

DEPARTMENT HEADS ONLY

SUPERNATURAL

Episode #1419

"Jack in the Box"

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SUPERNATURAL
"Jack in the Box"

TEASER

FADE IN:

INT. MEN OF LETTERS - LIBRARY - DAY

HUNTERS-- We PAN the faces, some grim, some stricken with sadness. Old, young, some from Apocalypse World. As:

DEAN (O.S.)

...and we know it wasn't easy for some of you to get here. It's not like any of us get rich doin' what we do.

INCLUDE DEAN-- Addressing the group from the front of the room. To his side are SAM and CASTIEL.

DEAN

We did a hunter's send-off a few days ago. But Mary's family went beyond us. Some of you hunted with her before Sam and me were born. Some of you fought Michael with her in the other world.

(beat)

We... lost our mom once before. But we got a second chance. And we got to know her not just as "mom," but as someone who was tough, and strong. Stubborn as hell. Who had opinions. Which she really wasn't shy about.

Some chuckles from the crowd.

A TABLE-- PAN the display of a framed photo of Mary, John's journal, a picture of the Winchester family (if we have one) when the boys were little. The remains of store-bought meatloaf, pie, and Winchester Surprise.

DEAN

She could handle a machete. She could handle a rugaru. She could handle our old man. Could not cook worth a damn.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

DEAN (CONT'D)

Those are her specialties you've been enjoying: Supermarket meatloaf and frozen pie. And "Winchester Surprise." Which, yeah, was always pretty much a surprise.

THE ROOM

DEAN

(glances up)

Mom, it always seems like you're leaving. You weren't here long enough. We're just glad for the time we had.

(hoists his beer)

Good-bye, Mom.

Everyone lifts a glass or a bottle:

HUNTERS

Good-bye, Mary.

PAN THE HUNTERS-- As they drink. Some have tears in their eyes. We come to one last guy. He isn't drinking. He has his eyes fixed straight ahead. And the hint of a... smile? Suddenly, the WHISTLE OF A FLYING OBJECT.

A HATCHET-- Whirls through the air AND EMBEDS IN THE SMILING GUY'S SKULL! HE DROPS LIKE A ROCK! REVEAL:

BOBBY SINGER-- Has appeared in the entry to the room, having just hurled the hatchet!

THE ROOM-- The Winchesters and the Hunters stare at Bobby, open-mouthed. Then down at the...

DEAD HUNTER-- Sprawled on the floor, eyes open, a pool of blood forming under his head!

BLACKOUT.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

INT. MEN OF LETTERS - LIBRARY - DAY

A BIT LATER. A couple hunters carry the dead man out, taking us to Bobby, who cracks a beer, speaking with Sam and Cass.

BOBBY

(nodding at dead man)

A damn wraith. Knew him from a nest me and your mom busted up on our last hunt. Prob'ly here to gloat, the bastard.

CASTIEL

A hunter memorial, complete with monster. Mary might've appreciated that.

BOBBY

Now that you mention it, yeah.
(to Sam)
How're you?

SAM

Oh, uh, you know. It's tough, Bobby.

Bobby nods, and looks off across the room where Dean is saying good-bye to some departing hunters.

BOBBY

And the other one?

Sam looks over at Dean, not really sure what to say. Dean seems to be handling things a little too well.

SAM

Dean... Dean seems to be keeping it together.

BOBBY

(knows what Sam means)

Yeah.

(then)

Maybe he's like me. Bein' sad in public... Not my style. Almost stayed away from this thing.

SAM

Bobby, we know this has been hard for you, too.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

SAM (CONT'D)

When you and Mom got together, we
were so happy for you guys.

Bobby smiles sadly at Sam, nods "thanks." Dean has gone to
the table, boxing up the memorabilia. Sam goes over to him.

SAM

Pretty much everyone's headed out.
Bobby's here. Maybe we'll open
that Scotch Ketch left behind....
Hang out... Talk about Mom.

DEAN

"Talk about Mom?"

SAM

Yeah.

DEAN

I... thought that's what we had
been doing.

He picks up the box and heads off. Sam, Cass, and Bobby
exchange a look.

INT. MEN OF LETTERS - CROW'S NEST - NIGHT

Bobby brings a couple of beers through the library to the
Crow's nest, where Sam is looking through the few old family
photos he has.

BOBBY

Memory Lane?

SAM

Yeah.

(re. photo)

The whole family. Dean was like
four, I wasn't even a year.

BOBBY

Huh. At one point, you boys were
good looking.

Cass enters from the outside with bags of take-out, heads
down the stairs, as:

BOBBY

What exactly happened to her, Sam?
Is it true the kid was involved?

(CONTINUED)

SAM

We're not totally sure how she died. But yeah. It was Jack.

(then)

Things... happened to Jack. A lot of his soul was burned away.

CASTIEL

(enters crow's nest)

Or all of it. His soul has to be gone for him to do what he did.

(puts down bag)

Burgers. For those who indulge. Dean come out of his room?

SAM

(glances off, concerned)

No.

CASTIEL

Everyone processes grief differently.

SAM

I'm not sure he's processing anything. Right after Mom died, he kept busy calling hunters, setting up the memorial... Now he just keeps to himself.

NEW ANGLE-- As Dean approaches from the library. He's in an oddly neutral mood.

DEAN

No he doesn't. He's here.

SAM

We'll get through this, Dean, but we all gotta talk to each other.

DEAN

Yeah. Right now I just wanna grab a drink.

BOBBY

(lifts beer)

Bar's open.

DEAN

(heads to stairs)

I have to get outta here for a while.

(CONTINUED)

SAM

We have to at least decide what to do about Jack.

DEAN

We will.

He exits. The other three guys look at each other.

BOBBY

About that. You know there's only one thing to do about Jack.

SAM

Well, there's no easy...

BOBBY

I spent fifteen years fighting renegade angels and archangels. They don't change. Jack has to be killed.

CASTIEL

(an edge)

That may not be possible, but even if it is, shouldn't we focus on rebuilding his soul?

BOBBY

Hell, no.

CASTIEL

What happened to Jack was no fault of his own.

(to Sam)

Donatello functions without a soul. So did you, for a time.

BOBBY

That kid killed Mary!

CASTIEL

(focusing on Sam)

Sam, Jack is desperate for your approval, Dean's as well. You can guide him. Unlike Donatello, he has no life experience to rely on. He may not even realize what he did was wrong.

(CONTINUED)

BOBBY

(goes off)

Gonna get on the horn to some of my people and go find that kid.

An unstoppable monster who don't know right from wrong gets put down.

(a look at Sam)

Any hunter who don't know that needs to go back to school.

SAM AND CASS-- Sam's torn, afraid Bobby is absolutely right.

INT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Dark and shadowy. MOVE THROUGH forgotten crates and rusting machinery to FIND JACK, sitting on some boxes, arms folded across his knees. Confused, lost, scared. MOVE CLOSER as we INTERCUT FLASHES OF MEMORY:

Mary confronts Jack in the final moments of Ep. 1417 "Game Night." He turns on her. She looks scared. He looks livid. He powers up. FINISH:

TIGHT ON JACK-- Screwing his eyes shut as MARY'S SCREAM echoes through his mind. Jack looks off into the gloom, alone, unsure what to do. Now he looks up, searching.

JACK

(a near whisper)

I wish you were here. Mom, I need you to tell me what to do.

LUCIFER (O.S.)

Well... Next best thing.

NEW ANGLE-- LUCIFER (rather, his manifestation) stands a short distance away, looking mildly amused. Jack stands.

JACK

I know it's not really you.

LUCIFER

Do you?

JACK

I saw you die. This has happened before. You're just something in my head I'm making up.

(CONTINUED)

LUCIFER

(coming closer)

You see me, Jack, because you need to. You need me. Because you know I tell you the truth.

JACK

No...

LUCIFER

Oh yeah. You know I'm willing to say all the scary things you're thinking, but aren't willing to face.

(then)

And by the way? I am real, kiddo. Because you are part of me. I'm in your DNA. Locked in your head and heart forever.

JACK

(turning away)

I'm not listening to you.

LUCIFER

Why not? You've got no soul, what do you care who you listen to? I'll tell you who you don't want to listen to: The Winchesters.

Jack looks over at him. What?

LUCIFER

Because you know the truth about them. You were nothing to them. Just their pet monster. Their muscle. To take out their enemies.

JACK

No. They're my friends.

LUCIFER

Are you out of your freakin' mind? After what you did?

JACK

I'll explain to them it was an accident. They won't be angry if they know that. Everything will be like it was.

(CONTINUED)

LUCIFER

They hate you! They don't even
want you for a pet.

(then)

They're out for blood.

Jack stares at Lucifer, as that reality starts to sink in.

EXT. SIDE OF ROAD - NIGHT

The IMPALA sits parked at the edge of some woods. Empty.

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

We MOVE THROUGH the trees and drizzle. Through the foliage,
we hear a MUFFLED SOUND. As we MOVE CLOSER, we realize it is
the sound of massive grief. We come into a CLEARING.

Dean sits on a fallen tree. He has finally allowed the
floodgates of agony and grief to open. He is sobbing. We
MOVE IN CLOSE. He stares up, searching the sky, lost.

DEAN

(a near whisper)

We just found you. After all those
years.

(beat)

And now you're gone.

Another spasm of bottomless sadness, and...

BLACKOUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. MEN OF LETTERS - LIBRARY - DAY

Dean is coming down the stairs. Sam is scrolling through websites on his laptop, looks up, surprised to see Dean.

SAM
You just getting home?

DEAN
Yup.

Sam waits for more, then:

SAM
You okay?

DEAN
Gettin' there.
(re. laptop)
Lookin' for signs of Jack?

SAM
Wanna find him before Bobby and his crew.

DEAN
Yeah, a cornered Jack with no soul
ain't gonna go down easy.

His gaze wanders off, his thoughts elsewhere.

SAM
(watching Dean)
Thinking about Mom?

DEAN
(quietly)
Yeah.

SAM
Wish there was a chance of bringing
her back.

DEAN
Not enough of her left to even try
it.
(bitter laugh)
Listen to us. Actually discussing
rebuilding our dead mother. And we
know crap like that is possible.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

DEAN (CONT'D)

We know death's not all it's cracked up to be. Case in point, Mom. Dead, not dead, dead again. You could get whiplash. Sammy, the world you and I grew up with is real messed up.

SAM

Yeah. A lot of it. Most people... Hope and faith, it's all they've got. But Dean, we know. We know a lot of "impossible" things are... real. God's real. Angels, too.

DEAN

God wrote paperback books in his underwear, and angels are dicks.

SAM

(smiles)
But real, right?
(looks off)
And we know Mom's not sitting on a cloud with a harp. But she's in a good place. In her personal heaven with her best memories.

DEAN

Fair enough. Assuming Cass is right and she's there.

Cass has just entered.

CASTIEL

Cass is right. But while I'm there, I'll double check.

SAM

You going back to Heaven?

Cass is heading up the steps.

CASTIEL

If we're going to find Jack, we need all the help we can get.

INT. HEAVEN - CORRIDOR - DAY

DUMAH and an Assistant confer over some documents as Castiel rounds a corner and marches toward them. Dumah looks up, and the Assistant goes off.

(CONTINUED)

DUMAH

(cooly)

Castiel. What a pleasant surprise.

CASTIEL

It's urgent that I see Naomi.

DUMAH

Naomi's not available. She stepped down as Commander of Heaven.

CASTIEL

What? By that, I assume you're saying she was assassinated.

DUMAH

I'm saying she was a bureaucrat, not a visionary. Heaven is depleted of angels and coming apart at the seams. I've taken on her role.

CASTIEL

(resigned)

I see. Well... She and you possess a power I don't have, and I need a favor.

DUMAH

(starts away)

I'm a little pressed for time.

CASTIEL

(walks with her)

I need you to zero in on the whereabouts of an archangel.

DUMAH

Are you serious? Largely thanks to the Winchesters, there aren't any archangels left.

CASTIEL

There is one. Or close to one. The Nephilim.

DUMAH

Lucifer's brat? "Jack?"

CASTIEL

He's in distress. He could do great harm. To Earth.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CASTIEL (CONT'D)

(pointedly)
And to Heaven.

DUMAH

(irked, stops)
First you do everything possible to
keep him out of Heaven, now you
want our help in locating him?

CASTIEL

(careful with his words)
Jack is massively powerful.
Dangerously so.

DUMAH

(amused)
Really. From what I could tell,
he's kind of a mama's boy.

CASTIEL

In the sense he inherited his
mother's decency, yes. But that
was before.

DUMAH

Before what?

CASTIEL

He burned through his soul.

DUMAH

Ouch. How did he do that?

CASTIEL

He used it up to save others.

She starts walking.

DUMAH

(a cold smile)
He lost his capacity for good with
a supreme act of goodness. Irony
like that makes it all worthwhile.

CASTIEL

His soul was all that kept his
bottomless power in check.

DUMAH

The Winchesters seem to have
dropped the ball.

(CONTINUED)

CASTIEL

Jack is no longer with them.
(awkwardly)
He... killed their mother.

She stops again, stares in amazement.

CASTIEL

He's on the run. Fearful of their
fury.

DUMAH

I'll bet he is.

CASTIEL

But I'm hopeful he can be salvaged.
Rehabilitated with patient molding
and guidance.

DUMAH

Let me guess. Provided by you.
(wheels turning)
Do tell me more.

INT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - DAY

Jack sits alone in the gloom. Lost in doubt. A VOICE.

DUMAH (O.S.)

It wasn't your fault.

Jack is startled. He looks around, and:

NEW ANGLE-- Dumah is a short distance away, watching him
carefully, carrying an attaché. Jack stands.

JACK

Dumah?
(then, cautious:)
Or is it The Empty?

DUMAH

(smiles, approaches)
It's Dumah, Jack. And I'm sorry
the Winchesters blame you for
Mary's death.

JACK

They'll never want to be friends
again.

(CONTINUED)

DUMAH
(following his lead)
And that's... important to you.

JACK
They raised me. Taught me how to
be who I am.

DUMAH
Did they teach you to hide your
power in the shadows?

He shrugs. She comes closer, "maternal" as she can manage.

DUMAH
Or did they teach you to fulfill
the promise of your grandfather?
(off his stare)
Jack, your destiny is to return
God's righteousness to a sorry
world.

JACK
You think so?

DUMAH
I know so. Your human soul is
damaged. But your celestial
essence is strong. With my molding
and guidance you can restore God's
plan for mankind.

JACK
How?

DUMAH
There was a time when there was
moral order. God punished those
who did wrong. Who didn't respect
Heaven. When God left, it all fell
apart. You could change that.
(earnestly)
The Winchesters would be so
pleased.

That gets Jack's attention. She nods encouragingly.

JACK
(thinking)
And... I could visit Mary in Heaven
and explain her death was just an
accident.

(CONTINUED)

DUMAH
(he's hers)
No question.
(then)
After I'm sure you're up to this
challenge. That you fully embrace
it.

She takes out a dossier and shows a list of names to Jack.

DUMAH
Your grandfather's unfinished work.
The names of sinners not yet
brought to justice. And...
My suggested punishments.

He studies the list.

DUMAH
Jack, can you be counted on to
shoulder this task?

EXT. UNIVERSITY CAMPUS - TO ESTABLISH - NIGHT (STOCK)

INT. UNIVERSITY OFFICE - NIGHT

Shadowy. MOVE ACROSS stacks of books and posters for books
with titles like: "The God Myth," "Fake News: Biblical Lies."

FIND Professor/Author HARRISON TATE, 40ish. He's typing at
his computer. Suddenly, a WING FLAP and:

JACK (O.S.)
Dr. Tate?

NEW ANGLE-- As Tate looks up. Jack is there.

TATE
(preoccupied)
You've come about the leak in my
bathroom?

DUMAH (O.S.)
Hardly.

And Dumah steps through the doorway. She picks a book.

DUMAH
(reads the cover)
"Fake News: Biblical Lies." Quite
the best seller, I believe.

(CONTINUED)

TATE

People are hungry for the truth.

DUMAH

And your call to reject God and Heaven is the "truth?"

TATE

It's an attempt to replace wishful thinking with rational thought.

DUMAH

In more civilized times, that was called heresy. Those ideas are a threat to Heaven.

TATE

(condescending)

I'd concede your point if there were a heaven.

JACK

Oh, there is. I've been there.

TATE

I see. And I suppose you saw God?

JACK

He isn't there at the moment.
(then, modestly)
He's my grandfather.

Tate now sees he's talking to lunatics.

TATE

So that makes your father...

JACK

My dad is Lucifer.

Tate is now speechless.

DUMAH

Professor Tate, heaven is not unreasonable. You can avoid divine retribution by announcing to your considerable twitter followers that you've had a revelation and all you've written to date is false.

TATE

(stares at her)

Yeah...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

TATE (CONT'D)
(picks up phone)
Actually, I'd rather call security.

Dumah calmly nods to Jack, who flicks fingers toward the phone, WHICH FLIES FROM TATE'S HAND. Tate jumps up.

JACK
Heaven wants you punished.

He raises his hand. Tate spasms in pain, staring down at his body as CRYSTALS BEGIN FORMING ALL OVER IT! Tate screams. THE CRYSTALS GROW MORE DENSE AND HIS BODY HARDENS INTO A SOLID PILLAR OF SALT, WITH TATE'S FACE FROZEN IN A SCREAM!

JACK
I did it.

DUMAH
Indeed you did.

BLACKOUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT. MEN OF LETTERS - LIBRARY - DAY

Dean enters, bringing coffee refills from the galley toward a table where Sam works his laptop. Castiel enters from the outside, comes down the stairs.

DEAN

Cass. What's shakin' in Heaven?

CASTIEL

I was promised that every effort would be made to locate Jack.

DEAN

(dubious)

"Heaven promised?" I guess we can take that to the bank.

CASTIEL

Jack's also a threat to Heaven; it serves them to help find him. But it may be impossible.

Sam's been staring at his laptop screen, and looks up.

SAM

Maybe not. Here's a police report, filed this morning. A university professor was found dead in his office in Ohio. His body was crystallized. Into a block of salt.

He spins the laptop around and Cass and Dean take a look.

DEAN

Why's that sound familiar?

CASTIEL

A pillar of salt. Biblical. Lot's wife, punished by God. It went out of style after he left.

SAM

This guy was also an atheist. He wrote a bunch of best-selling books trying to disprove God and Heaven.

(CONTINUED)

DEAN

Well, that'd piss Heaven off. An angel couldn't pull off something like this.

CASTIEL

Right. No... ordinary angel.

Sam's grabbed the laptop back and is looking for something.

SAM

There was something else...

(finds it)

Here. A few hours after the professor was killed... A lady in Texas fell into a crevice that opened up and was killed.

DEAN

Like a sinkhole.

SAM

That's what I thought...

(looking closer)

...But a witness said it was more like "a fissure opened up under her feet, then closed back up with her inside."

CASTIEL

(thoughtfully reciting)

"And the Earth opened her mouth and swallowed them up, and their houses, and all the men that appertained unto Korah."

SAM

This woman was a phony faith healer who'd reportedly swindled thousands of dollars out of sick people.

DEAN

So fellas. Either Chuck came back, and I'm betting against that, or...

CASTIEL

(ominously)

Jack.

INT. HEAVEN - CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Dumah comes down the hall with Jack, who laps up her praise like an eager puppy.

(CONTINUED)

DUMAH

You've done excellent work, Jack.
First rate.

(stops, smiles at him)

Jack, when God was in his prime,
Heaven was in its glory. Working
as a team, we can bring back those
days!

JACK

Sam and Dean will have to like
that, right?

DUMAH

(dryly)

Words can't begin to express how
Sam and Dean will feel.

JACK

(eagerly)

Who else can we punish?

DUMAH

Well, of course the list is
endless, but there's actually a
more pressing need.

She starts walking again, choosing her words carefully.

DUMAH

As you may have noticed, Heaven
is... Underpopulated. If it's
truly going to be great again,
Heaven needs more angels.

JACK

But what can I do?

DUMAH

You're not God; you can't make
angels from thin air... But I
believe, if a human were pre-
disposed to it, you could modify
human components into angelic form.

JACK

Really? But how would I find
humans who wanted that?

DUMAH

Well, you know how to listen to
prayers, don't you?

(CONTINUED)

He looks at her, puzzled.

INT. HEAVEN - THRONE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The DOOR is tossed open by Dumah, who escorts Jack into the empty chamber, as:

DUMAH

This is where your grandfather
received prayers. Make yourself
still. And available. Focus.
You'll hear.

A little awed, Jack steps deeper into the room, touches the throne. Smiling encouragement, Dumah backs out of the room as Jack closes his eyes, listening, and we MOVE IN.

A few moments, and there is the distant BUZZ of VOICES. Jack concentrates hard and the voices grow louder. A cacophony. Jack furls his brow, concentrating, and the words become more distinct as we can pick out: Pleas for cures of illness; salvation from financial ruin; begging for love, etc. In multiple languages. We are TIGHT ON JACK as he really bears down, and:

INT. CHURCH BASEMENT - NIGHT

GROUP LEADER-- An upbeat woman, eyes closed in prayer.

GROUP LEADER

...We beseech you to hear our
prayer...

WIDER-- To reveal a semi-circle of young men and women. A PRAYER GROUP, all with eyes closed and hands clasped. The room is plain, with book shelves, a few framed copies of boring religious art, a cross, an American flag.

GROUP LEADER

We humbly ask that you receive our
gratitude for your gifts. And pray
that you deliver us unto Heaven,
and the greater glory! Amen.

PRAYER GROUP

Amen!

As they sit:

GROUP LEADER

Okay, I sure hope everyone did the
reading last week.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

GROUP LEADER (CONT'D)

Little surprise: Pastor Ames is coming by to discuss the Book of Samuel.

A soft WING FLAP. The Leader glances off at something.

GROUP LEADER

Oh, sorry... I didn't see you come in.

NEW ANGLE-- REVEALS Jack, standing just beyond the group.

GROUP LEADER

Please. Join us. Have a seat.

She gestures toward an empty chair. Jack smiles and strides past the chairs, joining the Leader at the front.

JACK

Hello. My name is Jack.

The Group Leader's not sure what's going on, but smiles patiently, and the group waves hello's.

JACK

I just want you to know that Heaven has heard your prayers.

(then)

Did you mean it when you said you wanted to go to Heaven?

GROUP LEADER

(smiles)

Jack, of course that's the goal of everyone in this room.

JACK

And you wouldn't mind becoming angels?

The group smiles enthusiastically.

GROUP LEADER

"Mind?" That... would be a dream come true.

JACK

It doesn't have to be a dream. I can do that.

They all just look at him. The Leader is looking wary.

(CONTINUED)

GROUP LEADER

Uh-huh. And... why would you think
you could do... something like
that?

Jack just smiles. He waves a hand. AND SUDDENLY IT IS SNOWING! The group jumps up, staring around in amazed joy, giddy as they reach out to grab at SNOWFLAKES. A beat. The Leader stares at Jack in reverent awe. He waves his hand, and all the SNOW IS ABRUPTLY GONE!

GROUP LEADER

Who... are you?

JACK

(warmly)
Come with me to Heaven.

They stare at him, stunned. And JACK'S EYES GLOW GOLD. Now everyone's body goes slack, and they look a bit trance-like.

NEW ANGLE-- PASTOR AMES, 40's, a good-natured guy, comes through a door, as:

PASTOR AMES

Hello! So who's ready to take on
the Book of Samuel?

He stops, noticing the group gazing at Jack, whose eyes are no longer glowing.

JACK

Hello. I was just taking them all
to Heaven to become angels.

PASTOR AMES

What?

JACK

Would you like to join them?

PASTOR AMES

Son, this isn't funny. It's not
even possible.

(notices the dazed group)

What have you done to them?

JACK

(disappointed)
So you're saying you don't believe?

(CONTINUED)

PASTOR AMES

I don't believe you. It's not that
I don't believe.
(waves fingers in front of
Leader's face)
Shelley?

JACK

Everyone, please follow me.

PASTOR AMES

Okay, enough.
(to Jack)
You need to leave. Shelley.

He grabs the Leader's arm.

JACK

Sir, please don't interfere with
Heaven's work.

PASTOR AMES

(turning on Jack)
I said get out!!

And he charges threateningly at Jack! Jack waves a hand at
Pastor Ames, who instantly freezes. His legs buckle and he
crumples to the floor.

JACK

(simply)
You don't believe.

Now LESIONS open on Ames's face, neck, and arms! He SHRIEKS
IN PAIN, as dozens of WORMS slither from the open wounds,
covering his flesh! He stares in horror at Jack turning
toward the group, HIS EYES GLOWING GOLD. And the last thing
Pastor Ames sees before he blacks out is JACK VANISHING WITH
THESE PEOPLE INTO THIN AIR!

INT. HEAVEN - CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Dumah stands smiling in satisfaction as Jack leads the Bible
Study Group into the corridor. They file into a row before
Dumah, subdued and a little dazed.

DUMAH

Very good work, Jack. I am
extremely pleased.

Jack beams.

(CONTINUED)

DUMAH

(to the group)

I am Dumah. Serving God and all of
Heaven as its Commander.

(then)

I bid you welcome.

EXT. ROADWAY - DAY

The IMPALA ROARS past CAMERA and off down the road.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Sam, Dean, and Castiel, in fed threads, can be seen through the doorway, coming down the hall towards the room. Sam carries an open police file folder. They enter.

INCLUDE PASTOR AMES-- Ames is barely awake, heavily bandaged, hooked up to I.V.'s. He stares dully over at them. Dean flashes his badge:

DEAN

Pastor Ames? F.B.I. Agent Hagar.
We'd like to ask you about what
happened last night.

PASTOR AMES

(looks away)

You'll just think I'm crazy. The
cops did.

SAM

You said a man kidnapped seven
members of your congregation.

PASTOR AMES

(sighs)

Yes.

CASTIEL

Was he armed? Did he threaten
them?

PASTOR AMES

No. But they didn't look right in
the head.

DEAN

He say where he was taking them?

PASTOR AMES

To Heaven. To become angels.

(CONTINUED)

Our three guys all look at each other.

PASTOR AMES
(re. himself)
Nuts, right?

SAM
(holds out his phone)
The kidnapper look anything like
this?

SAM'S PHONE-- There is a sunny picture of Jack, smiling.

PASTOR AMES
(stunned)
That's him!
(then)
I tried to stop him.

DEAN
(re. bandages)
He do all this to you?

PASTOR AMES
He waved a hand and I landed on the
floor. These cuts opened all over
my body.
(emotionally)
And... worms crawled out of 'em.
Worms! And they started eating my
skin.

SAM
Worms.

PASTOR AMES
He said he was carrying out
Heaven's orders. And I wasn't a
believer.

CASTIEL
(recites)
"Immediately an angel of the Lord
struck him down, because he did not
give God the glory, and he was
eaten by worms and breathed his
last."

PASTOR AMES
(shaken)
Yeah. Just like in the Bible.

(CONTINUED)

DEAN
(sympathetic)
Take it easy, sir. We appreciate
your help.

The guys go as we MOVE IN ON AMES, lost in horrible memories.
A small WORM begins crawling out of the collar of his gown,
heading toward his face.

INT. MEN OF LETTERS - CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Dean rounds a corner, walking determinedly, Sam right behind.

DEAN
I didn't want it to come to this.
I know the kid isn't right in the
head. But we don't have a choice.

SAM
Come to what? What is it we're
doing?

Dean stops walking, looks at Sam.

DEAN
Stopping Jack. Once and for all.
Sam, our mother is dead. And bad
as that is, maybe we could talk
ourselves into that being some
kinda terrible accident. But what
happened to that preacher? And
that guy who's now a salt lick?
And the lady sucked into the earth?
Nothin' accidental about all that.

SAM
Okay. You're right. But...

DEAN
But what? I know Jack doesn't have
a soul and that ain't his fault.
But he's a kid with no boundaries,
and he's outta control!

He starts walking again, Sam goes with him.

SAM
Okay, say I agree... He can't be
killed, Dean.

They've reached the metal door to a storage room. Dean
slides it open, as:

(CONTINUED)

DEAN

He can't be killed, at least not
yet, but he can be stopped.

INT. MEN OF LETTERS - STOREROOM - NIGHT

Dean stalks inside, flipping on a light.

SAM

(dubious)

Great. How do we do that?

Dean's reached a large object covered with a tarp. He grabs
the tarp and yanks it off, as:

DEAN

With this.

REVEAL: THE WARDED COFFIN (last seen in Ep. 1412)! Sam
stares, realizing what this means for Jack, as we:

BLACKOUT.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

NT. MEN OF LETTERS - STOREROOM - NIGHT

Where we left off.

SAM

Are we seriously talking about sealing Jack in that coffin?!

DEAN

We're seriously talking about having no other choice. We can't kill him, but this thing's warded to contain an archangel.

SAM

He'll never go along with this.

DEAN

He might, if he only has to stay in there till we finish the spell to heal his soul.

SAM

What spell? There is no spell.

DEAN

Yeah, I'm aware.

SAM

You want to lie to him.

DEAN

I want courtside Jayhawks tickets. I need to stop Jack. Big difference.

SAM

Maybe it's not too late to reason with him.

DEAN

Oh, we are way past too late. Sam, you and I both gotta sign off on this. Our one shot. If he gets even a whiff of scam, he's in the wind.

SAM

And how's he not gonna know something's up?

(CONTINUED)

DEAN

Because you are gonna sound so damn sincere.

SAM

Me? Why me?

DEAN

You've always been his go-to guy!
The guy in his corner.

(then)

If you reach out, he'll come.

EXT. PLAYGROUND - NIGHT

The location of HEAVEN'S PORTAL. Cass approaches the sandbox, passing a VAGRANT, combing through a trash can.

CASTIEL

Open the portal Eremiel.

The "vagrant" is the Portal Guardian.

EREMIEL

No can do, brother. Heaven is closed.

CASTIEL

Not to me. I was just there.

EREMIEL

Sorry, I said that wrong. Heaven is closed to you. Orders from Dumah.

CASTIEL

What? Eremiel, I am going to Heaven.

EREMIEL

That's what everyone thinks.

He draws an Angel Blade! Cass weighs this, sighs as if conceding. Until he spins into a roundhouse kick that sends Eremiel reeling back onto the sand. Cass pulls out his own Blade and holds it against the defeated Portal Guard.

INT. HEAVEN - THRONE ROOM - NIGH

The Bible Study Group stands in a row, still a bit trance-like. Dumah observes as Jack moves from person to person, turning each into an angel.

(CONTINUED)

He raises his hand inches from each ear. His eyes GLOW GOLD, his hands RADIATE POWER. Each candidate's EYES FLASH BLUE.

DUMAH

It's working, Jack. You're bringing angels back to Heaven.

JACK

I only wish Sam and Dean could see the good I'm doing.

DUMAH

(seriously?)

But on the other hand, your grandfather, God, creator of the universe, would be very proud. Not too shabby a second best.

(studying new recruits)

And you're sure none will recall their earthly lives?

JACK

I'm erasing them.

DUMAH

(pleased)

Order is returning to our home.

Cass enters with Eremiel in a chokehold, then tosses the Portal Guard aside.

DUMAH

Really, Eremiel?

(tries to salvage situation)

Castiel. Good news. I found Jack. I was just about to contact you.

JACK

Cass, look! I'm making angels.

Cass stares at Jack, horrified, then turns on Dumah.

CASTIEL

(to Dumah)

A word. Now.

INT. MEN OF LETTERS - LIBRARY - NIGHT

Sam, alone, eyes closed, prays.

(CONTINUED)

SAM

Jack. A lot of stuff's gone down.
Some of it bad. That happens in
families and we're your family. We
need to hear your side of things.
That's how we can all get through
this. And move on.

INTERCUT:

INT. HEAVEN - THRONE ROOM - NIGHT

CASTIEL AND DUMAH-- Are at one side of the room. In the
background, Jack is quietly speaking to the new angels.

CASTIEL

I know what you've been up to.

DUMAH

You do.

CASTIEL

Using Jack to solidify your hold on
Heaven.

DUMAH

(glares at Eremiel)
Someone has very loose lips.

CASTIEL

Establishing a reign of terror,
beating humans into submission,
stripping Heaven of mercy, as in
ancient times.

DUMAH

Always the drama queen. Or... you
could say that Heaven, which has
been running on a skeleton crew, is
once more open for business.

JACK-- He suddenly looks off, aware of some distant
communication.

SAM

I mean it Jack. We really want to
see you.

(icing on the cake)

Our mother would want it. Your
mother would want it.

CASS AND DUMAH

(CONTINUED)

DUMAH

How could I control Jack? You've seen his strength.

CASTIEL

Strong yes, but still a child. Without a soul to guide him.

DUMAH

I can guide him.

CASTIEL

You just guided him into kidnapping seven people!

SAM

SAM

Jack, we just want things to be the way they were. Are you hearing me?

JACK

(quietly)
I am.

CASS AND DUMAH

CASTIEL

I'm getting him out of here.

He pivots. Stares. JACK IS GONE! Cass turns back to Dumah.

DUMAH

Well. It's a good thing one of us can locate him and bring him back where he belongs.

CASTIEL

He belongs with the Winchesters and me.

DUMAH

No matter how much the three of you want it, Jack is not human. And at the moment, his loyalty is situational. He goes where he feels safe. That won't be with Sam and Dean, be honest.

CASTIEL

Leave him alone.

(CONTINUED)

DUMAH

Don't rock the boat Castiel. I'm holding the high cards here. Ma and Pa Winchester are frolicking in their personalized Heaven, but one snap of my fingers and they're sloshing through the muck of purgatory.

She raises her hand as if to snap her fingers. Confident, she looks to him.

DUMAH

So, GO.
(pleasantly)
Closing argument?

In a flash an Angel Blade drops from Cass's sleeve and he stabs her! Surprised, she stares a beat, then FLARES OUT.

CASTIEL

Leave Jack alone.

INT. MEN OF LETTERS - LIBRARY - NIGHT

Sam sprawls in a chair. Dean perches on a table edge.

DEAN

So far, nothing. Think he even heard?

As Sam starts to reply, we hear a soft WING FLAP.

JACK (O.S.)

I heard.

NEW ANGLE-- A beaming Jack has joined them.

JACK

I was so glad to hear your prayer. I've been busy purifying the world, which is kind of like being a hunter, oh, and making angels, but I really missed you guys.

Sam and Dean regard him warily, trying to appear nonchalant.

DEAN

Us, too. Right, Sammy? Tell Jack how we want to clear things up between us.

(CONTINUED)

JACK

Me, first. Look guys, I know things have been a little weird since the accident...

SAM

The... "accident?"

JACK

What happened to Mary. She kept saying you two needed to know I didn't have a soul. I told her I was fine, I wasn't any different, but she kept pushing. You know how she could be. She wouldn't let it go.

Dean and Sam are sitting on their anger as they hear this interpretation of their mother's murder.

JACK

I didn't want the whole "no soul" thing to become an issue between you guys and me. And I guess I snapped. Maybe I could've handled it better, but before I knew it, it was just over.

DEAN

"It." You mean the "accident."

JACK

(nods "yes")

If it helps, I wish it didn't happen.

DEAN

Yeah. Us, too.

(forces himself to smile)

But thanks for explaining, and... We forgive you.

Sam looks off; it's getting tough to play along.

JACK

(confused)

"Forgive" me? For what?

DEAN

You know, the "accident?"

Jack's clearly not following.

(CONTINUED)

SAM

That's what you'd like, isn't it?

JACK

(sincerely)

If it makes you guys feel better.
And if we can go back to the way
things were. Wow. Sure.

Sam realizes Jack is who he is, not who Sam wants him to be.

SAM

(quietly)

Great.

(then)

Great. So Jack, even with things
the way they were... You'd agree
that your power without a soul
can... cause accidents. I mean,
best of all worlds, you'd like your
soul back, right?

JACK

I'd like everything back the way it
was.

DEAN

So if we told you we were close to
being able to restore your soul,
but needed to keep you safe until
everything was ready, you'd be good
with that.

JACK

Except, given who I am, what could
keep me safe?

INT. MEN OF LETTERS - STOREROOM - NIGHT

THE LIGHTS CLICK ON. Sam, Dean, Jack in the doorway.

DEAN

There she is.

REVEAL THE COFFIN-- Center of the room, lid open.

DEAN

This is like a special bed. It's
pretty comfortable. Best feature:
it's warded, so your powers are
kept below melt-down level.

(CONTINUED)

JACK

Are you sure I need all that?

DEAN

We just don't want accidents making things "weird" again between us.

SAM

It'd really help Dean and me concentrate on getting you cured.

JACK

(sounds good)

You guys know way more about this stuff than me.

(sincerely)

And you've always been there for me.

Knives in their hearts. He gets into the coffin.

JACK

Not bad.

DEAN

(all smiles)

I told ya.

JACK

Any idea how long before I'm out?

SAM

Not too long. We got this.

NEW ANGLE-- As the lid closes on Jack's trusting face. Sam and Dean quickly fasten the bolts. Smiles gone, they look at one another in guilt and sorrow at what they've done.

BLACKOUT.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

INT. MEN OF LETTERS - STOREROOM - NIGHT

The room is shadowy, empty except for the sealed coffin. We MOVE IN ON IT.

INSIDE THE COFFIN - CONTINUOUS

DARKNESS. BREATHING.

JACK'S VOICE
Guys? You still there?

Now the DIM GLOW OF JACK'S PHONE lights his worried face.

JACK
Sam? I'm not liking this.

INT. MEN OF LETTERS - CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

Sam is sliding the heavy door to the storeroom shut. He and Dean can hear JACK'S MUFFLED WORDS.

JACK (O.S.)
Sam? Dean? You still there?

The DOOR CLOSES. Sam and Dean grimly walk away.

INT. MEN OF LETTER - LIBRARY - NIGHT

Sam and Dean share a bottle. They are drained and shaken.

SAM
I guess I never thought it'd end
like this with Jack.

DEAN
We knew from the beginning it was a
long shot with him.

SAM
(wistfully)
Long shots are kinda our thing.

INT. COFFIN - NIGHT

TIGHT ON JACK-- He's at the brink of panic and tears.

JACK
(small voice)
Guys? I don't think I'm up to
this.

(CONTINUED)

He closes his eyes.

LUCIFER (O.S.)
Well, would you look at you.

INT. DARK LIMBO - CONTINUOUS

Jack stands facing the MANIFESTATION OF LUCIFER.

LUCIFER
Dude, you got played. Gotta admit, those Winchesters still got game.

JACK
They said I should trust them.

LUCIFER
And you bought that? Trust is a two-way street. If they trusted you, why would they lock you up? You, my friend, are screwed.

INT. MEN OF LETTERS - LIBRARY - NIGHT

Cass comes hurries down the stairs from the entrance.

CASTIEL
Sam? Dean? There's news.

They're at the table. Dean offers an empty glass to Cass.

CASTIEL
I can confirm that Jack was involved in the Biblical deaths as well as the kidnapping. But none of it was his idea. It was the angel Dumah, who took over Heaven in a coup. She made him do it.

SAM
"Made him?" How?

CASTIEL
She manipulated him. Convinced him it's what you two wanted.

DEAN
So now it's our fault?

(CONTINUED)

CASTIEL

She said the things he did were good for Heaven and the path back to your friendship.

SAM

Cass...

CASTIEL

Sam, Jack suddenly left Heaven. It's urgent we find him... Tell him what Dumah did...

DEAN

Cass, he's here.

CASTIEL

What?

DEAN

Locked up safe.

(then)

In the warded box I was gonna use.

CASTIEL

(stunned)

No...

DEAN

And he's staying there.

INT. DARK LIMBO - NIGHT

Jack is processing Lucifer's taunts. He grows agitated.

LUCIFER

I'm making sense, right? Do you know the specifics of their "cure?" You getting a new soul? Is there a factory warranty? Why didn't they say how long it'd take?

JACK

(shaken)

I don't know.

LUCIFER

You're naive, clueless, trusting and they suckered you. "Why," you ask? One: You're no longer useful to them and Two: You KILLED THEIR MOTHER! There's no comin' back from that one, pal.

(CONTINUED)

JACK
(darkly)
Are you saying they locked me in
this box as revenge?

LUCIFER
For the rest of time.

MOVE IN ON JACK. His eyes change from fear to icy hate.

INT. COFFIN - CONTINUOUS

Jack's eyes fly open. He is focused. Powering himself up.
His cold EYES GLOW GOLD. The coffin begins to VIBRATE.

INT. STOREROOM - CONTINUOUS

The coffin TREMBLES, RATTLES, AND SUDDENLY IS STILL AGAIN.

INT. COFFIN - CONTINUOUS

The GOLD FADES FROM JACK'S EYES. He is still entombed. He
looks surprised.

INT. DARK LIMBO - CONTINUOUS

Jack and Lucifer.

LUCIFER
C'mon kid. Ya gotta do better than
that.

INT. MEN OF LETTERS LIBRARY - NIGHT

Cass is mid-argument with Sam and Dean, now standing.

CASTIEL
Even after hearing what I said
about Dumah, you want to keep Jack
sealed away in a living death.

DEAN
He agreed to it. Maybe somewhere
deep down he knew it was best.

CASTIEL
You've done what Dumah did. Worse.
You manipulated him and used his
respect for you to do it.

SAM
We're out of options, Cass!

(CONTINUED)

CASTIEL

Not true. I'll take responsibility
for him. Guide him.

DEAN

No one can "guide" him! He's off-
road now. Because he can't tell
right from wrong! And given the
choice, he's gonna pick wrong!

SAM

A lot of innocent people who are
now dead or kidnapped to Heaven
could vouch for that.

DEAN

One of 'em is our Mother!

Suddenly, the bunker is ROCKED BY A HUGE EXPLOSION! The guys
are knocked off-balance, then take off running.

INT. MEN OF LETTERS CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Sam, Dean, and Cass barrel down the hall. They screech to a
stop by a SMOKE-FILLED CAVITY WHERE THE STOREROOM DOOR USED
TO BE.

A moment, then slowly a silhouetted figure becomes visible in
the smoke. It moves toward the guys, who are frozen,
staring. And now we see: JACK. He stops. The other three
watch him in silent tension. Now Jack's EYES GLOW GOLD.

SAM

Jack.

The GOLD INTENSIFIES! Jack is glacial. Enraged. He begins
to move toward them. And...

BLACKOUT.

TO BE CONTINUED...