

SUPERNATURAL

Episode #516

"Dark Side Of The Moon"

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CAST LIST

SAM WINCHESTER
DEAN WINCHESTER

CASTIEL
ASH
MARY WINCHESTER
PAMELA BARNES
ZACHARIAH

HUGH BAUM
JOSHUA
ROY
STEPHANIE BAUM
WALT

JARED PADALECKI
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CHAD LINDBERG
SAMANTHA SMITH
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SUPERNATURAL
"Dark Side of the Moon"

TEASER

FADE IN:

1 INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT 1

ONE SHOT. PANNING PAST A BOTTLE OF WHISKEY on an end table, along with a sixer's worth of empty BEER CANS.

We KEEP PANNING to find: DEAN WINCHESTER, passed out in bed.

Then CAMERA PULLS BACK TO REVEAL: the SHOTGUN BARREL that is currently pointed at Dean's SKULL!

CLOSE ON DEAN: even asleep, his Spidey Sense tingles. His eyes flutter open. Slowly, he slides a hand under his pillow...

ROY (O.C.)
Looking for this?

A SKI-MASKED MAN (ROY) holds a shotgun in one hand. And Dean's PISTOL in the other. Smoothly and efficiently, he pops the clip out of the pistol, tosses it away.

ROY
Rise and shine, buttercup.

Dean sits up, slow. Looks over for the first time at Sam-- who is already AWAKE, sitting up in bed. There's a SECOND MASKED MAN (WALT) HOLDING a SHOTGUN ON SAM.

DEAN
(to Sam, casual)
Hey.

SAM
Morning.

ROY
Shut up. Hands where I can see 'em.

Now Dean squints. He recognizes that voice.

DEAN
Waitaminute. Roy? That you?

The Masked Man only gives a stony look.

(CONTINUED)

DEAN
It is, isn't it?
(pivots to second guy)
Which means that that's Walt.
Heya, Walt.

The MASKED MAN, ROY, shoots an "oh shit" look to his partner and leader... the SECOND MASKED MAN: WALT.

WALT
Don't matter.

WALT PULLS UP his mask, it rests on the top of his head. ROY does the same, but he's more hesitant, more jittery.

DEAN
(understatement)
So. Am I wrong... or do you guys seem a little upset?

Walt GLARES down at Sam.

WALT
You think you can flip the switch on the apocalypse and walk away, Sam?

Sam swallows hard-- *shit!*

SAM
Who told you that?

WALT
We ain't the only Hunters after you.

KAH-CHIK! Walt ratchets a round into the breach and aims for Sam's chest.

WALT
See ya in the next life.

Sam raises a hand, trying to slow Walt down--

SAM
Wait! Just wait! I can explain.
Please-- just hear me out...

Walt looks at him. Considers. A beat.

But then-- SHOCKINGLY-- BLAM! Walt FIRES! BUCKSHOT rips Sam's torso apart. He falls back, eyes glassy-- DEAD.

(CONTINUED)

Dean moves for Sam, OVERCOME-- but--

ROY
(cocking shotgun)
Stay. The hell. Down.

Throughout Walt and Roy's subsequent conversation, Dean's staring at Sam's CORPSE, forlorn-- seeing his brother dead just never gets any easier.

WALT
Shoot him.

Roy's eyes dart to Walt, NERVOUS.

ROY
Killin' Sam was right, but Dean--

Walt sighs, exasperated.

WALT
He's made us, and we just snuffed his brother, idiot. You wanna spend the rest of your life knowin' Dean Winchester's on your ass? 'Cause I don't.
(then)
Shoot him!

Roy swallows hard, not sure he can. Then, suddenly, eyes still on Sam, Dean speaks up--

DEAN
Go ahead, Roy. Do it.

That takes them both by surprise. Dean looks at them.

DEAN
(ice cold)
But just so you know, when I come back... I'm gonna be pissed.

Roy does his best to conceal it, but he's INTIMIDATED.

DEAN
Let's get this show on the road.

The three of them share a PREGNANT BEAT, Roy's finger diddling the shotgun's trigger, then--

WALT
(rolls his eyes)
Aw, come on, already--

(CONTINUED)

"Dark Side of..."
CONTINUED: (3)

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1

1

Walt whips his weapon up and-- BLAM! The SHOTGUN'S MUZZLE
FLASH takes us to--

BLACKOUT.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

2 INT. IMPALA - PARKED - NIGHT 2

DEAN blinks AWAKE behind the wheel, coughs and rubs at the KINK in his neck. Another glamorous night on the road.

3 EXT. ROAD - NIGHT 3

Dean, wearing his usual get-up, including his LEATHER JACKET, steps out of the Impala and takes in his surroundings: the car, oddly, is PARKED DEAD in the MIDDLE of a STRIP of TWO-LANE ASPHALT. Near an OPEN FIELD.

WHUMP! The Impala's TRUNK CLOSES behind him. Dean spins and sees--

SAM WINCHESTER... all of 13 YEARS OLD! Dean's jaw DROPS.

DEAN

Sammy?

SAM smiles, holding a PAPER BAG he just took from the car.

SAM

Come on! Let's go!

He takes off toward the adjacent field. Dean watches Sam go, EYES WIDE.

DEAN

Huh. Weird dream.

4 EXT. FIELD - NIGHT - MOMENTS LATER 4

CLOSE ON: The grass, as Sam DUMPS PACKAGED FIREWORKS from the bag: Roman Candles, spinners, fountains, M-80s, you name it.

Sam stands over the pile of DESTRUCTION, looks to Dean.

SAM

Got your lighter?

Dean's hand instinctively goes to his pocket-- and he pulls out a ZIPPO decorated with a SKULL AND CROSSBONES. Dean stares at it FONDLY.

DEAN

Haven't seen this in years.

Sam doesn't seem to hear that, he holds up two ROMAN CANDLES.

(CONTINUED)

SAM

Fire 'em up.

FSH! Dean obliges, sparking both fuses. The boys point the tubes toward the sky and-- FOOSH! FOOSH! FOOSH!-- brightly colored balls of crackling fire shoot into the night.

WIDE SHOT. Nothing but darkness and night. And two boys, off in the distance, shooting off beautiful flames. It should feel idyllic... even poetic...

ON SAM, grinning, his face illuminated by the fireworks.

SAM

Wow.

Sam stares at his brother, PUTTING IT TOGETHER.

DEAN

I remember this: 4th of July, 1996.

He SMILES-- it's a GREAT MEMORY.

SAM

Dad never lets us do anything like this.

Sam locks eyes with his brother-- SINCERE.

SAM

Thanks, Dean. This is great.

Then he leans in and HUGS DEAN. Dean is surprised, then hesitates a beat-- he and Sam aren't exactly huggy people-- then GIVES IN, embracing his brother.

A beat, then they PART. Sam runs away, Dean stays put, taking in the moment.

For the first time in a long time, Dean Winchester is at PEACE.

SAM (O.C.)

Fire in the hole!

Dean's eyes go to the FIREWORKS--

CLOSE ON: The pile, an M-80 burns in the center of it.

FOOM! The whole stack EXPLODES! Fountains of flame shoot into the air; fiery pinwheels spiral overhead.

(CONTINUED)

BOOM! BOOM! Artillery shells launch skyward, filling the darkness with explosions of red, blue and green.

Sam stares a beat, in awe, then RUNS INTO the rain of multicolored sparks. (Think Redford in *The Natural*-- and again, a few wide shots to sell the stylized beauty.)

ON DEAN, watching his brother, loving every second of this.

BLAM! One of the fireworks goes off with the sound of a GUNSHOT, making Dean FLINCH. Then ANOTHER!

BLAM! ON DEAN, shaking his head as a subliminal IMAGE flashes before Dean's eyes: Walt's FACE.

BLAM! BLAM! Two QUICK SHOTS of MUZZLE FLASHES!

Dean blinks back to reality-- something's WRONG. The field is now COMPLETELY DARK. The fireworks are gone. Sam is gone. It's all empty, silent night. He CALLS OUT--

DEAN

Sam? Sammy?

No response. Nothing. Quiet. Wind. It's even spooky.

DEAN

Really weird dream.

EXT. AT THE IMPALA - MOMENTS LATER

We FEATHER a TIME CUT, as Dean steps up to the driver's side of the Impala. Arms folded on the roof. Unsettled. Looking at the dark field. Something is wrong. When--

SSK! The CAR'S RADIO flares to life. Static, then--

CASTIEL (O.C.)

Dean... Dean...?

Dean leans over... into the OPEN WINDOW... CONFUSED.

DEAN

Cass?

CASTIEL

It's me...

DEAN

You gotta stop poking around my dreams, man. I need some me time.

Dean slides BEHIND THE WHEEL.

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED:

5

CASTIEL (O.C.)
Listen to me, very closely. This isn't a dream.

DEAN
What...?

Dean thinks about it. Then suddenly, it comes RUSHING BACK.

6 INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

6

A RUSH OF IMAGES: Sam getting shot. Walt aiming at Dean-- the shotgun's MUZZLE FLASH! BLAM!

The round PUNCHES into Dean's body, spraying GORE. He COLLAPSES to the ground.

CLOSE ON: Dean's eyes. Lifeless. DEAD.

7 INT. IMPALA - PARKED - NIGHT

DEAN
(in shock)
...I'm dead.

CASTIEL (O.C.)
(after a beat)
Condolences.

Dean swallows hard, coming to terms with that.

DEAN
Where am I?

CASTIEL (O.C.)
Heaven.

DEAN
(stunned)
Heaven? How'd I get to Heaven?

The radio FLARES with static. Cass talks fast.

CASTIEL (O.C.)
Please... listen... this spell... this connection... it's difficult to maintain.

DEAN
If I'm in Heaven then Sam's--
(suddenly worried)
Where's Sam?!

(CONTINUED)

CASTIEL (O.C.)
What do you see?

DEAN
("random")
What do you mean, what do I see?

CASTIEL (O.C.)
(with frustration)
Some people see a tunnel, or a
river. What do you see?

DEAN
Nothing. My dash. I'm in my car,
on the road.

CASTIEL (O.C.)
Alright, a road. For you, it's a
road. Follow it, Dean.
(voice fading fast)
You'll find Sam... follow...
road...

And he's GONE, the radio HISSES-- then starts to play
"Heaven" by Warrant ("Heaven isn't too far away...").

Dean, annoyed, clicks it off and swallows his FRUSTRATION--
fuck it-- then TURNS THE KEY, revving the Impala to life.

8 EXT. FIELD - NIGHT

8

VFX SHOT. The car TAKES OFF, speeding down THE ROAD. And we
work our CG MOJO on the sky. With the way the clouds curl
overhead, with the MOON in the horizon... it almost DOES look
like a tunnel with a LIGHT at the end...

9 EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

9

A large SUBURBAN HOUSE sits beside the road, CHEERY LIGHT
shining from within. There's nothing else for MILES.

VFX SHOT. Above the house-- the SKY. The STARS ROTATE
RAPIDLY. As if time-lapse PHOTOGRAPHY of the CONSTELLATIONS.

The IMPALA pulls to a stop in front of it. Dean climbs out,
staring up at the very OUT OF PLACE home-- *what the hell?*

10 INT. DINING ROOM - SUBURBAN HOME - NIGHT

10

CLOSE ON: A gorgeous roast turkey sitting on a platter, a
KNIFE carves through it, cutting off a SUCCULENT slice.

(CONTINUED)

10

We PULL BACK to reveal SAM WINCHESTER (full size) sitting in a dining room that would make Martha Stewart proud. The table is loaded with food: mashed potatoes, stuffing, etc...

Sam wears a SHIRT AND TIE and sits next to HUGH BAUM (40s, sweater vest), who's cutting the turkey. He puts the slice of meat on Sam's plate.

HUGH
So, Sam, I hear you're new at McKinley?

SAM
Yes, sir. Two weeks.

HUGH
Well, Stephie here just can't stop talking about you.

BESIDE SAM-- STEPHANIE BAUM, 12, smiles, all braces. Even sitting, Sam TOWERS over the girl. The rest of the BAUM FAMILY (a WIFE, a YOUNGER SISTER) surround the table.

STEPHANIE
(mortified)
Dad. Shut up.

She glances at Sam, rolling her eyes at her father. Sam flashes a NERVOUS SMILE. Stephanie GRINS back and--

UNDER THE TABLE: GRABS SAM'S THIGH. He FLINCHES, VERY awkwardly, leg hitting the top of the table--

DEAN (O.C.)
Wow. Just... wow.

Sam looks up to see DEAN, leaning against the opposing wall.

SAM
Dean? What are you doing in my dream?

11

INT. LIVING ROOM - SUBURBAN HOME - LATER

11

Sam and Dean stand in the living room. Behind, the Baum's THANKSGIVING continues (chatting, passing food)-- a memory on an ENDLESS LOOP. Hugh Baum speaks to an EMPTY CHAIR--

HUGH
So tell me, Sam. What's your father do for a living?

WITH DEAN AND SAM.

(CONTINUED)

SAM
Heaven?

DEAN
Yup.

SAM
How are we in Heaven?

DEAN
All that clean living, I guess.

Sam frowns, a moment of GUILT here.

SAM
I mean, you I get. But me? Maybe
you haven't noticed, but I've done
a few things.

DEAN
Thought you were doing the right
thing.

SAM
Last I checked, it's not the road
to Heaven that's paved with good
intentions.

Dean shakes his head, scans the room.

DEAN
Whatever, if this is Sky Mall, it
sucks. Where's all the triplets
and latex?
(off Sam's 'gross' look)
What? I have needs.

Sam takes a beat, thinking.

SAM
You know... when you bite dust...
they say your life flashes before
your eyes.

DEAN
Your point?

SAM
This house. It's one of my
memories.

Dean nods, GETTING IT.

(CONTINUED)

DEAN

When I woke up, I was in one of mine: the 4th of July we burned down that field.

SAM

Maybe that's what Heaven is: a place where you re-live your greatest hits.

Dean glances to the Baums, who are chowing down.

DEAN

So, playing footsie with brace face over there is a trophy moment for you?

SAM

(defensive)

I was 11. This was my first real Thanksgiving.

DEAN

What are you talking about? We had a real Thanksgiving every year.

SAM

We had a bucket of extra crispy and Dad passed out on the couch.

Dean's about to respond when-- THMMM! An ELECTRIC HUM fills the air. Sam and Dean exchange a nervous look.

SAM

I don't remember this.

The power CUTS OUT, plunging the room into darkness. A beat, then PAK! A BLINDING SPOTLIGHT shines through the window-- sweeping the DINING ROOM.

The table SHAKES, a TERRIBLE EARTHQUAKE, but the Baums don't notice-- still enjoying their holiday. Hugh reaches for a platter, genial as Ward Cleaver--

HUGH

Mmm mmm. There marshmallows on this?

With SAM and DEAN. The only ones who seem AWARE--

DEAN

We should--

(CONTINUED)

SAM
Definitely.

The boys move for COVER behind the couch as the MASSIVE LIGHT SWEEPS into the living room-- as if SCANNING it.

Sam and Dean hold still for a TENSE BEAT, then-- the light VANISHES. The power flares back to life. The room's NORMAL again. Sam and Dean rise.

SAM
What the hell was that?

Dean doesn't have an answer to that, he makes a beeline for the HI-FI STEREO sitting against one wall.

DEAN
Doesn't matter. We're taking the escalator back down.

Dean flips the radio on, gets STATIC. He SLAPS the machine, FRUSTRATED.

DEAN
Cass! Cass!

SAM
What are you doing?

DEAN
What's it look like?

SAM
Like you've lost your mind.

DEAN
Cass called me before, with some "phone home" radio thing. CASS!

FSH! The TV behind Dean flares to life, showing a GRAINY black and white image of CASTIEL.

CASTIEL
I... can hear you.

His image FLICKERS on the screen. Dean turns. Castiel is intense. Driven. This is vital, and there's not much time.

DEAN
I found Sam... but something just happened, there was this weird beam of light--

(CONTINUED)

CASTIEL
(quickly)
Don't go into the light.

DEAN
Yeah, thanks Carol-Anne. What was it?

CASTIEL
Not what, who: Zachariah.
(then)
He's searching for you, but Heaven is vast. It'll take him some time.

SAM
And if he finds us?

CASTIEL
You can't say "Yes" to Michael and Lucifer if you're dead. Zachariah needs to return you to your bodies.

Sam shrugs to Dean, perfect.

SAM
Great. Problem solved.

CASTIEL
(frustrated)
No, you don't understand. You're on the inside. This is a rare opportunity.

DEAN
For what?

CASTIEL
You need to find an angel. His name is Joshua.

DEAN
No offense, but we're a little ass-full of angels. You find him.

CASTIEL
I can't. I can't return to Heaven.

SAM
What's so special about Joshua?

CASTIEL
(simply)
Rumor is, he talks to God.

(CONTINUED)

Dean shoots Sam a look, surprised.

SAM

So, he's an archangel?

CASTIEL

No. The archangels haven't spoken to God in millennia. They say Joshua speaks with Him regularly.

DEAN

And so...?

CASTIEL

You think maybe, just maybe, we should find out what the hell God's been saying!??

DEAN

Jeez. Touchy.

CASTIEL

Please. I just need you to follow the road.

SAM

What road?

CASTIEL

The Axis Mundi, a path that runs through Heaven. Different people see it as different things. For you, it's two-lane asphalt.

Cass' image begins to DISTORT-- like a VCR with bad tracking, voice cutting in and out.

CASTIEL

The road will lead you to the Garden, you'll find Joshua there.
(convinced)
And Joshua can take us to God.

Castiel's image is FUZZY now, voice barely audible, cutting in and out.

CASTIEL

...please... the road... hurry...

Then he's GONE, the screen flashing to BLACK. The boys take a moment. Taking all of this in.

(CONTINUED)

SAM

So. What do you think?

DEAN

I dunno. Guess we should hit the yellow bricks, find this Joshua cat.

Sam's surprised to hear Dean say this--

SAM

Really?

DEAN

What, you don't?

SAM

I'm just surprised you do. Last I checked, you wanna break God's nose. Now you think he can help?

This isn't a joke for Dean. There's tactical, military, strategic truth here. He levels a look at Sam--

DEAN

No one else can.

(Sam raises an eyebrow)

I mean it. We're royally boned. So prayer. Last hope of a desperate man.

Dean opens the door to a WALL OF TREES. The IMPALA and the STREET have VANISHED and been replaced by a THICK FOREST.

SAM

Wasn't there a street out here?

DEAN

Pretty sure, yeah.

Dean turns back, and begins SCOURING the room; looking behind furniture, opening a closet.

SAM

What're you doing?

DEAN

Looking for the road.

SAM

You think the road's in a closet?

(CONTINUED)

11

DEAN

We're in Heaven, Sam; memories are coming to life, Cass is on TV. Hell, finding a road in a closet would be pretty much the most normal thing to happen to us today.

He stops fast, SURPRISED. Sam moves to him.

SAM

What is it?

Dean points, sitting on the closet's floor are three MATCHBOX RACECARS on a dusty SLOT CAR TRACK.

DEAN

I used to have this. When I was a kid.

He crouches, PUSHING one of the cars along the MINIATURE ROAD. It rolls forward as we ZOOM IN TIGHT on the toy--

12

INT. DEAN'S CHILDHOOD ROOM - DAY

12

CLOSE ON: that EXACT SAME TOY rolling along the track.

Sam and Dean are in a typical CHILD'S BEDROOM, circa 1983.

Dean still has a hand on the toy car, pushing it forward.

The boys changed locations in a SPLIT SECOND. They take a beat, realizing what happened. Sam's eyes go to the TOY.

SAM

That was the road?

DEAN

I guess... Pretty trippy.

Sam glances down, and his clothes have CHANGED-- from shirt and tie, to casual Winchester wear. Sam's eyes go to Dean.

SAM

More trippy: apparently, you wuv hugz.

Dean flashes a confused look, Sam points at his chest. Dean bows his head and we PAN DOWN to reveal that he's wearing--

A TEDDY BEAR T-SHIRT ("I Wuv Hugz"). Dean FLUSHES.

DEAN

Shut up.

(CONTINUED)

(NOTE: we're in DEAN'S MEMORY-- so he wears whatever he wore at the time. Sam is back to his typical outfit).

Dean looks around, taking the room in-- and Dean's eyes go wide, breath catching in his throat. Voice hollow.

DEAN
I know where we are.

SAM
Where?

DEAN
We're home.

Sam processes that as-- FOOTSTEPS sound behind them. Sam and Dean turn to see-- MARY WINCHESTER in the DOORWAY--

MARY
Hey, Dean. You hungry?

Off SAM AND DEAN. Frozen. Shocked--

BLACKOUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

13 INT. WINCHESTER HOUSE - DINING ROOM (CIRCA 1983) - DAY 13

CLOSE ON: A glass, as MILK pours into it.

We pull back to reveal MARY leaning over the table, pouring Dean a drink. He SITS at the table, Sam stands, leaning against a wall, or perhaps the table, watching.

Mary sets a PB and J SANDWICH in front of Dean.

MARY

Want me to cut the crusts off?

She gives him a WARM SMILE. It's a perfect MOTHERLY MOMENT.

DEAN

Yeah. I... I would love that.

He's MESMERIZED. Mary goes to work, slicing the bread. Sam takes a step forward.

SAM

Mom?

But she CAN'T HEAR HIM. Dean shoots Sam a SYMPATHETIC LOOK.

DEAN

This isn't your memory, Sam. I'm sorry.

Sam nods, he is too. The two of them watch as Mary cuts the now crustless sandwich into four triangular SLICES.

SAM

Dean, we should go. Keep looking for the road or whatever.

DEAN

I know, just... give me a minute.

Mary SLIDES the plate back to Dean. He picks up a SLICE, takes a BITE-- and this is Heaven, it's everything Dean remembered and more.

SAM

Dean--

DEAN

Sam. Please. One minute.

(CONTINUED)

His voice is tinged with EMOTION-- Dean doesn't want to leave this memory behind.

BRRRING! The PHONE RINGS in the adjacent KITCHEN. Mary moves to it, answers.

MARY

Hello?

A SHADOW passes over her face. Mary turns away from Sam and Dean, tone HUSHED, but FORCEFUL.

MARY

No, John.

(a beat)

We're not having this conversation again.

She shakes her head, getting EMOTIONAL.

MARY

Time to think? About what? You have two boys at home.

Sam flashes a CURIOUS LOOK. Dean's face falls.

DEAN

I remember this... Mom and Dad were fighting, he moved out a couple of days.

Sam's SURPRISED by that, he never knew.

SAM

Dad always said they had the perfect marriage.

DEAN

It wasn't perfect until after she died.

MARY

(voice cracking)

Fine, then don't. There's nothing more to talk about.

KLIK! Mary HANGS UP the phone, and she can't fight anymore. Mary sags against the wall, TEARS welling up.

Sam can't take his eyes off Mary-- heart BREAKING for her.

SAM

What happens next?

(CONTINUED)

Dean KNOWS. He moves to Mary and EMBRACES her. Mary holds him tight, and Dean MELTS into her-- SAVORING this moment.

DEAN
It's okay. Dad loves you Mom.
(then)
I love you too. I'm never gonna
leave you.

He's QUOTING HIMSELF from childhood. Mary gives Dean a KISS on the cheek.

MARY
You're my little angel.

The two of them PART as she moves to the fridge.

MARY
How 'bout some pie?

Dean turns back to the dining room. Sam looks at his brother with a mixture of PITY AND ADMIRATION. Sam holds the stare long enough to make Dean fidget, UNCOMFORTABLE.

DEAN
What?

SAM
I just... never realized how long
you've been cleaning up Dad's
messes.

Dean looks away, VULNERABLE-- doesn't want to talk about it.

DEAN
Let's keep moving.

The boys split up, SEARCHING the room. Sam opens a DRAWER-- sees something.

SAM
Huh.

Sam pulls out a FADED POSTCARD. It says "GET YOUR KICKS ON ROUTE 66" with an image of the classic mother road.

SAM
I've seen this somewhere.

DEAN
Where?

(CONTINUED)

CLOSE ON: the classic Americana POSTCARD.

MATCH CUT TO:

14 INT. TRAILER - DAY 14

--we PULL BACK, to reveal it's a POSTCARD, on a wall, with a HUNDRED OTHER FADED POSTCARDS. Someone taped up these postcards long ago, before they abandoned it. SUNLIGHT streams through the windows.

Sam and Dean stand before the postcard wall, once again they CHANGED LOCATIONS (and CLOTHES) in a split second. (NOTE: now we're in Sam's MEMORY, so Sam is wearing whatever he wore at that time. Dean is BACK to his TYPICAL DEAN CLOTHES).

DEAN
Where are we?

He glances around, the space is cramped and CLUTTERED; candy wrappers, empty soda cans and pizza boxes litter the floor, the ceiling has been strung with CHRISTMAS LIGHTS.

SAM
No way...

He SMILES-- Sam KNOWS THIS PLACE.

RWAF! RWAF! A dog's BARK echoes behind them. Sam turns, as an ADORABLE MUTT leaps at him, tail wagging.

SAM
Bones!

Sam scratches the dog behind the ears. The dog LICKS his face furiously. Dean just stares.

DEAN
Bones?

SAM
He was my dog.

DEAN
Your dog? Wait, is this Flagstaff?

Sam takes a seat and opens one of the PIZZA BOXES, pulling out a slice. He takes a PEPPERONI from the pizza, feeding it to Bones.

SAM
Yeah.

(CONTINUED)

DEAN
(in disbelief)
These were good times for you?

SAM
I was on my own for two weeks.
Lived off Funyuns and Mr. Pibb.

Dean takes a look around the trailer, remembering not-so-fondly. Sam notices the sour look on Dean's face.

SAM
What?

DEAN
You don't remember? You ran away
on my watch, Sam. I looked
everywhere... I thought you were
dead.
(a pained beat)
And then Dad came home...

Dean's voice trails off.

ON SAM, guilty.

SAM
I'm sorry. I never thought of it
like that.

Dean eyes Sam for a beat. Then he looks to the door. An orange and black ROAD WORK AHEAD sign is nailed to it.

DEAN
Forget it. Let's roll.

He steps out of the door. Sam rises.

Bones follows. Sam reaches down, giving the dog one last pet. Voice soft.

SAM
Bonsey, stay.

The dog SITS, obeying, but WHINING. Sam takes one last FOND look at the trailer-- at Bones-- and EXITS.

Sam steps out of the TRAILER, which sits next to a RUN DOWN HOUSE. A small street runs in front of the home-- THE ROAD. Day has instantly turned to NIGHT.

(CONTINUED)

And again, maybe we VFX the SKY for the WIDE SHOTS. Moving constellations again? Something else?

Sam takes a few steps, then looks back-- the TRAILER HAS VANISHED.

Dean glances at the home, cocks his head-- CURIOUS.

DEAN
What memory is this?

Sam's eyes go back to the house as a glimmer of RECOGNITION flashes across his face. Sam hesitates a beat, then LIES--

SAM
No idea.

He turns away, starts walking toward the street-- THE ROAD. Dean doesn't move. Sam stops, trying to HURRY him along.

SAM
Dean: road, God, remember?

ON DEAN. His eyes go wide-- REALIZATION DAWNING.

DEAN
This...

He turns on Sam, STUNNED.

DEAN
This was the night you ditched us for Stanford, isn't it?
(then)
This is your idea of Heaven? This was one of the worst nights of my life!

Sam goes still, BUSTED.

SAM
I can't control this stuff.

DEAN
Seriously. How is this a happy memory?

SAM
I don't know. I was on my own. I got away from Dad.

(CONTINUED)

DEAN

Yeah, well. Dad's not the only one
you got away from.

SAM

I'm sorry. I just...

DEAN

(bitter)

I know. You never thought of it
like that.

Dean takes a step away, shaking his head. Sam flashes a
WORRIED look.

SAM

Dean...

DEAN

(short, bitter laugh)

Sammy. Your Heaven is someone
else's Thanksgiving and bailing on
your family. What do you want me
to say?

Sam is quiet and sad and honest here--

SAM

Look, man. I never got the crusts
cut off my PB & J. I don't look at
family the way you do.

Dean just shakes his head. Not overly emotional-- just
trying to play it off, like it's no big deal. But it is.

DEAN

But I'm your family, Sam.

(a beat)

I mean, we're supposed to be this
team. It's supposed to be you and
me against the world.

SAM

Dean. Come on. It is.

DEAN

Is it?

But the conversation is cut short when-- PAK! The ANGELIC
SPOTLIGHT illuminates them. Suddenly, they're AWASH in
BURNING LIGHT-- as if a UFO was OVERHEAD. Sam and Dean
exchange a look-- *shit!* Then TAKE OFF for the woods.

16

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

16

Sam and Dean CRASH through the forest, Dean DODGES behind a rotting, FALLEN TREE and pulls Sam with him. HIDING.

CLOSE ON: A pair of LOAFERS; Italian, tassels.

We pull back to reveal: ZACHARIAH strolling along, hands CLASPED behind his back.

ZACHARIAH

Wow. Running away on foot. From angels. In Heaven.

(with a smirk)

With outside the box thinking like that, I'm surprised you boys haven't stopped the apocalypse already.

Zach snaps his fingers--

CLOSE ON: The FINGERS SNAPPING.

17

EXT. WOODS - DAY

17

And NIGHT TURNS into DAY. Zach scans the trees.

ZACHARIAH

Guys. Come on. I just want to send you back to Earth, that's all.

ON SAM AND DEAN, behind the log, they trade nervous looks.

ZACHARIAH

I mean, that is, after I tear you a cosmos of new ones. You're on my turf now, boys. And by the time I'm through with you, you're gonna be begging to say "yes."

He turns his back, and the boys make their MOVE-- BOLTING into the woods. Zach clocks them, SIGHS casually.

18

EXT. WOODS - CONTINUOUS

18

Sam and Dean RACE AHEAD, plowing through the undergrowth. Until they look ahead--

And ZACH stands twenty yards in FRONT OF THEM--

ZACHARIAH

Guys. Come on. You can run but you can't run.

(CONTINUED)

18

Sam and Dean CUT SIDeways. Racing through the THICK BRUSH and BRANCHES that SMACK THEIR FACES--

Until suddenly, they STOP. Because--

Before them stands a FIGURE wearing jeans, a t-shirt, a LUCHA LIBRE MASK (NOTE: mullet tucked inside) and a SATIN CAPE.

Sam and Dean brace themselves for a fight, unsure.

FIGURE
Ssh! Follow me!

The figure scampers to a SMALL RUSTED SHED, where he whips out a piece of CHALK, quickly scrawling a SIGIL on the door (half mathematical equation, half Enochian).

Sam and Dean just stare-- *what the fuck??* The figure opens the door and waves them on.

FIGURE
Hurry!

He leaps through. Sam and Dean glance back-- beats the alternative-- they FOLLOW--

19

INT. HARVELLE'S ROADHOUSE - DAY

19

--and EMERGE from a "Men's Room" door, into a dark room. The lights are off, we can't make out any details quite yet. Sam and Dean STARE at the FIGURE--

SAM
Who are you?

The man pulls off his mask-- it's ASH! (the Roadhouse tech-redneck from season 2) He flashes a BIG GRIN.

ASH
Buenos dias, bitches!

Sam and Dean share a STUNNED LOOK.

DEAN
Ash?!

Ash smiles and claps his hands, the LIGHTS flicker on, revealing--

HARVELLE'S ROADHOUSE, just as we remember it from season 2.

(CONTINUED)

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19

ASH
Welcome to my Blue Heaven.

BLACKOUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

20

INT. HARVELLE'S ROADHOUSE - DAY

20

Sam and Dean stare at Harvelle's, taking it all in.

DEAN

God, the Roadhouse. Place even smells the same.

ASH

Bud, blood and beer nuts. Best smell in the world.

Ash moves behind the bar, grabs a couple of TALL BOYS.

ASH

Cold one? Up here, no hangover.

Dean gives a "why not" shrug, takes a CAN and cracks the top. Ash hands a can to Sam, who's studying him. As Sam takes it--

SAM

So, no offense, but--

ASH

(cheerful)

How's a dirtbag like me end up in Paradise? I been saved. I was my congregation's number one snake handler.

Sam and Dean exchange a glance. Same old Ash.

SAM

And you said this was your Heaven?

ASH

Yup, my own personal.

Ash grabs a beer, jabs a hole in its bottom with a PENKNIFE, then SHOTGUNS IT.

SAM

And when the angels jumped us, we were--

ASH

In your Heaven.

SAM

There are... two Heavens?

(CONTINUED)

ASH
More like 10.67 billion. So no
worries, it'll take them angel boys
a minute to catch up.

Sam and Dean exchange a look, LOST.

ASH
You gotta stop thinking of Heaven
as one place. It's more like... a
buttload of places, all crammed
together. Like Disneyland, but
without all the anti-Semitism.

SAM
Disneyland?

ASH
You got Winchesterland, Ashland, a
whole mess of Everybody-Else-Lands.
Put 'em all together: Heaven.
(then)
And at the center of it all is the
Magic Kingdom-- the Garden.

DEAN
So everyone gets their own little
slice of paradise?

ASH
Pretty much. Few people share.
Special cases and what not.

DEAN
What do you mean, special?

ASH
(shrugging, casual)
Oh, you know, like.... soulmates.

Ash politely looks away from Sam and Dean, sips his beer.

AWKWARD MOMENT as Sam and Dean TRADE LOOKS, register this...

ASH
Anyways, most folks can't leave
their own private Idahos--

DEAN
But you're not most people.

(CONTINUED)

ASH

True fact. I been all over: Johnny Cash, Andre the Giant, Einstein-- that man knows how to mix a White Russian. Hell, other day I found Mallanaga Vatsyayana's.

SAM

Who?

ASH

Wrote the Kama Sutra. That boy's Paradise? Sweaty and confusing.

Dean stares at Ash. IMPRESSED.

DEAN

All this from a guy who used to sleep on a pool table.

ASH

Yeah. Now that I'm dead, I'm livin' a whole lot more.

SAM

How'd you track us down?

Ash pulls a LAPTOP from behind the bar, punches a few keys-- a HIGH PITCHED WHINE cuts through the air. Sam and Dean WINCE.

ASH

Rigged up my very own holy rollin' police scanner. That's angels, blabbin' Enochian. I'm fluent.
(turning it off)
Heard you were up, 'course I wanted to find you. Again.

DEAN

Again?

ASH

This ain't the first time you been here. You boys die more than anyone I ever met.

Dean and Sam share a look at the absurdity of that.

SAM

So... you found anyone else? Ellen and Jo?

(CONTINUED)

ASH
(shocked)
Ellen and Jo are dead?

SAM
Couple months now. I'm sorry.

Ash takes that in. Fighting back a moment of emotion.

ASH
They went down fightin', at least?

SAM
To the end.

DEAN
(quietly)
For all the good it did.

Sam throws Dean a look. But Dean's focused on Ash--

DEAN
How 'bout our folks?

ASH
(sympathetic)
Been lookin' all over for John
Winchester, Mary too. So far,
nada. Sorry.

Dean nods. Not the answer he wanted. But what he EXPECTED.

ASH
But hey! There's somebody I know
for sure wants to jaw with you.
Hold up.

Ash moves to the DOOR, which sports an ODD CHALK SIGIL. He
GOES THROUGH, SHUTS the door--

And it immediately OPENS again. Ash enters, followed by--

SAM
(happily stunned)
Pamela.

Our fave psychic, PAMELA BARNES. EYES RESTORED. She SMILES.

PAMELA
Nice to see you boys again.

TIME CUT TO:

21

INT. HARVELLE'S ROADHOUSE - LATER

21

Ash sits in front of a laptop, fingers flying. Sam watches.

SAM

That how you get around up here?

ASH

More or less. Awesome to finally have a practical application for string theory.

NEAR THE BAR. Dean hands Pamela a beer. Happy to see her.

DEAN

So.

PAMELA

So--

WHAK! Pamela SLAPS him in the back of the head.

PAMELA

That's for getting me killed.

DEAN

(rubbing his head)

Less than I deserve. If it makes you feel better, we got Ash killed too.

Ash, overhearing this, raises a hand, still TYPING.

ASH

I'm cool with it.

DEAN

He's cool with it.

(then, more tentative)

So you're... good?

PAMELA

I'm good. Really.

(then)

Remember my death scene? Gutshot, coughing blood... you told me I was going someplace better.

DEAN

I was lying.

(CONTINUED)

PAMELA

You were right. My Heaven... it's one long show at the Meadowlands. It's amazing, you should see it.

Dean smiles at that. But WE SEE-- he's not quite convinced.

PAMELA

You don't believe me.

DEAN

I do, just... an eternity trapped in your own little universe while the angels run the show? That ain't Nirvana, that's the Matrix.

PAMELA

I dunno. Attic's still better than the basement.

Dean nods; she's got a point there, for sure.

DEAN

Yeah, but--
(indicating Roadhouse)
This place. Feels real. But-- it's Memorex. Real's-- down there.

PAMELA

Yeah, well, close enough. I'm happy, Dean. I'm at peace.

Dean gives Pamela a hard, uneasy look.

DEAN

What, you trying to sell me a timeshare? What's with the pitch?

Pamela gives Dean a sympathetic smile.

PAMELA

I know Michael wants to take you out for a test drive.

DEAN

(doesn't wanna go there)
Pamela--

PAMELA

Just saying... what happens if you play ball with him? Worst case?

Dean takes a beat, voice HOLLOW.

(CONTINUED)

DEAN

A lot of people die.

PAMELA

And then they come here... that really so bad?

(then)

Maybe... you don't have to fight it so hard. That's all I'm trying to say.

Dean meets Pamela's eyes. Deeply conflicted. Just then--

SAM AND ASH approach, interrupting.

SAM

We found a shortcut to the Garden.

22 INT. HARVELLE'S ROADHOUSE - DAY

22

Sam, Dean and Pamela, at the door. Ash DRAWS a new SIGIL on it.

ASH

All-access pass to the Magic Kingdom.

DEAN

Good.

(off Ash's nervous look)

Not good?

ASH

That Zach fella's gonna be searching every road into the Garden.

Pamela HUGS Sam goodbye.

PAMELA

So watch your ass.

(turning to Dean)

And Dean--

Pamela goes to Dean for a hug. But INSTEAD-- pulls him in for a LONG, DEEP FRENCH KISS. Dean's shocked. Not unhappily.

Pamela considers the kiss. Dreamily--

PAMELA

Yep. Just how I imagined.

She grins. Dean smiles back. Kinda flattered, actually.

(CONTINUED)

22

Ash finishes the sigil. Pivots to the guys for goodbye--

ASH

Gentlemen. Not to be a downer or
nothing... but I'm sure I'll see
you soon.

Dean grips the knob. Deep breath. To Ash--

DEAN

Keep a sixer on ice for us.

Ash gives a SOLEMN NOD. Dean opens the door. He and Sam
walk into the DARK...

23

INT. DINING ROOM - WINCHESTER HOME - NIGHT

23

Sam and Dean glance around, confused.

DEAN

This isn't-- why are we back home?

SAM

I dunno.
(then)
So what do we do?

DEAN

(exhausted)
Find the road again, I guess...

Dean turns toward the entrance way--

And is FACE TO FACE WITH MARY, in her NIGHTGOWN! As if she
magically appeared before him. He JUMPS!

MARY

Honey? Why are you up?

DEAN

Look: I'm sorry, I love you, but
you're not real and we don't have
time--

MARY

Did you have a nightmare? Tell me.

DEAN

I gotta go--

Mary steps closer. Talks softly, sweetly...

(CONTINUED)

MARY

Then... how 'bout I tell you my
nightmare, Dean? The night I
burned.

Suddenly and quickly-- dark BLOOD BLOOMS across Mary's
nightgown...

Dean reacts, icy. This isn't his memory-- he hurries around
her--

DEAN

Sammy, let's get outta here--

MARY

(hissing)
Don't you walk away from me!

Dean pivots, taken off-guard by that. She goes to him...

MARY

I never loved you, you little brat.
Never. You were my burden. I was
shackled to you--

Dean stares, listening in horror-- Sam watches, too...

MARY

--and look what it got me.

OFF MARY, as her eyes FLASH YELLOW...

BLACKOUT.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

24 INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT

24

Sam, Dean, Mary, where we left 'em. Dean's frozen, staring at his mother-- her eyes YELLOW--

SAM
("let's go")
Dean--

Dean snaps out of it. He turns to go--

The WINDOWS AND DOORS HAVE ALL VANISHED (or at the very least BOARDED UP with DECREPIT WOOD). They're TRAPPED.

Mary BLINKS and her eyes RETURN TO NORMAL. Conversationally--

MARY
The worst was the smell.

DEAN. SAM. Sick horror. And nowhere to run.

MARY
The pain, well-- what is there to say about your skin bubbling off? But the smell was so... you know, for a second I thought I left a pot roast burning in the oven.
(then)
But it was my meat.

Dean can't stand this. Looks for an escape-- there is none.

MARY
And then, finally, I was dead. The one silver lining--
(to Dean, simply)
--at least I was away from you.

Mary approaches Dean. With genuine interest--

MARY
Everyone leaves you, Dean, noticed? Mommy, Daddy, even Sam. You ever ask yourself why?
(then)
Maybe it's not them. Maybe it's you.

DEAN. She's getting to him.

Mary SMILES, revealing BLOODY TEETH....

(CONTINUED)

ZACHARIAH (O.C.)
Easy now, kitten.

Zachariah steps up beside Mary. Sam glares at him,
REALIZATION DAWNING.

SAM
You did this.

ZACHARIAH
(brightly)
And I'm just getting started. I
mean, guys, didja really think you
could just sneak past me into
Mission Control?

SAM
You son of a bitch--

Sam takes one step--

TWO ANGEL GOONS are INSTANTLY flanking him. They GRAB him.
TWO MORE ANGEL GOONS GRAB DEAN.

ZACHARIAH
I'd say the same about you, Sam,
but I've actually grown quite fond
of your mother. Or at least the
blessed memory of her.

He moves to Mary. KISSING her neck. Mary ENJOYS IT.

ZACHARIAH
I think we're going to be logging a
lot of quality time together. I've
discovered she's quite the... MILF.

Dean is ENRAGED. But covers it with a bluff of smart ass.

DEAN
Gloat all you want, you dick.
You're still bald.

ZACHARIAH
In Heaven, I have six wings and
four faces, one of which is a lion.
(re: his body)
You see this because you're
limited.

Zach casually runs a hand down Mary's back-- TAUNTING them.

Then he SNAPS his fingers-- and she VANISHES. Business time.

(CONTINUED)

ZACHARIAH

Let's brass-tack this, shall we?

DEAN

Lemme guess. You're gonna ball-gag us until we give you a "yes." We've heard that tune.

BAM! Zach PUNCHES Dean in the stomach. Dean WILTS.

ZACHARIAH

Oh, I'm gonna do a lot more than that. I've cleared my schedule.

(to the Goons)

Pick him up.

The Goons straighten Dean again. So Zach PUNCHES him again. Now Zach steps right up to Dean. Not fucking joking, now.

ZACHARIAH

Let me tell you something. I was on the fast track, once. Employee of the month, every month, forever. I would walk these halls and people would--

(explodes for a moment)

Avert their eyes! I had respect!

(holding back his rage)

Until they assigned me you.

Dean looks up.

ZACHARIAH

Now look at me. I can't even close the deal on two pathetic, flannel-wearing maggots? Everyone's laughing at me. And they're right to do it!

Zach's GLARING down at him, eyes BURNING.

ZACHARIAH

So... say yes, don't say yes. I'm still gonna take it outta your asses. It's personal now, boys. And if there's anyone in the history of creation you don't want as your enemy, it's me. And I'll tell you why. Lucifer may be strong-- but I'm petty.

(a vow)

I'm going to be the angel on your shoulder for the rest of eternity.

(CONTINUED)

JOSHUA (O.C.)
Excuse me-- sir?

Zachariah turns, vastly annoyed--

--to see a humble, deferential ANGEL (50s, GARDENING WORK CLOTHES) on the other side of the room. Meet JOSHUA.

ZACHARIAH
I'm in a meeting.

JOSHUA
I'm sorry, but... I need to speak
to those two.

Zach smiles with icy, teeth-gritted politeness.

ZACHARIAH
Excuse me?

JOSHUA
It's a bad time, I know. But...
I'm afraid I have to insist...

ZACHARIAH
You don't get to insist jack squat--

JOSHUA
No. You're right. But... the Boss
does... His orders...

This gives Zachariah pause. A long beat. Zach studies Joshua's face.

ZACHARIAH
You're lying.

Joshua shrugs. Gently points out--

JOSHUA
Wouldn't lie about this.
(then)
Look. Fire me, if you want. But
sooner or later, He's gonna come
back. And you know how He is with
that whole Wrath thing--

Zach stares at Joshua. Joshua smiles apologetically.

Zach looks to our boys. Back to Joshua, who stands calm...

And Zach VANISHES. As do the GOONS. Then the FURNITURE,
then the WALLS....

(CONTINUED)

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24 CONTINUED: (4) 24

PAN OFF SAM AND DEAN'S AWED EXPRESSIONS to reveal--

25 EXT. THE GARDEN - DAY 25

Lush, green, full of life. Sam and Dean stand in the center, facing Joshua. The boys look around...

SAM

This is... Heaven's Garden?

Joshua nods. Notices errant leaves on a branch. Pulls CLIPPERS from his pocket, TRIMS with patient precision.

DEAN

(tries to be polite)

It's nice. -Ish. I guess.

JOSHUA

You see what you want to here. For some, it's God's throne room. For others, it's Eden.

(then)

You two, I believe it's the Cleveland Botanical Gardens. You came here on a field trip.

SAM

You're Joshua.

JOSHUA

I'm Joshua.

SAM

And you... talk to God?

JOSHUA

Mostly He talks to me.

Sam and Dean stare, genuinely STUNNED.

SAM

We need to speak to Him. It's important.

DEAN

Where is He?

Joshua's response is straightforward, CALM.

JOSHUA

On Earth.

(CONTINUED)

Dean speaks with zero snark. He's talking to the dude who talks to God. This is about as serious as it gets.

DEAN

Doing what?

JOSHUA

I don't know.

SAM

Do you know... where on Earth?

JOSHUA

No. Sorry. We don't exactly speak face to face.

Dean gives Joshua a genuine searching look.

DEAN

I don't get it. God's not talking to nobody, so--

JOSHUA

Why's He talking to me?

Dean nods. Joshua shrugs. He hasn't dwelled on it too much.

JOSHUA

I sometimes think it's because I can sympathize. Gardener to gardener.

(then, with a fond smile)

And between us? I think He gets lonely.

DEAN

(the irony killing him)
My heart's breaking for him.

SAM

Well, can you at least get Him a message for us?

Joshua puts away his clippers. Faces them.

JOSHUA

Actually, he has a message for you.

What? Sam and Dean trade looks, HOPE flashing in their eyes.

Joshua meets their eyes. (MILK this beat.) Then, simply, even APOLOGETICALLY:

(CONTINUED)

JOSHUA

Back off.

SAM. Stunned. Hurt.

DEAN. Stunned. FURIOUS. He SNAPS--

DEAN

What?

JOSHUA

He knows already. Everything you
want to tell Him.

DEAN

But--

JOSHUA

He knows what the angels are doing.
He knows the apocalypse has begun.
(then)
He just doesn't see how it's His
problem.

DEAN

Not His problem?!

Sam FLINCHES, that hurt. Dean's face falls. They get it.

JOSHUA

God already saved you-- He put you
on that plane. He brought Castiel
back. He's even granted you
salvation in Heaven-- and after
everything you've done, too.

Joshua's eyes were on Sam. Sam flinches at that one.

JOSHUA

It's more than He's intervened in a
long time.
(simply)
He's finished. Magic amulet or
not, you won't be able to find Him.

Dean shakes his head, at a LOSS.

DEAN

But God could stop... all of it.

JOSHUA

I suppose He could. But He won't.

(CONTINUED)

DEAN

Why not?

JOSHUA

(shrugs)

Why's He let Evil exist in the first place? You could drive yourself nuts asking questions like that.

DEAN

So He's just gonna sit back and watch the world burn?

Dean turns away, CRUSHED. Joshua FEELS for him.

JOSHUA

I know how important this was to you, Dean. I'm sorry.

Dean hardens up. Works to get his armor back on.

DEAN

Whatever. Just another deadbeat dad with a bunch of excuses, right? I'm used to it. I'll muddle through.

JOSHUA

(gently)

Except you don't know if you can anymore.

(then)

You can't kill the Devil, and you're losing faith. In everything: yourself. Your brother. And now this--

Sam reacts to this-- Dean's lost faith in him?

JOSHUA

God was your last hope. I just... I wish I could tell you something different.

Dean looks away, too DEVASTATED to speak.

SAM. Eyes on Dean. Hearing all that for the first time.

A PREGNANT BEAT, then--

(CONTINUED)

SAM

How do we know you're telling the truth?

JOSHUA

You think I'd lie?

SAM

You're not the first angel we've met.

JOSHUA

(good-natured chuckle)

I'm rooting for you boys. And I'd like to do more for you, I would, but... I just trim the hedges.

DEAN

So what now?

JOSHUA

You go home. Again.

(with a regretful smile)

Afraid this won't be like the other times, though. This time... He wants you to remember.

Joshua simply holds up his hand, palm up--

The boys SQUINT at the WHITE LIGHT AROUND THEM, that takes us into a--

WHITEOUT.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

26

INT. MOTEL ROOM - DAY

26

Sam and Dean, dead; clothes SHREDDED by buckshot, DRIED BLOOD staining the sheets-- exactly how we left them in the TEASER.

HUUH! Sam and Dean BOLT UP-- GASPING for breath. ALIVE.

Sam touches his chest. The SHOTGUN WOUND has VANISHED.

Sam glances to Dean, who stares down at his own NEWLY HEALED BODY-- a DISTANT look on his face.

SAM

You alright?

DEAN

Define "alright."

He rises, pulls out a cellphone and DIALS.

DISSOLVE TO:

27

INT. MOTEL ROOM - LATER

27

CASTIEL sits with the boys-- struggling with what he's just been told. (Sam and Dean wear fresh clothes.)

CASTIEL

Maybe... maybe Joshua was lying.

Sam and Dean exchange a look.

SAM

I don't think he was. I'm sorry.

Cass gives a SLIGHT NOD-- acknowledging that Sam's probably right. Then-- looks away. Devastated. He rises slow and walks away from the boys...

And looks UP... addressing the Heavens-- his Dad-- voice low and taut. Not an explosion-- INTENSE. EMOTIONAL. QUIET.

CASTIEL

You son of a bitch. I believed in--

He stops. He's utterly SHATTERED. He reaches into his pocket--

Goes to Dean, and opens his hand--

To reveal DEAN'S NECKLACE.

(CONTINUED)

CASTIEL

I don't need this anymore. It's
worthless.

He hands the necklace to Dean. Turns away--

SAM

Cass, wait--

But Castiel has VANISHED into thin air.

BEAT. Dean stares at the necklace. Sam stares at Dean--
seeing his brother's HURT. His HOPELESSNESS.

SAM

We'll find another way. We can
still stop all this.

He's putting on a BRAVE FACE. Dean calls his BLUFF.

DEAN

How?

SAM

I don't know. But we'll find it.
You and me, we'll find it.

Dean doesn't even bother responding. He walks away--
--to the trash can. Where he THROWS AWAY the necklace.

Dean grabs his CAR KEYS and walks out the door.

Sam watches the door shut behind his brother.

OFF SAM, hanging his head...

BLACKOUT.

TO BE CONTINUED...