

SUPERNATURAL

Episode #1402

"Gods and Monsters"

Written by

Brad Buckner & Eugenie Ross-Leming

Directed by

Richard Speight, Jr.

EXECUTIVE PRODUCERS

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

PRODUCERS

Eric Kripke  
Jim Michaels  
Robert Berens  
Meredith Glynn

T13.21152

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**REVISION HISTORY**

<b>Revision</b>	<b>Date</b>	<b>Revised Pages</b>
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COPY

CAST LIST

**SAM WINCHESTER**  
**MICHAEL/DEAN WINCHESTER**

BOBBY SINGER  
CASTIEL  
JACK  
MARY WINCHESTER  
NICK

ARTY NIELSEN  
HELEN KLINE  
JACK KLINE SR.  
LYDIA CRAWFORD  
MEDICAL EXAMINER  
MELANIE  
NEIGHBOR MAN  
PHILIPPE

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

JIM BEAVER  
MISHA COLLINS  
ALEXANDER CALVERT  
SAMANTHA SMITH  
MARK PELLEGRINO

COPY

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EXT. NIELSEN HOME - NIGHT

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COPY

SUPERNATURAL  
"Gods and Monsters"

TEASER

FADE IN:

1 INT. ABANDONED CHURCH - NIGHT (DAY 1) 1

QUICK SHOTS: A BROKEN STAINED GLASS WINDOW-- A martyred saint in agony. LIGHTNING FLASHES outside. A PLASTER FIGURE, chipped and cobweb-covered, prays. THUNDER. PLASTER CHERUBS gaze off, impervious to SCREAMS O.S.

ROW OF 3-4 PRISONERS-- MOVE DOWN the terrified, hollow-eyed captives, chained to each other or the walls. More SCREAMS O.S.

A MAN-- is tied by his wrists to an ALTAR. BLOOD FLOWS from a WOUND in his neck into a small bowl held close to him. The man writhes, GROANING in pain.

REVEAL-- what appears to be DEAN WINCHESTER in tie, shirtsleeves, and a black rubber APRON. Grimly holding the stone bowl to the victim's neck. LIGHTNING, THUNDER, and "Dean" brings the bowl closer to himself. His EYES GLOW as he SEALS the victim's wound, and we see "DEAN" IS STILL POSSESSED BY THE ARCHANGEL MICHAEL. MICHAEL reaches for a small GLOWING VIAL.

MICHAEL

A little this... A little that...

He pulls out the stopper as a small amount of ARCHANGEL GRACE escapes into the bowl of blood before the vial is resealed. The blood SPARKLES WITH GLITTERY LIGHT.

Now Michael brings the charged-up blood to the victim's lips. The Man is in tears, writhing, trying to keep his mouth clamped shut. But Michael just stares cruelly at him, easily forcing the victim's mouth open and POURING THE BLOOD DOWN HIS THROAT.

MICHAEL

There-- good boy.

The Man chokes and gags on the blood, then SUDDENLY GOES RIGID. Now he CONTORTS HORRIBLY, his eyes flying open. His eyes GLOW WHITE briefly, then they GLITCH as if internal circuits were being blown! Blood pours from the Man's eyes and nose as HE SCREAMS-- SPASMS-- and then--

(CONTINUED)

LIGHT BLASTS FROM HIS EYES AND MOUTH AS HE SHRIEKS AND FLARES OUT!

Michael looks annoyed, setting the bowl to one side and cutting the rope holding the burnt-out victim to the altar.

MICHAEL

Hm. Too much "that."

(then)

Disappointing.

He grabs the Man by the shirtfront and drags the SMOKING HUSK OF A BODY from the altar, dropping it on:

A PILE OF CORPSES-- All with burnt-out eyes, mouths frozen in silent screams. The Man's body lands atop them.

MICHAEL-- Turns and stalks back toward the LINE OF VICTIMS. They shrink back against the wall. Michael approaches a COWERING GIRL, LYDIA, her eyes wild with terror (we'll see her later). LIGHTNING! THUNDER!

MICHAEL

(a sardonic smile)

Next.

BLACKOUT.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

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

SAM sits, scrolling through his laptop as MARY and BOBBY enter, carrying armfuls of weapons which they dump on the table. They start shoving them into duffel bags.

BOBBY

Who goes to Duluth in October? You sure Michael didn't touch down in Orlando?

MARY

Jo was pretty specific. Duluth.

BOBBY

Yeah, well angels ain't known for their veracity.

CASTIEL has just entered, Mary pointedly nods toward him.

BOBBY

No offense.

CASTIEL

None taken. I tend to agree with you.

Mary notes Sam, staring hard at his laptop screen.

MARY

What is it, Sam?

SAM

Police report from Duluth. Cops turned up a pile of corpses dumped near train tracks just north of town. Their eyes were "burned out."

CASTIEL

You think there's a connection between Michael and these deaths?

SAM

(standing)

Not sure. All I know is we gotta get to Duluth and find out, 'cause this isn't just Michael we're talking about...

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

(CONTINUED)



BOBBY  
(gets it)  
It's Dean.

\*  
\*  
\*

Sam nods-- shaken-- then--

\*

SAM  
Cass, you... know why you can't  
come with us.

CASTIEL  
My angelic presence would be sensed  
by Michael, nullify any hope of a  
surprise attack.

SAM  
Exactly.

CASTIEL  
And I have to baby-sit Jack and  
Nick.

SAM  
It's not baby-sitting.

CASTIEL  
Only in the sense that neither are  
infants, but-- they need to be  
supervised. Jack is lost without  
his grace and Nick is, well, a  
mess.

SAM  
It's not his fault. Nick was...  
housing. He deserves a shot at  
rebuilding his life.

JACK is entering.

CASTIEL  
And yet every time I look at him,  
all I see is the supreme agent of  
evil.

JACK  
You talking about my "Dad" again?  
(off Cass's look)  
I understand. Being around Nick--  
it's hard for me, too.

He turns to the group, trying to appear supportive.

JACK

So. Good luck, everyone.

MARY

Jack, you do know that skipping this one mission isn't a permanent thing?

JACK

What I know is that I sucked the last time it mattered and I have to improve. So that's what I'm going to do.

Sam nods-- and they head out-- leaving Jack and Cass behind.

INT. MEN OF LETTERS - BEDROOM - DAY

MOVE THROUGH the dim shadows to find the back of a man's head. He sits very still. We ARC around to find NICK, staring off.

INTERCUT: FLASHES OF MEMORY from his time as Lucifer's vessel: Killing GABRIEL. Punching his fist through CUPID's torso. Snapping ROWENA's neck. NICK shuts his eyes in pain and shame.

A KNOCK on his door, then Castiel enters. He's carrying a tray with sandwiches and chips. He is stiffly polite, but avoids looking directly at Nick.

CASTIEL

I brought some nourishment. Now that "he" is gone, you must remember to eat.

NICK

Right. Thanks.

Cass deposits the tray. An awkward silence, then he starts toward the door, as:

NICK

I'm not him, Castiel.

Cass stops, his back still to Nick.

CASTIEL

I know.

NICK

But you still can't look at me.

(CONTINUED)

CASTIEL

It is difficult.

(turns)

You don't remember all the things  
you did in his thrall, but I do.

NICK

I know, I-- how could I have done  
that? How could I have let him in,  
I don't-- how?

CASTIEL

(carefully)

You were... in pain. Lucifer saw  
that vulnerability and misused it.

NICK

Is that what you tell yourself in  
order to be near me?

CASTIEL

(always honest)

Yes.

NICK

(looking off)

What kind of pain would make me  
allow...

Cass realizes Nick doesn't yet recall the worst of it.

CASTIEL

(tentatively)

Your... family.

Nick concentrates. Closes his eyes, determined to recall.  
Finally his expression turns from focus to horror and finally  
to sorrow. He grasps his temples and wails as we feather in  
CUTS FROM EPISODE 501 (Nick's origin story).

NICK

No!

Cass watches as Nick relives his tragedy.

NICK

Sarah! Teddy!

His eyes snap open and meet Cass's.

NICK

They're dead. They're...

(CONTINUED)

His voice trails off--

CASTIEL  
(softly)  
They are. Nine years now.

Nick sees the murder scene in his mind's eye.

NICK  
(breaking)  
God-- oh God. Who would do that?

CASTIEL  
A man... broke into your house.  
You weren't there.

NICK  
(devastated)  
Not a man-- a monster. He was a  
monster.  
(long beat)  
And then Lucifer found me. And  
made me a monster, too.

INT. MORGUE - DULUTH - DAY (DAY 3)

A MEDICAL EXAMINER leads Sam, Mary, and Bobby (in fed threads) to several gurneys and examination tables, holding the massacre victims from the teaser. Bobby keeps tugging at his collar, unused to a tie, let alone the FBI ruse.

MEDICAL EXAMINER  
These are just some of the victims.  
More are in the hall... a couple in  
a storeroom. We don't usually see  
this kinda action in Duluth.

MARY  
(looking at vics)  
The injuries all pretty uniform?

MEDICAL EXAMINER  
Yep. The boys upstairs think maybe  
we're looking at a serial killer.

BOBBY  
(trying badly to speak  
FBI)  
So if they were D.O.A. do we have  
an E.T.A. on their T.O.D.?

Sam and Mary stare at him.

(CONTINUED)

BOBBY  
(persisting)  
Any sample DFA?

SAM  
(quietly)  
DNA.

BOBBY  
That, too.

MEDICAL EXAMINER  
Frankly, we don't even know the  
precise cause of death. There were  
the neck wounds, of course. But  
there's also considerable internal  
trauma, so...

A TECH holding an open file signals from the doorway.

MEDICAL EXAMINER  
Excuse me.

He steps into the hall to confer with the Tech, as:

SAM  
"DFA?"

BOBBY  
Doin' the best I can. We didn't  
pretend to be F.B.I. durin' the  
friggin' apocalypse.

MARY  
Let's do a quick once over and see  
what they missed.

They each pick a body and begin poking around.

BOBBY  
Angel kills for sure. And not  
grunt kills-- we're talkin' five-  
star smittings.

MARY  
Michael?

Sam is checking out one of the vics.

SAM  
Knife slits in the neck, but they  
didn't totally bleed out.

(CONTINUED)

MARY

He kept these people alive for a while, at least.

Sam looks closer at the body's face.

SAM

Um... yeah... maybe these people aren't... people.

He sticks a finger into the mouth, feeling behind the teeth, into the gum line.

CLOSER-- As Sam probes. Then a SOFT CLICK, and TWO LARGE FANGS SNAP INTO PLACE!

BOBBY

Vamp.

Mary does the same with another body. So does Bobby. All are fanged.

SAM

This-- makes no sense.

BOBBY

Why milk 'em if he was just gonna smite them?

MARY

And why would an archangel hunt vampires in the first place?

OFF OUR CREW. No good answers. CUT TO--

INT. MORGUE - HALLWAY - DAY

Sam moves for the MEDICAL EXAMINER, Bobby and Mary right behind.

SAM

Excuse me. Did anyone... come to claim or identify these bodies?

MEDICAL EXAMINER

You betcha. A young lady. She'd heard about the killings on the morning news. Thought she might know one of the victims.

MARY

And?

(CONTINUED)

MEDICAL EXAMINER

She didn't. Then she just disappeared. Didn't even give us a last name.

SAM

You have surveillance cameras outside, right?

6 INT. MEN OF LETTERS - LIBRARY - DAY

6

Jack is at a table, buried in volumes of lore as Cass enters, takes a look at the books.

CASTIEL

Two centuries of biblical lore. Not exactly light reading.

JACK

I'm researching how long it takes archangel grace to replenish.

CASTIEL

Archangels being extremely rare, the data is woefully scant.

JACK

The books say it could take from a month to...

CASTIEL

...a century.  
(off Jack)  
The complicating factor is your human component. It slows the process.

Jack bows his head-- defeated. Cass feels for the kid.

CASTIEL

Jack-- mourning what you've lost seems... wasteful. It might be smarter to focus on what you have.

JACK

That's not-- you don't know what I'm going through.

CASTIEL

Yes, I do. A little.  
(then)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CASTIEL (CONT'D)

At the time of the Great Fall, when the angels were banished from Heaven, I lost what I thought was everything. No grace, no wings. I felt useless. And hopeless.

JACK

What did you have left?

CASTIEL

Sam and Dean. And something else that was extremely helpful.

JACK

A hidden power?

CASTIEL

Myself. The basic me, as Dean would say, "without the bells and whistles."

JACK

And that was enough.

CASTIEL

It had to be.

Jack is still not sold. He considers this, then:

JACK

I don't know, I-- I need to show Sam and Dean that I can help-- that I can pull my own weight and-- and when they need it, that I can pull theirs too.

CASTIEL

Sam and Dean weren't born with this expertise. They've been at it since they were children. Failing. Winning. Developing over the years. Patience and persistence are skills too.

(then)

The past-- where you came from is important. But it's not as important as the future. As where you're going. Do you understand?

ON JACK. A beat... then a nod-- CUT TO--



7

INT. HOTEL SUITE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

7

THE FLOOR-- Two polished formalwear SHOES step into FRAME from the bedroom. TILT UP TO REVEAL Michael, buttoning his impeccable TUXEDO JACKET. He turns to a full-length mirror and adjusts his tie. He smiles rakishly.

THE MIRROR-- Michael's reflection drinks in how slick he looks. Suddenly the REFLECTION begins to wince. It quivers. It's a face in conflict. In pain. It struggles to speak, and we HEAR DEAN WINCHESTER'S RASPY VOICE.

MIRROR DEAN

Get... out...

Then we HEAR Michael--

MICHAEL (O.S.)

No. I don't think so.

ACTUAL MICHAEL-- Stares, a little amused by what's going on in the O.S. mirror. We will INTERCUT the reflection "MIRROR DEAN" which represents Dean's internal psyche, struggling to break free.

MIRROR DEAN

You... can't...

And MICHAEL PUNCHES THE MIRROR, FRACTURING THE REFLECTION! Mirror Dean struggles desperately, then begins to calm.

MICHAEL

Oh, but I can. Because, see, I own you.

MICHAEL-- Smiles at what he now sees.

THE REFLECTION-- is no longer struggling. "Dean" has been tamped down again, and the image merely reflects Michael's image back at him, as:

MICHAEL

So hang on, and enjoy the ride.

He tweaks his tie one last time and heads out the door.

BLACKOUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

8 INT. MEN OF LETTERS - LIBRARY - NIGHT

8

Castiel is on his phone, finishing a call.

CASTIEL

(into phone)

It doesn't make sense, Sam. I've never known of interaction between an archangel and a vampire. At least not in this universe. And why would Michael kill them? They're not a threat to him.

(then)

Alright. Let me know what you find out.

Nick has entered during the last of this, carrying a borrowed laptop. Cass CLICKS OFF. Nick sets down the laptop, staring off, his thoughts miles away.

CASTIEL

Nick... Are you... What's going on?

NICK

There's nothing. No information. No mention of my wife and son past the year they were... Past when they died.

(then)

There's nothing about the case being solved.

CASTIEL

I didn't know that.

NICK

If I'd been around, I woulda been on those cops. Every day. But I was outta my head with grief. I said "yes" to--

CASTIEL

Lucifer.

NICK

I was a coward, and now...

He looks away. Voice breaking. Castiel sympathetically reaches out to touch Nick, and Nick's face suddenly hardens, and:

(CONTINUED)

NICK

Don't!

HIS HAND REFLEXIVELY SNAPS OUT IN LUCIFER'S SMITING POSE.  
Cass freezes, staring at Nick, startled. Nick's features  
soften; he seems unaware what just happened.

CASTIEL

Why did you just do that?

NICK

Do what?

CASTIEL

What went through your head just  
now?

NICK

I don't know. Nothing. What...  
I'm not sure what you're saying.

Cass studies him.

CASTIEL

Even though he's departed.... There  
may still be some of his influence  
within you.

NICK

What?

CASTIEL

Lucifer. He may have inflicted  
more damage to your psyche than we  
suspected.

Nick stares at Cass.

CASTIEL

(then, quickly)

I wouldn't worry. I'm sure it'll  
pass.

NICK

I don't have time for this.

He scoops up the laptop and starts out, as:

NICK

I'm not letting this go, Castiel.  
I will find out who killed my  
family.

(CONTINUED)

8 CONTINUED: (2)

8

CASTIEL  
(concerned)  
Nick?

Nick stops, glances over at Cass.

CASTIEL  
And then what?

Nick strides out of the room.

9 INT. SHABBY APARTMENT - NIGHT

9

A wreck of a place. Shabby, torn-up furniture, dimly lit, window shades down. A sudden POUNDING at the door. The young woman from the teaser, LYDIA, comes in from another room, staring fearfully at the door.

LYDIA  
Yeah?

SAM (O.S.)  
Lydia Crawford? Open up. F.B.I.

ON LYDIA. Shit! She rushes to a window, tries to jimmy it open, as THE DOOR IS KICKED OPEN. Lydia screams as Sam, Bobby, and Mary (in civvies) charge in.

LYDIA  
(fighting panic)  
Get away from me!

SAM  
Lydia, we know you went to the morgue.

BOBBY  
Saw your license plate on the security cams, and pulled your address. Shoulda ditched the car when you first got turned. Made this way too easy.

LYDIA  
What-- I don't know what you're talking about.

MARY  
We're talking about you, being a vampire. Right?

ON LYDIA. Double-shit.

(CONTINUED)

LYDIA  
You're not FBI-- you're Hunters.

SAM  
Yeah. We are.

ON LYDIA. Swallowing hard.

LYDIA  
I haven't done anything wrong.

BOBBY  
Right, because vampires never do.

LYDIA  
(insistent)  
My nest-- we fed on animal blood.  
We lived quiet lives. Until...  
until he came.

SAM  
"He" who?

Lydia shakes her head--

LYDIA  
I don't-- I don't know his name,  
but he was strong, and...  
(then)  
He tied us up. And... one by one,  
he'd take blood from us. I  
couldn't see what he was doing,  
exactly. But every time... There'd  
be this... explosion.  
(emotionally)  
And my friends would be dead.

ON SAM, MARY and BOBBY. As that lands--

LYDIA  
When he was comin' for me... A  
couple of the others tried to  
attack him. And I was able to get  
away. They didn't make it.

SAM  
Why was he killing you? He must've  
said.

LYDIA  
(thinks a moment)  
I don't think he meant to. Things  
just.. seemed to go wrong.

(CONTINUED)

The three Hunters look at each other, puzzled.

LYDIA  
He wasn't killing. He was... I  
think he was experimenting.

BOBBY  
"Experimenting?" What for?

ON LYDIA. Having second thoughts--

LYDIA  
That's all I know.

Bobby hoists his MACHETE.

BOBBY  
Okay then-- been nice chattin' with  
you.

Lydia shrinks back--

LYDIA  
Wait, just-- I don't know what he  
wanted. I don't know who he was...  
but I know where he is, if... if  
you let me go.

ON SAM, MARY AND BOBBY. Trading a look. Considering.

Only a couple of dim lamps on. KEY IN THE LOCK and the door  
opens. Michael, in his elegant tux, is there with his  
gorgeous date, MELANIE, also chicly attired. He hits a wall  
switch, more LIGHTS come on, and he escorts her inside,  
shutting the door.

MELANIE  
(looking around)  
Very elegant.  
(then)  
But then, so are you.

He pours them each a glass of wine from a bottle in an ice  
bucket, as:

MICHAEL  
Thanks for showing me around. I  
didn't know there was so much going  
on in... Where are we?

MELANIE  
(thinks he's kidding)  
Duluth.

MICHAEL  
Of course.  
(then)  
It's nothing like where I'm from.

MELANIE  
I'm sure it seems pretty dull to a  
big city guy. What's it like in  
your hometown?

MICHAEL  
Empty, wind-swept, dead bodies  
laying around...

MELANIE  
(chuckling)  
You're so funny.

MICHAEL  
(droll)  
I'm really not.

MELANIE  
There you go again.  
(coming closer)  
What a nice surprise meeting you.  
Bet you're wondering what I was  
doing, all by myself at that bar  
tonight.

MICHAEL  
No, I'm pretty sure I know exactly  
what you were doing at that bar  
tonight.

MELANIE  
(coy)  
Michael, I am so not that girl.

MICHAEL  
But you really are, aren't you?

MELANIE  
You're terrible.

MICHAEL  
You have no idea.

She puts her hands behind his neck, drawing him closer. They seem to be moving in for a kiss.

HER HANDS-- suddenly SPROUT CLAWS!

HER EYES-- GLOW YELLOW as she parts her lips to reveal A MOUTHFUL OF FANGS! But before she can bite, in a lightning fast move, MICHAEL GRIPS HER BY THE NECK AND LIFTS HER OFF THE GROUND!

Melanie SNARLS, struggling violently in his grasp. But Michael, all business, just stares into her eyes.

MICHAEL

Did you think for a second I didn't know what you are?

His EYES FLARE BLUE! She quiets.

MICHAEL

You think you picked me? I picked you.

He LOWERS HER TO THE GROUND. She SNARLS. He SLAMS HER BACK INTO THE WALL! He draws close; he's right in her face.

MICHAEL

Now. Summon your master.

BLACKOUT.

END OF ACT TWO



ACT THREE

11 INT. MEN OF LETTERS - LIBRARY - DAY (DAY 4)

11

Castiel leans against a table, flipping through one of the lore books Jack had been reading. Nick enters, finishing a heated phone conversation.

NICK

(into phone)

Detective, my family was murdered in Pike Creek, Delaware. You're a police lieutenant in Pike Creek, Delaware. If you can't help me, who can? Hello?

The line's gone dead. Nick slowly lowers the phone, bewildered and frustrated.

NICK

Do you know what a cold case is?

CASTIEL

Well, it's...

NICK

...A case too unimportant to care about. My wife and kid are dead, gone forever, my life gone with them, and the cops just don't care.

CASTIEL

(tentatively)

This is very difficult.

NICK

"Difficult?" There's no evidence, no fingerprints, no DNA. How can that be? There was a witness who saw someone leaving my house that night, then the witness decided they actually saw nothing.

(looks off bleakly)

So the case died. Like everything else.

Cass watches him.

CASTIEL

You, on the other hand, are still here.

(off Nick's dubious look)

You've been given a second chance.

(CONTINUED)

NICK  
You don't understand.

CASTIEL  
(quietly)  
Yes, I do. At least a little.

NICK  
(sarcastically)  
Because someone stole your body?

CASTIEL  
Because I occupied someone else's.  
As angels must in order to walk the  
Earth.  
(then)  
His name was Jimmy Novak.

NICK  
"Occupy." That's just a cleaned up  
way to say "steal," right?

CASTIEL  
(remorseful)  
I know it's unfair. But it's the  
way of things.

NICK  
And Jimmy. He good with it?

CASTIEL  
He was.

NICK  
Was?

CASTIEL  
He-- he's dead.

NICK  
(stares)  
Wow. Really a team player.  
Castiel, you're a stone cold body  
snatcher. No different than  
Lucifer.

That lands on Cass. He takes a beat, then--

CASTIEL  
I-- I need to look in on Jack.

He starts away-- then stops-- turns back--

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED: (2)

11

CASTIEL

In all my thousands of years...  
What happened to Jimmy Novak-- and  
his family-- it's my greatest  
regret.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

And he goes.

\*

12 INT. MEN OF LETTERS - CORRIDOR - DAY

12

Cass comes down the hall, shaking off the conversation with  
Nick. He arrives at Jack's door and KNOCKS. No answer. He  
knocks again.

CASTIEL

Jack?

Cass tentatively opens the door.

INCLUDE THE ROOM-- It's empty. Shit. Cass hurries back up  
the corridor.

13 INT. MEN OF LETTERS - LIBRARY - DAY

13

ENTRY. Cass charges in from the corridor, as:

CASTIEL

Nick, have you seen...

He freezes.

CASTIEL

...Jack?

WIDER-- This room, too, is empty. Shit.

14 INT. HOTEL SUITE - DAY

14

A BRANDY SNIFTER-- is passed from Michael's ringed hand to  
REVEAL PHILIPPE, 40ish, a haughty, elegant Werewolf Pack  
Leader.

\*

WIDER-- to reveal Michael pleasantly regarding Philippe. A  
sullen Melanie pouts on the sofa, nursing her bruised neck.  
Michael touches his snifter to Philippe's, but Philippe  
doesn't raise his to his lips.

PHILIPPE

(watching Michael)

You first.

Michael smiles and obliges.

MICHAEL

(takes a sip, then:)  
Hundred-year-old cognac. Strong  
notes of vanilla, apricot and... no  
undertones of silver.

\*

Philippe now smiles.

MICHAEL

I appreciate your accepting my  
invitation.

PHILIPPE

The ever tactful Melanie thought a  
refusal unwise. She thinks you're  
a god.

MICHAEL

(modestly)  
An archangel. Close enough.

PHILIPPE

And I lead a pack of werewolves--  
why on Earth would an archangel  
care about us? About me?

MICHAEL

Because... I admire you.  
(then)  
Feeding on the run-- surviving...  
despite being stalked by venal  
humans who see you as vermin.

PHILIPPE

My pack has survived and prospered  
for centuries. Despite the humans.

MICHAEL

Yeah, well, I'm new in town, but  
from my perspective, the real  
monsters in this world, those who  
cheat, covet, lay waste to the  
planet, are the humans. Who made  
them top dog? Pardon the pun.

PHILIPPE

(swirls his cognac)  
God, I suppose.

MICHAEL

God who? Between us, Philippe, God  
is on permanent holiday.  
(off Philippe's stare)  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Gone fishing. Angels and demons don't seem much of a factor, here. So I'm in charge.

PHILIPPE

(dubiously)

And why do you need me?

MICHAEL

You and your kind are who you are. Straight up. You kill, not for sport or trophies. But to live. There's a purity in that. Isn't it time you had your due?

PHILIPPE

Our due?

MICHAEL

There are ways to... enhance your, let's call them "talents."

PHILIPPE

And these "ways" are--

MICHAEL

Fully tested. I had some misfires earlier, I'll admit, but now... I cracked the code.

PHILIPPE

And you propose we wage war on the humans?

MICHAEL

Keeping only as many of them alive as are needed for slave labor... and your food supply.

(then)

This is our world now, Philippe. It's your turn to be top of the food chain.

(then)

Why be the hunted, when you can be the Hunter.

They smile and drain their cognac.

FRONT DOOR-- HELEN KLINE, attractive, pleasant, 50's, crosses into the entry, opening the door to REVEAL Jack.

(CONTINUED)

JACK  
Mrs. Kline?

HELEN  
Yes.

JACK  
I'm... a friend of your daughter,  
Kelly.

JACK KLINE, 50's, handsome in a "dad" way, also comes to the door, as:

JACK  
My name is Jack.

TIME CUT:

The Klimes and Jack sit at the table, spread with snacks, coffee, and old family albums.

JACK  
I was in the area and I wanted to say hello. Kelly said such nice things about her family.

HELEN  
How do you know our Kelly? Through work?

JACK  
She basically gave me my start.

HELEN  
So you were like her intern.

Jack looks unsure.

JACK SR.  
Took you under her wing. That's just like her.

Jack smiles, turning an album page, scanning photos.

JACK SR.  
We haven't heard from her in a long time.

JACK  
It's been a while for me, too.

(CONTINUED)

HELEN

She was traveling, but she couldn't tell us where.

JACK

She really couldn't.

JACK SR.

So it's part of her government work. Classified, and all that?

Jack nods, unsure how to reply. He notes a photo of a girl.

JACK

Is this... her?

HELEN

(smiling fondly)

Sixth grade. She won the spelling bee. "Chrysanthemum" was the winning word.

JACK SR.

Lucky we grew them in the yard.

Jack smiles, Helen chuckles, then:

HELEN

Forgive me, but Kelly told us she was pregnant. We didn't push for details. We felt she'd tell us more when she was ready.

Jack's a bit taken aback, then, tentatively:

JACK

She... had the baby.  
(beat)  
A boy.

HELEN

(thrilled)

We have a grandson?

She takes Jack Sr.'s hand and they exchange a touching smile. Jack's getting emotional, but fights it.

JACK

You do. And, in the time I spent with her? She was an amazing mother.  
(a bit emotional)  
Her son... loves her.

(CONTINUED)

HELEN

I can just imagine.

JACK

(growing more emotional)  
She would... sing and talk to him.  
Even before he was born. She made  
him feel safe. And wanted. I  
heard her tell him it isn't fate,  
or her, or his dad who will set his  
path. It's himself. Who he  
chooses to be.

Helen stares as the words resonate.

JACK SR.

(to Helen)

Sounds a lot like what you told  
her, honey.

Helen nods, moved by the memory. She turns an album page,  
glances at another photo of Kelly, a few years older.

HELEN

(to her husband)

I know it sounds nutty, but Jack  
here kind of looks like her.

(to Jack)

See?

JACK

I don't know. But I hope some day  
to have a little of her courage.  
And purpose.

Not sure he can cover his feelings any longer, he rises.

JACK

I hope I didn't intrude.

HELEN

Not at all.

JACK

I... just wanted to meet you.

JACK SR.

If you see Kelly... When her  
classified mission's... Tell her we  
miss her.

(CONTINUED)



JACK

I will.  
(then)  
I miss her, too.

Helen hugs him and he fights back tears.

INT. SHABBY APARTMENT - NIGHT

Lydia is jamming clothes in a suitcase, rushing to leave. We MOVE WITH HER to the closet, where she grabs a coat. O.S. WING FLAP. When she turns back to the room, MICHAEL IS THERE! He calmly watches her. She jumps in shock.

MICHAEL

Lydia.

She is mute with terror.

LYDIA

I-- I didn't--

MICHAEL

Of course you did.

He closes on her--

MICHAEL

You met with the Hunters, as you were supposed to. Why do you think I dumped your brothers and sisters in plain sight? I was trying to attract attention.

(then)

Why do you think I let you escape.

LYDIA

You let me escape?

He circles her as she anxiously fidgets.

MICHAEL

Rule #1: You can't have a trap without bait.

He stops, facing her.

MICHAEL

And then we come to Rule #2, which says:

He reaches his hand out and Lydia, feet not moving, is drawn to him! They are face to face, and he gazes at her intently.

(CONTINUED)

MICHAEL

When the trap's been sprung... you  
don't need the bait anymore.

With that, his EYES GLOW BLUE, as Lydia stiffens. Her flesh  
BLISTERS AND SMOKES! She SCREAMS, AS LIGHT EXPLODES FROM HER  
EYES AND MOUTH!

BLACKOUT.

END OF ACT THREE

COPY

ACT FOUR

18 INT. MEN OF LETTERS - LIBRARY - NIGHT

18

CASTIEL-- stands near a table, irritably addressing someone we don't yet see:

CASTIEL

Jack, what-- what were you thinking? To take that kind of risk.

INCLUDE JACK-- sitting in a chair, looking like a kid who's being chewed out.

JACK

It wasn't a risk.

CASTIEL

(frustrated)

It-- going there alone. Jack, you've been on the radar of every angel, demon, and power broker in creation since you were born. And now that you're not quite yourself...

JACK

...weak and defenseless you mean...

CASTIEL

(sighs)

There's the possibility of capture.

JACK

And if I got captured, all they could do is kill me. And isn't that what we humans all do? Die someday?

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

JACK

Cass, I heard what you said. About finding out where I came from, and... I never knew my mother, not really. She died the moment I...

(looks off, then, softly)

I thought the next best thing might be to meet the only real family I have left.

Castiel softens. Jack's longing is palpable.

(CONTINUED)

CASTIEL  
And did it help?

Jack nods.

CASTIEL  
You didn't tell them who you were.

JACK  
Of course not. I wanted to. I  
wanted them to know I was their  
grandson.  
(beat)  
They thought I actually looked like  
her.

Cass smiles.

JACK  
I... couldn't tell them she died.  
They just... love her so much. I  
know I should have.

Cass watches him a moment, then:

CASTIEL  
What you did, you did from a place  
of kindness. There are many worse  
ways to be human than being kind.

Jack absorbs this, stands, and:

JACK  
You hear from Sam? Did they find  
Michael?

CASTIEL  
They think so.

JACK  
So they'll try and kill him?

CASTIEL  
No-- their hope is to subdue him.  
With spell work and angel cuffs.  
They have to get Michael out of  
Dean.

JACK  
(a little surprised)  
And if he won't leave?

(CONTINUED)

CASTIEL

Then we'll try and drive him out.

JACK

And if that doesn't work?

Cass doesn't want to deal with that.

JACK

Cass?

(then)

Cass, Michael has to be stopped.

CASTIEL

I know. And he will be, after Dean--

Jack fixes Cass with a look--

JACK

Dean doesn't matter.

That brings Cass up short--

JACK

You're all so focused on saving Dean, and I get it-- I understand-- but... if he can't be saved. If it comes down to him or Michael...

(then)

Michael has to be stopped. Caged, or killed, or--

CASTIEL

And if that means Dean dies too?

JACK

Then he dies.

(off Cass)

I know this Michael. I've seen what he's done. To an entire world. And so have you.

(then)

If stopping that from happening here means Dean has to die, then... do you think he'd want it any other way?

ARTY NIELSEN-- A mousy middle-aged man, pours tea from a pot at a sideboard in his modest living room.

ARTY

Well, it is just so good to see you  
after all these years.

He carries the teacup to a table, TAKING US TO NICK, who sits  
waiting. Tense, a bit dangerous-looking.

ARTY

I mean, you just disappeared that  
night. I never knew what happened.

NICK

After I lost my family... I  
couldn't take being in that house  
one more minute.

ARTY

Nick, I completely understand.

NICK

(watching him closely)  
Do you?

ARTY

(patting Nick's hand)  
I just hope these years have been  
healing and restful for you.

Nick looks down at Arty's hand on his, and Arty gingerly  
withdraws it.

NICK

My wife and son were slaughtered.  
Nothing's ever going to be  
"restful" again.

(off Arty)

The most I can hope is that I get  
the monster who killed them.

ARTY

(getting a bit nervous)  
Well sure, Nick. We all want that.

NICK

Do you, Arty? Because you told the  
cops you got a good look at a man  
leaving my house that night. Then  
you changed your story.

ARTY

Well, I had to, Nick. There... was  
no man.

(CONTINUED)

NICK

Really.

ARTY

I mean, in the heat of the moment,  
I guess I thought I saw someone. I  
wanted so much to help.

NICK

Uh-huh.

ARTY

But I was wrong.

Nick just watches Arty, his eyes full of suspicion and  
ominous undercurrents. Arty's starting to sweat. Nick goes  
to the window and looks out.

NICK

This the window you were looking  
out of, Arty? What made you look?  
You hear a scream or something?

ARTY

I don't really remember.

NICK

Did the man hurry out? Or was he  
casual?

ARTY

Nick, I told you...

NICK

Was he carrying a hammer?  
(turns to face Arty)  
Cops said that's how he killed  
them. Smashed their skulls with a  
hammer. Over and over.

ARTY

Nick, there was no man.

NICK

(advancing on him)  
Who got to you, Arty?

ARTY

What?

NICK

Someone did, right? They pay you  
off? Or were you just scared?

(CONTINUED)

ARTY

Nick, I remembered wrong. All there is to it.

Nick's right in his face.

NICK

(intense)

My wife and son deserve justice. I deserve justice. I'm gonna get justice.

ARTY

(nearly in tears)

Nick... please...

And NICK GRABS ARTY, SMASHING HIM BACK AGAINST THE WALL!

ARTY

I don't know anything!

NICK

(hissing)

I think you do.

Dark. Shadowy. A soft wind MOANS through the broken windows. We see FLASHLIGHT BEAMS in a side corridor, and Sam, Mary, and Bobby enter, carrying duffels. Their lights sweep the apparently empty space.

BOBBY

Think vamp girl was lying about Michael hidin' out here?

SAM

Not sure why she would. She has every reason to want him dead.

Mary's gone off to one side, aiming her light at the floor.

MARY

She wasn't lying about the slaughter happening here. Whole lot of dried blood on the floor.  
(she looks up)  
Michael does have a thing for old churches.



SAM

The question is, why'd he kill them? And what'd she mean... He was "experimenting."

Now a RUSTLING O.S. All three FLASHLIGHT BEAMS sweep the corners of the church, the side corridor. Nothing.

BOBBY

Don't look like he's here.

NEW ANGLE-- As several DARK SHAPES drop from above! More RUSH IN from archways in side walls!

FAST AND FURIOUS DETAIL SHOTS-- SNARLING FANGS! GLOWING EYES! WEREWOLVES rushing forward! CLAWS RIPPING THROUGH THE DARK!

DUFFELS-- ripped open. SILVER BLADES, special GUNS yanked out.

MARY-- is attacked by a wolf! She tries stabbing it with a BLADE. NO EFFECT! She goes down.

SAM-- FIRES A GUN at a charging wolf.

SAM

Nothing's working!

Mary and Sam are fighting furiously with separate wolves.

BOBBY-- tosses aside his blade, digs in his duffel.

A WEREWOLF-- rushes at Bobby, who holds a machete. The wolf jumps Bobby and the blade goes flying.

SAM-- struggles with the wolf, sees the machete, manages to stretch out a hand to grab it, and BEHEADS THE WEREWOLF, who falls away.

BOBBY

That worked.

Sam scrambles to Mary, LOPS OFF THE HEAD OF THE WEREWOLF she was grappling with. Sam runs off toward Bobby as Mary digs in her duffel.

SAM-- Hacks at the werewolf on top of Bobby.

MARY-- is pulling something from her bag just as a werewolf charges her. She BURIES A HATCHET IN ITS CHEST, PULLS OUT THE BLADE AND BURIES IT AGAIN.

(CONTINUED)

QUICK POPS-- as our heroes bring down the last of the wolves with brute violence, hacking apart bodies, blood flying!

WIDER-- The church is strewn with WEREWOLF CORPSES. Sam, Mary, and Bobby look around at the carnage, breathing hard, stunned by what's happened.

SAM

Everyone okay? No one got bitten?

MARY

No.

BOBBY

I'm okay. But what the Hell kinda werewolves were those?

MARY

Silver didn't touch 'em.

Then the SOFT CREAK OF A DOOR. Sam, Mary, and Bobby turn toward it.

NEW ANGLE-- The door is opening. A FIGURE is silhouetted in the half light. It steps forward. Michael. Or is it?

Sam, Mary, Bobby. Is this Michael? Is he about to smite them? Then the figure collapses to his knees--

Our heroes trade a look, as Michael looks up--

DEAN

(weakly)

Sammy?

(beat)

It's me.

It's NOT MICHAEL-- IT'S DEAN!

BLACKOUT.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

21 INT. ABANDONED CHURCH - NIGHT

21

Right where we left off. Sam rushes to prop a shaky Dean up. Mary hurries to them.

SAM  
It really is you.

DEAN  
(weakly)  
It really is.

Now Mary grabs Dean, hugs him.

MARY  
Honey.

SAM  
Are you okay?

DEAN  
I don't know. I think so.

Dean and Mary part--

SAM  
You got Michael to leave. That's--  
how?

DEAN  
I don't-- I didn't.

BOBBY  
What?

DEAN  
(foggy)  
He just... left.

They all look a little baffled by this.

SAM  
That... why?

ON DEAN. Haunted...

DEAN  
I don't... I don't know.

22 INT. NIELSEN HOME - NIGHT 22

The lights are out. We MOVE ACROSS THE ROOM TO REVEAL, in streams of MOONLIGHT, the blood-spattered room. We FIND Arty Nielsen's MANGLED CORPSE, sprawled across the coffee table and beaten to a pulp.

We FIND BLOOD-SOAKED FEET AND TILT UP TO REVEAL NICK. Holding a bloody hammer in his hand.

Nick catches his IMAGE in a mirror. At first he looks lost, then a cool calm envelops him. And finally a smile.

He looks at his bloody hand and the hammer. This all feels right.

He grabs Arty's keys from a wall hook...

23 EXT. NIELSEN HOME - NIGHT 23

Nick exits Arty's place, bouncing the keys in his hand. He goes to the car in the driveway and starts to unlock it.

NEIGHBOR MAN (O.S.)

Evening.

Nick looks up to see a NEIGHBOR MAN out walking his dog.

NEIGHBOR MAN

Just walkin' Marlon here. You visiting Artie? He was a little under the weather.

NICK

Mmm. To tell you the truth, he's pretty beat.

NEIGHBOR MAN

Sorry to hear that. Nick.

Nick's eyes narrow--

NICK

Have we met?

NEIGHBOR MAN

In a way. I'll give you a hint.

Suddenly his EYES FLARE BLUE.

(CONTINUED)

23 "Gods and..."  
CONTINUED:

Production Draft

6/26/18 40.  
23

MAN  
My name's Michael.

BLACKOUT.

TO BE CONTINUED...

COPY