

SUPERNATURAL

Episode #407

"It's The Great Pumpkin, Sam Winchester!"

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Episode #407

"It's The Great Pumpkin, Sam Winchester!"

REVISION HISTORY

<u>Revision</u>	<u>Date</u>	<u>Revised Pages</u>
Production Draft - White	09/05/08	Full Script

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Episode #407

"It's the Great Pumpkin, Sam Winchester!"

CAST LIST

SAM WINCHESTER
DEAN WINCHESTER

JARED PADALECKI
JENSEN ACKLES

CASTIEL

MISHA COLLINS

URIEL
LUKE WALLACE
MEREDITH WALLACE
JUSTIN
TRACY DAVIS
JENNY
DON HARDING
FAT KID
GHOST
REVENANT 1
REVENANT 2
BABY

ROBERT WISDOM

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SUPERNATURAL

"It's The Great Pumpkin, Sam Winchester!"

TEASER

FADE IN:

1 EXT. WALLACE HOUSE - DAY (DAY 1) 1

CHYRON: 2 DAYS BEFORE HALLOWEEN

To establish. MEREDITH WALLACE heads up the front walk, lugging a bag of GROCERIES.

2 INT. WALLACE HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY 2

LUKE WALLACE, early 30's, spoons mashed carrots into his one year old baby's mouth. Luke's your run-of-the-mill young dad-getting more food on his baby than in her (or him).

Meredith ENTERS. Pecks Luke on the cheek and the baby on the head.

LUKE

How was the store?

MEREDITH

Madness. Everyone in town was stocking up.

Meredith hefts the plastic sacks onto the counter, starts unloading bag after bag after bag of Halloween candy.

LUKE

(re: candy)

Think you got enough?

Meredith holds up a bag of mini treats.

MEREDITH

Hey. I had to arm wrestle Norma Bleeker for these.

LUKE

She's seventy-four.

MEREDITH

And a lot stronger than she looks.

Luke reaches around Meredith, tries to sneak a piece of the candy. She smacks his hand, playful.

(CONTINUED)

MEREDITH

Hey! You remember last year? We ran out at six-thirty.

LUKE

It's just one piece!

MEREDITH

You can have as much as you want. After Halloween.

Meredith puts the candy in a cupboard. Goes to the baby, unstraps her (or him) from the high chair.

MEREDITH

Looks like someone needs a bath...

As she moves off with the baby:

MEREDITH

You coming?

LUKE

Be up in a minute.

Meredith and baby exit. Luke waits a beat, makes sure he's got a clear coast, then... stealthily reaches into the cupboard, extracts one mini candy bar. He rips open the wrapper, pops the delicious nugget into his mouth.

ON LUKE. Mmmm. No better holiday in the world. He chews... then... HITS something. Something HARD. What the...?

Luke sticks a finger in his mouth, fishes around. Lands on something jammed in the roof of his mouth. He gives it a YANK and pulls out--

A BLOODY RAZOR BLADE.

Holy shit! How'd THAT get there? Luke studies the razor blade in frightened wonder, then--

HE CHOKES. A couple of HEAVING GAGS then a COUGH. A SPRAY of BLOOD hits the counter.

Luke doubles over in excruciating PAIN. Stumbles to the sink. HEAVES a HUGE amount of BLOOD, lots of blood, and TWO MORE RAZOR BLADES that clatter into the sink. Another HEAVE, another splat of BLOOD!

Luke straightens up, blood streaming down his chin. He REELS. GRIPS the edge of the counter, then DROPS to the floor.

(CONTINUED)

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2 CONTINUED: (2) 2

Meredith appears in the doorway, baby on hip.

MEREDITH

Luke. What's taking you so--

She stops COLD by what she sees.

Luke. On the floor. Eyes open. Dead. Cheek sticky in a large puddle of his own blood.

OFF her HORRIFIED SCREAM we--

SLAM TO BLACK!

END OF TEASER

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ACT ONE

3 INT. WALLACE HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY (DAY 2)

3

CHYRON: 1 DAY BEFORE HALLOWEEN

ON Meredith Wallace, numb, vacant-eyed, still affected by the trauma. SAM, in federal agent suit and tie, questions her.

SAM

And how many razor blades did they find?

MEREDITH

Two in the sink, one in his stomach, and...

(so awful)

One was caught in his throat. He swallowed four of 'em...? How is that even possible?

REVEAL Dean going through cabinets. Checking behind cans, boxes of mac and cheese, etc. He goes to the oven, opens it. Peers in.

MEREDITH

(dry)

The candy was never in the oven.

DEAN

Just need to be thorough, Mrs. Wallace.

Dean moves behind Meredith to the refrigerator. Opens it.

SAM

Did the police find any razors in the rest of the candy?

MEREDITH

No. I mean, I don't know. I don't think so.

Dean spots a suspicious DUST LINE next to the fridge. Huh. Looks like it's been moved recently. He peers between fridge and cabinet: he sees something. He slides his arm into the narrow space.

MEREDITH

I just... I can't believe it. You hear urban legends about this stuff... But it actually happens?

(CONTINUED)

SAM

More than you might imagine.

Dean, behind Meredith. Holds up a small, cinched pouch. A HEX BAG, that he removed from behind the fridge (she doesn't see it). Sam nods, adjusts his line of questioning.

SAM

Did Luke have any enemies?

MEREDITH

Enemies?

SAM

Anyone who might have had a grudge against him?

MEREDITH

What do you mean?

SAM

Co-workers, neighbors...
(an uncomfortable cough)
Possibly a woman.

MEREDITH

Are you suggesting an affair?

SAM

Is it possible?

MEREDITH

(miffed)
No. Luke would never...

Meredith tears up.

SAM

I'm sorry. We just have to consider every possibility.

MEREDITH

If someone wanted to kill my husband, don't you think they'd find a better way than a razor in a piece of candy he might eat?

OFF Meredith's get-out-of-my-kitchen look--

4

INT. MOTEL ROOM - DAY

4

ON the hex bag. Sam examines the contents: a bundle of FRESH HERBS, an AMULET caked in dark, dried, very old blood, and what looks like a little piece of CHARCOAL.

Dean enters, unwrapping a mini candy bar, stuffing it in his mouth.

SAM

Really? After that guy choked down a pile of razor blades?

DEAN

(mouth full)
It'sh Harroween!

SAM

Dude, for us, every day is Halloween.

Dean unwraps another candy bar, shoehorns it in his mouth.

DEAN

Don't be a downer.
(points to hex bag)
Anytherng interesting?

Dean picks up the little piece of charcoal.

SAM

Well, we're on a witch hunt, that's for sure. But this...
(shakes head)
Isn't your typical hex bag.

DEAN

No?

Sam points to the fresh herb sprig.

SAM

Goldthread. An herb that's been extinct for 200 years. This...
(picks up the amulet)
...is Celtic. And I don't mean some new age knock-off. Looks like the real deal-- 600 years old real. And that...

Sam points to the blackened thing in Dean's hand.

(CONTINUED)

SAM
...is the charred metacarpal bone
of a newborn baby.

Dean regards the bone like it's a piece of poo.

DEAN
Awwhh! Gross!

Dean puts the bone back on the bed. Wipes his hand on his
shirt. Sam picks it up.

SAM
Relax. It's at least a hundred
years old. *

DEAN
Right, cause that makes it better.
Witches, man! So friggin' skeevy.

SAM
Well, takes a pretty powerful one
to put a bag like this together.
More juice than we've ever seen
before, that's for sure.
(then)
Find anything on the victim?

DEAN
This guy Luke Wallace was so
vanilla he makes vanilla seem
spicy. Though one of his golf
buddies did have something bad to
say.

SAM
Yeah?

DEAN
(dry)
Luke overtipped at lunch. Made his
pals feel guilty.
(shakes his head)
I got no idea why anyone would want
him dead.

OFF the boys, stumped.

5 INT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - BASEMENT - NIGHT 5

Someone's mom decorated the basement. Lots of black and
orange crepe paper. Lots of that spider web shit that looks
like the cat got into the cotton balls.

(CONTINUED)

Two TEENAGE GIRLS in costume-- TRACY, dressed as a slutty cheerleader, and JENNY dressed as a slutty NURSE. They mill around a table, pick at a sheet cake with ghosts that say BOO! Other kids mill about-- girls dressed as slutty schoolgirls, maids, you get the picture.

JENNY
This party blows. We should just go T.P. somebody.

TRACY
Hey, Justin!

JUSTIN, dressed as road kill (fake blood oozing from his mouth, sweatshirt with tire tread) pops up from behind a bar.

JUSTIN
Yo!

TRACY
Break into the booze yet?

JUSTIN
It's triple locked.

Jenny sighs. Justin moves over to them.

JUSTIN
So... you guys going to the mausoleum party tomorrow night?

JENNY
(she has a thing for him)
Are you gonna be there?

JUSTIN
(nods)
It's gonna be rad. I am gonna get soooo baked.

Jenny picks up some LAME CREPE PAPER TARANTULA, or BAT, or other such cheapo decoration.

JENNY
Well, it's gotta be better than this Rated G ass-ness.

TRACY
I dunno, this isn't so bad. Check it out.

Tracy gestures to a NEARBY WATER TUB. APPLES BOBBING within.

(CONTINUED)

JUSTIN
Bobbing for apples is lame.

TRACY
Come on. It's Halloween.

JUSTIN
Lame.

Tracy throws Jenny a look, takes a step toward Justin, then... TOSSES her head back, OPENS her mouth WIDE, and DIVES out of frame. We're guessing into the apple tub.

ON JUSTIN'S salacious admiration, then--

Tracy WHIPS into view: face WET, hair DRIPPING, a RED APPLE clenched in her teeth... it's better than a beer commercial.

JUSTIN
I stand corrected.

Tracy takes a bite of the apple, smiles at Justin. Jenny clocks the two of them, doesn't like Justin's attention diverted to her friend.

JENNY
I wanna try.

Jenny edges to the tub, kneels down. Deep breath, then she DIVES.

ON JENNY UNDERWATER: blinking, then lunging at apples. She tries for one, then another. Huh. Harder than it looks. Running out of breath... Fuck it. Jenny tries to pull her head out of the tub. OFF her puzzled expression--

ON Justin and Tracy. Tracy takes another bite of the apple.

JUSTIN
Wow. She can really hold her breath.

Tracy nods, then--

Jenny's HANDS fly to the edge of the tub. She PUSHES against it. Her legs SCUFF the floor, looking for traction--

TRACY
Jenny?

Tracy drops to her knees, grabs one of Jenny's arms and PULLS. To Justin--

(CONTINUED)

TRACY
Oh my God! Help me!

Justin grabs Jenny's other arm. They THROW their weight against the tub. Jenny doesn't budge. The water starts to BUBBLE!

ON JENNY, face down in the BOILING WATER. She SCREAMS in AGONY-- as she's BOILED ALIVE.

JUSTIN
(backing away)
What is going on...?

Jenny's legs KICK. Her arms FLAIL. Tracy, CRYING, struggling to wrap her arms around her friend, then-- the water STOPS. As Jenny's body goes LIMP--

TRACY
(sobbing)
Jenny!

Tracy PULLS her friend from the tub, turns her over.

ANGLE. Below Jenny, looking up. We just see a SLIVER of her red, blistered face. And STEAM. But whatever happened, it's horrible, judging from Tracy's and Justin's faces.

JUSTIN
Oh my God...

Justin turns and PUKES O.S.

6 INT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - BASEMENT - NIGHT 6

RED STROBE of police lights through the window. Sam and Dean in Fed suits descend the stairs. Dean eyes Tracy, wrapped in a blanket, being questioned by a POLICE OFFICER.

DEAN
I'll take this one.

SAM
Two words. Jail. Bait.

DEAN
(offended)
Would you... I would never.

ON Sam. Yuh-huh. Sam moves into the room. Dean approaches Tracy who's telling her story to the Officer.

(CONTINUED)

TRACY
(sniffing)
It's just so weird, you know? The
water in the tub-- it wasn't hot.
I'd just been in there myself.

She shivers.

DEAN
Your friend happen to know a man
named Luke Wallace, by any chance?

Tracy looks to Dean.

TRACY
Who are you?

DEAN
(flashes a badge)
Agent Seger. FBI.

TRACY
Who's Luke Wallace?

DEAN
He died yesterday? *

TRACY
I don't know who that is.

Dean looks across the room to: Sam, pushing the couch back
against the wall. Sam surreptitiously holds up another HEX
BAG.

7 INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT 7

TRACK PAST crunched beer cans, an empty pizza box, supersize
convenience store coffee cups, then--

The second HEX BAG, its contents laid out. Variations of the
first: bloody amulet, fresh herb sprig, tiny charred bone.

DEAN, at the computer, combing through records. Sam's on the
bed with a big book of lore. He turns a page. Sits up a
little. He might've found something.

Dean stretches, rubs his eyes, tired, frustrated.

DEAN
I'm telling you-- both vics are
squeaky clean. No reason for
wicked bitch payback.

(CONTINUED)

Sam gets up off the bed.

SAM
Maybe cause it's not about that.

DEAN
(Huh?)
Wow. Insightful.

SAM
Maybe this witch isn't working a
grudge. Maybe they're working a
spell. Here, check this out.

Sam crosses to Dean with the book. Reading--

SAM
"Three blood sacrifices over three
days. The last before midnight on
the final day of the final
harvest."

Sam lowers the book, looks at Dean.

SAM
Celtic calendar, the final day of
the final harvest is October 31st.

DEAN
Halloween.

SAM
Exactly.

DEAN
And what exactly are these blood
sacrifices for?

SAM
If I'm right, this witch is
summoning a demon. And not just
any demon. Samhain.

DEAN
(never heard of him)
Samhain?

Sam hands the open book to Dean.

ON BOOK: A woodcut of what looks like the aftermath of a
violent, gruesome war. Decapitated heads, bodies ripped in
two, limbs ripped from sockets. And at the center of it--

(CONTINUED)

SAMHAIN. Towering. Milky-eyed. Lurching through the blood soaked field.

DEAN

Am I supposed to be impressed?

SAM

He's the damn origin of Halloween. The Celts believed October 31 was the one night a year the veil between the living and dead was thinnest. And it was Samhain's night. Masks were worn to hide from him. Sweets put on doorsteps to appease him. Faces carved in pumpkins to worship him. He was exorcised centuries ago.

DEAN

So even though Samhain took a trip downtown, the traditions stuck.

SAM

Exactly. Only now, instead of demons and blood orgies, Halloween is about kids, candy and costumes.

DEAN

So... Some witch wants to raise Samhain to take back the night?

SAM

This is serious.

DEAN

I am serious.

SAM

We're talkin' some heavy duty witchcraft. The ritual can only be performed every six hundred years.

DEAN

And lemme guess. The six hundred year marker rolls around...

SAM

Tomorrow night.

DEAN

Naturally.

Dean raises an eyebrow, takes another look at the woodcut.

(CONTINUED)

DEAN

Awful lot of death and destruction
for one demon.

SAM

That's cause he likes company.
Once he's raised, Samhain can do
some raising of his own.

DEAN

Raising... what, exactly?

SAM

Dark, evil crap, and lots of it.
They follow him around like the
friggin' pied piper.

DEAN

So we talking ghosts?

SAM

Yup.

DEAN

Zombies?

SAM

Uh-huh.

DEAN

What about leprechauns?

SAM

Dean.

DEAN

Those little dudes are scary.
Small hands.

SAM

Look. It just starts with ghosts
and ghouls... but if this sucker
keeps going... by night's end, it's
every awful thing we've ever seen.
Everything we fight. All in the
same place.

Dean lets the gravity of the situation sink in.

DEAN

This is gonna be a slaughterhouse.

(CONTINUED)

ACT TWO

8 INT./EXT. IMPALA - WALLACE HOUSE - MORNING (DAY 3) 8 *

CHYRON: HALLOWEEN

Dean. In the Impala. On stake-out. Watching the Wallace house, from the tease. He takes a bite of a mini-candy bar. Stops mid-chew, it gives him indigestion. He's eaten too many. He groans, balls up the wrapper, throws it in the passenger seat, where it joins the wrappers of TWENTY OTHER MINI CANDY BARS. When his CELL RINGS--

DEAN

Hey.

INTERCUT WITH:

9 INT. MOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS 9

Sam, on his cell.

SAM

How's it going?

DEAN

(tired, grumpy)

Awesome. Talked to Mrs. Razor Blade, again. Been watching her house for hours. Still got a big steamy pile of nothing.

SAM

Hey, someone planted those hex bags. Someone with access to both houses. There's gotta be some connection. *

DEAN

Hope we find it soon, cause I'm cramping like a--

(sees something O.S.)

--sonofabitch.

Dean's POV: heading up the Wallace's walk, to the FRONT DOOR-- TRACY the CHEERLEADER (in plain clothes now). She KNOCKS. A beat later, MRS. WALLACE, still somber, answers, holding the baby. Tracy takes the baby, cooing to it.

SAM

Cry me a river.

(CONTINUED)

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9 CONTINUED: 9

DEAN
No, Sam. I mean, sonofabitch.

10 INT. MOTEL ROOM - DAY 10

Dean enters. Sam's waiting.

SAM
So our apple bobbing cheerleader?

DEAN
Tracy. Is the Wallace's
babysitter. And she told me she'd
never heard of Luke Wallace.

SAM
Interesting look for a centuries
old witch.

DEAN
If you were a six hundred year old
hag and could pick any costume,
wouldn't you go for hot
cheerleader?

Sam taps a button on the computer.

SAM
Well, she's definitely not as
wholesome as she looks. Did some
digging...

Sam turns the computer for Dean to see.

SAM
She just got suspended from school.
Apparently had a violent
altercation with one of her
teachers.

OFF the boys...

11 INT. HIGH SCHOOL - ART CLASSROOM - DAY 11

A dozen GROTESQUE MASKS twist from the ceiling on fishing
line. Munch's *Scream*-like. Floating, disembodied visages of
agony.

ON Sam and Dean (in their Fed Suits), looking up at the
chilling display. Then--

CLOSE ON DEAN. As we hear A THOUSAND SCREAMS. The sound of
HELL, still alive in Dean's mind.

(CONTINUED)

SAM
Bring back memories?

DEAN
(defensive)
What's that supposed to mean?

SAM
Of being a teenager. All that
angst. What'd you think I meant?

DEAN
Nothing.

Justin, the stoner kid from the party, walks by with the
biggest CERAMIC BONG you've ever seen.

DEAN
Now that brings back memories.

Justin carries his masterpiece to the kiln. Measures it
against the oven. To no one in particular:

JUSTIN
Dude. I need a bigger kiln.

Dean nods his approval.

DON (O.S.)
You gentlemen wanted to see me?

High school art teacher DON HARDING, late 40's, approaches.
Sam and Dean flash the Fed badges.

SAM
Mr. Harding?

DON
Please... Don.

SAM
Okay. Don.

DON
Even my students call me Don.

DEAN
(whatever)
Yeah, we get it, Don. I'm Agent
Geddy and this is Agent Lee. We
have a few questions about Tracy
Davis.

(CONTINUED)

Don nods sadly.

DON
Tracy... bright girl. Loads of
talent. Shame she was suspended.

DEAN
You two had a "violent
altercation?"

DON
She exploded. If Principal Mirrow
wasn't walking by when he did,
Tracy woulda clawed my eyes out. *

SAM
Why?

DON
(shrugs)
I was only trying to rap with her
about her work. It had become...
inappropriate. Disturbing. *

DEAN
(re: masks on ceiling)
More disturbing than this?

DON
She'd cover page after page with
these bizarre, cryptic symbols.
Then there were the drawings.
Detailed images of killings. Gory.
Primitive. She'd depict herself in
the middle of it, participating.

SAM
Symbols? What kind of symbols?
Anything like...

From his pocket, Sam PULLS OUT a CELTIC AMULET, with a
matching symbol.

SAM
...this?

DON
Yeah. I think there was something
like that in one of them.

DEAN
Any idea where Tracy is now?

(CONTINUED)

DON
I imagine at her apartment.

DEAN
Her apartment?

DON
She came to town about a year ago--
alone. As I understood it, she was
an emancipated teen. God only
knows what her parents were like.

OFF the boys exchanging a look. God only knows, indeed.

12 EXT. MOTEL - AFTERNOON - LATER 12

Dean (back in plain clothes) parks the Impala, climbs out,
just as Sam ENTERS frame, likely from a hot-wired car.

DEAN
So?

SAM
Tracy's nowhere I could find. Any
luck with her friends?

DEAN
Luck's not our style. No one knows
where she is. Bitch hopped a
broomstick.

SAM
(checks his watch)
And she could be making the third
sacrifice anytime.

DEAN
Thanks, Sam, very helpful.

WHEN A FAT LITTLE KID, 9-ish, in a homemade astronaut
costume, waddles up to Sam and Dean. Holds out a pudgy arm
encased in aluminum foil.

FAT KID
Trick or treat.

Dean looks around the asphalt parking lot. Seriously?

DEAN
This is a motel.

FAT KID
So.

(CONTINUED)

DEAN
So. We don't have any candy.

SAM
Thought we had a ton of it in the--

Dean shoots Sam a look. Then to the Kid--

DEAN
We did but it's gone.

The Fat Kid eyes Dean with suspicion through the plastic fish bowl on his head.

DEAN
We can't help you, okay?

FAT KID
I want candy.

DEAN
I think you've had enough.

The Fat Astronaut narrows his eyes at Dean-- this is far, far from over, then... he waddles away.

The boys move to the door of their room. Sam's amused.

Dean sticks the key in the lock, turns it. The door SWINGS open, REVEALING--

13 INT. MOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS 13

--CASTIEL. The Angel. Rising from a chair. Holy. FUCK! Before Dean can stop him, Sam DRAWS HIS GUN. Levels it at Castiel. The Angel cocks his head, regards Sam.

SAM
Who are you?!

DEAN
Sam, wait.
(then)
This is Cass. The Angel.

Meanwhile, there's a SECOND FIGURE by the window. Cool, aloof, a presence. Maintains a steady gaze outside. Dean notices him, and immediately doesn't like what he sees.

DEAN
Him, I don't know.

(CONTINUED)

CASTIEL

Hello, Sam.

Sam lowers the gun. A bit starstruck, honestly.

SAM

Oh my God... oh, I mean. Sorry. I
didn't mean to...

Awkward. Sam takes a step toward Castiel. Sticks out his
hand.

SAM

Anyway. It's an honor. Really.
I've heard a lot about you.

Castiel regards Sam's outstretched hand. Takes it, amused at
the quaint custom.

CASTIEL

And I you, Sam Winchester.

Castiel holds onto Sam's hand. Bores holes with his eyes.

CASTIEL

The boy with the demon blood. Glad
to hear you've ceased your...
extracurricular activities.

Sam's not sure what to do with that, then-- the Guy at the
window (URIEL), more a SNARL than anything else:

URIEL

Let's keep it that way.

DEAN

Yeah, okay, Chuckles.
(to Castiel)
So who's your pal?

Castiel turns to Dean, releases Sam's hand. Sam
involuntarily takes a step back.

CASTIEL

This raising of Samhain. Have you
stopped it?

DEAN

Why?

CASTIEL

Dean. Have you located the witch?

(CONTINUED)

DEAN

Yes, we've "located" the witch.

CASTIEL

And is the witch dead?

SAM

(helpful)

No, but--

Dean shoots Sam a look. Silences him.

DEAN

We know who it is.

CASTIEL

Apparently, the witch knows who you are, too.

Castiel holds up a THIRD HEX BAG.

CASTIEL

This was inside the wall of your room. If we hadn't found it, surely one or both of you would be dead.

Castiel lays the hex bag on the table. Uriel keeps his gaze out the window.

CASTIEL

Do you know where the witch is now?

Dean shifts under Castiel's placid eyes.

DEAN

We're working on it.

Castiel sighs. Shakes his head sadly.

CASTIEL

That is unfortunate.

DEAN

What do you care?

CASTIEL

The raising of Samhain... is one of the 66 seals.

(CONTINUED)

DEAN
(gets it now)
Right. So this is about your buddy
Lucifer. *

CASTIEL
Lucifer is no friend of ours.

DEAN
It's an expression.

CASTIEL
Lucifer cannot rise. The breaking
of the seal must be prevented at
all costs.

DEAN
Great. So... now you're here, just
tell us where the witch is, we gank
her, everyone goes home.

Uriel SNORTS with disdain.

CASTIEL
We're not omniscient. This witch
is very powerful. Cloaked to even
our methods.

SAM
Well, we already know who she is.
If we worked together, we can--

Backlit against the window, Uriel faces the room for the
first time.

URIEL
Enough of this...

Dean. Had it with the mystery guest.

DEAN
Okay. You wanna tell me who you
are and why I care?

Uriel steps away from the window and into the room.
Imposing, menacing.

CASTIEL
This is Uriel. He's what you might
call a specialist.

DEAN
Specializing in what?

(CONTINUED)

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Uriel levels Dean with cold, dead eyes. ON Dean. Oh. Fuck.
Spinning on Castiel:

DEAN
What are you gonna do?

Castiel is soothing. Reassuring.

CASTIEL
You... both of you, need to leave
this town immediately.

DEAN
Why?

CASTIEL
Because we are about to destroy it.

OFF the boys absorbing this staggering development--

SLAM TO BLACK:

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

14 INT. MOTEL ROOM - AFTERNOON

14 *

The boys, right where we left them. In a motel room with two Angels about to make good on the smiting part of their reputation.

DEAN

This is your plan? To smite the whole friggin' town?!

CASTIEL

We're out of time. The witch has to die. The seal must be saved.

SAM

There's a thousand people here!

URIEL

1,214.

SAM

And you're willing to kill them all?

URIEL

This isn't the first city I've... purified.

CASTIEL

Look. I understand. This is regrettable.

DEAN

"Regrettable?"

CASTIEL

We have to hold the line. Too many seals have broken already.

DEAN

So you screwed the pooch on some seals and this town pays the price?

CASTIEL

It's the lives of a thousand against the lives of six billion. There's a bigger picture here.

*
*

DEAN

Right. And you're 'big picture' kind of guys.

(CONTINUED)

CASTIEL

Lucifer cannot rise. He does, and
Hell rises with him.

(eyes on Dean, loaded)

Is that something you're willing to
risk?

Dean doesn't want to think about it. Sam jumps in:

SAM

But we'll stop the witch before she
summons anyone. Your seal won't be
broken, no one has to die.

URIEL

We're wasting time with these mud
monkeys...

CASTIEL

I'm sorry. But we have our orders.

DEAN

From who? God?

CASTIEL

Our superiors.

DEAN

And who told them?

CASTIEL

(growing impatient)

Their superiors.

Sam pleads. Desperate. Remember, he's more religious than
Dean, and to hear this from Angels... his faith is being
shattered before our eyes...

SAM

But... you can't do this. You're
angels. You're supposed to show...
I don't know... mercy.

URIEL

Says who?

CASTIEL

We have no choice.

DEAN

There's always a choice. I mean,
what, you don't ever question a
crap order? You're just hammers?

*
*

(CONTINUED)

CASTIEL

Even if you can't understand it--
have faith. The plan is just.

*

SAM

How can you say that??

CASTIEL

Because it comes from Heaven. That
makes it just.

DEAN

Must be nice to be so sure of
yourselves.

CASTIEL

Tell me, Dean. When your father
gave you an order. Didn't you
obey?

*

*

Dean. A nerve touched. He's growing quietly angry.

DEAN

Well. Sorry, boys. But looks like
there's a change of plan.

URIEL

You think you can stop us?

DEAN

No. But if you're smitin' this
town... you're smitin' us with it.
We're not leaving.

A FLICKER of surprise from Uriel. He glances to Castiel.

DEAN

You went to the trouble of busting
me out of Hell... I figure I'm
worth something to the man
upstairs. So go ahead and waste
me... see how he digs that.

URIEL

I'll drag you out of here myself.

DEAN

You'll have to kill me first. Then
we're back to the same problem.

Dean clocks the eye fuck between the two Angels. Knows he's
got a hold of something:

(CONTINUED)

ON Uriel. Give him half an excuse and he'd gladly kill Dean right here in this cheap motel room.

DEAN
(to Uriel)
I mean, come on. Wiping out a whole town to get one little witch... You sure you're not compensating for something?

Uriel steps dangerously close to Dean. He never loses his temper. But the calm, slow-simmering danger is PALPABLE.

DEAN
(to Castiel)
We can do this. We will find this witch. We will stop the summoning.

A long beat. Castiel searches Dean's face.

URIEL
(tightly clenched)
Castiel-- if you think I'm gonna let these--

CASTIEL
Enough.

Uriel immediately backs away, chastened. We see who wears the pants in this relationship. Castiel has clearly got a lot of power, to inspire such fear in a tough guy like Uriel.

CASTIEL
I suggest you move quickly.

15 EXT. MOTEL - AFTERNOON 15 *

Sam and Dean hustle through the parking lot to the Impala. Which has been EGGED. NOW Dean's pissed. Takes his own Biblical beat, before EXPLODING:

DEAN
Where's that fat astronaut!?!

16 INT. IMPALA - PARKED - MOMENTS LATER 16

Sam climbs in the Impala. Holding the new hex bag. At the same time, Dean climbs in, shuts the door. He's about to turn the ignition, when he clocks Sam's expression. He looks troubled.

DEAN
What?

(CONTINUED)

SAM

Nothing.

ON Sam. Taking a beat.

SAM

I thought they'd be different.

DEAN

The Angels. I tried to tell ya.

SAM

It's just... I thought they'd be
righteous.

DEAN

They are righteous and that's the
problem. Nothing more dangerous
than a bunch of a-holes who think
they're on a holy mission.

SAM

But... This is God and Heaven...?
This is what I've been praying to?

Dean looks to Sam, struggling with the sudden and complete
disillusion. Hates to see him like this.

Meanwhile, Sam opens the hex bag. Amulet, sprig of
Goldthread, charred bone... same stuff as before.

DEAN

Look. I know you're kinda into the
whole God thing... Jesus on a
tortilla, stuff like that.

Sam laughs a little.

DEAN

Just cause there's a couple of bad
apples doesn't mean the whole
barrel's rotten. For all we know,
these dudes piss off God.

(then)

Don't give up on this stuff, that's
all I'm saying. Babe Ruth was a
dick, but baseball is still a
beautiful game.

Sam nods. Partially appeased.

(CONTINUED)

DEAN

So, you gonna come up with a way to find this witch? Or you just gonna sit there fingering your bone?

Sam looks down at the charred bone from the hex bag, still in his hand. He laughs-- then... a LIGHTBULB.

SAM

You know how much heat you'd need to char a bone like this?

DEAN

No.

SAM

A lot. More than a fire, or a kitchen oven. *

DEAN

Okay, Betty Crocker. What does that mean?

SAM

Means we make a stop.

17 INT. HIGH SCHOOL - ART CLASSROOM - AFTERNOON 17 *

ON the firing kiln. PULL BACK to reveal Dean standing over the kiln, Sam pulling open drawers: paint brushes... newsprint... charcoal... nothing useful.

DEAN

So Tracy used the kiln to char the bone. What's the big deal?

SAM

That hex bag turned up in our room, not after we talked to Tracy--

DEAN

(getting it)
--but after we talked to the teacher.

Sam finally finds something he can use. A HAMMER and CHISEL. He takes it to Don's desk, POUNDS off the lock. OPENS it.

INSIDE the drawer. A pile of delicate white BABY BONES.

SAM

My God. Those are all from children.

(CONTINUED)

DEAN
Bet he's not saving 'em for the
dog...

18 EXT. PARK - AFTERNOON 18 *

Castiel and Uriel, on a park bench. Watching the people, as
they pass. Some are CHILDREN in costume, led by PARENTS.

CASTIEL
The decision's been made.

URIEL
By a mud monkey.

CASTIEL
You shouldn't call them that.

URIEL
It's what they are. Savages.
Plumbing on two legs.

CASTIEL
"Let us make man in Our image,
after Our likeness." You are close
to blasphemy.

Castiel's eyes on Uriel. Digs deep.

CASTIEL
There is a reason we were sent to
save him. He has potential. He
may succeed here.

URIEL
We'll be one step closer to
Lucifer's return. That's all.

CASTIEL
At any rate, it's out of our hands.

URIEL
Doesn't have to be.

CASTIEL
What would you suggest?

With INTENSITY:

URIEL
We drag Dean Winchester's ass out
of here. Blow this insignificant
pin prick off the map.

(CONTINUED)

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CASTIEL
You know our true orders. Are you
prepared to disobey?

19 EXT. STREET - NIGHT 19

A MOTHER and her 5 year old DAUGHTER, dressed in matching
WITCH costumes. Pointy hats, paper thin capes and a little
plastic cauldron to collect candy.

They CLEAR FRAME, revealing a MODEST HOUSE. We focus in on
the basement window. TO FIND...

20 INT. TEACHER'S HOUSE - BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS 20

...A REALLY scary witch. Don the art teacher INTONES in *
Gaulish:

DON
Adveri m'opis pisson-mi-jo, adveri
m'ovsa clowar-mi-jo...

REVEAL: Don stands before an ALTAR covered in the CREEPY
SYMBOLS. LAYERS of them.

A muffled SCREAM.

REVEAL: Tracy. GAGGED and BOUND to a thick wooden joist.
(In plainclothes). She STRUGGLES, tries to twist free. *

BACK TO DON. As he finishes the INCANTATION.

DON
Adveri mo boccin biat-jo mo gutun
clutos ambi dubnon.

Don lifts an IRON KNIFE from the altar. Carries it to TRACY.
She SCREAMS through her gag, eyes wild. Don traces the knife
along her neck, SLIDES it down, then--

DON
Trekna mo lamin deksin bian-jo
treknos, du arcitu marvus vo mo
comoctju, vo mo rocomoctju...

--he RAISES the KNIFE, DRAWING IT BACK, ABOUT TO PLUNGE IT *
FORWARD INTO HER CHEST, when-- *

BAM! BAM! BAM!

Don SPINS. Three gaping holes BLOOM RED on his chest and--
he DROPS to the floor.

(CONTINUED)

SAM AND DEAN. Pistols drawn. Dean moves to Tracy. He removes the gag. She GASPS, SPUTTERS, a TERRIFIED KID: *

TRACY
Oh my God! Thank you! He was gonna KILL me!

Dean cuts through the rope at her wrists. Tracy shakes off the bonds.

TRACY
That sick sonofabitch. Did you see what he was doing?! Did you hear him?!
(then, COOLER:)
How sloppy his incantation was? *

ON Sam and Dean: Huh?

TRACY
(her voice cold)
My brother always was a little dim.

Sam and Dean exchange a look. Brother?! Oh. Shit. TRACY'S A WITCH TOO! Before they can draw pistols on HER-- *

TRACY
Let garjus cassis! *

Sam and Dean COLLAPSE, WRITHING on the floor. The pain of a dozen supernatural knives ripping through their guts. *

TRACY
He was gonna make me the final sacrifice.
(eye roll)
His idea. But now that honor goes to him. *

Tracy moves to Don. Stands over him.

TRACY
Our Master's return? The spellwork's a two-man job. So for six hundred years, I had to work with that pompous sonofabitch. Planning, preparing. Unbearable. Whole time, I wanted to rip his face off. And you get him with a gun? Love that. *

(CONTINUED)

Tracy stoops down, wrenches the cup from her brother's rigor-mortised hand. Takes a KNIFE, OPENS one of his WOUNDS, BLOOD TRICKLES OUT. She collects BLOOD into the bowl:

TRACY
(nodding to Don)
Third sacrifice has been made.
Ritual's almost complete. And this
jack-ass is toast. I owe you one,
I really do.

*

Tracy rises.

*

TRACY
(real contempt)
You know, back in the day, this was
a night you kept your children
inside. But tonight you'll all see
what Halloween really is.

*

Tracy moves to the altar and INTONES the final phrase of the ritual--

*

TRACY
Vedju-mi-ti, o senistere devon...

With Tracy's back turned, the boys' pain isn't as bad. But they're still prostrate. Weakened by the PAIN.

*

*

SAM edges toward the dead teacher (who is only a foot or two away). Sam dips his hands in a pool of BLOOD. SMEARS it on his face. (Not full face paint-- just a good smear on each cheek will do). WHISPERING--

*

*

DEAN
What... are... you... doing?!

SAM
Just... follow my lead.

Dean, also close, SMEARS his face in BLOOD.

*

ON TRACY. Her eyes closed as she completes the ritual.

TRACY
Garju-mi-ti, bvita temeseli, let
gnimus temeseli! Vedju-mi-ti av to
tsavne cliti in andedjus!

A howling WIND sweeps through the house. Tracy's eyes open. GLEEFUL with anticipation. There's an AUDIBLE RUMBLE--

*

(CONTINUED)

BLACK SMOKE seeps through, then-- ERUPTS into the room, forming a VORTEX that TWISTS then POURS into the body of the art teacher. DON IS THE VESSEL FOR SAMHAIN!

Don's body STIRS. He STAGGERS to his feet, OPENS his eyes: milky-blue, opaque (as if with CATARACTS; blurred VISION). He TIPS back his head, samples the air. *

TRACY: arms outstretched as Samhain moves to her, feeling his way. Agile, senses heightened. He reaches her. Tracy smiles, GLOWS even as he TOUCHES HER FACE, then KISSES her.

TRACY
My love...

SAMHAIN
You've aged.

A FLUSH across Tracy's pretty, young face. And a flicker of FEAR. Even embarrassment.

TRACY
This face... I can't fool you...

SAMHAIN
Your beauty is beyond time.

Tracy relaxes, leans her cheek into his hand, then-- HE SNAPS HER NECK. Tracy crumples to the floor, DEAD.

SAMHAIN
Whore.

Samhain moves to the stairs, nears--

SAM AND DEAN. Motionless on the floor. Covered in corpse blood. Not even breathing.

The demon STOPS. He stands over the boys for an agonizingly long beat, sniffing the air, peering down at them--

SAMHAIN'S POV: Sam and Dean's faces-- Blurred. Bloody. Misshapen. Dead.

And... Samhain goes to the stairs. CLIMBS.

A BEAT. He's gone, then-- the boys stir. Sit up.

DEAN
What the hell just happened? *

SAM
(re: blood on face) *
Halloween lore. People wore masks *
to hide from him. *
(off Dean's look) *
So. You know. I gave it a shot. *

DEAN *
You gave it a shot?!?

OFF Dean's incredulous face, we--

SLAM TO BLACK.

END OF ACT THREE

Shared by SPN Script Hunt NOT FOR RESALE

ACT FOUR

21 EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - NIGHT 21

A rippling stream of TRICK OR TREATERS skip along the sidewalk. Countering the current--

SAMHAIN moves through them. A PALE MAN, SHIRT BLOODY with GUNSHOTS. Unnoticed by the Halloween crowd. Drawn to a darker destination. *

22 EXT. IMPALA - NIGHT 22

Sam and Dean. Wiping CORPSE BLOOD off their faces. Hit the Impala doors.

DEAN

So where do you think this mook is?

SAM

Where would you go to raise all the dark forces of the night?

DEAN

Only one place I can think of.

Sam nods. Right. As the boys SLAM into the car, we--

23 EXT. CEMETERY - NIGHT 23

TRACK with Samhain as he TRUDGES beside an IVIED IRON FENCE. He STOPS. Tips his head back, sniffs. He lifts his hand to a WROUGHT IRON GATE. Samhain PUSHES into the graveyard. *

24 INT. IMPALA - MOVING - NIGHT 24

SAM

So this demon's pretty powerful.

DEAN

Yeah.

SAM

Might take more than the usual weapons.

Dean reads Sam's face. Doesn't like what he sees.

DEAN

Sam. No. You're not using your psychic whatever.

(CONTINUED)

SAM

But--

DEAN

Don't even think about it. Ruby's
knife is enough.

SAM

Why?

DEAN

'Cause the Angels said so, for one.

SAM

Thought you said they were a bunch
of fanatics.

DEAN

Who happen to be right about this.

SAM

Dunno. Doesn't seem like they're
right about much.

Dean holds Ruby's knife out to Sam. Sam doesn't take it.

DEAN

Then forget the Angels. You said
it yourself, Sam. These powers,
they're playing with fire. Now
please.

Sam reluctantly takes the knife.

INT. MAUSOLEUM - CRYPT ROOM - NIGHT

The crypt room of a mausoleum. With crypt DRAWERS, floor to
ceiling on either side. Think morgue, only less clinical.
At the entrance to the space... an OPEN WROUGHT IRON GATE.

A bunch of drunk, rowdy TEENAGERS party in the room. Most,
in costume. We recognize a few from the earlier party,
including JUSTIN and some of the SLUTTY GIRLS.

JUSTIN

Dude, I'm tripping balls...

SOUND of FOOTSTEPS approaching from outside the room.

JUSTIN

Shh! Be quiet! It's the cops!

The Teens drunk-scramble, collecting beer cans, bongos, etc.

(CONTINUED)

ON the entrance. A shadow appears... LOOMS larger, then...
SAMHAIN rounds the corner! Why's their art teacher here? *

JUSTIN
Mr. Harding-- I mean, Don...?

Samhain SMILES. And SWINGS the wrought iron gate shut--
LOCKING THE TEENS IN! Then pivots away--

Justin RATTLES the GATE. It's LOCKED.

JUSTIN
Um... Don? You locked us in!

The Teens react, then-- a handful of the CRYPT DRAWERS begin
to RATTLE. What the fuck? More drawers RATTLE. Building.
Until all the drawers are BANGING. CLAMORING like all hell.

Now the Teens are seriously SPOOKED. Justin, bloodshot eyes
wide, BACKS into a corner. No safe place to hide.

ON JUSTIN. Scared. The crypt drawer behind him, at floor
level, FLIES OPEN! A pair of SICK EMACIATED ARMS thrust out,
grab him by the ankles and PULL him inside!

A few SCREAMS from the Teens. Then a terrified HUSH as they
eye the CRYPT DRAWER.

ON DRAWER. First a trickle of BLOOD. Then a fucking STREAM.
OOZING through the open drawer.

The Teens SCREAM. RUSH the locked gate. A FRANTIC MOB...

Sam and Dean hurtle down the stairs that lead to the crypt
room. Terrified SCREAMS come from the Teens, pressed against
the gate.

SAM
Help them.

As Sam moves to go deeper into the mausoleum--

DEAN
You're not going off alone.

SAM
Dean!!

Dean nods, okay, okay. Sam exits. Dean draws his pistol. *

DEAN
Stand back!

The Teens back away from the gate. Dean aims, BLOWS the lock *
off. He pushes it open.

The Teens STREAM past him, hell bent for leather to get the
fuck out of there. Dean enters--

27 INT. MAUSOLEUM - CRYPT ROOM - CONTINUOUS 27

--the crypt room. Eyes sweep the scene.

DEAN'S POV: Crypt drawers RATTLING. Justin's BLOOD SLICKED
ACROSS THE FLOOR. And--

From at least two OPEN CRYPTS: REVENANTS climbing out. Our
version of zombies. (PRODUCTION NOTE: they were buried
recently, so we don't need to go too crazy with the FX make-
up. Pale. A few rotting wounds. Blue veins. That should
about do it.)

Dean drops the canvas bag on the floor, zips it open and
pulls out a SILVER STAKE. He holds the weapon up.

DEAN
Bring it, Stinky.

28 INT. MAUSOLEUM - SIDE HALL - CONTINUOUS 28

--Sam rounds a corner to a lonely hall. Sees--

SAMHAIN, at the other end of the hall. His back to Sam. The
demon cocks his head, puts his NOSE to the air, then--

SWINGS to Sam. Raising his arms in one FORCEFUL SWEEP. He
HITS Sam with all his full-on, bad ass DEMON POWER. The ROOM
FLARES to WHITE (just like Lilith did in 316, but quicker).
Then the Bright Light dissipates, and--

Sam stands. Unmoved. Didn't even ruffle his hair.

SAM
Yeah, that demon ray gun stuff?
Doesn't work on me.

SAMHAIN'S POV: Sam's blurred, distorted frame.

SAMHAIN
(puzzled)
Who are you?

(CONTINUED)

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Sam pulls RUBY'S KNIFE. Samhain SNIFFS, and in a heartbeat-- LUNGES at SAM. Both operating without supernatural powers, Sam and Samhain engage in a brutal, hand-to-hand FIGHT!

29 INT. MAUSOLEUM - CRYPT ROOM - CONTINUOUS 29

ANGLE. A REVENANT, on the floor. Dead. Well, dead again. A SILVER STAKE JUTS from its chest.

SLAM! A SECOND REVENANT COLLAPSES into foreground. Dean's on top of them, driving a SECOND SILVER STAKE HOME!

He reaches into his bag for a THIRD STAKE. Pivots to--

A PALE, DEAD WOMAN. She smiles at him, as he-- PLUNGES the SILVER into her chest. Only--

The STAKE GOES RIGHT THROUGH HER. She VANISHES. She's not a revenant at all. She's a GHOST!

She RE-APPEARS right BEHIND DEAN!

Dean is FLUNG, TUMBLING ACROSS THE FLOOR-- OOF! He shakes the cobwebs-- PISSED--

DEAN
Zombie-ghost orgy, huh? Well,
that's it! I'm torching EVERYBODY!

30 INT. MAUSOLEUM - SIDE HALL - CONTINUOUS 30

Sam throws an ELBOW at Samhain's jaw. KNOCKS the demon's head back, but the mofo keeps PRESSING forward. He SHOVS Sam against the wall, perhaps CLUTCHING HIS THROAT.

Sam gasps. CLAWS at Samhain's throttle-hold with one hand. With the other, raises RUBY'S KNIFE. DRIVES IT HOME--

But Samhain raises his arm in defense... the KNIFE PLUNGES right through his forearm. We see our signature SPARKING EFFECT. But it's only a flesh wound. Samhain winces-- it hurts about as much as a bee sting-- then backs away, smiling. He PULLS the KNIFE OUT-- throws it across the room. Way out of Sam's reach. Then--

WHAM! HE STRONG ARMS Sam with so much FORCE, Sam FLIES to one end of the hall (opposite from the knife, of course).

SAM. SPRAWLED. GASPING. Wrecked from the fight. He staggers to get to his feet, as Samhain BARRELS toward him.

Sam stands, then-- RAISES HIS ARMS. His eyes narrow, FOCUSED on Samhain.

(CONTINUED)

The demon CHOKES. STUMBLES back a step. The SHOCK on his face as he absorbs the psychic blow, then-- KEEPS LUNGING FORWARD. An act of pure, demonic will to ANNIHILATE SAM.

DEAN APPEARS at the other end of the hall (we may notice the ORANGE REFLECTIVE LIGHT on the wall behind Dean, from the fire he started. Which is why there should be another way out of this joint). Anyway. He clocks what's going down between Sam and the demon.

SAM looks to Dean, doesn't stop what he's doing. He turns back to the demon. Determined to finish the job.

SAMHAIN. Head ROLLED forward. Mouth VOMITING BLACK SMOKE, it PUDDLES to the GROUND. VANISHING in orange embers. As the body of the art teacher DROPS to the floor.

Sam lowers his arms. Can only manage a GLANCE at Dean.

OFF DEAN. Eyes on his brother, troubled, as we--

SLAM TO BLACK.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

31 INT. MOTEL ROOM - DAY (DAY 4)

31

CHYRON: ONE DAY AFTER HALLOWEEN

Sam. Packing up the room. Books, computer, clothes thrown into a suitcase. CAMERA circles around, FINDS--

URIEL. Behind Sam. Across the room. Sitting in a chair.

Sam SPINS. His first divine drop in, it's gonna take a second for the heart rate to go down.

URIEL

Tomorrow. November 2nd. It's an anniversary for you, right?

SAM

What are you doing here?

URIEL

The day Azazel killed your mother. Then, 22 years later, the day he murdered your girlfriend. Must be difficult to bear.

Sam regards him with steely eyes--

URIEL

And yet you brazenly use the power he gave you. His profane blood pumping through your veins.

SAM

Excuse me?

URIEL

You were told not to use your abilities.

Sam holds Uriel's eyes. The cold, silent scrutiny.

SAM

What was I supposed to do? That demon would've killed me. And my brother. And everyone.

URIEL

You were told. Not to.

(CONTINUED)

SAM
If Samhain had gotten loose in this town...

Uriel turns his gaze to the window. Could give a rat's ass about the town.

URIEL
You've been warned. Twice, now.

Sam's turn to be annoyed.

SAM
You know, my brother was right about you. You are dicks.

Uriel's eyes FLICK to Sam.

ON SAM as we hear a SOUND of RUSTLING, like the biggest damn bird you've never seen, taking FLIGHT, as--

URIEL appears, TOWERING above Sam. Like he got there without even standing up from his chair. With terrifying CALM--

URIEL
The only reason you're still alive, Sam Winchester, is because you've been useful. But the moment that ceases to be true, the second you become more trouble than you're worth-- one word. One. And I will turn you to dust.

(then)

As for your brother... tell him that maybe he should climb off that high horse of his. Ask him. Ask Dean what he remembers from Hell.

Sam struggles to process. No time, he-- BLINKS and Uriel is GONE. Off Sam's shock--

EXT. PARK - DAY

Dean. Seated alone on a park bench. SOUND of kids running, laughing as CAMERA CIRCLE TRACKS to find the playground. It comes back around to REVEAL-- CASTIEL. Next to Dean on the bench. Dean's eyes still on the kids--

DEAN
Lemme guess. You're here for the I-told-you-so.

(CONTINUED)

CASTIEL

No.

DEAN

'Cause I really and truly ain't interested.

*
*

CASTIEL

I'm not here to judge you, Dean.

DEAN

Then why are you here?

CASTIEL

Our orders--

DEAN

I've had about enough of these "orders" of yours--

CASTIEL

Our orders were not to stop the summoning of Samhain. They were to do whatever you told us to do.

DEAN. Dumbfounded. CONFUSED.

DEAN

So... your orders were to follow my orders?

CASTIEL

It was a test. To see how you would respond under... battlefield conditions, you might say.

DEAN

It was a witch. Not the Tet Offensive.

Even Castiel allows a small smile.

DEAN

So I failed your test. I get it. But you know what? If you waved your magic time travel wand and we did this all over again? I'd make the same call. I don't know what's gonna happen if all these seals get broken. Hell, I don't know what's gonna happen tomorrow. All I know is that here, today, this...

(CONTINUED)

Dean gestures to the playground.

DEAN

...these kids, the swings, the
trees... ALL of it is still here
cause of me and my brother.

Castiel turns to Dean, his face all compassion and empathy.

CASTIEL

You misunderstand me. I'm not like
you think. I was praying you'd
choose to save the town.

DEAN

(surprised)
You were?

*

CASTIEL

These people, they're all my
Father's creations. Works of art.
(his face hardens)

...and yet... though Samhain was
exorcised, the seal was still
broken. We're one step closer to
Hell on Earth. For all creation.
That's not an expression, Dean.
And you, of all people, should
appreciate what that means.

*

*

*

*

*

ON Dean. A FLICKER of panic. Castiel turns back to the kids
in the park. Sighs.

CASTIEL

Can I tell you something? If you
swear not to tell another soul?

DEAN

Okay.

CASTIEL

I'm not a... 'hammer,' as you say.
I have... questions. Doubts.
And... I don't know what's right or
wrong anymore. Whether you passed
or failed here.

*

*

*

(then)

But you'll have more decisions to
make in the coming months. I don't
envy the weight on your shoulders,
Dean. I truly don't.

(CONTINUED)

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Dean turns to question Castiel, but a SHOUT from the playground pulls his attention. When he turns back, Castiel is GONE. OFF Dean. Troubled. Wondering, we--

SLAM TO BLACK.

END OF EPISODE

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