

SUPERNATURAL

Episode #522

"Swan Song"

Teleplay by

Eric Kripke

Story by

Eric "Giz" Gewirtz

Directed by

Steve Boyum

EXECUTIVE PRODUCERS

Eric Kripke

McG

Robert Singer

Ben Edlund

Phil Sgriccia

Sera Gamble

PRODUCERS

Peter Johnson

Jim Michaels

Todd Aronauer

Jeremy Carver

A large, stylized handwritten signature in black ink that reads "Jim Beaver". The signature is written in a cursive, flowing style with a large initial "J" and "B".

PRODUCTION DRAFT
BLUE REVISIONS

03/15/10
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REVISION HISTORY

Revision	Date	Revised Pages
Production Draft - White	03/15/10	Full Script

CAST LIST

SAM WINCHESTER
DEAN WINCHESTER

BOBBY
CASTIEL
CHUCK SHURLEY
LISA BRAEDEN
NICK / LUCIFER
ADAM / MICHAEL

FEMALE DEMON
NEWSCASTER
SAL MORIARTY
YOUNG DEAN
YOUNG SAM

JARED PADALECKI
JENSEN ACKLES

JIM BEAVER
MISHA COLLINS
ROB BENEDICT
CINDY SAMPSON
MARK PELLEGRINO
JAKE ABEL

ZAIN JAMAL

ANTHONY HARRISON
NICOLAI LAWTON-GIUSTRA
NATHAN SMITH

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SUPERNATURAL
"Swan Song"

TEASER

FADE IN:

1 STOCK FOOTAGE MONTAGE

1

The images are pale, faded memories. Super-8 style. AUTOMOBILE ASSEMBLY LINES from the 1960's. Massive machines, smiling workers, can-do optimism all around.

Over this, we hear the esteemed PROPHET CHUCK SHURLEY.

CHUCK (V.O.)

On April 21, 1967, the 100 millionth GM vehicle rolled off the line at the plant in Janesville. A blue two-door Caprice.

We see IMAGES of a Blue Caprice. Or, even better, if it exists, footage of the actual ceremony.

CHUCK (V.O.)

There was a big ceremony, speeches. The Lt. Governor even showed up.

Now. More IMAGES of a CAR SKELETON coming down the line.

CHUCK (V.O.)

Three days later, another car rolled off that same line. No one gave two craps about her. But they should have.

2 INT. CAR SHOWROOM - DAY

2

CLOSE ON: glamour shots (though still Super-8 style). Curves and corners and chrome. The CHEVY LOGO on the grill. Fluorescent LAMPS reflecting in the shiny black finish. All of it bright and new and GLINTING.

CHUCK (V.O.)

Because this 1967 Chevrolet Impala would turn out to be the most important car-- no, the most important object-- in pretty much the whole universe.

WIDE SHOT. There she is. The IMPALA. Shiny. Beautiful. Written in WHITE across her windshield-- a PRICE. **ONLY 3999!**

(CONTINUED)

2

CHUCK (V.O.)

She was first owned by Sal Moriarty, an alcoholic with two ex-wives and three blocked arteries.

Sure enough, SAL MORIARTY, a thick necked man in a short sleeve button down, tie, and thick-framed 60's GLASSES, ENTERS FRAME. Smiles at the camera, gives a little self-conscious wave (as if this were a home movie).

3

INT. IMPALA - MOVING - NIGHT - PMP

3

SUPER-8 STYLE. Sal drives.

CLOSE ON: the stack of HOLY BIBLES in the passenger seat. Then, the ANGEL FIGURINE dangling from the rearview.

CHUCK (V.O.)

On weekends, he'd drive around, giving Bibles to the poor. 'Gettin' folks right for Judgment Day,' that's what he said.

(then)

Sam and Dean don't know any of this. But if they did, I bet they'd smile.

4

EXT. RAINBOW MOTORS - DAY - **SHOW FOOTAGE - EPISODE 404**

4

A used car lot. The Impala sits among the other cars.

CHUCK (V.O.)

After Sal died, not unexpectedly, of a heart attack in '73, she ended up at Rainbow Motors, a used car lot in Lawrence. Where a young Marine bought her on impulse.

*

YOUNG JOHN WINCHESTER checks her out. He likes what he sees. REVEAL-- DEAN WINCHESTER is there, too.

*

CHUCK (V.O.)

That is, after a little advice from a friend.

5

INT. CHUCK SHURLEY'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

5

CHUCK. He wears a ratty terry-cloth robe. Sits behind a computer keyboard. A full glass and near-empty bottle of cheap whiskey beside him. As he TYPES, we hear VOICE OVER.

CHUCK (V.O.)
I guess that's where this story
begins.

He pauses. Even sad. Then resumes typing.

CHUCK (V.O.)
And here's where it ends.

6 EXT. BOBBY'S AUTO JUNKYARD - DAY (DAY 1) 6 *

The Impala. Present day. Beat up, dusty. Then we REVEAL...
SAM WINCHESTER. He sits on the hood. Staring off into the
middle distance. Holding a bottle of beer.

DEAN WINCHESTER steps up beside him. Something on his mind.

SAM
Hey.

Dean doesn't respond. He's working up to say something, but *
can't quite say it. Sam can read his face. *

SAM
Dean? What is it? *

DEAN
(finally:)
I'm in.

SAM
In with...?

DEAN
The whole up-with-Satan thing. I'm
on board.

Sam looks at Dean. Truly surprised.

SAM
You're gonna let me say 'yes.'

DEAN
No, that's the thing. It's not on
me to "let" you do anything.
You're a grown-- overgrown-- man,
and if this is what you want, I'll
back your play.

Sam takes another beat. Can't believe his ears--

SAM

That's the last thing I ever
thought you'd say.

DEAN

Might be.

They both give small, sad smiles. Dean moves to the COOLER.
Pulls out a beer. Leans on the car beside Sam.

DEAN

I'm not gonna lie though, it goes
against every fiber I got.

SAM

Dean...

DEAN

Lemme finish.

Dean wrestles with his emotion here. It's a core truth he's
trying to convey.

DEAN

Thing is. Watching out for you...
it's kinda been my job, you know?
Hell, more: it's kinda who I am.

(then)

But... if I was bein' honest... I'd
say you watch out for me least as
much. You're not a kid anymore,
and I can't keep treating you like
one. So maybe I gotta grow up a
little, too.

He gives Sam a steady look. He has FAITH in his brother.

DEAN

I don't know if we got a snowball's
chance at this, Sammy. But I know
if anyone can do it, it's you.

Sam's emotional. He means it--

SAM

Thank you.

DEAN

(nods)

So if this is what you want...

(looks at Sam, desperate,
pleading)

--is this really what you want?

(CONTINUED)

SAM

(beat)

I let him out. I gotta put him
back in.

Dean nods. Understands. SIGHS, deep. This is the point of
no return, and they just stepped over it.

DEAN

Okay. That's it, then.

Dean takes a quiet pull off his beer.

WIDE ANGLE. The two brothers. Side by side. Silently
drinking beer. Contemplating the horror that lies ahead...

BLACKOUT.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

7 INT. ABANDONED FOUNDRY - DAY 7 *

CLOSE UP. Empty space, at FLOOR LEVEL. Camera CRANES UP to REVEAL-- TWO DANGLING HANDS, BOUND TOGETHER with ROPE. Then-- a FACE. A WOMAN. UPSIDE DOWN. Frightened. *

MORE CLOSE UPS. JUMP CUTS. Rope tied around her FEET, strung over rafters-- the rope GROANS at the strain. The GLINT of a JAGGED KNIFE-- someone holds it. There's a SECOND VICTIM-- a MAN, hanging upside down. TWO PLASTIC TUBS are PUSHED BENEATH both of the vics. This should make us feel like we're in the movie "Seven" or something. *

FINALLY: CLOSE ON THE WOMAN. She blinks. And her EYES GO BLACK. Wait. She's a DEMON. *

WIDER: the MAN and the WOMAN dangle in the middle of a DEVIL'S TRAP, spray painted on the floor. *

REVEAL-- Dean, Sam, and CASTIEL stand beside them. Dean crouches to the woman. She's not tough; SCARED: *

FEMALE DEMON
Aren't you... gonna kill us? *

DEAN
Not yet. *

Dean LIFTS the SHARP KNIFE he's been holding up into FRAME (not Ruby's BLADE), and he CUTS HER THROAT.

Sam takes another sharp knife, CUTS the MALE'S throat quickly. (Perhaps from an angle behind the Male's back).

The Female GURGLES and SPUTTERS-- as she and her boyfriend bleed out into the TUBS. Like stuck pigs.

SHOTS OF THE TUBS. As blood spigots into them.

Dean watches all this. Looks up at Sam, who averts eye contact, guilty.

Dean's troubled, conflicted, squicked out, to say the VERY LEAST. But he has no choice. Off his expression...

8 EXT. ABANDONED FOUNDRY - DAY 8 *

CLOSE ON: emerging from behind the RUSTY DOOR, someone is CARRYING two clear plastic milk jugs, gallon sized. Each 3/4 filled with thick, viscous demon blood. Yummy. *

WIDER. Sam carries the two jugs. Castiel exits the Foundry behind, carrying two more. Finally-- Dean emerges, empty-handed, a light spatter of blood on his face. Looking VERY disturbed.

*
*
*
*

ANGLE. Several yards away. BOBBY SINGER stands (yes, stands!) at the back of his open van. Books and newspapers spread out-- using the van floor as an impromptu desk--

Dean steps up, using his sleeve to wipe off the blood.

*

DEAN

Boy. I still can't get used to you at eye level.

Bobby gives him a mild "fuck you," then--

BOBBY

So I was right?

*

DEAN

As always, Yoda, coupla Stunt Demons inside, just like you said.

*
*
*

BOBBY

And you got it?

*
*

DEAN

All the "go juice" Sammy can drink.

BOBBY

You okay?

*

DEAN

Not really.
(anyway)
So what do you got?

BOBBY

Not much-- where's Crowley when you need him?

Dean shrugs. Who knows--

BOBBY

Any of these sound like omens to you? Cyclone in Tampa, a temperature drop in Detroit, wildfires in L.A.

Dean interrupts him. His stomach sinking already. Fuck.

DEAN

What about Detroit?

BOBBY

(shrugs)

Temp's fallen about 20 degrees--
but only in a five-block radius of
downtown Motown.

(dry)

Spray-tanned Weathermen are
baffled.

DEAN

(shit)

That's the one. Devil's in
Detroit.

BOBBY

Really? Far as foreboding goes,
its a little light in the loafers.
You sure?

Dean's eyes are on Sam. *

DEAN'S POV. Sam and Cass, loading blood jugs into the
Impala's trunk. *

Dean takes a troubled beat. *

DEAN

I'm sure.

9 EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - NIGHT 9

The IMPALA ROARS down the two-lane blacktop. On the way to
the Motor City. Bobby's VAN FOLLOWS--

10 INT. IMPALA - MOVING - NIGHT - PMP 10

Dean drives, Sam rides. Cass leans back, upright, against
the seat. FAST ASLEEP.

Dean regards him in the rearview. Smirking.

DEAN

Aww. Ain't he a lil' Angel?

SAM

(dry)

Angels don't sleep.

Dean reacts-- good point. Drives silent for a beat. Then--

DEAN

Sam. I got a real bad feeling about this.

SAM

You'd be nuts to have a good feeling.

DEAN

You know what I mean. Detroit. He always said he'd jump your bones in Detroit. Now here we are...

Sam sighs. Worried.

SAM

Here we are.

DEAN

Maybe this is him rolling out the red carpet for us. Maybe he knows something we don't.

SAM

I'm sure he knows a buttload we don't. We just have to hope he doesn't know about the Rings.

Dean doesn't like it-- but Sam's right. He nods.

It's Sam's turn. A beat. Before he ventures forward with--

SAM

Hey. On the subject? Something I need to talk to you about.

DEAN

Yeah?

SAM

This thing goes our way... and I triple-lindy into that box... you know I'm not coming back...

Dean is SO UPSET ABOUT THIS. Keeps it clipped, for now--

DEAN

I'm aware.

SAM

So I need you to promise me something.

(CONTINUED)

DEAN

Anything.

SAM

(beat)

You gotta promise not to try to bring me back.

DEAN

What? No. I never signed on for that.

SAM

Dean--

DEAN

Your Hell's gonna make my tour look like Graceland. You want me to sit back and do nothin'?

*

SAM

Once the cage is shut, we can't go poking at it. It's too risky.

DEAN

No. No. I'm not gonna let you just rot in there--

SAM

Yeah, you are, Dean. You don't have a choice.

A beat. Then... vulnerable, emotional, small--

DEAN

Sam. Don't ask me to do this.

SAM

I'm sorry. But you have to.

DEAN

Then... what am I supposed to do?

Equally emotional-- as close as they get to 'goodbye...'

SAM

You find Lisa. You pray she's dumb enough to take you in. You have barbecues and go to football games. You go live some normal, apple pie life-- you promise me.

Off Dean. Not sure he can. A long beat...

11

EXT. FLOPHOUSE HOTEL - NIGHT

11

BINOC POV. A sleazy, three or four-story walk-up HOTEL in downtown Detroit. It's all urban blight. The POV JERKS over to a second floor window-- a BLACK EYED DEMON pulls back yellowed curtains, peering out. (And please give us a nice CU of the BLACK EYES, please).

12

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

12

Bobby, across or perhaps kiddie-corner from the hotel, lowers the binocs. He's peering out from behind a corner, from the alley's mouth.

FEATHER A TIME CUT. With the Impala and Bobby's Van, parked further down the alley. Dean, Cass, and Sam wait. Dean looks up as Bobby approaches--

BOBBY

Demons, least two dozen. You were right. Something's up.

DEAN

More than something. He's here, I know it.

Bobby looks back at the alley's mouth, nervous.

BOBBY

For the record-- I hate this plan.

DEAN

You're not the only one.

SAM

Bobby, we gotta go it alone. He even catches your scent, we're cooked.

Bobby takes a beat. Accepts that, stiff upper lip quivering. He knows there's nothing left to say but goodbye.

BOBBY

Alright. Well, then I, uh... I'll see you around, kid.

It's a lie. And Sam and Bobby know it.

SAM

See you around.

*

Bobby hugs him tight, as if hugging his own son. Dean watches this, pained. This gets to him, too.

(CONTINUED)

BOBBY

Once he gets in, you fight him
tooth and nail. You understand?
You keep swinging, don't give an
inch.

SAM

Yes, sir.

Sam then turns to Cass. Holds out his hand to shake.

SAM

You take care of these guys, okay?

Cass looks at the hand, curious. Scientific honesty:

CASTIEL

That's not possible.

Sam lowers his hand. Rolls his eyes.

SAM

Then humor me.

CASTIEL

Ohh. I was supposed to lie.
(a bad lie and a big
confident grin)
Sure. They'll be fine.

*
*

SAM

Just-- stop talking.

Now Sam moves to the IMPALA's TRUNK. OPENS IT. Revealing
the bloody-red milk gallons. He regards them with a troubled
expression-- a junky's lament-- both DESIRE and hate.

His eyes flit up. Catching Dean. Watching him. Suddenly,
Sam feels self-conscious.

SAM

I, uh... you mind not watching
this?

Dean waits, leaning against the hood of the Impala. Bobby
and Cass wait, too. When the TRUNK BEHIND SLAMS SHUT--

Revealing Sam. Wiping a spot of blood off the side of his
mouth. He's wired. It's like a hit of steroids-- or coke--

13

CONTINUED:

13

He walks up to Dean. Oddly confident. Dean does his best to hide how disturbed he is at Sam.

SAM

(almost breathless)

Okay. Let's go.

And with that, Sam CHARGES ACROSS THE STREET.

Dean throws an unsettled look to Bobby, then FOLLOWS.

14

EXT. FLOPHOUSE HOTEL - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

14

Sam moves forward, then stops, standing RIGHT BEFORE THE HOTEL. Then Dean steps up, beside his brother.

SAM

(SHOUTING)

Alright! We're here, you
sonsofbitches! Come n' get it!!

TWO BURLY DEMONS (black suits; black eyes aren't necessary) emerge from the HOTEL. Just staring at Sam and Dean.

DEAN

(awkward)

Um... is your Father home?

15

INT. FLOPHOUSE HOTEL - ROOM - NIGHT

15

Large room. But run down. Yellowed. Greasy.

The BURLY DEMONS PULL SAM and DEAN through the door. Then restrain them. Each Demon holds Sam and Dean's arms back, respectively.

Sam and Dean react. Terrified. To--

LUCIFER. Standing at a window. His back to the boys. He never turns around. He's REALLY starting to DEGRADE. Covered in SORES. BLUE VEINS. Nasty stuff.

LUCIFER

Hey guys. Nice of you to drop in.

Off Sam and Dean. So deeply in over their heads--

BLACKOUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

16 EXT. BEAUTIFUL SETTING - DAY

16

The Impala. A beauty shot. Could be on the side of the road, or a rest-stop. Just looking for something scenic and bucolic and even peaceful.

CHUCK (V.O.)

The Impala, of course, has all the things other cars have-- and a few things they don't.

JUMP CUTS. CLOSE ON: hands and arms clad in Dean's leather jacket throw open the trunk and the false bottom, revealing the WEAPONS CACHE.

MORE JUMP CUTS. We FOCUS (in CU) on some of the specific weapons named. The hands cock certain guns, load others.

CHUCK (V.O.)

A Glock. A Desert Eagle. A few Remingtons. An L6 Grenade Launcher: yikes. Not to mention the axes and arrows, the salt and stakes, the Oil and Water-- both Holy, of course.

(then)

But none of that stuff's important. This is the stuff that's important.

17 INT. IMPALA - VARIOUS - FLASHBACK - DAY

17

Back to our faded, sun-dappled, Super-8 look. A memory.

CLOSE ON: small hands. Kid's hands. WEDGING a GREEN ARMY MAN into the back seat ashtray.

WIDER. As we REVEAL-- LITTLE SAM. 5 or 6.

CHUCK (V.O.)

The Army Man that Sam crammed in the ashtray. It's still stuck there.

JUMP CUT. Young DEAN, 9 or 10. Blithely shoving LEGOS into the Heating Vent.

CHUCK (V.O.)

The Legos that Dean shoved into the vents. To this day, heat comes on, they can hear 'em rattle.

(CONTINUED)

17

CONTINUED:

17

JUMP CUT. Both Young Sam and Young Dean, holding age-inappropriate knives, carve their initials into the interior ceiling above the back seat (or a place in the car's interior we wouldn't really have seen up to now).

CLOSE ON: the initials. **S.W. D.W.** Over this--

CHUCK (V.O.)

These are the things that make the car theirs. Really theirs.

18

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD / BOBBY'S JUNKYARD - **SHOW FOOTAGE**

18

VARIOUS SHOTS. The IMPALA, t-boned by the semi. Dean, rebuilding her.

CHUCK (V.O.)

Even when Dean rebuilt her from the ground up, he made sure all these little things stayed. Cause its the blemishes that make her beautiful.

19

INT. FLOPHOUSE HOTEL - ROOM - NIGHT

19

CHUCK (V.O.)

The Devil doesn't know or care what kind of car the boys drive.

Sam and Dean. Still held by those Burly Demons. Watching--

Lucifer. Back still to the boys. Facing the window. He blows on the window, like you do when you want to make a little disc of condensation--

Except the whole window FROSTS OVER.

Lucifer idly draws a SIMPLE PITCHFORK in the frost. As he does--

LUCIFER

Sorry if it's a bit chilly. Most people think I burn hot. It's actually quite the opposite.

DEAN

(bone dry)

Wow. I'll alert the media.

Lucifer pivots to the boys, glaring--

Dean drops his eyes in a hurry, put in his place. (We should always be PLAYING the TRUE DANGER of the boys' situation.)

(CONTINUED)

LUCIFER

Guys. Help me understand something.

SAM

What's that?

LUCIFER

You. I mean, stomping through my front door? It's a tiny bit suicidal, don't you think?

SAM

We're not here to fight you.

LUCIFER

No? Then why are you?

SAM

(beat)

I want to say 'yes.'

LUCIFER

Excuse me?

And with that, Sam CLOSSES HIS EYES. FOCUSES. And QUICKLY, the TWO DEMONS STROBE OUT BRIGHTLY. Fall to the floor, dead. Releasing Sam and Dean.

SAM

You heard me. Yes.

LUCIFER

Chock fulla Ovaltine, are we? You're serious.

SAM

Look. Judgment Day's a runaway train, we get it now. We just want off.

LUCIFER

Meaning...?

SAM

Deal of the century. I give you a free ride, but when it's all over, I live, he lives, you bring our parents back, and--

*

(CONTINUED)

LUCIFER

(interrupting)

I'm sorry, can we just drop the
Telenovela? I know you have the
Rings, Sam. *

FUCK. Dean and Sam are too smart to glance completely at
each other, but they're royally, royally SCREWED--

SAM

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

LUCIFER

The Horsemen Rings? The magic keys
to my cage? Ring a bell?

(off Sam's silence)

Come on, I've never lied to you,
pay me the same respect, would you?

This is falling apart, and Sam and Dean know it--

LUCIFER

(chuckling)

It's okay. I'm not mad. A
wrasslin' match inside your noggin?
I like the idea. Just you and me,
one round, no tricks.

(then)

You win, you jump in the hole. I
win-- well, then I win. *

Lucifer steps forward.

LUCIFER

So whattaya say? A fiddle of gold
against your soul, that says I'm
better than you?

CLOSE ON SAM. CLOSE ON DEAN. CLOSE ON LUCIFER. A battle of
wits. Of will.

Dean looks at Sam. And he can tell-- Sam is ACTUALLY
CONSIDERING THIS. Dean gives a little head shake. NO.

But Sam keeps his eyes on Lucifer, as he says to Dean--

SAM

So he knows. Doesn't change
anything.

DEAN

Sam--

(CONTINUED)

19

SAM

We got no other choice.

DEAN

(desperate)

No.

CLOSE ON SAM. As he locks eyes with Lucifer.

SAM

Yes.

ANGLE ON SAM AND DEAN. As a BLAZING WHITE LIGHT (with VFX help) FLARES UP AGAINST THEM (think DOUBLE the light in the teaser of 501). They shield their EYES with their arms--

20

EXT. FLOPHOUSE HOTEL / ALLEY - NIGHT

20

Bobby and Cass. Watching the Hotel from the alley.

The windows of the ENTIRE FOURTH FLOOR BLAZE with BURNING WHITE LIGHT.

They trade tense looks. It's happening.

21

INT. FLOPHOUSE HOTEL - ROOM - NIGHT

21

CLOSE ON DEAN. As the light fades. He lowers his arm, looks out to see--

Nick, DEAD on the floor.

And Sam. Sprawled on the floor beside Dean, where he once stood. Unconscious.

Fast, tense, Dean doesn't waste a second. From his pocket, he removes--

CLOSE ON: THE HORSEMEN RINGS. STUCK together.

He UNDER-HANDS THEM TOWARD the WALL--

Where they CLINK to the WALL like MAGNETS. Still clustered together in the center--

DEAN

Bvtmon Tabges Babalon.

And now there's a LOW RUMBLING SOUND. CRACKS SPIDERWEB in the WALL. Then... CHUNKS OF WALL BREAK OFF-- TUMBLING STRAIGHT BACKWARD (INCLUDING THE RINGS, too)-- AS THEY BEGIN TO REVEAL--

(CONTINUED)

A BLACK TUNNEL. A CHASM. As if it was a BLACK HOLE ITSELF-- pulling chunks off the wall-- plaster dust-- back into it. There's no light at the end of this tunnel.

WIND SUCKS INTO the hole-- a gravitational pull--

Dean watches. In awe. Then looks down as he notices--

Sam. Starting to rouse.

Dean steps back from him. Wary. Not sure what to expect.

MEANWHILE, now larger CHUNKS are breaking loose from the wall, revealing pretty much the WHOLE TUNNEL at this point. About a 7 foot diameter-- the edges jagged from the broken wall. The insides of the tunnel-- bloody, rusty METAL, before they're enveloped in pit-darkness.

Sam climbs to his feet. Looking a lot like... Sam. Sam CLUTCHES his head, as if an excruciating migraine--

DEAN

Sammy...?

SAM

Dean... I can feel him... oh God...

DEAN

Then do it!

Sam looks up. Sees the portal. Steps to it with difficulty. Then stops. Pausing before it. WIND BLOWING.

Dean's emotional, on the verge of tears-- he's asking his brother to basically kill himself. But he has no choice--

DEAN

Sammy! Now. NOW!

But then... chillingly... his back to Dean... Sam's demeanor changes. The migraine fades. A smile slips onto his lips. As we realize. This isn't Sam. This is LUCIFER.

SAM/LUCIFER

Nah, I was just messing with you.

Sam's long gone.

As Dean's face falls, and his worst fear is realized.

And now Lucifer RAISES his HAND toward the wall--

SAM/LUCIFER

Chdr Bvtmon Tabges Babalon.

21

CONTINUED: (2)

21

And the BLACK HOLE QUICKLY CLOSES-- as if in REVERSE-- WALL and PLASTER FLING BACK OUT OF THE HOLE, reforming; the wall, healing itself. Snuffing the PORTAL OUT. Even the RINGS are vomited from the hole, end up stuck in the center of the now-unbroken-wall, right where Dean left them.

Lucifer casually strolls to the wall. Removes the rings. Pockets them. (CLOSE-UPS of this, please).

As he does, he looks to Dean, gentle and calm.

SAM/LUCIFER

I told you. This was always going to happen in Detroit.

Dean. Terrified. Despondent. He blinks and--

The room is EMPTY. Just Dean. And Nick's corpse.

WIDE ON ROOM. Vacant. Quiet. Still. Only Dean, hanging his head-- broken and heartbroken.

*
*

22

OMITTED

22

*

23

INT. ABANDONED SHIT HOLE - NIGHT

23

*

Filthy. Junk everywhere.

*

FIVE DEMONS. A loose grouping, not a row or anything. They stand, stock still, arms at their side. Head down, chins almost against their chests. As if in a trance.

LOW ANGLE CLOSE UP. Looking up at one of them, so we can see their STILL, UNBLINKING BLACK EYES. Eerie.

LUCIFER. Walks among them. Through them. Stretching his fingers. Clenching his fists. (Just small little gestures; nothing too big). Overall, feeling very content with his newly purchased suit. SAM'S MEATSUIT. When--

*
*

CLOSE ON: some of his fingers TREMBLE ERRATICALLY. Just a SHORT BURST of palsy.

Lucifer looks down at it, like you'd talk to your child. With great patience and affection.

LUCIFER

Sam. Come on. I feel you scratching away in there.

(beat)

Look, I'll take the gag off, okay?

Lucifer walks over to a GREASY MIRROR. And proceeds to HAVE A CONVERSATION with Sam. (See Gollum's split-personality conversations in the 'Lord of the Rings' movies.)

Lucifer is calm. Warm. Sympathetic.

LUCIFER

You got me all wrong, kid. I'm not the bad guy here.

Sam is tightly coiled.

SAM

I'm gonna rip you apart from the inside out, you understand me?

LUCIFER

(with a smirk)

Such anger, young Skywalker. But who you really angry at? Me, or that face in the mirror?

SAM

I'm sure this is all a big joke to you.

LUCIFER

Not at all. I've been waiting for you for a long, long time.

(beat)

Come on, Sam. You gotta admit. You can feel it, right?

SAM

What?

LUCIFER

The exhilaration. The euphoria. I can feel it, too. And you know why that is? Because we're two halves made whole. M.F.E.O., literally.

SAM

This feels pretty damn far from good--

LUCIFER

(tapping his temple)

I'm inside your grapefruit, Sam, you can't lie to me.

(then)

I see it all. How odd you always felt.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

LUCIFER (CONT'D)

How outta place in that family of yours. And why shouldn't you? They were foster care at best. I'm your real family.

*

SAM

(drowning)

No... that's not true...

LUCIFER

It is and I know you know it. All those times you ran away? You weren't running from them. You were running towards me.

Sam is silent. Because Lucifer is striking a chord.

LUCIFER

This doesn't have to be a bad thing, you know. I let Dean live, didn't I? I want him to live. I'll bring your folks back, too. I want you to be happy, Sam.

*

Sam's having a hard time keeping it together--

SAM

I don't... I don't want anything from you.

LUCIFER

Really? Not even some payback?

SAM

What's that supposed to mean?

LUCIFER

Look close. None of these little Devils look familiar to you?

In the REFLECTION, Sam looks up. Scans some of the Demons. Suddenly, his eyes widen in recognition.

SAM

That's... Mr. Bensman. One of my grade school teachers.

LUCIFER

(pivots into the room)

And that's your friend Doug from that time in East Lansing. And Rachel-- your Prom Date.

(CONTINUED)

Lucifer pivots back to the mirror.

LUCIFER

(a la the old show)

Sam Winchester, this is your life.

(then)

Azazel's gang. Watching you since you were a rugrat. Jerking you around like a dog on a leash.

Sam tries to control his anger--

LUCIFER

Look, I know how you feel about 'em. Me, too. So whattaya say you and me blow off a little steam?

In the MIRROR. Sam. Fighting to control his emotion. But it's a losing battle.

CLOSE ON: a BANK of TELEVISIONS. Behind the window of an ELECTRONICS STORE. All displaying the same newscast. Images of earthquake, disaster, death--

The NEWSCASTER speaks with a trembling voice. QUICK, SCARED.

NEWSCASTER (V.O.)

Reports are flooding in, a 7.6 quake in Portland, 8.1 in Boston, more in Hong Kong, Berlin, Tehran. The USGS has no explanation, but says to expect a six figure death toll. We go now to Michael Friedman--

This whole time, we've been SLOWLY PULLING BACK, until we REVEAL-- Dean, Cass, and Bobby. Watching. Along with several other PEDESTRIANS, their backs to us.

Cass pivots to the guys. They begin stepping away.

CASTIEL

It's starting.

DEAN

(edgy, sarcastic)

Really, genius?

CASTIEL

You don't have to be mean.

DEAN

Just-- what do we do now?

CASTIEL

Personally? I suggest we imbibe copious amounts of alcohol and wait for the inevitable blast wave.

DEAN

Yeah, thanks, Bukowski, I mean how do we stop it?

CASTIEL

We don't. Lucifer will meet Michael on the chosen field. Then the Battle of Armageddon begins--

DEAN

So where's this "chosen field??"

CASTIEL

I don't know.

DEAN

There's gotta be something we can do--

CASTIEL

I'm sorry. This is over.

DEAN

Listen to me, you junkless sissy, we're not gonna quit, we...

He looks at Bobby, but sees the expression in Bobby's face.

DEAN

What?

BOBBY

(soft, apologetic)

He's got Sam, he's got the Rings. Look... there was never much hope to begin with, and...

(struggling with words)

And I'm sorry. But I don't know what else we're supposed to do...

Off Dean. Neither does he. He's lost. Drowning.

25

INT. ABANDONED SHIT HOLE - NIGHT

25 *

FIVE DEMON BODIES. On the floor. MANGLED. BLOODY. Some of them unrecognizably ripped to shreds. (Some of those zombie corpses from Toby, maybe?)

Camera TRACKS OVER THEM, until it finds-- LUCIFER. Face and shirt SLICKED with BLOOD. It's a ghastly, horrific sight. Only a click or two below "Carrie."

He steps to the MIRROR. Smiles.

IN THE REFLECTION. Sam. Equally slicked with blood, of course. But doesn't look as happy. He looks unsettled. Guilty. What he did was savage. Barbaric. *

And he enjoyed every moment of it.

LUCIFER

So. Are we having fun yet?

IN THE REFLECTION. Sam lifts his eyes. Looks at Lucifer. *

Off Sam. Lost. Drowning.

BLACKOUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

26 EXT. BEAUTIFUL ROAD - DAY - **SHOW FOOTAGE** 26

The IMPALA ROARS down a beautiful sun-dappled road. Through the heart of America.

CHUCK (V.O.)

In between jobs, Sam and Dean would sometimes get a day, sometimes a week if they were lucky.

27 INT. ROADHOUSE - VARIOUS - **SHOW FOOTAGE** 27

As much footage as we can pull together, showing the guys playing pool over the years.

CHUCK (V.O.)

They'd pass the time lining their pockets. Sam used to insist on honest work-- but now he hustles pool, like his brother.

28 EXT. VARIOUS ROADS - VARIOUS - **SHOW FOOTAGE** 28

MULTIPLE IMPALA DRIVE-BY'S. Day. Night. A mix of country roads and small towns.

CHUCK (V.O.)

They could go anywhere and do anything. They drove a thousand miles for an Ozzy show; two days for a Jayhawks game.

29 EXT. CLEARING - NIGHT 29

Sam and Dean (our grown up versions). Side by side, on the hood, leaning back against the windshield.

WIDE SHOT. It's an absolutely stunning (VFX, probably) STARRY NIGHT. Every star in the sky. One of those nights that remind you of what a truly beautiful world we live in.

CHUCK (V.O.)

And when it was clear, they'd park her in the middle of nowhere. Sit on the hood and watch the stars. For hours, without saying a word.

30 EXT. CLEARING - LATER THAT NIGHT 30

Sam sleeps in the back seat.

(CONTINUED)

Dean sleeps in the passenger seat.

CHUCK (V.O.)

And it never occurred to them...
that, sure, maybe they never really
had a roof and four walls--

WIDE ON: the Impala. A shelter in the darkness.

CHUCK (V.O.)

But they were never, in fact,
homeless.

31 INT. CHUCK SHURLEY'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT 31

Chuck TAPS away. He nods. Audible, to himself--

CHUCK

That's a good line.

When his phone RINGS-- he reaches over, answers--

CHUCK

Hey, Mistress Magda?

DEAN (O.C.)

Um. No, Chuck.

INTERCUT WITH:

32 INT. IMPALA / EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT 32

Dean. Sitting in the parked Impala.

CHUCK (O.C.)

Dean. I, wow, I didn't know you'd
call.

DEAN

Who's Mistress Magda?

CHUCK

(embarrassed)

Uh... a close friend.

DEAN

Yeah, I bet, real close. Whatever
happened to Becky?

CHUCK

Oh, it didn't work out. I had too
much respect for her.

(CONTINUED)

DEAN

Boy, you really got a virgin/hooker thing going on.

CHUCK

(stammering)

Look, this can't be why you called.

Dean grows somber. Beat.

DEAN

Sam said yes.

CHUCK

Yeah, I know. I saw it. I'm just working on the pages.

DEAN

You seen where the Title Fight goes down? *

CHUCK

Angels are keeping it top secret, way hush-hush--

DEAN

Well, crap. *

CHUCK

(impishly)

...but I saw it anyway. Perks of being a Prophet.

(then)

Tomorrow. High noon. Place called Stull Cemetery. *

DEAN

(reacts, surprised)

I know it. Old boneyard outside of Lawrence. But why Lawrence?

CHUCK

Dunno. It's all gotta end where it started, I guess.

It gives Dean the creeps-- this apocalyptic connection to his home, his family. He shakes it off.

DEAN

Look, you know any way to short circuit this thing?

CHUCK

Besides those Rings? No. Sorry.

Dean takes another beat. Vulnerable. Scared--

DEAN

You have any idea what happens
next?

CHUCK

(apologetic)

Wish I did, but... I honestly just
don't know yet...

Off Dean. Nodding. Perfect.

DEAN

Okay, Chuck. Thanks.

CLOSE ON: Dean CLICKS OFF. Thinking to himself. Making a
final decision.

The Impala's TRUNK SLAMS DOWN, revealing Dean, as he readies
to leave. He moves to the driver's side, when--

BOBBY (O.C.)

Going somewhere?

Bobby and Cass step up to Dean. They had a few drinks--
perhaps lightly toasted, but certainly not drunk.

DEAN

What do you care? Go get yerself
another Mudslide, rummy.

BOBBY

You're fixing to do somethin'
stupid. You got that look.

DEAN

(beat)

I'm gonna go talk to Sam.

BOBBY

You're what?

DEAN

I know where they're gonna be. I
can get through to him, I know it.

BOBBY

You just don't give up.

DEAN

(of course not:)

Its Sam.

*
*

CASTIEL

Dean. If you couldn't reach him here, you certainly won't be able to on the battlefield.

DEAN

If we've already lost then I got nothing to lose, right?

CASTIEL

I just want you to understand. The only thing you're going to see out there-- is Michael killing your brother.

Dean looks up. With simple dogged LOYALTY. This is about love and family. He takes a vulnerable beat.

DEAN

Then I'm not gonna let him die alone.

Off Bobby and Cass's concern.

Off Dean's honest, good ole' Midwestern STUBBORNNESS--

EXT. STULL CEMETERY - DAY (DAY 2)

Stull Cemetery is well over a century old, long since abandoned. It's mostly an overgrown weed field. Here and there, crumbling tombstones jut out from the grass like rotten teeth.

There's trees. Perhaps a distant, empty barn. Whatever the location ends up being, it should feel wide open, empty, big sky-- more like a WESTERN than a HORROR MOVIE.

COUPLE ESTABLISHING SHOTS. Giving us that quiet, John Ford mood. A TIN "NO TRESPASSING" SIGN CLANKS in the wind against an ancient FENCE POST. A FADED TOMBSTONE or two. WIND WHISTLES through the trees, startling a LONE CROW on a branch. It CAWS, wings off into the sky.

CLOSE ON: Lucifer. Suddenly there. All the blood on his face and clothes is gone, magically cleaned up.

He contemplates the flapping crow. He doesn't look scared or angry. If anything, he looks PEACEFUL. Then--

He senses something, from over his shoulder. He pivots--

MICHAEL. Is suddenly there, though he wasn't a moment before. In the body of the Winchesters' HALF-BROTHER ADAM. (He wears whatever we saw Adam in last).

They look at each other. Take a few cautious steps forward, but keep their distance to a couple yards, at least.

Take a beat. Make it charged, as they regard each other, silent, stone-faced. They haven't seen each other for millennia. What are they going to do? Attack? Explode?

Then, surprisingly, they greet each other with AFFECTION. They are brothers, after all. Lucifer gives a small nod.

LUCIFER

It's good to see you, Michael.

MICHAEL

You, too. It's been too long.

Beat. They just regard each other. Lucifer shakes his head, amazed, after all this time--

LUCIFER

Can you believe it's finally here?

MICHAEL

Not really. You ready?

Again, Lucifer is unexpectedly gentle. Seeing his brother, it raises feelings of doubt, of regret. A part of him wishes they could just say they were sorry.

LUCIFER

As I'll ever be. I just...

MICHAEL

You just what?

LUCIFER

A part of me wishes we didn't have to do this, you know?

MICHAEL

(beat)

Yeah. Me, too.

Lucifer cocks an eyebrow at this.

(CONTINUED)

LUCIFER

Then why are we?

MICHAEL

You know why. I have no choice...
after what you did.

LUCIFER

What I did? What if it's not my
fault?

*
*

MICHAEL

What's that supposed to mean?

*

LUCIFER

Think about it. Dad made
everything, right? Which means he
made me who I am. He built me to
rebel, knew I'd bring...

*
*
*

(air quotes)

"Evil" into the world. He wanted
it. God wanted the Devil.

MICHAEL

So...?

LUCIFER

So, why? And why make us fight?
This is all some kind of game, or
puzzle to him. I just can't figure
out the point.

MICHAEL

And what's your point?

LUCIFER

We're going to kill each other, and
for what? One of Dad's tests, and
we don't even know the answer?

Finally, pleading, even vulnerable. A little brother--

LUCIFER

We're brothers. Let's just... walk
off the chessboard.

Michael takes a beat. TORN. EMOTIONAL. A part of him wants
to. But he's defined by his duty. His obedience.

MICHAEL

I'm sorry. I can't. I'm a good
son, and I have my orders--

(CONTINUED)

LUCIFER

But you don't have to follow them--

MICHAEL

You think I'm going to rebel. Now?
I'm not like you.

LUCIFER

Michael, please--

Michael shakes his head, begins to wake up from the dream of the two of them ever reconciling--

MICHAEL

You know, you haven't changed.
Still blaming everybody but
yourself.

Lucifer just shakes his head. Michael just doesn't get it.

MICHAEL

We were together. We were happy.
But you betrayed me, all of us, and
you made our Father leave--

LUCIFER

You blind, obedient monkey. No one
makes Dad do anything. He's doing
this to us.

MICHAEL

(beat)

You're a Monster, Lucifer. And I
have to kill you. *

Lucifer nods, hurt. Their positions, entrenched. The chasm won't be bridged after all.

LUCIFER

If that's the way it's got to be...
then I'd like to see you try.

The two Archangels tense for battle. They stay calm. Cool. Arms at their sides (no wrestling stances or anything-- they're too bad ass for that). But they circle each other. Scanning for the right time to attack--

GIVE US CLOSE UPS. Sergio Leone style. Two faces. Two sets of eyes. Getting ready for the big moment. When--

CLOSE ON LUCIFER. Eyes, calm and cool, regarding his brother. When... he cocks his head. Does he hear something?

(CONTINUED)

CLOSE ON MICHAEL. He blinks. He hears it too.

It's the quiet rumbling of a CAR ENGINE.

Then the gibberish opening of... DEF LEPPARD's "Rock of Ages." *"Open gleepen glopen globen."*

They turn their heads to see--

The IMPALA CRESTING A HILL (or emerging from behind a barn; some kind of REVEAL). MOTORING, low-rider SLOW, ONTO THE FINAL FIELD OF BATTLE. Cockblocking Armageddon. CLASSIC ROCK THUMPING from the cassette deck. *"I got something to say... it's better to burn out... than fade awaaaayyy!"*

Dean. Alone. Behind the wheel. Determined.

Lucifer and Michael. Just watch. Dumbfounded. Michael is all quiet and focused FURY; Lucifer just gives a "what the fuck" exhale, shakes his head, shocked, even a bit amused.

Honestly, they just can't BELIEVE the BALLS on this guy.

A few yards away, Dean STOPS the IMPALA. Turns off the engine-- and the music. Climbs out, elbow casually resting on the roof.

All grin and bravado.

DEAN

Howdy, boys. I'm sorry, am I interrupting something?

Off the Archangels' TOTAL and UTTER DISBELIEF--

BLACKOUT.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

35

EXT. STULL CEMETERY - DAY

35

Give us a cool ACT IN, but otherwise, it's where we left off. Dean steps forward. To Lucifer. The bluff and bluster of someone who's got nothing to lose.

DEAN

Hey. We need to talk.

LUCIFER

Dean. Even for you, this is a whole new mountain of stupid.

*

DEAN

I'm not talking to you. I'm talking to Sam.

Michael is a bit more of a tight ass, a right winger-- he's simmering anger and righteous indignation-- teeth gritted--

MICHAEL

You're no longer the vessel, Dean. You've got no right to be here.

*

*

DEAN

Adam, if you're in there somewhere. I am so sorry--

MICHAEL

Adam isn't home right now--

DEAN

Then you're next on my list, Buttercup. But first I need five minutes with him.

Dean cocks a thumb to Lucifer. But now Michael is pissed. He begins to stride to Dean--

MICHAEL

You little maggot. You're not a part of this story anymore--

CASTIEL (O.C.)

(suddenly)

Hey! Ass-butt!

Michael turns, as we surprisingly reveal-- CASTIEL and BOBBY. They came with Dean after all. And they managed to sneak up onto the field.

(CONTINUED)

Castiel holds a fucking FLAMING MOLOTOV COCKTAIL! He PITCHES it at Michael with major league accuracy.

It SHATTERS against Michael's chest-- and he IMMEDIATELY GOES UP in FLAMES. He looks heavenward, SHOUTING in PAIN and SURPRISE, and then DISAPPEARS (this time before our eyes).

DEAN

(to Castiel)

"Ass-butts?"

CASTIEL

He'll be back-- and upset. But you've got your five minutes.

LUCIFER

(getting pissed)

Castiel. Did you just Molotov my brother with Holy Fire?

Castiel withers under Lucifer's gaze. He takes a step back.

CASTIEL

Um. No.

LUCIFER

No one dicks with Michael but me.

And with that, he SNAPS his fingers, and Castiel FUCKING EXPLODES!! Barely even gory chunks. Mostly RED MIST.

A healthy spray of it across Bobby's face. He and Dean trade looks. Horrified. Give this the appropriate beat. Because behind the bluff, there's real stakes and fear here--

As Lucifer pivots back to Dean. It's the calmness, the gentleness, that makes him SCARY-- quietly--

LUCIFER

Now I'm upset.

DEAN

Sammy? Can you hear me?

Striding forward--

LUCIFER

You know, I tried to be nice. For "Sammy's" sake. But you are such a pain in my ass.

Lucifer GRABS HOLD of DEAN-- TOSSES HIM-- INTO THE IMPALA. Dean SAILS through the AIR, CRASHING into the GLASS.

(CONTINUED)

He's bruised-- he begins to CLIMB off the car--

As Lucifer MOVES FORWARD. Wants to have more fun-- when--

BAM! BAM! A COUPLE of GUNSHOTS tear into Lucifer's back. He reacts, as if bitten by a mosquito. He pivots--

To see Bobby, holding a PISTOL. Bobby looks at the gun, self conscious, frightened. He just couldn't think of anything better to do--

Lucifer makes a small twisting motion with his hand, as if screwing in a lightbulb, and--

Bobby's NECK CR-RACKS to the side! Broken! He COLLAPSES to the ground. Dead.

DEAN

NO!

Lucifer turns back to Dean, who's back upright, standing again, before the Impala.

LUCIFER

Oh, yes.

Lucifer steps to Dean. And CRACKS him in the face. A THUNDERING BLOW, breaks Dean's nose instantly.

Dean never fights back. Not one punch. He's just trying to reach his brother.

DEAN

Sammy? You in there...?

LUCIFER

Oh, he's here, alright.

(another MASSIVE BLOW)

And he's gonna feel the snap of your bones, Dean, every single one...

(another BLOW)

We're gonna take our time.

Another BLOW! Sure enough, Dean's face is BLOODY, bones starting to break. It's outta "Raging Bull."

DEAN

(sputtering)

...it's okay, Sammy. I'm here.

I'm here, I'm not gonna leave you--

BAM! ANOTHER PUNCH!

(CONTINUED)

DEAN

...I'm not gonna leave...

Lucifer just keeps HAMMERING. Dean can't even talk anymore. He's just a punching bag.

Lucifer is all cool burning hatred as he pounds away. Relishing every punch. POUND POUND POUND.

Another few beats of this, then Lucifer raises his fist for one FINAL DEATHBLOW, when--

CLOSE ON LUCIFER. Some SUNLIGHT GLINTS across his eyes.

ECU: his EYEBALL. The pupil IRISES OPEN from the light.

Lucifer looks up.

POV. It's the GLARING CHROME from some trim off the car.

CLOSE ON LUCIFER. We're in SLOW MOTION NOW. As he reacts, sees something else now.

POV. From the GLARING CHROME, we RACK TO-- a backseat ASHTRAY (NOTE: please stage Lucifer and Dean so the Ashtray can emerge in a clean sight line).

ECU. Crammed in the ashtray. A GREEN ARMY MAN.

CLOSE ON LUCIFER. He blinks.

CLOSE ON LUCIFER'S FIST. Still cocked. But it quivers a bit. And it stays up there; he doesn't lower the boom.

CLOSE ON DEAN. Fucked up. In bad shape. But he still looks up at Lucifer. And he realizes that something is happening--

CLOSE ON LUCIFER. He blinks again. And, it happens QUICKLY, almost SUBLIMINALLY at first. But they GROW, more and more frequently, longer and longer--

FLASHBACKS

Young Sam. Cramming that Army Man in the car. Dean, with his Legos. Young Sam and Dean, carving their initials.

Grown up Sam and Dean, sitting on the hood, watching stars.

And then... a RAPID FIRE MONTAGE of EVERY DAMN MOMENT the BOYS HAVE EVER HAD IN THAT CAR. Five seasons worth. Laughing. Crying. Happy. Sad. Punching each other's arms. A rush of images, dozens and dozens of them. It's a lifetime. It's a FAMILY.

(CONTINUED)

36

CONTINUED:

36

All played SILENT. We hear nothing but the WIND from the CEMETERY, the BREATHING from Sam's body. Distant. Echoed.

As somewhere deep down, Sam remembers-- his family. His brother. And that gives him the strength he needs.

37

EXT. STULL CEMETERY - DAY

37

CLOSE ON: Sam's hand drops to its side.

ECU: VFX HELP HERE, probably. Sam's EYE. His PUPIL, WIDE OPEN and DILATED, begins to close, revealing more color. Revealing more humanity.

ANGLE ON IMPALA WINDOW. CLOSE UP. Where we see Lucifer's REFLECTION. He blinks rapidly. Then exhales; FOCUSES; his HARD-EDGED Demeanor CHANGES. Softens. Goes from CALM to SCARED. And we can tell-- it's not LUCIFER at ALL.

*

CLOSE ON DEAN. He watches, amazed, as--

SAM STEPS BACK FROM THE IMPALA. It takes CLENCHED, PAINED EFFORT, but Sam has got the Devil firmly by its tail.

Dean crumples to the ground, looks at him, too weak to speak.

SAM
(emotional)
It's okay, Dean. It's gonna be okay.

Sam removes something from his pocket--

CLOSE ON: the HORSEMEN RINGS.

He gives a light toss, they fall to the grass, about five feet from where he stands--

SAM
Bvtmon Tabges Babalon.

When... a RUMBLE. As the GRASS, GROUND, and DIRT begin to DROP-- the RINGS at the epicenter of a SINK HOLE. FALLING, lower and lower. Then the GROUND BEGINS TO DROP AWAY COMPLETELY, into black space, revealing that BLACK CHASM.

The perimeter grows wider and wider. Soon, it's going to grow wide enough to swallow up Sam completely. The whole time, we're intercutting this with:

CLOSE ON SAM.

CLOSE ON DEAN.

They just look at each other. Simple. Silent. Goodbye. Dean gives a nod. Sam nods back. Milk it, baby! When--

MICHAEL (O.C.)

Sam.

Sam pivots and Dean looks-- to see MICHAEL. Returned. Standing a few yards from Sam. Michael eyes that growing PIT with WARINESS, even a spot of fear--

MICHAEL

It's not gonna end like this. Step back.

*
*

SAM

You're gonna hafta make me.

MICHAEL

(a bit desperate)

I have to fight my brother, Sam. Here and now. It's my Destiny.

*
*
*

Sam only gives Michael a small, sad smile.

Then in SLO MOTION, he FALLS BACKWARD, into the PIT!

MICHAEL

(real brotherly concern)

NO!

Michael LUNGES FORWARD to GRAB HIM--

CLOSE ON: Michael's HAND, REACHING OUT-- as SAM CLUTCHES IT!

WIDER: SLO MOTION. Sam PULLS Michael in AFTER HIM!

OVERHEAD SHOT: they BOTH FALL IN, GO TUMBLING DOWN, MICHAEL SCREAMING, PLUMMETING INTO THE DARKNESS!

DEAN. Watching. In amazement and horror and pain.

FWOOSH! The GROUND RISES BACK UP-- DIRT and GRASS FILLING BACK IN-- UNTIL--

The hole was never there. It's just grass. An empty, quiet, abandoned cemetery.

Bobby's corpse, off to the side.

And DEAN. Still watching.

Taking all the strength he's got, Dean tries to walk, but mostly stumbles over to where the hole once was. He looks--

(CONTINUED)

CLOSE ON: the Horsemen Rings in the grass.

Dean picks them up. Looks at them. Looks up and around.

DEAN

(quietly; choked up)

You did it, Sammy. You did it.

WIDE ANGLE. Dean. Hanging his head. Trying to hold back his tears. Victorious on the field of battle. And yet at a terrible price...

BLACKOUT.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

38

EXT. STULL CEMETERY - DAY

38

Dean. Sitting listless in the dirt, where we left him. His head droops, blood runs from his mouth and nose. His eyes are starting to swim, he's on the verge of passing out.

When... he feels a SHADOW over him. He looks up.

LOW ANGLE. It's CASTIEL. Framed against the sky.

Dean just sputters. Too dazed and injured to be amazed--

DEAN

Heya, Cass. You're alive.

CASTIEL

I'm better than that.

He reaches down, lightly touches Dean between the eyes. And Dean JOLTS. ELECTRIFIED.

Castiel begins to walk over to Bobby, as Dean blinks. Wipes the blood from his nose, feels it, it's no longer broken. Realizing, he's completely HEALED-- Awake. AMAZED--

DEAN

Cass. Are you... are you God?

CASTIEL

That's a nice compliment, but no. Though I do believe He brought me back. New and improved.

And now Castiel TOUCHES Bobby, and Bobby COUGHS and SPUTTERS, coming back to life. As Castiel crouches over to help Bobby sit up--

CLOSE ON DEAN. Watching. His amazement gives way to sadness, as he looks down at the HORSEMEN RINGS in his hand (a CU of them in his palm, please).

Then, Dean looks at the spot where Sam died.

CLOSE ON DEAN. Forlorn, mourning. He wants more than anything to bring Sam back. We HOLD and HOLD on this--

39

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - NIGHT

39

The IMPALA MOTORS down the road. FAST.

Followed closely by BOBBY'S VAN.

40

INT. IMPALA - MOVING - NIGHT - PMP

40

Dean drives, Cass rides. Dean carries the heavy grief and PAIN of Sam's loss. A terrible weight on his shoulders.

CASTIEL

You haven't spoken for hours.

DEAN

What do you want me to say, I'm going to Disneyland?

CASTIEL

Are you?

DEAN

(icy)

No.

(then)

So what are you gonna do next?

CASTIEL

Return to Heaven, I suppose. *

DEAN

Heaven?

CASTIEL

With Michael in the cage, I'm sure it's total anarchy up there. *

DEAN

And what, you're the new Sheriff in town?

CASTIEL

(thinks on it)

I like that. Yes. I suppose I am. *

Dean shakes his head. Bitter.

DEAN

Boy. God buys you a shiny new pair of wings, and suddenly you're His bitch again.

CASTIEL

I don't know what God wants. Or if He'll even return. It just seems like the right thing to do.

(CONTINUED)

DEAN

Well, if you see Him, tell Him I'm coming for Him next.

Castiel turns. Looks at Dean.

CASTIEL

You're angry.

Dean is CHOKED UP with emotion and quiet RAGE--

DEAN

Understatement. Bastard coulda snapped His fingers, but He leaves it to us to save the world?

CASTIEL

He helped. Maybe He even helped more than we realize.

DEAN

Easy for you to say. He brought you back. But what about Sam? And me? Huh? Where's my grand prize? What do I get, besides my brother in... in a hole?

CASTIEL

(simply)

You got what you asked for-- no paradise. No hell. Just more of the same.

Dean throws Castiel a look. Pained. Far from convinced.

CASTIEL

I mean it, Dean. What would you rather have? Peace-- or freedom?

CLOSE ON DEAN. Thinking about this. He'd choose 'Freedom.'
No contest. He glances at Cass to answer--

But Cass is GONE.

Dean stews for a beat before CALLING OUT, loud, eyes up--

DEAN

You really suck at good-byes, you know that??!

Dean returns to driving, trying to comb through his wild tangle of emotions. Over this we hear-- the VOICE OF CHUCK--

(CONTINUED)

40

CONTINUED: (2)

40

CHUCK (V.O.)

Endings are hard.

41

INT. CHUCK SHURLEY'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAWN (DAY 3)

41

*

CLOSE ON: a TYPED COVER PAGE, atop a PILE of PAGES.
"SUPERNATURAL: SWAN SONG" by Carver Edlund.

CHUCK (V.O.)

Any chapped-ass monkey with a
keyboard can poop out a beginning.
But endings are impossible.

Chuck. Reading over his computer screen. Sipping at his
glass of cheap whiskey. Again, we hear his VOICE OVER.

CHUCK (V.O.)

You try to tie up every loose end,
but you never can, the fans are
always gonna bitch, there's always
gonna be holes.

He leans forward. Begins typing again.

ANGLE. The actual words he's saying, written on the screen.

*

CHUCK (V.O.)

And, since it's the ending, it's
all supposed to add up to
something. I'm telling you.
They're a raging pain in the ass.

*

42

EXT. BOBBY'S AUTO JUNKYARD - DAY

42

The Impala and Bobby's Van both roll to a stop. Dean and
Bobby climb out. Move to each other. Hug. Father and son.
Taking solace in their shared pain.

CHUCK (V.O.)

This is the last Dean and Bobby
will see each other for a very long
time.

Before Dean climbs back into the Impala. Motors off.
Leaving Bobby behind. Watching him go, silent.

CLOSE ON BOBBY. Our season's goodbye to the character--

CHUCK (V.O.)

And, for the record, at this point
next week, Bobby will be hunting a
Rugaru outside of Dayton. But not
Dean.

*

43

INT. IMPALA - MOVING - NIGHT - PMP

43

Dean. Changed his clothes, cleaned himself up. He's driving all night. Sad. Contemplative.

CHUCK (V.O.)

Dean didn't want Cass to save him. Every part of him, every fiber he's got, wants to die, or find a way to bring Sam back.

(then)

But he isn't gonna do either. Because he made a promise.

44

EXT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - NIGHT

44

KNUCKLES RAP on a door. KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK.

It's Dean. Waiting. Nervous. As--

The door opens, revealing LISA BRAEDEN. She nearly sags with relief, so happy to see him.

DEAN

Hey, Lisa.

LISA

Oh, thank God.

Dean gives a quiet cynical snort at that. He's not interested in thanking God.

LISA

You alright?

DEAN

(bottled up)

Yeah. So. If it's not too late, I think I'd like to take you up on that beer now.

She smiles, emotional.

LISA

It's never too late.

He gives a nod. And then, unexpectedly--

He steps forward and HOLDS HER. Surprised, she holds him right back. This isn't even overtly sexual. It's comforting. He's a lost soul, and she's his home. A tear runs down his cheek.

(CONTINUED)

44

CONTINUED:

44

LISA

Shhh. It's okay, Dean. It's gonna be okay...

CRANE SHOT. Pulling back. Off the two of them, holding each other for dear life against the night.

CHUCK (V.O.)

So what's it all add up to? Hard to say. But me, I'd say this was a test. For Sam and Dean. And I think they did alright.

*
*
*
*

45

INT./EXT. VARIOUS - SHOW FOOTAGE

45

SLO MO IMAGES of SAM and DEAN. It feels melancholy, elegaic. From a happier time. Smiling. Goofing around. Being brothers. It makes us realize all they've-- we've-- lost...

CHUCK (V.O.)

Up against Good, Evil, Angels, Devils, Destiny, and God Himself-- they made their own choice. They chose "family." And, well, isn't that kinda the whole point?

*
*
*
*
*

46

INT. CHUCK SHURLEY'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAWN

46

CLOSE ON COMPUTER SCREEN: the words, typed out: "THE END."

Chuck looks at the screen. Satisfied. Drains his whiskey. Sets the glass down--

CHUCK (V.O.)

No doubt, endings are hard. But then again-- nothing ever really ends, does it?

*

And then CHUCK VANISHES. That's right-- VANISHES. Shimmers away, into thin air. Right before our eyes.

47

EXT./INT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - NIGHT (DAY 4)

47

*

CLOSE ON A WINDOW. Aglow with warm, yellow light. This is a week later, maybe more.

Dean sits at the dinner table. In the middle of a meal. Something homey like barbecue chicken. A BOY, 11, (presumably Ben; we only see the back of his head) sits across from him, eating.

Dean tries to give the kid a smile; but he's sad, haunted. His mind drifts away, thinking of something dark and nightmarish. Probably thinking of where Sam is right now. (NOTE: don't have his eyeline out the window, though, it's more a thousand mile stare off to the room's corner).

Lisa ENTERS with a bowl of mashed potatoes. Sees his expression.

LISA

You okay?

Dean shakes out of it. Gives her a smile. But it doesn't entirely whitewash how he feels.

DEAN

Yeah. Yeah, I'm good.

Lisa sets down the food, joins the meal. CUT TO:

A CRANE SHOT. As this family eats together. PULLING BACK-- leaving Dean in this suburban house. We see the IMPALA parked out front, trusty and waiting.

*
*

A normal, apple pie life. Everything Dean's wanted?

Until we PAN OVER to the STREET LIGHT, across the way.

As suddenly-- BZZT! THE LAMP BULB FLICKERS. With supernatural energy. CUT TO:

OUR REVEAL-- SAM WINCHESTER. Standing beneath the street light. It flickers over his EXPRESSION. Serious, enigmatic. Staring at Dean, at Dean's life.

The LIGHT KEEPS FLICKERING. OFF ON OFF ON OFF ON, then SNUFFS OUT TO--

BLACKOUT!

TO BE CONTINUED...