

SUPERNATURAL

Episode #1203

"The Foundry"

Written by

Robert Berens

Directed by

Robert Singer

EXECUTIVE PRODUCERS

Robert Singer  
Andrew Dabb  
Phil Sgriccia  
Brad Buckner  
Eugenie Ross-Leming

PRODUCERS

Eric Kripke  
Jim Michaels  
Robert Berens  
Meredith Glynn

T13.19953

PRODUCTION DRAFT

**BLUE DRAFT**

06/28/16

07/14/16

©2016 Warner Bros. Entertainment Inc.

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

REVISION HISTORY

Revision	Date	Revised Pages
Production Draft - White	06/28/16	
Blue Draft	07/14/16	

CAST LIST

**SAM WINCHESTER**  
**DEAN WINCHESTER**

**JARED PADALECKI**  
**JENSEN ACKLES**

CASTIEL  
CROWLEY  
MARY WINCHESTER  
ROWENA  
TOMMY  
VINCE VINCENTE / LUCIFER

MISHA COLLINS  
MARK A. SHEPPARD  
SAMANTHA SMITH  
RUTH CONNELL

CHERYL  
CORONER  
**GHOST LUCAS**  
DAVE  
**HUGO MORIARTY**  
NATALIA  
OPERATOR  
WENDY

LOCATION REPORTINT.

INT. HOUSE - VARIOUS - CONTINUOUS	P.3
INT. HOUSE - NURSERY - CONTINUOUS	P.3
INT. MEN OF LETTERS - LIBRARY - NIGHT	P.5
INT. MEN OF LETTERS - BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER	P.6
INT. MEN OF LETTERS - KITCHEN - DAY (DAY 2)	P.6
INT. IMPALA - DAY - LATER	P.10
INT. HOTEL BAR - DAY	P.11
INT. ST. PAUL CORONER'S OFFICE - MORGUE - DAY	P.12
INT. HOUSE - VARIOUS - NIGHT	P.16
INT. HOUSE - NURSERY - CONTINUOUS	P.16
INT. HOUSE - LIVING ROOM/HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS	P.16
INT. HOUSE - NURSERY - CONTINUOUS	P.16
INT. MOTEL - DAY - LATER (DAY 3)	P.18
INT. MOTEL ROOM - DAY - LATER	P.20
INT. SUBURBAN HOME - DAY	P.23
INT. VINCE'S CABIN - NIGHT	P.25
INT. MOTEL - NIGHT	P.28
<b>INT. APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS</b>	<b>P.28</b>
INT. MOTEL - DAY (DAY 4)	P.29
INT. HOUSE - VARIOUS - DAY	P.31
INT. HOUSE - BASEMENT - MOMENTS LATER	P.31
INT. VINCE'S CABIN - DAY	P.32
INT. HOUSE - BASEMENT/VARIOUS - DAY	P.35
INT. VINCE'S CABIN - DAY	P.35
INT. HOUSE - VARIOUS - DAY	P.35
INT. HOUSE - VARIOUS - CONTINUOUS WITH EARLIER	P.37
INT. HOUSE - BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS	P.38
INT. MEN OF LETTERS - DAY - LATER	P.41

EXT.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT (DAY 1)	P.1
EXT. IMPALA - DAY - LATER	P.10
EXT. HOTEL - DAY	P.14
EXT. SUBURBAN HOME - DAY	P.19
EXT. SUBURBAN HOME - DAY - MOMENTS LATER	P.24
EXT. GRAVEYARD - NIGHT	P.27
EXT. MOTEL - DAY - CONTINUOUS	P.32
EXT. VINCE'S CABIN - DAY	P.40

SUPERNATURAL  
"The Foundry"

TEASER

FADE IN:

1 EXT. STREET - NIGHT (DAY 1) 1

DAVE and NATALIA, a 30ish hipster couple, walk to their car, talking while typing on their phones.

SUPER: St. Paul, Minnesota

DAVE

"Played out?" You kidding? That place was great.

NATALIA

Another avocado toast? Please.

DAVE

Yeah-- but avocado toast with quail egg? Genius.

(sees her typing)

How many stars you giving them?

NATALIA

Two.

DAVE

(holding up his phone)

Four. You realize our ratings'll just cancel each other out?

She hits "send" on her Yelp review, smirks-- oh well. They smile, link hands as they mosey to their car. Looking around the neighborhood...

NATALIA

Should've bought here while we had the chance. New restos, new shops--

DAVE

New prices. Neighborhood's been picked clean by the flippers.

As he speaks, Dave moves to get in the car-- and we FAVOR Natalia and PUSH IN on her-- hearing something. A soft, DISTANT CHILD'S CRY. Natalia reacts-- confused--

(CONTINUED)

NATALIA

You hear that?

Dave stops, listens. The sound clearer now-- the unmistakable keened of a CRYING BABY. They turn to the source-- see a SPOOKY, condemned-looking house, the only unflipped place on the block.

DAVE

(re: the house)

It's coming from--

NATALIA

Yeah, but-- who'd live there?

DAVE

Squatters, or crackheads.

NATALIA

With a baby?

ANOTHER CRY rings out. Natalia reacts-- worried--

NATALIA

Call 911.

DAVE

What?

NATALIA

Do it.

DAVE

Okay-- okay.

Dave TURNS, starts to dial-- and ANOTHER CRY rings out. Natalia reacts-- worried--

ON DAVE. Into his phone.

DAVE

Hi, there's a baby in distress in an abandoned house at--

He turns to get the address-- and sees NATALIA MOVING TOWARD THE HOUSE. Shit.

DAVE

Nat!

But she doesn't respond--

(CONTINUED)

OPERATOR (O.S.)  
(from phone)  
Sir, I need an address.

And Dave's moving-- talking into the phone as he heads for the house--

DAVE  
1781 Chamberlin Street.

He lowers the phone-- yells to Natalia--

DAVE  
Nat!

But she's already gone-- entering the creepy house--

INT. HOUSE - VARIOUS - CONTINUOUS

Natalia timidly enters the abandoned house.

NATALIA  
Hello?

No answer. The baby's gone quiet for the moment. She steps forward-- the place is dark, filthy, cobwebbed.

The CRY erupts again. She follows deeper inside, rounding a corner to see a dimly lit DOORWAY.

INT. HOUSE - NURSERY - CONTINUOUS

She enters a small NURSERY, a bare hanging bulb flickering above a DIRTY OLD CRIB. The crying within quieting to a whimper, then going SILENT. She steps forward, peers down inside to see a bundle of SWADDLING BLANKETS.

Natalia reaches forward... pulls the blanket back... revealing an old, half-shattered BABY DOLL'S FACE. Staring blankly back at her. Eerie as Hell.

And then-- the CRYING SUDDENLY RESUMES, more urgent than ever... as if emanating from the lifeless doll. WTF! Natalia gasps in fright-- backing away in confusion and terror-- bumps into Dave! Seeing her haunted expression...

DAVE  
What?

She points at the crib. As Dave steps forward, looks inside, sees the creepy, motionless, still crying doll--

NATALIA SCREAMS! He turns to see her clutching her arm.



NATALIA

Something touched me. Something...

He pulls her hand away, revealing a small red HANDPRINT on her arm. Fuck...

DAVE

We need to go. Now.

An urgent nod. They turn to the nursery door-- when it SLAMS right in their face. They pound at it, desperate to get out-- when Natalia feels a PRESENCE behind her.

She turns-- pure terror. Dave turns-- sees it too--

As their eyes pop in unison and they let out matching DEATH SHRIEKS... we CUT BACK to the doll in the crib. Still lifeless. Still crying.

And off that terrifying sound and image, we... SMASH TO BLACK!

END TEASER

ACT ONE

4 INT. MEN OF LETTERS - LIBRARY - NIGHT

4

MARY WINCHESTER sits in the library, illuminated only by a single table lamp. She's poring through John's JOURNAL. (Which Sam gave to her in Ep. 1202, "Mamma Mia.")

ANGLE ON: The journal. She turns a few pages, reading for a bit, then-- closes it. It's too much, too emotional. Lifts her head to the ceiling, straining to hold herself together. We PULL OUT to take in her solitude in the bunker. Somehow, it looks colder, more institutional than we're used to.

She stands-- enough painful reminiscence for one night-- turns to go, walks right into-- CASTIEL. She's startled.

MARY WINCHESTER

Castiel. What are you doing up?

CASTIEL

I'm always up.  
(off her look)  
Angels don't need sleep.

MARY WINCHESTER

Wish I had that problem. I need it bad, but I can't sleep.  
(re: the bunker)  
Must be getting stir crazy or something.  
(beat, starts to leave)  
Heading to my room to try again.  
Wish me luck.

CASTIEL

Luck.

Mary smiles-- takes a step-- then turns back--

MARY WINCHESTER

Castiel?

He looks to her-- and Mary takes a beat. She's struggling with something deep, unsayable.

MARY WINCHESTER

After you left Heaven, when did it start to feel like--  
(then)  
Like you fit? Like you belonged here?

(CONTINUED)

CASTIEL  
(honestly)  
I'm still not sure I do.

Cass stops, something shifting. Firm, reassuring--

CASTIEL  
But Mary. You do belong here.

On Mary. Smiles weakly. She really isn't so sure.

MARY WINCHESTER  
Goodnight, Castiel.

Mary leaves. Off Cass, clearly concerned about her...

5

INT. MEN OF LETTERS - BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

5

Mary pats her face dry after washing it. Rests her hands on the sink. Catches her face in the mirror.

On her reflection a beat. Gripped by a new determination, she rifles through a drawer, pulls out a pair of SCISSORS.

6

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

6

SAM and DEAN WINCHESTER are seated, talking with Cass. Sam is surrounded by boxes, piles of old MOL archive materials he's been working through.

BREAKFAST (bacon, cereal, milk, coffee) laid out on the table.

DEAN  
Anything on Her Majesty's Secret Suckbags?

SAM  
Been scouring the Archives for any reference to the British Men of Letters.

DEAN  
And?

SAM  
The only thing I found was a letter tucked into an old ledger. From the "London Chapterhouse."

DEAN  
Okay, that's somethin'.

Sam shows him a LETTER. Almost every word BLACKED OUT.

(CONTINUED)

SAM

Yeah, not so much.

DEAN

Awesome.

CASTIEL

What do you think they're doing? \*

DEAN

I don't know. That's the problem.

(then)

What about Lucifer? Anything?

CASTIEL

I found a report out of Cleveland,  
about a man whose eyes flared a  
glowing red.

(then)

It could be Lucifer, in a new  
vessel.

DEAN

Okay, that's somethin'. Let's  
check it out.

CASTIEL

No.

(off Sam and Dean)

The Devil is free because of me--  
finding him is my responsibility.

SAM

Cass, you're gonna want backup on  
this.

CASTIEL

And if it is him, I'll call. Until  
then...

(pointed)

You're needed here.

Cass exits, leaving a slightly puzzled Sam and Dean.

DEAN

What was that about?

SAM

Mom.

DEAN

Mom's fine.

(CONTINUED)

Sam shoots Dean a look--

SAM

You sure? Because I heard her walking around all night, and-- you don't think she seems a little... withdrawn? Shaky?

DEAN

Course she's shaky. She hasn't been on this planet since Jane Fonda was in legwarmers and leotards. A little R&R, a little family time-- she'll be aces.

Sam looks away-- not convinced.

SAM

I hope you're right.

Before Dean can respond--

Mary enters-- her hair pulled back tight in a SHORT ponytail. Dressed and looking ready to jet.

SAM

Morning.

Mary spots the BACON. Moves for it--

DEAN

We could fry some more, it's cold--

MARY WINCHESTER

(eats it)  
It's bacon.

DEAN

We are so related.

SAM

What's with the haircut?

MARY WINCHESTER

Try to keep my hair short when heading out on a hunt. Why give the bad guys the advantage of long, pullable hair, you know?

DEAN

Been telling Sam that for years.

ON SAM. Realizing what she just said--

(CONTINUED)

SAM

Wait-- a hunt?

MARY WINCHESTER

Found a case.

Sam and Dean trade a look-- weird.

SAM

How? Thought you were still  
struggling with even the idea of  
the internet...

MARY WINCHESTER

Had Dean grab me some newspapers,  
when he went into town.

DEAN

Yeah, but I didn't know you were  
looking for cases.

MARY WINCHESTER

I wasn't, just-- found one.

(off their looks)

Minnesota. Two dead, locked room--  
victims had put in a call about a  
"crying baby"-- but the place was  
empty, only thing at the scene was  
their bodies. Been five days, the  
coroner still hasn't given a cause  
of death. Seems fishy.

(off their looks)

Probably nothing, just thought I'd  
get out there, stretch my legs...

SAM

I thought you were down on hunting?

On Mary, not sure she's able to explain-- Dean breaks in--

DEAN

Things change.

(then)

C'mon! Family hunting trip.

On Mary, caught unawares-- some part of her angling to be  
alone now. But one look at Dean's puppyish determination...

MARY WINCHESTER

Sure. Great.

DEAN

Meet in the garage in ten?

(CONTINUED)

She nods, exits. Sam, re: Dean's about-face...

SAM

What happened to "R&R"?

DEAN

(shrugs)

Cass healed your burnt s'more foot;  
I got Baby back to mint-- we're  
road ready. If Mom's down to hunt,  
I'm down to hunt.

Dean claps Sam's back and heads out. Off Sam, sensing denial and evasion from both sides of his family...

EXT./INT. IMPALA - DAY - LATER

Mary sits in the passenger seat as Sam refuels Baby. She's lost in thought. Dean exits the station with a FULL plastic bag and trots back to the car. (Note: he passes a parked NORTON MOTORCYCLE-- we'll see it again in future episodes.)

Dean hops behind the wheel, opens the bag for Mary.

DEAN

Lotta things've gone to seed since  
you were here, Mom-- but the  
variety of snack food flavors is  
not one of them.

(then)

We got Teriyaki Jerky; we got  
Sriracha; Chile Lime-- that's my  
favorite--

MARY WINCHESTER

Do they still make... Plain?

Dean, eager to please, already getting out of his seat--

DEAN

Didn't see any. I'll check--

Mary smiles, stops him with a hand on his arm.

MARY WINCHESTER

Let's give Chile Lime a whirl.

He smiles, relaxes. She pulls out some jerky, pops it in.  
Chews. Sam hops in the backseat as Dean watches Mary--

DEAN

Eh?

(CONTINUED)

MARY WINCHESTER

It's good. Artificial, kinda--  
tingly?

DEAN

(beaming)

That means it's working.

Mary can't help it-- she LAUGHS. Pleased, Dean starts the engine-- and a hard rock track BLASTS mid-song on the radio.

SAM

Dean--

Before Dean can turn it down, Mary reaches forward-- turns it UP. Smiles all around. Classic rock, open road: a warm beat of our reunited family as Baby pulls out of the station.

INT. HOTEL BAR - DAY

CASS, in FED THREADS, sits at a table across from TOMMY-- Vince Vincente's bandmate from Ep. 1202.

CASTIEL

You told the local police that  
quote "Vince wasn't even human"  
when he attacked you.

TOMMY

Yeah... they got a good laugh outta  
that one.

(then)

Thought I was nuts.

CASTIEL

I don't.

Tommy shoots him a look--

CASTIEL

Mr. Dajkovic, whatever you've seen?  
I've seen stranger.

Tommy shifts uncomfortably-- comes out with it.

TOMMY

Look, I been around all stripes of  
Vince-- drunk Vince; depressed  
Vince; megalomaniacal, "I'm a  
Golden God" Vince. The Vince who  
threw me into that wall-- that  
wasn't him.

(then)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

TOMMY (CONT'D)

And it wasn't just the eyes, he was--  
stronger. Like an MMA fighter--  
Hell, like twenty.

\*  
\*

On Tommy, still rattled. On Castiel-- sounds like Lucifer.  
Cass gets up to leave. Hands over his CARD.

CASTIEL

If you hear from him, don't  
hesitate to call.

TOMMY

Okay Agent...  
(reading, puzzled)  
Beyoncé?

Cass nods, proud of his alias. Turns to go, passes the bar--  
freezes. REVEAL: CROWLEY at the bar, apparently  
eavesdropping on Cass' interview. Grinning...

CROWLEY

Guess that makes me Agent Jay-Z.

INT. ST. PAUL CORONER'S OFFICE - MORGUE - DAY

OPEN TIGHT on a FBI BADGE and ID, then pull back to see Mary  
in Fed Threads, flanked by Sam and Dean.

MARY WINCHESTER (O.S.)

Agent Shirley Partridge, out of the  
Minneapolis field office.

(re: Sam and Dean)

These are my partners, Agents  
Cassidy and Bonaduce.

We see she's talking to an anxious, bespectacled CORONER.

CORONER

This is a local thing, why would  
the FBI--?

MARY WINCHESTER

(re: Sam and Dean)

They're new. Wanted their first  
case to have training wheels.

(then)

We'd like to see the bodies.

The Coroner walks them to a draped mortuary SLAB.

(CONTINUED)

SAM

You haven't filed a report-- any problem determining the cause of death?

CORONER

Problem? No. I've figured out the cause-- it just doesn't make any damn sense.

\*  
\*  
\*

Dean and Mom trade a look, as Dean spots the red HANDPRINT on Natalia's exposed arm--

DEAN

That a burn?

CORONER

Frostbite.

(off their look)

Both victims died of acute hypothermia-- in a 65 degree room. When I opened them up, their hearts were literally-- I mean literally-- frozen.

(then)

Wanna tell me how to present that to the public? To their families?

He looks to Sam, Dean and Mary--

CORONER

So much for training wheels, huh?

Then-- his PHONE RINGS. The Coroner checks it--

CORONER

Excuse me.

And moves off to take the call. When he's gone--

SAM

Frozen hearts? That's new.

DEAN

What we thinking? White Walkers?

MARY WINCHESTER

(missing the reference)

They could do this?

DEAN

Well, I mean yeah, but-- no. They're not... it's a TV thing.

(CONTINUED)

MARY WINCHESTER  
(deadpan)  
I liked *Maude*.

Sam breaks in--

SAM  
Maybe we're looking at a ghost.  
(off their look)  
They manipulate temperatures-- cause  
cold spots.

DEAN  
But they don't freeze friggin'  
hearts.

ON SAM. True, but--

SAM  
It's a place to start.

Dean nods-- okay-- and we CUT TO--

10

EXT. HOTEL - DAY

10

Cass makes his way to his car as Crowley nips at his heels.

CROWLEY  
Bumping into each other, working  
the same lead: what are the odds,  
Cassie! Fate brought us together!

CASTIEL  
Not interested.

CROWLEY  
Why not? We made a, well, somewhat  
effective team against Amara; it's  
been months-- months!-- since we  
last tried to kill each other...  
(then, re: their recent  
traumas)  
And we both have very good reasons  
to want Lucifer dead.

Crowley, sweetening the pot...

CROWLEY  
Besides, while you were gabbing  
with Vince's second fiddle, I was  
ransacking his room. Found  
these...  
(pulls out some postcards)  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CROWLEY (CONT'D)

From Vince's beloved sister Wendy.  
Lookie here, got her address on  
them and everything. Worth a look.

Cass reaches for the postcards, Crowley pulls them back.

(CONTINUED)

CASTIEL

That is a very small lead.

CROWLEY

It's more than you've got.

Castiel isn't thrilled about partnering up...

CASTIEL

I want to catch Lucifer to keep the world safe. You just want revenge.

CROWLEY

Like that's a bad thing. Our odds of finding Lucifer and living to tell about it are much better together than alone.

They've arrived at Cass' car. Crowley, fearing he's lost his shot at enlisting Cass, switches tactics...

CROWLEY

Or do you think you have to do this alone?

(off Cass)

Are you still feeling sad-puppy worthless about letting Lucifer out? Do you think sacrificing yourself is all you have to offer your beloved Winchesters?

He thinks he's hit the mark-- but Cass was already onboard.

CASTIEL

Quit while you're ahead, Crowley.  
(re: passenger door)  
Door's unlocked.

Cass gets in, Crowley gets in-- smug in the passenger seat. Cass starts the engine, then glances quizzically at Crowley.

CASTIEL

Can't you just teleport?

CROWLEY

Oh, feathers-- journey's half the fun.

(then)

Road trip!

OFF CASS-- this was a huge mistake...

11 INT. HOUSE - VARIOUS - NIGHT 11

Sam, Dean, and Mary enter, their EMF READERS up and on.

DEAN

Sure you got the swing of that?

MARY WINCHESTER

For the third time, yes.

(warm, confident)

Dean-- it's analog. I'm good.

Dean nods. Our trio starts moving deeper into the house.

After a beat, Sam gets a CLICK, trades looks with Dean. They start following the EMF activity out of the living room...

SAM

This way.

The boys turn a corner, EMF activity rising...

...as Mary takes the rear. Hears something: the gurgling whimpers of a BABY. Turns, sees the door to the NURSERY.

As Sam and Dean near a BOARDED UP BASEMENT DOOR, their breath FROSTS the air-- EMF rising. As Dean pulls out an IRON BAR for defense...

12 INT. HOUSE - NURSERY - CONTINUOUS 12

Mary enters past crime scene TAPE... towards the crib. Peers inside... the doll stares up at her, silent for now.

13 INT. HOUSE - LIVING ROOM/HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS 13

Dean and Sam stand defensively, their frosting breath joined by a SPECTRAL, RISING CHORUS of childlike GHOST CRIES-- swirling, unintelligible, pleading WHISPERS.

SAM

(realizing)

Where's Mom?

DEAN

Mom! We've got action!

And we BEGIN AN INTERCUT WITH...

14 INT. HOUSE - NURSERY - CONTINUOUS 14

ON MARY, hearing Dean's call. She moves to rejoin the boys-- THWOOM! The door SLAMS SHUT, trapping her!

(CONTINUED)

ON SAM AND DEAN, hearing the door slam-- trading looks.

ON MARY, as she tries the knob... LOCKED. As she pulls and twists at the knob...

MARY WINCHESTER

Sam! Dean!

She struggles with the door... as her EMF reader begins to crackle and spike at her waist.

THE BOYS arrive at the door, bang and pound at it, struggling to get inside...

DEAN

Mom!

ON MARY, backing away from the buckling door, her reader still spiking, breath frosting... we ANGLE ON her bare forearm... right as a pale, childish, spectral HAND slips into frame... and CLUTCHES HER ARM! It BURNS--

She goes pale-- whirls, looks down-- sees a desperate CHILD GHOST (short brown hair, a SCAR on his cheek), tugging at her arm, eyes bulging, terrifyingly, beseechingly... she pulls back in fright as-- BOOM! The door gives, Sam and Dean rush in-- see the ghost. As Sam rushes to Mary-- pulling her aside-- as Dean takes aim at the spirit with a SALT SHOTGUN--

--BLAMMO! The ghost disperses-- disappears.

SAM

You okay?

Mary nods, dazed. Lets go of her forearm to reveal a child-sized, reddish HANDPRINT. Just like Natalia's.

SAM

You're hurt.

DEAN

Let's go.

The boys move her to the door. As Mary glances back at the now empty room, marked by her encounter with the ghost child, we... SMASH TO BLACK!

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO

15 OMITTED 15

16 INT. MOTEL - DAY - LATER (DAY 3) 16

The boys set up their LAPTOPS at a card table in their motel room, start researching. Mary enters from the bathroom, her arm now GAUZED.

MARY WINCHESTER

Okay, ready to head out? Knock on some doors?

Dean looks up from his computer--

DEAN

Doors?

MARY WINCHESTER

Yeah. Talk to neighbors. Hit up the Hall of Records, work the case--  
(off their looks)  
We still do that, right?

DEAN

Sometimes. Internet just makes a lot of that legwork...

SAM

Obsolete.

He hits a few keys, and--

SAM

I'm in the St. Paul PD database.

DEAN

Anything?

SAM

Yeah, a lot.  
(then)  
I've got police reports on the house from 1996, '91, '89, '78.  
All murders. All kids.

As he speaks, Dean and Mary gather around-- seeing PHOTOS on the screen. Period children-- a little girl standing with her FATHER (HUGO MORIARTY, we'll meet him later).

\*

(CONTINUED)



MARY WINCHESTER

(re: the laptops)

You're really getting all that  
from... that.

Sam looks up, clocks her disorientation.

SAM

Don't worry. We'll teach you.

Sam and Dean stare at their laptops, faces lit up "tech blue," unaware of their condescension-- or Mary's alienation. We PUSH IN on her, watching-- feeling "obsolete" and useless.

17

EXT. SUBURBAN HOME - DAY

17

Cass and Crowley pile out of Cass' car.

CROWLEY

See, wasn't that so much more  
pleasant with company?

CASTIEL

With you singing Shania Twain for  
an hour straight? No.

They walk up to a nondescript suburban home. As Cass clocks a Handicapped TAG on the car in the driveway and a WHEELCHAIR RAMP leading to the front, Crowley makes a move for the back--

CROWLEY

I'll take the rear.

(then)

Not a euphemism.

(then)

Or was it?

Castiel grabs his arm.

CASTIEL

No. No break-ins, no demonic shows  
of strength. We're doing this by  
the book.

CROWLEY

Mm, why play by Winchester rules?  
We're a very powerful demon and a--  
a kind of powerful angel--

CASTIEL

Because you're the one who begged  
to buddy up on my case.

(CONTINUED)

Crowley rolls his eyes, Cass knocks. The door opens to reveal WENDY (50s), Vince's tough sister. Cass sees she's standing, no wheelchair in sight.

CASTIEL

I'm Agent Beyoncé, this is my partner, Agent... Zee. We have some questions about your bro--

But Wendy just closes the door in their face. A beat.

CASTIEL

You think that happens to Sam and Dean?

CROWLEY

("definitely not")  
All the time.

Sam and Dean are mid-theory about what they're dealing with.

DEAN

"Mylings?"

SAM

From Scandinavian lore. Child spirits-- vengeful ones.

(reading)

"Their cries for help lure adults to their death."

DEAN

So kids died in the house, then went all Bad Casper.

Sam nods-- pretty much. Mary's been listening to their internet-based theorizing.

MARY WINCHESTER

Anything about frozen hearts?

SAM

Not yet, but-- these are from old, incomplete folk accounts. We all know the lore isn't always 100%.

ON MARY. Looks away-- unsure--

MARY WINCHESTER

Maybe, but-- all I know is, the boy who grabbed me? He didn't want to hurt me. He was scared.

On Mary. This isn't theoretical-- it's an intuition.

SAM

(with kid gloves)

Might've felt that way, but... the victims were lured by a baby's "cry." The spirit marked Natalia-- right before she was killed. The same way the spirit marked you. If we hadn't gotten there in time...

His voice trails off-- doesn't want to say it--

DEAN

Look, we've got these kids' names, they're all buried locally-- we salt and burn them, that's the safe play.

Sam and Mary trade looks, taking that in. He's right.

DEAN

Okay, great. Let's get to it.

They rise, but Mary wobbles a bit-- feeling faint--

And QUICK IMAGES FLASH THROUGH HER MIND: A shot of the BURN on her arm. A shot from our PILOT. SAM'S CRIB. Then--

We're ON MARY. As Dean and Sam move to her--

SAM

Mom?

DEAN

You okay?

Mary nods-- steadying herself.

MARY WINCHESTER

Fine-- I'm fine.

But Sam and Dean aren't buying. They trade a look--

SAM

You should stay here.

MARY WINCHESTER

No.

(CONTINUED)

DEAN

(covering)

This is grunt work, Mom. You keep researching from here-- couldn't hurt to know more about the spirits we're putting to rest.

MARY WINCHESTER

Dean--

DEAN

We've seen you in action, Mom. Save your strength for the ass-kicking and leave the housework to us.

On Mary, smiling slightly-- that was sweetly put.

DEAN

(hands her his cellphone)

Call if you need us.

Mary's uncertain, but nods. Sam and Dean head out.

SAM

Back soon.

They exit. Mary sits back at the edge of the bed, feeling useless-- shut out of her own case.

After a beat, she takes Dean's phone, dials a number she's got written down on a scrap of paper. After a few RINGS...

VOICE (O.S., ON PHONE)

Ramsay County Register of Deeds.

MARY WINCHESTER (INTO PHONE)

Hello, I'm looking for contact information for the last owner of "1781 Chamberlin Street."

This guy clearly hasn't been asked to do this part of his job in a while. Annoyed--

VOICE (O.S., ON PHONE)

Uh, Lady, can't you just use our website like everyone else--

MARY WINCHESTER (INTO PHONE)

I'm not everyone else.

(then, a bit nicer)

Please and thank you.

19

INT. SUBURBAN HOME - DAY

19

Wendy's on the phone, leaving a voicemail.

WENDY (INTO PHONE)

Vinny-- please call me.

(nothing)

I've got two federal agents asking for you. Dunno what was with you yesterday, but you're in trouble--

CROWLEY (O.S.)

How right you are, Wendy.

Wendy SPINS-- to see CROWLEY standing behind her--

Wendy YELPS in fright-- as Crowley unlocks the door for Cass.

CROWLEY

So, Vince was here. Yesterday.

Wendy swallows hard-- as Castiel studies her.

CASTIEL

Odd.

(off Crowley)

She's been recently healed.

This lands on Wendy. How'd he know that? Crowley, spotting Wendy's WHEELCHAIR in the corner.

CROWLEY

Is that so? Let me guess, your "brother" got you up and walking again.

(then)

And how are you enjoying the use of those legs? You know, the gift he gave, I can take away like-- (that)

Cass catches his arm before he can snap his fingers-- and break Wendy's legs. A glance. Crowley, bad cop, backs off. Cass fixes her with a calm glance.

CASTIEL

The... thing that healed you? It wasn't your brother. It was something else. Something old. And evil.

(then)

And I think a part of you knows that.

(CONTINUED)

ON WENDY. Gulp. She does.

CASTIEL

We don't want to hurt Vince. We want to save him.

Wendy, finally relenting...

WENDY

I-- he showed up outta the blue. And he fixed me-- like a miracle-- but...

(then, puzzled)

He did it cold-- like it was nothing to him, like he was running an errand. Barely said a word.

(then)

Then he just took off, with his groupie friend.

CASTIEL

His groupie?

WENDY

Red-headed broad. Didn't say much.

Cass shoots Crowley a look-- the King keeps them on track--

CROWLEY

And where, exactly, did he take off to?

Cass and Crowley head back to Cass' car.

CROWLEY

So Vince's cabin in Sagamore Hills. Apparently, all of his greatest records were written there-- Serpentine, Theater of Mercy...

CASTIEL

Should have known there was something you weren't telling me.

(off Crowley's mock innocent look)

Rowena?

CROWLEY

So me and Mum had an unfortunate and somewhat embarrassing run-in with Lucifer.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CROWLEY (CONT'D)

(then)

You're just mad you were only my second choice for a Lucifer-hunt team-up--

CASTIEL

No, actually-- it's sweet. I thought your motivation was ambition and revenge. But now I know you want to save your mother.

Crowley pulls a face-- nice try.

CROWLEY

It's not about "saving" her.

(then)

Lucifer's made off with a colossally powerful witch-- who, by the way, is the only person alive who can slam him back in the Cage. He'll either kill her, control her-- or she'll offer her services to the biggest bad in town, to save her own skin. Like she always does.

(then)

Do any of those sound like particularly good outcomes to you?

OFF CASS-- no, they do not--

INT. VINCE'S CABIN - NIGHT

ROWENA cowers in the corner, her wrists CHAINED to the floor. She's got a wary eye across the room at...

LUCIFER. (In VINCE VINCENTE'S vessel.) He's checking himself in the mirror, noticing some deterioration of his vessel.

LUCIFER

You got any beauty spells locked up in that witchy brain of yours?

Turns to her, with jaunty menace.

LUCIFER

Thought this one would last a bit longer before going all Keith Richards on me, but...

(sigh)

All this vessel hopping, it's getting old.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

LUCIFER (CONT'D)

Just as I get used to the limitations of one meatsack, I have to cut bait and leap into the next flawed lump.

Rowena, tremulous, fearful-- desperate not to make a wrong move or say the wrong thing...

ROWENA

Then... you want me to make this vessel permanent? Strong enough to hold you.

LUCIFER

(glancing in a mirror)  
It does look good on me...

Rowena smiles and nods weakly.

LUCIFER

So, Red-- what you got?

ROWENA

I'd help, I would-- but I don't have the Book of the Damned. I lost it--

Lucifer lunges at her with sudden menace, spotting her bluff.

LUCIFER

You know damned well where you hid it.

(aside)

"Damned"-- see what I did there?

(fiercely again)

Besides, you don't need the Book.

Tapping her skull.

LUCIFER

Clever girl like you-- you must have it all up there by now.

On Rowena-- Lucifer's hunch is accurate.

ROWENA

And if I refuse?

LUCIFER

I snap your neck, again.

(perking up)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)



21

CONTINUED: (2)

21

LUCIFER (CONT'D)

But this time I'll rip it clean off afterwards. Or-- ooooh, even better-- DURING.

OFF ROWENA-- shit...

22

EXT. GRAVEYARD - NIGHT

22

Sam and Dean, grimy and sweaty, stand over an open grave, lit up by the flames within-- watching the remains of one of the house's child victims go up. We see the GRAVESTONE: "Lucas Kellinger, 1989-1995." \*

Sam puts a can of LIGHTER FLUID back in his jacket pocket, eyeballs Dean. Breaking the silence, re: Lucas' age... \*

SAM

Grim work.

DEAN

Yeah.

Sam is quiet, warming up to say something. Dean glances up, senses it coming.

DEAN

What?

SAM

I'm worried about Mom.

DEAN

Sam--

SAM

You're not?

DEAN

(all he cares about)  
Mom's back. She's still working out the kinks-- we're all still working out the kinks.

(beat)

Can we, for once, not turn everything into a problem? For once, can we just have one good thing.

On Sam. Dean's defenses are up-- WAY up. But--

SAM

Mom's not a thing.

(off his aggrieved look)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

22

CONTINUED:

22

SAM (CONT'D)

I'm happy too. Overjoyed. But something's going on with her.

DEAN

She's adapting--

SAM

She's struggling.

(then)

She's trying to bury herself in hunting to avoid dealing.

DEAN

How can you possibly know that?!

SAM

I dunno, years of experience?

(then, more gently)

Like mother, like sons, I guess.

Dean's annoyed-- doesn't want to hear this at all.

23

INT. MOTEL - NIGHT

23

Mary's on the phone, listening as a crying woman, CHERYL, gives her account on the other end.

CHERYL (O.S., ON PHONE)

Lucas-- was so cold.

\*

We begin an INTERCUT WITH...

\*

A24

INT. APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

A24

\*

...where CHERYL (late middle-aged) talks on the phone, bunched damp tissue in her hand.

\*

\*

CHERYL (INTO PHONE)

\*

\*

I still don't understand, I'd checked on him just a minute before I found him. How'd he get so cold, so fast?

A beat as this woman spins in her recollected grief. Then, pulling herself together...

CHERYL (INTO PHONE)

\*

Gosh, sorry for going on like this--

MARY WINCHESTER (INTO PHONE)

Don't apologize. What did Lucas look like?

\*

(CONTINUED)

"The Foundry"

Blue Draft

7/14/16 28A.

A24

CONTINUED:

A24

CHERYL (INTO PHONE)

He was so handsome, brown hair, and  
these crystal blue eyes.

\*

MARY WINCHESTER

Anything else?

(CONTINUED)

CHERYL (INTO PHONE)

He had a scar on his cheek. From  
the neighbors' dog.

\*

And Mary realizes-- Cheryl's DESCRIBING THE GHOST SHE SAW--

MARY WINCHESTER (INTO PHONE)

Thank you, Cheryl. I'm sorry for  
dredging all this up.

\*

CHERYL (INTO PHONE)

It's okay.  
(then)  
Actually, kinda nice-- no one talks  
on the phone anymore, y'know?

\*

MARY WINCHESTER (INTO PHONE)

(wry, then warmly)  
I've noticed. Thank you.

The woman hangs up, and we END THE INTERCUT. A beat as Mary  
absorbs that conversation-- the deep parental GRIEF of it.  
She moves to put the phone down... and STUMBLES, as MORE  
IMAGES FLASH THROUGH HER MIND-- reusing PILOT FOOTAGE--

\*

\*

\*

The exterior of the house in Lawrence. Mary by the crib with  
Sam and Dean.

DREAMY, THROBBING, SLOW-MOTION REUSE FOOTAGE of Mary, running  
up the stairs, down the hall, to Sam's nursery. (PILOT, TIME  
CODE: 2:20-2:29), and then--

We're in the decrepit "Nursery" at 1781 Chamberlin Street. A  
CHILD'S CRY echoes from the CRIB--

CLOSE ON. The CRIB. Peering over the edge. The image  
SHUDDERING, JUMPING from the dirty bare crib at Chamberlin to  
Sam's warm, blanketed CRIB-- and back again. Then--

BAM! Lucas, the ghost child from earlier, is crouched inside  
the crib, staring up at her.

\*

GHOST LUCAS

HELP ME!!!

\*

And we're ON MARY. In the room. Coming out of her trance--  
breathing hard-- she looks down at the BANDAGE on her arm--

DISSOLVE TO:

DEAN

Mom...

The room's empty. Dean freezes at the door as Sam checks the bathroom, reenters. Checks the bedside, looks inside one of their hunting bags-- EMPTY.

SAM

Weapons are missing.

(then)

She's gone.

Off that, we... SMASH TO BLACK!

END ACT TWO

ACT THREE

25 INT. HOUSE - VARIOUS - DAY 25

Mary enters, alone-- armed with an IRON BAR and a bag of weapons. She steps deeper inside, looks around.

We ARM AROUND to reveal GHOST LUCAS. Fully materialized. Sensing him, she turns. They lock eyes. \*

MARY WINCHESTER

Lucas? \*

He just stares-- expressionless.

MARY WINCHESTER

That's your name, isn't it?

He is calmer now-- but we still fear for Mary. She cautiously steps towards him-- he recoils from her iron bar. Mary, surmising the source of his hesitancy, disarms... drops her bag on the floor, tucks the bar behind her back-- puts her palms up.

MARY WINCHESTER

I talked to your mother, she misses you very much.

Ghost Lucas regards her. Relaxes, turns... leads her deeper into the house. She follows. They arrive at the boarded-up basement door. She looks from Lucas to the door-- he wants her to get inside. \*

Mary slowly pulls the bar out from behind her back-- sees Lucas is gone. Begins prying the boards loose with the bar... \*

26 INT. HOUSE - BASEMENT - MOMENTS LATER 26

Mary enters, wielding a flashlight. Its beam crosses a couple scattered mattresses, a few dirty old TOYS on the floor... Lucas appears, standing amid the childish items. \*

There are voices-- childish, spectral WHISPERS. What Sam and Dean heard earlier-- only closer. Louder.

MARY WINCHESTER

Lucas... why did you bring me here? \*

Lucas opens his mouth to speak-- it's a creepy effort, the words croaking forth slowly from his parched throat-- \*

(CONTINUED)

LUCAS

Help... us...

\*

Dean's cellphone RINGS, startling Mary. She answers, and we BEGIN AN INTERCUT WITH:

EXT. MOTEL - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Sam and Dean charge out of the motel room, heading to Baby.

DEAN (INTO PHONE)

Where are you?

MARY WINCHESTER (ON SPEAKERPHONE)

At the Chamberlin House. Working a hunch.

Sam and Dean trade puzzled, worried looks.

SAM (INTO PHONE)

Mom, we salted and burned the remains...

On Mary, still amidst the spectral voices, Lucas nearby--

\*

MARY WINCHESTER (INTO PHONE)

Didn't work.

Now the boys are really worried. As they hop into Baby...

DEAN (INTO PHONE)

Get out of the house and wait for us--

But Dean's voice is garbled-- the connection breaking up. The call dropped.

DEAN (INTO PHONE)

Mom?

Angry and scared, Dean tosses Sam's phone back to him, revs the engine...

INT. VINCE'S CABIN - DAY

Rowena applies ASH to Lucifer's chest in an elaborate pattern. Tremulously, cautiously narrating her progress...

ROWENA

The Ash of the Hawthorn Tree.

LUCIFER

The pattern?

ROWENA

A Druidic glyph. I'm using a hybrid spell of my own devise-- Book of the Damned and Celtic magic... should give your vessel the resiliency and strength of the mightiest tree...

LUCIFER

There's a woody joke in there somewhere.

Rowena gives a flat smile-- humoring him-- tries to turn--

BAM! And Lucifer grabs her arm--

LUCIFER

But let's go back to that nagging little word: "should"?

ROWENA

It's uncharted territory-- I can't promise the spell will last forever. There's no known magic for that--

(he twists her arm)

But... it will last.

On Lucifer: acceptable. Releases her. She finishes the glyph, nervously returns to an array of items. Her back to Lucifer, we see a small BOWL, a VIAL filled with powder, and a piece of dry reddish clay. She grabs the clay, turns back--

ROWENA

The final step.

...she begins circling Lucifer on the floor. As she works...

ROWENA

Permission to speak, Dark Lord?

Lucifer rolls his eyes at her obsequiousness.

ROWENA

If-- when this spell succeeds, and you're restored to your full glory--

LUCIFER

Will I just kill you?

Rowena pleads for her life as she finishes the circle-- she's terrified, tearing up, more abject than we've ever seen her.

(CONTINUED)



ROWENA

I can be of value beyond this  
spell.

LUCIFER

We'll see.

Rowena whimpers gratefully-- rises.

ROWENA

Thank you, my Liege.

She puts a submissive hand to his chest. Then, her  
expression shifting from subjugation to WRATH--

ROWENA

Accelerare!

Lucifer starts-- as the spell is activated with a CHARGE OF  
LIGHT! Rowena is blasted back from its force as Lucifer  
MOANS! His flesh begins to (VFX) PEEL!

LUCIFER

Red. What did you do...?

ROWENA

Sped up the deterioration process,  
my Lord. Ye thought Keith Richards  
was bad? Welcome to IGGY POP!

Lucifer staggers, falls to his knees-- his flesh peeling into  
a MUMMYISH ROT.

LUCIFER

Ohh, decapitation's far too  
merciful for you, Ginger Bitch--

She moves to the bowl, tosses the powder inside-- it BURNS!

LUCIFER

No!

He raises a hand-- WHAM! And Rowena's THROWN BACK into the  
wall. Lucifer stalks forward-- melting-- fuming-- \*

LUCIFER

You can't destroy me!

ON ROWENA. Hurt, but powering through.

ROWENA

Not yet-- but I can send you far,  
far away.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

ROWENA (CONT'D)

(then)

Try finding a new vessel at the  
bottom of the Atlantic.

She claps her hands--

ROWENA

<Latin for "Away!">

And we POP WIDE to reveal-- Lucifer's gone. Rowena catches  
her breath. She didn't cage Lucifer-- but she saved herself.

29 INT. HOUSE - BASEMENT/VARIOUS - DAY 29

Mary crouches beside Lucas, the GHOST VOICES still swirling. \*

MARY WINCHESTER

What's keeping you here?

On Lucas, fearful. \*

GHOST LUCAS \*

Him.

Off Mary's puzzled look, he points at a plastered over  
section of the basement wall. After a beat-- the GHOST  
VOICES go quiet. There's a rumble within the wall, a ROUSING  
force-- Lucas starts backing away fearfully, a fearful HUSH  
falls over the ghost WHISPERS... \*

Mary bolts into action-- races up the stairs...

...rounds into the living room to her weapons. Pulls out a  
salt GUN, turns-- BOO SCARE! She faces a hideous OLD  
SPIRIT... recognizable as Hugo Moriarty, the grieving father  
from the old news item. \*

30 INT. VINCE'S CABIN - DAY 30

Castiel and Crowley kick in the door action-movie hero style,  
to find... Rowena. Alone. Pulling herself together after  
her fight with Lucifer, pouring herself a drink.

ROWENA

If you're looking for Lucifer, you  
just missed him.

Castiel and Crowley trade looks.

31 INT. HOUSE - VARIOUS - DAY 31

Mary tries to scramble away from MORIARTY'S GHOST...

(CONTINUED)

MARY WINCHESTER

You're the father. Of the first  
victim. You killed them. All  
those-- (children)

\*

BAM! Moriarty snarls, PLUNGES his fist through her chest!  
She GASPS! And we hear CRACKLING, CRYSTALLIZING ICE-- he's  
freezing her heart-- Sam and Dean BUST THROUGH the door!

Moriarty STUTTERS OUT, Mary falls to her knees-- then our  
boys rush in, find her on the ground-- alone.

\*

\*

SAM

Mom!

Dean runs, helping her off the floor.

\*

DEAN

What happened? You okay?

On Mary, apparently reeling-- IS she okay? Then...

BOOM! Mary punches Dean! Sending him spinning--

\*

On Mary, her eyes in a WRATHFUL STARE-- and, we now see,  
OOZING BLACK ECTOPLASM, a single BLACK TEAR streaks her face.

DEAN

Mom?

SAM

Dean-- she's possessed.

\*

As we realize Mary is possessed by Moriarty's Ghost, we...  
SMASH TO BLACK!

END ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

32

INT. HOUSE - VARIOUS - CONTINUOUS WITH EARLIER

32

MARY/MORIARTY moves towards Dean--

\*

Meanwhile, Sam pulls out a length of iron CHAIN-- moves towards her back.

\*

She whirls, SNARLS-- raises a hand-- and SUPERNATURALLY THROWS Sam against an old shelf-- he falls to the ground, dazed by the impact.

\*

\*

\*

In a creepy, guttural male/female hybrid GROAN...

MARY/MORIARTY

My house. My children. Forever.

She turns, lunges at Dean-- grabs him and pulls him up the wall by the neck. Locks eyes with him, choking him.

\*

\*

DEAN

Don't.

\*

Mary/Moriarty PLACES her hand onto Dean's chest-- starts FREEZING HIS HEART... ICE spreading across Dean's shirt.

DEAN

(pained)

You can fight this...

\*

On Sam, struggling to get off the floor--

\*

Mary/Moriarty doesn't stop. Dean clenches in agony... ICE SPREADING across his chest...

\*

DEAN

Mom...

Dean starts to weaken, going limp, breath slowing to a wheeze, head lolling... near death... We ANGLE ON Mary/Moriarty. At the sight of Dean, nearly dead, something shifts inside him/her-- and we ZOOM INTO Mary/Moriarty's eyes and...

Mary SCREAMS!!! Dean drops to the ground, gasping for life. Mary broke free.

Sam, rising from the ground...

\*

SAM

Mom?

\*

\*

(CONTINUED)

Barely recovered, still struggling, no time--

MARY WINCHESTER

(to Sam)

The basement.

She groans, ARCHING HER BACK IN AGONY-- Moriarty's fighting to repossess her!

MARY WINCHESTER

Go!

Sam runs. Mary screams from the effort of holding Moriarty down... as DEAN, still recovering, crawls on the floor towards Sam's iron chains. Almost in his grasp, when--

\*  
\*

--Mary/Moriarty RATCHETS him against the wall.

\*

ON DEAN. Hurt. He looks up, as Mary/Moriarty advances--

DEAN

Mom?

MARY/MORIARTY

Mommy's gone.

And we BEGIN AN INTERCUT WITH...

As Sam races downstairs. Looks around-- no idea what he's even supposed to be looking for--

When Lucas appears. Points at the plastered over wall. Sam, following Lucas' command, starts knocking through it--

\*  
\*

As Mary/Moriarty advances on Dean, Dean pulls Mary's dropped SALT SHOTGUN from the floor. Aims it at Mary/Moriarty. Mary/Moriarty KEEPS COMING--

\*  
\*  
\*

As Sam clears the wall... finds MORIARTY'S REMAINS. COBWEBBED AND DECAYED.

\*

The gun's aimed square at Mary/Moriarty. He/she pauses.

\*

DEAN

Please. Don't make me.

\*  
\*

Mary/Moriarty regards the weapon-- a small smile. He/she knows Dean won't-- he can't hurt his mother. Mary/Moriarty yanks the gun free, tosses it aside. Dean is defenseless as--

\*  
\*  
\*

Sam pulls out his lighter fluid, starts hurriedly dousing his \*  
remains-- \*

Mary/Moriarty-- suddenly alert. Sensing the violation of his \*  
own remains. Snarls. Turns to go to the basement-- \*

As Dean, seizing the opportunity, runs to the IRON CHAINS-- , \*  
leaps at Mary/Moriarty... ENCIRCLING HER with the chains! \*

MARY/MORIARTY SCREAMS!

BACK ON SAM... salting and lighting up the remains! They start to BURN!

BACK ON Dean, gripping Mary/Moriarty tight as he/she screams! A ghostly combination of Moriarty and Mary's voice, struggling in pain and rage!

DEAN

I got you, Mom. I got you.

He pulls the chains tighter as he/she writhes in Dean's grasp! Finally-- Moriarty STUTTERS OUT! Mary SAGS...

... locks eyes with Dean. They turn... to see MORIARTY'S GHOST (VFX) in the center of the room.

BACK ON Sam, watching the salted and burning remains of Moriarty.

BACK ON Dean and Mary, watching Moriarty's torment as... his ghost "children" appear around him. Five or six ragamuffins, including one little GIRL holding her BABY "sister." (The crying baby from the nursery.) They form a ring around him, watching as their captor Moriarty issues a final scream-- and disappears. Vanquished.

Sam returns in the doorway, sees Dean holding Mary, as one by one the ghost children are liberated, freed to Heaven, disappearing in BALLS OF LIGHT, one by one.

Mary locks eyes with Lucas' Ghost. A beat of silent acknowledgement-- and then Lucas is gone too.

\*  
\*

And off our trio, reunited, battered but victorious, we...  
SMASH TO BLACK!

END ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

34

EXT. VINCE'S CABIN - DAY

34

Crowley, Rowena, and Castiel hang out by the Cabin.

ROWENA

...until you forced me to get back  
in the game, I'd tried to forget  
about Lucifer.

Cass gives her a questioning look.

ROWENA

I loathe him.

A beat on the trio: that's one thing they can all agree on.

ROWENA

And I loathe that I had any part in  
letting him out of the pit he  
belongs in.

This lands on Cass-- as we know, he feels the same.

CASTIEL

So you'll help us.

ROWENA

Oh, God no. That whole "FBI"  
pantsuit look? Not my hex bag.

CROWLEY

Rushing back to your bland-as-bread  
Republican boyfriend then, are we?

ROWENA

Aye, we are.

(then)

But-- you get Lucifer cornered, and  
find yourself in need. I'm there.

Rowena walks to the car, leaving Cass and Crowley alone.

CROWLEY

Guess it's just you and me, now.

Crowley reaches out and pats Castiel's shoulder. Cass turns,  
looks quizzically at Crowley's hand. Crowley takes it back.

CROWLEY

Yeah...



35

INT. MEN OF LETTERS - DAY - LATER

35

On Dean and Mary, still bruised and battered, entering the library-- just back from their hunt. It's a bit silent, tense. Mary pauses at John's journal, still where she left it. Dean watches her, apprehensive but eager...

DEAN

You want a shower? Take a nap?  
You been through it today--

She shakes her head. He nods, patient. After a beat--

DEAN

Look, Mom-- I'm sorry. If me and Sam hijacked your hunt, or sidelined you in any way. That was your case and-- you kicked ass. Again.

MARY WINCHESTER

I kicked ass? You saved me. I--

DEAN

You were right. Those kids were innocent. I mean, we still don't know what Moriarty's deal was--

MARY WINCHESTER

(quietly, haunted)

I do.

She looks at Dean.

MARY WINCHESTER

When he possessed me, I saw-- I felt it. All of it.

(beat)

When Hugo lost his child, he went mad. Buried himself alive in his basement-- walled himself up and starved to death.

\*

DEAN

Damn...

MARY WINCHESTER

He was stuck there, haunting the home he'd lived in with his daughter. But when new families moved in, families with children-- he was so ruined by grief, by desire for what he'd lost...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MARY WINCHESTER (CONT'D)

He coveted those children-- so he took them. Killed them. And somehow that bound their spirits to his.

(then)

That's where his power came from. The freezing hearts, the strength-- he stole it from them.

(shuddering)

He was so greedy-- so twisted.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

Dean steps closer to comfort her. Mary is trembling.

DEAN

Mom? It's okay-- you're home now.

On Mary. She looks up at Dean. This is the hardest thing she's ever said.

MARY WINCHESTER

No. I'm not.

On Dean. Confused-- but already CRUSHED by her words. As we ARM AROUND, we reveal Sam has entered. Frozen too by what he's just heard. Mary sees him. Then, near tears--

MARY WINCHESTER

I miss John. I miss my boys.

Sam and Dean trade startled, devastated looks. A beat.

SAM

We're right here.

Mary nods, tearing, but-- no.

MARY WINCHESTER

I know. With my head. But-- I'm still grieving... them. As I knew them. My baby Sam, my boy Dean.

(then)

It feels like yesterday, we were together-- in Heaven. And now I'm here and John's gone-- and they're gone.

(then)

No matter what I do, every moment I spend with you just reminds me of every moment I've lost with them.

She tries to smile through her grief, to express the sweet side of this devastatingly bittersweet experience...

(CONTINUED)

MARY WINCHESTER

You two. You're beautiful, and brave, but-- I nearly killed you today--

DEAN

You wanted to work a case. Danger, that's what hunting is.

MARY WINCHESTER

And that's your life-- I know that's your life-- but if something happened to you...

SAM

What are you saying?

A beat.

MARY WINCHESTER

I have to go.

WHOA. Sam and Dean reel-- especially Dean, already withdrawing into a stony heartbreak. Can't even look at her.

MARY WINCHESTER

I'm sorry-- I'm so, so sorry.  
(beat)

I just... need some time. Alone.

Crying, she puts John's journal in her bag. She moves to kiss Dean goodbye-- but he instinctively recoils. She pulls back, takes in a last, loving look at him. Moves to Sam. Kisses his cheek.

MARY WINCHESTER

I love you. Both of you.

As she moves past him, on her way out of the bunker, ANGLE ON Dean. Still staring into space, unable to look at her go--

DEAN

Please.

A desperate, heartbroken son's plea. Mary's heart is broken as theirs. But, steeling herself, moving through tears... she LEAVES.

On Sam and Dean, devastated and alone in the bunker, reeling from this emotional gutpunch, we... BLACKOUT!

TO BE CONTINUED...