ICE CRYSTALS are forming near where she hid the acetate.

19 EXT. DEVONSHIRE NURSING FACILITY - NIGHT (ESTABLISHING) 19

CONSTANTINE (V.O.)
 Hi, we're here to see Marcus Mooney.

20 INT. DEVONSHIRE NURSING FACILITY - NURSE'S STATION - NIGHT 20

John and Zed stand before a bored, battle-axe DUTY NURSE.

DUTY NURSE
 Visiting hours are over.

Constantine flashes the Nurse a 9 OF DIAMONDS PLAYING CARD.

CONSTANTINE
 Health and Human Services. I'm sure you can make an exception.

The Duty Nurse looks and sees in John's hand: A HEALTH AND HUMAN SERVICES I.D. CARD. She waves them through. As they walk past --

ZED
 That's a neat trick.

CONSTANTINE
 Not a trick. Magick. And not the Copperfield kind. The card's charmed. It has a pretty bloody back story, but the gist is; it takes on the appearance of whatever its holder *requires*. In this case, the I.D. of a loyal servant of the American Government.

ZED
 Where can I get one?

John smiles. As if.

21 INT. DEVONSHIRE NURSING FACILITY - MARCUS' ROOM - NIGHT 21

CLOSE ON Marcus. On his last legs, hooked up to monitors, breathing through an oxygen tube in his nose. As John and Zed enter, he seems to *sense* them, his eyes fluttering open.

MARCUS
 Who are you?

(CONTINUED)

Zed moves to Marcus' side, gently taking his hand in her own.

ZED

Friends, if you'll have us.

MARCUS

You seem like a friend. *That* one has a shadow dogging his soul.

CONSTANTINE

More than one, Marcus. I'm John Constantine. Don't expect you to remember me from back in the day, but I need some help. I came to ask about the acetate.

MARCUS

(horrified)

Lord, don't tell me you *played* it --

CONSTANTINE

No. But a friend of mine *might've*. And now he's dead. Can you shed some light on the matter?

MARCUS

I'm so tired. Been carrying this burden for so long.

ZED

Give *us* the weight, then.

She smiles and softly squeezes his hand. John studies Zed, grudgingly impressed with her ability to put people at ease.

MARCUS

You ever hear of Willie Cole?

CONSTANTINE

Memphis bluesman. Burned bright in the 30s, then up and vanished.

MARCUS

I used to produce him. Legend was, Willie sold his soul to the Devil. Never put much stock in it. But when I found him dead, I *believed*. Wasn't nothing left but blood --

BRIEF MEMORY FLASHES

A younger Marcus coming upon the scene. The Presto recorder, still on, the needle skipping over the final groove.

(CONTINUED)

MARCUS (CONT'D)

Turns out the acetate *recorded* something when he died. The Deceiver's voice --

CONSTANTINE

That's just an urban legend, mate. You know how many "recordings" of the Devil's voice I've heard?

MARCUS

This one's *real*. I heard *whispers* when I picked it up, even without playing it. In my head, telling me to do *horrible* things. And it was *cold* to the touch.

ANOTHER MEMORY FLASH

As younger Marcus picks up and holds the acetate and HEARS the whispers, reacting in pain as he drops the record.

MARCUS (CONT'D)

I took it to my pastor and *he* played it. Killed his whole family. That's what it *does*, see? Anyone who listens to it goes mad.

ZED

Why didn't you destroy it?

MARCUS

I tried. But nothing worked. I couldn't break it, burn it. So I *hid* it. Sealed it up in a wall, closed the studio. Prayed.

ANOTHER MEMORY FLASH

Younger Marcus hiding the acetate in the Bible. Placing it in the wall cache. Covering it with drywall, then paint.

MARCUS (CONT'D)

Been living in fear ever since, worrying someone would find it. Now it looks like somebody has.

CONSTANTINE

Any idea how Bernie came across it?

MARCUS

Lots of people been hunting for years. Think they can 'tame' the Voice. Make it work for them.

(shaking his head)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

21 CONTINUED: (3) 21

MARCUS (CONT'D)

A private investigator came to see me just last week. He knew the legend. Offered to buy the acetate for *five million* dollars. Fool.

He laughs ruefully, then suffers through a RASPING COUGH. Zed pours him water, which he gratefully drinks.

MARCUS (CONT'D)

Might be he found the damn thing anyway, gave it to your friend --

CONSTANTINE

This investigator didn't happen to mention who he was working for?

MARCUS

No, but I saw a name on the check. "Fell."

John reacts to that, clocking the name. But now, Marcus is growing weaker, drifting off to sleep.

ZED

You did great, Marcus. Thank you.

MARCUS

(smiling at Zed)

The weight doesn't feel so heavy any more. Think it's time to go to my reward, now.

ZED

Why do you say that?

MARCUS

I see an angel standing there...

Marcus's breath grows MORE LABORED. Like he's nearing death. Scared for him, Zed suddenly turns and runs out of the room, down the hallway.

ZED

Nurse!

John goes to the hallway as Zed runs toward a nursing station. A NURSE, startled by Zed's SHOUT, fumbles a handful of FILES. As the papers FLUTTER DOWN --

TIME STOPS. Except for John.

Zed's in mid-run. The Nurse's papers STOP in mid-flight. John takes a second to let this soak in, then turns back toward Marcus' room, where MANNY is now standing.

(CONTINUED)

Manny smiles at John, placing a "shh" finger over his lips as John comes toward him.

CONSTANTINE

I'm assuming your presence here confirms that his story's legit?

MANNY

Something was recorded that night. As for whether or not it was the Devil with a capital "D," I can't say. But if it *was* the First of the Fallen's voice and it gets into the wrong hands -- you have to find it, John.

CONSTANTINE

So how about you ring the God Squad and call in reinforcements?

MANNY

You know I can't.

CONSTANTINE

Then tell me this --

He gestures to Zed, still frozen in the hallway.

CONSTANTINE (CONT'D)

You nudge this little minx in my direction?

MANNY

No. That wasn't my doing.

But before John can ask for clarification, Manny touches his index finger to Marcus' forehead even as the whine of an ALARM from one of the vital signs monitors cycles up and --

NORMAL TIME RESUMES

Manny is gone and Marcus is flat-lining. He seems at peace.

IN THE HALLWAY, Zed suddenly RESUMES. The Nurse's paper's DROP. Hearing the ALARM, Zed goes back to John, standing at Marcus's bedside.

ZED

He said he saw an angel. Maybe it means he's in a better place.

CONSTANTINE

Wrong angel.

Surprisingly gentle, John SQUEEZES Marcus's hand, then --

(CONTINUED)

CONSTANTINE (CONT'D)

Best we bugger off.

22 INT. ZED'S CAR - NIGHT

22

Zed drives while John watches the landscape roll by.

ZED

You recognized the name that Bernie mentioned, didn't you? Fell.

CONSTANTINE

Remember I said Bernie found some *real* stars? The brightest was a metalhead named Ian Fell. Kid was a mediocre talent, then one day -- bang, he starts shredding the guitar. Music industry's in the crapper, but *this* kid's spinning gold like Midas.

ZED

(knowingly)

He sold his soul.

CONSTANTINE

I'd bet my life on it.

(noticing)

You don't seem surprised by the idea of Old Scratch bartering for souls.

Zed -- perhaps covering? -- changes her demeanor.

ZED

Oh well, you know... I've read the stories. What I never understood is why does he even *want* our souls?

CONSTANTINE

The Devil *used* to be an angel. That's why he's called the 'First of the Fallen'. Ask a holy-type and they'll tell you the soul is the 'purest expression of God's love'. The spark of Creation. So every time the First takes a soul, he's exacting *revenge*. Paying the Almighty back for casting him out.

(pointing)

Pull over. We're here.

23 EXT. IAN'S MANSION - NIGHT

23

Zed has parked near a security gate, behind which stands a sprawling mansion. John and Zed walk to the wall. John sizes it up, then JUMPS, pulling himself up.

(CONTINUED)

23 CONTINUED:

23

ZED

What are you doing?

CONSTANTINE

Breaking into Ian's mansion.

ZED

But that's --

CONSTANTINE (CONT'D)

Against the law? So is
almost *everything* I do, luv.

John gets situated on the wall and extends a hand to her --

ZED

It's not the law I'm worried about.
It's a *security system*. You didn't
even check.

Ignoring his hand, Zed expertly leaps onto the wall and pulls herself to the top. Again, John is silently impressed.

24 EXT. IAN'S MANSION - BACK YARD - NIGHT

24

John and Zed carefully make their way through the grounds, looking in windows as they go. Finally, they arrive --

OUTSIDE A HOME STUDIO

IAN FELL (40s) sits inside, playing GUITAR, his back to the rest of the house. On the wall are various GOLD RECORDS adorned with SATANIC SYMBOLS. Outside, John can hear the MUFFLED GUITAR as he tries the patio doors, but they're locked. So he --

25 INT. IAN'S MANSION - HOME STUDIO - NIGHT

25

-- KICKS OPEN the glass doors. Ian stands, alarmed, as John SHOVES him against the wall, knocking several framed gold records from their hooks. John shakes him, all menace.

IAN

Wait, who are you?!

CONSTANTINE

Don't shout, don't squirm. Or I'll
apply a pressure point to your
sacral plexus that will have you
using a colostomy bag for life.
Got it, squire?

Ian nods, scared. Zed watches, unnerved by John's intensity.

CONSTANTINE (CONT'D)

How did Bernie get the acetate?

(CONTINUED)

IAN

Acetate, what --?!

CONSTANTINE

Bernie was a friend, Ian. And if he died as a result of a deal you made, there's gonna be retribution.

IAN

I don't know anything about a deal!

CONSTANTINE

A no-talent hack turns overnight sensation, and you're telling me you didn't take a short-cut? Your albums are dripping with satanic symbols.

(scooping one up)

This is the First of the Fallen's *true name*. Only people who've made a pact are given this symbol.

ZED

John, something's happening. I'm smelling *jasmine* --

CONSTANTINE

The guy's trying to back out of a deal and people are dying. He needs to cop to it.

JASMINE (O.S.)

He can't.

ANGLE ON JASMINE JUST BEHIND THEM

Pointing a handgun at John's chest.

JASMINE (CONT'D)

He didn't make the deal. I did.

FADE OUT.

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

26 INT. IAN'S MANSION - NIGHT 26

Defensive, Jasmine holds her gun on John. Ian looks at his wife in disbelief. John is entertained, however, like he's living a good soap opera.

CONSTANTINE
Jasmine Fell. Off-key back-up singer and loyal spouse. You made the deal with your own soul. Ain't love grand.

IAN
Who are these people, Jasmine?

ZED
We're not here to hurt you.

CONSTANTINE
Don't be so sure. Night's still young and Bernie's still dead.

Jasmine, already wavering and wracked with guilt, lowers the gun. Zed eases over and takes the gun from her.

JASMINE
Oh God, this is a nightmare...

IAN
Tell me what's going on.

CONSTANTINE
Yes, tell him how you entered a contract you're now trying to break, at the cost of lives, just so this one could climb the charts.

JASMINE
That's not it.

CONSTANTINE
'Course, the money didn't exactly hurt your own lifestyle, did it? Mega mansion. Shiny clothes. Did you even check the price tag of those shoes?

JASMINE
Ian was dying.
(off John, surprised)
He had cancer... leukemia.

(CONTINUED)

CONSTANTINE

(beat)

Didn't see that coming.

ZED

You sacrificed your soul for his life.

IAN

(ironic)

Lemme get this straight. My cancer went into remission because my wife sold her soul to the devil.

John and Zed and Jasmine all trade looks -- and nod.

IAN (CONT'D)

Who are you people?

CONSTANTINE

Consider us your counselors in the occult.

(to Jasmine)

Show him the contract.

Jasmine goes to a desk and pulls out the PARCHMENT RUNE we saw earlier, but only a few symbols remain fully visible.

JASMINE

Remember your first stay in the hospital? They said you had a month, maybe two. We didn't even have medical insurance. A man came to me in the waiting room that night. He said his name was Anton.

CONSTANTINE

A Soul Broker, by the sound of it. They troll hospitals for the dying.

JASMINE

I signed the thing. I didn't even think it was real. But then you went into total remission.

John takes the parchment and looks it over.

CONSTANTINE

Etruscan rune. This Anton may have been a skeevy bloke but he had a toe in the nether-realm all right.

(then)

Take a look...

He holds out the Rune. As they stare, another SYMBOL FADES.

(CONTINUED)

JASMINE

Anton said that when the last words faded, the First of the Fallen would return to claim his prize.

ZED

Why are you trying to break the deal, Jasmine?

JASMINE

It wasn't my idea. Anton got back in touch. Told me he could trade my soul back for the acetate.

CONSTANTINE

A Soul Broker *never* breaks a deal. He'd lose his right of parley with the underworld. This doesn't line up.

IAN

What did Anton want you to do?

JASMINE

Hunt down the acetate. He knew my husband's a rock star. With money and endless resources.

ZED

He also knew you had motivation.

Zed indicates a FAMILY PHOTO with their daughter. Jasmine looks at the photo and tears up.

JASMINE

When you're a teenager, twenty years feels like forever. You don't think about things... like children. I can't leave Julilah without a mother. It took a team of detectives, but we tracked down the acetate. I only brought it to Bernie for verification. I never wanted him to hear it...

Julilah, awakened by the VOICES, comes down the hallway, concerned --

JULILAH

Mommy? Why are you crying?

Hearing Julilah, Ian goes into the hall to meet her.

(CONTINUED)

IAN

Mommy's okay, honey. Come here.
You should be sleeping.

Ian picks Julilah up, glancing back toward Jasmine, a look like "might be better if she doesn't see this." Jasmine remains back with John and Zed --

27 EXT. IAN'S MANSION - NIGHT

27

Away from Ian and Julilah, under the night sky.

CONSTANTINE

So when was this Anton expecting to lay his hands on the acetate?

JASMINE

I'm supposed to take it to him tonight. He texted me an address.

Jasmine pulls out her cell (decorated with blue sky and sunflowers) to show a TEXT, but John plucks the phone.

CONSTANTINE

Let me handle this for you. I'm your only shot at ending this nightmare. Give us a hug, then.

John suddenly leans close and gives the frightened Jasmine a totally out-of-character HUG. Zed shoots John a WTF.

JASMINE

Thank you...

When Jasmine returns inside the house, John turns to Zed.

CONSTANTINE

Well, that's a bloody mystery.

ZED

That Jasmine loved her husband enough to sacrifice her soul?

CONSTANTINE

No, that a blow-dried zero like Ian Fell actually made it to the bigs all on his own. Call me a cab, luv, before I change my mind.

28 EXT. CHICAGO PROJECTS - NIGHT

28

Busted out cars, graffiti. John steps out of a CAB, watches it PEEL AWAY. He checks the ADDRESS on the sketchy building against the one in the TEXT on Jasmine's phone, then heads inside --

29 INT. PROJECTS - CORRIDOR - NIGHT

29

John comes off a LANDING into a corridor, illuminated by the blue light of BUG ZAPPERS. BUZZING and SNAPPING as John moves to a door with a Satanic CROSS painted on the wood. He pushes that open, going into a --

30 OMITTED 30

31 INT. LARGE ROOM - NIGHT 31

The door OPENS and John enters. Chickens CLUCK in hanging cages. Talismans DANGLE from the ceiling. John HEARS the sound of a TV EVANGELIST and looks across the room to a sheet of WHITE TRANSLUCENT PLASTIC. The blue GLOW of the TV set on the other side. From behind the plastic steps ANTON, 40s, a nervous ratlike degenerate.

CONSTANTINE
You must be Anton.

ANTON
Who are you?

CONSTANTINE
Someone who knows that Soul Brokers are ambulance chasers, not original thinkers. Save a human soul? A wall-licker like you don't have the power. What kind of con are you running on the lady?

ANTON
It's no con. Give me the acetate, and I'll give her what she wants.

John steps forward and drives Anton against the wall, holding him firmly there.

CONSTANTINE
She wants her soul. And it's not yours to give. You traded it twenty years ago for --

CONSTANTINE (CONT'D) ANTON
-- Ian Fell's life. Don't say his name!

CONSTANTINE (CONT'D)
Why not?

Anton angrily shoves John off him.

ANTON
Thanks a lot! Thanks for nothing!
You just blew my deal.

From behind the plastic, John hears the melodic basso of LOW LAUGHTER. John instantly realizes the mistake he made. He strides to the plastic and YANKS IT DOWN -- revealing the back of a MAN in a chair watching a PREACHER ON TV.

(CONTINUED)

MAN'S VOICE

Ian Fell. Thank you, Constantine.
At least I know where to find the
acetate now.

John hates himself in this moment. The man stands and TURNS INTO THE LIGHT to reveal -- PAPA MIDNITE, 30s, an imposing, bearded Haitian with a dandy but dirty suit. All the light and darkness of the world dances in Midnite's eyes.

CONSTANTINE

Papa Midnite. Didn't take you for a fan of religious broadcasting. Unless there's a Voodoo Channel I'm missing in my basic cable package.

MIDNITE

On the contrary, there's a lot these learned men can teach me.

CONSTANTINE

Like what? How to trick a desperate woman into using all her resources to obtain a deadly artifact for you? That recording in your hands gives you more power than I'm comfortable with.

MIDNITE

"Name it and claim it."

CONSTANTINE

Come again?

MIDNITE

It's the basic building block of televangelism. There are promises waiting out there for us, if we only have the courage to name them and claim them.

Midnite looks past John and subtly nods his head.

CONSTANTINE

That's just the kind of backwoods thinking I expect from a cheating, drug-dealing voodoo priest like --

But as John talks, two heavily-muscled enforcers of Midnite's materialize like specters from the shadows behind him. This is TRAYLOR and CREED. Coming up from behind, Traylor CRACKS John across the skull with the butt of his handgun, dropping him mid-sentence.

31 CONTINUED: (2) 31

Anton, who has been watching the exchange, turns tail and runs out of the room.

32 INT. IAN'S MANSION - FRONT ROOM - NIGHT 32

Jasmine and Zed on the couch. Ian pours a glass of scotch.

JASMINE

I never should have went after the disc. But I couldn't bear the idea of losing my family.

ZED

I think it was brave. All of it.

JASMINE

Wish I could believe that. If I'd known the risk...

ZED

You still would have tried. Holding on to the people you love, that's everything.

33 OMITTED 33

33A INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT 33A

Julilah eavesdrops on the adults talking about the "disc." Concerned and little-girl curious, she turns down the hall.

34 INT. HOME STUDIO - NIGHT 34

Julilah SLIDES A STEP-STOOL over to the top shelf, climbs, and pull out the acetate. She comes down and REMOVES THE ACETATE. Touching it with her bare hands. She BLINKS, staring at the disc like it's almost speaking to her.

JULILAH

Okay... okay...

Julilah walks the acetate to the TURNTABLE.

JULILAH (CONT'D)

I do want to hear you... I do...

Julilah turns on the audio system and places the acetate on the turntable. The acetate begins to spin. Julilah stares at it, the spinning hypnotic, then she DROPS THE NEEDLE.

WILLIE COLE (VIA RECORDING)

Sun come sinkin' low, shadows gonna rise. Reaper man come for everyone...

As Julilah leans toward the SPEAKER, listening intently --

35 INT. IAN'S MANSION - FRONT ROOM - NIGHT 35

Zed HEARS the distant music.

ZED

What's that music -- ?

Jasmine turns, trying to place it, then --

(CONTINUED)

35 CONTINUED:

35

JASMINE

Oh God, NO -- *Julilah* --

Ian and Jasmine BOLT down a hallway, Zed on their heels --

36 INT. HOME STUDIO - NIGHT

36

They BURST IN as Willie's VOICE STUTTERS. Julilah stands RIVETED next to the speakers. Ian and Jasmine RUN TO HER --

Zed BURSTS IN behind them and KICKS OVER the turntable. Ian and Jasmine CRADLE Julilah, snapping her out of the trance. Zed watches Ian and Jasmine hold their daughter.

FADE OUT:

37 OMITTED

37

END ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

38 EXT. DERELICT WAREHOUSE DISTRICT - NIGHT 38

CLOSE on a HAND. Brightly-colored POWDER in the palm. Lips blow. The dust falls on -- JOHN'S FACE, startling him awake.

REVEAL John ZIP-TIED at the wrists and ankles behind a long-abandoned WAREHOUSE surrounded by URBAN DECAY. No one around for miles, except for PAPA MIDNITE, standing over John in the failing streetlight.

PAPA MIDNITE

They tell me this place used to flourish. Busy factories making things, workers scurrying. Now... it's a concrete graveyard.

John pulls at the zip-ties.

CONSTANTINE

All this just to get me alone. I'm flattered, but you're going to need to respect my boundaries -- I don't do zip-ties without a safe word.

PAPA MIDNITE

That's copper covered in plastic. More than effective against your mail-order magic.

Midnite fills a HYPODERMIC NEEDLE from a small bottle.

PAPA MIDNITE (CONT'D)

My men are unburdening Ian Fell of his problem as we speak. Thanks to you, Constantine.

CONSTANTINE

What do you want with that acetate, Midnite? You're no chaos-monger. There's no money in that.

PAPA MIDNITE

It's an insurance policy. A get out of hell free card. Don't tell me that's not why you're after it.

John, suddenly uncomfortable with the subject, changes it.

CONSTANTINE

I lied about Ian Fell.

(CONTINUED)

PAPA MIDNITE

It's possible. For you, lying is easy. You've been at it so long you forgot what it's like to work hard for something.

Midnite JABS John in the arm with the needle.

CONSTANTINE

What is that?

PAPA MIDNITE

Heparin. An anti-coagulant.

Midnite pulls a CEREMONIAL DAGGER from his bag and SLICES John across the upper arm. BLOOD begins to leak out. It hurts like a bitch, but John grits through it.

PAPA MIDNITE (CONT'D)

You'll have four hours -- roughly. That's if you stay very still and say your prayers.

CONSTANTINE

Slow death, but not too slow, is that it?

PAPA MIDNITE

If you are lying about Ian Fell, I need to be able to come back and question you more... aggressively.

CONSTANTINE

Always known you as a voodoo priest with a flare for the dramatic. But a cold-blooded killer? It's a bit common, no?

PAPA MIDNITE

I do what's needed. But I don't need to darken my soul tonight. Not with the situation firmly in hand.

Midnite pulls one more thing from his bag: a PILL BOTTLE.

PAPA MIDNITE (CONT'D)

A pharmaceutical dose of vitamin K. This will stop the bleeding. If you can get to it.

He places the bottle on a broken wall, well out of reach.

(CONTINUED)

PAPA MIDNITE (CONT'D)

Consider it a show of professional respect. If you live, you'll have worked very hard indeed. If you die, it will be alone with your many, many sins.

With that, Midnite turns on his heel and walks away.

CRACK, BOOM! Thunder and lightning, a good old Midwestern thunder storm. The RAIN STARTS heavy.

CONSTANTINE

Right. Why not.

The water mixes with John's bleeding arm in a RED PUDDLE.

39 INT. IAN'S MANSION - FRONT ROOM - NIGHT 39

Zed, worried, talks on her cell phone, pacing the floor. Ian pours himself a drink.

ZED

It's been hours, no word from him.
Can you jump a red eye to Chicago?
We might need you. Thanks, Chas.

Zed hangs up. Jasmine comes downstairs holding the jacketed acetate, which she shoves into the desk drawer.

ZED (CONT'D)

How's Julilah?

JASMINE

She's okay. Finally asleep.

IAN

We've got to make this trade. I want that thing out of our lives.

A GUNSHOT startles them. They turn to see the door fly inward. Creed, then Traylor, push in brandishing HANDGUNS.

TRAYLOR

I'll make this simple. Give us the acetate or everyone dies.

ZED

What "acetate"? Who are you?

Traylor KICKS Jasmine's "sunflower" phone across the floor. It slides to a stop by Zed, a message.

TRAYLOR

Don't waste my time.

(CONTINUED)

ZED
 You don't understand, it's too
 dangerous --

Creed SHOOTs into the ceiling then takes aim on Ian.

JASMINE
 No, don't hurt him! You can have
 it!

ZED
 Jasmine, if you give it up --

JASMINE
 I don't care what happens to me --
 I'm not letting anyone else get
 hurt. The desk. Bottom drawer.

Creed goes to the desk and pulls out the acetate. He removes
 the jacket and checks the disc, turning it in his bare hands.

ZED
 You don't want to touch that with
 your bare hands.

Creed turns toward Zed, steps close, invading her space.

CREED
 You telling me what I can touch?

TRAYLOR
 Hey. Midnite said make it clean.
 We got what we need.

Reluctantly, Creed turns away from Zed and they head out.
 Jasmine turns to Zed.

JASMINE
 Oh my God. Your friend --

ZED
 Is smarter than they are. So are
 we.

Convinced she's missed something, Zed thinks. Then she spots
 Jasmine's COAT on a chair, which gives her an idea.

40 INT. CREED'S CAR - NIGHT 40

PARKED on a dark city street. Engine idling. Traylor's at
 the wheel, checking his phone.

TRAYLOR
 Midnight should be here any minute.

(CONTINUED)

40 CONTINUED:

40

In the next seat, Creed holds the acetate in his bare hands. Turning it over and over, like there's a mystery to it.

CREED

Weird. It's... *cold*...

He rubs his fingers. Bits of FROST drop. Traylor exhales, his breath FROSTY. Surprised, he checks the temperature on the dashboard. 60 degrees.

TRAYLOR

A/C must be messed up.

Entering a sort of TRANCE STATE, Creed lifts the record toward his ear. "Listening" with eerie WONDER.

CREED

Can't you hear it? The voices?

TRAYLOR

Put it down, man.

CREED

No. You need to hear it... they *all* need to hear it.

TRAYLOR

We're not supposed to touch it --
put it down.

Traylor reaches for the disc. His hand closes on the disc, and Creed clamps a hand firmly down on Traylor's hand.

TRAYLOR (CONT'D)

Let go of me!

41 EXT. CHICAGO STREET - NIGHT

41

PUSH IN on the windshield, frosted from the inside. Creed holds Traylor's hand on the disc. Eerie WHISPERS build as Traylor's eyes roll back, overwhelmed by the demonic disc. SOUND like a 1,000 SCREAMING VOICES.

CONSTANTINE (V.O., PRE-LAP)

(ragged, sing-song)

There was a poor sod name of J...

42 EXT. DERELICT WAREHOUSE DISTRICT - NIGHT

42

The CROAK/SINGING continues as camera PANS urban blight.

CONSTANTINE (O.S.)

For whom there was no one to
pray...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONSTANTINE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

he died all alone, bled right to
the bone... and for what he just
couldn't say.

Continue to JOHN, pale and dazed. A widening POOL OF BLOOD
under his arm. Find RED EYES nearby -- RATS smelling food.
One of the braver rats RUNS ACROSS JOHN'S CHEST.

CONSTANTINE (CONT'D)

That's right, have a bite. See
what the damned taste like...

The rats suddenly BOLT AWAY. Hearing FOOTSTEPS. John turns
as a shambling HOMELESS MAN approaches, pushing a SHOPPING
CART of found "stuff." John sags with desperate relief.

CONSTANTINE (CONT'D)

You're a welcome sight, mate. Cut
these wires, would you? Lives
depend on it, especially mine --

But instead of freeing John, the Homeless Man starts to PULL
OFF JOHN'S SHOES -- he's robbing him. In disbelief, John
realizes he's really, totally fucked. Exhausted, weak from
loss of blood, he closes his eyes and LAUGHS.

When he opens them, MANNY has taken over the Homeless Man.

MANNY

Whatever happened to the John
Constantine with the cajones to
tell an angel to go to hell?

CONSTANTINE

Cut me loose and I'll show you, you
grinning ghoul.

MANNY

We've been over this. You know I
can't do that.

CONSTANTINE

Bollocks to your rules. I'm
bleeding out here.

MANNY

I feel your moral compass wavering,
John. You're no better than Papa
Midnite -- you think the recording
might have trade value to you.
Maybe free a young girl's soul?
Seems you've forgotten about the
woman you're suppose to be saving.

(CONTINUED)

CONSTANTINE

What's it matter? I can't help 'em anyway. All I got on my side is you and your bloody platitudes to hold back the gates of hell. Can you blame me for wanting something a little more potent in my arsenal?

MANNY

You're not facing some second-rate hell-spawn. If that voice belongs to the First of the Fallen, there's only one true way to deal with that record. Do you have the courage?

CONSTANTINE

Maybe you'll find out -- once you
SPRING ME OUT OF THESE WIRES!

MANNY

You don't need me for that. You've got this situation under control.

There's a FLASH OF LIGHTNING. John glances skyward. When he turns back, MANNY HAS LEFT the Homeless Man, who's now making off with John's shoes.

CONSTANTINE

Next time I punch him.

John is weakening. Fading fast. Voice raspy now, he calls out to the Homeless Man.

CONSTANTINE (CONT'D)

Hey hey! Hold on, mate! I've got something for you -- all yours if you cut me loose.

HOMELESS MAN

(returning curiously)
What is it?

CONSTANTINE

Front pocket. You won't be sorry, I promise.

The Homeless Man reaches into John's pocket and fishes out the 9 of diamonds PLAYING CARD.

From the POV of the Homeless Man, however, it looks like: A GOLD CREDIT CARD (think AMEX).

CONSTANTINE (CONT'D)

It's yours. Buy all the junk and...
(overcome by B.O.)
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

42 CONTINUED: (3) 42

CONSTANTINE (CONT'D)

...deodorant you like. Just untie me, yeah?

The Homeless Man considers the proposition, then reaches into his shopping cart and pulls out a HUNTING KNIFE.

CONSTANTINE (CONT'D)

That's it. Cut me free.

HOMELESS MAN

If you're alive, I can't use the credit card.

The Homeless Man raises the knife over John's chest, ready to plunge it downward --

CONSTANTINE

No!!!

-- when a PIPE hits him across the back. The Homeless Man falls forward, dropping the knife. REVEAL Zed brandishing the scrap piece of metal.

ZED

Now get the hell out of here.

The Homeless Man scurries away. Zed turns to John.

ZED (CONT'D)

A hug? I knew that was out of character.

Using the knife, she cuts John free.

ZED (CONT'D)

You could have just told me you planted the St. Padua nail on Jasmine. You okay?

Zed helps John stand. As they talk, he grabs the bottle of Vitamin K and downs a handful of pills, while Zed pulls off her SCARF and wraps his bleeding arm.

CONSTANTINE

I knew you'd follow me into the lion's den. I wanted you to stay with Jasmine.

ZED

For all the good it did.

CONSTANTINE

(realizing)
Midnite's men. Bloody hell.

(CONTINUED)

42 CONTINUED: (4)

42

ZED

Jasmine's contract is almost faded.
She's running out of time.

CONSTANTINE

May be the least of our worries.
That disc is polluted with demonic
energy. It wants to be played.
You bring my bag?

ZED

In the back of my car.

CONSTANTINE

Get the police scanner.

Zed helps John, leaning on her shoulder, toward the car.

43 EXT. DANCE CLUB - DAWN (D5)

43

Zed and John SPEED DOWN the street and come to a hard stop
outside a dance club. It's a CRIME SCENE. POLICE VEHICLES.
An AMBULANCE. Zed and John step out of the car and take in
the scene.

The front window of the club is SPATTERED WITH BLOOD from the
inside. Two MORGUE ATTENDANTS roll out a BODY draped in a
sheet -- spots of blood visible -- toward a row of EIGHT
SHEET-COVERED BODIES, lined up on the street like victims of
a plane crash.

CONSTANTINE

Bleedin' bastards. They couldn't
resist givin' it a spin.

OFF their grave concern --

FADE OUT.

44 OMITTED

44

END ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

45 EXT. DANCE CLUB - MORNING

45

Chas pulls up in a RENTAL CAR and parks. He exits, carrying a BACKPACK, and walks to John and Zed, who are standing among ONLOOKERS behind yellow POLICE TAPE. The crime scene has grown -- a DOZEN BODY BAGS and a MORGUE WAGON has arrived.

CONSTANTINE

Thanks for joining us. Did you bring what I asked?

Chas hands John the backpack.

CHAS

Headphones, MP3 player, clean shirt. I threw some orange juice in there, too. You need to get your blood sugar back up.

John digs out an O.J. and chugs. Zed stares mournfully at a MEDIC kneeling over an unzipped BODY BAG, checking a victim. They catch a glimpse of a WOMAN'S FACE -- her mouth open in a wordless SCREAM, blood spilled from her ears.

ZED

That's twelve I've counted so far. I want to know what happened in there.

Zed marches away to the cluster of POLICE and EMTs.

CONSTANTINE

She wants what she wants when she wants it, that girl.

They watch Zed move to an AMBULANCE, with a TEENAGE BOY alone in the back. No EMT in sight. Zed starts talking to him.

CHAS

I did like you asked and called in a few favors. A P.I. friend ran Zed's prints. Whoever she is, she's not in any law enforcement database.

CONSTANTINE

I don't know if that's a good sign or a bad one.

CHAS

Least she's making herself useful.

(CONTINUED)

45 CONTINUED:

45

Zed turns and waves John and Chas to join her.

45A AT THE AMBULANCE

45A

John and Chas join Zed. The Teenage Boy looks up, scared and traumatized.

ZED

He was inside when it all happened.
His name's Freddy. He works as a
busboy.

CONSTANTINE

I don't need his bloody resume.
(to the Boy)
How'd you walk away from this?

The Boy looks at John blankly, then at Zed.

CONSTANTINE (CONT'D)

Sorry. Is it the accent?

ZED

No, the arrogance.

Zed kneels by the Boy and begins to SIGN. The boy is DEAF.
Chas turns to John and speaks softly.

CHAS

Like I said. Useful.

ZED

(signing back and forth)
He says two men came into the club
and went to the DJ booth. Next
thing he knew, everyone went crazy.

CONSTANTINE

It's what I feared. That acetate
carries its own hypnotic power.
They'll want to play Willie's song
for as big an audience as they can
find.

As John talks, Zed grabs Chas's arm in panic.

CHAS

What's the matter?

Zed points inside the ambulance.

ZED

Do you see it?

(CONTINUED)

45A CONTINUED:

45A

From ZED'S POV, we're looking at the ambulance in which the Teenage Boy sits. Behind him crouches a WHITE TIGER. It glares at Zed and SNARLS, low and menacing, poised to pounce.

CONSTANTINE
See what, luv?

Zed looks again and the tiger is gone.

ZED
It was a tiger. I just saw a white tiger.

CHAS
No kidding. So did I.

CONSTANTINE
Where?

Chas waves them to follow him. Zed silently mouths a THANK YOU to the Deaf Boy, then catches up to John and Chas. Chas rounds a corner and points at --

-- a POSTER papered on the building: "TIGER RADIO, WIXA FM 97.5, Scott University." A WHITE TIGER adorns the poster.

CONSTANTINE (CONT'D)
Scott University. The Tigers.

ZED
(excited)
That's where they're going to broadcast the disc. Come on, follow me.

Zed turns for the car. John and Chas, not used to following orders from an outsider, look at each other unsure.

CHAS
I think we should do what she says.

CONSTANTINE
Yeah but we don't have to jump when she says it.

They both stand there for another forced beat.

CONSTANTINE (CONT'D)
Okay that's long enough. Let's go.

46 INT. ZED'S CAR - DRIVING - DAY

46

CLOSE on the radio, tuned to 97.5. ALT ROCK plays. PULL BACK to find Zed steering through Chicago streets. John buttons on a fresh shirt from the backpack.

(CONTINUED)

ZED

Almost there.

Abruptly, the MUSIC STOPS in the middle of the song.

TRAYLOR'S VOICE

Hi. We, uh... we're sorry for the interruption, people. We gonna hit you with a new flow.

Zed turns grimly to John.

ZED

That's the man who stole the acetate.

CREED'S VOICE

This is an oldie but...

(shouts)

Stay away from that door!

(GUN SHOTS)

Aw hell, just listen up, Chicago.

The unsettling opening of WILLIE COLE'S LAST SONG starts to play on air. Zed pushes her car harder.

Zed screeches onto campus, past a SCOTT UNIVERSITY SIGN with a STYLIZED TIGER. Chas follows behind in his rental.

Zed finds a small but modern RADIO STATION. A satellite dish and transmitter (think tin shack fed by power lines) just outside the main building. They all park and exit.

CONSTANTINE

We got one set of headphones. You two stay out here. Find a way to take this station off the grid.

John turns and runs inside, leaving Chas and Zed to ponder.

CHAS

Uhh --

ZED

Don't look at me.

49 INT. COLLEGE RADIO STATION - HALLWAY - DAY 49

John runs inside. As he hurries toward the studio, he HEARS WILLIE COLE'S SONG reaching the danger zone. John pulls out his MP3 player and puts on the headphones.

CONSTANTINE
Okay, gimme the juice, Johnny --

John plays ANARCHY IN THE UK by the Sex Pistols, cranks it, and we're beset by Johnny Rotten FULL VOLUME, which plays straight through the following scenes.

50 OMITTED 50

51 INT. COLLEGE RADIO STATION - STUDIO - DAY 51

John bursts inside to find terrified STATION PERSONNEL taking cover behind DESKS and TAPE RACKS.

JOHNNY ROTTEN (V.O.)
(singing)
Right! Now! Ha ha ha ha ha! I am
an antichrist! I am an anarchist!
Don't know what I want, but I know
how to get it! I wanna destroy...!

Across the studio lies a SOUND-PROOF BROADCAST BOOTH, crowded with CDs, albums and old 78's. Creed and Traylor hover over a turntable inside, their weapons in hand, watching over the studio. Two STUDIO MONITOR SPEAKERS are hung outside the booth. John takes cover.

52 EXT. COLLEGE RADIO STATION - DAY 52

Chas SHAKES THE DOOR on the transmitter building. Locked. Zed looks on. They know time is short. The Sex Pistols continues to assault our senses.

CHAS
Screw this...

Chas runs to the car, pointing at Zed.

CHAS (CONT'D)
Stand back!

He starts the car, races the engine, then TEARS OUT. The car screams straight for the transmitter building -- SLAMMING INTO IT AT SPEED. The impact RIPS the building from the ground and sends an EXPLOSION OF SPARKS into the air.

53 OMITTED 53

54 INT. COLLEGE RADIO STATION - STUDIO - DAY

54

John darts for the Sound Booth, but a MAN HOLDING HIS EARS, blood STREAMING THROUGH HIS FINGERS, stumbles out from his hiding place into John's path. John dodges him and turns just in time to see --

-- a FRANTIC WOMAN coming at him, in agony, FLAILING. She catches John's headphone cord and FLINGS THEM across the room.

Instantly, the Sex Pistols CUTS OUT, replaced by an INHUMAN, UNEARTHLY WAIL. John clutches his ears and falls to his knees. Around him, the studio continues to melt down. Off John, exposed to the Devil's Voice, with no rescue in sight --

SMASH TO BLACK.

END ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

FADE IN:

55 INT. COLLEGE RADIO STATION - STUDIO - DAY 55

John curls up on the ground in agony. A TRICKLE OF BLOOD rolling out one ear. It would appear to be the end. Until the studio doors BURST OPEN. CLOSE on stylish tasseled leather loafers. TILT UP to Papa Midnight, GUN IN HAND.

In rapid succession, he BLASTS ONE SPEAKER then THE OTHER. The sound of the recording dies. The studio personnel are stunned, or passed out. John, having heard less, sits up groggily.

CONSTANTINE
Nice shooting.

Midnite lovingly regards his gun.

PAPA MIDNITE
Ace of Winchesters. Never misses.
Forged by a mystic in the Old West.
Sold his soul to gain the expertise
required to make the weapon.

CONSTANTINE
I imagine you have quite a war
chest of toys like that.

PAPA MIDNITE
Yes. And soon one more.

CONSTANTINE
You know I can't let you take that.

PAPA MIDNITE
And you know you can't stop me.

Midnite turns for the Soundproof Booth. Traylor opens the door. While Creed works the controls in the booth, trying to bring back the lost signal, Midnite angrily points the gun at Traylor.

PAPA MIDNITE (CONT'D)
Stay right where you are.

TRAYLOR
You can't stop it -- *it needs to be
played* --

Behind Midnite, John raises a hand and speaks rapidly and intensely, barely above a whisper.

(CONTINUED)

CONSTANTINE

*Exorcizámos te, ómnis immúnde
spíritus, ómnis satánic potéostas,
ómnis infernális adversáarii, in
nómine et virtúte Dómini nóstri
Jésu.*

As Midnite reaches the Soundproof Booth, the door abruptly SLAMS SHUT on its own accord. Midnite feels and we hear a LOW RUMBLE.

PAPA MIDNITE

What's happening?

It looks and feels like an earthquake. Dropping the shotgun, Midnite throws himself at the door, wrenching the handle, but it won't open.

CONSTANTINE

There's only one true way to deal with the recording -- to send it back where it belongs.

INSIDE SOUNDPROOF BOOTH

To their horror, Creed and Traylor begin to see the DARKNESS SEEPING IN FROM THE WALLS. Just like it happened with Willie Cole.

IN THE STUDIO

The GLASS of the soundproof booth begins to ICE UP.

PAPA MIDNITE

No! It belongs to me! It's mine!

Through the frosted window, we see Creed and Traylor, panic stricken and frightened. Traylor raises his gun, FIRES at the window, but it only ICES UP. DARKNESS fills the booth, a PRIMORDIAL ROAR RISES, and a virtual GEYSER OF BLOOD explodes against the frozen glass.

Then, fast as it started, it's over. Midnite yanks open the door to see --

THE SOUNDPROOF BOOTH

It's empty inside. Completely empty. The walls are DRIPPING IN BLOOD but the entire contents of the booth has fallen into a BOTTOMLESS SHAFT in the earth, where the floor once was. SPARKS from shattered light fixtures FALL INTO THE PIT.

Midnite stares down in rage. Behind him, foggy-headed studio personnel slowly start to sit or help each other stand.

55A INT. COLLEGE RADIO STATION - HALLWAY - DAY

55A

John runs down the hall as fast as his legs will carry him.

PAPA MIDNITE (O.S.)

CONSTANTINE!!!

56 EXT. COLLEGE RADIO STATION - DAY 56

John bursts outside, SHOVING a trash can in front of the door to block it, then running like hell. He finds that Zed has dragged what appears to be Chas's dead body from the WRECKED CAR. In the distance, we hear SIRENS APPROACHING. Zed POUNDS Chas's chest, trying to get a pulse.

ZED
He's not breathing!

CONSTANTINE
He will. No time to explain now.
Angry Voodoo priest with a rifle on
my heels.

ZED
John, I think he's dead.

CONSTANTINE
For the moment. Help me load him
up.

They drag Chas toward Zed's car, as the SIRENS GROW LOUDER.

56A EXT. CHICAGO (STOCK) - NIGHT 56A

An aerial shot of the city for a pause and a pretty view.

57 EXT. IAN'S MANSION - NIGHT 57

CLOSE on a HAND KNOCKING. Ian opens the front door.

IAN
She's inside. Hurry.

REVERSE ANGLE reveals John and Chas, whose hand rests firmly on the shoulder of Anton the Soul Broker, who's not happy to be there.

CONSTANTINE
Sorry for the delay. Took a while
to track this one down.

Chas shoves Anton inside. John and Chas follow.

57A INT. IAN'S MANSION - FRONT ROOM - NIGHT 57A

CLOSE on the PARCHMENT RUNE on the coffee table. Only faint FINAL LETTERS remain. TILT UP to Jasmine, curled on the couch, pale and shivering with a throw around her shoulders. A window behind her is FROSTED OVER, as well as a DRINKING GLASS by her side. Her breath is VISIBLE from the cold.

Ian leads his visitors to Jasmine.

(CONTINUED)

IAN

Are you sure this'll work?

CONSTANTINE

It'll work. In a fashion. The Fallen One will lose his claim on your wife's soul, but what she traded for -- your health...

John shakes his head solemnly. Jasmine, overwhelmed with emotion, turns to Ian.

JASMINE

Ian. I can't let you do this.

IAN

You don't think I can beat cancer? Twenty years ago, I didn't stand a chance. But there are treatments now, and I got the money to pay for 'em. Not to mention, I got a lot more to fight for.

CONSTANTINE

Still can't believe you went platinum, mate.

CHAS

Triple platinum.

John turns to Anton.

CONSTANTINE

You're up, rat boy. You brokered this deal, you're the only one who can break it. Time to eat the contract.

ANTON

I can't... I won't. If I break a contract with the Dark One, I'll never be allowed to write an infernal deal again.

CONSTANTINE

I'm crying on the inside. Let's go. She's out of time. Give the lady her soul back.

Anton, ever an opportunist, turns to Ian.

ANTON

How much will you pay me?

(CONTINUED)

57A CONTINUED: (2)

57A

On synchronized instinct, Chas wraps one arm around Anton, pulls his BUCK KNIFE with the other, and holds it to Anton's throat. At the same time, John crumples the parchment, then CRAMS IT INTO ANTON'S MOUTH.

CONSTANTINE
He'll pay you sod all. You've done enough to hurt these good people.

CHAS
(pressing knife closer)
Chew.

ANTON
(mouth stuffed)
Mm-kay.

Anton starts chewing. Ian turns to John.

IAN
When you said eat the contract you weren't kidding.

CONSTANTINE
Where do you think the expression comes from? It's as old as the Aramaic on that rune.

CHAS
Swallow.

As John watches Anton painfully force the document down --

CONSTANTINE (V.O.)
We all negotiate deals with forces bigger than us. We feel powerless over fate, so we make wagers and create stakes that might not even exist.

58-59 OMITTED

58-59

59A INT. ND LOFT - DAY

59A *

Reflective after the Jasmine experience, Zed sits on the edge of her bed and pulls up a small necklace from under her shirt. *

The necklace carries the distinctive sword/cross of the Resurrection Crusade. Conflicted, Zed turns the cross in her fingers... then, making a decision, she pulls the necklace over her head and puts it aside. *

60 INT. ND LOFT - NIGHT

60

CLOSE on a PUNCHING BAG, hanging in the corner. FISTS work over the bag with skill. SLOWLY PULL BACK --

CONSTANTINE (V.O.)
*If I work harder, or quit smoking,
or do what I'm told, I'll gain my
just reward. But who are we truly
negotiating with?*

-- to REVEAL Zed training on the bag. Who is she anyway?

61 INT. IAN'S MANSION - JULILAH'S BEDROOM - NIGHT 61

CLOSE on Jasmine and Julilah, mother and daughter, kneeling over a bed, hands folded on the mattress. A now healthy and glowing Jasmine prays aloud.

CONSTANTINE (V.O.)
*The divine? Well it's only
natural. Prayer is one big
negotiation with a higher power.
But in times of true crisis...*

62 EXT. WALLED GARDEN - NIGHT 62

[Production Note: This will shoot during 106, when we build this set.] CLOSE on hands holding a small VODOU EFFIGY OF CONSTANTINE -- straw body, trench coat, tiny tie. TILT UP to Papa Midnite in his ritual space.

CONSTANTINE (V.O.)
*...we'll make a pact with whatever
force it takes. And pay whatever
price.*

Midnite SCRAPES DRIED BLOOD from the ceremonial dagger he used to cut John earlier, letting it drift onto the doll. Then he places the effigy of Constantine on a BURNING FIRE. Off Midnite, staring down darkly at tiny John burning in flames --

FADE OUT.

END OF SHOW