

SUPERNATURAL

Episode #1407

"Unhuman Nature"

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COPY

CAST LIST

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

ARTY NIELSEN  
CASTIEL  
JACK  
NICK  
ROWENA

DIANE FARGO  
DOCTOR  
FRANK KELLOGG  
MADELYN  
SERGEI  
TRIAGE NURSE

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

MICHAEL BEAN  
MISHA COLLINS  
ALEXANDER CALVERT  
MARK PELLEGRINO  
RUTH CONNELL

COPY

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SUPERNATURAL  
"Unhuman Nature"

TEASER

FADE IN:

1 INT. PARISH OFFICE - NIGHT (DAY 1) 1

TIGHT ON NICK-- It's dark; we're unsure where we are. NICK is sweaty, haunted, full of pain and regret.

NICK

Look. I know I have issues, I-- it's not like I want to do this, but-- I need to.

(calming)

And I know I've got to stop, but the feeling... afterward... I hate... I hate that it feels so good.

(sighs and stands)

I've taken up too much of your time. If you say you can't tell me anything Arty told you in confession, I accept that. Yeah, he was the only witness to my family's murder, and I understand... you have your vows... but...

WIDER-- A small parish office. NAILED TO THE WALL IS THE CORPSE OF A PRIEST! Eyes wide in death. His THROAT SLIT.

NICK

You really shoulda helped me. You brought this on yourself.

(starts out, then:)

Still I'll try your advice. The peace I'm looking for may lie in prayer.

(then)

And I agree, Father. There is a Devil and we should try to fight him, but... but sometimes we just can't.

BLACKOUT.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

2 INT. MEN OF LETTERS - JACK'S ROOM - NIGHT 2

The lights are dimmed. JACK lies on his bed, eyes closed. He doesn't look too well; there are slight shadows around his eyes. CASTIEL is seated near him, his hands hovering over Jack's head, then his chest. A slight GLOW emanates from his hands as he attempts to heal whatever made Jack cough up blood (in Ep. 1406 "Optimism").

3 INT. MEN OF LETTERS - CORRIDOR - NIGHT 3

Just outside Jack's door. SAM and DEAN lean against walls, opposite each other. Worry hangs in the air.

DEAN  
What's takin' Cass so long?

SAM  
Whatever's happening with Jack...  
it might be complicated.

A strained silence, then:

DEAN  
Kids have weird stuff goin' on with  
'em all the time, right? Kids  
cough-- they get bloody noses.  
Right?

Sam looks away-- not so sure-- as--

The door opens and Cass comes out, only partially closing the door. He looks concerned.

DEAN  
Is he okay?

CASTIEL  
I did what I could, but I'm not-- I  
don't know what's wrong with him.

DEAN  
So you'll figure it out, right?

CASTIEL  
(unsure)  
I-- I did get the coughing to stop.

Then a CRASH from inside the room! Dean, Sam, and Cass rush for the door.

4 INT. MEN OF LETTERS - JACK'S ROOM - NIGHT 4

The door flies open and Dean, Sam and Cass come inside. The LAMP has fallen off the table, and Jack lies on the floor, HIS EYES ROLLED BACK, CONVULSING IN A FULL-BLOWN SEIZURE!

SAM

Jack!

5 EXT. ROAD - NIGHT 5

The IMPALA ROARS down the road!

6 INT. EMERGENCY ROOM - NIGHT 6

BOOM! The door flies open, and DEAN enters-- followed by CASS and SAM, who support JACK between them--

DEAN

Doctor! Need a doctor here!

\*

TIME CUT TO:

7 INT. EMERGENCY ROOM - NIGHT 7

DEAN-- Emphatically making a point.

DEAN

Look-- get him inside--

\*

INCLUDE-- A no-nonsense TRIAGE NURSE, 40's, seated at a desk with a sheaf of forms. Sam's next to Dean. Cass is behind them, supporting a wobbly-looking Jack. A waiting area full of the ill and injured.

TRIAGE NURSE

Sir? I just need some basic information. That's the procedure. I do the work-up, then I take him back.

DEAN

The information is he's sick.

TRIAGE NURSE

Do you see anyone here who isn't?

Dean looks off, exasperated. The nurse turns to her keyboard.

TRIAGE NURSE

His full name, please.

(CONTINUED)



Dean starts to answer, then stops and looks at Sam, who looks blank in return. Jack's full name?

TRIAGE NURSE

You do know his name.

DEAN

Jack.

She types those four letters, looks expectantly up at him. Dean looks a little caught off-guard.

SAM

Jack... Kline.

Jack looks at Sam, perking up at this thought.

CASTIEL

K-L-I-N-E.

She quickly types this, and:

TRIAGE NURSE

Date of birth.

The guys glance at each other. This is tricky.

DEAN

Is that important?

She just looks at him.

TRIAGE NURSE

What'd you say your relationship is to the patient?

DEAN

We take care of him.

TRIAGE NURSE

What does that mean?

SAM

May 18th.

The nurse glances over, puzzled.

SAM

His date of birth. May 18th.

DEAN  
(glances at Jack,  
assessing)  
2000. 1999. 2000.

TRIAGE NURSE  
Why don't you let him answer?

Sam and Dean give Jack a look. "Lie."

JACK  
(off the guys)  
2000.

TRIAGE NURSE  
And your social security number?

JACK  
I don't know what that is.

She squints at him.

SAM  
Home schooled. Very sheltered  
life.

CASTIEL  
Very.

TRIAGE NURSE  
Uh-huh. Family medical history.  
(then)  
Let's start with the father.

Sam and Dean stare. Shit.

DEAN  
He's dead.

TRIAGE NURSE  
Cause of death?

CASTIEL  
He was stabbed through the heart  
and then he exploded.

The nurse looks over, fed up. Dean jumps in:

DEAN  
You know what? We don't have time  
for this.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

7 CONTINUED: (3)

7

DEAN (CONT'D)

He's sick, his name is Jack Kline, his father exploded, you got all the basics, what the Hell does he have to do to see a doctor?

The annoyed woman starts to answer, when suddenly Jack's legs give way and he COLLAPSES! As they react, SLAM TO:

8 INT. EMERGENCY ROOM - HALLWAY - NIGHT 8

Jack's on a GURNEY being rushed down the hall by an orderly in scrubs, as Sam, Dean, and Cass race along behind.

9 INT. EMERGENCY ROOM - EXAM CUBICLE - NIGHT 9

Jack, shirt off, lies on the gurney, being examined by a DOCTOR. A NURSE is trying to usher Sam and Dean out of the room, as:

DEAN: Is he gonna be okay? Jack, we're right here. SAM: He's been coughing. There was blood. It may have been going on for a while... \*

10 INT. EMERGENCY ROOM - QUICK SHOTS - NIGHT 10

A PAPER READ-OUT chugs out of an E.E.G. MACHINE as we FIND a scared-looking Jack on a table with ELECTRODES attached to his head.

BLINDING LIGHT FILLS FRAME. Then the overhead EXAM LIGHT is tilted as a SPECIALIST in magnifying glasses stares down at Jack, INJECTING DYE into a vein.

M.R.I. FILMS of Jack's skull and chest are slapped up against a lit-up glass plate.

11 INT. EMERGENCY ROOM - EXAM CUBICLE - NIGHT 11

JACK-- is asleep on the narrow exam room bed, hooked up to an I.V. and wearing an oxygen mask. Only the light on the wall over the bed is on.

NEW ANGLE-- Sam, Dean, and Cass watch Jack from just outside the cubicle. They glance at each other. Worried sick.

A12 EXT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY (DAY 2) A12 \*

Wilmington, Delaware. DIANE FARGO, a blunt, businesslike woman, 40ish, comes down the sidewalk and enters the place. \*

12 INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY 12 \*

NICK waits in a booth, a cup of coffee before him. Diane has entered. He sees her, she sees him, she comes over. \*

DIANE

Nick? Hello. Diane Fargo.

He gestures for her to sit.

COPY

(CONTINUED)

NICK  
You weren't easy to track down.

DIANE  
(sitting)  
I left Pike Creek six years ago.  
I'm at the Tribune here in  
Wilmington.

NICK  
Well, thanks for meeting me. I  
wasn't sure you'd remember who I  
am...

DIANE  
Of course I do. I spoke to you the  
morning after your family...

NICK  
Was slaughtered?

His bluntness surprises Diane-- but she nods--

DIANE  
And then you left town.

NICK  
I couldn't stay there. Too much  
baggage. Had to rebuild.

DIANE  
And now you're back?

Nick shrugs--

NICK  
My ex-neighbor, Arty Nielsen, was  
killed a few weeks ago.

DIANE  
Really.

NICK  
It brought back all the terrible  
memories. I had to find answers.

DIANE  
To?

NICK  
My family-- the case was never  
solved. The one witness was Arty.  
(MORE)

NICK (CONT'D)

He said he saw someone leave my house that night. Then he changed his story.

There's an edge of pain to his voice. Diane nods-- sympathetic--

DIANE

It happens. People say one thing in the heat of the moment, then realize they're not so sure.

NICK

Even you gave up on the story.

ON DIANE. He's not wrong-- even if she regrets it--

DIANE

There was almost no evidence at the crime scene. The cops had zero to say to me. I even played with the idea you did it, but you...

\*

NICK

I... I was out getting hammered at the Elks Lodge that night.

\*

A guilty memory. Diane nods--

DIANE

So... I moved on.

NICK

Yeah, well... I can't.

She watches him a moment, then leans in.

DIANE

Nick? As one who obsesses, I'll give you a tip: Don't obsess. It'll eat you up.

NICK

I'll be okay.  
(off her dubious look)  
Seriously. Soon as I figure out what happened that night, my demons'll disappear.

\*

He shakes it off, switching gears:

\*

NICK

You were a crime reporter. You must've known all the beat cops in town.

DIANE

Sure.

NICK

You remember who was assigned to my neighborhood that night?

DIANE

(caught off guard)

I-- I think, so, I--

(thinks, then)

Pretty sure it was... Frank. Frank Kellogg.

(off Nick)

He left the department not long after the murders. And then he split.

NICK

To?

DIANE

Last I heard, he was working private security, up in Montauk.

OFF NICK. Interesting...

Sam and Dean sprawl wearily in chairs just outside the entry. Inside, Jack can be seen asleep, still hooked up to the I.V. and oxygen. Dean looks moodily off at Jack.

DEAN

Unbelievable.

(then)

When Jack went human, I was worried that... you know, doin' what we do... something might happen to him. But I figured it'd be a vamp. Maybe a ghou... Not a friggin' cough.

\*

(stares at Jack again)

I mean, c'mon. He's just a kid.

Sam smiles sadly, as:

(CONTINUED)

NEW ANGLE-- The Doctor approaches, carrying a case file. Sam and Dean stand and anxiously go to him.

SAM

So. What do we know?

DOCTOR

Well, I can tell you what we don't know.

DEAN

Not crazy about the sound of that.

DOCTOR

(holds up folder)

Jack's test results all came back negative.

SAM

So that's a good thing.

The Doctor looks from one to the other, looking for the right words.

DOCTOR

Jack-- he's very ill. We're just not sure what we're up against.

DEAN

You said all his tests came back negative.

DOCTOR

Those tests, we have to run--

\*

SAM

More tests?

DOCTOR

Yes. Until we can figure out what's happening to him.

DEAN

And what exactly is happening to him? Right now.

\*

DOCTOR

Jack... Jack's in total systemic failure.

They stare, processing.

(CONTINUED)



DOCTOR  
His body is in the process of  
shutting down.

And off their stunned reactions...

BLACKOUT.

END OF ACT ONE

COPY

ACT TWO

14 INT. EMERGENCY ROOM - CORRIDOR - DAY 14

SAM AND DEAN-- Just outside Jack's exam cubicle, having heard the bad news. Cass sits with Jack inside the cubicle. There's a quiet urgency as Sam and Dean mull what to do. \*

DEAN

Lemme ask you a question. How much longer are we givin' this? How many more tests are there gonna be?

Sam thinks a beat.

SAM

My opinion? I think we're done.

DEAN

That was kinda my opinion.

SAM

We tried here, but-- this place has never seen anyone like Jack. And we can't even tell them what he is. \*

DEAN

So we get him outta here.

(then)

We take the kid home. And we do what we do: We find a way. \*

Sam considers, nods, then:

DEAN

I was thinkin' maybe Rowena...

SAM

Already called her.

TIME CUT TO:

15 INT. EMERGENCY ROOM - DAY 15

The Doctor enters from a hall, marching toward the exam cubicle, then stops short.

NEW ANGLE-- In the cubicle, Jack is getting dressed as Sam, Dean and Cass pull his stuff from a hospital bag. Jack's pulling on a shirt as the Doctor approaches.

DOCTOR

What-- what's going on?

(CONTINUED)

DEAN

What's it look like? You can't expect him to hit the street in a hospital gown, his ass hangs out.

DOCTOR

He's not going anywhere.

SAM

We're getting a second opinion.

DOCTOR

Jack?

JACK

We're getting a second opinion.

DOCTOR

If he leaves the hospital, we are no longer responsible for him. You and he will have to acknowledge that you are leaving against medical advice.

CASTIEL

Fine.

JACK

We're leaving.

He exits, Sam and Cass follow-- Dean brings up the rear, eyeing the doc--

\*  
\*

DEAN

(to Doctor)

There's no talkin' to him when he gets like this.

OFF the Doctor's exasperated look...

Sam is heading up the stairs toward the door. He opens it to admit ROWENA. She hurries inside, carrying a wrapped bundle.

SAM

Thanks for coming.

As they descend the stairs:

ROWENA

I got here quick as I could. How is he?

(CONTINUED)

SAM

Well...

COPY

ROWENA  
(re: bundle)  
I brought the Book of the Damned.

SAM  
Which you stole.

ROWENA  
Which I borrowed in the ruckus of  
all those folks arrivin' from the  
other world. But we can talk about  
that later-- now, just how sick is  
Dean?

\*  
\*

They've reached the floor. Sam looks uncomfortable.

SAM  
About that...

ROWENA  
What? Is this a trick? Samuel, I  
thought we were beyond that.

SAM  
No, someone is sick.  
(then)  
I'm not sure you really got to know  
our friend Jack, what with  
everything that was going on when  
you were here.

Rowena looks vague, trying to place who Sam's talking about.

SAM  
We've sort of been taking care of  
him.  
(bracing himself)  
He's... Lucifer's son.

Rowena stares at him in horror.

ROWENA  
(turns to go)  
Good-bye.

SAM  
Rowena-- he's a great kid. His  
mother was a fantastic human being.  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

SAM (CONT'D)

He doesn't want anything to do with Lucifer, who's dead, by the way.

ROWENA

Good! I hope he's rotting.

SAM

But Lucifer took Jack's grace. He's powerless. And something's wrong with him. He might die.

ROWENA

Splendid! The sooner the better! From what I know of the father, the world will be better without the son. \*

But Sam is awkwardly looking at something behind her. Rowena has the sinking feeling she knows what. She turns, and:

NEW ANGLE-- Jack has entered the room, Cass just behind him. Rowena stares at Jack. \*

JACK

You might be right. We're all still figuring that out.

ROWENA

(to Sam, with contempt)  
Is this him, then?

JACK

Yes. I'm Jack. And I know people have very strong feelings about my father, and I-- I'm trying hard not to be like him.

You can't not like this guy. Rowena's fighting it.

JACK

(with a smile)  
You must be Rowena. Sam and Dean-- they say such nice things about you.

ON ROWENA. Surprised--

ROWENA

They... do?

JACK

You saved all of us-- from Apocalypse World. \*

(CONTINUED)

ROWENA  
(flattered)  
Well...

\*  
\*  
\*

JACK  
So, before you go, I just wanted to  
say... thank you.

\*  
\*

She's softening, in spite of herself. Suddenly Jack reels a little and grabs a wall for support. Sam hurries over.

SAM  
Jack.

ROWENA  
(relenting)  
Oh, bollocks.

17 INT. MEN OF LETTERS - INFIRMARY - DAY

17 \*

A SPELL BOWL-- SMOULDERS with smoky ingredients as we WIDEN to FIND Rowena, bent over Jack, lying on the bed, the Book of the Damned opened on the bed beside him. Rowena glances at the book, muttering a SPELL. Her eyes GLOW PURPLE as her hands hover over Jack's body, trying to read its emanations.

ROWENA  
Possim rei huius cognoscere  
causas... Possim rei huius  
cognoscere causas...

She closes her eyes, reacting as signals from Jack reach her with a jolt. She bears down, assessing. Then slowly lowers her hands to her side. Jack sits up.

JACK  
How am I?

She tries to smile, but her face is a mask of concern.

18 INT. MEN OF LETTERS - CORRIDOR - DAY

18

Outside the infirmary. Sam, Dean, and Cass are waiting there. Rowena exits, closing the door. They all look anxiously to her.

\*  
\*

DEAN  
And?

ROWENA  
It's as I suspected.  
(then)  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

ROWENA (CONT'D)

A nephilim, you see, for all its power, is an unnatural presence. Part human, part angel... It doesn't fit. It's delicate. Its grace is what holds it in balance. When Jack's grace was taken from him...

(MORE)

COPY

(CONTINUED)



ROWENA (CONT'D)

His being was thrown into chaos.  
The cells... are gobbling each  
other up.

CASTIEL

If it's grace he needs, he's  
welcome to mine.

ROWENA

(a sad smile)

No dear, it won't do. Jack is part  
archangel. He needs a much  
stronger force, and probably some  
sort of magic. And he needs it  
quick.

DEAN-- None of this is what he wanted to hear.

DEAN

How quick?

NEW ANGLE-- It seems to be DEAN's POV of the rest of the  
group. But it's TREATED: Fuzzy at the edges, a little  
warped. The voices have echo. What's going on?

ROWENA

I don't... I don't exactly know.  
He's enterin' a critical phase.  
Sometimes he'll look just fine.

(then)

But soon, his body'll give way,  
and... it'll be the end of him.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

Dark and spooky. The side entrance to a club called  
"Slander." The door opens, emitting a blast of MUSIC and  
LAUGHTER. A fairly drunk, overly made-up girl, 20's,  
MADELYN, emerges. The door closes behind her, and she fishes  
her phone from her purse.

REVEAL-- A distance up the alley, a parked car, its lights  
out.

Nick is sitting in the car. Sweaty and twitchy. He hungrily  
eyes Madelyn, fighting his urges.

HIS HAND-- reaches for the door handle. It hovers there.

NICK-- closes his eyes, suffering the pangs of addiction.

NICK

Don't.  
(beat)  
Don't.

He steels himself, forces his trembling hand toward the key in the ignition.

NICK

Start the car. Start the car.

His eyes flick to:

MADELYN-- She's on her phone, happily chatting, unaware of how near death she might be.

NICK-- closes his eyes; the bloodlust is overwhelming. He bears down, trying to get hold of himself.

NICK

She didn't do anything to you.

MADELYN-- She CLICKS off, then takes a quick look at messages, drops her phone in her purse. Then: FOOTSTEPS.

NEW ANGLE-- Nick, nearly in silhouette, is approaching. His eyes are fixed on her. He smiles dangerously.

NICK

Evening.

MADELYN

Evening, yourself.

NICK

You out here all alone? Isn't that dangerous?

MADELYN

Just hadda use the phone. I'm headed back in.

INTERCUT:

NICK'S HAND AND ARM. A shiny slender KNIFE drops out of his sleeve into his hand. Madelyn doesn't notice. She ELEVATOR EYES Nick... not bad...

MADELYN

Did you... wanna come in? Meet my friends...?

NICK

Nah. It's a nice night. And it's  
real loud in there.

MADELYN

(a smile)

I know. That's the best part.

She steps toward him--

MADELYN

Come on. It'll be fun.

ON NICK. A long, pained beat, then--

NICK

Get away from me.

ON MADELYN. Confused--

MADELYN

...what?

NICK

Get away from me! Go! Now!

He looks deranged. Now frightened, Madelyn rushes off toward the street and disappears. Nick wretchedly plasters himself back against the wall, shaking. We MOVE IN. He's sweating. Nearly in tears. And suddenly he lets out A SCREAM OF WRENCHING ANGUISH, and

BLACKOUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

22 INT. MEN OF LETTERS - INFIRMARY - DAY (DAY 3) 22 \*

THE DOOR-- A quick KNOCK and the door opens to reveal Dean, carrying a tray with a huge sandwich and some milk.

DEAN

Brought you some carbs. How you...

His voice trails off, seeing...

There are neat stacks of Jack's clothes on the bed, which Jack is stuffing into a duffel.

DEAN

(sets down tray)

Uh... goin' somewhere?

JACK

I thought I'd hit Vegas. Then maybe Tahiti.

Dean stares, tries to process.

DEAN

Okay. Nice. You sure this is the best time?

JACK

Pretty sure it is.

DEAN

Jack...

JACK

Since I've been alive, everyone's assumed I was this special "person" who would go on forever. Only now it looks like forever might be a couple of weeks, so--

\*

DEAN

You don't know that.

JACK

What I do know is that I'm done being special.

(then)

Before my life is over, I'd like to live it. I just want a chance to...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

22

CONTINUED:

22

JACK (CONT'D)

Get a tan, see a hockey game, have a parking ticket, get bored... and when it's over... die.

DEAN

That's your plan?

JACK

I don't want to waste time arguing. I know you disagree.

\*

A moment. Then:

DEAN

(smiles)

Did I say I disagreed?

23

INT. MEN OF LETTERS - LIBRARY - DAY

23

CAMERA MOVES SWIFTLY through the room. Everyone is racing against time. Cass is poring through ancient BOOKS AND SCROLLS. FIND Sam, on the phone.

SAM

(into phone)

...and how likely do you think that is? No Hunter I've spoken to has heard of anything.

\*

FIND Rowena, on her phone.

ROWENA

(into phone)

...I know you're not speakin' to me, Magda, basically no one is speakin' to me, but I have a situation. There's a wee nephilim I know who's ailing...

FIND Dean as he enters, carrying his jacket and a set of car keys. Cass looks over.

CASTIEL

Dean-- the bunker's vault has a number of Enochian texts dealing with archangels, but nothing on their half-human offspring.

ROWENA

(coming over)

I've talked to some of the greatest minds in witchcraft. They all say there's nothing that'll help Jack.

(CONTINUED)

DEAN

Then they're not the greatest  
minds, are they?

SAM (O.S.)

Hey--

They turn to him--

SAM

I was just on the phone with Ketch.  
He's got a line on a shaman.

DEAN

A shaman?

SAM

The British Men of Letters used him--  
as a consultant. When they had to  
"solve the unsolvable"-- he was  
their guy. \*

Dean looks over, curious.

NEW ANGLE-- Again, what would be DEAN'S POV. But again, it's  
fuzzy, slightly distorted, the voices have a slight ECHO.

SAM

He's an expert in mysticism--  
esoteric divinity. Ketch says the  
Brits put a lot of faith in him.

CASTIEL

(dubious)  
Ketch "says."

BACK TO SCENE

SAM

His name is "Sergei." I got a  
location. Ketch said he'd set it  
up.

CASTIEL

I'll go. You and Dean need to be  
with Jack.

Jack enters, wearing a backpack. Moves to Dean--

SAM

Jack, are you--

(CONTINUED)

JACK  
(re: Dean)  
We're going out.

Sam and Cass trade a look--

CASTIEL  
...where?

DEAN  
Takin' Baby for some exercise.

They start up the stairs.

SAM  
You-- Dean, is that a good idea?

DEAN  
Yep.

Jack smiles and they move toward the door, as the others look on in surprise.

The IMPALA is parked near the entrance. Dean and Jack emerge from the restaurant, carrying bags of takeout. Jack starts for the passenger door.

DEAN  
Hey. Hold on.

Jack looks over, and Dean **TOSSES HIM THE KEYS**. Jack reflexively catches them, stares at Dean a little stunned.

DEAN  
You drive.

JACK  
...what?

Dean smiles, opens the passenger door.

JACK  
I... I don't drive.

DEAN  
(climbs in car)  
You do now.

And he **SLAMS** the door.

25 EXT. RURAL ROAD - DAY 25

EMPTY FRAME. Then we hear a soft SCREECH of tires braking. Then a soft REV as the Impala lurches into FRAME. Then SCREECHES to a halt. Then lurches forward again before Jack again SLAMS on the brakes.

CLOSER-- Through the windshield. Jack tentatively moves the car forward. Brakes. Dean closes his eyes, bites his tongue. Fights the urge to grab the wheel.

JACK  
I'm not too good at this.

DEAN  
(forced smile)  
You're doing fine. Just need to smooth it out. Don't overthink it.

Jack gingerly takes his foot off the brake. Moves the car forward. Drives for a bit.

DEAN  
Okay. Better.

Jack lights up, begins to relax. Another few moments of moving down the road.

DEAN  
Dude. There's no one around. You can open it up a little.

26 EXT. RURAL ROAD - DAY - MOMENTS LATER 26

MUSIC KICKS IN. An empty stretch of road. The Impala ROARS around a curve, tears down the road.

27 INT. IMPALA - ROLLING - DAY 27

Jack's all smiles, having the time of his life. Illness and spells forgotten for the moment. Dean's laughing.

28 EXT. ROAD - VARIOUS ANGLES - DAY 28

The Impala races down the road. Over a hill. And off into the horizon.

29 INT. MEN OF LETTERS - LIBRARY - DAY 29

Sam is working at his laptop as Castiel passes through, on his way to the crow's nest.

(CONTINUED)



CASTIEL

If this "Sergei" has anything remotely useful to offer, I'll call.

SAM

You sure you wanna handle this alone?

CASTIEL

I feel the need to do something. And Dean's right, we can't afford to overlook any possibility.

(then)

He... seems to be taking all this particularly hard.

SAM

He was rough on Jack in the beginning. He hasn't forgotten that, and now...

(then)

He's lost people, we all have, but...

CASTIEL

This feels different. Losing... a son... feels different.

Sam looks away. He grapples for a moment with the sadness, then does his best to rally:

SAM

(quietly)

We're not going there. It's not the end until it is.

Cass nods, trying to buy in.

Dean and Jack lean against the Impala, devouring burgers, enjoying themselves.

JACK

(pleased)

I can drive.

DEAN

You sure can.

JACK

No for real. I'm a driver.

DEAN

Born with the wheel in your hand.

Jack GRINS--

DEAN

So where do you wanna hit next? I know a bar, kind of low on class but high on hook-up potential.

(modestly)

Personally I've never missed at this place.

JACK

(thinking)

Actually, I've got kind of an idea.

31

EXT. MODEST HOUSE - DAY

31

A run-down neighborhood. A car pulls up to the house. Nick gets out and heads to the front door. He rings the bell. No answer. A second time. A rumpled middle-aged guy, FRANK KELLOGG, answers.

FRANK

Yeah?

NICK

Frank Kellogg?

Frank stares, trying to place Nick.

FRANK

Do I know you?

NICK

Just wanna talk to you, Frank. About a night you came to my house.

FRANK

Pal, I been to a lotta houses.

NICK

Well, this was in Pike Creek. When you were a cop. Nine years ago.

Frank's getting nervous.

(CONTINUED)

FRANK

I don't remember you.

NICK

I wasn't there. But my wife and son were. Alone.

(then)

Until you showed up.

Sudden terror in Frank's eyes, and he tries to close the door. But Nick catches it, shoves it hard--

Then SLAMS Frank against the wall--

NICK

So... let's talk.

OFF FRANK-- shit!

BLACKOUT.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

32

EXT. RIVER BANK - DAY

32

Dean and Jack stretch out over a sun-baked boulder. They're sipping beers and fishing at a scenic stretch of river.

DEAN

Beer and bait. Dude, you are such a cheap date. Tahiti, this ain't.

JACK

(smiles)

You once told me this is exactly what you and your father did.

Dean glances over at him.

JACK

It was your happiest memory of him.

DEAN

I never said that.

JACK

It was the way you said it. I could tell.

Dean smiles, shakes his head, has a sip of beer.

JACK

I guess the point is... If I don't make it...

DEAN

Which you will...

JACK

The stuff I'd miss out on wouldn't be things like Tahiti. Or the Taj Mahal.

(beat, sincerely)

I'd miss more time with you.

(then)

I'm getting that life is more than the big, amazing moments. It's the times spent together that matter. Like today.

Dean stares at him, then has to look out at the water as real pain flashes through his eyes for a moment. Then:

(CONTINUED)

DEAN

(recovering)

Wow. Hangin' with me made you deep.

JACK

(a peaceful smile)

I've had a good life Dean. I have.

Middle of nowhere. A small Airstream sits near the roadside. Behind is a vast field. Castiel's car pulls up and Cass gets out, glancing at a small piece of paper in his hand. Can this be right? The WIND MOANS. Cass takes a few steps toward the trailer, and stops.

CASTIEL

(calling out)

Sergei?

Nothing. He takes another step toward the trailer, and suddenly a RING OF HOLY FIRE SPRINGS UP AROUND HIM! He sighs resignedly.

NEW ANGLE-- The door to the trailer opens, as if by itself, and SERGEI, 50, appears from the darkness inside. He's an imposing, mysterious man with an exotic look. He carries a large SHOTGUN.

SERGEI

The angel Castiel?

(looks around)

And who else?

CASTIEL

Do you see anyone else?

(glances at the flames)

Was the Holy Fire really necessary?

SERGEI

Self-preservation makes many things necessary. I have no idea if I can trust you.

\*

CASTIEL

(nods at gun)

I'm sure you're loaded with buckshot made from angel blades. Does it really matter if you trust me?

Sergei watches him, slowly smiling. Interested.

34

INT. TRAVEL TRAILER - DAY

34

It's like a Bedouin tent. Oriental rugs, paisley cushions. Castiel tries to balance on an ottoman, as Sergei serves tea. The shotgun rests against an ornate little desk, the awkward formalities apparently over.

SERGEI

(briskly)

...As for my curriculum vitae, I'm passionately peripatetic. No roots. I've re-crossed the globe many, many times over. Studying and observing the skills of myriad witches, seers, holy men, etcetera.

CASTIEL

But what exactly is it you do?

SERGEI

(sitting)

Answer the unanswerable. Know the unknowable. But I am first and foremost a healer.

\*

CASTIEL

And you know Ketch?

SERGEI

We've never met face-to-face, but-- our reputations are mutually stellar.

\*

\*

CASTIEL

I'm not sure I'd call Ketch "stellar."

\*

SERGEI

(amused)

Ah, then you've met him.

\*

(then)

But-- back to this nephilim you've been fostering...

CASTIEL

(pointedly)

His name is Jack.

(CONTINUED)

SERGEI

Well, "Jack" is in a pretty pickle. If what you're telling me is right, his condition is dire.

CASTIEL

Is it reversible?

SERGEI

Not as such, but... it can be shocked out of its progression by a recharging agent. Think of it like you're-- rebooting a computer.

CASTIEL

Where would one get such a thing?

Sergei smiles mysteriously, indicates himself.

SERGEI

First and foremost, a healer.

He stands, unlocking an ornate box from which he pulls a GLOWING VIAL.

CASTIEL

(a bit awed)  
Archangel grace?

SERGEI

Vintage. From Gabriel. In trade for my home-brewed cloaking spell. He used it to hide away in Monte Carlo.

\*

CASTIEL

With porn stars, I know the story.

SERGEI

But this alone won't do the trick.

He removes a small, moldering SCROLL from the box.

SERGEI

It must be administered along with the precise recitation of a spell.

CASTIEL

And what is all this going to cost?

Sergei puts the items back in the box.

(CONTINUED)

SERGEI

Don't insult me. I never take money. My skills are exclusively for barter.

\*

CASTIEL

Then... what do you want?

He hands the box to Cass.

SERGEI

I don't know.

(then)

But... tell the Winchesters they owe me.

35 INT. FRANK KELLOGG'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

35

Frank is slumped over a chair. Tied up, beaten, and bruised. Nick shakes out his hand, bloodied from the assault.

NICK

Wow, peace of mind takes work. How long you gonna hold out, Frank?

FRANK

(dazed, weak)

Nick... I don't even know what you're talking about.

NICK

Lemme lay it out for you. My old neighbor Arty told the cops he saw someone leaving my house the night of the murders. Then... he changed his mind. I wasn't convinced, but he held on to story number two, until I dropped by to talk.

INTERCUT:

36 INT. NIELSEN HOME - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

36

(NOTE: The Nick/Arty flashback was shot with Episode 1402)

ARTY

(nearly in tears)

Nick... please...

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

ARTY

I don't know anything!

(CONTINUED)



NICK  
(hissing)  
I think you do.

FRANK'S LIVING ROOM - PRESENT-- Nick moves closer to Frank, who watches him, frightened.

NICK  
But just like today, I was  
persuasive.

NIELSEN HOME - FLASHBACK-- Nick grabs Arty's throat, begins to squeeze.

NICK  
You did see someone come outta the  
house, didn't you?  
(deadly dangerous)  
Didn't you?!

ARTY  
(desperate)  
Yes.

NICK  
Someone you knew?

ARTY  
I'd seen him around here a couple  
times.  
(then)  
A cop.

PRESENT-- Frank closes his eyes, beginning to weep. Nick moves even closer.

FLASHBACK

NICK  
A cop.  
(then)  
Because someone found the bodies  
and called.

ARTY  
No.

Nick stares hard at him.

ARTY  
This was before they all showed up  
at the murder scene. The cop  
cars... The ambulance.

(CONTINUED)

Nick processes, trying to make sense of this.

ARTY

More than an hour before. He was there by himself.

As Nick puts the new information together, horrified:

NICK

Arty said, when he told the cops, they threatened him. Told him to keep his mouth shut. Or else.

(then)

It was like a cover up-- like they were protecting one of their own.

FRANK

What does any of this have to do with me?

NICK

I looked up the reporter who covered the case. She gave me the name of the beat cop on our block. A guy she couldn't interview back then, 'cause he left town.

Now Frank is freaking. Nick's right in his face.

NICK

You see where I'm going with this?

Frank stares into Nick's murderous eyes. And he cracks.

FRANK

(halting, spasmodic)

I-- look, I don't know what happened that night, I--

(then)

Your wife called the precinct. Thought she heard a prowler.

NICK

And...?

FRANK

(agonized)

I'm walking up the front path, no back-up, and suddenly from outta nowhere, there's this guy.

NICK

A "guy."

FRANK

He said his name was "Abraxas."

Nick shudders, hit with some dim Luciferian memory.

FRANK

Next thing I know, I'm back in the patrol car. And I'm covered in blood.

Nick stares at him, cold fury building.

NICK

My wife's blood.

He looks away--

NICK

"Abraxas." I know that name.  
(realizes)  
Lucifer knew that name.

FRANK

(in tears)  
This is crazy. I was outta my head that night! I wouldn't kill anyone.

NICK

I know. You were possessed.

FRANK

What?

NICK

This-- none of this was your fault.

And Frank relaxes-- just a bit-- until--

NICK

But...

He reaches out, taking Frank's hand--

NICK

This is still the hand that murdered my wife.  
(then)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

37

CONTINUED: (2)

37

NICK (CONT'D)

Even if it wasn't you-- it was  
still you.

\*

He calmly pivots to his duffel bag.

FRANK

Nick, please... please...

Nick pulls a LARGE HAMMER from the bag.

NICK

I'm sorry, Frank.

NICK-- raises the hammer and buries it in Frank's skull!  
BLOOD SPRAYS ON NICK'S FACE.

38

INT. MEN OF LETTERS - INFIRMARY - NIGHT

38

\*

Jack sits tensely in a chair. Near him, Rowena silently reads through Sergei's scroll, readying herself. Sam's got the ornate box, and touches Jack on the shoulder reassuringly. Dean and Cass stand to one side, anxiously looking on.

DEAN AND CASS

DEAN

(quietly nervous)

This Sergei was legit. Right?

CASTIEL

He seemed... odd, but honest.

Sam moves to them--

SAM

So we don't know if this is going to work.

CASTIEL

We don't, but--

In the b.g., Rowena looks over at them.

ROWENA

Gentlemen?

Sam, Dean and Cass join her, as:

ROWENA

(trepidatious)

Are you ready, Jack?

(CONTINUED)

JACK  
(hesitates, then:)  
Yes.

Rowena nods to Sam. He pulls the GLOWING VIAL OF GRACE from the ornate box, brings it to Jack.

SAM  
(apologetic)  
Jack, if there were any other way...

Jack nods and Sam brings the vial to Jack's lips. Jack drinks it down as Rowena reads dramatically from the scroll:

ROWENA  
Potione hac, restitutus eris.  
Omnia erunt sicut erant!

A moment. Nothing. Everyone's still, afraid of whatever's next. Then a soft RUMBLE. LIGHTS DIM and RETURN. Jack's head nods limply forward, then moves back up, his eyes closed. His eyes slowly open. THEN THEY GLOW A SOFT GOLD! A few flickers, then a STEADY GLOW.

Everyone is frozen in anticipation. Jack stands, looking a little amazed. He breathes in deep breaths.

DEAN  
Anything?

JACK  
(nods)  
Something.

CASTIEL  
Something good?

JACK  
I think so.

He walks around the room, testing his stamina. He smiles.

JACK  
Definite improvement.

Everyone grabs Jack. Hugs him. Dean hugs Rowena. Relief!

JACK-- He suddenly wavers unsteadily. Looking confused.

CASTIEL  
(alarmed)  
Jack?

(CONTINUED)

DEAN

What's happening?

(to Rowena)

Did you say the words right?

ROWENA

I did!

JACK BEGINS TO SPASM! HE'S RACKED WITH PAIN!

DEAN

Say them again!

SAM

Jack!

Jack crumples to the floor, crying out in pain.

DEAN-- Stares, stricken.

NEW ANGLE-- Again, the ODD, HAZY POV. Voices ECHO. And on this moment of panic...

BLACKOUT.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

39 INT. MEN OF LETTERS - GALLEY - NIGHT 39

Castiel is on his phone. Intense. Enraged.

CASTIEL

Of course we followed your instructions. Rowena did perform the spell. Exactly as written. He's worse. Much worse. You need to come at once.

40 INT. TRAVEL TRAILER - NIGHT 40

Sergei reclines against cushions, on SPEAKER PHONE, inhaling from a hookah.

SERGEI

I am a shaman. I realign the harmonics of the universe. I don't make house calls.

INTERCUT:

CASTIEL

Jack isn't just another sick kid. He's the son of an archangel of the Lord, who is more ill now because of your "harmonics."

SERGEI

And? Science is sometimes trial and error. Victory through experimentation.

CASTIEL

This was an experiment? You never said that.

(deadly earnest)

If Jack dies, I will find you.

SERGEI

(a shrug)

You can try.

41 INT. FRANK KELLOGG'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 41

DIMLY LIT. Frank's corpse is partially visible in the b.g. Nick is a wreck. Liquor bottles litter a table. Nick stares out the window at the night, his face a mask of sorrow and desperation. Finally, he slowly drops to his knees.

(CONTINUED)

41

CONTINUED:

41

CLOSER-- On NICK-- He looks up, searching, praying:

NICK

I'm not good at this. But the priest said it might help.

(can't say the words)

I am a liar. I lie to myself. I say I've done these terrible things because I couldn't find whoever killed Sarah and Teddy. And that once I do I'll be free of the darkness... the rage, but...

(then)

What I've done... I've done because I like doing it.

INTERCUT:

42

INT. THE EMPTY - ENDLESS NIGHT

42

We MOVE through the murky black toward a DIM PATCH OF LIGHT.

NICK (V.O.)

I don't want to stop. I'm bonded to you and what you are. It's how you first found me.

Through VFX we've seen once before, a section of the blackness BEGINS TO GLISTEN AND FORM A SHAPE.

NICK (V.O.)

I don't know who I am if I'm not you. No consequences. No pain. No sorrow. I-- I want that back. I don't want to feel now what I didn't feel then.

\*  
\*  
\*

We push in on the black, gooey, humanoid shape, as--

NICK

(sobbing)

Where are you?

Its EYES OPEN. Then they FLASH RED!

\*

43

INT. MEN OF LETTERS - CORRIDOR - NIGHT

43

Sam, Dean, Castiel outside the infirmary, waiting.

\*

DEAN

I shouldn't've done it. Shouldn't've taken him out.

(CONTINUED)



SAM

It was what he wanted. We knew he was going to get worse, regardless.

DEAN

It was too risky.

Sam watches his brother, knows he's suffering.

SAM

Dean, life, all of it, is too risky. Jack knew that.

CASTIEL

And you made him happy-- you did more for him than any of us.

The door opens and a haggard Rowena comes out. Through the open door we see Jack on the bed. Very still. A beat, then:

DEAN

Rowena?

She looks up at him in anguish. Her eyes say it all.

SAM

What can we do?

ROWENA

(quiet, somber)

Watch over him. Stay by his side...

The group falls silent in heartbreak. CUT TO--

JACK-- Barely conscious. Struggling for breath.

ROWENA (O.S.)

As he dies...

BLACKOUT.

TO BE CONTINUED...