

SUPERNATURAL

Episode #604

"The Third Man"

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Episode #604

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REVISION HISTORY

Revision	Date	Revised Pages
Production Draft - White	07/26/10	Full Script

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"The Third Man"

CAST LIST

SAM WINCHESTER
DEAN WINCHESTER

JARED PADALECKI
JENSEN ACKLES

CASTIEL
LISA BRAEDEN
RAPHAEL

MISHA COLLINS
CINDY SAMPSON

AARON BIRCH *
ANGEL #1
ASHUR
BALTHAZAR
BION
DARRYL BIRCH
LANA
OFFICER ED COLFAX
OFFICER GERALD HATCH

*** Replaced:**

RODDY BIRCH is now AARON BIRCH

LOCATION REPORTINT.

INT. POLICE PRECINCT - READY ROOM - MORNING (DAY 1) P.1
INT. DEAN'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - MORNING P.3
INT. / EXT. IMPALA - MORNING (DAY 2) P.3
INT. IMPALA - MORNING P.3
INT. MOTEL ROOM - MORNING P.3
INT. MORGUE - DAY P.7
INT. COLFAX HOUSE - DAY P.10
INT. MOTEL ROOM - DAY P.13

INT. MOTEL ROOM - DAY P.17
INT. HOUSE - DAY P.21
INT. MOTEL ROOM - DAY P.27

INT. MOTEL ROOM - DAY P.32
INT. MANSION - GRAND ENTRY - NIGHT P.37
INT. MANSION - BALLROOM - NIGHT P.37

INT. MANSION - GRAND ENTRY - NIGHT P.42
INT. MANSION - BALLROOM - NIGHT P.42
INT. MANSION - GRAND ENTRY - NIGHT P.43

EXT.

INT. / EXT. IMPALA - MORNING (DAY 2) P.3
EXT. IMPALA - HIGHWAY SHOULDER - MORNING P.3
EXT. GAS STATION - DAY P.5
EXT. POLICE PRECINCT - DAY P.6
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EXT. MOTEL - UPPER BALCONY - DAY P.31

EXT. MOTEL - BALCONY - DAY P.32
EXT. MANSION - NIGHT P.36
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EXT. MANSION - NIGHT P.42

EXT. IMPALA - DAY (DAY 3) P.47

SUPERNATURAL
"The Third Man"

TEASER

FADE IN:

1 INT. POLICE PRECINCT - READY ROOM - MORNING (DAY 1) 1 *

CAMERA DRIFTS through COPS readying for their shift. The area begins clearing out as CAMERA FINDS:

OFFICER HATCH, 40, thick and grizzled, last to finish shaving at a long row of sinks. He dries off, starts to pack up his kit, then notices a SPOT OF BLOOD on his white towel.

Hatch frowns into the mirror, sees a SPOT OF BLOOD under his jawline; a shaving nick. He splashes his face clean, towels dry, and is about to turn away when--

He sees ANOTHER BLOOD SPOT, this time on his cheekbone.

HATCH

Come on.

He tries to smear the blood spot away, but instead TUGS away a loose FLOE OF FLESH! It SLOUGHS off his face like the skin of a pudding--

INSERT - it FLAPS into the sink basin with a RED SPATTER.

Hatch looks up, sees BLOOD FLOW from his open cheek. Scared:

HATCH

What the... hell..?

He staggers back from the mirror-- to see that his bare feet are leaving BLOODY FOOTPRINTS on the tile floor. He looks at his prints, PANTING WITH TERROR--

OFFICER COLFAX, his partner, enters, donning his gun belt.

COLFAX

Come on, man. Let's get goin'---

Colfax sees Hatch's back and stops--

COLFAX POV - a BLOODSTAIN flowers on the white cotton back of Hatch's undershirt.

COLFAX

Jerry---?

(CONTINUED)

Officer Hatch turns to him, BLOOD RUNNING down half his face.

HATCH
Ed, I think... I think I'm
bleeding...

Hatch's eyes roll back and he pitches forward, to the OS floor.

WIDE ON HATCH as he hits the tile-- not with a THUD, but with a LARGE SPLASH-- his body BURSTS UPON IMPACT LIKE A WATER BALLOON-- leaving his clothes over a grisly hump of leftover Jerry-mass, and LOTS OF BLOOD:

The spreading TIDE OF BLOOD that was once Jerry Hatch sheets across the white tile toward Colfax...

OFF COLFAX'S SCREAM--

BLACKOUT!

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

2 INT. DEAN'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - MORNING 2

DEAN stirs in his bed, lifts his head dreamily to see LISA, already awake. She lays by him, propped on one elbow, looks at him with simple love. All is breezy, warm, sunlit--

LISA
Hey, you.

DEAN
Hey...

*

He rolls on to her and they LAUGH. They begin to MAKE LOVE-- JUMP CUTS jar the action as their BREATHING grows heavier, movement more rhythmic and intense.

CLOSE ON DEAN - he starts to hear an OS RUMBLE. He lifts his head, listening with alarm as the RUMBLE GROWS DEAFENING...

3 INT. / EXT. IMPALA - MORNING (DAY 2) 3 *

DEAN JARS AWAKE in the back of the Impala-- the morning COLD, RAIN-SPATTERED, DE-SATURATED. A DUMPTRUCK heaves past [the RUMBLE in the dream].

4 EXT. IMPALA - HIGHWAY SHOULDER - MORNING 4

WIDE ON IMPALA - by the highway in the gray mist of morning. Dean stretches, a PASSING FG CAR WIPES FRAME.

*

CLOSER ON DEAN - He stretches, finding knots and pangs that weren't there a year ago. He strains, winces, then stops, suddenly exhausted. He stares down the highway.

5 INT. IMPALA - MORNING 5

Dean KEYS THE IGNITION; The radio lights, the PERFECT SONG COMES ON, and Dean hits the gas.

Gravel fans back as the Impala takes the road.

6 INT. MOTEL ROOM - MORNING 6

QUICK, PERCUSSIVE CUTS of SAM WINCHESTER's morning exercise regimen, push-ups, savage crunches. [Dean's strains and stretches are sad in comparison; Sam pistons like a machine.]

He finishes with rock climber pull-ups [gripping the upper door molding with fingertips] and drops to his feet lightly--

(CONTINUED)

He notices that a hot WOMAN [LANA] stands in the now-open bathroom doorway, just done dressing after a shower. Brief as their encounter has been, it's clear: Lana is a Samfan.

LANA

Don't stop on my account.

SAM

(smiles noncommittally)
I'm done.

LANA

(gathers a few things)
Last night was a... a high point,
if you don't mind my saying.

SAM

(polite yet very cool)
Good.

LANA

(awkward lull)
All right. I can see you need to
start your day. When did you say
you were heading out?
(off Sam's patient smile)
You didn't. Right.

Sam gently ushers her. She opens the door, gushes honestly:

LANA

Damn, you know how to play the
mystery card, don't you.

SAM

It's my favorite card.

She laughs, about to go when he holds up A THIN WAD of folded bills. She takes it with a grateful 'oops'.

LANA

Right. Almost forgot.

She's a prostitute, we now realize. BUT:

LANA

But next time... You... can call me
on my night off. If you want...

She hands him a folded bit of paper: HER NUMBER. Who is this new James Bond convert-the-pros-Sammy? Whoever he is, he smiles with fetching cool:

(CONTINUED)

SAM

OK.

LANA

OK.

She slips out the door, closes it. Sam looks at the number until his cell phone starts to VIBRATE/RING on the table.

Sam drops the number in the trash [we show an INSERT of the paper hitting BASKET]. He picks up the phone.

SAM

Hey.

EXT. GAS STATION - DAY

Dean, on his cell, leaning on the Impala as it gasses up.

INTERCUT SAM AND DEAN

DEAN

Hey. I'm about eight hours out of Campbell Base--

As Sam talks he hefts a FEW GUNS, checks their rounds-- then packs them into a DAY BAG, quick and efficient.

SAM

Right. OK. Change of plans. I need you to meet me. I'm in P.A.-- town called Easter.

DEAN

What are you doing in Pennsylvania?

SAM

Caught a case.

DEAN

A case? When? It's been a day-and-a-half--

SAM

I like to work.

DEAN

Apparently.

Sam's duffel packed, he scans the room. He's done.

(CONTINUED)

SAM
Glad we hashed that out. Call me
when you roll into town.

Sam hangs up.

Dean looks at the phone with mild affront. He taps it off,
tosses it to the empty passenger seat, muttering to himself:

DEAN
['Who']---died and made you boss?

EXT. POLICE PRECINCT - DAY

Sam leans against his COOL CAR, looking over a FOLDER OF
PRINTOUTS as the Impala pulls into the space next to him.
Dean gets out, on his cell. Sam and he nod a greeting.

DEAN
Look, Ben, I'm sorry, but please--
I know you're lying.

Sam gets the gist, goes back to his files.

DEAN
Because I lie professionally,
that's how I know... Just tell your
mother you broke the damn thing and
take your lumps.
(as Ben's protest flags)
Tell the truth, Ben. You'll feel
better... OK? OK.

Dean hangs up. Sam tosses him a FAKE ID. Deans scans it.

DEAN
What are we, Feds?

Sam nods.

SAM
(nods, 'yep')
So how did it go?
(off Dean's '?' Look)
With you and Lisa. How'd she take
it when you bailed?

*

DEAN
Actually, she was shockingly cool
about it.

Sam slaps the file folder into Dean's hands, starts for the
entrance. Dean follows, nods at Sam's car derisively:

(CONTINUED)

DEAN
Still driving that plastic piece of
crap?

SAM
(ready anytime)
What's your mileage again?

Sam and Dean enter. Dean peruses the file. Sam recites:

SAM
Officer Gerald Hatch, 17-year
veteran, drops dead in the ready
room three days ago--

DEAN
(sees something in file)
Whoa.

INSERT - CRIME SCENE PHOTO - showing the READY ROOM's tiled
floor and Jerry Hatch's WIDE BLOOD SLICK, a few stained
garments in it, where his body hit the floor.

DEAN
Somebody was over-hydrating.

SAM
Basically, yeah. The guy just...
liquified. Most of the bone, meat,
dense tissues-- they just turned to
blood.

DEAN
I don't get it.

Sam looks over the bank of CADAVER DRAWERS.

SAM
Nobody gets it.

DEAN
Yeah, I get that. But this guy was
a mop job, right? So why are we at
the morgue? What's left of him to
look at--?

SAM
Not here to look at him.

SAM

Yep.

(refers to notepad)
Officer Ed Colfax. Saw Hatch go
from a solid to a liquid.

DEAN

Another cop?

SAM

Hatch's partner...

Dean slams the drawer shut. CUT ON THE SLAM--

EXT. COLFAX HOUSE - DAY

ON HOUSE - modest suburb, 16-foot boat covered in the
driveway, SUV. CAMERA DROPS AND PANS TO STREET to catch the
Impala as it ZIPS IN [unusually fast] and pounces to a stop.

A beat later SAM'S CAR pulls in, parking close behind. The
guys get out, head up the walk. Sam eyes Dean with mild
disbelief.

SAM

Were you--
(quiet disbelief)
Were you racing me?

DEAN

What. Me? No.
(smiles)
I was kicking your ass.

Dean gains off CAMERA with a smile. Sam looks on after him:

SAM

Very mature.

ON FRONT DOOR - Sam and Dean step in, the storm door is open,
the screen door SHUT. Dean KNOCKS at it, waits. No
response. He KNOCKS HARDER.

DEAN

Hello?
(then)
Officer Colfax?

JUMPSCARE! Colfax hinges in, ghostly behind the screen door
mesh. In DRESS UNIFORM and HAT, but he's pasty, sweat-
drenched, hollow-eyed. Dean startles [like us, but cooler]:

(CONTINUED)

DEAN

Whoa.
(re: hangover chic)
OK... Lookin' sharp.

Colfax's eyes don't exactly focus on them, he stares just to Dean's left, growling:

COLFAX

Who. The hell. Are you.

Sam and Dean hold up FBI BADGES.

SAM

We're the Fed, Ed.
(puts badge away)
Just a few follow up questions on
your partner's death.

Colfax has a blustery, atonal, almost autistic delivery.

COLFAX

Don't worry about it... It's
nobody's business...

SAM

Officer Colfax, we--

Shaking his head vigorously, Colfax SLAMS THE DOOR in Sam's face. Muted and receding inside the house:

COLFAX (O.C.)

DON'T WORRY ABOUT IT!

Sam and Dean trade looks. Dean shrugs. Sam pivots and with compact force KICKS THE DOOR IN. It splinters open.

DEAN

(re: the rash B+E)
Dude--

Sam strides inside.

Dean lingers on the porch for a beat, then, shaking his head, follows the rhino's path--

11 INT. COLFAX HOUSE - DAY 11

ON FRAMED PHOTO - a Sears portrait of SIBLINGS. Glass shattered out, each kid's FACE IS SCRATCHED DOWN TO WHITE. CAMERA PANS PAST OTHER PHOTOS - all FACES are similarly SCRATCHED OUT. Sam and Dean clock them as they pass--

(CONTINUED)

Colfax stands at the far wall, his back to them. He's by his POLICE ACADEMY GRADUATION picture, glass is smashed out. He scratches at it obsessively with a MATTE KNIFE.

SAM
Officer Colfax?

DEAN
Hey man--- How you doing?

VERY CLOSE ON - the knife SCRATCHING AT THE PHOTO'S FACE.

WIDE ANGLE LENS CU ON COLFAX - concentrated on his work.

COLFAX
Don't worry about it.

Dean raises his eyebrows at Sam: *Nut. Job.* He turns back:

DEAN
Ri-ight... Look, Officer Colfax...
Ed, we uh...
(views Ed's scratching)
We think it's possible your partner
died of unnatural causes.
(no read off Ed)
Did he have any enemies, far as you
knew?

Colfax scratches his head, digging at his crown through his police hat in earnest. He shuffles round to view them, now looking at them.

COLFAX
You might say that.

SAM
So... you haven't ruled out foul
play either.

He goes to his bachelor-cop in-house bar and fills a TALL TRAVEL MUG up to the brim with WHISKEY.

COLFAX
'Foul play'...
(shakes head sadly)
Not foul... It's fair. Jerry had
to die. So did Toby...

SAM
Officer Gray?

(CONTINUED)

COLFAX

Yeah. It was part of setting things right...

(quietly happy; at peace)

I'll be the next to go... and then it will be over, and God will be satisfied.

Colfax throws back a long guzzle of whiskey. Sam and Dean trade looks-- then, Dean:

DEAN

Why would God want you all to die?

CREEP IN ON COLFAX - as he looks up, eyes glittering:

COLFAX

'Cause of Reggie Birch.

He's finished his drink. He reaches for the whiskey bottle, but his arm spasms out of control, KNOCKING IT OVER.

COLFAX

Aw dammit.

SAM

Who is Reggie Birch? Ed--?

Colfax talks, his gaze distant as he watches the whiskey glug out of the tipped bottle:

COLFAX

He's got no face.

He sits unsteadily. Dean is concerned--

DEAN

You OK, Officer?

SAM

(on the case, insistent)

Who is Reggie Birch, Ed--? ED.

COLFAX

Reggie Birch is a kid with no face.

Sam and Dean trade a look.

COLFAX

...and a planted gun.

Sam and Dean take this in, trade shrugs. Then Dean sees:

POV - CLOSE ON COLFAX - as a thin drip-line of BLOODY PLASMA runs out from under his hat and down the side of his face.

Dean's eyes widen, he stammers, politely pointing it out:

DEAN
You uh, you got a little something
on your... right there...

Colfax follows Dean's pointing, dabs at the goo on his face, looks at his wet fingers, befuddled.

COLFAX
Damn. My head's been itching like
a dirty jock--

Then he PITCHES FACE-FORWARD onto the bar. Dead. Sam crouches, checks for a pulse, confirms:

SAM
Dead.

The fallen man's hat, though askew, still covers his head. From under it, they hear a WET BUZZING. A beat of it sinking in, then Dean turns to his brother.

DEAN
Umm... You hearing that?

SAM
Yeah.

Sam reaches in, pulls the hat away. He and Dean lean in, faces losing color as they see:

ON COLFAX - the hat is pulled away to reveal:

At the top of the man's head A 4-INCH HOLE HAS BEEN EATEN AWAY. CAMERA CREEPS IN on this black hole, until JUMPSQUEAM!

A LARGE LOCUST crawls out of the hole.

ON SAM AND DEAN - They stare down at the sluggish insect in MUTE HORROR...

IMAGES FILL FRAME: A lush color LITHOGRAPH: Moses, staff raised, turns the Nile BLOOD RED! A swarm of locusts darkens the sky in an OLD ENGRAVING.

WIDER - Dean researches at the LAPTOP. Sam sits at a table FULL OF SCATTERED FILES.

(CONTINUED)

DEAN

Yep... Blood, Boils, and Locusts...

SAM

(while scanning files)

Three of your more popular Plagues
of Egypt.

Dean picks up a LIDDED GLASS JAR and looks at it.

POV - CLOSE ON GLASS JAR - the locust stares blankly back.

DEAN

OK. But this little guy started
inside a cop's melon and ate his
way out...

(turns back to files)

I don't remember it going down that
way in the Good Book--

Sam, nodding, throws down a POLICE REPORT PHOTOCOPY.

SAM

Meanwhile, a kid named Reggie Birch
was shot in the head after a
vehicle pursuit last month. Hatch,
Gray, and Colfax were the officers
involved. All three filed
identical reports--

DEAN

(reads report)

'Suspect exited vehicle brandishing
a firearm, and we were forced to
fire.'

(looks up)

'Just a kid with no face and a
planted gun.' The police lied.

SAM

Maybe Colfax is right. Maybe
Heaven's got a hate-on for bad
cops.

DEAN

(vexed sigh)

Are we listening to the guy with
the bug in his custard? Is that
whose theory we're going with?

(CONTINUED)

SAM

Angels got to have something to do,
right? Now that they don't have an
Apocalypse to worry about.

Dean looks at Sam, realizes given their luck, it's possible.

DEAN

Maybe.

He sits on the bed, swigs deep from his beer.

DEAN

Let's call Cass.

Sam takes a beat, like a mental spit take, then:

SAM

You're kidding, right?
(off Dean's stare)
I tried. It was the first, second,
and third thing I did, soon as I
got topside.

Sam gives SNORT OF CONTEMPT.

SAM

Son of a bitch won't answer the
phone.

DEAN

(nods)

Yeah, we should bring that up.
Lots to talk about.

Dean lowers his head, silent for a moment of CONCENTRATION.

DEAN

Now I lay me down to sleep, I pray
to Castiel to get your feathery ass
down here...

A long pause. Nothin'. Dean opens one eye, looks up at Sam.

SAM

You're an idiot.

DEAN

Think positive.

SAM

Oh, I'm positive.

(CONTINUED)

Dean lowers his head, takes a long breath, focuses. Then after a beat of silence, he SHOUTS, indignant:

DEAN

Cass! Do NOT be a dick! This is NOT a test of the Emergency Broadcast System! Got a Plagues of the Bible situation down here--
(a pause, then)
You uh... You copy?

Another long beat of waiting. Then they breathe out. Looks like nothing's going to happen.

SAM

Like I said. The son of a bitch doesn't answer the--

ON DEAN - about to concede Sam's point when he startles:

RESUME SAM - standing next to him, the Angel CASTIEL. He smiles at them sheepishly.

CASTIEL

Hello.

*
*

Off Sam and Dean's reaction, we:

BLACKOUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

13 INT. MOTEL ROOM - DAY

13

Sam and Dean stare at Castiel, who stands before them in all his blank, trench-coated glory. Sam's mouth hangs open in disbelief. *

SAM
'Hello'?

CASTIEL
Yes.

SAM
(mocking)
'Hello'! 'HELLO'?

*

With mild puzzlement, Cass turns to Dean.

CASTIEL
That is still the term?

Dean shrugs 'yes'.

SAM
(genuinely incredulous)
I spend all that time trying to get through to you-- Dean tries ONCE and 'hello'?! *

CASTIEL
(because it's true:)
Yes.

Sam shakes his head, laughing with disbelief:

SAM
What, you like him best or something?

After brief reflection, Cass answers dutifully.

CASTIEL
Dean and I do share a more profound bond.
('odd question, Sam')
I wasn't going to mention it.

Dean's pissed on the behalf of his little brother.

(CONTINUED)

DEAN

What he's saying, Cass, is he went
to HELL for us! Really 'took one
for the team', remember that?!

(presses in on Cass)

Then he wakes up back here without
a clue...

(what the fuck?)

And you wouldn't take five friggin'
minutes to give him some
answers...?

CASTIEL

If I had any answers, I might have
responded.

(turns to Sam, simply:)

But I don't know, Sam. We have no
idea who brought you back from The
Pit. Or why.

(as Sam takes this punch)

It remains... Mysterious.

SAM

'It remains mysterious'? What the
hell does that mean?!

CASTIEL

What part of 'I don't know' escapes
your understanding?

A fat beat as Sam and Dean take this in.

DEAN

OK. You don't know. But even that
much woulda helped.

(heartfelt instruction)

Cass, Sam calls, you answer.
Period. He deserves that...

(then, awkward)

Just cause you and me, we got a
bond or whatever--

Cass' head is cocked as he looks at Dean, perplexed. Then,
eureka, he starts to understand:

CASTIEL

You think I came because you
called.

Castiel looks away from them to the locust on the table. He
goes to it, picks up the jar.

(CONTINUED)

CASTIEL

I came because of this.

DEAN

(asides to Sam)

Nice to know what matters.

CASTIEL

(sincere agreement)

It does help one focus.

Castiel studies the locust. The guys study him. Finally:

SAM

So you and the Halo Patrol... You
guys aren't behind these killings? *

CASTIEL

(shakes head 'no')

No. But they were committed with
one of our weapons. *

(re: locust)

Only one thing could have brought
this into being. You would call it
The Staff Of Moses.

A beat as our two veterans of strange dryly take this in.

SAM

The Staff of Moses.

CASTIEL

(nods, matter-of-fact)

It was used in a dominance display
against the Egyptians, as I recall.

DEAN

(deadpan)

Yeah. That one made the papers.

SAM

I thought the Staff turned like a
whole river into blood. Not just
one guy.

CASTIEL

The weapon isn't being used at full
capacity.

(straight-up serious)

I think we can rule out Moses as a
suspect.

Sam and Dean blink this away. Castiel is back.

(CONTINUED)

DEAN

What the hell is Chuck Heston's
Disco Stick doing down here anyway?
Don't you guys put away your toys?

Cass makes the visible decision to let them in a bit:

CASTIEL

Before the Apocalypse, Heaven might
have been corrupt... but it was
stable. The Staff was safely
locked away.

(galling admission)

It's been chaos up there since the
war ended. In that confusion-- A
number of powerful weapons were
stolen...

*
*

*

DEAN

You're saying *your nukes are loose?*

CASTIEL

I'm afraid so.

(holds up jar)

But you've stumbled on to one of
them... We must find the weapon
that did this.

*

He stares at them with ultimate import, shaking the locust
jar for emphasis-- *tink, tink, tink*. Then:

CASTIEL

I need your help.

Sam and Dean take a beat, sharing a Winchesters' 'ninja
please.' Dean SNORTS a laugh.

SAM

Oh, that's rich. Really.

Castiel puts down the jar, forming ferocious air quotes as he
struggles to communicate his experience:

CASTIEL

Sam. Dean. My 'people skills' are
'rusty'. Pardon me, but I've spent
the last 'year' as a
multidimensional wavelength of
Celestial intent.

(to be perfectly clear:)

But believe me. You don't want
this weapon down here. Help me
find it. Or more people will die.

(CONTINUED)

There it is, and the boys can't deny it. Dean exhales, scratches his head, goes to the files spread out on their table. Sam follows him.

DEAN

Well... If it's not the Angels pulling the trigger... We go back to motive.

CASTIEL

What?

SAM

Back to the case. We've got three dead cops. Right now, the only thing linking them is the Reginald Birch shooting.

Dean FINDS PHOTO - of REGINALD BIRCH - his High School Graduation photo, clipped from an article on his death. He looks like a good kid.

Sam follows his finger, scanning CLIPPINGS, reads the caption of one:

SAM

"Father of Slain Suspect Calls For Investigation." Reggie's Dad.

He picks up the CLIPPING, hands it to Dean.

DEAN POV - INSERT - NEWSPAPER PHOTO - of DARRYL BIRCH [50s, Reggie's Dad] on the courthouse steps. *

DISSOLVE TO: *

14 INT. HOUSE - DAY 14

A rental house in a lower income area, made worse by the dim of drawn shades. DARRYL BIRCH sits listlessly at his DINING ROOM TABLE, reading the PAPER-- His youngest son, AARON (12) looks on with worry. *

ON NEWSPAPER HEADLINE: "POLICE OFFICER FOUND DEAD!" and under it, "Baffling Illness Strikes Down Ofc. Toby Gray".

AARON *

Dad... How many times are you gonna read that?

(Darryl doesn't respond)

We should just throw it away.

(CONTINUED)

DARRYL

Go out back and play.

Aaron exits. A beat, then Darryl reaches for some scissors and begins to CUT OUT THE ARTICLE. CAMERA ARMS around Darryl, to REVEAL SAM, DEAN, and CASS-- who have TELEPORTED IN. Dean and Sam get their bearings as Dean remarks--

*

DEAN

Whoa. Cass-- little warning next time.

*

*

Darryl JUMPS, drops the clipping, lurches to his feet.

DARRYL

What the--?! How'd you get in here?!

Sam, quick on his feet, pulls a badge.

SAM

It's all right, Mr. Birch, settle down.

(flashes a badge)

Federal agents.

Dean flashes Sam a look: nice save.

DARRYL

But you can't just walk in--

Dean opens his mouth to give an excuse, but Sam runs right over both Dean and Darryl. Focused, confident.

SAM

We're here to help you, Darryl.

News to Dean. Darryl looks at the guys with suspicion.

Sam gestures to the CLIPPINGS.

SAM

Getting quite a collection there, huh--

DARRYL

(confused, defensive)

What are you trying to--

SAM

We know the truth. Reggie didn't have a gun when those cops shot him down.

*

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

SAM (CONT'D)
(eyes lock on Darryl's)
We know they covered it all up.

*

DARRYL
Yeah...
(coldly)
They're all gettin' theirs.

*

*

SAM
Uh huh. And who's givin' it to
them, Darryl?

Darryl snaps a bewildered look at Sam. Dean jumps in:

DEAN
Darryl? Did you kill Toby Gray?
And the others?

DARRYL
(deep shock)
Me?! I didn't kill anyone! Look
how they died! How could--

Now Cass chimes in, all righteous fury.

CASTIEL
You smote them with The Staff of
Moses!

Darryl stops dead, gives Cass a look of utter bafflement:

DARRYL
'The hell kinda Fed are you?!

CASTIEL
(moving in on him fast)
We have no time for this. Where is
it?

AARON (O.C.)
Leave my Dad alone!

*

Aaron is at the door, looking scared, holding up a gnarled
WOODEN BURL, about the size of a flintlock pistol.

*

DARRYL
Aaron-- get outta here...

*

DEAN
(re: Moses Stick)
Is that--

(CONTINUED)

CASTIEL

Yes.

SAM

Shouldn't it be... bigger?

CASTIEL

Yes.

(staring, bewildered)

It's been... sawn off...

AARON

Leave him alone-- it wasn't him!

*
*

Cass turns, TOUCHES DARRYL'S FOREHEAD.

CASTIEL

Sleep.

Darryl relaxes into sleep. The boy watches with shock. He aims the Moses Stick at Cass.

Aaron's upset, scared shitless... In a teary blurt:

*

AARON

What did you do to him?

*

DEAN

He's okay. He's just sleeping.

Aaron's not sure what to believe. He takes a step back, PAN TO REVEAL CASS behind him [just as Aaron registers the Angel's OS disappearance]. Cass grabs the kid's wrist, squeezes and removes the stick.

*
*

Aaron lets out a FRIGHTENED CRY--

*

Dean holds his hand up to Cass.

DEAN

OK, Cass-- all right. Let him go.

Castiel does, and Dean moves slowly toward the terrified kid.

DEAN

We're not here to hurt you. OK?
We just need to know... Where did you get that thing?

AARON

Please don't kill my dad... it was me. I did it.

*

(CONTINUED)

DEAN

Hey. No one's killing anybody, OK?
What's your name?

AARON

(sniffling)
Aaron. Aaron Birch.

DEAN

(re: Moses Staff)
Aaron, where did you get this?

He looks at Dean, decides in that instant to trust him. A bit afraid:

AARON

It was an Angel.

DEAN

An Angel?

Find Castiel in this, to see him processing: *a fucking Angel.*

AARON

Those liars killed my brother. And nothing bad even happened to them.

(quiet, deep grief)
It's not fair. So I prayed every night God would punish them.

(beat, then)
God didn't answer. But he did.

CASTIEL

(in-TENSE)
His name. Did he give you his name.

AARON

(shakes head)
He just said I could have justice, but I was gonna hafta take it myself. He gave me the Stick.

Dean catches this. Something in Aaron's voice tingles his Dad Sense-- kid is lying.

DEAN

He just... gave it to you?

Dean ain't buying it. He leans in closer, shakes his head.

(CONTINUED)

DEAN

Come on... He didn't just give it
to you, did he, Aaron. *

AARON *

(nervously)
Yeah. He did.

DEAN

(off Aaron's uncertainty) *
We kind of need the truth here.

A beat where Aaron realizes he's busted, then he comes clean. *

AARON *

I bought it.

SAM

You BOUGHT it?! With what? What
the hell is your allowance?!

DEAN

What did the Angel want for it?
Aaron? What did you give him for
it? *

AARON *

(quietly, a confession)
My soul.

The air goes out of the room. Dean and Sam trade looks, look
to Cass. WHAT. THE. FUCK did that kid just say?

SAM

You...
(long pause)
You sold your soul to an Angel?

DEAN

(turns to Cass)
Can that even happen?

Cass stares at the boy in profound shock.

CASTIEL

It's never happened before.

Castiel lifts up the WOODEN BURL, looks at its SAWN-OFF END.

CASTIEL

An Angel... buying souls.
(then)
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CASTIEL (CONT'D)
That could explain why he cut the
Staff into pieces.

SAM
Why?

Cass looks to the frightened boy.

CASTIEL
More pieces, more product. *

DEAN
More 'product'?! Who is this sick
sonofabitch? *

CASTIEL
(grim determination)
We will find out.

AARON
No-- *

Cass marches up to Aaron and TOUCHES HIS FOREHEAD. The boy
falls asleep, into Cass' arms. *

DEAN
Whoa. What's that for?

ON CASTIEL - holding Aaron, jaw set. *

CASTIEL
Portability.

RESUME DEAN - now the BG HAS CHANGED. They have TELEPORTED:

DEAN
Porta-- What?

Dean snaps glances around his new setting. Sam, too. Dean
rails, his ire flaring:

DEAN
Damn it. DAMN IT! What is this,
Cass? You can't just steal a kid!

Castiel brings Aaron to the couch. *

CASTIEL
Strictly speaking, this child has
murdered three men.

(CONTINUED)

DEAN

Because an Angel gave him a magic
stick and told him it was OK!

(then, levelling)

What do you think you're gonna do,
Cass?

CASTIEL

Dean, please, listen-- If the Angel
we seek truly bought this boy's
soul...

(then)

When a claim is laid on a living
soul, it leaves a mark. A brand.

SAM

What, like a shirt tag at camp?

CASTIEL

I have no idea.

(then)

I can read the mark to find the
name of the Angel who bought the
boy's soul.

*

DEAN

Yeah? Um... How?

*

Castiel begins to methodically roll up his sleeves, turning
to the boy with a clinical gaze that ALARMS Dean.

DEAN

Whoa whoa whoa-- hold up a sec--
you're gonna put your hands--

CASTIEL

Yes, the reading will be very
unpleasant.

DEAN

Painful?

CASTIEL

(just the facts)

Yes, extremely--

DEAN

Not okay--

CASTIEL

Dean--

(CONTINUED)

DEAN

He's a child, Cass, you don't just give a twelve-year old a soul wedgie in a motel room-- tell him, Sam--

Sam's regarding the boy, thoughtful. To Cass--

SAM

Any permanent damage, Cass?

DEAN

(turns on Sam, surprised)
What--?

CASTIEL

Physically, no.

DEAN

(wildly sarcastic)
Oh, well all right then, as long as the scarring's emotional, stick your arm right in there--

CASTIEL

(calm)
With the name I can work a ritual to track down the Angel.

DEAN

All I'm saying is--

CASTIEL

You do understand this Angel is out there right now. Open for business. This is our only chance to stop it from happening again.

That lands on Dean. But he's still unconvinced--

DEAN

And you're willing to torture this kid to do it?

CASTIEL

I can't care about that, Dean. I don't have the luxury.

LONG BEAT of this staring match, then Dean looks away.

Cass goes to Aaron. He holds his hand over the kid's torso, closes his eyes. *

(CONTINUED)

With a shove, he 'PSYCHIC SURGERIES' his hand INTO THE BOY'S CHEST. Aaron wakes with a JOLT. He gives a BLOODCURDLING SCREAM!! *

Dean can't take seeing this kid get surgery with no anesthesia. He instinctively lunges to stop Cass--

But Sam holds his brother back.

SAM

Dean-- No.

Their eyes meet. Dean is frantic for the boy. Sam seems cool as a cucumber. Dean has a moment of 'who are you?'

Cass pins Aaron with a hand around his heart. (VFX) Aaron wracks as if under electro-shock. EXTREMELY PAINFUL. Cass and Aaron LOCK EYES. Cass is READING DEEPLY. For a moment, Aaron's INSIDES ARE ILLUMINATED by the reading. *
*
*

Finally Cass relents, draws his hand from the boy's chest, leaving a FAST CLOSING WOUND-- a beat and it's gone. The boy's eyes flutter and he PASSES BACK OUT. Dean looks away.

CASTIEL

He'll rest now.

SAM

Did you get the name? Who was it?

A beat as Cass nods. He seems a little shaken.

CASTIEL

I thought he was killed in the war...

SAM

What, he was a friend or something?

CASTIEL

A good friend. *
(shakes head, wistful)
But if he's alive... Then he's gone rogue...

DEAN

Moonlighting as a crossroads demon?
I'd say that's pretty 'rogue'.

CASTIEL

(half to himself)
'Balthazar'. I wonder...

(CONTINUED)

SAM
So we can find him now, right?

SUDDENLY a HIGH-PITCHED RINGING ERUPTS. Sam and Dean clutch at their ears. Cass draws his ANGEL KNIFE and WHIP-TURNS--

--just in time to PARRY THREE LIGHTNING BLOWS from an ATTACKING ANGEL ["BION"]-- their blades connect with STROBING WHITE FLASHES.

BION
(smiles)
'Balthazar'... Thanks, Castiel.
We'll make good use of the name.

Bion comes at him, SLASHING his arm. Cass ATTACKS, manages to disarm him. The Angel's blade sinks into the floor.

Now Cass does a super-cool move that results in a DEEP SLASH ACROSS Bion's FACE. With a PIERCING SHRIEK the Angel DISAPPEARS-- but before Cass takes a breath--

WHAM-- A SECOND ANGEL ["ASHUR"] sails in from the side KICKING CASTIEL into the far wall.

ASHUR
Raphael says 'hello'.

ON SAM AND DEAN - as they hear this. WTF?! Raphael?!

IN A BLUR Cass sails through the air at Ashur-- SMASHES INTO HIM, sending them both CRASHING through the door--

Cass and Ashur sail out the door and OVER THE BALCONY. A beat, then we hear a LOUD CRASH, and a CAR ALARM RINGS OUT.

Sam and Dean race out, look over the railing to see Cass-- ALONE-- splayed across the top of Sam's car. What's LEFT of Sam's car, after two Angels just squished it into a punchbowl.

ANGLE UP AT SAM AND DEAN - a long pause, then Dean turns to Sam, dry:

DEAN
OK. Silver lining.

BLACKOUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

17 EXT. MOTEL - BALCONY - DAY 17

ANGLE DOWN to Cass, who slides off the top of Sam's CRUMPLED CAR and drops to his feet.

He looks up, PAN OFF HIM BACK TO the blown out doorway-- CASS ENTERS IT [he teleported on the pan].

18 INT. MOTEL ROOM - DAY 18

ON SAM AND DEAN as they hastily pack stuff in their room. Cass enters, dusting SHATTERED GLASS CHUNKS off his coat front.

CASTIEL
They're gone.

Cass sweeps the files off the table, clearing it.

SAM
Who the hell were they?!

CASTIEL
(grumbling sigh)
Those were the soldiers of Raphael.

Sam and Dean trade a WTF on that one. Castiel buzzes around the kitchen, pulls out a STEEL BOWL, drops it onto the table.

CASTIEL
They must have followed me here when I answered your call.

SAM
Raphael? The Archangel?
(then)
I'm sorry, what's going on?

CASTIEL
I can explain later, but right now, we have to--

Cass wants to head past Dean, but Dean steps in his way.

DEAN
No. Not later, now. Stop.
(side-to-side dance)
STOP.
(Cass stops)
Too many Angels, Cass!
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

DEAN (CONT'D)

I dunno who's on first, or what's on second--

CASTIEL

What *is* 'second'?

DEAN

Don't you start that--

With a grumble of impatience, Cass stops.

CASTIEL

It's simple. Raphael and his followers think he should rule Heaven.

He holds out one hand. Then the other:

CASTIEL

I, and many others-- the last thing we want is to let him take over. It would be... catastrophic.

SAM

You're talking about civil war.

CASTIEL

Technically, yes.

Sam and Dean stare at Castiel, getting their heads around it.

DEAN

So... Balthazar is the girl everyone wants?

CASTIEL

If we find Balthazar, we find the weapons. Without them, we lose and Raphael wins.

Cass goes to one of their DUFFEL BAGS, starts throwing stuff out of it, onto the bed [bible, candles, rope, etc.].

SAM

Help yourself.

Cass pulls out a KNIFE and a silver FLASK OF HOLY WATER.

DEAN

What will Raphael do if he wins? What does he want?

(CONTINUED)

CASTIEL

What he's always wanted. To end
the story the way it was written.

DEAN

You mean that whole Apocalypse,
Armageddon, Judgment Day story?
The one we derailed?

CASTIEL

Yes. That one. Raphael wants to
put it all 'back on the rails'...

DEAN

Why?!

Cass stops, looks up from the spell he works on the table.

CASTIEL

Need Myrrh.

SAM

...myrrh?

REVERSE ON CASS - Except Cass is GONE. PAN BACK to guys.

DEAN

(to Sam)
Friggin' Angels.

He starts a bit as Cass REAPPEARS OS.

PAN BACK TO CASS - he now holds a CHUNK OF MYRRH RESIN. He
begins drawing out a COMPLEX SET OF SIGILS around the bowl.

DEAN

Why would Raphael want to bring
back all that... crap?!

*

CASTIEL

(matter-of-fact)
He's a traditionalist.

*

A beat, then Dean approaches him, a bit more gently now.

DEAN

Why didn't you tell us all this was
happening, Cass?

Castiel turns to them, and his shoulders fall a bit. We can
see he's hollowed out with exhaustion and worry.

(CONTINUED)

CASTIEL

I was... ashamed.

(then)

I watched you sacrifice everything...
for Free Will. I thought for sure
the Angels would want it too. But a
lot of them... aren't ready. They're
more comfortable following orders.

(shakes head w/ contempt)

Raphael is happy to give them what
they want.

*
*

DEAN

Why didn't you tell us all this was
happening?

*
*
*

Castiel looks at both the brothers with open, embarrassed
vulnerability. Man, we love Cass!

CASTIEL

I didn't tell you because I was
ashamed that we haven't done...
better...

(looks up, mild surprise)

It feels good. To say that out loud.

DEAN

There you go.

*
*

A beat. Nice feelings. But then, Castiel lifts the knife.

CASTIEL

Now I need your blood.

*

DEAN

What?

Castiel takes Dean's wrist, SLICES IT OPEN.

DEAN

Ow! Dammit! Use your own.

CASTIEL

Wouldn't work. I'm not human.

Cass drips Dean's blood into the bowl at the center of his
talisman.

CASTIEL

Zamran ils soba vpaah zixlai grosb.

ON THE BOWL as steam HISSES up from it. Cass concentrates--
BEAT--

*
*

(CONTINUED)

We begin to hear COP SIRENS in the distance, drawing closer. *
Sam and Dean exchange a look-- *

SAM *
Um-- Cass... How long's this spell *
take? *

Cass ignores them. The sirens are CLOSE now. Finally-- Cass *
looks up. *

CASTIEL *
Got him. Let's go. *

Dean looks to the Boy, still asleep on the couch. *

DEAN *
What about Aaron? We can't just-- *

CASTIEL *
Don't you think the police will *
take him home? *

OFF DEAN-- Not thrilled, but Cass has a point... *

DISSOLVE TO:

ON OSTENTATIOUS FACADE of a modern mansion. A mash of
multiple motifs, it screams 'money' and little else.

A distance away, the Impala pulls up to a stop.

CLOSER ON IMPALA as Sam and Dean get out. Cass steps into
frame, hands Dean a VIAL OF HOLY OIL.

DEAN
So he's in there.

Cass looks to the front of the place.

CASTIEL
Yes.

Dean looks from the mansion to Cass, already tired.

DEAN
So he's like a bad-ass, isn't he.

CASTIEL
It will be a challenge to get what
we came for, yes.

(CONTINUED)

19

CONTINUED:

19

Dean eyes Cass dubiously, then stops to clarify:

DEAN

So we're on the same page-- part of what we came for is to get Aaron Birch's soul back, right?

*

(off Cass' blank)

Aaron Birch? You know, the kid? Sold his soul to your homie? We came for that too, right?

*

Cass looks at him for a beat and nods.

CASTIEL

Right.

Dean doesn't look wholly convinced.

*

20

INT. MANSION - GRAND ENTRY - NIGHT

20

Cass enters. A massive chandelier hangs in the grand entryway, over a wide staircase that sweeps up to a balcony level; the lavish but gaudy decor speaks of pride in excess.

Cass scans the area cautiously, then stops, hearing a LOW CROAK. He peers up, focusing on the top of the stairs:

CLOSE ON - a fat BULLFROG squats at the head of the stairs, looking down impassively. RIBBIT. It hops away--

WIDEN to see Castiel, now up at the balcony level. The frog hops off down the hall.

Open double doors lead to a BALLROOM beyond. It's dark, but a STROBE LIGHT FLASHES within. Cass walks to the door--

21

INT. MANSION - BALLROOM - NIGHT

21

Inside, standing at the center of the dance floor, a FIGURE in a silk kimono sways with his back to us. In the strobing dim we see OTHER FROGS hopping over the floor.

Cass starts to move toward him, drawing his ANGEL BLADE. Then the figure turns and cries:

BALTHAZAR

Cass! You're here!

BALTHAZAR: Attractive, charming, the host with the most, moves to Cass.

CASTIEL

Balthazar--

(CONTINUED)

BALTHAZAR

So good to see you. They said you were floating around.

CASTIEL

They--

Balthazar gestures. Cass looks-- to see Ashur and Bion, laid out on the dance floor.

CLOSE ON ASHUR - his back to us, motionless. He SPASMS suddenly-- we hear a GAGGING SOUND, then a FROG hops away from his head [his corpse just coughed up a FROG].

BALTHAZAR

Heh. The ol' frog in the throat...

CASTIEL

Even I know that's a bad joke.

Cass walks in, still amazed to see his friend alive.

CASTIEL

I grieved your death.

BALTHAZAR

Yeah. Sorry about that. I needed everyone to think I bit it, you know, so they wouldn't come looking for me.

Balthazar lifts his hand and the STROBE LIGHT gives way to atmospheric gloom.

CASTIEL

What... is all this? What are you doing?

BALTHAZAR

(shrugs)

Whatever I want. This morning I had a menage a'... what's French for twelve?

CASTIEL

You stole the Staff of Moses--

*

BALTHAZAR

Sure. Stole a lotta things.

*

Cass absorbs this. It's hard for him to believe.

(CONTINUED)

CASTIEL

You were a great soldier.
Honorable. We fought together--

*

BALTHAZAR

Too many times to count.

CASTIEL

I know you--

BALTHAZAR

As well as anyone--

CASTIEL

You're not some common thief.
Balthazar--

BALTHAZAR

(with amusement)

Common? No. Thief...

*

Castiel meets Balthazar's eyes. Serious. Even vulnerable.

CASTIEL

I need your help.

BALTHAZAR

I know. I've been hearing all
about you. And you and me, Cass--
far as I'm concerned, nothing's
changed. We're brothers. Of
course I want to help you.

CASTIEL

Thank you. I need the weapons.

BALTHAZAR

(genuinely sorry)

Don't ask that.

CASTIEL

(frustrated)

But why? Why take them? Why leave
the ranks?

BALTHAZAR

Because I could.

(off Cass' look)

What? You're the one who made this
possible. The footsteps I'm
following, they're yours...

Balthazar speaks to Cass with enthusiasm.

(CONTINUED)

BALTHAZAR

What you did? Stopping the Big Plan? Averting the prize fight? You did more than disobey orders... You tore up the whole script and burned the pages. For all of us.
(appreciative laugh)
It's a new era! No Destiny! No rules! Just utter, complete freedom.

Cass stares at Balthazar.

CASTIEL

And-- this is what you do with it?

BALTHAZAR

(with an edge, now)
Hey, screw it, right? Dad's never coming home. Might as well blow coke and jump on the bed.
(then, a challenge)
You proved we could do anything. So I'm trying everything. What difference does it make?

CASTIEL

Of course it makes a-- It's civil war up there--

BALTHAZAR

I know--

CASTIEL

If we take Raphael down, we can end this. If you just give me the weapons--

BALTHAZAR

You know what's funny about you? You actually think you can stop the fighting. It will never stop. My advice, grab something valuable and fake your own death.

CASTIEL

(disappointed; a Truth)
You've gone insane.
(then, done with it)
And your holiday is over. Raphael knows you're alive by now.

(CONTINUED)

21

"The Third Man"
CONTINUED: (4)

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21

BALTHAZAR

Raphael can try me anytime. I'm
armed.

(then, meaning it)
Sorry, Cass. All else aside, it
was good to see you again. Even if
you do still have that stick up
your ass.

A RUMBLE OF THUNDER. Balthazar snaps a look at Cass.

BALTHAZAR

Was that you?

Cass shakes his head. Nope.

BALTHAZAR

Then that's my cue... Tell Raphael
to kiss my sweet ass. *

ON CASTIEL - PAN TO reveal that Balthazar has DISAPPEARED.
Castiel turns around, draws his knife as LIGHTNING FLASHES--

22

EXT. MANSION - NIGHT

22

As THREE ANGELS APPEAR and start to walk toward the house;
LIGHTNING FLASHES in the black sky.

BLACKOUT.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

23 EXT. MANSION - NIGHT 23

TWO NEW ANGELS now flank RAPHAEL. He stops, casts a look at the others and they move in...

RAPHAEL

Watch them. They're all snakes.

24 INT. MANSION - GRAND ENTRY - NIGHT 24

ANGEL #1 pads in cautiously, knife drawn.

SAM (O.C.)

Hey.

Sam stands at the far end of the room, in an ALCOVE under the balcony. Sam draws the Angel Blade that Bion lost and smiles at Angel #1.

SAM

I got one of those.

ANGEL #1

You think you can knife fight an Angel?

CAMERA PAN TELEPORTS Angel #1 and he pounces on Sam, grabbing the blade.

SAM

Who's fighting?

Angel #1 turns to see Dean, in an area visually covered from the entrance-- standing by a BANISHING TALISMAN written in blood on the wall.

DEAN

Peace out, douchewad. *

Dean slaps his bloodied palm into the Talisman's center. With a FLARE OF WHITE LIGHT THE ANGEL DISAPPEARS.

25 INT. MANSION - BALLROOM - NIGHT 25

Castiel, knife in hand, turns slowly in place, scanning the large area. LIGHTNING FLASHES and then ANGEL #2 is standing there.

He starts marching toward Cass, head down, fists raising.

(CONTINUED)

CASTIEL

You're making a mistake. Please.
There's another way.

*

He keeps coming, gaining speed.

*

CASTIEL

Brother, please... I don't want to
hurt you--

*

*

*

The Angel LUNGES. Cass HURLS HIS KNIFE at the oncoming Angel--*

That silvery FUCKER tears a hole RIGHT THROUGH HIM and sticks *
into the wood-panelled wall 10 feet behind him. {Cass gets *
issues.} *

Angel #2 STROBES OUT ANGEL-STYLE, his spent vessel collapsing *
to the floor. *

Cass stands over the Angel's body, ROARS with the pent up *
frustration of a present day Obama. *

CASTIEL

WHY WON'T ANY OF YOU LISTEN!?!

Cass drops his head sadly.

*

A hand reaches in, jerks his head back. It's Raphael.

RAPHAEL

They don't listen, Castiel, because
their hearts are mine.

He THROWS CASS--

Cass sails in over the balcony and pitches into the marble
floor with a CRACKING THUD.

THEN RAPHAEL is over him. He WIPES THE FLOOR WITH CASTIEL--
SMACK! POW! CRACKLE! POP!

Finally ending with Cass held by the scruff, bloodied, barely
conscious. Raphael pulls his ARCHANGEL BLADE. He raises the
blade, about to KILL CASTIEL!

RAPHAEL

Somehow, I don't see God bringing
you back this time...

BALTHAZAR (O.C.)

Hey, Raphael. Look at mah junk!

*

(CONTINUED)

With alarm Balthazar watches the LINE OF FIRE circle him completely. *

BALTHAZAR
Holy Fire-- You hairless ape--
release me.

DEAN
Screw you.

BALTHAZAR
(cocky chuckle)
You do anything to me, you'll lose
the weapons forever.

DEAN
What makes you think I give a rat's
ass about that?
(Balt frowns)
You're going to take your marker
off Aaron Birch's soul. *
(steely eyes)
Bitch did you hear me.

BALTHAZAR
(laughs)
What a way to talk.

DEAN
Sam--

Sam lifts the CLAY VESSEL OF OIL and a LIGHTER.

SAM
Unless you like your wings extra
crispy, I'd think about it.

BALTHAZAR
Castiel-- I stood for you in
Heaven. Nothing will change that.
You'd let one of them--

CASTIEL
I believe...
(trades looks w/ Dean)
I believe the Hairless Ape has the floor.

A beat, then Balthazar relents with grace. What's a soul or
two between enemies?

BALTHAZAR
Very well.
(concentrates)
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

BALTHAZAR (CONT'D)

The boy's debt is cleared. His soul is his own.

DEAN

But... why. Why are you buying human souls?

BALTHAZAR

In this economy? They're the only thing worth buying.

(smile glints profound)

You have no idea what they're worth... The power they hold...

(levels stare at Dean)

Now release me.

DEAN

Suck it, junkless. Nobody said anything about---

Suddenly Castiel extinguishes the fire. A beat, then Dean turns to Cass---

DEAN

Cass! What the hell?!

CASTIEL

(to Balthazar)

My debt to you is cleared.

BALTHAZAR

(beat, then a small nod)

Fair enough.

Dean turns to haul into Castiel--

DEAN

Are you OUT OF YOUR MIND?!

--Except CASS IS GONE TOO.

DEAN

Cass?

WIDER as Sam and Dean realize they're alone.

DEAN

Friggin' Angels!

BLACKOUT.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

27 EXT. IMPALA - DAY (DAY 3)

27 *

The Impala is parked at a rugged, remote VISTA POINT. The trunk is open. DUFFEL BAGS, TIE-DOWNS, GAS CANS, and WEAPONS litter the grass around the back of the car.

The guys are trying to organize two piles of stuff into their [now] single car.

DEAN

Didn't know I had all this stuff back here.

SAM

Yeah, well I need some room. I've picked up some stuff along the way.

Dean pulls out a PAPIER MACHE MONSTER MASK [pale, vaguely familiar]. Sam knits his brow--

SAM

The hell is that?

DEAN

Made Ben's Halloween costume.

SAM

Wendigo?
(Dean nods)
Accurate.

Dean stashes it, then turns to Sam.

DEAN

So...
(Sam nods)
How you doing.

SAM

Me? I'm great.

DEAN

Really? Cause there's been a few times you got me wondering...

SAM

Come again?

(CONTINUED)

DEAN

I mean where were you when Cass was giving that kid the Holy Taser Treatment?

SAM

I was right there.

DEAN

Really? 'Cause honestly, I felt like the only one raising a card--

SAM

I was with you, Dean. But... I trust Cass. And I understood what we needed tactically.

DEAN

So did I. And I hated it.
Watching that kid in pain. But--
(creeped)
I gotta say. I didn't get the feeling you cared.

SAM

(simply)
You're wrong, Dean.

DEAN

OK. I'm just trying to figure you out, man. You're different, you know?

SAM

Yeah, I know.

DEAN

Really?

SAM

(shrugs)
I been hunting nonstop the last year-- kinda out in the wild, you know? So, yeah, I'm a little rough around the edges.

DEAN

Okay... I hear you. But I'm not so sure that's the whole scoop here, Sammy. I'm saying...
(then, gentler)
Look, you been to Hell. Believe me, I know what that does to a guy.

(CONTINUED)

SAM

To you.

DEAN

What?

Sam meets his brother's eyes. Throughout this, he remains reasonable. He gets where Dean's coming from. But he knows what he knows.

SAM

It tortured you. I think it still does.

(long candid look)

But Dean... I'm OK.

*
*
*
*

Dean's taken aback.

DEAN

So you're saying, what, that you're stronger than me?

*
*
*

SAM

I'm just saying we're different.

*

Sam walks off to the edge of the view. Leaving Dean to take this in...

ON DEAN. Watching his brother. Unable to just let this go. We see... this doesn't feel right to him. Sam doesn't feel right to him.

OFF DEAN...

BLACKOUT.

TO BE CONTINUED...