

TEASER

FADE IN:

1 EXT. TAVERN - NIGHT 1

HIGH AND WIDE on a desolate, clapboard tavern, surrounded by woods. This is the last stop outside a nondescript town whose name bears no relevance to this tale. The neon sign outside the tavern reads: "THE FAR REACHES."

The door flies open and JACKERS (early 20s), a likable runt, storms out. We're high up, he's way down, so we can't quite hear him but he's cursing, ranting, as he tucks in his shirt.

The door opens once more and ARTIE (early 20s), hipster vibe, jogs out. ARTIE puts a hand on his friend's shoulder to calm him, but Jackers pulls away angrily and continues ranting.

We're wondering what he's saying, so we CUT CLOSE to hear --

JACKERS

...Why me! Why's it always me!

ARTIE

It's not. He does it to all of us.

JACKERS

Really, Artie? I don't remember him pantsing you in a crowded bar and... dammit, where the hell are my keys? He took my keys, didn't he?

The door opens again and BECCA (early 20s), the kind of girl who thinks happiness makes you pretty, hurries to join them. Sauntering behind her is VANIA (early 20s), lost in the high altitude of her soaring beauty.

BECCA

Come on Jackers, don't let him ruin your night. It's your birthday. We could all drive to my place.

JACKERS

(checking his pockets)
I can't. He took my damn keys... and my wallet. Where the hell's my wallet?

VANIA

Do you want me to check your pants again, Jackers? I was planning to frisk you as part of your birthday present anyway.

(CONTINUED)

JACKERS

It's all so juvenile. He's like an inbred monkey. We're not in school anymore. When's it going to end?

BECCA

Maybe it's time we call the cops. That was robbery and assault, sort of. We'll back you up.

The entrance door bursts open again --

REGGIE

Where's the birthday boy?!

-- and out steps REGGIE (early 20s). Tall. Burly. *Drunk*. With the kind of face that will never be invaded by thought. He holds up Jackers' keys, dangling from a finger.

REGGIE (CONT'D)

Drinks were on you. I maxed out your card, dude. Let's go for a ride.

ARTIE

Give him his keys, Reggie. It's his birthday, man.

REGGIE

What's the matter, Artie? You feeling left out?

Artie's too cool to be scared, but Reggie's too big a dick to respect it. Reggie grabs Artie in a painful FRONT HEADLOCK.

BECCA

Stop it!

REGGIE

Let *him* stop it. He's the one who called me out.

Reggie tightens his grip. Artie, face red, can't breathe.

VANIA

Getting off on that, Reggie? You like to play with the boys?

Reggie lets go of Artie, who gasps for breath. Becca rushes to his side. Reggie turns to Vania in her tight skirt and heels, wearing so much makeup she's practically pearlescent.

REGGIE

Is that a challenge, Vania?

(CONTINUED)

1 CONTINUED: (2)

1

VANIA

You're not up for it. From what I hear, you can't get it up for much.

REGGIE

Oh yeah...?

Suddenly, drunkenly, Reggie forces her hand to his crotch and kisses her. Vania irately pulls back and SLAPS HIM. Without thinking, Reggie SLAPS HER BACK, sending Vania tumbling.

BECCA

What's wrong with you?!

When Reggie turns to look -- a SHOVEL meets his face. Swung hard by Jackers, who we've hopefully forgotten about by now.

Reggie looks around at them for a confused beat, then falls like a pine. Head, meet concrete. Reggie's skull CRACKS against the pavement. Silence. Becca leans over to check.

BECCA (CONT'D)

He's not breathing.

VANIA

I hope he's dead.

ARTIE

He's not dead.

BECCA

I think he is. You guys...

And then the reality hits -- fear, panic, tears from Becca.

JACKERS

What do we do?

2 EXT. WELL - NIGHT

2

CLOSE on Reggie's head, face up, dragging along a path through the woods. WIDEN TO REVEAL Artie and Jackers each holding a heel, pulling him forward. The girls follow.

VANIA

It's just ahead.

The path leads to an open area in the trees with a raised FRESH WATER WELL, complete with a cross beam and bucket.

ARTIE

A little help here...

They each grab a limb. Struggling with the weight, they lift the body and awkwardly tumble it down into the well.

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED:

2

We hear SCRAPING on the wall as it falls, then a final SPLASH. The friends look at each other, the complicity in their crime setting in -- but it's about to get a lot worse.

REGGIE (O.S.)
 Ahhhoww... hey! What's going on?
 Somebody, help me! I'm bleedin'
 down here!

Horror befalls the friends, as they hear SPLASHING below.

ARTIE
 How can he be alive?

BECCA
 We got to get him out.

VANIA
 We'll go to jail. You know that.

JACKERS
 We'll never make it to jail. He'll
 kill us first.

REGGIE (O.S.)
 Jackers? I hear you! Lower the
 bucket. We're good, man.
 (beat, scary)
 Lower the bucket or you're dead!

The friends stare at each other, frozen in panic. After a beat, Vania makes a decision. She lifts a HEAVY ROCK, turns to the well, and DROPS IT DOWN the dark shaft in the earth.

SICKENING CRUNCH. Silence.

POV from deep in the well, looking up. All we hear is gentle lapping of water. The FOUR HEADS of the friends peer over the edge and look down. Off their fear and guilt --

3 EXT. CAMPGROUND - PARKING LOT - MORNING

3

Zed's car pulls to a stop in front of a forested CONFERENCE CENTER, small but warm and inviting. The ideal spot for a weekend of communing with nature.

4 INT. ZED'S CAR - MORNING

4

ZED parks. JOHN opens his eyes and looks around groggily.

CONSTANTINE
 We there already?

ZED
 I've been driving for five hours.

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED: 4

As they exit the car, John grabs his LEATHER BAG.

5 EXT. CAMPGROUND - MORNING 5

John and Zed cut through the forested grounds of the camp, nicely maintained, searching for signs of activity.

CONSTANTINE

Peaceful. Quiet. You must have made a wrong turn. Hard to navigate without a scry map.

ZED

Hard to navigate with you snoring. I don't need the map. Manny said there was a developing situation here that we should look into.

CONSTANTINE

Manny torched our map. Your new angel friend is more trouble than he's worth.

ZED

He's your friend, too, John.

CONSTANTINE

When he wants to be. The rest of the time he's worth bugger-all squared. Working his angles and earth-bound agendas.

ZED

(reading TRAIL SIGNS)
Leadership Summit. Vision Trail.
What kind of camp is this?

CONSTANTINE

Sounds like a corporate retreat. Big shots and blowhards getting touchy-feely. Improving workplace effectiveness through ropes courses and group hugs. Maybe Manny meant it for us. All our troubles solved with a trust fall.

ZED

What's a trust fall?

CONSTANTINE

Not one for party games, are we? Come on. Up on the stump. Back to me.

John stops walking and points to a STUMP. Zed steps up.

(CONTINUED)

CONSTANTINE (CONT'D)

Close your eyes.
(once Zed does)
Now... fall into my arms.

ZED

Nice try.

CONSTANTINE

And that's why you've lasted this long. You've got the good sense not to trust me.

ZED

I trust you. I trust you all the time.
(closes her eyes tight)
Stay there.

CONSTANTINE

You got nothing to prove to me.

ZED

Shut up and catch me.

With that, Zed falls backward. FOLLOW HER DOWN. Into JOHN'S ARMS. Her eyes still closed. She smiles proudly.

ZED (CONT'D)

I did it!

For one curious beat, John holds Zed in his arms and looks down on her, smiling, and we get the sense there's mutual enjoyment here. Then Zed opens her eyes -- and SCREAMS.

ZED'S POV: She's staring straight up at a HACKED AND BLOODIED BODY, dangling from a ZIP LINE in the tree directly overhead.

John looks up at the body, sets down Zed, and speaks softly.

CONSTANTINE

Keep shtum.

John waves her forward. They silently follow the zip line.

FURTHER AHEAD

The zip line leads John and Zed to a ROPES COURSE. Once they reach it, they stop and stare, gaping up.

The BODIES OF YOUNG EXECUTIVES are brutally slashed and hung in a macabre installation of death and dismemberment.

CONSTANTINE (CONT'D)

Yeah. We're in the right place.

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED: (2) 5

Zed grabs John's shoulder and holds a finger to her lips. Shhh. She mouths the word "Listen." John does and hears... a distant METALLIC CLANGING. They move toward the sound.

6 EXT. MESS HALL - DAY 6

John and Zed approach the front entrance. Another round of CLANGING, louder, emanates from inside. John, pulling the FOLDING SCYTH from his bag, cautiously enters the mess hall first, followed by Zed.

7 INT. MESS HALL - DAY 7

Inside, John finds BLOOD EVERYWHERE, smeared on walls, pooled on the floor. The CLANGING resumes. FULL VOLUME now. From the very room in which they stand. John points at --

A large WALL VENT. Something inside the wall is BANGING on the vent, trying to get out. John and Zed move close. Zed picks up a butter knife, and John raises his scythe. He quietly nods, ready, and Zed uses the knife to pry off the vent grill, which CLATTERS to the ground to REVEAL --

AMY, a young account executive, wedged deep inside the vent, hiding. Her face is streaked with dirt, tears, and blood.

AMY

Help me... please. I, I can barely move.

CONSTANTINE

Steady on. We got you. What's your name, luv?

AMY

Amy.

John and Zed try to extricate her, but she's jammed in good.

ZED

Who put you in here, Amy?

AMY

Nobody. I was hiding. You have to get me out! Please!

CONSTANTINE

Breathe deeply. We're here now. From what manner of beast were you hiding?

RACK FOCUS from John and Zed to a SLASHER entering the mess hall behind them. CREEPY BURLAP MASK over its head. Blood-drenched, long-handled MATTOCK dangling by its side. Our gang doesn't see the thing slowly walk straight for them.

(CONTINUED)

7 CONTINUED:

7

John and Zed pull. Amy starts sliding, slowly.

AMY

His name's Brad Howard. He was
fired from our company last week.
We heard he shot himself. I
thought he was dead...
(tears start flowing)
...but he trapped us in this room
and started killing us... I'm the
only one left.

Sensing movement, John glances behind him to see the Slasher marching their way. Zed and Amy haven't clocked the threat. Not wanting to alarm them, John remains calm.

CONSTANTINE

Almost there. Keep pulling.

He reaches into his jacket, pulls out his FLASK, and removes the lid with one hand. Zed shoots him a look. Over their shoulders, we see the Slasher almost on them.

ZED

You really need that now?

CONSTANTINE

I really do. Zed? No matter what happens... *Don't. Stop. Pulling.*

Zed frowns. Huh? John takes a deep slug from the flask. Behind him, the Slasher closes and raises its mattock high.

In one motion, John WHIRLS to face the Slasher, while pulling out his lighter, flicking it on, and raising the flame to his mouth. He breathes a stream of his nasty hooch, spraying a magnificent PLUME OF FIRE at the Slasher.

In SLOW MOTION, the Slasher blindly SWINGS ITS MATTOCK into the ball of fire licking its body, missing John completely. As Zed turns to look, she sees John LAUNCHES HIMSELF inside the Slasher's defense and TACKLE THE THING to the ground.

Zed turns back to Amy, who can't see from inside the vent.

AMY

What's going on?!

ZED

Stay with me, Amy. Exhale. Let
out your air. All of it.

What follows is a heart-stopping INTERCUT between Zed and John. When the young woman exhales, Zed starts moving her body out of the vent.

(CONTINUED)

7 CONTINUED: (2)

7

Meanwhile, the Slasher THROWS JOHN CLEAR. With deliberate intent, it rises, retrieves its mattock, and turns to face the women. John jumps onto a table to draw its attention.

CONSTANTINE

Hey! Over here you bloody pillock!

The Slasher changes directions, heading for John. It loads to swing, drawing the mattock back. John looks overhead at a CEILING FAN hanging from a metal downrod. As the Slasher swings, John leaps, grabs the fan, and raises his legs.

The sharp point of the mattock passes harmlessly under John -- then his weight PULLS DOWN the ceiling fan. John LANDS HARD on his back atop the table.

The Slasher steps forward to finish off John, but John snaps off the metal downrod still in his hands and lunges forward, DRIVING IT THROUGH the Slasher's eye, straight in its brain.

The Slasher starts violently PIN-WHEELING IN PAIN, before slamming into a wall and falling to the ground, motionless. John steps close and looks down to see THICK DARK BLOOD ooze from the eye opening in its mask.

CONSTANTINE (CONT'D)

Not so vicious now, are we? All foam and no lager.

Zed has her arm around the now freed Amy.

ZED

You okay, John?

CONSTANTINE

I believe my vitals are intact. Take Amy outside for a spot of fresh air. I need to figure out what form of evil came over her workmate here.

As Zed helps Amy outside, John takes his magic kit and kneels beside the Slasher. He begins a TBD MAGICAL TEST to determine what manner of creature this might be when --

-- the Slasher RESURRECTS. It raises one giant hand, grabs John by the hair, and SLAMS HIS HEAD against the wall. John slumps over woozily.

The Slasher stands, picks up his mattock, and turns to finish off John, dazed and helpless on the ground. When suddenly --

-- a side door BANGS OPEN, letting in a STREAM OF LIGHT.

(CONTINUED)

7 CONTINUED: (3)

7

Through the light strides JUDITH (early 30s) -- punk rock, bottle blonde, goth lipstick -- dressed in form-fitting leather pants and clutching a KATANA in her hand.

JUDITH
Sorry I'm late.

The Slasher turns and Judith ATTACKS. She takes the battle to the Slasher in a blur of STRIKES AND THRUSTS, backing up the brute with stunning style points, before knocking the mattock from its hands and finishing the kill with a CLEAN DECAPITATION.

Sheathing her katana she stares down at the masked head.

JUDITH (CONT'D)
Burlap. This season's trending fashion.

CONSTANTINE
Nice blade work.

Judith turns to recognize John with shock.

JUDITH
John Constantine?

CONSTANTINE
Judith. Can't seem to keep away, can we?

At the front entrance, Zed runs back inside, alerted by the commotion. She stops short to see --

John and Judith stand in the blood-streaked mess hall, arms around each other intimately, locked in a deep kiss.

TILT DOWN to the MASKED HEAD on the ground. PUSH INTO the uninjured eye, which remains open, looking around. Slowly, the EYE CLOSES, and we MATCH CUT TO --

8 INT. WELL - MORNING

8

CLOSE on a CLOSED EYE UNDERWATER. It SNAPS OPEN WIDE.

ABOVE THE WATER

We're looking straight down into the well now. The still dark surface. Abruptly, the bloated REGGIE JOLTS UP OUT OF THE WATER, one arm raised, straight into camera, and we --

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

9 EXT. CAMPGROUND - DAY 9

John emerges from the mess hall, flanked by Zed and Judith.

CONSTANTINE
Judith and I go way back. Knocked
about in the London club scene when
debauchery was revered.

JUDITH
We didn't know our asses from our
elbows back then.

ZED
You seem to have that geography all
sorted out, judging from what I
saw. Did you know Judith was going
to be here?

CONSTANTINE
I was completely gobsmacked. I
haven't seen her since Newcastle.

JUDITH
Newcastle. What a weekend that
was. Remember those slags at the
Bigg Market? Shivering in tiny
skirts and tops in the dead of
winter?

Struck by the casual Newcastle reference, Zed shoots John a
look. Judith wipes blood from her katana and sheathes it.

CONSTANTINE
So this is what you do now?

JUDITH
Yeah, I've specialized. Hunting
resurrected psychopaths. It's a
niche market. Is she the survivor?

Judith gestures ahead, where Amy sits on a bench, distraught.

ZED
Her name's Amy.

JUDITH
There's always one, thankfully. I
usually save more, but my truck
broke down in Iowa. I'll handle
this, if you don't mind.

(CONTINUED)

CONSTANTINE

Have at, luv.

FOLLOW Judith to Amy, who's total a wreck.

JUDITH

Amy? My name's Judith. I need you to hear my words. In the weeks ahead, you're gonna feel guilt, guilt because you're alive. But you're alive because you fought to be here. That's a point of pride that I need you to hold close from this day forward. You can let last night destroy you, or it can *define* you as a woman of strength...

JOHN AND ZED, from a distance, watch Judith empower Amy.

ZED

She seems to know what she's doing.

CONSTANTINE

Can't argue that.

ZED

Was Judith at Newcastle the same weekend as...

CONSTANTINE

Yes. We won't roll around in that.

ZED

You'd never know. She doesn't seem traumatized about it, like you and the rest of your friends.

CONSTANTINE

The girl has changed, I'll give you that. I hardly recognize her.

ZED

Well that outfit is ridiculous.

CONSTANTINE

It's not the clothes I'm talking about. It's the weaponry.

The back of a PANEL TRUCK opens revealing RACKS OF WEAPONS -- axes, battle axes, ice picks, cleavers, meat hooks, etc.

Judith tosses the MATTOCK into a bin, filled with bloody used killing tools that she's collected from other battles.

10 CONTINUED:

10

John walks over to join her. As they talk, Judith unstraps her katana and returns it to a rack.

JUDITH

No cell coverage out here but I keep a sat phone. Cops are on their way. If you want to avoid 'em, you should haul ass now.

CONSTANTINE

I can't abide you driving away before we catch up proper. How about you come by Jasper's place for a pint?

JUDITH

Your new lady friend won't mind?

CONSTANTINE

Zed? It's not like that with us.

JUDITH

(surprised)

Since when. You losing your touch?

CONSTANTINE

Maybe you should come find out.

Judith smiles and closes the back doors. As they SLAM SHUT --

11 EXT. CABIN - DAY

11

A MACHETE HACKS into a branch. PULL BACK to find a tough OLD MAN cutting back overhanging branches outside a rustic cabin, isolated in the woods. A couple GOATS are tied up, lazily feeding.

The Old Man pulls a branch free, then pauses to listen to a sound. We hear what he does -- a distant BANGING. The Old Man swings his machete into a stump, leaving it wedged firmly there, then walks away from the cabin to explore the sound.

12 EXT. WELL - DAY

12

The Old Man follows the BANGING, much louder now, to the well where Reggie was murdered. The Old Man steps to the well, leans over the edge, and peers down.

OLD MAN'S POV: In the deep shadows, we can vaguely make out a HUMAN FORM -- Reggie, of course -- standing down in the bottom of the well, water up to his stomach. He rhythmically pounds the stone wall with a BIG ROCK, which we might notice is the same rock that came down on his head.

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED:

12

OLD MAN

Oh no. Oh lord. Hold on! Just hold on, young man!

The Old Man starts lowering the bucket into the well.

OLD MAN (CONT'D)

I'm too old to pull you out. See if this rope's any use to you. If not, I'll call the fire department.

Suddenly, the rope GOES TAUT, as Reggie below starts to climb. Outside the well, the Old Man stands by, waiting.

OLD MAN (CONT'D)

That's it. You're doing it.

He steps to the edge and looks down to see the TOP OF A HEAD emerging into the light, but the top of the head is wrong, with a bloodless OPEN GASH where the rock hit. The Old Man frowns.

OLD MAN (CONT'D)

You okay, son?

The Old Man extends a hand to help him out -- and a WHITE BLOATED HAND reaches from inside the well to grab his hand.

CLOSE on the Old Man, who looks down at the pulpy, fleshy hand with pruned white skin, firmly gripping his own hand. Then the Old Man's gaze drifts upward into the face of the horror emerging from the well -- and he SCREAMS IN TERROR.

13 INT. MILL HOUSE - DAY

13

CLOSE on EGGS SIZZLING in a greasy pan. John reaches for the pan, burns his hand, yelps, as he fumbles his way through making dinner.

Across the room, Judith practices her knife-throwing skills. She stands twenty feet or so from a WOODEN POST, holding three HUNTING KNIVES.

JUDITH

You need help?

CONSTANTINE

It's under control. I know how to cook -- eggs anyway. It's a limited repertoire, best served after a good shag.

Judith turns back to the post, takes aim, and THROWS A KNIFE. It spins through the air with a metallic flash. THUNK. It sticks in the post. Zed sits on the couch, watching.

(CONTINUED)

ZED

We'd be eating like royalty if Chas was in town. He's a much better host.

Judith throws a second knife. IT STICKS, too.

JUDITH

So. Zed. What twisted lies has John told you about me?

ZED

He's never mentioned you.

JUDITH

Is that right?

ZED

We don't talk about Newcastle much.

John continues to work in the kitchen throughout this scene, calling out loudly to participate in the conversation.

CONSTANTINE

And we ain't starting tonight!

ZED

How'd you find us today, Judith?

JUDITH

Well, like most of the mutts in our mangy little pack, I was afflicted with a certain ability.

CONSTANTINE

She has precognitive dreams!

ZED

You dream the future? I've never met another psychic. How's it work for you?

JUDITH

It doesn't. It all changed after...
(glances at John, then
whispers to Zed)
...Newcastle.

CONSTANTINE

What are you on about?

JUDITH

After John checked himself into an asylum without telling us...
(calls to John)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

JUDITH (CONT'D)

...thank you very much...

(back to Zed)

...I flew home to visit my folks in Ohio. Started having new dreams, like I was seeing through someone else's eyes. Horrible dreams. I knew what I was seeing was real. The axe rising... a scared woman tied with ropes... the look in her eyes, right before...

Judith gets lost for a second.

ZED

That's horrible.

JUDITH

That was my general takeaway, too.

CONSTANTINE

And why do I have a feeling you didn't call the local constable!

JUDITH

I was in the eyes of the killer. That murder felt... personal. So I followed a clue from my dream. It led me to a barn where I found the crime scene... and more. Women, dead ones, hung like meat. A local farmer was acting out his crazies with an axe. I got him from behind with a pitchfork.

Judith throws her third knife. IT STICKS.

CONSTANTINE

But he didn't die, did he?

JUDITH

No. That's when I learned you have to behead them to stop them.

CONSTANTINE

Well that limits the categories of what that thing was. Now if I had to guess --

JUDITH

(shutting him down)

You don't. He was a Meat Cutter. That's what I call 'em, because that's what they do. Meat Cutters.

As Judith walks over to retrieve the knives, Zed realizes --

(CONTINUED)

ZED

You're still having the dreams.

JUDITH

They lead me all across the country.

Zed looks at Judith in a new light, impressed but concerned.

ZED

It's how you dealt with Newcastle.
Instead of running from the fire,
you ran straight back into it.

JUDITH

Look, I just hunt psychos. I leave
the psycho-analyzing to others.
(holds up the knives)
You want to learn to throw, Zed?

ZED

I already know how.

JUDITH

Let's see what you got.

Judith hands Zed a knife. Feeling the weight in her hand,
Zed steps up, takes a breath, and THROWS -- nice form, but
the knife hits the post sideways and CLATTERS TO THE FLOOR.

ZED

Guess I'm used to my own knives.

Judith smiles wryly, too polite to call bullshit. John
enters with two plates of burnt eggs and trimmings.

CONSTANTINE

Okay, ladies. Grub's up.

ZED

I'll take a pass. I'm exhausted
from all the driving today.
(starts heading upstairs)
And in case you're worried, I'm a
sound sleeper.

Once they're alone, Judith turns to John in the firelight.

JUDITH

Now, what were you saying about
when those eggs are best...?

John answers with a kiss. They fall back on the couch,
pulling off clothes, feverish in the heat of the moment.

14 EXT. CABIN - DAY 14

CLOSE on Reggie's soggy and bloody pant legs, walking. PAN AHEAD to reveal that he's walking to the Old Man's cabin. He stops before a window.

REGGIE'S POV: We watch through his eyes as Reggie catches a glimpse of his BLOATED FACE through the dusty reflection. This won't do.

Staying in Reggie's POV, we turn from the cabin, look around, and spot the GOATS. As we WALK TOWARD THEM, Reggie's HAND enters frame and retrieves the machete, lodged in the stump.

When Reggie reaches the goats, the machete raises high -- BEHHHH! -- and SWINGS DOWN. Silence.

15 INT. MILL HOUSE - NIGHT 15

Dinner is long over. We hear a poorly sung song between fits of laughter as we PAN ACROSS the living room, strewn with discarded clothes, toward the moodily lit fireplace. From behind the sofa, we see SMOKE RISING and a hand draped over the back of the sofa, holding a half drunk bottle of whiskey.

CONSTANTINE

(singing)

"Love, adventure, death and glory.
The short goodbye, the whispered
story." That bit's brilliant.

JUDITH

I hate to break this to you, but
you were better when you stuck to
covers. Your original music...

Eventually, the CAMERA COMES AROUND to find John and Judith lying undressed and tangled in a throw blanket.

CONSTANTINE

Sadly, there might be a sliver of
truth to that. You see this scar?
You know how I got it?

John moves his hair aside and points to his scalp.

JUDITH

Wrestling a 500-pound golem?

CONSTANTINE

No. From a bottle tossed on stage
by a drunken frat boy who didn't
appreciate the poetry behind my
lyrics.

(CONTINUED)

JUDITH

Punk is best left for the wasted
and the wounded. Frat boys... you
gotta stick with your own, John.

CONSTANTINE

That has become abundantly clear.

They fold closer into each other's arms with the comfort and
exhaustion born out of a good buzz, rigorous sex, and years
of familiarity. Judith turns serious.

JUDITH

You know, I'm perfectly fine being
alone, except for right now. When
I need to sleep. Sometimes I don't
fall asleep for hours. I dread the
dreams, John. The innocent faces,
right before their slaughter...

CONSTANTINE

Shhh. Stick with your own, Jude.
I'm here and I know what you need.
Gaze at that light above us, and
listen to the sound of my voice...

JUDITH

Hypnosis, really? You already had
your way with me.

CONSTANTINE

You need sleep and I'll be here to
hold you through the nightmare.
Now, feel the sound of my voice...

PULL BACK as John's soothing voice enfolds her in a cocoon.

16 EXT. TAVERN - NIGHT

16

It's late and the parking lot has thinned out.

17 INT. TAVERN - NIGHT

17

Artie, Jackers, and Becca, who's a waitress at the tavern,
huddle darkly over a dead pitcher of beer at a bar table.

ARTIE

I was useless at work. Couldn't
concentrate. I had to cut out.

JACKERS

Seriously? What were you thinking?
No actions out of the ordinary, we
agreed. Leaving work is a huge red
flag. Get it under control, Artie.

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED:

17

BECCA

I know how he feels. I've been forgetting orders all night. I can't stop thinking about Reggie.

JACKERS

Don't say his name out loud.

Artie and Becca trade a knowing look, which Jackers catches.

JACKERS (CONT'D)

What? Wait. What've you guy been talking about?

ARTIE

Becca and I think we should turn ourselves in.

JACKERS

NO!

He says it loud. Heads turn to look. Jackers reigns it in, hushing his voice.

JACKERS (CONT'D)

No. No way. I'm the one who swung the shovel. I'll serve life, man.

BECCA

I don't think so. Reggie was assaulting Vania. You protected her.

JACKERS

Yeah, yeah, and that logic might've worked until she dropped a boulder on his skull.

Artie, noticing, looks around.

ARTIE

Hey, where is Vania? I haven't seen her in the last half hour.

18 INT. MEN'S ROOM - NIGHT

18

CLOSE on Vania in a bathroom stall, vigorously screwing the BARTENDER. No guilt in this graffiti riddled cubicle. Only good times allowed. As Vania reaches a climax, with gusto --

19 INT. MILL HOUSE - NIGHT

19

Post sex, John and Judith sleep on the couch. PUSH IN on Judith, until we're TIGHT ON HER EYES.

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED: 19

Behind the lids, we see her eyes flickering in REM. Judith is dreaming. A WHITE FLASH transports us into her dream --

20 EXT. REAR OF TAVERN - NIGHT 20

JUDITH/REGGIE'S POV: Judith can see through Reggie's eyes. We're looking through eyeholes, revealing he must now be wearing a mask.

Reggie pushes through trees and stops to regard the rear of the tavern. He sees Vania standing alone outside the back door, smoking a cigarette.

ANGLE ON VANIA

She stubs out her cigarette and turns to enter the tavern -- when she hears a PLUNK behind her. Curious, Vania turns back. She doesn't see anything, so she steps toward the trees, around an old BLUE CAMARO parked out back, and spots --

THE WELL BUCKET. It sits eerily in an open area, but nobody is around. Cautiously, Vania steps closer. When she nears the bucket, she dares to lean forward and peek over the edge to dramatically reveal --

Nothing. IT'S EMPTY. Vania relaxes. She calls out.

VANIA

Ha ha! Very funny!
 (frowns, realizing)
 That's actually not funny. Too soon. What're you guys thinking?

Vania stoops and picks up the bucket. When she straightens and turns back to the tavern -- Reggie now stands before her, wearing a GRUESOME MASK fashioned from the flayed skin, hair and gristle of the dead goat's head.

Reggie raises his machete and SWINGS. As Vania SCREAMS --

21 INT. MILL HOUSE - NIGHT 21

Judith starts awake, sitting bolt upright, frightened and panicked. Very much unlike the cool character we've seen until now. John, at the ready, steadies her with an embrace and soothing words --

CONSTANTINE

It's okay, luv. I'm right here.

-- as her breath slows and she falls into his arms.

FADE TO BLACK.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

22 INT. MILL HOUSE - MORNING 22

John watches Judith devour another greasy pile of eggs, as she works on her laptop.

JUDITH

Most of the dream was a jumble.
Trees. The back of a bar -- no,
more like an old-timey tavern. A
wooden bucket. A young blonde... a
machete.

She winces at the last memory.

CONSTANTINE

Is that enough information to find
your next Meat Cutter?

JUDITH

No. But this is...

She slides him a scrap of paper with a handwritten LICENSE
PLATE number.

JUDITH (CONT'D)

There was a blue Camaro parked out
back. I've trained myself to look
for details and I write them down.
The Camaro's registered to Jack
Bradley. 22 years old. Kentucky
address.

John leans close and sees a DMV PHOTO OF JACKERS. Before he
can note any other details, Judith slaps her laptop closed.

CONSTANTINE

What was that for?

JUDITH

You're not coming.

CONSTANTINE

Who said I wanted to?

JUDITH

Do you?

CONSTANTINE

Well, yeah. But not for business
reasons. Old times -- and all?

(CONTINUED)

22 CONTINUED:

22

Judith stares at him solemnly -- then laughs.

JUDITH

You've scored Jasper's mill house.
It contains the greatest magical
archive in existence -- and a sexy
brunette lying upstairs in bed.
Your new times are just fine.

Judith rise to leave but John takes her arm, with a hint of
desperation.

CONSTANTINE

Please.... don't go.

JUDITH

What's wrong with you?

CONSTANTINE

I'm trying to get as far away as
possible from that hole we dug for
ourselves back in London... but to
tell the truth I'm barely holding
on. Did you know Gary's dead?

Judith didn't know. That news hits her hard.

JUDITH

No.

CONSTANTINE

A demon took him. Ritchie has
developed a habit and Anne Marie's
wearing one. She's a nun now. I
just... I'm not sure I want to see
you go right now.

JUDITH

I've never seen you like this.

John can only look away, ashamed.

JUDITH (CONT'D)

Okay John... okay. Pack a bag, but
this is my show. I'm in charge.

John nods compliantly. But when he TURNS INTO CAMERA to head
upstairs, his face grows hard, revealing the lie.

23 INT. MILL HOUSE - SLEEPING AREA - MORNING

23

John shakes awake Zed, curled in a big comfy blanket. She
looks up at him with groggy eyes then rolls back over.

(CONTINUED)

ZED

Go away. You make so much noise
all night, you two. Like banshees.

CONSTANTINE

Listen, I don't got much time. I'm
hitting the road with Judith. She
had another dream last night.

That catches Zed off guard. She sits up.

CONSTANTINE (CONT'D)

If you don't hear from me tonight,
come find me. The nails from the
coffin of St. Padua. You remember
how to use them?

John puts the LODESTONE AND NAILS (Episode 104) in her hands.

ZED

What's going on?

CONSTANTINE

Jude's in trouble. She just don't
know it yet.

ZED

I don't think you should go.

CONSTANTINE

Come again?

ZED

It's Judith. She's reckless.
Maybe even dangerous.

CONSTANTINE

That's what I like about her.

ZED

That's not what I mean. Nobody's
that together. Not after what all
of you went through in Newcastle.

JUDITH (O.S.)

John! Daylight's burning!

CONSTANTINE

No time to argy-bargy. But I'll be
careful. Promise.

John heads out, leaving Zed worried, nonetheless.

24 EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY 24

A modest apartment building with underground parking.

25 INT. JACKERS' APARTMENT - DAY 25

The place is single-guy simple. PACKED BOXES and a DUFFLE BAG near the door. We hear a KNOCK. Jackers answers to find Artie and Becca. He turns away and they follow him inside.

JACKERS

What do you want?

Jackers continues to pack boxes as they talk.

BECCA

Have you heard from Vania? We never found her last night and she's not answering her phone.

JACKERS

It's Vania. She's probably passed out on some dude's futon right now.

ARTIE

We need to find her. We want to talk to her. Both of you...
(gathering courage)
...before we go to the Sheriff.

JACKERS

I saw these planets aligning last night. Let me guess, Becca made the call, and Artie you rolled over for her. It's your life strategy.

ARTIE

Don't make this personal. This is my home town. I can't stay here and live in fear.

JACKERS

Neither can I.

BECCA

Where are you going?

JACKERS

You think I'm telling you two? No thank you. I have no interest in being part of your plea deal.

BECCA

Just come with us. Tell Sheriff Dowerty what happened.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

25 CONTINUED:

25

BECCA (CONT'D)

He knows what a dick Reggie was.
In and out of juvie his whole life.
The Sheriff will understand.

Jacks stops and stares.

JACKERS

He'll understand you two. You just
went along. And Vania, well you
don't need to worry about Vania.
Her dad is rich. He'll buy her
freedom, but I'll have to pay...
for all of you. Another round on
me.

BECCA

Jackers...

She tries to put a hand on him but he pulls away.

JACKERS

Go. Get out. Just give me an
hour's lead. That's all I ask.

Reluctantly, Artie and Becca exit as Jackers keeps packing.

26 EXT. TREE-LINED ROAD - DAY

26

The panel truck drives down a Kentucky highway.

27 INT. PANEL TRUCK - DRIVING - DAY

27

CLOSE on the DMV PHOTO OF JACKERS, clipped to a visor. PAN
DOWN to Judith driving a country road, with John shotgun.

JUDITH

That was mile marker 32. We're 20
minutes from our target. Protein
bars in the cooler. Make sure you
eat so you're not fighting on an
empty stomach.

CONSTANTINE

I gotta say, luv, I've never seen
you so focused. Not in the best of
times.

JUDITH

I could say the same about you.

CONSTANTINE

There's some truth to that.

(CONTINUED)

JUDITH

Guess I never had anything to focus on before. I mean, our little gang, sure. But I was just a passenger on that party bus.

CONSTANTINE

You're a one-woman show now and I'm dead impressed. But what are these buggers you're chasing? They're not human. Maybe they were, but --

JUDITH

Metaphysical jargon and theoretical physics is your thing, John. I'm just killing freaks and slashers.

CONSTANTINE

Ain't nothing theoretical about it. Have you heard of the Brujeria? They're evil blighters, and they just might be raising these Meat Cutters of yours.

JUDITH

I don't care what's raising them. I know how to kill them and it's all I need to know. You can stop talking now.

John sits back and they keep driving.

28 INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - UNDERGROUND PARKING - DAY 28

CLOSE on the back of the blue Camaro, trunk open. Jackers hurriedly throws in the last moving box. When he closes the trunk, it WIPES FRAME to reveal --

-- the now familiar WELL BUCKET resting on the roof of his car. Jackers looks around. Nobody else in the empty parking lot. Just a few other cars.

Spooked, Jackers moves around to the side of the Camaro, opens the driver's door, and steps onto his running board. Cautiously, he leans forward to peer over the edge of the bucket to see --

VANIA'S HEAD in the bucket, staring up through glassy eyes.

Jackers SCREAMS, scrambles into his car, and fires up the engine. He jams the car in reverse and screeches backward, sending the bucket tumbling down the front windshield. The Camaro BANGS into a car parked behind, before shifting into drive and RACING toward the exit.

(CONTINUED)

28 CONTINUED: 28

AT THE GATE

Jackers rolls down his window and holds out his MAGNETIC KEY CARD to open the metal gate --

-- a MACHETE swings down hard, slicing off his forearm. Jackers looks up in shock and terror to see the GOAT MASK leering down at him.

Off Jackers' SCREAM --

29 EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY 29

Judith and John pull up in the panel truck, just as the Blue Camaro DRIFTS SLOWLY, listlessly, out of the garage of the Apartment Building. Window glare prevents us from seeing inside the car.

30 INT. PANEL TRUCK - CONTINUOUS 30

Judith hits the brakes. She and John wordlessly watch the Camaro cross the street, right in front of them, and stop with a lurch against the opposite curb.

Judith slams the truck in park, and they both bolt out.

31 EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - CONTINUOUS 31

Judith, katana by her side, runs toward the garage. John races to the Camaro -- to find Jackers brutally hacked and slumped over the wheel, dead.

Spotting a CELL PHONE on the dashboard, John gingerly reaches into the car and takes the device.

OUTSIDE THE GARAGE

John jogs to the entrance, which Judith searches in vain.

CONSTANTINE
Driver's dead. Anything?

JUDITH
He's gone.

Off the near miss --

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

32 EXT. TAVERN - DAY 32

Judith and John pull into the parking lot in her panel truck.

33 INT. TAVERN - DAY 33

John and Judith enter. John holds up Jackers' phone, showing a SELFIE OF THE FOUR FRIENDS taken outside the bar (dressed as they were in the teaser), and they scan the light crowd. Judith spots Becca, cleaning a table, and they approach.

CONSTANTINE

Excuse me, luv. We need to talk about your mate. Jack Bradley.

BECCA

Jackers? What about him?
(notices phone)
And where'd you get his phone?

JUDITH

We don't have much time. I need you to focus on my words. This photo was taken last night and now two of these people are dead. You could be next.

BECCA

Is this Jackers' idea of payback? You kind of look like one of his cosplay fantasies.

CONSTANTINE

Afraid this is real...
(reads her nametag)
Becca. We need to know if --

JUDITH

I got this.
(to Becca)
Your friend, Jackers, he was just murdered at his apartment. The blonde was killed last night.

BECCA

Okay, you can cut the act now.

John swipes to the next photo on the cell phone and holds it out for Becca to see -- it's a PHOTO of Jackers behind the steering wheel of his Camaro, bloody and brutally hacked up.

(CONTINUED)

CONSTANTINE

It's no act. You're on a runaway train hurtling toward a collapsed bridge. If you want off --

JUDITH

I got this.

(to Becca)

What's after you wants revenge -- that's what they always want. Did you wrong anyone, past or present, resulting in unintentional death? Or, did you accidentally or knowingly cause the death or disfigurement of anyone directly?

Tears form in Becca's eyes. She wipes them away.

CONSTANTINE

Bingo.

JUDITH

I. Got. This.

(to Becca)

Tell me what happened, honey.

BECCA

It was an accident. In the parking lot. But we're turning ourselves in. Artie's with the Sheriff now, showing him the body.

CONSTANTINE

That's bound to end badly.

JUDITH

You need to take us there.

Artie walks a pleasant small-town sheriff, SHERIFF DOWERTY, through the trees.

ARTIE

We didn't plan to hide the body. We were just... scared. It all happened so fast. Reggie had his hands on Vania. And Jackers, he was just trying to defend her.

SHERIFF DOWERTY

Well I can't say Reggie didn't have it coming. I'm just sorry it boiled down to this.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

34 CONTINUED:

34

SHERIFF DOWERTY (CONT'D)
But you did the right thing calling
me, Artie. We'll sort this out.

They reach the well. For those playing along at home, the bucket is missing. The sheriff pulls out his flashlight, steps to the edge, and shines a beam down.

SHERIFF DOWERTY (CONT'D)
You sure you dumped the body here?

He turns to Artie -- only to find Artie catatonic in fear.

SHERIFF DOWERTY (CONT'D)
What's wrong, son?

ARTIE'S POV: From the trees behind Sheriff Dowerty, Reggie's hulking form walks methodically our way in the bloody goat mask, clutching a machete in one hand and the handle of the well bucket in the other.

ARTIE
(finding his voice)
Watch out!

Instinctively, Sheriff Dowerty draws his HANDGUN as he turns, but it's too late -- as the MACHETE SWINGS AT HIS HEAD.

CLOSE ON THE GUN falling to the ground. We hear sickening SLICES and CHOPS, before BLOOD starts pooling into frame.

35 EXT. WOODS - DAY

35

Becca leads John and Judith through the woods at a light jog. Judith now wears her katana at her side.

BECCA
Whatever's happening, it's not
Reggie. We killed him. Twice.

CONSTANTINE
In our line of work, sometimes you
need to keep killing things till
they're dead.

They break into the clearing and see the well. The POOL OF BLOOD remains but there are no bodies in sight, alive or dead.

BECCA
There it is. That's the well.

CONSTANTINE
Let's take this part slow.

(CONTINUED)

35 CONTINUED:

35

John stops, cautiously holding out his hand, and Becca stops with him. But Judith doesn't slow down a beat. John shoots her an annoyed look, as she scoops the flashlight, marches to the edge, and shines the light down into the well.

John joins Judith's side, pausing to retrieve the Sheriff's handgun and tuck it into his waistband. John looks down.

INSIDE THE WELL. Dark. Gloomy. Judith's flashlight beam illuminates the DEAD SHERIFF floating at the bottom, his bloody body twisted and mangled. We hear a SCREAM.

Becca has joined John and Judith's side and stares down in panic at the dead man.

BECCA

Where's Artie?! Where is he?!

CONSTANTINE

Relax. Don't get in a paddy. His lack of presence is a good sign.

JUDITH

It means he might be alive. On the run. If we can just figure out which way he went.

Judith looks around, unsure, a rare flash of vulnerability.

CONSTANTINE

I know how to find your Meat Cutter.

JUDITH

(defensively)
I can handle this.

CONSTANTINE

Of course you can. That's why we need to get you dreaming, fast.

Judith realizes what he's suggesting and nods begrudgingly.

36 EXT. WELL - MOMENTS LATER

36

John, kneeling, has removed his jacket and bunches it behind the head of Judith, who leans back comfortably against a big log. Becca stands back, observing.

CONSTANTINE

You comfy?

JUDITH

Get on with it.

(CONTINUED)

36 CONTINUED:

36

CONSTANTINE

No rushing this part. I want you to gaze upward at that lower branch. So you feel a gentle strain on the eye. Feel it?

Judith nods. SLOWLY PUSH INTO her face, as John speaks soothingly in a seamless flow of layered suggestions, designed to hypnotize Judith into a trance.

CONSTANTINE (CONT'D)

In a few seconds, your eyes will grow tired from the strain. As you hear to my voice, you'll feel your limbs, your body, sinking into the forest floor, relaxing, growing heavier, just like your eyes...

Judith's heavy eyes slowly close.

37 INT. CABIN - DAY

37

Artie, sweat streaming and breathing hard, hides in the Old Man's cabin. Nearly petrified with fear, he forces himself to raise his head and peek out through the grimy window.

ARTIE'S POV: Through the SMEARED GLASS we see Reggie standing outside, a goat-headed vision from hell, machete in hand, searching for his prey. As if on a swivel, Reggie's head turns to look directly at us -- and Reggie stalks straight toward us in the cabin.

Panicked, Artie desperately looks around for a hiding place.

38 EXT. WELL - CONTINUOUS

38

Judith lies with her eyes closed, John kneeling over her. Becca watches silently.

CONSTANTINE

You're moving down a staircase now. With every step, you can feel yourself relaxing into a waking dream. You're almost there, Jude. Three more steps... Two... One...

PUSH IN on Judith's eyes, TIGHT. Behind the closed lids, the flickering movement of REM.

JUDITH

I've got him.

CONSTANTINE

What do you see?

(CONTINUED)

38 CONTINUED: 38

A WHITE FLASH transports us to --

39 INT. CABIN - CONTINUOUS 39

JUDITH/REGGIE'S POV: Through the mask eyeholes, Reggie's bloated hand ENTERS FRAME and opens a WOODEN DOOR.

JUDITH (V.O.)
He's opening a door. He's inside a living room.

Still in Judith/Reggie's POV, we see Reggie enter the cabin and start tearing it apart, searching for Artie. He knocks over tables, yanks back the couch, tears away a curtain.

JUDITH (V.O.)
He's tearing it apart. Searching. I think it's a cabin.

40 EXT. WELL - CONTINUOUS 40

Becca, watching the hypnotism, straightens when she hears Judith mention a cabin.

BECCA
There's a cabin close by! I know where it is!

CONSTANTINE
(urgently to Judith)
Okay, luv, that was the dog's bollocks, now it's time to walk back up those stairs. Better yet, run up.

Judith's eyes pop open.

JUDITH
Let's move.

41 INT. CABIN - DAY 41

Reggie looks around the cabin in frustration. He can't find Artie and appears ready to give up, when his head tilts down curiously to look at the crude planks that make up the floor.

Reggie raises the machete and PLUNGES IT between a crack in the planks.

UNDER THE FLOORBOARDS

In a cramped space under the floor, we REVEAL Artie cowering. He sees the blade come down, three feet away. Oh shit.

(CONTINUED)

41 CONTINUED:

41

IN THE CABIN

The bruising killer thrusts his machete, over and over, getting closer and closer to Artie under the floorboards. Reggie reaches a throw rug and kicks it side, to uncover an IRON RING. He grabs the ring and yanks open a TRAP DOOR --

-- exposing ARTIE IN HIDING. Artie holds out his hands helplessly.

ARTIE

No! Please!

Reggie raises his machete to kill, and --

-- the cabin door flies open and John bursts inside. He aims the Sheriff's handgun and FIRES REPEATEDLY, driving Reggie back into a wall.

Judith strides inside with her katana, ready to finish him off with a clean decapitation. Becca follows but stops at the front door to safely watch.

JUDITH

Stand back!

CONSTANTINE

Wait!

John grabs Judith's sword hand, stopping her from swinging. Reggie, weakened, uses the distraction to turn and crash out the back door.

SMASH TO BLACK.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

42

INT. CABIN - DAY

42

Judith angrily whirls on John. Behind them, Becca hurries into the cabin and helps Artie up. She hugs him desperately, grateful he's alive.

JUDITH

What the hell's the matter with you? I was about to remove his head!

CONSTANTINE

Which would have been a mistake of tragic proportions.

JUDITH

That's the only way to put them down. Heads! Off!

CONSTANTINE

We have a rare opportunity. You said yourself these bloody sods kill for revenge.

(nods to Artie and Becca)

And we've got this one's targets right here.

JUDITH

So what?

CONSTANTINE

So we can use them to trap it.

JUDITH

I was going to destroy it!

ARTIE

We would've been okay with that.

John holds up a hand to Artie and Becca.

CONSTANTINE

In a minute.

(to Judith)

We don't know what we're battling.

JUDITH

You're not battling anything. This is my fight.

(CONTINUED)

CONSTANTINE

Jude, Jude... you might be hunting random, reanimated killers, like you think. Or you might be playing whack-a-mole with one demon, or one entity, moving from body to body. I got tests in my kit to find out.

JUDITH

Damn you, John! This is why I didn't want you coming with. I knew you'd find a way to make it all about you.

CONSTANTINE

About me? I'm trying to stop people from dying.

JUDITH

(realizing)

This was your plan from the start, wasn't it? "I'm not sure I want to see you go right now." You used me. Same way you use everyone.

CONSTANTINE

That's not true.

JUDITH

Then why didn't you tell me this was your plan before we left?

John is cornered, but he plays it honest.

CONSTANTINE

Would you have taken me with you if I had?

Pissed, Judith storms out. John looks at Artie and Becca.

ARTIE

Will somebody please tell me what in the hell's happening?

CONSTANTINE

You're going to want a tankful first. I'm buying.

CLOSE ON BEER MUGS. WIDEN to John talking with Artie and Becca. Judith sits with them drinking, but not talking.

ARTIE

I still say we call the police.

(CONTINUED)

BECCA

So more bodies can end up down the well?

CONSTANTINE

She's right. Whatever got into that goat-headed nutter only wants to hurt you. You and anyone who tries to stop him.

BECCA

You should've let Judith kill him.

CONSTANTINE

Perhaps. But remember, it was your act of killing that brought this creature into being in the first place.

John reaches into his jacket, pulls out his FLASK, and adds a dollop to all the beers. Judith watches him sourly.

JUDITH

Who brings hooch into a bar?

CONSTANTINE

A bird never flew on one wing.

Artie swigs the stiff beer, grimaces, then turns to Becca.

ARTIE

What he's saying is true. None of this happens if we saved Reggie from that well. Vania and Jackers would be alive.

(to John)

You said we could trap this thing?

CONSTANTINE

I believe we can.

(to Becca)

Who's locking up here tonight?

BECCA

I can offer to close.

CONSTANTINE

That'll work a treat. After everyone goes, we stay. Deal?

Artie and Becca bravely nod. John quietly turns to Judith, who's been sullenly quiet and heavily drinking.

(CONTINUED)

43 CONTINUED: (2)

43

CONSTANTINE (CONT'D)

We'll need tools and weapons from your truck. Are you with us?

JUDITH

Why of course, John. I'm here to do whatever you say. Just like old times.

CONSTANTINE

Let's not make this personal. I need your head on straight if we're going to put this thing down once and for all.

Judith just looks him off and throws back her beer.

44 EXT. TAVERN - NIGHT

44

In a series of TIME LAPSE DISSOLVES, the cars in the lot disappear in chunks, until the lot is empty, except for Judith's panel truck. HOLD on the tavern. The lit SIGNS TURN OFF, leaving the place dark.

45 INT. TAVERN - NIGHT

45

The tavern is empty. The lights out. Chairs on tables. A pile of SLASHER WEAPONS sits on the floor. Artie and Becca bravely stand watch out separate windows, watching for Reggie outside, each holding a BATTLE AXE or PICK AXE.

CONSTANTINE (O.S.)

It's all quiet now. Shouldn't be long.

Judith watches out a window, too, but her stare is dark and distant, her eyes glazing over as she keeps drinking.

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

Keep your eye out those windows.

We finally come to John in the middle of the room, where the tables are pushed back. He finishes setting an elaborate ROPE TRAP, tying the end of a rope to a wooden pillar.

CONSTANTINE (CONT'D)

There. This trap will hold it long enough for me to test what manner of evil we're facing. At that point, I'll sort it. For good.

TIME DISSOLVE to each member of our party, staring out into the darkness and shadows outside. We hold the tension and suspense as long as our running time allows. Suddenly, Becca sits forward. Her voice comes out a cracked whisper.

(CONTINUED)

BECCA

There he is!

The team gathers around Becca's window to see the towering GOAT-HEADED FIGURE emerge from shadows across the parking lot. Methodically, it starts walking toward the tavern, machete in hand. John hefts a SLEDGEHAMMER.

CONSTANTINE

Steady. You know the plan.

Outside, they watch Reggie step toward the front door, moving out of sight of the windows. Artie, scared, hurries to the next window to catch sight of him.

ARTIE

I can't see him.

BECCA

It's okay. I left the front door unlocked.

Everyone turns to the front door, waiting for Reggie to walk in. CLOSE ON THE DOOR HANDLE. Silence. Tension. But the door handle doesn't move.

ARTIE

(whispers)

What's happening?

Artie starts backing away from the front door, scared.

ARTIE (CONT'D)

Why isn't he coming inside?

And then the FROSTED WINDOW behind Artie SHATTERS IN SLOW MOTION, as Reggie unexpectedly leaps through the glass into the tavern and SWINGS THE MACHETE at Artie.

But John jumps in front of Artie, deflecting the blow with his sledgehammer. John and Judith flank Reggie with their weapons, ATTACKING him from both sides.

CONSTANTINE

Becca -- man the ropes!

Becca runs to the pillar. The onslaught from our heroes is intense and drives Reggie back into the middle of the room.

CONSTANTINE (CONT'D)

Now!

(CONTINUED)

Becca pulls the rope. It SPRINGS THE TRAP, a complicated pulley system with counterweights, which ensnares Reggie's legs and LIFTS HIM UPSIDE DOWN, until he's swaying from the ceiling. His machete clatters harmlessly to the floor.

CONSTANTINE (CONT'D)

Well there's a thing. Good work, everyone. Now let's see what's making this bugger tick.

John retrieves his magic kit and walks over to Reggie to conduct his tests, but he hears a firm voice behind him.

JUDITH

Step back, John.

He turns to see Judith, clearly drunk, holding her katana down to her side.

JUDITH (CONT'D)

I'm going to finish this.

CONSTANTINE

Can't let you do that, Jude.

JUDITH

Then you'd better be prepared to stop me.

She darkly raises the katana overhead, its blade shimmering in the ambient light, and strikes an offensive pose.

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

FADE IN:

46

INT. TAVERN - NIGHT

46

John holds up his hands, palms forward.

CONSTANTINE

If you take it out now, this bloody
thing will resurrect someplace new
and kill again.

JUDITH

And I'll be there to take it out.
Again.

She steps past John to behead the slasher. As she swings at the helpless creature, John retrieves the fallen machete and raises the blade to BLOCK HER BLOW from striking the bound killer. Judith can't believe it.

JUDITH (CONT'D)

You're protecting that?!

CONSTANTINE

I'm protecting you... from yourself.

And that Judith's final button. She literally SCREAMS.

JUDITH

You arrogant prig!

In a fit of rage, Judith turns and SWINGS HER KATANA at John, who raises the machete to defend himself. Just like that, John finds himself FIGHTING FOR HIS LIFE against one of his closest friends. Blades clash. Metal gleams. Anger rages.

Becca and Artie watch fearfully.

BECCA

What do we do?

ARTIE

Stay clear.

JUDITH

You won't break me. Not like you
did the others. I won't let you.

She LAUNCHES A WILD SWING. John steps back, PARRYING, which sends her stumbling into a table. John moves to disarm her --

-- but a POWERFUL HAND grabs John's hand holding the machete. John turns back to see that he's stepped too close to Reggie.

(CONTINUED)

46 CONTINUED:

46

With John caught up, Judith scrambles to her feet. She draws back her katana to finish him off --

-- when ZED, standing by the front door, throws a KNIFE. It FLIES THROUGH THE AIR and sinks into Judith's calf. Judith cries out in pain and drops to a knee.

Zed strides forward and pulls her knife from Judith's leg.

ZED

I told you, I'm used to my knives.

John finally pulls free of Reggie's grasp. Zed walks over and hands him the LODESTONE that he gave her. He nods a silent thanks and slips the stone into his pocket.

Judith, physically and emotionally spent, whirls away and limps outside. Zed moves to follow, but John takes her arm.

CONSTANTINE

No. She got it out of her system.
She'll be fine.

(turns to Reggie)

Okay, let's see what you're made of.

John opens his magic kit.

47 INT. TAVERN - LATER

47

Becca sweeps glass from the broken window. Zed straightens chairs and tables. John conducts the last of a TBD MAGICAL TEST on Reggie, still suspended upside down from the ceiling. Artie sits watching John, transfixed.

ARTIE

I always wanted to believe this stuff was real.

CONSTANTINE

This ain't a birthday party, mate.
Why don't you help your lass clean up.

John concludes his last test.

CONSTANTINE (CONT'D)

Well that rules out all phase-shifting entities as the cause of reanimation. Nothing left to test for, which solves the problem by process of elimination. This was spell work.

ZED

What kind of magic?

(CONTINUED)

47 CONTINUED:

47

CONSTANTINE

Necro magick. Someone's raising corpses and turning 'em into human butchers.

ZED

Could one spell do that? Judith has been chasing these things across the country. They don't have anything in common.

CONSTANTINE

Actually, they do. Get these two out of here. Take 'em home. I need time with Judith.

Zed nods, understanding, and John heads out the back door.

48 EXT. TAVERN - NIGHT

48

John emerges through the back door and finds sitting on the steps, wrapping her wounded leg with a torn cloth. When he nears, Judith speaks calmly and without emotion.

JUDITH

I hate you. You're everyone's best time... and then you take it away. Gary, Ritchie, Ann Marie, Frank. You brought us together, John... then you tore us apart. Destroyed everything we were.

CONSTANTINE

I destroyed myself, too.

JUDITH

I wonder why. Was it too much to handle? People caring for you... accepting you. You couldn't deal with it, so you flew too high and burned us all up.

CONSTANTINE

It wasn't like that.

JUDITH

The real irony is I found a new life. One that counted. But you had to come and take that, too.

49 INT. TAVERN - NIGHT

49

Zed escorts Artie and Becca out through the front door. PAN to Reggie, hanging motionless.

(CONTINUED)

49 CONTINUED: 49

When he hears the DOOR CLOSE, Reggie violently, powerfully, starts twisting and thrashing, trying to pull himself free. Overhead, the beam CREAKS.

50 EXT. TAVERN - NIGHT 50

John continues talking with Judith.

CONSTANTINE
I figured out what's resurrecting
your Meat Cutters.

JUDITH
I told you, I don't care.

CONSTANTINE
You should, Jude... *it's you.*

JUDITH
What are you talking about?

CONSTANTINE
Have you performed any necro magick
since I've last seen you?

JUDITH
Yeah. Right after Newcastle. So
what? It had nothing to do with --

CONSTANTINE
What spell did you use?

The emotion inside Judith wells up. She pushes it back.

JUDITH
I needed forgiveness for what we
did to that girl, so I found a
spell to remove a sin from my final
judgment slate.

51 INT. TAVERN - NIGHT 51

Reggie continues to thrash. The beam overhead SPLITS, and the slasher FALLS TO THE FLOOR.

CONSTANTINE (V.O.)
The only spell I know that provides
atonement requires human sacrifice.
The sacrifice of a damned soul.

Reggie retrieves his machete and heads for the back door.

52 EXT. TAVERN - NIGHT 52

Judith turns to John.

(CONTINUED)

JUDITH

I didn't kill anyone, if that's what you're asking. I found a murderer on death row. The night before his execution, I joined a candlelight vigil outside the prison. I did the ritual there.

CONSTANTINE

Jude... *that's* the soul that's inhabiting your Meat Cutters.

Over Judith's shoulder, REGGIE EMERGES through the back door, out of focus. He turns his head, spots Judith and John, and starts methodically walking toward them.

JUDITH

No, I followed the ritual, exactly.

CONSTANTINE

I'm sure you did, but there's a Rising Darkness at play. It sets its own rules. In your case, it must have empowered the spirit of your killer to be reborn into other freshly dead bodies. That's why you can dream through their eyes. You created them.

JUDITH

So all those lives they took...?

CONSTANTINE

No point in dwelling. You didn't know. How could you?

Behind Judith, Reggie draws nearer and raises his machete. John calmly nods behind Judith.

CONSTANTINE (CONT'D)

You've got one more to sort, luv.

Judith pulls her katana. When she turns to face the killer she created, however, we see that she's crying now. Judith raises her katana with one hand, poised to strike --

-- then she drops the katana to the pavement and stretches out her arms in a supplicatory manner for Reggie to kill her.

CONSTANTINE (CONT'D)

Judith...

As Reggie swings, JOHN DIVES FORWARD, knocking Judith to the ground. They both hit the pavement hard. Reggie's mighty swing carries him forward.

(CONTINUED)

From the ground, John kneels protectively over Judith and raises a desperate hand to Reggie, who regains his balance and turns to finish the job.

CONSTANTINE (CONT'D)
[SPELL TBD.]

The goat-headed figure steps closer and lifts the machete over the helpless forms of John and Judith. John covers Judith. Reggie SWINGS DOWN HARD --

CONSTANTINE (CONT'D)
[FINISHES TAIL END OF TBD SPELL.]

-- and PITCHES FORWARD onto his victims in a BLUR OF ACTION.

For a beat, the three lie motionless on the ground in a pile, with Reggie's huge form obscuring John and Judith underneath. After a beat, John pushes Reggie's heavy dead body off them. John and Judith are uninjured.

CONSTANTINE (CONT'D)
Well that was a little ray of
sunshine in an otherwise cloudy
day.

John helps Judith to her feet. She stares down at Reggie.

JUDITH
You should've let him have me.

CONSTANTINE
Why? The lives he took are on his
soul, not yours.

JUDITH
Another con. It's just what I'd
expect from you, John.

Judith turns and starts walking.

CONSTANTINE
C'mon, Jude. Let's hash this out
over a pint. We've free run of a
tavern and hours till dawn.

She stops and looks back.

JUDITH
You know, John, at least I tried to
make myself better. But you're
still lying to your friends and
sacrificing them for the cause.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

52 CONTINUED: (3)

52

JUDITH (CONT'D)

What are you going to do when
you've killed off everyone you ever
cared about?

Judith turns and keeps walking. John, not having the heart to argue, watches her go. As Judith walks away, PULL BACK to reveal CROWS GATHERING in the trees -- HUNDREDS of them in a harbinger of the Rising Darkness. The crows TAKE FLIGHT IN A BLACK CLOUD, flying over John and into the night.

FADE TO BLACK.

END OF EPISODE