

SUPERNATURAL

Episode #1205

"The One You've Been Waiting For"

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Episode #1205

"The One You've Been Waiting For"

REVISION HISTORY

Revision	Date	Revised Pages
Production Draft - White	07/15/16	

CAST LIST

SAM WINCHESTER
DEAN WINCHESTER

JARED PADALECKI
JENSEN ACKLES

AARON

ADAM ROSE

AGENT GARDNER

AGENT TORRES

BEAT COP

CANDY LLOYD

CHRISTOPH

ELLIE GRANT

FRITZ

JILLIAN LANDOWSKI

MAID

MARV BRICKLE

NAUHAUS / HITLER

NICK

STANLEY LLOYD

THULE HIGH COMMAND #1 / GODFRIED

THULE HIGH COMMAND #2

THULE ON WALKIE

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TEASER

FADE IN:

1 EXT. STOREFRONT - NIGHT (DAY 1) 1
A row of shops. Thunder CRACKS. BLARING PUNK MUSIC carries over--

SUPER: COLUMBUS, OHIO.

We TRACK behind a FIGURE entering the one dimly lit shop--

2 INT. ANTIQUE SHOP - CONTINUOUS 2

REVEAL: A cute, tatted neo-punk of the *Girl With the Dragon Tattoo* stripe, JILLIAN LANDOWSKI (late 20s), pulls off her HEADPHONES. The music dies. She glances around; the place is eerie. Deserted. She hears WHISPERS.

JILLIAN
Hello-- ?

The whispers cease. A moment later, a squat antiques dealer, MARV (60s, think Wallace Shawn), pops out from behind the looming STACKS of dusty ANTIQUITIES.

MARV
Ah, Miss Landowski. You're early--

Jillian smiles tightly, all business. She digs into her bag.

JILLIAN
I'm always early. Where is it? I brought cash.

Marv mops his sweaty brow.

MARV
I, uh... well, I'm afraid things have changed. With the price.

JILLIAN
(not happy)
We had a deal--

CANDY (O.S.)
-- I made him a better one.

*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CANDY LLOYD, 60s, a botoxed-to-the-hilt society maven, emerges from behind the stacks. PUSH IN on Jillian recognizing her rival with unbridled contempt. *

JILLIAN

You? Unbelievable. Why don't you find your own leads and stop crashing my buys--

CANDY *

Oh don't be so dramatic, it's only happened a half-dozen times.

Candy smirks. Jillian glares, turns on Marv-- *

JILLIAN

How much is she giving you? I'll beat it.

A venal twinkle lights in Marv's eye. He slides BEHIND THE JEWELRY CASE and produces a CEDAR BOX, unlatching it to REVEAL: A GOLD POCKET WATCH.

He traces it with his jeweler's POINTER--

MARV

Well, this is a rare find. 1931. Solid gold-- just look at that craftsmanship. Mrs. Lloyd has generously offered eighty thousand--

The watch GLEAMS under the lights. Jillian stares, drawn closer to it, as if under the object's spell.

JILLIAN

A hundred--

CANDY *

One fifty.

JILLIAN

That's insane.

Jillian simmers. Directs her ire at Marv--

JILLIAN

We-- you promised it to me.

(then)

I'm going to out you to everyone, all the collectors. Good luck doing business once they find out you screwed me over--

(CONTINUED)

2
"The One..."
CONTINUED: (2)

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2

CANDY
You lost, get over it

JILLIAN
Eat me, Real Housewife.

As Jillian RANTS, we PUSH IN on Marv... he FLINCHES as a WISP of black smoke BILLOWS up from his body. He stares-- confused--

MARV
What...?

And then-- WHOOSH! Marv BURSTS INTO FLAMES!

Candy and Jillian GAPE as Marv goes up like a human torch. Candy's FROZEN, can't move-- *

But Jillian can, GRABS THE WATCH-- runs for the exit-- *

As CANDY STARTS TO SMOKE-- *

ON JILLIAN. As-- BEHIND HER-- an orange light WHOOSHES UP! Candy SCREAMS-- taken out (OS) by the same supernatural force. Then-- *

Jillian STUMBLES. Falling to the floor-- dropping the watch. She collects herself-- raises a hand--

It's starting to SMOKE--

JILLIAN
No-- no!

As she speaks-- BEHIND HER-- the DOOR OPENS. A DARK FIGURE stepping in (we see him only in shadows). Then--

We're ON JILLIAN as-- FOOM! FLAMES ENGULF HER!

And illuminate the DARK FIGURE-- giving us our first look at our BIG BAD: NAUHAUS (50s, a stone-faced Brian Cox type, he never smiles). And off his DISTURBING GLARE, we--

BLACKOUT.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

3

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

3

CLOSE ON the face of DEAN WINCHESTER, typing on his laptop, completely engrossed in his WORK. Behind him, SAM enters carrying a few PLASTIC BAGS of food and supplies.

SAM

Made a run. Got everything on the list...

Holding up a carton of EGGS-- Dean doesn't even look up--

SAM

Scrambled or fried?

DEAN

Not really hungry.

Huh? Sam pulls a delicious APPLE PIE from one of the bags.

SAM

What about pie?

DEAN

Maybe later. Kinda in the middle of something...

SAM

(beat)

Dude, something's wrong.

DEAN

Nope.

But Sam's not buying that--

SAM

Look, I get it, mom--

DEAN

Gonna stop you right there. Mom needs some time on her own, I told you, I'm good with it.

SAM

(not buying that)

Are you?

Dean changes the subject, brings his LAPTOP over to Sam--

(CONTINUED)

EXT.
SP
e

DEAN
Happened last night.

Sam's eyes travel over the article and accompanying PHOTO OF CANDY, the old lady from our teaser. *

SAM
"Three Killed in Mystery Fire."
Mystery fire?

DEAN
The kind where nothing burns except
the dead people.

SAM
Spontaneous combustion. You
thinking witch? Dragon?

DEAN
Maybe.
(re: Candy's picture) *
And get this: the old chick? She's
loaded. We're talkin' Scrooge
McDuck swimming pools of money.
What's a lady like that doing at
some crappy store, at 3AM?

SAM
Says it was an antique shop.
(off Dean's "SO?" face)
So, rich people love antiquing?

DEAN
Better check it out.

Dean packs gear, but Sam's not ready to let the mom thing go.

SAM
You sure you don't wanna talk
about...

DEAN
No.

SAM
Dude, it's called sublimation.

Dean picks up his .45. Shoots Sam a look. Then--

DEAN
Yeah. Kinda my thing.

Dean snaps the CLIP in place as we CUT TO--

4

EXT. ANTIQUE SHOP - DAY

4

Sporting FED THREADS, Sam and Dean saunter up to the storefront now a CRIME SCENE. They approach a pair of PLAIN CLOTHES DETECTIVES and FLASH BADGES--

DEAN

I'm Agent Kirby, this is Agent Lee.
What do we got here, Detectives?

The "Detectives" exchange a joyless smile. One of them, AGENT TORRES (40s, rotund and irritable), steps forward.

AGENT TORRES

Cute. You down from the Cleveland office?

DEAN

(playing along)
Sure are.

The OTHER AGENT-- GARDNER (20s, athletic) chimes in.

AGENT GARDNER

Yeah you are. With your fancy suits and your Lebron James...

SAM

(confused)
Is there a problem?

AGENT TORRES

Torres and Gardner-- FBI.
Cincinnati field office.

Torres and his partner flash THEIR REAL FBI BADGES. OH SHIT.

AGENT GARDNER

It's our case, we were here first.

Sam and Dean trade a look.

AGENT TORRES

Losing sucks, doesn't it?
("buzz off")
You boys can head on back to the Mistake by the Lake-- we got this.

Sam glances at Dean... is this seriously happening? CUT TO--

5

EXT. ANTIQUE SHOP - SOME DISTANCE AWAY - MOMENTS LATER 5

Sam and Dean a few feet away. The Feds glaring behind them.

(CONTINUED)

"The One..."

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5

5

CONTINUED:

SAM

The real FBI are dicks.

DEAN

Screw their crime scene, we start with the victims. Besides Scrooge McDuck lady, we've got... Jillian Landowski. Private collector, just flew in from New York.

SAM

And the Antiques Dealer--

DEAN

Marvin Brickle. Widower. Owned his business for decades.

SAM

(spitballing)

Antique shop, room full of old stuff... maybe the guy got his hands on a cursed object? It went haywire, killed everybody?

DEAN

Wouldn't be the first time.

Sam glances back, itching to get into the crime scene.

DEAN

How 'bout you get your B&E on while I go talk to the 1%...?

(Off Sam's look)

Candy's husband's local. Maybe he knows what his old lady was up to the night she died.

*

6

INT. LLOYD HOUSE - SITTING ROOM - DAY

6

A foxy MAID (20s) shows Dean into a palatial sitting room. He takes it in: the place is a *Better Homes and Gardens* cliché, down to the portrait of Candy and her husband-- STANLEY LLOYD, 60s-- hanging over the crackling fireplace.

*

DEAN

(to the foxy maid, a joke)

My place looks just like this.

MAID

(ice queen)

Mr. Lloyd will see you when he has time.

(CONTINUED)

"The One..."
CONTINUED:

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6

As she exits, Dean mouths: "When he has time?" He sits.
DISSOLVE TO--

EXT. ANTIQUE SHOP - NIGHT

The crime scene has emptied. Agents Torres and Gardner get into their car and drive off... ARM AROUND to REVEAL: SAM.

INT. ANTIQUE SHOP - MOMENTS LATER

Sam enters through the back door. The shop is dark, curtains drawn. He moves past the shop's spooky wares... clocking three TAPED-OFF SCORCH MARKS on the floor-- the place each victim died. Sam pulls his EMF and gets to work--

CUT TO A SERIES OF SHOTS / TIME CUTS:

INT. LLOYD HOUSE - SITTING ROOM - INTERCUT

DEAN waits. Beyond bored. He gets up, peruses the books on the shelves. Almost knocks over an expensive looking vase...

INT. ANTIQUE SHOP - INTERCUT

SAM finishes his checks: EMF, sulfur, hex bags. Nada. Frustrated, he sidles up to the shop's COMPUTER. He fires it on, hacking Marv's hard drive. Making progress--

INT. LLOYD HOUSE - SITTING ROOM - INTERCUT

DEAN. No progress. Only waiting. He pours himself a scotch from a crystal decanter on the table and takes a drink... drinks again. Checks his watch for the millionth time. Groans. This is pure torture...

INT. ANTIQUE SHOP - INTERCUT

SAM. At the computer. He's pulled up an EMAIL to Candy with a picture of THE MYSTERIOUS GOLD POCKET WATCH. BINGO!

INT. LLOYD HOUSE - SITTING ROOM - NIGHT

DEAN. Fed up. He puts down the now-empty decanter of scotch and stands.

DEAN

Screw this.

INT. LLOYD HOUSE - HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Dean soft-shoes it down the shadowy hall. Snooping. He comes to a door that's LOCKED. Dean sweeps a look around, then drops down and picks it. The door CREAKS OPEN...

15

INT. LLOYD HOUSE - MEMORABILIA ROOM - NIGHT

15

Dean enters the dark room. He pulls a MAGLITE from his pocket and sweeps the beam through the murk, light falling upon the thick block-like lines of... A GIANT SWASTIKA!

Dean stares-- *what the shit did he just find?* He searches for a LIGHT SWITCH, clicks it on, REVEALING--

The entire room is UTTERLY PACKED with WWII MEMORABILIA! WEAPONS, mannequins in UNIFORMS, a NAZI FLAG hung up like a banner (that was the huge swastika Dean just saw)... As Dean takes it all in--

*
*

A COUGHING from behind startles him. Dean whirls-- Candy's husband, STANLEY, stands behind him. Glass of scotch in hand. Scowl on his face.

*

STANLEY LLOYD

Can I help you?

16

INT. LLOYD HOUSE - SITTING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

16

Dean sits across from Stanley Lloyd (60s, austere). Stanley's been hitting the scotch hard, in mourning.

STANLEY LLOYD

I loved my wife. She was a decent woman, despite her quirks...

DEAN

Right, Nazi fetish. "Quirky"--

STANLEY LLOYD

(with a deep sigh)

After Candy's "accident," it was all I could do to keep it out of the police reports...

*

DEAN

And how'd you manage that?

STANLEY LLOYD

I convinced them to remember Candy as a giving philanthropist, not as a woman who spent too much time and money collecting memorabilia.

*

Stanley levels his gaze at Dean, he reaches into a DRAWER-- and retrieves a CHECK BOOK. Begins writing a sizable check.

(CONTINUED)

16

STANLEY LLOYD

Now-- Agent Kirby-- I think you
should let me convince you...

Dean watches Stanley add zeros. So... much... money.

17

INT. / EXT. IMPALA - NIGHT

17

CLOSE ON the CHECK in Dean's hand made out to "Jack Kirby."

Dean sits behind the wheel, staring at it longingly. With a heavy sigh, he balls up the check and chucks it into the backseat. Then pulls his phone and dials--

18

INT. ANTIQUE SHOP - INTERCUT

18

Sam's in the middle of rifling through the shop, looking for the watch, when he gets Dean's call. He picks up--

DEAN

What has two thumbs and intel to bust this sonofabitch wide open?

SAM

Do I really have to--

DEAN

Scrooge McDuck lady was into collecting Nazi crap.

SAM

I know. I hacked Marv's hard drive, he was running a whole underground business catering to--

DEAN

Nazi nutjobs?

SAM

Pretty much.

(then)

The victims were meeting to buy a pocket watch the night they died.

DEAN

Pocket watch?

SAM

Apparently, it belonged to someone in Hitler's inner circle. Been tearing this place apart, but it's not here...

(thinking)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

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18

CONTINUED:

18

SAM (CONT'D)

The Nazi connection, the immolation
MO? Sound like anyone we know?

Dean nods grimly. He knows EXACTLY who Sam means.

DEAN

The Thule.

SAM

I think they took the watch and
torched the bystanders.

Dean shakes his head, donning his best Indiana Jones scowl:

DEAN

Nazis. I hate those guys.

19

INT. ELLIE'S APARTMENT - LIVING AREA - NIGHT

19

A cute open floor-plan, that despite its chicness, is kind of
a mess: MEDICAL TEXTBOOKS everywhere, DISHES in the sink...

SUPER: Toledo, Ohio.

The SOUND OF A KEY IN THE LOCK... in tumbles ELLIE GRANT (mid-
20s, adorably frazzled a la Rachel Bloom in Crazy Ex). Decked
out in a cheesy first date bandage dress and steep heels.

Ellie drops her BAG on the floor, MID-MAKEOUT with her date,
NICK (20s, boy band cute). As they kiss into the apartment--

ELLIE

This is fun. I never do this...
Everyone's like... "Watch out for
the hookup culture, Ellie." They
worry. I just got out of a
relationship. Gave back the
ring... so all good, right?

(cringes)

Sorry. I'm still figuring this
whole Tinder thing out.

NICK

It's cool.

ELLIE

I could be cooler though, let's be
honest. Grab a drink? I'm just
going to go...

She nods to her bedroom. Darting away from him--

INT. Ellie's

20 INT. ELLIE'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER 20

Ellie stands at her full-length mirror. Deep breaths--

ELLIE

... Come on Eleanore, he's hot. So
put on your big girl pants and take
off his.

(catching herself)

Regular pants, not big girl--

CRASH! Ellie freezes-- *Did a glass just shatter?*

She waits a TENSE BEAT. Then, she hears VOICES and the
SOUNDS OF MUFFLED STRUGGLE coming from her living room.

Heart thundering, Ellie creeps to her CRACKED BEDROOM DOOR.
She kneels, peering THROUGH the slit-- Ellie's breath
catches--

21 INT. ELLIE'S APARTMENT - LIVING AREA - CONTINUOUS 21

THREE DARK SHAPES-- members of the THULE SOCIETY (though she
doesn't know that yet)-- have entered her apartment. Backs
to her, they surround a terrified Nick.

NICK

No... please...

22 INT. ELLIE'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS 22

Steeped in dread, Ellie watches as one of them reaches out to
touch Nick with his BLACK-GLOVED HAND--

As Nick BURSTS INTO FLAMES we go TIGHT ON ELLIE'S EYES-- wide
with horror-- her date immolating in front of her!

BLACKOUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

23 INT. ELLIE'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT 23

We pick up right where we left off. Nick burning.
SCREAMING. Ellie STARING, then--

She JERKS BACK. Panicked.

24 INT. ELLIE'S APARTMENT - LIVING AREA - CONTINUOUS 24

As if sensing her fear, the THULE with the black-gloved hands
TURNS-- it's NAUHAUS.

Nauhaus spews a command in German--

NAUHAUS

Die Mädchen! [The girl!]

The Thule beside him, CHRISTOPH (25, bookish, Spike Jonze-y),
charges for the door-- INTERCUT THIS WITH--

25 INT. ELLIE'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT 25

Ellie sees him coming, as Christoph grabs the EDGE OF THE
DOOR-- WHAM! Ellie SLAMS IT ON HIS HAND!

Christoph yelps back, as Ellie SNAPS THE LOCK CLOSED.

26 INT. ELLIE'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS 26

WHAM! We hear Christoph throw himself against the LOCKED
DOOR, as--

Terrified, Ellie RUNS for her OPEN WINDOW. Kicking out of
her heels, she scrambles onto THE FIRE ESCAPE--

27 EXT. ELLIE'S APARTMENT - FIRE ESCAPE - CONTINUOUS 27

CUTTING her leg on the jagged wrought iron. The wound LEAKS
BLOOD. Ellie ignores it, CLIMBING DOWN...

28 INT. ELLIE'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS 28

BAM! The DOOR BURSTS OPEN. Christoph rushes to the fire
escape--

29 EXT. ELLIE'S APARTMENT - FIRE ESCAPE - CONTINUOUS 29

He scans for ELLIE-- spots her, dropping down onto the street
below. CHRISTOPH pulls his PISTOL... aims, Ellie in his
sights... the BLACK-GLOVED HAND seizes the GUN away.

(CONTINUED)

NAUHAUS
(German accented English)
Idiot, we need her alive!

CHRISTOPH
I'm sorry, father--

Nauhaus spots a trickle of ELLIE'S BLOOD on the railing. He teases it between gloved fingers.

NAUHAUS
It doesn't matter, we have what we need to track her.

But this OMINOUS STATEMENT is undercut by--

CHRISTOPH
(perpetually confused)
We do?

NAUHAUS
(annoyed, showing it off)
The blood.

CHRISTOPH
But how--?

NAUHAUS
(sigh)
I'll explain in the car.

30 INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY (DAY 3) 30

Sam's on his LAPTOP searching for THULE activity while Dean paces. They're mid-SPEAKER PHONE conversation with AARON (of the Judah Initiative, last seen in Ep. 813)--

AARON
-- We're halfway through ledger: I nailed six, the golem got the rest--

31 EXT. ALLEY - DAY - INTERCUT 31

Fog wreaths street signs in GERMAN. Techno PULSES. Aaron's alone, huddled in a dark alley behind a Berlin dance club.

AARON
-- Feels good, finishing what the Judah Initiative started.

SAM
Your grandfather'd be proud.

AARON

Yeah well, dropping out of college to wipe out Nazi corpse-bags wasn't exactly my mother's dream, but whatyagonnado?

DEAN

Hear of any Thule action in our neck of the woods?

AARON

Naw, lately these Deutsch-nozzles mostly stick to Fatherland.

SAM

Lately?

AARON

They've been closing ranks, acting all jumpy--

Sam eyes Dean. Jumpy?

SAM

Any idea what's cooking?

AARON

Whatever it is, it's big. Managed to get our hands on a few of their documents, code-named the mission: "Das Blut"-- "The Blood."

Sam and Dean react: could that be what they've stumbled into?

SAM

Sounds nice and ominous.

AARON

Right?

(then)

Whatever it is, we're talking the whole enchilada... the Thule High Command all in one place.

DEAN

Last question: pocket watch mean anything to you, Nazi-relic wise?

SAM'S phone PINGS with an incoming ALERT. Sam looks up--

SAM

Another body just dropped.

(CONTINUED)

31

CONTINUED: (2)

Dean gives him a terse nod.

DEAN

Aaron? Gonna have to call you
back...

As Dean ends the call, we CUT TO--

BEAT COP (PRE-LAP)

By the time we got there, he was
ash and bone--

32

INT. ELLIE'S APARTMENT - LIVING AREA - DAY

32

EMTs wheel a BODY BAG through Ellie's living area... CAMERA
FINDS Sam and Dean-- in FED THREADS-- interviewing a BEAT COP
(20s).

BEAT COP

... You prepare yourself to see
things on the job, but... what does
that to a human being?

Sam and Dean swap a glance-- they know what.

DEAN

Find anything else?

BEAT COP

Just the body. The other victim
was lucky. She got away, ran to a
neighbor's and called for help.

Sam and Dean share a pointed look--

SAM

Where's this survivor now?

33

INT. / EXT. POLICE CRUISER - CONTINUOUS - INTERCUT

33

Ellie. Huddled under a blanket in the backseat. She stares
into space, unable to process what just happened.

The driver's side door OPENS and a COP climbs in--

ELLIE

(wearily)

What's going on? I already gave my
statement...

PAN AROUND to reveal-- it's CHRISTOPH in disguise! Ellie
meets his eyes in the rearview-- recognizing him instantly--

(CONTINUED)

33

CONTINUED:

33

ELLIE

No! Help!

She yanks the DOOR HANDLE, but she's locked inside!

34

INT. ELLIE'S APARTMENT - DOORWAY - INTERCUT

34

Sam and Dean make tracks OUT of the apartment-- passing the CINCINNATI FBI (from the previous crime scene) coming in. Dean grins as they shoulder past--

DEAN

Sorry fellas--,
(throwing up the horns)
Cleveland rocks.

-- Leaving the Cincinnati Feds scowling.

35

EXT. ELLIE'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

35

Sam and Dean step out of Ellie's building at the very same moment-- the POLICE CRUISER DRIVES BY, ELLIE freaking out in the backseat. Pounding on the window--

DEAN

Did you see-- ?

SAM

Yeah.

DEAN

We gotta follow that car!
(a beat... then)
Always wanted to say that.

They RACE to the IMPALA, parked on the street nearby--

36

INT. / EXT. POLICE CRUISER - DAY

36

Christoph pilots the cruiser into an ALLEY, empty but for a VAN parked behind a DUMPSTER. Christoph pulls up next to it.

ELLIE

-- I'll give you anything! I mean, don't really have any money, but my grandparents left me some stocks? Please, just tell me what's going on--

CHRISTOPH

God, do you ever shut up?

Christoph gets out of the cruiser...

37

EXT. ALLEY - DAY

37

He paces to the VAN and tries the handle. LOCKED. Tries the other side. LOCKED. Christoph BANGS on the window in frustration. Reluctantly, he pulls his PHONE and calls--

CHRISTOPH

Father... Of course I've got her...
no... I'm trying to! It's locked.

(NOTE: We don't hear Nauhaus' side of the conversation, only UNINTELLIGIBLE YELLING at his moron son.)

Christoph cradles the phone. He bends down and reaches under the van, feeling for a set of KEYS left on top of the wheel.

CHRISTOPH

That's not fair....

He doesn't see-- or hear-- BABY! Prowling into the other end of the alley. Christoph gropes around under the car.

CHRISTOPH

... I try! I'm always trying. You expect me to be a mind-reader, it's exhausting!

Christoph's hand finds the KEYS. Finally.

CHRISTOPH

Father, I have to go.

He ends the call, about to stand... when a BOOT crunches down on his HAND. Christoph looks up into the smiling face of--

DEAN

Family drama's a bitch, huh?

Dean stands over him, GUN trained down. Behind them, Sam frees Ellie from the backseat of the cruiser.

Dean jerks Christoph to his feet and drags him to one of the WAREHOUSE DOORS that line the alley.

DEAN

Walk.

Dean KICKS A DOOR OPEN-- TIME CUT TO:

38

EXT. / INT. ABANDONED OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

38

The abandoned office sports your typical floor plan-- individual OFFICES line the walls around a big 'ole BULLPEN.

(CONTINUED)

Dean and Sam have tied Christoph to one of the office chairs scattered around. Ellie GAPES IN DISBELIEF. They've been trying to fill her in...

ELLIE
... So if you're not cops, what are you?

Dean looks at Sam-- *your turn for the spiel.*

SAM
There are things out there that shouldn't exist. Bad things. We kill them, it's kind of our job--

DEAN
Right now the safest place is with us.

ELLIE
(dubious)
Uh-huh. Safe from the... what did you call them... Nazi zombies?

SAM
Necromancers. They use blood magic to make themselves almost immortal--

ELLIE
Almost?

DEAN
Shoot 'em in the head, set 'em on fire. Gets the job done.

Dean grins at Christoph-- who FLINCHES, despite putting on a great show of STONY NAZI STOICISM up to this point.

Doubt clouds Ellie's face.

ELLIE
... This is completely insane.

SAM
(gently)
You saw what they did to your friend.

She did. The enormity of it suddenly hits her.

ELLIE
But-- why would they kill Nick?
Why would they kidnap me?

(CONTINUED)

Dear

DEAN

Those are great questions--

Dean pulls his GUN on Christoph. Ellie reacts--

DEAN

Why do you tools want that watch?

(gesturing at Ellie)

And what's she got to do with it?

CHRISTOPH

(faux bravery)

You're going to have to kill me.

Dean looks at Sam. Sam shrugs-- do it.

ELLIE

Wait! You can't just shoot him.

DEAN

Sure I can. Do it all the time.

And Christoph crumbles.

CHRISTOPH

All right! All right! The watch
belongs to my father. Commandant
Nauhaus.

He says it like that's supposed to mean something. Sam and
Dean just stare.

CHRISTOPH

Ranking officer, Thule High Command?

SAM

Keep going.

CHRISTOPH

You don't get it, he'll kill me!

DEAN

What do you think this is, a tickle-
party?

Christoph heaves a SIGH and launches into his story...

CHRISTOPH

It started at the end of the war--

CONTINUED:

We're inside Hitler's plush inner-sanctum. Wagner warbles from a gramophone. The bunker SHUDDERS periodically as BOMBS drop outside-- GRIT sprinkling down from the ceiling.

CHRISTOPH (V.O.)

The Soviets had the Führerbunker surrounded...

CAMERA SETTLES ON... THE BACK of a MAN sitting ramrod straight on a love seat. Brown jacket. School-boy haircut... ADOLPH HITLER (though we will never see his face).

CHRISTOPH (V.O.)

Everybody knew it was over...

Hitler loads a WALTHER PISTOL, staring forlornly at the body of a blonde (EVA BRAUN) lying facedown on the carpet. *

CHRISTOPH (V.O.)

Everybody... except my father.

Nauhaus stands, flanked by four THULE MEMBERS (the Thule "High Command," we'll see these baddies again).

CLOSE ON: his familiar BLACK-GLOVED HAND reaches into his pocket and retrieves... THE GOLD POCKET WATCH!

As the watch in Nauhaus' hand TIC-TIC-TICS away...

Hitler raises the LOADED GUN to his temple...

Nauhaus snaps THE WATCH shut. He steps in. Gingerly taking the gun from der Führer and whispering in his ear--

NAUHAUS

Es geht auch anders...[There is another way].

INT. ABANDONED OFFICE BUILDING - DAY - PRESENT

Dean's impatient--

DEAN

Cut the foreplay: what did your dad do to Hitler?

CHRISTOPH

He saved his life. Well, he saved his soul. Literally not, you know, Jesus-wise.

(off their blank looks)

The watch is like a horcrux, man.

Dean blinks. *What?*

SAM

It's a Harry Potter thing.

DEAN

Of course you know that.

SAM

(ignoring him)

So the watch holds... Hitler's
soul?

Christoph nods. WHOA. It's a loaded moment. Until--

ELLIE

Riiiiight. You trapped Hitler's
soul in a pocket watch. For what?
Safe keeping?

CHRISTOPH

(maximum gravitas)

No. To bring him back.

HOLY SHIT. The insanity of that, the sheer magnitude, hits
Sam and Dean like an anvil... until Ellie GIGGLES.

CHRISTOPH

(defensive)

It sounded bonkers to me too the
first time I heard it. Hell, the
first thousand times.

SAM

Hold on, weren't you there?

CHRISTOPH

No, man, I was born in '94 in
Buffalo. This whole "bring back
Hitler" plan is more of an "O.G.
Thule" thing. All they do is yap
about it--

(offensive German accent)

"Der Führer shall restore the Reich
to its former path of glory!"

ELLIE

He's joking, right? This is a joke--

DEAN

I'm gonna need you to back up to
the part where your daddy wants to
resurrect Adolph Hitler.

CHRISTOPH

After the bunker, the Thule agents smuggling Hitler's soul out got whacked by some Soviets--

SAM

So you lost the watch.

CHRISTOPH

Hey, I didn't lose it. It ended up with some Russian family for awhile, then the Thule tracked it to China, Peru... then it showed up at that antique shop. Now they're all hype to get their Führer-resurrection on.

ON ELLIE. Realizing-- to herself--

ELLIE

This isn't a joke...

ON DEAN. Focused on Christoph.

DEAN

How they gonna bring him back?

CHRISTOPH

Hitler's soul can only inhabit the body of someone who possesses his blood...

SAM

(realizing)

"Das Blut." So you wanna upload Hitler in the body of one of his relatives? Do those even exist?

CHRISTOPH

There's one right there.

He MOTIONS to ELLIE. The boys stare. She snorts--

ELLIE

Wait, you think I'm related to Hitler? Okay, that's hilarious.

CHRISTOPH

The Thule've been keeping tabs on you your whole life, we watch all Hitler's descendents, you just happened to be in the same state as the watch. Go figure--

(CONTINUED)

ELLIE

No. No way. My mom traced our family back to the Mayflower. She used Ancestry --

*

CHRISTOPH

You're adopted.

Sam and Dean exchange a glance-- ouch.

ELLIE

(fuck you)
You don't know *anything* about me.

CHRISTOPH

You're from Wheaton, Illinois. All-state cross country all four years of high school--

ELLIE

Wow. Way to use the internet.

CHRISTOPH

You were gonna be a doctor but you dropped out at the sight of your first stiff--

ELLIE

-- I'm taking a "sabbatical."

CHRISTOPH

Blew town two days before your wedding--

ELLIE

He was banging our caterer!

CHRISTOPH

(occurring to him)
Guess running's a whole thing with you--

That lands. Ellie glares at Christoph, burning with incredulity. Suddenly, she TURNS and stalks OFF to one of the nearby offices. SLAMS the door.

CHRISTOPH

See.

Sam and Dean trade a look.

DEAN

Get her-- we need to move.

41 INT. TOWN CAR - DAY 41

THE POCKET WATCH. Open in Nauhaus' right hand...

He jostles along in the backseat of the town car. Raises his left hand to his mouth and LICKS his finger. TASTING Ellie's blood, teasing it with his tongue. He smiles.

NAUHAUS
(to the DRIVER)
She's close. Turn there--

The TOWN CAR pulls into a familiar ALLEY.

42 INT. ABANDONED OFFICE BUILDING - CONTINUOUS 42

Sam knocks on the closed office door.

SAM
Ellie, you okay-- ?

43 INT. ABANDONED OFFICE BUILDING - OFFICE - CONTINUOUS 43

He enters. Ellie looks up, saucer-eyed, cradling her phone.

ELLIE
I just texted my mom, asked if I was adopted. She wrote--
(shows it to Sam)
"Honey. Call us."
(beat)
That guy out there just pulled my life inside out in five seconds.

SAM
I know it feels that way right now, but you can handle this--

She doesn't know whether to laugh or cry.

ELLIE
Being a little flighty I can handle. Being related to the biggest genocidal maniac of all time? I don't think so...

As Sam struggles with how best to help--

44 INT. ABANDONED OFFICE BUILDING - BULLPEN - INTERCUT 44

Dean baby-sits Christoph. The Thule attempts small talk.

CHRISTOPH

It's been crazy hot lately, right?

(beat)

Global warming--

Dean shoots him a death-glare... then checks his watch, impatient. Looks to the office--

INT. ABANDONED OFFICE BUILDING - OFFICE - INTERCUT

SAM. Doing his level best to talk Ellie off the ledge--

SAM

It's hard to believe, but it will get easier. Trust me, I've been there.

ELLIE

Really? Did somebody want to use you to resurrect Adolph Hitler?

SAM

Not exactly.

ELLIE

There ya go--

SAM

They wanted me to bring back Lucifer.

(beat)

I was his vessel on Earth. And as hard as it was to accept, accepting it was the only way to beat it in the end...

For a second it looks like he's gotten through to her.

ELLIE

You almost-- almost-- had me with Hitler. But, Lucifer? *The Devil?*

(making a move to leave)

I'm sorry... I just... I can't--

DEAN

Okay, meltdown time's over--

DEAN enters, eager to hurry this along.

DEAN

You gotta face this. Now. 'Cause believe it or not, we got the upper hand.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

DEAN (CONT'D)

According to Junior Jackass out there, the Thule want you. We can use that, set a trap--

ELLIE

You want to use me as bait?

SAM

Ellie, we have a chance to take out the entire Thule High Command in one shot--

That gives her pause. ON DEAN, ready to close this sale--

DEAN

Is it scary? You bet. But there are times to run, and times to stand and fight, this is a time to fight. I swear, we'll keep you--
(safe)

ELLIE

Oh my God.

Ellie cuts off his impassioned speech, pointing BEHIND HIM. Through open OFFICE BLINDS-- FOUR ARMED THULE AGENTS have just entered the office bullpen!

We recognize them from the bunker-- THE THULE HIGH COMMAND. One is already freeing Christoph. Dean groans.

DEAN

You gotta be kidding me.

CHRISTOPH (O.S.)

(giving up their position)
They're in there-- !

Sam SNAPS the blinds SHUT. Turns to Ellie--

SAM

Stay here.

As the boys race out into the bullpen, she calls out--

ELLIE

Wait, am I still bait!?

SAM AND DEAN charge the four armed Thule. Engaging them in brutal hand-to-hand combat while Christoph edges toward the sidelines-- staying out of the fray--

47 INT. ABANDONED OFFICE BUILDING - OFFICE - INTERCUT 47

ELLIE listens to the CRASH-BAM! sounds of the fight-- she battles the strong urge to flee--

48 INT. ABANDONED OFFICE BUILDING - BULLPEN - INTERCUT 48

Sam and Dean have the Thule on the ropes. FAVOR a THULE MINION. His earpiece CRACKLES, he touches it--

THULE HIGH COMMAND #1
Verstanden -- [Understood]
(signaling and speaking in
non-subtitled German:)
[Fall back! / She's on the move!]

Just as quickly as they appeared, the Thule MOVE-- falling back. One of them THROWS A CHAIR-- making Sam and Dean duck for cover-- as another grabs CHRISTOPH on their way out.

Sam and Dean recover-- just in time to see the DOOR SLAM. Dean runs to it-- throwing the door open--

But the THULE ARE GONE. Fuck...

SAM (O.S.)
Dean, we've got a problem--

Dean joins SAM's SIDE, staring into--

49 INT. ABANDONED OFFICE BUILDING - OFFICE - CONTINUOUS 49

It's EMPTY. WINDOW OPEN wide. Ellie LONG GONE.

50 EXT. STREET - DAY 50

Ellie walk-runs down the street, exhausted. Terrified. As she rounds a corner-- a familiar TOWN CAR pulls in front of her. She freezes. The door swings open--

NAUHAUS fixes her with his dead-eyed stare--

NAUHAUS
Hello...

BLACKOUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

51 EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

51

Dean packs up the Impala. Sam ends a CALL on his CELL.

SAM
... She's still not picking up.

DEAN
Awesome.

SAM
Maybe she got spooked.

DEAN
(quoting Christoph)
Running is a whole thing with her.

Sam CALLS ELLIE again. Ellie's VOICEMAIL PICKS UP.

ELLIE'S VOICEMAIL
Hey, it's me. You know what to do:

SAM
Ellie, it's Sam Winchester.
Again...

Sam records yet another message--

52 INT. TOWN CAR - NIGHT

52

Ellie's bound and gagged beside Nauhaus. He holds her PHONE.
Playing the end of Sam's message on SPEAKER--

SAM (ON THE PHONE)
-- I know this Hitler stuff is
confusing, but I promise we can--

CLICK. Nauhaus stares daggers at... CHRISTOPH, revealed
sitting across from him. Nauhaus fumes.

NAUHAUS
How could you tell them about
Hitler?

CHRISTOPH
I can explain--

NAUHAUS
It wasn't bad enough being hunted
by the Judah and his revolting
golem--

(CONTINUED)

CHRISTOPH
(interrupting)
I-- I was stalling. They would've
killed me and taken her, you should
be thanking me--

NAUHAUS
(biting sarcasm)
Yes: *thank you* for getting
captured. *Thank you* for telling
Sam and Dean Winchester our entire
plan. *Thank you!*

Ellie's eyes bulge, following the argument back and forth.

NAUHAUS
You were supposed to be my heir,
instead, you're... an inconceivable
disappointment.

Poor Christoph. He can't take it anymore--

CHRISTOPH
Well, the feeling's mutual!

NAUHAUS
Oh, this will be rich--

CHRISTOPH
I looked up to you: you conquered
death, you've done so many things,
but now? All you want to do is
relive your glory days.
(pointed)
With Hitler.

NAUHAUS
I'm sure you have a better idea--

CHRISTOPH
So many ideas! Do you know how
much people would pay for
immortality? We could make a
fortune, build a better future--

Nauhaus spits bitter laughter--

NAUHAUS
Your generation-- you Millennials--
are too weak to steward the future.
It needs a stronger hand.
(invigorated)
(MORE)

CONTINUED: (2)

NAUHAUS (CONT'D)

The world is divided and inflamed--
Trump, Isil, the Brexit-- this
falling of empires, flailing of
democracies... is precisely why
there has never been a better time
for der Führer's return--

Nauhaus runs a finger over Ellie's cheek:

NAUHAUS

And you, my dear, have his eyes.

Ellie RAGES against her restraints--

INT. DINER - NIGHT

Sam and Dean sit at a booth, LAPTOPS open--

DEAN

There's gotta be a tracking spell--

SAM

Maybe if we had something to track.

DEAN

Then we hack every traffic light in
the city until we find her.

Sam nods-- guess so. Dean motions to the WAITRESS--

DEAN

Gonna need coffee over here.

EXT. HANGAR - NIGHT

Nauhaus' town car pulls into a remote HANGAR. A TRIO of
THULE LACKEYS wait beside a STAINLESS STEEL GURNEY. Two of
the Lackeys haul Ellie, struggling, from the backseat and
strap her down. Christoph and Nauhaus exit the car--

NAUHAUS

Begin the purification ritual...

The Lackeys roll a flailing Ellie away. The remaining
lackey, FRITZ (40s), turns to Nauhaus with an update--

FRITZ

A patrol has been sent to find the
Winchesters--

NAUHAUS

Good.

(then)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

NAUHAUS (CONT'D)
Fritz, my son has had a very trying
day... he should rest--

CHRISTOPH
That's okay, I'm cool.

Fritz grabs his arm in a vice-like grip--

CHRISTOPH
Hey! Get off me, assclown.

As Fritz shoulders him away, Christoph pales-- realizes
what's happening--

CHRISTOPH
Father! Please! I-- I was wrong.
We should do things your way--
Father?!

But Nauhaus has turned his back, already walking away--

INT. HANGAR - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Fritz marches Christoph down a long, antiseptic hall. He
stops outside the door to a UTILITY CLOSET. Fritz pulls his
GUN, Christoph turns to jelly at the sight of it--

CHRISTOPH
Fritz, man, come on. You know me,
you--
(beat)
I don't wanna die...

Fritz rolls his eyes, fitting the gun with a silencer.

FRITZ
(motioning to the closet)
Go on--

Christoph snuffles, resigned to his sad fate when-- the
WALKIE on Fritz's belt CRACKLES TO LIFE--

THULE ON WALKIE (CBB)
... Winchesters' Impala... parked
outside a diner... Sawmill Road...

ON CHRISTOPH. The information like a beacon of hope.

FRITZ
(into walkie)
Hold your position. I'm coming--

CONTINUED:

WHAM! Christoph elbows Fritz in the throat and goes for his gun. TIGHT on their faces, GRAPPLING for the weapon. BAM! An OS GUNSHOT!

WE GO TIGHT ON CHRISTOPH: a mist of blood on his cheek. He squeezes his eyes shut. Suppressing a horrified shriek--

As Fritz's body drops, a HOLE blown in the back of his head.

INT. DINER - NIGHT

CLOSE ON: the WAITRESS. Pouring another cup of coffee.

WIDEN. Sam and Dean's table is covered in empty mugs, plates. Our boys and the Waitress are the only people in the joint. Dean nods to the Waitress--

DEAN

Gracias.

And she moves off, as he takes a sip-- turns to Sam--

DEAN

Got anything?

As Sam shakes his head--

SAM

Don't know how we're gonna find--

CHRISTOPH (O.S.)

Uh, hi.

Sam and Dean look up-- to see CHRISTOPH!

CHRISTOPH

You want to know where to find Ellie? You gotta protect me--

CLICK! PAN DOWN-- Dean, covertly, holds a gun on Christoph. Gulp.

DEAN

Why should we help you... and why should we trust you?

CHRISTOPH

Look, a Thule scout is outside, right behind the dumpster across the street. That enough?

(off the boys: Nope)

I just killed one of my dad's guys-- I've never even fired a gun before.

SAM

Could be a trap, but we're running low on options here.

CHRISTOPH

It's not a trap, I swear--

Christoph's lip trembles... emotional.

CHRISTOPH

Do you know what it was like having a Nazi necromancer for a father? It sucked! Christmas was a joke. Career day at school was a nightmare.

The boys share a look-- jebus.

CHRISTOPH

I've tried so hard to make him proud... but I'll never be good enough.

ON DEAN. Can't help it, he sympathizes.

DEAN

Dude, you know what the biggest waste of time is? Trying to change your parents.

(a glance to Sam)

They're gonna do what they're gonna do...

CHRISTOPH

My dad told a guy named Fritz to kill me.

Dean, uh, doesn't quite know what to say. Shrugs.

DEAN

Yeah well... that too.

SAM

All right, where is she?

CHRISTOPH

I can take you--

Dean nods toward the WINDOW, at the dumpster outside.

DEAN

Get the car, I'll take care of the Kraut.

57

INT. HANGAR - HALLWAY - NIGHT

57

ON FRITZ'S DEAD FEET. PAN UP-- Nauhaus and one of the Thule High Command (THULE HIGH COMMAND #1) stand over his body. Nauhaus shakes his head--

*
*

NAUHAUS

The boy has some spine after all...

THULE HIGH COMMAND #1

I'll find him.

NAUHAUS

(raising a hand)
Christoph's time will come. For now, there's more important business--

Nauhaus leads his compatriot--

58

INT. HANGAR - MAIN AREA - CONTINUOUS

58

Into the MAIN AREA of the HANGAR, where they rejoin the remaining three members of the THULE HIGH COMMAND-- WAGNER wafts. We realize: he's RECREATED THE FÜHRERBUNKER down to the tinniest detail.

NAUHAUS

Everything must be exactly as Hitler left it. We must ease him into this new century...

Two Thule roll Ellie into the room. She's BARELY CONSCIOUS, drugged heavily.

THULE HIGH COMMAND #1

She is prepared.

CLOSE ON ELLIE, pale and sweaty--

59

EXT. HANGAR - NIGHT

59

The Impala crunches to a stop a safe distance away from the hangar. Dean gets out and pops the trunk. FAVOR Sam, HANDCUFFING Christoph to the steering wheel--

CHRISTOPH

You're just gonna leave me-- ?

SAM

Pretty much, yeah.

(CONTINUED)

Hostage secured, Sam joins Dean-- surveying the hangar through a pair of BINOCULARS.

DEAN

One on the roof, two at the doors.

Dean nods at their impressive trunk 'o weaponry. Grabs the .45 and holds it out to Sam handle first... Sam takes it. Dean smiles-- good man. Then turns--

And PICKS UP THE GRENADE LAUNCHER. Hell fucking yeah--

DEAN

SAM

Finally.

No.

DEAN

But--

SAM

We need to do this quiet.

Dean absorbs that-- dammit-- then puts the grenade launcher back in the trunk-- sullen--

DEAN

Fine.

(then, turning back)

Let's go kill some Nazis.

He SLAMS the trunk. CUT TO--

INT. HANGAR - NIGHT

ELLIE'S EYES flutter OPEN. She's sallow from blood-loss. Achingly, Ellie turns her head... eyes TRACKING the THIN PLASTIC TUBES running from her body...

REVEAL: NAUHAUS, on a gurney next to her. The tubes INSERTED into his WRISTS, his NECK. Her blood is draining into HIM!

ELLIE

(weakly)

What... are you doing to me?

NAUHAUS

Der Führer's soul can only be implanted in a body that contains the blood of a relation. We never needed you... only your blood.

As Ellie reels, realizing she's expendable. Nauhaus smirks-- *

(CONTINUED)

60

NAUHAUS

Did you really think I would
resurrect the greatest man who ever
lived... in the body of a weak,
unworthy American female?

Nauhaus' eyes gleam, relishing her horror--

61

EXT. HANGAR - NIGHT

61

TWO THULE GUARDS patrol the doors. Sam and Dean stealth up
FROM BEHIND-- and WRENCH the guards backward into twin CHOKE- *
HOLDS. The Thule struggle. The boys tighten their grip *
until the guards fall LIMP. Sam nods at Dean-- Quietly. *

They drag the guards away from the hangar... behind a nearby *
wall (OS). A beat. Two muffled GUNSHOTS pierce the night. *

62

INT. HANGAR - NIGHT

62

TRACK WITH A CEDAR BOX... borne out by two members of the
THULE HIGH COMMAND. They carry it to Nauhaus, lying on the
gurney, and click it open-- the POCKET WATCH gleams inside.

With great ceremony, THULE HIGH COMMAND #1 lifts the watch
and WINDS the LATCH RELEASE on top-- the back POPS OPEN,
revealing tiny golden NEEDLES. Nauhaus lies back as the
watch is placed on top of his CHEST...

Ellie stares in abject horror... as-- SHING! The NEEDLES in
the watch LATCH ONTO Nauhaus' flesh. Emitting a strange
SUCKING noise, they BURROW into Nauhaus' chest cavity...
deeper and deeper... until the WATCH disappears completely
inside Nauhaus' body.

The Thule peer at Nauhaus in anticipation. *Did it work?*

NAUHAUS. Eyes blinking OPEN. And for the first time... HE
SMILES. His whole face taking on a new, beaming countenance.

HITLER / NAUHAUS

Es ist so lange her... / [it has
been so long...]

Ellie studies him, her voice small--

ELLIE

Hitler?

Off Ellie's abject horror-- BLACKOUT!

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

63

INT. HANGAR - NIGHT

63

CLOSE ON the resurrected Adolph Hitler-- he SLIDES the TUBES from his veins and HOPS off the gurney with childlike glee--

HITLER / NAUHAUS

Ha! Ah-ha!

Hitler-Nauhaus (hereafter referred to as simply: "Hitler") Jumps up and down a few times. Yes! He likes this body!

He glances around the faces of the THULE HIGH COMMAND staring in slack-jawed wonder. Hitler swans over to them-- hugging, back slapping. Working the room in MANIC GERMAN--

HITLER / NAUHAUS

Karl! Hans! You look great. Not a day passed, eh? Wolfgang! How's the wife? Oh. I suppose she is probably dead...

(giggles)

Godfried! Come here, Bärchen --

He grabs Thule High Command #1 (GODFRIED) rubbing his bald head. Our Hitler isn't so much a stoic mastermind as he is a PSYCHOTIC RICHARD SIMMONS. Ellie reels--

ELLIE

This can't be happening.

Hitler drops Godfried, turning his attention to her.

HITLER / NAUHAUS

Ah! My great-great-grand niece! Thank you for your gift, liebchen--

THULE HIGH COMMAND #1

What shall we do with her, Führer?

Hitler shrugs, brutally cavalier (and switching to English).

HITLER / NAUHAUS

Take the rest of her blood just in case... then give her to the dogs.

THULE HIGH COMMAND #1

But Führer we have no dogs--

HITLER / NAUHAUS

(psychotic)

ZEN GET SOME!

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HITLER / NAUHAUS (CONT'D)

(beat, wistful, to
himself)

I love dogs.

Yup. This is Hitler all right.

INT. FAR SIDE OF THE HANGAR - MOMENTS LATER

ACROSS THE BUNKER-- SAM and DEAN take cover behind a wall,
ready to charge into the main room. Weapons up--

DEAN

Admit it, you're having fun.

Sam rolls his eyes. The boys LEAP out of hiding and--
FREEZE. Three THULE HIGH COMMAND have their guns drawn and
aimed at them! BUSTED. Sam groans.

SAM

So, so much fun.

INT. HANGAR - MOMENTS LATER

The Thule haul Sam and Dean across the hangar, dropping the
boys' WEAPONS onto a NEARBY TABLE and flinging them down in
front of Hitler. Behind him-- Ellie shivers on the gurney
as they drain the last of her blood.

Dean glares at Hitler (who he thinks is Nauhaus).

DEAN

If it isn't father of the year--

One of the Thule clubs him across the back. Dean grimaces.

THULE HIGH COMMAND #1

Address der Führer with respect.

OH NO. This ain't Nauhaus anymore. Which means--

SAM

Hitler?

DEAN

Hitler.

As the boys marinade in THAT...

HITLER / NAUHAUS

Sam and Dean Winchester. You must
be important. He feared you...

(points to his head)

Nauhaus. Still up here.

BEHIND HITLER-- ELLIE, now all but forgotten, SLIPS a wrist out of one of the LEATHER STRAPS holding her down. Sam notices, gives her a subtle nod of encouragement.

DEAN

So, Hitler. Nice meatsuit. It come with two testicles this time?

HITLER / NAUHAUS

One of many upgrades I am enjoying....

He giggles. Sam and Dean share a look-- not what they were expecting. Hitler FIDDLES with ELLIE'S PHONE.

HITLER / NAUHAUS

Like this magical, talking brick.

SAM

It's a cellphone, jackass.

HITLER / NAUHAUS

It's like having a tiny Goebbels in my pocket!

BEHIND HIM. A woozy Ellie works at her restraints.

HITLER / NAUHAUS

(speechifying)

-- I sold 10 million copies of Mein Kampf, what do you think I can do with Twitter?

(then, screaming, to his minions)

WHERE IS MY PLANE?!

THULE HIGH COMMAND #2

Des ist fast fertig, Führer. Was machen wir mit ihnen? / [Almost ready, Führer. What shall we do with them?]

HITLER / NAUHAUS

Take them with us. I will very much enjoy introducing them to my new dogs--

ON ELLIE. She makes it off the table. Her gaze falls on the door behind her, it would be so easy to just run... instead, Ellie reaches for the table of weapons and grabs a GUN--

(CONTINUED)

WE ENTER ELLIE'S SWIMMY POV-- she aims the gun at Hitler's back-- it's shaky, she can't get a lock on him. She SHOOTs-- BAM-- the Thule next to Hitler DROPS with a THUD!

SAM and DEAN seize upon the distraction. They leap up and grab their weapons off the table.

DEAN

I got Hitler--!

DEAN. Bobs and weaves-- GUN UP-- he PLUGS a THULE in his way, on a beeline for Hitler, while--

SAM. Takes out the remaining Thule High Command with a double head-shot. He moves to Ellie, makes sure she's okay...

DEAN. Stalks toward Hitler, der Führer backs away, pleading:

HITLER / NAUHAUS

Wait... wait...!

Dean grabs a sniveling Hitler by the collar, raises his FIST in a mighty PUNCH (a nod to the iconic Jack Kirby Captain America cover) and knocks Hitler the fuck out! He stands over the unconscious Hitler. Points his gun DOWN--

DEAN

Heil this--

BAM! Dean delivers Hitler an (OS) coup de grâce.

Out of breath, Dean takes in the carnage around him: Wagner still wafts from the gramophone... Ellie staring in shock and-- let's face it-- awe. *

Sam joins Dean's side. He nods at Hitler's body, nudges it with his foot. *

SAM

Dude. You killed Hitler.

A grin spreads across Dean's face:

DEAN

Yeah. AWESOME.

BLACKOUT!

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

66 INT. / EXT. IMPALA - DAY (DAY 4) 66

ON Christoph. Still tied up in the backseat of the Impala. Through the windshield he sees: Sam, Dean and Ellie crest the hill. Soot-covered and exhausted. But victorious.

Walking to the car, Dean's ebullient, bouncing off the walls.

DEAN
I killed Hitler-- *KILLED HITLER.*
(realizing)
I think this entitles me to free drinks for the rest of my life.
Hell, I'm gettin' T-shirts made!

Sam and Ellie trade a look.

SAM
Dude, you know nobody's gonna believe you, right?

DEAN
You believe me, you were there.

We FAVOR DEAN-- he unlocks Christoph's handcuffs, yanks him out of the backseat.

CHRISTOPH
Hold up, you're not gonna kill me?

DEAN
We had a deal. And I figure you got bigger problems.

SAM
The Thule that are left are gonna hunt you as a traitor for... ever. My advice? Run.

DEAN
Go back to Buffalo. Nobody goes to Buffalo.

Christoph gulps. Grateful, but afraid. CUT TO--

67 INT. / EXT. IMPALA - DAY 67

Dean in the driver's seat, engine running. Through the windshield, he watches as Sam walks Ellie to her stoop--

68

EXT. ELLIE'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

68

They linger on the steps of her apartment.

SAM

... How you holding up?

ELLIE

We just burned a pile of dead Nazi
zombie bodies, one of which I
killed, so... maybe my third worst
day?

(off his look)

I've had a hard time lately.

SAM

... And then all this happens.

ELLIE

I think I'm gonna be okay.

(beat)

Though I should probably call my
mom back. You can only run for so
long... you know?

He does indeed.

ELLIE

So, what do you think's harder:
facing the reincarnation of Hitler
or going back to med school?

And as they share a knowing smile, CUT TO--

69

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

69

The boys load their gear into the Impala.

SAM

That's the last of it.

DEAN

Sam, I've been thinking...

Sam pauses. Is Dean actually going to talk about the *feels*?

DEAN

We passed a bakery on the way to
town. Sign said best pie for a
thousand miles...

SAM

Oh, so now you want pie?

(CONTINUED)

Dean slides into the driver's seat. Fires up the engine.

DEAN

I killed Hitler. I deserve pie.

And as the Impala peels out onto the open BLACKTOP, we--

BLACKOUT.

OVER BLACK:

DEAN

... Did I mention I killed Hitler?

SAM

I'm never gonna hear the end of
this, am I?

TO BE CONTINUED...