

SUPERNATURAL

Episode #510

"Abandon All Hope..."

Written by

Ben Edlund

Directed by

Phil Sgriccia

EXECUTIVE PRODUCERS

Eric Kripke

McG

Robert Singer

Ben Edlund

Phil Sgriccia

Sera Gamble

PRODUCERS

Peter Johnson

Jim Michaels

Todd Aronauer

Jeremy Carver

PRODUCTION DRAFT	10/09/09
BLUE REVISIONS	10/13/09
PINK REVISIONS	10/16/09
YELLOW REVISIONS	10/21/09
GREEN REVISIONS	10/23/09
GOLDENROD REVISIONS	10/23/09

© 2009 Warner Bros. Entertainment Inc.

This script is the property of Warner Bros. Entertainment Inc. No portion of this script may be performed, reproduced or used by any means, or disclosed to, quoted or published in any medium without the prior written consent of Warner Bros. Entertainment Inc.

REVISION HISTORY

Revision	Date	Revised Pages
Production Draft - White	10/09/09	Full Script
Blue Revisions	10/13/09	Pgs. 2, 16, 19-20, 42-43
Pink Revisions	10/16/09	Pgs. 36, 42
Yellow Revisions	10/21/09	Pgs. 16, 17
Green Revisions	10/23/09	Pgs. 42-43A
Goldenrod Revisions	10/23/09	Pgs. 42A-43A

CAST LIST

SAM WINCHESTER
DEAN WINCHESTER

BOBBY SINGER
CASTIEL
ELLEN HARVELLE
JO HARVELLE
LUCIFER
MEG

BANKER
CROWLEY
GUARD #1
GUARD #2
NEWSCASTER

JARED PADALECKI
JENSEN ACKLES

JIM BEAVER
MISHA COLLINS
SAMANTHA FERRIS
ALONA TAL
MARK PELLEGRINO
RACHEL MINER

L. HARVEY GOLD
MARK A. SHEPPARD
DARRYL SCHEELLAR
LOUIS PAQUETTE
DON CHUBAI

LOCATION REPORTINT.

INT. IMPALA - DAY	P.3
INT. IMPALA - DAY	P.4
INT. CROWLEY'S MANSION - STUDY - NIGHT	P.4
INT. CROWLEY'S MANSION - STUDY - NIGHT	P.6
INT. CROWLEY'S MANSION - HALLWAY - NIGHT	P.7
INT. CROWLEY'S MANSION - STUDY - NIGHT	P.8
INT. BOBBY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT	P.11
INT. IMPALA - DAY	P.16
INT. APARTMENT HOUSE - DAY	P.18
INT. BASEMENT - DAY	P.20
INT. HARDWARE STORE - DAY	P.25
INT. HARDWARE STORE - DAY	P.26
INT. BOBBY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY - INTERCUT	P.27
INT. HARDWARE STORE/INT. BOBBY'S HOUSE - INTERCUT	P.28
INT. BASEMENT - SUNSET	P.30
INT. HARDWARE STORE - SUNSET	P.31
INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT	P.43
INT. BOBBY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT	P.46

EXT.

EXT. FREEWAY CLOVERLEAF - DAY (DAY 1)	P.1
EXT. BENEATH AN OVERPASS - DAY	P.1
EXT. FREEWAY CLOVERLEAF - DAY	P.3
EXT. FREEWAY CLOVERLEAF - DAY	P.3
EXT. FREEWAY CLOVERLEAF - WITH CROWLEY - DAY	P.3
EXT. CROWLEY'S MANSION - DAY	P.4
EXT. CROWLEY'S MANSION - NIGHT	P.4
EXT. CROWLEY'S MANSION - FRONT GATE - NIGHT	P.5
EXT. CARTHAGE - MISSOURI - DAY (DAY 2)	P.16
EXT. CARTHAGE - MAIN DRAG - DAY	P.16
EXT. CARTHAGE POLICE DEPT. - DAY	P.18
EXT. CARTHAGE - MAIN DRAG - DAY	P.22
EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT	P.36
EXT. JASPER'S FARM - NIGHT	P.36
EXT. JASPER'S FARM - NIGHT	P.40
EXT. JASPER'S FARM - NIGHT	P.45

SUPERNATURAL
"Abandon All Hope..."

TEASER

FADE IN:

1 EXT. FREEWAY CLOVERLEAF - DAY (DAY 1) 1

GOOGLE-EARTH'S EYE VIEW straight down at a MAJOR FREEWAY CLOVERLEAF, traffic pulsing through the massive CROSSROADS. Robert Johnson's "*Crossroads Blues*" plays along.

1A EXT. BENEATH AN OVERPASS - DAY 1A

In the shadows; abandoned shopping cart, drifts of litter, the air echoes with the DOPPLER ROAR of passing trucks, cars. A STRETCH LIMOUSINE drives up.

A RICH WHITE-HAIRED BANKER, paunched with age, gets out of the limo, furtive-- from his overcoat he pulls a trowel and a TOBACCO TIN. In JUMP CUTS, he digs a shallow pit in the soil, buries the tobacco tin within it.

CAMERA 360-degrees around him as he stands, to reveal a magically APPEARED CROWLEY! [Crowley, named in 509 as possessor of the COLT.] The Banker gives a startle--

CROWLEY

(dry as a bone)

Mr. Pendleton, I presume.

(off Banker's nod)

The name is Crowley.

BANKER

I... In my negotiations, I was dealing with a-- a very attractive... young lady...

CROWLEY

Yes. I know. But you, piggy banker-- You are a big fish.

(grins)

I wanted to do you the honor of sealing this deal personally.

BANKER

But she said the deal... That it was sealed with a kiss.

(CONTINUED)

CROWLEY
(nods, businesslike)
That's right.

The Banker stares at him in horror.

BANKER
Well, I-- She-- That's not--

CROWLEY
Your choice.
(holds out one hand)
You can cling to six decades of
deep-seated homophobia--
(holds out other hand)
Or... get over it, and get a
complete bail-out of your bank's
ridiculous incompetence...

The Banker sputters, eyes wide, processor frozen.

BANKER
But there are-- I don't think--

Crowley's easy smile is Teflon as the Banker flusters. Then,
with a salesman's practiced indifference, Crowley shrugs:

CROWLEY
Going once... Going twice--

BANKER
(cornered, blustering)
All right!

Crowley and the Banker lean into an INCREDIBLY AWKWARD KISS.
[Might want to get a lot of nice, paired CU reverses, sizing
up to ECU's so we can draw out the old man's cringe.]

WIDE SHOT - on them as they mack-- A FIGURE slides into FG
FRAME, watching them.

REVERSE ON FIGURE - CLOSE ON CASTIEL, watching from a safe
distance, using the cover of a concrete pillar-- He lifts up
his cell phone--

CASTIEL
Got him.

BLACK OUT.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

2 EXT. FREEWAY CLOVERLEAF - DAY 2

Crowley and the Banker finish their lip-lock and part. The Banker harumphs, wiping his mouth with the back of his hand.

LONG SHOT - on the pair, small in the distance-- CAMERA PANS to a CONCRETE PILLAR in the FG, behind the cover of which, Cass leans, urgently whispering into his cell [*far enough away to be out of demon earshot*]:

CASTIEL

The demon Crowley. He's making a deal--

(experiments w/ lingo)

Even as we speak, it is... going down...

3 INT. IMPALA - DAY 3

SAM and DEAN WINCHESTER sit in the Impala, parked on the shoulder. Dean, amused, on his cell:

DEAN

'Going down.' Right. OK, Huggy Bear. Just don't lose him.

4 EXT. FREEWAY CLOVERLEAF - DAY 4

Cass, mildly indignant, ends the call:

CASTIEL

I'm not going to lose him.

5 EXT. FREEWAY CLOVERLEAF - WITH CROWLEY - DAY 5

Crowley waves as the limo drives off.

CROWLEY

Enjoy the obscene wealth!

(hungry grin)

See you in ten years.

Crowley pulls out his Blackberry, striding off as he checks his mail...

Castiel moves, tailing the demon.

CAMERA TRACKS WITH Crowley, who walks on with a smile until he passes behind a CEMENT PILLAR in the FG; the demon VANISHES, teleporting away.

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED: 5

A beat later, Castiel passes BEHIND THE SAME PILLAR, and he VANISHES TOO, in hot teleport pursuit --

6 EXT. CROWLEY'S MANSION - DAY 6

Big money, manicured grounds.

A STONE WALL separates Cass from the grounds. Perturbed, he talks on his cell:

CASTIEL

I followed him. It's not far...

Camera WIPES behind Cass's back, and when it comes out the other side-- we see ARCANE LETTERING scrawled on the stone wall, in a BLACK LIGHT GLOW (see last season's "Death Takes a Holiday.") We're IN CASS'S POV.

CASTIEL

But it's layered with Enochian warding magic.

(frustrated sigh)

I can't get in.

7 INT. IMPALA - DAY 7

Still parked. Dean on the phone--

DEAN

That's OK, Cass, you did great.

We'll take it from here--

Dean hangs up, trades looks with Sam, who shrugs...

SAM

So good, so far...

8 EXT. CROWLEY'S MANSION - NIGHT 8

ON BUILDING - a light on upstairs.

9 INT. CROWLEY'S MANSION - STUDY - NIGHT 9

NORWEGIAN BLACK METAL POUNDS from massive speakers. Crowley slices lemon wedges at a small bar, swaying with the anti-music's roar as if it were Mahler.

He picks up a decanter and pours himself an aperitif of suspicious-looking VISCOUS RED FLUID into a cut-crystal tumbler. Then he settles a lemon wedge on its rim...

10 OMITTED 10

11 EXT. CROWLEY'S MANSION - FRONT GATE - NIGHT 11

ANGLE BEHIND A BLONDE WOMAN as she APPROACHES the front gates, rubbing the cold away from her bare arms.

She presses the CALL BUTTON, looks up, imploring, into an OVERHEAD SECURITY CAMERA. CAMERA ARMS AROUND to reveal that she is JO HARVELLE [young hunter of Roadhouse/Season 2 fame].

We hear a CANNED VOICE from the speaker:

GUARD #1 (V.O.)

Yeah?

JO

Hello? My car broke down. I-- I need some help.

Beat. Then the GATE STARTS TO OPEN. Jo steps forward.

Footsteps approach and she braces herself to continue her dangerous con. The gate swings open and we see GUARDS #1 and #2 with wide shiny smiles pasted on masks of homey charm:

GUARD #1

Evening, pretty lady. Get yourself on in here--

Guard #1 moves slowly in on her, like a cat stalking a mouse.

JO

I just gotta make a call--

GUARD #1

Aw, you don't need to call no one, baby... We're all the help you're ever gonna need.

Jo plays it creeped out. She takes a step back, nervous:

JO

You know what? I think-- maybe I should wait by my car--

Guard #1 LUNGES at her with a sudden hateful ROAR, his eyes flaring BLACK.

GUARD #1

We said get yer ass in here!

Without dropping a beat, she takes the Guard's arm, BREAKS IT, then JUDOS him into a face plant on the floor; but now her back's turned on--

(CONTINUED)

11

CONTINUED:

11

Guard #2! He SAILS at her-- until URK!!

The DEMON-KILLING KNIFE swings into frame and lodges under his jaw-- stopping him mid-air. POP! The demon's life-force flash-bulbs OUT! He falls into a dead dangle off the knife--
WIDEN:

It's Sam-- he pulls his blade free, lets the demon drop-- THUD! He drops to one knee, swinging his knife behind him--

Sinking it into the back of Guard #1 as he's getting up-- the demon FLASH-BULBS OUT... dead.

Sam wipes off his blade on the Demon as Dean hinges into view, armed with a shotgun.

He looks at Jo dust herself off, impressed:

DEAN

Nice work.

JO

Thanks.

She hardly gives him a glance, starts walking-- Dean slaps a tool bag into her hand-- Sam nods to Dean--

HERO SHOT-- CAMERA LEADS them as they stride three abreast purposefully in through the gate, onto the grounds.

With a nod Jo pulls a big pair of WIRE-CUTTERS, veers off...

12

INT. CROWLEY'S MANSION - STUDY - NIGHT

12

BLACK and WHITE FOOTAGE - Nazis goose-step in eerie unison, towering banners wave stark hatred-- we're watching Leni Riefenstahl's *"Triumph Of The Will."*

CAMERA PULLS BACK - the film plays on an impressive flat screen TV.

Crowley sits in his study, swirling his drink, watching the movie with a pleasant smile.

There's a flicker: his POWER GOES DEAD. In the dim we see *the smile hasn't left his face.* His eyes glance around brightly, almost as if he expects to hear reindeer hooves...

He puts down his drink, calmly gets up... goes to his desk, opens a drawer, and reaches for something--

13

INT. CROWLEY'S MANSION - HALLWAY - NIGHT

13

Crowley opens the door, takes a step out, and stops dead. Looking at--

Sam and Dean Winchester, knife and guns at the ready, standing in the outer office. Note: the corridor behind them empty. Crowley doesn't seem worried.

SAM

It's 'Crowley' right?

CROWLEY

So... the Hardy Boys finally found me. Took you long enough.

Crowley steps toward them, considering this-- then he stops. There's an EXPENSIVE THROW RUG in front of him. One corner is slightly up-turned. He crouches down-- throws it back--

There's a DEVIL'S TRAP hastily SPRAY PAINTED on the UNDERSIDE of the rug.

He takes a solid step backward. Looking, for the first time, truly irritated, because:

CROWLEY

You have any idea what that rug costs?

RESUME SAM AND DEAN - two other CROSSROADS DEMONS [the teleporting kind] SUDDENLY APPEAR from out of NOWHERE, one behind each brother-- getting the jump on the boys!

The demons lunge, each getting a superhuman hold on them.

The Winchesters struggle to no avail. The demons take their guns away, Sam's knife. The boys look to Crowley, trapped.

Crowley smiles, draws the COLT from his JACKET.

CROWLEY

This is it, right? This is what it's all about?

The brothers arrest their struggles, transfixed by the gun which has played such a role in their lives...

Crowley levels it at Dean's head.

A semi-beat, then he pivots slightly, BLAM! He plugs the demon holding Dean. Then BLAM! He plugs the one on Sam. The demons FLARE OUT and drop.

(CONTINUED)

CROWLEY

We need to talk.
(re: dead demons, deadpan)
Privately.

Off Sam and Dean's astonishment.

INT. CROWLEY'S MANSION - STUDY - NIGHT

Crowley escorts the brothers [whose weapons lie out in the hall] into his lavish office. He waves his hand and the wide door SHUTS ON ITS OWN.

DEAN

What the hell is this?

CROWLEY

(holds up Colt)
Do you know how deep I could've buried this thing? There's no reason you or *anybody* should know it exists at all...
(cocks head)
Except that I told you.

SAM

(excuse me?)
You told us.

Crowley nods, turns to his sidebar, fills his viscous drink.

CROWLEY

Rumors, innuendo-- sent out on the grapevine. That your little pop-gun was still in the game... where you could find it... where you could find me...

DEAN

Coulda picked up a phone.

CROWLEY

Yes. And I could also be flayed alive for treason.
(sees they get it)
I have to maintain appearances, after all.

SAM

But why? Why tell us anything?

In lieu of immediate answer, Crowley holds the Colt up high, sights his eye along the barrel.

(CONTINUED)

CROWLEY

You think this thing can kill the Devil?

(levels gun and gaze at them)

Cause I do.

The brothers don't know what to say to that.

CROWLEY

And I'd like you to take *this thing* to Lucifer and empty it into his face.

DEAN

Uh-huh. OK. And why exactly would you want the Devil dead?

CROWLEY

It's called SURVIVAL.

(off boys' puzzlement)

But then I forget that you two are functional morons.

Sam and Dean trade looks on this; seems a bit much to be held at gunpoint and gratuitously insulted. Dean lobs one back.

DEAN

(childlike retort)

You're the-- functional-- moron...

Crowley paces, gesturing with his drink and the Colt.

CROWLEY

Lucifer isn't a demon, remember?

He's an Angel.

(2+2 = wake up jackasses)

An Angel famous for his hatred of mankind. Because to him, you're just filthy bags of pus.

(the boys react to that;

Crowley drains his glass)

And if that's what he thinks of

you...

(mirthless chuckle)

What can he think of us?

SAM

But he created you.

(CONTINUED)

CROWLEY

Yes, he did. He took a human named Lilith and tormented her, twisted her, broke her into a new thing: a demon. To prove to God how ugly your kind was. How corruptible.

(then)

He has no love for demons. No. To him we are servants. Cannon fodder. If Lucifer manages to exterminate humanity... trust me, we'll be next.

Crowley lets out a long weary exhale, shakes his head.

CROWLEY

So help me. Let's all go back to simpler, better times. Back when we could follow our natures...

(feel for the guy)

I mean, I'm in sales, dammit.

SAM

(considering this)

Guess the Apocalypse would take a big bite out of your customer base.

CROWLEY

Tell me about it.

(holds Colt handle out)

So what do you say. How about I give you this and you go kill the Devil?

This is strange territory for the Winchesters, who aren't used to receiving 'lucky breaks.' Sam looks at the proffered Colt, reaches out tentatively--

SAM

Uh... OK.

CROWLEY

Great.

Crowley hands it over. Sam hefts it, looks at it in disbelief, trades looks with his stunned brother. Then, blinking a bit, he looks back to Crowley--

SAM

Um... You wouldn't happen to know where the Devil is, would you?

(CONTINUED)

CROWLEY

Thursday night. The birdies say
he's got an appointment in
Carthage, Missouri.

SAM

(nodding slowly)
Thanks.

Smooth, quick, decision made, Sam raises the gun to Crowley's
face, PULLS THE TRIGGER-- CLICK. *Out of bullets.*

TALK ABOUT AWKWARD. Dean looks at Sam, eyebrows raised,
while Crowley says simply:

CROWLEY

Oh. Right. You'll probably want
more bullets for that.

As Crowley goes over to his desk, fishes through it, Dean:

DEAN

Aren't you signing your own death
warrant? I mean, what happens to
you if we go up against Satan and
lose?

Crowley pulls a LEATHER CASE OF BULLETS from a drawer and
looks up, demonic impatience finally mounting--

CROWLEY

Number one, like I said-- Lucifer
is gonna wipe us out anyway. Two,
the moment you leave here, I go on
an extended vacation to all points
nowhere, and three, HOW ABOUT YOU
DON'T FRIGGING MISS?! OK?
MORONS?!

He hurls the case of bullets at Sam's chest and Sam catches
them. He looks up from his catch to see that CROWLEY HAS
VANISHED.

He and Dean trade looks. PRE-LAP MUSIC-- boisterous country
FIDDLIN' takes us over the CUT:

CLOSE ON HI-FI - "*The Devil Went Down to Georgia*" plays.

Party at the end of the world-- It's the night before the big
mission, and our heroes-- Dean, Sam, ELLEN, Jo, Cass and
BOBBY-- are having one last beer. Or seven, depending.

(CONTINUED)

WITH ELLEN, JO and CASS. In a drinking contest (a la "Raiders.") Ellen downs a shot. Cass downs SEVEN in rapid succession, STONE SOBER. Jo and Ellen watch in disbelief.

CASTIEL

I'm starting to feel something. I think.

WITH DEAN. He's kicked-back, beer in hand, looking over a MAP OF MISSOURI.

A beat, then Sam comes over, leans by him, takes a slug of beer. Gesturing to the map:

SAM

It's got to be a trap, right?

Dean lowers the map. [NOTE: despite dire subtext of following exchange-- the boys play it light.]

DEAN

Hey, Sam Winchester having trust issues with a demon-- Better late than never.

Dean lifts his beer. Sam CLINKS it with a courteous nod.

SAM

And thanks, as always, for the continued support.

They both drink. Dean tosses the map to a table, picks up some PRINTOUTS.

DEAN

Trap or not, does it matter? If we got a snowball's chance, we gotta take it. Right?

SAM

'Suppose.

DEAN

'Sides, not so sure it is a trap.

(leafs through printouts)

Carthage is lit up like a Christmas tree with Revelation Omens. And look at this:

(hands page to Sam)

Six missing persons reports filed in town since Sunday...

(beat, then, intense)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

DEAN (CONT'D)

I think the Devil's down there,
Sammy. I do.

SAM

(buying it)

OK.

They watch the others for a beat.

DEAN

But... You know... if we think it
through... you can't come tomorrow.

SAM

(was expecting this)

Dean--

DEAN

I go against Satan and screw the
pooch, OK, we lose a game piece,
that we can take. If you're
there... then we're handing the
Devil's vessel right over to him--
it just ain't smart.

SAM

And since when have we ever done
anything smart?

DEAN

Sam, I'm serious.

Sam looks at this brother. With great determination. But
with GREAT AFFECTION, too.

SAM

So am I. I mean, haven't we
learned a damn thing? If we do
this... we do it together.

Dean looks at Sam for a beat. He takes a drink, nods.

DEAN

OK. Still a stupid friggin' idea,
but okay.

He exhales, looks out at the others, sees Jo.

DEAN POV - ON JO - fetching in jeans and a Misfits T-shirt.

RESUME SAM AND DEAN - Dean's second set of wheels turning.
Sam sees what's going on with Dean. He shakes his head.

(CONTINUED)

SAM

Boy. Talk about stupid ideas.

Dean nods, accepting this as he gets up, exits frame.

DEAN

True, that.

ON JO - Dean joins her, nods, sips his beer, lets out an 'ahhhh.'

DEAN

Yep... Dangerous mission tomorrow.
Guess this is the time to eat,
drink--
(pointed look)
--and, you know. 'Make merry.'

Jo eyes him, then narrows her eyes more, shaking her head.

JO

Tell me you're not giving me the
'last night on Earth' speech.

DEAN

What? No-o-o...
(then)
Why? Is it working?

Jo chuckles, flashing him a flirtatious smile, leaning in toward him. Dean brightens, did he find the combination? Then, inches from him, she goes deadpan:

JO

No.
(off Dean's defeated nod)
Sweetheart, if this is our last
night on Earth, then I'm going to
spend it with a little thing I call
'self-respect'.

Jo exits frame, leaving Dean alone. A beat, then he shrugs, speaking to no one in particular.

DEAN

If you're into that kind of thing.

BOBBY (O.S.)

OK, ever'body. Let's go!

ON BOBBY - He's got an old school camera [like a Pentax from the eighties] up on a tripod; he fiddles with its settings. He's a touch toward three sheets--

(CONTINUED)

BOBBY

Time to do the line-up! Usual suspects--

(gestures, barks)

Over inna corner!

The small gathering is herded into a group photo arrangement, grumbling, laughing--

ELLEN

Bobby-- no one wants their picture taken.

SAM

Hear, hear...

BOBBY

Shaddap, ingrates. You're drinkin' my beer.

Bobby hits the timer-- *whrrrrrrrrrr*-- He wheels into the front of the assembly. Under dial: *whrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrr*--

BOBBY

'Sides I'm gonna need something to remember your sorry asses by.

ELLEN

(light chuckle)

Always good to have an optimist around.

Whrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrr-- Cass shakes his head, points out calmly:

CASTIEL

No, Bobby's right. Tomorrow we hunt the Devil.

(matter-of-fact)

This is our last night on Earth.

Whrrrr-- The others' eyes shift toward Cass, the truth of his words hitting them, the weight of tomorrow etching into their faces just as-- FLASH! The screen **BLASTS WHITE.**

BLACK AND WHITE PHOTO - that moment frozen in time - **FADES INTO VIEW.** Hold on the photo a beat, then:

FADE TO BLACK.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

16 EXT. CARTHAGE - MISSOURI - DAY (DAY 2) 16

CLOSE ON POSTER - "*MISSING* -- *Roberta Lyman, 63 years old*" stapled to a telephone pole-- PAN OFF IT into ESTABLISHING:

Down the main drag of one of our classic tiny towns, a rustic, short run of STORE FRONTS...

The Impala and Ellen's SUV motor into view, slowing as they notice the eerie silence of the street. In fact, there isn't a soul anywhere. The TOWN SEEMS EMPTY.

SHOTS ON OUR HEROES' FACES as they cruise along slowly, taking it in-- Jo drives the SUV, Ellen rides shotgun, Cass is in the back.

17 INT. IMPALA - DAY 17

As they drive, Sam moves his cell around, trying to catch reception.

SAM

You getting a signal?

Dean's got his own cell out, doing the same thing.

DEAN

Nope.

(snaps phone shut,
sarcasm:)

Good, good... Nice and spooky.

18 EXT. CARTHAGE - MAIN DRAG - DAY 18

As the two vehicles press on, Dean waves the SUV up alongside the Impala. All our hunters have a 'seen-it-all' jadedness:

ELLEN

Place seem a little empty to you?

DEAN

(a 'ya think?' look, then)
We'll check out the P.D. You guys see if you can find anyone out here.

Ellen nods. The Impala pulls away.

ELLEN'S SUV pulls up to a curb. Ellen gets out--

(CONTINUED)

ANGLE. As Jo CLIMBS OUT OF THE CAR, we still see Cass in the backseat. We PAN with Jo as she stands, pivots-- right into CASS, who obviously teleported out of the car. Jo reacts--

JO

Ever hear of a door handle?

CASTIEL

Of course I have.

Jo nods. Odd dude. Then something catches Cass's eye. Cass stops, peers out into the distance.

Ellen and Jo trade looks: *Angels in the outfield.*

ELLEN

What is it, Cass?

Cass walks past them into a CU-- eyes scanning intently.

CASTIEL

This town isn't empty.

CAMERA ARMS AROUND CASS-- we see the empty street. CAMERA PASSES BEHIND CASS [whom we'll use as a VFX wipey thing] so that when CAMERA COMES OUT FROM BEHIND CASS-- we see the same street, but NOW WE SEE:

A DOZEN CREEPY MEN in overcoats, pale faced, the ferry-men of Death. They stand on the roofs, haunt windows...

CASTIEL

Reapers.

ELLEN

'Reapers'? As in more than one?

CASTIEL

(grim nod)

They only gather like this at times
of great catastrophe. The Chicago
Fire... the San Francisco
Earthquake... Pompeii...

Absently, Castiel walks off, leaving Jo and Ellen.

CASTIEL

Excuse me. I need to find out why
they're here...

The two hunters glance around the street, now even more
unsettled.

WITH CASS. He walks, just a short distance down from Ellen
and Jo. He sees ONE of the Reapers, cataracted eyes gleaming
grey behind a second-story window; it turns away, moving in
to the shadows.

ANGLE DOWN ON - Cass, looking up at the window--

19 INT. APARTMENT HOUSE - DAY

19

ON WINDOW - looking down through it to the street below.
Cass stands on the street, looking up [same pose as previous
shot, just further away].

CAMERA PANS OFF WINDOW - toward the hall. As soon as we PAN
OFF Cass down on the street, we PAN ON TO Cass standing in
the hall; he just teleported from street to upstairs hallway.

He turns away from the window, looks down the long dim
corridor, sees a shadow flit away at its end...

SUSPENSE BUILDS as Cass makes his way down the hall, turns
the corner, opens the door, and is washed with LIGHT. A
FIGURE speaks to him-- who we NEVER SEE--

FIGURE (O.S.)

Hello, brother.

ON CASS who freezes in shock as the screen WHITES OUT.

20 EXT. CARTHAGE POLICE DEPT. - DAY

20

Sam and Dean exit the Police Station, step out onto the curb,
scratching their heads uneasily.

(CONTINUED)

SAM

...I mean if something this big goes down, where's the State Police? Where's the National Guard?

Ellen's SUV comes around the corner, pulls up to the station as Dean finishes his thought:

DEAN

Maybe they already showed up. And, you know...

Dean makes a 'ffft' noise, quickly cuts his hand across his neck. Meaning "they're gone or worse."

Sam and Dean approach Ellen and Jo, still in the car. They have a conversation through the window--

DEAN

Station's empty.

JO

So's everything else.

ELLEN

Have you seen Cass?

SAM

What? He's with you.

ELLEN

Nope. He went after the Reapers.

Sam and Dean react-- Jesus, what next?!

DEAN

Reapers?!

SAM

He saw Reapers? Where?

JO

(breaking bad news)
Well, kind of... everywhere.

The boys take this in, eyes drifting away from the Harvelles to the empty street around them.

WIDER - the Winchesters glance around, deeply unsettled...

21

INT. BASEMENT - DAY

21

CLOSE ON CASTIEL - as he tries to shake off disorientation. FIRELIGHT plays on his face from below. He looks around himself.

ANGLE FROM ABOVE - we see Cass stands in the center of a CIRCLE OF FIRE. The rest of the derelict basement is thrown in shadow.

Cass looks up, seeing LUCIFER, ghostly red at the line between firelight and shadow.

CASTIEL

Lucifer.

Lucifer paces along the edge of light, visible, but barely.

LUCIFER

Yes.

(then, conversational)

So... I take it you're here with the Winchesters.

CASTIEL

I came alone.

LUCIFER

(sincere appreciation)

Loyalty. Nice thing to see in this day and age.

Lucifer circles Cass, studying him.

LUCIFER

'Castiel', right?

(Cass gives reluctant nod)

Castiel, I was told you came here... in an automobile.

CASTIEL

Yes.

(CONTINUED)

LUCIFER
(fascinated)
What's that *like*?

CASTIEL
Slow. Confining.

LUCIFER
What a peculiar thing. You. Are.
(scrutinizing Cass)
I thought I knew all the Angels.
But I don't remember... you.

CASTIEL
I'd like to think I was more
remarkable.

LUCIFER
Oh, don't worry, brother. You're
remarkable now --
(warm smile)
You rebelled! You bit the apple!
Makes you worth notice in my book.

He steps more completely into the light, and now Cass sees:

CASTIEL
What's wrong with your vessel.

Satan nods, and we see now, Nick, the human he inhabits, is
frayed somewhat-- his veins prickling out blue against dried
parchment skin...

LUCIFER
Yes. Nick is wearing thin, I have
to admit. He won't be able to
contain me indefinitely. So...

Cass immediately intuits what this means--

CASTIEL
You're not taking Sam Winchester.
I won't let you.

LUCIFER
Castiel. I don't understand. Why
are you fighting me? Of all the
Angels?

CASTIEL
You really have to ask?

As Lucifer talks, we see Cass has been taking in what he can of his surroundings. He CLOCKS a THICK STEAM PIPE, running horizontally against the wall...

LUCIFER

I rebelled. I was cast away. You rebelled. You were cast away. Most all of Heaven wants me dead. And if they succeed, guess what?
(shrugs)

Then you become their new Public Enemy Number One.

(Cass looks up)

We're on the same side, like it or not. Why not serve your best interests. Which in this case, just happen to be mine?

CASTIEL

I'll die first.

Satan shakes his head sadly, at the loss of what could have been a friend:

LUCIFER

I suppose you will...

22 EXT. CARTHAGE - MAIN DRAG - DAY

22

CAMERA TRACKS OUR HEROES - Sam, Jo, Ellen and Dean, as the women lead the brothers back to where Cass walked off. The street is wet with RECENT RAIN. PUDDLES dot the uneven pavement.

DEAN

So... OK... Awesome... Been in town twenty minutes and we already lost the angel up our sleeve.

SAM

You think... Lucifer got him?

DEAN

Don't know what else to think.

SAM

But what do the Reapers have to do with this?

DEAN

This-- This does not-- I do not have a good feeling about this.

(CONTINUED)

ELLEN

You think?

MEG (O.S.)

There you are.

Comes a familiar voice, purring from behind. They all turn to see MEG-- the Winchesters' longtime demon tormentor, who stands a distance away, in the middle of the street.

SAM

Meg!

MEG

(smiling, shakes her head)

You shouldn't have come here, boys.

Dean pulls the Colt, lifts it into a perfect bead on her skull, starts marching at her.

DEAN

I could say the same about you!

UNTIL-- he hears an UNEARTHLY CANINE GROWL in front of him.

MEG

Didn't come here alone, Dino.

Dean stops dead, his heart catching in his throat. HELLHOUNDS. The invisible beasts that dragged him to Hades.

Then we hear ANSWERING GROWLS from all around the group-- they are SURROUNDED BY INVISIBLE HELLHOUNDS.

DEAN

Hellhounds.

Meg nods:

MEG

Yeah, Dean. Your favorite.

(chuckles lightly)

Come on boys. My Father wants to see you.

SAM

Think we'll pass, thanks.

MEG

(shrugs coolly)

Your call. You can make this easy, or you can make it really, really hard.

(CONTINUED)

Dean makes eye contact with Sam, Ellen-- both nod-- then he turns to Meg:

DEAN

When have you ever known us to make anything easy?

He swivels, FIRES-- We hear an UNEARTHLY YELP as he BLASTS the Hellhound covering him! A ROOSTERTAIL OF BLACK BLOOD sprays out of its expiring nothingness!

SAM

RUN!

The party high tails it, chased by invisible PURSUERS.

HELLHOUND POVs - ON OUR HEROES - low to the ground, wide-angle, FAST-- *hungry like the wolf!*

LIGHTNING BEAT of our heroes running full-tilt, the DREADFUL BAYING and GROWLS of the hounds in deadly pursuit-- The puddles in the road SHATTER into spray as the hounds' feet splash through them.

They're about to reach the shelter of a HARDWARE STORE when--

HELLHOUND POV. Dean gets TACKLED by an invisible hound, slammed to the ground.

Jo is closest and turns, seeing it first.

JO

Dean--!

DEAN

Jo, stay back--!

She stalks forward, unloading a SHOTGUN BLAST into the air above Dean.

BLAM! She fires again, we hear a YELP and the trash can on the curb behind Dean TOPPLES OVER as the hound's body is blasted back into it.

Dean gets a chance to scramble to his feet--

JO

Come on!

Dean and Jo start for the hardware store, when Jo is KNOCKED to the GROUND! Another invisible hound SLASHES AT JO!

(CONTINUED)

ELLEN

NOOOO!

WHUMP! Jo's GUTTED; middle TORN AND BLOODY.

BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! Sam and Ellen lay down suppressing FIRE as Dean lifts Jo up-- they retreat into the hardware store.

INT. HARDWARE STORE - DAY

SLAM! The door slams open, Dean's bloody handprint now streaked across it-- Ellen and Dean shoulder Jo inside. She MOANS, ashen with blood loss.

QUICK CUTS - Sam braces the door, spreading salt across the jam; Dean pulls a bag of ROCK SALT from a shelf, knifes it open, and walks with it, trailing a line across the back of the store... then...

SAM AND DEAN. Reconvene mid-store, eyes pained and stony at the sight of--

Jo, hiccuping with pain, Ellen tries to put pressure on the wound--

ELLEN

Jo... JO, come on baby. Keep your eyes open, come on baby--

Off Sam and Dean's look--

BLACK OUT!

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

24 OMITTED 24

25 INT. HARDWARE STORE - DAY 25

On the floor, leaning against a counter. Jo weeps with pain, clutches her mom's hand, tries to stay lucid.

JO

Oh... Oh God... Mom...

This is bad, bad, bad, and we can read it on every one of their faces.

ANGLE ON DEAN. He diddles with a HAM RADIO SET UP as Sam approaches. Dean looks up, sees his face, afraid to ask:

DEAN

How is she..?

Sam gives a slight, terrible shake of the head. Dean's eyes fall with the weight of it. A beat, then Sam breaks the silence:

SAM

Salt lines are holding.

Dean is wiring like mad as they talk.

DEAN

(exhales; ironic:)

Safe for now.

SAM

Safe, or trapped like rats.

DEAN

You heard Meg. Her "Father's" here. This is our shot, Sam, we gotta take it. No matter what.

The RADIO WHINES TO LIFE!

DEAN

Got it.

ELLEN (O.S.)

Sam? Need some help.

Sam EXITS to the Jo-triage-area, as Dean starts tapping at the SQUELCH BUTTON--

26 INT. BOBBY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY - INTERCUT 26

Bobby is on his phone, fuming as he hears:

CELL VOICEMAIL (O.S.)
--number you dialed is unavailable.
Please try your call again later --

The line hangs up with a CLICK.

BOBBY
Dammit, boys...

Then he hears the SQUELCH TONE chirping from his OS radio set up and he wheels urgently out of frame.

ON BOBBY'S RADIO SET-UP - as he slams into it, lifting up the receiver.

BOBBY
KC5 Fox Delta Oscar, go ahead--

DEAN
Bobby-- we got problems.

Dean's alive. Bobby breathes a DEEP SIGH OF RELIEF, eyes up:

BOBBY
Thank you God.
(opens up channel)
That's OK, boy. That's why I'm
here. Is everyone alright?

This is a heartbreaking exchange-- as both men read between the lines, saying little but expressing much:

DEAN
No. It's Jo. And it's... it's
pretty bad, Bobby.

BOBBY
(pained but holding it in)
OK. I copy that. So now we figure
out what we do next.

DEAN
(edge of breaking)
Bobby, I'm not sure she's gonna--

BOBBY
(tough love)
I said what are we gonna do, Dean.

(CONTINUED)

DEAN

I--
(gets grip; back on task)
Right... right.

BOBBY

Now.
(down to business)
Tell me what you got.

DISSOLVE TO:

27 INT. HARDWARE STORE/INT. BOBBY'S HOUSE - INTERCUT 27

Ellen carries a metal bowl full of BLOODY RAGS and water past Dean.

Sam is unseen, elsewhere in the store, tending to Jo.

Dean is on the radio with Bobby.

BOBBY

Before he went missing, Cass say
how many Reapers?

DEAN

I don't know, he said a lot, I
guess. Does the number matter?

BOBBY

Devil's in the details, Dean.

ON DEAN - as Ellen comes back with fresh water, clean rags,
hearing their exchange.

Ellen leans in, gestures Dean to hit 'send.'

ELLEN

Bobby-- It's Ellen. The way he was
looking, number of places Castiel's
eyes went, I'd say we're talking
over a dozen Reapers, probably
more.

ON BOBBY - who runs a hand under his hat, overwhelmed.

BOBBY

Jesus, Mary, and Joseph.
(silence, then)
And you say everybody in town is--

DEAN

Everybody's gone, yeah.

(CONTINUED)

Ellen goes back to her daughter.

BOBBY

I do not like the sound of that.

DEAN

Who likes the sound of that?!!

(gathers self, then)

Why? What. What does it sound like?

BOBBY

Sounds like Death, son.

WITH BOBBY - as Bobby drops a big, heavily annotated and post-it fringed BIBLE onto the desk before him, flips through it.

BOBBY

I think Satan's in town to work a ritual. I think he's planning to unleash Death.

DEAN

As in this dude and taxes are the only sure things?

BOBBY

As in DEATH, the Horseman, the Pale Rider in the flesh.

DEAN

Yeah, but 'unleash'? Hasn't Death already been tromping all over the place? Hell, died a few times myself--

BOBBY

Not this guy. This is the *Angel* of Death, Big Daddy Reaper. They keep him chained in a box, 600 feet under. Last time they hauled him up, Noah was buildin' a boat!

Bobby finds the passage he seeks, runs a finger down the margin.

BOBBY

That's why the place is crawling with Reapers! They're waiting for their Boss Man to show.

DEAN

OK, Bobby, any other good news?

(CONTINUED)

BOBBY

Manner-of-speakin', yeah.

(flips/scans pages)

I been researching Carthage since you left, trying to suss out what the Devil might want there.

(looking over his notes)

What you just told me drops the last piece of the puzzle in place.

He pulls over a large book with an illustration of a COLORFUL [bloody] CIVIL WAR BATTLE.

BOBBY

Yeah... See, The Angel of Death must be brought into this world, at midnight, through a place of awful carnage.

(scans this page)

Now... Back in the Civil War there was a battle at Carthage, so intense, the soldiers called it 'The Battle of Hell-Hole'.

DEAN

So where did this massacre go down?

BOBBY

On the land of William Jasper's Farm...

WITH DEAN - as he takes this in...

28 INT. BASEMENT - SUNSET

28

At the end of the low-ceilinged basement, there is a heavy steel door, rusted, with a small-paned window punched in it.

The door opens, and Meg enters, bringing CAMERA WITH HER to Lucifer and Cass.

MEG

I got the Winchesters pinned down. For now, at least. What should I do with 'em?

LUCIFER

Leave 'em alone.

MEG

I'm sorry, but are you sure? Shouldn't we--

(CONTINUED)

LUCIFER

Trust me, child. Everything happens for a reason.

Lucifer smiles pleasantly. Nods. Starts to go.

LUCIFER

You have time, Castiel. A little time, to change your mind. Now...

He addresses Meg as he passes.

LUCIFER

I have work to do.
(as he goes, to Meg)
Watch him. And be a good little hostess, would you? Give him whatever he wants.

Lucifer exits, and Meg turns to Cass, batting her lashes at him over the Holy Flames. With a clearly SEXUAL INTENT--

MEG

So tell me, angel boy. What is it you want?

Dean's off the radio-- Sam and Dean pace, trying to work out a plan.

DEAN

OK. So. We know where the Devil is gonna be. We know when. And we got the Colt.

SAM

We just have to get past eight or so Hellhounds and get to that farm by midnight.

Dean looks over to Jo, pale as a ghost. Ellen finishes a new dressing, drops a bloody Ace Bandage into the bowl.

DEAN

That's *after* we get Jo and Ellen the hell outta town.

Sam exhales; he accepts this, but Jesus:

SAM

Won't be easy.

DEAN

(thinks, turns to Sam)
Stretcher?

SAM

(shrugs, possible)
I'll see what we got.

Sam starts to move, when Jo rouses-- we can see she's more lucid than they thought. And she's been listening. We can hear her pain, her frailty, in her voice--

JO

Stop. Guys-- stop it.
(they turn to her)
Let's-- can we be realistic about
this? Please?

The guys stop, turn to her. Ellen also listens intently:

JO

I can't move my legs. Can't be...
moved. My guts are being held in
by an Ace Bandage... We gotta...
gotta get our priorities straight
here.
(coughs, winces)
Number one: I'm not going anywhere.

ELLEN

(mounting alarm)
Joanna Beth, you stop talking that
way--

JO

Mom. I can't fight. I can't walk.
But I can do something.

She nods her head to the racks of tools and supplies.

JO

We got propane, wiring, rock salt,
iron nails... Everything we need--

SAM

Everything we need?

JO

To build a bomb, Sam.

DEAN

No. No way, Jo.

JO

Got a better plan? Got any other plan?

(not awaiting reply)

Those are *hellhounds* out there, Dean, and they've got all of our scents. The bitches will never stop coming after you.

(back to the plan)

We let the dogs in, you guys hit the roof and make a break for the next building over. I can wait here with my finger on the button, tear those mutts a new one...

(another cough)

Or give you a few minutes' head start anyway.

This hits Ellen in the mother reflex. Reason flees:

ELLEN

I... I won't let you.

JO

This is why we're here, right? If I can give us a shot on the Devil--
(implores Dean)
Dean-- we have to take it.

Sam and Dean don't know what to say, *because they agree.*

ELLEN

No... that's not...

Jo shifts her weight, winces, WHIMPERS, but holds strong:

JO

Mom, I think this might...
literally... be your last chance to
treat me like an adult...
(panting for breath)
You might want to take it.

Ellen looks at her daughter, heart crumbling away as she realizes: Jo's right. Tears cascade silently as she kneels by Jo, looks her in the eyes.

Jo nods slightly. Ellen nods back, closes her eyes.

ELLEN

(to Sam and Dean)
You heard her. Get to work.

(CONTINUED)

MONTAGE - A RELENTLESS THEME begins to build, A SERIES OF SHOTS around the store as Sam and Dean gather a quick list of supplies, STEEL BUCKET, DOOR BELL ASSEMBLY, ROCK SALT, WIRING, PROPANE TORCH CANNISTERS, lots of IRON NAILS--

WITH MACGYVER-LIKE SPEED AND INGENUITY: Sam and Dean start assembling a jury-rigged SHRAPNEL BOMB-- when the propane in the steel bucket blows, FIRE, IRON, AND SALT will tear the place down.

MONTAGE WINDS DOWN - They set the bomb up next to Jo.

Dean crouches down by her, eyes misting.

DEAN

See you on the other side, Jo.
Probably sooner than later.

JO

(tender; means it)
Make it later.

DEAN

You saved my life.

JO

(laugh/sob)
Yeah. I know.

Their eyes meet. Yeah, they could have had something. They can feel that now. Two broken hearts break a little bit more, and Dean leans in for a long tender kiss...

Then they part.

Dean hands her the doorbell, which is wired into the bomb. Sam puts his hand on her shoulder for a beat, and then the guys step away.

They gather up their stuff for battle, start for the stairs, realize:

Ellen isn't moving. She looks at them, steel-willed.

JO

Mom. No.

ELLEN

(turns to Jo)
Somebody's got to let them in. And like you said, you ain't moving.
(Jo starts to protest--)
You got me, Jo. You're right.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

ELLEN (CONT'D)

This is important.

(no room for doubt)

But I will not leave you alone
here.

Sam and Dean watch this, powerless. Sam can hardly take it.
Neither of them can--

SAM

Dean--?

Hard as rocks, Ellen kicks them back into gear.

ELLEN

Get goin' now, boys.

DEAN

Ellen--

ELLEN

I said go.

In a daze, they start to shamble toward the stairs.

ELLEN

And Dean...

(Dean turns)

Don't miss.

Sam and Dean leave.

QUIET MOMENT - Ellen goes to front door, kicks the salt away,
then walks back to Jo, sidling next to her as we hear the
HELLHOUNDS GROWL and scratch the dust outside.

Ellen stares down the door. We see Jo's eyelids flutter, her
eyes start to roll back.

ELLEN

I'll always love you, baby.

JO

(breathless, dying)

Uh huh... I...

Her head rests on her mother, now dead. Ellen hasn't noticed
yet. The HOUNDS BAY. The door begins to RATTLE in the wind
of their hunger.

Ellen feels her daughter's weight, now senses it.

ELLEN

Honey? Jo?

(CONTINUED)

No response. Her daughter is dead. Tears come, but she smiles. It's better like this.

ELLEN

No, that's OK. That's a good girl.
That's a good--

WHU-WHAM! The door BURSTS OPEN! Ellen's eyes snap up to the open doorway, she is all steel now, a cornered mother lion.

The Hellhounds PAD INTO the store. Things knock over, we hear GROWLS and SNORTS as they close in on the women.

HELLHOUND POV. Low to the ground, as the Hellhound approaches Ellen and Jo.

Ellen wraps her hand around Jo's on the detonator, just as a HELLISH SNORT of breath blows her hair back-- the hound is inches away.

ELLEN

(fierce)
You can go straight back to Hell,
you ugly bitch--

SMASH CUT TO:

Sam and Dean drop to the ground from an adjacent store's fire escape just as--

BOOM! The OS Hardware store EXPLODES, washing them with FIRELIGHT. In the roar of the blast, we hear HELLISH CANINE WHINES!

Dean's tears flow freely over a stoic expression as they back down the alley and run for it--

ROLLING LAND-- cospes of trees, beautiful [and whatever location we can find].

Lucifer has his sleeves rolled up, he's shovelling earth onto a LARGE BURIAL MOUND [almost done]. He whistles to himself; seems to enjoy the honest labor.

ABOUT FORTY MALE DEMONS surround him-- apparently the Devil has had much of the small town possessed. (We see a few HERO DEMONS with BLACK EYES upfront; the rest have normal eyes).

They watch their Lord and Master with adoration.

(CONTINUED)

DISTANCE AWAY - IN A COPSE OF TREES - Sam and Dean look on from the tree cover.

DEAN

Well, we know what happened to some of the locals, anyway.

They finish arming up. Dean checks the barrel of the Colt, snaps it back into place. He looks to Sam.

Sam shrugs, nods... what do you do at a moment like this?

SAM

OK.

Dean does roughly the same thing.

DEAN

OK.

SAM

Last words?

Dean thinks on it-- looks at Sam... No, if this is the way they go out, so be it. He's got nothing to say to Sam he hasn't said already. And that feels... good.

DEAN

Think I'm good.

We see Sam feels something like the same thing.

SAM

Yeah. Me too.

DEAN

So...

(another shrug)

Here goes nothin'.

ON SATAN - who happily shovels, until:

SAM (O.S.)

HEY!

Satan stops, straightens, blinking, and turns to see Sam walking down the aisle of trees. He pumps his shotgun.

SAM

You wanted to see me?

Sam, eyes hooded low with steely hate, strides forward--

The demons part, making an aisle for Sam, toward the Devil.
ALL EYES ARE ON HIM. Sam stalks forward.

LUCIFER

Sam... You don't need that gun
here.

The Devil swings his shovel over his shoulder. He calls out,
sincere:

LUCIFER

You know I'd never hurt you. Not
really.

He smiles at his future vessel, when the Colt lowers into
frame, right at his temple-- Dean got the drop on him!

The Devil turns to the barrel, looking legitimately surprised
[the Bully's surprise at the pipsqueak's ill-advised attack].

DEAN

Yeah? Well, I'd hurt you.
(hammer CLICKS back)
So suck it.

BOOOM! Shot heard round the world. The Devil ragdolls to
the ground from the force of the blast.

There is a moment of utter silence, as Sam, Dean, and the
other DEMONS regard the fallen Adversary.

Then, from the Devil's form, a gurgling sputter of pain, and
annoyance:

LUCIFER

OW! DAMMIT!

The Devil, swaying, dripping blood, staggers to his feet,
clutching the bullet hole in his FOREHEAD.

He spins on Dean, truly surprised at the pain he's feeling.

LUCIFER

Where'd you get that?

Dean just stands there, gun in his hand, paralyzed by the
failure of the fabled Colt. The Devil BACKHANDS HIM
SAVAGELY, sends him sailing into a TREE-- OOF!

Dean crumples to the ground. Out cold.

Lucifer turns to Sam as he HEALS the bullet wound, calms, and
smiles:

(CONTINUED)

LUCIFER

Where were we?

BLACKOUT!

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

32 EXT. JASPER'S FARM - NIGHT

32

Sam stares at Lucifer, his plans crushed, no place to go.

LUCIFER

Don't feel so bad. There are only five things in Creation that gun can't kill.

(shrugs)

I just happen to be one of them.

Lucifer gives him a nod, walks back toward the large mound.

LUCIFER

Now if you give me a minute, I'm almost done.

Sam goes to Dean's unconscious form, kneels by him, takes his pulse, eyes still on Lucifer, who finishes COVERING the mound with earth.

LUCIFER

Don't suppose I could just get you to say 'yes' right here and now? End the whole tiresome discussion-- I mean that's crazy, isn't it?

(off Sam's glare)

Right. Well. Had to try.

He starts filling more shovel-fulls of earth.

SAM

It's never going to happen.

LUCIFER

I think it will. I think it'll happen soon. Within six months.

(smiles up at Sam)

And I think it will happen in Detroit.

Sam levels a gaze at Lucifer-- with ICY COOL MENACE--

SAM

You listen to me, you sonofabitch. I'm gonna kill you myself, you understand me? I'm gonna find a way to rip your heart out!!

(CONTINUED)

LUCIFER

(coy)

Good, Sam. Keep fanning that fire
in your belly. All that pent-up
rage. I'm gonna need it.

A moment as Sam eyes Satan, trying to figure out his latest
mind-fuck. He shakes it off as we hear the OS *CHUFF! CHUFF!*
of the Devil's shovel digging in the dirt.

Sam looks over the demons. A beat, then back to Satan:

SAM

What did you do? What did you do
to this town?

LUCIFER

I was very generous with this town.
A demon for every able bodied
man...

SAM

What about the rest of them?

With GENUINE SADNESS and SYMPATHY, Lucifer looks to the
MOUND. As if it's the last thing he wanted to do--

LUCIFER

In there.

Sam realizes where the rest of the town is.

LUCIFER

It's awful, I know. But Horsemen
are very demanding. So... women
and children first.

Sam looks at Lucifer. ABSOLUTELY HORRIFIED.

LUCIFER

I know what you must think of me.
But Sam-- I have to do this. I
have to. You, of all people,
should understand.

SAM

What is that supposed to mean?

LUCIFER

I was a son, like you. A brother.
A younger brother.
(tender irony)
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

LUCIFER (CONT'D)

And I had an older brother, who I loved. Idolized, in fact. And one day I went to him-- and I begged him to stand with me, to take my side against our dick of a father.

(then)

But Michael... he turned on me. Called me a freak. A monster.

(emotional)

Then he beat me down.

Lucifer casts down the shovel.

LUCIFER

All because I was different. Because I had a mind of my own.

(then)

Tell me, Sam. Is any of this sounding familiar--?

Sam looks away. Lucifer looks up, studies the sky--

LUCIFER

Anyway. You'll have to excuse me. Midnight's calling. And I have a ritual to finish...

(as an afterthought)

Don't go anywhere. Not that you could if you wanted to.

He turns to the hole, stretches his arms out, begins reciting the spell work of angels. THUNDER BEGINS TO STIR at the edges of the sky.

LUCIFER

*Torzv, zacar odzamran aspt sibsi
bvtmona.*

This goes on long enough to create build yet not wear out its welcome-- then Lucifer looks to the assembled demons.

LUCIFER

Now... repeat after me...

The demons all smile at this bestowed honor--

LUCIFER

And we offer up our own lives,
blood, souls...

CLOSE ON SAM, watching.

(CONTINUED)

DEMONS

(loose unison)

And we offer up our own lives,
blood, souls...

*
*
*
*

LUCIFER

...to complete this tribute...

The Demons HESITATE... *

Satan levels his icy glare at them. His authority is unassailable.

LUCIFER
I said repeat after me.

GULP. The demons reluctantly begin their recitation of doom. *

DEMONS
To complete this tribute...

The demons finish the chant-- and one by one, spreading out from Satan in a concentric wave, the demons FLASHBULB OUT, expiring like blown out candles.

Sam reacts, both horrified and questioning-- Lucifer just killed all his own Minions. Lucifer meets his gaze.

LUCIFER
(turns to Sam)
What? They're just Demons.

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

CU ON CASS - focusing all his attention on:

POV - that STEAM PIPE, running horizontally against the wall. A SMALL BOLT TURNS...

It's too small for Meg to notice. She strolls by, watching Cass, with a wide grin.

CASTIEL
You seem pleased.

Meg gushes.

MEG
We're gonna win. Can you feel it?
(then)
You cloud-hopping pansies lost the whole damn universe! Lucifer's gonna take over Heaven!
(future so bright)
We're goin' to Heaven, Clarence!

CASTIEL

Strange. Because I heard a
different theory. From a demon
named Crowley--

The name rings a loud bell. She snaps a glance at him.

MEG

You don't know Crowley.

CASTIEL

He believes that Lucifer's only
using demons to achieve an end.

(then)

After he does, he will destroy them
all.

This draws Meg closer to the flame circle imprisoning Cass.

MEG

You're *wrong*. Lucifer is the
Father of our race. Our Creator.

(she nears, gloating)

Your God may be a deadbeat, but
mine...

(closer, more gloaty)

Mine walks the Earth.

Castiel looks at her blankly for a beat, then SHOOM! THE
STEAM PIPE BREAKS FREE, HINGES OUT from the wall, SWINGS
FORWARD like a pinball flipper... CRACKING into Meg's BACK.
KNOCKING her into the CIRCLE--

He grips her throat, stares deep into her shocked eyes--

CLOSE ON: he PRESSES his HAND against her forehead-- an ANGEL
DEATH BLOW--

But nothing happens. Her eyes don't flame out. Nothing. At
first, Meg looks horrified. But once she realizes she's
okay, she starts laughing--

MEG

You can't gank demons, can you?
You're cut off from the home
office, and you ain't got the
juice.

(a defiant laugh)

So what can you do, you impotent
sap?

CASTIEL

This.

(CONTINUED)

He drops her forward, and Cass is rock fuckin' steady as he shoves the demon body down across the flames of Jerusalem and walks over that sizzling bridge to freedom...

MEG

[shrieks of agony]

ANOTHER ANGLE ON MEG shows that Cass has VANISHED. Smoking from the fire, she curls away from it, batting out the flames, alive but in agony.

BIG RUMBLE - the ritual is complete, the specter of death is about to rise-- Satan stands, arms outstretched, before the SHUDDERING BURIAL MOUND.

ON THE GROUND, Sam has Dean leaned against him. Dean's eyes flutter open, he starts to focus on the OS RUMBLING HORROR--

CAMERA ARMS OR CUTS to allow Cass to appear. He turns to Sam, holds a finger up to his lips and then raises a hand-- They're ALL GONE.

Satan turns to see their absence, smiles just a hint. He's hardly worried. Everything happens for a reason.

The rumble and shake ENDS and Lucifer feels a shadow raising up over him. He turns:

LUCIFER

Oh. Hello, Death.

BLACK OUT.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

35 INT. BOBBY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 35

SERIES OF SHOTS - around the empty house. We hear a NEWSCASTER report on an OS TV.

NEWSCASTER (O.S.)
--governor, has declared a state of
emergency for Paulding County,
including the towns of Marion,
Fetterville, and Carthage...

CAMERA FINDS TV - we see the newscaster reporting next to an
INSET of SAVAGE STORM FOOTAGE.

NEWSCASTER (CONT'D)
The storm system has reportedly
touched off a number of tornadoes
in the area-- death tolls have yet
to be estimated--

WE MOVE OFF THE TELEVISION TO FIND--

Bobby, Sam, and Dean stand in solemn revery before the
FIREPLACE. A long beat. Then Bobby tosses in the photo
[from the end of act one].

NEWSCASTER (O.S.)
But state officials expect the loss
of life and property... to be
staggering...

CLOSE ON OUR HEROES. Watch in grim-faced, jaw-clenching
mourning...

CLOSE ON PHOTO - as we watch the flames EAT IT AWAY...

36 OMITTED 36

FADE TO BLACK.

TO BE CONTINUED...