

SUPERNATURAL

Episode #1022 (airs as 1023)

"Brother's Keeper"

Written by

Jeremy Carver

Directed by

Phil Sgriccia

EXECUTIVE PRODUCERS

Robert Singer  
Jeremy Carver  
Phil Sgriccia  
Adam Glass

PRODUCERS

Eric Kripke  
Jim Michaels  
Andrew Dabb  
Eric Charmelo  
Nicole Snyder  
Robbie Thompson  
Brad Buckner  
Eugenie Ross-Leming  
Todd Arenauer

4x1822/ T13.18822

**PRODUCTION DRAFT**

03/18/15

©2015 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.

Episode #1022

"Brother's Keeper"

REVISION HISTORY

Revision	Date	Revised Pages
Production Draft - White	03/18/15	

Episode #1022

"Brother's Keeper"

CAST LIST

SAM WINCHESTER  
DEAN WINCHESTER

CASTIEL  
CROWLEY  
DEATH  
ROWENA

BARTENDER  
CRYSTAL THORRSON  
JJ MCKINLEY  
JOE MCKINLEY  
NORA MCKINLEY  
REGGIE  
RUDY TOLLIVER  
SETH  
SHERIFF

JARED PADALECKI  
JENSEN ACKLES

MISHA COLLINS  
MARK A. SHEPPARD  
JULIAN RICHINGS  
RUTH CONNELL

LOCATION REPORTINT.

INT. DIVE BAR - DAY (DAY 1)	P.1
INT. MOTEL - DAY	P.3
INT. MEN OF LETTERS - NIGHT	P.4
INT. MEN OF LETTERS - DAY (DAY 2)	P.4
INT. ABANDONED DISTILLERY - DAY	P.8
<b>INT. MCKINLEY TRAILER - DAY</b>	<b>P.10</b>
INT. ABANDONED DISTILLERY - DAY	P.13
INT. OLD SHACK - DAY	P.17
INT. OLD SHACK - DAY	P.18
INT. OLD SHACK - NIGHT	P.22
INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT	P.22
INT. SAM'S CAR/MOTEL PARKING LOT - NIGHT	P.22
INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT	P.23
INT. ABANDONED RESTAURANT - NIGHT	P.23
INT. ABANDONED DISTILLERY - NIGHT - INTERCUT	P.24
INT. ABANDONED RESTAURANT - NIGHT	P.24
INT. ABANDONED RESTAURANT - NIGHT	P.26
INT. DINER - NIGHT	P.28
INT. ABANDONED RESTAURANT - SAME - INTERCUT	P.29
INT. ABANDONED DISTILLERY - DAY (DAY 3)	P.30
INT. ABANDONED RESTAURANT - DAY	P.32
INT. ABANDONED RESTAURANT - DAY	P.33
INT. ABANDONED DISTILLERY - DAY	P.34
INT. ABANDONED RESTAURANT - DAY	P.36
INT. ABANDONED DISTILLERY - DAY	P.38
INT. ABANDONED RESTAURANT - DAY	P.38
INT. ABANDONED DISTILLERY - DAY	P.41
INT. ABANDONED DISTILLERY - DAY	P.42
INT. ABANDONED DISTILLERY - DAY	P.42

EXT.

EXT. WOODS - DAY	P.5
EXT. MCKINLEY TRAILER - DAY	P.12
EXT. OLD SHACK - DAY	P.17
EXT. CROSSROADS - NIGHT	P.19
EXT. OLD SHACK - NIGHT	P.21
EXT. SAM'S CAR/MOTEL PARKING LOT - NIGHT	P.22
EXT. MOTEL PARKING LOT - NIGHT	P.23
EXT. MOTEL PARKING LOT - NIGHT	P.29
EXT. ABANDONED RESTAURANT - DAY	P.41
EXT. ABANDONED RESTAURANT - DAY	P.42
EXT. ABANDONED RESTAURANT - DAY	P.43

SUPERNATURAL  
"Brother's Keeper"

TEASER

FADE IN:

1 INT. DIVE BAR - DAY (DAY 1) 1

DEAN drinks alone at the end of a long, dingy bar. Empties scattered in front of him. A pretty bartender, one of his favorite songs on the jukebox, he's content to just sit here and drink.

The hot BARTENDER - 20s - slides a shot in front of him. Nods to the other end of the bar.

BARTENDER  
You've got an admirer.

DEAN  
Sure it's not you?

She gives him a look, moves off. Dean shrugs, raises the shot to give thanks to the buyer, finds himself staring at--

CASTIEL. Bloodied and beaten. Just as Dean left him. But Dean isn't affected in the slightest.

DEAN  
And? Come to apologize?

Dean downs the shot. Looks again - Castiel is gone.

DEAN  
Yeah. Didn't think so.

CROWLEY (O.S.)  
This is how you dream? Really?

Dean turns. CROWLEY sits next to him. Tropical drink in hand.

CROWLEY  
Stale beer, sticky bar...

He runs a finger along the bar, as if checking for dust.

CROWLEY  
What is this? Syphilis?  
(then)  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CROWLEY (CONT'D)

'Bout the only thing you got right was the bartender.

DEAN

They don't call 'em dry dreams, do they.

(then)

Now beat it. This is me time.

CROWLEY

Sorry, Squirrel. It's really me. Well, me inside of your dream. Which is as close as I intend to get after Moose tried to cash my chips.

DEAN

Really? Huh. Sorry he missed.

Crowley gives Dean a look: I know you don't mean that.

CROWLEY

Apparently, he's been working with my mum to come up with some sort of cure for the Mark of Cain.

DEAN

That's over.

CROWLEY

Is it? My mother working with your brother to kill me to save you. It's all become one big telenovela, hasn't it?

Dean considers. True. They sip their drinks for a beat.

CROWLEY

Still, one has to wonder. How much sturm und drang could have been avoided. Only if.

DEAN

Only if what.

CROWLEY

Well, it is ironic, isn't it? After rejecting my more than generous offer to be my right-hand man, here you are, in a bar, in the throes of the Mark, with me. Again.

(then)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

1

1

CROWLEY (CONT'D)

What is that about life being a circle? My mum betrayed me, I refound my mojo... your brother betrayed you and you refound yours... at the risk of taking this dream in a completely different direction, we complete each other.

\*

DEAN

I'm nothing like you, Crowley.  
Never will be.

CROWLEY

You're worse, actually. An insane man doesn't know he's insane.

Dean slams his bottle on the bar. Holds the jagged edge to Crowley's throat.

DEAN

I'm nothing like you.

CROWLEY

Hey. It's your dream. Good luck when you--

Crowley makes a gesture -- *when you wake up* -- and--

2

INT. MOTEL - DAY

2

Dean wakes from the dream, sprawled on the floor of this cruddy room: empty booze bottles, fast food wrappers. He looks like hell.

His cell phone buzzes. It's SAM. He ignores it -- the screen says 12 messages from Sam -- and takes a pull of warm beer. Mutters hopefully to himself.

DEAN

I'm good. I'm good.

He sits there for a moment. The hope drains from his eyes.

BLACKOUT.

END OF TEASER



ACT ONE

3 INT. MEN OF LETTERS - NIGHT 3

SAM, on his hands and knees, furiously scrubs the blood-stained floor in the library where Dean faced off against the Stynes and Castiel. Not just good house-keeping. Penance.

He squeezes the bloody sponge into a bucket, eyes falling on the pile of belongings the Stynes threatened to burn in Ep. 1021, "The Prisoner". He reaches into the pile, pulls out the family pictures taken from Dean's room. The picture of Mom, Sam and Dean. The picture of Sam, Dean and Bobby. He swallows back emotion -- how the hell did we get from there to here? -- and instead sets his jaw in determination to get this right. \*

4 INT. MEN OF LETTERS - DAY (DAY 2) 4

Sam hunches over a workbench. He carefully pours the remaining witch-killing liquid into hollow-tipped bullets (it's okay if we don't fully understand what he's doing in the moment -- we soon will.) \*

CASTIEL (O.S.)

Anything?

Castiel stands there, still looking rough from the beatdown delivered by Dean.

SAM

Twelve voicemails, lo-jack on the Impala's clearly been disabled... so that would be one heaping scoop of nope.

(then)

But there's more than one way to slow Dean down.

Castiel nods. Except--

CASTIEL

I thought Rowena had her price.

SAM

She did.

(re: the bullets)

And now she has a choice. \*

Sam can see the doubt on Castiel's face.

SAM

What?

(CONTINUED)

CASTIEL

It's just-- if she can remove the Mark using the Book of the Damned, what of the consequences?

SAM

Which are?

CASTIEL

Dean said--

SAM

--Dean guessed.

CASTIEL

Still. History suggests--

SAM

--we sit on our asses? Do nothing?

CASTIEL

We find Dean.

SAM

And then what? Nothing stopped Cain except death. You want to kill Dean? I don't. But the only way I know how to save him is to cure the Mark. I know there are consequences. But not you, not Dean, not anybody can tell me what they are, and I'm not going to let my brother destroy himself on a guess. We save him. Period. Whatever happens after that? We deal with it. We always have.

Sam turns back to the job at hand. Discussion over. Cass slumps into a seat next to him.

CASTIEL

So you think he's as bad. As before.

SAM

(after a beat)

I don't know what to think anymore.

CLOSE ON - A dirty, blood-stained hand. Flexing open and closed. A man's. Standing over--

RUDY

O-kay... 'Cept-- I called you. If anyone's walking--

DEAN

--you "called" me? You begged me, dumpy. Just like Tuscaloosa, just like Old Lyme. Because we both know you're playing dress-up out here and it's just a matter of time before you get your fat ass killed. So why don't you take that walk and let a real hunter work.

\*

Rudy reacts, stung, as behind them there's a noticeable ripple of excitement. Deputies scramble to their cruisers, the Sheriff approaches.

SHERIFF

Agents. New deal. Rose wasn't alone when she disappeared. Friend name Crystal Thorrson was with her... and Crystal's still awol. I'm heading over to interview the parents... how 'bout we agree you boys sit this one out. Save me a call to your field supervisor.

\*

Dean holds up his hands -- suit yourself.

The Sheriff moves away. Dean just glares at Rudy who sulks as he decides. Finally, he shakes his head.

RUDY

You know what? Life's too short, partner. Dunno what crawled up your ass and, frankly, I don't care. You want me gone?

Rudy gestures -- "washes his hands of it" and leaves.

RUDY

Regards to your brother.

ROWENA makes herself a cup of tea, managing for as much dignity as possible while handcuffed and chained to a pillar. She goes to take a sip and freezes. Realizing --

Sam is across the room, Castiel next to him. Sam has his pistol pointed at her. Rowena attempts to play it off.

ROWENA

Boys. Just in time for tea.  
Unless-- something on your mind?

SAM

Six things, actually. Hollow tips  
filled with witch-killing brew.

ROWENA

How exciting for you. Your NRA  
will be beside themselves with  
pride.

SAM

No more games, Rowena. We do the  
spell now.

ROWENA

Or-- what exactly? Come on,  
Samuel, you and I both know that's  
nothing but a bluff. Charlie may  
have cracked the Codex, but who's  
going to read it if I'm gone? Not  
to mention handling the  
ingredients, getting the  
measurements just right. Unless --  
either of you has spent years of  
your life studying with the greats,  
mastering the intricacies of high  
witchcraft? But forgive me. Maybe  
you have?

(they haven't)

I know you're upset. We all are.  
Poor Dean. But let's have some  
tea. And negotiate.

Bluff called, Sam lowers his gun.

SAM

What do you want?

ROWENA

Oh, well, we know what I wanted.  
We soiled the sheets on that one,  
didn't we? Let's talk about what  
I'll take. My freedom, guaranteed.  
And the Codex.

CASTIEL

No. That's a horrible idea.  
(off Sam's look)  
Sam-- you can't be-- her freedom,  
maybe.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CASTIEL (CONT'D)

But there's no telling how powerful she'll become if she were able to decipher all the magic ever known.

Sam and Rowena lock eyes as he decides.

SAM

You know which spell?

ROWENA

It's the first curse. Only the strongest spell in this book will do. And it won't be easy.

CASTIEL

Sam. This is a mistake.

As Sam decides...

Dean sits with Rose McKinley's parents, JOE and NORA MCKINLEY -- 40s, bluecollar. There are PICTURES of their daughter, ROSE, all around. They shift uncomfortably, red-rimmed eyes. Rose's death is very new. Very raw.

NORA

Rose and Crystal were tight since-- forever, it seems. You think Crystal could still be in danger?

DEAN

We do, Mrs. McKinley. And the fastest way for us to find her is to find who did this to Rose.

NORA

Of course.

JOE

Anything we can do.

DEAN

I appreciate that. Did Rose have any enemies that you're aware of?

NORA

No, she was-- Rose was loved by everybody.

JOE

In the church choir...

DEAN

Was there anything different about  
Rose's behavior in recent days --  
new friends, a boyfriend, maybe a  
crush...

Nora and Joe share a look. Both draw a blank. \*

JOE \*

Rose was a shy girl... \*

NORA

But-- you think maybe she knew the  
person who did this?

DEAN

Unfortunately, statistics bear that  
out, Ma'am. In Rose's case, she  
not only knew the person but wanted  
to have intercourse with him.

(needle scratch)

I'm really just trying to figure  
out if he was a boyfriend or some  
random roll in the hay. \*

The McKinley's stare. *Did you just say... what?*

NORA

Um, no, there were no "relations".  
That we're aware of--

JOE \*

No relations at all. What the hell  
is this, Agent?

DEAN

Just doing my job, Mr. McKinley--

JOE \*

Suggesting my daughter was a slut!?

DEAN

Your daughter was found in the  
woods with a massive wound to the  
neck. No other injuries sustained,  
no defensive wounds, nothing.  
Wearing an outfit that would make  
Miley Cyrus blush. Which suggests  
to me she knew this individual, she  
liked this individual or, more  
likely, she wanted this individual  
to like her.

(then)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

DEAN (CONT'D)

Was your daughter a "slut"? I'll admit, the thought crossed my mind. But then I came here, smelled the deceit and the beatings and the shame that pervades this "home"... and I don't blame Rose at all. Guess who I blame now, Joe.

\*

\*

JOE

\*

You shut your face right now--

DEAN

No wonder she got the idea she was something less than worthy. No wonder she put on that skank outfit and went looking for validation. Right into the arms of the monster that killed her, Joe--

\*

Joe bellows, dives over the coffee table, knocks Dean to the ground--

\*

DEAN

Who did this.

Bam! Joe punches Dean in the face.

\*

DEAN

Who did this?

Bam!

Joe goes to strike again...but checks himself. Realizing-- Dean has his gun planted in Joe's gut. Dean stares up at him with steely eyes.

\*

\*

DEAN

Who did this.

And Joe breaks down. Like a baby.

\*

JOE

\*

I don't know. I don't know...!

And now WE SEE -- in the doorway -- Joe and Nora's teenage son, JJ - 18 -- watching, slack-jawed.

\*

SLAM! Dean exits the trailer for the Impala. A moment later, an UNSEEN FIGURE, from the direction of the trailer, gains on him. Dean wheels, his gun up-- it's JJ.

\*

\*

\*

JJ

Whoa--

Dean eases back. Glares.

DEAN

What.

JJ

Crystal-- she's still-- ?

DEAN

Why?

JJ shifts uncomfortably.

DEAN

Don't even get me started on all  
the ways I can make your life a  
living hell.

JJ

(after a beat)

There were these guys living out by  
Cross Creek. Said they were  
rehabbing a cabin out there.  
Mostly I think they just wanted a  
place to drink and meet girls.

DEAN

And your sister and Crystal knew  
these guys?

JJ nods. Sheepishly.

DEAN

But you couldn't be bothered to  
tell the cops this. Even after  
your sister turned up dead.

JJ

I was sorta the one who brought  
them out there in the first place.  
(re: his father)  
He'd kill me if he knew.

Rowena has everything set up: the Book of the Damned, the  
Codex, Charlie's code-breaking email. She scans the Book of  
the Damned... and looks troubled.



ROWENA

Sumsu mimma ezebu Ilu ma ikkibu lu.  
"Something made by God but  
forbidden to Man".

\*  
\*  
\*

SAM

Forbidden...

CASTIEL

Forbidden fruit?

SAM

The apple? The actual apple is the  
first ingredient?

CASTIEL

And the next?

ROWENA

Sumsu mimma ezebu lu... blah  
blah... "Something made by Man, but  
forbidden by God".

\*  
\*  
\*

CASTIEL

False idol... maybe the Golden  
Calf?

\*  
\*

SAM

Maybe. And the third?

\*

ROWENA

Sumsu mimma sen arammu.  
(a beat)  
Oh. Oh.

\*

SAM

What?

ROWENA

The third ingredient. It's  
impossible.

SAM

What is it?

ROWENA

Loosely translated? My heart.

CASTIEL

That's not impossible at all.

ROWENA

Not my literal heart, Feathers.  
Something I love. The spell calls  
for me to kill it.

SAM

A sacrifice.

ROWENA

Precisely. The Book will grant  
freedom from the curse but it wants  
something in return.

SAM

So give it.

ROWENA

It's not for lack of desire,  
believe me. Bring me something I  
love, I'll kill it. I want my  
freedom too much to make a fuss  
over that. The problem is, I don't  
love anything.

(then)

Which puts us in a bit of a pickle.

CASTIEL

What about Crowley.

ROWENA

Oh, I'm happy to kill him. But  
let's not call it love.

Sam and Castiel look at one another. Castiel approaches her,  
places two fingers on her forehead.

CASTIEL

I don't believe you. Everybody  
loves something.

WE VFX "MOVE" into Rowena's head...a BLUR and then a SMALL  
CHILD in PERIOD CLOTHES (circa 1715) standing in a field. A  
woman's voice calls:

OSKAR'S MOTHER (O.S.)

Oskar! Oskar! Czas na kolacje!

\*  
\*

Oskar smiles and then races off...

As we PULL OUT of the VISION to resume:

(CONTINUED)

CASTIEL

A Polish boy. Oskar.

ROWENA

I'm sorry-- Oskar? You saw Oskar?

SAM

Who is he?

ROWENA

Who was he. A peasant boy. His family helped me out of some difficulties... three hundred years ago.

(then)

Bravo, Feathers. Cracking detective work.

Sam's CELL BUZZES. He picks it up, moves for some privacy.

SAM

Rudy? What's up?

RUDY (ON PHONE)

Wish I could say it was good news, Sam. Just bumped into Dean working a fangbanger case in Superior.

SAM

Nebraska? Dean's working a case?

RUDY (ON PHONE)

My case. And he ain't playing well with others.

SAM

Yeah-- Dean's-- he's not in the best place right now. Do me a favor, text me the details, would you?

RUDY (ON PHONE)

Hell, yes. Maybe you can talk some sense into him.

SAM

I will. And, hey, you might wanna give him some space on this one.

(a beat)

Rudy. Rudy?

But Rudy's signed off. Sam hangs up. Gets ready to go.

(CONTINUED)

CASTIEL

What's going on?

SAM

What do you think?

Sam pulls out a small baggie of DEAN'S HAIR, hands it to Castiel.

\*  
\*

SAM

(then)

I need you to do this for me, Cass.  
Make this spell happen. Whatever  
it takes. Can you do that?

\*

Off Castiel--

A tumbledown shack sits buried in the woods, rusted farm equipment and the like scattered in front. The door slams open, a gristled twentysomething -- JOLLY -- moves in the yard. His clothes are junky, faint bloodstains. He moves to a makeshift trough, splashes water on his face, shakes his head at the bracing cold. His eyes open... and the last thing he sees is Dean Winchester swinging a MACHETE at his neck!

Bam! Dean kicks open the door. Sweeps into the room, machete in hand. He sees a young woman tied to a bed -- this is CRYSTAL, the missing girl. Now he sees another VAMP -- REGGIE, 20s, scuzzy -- who stands in a corner of the room with a MACHETE of his own. And a hostage. RUDY.

RUDY

Dean-o... this is Reggie. And  
we're just gonna talk. Alright?  
We're gonna talk this out and we're  
gonna come to an understanding.

Getting nothing from Dean, he starts to panic

RUDY

Alright?

BLACKOUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

12

INT. OLD SHACK - DAY

12

Reggie backs up, drags Rudy with him. Dean stands there, the one calm person in the room.

REGGIE

Back your ass outta this room,  
Mister. Leave the blade.

DEAN

Yeah. No. Walk away, Rudy.

RUDY

What? Dean, come on, just do what  
he-- (says)

DEAN

--why? He's not gonna kill you,  
you're his insurance. So man the  
hell up, and walk away.

REGGIE

Oh, I will kill him, friend. You  
keep yappin', I will.

But Dean moves closer.

DEAN

Do it.

RUDY

Dean--

REGGIE

Back up!

DEAN

Do it.

REGGIE

Don't test me!

RUDY

Stop, Dean...

DEAN

You don't have the guts.

Dean lunges, a feint... and Reggie plunges his blade into  
Rudy's chest!

(CONTINUED)

For a moment, Reggie's mouth curls in a vindictive smile -- *hell, yes, I did it...* and then Rudy's head slumps... and Dean's machete comes up whipfast, deftly slices off Reggie's head the exact moment Rudy's head leaves an opening.

Dean leans over, wipes off the blood from his machete onto Reggie's shirt. From behind him--

CRYSTAL  
What did you do?

Dean turns -- Crystal stares at him in horror. He begins to untie her. \*

DEAN  
Crystal, right? I just rescued you.

CRYSTAL  
He-- you could have talked-- you just-- (let him die)

Dean looks at her with barely disguised disdain.

DEAN  
You're welcome.

And he leaves, as we settle on Rudy and his lifeless eyes.

Castiel drops a match into a bowl, finishes the Crowley-summoning ritual (see Ep. 9.23 "Do You Believe In Miracles"). \*

Crowley appears. \*

CROWLEY  
Who summons anymore? You couldn't call?

Castiel takes a beat. He never considered that.

CASTIEL  
You're not in my contacts.

CROWLEY  
(moving past it)  
What.

CASTIEL  
We need your assistance. To help cure Dean of the Mark.

14

CONTINUED:

14

CRYSTAL

He just let him die...he just let  
him die...

Sam reacts to that as he moves into--

15

INT. OLD SHACK - NIGHT

15

A TECH takes pictures as the Sheriff stands there, arms  
crossed. Sam sees Reggie... but it's Rudy who brings him up  
short. Jesus.

SHERIFF

Agent. Maybe you can tell me what  
in the hell is going on here.

SAM

I'm just on the scene myself,  
Sheriff. How do you mean?

SHERIFF

Way the girl outside tells it? One  
a' your boys came in hot, got his  
partner killed and then went some  
kind of samurai on that son-of-a-  
bitch right there. I knew that boy  
was scratchin' some kinda mean itch  
the moment I laid eyes.

Off Sam--

\*

16

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

16

Dean washes his hands. Totally calm. Glances in the mirror--

BLOODY CASTIEL STARES BACK AT HIM.

Dean looks back to his hands. Scrubs them harder. And back  
to the mirror--

RUDY STARES BACK AT HIM. BLEEDING WOUND.

And back to his hands. Harder. Harder.

And now Dean goes berserk. Destroys everything in the room.

And faces the mirror again. Sees nothing but himself.

17

INT./EXT. SAM'S CAR/MOTEL PARKING LOT - NIGHT

17

Sam white knuckles the wheel, frantically searching the  
streets for anything Dean-related. He passes the motel,  
catches a glimpse of the Impala tucked in the parking lot!

(CONTINUED)

17

CONTINUED:

17

He slams the brakes, hooks into the lot. Grabs a badge from the glove compartment and jumps out of his car. Approaches a NIGHT MANAGER taking out some trash--

SAM

Hey, buddy.

The Night Manager turns, Sam waves his badge.

18

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

18

WHAMWHAMWHAM! Sam pounds on the door.

SAM (O.S.)

Dean! It's me.

A beat passes. Then-- Sam kicks open the door, sweeps into the room, gun at his side. No Dean. Sam takes in the room, his eyes land on the CAR KEY for the Impala and a NOTE.

He picks it up. It reads, simply: "She's all yours."

As Sam turns on what exactly this means....

19

INT. ABANDONED RESTAURANT - NIGHT

19

Long-abandoned, decrepit, yet oddly grandiose. The place has the feel of an old dance hall, perhaps. There is a small, wretched kitchen where Dean has set up shop -- he's cooking Tex-Mex. Some sort of cheesy something bubbles in a pot, he's working the ancient fryer... it's weird. But he's calmer than we've seen him in a while. Sure.

He steps out into the main room where he starts pulling VARIOUS SUMMONING TOOLS from a duffel bag: A bowl, herbs, candles... and it's becoming clear that there may, in fact, be a method to this madness....

20

EXT. MOTEL PARKING LOT - NIGHT

20 \*

Sam talks to Castiel.

SAM (INTO PHONE)

You went to Crowley?

CASTIEL (ON PHONE)

What choice did I have? Whatever it takes, remember?

SAM

And?



21

INT. ABANDONED DISTILLERY - NIGHT - INTERCUT

21

CASTIEL

He said he would help. But that was hours ago.

(then)

How much time do you think we have?

SAM

He ditched the Impala, Cass. I get why he ditched us, but to ditch his car?

\*

As they both realize: *not much time at all...*

22

INT. ABANDONED RESTAURANT - NIGHT

22

Dean arranges bowls full of herbs around a SIGIL he's drawn on the floor. Pulverizes FULGURITE with a mortar and pestle. Re-arranges a tray full of JUNKY MEXICAN FOOD just so. Then takes his knife and flicks it across his forearm, drawing blood. He bleeds it into the bowl.

DEAN

Te nunc invoco, Mortem.

The ground begins to rumble...

DEAN

Te in mea potestate defixi.

CRASH! Glass shatters! Pots fall to the floor!

DEAN

Nunc et in aeternum!

And, suddenly -- silence. Nothing moves. Until an appreciative voice sounds from behind Dean.

DEATH (O.S.)

Don't tell me that's queso.

Dean turns. DEATH stands there -- elegant, menacing, fixated on the food. Even powered by the Mark, Dean is tentative at first in Death's deadly presence.

DEAN

Queso, taquitos, churros...  
Homemade by yours truly, all with  
the bad fat.

Dean picks up the tray, moves it closer to Death for him to snack off of.

(CONTINUED)

"Brother's Keeper"  
CONTINUED:

Production Draft

3/18/15 25.

22

22

DEAN

Consider it an offering.

DEATH

For?

DEAN

I want you to kill me.

Death takes that in a moment. Crisply lifts a fried snack from the tray.

DEATH

Really.

As Death bites into the snack we--

BLACKOUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

23

INT. ABANDONED RESTAURANT - NIGHT

23

Death nibbles as they speak.

DEATH

What I find truly fascinating, Dean  
-- oh, that's good -- is that you  
and I both know I've been burned by  
you Winchesters before. And yet,  
you still call.

DEAN

I know, but not this time. No  
games, no second thoughts.

Dean reveals the Mark on his arm.

DEAN

I know you know what this is. What  
it can do to a man. I tried to  
fight it, tried to beat it on my  
own, I can't. I got no moves left.  
Except you.

Death marvels at Dean's state.

DEATH

And I truly thought I would never  
see the day. My goodness. Dean  
Winchester has tipped over his  
king.

(then)

But I won't kill you, Dean.

DEAN

You're Death.

DEATH

And that Mark on your arm is the  
first curse. Nothing can kill you. \*

DEAN

Forget killing me then. Can you  
get rid of it?

DEATH

I could.

DEAN

But?

(CONTINUED)

Death sighs. It's a long story.

DEATH

Creatio ex nihilo. God created the earth out of nothing. Or so your Sunday School teacher would have you believe.

DEAN

(dry)

So Genesis is a lie. Shocker.

DEATH

Before there was light, before there was God and his archangels, there wasn't "nothing", there was the Darkness. A horribly destructive, amoral force that was beaten back by God and his archangels in a terrible war. God locked the Darkness away where it could do no harm and he created a Mark that would serve as both lock and key.

DEAN

Lemme guess. The Mark of Cain.

DEATH

Which he entrusted to his most valued lieutenant, Lucifer. But the Mark, driven by the Darkness it was built to contain, began to assert its own will, revealed itself as a curse, and began to corrupt. Lucifer became jealous of Man, God banished him to Hell. And Lucifer passed the Mark to Cain. Who passed it to you, the proverbial finger in the dyke.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

DEAN

Well, that's just fan-friggin-tastic, isn't it.

DEATH

So I could remove your Mark. But you would have to first share it with another, to insure the lock remains unbroken and the Darkness remains bound.

DEAN

I'm not doing that. Not to anyone.

Death considers a long moment. An idea forming.

DEATH

What if I told you I could relocate you somewhere far away, not even on this earth, where you would still be alive but never again a danger to yourself or others?

DEAN

Aisle or window? I'm there.

DEATH

There would be one condition, however. One fairly sizable, non-negotiable condition.

The same diner from Ep. 1021. 5-6 PATRONS, a slow night. SETH, the kindly cook we met before, serves dinner to a BURLY GUY at the counter and scoops up an empty coffee mug.

SETH

Get you a refill, Jimmy.

Seth turns to the coffee maker when he hears a great CRASH of plates and glass. He spins -- the Burly Guy is face down in his dinner, dead. As is everyone else! Except--

Crowley. Who stands in the middle of the joint. Eyes on Seth.

CROWLEY

Fancy a story?

SETH

You-- what did you-- you killed these people--

Crowley gestures and Seth skids back into the shelves. \*

CROWLEY

A long, long time ago, there once was an evil bitch -- sorry, witch -- who was forced to flee her home and her only son because, well, she was horrible.

(then)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

24

CONTINUED:

24

CROWLEY (CONT'D)

Starving and homeless, she threw herself at the mercy of a peasant Polish family, who took her in, fed her, nursed her back full strength. It was a kindness she had never known. She was particularly taken by their eight-year-old son, who, apparently, she grew to love...

\*

SETH

(dumbfounded)

How do you know all this?

\*

\*

\*

CROWLEY

Oh. A hamster told me.

(moving on)

Tragically, the boy was terminally ill and soon to die. But before the witch departed, she gave the boy and his family the only thanks that made sense. She cured him with one spell and cast another that would take root once he was a grown man.

\*

\*

\*

\*

\*

(then)

That lying, manipulative whore mother of mine gave you immortality, didn't she.

25

EXT. MOTEL PARKING LOT - NIGHT

25

\*

Sam answers his RINGING CELL. Holy crap--

SAM

Dean? Whatever you're doing, whatever you've done... please. Let's talk about this.

DEAN (ON PHONE)

What's to talk about?

26

INT. ABANDONED RESTAURANT - SAME - INTERCUT

26

Dean on the phone. Death in BG. Eating.

DEAN

I gave it a shot, Sammy. Worked a case, even. Gave everything I had to beat this thing down.

SAM

Yeah, I-- I saw Rudy.

DEAN  
Then you saw what I did.

SAM  
That wasn't you.

DEAN  
Sure as hell felt like me. Caring  
more about taking life than saving  
one. Yeah, that was me, Sammy.  
(then)  
I'm done, brother.

SAM  
Dean--

DEAN  
Grab a pen. Time to say goodbye.

27 INT. ABANDONED DISTILLERY - DAY (DAY 3) 27

Rowena hums to herself as she pages through the Book of the Damned. Castiel paces anxiously.

ROWENA  
You're delusional, Feathers. You  
really expected Crowley to help  
you? I tried to assassinate the  
man! He's playin' with ya, that's  
all he's doing.

CASTIEL  
He said he would help.

ROWENA  
Ohhh, he "said" he would help.  
That's practically a blood oath  
right there. My mistake for  
assuming otherwise.

Castiel sulks at her sarcasm. Knows she's probably right.

CASTIEL  
Why would you want to assassinate  
your son in the first place. Under  
any circumstances?

ROWENA  
Are you joking?

CASTIEL  
No. That would-- that would be  
uncharacteristic of me.

(CONTINUED)

ROWENA

My "son", along with being a noxious blowhard, suffers from the same malady as you, I'm afraid. Winchester Derangement Syndrome.

CASTIEL

I feel perfectly fine.

ROWENA

Please. The King of Hell. An Angel of the Lord. More power than I could possibly dream of. Utterly wasted, shattered, at the alter of Winchester. I may be in chains but the two of you are just as much prisoners as I. It saddens me, it sickens me, to see so much power go unspent. So much glory, unclaimed.

Castiel takes a moment to consider what she's said.

CASTIEL

I've seen the Glory. I've seen defeat as well but I have seen the Glory. Won the epic battles. Reaped vast reward. But none of it meant as much to me as the friendships I've formed on Earth. The smile of a beautiful young woman, Claire. No angelic crusade, no victor's bounty could ever hold a candle to that sweet, crooked smile.

ROWENA

You can't honestly think you're happier now -- a broken-winged sycophant?

CASTIEL

All I know is, for the first time in a very long time, I feel at peace with who I am. Whatever that may be.

ROWENA

A bitch.

\*

Castiel gives her a sympathetic smile.



CASTIEL

I can assure you. If there's one thing I am definitely not, it's a female dog.

\*  
\*

Warily, Sam enters. He stops when he sees Dean.

SAM

Hey.

DEATH (O.S.)

Sam.

... and now Death.

SAM

What is this? What is Death doing here, Dean?

DEAN

We gotta talk, Sam.

SAM

Whatever you're thinking of doing-- there's another way. You don't need to go with him. You don't need to die.

DEAN

Thank you for saying that. Truth is, after I left you, I thought the only way out was my death. I was wrong, Sam. It's yours.

Death wiggles a finger and-- Whoomph! The door closes behind Sam. As Sam tries to process what he's just heard...

BLACKOUT.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

29

INT. ABANDONED RESTAURANT - DAY

29

Sam is stunned by what Dean's just announced.

SAM

He's taking you-- where? Outer space?

\*  
\*

DEAN

He didn't say-- (outer space)

\*  
\*

SAM

This is madness.

\*  
\*

DEATH

Far from it, I'm afraid.

SAM

No one's asking you--

DEAN

--Hear him out.

DEATH

Our conundrum is simple, Sam. Your brother cannot be killed and the Mark cannot be destroyed-- not without inciting a much greater Evil than any of us have ever known.

SAM

What "evil"?

DEAN

The Darkness.

SAM

The-- what? What the hell is that?

DEAN

What's it sound like? Does it sound like a good thing?

DEATH

But, even if I remove Dean from the playing field... we're still left with you. Loyal, dogged Sam-- who, I suspect, will never rest until he sets his brother free.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

DEATH (CONT'D)

Will never rest until his brother  
is free of the Mark.

(then)

Which, simply, cannot happen. Lest  
the Darkness be set free.

(a beat, darker)

And then there was that time you  
stood me up. Remember?

\*  
\*  
\*

Sam stares at Dean. Gets it now.

SAM

You traded my life.

DEAN

To save lives.

(re: the Mark)

I'm willing to live with this thing  
forever. But only if I know I and  
it will never hurt another living  
thing.

SAM

Except me.

DEAN

You strapped on that chinstrap a  
long time ago, Sammy. You knew the  
risks.

SAM

This is not you, Dean. This is not--  
it makes no sense.

DEAN

It makes total sense. If you could  
just stop thinking about yourself  
for one damn minute.

Sam is stunned.

DEATH

It's about the greater good. Once  
you consider that, this makes all  
the sense in the world.

Castiel and Rowena sit forlornly at the table. Crowley  
enters. Rowena stiffens, not sure what to expect. But he's  
unexpectedly cheery.

CROWLEY

Why the long faces? Let me guess.  
Mother showed you her musn't-touch-  
it again.

Castiel stands.

CASTIEL

The ingredients?

Crowley tosses the ingredients on the table. One very  
ancient, dried up QUINCE. One dirty hunk of GOLD.

CROWLEY

The quince cost me a major IOU with  
a Palestinian warlock, the gold  
from the calf... let's just say  
I'll be hanged under certain sexual  
deviancy laws if I ever show my  
face in Jordan again. Not  
important. A burden I'm happy to  
shoulder.

\*  
\*

Rowena begins to cut into the ingredients, mash them with  
mortar and pestle, etc. She keeps one wary eye on Crowley --  
*why's he so cheery?*

ROWENA

And the third?

CROWLEY

Ah, yes. I'm afraid that one is  
going to take a bit more effort.

Rowena allows a small smile. *Told you so.*

CROWLEY

Hard to believe, Mother. Three  
hundred years on this Earth,  
nothing alive you've ever loved.

Rowena caresses a CEREMONIAL DAGGER on the table.

ROWENA

Oh, but I am feeling an  
unmistakable surge of emotion for  
you, Fergus. Perhaps we should  
give it a try?

CROWLEY

Touching. Pass. But as I was  
saying, hard to believe.

(MORE)

CROWLEY (CONT'D)

As in, why would anyone believe anything coming from your gapehole is anything but another lie amongst a lifetime of lies?

(then)

Oh, I did. All my long life I wondered what I did to deserve a mother who refused to show love. I pained over it. I built a bloody kingdom on top of it. And then, one day, epiphany struck. My mother was incapable of loving anything. And for the first time in hundreds of years, I felt free. And then you showed up in my dungeon. We communed. And I grew to realize, you were not incapable of love. You were incapable of loving me.

ROWENA

Goodness, Fergus. Save it for the stage, why don't you. Quite the speech. But you put yourself on far too high a pedestal. The fact remains: I do not, will not and have not loved anything, ever--

Crowley snaps his fingers. Seth the Cook steps into view. For a moment, Rowena has no idea who she's looking at. And then she does. She goes ashen.

\*  
\*  
\*

CROWLEY

You were saying?

Dean circles Sam, as Sam turns with him.

DEAN

Remember when we were in that Church? Making Crowley human, wanting to close the Gates of Hell? You sure as hell were ready to die for a greater good then.

SAM

And you pulled me back.

DEAN

And I was wrong.

(then)

You were right, Sam.

(MORE)

DEAN (CONT'D)

You knew this world would be a better place without us in it.

SAM

You're twisting my words--

DEAN

--because we track evil and kill it? The family business. Is that it? Look at the tape, Sam. Evil tracks us. Nukes everything in our vicinity. Our family, our friends. 'Bout time we put the proper name to what we are. And deal with it.

SAM

We are not evil, Dean. You are far from perfect and so am I, but we are good.

(re: Death)

This is evil. That thing on your arm is evil. Not you, not me.

And as Sam finds himself cornered, Dean begins to close the gap between them....

DEAN

I let Rudy die today so, please. I sure as hell know what I am. Who were you when you drove that man to sell his soul? Who were you when you bullied Charlie into getting killed? To what end? A good end? A just end? To remove the Mark no matter the consequences? I'm evil...and you're not? Tell me how we're different, Sam. I have this Mark, you're willing to bring the Darkness into this world.

SAM

But you were also willing to summon Death to keep yourself from doing more bad, you summoned me because you know I'll do anything to protect you. That's not an evil man, Dean. That's a good man crying to be heard. Searching for another way.

DEAN

My brother, there is no other way.

Dean steps up. Sam seeing no other out here but to fight for his life -- WHAM! Slams Dean in the jaw. Dean rubs it. \*

DEAN  
Good. Good. Fight.

Bam! Dean slams Sam backwards...

Castiel, Crowley, Rowena, Seth. Where we left them. Rowena is completely tongue-tied.

ROWENA  
I-- this is ridiculous--

CASTIEL  
You love this man, Rowena? Is it true?

CROWLEY  
Course it's true. Say hello, Oskar. \*

Seth/Oskar trembles as he meets Rowena's eyes.

SETH/OSKAR  
Rowena. I'm so sorry...

And that's all it takes for Rowena to crack. As she struggles to mask her emotions, it's clear to all how she feels about this boy. She gestures for Oskar to come to her, which he does. She stands between him and Crowley now.

ROWENA  
Even for you, Fergus, this is a new low. A cruel, shameful, disgusting low.

CROWLEY  
It's only "cruel", Mother, if you actually go through with it.  
(then)  
Though, who's the cruel one then?

As Crowley calmly watches his mother twist...

Dean wipes the floor with Sam. Sam gets in some shots. But Dean has the overwhelming advantage. It is one-sided and ugly.

Until, finally, a bloodied Sam is on his knees, waves a hand up at Dean. Enough. Through bloodied teeth:

SAM

Wait...

As Dean stands poised, above him.

SAM

You will never, ever hear me say  
that you -- the real you -- is  
anything but good...

Sam pauses -- takes a long look at Dean, Death, all of it. A decision is made.

SAM

But I do agree... before you hurt  
anyone else, you must be stopped.  
At any cost.  
(then)  
Do it.

Sam exhales. Bows his head. Prepared to die.

DEATH

(to Dean)

Please.

Death stands there -- his SCYTHE now in hand. He passes it to Dean.

DEATH

Do me the honor.

Dean takes the Scythe from Death. Stares down at Sam.

DEAN

Close your eyes.  
(a beat)  
Close your eyes, Sam.

But Sam will not. Instead, he looks up directly at Dean, tears in his eyes.

SAM

Take these. And one day, when you  
find your way back, they can be  
your guide. They can help you  
remember what it was to be good.  
What it was to love.



And from Sam's shirt he pulls the two PHOTOS from the bunker. Creased and bloodied, he lays them out in front of him. The picture of Mom. The picture of Dean, Sam, and Mom.

And for the first time, Dean is frozen. Stares at those pictures. As tears form in his eyes.

Death steps forward, counsels into Dean's ear:

DEATH

It is for family that you must proceed, Dean. To be what you are, to become what you've become, it is a stain on their memory. Do it... or I will.

\*  
\*

Dean stares down at Sam as he shoulders the Scythe.

DEAN

Forgive me.

Dean raises the Scythe... let's out a PAINED YELL as he quickly pivots... swings the Scythe with all his might and--

BURIES THE SCYTHER IN DEATH'S CHEST!

Death stares in shock, takes a few steps backwards... and DISSIPATES INTO NOTHING.

BLACKOUT.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

34

INT. ABANDONED DISTILLERY - DAY

34

Rowena holds one of Seth/Oskar's hands in hers. Tears in her eyes. Showing the first true tenderness we've ever seen from her.

ROWENA

You've grown so big. Not too big to give a hug to your old auntie, Rowena, I hope?

SETH/OSKAR

I'm sorry if I've hurt you.

ROWENA

No, no, don't think about that one moment. Nobody's hurting anybody. Everything's fine, Oskar. Everything's fine.

And now we see: Rowena holds the DAGGER.

As Crowley watches. His face a mix of satisfaction. Jealousy.

ROWENA

Zegnaj, moj slodki chlopcze.

\*  
\*

And now Rowena opens her wet eyes, stares directly into Crowley's as she plunges the dagger into Seth/Oskar's neck.

She takes one last moment to compose herself -- to let it go -- then unceremoniously yanks Seth/Oskar's head onto the table and bleeds him out into a bowl. Enough blood, she lets him drop to the floor.

She measures out the first two ingredients by feel -- basically, a large pinch -- drops them into the bowl as well. And, finally, a pinch of Dean's hair.

\*  
\*

ROWENA

(in Latin)

From the hand of God, from the hand of Man...

\*  
\*  
\*

35

EXT. ABANDONED RESTAURANT - DAY

35

Sam and Dean help each other out of the building.

DEAN

You okay?

(CONTINUED)



ROWENA

Impetus Bestiarum.

\*

And now Castiel becomes physically agitated. As his eyes grow bloodshot, blood drips from his nose. And we realize, this is the attack dog spell we've seen her do before.

ROWENA

To what? Control the likes of a bored king and a wayward angel?

(re: Codex/BOD)

I'm afraid, Fergus, in all your long life, you've never seen what a real witch can do with real magic.

I'm terrifically pleased it will be the last thing you ever see.

(then, in Latin)

Destroy this evil thing.

\*

\*

\*

\*

\*

\*

And Castiel looses his ANGEL BLADE into his hand. Turns to face Crowley.

As Rowena collects the Codex and the Book of the Damned and strides from the building.

As Castiel closes in on Crowley.

CROWLEY

Castiel. Don't. Do not.

(begging now)

Please.

And we--

Sam shoulders Dean to the Impala.

SAM

Here we go-- here we go-- it's all good, Mark is gone...

(eyes the sky)

Nothing crazy's happened... we're good. You good?

DEAN

(dry)

I'm great. I'm sure we're perfectly fine.

Sam opens Dean's door.

SAM

There's that can-do attitude I've  
been waiting for--

He goes to heave Dean in the car, when Dean spies something  
on the horizon.

DEAN

Sam.

They both look. The entire sky appears to vibrate with  
ELECTRICITY. Hundreds of electrified bolts moving together  
into one giant electrified sphere. And then BLASTING DOWN  
INTO THE EARTH and disappearing.

SAM

What did Death call it?

DEAN

The Darkness.

BSHHHHH! A PLUME OF BLACK SHOOTS FROM THE EARTH!

AND ANOTHER! ANOTHER!

Angry black GEYSERS shoot up across the horizon, forming into  
one GIANT BLACK, MOVING MASS. Charging toward the  
Winchesters.

DEAN

Inside. Inside!

The boys jump in the car.

The cloud moves closer.

Dean slams the car in reverse. Tires squeal and the Impala  
lunges backward... but the Darkness is too fast. It catches  
up to the Impala, swallows it up--

SAM

Dean! Dean!

--as the SCREEN FILLS WITH SWIRLING BLACKNESS and we hear  
NOTHING BUT THE GRIND OF TIRES FINDING NO TRACTION and the  
ROAR of the DARKNESS and we--

BLACKOUT.

TO BE CONTINUED...