

SUPERNATURAL

Episode #1307

"War of the Worlds"

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Episode #1307

"War of the Worlds"

REVISION HISTORY

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Production Draft - White	08/22/17	
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CAST LIST

SAM WINCHESTER  
DEAN WINCHESTER

ASMODEUS  
CASTIEL  
KEVIN TRAN  
LUCIFER  
MICHAEL  
MR. KETCH

CLERK  
DANIELA  
DEMON #1  
DUMAH  
LEADER / SURIEL  
SNOOTY WOMAN

JARED PADALECKI  
JENSEN ACKLES

JEFFREY VINCENT PARISE  
MISHA COLLINS  
OSRIC CHAU  
MARK PELLEGRINO  
CHRISTIAN KEYES  
DAVID HAYDN-JONES

LOCATION REPORTINT.

INT. MICHAEL'S LAIR - APOCALYPSE WORLD (DAY 1)	P.1
INT. MEN OF LETTERS - LIBRARY - DAY	P.3
<b>INT. CROWLEY'S - DAY</b>	<b>P.5</b>
INT. MICHAEL'S LAIR - DAY	P.6
INT. MICHAEL'S LAIR - DAY	P.12
INT. DANIELA'S SHACK - DAY	P.15
INT. DANIELA'S SHACK - NIGHT	P.17
INT. DANIELA'S SHACK - NIGHT	P.18
INT. MEN OF LETTERS - DUNGEON - NIGHT	P.19
INT. MEN OF LETTERS - LIBRARY - DAY (DAY 2)	P.21
<b>INT. CROWLEY'S LAIR - DAY</b>	<b>P.22</b>
INT. MEN OF LETTERS - DUNGEON - DAY	P.24
INT. DIVE BAR - NIGHT	P.30
INT. MEN OF LETTERS - LIBRARY - NIGHT	P.32
INT. DIVE BAR - NIGHT	P.34
INT. MICHAEL'S LAIR - NIGHT	P.35
INT. IMPALA - ROLLING - NIGHT (PMP)	P.36
INT. DIVE BAR - NIGHT	P.36
INT. DIVE BAR - NIGHT	P.39
INT. DIVE BAR - NIGHT	P.41
<b>INT. CROWLEY'S LAIR - NIGHT</b>	<b>P.43</b>
INT. IMPALA - ROLLING - NIGHT (PMP)	P.43
<b>INT. CROWLEY'S LAIR - DUNGEONS - CELLAR - NIGHT</b>	<b>P.45</b>

EXT.

EXT. POLICE PRECINCT - DAY	P.9
EXT. POLICE PRECINCT - DAY	P.11
EXT. OUR WORLD - CITY STREET - DAY	P.14
EXT. DANIELA'S SHACK - TO ESTABLISH - NIGHT	P.17
EXT. DANIELA'S SHACK - NIGHT	P.18
EXT. PLAYGROUND - DAY	P.26
EXT. ROADWAY / DIVE BAR PARKING LOT - NIGHT	P.39
EXT. DIVE BAR PARKING LOT - NIGHT	P.43

SUPERNATURAL  
"War of the Worlds"

TEASER

FADE IN:

1 INT. MICHAEL'S LAIR - APOCALYPSE WORLD - DARKNESS (DAY 1) 1  
TIGHT ON LIPS-- as they speak. LUCIFER'S VOICE.

LUCIFER

I've got plenty of gripes with the  
old man. His self-righteous  
narcissism. His "my way or the  
highway" quirk. But I gotta  
admit...

VARIOUS SHOTS (STOCK)-- The UNIVERSE in all its glory: THE  
ANDROMEDA NEBULA. A star goes SUPER NOVA in explosive  
beauty.

LUCIFER (V.O.)

...he had a couple of glorious  
seconds when he banged out the  
universe.

We SOAR OVER THE ALPS. Then THE GRAND CANYON. VICTORIA  
FALLS.

LUCIFER (V.O.)

The guy had creative chops. And  
optimism. I'll give him that. And  
for all his pissiness...

MICHAEL'S LAIR - WIDER-- To REVEAL LUCIFER in CLOSE-UP. Head  
back, eyes shut, face bloodied. He's in shadows, lit by  
FIRELIGHT. MICHAEL (APOCALYPSE WORLD version) also has  
closed eyes as he presses a hand on Lucifer's skull, "SEEING"  
what Lucifer "sees."

LUCIFER

...And massive lack of irony... He  
did give mankind a good turn at  
bat.

SHOTS (STOCK)-- A GLORIOUS SUNSET.

LUCIFER (V.O.)

...And the chance to live in  
paradise.

(CONTINUED)

SPRING BUDS BLOOMING THROUGH A CRUST OF SNOW. A RAINBOW  
STRETCHES OVER MISTY RAIN.

LUCIFER (V.O.)

He ruled. He smote. He parted  
waters. Worshipped by creatures  
who made God in man's image.

MICHAEL'S LAIR - LUCIFER AND MICHAEL.

LUCIFER

Then he got disappointed, or worse,  
bored, picked up his toys and left.

LOOSER-- Bars separate Lucifer and Michael. Michael removes  
his hand. The trance is broken. Lucifer tries to focus.

LUCIFER (CONT'D)

What... was that?

MICHAEL

Hitched a ride on your temporal  
lobe. Saw your world. That  
paradise you left behind. I  
believe I'll take up residence.  
And lend my guiding hand.

WIDER-- A DANK, WINDOWLESS BUNKER, lit by TORCHES. Lucifer's  
in a SLIM, SUSPENDED CAGE. Barely wider than his body.  
SHARP BARBS jut from bars and have already PIERCED HIM.

LUCIFER

Of course, because you've done  
wonders with this place.

MICHAEL

(drawing close)

While I was in your head? I saw  
what you're deathly afraid of.  
Being hopelessly locked up again.  
You'll be left here. Alone with  
your agony. Forever.

Lucifer lunges at Michael, and Michael PUNCHES HIM IN THE  
FACE! THE CAGE IS SENT SWINGING! The BARBS RIP AT LUCIFER'S  
FLESH! He SHRIEKS in pain and rage, as Michael stalks out.

BLACKOUT.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

2

INT. MEN OF LETTERS - LIBRARY - DAY

2

DEAN enters with coffee. SAM is working the laptop, Dean's is open across the table.

DEAN

Anything?

SAM

I have an A.P.B. out to every Hunter we know. Jack is off the grid.

(then)

I keep wondering what I could've done differently, how I could've kept this from happening. \*

DEAN

(sitting at laptop)

Yeah, me too. But the kid was spun out.

(off Sam's frustrated look)

Sammy, we'll find him.

(then)

There'll be a sign. The kid can cause a tsunami with a hiccup.

SAM

Maybe he's covering his tracks.

CASTIEL enters.

CASTIEL

Or this apparent dearth of evidence is, in fact, the evidence.

SAM

Of?

CASTIEL

Some horrific misadventure that's befallen him. That he's been dragged down to Hell by Asmodeus. Or, possibly worse, hijacked to Heaven by Angels.

DEAN

Isn't he too fast and furious for Angels?

(CONTINUED)



CASTIEL

Maybe, maybe not.

(starts for the stairs)

I'm going to see what I can find out.

SAM

From the angels?

Cass nods.

DEAN

(getting up)

Let's do it.

CASTIEL

You can't accompany me, Dean. My contact is already anxious about meeting, and won't speak in the presence of a stranger.

DEAN

So introduce me and we won't be strangers. I'll bring a six-pack.

CASTIEL

This is a boy I swore I'd protect. Let me do this.

Dean backs off, Cass goes up the stairs.

DEAN

Don't do anything stupid, okay?

Cass exits. Dean returns to the table.

DEAN (CONT'D)

Looks like we're stuck in "idle."

SAM

So, what now? We sit here and wait?

DEAN

(staring at his screen)

Or, we could work a case.

(then)

Three separate murders, hundreds of miles apart, same M.O.: All the victims were horribly tortured before their throats were slit.

SAM

That's terrible, but is it a case?

Dean spins the laptop toward Sam. BLOWS UP THE IMAGE.

DEAN

See it? Next to the vic.

SCREEN-- A FEMALE VICTIM in a pool of blood. Next to her body is a MORTAR, A PESTLE, a cloth with SORCERY SYMBOLS.

SAM

She's a witch? Were they all witches?

Dean spins the laptop back around, scans info.

DEAN

Looking like. Remember Don Stark?

SAM

Yeah. Real estate witch. Okay guy, who'd kill him?

DEAN

These weren't Hunter kills. They're almost... ritualistic. Maybe a sacrament or something. Their homes were ransacked. Like someone was looking for something.

SAM

Witches getting whacked by something worse than witches. I'm in.

3

INT. CROWLEY'S LAIR - DAY

3

\*

ASMODEUS on the throne in a trance-like state.

\*

ASMODEUS

(whispers)

Jack...

A sinister-looking DEMON enters.

DEMON #1

Lord Asmodeus...

ASMODEUS

(jolted awake)

Does no one think of knocking?

DEMON #1

I have news of The Jack.

ASMODEUS

(why even bother)

What is it?

DEMON #1

There is no news of The Jack.  
We've exhausted all our resources.

ASMODEUS

How is it possible? This is an entity of immense power, but I detect nothing. The Winchesters are doing a masterful job of cloaking him.

DEMON #1

I doubt that, since they don't have The Jack anymore, either.

ASMODEUS

(staring)

Say what?

DEMON #1

We have a Hunter on the payroll who says the Winchesters themselves are in a panic to find him.

ASMODEUS

Well, if they're not protecting the nephilim, just who is?

Lucifer, out of his cage, bleeding, in shredded clothes, held fast by two burly ANGEL GUARDS in camo, facing Michael.

LUCIFER

I got an idea. Why don't you wail on Mary Winchester for a while, and I'll grab a latte.

\*

MICHAEL

Someone woke up on the wrong side of the universe. Look at you. You claim to be a god in your world. Yet here, you're pathetic.

LUCIFER

You try inter-dimensional travel  
sometime. Definitely no-frills.

(then)

And to be clear? Never said I was  
God, or a god. In my world,  
God's a paradox. He's everywhere.  
In people's minds. In reality:  
Nowhere. He left. I, on the other  
hand, am the real deal. I'm  
everything humanity thinks I am,  
and much worse. That's who you're  
dealing with. But congrats to you  
on being the supreme ruler of this  
dead rock.

MICHAEL

But unlike you, I'll be trading up.

LUCIFER

You mean Earth? You kinda need  
that pesky rift to pull that swap  
off. And it's like... missing.

MICHAEL

For now.  
(to a Guard)  
Bring him in.

The Guard exits.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

I see myself as a man with a plan.  
Alternate universes? Not news.  
We've been exploring the idea of  
engagement with them.

LUCIFER

"We?"

MICHAEL

The greatest minds on this "dead  
rock." Including:

The DOOR OPENS.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Our Prophet of the Lord.

KEVIN TRAN walks in! Looking just like our Kevin, but hyper  
and twitchy, carrying a CRYSTAL VIAL and what appears to be  
an ANGEL TABLET.

(CONTINUED)

LUCIFER  
(stunned)  
Kevin? Kevin Tran?

KEVIN  
Have we met?

LUCIFER  
We had one in our world, too. I  
was there for the roll-out,  
straight off the assembly line.  
When all the prophets, before and  
after him, were made.  
(then)  
Anyway, Other You is dead.

MICHAEL  
Don't care. What do you have for  
me, Kevin?

KEVIN  
(rapid-fire)  
I've assembled all the elements  
annotated in the angel tablets. Of  
course, I've never done this  
before, no one here has, and any  
predictions are only predictive not  
declarative, probabilities being  
what they are; or could be. Maybe.  
Or not.

Michael gives his head a shake; Kevin requires patience.

KEVIN (CONT'D)  
But a fly in the ointment exists.

MICHAEL  
(darkly)  
Yes?

KEVIN  
(holds up empty vial)  
The key ingredient. Archangel  
grace. Which you have refused to  
donate.

MICHAEL  
Don't screw with me, Worm.

KEVIN  
I am a vertebrate. Neither an  
annelid nor a nematode.

Michael nods to the Guards. They tighten their grip on Lucifer. Michael snatches the vial from Kevin.

MICHAEL

I don't have to waste my grace.  
There's plenty in the cupboard.

He closes in on Lucifer.

LUCIFER

Touch me, and I'll kill you.

Michael's fist darts out and PUNCHES LUCIFER IN THE FACE! He picks up an ANGEL BLADE and holds it to Lucifer's neck.

MICHAEL

I won't take it all. We'll leave  
some for a rainy day.  
(pressing the blade)  
Say "Ah."

WHITE LIGHT glows from the SLIT he cuts in Lucifer's neck!

Sam and Dean in fed threads, are leaving the building. Dean carries a case file and is on his cell. Sam sets his laptop on the roof of the IMPALA, opens it, as:

DEAN

(into phone)  
No Jody, we don't know what's going  
on, just that they were all  
witches. Thanks.

He CLICKS OFF.

SAM

(re: screen)  
This is surveillance footage of the  
last vic before she was kidnapped  
and killed.

SCREEN-- BLACK AND WHITE VIDEO as a young WOMAN passes through FRAME, one of several pedestrians on the street. She EXITS and Sam FREEZES the FRAME.

SAM (CONT'D)

Right after that, she turned down  
an alley and that's when she was  
grabbed.

Dean sees something on the screen.

CONTINUED:

DEAN  
What the Hell?  
(to Sam)  
Go back.

Sam REVERSES THE IMAGES and then REPLAYS IT.

DEAN (CONT'D)  
Stop. Blow it up.

The IMAGE FREEZES. Sam PUSHES KEYS.

DEAN-- Staring in disbelief.

DEAN (CONT'D)  
No. Not possible!

THE SCREEN-- We SEE what he sees. A pedestrian the vic had just passed. Looking just like someone they know: MR. KETCH!

SAM  
Ketch?

BLACKOUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

6

EXT. POLICE PRECINCT - DAY

6

Right where we left off. Sam and Dean stare in shock at the laptop; at the frozen image of what appears to be Mr. Ketch.

SAM

It's not possible. It can't be Ketch.

DEAN

Mom plugged him, clean through the head.

SAM

Are you sure that's him?

DEAN

Are you kidding? Not remember the face of a guy who tried to kill me in my own home? Twice? That's him.

(taps the screen)

And he's thirty feet away from a chick who was tortured and murdered. I say case solved.

UP THE STREET-- An exotically attractive WOMAN, 30's, in coat, hat, and dark glasses, is walking toward the Impala.

SAM AND DEAN

SAM

But even if it is Ketch, why would he...

DEAN

Because it's Ketch! It's the kinda thing he gets off on!

The woman, DANIELA, glances around nervously, approaches.

DANIELA

(quietly)

Sam and Dean Winchester?

SAM

Do we... know you?

(CONTINUED)



DANIELA

No. But I know you. In my profession, it pays to know the enemy.

(off their blank looks)

My name's Daniela. I'm a witch. And I know you don't like witches. But I also know you help people who are in trouble. I'm in trouble.

They glance at each other.

DANIELA (CONT'D)

(quietly desperate)

We need to talk. But not here.

INT. MICHAEL'S LAIR - DAY

KEVIN-- Works feverishly at a table, mixing a potion from an array of ingredients. He chops, grinds, pours, referring constantly to an ANGEL TABLET'S densely etched symbols.

REVEAL-- Lucifer, fed up, still gripped by the burly Angel Guards on either side of him. The Guards stare steadfastly straight ahead.

KEVIN

(to a Guard)

It's ready.

One Guard exits through a door, as:

LUCIFER

Kid, what're you doing? Why even get mixed up with Michael?

KEVIN

(not looking over)

I don't have a choice. I'm a prophet and I serve God, but there's no God to serve so I serve the ranking deity, which is Michael, because I don't have a choice because I'm a prophet.

LUCIFER

You idiot, don't you see Michael's a monster? Pure evil?!

KEVIN

I'm confused, aren't you Satan,  
which would make you the evil  
monster, and besides, Michael's  
taking me with him to Paradise  
World so I can meet hot women,  
which our world doesn't have many  
of, women I mean, hot or otherwise.

LUCIFER

I'm sorry, what?

Michael enters, followed by the Guard who fetched him.

MICHAEL

This had better work.

KEVIN

Okay, disclaimer? What I'm making  
is a synthetically generated mega-  
force which has not been tested and  
I've never done it before and it  
should be enough to open the rift  
but I can't promise a hundred  
percent.

Michael looks like he has a migraine.

MICHAEL

(a quiet growl)

Just do it.

Kevin nervously reaches for the glowing VIAL OF LUCIFER'S  
GRACE, brings it toward the heavy MIXING BOWL.

LUCIFER

No, Kevin... Don't!

Kevin pours in the GRACE. SHIMMERING LIGHT DANCES IN THE  
BOWL. Kevin reads from the ANGEL TABLET.

KEVIN

"Mah ray, fay doh, em lah..."

THE LIGHT INTENSIFIES. A SHRILL WHIRR of SOUND fills the  
chamber. Everyone's looking around.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

"Kah day, em lah..."

THE SHRILL TONE is nearly unbearable! And now a SMALL  
SHIMMERING GLOW APPEARS IN THE CENTER OF THE ROOM. Lucifer  
recognizes it, and cringes.

(CONTINUED)

Kevin STABS A FINGER AT THE SHIMMER, shouting above the DIN.

KEVIN (CONT'D)  
"KAH DAY, EM LAH!"

A THUNDEROUS EXPLOSION AND BLAST OF BLINDING WHITE LIGHT ROCK THE ROOM AS THE RIFT SUDDENLY EXPANDS TO FULL SIZE AND OPENS! Everyone's sent reeling, and the Guards have loosened their hold on Lucifer. He shakes them off, punching one, and RUSHES FOR THE RIFT! The Guards bolt after him, and LUCIFER DIVES HEADLONG INTO THE RIFT! It SNAPS SHUT IMMEDIATELY, and VANISHES. Sudden SILENCE.

THE ROOM-- Everyone is dazed, staring at the spot where the rift had been. Michael grabs Kevin, throws him at a wall.

MICHAEL  
WHAT JUST HAPPENED?!

KEVIN  
Okay, clearly the science wasn't perfect and wow, the spell's designed to admit one person at a time, who saw that coming...?

MICHAEL  
(seething)  
Fix this.

8      EXT. OUR WORLD - CITY STREET - DAY      8

A moderately busy urban street. FIND a bewildered Lucifer, sitting on a sidewalk, still dazed by his sudden arrival. He's disheveled, his clothes are shreds. Pedestrians gingerly step around him, averting their eyes. Lucifer staggers to his feet, wandering among passersby, as:

LUCIFER  
Hello... Where am I? Cincinnati?  
Oh, hi... Can you tell me where I am? You, sir... Moment of your time?

People are desperate to ignore him, keep walking.

NEW ANGLE-- A SNOOTY WOMAN, well dressed, 40's, stands a short distance away with her friend, each packing fancy shopping bags. She stares at Lucifer with disdain.

SNOOTY WOMAN  
Oh my God. When are they ever going to get those people off the street?

(CONTINUED)

8

LUCIFER-- Freezes, his head snapping around to glare.

LUCIFER  
Excuse me. "Those people?"

SNOOTY WOMAN  
(to friend, clenched  
teeth)  
No eye contact, Beverly.

Lucifer approaches.

LUCIFER  
Lady, you do not know who you're  
talking to.

SNOOTY WOMAN  
Oh, I have a general idea.  
(hands him a dollar)  
Here. And don't you spend it on  
drugs now.

Lucifer draws himself up to a dramatic pose.

LUCIFER  
I am Lucifer.

And HE THRUSTS OUT BOTH HANDS, expecting the women to  
explode. They just stand there, giving him pitying looks.  
Lucifer SNAPS HIS HANDS OUT AGAIN, then stares at his palms,  
puzzled. The women start walking away.

SNOOTY WOMAN  
Honey, you're not Lucifer. My ex-  
husband's Lucifer.

9

INT. DANIELA'S SHACK - DAY

9

A musty, dusty, little-used dump. Through the dirty windows,  
we see dense woods. KEY IN THE LOCK, and Daniela ushers in  
Sam and Dean, now in civvies.

DEAN  
(glancing around)  
You... live here?

DANIELA  
It's a safe house some of us use.  
When we're in hiding. From  
Hunters, for instance. It's almost  
impossible to find.

(CONTINUED)

SAM

We noticed. Okay, we trust you about as much as you trust us, but we followed you here. What's going on?

DANIELA

What's going on is, I survived. He had me. The serial killer you're looking for.

DEAN

No one he's grabbed has lived. Why should we believe you?

She irritably pulls down the thick scarf wrapped around her neck and upper body. Revealed are thick, raw wounds on her neck and upper chest.

DANIELA

This is how he tortures you. Slow cuts with a red-hot knife. While he was doing it, I managed to get a hand free enough to touch him. And whisper a spell that disabled him. Just long enough to get away.

SAM

What did he want?

DANIELA

He kept asking the same question over and over again: "Where is Rowena MacLeod?"

SAM

Rowena?

DEAN

Rowena's dead.

DANIELA

So I've heard. That's what I told him. That's what everyone's told him. That's why he'll keep doing this. Till he hears what he wants.

DEAN

This guy... Did he have a British accent?

DANIELA

Yeah. Why do you...

(CONTINUED)

9

Sam flips open the laptop. On the screen: The frozen picture of what looks to be Mr. Ketch.

SAM  
Is this him?

Daniela shudders.

DANIELA  
Yes! Yes, that's him!

Sam and Dean look at each other. Wow.

DANIELA (CONT'D)  
Do you know where he is? You have to get him! He has to be looking for me; he knows I can identify him.

SAM  
Okay, we want him, too. For our own reasons.

DANIELA  
You can't tell anyone I spoke to you. Until he's caught, no one can know where I am.

DEAN  
Yeah... About that. I'm kinda thinkin' the opposite.

She stares at him, stunned.

10      EXT. DANIELA'S SHACK - TO ESTABLISH - NIGHT      10

Solitary, edge of deep woods.

11      INT. DANIELA'S SHACK - NIGHT      11

Dark, shadowy, lit by kerosene lanterns. Daniela's at a table, terrified, trying to play solitaire. WIND MOANS OUTSIDE. Daniela glances around, listening for any out-of-the-ordinary sound. A CLOCK TICKS.

DANIELA  
(nervous muttering)  
Uh... You guys are around, right?  
Close by?

12 EXT. DANIELA'S SHACK - NIGHT 12

CREEPY POV-- Something is slowly, stealthily closing in on the cabin. The WIND is louder.

13 INT. DANIELA'S SHACK - NIGHT 13

Daniela slaps a card on the table, her hands shaking. She puts down the deck. A CLOCK TICKS. She looks around warily. A long moment, THEN A SUDDEN RATTLING.

FIREPLACE-- A SMALL CANISTER HURTTLES DOWN THE CHIMNEY! Daniela jumps up with a SCREAM. The canister's already SPEWING A THICK CLOUD OF SMOKE!

THE ROOM-- As Daniela clutches her throat, choking on the smoke, spins to go to the door, but quickly DROPS TO HER KNEES, COLLAPSING ON THE FLOOR, unconscious!

NEW ANGLE-- As the DOOR FLIES OPEN and a MAN IN BLACK CAMO, LEATHER JACKET and A STREAMLINED GAS MASK bursts in, carrying a SUBMACHINE GUN. He FIRES, BLASTING CLOSET AND CUPBOARD DOORS into A SHOWER OF SPLINTERED WOOD! The smoke quickly DISSIPATES. Satisfied he's alone, the man turns his attention to Daniela.

NEW ANGLE-- As DEAN suddenly APPEARS IN THE DOORWAY WITH AN AIR PISTOL! The man looks over just as DEAN FIRES, and a TRANQUILIZER DART hits him! The man drops to the floor, out. Sam and Dean enter. Sam goes to Daniela, Dean to the inert man.

CLOSER-- As Dean rips the gas mask off the man, and Sam looks over. The boys stare down as CAMERA MOVES IN on what is CLEARLY THE FACE OF MR. ARTHUR KETCH!

BLACKOUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

14 INT. MEN OF LETTERS - DUNGEON - NIGHT

14

TIGHT ON KETCH-- Beaten up, bloodied, and bemused.

DEAN (O.S.)  
One more time. Why aren't you  
dead?

WIDER-- Ketch, jacket off, is chained to the dungeon's chair,  
as Sam and Dean interrogate him.

KETCH  
(spits blood)  
One more time, why should I be?  
And what business is my mortality  
to you two?

SAM  
Because we killed you.

KETCH  
Apparently not.

Dean PUNCHES HIM IN THE FACE!

DEAN  
Don't screw with us! You tried to  
kill us, you did kill our friend  
Mick, and you messed with our mom.  
We're already pissed off.

Ketch begins a small smile, which Dean catches.

DEAN (CONT'D)  
I wouldn't do that.

KETCH  
I think I know what's going on  
here.

SAM  
Really.

KETCH  
It's all quite explicable. You  
have me confused with my brother.

DEAN  
(disdainful)  
What "brother?"

(CONTINUED)



KETCH

Arthur. I'm Alexander. His twin.

DEAN

(fed up)

Do I look stupid?

KETCH

Is that a trick question?

Dean PUNCHES him.

KETCH (CONT'D)

But I digress. I'm the family black sheep. If Arthur were here he'd assure you I'm nothing like him.

SAM

Are you actually sitting there with a straight face, telling us you have an evil twin?

KETCH

If reducing things to that black and white level helps you, fine. Arthur was the family success story. The headliner. Our Donny Osmond.

DEAN

So Marie, what's your story?

KETCH

Arthur and I attended a feeder school for the British Men of Letters...

SAM

Yeah, Kendricks, we know all about it.

KETCH

When it came time to initiate into the organization I... fled. It wasn't for me. If they were to find me, I'd be dead.

SAM

Funny your name never came up.

KETCH

No doubt. Arthur felt I brought shame to our family and to the Men of Letters. He had to work twice as hard to make up for my public failure. And I had to work thrice as hard to disappear. Live in the shadows. And do my work.

SAM

What "work?"

KETCH

Killing monsters. All over the world. For a fee. A Hunter.

DEAN

A mercenary.

KETCH

(shrugs)

A man with my sort of training has limited options.

SAM

You don't seem too bummed your brother is dead.

KETCH

We live, lived, dangerous lives with a short expiration date.

DEAN

And the witches? Who's bankrolling their deaths?

KETCH

Oh, I'm doing that pro-bono.

SAM

And asking about Rowena MacLeod because...?

KETCH

She's a witch, isn't she? Isn't that what we Hunters do? Kill the monster?

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

SAM

Well, I've dug up a pretty hefty paper trail on "Alexander Ketch." Birth certificate, U.S. Visa and passport, academic records from Kendricks for Arthur and Alexander.

DEAN

(wearily)

Sam...

SAM

I went into the hard drive we took from the Brits' U.S. base. There were initiation papers drawn up for both Ketches, with Alexander's incomplete.

DEAN

I don't care how good this story looks, I'm not buying it.

SAM

For argument's sake, we know mom shot Arthur straight through the head. Brain matter buffet on the wall. And we know we dumped the corpse in the waste canal. So even if this is weird, we eat weird every day.

DEAN

There's Ripley's Believe-It-Or-Not weird and there's weird that's straight-up bull. And I'm thinking Ketch weird is door number two.

16

INT. CROWLEY'S LAIR - DAY

16

\*

A CLERK who may or may not have been seen in the Stampede Motel (Ep. 1306 "Tombstone") SCREAMS in agony. He is a blood-soaked mess, hanging from manacles above his head. His "Stampede Motel" polo shirt is ripped open, and DEMON #1 drags a BLADE across his torn chest. The man SCREAMS. Asmodeus calmly watches.

\*

\*

CLERK

(weeps)

I don't know anything!

ASMODEUS

About?

CLERK

Anything. At all. I'm a motel clerk in a nowhere town where nothing happens to anyone.

ASMODEUS

How do you explain how Jack, the infamous nephilim, along with the Brothers Winchester, all stayed at your No-tell Motel?

CLERK

WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?!

ASMODEUS

What miracles did you witness?

CLERK

What?!

ASMODEUS

Where were they headed next?

CLERK

The people in Room 26 that night were all FBI agents! They paid their bill in cash. They left. I swear I got nothing. You're beating a dead horse.

ASMODEUS

(pleasant)

Not quite.

He plucks the blade from the Demon's hand and SLITS THE CLERK'S THROAT. He tosses the knife on the bloody floor.

ASMODEUS (CONT'D)

(to the Demon)

Clean this up.

As he walks off, something overcomes him and he teeters with dizziness, gripping a table to steady himself.

DEMON #1

What is it?

ASMODEUS

I'm sensing something. A presence.

(unsure)

Not the nephilim. Something else.

More like...

(CONTINUED)

16      CONTINUED: (2)      16

And then he just smiles a knowing smile.

17      INT. MEN OF LETTERS - DUNGEON - DAY      17

Alexander's chained to the chair. Sam leans expectantly against a table, trying to solve the riddle before him.

KETCH

So, to recapitulate, even though you and your brother both saw my brother, Arthur, shot point blank, you still question his demise?

SAM

Probably smart to question everything about Arthur Ketch.

KETCH

Probably. I know I'm still trying to figure him out.

(fond smile)

Brothers. Close as two snap peas in a pod, and yet one is yin, the other yang. Like you and Dean.

SAM

You don't know anything about me and Dean.

KETCH

Just extrapolating from what little I've seen. He's volatile, hot-headed. Hence you are forced, de facto, to be the reasonable one. No room to vent your own emotional baggage, eh?

SAM

Or maybe you're describing you and Arthur. He is...

KETCH

(interrupts)

Was...

SAM

("okay")

"Was" the star player. You were minor league.

KETCH

A bit blunt.

SAM

The Arthur Ketch we knew was an amoral henchman. Sadistic and predatory. Loyal to no one.

KETCH

You're wrong. Not amoral, and actually loyal to a fault. What you witnessed was an incredibly good company man. Not an easy job.

SAM

(watching him)

Sounds like it's easier being "Alexander" than Arthur.

KETCH

To a degree. No glory, true, but no burdens either.

SAM

So you admired him. Maybe wanted to be like him.

KETCH

Like you, I understood my brother's issues. And why he did what he did. I suspect if he were here, he'd admit regret about... some of the things he did to your family.

SAM

You're apologizing for him?

KETCH

I'm explaining him.

SAM

So you do have him figured out.

KETCH

I once did. Now I hardly recognize him.

They lock eyes. There's an unspoken something here. Finally:

KETCH (CONT'D)

So, switching lanes, Hunter to Hunter: Any truth to all the chatter I've been hearing about a nephilim?

18

EXT. PLAYGROUND - DAY

18

The usual location of the Gate to Heaven. Castiel and a female angel, DUMAH (Doo-mah), are meeting.

DUMAH

I was shocked to hear from you, Castiel. Everyone thought you were dead.

CASTIEL

It was temporary.

She stares. WTF?

CASTIEL (CONT'D)

Thank you for agreeing to meet me, Dumah. This is a matter of great urgency. It's imperative I locate the boy.

DUMAH

(coolly)

"The boy." Are we speaking of the nephilim?

CASTIEL

He seems to be nowhere on Earth. Do the angels have him?

DUMAH

No.

CASTIEL

Jack is not in Heaven? Are you certain? Maybe sitting in Metatron's old cell?

DUMAH

If we had him, he wouldn't be imprisoned. He'd be put to work.

CASTIEL

What?

DUMAH

Castiel, the angels' numbers were greatly diminished by the fall. And the in-fighting. And, no offense, by you and your friends. No one's made new angels since the dawn of creation.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

DUMAH (CONT'D)

It will require a powerful force to create more of us.

CASTIEL

Jack? Even if he has that kind of power, what makes you think he'd cooperate?

DUMAH

He may not have a choice.

CASTIEL

You plan on enslaving him? For some kind of experiment?

DUMAH

He's not your pet, Castiel. He belongs to all of us.

NEW ANGLE-- A sudden SWIRL OF DUST in the sandbox, and, as Cass and Dumah stare, out of it step three armed ANGELS. The LEADER steps forward.

LEADER

You did well, Dumah. Delivered him as promised. Come with us, Castiel.

Realizing he's been betrayed, Cass draws his ANGEL BLADE.

LEADER (CONT'D)

We hear you have influence with the nephilim. He'll listen to you.

The two other angels move toward Cass.

CASTIEL

I'm not going to help you.

LEADER

Well, we'll see.

The two angels close in. Cass swings his blade at one who ducks, then he pivots toward the other. As he tries to protect himself, the Leader moves in from behind. He grabs Cass and holds his blade near Cass.

LEADER (CONT'D)

Castiel. Ever the renegade.

He moves as if to SLIT CASTIEL'S THROAT, when: THUNDER! A FLASH OF LIGHT and BURST OF WIND! The angels spin to see:



LUCIFER-- In a heroic pose, attempting to look as majestic as he can muster.

LUCIFER  
Drop the blade, Suriel.

The angels are frozen, stunned.

LUCIFER (CONT'D)  
You hesitate?  
(really?)  
This isn't gonna be one of those  
"make my day, Punk" moments, is it?

He inhales deeply. His eyes GLOW RED.

LUCIFER (CONT'D)  
Buh-bye.

He rears back as if to smite them. Suddenly the Leader drops Cass, the sandbox dust SWIRLS and when it clears, all the angels are gone!

Cass stares at Lucifer, whose eyes immediately SPUTTER OUT. Lucifer is winded, worn out by the effort, and leans against a tree to recover. Cass watches this with interest.

CASTIEL  
How are you back in this world?

LUCIFER  
How are you alive?

CASTIEL  
It's complicated.

LUCIFER  
Yeah, same goes for me.  
(indicates himself)  
Obviously, getting here took its toll.

CASTIEL  
You're weak.

LUCIFER  
Well. Not at my best.

Pent-up anger drives Castiel forward, fist clenched.

LUCIFER (CONT'D)

Okay, stop. First off, I'm not that weak. And I need to talk to you.

CASTIEL

I have no interest in talking to you. And if it's about your son...

LUCIFER

I get it. My kid's custody is a non-starter. But if you could temporarily shelve the eternal enemies attitude, we've got a situation. And by "we" I mean everything alive.

Cass stares in icy mistrust.

BLACKOUT.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

19

INT. DIVE BAR - NIGHT

19

A JUKEBOX plays scratchy 78's. A beat up, vintage road house. A few bleary-eyed patrons in the shadowy place. FIND a wary Castiel in a booth with an intense Lucifer.

LUCIFER

...Everything I'm telling you is true. You were there! You saw what that place is like! The Michael I just described was responsible for that. Stop looking at the door every five seconds like you're about to run!

CASTIEL

I'm a little on edge. Last time we were together, you killed me.

LUCIFER

You know, you can dwell on the past, but what's the point? As you can see, I'm not quite myself. What am I gonna do?

(then)

It's your chance to save the world! Be the heroic Castiel instead of the butt of Heaven's joke.

CASTIEL

And how do I save the world?

LUCIFER

(indicates them both)

We, we save the world. Look, you protected my son. He must trust you. You persuade him to join our team, and the combined power of the three of us can drive Michael back. He's stronger than the Michael we knew. It's gonna take teamwork to defeat him.

CASTIEL

So if this Michael comes...

LUCIFER

Not if, when. He's on a mission!

(CONTINUED)

CASTIEL

You would seem to be the weak link on this team.

LUCIFER

Okay, that hurts a little. Yes, my grace is depleted. But there's enough left to reboot itself.

CASTIEL

And if this is a lie, and you find your son, and kill me again?

LUCIFER

(at wit's end)

Oh, would you cut me some slack!

(re: himself and Cass)

That unhinged thing and his meth-head Kevin Tran are about to bust through the door! God ain't around, if you hadn't noticed, we're all we've got.

CASTIEL

I'd have to think about it. And talk to Sam and Dean.

LUCIFER

What, with all their whining and overthinking? This is an emergency! All they'd wanna do is slam me back in the Cage.

\*  
\*  
\*

CASTIEL

That's all I want.

LUCIFER

I get it, I get it. But right now, you need me, I need you, we both need my kid.

(then)

By the by, how'd you manage to hide him so well? I've tried to get a bead on him, but no bueno.

CASTIEL

His name is Jack.

LUCIFER

(almost moved)

"Jack."

(then)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

LUCIFER (CONT'D)

What's he like? Chip off the old block, is he?

CASTIEL

Thankfully, no. He seems to favor the mother.

LUCIFER

Well, nothing that can't be fixed. So why can't I detect a presence?

CASTIEL

Well...

LUCIFER

He is okay, right?

CASTIEL

I'm sure he's fine.

LUCIFER

(squints)

You don't sound sure.

Cass isn't sure what to say.

LUCIFER (CONT'D)

Is he... nearby?

CASTIEL

No...

LUCIFER

Somewhere distant, then.

CASTIEL

Yes. More that.

Lucifer stares. His face falls as he guesses the truth:

LUCIFER

Oh. My. Chuck. You don't KNOW where he is!

BOX OF PHONES-- A cardboard box is filled with BURNER PHONES labeled with various PHONY IDENTITIES: "CIA," "NASA," "CNN," etc. One marked "FBI" is RINGING. WIDEN as Dean yanks it from the box and answers:

DEAN

(into phone)

Yo. Uh, yeah, this is Agent Russell. I did leave you a card, yes.

Sam, on his laptop, looks over.

DEAN (CONT'D)

(into phone)

What? Really. What kind of questions? When was this? What'd he look like? We'll check it out. Thanks for being in touch.

He CLICKS Off, turns to Sam, indicates the phone.

DEAN (CONT'D)

Manager of "The Stampede Motel," that dive in Dodge City we stayed in with Jack. His Desk Clerk's missing, and before that, some guy showed up, asking a lot of questions about us, particularly about Jack.

SAM

Mention a name?

DEAN

No, but from the description, it sounded a lot like that yellow eyed demon, "Asmodeus."

SAM

Tracking Jack.

DEAN

And about two jumps behind him. We gotta find the kid fast.

KETCH (O.S.)

I should say.

NEW ANGLE-- As the boys look over to see Ketch, who's just entered, in HANDCUFFS and LEG MANACLES, eating a sandwich.

DEAN

(to Sam re: Ketch)

What the Hell is this?

SAM

Uh, Dean? He's in chains, there's no toilet in the dungeon, and he hadn't eaten for a day and a half.

DEAN

Beside the point. He's not free to roam around the place!

KETCH

Judging from the depth of your rage, my brother must've behaved very badly indeed.

(then)

You say your mother is the one who killed him?

DEAN

Had it coming. After what he did to her.

KETCH

(carefully)

And... how is she now?

Dean studies Ketch. Just how interested is he? Then:

DEAN

(coolly)

She's fine.

(to Sam)

Would you put him away?

Sam crosses to Ketch as Dean grabs his own phone, dials.

DEAN (CONT'D)

(into phone)

Cass? Me. Any news on Jack? We need a twenty on him fast.

INTERCUT:

Cass is on his phone, over by the JUKEBOX. Lucifer's still at the table, in the b.g.

CASTIEL

(into phone)

No luck just yet. But interesting things are happening.

DEAN

What?

CLOSE ON CASS

CASTIEL

Yes, I'd like to see you, too. The sooner the better.

LUCIFER (O.S.)

Ahem.

WIDER-- Lucifer is immediately behind Cass. He plucks the phone from Cass's hand, CLICKS OFF.

LUCIFER (CONT'D)

"Smooth" was never your strong suit.

LIBRARY-- Dean stares at his dead phone, puzzled.

SAM

What's up with Cass?

DEAN

Not sure, but he sounded weird. I think he's in trouble.

SAM

Let's go.

KETCH

Yes, let's.

DEAN

Dude, you are so not part of "let's."

Michael with Kevin. Two Angel Guards at attention.

KEVIN

...I thought we had enough ingredients to try the spell again, but we don't, my bad, plus the grace is used up, unless you give some of yours, which I'm guessing you won't because wow, Lucifer was a mess after we took his, did I mention the ingredients are really hard to find?...



Unable to endure another moment, Michael holds up a hand for silence, gives his head a shake to clear it.

MICHAEL

Lucifer managed to enter this world without some fancy spell. How? Where is the rift he came through?

KEVIN

All fair questions.

MICHAEL

Shut up.  
(to Guards)  
Bring me the woman. Bring me Mary Winchester.

Dean at the wheel, Sam studying his phone as they track Cass's phone signal.

DEAN

I hate the idea of Ketch being on his own in the bunker.

SAM

Locked up tight. Not going anywhere.

DEAN

Still getting Cass's signal?

SAM

Yeah. Not too much further. I can pretty much nail down a location.

DEAN

You know, I did tell him not to do anything stupid.

SAM

Yeah? And when's the last time that worked?

The place is pretty much empty. Just the Bartender, and, now back at the table, Cass and Lucifer, who's mid-rant.

LUCIFER

...It's bad enough the Winchesters were baby-sitting my kid in the first place, but then they manage to lose him? With Heaven, Hell, and every place in between trying to hunt him down?

CASTIEL

To be fair, they were doing their best to educate him.

LUCIFER

About what? What could they possibly know about an entity like Jack? About his potential?

CASTIEL

Having witnessed it first hand, they know "his potential" needs to be carefully channeled.

Lucifer can't help being intrigued.

LUCIFER

Oh really?  
(fatherly pride)  
Kid's a bruiser, is he?

Cass looks conflicted.

LUCIFER (CONT'D)

C'mon, let me enjoy this. Did he hurt one of 'em? Little bit? Did they suffer?

A CLAP OF THUNDER, and:

NEW ANGLE-- LIGHTNING, as the DOORS BURST OPEN and Asmodeus strides in with a squad of three tough-looking demons. He immediately points to the staring Bartender and HE EXPLODES!

INCLUDE LUCIFER AND CASS-- Who leap up, Lucifer trying to appear tougher than his current condition allows.

LUCIFER (CONT'D)

Asmodeus.

ASMODEUS

"Lord Lucifer."

LUCIFER

My one-time stooge, runt of the litter, dimmest bulb on the string, etcetera. Took over Crowley's post, did you? Well, you can stand down, the ol' skipper's back.

Asmodeus smiles calmly, walks over to Lucifer and Cass, as:

ASMODEUS

Lucifer. Where have you been?

LUCIFER

Vegas.

ASMODEUS

Here's the thing, Lou, I'm quite satisfied with my current position. Hell's humming along nicely, thank you. But I do hope you and your little lap angel will come pay me a visit.

LUCIFER

I'm kinda booked up.

ASMODEUS

I won't take "no" for an answer.

Lucifer taps the SCARS on Asmodeus's face.

LUCIFER

You know better than to screw with me.

ASMODEUS

(removing Lucifer's hand)  
I knew better than to screw with the "old" you. But this new version feels more... screw-able.

LUCIFER

So help me...

He draws himself up, as if to smite Asmodeus!

ASMODEUS

Please.

He waves a hand, and LUCIFER AND CASS ARE THROWN BACK AGAINST A WALL!

25

EXT. ROADWAY / DIVE BAR PARKING LOT - NIGHT

25

The stand-alone bar, "AL'S," is by itself on a lonely stretch of road. Its sign and windows dark. The Impala comes down the roadway, pulls into the parking lot. The guys get out, carrying unlit flashlights.

DEAN

Sure this is it? Place looks deserted.

SAM

I got a lock on the location just before Cass's signal died.

They draw their guns and warily creep toward the place.

26

INT. DIVE BAR - NIGHT

26

Sam pushes open a door, which CREAKS ominously. Dark, lit by moonlight. The place appears empty. Dean flips LIGHT SWITCHES; things remain DARK. They TURN ON FLASHLIGHTS and creep slowly forward.

DEAN

No one's here.

Moments of creepy stillness. A FLOORBOARD CREAKS. Dean sweeps his flashlight toward the noise. Nothing. Sam goes in a different direction, his flashlight revealing nothing. Until suddenly it falls on one of the big demon goons, armed with a BLADE. His EYES FLASH BLACK, and he charges.

Another armed demon leaps out of shadows at Dean. Sam and Dean draw ANGEL BLADES. INTERCUT the two fierce fights, in and out of shadows, BLADES FLASHING in shafts of dim light.

Sam is driven backwards toward the THIRD DEMON who suddenly appears out of darkness, grabbing Sam and SLAMMING him into a wall, where HE SINKS TO THE FLOOR. The demon's immediately on top of him, rearing back to stab Sam, when suddenly:

A NEW FIGURE APPEARS IN THE DOORWAY. KETCH! Wearing his jacket, with two ANGEL BLADES, one of which he HURLS, END-OVER-END, AT THE DEMON ATTACKING SAM. IT FLARES OUT!

Sam scrambles to find Dean in close combat with the other two demons. Sam kills one, it FLARES OUT. But the other WHIPS HIS BLADE AT DEAN'S; IT FLIES FROM DEAN'S HAND. The demon's about to kill him, when Ketch charges over and STABS him. THE DEMON FLARES OUT!

The three men stand watching each other, breathing hard.

(CONTINUED)

SAM

Okay... Uh, thank you... How did you get out of the cell?

KETCH

KETCH

Lock pick. If you'd done the prescribed cavity search as you should've, you'd have found it.

(then)

I grabbed weapons from your toy box and a motorcycle from your garage, et voila. What's become of your angel?

We hear a GUN BEING COCKED O.S. Ketch glances over, and:

INCLUDE DEAN-- He has a gun aimed at Ketch.

DEAN

Not sure. But I'm sure about you.  
Arthur.

BLACKOUT.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

27

INT. DIVE BAR - NIGHT

27

Right where we left off. Dean with the gun aimed at Ketch, the two men staring each other down. Sam looks on, not quite sure where the truth lies.

DEAN

Gotta admit, the little paper trail you cooked up was impressive. My gut told me it was baloney. Turns out, my gut was right.

KETCH

Really.

DEAN

I've been up against it with you, Ketch. I know your moves. I've been on the receiving end of some of 'em. I also saw the look in your eye when you asked about our mom. So cut the crap, okay?

Ketch smiles a little, relents.

KETCH

Actually, everything I told you was true. Except the twin brother thing. I am separated from the British Men of Letters. Lying low because they will kill me for desertion. I make a rather good living as a sort of soldier of fortune. Deep underground. For a certain sort of clientele who appreciate my skill set. And I do use the name "Alexander."

SAM

So how is it you're alive?

KETCH

I believe you're familiar with the witch Rowena MacLeod?

DEAN

So?

KETCH

She was captured by the British Men of Letters some years back.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

KETCH (CONT'D)

I discovered she'd sewn a powerful charm into her body that could bring her back, should she be killed. I struck a deal wherein she did the same for me, in return for allowing her to escape.

SAM

So after we dumped your body, you...

KETCH

Good as new. The problem is, after the device is used, it must be magically re-charged in order to use it again.

DEAN

Which is why you were hunting Rowena. Sorry. Lucifer killed her. Burned her up.

KETCH

If even a few cells of her body remained intact, she's alive. Obviously, in hiding.

DEAN

So this time when I pull the trigger, it'll take, right?

(then)

Why'd you come here? You coulda run for it.

KETCH

Did it ever occur to you, Dean, I might actually be one of the "good guys?"

DEAN

(evenly)

No. Not even once.

KETCH

What "Alexander" said was true. Arthur is not without regret.

(then)

You and I were soldiers in opposing armies who were at war.

DEAN

(levels the gun)

The thing about war is, only one side wins.

KETCH

I suppose you're right.

Ketch raises his hands in surrender, and as he does so, a small CANNISTER (like the one earlier) drops from inside his jacket, already SPEWING SMOKE.

SAM AND DEAN-- Distracted, glancing at the cannister.

KETCH-- Lurches away. Dean FIRES into the dense smoke, which is already having an effect. Sam and Dean choke on the fumes, rubbery legged. Ketch, GAS MASK IN PLACE, races for the door!

Dean, dizzy, nearly blinded from the fumes, FIRES AGAIN.

Ketch is HIT IN THE SHOULDER! He grabs the wound, lurches forward, vanishes into smoke.

28

EXT. DIVE BAR PARKING LOT - NIGHT

28

Astride the Winchesters' motorcycle, Ketch GUNS THE ENGINE, then ROARS OUT of the parking lot and off down the dark road. Just as:

DIVE BAR DOORWAY-- Sam and Dean, COUGHING from the choking fumes, appear and blearily stare off as:

ROADWAY-- Ketch ROARS around a corner and is GONE! WE SLOWLY...

DISSOLVE TO:

29

INT. CROWLEY'S LAIR - NIGHT

29

\*

CASTIEL'S PHONE-- Rests on a table. It RINGS, and the SCREEN LIGHTS UP: "DEAN." A HAND reaches into FRAME, picks it up.

30

INT. IMPALA - ROLLING - NIGHT (PMP)

30

Dean drives, Sam's shotgun. Dean's on his phone.

CASTIEL (V.O.)

(from phone)

Hello, Dean.

(CONTINUED)



DEAN

(into phone)

Are you okay? By the time we got to where you were, you were gone.

CASTIEL (V.O.)

Yes, I'm fine. A car with what I think were demons pulled up outside. I tried to call and warn you, but couldn't get a signal.

DEAN

(into phone)

What's going on? You sounded like you were in trouble.

CROWLEY'S LAIR-- TIGHT ON THE BACK OF A MAN'S HEAD, cell phone to his ear. We are HEARING CASS'S VOICE. \*

CASTIEL'S VOICE

I'm alright. And I'm following a very interesting lead.

WIDEN as the man turns TOWARD US. IT'S ASMODEUS! But Cass's voice is coming from his lips!

ASMODEUS (CASTIEL'S VOICE)

I'll fill you in when I know more. See you soon, Dean.

And he CLICKS OFF with a satisfied smile, dropping the phone on a table. He turns, addressing someone as yet unseen:

ASMODEUS (CONT'D)

As I was saying... I'm a collector. I like to be prepared. Lucifer could be useful if his power were restored. Castiel is a card to play if the Winchesters get out of line. And if there's truth to the story that another version of Michael is coming... I'll definitely need the nephilim

NEW ANGLE-- REVEALS... MR. KETCH! Now in his trademark immaculate suit and tie (and an arm in a sling?).

ASMODEUS (CONT'D)

So I do hope you're about to tell me there's progress on that front.

KETCH

You really needn't worry.

(CONTINUED)

ASMODEUS

I'm not altogether sure I should be working with you. Here I am, paying you a king's ransom, and you not only kill three of my best demons, you allow the Winchesters to live!

KETCH

Precisely why I'm worth the money. I do what needs to be done. Killing the Winchesters, or allowing them to be killed would've been insane. The nephilim "Jack" trusts them. And they'll stop at nothing to find him.

(then)

And they will lead me to Lucifer's son.

Dim and shadowy. Musty stone walls lit by TORCHES leading to a few barred CELLS, separated by solid walls. MOVE THROUGH THE GLOOM to a pair of adjacent cells. In one, slumped on a stool, back to the wall, is Lucifer. In the other, gripping the bars, staring determinedly into the darkness, is Castiel!

BLACKOUT.

TO BE CONTINUED...