

SUPERNATURAL

Episode #615

"The French Mistake"

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STUDIO/NETWORK DRAFT

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CAST LIST

SAM WINCHESTER
DEAN WINCHESTER

JARED PADALECKI
JENSEN ACKLES

BALTHAZAR
CASTIEL / MISHA
RAPHAEL
RUBY / GEN

SEBASTIAN ROCHE
MISHA COLLINS
GENEVIEVE CORTESE

BOB SINGER
CAMERA ASST.
CLIFF
COOP
DAWN
ERIC KRIPKE
EXTRA
GUN STORE CLERK
HOMELESS MAN
JIM
KEVIN
LOU
P.A.
POLICE DETECTIVE
SARAH
SERA GAMBLE (*voice only*)
SERGE
TRISH
VIRGIL

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SUPERNATURAL
"The French Mistake"

TEASER

FADE IN:

1 INT. BOBBY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 1
ON WINDOW. A storm rages. LIGHTNING! THUNDER CRASHES!
PAN TO FIND DEAN WINCHESTER, bleary, at a table of RESEARCH.
ON LAPTOP SCREEN. A photo of a PILE OF GLISTENING GORE.
Dean SIGHS, pours the last drop from a bottle into his glass.
SAM WINCHESTER enters with an armload of musty books.

SAM
Where's Bobby?

DEAN
Supply run, into town.

SAM
In this--?

DEAN
Man's a hero. We're officially out
of hunter's helper.

LIGHTNING FLASHES, THUNDER right on top of it. Causing the
LIGHTS IN THE ROOM to FTZZ! and momentarily BROWN-OUT.

The guys STARTLE; BALTHAZAR's standing there! He gives a
charming grin and launches in. Yet there's something
jangled, rushed beneath his usual devil-may-care demeanor.

BALTHAZAR
You've seen the Godfather, right?

DEAN
Balthazar--!

Stunned, they watch him walk into--

2 INT. BOBBY'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS 2
Chatting as he picks up a large MORTAR AND PESTLE. Sam and
Dean follow. WTF is going on with Balthazar?

(CONTINUED)

BALTHAZAR

At the end, where Michael Corleone
sends his men to kill off all his
enemies in one big bloody swoop?

Sam, in dutiful yet hopeless defense of Bobby's territory:

DEAN

Uh... Hey--!

Balt ignores him, grabs a JAR OF SALT, puts it in the mortar.

BALTHAZAR

'Dead Sea Brine', good... You know,
Moe Greene gets it in the eye, Don
Cuneo gets it in the revolving door--

He sees something he needs, behind Dean. He heads for it.
Dean straightens to stand his ground--

DEAN

I said 'hey'.

BALTHAZAR

(as to Special Olympian)
You *did*. Twice!

ON DEAN - who frowns, then hears a SOUND behind him--

WIDER ON DEAN: he turns to see Balt in FG [he TELEPORTED]
opening the FRIDGE. Balt rummages, yanks out a home-labeled
MASON JAR OF BLOOD. Sticks it in the mortar "shopping bag".

BALTHAZAR

Blood of lamb...

Sam and Dean trade looks, 'what should we do?' Then a glance
at the full-powered Angel in the room, 'what can we do?'

SAM

(clears throat)
Why are you talking about the
Godfather?

Balthazar meets Sam's eyes. With sudden dead seriousness.

BALTHAZAR

Cause we're in it. Right now.
Tonight. And in the role of
Corleone: the Archangel Raphael.

Sam and Dean take this in; WHOA.

(CONTINUED)

DEAN

Mind telling us what you mean?

Balt just goes to a drawer. YANKS IT OUT, DUMPS IT, pulls out the false bottom. Sorts through...

BALTHAZAR

No... no... no...

(then, relieved)

Yes. Backbone of a lesser saint.

This'll do.

He grabs an AGE-BROWNE VERTEBRA in a BAGGIE (think goldfish-at-the-county-fair). Carries his load past the boys--

BALTHAZAR

Your Mr. Singer does keep a superb pantry.

Balt makes a small SWEEP with his hand, causing all clutter to TELEKINETICALLY SWEEP OFF the table in a crash.

BALTHAZAR

As they say on Top Chef. Clean as you go.

Balt efficiently begins to LAY OUT the items he's collected.

DEAN

(reigns himself; then)

Raphael is after you--?

BALTHAZAR

My dear Bonobo, Raphael is after us all. Castiel's always been the underdog, but now? Let's just say Raphael's wooed a lot of powerful types to his bosom. And when you're that strong-- why be coy?

Balt mixes ingredients as he talks. CRUSHES the vertebra to powder in his fist, mixes it in.

ON SAM. Staring at Balt, taking in what he's saying.

ON Dean. Watching the preparation very closely.

BALTHAZAR

So Raphael's put a hit out on every last samaritan who ever helped our dear Cass. Including you, you, and so much more importantly, me.

(sudden rattling COUGH)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

BALTHAZAR (CONT'D)

He's hoping it'll draw Cass out into the open down here. And really, he may be right. Cass has always been cripplingly emotional.

Dipping a finger in the mix, Balt paints a large rough ENOCHIAN SIGIL across the WINDOW.

SAM

You think we're gonna believe you?

BALTHAZAR

(indifferent shrug)
Don't. You'll go where I throw you, either way--

DEAN

'Hell is that supposed to mean--?

Balt snaps a nervous look up, as though he HEARS SOMETHING. Then begins fishing through his coat pockets--

BALTHAZAR

And that's all the time we have...

He opens his coat to check inside, revealing a BLOODY SHIRT.

DEAN

Whoa... what happened--

BALTHAZAR

Heh. Garish, I know-- Uncle Raff sent one of his nastiest to handle me... flattered, actually.
(pained shrug)
And down a lung, for the moment.

He pulls something from his inside pocket, tosses it to Sam. Sam holds it up: A BUS LOCKER KEY.

SAM

What do we do with this?

BALTHAZAR

Run with it.

Suddenly, lights FLICKER-- and-- Balt is BLASTED BACK BY AN INVISIBLE FORCE! He scrambles up, unsteady...

BALTHAZAR

Virgil! Good, you found the place--

(CONTINUED)

REVEAL VIRGIL, Angel hitman [think Javier Bardem in *No Country*]. Humorless, inevitable, he stalks toward Balthazar.

Instead of facing him, Balthazar turns to Sam and Dean--

BALTHAZAR

I said, run!

Raising his hand, he telekinetically sends them SAILING into the window, SMASHING THROUGH glass and SIGIL--

Sam and Dean hit the ground with a with a SOFT, COMFY THWUMP.

They bounce to a rest on a STUNT PAD. Disoriented, they look at the 'ground'. Sam takes a chunk of GLASS out of his hair. He breaks it in his fingers. It's CANDY GLASS.

BOB SINGER (O.C.)

CUT!

WIDER - they're outside Bobby's window... but it's somehow, impossibly... just a FLAT made of PLYWOOD AND STRUTS. A SET. SET BELL RINGS! Sound of CLAPPING-- CREW MEMBERS, appreciating the stunt. Immediately, crew descend on the set. Sam and Dean are helped to their feet. Um, WTF?

Stunt coordinator LOU, muscled and shaven-headed, approaches.

LOU

Nice, guys! Real good solid fall--

DIRECTOR BOB SINGER (50s-60s, purple-heart veteran of the TV trenches) pokes his head out of Bobby's window:

BOB SINGER

Jared! Jensen! That was outstanding. Just great!

(to Camera Asst.)

Let's get a tail slate on that--

A CLAPPER sweeps up into frame. Grease penciled on it:
"SUPERNATURAL Ep 615, 'THE FRENCH MISTAKE', SC. 1, SHOT 34A"

CAMERA ASST. (O.C.)

Tail slate! Supernatural-- episode 615, scene 1, shot 34A--

CLACK TO BLACK!

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

4 INT. STAGES - BOBBY'S SET - DAY 4

Sam and Dean try in vain to get their bearings amid the flurry of CREW. What. The. Fuck. Dean glances around...

SAM
No Angels?

DEAN
No Angels. I... think.

Total bewilderment. An attractive WOMAN [20s, Urban-Outfitted] comes up through the chaos and calls to Sam.

TRISH
Mr. Padalecki--? Mr. Padalecki!
(gets Sam's attention)
Or should I call you Jared?

SAM
...no...

TRISH
(laughs, flirting)
Funny, too! I'm Trish, with E-Buzz
Web Blast. I'm right here, when
you wrap--

SAM
OK...
(asides after she exits)
Should we be killing anybody?

DEAN
I don't... think so.

SAM
Running?

DEAN
Where?

AT VIDEO VILLAGE, ON MONITOR: OUR GUYS SAIL OUT THE WINDOW.
But the replay ROLLS STATIC right as they hit the glass...

Bob confers with D.P. SERGE (French-Canadian; zen) and 1st AD
KEVIN (quick, fastidious, the nerve center of production).

BOB SINGER
But... it was great!

(CONTINUED)

KEVIN

It was great.

BOB SINGER

I've seen the guys fall, but-- that
was downright Olympic.

SERGE

It's not a problem with the stunt.
It's a problem with the signal.
Interference.

KEVIN

It's digital. It's a digital
thing.

BOB SINGER

Well, how much did we get?

SERGE

About half.

KEVIN

Gets us right up to where they--
Just before they hit the window--

BOB SINGER

(flatline deadpan)
You know, the part where they hit
the window, that's the good part.

KEVIN

(checks his schedule)
Well... We can clean up, reset the
window-- that's...

(tiny blip to calculate)
Ninety five minutes, basically, so,
yeah, we'd have to blow off your
insert shots for scene six. Again.

Bob drops his head, ruminating. Kevin, brightly:

KEVIN

Or... We can show them flying at
the window, then cut away to a
reaction shot and a sound effect--

Bob looks to Serge, who's been standing motionless, arms
folded, in contemplation. With an inscrutable sideways nod:

SERGE

It will cut together.

(CONTINUED)

A beat. A long sigh, a resigned, much repeated mantra:

BOB SINGER
Season six.
(then)
Moving on.

ON SAM AND DEAN - as they watch the circus around them.

SAM
I think they're making a movie...
About-- us?

KEVIN
That's a wrap on Jared and Jensen!

SAM
Who the hell are--

Trish is back, snatches Sam's arm with sweet force.

TRISH
Jared! Three minutes? OK? Great.

Before he can react, she leads Sam off. Dean trails after--

DEAN
Where are we going?

Until SARAH (MAKEUP) steers him away--

SARAH
Jensen, there you are! Let's get
you in the chair...

DEAN
..."chair"?

5 INT. MAKE-UP - SOON AFTER 5

Dean is plopped in a chair in front of a brightly lit mirror.

SARAH
OK, hon, we'll just get that make-
up off your--

Her hand comes in with a wipe, Dean snatches the wrist.

DEAN
I am not wearing--

Dean looks in the mirror. He runs a finger down his cheek:

(CONTINUED)

DEAN
Holy crap!
(peers in disbelief)
I'm a painted whore!

6 INT. STAGES - ELSEWHERE - SAME TIME 6

Sam's dropped into a chair at the center of a MINI-SHOOT, few lights and a camera. Trish opens this segment of E-BUZZ:

TRISH
Trish Evian, here with Jared Padalecki from TV's 'Supernatural'.
(fingers under chin, interested)
So... Jared... Season Six.

SAM
Um-- what?

TRISH
You beat the Devil, lost your soul, and got it back again-- so tell us, what's next for Sam Winchester?

SAM
I really... don't--

TRISH
Oh, and if you could include the question in your answer? Thanks.

OFF SAM, deer in the headlights.

7 INT. STAGES - ELSEWHERE - SOON AFTER 7

Dean walks through the dim stages, dazed. He bumps into Sam in a similar state. Boy is he happy to see his brother.

DEAN
They put make-up on us! The bastards!

Together they start to walk toward a distant, lit EXIT SIGN.

SAM
I think I know what this is.

DEAN
Tell. Now.

SAM
It's a TV show--

(CONTINUED)

7

DEAN

You think?

SAM

No, I mean-- our life. Here--
wherever "here" is, where Balthazar
sent us--

DEAN

He sent us to someplace where we
play ourselves on TV?!

SAM

Well, we aren't us here.

DEAN

You just lost me.

SAM

You're Jensen Ackles. And
apparently I'm something called a
'Jared Padalecki'.

DEAN

So, what... you're Polish now? No,
seriously. Any of this make a lick
of sense to you?

Dean pushes open the door and the SCREEN WHITES OUT.

8

EXT. STAGES - BACK PARKING LOT - DAY

8

SUNLIGHT BLASTS on them, a shocker since it's still the
middle of the night for the guys.

DEAN

OW! Damn it!

Shielding their eyes, they stagger out the back of the stages
to the trucks, trailers, lunch tent. Dean sees something OC:

ON IMPALA - parked and gleaming. A TRANSP0 GUY gasses it up
from the fuel truck, leaning against the car.

DEAN

HEY! Who the hell said you touch
her?

SAM

C'mon, Dean. Be cool--

He veers away with Dean, walks him over to a relatively quiet
area near the flank of the lunch tent--

(CONTINUED)

DEAN

Sam. Get off me--

They're INTERCEPTED BY PROP MASTER COOP, who reaches for Dean's watch.

COOP

Just gonna get the watch from you--

Dean reflexively snaps into a defensive stance-- who the fuck is this stranger grabbing at his items?!

Coop just keeps right on walking, speaking into his walkie:

COOP

Jensen's keeping the watch.

Dean looks at Sam, dead serious.

DEAN

I want to go home. I feel like this whole place is bad-touching me.

SAM

Okay. Okay. Me too.

(then)

You think-- Cass?

DEAN

Best shot. If he's... alive.

A beat of *geez I hope so*, then they lower their heads.

DEAN

Castiel, who art maybe running his ass away from Heaven-- we pray you got your ears on... Breaker breaker...

As they pray, CAMERA ARMS SLOWLY AROUND TO REVEAL: CASTIEL, smiling pleasantly, his voice oddly mid-register.

CASTIEL

Hi guys.

DEAN

Cass! Cass... Thank God!

(then)

What is all this? What did Balthazar do to us?

(CONTINUED)

Castiel nods with the question. His voice drops to the gravel register, brow knits with grave import as he explains:

CASTIEL
To keep you out of Virgil's reach,
he cast you into an alternate
reality... A... Universe... like
ours in most ways... yet
dramatically different in others.

DEAN
Like Bizarro Earth, right? Only
instead of Bizarro Superman, we get--
(at stages, dumbfounded)
This clown factory here...

Cass seems a little confused by the wording, but pushes on.

CASTIEL
Uh... Well--
(then, more smoothly)
Yes, the Angels have avoided this
universe since it was discovered--

SAM
Avoided it? Why?

Castiel seems to 'hear' something in the distance (only he can hear it), reacting with increased urgency.

CASTIEL
No time to explain. Do you have
the key?

Sam takes the BUS LOCKER KEY from his coat, shows Castiel.

CASTIEL
It's the only way to get to the
weapons Balthazar stole from
Heaven.

DEAN
He gave it to us?

CASTIEL
To keep it safe, until I could get
to you. With those weapons, I have
a chance to rally my forces...

SAM
Oh. Okay, good.
(next point of order)
(MORE)

SAM (CONT'D)
Now what is up with all this TV
crap?!

CASTIEL
Pardon?

DEAN
A-men. Padaliski?

SAM
(correcting him)
Lecki. Pretty sure.

Cass looks at them with a peculiar, deflating authority--

CASTIEL
Uh... I don't...

He takes a set of SIDES from his pocket, flips through them.

CASTIEL
Did they put out new pages?

DEAN
New what?

SAM
(misses that; presses)
I mean, is all this some kind of
cosmic joke?

DEAN
Yeah. 'Cause it's stupid and we
don't get it.

CASTIEL
Whoa... Are you guys OK?

'Castiel' studies them, puzzled, as WARDROBE ASSISTANT DAWN
approaches.

DAWN
I can take the coat for you, Misha.

That's it! He's not Cass; he's MISHA COLLINS who plays Cass
on the show. He takes off his coat, ignoring the assistance.

SAM
'Misha'...

Dean stares at Misha, then snatches the sides.

(CONTINUED)

8

DEAN
'Me see that.
(looks to Sam)
These are... words in a script.
He's not Cass.

SAM
What? But... look at him.

Misha struggles to find the 'gotcha' moment in their joke.

MISHA
You guys are running lines, right?

DEAN
See? Just some guy named Misha.

SAM
All right. Well. Great.

Deeply disappointed, they walk away from Misha. As they go--

DEAN
Misha? Jensen? What's with the
names around here, anyway?

Misha calls after them:

MISHA
Really punked me there. Totally
gonna tweet this one. Awesome
anecdote. Really.
(pulls out blackberry,
TWEETS ALOUD:)
Hola Mishamigos... J-Squared... got
me good. Really starting to
feel... like one of the... guys...

9

EXT. STAGES - BACK PARKING LOT - LATER

9

Sam and Dean move through the maze of trailers and trucks...

DEAN
Just wanna shove my finger in my
brain and scratch till we're back
in Kansas--

SAM
(sees something OS)
Hey. 'Jensen Ackles'.

A TRAILER. Dean sees "J. Ackles" written on the door.

(CONTINUED)

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CONTINUED: 9

9

DEAN
That's fake me! This must be fake
mine--

10

INT. JENSEN'S TRAILER - DAY 10

They enter. Take in the lavish digs. Massive FLATSCREEN TV.
On the kitchenette table, a SERIOUS RC HELICOPTER.

DEAN
Whoa... I got a helicopter!

Deeper in, the blue-lit gloom of a MASSIVE TROPICAL FISH
TANK. Sam frowns.

SAM
Who puts a three-hundred-gallon
aquarium in a trailer?

DEAN
That's power, baby.

Sam sees an open LAPTOP and goes to it. Dean picks up a copy
of SUPERNATURAL MAGAZINE. Sam starts COMPUTER SEARCHING.

SAM
So, let's see. Who is this guy?

DEAN
'He's not a hunter, but he plays
one on TV'.
(scans magazine)
Oh. My. God, look at these male-
modelin' sons-a-bitches.

ON MAGAZINE as Dean flips through it and stops on a
particularly pose-y PROMOTIONAL SHOT of "Sam Winchester".

DEAN
Nice Blue Steel there, Sam.

SAM
Well, it's our job. And you have
an expensive fish habit to support.

ON LAPTOP SCREEN - IMAGES and SITE LISTINGS appear from a
typical Jensen Ackles 'Bio search'.

SAM
Hey, it says you're from Texas.

DEAN
Weird.

(CONTINUED)

SAM
(stops skimming; uh-oh)
Dude, you were on a soap opera.

DEAN
What?!

Sam cranks the laptop around [ideal world] to show Dean a snippet of himself on a YOUTUBE CLIP of 'Days Of Our Lives'.

DEAN
(ashen)
This is not a good universe, Sammy.
We gotta get out of this universe.

He turns the screen away, thinking urgently.

SAM
No argument. But I don't think our prayers are getting to Cass--

DEAN
Yeah. Somehow I get the feeling we're outta soul phone range.
(grabs paper and pen)
But...

SAM
What.

DEAN
(as he scrawls)
Maybe... we can reverse Balthazar's spell. I watched every move.
(holds up scrawled SIGIL)
We just gotta get the ingredients together, use the same window... and there's no place like home--

Sam and Dean are rifling the pantry in Bobby's "kitchen", taking EXOTIC INGREDIENTS down and laying them out on the table.

SAM
'Backbone of a Lesser Saint'--

But then Sam picks up the VERTEBRA. Bounces it on the table.

SAM
Plastic.

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11 CONTINUED: 11

Dean sees a PROP CART nearby, lifts up TWO RUBY KNIVES.

DEAN
And look at these--

12 INT. STAGES - NEARBY - DAY 12
Bob Singer on the move through with Kevin. He stops, seeing:
BOB'S POV. Dean and Sam on Bobby's Set. Dean stabs himself repeatedly with a RETRACTING PROP BLADE; tells Sam, annoyed:

DEAN
Fake! It's all fake!

CLOSE ON BOB. Watching. Baffled, weirded out, concerned... then settling for the bright side. To Kevin:

BOB SINGER
Well. At least they're talking to each other.

13 EXT. STAGES - BACK PARKING LOT - DUSK 13
Sam and Dean walk through the back parking lot.

SAM
Course everything is fake. We're on a film set. We gotta get out to the real world.

They round the Impala, get in.

DEAN
Now you're talking.

14 INT. IMPALA - CONTINUOUS 14
Dean starts up the car and they pull out.

DEAN
We go round up the genuine articles for the spell, bring 'em here...

KA-KLUNKKA! The engine's catching. Dean checks his gauges.

DEAN
The hell is wrong with--

PA HUFFS INTO VIEW in driver's window, RACING to keep apace.

(CONTINUED)

PA
Mr. Ackles! Please, God, Mr.
Ackles!

SAM
Uh, Dean.

But Dean hasn't noticed the desperate PA. He's concentrating on the totally Kerfucked Impala. He slams the dash-- KLUNKITAKLUNKITA--! The engine really grinds at 20 MPH.

PA
Please. Stop. Car...!

SAM
Dean. It's not the Impala.

DEAN
(sighs, getting it)
Course not. It's a damn prop, like everything else.

He starts to pull over.

PA
Thank you... thank you...

DEAN
Well how the hell are we supposed to get out of here?

15 EXT. STAGES - FRONT GATE - EVENING 15

To establish.

16 INT. PRODUCTION VEHICLE - MOVING - NIGHT - PMP 16

Sam and Dean ride in the back. DRIVER CLIFF views them from the front, a bit uneasily.

CLIFF
So, ah... you know whereabouts you want me to drop you off? Jensen?

DEAN
(checks to be sure)
Me, right-- Yeah, uh... I'll just tag along with... 'Jared' here.

CLIFF
(wha?!)
'Tag along'.

(CONTINUED)

DEAN
To his-- what's he got, a house I
guess?

CLIFF
I think-- this is the first time in
six years you've even ever--

SAM
(jumpin' in)
Yeah, you know, Clint--

CLIFF
(weird he doesn't know)
Cliff.

SAM
--Cliff, course. We're gonna do
some work back at my place.

DEAN
Some acting work... on our
characters... for the TV show.

CLIFF
(still uneasy)
Yeah... OK then.

Dean suddenly realizes, looking out at the PASSING LIGHTS:

DEAN
Hey. Where the hell are we?

17 EXT. CITY - NIGHT 17
ON SIGN - "WELCOME TO BEAUTIFUL VANCOUVER, BRITISH COLUMBIA!"
GLAMOUR SHOTS of the city, set to the Gershwin of British
Columbia! MAPLE LEAFS ARE EVERYWHERE!

18 INT. PRODUCTION VEHICLE - MOVING - NIGHT - PMP 18
DEAN
(deeply chilled)
Sam... We're in not-America!

19 INT. JARED'S MANSION - NIGHT 19
Sam and Dean enter the main open area downstairs. A VERY
lavish interior. They glance at the impressive room.

(CONTINUED)

SAM

Whoa. I must be the star of this thing.

DEAN

Yeah, right.

The wander further in. Off in a side room, they SPOT what looks like a gleaming METAL COFFIN.

DEAN

Man... Lookit.

SAM

What am I, Dracula?

Sam opens it-- A TANNING BED.

DEAN

George Hamilton Dracula.

Dean sees a small, well-stocked BAR.

DEAN

And finally...

Dean pours himself a drink. He hears a STRANGE BLEATING OC, from outside, looks up.

He goes to the window. Pulls back the curtain. Another OC BLEAT. His eyes widen as he sees its source.

DEAN

Hey man... I think you got a camel.

RUBY (O.C.)

It's an alpaca, dumbass.

Dean and Sam turn to see RUBY!

THAT'S RIGHT! Sam's Demon lover/mentor/betrayer stands at the foot of the stairs! Off their reaction, we--

BLACKOUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

20

INT. JARED'S MANSION - NIGHT

20

Dean, in shock, can't help but blurt it out.

DEAN

Ruby!

GEN

"Ruby"?

DEAN

Uh--

GEN

Right. 'Cause that never gets old.

Wheels spin, mind races-- Dean tries not to fumble:

DEAN

Right... Cause you're not Ruby. I mean, how could you be? You--

(ha ha)

--of course, are the lovely young actress who plays Ruby. Who is in--

(looks to Sam)

Jared's house, making her his... roommate-slash--

Gen steps casually into Sam's arms, eyeing Dean suspiciously.

GEN

Honey, what's wrong with Jensen?

DEAN

--honey, exactly.

SAM

(similarly odd)

Yes, because we-- are-- together in a relationship. We are--

Pure luck, Dean spots a FRAMED PHOTO of Jared and Gen. A WEDDING PICTURE. He blinks, then points it out to Sam:

DEAN

Hey, married! You married fake Ruby.

SAM

(wow.)

Yes, I did...

(CONTINUED)

GEN

(mild WTF)

What are you guys doing?

SAM

(hey, it worked before)

Um... homework. Big... amnesia
episode coming up.

DEAN

(nods along)

Yep. Just droppin' by. To say
hey. And work on our lines and--

GEN

Dude, you've never even seen our
house--

DEAN

Well, now I know there's an alpaca,
so I'm definitely, you know...
coming back.

She eyes them, still weirded out.

GEN

Babe?

Slight beat. Then Sam realizes, oh, that's me--

SAM

Yeah-- honey?

GEN

Should I be weirded out right now?

SAM

No, why?

Gen gives him a last look. Then checks her watch.

GEN

(lightly, with love)

Because you're being weird. Okay,
whatever... At least you're talking
to each other, right?

(pecks Sam)

I'm going out to that thing.

Seizing the opportunity, he ushers her to the door.

SAM

Right. Good. The Thing.

(CONTINUED)

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20 CONTINUED: (2) 20

He opens the door for her. A LONGER KISS, then she EXITS.

DEAN
(deadpan)
Apparently you did all right.

SAM
(kinda taken by her)
I should figure out her name...

21 INT. JARED'S MANSION - HOME OFFICE - NIGHT 21

ON COMPUTER SCREEN. AUCTION HOUSE SITE with PHOTOS.

Sam and Dean sit at computers in a decked-out home office.

SAM
"Wristbone of Saint and Holy
Reliquary. Museum-quality, from
Diocese in Oaxaca." Looks legit.

DEAN
Alright. Auction house is in
Mexico City? We could get there
day after tomorrow, case it, yank
it, be back by the end of the week--

SAM
Or... we could just buy it.

DEAN
What? That thing costs over a
hundred thou--

Sam pulls a COOL SHINY BLACK CREDIT CARD from his wallet.

DEAN
Hello 'Jared Padalecki'.

22 INT. JARED'S MANSION - HOME OFFICE - AN HOUR LATER 22

Sam is on the phone, speaking in SPANISH.

SAM
*<That will cover your friend at
customs, yes? OK... Good-->*

Dean is ordering INGREDIENTS online with another CREDIT CARD.

DEAN
Triple Rush, money is no ob--
('BINK' goes computer)
--jection. This baby's maxed.

(CONTINUED)

Dean tosses it, pulls ANOTHER. Sam hangs up, laughs aloud.

SAM
(delighted)
Wow. Should be at the airport,
four a.m. Tomorrow.

DEAN
Money, man--
(pushes 'send')
Ya can't beat it.

Dean drains his drink. Sees a couch, and shuffles to it.

DEAN
Okay... Couch. TV star. Beauty
rest.

Dean drops onto the couch for some shut-eye.

Sam turns back to the computer. Eyes the search engine.
Thoughtful BEAT. And... he types in "End Of Days 2009"

INT. JARED'S MANSION - NIGHT

Sam comes from OC kitchen with a beer. Pensive.

The front door opens, Gen returns home.

SAM
(trying it on)
Hi... "Gen." How was the thing.

GEN
(she can tell; smiles)
You don't remember what it was.

SAM
True. Been a day.
(they EMBRACE)
Say... year before last... you
remember all the disasters?

GEN
Disasters?

SAM
You know that whole earthquake
spike... nine point two in Rome,
eight point five outside Boston...
And that east-west Tsunami-chain--

Gen studies him tenderly.

(CONTINUED)

23

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23

GEN
Babe. That was last season. On
your show.

SAM
(gets it; covers)
No, yeah, I know-- that's what I
mean...

Full of love for him, she kisses him.

GEN
Aw. Come here. You been Sam
Winchester way too long...

ON SAM. For just a flicker, he lets himself agree with her.
We see how tired he is. He sighs heavily.

She ushers him up the stairs.

24 EXT. VANCOUVER AIRPORT - STILL DARK 24

STOCK SHOT of the tarmac. A FREIGHT PLANE idles.

25 INT. PRODUCTION VEHICLE - CONTINUOUS - PMP 25

Driver Cliff looks nervously back at waiting Dean.

CLIFF
Um. So... not to pry, but why are
we here at four a.m. picking up
packages that haven't been through
customs yet?

DEAN
Just saving time.

Sam gets in with a weighty PRIORITY PARCEL.

DEAN
Now we're talking.

Cliff looks back nervously as he pulls away.

CLIFF
Hey, we're not doing anything
illegal, are we?

SAM
Would it make you feel better if we
said 'no'?

Off Cliff's reaction, clearly not.

26 INT. STAGES - BOBBY'S SET - DAWN 26

With 'GROCERIES' and the Priority Package, Sam and Dean enter the UNLIT set. They start to lay out their stuff...

DEAN
OK, so we Bobby Flay this crap, and--

SUDDENLY the LIGHTS COME UP. Sam and Dean freeze as the CREW begins filtering in, all around the set, going to work.

DEAN
What? But. No.

Bob walks in with coffee, followed by Kevin with clipboard.

BOB SINGER
We finish in twelve hours today if it kills us all. Get A and B Cam for scene twelve--

KEVIN
Room's pretty small--

BOB SINGER
Put B Cam in the fireplace, kick scene forty to second unit, Phil can shoot it next week--

KEVIN
B Cam in the fireplace, got it--

Kevin answers his BUZZING PHONE, as Bob sees Sam and Dean:

BOB SINGER
What's this!
(announces to crew)
Here for the first run-through, before anyone else. Dedication!

KEVIN
(waving cellphone)
It's for you. L.A.

BOB SINGER
What? Okay, fine, I'll take that--

Instantly annoyed, Bob goes off to take the call.

Dean glances at Sam, then heads over to Bob, who is ON HOLD on the phone. Bob looks to Dean expectantly. Dean coughs.

(CONTINUED)

DEAN

So hey, uh, we're gonna need the set cleared out for, safeside, hour or so?

BOB SINGER

(his deadpan goes to 11)
You need it cleared.

DEAN

Yeah, me and uh, Jared need it for some... actor stuff.

BOB SINGER

(into phone)
What? No, I'm waiting to go on the call too--
(to Dean)

Jensen. We're thrilled to see you collaborating so creatively, your enthusiasm is refreshing-- Dean Cain was like this on *Lois*, and that man's a real actor.

(smile like steel)
And we'll clear this set exactly when we shoot the two-and-three-eighths pages we are scheduled to shoot on this set.

(dismissed)
So... You do your 'actor stuff' and we'll do our 'camera stuff' and--
(into phone)

No, I'm waiting to go on the call too--

Dean sees the immoveable object and backs away with a smile.

SAM, in his JARED CHAIR. Watching Dean intently. From his chair behind, Misha looks over Jared's shoulder to the Package.

MISHA

Oooh. Priority. What's in it?

SAM

(absently)
I bought part of a dead person.

Misha frowns. Dean comes over, nodding, in complete control.

DEAN

Okay. Bad news. Think we're gonna have to do a little acting.

(CONTINUED)

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SAM

...what?!

27 INT. STAGES - BOBBY'S SET - MONTAGE SEQUENCE 27

The CAMERA ASST. lifts a marked SLATE up into frame.

CAMERA ASST.

Supernatural Scene 36 Shot 1 Take 1--

CLACK! SHOT LINES UP ON MISHA. He stares off dramatically.

MISHA

Balthazar is no hero. But he knows
Raphael will never take him back--

Dean enters frame, walking... wedding-procession-style. He stops, looks down, sees his mark and CRABS sideways to it.

BOB SINGER (O.C.)

Cut!

SAME OPENING. CAMERA ASST. Shakes head in disbelief.

CAMERA ASST.

Supernatural Scene 36 Shot 1, Take
eight--

MISHA

Balthazar is no hero. But he knows
Raphael will never take him back--

Dean enters frame moving with extreme precision and lands on his mark. Then... goes blank. SHIT. He raises his clutched sweaty SIDES and cheats a glance:

DEAN

Dean, grimly: And yet somehow you
got no problem with it--

BOB SINGER (O.C.)

CUT!!

NOW WE PUNCTUATE with new SLATES as comedy demands. Sam delivers stiffly, his eyes nervously drifting to camera.

SAM

...that's cause we don't have any
other choice...

DEAN

(whispers)
Not at the camera.

(CONTINUED)

SAM

What.

DEAN

Look anywhere but the camera.

Nervously, Sam looks... directly up.

SAM

That's because we don't have any--

BOB SINGER

CUT! Oh for the love of...

THREE SHOT - on the guys and Misha.

SAM

If there's a key then somewhere there's a lock, if we can find the lock and get the weapons then we can have the-- weapons and the... lock, and of course, the-- the, the initial key...

DEAN

Yeah. Let's get all three a' that crap--

(calls off camera)

Do we really need all the lines? I mean that kinda captures it--

AT VIDEO VILLAGE with Bob, Kevin, Serge. They look like they've been watching detonations at Los Alamos.

BOB SINGER

CUT!

(dumbstruck horror)

What's happening. What's happening. What's happening.

SERGE

An atrocity is happening.

KEVIN

Seems like they should... stop.

BOB SINGER

They can't stop. Nobody stops.

(stares grimly ahead)

We. Never. Stop...

(long beat, then)

We got... anything we can use?

(CONTINUED)

KEVIN
Technically, we got them saying
everything. In bits and pieces.

SERGE
Single words, phrases...

KEVIN
Could be sort of... experimental.

BOB SINGER
(big sigh, then mantra)
Season Six.

WITH SAM AND DEAN - so done. Sam puzzles at the script.

SAM
Who's writing this? Nobody says
'penultimate'.

DEAN
(points at mouth bleakly)
Please, someone, gun. Mouth. Now!

KEVIN
(passes through frame)
Moving ON!

SAM
Oh thank God.

Our guys get out of their chairs, leave Misha TWEETING again.

MISHA
I-M-H-O, J and J had late one last
night, R-O-T-F-L-M-A-O!

As the crew starts clearing out, Sam and Dean set up their
spell stuff on Bobby's table; Dean starts mixing.

DEAN
All right, dammit. We earned this.

Dean finishes PAINTING THE SIGIL on the window.

SAM
That's it?

DEAN
That's it, Toto. Clear the runway.

29

INT. STAGES - A DISTANCE AWAY - DAY

29

Bob's on cell, Kevin at his side. DEEP BG, we see part of Bobby's set. ("Sera" is pronounced "Sarah." Thanks.)

SERA (O.C.)

Just spell it out for me-- are we officially worried? What's our Def-Con here?

BOB SINGER

I dunno, Sera... Orange? Maybe? They started talking to each other--

SERA (O.C.)

What? But-- that's a good thing--

BOB SINGER

Right? I thought so... But now Jensen is living at Jared's house? Plus Cliff says they're smuggling illegal stuff in from Mexico--

KEVIN

Misha's celebrity tweet says it's a black market organ thing.

BOB SINGER

And far as I can see, they've lost every shred of talent they ever had.

BG, Sam and Dean CRASH through the window! They THUD PAINFULLY to the ground [pad's GONE]. Bob and Kevin turn as the guys stagger to their feet, brush off, look around...

KEVIN

Looks like they held on to their drugs, though.

30

INT. JENSEN'S TRAILER - DAY

30

Dean and Sam regroup.

DEAN

That spell was perfect. Should have worked.

SAM

What if it can't?

(off Dean's '?')

Last night I poked around online.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

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SAM (CONT'D)

There's no sign anything like the
Apocalypse took place here. Ever.

(then)

And. Can't find a single trace of
a monster, or ghost, or demon...

DEAN

So no one's hunting 'em?

SAM

What if there's nothing to hunt?

(bottom line)

I mean, what if our spell didn't
work, because there is no magic?

DEAN

No magic? What does that mean?
There's no... nothing, here?

SAM

Seems like-- no nothing. Period.

DEAN

No demons, so then-- just saying,
would that mean no... Hell? So--
no Heaven? So... no... God?

SAM

Maybe. Something like. And even
better...

(the good news)

No Angels...

31

INT. STAGES - MOTEL SET - DAY

31

WE DRIFT past painted interior to unfinished exterior, to-- A
LARGE FRONT WINDOW. It starts to SHIVER. We see a VFX
SHIMMER of the familiar ENOCHIAN SIGIL on the glass--

And then it SHATTERS APART-- as a FIGURE SAILS THROUGH!

The figure lands, one knee down, amid the SHOWER OF 'GLASS'.
(Think Terminator.) He lifts his head-- IT'S VIRGIL!

BLACKOUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

32

EXT. STAGES - BACK PARKING LOT - DAY

32

Sam and Dean walk through a CLOUD OF EXTRAS waiting for a shot, to where it's quieter, back past the lunch tent.

DEAN

OK. Maybe we can't get out of Earth Two for now...

(knows one thing)

But we can sure as hell get out of the Canadian part of it--

They end up in the MAZE OF TRAILERS out back.

SAM

Waitamminute... We were just--

They turn this way and that, disoriented...

DEAN

It's this way--

SAM

What? No, it's--

They round a corner, to between two freight trailers. When--

VIRGIL steps out into their path, eyes burning with fury.

Sam and Dean are stunned-- scramble back quick--

VIRGIL

You think you can run?

Virgil LUNGES AT DEAN, all cold confidence-- GRABS HIM--

SAM

Dean!

Virgil lowers his hand to Dean's forehead, smiting style--

ON DEAN, TERRIFIED-- it's all over for him--

But then-- Virgil looks way confused, 'cause... NOTHING HAPPENS. Dean ain't smote.

DEAN

Sorry, Virgil. Mojo free zone.

With that, Dean CRACKS Virgil across the jaw. Ow! That actually hurt the Angel! Dean follows up with another PUNCH--

(CONTINUED)

Sam GRABS Virgil, PULLING him off Dean--

DEAN
Around here you're just a dick with
a bad haircut.

OFF ANOTHER HIT BY DEAN--

LOU stands with an ATTRACTIVE FEMALE EXTRA, making time.

LOU
Yeah, you know, I oversee the
stunts, coordinate the fights--

EXTRA
That's exciting.
(sees something OC)
Is that one of yours, then?

Lou turns to see: SAM and DEAN beating the HOLY CRAP outta
Virgil. Just then-- KEVIN zooms by, running for the fray--

KEVIN
Not Good! Not Good!

ON THE FIGHT. Virgil on the ground. Sam and Dean beating
him pulpy, when-- Kevin and Lou race in and pull them off.

Covered in blood, furious, Virgil scrabbles painfully to his
feet. And SEES: a CROWD has gathered. Fuck. He runs
between two looky-loos and disappears. Dean calls after him--

DEAN
You're dead, Virgil! Ya hear me?

Kevin and Lou exchange worried looks.

ON CONFERENCE PHONE - its RED LIGHT ON.

SERA (O.C.)
I'm trying to understand, Bob--

Bob, Kevin, JIM THE LINE PRODUCER, sit around the phone.

BOB SINGER
Well, ah, Sera, we don't really
understand it ourselves, but it
appears Jared and Jensen were seen
beating an extra to death.

(CONTINUED)

SERA (O.C.)

They what?

JIM

This is Jim here, Sera! And it wasn't all the way to death! Only partway, so that's a plus--

KEVIN

He could definitely still run.

BOB SINGER

And we'll certainly follow up on that, but I think the real issue here Sera is that the boys appear to be on some kind of... extended psychedelic acid trip...

SERA (O.C.)

Well. Okay. Maybe it'd help if... I'll fly up and talk to them.

JIM

You know, I'm not sure Jared and Jensen... know who she is, strictly speaking. She's, you know, new.

(toward box)

No offense--

SERA (O.C.)

(evenly)

Right.

BOB SINGER

Yeah, I think what we might need at this stage is for Kripke to come up himself. He created the show... They'll listen to him--

SERA (O.C.)

How's that make me look? I'm supposed to be running this thing!

(the guys: no answer)

Besides, Eric's off in a cabin somewhere, writing his next pilot!

BOB SINGER

He sold O.C.T.O.C.O.B.R.A.!?

SERA (O.C.)

Yes!

(CONTINUED)

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BOB SINGER
(we've hit the iceberg)
Mother of God, they'll buy
anything...

35 INT. STAGES - AFTERNOON 35

Sam and Dean prowl the stages, adrenaline still surging.

DEAN
I dunno... Virgil got through,
maybe he's got a way to get back.

SAM
Or, he has no juice here, so now
he's trapped, like us...

DEAN
Either way, let's finish kicking
his ass--

36 EXT. STAGES - EVENING 36

Misha jangles keys as he heads to his car. DAWN walks by.

DAWN
Goodnight, Misha--

MISHA
'Night.

37 INT. MISHA'S PRIUS - EVENING 37

Misha gets in, straps up, then stops, struck by a thought.
He takes out his phone and 'Tweet-talks' as he texts:

MISHA
People always looking for closure.
I say... we need more... opensure!

38 EXT. INDUSTRIAL PARK ROAD / INT. MISHA'S PRIUS - NIGHT 38

Misha stops at a stop sign. And... gets an UNEASY FEELING.
His eyes shift to the rearview...

But then-- he picks up his phone, again TWEETING.

MISHA
Ever get that feeling... Someone is
in... the backseat?
(punctuates w/ emotion)
Frowny-face, and--

(CONTINUED)

38

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A BLOODIED DIRTY HAND slips a steak knife under Misha's chin. Virgil's beaten, maniacal face presses next to his.

Misha gasps. Or goes "aaaaah!" Let the spirit move you.

VIRGIL

Drive.

39

INT. STAGES - BOBBY'S SET - NIGHT 39

Sam and Dean enter, scan for Virgil.

The LIGHTS COME UP. Bob sits there, calmly, big warm smile.

BOB SINGER

There you are, guys! Got a minute?

SAM

Actually, we're kinda looking for--

BOB SINGER

For that extra you tried to kill?

(nods sagely)

So are we... Boy, hope we find him first, ha ha...

Sam and Dean are BARELY listening, still scanning.

BOB SINGER

Is it money? Is this the kind of act that goes away if we scare up some coverage on a raise?

DEAN

More money?! You already pay these two jokers a fortune!

BOB SINGER

(wise owl)

Cause I'd like to think that over these years, we've grown... closer. That you don't think of me as Director Bob, or Executive Producer Bob, but as Uncle Bobby.

Dean flicks Bob a look.

DEAN

That's just... not even right.

Dean turns away, scanning the dark corners. To Sam, all biz:

(CONTINUED)

DEAN

Look. I seriously doubt Virgil'd
even try and shag out till he lays
mitts on the key.

Sam nods. He pats his jacket pocket, where the key is.

Bob's had enough. He walks up to the guys. And lays a
paternal yet very, very FIRM hand on each of their shoulders.

BOB SINGER

Guys. Look. You can't come to
work on poppers and smuggle kidneys
in from Mexico and make up your own
lines as you go--

(worst crime by far)

You cannot make up your own lines!

(utter exasperation)

Good God, what about your careers?

Sam's tried all his jacket pockets. He tries his pants.

SAM

Screw our careers, Bob.

BOB SINGER

(sacrilege)

What?!

DEAN

You heard my brother.

(off Bob's confusion)

That's right. My brother.

Dean nods, arms outstretched, want a piece of this?

DEAN

We're the Winchesters, bitch.

Always have been, always will be!

Where we're from, nobody knows who
we are, but you know what? We
meant something to that world-- We
even saved the sonofabitch once or
twice!

(speech's tires balding)

And okay, here, maybe tons of
viewers care about this... candy-
cake...

BOB SINGER

'Candy-cake'?

(CONTINUED)

DEAN
But, Bob Singer-- If that really is your name, I ask you-- What does all of it mean?

BOB SINGER
(make the day)
OK. This is good... We can work with this. I mean, we've all had our psychotic breaks, right?
(voice of reason)
Boys. You need serious, intensive, extremely professional help. And when we get to hiatus, by God, we will get you the best--

SAM
(sure he hasn't got it)
Dean-- Virgil. Think he got the key.

With a new surge of alarm, they exit.

DEAN
We quit.

Off Bob's truly, deeply stunned visage.

EXT. DARK ALLEY - NIGHT

Misha's car pulls to a stop in the deserted alley, not far from a DUMPSTER. Virgil prods Misha out at knife point.

Misha's thumbing his cell, furtively TWEETING LIKE MAD. Virgil pushes the terrified man further into the dark alley.

VIRGIL
How do you do it? Live in this mockery... This pinball machine...

MISHA
I'm not following you at all.

VIRGIL
There's no magic in your universe!

MISHA
(getting hysterical)
I'm sorry!

VIRGIL

You're nothing but a bag of strings
and pulleys! You should thank me
for what I'm about to do--

MISHA

Why? What are you about to--

Virgil grabs Misha by the hair, pulls him back and STABS him
crisply in the heart-- CHUNK!-- in-- SHICK!-- out. With a
DYING GASP, Misha drops to his knees.

VIRGIL

I need to make an important call.

Virgil brings the blade up under his throat--

PAN AWAY AS we hear a GRUESOME SLICE. Then a THUMP. Misha's
hand SLAPS into FG, death grip on his BLOODY CELL PHONE.

ONSCREEN: *not kidding, lol, gonna kill me! yoga breathing
not helping!! YIKES!!!*

CAMERA DRIFTS FURTHER - past the edge of the dumpster we see
a HOMELESS PERSON. He leans forward, hearing the OC MURDER--

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

41 INT. JARED'S MANSION - NIGHT

41

Sam and Dean enter, hashing out their options--

SAM

Maybe if we can get inside the
police dispatch system--

DEAN

And put our own APB out on Virgil?
Might work, if he stays obvious--

SAM

It's not like we have a lot of--

GEN

Oh my God-- oh my God! Baby--

Gen enters from OC kitchen, crying for her hubby--

SAM

What?

GEN

Misha's been stabbed to death!

Sam and Dean trade knowing looks. They turn to her, eagerly:

SAM / DEAN

Where?!

A beat, then she echoes in appalled disbelief:

GEN

Where?!

42 EXT. DARK ALLEY - NIGHT

42

ON DUMPSTER. Misha's legs stick out, mostly UNDER A BLOODY SHEET. Flashing police lights, Maple Leaf CAUTION TAPE.

A small CROWD rubbernecks at the alley's mouth. Sam and Dean stand at the edge of tape, with a DETECTIVE.

POLICE DETECTIVE

I know you're friends of the
victim, gentlemen, and I'm very
sorry, but we're in the middle of
an investigation, okay? Do I need
to have someone escort you away
from my crime scene--?

(CONTINUED)

42

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DEAN

Nope. No sir, we're all good.

Dean pulls them back-- he's eyeing ANOTHER DETECTIVE who escorts the Homeless Man out past the tape. He moves in quickly, catching a snippet of their talk:

HOMELESS MAN

Raphael. Yeah. Like the Ninja Turtle. He was calling someone name of Raphael, up in Heaven.

Sam joins Dean. Dean nods to the men, as the Detective hands the homeless man a card.

DEAN

Hang on.

43

EXT. STREET NEARBY - MINUTES LATER

43

The homeless man nods, now talking to our guys.

HOMELESS MAN

Yeah. That's right. The scary man killed the attractive crying man... An' then he started to pray.

(then, in awe)

Strange part-- after a while, swear I heard this-- voice. Answering.

SAM

What did it say?

HOMELESS MAN

Said for Virgil to return tomorrow to the place where he crossed over, at the... at the hour of the crossing. An' Raphael will reach through the window and take him and the key home...

DEAN

Thanks...

Dean hands him a fifty dollar bill and they walk off.

SAM

If Virgil gets back with the key, Cass is dead and our world is toast.

(CONTINUED)

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43 CONTINUED: 43

DEAN
So we stop him. I mean, how bad
can an Angel without wings be?

44 INT. HER MAJESTY'S GUN STOP - MORNING 44
ON HANDS. ASSEMBLING AN AUTOMATIC HANDGUN with wow speed.
It's Virgil, at the counter. A GUN STORE CLERK attends him.

VIRGIL
I'd also like to see that pump-
action tactical, the 12-gauge.

The impressed Clerk pulls it down, hands it to Virgil.

GUN STORE CLERK
You really know your ordinance,
mister.

VIRGIL
I am the Weapons Keeper of Heaven.

GUN STORE CLERK
Pardon?

Virgil RIFLE BUTTS the Clerk in the face with the gun.

VIRGIL
It's my job.

The Clerk goes down and Virgil rounds the counter, pulling
out a box of shells, calmly loading the gun. OC we hear a
WOMAN SCREAMING. Virgil FIRES OC and the SCREAMING STOPS.

45 EXT. HER MAJESTY'S GUN STOP - MORNING 45
Virgil exits with loaded duffel. He walks down the street,
quietly, calmly menacing, towards us-- till he FILLS FRAME...

46 INT. STAGES - BOBBY'S SET - DAY 46
Sam and Dean enter, taking up position, covering the window.
Sam's thoughtful.

DEAN
You know, if we drop Virgil, get
the key-- This might be it.
(looks at 'this' world)
This might be where we stay.

SAM
We'll figure out a way back.

(CONTINUED)

DEAN

But you wouldn't be that broken up
if we didn't.

SAM

What? Don't be stupid.

DEAN

Just saying. No Hell below us.
Above us only sky.

SAM

Our friends are over there--

DEAN

Yeah, but here you got a pretty
good life. Back home, the hits
have been coming since you were six
months old. Gotta admit, being a
bazillionaire, nice anti-Ruby, whole
package... it's no contest.

Sam thinks about that a beat.

SAM

No, you were right. What you told
that director guy. We just...
don't mean the same thing here.

(looks to Dean)

We're not even brothers here, man.

A moment between them. Then, "that settles that"--

DEAN

All right, then. Let's get our
crazy show back to Kansas...

Bob paces, then stops as a BLACK HUMMER pulls up. ERIC
KRIPKE (30s, bald, quick talker; Rob Corddry?) steps out of
the back seat.

BOB SINGER

Eric. Thanks for coming. I know
you're busy, and it means a lot to
us, that we can still, you know,
call on you--

ERIC

WHAT?!

(CONTINUED)

BOB SINGER

What?!

ERIC

Naw, I got Singer here with me.
Sera, you're on, right?

PUSH IN ON KRIPKE'S EARPIECE PHONE, to hear the rising GARBLE
of a MULTI-PERSON CONFERENCE CALL.

SERA (O.C.)

Yes, Eric. And Studio. And
Network. And Legals from both...

ERIC

Is Edlund on?

SERA (O.C.)

On what?

A BRIEF LAUGH from the disembodied assembly, then the
cacophony CUTS OFF. Eric frowns, taps his earpiece.

ERIC

Damn. Lost 'em.
(then)
Hey, Bob.

BOB SINGER

Hey, Eric.

ERIC

Misha, right?

BOB SINGER

(deeply sad)
I know, I know... It's just awful.

ERIC

(that too)
Oh yeah, awful, but...
(real respect)
First person in history to Tweet
their own murder? I mean, that's
something, am I wrong?

Bob's face falls, then he startles as Eric barks:

ERIC

BAM! Kripke is on!
(takes charge)
Okay. Sera. Guys. Got the gist.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

ERIC (CONT'D)

So: I'm just gonna go into their
trailers, guns blazing--

Our fave PA comes up to Bob and points OS. Bob perks--
VIRGIL walks up, heading for the stages. Bob nudges Eric.

BOB SINGER

Thank God. Eric-- it's the Extra!

ERIC

What? Fantastic. We can nip this
bud right outta the gate.
(marching toward Virgil)
Hey! Extra! Over here!

Virgil pulls a SHOTGUN from his bag, single hand cocks it,
swings it to aim at Kripke--

PA

Gun!! He's got a gun!

ON KRIPKE. The conference call in his head EXPLODES into
TINNY HOLLYWOOD SCREAMS. He clutches his temples in agony:

ERIC

AW GOD!

Virgil FIRES! Kripke takes a SQUIB TO THE CHEST! Sails back
into the hedges! ERIC KRIPKE IS DEAD, PEOPLE!

BOB SINGER

No--

Bob looks from Eric-- back to Virgil. Stares down his doom.
Blinks. And BLAM! He's BLOWN BACK BY GUNFIRE!!! DEAD!

Kevin's with Coop when they hear MUTED SHOTS. Kevin checks
his clipboard--

KEVIN

I don't think we have gunfire on
the callsheet today--

BAM!! Kevin's SHOT IN THE BACK!! He goes DOWN! Then COOP
IS SHOT DEAD!!

Virgil strides into the stage, A BIG GUN in each hand--

Camera Asst, Sarah, and Dawn are deer in the headlights as
Virgil moves for them. He raises his guns, about to fire--

(CONTINUED)

48

"The French..."
CONTINUED:

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47.

48

SAM

Hey!

Virgil spins to see Sam-- he fires as Sam dives from view.

That gives Dean the window-- he sails in from the side and TACKLES Virgil to the floor. His guns go skittering.

Virgil counters, flipping Dean off. Virgil gets his hand on one of his guns just as Sam cracks him across the jaw.

Virgil rushes Sam, SMASHING him through a SET WALL into--

49

INT. STAGES - MOTEL SET - DAY

49

Even without the guns, Virgil is an impressive fighter, but finally, after TRADING SEVERAL BLOWS, they finally drop him.

Sam GRABS the key from Virgil as he collapses. But then--

THE WINDOW GLASS SHIVERS... There's a deep rumble--

SAM

Raphael--

DEAN

Run--

Too late. SAM AND DEAN are whisked up and YANKED THROUGH the window-- SHATTERING IT--

BLACKOUT.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

50

EXT. MOTEL - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

50

Sam and Dean hit the deck HARD, amid SHATTERED GLASS. They roll, start to get up, and see a BLACK WOMAN.

RAPHAEL

You two... have the strangest luck.

DEAN

Raphael--?

She raises her hand, makes a fist, and they're both doubled over, in agony.

RAPHAEL

The key.

She tears the key from Sam's grip. Examines it with a smile. Our guys DROP to the ground, GASPING, released from her grip.

BALTHAZAR (O.C.)

Yeah, that will open a locker in the Albany bus station.

Raphael turns to see Balt. Surprised.

RAPHAEL

Really.

BALTHAZAR

I thought a modest decoy would be the most convincing.

(shrugs)

The weapons were very well buried. I needed time to dig them up.

Meanwhile these little marmosets were just sitting on their thumbs, so I volunteered them for a little game of 'fetch' with Virgil--

(to Sam and Dean)

You were an adequate stick.

Sam and Dean throw Balt serious *fuck you* looks.

Raphael speaks with "don't fuck with me" calm:

RAPHAEL

Balthazar. Where are the weapons. It's time to give them to me.

(CONTINUED)

BALTHAZAR
It's too late, Raff--

He looks past Raphael, who follows his eyeline to see CASTIEL. This should be a big POWER SHOT, literally.

CASTIEL
He already gave them to me.

RAPHAEL
(shit.)
Castiel.

Behind Castiel, WING SHADOWS fan out, streaking over the facade of the motel in the BG.

CASTIEL
And if you don't want to lose this
corner of Creation in a skirmish
neither of us can win---
(power)
Then back. Off.

A DEEP RUMBLE... Raphael eyes Cass hatefully-- and is GONE.

BALTHAZAR
Well, Cass. Now you've got your
sword.
(affection)
Try not to die by it.

Balt nods to Cass. Cass nods back. Grateful. And with a FLUTTER SOUND, Balt is GONE.

SAM
Cass-- what the hell--

Turns to the boys, touches their shoulders--

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

51

The storm from the teaser still RAGES. CAMERA FINDS Sam, Dean, and Cass standing in the same arrangement as previous.

Sam and Dean recover from the teleport, register their surroundings. Finally Sam looks to Castiel--

SAM
You were in on this? Using us, as
some... diversion?

(CONTINUED)

CASTIEL

Balthazar's plan.
(realizes; huh)
But I would have done the same
thing.

DEAN

Not comforting, Cass.

CASTIEL

When will I be able to make you
understand? If I lose against
Raphael, we all lose. Everything.

DEAN

Yeah. Cass. We know the stakes.
That's about all you've told us.

CASTIEL

I'm sorry about all this... I will
explain, when I can--

And CASTIEL IS GONE. Sam and Dean stand in Bobby's
ransacked, rained-in living room. Sam KNOCKS on a wall
heavily. It RESOUNDS deeply... REAL. He sighs with
satisfaction at the sound.

Dean turns from the broken window.

DEAN

A world without Angels...
(Sam nods)
Starting to see your point.

BLACKOUT.

TO BE CONTINUED...