

# CONSTANTINE

Episode #102

“The Rage of Caliban”

Written by

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Directed by

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Full Blue Revisions	July 13, 2014
Pink Revisions	July 15, 2014
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Green Revisions	July 16, 2014
Goldenrod Revisions	July 19, 2014

**CONSTANTINE**

Character List  
Episode 102 - Yellow Revisions

John Constantine  
Manny  
Chas

Henry  
Clair  
Darrell  
Becca Schultz  
Neighbor  
Officer Sullivan  
Officer Miller  
Teacher  
Nora / Woman's Voice  
Nurse Jimmy  
Bully  
Punk  
Sheriff  
Pinioned Man  
News Anchor  
Marcello Panneti (non-speaking)  
Little Girl / Emily Cooper (non-speaking)  
Zed (non-speaking)

Boyfriend's Voice (O.S. only)

**CONSTANTINE**

Location List  
Episode 102 - Yellow Revisions

**INTERIORS**

Mill House  
    Map Room  
    Kitchen  
Bungalow House / Henry's House  
    Living Room  
    Henry's Bedroom  
    Master Bedroom  
    Kitchen  
Mansion  
    Living Room  
    Kitchen  
Abandoned Farmhouse  
    Living Room  
Halloween Maze  
Holding Cell  
Coffee Shop  
Alabama Pub  
Nora's Bedroom  
Artist's Loft

**EXTERIORS**

Mill House  
Modest Neighborhood / Neighborhood  
Bungalow House  
    Back Yard  
Mansion  
Mental Health Facility  
Schoolyard  
Abandoned Farmhouse  
Halloween Maze Entrance  
Birmingham (Establishing)

**CONSTANTINE**

Day / Night Breakdown  
Episode 102 - Green Revisions

Scene #.....	Day #
1-3.....	Night 1
4-8.....	Day 2
9-11.....	Night 2
16-17.....	Day 3
18-20.....	Night 3
22-25B.....	Day 4
26.....	Night 4
27A-37.....	Day 5
38-45.....	Night 5

**TEASER**

FADE IN:

CLOSE ON an AGED TOMBSTONE at night, shrouded in LOW-LYING FOG. The inscription reads: "DIANE ROTT -- BELOVED WIFE AND MOTHER." PAN to another tombstone, under which a BONY CORPSE with GREEN GLOWING EYES and SNAPPING JAWS claws its way out of the dirt. CAMERA DRIFTS UPWARD to reveal we're actually looking at the front lawn of --

1 EXT. MANSION - NIGHT (N1) 1

It's resplendent with kitschy Halloween decorations. On the porch, a worried NEIGHBOR, 40s, pounds on the front door.

NEIGHBOR

Everything okay in there? I heard  
screaming -- Dave? Callie?

As the neighbor keeps knocking, PUSH THROUGH the door into --

2 INT. MANSION - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS 2

CAMERA CREEPS through the foyer into the living room, slowly revealing a nightmare...

BLOOD STREAKS on the terrazzo floor. Heavy furniture thrown about like dollhouse pieces. The fireplace COLLAPSED INWARD, and from under the load of bricks -- a WOMAN'S ARM protrudes in pooling blood, the hand TWITCHING.

Across the room, PAN an oddly long BLOODY SMEAR on the wall, which takes an abrupt turn UPWARD. CAMERA FOLLOWS the blood, higher and higher, until we reach --

An agonized MAN PINIONED with his back to the high ceiling, bruised and bleeding and barely alive. He stares down in terror, his voice a cracked whisper.

PINIONED MAN

Please... no more.

Abruptly, as if released by invisible hands, his body DROPS TO THE HARD FLOOR, killing him on impact. He lands beside a LITTLE GIRL, 9, curled in a corner. The Little Girl stares at the man catatonically, as SIRENS RISE in the distance.

3 INT. MANSION - KITCHEN - LATER 3

The house has transformed into an ACTIVE CRIME SCENE. A young female cop, OFFICER SULLIVAN, African American, comforts the Little Girl, seated at the kitchen table. FORENSIC TECHS pass by in the background.

(CONTINUED)

OFFICER SULLIVAN  
Just breathe deeply, baby. Your  
grandma's gonna be here real soon.

A thoughtless male cop named OFFICER MILLER enters.

OFFICER MILLER  
Hey Sullivan. Sergeant wants you  
back at your post.

OFFICER SULLIVAN  
Emily and I are having a visit.

The arrival of the second officer draws Officer Sullivan's  
comforting attention away from the Little Girl. Oddly, a  
coffee mug on the counter near her begins to TREMBLE,  
unnoticed by the officers.

OFFICER MILLER  
You don't want to make the Sergeant  
wait.

OFFICER SULLIVAN  
I'll take that chance.

OFFICER MILLER  
Easy, Sullivan. I'm just trying to  
save you a reprimand.

OFFICER SULLIVAN  
(to the girl)  
Excuse me, baby.

Officer Sullivan rises to face Officer Miller, stepping close  
and speaking intensely. The Little Girl watches the heated  
exchange -- as the coffee mug VIBRATES more intensely.

OFFICER SULLIVAN (CONT'D)  
That girl just lost her parents.

OFFICER MILLER  
Yeah and Social Services is on its  
way.

OFFICER SULLIVAN  
I'm done listening to you now.

OFFICER MILLER  
I'm only suggesting --

OFFICER SULLIVAN  
I said enough.

With that, the trembling mug in front of the girl EXPLODES,  
sounding like a GUNSHOT.

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED: (2)

3

Officer Miller instinctively draws his SIDEARM and whirls toward the sound. OFFICERS race into the kitchen to see what looks like a cop holding a gun on a girl.

OFFICER MILLER  
(lowering his weapon)  
It wasn't me! I didn't fire!

OFFICER SULLIVAN  
It's okay. He didn't do anything.

Officer Sullivan returns to the side of the Little Girl to comfort her, and the scared Little Girl bursts into tears.

4 INT. NORA'S BEDROOM - MORNING (D2)

4

JOHN CONSTANTINE sleeps on frilly white sheets. A PAIR OF HANDS abruptly enter frame and shake him.

WOMAN'S VOICE  
Wake up! Hey, get up!

John rolls over and gazes up foggily at the striking face of a BEAUTIFUL YOUNG WOMAN in her mid-20s.

CONSTANTINE  
Well, good morning... sunshine.  
Wait -- it's Nora, am I right?

NORA  
Time to go.

Nora, only half dressed herself, hurriedly gathers John's clothes from various places in her studio loft. John sits up, scratching his head.

CONSTANTINE  
Or we can stay in. I cook a wicked breakfast... eggs, bacon, tomatoes, sausages. Perfect islands in a sea of grease.

NORA  
My boyfriend just texted. He's gonna be here any minute.

CONSTANTINE  
You didn't tell me last night you had a boyfriend.

NORA  
Yeah, I did.

CONSTANTINE  
Set the table for three, then?

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED:

4

We hear a FRONT DOOR OPEN.

BOYFRIEND'S VOICE

Nora? You up, babe?

CONSTANTINE

Ha! Nora. Got it right.

NORA

Be right there!

Nora shoves a pile of clothes into John's arms and mouths "GO!" She herds him to an open window. John gives her a quick kiss then climbs out the window in his boxer shorts.

5 INT. MILL HOUSE - KITCHEN - MORNING

5

CLOSE ON a battered PORTABLE TV on the counter. On screen, a NEWS ANCHOR for WXIA in Atlanta reads copy on set.

NEWS ANCHOR

Atlanta power officials are still working to determine the cause of a power outage that plunged 640,000 homes and businesses into darkness last night.

As the report cuts to CITY SHOTS without power, PULL BACK to include CHAS frying eggs in a greasy pan. A hung-over John sits at the table and grinds out a cigarette. Both of them solemnly eye the report on TV.

NEWS ANCHOR (CONT'D)

Police suspect the outage may be tied to a mysterious explosion atop the Bowers Building. We have this dramatic cell phone footage just in...

The screen CUTS TO: Distant, shaky CELL-PHONE FOOTAGE of the ROOFTOP EXPLOSION from the pilot.

CONSTANTINE

Turn that off, would ya?

Chas, who has scooped the eggs from the pan, turns off the TV then serves a breakfast plate to John, who starts eating.

CONSTANTINE (CONT'D)

Thanks, mate. Any word from Liv?

CHAS

I told you last night -- she's gone. Where do you want start?

(CONTINUED)



5 CONTINUED:

5

Chas pulls out the SCRY MAP of the U.S. and spreads it open before John, who takes one look at all the MARKS OF BLOOD.

CONSTANTINE

Back in bed. Just being honest.

CHAS

Liv opened a vein to make this map for you.

CONSTANTINE

Please don't ruin my appetite.  
(holds up the TOAST)  
You put butter on this?

CHAS

You owe it to her to go after these things while the blood's fresh.

CONSTANTINE

Chas, I know what I need to do, and I'll get started, yeah? As soon as you go home. Whatever's behind these attacks, this is my fight.

CHAS

I'm not going anywhere.

John studies his friend and realizes it's pointless to argue.

CONSTANTINE

Right then. I'd likely starve without you anyway.

John turns to the map and runs his finger from Atlanta to a BLOOD DROP in Birmingham, Alabama.

CONSTANTINE (CONT'D)

Birmingham. What's that -- two hours? We'll make it by lunch.

PUSH IN and DISSOLVE TO --

6 EXT. MANSION - DAY

6

It's the mansion from our opening, only the decorations have been partially packed up, and yellow POLICE TAPE stretches across the front of the house. The BLUE PICKUP pulls up, with Chas driving. He and John exit and survey the house.

CONSTANTINE

Looks like we're late to the party.

John retrieves an old leather DOCTOR BAG -- his magic kit -- from inside the truck.

(CONTINUED)

CHAS

Local police blotter reported a double homicide last night. A man and his wife. Battered beyond recognition.

CONSTANTINE

Bite marks? Puncture wounds?  
Flesh ripped asunder?

CHAS

No details in the report. But they had a young daughter. Untouched in the attack.

CONSTANTINE

We'll start by figuring out why she was spared.

(scans the area)

I'm breaking in. You stand watch. If I need you, I'll give a little whistle... that suddenly chokes into silence.

John darts across the lawn and under the police tape.

7 INT. MANSION - LIVING ROOM - DAY

7

Entering from the back, John steps into the living room and surveys the carnage. It's no less unsettling in the light of day. John notices a detail we missed the night before...

He runs his fingers down a WALL THAT BULGES OUTWARD slightly, with cracks in the plaster. There's a FILMY RESIDUE along the seam. John touches the sticky residue with his fingers -- then abruptly LICKS THE WALL to taste it.

Immediately he frowns. Disgusting. Looking around quickly, he turns and spits into a POTTED PLANT. When he straightens and turns back he --

-- nearly runs into MANNY, standing behind him. John jumps.

CONSTANTINE

Bleeding hell. I never punched an angel, but you're begging for it.

MANNY

I could announce my arrival with trumpets, if you'd like. Back in the day, I had an entire horns section.

Turning away, John continues his investigation of the room, smelling the air.

(CONTINUED)

CONSTANTINE

Room smells burnt but no sign of fire. Some serious telekinetic energy was spent here last night.

(then)

What do you want?

MANNY

Battle plans, John. Time to draw them up. You did agree to join us last night.

CONSTANTINE

Hold on, squire. There is no "us." All I did was agree to fight a common enemy.

MANNY

Which makes me your ally.

CONSTANTINE

Some ally. You know bugger-all about what we're up against.

MANNY

I know there's a darkness rising. It's ancient. Beyond measure. You're going stem the tide of its attacks.

CONSTANTINE

Yeah? And what makes me so special?

MANNY

Nothing that I'm aware of. Saint Peter. Ignatius of Antioch. Joan of Arc. They were special. You're more a desperation move.

Turning away, John heads toward the kitchen. Manny follows.

CONSTANTINE

Story of my life. Well as long as you're here, might as well make yourself useful. Why was the girl spared from this attack?

They enter --

John looks around and spots the many PIECES OF BROKEN MUG all over the floor. Curiously, he starts picking them up.

MANNY

I can't tell you that.

CONSTANTINE

You're a divine messenger with an omnipotent boss. Don't be stingy.

MANNY

When humanity was granted free will, angels lost their power to directly influence events on earth. Human beings are the only one who can alter their destiny.

(not happy with it)

All I'm allowed to offer is... personal guidance.

CONSTANTINE

Just the kind of double talk I'd expect from your type.

John deposits the MUG PIECES on the counter, stained with a COFFEE SPILL. He stares at them like they're a puzzle.

CONSTANTINE (CONT'D)

The broken mug pieces were on the floor, but the coffee stain's on the counter. Don't add up.

MANNY

Would it make you feel better if I said that you were getting warm?

CONSTANTINE

I need to see what happened here.

As Manny talks, John pulls ARCHAIC PAPER crowded with handwritten Hebrew. With his lighter, he LIGHTS IT on a plate.

MANNY

The rules have changed, John. The things you're used to dealing with have more power. They move faster. Hunger deeper. Your old ways might not work... be open.

CONSTANTINE

I'll keep it in mind.

The pages send a smoldering CLOUD OF SMOKE over the area.

CONSTANTINE (CONT'D)

Now step away, son.

Manny takes a step back. John whispers a spell.

(CONTINUED)

CONSTANTINE (CONT'D)  
*Ximbatik kaajal ak bin-ka-aak-abtal.*

MANNY  
 Mayan. Impressive.

Eerily, the FLOATING SMOKE SLOWLY SUSPENDS IN PLACE around the counter area, which corresponds with where the Little Girl was sitting last night. Manny watches John, fascinated, as John stares into the smoke.

JOHN'S POV

Within the confines of the smoky haze, John watches the tail end of the action we saw last night. The CUP EXPLODES. We don't see Office Miller pull his gun, because that happened out of the sphere of smoke, but we do see the LITTLE GIRL sitting. Officer Sullivan moves to her side to comfort her. Then something happens that *we did not see the night before --*

A SPIRIT FORM

Exits the Little Girl. It's INCORPOREAL but we can make out the SHAPE OF A CHILD, as outlined by the SMOKE THAT SWIRLS AROUND ITS FORM, as it steps out of her body.

CONSTANTINE  
 She was possessed by the spirit of  
 a child. A very naughty child.

The Spirit Form steps away and heads toward the back door, as the smoke DISSIPATES and the IMAGES FADE.

CONSTANTINE (CONT'D)  
 The daughter survived the attack because she was the attacker. That entity inside was controlling her, wasn't it?

He turns to Manny, but Manny is gone. Abruptly, the room's SMOKE DETECTOR wails a SHRILL ALARM.

CONSTANTINE (CONT'D)  
 Naturally.

John grabs his bag and runs out the back.

We're GLIDING DOWN the sidewalk of a quaint neighborhood. Our vision is warped and distorted. We see things happen before the SOUNDS CATCH UP. This is the Spirit Form's POV.

As we near a MAN WALKING HIS DOG, the dog LUNGES at us, teeth bared, barking frantically in our face.

(CONTINUED)

9 CONTINUED:

9

AN OBJECTIVE POV

Reveals that the dog is barking at nothing. The Spirit Form can't be seen. Its owner strains to control his animal.

RESUME THE SPIRIT FORM'S POV

We approach a BUNGALOW HOUSE and stop, turning our gaze to a modest structure. In the middle of the lawn sits a Halloween lawn decoration of a big FRIENDLY GHOST with a happy smile.

Suddenly, we cut rapidly ACROSS THE LAWN, past the Friendly Ghost, and head straight for a window. We STOP at the window to peer inside at a boy's bedroom where --

10 INT. HENRY'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

10

CLOSE ON a sensitive boy named HENRY, 9, sleeping in bed. Whimsical CASTLE MODELS on display around him. We hear a slow CREAKING NOISE, which stirs Henry awake. He opens his eyes to see directly before him --

THE CLOSET DOOR SWING AJAR

Henry sits up and switches on his bed lamp. He stares at the cracked open door. PUSH INTO the INKY BLACKNESS within. Too spooked to climb out of bed, Henry takes one of his pillows and tosses it at the door, PUSHING IT CLOSED.

Henry smiles, satisfied, and turns off the light to reveal --

THE SILHOUETTE OF THE SPIRIT FORM

Standing behind the sheer curtains of his window. Henry stares in frozen terror at the FIGURE. And then it STEPS FORWARD toward his bed, dragging the sheer over its head, closer and closer. Henry finally opens his mouth and --

10A EXT. BUNGALOW HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

10A

ANGLE ON the lit Friendly Ghost outside. A piercing CHILD'S SCREAM fills the night.

SMASH TO BLACK.

**END OF TEASER**

**ACT ONE**

FADE IN:

10B INT. HENRY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

10B

Darrell and Clair race into Henry's room to find him crouched on a chair in a corner, cowering with his feet off the floor.

DARRELL  
What's going on?

HENRY  
There's someone in my room.

DARRELL  
Again?

CLAIR  
Come here, honey.

Clair moves closer to comfort her son. Darrell flips on the lights and makes an impatient show of searching the room -- behind the door, the curtain.

DARRELL  
No one here. Or here. Oh, I know.  
He's in the closet, right?

Henry cringes away. Darrell YANKS OPEN the closet door. Nothing inside.

DARRELL (CONT'D)  
Just a closet, Henry.

CLAIR  
This happens at Halloween. Your imagination runs wild. Remember you wouldn't trick-or-treat last year because you were afraid of monsters?

HENRY  
Yeah.

DARRELL  
Don't worry, I got that handled.

Darrell turns to the closet and grabs a SHOPPING BAG from the top shelf. He reaches inside then turns back and tosses an OBJECT that lands in Henry's lap.

Henry looks down to see a disturbing, full-face ZOMBIE MASK staring up at him. Freaked, Henry brushes it off his lap.

(CONTINUED)

CLAIR

Darrell.

Clair is angry but Darrell remains focused on his son.

DARRELL

There's a whole costume that comes with it. You wear that and the kids will be scared of you. I promise.

CLAIR

You honestly think that's helpful?

DARRELL

Honestly? Honestly yeah, I think it can't hurt. Our son's 10 and he can't sleep through the night, but instead of dealing with his fears, you enable them.

CLAIR

Let's not have this talk right now.

DARRELL

Why not? Henry's a strong kid if we just let him be.

(to Henry)

You are strong. You know that, buddy. You need to believe it.

(to Clair)

We need to believe it.

Darrell returns to his bedroom. Claire puts a comforting arm around her son.

11 INT. ALABAMA PUB - NIGHT

11

John sits at a bar table with BECCA SCHULTZ, 40s, a colorful PARALEGAL with a cheap skirt suit. Think Erin Brockovich -- white trash with class, drive, and a touch of education. They share a pitcher of beer as they talk.

BECCA

Look, I could lose my paralegal license for meeting you like this, but I owe you, honey. I sweet-talked this from a guy in Child Services. Cute but clingy.

Becca reaches into a file and lays down a SCHOOL PHOTO of the girl from the teaser.

BECCA (CONT'D)

That's your girl... Emily Cooper.

(CONTINUED)



CONSTANTINE

Any chance I can get to her?

BECCA

She's untouchable. Not only is she under psychological care, she's in protective custody.

CONSTANTINE

Why? The coppers can't possibly have a suspect.

BECCA

No, but there's been a whole series of killings like this across the southeast.

CONSTANTINE

Dead parents beaten to a pulp?

Becca pulls out a stack of CRIME SCENE PHOTOS. We catch glimpses of men and women VIOLENTLY KILLED. Even John is disturbed by the severity of the images.

BECCA

They all had one child -- and the children survived the attacks. The cases were never connected until now because of the time between the murders. The first one on record was 35 years ago...

Becca starts laying out five more PHOTOS OF CHILD SURVIVORS.

BECCA (CONT'D)

The next one was 16 years later, then 18 years, and then look... three in the last month. That's when the cops smartened up.

CONSTANTINE

It's the rising darkness.

BECCA

What's that, baby?

CONSTANTINE

Nothing you want to get mixed up with, luv. These children, did they have anything in common?

BECCA

Like horns growing out of their heads? No.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

BECCA (CONT'D)

But they did start throwing fits in the days before the killings. Angry outbursts -- at home, at school.

CONSTANTINE

I suspect that's because there was a malevolent spirit inside them.

Becca leans forward, genuinely interested.

BECCA

You mean like my Roger?

CONSTANTINE

No, luv. Your dearly departed husband wasn't inhabiting bodies. He was just pissing and moaning about being dead.

BECCA

It's been a lot quieter around the house since you helped him cross over. You've always got free legal advice when you need it.

CONSTANTINE

I need to find out who this spirit was when it was alive. Sometimes they forget who they are, and just naming them releases them from our world.

(off the photos)

I wonder if one of these survivors remembers the name of the soul that possessed them.

BECCA

You won't get near the kids from the recent cases -- but one of the adult survivors lives nearby.

She picks out the faded 8x10 glossy of the first survivor, MARCELLO, a gaunt and pale farm boy, with a bowl cut.

CONSTANTINE

Marcello Panneti. He'd be in his 40s now, I suppose. Where can I find him?

BECCA

A local mental hospital.

CONSTANTINE

Perfect. I'll feel right at home.

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED: (3) 11

PUSH IN on the haunting image of the boy and DISSOLVE TO --

12-15 OMITTED 12-15

16 EXT. MENTAL HEALTH FACILITY - DAY (D3) 16

A derelict and decidedly morbid male nurse, NURSE JIMMY, 40s, walks with John through a garden. STAY WITH THEM.

CONSTANTINE

...I'm the adopted son of the third cousin. On his mother's side.

NURSE JIMMY

(eyeing John, suspicious)  
Gotta say, Marcello hasn't had many family members drop by over the years.

CONSTANTINE

That surprise you?

NURSE JIMMY

Marcello introduced his Daddy's head to an axe. Mommy's head went into the thresher. Least, they think it was her head. No, I'm not surprised nobody comes around.

CONSTANTINE

(fishing for info)  
Ten years old, dismantled two fully grown adults. Seems unlikely, don't you think?

NURSE JIMMY

Oh, no. Kids are sponges. They soak up whatever you give 'em. And Marcello, well his handiwork with an axe was something of a family tradition. Rumor is there's a bloody tree stump outside the farmhouse where he grew up. When Marcello misbehaved, his punishment was... severe.

They arrive at a gate. A MAN in a wheelchair beyond faces a GARDEN, his back to John. Silent. Alone. This is MARCELLO. John reaches for the gate, eager to meet Marcello, but the Nurse bars his entry with a toothy grin, challenging.

CONSTANTINE

Do you make a habit of dicking around a patient's family, mate?

(CONTINUED)

NURSE JIMMY

Do you make it yours to imitate  
them, mate?

Constantine looks over Nurse Jimmy, sizing him up.

CONSTANTINE

Okay, you caught me. The truth  
is... I'm a gore hound. I get off  
on death and violence. Nothing's  
more exciting than meeting a real  
killer. Know what I mean?

NURSE JIMMY

(beat, gentle smile)  
Yeah.

John removes a FLASK from his trench coat and tucks it into  
the Nurse Jimmy's pocket.

CONSTANTINE

Be a good mate then.

Nurse Jimmy doesn't move. John sighs, pulls out his wallet,  
and stuffs some BILLS into the same pocket. Satisfied, Nurse  
Jimmy opens the gate.

John walks over to Marcello and stops beside him, both  
staring at the flowers. Marcello wears a BLANKET across his  
lap.

CONSTANTINE (CONT'D)

Beautiful this time a year, ennit?  
(no response)  
Not one for wee speak. My kind of  
chap, you are, but I'm trying to  
prevent someone from facing the  
same you did as a boy.

Still nothing. Marcello's blanket slips off his lap. As  
John replaces it, he sees Marcello is MISSING THREE FINGERS.  
John looks up at his face to reveal a CATATONIC INVALID.  
Pitiful. Eyes hollow. Jaw offset.

John examines him, wary of possible evil.

CONSTANTINE (CONT'D)

You home alone, or you got someone  
in there with you? How about a nip  
of Holy Water to find out...

John pulls out a SMALL VIAL of clear liquid. He dribbles  
some into Marcello's slack-jawed mouth. Marcello licks his  
lips instinctively but continues to stare at the flowers.  
Off John, thwarted --

17 INT. MILL HOUSE - MAP ROOM - DAY

17

John works intently, using a pen to MARK LOCATIONS on an old GEOGRAPHIC MAP of the South, spread out on the MILL STONE. A cigarette SMOLDERS in an ash tray beside him. Nearby, Chas works on rebuilding the CARBURATOR from his cab.

CONSTANTINE

Marcello was useless, poor bastard. Fully catatonic. Most possession survivors are downright chatty about their ordeal.

CHAS

Tough break for him.

CONSTANTINE

Not entirely. His parents got what they deserved. We gotta find this evil entity, mate. It's a bloody serial killer through the ages.

CHAS

If it's been around for that long, maybe we can track down another living survivor.

CONSTANTINE

No time to mess with that. With the rising darkness, we need to find this thing before it has a mind to slaughter again.

(makes one last MARK)

Come take a look.

Chas wipes the grease off his hands and walks over. John turns and retrieves a second map -- a CLEAR ACETATE MAP, crisscrossed with intersecting STRAIGHT LINES.

CHAS

What kind of map is that?

CONSTANTINE

These are Ley Lines. Mystical trackways flowing with electromagnetic energy.

(indicating first map)

And those X's mark the home address of every victim whose parents were murdered.

John carefully lays the Clear Acetate Map with the Ley Lines over the Geographic Map of addresses. A CLOSER LOOK reveals that: *All the X's fall perfectly on ONE LEY LINE.*

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED:

17

CHAS

They all fall on the same line.

CONSTANTINE

Ley lines are a psychic railroad.  
Easy for a child's soul to travel.  
To find the next victim, we just  
gotta follow the line.

PUSH INTO the map of crisscrossing lines.

18 INT. HENRY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

18

CLOSE ON Henry pulling on his pajamas in his dimly lit room. Henry notices a LADDER askance on one of his castle models and pauses to carefully straighten the ladder.

CLAIR (O.S.)

Don't forget to feed your fish!

HENRY

Okay!

Henry turns to the fish tank, passing the ZOMBIE COSTUME laid out on the floor, which he cautiously skirts his way around.

AT THE FISH TANK

Henry meticulously feeds his fish, speaking softly to them.

HENRY (CONT'D)

Come on guys. Who's hungry?

IN FRAME behind Henry, we can see the Zombie Costume on the floor in soft focus. RACK FOCUS to the costume and HOLD for a long suspenseful beat -- long enough to make us wonder *what could possibly be coming?*

That's when the costume FILLS WITH THE SHAPE OF A BOY, as the Unseen Spirit slips inside. Henry keeps talking to his fish.

HENRY (CONT'D)

Come and get it.

As if responding to Henry's command, the Zombie Costume SITS UP behind the boy and SWIVELS ITS HEAD to look at him. The costume stands and SLOWLY STARTS WALKING to the fish tank, raising a gloved hand out for the unsuspecting boy.

19 INT. MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

19

Clair, wearing smart girl glasses, reads a MEDICAL JOURNAL in bed. Darrell playfully paws and kisses on her.

(CONTINUED)

DARRELL

You know how much I love it when you wear your sexy doctor glasses.

CLAIR

I'm sorry, Darrell. If you want what you want, you gotta give me something first.

DARRELL

I'm trying.

CLAIR

We need to talk about Henry.

They hear the familiar SCREAM. As they clamor out of bed --

CLAIR (CONT'D)

You put that costume away, right?

DARRELL

I don't remember. I think so.

Clair hurries out, followed by Darrell, whose guilty look assures us that he knowingly did not do as he was asked.

20 INT. HENRY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

20

They race into the room to find Henry bending over, picking up the Zombie Costume from the floor.

CLAIR

Is everything okay?

Possessed Henry straightens up and looks at them, not a hint of fear in his face. This is not the shy boy we've come to know. With the spirit in him, his face appears... knowing.

HENRY

I'm sorry. I don't know why I screamed. You can go back to bed.

DARRELL

Really?

HENRY

I'm feeling much better. You'll see.

Off his odd smile --

FADE TO BLACK.

21 OMITTED

21

**END OF ACT ONE**

**ACT TWO**

FADE IN:

22 EXT. MILL HOUSE - MORNING (D4) 22

The morning sun rises over the enchanting Mill House.

23 INT. MILL HOUSE - DAY 23

Chas and John search Jasper's repository of magical items.

CONSTANTINE

We know which Ley Line the spirit's following, but we need something to detect the malignant thing.

CHAS

What's this do?

Chas lifts a GOLDEN-HILTED SWORD.

CONSTANTINE

Put that down. It can't help us.

CHAS

(calmly)

That's not what I asked. I asked you what it does, but you were too self involved to hear me, like always... like Renee. She's gone. And I'm afraid I wasn't enough for her to keep her from leaving. I can't bring myself to tell you about it, not that you'd hear me even if I did...

John delicately takes the sword and sets it back.

CONSTANTINE

This is the Sword of Night. It compels the holder to speak the truth.

CHAS

Oh.

CONSTANTINE

(feeling guilty)

Do you want to talk about...?

CHAS

No.

John respectfully turns away to continue his search.

(CONTINUED)



CONSTANTINE

Gotta hand it to Jasper. This old mill's a treasure trove. I won't mind slumming it here for a while.

(then)

Hello. There you are.

He reaches into a cubby and pulls out a medieval Russian THURIBLE. Standing a foot tall, it looks like a bejeweled palace of gold on a stand, with a chain affixed to the top.

CHAS

What is it?

CONSTANTINE

No time for explanations. You'll see soon enough. If I could just find some Frankincense.

CHAS

I think I'd like to hold that sword again.

John just keeps searching.

24 OMITTED 24

25 EXT. BUNGALOW HOUSE - BACKYARD - DAY 25

On a picnic table on the back patio, Henry sits and stares curiously at two FAT PUMPKINS, waiting to be carved.

Clair steps from the house with a cooking sheet of ROASTED PUMPKIN SEEDS and sets them down on the picnic table.

CLAIR

Let these cool. They'll make a nice snack while we work.

HENRY

(looking over the seeds)  
What are they?

She gives him a funny look.

CLAIR

Your favorite. Pumpkin seeds.

Clair sets a handful of pumpkin carving tools, including a large BUTCHER KNIFE, next to the pumpkins.

CLAIR (CONT'D)

Oops. Forgot the markers. Be right back.

(CONTINUED)

25 CONTINUED: 25

FOLLOW Clair through the patio door into the house --

25A INT. BUNGALOW HOUSE - CONTINUOUS 25A

Clair steps to a nearby desk, opens a drawer, and pulls out a couple black markers. FOLLOW her back outside --

25B EXT. BUNGALOW HOUSE - BACKYARD - CONTINUOUS 25B

Clair steps onto the patio and freezes at the sight of --

HENRY sits with the BUTCHER KNIFE IN HAND, staring down at the two pumpkins, which are now completely and violently HACKED APART, shredded to pieces, guts spilling everywhere.

CLAIR

Henry. What did you do?

Henry turns to look at her innocently.

HENRY

Carved the pumpkins.

CLAIR

You know you're not allowed to pick up knives. You have any idea how many children I treat in the E.R. with accidental puncture wounds?  
(reaching out)  
Give me that.

Instinctively, Henry pulls his knife hand back. Clair is surprised by her son's behavior but remains calm.

CLAIR (CONT'D)

Henry. Hand me the knife.

Clair looks at her outstretched fingers.

HENRY

I'm not done carving.

CLAIR

Now.

*It's a tense standoff.* Clair has no idea how tense, but we do. Slowly, Henry stands and faces Clair, knife clutched in his hands. What's he going to do? He hands her the knife.

CLAIR (CONT'D)

Thank you. I'll put this away.

Clair turns and reaches for the glass patio door, as it --

(CONTINUED)

25B CONTINUED:

25B

-- SHATTERS in her face with a RESOUNDING CRACK. Clair SHRIEKS. She looks around, safe but freaked and confused. Henry watches with no reaction.

26 EXT. MODEST NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT

26

John walks down a sidewalk, swinging the Thurible -- which we now realize is a Roman Catholic INCENSE BURNER -- in wide arcs. WAFTS OF SMOKE drift in random directions. With the towering figure of Chas at his side, they create a spectacle, drawing curious looks from PEOPLE on the street.

CHAS

How much longer we gotta do this for?

CONSTANTINE

We walk until the Frankincense directs us.

Chas, embarrassed, notices a pretty YOUNG MOTHER pointing at them for the benefit of the TODDLER in her hands.

CHAS

People have been laughing at us all day.

CONSTANTINE

Consider it a service. You're allowing people to smile at the awesome spectacle of you.

CHAS

I've been providing that service my whole life.

CONSTANTINE

According to Jasper's map, the Ley Line continues on this road for a quarter mile, then we'll have to veer right.

CHAS

Stop.

John stops walking and Chas points at the Thurible. The wafting smoke now FORMS A STEADY STREAM that snakes with a distinct purpose in one direction. Chas stops and turns to look where the smoke is leading --

It's a NONDESCRIBT HOUSE. No Halloween decorations.

(CONTINUED)

CONSTANTINE

Uh, wrong way. Frankincense flees  
the presence of malevolent energy.  
What we want is behind you.

Chas turns around to look directly behind him to see --

THE BUNGALOW HOUSE with the Friendly Ghost outside.

CHAS

So now what? Knock on the door?

CONSTANTINE

No, that never works.

CHAS

Why not?

CONSTANTINE

Hello. We tracked an evil spirit  
to your house. It might be inside  
your kid. Mind if we check?

CHAS

Yeah that won't work.

CONSTANTINE

The best strategy is to hunker down  
here for the night. Watch. Wait.  
Listen for an attack.

CHAS

Sounds good.

CONSTANTINE

I'll be in the truck.

CHAS

Really?

CONSTANTINE

I got no sleep last night, mate.  
I'm shagged out. I'll relieve you  
in the morning.

John takes the thurible, claps Chas on the shoulder, and  
strolls away, whistling. It's good to be John Constantine.

27 OMITTED

27

27A EXT. BIRMINGHAM - ESTABLISHING - MORNING (D5)

27A

Sun rises over the city.

28 EXT. SCHOOLYARD - DAY 28

During recess at school, Possessed Henry sits idly on the edge of a weathered steel Merry-Go-Round, minding his own business, when a BULLY sneaks up from behind. The Bully yanks the Merry-Go-Round, sending Possessed Henry falling forward on his face. The Bully walks up, laughing.

BULLY  
 What? I didn't do nothing.

OUTSIDE THE CHAIN-LINK FENCE

REVEAL John sitting on a bench near the fence, cigarette in hand, watching Possessed Henry from afar. Seeing trouble brewing, he grinds out his cigarette, then strides to the fence to draw the attention of a TEACHER supervising recess.

CONSTANTINE  
 Hey hey -- you got a couple kids getting shirty over there.

CLOSE ON HENRY

The Bully walks up to Possessed Henry and stands over him.

BULLY  
 You gonna hit me? Stand up. Stand up. You're not gonna do nothing.

Possessed Henry turns his gaze to the Merry-Go-Round behind the Bully -- and the Merry-Go-Round SLOWLY BEGINS TO SPIN.

CLOSE ON JOHN

The Teacher steps closer to the fence and frowns at John, looking more alarmed by him than anything on campus.

TEACHER  
 What's in the trench coat?

CONSTANTINE  
 Me.

Behind the Teacher, John can see the Bully taunting Possessed Henry, along with the Merry-Go-Round GAINING SPEED. There are other CHILDREN running around playing, but they're all too busy to notice the altercation.

CONSTANTINE (CONT'D)  
 Go stop the row, would ya! Before someone gets hurt!

(CONTINUED)

CLOSE ON MERRY-GO-ROUND

It's SPINNING, faster and faster, WHIRRING like fan blades -- heavy steel fan blades. PAN to the Bully, his back to the Merry-Go-Round, standing over Possessed Henry.

BULLY

Stand up. I'm going to give you a chance -- because you're just a little baby. Get up, little baby.

CLOSE ON JOHN

John watches in alarm as Possessed Henry climbs to his feet to face the Bully. But the Teacher keeps his eye on John.

TEACHER

You got a kid at this school?

CONSTANTINE

No. But if you would just turn around --

TEACHER

So why are you watching kids?

CONSTANTINE

Why aren't you watching kids? It's your job, you bloody pillock! Turn around!

CLOSE ON MERRY-GO-ROUND

The Bully faces Henry but can now HEAR THE WHIRRING behind him. He turns to look at the mad Merry-Go-Round in shock.

BULLY

What is that?!

HENRY

Fun.

With a telekinetic HAND GESTURE, he sends the Bully FLYING STRAIGHT BACKWARD into the Merry-Go-Round. The instant before impact, however, we CUT TO --

CLOSE ON JOHN

John winces at the sight of what he sees. The Teacher hears a SCREAM and spins to see the Bully laid out flat unconscious beside the Merry-Go-Round, which is slowing now. The Teacher takes off running to help.

CONSTANTINE

Bollocks.

(CONTINUED)

John, his fears confirmed, watches Possessed Henry stop the Merry-Go-Round with his hand, then casually sit down on the edge exactly like we first saw him, minding his own business.

CUT TO BLACK.

**END OF ACT TWO**

**ACT THREE**

FADE IN:

29 INT. BUNGALOW HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY 29

Clair and Darrell sit across from Possessed Henry.

CLAIR

That boy came into my hospital with a fractured skull. What'd you do to him?

DARRELL

Were you defending yourself, buddy?

CLAIR

Don't "buddy" him. There's never a reason for anything like this to happen, ever.

The DOORBELL rings. Clair expels a deep breath while Darrell crosses to answer. He opens the door to find John waiting.

CONSTANTINE

Hullo. Name's John Constantine. I'm the new counselor at the school. Come to check on your lad. We hate sending 'em home like this.

Darrell lets John inside and leads him to the living room.

DARRELL

Come in. I'm Darrell. This is my wife, Clair.

CLAIR

We were just trying to figure out why Henry acted out today. That just wasn't him.

CONSTANTINE

You're right about that, ma'am.

John crosses into the living room and, not slowing down, marches straight for Possessed Henry, reaching into his jacket for a MANDRAKE ROOT -- a foul thing shaped like a shriveled human -- which he shoves into the boy's face.

CLAIR

What are you doing?

But Possessed Henry reacts with animal instinct -- drawing back, OPENING HIS MOUTH WIDE, and emitting an unnatural GUTTURAL SOUND, as he stares down in revulsion at the root.

(CONTINUED)



DARRELL

What the hell is that?

To get the thing away, Possessed Henry GESTURES WITH A HAND and SENDS THE ROOT FLYING across the room. It all happens so quickly that one could mistake the action as John throwing the root, but Clair still looks terrified.

CONSTANTINE

Mandrake root. Malevolent spirits can't stand 'em. I had to show you what we're up against.

CLAIR

You're not a school counselor.

CONSTANTINE

I'm an exorcist -- and your son's possessed. We don't have much time.

Darrell angrily rises to his feet.

DARRELL

Get out!

CONSTANTINE

I told Chas that never works.

Darrell stalks toward John, who wisely backs away but circles the room to keep talking.

CONSTANTINE (CONT'D)

You said yourself that wasn't your Henry -- and it's not. It's an indwelling spirit. Been murdering for decades. You're next in line.

DARRELL

Out!

John backs for the door, appealing to Clair as he does --

CONSTANTINE

You know your boy best. Just watch him. Call me if something happens.

John pulls out a CARD and sets it down on a foyer table.

DARRELL

Hold on, I have a better plan.

John pauses, brightening, and turns to face Darrell.

(CONTINUED)

CONSTANTINE

Excellent. What is it?

Darrell reaches John and sucker-punches him with a FIST TO THE EYE. John, dazed by the blow, stumbles to the ground.

30 INT. HOLDING CELL - DAY

30

John, nursing a bruised eye, sits on a concrete slab in a county holding cell next to a DRUNK, 50s, clearly homeless, nodding off.

CONSTANTINE  
Any chance you snuck a bottle past  
our friends out there?

The Drunk doesn't respond. John shakes his head, sighs.

CONSTANTINE (CONT'D)  
I ought'a be ashamed. You know,  
time was you'd be asking me for a  
hand. Now look at me. No bail  
money. No booze. It only took six  
months in the loony bin to turn me  
into an amateur.

As the Drunk starts to drool, John stands up, paces.

CONSTANTINE (CONT'D)  
I'm bloody cursed when it comes to  
children. Probably on account of I  
was such a wretched one myself.

MANNY (O.S.)  
You really should consider therapy  
for that.

John turns to see -- MANNY now inhabiting the Drunk's body.

CONSTANTINE  
Sod off. You made it clear that  
you're not allowed to help me.

MANNY  
I said the opposite. Did shock  
therapy destroy your hearing?

John sits, then reclines on the slab, puts his feet up.

CONSTANTINE  
Okay then, go warn mum and dad  
about their demon seed. Send it  
back to hell. Then pick us up a  
pint.

MANNY  
Guidance, John. I can offer you  
guidance.

(CONTINUED)

CONSTANTINE

Thank you very much, but I've made it through my life without any help from you.

MANNY

(comforting)

You sure about that? How do you know I wasn't by your side when your father burned you with his cigarette? Or stayed you from suicide when your sister moved out and left you alone with him?

CONSTANTINE

(seriously unnerved)

That'll be enough of that, you.

MANNY

You didn't have it easy, John. If you want to save a child, just remember what it's like to be one.

CONSTANTINE

Well aren't you clever? Know what I think of that dog's breakfast?

He turns to see that Manny has left the body of the Drunk, now bent over and PUKING. That sums it up.

Clair and Darrell are in the middle of a heated argument.

CLAIR

How can we teach Henry how to deal with conflict when he's watching you knock a man to the ground?

DARRELL

That guy was crazy and he was in our house.

CLAIR

Your temper could have gotten us killed, Darrell. You're lucky he didn't have a gun.

DARRELL

Wouldn't a mattered. I knocked him flat.

CLAIR

You're missing the entire point.

32 INT. HENRY'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

32

Possessed Henry sits on the bed, his door ajar, listening to the fight, which makes him *visibly upset*.

CLAIR (O.S.)

You behave like you're still in college, with your video games and horror movies, but you have a son now and he's watching you.

POSSESSED HENRY

(squeezes eyes closed)

Stop fighting.

Abruptly, a beautiful MODEL CASTLE that Henry built SHATTERS, exploding outward, sending pieces flying.

DARRELL (O.S.)

I'm glad he's watching. He needs a male role model. Be a mom, fine, coddle him, but he's gotta learn how to handle himself in life.

Possessed Henry opens his eyes angrily -- to reveal that his eyes are now ENTIRELY BLACK.

POSSESSED HENRY

Stop fighting.

In a different corner, another CASTLE EXPLODES. Possessed Henry climbs out of bed and stands in the center of his room.

CLAIR (O.S.)

The way he handled himself on the playground? It's an elementary school, not a prison yard!

DARRELL (O.S.)

He stood up to a bully! We should be throwing him a victory party. I'm sorry but you're wrong on this!

Possessed Henry can't take any more. With a HAND GESTURE, we hear a DEEP GROAN immediately before --

All the CASTLES BURST. The bedroom mirror SPLINTERS. Lights FLICKER. All accompanied by faint ELECTRICAL ARCING, dancing around the room.

Possessed Henry stands motionless in the middle of the chaos.

(CONTINUED)

ON HENRY'S DOOR

We hear FOOTSTEPS RUNNING, as Clair and Darrel race into his room. Clair enters first to see Henry standing with his back to the door. In the reflection of the SPLINTERED MIRROR, Clair sees Henry's BLACK EYES. Her heart stops.

CLAIR

Henry?

Henry turns around to face her, but when he turns his eyes have RETURNED TO NORMAL. Clair isn't sure now what she saw. Was that a trick of the light? Darrell pushes past his wife to survey the damage in astonishment.

DARRELL

What happened in here?

(sniffs)

What's that burning smell?

POSSESSED HENRY

Are you going to hurt me?

Darrell shoots his wife a look, realizing she might have had a point with the violence thing. Darrell is an overgrown boy but he's also a caring father and husband.

DARRELL

No, of course not. Henry...  
violence, this isn't the way to  
express your emotions.

(looking around, confused)

How did you even do this?

Both parents share a look, united in concern for their son. Clair turns and puts a hand on her husband's shoulder.

CLAIR

Give us a minute alone, okay?

DARRELL

You're going to have to clean up  
this mess.

Darrell exits. Clair kneels by one of the fallen castles.

CLAIR

This is the first castle you built.  
You built it for me. You remember  
why?

Possessed Henry nods his head. Clair frowns, feeling increasingly unsure of her own son. She tests him.

(CONTINUED)

CLAIR (CONT'D)

Why, Henry? Tell me.

POSSESSED HENRY

You love castles.

CLAIR

No. I was scared one night during a storm. Thunder makes me nervous, even as an adult. It's crazy. But you crawled into my arms and said I'll build us a castle, Mom, to put our fears inside. So we'll always feel safe. You've been building us castles ever since.

POSSESSED HENRY

Are we done talking? I need to clean my room.

Possessed Henry stares at Clair, and she stares back, and a chill runs down her spine.

John lies on his cot, alone. The other cot is now empty. He hears FOOTSTEPS approach and a SHERIFF approaches his cell.

SHERIFF

Rise and shine. You got a visitor.

John rises to see Clair. She steps close and speaks quietly.

CLAIR

What did you mean when you said my son's possessed?

Off John and Clair, separated by bars --

CUT TO BLACK.

**END OF ACT THREE**

**ACT FOUR**

FADE IN:

34 INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY 34

John and Clair sit in a picture-window booth over cups of coffee. Clair, disturbed, flips through the bloody and horrific CRIME SCENE PHOTOS from the police file.

CONSTANTINE

Every one of those parents had a little nipper that was exhibiting the exact same behavior as Henry.

CLAIR

What you said was true. Henry... something's not right.

CONSTANTINE

He's got a dead kid at the wheel.

CLAIR

I'm sorry... you can't honestly expect me to believe that.

CONSTANTINE

You better if you want your son to have a future that includes you.

Clair takes a deep breath and forces herself to open up.

CLAIR

Tell me how these... spirits are created.

CONSTANTINE

Not all souls go gentle into the night. A violent death can leave behind a traumatized or bewildered soul. Child spirits are the worst. They act out like all brats only their tantrums end in blood.

Clair, shaken, closes the gruesome file and sets it aside.

CLAIR

Okay. I need to do something. What can we do?

CONSTANTINE

If we knew who the spirit was when it was alive, we could find a way to release it peacefully.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)



34 CONTINUED: 34

CONSTANTINE (CONT'D)

But this little bugger could have died hundreds of years ago.

CLAIR

What are our choices?

CONSTANTINE

We could try to cast it out. But forceful exorcisms with young children can be...

John stops, momentarily overwhelmed by memories of Astra.

CLAIR

What... what's wrong?

CONSTANTINE

Kids present challenges. Even if we dispelled the spirit from Henry, it would just find a new host.

CLAIR

Is there another option?

CONSTANTINE

I can bind it to one spot, but that presents a danger to us. And you'd have to be part of the team. I got a mate who'll help, but you need at least three to hold a seance.

CLAIR

I'll do whatever it takes to protect my son.

CONSTANTINE

We'll see about that. You said that you were a doctor, right?

Off his ominous tone --

34A INT. BUNGALOW HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY 34A

Henry sits at a table, drawing with a pencil. He presses the blunt tip down hard, using heavy strokes, aggressive. The sheer intensity of his work should make us wonder what he's drawing.

CLAIR

Henry?

Clair enters the room and steps close. She looks down to see a tormented child's drawing of an ANGRY MAN with a furrowed brow and a LARGE AXE, standing over a tree stump.

(CONTINUED)

34A CONTINUED:

34A

Upon seeing the disturbing image, Clair fights to stay calm.

CLAIR (CONT'D)

You've been looking a little under the weather. I brought vitamins from work so you don't get sick.

Clair cautiously raises a SYRINGE.

HENRY

What's that?

CLAIR

Vitamins. A B-12 shot. I give them to you all the time.

HENRY

You do?

CLAIR

(lying)  
Of course. Give me your arm, baby.

Possessed Henry, not sure what to make of this, holds out his arm. Clair is petrified out of her mind, but she forces a doctor's calm and SLIDES THE NEEDLE into his skin.

Abruptly, his eyes TURN BLACK and he fiercely GRABS HER ARM, digging his fingers into her flesh. Clair gasps and HITS THE PLUNGER. The sedative takes quick effect and Henry slumps. Clair lets out a scared breath. Holy shit that was close.

Moments later, Clair lays her drugged son down on the couch, pulling a throw blanket over him. HOLD on Henry, sleeping.

34B OMITTED

34B

35 EXT. ABANDONED FARMHOUSE - DAY

35

In the deep woods sits an isolated and overgrown farmhouse. The Blue Pickup is parked out front, Chas leaning against the hood. Clair and John arrive in her COMPACT SUV. They park, exit, and survey the lonesome spot as they approach Chas.

CLAIR

This was a longer drive than I expected. We only have a couple more hours before that sedative wears off.

CONSTANTINE

Let's get to work. Clair, meet Chas.

Clair gratefully shakes his hand.

(CONTINUED)

CLAIR

Thank you for helping my son.

CONSTANTINE

Chas, check around the back. Make sure we're alone. This one's bound to get ugly.

Chas nods and heads for the back. John grabs his magic kit from inside the car.

CLAIR

What is this place?

John slowly makes his way to the house, Clair by his side.

CONSTANTINE

This was the home of the first possession victim we can find on record. A boy killed his mother and father here 35 years ago. The property never sold again.

CLAIR

Who was he?

John spots an old TREE STUMP with a butcher-block top.

CONSTANTINE

Marcello. Quiet bloke. Loves flowers. I can't release the soul from our world without its name -- but I can bind it to one place so it can't go on hurting and killing.

CLAIR

You want to trap it in this house.

They reach the porch and step up on creaky, rotted steps.

CONSTANTINE

That thing inside your son has a powerful connection to this land. It's just the spot for a summoning.

They reach the door, hanging crooked on rusted hinges. John pushes the door open with a CREAK and they enter --

It looks like a haunted house. Abandoned and filthy. Moldy floorboards. Foul stains on the walls. Shadows everywhere.

CONSTANTINE

It knows we're here.

CLAIR

The spirit?

CONSTANTINE

The house. Anyplace where tragedy occurred festers with energy. You learn to read it after a while.

John sees Clair's fear and takes her hand to keep her calm. They step through the foyer and into the living room, where --

-- a FLURRY OF STARLINGS take flight, STARTLING US as they fly into the faces of John and Clair -- who SHRIEKS -- on their way out the busted out window. John calmly turns to Clair, whose hand he still holds.

CONSTANTINE (CONT'D)

You okay?

She nods bravely. John turns back around --

-- to see a HULKING BRUTE coming out of the shadows for him, STARTLING US a second time. Clair SHRIEKS again. It's Chas, of course.

CHAS

All clear.

CONSTANTINE

The killings happened in this room. This is where we hold the seance. Shall we, then?

Off Clair's uncertainty --

37 INT. ABANDONED FARMHOUSE - LIVING ROOM - LATER 37

Sheets have been tacked over windows to darken the room. In the center of the freshly swept floor, John, Clair, and Chas sit cross-legged in a circle. Using his LIGHTER, John lights THREE CANDLES on the floor in their circle.

CONSTANTINE

The souls of the dead still seek warmth and light. These candles will draw our target into the circle.

With the candles lit, John feels his empty pockets.

CONSTANTINE (CONT'D)

They crave physical nourishment, too. Uh oh, I forgot to bring food.

(CONTINUED)

Chas digs into his pocket.

CHAS  
I have breath mints.

CONSTANTINE  
That'll work as a treat.

John takes the MINTS and places them next to the candles.

CONSTANTINE (CONT'D)  
Now, the hard bit. When I invoke this wicked child on the astral, a cyclone of evil will enter our midst. You'll feel it swirling in your head and your chest and your kidneys, or thereabouts. We must hold hands and not break contact. Not until I recite the binding spell. Is that clear?

CHAS  
(to Clair)  
You'll do fine.

John holds out his hands, and the three join hands. John closes his eyes.

CONSTANTINE  
*Oh clever spirit of the dead,  
invader of flesh, traveler through  
time. We present you offerings  
from life into death and invite you  
into our circle... move among us.*

Everyone waits. Clair looks around the room expectantly.

CLAIR  
I think I felt a breeze.

CONSTANTINE  
No no no -- this blighter will come racing into the circle like it's running from the devil himself. Hold tight...

(louder, with gusto)  
*Oh cursed spirit of the dead,  
spiller of blood, destroyer of  
families. We command you to enter  
our circle and MOVE AMONG US NOW!*

They hear SCRAPING outside on the porch. Clair is panicked.

CLAIR  
It's coming.

(CONTINUED)

CONSTANTINE  
Don't break the circle!

The front door slowly CREAKS OPEN and... a FAWN lightly steps into the house in a RAY OF SUNLIGHT. It timidly enters, looks around, then skips out the back. Clair is confused.

CLAIR  
What's it mean?

CONSTANTINE  
Means this is a bloody waste of time. What went wrong?

CHAS  
Maybe Marcello was never possessed. He murdered his parents on his own. The spirit would have no connection to this location.

CONSTANTINE  
No. This house is on a Ley Line, like all the other places of attack. What am I missing?

Clair, worried now, turns to Constantine.

CLAIR  
Henry could wake up any second. I'm afraid he'll go after my husband. You need to get that thing out of him.

CONSTANTINE  
You don't want an exorcism, Clair. Trust me.

CLAIR  
I do. Trust you.

CONSTANTINE  
Well maybe I don't trust myself.

CLAIR  
John. I need you to save my son. What choice do I have?

Clair fights her tears. John takes a deep breath and nods.

It's Halloween night. Across the neighborhood, TRICK-OR-TREATERS bound joyfully from house to house, with their PARENTS in tow.

39 INT. BUNGALOW HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 39

CLOSE ON Possessed Henry, asleep, as Darrell gently shakes him awake.

DARRELL  
 Hey buddy. C'mon... wake up.  
 You've been napping all day.

CLAIR (O.S.)  
 Darrell.

He turns to see Clair enter the house.

DARRELL  
 Where have you been? I've been  
 calling...

His words drift off when he sees John enter with his bag.

DARRELL (CONT'D)  
 What's he doing out of jail?

CONSTANTINE  
 Your wife dropped the charges. I'm  
 here to exorcise an evil spirit  
 from your boy.

DARRELL  
 (to Clair)  
 And you're blaming me for filling  
 his head with ideas?!

The angry words stir Possessed Henry. He groggily opens his eyes, looks around, trying to gain his bearings.

CLAIR  
 I know how it sounds, but you need  
 to listen!

<p>DARRELL                  No, I'm not listening to you                  any more! You're out of                  control! I want that man out                  of our house!</p>	<p>CONSTANTINE                  No offense, but can we table                  this argument? We got more                  important matters on hand.</p>
--	--

Unnoticed in the conflict, Possessed Henry sits up. His drug stupor fades fast when he spots his mother, who drugged him, and John, who assaulted him -- and his EYES TURN JET BLACK.

POSSESSED HENRY  
Stop fighting!

With a telekinetic HAND GESTURE, he angrily SENDS A HEAVY DINING CHAIR hurtling across the room at Clair.

(CONTINUED)

Darrell bravely pushes her out of the way, throwing himself into the path of danger, and the bulky chair KNOCKS HIM DOWN, hard. John realizes --

CONSTANTINE  
It's conflict. That's the trigger.

John races for a wall, pulls down a FRAMED MIRROR, holds a hand over the reflective surface, and mutters a quick spell.

CONSTANTINE (CONT'D)  
*No loss will come, no harm to me,  
for what you send returns to thee.*

Meanwhile, Possessed Henry turns to Clair, glaring darkly. She tries desperately to assert her motherly authority.

CLAIR  
Henry! Stop it, right now!

CONSTANTINE  
Ah, yelling's not what we want at this point.

But there's no turning back for Possessed Henry. He RAISES HIS HAND to telekinetically throw his mother --

-- but John dashes in front of Clair with the raised mirror. Possessed Henry GESTURES WITH HIS HAND, but the defensive spell on the mirror reflects the blast to Possessed Henry, who SAILS BACKWARD, slides across the floor, and slams into a wall.

John races over to the boy, but before he can reach him, Possessed Henry rolls under a table, grabs his Zombie costume and mask, and runs out the front door into Halloween night.

SLAM TO BLACK.

**END OF ACT FOUR**



**ACT FIVE**

FADE IN:

40 EXT. BUNGALOW HOUSE - NIGHT 40

In ZOMBIE COSTUME and MASK, Possessed Henry runs away from the house. Catching movement to his side, he swivels his head to see CHAS LUNGE OUT from behind a PARKED SUV, where he was hiding. Without slowing, Possessed Henry GESTURES and --

-- the CAR BEHIND THE SUV LURCHES FORWARD, pinning Chas between the vehicles. Possessed Henry keeps on walking, rounding a street corner out of sight.

A beat later, John runs up to find Chas hopelessly trapped.

CHAS  
I'll be okay. Around the corner!

CONSTANTINE  
I'll be back for you.

John takes off running in the direction that Chas indicated. Behind him, we see PARENTS hurrying over to help Chas.

AROUND THE CORNER

John, carrying the protective mirror, rounds the corner past trick-or-treaters, darting around little bodies, searching for Henry. On the sidewalk ahead, he spots --

THE ZOMBIE COSTUME. Marching away. John runs up behind and yanks off the mask -- to reveal the face of a SMART-ASS PUNK.

PUNK  
Hey gimme that! What's wrong with you, man?

John tosses the mask back.

CONSTANTINE  
Sorry, kid.

PUNK  
Stranger danger! That guy's a pervert! Someone kick his ass!

Embarrassed, John pushes ahead, as parents wrap protective arms around their children as he passes.

FURTHER AHEAD

Possessed Henry looks behind him to see the dramatic figure of John, trench coat tails flared, running hard his way.

(CONTINUED)

40 CONTINUED:

40

Approaching a HIGH SCHOOL, Possessed Henry runs onto the campus. He sees HAND-DRAWN SIGNS that point to a HALLOWEEN MAZE and follows the signs, disappearing around a corner.

40A EXT. HALLOWEEN MAZE ENTRANCE - NIGHT

40A

A long line of TEENAGERS stand waiting to enter the maze. John runs the length of the line toward the front.

CONSTANTINE

Anyone see a short zombie?

They all stare at him in that apathetic teenage way. When he reaches the front, John sees a sign over the entrance that reads: "MAZE INTO HELL. ENTER IF YOU DARE." John pushes past the TICKET TAKER and runs into the maze, drawing SHOUTS and COMPLAINTS behind.

41 INT. HALLOWEEN MAZE - NIGHT

41

As soon as he's inside, John locks the door. We hear people POUNDING outside, but he leaves them behind and steps into the maze in search of Possessed Henry.

At every turn, DISTURBING HORROR ELEMENTS wait in shadows or peek from crevices. John tensely takes one turn... two... Each turn might reveal an actual evil entity, keeping him on full alert. Finally, he reaches --

A GRAVEYARD CHAMBER

Low lying fog. Tombstones. One prop is a SKELETON GRAVE-DIGGER, with a shovel in the ground. FUN-HOUSE MIRRORS are propped in each corner. Feels like the perfect place for an ambush. John moves slowly through the space. Suddenly --

-- the ZOMBIE SPRINGS from hiding with a SHRIEK. John raises his arms to defend himself, only to realize his assailant isn't Henry but an animatronic ZOMBIE CORPSE rising from a grave, Nosferatu style. When the Zombie lowers itself back down, it WIPES FRAME to reveal standing behind it --

POSSESSED HENRY

In Zombie Costume and Mask. John warily raises the mirror.

CONSTANTINE

Wouldn't try anything, mate. This mirror will just throw it back in your face. Be a good lad now and come home with me.

Abruptly, the Zombie Costume COLLAPSES like a balloon losing its air and falls to the floor in a pile -- it was being held up telekinetically.

(CONTINUED)

John quickly looks around, just in time to see to his right --

THE SKELETON GRAVE-DIGGER

Controlled telekinetically, it swings its very real shovel down at John. He raises the mirror to protect himself and the MIRROR SHATTERS, followed by the Skeleton Grave-Digger, which COLLAPSES into a pile of bones. And that's when --

THE ZOMBIE CORPSE

Springs up again, startling John. It operates on a timer, of course. Annoyed, John PUNCHES the Zombie Corpse in the face, breaking its mechanism. Hearing a child's laughter behind him, John turns to see --

POSSESSED HENRY

Step into view, EYES BLACK, in jeans and t-shirt. In his hands, he wields a heavy FIRE AXE. Seeing the axe, John puts together the puzzle pieces and *understands who the spirit is.*

CONSTANTINE (CONT'D)

An axe... of course.

(focusing on the boy)

I know why you're doing this. Your parents, they weren't good people, were they? Your dad chopped your fingers on a bloody tree stump.

Possessed Henry's eyes narrow in anger. Without warning, John SLIDES FORWARD on his feet, dragged telekinetically, until he's a foot from Henry, who shoulders the axe to swing.

CONSTANTINE (CONT'D)

He had no right to do that!

That gives Possessed Henry pause, suddenly unsure.

CONSTANTINE (CONT'D)

He had no right to hurt you... he was your father. I know what it feels like to have a father who didn't protect you. Who blamed you for his bad luck. His failures. You deserved better than that.

POSSESSED HENRY

Who am I?

CONSTANTINE

Your name's Marcello.

Before Possessed Henry can react, John takes a knee and pulls him into an aggressive hug. The axe clatters to the floor.

(CONTINUED)

41 CONTINUED: (2)

41

CONSTANTINE (CONT'D)

As the one who named you, I command  
you... show me your true form.

As John firmly holds Possessed Henry, he looks at a FUN-HOUSE  
MIRROR, *which reveals the true nature of who's in his arms --*

IN THE FUN-HOUSE MIRROR

John hugs YOUNG MARCELLO, the farm boy with the bowl cut.  
The hand on John's shoulder has THREE MISSING FINGERS. John  
stares darkly at the reflection of the killer he's hugging.

CONSTANTINE (CONT'D)

Now be gone. I bind you to your  
rightful place.

In the mirror, a shapeless BLACK SPIRIT RISES from the boy  
and darts upward. John now holds Henry in his arms.

42 INT. BUNGALOW HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

42

Henry sleeps in his mom's arms on the couch. John sits with  
her and Darrell, not too worse the wear for the flying chair.

CONSTANTINE

I thought Henry was possessed by  
the soul of a dead person -- but it  
was the soul of a living one.

DARRELL

I don't understand.

CONSTANTINE

Marcello was the oldest survivor on  
record because he was the first  
killer. Butchered his folks and I  
don't blame him. But the act was  
so traumatic on the lad that his  
soul fled his body.

CLAIR

Like a dissociative state.

CONSTANTINE

Of a spectral sort. The tether  
between body and soul snapped.

DARRELL

Does that happen... a lot?

CONSTANTINE

More than you know. I should have  
put it together when I met Marcello  
in the hospital.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

42 CONTINUED:

42

CONSTANTINE (CONT'D)

He was a shell of a man. Could practically hear the ocean between his ears. But when I saw Henry with that axe in his hands, I had no doubt.

\*  
\*  
\*

CLAIR

(realizing)

Your invocation at the farmhouse... you were trying to call the soul of a dead person.

CONSTANTINE

Which is why it didn't show up. You're catching on, luv.

DARRELL

Where's Marcello's soul now?

CONSTANTINE

Oh now don't go worrying your heads about that. You two just take care of that boy.

John rises from his seat and heads for the door, taking one last look at this safely restored family.

*CONSTANTINE (V.O.)*

*A soul can't cross over while its body's still alive. So I sent Marcello's to the only place I could...*

43 EXT. MENTAL HEALTH FACILITY - NIGHT

43

CLOSE ON a wheelchair, lying on the ground. PAN to find Marcello on his feet, wearing pajamas and fending off Nurse Jimmy and a SECOND NURSE with a pair of GARDEN LOPPERS.

*CONSTANTINE (V.O.)*

*At least he's locked in a high-security facility, where qualified doctors can heal his inner child. Who knows. Maybe one day he'll even find peace.*

Finally, the Nurses find an opening and tackle Marcello to the grass, as he angrily SCREAMS.

44 EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT

44

Happy PARENTS and their CHILDREN in costumes trick-or-treat, run and laugh, scooping all the candy they can. It's a slice of Americana and timeless innocence.

(CONTINUED)

44 CONTINUED:

44

*CONSTANTINE (V.O.)  
 And what of my rotten inner child?  
 If my humanity's what can save us,  
 then overcoming the damage and  
 weakness in my nature may be the  
 part of this battle I dread most.*

FIND John sitting cross-legged on the hood of his truck, watching the tableau. As he puts a cigarette in his mouth and pulls out his lighter, MATCH CUT TO --

45 INT. ARTIST'S LOFT - NIGHT

45

CLOSE ON A PAINTING, which is *the matching image of John sitting on his truck hood, lighting a cigarette, surrounded by trick-or-treaters.*

PULL BACK to include a mysterious raven-haired woman we'll come to know as ZED, painting the canvas.

*CONSTANTINE (V.O.)  
 I don't have the answers. I only  
 know that a darkness is rising.  
 And unless I can stop it, the world  
 will change forever. I wonder...  
 am I the only one who knows that?*

KEEP PULLING BACK to find the loft cluttered -- overflowing, in fact -- with DOZENS and DOZENS OF PAINTINGS of John Constantine.

FADE TO BLACK.

**END OF EPISODE**