

SUPERNATURAL

Episode #1207

"Rock Never Dies"

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T13.19956

PRODUCTION DRAFT

08/11/16

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REVISION HISTORY

Revision	Date	Revised Pages
Production Draft - White	08/11/16	

CAST LIST

SAM WINCHESTER
DEAN WINCHESTER

CASTIEL
CROWLEY
TOMMY
VINCE VINCENTE / LUCIFER

BOUNCER 1
CONSTANCE
DOCTOR
FAN 1
LADYHEART 1
REPORTER

RUSSELL LEMMONS
ROSELEEN GREENFIELD
SATANIST 1 / ADAM
SATANIST 2 / GORDY

JARED PADALECKI
JENSEN ACKLES

MISHA COLLINS
MARK A. SHEPPARD
WOODY JEFFREYS
RICK SPRINGFIELD

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SUPERNATURAL
"Rock Never Dies"

TEASER

FADE IN:

1 INT. ROOM - NIGHT (DAY 1) 1

CANDLES flicker, INCENSE burns. Two EERIE FACES loom in the dark around the candles' flames.

SUPER: Two Weeks Ago

Unnerving MUSIC plays beneath-- a warped sonic sludge.

SATANIST 1
Dark Lord.

SATANIST 2
Apollyon.

SATANIST 1
Beelzebub. As your humble
servants, we beseech thee. We say
your names as a summoning-- show
thyself.

Their pleas rise in intensity, merging with the sonic din--

SATANIST 1
Serpent!

SATANIST 2
Devil!

Satanist 1 unwraps a small STONE and places it on an ALTAR in the center of the circle.

SATANIST 1
LUCIFER!
(then)
Show thyself! Rain your splendor
upon me! Let me bathe in your
unholy wrath!! Drench me, Lucifer!

*
*

And Satanist 2 BREAKS-- a SNORTING LAUGH. Satanist 1 is livid.

SATANIST 1
Cut it out, Gordy!

(CONTINUED)

1

CONTINUED:

Satanist 2 (GORDY) hits the light. REVEAL: we're in a dingy, suburban rec room. And the Satanists are just two not very menacing COLLEGE-AGED GUYS in facepaint and cheap goth duds.

GORDY

Dude-- you asked Lucifer to drench you.

*

ADAM

I didn't write it. It's a Satanist Society of America approved summoning. Found it online.

Gordy pulls the plug on a RECORD PLAYER-- playing backwards.

GORDY

Yeah, like you found that "artifact." Face it Adam, that "Satan feather" is faker than my stepmom's Chinatown Fendi.

Adam grabs the STONE from the altar-- we see it's a fossil, with the faint impression of a feather inlaid on one side.

ADAM

It's real!

GORDY

It's a rock.

ADAM

It's fossilized! A feather from Lucifer's wing! The seller excavated it in one of his crypts!

GORDY

Lucifer has "crypts"? Lucifer has "wings?" You're so frickin' dumb!

LUCIFER (O.S.)

Actually--

Gordy and Adam turn. REVEAL: LUCIFER, still in Vince Vincente's rotted vessel (though, at this point, it's almost UNRECOGNIZABLE), standing right behind them. Dripping wet from his dunk in the ocean.

LUCIFER

I've been looking for that.

And Lucifer SNAPS GORDY'S NECK with his bare hands-- Gordy drops DEAD-- Adam lets out a little SCREAM--

(CONTINUED)

As Lucifer eyes him--

LUCIFER

Hiya.

ADAM

(stammering)

You're-- it worked? My summoning--

LUCIFER

The only thing that "summoned" me--

He reaches down, plucks the FOSSIL from Adam's shaky hand.

LUCIFER

--was this.

(re: his body)

This vessel was already wearing out--
and my trip under the sea didn't
help. But with a little power up--

Lucifer turns away-- grips the FOSSIL, absorbing its trace
power-- there's a FLASH OF LIGHT! And his vessel is
RESTORED, to mint Vince condition. Much better.

LUCIFER

Won't last long, but it'll do.

(then, feeling chatty)

You and your pal-- you typical of
my following on earth these days?
'Cause-- OOO.

As he speaks, Lucifer turns back-- and Adam recognizes him.

ADAM

No-- no way. You can't be Lucifer.

You're Vince Vincente.

(then)

My mom loves you.

(off Lucifer)

You're kinda famous.

Lucifer SNAPS Adam's neck with a fingersnap-- DEAD.

And we PUSH IN ON LUCIFER-- his interest in the untapped
possibilities of his vessel's identity piqued...

LUCIFER

Famous. Huh.

END TEASER

ACT ONE

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

2

ECU: On the screen of a CELLPHONE. A tile word game, like Words With Friends, fills the screen... as a thumb positions the "g" at the end of the word "Twerking." SUBMIT. A HIGH POINT WORD CHIME takes us out of close up to...

...DEAN WINCHESTER, merrily playing the game in the library.

DEAN
(typing)
Booyah.

An in-game message chime BLOOPS. Onscreen: "That CAN'T be a word." Dean grins, TYPES: "Check the dictionary. (DEVIL EMOJI)"

SAM (O.S.)
Really?

Dean looks up to see SAM WINCHESTER entering.

DEAN
What?

SAM
I've been trying to dig up info on the British Men of Letters, keeping an eye out for cases-- and you're goofing off with a game that went out of style five years ago.

DEAN
Yeah, well-- don't think Mom's quite ready for Snapchat.

*
*

SAM
(surprised)
You're playing against Mom? Who didn't know what a cellphone was a month ago? Doesn't seem like a fair fight.

A HIGH POINT CHIME goes off. Dean looks-- he just got trounced. Flashes his phone to Sam-- Mary scored big putting an "s" at the end of "Twerking" and spelling "SQUELCH."

DEAN
You were saying?

Sam smiles--

(CONTINUED)

SAM

How's she doing?

DEAN

Seems good-- she's dealing, you know?

Sam nods-- he does-- then-- a call comes in: "CASTIEL." Sam swipes the phone from Dean, answers...

SAM (INTO PHONE)

Cass?

As Sam puts it on SPEAKERPHONE, we BEGIN AN INTERCUT WITH...

...where CASTIEL sits at the bar.

CASTIEL (INTO PHONE)

Hello, Sam.

DEAN (INTO PHONE)

Hey, buddy. Still living out an 80s buddy comedy with Crowley?

Cass winces as we widen to take in CROWLEY next to him, making short work of some deep-fried appetizer at the bar.

CASTIEL (INTO PHONE)

Unfortunately.

SAM (INTO PHONE)

Any news on Lucifer?

CASTIEL (INTO PHONE)

Actually-- yes.

(then)

Turn on the television.

We arm around to see the BAR'S TV-- playing old footage of Vince Vincente's former band LADYHEART, back in their heyday. Ridiculous late 80s hair rock. As it plays, Sam's CELLPHONE starts blowing up, he pulls it out-- a series of GOOGLE ALERTS on "Vince Vincente." Sam moves to his laptop...

SAM

No way...

On the TV SCREEN, the CHYRON reads "Vince Vincente Reunites Band-- Ladyheart Returns?"

CONTINUED:

Sam whirls the laptop around for Dean to see the news items he's pulled up. "Ladyheart Signs Deal With DeathSiren Records." "Ladyheart: Hair Metal Lives?" *

DEAN

No friggin' way.

Meanwhile, Cass and Crowley watch the TV as the segment pops to a TMZ-esque on-the-street ambush-style interview with Vince-- right outside of his hotel. (The "Chateau Maison.")

VINCE (ON TV)

--great having the band back together. We're in the studio, feeling pumped-- haven't been this fired up in ages.

WIDEN. And we're on SAM AND DEAN. Watching the show on the laptop.

REPORTER (O.C., ON LAPTOP) *

Lotta people saying you're a joke, that your style of rock could never make a comeback in today's landscape. Whaddya say to them?

VINCE (ON LAPTOP) *

(a beat, then "playfully")
Go to Hell.

The segment ends. Sam and Dean are flabbergasted.

DEAN (INTO PHONE)

Tell me that's not Lucifer.

CASTIEL (INTO PHONE)

We don't know.

SAM (INTO PHONE)

You said Rowena got some licks in-- shouldn't he have burned through the vessel by now?

CASTIEL (INTO PHONE)

We don't--

Crowley grabs the phone, puts it on speaker.

CROWLEY (INTO PHONE)

(fake butthurt)
Hello, boys-- long time. We team up to save the world, then-- bupkis. You don't call, you don't write--

(CONTINUED)

3

DEAN (INTO PHONE)

We don't care.

SAM (INTO PHONE)

Crowley-- Lucifer.

CROWLEY (INTO PHONE)

Lucifer. Think about it. Of all
the extinct rock acts, Ladyheart
are the most Paleolithic. A major
label-sponsored comeback in 2016
for those dinosaurs?

(then)

Doesn't feel like a wholly natural
turn of events, does it?

CASTIEL (INTO PHONE)

Maybe Lucifer found a way to heal
his vessel.

DEAN (INTO PHONE)

Okay, still-- what the Hell?

No one has any answers.

CROWLEY (INTO PHONE)

He's in LA. I'll meet you there.

The boys trade looks. Crowley, already slipping on a pair of
SUNGLASSES.

CASTIEL

Where are you going?

CROWLEY

I know a guy.

4

INT. DEATHSIREN RECORDS - RUSSELL'S OFFICE - DAY

4

We PAN PAST a GOLD RECORD covered wall, a MUSIC AWARDS
littered side table, a mammoth OAK desk-- arriving at a man
in luxe ATHLEISUREWEAR, crosslegged on the floor. RUSSELL
LEMMONS. (Late 40s, African-American). Eyes closed.
Meditating. And we keep arming around Russell until his desk
comes back into view... revealing CROWLEY. Sitting.
Waiting. Finally--

CROWLEY

Hello, Russell.

But Russell's not startled. He SMILES. Eyes still closed--

(CONTINUED)

RUSSELL

(warm)

Brother Crowley. One moment, let
me just tie this off--

(a long beat)

Alright!

Russell opens his eyes, pops up, turns...

RUSSELL

What brings you to the City of
Angels?

CROWLEY

Please. This is my city.

(off Russell's laugh)

What's with the Maharishi crap?

RUSSELL

Moved to the west side last year.
Started daily meditation, yoga,
green juice-- keeps the ego and the
anger in check. How you been?
Health? Family? Hell?

CROWLEY

Doesn't matter. Don't care.
And... been better.

RUSSELL

Well, some good news: I got a few
quality up-and-comers for you--
thirsty young talent, souls ripe
for the taking.

(beat)

You've been pleased with our
arrangement thus far?

CROWLEY

As punch. A soul's a soul, but
there's a special prestige in
owning a Swift, a Drake.

(re: the office)

You've made out nicely...

RUSSELL

(faux-Eastern modest)

I'm very blessed.

CROWLEY

So-- this Vince Vincente comeback.
Tell me it's a joke.

(CONTINUED)

RUSSELL

Deadly serious, my friend. We've raided, repackaged, and resold everything else from our past. Why not give hair metal another shot?

(re: Crowley's look)

Look, I doubted too, but Vince came to me with a killer pitch. Ladyheart's original lineup, reunited? Back in the day, they sold 10 million.

CROWLEY

So did Hootie and the Blowfish.

RUSSELL

And I'd bring them back too.

(then)

Look, Ladyheart may be a punchline but the band's still got off-the-charts name recognition. And just talking to Vince-- he seemed different. Energized, reborn-- lit.

CROWLEY

Like a whole new man?

RUSSELL

Exactly.

Off Crowley, dismayed... now certain Lucifer is in Vince...

INT. CHATEAU MAISON - LOBBY - DAY (DAY 3)

Sam and Dean hang in the lobby of this upscale hotel. Sam pours some complimentary lobby "cucumber water" for himself.

SAM

(off Dean's look)

What? It's good.

DEAN

It's water. Vegetable water.

They spot Cass entering the lobby, looking out of place in his tie and trench. Spotting them, he heads over...

CASTIEL

Dean. Sam.

SAM

Hey, Cass.

(CONTINUED)

DEAN
Dude-- you consider switching up
the duds? Bit stiff for this town. *

SAM
Could be an agent.

DEAN
Third-tier, maybe.

SAM
Where's Crowley?

CASTIEL
Said he'd meet us here, but--
frankly, I appreciate the break.
(off their looks)
It's been weeks. And he's always
right there. Talking. And
talking. And talking. It's
relentless.

Reveal Crowley, right behind Cass.

CROWLEY
Don't listen to him.

All eyes go to Crowley--

CROWLEY
Feathers and I-- we're all but
inseparable now.

Cass takes a small, aggravated step away from Crowley.

SAM
Find anything?

CROWLEY
I did. Vince Vincente's riding
with the Devil.

That lands on our heroes-- shit...

CASTIEL
What now?

CROWLEY
(holding a KEYCARD)
Figured we'd check out his room.
"Vince" is scheduled to be at the
studio all day-- so we're covered.

(CONTINUED)

"Rock Never Dies"
CONTINUED: (2)

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5

5

Crowley starts walking. Our gang follows.

DEAN

How'd you get a key?

Crowley, trading a quick glance with the CONCIERGE...

CROWLEY

It's LA. I know a lot of people.

6

INT. RECORDING STUDIO - CONTINUOUS

6

Open tight on Vince/Lucifer, grinning on a couch in the studio.

As we PULL OUT we see he's flanked by CONSTANCE, his officious, fast-talking SOCIAL MEDIA MANAGER (late 30s, African-American, glued to her phone) and ROSELEEN, mid-40s hard rock party girl. *

CONSTANCE

Your tweet about Ladyheart's reunion already has over a million engagements-- when you were solo, you were lucky to get 300 likes.

(scrolling through phone)

The band's teaser track on SoundCloud: 500k streams in four hours. BuzzFeed just posted a listicle: "10 Things You Need to Know About Ladyheart."

(then)

This is good Vince-- this is really good.

LUCIFER

(blase)

Great.

ROSELEEN

(shy, covering her mouth)

It's happening, Vince. I knew you'd be a star again.

TOMMY

Vince?

TOMMY, Vince's bandmate (last seen in episode 1203, "The Foundry") stands in the door. We can see the rest of the band goofing off in the recording booth behind him.

TOMMY

We actually gonna record or what?

(CONTINUED)

Vince gets up, saunters over to Tommy.

LUCIFER

Hmm, not really feeling it.

TOMMY

Come on, man. Band's back together, we've got an actual recording budget again... let's make some music.

LUCIFER

("how quaint")

Music.

(to Constance)

What are the fans saying about me right now?

CONSTANCE

They're tweeting about your drinks with Pam Anderson last night-- speculating if you two are "rekindling."

(then)

And they're debating if Vince Vincente is "bae," "nay," or "daddy."

TOMMY

What's that even mean?

LUCIFER

Means it's not about the music. It never really was. Rock's not the reason-- it's the excuse.

(off Tommy's look)

To worship. To adore. Humans have always been desperate for something, someone to put above themselves-- they go mad without it. And let's face it: God ain't cutting it these days. It takes a Kim Kardashian, a whatever Justin Bieber is, a... me.

(re: the band)

They're enjoying the ride. So should you.

And off his menacing smile--

7

INT. CHATEAU MAISON - VINCE'S ROOM - DAY

7

BEEP BEEP, WHIRR. The lock opens, our quartet enters. The room's TRASHED. Sheets on the floor, clothes everywhere, an upended room service cart, full ashtray, liquor bottles.

CASTIEL

Was there some kind of fight?

Dean pulls a lacy THONG off the floor.

DEAN

Yeah. Some kind.

The gang starts poking around the room. Sam finds a large stack of well-thumbed paperbacks beside the bed.

SAM

Guys.

(then)

Rock star biographies. Like, all of them. From Aerosmith to ZZ Top. It's like he's... studying how to be famous.

DEAN

So Lucifer's a dork-- good to know.

Castiel finds a LARGE BINDER on the desk. Starts reading.

CASTIEL

"The seeds of a ripe dragonfruit, drizzled with exactly 1 oz of Acacia honey. Prepared in a ceramic bowl-- no plastic."

(puzzled)

Is this a spell?

Crowley takes the binder, looks--

CROWLEY

It's breakfast-- Vince's rider.
(thumbing through)
I've seen worse.

Cass moves INTO THE BATHROOM, as Dean picks up one of Vince's guitars, fiddles with it.

(CONTINUED)

7

SAM

I don't get it-- he could be taking over Heaven and Hell right now, but instead Lucifer's acting out some rock god fantasy? Does he really want that?

DEAN

Doesn't everybody?

CASTIEL re-enters--

CASTIEL

I found something.

SAM

What?

Cass holds out a wad of TISSUE. Unfolds it to reveal-- a SINGLE BLOODY TOOTH, a little bit of gum tissue still attached. WTF?

CASTIEL

I believe it's a human tooth.

And Crowley says what they're all thinking--

CROWLEY

Ew...

8

INT. RECORDING STUDIO - LATER - NIGHT

8

The entourage has cleared out. Lucifer's alone with Roseleen, drinking. She keeps demurely covering her mouth.

ROSELEEN

Can I ask you something?

(off his nod)

Why are you spending time with me?
You ignored me for years. Not that
I blamed you...

LUCIFER

I was a fool not to recognize such
sweet devotion.

Roseleen turns red, her smile breaking out irrepressibly...
and we see it: she's missing a tooth. WTF? Re: her tooth...

ROSELEEN

Would you like another?

Lucifer shakes his head.

(CONTINUED)

LUCIFER

Talk to me, Roseleen. Tell me about... me.

ROSELEEN

You're Vince. Vince Vincente. And I knew I loved you the moment I saw you. I was sixteen, just a normal teenager growing up in Arcadia.

LUCIFER

Arcadia. Sounds beautiful.

ROSELEEN

I was watching Headbangers Ball, the "Bloody Messiah" video came on, I--

(then)

It was your voice. And your hair. And... your eyes. It was everything. You were everything.

*
*
*

They lock eyes.

ROSELEEN

Even when people made fun of me... younger girls at work, shredding on my Ladyheart tattoos, saying you're a joke, I'm a joke-- I never stopped loving you. I never will.

LUCIFER

How much do you love me, Roseleen? What would you do... to show me?

ROSELEEN

Anything.

Lucifer pulls out a small BLADE. Presses it in her palm.

LUCIFER

Would you bleed?

Roseleen stares at the knife-- fearful, but determined. Locks eyes with Lucifer. Nods.

LUCIFER

Then bleed.

Turning red with pleasure and fear, she turns the knife on herself. Pressing its TIP TO HER CHEST-- We play a TENSE BEAT, then--

(CONTINUED)

"Rock Never Dies"

Production Draft

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8

8

CONTINUED: (2)

She STARTS TO CUT. BLOOD flowing--

PUSH IN on Lucifer, watching with a sly smile. As we hear the sound of Roseleen, in pain, MUTILATING HERSELF, we...
SMASH TO BLACK!

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO

9 EXT. STREET - NIGHT

9

TMZ-STYLE INTERVIEW FOOTAGE: Lucifer/Vince, ambushed on the street. A CHYRON READS: "CRAZED LADYHEART FAN GOES BERSERK!" As Lucifer, Faux-distraught...

LUCIFER

I don't want to speculate about what pushed her to do something so horrible to herself.

(feigning deep emotion)

But Roseleen's always been a true fan. My thoughts and prayers are with her.

Lucifer moves off from the paparazzi as we PULL OUT to...

10 INT. HOSPITAL - INTAKE DESK - DAY - LATER (DAY 4)

10

Lucifer's interview plays on the TV, as SAM, DEAN, CASS and CROWLEY (in FED THREADS) talk to Roseleen's DOCTOR.

DOCTOR

Mrs. Greenfield has lost a lot of blood, and there'll be no fixing those scars-- but she's stable...

CASTIEL

She cut herself?

DOCTOR

(disturbed)

She carved his name into her chest. "Vince Vincente." Didn't skip a letter-- and she cut deep.

Sam and Dean trade a look-- then--

DEAN

Thanks, doc.

The doctor moves away-- Dean just shakes his head--

DEAN

Okay, again-- what the Hell?

CROWLEY

I'll talk to her.

He starts to move-- SAM stops him--

(CONTINUED)

"Rock Never Dies"
CONTINUED:

Production Draft

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10

10

SAM

No, you won't.

Sam gives Dean the nod--

DEAN

Cass-- watch him.

And they head out. Leaving Cass and Crowley behind. Crowley makes the best of it--

CROWLEY

Well, together again.

CASTIEL

Yay.

*

11

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

11

Roseleen's pale, groggy in her hospital bed, hooked up to an IV... her whole chest bandaged. Sam and Dean stand over her.

SAM

He made you do this? Like... he was in your head?

ROSELEEN

What? No. Vince didn't-- he wouldn't have to. I wanted to-- to show him. To make him happy.

DEAN

You didn't stop and wonder what kind of sicko is "happy" to see someone melonball their own flesh?

Roseleen, still weak-- but defensive...

ROSELEEN

Don't talk about Vince like that.

(confused)

He had a reason-- a good reason. He must have. I know he can explain, if I can just see him-- I need to get to the show.

Sam and Dean trade looks. Show?

12

INT. DEATHSIREN RECORDS - RUSSELL'S OFFICE - DAY

12

*

Constance is briefing Lucifer on the secret concert.

(CONTINUED)

CONSTANCE

We're building an aura of mystery and exclusivity with tonight's show: undisclosed location, small, select audience. It's as much about who doesn't get a ticket as who does.

(then)

This could push your social media profile to Kimye levels...

LUCIFER

Who?

CONSTANCE

(explaining)

"Kimye"? Portmanteau of--

LUCIFER

(interrupting)

Who gets the tickets?

CONSTANCE

It's an online lottery of local fans. But it'll tend toward the Ladyheart diehards, they'll be more engaged with the promotion--

LUCIFER

No.

(off her look)

They already love me. Religion, celebrity... Twitter: it's all the same rules. If you're not gaining followers, you're losing followers.

(then)

I want a young crowd tonight. New fans.

Constance, a bit thrown, skeptical...

CONSTANCE

Look, getting this generation's attention is great for social media visibility, which is great for overall buzz-- but they're fickle. They have no loyalty, they don't spend money on music... Good luck translating their attention into album or ticket sales, they--

(CONTINUED)

"Rock Never Dies"
CONTINUED: (2)

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12

12

LUCIFER

I don't care.
(then)
I want fresh blood.

13

13

INT. HOSPITAL - HALLWAY - DAY

Sam and Dean have rejoined Cass and Crowley.

CASTIEL

This show-- it's tonight?

SAM

That's what she said.

CASTIEL

Can Lucifer even sing? Play an instrument?

DEAN

Doubt they offer "Intro to Guitar" in the Cage.

CROWLEY

Like it matters.

(then)

What Lucifer made that woman do-- this isn't about the music, it's about devotion.

DEAN

Come again?

CROWLEY

You... little people wouldn't understand-- but I've been a King, and...

(beat, wistful)

Having people look at you like you're everything, knowing that once they buy in-- you can make them do anything. It's intoxicating.

DEAN

Well, that's super creepy.

Castiel gets them back on track--

CASTIEL

So... this concert-- all those people. What's Lucifer going to do?

(CONTINUED)

SAM

Nothing good.

They all trade looks. What do they do?

CASTIEL

Is Rowena--?

CROWLEY

Dear mother says when we catch Lucifer, she'll show-- no sooner.

DEAN

Without her, we're outgunned.

CROWLEY

With her we're outgunned.

SAM

Doesn't matter, this is our shot. We just gotta figure out where he's playing.

That lands on all of them--

DEAN

So let's go to work.

Crowley grills Russell.

RUSSELL

A mystery even to me. Though even if I did know-- wouldn't tell you.

CROWLEY

You'd threaten our very lucrative partnership to protect one over-the-hill, bad dye-job rock dinosaur?

RUSSELL

I'm smelling money with Vince. It's just business, Crowley-- nothing personal.

Russell reaches for his green juice. Crowley KNOCKS it out of his hand-- lunges at him, pushes him against the wall.

CROWLEY

No, believe me-- it's personal.

14

CONTINUED:

14

Crowley's dropped his laid-back vibe-- we see his RAGE against Lucifer. Off Russell, back to the wall, rattled... *

15

EXT. RECORDING STUDIO - CONTINUOUS

15

Tommy's heading towards the studio with his two BANDMATES. Spots Cass waiting outside for him. Slows down.

TOMMY

(to his bandmates)

See you inside.

(then)

Agent-- what are you doing here?

CASTIEL

Investigating Vince-- same as before.

(then)

You heard what happened to Roseleen?

We see a wave of guilt-- and uncertainty-- wash over Tommy.

TOMMY

Yeah-- it was awful. But she cut herself.

CASTIEL

You know that's not the whole truth. You know Vince isn't Vince.

Off Tommy, sensing the truth, conflicted--

16

INT. JUICE BAR - DAY

16

Constance is still glued to her cellphone-- as she takes a meeting with a (LA Casual) Sam and Dean.

DEAN

Brothers who rock together-- we're like an American Oasis.

CONSTANCE

(doesn't look up)

Ew.

SAM

(covering)

But with synths.

DEAN

So, like-- hip.

(CONTINUED)

They trade a quick look-- their pretext tanking.

CONSTANCE
(still texting)
Who plays what?

SAM
I'm on keys, he's on drums...

DEAN
(simultaneous)
Guitar.
(then, covering)
Guitar and drums-- do it all
really.

Constance is inscrutable, still texting...

SAM
We, uh, saw online-- you represent
Vince Vincente... thought you could
do for us what you've done for him--

But Constance is already grabbing her purse...

CONSTANCE
Sorry. Took this meeting cause
you're hot-- but I'm not feeling
you as clients.
(re: their wardrobe)
For one thing, your style just...
isn't.

DEAN
Hey!

She gets up. Dean blocks her-- ditching the pretext.
Constance freezes--

DEAN
Vince's show tonight. Where is it?

CONSTANCE
(hardening)
Who are you?

SAM
Look, you must've noticed... Vince
is different.

On Constance... a flicker. She certainly has.

17 INT. DEATHSIREN RECORDS - RUSSELL'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS 17 *

Russell, back against the wall-- *

RUSSELL *

I. Don't. Know.

Crowley steps back-- not amused--

CROWLEY

You're playing with Hellfire,
Russell. *

(then)

You will find out where the show is--
and you will tell me. Or I will end
you.

WIDEN-- and Crowley's GONE. Russell is rattled-- hand
shaking. Pulling himself together, he hops on his intercom.
As we wonder if he's scared enough to do Crowley's bidding... *

RUSSELL (INTO INTERCOM) *

Brigitta-- *

(then) *

Can I get another green juice in
here? Namaste. *

Off Russell, swallowing his fear... making his choice... *

18 EXT. RECORDING STUDIO - DAY 18

CASTIEL

Where's the show, Tommy?

Tommy's on the fence... but he makes his choice.

TOMMY

Look, man, I... I don't know what
the Hell's going on with Vince,
but...

(beat)

Royalties on our hits dried up
years ago-- I got two girls in
college. I need this.

CASTIEL

And you don't care who pays the
price?

ON TOMMY. A long beat, then--

TOMMY

I'm sorry.

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED: 18

He steps past Cass, enters the studio. Off Cass, defeated...

19 INT. JUICE BAR - DAY 19

ON CONSTANCE. Staring at Sam and Dean-- not intimidated.

CONSTANCE

Vince gives me the skeeves. But he's a paying client.

DEAN

He's the Devil.

SAM

Literally.

CONSTANCE

(eyeroll, yeah right...)
I'm in PR-- I've worked for sexists, racists... even politicians. My job is making saints out of devils.

(then, to Dean)

So you need to take a step back, or I start screaming, and-- a crowded place like this? A girl like me? Two guys like you? Guess what happens next?

Sam and Dean trade a look-- not sure what to do next-- Constance takes the opening.

CONSTANCE

Buh-bye.

Constance pushes past Dean and out of the cafe, as we CUT TO--

20 EXT. HOTEL - NIGHT 20

The IMPALA sits in the drive-way, trying to turn onto the road, but it's PACKED WITH TRAFFIC. The HORN HONKS--

21 INT. IMPALA - NIGHT 21

Dean drives, Cass, Sam, and Crowley are passengers. Dean's gritting his teeth, honking the horn.

DEAN

This traffic can't be real.

CROWLEY

Welcome to Los Angeles.

(CONTINUED)

Dean HONKS again--

SAM

Honking's not helping. Besides, we don't even know where we're going.

CASTIEL

Nothing on the internet?

SAM

No one's leaked the venue yet.

DEAN

Can't believe we couldn't flip a single member of his "team." Not even the threat of mass murder could get those SoCal douchebags to do the right thing.

(to Crowley)

And if you say "Welcome to Los Angeles" one more time, I swear--

As Crowley, happy to oblige, opens his mouth to speak-- Dean HONKS the horn in rage and frustration, drowning him out, and we CUT TO...

22

EXT. CLUB - BACK ENTRANCE - NIGHT

22

A LIMO pulls up. Pulls to a stop.

23

INT. LIMO - NIGHT

23

Lucifer's in the back of a limo with Constance, Tommy, and Russell. Constance is eating up the reaction on her phone. *

CONSTANCE

I've never seen so many crying emojis in my life. The people who didn't get in? They're rending garments all over Twitter. Gossip blogs, social media-- they're on fire speculating about the secret reunion show...

LUCIFER

And the winners?

CONSTANCE

Thrilled.

TOMMY

Probably be more thrilled if we had new music to sell.

(CONTINUED)

RUSSELL

What?

TOMMY

Vince was a no-show at the studio.
Again.

Russell turns to Lucifer. Airily...

LUCIFER

The muse-- guess she took a powder.
(then)
Relax, Russell-- the show tonight?
It's going to kill.

Lucifer moves to get out, but Russell grabs his arm.

RUSSELL

I took a chance on you, Vince-- an
aging, well-past-his-prime
buttrocker. You will get in line.

LUCIFER

(amused)
Or?

RUSSELL

Or I take it all back. Read your
contract: you don't do as I say, I
can bury Ladyheart.
(then)
I own you.

Russell smiles-- confident in his authority. Lucifer casts a
sly look at Russell's hand on his arm. Then-- SNAP!

KERSPLASH! Russell EXPLODES instantaneously-- LIKE A WATER
BALLOON! Constance, Tommy, and Lucifer are SPATTERED WITH
GORE!

Tommy and Constance gasp, stare at the bloody pile of clothes
where Russell sat mere moments ago. With chipper menace...

LUCIFER

See you inside.

As Lucifer casually steps out of the limo...

And the GORE IS GONE. He's magically clean and pristine--
maybe we see a few SPLOTCHES OF BLOOD VFX VANISHING.

A SECURITY GUARD falls in, leading Lucifer toward the rear entrance of the club...

...as Lucifer struts, feeling good-- a tiny bit of (VFX) ROT travels up his forearm. Lucifer notices it-- but he's unconcerned, pulls his sleeve over it as he passes a roped-off congregation of fans, snaking around from the front of the club.

FAN 1

Vince!

The line of fans notice him, chattering... start snapping cellphone pics. Lucifer grins-- loving this-- as--

A blood-spattered Constance and Tommy step out of the limo, to see the (small) wall of fans, cheering Lucifer. Tommy and Constance trade stunned looks-- holy shit. Constance, making her choice--

*
*
*

CONSTANCE

*

I quit.

She marches off, leaving Tommy behind... watching Lucifer. Just what has he gotten himself into?

*
*

Off Lucifer's twisted smile, basking in the praise of his fans-- and future victims-- we... SMASH TO BLACK!

*
*

END ACT TWO

ACT THREE

25 INT. CLUB - NIGHT 25

The venue's empty, except for staff. A series of QUICK CUTS establish the mood...

--KEGS being tapped at the bar...

--SOUND CREW hitting on a LARGE AMP, humming to power...

--a MERCH TABLE being set up, with "Bloody Messiah" and "Ladyheart" t-shirts and VINYL...

--BOUNCERS holding the line at the front entrance, a small throng of waiting YOUNG FANS visible through the door...

26 INT. CLUB - BACKSTAGE - CONTINUOUS 26

A traumatized Tommy crosses backstage, mopping the blood from his brow and his clothes. Checks that he's alone, pulls out his PHONE. Starts to text.

ON PHONE: "Show's at The Lectern. One hour."

OFF TOMMY-- lowering his phone-- uneasy--

27 INT. CLUB - CONTINUOUS 27

The Bouncers OPEN THE DOORS. The small space starts filling up with eager, phone-wielding twentysomethings. As they file in, we pick up excited TIDBITS of chatter...

Off the unsuspecting crowd-- the table set for a bloodbath.

28 EXT. CLUB - NIGHT - LATER 28

Tipped off by Tommy, our gang stands by the Impala, parked across the street from the club. They're arming up. Sam pulls ANGEL CHAINS from the trunk...

CASS has his phone pressed to his ear--

CASTIEL

Tommy's not answering.

DEAN

He got us here. That's what matters.

Sam turns toward them, holding the chains--

(CONTINUED)

CROWLEY
Angel chains? That's your move?

CASTIEL
They held me.

CROWLEY
You're not him.

DEAN
Look, we don't have any sure bets here. No matter what we use, we're probably just popping BBs.

CROWLEY
Excellent pep talk. Go team.

ON SAM. Jaw set.

SAM
We're not just here to get Lucifer. *

CROWLEY
We're not? *

SAM
We need to save the people inside. *

That lands on the group-- Castiel steps forward. *

CASTIEL
I'll take Lucifer.
(off their looks)
He's my responsibility.

SAM
Not true-- all of ours.

CASTIEL
The only way you'll clear the crowd without drawing fire is if he's otherwise engaged.

DEAN
Engaged in what-- killing you?

SAM
You'll last three minutes-- tops.

Cass is quiet, solemn. This is his mission.

CASTIEL
So-- I'll buy you three minutes. *

(CONTINUED)

Cass is ready to sacrifice himself to buy them time-- and his decision's final. Then, reluctant but committed-- Crowley
STEPS BESIDE CASS--

CROWLEY

Make it four.

(off their looks, annoyed)

What? I help. Sometimes.

Tommy and the other TWO LADYHEART BANDMATES (LADYHEART 1 and LADYHEART 2) hang out on a couch in the green room. They're laughing, eager to play.

LADYHEART 1

You see that crowd? Haven't seen an audience that young since we headlined Monsters of Rock in '91.

(then, sleazy)

The girls? Perfect age.

Tommy is lost in his head, terrified. His mates notice.

LADYHEART 1

Tommy, you okay?

Before Tommy can answer-- Lucifer ENTERS.

LADYHEART 1

Our fearless leader!

Lucifer SMILES--

SNAP! And WAVES A HAND-- SNAPPING LADYHEART 1 AND LADYHEART 2'S NECKS!

As their broken, DEAD bodies slump to the floor... Tommy GASPS, recoils... cornered in the room. Lucifer saunters over to a guitar, picks it up. Taunting...

LUCIFER

How you feeling about the show, Tommy?

(off his silence)

Yeah, me too. The nerves!

Lucifer strums a chord-- or attempts to. Only a noisy, dissonant CLANG emerges. Lucifer smirks, advances on Tommy.

LUCIFER

Whoops! I really should've practiced before tonight. Or, you know-- ever.

TOMMY

Who are you?

LUCIFER

Who I was doesn't matter. Who I am? Well I'm Vince Vincente, rock god. And after careful deliberation, I've decided to cut the dead weight... I'm going solo.

Just as Lucifer's about to snap his fingers and end him-- CASS catches his arm. A hero's entrance!

Lucifer turns to him-- not surprised--

LUCIFER

Castiel.

WHAM! Lucifer pivots-- THROWING CASS ASIDE. Cass hits the ground hard--

LUCIFER

Took you long enough.
(then)
You bring the rest of the Little Rascals?

CROWLEY (O.S.)

Just me.

Lucifer turns, sees Crowley. Happily, unthreatened--

LUCIFER

Spanky!

Sam and Dean sneak into the packed club through a side door... start making their way inside, through the throng. As Sam peels away from Dean, deeper into the club... FAVOR Dean. Pressed tight with two of the fans we heard earlier.

DEAN

Hey-- you guys smell smoke?

As the fans ignore Dean's awkward efforts, Sam makes his way through the throng.

CONTINUED:

A HUGE BOUNCER stands in front of a FIRE ALARM. Sam looks back at Dean. The LIGHTS GO on and off... signalling the concert will start soon.

DEAN

Yeah, I definitely smell smoke.

FAN 1

(snarky)

Sure you're not having a stroke?

Dean grabs his arm.

DEAN

We should get out of here.

FAN 1

Step off, Dad.

As TWO BOUNCERS see the kerfuffle, start heading over...

INT. CLUB - GREEN ROOM - CONTINUOUS

CASTIEL rises, as Lucifer takes a step toward CROWLEY--

LUCIFER

Didn't take you for the martyr type, Crowley.

CROWLEY

I'm really not.

(then)

I just hate you that much.

He raises a hand-- and LUCIFER GOES FLYING. Back into the wall--

ON LUCIFER. He shakes his head-- recovering--

As Castiel moves up beside CROWLEY--

CROWLEY

What are you doing, Lucifer?
You're nothing to those children out there-- you think they'll draw blood for you? By choice?

LUCIFER

Well, thought I'd at least ask.

(then)

But if they won't give it up, maybe I'll just take it.

(CONTINUED)

CASTIEL

Why?

LUCIFER

Cuz it's fun. Cuz I can.

(then)

Cause being Lucifer? So much Judeo-Christian baggage. But Vince? He's famous. Everybody loves him.

He raises a hand-- BAM! And Crowley is RATCHETED BACK. Hard into the wall. CRACKING IT-- slumping to the floor--

LUCIFER

And I need love. I had a really jacked up childhood.

ON TOMMY-- sees an opportunity-- bolts for the door!

LUCIFER

(casually)

Hey-- Tommy.

Lucifer snaps his finger-- Tommy DROPS dead.

And CASTIEL MOVES. Charging Lucifer-- THROWING PUNCHES. Lucifer blocks blocks and dodges-- not breaking a sweat--

As they SPAR--

CASTIEL

You think this is fun?!

LUCIFER

I wouldn't expect you to understand. I was inside you-- I know what a weak, duty-bound, pleasureless dullard you are.

WHAM! He PUNCHES CASTIEL-- a bone-shattering blow. Sending the angel to the ground.

No longer humoring their (weak) efforts, Lucifer picks up Vince's guitar like a bat, moves to Crowley-- who's just pulling himself from the floor.

LUCIFER

And you, Bad Doggie--
(a command)

Sit!

As Lucifer brutally THWACKS Crowley with Vince's guitar--

32 INT. CLUB - CONTINUOUS 32

The two bouncers flank Dean, trying to get him outside...

DEAN

Look guys, you-- we gotta get
people out of here. Now.

But they're not having it, pushing him along. As we think
Dean is failing, we...

FAVOR Sam, nearing the fire alarm. He PULLS IT! THE ALARM
STARTS TO BLARE!

33 INT. CLUB - GREEN ROOM - CONTINUOUS 33

Crowley's on the ground now-- Lucifer hammering him brutally
with Vince's guitar until--

He hears the fire alarm. Lucifer freezes-- smiles--

LUCIFER

Clever girls.

He twirls his finger in the air and we CUT TO...

34 INT. CLUB - CONTINUOUS 34

The alarm's blaring in the club. Dean breaks free of the
bouncers, as the crowd starts murmuring: is that a fire
alarm? Should they get out of there? Then--

The strains of Ladyheart's "Bloody Messiah" start BOOMING
thunderously through the club's massive speakers... easily
drowning out the fire alarm.

Sam and Dean watch as the lights on stage start STROBING--
signalling the show's start-- the crowd RUSHES THE STAGE.
Sam and Dean getting caught in the mass of people--

35 INT. CLUB - GREEN ROOM - CONTINUOUS 35

CASS GROANS on the floor, as Lucifer tosses the guitar on a
battered, unconscious Crowley.

LUCIFER

(to Castiel)

Stick around for the afterparty.

We follow Lucifer, as he steps over Tommy's body--

As a splotch of ROT appears on his neck. But Lucifer doesn't
notice, as he steps from the room...

36

INT. CLUB - CONTINUOUS

36

...out onto the main stage... the club's lights blinding... his young audience staring up at him from the pit. As they gawk and take cellphone video, ready for the show of their lives (and possible deaths), Lucifer grins. Savoring this.

The crowd's thrilled by Vince's retro showmanship. Lucifer arrives at the mic, in full rock star swagger and splendor.

LUCIFER

Hello, LA!

END ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

37

INT. CLUB - NIGHT

37

Lucifer addresses his audience from the stage.

LUCIFER

What a crowd-- just look at all those fresh young faces. Everyone excited?

The crowd gives a WOO-- as Sam and Dean trade looks from the pit, pinned in place by the shoulder-to-shoulder fans.

LUCIFER

Should be. Tonight's... tonight's not going to be a typical show. You're gonna see things-- feel things-- you've never seen or felt before.

(then)

Things might get-- a little bit messy. Y'all ready for that?

More WOOS. ON DEAN.

DEAN

Screw it.

And he PULLS A GUN-- BLAM! FIRES IT INTO THE AIR!

And the CROWD PANICS. Rushing for the door-- Sam herding them towards it...

SAM

Move!

ON LUCIFER. A small smile, re: the exodus--

He closes a hand-- and the door starts to SWING SHUT--

But SAM CATCHES IT. Straining. Holding it open--

SAM

Hurry!

As Dean fights against the flow to get to the stage...

And we're ON LUCIFER. A frown. He starts to RAISE A HAND--

LUCIFER

Nuh-uh-uh.

(CONTINUED)

CASTIEL (O.S.)

Hey. Assbutt.

*
*

Lucifer turns to see a battered Castiel, wielding Vince's guitar. SWINGS IT!

*
*

WHAM! Lucifer topples into the DRUM KIT--

*

--as Sam gets the last of the crowd outside, turns. Dean, already moving to the stage...

*
*

ON LUCIFER. On the ground. As he picks himself up, annoyed... we see another bit of FLESH at his temple (VFX) ROT. His vessel's DECAYING. He whirls on Cass-- PUNCHES him hard! Cass hits the ground, dropping the guitar--

As Dean charges from behind-- SLAMS the ANGEL CHAINS ON LUCIFER. The Devil looks down at the Cuffs, then back up--

*
*

LUCIFER

Hi, Dean.

Lucifer PUNCHES DEAN! Sending him sprawling-- then turns to--

LUCIFER

Sam. Enjoy the show?

As he speaks-- the Cuffs start to GLOW, then-- POP! It SNAPS. The Cuffs CLANK to the ground.

ON SAM. Shit. Dean starts to rise, as Lucifer advances--

LUCIFER

Guys, you know I could end you all with the snap of my finger? But why would I, when you can't do... anything to me.

As he speaks-- Cass advances from behind. ANGEL BLADE drawn-- without even turning around, Lucifer MAKES A MOTION-- Cass goes to his knees.

*
*

DEAN

Why are you doing this?

LUCIFER

Why?

SAM

You and God made up. You forgave him. What would he think--

(CONTINUED)

LUCIFER

Not especially interested in his opinion.

(then)

Good old dad finally apologizes for abandoning me, and what is the very next thing he does? Ditches me-- and you, by the way-- to ride off into the sunset with Auntie Amara.

(then)

He-- needed my help. And he'd say whatever it took to get it. His words-- your words mean nothing. Don't you get it? It's all meaningless. Heaven and Hell? This world? If they ever meant anything, that moment's long passed.

(then)

No one down here but a bunch of hopeless distraction-addicts, so filled with emptiness, so desperate to plug up the void they don't even mind being served yet another stale rerun... of a rerun... of a rerun.

He wryly gestures at himself--

LUCIFER

Wanna know what my plan is? I don't have one. Just gonna keep smashing Daddy's already-broken toys-- and make you watch.

*
*

And our boys see it-- the ROT (VFX) forming on Vince's FACE.

SAM

Yeah? Cause it kinda looks like you're falling apart.

DEAN

(touching his face)

You got something. Right here.

And the ROT KEEPS SPREADING. Across Lucifer's face-- down his arms--

DEAN

Face it-- rock is dead.

*
*

LUCIFER

What can I say? Kicking your ass took a lot out of me.

(CONTINUED)

ON LUCIFER. As he KEEPS ROTTING. Ears. His nose. As gory as we can make it. His entire face CAVING IN--

LUCIFER

But don't worry--

(then)

Onward and upward.

And... Lucifer (VFX) FLARES OUT of Vincent. As Vince's body drops to the concert stage, DEAD, we...

END ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

38

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

38 *

Sam, Dean, Cass, and Crowley recover by the Impala.

DEAN
How you feeling?

CASTIEL
I'm not dead.

Cass has healed himself-- but he's hardly at 100%. But he's
nothing compared to Crowley-- his face is WRECKED. *

DEAN
Gotta hand it to you, man. You set
out to draw Lucifer's fire-- and
you drew serious fire.

CROWLEY
Yes-- it was a grand success.

DEAN
We didn't catch Lucifer-- but we
saved the crowd. I'd call that a
win.

SAM
You would? *

Dean, Cass, and Crowley turn to Sam. *

SAM
Vince Vincente is dead. *

DEAN
Dude-- we never even hoped to save
him. *

(then)
Yeah, I know-- the third record-- *

SAM
He was a person. And he meant
something-- to a lot of people.
And Lucifer twisted that all up--
and snuffed it out. *

As Sam talks, we intercut QUICK CUTS of... *

39 INT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS 39 *
Roseleen, watching news of Vince's death-- barren, desolate,
too traumatized by her experience to even know what to feel. *

40 EXT. CLUB - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS 40 *
A clutch of concertgoers, cordoned off to be interviewed by
police and media. Dazed, traumatized by their encounter--
and the news that Vince is dead inside. *

41 INT. CLUB - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS 41 *
Police standing over Vince's corpse, sprawled on the floor.
An ignominious end for a rock legend. *

42 EXT. STREET - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS 42 *
SAM *
Lucifer was bad enough when he had *
a plan, a motive... but now that *
he's just having fun? How many *
people died tonight? *
(then) *
Them-- this-- it's on us. We *
brought him back. We're not *
winning-- we're just losing slow. *
And you heard him-- *

CROWLEY *
"Onward and upward." He's gone *
big. *

CASTIEL *
And he'll go bigger. *

Sam looks away-- hating that-- *

Dean reaches out-- putting a hand on Sam's shoulder-- *

DEAN *
Sam, we'll stop him. We will. *
(totally believes it) *
That's what we do, right? *

Off Sam, worried-- not so sure... we... END THE EPISODE! *

TO BE CONTINUED...