

SUPERNATURAL

Episode #1304

"The Big Empty"

Written by

Meredith Glynn

Directed by

John Badham

EXECUTIVE PRODUCERS

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

PRODUCERS

Eric Kripke
Jim Michaels
Robert Berens
Meredith Glynn

T13.20554

PRODUCTION DRAFT

BLUE DRAFT

07/12/17

07/27/17

©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 #1304

"The Big Empty"

REVISION HISTORY

Revision	Date	Revised Pages
Production Draft - White	07/12/17	
Blue Draft	07/27/17	

Episode #1304

"The Big Empty"

CAST LIST

**SAM WINCHESTER
DEAN WINCHESTER**

**JARED PADALECKI
JENSEN ACKLES**

**CASTIEL/EMPTY!CASS
JACK
KELLY KLINE/KELLY!MIA**

**MISHA COLLINS
ALEXANDER CALVERT
COURTNEY FORD**

**MIA VALLENS
WES BAILEY
ERICA BAILEY
CAROL
GLORIA SIMON
GHOSTLY LITTLE BOY/SCOTTY
MR. DRISCOLL
TOM
BUDDY**

LOCATION REPORTINT.

INT. DR. MIA VALLINS' HOME OFFICE - STUDY - DAY (DAY 1) P.1
 INT. DR. MIA VALLINS' HOME OFFICE - STUDY - LATER P.1
 INT. WES'S TOWNHOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT P.2

 INT. MEN OF LETTERS - DAY (DAY 2) P.3
 INT. MEN OF LETTERS - HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER P.4
 INT. MEN OF LETTERS - JACK'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS P.4
 INT. IMPALA - CONTINUOUS P.7
 INT. WES'S TOWNHOUSE - SAME TIME P.9
 INT. THE EMPTY - NIGHT P.11
 INT. MERCEDES BENZ - NIGHT P.12

 INT. DR. MIA VALLINS' HOME OFFICE - VARIOUS - CONT. P.17
 INT. DR. MIA VALLINS' HOME OFFICE - STUDY - MOMENTS LTRP.18
 INT. THE EMPTY - NIGHT P.21
 INT. DR. MIA VALLINS' HOME OFFICE - WAITING AREA - LTR P.22
 INT. DR. MIA VALLINS' HOME OFFICE - UPSTAIRS - CONT. P.22
 INT. DR. MIA VALLINS' HOME OFFICE - UPSTAIRS BATHROOM P.22

 INT. DR. MIA VALLINS' HOME OFFICE - STUDY - DAY P.23
 INT. DR. MIA VALLINS' HOME OFFICE - STUDY - DAY P.28
 INT. IMPALA - NIGHT P.30
 INT. DR. MIA VALLINS' HOME OFFICE - STUDY - NIGHT P.31
 INT. DR. MIA VALLINS' HOME OFFICE - ENTRYWAY - NIGHT P.35
 INT. DR. MIA VALLINS' HOME OFFICE - STUDY - MOMENTS LTR P.35
 INT. SEEDY APARTMENT - HALLWAY - NIGHT P.36
 INT. DR. MIA VALLINS' HOME OFFICE - WAITING AREA P.36
 INT. DR. MIA VALLINS' HOME OFFICE - STUDY - NIGHT P.36
 INT. SEEDY STUDIO APARTMENT - INTERCUT P.37
 INT. DR. MIA VALLINS' HOME OFFICE - WAITING AREA P.38
 INT. DR. MIA VALLINS' HOME OFFICE - STUDY - MOMENTS LTR P.38

 INT. THE EMPTY - NIGHT P.39
 INT. DR. MIA VALLINS' HOME OFFICE - STUDY - NIGHT P.40
 INT. DR. MIA VALLINS' HOME OFFICE - HALLWAY - SAME TIME P.42
 INT. DR. MIA VALLINS' HOME OFFICE - STUDY - INTERCUT P.43
 INT. DR. MIA VALLINS' HOME OFFICE - HALLWAY - INTERCUT P.43
 INT. DR. MIA VALLINS' HOME OFFICE - STUDY - SAME TIME P.43

 INT. DR. MIA VALLINS' HOME OFFICE - STUDY - NIGHT P.44
 INT. MEN OF LETTERS - KITCHEN - NIGHT P.44
 INT. MEN OF LETTERS - LIBRARY - MOMENTS LATER P.45

EXT.

EXT. IMPALA - DAY	P.7
EXT. TOWNHOUSE - MOMENTS LATER	P.8
EXT. CEMETERY - NIGHT	P.10
EXT. CEMETERY - LATER	P.11
EXT. MERCEDES BENZ - NIGHT	P.12
EXT. ROADSIDE - MERCEDES CRIME SCENE - DAY (DAY 3)	P.13
EXT. POLICE STATION - PARKING LOT - DAY	P.14
EXT. DR. MIA VALLINS' HOME OFFICE - DAY	P.16
EXT. THE EMPTY - NIGHT	P.26
EXT. IMPALA - NIGHT	P.30
EXT. THE EMPTY - NIGHT	P.33
EXT. FIELD IN THE MIDDLE OF NOWHERE - DAY (DAY 4)	P.46

SUPERNATURAL
"The Big Empty"

TEASER

FADE IN:

1 INT. DR. MIA VALLINS' HOME OFFICE - STUDY - DAY (DAY 1) 1

The office is an odd mix of the stately and the playful-- a fireplace, a bar cart-- but also bean bag couches, a child's finger painting easel and a zen rock garden.

SUPER: Madison, Wisconsin

We move past them to find...

Grief counselor MIA VALLENS (30s/ 40s, cool art teacher vibe, exuding warmth, empathy) sits across from WES (30s, bearded, grieving). He clutches his SMART PHONE, scrolling through PICTURES of his deceased wife, ERICA--

*
*

WES

Every day, it's like I'm in a fog,
I just miss her so much--

Mia takes his hand. Smiles.

MIA

I know. But when we're done? I
promise-- you'll feel so much
better.

Wes swallows. Finally nods.

WES

What do I-- ?

She motions to a BAR CART in the corner.

MIA

Have a drink. Try to relax.

On Wes, filled with trepidation, as Mia exits. DISSOLVE TO--

2 INT. DR. MIA VALLINS' HOME OFFICE - STUDY - LATER 2

Wes waits by the window, nursing a lowball.

A CREAK as the door opens behind him. Wes turns, SHOCKED. Yet we don't see who's entered, only snippets:

(CONTINUED)

A feminine HAND on the door frame-- a silky, backlit SILHOUETTE-- a spindly SHADOW as the FIGURE enters the room.

ON WES. His fear becoming astonishment...

WES

Oh... oh my God...

INT. WES'S TOWNHOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

WES enters, a distinctive COBALT BLUE JOURNAL tucked under his arm. He's smiling. Lighter. A changed man. He drops the journal on the kitchen counter and flicks on a LIGHT-- *

HE FREEZES-- A PALE YOUNG WOMAN sits at the table in a pool of light. And we recognize her-- Wes's dead wife, ERICA. *

ERICA

Hi.

ON WES. Stunned. He takes a long beat, then--

WES

No... how... you're dead. *

She bridges the gap between them, hands tucked behind her back like a little girl.

ERICA

I was, but... aren't you gonna say "hi" back?

She steps closer. Almost touching him.

WES

Hi. Erica.

ERICA

Hi, Baby Bear.

She smiles-- he smiles-- and-- BAM! Wes GASPS IN PAIN as something HITS HIM BELOW FRAME. Wes looks down-- confused-- *

At the KNIFE she's plunged into his STOMACH. Erica smirks, twisting it. She PULLS it out. As Wes THUDS to the floor-- *

We're in WES'S queasy, DUTCH POV-- Watching through his eyes: Erica walks away, high heels clicking...

As Wes dies in a spreading pool of BLOOD, we-- BLACKOUT!

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

4

INT. MEN OF LETTERS - DAY (DAY 2)

4

DEAN works on his laptop. SAM enters... the atmosphere between them, Arctic. After a beat, Sam tests the waters.

SAM

Hey.

Dean doesn't even look up. Sam takes another stab--

SAM

How you feeling?

Dean looks up at him "motherfucker, please..."-- Sam clears his throat-- changes the subject.

SAM

What are you working on?

DEAN

Dead guy in Madison. Cops think home invasion, but neighbor claims she saw the vic's dead wife leave the crime scene.

SAM

Okay. Let's check it out.

DEAN

Really? Ready to ditch Damian? Leave him in a ring of holy oil with Netflix and a frozen pizza?

SAM

Actually, I thought we'd bring--

DEAN

No-- Hell no.

(then)

"Adventures in Baby-sitting" with the Antichrist? Not interested.

SAM

We can't hide him forever-- and keeping him cooped up isn't working.

DEAN

Yeah, it is, 'cause as long as he's in here, he's not out there, doing God knows what.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DEAN (CONT'D)

(then)

Or, do you mean, your plan to get mom back isn't working? Because, I'll say it again, she's dead, Sam. Lucifer tore out her friggin' heart. And the sooner you wrap your head around that, the sooner we can all move on.

ON SAM. Absorbing that-- trying to stay above it--

SAM

You want to "move on." From mom.

DEAN

Right now, I just wanna kill some dead guy's dead wife. Okay?

SAM

Look-- this isn't about-- Jack needs to get out. Get some air. We all do. And-- he's a good kid, Dean. Just give him a chance. For me.

5

INT. MEN OF LETTERS - HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

5

Sam knocks on JACK'S DOOR. No answer. He enters--

6

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

6

Jack's glued to his LAPTOP. Sam angles to get a look--

SAM

Clone Wars?

JACK

Computer said I'd like it. I do like Ahsoka-- kinda hate Anakin.

SAM

Probably for the best.

(off Jack)

Never mind. Remember when I told you what Dean and I do, our "day job?"

JACK

(chilly)

You kill monsters. Because you're the good guys.

SAM

Right. And we've got a case, so... thought you'd want to come with.

(CONTINUED)

JACK

No.

ON SAM. Wasn't expecting that...

SAM

That's-- Jack... I really think this would be good for you. A change of scenery might--

JACK

Get my powers working again?

SAM

Maybe.

JACK

So I can be your "interdimensional can opener?"

Sam realizes-- Jack must have overheard his fight with Dean at the end of ep. 1303, "Patience."

SAM

You heard that.

JACK

(hurt)

You don't care about me-- you're using me. Just like Asmodeus.

ON SAM. Stung--

SAM

That's not true.

But Jack goes back to his screen. Sam takes a beat, then--

SAM

Jack, when you were born... it ripped a hole in reality. Like, a door from this world, to another one. A... really bad place.

Jack looks up-- thawing--

SAM

We-- me, and Dean, and Cass-- we closed it, but... our mom-- Mary-- she's trapped on the other side.

(then)

(MORE)

SAM (CONT'D)

And if we get your powers back,
maybe we can get that door open
again, maybe we can--

JACK

You want to save her.

SAM

Yeah. I do.

ON JACK. As that lands-- thinking about Kelly--

SAM

But if we can't-- if it doesn't
work-- that's okay. Because I do
care about you, Jack. I care that
you're happy.

(then)

And I care that you become the kind
of person Kelly would have been
proud of. One who can change the
world. For the better.

ON JACK. So wants to believe that.

SAM

I'm sorry. I should have told you.
But... it's a lot.

(then)

So if you want to come, great. If
you want me to go to Hell... I'll
understand.

ON JACK. A beat, then--

JACK

Dean can't even look at me.

SAM

Dean's going through some stuff--

JACK

He wants to kill me.

SAM

I won't let that happen.

(beat)

Look, if there's one thing Dean
respects, it's effort. So come
with us-- help out. Let's go be
the good guys.

7 EXT. IMPALA - DAY 7

Baby. Parked curb-side in front of a row of townhomes. Wes's front door now crisscrossed with 'CRIME SCENE TAPE.

8 INT. IMPALA - CONTINUOUS 8

In the backseat, JACK flips through a box of Sam and Dean's fake I.D.s. Turning over picture after picture--

JACK

"Agent Bonham, Agent Seger, Special Agent Anderson?" These are you?

DEAN and SAM sit up front, suited.

SAM

Sometimes.

JACK

I thought lying was wrong.

Dean cuts in, irritated, pointedly ignoring Jack.

DEAN

--Victim, Wes Bailey, his wife, Erica, died six months ago. Heart thing, outta the blue. Question is, why she'd come back from the dead and knife his ass.

JACK

People-- come back?

SAM

Sometimes. When a person dies, their soul can't move on--

DEAN

Called a ghost. Hanging around turns 'em Loony Tunes.

(off Jack's: huh?)

They go crazy.

On Jack-- rocked, thinking of his mother. Sam turns to Dean--

SAM

But, since when do ghosts kill people and walk right out the front door?

DEAN

So, maybe a revenant?

"The Big Empty"
CONTINUED:

Blue Draft

7/27/17 8.

8

8

JACK
What's a revenant?

SAM
More like... a zombie.

Jack mouths the word "zombie"-- no idea what it means, as--

DEAN
There's our witness--

OUTSIDE-- a WOMAN (CAROL, 40s, mumu, glasses, nosy) has just exited her townhouse.

The boys unbuckle. Sam swivels to Jack--

SAM
Jack, we're gonna ask her some questions, check the crime scene...

Jack moves to follow-- Dean kiboshes it, FIRM--

DEAN
Sit. Stay.

Jack watches glumly as the boys leave him behind.

9

EXT. TOWNHOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

9

Water pelts a row of FLOWERS. Carol hoses them, mid-interview with the boys.

SAM
You're sure it was his wife?

CAROL
I lived next door to Erica for six years-- watered her plants every time she and Wes went on vacation.
(then)
The police thought I was a kook, but I know what I saw.

DEAN
Uhuh. How was their marriage?

CAROL
Excuse me?

DEAN
He step out on her? Do anything that might make her... angry?

(CONTINUED)

CAROL

Wes? No. Never.

SAM

Did you notice anything else that night? Like flickering lights, cold spots?

CAROL

(aiming to please)

I... think a street light flickered. Maybe.

Dean rolls his eyes, then catches sight of the Impala. Dean fumes-- The backseat's EMPTY! JACK'S GONE. He jabs Sam--

DEAN

Got a runner.

10

INT. WES'S TOWNHOUSE - SAME TIME

10

JACK wends through the deserted townhouse. Taking it in. Wes's body's been removed. So has the journal. Beat, then--

*
*

DEAN (O.S.)

Told you to wait in the car.

Jack turns-- to see Sam and a very-not-happy Dean.

DEAN

The Hell are you doing?

JACK

(a look to Sam)

I was trying to "help out."

DEAN

You call this helping?

SAM

Dean.

(then)

Find anything?

JACK

I-- no. I don't think so.

SAM

It's okay.

He then pulls his EMF. Shows it to Jack.

SAM

This is an EMF Meter. Spirits--
ghosts-- give off electromagnetic
interference. This picks up on it.
If a ghost's here, it'll tell us.

Sam switches the EMF on and... the needle STAYS PUT.

JACK

So... what's it saying?

DEAN

We're looking at a revenant.
Better check her grave. *

The boys and Jack stand before Erica's HEADSTONE-- eerie
darkness punched through by the Impala's twin hi-beams.
Dean holds out A SHOVEL--

DEAN

Wanna help? Dig.

A beat-- Jack takes it eagerly and gets to work.

Sam trails Dean back to the Impala. Dean rummages through a
COOLER in the backseat. Pulls a beer, pops it. Behind them--
Jack cheerfully throws back dirt.

SAM

Dean-- this thing with all the
"orders"? You sound like dad.

DEAN

And that's a bad thing?

SAM

Look, maybe his Drill Sergeant act
worked with you, but it didn't work
with me. And-- that's not how
we're gonna get through to Jack.

DEAN

Yeah, don't care.

(off Sam)

You wanted him here, he's here.
You want me to hold his hand and
tuck him in at night? Pass. I'm
not his mommy, and neither are you.

He looks to Jack, who's digging up a storm--

11

CONTINUED:

11

DEAN

Kid can dig though, give him that.

12

EXT. CEMETERY - LATER

12

On Jack-- down in the freshly dug hole. Dean and Sam LOOM OVER him. Jack gently lifts the coffin open-- ERICA'S DESICCATED CORPSE lies curled inside.

*
*
*

DEAN

Guess we're back to ghost.

SAM

(to Jack, explaining)

The body-- rules out a revenant.

(then)

So what? We've got a ghost that won't show up on EMF? Doesn't make sense.

DEAN

What does lately? Portals to apocalypse worlds? Shape-shifting demons? We're playing with a whole new set of tiddlywinks here. I say: do what we do.

He holds up a CAN OF LIGHTER FLUID and a BOX OF SALT. Sam helps Jack out of the hole as Dean shakes salt and lighter fluid into the grave. JACK stares at the corpse.

*
*
*

JACK

My mother-- could she be a ghost?

SAM

No. We burned her body.

WHOOSH-- Dean strikes a MATCH, firelight dances on his face.

DEAN

And what's burned, stays dead--

Dean tosses it in-- Erica's corpse goes up in flames. As we TILT UP away from them, the starry NIGHT SKY becomes--

13

INT. THE EMPTY - NIGHT

13

A vast expanse of inky BLACKNESS. A FIGURE steps into frame -- CASTIEL. Taking in his surroundings (he woke up here at the end of ep. 1303). Where is he? Is this real?

Cass surveys the landscape around him: unyielding darkness in every direction. He cups his hands to his mouth and BELLOWS--

(CONTINUED)

CASTIEL

HELLO-- !?

But the only response is the sound of his OWN VOICE becoming a BOOMING ECHO-- HELLO... HELLO... HELLO...

On Cass-- unsettled by this place. As Patsy Cline's *If I Could Only Stay Asleep* kicks in, as we CUT TO--

INT./EXT. MERCEDES BENZ - NIGHT

GLORIA, 60's sits behind the wheel of the PARKED CAR. PHONE to her ear-- ON HOLD; listening to Patsy-- beat, then--

CHEERY OPERATOR (FROM PHONE)

Roadside assistance, can I help you? *

She looks out the door, to her FLAT REAR TIRE-- we notice a BLUE JOURNAL, identical to Wes's, on her passenger seat. *

GLORIA

I blew a tire. Out on Route 19.

CHEERY OPERATOR (FROM PHONE)

Okay, no problem. We'll get someone right up there...

A glint of movement catches her eye-- Gloria glances to-- *

THE REARVIEW MIRROR: In the reflection, a GHOSTLY LITTLE BOY sits in the backseat. Gloria lets out a GASP-- *

CHEERY OPERATOR (FROM PHONE)

Ma'am? Are you alright?

But Gloria's not listening. She turns to face the boy-- who looks terrified, hugging knees to his chest.

GLORIA

Scotty?

He nods-- Gloria chokes back a happy sob. She reaches out--

GLORIA

Baby--?

The boy SNEERS and LAUNCHES himself at her! As we SMASH TO--

THE ROADSIDE. Patsy Cline kicks back in, and as the song crescendos-- BLOOD SPLASHES and we-- BLACKOUT!

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

15

EXT. ROADSIDE - MERCEDES CRIME SCENE - DAY (DAY 3)

15

OPEN ON JACK. Sitting in the backseat of the IMPALA--
annoyed-- watching as--

DEAN, in fed threads, covertly checks an EMF. BEHIND HIM--
SAM (also in fed threads) wraps up with a COP. As they make
their way to Gloria's Mercedes--

*
*

DEAN

Get anything?

SAM

Cops found the victim-- Gloria
Simon-- an hour ago. Something
ripped her apart.

DEAN

Our kinda something?

SAM

Gloria was on the phone with
roadside assistance when she died--
the operator said she was talking
to someone named "Scotty".

DEAN

And?

SAM

And according to the cops "Scotty"
was her son. Who drowned in '96.

DEAN

Okay, I'd say two ghosts in two
days, but--

(re: the EMF)

No EMF here either.

SAM

So?

DEAN

So... other than getting dead, what
did Wes and Gloria have in common?

The boys' gaze shifts to the car-- door hanging open, blood-
smeared interior. And Gloria's BLUE JOURNAL, still on the
passenger seat. Off that image we, CUT TO--

*
*
*

16

EXT. POLICE STATION - PARKING LOT - DAY

16

Dean leans against the Impala. Sam walks up with a MANILA FOLDER under his arm--

SAM

Where's Jack?

DEAN

Across the street. Food run.

ACROSS THE STREET-- Jack waits in line for a HOTDOG CART.

SAM

Dean, he's not our intern. I told you to keep an eye on him--

DEAN

I can see him from here.

(off Sam)

He just kept staring at me.

SAM

He wants you to like him.

DEAN

Yeah, well I want world peace, Justin Bieber's demon deal to finally expire and Kate Upton to return my calls.

(shrug)

Life sucks.

Sam sighs, hands Dean the folder.

SAM

Just take a look at these--

Dean pages through PHOTOCOPIES of handwritten pages.

DEAN

Her diary?

SAM

"Grief Journal." Cops found one at the first crime scene too-- Gloria and Wes were seeing the same grief counselor: Mia Vallens. And apparently, she gives homework.

DEAN

Shrinks. Snake oil for the mind.

(CONTINUED)

SAM

Or, how healthy people deal.

DEAN

Yeah? How's 'ole Gloria dealing?

(reading)

"And now that I've achieved catharsis, I can truly see the program works. The program is all I ever need."

(then)

C'mon, Sam-- "The Program," Lady was one Kool-Aid shy 'a Jonestown. What'd Wes's dream journal say?

SAM

More of the same. He was really into the whole "catharsis" thing.

DEAN

Who wouldn't be, sounds like another word for a happy-- (ending)

SAM

(covering)

Hey, Jack.

Reveal-- Jack, carrying a tray of hot dogs. Dying to report--

DEAN

What took you so long?

JACK

The man I was waiting behind, he wanted extra "kraut" but the hotdog man didn't have any. He was... really angry.

DEAN

(digging into the dogs)

Cool story.

(then)

So maybe Hannibal Lecter chick's a medium-- talkin' to spirits, pissing them off somehow. Ghost shows up, notches the kill, gets out.

SAM

And once it's gone, no EMF.

JACK

This woman can talk to ghosts?

"The Big Empty"
CONTINUED: (2)

Blue Draft

7/27/17 16.

16

16

DEAN

If she's the real deal, mediums do
lots'a freaky crap.

SAM

Say you're right-- we can't go in
as FBI, not with doctor/patient
confidentiality.

DEAN

So? We go in as something else.

17

EXT. DR. MIA VALLINS' HOME OFFICE - DAY

17

A well-appointed two story craftsman. Sign in the yard
reads: "Vallens Family Therapy." We find Sam, Dean and Jack,
in plain clothes, MOVING FOR THE PORCH. Dean scowls.

DEAN

This is a stupid idea.

Jack looks to Sam-- worried--

SAM

(to Jack)

Just follow my lead.

DEAN

Sure, until Doc here eats our livers
with fava beans and a nice Chianti.

He makes the Silence of the Lambs SLURP. Sam's GROSSED OUT.

DEAN

What? You love my Hannibal.

They start up the steps, as--

The DOOR OPENS, and a PATIENT-- MR. DRISCOLL (40s) steps out, *
now familiar BLUE JOURNAL in hand. Driscoll nods-- *

MR. DRISCOLL

Hello.

Sam and Dean nod-- Jack WAVES--

JACK

Hello.

Dean shoots Sam a look-- REALLY?-- and they STEP INSIDE--

18 INT. DR. MIA VALLINS' HOME OFFICE - VARIOUS - CONTINUOUS 18

A stately work/live space. A harried assistant, TOM, sits behind a small desk.

TOM
Can I help you?

SAM
We're here to see the doctor.

TOM
Oh, I'm sorry, you caught us right at the end of our day, maybe tomorrow--

DEAN
No, today's good. Like, now.

Tom frowns-- Sam smiles-- covering--

SAM
We just need a minute of her time.

MIA (O.S.)
You've lost someone recently?

They turn-- Mia's at the top of the staircase. She glides down to them. A picture of empathy.

DEAN JACK
No. My mother.

Dean shoots him a look-- as Sam plays along--

SAM
Our mother. We're, ah, having a hard time.

Dean rolls his eyes. Mia extends a hand--

MIA
Doctor Mia Vallens.

SAM
Sam. That's Dean, and... our little brother, Jack.

MIA
I see.

She studies them for a beat, then--

MIA

Tom, you can go home.
(to the boys and Jack)
This way. Please.

She moves off, Sam follows and Jack moves to do the same--
Until DEAN grabs his shoulder. Leans in. Sotto.

DEAN

Hey, Mr. Spock, from now on? You
talk when I say you talk, got me?

JACK

Y--(es)

Dean shoots him a glare-- Jake bites the word off mid-syllable... then just NODS.

DEAN

Good.

INT. DR. MIA VALLINS' HOME OFFICE - STUDY - MOMENTS LATER 19

The boys and Jack wander into the office, behind Mia.

MIA

Your mother... she passed suddenly?

SAM

Yeah.

MIA

Most people I see are in the same
boat-- no warning, no goodbye, no
closure.

Dean eyes the bean bag couches, the finger painting station.

DEAN

Finger painting?

MIA

Patients don't usually go there the
first session, but please--

Dean scowls. Sits on the adult couch instead, arms folded.

SAM

What do patients usually do?

MIA

Most like to talk about the person
they lost...

A long, awkward silence. When it becomes clear Mia might
just let it go on forever. Dives in.

DEAN

Yeah, well, mom was great, and now
she's dead.

(straight to it)

What's the deal with "catharsis"?

MIA

I'm sorry?

SAM

(covering)

We were wondering what that is.
Your patient Gloria Simon referred
us, she's a family friend...

MIA

I don't talk about other patients.
And-- Gloria wasn't supposed to
talk about me.

Sam and Dean trade a look.

SAM

But your process--

Mia deftly changes the subject.

MIA

My program is a range of things.
Talk therapy, mediation-- ever
keep a journal?

Dean gives a little snorting laugh-- Mia zeros in on him.

MIA

Dean-- you journal?

DEAN

Since I was a little girl.

MIA

(a smile)

Yeah, you think this shrink stuff's
a load of crap, am I right?

DEAN

How'd you guess?

MIA

Then why are you here?

SAM

Because-- because we agreed we'd
give this a shot, right?

Dean sighs-- whatever. Sam turns to Mia--

SAM

My brother-- he's not really
processing his grief.

Dean shoots him a look-- taking that personal--

DEAN

Really? I'm-- no, I'm good. With
death. Closure. The whole friggin
bottle 'a jack.

SAM

Are you?

DEAN

Yeah. Because I know mom's dead,
(a pointed look to Sam)
I know she's not coming back.

It's bait. Bait that pisses Sam off. He keeps it coded...

SAM

I get what you're saying-- I just
wish you'd...

He shoots a glance to Mia-- not sure how to finish that--

MIA

You wish he'd be more open to
therapy?

SAM

Sure. Exactly.

DEAN

Look, doc, this is a safe space,
right?
(she nods)
Cool, so, my brother's delusional.

SAM

Dean--

DEAN

No, we're giving this a shot,
right?

(to Mia)

He won't even admit mom's dead.

SAM

Dean-- stop--

DEAN

He won't admit it, because if he
admits it, then it's real, then he
has to deal with it.

(a look to Sam)

And he can't handle that.

And Sam's HAD ENOUGH--

SAM

Right-- because this is so easy for
you.

DEAN

Hell no, it's not easy--!

SAM

At least you had a relationship.

(off Dean's SCOWL)

Who would Mom always call? Who did
she look to for everything? You
had something with her I never had,
and now I'm supposed to accept I
never will?

That silences the room. Sam catches himself--

SAM

Sorry, I-- I need a minute.

And Sam blows past Dean, out the door. CUT TO--

TRACK WITH CASS, trudging through the oily dark. Confused.
Alone. As he walks forward, we linger BEHIND HIM--

The tar-black "ground" ripples. A HAND reaches up from the
depths... a FIGURE pulls itself out. Its face, a featureless
SHADOW (think the Vinyl Man in American Horror Story, minus
the zippers). Creepy...

21 INT. DR. MIA VALLINS' HOME OFFICE - WAITING AREA - LATER 21

Sam sits on a bench in the waiting area. He takes a few deep breaths, pulling himself together. Stands--

And clocks something on the STAIRCASE. Something he noticed only glancingly earlier: a ROPE hangs across the stairs, blocking them off with a sign: "Private" Sam sweeps a look to Mia's closed office door, then climbs the stairs...

22 INT. DR. MIA VALLINS' HOME OFFICE - UPSTAIRS - CONTINUOUS 22

He creeps through the upstairs hall. Nothing out of place. Sam's about to turn back, when he sees-- A DARK SMUDGE on a door by the knob-- a partial handprint in... blood?

Sam tries the door-- locked. He pulls his lock picking kit--

23 INT. DR. MIA VALLINS' HOME OFFICE - UPSTAIRS BATHROOM - 23
MOMENTS LATER

Sam clicks on the light. The bathroom's empty. A sink, a toilet-- but a strange DARK SMUDGE smears the inside of the curtain. Guard up, Sam draws his gun and moves toward it... *

He rips the curtain back-- a blood-like stain rings the tub. Something DARK clogs the drain. Sam reaches in and pulls out... a snarl of HUMAN HAIR flecked with HUMAN TEETH.

Off Sam's full body DISGUST, we-- SMASH TO BLACK.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

24

INT. DR. MIA VALLINS' HOME OFFICE - STUDY - DAY

24

Dean and Jack still with Mia. She watches Dean intently as he sips from a flask-- Dean notices her watching.

DEAN

Problem?

MIA

You just upset your brother so much he had to leave the room.

(off Dean)

And Jack? Look at him, he's terrified of you--

DEAN

Naw, we're simpatico, right kid?

ON JACK. A wary nod.

JACK

(dutifully parroting)

We're simpatico.

MIA

Convincing.

(beat)

You're angry, Dean.

DEAN

And?

MIA

And, if you don't wanna deal with it, that's your business, but you're aiming it at everyone else in your life.

(then)

And those people? Eventually, all that rage-- it'll drive them away. Is that what you want?

On Dean-- as that hits home.

MIA

Dean... what do you believe in?

DEAN

You mean like God?

(CONTINUED)

MIA

Or the Packers, or fairies, or...
anything.

DEAN

Why do you care?

MIA

Because when we're angry, or
depressed, belief, in ourselves, or
our family, our friends, a higher
power... it's important. Putting
your faith in something, allows you
to work through problems-- to hope
that tomorrow will be a better day.

(then)

So, what do you believe in, Dean?

ON DEAN. Absorbing that. Then--

BANG! Sam BURSTS through the door, gun out. Dean and Jack
react, as Sam levels the gun at MIA!--

SAM

She's a shapeshifter.

Mia's frozen. Terrified.

MIA

What-- no--

SAM

Found a clump of hair and... teeth.
The last time you shed your skin
was what-- a few hours ago?

MIA

I--

And Dean's on his feet. Aiming HIS gun at her too.

DEAN

And here I just thought she was
annoying.

JACK

What's going on?

DEAN

Doc's a monster-- probably killed
her patients.

Mia raises her hands-- trying to keep it together--

(CONTINUED)

MIA

No-- no! I-- I am-- what you said,
but I-- I've never killed anyone.
I swear.

SAM

Then what are you doing here?

MIA

I'm helping people, I-- my
patients, I shift into the person
they've lost. So they can see them
one last time. So they can say
goodbye.

QUICK POP-- to the B-side of the teaser. Wes turning from
the window to see-- his wife, Erica. BACK TO SCENE--

Jack's amazed. Sam's stunned. Dean's disgusted.

DEAN

Yeah, well, Wes Bailey and Gloria
Simon are both dead.

On Mia-- hit hard. She reels.

MIA

What?

DEAN

Gloria got iced by her kid-- or
something that looked like her kid--

SAM

And three nights ago, Wes was
killed by someone who looked like
his dead wife.

On Mia-- shock and disbelief.

DEAN

Wanna tell us how you're "innocent"
again?

ON MIA. She swallows hard, then--

MIA

I have an alibi, for Wes.

(then)

I volunteer at the Women's Shelter
Downtown-- I was there that night.
Call them. Just--

(then, getting emotional)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

MIA (CONT'D)

I know you're Hunters, and I'm a monster, but... please, I'm telling you the truth, I-- please.

Sam and Dean trade a look-- do they believe her? CUT TO--

EXT. THE EMPTY - NIGHT

CASS. Walking. Endlessly. He stops. Narrows his eyes.

CASTIEL

I know you're there-- I can feel you.

And when Cass looks back-- over his shoulder, REVEAL-- ANOTHER CASS (EMPTY!CASS)-- Impish.

EMPTY!CASS

Hello, "Brother."

Castiel gapes, horror-struck by the uncanny valley of his grinning doppelgänger.

CASTIEL

What-- are you?

EMPTY!CASS

Oh, just your friendly neighborhood cosmic entity.

CASTIEL

Then-- why do you look like... me.

EMPTY!CASS

I show up in my real form-- you freak out, rip out your own eyes, etcetera. Embarrassing. For both of us.

CASTIEL

...I see.

EMPTY!CASS

No, you don't-- kinda the point.

CASTIEL

What is this place?

EMPTY!CASS

Story time! Before God and Amara-- creation, destruction. Heaven and Hell. Earth. What was there?

CASTIEL

Nothing.

EMPTY!CASS

That's right, nothing but Empty!
And you're SOAKING in it!

(then)

Angels-- demons? When you die, you
all come here.

CASTIEL

(looking around)

Every angel who has ever died... is
here?

Empty!Cass sweeps an arm around the "sky."

EMPTY!CASS

Sleeping... a peaceful, endless
sleep. I've been sleeping, too.

*

Cass is confused. Empty!Cass throws an arm around Cass,
pulls him in close.

EMPTY!CASS

Hey! Since we're pals, there's
something I gotta ask-- I mean, I
really gotta know--

(leans in, conspiratorial)

Why are you awake? Because, fun
fact: in all of... forever, nothing
ever wakes up here. I mean, ever
ever.

(then)

And, second fun fact: when you woke
up, I woke up. And I don't like
being awake. Not one single bit.

(then)

So... what's your deal, smart guy?

Cass shrugs away from him.

CASTIEL

I... don't know.

EMPTY!CASS

Think.

CASTIEL

(dawning on him)

The Winchesters. Sam and Dean must
have made a deal.

EMPTY!CASS

Not with me. And no else has any
pull here. Not Heaven, not Hell,
not G-O-D himself.

Empty!Cass circles Castiel, TAPPING him on the forehead--

EMPTY!CASS

So think harder, Dummy. Rack that
perky little brain.

CASTIEL

(pulling back)
Stay away from me.

EMPTY!CASS

Okay, fine. I'll rack it for you--

BAM! Empty!Cass strikes, GRABBING Cass by the forehead--
forcing the angel to his knees. As Cass SCREAMS--

INT. DR. MIA VALLINS' HOME OFFICE - STUDY - DAY

Mia pours a drink. Downs it. Sam has his GUN on her. *

SAM

Jack, maybe you should wait in the
car...

Sam looks to Mia-- who stares right back. They both know
what that means-- time's running out for her. Before Jack
can respond, DEAN enters-- *

DEAN

Alibi checks out.

Sam shoots him a look-- Dean shrugs--

DEAN

I'm surprised, too.

SAM

So if she's not doing this... who
is?

ON MIA. A horrible realization--

MIA

I-- I think I know.

She moves to her desk, opening a KEEPSAKE BOX. Inside are
relics from a former life-- letters, IDs, and a POLAROID: Mia
under the arm of a BURLY MAN (BUDDY).

She passes it to the boys.

MIA

His name's Buddy, he-- when we got together... I was young. And stupid. He was like me, a shifter. The only one I'd ever met, other than my mom. But Buddy...

(then)

He liked hurting people.

JACK

Did he hurt you?

A beat, then Mia NODS--

MIA

I left. Changed my face, my name-- everything. But Buddy wouldn't just kill people, he'd ruin their lives. He said... he said he liked to see the look on their face when they realized they had nothing left. I-- was too scared to stop him. What I'm doing here-- helping people-- I can't make up for it, I know that. But I'm trying.

*

*

SAM

You think that's what he's doing here? Trying to ruin your life?

MIA

I don't know.

DEAN

How'd he find you?

MIA

I don't know.

She's LOST. Overcome. Sam takes a step forward--

SAM

If this is Buddy, he's targeting your patients. Who has access to this office; your notes, your appointments--

MIA

Patients and staff are in here all day--

DEAN
If you had to pick.

MIA
(thinking, then--)
Tom, my assistant. *

DEAN
I'll check it out--

JACK
I'll come with.

DEAN
I think you'd rather stay.

Sam shoots his brother a look--

SAM
Dean--

DEAN
Fine. Whatever. Let's get this
over with.

Dean pulls up in front of a modest single family home--
ominously cheerful, light on inside.

Dean unbuckles. Jack follows suit. Dean glares.

JACK
Please don't tell me to wait--

DEAN
Wait in the car.

JACK
Dean--
(Dean pauses)
I'm not... bad. I'm just-- me. I
just want to help--

On Dean-- for a second, Jack's almost dents his armor.

JACK
Sam told me-- about the plan for
your mother--

DEAN
Kid, Sam's plans don't always work
out. You should know.

27

CONTINUED:

27

Then he's gone-- out the door-- leaving Jack behind--

28

INT. DR. MIA VALLINS' HOME OFFICE - STUDY - NIGHT

28

Sam's on the phone, at Mia's desk, reviewing security footage on his laptop. Mia's computer is also on, streaming live security cam footage of her front door. MIA sits nearby-- *

SAM

Okay... got it.

He HANGS UP.

MIA

What?

SAM

Dean says Tom's in the clear.

On Mia-- as that sinks in.

MIA

How'd he know?

SAM

Handed him a silver dollar and it didn't burn. Your assistant's just a nice guy with five cats.

MIA

Oh, Tom got another cat.

She flashes a WEAK SMILE. Sam's focused on the computer.

MIA

What are you doing?

SAM

Scrubbing your security cam footage. If anyone's eyes flare--

MIA

They're the shifter-- right.

The two share an awkward beat, then... Sam has to ask...

SAM

So, how does it work-- with your patients?

(then)

You show up as their dead relatives and they think what?

MIA

I know it sounds insane, but they don't really care-- they chalk it up to hypnotism, a lucid dream-- they explain it away because at the end of the day, they get to say goodbye.

SAM

And that works?

MIA

(a nod)

People... we're hard wired to want closure, you know?

On Mia-- studying Sam. Beat, then--

MIA

Sam... what happened to your mom?

ON SAM. Jaw set. Doesn't want to talk about this.

SAM

Wouldn't believe me if I told you.

MIA

I bet, but... you didn't get to say goodbye either, did you?

(off Sam)

Your brother's... kind of an ass, but he's right. Until you accept she's gone...

SAM

Mia-- that's not-- I don't need a shrink.

MIA

Right. Sorry.

Mia starts to walk away. Sam goes back to the footage--

SAM

Hey-- !

(she turns back)

Look.

Sam nods, pleased. Mia moves back around to him, looks--

ON SCREEN: high angle footage of the boys and Jack on the porch earlier. MR. DRISCOLL exits-- bumping Dean-- our guys continue ahead, as Driscoll looks back--

(CONTINUED)

And his RETINAS FLASH! He's a shifter! Mia's taken aback.

MIA

That's John Driscoll. He's-- I've only been seeing him a few weeks.

SAM

What's his phone number?

Mia scrolls through her PHONE, hands it to Sam. He taps a number into a trace program already up on his laptop.

SAM

Got him.

Cass. FADING back into consciousness-- Empty! Cass looms over him. On Cass-- head throbbing.

CASTIEL

What-- did you do to me?

EMPTY!CASS

Read your mind, such as it is--

CASTIEL

What do you want?

EMPTY!CASS

I want you to shut up. I want-- having you awake, it's like a gnat flew, right up-- here.

(tapping his head hard)

Trapped. Buzzing--

CASTIEL

My being awake causes you pain..?

EMPTY!CASS

If you can't sleep-- I can't sleep. And I like to sleep. I need to sleep.

On Cass, realizing-- this is leverage.

CASTIEL

Then-- get rid of me.

A beat. Empty!Cass glares.

EMPTY!CASS

I should, should I?

CASTIEL

Send me back to Earth. If you are
the powerful cosmic entity you
claim to be--

EMPTY!CASS

Or-- or I throw you so deep into
the Empty--

He motions to the endless black around them--

EMPTY!CASS

That you can't bother me anymore.

ON CASS. Standing strong--

CASTIEL

Except you know that won't work.
Or you would have done it already.

ON EMPTY!CASS. A dark smile--

EMPTY!CASS

Pretty smart-- pretty smart, Dummy.

CASTIEL

Then send me back.

EMPTY!CASS

Not part of the deal.

(then)

And besides... you don't want to go
back.

CASTIEL

Yes-- I do. Sam and Dean, they
need me--

EMPTY!CASS

Save it.

(then)

I've tiptoed through all your
tulips, my handsome friend. Your
memories, your little feelings-- I
know what you hate, I know who you
love-- what you fear. There's
nothing for you back there. And
I'm gonna prove it.

WHAM! Empty!Cass TAPS Castiel on the forehead hard-- Cass
collapses, clutching his head in searing pain.

30

INT. DR. MIA VALLINS' HOME OFFICE - ENTRYWAY - NIGHT 30

Track with Dean and Jack as they enter, Jack with a BACKPACK slung over his shoulder. Mia's there, drink still in hand.

DEAN

Where's Sam?

MIA

Buddy's posing as one of my patients-- Sam traced his phone. I let him take my car, he left ten minutes ago--

*
*
*

DEAN

He didn't call me.

MIA

Can you blame him?

And Dean knows why-- Sam's still upset, from earlier. Frustrated, betrayed, Dean pulls his PHONE and walks out--

Leaving Mia and Jack in an awkward silence. Then--

JACK

Mia-- can I talk to you?

31

INT. DR. MIA VALLINS' HOME OFFICE - STUDY - MOMENTS LATER 31

Jack pulls a LAPTOP from his backpack. He opens it and taps it awake-- the footage of Kelly Kline (given to him in Ep. 1303) appears on screen. He hands it to Mia--

JACK

Sam and Dean aren't my real brothers-- sometimes we have to lie, I'm still trying to understand.

(indicates the laptop)

My mother died when I was born.

Mia hits play-- a brief clip of KELLY plays-- Mia pauses it.

JACK

I never met her-- I-- this is all I have. And I just-- I need to see her. Just once.

MIA

You want to say goodbye?

JACK
And... and hello. And...
everything.
(then)
I just-- I need to talk to her.
Please.

Mia absorbs that for a beat-- considering-- then--

MIA
Shut your eyes.

Jack does as he's told. As Mia walks away, HOLD on JACK'S
FACE. Eyes closed. And then... we hear a NEW VOICE:

KELLY!MIA
You can look now.

And when he does, he's face to face with-- KELLY KLINE
(Courtney Ford herself!). It's fucking magical.

JACK
Mom?

KELLY!MIA
Hi, Jack.

And Jack CRUMBLES. Hugging her close.

KELLY!MIA
Shhh... shhh... it's okay.

32 INT. SEEDY APARTMENT - HALLWAY - NIGHT

32

Sam in a dingy hallway, outside of door "207." About to bust
in when-- his phone blows up. It's Dean. Sam ignores the
call, pockets his phone... And KICKS the door open. AS--

33 INT. DR. MIA VALLINS' HOME OFFICE - WAITING AREA - INTERCUTS

Dean stares down at his phone ANNOYED--

DEAN
Come on, Sam.

34 INT. DR. MIA VALLINS' HOME OFFICE - STUDY - NIGHT

34

Jack and Mia!Kelly sit together. Jack's EMOTIONAL--

JACK
...I just... I'm afraid.

KELLY!MIA

Why are you afraid?

JACK

Sam thinks you were right about me, that I'm good-- and he wants me to believe it-- and I want to believe it, but I... I've hurt people.

(off Kelly!Mia)

I didn't mean to-- it was an accident. And I know I should feel bad-- I say I feel bad-- but most of the time... mostly, I don't feel anything. It's like... it's like I'm watching a fly wobble around, without its wings.

KELLY!MIA

Some people feel sorry for the fly.

JACK

But I don't, not always, and that's why I'm afraid. That's why I think...

(beat, pained)

I think... maybe I'm a monster.

He looks away, but Kelly!Mia tilts his face to meet her eyes.

KELLY!MIA

Jack... it doesn't matter what you are-- it matters what you do.

(then)

And even monsters can do good in this world.

JACK

You really believe that?

KELLY!MIA

I have to.

On Jack-- that message, coming from "Kelly" speaking in Kelly's voice... it begins to sink in. CUT TO--

Track with Sam-- gun up-- passing a MOUND of SKIN and HAIR. He grimaces, disgusted. But presses on... moving to a bed pushed in the corner of the room. A CELLPHONE sits on the nightstand. A lump under the covers. Sam peels them back--

*
*
*
*

It's DRISCOLL. The REAL DRISCOLL. Dead. Sam calls--

*

36

INT. DR. MIA VALLINS' HOME OFFICE - WAITING AREA - INTERCUTB6

Dean's phone BUZZES ("Sam") on the desk. Dean's in the b.g., slightly out of focus. He comes into frame, grabs it-- *

DEAN
Hey-- what's up?

SAM
I was too late, shifter's gone.
His mark's dead.

DEAN
Dammit. Okay-- get back here.

SAM
On my way.

Sam hangs up-- casting one last look at the body-- as DEAN lowers his phone-- smiles-- *

DEAN
Too friggin' easy.

As he speaks, we ARM AROUND TO FIND-- the REAL DEAN! OUT COLD. A dribble of blood on his lips. Uh-oh... *

37

INT. DR. MIA VALLINS' HOME OFFICE - STUDY - MOMENTS LATER 37

JACK stands, with MIA. Now back in her original form--

JACK
Thank you, I-- thank you.

Mia smiles-- BANG! And the door to her office flies open. Shifter!Dean, looming like Jack Nicholson in The Shining.

JACK
Dean?

Shifter!Dean grabs a FIRE IRON from the fireplace-- WHAM!-- smashes Jack's skull. He crumples. Mia backs away...

Shifter!Dean turns to her-- and PULLS THE SKIN OFF HIS FACE, revealing the man we saw in her picture-- her ex, BUDDY.

BUDDY
Hey baby.

He grins through ribbons of hanging flesh and we-- BLACKOUT.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

38

INT. THE EMPTY - NIGHT

38

ON CASS curled in agony-- a PITCHY TINNITUS rages in his EARS as Empty!Cass stalks around him, listing his many failures.

EMPTY!CASS

-- I mean, where do I even BEGIN!?
Purgatory? The angel genocide?
Defying your own kind for HUMANS.
Oh, I know, how about dying.
Again. For nothing--

CASTIEL

I did not die for nothing--

EMPTY!CASS

You didn't die for Sam and Dean,
which is what you always wanted.
Come ON, Castiel! Wouldn't you
rather be a fond memory than a
constant, festering disappointment?

Empty!Cass kicks him in the gut. Castiel curls in pain.

EMPTY!CASS

Just lay down, just-- let's try and
go to sleep, huh? Think about
it... infinite peace... no
regret... no pain...

*
*

On Cass, at his lowest point. An angel broken.

EMPTY!CASS

Kiddo-- save yourself.

On Castiel, sorely tempted... but fights it, realizes:

CASTIEL

No. I-- I'm already saved.

With excruciating effort, Cass claws to his feet--

CASTIEL

So you can prance, and preen, and
scream and yell, and remind me of
my failings. But, somehow, I am
awake. And I will stay awake.

(then)

And I will keep you awake until we
both go insane.

(CONTINUED)

38

CONTINUED:

Cass steps toward Empty!Cass--

CASTIEL

I will fight you and fight you and
fight you-- forever-- for eternity--
unless you send me back.

ON EMPTY!CASS. Knows this isn't a bluff--

EMPTY!CASS

No...

CASTIEL

Release me!
(then)
RELEASE ME!

39

INT. DR. MIA VALLINS' HOME OFFICE - STUDY - NIGHT

39

DEAN comes to, body aching-- he's handcuffed to something
convenient for production-- next to JACK. The kid's out
cold, blood leaking down his face, as BUDDY argues with MIA--

MIA

Buddy-- what are you doing?

BUDDY

What am I doing? Me? What are you
doing? You think you can just
leave? Build this whole new life
for yourself? Without me? Huh?

ON DEAN-- he gives Jack a kick.

DEAN

C'mon, kid--

Jack stirs. Catching Buddy's attention. He licks his lips.

BUDDY

Oh-- you're up.

He takes a step toward Dean and Jack--

MIA

No-- don't hurt them!

BUDDY

Begging for Hunters? That's not my
girl--

MIA

I'm not your girl.

(CONTINUED)

And that gets Buddy's attention. He turns to her--

BUDDY

You always did think you were too good for me, even though I gave you everything.

(then)

I took you outta that trailer park-- I treated you like a damn Princess.

MIA

You used me.

BUDDY

Welcome to the world, sweetheart. Everybody uses everybody.

As he speaks-- Dean eyes Jack-- lowering his voice, sotto--

DEAN

Jack-- I need you to snap these cuffs.

JACK

I don't-- I can't--

Cutting between Buddy and Mia. Buddy absorbed in his rant--

BUDDY

I never stopped looking for you. And when I found this--

On Dean, keeping his voice low... but firm--

DEAN

You CAN. Sam, he believes in you-- and when Sam believes, he'll go Hell to leather, but you-- you gotta try.

On Jack, taking that in, but full of self-doubt.

Back to BUDDY and MIA--

BUDDY

When I saw all that warm, fuzzy good you were doing? Couldn't let you have that. So I took it all away. It was... fun.

MIA

(horror-struck)
You-- You're--

BUDDY

What? A monster? So are you. And
it's about time you embrace that.

(re: Dean and Jack)

So I'm not gonna kill those boys--
you are.

*

*

ON MIA. Wasn't expecting that--

MIA

What?

Buddy takes a GUN from his jacket--

BUDDY

You end them-- you be all you can
be-- or you die--

(a nod to Dean)

Courtesy'a Tweedledee's silver
bullets.

(then)

So what's it gonna be, Princess?

ON MIA. An impossible choice. Then--

MIA

No. Shoot me.

ON BUDDY. Wasn't expecting that. Then--

We hear the SOUND of a CAR PULLING UP-- it's coming from the
SECURITY MONITOR, still open on Mia's laptop. Buddy looks--

ON SCREEN: Mia's sedan parks with a crunch. Sam gets out--

*

BUDDY

Look-- baby brother.

On screen-- Sam heads for the house. Buddy aims his gun at
the door.

*

BUDDY

Like shooting Hunters in a barrel--

DEAN

No-- SAM! SAMMY--!

WHAM! Buddy PISTOL WHIPS DEAN. Snapping his head to one side--
making him spit blood.

*

"The Big Empty"
CONTINUED:

Blue Draft

7/27/17 43.
40

40

SAM

Dean?!

"DEAN" (O.S.)

We're all in here--

41 INT. DR. MIA VALLINS' HOME OFFICE - STUDY - INTERCUT 41

ON BUDDY. One hand clamped over Mia's mouth, gun raised in the other. He speaks in DEAN'S VOICE--

*
*

BUDDY (AS DEAN)

--in the study.

42 INT. DR. MIA VALLINS' HOME OFFICE - HALLWAY - INTERCUT 42

Sam lowers his gun-- moves for the STUDY DOOR--

43 INT. DR. MIA VALLINS' HOME OFFICE - STUDY - SAME TIME 43

Mia trembles beneath Buddy's grip. Jack clenches his eyes and grits his teeth, trying hard-- and in vain-- to summon his power. While DEAN lolls on the floor, struggling to regain his wits after the brutal pistol whipping--

*
*
*
*

The DOORKNOB STARTS TO TURN-- Buddy smiles-- cocking his gun--

JACK

(to himself)

No... no... no...

The DOOR OPENS-- and as Sam walks through--

BAM! Buddy FIRES! And JACK'S EYES FLASH GOLD!

JACK

No!

And TIME SLOWS DOWN as a PULSE of energy RIPS from JACK-- CRASHING into Buddy-- KNOCKING through him, sending his bullet off course-- TIME SPEEDS UP--

BANG! The bullet punches a hole next to Sam's face-- HOLY FUCK. He wheels-- fires-- and Buddy drops, smoking HOLE in his forehead.

As Sam, Dean, Jack and MIA catch their breath-- BLACKOUT.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

44 INT. DR. MIA VALLENS' HOME OFFICE - STUDY - NIGHT 44 *

Mia stares at the body of her ex-- blood spreading. She turns away, hugging her arms to her chest.

MIA

Go. I-- I'll take care of him. *

SAM

You sure?

MIA

What he did-- it's my fault. I... *
I just wanted to help people... *

Jack comes around, looks her in the eye, earnest--

JACK

You did.

DEAN

So what are you gonna do now?

MIA

(beat, then--)
I don't know.

OFF SAM, DEAN and JACK-- feeling for her--

45 INT. MEN OF LETTERS - KITCHEN - NIGHT 45

At the sink-- Jack cranks on the tap, pouring himself a glass of water. He hears Dean enter behind him, turns--

JACK

Hey.

DEAN

Hey.

Dean cracks the fridge, grabs two long necks, as he shuts it-- moves away-- then stops-- looks back--

DEAN

You did good today, Jack.

And Dean exits. Jack, still standing at the sink, BEAMS.

46

INT. MEN OF LETTERS - LIBRARY - MOMENTS LATER

46

Sam reads a book, Dean steps into his light. Dangles the beer in front of him. Sam eyes it coolly.

DEAN

Back at Mia's, I was out of line,
and-- sorry I've been such a dick
lately.

A beat. Sam sighs, takes the damn beer. Still frosty--

SAM

Thanks.

Sam takes a sip of brew. Dean takes a stab at conversation.

DEAN

Maybe you're right, about the kid.
He tries. I'll give him that.

(then)

And he tapped his power-- saved our
ass. That's a win.

SAM

I guess.

A shadow passes over his face.

DEAN

What?

SAM

Dean-- what if you're right? What
if mom's dead, and I'm just... in
denial.

It hangs. On Dean, finding his voice.

DEAN

Don't say that.

And Sam's completely thrown.

SAM

You've been trying to get me to
admit that since it happened--

DEAN

Know I have, but--

(CONTINUED)

Dean swallows hard. Thinking back to Mia's-- the questions she challenged him to answer: who he's really angry at-- what does he believe in? But all he can say is--

DEAN (CONT'D)

Sammy-- I need you to keep the faith, okay? For both of us. You gotta, 'cause right now...

(a beat)

Right now I don't believe in a damn thing.

OFF SAM AND DEAN--

Dawn. Droplets of dew bead the cheeks of CASTIEL, lying blissfully asleep. He stirs. Groggy, Cass pulls to his feet.

He looks around. He's in a field. Slowly, he begins to take stock of his body; his face-- his chest-- his hands. Everything as he left it-- down to the original trench coat.

Cass, full of gratitude, full of LIFE, lifts his face to the rising sun... and he SMILES.

BLACKOUT.

TO BE CONTINUED...