

SUPERNATURAL

Episode #1221

"There's Something about Mary"

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PRODUCTION DRAFT

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A large, stylized handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to read 'PJ Pesce', is written over the date '03/07/11'.

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**Episode #1221**

**"There's Something about Mary"**

**REVISION HISTORY**

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|                                 |                 |                      |
|                                 |                 |                      |

Episode #1221

"There's Something about Mary"

CAST LIST

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

CROWLEY  
DR. HESS  
DREXEL  
EILEEN LEAHY  
OLAF  
LUCIFER  
MARY WINCHESTER  
MR. KETCH  
TONI BEVELL

DEMON #2  
RICK CALHOUN  
TECH

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

MARK A. SHEPPARD  
GILLIAN BARBER  
ALEX BARIMA  
SHOSHANNAH STERN  
IAN EDWARDS  
MARK PELLEGRINO  
SAMANTHA SMITH  
DAVID HAYDN-JONES  
ELIZABETH BLACKMORE

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SUPERNATURAL  
"There's Something about Mary"

TEASER

FADE IN:

1

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT (DAY 1)

1

VARIOUS ANGLES-- dense trees and brush, shafts of moonlight. Through the foliage, we see glimpses of a RUNNING FIGURE. Quick POPS of RUNNING FEET. We hear TERRIFYING SOUNDS of a BEAST CRASHING through the woods behind the runner.

A CLEARING-- from the trees bursts Hunter EILEEN LEAHY, terrified, holding a gun. From the WOODS more CRASHING. A SNARL--

EILEEN'S POV-- the SOUND DROPS OUT-- a sudden EERIE SILENCE (remember: Eileen's unable to hear). She scans the woods, sees RUSTLING FOLIAGE getting close. INTERCUT:

HELLHOUND POV-- SNARLS as the HELLHOUND races through the woods and BOUNDS INTO THE CLEARING! It MOVES AHEAD. THROATY BREATHING, then a LOW, RUMBLING GROWL.

Eileen SEES FOOTPRINTS-- and FIRES! Useless! The hound CHARGES-- LEAPS UP-- drags her down in its jaws.

QUICK SHOTS-- Eileen tries to fight off the hound. Blood flies. She's shaken like a rag doll in its invisible jaws. Horrible SNARLING, SCREAMS. Then she lies still. Dead.

A soft, metallic WHISTLE. The hellhound relaxes, turns and the POV PADS toward the woods, from which steps a dapper MR. KETCH! A gold, stylized DOG WHISTLE.

Ketch lets the whistle drop, where it hangs from a chain around his neck. He reaches into a BAG in his other hand. He pulls out a BLOODY, SEVERED HUMAN HAND. He tosses it to the hellhound, where it is SWALLOWED WHOLE, VANISHING down its invisible gullet with a SLURPING SOUND.

KETCH

Good puppy.

BLACKOUT.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

2

INT. CRUMMY MOTEL ROOM - DAY (DAY 2)

2

A dump with empty take-out cartons, some newspapers. A CLICK or two in the lock. Some RATTLES of the knob and the door opens. SAM and DEAN have broken in, both looking anxious.

DEAN

(looking around)

Mom's not here. Looks like she hasn't been in a while.

Sam quickly glances in the empty closet.

SAM

Her stuff's gone. Did she say she was moving on?

DEAN

I told you what she said. "Dean call me; we've got a problem." Then we got cut off. She... sounded scared.

SAM

When she's not here-- she's been bunking with the Brits, maybe--

DEAN

(dials phone)

I have six calls into Mick. Hasn't been picking up since they sent him to London, so--

(into phone)

Ketch. Callin' to see if my mom is with you? It's Dean.

(then)

Winchester. Because I wanna speak to her. I am not being "terse." If you haven't seen her, where is she? I'm not being "curt." Look, I don't have time for "Manners 101;" if she's with you, I wanna know! Fine!

He hangs up, frustrated.

DEAN

Such a dick.

(then)

Says he hasn't seen Mom for over a week.

(CONTINUED)

"There's Something..."  
CONTINUED:

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2

2

SAM

But Mom called two days ago-- said she was working with him.

DEAN

I know-- so Ketch is lying.

SAM

Why?

Dean doesn't have an answer for that-- but knows it's not good. Then--

Sam's phone RINGS. He glances at the screen. "JODY MILLS."

SAM

(into phone)

Hey, Jody.

(darker)

What? God. No, we hadn't heard.

(shocked)

Jody, when? What the Hell happened?

(grimaces)

Oh. Oh no.

(absently)

Yeah-- okay-- right...

He clicks off, looks off. Stunned and processing.

DEAN

Who?

SAM

Eileen Leahy.

DEAN

(a blow)

Aw, c'mon. No.

Sam stares off, very saddened by this.

SAM

South Carolina. Mauled by a wild animal. In a wooded area where they don't have animals that do that.

DEAN

(a bit stunned)

I thought she was in Ireland. Only thing dangerous in Ireland is whiskey.

(CONTINUED)



He glances over at Sam, who's staring mutely out the window.

DEAN

Sammy?

Sam recovers a bit, and:

SAM

Dean, this is the second Hunter death we've heard about in two weeks.

DEAN

Two deaths aren't a pattern.

SAM

Three are.

DEAN

Meaning?

SAM

(beat)

Mom's a Hunter. And no one knows where she is.

Spartan. Cement walls, a table, a cot. A small CAMERA mounted on a corner wall near the ceiling. Harsh lights glare down on MARY WINCHESTER, disheveled, haggard, a little disoriented, bone tired, sitting on the cot. The door UNBOLTS and TONI BEVELL enters, carrying a covered tray. She closes the door behind her.

TONI

(chipper)

Good morning.

(sizes up Mary)

Or not. Under-eye bags. You really should try getting more sleep.

She sets the tray on the table.

MARY

(eyes the tray)

So it's about to begin?

Toni looks at her curiously.

"There's Something..."  
CONTINUED:

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3

3

MARY

The torture? It's what you do,  
right?

TONI

(pleasant)  
Oh, nothing's "beginning," Mary.  
It's already begun.

Mary looks confused.

TONI

To clarify, you've had several  
orientation sessions already.

MARY

(a bit foggy)  
I've had what?

TONI

You have no idea how long you've  
even been here, do you?

She smiles patiently and uncovers the tray. A full BRANDY  
SNIFTER. Mary automatically lifts it to her lips, drinks,  
puts it back down. Then:

MARY

(startled)  
I don't drink brandy.

TONI

Correction. You didn't drink  
brandy. Before. Lots of things  
have changed since you enrolled in  
our little seminar.

Mary stares, sudden quick MEMORY FLASHES:

MARY STRAPPED TO A CHAIR. A SYRINGE BEING LOADED WITH SERUM.  
THE NEEDLE PIERCES HER ARM.

TONI TALKING, PACING, TALKING.

ENGRAVED BRASS CLAMPS WITH ELECTRICAL WIRES ARE ATTACHED TO  
MARY'S HEAD. SHE CRINGES, EYES SCREWED SHUT, AS SOME SORT OF  
FORCE JOLTS HER.

FLASHES OF STOCK VIOLENT IMAGES - SNARLING DOGS, GUNS FIRED,  
BLOODIED BODIES, INTERSPERSED WITH SHOTS OF SAM AND DEAN.  
All ala *Clockwork Orange*.

Mary snaps out of it.

(CONTINUED)

MARY

You're brain-washing me?

TONI

Well, that's a rather old-fashioned notion. This... is more like a crash course in self-improvement. Minus the "self" part. You'll achieve, in record time, what often takes the ablest Men of Letters years.

MARY

(lost)

What?

TONI

I know. Too good to be true, right?

She pinches Mary's arm.

MARY

Watch it!

TONI

See? You're not dreaming. This is real.

Mary's fighting terror, determined to stay tough:

MARY

Whatever you want from me, you're not getting it.

TONI

All we want is you, Mary. The new you. "Mary 2.0."

MARY

Drop dead.

Toni's eyes flick to the snifter.

TONI

Have another brandy.

Mary immediately drinks, puts the glass down. Then stares in horrified realization. Toni smiles coldly.

TONI

So fight all you want. We own your ass.

"There's Something..."

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3

CONTINUED: (3)

3

Mary is grim as she looks at the empty glass.

4

INT. CROWLEY'S LAIR - THRONE ROOM - DAY

4

CROWLEY is furious with one of his lieutenants, OLAF (the "MINION" from Ep. 1217) who's very afraid.

\*

CROWLEY

How many times do I have to repeat it? "Find me Kelly Kline." As a concept, it's ridiculously simple. As are you.

OLAF

Please don't yell. I'm trying.

CROWLEY

(mimicking)

"I'm trying." Try harder. As if your almost-life depended on it.

OLAF

Yes, my King.

CROWLEY

Bear down. What do you know?

OLAF

We know Dagon is dead and can't protect Kelly.

CROWLEY

So your task has been made even easier.

OLAF

We know Lucifer's son is almost due.

CROWLEY

So your task has been made more crucial.

OLAF

We know we don't know how powerful he will be when born.

CROWLEY

So you're an idiot.

OLAF

We know that, too.

(CONTINUED)

CROWLEY

Apparently you or the legion of demons I've assigned to this task have not been motivated enough.

(marching off)

Follow me.

They cross the room to a door at the far end.

OLAF

Are you going to skin me alive, Sire?

CROWLEY

If only it were that simple. I must now remind you, and your team of screw-ups, of the pride of superior work, the thrill of pleasing me, the gratification of living one more day.

He shoves Olaf out of the throne room. A beat.

NEW ANGLE-- the opposite end of the room. From a doorway behind the throne, DREXEL emerges. He pulls a key from his pocket and cautiously moves to a door on a side wall.

INT. CROWLEY'S LAIR - SECURE ROOM - DAY

Dark and shadowy. The DOOR OPENS. A SHAFT OF LIGHT falls on LUCIFER, chained to his chair. He slowly smiles a knowing smile toward the door.

DREXEL-- acknowledges the smile as he closes the door.

INT. SHABBY APARTMENT - NIGHT

KEYS in the lock. The door opens to let in a scruffy, weary Hunter, RICK CALHOUN, 40's. He's blood-spattered. He puts his machete in the umbrella holder. Switches on a light, heads to the kitchen, as:

VOICE (O.S.)

Hello, Rick.

He spins to see Mary, calmly seated in an armchair at the far end of the living room.

RICK

(off guard)

Mary.

(dryly)

Please come in. Have a seat.

MARY

Thank you.

RICK

You have my address, but not my  
phone number?

MARY

Spur of the moment. Someone  
dropped a dime on a vamp nest near  
here. You got anything?

RICK

News to me.

MARY

Want in?

RICK

Sure. I'm good with working the  
raid with you. Beer?

He leans into the fridge for beers.

MARY

Sure. How you been?

RICK

(removes beer caps)

Well.. Been gettin' plenty of heat  
from the Brit-Dicks to join the tea  
and crumpet squad. They don't  
wanna take "no" for an answer.

MARY

Really.

RICK-- crouches to rummage through a low cupboard.

RICK

Screw that. After all these years  
on my own, they think I'm gonna bow  
down? Naw. We won the damn  
Revolution!

REVEAL-- Mary is now directly behind him. Suddenly she yanks  
his hair and jerks his head upright. A mean BLADE in her  
free hand! Rick reflexively grabs her wrist.

They struggle. He is stronger and shoves the knife towards  
her. As she blocks it with her arm she gets a nasty GASH to  
the PALM of her other hand.

"There's Something..."

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6

CONTINUED: (2)

6

The beer has spilled; the floor is slippery. Rick loses his footing and goes down. Mary swiftly pulls his jaw up and SLITS his throat! His head lolls to one side. Dead. SUDDENLY:

MORE STOCK VIOLENT IMAGES FLASH-- BRIDGING US TO--

7

INT. BMOL HQ - WINDOWLESS CELL - DAY (DAY 3)

7

Mary's eyes SNAP OPEN. Glassy and horrified. Reeling. Was Rick a vision? A fantasy? A memory? Reality?

BLACKOUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

8

INT. BMOL HQ - WINDOWLESS CELL - DAY

8

Right where we left off. Mary still reeling in shock, not sure what's just happened. The BOLT in the door CLICKS and Toni enters, looking chipper.

TONI

How're we doing this morning?  
(glances at Mary's face)  
Oh dear, there are those eye bags  
again.

Mary does her best to cover her dismay and confusion.

MARY

Did something... happen last night?

TONI

Could you be more specific?

MARY

Was I out of this building?

TONI

Well, you would know better than I.

Mary's not sure what to say.

TONI

(pleasantly)  
Unless you're having difficulty  
distinguishing fact from fiction.  
Is... that what's going on, Mary?

MARY-- as we see QUICK POPS: RICK CALHOUN'S terrified face. The struggle with MARY. MARY raising the knife to finish him. Mary shakes her head, bewildered, trying to appear calm.

MARY

No. I'm fine.

TONI

Are you.

MARY

What do you want from me? Whatever  
you're doing to me... What is it  
you expect?

(CONTINUED)



TONI

You're being... realigned. Soon, you won't differentiate between your thinking and ours. All of your thoughts and actions will come from us.

Mary can only stare, stunned.

TONI

In a way, we're doing you a favor. Putting you back in touch with who you really are.

MARY

What are you talking about?

TONI

Well, not about the illusion of you that you hold onto... the "perfect life," the "loving husband and kids..."

(then)

But it was never really perfect, was it? The secrets you kept from your beloved John-- that you were a Hunter. That you invited Azazel to visit.

MARY

How do you...

TONI

You left your sons without a mother. Without a father, for that matter. Your "beloved John" was a man slowly going mad, searching for revenge.

(off Mary's stare)

Oh, didn't your boys tell you? The drunken rages? The weeks of abandonment? Child abuse, really. No wonder they're... damaged.

Mary stares, stunned, trying to process.

TONI

So, enough with the fairy tale. We're returning you to a more pure version of yourself: Mary Campbell. Natural born killer.

8

MARY

No...

TONI

The American Hunters haven't fallen in line as we'd hoped. So now they're being eliminated. Repealed and replaced. By our people.

(then)

And you, Mary, will play a key role in that.

MARY

No. I won't. I can't.

TONI

(smiles)

Or... maybe you already have.

Mary impulsively rushes at Toni, who BACKHANDS her across the face, staggering her!

TONI

Well, that was an interesting choice. Soon you won't be making any.

She turns and exits. Mary slumps on the cot, her mind spinning. A moment, then she touches her left hand. Something's going on with it. She raises the hand, and stares at it, stunned.

HER PALM-- has a line of stitches across a jagged gash. And she now knows: THE MURDER OF RICK CALHOUN WASN'T IMAGINED. IT WAS REAL. Mary looks lost in the horror that is now sinking in.

WALL-MOUNTED CAMERA-- silently takes this in.

9

INT. MORGUE - DAY

9

SAM-- in fed threads, stands staring sadly down at the only partially uncovered body of Eileen Leahy. Her face is still splashed with blood. Sadness sweeps over Sam.

SAM

People who... do what we do... you always know deaths are gonna happen. But this...

Dean, also in a suit, comes over with the coroner's report, watching his brother.

(CONTINUED)

DEAN  
(quietly)  
Yeah. You okay?

Sam shrugs "yes," but he's not. Then-- Dean looks to Eileen--

DEAN  
These wounds... Only seen something  
this bad a few times...

SAM  
Hellhound?

DEAN  
(a nod)  
None of this makes sense. Why'd a  
demon sic a hellhound on Eileen?  
And why'd she leave Ireland?

SAM  
I don't know.

DEAN  
Counting Eileen... and Rick  
Calhoun, who got his throat ripped  
out last night... we're up to seven  
Hunters in the last three weeks.

SAM  
And those are the ones we know  
about.

DEAN  
Seven monster-related deaths.  
What, did all the things out there  
suddenly start workin' together?

SAM  
Monsters don't collaborate!

He covers Eileen's face, looks away, frustrated.

SAM  
Seven Hunters are gone. We can't  
grab a signal from mom's phone.  
Cass' got Kelly Kline who knows  
where. Mick's slipped off the  
grid. And Ketch is lying to us. I  
wanna punch something in the face.

DEAN  
Good, hang onto that thought.  
(pulls out phone)  
(MORE)

9

CONTINUED: (2)

9

DEAN (CONT'D)

We've got a hellhound here-- we  
need to call-- (Crowley)

10

INT. BMOL HQ - SURVEILLANCE ROOM - DAY

10

A room with monitors, speakers, electronics. DR. HESS enters  
the EMPTY room, reading a file folder, starts punching some  
buttons under a monitor.

CROWLEY (O.S.)

Afternoon.

NEW ANGLE-- REVEALS Crowley calmly standing behind her.

CROWLEY

Dr. Hess. Stunningly beautiful as  
ever.

DR. HESS

(turning)

Crowley. Revoltingly unctuous as  
always.

CROWLEY

Let's cut to it. You have your  
people slaughtering the American  
Hunters, which I naturally  
applaud...

DR. HESS

You know about that.

CROWLEY

I provided a bloody hellhound to  
Arthur Ketch! I didn't think he  
wanted a pet!

(then)

Obviously, your organization's  
putting down roots. I just want to  
make double-sure that you and I  
have the same understanding in the  
States that we do in the U.K.?

DR. HESS

I don't see why not. There's no  
point in being at war. Both sides  
lose.

(then)

Detente. If your demons limit  
their involvement with humans to  
those idiotic enough to sell their  
souls.

(CONTINUED)

CROWLEY

Done.

DR. HESS

And share information, when needed.

CROWLEY

I assume finding that infernal nephilim is a top priority.

DR. HESS

Since it could kill you, me, and the entire universe? Probably.

CROWLEY

I am a team player. My demons are scouring the country as we speak.

DR. HESS

Did you notice my sigh of relief? Oh right, there wasn't one.

(then)

Crowley? There is one thing...

CROWLEY

What?

DR. HESS

Your relationship with the Winchesters. A bit cozy for my taste. I hope you don't expect me to spare your... "friends."

CROWLEY

My "relationship" with the Winchesters is situational. There are times they've been useful. Saved the planet, that sort of thing.

(then)

But I will say, from personal experience: If you're foolish enough to go after them, they won't just lie down and die. Expect casualties.

Drexel's hands hover over Lucifer's body as he completes his examination of the vessel and its contents. Lucifer's getting fed up with the whole thing. As always, Drexel is half terrified, half man-crushing.

11

CONTINUED:

11

DREXEL

That completes my examination.

LUCIFER

Drexel, much as I enjoy playing doctor with you day after day, it really is time I blew this joint.

DREXEL

I beg you to be patient. Until I get the Security Device shut off, you completely belong to Crowley.

\*  
\*  
\*

LUCIFER

If it's at minimal power, and I'm at full power, I'll roll those dice!

Then, from outside:

CROWLEY (O.S.)

I tell you, I know nothing about it!

Drexel panics.

12

INT. CROWLEY'S LAIR - THRONE ROOM - DAY

12

Crowley's on his phone, carrying keys, headed toward the Secure Room door.

CROWLEY

The name "Eileen Leahy" means nothing to me.

INTERCUT:

13

INT. MEN OF LETTERS - LIBRARY - DAY

13

A frustrated Sam is on the phone with Crowley.

SAM

(into phone)

Crowley, only a demon can control a hellhound. One of your people was involved.

CROWLEY

If that were the case, I'd know. And I have no missing hellhounds. I was cuddling with them just last night!

(CONTINUED)

13

CONTINUED:

13

SAM

And you know nothing about the other Hunters who are dying?

CROWLEY

Not only don't I know, I don't care!

He irritably CLICKS OFF, unlocks the door, shoves it open.

14

INT. CROWLEY'S LAIR - SECURE ROOM - DAY

14

The door is open wide. Crowley stalks in. Drexel's gone.

LUCIFER

I never think of you as "a cuddler," Crowley. Tell me more.

CROWLEY

"More." Well, I've been giving thought to your future. As my slave, you could be useful as a weapon. Laying waste to my enemies.

(then)

Starting with a certain British bitch who's way too comfortable giving me ultimatums.

LUCIFER

(unfazed)

Are you done?

CROWLEY

No. If you do have any idea of the whereabouts of Kelly Kline and the *spawn of your loins...*

LUCIFER

Ooh.

CROWLEY

...You might want to share that information with me.

LUCIFER

(almost laughs)

And why, oh why, oh why-o, would I ever do that?

(CONTINUED)

CROWLEY

Because, turns out, Kelly was chumming it up with an old friend of yours: Dagon.

LUCIFER

So?

CROWLEY

So-- Dagon dead.  
(off Lucifer)  
And Kelly's in the clutches of the Winchesters' love slave: Castiel. Who will drag her back to the clubhouse to a gruesome death.

LUCIFER

Unlike the fun-packed death you have planned?

CROWLEY

My plan just might be to spare your son's life. Raise him as my own. Give him the chance to use his powers in my service. I may be your only chance of seeing him alive!

LUCIFER

Hmm. Interesting. Pass.

CROWLEY

(annoyed)

Think it over. But think fast.

He exits, SLAMMING the door closed behind him, REVEALING Drexel plastered against the wall, breathless, having been hidden by the door. Lucifer turns to him, suddenly all business:

LUCIFER

(seething)

I have to get out of here.

The door opens and two lab-coated BMOL TECHS drag a semi-conscious Mary inside, dropping her on the cot. They exit, and we MOVE IN as Mary writhes, delirious and tormented.

QUICK FLASHES: From inside her head. Mary sneaks up behind Rick Calhoun. Her hands grab his long hair. They struggle.



15

CONTINUED:

15

A blade FLASHES. His throat is slit. His eyes fly open as he gasps. Mary coldly watches him die.

In the cell, Mary writhes on the cot, moaning at the horror in her mind.

INTERCUT:

16

INT. BMOL HQ - SURVEILLANCE ROOM - DAY

16

Mr. Ketch and Dr. Hess calmly observe Mary on the MONITOR. Toni steps into the room.

TONI

We just completed another session.  
She's coming along nicely.

Dr. Hess' eyes flick toward Toni, gives her a curt nod.

TONI

I know you wanted to accelerate her progress, Dr. Hess. I believe I've achieved that. That is why you brought me in.

She waits hopefully for acknowledgement. Finally:

KETCH

(pleasantly)

Sorry, were you expecting a pat on the head, your highness?

TONI

(pleasantly)

I never expect civility from you, psychopath.

She exits.

DR. HESS

You two are such fun together. You know, she may be reporting to you.

KETCH

Ma'am?

DR. HESS

I like how you've stepped into Mick Davies' shoes since his departure.

KETCH

He was a talented man.

(CONTINUED)

DR. HESS

He carried a grudge. It made him insubordinate. On the other hand, I've never known you to care about... anything. Whatsoever.

KETCH

I've been under your thumb since childhood. I didn't have much choice.

DR. HESS

No, it's a gift.

(nods at cell)

I mean, here you are, watching this woman suffer. And only days ago, you were sleeping with her.

(off his surprised look)

Of course I knew.

(then)

Once the U.S. Hunters are gone, I'm giving serious thought to putting you in charge.

KETCH

Not really an administrator.

DR. HESS

You kill without mercy; you'll be fine.

KETCH

You're too kind.

DR. HESS

Of course, Lady Bevell's also desperate for the job. Oh that's right, you slept with her, as well.

Dean comes out carrying a bag of mail toward the IMPALA, looking at a letter he's pulled from an envelope. Sam is waiting-- lowering his CELLPHONE.

SAM

I've been calling around about the other Hunters that died. Every one of 'em had years of experience. Knew what they were doing. And every one of them seems to have been killed by a monster for no good reason.

(MORE)

SAM (CONT'D)

(then)

So, what if whoever's killing  
Hunters wants it to look like  
monster deaths?

Dean nods-- absently-- distracted--

DEAN

Yeah-- maybe.

SAM

(noticing)

Dean, what's--

Dean holds up the letter--

DEAN

We got a letter. From Eileen.

SAM

Eileen.

DEAN

She wrote it four days ago. Sent  
it snail mail 'cause she thought  
her phone and laptop got hacked.

(off Sam)

Eileen left Ireland because she was  
scared.

SAM

Of what?

He reaches out-- Dean hands him the letter--

DEAN

After she accidentally killed that  
Brit douche "Renny"-- she thought  
the Men of Letters were on her.

\*  
\*  
\*

Sam reads--

SAM

"I know they're following me,  
watching me. They tapped my phone.  
I found a microphone in my room..."

Sam and Dean react to that, then:

\*  
\*

SAM

"I hate to be a wimp, but could I  
bunk with you guys for a few days  
till I sort this out?"

"There's Something..."

Production Draft

3/7/17 23.

17

CONTINUED: (2)

17

He finishes-- looks to Dean-- that hit both of them hard--

DEAN

You really-- you think the Brits  
were watching her?

SAM

If Eileen says they were--

DEAN

(a nod)

You think they're the ones that  
killed her?

OFF SAM-- not sure how to answer that--

18

INT. MEN OF LETTERS - NIGHT

18

QUICK SHOTS: As Sam and Dean swiftly and quietly check out  
the bunker:

BOOKSHELF-- Sam eases a section of books toward himself,  
peers behind them.

GALLEY-- Dean opens cupboard doors.

CROW'S NEST-- Sam's up on a chair, looking into corners and  
atop equipment.

TELESCOPE-- Dean's running his hands around the base, peering  
down through the lens.

LIBRARY-- Sam looks under seat cushions, behind bric-a-brac.

LIBRARY-- Dean drops to the ground, looks under a table.  
Moves to an adjacent table, looks under it. He stares. He's  
found something. He urgently signals to Sam.

UNDER TABLE-- Sam comes over, crouches down.

NEW ANGLE-- secured to the underside of the table: THE BUG we  
saw Ketch plant in Ep. 1218!

SAM AND DEAN-- stunned.

BLACKOUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

19

INT. MEN OF LETTERS - LIBRARY - NIGHT

19

UNDER TABLE-- right where we left off. Sam and Dean exchange a look, stand, switching gears and "acting" for the eavesdropper:

DEAN

So these Hunters you talked to...  
Was one of 'em Terry Marsh?

SAM

(improvising)  
Terry Marsh... From Missouri.

DEAN

I got a text from him.

SAM

Yeah, he's also thinking monsters  
aren't the real killers here.

DEAN

He's been nosing around. Says he's  
got a pretty fair idea of what's  
goin' on.

SAM

And?

DEAN

Doesn't feel safe talkin' on the  
phone. He wants to meet.

SAM

Okay...

20

INT. BMOL HQ - SURVEILLANCE ROOM - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

20

The two Techs we saw before (sans lab coats) sit listening to a SPEAKER / RECORDER hookup.

DEAN (V.O.)

(on speaker)  
The old iron works on the  
interstate. Tomorrow night at  
nine. Says to park in the trees.  
Off the road...

21

INT. CROWLEY'S LAIR - SECURE ROOM - DAY (DAY 4)

21

LUCIFER-- sits enduring the O.S. rant of Drexel, who drones on. Lucifer is bored to tears.

DREXEL (O.S.)

...The timing of your escape is crucial, my lord. If the device isn't sufficiently impaired, the king's hold on you will only increase...

As Drexel babbles on, Lucifer, eyes straight ahead, calmly reaches OUT OF FRAME.

DREXEL

...And of course, I would be vulnerable to his... Aaack.

Lucifer has Drexel by the throat, yanking his head into FRAME, going nose-to-nose.

LUCIFER

Let's be clear. My only son is in jeopardy and my patience is at an end. Check it again.

\*

NEW ANGLE-- Lucifer releases Drexel. Nervous, Drexel's hand hovers over Lucifer's chest. A beat. He looks startled.

DREXEL

This can't be.

LUCIFER

What? Don't tell me it's powering up.

DREXEL

(amazed)

It's powering up...

Lucifer looks lethal, about to go for Drexel's throat.

DREXEL

But in the opposite direction!  
This-- it's amazing!

LUCIFER

What?

DREXEL

The device is cemented directly to your DNA... and that of the king's.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

21

CONTINUED:

21

DREXEL (CONT'D)

As it powers down in you...  
somehow the... the polarity is  
reversing.

LUCIFER

English.

DREXEL

The... ability to control is  
transferring. From Crowley... to  
you.

LUCIFER

(stares, then:)

Are you saying... Crowley will be  
my puppet?

And as Lucifer lights up like a kid on Christmas...

22

INT. BMOL HQ - ARMORY - DAY

22

Under a hanging light is a kennel crate, with an invisible occupant. Mr. Ketch pushes a bloody treat through the bars to pleased SNARLS and SLURPING. Toni has the magical DOG WHISTLE.

KETCH

(to hellhound)

Good dog! You sat for Lady Bevell.

TONI

How can you even tell?

KETCH

Am I going to say "bad dog?" He  
can be unpleasant.

Ketch puts down the bag of treats.

KETCH

Dr. Hess says you have designs on  
Mick Davies' job.

TONI

Did she.

KETCH

She assured me it was mine to turn  
down.

TONI

Fascinating. She told me the same  
thing.

(CONTINUED)

KETCH

Well. Pitted against each other.  
Like our days at Kendricks.

TONI

I did rather well in those  
situations.

KETCH

You slaughtered the competition.  
Sometimes literally.

TONI

I didn't slaughter you, Ketch.

KETCH

Well, we were having a lot of sex  
at the time.

TONI

I once saw you bite the head off a  
live snake. I was cautious.

KETCH

I haven't lost my bite, Toni.  
Trust me.

TONI

I've spent years addressing the  
American Situation and how to fix  
it. So this? Is mine. Trust me.  
The cream always rises to the top.

KETCH

Oh, I agree.

They stand watching each other. From an INTERCOM SPEAKER:

VOICE (V.O.)

Mr. Ketch? The prisoner's asking  
for you.

Ketch gives Toni one last cocky smile and exits. She  
remains, irritated, smile fading.

TONI

Arrogant bastard.

A TECH from the Surveillance Room sticks his head in.

TECH

Lady Bevell... I have news.



23

INT. BMOL HQ - WINDOWLESS CELL - DAY

23

Mary slumps on her cot, haggard. Fried. Ketch enters.

MARY

I didn't think you'd come.

She shakily stands.

MARY

(hollow)

I'm... losing my mind, Ketch. I don't even know if this moment is real. What do they want me to do?

KETCH

Exactly what you're doing, Mary. And you're doing it splendidly.

MARY

(quietly)

I killed someone. He was a friend.

KETCH

(reassuring)

I do it all the time.

MARY

(wretchedly)

I believed in what you people were doing! Fought with you so my boys could maybe live in a world without monsters. How can you...

She looks off, fighting tears.

KETCH

I'm not sure what you're expecting. That I'll intervene? We made it clear to each other: We don't have a relationship.

MARY

We worked together, we-- we know each other.

KETCH

I don't know you, Mary. Not really. You certainly don't know me. You wouldn't want to.

Breaking down, she stumbles toward him, arms outstretched as if to put them around his neck.

(CONTINUED)

MARY  
 (quiet, desperate)  
 I... need your help.

She suddenly plunges a hand inside his jacket, yanks out a gun from his shoulder holster. Ketch reflexively steps back. \*

KETCH  
 Mary!

But she isn't aiming at him. She pushes the barrel up under her throat! Before she can fire, Ketch LUNGES AT HER. He wraps an arm tightly around her, grabs the gun with his other hand and forces it from her grip! She wrenches away, as close to losing it as we've ever seen her:

MARY  
 Then you do it! Kill me!

KETCH  
 Mary...

MARY  
 Other than my family, all I've ever had was my will.  
 (now the tears come)  
 And that's going away! I'm-- I put people in danger... put my sons in danger... I...

Her words trail off-- lost-- broken. Ketch stands watching her, almost pitying her.

MARY  
 Do it, Ketch. For God's sake. Kill me.

KETCH  
 (calm but firm)  
 Mary? It won't be long, now. This will be over.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

A rusting hulk of a building in a rural setting. The IMPALA pulls up. We go to a:

STEALTH POV-- someone is watching as Sam and Dean exit the Impala and approach the building.

REVEAL-- A SEDAN, hidden in foliage. Toni Bevell is in the driver's seat, a BMOL KILLER beside her, another KILLER in back. The two ARMED Killers quietly start to get out.

"There's Something..."

Production Draft

3/7/17 30.

24

CONTINUED:

24

TONI'S POV-- Sam and Dean start around the corner of the building to a side that's OUT OF VIEW.

THE KILLERS-- stealthily approach the building, creep along one edge, then peer around the corner.

THEIR POV-- Sam and Dean enter the dark building through a large metal sliding door.

\*  
\*

THE KILLERS-- quietly round the corner and approach the door.

25

INT. ABANDONED FACTORY - NIGHT

25

The BMOL Killers peer around the edge of the open doorway, then ready their weapons and creep into the darkened space. A beat, then THE HEAVY METAL DOOR SLIDES SHUT BEHIND THEM!

26

EXT. ABANDONED FACTORY - NIGHT

26

AT THE DOOR-- Sam holds the door shut, Dean slides a CROWBAR into the door's LOCKING MECHANISM. The guys give each other a pleased look, stride away from the area.

TONI'S CAR-- Toni sits tensely watching the building through the driver's side window. HER POV-- nothing is visible.

TONI-- readies her gun, not liking the silence. Behind her, a HAND-- WRAPPED IN A CLOTH-- SUDDENLY PUNCHES THROUGH THE GLASS OF THE PASSENGER WINDOW. She spins to see SAM outside the broken window. He hits the dirt as she FIRES!

NEW ANGLE-- the driver's door is yanked open, and before Toni can spin around, she's YANKED BACKWARD out the door by DEAN.

OUTSIDE CAR-- Dean SLAMS Toni back against the car, forcing the gun from her hand. As soon as it hits the ground, she KNEES HIM IN THE BALLS! Dean doubles over and Toni dives for the gun. But a FOOT steps firmly onto the gun.

REVEAL SAM-- calmly watching her. Toni glares murderously up at him as Dean approaches.

DEAN

Okay, keep this up and we are totally not dating.

BLACKOUT.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

27 INT. CROWLEY'S LAIR - SECURE ROOM - NIGHT

27

Crowley and Lucifer are alone.

CROWLEY

Before long, of course, I'll get rid of you. But I will miss our chats.

LUCIFER

You mean where you prattle on, puffed up on your imagined power, and I pretend to care?

CROWLEY

How's Lucifer Junior? Dead yet?

Lucifer cocks an ear, "tuning in," then smiles.

LUCIFER

Nope. Still kicking. Stronger than ever. Kid's a bruiser. So proud.

CROWLEY

Before you join a Daddy-and-Me class, let me assure you there is no heir to your throne. The Winchesters wouldn't make the same mistake twice.

LUCIFER

I dunno... kinda their thing. I mean, they thought they'd stuff me back in the Cage-- again--

CROWLEY

And yet due to my cunning, here you sit, a virtual slave to my will.

Lucifer smiles. Then he gives his temple an idle little scratch. As Crowley rants on, he does the same to his temple. Doesn't notice.

CROWLEY

The hubris of you and this pseudo son taking over! Delusional.

Lucifer clears his throat. Ditto Crowley.

(CONTINUED)

CROWLEY

(rambling)

Despite your epic collapse, you persist in the fantasy that you will best me.

Lucifer crosses his eyes. So does Crowley.

CROWLEY

Your bluster is no match for my masterful strategies.

Lucifer sticks out his tongue. Crowley does the same.

CROWLEY

In the end, you will concede that I...

Lucifer CAWS like a crow, flaps his arms a bit. So does Crowley, who now notices:

CROWLEY

What is going on?

Lucifer bursts into giggles. He hops on one foot. Likewise Crowley.

LUCIFER

(laughing)

"Master strategist." I love it. More like Kermit the Frog. My little Muppet.

He no longer needs to perform the action himself. He now merely instructs Crowley to continue with a wave of his hand and Crowley hops around the room.

LUCIFER

(chortling)

Oh Crowley, honestly, what will I do without you!

CROWLEY

Stop this!

Lucifer slams his hand down on the arm of his chair and Crowley crumples to the floor.

LUCIFER

I see you're confused. The symbiosis you built between my vessel and yours is, well, science, science, blah, blah. Point is--

Crowley stares in horror. Lucifer nears, looming over him.

LUCIFER

I'm in control now. Master...  
you... has become slave. Also you.  
And vice versa.

(crouching down)

Which brings us to your next task.

Can you guess?

(near Crowley's face)

Unlock these chains.

Dean drives, Sam has a gun trained on Toni, in back.

SAM

Why are you spying on us-- what do  
you know about Eileen Leahy?

ON TONI. Playing it cool.

TONI

Who?

DEAN

Did you-- your people-- did they  
kill her?

TONI

Probably.

(then)

Rule of thumb: if you think we  
killed someone, we probably did.

Sam and Dean trade a look-- shit--

TONI

Speaking of-- you realize, by  
attacking me, you invite the  
retribution of the entire British  
Men of Letters. No trial, no  
investigation, just punishment and  
ruin.

(then)

Possibly at the hands of Mary  
Winchester.

The guys are suddenly on alert, glance at each other.

DEAN

The Hell are you talking about?

TONI

Your mother-- she's our permanent guest.

SAM

She's your prisoner? Why?

TONI

Who says we're "holding her prisoner?" Mary's joined the team. Even has her own super secret decoder ring.

SAM

You're lying.

TONI

You're right. There is no ring. Ah, boys and their mums. You see her as mommy. We see her as one of our best warriors.

DEAN

Just because she works with Ketch doesn't mean she's like him. Or you.

TONI

That Oedipal myopia again. And did you really think she was just "working" with Ketch all those days and nights?

SAM

Shut up.

TONI

He said it was some of the best sex he ever had.

Dean SLAMS ON THE BRAKES.

29

EXT. SIDE OF ROAD - NIGHT

29

As the Impala ABRUPTLY STOPS.

30

INT. IMPALA - CONTINUOUS

30

DEAN-- turns to Toni, fuming.

DEAN

You wanna re-think that?

(CONTINUED)

She pauses. Thinks.

TONI

Fine. He said it was the best sex he ever had.

Dean reaches for her, but Sam puts a hand on his shoulder.

SAM

Where is Mick in all this?

TONI

Oh. You didn't know. Mick is dead.

SAM

Dead?

TONI

Quite. It was determined he was too sentimental for the job.

Sam and Dean are silent.

TONI

Turns out he was too much like you two. And all the U.S. Hunters. Ergo, soon each and every Hunter in this country will join him.

(then)

Jody Mills, Claire Novak-- all the rest of your flannel wearing, whisky swilling friends. They're dead.

They stare at her, processing.

TONI

And here you thought a rogue nephilim was your big bad.

Lucifer stands before Crowley, the CHAINS IN A HEAP at his feet. He stretches his freed arms.

LUCIFER

Man, feels good to have those off. Ooh, muscle cramps. Know a good Pilates class?



CROWLEY

(struggling to stand)

So. To be clear, I accept that you are now in charge. This new arrangement is better. You are more big picture, whereas I do better with day to day minutiae.

(in conclusion)

So it was a teachable moment. We'll make a superb team.

Lucifer stares at Crowley with contempt.

LUCIFER

Are. You. Kidding.

Crowley suddenly bolts for the door. Lucifer waves his hand and BLASTS CROWLEY OFF HIS FEET!

THE DOOR SPLINTERS and Crowley flies through the shards into the throne room. Lucifer strides in. Minions (Drexel among them) freeze, cower, kneel.

LUCIFER

Behold... your "mighty king!"  
(then)  
Eight ball, corner pocket.

Lucifer waves a hand and Crowley FLIES INTO A PILLAR, BOUNCES OFF, AND FACE PLANTS NEAR THE THRONE.

CROWLEY-- slowly lifts his head to find himself face-to-face with a nervous RAT.

NOTE: We LINGER A MOMENT here for a VFX WISP OF RED SMOKE to drift from CROWLEY'S LIPS TO THE RAT. **SHOT with EPISODE 1221, TO APPEAR IN EPISODE 1223.**

LUCIFER

I could do this all day. But, since I'm King, etcetera, I'll wrap it up.

THE ROOM

The lights FLICKER as Lucifer points both hands at Crowley, who slowly LEVITATES AND DANGLES, helpless, before the room.

Powerful WIND FILLS THE CHAMBER. Lucifer steps toward Crowley. Behind him the MIGHTY WINGS OF AN ARCHANGEL APPEAR IN SHADOW ON THE WALL.

CONTINUED:

Lucifer's eyes GLOW RED. He drinks in the group awe. He flicks his hand at Crowley who is slowly LOWERED TO A STANDING POSITION.

Lucifer grabs an ANGEL BLADE off a table and holds it outstretched toward Crowley. He gestures "come" to Crowley, who begins walking, jerkily, forward. He sees the waiting blade. Crowley suddenly realizes what's happening. He futilely tries to resist.

LUCIFER

You had to know this was inevitable.

Crowley has reached the blade's point. He struggles, red-faced, but it's useless. Slowly he inches forward and is IMPALED THROUGH THE THROAT BY THE BLADE WHICH EMERGES, IN A BLOODY STREAM, FROM THE BACK OF HIS NECK!

Crowley and Lucifer are face to face. The room is hushed. Lucifer raises a hand and waves "Bye" and Crowley FLARES OUT! Then Lucifer yanks out the blade and Crowley falls to the floor, dead.

LUCIFER

Clean up on aisle seven.

INT. MEN OF LETTERS - LIBRARY - NIGHT

Sam and Dean enter from the Crow's Nest. They shove Toni ahead of them. Dean tosses her a phone.

DEAN

We clear? Call Ketch and tell him if he wants you alive, he gets his prissy ass over hear.

KETCH (O.C.)

Interestingly, his prissy ass is already here.

CROW'S NEST-- as Ketch and a BMOL THUG emerge from an ALCOVE, their guns on Sam and Dean.

KETCH

Lady Bevell, would you mind disarming them?

She grabs the boys' guns from their waistbands and starts toward Ketch. Suddenly Sam grabs her from behind, she drops the guns and, holding her in front of him, Sam drags her behind an archway wall.

Dean darts behind the other wall just as the Thug FIRES. The Thug looks to Ketch who nods toward the library entrance.

And we start a KNOCK DOWN DRAG OUT FIGHT IN THE BUNKER! Causing as much damage to the set as we possibly can. Lou: go nuts. Some examples--

The Thug moves stealthily toward the archway, and Dean suddenly reappears, holding a display SWORD (or dagger)-- STABBING the man through the heart-- he FIRES in the air, falling backward!

NEW ANGLE-- Ketch has moved forward, gun trained on an unarmed Dean. Holding his gun steady on Dean, Ketch crouches to recover the discarded guns.

Sam suddenly appears, SHOVING TONI AT KETCH! BOTH GO ROLLING as Sam goes for the Winchesters' guns. Ketch is starting to stand. Dean TACKLES him, knocking his gun away.

SAM

Okay, enough!

SAM-- has a gun aimed at Ketch and Toni, who shakily stand. The room is a wreck... Furniture and bric-a-brac knocked all over the place.

SAM

(to Ketch and Toni)

You two are done. Now, get our mother over here.

VOICE (O.S.)

Back off!

NEW ANGLE-- Mary enters the library from a side entrance, behind Sam and Dean. GUN in outstretched hands.

KETCH

Ah. Wish granted.

SAM

Mom? Great timing.

MARY

(to the room)

Stay where you are.

Ketch calmly scoops up his gun.

DEAN

(to Ketch)

Hey. You heard her.

MARY

(to Dean)

I was talking to you.

Sam and Dean stare, realizing Mary's trained her gun on THEM!

DEAN

Mom, what the Hell?

He starts toward her, she stares him down. She FIRES at his feet. Flooring CHIPS FLY. Dean's stunned.

KETCH

I really wouldn't move. She will shoot you.

He plucks Sam's gun from his hand as Mary creeps forward, keeping her gun trained on the boys.

TONI

Mommy always was a killer. Now she's our killer.

SAM

(looks to Ketch)

What did you do to her?

KETCH

Not me. Lady Bevell deserves all the thanks.

Mary, keeping her gun aimed, is creeping up the stairs toward the door. Ketch, gun also aimed, goes up after her.

KETCH

And I suspect she's told you:  
American Hunters are a dying breed.

Toni heads to the foot of the stairs to join Ketch and Mary. Ketch points his gun at her.

KETCH

For heaven's sake, where do you think you're going?

TONI

Ketch?

KETCH

Remember, at Kendricks, how they taught us we were all expendable? That wasn't idle chat.

She stares, stunned. Holding his gun steady, Ketch joins Mary at the top of the stairs.

DEAN

Mom! It's us! Mom!

KETCH

Sorry, once she makes up her mind, she's a stubborn one.

(indicates the building)

Your bunker's an excellent fortress. An even better tomb. We've re-jiggered the locks. And when the power goes out, the pumps that bring in air will shut down. You've got minimal rations, we've shut off the water... I give you three days.

(nods at Toni)

You're right, Toni, the cream does rise to the top. I don't really care about the job, but you do. That's all I need.

TONI

(livid)

Ketch!!

Ketch and Mary quickly exit. Dean rushes for the stairs as the door CLANGS SHUT. LOCKS BOLT. Dean struggles with the door.

DEAN

No!

Suddenly the LIGHTS GO OUT. The glow of EMERGENCY LIGHT leaves the place shadowy and forbidding. Now the WHINE of the AIR TURBINES SHUTTING DOWN. A weird STILLNESS as RED WARNING LIGHTS BEGIN TO FLASH.

DEAN-- struggles with the door, finally PUNCHING IT in frustration, as we--

BLACKOUT.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

34 INT. KETCH'S CAR - ROLLING - NIGHT (PMP) 34

Ketch drives, Mary beside him. Mary stares straight ahead, her mind having been totally taken over.

KETCH

I do have to hand it to Lady Bevell. Your treatment's been most successful, so far.

Mary's still staring straight ahead.

KETCH

(quietly)  
And, so you know... this will become easier.

MARY

(dully)  
Easier to hurt people I love?

KETCH

Easier to hurt people you don't remember loving.  
(then)  
How do you feel.

ON MARY. Stoic. No emotion.

MARY

Fine.

OUTSIDE PASSENGER WINDOW-- as Mary stares blankly out at the night, trapped in a nightmare. As MUSIC KICKS IN:

35 INT. MEN OF LETTERS - MACHINE ROOM - NIGHT 35

RED WARNING LIGHTS FLASH. Sam and Dean have ripped open the control panels and, FLASHLIGHTS aimed at the inner works, are working feverishly with TOOLS. Toni slumps against the wall.

SAM

(urgently)  
There's the main circuit... if we rewire it, we can restore power.

35

CONTINUED:

35

TONI

This isn't a car you can hot-wire.  
Each element's been meticulously  
crippled and patched into  
headquarters. Ketch was very  
thorough.

Dean's swiftly throwing switches "on" and "off" to no effect.

DEAN

So you knew this was gonna happen.

TONI

I knew they had a way to set this  
trap. I didn't know I'd be in it.

36

INT. CROWLEY'S LAIR - THRONE ROOM - NIGHT

36

Demons are cleaning up from all the earlier carnage, righting  
furniture, mopping the bloody floor, scrubbing scorch marks  
off pillars and walls.

DREXEL

He wants this done before he  
returns.

DEMON #2

And what are we supposed to do with  
that?

REVEAL-- Crowley's sprawled, dead body.

DREXEL

(considers, then:)

Toss it.

They drop their mops, grab Crowley's ankles and drag him from  
the room. As he passes CAMERA, we REVEAL the RAT from  
earlier. As the demons drag Crowley out, it SCURRIES FROM  
THE ROOM.

37

EXT. HILLTOP - DAWN - DAY (DAY 5)

37

The gray sky is growing LIGHTER. A BREEZE rustles trees and  
tall grass. A valley below fills with new light.

TWO FEET-- stride toward the hill's edge. They stop.

LUCIFER-- he breathes in the morning air. Savors his freedom.

We PULL BACK as Lucifer (in NEW WARDROBE) raises his arms  
toward the horizon and salutes the dawn.

(CONTINUED)

37

"There's Something..."  
CONTINUED:

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LUCIFER  
(fervent)  
My son.

BLACKOUT.

TO BE CONTINUED...