

SUPERNATURAL

Episode #1417

"Game Night"

Written by

Meredith Glynn

Directed by

John Showalter

EXECUTIVE PRODUCERS

Robert Singer

Andrew Dabb

Phil Sgriccia

Brad Buckner

Eugenie Ross-Leming

PRODUCERS

Eric Kripke

Jim Michaels

Robert Berens

Meredith Glynn

Steve Yockey

PJ Tancinco

T13.21167

STUDIO & NETWORK DRAFT

01/25/19

©2019 Warner Bros. Entertainment Inc.

This script is the property of Warner Bros. Entertainment Inc. No portion of this script may be performed, reproduced or used by any means, or disclosed to, quoted or published in any medium without the prior written consent of Warner Bros. Entertainment Inc.

CAST LIST

SAM WINCHESTER
DEAN WINCHESTER

CASTIEL
DONATELLO REDFIELD
JACK
JO
MARY WINCHESTER
NICK

MO

JARED PADALECKI
JENSEN ACKLES

MISHA COLLINS
KEITH SZARABAJKA
ALEXANDER CALVERT
DANNEEL ACKLES
SAMANTHA SMITH
MARK PELLEGRINO

LOCATION REPORTINT.

INT. DONATELLO'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY (DAY 1)	P.1
INT. DONATELLO'S HOUSE - THRESHOLD - MOMENTS LATER	P.2
INT. DONATELLO'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - LATER	P.2
INT. MEN OF LETTERS - LIBRARY - NIGHT	P.3
INT. MEN OF LETTERS - KITCHEN - SAME TIME	P.3
INT. MEN OF LETTERS - LIBRARY - CONTINUOUS	P.4
INT. MEN OF LETTERS - LIBRARY - MOMENTS LATER	P.5
INT. SUNRISE WAFFLE HOUSE - NIGHT	P.6
INT. MEN OF LETTERS - LIBRARY - NIGHT	P.8
INT. IMPALA - PMP - INTERCUT	P.9
INT. MEN OF LETTERS - LIBRARY - NIGHT	P.11
INT. DONATELLO'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS	P.12
INT. DONATELLO'S HOUSE - DIRECT PICKUP	P.13
INT. ORLANDO'S EMPORIUM - CONTINUOUS	P.15
INT. MEN OF LETTERS - NIGHT	P.17
INT. MEN OF LETTERS - CROW'S NEST - LATER	P.17
INT. ORLANDO'S EMPORIUM - NIGHT	P.19
INT. MEN OF LETTERS - INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT	P.22
INT. MEN OF LETTERS - LIBRARY - MOMENTS LATER	P.23
INT. MEN OF LETTERS - INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT	P.24
INT. MEN OF LETTERS - HALLWAY - NIGHT	P.26
INT. ORLANDO'S EMPORIUM - NIGHT	P.27
INT. IMPALA - PMP - NIGHT	P.28
INT. ORLANDO'S EMPORIUM - NIGHT	P.28
INT. IMPALA - DAY (DAY 2)	P.29
INT. MEN OF LETTERS - LIBRARY - DAY	P.31
INT. IMPALA - CONTINUOUS	P.32
INT. WAREHOUSE - SAME TIME	P.34
INT. IMPALA - SAME TIME	P.34
INT. WAREHOUSE - SAME TIME	P.35
INT. IMPALA - DAY	P.36
INT. MEN OF LETTERS - LIBRARY - INTERCUT	P.36
INT. ABANDONED CABIN - DAY	P.37
INT. MEN OF LETTERS - LIBRARY - SAME TIME	P.37
INT. ABANDONED CABIN - DAY	P.38
INT. ABANDONED CABIN - DAY	P.41

2

INT. DONATELLO'S HOUSE - THRESHOLD - MOMENTS LATER

2

Donatello throws the FRONT DOOR wide.

DONATELLO

Yes--?

Yet we DO NOT REVEAL the identity of the FIGURE gracing his doorstep. For now, the GUEST will remain a MYSTERY. But we should get the sense-- perhaps in the space he commands or the shadow he casts-- of this person's imposing physicality, their foreboding presence.

Oblivious, Donatello regards this Mystery Guest with a warm, welcoming smile.

DONATELLO

--Can I help you?

And we SMASH TO--

3

INT. DONATELLO'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - LATER

3

The kitchen. Now in a sinister state of disarray.

The pot on the stove BOILING OVER.

The standing mixer CHURNING and GRINDING.

An oven timer HOWLS. Ceaseless. Forgotten. Because--

Donatello Redfield is TIED TO A CHAIR at his KITCHEN TABLE.

He thrashes. Violently trying to wrest himself free.

DONATELLO

Please-- you don't have to--

MYSTERY GUEST doesn't answer. We never see his face as he comes around BEHIND Donatello. Clamping a GLOVED HAND over the prophet's MOUTH, muzzling HIM and HOLDING him still...

And we go TIGHT ON DONATELLO-- fear in his eyes as a NEEDLE ENTERS FRAME-- STABBING DONATELLO-- Donatello's O.S. assailant INJECTING him with a substance we can't... quite... see...

And off Donatello's MUFFLED SCREAM, we-- SMASH TO TITLE.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

4

INT. MEN OF LETTERS - LIBRARY - NIGHT

4

Open on DEAN WINCHESTER. Brow furrowed, laser focused...

REVEAL... he's trying to assemble the miniature Rube Goldberg machine that makes up the board game MOUSETRAP. Dean balances the tiny BASKET atop the POLE... IT FALLS.

Undaunted, Dean tries again. It teeters... and FALLS.

Dean SILENTLY curses. Tries again.

DEAN

C'mon you little...

This time, the basket balances! SUCCESS!

Dean leans back, GRINNING. YES! Damn straight.

But we HOLD on the BASKET... unsteady... wobbling... CUT TO--

5

INT. MEN OF LETTERS - KITCHEN - SAME TIME

5

JACK KLINE pulls a bag of POPCORN out of the MICROWAVE. He takes it to MARY WINCHESTER, who stands at the counter, prepping an impressive array of SNACKS. She appraises them.

MARY

Think we made enough?

Before Jack can answer, they hear, from off-screen--

DEAN (O.S.)

SON OF A BITCH!

Mary and Jack trade a look.

JACK

I thought this was supposed to relax him.

MARY

It will-- I hope.

(then, a little nostalgic)

That game was his favorite when he was little. I thought... it'd be nice-- staying in for a change.

Jack nods-- gets that-- then--

(CONTINUED)

5

MARY
How about you? Feeling better?

ON JACK. A slight frown--

JACK
Everybody keeps asking me that.

MARY
We're family, it's our job.

JACK
(curt, serious)
Well it's annoying.

Mary's taken aback by his brusque tone. It's so unlike him.
She blinks it away--

MARY
Jack... if you ever need to talk--
or vent--

Jack smiles warmly, like a switch was flipped.

JACK
You're here for me. I know.

Off Mary, peering at Jack with new worry. CUT TO--

6

INT. MEN OF LETTERS - LIBRARY - CONTINUOUS

6

Dean. Game finally set up, he radiates smug satisfaction.
Mary and Jack enter, arms full of snacks. Dean clocks them.

DEAN
And Winchester game night is a go--
soon as Sammy gets back with one
pepperoni, one double meat blaster,
and one...
(to Jack, shudder)
Pineapple.

JACK
I like it.

DEAN
It's a war crime.

Mary sets the snacks down on the table, where she notices
Dean's cell is BLINKING--

MARY
Dean-- you missed a call.

(CONTINUED)

She hands the phone to him. Dean takes it and puts it to his ear, listening to a VOICEMAIL. He's CLEARLY CONCERNED.

MARY

What's wrong?

But Dean doesn't answer, he listens... keeping us in suspense. Then he puts the MESSAGE ON SPEAKER so they can all hear. Donatello's terrified, halting voice clicks on--

DONATELLO (ON THE MESSAGE)

Dean-- you-- help!

JACK

Donatello?

DONATELLO (ON THE MESSAGE)

--HELP ME!

And then something odd happens... Donatello's voice DROPS. He WHISPERS something quickly in TONGUES. He sounds completely insane. Like something out of a possession movie.

DONATELLO

TBD HEBREW.

The message CLICKS OFF, leaving Dean, Mary and Jack stunned and reeling-- what the Hell did they just listen to?

SAM (PRE-LAP/VOICEMAIL)

You've reached Sam Winchester-- if this is an emergency, call my brother--

INT. MEN OF LETTERS - LIBRARY - MOMENTS LATER

CLICK. Dean hangs up his phone in frustration.

DEAN

Sam's not picking up, whole town's a friggin' dead zone.

(then, to Mary)

Grab your stuff-- we need to go. Now.

JACK

What should I--?

DEAN

Stay here. When Sam gets back, fill him in.

Jack nods. Got it.

(CONTINUED)

DEAN
So much for game night...

8 INT. SUNRISE WAFFLE HOUSE - NIGHT 8

CASTIEL sips a mug of strong, black coffee... SISTER JO (aka ANAEL, the delightfully venal angel last seen in Ep. 1401, "Stranger in a Strange Land") sits across from him. She glances around the grimy surroundings.

JO
This place is a... ugh. So gross.

Jo cradles her fancy HANDBAG, keeping it off the dingy table.

CASTIEL
I appreciate you coming.

JO
You said you had something for me?

Cass nods and slides a JEWELRY BOX across to her.

She SNAPS IT OPEN-- two show-stopping RUBY DROP-EARRINGS sparkle within. Jo studies them--

JO
16th century Burmese blood-moon rubies... five carats... excellent clarity.
(then)
Castiel... where did you get these?

CASTIEL
On a case. They're... lightly cursed. Nothing that would affect an angel.

JO
Uhuh.
(then)
And you're... giving them to me?

CASTIEL
No. But... maybe we can make a trade.

Jo's eyes go to the earrings-- she really wants them--

CASTIEL
I need your help. To contact God.

On Jo. Incredulous LAUGHTER right in his face.

(CONTINUED)

JO
Yeah. Good luck with that.

CASTIEL
You forget, Anael, I know you. I know what you did before your demotion. You were Joshua's right hand.

On Jo. Arms crossed. Caught. Castiel persists--

CASTIEL
God spoke to Joshua. Only him. He's dead, but you understand how they communicated.

JO
Maybe. Maybe not.
(then)
Why do you want to know?

ON CASS. This is tough for him--

CASTIEL
There's a nephilim-- Jack.

JO
Lucifer's son...?

CASTIEL
Yes. Jack killed Michael--

On Jo. Surprised. She covers her deep relief with SNARK:

JO
Goodnight, sweet prince.

CASTIEL
--But to do it, he used magic that... consumed his soul. Or at least part of it. I don't know how much Jack lost, and I-- I've spent weeks studying the lore, and it all says the same thing--

JO
Only God can restore a soul. That's why you need him.

Cass nods. Exactly.

JO

The Winchesters... they don't know
you're here, do they?

CASTIEL

Why do you...(say that)?

JO

(gesturing to him)
Oh, just a general reek of ill-
conceived, lone-wolf desperation.

Cass hardens.

CASTIEL

Will you help or not?

JO

Not. Sorry. Joshua never spoke to
God. God spoke to HIM. There's a
difference.

CASTIEL

I see.

He reaches out-- SNAPPING THE JEWELRY BOX closed-- pulling it
back. Jo reacts--

JO

But-- there was a rumor, after the
Fall, Joshua placed a long distance
call, and God picked up.

CASTIEL

How?

JO

Not sure. Wasn't there. But... I
know someone who was.

ON CASS. Interesting. Jo leans forward-- tapping the box--

JO

And I can take you to them. But if
I do-- if-- whether this works or
not, these are mine.

Off Cass's NOD of agreement, we CUT TO--

ON... SAM WINCHESTER, on the phone, brow furrowed. Beating
himself up.

(CONTINUED)

9

SAM
Dean-- I should've been here--
He paces-- past JACK-- PHONE glued to his ear.

10

INT. IMPALA - PMP - INTERCUT 10
Dean and Mary. Racing to Donatello's. Sam's on speaker.
INTERCUT THEM--

DEAN
It's fine.

SAM
No, it's not.

DEAN
Look, just-- you heard the message?

SAM
Jack played it for me.

DEAN
Sounded like Donny was speaking in
tongues-- or he's possessed.
Again.

SAM
No, that's not-- it's not Enochian.
I think it's Ancient Hebrew.

Dean and Mary trade a look-- weird--

MARY
What's he saying?

SAM
I don't know-- I'm still working on
it.

DEAN
Work fast.

Sam nods-- right--

SAM
Just-- watch your back.

DEAN
Always do.

Dean HANGS UP-- and he and Mary ride in silence for a beat,
until--

(CONTINUED)

DEAN
Ancient Hebrew, what the Hell?

A beat. Mary stares out the window, lost in thought.

DEAN
Hey, you okay?

She turns to him.

MARY
I just... I worry.

DEAN
Sam's stressed-- I get it. Between
the Hunters, and what happened to
Jack, and... life. You know...

He shakes his head-- weight of the world on his shoulders--

MARY
I know. Dean, everything you've
been through, it-- I just wish
there was something I...

Dean gives her a reassuring smile.

DEAN
Hey. You're here, right?

Mary frowns, Dean accidentally got right to the heart of it.

MARY
But I wasn't. I haven't been...

DEAN
Mom--

MARY
Please, let me say this.
(off Dean)
I loved John, but-- I know you
deserved better. And I just don't
want to make the same mistakes...

DEAN
Mom, you and Dad aren't in the same
universe when it comes to mistakes.

MARY
Maybe, but-- I know how I am. I
can be closed off, and-- and hard--

10

DEAN

Mom.

Chastened, she gives him a half smile.

MARY

But I'm so grateful. For every day
with you. And Sam.

(then)

Just-- don't ever think I'm not
grateful.

Off Dean, deeply moved, we CUT TO--

11

INT. MEN OF LETTERS - LIBRARY - NIGHT

11

CLOSE ON: A PHONE. As it plays DONATELLO'S MESSAGE. WIDEN
TO--

SAM. Pen in hand. Scratching out words on a LEGAL PAD. He
sits back--

SAM

This-- I know this.

JACK

What?

But Sam's already moving-- grabbing a BIBLE off the shelf--

SAM

Donatello's message-- it's from the
Bible--

He opens the book-- starts to read--

SAM

Peter, 5:8: "Be sober, be
vigilant..."

CUT TO--

12

EXT. DONATELLO'S HOUSE - SAME TIME

12

Mary and Dean draw up to Donatello's house-- the FRONT DOOR
has been left SLIGHTLY AJAR. They pull their weapons...

SAM (O.S.)

"...because your adversary the
Devil, as a roaring lion, walketh
about, seeking whom he may
devour..."

13

INT. DONATELLO'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

13

Moving into the HOUSE... they hear DONATELLO's voice.

DONATELLO (O.S.)

Dean-- you-- help!

DEAN

Donatello!?

They round a corner, and STOP FAST. Stunned to see--

NICK VAUGHT (Lucifer's homicidal former vessel) sits at the TABLE. A CELL PHONE in front of him plays a recording of Donatello's voicemail--

DONATELLO (ON THE MESSAGE)

HELP ME!

ON NICK. Like it's no big deal--

NICK

Hey. Cool. You made it.

OFF DEAN AND MARY-- what the fuck?! BLACKOUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

14

INT. DONATELLO'S HOUSE - DIRECT PICKUP

14

Mary moves to search the house for Donatello. Dean roughly CUFFS NICK and YANKS him to his feet.

DEAN

Where's Donatello?

NICK

What, no "hello"? No "how ya been"?

Dean frowns-- looks to Mary--

DEAN

Search it.

She nods-- moves off-- as Nick stares at Dean.

NICK

Just you, huh? Sammy home sick?

DEAN

How are you even--

NICK

What-- here? Not in jail where you left me to rot? Funny story... and by "funny," I mean-- a lot of people died.

Before Dean can respond-- MARY RE-ENTERS.

MARY

No one's here, but...

She hands an EMPTY SYRINGE to Dean.

MARY

Found that in the garbage.

NICK

Dumpster diving? Classy, Mamabear.

DEAN

What did you do?

ON NICK. Shrug--

(CONTINUED)

NICK

Oh, nothing. I mean, yeah, I injected your furry friend with poison-- thallium, to be exact. I'd give him oh, ten hours before his organs start shutting down. But that's more of a "guesstimate."
(then)
Other than that though-- slow day.

MARY

You-- why?

NICK

To get your attention.
(then)
He was-- is, sorry, is-- your friend. Not many of those left, are there?

Dean and Mary trade a look-- this is so not good--

DEAN

No-- not buyin' a word of this.

Nick SHRUGS and gestures to his PHONE, sitting on the table.

Mary grabs it, pulling up a VIDEO:

MARY

Dean--

They watch: HIGH ANGLE, BABY-MONITOR STYLE FOOTAGE of Donatello tied to a chair in a dingy, dilapidated warehouse.

NICK

You can still save him-- if you can find him.

Dean's had enough, he RAISES HIS GUN-- leveling it at Nick--

DEAN

Where is he?

NICK

(unphased)
Ooh, the angry voice.
(then)
You kill me, you kill him. So, go ahead.

ON DEAN. Frustrated. He's got them over a barrel.

(CONTINUED)

MARY
What do you want?

Nick shrugs--

NICK
To talk.

Then-- the sound of SIRENS. Nick GRINS.

NICK
Somewhere else.

Mary and Dean trade a look-- the sirens getting louder--
CLOSER-- CUT TO--

15 EXT. ORLANDO'S EMPORIUM - NIGHT 15

A sign reads: ORLANDO'S EMPORIUM. Pan down as-- Cass and Jo enter a sprawling ANTIQUE MALL--

16 INT. ORLANDO'S EMPORIUM - CONTINUOUS 16

A cavernous space, crammed with junk and treasure.

The proprietor, a BURLY NON-BINARY PERSON (MO, 40s) sits behind a desk, doing the books. They don't look up.

MO
Sign says closed.

JO
Even for us, Methuselah?

Mo glances up-- then looks back down at their book--

MO
Yup.

Cass and Jo trade a look-- weren't expecting that--

CASTIEL
We're friends-- of Joshua.

MO
Right. Joshua didn't have any friends.

JO
Except you. You sheltered him. After the Fall.

(CONTINUED)

MO

I didn't "shelter"-- we were
roommates. He made a mean lasagna.

CASTIEL

And you saw him try to contact God.

Now Mo looks up--

CASTIEL

How did he do it?

MO

Yeah-- maybe try asking him.

JO

(with a "bummer" shrug)
Can't. Dead.

A beat as Mo absorbs that, glowering, distrustful.

MO

Well, guess you're S-O-L, huh?

They go back to their book. On Cass, out of patience.

CASTIEL

No. You will tell me, or I will
burn this-- I will burn you to the
ground.

Mo glances up at Cass with pure contempt.

MO

Kiddo, how old am I? Put me outta
my misery...

But Cass doesn't back down.

CASTIEL

Is that really what you want?

ON MO. A beat, then-- they blink--

MO

The... thingamajig he used, it's
around here--

CASTIEL

Where?

MO
(re: the room)
Don't know. Somewhere.
(then)
You're angels-- I'm sure you'll
know it when you see it.

Cass turns-- taking in the ROWS and ROWS in the store.

MO
Or not...

OFF CASS. Frowning--

17 INT. MEN OF LETTERS - NIGHT 17

Mary and Dean enter in TENSE SLOW MOTION, perp walking NICK past a wide-eyed JACK and a livid SAM. Nick gives Sam a little WINK--

And SAM LUNGES FOR HIM! Shoving Nick back!

DEAN
Hey-- hey!

Dean gets between them-- talking to Sam--

DEAN
Not now. Not yet.

OFF SAM. FURIOUS.

18 INT. MEN OF LETTERS - CROW'S NEST - LATER 18

Dean, Sam and Mary stand in a semi-circle. Tension is thick.

SAM
He was just waiting for you? That doesn't-- what kind of game is he playing?

DEAN
Ask me, psycho's seen one too many nineties serial killer movies...

MARY
This-- it doesn't make sense to me either, but Donatello--
(checks her watch)
We've got seven hours.

Sam runs his hands through his hair, still frustrated.

(CONTINUED)

SAM

The poison we can handle--
thallium, the antidote's Prussian
Blue. We have some in our stores.

(then)

And that video Nick showed you--
it's a live feed. I might be able
to trace it.

DEAN

Okay. Good. Great.

SAM

But-- it'll take time. Maybe...
more time than we've got.

That lands on all of them.

DEAN

So dude wants to talk, lets talk.

On Sam. Murderous and eager to get his hands on Nick.

SAM

Okay.

On Dean. Clocking his brother's rage.

DEAN

Sam-- no. You need to hang back.

SAM

What?

DEAN

As pissed as you are right now-- if
Nick so much as looks at you wrong,
you're gonna waste him. And that
can't happen.

ON SAM. Knows Dean's right. Then, echoing Dean--

SAM

Not yet.

Dean nods-- exactly-- he EXITS. Leaving Mary and Sam ALONE.

Sam turns-- frustrated-- fuming--

MARY

Sam?

Sam turns to his mother. Raw and embittered.

(CONTINUED)

SAM

Donatello's in this because of me.
A cop is dead because of me. I'm
the one who let Nick go, I'm the
one who...

(beat)

What was I thinking?

MARY

You thought he deserved a chance.

SAM

Yeah, well-- he didn't.

MARY

Sam, look at me.

(he does)

Nick's choices are his. Just his.
You didn't know--

SAM

That's not an excuse.

MARY

No one's making excuses, but-- you
gave him a chance because you felt
for him-- because you're a good
man.

He looks down, abashed.

MARY

Don't ever lose that, don't-- it's
one of the reasons I'm so proud of
you.

Off Sam, letting her words sink in.

Cass and Jo survey the dark, DUSTY AISLES. Cass is no longer
wearing his trench coat, sleeves rolled up. He tries to hand
Jo a FLASHLIGHT, but she crosses her arms, gesturing to her
WHITE BLOUSE.

JO

Are you insane? This is Mulberry
silk.

(then)

We don't even know what we're
looking for.

CASTIEL
Methuselah said--

She glances around the endless rows of JUNK.

JO
We'll know it when we see it?
Right...
(sigh)
Even if we find Joshua's batphone,
God's not gonna care.

On Cass. He secretly fears that too, but holds out hope.

JO
And I've got better things to do
than wade through garbage, so...
have fun.

She begins to move away.

CASTIEL
You're quitting.
(then)
Like you quit with Joshua.

Jo stops. That struck a nerve--

JO
What did you say?

CASTIEL
I heard-- Joshua offered you more
responsibility, and you just...
walked away, and...
(then)
Demoted to button pusher... no
wonder it was so easy, turning your
back on Heaven...

Jo whirls on him, fury in her eyes.

JO
I believed in Heaven. Our mission.
I believed, Castiel.
(then)
But then I came to Earth, and I
saw... it wasn't the paradise God
promised, it was... there was so
much hate... so much suffering.

ON JO. Jaw set-- fighting back emotion--

JO

So I asked Joshua-- these were his creations-- God's perfect little humans-- why wasn't he helping them? And do you know what Joshua told me?

(then)

"God doesn't like to meddle." He doesn't like to meddle!

(beat)

Well, I do. So I do.

ON CASS. As that lands-- a noble purpose--

CASTIEL

And here I thought you just performed miracles for money.

JO

Then you haven't been paying attention.

(then)

Now-- I don't need Heaven. I don't need God. I just need... me. And... I'm happy, Castiel.

CASTIEL

Really? That sounds lonely.

JO

We're all lonely, because we're all alone. From ant to lion to human to angel. Every last one of us.

On Jo. As a sadness passes over her. Cass sees it.

CASTIEL

He does.

(off Jo)

Meddle. God does meddle. He reached down-- he brought me back to life.

JO

So... he saves one angel, and watches millions of people die screaming, every day.

(then)

What does that say about him?

ON CASS. Good question.

(CONTINUED)

CASTIEL

Perhaps, if you help me, we can ask him.

OFF JO. Thinking about it.

20 INT. MEN OF LETTERS - INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT 20

We're close on Nick's battered face. One eye is swollen shut. A FIST comes at him-- WHAM!-- his head SNAPS back.

DEAN

Where's Donatello?

Dean shakes out his knuckles. Nick's manacled to a table.

Nick GRINS through BLOODY TEETH. A frothy laugh--

NICK

This is fun. You having fun?

DEAN

Laugh riot.

NICK

See-- I get you, Dean, we're practically brothers. You and Michael... me and Lucifer-- we both know what it's like, being hog-tied to a nuclear warhead...

WHAM. Dean hits Nick again.

DEAN

Cut the crap-- where is he?

NICK

--It's not something you ever get over, is it? Being one... with one of them. It changes you. Makes you... more than human.

(then)

Admit it with Michael, you were a prince-- but now-- you're broken, and too stupid to know when he's beat.

On Dean. As that lands like a hammer. Beat, then--

DEAN

Beat?. What are you beatin' me at?

(off Nick)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

DEAN (CONT'D)

Come on, Nick, what's this really about? What do you want?

A somberness comes over Nick, an almost melancholy.

NICK

Jack. I want to talk to Jack.

On Dean. Genuinely thrown-- Jack?

NICK

I'll tell him where to find your friend. I just want to--

(beat)

I want to see my son.

On Dean. Weighing it. Narrows his eyes. SLAM TO--

INT. MEN OF LETTERS - LIBRARY - MOMENTS LATER

MARY

His son. He said that?

DEAN

Yeah-- guy's cracked. Friggin' cuckoo for Cocoa Puffs.

Jack finally speaks.

JACK

I'm not afraid of him.

All eyes go to him--

MARY

Jack, no.

But Jack looks to Sam-- who looks CONFLICTED.

JACK

Sam?

SAM

I mean...

DEAN

You mean? What do you mean you mean?

SAM

Dean-- the trace, it's going slow. Too slow.

(then)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

SAM (CONT'D)

And Nick-- he's handcuffed to a table in our bunker, it's not like he's a threat...

DEAN

He's always a threat.

JACK

Donatello's my friend. He helped me and-- now he needs my help.

ON SAM, DEAN AND MARY. As that lands. Beat, then--

SAM

We might not-- we don't have another choice.

OFF DEAN. Not happy. CUT TO--

INT. MEN OF LETTERS - INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

Nick glances up as Jack enters. Confident. Strong.

NICK

Hey there, sonnyb--(oy)

JACK

Where's Donatello?

NICK

Look at you, all tough. That's your pops. You know that, right?

JACK

My father was a monster.

NICK

I mean-- we're all monsters. Aren't we? Even your three dads-- how many innocent people have they--

JACK

Answer the question.

But Nick just fixes Jack with a look.

NICK

He loved you.

(off Jack)

I felt it. He loved you so much... and you broke his heart.

ON JACK. As that lands. Bows his head--

NICK

But... that was the old you. The
you with a soul.

Jack looks up-- what did Nick just say?

NICK

Yeah-- Kermit the Prophet, he told
me all about your... sitch.

(then)

What's it like without a soul?
Must be relaxing...

On Jack. Nick's getting to him.

JACK

I have a soul.

Nick ignores that. Eyes wide in faux-concern.

NICK

Do you? Because kiddo... I don't
see it.

(then)

When I look at you... I don't see
anything.

Jack loses his cool and gets close, RIGHT IN Nick's face:

JACK

That's not true!

And-- BAM-- Nick head-butts JACK in the face!

BLOOD explodes from the boy's nose, spattering Nick. Nick
laughs, wiping Jack's blood on his shirt.

Jack staggers back, blood leaking from his nose. Then, his
EYES FLARE GOLD-- Jack shakes his head and-- HEALS HIMSELF.
It's a BADASS move.

He turns on Nick, menacingly, eyes BLAZING GOLD.

Nick shrinks back, suddenly afraid. Stammering--

NICK

I'm sorry-- don't hurt me! I'm
sorry! I'll tell you!

OFF JACK. Golden eyes fading. SLAM TO--

23

INT. MEN OF LETTERS - HALLWAY - NIGHT

23

Sam, Dean and Mary wait expectantly outside of Nick's
interrogation room. As Jack exits--

JACK

I know where he is.

And off Jack's triumph, we-- BLACKOUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

24

24

INT. ORLANDO'S EMPORIUM - NIGHT

Cass and Jo pick through the rows. It's been a long night.

ON JO. Rummaging around in a pile of OLD DOLLS. Disgusted, she tosses one back, then takes a STEP FORWARD-- SQUISH. Her whole BODY cringes.

JO

Yeah-- I'm done.

Cass looks up--

JO

And I know, you made a whole speech, but... I just stepped IN a rat, so--

CASTIEL

Anael--

JO

Skip it. Skip the corny, judgmental crap designed to play to my insecurities, and I'll skip my inevitable witty reply exposing the real reason you're out here doing all this.

CASTIEL

I'm doing this for Jack.

JO

No. You're doing it, because you're afraid.

(then)

Because in your mind it's easier to CALL GOD, than to tell Sam and Dean Winchester the truth.

CASTIEL

And what truth is that?

On Jo. Her ire melting to sympathy.

JO

That Jack's soul is gone, Castiel. And there's nothing any of you can do about it.

On Cass. Stunned. She's absolutely right.

(CONTINUED)

JO

But I don't wanna hurt your
feelings and say all that. So--
what say we call it a night?

Off Cass, shut down.

25 INT. IMPALA - PMP - NIGHT 25

Sam and Dean drive in grim silence. Nick handcuffed in back.

NICK

Jack-- whew. That kid's got
issues, huh?

Sam and Dean trade a homicidal look. Dean reaches out and--
CLICK-- turns the radio ON. Cranking it, drowning Nick out.

Music blasting, they drive on...

26 INT. ORLANDO'S EMPORIUM - NIGHT 26

Jo stalks up to the counter. Mo looks up.

MO

Throwin' in the towel?

Jo ignores that, grabbing her coat and bag as--

Cass appears behind her and reaches for his COAT, hanging on
a coat rack amidst the MERCHANDISE. Jo turns to him--

JO

Well?
(off Cass)
Our deal?

Cass sighs, reaching into his coat for the EARRINGS. WHEN--

A rack of NECKLACES catches his eye. (NOTE: This rack should
be one rack of MANY. We should get the sense that-- if Cass
hadn't looked precisely there-- he would've missed it).

ON CASS as he cocks his head and reaches out...

CASTIEL

I-- I've seen that before.

We recognize it right away too. It's VERY similar to SAM'S
AMULET (the Samulet! A magical relic from Seasons 1-11).
Cass picks it up. Jo is not impressed.

(CONTINUED)

JO
Where? Dollar store? Crystal
shop? Ren fair?

CASTIEL
It's not-- the one I know, it
glowed in the presence of God.
(then, to Mo)
This-- this is what we've been
looking for.

Mo, who has been observing, nods--

MO
Good eye.
(then)
Joshua forged it after he Fell.

And even Jo looks surprised--

JO
That can talk to--

MO
One way to find out.

ON CASS. This is it. He grips the amulet in his hands...
saying a PRAYER--

CASTIEL
God... I don't know where you are.
I don't know if you can hear me.
But please. We need your help.
Please.

A beat, then-- NOTHING HAPPENS. Mo goes back to their book--

MO
Never worked for Joshua either.

Off Cass's dismay--

27 INT. / EXT. IMPALA - DAY (DAY 2)

27

The Impala's pulled over to the side of a dirt road, which
keeps going past a CHAIN LINK FENCE. Sam and Dean stand
outside the car-- back door open.

NICK
Warehouse is just up the road. I
can show you--

(CONTINUED)

27

SAM
No. You stay.

NICK
All by my lonesome?

DEAN
Try anything... Sammy shoots you.
Anything happens to me--

NICK
Lemme guess, Sammy shoots me?

SAM
To start.

ON NICK. Gulp. Sam passes Dean TWO BLUE CAPSULES.

SAM
The antidote-- for Donatello.
Dean nods-- taking the pills, and moves off.

OFF SAM. Watching him go... CUT TO--

28

EXT. ORLANDO'S EMPORIUM - DAY

28

Jo and Cass loiter in the parking lot. An awkward goodbye.

JO
Too bad, would've been nice, giving
God a piece of my mind. But what
can I say... I'm always right.
(off Cass)
What are you going to do now?

ON CASTIEL. Good question, then--

CASTIEL
Go home.
(then)
Go home, and tell Sam and Dean the
truth.

JO
And then?

CASTIEL
I don't know.

Jo nods-- fair enough-- holds up the jewelry box--

(CONTINUED)

JO

Well-- thanks-- it's been swell.

She turns to go--

CASTIEL

Anael.

(Jo stops)

You're not always right. Just
because God isn't with us, doesn't
mean we're alone.

On Jo. Rolling her eyes at the bromide she knows is coming.

JO

Why? Cause we all have each other?

On Cass. She's right, it was corny. But true. He nods.

CASTIEL

Yes.

OFF JO. As that lands--

INT. MEN OF LETTERS - LIBRARY - DAY

Mary sits at the table-- fidgeting with something (we can't
quite see what). JACK enters--

JACK

Anything from Sam-- or Dean?

MARY

No-- not yet.

And she's WORRIED. Jack eyes her-- the thing she's playing
with--

JACK

What's that?

Mary stops-- shows him-- it's the SYRINGE she found earlier.

MARY

I found it at Donatello's, it's--

JACK

Grace.

Mary stops-- what? Jack reaches out, taking the needle--

JACK
Can't you feel it?
(off Mary)
This was filled with angelic grace.

Off Mary, FLOORED. We CUT TO--

INT. / EXT. IMPALA - CONTINUOUS

Sam. Leaning against the car. Nick's trying his patience.

NICK
Nice to have you alone, Sam. We
never get to talk like we used to--

Sam's phone rings. Nick sings to the tune of "Danny Boy."

NICK
Oh, Sammy boy, Sammy boy... the
phone, the phone... is calling...

(And maybe Nick sings annoyingly over the following action:)

Sam rolls his eyes and answers. It's Mary.

SAM
No-- he's not back yet. Yeah--

But we stay with Nick.

CLOSE ON Nick's manacled HANDS, behind his back, as they work at what looks like a SCAB on his PALM-- he smiles-- got it-- pulling a LONG THIN NEEDLE out of his flesh. Gets to work on that lock. We can hear Sam, still on the phone:

SAM
What? He's sure?
(pause)
Dammit.

Sam hangs up and TURNS BACK to NICK-- LIVID.

NICK hides the needle flat against his palm. Smiles at Sam.

NICK
Mamabear?

BAM! Sam YANKS Nick from the car--

NICK
Woah-- easy--

Then draws his gun. Aims at Nick's head--

SAM

No more games. You injected
Donatello with angel grace. Why?

Nick's stunned. And impressed.

NICK

Figured it out. Good for her.

BEHIND HIS BACK. He works furiously on those cuffs.

Sam readies the gun TO SHOOT.

SAM

Talk.

And, to buy himself time, Nick does:

NICK

Prophets-- they're kinda like old
CB radios. Boost their power, mess
with their signal--

SAM

CB radio...? You were trying to
communicate with someone?

Nick SHRUGS.

SAM

Who?

NICK

(a la Star Wars)
Search your feeling, Sam...

On Sam, as he realizes.

SAM

That's not-- Lucifer is dead. He's
in the Empty--

NICK

Wherever he is, he's awake...

POP FLASH: To Ep. 1407, RED EYES opening in The Empty.

NICK

And, with a little help from your
prophet friend...

30

POP FLASH: To our teaser. What we didn't see. Donatello post-injection, eyes WHITE, head lolled back. He looks STRAIGHT UP at the ceiling, hissing commands (TBD appendix).

Back to scene:

NICK
He told me how to bring him back.

On Sam as that lands.

NICK
Come on, Sam! You know how it is:
nothing stays dead anymore.

On Sam. Totally stunned.

NICK
All it takes, is a little elbow
grease, a can-do attitude and--
some new friends.

As Sam BALKS, SMASH TO--

31

INT. WAREHOUSE - SAME TIME

31

Dean. He stealths into the dark, derelict warehouse, as--

CAMERA REVEALS... a PAIR OF BLACK-EYED DEMONS watching him...

32

INT. / EXT. IMPALA - SAME TIME

32

ON NICK.

NICK
Who do you think gave me the grace?
Who hid me after I carved up that cop?
(then)
The demons-- they want Lucifer back
almost as much as I do. So...
thanks.

THEN-- BAM! Nick EXPLODES from his manacles! Sam gets a SHOT OFF-- but Nick tackles him. The gun goes skittering.

Sam easily turns the tables. Pummeling Nick hard with his fists. Robotic, brutal, lost in the catharsis of it...

CLOSE ON: NICK'S FACE as Sam's fists break into it. And we worry, is Sam Winchester going to BEAT HIM TO DEATH!?

On Sam... looking down at Nick. We HOLD a moment as he realizes what he's about to do. Sam hesitates...

(CONTINUED)

And it's all the time Nick needs, he grabs a ROCK and SLAMS it into Sam's skull.

On Sam. Reeling back, EARS RINGING as Nick ATTACKS--

NICK
Lucifer's perfect vessel...

WAMP-- Nick cracks Sam across the head-- Sam spins, hitting the Impala in a splatter of blood. Leaking from his head.

NICK
Not so perfect now.

Stunned and bleeding, Sam yanks open the door-- and hurls himself INSIDE THE IMPALA-- THUMP-- hitting the LOCKS.

OUTSIDE, Nick STARES at Sam through the window. He pounds on it, enraged. Leaving BLOODY FIST PRINTS. Then suddenly, HE'S GONE. As we INTERCUT--

33

INT. WAREHOUSE - SAME TIME

33

Dean's located Donatello, who is passed out, gagged and tied to a chair. Dean gives his cheeks a few light slaps and Donatello starts coming around. Dean offers the pills...

DEAN
Donny! Gotta take these--

Dean doesn't see the DEMONS stalking up from the shadows-- INTERCUT THIS WITH--

IMPALA. Sam lays on the HORN. PRAYING Dean can hear it--

WAREHOUSE. Dean can! He looks up just as the demons ATTACK. The PILLS go flying (it's okay, Donny never really needed them because he was never really poisoned). And Dean SPINS, evading their attack--

Angel blading them both in one gorgeous maneuver. But-- still the HORN BLARES. Dean knows something's VERY WRONG--

IMPALA. Beads of perspiration cling to Sam's forehead... he uses every ounce of strength to lay on that horn, until--

THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD, we see a FIGURE sprinting toward us. Sharpening into focus as it draws nearer-- DEAN!

Off Sam, so relieved, but badly wounded, we-- SLAM TO BLACK.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

34 EXT. ROAD - DAY

34

A FORD F2-50 barrels down the road.

Bleeding, NICK staggers from the woods, into the road.

The DRIVER (40s, male), startles and SWERVES. Stops the car. And Nick is on him, yanking open the driver's side door and throwing the driver out of his own truck.

DEAN (PRE-LAP)

Nick-- he's trying to resurrect the friggin' Devil.

Nick slams himself inside, starts the engine and SPEEDS AWAY.

35 INT. / EXT. IMPALA - DAY

35

Dean's mid-call with Mary and Jack. He's crouched by Sam, who's going in and out of consciousness. In the B.G. we see Donatello is on his PHONE. Dean's spinning out, this bad.

MARY (O.S)

How--

DEAN

We don't know! He played us.

And we begin an INTERCUT WITH--

36 INT. MEN OF LETTERS - LIBRARY - INTERCUT

36

Mary and Jack, listening on SPEAKER PHONE. Jack's eyes are saucers. This can't be happening.

JACK

We have to stop him.

DEAN

We don't even know where he IS.
And Sam-- he's hurt--

Dean's gaze drifts to his brother, lying on the ground.

DEAN

--Donatello's calling an ambulance,
but they're twenty minutes out--

On Dean. Everything falling apart.

(CONTINUED)

36

DEAN

It's bad, Mom-- it's real bad.

And off their horror and desperation, SLAM TO--

37

EXT. ABANDONED CABIN - DAY

37

Nick's truck pulls up to an ABANDONED CABIN.

38

INT. ABANDONED CABIN - DAY

38

The sound of shattered glass. Nick breaks into the back-door. As he enters, we CUT TO--

A RAPID FIRE SERIES OF SHOTS as NICK MacGyvers this spell. He was planning on doing it back at the warehouse, but now--

He rifles under the sink and finds SALT.

Grabs a knife from a drawer.

A BOWL from a cupboard.

WIDE-- NICK sits within a salt circle on the kitchen floor. He SLICES his hand, clenching a few DROPS OF BLOOD into the bowl. Then he strips off his flannel and RIPS OFF the part of his shirt that is still STAINED WITH JACK'S BLOOD.

Nick lights a MATCH and BURNS JACK'S BLOOD. As it BURNS WHITE HOT, we CUT TO--

39

INT. MEN OF LETTERS - LIBRARY - SAME TIME

39

JACK. As he WINCES. Pain LANCING through his hand-- Jack staggers-- Mary turns--

MARY

Jack?

JACK

Something... something's wrong.

He sits. Mary moves to him-- concerned--

JACK

I-- it feels like my blood's
burning.

ON MARY as she puts the pieces together. And we POP FLASH--

Back to ACT TWO-- Nick CLOCKS Jack, blood splatters.

(CONTINUED)

MARY

This was about you, Jack. All of it. He needed your blood.

JACK

I can feel it. I can feel him.

MARY

Jack-- where is he?

JACK

I don't know, I think-- I think I can get us there... but-- I have to use my powers.

On Mary. She doesn't know about the bargain Jack struck with Sam and Dean at the end of the last episode, his promise not to use his powers. And right now, she wouldn't care if she did. She looks him in the eye--

MARY

Do it.

Jack places his hands on her shoulders, his EYES FLARE GOLD and we CUT TO--

INT. ABANDONED CABIN - DAY

Nick. Eyes closed. On his knees. Rhythmically CHANTING.

NICK

TBD Latin spell.

As the intensity of his spell BUILDS, a BLACK LINE bubbles into the air in front of him. Opening like a DARK, OOZING SEAM. (This is a rift to The Empty).

Nick flicks his eyes open, startling when he sees it. Then, he licks his lips in anticipation and resumes his chant--

NICK

TBD Latin spell!

A BLACK HAND REACHES through the seam. And LUCIFER steps out. Red eyes. Covered in BLACK GOO. Bits of his BRIGHT, ANGELIC ESSENCE shining through.

On Nick. Eyes wide.

NICK

Lucifer!?

BLACK OOZING WINGS FLARE in answer! It is Lucifer!

(CONTINUED)

NICK

I'm here. Your vessel. Your
perfect vessel. I'm ready. Make
me strong again. Make me...

As he speaks, Lucifer reaches a black, oozing hand out, about
to stroke NICK'S CHEEK...

JACK (O.S.)

No!

Lucifer's arm RECOILS and we ARM AROUND to REVEAL--

Jack! Rushing through the door, Mary right behind him.

ON JACK. Eyes blazing gold, arm extended, radiating GOLD
POWER--

BOOM! A burst of light knocks Lucifer back through the RIFT,
which SEALS SHUT, hissing and smoking.

ON NICK. Eyes wide-- lurching to his feet--

NICK

No! No--

He turns on Jack-- screaming--

NICK

No!

Jack gazes dispassionately at Nick, who is BREAKING DOWN...

NICK

It wasn't supposed to-- it...
(coming undone)
What's the point!? What was the
point...?

Mary's eyes go to Jack. Staring at Nick--

MARY

Jack...?

But Jack's not listening, his eyes flare GOLD.

And Nick FALLS TO THE GROUND-- Mary reacts--

MARY

Jack!

ON JACK. As he makes a FIST--

(CONTINUED)

And Nick shrieks, watching in horror and confusion as-- his FINGER SNAPS BACK. Then, a SECOND FINGER BREAKS, then a THIRD. Nick's WRIST SNAPS back. Nick screams-- his KNEES POP-- both legs breaking at the joints.

His whole body splayed out like a marionette, WRITHING as his extremities and ribs bend and snap and break. TWISTING and TURNING. Nick's painful sobs wracking the air...

And what was once a cathartic kill... becomes stomach-turning, HORRIFIC as EVERY BONE IN NICK'S BODY BREAKS!

As we PUSH IN on Jack, consumed with his task.

NICK'S SCREAMS finally stop.

Nick lies still, in a DEAD, TWISTED HEAP at Jack's feet.

The gold light dissipates from Jack's eyes. He turns back to Mary. Grinning. Breathless and flushed with pride--

REVEAL: Mary is horrified. Eyes glued to Nick's corpse.

MARY

Jack... what did you do?

BLACKOUT.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

41 INT. ABANDONED CABIN - DAY

41

Where we left them. Mary staring in horror at Nick's mangled corpse. Jack staring at her, his pride curdled to shame.

JACK
(quietly)
Mary...?

But she's too stunned to answer. Unable to look away.

JACK
(a plea)
I had to.

Finally, slowly, Mary looks at him. Blinking, refocusing...

MARY
Sam... he... he's hurt.
(small)
Help him.

Off Jack--

42 EXT. IMPALA - DAY

42

Sam slumped against the car. Dean struggles to keep Sam awake, but he's failing.

DEAN
--Come on, Sammy... we're gonna
play a game, okay? We're gonna
count together-- one...

On Sam. Eyes fluttering as he struggles, trying so hard...

DEAN
Two, three--

SAM
Two, I-- I'm sorry--

But he can't focus, his mind blurry and drifting.

SAM
--You-- you put me first.

DEAN
Come on, man...

SAM
Your whole life...

On Dean as that lands. Sam closes his eyes. Dean breaks.

(CONTINUED)

DEAN
Don't... just count. Please...

The sound of A WING FLAP.

JACK (O.S.)
Dean--

Dean looks up to see Jack! In GOLD LIGHT, a sight to behold.

JACK
Sam.

Jack moves to Sam and places a HEALING HAND on the younger Winchester's head. A pulse of energy and he's HEALED!

As Dean looks on, so grateful. Sam, on the ground, is too.

SAM
What-- happened, where's Nick? He--

JACK
It's over. I stopped him.

The boys look at him with awe and gratitude.

On Dean. Knows how much he owes this kid, he got there in the nick of time.

DEAN
Jack, I-- thank you.

Jack smiles, so happy to be so needed, so loved.

SAM
Mom?

JACK
She's... she's fine. Everything's going to be fine.

A WINGFLAP-- and he's GONE.

Mary exits the cabin, a look of deep concern etched on her face. Mary feels a presence-- she stops-- turns--

Reveal-- Jack behind her, trying to be upbeat. Smiling.

JACK
I healed Sam. Everything's okay now...

A beat. On Mary. Trying to pretend things are normal.

MARY
Good. That's good.

But Jack sees she's still shaken up by what he's done. He can't let it go. Incredulous--

JACK
Mary-- Nick was a bad person. A killer. I had to stop him.

ON MARY. A beat, then--

MARY
Not like that.

The truth hangs. Jack goes a little colder.

JACK
He deserved it.

MARY
Take me home, Jack.

JACK
I will, just-- tell me it's okay.

On Mary. She loves him, but she will not lie.

MARY
It's not. You're not. You--
(saying this hurts)
It's not your fault-- but-- the
Jack I knew, he never would have
done that. You-- Jack--
something's wrong.

On Jack as that lands. He goes defensive, angry.

JACK
No, I'm not-- you're wrong.

MARY
Sweetheart. You know I'm not.

JACK
Sam and Dean-- they were grateful.

MARY
If Sam and Dean saw what you did,
they'd be just as worried as me.

A BEAT. Real fear alights in Jack's eyes as he realizes:

JACK
Are you going to tell them?

Mary looks down. Of course she is.

MARY
You need help, we'll help you.
(then)
We're your family.

And Jack SHUTS DOWN. Knows there's nothing anyone can do.
Mary takes a step toward him--

JACK
You can't...

MARY
We care about you--

JACK
No, just-- leave me alone.

MARY
Jack, please--

JACK
I said leave me alone.

She reaches out for him-- almost touching his shoulder--

PUSH IN ON JACK-- covering his ears, in the throes of a child-like tantrum. GOLD LIGHT growing in his eyes. Repeating--

JACK
--leave me alone!--
(yelling)
Leave me alone!

Jack's eyes FLARE BRIGHT! And there's a sound-- a ROAR OF FIRE that SLAMS US TO BLACK--

Silence. Until we hear Jack's small, horrified voice speak one... eerie... word:

JACK (O.S.)
...M-- Mary?

And off that unsettling cliffhanger, we-- BLACKOUT.

TO BE CONTINUED...