

A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to read "Eric Kripke". The signature is stylized and slanted to the right.

SUPERNATURAL

Episode #501

"Sympathy for the Devil"

Written by

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Directed by

Robert Singer

PINK REVISIONS

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SUPERNATURAL  
"Sympathy for the Devil"

TEASER

FADE IN:

1 INT. ST. MARY'S CONVENT - CHAPEL - NIGHT (DAY 1) 1

We RELIVE the last few moments of EPISODE 422 (LAST YEAR'S FOOTAGE):

We're over Sam and Dean's shoulders, as the blood iris-- the door to Lucifer's cage-- OPENS.

DEAN  
Sammy! Let's go!

The portal opens wider and wider. The blazing white light grows hotter and hotter.

ANGLE. (NEW FOOTAGE). CU. The same STACKED, PROFILE 2-SHOT of Sam and Dean that ended the season.

SAM  
Dean... he's coming...

They take the same stunned beat. Only this time, instead of the screen FLARING to WHITE, Dean snaps out of it, drags Sam over to the CHAPEL DOORS.

ANGLE - OUTSIDE CHAPEL. Looking in. In the B.G., we likely see the BODIES of Lilith and Ruby sprawled on the floor (body doubles). As Dean pulls Sam towards us, the DOORS SLAM SHUT! BANG! Obscuring our view of the guys. Sealing them in.

ANGLE - INSIDE CHAPEL. CU of Dean's FIST, POUNDING against the door. Sam pries at the handles-- it's no good.

Meanwhile, a low FEEDBACK WHINE has been steadily growing-- now it's grating, painful. The guys notice it, WINCE, but keep clawing at the door.

Behind them, the portal YAWNS OPEN, WIDER and WIDER. The LIGHT grows and grows. The whole place RUMBLES--

Now the WHINE is excruciating-- Sam and Dean pivot to the portal-- there's no escape. They cover their ears. Drop to their knees in pain. Shut their eyes against the SEARING LIGHT.

(CONTINUED)

1 CONTINUED: 1

ANGLE. From over Sam and Dean's shoulders-- the PORTAL is now COMPLETELY OPEN. The place is shaking like an earthquake. The noise has become a sub-sonic ROAR.

From this same angle, the MASSIVE SHAFT OF LIGHT, blazing from the portal like a volcano, now envelops the boys' shoulders, sweeps into camera, washing everything to WHITE.

And here it is... this is what we've been waiting all summer for... Lucifer has finally risen. And we finally get a look at him...

The WHITE SCREEN FLARES OUT, UNVEILING--

SATAN. Except... he's animated. He's from 'South Park.' And he's currently having a lover's spat with Saddam Hussein.

Huh?

PULL BACK TO REVEAL:

2 INT. JET PLANE - MAIN CABIN - CONTINUOUS 2

We're watching an AIRLINE MONITOR. The sub-sonic roar has faded seamlessly into the WHINE of JET ENGINES.

Sam and Dean. Sitting in two adjacent AIRLINE SEATS. Eyes still clenched, hands over their ears. They open their eyes, lower their arms. Scanning their new surroundings. Bewildered, obviously.

They have NO CLUE what to make of this. BEWILDERED--

DEAN  
What the hell...?

SAM  
...I don't know...

Just then, the PILOT on the P.A. In that low, mellifluous pilot tone...

PILOT (V.O.)  
Folks, quick word from the flight deck.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED: 2

PILOT (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
We're just passing over Ilchester,  
then Ellicott City, on our initial  
descent into Baltimore-  
Washington...

DEAN  
(over the pilot)  
Ilchester? Weren't we just there?

3 INT. JET PLANE - COCKPIT - CONTINUOUS 3

PILOT and CO-PILOT. Calm. Another day at the office.

PILOT  
...so if you need to stretch your  
legs, now would be a OH MY GOD!!  
LOOK!

Horrified, he sees, out the COCKPIT WINDOW--

Far below, on the ground-- an IVORY-WHITE EXPLOSION cuts  
through the darkness. About the size of, oh, say, a convent  
evaporating.

A MASSIVE LUXOR-LIKE BEAM ROCKETS up in the air-- RIGHT PAST  
the PLANE--

4 INT. JET PLANE - MAIN CABIN - CONTINUOUS 4

SCORCHING WHITE LIGHT BLAZES through every window on the  
aircraft's right side! As if a near-miss with the "Close  
Encounters" Mother Ship!

The PLANE ROCKS from the force-- tilts sickeningly, and DROPS  
into a STEEP DIVE. PEOPLE are SCREAMING, OXYGEN MASKS DROP!

CLOSE ON SAM AND DEAN. Sam looks around, simply BEWILDERED.  
Dean presses back in his seat, shuts his eyes tight, mutters  
a silent prayer. Remember, he hates flying on a good day.

As the boys white-knuckle their way through the start of  
Season Five, we--

BLACKOUT!

END OF TEASER



ACT ONE

5 EXT. ROADSIDE - NIGHT 5

A BOXY RENTAL CAR motors down the asphalt.

6 INT. RENTAL CAR - MOVING - NIGHT - PMP 6

Dean drives. Sam rides. Neither speaking. Just listening to the RADIO--

NEWSCASTER #1 (V.O.)

And Governor O'Malley urged calm, saying it's very unlikely an abandoned convent would be a target for terrorists, either foreign or home-grown. Still, state police-- (Etc.)

DEAN

Change the station.

Sam reaches over. Click.

NEWSCASTER #2 (V.O.)

...Hurricane Kinley, unexpectedly slamming into the Galveston area...

Another channel. Click.

NEWSCASTER #3 (V.O.)

...announced a successful test of the North Korean nuclear--

Click.

NEWSCASTER #4 (V.O.)

--baffled--

Click!

NEWSCASTER #5 (V.O.)

--Swine Flu--

DEAN

Just shut it off!

Sam does. A long, quiet beat. Just the two of them. Riding in silence.

Dean maintains a reasonably convincing poker face. But there's a brick wall around his churning emotions.

(CONTINUED)

6 CONTINUED:

6

Sam, on the other hand, is an open wound. But how does he even begin to cross this burnt bridge? To climb this mountain between them? Sam makes an attempt...

SAM

Dean. I--

DEAN

(cutting him off)

Don't say anything. It's okay.

(almost in denial)

We just gotta... keep our heads down, hash this out, alright?

Sam takes a beat. Lets the attempt go. Focuses.

SAM

Yeah, okay.

DEAN

So, first things first. How'd we end up on Soul Plane?

SAM

I dunno. The Angels? Beaming us outta harm's way?

DEAN

Maybe. But then where are they? Why just let us go?

Sam shrugs-- got me.

DEAN

Well, whatever. It's the least of our problems. Let's just find Cass.

SAM

You think he'll know what to do?

DEAN

He better.

7 INT. CHUCK SHURLEY'S HOUSE - NEXT MORNING (DAY 2)

7

CLOSE ON: a SINGED, CHARRED COPY of a SUPERNATURAL PAPERBACK BOOK. Splayed on the floor like a dead bird.

A BOOT steps beside it, as we reveal-- Sam and Dean, moving carefully and silently through the PROPHET CHUCK'S HOUSE. (TWO NOTES: one, they're already in the middle of the kitchen; the front door shut before the scene began.

(CONTINUED)

7 CONTINUED:

7

Two, Dean is holding his left arm a bit gingerly. Perhaps keeping it in his pocket. Something like that.)

The place is a DISASTER ZONE. Table overturned, computer smashed. Cupboards open, shards of shattered dishes carpet the floor.

Dean makes a cautious, SWAT-like hand gesture to Sam... who nods... steps through the large entrance-way into the living room, when...

Sam's WHACKED on the back of the head! By the business end of a... PLUNGER.

SAM

OW!

It's the Prophet CHUCK. He was hiding behind the doorway. Wearing the same outfit from 422. He's grimy with charcoal smudges. Even speckled with some blood.

CHUCK

Sam??

SAM

Yes!

DEAN

Hey, Chuck.

CHUCK

(to Sam)

So... you're okay?

SAM

No. My head hurts.

CHUCK

No, I mean... my last vision. You went, like, full-on Vader. Your body temp was 150, heart rate was 200. Your eyes were black.

Dean takes in this news with extreme dismay.

DEAN

Your eyes were black?

SAM

(awkward)

I... I don't know, I didn't know...

(CONTINUED)



7 CONTINUED: (2)

7

Dean nods at this. Swallows it, files it away. But there's more pressing business--

DEAN  
Where's Cass?

CHUCK  
He's dead. Gone. The Archangel smote the crap out of him. I'm sorry.

Sam and Dean trade looks. Reacting to this.

DEAN  
You sure? Maybe he just, like, vanished into the light or something?

CHUCK  
Um. No. He, like, exploded, like a water balloon of Chunky soup.

As they're talking, Sam notices something in Chuck's hair. With sinking hopes-- Sam gestures to his own head, the universal "you've got something on your head and/or face" gesture...

SAM  
You, uh, you have a... right there...

Chuck frowns, plucks his hair, just behind his ear.

CHUCK  
Oh my God! Is that a molar? Do I have a MOLAR in my hair?!  
(sighs; wants to cry)  
This has been a really stressful day.

Sam and Dean exchange looks. This is bad. Dean takes the news about Cass particularly hard. MUTTERING--

DEAN  
Cass. You stupid bastard.

SAM  
Stupid? He was trying to help us.

DEAN  
Exactly.

(CONTINUED)



7 CONTINUED: (3)

7

SAM

So what now?

DEAN

I... I have no idea...

Just then, Chuck's expression DARKENS--

CHUCK

Oh, crap.

DEAN

What?

CHUCK

I can feel 'em.

SAM

Who?

And just then, a VOICE from behind them--

ZACHARIAH (O.S.)

Thought we'd find you here.

Everyone pivots to see-- in the kitchen, the Angel ZACHARIAH and TWO ANGEL GOONS (dressed nicely. Jackets, ties).

ZACHARIAH

Playtime's over, Dean. Time to come with us.

DEAN

Just keep your distance, ass-hat.

ZACHARIAH

You're upset.

DEAN

Yeah! A little! You sonsofbitches jump-started Judgment Day!

ZACHARIAH

Okay, one, maybe we let it happen, but we didn't start anything-- right, Sammy?

(Zach winks at Sam, who looks broken, guilty)

And two, you had a chance to stop your brother, and you couldn't. So let's not quibble over who started what. Let's just say it was all our faults and move on.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

7 CONTINUED: (4)

7

ZACHARIAH (CONT'D)

Cause, like it or not, it's  
Apocalypse Now. And we're back on  
the same team again.

Zachariah moves forward... and Dean CIRCLES him, as if  
keeping his distance... but subtly, Dean is moving around to  
the front door in the kitchen...

DEAN

Is that so?

ZACHARIAH

You want to kill the Devil, we want  
you to kill the Devil. It's  
synergy.

DEAN

And I'm supposed to trust you?  
Cram it with walnuts, ugly.

Zach takes a beat. We see tension creeping into his  
expression. He's earnest here--

ZACHARIAH

This isn't a game, son. Lucifer is  
powerful in ways that defy  
description. We have to strike him  
now, hard and fast. Before he  
finds his vessel.

SAM

His vessel? Lucifer needs a  
meatsuit?

ZACHARIAH

He is an Angel. Them's the rules.  
And once he touches down, we're  
talking Four Horsemen, red oceans,  
fiery skies. The Greatest Hits.  
(then)

Dean, you can stop him. You can.  
But you need our help.

A beat. Then, with righteous indignation--

DEAN

Listen to me, you two-faced douche.  
After what you did-- I don't want  
jack squat from you.

ZACHARIAH

(with growing anger)  
No, you listen to me, boy.  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

7

CONTINUED: (5)

7

ZACHARIAH (CONT'D)

You think you can rebel against us?  
As Lucifer di--  
(stops suddenly)  
You're bleeding.

Zach is right. Dean is bleeding. Drip, drip, drip.  
Trailing down his hand. Plinking on the floor.

Dean's at the kitchen door by this point.

DEAN

Yep. Insurance policy. In case  
you dicks showed up.

And with that, Dean THROWS OPEN the kitchen door! On the  
outside of the door, Dean scrawled-- one of those ANGELIC  
BLOOD CIRCLES. He quickly finger paints-- closing the final  
inch of the circle... and WHOOSH!

BLAZING LIGHT FILLS the ROOM. As Zachariah and his Angel  
Goons are blown right out of it.

Once they're gone... with bitterness--

DEAN

(as if to Zach)  
Learned it from my friend Cass, you  
sonofabitch.

Long beat. Sam and Chuck trade looks. This sucks ass.

CHUCK

This sucks ass.

8

EXT. MOTEL - DAY - TO ESTABLISH

8

The RENTAL CAR pulls up.

9

INT. MOTEL ROOM - DAY

9

Sam enters. Dean's already in the room. Unpacking weapons.

DEAN

Hey.

Sam TOSSES a HEX BAG into Dean's hands.

SAM

Here. No way the Angels'll find us  
with these. Demons, too, for that  
matter.

(CONTINUED)

DEAN

Where'd you get 'em?

SAM

Made 'em.

DEAN

How?

SAM

(hesitant beat)

Learned it from Ruby.

That just significantly THICKENED the air with tension. Dean nods at this. Then, clipped--

DEAN

Speaking of... how you feeling?  
You jonesing for another hit of  
bitch blood or what?

SAM

It's weird, tell you the truth. No  
shakes, no fever. I'm fine. It's  
like... whoever put me on that  
plane... cleaned me up...

DEAN

Supernatural methadone.

SAM

I guess.

Sam takes another beat. Makes another attempt, at some sort of redemption.

SAM

Dean. About all this--

DEAN

(again, interrupting)

Sam, I told you. It's okay. You  
don't need to say anything--

SAM

(vulnerable, pained)

Well, that's good. Cause what am I  
supposed to say? "I'm sorry?" "I  
screwed up?" Doesn't really do it  
justice, you know?

(then)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)



9

CONTINUED: (2)

9

SAM (CONT'D)

I mean, there's nothing I can say,  
or do, to ever make this right, I  
know that--

DEAN

(an angry outburst)

So then why do you keep bringing it  
up?!!

Dean takes a breath. Calms.

DEAN

I'm just saying-- we don't gotta  
put this under a microscope, you  
know? We made a mess, we clean it  
up, that's it.

(then)

If this was any other hunt... what  
would we do first?

SAM

(sighs; gets with program)

We'd... figure out where the thing  
is.

DEAN

Okay, so we just gotta find... the  
Devil.

Dean sits on the bed. Runs his hand through his hair. It  
all seems so impossible, so overwhelming...

DEAN

("insanely impossible")

How hard could that be?

10

EXT. BLUE COLLAR HOUSE - THAT NIGHT

10

**SUPER TITLE: PIKE CREEK, DELAWARE.**

NICK, 30's, blue collar. His face is kind. But his eyes are  
sad. He heads up to the front door of his modest blue collar  
home. He's about to unlock the front door, when...

The wind picks up. DEAD LEAVES rattle across the lawn.  
Ominously moving towards Nick.

CLANK! CLANK! His metal wire GATE. CLANGS open and shut,  
open and shut in the breeze. (See the first half hour of  
"Drag Me to Hell" for these moments).

This all gives Nick the creeps. He shivers. Hurries inside--

11 INT. NICK'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT 11

Dark. Still. Wind clattering the branches outside.

Nick lays in bed. Trying to sleep. But no go. We get the sense this happens a lot.

When... he rolls over-- and frowns. He feels something beneath the sheets. He reaches down...

And his hand comes back wet. BLOODY.

He peels back the sheets, revealing more blood, and MORE BLOOD-- the sheets are DRENCHED! (We should follow the pattern of blood reveal in the infamous horse head scene in "Godfather." Hey, steal from the best, right?)

Nick GASPS, leaps off the bed, FLIPS on the bedside light--

And all the blood is gone. It was never there. Nick's hands are completely CLEAN.

Nick is rattled. Shakes his head... under his breath...

NICK

...keep it together, man...

He climbs back into bed. Unsteady, he reaches to flip off the light. Lays back on the pillow. Then rolls over--

SUDDENLY FACING A PALE FEMALE FACE (name's Sarah)! Inches away from him! Face spattered with BLOOD! Boo!

Nick GASPS. Recoils, sitting up. Horrified. She sits up, too, leaning towards him.

SARAH

(whispered)

...it's you, Nick. You're special.  
You're chosen.

Nick looks away for a quick beat-- what the hell's going on? But when he turns back-- SHE'S GONE.

Nick's not just scared-- he's emotional. That woman meant something to him. Off Nick... trying to keep it together... trying and failing...

BLACKOUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

12 INT. CHUCK'S HOUSE - DAY (DAY 3) 12

CLOSE ON. A six-inch STAIN of blood, skull, and hair strands, smeared across Chuck's wall. Gross.

CHUCK  
(finding them)  
Gross.

Chuck wears rubber gloves. With a sponge and great distaste, Chuck begins scrubbing the mess off the wall. When--

A WHITE FLASH FRAME! ANOTHER! Chuck winces, holds his head, an excruciating migraine.

He drops to his knees... as the Prophet Chuck is STEAM-ROLLED by ANOTHER HOLY VISION...

13 INT. BECKY'S BEDROOM - DAY 13

ANGLE ON. A POSTER. One of the "SUPERNATURAL by Carver Edlund" book covers. We PAN OFF IT, revealing ANOTHER. Then ANOTHER. (And NOT the Fabio one - we don't have the rights. Use Scarecrow and Wendigo and The Benders.)

BECKY (O.S.)  
...and then Sam touched-- no,  
caressed-- Dean's clavicle...

We find BECKY ROSEN, early 20s. Maybe just a touch mousy. She's typing at her computer.

BECKY  
"This is wrong," said Dean. "Then  
I don't wanna be right," replied  
Sam, in a husky voice--

A COMPUTER CHIRP! On the SCREEN, a SKYPE (or SKYPE-like) window: CARVER EDLUND CALLING. Becky frowns-- it can't be-- clicks the ACCEPT BUTTON.

And a VIDEO WINDOW of CHUCK appears. Becky recognizes him immediately. She chokes up with emotion... covering her mouth with her hand... she's tongue-tied. She might cry.

BECKY  
Oh. My. God. You. You're...

CHUCK  
(hurrying it along)  
Carver Edlund, yeah, hi, Becky--

(CONTINUED)



BECKY

You got my letters! And my marzipan!

CHUCK

Yes, um-- yummy-- but--

BECKY

I am your number one fan. You know, I'm Samlicker81.

CHUCK

You're... what?

BECKY

The Webmistress at "More Than Brothers.net"

CHUCK

I know, I know, you're my biggest fan, okay, that's why I called. You're the only one who'll believe me...

Finally, Becky notices Chuck's furtive, nervous vibe--

BECKY

Are you alright?

CHUCK

No. I'm being watched--  
(glances skyward)  
I mean, not right this second, least I don't think so-- but I don't have much time. I need your help.

BECKY

You. Need my help?

CHUCK

I need you to get a message... to Sam and Dean. Okay?

Beat. Becky puffs up her pride. Her dignity.

BECKY

Look, Mr. Edlund. Yes, I'm a fan, but I really don't appreciate being mocked. I know that "Supernatural's" just a book, okay, I know the difference between fantasy and reality--

(CONTINUED)



13 CONTINUED: (2) 13

CHUCK  
Becky, it's all real--

BECKY  
(immediately)  
I knew it!!

14 INT. MOTEL ROOM - DAY 14

Sam pores through DAD'S JOURNAL. As Dean WATCHES TELEVISION.  
We hear OFF-CAMERA TELEVISION VOICES--

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)  
--but then how would you explain an  
earthquake, a hurricane, and  
multiple tornadoes, all at the same  
time, all around the globe?

MALE VOICE (O.S.)  
Two words. Carbon emissions--

Dean SNORTS, SCOFFS, at this--

DEAN  
Yeah, right, Wavy Gravy.

Dean flips off the TV.

KNOCK KNOCK! The door. Sam looks at Dean-- is he expecting  
anyone? Dean shakes his head. They both pull out PISTOLS.  
Keep them concealed, as Sam opens the door, revealing--

BECKY. Who immediately starts CRYING. Think that 60's  
footage of girls in the grip of Beatlemania. It's very much  
like that. She doesn't even say anything. Just cries.

SAM  
(at a loss)  
Lady... you okay?

BECKY  
Sam, is it really you?

She reaches out and touches him, ends up caressing his chest.

BECKY  
And you're so firm...

SAM  
Um... do I know you?

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED:

14

BECKY

No, but I know you. You're Sam Winchester and you're--

She pivots to Dean. Her face falls, disappointed.

BECKY

--not what I pictured.

(shakes it off)

I've read all about you guys. Even written a few--

(a small awkward cough;  
she retreats)

Anyway. Mr. Edlund told me where you were.

DEAN

Chuck?

BECKY

He's got a message, but he's being watched. Angels. Nice change-up to the mythology, by the way, the Demon stuff was getting kinda old.

SAM

Just-- what's the message?

BECKY

He had a vision.

(remembering)

"The Michael Sword is on Earth. The Angels lost it."

DEAN

(means nothing to him)

The Michael Sword?

But it sure as shit means something to Sam. He's EXCITED--

SAM

Becky, he say where it is?

BECKY

In a castle. On a hill made of 42 Dogs.

DEAN

42... Dogs?

SAM

You sure you got that right?

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED: (2) 14

Becky reaches out, seemingly casually, to touch Sam's chest. But ends up gently rubbing it...

BECKY

I know, doesn't make sense, but that's what he said. I memorized every word. For you.

SAM

Um. Becky. Can you quit touching me?

BECKY

No.

15 EXT. MOTEL - DAY - FEW HOURS LATER 15

The BELOVED IMPALA PULLS up to the MOTEL. A very recognizable and beloved BOOT steps out.

16 INT. MOTEL ROOM - DAY 16

A KNOCK on the DOOR. Dean moves for it.

DEAN

Listen, I didn't tell him what happened at the convent--

SAM

Dean--

DEAN

(pointed)

And we're gonna keep it that way. Alright?

Sam doesn't feel right about this. Dean opens the door, revealing BOBBY. A sight for sore eyes. They've all been through a lot since last they met...

BOBBY

Hey, boys. Good to see you all in one piece.

Bobby and Dean hug.

DEAN

Heya, Bobby.

Bobby and Sam hug, too.

DEAN

You weren't followed, were you?

(CONTINUED)

16 CONTINUED:

16

BOBBY

You mean-- by Angels, Demons, or  
Sam's new superfan?

SAM

You heard.

BOBBY

(wry smile)

Oh, I heard, Romeo.

(anyway--)

So. Sword of Michael, huh?

DEAN

You think we're talking about the  
actual sword from the actual  
Archangel?

BOBBY

You better friggin' hope so.

17 INT. MOTEL ROOM - DAY - MINUTES LATER

17

A THICK, DUSTY OCCULT BOOK. Hands FLIP OPEN a PAGE-- an  
ancient painting of Michael. He holds a MASSIVE SWORD. (And  
he's got feminine features, golden hair, typical of  
Renaissance depictions).

Sam, Dean, and Bobby stand over it.

BOBBY

That's Michael. He's the toughest  
sumbitch they got.

DEAN

Tough? He looks like Cate  
Blanchett.

Bobby and Sam give Dean looks. How does he even know who  
Cate Blanchett is? He just shrugs, awkward. Then--

BOBBY

Wouldn't wanna meet him in a dark  
alley, believe me.

Sam flips through PAGES as Bobby speaks. Every PAGE shows a  
painting of Michael, and in every painting, he's got that  
sword...

(CONTINUED)



BOBBY

He commands the Heavenly Host.  
During the last big dust-up  
upstairs, Michael's the one who  
booted Lucifer's ass to the  
basement. And he used that sword  
to do it. So if we can find it...

SAM

We can kick the Devil's ass all  
over again.

DEAN

Yeah, except-- Chuck's vision? The  
dude was shrooming.

BOBBY

Ever read Revelation? So was St.  
John.

SAM

So where do we start?

Bobby gestures to a MASSIVE PILE of BOOKS on the bed.

BOBBY

Divvy up and start reading. See if  
we can make sense outta Chuck's  
nonsense.

Sam heads over, starts picking books... but he looks  
conflicted. He's got something on his mind. Bobby notices--

BOBBY

Kid? You alright?

SAM

Um. No, actually.  
(then)  
Bobby, this is... all my fault.  
I'm sorry.

DEAN

(shut up)  
Sam...

BOBBY

What's your fault?

SAM

Lilith didn't break the Final Seal.  
She was the Final Seal. I killed  
her, I set Lucifer free.

(CONTINUED)

DEAN

Shut up!

BOBBY

(quiet, horrified)

You what?

SAM

You guys warned me about Ruby, the demon blood, but I didn't listen... I brought this on...

Bobby takes a long beat. Approaches Sam. Looking, long and meaningful, into his face. We're wondering what Bobby is going to say. But we don't expect this-- it's quiet, HURT--

BOBBY

You're damn right you didn't listen. You were reckless and selfish and arrogant.

SAM

I'm sorry.

BOBBY

Oh yeah? You're sorry you started Armageddon? That kinda thing don't get forgiven, boy.

(betrayed)

I trusted you.

Sam doesn't have an answer to this. He just takes it-- takes the knife twisting in his gut.

Dean watches-- surprised at Bobby's reaction. As angry as Dean is, he can't help but feel for his brother.

BOBBY

If, by some miracle, we pull this off? I want you to lose my number. You understand me?

Sam nods. He doesn't know what else to say. Except--

SAM

Um. There's a pretty big church nearby. Maybe I should... go dig through the lore books there.

BOBBY

Yeah. You do that.

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED: (3) 17

Sadly, awkwardly, Sam looks at Dean and Bobby. Maybe he can never fix things with his family. Dean looks back. Somber. Emotional. Conflicted. (But definitely NOT cold).

Sam exits.

18 INT. NICK'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT 18

**SUPER TITLE: PIKE CREEK, DELAWARE**

It was once a warm, homey kitchen. But lately, it hasn't been used. We SPY an EMPTY PIZZA BOX or TWO here, a few empty beer bottles there. We might also notice a few BABY TOYS around... a CHILD'S MECHANICAL SWING in the corner...

CLOSE ON: a CABINET. Hands open it, revealing a nice, 18 year bottle of Scotch.

NICK

I'm breaking out the good stuff.

At the table-- FATHER JOE, 40s. Down to earth. Practical. Thick, workman's hands-- he was bred from a long line.

FATHER JOE

Why the hell you think I come by so often?

Nick smiles. Joe smiles back. They're old friends.

NICK

Jerk.

Nick sits at the table. Pours.

FATHER JOE

So. Your nightmare...

NICK

(face clouds)

Not so sure it was. It felt... she looked so real...

FATHER JOE

I'm sure she did. I think this kinda response is pretty natural, Nick.

NICK

Maybe.

Nick takes a beat. Stares into his whiskey. Confesses--

(CONTINUED)



18

CONTINUED:

18

NICK

I'm not having an easy go of it.

FATHER JOE

...I know.

NICK

Answer me something, Joe. Why me?  
Why am I being punished?

FATHER JOE

You're not.

NICK

I did everything I was supposed to.  
I was a regular customer at  
confession. Barely missed a Sunday  
Mass until... you know.

Joe knows. He looks down into his drink.

Nick's quietly angry. Emotional.

NICK

So how am I supposed to square this  
away? This was God's Plan? He do  
this for a reason? What happened  
to them-- was that for a reason?

FATHER JOE

(sighs)

You wanna know the truth? I don't  
know. It's shaken me, too, and I'm  
wearin' the collar.

(beat)

All I know is, I'm your friend, and  
I hate seeing you like this.

NICK

These days-- what you see is what  
you get.

FATHER JOE

Just... try packing up the toys, at  
least. One step at a time. Just  
try.

Off Nick, thinking. Not sure that he can.

19

INT. MOTEL ROOM - THAT NIGHT

19

Dean and Bobby. Each bleary-eyed, poring over their  
respective BOOK of LORE. A beat. Then--

(CONTINUED)



19 CONTINUED:

19

BOBBY

You know, I never woulda guessed--  
that your Daddy was right.

DEAN

About what?

BOBBY

(this isn't easy for him)  
...about your brother.

(off Dean's look)

What John told you. Save Sam or  
kill him. Maybe...

DEAN

Maybe what?

BOBBY

...maybe we shouldn't've tried so  
hard to save him, you know?

DEAN

Bobby--

BOBBY

He ended the world, Dean. And we  
weren't strong enough to stop him  
proper. That's on us.

Dean, troubled, marinates in this for a beat. Then... he  
frowns... as a lightbulb slowly buzzes to life...

DEAN

...Dad...? Oh my God, Dad--

BOBBY

What?

With renewed energy, Dean starts rifling through his DUFFLE  
BAG. Tossing clothes out--

DEAN

It's around here, I know it.

BOBBY

What're you talking about?

Dean finds it. He pulls out-- a BUSINESS CARD.

DEAN

Here.

(reads it)

I don't believe it.

(CONTINUED)

BOBBY  
What the hell is it?

DEAN  
Card. For my Dad's lock-up. In  
Upstate New York. Read.

Bobby takes the card, reads it. Also amazed.

BOBBY  
Castle Storage. 42 Rover Hill.

DEAN  
Castle on a hill a' 42 dogs.

BOBBY  
(amazed)  
You think your Dad had the Michael  
Sword all this time?

DEAN  
I dunno. Not sure what else Chuck  
coulda meant.

Bobby think about this. Then nods. Dean's right.

BOBBY  
Yeah, okay. Good enough for me.

And with that, Bobby SUDDENLY and SHOCKINGLY BACKHANDS Dean!  
With superhuman strength! Dean SAILS through the AIR,  
SMASHES through a GLASS COFFEE TABLE. Badly dazed--

Bobby smiles an enigmatic little smile. As his EYES FLASH  
BLACK! Holy shit-- Bobby's a DEMON!

BLACKOUT!

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

20 INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS 20

Bobby ROUGHLY HAULS Dean up to his feet. Dean struggles, but Bobby's got an iron grip. As--

The MOTEL DOOR OPENS. And a BEAUTIFUL WOMAN, 30, ENTERS. Along with a DEMON MINION.

BEAUTIFUL WOMAN

I always knew you were a big, dumb, slow, dim pain in the ass, Dean. But I never dreamt you were so V.I.P. I mean, you're supposed to ice the Devil? You? If I'd known, I'd've ripped your pretty, pretty face off ages ago.

DEAN

(chilled)

...Ruby...

BEAUTIFUL WOMAN

(rolls her eyes)

Try again. Go back further.

DEAN

Meg.

Yep-- it's our old Season One Adversary, the Demon Meg! In a new meatsuit. She smiles, a bit like Nicki used to.

MEG

Hi.

Meg saunters into the room. Picks up-- the DEMON KILLING KNIFE from a table. Plays with it.

MEG

These are the days of miracle and wonder, Dean. Our Father's among us. You know we're all dreaming again, first time since we were human? It's Heaven on Earth-- or Hell. We really owe your brother a fruit basket.

DEAN

My God, you like the sound of your own voice.

(CONTINUED)



MEG

(continuing)

But you, on the other hand? You're the only bump in the road. So every Demon, every single one, is just dying for a piece of you.

DEAN

Get in line, bitch.

She gets right into his face. Sultry, seductive, playful.

MEG

Oh, I'm at the front of the line, baby. Let's ride.

And with that, she holds his face, shoves her tongue down his throat. He's resistant. After a beat, she pulls back.

DEAN

(deadpan serious)

Have you been eating peanut butter?

Meg gives a thin, pissed smile. She nods in Bobby's direction.

MEG

You know, your surrogate Daddy's still awake. Screaming in there. And I want him to know how it feels, slicing the life outta you.

(then)

Buh-bye, Dean.

Bobby's been holding Dean. Now he SHOVES Dean back against a wall, pinning him down with his forearm. Face to face. Dean struggles. No good.

Meg hands Bobby the knife with his free hand.

Bobby's EYES GO BLACK.

DEAN

Bobby... no... don't...

CLOSE ON: Bobby RAISES the KNIFE-- to Dean's THROAT. One quick slice and it's all over. The KNIFE BITES into the FLESH of DEAN'S NECK.

But why is Bobby hesitating? Why is his hand QUIVERING?

CLOSE ON: A BEAD of SWEAT, down Bobby's BROW--

(CONTINUED)

20 CONTINUED: (2)

20

MEG

Now!

Suddenly, the BLACK DISSOLVES from BOBBY'S EYES!

BOBBY

NO!!

And Bobby STABS HIMSELF, middle of his torso, just below his rib cage!

He drops to his knees, BLACK SMOKE POURS OUT OF HIM!

Dean doesn't waste any time-- he LUNGES forward-- gets in a few GOOD PUNCHES across Meg's JAW--

Before the MINION GRABS DEAN, SWINGS HIM INTO THE WALL!

Just then... SAM opens the door, eyes widen at the sight before him--

SAM

Dean!

Sam charges forward to help-- but Meg is suddenly there, as if from nowhere, SMASHING a HEAVY, OLD SCHOOL PHONE full across Sam's face with a CLANG! Ouch!

MEG

Heya, Sammy. You miss me? Cause I sure missed you--

SAM

Meg?

She smiles. Yep.

Sam takes a swing at her, but she ducks, and proceeds to kick his ass. SMASHING him in the face with her fists, elbows, knees. It's brutal. As she punishes him--

MEG

Not so easy without the super special Demon powers, huh, Sammy? Bet you're just dying for a sip 'a my blood about now. You had the rest, now taste the best.

MEANWHILE, Dean's getting his ass kicked, too. He's on the ground, not too far from Bobby, protecting his body, as the MINION kicks him in the gut, over and over.

(CONTINUED)

20 CONTINUED: (3)

20

But Dean's only been biding his time-- he reaches out, PULLS the KNIFE from Bobby's GUT! In one swift move he TRIPS the MINION, he's on him in a flash, and DRIVES the KNIFE HOME!

The Demon FLARES OUT, and he's DEAD.

Just then, Sam manages to SHOVE MEG across the room--

She sees-- Sam and Dean. Both approaching. Dean holds the knife. She's no dummy-- she gives the guys a coy SMILE-- a "see you soon" kind of look--

--then SMOKES out of the meatsuit, which drops to the floor.

A dust-settling beat.

Dean looks at Sam. Sam's face is spattered with blood. With a hard edge to his voice--

DEAN

That your blood or hers?

SAM

Why, what do you think I'm gonna do?

DEAN

(beat)

Just help me with Bobby.

21 INT. HOSPITAL - ER - NIGHT

21

It's MADNESS. This has been their busiest night in years. Maybe ever. DOCTORS, INJURED PEOPLE HUSTLING EVERYWHERE.

Sam and Dean SHOULDER Bobby through the door. His chest is drenched in blood, he's pale, barely conscious.

DEAN

Help! We need help!

TWO ORDERLIES and a NURSE RUSH OVER-- the ORDERLIES get Bobby onto a GURNEY--

NURSE

What happened?!

DEAN

He was stabbed.

The Orderlies begin wheeling Bobby away. Sam moves to follow. The Nurse stands in Sam's way--

(CONTINUED)



21 CONTINUED:

21

NURSE  
Just wait here--

SAM  
We're not leaving him!

The Nurse won't relent-- she's STRESSED--

NURSE  
I'm having the night from hell  
here, son, so back off!  
(then, firm)  
Just-- don't move. I have  
questions.

She hurries off. Sam and Dean look off in Bobby's direction.  
Worried as hell. Then... Dean hates to say it, but...

DEAN  
We gotta go, Sammy.

SAM  
What? No way!

DEAN  
The Demons heard where the sword  
is, alright? We gotta get it  
before they do!  
(grim)  
If we're not too late already.

Sam glares at Dean. But he knows Dean's right. They throw  
one last concerned look down the hall. Then exit.

22 INT. NICK'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

22

CLOSE ON: hands place a TEDDY BEAR into a PACKING BOX.

Nick. Doing his best to keep a stiff upper lip. He's in his  
kitchen, placing INFANT TOYS into the box. Each one is a  
fresh and painful memory. A slow beat or two of this--

When, over his shoulder--

The MECHANICAL CHILD'S SWING. Starts SWINGING. A LOUD,  
CLUNKY MOTOR. It plays an ELECTRONIC LULLABY, too.  
Obviously, very creepy in this context.

Nick pivots to it, jumps at first, then disturbed. He  
approaches it slow. What the hell?

Then he reaches out... pushes a button...

(CONTINUED)

22 CONTINUED: 22

And it SHUTS OFF. Silence. Nick looks at it. Then...

He hears another noise. FAINT. What is that?

With a sinking feeling, he realizes, looks in the direction of--

THE PACKING BOX. It's coming from in there.

He walks over. Begins pulling out the toys. The BLANKETS. The noise grows louder, more clear.

It's the GRATING, HAUNTING SOUND of a BABY CRYING.

Finally, from the bottom of the box, his face a mask of horror, Nick removes--

A BABY MONITOR. The screen is black. But its lights are flashing. As a BABY BAWLS at the other end.

23 INT. NICK'S HOUSE - NURSERY - CONTINUOUS 23

Nick enters the NURSERY. Slow. Flips on the light. Only to discover...

It's normal. Quiet. The monitor, still in his hand, has gone silent. He steps forward, looks at the crib.

POV. Empty crib. A BUMPER (a fabric pad) rings around the baby's mattress.

Nick exhales. He's losing it.

He pivots for the doorway. But behind him...

LOW ANGLE ON CRIB. The bumper prevents us from seeing what's inside. But in the OPEN SEAM between the bumper and mattress... BLOOD STARTS FLOWING DOWN. IMPOSSIBLE amounts of BLOOD. The entire length of the mattress.

In the doorway, Nick senses something-- turns back around. Sees it. Covers his mouth with emotion and horror.

POV ANGLE. We're inside the crib, as if we were a baby. Looking up. As Nick steps forward, looks down at us. Whatever he sees-- he FUCKING LOSES IT!

NICK

NO! NO!

REVERSE POV. Over Nick's shoulder, looking down at the crib. It's completely empty. NO BLOOD. But Nick's a broken man.

(CONTINUED)

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23 CONTINUED: 23

He drops to his knees. Crying.

24 EXT. CASTLE STORAGE - NIGHT 24

A LIT SIGN-- **CASTLE STORAGE.**

The IMPALA is parked off to the side. Sam and Dean at the trunk. Dean shoves the DEMON KILLING KNIFE in his waistband. Sam cocks a SALT SHOTGUN. Dean snags one for himself.

Armed, locked and loaded, they move, cautious and careful, toward the entrance.

25 INT. CASTLE STORAGE - JUST OUTSIDE UNIT - NIGHT 25

They round the corner, with military precision. Sweeping the area with guns, covering each other, etc. They reach the LOCK UP. It's got a ROLL-UP DOOR.

Dean quietly UNLOCKS the ROLL-UP DOOR. They give each other "here goes" nods. Then Dean PULLS IT UP with a LOUD RATTLE-- REVEALING--

26 INT. DAD'S STORAGE UNIT - CONTINUOUS 26

(NOTE: as much as we possibly can, this should look like the Storage Unit from Season 3's "Bad Day at Black Rock.")

There's been a FIGHT HERE. RACKS are OVERTURNED. HEX BOXES SMASHED. The DEVIL'S TRAP at the ENTRANCE, BROKEN in SEVERAL PLACES.

The floor's LITTERED WITH FOUR BODIES, FACE DOWN-- and in the middle of the room--

ZACHARIAH. And his TWO ANGEL GOONS. Zach gently pokes one of the bodies with the toe of his shoe. Nodding at it--

ZACHARIAH

I see you told the Demons where the sword is. Smooth as ever, guys.

Zachariah makes a compact little motion with his hand, the ROLLING DOOR CLATTERS DOWN behind the guys.

DEAN

(dry; a la "Fletch")  
Oh. Thank God. The Angels.

ZACHARIAH

And to think... they could've grabbed it any time they wanted. It was right in front of 'em.

(CONTINUED)



SAM

What do you mean?

ZACHARIAH

We may have planted that particular piece of prophecy inside of Chuck's skull, but it still happened to be true.

(then)

We did lose the Michael Sword. We truly couldn't find it-- until now. You just hand-delivered it to us.

DEAN

We don't have it...

Zach rolls his eyes. Christ, this kid is dense.

ZACHARIAH

It's you, chucklehead. You're the Michael Sword.

Off Sam and Dean's "holy shit" looks, we--

BLACKOUT!

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

27 INT. DAD'S STORAGE UNIT - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS 27

Zach. His two goons. Sam. Dean.

ZACHARIAH

What, you thought you could actually kill Lucifer? You simpering wad of insecurity and self-loathing? No. You're just a human, Dean. And not much of one.

DEAN

So what's it mean, I'm the sword?

ZACHARIAH

You're Michael's weapon. Well, more like his receptacle.

Dean, awed, wheels spinning, puts it together--

DEAN

I'm a vessel...?

ZACHARIAH

You're the vessel. Michael's vessel.

DEAN

What... how? Why me?

ZACHARIAH

(enigmatic)

Because you're chosen. It's a great honor, Dean.

DEAN

Yeah. Life as an Angel condom. Real treat, but I'll pass, thanks.

Zach's got a meaner demeanor. It's war-time, he's stressed, and he's fresh out of patience. He's furious, but it's quiet. Simmering. Which makes it all the more deadly--

ZACHARIAH

Joking. Always joking. Well. No more jokes.

Zach raises his hand, holds it as if it was a gun. Points it at Dean. Dean reacts-- a little nervous-- he knows what Zach's capable of. Then, suddenly, Zach swings his gun/hand over in Sam's direction. Quietly, underplayed--

(CONTINUED)

ZACHARIAH

Bang.

Sam DROPS to the floor. HOWLING in PAIN. Like a marionette with his strings cut.

Dean steps forward.

DEAN

You sonofabitch!

ZACHARIAH

Keep mouthing off, and I'll break more than his legs.

Dean thinks better of it. Stands down. But stares bloody-murder-daggers at Zach.

Sam, swallowing his pain, stays down, watching Zach.

ZACHARIAH

I am completely and utterly through screwing around.

(then)

The war has begun, and we don't have our General. That's bad. Now. Michael's going to take his vessel, and lead the Final Charge against the Adversary. You understand me?

DEAN

And how many humans burn in the crossfire? A million? Five? Ten?

ZACHARIAH

Probably more. But if Lucifer goes unchecked, you know how many die? All of them. He'll roast the planet alive.

Dean takes another wheel-spinning beat. Something doesn't add up.

DEAN

There's a reason you're telling me all this, isn't there? Instead of just nabbing me.

(figures it out)

You need my consent. Michael needs my say-so to ride around in my skin.

(CONTINUED)



27 CONTINUED: (2)

27

ZACHARIAH  
Unfortunately-- yes.

Dean thinks about it.

DEAN  
There's gotta be another way.  
Without all the collateral damage.

ZACHARIAH  
(through gritted teeth;  
temper barely in check)  
There is no other way. There must  
be a battle. Michael must defeat  
the serpent. It is Written.  
Thousands of years of Prophecy have  
led us to this moment--

Dean takes a long, thoughtful beat. Looks at Sam. Sam knows  
what he's going to say. Knows the shit storm they're about  
to unleash. But Sam nods. Do it.

DEAN  
Yeah, maybe. But on the other  
hand: eat me. The answer's no.

ZACHARIAH  
How about this? Your friend Bobby--  
we know he's gravely injured. Say  
'yes,' we'll heal him. Say 'no,'  
he'll never walk again.

Another beat. This isn't easy for Dean. But--

DEAN  
No.

ZACHARIAH  
Then how about we heal you-- from  
Stage 4 Stomach Cancer?

And with that, Dean collapses to the ground, holding his gut,  
in some of the worst pain he's ever felt. He spits up a  
thick spray of BLOOD. Still--

DEAN  
...no...

ZACHARIAH  
Okay, then let's get creative.  
Let's see how Sam does-- without  
his lungs.

(CONTINUED)

27 CONTINUED: (3)

27

And with that, Sam opens his mouth, begins CHOKING-- except there's no sound. No breathing. Because he has NO LUNGS.

ZACHARIAH  
We having FUN yet?  
(scary intense)  
You're going to say yes, Dean!

DEAN  
(in agony)  
...just kill us...

ZACHARIAH  
Kill you? Oh no. I'm just getting  
started!

Sam. Still can't breathe. His eyes roll. He goes unconscious.

Dean. On the floor. Exhausted. In agony. Blood down his chin. But he still looks up at Zachariah. Heroic. Defiant.

When suddenly, Dean's eyes SHIFT-- he sees SOMETHING, in the corner of the room. It's all in his expression. He registers surprise, then just as quickly, covers his EYES--

A BRIGHT BLAZING, LIGHT overtakes Zach! As well as a powerful GUST of WIND. A ear-shattering WHOOSH! Zach pivots to see--

CASTIEL!

He PULLS his SILVER ANGEL KNIFE from the NECK of ONE ANGEL GOON. (He stabbed him from behind, leaving a CG hole in the front of his neck, like in ep. 415).

The SECOND ANGEL GOON CHARGES HIM-- pulling his SILVER ANGEL KNIFE-- he ATTACKS-- but Cass FIGHTS BACK-- and he's BRUTAL. More down-and-dirty, more bad-ass, than we've ever seen him. He SNAPS the GOON'S ARM, causing him to drop his knife. Then, with knees and elbows, beats the ever-loving shit out of the goon, until finally--

Cass throws the goon, face first, into a pillar-- then DRIVES his blade into the back of the Angel's neck. Another SEARING FLASH of LIGHT.

And Castiel stands alone. Facing Zach. Almost subconsciously, Zach takes a half-step back. Trying to keep a poker face, but he's SCARED.

Dean. Watching this. Amazed.

(CONTINUED)

ZACHARIAH

...how... how are you--?

CASTIEL

Alive? Good question. And how did these two end up on that airplane? Another good question. Because the Angels didn't do it.

(then)

I think we both know the answer. Don't we?

ZACHARIAH

No. That's impossible.

CASTIEL

It scares you. And it should.

(then, eyes burning)

Now put these boys back together and go. I won't ask twice.

Zachariah takes a beat. Weighing his options. Furious.

CLOSE ON CASTIEL.

WIDE ON ROOM. Zachariah is gone.

Sam wakes, inhaling greedy gulps of air. Dean exhales-- no longer in agony. He climbs to his feet, shaky, heads over and helps Sam to his feet.

CASTIEL

You two need to be more careful.

DEAN

Yeah, I'm starting to get that. Your frat bros are even bigger dicks than I thought.

CASTIEL

I don't mean the Angels. Lucifer's circling his vessel. And once he takes it-- those hex bags won't be enough to protect you--

And with that, Castiel reaches out, places a hand on both Sam and Dean's chests. Whatever he does, it HURTS!

SAM

OW!!

DEAN

What the hell was that?!

(CONTINUED)



27 CONTINUED: (5)

27

CASTIEL

It's an Enochian Sigil. It'll hide you from every Angel in Creation. Including Lucifer.

Dean, rubbing his sore chest.

DEAN

What'd you do, brand us with it?

CASTIEL

(simply)

No. I carved it into your ribs.

Yikes. Castiel pivots to go.

SAM

Cass, were you really dead?

CASTIEL

Yes.

DEAN

So how are you back?

Castiel doesn't give an answer. Only looks at the boys.

CLOSE ON THE BOYS. Reacting, as Cass vanishes O.S.--

WIDE ON THE ROOM. Castiel is GONE.

Off our bewildered heroes...

28 INT. NICK'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

28

Nick. Asleep in his bed. Restless sleep, but sleep. When we HEAR a WHISPERY FEMALE VOICE--

SARAH (O.S.)

...Nick. Nick.

Nick JOLTS awake. Expecting to see another phantom. But the bed is empty. The room is empty. It's quiet. Normal.

He tries to gather himself. It was only a dream. But then--

SARAH (O.S.)

You're dreaming, Nick. But that doesn't mean this isn't real.

SARAH. She steps, completely concealed, from a inky, shadowy corner of the room. She wears a nightgown. But she isn't bloody. She looks beautiful.

(CONTINUED)

NICK

...Sarah?

SARAH

I'm not your wife, Nick. Not really. I'm an Angel.

Nick sits on the edge of the bed, then eventually stands, as Herr Director sees fit.

NICK

An Angel?

SARAH

My name is Lucifer.

Nick nods, as if this was the most normal thing in the world.

NICK

Sure. Naturally. Hey, do me a solid, would you, Satan? Remind me to quit drinking before bed.

SARAH

(continues)

I'm here because you're special, Nick. There's very, very few people like you.

NICK

Is that so?

SARAH

You're a vessel. A very powerful vessel.

NICK

Meaning what, exactly...?

SARAH

It means I need to take control of your body and mind. To be honest, it'll probably be unpleasant for you. But it is necessary.

Nick is starting to feel uneasy. This is becoming a nightmare...

NICK

Okay, look, if it's all the same to you, I think I wanna wake up now.

(CONTINUED)

Sarah steps forward to Nick.

SARAH

I told you. This is real.

Nick steps back. He's got the creeps.

SARAH

Don't be afraid. This is your choice. You need to invite me in.

NICK

Alright, so, even if this was real-- which it's not-- but saying it was... why the hell would I do something like that?

SARAH

You people misunderstand me. You call me Devil and Satan. But do you know my crime?

(then)

I loved God too much. That's all. And for that, He betrayed me. Punished me.

(then)

Just as He punished you.

That got Nick's attention. For the first time, Nick stares at Sarah/Lucifer meaningfully. Really listening.

SARAH

After all-- how could God stand idly by, while that man broke into your home and butchered your family in their beds? Well. There's only two rational answers. He's either sadistic-- or He doesn't care.

Nick's jaw tightens with emotion.

SARAH

You're angry. You have every right to be. I'm angry, too. That's why I want to find Him. Hold Him accountable for his actions. Just because He created us, doesn't mean He gets to toy with us like playthings.

Nick is really contemplating this--

(CONTINUED)



NICK

(choked up)

I help you, can you... can you  
bring my family back?

SARAH

I'm sorry. I can't. But I can  
give you the next best thing.

(off Nick's look)

God did this to you, Nick. And I  
can give you justice. Peace.

Nick's faltering... really wavering here...

NICK

How do I know you're telling the  
truth?

SARAH

Because, contrary to popular  
belief, I don't lie. I don't need  
to. What I need is you. I need  
you to say 'yes.'

Nick sits on the bed. Vulnerable, pained, angry, bitter. A  
long, long beat. Then he looks up... simply...

NICK

Then yes.

The windows of his bedroom BLAZE with LIGHT-- FLARING the  
LENS-- as if a nuclear bomb detonated inside--

And in a way, it did.

BLACKOUT.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

30 INT. HOSPITAL - HALLWAY - BOBBY'S ROOM - NIGHT 30

We're looking at Bobby's CLOSED DOOR. BOBBY'S SHOUTS BELLOW from behind it--

BOBBY (O.S.)

"Unlikely to walk again?!?" You  
snot-nosed sonofabitch! Wait 'till  
I get outta this bed--

The door opens, a flustered YOUNG INTERNIST beats a hasty retreat down the hall, as Bobby (now visible in the open doorway, in bed) yells after him...

BOBBY

--take my game leg and KICK YOUR  
FRIGGIN' ASS!!

(then)

Yeah, you BETTER RUN!

31 INT. HOSPITAL - BOBBY'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS 31

Bobby turns to Sam and Dean, who are in the room...

BOBBY

You believe that yahoo?

Dean and Sam look at each other. Avert their eyes. Guilty. They know what Zach said.

DEAN

...screw him. You'll be fine.

An awkward beat. Then--

SAM

So. Lemme ask the million dollar question here-- what the hell are we gonna do?

BOBBY

(deep sigh)

Well, I suppose we save as many as we can, as long as we can. Outside a' that-- I dunno. It's bad. I mean, Heaven or Hell, whoever wins, we're boned.

DEAN

Well, what if we win?

(CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED:

31

Bobby and Sam turn to him.

DEAN

I'm serious. Screw the Angels and the Demons and their crap Apocalypse. They wanna fight a war, they can pick another planet. But this one's ours, and they can just get the hell off it.

(then)

I say we take 'em all on. We kill the Devil, hell, we kill Michael if we have to. And we do it our own damn selves.

BOBBY

Oh yeah? And how we gonna do all that, genius?

DEAN

I got no idea. But you know what I do got? A G.E.D. and a give 'em hell attitude, and I'm gonna figure it out.

Bobby looks at Dean. Then can't help but smile.

BOBBY

You are nine kinds of crazy, boy.

DEAN

It's been said.  
(a hand on Bobby's shoulder)

You stay on the mend. We'll see you in a bit.

Dean and Sam head to the door. Bobby calls after them--

BOBBY

Sam?

Sam and Dean both pivot back.

BOBBY

You know. I was awake. I know what I said to you back there. And I want you to know, that was the Demon talking.

(off Sam's nod)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)



31 CONTINUED: (2)

31

BOBBY (CONT'D)

Now, I must be the most forgiving sonofabitch on God's Green Earth, or what's left of it, but I don't give up on people. And I ain't gonna cut you out, boy. Not ever.

A bit of compassion, a bit of relief, goes a very long way with Sam right now. This means everything to him, but he only gives a simple, quiet, sincere--

SAM

Thanks, Bobby.

BOBBY

You're welcome. I deserve a damn medal for this, but you're welcome.

Sam smiles. Bobby smiles back.

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32

Sam and Dean exit the hospital, heading for the Impala. Sam, coming off the talk with Bobby, feels momentarily cheered.

SAM

Hey, you know what I was thinking? Maybe we could find the Colt again.

Dean has a different demeanor than he had in the hospital room. He's quiet. Slow simmering.

DEAN

Why? What difference does it make?

SAM

Well, maybe we could use it on Lucifer. I mean, you just said--

DEAN

A buncha crap for Bobby's benefit.

(off Sam's surprise)

I mean, look, I'll fight till the last man, but let's at least be honest. We don't got a snowball's chance, and you know it.

(then, a jab)

Hell, you know it better than anyone.

Sam watches Dean. He can sense something's up. They know each other too well.

(CONTINUED)

SAM

There something you wanna say to me?

Dean takes a deep breath. He's NOT ANGRY-- he's sad. Somber. There's a maturity to his honesty.

DEAN

I tried. I really tried. But I just can't pretend everything's okay anymore.

(then)

Cause it's not. It'll never be okay. You chose a Demon over your own brother, Sam. And look what happened.

SAM

You know I'd give anything-- anything-- to take it all back.

DEAN

I know you would. And I know how sorry you are, I do. But-- you're the person I depended on the most. And you let me down in ways that I can't even...

(lets that trail off;  
then:)

I'm just having a hard time forgivin' and forgettin' here.

SAM

What can I do?

DEAN

Honestly-- nothing. I just don't... I don't think we'll ever be what we were, you know?

(finally--)

I just don't think I can trust you. I'm sorry.

Dean doesn't feel good about saying this. But it has to be said. And there's nothing more to say.

Dean walks off. Sam watches him go. Off Sam--

BLACKOUT.

TO BE CONTINUED...