

SUPERNATURAL

Episode #1412

"Prophet and Loss"

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Episode #1412

"Prophet and Loss"

REVISION HISTORY

Revision	Date	Revised Pages
Production Draft - White	10/11/18	
Blue Draft	11/08/18	

CAST LIST

SAM WINCHESTER
DEAN WINCHESTER

CASTIEL
DONATELLO REDFIELD
NICK
SARAH

COP
DR. RASHAD
EDDIE
NATHAN
TONY ALVAREZ

JARED PADALECKI
JENSEN ACKLES

MISHA COLLINS
KEITH SZARABAJKA
MARK PELLEGRINO

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SUPERNATURAL
"Prophet and Loss"

TEASER

FADE IN:

1 EXT. UNDERWATER - DAY (DAY 1) 1

MURKY SEAWATER, dimly lit, with swirling shafts of light. FIND, in the near distance, resting on sand: A COFFIN (as seen in Ep. 1411 "Damaged Goods").

2 INT. COFFIN - DAY 2

TIGHT ON DEAN WINCHESTER-- Sweating, willing himself to keep it together, unsure of the horrors that lie ahead. The only light comes from his CELL PHONE SCREEN. Dean glances around, aware of an enormous wave of panic rising inside him. He closes his eyes, bears down, trying to calm himself.

Suddenly, his hands fly up to the coffin lid, pushing against it, then pounding! All in vain against the enormity of the weight on the box. Almost weeping in terror and frustration, HE CLAWS AGAINST THE WOODEN LID UNTIL HIS HANDS ARE BLOODY.

DEAN
(calling out)

Sam!

Now he grabs his phone, swiftly dialing a number.

DEAN
Pick up, pick up-- please.

Suddenly the PHONE SCREEN FLICKERS, losing its charge.

DEAN
No!

The PHONE DIES. WE ARE IN COMPLETE DARKNESS. And over black, we hear DEAN'S ANGUISHED SCREAM!

DEAN
Sam! Sammy!

BLACKOUT.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

3

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

3

TIGHT ON DEAN-- The lights are out. Dean's eyes fly open, waking from the nightmare. He gasps, trying to shake it.

WIDER-- SAM in sweats and t-shirt, enters from the bathroom-- worried--

SAM

Dean?

Dean looks up--

SAM

You were having a bad dream.

DEAN

Yeah, I...

His eyes move to a bit of clawed-up wallpaper on the wall.

DEAN

I was trapped.

SAM

In the box?

Dean looks away-- uneasy--

DEAN

I'm fine. Go back to sleep.

SAM

No. You act like what you're planning to do is business as usual, but-- you're obviously scared--

*

DEAN

Never said I wasn't scared. It just doesn't matter.

SAM

Doesn't matter? Look, we always know we could die, doing what we do... But what you're talking about is worse than death. Dean, Michael's an archangel. He could literally keep you alive forever. Buried. In a coffin. Alive. Forever.

(CONTINUED)

Dean tosses back the covers, standing, as:

DEAN

I get it. And the only other option is, Michael's gonna bust outta my head and end the world. It's all there in Billie's damn book.

*
*

He crosses toward the bathroom.

SAM

Only if we don't find another way to take Michael off the board! And there has to be another way.

Dean pauses at the door, looks back at Sam.

DEAN

Tell me what that is.

As Sam tries to figure out how to answer that, Dean gives him a look and exits.

DEAN

Uh-huh.

Small, dark, old, abandoned. Littered with dusty machinery and equipment. A rusted, faded metal sign reading "Sphinx Machinery" hangs at an angle on one wall. We hear SOUNDS OF MUTED WHIMPERING as we MOVE THROUGH THE GLOOM to find a man, TONY ALVAREZ, 30ish, average Joe looks with a sinister twinge. He wears a black rubber apron, and is dumping a BAG OF SALT into the water of a rusted industrial VAT, stirring it in with a broom handle.

NEW ANGLE-- REVEALS a woman, 30ish, duct tape over her mouth, hands and legs bound, writhing on a counter top, WHIMPERING, PLEADING behind the tape. Tony pivots to face her, a sort of blank look on his face, as if tuning into some unknown force. Now he picks her up, carrying her body to the vat, dumping her in. She struggles, thrashing in the water.

Tony grabs a GLITTERING KNIFE from a table, and makes a quick series of SLITS IN ONE OF HER ARMS, the exact nature of which we can't quite see. The woman is SCREAMING behind her gag. He shoves the arm into the water as it oozes BLOOD and the WATER BEGINS TO TURN RED.

Now he gets a firm grip on her shoulders and SHOVES HER UNDER THE WATER. SHE THRASHES, RESISTS, BUT HE HOLDS HER IN PLACE. Her bound hands fly up through the water's surface.

(CONTINUED)

4

CONTINUED:

4

Tony grimly presses on. Finally the hands and arms weaken and slip limply back into the water as THE WOMAN DROWNS!

HIGH ANGLE-- Looking over Tony, hunched over the tub, the woman's body dead beneath the red water's surface. Now Tony looks up to the Heavens, spreading his arms in supplication.

5

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY (DAY 2)

5

THE DOOR-- A uniformed COP, assigned to guard NICK as he recovers from his gunshot wound, enters with a covered MEAL on a tray. He TAKES US to Nick, sitting up in bed, one wrist HANDCUFFED to a bed rail, as:

COP

Okay, sunshine. Soup's on.

He drops it on the rolling bedside table.

COP

And bad as the food is here?
Gourmet compared to what you'll be
gettin' in jail. So, enjoy.

He starts out.

NICK

And when is that? When am I outta
here?

COP

Not sure. Not even sure where
you're goin'. At least four
jurisdictions wanna prosecute. You
were a busy bee.

NICK

None of what went down was my
fault.

COP

(a fed up smile)
Riiight. 'Cause you were
"possessed." By "Satan."

NICK

That happens to be a real thing,
okay? He left. But-- it changed
me.

COP

(closing in)
Awww, did it?
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

5

CONTINUED:

5

COP (CONT'D)

Listen, you piece-a crap-- you
wanna say the Devil made you do it,
well you stick with that. 'Cause
either way you're gonna be locked
up for the rest of your life.
You're done. You're buried.

*
*
*

He smiles nastily and goes.

COP

So have a nice day.

He exits as we MOVE IN on Nick. Alone, terrified, desperate.

6

EXT. REST STOP - DAY

6

*

The IMPALA, towing the little trailer, pulls into the parking
lot and parks.

CLOSER-- Dean starts to get out, then turns to Sam.

DEAN

Sammy?

SAM

Yeah?

DEAN

About what you said last night...
You're still with me, right?
You're gonna see this through to
the end.

Sam looks away, miserable for a moment, then back at Dean.

SAM

I gave you my word, didn't I?

DEAN

Yeah, you-- you and Mom are the
only ones who know.

SAM

And she hates it. And I hate it.
And Jack and Cass... You haven't
even told them...

*
*
*
*

DEAN

I just can't-- the whole big "good-
bye" thing. I can't get shaky
about this.

*
*
*

(CONTINUED)

"Prophet and Loss"
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6

SAM
(quietly)
Wouldn't be the worst thing.

(CONTINUED)

DEAN

You know what Michael wants to do.
You know this'll stop it. And you
know we don't have another option.

(gets out)

So just put the end of the trip
outta your head till it's-- the end
of the trip.

Sam gives him a look, and Dean goes off.

SAM-- Sam watches Dean cross to the rest rooms, takes a beat,
then gets out his PHONE and dials. *

7

INT. MEN OF LETTERS - LIBRARY - DAY

7

CASTIEL sits wearily at a table, surrounded by LORE BOOKS and
ancient ENOCHIAN SCROLLS. He compares text from one source
to that of another as his PHONE RINGS. He answers. *

CASTIEL

(into phone) *

Sam.

(then)

Have you been able to talk him out
of it?

INTERCUT:

SAM

(into phone) *

No. So I'm counting on you. Any
luck?

CASTIEL

I've done as you asked. I've
looked for any possible way of
forcibly extracting Michael and
destroying him. So far, nothing.

SAM

And Rowena?

CASTIEL

She's gone through the entire Book
of the Damned, but found nothing.
I told her to do it again, see if
she missed anything, and-- the
woman has a remarkable command of
profanity.

SAM

Alright, keep going.

(CONTINUED)

CASTIEL

Sam, maybe if I spoke to Dean.

SAM

(shakes his head)
It wouldn't matter.

(then)
Cass, believe me. I've never seen
him like this. I can't get him to
listen...

(then)
If we don't come up with something,
Dean's gone.

*

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

A shabby section of town. Dark street, no foot traffic. Up
the street sits a single car, its lights out. A beat, then a
pleasant-looking guy in his 20's, ALAN, emerges from a
building. He wearily LOCKS UP and starts heading down the
street.

*

*

*

*

THE CAR-- Just up from the building. We MOVE IN and see the
driver, his eyes glued on Alan: It's the killer, Tony
Alvarez. He quietly gets out of the car and begins following
Alan. Stalking his prey for the evening.

*

BLACKOUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

9 INT. SPHINX MACHINE SHOP - NIGHT

9

Dark, grim. KEYS in the door's LOCK and the door is thrown open. Tony Alvarez drags in Alan from the prior scene, whose hands are now bound behind him, duct tape over his mouth. Alan is making PLEADING SOUNDS behind the tape as Tony snaps on an overhead LIGHTBULB, kicking the door shut behind them. Then Alan's eyes fall on:

NEW ANGLE-- Reveals a TARP of plastic sheeting on the floor. Alan balks, increasing his struggles, but Tony shoves him down on the plastic.

Alan is whimpering, nearly weeping with fear, trying to beg for his life as Tony withdraws the GLITTERING KNIFE from a workbench drawer. He calmly crosses back to Alan, again with slightly glazed eyes as if focused on some interior voice. He slowly kneels on the tarp, as:

TONY

(reciting)

"For I will strike down the
firstborn in the land of Egypt,
both man and beast, and against all
the gods of Egypt I will execute
judgment."

Tony has one knee on Alan's body, as Alan squirms in total panic, SHRIEKING behind the tape. Tony calmly grips Alan by the hair, and MAKES SLOW WORK OF SLICING OPEN ALAN'S THROAT! Alan writhes, gurgling on his own blood as he dies. Tony RIPS OPEN ALAN'S SHIRT and uses the knife to SWIFTLY MAKE SMALL SLITS IN ALAN'S CHEST, which again we don't see.

TONY-- Looking peaceful. Fulfilled.

TONY

"I am the Lord."

10 EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

10

The IMPALA, towing the little trailer, ROARS past CAMERA.

11 INT. IMPALA - ROLLING - NIGHT (PMP)

11

Dean drives, Sam's reading something on his TABLET. A moment, then we MOVE IN ON DEAN as we hear the faint SOUND of a dull POUNDING.

12 INT. ROCKY'S BAR - STORAGE ROOM - CONTINUOUS 12

SHOT with Ep. 1410 "Nihilism." A version of the crazed, POUNDING SOUND from behind the freezer door. MICHAEL TRAPPED IN DEAN'S MIND. THE DOOR THREATENS TO GIVE WAY!

13 INT. IMPALA - ROLLING - NIGHT (PMP) 13

Dean flinches. Aware of the struggle within him. He shakes it off, glances at Sam. There's a sort of strained silence.

DEAN

You ever think about when we were kids?

SAM

(huh?)

What? I dunno. Sometimes, I guess.

DEAN

It's just that... I know I wasn't always the greatest big brother.

Sam stares over at him. *

SAM

Dean... You were the one who was always there for me. You raised me. *

DEAN

Yeah, well, things could still get dicey... With Dad. The way he was. And I didn't always look out for you like I should've. I mean, I had my own stuff goin' on with him, so to keep the peace I'd-- it must've looked like I was takin' his side... *

SAM

I was just a kid... *

DEAN

And sometimes I wasn't around at all. You know I didn't just run out, right? Well, sometimes I did. But Dad would send me away when I really pissed him off; I think you knew that. *

Sam stares out his window, struggling with his rising emotion. Finally:

(CONTINUED)

SAM

(with difficulty)

Dean? I left all that behind a long time ago, and--

(then)

If we're gonna get through this, I have to do like you said: keep my mind off where we're going. So, if we could not do things that sound a little like deathbed apologies, it'd really help.

DEAN

Okay. Got it. Just wanted you to know I'm sorry.

SAM

Dean.

DEAN

Right. Sorry.

Sam stares. What the fuck?

DEAN

Dammit. Sorry! Sorry for that, I mean, not the... other...

(he cracks up)

Really. Sorry.

Now they both laugh. It breaks the tension. A beat.

SAM

(glancing at tablet)

I think I found us a case.

Dean stares at him like he's lost his mind.

DEAN

A case? Sammy, I don't wanna mess with you, but you do know this trip ain't about finding cases, right?

SAM

It's on the way. Evansville, Indiana. And if we can help, shouldn't we?

Dean considers, hmmm.

DEAN

Maybe.

(warming to the idea)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

DEAN (CONT'D)

"One last case for the Winchester boys."

SAM

And... you had to go there.

Dean gives him an apologetic shrug. Sam looks at the tablet.

SAM

There's been at least two murders. One was just tonight. Police report says a couple nights ago a woman drowned in bloody red saltwater... Her lungs were full of it...

DEAN

Like seawater?

SAM

Except there's no "sea" around here. And tonight, this guy had his throat slit. Both bodies were dumped in alleys; the murders happened somewhere else. Both vics had graffiti carved in 'em.

DEAN

(dubious)

"Graffiti?"

SAM

(looking up)

That's what the cops said, but-- it's not "graffiti."

He holds up the tablet and we see police photos of the woman's arm and Alan's chest. Clearly, it's:

DEAN

(staring)

Enochian.

Nick, still with a wrist handcuffed to a bed rail, sits in his bed, miserable. He finally gazes upward, praying:

NICK

Answer me... please... you owe me that.

(CONTINUED)

Nothing, of course. Nick is at rock bottom. Now he glances off, and:

NEW ANGLE-- REVEALS the Cop, staring from the doorway.

COP

I think God's pretty done with you.
Why would you even bother praying
to him?

NICK

I wouldn't.
(holds up a wrist)
You mind? I gotta go to the can.

The Cop grabs a bedpan from a shelf, tosses it on the bed. Nick stares at it in disgust.

NICK

Seriously? Gimme a little dignity.
I'm cuffed, I got a bum leg, what
am I gonna do?

The Cop grudgingly comes over and unlocks the cuff. Nick, in a hospital gown, swings his legs out from under the blanket, and we see one leg is bandaged. He stands.

COP

You know the drill. Hands behind
your back.

Nick does so. The Cop moves behind him, focused on cuffing his wrists. Suddenly, Nick lurches his HEAD BACK, SMASHING IT AGAINST THE COP'S NOSE, BREAKING IT! The Cop cries out, BLOOD IMMEDIATELY FLOWING. Holding his nose with one hand, he tries to grab his gun with the other. Nick seizes the bedpan and SMASHES IT INTO THE COP'S HEAD!

The Cop hits the floor, and NICK RAISES A FOOT, BRINGING IT DOWN ON THE COP'S SKULL. AGAIN. A SPRAY OF BLOOD! Nick grabs the dropped handcuff key, unlocks the cuff from one wrist, drops it onto the Cop's body. Now he glances out the doorway, seeing the coast is clear, and hurriedly exits!

Average house on a pleasant street. Sam and Dean, in fed threads, approach the front porch. *

SAM

This feels good, right? Feels
normal.

(CONTINUED)

DEAN

Yeah, that's us. "Normal."

Sam rings the BELL. A beat, and the door's opened a crack. We hear a VOICE FROM WITHIN:

EDDIE (O.S.)

Yeah?

Sam holds up FBI I.D.

SAM

Sir? FBI. We want to talk to you about your brother, Alan.

The door opens and a man stands there who looks exactly like the murder victim, Alan. This is his brother, EDDIE. Sam and Dean stare.

DEAN

O--kay...

EDDIE

Oh, you didn't know? Alan was my twin. I'm Eddie.

Sam and Dean are seated with Eddie, who's struggling with grief and shock.

EDDIE

I can't believe he's gone. We were close. Best friends.

(smiling sadly)

Alan always said he was my "big brother," 'cause he was born first.

By four minutes. Losing him...

It's like losing a part of myself,

it-- I never thought it could be

this bad.

*
*

Sam glances over at Dean, who shifts uneasily.

DEAN

Cops think Alan was connected to another victim.

*
*

EDDIE

I know, I-- they both had that graffiti carved in them. What kind of monster does that?

*

He looks away, as Sam pulls a paper from his pocket. Sam's copied the Enochian phrase onto it.

SAM

It-- actually, it wasn't graffiti, it was an ancient language. It meant: "I am the Word."

*
*
*

EDDIE

(staring)

What?

DEAN

Was Alan a religious guy?

EDDIE

No, not at all.

SAM

Did he know anyone who was?

Eddie looks off, considering.

EDDIE

I mean-- most of the people we know are... they're Church on Easter types, except--

*

DEAN

What?

EDDIE

There was this guy, Tony. Tony Alvarez. He was one of Alan's friends. They were in Afghanistan together. But they... drifted.

*
*

SAM

In what way?

EDDIE

Tony, he changed, he-- he went from a guy that played poker every Thursday, to-- he was always quoting stuff that sounded like it came from the Bible. It'd just suddenly pop out of his mouth.

*

(then)

Can I see that paper again?

Sam shows him the Enochian phrase. Eddie stands. He grabs a framed photo off a table with other photos.

(CONTINUED)

EDDIE

This is Tony-- before he got too weird.

Sam takes the photo; he and Dean look at it.

THE PHOTO-- Alan with Tony Alvarez, both in shorts, shirtless, Tony holding a basketball on a playground court.

EDDIE

There, on his arm.

CLOSER-- TONY'S ARM-- One of the ENOCHIAN SYMBOLS.

BACK TO SCENE-- Sam looks up.

SAM

Enochian. The symbol for "Word."

17 EXT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - DAY 17

Sam and Dean walk away from Eddie's house. *

DEAN

A killer who reads and writes Enochian?

SAM

Some kind of screwed-up... angel? I guess Tony might've said "yes" and gotten possessed. There just aren't that many angels around.

DEAN

(mulls this, then:)
Angels aren't the only ones who know Enochian...

18 INT. MEN OF LETTERS - LIBRARY - DAY 18

Cass slams a book shut, exhaustedly reaches for another. His PHONE RINGS. He glances at the screen, happy and relieved.

CASTIEL

(into phone)
Dean! It's so good to hear from you. *

INTERCUT:

Dean leans against the Impala outside the suburban house, on his phone, a little puzzled by Cass's exuberance. *

(CONTINUED)

Sam's on the other side of the car, bracing himself for what's likely to come.

DEAN

(into phone)

Okay. Well. Good. So Sam and I are workin' this case...

CASTIEL

(fervent)

"Working a case." Oh, that is good to hear. Does this mean you've decided not to go through with it? Because in all honesty, Dean, your plan was born of desperation, not reason.

DEAN

My... "plan?"

He looks over at Sam, who fidgets.

CASTIEL

I know I'm not supposed to know what I know, but...

*
*
*

DEAN

I'm fine with my "plan." We'll talk about my "plan" another time.

*

CASTIEL

I just think you're making a terrible mistake.

DEAN

Listen, does the name "Tony Alvarez" mean anything to you?

CASTIEL

I-- yes.

*

Sam and Dean trade a look--

DEAN

Say more.

CASTIEL

Antonio Alvarez is in line to be the next prophet. When Donatello dies.

Dean looks over at Sam and nods.

(CONTINUED)

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CONTINUED: (2)

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18

DEAN
Okay-- thanks, Cass--

(CONTINUED)

CASTIEL

Dean, we need to have a conversation...

DEAN

I really gotta deal with this right now. But thanks, man. Good to hear your voice.

And he CLICKS OFF. Dean looks at Sam, who looks defensive.

SAM

Dean, I had to tell him. It's Cass.

DEAN

(annoyed)

Sure. Had to.

*

An awkward moment, then:

DEAN

So Alan's buddy Tony is a killer prophet? How's that possible?

SAM

Anyone can turn out to be a prophet. Not like there's a background check.

DEAN

But the next prophet can't appear till the previous one dies.

(then)

Does this mean... Is Donatello dead?

The shades are drawn against the daylight. Dim, shadowy. We MOVE THROUGH LIFE SUPPORT MACHINERY. The eerie silence of the room is broken by a WHEEZING VENTILATOR. There are monitors, control panels, a maze of wires and tubing, I.V. poles, all LEADING US TO THE BED. We MOVE CLOSER. DONATELLO REDFIELD LIES THERE, EYES CLOSED, MOTIONLESS except for shallow breathing. Intubated, connected to all manner of tubes and wires. We MOVE IN ON HIS FACE, and:

BLACKOUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

20 INT. NURSING HOME - HALL - DAY 20

DR. RASHAD, 40's, in scrubs/lab coat, is handing a chart back to the charge nurse when his PHONE RINGS. He pulls it from a pocket and, as he walks:

RASHAD
(into phone)
Yes?

INTERCUT:

21 EXT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - DAY 21

Dean and Sam lean on the Impala in front of Eddie's house, Dean on his PHONE. On SPEAKER. *

DEAN
(into phone)
Dr. Rashad? Dean Winchester.
We've spoken... Yeah. Donatello
Redfield's nephew. *

Sam stares at him.

DEAN
How's Uncle Donatello doing?
(then)
I mean, he's... alive, right?

RASHAD
Well, yes. Technically.

DEAN
"Technically."

RASHAD
Mr. Winchester, I thought I'd made it reasonably clear in our prior conversations. Your uncle is in a persistent vegetative state. He's being kept alive by machinery and nothing else.

DEAN
But he is alive.

RASHAD
Not to be harsh, but so is a potted plant. That is not, in my opinion, a meaningful existence.

(CONTINUED)

DEAN
Well, Uncle Donny's a fighter--
keep me posted.

He CLICKS OFF.

DEAN
He's still with us. Kind of.

SAM
Then... If Donatello's technically
still online, why is Tony Alvarez
off the bench?

Dean opens the car door.

DEAN
Let's ask him.

22 INT. TONY ALVAREZ HOME - NIGHT 22

Small living room with a work area to one side. Dark.
Shades drawn. A KNOCK at the door. No answer. SOUNDS OF A
LOCK BEING JIMMIED. The door slowly CREAKS OPEN. FLASHLIGHT
BEAMS PAN THE ROOM as Sam and Dean enter.

DEAN
Tony Alvarez?

He SNAPS ON A LAMP. Dean glances through an archway, then a
closet as Sam wanders over to the work area.

SAM
Wow.

NEW ANGLE-- REVEALS the walls by the desk are COVERED IN
ENOCHIAN AND ENGLISH TEXT. We can make out BIBLICAL PHRASES.

DEAN
(coming over)
Enochian 101. A full semester of
Prophet-speak.

SAM
Check it out.

To one side are PHOTOS OF FACES tacked to a wall (one of
which we'll recognize in the next scene). Dean is taking
PHOTOS of the Enochian and faces with his phone.

DEAN
Think these are future vics?

(CONTINUED)

Sam has opened a drawer and found a stack of POLAROIDS.

SAM
Not sure. But these look familiar.

POLAROID PHOTOS-- As Sam spreads them on the desk. A few feature the WOMAN sprawled, bloody, in the tub. More of ALAN dead on the plastic tarp. In the shots, we can make out the faded "SPHINX MACHINERY" sign with the Sphinx drawing.

DEAN
Guy likes souvenirs. *
(looking closer)
Explains how our lady vic drowned.

SAM-- is studying the phrases on the wall.

SAM
The writing I can make out... It's all "the word of God." Calls for "divine retribution." The slaughter of first-born sons... The drowning of Egyptians in the Red Sea...

DEAN
Alan was the oldest twin. A first born son...
(holds up photo)
And she drowned in salty, bloody water. A "red sea."
(then)
What's next up?

Sam looks at a phrase written in English:

SAM
"And there went out fire from the Lord... and devoured them."

23 INT. SPHINX MACHINE SHOP - NIGHT 23

Tony Alvarez, in a near-trance, steps from a corner of the shadowy room with a can of KEROSENE, taking us to NATHAN, 20's, hanging from wrists tied to an overhead beam, his feet just grazing the ground.

NATHAN
(in panic)
You don't have to do this.
Whatever it is, you don't have to do it.
(then)
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

NATHAN (CONT'D)

Whatever you want-- I'll give you anything!

TONY

(mumbling)

"And the son of Aaron offered strange fire to the Lord, which he commanded them not."

NATHAN

(staring)

What?

TONY

"There went out fire from the Lord and devoured him and he died before the Lord."

He dumps kerosene on Nathan's feet and drizzles a trail a few feet on the floor. Nathan is now SCREAMING in terror.

NATHAN

NO! NO!!

Tony calmly LIGHTS A MATCH.

TONY

The pain becomes salvation.

He FLICKS THE LIT MATCH into the kerosene trail and immediately FLAMES LEAP UP! Nathan is SHRIEKING.

FAST SHOTS-- as the door behind Tony is KICKED IN! Sam and Dean rush in, Dean with his gun drawn.

Sam tackles Tony. Dean shoves his gun in his waistband, rips off his jacket and BEATS OUT THE FIRE. Sam has Tony in a choke-hold. Dean cuts the ropes around Nathan's wrists. Sam cuffs Tony by one wrist to a pipe.

DEAN

(to Nathan)

Go-- now!

*
*

Nathan does, sprinting out. Dean turns to Sam and Tony.

*

DEAN

Tony Alvarez, right?

TONY

Who are--

(CONTINUED)

BAM! And DEAN PUNCHES HIM. Dropping Tony to the ground--
He stares up-- part confused, part determined--

TONY

You can't-- I'm doing God's work.
Carrying out his orders!

SAM

You think God spoke to you?

TONY

I-- I've been chosen. I hear his
voice in my head.

DEAN

Yeah? What's he saying now?

ON TONY. A beat, then--

TONY

Nothing.

SAM

Whatever you heard, that wasn't
God.

DEAN

And those people you killed, they
were innocent.

(then)

You're not chosen, you're a psycho.

Sam nods for Dean to join him in a sidebar, leaving Tony, who
looks frantic.

SAM AND DEAN

SAM

What if he is hearing something?

(then)

What if he's picking up some kind
of vibe from Donatello?

DEAN

Donatello's out cold.

SAM

Yeah, so we think.

INTERCUT:

(CONTINUED)

TONY-- struggling with the handcuff, bloodying his wrist. He FLASHES on horrific, quick SHOTS of his VICTIMS.

TONY

No... no...

Sam and Dean hear him-- turn--

Before Dean can answer, Tony's wrenched his wrist from the handcuff, and now HURLS HIMSELF AT THEM! He and Dean go down. Sam struggles and gets two hands around Tony, pulling him off, throwing him to one side. TONY HAS DEAN'S GUN! He holds it under his chin!

SAM

No! Don't!

SAM AND DEAN-- GUNSHOT! They rush to Tony's body, crumpled to the floor, a POOL OF BLOOD forming under his head. Dean feels for a pulse, then lets go. Turns to Sam-- and shakes his head. TONY'S DEAD.

24

INT. IMPALA - ROLLING - NIGHT (PMP)

24

Dean drives, Sam's shotgun, holding his phone, CASS ON SPEAKER.

SAM

(to the phone)

This might not end with Tony Alvarez. The next prophet is gonna show up. Somewhere. And the crazy-- it could start all over again.

INTERCUT:

25

INT. MEN OF LETTERS - LIBRARY - NIGHT

25

Cass is on his PHONE.

SAM

I thought there could only be one prophet at a time.

*
*

CASTIEL

(into phone)

There should, but-- Donatello, he's... between life and death. Perhaps the next prophet was activated before his time.

*

DEAN

And went all Hannibal?

(CONTINUED)

CASTIEL

The natural order's been upset.
It's possible Donatello's state
created a prophet who's not only
premature... But malformed.

SAM

So if Tony was wired wrong because
of Donatello, then the next
prophet's going to be wired wrong,
and the next, and... how do we stop
this?

He looks to Dean, who takes a beat, then--

DEAN

You know how.

OFF SAM--

INT. NICK'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Dark. Almost no furniture, but it looks much like it did in
Ep. 501, "Sympathy For The Devil." A SHAFT OF MOONLIGHT
SHINES IN as, from the outside, Nick rips off a plywood board
that, among many, has covered the windows. He BREAKS a
section of THE UNCOVERED GLASS, reaches in to unlock and
raise the window and climb inside.

Nick flips ON A DIM LIGHT in a wall sconce. He wanders
through the gloom in grief and loss. FLASHES OF MEMORY (from
Ep. 501): IMAGES, CREATED BY LUCIFER: BLOOD SEEPING FROM
TEDDY'S CRIB, BABY TOYS, NICK CRINGING IN PAIN.

A MOAN OF WIND, AND COLD SUDDENLY WAFTS IN. A FOG OF FROST
FORMS ON A MIRROR. Startled, Nick sees his own BREATH.

A low-end WHINE OF SOUND. THE LIGHTS FLICKER. DOORS OPEN
AND CLOSE. Nick fearfully backs up against a wall. A
whisper of SOUND: "NICK...." "NICK...."

Nick spins around, bracing for whatever's happening.

NEW ANGLE-- As Nick stares, and THE GHOST OF HIS DEAD WIFE,
SARAH MATERIALIZES!

SARAH

Nick?

NICK

(stunned)

Is it you?

(CONTINUED)

26

"Prophet and Loss"
CONTINUED:

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SARAH
Yes, Nick.

NICK
(glimmer of hope)
Lucifer?

SARAH
Sarah.
(then)
Your wife.

BLACKOUT.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

27 INT. NICK'S HOUSE - NIGHT 27

Right where we left off. Nick is stunned. Abashed.

NICK

Sarah?

(then)

The... ghost of Sarah?

SARAH

Yes.

Nick closes his eyes against the pain.

NICK

Why are you here?

SARAH

I never left. I'm held here by unfinished business. My unsolved murder, and Teddy's.

Nick looks up-- fighting back emotion--

NICK

God-- Sarah-- I've missed you so much, I... I never thought I'd find you. I'm so sorry.

SARAH

(looking closely at him)

No, Nick. You're not.

28 INT. NURSING HOME - HALLWAY - NIGHT 28

Dr. Rashad, Dean and Sam walk down the hall as Rashad looks over a document.

RASHAD

You never mentioned you had power of attorney over your uncle's affairs, Mr. Winchester.

DEAN

Didn't we? Sam you did, right?

SAM

I thought you did.

(CONTINUED)

DEAN

Well whatever, if we didn't we meant to and anyway you've got the papers right there, obviously straight up legit.

RASHAD

Well... you're making the right choice. What your uncle's going through... sometimes letting go is the right choice.

Dean shoots a look to Sam--

DEAN

Tell me about it.

RASHAD

It's just coincidental, you all being here at the same time.

Sam and Dean look over at him, puzzled, as they ROUND THE CORNER, and stop, staring at Castiel, conferring with a nurse, who nods and goes off.

RASHAD

(to Cass)

Dr. Novak, meet--

CASTIEL

Mr. Winchester.

(to Sam)

The other Mr. Winchester.

*

SAM

(WTF?)

...doctor?

*

RASHAD

Dr. Novak's checked in on your uncle a few times...

DEAN

Has he?

RASHAD

He says he's never seen a case like this in all his years at Harvard.

DEAN

(looking at Cass)

I'm sure he hasn't.

(CONTINUED)

SAM

How is he? Our uncle.

RASHAD

As I said, there's no brain activity to speak of-- there's nothing beyond the occasional muscle spasm or babbled word. Strictly reflexive.

*

SAM

What kind of babbled word?

RASHAD

Follow me.

He moves off. Dean nods to Sam, who follows, as Dean turns to CASS--

DEAN

Well, "Doctor." You never mentioned you'd been "checking in" on Donatello.

CASTIEL

What happened to him-- it was my fault. It was necessary, what I did. But that doesn't mean I don't regret it. That doesn't mean I don't wish there could have been some other way...

*
*
*
*
*

DEAN

(ruefully)

I know that feeling.

*

CASTIEL

If you're comparing this to your suicidal plan, don't.

*
*

DEAN

Can we talk about this later?

CASTIEL

According to your plan, there won't be a later. According to your plan, the world loses you, and me-- I-- I lose you too, and that is unacceptable to me, Dean. Unacceptable. Totally.

*
*

Dean's getting emotional. This is exactly what he was hoping to avoid.

(CONTINUED)

"Prophet and Loss"
CONTINUED: (3)

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28

28

DEAN

Cass? If you're my friend, you'll
understand that I have to do this.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

DEAN (CONT'D)

And you won't try to get in the way.

(off Cass)

This isn't easy for me either, man, but-- it has to be done.

CASTIEL

So then... this is goodbye?

The two share an awkward beat, then--

SAM comes out of Donatello's room--

SAM

You need to see this.

He holds out his phone--

SAM

A few days ago, Donatello started making sounds... Dr. Rashad thought he might be coming out of it... He shot this video.

PHONE SCREEN-- Donatello, the BREATHING TUBE removed, is stirring, eyes still closed.

DONATELLO

(mumbling, on video)

Boh ray, kah lah teh nee hoh. Rah may lah ray kee doh.

He falls silent. Sam turns off the video.

SAM

Dr. Rashad said it was just random sounds and hooked Donatello back up, except--

*

CASTIEL

It's Enochian.

(then)

"For I will strike down the first born in the land of Egypt. I will execute judgment."

DEAN

Exact same thing that screwed-up new prophet was spouting.

*

Cass turns away-- mind racing--

(CONTINUED)

SAM

Cass-- what is it?

CASTIEL

Donatello's mind, it-- it's fighting to rebuild. Trying to organize the words of God it remembers...

DEAN

So that's what Tony was picking up on?

*
*

CASTIEL

(nods, then realizes)

I can fix him.

Sam and Dean trade a look--

DEAN

What? Isn't he too far gone?

*

CASTIEL

I think, I-- if there's even a spark-- a hope-- I have to try.

*

(then)

You taught me that.

*

He moves for Donatello's room--

29

INT. NURSING HOME - DONATELLO'S ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

29

CASS enters, SAM and DEAN right behind. RASHAD is there.

CASTIEL

Get out.

RASHAD

What?

DEAN

You heard him.

RASHAD

You said you wanted to discontinue treatment.

DEAN

(overly vehement)

And, turns out? We changed our minds.

*

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

DEAN (CONT'D)

If there's a chance Donatello can
fight through this, then we're
gonna take it.

(then)

No one leaves the party when the
music's still playing. Clear?

*
*
*

Rashad stares. Sam and Cass trade looks, startled by Dean's
fervor.

INT. NICK'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Nick is earnestly trying to make a point to Sarah.

NICK

I tracked your killer down, Sarah.
A cop. Frank Kellogg. Well, not a
cop. A demon. Not Frank Kellogg.
Abraxas. It's complicated. But, I
found the murderer, Sarah. I
killed him. It. Whoever. I got
you justice.

(then)

You can... move on.

ON SARAH. A beat, then--

SARAH

And what about Lucifer?

NICK

What about him? He's... dead.

But he doesn't sound happy about it. Sarah moves in--

SARAH

My unfinished business... it's not
just how I died Nick. It's you.

(then)

I was here that night-- I saw what
he did to you, I-- you chose
Lucifer.

(then)

You wanted him. You still do.

NICK

He chose me!

SARAH

You didn't come here to find peace.
You came to find Lucifer. At the
place you became one with him.

(CONTINUED)

NICK

No...

SARAH

Then show me I'm wrong! Reject
Lucifer! Right now!

(then)

If you do-- I can leave. I can
find peace.

Nick turns away, silent.

SARAH

Reject him, Nick. Please. Please.

NICK

(struggling)

I can't.

*
*

She watches him, tears rolling down her cheeks. Finally:

SARAH

You can't. Because you are him.

(then)

You've doomed me. Forever. You've
doomed yourself.

*
*

ON NICK. A beat, then-- he heads toward the door.

NICK

I know.

SARAH

Where are you going?!

He opens the door.

NICK

Wherever it's darkest. Wherever he
is.

SARAH

(stricken)

Nick... Nick!

He walks into the inky night, leaving her bereft.

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31 CONTINUED: 31

Cass raises a hand-- and it starts to GLOW. He presses his palm to Donatello's forehead, and we CUT TO--

32 INT. NURSING HOME - HALLWAY - NIGHT 32

Sam sits in the little waiting area, looking out at the night. Dean sits next to him.

DEAN
You okay?

SAM
If Cass isn't right... where's it leave Donatello? Trapped. In his own body. Somewhere between life and death. Probably forever.
(a pointed look at Dean)
Tough to think about someone going through that.

Dean knows where Sam is going, won't take the bait.

DEAN
Then don't. Thinking, highly overrated.

SAM
Easy for you to say.

DEAN
(means it)
No. It isn't.
(then)
Whatever happens with Donatello, we'll know soon.

SAM
And then what?

DEAN
Nothing's changed, Sammy. *

Pain flashes through Sam's eyes.

33 INT. NURSING HOME - DONATELLO'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS 33

Cass is focusing fiercely, his hands on an inert Donatello. The light from his hand growing brighter, as-- Sam and Dean quietly enter the room, anxiously looking on.

ON CASS. His eyes FLARE and then...

(CONTINUED)

Cass moves his hand away. The glowing has stopped.

SAM
Anything?

CASTIEL
Something. Something uncertain.

Sam and Dean slowly step forward.

SAM
What are you looking for?

Suddenly, DONATELLO'S EYES FLUTTER. THEN SNAP OPEN!

CASTIEL
That.

Everyone moves closer to the bed. Donatello tries to focus. Rashad enters, sees everyone huddling around the bed.

DEAN
Donatello?

*
*

DONATELLO-- His eyes still trying to focus, vaguely scanning the room. Dean moves closer, hovering over Donatello, catching his eye. A moment. A look of recognition!

DEAN
(to Sam)
Turn off the machine.

*

SAM
What-- Dean, he could die.

*
*

DEAN
Maybe. Only one way to find out.

Cass and Sam stare at Dean, unsure.

*

DEAN
Do it.

Sam hesitates, then reaches for the controls. He shuts down the machinery. The MECHANICAL SOUNDS stop. Silence. Anxiety. Second thoughts. Darting eyes.

*

Then Donatello spasms. They all freeze. HE INHALES A BIG GULP OF AIR!

(CONTINUED)

DEAN

Welcome back, champ.

Donatello is still confused. He's squinting to focus. He looks up into Dean's face. Dean smiles, and Donatello struggles to speak, the breathing tube preventing it. But he's trying to say:

DONATELLO

(sounds a bit like:)

D... Dean?

DEAN

Someone get his glasses...

*
*

Cass moves to do just that--

DONATELLO stares at Dean, his eyes searching, unsure what's going on.

*
*

ON DEAN. A SMILE--

DEAN

It's a miracle.

BLACKOUT.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

34

INT. NURSING HOME - DONATELLO'S ROOM - NIGHT

34

Donatello, unhooked from all life support, is sitting up in bed, gobbling a bowl of Jell-O. Dean and Cass are near.

CASTIEL

Would you like more grape Jell-O?

DONATELLO

I'd prefer a bucket of extra-crispy buffalo wings and a side of Tex-Mex sauce.

DEAN

Whoa cowboy, you've only been back a couple hours.

He pulls Cass aside.

DEAN

He is back, isn't he? This isn't the evil, weird version?

CASTIEL

It's him. The regular him. Though-- he still doesn't have a soul.

*
*

DEAN

Well, no one's perfect.

DONATELLO

Guys? What happened? I work too hard? Overload on Enochian?

Dean squeezes Donatello's shoulder, heads for the door.

DEAN

Cass'll catch you up.

35

EXT. NURSING HOME PARKING LOT - NIGHT

35

Dean exits the building with his duffel, crosses to the Impala, and is opening the trunk as Sam steps into view, carrying a six of beer.

DEAN

Where's the party?

(CONTINUED)

SAM

Right here. I mean we're celebrating, right?

He tosses Dean a beer.

DEAN

(unsure of Sam's mood)
Uh, o-kay.

SAM

(pushing it)
But not too much, 'cause tomorrow morning we're back on track. No rest for the self-destructive.

DEAN

I dunno about you, but I think we got a win here. We're goin' out on a high.

SAM

"Going out" being the operative phrase.

ON DEAN. As that lands--

DEAN

Sam, I'm sorry, but--

SAM

Are you?

Out of nowhere, HE SLUGS DEAN IN THE JAW!

Dean stumbles back, but takes the hit, watching Sam, who's melting down.

SAM

How sorry are you? Sorry that you fight like Hell to keep Donatello alive, but throw in the towel on yourself? Sorry that all these years, our entire lives, where I learned from you, copied you, followed you to Hell and back, and all of it-- it meant nothing.

DEAN

Who's saying that?

(CONTINUED)

SAM

You are! You. When you tell me I have to kill you. When I have to go against everything we are. Against faith, and family. We're the guys who save the world. We don't check out of it.

DEAN

Sam, I've tried everything. There's just one card left to play and I gotta play it.

SAM

Today there's one card, tomorrow we'll find another.

He pushes Dean. In frustration, in fear, in sorrow. In anguish, Dean doesn't resist.

In the b.g., Cass has come outside and stands quietly watching.

SAM

But you quit on us today, there won't be a tomorrow!

He pushes Dean backwards again. Sam looks utterly lost, tears starting to appear.

SAM

You say you don't know what else to do, well I don't either! Yet. But this, what you're doing, it's wrong. It's quitting.

(waves toward building)

Look what just happened! Donatello didn't quit fighting. We could help him because he never gave up!

(then)

I believe in us, Dean.

Instead of pushing Dean anymore, he grabs him in a bear hug and won't let go. A moment, then:

SAM

Why won't you believe in us, too?

He hangs on. A long moment. Dean finally closes his eyes.

He can't let it end-- not this way.

(CONTINUED)

DEAN

Okay.

Sam slowly eases his grip, looks at Dean.

DEAN

(almost a whisper)
Let's go home.

SAM

Do you mean that?

DEAN

Yes.

Sam releases Dean. They both look drained. Cass joins them.

DEAN

Maybe Billie was wrong, maybe--
(then)
I do believe in us. All of us.

He looks to Cass--

DEAN

And I'll keep believing, until I
can't-- until...
(then)
Until we know there isn't another
way.

There is a break in the emotional storm.

DEAN

But when-- if that day comes, I
need you to recognize it for what
it is, Sam: the end.

ON SAM AND CASS. As that lands...

DEAN

And promise me you'll do then what
you can't do now: let me go.
(then)
And put me in that box.

*

Sam and Cass trade a look, then-- Cass nods--

SAM

Alright.

(CONTINUED)

35

"Prophet and Loss"
CONTINUED: (4)

Blue Draft

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35

DEAN

Alright.

(then)

So like I said... let's go home.

He moves to the car... Sam and Cass follow, and we--

BLACKOUT.

TO BE CONTINUED...