

SUPERNATURAL

Episode #1302

"The Rising Son"

Written by

Eugenie Ross-Leming & Brad Buckner

Directed by

Thomas J. Wright

EXECUTIVE PRODUCERS

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

PRODUCERS

Eric Kripke
Jim Michaels
Robert Berens
Meredith Glynn

T13.20552

PRODUCTION DRAFT

BLUE DRAFT

06/20/17

07/17/17

©2017 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.

Episode #1302

"The Rising Son"

REVISION HISTORY

Revision	Date	Revised Pages
Production Draft - White	06/20/17	
Blue Draft	07/17/17	

CAST LIST

SAM WINCHESTER
DEAN WINCHESTER

JARED PADALECKI
JENSEN ACKLES

DONATELLO REDFIELD
DREXEL
JACK
LUCIFER
MARY WINCHESTER
MICHAEL

KEITH SZARABAJKA
ALEX BARIMA
ALEXANDER CALVERT
MARK PELLEGRINO
SAMANTHA SMITH

ASMODEUS
BARTENDER
COMMANDER
DEMON #1
RUSS AMES
TATTOOIST

LOCATION REPORTINT.

INT. CROWLEY'S LAIR - NIGHT (DAY 1)	P.1
INT. IMPALA - ROLLING - NIGHT (PMP)	P.3
INT. CROWLEY'S LAIR - NIGHT	P.5
INT. HOTEL HALLWAY - NIGHT	P.7
INT. HOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS	P.8
INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT	P.9
INT. HOTEL HALLWAY - NIGHT	P.12
INT. HOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS	P.12
INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT	P.14
INT. TATOO PARLOR - NIGHT	P.16
INT. TATTOO PARLOR - LATER	P.18
INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT	P.19
INT. HOTEL BAR - NIGHT	P.22
INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY (DAY 2)	P.26
INT. HOTEL HALLWAY - DAY	P.27
INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY	P.27
INT. HOTEL HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS	P.29
INT. DONATELLO'S ROOM - DAY	P.29
INT. DONATELLO'S ROOM - DAY	P.30
INT. HOTEL HALLWAY - DAY	P.30
INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY	P.30
INT. HOTEL HALLWAY - DAY	P.31
INT. IMPALA - ROLLING - DAY	P.33
INT. MEN OF LETTERS - GALLEY - NIGHT	P.40
INT. MEN OF LETTERS - CORRIDOR - NIGHT	P.40
INT. MEN OF LETTERS - JACK'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS	P.40

EXT.

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT	P.3
EXT. APOCALYPSE WORLD - DAY	P.4
EXT. EDGE OF TOWN - NIGHT	P.9
EXT. TATTOO PARLOR - NIGHT	P.18
EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT	P.20
EXT. APOCALYPSE WORLD - DAY	P.24
EXT. PLAIN - DAY	P.31
EXT. APOCALYPSE WORLD - DAY	P.34
EXT. PLAIN - DAY	P.37
EXT. ROADWAY - DAY	P.37
EXT. PLAIN - DAY	P.37
EXT. APOCALYPSE WORLD - DAY	P.39

SUPERNATURAL
"The Rising Son" *

TEASER

FADE IN:

1 INT. CROWLEY'S LAIR - NIGHT (DAY 1) 1

Crowley's former kingdom is rudderless, a sea of ennui. Demons sit on the floor or on tables, staring into the middle distance. Some drink from liquor bottles. DREXEL, ever the steadfast sycophant, stands guarding the empty throne. DEMON #1 drunkenly wanders by.

DEMON #1

Protecting the throne, Drexel?
Face it, your boyfriend's a no-show. And Crowley's gone. We're done.

DREXEL

Lord Lucifer has promised he'll return.
(dusts throne with pocket handkerchief)
He'll pull us out of chaos. He'll make Hell great again.

DEMON #1

Oh, Lucifer "promised?" Do you even hear yourself? I heard he sold the place to a developer--dude's converting it to condos.

A sudden low RUMBLE. Lights FLICKER. The demons freeze, looking around nervously. Start to stand.

DREXEL

(vindicated)
What did I tell you?!

The DOORS FLY OPEN. AN EXPLOSION OF LIGHT AND WIND! Demons shield their eyes as a figure emerges from the light, first in silhouette, then revealed as an imposing, frightening figure in an immaculate white suit: ASMODEUS (Az-moh-DAY-us). He has a dangerous demeanor and soft Southern accent (a bit like Frank Underwood, "House of Cards"). He strides to the throne, mounts the step, looks around contemptuously. His EYES FLARE YELLOW, and:

(CONTINUED)

ASMODEUS
ON YOUR FEET!

Demon #1 squints blearily:

DEMON #1
Um, who'd you say you were?

ASMODEUS
(imperious)
I am Asmodeus.

DREXEL
(awed)
Fourth Prince of Hell.

ASMODEUS
Here to rule until such time as
Lucifer returns with his son.
And... there are going to be some
changes.

(glaring dangerously)
The underperforming and
ineffective... The corporate
lackeys from the Crowley era...
are being purged. The grand days
of fire and brimstone are back!

(then)
The following will step forward:
Mr. Drexel. Ms. Harrington. Mr.
Sierra.

Drexel and two more dangerous-looking demons come before
Asmodeus, terrified. The other Demons look smug.

ASMODEUS (CONT'D)
As for the rest of you...

Asmodeus raises a hand, then dramatically brings it down.
Another RUMBLE, and the WHOLE ROOM SEEMS TO TREMBLE AS A SHOCK
WAVE RIPS INTO THE THROG! The demons clutch their throats,
SHRIEKING IN PAIN! Their mouths fly open with BLASTS OF LIGHT
as they all FLARE OUT! Bodies drop. The three chosen stare
in shock. Asmodeus calmly turns to face them.

ASMODEUS (CONT'D)
There's a new sheriff in town.

BLACKOUT.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

2 EXT. ROAD - NIGHT 2

Through the swirling mists emerges a MYSTERIOUS MAN in an overcoat and hat. We DO NOT SEE HIS FACE. He trudges purposefully off down the road.

3 INT. IMPALA - ROLLING - NIGHT (PMP) 3

DEAN drives, SAM's shotgun, JACK is asleep in the back seat. Dean's preoccupied. There is tension between the brothers.

SAM

We got, what, twelve hours till we're home. Want me to drive?

DEAN

Do I ever want you to drive?

SAM

It's just... losing Mom... And Cass is... it's a lot to process on no sleep. And the kid--

DEAN

"Kid." That the cleaned up word for "Spawn of Satan?"

SAM

(keeping voice down)
Also son of Kelly, who was a good person... *

DEAN

Which tells us what? That he's only half evil? Maybe Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays? *

SAM

I'm just saying--

DEAN

(normal volume)
Sammy, you know how this plays out.

Sam gestures to "keep it low." Dean adjusts.

(CONTINUED)

DEAN (CONT'D)

We bend the rules, pretend the bad guys aren't so bad, pretend things'll get fixed, and then-- then people we care about get hurt, and we do what we should've done to begin with: end the problem.

(off Sam)

This time, I say start with the obvious. Soon as I can figure out how to take care of...

("Jack")

It.

SAM

(firmly)

Dean-- "The problem" may be our only shot at saving Mom.

*

A beat. Dean stares straight ahead.

DEAN

No-- Mom's gone, Sam. No fixing that.

*

A barren Hellscape of rock, scrub, ruins of an occasional structure. A stiff WIND MOANS. LUCIFER strides along, scanning for an exit. MARY struggles to keep up. He stops, looks at her.

LUCIFER

Um, Mary? Not to be critical? If we're gonna find a way outta here you've gotta pick up the pace. We've got ground to cover.

MARY

Not sure I see the point. Since, however this plays out, you're going to kill me.

LUCIFER

Why would I kill you?

She just looks at him.

LUCIFER (CONT'D)

(of course)

Oh, because I'm "evil," I get it. Tell you what.

(MORE)

LUCIFER (CONT'D)

You don't get to defy God, and beat the Cage without some smarts. A game plan. i.e.: I don't want you dead, because I need you alive.

MARY

Why?

LUCIFER

As my bargaining chip. In a perfect world I could simply kill you and your plodding sons. But life is unfair, they've got my kid. So, making a silk purse out of a sow's ear, I swap my son for you.

MARY

You can't possibly care about raising a child.

LUCIFER

(darkening)

You have no clue what I care about.

*

She stares. What could that mean? Then suddenly, a weird WHISTLING SOUND!

NEW ANGLE-- A FIREBALL heads straight from the skies for them. They dive behind different boulders. The FIREBALL STREAKS DOWN AND EXPLODES! SMOKE FILLS FRAME.

LUCIFER-- Appears from behind the rocks, as SMOKE AND DUST SWIRL. He looks around. No one.

LUCIFER (CONT'D)

Mary?

She's gone.

Asmodeus on the throne, eyes closed. Two of his demons are present. Asmodeus goes through the motions of beseeching:

ASMODEUS

My lord, I am here, fighting for your restoration. Speak to me.

Drexel enters, oblivious to the scene in progress.

DREXEL

No trace of Lucifer.

Asmodeus opens his eyes.

ASMODEUS

(musing)

Indeed.

*

DREXEL

We've scoured all of Hell. Even checked the Cage. Nothing.

ASMODEUS

At this point, we need to focus on the son.

DREXEL

No sign of him either, sir. Sudden Infant Death?

ASMODEUS

He is not an infant. New to this world yes, but full of timeless knowledge and unschooled power. He lives, I know it.

(then)

With Lucifer gone, I want him found and trained to rule. With me as his humble advisor, of course.

Drexel takes notes on a little pad.

DREXEL

(writing)

Find son, but continue search for Lucifer.

Asmodeus stares contemptuously at this toady.

DREXEL (CONT'D)

Because if we didn't, he'd be upset, and I can assure you from personal experience an upset Lucifer has a short fuse.

Asmodeus twists a hand toward Drexel, and Drexel is drawn involuntarily toward him.

ASMODEUS

Are you equating your paltry acquaintance with our lord to mine? Mine which is born out of eons of service and sacrifice.

He touches the scar on his face, and we sense the bitterness.

ASMODEUS (CONT'D)

I know the perils of Lucifer's
disappointment.

DREXEL

(re: the scar)

He did that?

ASMODEUS

Long ago, eager to impress, I freed
the Shedim. *

DREXEL

(not good)

You-- I've heard stories about
them.

ASMODEUS

I'm sure you have. Hell's most
savage-- things so dark, and base,
God himself wouldn't allow them
into the light. *

(then)

But I, in my pride, believed I
could train them. Use them. But
Lucifer feared them, as he should,
and forbade it. He locked them up
again. He was... "disappointed" in
me. *

(touches scar)

The pain, the total humiliation.
It forged an eternal... "bond"
between us. I am his to command.
As you are mine. *

(re: Drexel's notepad)

Write that down.

Drexel gulps, quickly begins scribbling.

A seedy little dump. Sam and Dean, lugging duffles and
trailed by Jack, come down the dim hall.

DEAN

Bad idea. Shoulda kept driving.

SAM

Dude, you were hallucinating sheep
on the road. We need to take a few
hours.

"The Rising Son" Blue Draft 7/17/17 8.
6 CONTINUED: 6

They stop at a room and open the door.

7 INT. HOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS 7

They enter a dreary room. Two beds, a worn-out sofa.

JACK
This looks nice.

Sam and Dean glance at each other.

DEAN-- Moves to the bathroom, looks inside, as:

SAM (O.S.)
We should ward the room, and then--
I'll grab us some food, we'll turn
in, hit the road early...

Dean switches off the bathroom light, hears the TV on. Turns
to see Jack on one bed, rapturously watching cartoons.

JACK
(re: TV)
It's... wonderful.

DEAN
Yeah.

He grabs the remote, CLICKS OFF TV.

DEAN (CONT'D)
(pointing)
You got the sofa, hotshot.

Sam sighs, Jack quickly moves to the sofa.

DEAN (CONT'D)
Siddown, keep quiet, read a book.

Dean tosses him a Gideon's Bible from a drawer-- Jack baubles
it, as Dean flops down on the bed.

DEAN (CONT'D)
Gonna grab a couple hours, and
we're outta here.

Sam goes to Jack, gestures to the other bed.

SAM
I'll take the sofa.

JACK
No no, it's... fine.

(CONTINUED)

7 CONTINUED: 7

He smiles-- moves away-- starts to READ--

8 EXT. EDGE OF TOWN - NIGHT 8

Most of the lights in the small town are out. The Mysterious Figure emerges from shadows. He heads down the main street towards the LIT HOTEL SIGN.

9 INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT 9

Burgers and beer on the table. Sam finishes painting ENOCHIAN WARDING on the walls, joins the other two, who are eating.

JACK-- Wolfing down his burger like there's no tomorrow. REVEAL Sam, a little amused; Dean, just staring.

DEAN

You can slow down. Stuff ain't gonna disappear, you know.

JACK

I didn't know. Thank you.

SAM

(to Dean)

Ever seen you eat?

Dean gives him a look, grabs a beer, twists off the cap, flips it into a wastebasket. Jack does exactly the same.

DEAN

(sharply)

Hey. How old you think you are?

JACK

(calculates)

Three days, seventeen hours and forty two minutes.

*
*

An eyeroll from Dean. Whatever. He lifts the bottle to his lips. Jack does the same. Dean wipes his mouth with the back of his hand. Ditto Jack. Dean flops on a chair, legs splayed. Jack tries the same from his squooshy ottoman. Hard to balance. Sam's watching all this, fascinated.

Then-- Jack picks up the BIBLE Dean passed him--

JACK (CONT'D)

This book... it mentions my father.
Not Castiel-- Lucifer.

(CONTINUED)

DEAN

Yeah, he's big in the Bible. Lotta screentime.

JACK

And you... knew him?

SAM

(vamping)

Well... he's not an easy guy to know. Kind of rough around the edges.

DEAN

(bluntly)

He's Satan.

He slips off his shoes. So does Jack.

JACK

And that's bad.

*
*

Dean wads up a wrapper, stuffs it in a bag. Again, Jack.

DEAN

Damn straight. He turned on his father, God.

This strikes a chord, Jack holds up the Bible.

JACK

God. He's in here too. Is he... famous?

Sam and Dean trade a look-- sorta--

SAM

He basically created... everything.

DEAN

Then he split, leaving guys like us to clean up messes like Lucifer.

JACK

(putting it together)

So... God's like my grandfather. We're family. And he's good.

DEAN

Sometimes.

Dean stretches and yawns. Jack does, too. Dean finally notices, and:

DEAN (CONT'D)

Okay, will you knock that off??

Jack looks startled and wounded. Sam jumps in to defuse.

SAM

So. Jack. How much do you know... about yourself?

Jack looks puzzled.

SAM (CONT'D)

I mean... You learned certain things from Kelly before you were born... and you can, you know, move things with your mind. But... what else can you do?

JACK

(trying to think)

I... don't know...

SAM

Like... for instance... If you wanted to be someplace else right now, could you?

Jack is blank. Dean's getting impatient.

DEAN

He's asking if you teleport.

JACK

"Teleport."

DEAN

Dude, if you wanted to be outside that door this instant, what would you do?

Jack thinks. Then walks to the door, opens it, exits and closes the door. Sam and Dean stare at each other. A long beat. Then a polite KNOCK. Sam opens the door.

JACK

Like that?

He enters. Dean and Sam are nonplussed; Sam glances at Dean.

SAM

It's possible he's more human than we thought.

*
*

DEAN

(not buying it; to Jack)

Okay, c'mon. I know you picked up stuff before you were born. You saying your father never reached out to you?

JACK-- A little scared of Dean's intensity, which now triggers sudden MEMORY FLASHES IN HIS HEAD (from previous episodes:) A shadowy figure. A face in silhouette. Eyes that GLOW RED. Jack winces, looking a bit panicky.

DEAN (CONT'D)

What?

SAM

You okay?

JACK

(covering)

Sure. Good. I'm good.

10 INT. HOTEL HALLWAY - NIGHT

10

The Mysterious Figure, his back to us, walks up the hall.

11 INT. HOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

11

Jack is more reserved now. Sam's restoring calm.

SAM

Look, it's been a long day. Let's get some sleep.

A CREAK from the floorboard outside their door. Everyone freezes. A SHADOW appears across the light showing under the door. Dean moves to the door, gun drawn. He yanks open the door, grabs the Figure and hurls him to the floor, gun aimed.

NEW ANGLE-- REVEALS, looking up at them, DONATELLO REDFIELD, prophet of God (from EP. 1121 "All in the Family").

SAM (CONT'D)

Donatello?

DONATELLO-- Stares up at them in surprise.

"The Rising Son"

Blue Draft

7/17/17 13.

11

CONTINUED:

11

DONATELLO

Sam? Dean?

(then)

Is God with you?

BLACKOUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

12

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

12

Where we left off. Dean pulls Donatello to his feet.

SAM

You okay?

DONATELLO

Pretty much. Well, no soul of course, thanks to Amara. But it's kinda like losing your appendix. You never noticed it when you had it.

(then)

Now, when I'm at a moral crossroad I ask myself, "What would Mr. Rogers do?" Once I nail that down, I'm usually good.

DEAN

Why are you here?

DONATELLO

Yes, that's the question we all face.

DEAN

I mean in Wyoming.

DONATELLO

Oh. Well, once God left, I said to myself, "Donatello, you're retired." I mean, who needs a prophet of God if there is no God? So yesterday I'm online checking out condos in Boca, and I get knocked off my feet by this weird wave of power.

Sam and Dean glance at each other.

DONATELLO (CONT'D)

Not exactly like God's. More like something new, something fresh...

DEAN

Like a Divine Birth Announcement.

DONATELLO

(huh?)

I don't-- I was drawn to it.

(MORE)

*
*

(CONTINUED)

"The Rising Son"

Blue Draft

7/17/17 14A.

12

CONTINUED:

12

DONATELLO (CONT'D)

It's here.

(notices Jack)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

DONATELLO (CONT'D)

Oh wow. Right here. It's you.
Who are you?

JACK

I'm... Jack.

DEAN

Rosemary's Millennial.

SAM

Jack's a nephilim.

DONATELLO

(awed)
The child of a human and an angel.

SAM

(delicately)
Archangel, actually. Lucifer.

DONATELLO

Lucifer!

SAM

(to Jack)
And Donatello's a prophet.

DEAN

Mean's he's got a direct line to
God, Heaven--

DONATELLO

Well, not so much anymore, but...
(closing on Jack)
Look at you. The waves of power.
So intense.

DEAN

(to Sam)
Maybe less human than we've been
thinking.

DONATELLO

(to Jack)
Fascinating. I've met your father.
Your power feels nothing like his.
Not dark. Not toxic.

Now Sam is the confident one.

SAM

That so?

"The Rising Son"
CONTINUED: (3)

Blue Draft

7/17/17 16.
12

12

DEAN

Not yet.

SAM

Dean... if Jack's sending out a signal strong enough to get Donatello all the way here... The angels are still out there, who knows what else is tuning in? He needs some protection.

13

INT. TATTOO PARLOR - NIGHT

13

TATTOO SKETCHES-- On notepad paper. Angel and demon warding.

SAM (O.S.)

I'm thinking, something like this.

WIDER-- Jack sits on a table, shirt opened. Sam shows the symbols to a biker type TATTOOIST. Dean looks on.

SAM (CONT'D)

Actually, exactly like this.

He points to a place on Jack's chest.

SAM (CONT'D)

Right here.

TATTOOIST

(to Jack)

And you're cool with this?

Jack's nervous, but wants to please.

JACK

Sure. Why not?

TATTOOIST

Speaking as a certified artiste, I feel obliged to recommend a different design. Perhaps a more post-modern statement.

DEAN

Speaking as a certified customer, I feel obliged to tell you to plug 'er in and get buzzing.

SAM

We're brothers. They're like our family crest.

*

(CONTINUED)

He pulls down his collar to reveal his tatoo's tip.

DEAN

Tradition.

The Tattooist sighs, sets up an equipment tray, as:

SAM AND DEAN-- Step to one side.

SAM

You heard Donatello; no evil vibes from Jack.

DEAN

Proves nothing. Except you're way too attached to the kid. You gotta see this for what it is. What do you need, a sign?

O.S. the TATTOO NEEDLE BUZZES.

INCLUDE JACK AND TATTOOIST-- The Tattooist hunches over Jack, pressing TATTOO NEEDLE to his chest. BUZZ! BACK TO SAM AND DEAN--

SAM

Dean-- Whatever his powers are or will be, with the right training, they could be used for-- (good)

BOOM! The tattoo machine sparks and-- the Tattooist is BLASTED BACK INTO A WALL!

DEAN

And there's your sign. *

Sam rushes to the Tattooist, on the floor. Dean to Jack.

DEAN AND JACK-- Jack looks bewildered.

DEAN (CONT'D)

(quiet but urgent)

Did you do that?!

JACK

I'm not sure. It hurt.

DEAN

Sometimes things hurt. Man the Hell up. Deal?

"The Rising Son"
CONTINUED: (2)

Blue Draft

7/17/17 18.

13

13

JACK
(ruefully)
Yes. I know. Pain is a part of
the complete human experience.
Accepting it is a sign of maturity.

Dean stares, surprised at this strange composure and wisdom.

SAM-- Helps the Tattooist to his feet.

TATTOOIST
(woozy)
What happened?

SAM
Uh...

DEAN
Your machine-- fritzed out. You
should get that checked.

TATTOOIST
Uh-huh.

TIME CUT TO:

14 INT. TATTOO PARLOR - LATER

14

JACK'S CHEST-- The TATTOO NEEDLE BUZZES, completing the first
tattoo, the Enochian angel warding.

WIDER-- Jack grits his teeth as the Tattooist finishes.

TATTOOIST
Okey dokey.

He goes to a table, his back to the guys, getting more ink.

SAM
Looks good, Jack.

Suddenly the symbol FADES TO NOTHING BEFORE THEIR EYES! Sam
and Dean stare, then at each other.

DEAN
And there's sign number two.

15 EXT. TATTOO PARLOR - NIGHT

15

Sam and Dean hustle Jack out and head up the near-empty
street, passing a HOMELESS WOMAN pushing a shopping cart of
belongings. HOLD on the Woman, as she watches the guys walk
away. HER EYES FLASH BLACK.

16

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

16

Donatello, Sam and Dean in heated argument. Jack sits quietly, worried at being the cause of this.

SAM

It was a reflex, he didn't do it on purpose.

*

DEAN

Who cares if it wasn't on purpose? He did it. Cass didn't smite someone whenever he got his teeth cleaned.

JACK

I'm right here, you know.

SAM PULLS DEAN AWAY. Our boys sidebar--

DEAN

And what about the vanishing tattoo?!

DONATELLO

An archangel healing itself.

SAM

Another reflex!

DEAN

Or... He just didn't want to be warded.

*

SAM

Look, yeah, Jack's on Lucifer's family tree, but we don't know if that DNA is stronger than Kelly's. Or his connection with Cass.

*

DEAN

You mean the "connection" that got Cass killed?

SAM

Just saying he doesn't have to be evil. We can teach him not to be.

DONATELLO

Ah, the nature versus nurture conundrum.

Sam and Dean look up. Donatello's over their shoulder. A little too close--

DEAN

Dude--

DONATELLO

Speaking not as a prophet but as a scientist, I don't know if "teaching" him is in the cards. It's like asking a lion not to be a lion.

SAM

This isn't a lion. This is a human.

DONATELLO

With a strong dose of God juice.

And Dean's had enough--

DEAN

No-- you know what-- I'm done. This thing's not God, not Cass, not Simba--
(then)
He's the friggin' devil!

He points to JACK-- or, more accurately, WHERE JACK WAS. Because the kid is GONE. VANISHED.

*
*

OFF OUR GUYS--

*

Jack cowers near a dumpster, knees drawn up, arms around them. A frightened child. Eyes closed, he breathes deeply.

A moment. In his head, a VOICE: (From Ep. 1223 "All Along the Watchtower.")

KELLY (V.O.)

I love you, Jack. I love you so much.

FLASHES of Kelly, comforting him in the womb.

KELLY

I know you're gonna be okay...
You're gonna be amazing.

Tears welling, Jack wants to believe her.

SAM (O.S.)

Jack.

NEW ANGLE-- Sam stands nearby. Jack wipes away the tears.

SAM (CONT'D)

We've been looking for you.

JACK

I'm sorry, I-- everyone was so angry.

SAM

And you... Wanted to be away from it.

JACK

And suddenly I was.

SAM

(sitting beside him)

You've got some special skills, Jack. We just gotta get a grip on 'em, so you don't hurt people.

*

JACK

Is that why Dean hates me?

SAM

He doesn't. Sometimes the wires in Dean's head get crossed. He gets frustrated. And he mixes up frustration with anger. And fear.

JACK

Why would he be afraid?

SAM

Because he thinks it's his job to protect everyone, and... right now, we need to protect you, but we may also have to protect people from you, so...

*

JACK

Maybe I'm not worth all this.

SAM

(gently)

Your mom believed you were. So did Cass. And so do I.

18

INT. HOTEL BAR - NIGHT

18

A smallish, ratty room with a bar, a few tables, and a faded 50's vibe. Dean, the lone customer, sits brooding at a table, surfing the net on his phone, his back to the bar. The table's strewn with empty glasses. Low-level rockabilly plays from somewhere. The seen-better-days lady BARTENDER, 40, saunters over with a serving tray.

BARTENDER

Get you another?

DEAN

Sure.

BARTENDER

(eyeing table)

Yeah, what the Hell, you're not drivin', right?

(off his look)

Seen you around the hotel. Passin' through with... what, your buddies?

DEAN

Uh, my brother.

(mutters)

And this... messed up kid.

BARTENDER

Oh, the kid's messed up?

DEAN

Issues with his dad.

BARTENDER

The older fella.

DEAN

Nah, that's Donatello. Guy we work with.

BARTENDER

Hated my old man. Ran away, myself. Mom would never stick up for me.

(sigh)

But you know kids. No matter what, they still want the old man's approval.

(shrugs)

That's how it was with me.

Dean considers, smiles ruefully.

(CONTINUED)

DEAN

Come to think about it, me too.

BARTENDER

I'm talkin' your ear off! I'll grab that drink...

DEAN

(stands)

S'okay.

(drops money on table)

I'm... gonna take a walk.

WITH DEAN-- He heads out, passing the bar. HOLD ON THE BAR, as WE REVEAL, stashed beneath it, the dead body of a woman, her THROAT SLIT. THE EXACT DOUBLE OF THE LADY BARTENDER!

NEW ANGLE-- REVEALS, standing by Dean's table, in the exact same stance as the bartender, still holding the serving tray: ASMODEUS! He smiles, as wheels turn, and:

*
*

BLACKOUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

19

EXT. APOCALYPSE WORLD - DAY

19

Mary hurries along, having left Lucifer behind. She glances nervously around, glancing all around for an escape route. She spots something and slows to a halt, wary.

NEW ANGLE-- Up ahead, in a clearing, a grizzled Hunter, RUSS AMES, 40ish, squats near a campfire, armed and garbed much as Bobby was (in Ep. 1223 "All Along the Watchtower").

MARY-- Quietly starts stepping back into the foliage.

HER FOOT-- Stumbles back over some loose rock.

Mary stumbles, and the NOISE OF CRACKING TWIGS, and ROLLING ROCK alerts Russ, who jumps up, gun aimed. Mary holds up her hands, caught.

RUSS

Who the Hell're you?

MARY

Mary. Mary Winchester.

(then)

I'm a Hunter.

RUSS

(menacing)

Doubt that. C'mere.

Mary moves warily toward him.

RUSS (CONT'D)

(squinting at her)

Hm. You don't walk like an angel.

They all walk like they've got a stick up their ass, and--

*

He fishes a bottle of HOLY WATER from a pocket, pulls the cork with his teeth, DOUSES HER, to her annoyance.

RUSS (CONT'D)

Not a demon, neither.

MARY

I told you...

RUSS

Never met a female Hunter. Not a lot of women around, period, since the wars began.

(CONTINUED)

MARY

Wars?

RUSS

What rock you been under?

MARY

I'm... not from around here.

(then)

I don't know anything about-- I got
attacked, some kind of fireball or
something...

*
*

RUSS

(snorts)

Angels. Always takin' shots.

He relaxes a little, approaching her with new interest.

RUSS (CONT'D)

Maybe... I can help you find your
way.

Uh-oh. She reflexively backs up.

MARY

I'm good.

Russ grabs her hand-- leering--

RUSS

Let's keep this friendly.

BAM! And MARY PUNCHES HIM! Russ stumbles back-- rights
himself--

RUSS (CONT'D)

Bitch!

And goes for his GUN.

BAM! And a HAND PUNCHES THROUGH RUSS'S CHEST! From behind.
It pulls back, and the body drops to reveal--

LUCIFER! Mary stares... shit...

LUCIFER

You're welcome.

He advances on her. Mary swallows hard--

LUCIFER (CONT'D)

Not sure you realized this, Mary,
but you left without me. You
idiot.

(then)

We need each other. It's win-win.
We get outta the theme park here,
and we both get our sons back.

*
*
*

MARY

You think I want you to "win?"

Lucifer SNAPS HIS FINGERS. Mary CONTORTS IN A SPASM OF PAIN,
CRYING OUT. Lucifer's eyes bore into her as she twists in
misery. Then he GIVES HIS HAND A WAVE and the pain ceases.
She stares at him, breathing hard.

LUCIFER

I'm gonna have to insist.

Sam's alone, on his tablet, KNOCK on the door. It's
Donatello. He comes inside. Something, ever so slightly, is
off about him.

DONATELLO

Good morning.

SAM

Hey. How's Jack doing?

(then)

Sorry to stick you with him.
Things got a little tense last
night. Thought it'd be easier if
he spent the night in your room.

DONATELLO

Not a big deal. He's an
interesting kid.

SAM

(smiles)

Understatement.

DONATELLO

Let me ask... Do you have any idea
how powerful he'll get to be?

SAM

No, but the lore says quote "a nephilim becomes more powerful than the angel who sired it." And in this case, the parent's an archangel.

DONATELLO

Does he know about his father?

SAM

Vaguely.

DONATELLO

So... he's not bonded to Lucifer.

SAM

He seems to have a real attachment to the mom, but only a fuzzy idea about dad. She was a good person. Which makes me think Jack can be molded the right way.

*

DONATELLO

Mold him. Yes. I hope you're right.

21 INT. HOTEL HALLWAY - DAY

21

Donatello EXITS Sam's room, and heads up the hallway to his own room, and enters.

22 INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY

22

Sam finishes typing on his tablet, checks his watch, pulls out his phone. Before he can dial, Dean enters with two coffees and a bag with a couple doughnuts.

DEAN

Hey. Let's hit it.

SAM

Was just gonna call you.

Dean hands Sam a coffee.

SAM (CONT'D)

(a bit awkward)

Look... Dean, we're gonna be on the road a long time today...

DEAN

(too pleasant)

Don't have to be. Your new buddy could zap us back to the bunker like that.

SNAPS his fingers. Sam sighs; so it's going to be like this.

SAM

The point is, if this is gonna work... Keeping Jack on the right side of things... You and I have to be on the same page.

DEAN

Oh. Well, that's the thing, Sam. We're not. On the same page. At all.

SAM

So you don't think there's any point in trying--

*

DEAN

Not really.

SAM

Okay, I know what's going on.

*

DEAN

Do you, Sam? Tell me. What's... "going on?"

SAM

I mean with all of it. You thinking Mom's gone, that Jack can't be saved...

(beat)

Look... Everything we've just been through... We lost people we loved. And some... who were part of our lives for a long time. Everything's upside-down. But we've been down before. I mean, rock bottom. And we find a way. We fix it. That's what we do.

*

Dean drops the attitude, stares off. Knowing Sam's right, unwilling to concede the point.

SAM (CONT'D)

Jack wants to do the right thing.
He's scared to death of who he is.

(then)

And he's scared of you.

KNOCK at the door. Dean opens it. Donatello with takeout.

DONATELLO

'Morning. Got a minute? Wanted to
talk to you about Jack...

SAM

More? We just talked about Jack.

DONATELLO

What?

SAM

You were just here.

DONATELLO

No, I wasn't. I was grabbing
breakfast burritos.

(holds up the bag)

Extra spicy.

Sam and Dean stare at him, then at each other. Shit.

23

INT. HOTEL HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

23

The three rush toward Donatello's partially open door.

24

INT. DONATELLO'S ROOM - DAY

24

Dean's the first to enter as they rush inside.

DEAN

Jack!

SAM

He's gone.

BLACKOUT.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

25 INT. DONATELLO'S ROOM - DAY 25

Right where we left off. Sam, Dean, Donatello, trying to put together what just happened.

SAM

Okay, so who's got Jack? Who...
what... was I talking to? Shifter?

DEAN

What the Hell's a shifter want with Jack?

Suddenly, Donatello's eyes glaze. He walks toward the door. *

DEAN

Whoa, whoa, whoa. Where you headed, Cowboy?

DONATELLO

(absently)
He went this way.

SAM

You sure?

DONATELLO

I can feel it.

DEAN

I'll grab the gear... *

26 INT. HOTEL HALLWAY - DAY 26

Dean barrels down the hall to his room, where the door stands partially open.

27 INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY 27

Dean dashes inside, crosses to the dresser where a duffel bag of weapons rests. Suddenly HE'S JUMPED BY ONE OF ASMODEUS'S DEMONS, CARRYING A BLADE. The Demon has an arm around Dean's neck, about to plunge his blade into him. But Dean's able to wrench free and throw the guy back. Its eyes FLASH BLACK as it lunges again. A brief, savage struggle, then Dean falls back on the sofa. *

(CONTINUED)

THE DEMON-- Looms over Dean, about to stab him, when suddenly AN ANGEL BLADE IS THRUST FROM BEHIND, PIERCING HIS CHEST! He FLARES OUT, toppling forward. Sam is there, yanking his angel blade from the body. Dean shakily stands.

DEAN

First angels, now demons. Terrific.

SAM

Guess the word's out.

DEAN

Donatello.

The guys rush back into the hall, Dean has an ANGEL BLADE.

As Sam and Dean emerge from their room, WHIP PAN to Donatello's, where he suddenly appears in the doorway, struggling with the other Demon, who has a blade. The Demon SLAMS Donatello against the hallway wall, raises his blade. He casts a sneering smile at the Winchesters, as if: "What can you do?" He's about to bring his blade down.

DEAN-- Hurls his BLADE like a dagger.

THE DEMON-- As the BLADE EMBEDS IN HIS NECK! He FLARES OUT and collapses.

DEAN

Housekeeping's not gonna like this.

Somewhere outside Jasper. Empty, windswept, eerie. THE DONATELLO IMPOSTER (DONATELLO #2) is with Jack, who looks around questioningly.

DONATELLO #2

As a prophet, Jack, I speak the words of God. Do you know who God is?

JACK

Yes. Kind of.

DONATELLO #2

Good. Well, son, God has a message for you.

(as Jack stares)

Jack, you are destined for greatness.

JACK

"Greatness?"

DONATELLO #2

If you prove yourself worthy.
Ordinary people will never
understand you-- your power-- but
you must. You must celebrate what
makes you, and your father, unique.

*
*

JACK

But they say my father's evil.

DONATELLO #2

"Good," "evil..." Those are
imaginary terms. Nothing's totally
one way or the other. The greatest
"evils" have been committed for the
greater "good."

*

JACK

(bewildered)

Is that true?

DONATELLO #2

You must prepare, Jack. Train
yourself to use your gifts. To
fulfill your destiny.

JACK

How?

DONATELLO #2

Let's try something. Long ago, a
troop of God's bravest soldiers was
trapped in a distant cavern of a
place called Hell.

JACK

I've read about Hell. It doesn't
sound nice.

DONATELLO #2

It's not. That's why we have to
rescue the soldiers.

(then)

They're called the Shedim, and God
wants you to set them free. To be
a hero.

*

JACK

I could do that?

DONATELLO #2

And so much more.

(points)

You see that patch of earth, there?

Imagine the force of your will...

Drilling down into infinite
darkness... The soldiers being
drawn to the surface...

Jack nods, stares at the ground, trying to focus.

DONATELLO #2 (CONT'D)

Do it Jack... do it for God.

Jack furrows his brow--

DONATELLO #2 (CONT'D)

Focus!

JACK

I'm trying!

DONATELLO #2

(more harsh)

Try harder, boy.

Dean drives, Sam's pouring through John Winchester's journal,
Donatello's in back, looking stressed.

DONATELLO

Turn!

Dean cranks the wheel-- the guys hold on--

DONATELLO (CONT'D)

This is worrisome. I'm sensing a
power emanation alongside Jack's.
It gets stronger the nearer we get
to...

He glances out the window.

DONATELLO'S MOVING POV-- They pass a sign reading "Jasper 3
Miles".

*
*

BACK TO SCENE

DONATELLO (CONT'D)

...Jasper, Wyoming.

"The Rising Son"

Blue Draft

7/17/17 33A.

30

CONTINUED:

30

DEAN
Maybe an angel?

(CONTINUED)

DONATELLO
No. Something dark.

DEAN
Dude, do you ever have good news?
(then)
Okay, anything in Jasper look demon-
y?

SAM
Uh... yeah.

And he doesn't sound happy. Dean looks to Sam, who has his nose in the book--

SAM (CONT'D)
According to Dad, Jasper's got its very own Gate to Hell.

DEAN
Fantastic.

SAM
(scanning page)
Oh, and legend says this particular gate leads to, quote--
(reading)
"A place where unimaginable evil emanates from creatures too wicked for the Pit to hold."
*

DEAN
What's that even mean?

DONATELLO
They're really bad.

Dean just sighs.

Mary trudges along with Lucifer. She's exhausted, pausing to lean on a tree. Lucifer stops, glares at her.

LUCIFER
Oh really? You're tired? Boo hoo. Let me point out a couple of things: We need to blow this joint before who knows what happens to my son. And you are the reason we're both stuck in this literally godforsaken place. Sorry you're tired!

(MORE)

LUCIFER (CONT'D)

No one asked you to be a human with
your wimpy little legs and weak
lungs!

MARY

(staring)

What?

LUCIFER

You heard me.

Then-- we hear WING FLAPS. Lucifer sighs, turns-- and--

NEW ANGLE-- REVEALS a squad of four angels and a COMMANDER in
a clearing a distance away. Men and women, all severe-
looking physical specimens in FATIGUES. Lucifer sighs.

LUCIFER (CONT'D)

Just what we needed. Angels.

COMMANDER

I sense a creature that stinks of
Hell.

LUCIFER

That would be her.

Mary stares at him.

COMMANDER

False! Identify yourself.

LUCIFER

(ta-da)

Lucifer.

COMMANDER

False!

LUCIFER

I'm pretty sure I'm Lucifer.

COMMANDER

False! Lucifer was killed by the
Archangel Michael.

LUCIFER

This place is so screwed up.

*

He takes a step forward.

COMMANDER

Freeze.

(CONTINUED)

LUCIFER

What're you gonna do? "Smite" me?

COMMANDER

(to troops)

On my command!

The angels SNAP THEIR HANDS UP, POISED TO SMITE.

LUCIFER

Oh, for...

COMMANDER

Now!

The angels SNAP THEIR HANDS FORWARD AT A SLIGHT ANGLE. Lucifer THRUSTS OUT BOTH HANDS, PALMS CUPPED, AND A BLAST OF WHITE LIGHT ROARS AT THE ANGELS! A MASSIVE EXPLOSION OF LIGHT, AND THE ANGELS ARE GONE!

LUCIFER

Was he kidding with that? Even in Bizarro world, a bunch of angels aren't gonna...

NEW ANGLE-- A LARGE FIREBALL STREAKS DOWN FROM THE SKIES! It EXPLODES a few feet away.

LUCIFER (CONT'D)

(fed up)

Come on!

*

A sudden RUMBLE OF THUNDER. A BURST OF LIGHT AND WIND.

NEW ANGLE-- As Mary and Lucifer squint through the blast to see a silhouetted figure approaching from the GLARE OF LIGHT. A tall, rugged man, a face full of stubble, a leather duster: MICHAEL. He stops, staring fixedly.

MICHAEL

You should be dead.

LUCIFER

Uhuh. Who the Hell are you, and what spaghetti western coughed you up?

The figure steps forward--

MICHAEL

Don't you know me, brother?

ON LUCIFER. Realizing--

"The Rising Son" Blue Draft 7/17/17 37.
31 CONTINUED: (3) 31

LUCIFER

Michael.

32 EXT. PLAIN - DAY 32

Jack is focusing with all his might, arms extended out over the ground, palms down, eyes closed, sweating.

DONATELLO #2

Summon up all your will, Jack! For God!

Jack bears down, teeth clenched, arms quivering.

THE GROUND-- Suddenly a SIZZLING, CRACKING OF ROCK SOUND, and a small, GLOWING RED RIP appears in the soil.

DONATELLO #2 (CONT'D)

(amazed)

You're doing it!

33 EXT. ROADWAY - DAY 33

The Impala tears down the asphalt!

34 EXT. PLAIN - DAY 34

The RIP IS GROWING LARGER! Jack excitedly opens his eyes.

JACK

It's working!

DONATELLO #2

Don't lose focus!

Jack resumes concentrating. The RIP EXPANDS. Suddenly A CACOPHONY OF UNEARTHLY SHRIEKS AND MOANS from the pit below the rip! STEAMY VAPORS HISS FROM THE OPENING. THEN: A BONY, SICKLY YELLOW SCALY HAND AND ARM, COVERED IN BOILS, WITH LONG FINGERNAILS BEGINS TO EMERGE FROM THE FISSURE!

NEW ANGLE-- The Impala ROARS UP. The guys all pile out.

SAM

Jack! Stop!

DONATELLO #2

Don't listen to them, Jack.

Dean's eyes go to the HAND coming out of the ground--

DEAN

Holy crap...

(CONTINUED)

DONATELLO
That's not Donatello! *

DONATELLO #2
(pointing at Donatello)
No-- that's not Donatello! *

ON DEAN. Pulling his gun--

DEAN
Screw this--

BLAM! He SHOOTS DONATELLO #2! Donatello #2's EYES GLOW
YELLOW-- Sam and Dean react-- shit! *

SAM
Jack! He's a demon! *

And DONATELLO #2 MORPHS INTO ASMODEUS! *

ASMODEUS
Howdy, boys. *

The demon flicks out a hand and SAM, DEAN, AND DONATELLO
SPASM IN PAIN. They grab their throats, unable to breathe! *

JACK
NO!

As Jack cries out, ASMODEUS IS BLASTED OFF HIS FEET! *

Jack's staring at Sam, Dean, and Donatello, concentration
lost. THE RIP QUICKLY SHRINKS, THE ARM VANISHES BACK INTO
THE PIT, THE RIP SNAPS SHUT! Asmodeus is enraged. *

ASMODEUS
Jack, they want to stop you-- contain
you-- I can give you the world! *

JACK
(eyes golden)
You're hurting my friends. *

His EYES GLOW BRIGHTER! POWER BUILDS WITHIN HIM. A RUMBLE
AS THE GROUND BEGINS TO SHAKE! Asmodeus stares. Oh shit.

AND VANISHES! The three guys fall forward-- FREED! *

BLACKOUT.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

35

EXT. APOCALYPSE WORLD - DAY

35

Michael circles Mary and Lucifer, assessing.

MICHAEL

You are Lucifer, I can feel it.
But how is that even possible?

LUCIFER

Alternate universe... inter-
dimensional travel, blah-blah-
blah...

(waves a thumb at Mary)

It's her fault. And you may be
"Michael," but it seems to me
you're just a cheap knock-off of
the one I left behind. And he's a
hot mess.

MICHAEL

(eyes narrowing)

I killed my Lucifer-- I ripped him
apart in the skies over Abilene.

(then)

But hey-- can't get enough of a
good thing.

He steps menacingly forward.

LUCIFER

Okay. Why not?

He rears back and **THROWS A PUNCH**. Michael catches his fist
in his hand and squeezes. Lucifer grimaces, resists, but is
slowly, excruciatingly, brought to his knees as we HEAR THE
BONES IN HIS HAND CRUNCH.

*
*

MICHAEL

Hurt?

Michael squeezes more. Lucifer winces but hangs in. He
looks up at Michael, blood in his eyes.

LUCIFER

So what now... you kill me?

MICHAEL

Or... maybe not.
(leans in; leering)
Maybe I need you.

36 INT. MEN OF LETTERS - GALLEY - NIGHT 36

Sam and Dean, ready for bed, finishing beers.

SAM

Wow. These yellow-eyed things just keep on coming.

DEAN

I'm hoping the fourth Prince of Hell's the last Kardashian in the family.

SAM

If this is "Asmodeus," it's the end of the line.

Dean starts out, then:

SAM (CONT'D)

(with difficulty)

Dean? The kid did come through for us. Dean, he saved us.

DEAN

(stubborn)

Sam-- whatever he did, it was a reflex. A sneeze. Maybe next time he sneezes, we're dead. Who the Hell knows? 'Night.

*

37 INT. MEN OF LETTERS - CORRIDOR - NIGHT 37

Dean steps into the corridor and spots a light from a semi-shut door. He quietly walks toward the doorway. He hears a soft "THWUK."

38 INT. MEN OF LETTERS - JACK'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS 38

DEAN'S POV-- Dean nudges the door open wider. Jack's back is to Dean, but he seems to be methodically STABBING HIMSELF IN THE CHEST with a butcher knife.

NEW ANGLE-- Jack's t-shirt is torn, but the BLADE HAS HAD NO EFFECT, THE WOUNDS HAVING HEALED AS FAST AS THEY OCCURRED. Yet Jack perseveres. Grim and determined. Finally:

DEAN

Okay, what the Hell?

Jack spins towards Dean, scared he's screwed up again. Dean comes over and grabs the knife.

(CONTINUED)

DEAN (CONT'D)

Gimme that.

(then)

Don't be an idiot. A, this ain't gonna work on you and B, what the Hell?

Jack isn't forlorn, he's grimly determined.

JACK

Exactly. What the Hell am I? I can't control...

(indicates himself)

...Whatever this is, I--

(then, quietly)

I will hurt someone.

*

*

Dean watches him, resisting the temptation to feel sorry for the devastated kid. Finally:

DEAN

(quietly)

My brother... thinks you can be saved. Taught to respect your power.

JACK

You don't believe that.

DEAN

No. I don't.

Jack looks sadly up at him.

JACK

So, if you're right?

A beat. Dean shrugs resignedly.

DEAN

(evenly)

If it comes down to killing you... It'll be me that does it.

*

OFF JACK-- eyes wide--

*

OFF DEAN-- looking straight ahead--

*

BLACKOUT.

TO BE CONTINUED...