



SUPERNATURAL

Episode #622

"The Man Who Knew Too Much"

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"The Man Who Knew Too Much"

REVISION HISTORY

Revision	Date	Revised Pages
Production Draft - White	03/11/11	Full Script

Episode #622

"The Man Who Knew Too Much"

CAST LIST

SAM WINCHESTER / SOULLESS SAM / HELL SAM  
DEAN WINCHESTER

JARED PADALECKI  
JENSEN ACKLES

BALTHAZAR  
BOBBY SINGER  
CASTIEL  
CROWLEY  
DR. ELEANOR VISYAK  
RAPHAEL

SEBASTIAN ROCHE  
JIM BEAVER  
MISHA COLLINS  
MARK A. SHEPPARD  
KIM JOHNSTON ULRICH  
LANETTE WARE

CREATURE  
ROBIN

LOCATION REPORTSTOCK

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SUPERNATURAL  
"The Man Who Knew Too Much"

TEASER

FADE IN:

1 EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT (DREAM) 1 \*

A RAPID-FIRE series of staccato images:

POV. FAST, JITTERY. TEARING like holy hell down a city sidewalk. We HEAR someone BREATHING HARD.

FEET pound the pavement. ARMS pump hard. CHEST heaves.

POV. Panting. Desperate. Someone runs for their life.

Again, the feet... but this time we PAN UP to reveal: it's SAM WINCHESTER.

He rounds a corner, scrambles into an alley, just as-- A SIREN-BLARING SQUAD CAR SCREECHES PAST, rocketing down the street. Did they see him? Did he get away? Not sure yet.

2 EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT 2

Grimy alley, lined with doors. Sam frantically pulls at them (and we may notice-- he's not his usual professional self here. He seems genuinely SCARED). One's locked-- he sprints to another, FAST-- eyes behind him-- cops coming? This door's locked too-- shit! Finally tries the third-- thank Christ, thank Christ, it OPENS--

3 INT. DIVE BAR - NIGHT 3

Sam runs in from the back. Only now stops, takes a minute to catch his breath.

ROBIN, 20s, bartender. Lovely on the outside, healthy dose of salt and vinegar on the inside. She's alone, stacking stools, end of a hard day.

ROBIN  
We're closed.

SAM  
(still breathless)  
I... just gimme a second.

ROBIN  
Sorry, pal. We open at noon.

(CONTINUED)

SAM

You don't understand.

BLARING SIRENS pull Robin's attention to the window. She peers through the shades-- sees the SQUAD CAR scudding past.

She's no fool, and she does the math quickly.

ROBIN

I think I understand just fine.

(no fucking way)

Buddy, last thing I need, is this kinda hassle. Now seriously-- get the hell out.

Sam steps forward. Gazes at her. Desperate. Soulful.

SAM

Please. Just gimme a minute to think. That's all. Then I'm outta your hair.

(then)

One minute. Please.

Robin regards him. A long beat. Then she sighs, shakes her head, makes a decision she's sure to regret.

ROBIN

What's your name?

SAM

...I don't know...

ROBIN

What do you mean, you don't know?

CLOSE ON SAM. Sincerely baffled.

SAM

I mean, I don't remember. I don't remember anything.

Off Sam, a bewildered soul lost in the night, we--

BLACKOUT!

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

4 INT. DIVE BAR - NIGHT

4

CLOSE ON: a frosty BOTTLE of EL SOL. Female hands snap off the cap, thump the beer on the bar.

Sam nods his thanks to Robin, takes a healthy, calming swig. Robin, despite herself, is intrigued.

ROBIN

Come on, you're dicking with me.  
Nothing?

SAM

I'm telling you. Blank slate.

ROBIN

You got a wallet? I.D.?

SAM

Wish I did.

ROBIN

Well, what's the last thing you remember?

SAM

Woke up on a park bench. Cops shoving a flashlight in my face. Tried to take me in.

ROBIN

So you ran?

Sam doesn't quite know how to answer this.

SAM

...no, I... I knocked 'em out cold. Both of 'em.

Robin takes a subtle half step back, wary. Sam continues quickly, apologetically--

SAM

Don't worry, I'm not... I mean, it just happened so fast... instinct took over, I guess.

ROBIN

Some instinct.

(CONTINUED)



SAM

(amazed, upset)  
Tell me about it. Who the hell  
even knows how to do something like  
that?

ROBIN

Alright, look. We'll get you to  
the E.R. The quacks'll hash it  
out.

SAM

No.

ROBIN

Um, try 'yeah.' The bats have  
flown your belfry, pal, you need a  
doctor.

But Sam is adamant.

SAM

You don't understand. I don't have  
time.

ROBIN

Time for what?

SAM

(searching)  
Hard to explain, I just... I think  
there's somewhere I gotta be.  
Something I gotta stop.

ROBIN

(trying to keep it light)  
A wedding? A train?

SAM

Something really important. Like,  
life or death, like...

Sam tenses, tries to will the memory into his head. But it's  
no use. He only sighs, frustrated, defeated.

ROBIN

Well, you can't poop it out. Just  
relax. It'll come to you.

Sam nods-- grateful for Robin's warmth, compassion, humor.  
He takes a swig. Eyes drift over the shitty dive bar.

(CONTINUED)

SAM  
You got a nice place.

ROBIN  
It sucks ass, actually, but kind of  
you to say.

But Sam has already noticed something. He stands. Moves  
over to a SHABBY BOOKCASE. FILLED WITH SHABBY BOOKS.

Sam SCANS the books. Finds one. Pulls it. (And let's  
please keep all this shoe leather to a minimum; you know my  
attention span.)

INSERT - THE BOOK - **THE SHORT STORIES of H.P. LOVECRAFT.**  
(The author's name is bold and noticeable; and ideally,  
there's a pulpy illustration of a creature prying its way  
into our world through a GLOWING HOLE in the WALL.)

Sam stares at this book. It rings a bell.

ROBIN  
What is it?

Sam holds up the book, shows it to her.

ROBIN  
You a horror fan?

SAM  
I think so. Yeah, I really think  
so.  
(staring at it again)  
Something about this...

We PUSH IN on SAM. PUSH IN on the book. Then SUDDENLY--  
Like LIGHTNING, he's HIT with--

5 A SERIES OF FLASHBACKS 5

Quick, subliminal. Mostly from 621. Except--

We now see VARIOUS ANGLES of a NEON HOTEL SIGN-- **THE NITE OWL  
HOTEL.** (This would have to be NEW FOOTAGE.)

6 INT. DIVE BAR - NIGHT 6

Sam GASPS, BLINKS from this sudden, mental electric shock.  
He stumbles, woozy, has to catch himself on a table, to keep  
from falling over--

(CONTINUED)

ROBIN

Hey!

Robin rushes over to him, puts her arm around him, tries to steady him. Concerned--

ROBIN

Seriously. We're taking you to a doctor.

But Sam recovers. He looks at her.

SAM

You got a computer?

ROBIN

What? Why?

INT. DIVE BAR - NIGHT - MOMENTS LATER

CLOSE ON: A shitty, bargain basement COMPUTER.

On the SCREEN: a REALLY shitty, bargain basement WEBSITE APPEARS: **THE NITE OWL HOTEL**. A photo of the NEON SIGN. It's an exact MATCH. Below that, an address, a phone number--

Sam works the keyboard, Robin stands behind him--

SAM

It's real, alright. Two towns over.

ROBIN

And you think you're staying in that dump?

SAM

Maybe.

ROBIN

(dry)

Maybe you're a hooker.

Sam finishes jotting down the address-- with a smile--

SAM

Guess I'm gonna find out.

(he stands)

So listen. Thanks for everything.

ROBIN

Waitamminute. Where do you think you're going?

(CONTINUED)

SAM  
I'll be fine.

ROBIN  
Says the head case who slumped over  
'bout a minute ago. Buddy. Is  
there any way I can convince you to  
go to a hospital?

SAM  
No. Apparently, I'm stubborn.

Robin sighs.

ROBIN  
Yeah, well, me, too. Guess I'm  
driving.

SAM  
No, that's nice of you. But not  
necessary.

ROBIN  
Really? Your eggs're scrambled.  
You're like a little-- giant, giant  
lost puppy--

SAM  
But--

ROBIN  
But nothing. \*

Sam takes her in. Gives her a grateful smile, shakes his  
head-- \*

SAM  
I'm just-- some guy... I could be  
anybody-- you must be nuts. \*

ROBIN  
(a shrug) \*  
I been called that. \*  
(then, more serious) \*  
Look, I send you out there alone, I \*  
wouldn't be able to sleep at night. \*  
(then) \*  
And honestly? I'm dying to know \*  
how all this turns out. \*

Sam smiles. He likes her.

8 EXT. NITE OWL PARKING LOT - DAY

8

A multi-story brick building. An urban fleabag hotel. The NITE OWL NEON SIGN out front.

Sam and Robin climb out of Robin's shitty import. (Robin, driving). They gaze up-- Sam recognizes the neon sign.

ROBIN

So where do we start?

Sam's eyes flit over the building, wheels turning--

SAM

Ground floor. Corner room.  
Closest to the fire exit.

(looks to Robin)

That's the one I'd pick. Quickest  
getaway.

Robin looks at him, weirded out.

ROBIN

And... how do you know that?

SAM

(at a loss)

I... I just do.

They head towards the hotel.

9 INT. HOTEL HALLWAY - DAY

9

Ground floor, corner room, close to a fire exit. Sam steps into frame. KNOCKS on the door. Beat. No answer.

SAM

Hey, you got a credit card?

She pulls one from her pocket. (She ain't a purse girl).

ROBIN

Why? We checking in?

SAM

Sort of.

Sam takes the credit card, quickly and efficiently picks the hotel room lock.

ROBIN

Dude. Who are you?

(CONTINUED)

The door swings open-- and Sam looks OFF-CAMERA into the room. His face pales, his voice hollow.

SAM  
Good question.

They STEP INTO--

10 INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY 10

The room's been transformed into one of our usual HUNTER DENS. The largest wall is DENSE with NOTES, ARTICLES, etc. There's large piles of ARCAN E OCCULT BOOKS on the tables and bed. Strew n clothes, very lived-in. (But no weapons... that would freak Robin too badly; she's freaked enough:)

ROBIN  
This all yours?

SAM  
I don't know. I guess.

ROBIN  
(spooked)  
Well, I love what you've done with the place. Very "Beautiful Mind" meets "Seven."  
(then)  
Sorry. I talk when I'm nervous.

But Sam doesn't even answer. He's staring at the articles on the wall. They ring some distant bell.

INSERT - WE FOCUS ON TWO: "LUNAR ECLIPSE TOMORROW NIGHT" and "MISSING NUN."

Meanwhile, on the dresser, Robin finds an I.D. with a picture of SAM.

ROBIN  
Hey, least we got your name.

Sam pivots, Robin holds up the I.D.

ROBIN  
Nice to meet you, Jimmy Page.

But then Robin frowns. Because she notices-- there's MORE of Sam's FAKE I.D.s strewn on the dresser-- she picks them up--

ROBIN  
And Angus Young. And Neil Peart.  
(shuffles through more)  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROBIN (CONT'D)

No offense, but I'm starting to  
freak out a little here--

SAM

You and me both.

Sam pivots back to the wall. To a THIRD ARTICLE--

INSERT - "**SFU PROFESSOR MISSING**" Below the headline, a PHOTO  
of DR. VISYAK.

We PUSH IN on the article. PUSH IN on Sam. As once again,  
he's hit with the BLINDING ELECTRIC SHOCK OF MEMORY--

EXT. STREET - DAY OR NIGHT, WHATEVER - **FLASHBACK**

N.D. city street. (Note: while we don't call attention to  
it, this could easily be the same street from the tease).

Sam, DEAN WINCHESTER and BOBBY SINGER walk down the street,  
stopping at the alley mouth.

DEAN

So where is she?

BOBBY

She said to meet here. I'll try  
her again.

Bobby SPEED-DIALS his phone. And from inside the alley--  
there's a DEFINITE RINGING. Our heroes exchange looks, head  
swift and cautious into the alley--

INT. ALLEY - CONTINUOUS - **FLASHBACK**

Sam, Dean, and Bobby continue forward. When they move past a  
LARGE DUMPSTER, they see--

DR. VISYAK, on the ground, slumped against the wall, barely  
conscious. She wears her trenchcoat, closed but unbuttoned.

BOBBY

Ellie!

Bobby rushes to her. Crouches down, cradles her. She gives  
him a feeble smile.

DR. VISYAK

Guess I coulda used your help after  
all.

BOBBY

Shhh. Just stay still.

(CONTINUED)

SAM

What happened?

DR. VISYAK

They took me. I got away. But not soon enough.

That's when Bobby notices-- her hands are soaked with blood. He pulls open her trenchcoat to reveal-- she's ABSOLUTELY SLICKED WITH GORE.

BOBBY

(horrified)

What'd they do to you?

DR. VISYAK

What didn't they?

(with a pained smile)

I'm a tough old broad, don't have many soft spots. But they found 'em all. The Demon I coulda handled. It was when the Angel joined in--

Sam and Dean trade very, very troubled glances at this--

DR. VISYAK

I told 'em, Bobby.

BOBBY

Told 'em what?

DR. VISYAK

Everything. They got all they need to crack Purgatory wide open.

BOBBY

Tell me. I need to know.

DR. VISYAK

They need virgin blood, that's a milk run for them. And the blood of a Purgatory native.

(weak smile at her GORE)

Guess they got lots of that now.

DEAN

So have they opened it yet?

She's fading. Her expression starts to swim--

(CONTINUED)



DR. VISYAK

Tomorrow night. The... moon...  
eclipse...

(locks eyes with Bobby)

I'm sorry, Bobby. I'm so...

BOBBY

Shhh. Ellie, it's okay. Just tell  
us where they are. El?

Ellie opens her mouth, but nothing more comes out. Her  
breathing goes rapid, then stills. She's dead.

Bobby gently sets her down. Closes her eyes. (He's not  
completely devastated-- this isn't his wife-- more quietly  
enraged than anything).

Then Bobby stands. Beside the boys. They give Dr. Visyak a  
respectful beat. But CAMERA ARMS AROUND THEM TO REVEAL--

CASTIEL. Standing behind them--

CASTIEL

I'm sorry this had to happen.

They WHIRL to him.

CASTIEL

Crowley got carried away.

BOBBY

Yeah, I'm sure it was all Crowley,  
you sonofabitch!

Bobby moves forward to take a swing. Sam holds him back--

DEAN

Cass. Can you even see it? How  
totally off the rails you are, how--

CASTIEL

(cutting him off)

Enough. I don't care what you  
think. I already tried to make you  
understand, you wouldn't listen.  
So let me make this simple:

(then)

One last time. Please. Go home.  
Let me stop Raphael. I won't ask  
again.

Beat. Dean, Sam, and Bobby trade looks--

(CONTINUED)

DEAN

Well, good. Cause you already know  
the answer.

Cass all but deflates with sadness and regret--

CASTIEL

I wish it hadn't come to this. \*

(then)

Rest assured-- when this is over,  
I'll save Sam. But only if you  
stand down.

DEAN

Save him from what?

ANGLE ON SAM. Cass has appeared DIRECTLY BEHIND SAM.

CASTIEL

Sam. I'm so sorry. \*

Sam WHIRLS to CASS-- who PALMS SAM'S FOREHEAD. Sam's eyes  
roll back, we FLARE TO WHITE--

--which takes us back to Sam, staring at the Visyak article.  
His eyes roll back here, too, and he drops to the floor. Not  
unconscious, but badly dazed.

ROBIN

Hey!

Robin runs to him, crouches beside him.

ROBIN

Hey! You okay?

SAM

Sam... my name is Sam...

Sam's at the bathroom sink. SPLASHING WATER on his face. A  
bit more together now. Robin waits in the room--

ROBIN

So what do you remember?

SAM

I think... it might sound pretty  
strange if I said it aloud.

(CONTINUED)

Sam moves into the room. Searching for something. Looking on the dresser, in drawers, etc.

ROBIN

Couldn't get any stranger.

SAM

Don't be so sure.

(then)

Look. It's all pretty spotty. I just know I was with two guys. One looked like a male model, other was older, named...

(reaching for it)

Bobby.

ROBIN

Okay. So what are you looking for?

SAM

(finds it)

This.

From a drawer, Sam pulls a small BLACK ADDRESS BOOK. He quickly pages through it, until he finds--

SAM

Here. Bobby Singer. Bet you that's him.

ROBIN

There a phone number?

SAM

Just an address. Sioux Falls, South Dakota.

ROBIN

South Dakota? Look, Sam-- Sam, right? I'm really sorry, but I think this is where I get off.

SAM

Of course. No problem.

ROBIN

But... how you gonna get there?

Sam spots something else on the dresser. Picks up a SET of KEYS. That's news to him.

SAM

Guess I'll take my car.

15

EXT. HOTEL PARKING LOT - DAY

15

Sam and Robin step into the parking lot. Sam scans the cars in the lot, until his gaze settles on--

THE IMPALA. Clean and glistening and beautiful. Sam smiles.

SAM

That's mine.

ROBIN

You sure?

SAM

Oh, yeah.

They walk over to the car. Sam runs his hand over the roof, affectionate. Like seeing his trusty horse again.

ROBIN

Sam... I don't feel right about you going off like this...

SAM

Don't worry about it, you've done too much for me already.

Suddenly, there's a sound in the DISTANCE-- a METALLIC CLICK, a SCUFF of CONCRETE. Sam cocks his head-- his Spidey Sense trips. (See 'Bourne Identity').

ROBIN

That's not what I mean. I mean I've got a bad feeling. Those I.D.s, that shady-ass hotel room. Whatever you're looking for... you might not like what you find.

SAM

(distracted now)

What other choice do I have?

SAM'S POV. His gaze shoots from a CAR, to the BUILDING'S EDGE. He's scanning for something. But doesn't know what.

As he does, Robin continues, oblivious--

ROBIN

You could stick around a little longer. Get your head straight, before you go off flying blind into...

(CONTINUED)

Just then, without hesitation, Sam DIVES on Robin-- shockingly TACKLES her to the pavement, just as-- CRASH! The Impala's WINDOW EXPLODES! GUNSHOTS!

On the ground, Robin SCREAMS--

ROBIN

The hell was that??

SAM

Stay down!

Sam covers her, shields her. She keeps her eyes down... as Sam wildly scans the parking lot--

And he sees the GUNMAN! His back to Sam, sprinting towards the building's corner. Just before he reaches it, he stops. Looks back at Sam. And we see--

The GUNMAN: A PERFECT DOUBLE OF SAM WINCHESTER. The Double gives a small smile.

Sam is absolutely gobsmacked--

As the Double vanishes around the corner.

Sam. Rises. Takes a few dazed steps in the direction of the shooter. What in the HOLY FUCK is going on??

Robin climbs to her feet (ideally, OUT OF FOCUS, over Sam's shoulder). She calls out to him, but her voice seems oddly distant-- faint--

ROBIN (O.C.)

Sam! Sammy! Come on, snap out of it!

From this CLOSE UP of SAM-- we WHIP ZOOM OUT, BLURRING UNTIL--

WE END UP WITH A BIG SHOCKING CLOSE UP: SAM. Comatose. Lying on a cot in the middle of the PANIC ROOM. Walls SCRAWLED with ANGEL SIGILS.

Dean sits vigil beside him. Pained.

DEAN

Sam. Sammy. Come on, snap out of it. Sammy.

But no answer. No response. Just Sam's still face.

(CONTINUED)

Dean sighs. Hangs his head. Despondent.

As we realize-- this whole time, we've BEEN INSIDE SAM'S HEAD. THAT'S RIGHT-- 'INCEPT' THIS, BITCHES!

BLACKOUT!

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

17 INT. BOBBY'S HOUSE - PANIC ROOM - DAY

17

CLOSE ON: one of our typical classic rock songs, playing from a shitty transistor RADIO.

Sam, unconscious in the Angel-proofed safe room. Dean paces, restless, at his side--

Bobby enters--

BOBBY

Anything?

Dean shakes his head. Then--

DEAN

I can't just sit here, Bobby. I gotta help him--

BOBBY

Dean--

DEAN

I'll dreamscape his noggin', something.

BOBBY

You know what Cass did. The dam in your brother's head is gone-- and all Hell's spillin' out. We don't know what's goin' on in there.

Dean's white-burning anger bubbles to the surface-- maybe he throws something, or knocks some stuff off the desk--

DEAN

I don't care! We gotta do something!

BOBBY

And we will-- but right now, we got 16 hours till they pop Purgatory, I'm down one man, I can't afford to be down two!

Dean's voice lowers, but the FRUSTRATION, the RAGING intensity is still there... he's a pressure cooker--

(CONTINUED)

DEAN

Yeah, and how's that going? Still  
no line on Crowley or Cass?  
Balthazar still M.I.A.?

BOBBY

(beat)  
I'm working on it.

DEAN

We got nothing. Except Sam. Going  
through... I can't even...

Dean's anger gives way to grief. Bobby pours TWO WHISKEYS.  
Hands one to Dean-- tells Dean, gently, fatherly--

BOBBY

This is just what Cass wants, you  
know-- for you to go to pieces. So  
think about what Sam would want.

Dean knows Bobby's right. He takes a deep, deep breath. But  
his eyes are still blazing. It's a little bit scary.

DEAN

Find Cass, Bobby. Find him now.

Dean and Bobby both look back to Sam. They down their  
WHISKEYS. Both of their hearts breaking.

We PUSH IN CLOSE ON SAM... that classic rock song still  
playing...

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - NIGHT (DREAM)

The Impala, headlights blazing, rumbles down a DARK country  
road.

INT. IMPALA - MOVING - NIGHT - PMP

CLOSE ON: the Impala's RADIO. That same classic rock song,  
still playing, tinny and scratchy and distant.

Sam drives. Robin rides shotgun. She's upset. Sam, for his  
part, is seriously rattled-- his wheels spinning fast--

SAM

Do you... smell whiskey?

ROBIN

Sam, would you focus?



SAM

...sorry.

ROBIN

So who took a shot at us?

SAM

(lying)

I... I didn't get a good look.

ROBIN

We have to go to the cops.

SAM

No. If I can just get to my friends... they can help, I know it...

ROBIN

You don't know if they're your friends. You don't know anything about anything! Turn around.

SAM

No.

ROBIN

Then let me out--

SAM

You're safer with me.

ROBIN

And how do you know that? Sam.  
You're scaring me--

20

INT. BOBBY'S HOUSE - PANIC ROOM - DAY (DAY 1)

20

\*

Dean. Over the comatose Sam. He pries open Sam's eyelid, shines a PENLIGHT in, as a Doctor would. Seeing if the pupils dilate.

21

INT. IMPALA - MOVING - NIGHT (DREAM)

21

\*

Sam drives, as a blaring GLARE comes across his face, hits his eyes, BLINDING HIM, as if from a REFLECTED MIRROR.

ANGLE. He SLAMS his foot on the brakes.

ROBIN

What are you doing??

22 EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY 22

That's right-- subtly, we just transitioned to DAY. We're TIGHT ON: TIRES, SCREECHING ON THE PAVEMENT.

23 INT. IMPALA - DAY 23

CLOSE ON SAM. He jolts, as the car comes to a stop. The glare is gone, he looks to the road with wide eyes--

SAM

No way.

24 EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY 24

Sam is parked in the middle of the road. IN BROAD DAYLIGHT. He climbs out. Looking around, amazed. Robin climbs out, too.

ROBIN

What was that?

SAM

What do you mean? It's daylight.

ROBIN

Yeah...?

SAM

It was night and now it's day!

ROBIN

Sam. It was always day.

Sam blinks. That can't be. Can it?

SAM

No, it wasn't... what the hell is going on here?

ROBIN

Okay. So I think I'm all filled up on 'crazy.' I'll see ya, Sam.

Robin begins to walk away. Sam calls after her--

SAM

Wait...

But she ain't waiting. When, suddenly--

(CONTINUED)

Sam hears a TWIG SNAP in the adjacent woods. His head jerks in that direction--

CLOSE ON SAM: again, his Spidey Sense tingles. (Maybe we do a subjective, SLO-MO effect here, to help accentuate?)

SAM

(more forceful this time)

Hey. Wait.

Robin pivots. Sam makes a pointed glance to the woods. As if to say, someone's here.

SAM

Get in the car.

Robin's pissed, and scared, but she's no fool. She moves for the passenger seat, as Sam takes a few steps to the woods.

But stops. Pivots back. He blinks, cocks his head, seems to remember something else.

He goes to the Impala's trunk. Opens it. Then opens the false bottom, revealing a FUCKING ARSENAL.

Sam's expression-- yikes. And holy fucking shit.

SAM

Wow.

Trees. As Sam emerges through them, wielding a GUN from the trunk (or rifle if you prefer, Bob). He glides, smooth, nary a false move or wasted motion. He MOVES LIKE A HUNTER.

Swinging his gun from one point to another. Sharp as a tack. A few beats of searching. Then CAMERA DOLLIES AROUND HIM, to REVEAL--

A SECOND SAM. Standing right behind him! His PISTOL drawn! (For clarity's sake, we'll refer to this double as SOULLESS SAM from this point forward).

SOULLESS SAM

My God. Am I really that gawky?

Sam SPINS. Gun raised. To find his sights on a PERFECT CLONE. The world's strangest MEXICAN STAND-OFF.

SOULLESS SAM

Howdy.

Sam's mind is racing. Lowers the gun slightly. Remember, he has no memory of this kind of weirdness. As if experiencing the Supernatural for the very first time.

SAM

This is... impossible...

SOULLESS SAM

Cold. Try again.

SAM

(reasoning to himself)

I'm... I'm hallucinating.

SOULLESS SAM

Warmer.

(grade school teacher  
helpful)

See, but normally, you're awake  
when you're tripping balls...

SAM

I'm dreaming?

SOULLESS SAM

And someone just won a copy of the  
home game.

(then)

We're inside your grapefruit, Sam.  
And son-- you been juiced.

Sam struggles to keep up with this revelation--

SAM

But... I don't remember...  
anything.

SOULLESS SAM

Your B.F.F. Cass brought the Hell  
Wall tumbling down. And you,  
pathetic infant that you are,  
shattered into pieces.

(points to Sam)

Piece.

(points to himself)

Piece.

SAM

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

(CONTINUED)

SOULLESS SAM

Why would you? You're jello, pal.  
Unlike me.

SAM

And what are you?

SOULLESS SAM

I'm not handicapped. I'm not  
saddled with a soul.

The two Sams continue to circle each other, cautious.

SOULLESS SAM

In fact, I used to skipper this  
meatboat for awhile. And it was  
smooth sailing. I was sharp.  
Strong. Best hunter you ever saw.

SAM

Hunter?

SOULLESS SAM

That is, till they crammed your  
soul back in, and now look at you--  
same misty-eyed milksop you always  
were. That's cause souls are weak,  
Sam. They're a liability.

(then)

Look. Nothing personal. But run  
the numbers. Someone's gotta take  
charge around here, before it's too  
late. So...

And with that-- Soulless-Sam FIRES SHOTS at Sam. BLAM BLAM  
BLAM! Sam DUCKS, fast, lightning reflexes, as tree bark  
EXPLODES behind him. Sam tears ass!

Soulless-Sam watches him go. Only smiles.

Sam scrambles into TALL GRASS. Crouching down, moving fast  
and low, expertly hidden from sight.

Soulless-Sam pursues, but stops. Looking out over the  
anonymous field of grass. No sign of Sam anywhere--

SOULLESS SAM

(calm, maybe sing-song)  
Come out, come out, wherever you  
are...

Sam. Keeps moving, low. Looking back, desperate, over his shoulder.

Soulless-Sam. Strides. Searches. Upright. Confident.

We CUT BACK and FORTH a few times, from fox to hound, until--

Sam. Stops. Lays down in the grass. Hiding.

CLOSE ON SOULLESS-SAM. His gaze flits over the field. Then he stops. Sees something. Smiles.

POV. Through the grass-- a tiny glimpse of SAM'S SHIRT.

Soulless-Sam stalks towards it. Silent. Stealth. He lifts his gun. And FIRES! BANG BANG BANG!

Then steps closer. To discover--

Sam's not there. He draped his shirt over a log. It was a DECOY.

A moment of confusion for Soulless-Sam, and then BANG!

Soulless-Sam's eyes widen. He dribbles a little blood. DROPS, FALLING FORWARD:

REVEALING SAM. BEHIND HIM. GUN RAISED. Scared. But triumphant. (And in a T-SHIRT, please).

ON THE GROUND. Soulless-Sam manages to painfully roll onto his side-- or back. Looks up. Grins through bloody teeth--

SOULLESS SAM

You think I'm bad? Wait till you meet the other one.

And with that, Soulless-Sam exhales, a raspy death rattle. Stills. DEAD.

Somber beat. Sam looks down at his fallen doppelganger.

But then... unexpectedly-- a SOUND-- LIKE RUSHING WIND--

Sam reacts-- what the hell is that?

Then-- A THICK GEYSER OF LIGHT and ENERGY ERUPTS from Soulless-Sam's CHEST, LAUNCHES DIRECTLY into Sam's! It's violent and messy and as tactile as possible. (Maybe check out the meat-and-goo VFX from Poltergeist as a reference. Anyway, not clean and white and bloodless like Grace.)

Sam, standing upright, SHAKES and CONVULSES!

27 INT. BOBBY'S HOUSE - PANIC ROOM - DAY (DAY 1) 27 \*

Comatose Sam convulses, as if suffering a seizure.

Dean tries to still him--

DEAN

Sammy!

Finally, the convulsions stop. Sam returns to his slumbering stillness.

Dean is shaken and alarmed. What the fuck was that?

28 EXT. FIELD - DAY (DREAM) 28 \*

A final TAIL of ENERGY plunges into Sam. Then it's done.

Sam catches his breath. Looks down at--

Where Soulless-Sam was. There's nothing but his EMPTY CLOTHES, matted and strewn.

Sam looks up. Blinks. A noticeably different attitude in his eyes. Now sadder and wiser. More like the Sam we know and love.

29 EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY 29

Sam steps from the trees, back on the road, his button-down back on. To find Robin. Leaning against the Impala. Waiting for him. Sam nods.

SAM

I remember who I am. Everything I did this past year.

(then)

And I remember you.

Robin smiles, sad.

30 INT. DIVE BAR - NIGHT - **FLASHBACK** 30

A CREATURE (man, blue collar, just with some WEIRDO CONTACTS) holds a knife to ROBIN'S THROAT.

Sam levels a calm, steady PISTOL on the creature--

CREATURE

Walk away, or the girl dies.

Sam nods. And then PROMPTLY SHOOTS ROBIN in the CHEST!

(CONTINUED)

Eyes wide with shock, Robin drops to the ground, splays out, immediately dead.

Even the Creature is surprised at Sam's brutality.

SAM

There goes your leverage.

Sam shoots again, the SOUND and FLARE of the MUZZLE FLASH taking us back to--

31 EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY 31

A patch of BLOOD BLOSSOMS beneath Robin's shirt. From where Sam shot her.

ROBIN

Didn't I tell you to turn back?  
That you wouldn't like what you found?

SAM

I'm sorry... I'm so sorry.

ROBIN

(with a rueful smile)  
Not as sorry as you're gonna be.

And with that... SHE VANISHES. DEMATERIALIZES COMPLETELY-- ON CAMERA. (Cause, you know, let's not play two death scenes in a row).

Off Sam. Beyond distraught.

32 INT. BOBBY'S HOUSE - PANIC ROOM - DAY (DAY 1) 32 \*

PAN from SAM, unconscious-- to DEAN, downing some WHISKEY.

BOBBY (O.C.)

Look what the cat dragged in.

Dean looks up to see Bobby. And BALTHAZAR, waiting behind, in the basement area (he can't enter the SIGIL-STREWN PANIC ROOM). He glances in at the GIANT SYMBOLS--

BALTHAZAR

Least you mudfish finally got the Angel-proofing right.

Dean exits the panic room, joins Bobby and Balthazar.

(CONTINUED)



BALTHAZAR

How's Sleeping Beauty? You're not stealing any kisses, I trust?

DEAN

The hell took you so long?

BALTHAZAR

Honestly? I was having second thoughts.

DEAN

About?

BALTHAZAR

Whether to help you. I was thinking maybe I should rip out your sticky bits instead.

BOBBY

So what'd you decide?

Balthazar answers by handing Dean a scrap of paper-- it's an ADDRESS.

BALTHAZAR

Cass and Crowley are there. It's where the show gets started.

DEAN

Okay. Give us a minute to pack up, then zap us there--

BALTHAZAR

Oh, I don't think so.

DEAN

(holding the address)

This is twelve hours away, that's at a full clip.

BALTHAZAR

Then you better get moving.

DEAN

Balthazar--

BALTHAZAR

I'm betraying a friend here. A powerful one. We all are. I think I've stuck my neck out quite far enough already.

(CONTINUED)

32 CONTINUED: (2) 32

And with that, we CUT WIDE-- and BALTHAZAR is GONE. Off Bobby and Dean, exchanging glances--

33 INT. CROWLEY'S SECRET LAB - DAY 33

Same lab we've seen over the last few episodes.

Cass sits in a chair. Hands folded against his mouth. Thinking. Sulking. Heavy is the head that wears the crown.

When Crowley ENTERS. Holding a JELLY JAR, half-filled with thick, crimson blood. He TOSSES it to Castiel.

CROWLEY

Your Purgatory power shake, monsieur. Half monster, half cherry.

CASTIEL

Thank you.

Crowley strolls into the room.

CROWLEY

I must say. All those Angels downstairs. Bloody Mormon tabernacle. I'd prefer my own entourage.

CASTIEL

Angels are superior to Demons.

CROWLEY

You don't know the Demons I do.

Castiel barely responds. Just darkly thoughtful. Beat. Crowley comments on it--

CROWLEY

Well. You seem even more constipated than usual. May we get you some Colon Blow?

CASTIEL

We need to talk. I'm renegotiating our terms.

CROWLEY

That so? And what terms do you propose?

(CONTINUED)

CASTIEL

You get nothing. Not one single soul.

Crowley is genuinely surprised. Which rarely happens--

CROWLEY

I can't help but notice-- seems a bit unfairly weighted.

CASTIEL

Nevertheless.

CROWLEY

Castiel. You wouldn't dare. I brought you this deal.

CASTIEL

You think I'm handing that much power to the King of Hell? I'm neither that stupid nor wicked.

CROWLEY

(indignant)

Unbelievable. Have you forgotten you're the bottom in this relationship!?

CASTIEL

Your options. Flee. Or die.

(shows his cards)

After all, there are a very many Angels downstairs. And here you are without your entourage.

Crowley begins to understand how (temporarily) fucked he is.

CROWLEY

We made a pact. Even I don't break contracts like this!

CASTIEL

Flee. Or die.

Crowley and Castiel lock eyes. An unblinking duel. Until Crowley finally shakes his head, disgusted--

CROWLEY

Boy. Just can't trust anyone these days.

CUT WIDE. He's VANISHED. Leaving Castiel. Who pivots away. Brooding. Alone. No honor among thieves...

34

INT. BOBBY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT (DREAM)

34 \*

It's recognizably Bobby's-- but with some creepy, impressionistic touches. It's dark. Shafts of moonlight through all the windows. Dust everywhere. The furniture covered in white sheets.

Sam ENTERS, through the front door. Taking in the haunting surroundings. Then as he enters the KITCHEN, he sees--

A FIGURE. Sitting at a kitchen chair, back to us. We can already tell it's ANOTHER SAM. But this one will hold himself much differently than the last. This one is wounded. Broken. Even gentle. (And for clarity's sake, we'll call this one HELL SAM).

Sam tries to get his attention. But no response at first.

SAM

Hey. Hey!

Finally, Sam circles around him, gets a good look, as Hell-Sam glances up. The front of Hell-Sam's shirt is COMPLETELY DRENCHED IN BLOOD. His face is splattered with crimson as well. Let's try to get to the "Carrie" neighborhood here. It's horrific.

HELL SAM

(almost distracted)

...oh. Hi, Sam.

SAM

Okay. So which one are you?

HELL SAM

Don't you know?

(then)

I'm the one that remembers Hell.

Off Sam's EXTREME APPREHENSION, we--

BLACKOUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

35 INT. BOBBY'S HOUSE - PANIC ROOM - DAY (DAY 1) 35 \*

CLOSE ON: a rickety table. Bobby LOADS SUPPLIES into a DUFFLE (few odds and ends already in the bag-- holy water, salt rounds, etc.). But we get a nice clean look at two SILVER ANGEL SWORDS and a COUPLE OF HEX BAGS, as Bobby shoves them in. Zips it up.

He looks to Dean, who's looking over Sam--

BOBBY  
Time's up, Dean.

DEAN  
Just a second.

Bobby nods, exits.

Dean places Balthazar's ADDRESS SCRAP on the table beside Sam. Looks down at his little brother.

DEAN  
That's where we'll be. Now get your lazy ass outta bed and meet us, okay?  
(raw, heartfelt)  
Sam. Please.

Beat. Then Dean exits. Leaving Sam, unconscious, alone.

We PUSH IN ON SAM...

36 INT. BOBBY'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT (DREAM) 36 \*

We're back in Sam's DREAM; in the creepy version of Bobby's house.

HELL SAM  
...I wish you hadn't come, Sam.

Sam backs away, wary... as Hell-Sam steps forward. Hell-Sam speaks quietly. Simply. Damaged. Traumatized.

SAM  
Had to. I'm here, right? I mean, out there in the real world, I'm at Bobby's, aren't I?

HELL SAM  
How do you know?

(CONTINUED)

SAM

This whole time, smelled nothing but Old Spice and Old Grandad.

(then)

Figured, if I could get back here... back to my body... I could... I don't know, snap out of it somehow...

HELL SAM

I think you can, too.

(beat)

But first you have to go through me.

SAM

Why?

HELL SAM

Humpty Dumpty's gotta put himself back together again, before he can wake up. And I'm the last piece.

SAM

(puts it together)

Which means I have to know what you know. What happened in the cage.

Hell-Sam is truly sympathetic. Truly haunted.

HELL SAM

(haunted)

And trust me. You don't wanna know it.

SAM

You're right. But I still have to.

HELL SAM

Sam, it's... you can't imagine.

(then)

Stay here. Go back, find that bartender. Go find Jess. But don't do this.

(beat)

I know you. You're not strong enough.

Sam doesn't take this lightly. He's scared. But still... he steels himself with resolve.

SAM

We'll just have to see.

(CONTINUED)

HELL SAM

But why? Why's this so important to you?

SAM

You know me, you know why.  
(simply)  
I'm not leaving my brother alone out there.

Hell-Sam sighs. He knows there's no convincing Sam otherwise. He moves to a table. Picks up a KNIFE. Sam tenses. Will he attack? But Hell-Sam only holds it out--

HELL SAM

I'm not gonna fight you. But this is your last chance.

A long beat. Sam does think about it. But then... he reaches out. Takes the knife. Decision made.

HELL SAM

Good luck. You're gonna need it.

Sam nods. And with that-- he takes an underhand swing, STABS HELL-SAM in the gut. Hell-Sam spits blood. Drops to his knees. Then wheezes, falls forward. Dead.

Sam. Waits. Frightened. There's that sound-- RUSHING WIND. Sam knows what's coming.

Sure enough, the ENERGY GEYSER EXPLODES from Hell-Sam (could be from his back, if need be) into Sam's TORSO!

The real world. Sam, unconscious and alone, CONVULSES VIOLENTLY. Worse than before. He looks like he's going to swallow his tongue.

Can he possibly survive...?

Castiel stands at a table, holding the JELLY JAR of blood, examining it. CAMERA ARMS AROUND REVEALING-- Balthazar stands behind him--

BALTHAZAR

You rang?

CASTIEL

(sets down the jar)

We have a problem. Dean Winchester  
is on his way here.

Balthazar takes barely a half beat--

BALTHAZAR

How'd he even know where we were?

CASTIEL

Apparently, we have a Judas in our  
midst.

BALTHAZAR

Ah, holy hell. Who is it? That  
little friggin' Cherub, I'll bet.

CASTIEL

I don't know. But I need you to  
find out--

BALTHAZAR

Right away. And what do you want  
me to do about Dean?

CASTIEL

(darkly)

Nothing. I'll handle him myself.

Castiel pivots away from Balthazar.

BALTHAZAR

Castiel. You alright?

Cass takes a beat. Truly hurt. He shakes his head.

CASTIEL

First Sam and Dean... now this.  
I'm doing my best in impossible  
circumstances, and my friends, they  
abandon me, plot against me.  
It's... difficult to understand.

CLOSE ON BALTHAZAR. Looking forward at Cass--

BALTHAZAR

Well, you always got little old me--

Except CAMERA JERKS OVER to REVEAL-- Cass is RIGHT BEHIND  
BALTHAZAR. He teleported! And he SHOVES his ANGEL BLADE  
right into Balthazar's back--

(CONTINUED)



38

CONTINUED: (2)

38

WIDER to REVEAL: the blade juts bloody from Balthazar's chest.

CASTIEL

Yes. I always have you.

Balthazar gasps and sputters. Cass pulls the blade, and Balthazar drops to the ground.

On CASS-- as the BLAZING BRIGHT LIGHT FLARES his face. He doesn't even blink or flinch. (Good luck, Misha!)

The flare ends. Cass looks down. Enigmatic stone.

HIGH and WIDE. Balthazar. On the ground. Dead. Massive CHARCOAL-CHARRED ANGEL WINGS SPREADING OUT beside him...

DISSOLVE TO:

39

EXT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT - LATER

39

VFX SHOT. ANGLE ON THE FULL MOON. As a SHADOW begins to SLICE ACROSS IT. The LUNAR ECLIPSE BEGINS.

WE PAN DOWN TO-- a DIRT ROAD. As the IMPALA cruises down the path towards us. PAST US--

Again, we PAN-- with the car, to REVEAL-- Dean and Bobby are heading towards a WAREHOUSE. One of our typical warehouses, but in a rustic, rather than urban, location, please. (We need a big wide vista for reasons you'll soon see.)

40

EXT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT - MOMENTS LATER

40

BINOC POV. VERY QUICKLY scanning different points of the Warehouse. We see VARIOUS SUITED ANGELS-- two at the front entrance, the backs of a COUPLE MORE at a WINDOW, etc.

Bobby lowers the binocs. He and Dean spy on the warehouse from some location-appropriate cover. The Impala, also concealed, about twenty feet behind them.

BOBBY

Looks like we got the right place.  
Fifty mooks in there, maybe more.

DEAN

Demons?

BOBBY

Angels.

(CONTINUED)

DEAN

(oh fuck)

Angels? How in the hell we gonna  
take out fifty Angels?

BOBBY

We don't. We ninja our way in.

DEAN

Awesome. Hope they don't hear your  
knee squeak.

BOBBY

Shut up.

DEAN

What, now you got a thin skin?

BOBBY

No, I mean, shut up. You hear  
that?

Dean listens. And sure enough... there's a low level, almost  
sub-sonic RUMBLE.

DEAN

The hell is that?

ANGLE. There's a PUDDLE beside them. We see their moonlit  
REFLECTIONS. But the puddle QUIVERS, Jurassic-Park-style.  
And Dean recognizes the reference as well:

DEAN

Um... T-Rex maybe?

Bobby's got a bad, bad feeling. He pivots around, looking  
back at the direction they drove in from. His eyes widen:

BIG VFX SHOT. Surging over the DISTANT TREE-LINE-- a FUCKING  
AVALANCHE of BLACK DEMON SMOKE POURS IN. More BLACK SMOKE  
than we've ever seen (much more than 'Jus in Bello.')

Swallowing the trees-- everything in its path.

BOBBY

Holy Mother of--

DEAN

Get to the car!

Bobby and Dean DESPERATELY SCRAMBLE towards the Impala-- and  
towards the smoke! As the BLACK TIDAL WAVE CRASHES TOWARDS  
them. A hellish and insane game of chicken.

(CONTINUED)

40

CONTINUED: (2)

40

But Bobby and Dean manage to get to the car. DIVE IN and SHUT the doors, just as--

The Black Smoke ENVELOPES THE IMPALA COMPLETELY-- as it continues to BILLOW to the WAREHOUSE-- reaching it--

41

INT. CROWLEY'S SECRET LAB - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

41

Cass reads over tonight's ritual, when he hears--

AWFUL SCREAMS from outside the door. And downstairs. About the sound of oh, say, 50 Angel Piggies at the slaughter.

He steps forward, alarmed. But CAMERA REPOSITIONS-- and we see-- BEHIND HIM--

CROWLEY

Never underestimate the King of Hell, darling. I know all kinds of swell tricks.

Castiel pivots to Crowley. Quietly furious.

CLOSE ON CROWLEY--

CROWLEY

Now. I think we need to re-renegotiate our terms--

As CASS is SUDDENLY BEHIND HIM-- another teleport-- he WHIRLS Crowley around, firmly PLANTS his hand on Crowley's forehead, our typical Demon Flash-Bulb. Except--

Nothing happens. Crowley just looks at Cass; Cass's hand pressed against Crowley's forehead.

CROWLEY

Your hand's sweaty, mate.

Castiel backs away...

CASTIEL

I don't understand...

CROWLEY

Palm me all you want. I'm safe and sound under the wing-- of my new partner.

RAPHAEL (O.C.)

Hello, Castiel.

(CONTINUED)

Suddenly stepping into frame beside CROWLEY-- RAPHAEL! (In her female form from 615).

CASTIEL

Raphael.

Crowley grins. Life's a bitch, ain't it.

Off Castiel's "oh shit," we--

BLACKOUT!

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

42 INT. CROWLEY'S SECRET LAB - NIGHT

42

Pretty much right where we left off. Cass stands across from Crowley and Raphael. He knows he's in deep shit, but maintains a good cover. He looks to Raphael--

CASTIEL

Consorting with Demons? Always thought that was beneath you.

RAPHAEL

Heard you were doing it. Sounded like fun.

CROWLEY

You know, Castiel. You've said all sorts of shameful, appalling, scatological things about Raphael.

Awkward moment between Castiel and Raphael, as Crowley gleefully stirs the pot.

CROWLEY

But I found him-- her-- to be really quite reasonable.

CASTIEL

You're a fool. Raphael will trick and destroy you at the speed of thought.

CROWLEY

(bone dry)  
Right, right, cause you're such a straight shooter.

(nods to Raphael)

She-- he, is offering me protection from all comers--

CASTIEL

In exchange for what?

CROWLEY

The Purgatory blood.

Castiel blinks. He knows exactly what this means--

RAPHAEL

(clucks her tongue)  
Castiel.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

RAPHAEL (CONT'D)

You really think I'd let you open that door-- take in that much power? Learn your station, boy. If anyone is going to be the new God-- it's me.

CASTIEL

(to Crowley)

He's going to bring the apocalypse. And worse.

Crowley gives an aw shucks shrug--

CROWLEY

Hey. This is your doing, love. I'm just grabbing the best deal on the table. So now--

Then Crowley grins-- and with his best growly Cass imitation--

CROWLEY

You have two options. Flee. Or die.

A long beat. Cass locks gazes and wills with Crowley and Raphael. Then--

He picks up the JELLY JAR of BLOOD. TOSSES it to Crowley--

Crowley catches it, and by the time he looks up--

WIDE: Castiel is gone.

VFX. ANGLE ON THE MOON: as the last silver sliver SNUFFS OUT. FULL ECLIPSE. Time's up. WE PAN DOWN TO:

The IMPALA. UPSIDE DOWN. As dented as production and our budget will reasonably allow.

Bobby and Dean, unconscious. Dean's upside down in the seat, Bobby's crumpled on the roof (now floor) of the car.

When... Dean. Blinks awake. Takes a moment to shake cobwebs, realize his surroundings.

DEAN

...Bobby?

Then the wave of adrenaline and alarm hits him-- he begins roughly shaking Bobby awake--

(CONTINUED)

DEAN  
Bobby! Bobby! Come on, we gotta go!

Bobby starts to rouse--

44 INT. CROWLEY'S SECRET LAB - NIGHT 44

A LARGE BLOODY SIGIL covers the wall.

As Raphael and Crowley stand before it.

CROWLEY  
*Ianua magna purgatorii, clausa est  
ob nos, lumine eius ab oculis  
nostris retento.*

Behind Crowley, we focus in on-- AN OPEN DOOR. And we see DEAN, carefully peer in. Then withdraw.

Then... Dean and Bobby SNEAK IN. Moving quietly and carefully towards their prey. Our heroes are totally exposed... and very nervous... but Crowley and Raphael seem too preoccupied with the ritual to notice.

CLOSE ON: Dean holds an ANGEL BLADE in his hand.

At the SAME TIME that Dean and Bobby sneak in-- Crowley:

CROWLEY  
*Sed nunc stamus ad limen huius  
ianuae magnae et demisse,  
fideliter, perhonorifice, paramus  
aperire eam.*

Dean. Bobby. Growing closer. CLOSER. Dean holds up the Angel Knife. Slowly. Every movement, measured. He's going to THROW it at Raphael's back. The suspense should kill us.

CROWLEY  
(continuing as needed)  
*Creaturae terrificae, quarum  
ungulae et dentes, nunquam  
tetigerunt carnem humanam--*

Dean's got it cocked back-- he winces-- here goes everything-- and he LETS IT LOOSE-- like an expert knife thrower--

WHIP PAN TO-- Raphael catches the BLADE. Without even turning around.

Dean. And Bobby. Oh. FUCK.

(CONTINUED)

44

CONTINUED:

44

CROWLEY

(back to them)

Bit busy, gentlemen. Be with you  
in a moment.

And with that-- Dean and Bobby are both RATCHETED BACK,  
crashing loudly and violently through furniture and tables,  
collapsing in a heap on the floor!

45

EXT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

45

The overturned Impala. When...

TWO FEET STEP INTO FRAME. Holy shit, it's SAM! He's  
debilitated. Woozy. But he's there! Pistol in hand.

He looks at the Impala. Then sets off to the warehouse.

CLOSE ON SAM. He's in FUCKING TERRIBLE SHAPE. It's a  
struggle just to stay conscious, honestly. We see a WHITE  
PIERCING FLASH-- SUBLIMINAL HITS OF--

VFX SHOT. His face, scorching and burning in Hell!

BACK TO SCENE. Sam stumbles, weak, drops to his knees. But  
bravely rises back up. And continues forward. Determined to  
save his family.

46

INT. CROWLEY'S SECRET LAB - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

46

Dean and Bobby. On the ground. Hurt. Blinking, wincing, as  
they try to snap out of their latest concussion.

Meanwhile, Crowley and Raphael, before the large blood sigil.

CROWLEY

*...aperit fauces eius ad mundum  
nostrum, nunc, ianua magna aperta  
tandem!*

Crowley and Raphael expectantly wait for the big glowy VFX  
wall-door to YAWN OPEN. Except... it doesn't.

Just a buncha blood painted on a grimy wall.

Give this an awkwardly long beat.

CROWLEY

Ummm... Hmm.  
(another beat)  
Maybe I said it wrong.

(CONTINUED)



CASTIEL (O.C.)  
You said it perfectly.

Crowley and Raphael pivot to see-- CASS.

CASTIEL  
But what you needed was this.

With that, Castiel holds up-- a SECOND JELLY JAR of blood.  
But this second jar is mostly empty.

Crowley reacts-- irritated at himself for being conned.

CROWLEY  
I see. And we were working with--

He swipes some of the sigil blood off the wall, pops it into  
his mouth--

CROWLEY  
Dog blood. Naturally.

Dean and Bobby climb to their feet. They trade looks-- don't  
know whether to be pleased or worried.

RAPHAEL  
Enough of these games, Castiel.  
Give us the blood.

CROWLEY  
Game's over, you unbelievable twit.  
His jar's empty.  
(to Cass)  
So Cass, how'd the ritual go?  
Better than ours, I'll bet.

As if to answer-- Castiel's ENTIRE BODY GLOWS with WHITE  
ENERGY-- it seems to come from INSIDE HIM-- UNDER his  
CLOTHES, UNDER HIS SKIN-- it RAMPS up quickly, from a glow,  
to a BLAZING LIGHT--

Off Dean and Bobby. SQUINTING, as the light overtakes the  
frame and we--

FADE TO WHITE!

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

47 INT. CROWLEY'S SECRET LAB - NIGHT

47

VFX. WHITE SCREEN. Then Castiel dials down the MASSIVE AMOUNT of energy churning inside of him, until he becomes normal again. On the outside, at least.

Crowley and Raphael step back, appropriately awed--

As do Dean and Bobby. Apprehensive. No way this ends good.

CASTIEL

(a gentle smile)

You can't imagine what it's like.  
They're all inside me. Millions  
upon millions of souls.

CLOSE ON CROWLEY.

CROWLEY

Sounds sexy.  
(quickly)  
Exit stage Crowley.

WIDER. To reveal: Raphael stands alone. Crowley IS GONE.

And Cass speaks with a new CALM. A new GENTLE BENEVOLENCE--  
that comes with ultimate power. That comes with DIVINITY.

CASTIEL

What's the matter, Raphael?  
Somebody clip your wings?

RAPHAEL

Castiel... please. You let the  
demon go, but not your own brother?

CASTIEL

(pointed)

I have plans for the demon. You,  
on the other hand.

And with that, Castiel makes a small hand gesture (see the  
one Lucifer made in 522-- when he nuked Cass)--

And Raphael EXPLODES INTO RED MIST. A wet water balloon of  
CHUNKY SOUP. Some of it hits lens.

Dean and Bobby startle.

The Angel BLADE (Dean's; that Raphael was holding) SKITTERS  
across the ground. Covered in bits of flesh and blood.

(CONTINUED)

It's all over. Raphael is dead. The war is won.

Then, Castiel pivots. Gazing at Dean and Bobby. Who are currently looking pretty damn frightened.

CASTIEL

Do you see? I saved you.

Dean handles Cass as gingerly as he would a ticking bomb. Which is exactly what Cass is.

DEAN

You sure did, Cass. Thank you.

CASTIEL

You doubted me. Fought against me. And I was right all along.

DEAN

Okay, Cass. You were. And we're sorry. But... let's just defuse you, okay?

CASTIEL

What do you mean?

DEAN

You're fulla nuke. It's not safe. So before the eclipse ends, let's try to get all those souls back where they belong.

Cass takes a long beat. Considering. He's that alien, otherworldly, dangerous thing he was when we first met him. Even more so. Finally-- he shakes his head--

CASTIEL

But... they belong with me.

DEAN

Cass. No. This thing's scramblin' your brain--

CASTIEL

But I'm not finished yet. Raphael had many followers. I must punish them all-- severely.

Dean steps forward. Sincere. Imploring--

(CONTINUED)

DEAN

Listen to me. Listen. I know there's a lotta bad water under the bridge. But you were family once. I'd'a died for you-- almost did a few times. If that means anything to you...

ANGLE. That gore-streaked BLADE in the corner. A HAND REACHES INTO FRAME, picks it up (no one else sees this).

DEAN

Please. I... lost Lisa, Ben, Sam. Not you, too.  
(finally)  
You don't need this kinda juice anymore. Get rid of it. Before it kills us all.

Cass looks at Dean. Cocks his head. A long beat. As we pray-- maybe Dean got through to him. Then--

CASTIEL

You're just saying that, because I won. Because you're scared.  
(then)  
You're not my family, Dean. I have no family.

Suddenly, SAM is BEHIND CASS!

ANGLE. And he SHOVES the ANGEL BLADE into Cass's BACK! We see it PLUNGE into him!

Cass arches his back in pain!

Dean and Bobby react-- Dean especially-- HOLY SHIT, it's SAM! He's awake! He's alive! Milk this a moment.

But the moment of victory peters out, when--

NOTHING HAPPENS! Cass EXHALES. Straightens up. That fucking hurt.

CASTIEL

I'm glad you made it, Sam.

Then reaches behind him. Yanks the bloody blade out of his back. Tosses it aside.

(CONTINUED)

CASTIEL

But... the Angel Blade won't work.  
Because I'm not an Angel anymore.  
I'm a God. A better one.

Sam, still weakened, joins Dean and Bobby. Dean shoulders him up from collapsing. Maybe they lock eyes for a half beat, but now's not exactly the time for tearful reunion.

Cass steps forward.

CLOSE ON CASS: simply-- with that creepy, gentle benevolence-- that beatific love (NOTHING angry or harsh here):

CASTIEL

So you will bow down. Profess your love unto me. Your Lord. Or I will destroy you.

CLOSE ON BOBBY. CLOSE ON SAM. CLOSE ON DEAN.

Finally, CLOSE ON CASS. Calm. Righteous. And corrupted absolutely...

BLACKOUT!

TO BE CONTINUED...