

HELLBLAZER: PRIMARY ALLEGIANCES

by

Adrian Reynolds

"HELLBLAZER: PRIMARY ALLEGIANCES"

1

Pizza box lying in the gutter. Greasy lid features a cartoon of a jovial fat Italian mama and the logo 'Mama Mia!'.
Red wash.

NO DIALOGUE

2

Poster advertising a lecture - 'Crystal Consciousness' is the main heading, 'Preparing for the New Age' the subhead. Use suitably tacky lettering and a surfeit of rainbow-and-pyramid imagery. A Psykik Conspiracy logo is graffiti'd over some of the poster, obscuring the lecture location.
Red wash.

NO DIALOGUE

3

Discarded election leaflet half in a puddle. We read the slogan 'Couldn't Care More' and see a photo of Olivia Pantone's smiling face.
Red wash.

NO DIALOGUE

4

Dogshit on the pavement.
Red wash.

NO DIALOGUE

5

JOHN CONSTANTINE waiting for Mrs C in her caravan, sprawled on her bed and smoking. The caravan is tidy and organised, but in Mrs C's own way. Hundreds of items in various states of repair fill the interior, arranged in three

sections according to whether they're red, yellow, or blue. Believe me, there's all sorts. Watering cans and paperbacks, child's wellingtons and cake stands, pottery oddments and video tapes, biscuit tins and saxophones. Have fun. There's plenty of opportunity to see it all over the next few pages, so we don't have to cram it all in at once. Somewhere about are the little sink unit and cooker which constitute Mrs C's kitchen.

CAPTION 1
AMAZING, THE BOLLOCKS THAT'S
TALKED ABOUT MAGIC.

CAPTION 2
(SORRY, 'MAGICK'.)

6 (END OF PAGE 1)

Much as before. Maybe get CONSTANTINE to look for something he can use as an ashtray, change his position on the bed, etc.

CAPTION
LIKE IT WAS SOME KIND OF BIG DEAL.

7

As 6.

CAPTION
TALK TO AN 'OCCULTIST' AND THEY'LL
TELL YOU IT'S A MATTER OF
MANIPULATING SYMBOL SYSTEMS.

8

Matchbox lying in the gutter by an empty wine bottle.

Yellow wash.

NO DIALOGUE

9

Closer in on the matchbox - we see that it's dry and usable.

Yellow wash.

NO DIALOGUE

10

Close-up of warning on matchbox, done so that the page has to be turned sideways to read it.

Yellow wash.

MATCHBOX WORDING
KEEP IN A DRY PLACE AND AWAY FROM
CHILDREN

AVERAGE CONTENTS 43 BRITISH MADE

11

MRS C's cracked smile - we see her mouth, some of her nose.

Yellow wash.

NO DIALOGUE

12 (END OF PAGE 2)

As 6.

CAPTION
AND THAT'S THE LAST SENSE YOU'LL
GET OUT OF THEM BEFORE THEY MOVE
YOU INTO AN ALTERED STATE
UNCANNILY LIKE TEDIUM.

13

As 6.

CAPTION
DRAW YOU DIAGRAMS AND GIVE YOU THE
JARGON. QUOTE CHAPTER AND VERSE OF
CROWLEY AND CARROLL, STARHAWK AND
SPARE.

14

As 6.

CAPTION
NOT A SIGN THAT ANY OF IT'S SUNK
IN.

15

As 11 - repeat the image, but this time in blue.

Blue wash.

NO DIALOGUE

16

Close in on MRS C striking a match (from the box she found). Dirty nails and fingerless gloves.

Blue wash.

NO DIALOGUE

17

MRS C lighting a cigarette end with the match - head shot.

Blue wash.

NO DIALOGUE

18 (END OF PAGE 3)

Dead match on the floor by MRS C's foot, in a Dr. Marten boot. We may see some of her longjohns and trailing petticoat too.

Blue wash.

NO DIALOGUE

19

Caravan in the distance - it's red, yellow, and blue in an area of otherwise dull wasteland. The only other elements of colour come from the garments on Mrs C's clothesline and the pale blue sky. In these panels we're seeing things as Mrs C does on her way home.

Mrs C's colour scheme.

NO DIALOGUE

20

Closer in on the caravan, so that it nearly fills the panel. The door is closed.

Mrs C's colour scheme.

NO DIALOGUE

21

Through the now open door to see CONSTANTINE (who will be the only b/w element in the panel).

Mrs C's colour scheme.

NO DIALOGUE

22 (END OF PAGE 4)

Fully inside the caravan now to see CONSTANTINE from the waist up, smiling.

Mrs C's colour scheme.

NO DIALOGUE

23 (THE WHOLE OF PAGE 5 - SPACE FOR TITLE AND CREDITS etc)

Full page image in normal colour. MRS C in the caravan, putting her carrier bags down. CONSTANTINE flourishes a previously unseen bunch of bright yellow daffodils. There's a gruesome red armchair waiting for Mrs C to sit in.

JOHN
'LO MISSUS C.

MRS C
GAWD 'ELP US, IT'S THE GRIM
REAPER.

24

The fourth floor office that is serving as the headquarters of Olivia Pantone's election campaign. There's paper everywhere - local and national newspapers, boxes of leaflets like the ones we saw in panel 3, similarly designed posters and the all-important charts and graphs detailing how the electorate are feeling about the issues and the candidates and how Olivia is doing against her two opponents. It's important that these leaflets and posters are in black and white, as use of red, blue or yellow would identify Olivia as being a candidate for Labour, Conservative or Liberal Democrats, and we want to get across that she could be any of these. Holding the paper up is the office furniture; desks, chairs, filing cabinets,

a few telephones and a computer. It is the latter we find YOGI sitting at, looking up as OLIVIA enters (she makes an entrance, she can't just 'come in'). At one end of the room there's a big window - the office overlooks the waste ground on which Mrs C's caravan is sited.

YOGI

SO, WHAT DID THE COLOR CONSULTANT SAY ?

OLIVIA

APPARENTLY I'M A 'WINTER' PERSON.

25

YOGI turns round in his chair to speak to OLIVIA properly. Closer in than 24 to focus on the people rather than the office.

YOGI

AN ICE QUEEN, heh ?

OLIVIA 1

THANKYOU FOR THAT REMARK.

OLIVIA 2

NO, IT MEANS I LOOK MY BEST IN BLACK, WHITE, AND SILVER. AS IF I DIDN'T KNOW ALREADY. BUT AT LEAST I CAN CLAIM MY NEW OUTFIT AS A 'JUSTIFIABLE EXPENSE'.

26

OLIVIA walks over to the window, her back to us. YOGI's face expresses the cynicism that she fails to detect in his words.

YOGI

AS LONG AS YOU LOOK GOOD ON TV TONIGHT.

OLIVIA

OF COURSE. ALL I NEED NOW IS SOMETHING TO REALLY HIT THAT SMUG BASTARD WOODRUFF WITH, SHAKE HIM OUT OF HIS SEAT.

27

OLIVIA against the window. Her back is to us again, and we see past it through to the wasteland and Mrs C's caravan on it.

NO DIALOGUE

28

As 27 - change the angle so that the caravan is the focus of attention.

OLIVIA
GHASTLY. JUST GHASTLY.

29 (END OF PAGE 6)

Facial close-up of OLIVIA smiling.

OLIVIA
 BE A DARLING WOULD YOU YOGI ?
 REFRESH MY MIND ON THE STATISTICS
 FOR HOMELESSNESS AND PROVISION FOR
 THE ELDERLY.

30

ROD PIERCE in his minimalist flat. Head-and-shoulders.

ROD 1
 ...TURNED TO HIM AND SAID "NUMBER
 THREE, YES, BUT I DON'T THINK THE
 BELGIAN CHART'S QUITE AS LUCRATIVE
 AS THE BRITISH."

ROD 2
 HE HASN'T SHOWN HIS FACE IN LONDON
 SINCE!

31

Pull back to see more of the flat - lots of space, the occasional artfully placed hanging, expensively austere furniture. As well as ROD we see LORENZA and MORI.

LORENZA
 WHAT'S CONSTANTINE DOING THESE
 DAYS?

ROD

I RAN INTO HIM IN L.A., STILL WEARING THAT GRUBBY LITTLE MAC. "JOHN," I SAID, "DO YOURSELF A FAVOR - GET A NEW COAT. EVEN COLUMBO'S NOT WEARING THOSE ANY MORE."

32

Much the same.

MORI

WHAT DID HE SAY ?

ROD

HE DIDN'T. JUST SHOWED ME THE COVER OF THE 'TV GUIDE' HE WAS READING. PETER FALK ANNOUNCING HIS COMEBACK. I NEARLY DIED!

33

LORENZA head close-up.

LORENZA

YOU WOULDN'T BE THE FIRST OF JOHN'S ACQUAINTANCES TO RUN DOWN YOUR MORTAL COIL BEFORE ITS SHUFFLE-BY DATE.

34

Pull back, to see all three again.

MORI

YOU SHOULD REMEMBER THAT, ROD, TELL HIM THE NEXT TIME YOU BUMP INTO HIM.

35 (END OF PAGE 7)

Further back still, pulling away from them.

ROD

I THINK LORENZA CAN DELIVER THE APERÇU HIMSELF...CONSTANTINE HAS AN APPOINTMENT WITH ME LATER TODAY.

36

Back in the caravan with CONSTANTINE and MRS C. John is showing her a piece of jewelry - an ancient-looking mandala design brooch on a chain - in a little wooden box.

MRS C

WOT IS IT ?

JOHN

NOTHING REALLY. I SAW IT ROUND HIS PLACE, AND ASKED IF I COULD BORROW IT IN A SUITABLY IMPRESSED TONE.

37

Brooch and box are on the bed, as CONSTANTINE fishes in his pocket and holds up a little paper bag full of (red, yellow, and blue) childrens' sweets.

JOHN

IT WAS THE BOX I WANTED REALLY. THAT'S THE THING ABOUT HERMETIC TREASURES - IT'S WHAT THEY'RE KEPT IN THAT MATTERS.

38

CONSTANTINE empties the sweets on the bed, next to the box with the brooch in it.

JOHN 1

RODDY DOESN'T REALISE THAT OF COURSE. JUST ANOTHER MAGICK BAUBLE TO HIM. BUT HE CAN HAVE IT BACK, TELL HIS CHUMS THAT JOHN CONSTANTINE USED IT IN A RITUAL.

JOHN 2

AN' I'LL 'ANG ON TO THE BOX.

39

CONSTANTINE dangles the brooch above the paper bag by its chain.

JOHN 1

THING IS, I CAN'T FACE GOING ROUND THERE. CAN'T STICK THE BULLSHIT, THE BITCHCRAFT.

JOHN 2
 SO IF YOU'RE NOT DOING MUCH THE
 NEXT HALF HOUR, THE FLAT'S ONLY
 TEN MINUTES AWAY...

40

MRS C pottering around what passes for the kitchen, holding
 a plastic plate.

MRS C 1
 I'LL POP IT ROUND AFTER WE'VE HAD
 US A BITE TO EAT.

JOHN
THANKS MISSUS C. YOU'RE AN ANGEL.

MRS C 2
 AN' YEW, JOHN, ARE A SILVER-
 TONGUED DEVIL.

41 (END OF PAGE 8)

MRS C holds a plate of food out to CONSTANTINE - a (yellow)
 piece of cheese, a (red) tomato, and a chocolate biscuit in
 a blue wrapper.

MRS C
 THERE WE ARE. WOT D'YER FANCY ?

42

OLIVIA and YOGI in a car - nothing too conspicuous - on the
 way to a TV debate with the other election candidates.
 We're looking from the inside of the car (Yogi is driving)
 at a traffic light, which is on red. Yogi is taking things
 calmly, but Olivia is angry with it for frustrating her.

OLIVIA 1
 RED.

OLIVIA 2
 SHIT !

43

Inside the car again - the traffic is moving again.

YOGI
 'SOKAY. PLENTY OF TIME TO THE
 RECORDING, heh ?

OLIVIA
ALRIGHT FOR YOU. YOU DON'T HAVE
TO APPEAR BEFORE THE ELECTORATE
WITHOUT ENOUGH TIME TO GET YOUR
MAKE-UP DONE.

44

The car, seen from outside - it's passing through an area
of grubby shops and run-down houses. On the car doors are
b/w posters of Olivia.

YOGI
I THOUGHT YOU SAID THEY COULDN'T
DO YOUR FACE PROPERLY ANYWAY.

OLIVIA 1
THEY CAN'T.

OLIVIA 2
JUST SHU-TUP YOGI.

OLIVIA 3
SHUT UP AND DRIVE.

45

Car pulls up outside the studios of Capital TV - a big
glass and steel building.

NO DIALOGUE

46

OLIVIA goes to the entrance of the building, up some steps
maybe.

NO DIALOGUE

47 (END OF PAGE 9)

Close-up of YOGI back in the car.

YOGI
YUSS, M'LADY.

48

Back with CONSTANTINE in the caravan.

CAPTION 1
SHE'S A GOOD SORT, MRS C.

CAPTION 2
 MET HER WHEN I USED TO LIVE ROUND
 HERE.

CAPTION 3
 (IN A SQUAT, OF COURSE. RIGHT ON,
 JOHN.)

49

The whole panel is a reversed (ie upside-down) Tarot card; One, The Magician. Base the image on the one in the Marseilles deck, which uses red, yellow and blue colouring (though the Marseilles deck describes the card as Le Bateleur).

CAPTION 1
 I WAS 'GETTING INTO' MAGIC AT THE
 TIME.

CAPTION 2
 (LIKE I 'GOT INTO' VEGANISM.
 NEARLY THREE WEEKS THAT LASTED,
 BEFORE I GOT STONED AND ATE TWO
 WHOLE TINS OF SPAM.)

50

Another Tarot card. Two, The High Priestess (or La Papesse as the Marseilles deck calls her).

CAPTION 1
 THOUGHT SHE WAS ONE WHEEL SHORT OF
 A UNICYCLE AT FIRST.

CAPTION 2
 (ME? I WAS THE BEE'S BOLLOCKS
 MATE, THE HORSE'S KNOB.)

CAPTION 3
 BUT THERE WAS SOMETHING ABOUT HER.

51

Done from Constantine's POV as he puts a blindfold on. Most of the panel is black as his sight is obscured, but at the top and bottom we catch glimpses of MRS C (in her late 50s at this point, but otherwise much the same) and the caravan interior (again, along the same lines as it is now).

CAPTION 1
 THEN, ONE FRIDAY NIGHT...

CAPTION 2
 I'D DONE SOME MUSHIES, AND I CAME
 ROUND TO MRS C'S. COULDN'T HANDLE
 ANY MORE BLOODY PINK FLOYD OVER AT
 RALPH'S.

CAPTION 3
 "I'VE BIN EXPECTIN' YEW," SHE
 SAYS. "PUT THIS ON." AND HANDED
 ME THIS BLINDFOLD.

52 (END OF PAGE 10)

Completely black panel.

CAPTION 1
 'AND WE WENT FOR A WALK'.

CAPTION 2
 NO HIPPYSHIT. DESCRIPTIONS
 COULDN'T DO IT JUSTICE.

CAPTION 3
 WORDS ARE JUST METAPHORS. ATTEMPTS
 TO DESCRIBE WHAT THINGS ARE LIKE.
 NOTHING TO DO WITH HOW THEY ARE.
 SORRY.

53 (ALL OF PAGE 11)

Full page opportunity to indulge in some psychedelic artwork, using just three colours (red, blue, and yellow in case you'd forgotten). Mrs C has led John a long walk through the city, and she removes his blindfold at the top of a multi-storey carpark. We're seeing this from Constantine's POV - MRS C trails the blindfold from her hand as she takes it from John's eyes. Her other hand is pointing out to the cityscape. It's night, a full moon, and the city is alive with light and colour, some of it seen from shops and streetlights, but much of the rest not seen by everyday eyes. Traces and swirls form an impossible living mandala with Mrs C's caravan in the distance at its centre.

CAPTION
 'AND SHE TOOK THE BLINDFOLD OFF.'

54

The TV debate show 'Campaign Countdown', seen from behind the front row of the studio audience. There are three speakers - one for each of the parties contesting the seat. Apart from OLIVIA, in the centre, there is DONALD WOODRUFF, the present MP. He's in his 50s, and likes to look after himself - permed hair and capped teeth, a grey doublebreasted suit and colourful tie. On the right is JACK LINDSAY, a black man in his early 40s, along the same lines as Woodruff except with glasses. The host, NICK MORRIS, a smooth looking blonde in his early 30s, sits down at the end of the table they're all at. The 'Campaign Countdown' logo is red, yellow, and blue, and below it, the party names are written in their respective colours: Conservative (blue), Labour (red), Liberal Democrat (yellow). The sentence in the caption is to be concluded by a caption in the next panel.

CAPTION
WAITING FOR THE

NICK
THANK YOU DONALD. I'M SURE OLIVIA
WILL HAVE SOMETHING TO SAY ABOUT
THAT.

OLIVIA
THANKYOU NICK.

SFX
CLAPCLAPCLAPCLAP

55

Close in on OLIVIA, head-and-shoulders. We can also see some of a very indignant-looking WOODRUFF.

CAPTION
SOUNDBITE.

OLIVIA 1
LET'S LOOK AT THE FACTS.

OLIVIA 2
SINCE DONALD WOODRUFF HAS BEEN THE
MEMBER FOR THE CONSTITUENCY,
SPENDING ON THE ELDERLY HAS
DROPPED BY EIGHTEEN PERCENT IN
REAL TERMS.

OLIVIA 3
AYY-TEEN PERCENT !

56

Closer in still, as OLIVIA tries out her sincere look.

OLIVIA
 BUT FIGURES CAN'T SHOW THE HUMAN
 MISERY THAT THOSE SHAMEFUL
 STATISTICS REPRESENT.

CAPTION
 (CAREFUL WITH THE VOICE-TONE.
 YOU'VE GOT THEM, DON'T LOSE IT.)

57 (END OF PAGE 12)

Switch round to see some of the people in the front row - variously moved and disgusted by Olivia's performance.

CAPTION
 "MISERY BROUGHT HOME TO ME IN A
VERY REAL WAY THIS MORNING."

58

Close-up on a nervous looking DONALD WOODRUFF. OLIVIA is directing her speech towards him.

OLIVIA
 JUST HALF A MILE FROM DONALD
 WOODRUFF'S COSY FOUR BEDROOMED
 HOUSE THERE'S A STRETCH OF
DERELICT LAND.

59

OLIVIA in full flow, eyes blazing and nostrils flared.

OLIVIA 1
 ON THAT LAND THERE'S AN OLD
CARAVAN. UNTIL TODAY I THOUGHT IT
 WAS ABANDONED.

OLIVIA 2
 IT ISN'T.

60

NICK is the centre of attention here, looking admiringly at OLIVIA and the way she holds the audience. DONALD looks as if he'd rather be somewhere else, and JACK looks sorry for him.

OLIVIA

AN OLD WOMAN LIVES IN IT. A DEAR OLD LADY WHO'S FORCED TO PUT UP WITH INHUMAN CONDITIONS BECAUSE OF THE POLICIES OF DONALD WOODRUFF AND HIS PARTY.

61

DONALD looks down into his lap, shoulders slumped, while OLIVIA goes for the jugular.

OLIVIA

AN OLD WOMAN, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, LIKE YOUR OWN MOTHER.

62 (END OF PAGE 13)

Another look at some of the people in the front row - most of whom are now looking guilty.

CAPTION

"IMAGINE YOUR OWN MOTHER IN THOSE SQUALID, FILTHY CONDITIONS, AND THEN TELL ME THAT DONALD WOODRUFF IS A FIT PERSON TO BE YOUR REPRESENTATIVE."

63

ROD, MORI, and LORENZA in Rod's flat, looking aghast at their unseen visitor - Mrs C - who they had supposed was going to be Constantine. We see things from her POV. The frame is almost entirely b/w since it's done in Mrs C's colour scheme and Rod's flat is in a combination of stark black and white and tastefully muted shades that she doesn't register.

Mrs C's colour scheme.

CAPTION

"I WONDER WHAT THAT OLD LADY'S DOING NOW, WHILE WE'RE SITTING HERE IN THE WARM WITH HOMES AND FAMILIES TO GO TO."

SFX
CLAPCLAPCLAPCLAP

64

Pull back a bit, so that we have essentially the same scene with the addition of a colourful rear view of MRS C.

Mrs C's colour scheme.

MRS C
BIT DRAB INNIT ? THIS PLACE COULD
DO WIV A SPLASH A COLOR.

65

Head and shoulders of MRS C, who is enjoying the commotion she is causing.

MRS C 1
JOHN SEZ 'E'S SORRY, BUT 'E COUDEN
MAKE IT. GONE TO SEE A MAN ABOUT
A DOG.

MRS C 2
SO HE ASKED ME TO POP ROUND.

66

ROD and friends, looking very uncomfortable. MORI has stepped back.

ROD
YOU'VE GOT THE...ITEM ?

67

MRS C, rummaging through her pockets.

MRS C
THE MANDALA WOTSIT ? YEAH. 'SIN
ME POCKET SOMEWHERE.

68

A pile of Mrs C's multicoloured possessions from her pockets, on Rod's seriously black coffee table. Handkerchieves, sweet wrappers, a banana, bus tickets, plastic novelties from cereal packets.

Mrs C's colour scheme.

NO DIALOGUE

69

MRS C holds the brooch by its chain, passing it to ROD, who doesn't look as if he wants to be so near her. She's on one side of the coffee table, he the other.

MRS C
'ERE WE ARE.

70

Close-up of the brooch, dangling from ROD's finger by the chain. We look through the loop of the chain at MRS C.

ROD
THANK YOU. HAS JOHN PAID YOU FOR
YOUR INCONVENIENCE?

MRS C
'SNO TROUBLE. WOT FRIENDS ARE FOR.

71

Look back through the loop of the chain up at ROD, this time from MRS C's direction.

ROD
SORRY, YOU'LL HAVE TO EXCUSE US.
WE'RE BUSY.

MRS C
SUIT YERSELF. WOSN'T PLANNIN' ON
STAYIN' ENNYWAY. NOT MY CUPPA TEA.

72 (END OF PAGE 15)

MRS C wandering back to the caravan along a road; shops, houses, cars, a woman with a pram, one of Olivia's campaign posters.

CAPTION
"IF THAT WAS CONSTANTINE'S IDEA OF
A JOKE, IT WAS IN VERY POOR
TASTE."

73

OLIVIA and YOGI driving back from the interview. They pass MRS C further down the road she was walking down in the last panel, but don't notice her. Olivia is ecstatic after her performance in the TV debate.

OLIVIA
 IT MUST BE WORTH TWO OR THREE
 PERCENT. HE TOTALLY CRUMPLED IN
 FRONT OF THAT AUDIENCE.

74

On the stairs up to the campaign office. We're looking
 from the top of the stairs down - first is OLIVIA, a couple
 of steps behind is YOGI.

OLIVIA
 CALL JAN BAKER AT THE POST - MAKE
 SURE SHE WATCHES THE PROGRAMME
 TONIGHT...NO EXCUSES EITHER - SHE
 CAN VIDEO IT IF NECESSARY.

75

In the office. OLIVIA is the focus. YOGI walks over to the
 window.

OLIVIA 1
 ...AND TELL HER I'LL GIVE AN
EXCLUSIVE INTERVIEW ABOUT MY
 PROPOSALS FOR THE ELDERLY FIRST
THING TOMORROW MORNING.

OLIVIA 2
 NO. MAKE THAT AN INITIATIVE.
 'PROPOSALS' SOUNDS TOO NINETIES.

76

A weary-looking YOGI - we're looking at him through the
 window, reaching his hand out to it.

YOGI
 AND THEN CALL PETE BURNSIDE AT THE
 CHRONICLE AND TELL HIM THE SAME,
heh ?

77 (END OF PAGE 16)

Rear view of YOGI looking out of the window at the caravan.
 MRS C is walking towards it.

CAPTION
 "YOU'RE LEARNING, YOGESVARAN."

Page 17 - Layout Notes:

Page 17 (panels 78-86) is a 3x3 grid. The intended effect is to create a kind of composite body - three columns of them in fact - with Mrs C's head in the top row, Rod's hands and mid-section in the middle, and Olivia's legs in the bottom.

78

Straight-on head and shoulders shot of MRS C, back in the caravan, talking to an unseen Constantine.

MRS C
'SBIN NICE SEEIN' YEW ANYWAY.

79

Variation on 78.

MRS C
NO NEED TO LOOK EMBARRASSED. I
CAN SEE YUV GOT TO SHOOT OFF.

80

Variation on 78.

MRS C
LOOK AFTER YERSELF, EH JOHN ?

81

ROD, opening a bottle of expensive designer beer. Only his hands and some of his mid-section can be seen. A straight glass is before him on a bar or table - maybe the impression can be created that this is what Olivia's legs are under in the bottom row panels.

ROD
...THE ELECTION ? A CATTLE AUCTION
TO DELUDE THE MASSES.

82

ROD successfully opens the bottle.

ROD
"POLITICS IS BEST DISCUSSED ON ALL
FOURS."

83

ROD pours the beer into the glass.

ROD
 ...AS CHUCK PALAHNIUK SAID TO ME
 AT THOM YORKE'S BIRTHDAY PARTY.

84

OLIVIA on the phone. We're looking at her from below the level of the desk, seeing her legs and the phone cord.

OLIVIA 1
 YES FRASER, I KNOW RESOURCES ARE
 STRETCHED.

OLIVIA 2
 HAVEN'T YOU LISTENED TO MY
SPEECHES ?

85

As 84. OLIVIA starts to kick off one shoe with the other.

OLIVIA 1
 BUT SURELY YOU CAN STRETCH THEM
 JUST A TEENSY-WEENSY BIT FURTHER.

OLIVIA 2
 FOR ME ?

86 (END OF PAGE 17)

As 84. OLIVIA, one shoe on, the other off, with the discarded shoe by her foot.

OLIVIA
 AFTER ALL, WE'RE ONLY TALKING
 ABOUT ONE MORE RESIDENT.

87

Splash panel, taking up about 2/3 of the page. A queue of people in a chip shop. CONSTANTINE is at the rear. There's a couple of kids about 12 playing some kind of shoot-'em-up arcade game in one corner. Decor is white and blue tiles for the most part, though they're not exactly sparkling clean. Wilting posters promote chicken and mushroom pies and spring rolls, and there's a hand drawn notice asking 'Have You Tried Our Delicious Pineapple

Fritters?'. The shop is run by a Cypriot family; the father, about 40, his similarly aged wife, and their 18 year old son - variously cooking, serving, and loitering.

Somewhere above head level, on the side of the staff, is a TV with faulty colour - it's too bright, and is currently showing a cartoon in a garish mix of red, blue, and yellow. The idea is that customers will look at the TV rather than the unappetising selection of battered fish, surreal saveloys, soggy meat pies etc on display in the glass cases. Steam swirls round the staff - it's hot in there, which along with the greasiness of the food is an incentive to buy a drink; there are tinned drinks arranged by colour - red, blue, and yellow, coordinating with the red ketchup dispenser, yellow mustard container, and blue salt shaker on the counter.

CAPTION 1

SHE CAN LOOK AFTER HERSELF, MRS C.

CAPTION 2

DOES WHAT SHE DOES NATURALLY AND NEVER STOPS TO THINK IT'S OUT OF THE ORDINARY.

CAPTION 3

ALL THE BEST MAGICIANS ARE INSTINCTIVE.

CAPTION 4

IT'S THE CRAP ONES HAVE TO LEARN IT, MAKE DO WITH TRICKS. LIKE ME.

88

Close-up on the TV, which now shows a head and shoulders shot of a garishly coloured OLIVIA.

CAPTION

LIGHT THE BLUE TOUCHPAPER...

89 (END OF PAGE 18)

CONSTANTINE is at the front of the queue - except that his attention is on the TV, which shows a bewildered looking MRS C gesturing at the cameraman to go away from her caravan. We probably see John from the neck up and the chip shop owner trying to attract his attention.

CAPTION
 ONLY DON'T EXPECT IT TO BE AS
 SIMPLE AS A FIREWORK GOING OFF IN
 YOUR FACE WHEN IT DOESN'T WORK.

90

EDIE, an old lady in her late 70s, talking to an unseen Mrs
 C, who's sitting next to her. Head and shoulders - she's
 wearing a dressing gown and a hearing aid.

EDIE
 WHEN I WAS LITTLE, MOMMY WOULD
 CLEAN MY SHOES.

91

The old lady on the other side of Edie - she's skeletally
 thin, and dozing asleep in a nightgown and cardigan. Head
 and shoulders.

CAPTION
 "THEN, WHEN I WENT TO THE BIG
 SCHOOL, SHE SHOWED ME HOW TO DO
 THEM MYSELF.

92

Same set-up, this time with an old black lady wearing
 glasses and a dressing gown.

CAPTION
 "ON SUNDAY'S I'D BRUSH DADDY'S
 SHOES BEFORE CHURCH, POLISH THEM
 UP SO GOD WOULD SEE HE WAS A GOOD
 MAN.

93

And again...this old lady's very overweight, and smiling at
 a private memory.

CAPTION 1
 "LATER, WHEN WE GOT MARRIED, I
 WOULDN'T LET KEN CLEAN HIS SHOES.

CAPTION 2
 "WE DIDN'T REALLY TALK MUCH, AND
 THAT WAS MY WAY OF SAYING I LOVED
 HIM.

CAPTION 3

"SILLY REALLY.

94

Another old lady, Indian, and the oldest of all in her 90s, toothless but dignified, wearing a sari and a cardigan.

CAPTION 1

"ON HONEYMOON, WE'D PUT OUR SHOES OUTSIDE THE ROOM, AND THEY'D BE THERE NEXT MORNING LIKE NEW.

CAPTION 2

"LIKE NEW!"

95

Back to EDIE, except this time we can also see a distraught-looking and drugged MRS C - both from the waist up.

EDIE 1

BUT THIS PLACE. SHOCKING. I'VE A MIND TO TELL SOMEONE.

EDIE 2

ONLY THEY DON'T LIKE YOU COMPLAINING.

96

EDIE, looking down to MRS C's feet. Mrs C has a pastel blue blanket draped over her knees, peeping out from which are her red boots. Edie wears comfortable slippers.

NO DIALOGUE

97 (END OF PAGE 19)

Head and shoulders of EDIE, turning to ask a question of an unseen Mrs C.

EDIE

WHAT SIZE DO YOU TAKE?

98

We're looking from inside OLIVIA's wardrobe out at her as she chooses clothes for her first day as an MP. We see her from the waist down, and it's clear that she's near-naked. At the bottom of the panel are her shoes, or at least some of them. Hanging above them is a rack of jackets, skirts, and blouses.

OLIVIA 1
WHAT SHALL I WEAR?

OLIVIA 2
WHAT DOES A NEWLY ELECTED MEMBER
OF PARLIAMENT WEAR?

99

Flashback to the previous night, YOGI and OLIVIA drunkenly spraying a bottle of champagne at the victory party.

CAPTION
"YOGI?"

100

Head and shoulders of OLIVIA, who's putting her bra on and starting to lose patience with Yogi, who's sitting unseen at the foot of her bed.

OLIVIA 1
LISTEN YOGI, IT'S NO BIG DEAL.

OLIVIA 2
THESE THINGS HAPPEN.

101

An empty champagne bottle, lying on the floor by the bed.

NO DIALOGUE

102

Flashback to the party again, OLIVIA and YOGI kissing.

CAPTION
"IF IT WASN'T FOR YOU I COULDN'T
HAVE DONE IT."

103 (END OF PAGE 20)

Anguished looking and naked YOGI sitting on the edge of the bed.

OLIVIA (OFF)
YOU AND THE OLD LADY.

104

Group of mixed age and race men in a downmarket pub, sitting round laughing and drinking during their lunch break before going back to their job of clearing up the land that Mrs C's caravan is on. There's a tabloid newspaper on the table. We're seeing this from Constantine's POV - he's sitting at another table drinking and watching them, but we can't see him.

CAPTION
GREAT JOHN. JUST GREAT.

105

The group of men get up unsteadily and head back to work, leaving the newspaper (and some empty glasses) behind. Still from the unseen Constantine's POV.

CAPTION
WANT AN EXORCISM DONE, OR A CURSE
LIFTED, AND I MIGHT JUST ABOUT BE
THE MAN FOR THE JOB.

106

The newspaper front page, seen from a couple of feet above the table it's lying on - Constantine is looking down at it, his shadow covering part of it. We can't see the full cover, but can see enough to work out that it's the local Gazette, with the headline 'TRAGIC CASE OF NEGLECT' KEY TO PANTONE VICTORY', and photos of OLIVIA and MRS C. Empty beer glasses.

CAPTION
MIGHT.

107

Look up to CONSTANTINE from the tabletop. He's clearly drunk, and has a nearly empty pint glass in his hand.

CAPTION 1
 AND DON'T WORRY ABOUT THE RUMORS
 THAT YOU'LL PROBABLY GET KILLED IN
 THE PROCESS.

CAPTION 2
 JUST BAD P.R. PUT ABOUT BY WANKERS
 LIKE ROD.

108 (END OF PAGE 21)

Head and shoulders of CONSTANTINE finishing his pint
 standing up.

CAPTION
 (As-if-this-is-anything-to-do-
 with-bloody-Rod-bloody-Pierce.)

109

CONSTANTINE smiling as he looks to the empty hand he'd
 holding out - he's just dropped his glass (we only see him
 though, not the floor or the glass).

CAPTION 1
 ANYWAY, IF YOU SNUFF IT, CHANCES
 ARE IT'S YOUR OWN FAULT FOR
 MEDDLING IN THE AFFAIRS OF
 WIZARDS.

CAPTION 2
 (I've got to be drunk if I'm
 quoting bastard Tolkien.)

110

The shattered glass on the floor. Maybe CONSTANTINE's feet
 too. Maybe the caption could be done in the style of a
 business card?

CAPTION
JOHN CONSTANTINE, OTHER-WORLDLY
TROUBLE-SHOOTER. FULL REFERENCES
AVAILABLE. DISCRETION ASSURED.

111

CONSTANTINE coming out of the pub with a bleeding hand and
 a cigarette. We're looking from outside the pub (the 'Star
 and Garter') to the door he's coming from, and a young
 mother holds her child back to keep her from John. The
 lack of a full stop/period in the caption is intentional.

CAPTION
 ONLY DON'T EXPECT HELP WITH
 ANYTHING AS DOWN-TO-EARTH, AS
HUMAN

112

CONSTANTINE walking across the road, paying no attention to the traffic, seen from the rear. On the other side is the land that Mrs C's caravan is on. We recognise the land, but can't see the caravan in this panel. Again, deliberate lack of a full stop/period.

CAPTION
 AS

113 (END OF PAGE 22)

CONSTANTINE, seen front-on through the wire fence, which he's clutching to looking sorry for himself. In the foreground, we see the caravan, and the workmen, building a bonfire of Mrs C's possessions.

CAPTION
 (Say it John - words don't mean
 anything, remember?)

114 (ALL OF PAGE 23)

Full-page. This echoes page 11; the one with John tripping at the top of the multi-storey carpark. Here, again unseen, he's watching the bonfire of the caravan and Mrs C's possessions. It's sunset, with a dramatic red/yellow/blue sky enlivened by the flames and smoke of the bonfire. The moon is a slender yellow crescent. The cityscape is largely the same as before - though the resulting years of recession, the fact that John is drunk rather than tripping, and his general mood mean that it looks a lot more rundown.

CAPTION
 AS AN OLD LADY WHO'S BEEN KICKED
 OUT OF HER HOME BECAUSE I WAS TOO
 BLIND TO SEE WHAT WAS GOING ON.

115

Splash panel, taking up the top 2/3 of the page. The day room at the nursing home. All the old ladies featured on page 19 are sat round the sides of the room - most in armchairs, but some in wheelchairs. There is a pale blue uniformed nurse too, who has a trolley with their medicine.

Right now, she's front of EDIE. Next to EDIE is MRS C, sedated and now dressed 'normally' in dressing gown and slippers, and staring at a bowl of daffodils that may or may not be the ones that John brought her at the start of the story. The daffodils are the brightest feature of the panel. The window throws pale yellow light around Mrs C and the flowers through the curtains, which are half-drawn. Colours in this panel are natural but subdued.

NO DIALOGUE

116

Close in on Mrs C's medication on the trolley - a translucent plastic cup containing three tablets; one red, one blue, one yellow. One is a gelatin capsule, one a cylindrical tablet, the third a smaller round pill (...as long as they don't look the same). We can also see some of a glass water jug, and part of a box of paper towels. Subdued colour again.

NO DIALOGUE

117

Same size as 116. Looking down into the plastic cup with the tablets in it. The circle of the cup rim nearly fills the panel. Colours are brighter in this panel.

NO DIALOGUE

118 (END OF PAGE 24; END OF STORY)

Same size as 116. Closer in on 117, so that the whole panel is filled by the now intense colours of the tablets; they have become abstract brightly coloured shapes with no solid black inking; like looking at them through old and tearful eyes...

NO DIALOGUE

THE END