

SUPERNATURAL

Episode #1114

"The Vessel"

Written by

Robert Berens

Directed by

John Badham

EXECUTIVE PRODUCERS

Jeremy Carver
Phil Sgriccia

PRODUCERS

Eric Kripke
Robert Singer
Jim Michaels
Andrew Dabb
Eric Charmelo
Nicole Snyder
Robbie Thompson
Brad Buckner
Eugenie Ross-Leming
Nancy Won
Todd Aronauer

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REVISION HISTORY

Revision	Date	Revised Pages
Production Draft - White	12/01/15	

CAST LIST

SAM WINCHESTER
DEAN WINCHESTER

JARED PADALECKI
JENSEN ACKLES

CASTIEL / LUCIFER
CROWLEY

MISHA COLLINS
MARK A. SHEPPARD

BEFEHLSLEITER GUMPRECHT
CAPTAIN JAMES DEARBORN
CAPTAIN'S 2ND
CREW 1
CREW 2 / PETEY GIRALDI
CREW 3
DELPHINE SEYDOUX
DEMON
GALLEY COOK / HARRIS
MIDSHIPMAN
RADAR OPERATOR
SONARMAN
UPSTART DEMON

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SUPERNATURAL

"The Vessel"

TEASER

FADE IN:

TITLE: "Gestapo Headquarters. Nazi-Occupied France, 1943.

1 INT. HOTEL SUITE - NIGHT (DAY 1) 1

A high-ranking Nazi officer, BEFEHLSLEITER GUMPRECHT, speaks on the phone (in subtitled German) in his quarters, a lavish suite in a requisitioned hotel. (Historical reference: the *Hotel du Portugal* in Vichy, France).

GUMPRECHT

Es ist angekommen.

(beat)

*Ich habe eine Militäreskorte
angefordert. Ich werde den
Gegenstand zu Ihnen bringen.*

*
*
*
*
*

As he speaks, we ARM AROUND to reveal a small wooden BOX on his desk-- containing the weapon in question.

GUMPRECHT (CONT'D)

*Es ist mir eine grosse Ehre... Mein
Führer.*

*
*
*

As he hangs up, throbbing with pride at his communication with Hitler, we reveal a beautiful woman in the doorway to his sleeping quarters. This is DELPHINE, his Vichy mistress. Pouting, she speaks in French-accented English...

DELPHINE

The bed is cold.

(then, re: the box)

What is that, *mon amour*?

He grins, approaches her.

GUMPRECHT

Liebchen. This-- this is why I've
come here.

DELPHINE

(teasing)

And I thought you occupied my
country to meet me.

(CONTINUED)

GUMPRECHT

You were a bonus, Delphine-- a
treasure. *Mon petit collaborateur.*
But this--

(beat)

This is what my country has been
waiting for.

On Delphine, coquettishly intrigued.

DELPHINE

Can I see it?

GUMPRECHT

Naughty Delphine.
(then, indulgently)
One little peek.

He moves to the box, opens it. He moves behind her, nuzzles
her neck. We FAVOR her as she peers inside-- her expression
shifts at the sight-- her eyes glittering, determined.

DELPHINE

C'est réel.

Gumprecht, oblivious to her tone, keeps kissing her-- as
Delphine, eyes hardening, reaches up into her CHIGNON-- and
pulls out a SLENDER BLADE. Suddenly, she WHIPS AROUND--
punching the blade straight through his jugular! He GASPS--
clutches his gushing throat. As he stares in disbelief...

DELPHINE (CONT'D)

I have lived a hard life-- but
these months? Pretending to 'love'
a Nazi *cochon* like you-- they have
been the worst.

Gumprecht gasps, gurgling blood...

DELPHINE (CONT'D)

But this moment-- watching you die?
It is the best.

He collapses to his knees, disbelief turning to hate. She
crouches, slides her blade into his heart. Whispers in his
ear...

DELPHINE (CONT'D)

The Men of Letters send their
regards.

As Gumprecht falls dead-- and we reel at the realization that this woman is affiliated with the Men of Letters-- she quickly moves to the door to the hall. Listens. The sound of German CHATTER... the hall is no escape.

Suavely, she throws a COAT on over her negligee, stows the box under her arm, and flings a window open.

Casts a quick glance back at the office, her dead "lover," and then steps out onto the fire escape.

Off this strange, captivating woman, stealing into the night with the Nazi weapon, we... SMASH TO TITLE!

END TEASER

ACT ONE

2

INT. MEN OF LETTERS - MORNING - PRESENT DAY (DAY 2) 2

OPEN ON a groggy DEAN WINCHESTER, shuffling into the kitchen, arriving at the COFFEE POT. Empty. Checks the counter, the cupboard, looking for grounds-- none anywhere. *

SAM (O.S.)

We're out.

Dean turns, sees SAM WINCHESTER hunched over piles of BOOKS-- eyes red, clearly on some kind of all-night research bender. He doesn't look up, can't pull away from his reading...

DEAN

There was like half a bag yesterday.

SAM

Killed it last night.

(then)

You know the Nazis had a special branch devoted to archeology?

DEAN

Little early for Nazi trivia, Sam-- especially with no caffeine.

SAM

The "Ahnenerbe." Sites all over Germany, but as the Nazis increased their territory-- in Poland, Iceland, North Africa.

DEAN

And this is more important than the Bunker's coffee situation how?

SAM

I found something.

Dean, still groggy, pulls up a chair.

SAM (CONT'D)

We need something-- magic, a weapon-- strong enough to give us a shot against Amara. I've been looking outside the lore-- in history.

(beat)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

SAM (CONT'D)

"The Vichy Memorandums." Nazi communications that puzzle historians to this day-- they speak of a powerful "superweapon," obtained by the Ahnenerbe-- said to be strong enough to win the war.

DEAN

What was it?

SAM

These memos refer to it as "The Hand of God." A catchall term for several objects He touched on earth, in Biblical times, believed to contain traces of His power.

*
*

DEAN

Nazis "believed" a lot of things--

SAM

Dean. Lucifer's caged, God's M.I.A. The only beings strong enough to take Amara on are gone. If we're gonna fight her, what better way to arm up than with an actual dose of God power?

On Dean-- skeptical but intrigued.

DEAN

So they got their hands on one of these-- "hands." If it was so powerful it could win them the war-- how come it didn't?

SAM

Because they lost it. It was en route to Berlin when it was stolen. The Nazis searched high and low for the thief, but they never found their prime suspect...

Sam turns a book around, shows Dean a B&W PHOTO of Delphine. *

SAM (CONT'D)

Delphine Seydoux. French mistress of a high-ranking Nazi, an apparent traitor to France-- until she killed her German lover and made off with the weapon.

Dean leans in, getting into this now. Speculating...

(CONTINUED)

DEAN

Allied spy? French Resistance?

Sam, grinning, shakes his head.

SAM

That's what the Nazis thought, but
their investigation led them to a
different conclusion. That she was
"un Femme de Lettres."

(off Dean's look)

A Woman of Letters.

*
*

3

INT. CROWLEY'S LAIR - DAY

3

CASTIEL/LUCIFER sits on Crowley's Throne. He's staring off,
abstractedly. We hold for a beat, then--

DEMON (O.S.)

Uh, sir?

REVEAL several DEMONS standing around awkwardly-- court's in
session, and the new boss' mind is elsewhere. Uncertainly--

DEMON (CONT'D)

Would you like to discuss soul
numbers?

CASTIEL/LUCIFER

Don't care.

DEMON

How about-- an update on Amara?

Cassifer perks to attention, waits for it.

DEMON (CONT'D)

The update is-- well, that there is
no update. We still haven't found
her.

Cassifer, bored and annoyed, just glares. An UPSTART DEMON
steps forward...

UPSTART DEMON

Sir, if I may-- since you've
claimed the throne, we could use
some direction. Any direction.

(then)

We could deploy a force. Real
boots on the ground, shake the
trees to find her-- with you
leading the charge, of course.

(CONTINUED)

On Cassifer-- not loving the idea; we don't yet know why.

UPSTART DEMON (CONT'D)

We had a coward and a fool at the
helm for too long--

As he speaks, a wet, muffled GROAN erupts behind him. The
Upstart, struggling to ignore it--

UPSTART DEMON (CONT'D)

Perhaps it's time to--

We REVEAL the groan's source: CROWLEY. Chained to the floor
like a dog, badly beaten, dressed humiliatingly in dirty
Goodwill Florida tourist t-shirt and cargo pants, and gagged. *
Cassifer grins...

CASTIEL/LUCIFER

Doggie wants to speak.

He gestures, a demon moves to remove Crowley's gag. He spits
and sputters, head bowed, turns savagely on the Upstart.

CROWLEY

How dare you. The impudence. The
lack of humility. That's no way to
speak to your Master...

(meekly looks at Cassifer)

Lucifer.

We reel to realize Crowley is totally broken, not just
captive but fully subservient to Lucifer.

CASTIEL/LUCIFER

Good doggie.

INT. MEN OF LETTERS - LIBRARY - DAY - LATER

Sam and Dean are deep in the stacks, pulling World War II-era
texts for possible information about this "Femme de Lettres."

DEAN

The Men of Letters had European
chapters?

SAM

Dunno-- maybe not whole chapters,
just assets?

DEAN

And they let a woman join far back
as the 40's?

(MORE)

CONTINUED:

DEAN (CONT'D)

Never got the impression they were big on gender equality-- I mean, they put it right in the name.

Sam only half-listens, inspecting a DUSTY LEDGER...

SAM

It was the Great War, Dean. Kinda an "all hands on deck" situation.

DEAN

Huh-- Rosie the Riveter. Cool.

SAM

This report's by Clifford Henshaw. Bunker-based Man of Letters, written in 1943-- right era. And... some of it's in French.

INT. MEN OF LETTERS - LIBRARY - DAY - LATER

Sam's got a scanner hooked up to his LAPTOP; he's cutting and pasting the scanned French text into a translator. Dean enters with a beer, takes a seat by Sam.

SAM

It's definitely about Delphine, her name's all over this text--
(types)
They're transcriptions. Of transatlantic cables between Clifford and Delphine.

DEAN

What do they say?

SAM

Gimme a sec. Web translation's kinda buggy.
(noticing)
A beer? It's like noon.

*

DEAN

You drank all the coffee. What'm I supposed to do, drink water?

SAM

(reading)
Huh. They were making arrangements to get the artifact out of Europe, to keep it safe.

*

(then)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

5

SAM (CONT'D)

Henshaw pulled strings with a Man of Letters in the O.S.S. to requisition an active U.S. submarine to transport Delphine and the weapon back to the States-- to here.

DEAN

The Bunker? It's been here the whole time?

SAM

No. It never arrived.

*

Sam opens a web browser, enters the "USS Bluefin."

SAM (CONT'D)

The "USS Bluefin" came under German attack midway through its trip across the Atlantic. The sub was sunk-- the ship and its contents haven't been recovered to this day.

Sam leans back, wiped out from his research bender-- the whole thing having reached a dispiriting dead end.

SAM (CONT'D)

It's lost.

A beat. On Dean, getting an idea-- grinning...

DEAN

Is it?

SAM

I'd say so-- tides took the wreckage, submersibles have been trying to locate it for years. If James Cameron and his Avatar billions can't find it...

DEAN

Well, we've got something even James Cameron doesn't have.

Off Dean's meaningful smile...

6

INT. CROWLEY'S LAIR - DAY - LATER

6

On Cassifer, wielding a long golden SPEAR.

CASTIEL/LUCIFER

That's all of it?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

We PULL OUT to take in a small array of ANCIENT WEAPONRY, the Demon who brought it standing back timidly.

DEMON

Yes, sir. The requested weaponry from your crypts. Does it-- please you?

Cassifer sneers at the Demon's awkward obsequiousness, dismissing him with a glare. The Demon exits. Cassifer's now alone with Crowley, chained at his feet. Crowley, bent, watches him inspect his weapons. He looks displeased.

As if feeling Crowley's gaze--

CASTIEL/LUCIFER

How are your wounds, Doggie?

CROWLEY

They are-- no less than I deserve.

Cassifer smiles, chucks the spear onto the pile with the rest. Moves to his pet. Crowley winces at his approach.

CASTIEL/LUCIFER

Aww-- you're scared of your master. That's a good boy.

Cassifer smiles-- then grabs Crowley's ear, TWISTS IT.

CASTIEL/LUCIFER (CONT'D)

It's an act.

(beat)

I broke you-- but I can still smell it. A delectable whisper of defiance. You're playing, waiting for your moment to retake the throne-- am I wrong?

We can see it too: a glimmer of Crowley's hatred for Lucifer. But he answers meekly, confessing with shame--

CROWLEY

No, sir.

Cassifer releases Crowley's ear. Sarcastically...

CASTIEL/LUCIFER

So, once and future King of Hell, you've been watching my rule-- tell me. What treasonous thoughts are brewing in that head of yours? What are you really thinking?

(CONTINUED)

CROWLEY
(meekly)
The truth, sir?
(off his nod)
You're not strong enough.

Cassifer glares at Crowley. Go on.

CROWLEY (CONT'D)
You've had your weapons delivered,
but you realize-- they won't be
enough. If you thought you could
beat Amara, you'd be taking the
fight to her. Right now.

A tense beat. Will Cassifer punish his doggie? Then,
grinning... Cassifer starts to LAUGH.

CASTIEL/LUCIFER
Clever doggie!
(then)
Maybe defeating Amara was more of a
"team effort" than I've led certain
people to believe-- maybe God and
my brothers played a slightly
larger role than I let on. And
yes, at the moment, I may be a bit--
underequipped.

He contemplates his situation, then turns back on Crowley.

CASTIEL/LUCIFER (CONT'D)
But I'm still your master.
(a sly threat, re:
Crowley's forced candor)
Did I take you out of your kennel
too soon? Do you wanna go back?

On Crowley-- that's the last thing he wants-- when Cass'
phone RINGS. Saved by the bell. Checks the caller ID, puts
the gag back in... *

CASTIEL/LUCIFER (CONT'D)
No barking-- it's showtime.

Then, getting into character as "Castiel"...

CASTIEL/LUCIFER (INTO PHONE) (CONT'D)
Hello Dean.

Recently arrived, Cassifer sits, addressing the boys...

CASTIEL/LUCIFER

There were several God-touched objects. Never occurred to me any had survived the Flood-- let alone into the 20th Century.

SAM

Think we can use it? Against Amara?

On Cassifer, letting a small, sly smile through his mask-- lost in a private thought. Nods, then--

CASTIEL/LUCIFER

It's perfect.

We see him scheming-- this could be what he needs to overpower Amara. Even the boys clock his strange tone. But, Cass returns to the question at hand...

CASTIEL/LUCIFER (CONT'D)

I can get you back.

Cassifer stands, moves to some DOCUMENTS: submarine SCHEMATICS, the Delphine translations, nautical MAPS.

SAM

Without wings? You can't even teleport.

CASTIEL/LUCIFER

(covering)

Time travel's a-- whole other system.

DEAN

(to Sam)

Toldja.

CASTIEL/LUCIFER

(re: the map)

These the last coordinates?

DEAN

Yeah. The Bluefin's last message to shore.

CASTIEL/LUCIFER

Alrighty.

SAM

Cass, aren't there still risks? Time travel, consequences...

DEAN

This is the ideal scenario. Sub's a tin can in the middle of the ocean, doomed to go down anyway. Can't really mess with history from 20,000 leagues under the sea.

Sam frowns at Dean's glibness.

DEAN (CONT'D)

Go in, get the weapon, get out-- it's a milk run.

SAM

Not much of a plan.

DEAN

Things get out of hand, Cass'll zap me right back.

Catching something in Dean's words...

SAM

You?

On Dean. Here comes the hard part...

DEAN

You're not coming.

SAM

Excuse me?

DEAN

Need you back here. Just in case this goes sideways, someone's got to be left standing to stop the Darkness. Can't risk both of us, and at the moment-- I'm the least valuable player.

(to Sam-- and to Cass)

You both know. I can't kill Amara. Least I can do is get what you need so you can.

SAM

So I ride pine while you play Jules Verne?

On Dean-- that's about it.

DEAN

Yes or no?

(CONTINUED)

SAM
(to Cassifer)
You'll be with him the whole time?

CASTIEL/LUCIFER
Won't let him out of my sight.

Sam, not loving but starting to accept Dean's choice...

SAM
Be careful.

DEAN
When am I not?
(then)
You ready, Cass?

Cass nods. Dean turns back to Sam, excited, a bit nervous.

DEAN (CONT'D)
Bon voyage.

Cass touches Dean's shoulder and...

8 INT. SUBMARINE - AFT TORPEDO ROOM - NIGHT - THE PAST 8

We find Dean, right in the heat and pressure of the sub, the thrum of the diesel engines. He wobbles, hasn't found his sea legs. He recovers, but...

Cass is nowhere to be seen. WTF?

DEAN
Cass?

He's answered by A GROAN-- a sleeping CREW MEMBER bunked above a torpedo, annoyed by Dean's muttering. (Note: overflow bunks are common features on submarines). He goes quiet, looks around-- sees the racked TORPEDOES, the bunks, a DOPP KIT marked "USS BLUEFIN." As it sinks in, he's really there-- with no cover, his ride home MISSING, we PULL OUT to...

9 EXT. SUBMARINE - NIGHT - UNDERWATER (VFX) 9

...a (VFX) shot of the massive USS BLUEFIN, plunging through the Atlantic depths, and we...

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO

10 INT. SUBMARINE - AFT TORPEDO ROOM - NIGHT 10

Two CREWMEN, just off shift, cross the BULKHEADS, entering the torpedo room...

CREW 1

I enlisted to sink German ships.
We got zip running patrols in the
Bay--

Crew 2 rouses the slumbering crew member, his ALTERNATE, from his bunk above a torpedo.

CREW 2

You're up.

CREW 1

And now Captain's got us goin' in
the wrong direction? To run a
mystery mission for some broad?

The Alternate drops out of his bunk. As his feet hit the floor... REVEAL Dean, tucked into a CRAWLSPACE below a torpedo. The Alternate shuffles out to his station.

CREW 2

My bet? After this, they'll send
us to the Pacific. And we're sure
to see some real action there--
maybe even get a shot at some enemy
ships for a change.

Crew 1 considers that possibility-- not bad. Heading back out of the room...

CREW 1

Wouldn't turn my nose up at two
weeks leave in Honolulu.

Alone, Crew 2 pulls a PULP MAGAZINE from his bunk and starts reading. On Dean, eyes on his feet-- looks like he's stuck for a while. Frustrated, he adjusts within his crawlspace-- and sees something.

A SIGIL, etched into the inner hull of the ship. (Note: this sigil is evocative of our Enochian sigils, but new to our lore.) As Dean realizes why Cass is nowhere to be seen...

11 INT. MEN OF LETTERS - DAY 11

Sam sits, flipping idly through pages about the USS Bluefin, awaiting Dean and Cass' return, as behind him--

-- a wet shoe SQUISHES into frame. He turns to see Cassifer, DRIPPING WET. Like a drowned cat, wearing a puzzled look.

SAM

Cass? What are you-- where's Dean?

CASTIEL/LUCIFER

We made the leap-- he got on.

(then)

I didn't.

SAM

What?

CASTIEL/LUCIFER

I couldn't make it past the hull.

Off Cassifer's bewilderment and Sam's shock...

12 INT. SUBMARINE - AFT TORPEDO ROOM - NIGHT 12

Crew 2 reads his magazine. After a beat, a SHINY QUARTER rolls out across the boards, coming to a stop-- catching his eye. He puts his magazine down, moves to the quarter.

As he crouches, picks it up... Dean looms behind him.

CREW 2

"1993?"

BOOM! Dean whirls him around, shoves him against the rack--

DEAN

Where's Delphine?

(off his puzzled look)

The woman?

13 INT. MEN OF LETTERS - DAY - LATER 13

Cassifer's seated, Sam pacing nearby. We can see he's struggling with his failure-- not something he's used to--

CASTIEL/LUCIFER

Someone must've warded the ship.

On Sam, realizing.

(CONTINUED)

SAM

Delphine. She's protecting the
weapon...

(then)

So-- go back to their last port,
before she boarded. Leave a
message so Dean knows--

CASTIEL/LUCIFER

Where? Where would Dean see it
that the crew wouldn't? He's as
likely to find the warding as to
find any "message" I could leave...

Sam, knowing he's right...

SAM

Then send me. You got him past the
hull--

CASTIEL/LUCIFER

So double down on what screwed us
the first time? Really bringing
your "A" ideas today.

(then, to himself)

I can't believe I lost it.

(off Sam's look, covering)

Him-- Dean. But it's up to him
now, to find and clear the
warding...

Sam, rejecting Cass' fatalism...

SAM

No. We can help.

Sam's moving to the stacks, starts pulling books.

SAM (CONT'D)

There's got to be something in
magic or angel lore, some way to
clear the sigils from the
outside...

On Cassifer, annoyed he may have lost his lure for Amara, his
shot at the Hand of God... and annoyed by Sam's tiresome
pluck. Sam comes back, lays down a bunch of lore books--
catches Cassifer shaking his head. Misreading his hostility
for despair, Sam puts a consoling hand on his shoulder.

SAM (CONT'D)

Don't worry, Cass. We'll get him
back.

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED: (2) 13

As Cassifer struggles to put on an appreciative "thank you" face for Sam's comfort...

14 INT. SUBMARINE - PASSAGE - NIGHT - LATER 14

On Dean, now wearing Crew 2's clothes, smears a little pipe grease on his cheeks as he moves down the gangway. Sweating bullets, hoping his weak incognito holds.

CREW 3 emerges from an aft bulkhead behind Dean, wielding a large armful of GALLEY TRASH, moving towards Dean.

CREW 3
Coming through.

Dean flattens against the wall as Crew 3 passes. Dean resumes, following the crewman, when two MIDSHIPMEN come straight towards them.

On Dean, head low as the Midshipmen pass Crew 3, walk right at Dean. As they pass, one of them flicks a glance at him--

MIDSHIPMAN
Hey Petey-- thought you were off
runnin' blanket drills?

Dean, already past, awkwardly GRUNTS a response without turning, keeps moving towards...

15 INT. SUBMARINE - WARDROOM - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS 15

...where Delphine sits, somehow even more beautiful than when we met her. Gimlet-eyed, tough-- think Melanie Laurent in "Inglourious Basterds." Hair in a tight pony, in SLACKS and a cable-knit SWEATER, a beguiling blend of nautical and Gallic. Fingers drum on a PACK of Gauloises on a table... the BOX with the God weapon tucked on her seat beside her.

A GALLEY COOK places a FOOD TRAY before her. She glances up, uninterested in the food.

DELPHINE
When can I smoke?

GALLEY COOK
Not 'til we surface next.

Pulling a cig from the pack...

DELPHINE
Surely some of you boys take breaks
in the engine room?

Galley Cook, awkwardly admits...

GALLEY COOK

Captain wants you stayed put.

DELPHINE

Let me guess-- he fears I would
distract his men? Does not want "a
skirt" roaming the boards?

The Galley Cook, ingenuous...

GALLEY COOK

But Ma'am-- you're wearing pants?

She cracks a smile at his sweet dimness as he exits--

16

INT. SUBMARINE - PASSAGE - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

16

...and walks in front of Dean, failing to make a stealth approach in these tight quarters. Dean freezes up, turns slightly, covers by mopping his face with Petey's rag-- but the Cook's too starry-eyed to notice.

GALLEY COOK

Rich, ain't it? Frog's sitting pretty like Queen of Sheba, getting room service in the Wardroom, and I can't even gripe 'cause-- well, you seen that dame? The gams on her?

DEAN

Yeah, she's a real-- hottie.

Dean blanches at his anachronism as the Cook puzzles over Dean's expression. Covering, with a wistful sigh and head shake...

*

DEAN (CONT'D)

Those gams.

The Cook shakes his head too-- oh yeah, those gams-- and moves on... Dean takes a quick look around, enters...

17

INT. SUBMARINE - WARDROOM - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

17

...where he finds a seated Delphine. Looking right at him.

DELPHINE

Who are you?

DEAN

Delphine, this may be hard to believe, but--

At the sound of her name, she reacts-- striking like lightning, hitting his knee from under the table, whizzing out of her seat--

Dean parries, but she's fast-- the close quarters throw him off, she deftly uses the jutting corners against him.

He manages to get a lick in-- but before he can speak she's shoved him against a wall, a knife right at his throat.

DELPHINE

Not a soul on this ship knows my name-- not even the Captain.

(presses the knife closer)

So I repeat: who are you?

DEAN

A friend of Clifford Henshaw's.

(then)

I'm a Man of Letters.

As she's spun by his words, feet come charging down the passage-- "Petey" (formerly "Crew 2") busts in with the Cook.

PETEY

That's the guy.

Petey and the Cook flank Dean, pushing a still reeling Delphine aside.

PETEY (CONT'D)

Took my clothes, hog-tied me in the head--

GALLEY COOK

What should we do with him, Captain?

We realize they're addressing someone outside the room-- CAPTAIN DEARBORN, emerging from the passage.

The Galley Cook is patting Dean down-- pulls Dean's CELLPHONE from Petey's pockets. Puzzled...

GALLEY COOK (CONT'D)

Petey, this yours?

Petey shakes his head, inspects it... grazing the touchscreen, the cellphone LIGHTS UP. Going white--

(CONTINUED)

PETEY
What the hell is this?

DEAN
It's-- a phone.

A beat as the Captain trades glances with his men. This is surreal, absurd. Not buying his story for a second--

GALLEY COOK
Right. A pocketphone.

PETEY
Next thing this guy'll be telling us he's from space-- or the future.

DEAN
I am.

The men go quiet. On Dean, no choice but to speak to Delphine through the crew-- glances at her, then the Captain.

DEAN (CONT'D)
Captain James Dearborn?

On the Captain, surprised Dean knows his name.

DEAN (CONT'D)
My name's Dean Winchester. I'm on a mission from the future, the details of which I'm not at liberty to discuss. Within the hour, a German Destroyer will find and attack this submarine.

Then, summoning the brass to deliver the news...

DEAN (CONT'D)
This ship is going down.

And off his heart-stopping pronouncement, we...

END ACT TWO

ACT THREE

18

INT. SUBMARINE - WARDROOM - CONTINUOUS WITH EARLIER 18

Dean's statement hangs uncomfortably in the air, the crew and the Captain moving silently from disbelief to anger.

The Captain, having none of this...

CAPTAIN

Okay-- you said your piece. Let me tell you what I think.

On Delphine-- she's inclined to believe Dean.

DELPHINE

Captain--

The Captain silences her with his hand. To Dean-- *

CAPTAIN

I think you're AWOL-- you've hopped a ride home, and this cock-eyed story is some loony attempt to keep your cover as a civvie.

(then)

That, or you're a spy. Deciding which? I'll leave that to the court martial.

He takes out a small PISTOL, hands it to Petey to stand watch over Dean. *

DELPHINE

I need to speak with this man-- alone.

A beat as the Captain side-eyes her. *

CAPTAIN

Not a chance.

DELPHINE

Captain, there are things, things about this mission you don't know--

CAPTAIN

(ignoring her, to his men)
Flash Gordon here will remain under guard til we reach shore--

(CONTINUED)

DELPHINE

And if we don't reach shore? If
he's right--

The Captain bridles at the interruption. Incredulous-- *

CAPTAIN

I will do everything in my power to
keep my men and my ship safe. But
the odds of an Axis attack, by a
surface ship, this far west-- to
hunt down a lone submarine? *

CAPTAIN'S 2ND *

Captain?

Reveal the CAPTAIN'S 2ND in the passage-- looking pale. The
Captain steps out to speak privately with him... *

CAPTAIN'S 2ND

(sotto)

Sonar picked up a signal-- large
ship, hounding us. *

Dean and Delphine watch out of earshot-- can't be good news.
The Captain steps back. Rattled-- but covering. *

CAPTAIN

Harris, back to your station.
Giraldi-- watch our "guest." *

He leaves with the 2nd, followed by the Cook. Petey keeps
his watch as Delphine, ignoring his presence, addresses Dean--

DELPHINE

The Germans-- they've come for it.

Dean moves to get up from his seat-- Petey forces him back
with his gun. Dean grits his teeth, stays seated.

DEAN

Delphine, the warding on the hull?
The sigils?

A look from Delphine-- it was her.

DEAN (CONT'D)

Didn't look like any I've seen. *

DELPHINE

My mentor in the Men of Letters.
He taught me the symbol before he
died.

(CONTINUED)

PETEY
World Series 1944. Go.

Dean and Delphine glance up at Petey's non sequitur.

PETEY (CONT'D)
You're from the future? Tell me:
who won?

Dismissing his skeptical quizzing with a (bad) guess...

DEAN
The Rangers.

Dean signals Delphine to keep going.

PETEY
The Rangers?

DELPHINE
We'd heard rumors, of Nazi
mysticism and occult dabblings. He
believed it would keep me and the
artifact safe on our journey, from
supernatural interference...

DEAN
And angelic interference.

DELPHINE
Angels-- they are not real.

Petey, still struggling with Dean's answer--

PETEY
Who are the Rangers?

DEAN
Kid-- I don't follow baseball.
(to Delphine)
Angels are real. And one of them's
my ride off this ship-- the warding
you put up to block magic must've
blocked him too. I cleared one,
but until we clear the rest-- I'm
stuck here.

PETEY
Okay then. Our next President.

DEAN

(to Delphine)

You wanted the weapon at a Men of Letters safehouse. I came from the Bunker-- that's how I knew to find you here, your communications with Henshaw.

(then)

You clear the way, I can get it there for you.

DELPHINE

And that is why you came? To keep the object safe?

On Dean-- unsure of how honest to be.

PETEY

Ya gonna answer me or what?

DEAN

Eisenhower. No-- Truman. Now would you please shut up?

(to Delphine, candid)

No. This sub's going down-- but the Allies will win the war. But-- Man of Letters to Man of Letters? I'm fighting a war in the future. Not the same as yours-- but it's big. Biblical, end-is-nigh big. And I need your weapon to win.

(then)

That's why I came.

A beat.

PETEY

But we all die. Me, the girl, the rest of the crew.

They turn to Petey, surprised that, beneath his obtrusive patter, he has been listening. Off Dean's look--

PETEY (CONT'D)

Just getting your story clear.

DEAN

Yes.

A heavy beat. Dean turns to Delphine.

(CONTINUED)

18

CONTINUED: (4)

18

DEAN (CONT'D)

I know it's a lot to ask. From a stranger, with no proof.

DELPHINE

You're no stranger.

(off his look)

"Man of Letters to Man of Letters."

I trust you.

19

INT. SUBMARINE - CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

19

The Captain addresses the SONARMAN.

CAPTAIN

You're certain of the identification?

SONARMAN

Yes, sir. 36B-- German Destroyer.

(then)

3000 meters and closing.

On the Captain, tense.

CAPTAIN

Take us below periscope depth, shift course to two-seven-zero.

As the crew executes his orders, we PUSH IN on the Captain-- clearly worried that Dean's pronouncement is coming true.

20

INT. MEN OF LETTERS - LIBRARY - DAY

20

Cassifer and Sam research. On Sam, finding something--

SAM

'The Spell of Gathering.' An incantation said to "focus the power of celestial beings"-- angels-- against "all drawn forms" of evasion, designed to clear "mystical or occult" blockages...

(then, uncertain)

This is highly theoretical magic, it's never been used before-- but it could work.

CASTIEL/LUCIFER

You have the ingredients?

Sam keeps reading. His face falls. Dismayed--

(CONTINUED)

SAM

All but one.

(closing the book)

The reason it's never been used before? It requires the power of an archangel.

On Cassifer, frustrated: he IS an archangel. But he can't just say that.

CASTIEL/LUCIFER

Well Sam-- we may as well try--

SAM

We don't have time for long shots.

CASTIEL/LUCIFER

(handling the book)

Sure, but-- what page was that on?

SAM

Cass, even at full power-- you're not strong enough.

Sam exits to pull other texts. As Cassifer rolls his eyes, and begins combing through the book for the spell...

*

21 INT. SUBMARINE - WARDROOM - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

21

Delphine's placed the BOX on the table, opens the lid to reveal a small object, wrapped in a cloth. As Dean watches, she folds the cloth back... revealing an ancient, gnarled, palm-sized SHARD OF WOOD.

*

*

DEAN

That's the Hand of God? Doesn't look like much.

DELPHINE

No, I suppose it doesn't. I imagine it was more impressive in its complete form.

(off Dean's look)

The Ark of the Covenant.

DEAN

("holy shit")

So-- full "Raiders" then. Okay.

*

He gently moves to take the weapon...

DELPHINE

I wouldn't touch it barehanded.

(off his look)

Its power is potent, and unstable.

No mortal can survive direct contact for long.

She closes the box. Slides it to Dean. Gets up to leave--

DELPHINE (CONT'D)

I'll remove the warding.

But Petey stands in her path. She smiles, pats him, and steps right around him to exit...

*
*

DELPHINE (CONT'D)

I'll be right back. Promise.

PETEY

Hey!

Dean gets up to follow-- but Petey turns the gun back on him.

PETEY (CONT'D)

Uh uh-- definitely not you.

Frustrated, Dean remains to await Delphine's return. A beat.

PETEY (CONT'D)

When?

(off Dean's look)

When do we win? Months, years, decades? Got friends and family on other ships, in other branches-- wanna know what their chances are.

On Dean, the heaviness of this hitting him.

DEAN

Years. 1945.

(then, kinda surprised)

You believe me.

Petey gives a charming, "why not?" shrug.

PETEY

I read Flash Gordon.

SONARMAN

1500 meters... we're not shaking him.

*
*
*

The Captain, sweating bullets. The whole crew's tense, waiting for his word.

CAPTAIN
Battle stations.

CAPTAIN'S 2ND
Sir, respectfully-- our orders were to go home, not engage.

But Captain knows something his 2nd doesn't-- Dean's warning.

CAPTAIN
Load Aft Torpedoes.

As we PUSH IN on the Captain, his crew busying themselves...

23 INT. SUBMARINE - PASSAGE - CONTINUOUS 23

On Delphine, scraping a sigil clean from a BULKHEAD corner-- nearly finished when a KLAXON LIGHT GOES OFF and the SHIP LURCHES to assume a firing position.

Crewmen head down the passage to take battle stations. She finishes her work, tucks her blade away as the men march silently past her. As she heads back towards the Wardroom--

24 OMITTED 24

25 OMITTED 25

A26 INT. SUBMARINE - AFT TORPEDO ROOM - CONTINUOUS A26

Crewmen load torpedoes into the firing tubes.

26 INT. SUBMARINE - CONTROL ROOM - CONTINUOUS 26

SONARMAN
800 meters and closing.

CAPTAIN'S 2ND
Torpedoes loaded.

CAPTAIN
Line us up for a bow shot.

CAPTAIN'S 2ND
In position, ready to fire.

We move in on the Sonarman, listening... a strange, SQUIGGLY SHIMMER of a noise-- then silence. He adjusts some knobs-- nothing. Flabbergasted...

SONARMAN

Captain-- I lost his position.

CAPTAIN'S 2ND

What?

SONARMAN

He's gone.

Captain turns to the (SJ model) RADAR OPERATOR.

RADAR OPERATOR

Me too, sir. There's-- nothing.

CAPTAIN

How's it possible to "lose" the position of a 3000 ton warship from 800 meters?

No one has an answer.

CAPTAIN

Find him.

The Sonarman turns back to the ASDIC, straining to pick up a sound. As the crew waits on tenterhooks, push in on the sweating Sonarman for an excruciatingly long beat, when...

BLEEP! The ASDIC reacts, the Sonarman's stunned...

SONARMAN

30 meters, sir! He's right on top of us!

CAPTAIN'S 2ND

How?!

CAPTAIN

Go to max depth and rig for silent running! Dive, dive, dive!

27 EXT. SUBMARINE - UNDERWATER - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS (VFX) 27

As the submarine makes its sudden dive, ANGLE UP from the submarine to the surface of the water, where a massive destroyer's HULL looms right above them!

28 INT. SUBMARINE - WARDROOM - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS 28

Dean and Petey are rocked by the sub's sudden descent. On Dean-- this is a powerless, claustrophobic terror, unlike any kind he's faced.

DEAN

What's happening--

Petey quiets him with a gesture-- POINTS UP. There's a ship above them-- they've gone dark.

Delphine enters. Dean rises, locks eyes with her-- did she clear the sigils? She nods, but holds up a finger: one more.

Petey watches, puzzled, as Delphine hands her blade to Dean, and pulls down her sweater to her bra, revealing her chest to Dean-- Petey's eyes pop. Then Dean's do too...

On her chest: A LARGE, THICK TATTOO, in the same pattern as the sigil in the Torpedo Room. Delphine is the last sigil.

Delphine releases her collar, points Dean's blade at her sternum. Off Dean's horror and confusion...

A29 INT. SUBMARINE - CONTROL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

A29

CAPTAIN'S 2ND

(whispering)

Leveling at 300, sir...

We HEAR the sub adjusting to the pressure, at the brink of its depth capacity.

B29 EXT. SUBMARINE - UNDERWATER - CONTINUOUS (VFX)

B29

A WIDE SHOT of the submarine stabilizing at 300 feet. It's almost peaceful, when--

...a DEPTH CHARGE breaks the surface above them, begins its descent towards the sub...

C29 INT. SUBMARINE - CONTROL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

C29

On the Sonarman, tense, listening... hears something.

He holds up his hand. All eyes turn to him.

SONARMAN

(whispering)

Depth charge.

D29 INT. SUBMARINE - WARDROOM - CONTINUOUS

D29

Delphine waits as Dean uncertainly wields the blade, hopefully gestures laterally...

DEAN
(whispering)
I can just cut it. It'll work--

DELPHINE
(whispering)
Not with this. It's spell bound:
to my blood, my heart. Its power
lives and dies with me.
(then)
Do it. Kill me.

*
*
*

Teeth grit, she points again-- she's ready.

As we cut between Dean and Delphine, his reluctance to kill this warrior woman and her imploring gaze, her determination to die for the safety of this object...

BOOM! The sub's rocked by a DEPTH CHARGE! DIRECT HIT!

29

INT. MEN OF LETTERS - LIBRARY - DAY

29

Sam returns with some new books to find... Cassifer, preparing the ingredients for the Spell of Gathering.

SAM
Cass? What's this?

Cassifer, busily preparing the spell--

CASTIEL/LUCIFER
Your "Spell of Gathering."

SAM
Are you nuts? You're not strong enough, you could get hurt--

CASTIEL/LUCIFER
(re: his books)
You find a better option?

SAM
No. But without a serious boost to your angel power, there's no way that spell's gonna work--

Sam stops himself, getting an idea. Cassifer, busy with the spell...

CASTIEL/LUCIFER
My strength may surprise you.

SAM

Cass, wait.
(then)
Bobby told me-- when you needed
strength to retrieve us from the
past, you used him to power up.
You touched his soul.

CASTIEL/LUCIFER

Right. I... did that.
(then, not sure where this
is going)
The procedure-- it can be fatal.

SAM

Use my soul. Maybe then you'll
have enough power to wield the
spell.

CASTIEL/LUCIFER

Sam-- it's not necessary...

Sam, misreading Cass' irritation as reluctance--

SAM

It's worth the risk. Dean needs
our help.

Sam, presenting himself to Cassifer--

SAM (CONT'D)

Do it.
(off Cassifer's skeptical
look)
I trust you.

On Cassifer, glancing at the spell and then at Sam's
trusting, noble face. And, driven to exasperation and
amusement, a new idea forming... he cracks. Starts to LAUGH.

SAM (CONT'D)

What?

Cassifer starts talking, almost to himself-- putting it
together as he goes. And with every word, he sounds less
like Cass... and more like Lucifer.

CASTIEL/LUCIFER

(realizing)
I don't need you anymore.
(then)
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CASTIEL/LUCIFER (CONT'D)

Dean's the one with the link to Amara-- why have I been sparing you? Is it out of some old, sentimental attachment?

SAM

Cass?

CASTIEL/LUCIFER

The girl who just kept turning me down for the prom. My first choice vessel.

Sam goes pale-- suspects who this is, backs up, searching for a weapon-- as Cassifer presses on with casual menace.

CASTIEL/LUCIFER

You've been stepping on my nuts all day, but you've given me a great idea. The perfect crime.

Sam grabs an ANGEL BLADE, but Cass ratchets it away-- PINS SAM. *

CASTIEL/LUCIFER (CONT'D)

I'll touch your soul. Then I'll use the spell, blast through the warding, retrieve Dean and the Hand of God-- and when Dean gets back to find the place decorated with your guts, I'll just tell him the truth. *

(mimicking "Cass")

"Dean... he knew the risks, he wouldn't take no for an answer. I'm so sorry." *

Cassifer is right up at Sam, cornering him.

SAM

Lucifer.

CASTIEL/LUCIFER

In the flesh.

As Cassifer TOUCHES SAM'S SOUL (VFX) (as seen in Ep. 618, "Frontierland") and Sam SCREAMS, we... *

END ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

30 INT. MEN OF LETTERS - LIBRARY - CONTINUOUS WITH EARLIER 30

Sam screams, Cassifer grinning as he reaches deep into Sam's soul... moments from killing him.

When, suddenly-- Cassifer STOPS. Sam drops to the ground as we hold on Cassifer. Struggling with something, jaw clenched, he looks at his hand. A surly grin...

CASTIEL/LUCIFER

Hello, Castiel.

As we realize Cass is resurfacing to save Sam...

31 INT. SUBMARINE - CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT 31

The crew scrambles to recover from the hit.

CAPTAIN

Damage report? *

CAPTAIN'S 2ND

Battery room's flooded. Depth charge breached our hull-- we're dead in the water. *

SONARMAN *

Ship's locked in position above us. *

The Radar Operator turns to the Captain. *

RADAR OPERATOR *

Captain, the German ship-- they're sending a message. *

Grim, the Captain steps towards the Radar Operator. *

RADAR OPERATOR (CONT'D) *

Sir, the message-- it's not for you. *

32 INT. SUBMARINE - CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT - MOMENTS LATER 32

Petey escorts a dazed Delphine and Dean into the Control Room. The Captain regards them, turns to the Radar Operator-- gives the nod. *

He operates the RADIO SET. The radio crackles. A tinny, sinister VOICE comes through-- *

GUMPRECHT (ON RADIO)

Hello, mein liebchen.

Delphine goes pale, realizing--

*

DELPHINE

It is not possible. I killed you.

Off her incredulity, we BEGIN AN INTERCUT WITH...

*

A33

INT. GERMAN DESTROYER - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

A33

*

An eerie angle on Gumprecht, resurrected, grinning with his lips at the radio receiver. The radio's one way, but he needn't hear her to answer...

*

*

GUMPRECHT (ON RADIO)

A little advice, Delphine. If you want a friend of the Thule to stay dead-- burn the body.

On Dean, remembering the Thule. On Delphine, deeply rattled.

GUMPRECHT (ON RADIO) (CONT'D)

A word for the Captain.

(then, insinuatingly, re:
his earlier sonar evasions)

*

*

*

*

*

*

*

You may have noticed you are up against a warship and a crew of, let us say, extra ordinary abilities. You have taken damage you can not recover from. I offer you a choice: surface now, relinquish the girl and her cargo-- and I can assure you and your men receive the highest of POW treatment...

(dismissive)

Second Geneva Convention, all that. Or... you can protect her. And we'll depth charge you and your boat right into the seabed-- and recover the cargo ourselves.

As this chilling ultimatum washes over all who listen...

GUMPRECHT (ON RADIO) (CONT'D)

You have three minutes to surrender.

CLICK-- END THE INTERCUT. All eyes on the Captain-- a beat.

*

(CONTINUED)

CAPTAIN

(wryly, to Delphine)

You know the man. Think he's good
for his word?

DELPHINE

No.

(then)

But your odds-- they are better on
the surface than down here.

(her pitch)

I can't expect you to understand--
but this cargo-- the Germans can't
have it. You need to believe me--

CAPTAIN

Our orders were to keep you and
your cargo safe. We wouldn't even
consider a surrender.

A beat as the crew nobly processes the Captain's decision--
with sorrow, and fear-- but without complaint.

On Delphine, a silent thank you: grateful beyond words. As
the Captain turns to his 2nd, Delphine turns to Dean.

DELPHINE

You had better reconsider. Killing
me is your only way off this ship.

Dean silently processes her valor-- the whole ship's valor.
Pulls out the shard, wrapped in its cloth. *

DEAN

Maybe not.

(then) *

Teach me how to use it. It's God
power-- there has to be a way I can
save you, save the sub?

DELPHINE

And your war?

DEAN

I want to help now. *

Delphine thinks this through. Then, shaking her head.... *

DELPHINE

You save the ship, get us to the
surface-- then what? *

(MORE) *

(CONTINUED)

DELPHINE (CONT'D)

The God power will consume you--
and you'll have merely brought the
weapon even closer to the Nazis'
grasp.

*
*
*
*

An idea forming, she moves to take the weapon from him. He
holds it tight. A charged beat, their eyes locked.

*

DELPHINE (CONT'D)

We are supposed to die. Let us do
it with a purpose.

As Dean releases the weapon to her, she turns to the Captain.

DELPHINE (CONT'D)

How long can you keep our boat
steady?

CAPTAIN

Not long. And once they resume
their attack...

DELPHINE

Give me every second you can.

DEAN

Delphine, what--

With a look of steely-- almost gleeful-- determination...

DELPHINE

I'm going to get you home.
(to the Captain)
And I will get you and your men
your first German ship.

On the Captain, the crew-- puzzled but intrigued by her
offer.

DELPHINE (CONT'D)

I'm only sorry I can't do more.

Injured, Sam regains consciousness on the floor, looks up to
see... CASSIFER, peering down at him. As Sam recoils...

CASTIEL

Sam. It's me.

SAM

Cass? Why-- how--

CASTIEL

He-- I wanted to be of service. To
the fight. Only Lucifer can beat
her--

On Sam, stunned.

SAM

You chose this?

(then)

You have to fight. Eject him, now.

On Cass, sorrowful but resolute.

CASTIEL

I can't. It's taking all my
strength to keep him from killing
you. Besides, we need him--

*
*

SAM

We'll find another way to stop
Amara--

Cass shakes his head.

CASTIEL

We need him-- to save Dean.

*

Sam's puzzled-- then realizes: Cassifer lied earlier.

*

SAM

You can't time travel.

*
*

Castiel shakes his head: no.

*

CASTIEL

Only Lucifer can.

*
*

34 INT. SUBMARINE - CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

34

Delphine holds the weapon tight, rolls up her shirtsleeve.

DELPHINE

How fast is your "ride" back?

DEAN

Fast.

DELPHINE

Good.

The crew mans their stations, struggling to keep their ship afloat-- as Delphine unwraps the shard. As Dean watches, rapt, she grips it tight in her palm.

BOOM! The ship's rocked by another depth charge hit, the crew struggles to recover, Delphine's knocked to her knees.

Dean moves to her. She looks up, beaming... as spectral WHITE LIGHT (VFX) starts coursing up from her palm, up her arm, encircling and pulsing throughout her whole body.

Her radiance starts to light up the Control Room. The crew, struggling from their stations, start to turn, to gape--

CAPTAIN

May God help us all.

As the ship verges on total collapse, Delphine locks glowing eyes with Dean, tosses the shard across the floor to him. He picks it up with the cloth, eyes still pinned to her radiance-- as she cocks her head eerily skyward. GODLIKE LIGHT consumes her-- her flesh disappearing to it, first one arm, then her chest-- breaking the sigil--

Dean watches her sacrifice with awe... as behind him, we REVEAL... Castiel!

On Delphine, her form giving way almost completely to the God Power. As Dean unknowingly takes in his last look of her and the Bluefin crew's heroic sacrifice, we...

CUT TO:

INT. MEN OF LETTERS - LIBRARY - DAY - CONTINUOUS

...where a disoriented Dean stands, suddenly plunged back into the light of the Bunker. Cass by his side. Or is it...

SAM

Dean.

Dean turns, sees Sam injured on the floor.

SAM (CONT'D)

That's not Cass.

Dean turns back to Cassifer. With a shrug and a sly grin...

CASTIEL/LUCIFER

Cat's out.

END ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

36 INT. MEN OF LETTERS - LIBRARY - DAY - MOMENTS LATER 36

Violently thrown by Cassifer, Dean crashes near Sam.
Recovering, he turns... sees he lost his grip on the weapon.

CASTIEL/LUCIFER

I feel a great burden... lifted.

Cassifer, swiping the shard from the floor with a rag and
advancing on Dean...

CASTIEL/LUCIFER (CONT'D)

This whole "deep cover" thing
wasn't terribly well thought out.
Donning Castiel's grim mask of
angelic constipation, teaming up
with you two... I mean, I thought
you boys were insufferable when we
were mortal enemies, but working
with you? Yeesh.

Dean moves to charge Cassifer, but he handily PINS him back.

CASTIEL/LUCIFER (CONT'D)

Now-- why the faces, boys? You
should be cheering. We have a
common enemy and-- with this?
She'll be no problem.
(then)
I'll have killed you both by then--
but still.

Cassifer grips the weapon, prepared to absorb its power.

DEAN

No.

On Sam, covertly cutting his palm-- making a BLOOD SIGIL on
the floor.

ON CASSIFER grinning, then-- furious. Shocked.

CASTIEL/LUCIFER

It's kicked.

On Dean, shocked too-- but grateful.

DEAN

Well-- who knew the Hand of God'd
turn out to be a one-hitter?

(CONTINUED)

Livid, Cassifer sneers-- CHARGES DEAN. But as he gets close-- WHOOSH! He's blasted (VFX) right out of the Bunker!

Dean turns to a pale Sam, hand on a blood sigil on the floor. As they recover speechlessly from their harrowing day...

CUT TO BLACK:

FADE IN:

EXT. MEN OF LETTERS - DAY

Dean sits a little way off from the Bunker's entrance, drinking in the air and sunlight after his time on the sub, holding something in his palm. He's somber, reflective.

Sam approaches.

SAM

Hey.

DEAN

Hey.

(then)

So. Cass.

We see Dean's brewing anger at this development.

SAM

Yeah.

(then)

What do we do?

DEAN

What else? We hunt Lucifer. Trap the bastard. And save Cass.

On Sam.

SAM

Okay. But I told you-- Lucifer may be in control now, but Cass may not come back willingly. He chose it.

DEAN

No.

(firm)

Not possible.

Sam considers arguing, but holds back. Catches sight of what Dean's holding: the dead shard. A memento from his journey.

(CONTINUED)

SAM
How'd you make it through today?
What'd you do?

Dean glances up.

DEAN
I did-- nothing. They...

Dean almost CHOKES UP a bit. Collects himself.

DEAN (CONT'D)
I was just a witness.

SAM
Want to talk about it?

DEAN
Nah. Story for another day.

Sam turns to give Dean his space, when Dean stops him--

DEAN (CONT'D)
Sam.
(then)
The German ship-- one that sunk the
Bluefin? What happened to it?

After a pause...

SAM
Went down. Unlike the sub, its
wreckage was discovered. Massive
hole ripped through its hull--
something must have hit its fuel
tanks.
(then)
The ship was burned and sank.

As Sam turns back to the Bunker, we PUSH IN on Dean, taking that in. Looks down at the dead SHARD nestled in his palm. Off his small, private smile for Delphine and the crew's heroic victory and sacrifice, we...

END THE EPISODE