

GOOD OMENS

by
Sebastian Patrick

(Based on the novel by Neil Gaiman and Terry Pratchett)

Incomplete draft,
19th September 2004

seb.patrick@gmail.com
+44(0)7800 635173

GOOD OMENS

FADE IN:

1

EXT. GATES OF EDEN - DAY

1

CAPTION :

"THE BEGINNING"

We are looking at the gate of the garden of Eden. Eden is just out of view, but we can see all around a desolate landscape. It is clear that there has been beautiful, sunny weather for quite some time; it is just as clear that it is now starting to rain for the very first time - just a few drops, here and there. We pan in to an ANGEL and a SERPENT at the gate. The angel, AZIRAPHALE, looks up, shudders, and uses his wings to shield himself from the rain. The serpent, CROWLEY, runs a long tongue around his lips, looks at AZIRAPHALE, and speaks.

CROWLEY

Well, that one went down like a lead balloon.

AZIRAPHALE

Hmm? Oh, yes. Yes.

CROWLEY

I think it was a bit of an overreaction, to be honest. I mean, first offence and everything. I can't see what's so bad about knowing the difference between Good and Evil, anyway.

AZIRAPHALE

Well, it must be bad, Crowley, otherwise you wouldn't have been involved.

CROWLEY

All they said was 'Get up there and make some trouble.'

AZIRAPHALE

Yes, but you're a demon. I'm not sure if it's actually possible for you to do good. It's down to your basic, you know, nature.

(beat)

Nothing personal, you understand.

CROWLEY

You've got to admit it's a bit of a pantomime, though. I mean, pointing out the tree and saying DON'T TOUCH in big letters. Not very subtle, is it? I mean, why not put it on top of a high mountain or a long way off?

(beat)

Makes you wonder what He's really planning, you know?

AZIRAPHALE

Best not to speculate, really. You can't second-guess ineffability, I always say. There's Right, and there's Wrong. If you do Wrong when you're told to do Right, you deserve to be punished. That's just the way it is.

There is a bit of an embarrassed silence. The pair of them sit and watch the rain. Eventually CROWLEY regards AZIRAPHALE curiously.

CROWLEY

Didn't you used to have a flaming sword?

AZIRAPHALE

(guiltily)

Er...

CROWLEY

It looked very impressive, I thought.

AZIRAPHALE

Yes, but, well...

CROWLEY

Lost it, have you?

AZIRAPHALE

Oh, no!

(beat)

Well... not exactly *lost*, more...

CROWLEY

Well?

AZIRAPHALE sighs.

AZIRAPHALE

If you must know, I gave it away.

CROWLEY raises a serpent's eyebrow and looks at him.

AZIRAPHALE

Well, I had to! They looked so cold, poor things, and she's expecting already, and what with the vicious animals out there, and the storm coming up, I thought, well, what's the harm? So I just said, look, if you come back there's going to be an almighty row, but you might be needing this sword, so here it is, don't bother to thank me, just do everyone a big favour and don't let the sun go down on you here.

He gives CROWLEY a worried grin.

AZIRAPHALE

That was the best course, wasn't it?

CROWLEY

(mimicking)

I'm not sure if it's actually possible for you to do Evil, Aziraphale.

AZIRAPHALE doesn't notice the sarcasm. He smiles.

AZIRAPHALE

Oh, I do hope so. I really do hope so. It's been worrying me all afternoon.

Another lengthy silence.

CROWLEY

Funny thing is, I keep wondering whether the apple thing wasn't the *right* thing to do, as well. A demon can get into real trouble, doing the right thing. Funny if we both got it wrong, eh? Funny if I did the good thing and you did the bad one, eh?

AZIRAPHALE
 (soberly)
 Not really.

CROWLEY
 No. I suppose not.

There is a loud crash of thunder in the background. The camera slowly closes in on CROWLEY's scaly skin, and...

DISSOLVE TO:

2 INT. CROWLEY'S CAR ON MOTORWAY - NIGHT 2

EXTREME CLOSE-UP of a similarly snaky texture. ZOOM OUT, and it becomes clear that the texture is on a pair of what appear to be snakeskin boots. The boots are currently pressing very firmly on the accelerator of a car. We ZOOM OUT further, and see the driver of the car. It's CROWLEY, in his "human" form - black hair impeccably styled, black sunglasses, wearing a black leather jacket. The car, which is an old Bentley that looks new - and, of course, is black - speeds away, leaving the camera behind (passing through the rear window) to watch it disappear into the distance. SUPER TITLE :

GOOD OMENS

CREDITS SEQUENCE, which eventually fades back to the car, and the CAPTION :

"ELEVEN YEARS AGO"

3 INT. CROWLEY'S CAR ON MOTORWAY - NIGHT 3

CROWLEY is speeding along in his car, on the M25 motorway around London. The motorway is packed with cars, angrily trying to get home in rush hour, but this is of little consequence to CROWLEY, who is somehow still managing to drive at 110mph. He addresses the camera.

CROWLEY
 I'm quite enjoying the twentieth century. Much better than the seventeenth, anyway. And don't even talk to me about the fourteenth. I always say, one of the nice things about Time is that it's steadily taking me away from the fourteenth century, the most bloody boring hundred years this Earth has ever seen.

(MORE)

CROWLEY(cont'd)

Now, the twentieth century, that's something different. Take this, for example.

(gestures around him)

Could never have done this in the fourteenth century. One of my proudest achievements : The M25 circular. Just look at it. All that rage, frustration, hostility, despair... it really doesn't get much better.

(beat)

Or much worse. Whatever.

4 EXT. GRAVEYARD - NIGHT

4

A graveyard in London. Two demons, HASTUR and LIGUR, are lurking impatiently. They are vaguely human in appearance, like someone who's been shown a picture of a man and been told "Look something like that, please". Which is more or less what they are.

HASTUR is big and hard, and looks visibly uncomfortable in his human form. LIGUR, meanwhile, is shorter, but a much more accomplished lurker.

They pass a dogend of a cigarette between them. The purr of a Bentley engine is heard approaching.

HASTUR

I can see a light. Here he comes now, the flash bastard.

LIGUR

What's that he's drivin'?

HASTUR

It's a car. An 'orseless carriage. I 'spect they didn't have 'em the last time you was here. Not for what you might call general use.

5 EXT. GRAVEYARD ENTRANCE - NIGHT

5

At the Graveyard's gates, CROWLEY has got out of his car, and is walking in.

CROWLEY

(to camera)

Hastur and Ligur. Demons of the Old-School. Not really open to new ideas.

(MORE)

CROWLEY(cont'd)

Not really good for anything other than lurking in graveyards, really. But try telling that to the boss.

6 EXT. GRAVEYARD - NIGHT

6

LIGUR

What's this Crowley bloke like, then?

HASTUR

He's been here too long. Right from the Start. Gone native, if you ask me. Drives a car with a telephone in it.

LIGUR

Hmm.

(beat)

I bet it needs a lot of wire.

HASTUR

And he wears sunglasses, even when he dun't need to.

CROWLEY saunters into the graveyard. The two demons stand up straighter. LIGUR flicks away the cigarette.

HASTUR

(salutes)

All Hail Satan.

LIGUR

(salutes)

All Hail Satan.

CROWLEY gives a little wave.

CROWLEY

Hi. Sorry I'm a little late, but you know how it is on the A40 up at Denham, and then I tried to cut up towards Chorley Wood, and then...

HASTUR

(interrupting)

NOW we art all here, we must recount the Deeds of the Day.

CROWLEY

Yeah. Deeds. Right.

HASTUR

(proudly)

I have tempted a priest. As he walked down the street and saw the pretty girls in the sun, I put Doubt into his mind. He would have been a Saint, but within a decade we shall have him.

CROWLEY

Um. Nice one.

LIGUR

I have corrupted a politician. I let him think a tiny bribe would not hurt. Within a year, we shall have him.

They look expectantly at CROWLEY. He gives them a big smile.

CROWLEY

You'll like this.

(beat)

I tied up EVERY portable phone system in Central London for forty-five minutes at lunchtime.

There is a long silence.

HASTUR

Yes? And then what?

CROWLEY

Look, it wasn't easy!

LIGUR

That's all?

CROWLEY

Look, people...

HASTUR

And exactly what has that done to secure souls for our master?

CROWLEY turns and addresses the camera. As he speaks, we begin a

As CROWLEY speaks, we see stock footage of the sort of thing he's describing.

CROWLEY (V.O.)

Well, what am I supposed to say? That twenty thousand people got bloody furious? That you could hear the arteries clanging shut across the city? And that then they went back and took it out on their secretaries or traffic wardens or whatever, and they took it out on other people? Thousands and thousands of souls get a faint patina of tarnish, and you barely have to lift a finger!

8

EXT. GRAVEYARD - NIGHT

8

CROWLEY is back addressing the camera.

CROWLEY

Of course, you can't tell that to demons like Hastur and Ligur. Fourteenth century minds, spending years picking away at one soul. Sure, it's craftsmanship, but it's just not economically viable. With six billion people in the world, you just can't pick the buggers off one by one any more - you have to spread your efforts. But demons like these guys wouldn't understand. They'd never have thought up Welsh-language television, for example. Or Value Added Tax. Or Manchester.

He turns to talk to the demons, but stops, and turns back to the camera.

CROWLEY

I've always been quite proud of Manchester.

Now he does turn to the demons.

CROWLEY

Look, the Powers that Be seem to be satisfied. Times are changing. So anyway, what's up?

HASTUR reaches down behind a tombstone, and brings out a basket.

HASTUR
This is.

CROWLEY
Oh, no.

HASTUR
(grinning)
Oh, yes.

CROWLEY
Already?

HASTUR
Yes.

CROWLEY
And, er, it's up to me to...?

HASTUR
Yes.

HASTUR is enjoying this.

CROWLEY
Why me? You know me, Hastur - this isn't, you know, my scene.

HASTUR
Oh, it is, it is. Your scene. Your starring role. Take it. "Times are changing".

LIGUR
Yeah. They're coming to an end, for a start.

CROWLEY
Why me?

HASTUR
You are obviously highly favoured. I imagine Ligur here would give his right arm for a chance like this.

LIGUR
That's right
(beat)
Well, someone's right arm, anyway. Plenty of right arms around, I mean. No sense in wasting a perfectly good one.

HASTUR takes a clipboard from his coat and thrusts it towards CROWLEY.

HASTUR
Sign. Here.

CROWLEY takes out a sleek black pen.

LIGUR
S'a nice pen.

CROWLEY
Yeah. It can write underwater.

LIGUR
Whatever will they think of next?

CROWLEY starts to write on the paper.

HASTUR
Whatever it is, they better think
of it quickly.
(to CROWLEY)
No, not "A.J. Crowley". Your REAL
name.

CROWLEY sighs, and draws a complex, wiggly sigil on the paper. It glows red for a moment, and then fades.

CROWLEY
What am I supposed to DO with it,
anyway?

HASTUR
You will receive instructions. Why
so worried, Crowley? The moment we
have been working for all these
centuries is at hand!

CROWLEY has something of a hunted expression.

CROWLEY
Yeah. Right.

LIGUR
Our moment of eternal triumph
awaits!

CROWLEY
Eternal. Yeah.

HASTUR
And you will be a tool of that
glorious destiny!

CROWLEY
Tool. Yeah.
(beat)
Er. Okay. I'll, er, be off then,
shall I? Get it over with?

Silence from the demons.

CROWLEY
So I'll be popping along. See you
guys ar... see you. Er. Great.
Fine. Ciao.

He walks off towards the Bentley.

LIGUR
(whispers)
Chow? Wossat mean then?

HASTUR
It's Italian. I think it means
'food'.

LIGUR
Funny thing to say, then.

The car starts and pulls away.

LIGUR
(towards the car)
You trust him?

HASTUR
No.

LIGUR
Right.

HASTUR
Be a funny old world if demons went
round trusting each other, wunnit?

LIGUR
Right.

9

INT. CROWLEY'S CAR ON MOTORWAY - NIGHT

9

We can hear the roar of the car, which is unusual, as CROWLEY usually drives calmly and silently. Now, however, he's tense. We're CLOSE UP on the open glove compartment of the car, his hand fishing around for a cassette tape. He pulls out one marked "VIVALDI - FOUR SEASONS" and jams it into the tape deck.

CROWLEY
(to himself)
Soothing music, that's what I need.

The strains of Queen's "Bohemian Rhapsody" ring out across the car.

CROWLEY
(to camera)
Nobody's quite sure why, but if you leave any cassette tape in a car for more than two weeks, it metamorphoses into a *Best of Queen* tape. Never mind.

A pause, then :

CROWLEY
(to himself)
Ohshitohshitohshit... Why now? Why me?

The noise coming from the tape player twists and mangles into a deep, booming, demonic voice.

THE VOICE
BECAUSE YOU'VE EARNED IT, CROWLEY.

CROWLEY
(gulping)
Thank you very much, lord.

THE VOICE
WE HAVE GREAT FAITH IN YOU,
CROWLEY.

CROWLEY
Thank you, lord.

THE VOICE
THIS IS IMPORTANT, CROWLEY.

CROWLEY
I know, I know.

THE VOICE
THIS IS THE BIG ONE, CROWLEY.

CROWLEY
Leave it to me, Lord.

THE VOICE
THAT IS WHAT WE ARE DOING, CROWLEY.
AND IF IT GOES WRONG, THEN THOSE
INVOLVED WILL SUFFER GREATLY. EVEN
YOU, CROWLEY.
(beat)
ESPECIALLY YOU.

CROWLEY
Understood, lord.

THE VOICE
HERE ARE YOUR INSTRUCTIONS,
CROWLEY.

CROWLEY
(to camera)
And then, just like that, I know.
They could just as easily tell me,
they don't suddenly have to drop
chilly knowledge straight into my
brain.
(to the tape player)
I'll be there in five minutes,
lord, no problem.

THE VOICE
GOOD.

And the music returns. CROWLEY thumps the steering wheel. A newborn child's wail emanates from the basket on the back seat.

10

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - DAY

10

We are in the corridor of the maternity ward of a hospital. MR YOUNG, a fairly normal, average man in his thirties, is pacing up and down. Suddenly CROWLEY, carrying his basket, bursts in through the doors, and walks past MR YOUNG. As he walks down the corridor, he addresses the camera.

CROWLEY

Alright. So here's where things get just a little bit complicated. I mean, I didn't know they were going to screw up, did I? It was supposed to be a fairly simple changeover. But we never should have got the bloody Satanists involved. Bungling idiots, the lot of them. Now, do try to keep up.

SHOT : A BLACK-AND-WHITE POLAROID SNAPSHOT OF MRS. YOUNG

CROWLEY (V.O.)

Mrs. Dierdre Young is giving birth in Delivery Room Two. She is having a golden-haired male baby we will call Baby A. Chap I've just walked past in the corridor? That'll be his father.

SHOT : A BLACK-AND-WHITE POLAROID SNAPSHOT OF MRS. DOWLING

CROWLEY (V.O.)

The wife of the American Cultural Attache, Mrs. Harriet Dowling, is giving birth in Delivery Room Five. She is having a golden-haired male baby we will call Baby B.

CROWLEY now stands next to SISTER MARY in the hospital corridor.

CROWLEY

(to camera)

Now, Sister Mary Loquacious here has been a devout Satanist since birth. She was dispatched to work with the nuns in this hospital six months ago. I am about to hand her a golden-haired male baby we will call the Adversary, Destroyer of Kings, Angel of the Bottomless Pit, Great Beast that is called Dragon, Prince of This World, Father of Lies, Spawn of Satan, and Lord of Darkness.

He does so.

SISTER MARY

Is that him? Only I'd expected funny eyes. Red, or green. Or teensy-weensy little hoofikins. Or a widdle tail.

CROWLEY

Yes, that's him.

SISTER MARY

Fancy me holding the Antichrist. And bathing the Antichrist. And counting his little toesy-wosies... Does he look like his Daddy? I bet he does. Does he look like his Daddywaddykins?

CROWLEY

No. He doesn't. And now, I should get up to the delivery rooms, if I were you.

SISTER MARY

Will he remember me when he grows up, do you think?

CROWLEY

(darkly)

Pray that he doesn't.

CROWLEY makes a sharp exit. We follow him down the corridor, and once again he addresses us.

CROWLEY

I'm sure you can work it out by now. All that Sister Mary has to do is exchange the Adversary, Destroyer of Kings, Angel of the Bottomless Pit, Great Beast that is called Dragon, Prince of This World, Father of Lies, Spawn of Satan, and Lord of Darkness with Baby B. But where, you may be asking, does Baby A come in?

11

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - DAY

11

SISTER MARY is strolling along the corridor, pushing the baby in a bassinet. Suddenly, a door opens and a nurse sticks her head out.

NURSE

Sister Mary, what are you doing here? Shouldn't you be on duty in Room Five?

SISTER MARY

Right away, nurse.

She carries on pushing the bassinet along the corridor.

CROWLEY (V.O.)

Sister Mary, bless her black cotton socks with red sixes sewn into them, believes that Baby B is the only golden-haired baby being born in this hospital today.

12 INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - DAY 12

In another part of the same corridor, CROWLEY is leaning against the wall.

CROWLEY

Sister Mary, however, is mistaken. Not only that, but Sister Mary has always had an annoying little tendency to confuse Fives and Twos.

13 INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - DAY 13

SISTER MARY stands outside a room with a large number 2 on the door. She ponders for a moment, then pushes the bassinet into the room.

We pan across to CROWLEY, who is still leaning against the wall.

CROWLEY

And yes. Of course I would have done something if I'd known about this. Still, you live and learn.

14 INT. DELIVERY ROOM 2 - DAY 14

SISTER MARY is now chatting to MR. YOUNG. MRS. YOUNG is sleeping softly in the bed. There are two identical babies in bassinets, side by side - BABY A and THE ANTICHRIST.

CROWLEY (V.O.)
 Now, why anyone might mistake Mr.
 Young for the American Cultural
 Attache is beyond me.

We catch a snippet of the conversation :

SISTER MARY
 (cheerfully)
 You don't seem to have much of an
 accent. Have you been over here
 long?

CROWLEY (V.O.)
 But then, when you're dealing with
 mildly insane Satanic nurses, logic
 tends to take a back seat.

Enter SISTER HARRIET. She glances at MR. YOUNG with a worried
 look on her face, and then winks at SISTER MARY. SISTER MARY
 nods towards BABY A, and winks back.

CROWLEY (V.O.)
 You can say a lot with a wink.
 Especially when you don't want non-
 Satanists like Mr. Young here to
 know what you're on about. Sister
 Harriet's wink, for example,
 meant...

CLOSE-UP on SISTER HARRIET's eye

SISTER HARRIET (V.O.)
 Where the hell have you been? Baby
 B has been born, we're ready to
 make the switch, and here's you in
 the wrong room with the Adversary,
 Destroyer of Kings, Angel of the
 Bottomless Pit, Great Beast that is
 called Dragon, Prince of This
 World, Father of Lies, Spawn of
 Satan, and Lord of Darkness!

CROWLEY (V.O.)
 And, as far as she was concerned,
 Sister Mary's answering wink
 meant...

CLOSE-UP on SISTER MARY's EYE

SISTER MARY (V.O.)

Here's the Adversary, Destroyer of Kings, Angel of the Bottomless Pit, Great Beast that is called Dragon, Prince of This World, Father of Lies, Spawn of Satan, and Lord of Darkness, and I can't talk now because there's this outsider here.

CROWLEY (V.O.)

Whereas Sister Mary, on the other hand, had thought that Sister Harriet's wink was more along the lines of...

CLOSE-UP on SISTER HARRIET'S EYE

SISTER HARRIET (V.O.)

(in a cheerful tone)

Well done, Sister Mary, switched over the babies all by herself! Now, indicate the superfluous baby to me, and I shall remove it and leave you to continue chatting to this esteemed gentleman.

CROWLEY (V.O.)

And so, naturally, her own answering wink had meant...

CLOSE-UP on SISTER MARY'S EYE

SISTER MARY (V.O.)

There you go, dearie, that's Baby B, now take him away and leave me to chat with his Excellency. I've always wanted to ask him why they have those tall buildings with all the mirrors on them.

SISTER HARRIET wheels BABY A out of the room. SISTER MARY turns back to MR. YOUNG.

SISTER MARY

You know, I think Damian is a lovely name for a boy...

SCARLETT (WAR), a devastatingly beautiful auburn-haired woman who is (or appears to be) in her mid-twenties, stands beside the truck fanning her head with her hat. She sighs, shakes her head, and walks towards a nearby bar.

18

INT. BAR - DAY

18

SCARLETT's entrance into the bar causes something of a stir. She coolly makes her way to the bar, orders a beer, and drains it in one smooth movement, before grinning at the barman.

SCARLETT

I got a truck needs repairing.
Anyone around I can talk to?

The BARMAN grins back at her.

BARMAN

Only Nathan, miss. But Nathan has gone back to Kaounda to see his father-in-law's farm.

SCARLETT

Hmm. Any idea when he'll be back?

BARMAN

Perhaps next week. Perhaps two weeks' time, dear lady.

He leans forward, towards her.

BARMAN

You travelling alone, miss?

SCARLETT

Yes.

BARMAN

(conspiratorially)
Could be dangerous. Some funny people on the roads these days. Bad men. Not *local* boys.

SCARLETT raises an eyebrow. The barman visibly shivers, despite the heat.

SCARLETT

Thanks for the warning.

She tips her hat to him, and strolls outside.

19 EXT. STREET IN KUMBOLALAND - DAY 19

SCARLETT stands, looking at her truck. Slowly, she looks around, takes in her surroundings. Quiet. Peaceful.

SCARLETT
What the hell. I could do with a
holiday anyway.

FADE TO:

20 EXT. STREET IN KUMBOLALAND - DAY 20

CAPTION :

"THREE DAYS LATER"

The sleepy town has become a warzone. All around, gunfire and explosions can be heard. Dead bodies litter the streets. Buildings are on fire. Pan across until we reach the train station, where SCARLETT is boarding the train. She stops just before stepping on, takes one last look at the town, smiles, and disappears.

21 EXT. ST. JAMES' PARK, LONDON - DAY 21

AZIRAPHALE and CROWLEY are standing by the pond, feeding the ducks. AZIRAPHALE is now, like CROWLEY, in his human form, but he is more recognisable - facially at least - due to at least having been humanoid when he was an angel. He is not ridiculously camp, but could fairly be described as effeminate to a degree.

He tosses a crust to a scruffy-looking drake, which catches it and sinks immediately. He turns to CROWLEY and shakes his head.

AZIRAPHALE
Really, my dear.

CROWLEY
Sorry, I was forgetting myself.

The duck bobs angrily to the surface.

AZIRAPHALE
Of course, we knew something was
going on.

(MORE)

AZIRAPHALE(cont'd)

But one somehow imagines this sort of thing happening in America. They go in for that sort of thing over there.

CROWLEY

It might yet do, at that.

CROWLEY glances across the park to his Bentley, which is in the process of being clamped.

AZIRAPHALE

Oh, yes. The American diplomat. Rather *showy*, one feels. As if Armageddon was some sort of cinematographic show that you wish to sell in as many countries as possible.

CROWLEY

Every country. The Earth and all the kingdoms thereof.

AZIRAPHALE tosses his last scrap of bread to the ducks, and turns to face CROWLEY.

AZIRAPHALE

We'll win, of course.

CROWLEY

You don't want that.

AZIRAPHALE

Why not, pray?

CROWLEY

Listen. How many musicians do you think your side have got, eh? First grade, I mean.

AZIRAPHALE

(taken aback)

Well, I should think...

CROWLEY

Two. Elgar and Liszt. That's all. We've got the rest. Beethoven, Brahms, all the Bachs, Mozart, the lot. Can you imagine eternity with Elgar?

AZIRAPHALE

(groaning)

All too easily.

CROWLEY

That's it then. No more compact discs. No more Albert Hall. No more Last Night of the Proms. Just celestial harmonies all day long.

AZIRAPHALE

(mutters)
Ineffable...

CROWLEY

Like eggs without salt, you said. Which reminds me. No salt, no eggs. No gravlax with dill sauce. No fascinating little restaurants where they know you. No Daily Telegraph crossword. No small antique shops, no bookshops, no Regency silver snuffboxes...

AZIRAPHALE

But after we win life will be better!

CROWLEY

But it won't be as *interesting*. Look, you know I'm right. You'd be as happy with a harp as I'd be with a pitchfork.

AZIRAPHALE

You know we don't play harps.

CROWLEY

And we don't use pitchforks. I was being rhetorical.

There is a pause, while they stare at one another. AZIRAPHALE spreads his hands.

AZIRAPHALE

My people are more than happy for it to happen, you know. It's what it's all about, you see. The great final test. Flaming swords, the Four Horsemen, seas of blood, the whole tedious business.

He shrugs.

CROWLEY

And then Game Over, Insert Coin?

AZIRAPHALE

Sometimes I find your methods of expression a little difficult to follow.

CROWLEY

I *like* the seas as they are. It doesn't have to happen. You don't have to test everything to destruction just to see if you made it right.

AZIRAPHALE

(shrugs)

That's ineffable wisdom for you, I'm afraid.

He shudders, and pulls his coat around him. Grey clouds are beginning to pile up.

CROWLEY

That's what you said about the apple, remember?

Another pause.

AZIRAPHALE

Let's go somewhere warm.

CROWLEY

You're asking me?

They walk in sombre silence for a while

AZIRAPHALE

It's not that I disagree with you. It's just that I'm not allowed to disobey. You know that.

CROWLEY

Me too.

AZIRAPHALE

Oh, come now, you're a demon, after all.

CROWLEY

Yeah. But my people are only in favour of disobedience in general terms. It's *specific* disobedience they come down on heavily.

AZIRAPHALE

Such as disobedience to themselves?

CROWLEY

You'd be amazed. Well, come to think of it, perhaps you wouldn't be. Anyway, how long do you think we've got?

They approach the Bentley. CROWLEY waves his hand, and the doors unlock. They take their seats in the car.

22

INT. CROWLEY'S CAR OUTSIDE PARK - DAY

22

AZIRAPHALE

The prophecies differ. Certainly until the end of the century, although we may expect certain phenomena before then. Most of the prophets of the past millennium were more concerned with scansion than accuracy.

The car starts, although CROWLEY hasn't touched the ignition key.

CROWLEY

What?

AZIRAPHALE

You know... 'And thee Worlde Unto And Ende Shall Come, in tumpy-tumpy-tumpy One". Or Two, or Three, or whatever. There aren't many good rhymes for Six, so it's probably a good year to be in.

CROWLEY

And what sort of phenomena?

AZIRAPHALE

Oh, two-headed calves, signs in the sky, geese flying backwards, showers of fish. That sort of thing. The presence of the Antichrist affects the natural operation of causality.

CROWLEY

Hmm.

He puts the car in gear, revs, and remembers something. He snaps his fingers.

23 EXT. OUTSIDE CAR - DAY 23

CLOSE-UP on the rear wheel, which has a yellow wheel-clamp on it. The clamp disappears.

24 INT. CROWLEY'S CAR OUTSIDE PARK - DAY 24

CROWLEY

Let's have lunch. I owe you one from, when was it...?

AZIRAPHALE

Paris, 1793.

CROWLEY

Oh, yes. The Reign of Terror. Was that one of yours, or one of ours?

AZIRAPHALE

Wasn't it yours?

CROWLEY

Can't recall. It was quite a good restaurant, though.

25 EXT. OUTSIDE CAR - DAY 25

The car drives away, past an astonished traffic warden whose notebook spontaneously combusts.

26 INT. CROWLEY'S CAR ON ROAD - DAY 26

CROWLEY

(amazed)

I'm pretty certain I didn't mean to do *that*.

AZIRAPHALE blushes.

AZIRAPHALE

That was me. I'd always thought that *your* people invented traffic wardens.

SABLE

Twelve million, huh? That's pretty good.

FRANNIE

That's *great*.

SABLE

So we're going corporate. It's time to blow the big one, am I right? California, I think. I want factories, restaurants, the whole schmear. We'll keep the publishing arms, but it's time to diversify. Yeah? This -

He waves around him

SABLE

- this is just the beginning.

FRANNIE

Sounds good, Sable. We'll need -

He is interrupted by a model, SHERRYL. She's New York's top fashion model, but she could easily be mistaken for a skeleton. Horrifyingly thin, with tanned skin stretched almost to snapping point over the delicate bones of her skull. She is holding a book.

SHERRYL

Uh, excuse me, Mr. Sable, I hope you don't mind me intruding, but, your book, it changed my life... I was wondering, would you mind signing it for me?

He nods graciously and takes the book from her. We see the cover close-up - Sable's face, embossed with foil lettering :

"D-PLAN DIETING : SLIM YOURSELF BEAUTIFUL"

A slogan proclaims it to be "THE DIETING BOOK OF THE CENTURY!"

SABLE

How do you spell your name?

SHERRYL

Sherryl. Two Rs, one Y, one L.

SABLE

You remind me of an old, old
friend.

He smiles, and writes swiftly and carefully on the title
page.

SABLE

There you go. Glad you liked it.
Always good to meet a fan.

She picks up the book and reads what he's written :

"Sherryl,

A measure of wheat for a penny, and three measures of barley
for a penny, and see thou hurt not the oil and the wine.

Rev. v. 6 ch 6.

Dr. Raven Sable"

SABLE

It's from the Bible.

SHERRYL

Thank you so much, Doctor. You
don't know how much this means to
me - you've changed my life, you
really have...

She backs away as she continues to gush. FRANNIE, meanwhile,
continues to work on her laptop.

FRANNIE

Cute. Now, there's a European
outfit we can buy into for the
initial toehold - Holdings
(Holdings) Incorporated. That'll
give us the Liechtenstein tax base.
Now, if we channel funds out
through the Caymans, into
Luxembourg, and from there to
Switzerland, we could pay for the
factories in...

SABLE is no longer listening. As she drones on, he tunes out,
smiling contentedly. He sips from his water.

30

INT. AZIRAPHALE'S BOOKSHOP, BACK ROOM - DAY

30

It's mid-afternoon. CROWLEY and AZIRAPHALE are sitting in two comfortable chairs in the back room of the shop. The books in here look a great deal more rare, valuable and collectable than the ones out in the shop. The table in front of them, meanwhile, is covered in bottles. They're a bit drunk.

CROWLEY

The point is... The point is. The point is, right. You've got this whole world, right?

He's using his glass to gesticulate.

CROWLEY

Whole world... Fulla creatures. Lotsa creatures. All creatures great and smoke. Lots 'f 'em have got brains, right? Big brains. And then... Bazamm!

He slams his glass down on the table.

AZIRAPHALE

But you're part of it. You tempt people. You're good at it.

AZIRAPHALE is pouring wine into his glass. Almost half of what he's pouring actually *makes* it into the glass. CROWLEY, meanwhile, picks up his again and uses it to point at AZIRAPHALE.

CROWLEY

That's different. They don't have to say yes. That the ineffable bit, right? Your side made it up. You've got to keep testing people. But not to destruction.

AZIRAPHALE

All right. All right. I don't like it any more than you, but I told you. I can't disod- disoy - not do what I'm told. 'M a'nangel.

CROWLEY

(sly)

There's no theatres in Heaven. And very few films.

AZIRAPHALE

Don't you try to tempt *me*. I know you, you old serpent.

CROWLEY

Just you think about it. You know what eternity is? I mean, do you *really* know what eternity is? There's this big mountain, see, a mile high, at the end of the universe, and once every thousand years there's this little bird...

AZIRAPHALE

What little bird?

CROWLEY

This little bird I'm talking about. And every thousand years...

AZIRAPHALE

The same bird every thousand years?

CROWLEY

Erm... yeah.

AZIRAPHALE

Bloody ancient bird, then.

CROWLEY

OK. And every thousand years, this bird flies -

AZIRAPHALE

Limps.

CROWLEY

...FLIES all the way to this mountain and sharpens its beak...

AZIRAPHALE

Hold on. You can't *do* that. Between here and the end of the universe there's loads of...

He waves his hand expansively, if a little unsteady.

AZIRAPHALE

... Loads of buggerall, dear boy.

CROWLEY

But it gets there anyway.

AZIRAPHALE

How?

CROWLEY

(exasperated)

It doesn't matter!

AZIRAPHALE

It could use a space ship.

CROWLEY

Yeah. If you like. Anyway, this bird, it sharpens its beak on the mountain, and then it flies back -

AZIRAPHALE

In the space ship...

CROWLEY

And after a thousand years it goes and does it all again.

There is a moment of drunken silence.

AZIRAPHALE

Seems a lot of effort just to sharpen a beak.

CROWLEY

Listen, the point is that when the bird has worn the mountain down to nothing, right - and don't make some point about the relative hardness of birds' beaks and granite mountains - when the bird has worn the mountain down to nothing, then *you still won't have finished watching "The Sound Of Music"*.

AZIRAPHALE freezes.

CROWLEY

... And you'll *enjoy* it. You really will. You won't have a choice. Heaven has no taste. Oh, and not one single sushi restaurant.

There is a long silence. A look of pain has come across AZIRAPHALE's face.

AZIRAPHALE

I can't cope with this while 'm drunk. I'm going to sober up.

CROWLEY

Me too.

They both shudder and wince, and at once sit up more neatly. AZIRAPHALE straightens his tie.

AZIRAPHALE

I can't interfere with divine plans.

CROWLEY looks at his glass for a moment, then fills it up again.

CROWLEY

What about diabolical ones?

AZIRAPHALE

Pardon?

CROWLEY

Well, it's got to be a diabolical plan, hasn't it? *We're doing it. My side.*

AZIRAPHALE

Ah, but it's all part of the overall *divine* plan. Your side can't do anything without it being part of the ineffable divine plan.

CROWLEY

You wish!

AZIRAPHALE

No, that's the... the thing... what d'you call it in your colourful idiom? The line at the bottom.

CROWLEY

The bottom line.

AZIRAPHALE

Yes. It's that.

CROWLEY

Well... if you're sure... then you can't be certain, correct me if I'm wrong, that thwarting it isn't part of the divine plan as well.

(MORE)

CROWLEY(cont'd)

I mean, you're supposed to thwart the wiles of the Evil One at every turn, aren't you?

AZIRAPHALE hesitates.

AZIRAPHALE

There is that, yes.

CROWLEY

You see a wile, you thwart. Am I right?

AZIRAPHALE

Broadly, broadly. Actually, I encourage humans to do the actual thwarting. You know...

(waves hand)

Ineffability, all that.

CROWLEY

Right. Right. So all you've got to do is thwart. Because if I know anything it's that the birth is just the start. It's the upbringing that's important. Influences. Otherwise, the child will never learn to use its powers. At least, not necessarily as intended.

AZIRAPHALE

Certainly our side won't mind me thwarting you. They won't mind that at all.

CROWLEY

Right.

(smiles)

It'd be a real feather in your wing.

AZIRAPHALE

What will happen to the child if it doesn't get a Satanic upbringing, though?

CROWLEY

Probably nothing.

AZIRAPHALE

But genetics...

CROWLEY

Oh, don't talk to me about genetics. What have they got to do with it? Look at Satan. Created as an angel, grows up to be the Great Adversary. Hey, if you're going to go on about genetics, you might as well say the kid will grow up to be an angel. After all, his father was really big in Heaven in the old days. No, upbringing is everything. Take it from me.

AZIRAPHALE

And without unopposed Satanic influences...

CROWLEY

Well, at worst, Hell will have to start all over again. And the earth gets at least another ten years. That's got to be worth something, hasn't it?

AZIRAPHALE looks thoughtful.

AZIRAPHALE

You're saying the child isn't evil of itself?

CROWLEY

Potentially evil. Potentially good, too, I suppose. Just this huge powerful *potentiality*, waiting to be shaped.

(gestures)

Anyway, why're we talking about this *good* and *evil*? They're just names for sides. We know that.

AZIRAPHALE

I suppose it's got to be worth a try.

CROWLEY nods encouragingly, and holds out his hand.

CROWLEY

Agreed?

AZIRAPHALE

(shaking his hand)

It'll certainly be more interesting than saints.

CAPTAIN
Get a hold of yourself, man! WHO
locked himself in?

CREW MEMBER #1
Mister White, sir.

There is a look of horror on the CAPTAIN'S face.

34 INT. BRIDGE OF OIL TANKER - DAY 34

MR. WHITE (POLLUTION) is standing on the bridge, a contented smile on his face. Thin, perhaps thinner than SABLE. Extremely pale skin, faded blonde hair. Dressed, of course, all in white. Outside the panic can still be heard - men are running around, some are banging on the door - but WHITE has tuned it out.

35 INT. OIL TANKER CORRIDOR - DAY 35

CREW MEMBER #1
Sir, if we carry on at this course
and speed, we'll hit Tokyo in less
than thirty minutes.

CAPTAIN
What do you mean, "hit"?

There is a silence. From the look on the CREW MEMBERS' faces, they don't need to answer.

36 INT. BRIDGE OF OIL TANKER - DAY 36

WHITE is happy. He could almost be humming to himself. Not a broad grin, just a smile of utter satisfaction. He stands, hands stretched across the control panel. We CLOSE UP on one of his hands as it drifts towards a button marked "EMERGENCY CARGO RELEASE".

37 INT. OIL TANKER CORRIDOR - DAY 37

The CREW MEMBERS and the CAPTAIN are still flapping about and shouting, desperately trying to get onto the bridge, when all of a sudden a DEEP, BOOMING SIREN sounds. They all look up.

CAPTAIN
My God...

38 INT. BRITISH MUSEUM CAFETERIA - DAY

38

CAPTION :

"ONE YEAR AGO"

CROWLEY and AZIRAPHALE are sitting at a table. AZIRAPHALE is eating his meal. CROWLEY just looks tense, a drink untouched in front of him. There is a silence for a moment, like something is being left unsaid. Then CROWLEY says it.

CROWLEY

If you ask me, he's too bloody
normal.

AZIRAPHALE looks up from his meal and smiles.

AZIRAPHALE

It's my good influence, clearly.

CROWLEY shakes his head.

CROWLEY

I'm taking that into account. Look -
by now he should be trying to warp
the world around him to his own
desires, shaping it in his own
image, that kind of stuff. Well,
not actually *trying* - he'll do it
without even knowing it. Have you
seen any evidence of it happening?

AZIRAPHALE

Well, no, but...

CROWLEY

He's too normal. I don't like it.
There's something wrong. I just
can't put my finger on it.

AZIRAPHALE

Well, he's a growing boy, young
Warlock...

CROWLEY chuckles.

CROWLEY

You know, I can't believe they
actually named him Warlock.

AZIRAPHALE

Mm, yes. And, of course, there's been the heavenly influence in his life...

CROWLEY

(sighs)

I just hope he'll know how to cope with the hell-hound, that's all.

AZIRAPHALE

Hell-hound?

CROWLEY

On his eleventh birthday. I received a message from Hell last night. They're sending him a hell-hound, to pad by his side and guard him from all harm. Biggest one they've got, apparently.

AZIRAPHALE

Won't people remark on the sudden appearance of a huge black dog? His parents, for a start.

CROWLEY

Nobody's going to notice anything out of the ordinary. That's what people do - spend their whole lives not noticing what's going on around them.

AZIRAPHALE

Hm. When does it turn up then, this dog?

CROWLEY

I told you. On his eleventh birthday. At three o'clock in the afternoon. It'll sort of home in on him.

AZIRAPHALE

Does it have a name?

CROWLEY

He's supposed to name it himself. It's very important that he names it himself. It gives it its purpose. It'll be Killer, or Terror, or Stalks-By-Night, I expect.

AZIRAPHALE

And you'll be there, right?

CROWLEY

Wouldn't miss it for the worlds. I do hope there's nothing too wrong with the child, though. We'll see how he reacts to the dog. That should tell us something. I *hope* he'll send it back, or be frightened of it. If he *does* name it, we've lost. He'll have all his powers and Armageddon is just around the corner.

AZIRAPHALE sips from his wine, thoughtfully.

AZIRAPHALE

I think I'll see you there, then.

39 EXT. ADAM'S STREET - DAY 39

<INSERT SCENE HERE introducing ADAM (and the gang) and his meeting with (and naming of) DOG>

40 EXT. DOWLINGS' GARDEN - DAY 40

This is WARLOCK and his family's garden. There's a party in progress - ten and eleven-year-old children running around doing all the things that kids do at birthday parties. A bouncy castle in one corner, a man in a clown costume making balloon animals, that sort of thing. Banners in clear view proclaim "HAPPY 11th BIRTHDAY WARLOCK!"

CROWLEY's Bentley is parked just outside the gates, and as we pan over we can hear him and AZIRAPHALE speaking.

AZIRAPHALE (O.S.)

You said it was him!

CROWLEY (O.S.)

It WAS him! I mean, I should know, shouldn't I?

41 INT. CROWLEY'S CAR OUTSIDE DOWLINGS' HOUSE - DAY 41

AZIRAPHALE

Then someone else must be interfering.

CROWLEY

There isn't anyone else! There's just us, right? Good and Evil. One side or the other.

He thumps the steering wheel.

CROWLEY

You'll be amazed at the kind of things they can do to you, down there.

AZIRAPHALE

I imagine they're very similar to the sort of things they can do to one up there.

CROWLEY

Come off it. Your lot get ineffable mercy.

AZIRAPHALE

Oh, yes? Did you ever visit Gomorrah?

CROWLEY

Sure. There was this great little tavern where you could get these terrific fermented date-palm cocktails, with nutmeg and crushed lemongrass...

AZIRAPHALE

I meant afterwards.

CROWLEY

Oh.

There is a pause.

AZIRAPHALE

Something must have happened in the hospital.

CROWLEY

It couldn't have! It was full of our people!

AZIRAPHALE

Whose people?

He raises an eyebrow.

CROWLEY

My people, then. Well, not *my* people. You know. Satanists.

AZIRAPHALE

You've always had a bit of a problem with those people, haven't you?

CROWLEY

Too bloody right. They're an embarrassment, the lot of them.

AZIRAPHALE

Still, I don't see how they can have messed it up. I mean, two babies. It's not exactly taxing, is it...?

CLOSE-UP on CROWLEY as a look of horror passes across his face. CUT TO a brief flashback of MR. YOUNG in the hospital, then back to CROWLEY.

CROWLEY

There must have been a third baby.

AZIRAPHALE

Hmm. That doesn't leave us a lot to go on, does it?

CROWLEY

We know the child must be alive...

AZIRAPHALE

How?

CROWLEY

Well, if it had turned up Down There again, do you think I'd still be sitting here?

AZIRAPHALE

Good point.

CROWLEY

So all we've got to do is find it. Go through the hospital records.

The car roars into life, making AZIRAPHALE jump.

AZIRAPHALE

And if we find the child? Then what?

CROWLEY

Don't know.

AZIRAPHALE

Good grief.

Another pause as they drive along.

CROWLEY

I don't suppose... your people...
they wouldn't consider... giving me
asylum, would they?

AZIRAPHALE

Huh. I was going to ask you the
same thing...

More silence. AZIRAPHALE roots through the glove compartment
and pulls out a tape.

AZIRAPHALE

What's a Velvet Underground?

CROWLEY

You wouldn't like it.

AZIRAPHALE

Oh. Be-bop, eh?

CROWLEY

Do you know, Aziraphale, that if a
million human beings were asked to
describe modern music, not one of
them would use the term "be-bop"?

AZIRAPHALE

(finding another tape)
Ah, this is more like it.
Tchaikovsky.

He puts the tape in the player.

CROWLEY

You won't enjoy it. It's been in
the car for more than a fortnight.

A very familiar thumping bassline begins.

AZIRAPHALE

I don't recognise this. What is it?

CROWLEY
It's Tchaikovsky's "Another One
Bites The Dust"...
(MORE)