

SUPERNATURAL

Episode #504

"The End"

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REVISION HISTORY

<u>Revision</u>	<u>Date</u>	<u>Revised Pages</u>
Production Draft - White	08/03/09	Full Script

Episode #504

"The End"

CAST LIST

SAM WINCHESTER / LUCIFER
DEAN WINCHESTER / FUTURE DEAN

JARED PADALECKI
JENSEN ACKLES

CASTIEL
CHUCK SHURLEY
ZACHARIAH

MISHA COLLINS
ROB BENEDICT
KURT FULLER

GAUNT MAN
RISA
YAGER

JOHN PAUL MCGLYNN

MICHAEL JONSSON

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"The End"

TEASER

FADE IN:

1 EXT. HOTEL - KANSAS CITY - NIGHT (PRESENT DAY 1) 1 *

WIDE ON a recently rain-shined street. A COUPLE strolls by, the man just closing up his umbrella.

A GAUNT MAN in a somber black suit holds a pamphlet up, trailing them as he spiels. They gain off, and he sets his sights on THE IMPALA as it growls to a stop at the curb.

CLOSER ON IMPALA - DEAN WINCHESTER is tired. He yawns deeply, gets out, hefts a duffel bag, and turns just in time to face a proffered PAMPHLET: "**GOD IS LOVE!**"

GAUNT MAN

Excuse me, friend! But have you taken time out to think about God's plan for you?

DEAN

(bleary deadpan)
Too friggin' much, actually.

The man eyes Dean curiously. Dean trudges past him and heads for the HOTEL OFFICE.

2 INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT 2

Dean, on his cell phone, draws the curtains closed.

DEAN

We're talking about the Colt, right? The Colt?

CASTIEL (PHONE)

We are.

DEAN

But it doesn't make any sense. Why would the demons keep around a gun that kills demons?

On Cass' side of the line, we hear a LOUD OS RUMBLE.

3

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT - INTERCUT

3

CASTIEL stands on the highway shoulder, on his cell, finger plugged in his ear as a BIG RIG thunders by, HORN BLARING.

CASTIEL

What? I didn't-- I didn't get that--

We INTERCUT freely during this conversation.

DEAN

(dry chuckle)
Kinda funny, talking to one of God's Messengers on a cell phone. Like watching a Hell's Angel ride a moped.

CASTIEL

(grave import)
This isn't funny. *The voice says*
I'm almost out of minutes.

DEAN

Anyway. I'm telling you, the mooks melted the gun down by now.

CASTIEL

I hear differently. And if it's true, and if you're still set on the insane task of killing the Devil-- this is the way to do it.

DEAN

(thinks about it, SIGHS)
Yeah, okay. Where do we start?

CASTIEL

(takes a moment;
frustrated)
Where are you now?

DEAN

Kansas City. Century Hotel, room 113.

Cass closes his eyes-- honing in on it with his angel GPS.

CASTIEL

I'll be there immediately--

Dean senses Cass' next move and hollers:

(CONTINUED)

DEAN

Whoa--! Hold on, man. I just
drove sixteen hours straight. I'm
human, you know? I got stuff I
gotta do.

CASTIEL

What 'stuff'?

DEAN

Eat, for example. In this case,
sleep-- just four hours once in
awhile, okay?

*

CASTIEL

Yes.

DEAN

So you can 'pop in' tomorrow
morning.

Dean hangs up. CLICK. DIAL TONE. Castiel keeps talking.

CASTIEL

Yes.

Cass hangs up, glances around at the interstate periphery of
no-man's land he finds himself in. Awkwardly, to no one:

CASTIEL

I'll just... wait here then.

AS LONG A BEAT as we can get away with, of Cass, wind-
tousled, regarding the bleak night with blank countenance.

4

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT - HOURS LATER

4

ON CLOCK FACE by the bed; it reads 4:15 am. Dean is out.
His CELL RINGS. He stirs, fumbles for it, groaning.

DEAN

Cass, dammit -- I need to sleep!

SAM (PHONE)

Dean-- It's me.

DEAN

(checks clock, squinting)
Sam, it's quarter past four.

SAM (PHONE)

This is important.

(CONTINUED)

A beat, then Dean relents with a sigh.

TIMECUT - BLACK SCREEN - We're inside the dark MINI-FRIDGE, just as Dean opens the door. Let there be light: he pulls a new LONGNECK. Dean cradles phone and cracks bottle.

Dean, oddly, isn't panicked. More weary than anything--

DEAN

So. You're his vessel. Lucifer's gonna wear you to the prom.

SAM (PHONE)

That's what he said.

Dean takes a long slug of beer. Sighs. Philosophical:

DEAN

Just when you thought you were out... they pull you back in, huh, Sammy?

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. CAR - MOVING - NIGHT - PMP

SAM behind the wheel of a stolen Lincoln Continental. Taken aback at Dean's seemingly casual attitude.

SAM

(pauses, then:)
So that's it? That's your response?

DEAN

What are you lookin' for?

SAM

I don't know, a little panic maybe--

DEAN

I guess I'm a little numb to earth-shattering revelation at this point.

SAM

Well. What are we gonna do about it?

DEAN

What do you want to do about it?

(CONTINUED)

SAM

I want back in, for starters.

DEAN

Sam...

SAM

I mean it. I'm sick'a bein' a puppet to these sonsofbitches. I'm gonna hunt him down, Dean.

DEAN

So we're back to revenge, are we? Cause that worked so well the last time.

*

SAM

Not revenge. Redemption.

DEAN

So what, you just walk in and we're the dynamic duo again--?

SAM

I'm gonna prove it to you.

DEAN

Prove what?

SAM (PHONE)

That you can trust me.

Dean drinks his beer, sits on the bed, exhaustion competing with weary emotion. Not angry, just done:

DEAN

Look, Sam... it just-- it doesn't matter. Whatever we do. Turns out we're the oil and fire of Armageddon. Dude, on that basis alone we should both just pick a hemisphere. Stay away from each other for good.

SAM

Doesn't have to be like that. We can fight it.

DEAN

(Dean drains his beer)
You're right, we can. But not together. We're not stronger when we're together, Sam.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

DEAN (CONT'D)

I think we're weaker...

(no response)

Whatever we got between us... love,
family-- they're always going to
use it against us.

(dismal, honest)

You know that, right?

Dean listens to Sam's silence. SLOW PUSH IN ON Dean's face
as his eyes close and he searches out the words--

DEAN

We're better off apart. Better
chance of dodging Lucifer, Michael,
dodging the whole damn thing if we--

(straight up)

--if we just go our own ways.

SAM

Dean... Don't do this.

DEAN

(after long pause)

Bye, Sammy.

Dean HANGS UP.

A beat, a pang of loss-- CAMERA PANS OFF DEAN - back to the
CLOCK FACE.

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - MORNING (FUTURE DAY 1)

SMASH CUT TO BRIGHT SUN - SAME SHOT ON CLOCK FACE - but now
its glass is smashed, one hand is missing.

Dean stirs in a wash of GLARING SUNLIGHT. He sits up,
blinking: the large windows have been BLOWN OUT. Tatters of
curtain twist in the breeze. Glass, trash, and grime fill
the place. Dean goes to the window--

EXT. HOTEL - KANSAS CITY - MORNING

ON WINDOW - Dean stands, looking out the large, empty window
frame.

LONG CRANE BACK - taking in a widening [but affordably
partial] VIEW OF THE BLOCK:

The street is empty but for WRECKED, OVERTURNED CARS and
heaps of ruin. The Hotel Dean looks out from has been
PARTIALLY GUTTED BY FIRE.

(CONTINUED)

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CONTINUED:

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7

With Dean staring in shock at the wasted cityscape, we--

BLACK OUT!

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

8

EXT. KANSAS CITY - STREET - DAY

8

DESOLATION. Eerie, all but utter silence.

TRACKING SHOT - WITH DEAN - as he picks his way between burnt-out car husks and heaps of garbage, under the harsh sun [this sequence might best be BLOWN OUT, as in 'Children of Men' de-saturated].

A CREEPY POV SHOT [from behind a crumbling building facade] tracks him as he walks.

CUT TO ANOTHER POV. He's being watched, by many eyes...

Dean turns a corner and sees a YOUNG GIRL [long tangled hair over her face, in a tattered dress]. She kneels in the middle of the street, quietly WEEPING over a large SHATTERED MIRROR.

DEAN

Hello...?

Dean moves up cautiously.

DEAN

Hey-- Little girl...

She doesn't reply. Just continues to sob. Low. Creepy.

DEAN

Hello? Are you hurt?

(edges closer; nervous)

The not talking thing is pretty creepy, you know that, right?

CLOSER. Everybody knows what's coming. Just as we register the long rope of BLOODY DROOL that falls from her unseen face, she snaps her head up-- SHRIEKING--

She brings up a LONG JAGGED SHARD OF MIRROR and SLASHES it DEEP into Dean's side. He skips back.

DEAN

AAAGH!

(re: jump scare)

KNEW IT! KNEW IT!

She lashes at him like a mountain lion. Dean forearms her aside and she hits the ground hard, momentarily stunned.

(CONTINUED)

8

CONTINUED:

8

Dean pivots, noticing for the first time on the brick wall behind him-- scrawled in TEN-FEET-HIGH LETTERS of DRIED BLOOD: "CROATOAN"! [The demonic virus from season 2].

Dean, flatly:

DEAN

Aw crap.

Just then, Dean hears a WELLING CHORUS OF SHRIEKS.

VARIOUS SHOTS - OTHER DEMONIC PEOPLE come bounding out of the dilapidated woodwork, SCREECHING, bearing down on him.

Dean bolts off.

SKINNY SHUTTER ZOMBIE CHASE-- breathless, with the creatures fast on Dean's heels.

9

EXT. ALLEY MOUTH - CONTINUOUS

9

The CROATOANS tear down the alley at Dean. He manages a few deft hurdles and starts to gain some distance away from his pursuers, then skids around a corner--

--to see A HIGH RAZOR-WIRE BARRICADE which cuts off the street.

Dean slows, taking this in, as the SCREECHING THRONG wheels around the corner-- they're almost upon him when BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!

Two CROATOANS go down in a hail of gunfire. Dean hits the deck and rolls for cover, catching sight of a NATIONAL GUARD HUMMER behind the barricade.

SEVERAL GUARDSMEN stand around the vehicle firing on the crowd. Some slug WHISKEY. One hits the hummer's PA, PLAYING MUSIC: "Do You Love Me Now That I Can Dance?" as counterpoint to the pinwheeling death throes of the Croatoans--

Dean uses their mutual distraction to disappear into a dark alley, out of sight.

DISSOLVE TO:

10

EXT. OTHER SIDE OF FENCE - NIGHT

10

Dark. Quiet. No one around. No more guards. Under cover of night--

CLOSE ON: Dean, using a ragged steel shard as a digging tool, claws himself a rabbit hole beneath the barb wire fence.

(CONTINUED)

Crawls through, grimacing and groaning, it's a tight fit. Manages to emerge to the OTHER SIDE.

Free, Dean looks up and around. Back at the barricade. A large MILITARY SIGN is posted across the road leading into the razor-wire: *

KANSAS CITY
CROATOAN VIRUS HOT ZONE
- NO ENTRY -
By order of Acting Regional Command
Aug. 1st, 2014.

Dean tries to take this in, breathless.

CLOSE ON: the YEAR. That's right, Dean. 2014.

DEAN
Twenty... Twenty-fourteen?

DISTANT GUNFIRE brings him back to 'now', and he spies an ABANDONED JUNKY CAR in good condition. He heads for it--

11 INT. CAR - MOVING - NIGHT - PMP 11

Dean drives, his cell phone out-- it reads: "NO SIGNAL." He turns on the radio-- STATIC. He hits a button.

INSERT - the radio display reads "FM SCAN"-- we hear about twelve channels of PURE STATIC scan by. Finally:

DEAN
Never a good sign...

Dean snaps OFF the radio, shaking his head. A beat with Dean driving, as his mind reels. Then:

ZACHARIAH (O.S.)
Croatoan Pandemic Reaches
Australia.

Dean stiffens with ire -- he turns to see ZACHARIAH, riding shotgun with a NEWSPAPER up; he reads its headlines.

DEAN
(gritted, to himself)
Thought I caught your stink on this
"Back to the Future" crap. *

ZACHARIAH
President Palin Defends Bombing of
Houston...
(flips through sections)
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

ZACHARIAH (CONT'D)

Certainly a buyer's market in real estate... Let's see what's happening in sports--

Dean seethes, but listens despite himself.

ZACHARIAH

Oh. That's right. *No more sports.* Congress revoked the right to group assembly... What's left of Congress, that is.

(looks up to Dean)

Hardly a quorum if you ask me.

DEAN

How did you find me?

Zach continues to scan the paper, his tone breezy:

ZACHARIAH

Afraid we've had to tap some unorthodox resources of late--

(unhappy sigh)

Human informants. We've been making inspirational visits to the... *fringier* Christian groups. They've been given your image, told to keep an eye out.

DEAN

(thinks on it)

So the bible freak in front of the motel... He what, dropped a dime on me?

ZACHARIAH

(nods)

Onward Christian Soldiers.

DEAN

(seething, furious)

Good, fine, whatever. You had your jollies. Now send me back, you sonofabitch.

ZACHARIAH

Oh you'll get back. All in good time. We just want you to marinate a little bit.

*
*
*

DEAN

Marinate?!

*
*

ZACHARIAH *
Three days, Dean. Three days to *
see where this course of action *
takes you... *

DEAN
What's that supposed to mean?

ZACHARIAH
It means your choices have
consequences--
(cracks the paper - SNAP)
This is what happens to the world
if you continue to say 'no' to
Michael.

ON DEAN as he takes this in.

ZACHARIAH (O.S.) *
Have a little looksee.

CAMERA ARMS AROUND DEAN - as he turns to see ZACHARIAH IS
GONE.

12 EXT. ROAD - NIGHT 12

Dean's stolen car roars down the road, into the night. CG
OIL FIRES burn on the horizon.

13 INT. BOBBY'S HOUSE - DAY (FUTURE DAY 2) 13 *

The maid hasn't been by. A light film of dust covers Bobby's
RANSACKED house. Furniture is over-turned, papers scattered.
Dean calls from OS, rattling the door.

DEAN (O.S.)
Bobby--?!
(MORE KNOCKS, then pause)
Bobby! I'm comin' in!

We hear a CRACKING THUD, a shaft of sunlight slashes into the
room and Dean enters.

DEAN
Bobby!

SERIES OF SHOTS - as Dean searches the house, calling for his
friend until he finds BOBBY'S WHEELCHAIR.

It sits empty, a ragged pair of BULLET HOLES punched through
its back rest, which is stained with dried blood. Dean sags:

(CONTINUED)

DEAN

Aw no...

He takes a lost beat, alone in the dim. A long, long pause. Dean just sits with it. Then, muttering to the chair.

DEAN

Where is everybody, Bobby...?

Another beat. He recalls something, moves off.

14 INT. BOBBY'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY 14

ON STONE FIREPLACE - Dean drops down to one knee and pries up a low flat stone.

He pulls a LEATHER BOOK titled 'Directory' from the hole beneath. Its pages are stuffed with letters, scraps with numbers, business cards.

DEAN

Bingo... Thanks Bobby...

*

He gets to the end of the book, finally finding a PHOTOGRAPH.

INSERT ON PHOTO - it shows several GRIZZLED MEN, along with Bobby in the FG. Standing in the middle of the group we see CASTIEL, looking a bit more rugged, holding a shotgun. They surround a sign: "CAMP CHITAQUA". Dean says the name to himself as CAMERA PUSHES IN on the sign. IMAGE DISSOLVES TO:

DEAN (O.S.)

Camp Chitaqua...

15 EXT. CAMP CHITAQUA - NIGHT 15

ON THE SIGN - same image, now in motion. PAN OFF sign to find Dean moving carefully in on the camp, using brush and trees as cover. He peers in to see:

A CLUSTER OF CABINS, some with lights on. POV CATCHES SIGHT OF MOVEMENT-- TWO SENTRIES-- armed, tough, walk the far perimeter of camp, on patrol.

POV PANS TO - a CABIN-- On its front lawn, rusted, wheel-less, up on blocks:

THE IMPALA.

DEAN

(stung to the core)
No, baby... no...

(CONTINUED)

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15

CLOSER ON IMPALA - as Dean steals from shadow to shadow through camp, finally reaching his beloved steed...

DEAN

What did they do to you?

Dean is transfixed as CAMERA PANS TO REVEAL:

JUMP SCARE: A SILHOUETTE standing suddenly behind him. The figure hauls back, WHACKS DEAN over the head. Dean hits the dirt.

The figure steps into the light: DEAN'S FUTURE SELF!

BLACK OUT!

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

16

INT. CABIN WAR ROOM - NIGHT

16

CLOSE ON DEAN - stirring from unconsciousness. He's leaned against the wall. He moves to bring his hand to his throbbing head, but CLANK! He can't--

He's been handcuffed to a RADIATOR. He turns from it to see HIMSELF--

Future Dean, five more years of gristle, five more years of impossible struggle [NOTE: for this script 'Dean' will always be the Dean from our time]. Future Dean seems to be prepping for a mission. In the cabin we can make out maps, charts, racks of equipment and weapons, a tactical HQ kind of feel.

Dean focuses on Future Dean, blearily watches him field strip a rifle.

DEAN

What the hell--

Future Dean looks up from his labor, squints at Dean.

FUTURE DEAN

I'm the one who should be sayin' that, don't you think?

(beat)

Gimme one good reason I shouldn't gank you here and now.

DEAN

(reaching)

You'd... only be hurting yourself?

FUTURE DEAN

Very funny.

Future Dean goes back to the rifle. Dean tests the cuff, pulls at the radiator-- won't budge. FD doesn't look up.

DEAN

Look, this isn't some kind of trick. I'm not a shapeshifter or a demon or anything...

Future Dean finishes reassembly on the rifle, CLICK-CLACK.

FUTURE DEAN

Yep. Went through the drill while you were out. Silver, salt, holy water. Nothin'.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

FUTURE DEAN (CONT'D)

(then)

Funny thing was, you had every hidden lock-pick, box-cutter, and nail file I carry.

(looks up)

You want to explain that? And the resemblance, while you're at it?

With his free hand, Dean pats himself down, realizes he's been picked clean.

DEAN

Zachariah.

FUTURE DEAN

(keen interest)

Come again? *

DEAN

I'm you. From the tail end of 2009. Zach plucked me out of bed and threw me five years into the future...

Future Dean leans into Dean, with alarm, urgency. In fact, we may wonder what makes Dean so suddenly intense-- *

FUTURE DEAN

All right, then where is he?! I wanna talk to him-- *

DEAN

What? I don't know-- *

Future Dean shoots Dean a disbelieving glance-- *

DEAN

Really, I don't know. Look, I just want to get back to my own friggin' year, okay? *

Future Dean sits back, eyes narrowing on Dean.

FUTURE DEAN

OK... If you're me, then tell me something. Something only *I* would know. *

DEAN

(thinks on it, then:)

Rhonda Hurley. When you were nineteen. She made you wear her panties. They were pink.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

DEAN (CONT'D)
They were satin-y.
(shrugs, candid)
And you know what? You kinda liked
it.

*
*

Dean's future self takes this in for a beat, nodding.

FUTURE DEAN
Touché.

He starts loading AMMO and EQUIPMENT into a duffel bag.

FUTURE DEAN
So Zach zapped you up here to see
how bad it gets, huh?

DEAN
I guess. Looks like it gets pretty
bad.
(FD laughs; understatement
of the century)
It's the Croatoan Virus, right?
That's their end game?

FUTURE DEAN
(nods)
Efficient, incurable, and scary as
Hell. Turns people into monsters.
Started hitting the cities about
two years ago. World really went
into the crapper after that...

DEAN
What about... What about Sam?

F-Dean looks up, sees himself, and saddens a bit.

FUTURE DEAN
Monument Valley. Heavyweight
showdown. From what I heard, Sam
didn't make it.

DEAN
You weren't with him?!

FUTURE DEAN
Nope. Sam and me, we hadn't talked
in... hell, five years...

DEAN
You never tried to find him?

F-Dean zips up his duffel.

FUTURE DEAN

I got other people to worry about.

Dean sits with the news, lost in it for a beat. Sam is gone?
Then he hears the door open OS--

DEAN

Where are you goin'?

FUTURE DEAN

Gotta run a little errand.

Future Dean is about to exit. Dean looks up, pulls at the
heating pipe with the cuff.

DEAN

You're gonna leave me here?

FUTURE DEAN

I got a camp full of twitchy trauma
survivors with an Apocalypse
hanging over their heads. Last
thing any of 'em needs to see is
our version of 'The Parent Trap'...
So you stay locked down--

DEAN

(rattles cuff again)
Yeah. OK. Fine-- but you don't
hafta cuff me--
(cocks head, pleads)
Come on. What, don't you trust
yourself?

FUTURE DEAN

(deadpan)
No. Absolutely not.

As F-Dean exits, closing the door.

LONG BEAT with Dean, cuffed to the pipe, staring at the door
he just saw himself exit.

DEAN

Dick.

Dean brings his foot up, hauls hard on the pipe. No dice. A
beat, then he gives it one more try. Nuthin'.

He begins patiently searching everything within his reach in
the sparse corner. *

*

(CONTINUED)

He feels along the seams of the floorboards and finds something. Intent now, he leans into it, scrabbling at the wood with his bare fingers.

*
*
*

DISSOLVE TO:

HOURS LATER - MACRO SHOT - on Dean's worn, dirty fingers, as they dig at the splintering wood, working at a RUSTY NAIL...

*

Dean-- sweating, bleary-eyed, obstinate-- finally pulls it free.

*

He takes it, starts to go at the lock on his hand-cuffs...

*

Dean exits the cabin, trying to be inconspicuous, and gets his bearings. The camp should suggest it is housing a couple dozen or more REFUGEES and a small unit of HUNTERS, most of which are off on Future Dean's mission.

Then Dean hears a familiar voice. Speaking to him.

CHUCK (O.S.)

Dean-- Got a second?

Dean turns-- it's our old friend, THE (former) PROPHET CHUCK. He holds a CLIPBOARD.

DEAN

No. Yes. I guess... hey Chuck.

CHUCK

We're OK on canned goods for now, but we're down to next to nothing on perishables and hygiene supplies. People aren't gonna be happy about this--

(holds up clipboard)

What do you think we should do?

Dean's clearly been mistaken for camp leader Future Dean.

DEAN

I dunno... Maybe... Share? You know, like on a kibbutz.

CHUCK

(eyes Dean curiously)

Aren't you supposed to be out on mission right now?

DEAN

Yes. Absolutely. I will be.

Now Chuck catches sight of something behind Dean.

CHUCK

Uh oh.

Dean turns, following Chuck's eyeline, into an OPEN HANDED SLAP that's headed for his face. Dean blocks it.

DEAN

Whoa! Hey!

It's RISA, a tough but pretty huntress who seems to be livid with Dean. She takes a breath, then karates a knee up toward Dean's joint. He parries--

DEAN

No! Bad!

CHUCK

Risa--

DEAN

Bad Risa!

RISA

You were in Jane's cabin last night, weren't you!

Dean is somehow innocent and yet guilty:

DEAN

What? I don't-- Was I--?

RISA

I thought we had a connection.

DEAN

I'm sure we do.

RISA

(ugh!)

Screw you.

She brushes past them, they watch her go.

DEAN

I'm getting busted for crap I didn't even do yet!

(CONTINUED)

CHUCK

What--?

DEAN

Nevermind... Chuck, is Cass still here?

There's an oddly humorous tone in Chuck's response.

CHUCK

Oh yeah. I don't think Cass is going anywhere.

18 INT. CASTIEL'S CABIN - DAY

18

ON FRONT DOOR - it's open but for a CURTAIN OF BEADS. Dean steps up, is about to knock, then looks in. A little stunned, Dean steps through the beads and into a tapestry-draped LOVE NEST.

CASTIEL (O.S.)

In that way, we are each one of us a fragment of total perception...

Candles, incense, various ICONS from world religions [Buddha, Ganesh, Anubis, etc] are placed tastefully.

CASTIEL (O.S. CONT'D)

Each a compartment in the dragonfly eye of the group mind...

Dean sees CASTIEL, seated lotus-position, sporting a light scruff, holding court before a QUARTET OF WOMEN.

CASTIEL

(innocent smile)

Now, the key to total, shared perception is surprisingly physical--

(registers Dean)

Ladies, excuse me-- I think I need to confer with our fearless leader for a minute.

The women get up, and he waves them off happily.

CASTIEL

Why not go wash up for the orgy?

(calls after them sweetly)

You're all beautiful...

Dean sits, regarding the 'new' Castiel. Cass smiles, more relaxed than we've ever seen him. Really relaxed.

(CONTINUED)

DEAN

What are you, a hippy?

CASTIEL

I thought you'd gotten over trying
to label me.

Dean struggles to get over this 'new Cass' and move on to his
urgent business.

DEAN

Cass, we got to talk.

Cass narrows his eyes, scrutinizing Dean.

CASTIEL

Strange.

DEAN

What?

CASTIEL

You're not you. Not 'now' you
anyway.

DEAN

No! I mean exactly--

CASTIEL

What year are you from?

Dean comes clean with a sigh of relief.

DEAN

2009...

Cass sits forward, intrigued now.

CASTIEL

Who did this to you? Zachariah?

DEAN

Yep.

*

Cass glances around, as if they're being watched.

CASTIEL

Interesting...

DEAN

Yeah. Friggin' fascinating.

(claps hands)

OK.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

DEAN (CONT'D)

So how about you strap on your wings and fly me back to my page on the calendar--?

Dean stands, brushes himself off, ready to go--

CASTIEL

I wish I could. 'Strap on my wings...' But sorry, no dice.

Cass, still sitting, stifles a fit of giggles at some irony only he has perceived. Dean watches this, finally must ask:

DEAN

Dude, are you stoned?

CASTIEL

(nods, big smile)
Generally.

DEAN

What happened to you, man?

CASTIEL

(shrugs)
Life.

OS they hear the RUMBLE and HORNS of the returning mission. Dean and Cass go to the window.

POV THROUGH WINDOW - we see a pair of JEEPS returning. Future Dean jumps out, two TRIUMPHANT HUNTERS join him. CAPEK [older, salt-n-pepper shock of hair], YAGER [tall, likeable].

F-Dean shoulders a GRIMY DUFFEL and a pair of beers. He hands one off to Yager, slaps him on the back, job well done.

CLOSER ON F-DEAN AND YAGER - Yager gets ahead of him, and F-Dean goes suddenly cold, pulls his gun, taking a bead-- He's about to fire--

DEAN (O.S.)

WAIT! What are you doing?!

Our Dean comes down the steps of Cass' cabin. Yager turns, sees F-Dean's raised gun.

YAGER

Dean--?

F-Dean grumbles and FIRES, plugging Yager in the head.

FUTURE DEAN

Dammit.

The man falls, dead before he hits the ground. Dean turns to the small SMATTERING of PEOPLE, all of them shocked by Yager's execution, and more so by FUTURE DEAN'S EXACT DOUBLE.

FUTURE DEAN

I won't lie to you. Me and him.
This is a pretty messed-up
situation we got here.

He does have their trust, we see that in the way they listen.

FUTURE DEAN

And believe me, when you need to
know something, you will know it.
(icy authority)
But until then, we *all* have work to
do...

Then F-Dean turns to Dean, rage just barely contained.

FUTURE DEAN

Come with me.

The door SLAMS OPEN and Future Dean hauls Dean in by the scruff, pissed at himself. But then himself is pissed too.

FUTURE DEAN

What the hell was that--?!

DEAN

What the hell was that?! You
killed the guy in cold blood!

FUTURE DEAN

We were in an open quarantine zone,
got ambushed by some Crotes on our
way out--

(off Dean's confusion)

Crotes. Croatoans. One of them
infected Yager--

DEAN

How do you know?

FUTURE DEAN

After a few years of this, I know.
Started to see the symptoms about a
half hour ago. Wasn't gonna be
long before he flipped over.

(sadness underneath)

Didn't see any reason to trouble a
good man with bad news--

DEAN

'Trouble a good man--' You blew
him away in front of your own
people! You think that might freak
'em out a little?

FUTURE DEAN

It's 2014. Plugging some Crote,
that's called common place. *Me*
trading words with my friggin'
clone--

(exasperated)

Now THAT might've freaked 'em out a
little.

DEAN

Look--

FUTURE DEAN

No, you look. This isn't your
time. It's *mine*. You don't make
the decisions-- I do.

(growling)

I say stay in, you stay in.

DEAN

(a beat, then:)

All right... I'm... I'm sorry. I'm
not trying to mess you-- mess us--
me up here.

Future Dean nods at his younger self, as he pulls out a
BOTTLE OF WHISKEY. Starts to pour two drinks.

FUTURE DEAN

I know.

DEAN

I mean, it's been a pretty screwy
weekend so far.

FUTURE DEAN

Yeah, you and me both.

(CONTINUED)

Future Dean hands Dean one of the glasses. Dean takes a swig.

DEAN

What was the mission, anyway?

In response, Future Dean lifts up the leather satchel, and from it, pulls THE COLT. Dean takes a beat, recognizing with awe:

DEAN

The Colt...

FUTURE DEAN

The Colt.

DEAN

Where was it?

FUTURE DEAN

Everywhere. They've been moving it around...

(looks at it, awed)

It took five years, but I got it.

(total resolve)

And tonight... Tonight I'm gonna kill the Devil.

BLACK OUT!

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

21 INT. CABIN WAR ROOM - NIGHT

21

Future Dean, Cass, and Risa huddle around the main table. Our Dean looks on from the sideline [keeping him out of most coverage]

RISA

So that's it? That's 'the Colt'...

FUTURE DEAN

If anything can kill Lucifer, it's this.

RISA

Great. We got anything that can *find* Lucifer?

Risa seems a bit taciturn-- F-Dean notices this:

FUTURE DEAN

You all right, Risa?

DEAN

(chimes in helpfully)
We were in Jane's cabin last night. But apparently we and Risa have a...

(looks to Risa)
--a connection.

Future Dean glares at Dean:

FUTURE DEAN

You wanna shut up?
(to Risa)
We don't have to find Lucifer. We know where he is.

F-Dean rolls out a dusty map of a small city.

FUTURE DEAN

That demon we caught last week. He was one of the Big Man's Entourage. He knew.

RISA

A demon told you where Satan's gonna be, and you believe it?

DEAN

Trust me, he didn't lie.

(CONTINUED)

RISA

And you know that how?

CASTIEL

(troubled)

Fearless Leader, I'm afraid, has been all too well schooled in the art of getting to the truth.

Dean hears this, looks at his future self, disappointed.

DEAN

Torture. So we're torturing again.

(off F-Dean's glare)

No. Really, it's good. Classy.

Cass smiles at this, then feels the heat of Future Dean's gaze. He turns--

CASTIEL

What? I like past you.

FUTURE DEAN

(back to business)

Lucifer is here, now. I know the block, I know the building...

CASTIEL

(looks over map)

In the middle of a hot zone.

FUTURE DEAN

Crawling with Crotes, yeah.

(off Cass' look)

You sayin' my plan is reckless?

CASTIEL

Are you saying we walk in, straight up the driveway, past all the Crotes and the Demons, and shoot the Devil?

(F-Dean nods)

If you don't like 'reckless' I could use 'insouciant.'

FUTURE DEAN

Are you comin'?

CASTIEL

Sure.

(eyes our Dean)

But why is he?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CASTIEL (CONT'D)

He's the you of five years ago.
Something happens to him, you're
gone, right?

FUTURE DEAN

(adamant)

He's coming.

Cass shrugs, he knows when there's no point in arguing.

CASTIEL

OK. Well, I'll get the grunts
moving.

FUTURE DEAN

(as Cass and Risa go)

We're loaded and on the road by
ten.

The door closes-- now it's just the Deans.

DEAN

Why are you taking me?

FUTURE DEAN

Relax, you'll be fine. Zach's
watching over you, ain't he?

*
*

DEAN

That's not what I mean. I just
want to know what's going on.

*

Future Dean regards Dean. Long beat. Then he SIGHS--

FUTURE DEAN

Okay. Fine. You're coming, 'cause
I want you to see something.

(then)

I want you to see our brother.

DEAN

Sam...? I thought Sam was dead...

Future Dean is somber. Sad. He shakes his head, no.

FUTURE DEAN

He didn't die at Monument Valley.
He said 'yes.'

DEAN

'Yes'? Wait. You mean--?

Future Dean nods gravely.

(CONTINUED)

FUTURE DEAN

I mean Sam said the 'Big Yes.' To
the Devil. Lucifer's wearing him
to the prom...

DEAN

(utter shock)
What? *Why would Sam do that?*

FUTURE DEAN

Wish I knew. But now we got no
choice. It's in Sam and it's not
gettin' out.

(then)

We gotta go kill him, Dean.

This hits Dean with predictable brick-force. He leans
against the main table, welling with it.

FUTURE DEAN

And you need to see it. The whole
damn thing. How bad it gets. So
you can do it different.

DEAN

What do you mean?

FUTURE DEAN

Zach said he's gonna send you back,
right? To oh-nine? *

DEAN

Yeah-- *

FUTURE DEAN

OK. When you get home. You say
"yes." *

(off Dean's look)

You hear me? Say 'yes' to Michael.

DEAN

That's crazy. I let him in me--
and Michael fights the Devil-- the
battle's gonna torch half the
planet-- *

Dean exhales. He can't believe what he's hearing.

FUTURE DEAN

Look around, man. Half a planet's
better than no planet, and that's
what we got now.

(then)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

21

CONTINUED: (4)

21

FUTURE DEAN (CONT'D)

If I could do it over. I'd say 'yes.' In a heartbeat.

DEAN

So why don't you?

FUTURE DEAN

I've tried. Shouted 'yes' till I was blue in the face. Angels aren't listening. They just... left. Gave up. It's over for me. But you--

DEAN

No. There's gotta be another way.

FUTURE DEAN

Yeah. That's what I thought. I was cocky-- never actually thought I'd lose. But I was wrong, Dean. I was wrong.

(then)

I'm begging you. Say 'yes.'

Future Dean looks into Dean's eyes, with a tiny kindle of hope that soon dies. For he knows himself too well...

FUTURE DEAN

But you won't. Because I didn't.

(with disdain)

Because that's just not us, is it?

22

EXT. CAMP CHITAQUA - NIGHT

22

The hunters grim-facedly finish loading up their vehicles, begin to depart. We have Future Dean, Risa, Capek, Cass --

Dean and Chuck head towards the convoy.

CHUCK

So. You're really from '09?

DEAN

'Fraid so.

CHUCK

Some free advice. You ever get back there--

(dead solemn beat)

You hoard toilet paper. You understand me? Hoard it. Hoard it like it's made of gold. Cause it is.

(CONTINUED)

DEAN

Yeah, sure. Thanks, Chuck.

CHUCK

Oh, you'll thank me, alright. Mark my words.

DEAN

Okay, okay. See you around.

Dean climbs into Cass's vehicle. The convoy motors to life.

23 INT. CASTIEL'S VEHICLE - NIGHT

23

Cass drives, our Dean rides shotgun. Cass reaches up to the sunglasses compartment, pulls a bottle of pills, takes a few.

DEAN

Lemme see that.

Dean takes the bottle from Cass.

CASTIEL

You want some?

DEAN

(reads label)
Amphetamines?

CASTIEL

(wide smile)
Perfect antidote for the absinthe.

DEAN

Look, Cass, don't get me wrong.
It's nice to see the stick out of your ass, but--
(shakes head)
But what is all this? The drugs, the orgies, the Love Guru crap...

Castiel, driving, head tilted back as he swallows another pill, turns to Dean and starts to LAUGH.

DEAN

What is so funny??

He laughs a bit more, then stifles it-- regains composure:

CASTIEL

I'm not an angel anymore. That's what.

*
*

(CONTINUED)

DEAN

What--?

CASTIEL

I went mortal...

DEAN

What do you mean? How? *

CASTIEL *

Not sure. *

(shrugs) *

Think it had something to do with
the other angels leaving. They
bailed, and my mojo just... drained
away. And now-- *

(gestures to himself) *

Practically human. *

(turns to Dean) *

Dean, I'm all but useless now.
Last year I broke my foot. I was
laid up for two months. *

DEAN

So you're human. Welcome to the
club.

CASTIEL

Except I used to be in a much
better club. But now. I'm
powerless, hapless, and hopeless--

(beat)

So why the hell shouldn't I bury
myself in women and decadence?
It's *the end*, baby. *That's what
decadence is for.*

(turns eyes back to road)

Why not bang a few gongs before
lights out?

DEAN

Really? That's it? If you think
we've lost already then why are you
going on this suicide mission?Cass turns to him, full of wistful affection, like he's
looking at a faded polaroid--

CASTIEL

You should have become a great man,
Dean. And I should have been-- I
don't know... Something else...

(then)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

23

CONTINUED: (2)

23

CASTIEL (CONT'D)

But instead, we become this. The
only thing I think we have left,
Dean and me, is each other.

(unadorned sincerity)

If Dean says it's time to go out in
a blaze of glory, win or lose, so
be it. I'm in. But then...

(smiles easily at Dean)

That's just how I roll.

24

EXT. CITY - DAWN (FUTURE DAY 4)

24 *

SKYLINE SHOT - silhouetted, just as a thumbnail of MORNING
SUN edges up past the skeleton of a highrise...

25

OMITTED

25

26

EXT. CITY STREETS - DAWN

26

The group moves down a WIDE AVENUE. Guns drawn. Ready for
Croatoan attack. Could come anywhere. From any side.

They're nervous. Fingers clenched on triggers.

POV SHOTS: dark corners. Blind alleys.

Draw out the creepy-quiet suspense for a bit.

But nothing comes. They all exchange looks. Might be a
cliche, but it's effective every time: it's quiet. Too
quiet.

27

EXT. ABANDONED ASYLUM - DAY

27

BINOCULAR POV - ON ASYLUM BUILDING as it PANS over it,
focusing on a second story WINDOW above the main entrance.

FUTURE DEAN

There. The second floor window.
We go in there.

ON HUNTER GROUP - F-Dean gets up, hands off the binoculars to
Castiel. As Future Dean speaks, we see Dean studying him
closely. Both Castiel and Risa seem unconvinced--

RISA

You sure about this--?

FUTURE DEAN

They'll never see us coming.

(CONTINUED)

Future Dean means to calm his team's nerves. But perhaps he just takes a beat too long, or averts his eyes-- whatever it is, Dean clocks it. *

FUTURE DEAN *

Trust me, OK? Now... weapons check, we're on the move in five. *

Dean calls for his attention. *

DEAN *

Hey, uh... me. Can we talk? *

Dean escorts them away from the immediate group. *

DEAN

(whispering)

Tell me what's going on.

FUTURE DEAN

What--?

DEAN

I know you... You're lying to these people. And to me--

FUTURE DEAN

Is that so.

DEAN

Yeah. I know our 'lying' expression. I've seen it in the mirror. *

(intense scrutiny)

There's something you're not telling us. *

FUTURE DEAN

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

DEAN

Really? Cause I'm not the only member of your posse that's got questions. Maybe I'll take my doubts over to them.

Dean makes way to go. F-Dean:

FUTURE DEAN

Wait. *

(CONTINUED)

DEAN
(stopping)
What?

FUTURE DEAN
Think about it. This place should
be white hot with Crotes.
(glances around)
Where are they?

DEAN
(thinking)
They cleared a path for us. Must
be--

FUTURE DEAN
A trap, exactly.

DEAN
Then we can't go in through the
front--

FUTURE DEAN
We're not.
(nods to party)
They are. They're the decoys. But
you and me... We're going around
the back. They won't see us
coming.

This is when Our Dean gets it, gets what Future Dean is willing to give up, what he's willing to let happen, for a scrap of a chance at WINNING.

DEAN
You're just gonna feed your friends
into a meat grinder? Cass, too?
Use their deaths as a diversion?

Dean shakes his head, horrified...

DEAN
Something's broke in you, man... Or
gone. You're making decisions I
would never make. I wouldn't
sacrifice my friends--

FUTURE DEAN
(bitter snarl)
That's right. You wouldn't. Big
part of why we're all here in this
mess, actually...

(CONTINUED)

DEAN

(earnest)

These people count on you. They trust you.

FUTURE DEAN

To kill the Devil. And save the world, yeah. And that's what I'm gonna do.

DEAN

Well. Sorry, pal. Not like this. I'm not gonna let you.

FUTURE DEAN

Really.

DEAN

Yeah, rea--

--then WHUMP! He SUCKER PUNCHES Dean, knocking him out cold--

TIME CUT - SOON AFTER: BLACK SCREEN - FADE UP:

Dean wakes, groggy, then snaps to, scrambling to his feet.

He looks to the asylum, starts for it. As he closes in, he sees GUNFIRE STROBE in the second story window, hears INHUMAN SHRIEKING, and then ALL TOO HUMAN SCREAMS. He's too late -- Future Dean sent in his friends to slaughter--

He races around to the back, hearing BOOM! The roaring report of THE COLT--

28 EXT. ASYLUM - BACK GARDENS - DAY

28

Dean rounds the corner just in time to see SAM WINCHESTER, looking robust and glowingly clean, as he presses his foot down on Future Dean's throat, CRUSHING IT FLAT.

Future Dean twitches for a beat, and Sam [LUCIFER] looks up, curious amusement playing on his face as he sees our Dean:

LUCIFER

Oh...

(accepts oddity casually)

Hello, Dean.

BLACK OUT!

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

29 EXT. ASYLUM - BACK GARDENS - DAY

29

Sam steps away from the corpse of Future Dean, wipes his shoe on the grass.

LUCIFER

Aren't you a surprise.

He smiles at Dean, his eyes glowing for a beat with PURE WHITE LIGHT which stabs out in laser thin beams.

Dean backs away, his terror instinctive. He turns to run--

--and Sam is there in front of him. Dean staggers back. Satan looks at him with something bordering on mirth:

LUCIFER

You've come a long way to see this, haven't you?

(seeing his fear)

I'm sure you'd rather it turned out differently.

Dean struggles against his fear, defiant:

DEAN

Go ahead. Kill me.

LUCIFER

Kill you?

(looks at Future Dean's body)

Don't you think that would be a little redundant.

Dean can barely look at Lucifer, and the Devil senses his distress-- the unnerving effect Sam's body has on him.

LUCIFER

I'm sorry. It must be painful, speaking to me in this... shape. But it had to be your brother... it had to be.

He moves to rest a comforting hand on Dean's shoulder, but Dean shrinks back. Holy crap, Satan's serene, compassionate self charms us more than we want it to.

(CONTINUED)

LUCIFER

You don't have to be afraid of me,
Dean. What do you think I'm going
to do?

DEAN

Oh, I dunno. Maybe deep fry the
planet?

LUCIFER

Why? Why would I want to destroy
this stunning thing? Beautiful in
a trillion different ways, the last
perfect handiwork of God?

He looks back to Dean, who sizzles with silent rage.

LUCIFER

Ever hear the story of how I fell
from grace?

Dean is scared ABSOLUTELY SHITLESS, so the fact that he
actually stammers out a chunk of snark, well, it's heroic--

DEAN

Oh good God, are you gonna tell me
a bedtime story? Cause my
stomach's almost outta bile--

Lucifer only gives a gentle, benevolent smile. Lets that
pass. Continues--

LUCIFER

Why.
(Dean doesn't get it)
You know why God cast me down?
(heartfelt)
Because I loved Him. More than
anything.

Lucifer fingers the petal of a rose bush, appreciative.

LUCIFER

But then God created... you. The
little hairless apes, the ones with
free will. The ones who could
choose to love. He asked all of us
to bow down before you. To love
you more than Him.
(shakes head, sad)
(MORE)

LUCIFER (CONT'D)

I said, "Father I can't." I said these human beings were flawed, murderous, out of harmony with the rest of creation...

We feel Lucifer's sincere desolation, his familial loss--

LUCIFER

And for that, He had Michael cast me into Hell... now tell me-- does the punishment fit the crime?

(indignant)

Especially when I was right? Look at what six-billion of you have done to this... To Paradise...

(sees the irony)

And how many of you blame me for it?

*
*

DEAN

You're not fooling me, you know that? With this sympathy for the Devil crap--

(gravel certain)

I know what you are.

LUCIFER

(buoyant; intrigued)

Really? What am I?

DEAN

You're the same thing only bigger-- the same brand of cockroach I been squashing my whole life. An ugly, evil, belly to the ground, supernatural piece of crap. Only difference between the rest of 'em and you is the size of your ego.

Lucifer laughs, like someone just made a generous toast to his health.

LUCIFER

I like you, Dean. I get what the Angels see in you.

He starts up the stairs toward the asylum, smile twinkling.

LUCIFER

Goodbye. We'll meet again soon.

(CONTINUED)

DEAN
(calling after)
Better kill me now.

LUCIFER
Pardon?

DEAN
Kill me or I swear to-- I will
find a way to kill you. I won't
stop.

*

LUCIFER
I know you won't. I know you won't
say 'yes' to Michael, either. And
I know you won't kill Sam.
(grateful smile)
Whatever you do, you will always
end up here. Whatever choices you
make, whatever details you alter,
we'll always end up here.
(shrugs)
I win. So I win.

*

DEAN
No. You're wrong.

LUCIFER
See you in five years, Dean.

CAMERA ARMS AROUND DEAN - to reveal that LUCIFER HAS
VANISHED.

Dean, alone, forsaken, turns to see--

Zachariah!

He gives Dean a somber, actually empathic look. Zach touches
his forehead, his angelic power causing screen to WHITE OUT.

BLACK OUT!

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

30 INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT (PRESENT)

30 *

Dean's hotel room from the beginning of episode. Dean recovers, woozy from the transport, sees Zach standing by him.

DEAN

Well if it isn't the Ghost-of-Christmas-Screw-You.

Zachariah tries hard to be reasonable.

ZACHARIAH

Enough. Dean, enough. You saw it, right? You saw what happens? You're the only one who can prove the Devil wrong.
(who could argue?)
Just say 'yes.'

DEAN

How do I know this whole thing wasn't just one of your tricks? Some angel hocus-pocus?

ZACHARIAH

The time for tricks is over.

Zachariah presses, his fervor unnerving Dean, as it always seems to.

ZACHARIAH

Give yourself to Michael. Say 'yes,' and we can strike. Before Lucifer gets to Sam. *Before billions die...*

*
*

A long beat, heavy with Zach's baited breath. Then:

DEAN

Nah.

ZACHARIAH

"NAH"?
(white hot)
You telling me you haven't learned your lesson??

Dean is calm [he's been through quite a lot].

(CONTINUED)

DEAN

Oh, no-- I think I've learned a lesson alright... Just not the one you wanted to teach.

ZACHARIAH

Well, then I'll just have to teach it again. 'Cause I got you now, boy. And I'm never letting you--

Zach looms darkly over Dean, AS CAMERA ARMS PAST DEAN TO ZACHARIAH-- then back past him [360 more or less] to REVEAL:

DEAN'S GONE! Let's enjoy a beat of Zach's tremendous, baffled wrath:

ZACHARIAH

WHAT. THE. F--

31 EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

31

Same highway shoulder Castiel started this episode on. Dean looks around, bewildered. Then he turns to see Cass.

DEAN

Pretty good timing, Cass.

CASTIEL

We had an appointment.

DEAN

(affectionate chuckle)
Don't ever change.

CASTIEL

How did Zachariah find you?

DEAN

Long story. Let's just stay away from Jehovah's Witnesses from now on.

Dean takes out his phone, starts dialing.

CASTIEL

What are you doing?

DEAN

What I should have done in the first place...

32

EXT. REST STOP - MORNING (PRESENT DAY 2)

32 *

On an empty stretch of nowhere. Dean waits in the Impala, sitting up as a CAR pulls in to a stop behind him. Dean gets out.

Sam gets out of the other car. They move slowly toward each other.

SAM

Hey.

DEAN

Sam.

Dean reaches under his jacket-- pulls out Ruby's knife.

Sam looks at it, confused, but then Dean flips it in his hand, to offer Sam the hilt.

DEAN

If you're serious. If you want back in, you should hang on to this.

(then)

I'm sure you're rusty.

Sam takes the knife.

DEAN

Look, Sam. I'm sorry. I dunno. I'm whatever I need to be. I was wrong.

SAM

What changed your mind?

DEAN

Long story. Point is, maybe we are each other's Achilles heel. Maybe they will find a way to use us against each other. I don't know.

(then)

I just know we're all we got. More than that. We... we keep each other human.

Sam takes this in, nods.

SAM

OK... Thank you.
(looks into Dean's eyes)
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

"The End"
CONTINUED:

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SAM (CONT'D)
Really. Thank you. I won't let
you down...

DEAN
Know it... After all, you're the
second best hunter in the damn
world.

SAM
(nods; he'll take it)
So what do we do now?

DEAN
(resolute)
We make our own future.

Sam and Dean look out to the sunrise. Sam nods again:

SAM
Guess we have no choice.
Off Dean, this remark haunting him just a touch, we--

BLACKOUT.

TO BE CONTINUED...