

SUPERNATURAL

Episode #1213

"Family Feud"

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T13.19963

PRODUCTION DRAFT

10/14/16

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REVISION HISTORY

Revision	Date	Revised Pages
Production Draft - White	10/14/16	

CAST LIST

SAM WINCHESTER
DEAN WINCHESTER

CROWLEY
GAVIN MACLEOD
KELLY KLINE
LUCIFER
MARY WINCHESTER
MR. KETCH
ROWENA

ANGEL #1
DAGON
DR. DAISY OCHOA
ELIZABETH
FIONA DUNCAN
KAREN
LEADER
WAITRESS

JARED PADALECKI
JENSEN ACKLES

MARK A. SHEPPARD
THEO DEVANEY
COURTNEY FORD
MARK PELLEGRINO
SAMANTHA SMITH
DAVID HAYDN-JONES
RUTH CONNELL

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SUPERNATURAL
"Family Feud"

TEASER

FADE IN:

1 INT. HOME - BATHROOM - NIGHT (DAY 1) 1

A well-worn early-century home. The LIGHTS click ON and a middle-aged WOMAN in a flannel nightgown shuffles in and heads for the sink. SUPER: "Andover, Massachusetts. Six months ago."

The Woman sets to brushing her teeth, checking in the mirror for crow's feet, then rinsing with a glass of water. She bends over the sink to spit, as, in the mirror's REFLECTION, we see a SHAPE FLIT PAST THE DOORWAY out in the hall.

Upright, the Woman pats her face dry and exits, SHUTTING OFF the light.

2 INT. HOME - HALLWAY - NIGHT 2

We MOVE WITH the Woman through the long, shadowy hall as she heads to her BEDROOM. Moving in the same direction as the SHAPE.

3 INT. HOME - BEDROOM - NIGHT 3

Lit by a single bedside lamp. SHOOTING toward the doorway in an ANGLE that INCLUDES part of CLOSET DOOR, opened just a bit. A CLOCK TICKS somewhere. The closet door CREAKS SHUT. Now the Woman enters. She grabs a dress, tossed over a rocker, and heads toward the closet to hang it.

CLOSET DOORKNOB-- As the Woman reaches out to open it. Then she hesitates.

THE WOMAN-- Has noticed a smudge on the front of the dress. She grabs a tissue and rubs at the fabric. That's better. Now she reaches for the doorknob again. The door CREAKS open, revealing darkness. She reaches for the string hanging from a bare light bulb. TURNS ON the LIGHT. And... nothing happens.

The Woman hangs up the dress. TURNS OUT the LIGHT. Shuts the closet. The CLOCK TICKS.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The Woman heads toward the bed, kicking off her slippers. She wearily climbs into bed, pulling the covers up waist-high, reaches over, SHUTS OFF the LAMP, settles down against her pillow. THE CLOCK TICKS.

The room is lit by SHAFTS OF MOONLIGHT. The Woman begins to close her eyes. A MOMENT as she begins to drift off. THE CLOCK TICKS.

RRRIP! TWO ARMS ERUPT OUT OF THE MATTRESS ON EITHER SIDE OF HER! The Woman SCREAMS as the arms, spindly, deathly white, with gnarled hands WRAP AROUND HER BODY! The HANDS VANISH INTO HER TORSO as CAMERA BEGINS TO MOVE AWAY, and the Woman SHRIEKS AND SHRIEKS! We SETTLE on a MIRROR over the dresser, and suddenly IT IS SPRAYED WITH BLOOD. Then--

SILENCE. As we REVEAL THE WOMAN-- reflected in the mirror-- eyes wide, blood leaking from her OPEN MOUTH. DEAD.

The ARMS THAT HELD HER ARE GONE.

BLACKOUT.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

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

4

Present day. DEAN on his phone, SAM at his laptop.

DEAN
(into phone)
...Yeah well, stay on it. Get any
solid leads, let us know. We'll
work it from our end. Thanks,
Cass.

He CLICKS off, tosses the phone on the table, as:

DEAN
Kelly Kline's in the wind, no
trace, and who knows when Lucifer's
kid is gonna pop, if it hasn't
already.

SAM
So, basically, we've got nothing?

DEAN
Basically.

SAM
Okay, well... there is this other
thing...

DEAN
"Other thing?"

Sam pulls up another SCREEN on the laptop.

SAM
Museum in Des Moines, Iowa... Guy's
body found in the parking lot. A
teacher. His tongue had been
ripped out...

DEAN
That didn't kill him...

SAM
No, but having all his internal
organs crushed did.
(off Dean's look)
No damage to the torso, no point of
entry...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DEAN

Thinkin'... witch?

SAM

Maybe. He was seen alive just a few hours before, leading a student tour of the museum.

ON DEAN. Persuaded. He grabs his cell--

DEAN

Haven't seen Mom for a while; think she'd wanna work this with us?

INT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - DAY

MARY WINCHESTER is in a vicious fight with a snarling RUGARU who's just jumped her! The creature, all rotting teeth, wormy skin and black eyes, wrestles with Mary, trying to sink its teeth into her. Mary finally sends it reeling with a nasty KICK, and, as it charges again, she yanks a SLEEK WEAPON from a holster and aims it at the monster!

AN EAR-SPLITTING WHISTLING TONE fills the air. The rugaru freezes, clutching its head. Now it SCREAMS, as LIQUEFIED BRAIN MATTER FLOWS FROM ITS EARS AND NOSE! It drops, an oozing mess. Mary looks to Ketch--

MARY

(re: the weapon)

Nice toy.

NEW ANGLE-- REVEAL, leaning casually against a dusty table, MR. KETCH in an immaculate suit.

MR. KETCH

Gets the job done.

Then-- Mary's CELL PHONE RINGS. She glances at the screen, answers, a bit out of breath.

MARY

(into phone)

Hi, honey.

(beat)

Nothing, I-- I'm at a motel, outside Newark.

(beat)

No, no special plans-- magic fingers, pay per view, the usual...

WIDER-- REVEAL TWO MORE BODIES, their heads lying in a bloody pool of brain ooze. *

*

(CONTINUED)

MARY

(into phone)

Aw Dean, so sweet of you to think of me. Tongue ripped out. Wow.

(then)

I'm still sort of resting up from the whole Ramiel thing, but if you need-- you sure? Okay, rain check. I love you.

She CLICKS OFF, lowers the phone. Looks to Ketch.

MR. KETCH

You're an excellent liar, Mary.

MARY

I haven't told my sons I'm working with you.

MR. KETCH

I gathered, and I understand. Sam and Dean aren't our biggest fans.

MARY

Because you tried to torture them. To death.

MR. KETCH

We've been through that.

MARY

Right. It wasn't you, it was a "rogue operative."

MR. KETCH

Exactly.

(then)

So, drink?

OFF MARY-- undecided--

INT. CROWLEY'S LAIR - DAY

CROWLEY gazes fixedly, addressing someone O.C.

CROWLEY

Oh, you'll resist, at first. But the humiliation will eat at you.

NEW ANGLE-- SHOOTING from BEHIND a stout wooden HIGH-BACKED CHAIR, occupied by someone SHACKLED, whom we can't yet see. We begin to ARC AROUND, as:

(CONTINUED)

CROWLEY

...And finally, you'll be worn down
by your utter helplessness. And
you...

We REVEAL, in the chair... LUCIFER! Not just another vessel,
but the classic original! Our good friend MARK PELLEGRINO!

CROWLEY

...will call me: Master.

Lucifer doesn't look all that helpless. A small smile.

CROWLEY

You brag of your superior power...

(holds up one of the
chains)

Well, "genius" trumps brute force.
I've had a dozen of my most loyal
studying the Cage that held you, at
a molecular level. They were able
to replicate the material, and make
these chains.

(then)

Getting you here was another
matter.

INT. PLAINS MOTEL ROOM - DAY (FLASHBACK)

(Ep. 1208 "Lotus" - Scene 49) We see LUCIFER, in the vessel
of PRESIDENT JEFFERSON ROONEY, WRITHING as ROWENA casts her
spell to return him to the CAGE. CROWLEY, SAM, DEAN,
CASTIEL, and KELLY all look on.

CROWLEY (V.O.)

Everyone in that room was obviously
focused on sending you back, with
my mother's spell...

NEW ANGLE-- (NOTE: UNSEEN in Ep. 1208, this new ANGLE will be
SHOT WITH THAT EPISODE.) CROWLEY steps back from the group.

CROWLEY (V.O.)

...Everyone... but yours truly.

REVEAL-- Crowley pours DUST from a VIAL into ROWENA'S BOWL
(filmed in 1208)--

BACK TO SCENE-- (RESUME SC. 49) Lucifer's ESSENCE is pouring
from LESIONS in his vessel and STREAKING TOWARD THE FLOOR.

(CONTINUED)

7

CONTINUED:

7

CROWLEY (V.O.)

I was able to pervert the spell, so
your essence wasn't sent to the
Cage, but instead...

8

INT. CROWLEY'S LAIR - DAY (FLASHBACK)

8

LUCIFER'S FAMILIAR VESSEL sprawls, lifeless, in the chair.

CROWLEY (V.O.)

We'd found your discarded vessel
years ago, and repaired it--
improved it...

Now the WHITE STREAKS of LUCIFER'S ESSENCE streak down from
above, SWIRL AROUND, THEN STREAK INTO THE VESSEL. The VESSEL
SEIZES, sits bolt upright, ITS EYES FLARE RED.

9

INT. CROWLEY'S LAIR - DAY (PRESENT)

9

Crowley finishes his story with a flourish.

CROWLEY

...Making it a fitting, final home
for the real you.

A beat. Crowley frowns--

CROWLEY

What? No snappy, Devilish
comeback? You've got nothing to
say?

Lucifer turns-- locking eyes with Crowley.

LUCIFER

Thank you.

(off CROWLEY)

All that effort, and... you
could've had me in the Cage, but
no, you needed your sad, little
revenge. You...

(a little laugh)

How do you think this is gonna end?

10

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

10

The IMPALA RACES PAST.

11

INT. IMPALA - ROLLING - NIGHT (PMP)

11

Dean drives, Sam scrolls on his tablet.

(CONTINUED)

SAM

(tapping his tablet)
There was another murder. Like the
one we're checking up on.

DEAN

Iowa?

SAM

Andover, Massachusetts. Body in
the same condition. Six months
ago. A woman. She was a teacher,
too.

DEAN

Any mention of hex bags? Anything
witchy?

SAM

No. Coulda been overlooked.
(looks up)
Too bad Mom had to miss this. You
said she was too tired?

DEAN

Yeah.

But there's an edge to his voice.

SAM

What?

DEAN

I dunno. I think something's goin'
on with her, and she's not talking
about it.

SAM

Mom's back hunting. It's a grind.
(then)
She just needs some time.

OFF DEAN. Not so sure...

An imposing old building, its SIGNAGE telling us what it is.
SUPER: "Des Moines, Iowa." A Scout LEADER in jeans and
UNIFORM SHIRT (TIMBER TROOPERS) is pointing a few SCOUTS
toward a waiting VAN. *

12

CONTINUED:

12

LEADER

You're in Mr. Peterson's van, guys.
(starts away)
I'll be back out in a minute.

He heads toward the Historical Society.

*

13

INT. HISTORICAL SOCIETY - MEN'S ROOM - NIGHT

13

*

The Leader enters the large restroom and heads toward a ROW OF URINALS, standing at one. A moment, then the LIGHTS FLICKER. There is the soft MOAN OF WIND.

The Leader glances around uneasily, but he's obviously stuck in place for the moment.

The DOORS in a ROW OF TOILET STALLS SHUDDER. Then they begin to FLUTTER OPEN AND SHUT, OPEN AND SHUT...

The LIGHT DIMS to a chilly BLUE and the Leader becomes aware HE CAN SEE HIS OWN BREATH.

The Leader zips up and hustles over to a sink. The MIRROR IS FROSTED OVER.

The Leader turns on the TAP, and WATER DRIZZLES OUT, TURNS INTO AN ICICLE. The Leader is staring down at it.

THE TOILET STALLS ARE BANGING WILDLY OPEN AND SHUT.

THE LEADER-- Looks around wildly, then up at:

THE MIRROR-- THE BLURRY REFLECTION OF A FIGURE APPEARS IN THE FROSTED SURFACE.

The Leader whirls around--

POV-- Whatever it is SHRIEKS AND SWOOPS AT THE LEADER!

He SCREAMS, and we--

BLACKOUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

14 INT. HISTORICAL SOCIETY - CURATION LAB - DAY (DAY 3) 14 *

Crates, open/unopened, relics, and WORKERS assembling exhibits all fill this large room. Sam and Dean, fedded out, walk with head curator DR. DAISY OCHOA. Through the doorway beyond, we can see COPS working last night's crime scene. *

SAM

Thanks for meeting with us, Dr. Ochoa. *

OCHOA

(shaken)

Of course, agent-- I... we've had two murders, in two days. The police have no idea what's going on, and-- *

DEAN

And that's why we're here.

He says it with a confident smile-- Ochoa relaxes, a bit. *

SAM

Victim number two brought some Timber Troopers through here, is that right? *

OCHOA

Sixteen hours ago, they were standing right where you are. *

DEAN

Anything new in the museum?

OCHOA

Well, here in the lab, three traveling exhibits were being uncrated. One's already on display. The other two are being prepped. *

In the distance, a Worker signals to Dr. Ochoa, who nods. *

OCHOA

Excuse me... *

She goes off.

(CONTINUED)

DEAN

So, counting the Massachusetts vic,
the body count includes two
teachers and a scout leader.

SAM

People who supervise kids.

Sam pulls out AN EMF meter; it emits LOW VOLUME SQUAWKS.

DEAN

(eyeing EMF)
A lot goin' on.
(looks up)
Might switch my vote from witch to
ghost.

SAM

Maybe. But EMF in a museum's not
surprising. They're full of ADHD
spirits and their tethers.

HOVERING POV-- Floats above them, and MOVES IN CLOSER.

DEAN

So even if our killer is a chain
rattler... We'd have to figure out
which one.

Dumpy joint. A very pregnant KELLY KLINE slouches in a rear
booth, hat pulled low, glancing around. Afraid she's being
watched. She checks the menu, looks down at:

HER OPEN CHANGE PURSE-- Just a few bucks and some change.
Kelly's running on fumes.

BACK TO SCENE-- A trashy-looking WAITRESS comes over.

WAITRESS

Ready, honey?

KELLY

Just some orange juice please.
Small.

WAITRESS

(eyeing Kelly's belly)
So. When are you due?

KELLY.
(means this)
I... have no idea.

WAITRESS
(reacts, then:)
Well, take it from me. Before
kids, your life is yours. Once
they show up, life as you knew it
is over.

KELLY.
(uncomfortably)
Yeah. Pretty sure that's the way
this is gonna go.

WAITRESS
(smiles)
But... whenever it pops out: You
will totally love the little devil.

Kelly smiles weakly as the Waitress turns, her features
turning serious. Her EYES FLASH WHITE. She's AN ANGEL!

DEAN-- He and Sam examine the newly-unboxed exhibits. Dean
studies an array of Aztec weapons and artifacts. He checks
out a savage-looking ceremonial knife.

DEAN
You know, those Aztecs were pretty
serious about their killing.
"Aztec ghost." I'm likin' it.
Whaddya got?

SAM-- Studies partial structure and relics from an old ship.

SAM
A ship... Brigantine. Called "The
Star." Sunk in a storm off the New
England coast.
(checks paperwork)
On loan from the Maritime Museum
in... Wait for it... Andover,
Massachusetts.

Dean drops the knife, heads over.

DEAN
Really.

SAM
(reading)
Went down in a storm in 1723.

DEAN
(working it through)
Wait, I know something about
something... about this...

SAM
Bound for the American colonies,
weighed anchor in Leith, Scotland.

DEAN
Yes!

SAM
What?

DEAN
Gavin MacLeod. That's his ship.

SAM
Crowley's kid.

17 INT. CROWLEY'S LAIR - DAY

17

Lucifer gazes at Crowley.

LUCIFER
(re: his chains)
You really think this is going to
work, don't you? You... wow,
that's... it's just sad.

Crowley yanks Lucifer's chain, bringing him to his knees.

CROWLEY
I hope you enjoy the taste of
floor.
(points)
There's a spot that needs
scrubbing.

LUCIFER
And worse? You'll never see it
coming, when you're taken down.

CROWLEY
(amused)
By you?

(CONTINUED)

LUCIFER

And my flesh and blood.

CROWLEY

Really.

LUCIFER

You recall the lovely Kelly Kline.

CROWLEY

(a little off balance now)
She got rid of that thing.

LUCIFER

Did she now?

CROWLEY

The Winchesters saw to it.

LUCIFER

Oh, and you can always trust them.

CROWLEY

It was in their own self-interest.

LUCIFER

Interesting. Because I can feel
it. Its heart. Its power. Kinda
makes me proud. A chip off the old
ball of heavenly light, you know?

Crowley's rattled. His CELL RINGS. He glares at the screen,
moving aside for some privacy.

CROWLEY

(quietly, into phone)
What do you want?

INTERCUT:

Dean holds out his phone, ON SPEAKER WITH CROWLEY.

DEAN

Need a favor.

CROWLEY

(incensed)
You need-- you-- turns out, under
that whole moron facade, you and
your brother are, in fact, morons.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CROWLEY (CONT'D)

(then)

You let Lucifer's love child live?!

DEAN

How do you even know that?

CROWLEY

I don't owe you an explanation.

SAM

So this isn't the best time to ask you to get hold of Gavin so we can talk to him.

CROWLEY

Are you out of your minds?

DEAN

Ya know Crowley, when you set Gavin free to live in our time and maybe screw up the rest of human history, we didn't hunt him down. So maybe you owe us.

CROWLEY

You and Bullwinkle fix this mess before it hatches, then maybe we'll talk about my son!

He CLICKS OFF-- steaming.

ON LUCIFER. Having overheard, loves it.

LUCIFER

This is so fun. Both of us, single fathers. I sure could use some "Dad" advice.

Two teachers, ELIZABETH and KAREN, 30's, herd the last few of their group of teen girls onto a small bus.

ELIZABETH

No pushing, ladies. Let's be as polite on the bus as we were in the museum.

HOVERING POV-- The spooky POV floats down the museum steps, gliding closer to the group.

KAREN

(glancing into bus)

Class, no saving seats. No food on the bus, Sharon...

THE POV-- Drifts close to Karen's big patch pocket. AN ANTIQUE LOCKET FLOATS DOWN AND INTO IT.

INT. HISTORICAL SOCIETY - CURATION LAB - NIGHT

The workers and cops have gone. Sam and Dean, in shirtsleeves are there with ROWENA, who's impatient.

ROWENA

Your little story's--

(eyeroll)

Fascinating, but you said there was something in this for me.

SAM

Lemme finish. If the killer is a ghost, it may be tethered to something on this ship.. We need intel on the vessel.

Rowena stares, turns and goes.

ROWENA

Get a library card. You two still owe me for helping you in Arkansas--

SAM

Rowena... we know a guy who has first hand knowledge of "The Star."

ROWENA

So?

DEAN

You find him, and we actually do have something you'll like. Like really like.

ROWENA

(sighs)

Who is this eye witness?

SAM

His name is Gavin.

(beat)

Gavin... MacLeod.

Rowena stares.

20

ROWENA
"MacLeod."

SAM
Crowley's son.

ROWENA
(gobsmacked)
No way.

DEAN
Way. He was hijacked out of the
1700's. And never returned.
(innocently)
You mean to say Crowley never...
mentioned him to you?

ROWENA
(bitterly)
He did not.

DEAN
(enjoying this)
And now he's not only keeping you
from your grandson, he's dead set
against us finding the kid.

SAM
Interested?

She slowly pulls her SCRYING CRYSTAL from her bag.

ROWENA
(evil glint)
Let's get scrying, shall we?

21 EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

21

Kelly walks down the empty street. A moment. She hears FOOTSTEPS. She glances back. A DARK FIGURE, A MAN, some distance behind her. Kelly picks up the pace. So does the man. Now Kelly's getting nervous. Again, she speeds up. So does the man.

Kelly ducks around a corner, into:

22 EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

22

In the empty alley, Kelly hides in shadows, waiting for the Man to pass. He doesn't. Sweating bullets, she slowly peers around the corner.

HER POV-- The street is empty and quiet.

(CONTINUED)

TIGHT ON KELLY-- She debates her next move, pulls back into the alley. JUMP SCARE! The Man is right IN FRONT OF HER! Grey ANGEL SUIT, tie, white shirt: ANGEL #1.

Kelly makes a dash for it, deeper into the alley! A SECOND FIGURE SUDDENLY DARTS OUT AN OPENING, blocking her path!

Kelly freezes as both Angels approach her.

QUICK SHOTS-- ANGEL BLADES DROP INTO BOTH ANGELS' HANDS!

ALLEY-- The Angels close in. Kelly SCREAMS! They're about to pounce, when a THIRD FIGURE steps into the mouth of the alley. A WOMAN. Jeans, leather cropped jacket, badass. DAGON, PRINCE OF HELL.

DAGON

Get away from her.

ANGEL #1

She's ours, Demon. Orders.

DAGON

Not my problem.

Angel #1, blade ready, charges. Dagon SLAMS A HAND INTO HIS CHEST-- and the ANGEL EXPLODES INTO WHITE LIGHT!

Kelly quakes. The other Angel starts to run. Dagon GRABS HIM-- BLASTING HIM TO OBLIVION! Kelly cowers.

Dagon strides towards her. Kelly fearfully looks up.
Dagon's EYES GLOW YELLOW!

DAGON

Come with me if you want to live.

BLACKOUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

23 INT. ABANDONED BUILDING - DAY (DAY 4)

23

Kelly cowers in shadows, terrified. Dagon leans against a post, arms folded, a little impatient.

DAGON

Are you even listening? I get it, you're freaked, but-- take a breath. Chill.

KELLY

I-- you made those people explode.

DAGON

Again, not people, and they were attacking you.

KELLY

And you said you're a demon.

DAGON

Titles. Labels. I'm a demon, you're Rosemary, complete with baby. Please...

(then)

You humans, you've been fed so much propaganda.

She steps forward--

DAGON

What'd they teach you about Lucifer at Sunday School? Lemme guess: Pitchforks? Horns? But, did they mention he's an archangel? Once one of God's most trusted?

KELLY

What are you-- I don't even know your name.

DAGON

Dagon. It's Dagon.

And we remember (from 1212), DAGON IS A PRINCE OF HELL.

DAGON

Look, what I'm saying is: it ain't all black and white. Good v. Evil. Those "people" who were trying to kill you? Angels.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

DAGON (CONT'D)

(off Kelly's look)

That's right. Not quite the "harps
n' halos" you thought. And why'd
they want you dead? Because you're
carrying an innocent child.

ON KELLY. As that hits home.

DAGON

I know you're scared... but don't
believe what you see in the movies.

(then)

No one's born good or bad, it's all
in the upbringing. This child--
your child-- he could save us all.

KELLY

(news to her)

He?

DAGON

You didn't know?

KELLY

I... no...

As she speaks, Kelly touches her belly... fighting back
emotion...

DAGON

Kelly... the angels? The
Winchesters? The "good guys?"
They want you dead.

(then)

But I can protect you. I can
protect your son.

(then)

You don't have to run anymore.

OFF KELLY-- so wanting to believe that...

A store front bus station with benches and a couple busses
parked at the curb. FIND Sam and Dean, in civvies, watching
passengers exit from a bus. Dean spots someone:

DEAN

There he is.

INCLUDE BUS-- As GAVIN MacLEOD nervously appears in the
doorway, carrying a bag, wearing contemporary casual clothes.

DEAN
Gavin. Over here.

Gavin warily approaches. Sam and Dean shake his hand.

SAM
Good to see you, Gavin. How's life
in the 21st century?

GAVIN
Uh, fine, where's my father, then?

DEAN
Walk with us, Gav.

As the guys move him toward the waiting IMPALA.

GAVIN
How sick is he?

SAM
Yeah, about that... We might've
exaggerated about Crowley...

DEAN
Lied, we lied.

SAM
We knew you wouldn't come if it was
just us.

DEAN
We need your help, buddy.

GAVIN
"Help?"
(to a Passerby)
Help!

The Passerby looks annoyed, keeps going.

SAM
Just hear us out, okay?

GAVIN
How did you find-- what're you
going to do to me?

Dean's fishing a folded paper from an inside pocket.

DEAN
We just wanna ask you some
questions. About this:

(CONTINUED)

INCLUDE PAPER-- On it is a painting of an old sailing ship. Gavin stares, astonished.

GAVIN

God in Heaven, that's "The Star!"
That's my ship.

SAM

Or, it should've been.

DEAN

We wanna know all about her.

Rowena exits the car. She stops, staring at Gavin.

SAM

And... there's someone we thought
you'd like to meet.

ROWENA

Hello... Gavin.
(emotionally)
You look just like my father when
he was young.

SAM

Your grandmother, Rowena.

GAVIN

My grandmother?
(sotto, to Dean)
She cannae be alive!

DEAN

Technically, dude, neither can you.

SHIP WRECKAGE-- MOVE THROUGH the wreckage mounted in the "Star" exhibit to FIND Sam, Dean, and Rowena with Gavin, who stares at the remnants in wonder.

GAVIN

Amazin'. Father told me she'd gone
down in a storm and it was the end
of her.

ROWENA

The end of you, too, if you'd been
aboard.

The guys give her a look; not an issue they want raised.

SAM

What do you know about the
passengers who made the crossing?

GAVIN

(shrugs)

Ordinary folk. Storekeepers...
Farmers... A doctor... A teacher...

The guys look at each other.

SAM

A teacher?

GAVIN

Aye. Mistress Allaway. She taught
most of us in the village.

His eyes fall on:

INCLUDE CATALOGUE-- A binder with a list of everything
brought up from the sea, with small, accompanying photos.

GAVIN

This everything they found aboard?

DEAN

Yeah. Recognize anything?

Gavin flips through pages.

GAVIN

No... no... Oh, there's Mr.
MacCallum's hook. Had no hand, you
see.

(more pages)

No... No...

(then)

Oh, sweet Lord. It's the locket. *

SAM

What locket?

GAVIN

(emotionally)

I bought it myself. It was a gift.
For my Fiona.

ROWENA

Oh, darlin'. You had a wee
girlfriend?

Dean's been reading the description, he nods to Sam.

(CONTINUED)

25

DEAN

Added to the exhibit about six months ago.

GAVIN

Fiona Duncan. Love of my life! When she found out I was goin' to America, nothin' would do but I take her with me. I told her it was too dangerous.

SAM

Then what's it doing here? If you didn't board, she didn't board.

GAVIN

I don't know. That terrible night...

26

INT. BOARDING HOUSE ROOM - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

26

FROM EP. 921 "KING OF THE DAMNED." We see Gavin, in 1723, packing clothes into a duffel on his bed.

GAVIN (V.O.)

I was packing... Ready to leave. Fiona said she was goin' to come see me. Beg me one more time to take her along.

The door's RATTLING. Gavin turns as it EXPLODES OPEN with a BLAST OF WHITE LIGHT. ABADDON! She smiles pleasantly, as:

GAVIN (V.O.)

I obviously never made it to the ship.

27

INT. HISTORICAL SOCIETY - CURATION LAB - DAY (PRESENT)

27

*

Gavin's trying to piece together what happened:

GAVIN

If Fiona came that night, I was gone.

DEAN

She woulda thought you'd left without her.

GAVIN

She was so determined to go with me...

(realizes)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

GAVIN (CONT'D)

Dear God, she must have smuggled herself aboard.

SAM

She'd do that?

GAVIN

Iron will, that one.

(then)

She would've stayed hidden till the ship was at sea and there was no turnin' back.

DEAN

So she died... pissed as Hell and heartbroken.

SAM

Unfinished business. A ghost... Probably tethered to the locket.

GAVIN

Ghost? My Fiona's a ghost?!

Rowena puts her hands on his shoulders to comfort him. Dean's scanning the items displayed in the exhibit.

DEAN

So where is this thing?

Sam looks at the catalogue.

SAM

Uh... Item Number 121.

Dean quickly looks through objects mounted in a display case.

DEAN

Son of a bitch.

INCLUDE DISPLAY CASE-- There is a little display stand with a small placard: "121." THE STAND IS EMPTY.

DEAN

The locket is gone.

A crappy hunter-style motel. A sleek, European sports car ROARS UP into the parking lot and stops. Mr. Ketch is at the wheel, Mary beside him. He SHUTS OFF the car.

They both get out, as:

(CONTINUED)

MR. KETCH

So, about that drink--

MARY

I'm good, actually.

He leans on the roof of the car. She starts away--

MR. KETCH

Your sons--

Mary turns back--

MR. KETCH

I'm sure they're fine lads and all, but... it might be best if you were to disengage from them a bit.

MARY

"Disengage?"

MR. KETCH

This work. It's demanding. And it must come first. The Men of Letters is my family.

MARY

I'm sorry. Nothing comes before family. Not with me.

MR. KETCH

Really? Or... is that just what you want to believe?

(then)

You're different when you talk to them. Softer. Weaker.

Mary shoots him a look-- Ketch puts his hands up--

MR. KETCH

Not an insult-- just an observation.

(then)

But when you hunt... Mary, you're one of the best I've ever seen.

He takes a step forward--

MR. KETCH

You might play at being the good mummy, but when you're in the thick of it, nothing but a blade in your hand, and blood in the air-- that's the real you. The best you.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MR. KETCH (CONT'D)

(then)

And I think you know it. And I think that scares the Hell out of you.

OFF MARY-- wondering... is he right?

INT. HISTORICAL SOCIETY - DR. OCHOA'S OFFICE - DAY

*

Just off the Lab floor. Ochoa is at her desk. Sam and Dean, still in civvies, arrive; Sam raps on the open door.

*

SAM

Dr. Ochoa? A minute? We've been looking through the shipwreck exhibit in connection with the murders.

*

Dean sets the inventory on her desk, opens to a page.

DEAN

There's an item missing. Here. Number 121. A locket.

OCHOA

That's not possible. It's in a sealed case.

*

SAM

We know, ma'am. It's definitely gone.

She lifts the receiver to dial her phone.

DEAN

Has one of those student tours been through here in the past couple days? The tours the teachers lead?

She sighs, grabs a clipboard, flips a couple pages.

OCHOA

Ummm... Yes. There was one yesterday. Museum and lab.

*

DEAN

And where were they from?

OCHOA

The Pembroke Day School for Girls.

*

30

INT. HISTORICAL SOCIETY - CURATION LAB - DAY

30 *

Rowena and Gavin are seated on gear trunks off to one side of the lab floor. They're laughing as Rowena regales Gavin.

ROWENA

...The pigs in particular hated your father. He'd go to feed 'em and they'd head-butt him into the mud every time!

GAVIN

And... what was he like when he got to be my age?

Rowena sobers, this is getting awkward.

ROWENA

To be honest, I'm not sure. I was forced to leave, you see.

GAVIN

That's too bad. Left him with his father, did you?

ROWENA

(uncomfortably)
Well...

GAVIN

Left him alone?

ROWENA

He was eight! He seemed very enterprising!

Gavin stares off, a little stunned.

ROWENA

You must understand, Gavin, we were stinkin' poor. And when I say "stinkin'..." One way or the other, I made up my mind to have a life. At a time when very few women did.

GAVIN

That when you became a witch?

ROWENA

And talented, I was. Which didn't sit well with the locals. So...

(CONTINUED)

She shrugs.

GAVIN

He drank himself to death, you know. I buried him. Fergus, I mean, not the "Crowley" he became. I didn't know I had family. He barely mentioned you.

Rowena's emotional, startled at connecting to this guy.

ROWENA

I'm sorry I didn't know you then, but here we are now. Strangely... here we all are.

GAVIN

He's not so bad, Crowley. He sees me from time to time. Gave me money to live, till I got hired at the Gas n' Sip.

Rowena stares, startled Crowley has feelings for anyone.

ROWENA

He... never told me that.

31

EXT. PEMBROKE DAY SCHOOL FOR GIRLS - NIGHT

31

A creepy Victorian mansion, surrounded by woods.

32

INT. PEMBROKE SCHOOL - STUDY - NIGHT

32

The place is empty, students gone for the day. Karen and Elizabeth sit wearily grading papers, making lesson plans.

KAREN

More coffee?

ELIZABETH

Mmmmm.

Suddenly, the LIGHTS GLITCH. Then A BANG O.C. The women start, look around nervously, then Karen heads out into:

33

INT. PEMBROKE SCHOOL - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

33

Musty furnishings. A "PEMBROKE" banner on one wall, with a CREST. The front door has BANGED OPEN from the STIFF WIND MOANING outside. The door flaps in the wind as Karen closes and bolts it. She heads back toward the study.

(CONTINUED)

WITH KAREN-- The floorboards behind her CREAK. Now more nervous, she slowly glances back. Nothing. She starts toward the study again.

KAREN

Just the wind.

HOVERING POV-- It stealthily moves toward the women in the study, DRAPES FLUTTERING as it MOVES PAST. And...

BLACKOUT.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

34 INT. PEMBROKE SCHOOL - STUDY - NIGHT 34

Karen and Elizabeth wearily wrapping up work. Karen puts down her pencil and gathers the papers into a folder.

KAREN

That's it for me. How 'bout a glass of wine?

ELIZABETH

Yeah. I read one more internet-bought paper on "Bleak House," I'll scream.

Suddenly THE LIGHTS GLITCH. The women look at each other.

ELIZABETH

Again? The panel?

Karen irritably crosses out into:

35 INT. PEMBROKE SCHOOL - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 35

Karen heads toward a hallway, then stops. A SOFT MOANING BREEZE is fluttering the drapes. She pulls one set apart. THE WINDOW IS CLOSED. Puzzled, she continues on. Then: A SOFT CREAKING SOUND. She freezes, slowly turns around.

A rocking chair is ROCKING BACK AND FORTH BY ITSELF! The LIGHTS GLITCH AGAIN.

36 INT. PEMBROKE SCHOOL - STUDY - NIGHT 36

Elizabeth watches from the study. From behind her: WHAP! WHAP! She spins. The window shades SNAP UP. She goes in to yank them down, as: THE LIGHTS GLITCH, and the LIGHT IN THE ROOM IS A SHIMMERING BLUE. She shivers, and CAN SEE HER BREATH. CAMERA MOVES TO A WALL MIRROR, WHICH FROSTS OVER, blocking Elizabeth's reflection. Somewhere in the house, a distant PHONE IS RINGING.

37 INT. IMPALA - ROLLING - NIGHT (PMP) 37

Dean drives. Rowena and Gavin in back. Sam's on his PHONE.

SAM

Still no answer at the school.

38 INT. PEMBROKE SCHOOL - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 38

Terrified, Karen turns away from the ROCKING CHAIR toward a wall of framed photos labeled "OUR FACULTY." One by one, THE PHOTOS CRASH TO THE FLOOR. The BREEZE in the room is now A HOWLING WIND! THE LIGHTS GO OUT! THE PHONE RINGS AGAIN.

Karen backs away from this insanity toward the HALLWAY. Behind her, in the hall, a FAINT GLOW. A BLURRY SHAPE IS FORMING. Karen spins toward it:

JUMP SCARE! A HIDEOUS, GHOSTLY, CADAVEROUS WOMAN HOVERS IN THE AIR, all matted hair, missing eyes, rotting flesh!

The GHOST SHRIEKS and SWOOPS AT KAREN, PLUNGING HER HANDS INTO KAREN'S BODY, twisting her insides! Karen SCREAMS. BLOOD POURS FROM HER MOUTH AND NOSE. An O.C. SCREAM, and:

ELIZABETH-- Screaming, seeing the carnage. The ghost, who is pulling THE LOCKET from Karen's pocket, whips her head toward the sound. Elizabeth SLAMS THE STUDY DOOR!

39 INT. PEMBROKE SCHOOL - STUDY - NIGHT 39

Elizabeth is desperate for a place to hide. The violent WIND KNOCKS BOOKS OFF SHELVES! VASES AND LAMPS TOPPLE OVER! She tries to block the door with a chair.

But the ghost STREAKS IN THROUGH THE CLOSED DOOR! Elizabeth scrambles back, but the ghost GRABS HER BY THE NECK AND HOISTS HER IN THE AIR! She is choking, gasping.

Suddenly the door is KICKED IN! Dean's there with his SHOTGUN, and BLASTS the ghost with ROCK SALT. The ghostly image STUTTERS AND VANISHES. Sam rushes to Elizabeth.

ELIZABETH
(quaking)
Is it dead?

SAM
Long time ago.

ELIZABETH
What?

DEAN
That was a ghost.

SAM
And the rock salt just slowed it down.

(CONTINUED)

39

CONTINUED:

39

Gavin and Rowena have appeared near the doorway, staring.

DEAN

We gotta make sure this is Fiona.

(to Gavin)

So. Show time.

40

INT. PEMBROKE SCHOOL - FACULTY DINING ROOM - NIGHT

40

Gavin's alone at the round table. Candles are lit. Door closed. He stifles his terror, fiddling with an index card. He clears his throat and reads:

GAVIN

"O restless spirit make thy
presence known to me."

Nothing.

GAVIN

(fearfully)

Fiona? It is I, Gavin. Your
Gavin. I must speak with you.

Then a low HISS; the candles FLICKER. A BREEZE RUSTLES THE DRAPES. As Gavin looks all around, A SHAPELESS FORM MATERIALIZES, WHICH SHARPENS INTO THE HIDEOUS CADAVER WOMAN!

Gavin clutches in horror but she MORPHS INTO THE BEAUTIFUL FIONA DUNCAN. In ragged 1700's dress. They stare.

GAVIN

(emotionally)

Fiona...

FIONA

(Scottish accent)

Gavin. You abandoned me, you--
where were you?! I came to your
room, I--

GAVIN

It wisnae my fault. I was sent
somewhere else.

FIONA

I hid myself aboard The Star. And
you wernnae there to protect me.

(then)

The crew came to scorn me and mock
me, and... worse. Use me in a way
no woman should be used.

*
*

(CONTINUED)

GAVIN

(stricken)

The other passengers... Did no one help you?!

FIONA

All did nothing. And Mistress Allaway, our teacher? She said I deserved it. For throwin' myself at you!

(turning to stone)

Teachers. They claim to love children and then betray them. I cou'dna punish her, but others will pay her debt.

*
*

41

INT. PEMBROKE SCHOOL - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

41

The lights have been restored. Gavin is continuing Fiona's tale to Rowena, Sam and Dean.

GAVIN

...Her life aboard that ship was so unbearable, she felt death would be a relief. But the sweet maid I knew is now a spirit bent on revenge.

Sam and Dean trade a look.

SAM

So. We agree Fiona has to be stopped...

DEAN

Can't burn her bones. They're at the bottom of the Atlantic.

SAM

Could destroy the locket... But she might also be tethered to something else on the ship.

GAVIN

(looking off)

Either way... Nothin' can bring back the poor people she killed.

Sam and Dean glance at each other. This is the conversation they knew they'd eventually have to have:

(CONTINUED)

SAM

There... actually might be a way of fixing pretty much everything.

GAVIN

What?

DEAN

(carefully)

We'd have to keep Fiona from goin' all Casper in the first place.

SAM

No reason for her to be a ghost if she's not angry... and alone... on that ship.

Gavin looks confused, but Rowena gets it.

ROWENA

(stunned)

You don't intend to tamper with the flow of time do you?

DEAN

Up to Gavin. But if we're lookin' for a real fix to all this... He needs to board that ship, travel with Fiona, and keep her safe.

ROWENA

And go to his death! That's your solution?

DEAN

I didn't say it was a fun way. Just the way. And you know it. It'd keep history intact.

Gavin's mulling all this. A beat, then he looks up at them:

GAVIN

Actually... I had been thinkin' the same thing myself.

(quietly)

I loved her. She loved me. That's the only reason any of this happened. I can spare her the nightmare she's trapped in.

(then)

And we'll spend eternity together.

*
*

NEW ANGLE-- As CROWLEY APPEARS!

(CONTINUED)

CROWLEY

(angry)

Never gonna happen. Just because Dim and Dimmer can't keep their family all in the same dimension doesn't mean they can mess with mine.

GAVIN

Father. I want to do this.

CROWLEY

(emphatic)

What you want is a gym membership, Happy Hour at Hooters, and Cubs tickets. None of which exists anywhere but here. *

GAVIN

I've made up my mind.

CROWLEY

(in pain)

Then why did you call me?

DEAN

(to Gavin)

You called him?

GAVIN

To say... "Good-bye."

Crowley is stunned. Mute.

ROWENA

Let him go, Fergus.

CROWLEY

Mother. Butt out.

ROWENA

Fergus, he's not like us. He believes in things. Let him do what he believes is right.

Desperate, Crowley lunges at Gavin to grab him.

ROWENA

(waving a hand)

Manete!

Crowley is frozen in place.

(CONTINUED)

CROWLEY

MOTHER!!
(then)
Damn you.

Sam and Dean hustle Gavin to the door. He calls to Crowley:

GAVIN

I'm sorry, father.

The four exit, leaving Crowley alone. And in real sorrow.

EXT. PEMBROKE SCHOOL - NIGHT

Rowena waves sadly to Gavin as the Impala with Sam, Dean, and Gavin ROARS OFF and down the road.

INT. MEN OF LETTERS - LIBRARY - DAY (DAY 5)

We MOVE ACROSS THE PAGES of an arcane spell amidst storage boxes. INGREDIENTS are strewn about, which Sam is grinding into a bowl. Dean and Gavin look on.

DEAN

Is it soup yet?

SAM

Almost.

Sam looks to Gavin, who holds out a hand--

GAVIN

Blood to blood.

Sam CUTS GAVIN'S PALM with a straight razor, Gavin BLEEDS into the bowl, Sam mixes the goop and smears it into a symbol (from Ep. 812) on a wall near an archway, as:

DEAN

You ready, Gavin?

GAVIN

You're positive this will work?

DEAN

Never done it before. But our granddad did. And Abaddon, a Knight of Hell, did it twice.

SAM

(gestures for Gavin)
Okay, think we're set.

Sam positions Gavin in the arch so the symbols surround him. Sam and Dean are hating this.

DEAN

Sorry, man.

(then)

This is a tough one.

SAM

You're a good guy. Thanks.

GAVIN

(terrified)

Hopefully... It's for the best.

He braces himself. Clasps Fiona's locket.

DEAN

Beam him up, Scotty.

Sam and Dean share a sad glance. Then Sam chants:

SAM

Kah-nee-lah, poo-goh, kah-nee-lah!

The SYMBOLS GLOW! A SHIMMERING WHITE LIGHT, and in the MIST, FIONA APPEARS NEXT TO GAVIN! He's at peace. They take each other's hand. A BLAST OF WHITE LIGHT and they are GONE!

BLACKOUT.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

44 INT. MEN OF LETTERS - LIBRARY - NIGHT

44

Dean's on the phone. Sam at the laptop.

DEAN

(clicking off)

So, those teachers? At the girl's school? They're back to work, like nothing ever happened.

(then)

That's all the vics in Ohio.

SAM

(re: screen)

No mention of the Massachusetts murder, either. No Fiona... no angry ghost.

(then)

History's back on track. Thank you, Gavin.

Then-- the BUNKER DOOR OPENS. Sam and Dean turn as--

Mary enters, lugging bags of take-out, comes down stairs.

DEAN

Hey. Been a while. A long, long, long... long, long... long while.

SAM

I'm the good son. I'm just happy you're here.

She puts down the bags.

MARY

Burgers and beers.

DEAN

'Kay, you're forgiven.

(hugs her)

Whaddya been up to?

MARY

(opening bags)

Oh... Jogging, tai chi, meditation...

(plunges in)

Melting rugaru brains...

(CONTINUED)

SAM

Say what?

MARY

Okay, there's no easy way to say it, so I'm just gonna say it. I've sort of... been working with the British Men of Letters.

Dean and Sam almost choke on the last one.

SAM

What?

DEAN

Mom, geez, appreciate the effort, but infiltrating the British Men of Letters so you could get intel on 'em... Way too dangerous.

MARY

I wasn't infiltrating them. I was working with them.

Dean stares.

SAM

Mom, we've got a history with those guys...

MARY

Honey, this was a hard decision...
(off their looks)
But they do good work-- I've helped them save people-- a lot of people.
(then)
We can learn from them.

Dean's not softening. She squints at him.

MARY

Do not give me the face.

DEAN

What face?

MARY

You know the face.

DEAN

There is no face!

(CONTINUED)

MARY

(points)
There it is.

SAM

Mom, we've got our own tool kit,
and it works pretty well. For
obvious reasons, and cracked ribs,
we don't trust the Brits.

DEAN

So where's this leave us?

ON MARY. A beat, then--

MARY

Same as always. Family.
(then)
Just... hear me out. Please.

EXT. BUS STOP - BENCH - NIGHT

Rowena's sitting with a small bag, pours tea from a thermos.

NEW ANGLE-- Crowley's appeared next to her.

CROWLEY

What you did. A low, even for you.
It wasn't right.

ROWENA

(amused)
And you would know "what's right."

CROWLEY

I know there's an ugly, rancid,
spiteful reason you sent my son,
your grandson, to his death.

She sips her tea.

CROWLEY

I'd like to know what it is.

ROWENA

He was a lovely boy. And in your
own lizard way, I know you cared
for him. Just as I cared for
Oskar.

CROWLEY

"Oskar."

ROWENA

(watching him fixedly)

The child I loved more than you.
The boy you made me kill in order
to remove the Mark of Cain.

CROWLEY

So that was mere drivel you spewed
about Gavin doing "the right
thing."

ROWENA

(putting cap on thermos)

It was the right thing. Maybe for
Gavin, certainly for me. It
allowed me to watch you suffer for
a lost child.

CROWLEY

(stares, astounded)

Payback?!

ROWENA

(looks at him coldly)

I'm your mother, dear. Who better
to crush your shriveled heart?

She goes off to a waiting bus, and we START A MONTAGE-- *

46 INT. MEN OF LETTERS - LIBRARY - NIGHT 46 *

MOS. Mary SPEAKS, as SAM and DEAN listen-- neither of them
looking happy (NOTE: This will be filmed in Ep. 1214). *

47 EXT. ABANDONED BUILDING - NIGHT 47

DAGON steps from the building, with KELLY right behind. The
two walk together.

48 INT. CROWLEY'S LAIR - NIGHT 48 *

Pan across to find LUCIFER. And we PUSH IN ON HIM. CLOSER
and CLOSER, until he fills frame-- an amused, OMINOUS SMILE.
Then he closes his eyes. *

LUCIFER

(throaty whisper)

Dagon...

BLACKOUT.

TO BE CONTINUED...