

SUPERNATURAL

Episode #1315

"A Most Holy Man"

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T13.20565

**PRODUCTION DRAFT**

**12/12/17**

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**REVISION HISTORY**

Revision	Date	Revised Pages
Production Draft - White	12/12/17	

COPY

CAST LIST

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

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

**SANTINO SCARPATTI**  
CLERK  
CROMARTY  
LUCCA CAMILLERI / MEDITERRANEAN MAN  
MARGARET ASTOR  
OFFICER  
**RICHARD GREENSTREET**  
THIEF  
THUG #1  
TOUGH

COPY

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SUPERNATURAL  
"A Most Holy Man"

TEASER

FADE IN:

1 EXT. MALTA - NIGHT (STOCK SHOT) (DAY 1) 1

CHYRON: **MALTA**

2 INT. CORRIDOR - NIGHT 2

CHYRON: **HOLY SISTERS OF MALTA MONASTERY**

We are in a dank, basement hallway. Three NUNS exit a room at the end of the hallway. They say nothing as they have taken a vow of silence. As they EXIT FRAME we hold on one of the corridor doors. The old door creaks open and a FIGURE dressed in all black emerges. After making sure the nuns are gone, he moves toward the door the nuns exited.

3 INT. SANCTUARY - NIGHT 3

The heavy door opens and the Figure enters. His flashlight reveals a room filled with iconic religious items. Crosses, relics of all kinds. He zeroes in on a large, glass fronted, GILDED BOX that sits on an altar. He goes to the box, BREAKS the heavy lock, and opens the box, revealing an obviously very old HUMAN SKULL. Closing the box, he lifts it off the altar and turns right into the face of a very old NUN. One, two, three uncomfortable beats, then our thief HITS the Nun on the head with a small BLACKJACK. She sinks to the floor. The thief shakes his head in regret.

THIEF

Quindi dispiace, madre. Vi prego  
discusarmi. <So sorry, mother.  
Please forgive me.>

As he exits, we TILT TO the Nun... out cold...

BLACKOUT.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

4

INT. MEN OF LETTERS - KITCHEN - DAY (DAY 2)

4

SAM sits at his computer. DEAN enters and pulls a pizza box out of the fridge, crossing to Sam.

DEAN

So?

SAM

What...?

DEAN

Anything? Seal of Solomon?

SAM

I've been digging through the lore, but so far... nothing.

DEAN

Great. Cass is in Syria, dodging bullets trying to find fruit from the Tree of Life. We don't even know where Lucifer is, so no shot at archangel grace, and what's the last ingredient for this spell we're never going to get?

SAM

Blood of a most holy man.

DEAN

Right, what does that even mean?

SAM

I don't know. Maybe-- blood of a saint.

DEAN

A saint, oh, well, that should be easy.

SAM

Actually, turns out, there's a huge market for religious relics. Hair of a martyr, nails from the True Cross.

\*

DEAN

Where?

(CONTINUED)

Sam shows Dean his COMPUTER. A site selling religious relics on the screen.

SAM

Online.

DEAN

The internet. It's not just for porn anymore.

SAM

Anyway, and a lot of this stuff are fakes, obviously, but I found a legit dealer: her name's Margaret Astor. Worth a shot?

DEAN

(unenthusiastically)

Why not.

(picks up a piece of cold pizza)

I don't think I can handle another slice of cold Papa Giovanni's.

Off Sam's look.

INT. HOTEL COFFEE SHOP - DAY (DAY 3)

We find MARGARET ASTOR, 30s, dressed in a nice suit, but oddly a bit of a forties cut to it, big shoulders, etc...

SAM and DEAN enter, spot Astor and approach her table.

DEAN

Miss Astor?

ASTOR

Ms. will do.

SAM

(politely)

Of course.

(beat)

Can we sit?

She motions them to sit, and they do.

ASTOR

How can I help you?



SAM

We are interested in obtaining a specific religious artifact and were told you might be the person who could help us.

ASTOR

Really, who told you that?

DEAN

Uh, ...the internet?

ASTOR

(nodding)

So, not a personal recommendation.

SAM

Um, no, does that really matter?

ASTOR

(patting Sam's hand,  
clearly flirting)

Personal relationships are very important to me.

She looks deeply into Sam's eyes, as Dean tries to hide an eye roll. After a pregnant pause--

SAM

(staring deeply into her  
eyes)

Well, I would personally appreciate any help you could give us.

If Dean had a glass of water, he would do a spit take. Astor gives Dean some hard eyes, but softens as she turns back to Sam.

ASTOR

And what sort of help would that be?

SAM

We need, uh, ...the blood of a saint.

ASTOR

(interested)

Really... what for?

DEAN

Does that matter?

(CONTINUED)

She shoots Dean some more hard eyes.

ASTOR  
(to Dean)  
I was asking...  
(turning to Sam)  
Uh...

SAM  
Sam.

Astor looks pointedly to Dean.

ASTOR  
Sam.

Dean gives an "okay, fine" look. Then back to Sam.

ASTOR  
So, Sam, what can you tell me?

SAM  
Really not a whole lot, just that  
it's very important to us... uh, to  
me.

ASTOR  
Well, of course it is.  
(beat)  
Blood of a saint, very rare, very  
expensive. I believe I know one  
person who would have such an item.  
Do I dare give you the name.

SAM  
We'd... I would be very much in  
your debt.

ASTOR  
(pointedly)  
Well, that's lovely. But know,  
Sam, I like to collect what's owed  
me.

(then)  
His name is Richard Greenstreet, he  
lives in Seattle. I'll make an  
introduction, but that's as far as  
I'll go.

SAM  
Thank you.

\*

(CONTINUED)

ASTOR

Don't thank me yet. Greenstreet has all the trappings of a gentleman, but I would advise caution.

Off the boys' look.

EXT. GREENSTREET HOUSE - DAY

SAM and DEAN pull up to a stylish Victorian. They EXIT the car wearing their Fed suits.

DEAN

So, you and Ms. Astor. Any future plans?

SAM

Hey, I got the guy's name, didn't I.

DEAN

Yes, Romeo, you did.

Sam sighs, as they head toward the house.

INT. GREENSTREET STUDY - DAY

We find a very corpulent MAN in his mid-fifties. This is GREENSTREET. He wears an expensive three piece suit, which at the moment is specked with sugar from the powdered jelly donut he is eating. After taking a loud slurp of coffee, he looks up to Sam and Dean.

GREENSTREET

Your names again?

DEAN

Sam and Dean Vaughn, from Rhode Island.

GREENSTREET

Rhode Island, you're a long way from home. By chance do you know the Manchin twins from Newport?

SAM

Well, not personally, but we certainly know of them.

GREENSTREET

Interesting, because to the best of my knowledge, there are no Manchin twins from Newport, so, who are you really?

Busted, Sam and Dean share a look. Then--

DEAN

Our names are Sam and Dean Winchester, and we were told that you might have something that we need.

GREENSTREET

And that would be?

SAM

Blood of a saint.

GREENSTREET

Hmmm, blood of a saint. Why yes, I believe I do possess such an item. Cost me a small fortune to obtain.

SAM

Well, we need some for a very worthy cause.

GREENSTREET

(smiles)

I gave up on worthy causes years ago, and as I said, the blood cost me a small fortune. Judging from your Montgomery Ward suits, and cheap ties I'm guessing you don't have a small fortune, or for that matter, two nickels to rub together. I'm afraid this has been a waste of your time, and more importantly, mine. Good day, gentlemen.

Sam and Dean look at each other. With no apparent option, they turn to go, get a few steps...

GREENSTREET

Wait.

The boys turn back.

(CONTINUED)

GREENSTREET

Perhaps we can be of service to one another.

Sam and Dean approach his desk.

GREENSTREET

Since you had the nerve to come in here under false pretenses, I'm going to assume you are not above a bit of chicanery.

Dean looks to Sam, in doubt about what the word 'chicanery' means. Sam nods that in fact they are not above chicanery.

DEAN

We're listening.

GREENSTREET

(motioning to chairs)

Sit.

Sam and Dean do.

GREENSTREET

A short while ago a very valuable item that I covet was, "removed" from its ancestral home in Malta. I believe the thief was working for a man named Santino Scarpatti.

\*

DEAN

The mob guy, Scarpatti?

GREENSTREET

You've heard of him.

DEAN

Heard enough to know he kills people.

GREENSTREET

Yes, I suppose he does. In any case, my proposal is if you can procure this item for me, I will trade it for the blood.

SAM

And what is this item?

GREENSTREET

The skull of St. Peter.

(CONTINUED)

Sam and Dean share a look.

DEAN

So you want us to steal this skull  
from the head of the Seattle mob in  
exchange for the blood of--

GREENSTREET

St. Ignatius. That's correct.

DEAN

No problem.

Sam looks at Dean like he's lost his mind. Dean waves him  
off.

DEAN

What else can you tell us?

GREENSTREET

Rumor has it, the skull is supposed  
to be turned over tomorrow night.

SAM

How do you know that?

GREENSTREET

I keep an eye on my enemies.

(then)

Unfortunately, I don't know who the  
thief is, or where the meet is  
supposed to take place.

DEAN

Not a lot to go on.

Greenstreet motions to the religious iconography in his den,  
and then looking squarely at Sam and Dean--

GREENSTREET

I have faith.

SAM and DEAN walk towards the Impala.

SAM

So this is what we've come to,  
thieves?

DEAN

Hey! You want the blood or not?  
Besides the thing's already been  
stolen.

SAM

Really? That's your rationale?

DEAN

Okay, look, I'm not perfect, and by  
the way neither are you. All of a  
sudden you're above a little  
"chicanery?" This isn't a perfect  
world we're trying to save, and if  
I'm not perfect trying to save it,  
so be it.

(beat)

So, you with me on this?

After a beat, Sam nods yes. They get in the car and drive  
off.

9

INT. INTERNET CAFE - DAY

9

DEAN chats up a pretty YOUNG WOMAN. SAM is in the B.G. on  
his computer. The Young Woman is holding a book.

DEAN

What are you reading?

WOMAN

A book on the supernatural.

DEAN

Really? So you're into the  
supernatural?

WOMAN

I am. And you?

DEAN

A deep and abiding interest. What  
are you reading about now?

WOMAN

Demons. Know much about them?

DEAN

Quite a bit actually. If you'd  
like we could get together...

RACK TO Sam--

(CONTINUED)

SAM

Dean! Think I got it.

Dean gives the Young Woman an apologetic nod, and crosses to Sam.

DEAN

(dryly, to Sam)

Nice timing. What do you got?

SAM

I hacked into airline records, and checked names of people who travelled from Malta to Seattle in the first three days after the skull was stolen. Two were a 72-year-old woman and her granddaughter visiting the woman's ancestral home. Two were business men from Seattle, and the last one is an Italian named Antonio Miele. What little past I can dig up on this guy, seems, checkered.

DEAN

Okay, a little thin, but... I don't suppose you would know where Antonio is now?

SAM

He checked into the Brightmoore right here in downtown Seattle yesterday.

\*

DEAN

You know sometimes your nerd skills amaze me.

(off Sam's look)

I guess we should pay Antonio a visit.

SAM

(re: Young Woman)

Yeah, I mean, if you're not too busy.

DEAN

Just give me a minute.

Dean turns to where the Young Woman was seated. The table is empty. Dean catches a glimpse of her leaving the cafe.

DEAN

No, that's okay. We can go now.



10 INT. BRIGHTMOORE HOTEL LOBBY - NIGHT 10 \*

SAM and DEAN enter and head toward the elevator. As they are getting on, a swarthy MEDITERRANEAN-LOOKING MAN, carrying a SUITCASE, is getting off and bumps into Sam.

SAM

Excuse me.

The Man pays no attention to Sam and keeps walking.

SAM

Okay.

As Sam and Dean enter the elevator, we see the Man looking back at them. He has hard eyes.

11 INT. BRIGHTMOORE HOTEL CORRIDOR - NIGHT 11 \*

Sam and Dean walk down the corridor towards Miele's room. When they arrive at his room they find the door slightly ajar.

12 INT. BRIGHTMOORE HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT 12 \*

The boys enter and find a room that's been tossed. Drawers open, mattresses on the floor, etc...

They move deeper into the room and on the floor between the twin beds, they find the dead ANTONIO MIELE. They roll his body over and we see the face of the man who we saw in the teaser. The thief who stole the skull.

Off Sam and Dean's reaction, we--

BLACKOUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

13 INT. BRIGHTMOORE HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

13 \*

We pick up right where we left off. SAM and DEAN looking at Miele's dead body.

DEAN

Okay, Antonio Miele, rest in peace.  
What the Hell happened--

CROMARTY (O.S.)

Hands up, no sudden moves.

Sam and Dean turn to see a rough looking customer in his mid-forties. He has a BADGE in one hand and a GUN in the other. His name is CROMARTY.

DEAN

Hey-- just a second--

CROMARTY

Move toward the window.

The boys do as they're told. Cromarty pulls out some HANDCUFFS and tosses them to Sam and Dean.

CROMARTY

Now sit on the floor and cuff yourselves to the radiator.

Again the boys do as they're told. Cromarty comes deeper into the room, begins looking for something without giving the dead Antonio Miele more than a passing glance.

Sam and Dean exchange a puzzled look regarding Cromarty's behavior. Cromarty keeps searching the room.

DEAN

You know there's a dead guy on the floor over there.

CROMARTY

(without looking)

I see him.

Another look between Sam and Dean.

SAM

What department are you with?

CROMARTY

Shut up.

(CONTINUED)

Cromarty continues to search.

SAM

And no partner?

CROMARTY

Work alone, and I told you to shut up.

Sam looks at Dean.

SAM

(mouthing the words)

This guy is so wrong.

Dean nods yes.

DEAN

You gonna call this in?

Cromarty pulls his gun and aims it at Dean's head.

CROMARTY

Last time, shut... up!

Cromarty continues his search a few more seconds before heading to the door.

CROMARTY

I'm going to call this in right now.

(starts to leave, turns back)

Don't you two go anywhere.

He laughs like he just made a really funny joke. Sam and Dean give him wan smiles. Cromarty leaves. We HOLD for a few beats.

DEAN

That badge looked like it came out of a cereal box.

SAM

The gun looked real.

DEAN

I don't think he's coming back.

We hear the sound of SIRENS in the distance.

DEAN

He did call it in though.

(CONTINUED)

Sam digs in his pocket and comes out with a small KEY RING with a number of different size KEYS on it. He picks the one that opens handcuffs.

DEAN

You're like a boy scout, always prepared.

SAM

And you're like... I don't know what you're like.

DEAN

I'm unique, one of a kind.

SAM

Means the same thing, unique and one of a kind. Just saying.

DEAN

Just saying? What say you get these cuffs off.

Sam does, and after taking a quick glance at the dead Miele, they beat a hasty retreat as the sirens grow closer.

14

INT. BRIGHTMOORE HOTEL LOBBY - NIGHT

14

\*

SAM and DEAN get off the elevator, and head for the front door. As they pass we see the MEDITERRANEAN MAN clock them from behind a newspaper.

15

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

15

Sam and Dean walk at a brisk pace as POLICE CARS, sirens wailing, drive by.

DEAN

So, if the dead guy on the floor, Miele, was the original thief, who killed him?

SAM

Maybe Greenstreet found him before we did. In that case he probably has the skull.

DEAN

Then who's the phony cop and who does he work for?

SAM

Scarpatti?

(CONTINUED)

DEAN

Maybe, but he was still looking for something. I don't think Scarpatti whacks the guy before he knows where the skull is.

SAM

Whacks?!

DEAN

Mob talk.

SAM

Colorful.

They turn into an alley where the Impala is parked. As they approach the car...

TWO THUGS are waiting. Dean eyes them--

DEAN

Help you?

THUG #1

Mr. Scarpatti would like to see you two.

DEAN

Thanks, but we'll pass.

Both Thugs pull guns.

THUG #1

Yeah, that wasn't a request.

Sam and Dean nod understanding. Dean starts to get in the driver's seat.

THUG #1

I'll drive.

Dean doesn't like anyone else driving Baby--

DEAN

(to Thug #1)

About that, I'm really not comfortable--

THUG #1

Again, not a request.

Dean nods, he and Sam get in the back seat. Thug #2 has his gun trained on them. Thug #1 gets behind the wheel.

(CONTINUED)

THUG #1  
(turning to Dean)  
Nice car.

DEAN  
Thanks, enjoy.

The car pulls off down the alley. From the other end we see MEDITERRANEAN MAN watching.

16 EXT. SCARPATTI'S HOUSE - NIGHT (ESTABLISHING) 16

A stately mansion. The Impala sits out front.

17 INT. SCARPATTI'S STUDY - NIGHT 17

The room is tastefully furnished, illuminated by Tiffany lamps. No overhead lights. It is a warm room.

Standing with his back to us is a MAN in his fifties. He is dressed casually, but elegantly. This is SCARPATTI. He's in the process of feeding his TROPICAL FISH who swim in a LARGE AQUARIUM.

The door opens and THUG #1 ushers SAM and DEAN in. Scarpatti turns to them.

SCARPATTI  
Sit.

The boys do as they're told.

SCARPATTI  
So, Sam and Dean Winchester. We've done some checking. Officially, you two died six years ago.

SAM  
It's a long story.

SCARPATTI  
Yeah, I don't care. My point is if you were to get whacked...

Dean gives Sam a look; "See, whacked."

SCARPATTI  
Since you're already dead, no harm, no foul.

Sam and Dean squirm a little, looking over their shoulders at Thug #1.

SCARPATTI

Relax, if I wanted you dead, well, you'd already be dead. So, let's talk. I understand you've made a deal with Greenstreet.

SAM

How do you know that?

SCARPATTI

I keep an eye on my enemies.

Echoing Greenstreet's line from earlier.

SCARPATTI

Working for him, that-- that was your first mistake. Greenstreet's a farabutto, a scoundrel. He has no reverence for these sacred items, no respect. But me? My motives are pure.

(then)

It's my duty, as a good Catholic, to give these relics a home.

DEAN

Yeah, this relic had a home. Then you had it stolen.

SCARPATTI

I said I'm a good Catholic... not a great Catholic.

(then)

But you boys-- Greenstreet, why would you fall in with a man like that?

SAM

He has something we need. Getting him the skull was the price we had to pay.

SCARPATTI

A devil's bargain. Okay, here is what you should know. I made a deal with Miele. I gave him half the price for the skull up front and was meant to pay the other half upon delivery. Now he's dead, I didn't kill him by the way, and the skull is missing. Since I paid half of what was owed, I think the skull rightfully belongs to me.

(CONTINUED)

DEAN

Even though it's stolen. I don't know, "rightfully" belongs to you?

SCARPATTI

(to Thug #1, re: Dean)

Whoa, check out this one.

(to Dean)

You got a set on you, talking like that in this room.

DEAN

And?

Scarpatti smiles-- likes the sass--

SCARPATTI

So, as I was saying, I didn't kill Miele, had no reason to. Maybe Greenstreet had it done, it's not beneath him. Maybe a third party I know nothing about. The point is you two are already in the middle of this, so I'm going to make you a proposal. You find my skull, I give you a nice finders fee, and then you can buy what it is you need from Greenstreet.

DEAN

Maybe he won't sell it without the skull.

SCARPATTI

Don't worry about that, I'll send--  
(points to Thug #1)  
Michael with you to make the deal.  
He's a very persuasive negotiator.

SAM

And if we say no?

SCARPATTI

That would be your second mistake.  
You probably wouldn't get a third.

Sam and Dean let that sink in for a beat.

DEAN

Okay, deal.

(CONTINUED)



SCARPATTI

Good, by the way, what is it that Greenstreet has that you boys want so badly?

SAM

The blood of a saint.

SCARPATTI

(amused)

Blood of a saint.

(to Thug #1)

You gotta love these guys.

He motions them toward the door. Before exiting, Dean turns back--

DEAN

Just curious, suppose we can't find the skull.

SCARPATTI

Well, as they say at NASA, failure is not an option.

Off the boys...

SAM and DEAN enter. The place is a CRIME SCENE--

SAM

Why are we here again?

DEAN

Gotta start somewhere.

(then)

The key to this whole thing is in that room. I can feel it.

SAM

(sarcastically)

Oh, well, you feel it. Why didn't you say that before.

They head to the elevator.

Sam and Dean peek their heads around the corner. A COP stands guard at Miele's hotel room. There is police tape across the door.

SAM

Any ideas?

DEAN

Yep, you stay here.

Dean takes off, leaving a bewildered Sam.

20

INT. BRIGHTMOORE HOTEL - VARIOUS - NIGHT

20

\*

QUICK CUTS-- various hotel locations.

Dean is pulling every FIRE ALARM he can find.

21

INT. BRIGHTMOORE HOTEL LOBBY - MOMENTS LATER

21

\*

DEAN watches as people hurry out of the hotel and on to the street. Eventually Dean sees the COP who was guarding Miele's door. Dean nods and heads to the stairs.

22

INT. BRIGHTMOORE HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

22

\*

Sam is tossing the room. Looking under the beds, in the closet, etc...

SAM

(frustrated)

Really, Dean, you can feel it.

Sam goes to a DRESSER and pulls it away from the wall, he almost gives up, but then spots a PIECE OF PAPER against the wall where the dresser was. He picks it up.

INSERT PAPER-- it has some HANDWRITTEN NUMBERS on it.

BACK TO SCENE-- Sam rises, looking at the paper.

We PAN to the MIRROR on the dresser and see a DARK-CLAD FIGURE. Sam looks up, and sees the Figure in the mirror, but too late. The Figure hits Sam in the head with a blunt object and Sam goes down. We SEE a hand come into shot and take the paper from Sam's hand. We TILT UP to reveal the Figure-- It is MEDITERRANEAN MAN. And we--

BLACKOUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

23 EXT. BRIGHTMOORE HOTEL - NIGHT 23 \*

We open on the MEDITERRANEAN MAN-- the one that just BRAINED SAM-- moving away from the hotel. Carrying a SUITCASE, and walking fast. Nervous. As he moves, we favor--

A MAN. Looking up. CROMARTY. Uh oh...

24 INT. BRIGHTMOORE HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT 24 \*

DEAN enters--

DEAN  
Okay-- we're good.

To see SAM. OUT COLD. Dean moves to him-- worried--

DEAN  
Sam? Sammy?!

CUT TO--

25 EXT. BRIGHTMOORE HOTEL PARKING LOT - NIGHT 25 \*

The MEDITERRANEAN MAN. Moving across the dark parking lot. A single street lamp casting a halo of light. As he moves, we reveal--

CROMARTY. Following. A ways behind. Beat, then--

Cromarty reaches into his jacket. Pulling out a GUN. CUT TO--

26 EXT. BRIGHTMOORE HOTEL - NIGHT 26 \*

SAM and DEAN. Emerging from the hotel-- and Dean's still worried about Sam--

DEAN  
Sure you're not drowsy? Or-- how many fingers am I holding up?

He flashes two-- Sam blows past--

SAM  
Dude, I'm fine.

DEAN  
Just saying-- you've taken a lotta shots to the head lately. And yeah, all that Disney Princess hair gives you some padding, but--

(CONTINUED)



And even Sam looks frustrated--

SAM

Okay, let's start at the beginning:  
who are you?

MEDITERRANEAN MAN

My name... my name is Lucca  
Camilleri.

ON DEAN. Flashing Lucca's wallet to Sam--

DEAN

Father Lucca Camilleri.

SAM

You're a priest?

Lucca nods-- he is.

SAM

What are you doing here?

LUCCA

I-- I'm searching for something.

DEAN

Lemme guess, yay big. Used to be  
some holy dude's brain basket?

LUCCA

Yes.

(then)

The Skull of St. Peter-- it was  
stolen from a nunnery in my parish.  
Three weeks ago. They... asked me  
to get it back.

ON SAM. That's... odd.

SAM

Really?

ON LUCCA. He knows how absurd that sounds--

LUCCA

Our local police-- they can't  
handle something like this, and the  
sisters... they had faith in me.

DEAN

Well, that's workin' out great.

(CONTINUED)

SAM

So you going to steal it back?

LUCCA

No, I-- I was going to buy it.

He nods to his SUITCASE. DEAN moves to open--

LUCCA

Thieves-- they only understand one thing: money.

Dean opens the case, to reveal it's filled with DOLLARS, EUROS, JEWELRY...

LUCCA

So I brought money. All the money we had.

He looks down-- voice cracking. Sam and Dean trade a look-- there's something TRAGIC about all of this--

LUCCA

My village it's a small place, and Miele, when he vanished after the skull went missing... we all knew what he'd done. So I followed him here, and--

DEAN

Killed him.

LUCCA

No. I can't-- I would never, I-- When I arrived... he was already dead, I-- I didn't know what to do.

SAM

So you hit me?

LUCCA

The skull was gone, but when I saw you'd found something, I-- I lost my head, I-- that relic, it means everything to my congregation.

\*  
\*

Dean looks away-- yeah, right--

LUCCA

And I understand that sounds strange to you, but imagine if you woke up one morning, and this thing you loved.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

LUCCA (CONT'D)

This thing you, and your parents,  
and your children saw every week.  
This thing you prayed to, since you  
were old enough to form words...  
imagine it was just... gone. What  
would you do?

SAM

Try and get it back.

LUCCA

And I did. And I failed. And...  
this never should have happened.

DEAN

Yeah, well, world's screwed up--  
whatcha gonna do?

Lucca looks up-- like it's obvious--

LUCCA

Change it.

DEAN

Good luck with that.

LUCCA

It's not about luck, it's about...  
effort. It's about-- all the time,  
I hear people say the world's not  
perfect. And they're right. But  
do you use that as an excuse?

Sam shoots Dean a look--

LUCCA

Do you use it to excuse your own  
sins? Or failings? Or laziness?  
Do you use it to give a bad man  
power, because the world's not  
perfect, so what does it matter?

(then)

Or do you work? Do you try and  
improve things? In whatever way  
you can?

(then)

The world will never be perfect,  
but if good men do good things, it  
can be better. Everyday, it can  
get better.

ON SAM. As that lands.

(CONTINUED)

LUCCA

I'm sorry, I-- I talk too much. I just... I want to go home.

DEAN

Without the skull?

ON LUCCA. Full of regret, but resigned--

LUCCA

Yes.

SAM

No.

And Dean and Lucca look toward him--

SAM

What if we find it for you?

DEAN

Uh, Sam-- a word.

TIME CUT TO:

Sam and Dean SIDEBAR (Lucca visible through an open door, or a window). Sam's on his PHONE-- looking something up--

DEAN

The Hell are you doing?

SAM

What? We have to find the relic anyway--

DEAN

Yeah, and give it to Greenstreet, so he gives us a fill-up on Jesus Juice.

SAM

Or, we get the skull, arrange a meet, then--

DEAN

What? Double-cross him?

SAM

Why not?  
(a look to Lucca; holding up his phone)  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)



SAM (CONT'D)

I just-- I looked him up, and the priest checks out. Father Lucca Camilleri, born in Malta, and he's spent most of the last two decades doing charity work all over the world. Africa, South America. He... he's a good guy. And what he said-- I believe him.

DEAN

Yeah, fine, me too, but-- Friar Tuck over there? We don't owe him squat, and-- he friggin' sucker punched you.

SAM

And I get why, I-- if people, I don't know, stole the Impala, what would you do?

ON DEAN. Deadly serious.

DEAN

Murder them. Murder them all.

SAM

Right. Look, I just-- I don't want a dick like Greenstreet or Scarpatti to win. Not this time.

OFF DEAN-- NOT SURE--

30

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

30

The IMPALA eats pavement.

31

INT. IMPALA - NIGHT (PMP)

31

DEAN drives. SAM is shotgun, laptop (or tablet) out. LUCCA sits in the back seat.

DEAN

Alright, it's a party...

(then)

The guy who jumped you-- you remember anything about him?

LUCCA

No. I'm sorry.

DEAN

(to Sam)

What about security cameras?

SAM

There aren't any.

DEAN

Cool. So we've got nothing.

LUCCA

We've got the number.

(off Sam and Dean)

On the paper; 14338299.

DEAN

One, good memory. And B... what's  
it mean? Coordinates? A  
combination--

SAM

(punching keys)

It's a tracking number, for...

(more keys)

A package, sent from Valletta,  
Malta-- ten days ago.

LUCCA

Where is it now?

32

INT. SHIPPING FACILITY - NIGHT

32

DING! A hand rings a bell, and the CLERK looks up to see--  
CROMARTY.

CLERK

Can I help you?

CROMARTY

(a smile)

Bet you can.

33

EXT. SHIPPING FACILITY - NIGHT

33

CROMARTY EXITS. Carrying a LARGE PACKAGE under one arm. He  
climbs into his car, starts the engine--

And rolls out, as--

HEADLIGHTS flare in the lot behind. THE IMPALA. DEAN, SAM  
and LUCCA.

ON SAM. Recognizing Cromarty--

SAM

That's fake cop.

(CONTINUED)

33

CONTINUED:

33

DEAN

Yup.

He REVS the Impala, and it pulls out-- FOLLOWING CROMARTY.

34

EXT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

34

CROMARTY'S CAR pulls into the PARKING LOT. He climbs out--

35

INT. IMPALA - NIGHT

35

As SAM, DEAN and LUCCA watch from across the street--

LUCCA

Why did he bring the relic here?

DEAN

Don't care.

(to Sam)

Okay, here's the play: we head in,  
kick fake cop's real ass, then--

SAM

(looking past Dean)

Dean.

Dean turns, following Sam's eyeline to see--

36

EXT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

36

A TOWN CAR pulls in. Stops. And--

MARGARET ASTOR steps out. CUT TO--

37

INT. IMPALA - NIGHT

37

Our guys-- Dean looks to Sam--

DEAN

What the Hell?

ON SAM. He's got an idea--

SAM

So much for simple.

38

INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

38

ASTOR moves ahead. All business--

ASTOR

Everything's on schedule?

(CONTINUED)

REVEAL-- she's talking to CROMARTY. Who carries the PACKAGE.

CROMARTY

Yes, ma'am. Even with the... complications.

ASTOR

The "complications" are what I pay you for.

CROMARTY

Then we should talk about a raise.

Astor gives him a tight smile--

ASTOR

No, we really shouldn't.

Cromarty frowns, as they round a corner to see--

SCARPATTI. Flanked by two GOONS.

ASTOR

Mr. Scarpatti, thank you for coming.

SCARPATTI

What can I say? When somebody's screwin' me, I like to look 'em in the eye.

ASTOR

No one's--

SCARPATTI

Really? 'Cause this thing-- I had a deal.

ASTOR

With a dead man.

SCARPATTI

He wasn't dead at the time.

ASTOR

Times change.

(then)

Mr. Miele was the competition--

SCARPATTI

So you killed him.

(CONTINUED)

ASTOR  
I cornered the market.

SCARPATTI  
And I take it you're not gonna  
honor his price?

ON ASTOR. A little laugh-- yeah, right--

SCARPATTI  
And if I say no?

Behind, a DOOR OPENS--

ASTOR  
If you won't pay, he will.

And all eyes go to GREENSTREET. Entering with a THUG of his  
own.

SCARPATTI  
Huh. You know a deal's crap when  
it starts drawing flies.

GREENSTREET  
If that's what you think--  
(a nod)  
There's the door.

But Scarpatti doesn't move.

ASTOR  
Now then, shall we begin?

She nods to Cromarty, who sets the package on a nearby  
table... opens it...

And removes the SKULL OF ST. PETER. Still in its gilded  
reliquary.

ON SCARPATTI AND GREENSTREET. Almost licking their lips--  
then-- a noise from the door-- all turn to see--

SAM. Getting muscled in by a TOUGH.

Cromarty goes for his GUN--

SAM  
Hey-- no. I'm not here to fight.

CROMARTY  
Then why are you here?

Sam shrugs off the Tough, and opens the suitcase-- revealing Lucca's MONEY.

SAM

To buy. So... let's make a deal.

And off our players, all in a row, we--

BLACKOUT.

END OF ACT THREE

COPY

ACT FOUR

39 INT. IMPALA - NIGHT

39

PARKED across from the warehouse. DEAN behind wheel, LUCCA sitting shotgun. A CELLPHONE (on a call) sits atop the dash. Dean stares at it-- uneasy--

LUCCA  
You're worried.

DEAN  
You're not?

ON LUCCA. Calm.

LUCCA  
I-- God will see us through.

ON DEAN. Bull. Fucking. Shit.

DEAN  
Yeah, he really won't.

LUCCA  
You're not a believer.

DEAN  
Oh, I believe-- Hell, I know: God doesn't give a damn about you, me, or anyone else. So if you're expecting some miracle? Good luck.

ON LUCCA. As that lands. A beat, then--

LUCCA  
I'm sorry.  
(off Dean)  
I didn't mean that God would reach down and protect us, I-- of course that's not going to happen, but... I believe all good things are God's things. And what your brother's doing, it's a good thing.

DEAN  
Or a stupid thing.

LUCCA  
Or both. Many times-- they can be the same.

Dean nods-- true enough--

(CONTINUED)

DEAN

Been there...

Then-- a VOICE crackles from the phone.

SAM (O.S.)

So... let's make a deal.

And we realize: this entire conversation took place before the end of our act. Dean looks to Lucca--

DEAN

He's in.

They CLIMB OUT of the car, as we CUT TO--

INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

CLOSE ON: A CELLPHONE. In Sam's back pocket. On. WIDEN TO--

ASTOR. Moving toward SAM. All twitterpated.

ASTOR

Sam... how very, very good to see you again.

Greenstreet and Scarpatti trade a look-- really?-- then--

GREENSTREET

(to Sam)

Sorry, I thought you were working for me.

SCARPATTI

Funny. Thought he was workin' for me.

SAM

I'm working for me.

ON GREENSTREET. Not happy, he looks to Astor--

GREENSTREET

I don't trust him.

ASTOR

I don't know, I'm quite fond of Sam.

(off Sam)

And besides-- money's money.

OFF SAM--



41 EXT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT 41

The TOUGH who muscled Sam in earlier walks patrol. Gun in his belt. Wary. Then--

LUCCA (O.S.)  
Pardon me.

The Tough turns-- to see Lucca.

TOUGH  
The Hell are you doing here?

LUCCA  
Creating a distraction.

And before the Tough can process that--

BAM! Dean JUMPS him from behind. A short fight, and the Tough is KNOCKED OUT COLD. When it's over, Dean looks up at Lucca--

DEAN  
"Creating a distraction"?

LUCCA  
(as if it's obvious)  
Lying-- it's a sin.

OFF DEAN-- CUT TO--

42 INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT 42

Everyone. Right where we left them. Cromarty sets the RELIC on a nearby table--

ASTOR  
I'm going to make this simple: I  
want each of you to think of your  
price. Your best price. And write  
it on a piece of paper.  
(then)  
The most zeroes wins. Agreed?

\*  
\*

\*

SCARPATTI  
Fine. Whatever.

Astor looks to Sam--

SAM  
What he said.

(CONTINUED)



ASTOR

If you please.

Cromarty frowns-- but complies-- reading SAM'S BID--

CROMARTY

Sure.

(then)

From Lurch over there, we got six hundred and thirty-four thousand, and... two cents.

ON SCARPATTI. A laugh. Sam frowns-- Cromarty continues.

CROMARTY

(on to Scarpatti's)

From the Boss... three million.

Scarpatti looks proud-- but Greenstreet SNORTS a laugh. Scarpatti looks to him-- annoyed-- Greenstreet just grins--

GREENSTREET

You tried, that's what counts.

Scarpatti fumes, as Cromarty moves to Greenstreet's bid.

CROMARTY

And from Fats, we got...

(beat)

Nothing.

Sam looks to him-- surprised--

SAM

What?

Cromarty holds up the paper: "0" written on it. Astor turns to Greenstreet-- pissed--

ASTOR

Is this a joke to you?

GREENSTREET

Oh, no, I'll pay for the skull. I'm just not going to pay you.

Greenstreet looks to CROMARTY--

GREENSTREET

Kill her.

(a nod to Sam and Scarpatti)

And them. And hand me the relic...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

GREENSTREET (CONT'D)  
and I'll pay you half a million.  
Cash. Right now.

ON ASTOR. A beat, then she smiles-- confident--

ASTOR  
Mr. Cromarty's worked for me for  
years, and I can assure you--

BLAM! A bullet RIPS into Astor's back. She collapses to  
reveal--

CROMARTY. Holding a smoking gun.

CROMARTY  
Really should'a talked about that  
raise.

And-- IT'S CHAOS! As Cromarty wheels on Scarpatti and his  
men--

BLAM! BLAM! And they return fire. It's a good old  
fashioned gunfight. Sam ducks for cover--

--As one of Greenstreet's men pulls Greenstreet to cover--

And DEAN charges in. Guns blazing.

DEAN  
Sammy!

ON SAM. Pulling a gun of his own--

SAM  
Here!

He FIRES at Cromarty, who moves-- bullets sparking behind--

45 EXT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT 45

ON LUCCA. Hearing the gunshots. Worried.

46 INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT 46

More GUNSHOTS. Cromarty takes out Scarpatti, as--

Thugs pin Sam and Dean down. Our boys ducking for cover, as--

LUCCA steps into the room. Eyes wide. Taking it all in--

SAM fires a shot, taking out one of the last thugs--

DEAN re-loads--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

And CROMARTY makes a move. Stealthing toward Dean, who DOESN'T SEE HIM.

Dean turns away-- gun up-- searching for another TARGET--

As CROMARTY raises his gun-- he's got a clear shot at DEAN--

Cromarty squeezes the trigger...

WHAM! Lucca BARRELS into him, as-- BLAM! Cromarty fires, his shot flying wide. Sparking just above Dean's head.

Dean spins-- and so does Sam-- to see Lucca and Cromarty struggling, then--

BLAM! A gunshot... and LUCCA FALLS!

ON SAM. Holy shit--

SAM

No!

BLAM! He shoots-- taking Cromarty out. The man falls--

And Sam and Dean race to Lucca. Who lies prone on the ground. Is he DEAD?

Sam bends low-- Lucca stares up at him-- voice weak--

SAM

Hey-- you okay?

LUCCA

I... I...

Sam RIPS open his shirt, to reveal-- the bullet just GRAZED HIM. There's some blood, but Lucca's FINE--

DEAN

It just grazed him--

(then to Lucca)

Couple inches to the left, and you'd be dead.

ON LUCCA. A smile, and a beat, then-- ironically--

LUCCA

It's a miracle.

OFF SAM AND DEAN. CUT TO--

GREENSTREET. Cowering behind something, as THREE SHADOWS FALL OVER HIM. Greenstreet looks up to see--

(CONTINUED)

SAM, DEAN, and LUCCA.

GREENSTREET

I didn't know this would happen, I--  
I'll give you anything you want.

DEAN

The blood. Where is it?

ON GREENSTREET. Licks his lips--

GREENSTREET

It... uh... it doesn't exist.

SAM

What? You told us--

GREENSTREET

What you wanted to hear. It was  
just a bit of--

DEAN

Chicanery?

GREENSTREET

Exactly.

He flashes a weak smile-- ON DEAN. Not happy.

DEAN

Yeah, well... chicaner this--

BAM! And Dean PUNCHES HIM. Flooring the big man. Dean  
shakes his hand... so fucking annoyed...

BLACKOUT.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

47 EXT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

47

COP CARS and an AMBULANCE swarm the place-- lights flashing-- as a pair of OFFICERS haul GREENSTREET OUT.

GREENSTREET

You have to believe me, I-- I didn't kill anyone. It was them! Sam and Dean Winchester!

OFFICER

Yeah, we ran those names. They're dead.

OFF GREENSTREET. No idea how to respond to that. CUT TO--

48 EXT. AIRPORT - DAY (DAY 4)

48

SAM and DEAN drop LUCCA off. He carries the wrapped relic in his arms--

SAM

You sure you're gonna be okay?

LUCCA

I am. Thank you. For everything.

Dean nods to the box--

DEAN

You know that's just a hunk of bone, right?

LUCCA

I do, but... everyone-- we all have faith in something. Even if it's just "a hunk of bone."

He smiles-- turns away--

SAM

Hey--

(Lucca looks back)

What's an Apostolic Protonotary Supernumery?

DEAN

A what now?

ON LUCCA. A little embarrassed--

(CONTINUED)

LUCCA

It doesn't mean anything, it's just a title the Pope gives-- for good works.

DEAN

And he gave it to you? You've met the Pope?

ON LUCCA. It's a good memory.

LUCCA

Yes, he-- he called me *un sant'uomo*.

SAM

And that means?

LUCCA

(humbly)  
"A most holy man."

Sam and Dean trade a look-- holy shit-- Lucca catches it--

LUCCA

What?

DEAN

Before you go... we're gonna need one more thing.

CUT TO--

INT. MEN OF LETTERS - DAY (DAY 5)

DEAN sits. Holding a VIAL OF BLOOD. SAM enters-- Dean turns toward him--

DEAN

So, one down, three to go.

SAM

Yeah.

But he seems DISTRACTED--

DEAN

What's up?  
(off Sam)  
Come on, I know that look. Hit me.

ON SAM. A beat, then--

(CONTINUED)



SAM

I was just thinking-- about what Lucca said, and... do you ever feel like we're doing nothing but playing defense? Bouncing from one... Apocalypse to the next.

DEAN

Not exactly our call.

SAM

I know, and-- I'm not saying we don't do good. But, no matter how many people we save-- more people will always need saving. No matter how many monsters we kill--

DEAN

Always another on the block.

Sam nods-- exactly--

SAM

I just-- do you ever think we could change things? Really change things? Stop all the monsters... all the bad?

ON DEAN. A long beat--

DEAN

I don't know, but... sounds nice.

Sam nods-- it does-- then--

SAM

(re: the vial)  
You really think that's going to work?

ON DEAN.

DEAN

I've got faith.

And we...

BLACKOUT.

TO BE CONTINUED...