

SUPERNATURAL

Episode #1208

"LOTUS"

Written by

Eugenie Ross-Leming & Brad Buckner

Directed by

Phil Sgriccia

EXECUTIVE PRODUCERS

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

PRODUCERS

Eric Kripke
Jim Michaels
Robert Berens
Meredith Glynn

T13.19956

PRODUCTION DRAFT

08/12/16

©2016 Warner Bros. Entertainment Inc.

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

REVISION HISTORY

Revision	Date	Revised Pages
Production Draft - White	08/12/16	

CAST LIST

SAM WINCHESTER
DEAN WINCHESTER

BEN ROTHLAND
CASTIEL
CROWLEY
ROWENA

AGENT #2
ARTHUR KETCH
COP
DOCTOR
EXECUTIVE #1
JEFFERSON ROONEY / LUCIFER
KELLY SOTTO
RICK SANCHEZ
WALLACE PARKER
YOUNG PRIEST

JARED PADALECKI
JENSEN ACKLES

LOCHLYN MUNRO
MISHA COLLINS
MARK A. SHEPPARD
RUTH CONNELL

LOCATION REPORTINT.

INT. WALLACE PARKER'S OFFICE - DAY (DAY 1)	P.1
INT. POLICE BUILDING - DAY (DAY 2)	P.3
INT. MORGUE - DAY	P.3
INT. MEN OF LETTERS - LIBRARY - DAY	P.5
INT. BOCA RATON CONDOMINIUM - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT	P.6
INT. ARCHBISHOP'S RESIDENCE - NIGHT	P.8
INT. ARCHBISHOP'S RESIDENCE - OFFICE - NIGHT	P.9
INT. ARCHBISHOP'S RESIDENCE - CORRIDOR - DAY (FLSHBCK)	P.9
INT. ARCHBISHOP'S RESIDENCE - OFFICE - NIGHT (PRESENT)	P.9
INT. ARCHBISHOP'S RESIDENCE - CORRIDOR - NIGHT	P.10
INT. ARCHBISHOP'S RESIDENCE - SMALL CHAPEL - NIGHT	P.10
INT. PRESIDENTIAL HOTEL SUITE - BEDROOM - NIGHT	P.10
INT. ROONEY CONSCIOUSNESS - DARK	P.11
INT. PRESIDENTIAL HOTEL SUITE - LIVNG ROOM - CONTNOOUS	P.11
INT. PRESIDENTIAL HOTEL SUITE - BEDROOM - NIGHT	P.13
INT. MEN OF LETTERS - LIBRARY - DAY (DAY 3)	P.14
INT. PRESIDENTIAL SUITE - LIVING ROOM - DAY	P.15
INT. PRESIDENTIAL SUITE - BEDROOM - NIGHT	P.17
INT. MEN OF LETTERS - LIBRARY - NIGHT	P.19
INT. PRESIDENTIAL SUITE - LIVING ROOM - DAY (DAY 4)	P.21
INT. MEN OF LETTERS - CORRIDOR - DAY	P.22
INT. MEN OF LETTERS - LIBRARY - DAY	P.23
INT. CONDOMINIUM - LIVING ROOM - DAY	P.24
INT. PRESIDENTIAL SUITE - BEDROOM - NIGHT	P.26
INT. MEN OF LETTERS - KITCHEN - NIGHT (SIMULTANEOUS)	P.27
INT. IMPALA - NIGHT (PMP)	P.28
INT. IMPALA - NIGHT (PMP)	P.28
INT. ABANDONED ROADSIDE MINI-MART - DAY (DAY 5)	P.31
INT. MOTEL ROOM - DAY	P.34
INT. KELLY'S HOTEL ROOM - DAY	P.34
INT. MOTEL ROOM - DAY	P.35
INT. PRESIDENTIAL SUITE - LIVING ROOM - DAY	P.37
INT. MOTEL ROOM - DAY	P.37
INT. MOTEL BATHROOM - DAY	P.38
INT. MOTEL ROOM - DAY	P.38
INT. MOTEL ROOM - DAY	P.38
INT. MOTEL ROOM - DAY	P.39
INT. MOTEL ROOM - DAY	P.41
INT. ROADSIDE DINER - RESTROOM - DAY	P.41
INT. ROADSIDE DINER - DAY	P.41

EXT.

EXT. ARCHBISHOP'S RESIDENCE - NIGHT	P.8
EXT. STREET/ALLEY - DAY	P.17
EXT. RURAL ROAD - NIGHT	P.28
EXT. RURAL ROAD - NIGHT	P.28
EXT. RURAL ROAD - NIGHT	P.28
EXT. PLAINS MOTEL - DAY	P.34
EXT. STREET - HIGH ANGLE - DAY	P.37
EXT. PLAINS MOTEL - DAY	P.37
EXT. PLAINS MOTEL - DAY	P.38
EXT. PLAINS MOTEL - DAY	P.39
EXT. ROAD - DAY	P.42
EXT. ROAD - DAY	P.43
EXT. PLAINS MOTEL - DAY	P.43

SUPERNATURAL
"LOTUS"

TEASER

FADE IN:

1 INT. WALLACE PARKER'S OFFICE - DAY (DAY 1)

1

The plush digs of CEO WALLACE PARKER, charismatic, impeccably well-dressed, 50ish. On one wall is a map of the world, strewn with small red flags denoting the far-flung Parker empire. A meeting of four or five EXECUTIVES is ending.

EXECUTIVE #1

(referring to notes)

...and lastly, we officially filed for bankruptcy of our Mexican resort, "Parker Fiesta Muy Grande," and the shareholders have been told they've lost... oh, everything.

PARKER

Noted.

EXECUTIVE #1

There'll be a class action suit, of course.

PARKER

Sure, which we'll tie up in litigation for ten or eleven years.
(amused)
They think they're broke now? Ha!

Amused chuckles.

PARKER

(good-naturedly)

So if we're done, you clowns can get outta here and go back to work.

They all stand, head for the door. Parker moves toward his desk. Executive #1 stops and stares at the world map. Parker looks over at him.

PARKER

Having a moment, Bob?

(CONTINUED)

EXECUTIVE #1

(re: map)

Admiring the company's footprint,
is all. You're... everywhere.
Only way you could've put more of a
mark on the world is if you were, I
dunno, President or something.

Parker mulls this. Interesting. Then he suddenly staggers a
bit, grips the desk for support. Executive #1 moves toward
him in alarm.

EXECUTIVE #1

Sir, are you alright?

PARKER

(catching his breath)

I'm fine. Just a little under the
weather.

(Executive #1 hesitates)

I'm fine.

The man nods and leaves, closing the door. But Parker isn't
fine. He's sweating, his breathing is labored. He drops
heavily into his chair.

Now he begins to twitch and shake, then SPASM-- as his flesh
starts to CHAR. Like the burnt out Lucifer vessels we saw in
episode 1201.

ON PARKER. A grimace-- and we realize: THIS IS LUCIFER. In
a new vessel. One that's BURNING OUT...

PARKER

Not again...

He throws back his head and THERE IS AN EXPLOSION OF WHITE
LIGHT FROM HIS MOUTH AND BODY blasting us to--

WHITEOUT.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

2 INT. POLICE BUILDING - DAY (DAY 2) 2 *

SAM and DEAN in fed threads walk down a corridor. They arrive at a door marked MORGUE. A COP watches the door. They flash their "badges."

COP

Your colleagues are already inside.

Sam and Dean "Huh?" each other, and enter.

3 INT. MORGUE - DAY 3

CROWLEY and CASTIEL, also in "suits" are there.

Agents. CROWLEY Agents. CASTIEL

DEAN

Okay. This has gotta stop.

He sees Crowley's badge clipped to his lapel.

DEAN

(rips it off)
Gimme that.

CROWLEY

(watch it!)
Armani Outlet!

SAM

Okay, let's see him.

Cass moves to a table where a CADAVER IS COVERED. He pulls off the sheet to reveal the face of WALLACE PARKER. Eyes burned out-- skin charred (ala 1201).

DEAN

Somebody forgot their sunblock.

CASTIEL

This used to be Wallace Parker, very powerful CEO of... almost everything. *

SAM

And apparently Lucifer's latest vessel. Wasn't strong enough to hold him?

(CONTINUED)

Cass nods--

CROWLEY

A new pattern's emerging. "Onward and upward," that's what he said-- Lucifer's no longer content slutting it from one random vessel to the next. It appears he's moved on to blue chips. Celebrities, captains of industry...

*
*

CASTIEL

...Humans with real power, who could affect the lives of millions...

CROWLEY

Good-bye Reno, hello Monte Carlo. He just got a lot more dangerous.

CASTIEL

I agree with Agent Zappa.

DEAN

Will you stop that.

SAM

(to Dean)

A word?

(nods to other two)

Agents.

He pulls Dean aside, as:

CROWLEY

(to Cass)

You buying the burgers today?

CASTIEL

We don't eat.

SAM AND DEAN--

SAM

So... I've got an idea.

DEAN

(doesn't like the sound of that)

Okay...

Sam pulls out Mick Davies' card (given to the boys in Ep. 1202)-- Hands it to Dean. Dean reads--

(CONTINUED)

DEAN

Mick Davies-- no.

SAM

Dean, we're running out of options here. Maybe--

DEAN

The British Men of Letters? Seriously? You do remember our afternoon of tea 'n torture.

SAM

Yeah, I remember. I also know I wanna get Lucifer.

DEAN

You think I don't?

SAM

It's different, it-- he was in my head-- he trapped me in the Cage. And no, I don't like these Brits, but we don't have to. We work with dicks all the time.

CROWLEY (O.C.)

I heard that.

SAM

(ignoring that)

I'm just saying-- everything we've tried so far, how's that going?

(off Dean)

Maybe they can help.

DEAN

We're not there, yet. We, you and me, can find Lucifer and return him to sender. We can, Sam.

But Sam has his doubts...

INT. MEN OF LETTERS - LIBRARY - DAY

DEAN-- Carries beers, taking us to Sam, at his laptop.

DEAN

Got anything? Anyone powerful and respectable who suddenly changed? Or exploded?

Sam sees something on his laptop screen.

(CONTINUED)

SAM

This is kinda interesting.

Flips the laptop around so Dean can see it.

INCLUDE SCREEN-- PHOTO of a beaming ARCHBISHOP, 60's, in full regalia, ladling soup from a pot into a bowl

DEAN

(glancing at screen)

The Archbishop of St. Louis opening a food kitchen yesterday. So? He's in the doing-good business.

He spins the laptop around. Sam reads further.

SAM

Yeah. He prides himself on being visible. Always out and about.

(then)

Except this morning, his office cancelled all his public appearances. Without comment.

DEAN

(considering)

Okay...

SAM

And this announcement comes two days after Lucifer blasted out of CEO Wallace Parker.

Dean sobers. He comes over and looks at Sam's computer. Sam's studying the soup kitchen picture. The Archbishop's vestments are missing any religious heraldry.

SAM

Notice anything about the Archbishop's outfit?

DEAN

Aren't these guys usually packin' big mother crosses?

SAM

(a nod)

And he's cross-free.

A sleek room that doesn't look like anyone actually lives there. ROWENA and her beau BEN ROTHLAND (EP.

(CONTINUED)

1202) dine by candlelight, enjoying a lavish meal Ben had delivered. Rowena holds up her cocktail.

ROWENA

Your place is lovely, Ben. The meal perfection.

(adoring)

Champagne with plastic iguana straws. You think of the wee-est detail.

BEN

You're such a sophisticate, Rowena. I find myself trying to impress you.

ROWENA

I imagine a man of your wealth and power must be drowning in sophisticated women.

BEN

No, no. It's terrible to say, but one has to be careful. So difficult to tell who's sincere. Who cares about just plain me.

ROWENA

...And which ones only care about your vast real estate holdings, legendary charitable donations, two yachts, and the car collection.

BEN

(charmed)

It's as if you'd read my bio.

ROWENA

Is it?

(takes his hand)

Such a lonely life. In my own small way, I too have had to fend off fortune seekers.

BEN

You have?

ROWENA

Indeed. Although my roots are modest, nay, humble, through diligence and imagination... some insider trading... I've also amassed a tidy nest egg.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

5

CONTINUED: (2)

5

ROWENA (CONT'D)

My labors have taught me to prize financial independence.

BEN

Is there anything you haven't achieved?

ROWENA

(into his eyes)

Lasting love.

6

EXT. ARCHBISHOP'S RESIDENCE - NIGHT

6

*

A dark, creepy Victorian mansion standing by itself at the end of a long drive. The Impala pulls up and Sam and Dean, in fed threads, get out, look around, head to the front door.

*

DEAN

Awful quiet.

SAM

I put in a dozen calls to the Chief of Staff. No one returned.

Dean nods-- lays out the plan--

DEAN

We go in, take a look around...

(he RINGS THE BELL)

If it is Lucifer, we call in the rest of the Scooby Gang.

They wait for a response. Nothing. Dean pushes the bell again.

SAM

This isn't good.

Dean looks around, pulls a tool from his jacket, deftly PICKS THE LOCK. He slowly pushes open the door with a CREAK.

7

INT. ARCHBISHOP'S RESIDENCE - NIGHT

7

*

Sam and Dean enter, closing the door, plunging the place into gloomy, still DARKNESS.

DEAN

Hello?

Silence. Sam tries a LIGHT SWITCH. Nothing. Power's out. The boys snap on FLASHLIGHTS. Slowly move down a HALL.

(CONTINUED)

7

CONTINUED:

7

They creep forward, glancing in open doorways to empty, still rooms. They reach a small OFFICE, also apparently empty, are about to move on, when there's a SOFT GROAN.

8

INT. ARCHBISHOP'S RESIDENCE - OFFICE - NIGHT

8

*

Sam and Dean enter, FLASHLIGHTS probing the gloom. A pair of LEGS protrude from behind a desk. They quickly move to a YOUNG PRIEST, lying amidst toppled desk chair and desktop items. He is battered, BLOOD TRICKLING FROM MOUTH, NOSE, EARS. Dean kneels. The man is nearly incoherent.

DEAN

Father.

(then)

Father.

The Priest's eyes barely focus, his breathing shallow.

DEAN

What happened here?

YOUNG PRIEST

(in short gasps)

We... knew something was wrong...
he... he...

SAM

The Archbishop.

The Priest nods--

9

INT. ARCHBISHOP'S RESIDENCE - CORRIDOR - DAY (FLASHBACK)

9

The ARCHBISHOP moves solemnly down the shadowy hall.

THE YOUNG PRIEST-- Nervously watches from his doorway.

WITH THE ARCHBISHOP-- As he moves, the ROWS OF CROSSES mounted on the walls on either side of the hall SLOWLY TURN UPSIDE DOWN AS THE ARCHBISHOP PASSES!

10

INT. ARCHBISHOP'S RESIDENCE - OFFICE - NIGHT (PRESENT)

10

*

The Young Priest is fading as he speaks to Sam and Dean.

YOUNG PRIEST

Senior staff decided... handle internally... And intervene...

DEAN

An exorcism.

10

CONTINUED:

10

The Priest's head lolls back as he passes out. Dean slowly stands, his eyes meeting Sam's.

11

INT. ARCHBISHOP'S RESIDENCE - CORRIDOR - NIGHT

11

*

Sam and Dean move down the stone floor, FLASHLIGHTS piercing the DARK. They round a corner.

NEW ANGLE-- The FLASHLIGHT BEAM falls on a bloodied body, lying face down. A CLERK, in civvies, his load of file folders scattered around. Sam checks him; dead. They MOVE ON. In a partially-open doorway, a DEAD NUN slumps against a wall, bloodied by some fierce impact.

The guys MOVE ON. A THICK DOOR at the end of the hall. They slowly PUSH IT OPEN. DARKNESS. They warily enter:

12

INT. ARCHBISHOP'S RESIDENCE - SMALL CHAPEL - NIGHT

12

*

FLASHLIGHT BEAMS sweep the room. A moment, then:

QUICK SHOTS-- Two DEAD PRIESTS hang on separate walls, IMPALED ON IRON CANDLE SCONCES. Their EYES BLASTED OUT. Their MOUTHS FROZEN IN SILENT SCREAMS. Then the BEAMS SWEEP TO THE FLOOR, revealing:

*

THE ARCHBISHOP-- Or what's left of him. Lying in a pool of blood. HIS BODY BLASTED OPEN FROM AN INTERNAL EXPLOSION.

OFF the guys' stunned reaction...

13

OMITTED

13

*

14

INT. PRESIDENTIAL HOTEL SUITE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

14

In the ornate room JEFFERSON ROONEY, late 40's, attractive, sits on his bed, eyes closed in prayer. WE MOVE IN CLOSE. As he prays, we detect a SOFT WHITE GLOW FROM AN UNSEEN SOURCE GROWING in the b.g.

*

*

PRESIDENT ROONEY

...And if I were to agree to this, we would be partners? We'd bring a true era of spirituality to America and heal her wounds?

(he "listens" for a moment. Emotionally:)

Then hallelujah. I humbly accept your guidance.

(then)

Yes.

(CONTINUED)

14

CONTINUED:

14

A beat. ROONEY SUDDENLY SPASMS AS IF HIT BY A MIGHTY FORCE. HE GOES RIGID, HIS HEAD FLYING BACK, AND A BLAST OF WHITE LIGHT MOMENTARILY FILLS FRAME!

SUDDENLY BACK TO NORMAL-- Rooney's eyes flare red. He cautiously looks around the room. Now possessed by Lucifer. He stands, catches sight of himself in a mirror.

LUCIFER/ROONEY

Swell. Now what?

He makes a decision, closes his eyes.

15

INT. ROONEY CONSCIOUSNESS - DARK

15

LUCIFER/ROONEY-- Opens his eyes and we see he's dimly-lit, seated in a DARK LIMBO. Jefferson Rooney's inner self.

LUCIFER/ROONEY

Okay then, Jeff. Usually I give my hosts more downtime, but in this case, high-profile as it is...

REVEAL-- He is seated opposite his EXACT DOUBLE, the REAL JEFFERSON ROONEY, who looks startled to be facing himself.

LUCIFER/ROONEY

...I may need help fine-tuning some protocols if I'm going to deliver all the goodness and public service I promised.

PRESIDENT ROONEY

Happy to help, teamie. We're appearing at a series of fund-raisers here, backed by a fantastic team of aides.

LUCIFER/ROONEY

So I focus on the big picture. The team handles the details.

PRESIDENT ROONEY

With you as their moral compass.

LUCIFER/ROONEY

Of course.

16

INT. PRESIDENTIAL HOTEL SUITE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS 16

A Secret Service AGENT is watching TV. He hears something, lowers the sound. SOFT MURMURING from the bedroom. He moves stealthily toward the barely-open bedroom door.

(CONTINUED)

LUCIFER/ROONEY (O.C.)

(softly)

But if we're going to pull this off, I'll need a few more personal details.

At the door, the Agent peers through the small opening. THE "PRESIDENT," BACK TO HIM, IS IN CONVERSATION WITH NO ONE.

LUCIFER/ROONEY

People need to believe I am, in fact, President of the United States.

*

Stunned by what he's heard, the Agent knocks over a small vase. CRASH! Lucifer whips his head around and his eyes FLASH RED! He stands, thrusting out an arm!

The DOOR OPENS WIDE. The Agent FREEZES. Lucifer TWISTS HIS HAND INTO A CLAW. The Agent grabs his chest AS HIS INSIDES IMplode! He CRIES OUT as BLOOD POURS FROM HIS EYES, EARS, MOUTH! He FALLS TO THE FLOOR, dead.

BLACKOUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

17

INT. PRESIDENTIAL HOTEL SUITE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

17

SECRET SERVICE AGENTS and AIDES in pajamas swarm the suite. A DOCTOR is finishing his exam on the body. Lucifer/Rooney, as "shaken" as he can muster, speaks to AGENT #1.

LUCIFER/ROONEY

One minute we were talking about the best barbecue. I'm a Kansas City man, Bill likes Memphis. I stepped into the john. When I came out, Bill's on the floor. I tried CPR, but...

DOCTOR

I'm sure you did all you could, Sir, but it appears to have been a massive cerebral hemorrhage.

(to Agent #1)

We'll need an autopsy, but I see no evidence of foul play.

An aide, RICK SANCHEZ, early 30's in a robe, approaches.

RICK

Sir, we know you'd like to say a few words.

NEW ANGLE-- As Lucifer looks around, startled to see the Aides and Agents kneeling around the corpse. He has no idea what's expected. KELLY SOTTO, attractive, early 30's, also in night wear, puts a BIBLE in his hand. He winces.

KELLY

A few words to the man upstairs, Sir. Like you do every morning.

And she kneels.

LUCIFER/ROONEY

(vamping)

Yes. Words. Nothing we say ever feels like enough.

Everyone is kneeling, clasping hands, eyes closed. Lucifer stares, lips curling in contempt. Needy babies.

LUCIFER/ROONEY

Babies.

Kelly opens one eye, looks up at him.

(CONTINUED)

LUCIFER/ROONEY
(catching himself)
That's what we are. Innocents.
All of us, struggling to walk
upright. With purpose and pride.

He keeps glancing down at the Bible in his trembling hand.
It hurts! He's sweating, teeth clenched.

LUCIFER/ROONEY
And yet we need...
(with difficulty)
"our Father..." to... be there when
we fall. Today we lost a brother.
Tomorrow we continue our work for
the country.

He rolls his eyes. The group murmurs fervent assent. No one
moves.

LUCIFER/ROONEY
(quickly)
Amen.

The group stands, everyone leaves. Kelly hangs back.

KELLY
(moved)
You always say the right thing.

Lucifer wrenches the Bible from his hand, gives it to Kelly.
She turns away to put it on a table, as he brings up his hand.

INCLUDE LUCIFER'S HAND-- BURNED INTO IT are the cross and
parts of "Holy Bible" from the cover. Painful! He shakes
out the hand, the BURN VANISHES. He looks a little unnerved.

18 INT. MEN OF LETTERS - LIBRARY - DAY (DAY 3)

18 *

Sam searches data on his laptop. INCLUDE CASTIEL, perusing
the carnage at the Archbishop's house on Sam's phone.

CASTIEL
These pictures are... The level of
violence... Completely
unnecessary...

SAM
Lucifer doesn't like being messed
with. When the Archbishop's
priests figured out the boss was
possessed, they tried to keep it
quiet, do an exorcism.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

SAM (CONT'D)

Not that it would've worked.
Lucifer blew town, but not before
he slaughtered the whole staff.

(then)

We were on the right trail, but
where's it go now?

Dean enters with bags of take-out.

DEAN

Dunno. Who just won the Nobel
Peace Prize? Start with them.

And as they fall back to work...

Lucifer/Rooney sits surrounded by his trusted circle of
Aides, including Rick Sanchez, Kelly Sotto, a couple others.
Everyone's in business attire. Each has notebooks and pads
for taking notes. *

RICK

(to Lucifer)

...Before we go any further, Sir, I
just have to say: The fund-raiser
for Senator Keeting this morning
was awesome. You crushed it. They
love you.

LUCIFER/ROONEY

They do, don't they?

(then)

Have to admit, I got a little
buzzed. I mean, "fear" has its
place, of course, but "love..."
It's a rush.

Chuckles from the Aides. *

RICK

(glances at notes)

Turning to the Belarus situation.
Negotiations between rebel forces
and the government have broken
down. This is a powder keg, folks.
All options are on the table.

KELLY

We're recalling Ambassador Hawkins.
State's moving on it. Sir, is it
time to involve the U.N.?

LUCIFER/ROONEY

That, or just go ahead and nuke
'em.

Everyone stares. Then Lucifer chuckles as if he were joking.
Everyone chuckles a little too hard. Then awkward quiet.

RICK

(breaking tension)
Well! Montroy fund-raiser at two,
we can pick this up at dinner.

Lucifer stands; they all stand. Everyone leaves as Kelly
approaches. *

KELLY

(pulling out a paper)
Sir? Thought you might want to
know... New poll numbers are out.
You're way up. Officially the most
popular sitting President in modern
history.

LUCIFER/ROONEY

(staring)
Really. That's... impressive.

Kelly glances around. They're alone except for AGENT #2,
standing at parade rest.

KELLY

Um... Otto... Now might be a good
time for a little break.

She and the Agent exchange a knowing look. The Agent nods
and goes, closing the door. Lucifer is mystified.

LUCIFER/ROONEY

Was there... something else?

She smiles, pulling the clip from her pony tail and letting
her hair fall loose as she comes closer.

KELLY

I love it when we're on the road,
away from the Oval. So much easier
being together.

LUCIFER/ROONEY

"Together?"

She chuckles at his seeming bewilderment, untying his tie.

(CONTINUED)

19

CONTINUED: (2)

19

KELLY

You're right. Dumb word. Doesn't do us justice, does it?

And to his shock, she plants a big kiss on him, as:

20

EXT. STREET/ALLEY - DAY

20

A gritty section of town. A SEDAN moves slowly down the street, into a SHADOWY ALLEY and stops. Out of the car steps the Doctor who examined the dead Secret Service Agent. He looks around the apparently empty place. After a beat:

CROWLEY (O.C.)

Good boy, you're right on time.

NEW ANGLE-- Reveals CROWLEY standing calmly behind the Doctor, who turns.

DOCTOR

Your majesty.

CROWLEY

Keep this up and you could actually earn back your soul. So. What little tidbit do you have for me today?

DOCTOR

There was a death last night-- one I ascribed to natural causes, but... it was anything but natural.

CROWLEY

(eyes narrowing)

Go on.

21

INT. PRESIDENTIAL SUITE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

21

Lucifer/Rooney and Kelly are in bed, naked, breathless and sweaty, post-sex.

KELLY

Well. So amazing.

LUCIFER/ROONEY

(a little dazed)

It was almost like I'd never done that before.

KELLY

(chuckling)

Oh, you.

(CONTINUED)

She snuggles close, and Lucifer, not sure how to respond, cooperates as she lifts his arm and puts it around her.

KELLY

You know, Jeff, I admit, it makes things kind of exciting... keeping this a secret... I just wish... We could make how we feel about each other... Well, public.

LUCIFER/ROONEY

Oh?

KELLY

(sighs)

I know, I know... It might not look right... The public might not like it 'cause you're a widower...

LUCIFER/ROONEY

Uh-huh...

She rolls over to look into his eyes.

KELLY

But I know you've been lonely since Louise died. And I know your feelings for me are real. Because everything you do is real. I'd just... Love to think one day... We might be a real couple.

(shy again)

Maybe do the wedding thing.

(beat, softer)

Maybe even the baby thing.

He stares at her.

LUCIFER/ROONEY

(softly)

The what?

KELLY

(snuggling closer)

I know you'd make such a great father.

LUCIFER-- Processes this. Wheels turning.

22

INT. MEN OF LETTERS - LIBRARY - NIGHT

22

Beers and take-out scattered around. Sam at his laptop; Cass scours stacks of newspapers. Dean enters from the CROW'S NEST, just getting off the phone.

CASTIEL

(looking around, sensing:)

Did the Bunker's warding just fail?

DEAN

Nah, I powered it down. Crowley called and said he had big news about Lucifer. Whatever that means.

SAM

Great. So now, what, Crowley feels like he can just "drop in" when he wants? I like keeping him at a distance. Long distance.

REVEAL CROWLEY-- Who's appeared just behind Sam. Annoyed.

CROWLEY

Not very charitable, Moose. Particularly since I'm once again saving both your asses.
(sulky, re: Cass)
He's here, isn't he?

SAM

What's that got to do with...

CROWLEY

So! As you know, I am temporarily persona non grata in my palace.

Sam and Dean glance at each other, amused.

SAM

"Palace."

DEAN

"Palace."

CROWLEY

However, there are those whom I still control. Operatives... informants in high places.
(dramatically)
Very high places.

*
*
*
*

SAM

Crowley, could we just get the damn news without the decoration?

(CONTINUED)

CROWLEY

Could I get you without the
flannel? No. And yet I endure.

He goes to Dean's LAPTOP, spins it around, types, as:

DEAN

Hey!

CROWLEY

Acting on a tip, I did some
digging. And... I now know: The
identity of Lucifer's newest
vessel.

(off their startled looks)
Honestly, it's too delicious. It
requires visual aides.

DEAN

For God's sake...

Crowley's at the "WORLD NEWS NOW!" website. SMALL STILLS
represent top news stories. He selects one.

CROWLEY

Ah!

ON SCREEN-- Quick (STOCK) shots of a CHEERING CROWD.

CROWLEY

Gentlemen, I give you...

At the PODIUM a grinning Jefferson Rooney!

CROWLEY

...One Jefferson Rooney.
President of these United States.

Cass, Sam, and Dean stare, dumbfounded.

CASTIEL

That's... Lucifer?

CROWLEY

Hell to the Chief.

BLACKOUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

23 OMITTED 23 *

24 INT. PRESIDENTIAL SUITE - LIVING ROOM - DAY (DAY 4) 24 *

Lucifer enters as Agent #2 admits Rick Sanchez, carrying papers. *

RICK
Sir, these are ready for signature...

LUCIFER/ROONEY
Rick, something urgent has come up. Urgent and... confidential.

RICK
Understood.

LUCIFER/ROONEY
We have reliable intel that two mentally unstable individuals, possible cult members, have imminent plans to assassinate me.

RICK
(stunned)
You?

LUCIFER/ROONEY
Because I'm Satan.
(off Rick's stare)
They think I'm Satan.

RICK
Not metaphorically.

LUCIFER/ROONEY
In the flesh.

RICK
(trying to absorb this)
Satan's not real.

LUCIFER/ROONEY
(a bit defensive)
Well...

RICK
He's a symbol for the simple-minded. A comic book villain.

(CONTINUED)

LUCIFER/ROONEY
He's a bit more than that, Rick.
(off Rick)
To many people.

RICK
I wasn't briefed on this.

LUCIFER/ROONEY
I'm briefing you now. We've been
sitting on it till we had more
facts. Aside from the obvious
peril to me...

RICK
...We gotta bury this before cable
news gets the scent. It'll eat up
the news cycle.

LUCIFER/ROONEY
The most effective way to do that
is to eliminate the threat. Would
you agree?

RICK
I could try to expedite the
approval process...

LUCIFER/ROONEY
No. We need to handle this in the
family. No FBI, CIA. Secret
Service only.

RICK
Your personal detail.
Unquestionably discreet.

LUCIFER/ROONEY
I'm liking this job, Rick. I want
to keep it a while. Put this fire
out.

Sam's on his phone. He holds Mick Davies' card. The phone
RINGS--

NEW ANGLE-- As Sam waits, he sees Dean in the distant
LIBRARY, in earnest conversation with Castiel. Sam's
uncomfortable with the phone call he's making.

"LOTUS"
CONTINUED:

Production Draft

8/12/16 23.
25

25

MICK (V.O.)
(on phone)
Hello?

Flustered, Sam CLICKS OFF.

26

INT. MEN OF LETTERS - LIBRARY - DAY

26

Cass and Dean lean against tables.

CASTIEL
...Even if Crowley brings back
Rowena, the problem remains:
Lucifer can't be returned to the
Cage inside his vessel. His
essence has to be extracted.

As Sam joins them, sitting down at his laptop:

SAM
And Lucifer's found the perfect
safe house. How do we even start
getting close to the President?

DEAN
It helps that he's not in D.C.
Rooney's on a fund-raising swing
through the Midwest.

SAM
(looking at laptop)
Right now his party, aides, Secret
Service... The whole circus is
booked into two floors of the
Bellevue Hotel in Indianapolis.
(types, looks again)
I've pulled up the floor plans.
Only two hall access doors.
Cameras. Alarmed stair wells. All
guarded to the max. Plan B?

Dean has gone to his computer, typing, then:

DEAN
He's got a helluva speaking
schedule. Average of three events
a day. Gala dinner Friday night.

CASTIEL
So at least he'll be outside the
hotel.

(CONTINUED)

SAM

Sure. Guarded like the Hope
Diamond. Plan C?

DEAN

Lure him to a meeting where he
comes alone?

Cass and Sam both stare at him. Dean shrugs.

CASTIEL

Is there a Plan D?

INT. CONDOMINIUM - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Rowena is simultaneously weeping and yelling at an equally
unhinged Ben. It's fast and furious:

ROWENA

What about us? Our feelings for
each other?

BEN

That's why I'm being totally
upfront about Mona.

ROWENA

"Mona?"

BEN

Mona Lerner.

ROWENA

Mona Lerner, the heiress?
(off his nod)
You've been seeing her, as well?

BEN

(amiably)
One keeps one's options open. And
the heart knows what it knows.

ROWENA

What does your heart know about
me?!

BEN

It knows it's fond of you, but your
credentials were never verifiable.
Financial holdings, Royal Ballet...
None of it.

ROWENA

You had me investigated?!
(realizes)
You were scamming me!

NEW ANGLE-- Crowley has appeared, unnoticed, in the b.g.,
NEAR THE OPEN FRONT DOOR. *

BEN

Oh, there's the pot calling the
kettle black!

CROWLEY

If I might...

BEN

(sees him)
Ah. Finally.

He hands a bag of laundry to Crowley. Rowena stares at
Crowley in exasperation.

BEN

Light starch.

ROWENA

I opened my heart to a pauper! Who
was after my non-existent fortune!

BEN

The same as I did, sweetie. I'm
just being honest about it!

CROWLEY

(dropping bag)
Mother...

ROWENA

And if I tell Mona the truth?

BEN

That'd be a first!

ROWENA

Get out!

BEN

It's my place! In a fake kind of
way!

CROWLEY

Mother!

ROWENA

Fergus! Can't you see I'm busy?!
This lout just broke my heart!

CROWLEY

Oh.

BEN

(suddenly realizing:)
"Mother?"

*
*
*

Crowley points a finger at Ben who, CONVULSES, CHOKES, GRABS FOR HIS NECK. His mouth opens. A RETCHING SOUND!

*
*

ROWENA-- Stunned, as a BLOODY TORRENT OF GOO SPRAYS HER!
Ben's body drops. Crowley looks pleased. Rowena, covered in red splatter, slowly turns to face Crowley.

*
*
*

ROWENA

That is the sweetest thing you've ever done for me.

Lucifer and Kelly in bed, post-sex, in each other's arms. Kelly's enraptured; Lucifer still a bit distant.

KELLY

Promise you won't laugh.

LUCIFER/ROONEY

Even if it's funny?

She elbows him.

LUCIFER/ROONEY

I won't laugh.

KELLY

Tonight, us... here... it felt different.

LUCIFER/ROONEY

Now I'm really not laughing.

KELLY

No, we were great. Like always. But somehow, in some way I can't describe... it feels like something's changed.

He smiles with satisfaction. Kisses her.

LUCIFER/ROONEY
Maybe something has.

INT. MEN OF LETTERS - KITCHEN - NIGHT (SIMULTANEOUS) 29

Castiel pours two mugs of coffee, starts out, and suddenly freezes. His face changes. Something sweeps over him. A ROAR OF STATIC INSIDE HIS HEAD. Stunned, he lets go of the mugs. CRASH. He clutches his ears as Sam and Dean rush in.

DEAN

Cass?

Cass lets go of his ears, shakes his head, a little dazed.

CASTIEL

Something's happened, something--
Angel Radio... there are so many
voices.

SAM

What are they saying?

CASTIEL

There was a massive surge of
celestial energy... a nephilim is
come into being.
(then)
The offspring of an angel and
human.

DEAN

That makes the news?

CASTIEL

Not usually, but the power that
produced this is... immense. Far
beyond a usual angel.

SAM

Then who's creating this thing?
God's... not around. So...

CASTIEL

(realizing)
Lucifer.

DEAN

(stares)
I didn't know he was dating.

30 EXT. RURAL ROAD - NIGHT 30

The Impala ROARS down the road, passing--

A COP CAR-- A COP watches the Impala disappear, then quickly DIALS A CELLPHONE.

31 INT. IMPALA - NIGHT (PMP) 31

Later. Dean drives, Cass is in back, Sam's on the phone.

SAM

...And Crowley, find out from your government mole if there's a girlfriend, a mistress, a favorite hooker... anyone we don't know about.

(clicks off)

Crowley and Rowena will meet us in Indianapolis. Do we have a plan?

DEAN

Impeach LOTUS and find Rosemary's Baby.

32 EXT. RURAL ROAD - NIGHT 32

The Impala roars past a sign ("Indianapolis 5 Miles"), as--

A BLACK SUV falls in behind the Impala. Lights flashing; sirens blaring--

33 INT. IMPALA - NIGHT (PMP) 33

Sam and Cass look back, as Dean shakes his head--

DEAN

Come on...

34 EXT. RURAL ROAD - NIGHT 34

Dean pulls the car to a stop-- looks to Cass--

DEAN

Stay here. We got this.

Cass nods, as Sam and Dean climb out-- the SUV pulling in front of them.

SAM

Problem officer?

As he speaks, the SUV'S DOORS OPEN--

(CONTINUED)

And RICK SANCHEZ steps out, followed by TWO SECRET SERVICE AGENTS.

As Dean pulls out his FBI BADGE--

DEAN

We're Federal Agents. We just need to get through.

RICK

And I need six grand by Saturday, but that ain't happening, either.

SAM

Know who you're talking to?

RICK

Winchesters. Make those toy badges in craft class on the psyche ward?

(re: the Impala)

Nice car. Really stands out.

He starts to pull a gun. Dean instantly SLAMS HIS FIST into Rick's face, who flies back, dropping his gun. This distracts the first Agent, who is BODY SLAMMED BY SAM into the side of the Impala, just as Cass was about to open the door.

Before Dean can get to the gun, Rick fights back with lightning-fast MMA moves. Dean holds his own until another Agent attacks from behind-- sending Dean to the ground--

Sam has his guy's arm cinched up behind his back, struggling to hold him against the car, then:

RICK

Hey!

NEW ANGLE-- As Sam looks to see Rick has his gun on Dean, who is slowly standing. Cass finally climbs out, as--

RICK

Now. The three of you head toward our vehicle.

The first Agent has his weapon drawn and aimed at Sam. Sam, Dean and Cass trade a look-- TRAPPED. Then--

We hear a sudden ENGINE ROAR O.C.

NEW ANGLE-- As a sleek EUROPEAN CAR TEARS OUT OF THE TREES some distance away. (Its windows are DARK TINTED, we can't see who's inside.) It heads straight for the group. And then, yards away, goes into a sideways skid--

(CONTINUED)

The Agents turn their weapons to its darkened windows while its SUNROOF IS RETRACTING. A shiny steel ROCKET-PROPELLED GRENADE LAUNCHER rises out of the opening, AND FIRES. Sam, Dean and Cass hit the dirt, as the ROCKET WHIZZES TOWARD THE SEDAN. BOOM! A FIREBALL ERUPTS IN THE SUV! Blowing Rick and the Agents aside. Knocking them to the ground.

ON RICK. In the aftermath. Coughing-- surrounded by SMOKE. He looks up--

To see a calm, debonair man in a suit: MR. KETCH! Ketch emerges from the smoke-- strides forward--

BAM! And KICKS RICK IN THE FACE. Dropping him. Ketch looks to the two Agents-- GROANING in the dirt--

MR. KETCH

(to Cass)

You. Angel. Wipe their memory.

The boys stare. Ketch turns to the guys, nods at the BLAZING CAR. *

MR. KETCH

U.S. Government plates. Elite dogcatcher level. Someone special wants you. Whose hydrant have you lads been tinkling on? *

ON SAM, DEAN AND CASS.

DEAN

I'm sorry-- who the Hell are you?

MR. KETCH

(a smile)

Where are my manners: Arthur Ketch. British Men of Letters.

BLACKOUT.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

35

INT. ABANDONED ROADSIDE MINI-MART - DAY (DAY 5)

35 *

Boarded up, broken furnishings. Mr. Ketch stands near the counter on which rest two sleek equipment cases. Cass, Dean, and Sam, skeptical, lean on various store fixtures.

MR. KETCH

...So it's all very simple, really. Mick Davies asked you to join our effort, which we're taking international. My instructions are to strongly encourage a "yes."

CASTIEL

So you've been what? Following us?

MR. KETCH

Not at all. We're good dogs, we only come when called.
(re: Sam)
And he called.

DEAN

You what?

SAM

I didn't-- I hung up.

MR. KETCH

Yes, you did-- which made Mr. Davies think you were in trouble. Which you were.
(then)
So he rings me, bing-bang-boom; meet Bob, he's your uncle.
(then)
Oh, and you're welcome.

DEAN

Why should we believe a word you say?

MR. KETCH

You, halo, do you sense I'm lying?

CASTIEL

My name is Castiel. And no. But "truth" is sometimes situational.

(CONTINUED)

MR. KETCH

Oh, I do enjoy an angel.
(then, to Dean)
But, I understand your hesitation.
You haven't exactly seen us at our
best. Lady Bevell's a bit...
excitable.

DEAN

She tried to kill us.

MR. KETCH

Like I said: excitable.

SAM

But you're different?

MR. KETCH

I don't care about you one way or
the other. I'm not an ideologue.
I'm a soldier.

CASTIEL

And... all you want is to work with
American Hunters to clear the
country of monsters.

MR. KETCH

We understand things are different
here. We're eager to collaborate.
(then)
The British Men of Letters are
centuries old, lads. We can offer
expertise, weaponry, skills.

SAM

Like what we saw out on the road?

MR. KETCH

I'm an artist, Mr. Winchester. I
paint in many colors.

He CRISPLY UNLOCKS the cases. One contains gleaming weapons.
The other, an assortment of devices, as:

MR. KETCH

Our engineers have spent years
blending sorcery and technology.

Ketch holds up an elaborately carved metal cylinder with a
bell-shaped "sprayer" protruding from one end at an angle.

(CONTINUED)

MR. KETCH

For instance, we don't decapitate
vampires. Inefficient, especially
for large nests. We irradiate them--
reorder their DNA. Their own blood
becomes lethal to them.

SAM

(can't help himself)

Cool.

Dean shoots him a look-- Ketch smiles--

MR. KETCH

The toys are the fun part.

Ketch grabs a device the size of an ostrich egg, covered with
gleaming metal rivets and ornate runes.

MR. KETCH

Hyperbolic Pulse Generator.
Exorcisms are unreliable. This
device emits a force that drives
the possessing demon from a vessel.

This gets their attention.

SAM

What about a... possessing angel?

MR. KETCH

And what might you boys be working
on?

Dean shoots a warning look to Sam, then turns to Mr. Ketch.

DEAN

You want us to trust you? You gotta
trust us first.

MR. KETCH

And that means?

DEAN

(nods at Pulse Generator)

Means-- you're gonna let us borrow
the "flux capacitor" here, no
questions asked.

*

*

Mr. Ketch mulls this, looking dubious, as Dean plucks the
Pulse Generator from his hand and studies it.

*

(CONTINUED)

35

CONTINUED: (3)

35

DEAN

So how's this baby work, anyhow?

36

EXT. PLAINS MOTEL - DAY

36

A one-story motel in the seedy outskirts of Indianapolis.

DEAN (V.O.)

If this thing works, part of our problem's solved.

37

INT. MOTEL ROOM - DAY

37

A fairly large room, the motel's cheesy attempt at a "honeymoon suite." Sam, Castiel, Crowley, and Rowena are grouped around Dean, who bounces the Pulse Generator in his palm like a ball.

*
*

CROWLEY

You're going to pop Lucifer out of the President with that.

DEAN

Hope so. Or else we're all pretty much dead. Then Rowena zaps him into the Cage. 'Course, we still gotta get him in here.

SAM

(to Crowley)

We need to get hold of this secret girlfriend you found out about. This "Kelly." But she's in the President's hotel, and the place is a fortress.

(then)

Only one of us can get in there.

All eyes fall on Crowley, who looks exasperated.

CROWLEY

Bollocks.

38

INT. KELLY'S HOTEL ROOM - DAY

38

A single room, much simpler than the President's. Kelly is on her cell, a little frantic.

KELLY

(into phone)

I don't know when, Sheri! I don't know how, I just know I am.

(CONTINUED)

CROWLEY (O.C.)
Hello, darling.

REVEAL CROWLEY-- who's appeared just behind Kelly. Kelly
SPINS-- as Crowley touches her shoulder--

CROWLEY
This is going to sting a bit-- for
both of us.

WIDEN: THEY'RE GONE!

INT. MOTEL ROOM - DAY

Kelly sits on the end of a bed, clutching her head, fairly
hysterical. Sam, Dean, Cass, Crowley, and Rowena look on.

KELLY
No, no... You're making it up.
It's impossible!

DEAN
To be fair, so's teleporting, but..
(indicates her presence)
Ta-da.

KELLY
Who are you people?!

ROWENA
Well dear, I'm a witch, he's an
angel.

CROWLEY
(raises hand)
Yo, King of Hell.

KELLY
Oh, God!

CASTIEL
He actually left.

She stares, as if her head might explode.

SAM
Guys, not helping.

He crouches down near Kelly--

KELLY
You can't-- he's the President.

SAM

He was, but now-- tell me he hasn't been acting... different.

KELLY

Jeff's been under a lot of stress.

CROWLEY

Wrong. He's the Devil. Horns, pitchfork-- whole nine.

SAM

Kelly, we know what we're talking about. We've been on Lucifer's trail for a long time.

ROWENA

And we know you're pregnant. With his child.

ON KELLY. Gulps. Rowena's right, but--

KELLY

You're lying.

Castiel steps forward-- holding out a BIBLE. Kelly stares-- WTF?

CASTIEL

The thing inside you is unholy. An abomination.

KELLY

That's not--

CASTIEL

(re: the Bible)

Take it.

Kelly hesitates, then lays her hand on it. INSTANTLY, THERE'S SMOKE, THEN THE BIBLE BURSTS INTO FLAMES! Cass calmly drops it in a waste basket and Rowena pours water on it. Tears appear as Kelly accepts the truth.

KELLY

No. Oh no.

DEAN

Does he know you're knocked up?

Kelly nods--

(CONTINUED)

KELLY

He was so... thrilled. He said it was the first time he'd ever created anything.

Sam and Dean look at each other. As they thought.

SAM

Kelly, we need your help.

OFF KELLY-- what will she do?

INT. PRESIDENTIAL SUITE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Lucifer/Rooney paces, reading a speech and marking it up with a pen. His PHONE RINGS. He glances at the screen, answers.

LUCIFER/ROONEY

(into phone)

Kelly?

EXT. STREET - HIGH ANGLE - DAY

Two BLACK SUV'S race through city streets.

EXT. PLAINS MOTEL - DAY

The SUV's enter the parking lot and pull up to a room away from the office. Two Secret Service Agents hop out of the lead car, move to the rear car. A REAR WINDOW SLIDES DOWN.

AGENT #2

Sir, we agreed to keep this small, like you asked, but we still need to do a quick sweep.

LUCIFER/ROONEY

Absolutely. We wouldn't want anything... happening... to me.

The window goes up and the Agents move toward the room.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - DAY

Kelly opens the door, admitting the two Agents, who enter purposefully, looking all around, glancing under the bed.

AGENT #2

(nods)

Ms. Sotto.

44 INT. MOTEL BATHROOM - DAY 44

Crowley, Rowena, Sam, and Dean, almost on top of each other, wait anxiously in the tiny room.

45 INT. MOTEL ROOM - DAY 45

The Agents move to the CLOSET, fling open the door. Cass is inside! They bring up their guns as he touches their foreheads.

CASTIEL

There's no one in here but Kelly.
Wait in the car.

*
*

46 EXT. PLAINS MOTEL - DAY 46

PRESIDENT'S SUV-- The Agents, a bit dazed, approach the rear door as the WINDOW SLIDES DOWN revealing Lucifer/Rooney.

AGENT #2

There's no one in there but Kelly.
We'll wait in the car.

*
*

Lucifer hops out of the car and strides toward the room. Kelly opens the door and they stand looking at each other.

LUCIFER/ROONEY

Kelly--

She turns away-- Lucifer follows her into the room--

47 INT. MOTEL ROOM - DAY 47

Closing the door behind him--

LUCIFER/ROONEY

Kelly, what's wrong?

KELLY

(fighting back emotion)
I told you on the phone! I can't
have this baby.

She turns away. Lucifer's had enough. He grips her by the shoulders, SLAMMING her against a wall. His EYES FLARE RED!

*
*

LUCIFER/ROONEY

I'm afraid I'll have to insist.

Suddenly, SAM BURSTS FROM THE BATHROOM, holding the PULSE GENERATOR, his hand already bleeding from being slashed. He SLAMS the bloody palm against a small SIGIL on the wall, as Lucifer spins, and:

(CONTINUED)

LUCIFER/ROONEY
(sighs, releases Kelly)
Sam. We've done this dance so many
times.

SAM
Vade retro, Princeps Inferni!

*

Lucifer spreads his hands to SMITE SAM, but suddenly the Pulse Generator ROARS TO LIFE! Its SIGILS LIGHT UP and POWERFUL WAVES OF ENERGY BLAST LUCIFER! The force of the blast KNOCKING Sam to his KNEES.

48 EXT. PLAINS MOTEL - DAY

48

SUV-- Agents in front seat, surveying street and parking lot. The motel behind them. LIGHT FLARES in the window--

49 INT. MOTEL ROOM - DAY

49

Lucifer CONVULSES and SPASMS. Rowena, Cass, Dean and Crowley spill from the bathroom, Rowena has her spell-casting bowls.

Cass and Dean MOVE FOR SAM-- who starts to RISE--

DEAN
Sam!

*

Lucifer, in agony, waves a hand, and Cass, Sam and Dean ARE BLASTED OFF THEIR FEET!

As Lucifer is VIBRATING WILDLY. LESIONS APPEAR in his flesh.

And Rowena and Crowley work together setting up her spell.

ON SAM AND DEAN. Struggling to stand. Sam still has the sphere in his hands--

Lucifer GOES RIGID AS WHITE PARTICLES (HIS ESSENCE) LEAK FROM WITHIN LUCIFER AND OUT THROUGH HIS LESIONS. His EYES GLOW RED and MIRRORS SHATTER. LIGHTBULBS EXPLODE. WALLS CRACK.

DEAN
Rowena! Now!

ROWENA
Mah tay, ez loh, say tah!

FLASH OF FIRE in the bowl. A HOWLING WIND ENVELOPS THE ROOM. FLASHES OF LIGHTNING! The particles are FLOODING FROM THE CRACKS IN LUCIFER. He summons what's left of his strength. THE SHADOW OF MIGHTY WINGS SPREADS ACROSS THE ROOM!

(CONTINUED)

LUCIFER/ROONEY
(stares fixedly at Sam)
This isn't over, Sam.

SAM
(staring back)
Know what? Go to Hell.

BOOM! The WHITE PARTICLES COALESCE INTO STREAKS OF LIGHT THAT SWIRL AROUND LUCIFER, WHO'S IN AGONY, HIS MOUTH OPEN IN A SILENT SCREAM. Our heroes brace themselves against the MIGHTY WIND! The streaks of light become BLINDING!

ROWENA
MAH TAY, EZ LOH, SAY TAH!!

THE STREAKS SWOOP AROUND... THEN SUDDENLY DIVE TOWARD THE FLOOR AND DOWN INTO IT. GONE! EVERYTHING IS SUDDENLY STILL! *

Rooney collapses to the floor. They all stare, stunned. *

SAM
Wow. *

The TEAM ERUPTS IN VICTORY SHOUTS as Cass goes to Rooney.

CASTIEL
He's alive. He'll be fine.

Crowley touches Rowena, and they are gone! *

KELLY
(rushing forward) *

Jeff. Oh my God.

DEAN
Cass, get her outta here.

Cass touches Kelly lightly, and she's unable to resist as he guides her toward the bathroom and its open window.

SAM AND DEAN-- Stare down at the fallen President, then look at each other, almost in disbelief.

DEAN
We got him. We got Lucifer.

BLACKOUT.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

50

INT. MOTEL ROOM - DAY

50

Sam and Dean kneel by the President, trying to bring him around.

SAM

Sir? Mr. President? Sir?

He pats Rooney's cheek-- the man stirs-- GROANS--

DEAN

Take it easy there, Tiger...

Suddenly THE DOOR IS KICKED IN. The two Secret Service Agents burst in, guns drawn.

AGENT #2

On your feet! Hands behind your heads!

Sam and Dean reluctantly stand, place hands behind heads.

SAM

Look, we were just...

AGENT #2

Shut up!

The other Agent moves for Rooney, as--

AGENT #2

You're under arrest for the attempted assassination of the President of the United States.

As the boys stare, stunned...

51

INT. ROADSIDE DINER - RESTROOM - DAY

51

Kelly stands in the shabby restroom, staring searchingly at herself in the mirror. She gently touches her belly. Tears appear in her eyes as we MOVE IN.

52

INT. ROADSIDE DINER - DAY

52

CASTIEL-- Sits at a table with a cup of coffee. Kelly's half-eaten sandwich sits opposite. He's growing uneasy. She's been gone awhile. He glances at his watch, looks around the room. Finally, he stands and crosses to:

(CONTINUED)

SMALL HALLWAY-- Outside the RESTROOM DOOR. Cass knocks softly on the door.

CASTIEL

Kelly?

Silence. He knocks a little harder.

CASTIEL

Kelly, are you alright?

He waits a beat. Then he glances around and gingerly opens the door.

CASTIEL

Kelly?

He opens the door wider. The room is EMPTY. Puzzled, Cass starts back to the table area. The PAY PHONE on the wall RINGS. Cass hesitates, then answers it.

CASTIEL

(into phone)

Hello?

INTERCUT:

Kelly's on her cell. Walking toward a TAXI.

KELLY

(emotional)

Castiel? I can't do it.

CASTIEL

Kelly...

KELLY

I can feel it inside me. I'm its mother.

CASTIEL

Kelly, listen to me. It's not a baby. It's the spawn of Lucifer.

KELLY

(torn)

I... it's my child.

*
*

She HANGS UP-- climbs into the taxi--

(CONTINUED)

"LOTUS"
CONTINUED:

Production Draft

8/12/16 43.
53

53

CASTIEL
(into phone)
Kelly? Kelly?

54

EXT. ROAD - DAY

54

Kelly stares out the window, as the TAXI PULLS AWAY-- driving in the distance, as we CUT TO--

55

EXT. PLAINS MOTEL - DAY

55

Cop cars. An ambulance. A BLACK PRISONER TRANSPORT. RICK SANCHEZ waits, as--

Sam and Dean, handcuffed, each flanked by TWO SECRET SERVICE AGENTS, are shoved from the motel; marched toward the PRISONER TRANSPORT.

NEW ANGLE-- The guys are pushed inside. DOORS SLAM--

And the MOTORCADE TAKES OFF WITH OUR HEROES, racing off to God knows where--

BLACKOUT.

TO BE CONTINUED...