

SUPERNATURAL

Episode #1120

"Don't Call Me Shurley"



Written by
Robbie Thompson

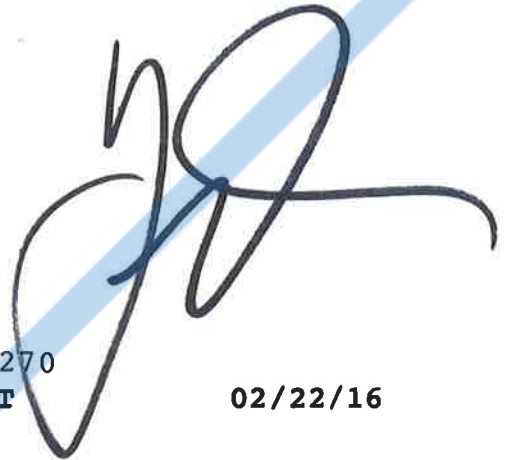
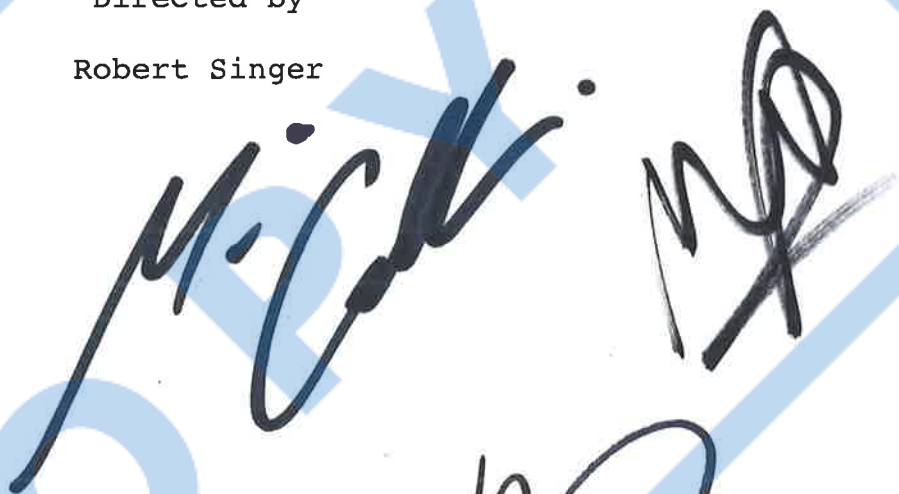
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REVISION HISTORY

Revision	Date	Revised Pages
Production Draft - White	02/22/16	

COPY

CAST LIST

SAM WINCHESTER
DEAN WINCHESTER

CHUCK SHURLEY
METATRON

ART HARRIS
DEPUTY JAN HARRIS
DISPATCH OFFICER
ELAINE
JACK
REPORTER
SHERIFF BILL "MAC" MACREADY

JARED PADALECKI
JENSEN ACKLES

ROB BENEDICT
CURTIS ARMSTRONG

COPY

LOCATION REPORTINT.

INT. HOUSE - NIGHT (DAY 1)	P.1
INT. BAR - FOREVER NIGHT	P.3
INT. MEN OF LETTERS - KITCHEN - MORNING (DAY 3)	P.6
INT. BAR - FOREVER NIGHT	P.7
INT. SHERIFF'S STATION - DAY	P.10
INT. SHERIFF'S STATION - MORGUE - DAY	P.11
INT. BAR - FOREVER NIGHT	P.13
INT. BAR - FOREVER NIGHT	P.16
INT. BAR - FOREVER NIGHT	P.22
INT. SHERIFF'S STATION - DAY	P.24
INT. BAR - FOREVER NIGHT	P.29
INT. SHERIFF'S STATION - DAY	P.32
INT. BAR - FOREVER NIGHT	P.33
INT. SHERIFF'S STATION - DAY	P.35
INT. SHERIFF'S STATION - DAY	P.36
INT. BAR - FOREVER NIGHT	P.36
INT. SHERIFF'S STATION - DAY	P.38
INT. BAR - FOREVER NIGHT	P.40
INT. SHERIFF'S STATION - DAY	P.41
INT. BAR - FOREVER NIGHT	P.41

EXT.

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT (DAY 2)	P.3
EXT. MAIN STREET - DAY (DAY 4)	P.10
EXT. MAIN STREET - DAY	P.12
EXT. FARM HOUSE - DAY	P.14
EXT. FARM HOUSE - MORNING (DAY 5)	P.20
EXT. PARK - DAY	P.23
EXT. MAIN STREET - DAY	P.25
EXT. PARK - DAY	P.28
EXT. MAIN STREET - DAY	P.31
EXT. MAIN STREET - DAY	P.41
EXT. MAIN STREET - DAY	P.42

COPY

SUPERNATURAL
"Don't Call Me Shurley"

TEASER

OVER BLACK... CHYRON: SIX MONTHS AGO.

FADE IN:

1 INT. HOUSE - NIGHT (DAY 1) 1

CLOSE ON... an old computer. If it looks familiar, it's because we last saw it in the season five finale, "Swan Song." More on that in a bit. A Word-type document is open on the screen. On the top of the "page" are three simple words: "CHAPTER FORTY SEVEN". And below that?

The dreaded blinking cursor. It stares at us. Mocks us!

The WRITER'S HANDS hover over the keyboard. Ready to go. But nothing gets typed as the hands recoil, defeated.

One of the hands reaches over and grabs a "World's Greatest Dad" coffee cup. It's empty.

The unseen Writer stands up from his seat and walks away from his work station. We FOLLOW his feet which are covered in over-sized SHARK SLIPPERS. We only catch GLIMPSES of the house, but what little we see tells us this place is not the greatest kept home in the world. It's small. And bachelor pad messy, littered with pizza boxes and dirty laundry.

The still unseen Writer grabs his coffee pot. Fills up his cup. He adds some sugar. Some cream.

The Writer returns to his work station. The cup leaves frame, and we HEAR the sound of sipping. Good, but... we see some WHISKEY added to the coffee. A big, long sip. And then... *aaaah.* That's the good stuff. Blinking cursor? Be damned! He sets down his coffee mug, cracks his knuckles, hands hover over the keys again, refueled and ready to go...

...and still he types nothing.

We HEAR an audible sigh. QUICK CUTS as... the Writer paces. He grabs a copy of the book *Save the Cat* and flips through it, searching for inspiration. He picks up a guitar and strums some chords. And finally, back to the keyboard.

Nada. Squat!

(CONTINUED)

Another audible sigh, and then the Writer ambles over to a Lay-Z-Boy, slumps down into it... and turns on the TV.

He flicks through TV channels. A cartoon. A hockey game (Red Wings if we can, especially if they're winning). And an old noir movie. And then... the news. The Writer leans forward as he sees a concerned REPORTER, an on screen graphic below her: *BREAKING NEWS: Town Quarantined.*

REPORTER

...citizens were reportedly
infected after a dense, black fog
rolled through town...

The Writer turns off the TV. We HEAR another sigh. A heavy hearted one. And then...

...the Writer shoots up out of his Lay-Z-Boy, and storms over to his computer. He closes out the previous document and starts a new one. He types without hesitation:

"GOD. AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY."

And as he finishes typing this title page, we ARM AROUND to reveal the Writer is actually none other than...

CHUCK SHURLEY.

A.K.A Carver Edlund.

A.K.A. God.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

2 EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT (DAY 2)

2

Grimy. Cold. At the end of the alley? A dumpster. It rocks back and forth. A MUTT watches the dumpster with curious anticipation. She whimpers, hungry.

CHYRON: TODAY.

A man stands up in the dumpster: METATRON. Whatever happened since we saw him in 1106, well, this dumpster is the pot of gold at the end of that rainbow shit show. But right now, he's victorious: he found a partially eaten half sandwich!

METATRON

Pastrami. Maybe?

He's about to chow down, but then... the dog whimpers again. His dog. Metatron looks at her. Sighs. He tosses the mutt the half eaten sandwich, and she gobbles it up. A small smile creeps onto Metatron's face as he watches the dog eat. An actual good deed from a guy who isn't exactly familiar with the concept. He goes back to his dumpster dive. The dumpster wiggles around some more, until:

METATRON (O.S.)

All right, I give up...

Metatron stands, but as he does, we MATCH CUT TO:

3 INT. BAR - FOREVER NIGHT

3

Metatron stands up -- but he's now in a bar. His dog is nearby, confused, but happy to be warm. Metatron takes it all in: it's the kind of joint you'd find in a New York basement. Pool table in back. Jukebox. Small stage with a chair and an acoustic guitar on it. Old, worn, yet friendly. But right now? Being that it's empty and a song like Harry Nilsson's "One" is playing? It's eerie. The dog whimpers.

METATRON

Yeah, Toto, I've got a feeling we're not on Earth anymore, either.

Metatron spots: a familiar coffee cup sitting on a booth table, "World's Greatest Dad." He approaches, cautiously.

METATRON

Um... h-hello?

Metatron gets closer and sees, in the booth, a face down manuscript, next to it: Chuck Shurley. Chuck waves. *Hi*.

(CONTINUED)

METATRON

Chuck *Shurley*? What the hell is going on? What is this place?

CHUCK

It's a bar. Actually, it's --

METATRON

This is not just some bar, genius. This is one of the Big Man's constructs. I'd know his work anywhere. We were besties, y'know.

CHUCK

Yeah, I don't know that I'd say --

METATRON

This is some kind of punishment, isn't it? For my sins? A limbo where I have to spend eternity in a crappy bar with a hack writer?

CHUCK

Dude.

METATRON

Sorry, Chuckles. Not just any hack writer. A Prophet of the Lord. Gimme a break. Please tell me the beer in here is at least real...

He heads to the bar. Pours a glass. Yup, real (fake) beer.

CHUCK

You really think I'm a hack?

METATRON

Of the metric ton of books I have read in my life? *Supernatural* didn't crack the top ten... thousand. Respectfully.

He carries his beer back over to Chuck, sits down.

CHUCK

You didn't like any of them? Not even *Home* or *All Hell Breaks* -->

METATRON

Please. Way too much melodrama. And what was with all the *cursing*?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

METATRON (CONT'D)

Would it have killed you to say "friggin'" just once instead of all those foxtrots? And then you put yourself in the story? Ugh.

*

CHUCK

Okay. Fair. Mildly constructive. Doesn't justify burning one of my books, though.

Metatron leans back. Suddenly unsettled.

METATRON

What are you talking about...?

CHUCK

Tall Tales. You were monologuing at Castiel, tossed it in the fire --

METATRON

How do you know about all that?

Chuck waves his hands, apologetically, then pulls out a pair of Risky Business style Ray Bans from his bag.

CHUCK

Sorry. I always forget. Nobody can actually see me unless I want them to see me. That's confusing. Here. Visual aid. Put these on.

Metatron takes the glasses. *What?*

CHUCK

Just... trust me. It's a thing.

Metatron puts the sunglasses on and then Chuck holds up a finger, mimes flicking a switch off, making a CLICK noise.

ON METATRON... as he is BATHED IN HOLY LIGHT (note: we don't ever see Chuck here, or his light). Metatron is stunned, as holy shit, he realizes he's actually in the presence of...

METATRON

You? God... you're back...

Metatron drops to his knees, genuflecting, talking fast:

METATRON

I can't believe you're back. I... I didn't mean what I said about *Supernatural*. It's underrated: due for a reboot. And this bar?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

METATRON (CONT'D)

It's not crappy at all: it's like
Cheers, everybody knows my name!

The light disappears as we WIDEN to show Chuck again -- he's waving his hands in a "take it easy" gesture.

CHUCK

Stop. Please don't do that. All the kneeling and, *stuff*, it's always made me deeply, deeply uncomfortable. I can actually feel hives breaking out right now...

Metatron stops. Chuck gestures to get up. He gets up.

CHUCK

And don't call me the G-word, okay? Just... just call me Chuck.

And a note here: while yes, Chuck is the Big Man Upstairs, he's still the same guy we've seen in previous episodes: same quirks, neuroses, and even insecurities. God is one of us!

METATRON

Chuck?

CHUCK

Chuck.

Metatron shakes his head. Mind? Blown.

METATRON

I think I need a stiffer drink.

DEAN WINCHESTER carefully irons a white Fed Thread button down shirt. SAM WINCHESTER enters, tablet in hand.

SAM

Oh, good: we're gonna need our suits.

DEAN

Please tell me you found something on Amara.

Sam hands Dean the tablet, showing a police report.

SAM

It's a long shot, but clock's ticking, right? Whatever Amara's doing to Lucifer --

(CONTINUED)

DEAN

-- it's Cass she's beating on in the process.

SAM

Hope Springs, Idaho. Guy named Wes Cooper killed himself after killing a coworker. According to reports, though, nobody knows why he did it -- he was a happy guy, then, snap.

DEAN

So what? Maybe possession?

SAM

Or he was soulless.

DEAN

It ain't much, but given what we got? I'll take it. But if it is Amara... what's the plan, exactly?

Sam considers that. Doesn't actually know, really. But...

SAM

Get Cass back. Figure the rest after.

Dean nods. Works for him. He takes the shirt off the ironing board, tosses it to Sam, and they're off.

5

INT. BAR - FOREVER NIGHT

5

Hands shaking, from awe (and, we'll soon see, fear,) Metatron downs a glass of something strong and brown.

METATRON

So... what have you been up to?

CHUCK

I have been super busy. I travelled. And I started a blog, mostly pictures of cats. Just signed up for Snapchat. Oh, and I'm writing a new series of books:

Makes a grand hand gesture, as if seeing it in lights:

CHUCK

Revolution.

(defeated)

But... I don't really think it's gonna go anywhere.

(CONTINUED)

METATRON

Supernatural and *Revolution*...?
Maybe titles aren't your thing.

CHUCK

You're not wrong.

METATRON

I'm sorry, I'm just having trouble
processing...

CHUCK

Which part?

METATRON

All of it? Why did you put on a
Chuck suit, write books about the
Winchesters, parade around as a
Prophet? How did that make any
sense to you?

CHUCK

Well. I like front row seats.
Figured I'd hide in plain sight.
And, y'know, acting is fun.

METATRON

That's an Oscar worthy performance.

(then)

But, how did nobody know? I mean,
what about the Amulet thingie?

(off his look)

You told me about it: some silly
charm that "burns brightly in the
presence of... you."

Chuck holds up his hand, and holy shit, y'all -- he's holding
the Amulet -- the SAMULET!

CHUCK

You mean this?

METATRON

Yes! Dean had it -- so did your
fave, Castiel. They were around
you a ton, how come it never --

CHUCK

I turned it off. See?

Chuck mimes turning a light switch on, makes the CLICK noise
again... the Amulet GLOWS in Chuck's presence. Metatron
shields his eyes. It is bright!

(CONTINUED)

CHUCK

Ta-dah? I should probably put it back.

And like that: the Amulet is gone.

CHUCK

You'll never believe where that thing has been all this time --

METATRON

You know what? Who cares about that ugly old thing, or why you were slumming it with the plebes. Let's brass some tacks already: You see and hear all... so you know what an absolute piece of garbage I've been the last couple years. Did... did you bring me here to destroy me?

Chuck leans back. Metatron waits. Scared.

CHUCK

Do you know what humanity's greatest creation has been?
(off Metatron's shrug)
Music. That and nacho cheese.
Even I couldn't have dreamt up that deliciousness.

Chuck gets up, heads over to the stage.

CHUCK

Music is magic. And a lot of remarkable music was created here back in the day. A lot of magic.
(points to a sign)
BG's Canteen. It's not as well known as *The Bitter End* or *The Gaslight*. But a lot of great musicians started on this stage.
(crosses back to Metatron)
And I'm hoping that by recreating this space, brick by brick, atom by atom, that you and I can tap into some of its old magic and finish what I started a few months ago.

He points to the manuscript. Metatron flips it over.

METATRON

You wrote your autobiography?

(CONTINUED)

CHUCK

Ish? I mean, I've got chapters and a loose structure... but something is missing. I'm stuck.

METATRON

You want to get the band back together. Lennon and McCartney ride again.

CHUCK

I mean, I'm kinda Lennon and McCartney, but... every writer needs an editor. I did some of my best work with you, Metatron.

METATRON

Does this mean I'm an Angel again?

CHUCK

Yeah, no. That's never, ever happening.

METATRON

Right. Probably a good call.
(turns the cover page)
Okay. Let's do this.

6

EXT. MAIN STREET - DAY (DAY 4)

6

Nice place to raise a family. The IMPALA is parked outside a SHERIFF'S STATION, which is part of the main strip.

MAC (PRE-LAP)

...appreciate the FBI taking an interest in this case...

7

INT. SHERIFF'S STATION - DAY

7

We find Sam and Dean, in Fed Threads, talking with SHERIFF BILL "MAC" MACREADY, 60s, African-American. The station is small: a bullpen with desks, a doorway to an interrogation room, and a hallway leading to offices. Small town vibes.

MAC

...we don't really see things like this around here.

DEPUTY JAN HARRIS, 30s, all smiles, joins them.

HARRIS

Okay if I knock off early, Sheriff?

(CONTINUED)

MAC

Lemme guess: Art's back?
(to the boys)
Newlyweds.
(to Harris)
You can head home after you take
Agent Greer to the morgue.

HARRIS

Thank you, sir.

Harris leads Sam down the hall. We stay with Dean and Mac.

DEAN

So, what do you have on Wes Cooper?

Mac heads to his desk, hands Dean a file.

MAC

We talked to his friends and
family... nobody can make heads or
tails of why he'd do this.
(points to file)
But an eye witness to the shooting
overheard Wes before he took his
own life. He was saying things
that sounded "out of character."

DEAN

How so?

MAC

Wes said his life was meaningless,
that nobody loved him. It was like
every negative thought he ever had
came spilling out. Thing is...

8

INT. SHERIFF'S STATION - MORGUE - DAY

8

Sam, rubber gloves on, examines the body of Wes Cooper, 50s,
dead as Dillinger. He talks to Harris who watches nearby.

HARRIS

...I knew Wes' wife: we sang in
choir together. She loved Wes 'til
the day she died. I don't know why
he'd say anything like that. ♡

Sam then spots: black marks on Wes' wrist. They look like
the black veins the RABIDS had in the Season Opener.

SAM

Deputy?

(CONTINUED)

HARRIS

(turns, sees the marks)
What is that?

SAM

I've seen something like this
before -- tell me: have you noticed
any strange phenomena in town?
Sulfur smells. Power outages.
Maybe... an unexplained fog?

HARRIS

No, sir. It's always sunny in Hope
Springs. At least it used to be.

EXT. MAIN STREET - DAY

Sam and Dean sidebar by Baby, catching up.

SAM

This has Amara written all over it.
Literally.

DEAN

Last time people got infected by
the black fog she puked all over
the place. It was like an area of
effect type thing, right?

SAM

Does that mean she's nearby? Can
you... can you feel her?

Dean considers that, but shakes his head. Nope.

DEAN

No. I don't think so. Not even
sure how this stupid "connection"
crap even works.

(worried)

But if she's testing a new way to
infect people... is she done with
Lucifer? With Cass?

SAM

Let's stick to what we know: this
is Amara. We stop this, we find
her. We find her, we find Cass.

DEAN

If there's anything left to find.

Dean climbs into the car. Off Sam, worried, too...

10

INT. BAR - FOREVER NIGHT

10

Chuck pets Metatron's mutt, who is sleeping in another booth. He looks over and sees Metatron reading, making notes with a pencil. Chuck sighs. He paces. Nervous. Metatron turns a page. Chuck tries to peek at what page Metatron's reading.

METATRON

Are you in a hurry or something?

CHUCK

I'm on a bit of a deadline. Just gimme some broad strokes. First impressions. Hit me.

METATRON

It's uh... it's good. Really good.

Chuck is crestfallen.

CHUCK

Oh, man. You hate it.

METATRON

What? No, I love it. Looove it.

CHUCK

Last time I saw that look on an editor's face, I'd just handed in *Bugs*. C'mon: safe place.

Metatron nods. Okay, safe place... but he treads lightly.

METATRON

Details make a story great. And this? It's missing some details. Like... all of them.

Chuck makes a face. *Details?* He grabs the manuscript.

CHUCK

"In the beginning, there was me."
Boom. Detail. And what a grabber.
I am hooked. And I was there.

METATRON

That is a great hook. I'm totally hooked, too. But again... details. Or lack thereof...

(gulp)

You weren't alone in the beginning. Your sister was there.

(CONTINUED)

And for the very first time, we see Chuck's face darken a bit, at even the mention of his sibling. Of Amara.

CHUCK

Who cares about her?

METATRON

Um... me? For starters. I assume you are aware that she's out and about? Tan, rested and ready. Last time she was around, there was, y'know, awfulness and death and nothingness. I mean, that's why you're back, right -- ?

Chuck cuts him off, but we can see him softening again, letting go of his anger to keep things focused.

CHUCK

This isn't her story. It's mine.

METATRON

Hundred per cent true. But... you weren't able create anything that endured until she was locked away.

CHUCK

I'm not looking for a re-write. I'm looking for edits. You know what... just keep reading. It'll all make sense in context.

Metatron nods, too afraid to disagree. He dives back in...

A nice home just outside of Hope Springs. No neighbors. Harris' patrol car pulls up to the house. She steps out. Her husband, ART, 30s, opens the door to the house.

ART

Well, look who's home early.

HARRIS

Guess I missed you.

ART

(points behind her)
That follow you in from town?

Harris looks over and sees... a THICK FOG rolling toward them. Something not right about it. She turns to Art.

(CONTINUED)

HARRIS

Honey, why don't you head back inside while I call this in.

ART

It's just fog.

HARRIS

Hey. You know I'm the law, right?

Art smiles, she smiles back.

ART

See you inside, Deputy. Don't forget your cuffs.

He heads back inside. Harris looks at the fog. Her smile fades. She climbs back into her cruiser, grabs her CB.

HARRIS

Dispatch, it's Three William Fifty-Six, you got your ears on?

DISPATCH (O.S.)

Aren't you done for today, Deputy?

HARRIS

I am. Listen, I know this may sound odd, but, I'm looking at some heavy fog headed my way: we expecting any weather like that?

DISPATCH (O.S.)

Supposed to be clear skies all night, Deputy.

Harris looks up and... the fog is right on top of her. It SWARMS over the car, covering her. Harris COUGHS, the CB tumbles out of her hands. She falls out of the cruiser, dropping to her knees. Her eyes widen as she sees: BLACK VEINS ON HER WRISTS! The fog rolls over her, and we --

BLACKOUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

12

INT. BAR - FOREVER NIGHT

12

Chuck plays pool. Watching out of the corner of his eye as he sees: Metatron finish reading the manuscript. Metatron gets up, grabs his glass and heads back over to the bar.

CHUCK

That bad?

Metatron, trying to remain alive, tries a new tact.

METATRON

There's great bones in there. But maybe what's missing is less about detail and more about balance.

CHUCK

How do you mean?

METATRON

You're giving the wrong stuff too much real estate. Like, your chapter on being Chuck: Pulp Novelist slash Fake Prophet.

CHUCK

What about it?

METATRON

Once you explain the whole Vonnegut Performance Art... it should be over. Who cares about the rest?

Chuck crosses his arms. Defensive.

CHUCK

Hey, I did great stuff as Chuck.

(off his "like?" look)

I mean, I already told you about my blog.

METATRON

Your cat pic blog, yeah. You did.

CHUCK

So there's that. I travelled, too. And I dated. Had some girlfriends. And some boyfriends.

He walks to the stage. Grabs the guitar.

(CONTINUED)

CHUCK

Even learned to play the guitar.

He strums chords to a Public Domain Song of Rob's choosing.

METATRON

And all that makes you seem like a grounded, likeable person.

CHUCK

What's wrong with that?

METATRON

You're neither grounded or a person.

CHUCK

But you're saying I am likeable?

METATRON

(a wee bit frustrated)

What I'm saying is Chapter Chuck is eating up pounds of pages at the expense of juicier stuff -- stuff people actually want to read.

CHUCK

Like what?

METATRON

Like the Archangels. You've got two paragraphs on them. And that's it. You really don't think they're worth a few more words? Especially your favorite: Lucifer?

Chuck sets down the guitar. Doesn't like hearing that name.

CHUCK

He wasn't my favorite.

METATRON

He helped you defeat Amara. You trusted him with the Mark. But when you asked him to bow to mankind...

CHUCK

...he refused.

METATRON

He rebelled. And in so doing? He kinda ruined Christmas.

(CONTINUED)

CHUCK

And that's all in there. Except for the part about Christmas.

METATRON

You say Amara is off limits, fine, but you know every great hero is defined by his or her villain.

CHUCK

Lucifer wasn't a villain. He...

Metatron waits. Waits for something more.

CHUCK

...well, he wasn't a villain.

Metatron sighs. He takes a healthy sip of whiskey.

METATRON

All right. Real talk. You said this is a safe place, right?

CHUCK

Safest place ever created.

METATRON

There's two types of memoirs: one is honest, the other not so much. Truth... or fairy tale.

(points to the stage)

So, do you want to write *Life* by Keith Richards, or *Wouldn't It Be Nice* by Brian Wilson?

CHUCK

I want to tell the truth.

METATRON

Then you've got work to do.

(then)

There are no revelations in your book. Which is weird, given who you are. And there's no new information. No soul bearing.

CHUCK

That's 'cause I don't have a soul.

METATRON

Right -- but you invented them.

You invented souls. Souls!

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

METATRON (CONT'D)

So, shine some light on that. How did that make you feel?

CHUCK

Nauseous?

METATRON

You know what: no. That's not G.O.D. talking. That's Chuck talking. I get that on Earth you had to go full Method, but it's time to get back into character.

CHUCK

This is me.

METATRON

Really? This pile of self doubt and nebbishness flooded the Earth? Followed Sodom up with the blockbuster Gomorrah? Created as much as he punished?

(shakes his head)

I don't think so. The guy I used to work for? Total badass. Sure, he was also a bit of a dick, but hey, do as I say, not as I do, right?

(then)

That guy? That guy has stories to tell. And he's also got some things to answer for.

CHUCK

You really think my book is that bad?

METATRON

I think you're holding back. And I think you know it.

CHUCK

So, what do I do?

METATRON

Hold up a mirror. Hold up a mirror and show us who you really are, warts and all. Stop worrying about what people will think or how they'll judge you. Write it for an audience of one: you.

(CONTINUED)

CHUCK

Dance like no one's watching.

METATRON

Or... you can write the fairy tale.
Richards or Wilson, Chuck. I'll
help you either way, but you gotta
pick a lane, cause right now? This
thing is barely a listicle.

Chuck nods. Makes his decision. He tosses his manuscript in
the trash. He walks back over to the booth... where his
computer and printer have magically arrived. He sits down.

CHUCK

Richards. All the way.

Off Chuck hitting the keys --

EXT. FARM HOUSE - MORNING (DAY 5)

Mac's CRUISER and an AMBULANCE are parked out front. An M.E.
closes the ambulance door, heading back inside as Mac exits.
Mac sees the Impala pull up. The boys, in their regular
clothes, step out of the car and head over to a rattled Mac.

MAC

Sorry I woke you boys, but...

SAM

Just tell us what happened.

MAC

Harris didn't show up for work this
morning. We called, tried her CB:
nothing. So, I swung by here. The
door was open -- I found Art on the
kitchen floor. Harris' shotgun
right next to him. She... Deputy
Harris shot her husband point blank
in the face, then left the scene.

(can't believe it)

They were newlyweds.

SAM

Sheriff, did you notice anything
off about Deputy Harris' behavior
the last couple days?

MAC

No. Nothing at all.

(CONTINUED)

SAM

When was the last time anyone heard from her?

MAC

She called in one last time yesterday, said something about seeing some fog rolling in.

The boys exchange a look: not good.

MAC

I dunno why she cared about the damn weather.

DEAN

Can you call your dispatch officer? Have her let us know if she gets any reports like that again?

MAC

You serious?

DEAN

Just to be safe.

SAM

You have any idea where Harris might be now?

MAC

No, but -- we can track her vehicle from our office.

Mac heads to his cruiser. The boys whisper sidebar as they head back to Baby.

DEAN

So, it's some kind of fog again.

SAM

But it's different this time.

(then)

Was Amara here? I mean, do you feel anything?

DEAN

I don't feel anything but pissed off.

Dean climbs into the Impala. Off Sam, worried about Dean...

14

INT. BAR - FOREVER NIGHT

14

Chuck types, while Metatron reads some freshly printed pages. He nods with enthusiasm and glee. They're getting there!

METATRON

Now this is what I was talking about: Chapter Ten: Why I Never Answer Prayers and You Should Be Glad I Don't. Chapter Eleven: The Truth About Divine Intervention and Why I Avoid It At All Costs.

CHUCK

It's better, right?

METATRON

It's gold. Little angry, with a side of bitter, but hey: it's real.

They both head to the bar for a refill.

METATRON

Now, I don't want to overstep my bounds, but since you're on a roll, there's something I've always wondered. Might make a good chapter, hell, maybe a whole book.

CHUCK

Shoot.

METATRON

Why?

CHUCK

Can you be a little more specific? I kinda get that question a lot, about, like, everything.

METATRON

Why did you create life?

Chuck takes a moment to consider that one. Good question.

CHUCK

I was lonely.

METATRON

Your sister wasn't enough company?

Chuck sighs, but finally addresses the elephant in the room.

(CONTINUED)

CHUCK

I am being and she is nothingness --
not exactly the makings of a fun
two-hander, y'know?

METATRON

But you didn't stop with just one
Archangel, or a handful of Angels.
You created worlds.

CHUCK

I was stupid. Naive.
(off his look)
I thought if I could show my sister
that there could be something more
than us, better than us, then maybe
she'd change. Maybe she'd stop
being her. But every time I built
a world... she would destroy it.

METATRON

So you and the Archangels locked
her away. And then you got down to
unfettered creation...

CHUCK

I tried too, anyway. But...

SMASH TO:

15

EXT. PARK - DAY

15

And like that, because Chuck is Chuck, they're now in a
wooded park. Chuck smiles. Metatron looks a bit woozy.

CHUCK

(gesturing about)
...this was as close as I ever got
to something as good or better than
me or my sister.

METATRON

The National Park System?

CHUCK

Nature. I mean, look what Nature
created on its own.

(shakes his head)

And what's more: Nature's smart
enough to know that sometimes,
there's no fixing things...
sometimes, you just gotta wipe the
slate clean.

(CONTINUED)

Something dawns on Metatron as Chuck says this.

METATRON

Wipe the slate clean. Sure.
Natural selection. Good times. Or
in your case: flood the Earth but
build and stock a boat. Start
fresh on the b-side.

(then)

But if Amara wipes the slate clean,
the slate is destroyed. Everything
is destroyed. All your great work
will be lost. Forever.

Chuck looks at Metatron. And nods. Yes. That's true.

CHUCK

We should probably go for a stroll
then. Enjoy it one last time
before it's all gone.

Chuck walks down a path. Off Metatron, realizing holy shit:
God -- excuse me, Chuck -- has no interest in saving us...

Mac sits at a computer. The station is empty, only the
DISPATCH OFFICER, 30s, female, is present. The boys enter.
Mac sees them, points at the computer, frustrated.

MAC

Can't make heads or tails -- Harris
is, was, our computer person.

SAM

Lemme take a look.

Mac gets up and Sam takes the wheel. The Dispatch Officer
calls over to them.

DISPATCH

Sheriff? Matt and Emmy just called
in -- said they saw some fog
rolling in by Jasper Hills.

Mac turns to Dean. Little help?

DEAN

They say where it was headed?

DISPATCH

West. Toward town.

(CONTINUED)

Sam and Dean exchange a quick look. Dean turns to Mac.

DEAN

I need you to call them back and tell them to get inside. Close their windows, doors -- seal it all up. They need to stay the hell away from that fog. Then I need you to get the word out to everyone in town to do the same damn thing.

MAC

Hold on -- what are you talking about?

DEAN

My partner and I? We've seen this before. Wes? Deputy Harris? They were infected by something in that fog. I know it sounds crazy --

MAC

No, it sounds like we should call the CDC.

DEAN

There's no time.

SAM

Hey. I found Deputy Harris.

They look over to Sam, who points at the screen. Mac reads the tea leaves:

MAC

She's on Main Street. Headed right this way.

Sam gets up, heads for the door. Dean joins him.

DEAN

We got Harris. Now please... get the word out: everyone needs to stay inside, seal up their windows, their doors, everything. Got it?

Off Mac, he's got it, but he's overwhelmed and scared...

Harris' cruiser idles in the middle of the road. A few CIVILIANS look on, confused. Dean nods to Sam, who heads over to the civilians. He flashes his badge.

(CONTINUED)

SAM

Agent Greer, FBI -- I need you folks to get indoors immediately...

ON HARRIS' CRUISER... Dean approaches. Gun drawn but down. Harris steps out of her cruiser. Her gun drawn as well, but it's also pointing down. Her wrists have BLACK VEINS. She sways on her feet, eyes looking down. She looks like she's spent the last twelve hours crying. Harris, once all smiles, is now in a bad, bad way; a detached tone to her voice when she speaks...

HARRIS

I tried to kill myself. But she won't let me. She has a message.
(locks eyes with Dean)
For you, Dean Winchester.

DEAN

Amara. Is she here?

HARRIS

No. But her words have been echoing in my head ever since I took a breath of that fog.

DEAN

She told you to kill your husband?

HARRIS

And I watched myself do it.

Sam joins Dean, gun drawn but down. Calm.

SAM

Listen to us: this is an infection. Put the gun down, let us help you.

HARRIS

It's not an infection. Amara says it's a mirror. She's showing us all the truth. What we really are. What we've always been. What her brother hid from all of us.

DEAN

Darkness.

HARRIS

The light was just a lie.

Harris raises her gun and BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!

(CONTINUED)

Harris goes flying back into her cruiser, falling to the ground... dead.

And behind Sam and Dean we see... Mac. Who has just gunned down his own Deputy. He slowly lowers his smoking gun. Tears in his eyes. Sam shoots him a look.

SAM

Hey. You didn't have a choice.

MAC

The hell difference does that make?

Dean races over to Harris. She's bleeding out.

HARRIS

It'll all be over soon. He's not going to save them. It's all going away. Forever. But not you, Dean.

And with that said... Harris dies.

SAM (O.S.)

Dean. Dean!

Dean looks up to see... there's a thick, black FOG rolling down main street. Headed right for them. Way down the street, it overtakes a few CIVILIANS, the boys can only watch as the civilians stumble to the ground, COUGHING...

...and then they're SWALLOWED WHOLE by the FOG.

BLACKOUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

18

EXT. PARK - DAY

18

Chuck strolls through the park, not a care in this, or any other world. Metatron walks behind him. Afraid.

CHUCK

Nature? Divine. Human Nature?
Toxic.

METATRON

They do like blowing stuff up.

CHUCK

And the worst part? They do it in my name. And then they come crying to me. Begging me to forgive, to fix it all. Never taking any responsibility.

METATRON

What about your responsibility?

CHUCK

I took responsibility: by leaving. At a certain point, training wheels gotta come off. Nobody likes a helicopter parent.

METATRON

What about Amara? She's your sister.

CHUCK

I took responsibility for her, too. Locked her away. Barely, I might add. And who let her out?

METATRON

Sam and Dean Winchester. They're trying to fix that, though.

CHUCK

You know I love those guys. But the world woulda kept spinning with "Demon Dean" in it. Sam couldn't have that, though, could he? So how is Amara being out on me?

METATRON

It's not. But... you've helped the Winchesters before.

(CONTINUED)

CHUCK

Helped them? I saved them. And I've rebuilt Castiel more times than I can remember. Look where that got me.

METATRON

So you're just gonna let Amara win?

CHUCK

(shrugs)
It's her time to shine.

METATRON

Then why the hell have we been working on your stupid memoir?

Chuck stops walking. *Excuse me?*

CHUCK

You think it's stupid?

METATRON

No, it's stupid to write a book that nobody is going to be around to read.

CHUCK

You told me to write it for an audience of one: me. And I...

SMASH TO:

INT. BAR - FOREVER NIGHT

And like that, they're back in the bar.

CHUCK

...think we're finally getting somewhere.

Metatron glares at Chuck. Angry. And maybe a little dumb:

METATRON

So that's it? You're not gonna help are you?

CHUCK

It's not my problem, Metatron.

(CONTINUED)

METATRON

You started writing the second she came back, didn't you? That's why you've been on a deadline?

No answer from Chuck.

METATRON

I understand why you masquerade in that sad little meat suit. It's the same reason why you created this nostalgic old bar to write your masterpiece.

(then)

You're hiding.

CHUCK

First of all, I'll have you know that this gift?

(points a circle around his face)

Is super cute. Second: I'm not hiding. I just... love the ambiance in here.

METATRON

You said it's the "safest place ever created" -- created by you -- to be safe from Amara. Right? She can't touch you in here, can she?

Chuck goes back to his computer. Pissed, but trying to hide it as best as he can.

CHUCK

You're upset. I understand. It's good to let it out. But... let's focus on finishing my book.

METATRON

You know what? I was a crappy, terrible God. My work was pretty much just a lame, half-assed re-write of your greatest hits.

(then)

But at least I wasn't a coward.

Chuck looks at Metatron. He doesn't raise a hand. Not even an eyebrow. But Metatron is RATCHETED across the bar, and PINNED to a wall. Chuck ambles over to him. And we can tell with how he's holding himself that this isn't Chuck.

It's the other guy.

(CONTINUED)

METATRON

There he is. That's the guy I know. The guy I love.

(small laugh, remembering)

I remember when I first saw you. The other Angels were terrified. But I wasn't. The feeling of your light was... it was beyond measure. And then, the unthinkable: you picked me to help you with your tablets.

CHUCK

You were just the closest Angel to the door when I walked in the room. There was nothing special about you, Metatron. Not then. Not now.

Metatron takes that. Ouch.

CHUCK

Now, I've been called a lot of things before. Absentee father. Wrathful monster. But coward?

(shakes his head: no.)

I am not hiding. I'm just done watching my experiments' failures.

METATRON

You mean your failures, Chuck.

This lands on Chuck. Metatron's not wrong. He stews. And we wonder for a beat: is this the end of Metatron? But Chuck just turns around and Metatron is "free." Chuck walks back to his computer, his "Chuck" demeanor back.

CHUCK

You want to watch? Be my guest.

He points at the bar... WHIP PAN OVER to reveal: FLAT SCREEN TVs now hang over the bar. All of them playing (silent) news reports of "strange fog" rolling into various towns all over the country...

CHUCK

But you ask me? It's all re-runs.

Sam helps a mother and father, ELAINE and JACK, 30s, get their baby's car seat out of their car.

ELAINE

Thank you.

JACK

What the hell is going on, what is
that fog doing --

SAM

Just get inside -- now!

Sam looks back and sees: another COUPLE getting out of their
car. The man stumbles and as the woman turns to help him...
the FOG overtakes them.

SAM

No!

Sam races toward them, but... Dean grabs his brother.

SAM

Dean, wait --

But Sam can only watch as the FOG covers the couple, who are
now COUGHING. Dean pushes Sam back...

21

INT. SHERIFF'S STATION - DAY

21

Dean pulls Sam inside -- Sam looks out the window and sees
the couple drop to their knees, and then... they're gone.

MAC

Agent Ehart? Radio's dead.

Mac heads over to Dean, several rolls of duct tape in hand.
Dean grabs two, hands one to Sam.

DEAN

Sam. Sam.

Sam snaps out of his stupor and grabs the duct tape.

SAM

You think it'll hold?

DEAN

This stuff is invincible. C'mon.

QUICK CUTS as we see Sam, Dean and Mac seal up the front
door, the back door, and all the air vents with duct tape.
They move as fast they can. With everything sealed...

(CONTINUED)

They look out the front window as... the FOG has now reached the Sheriff's Station. Everyone inside freezes and watches as it rolls malevolently over the front window.

But... the duct tape holds.

They all breath a sigh of relief. They're safe. For now. Dean checks his cell phone: no signal. Sam checks his: same deal. Dean turns to Mac.

DEAN

Let's see if we can get your radio working again.

As they turn to the radio, we DRIFT AWAY from the action... and find an air conditioning vent in the back of the station. It's covered with duct tape but... the duct tape BUCKLES. WAVERS. And then...

...a thin line of FOG seeps into the room.

Metatron pours the last of the whiskey and pounds it.

METATRON

You're out of whiskey.

Chuck points a finger gun at the bar. Pulls the trigger. Metatron looks over and -- the whiskey bottle is full again.

METATRON

And here I always thought it was just water into wine.

(stares at the TV)

Don't let it end like this. It's not dark yet.

CHUCK

But as Dylan said: it's getting there. I wrote my last chapter for mankind years ago, Metatron. Damn thing just kept on going. Some things should end.

METATRON

I know it was hard to put Amara away before. But hey: proof of concept! It can be done. Who doesn't love a sequel. Chuck v. Amara. This time: it's personal.

Chuck stops typing. Side-eyes Metatron.

(CONTINUED)

CHUCK

Okay. I'll bite. Since when do you give two craps about humanity?

METATRON

Started the moment I realized that someday? I'm gonna die. And it only grew when I felt how much that moment made me want to live.

Metatron grabs the whiskey, then walks over to Chuck.

METATRON

You saw what happened last time I saw your BFF Castiel, right?

CHUCK

He beat you nearly to death. Gotta tell you: even from far away, seemed like you had that coming.

METATRON

I did. But Cass-hat? He spared me. He showed mercy. And do you know what I first heard when I woke up in that cold hospital bed? It was, hands down, the sweetest, most lovely song I'd ever heard in my long, sad, bottom feeder existence.
(then)

My heartbeat. I was alive. The joy of knowing you're still alive? And the simultaneous panic knowing that someday your heart will stop beating? That's humanity. It's fragile. And it's flawed. But dammit: it's worth fighting for.

Chuck nods. Hears that. But...

CHUCK

That's a sweet story, Metatron. Lotta detail. Good balance. And a healthy dose of truth.

(then)

But it's a little late for a redemption arc, don't you think?

METATRON

For me? Or for you?

Chuck pauses. And we sense more wrath coming. But... Chuck just goes back to typing...

23

INT. SHERIFF'S STATION - DAY

23

Mac is on the CB with Dean. Nothing but STATIC on every channel. The civilians are all crowded together. Panicked. Sam is by the window. The fog has gotten THICKER. Sam studies the outside. Reacts to something...

SAM

Dean.

Dean crosses over to Sam.

SAM

Listen.

It's quiet at first but then we HEAR NOISES coming from the fog... SCREAMS. And then... GUNSHOTS. And then... WINDOWS smashing across the street. The boys look at one another. Make a silent decision and then break into action.

SAM

All right everyone stand clear of the windows -- move back as far as you can.

DEAN

Sheriff, you got hammer and nails?

QUICK CUTS as... Sam and Dean FLIP over tables, KICKING off their legs. They NAIL the broken table tops over the WINDOWS and DOORS, further blockading themselves inside.

Sam looks back -- sees a back door. He grabs another broken table top, drags it to the back. He places it over the back door, about to HAMMER it into place but then... the fog leaking in from the vent moves down around him, as if alive, as if seeking him out. It hits Sam. And Sam BREATHES it in. He's fine for a moment, but then... he drops the hammer and table top. Dean hears the noise and looks over in horror...

Sam is on his knees now, COUGHING... and his wrists are filled with BLACK VEINS. Sam is infected.

DEAN

Sam?!

BLACKOUT.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

24

INT. SHERIFF'S STATION - DAY

24

Dean races over to Sam, but Sam waves him off.

SAM

Get back. Get back!

The civilians spot Sam, and are freaked. The baby CRIES.

MAC

Oh my god -- he's infected.

Everyone backs away. But there's nowhere to go in there. Dean locks eyes with Mac.

DEAN

Where's your interrogation room?

Mac heads over and opens a door on a far wall.

DEAN

All right, everybody inside -- pull that table out of there -- move!

While they snap to... Sam FIGHTS through the pain. He grabs duct tape, trying to seal up the leak. But he only inhales more fog. The pain is too much. He crumbles to the ground.

Everyone SQUEEZES into the interrogation room, including Mac, who yells to Dean:

MAC

C'mon, get in here, son!

Dean shakes his head.

DEAN

I'm not leaving my brother.

Dean shuts the door. QUICK CUTS as... Dean SEALS up the door, trying to keep everyone safe. He turns to Sam.

DEAN

Sam! Crawl away from the fog -- you hear me? C'mon, move! ♡

Sam turns over, slowly crawling to his brother...

25

INT. BAR - FOREVER NIGHT

25

Metatron drinks. Chuck? Still pounding the keys.

(CONTINUED)

CHUCK

You really are a terrific editor,
Metatron.

Metatron pours another drink. Shrugs.

METATRON

Well, I was a terrible writer and
an even worse God, so at least I
got something going for me.

Chuck stops typing. Turns to Metatron.

CHUCK

I gotta say... I didn't see your
whole "evil turn" thing coming.
Why did you try to be me?

METATRON

It was all just a petty, pathetic
cry for attention.

CHUCK

Whose attention were you trying to
get?

Metatron turns to him. Real emotion in his eyes as he
confesses:

METATRON

Yours.

And this actually lands on Chuck. He's surprised.

METATRON

You... you are light. Beauty.
Creation. Wrath. Damnation and
salvation. And I don't care if I
was just the nearest Angel. You...
you picked me. Your light shined
on me. Me. And the warmth...

(not easy)

But then you left me.

(then)

You left all of us.

Metatron shakes his head. So angry and upset.

METATRON

It wasn't just the saps on Earth
that prayed to you. All the Angels
prayed. And so did I. Every day.

(CONTINUED)

CHUCK

I know.

METATRON

You want to write the best-selling autobiography of all time? Then you tell me why. Why did you abandon me -- us?

Chuck doesn't even blink. Just levels him.

CHUCK

Because you disappointed me. You all disappointed me.

Metatron absorbs that. Crushed.

METATRON

I know I'm a disappointment. But you're wrong about humanity. They are your greatest creation -- because they're better than you.

(then)

Sure they're weak. And they cheat. And they steal. Destroy and disappoint. But they also give. They create. They sing and they dance and they love -- but above all? They never give up.

(then)

But you do.

And now Chuck absorbs that. And Metatron holds his breath. Hopeful that he's finally gotten through to the Big Man. Chuck nods. An internal process going on as he's made a decision... which he hides as he goes right back to typing...

26

INT. SHERIFF'S STATION - DAY

26

Dean gets on the ground, pulls his brother away from the fog, which now flows into the back of the station freely. They're fucked. Dean clutches his brother, who writhes in pain.

SAM

We're not... we're not gonna make it, Dean.

DEAN

Hey: no quittin', you hear me?

SAM

We were never gonna make it.

(CONTINUED)

DEAN

That's not you talking, it's the --

SAM

You're going to choose Amara. You were always going to choose her. Over me. Over everything...

DEAN

Sam, no --

SMASH! A TRASH CAN crashes through the window, dislodging the nailed up table top! Shit! FOG pours in through there as well now. They're surrounded.

SAM

I'm sorry, I didn't mean -- I... I can't fight this. You gotta get out of here... before you get infected. Before I hurt you...

DEAN

I'm not leaving you, Sam. Ever.

And there's nothing Dean can do as... the fog swirls around them. Dean steels himself... but then takes in a breath.

And nothing happens.

He realizes what this means. What Harris was saying to him before: he's been spared. By Amara. Dean looks up. Pissed, crying out to Amara.

DEAN

Stop this! You hear me, you dick?
Just stop!

But nothing stops. The fog just keeps rolling in, until... we HEAR SCREAMING from inside the interrogation room. BANGING on the doors. The baby CRIES inside. And then is horribly SILENCED.

DEAN

No -- !

The fog surrounds the boys, cutting off Dean's scream as we --

BLACKOUT.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

27

INT. BAR - FOREVER NIGHT

27

CLOSE ON A PRINTER: churning out fresh pages! WIDEN as Chuck straightens up his new manuscript. He reads the last page. He smiles, punches his arm, Anthony Michael Hall in *Breakfast Club* style. Whatever he's written? He thinks he nailed it.

Metatron watches from afar. Shaking his head with disgust.

Chuck gets up. Stretches. Cracks his neck. He walks over to the stage. Climbs up and grabs the guitar, sitting down. He strums the guitar, tuning it.

CHUCK

I lied before. I didn't really learn guitar, I just, y'know, gave myself the ability. Did the same thing when I "learned" French.

Nothing from Metatron.

CHUCK

Man. This whole honesty thing is really freeing.

(strums more chords)

C'mon. Check out the new pages. You know you want to.

METATRON

Think I'll pass.

Chuck sings his next line, sounds awful:

CHUCK

I think you'll really like them.

(clears throat)

Yeah. You're right. Too high.

Still no response from Metatron.

CHUCK

Well, suit yourself.

And with that said, Chuck begins to play and sing a song. Turns out, Chuck is a helluva singer. And more importantly? So is Rob Benedict. He plays the Public Domain folk classic Dink's Song (Fare Thee Well). As Chuck sings, something registers in his voice to Metatron. Something hopeful. Metatron heads over to read the new pages...

And Chuck's singing is all we'll HEAR as we watch...

28

INT. SHERIFF'S STATION - DAY

28

FOG and DARKNESS swirl around Dean, who clutches his brother. He's mouthing the words, "HANG ON SAM!" But we only hear the song. And we can BARELY see the boys. But then...

...as the song hits an emotional chord, a LIGHT pierces through the darkness. And we recognize this light from earlier in the episode... this light? It's coming from inside Sam's jacket pocket. Dean reaches in and digs out the source of the light, pulling out:

The Amulet. The Samulet.

And it lands on Dean, real emotion in his eyes as he realizes that Sam kept it. All these years. This whole damn time. Sam nods, as if acknowledging Dean's recognition. Maybe they hug. Maybe they don't. Brothers, man.

The moment breaks as they both also recognize what that light means. And as that dawns on them, and us:

WIDEN to reveal: THE FOG IS GONE. The boarded up windows? The duct tape? Gone, too. Everything is back to normal.

A beat.

The interrogation room door opens. Mac and the civilians exit. Alive. Un-infected. The boys look at one another. Shocked. Relieved. And all we HEAR? Chuck's song.

29

EXT. MAIN STREET - DAY

29

The door to the Sheriff's Station opens and Sam and Dean head outside. Dean has the amulet in his hand, and it's still burning bright. But they don't need the light: all of the fog outside is gone now, too.

The couple we saw consumed by fog are getting up from the street, dazed, but alive. And Harris is alive, too. She looks up and sees, walking toward her: Art, her husband. Alive! They embrace, relieved. Whatever just happened?

It's a fucking miracle.

30

INT. BAR - FOREVER NIGHT

30

Metatron reads Chuck's last page. Now, we don't see what he's reading, but Metatron's eyes water with emotion. He's moved by what he's read. Chuck locks eyes with Metatron. And smiles. We'll know more about what this exchange all means in the next episode, but for now? The feeling should be triumphant. Why? Because Chuck's made his decision...

31

EXT. MAIN STREET - DAY

31

Sam and Dean look all around. Confused. The amulet in Dean's hand glows BRIGHTER. He looks up and sees... a MALE FIGURE helping a child to its feet. Instinctively, the boys move toward the figure. And the amulet glows harder and brighter as they get closer to him.

The figure, as if sensing someone is watching him, rises up and turns. And Sam and Dean find themselves staring at:

CHUCK SHURLEY.

The boys look at him stunned, even more so as they look from him, to the lit up amulet, and then back to Chuck again. They realize they're not just looking at their old friend.

They're staring at the face of God.

And as the song comes to its end, Chuck smiles at the boys.

CHUCK
We should probably talk.

BLACKOUT.

TO BE CONTINUED...