

SUPERNATURAL

Episode #821

"The Great Escapist"

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REVISION HISTORY

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Episode #821

"The Great Escapist"

CAST LIST

SAM WINCHESTER
DEAN WINCHESTER

JARED PADALECKI
JENSEN ACKLES

CASTIEL
CROWLEY
KEVIN TRAN
NAOMI

MISHA COLLINS
MARK A. SHEPPARD
OSRIC CHAU
AMANDA TAPPING

ASSISTANT
DEMON TECH
ION
KARA
MANAGER
METATRON
TOUR GUIDE
WAITER

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SUPERNATURAL
"The Great Escapist"

TEASER

FADE IN:

1 INT. GARTH'S HOUSEBOAT - DAY

1

KEVIN TRAN startles awake; his eyes dart, covering the room--
fell asleep at his work again. He pulls an errant Post-It
from his cheek, pastes it back in place on a LARGE WALL
COLLAGE OF PAPERS AND POST-IT NOTES-- his translation of
their half of THE DEMON TABLET.

OS: A throaty engine drives up and cuts out. Kevin grabs for
a spray mister, eyes wild with alarm as he edges to the
multiply-locked door, cringes as it THUDS with a knock.

DEAN (O.S.)
Kevin! Come on man, open up!
(a beat, then)
We're bleedin' out here--

Kevin unlocks the door, leaving a couple chains secured,
opens it a crack, and sees DEAN WINCHESTER.

DEAN
It's me. Open up.

Kevin SPRAYS him full in the face. Holy water check. Dean
nods, deadpan.

DEAN
OK. Now it's wet me. Can you--

Kevin undoes the rest of the locks, ushering them in--

KEVIN
You forgot the knock! What's the
point of a secret knock if you
forget to use it--?

SAM
Look, Kevin-- We're sorry, it's
just--

Kevin SPRAYS Sam full in the face, too. Safety first.

SAM
(grins, face wet)
We got it.

(CONTINUED)

KEVIN
Got what?

DEAN
(pulls up a DUFFEL)
Caught a tip, heard Crowley was
moving his Earth-side operation.
So we laid out a pretty awesome
trap--

SAM
It worked. Took out four of his
lieutenants, sent him running--

DEAN
We got the other half of the Demon
Tablet back--!

From the duffel, Dean pulls out the missing half of the DEMON
TABLET-- Kevin looks at it in shock.

KEVIN
What?!

DEAN
The light at the end of your
tunnel, kid.
(hands it to him)
Don't say we never got you nothing.

KEVIN
(stares at it)
Holy crap... Is it-- Are you
kidding?

SAM
It's real.
(suddenly a half-doubt)
It is real, isn't it, Kevin? Tell
us it's--

KEVIN
(inspects it)
It's real. God... it's real...

Kevin goes back to his work area, sits at the desk. He
places the tablet before his collage, still in shock.

Sam and Dean look on, breath baited. Kevin's frayed nerves
go giddy with the import of it, and he gushes:

(CONTINUED)

KEVIN

We can get the Third Trial! We can finally figure out how to close the gates of Hell on Crowley's ass forever!

SAM

Sounds good to me.

(re: tablet)

We digging up the other half of that thing?

Kevin, already delving into the tablet, waves at all his notes surrounding him.

KEVIN

Don't need it.

The guys trade a satisfied look-- Dean nods toward the road.

DEAN

You ready?

Sam takes a breath, nods. They start gearing to head out.

SAM

Yeah, OK...

(to Kevin)

So... Special K... you keep your nose to the God-stone. We're going to drive out and make some noise a good long way from here, keep the safeboat safe.

DEAN

Be back as soon as we can, OK?

Kevin is so immersed he barely nods as they exit--

DEAN

Seems like he's OK with it--

(as they go)

Don't forget to lock us out.

We FOLLOW the brothers out of the boat...

2 EXT. GARTH'S HOUSEBOAT - DAY

2

Sam and Dean walk off the boat, up towards the IMPALA. BUT as they cross the distance we watch them PASS THROUGH AN INVISIBLE DIVIDING LINE.

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED: 2

The exterior is a WITCHCRAFT GLAMOUR. An illusion, like a Star Trek holo-deck program with an area of effect which ends say forty feet from the boat.

As the Winchesters pass through the vertical plane of illusionary effect, their Winchester-ness PEELS AWAY, reveals them to be TWO BLACK-EYED DEMONS, walking from illusion into:

3 INT. ABANDONED FACTORY - NIGHT - DAY 1 3

The demons walk out into the trash-littered factory floor, which has a sort of soundstage feel. A number of DEMON TECHS monitor Kevin through hidden video taps.

Behind them, CROWLEY, sits in a DIRECTOR'S CHAIR...

CROWLEY

So it's three trials... Three trials and the Winchesters get to lock the door on me? HA!

The 'Winchester' demons walk up to him.

CROWLEY

Listen, fake-Sam-- You tip our hand, I have to scrub Kevin's short-term memory again. And that's risky. So you got to watch your patois in there.

DEMON SAM

'Patois'?

CROWLEY

Your slang-- "Special K", "Nose to the God-stone"-- That's how Dean talks. Sam is more basic, more sincere. We want two distinct, authentic characterizations--

DEMON SAM

Yes sir.

PUSH IN ON CROWLEY-- past the flanking Sam-and-Dean Demons as the King of Hell smiles proudly to himself:

CROWLEY

I was born to direct...

BLACKOUT.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

4 INT. MEN OF LETTERS - DAY - DAY 2

4

Sam sits at the table, a blanket over his shoulders. Before him, a CLUTTER of books and files. Dean brings out a tray with a BIG BOWL and a plate of SALTINES. He's been cooking-- He puts it in front of Sam, who eyes it with a frown.

DEAN

All right. John Winchester's famous Cure-all Kitchen Sink Stew.
(Sam looks at it)
Got the cayenne in there, burn your lips off, just like Dad used to--
(Sam doesn't move)
Come on, man. Do I have to do the airplane thing with the spoon?

Sam pushes it away.

DEAN

How long has it been since you ate?

SAM

I don't kn-- ['know']

DEAN

Days! It's been at least three days, Sammy.

He cups a hand over Sam's forehead, frowns. He pulls out a DIGITAL THERMOMETER. Sam smirks:

SAM

When did you get that?

DEAN

When you started throwin' off heat waves.

Dean goes at Sam's mouth with the thermometer-- Sam waves him off, pushes his chair back, gets unsteadily to his feet.

SAM

Enough, Dean! Please--

Dean watches his brother use the table for support.

DEAN

Bloody hand-kerchiefs, fever, shaky knees-- it's not looking good here.

(CONTINUED)

SAM
I'm not good. And I'm not going to be good until we can start moving again. Until I can start the Third Trial.

DEAN
'Trial'? I wouldn't let you start a moped like this.

Sam whips him a defiant look. Dean doesn't back down--

DEAN
Look, we're on the rails for this thing. And the only way out of it is through it, believe me, I know. And you got to know how bad I want to close the door on all those sons-a-bitches.
(softens, pleads)
But you got to let me take care of you, man... Let me help you get some strength back--

SAM
This isn't a cold, Dean. Or a fever. Or whichever one you're supposed to feed... This is part of it. The first two Trials, they aren't just things I did. They're doing something to me...
(bottom line)
They're changing me, Dean.

Dean takes this in, too deeply worried to quip back.

Sam starts walking stiffly toward the Library when suddenly all their MOBILE DEVICES sound VARIOUS ALERTS. Dean checks his phone as Sam goes to the computer.

DEAN
It's Kevin--

SAM
Finally.

Sam opens a link on his laptop to a WEB-CAM VIDEO.

ON LAPTOP SCREEN-- Kevin is seated at his usual station in the houseboat and addresses the camera--

(CONTINUED)

KEVIN

Sam... Dean... I set up this message with some software on a remote server, so it would send itself to you, if I didn't reset it with a command once a week... Which means I didn't reset it this week. And there's only one reason I wouldn't-- Which means if you're watching this, then I--
(hard to say)
Then I'm dead.

Dean and Sam lean in, alarm mounting. Kevin freaks briefly:

KEVIN

I'm DEAD you bastards! So screw you, and screw God, and everybody in between!
(reigns it in)
Except my Mom.

Kevin runs a hand through his hair, sighs, harried, mourning himself at the thought:

KEVIN

I'm dead... Crowley must have gotten to me, and the one thing I know is I won't break this time. Not sure how I know, but I do.
(sad sigh)
So he's going to kill me.

The weight of it starts to sink in on the boys. Kevin's disappearance, the houseboat stripped clean--

KEVIN

I've been uploading all my notes, the translations-- I'm sending you the link so you can get all of it-- You guys have to try to figure out the rest, or find somebody who can--

And here Kevin gets emotional. His noble sadness endears us even more to the kid.

KEVIN

I'm sorry. I'm sorry to everybody, that I couldn't figure this out.
(chokes up)
I know it was my job... And I didn't-- I couldn't do it.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

KEVIN (CONT'D)
(tears welling)
I'm sorry.

Kevin reaches to his keyboard, shuts off the message. WITH
GUYS-- for a long silent beat. Dean drops his head.

SAM
Aw Kevin--

DEAN
(emotional)
Damn it.

5 INT. MEN OF LETTERS - DAY - TIMECUT 5

ON PRINTER-- as pages shoot out rapidly, printed-out images
from Kevin's smart-phone camera, his TRANSLATIONS.

Sam pulls a sheaf of pages from the printer, adds them to a
growing stack as Dean enters, on his cell:

DEAN
I know you haven't seen him, Keel,
nobody has. But if you see Garth,
Just tell him, we need him to call
in. OK...

SAM
Garth still MIA?
(Dean nods)
How about the other prophets in
line? If...
(hard to say but must)
If Kevin is dead, one of them must
be activated--

DEAN
Nothing. Not a peep.
(drops into chair)
Either they're hiding under some
rock in China, which is where I'd
be if I were one of 'em--
(exhausted exhale)
Or the Angels have them, or the
Devils. And we're stuck here in
the middle, with no leads, no
tablet, squat.

SAM
(re: print-outs)
We've got this.

A long beat. Finally Dean speaks, tonelessly, sadly--

(CONTINUED)

DEAN
We should have moved him here.

SAM
Kevin? Maybe. But he didn't want
to move in with us. He only
trusted us so far...

DEAN
He was right to. He gets taken,
and what are we doing?

SAM
Dean. We're doing what he asked us
to do.

DEAN
His dying wish.

SAM
Yeah.

WIDE ON THE GUYS-- who sit, silent, bereft. The PRINTER
PRINTS ON, relentless.

6 INT. BIGGERSON'S - SANTA FE, NM - DAY 6

CAMERA DRIFTS through the busy restaurant. A TITLE SUPERS
IN: "*Sante Fe, New Mexico...*" We find CASTIEL, sitting at a
booth in front of a coffee, looking haggard. He pulls a
wristwatch from his jacket --

INSERT ON WATCH: it's analog, the second hand ticks along.

A WAITRESS, KARA, steps in, freshens his coffee. Cass smiles
up at her.

CASTIEL
I've been acquiring the taste...

KARA
Yeah. 'Coffee isn't too bad here.

CASTIEL
(sips coffee, savoring)
I remember when you first
discovered it. Before you started
brewing it, when you'd just chew
the berries--
(mild chuckle)
The folktale is true, by the way.
You learned it from the goats.

(CONTINUED)

KARA
(eyes him; tender)
Been on the road a long time, huh?
(explains)
My husband hauls for United
Chemical-- Sometimes thirty, forty
hours on a run. He gets that look.
(small, fond laugh)
Starts talking like out of a dream.

Cass nods, his exhaustion palpable.

CASTIEL
Feels like I've been on the run
forever.

Kara checks a glance at her OS manager, then, gently:

KARA
I'm sorry, mister. But you got to
order more than coffee if you want
to keep the booth.

CASTIEL
Of course. I'll have the--
(scans menu, indifferent)
Smart-Heart Beer-battered Tempura
Tempters.

KARA
Alright, hon'. Comin' up.

Castiel watches her go, then looks around the place, at the
people surrounding him, taking them in fondly.

CASTIEL POVS-- A TEEN mopping the floor near the salad bar, a
MOTHER feeding her TODDLER, an ELDERLY COUPLE-- humanity.

Castiel's reverie is cut short as he senses something; a SUB-
SONIC RUMBLE only he hears. He looks down at his coffee--

INSERT-- the coffee's surface RIPPLES with the RUMBLE.

Cass is alarmed. A PATRON crosses FG; we hear the WING
RUSTLE of an ANGEL TELEPORT-- when the patron clears where
Castiel should be, we see the angel is GONE.

7 INT. BIGGERSON'S - BISMARCK, ND - DAY 7

ON ROW OF BOOTHS-- a few PATRONS eat ... A TITLE SUPERS IN:
"Bismarck, North Dakota..."

(CONTINUED)

7 CONTINUED:

7

NEW ANGLE-- ON booth. WING RUSTLE on the CUT; CASS has APPEARED, now seated. He signals a DIFFERENT WAITER--

CASTIEL
Coffee, please.

8

INT. BIGGERSON'S - BISMARCK, ND - DAY - TIMECUT

8

Cass sips at his new coffee, checks his watch again. Another SUB-SONIC RUMBLE alerts him. He frowns, muttering:

CASTIEL
They're getting closer.

WAITER
What's that, chief?

Castiel looks up at the waiter, who's passing by with a tray.

WAITER POV-- WING RUSTLE on the CUT; Castiel IS GONE.

ON WAITER-- He double-takes, freezes at the now empty booth.

WAITER
I-- the-- what?

9

INT. BIGGERSON'S - BISMARCK, ND - DAY - TIMECUT

9

ON MANAGER-- who looks down skeptically. CAMERA FINDS the waiter, crouched, peering under the booth:

WAITER
I swear to GOD, Lance-- the guy
just disappeared!

WE hear an OS WING RUSTLE as the manager steps forward to investigate, clearing the BG to REVEAL TWO ANGELS ["ION" and "ESPER"] have appeared behind him.

MANAGER
You on the crack again, Perry?

ANGLE SHIFT and the Angels are GONE, in pursuit of Castiel...

10

INT. BIGGERSON'S - BATON ROUGE, LA - DAY

10

ON BOOTH-- it's empty; a PAIR OF PATRONS pass by, CROSSING FRAME. They exit and CASTIEL is seated there. TITLE:
"Baton Rouge, Louisiana..." He looks up--

OTS CASTIEL to see a KID staring at him, over the back of the seat in the next booth, eyes wide in shock [he just saw Cass APPEAR out of thin air].

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED: 10

PUSH IN PAST CASS and we hear an OS WING RUSTLE. The kid's jaw drops.

11 INT. BIGGERSON'S - MONTAGE - DAY TO NIGHT 11

What follows is a TELEPORTING CHASE, the two angels on Castiel's ass closing in as he crisscrosses the continent, from Biggerson's to Biggerson's, from BOOTH to BOOTH.

The SUPERED TITLES come in fast and furious, matching an increasing frequency of LOCALE CHANGES: , "Longview, Washington..." , "Vancouver, BC..." , ETC.

As these shifts occur, CAMERA PUSHES IN closer and closer on Cass, until we are with him, and SHIFTING THE BG AROUND HIM [VFX]. So the light source changes, and the out-of-focus BG shifts, and finally we're in a frame-filling CU ON CASS and its just the light source and CHYRON CHANGING [one or two titles REPEAT, suggesting revisitation].

12 INT. MEN OF LETTERS - HOURS LATER - TIMECUT 12

Sam and Dean pour over Kevin's notes, now A TOWERING STACK. Dean takes up another page with a pained sigh--

DEAN'S POV-- on a print-out of a photo of Kevin's densely crowded scribbling.

DEAN

(reads from it)

"...black will be the abscess of the soul thus rendered, and the children of Lilith will number legions without count in the wastes of Gehenna..."

(squints, bleary-eyed)

Willy billy blah blah black sheep...

Sighing, Dean reads on laboriously. He takes another spoonful of his cold stew, starts to nod with dawning alarm.

DEAN

I think I've already read this.
Haven't I already read this?

SAM

(reading his own)

It gets repetitive--

DEAN

It starts repetitive. It gets mind-numbing.

(CONTINUED)

SAM

Have to agree... Pretty much unreadable. But then we're not prophets--

(sees something on page)

There it is again. Every time...

Sam flips through various pages, finding a recurring SYMBOL, which seems to accompany certain passages:

SAM

I know this symbol.

(hands one to Dean)

Kevin has it down as a sort of signature for the Scribe Of God... It shows up every time Metatron makes one of his 'editor's notes'.

Sam gets up, heads in to the library. Dean follows Sam as he moves along the bookshelves.

DEAN

So... OK.

SAM

But I've seen it before. A long time ago. In one of my humanities courses at Stanford--

DEAN

They taught Word Of God at Stanford?!

SAM

'Overview of Native American Art'.
(scans shelves)
I think it's a petroglyph.

DEAN

A petro-what-now?

Sam finds the book he's seeking, a late 19th century TOME.

SAM

From 'Petra' for stone, 'glyph' for carving. Native American tribes would carve all kinds of symbols into the rocks... full of meaning we could only guess at--

ON TABLE-- [mini-TIMECUT] as Sam drops the book down, open to a page that shows the same SYMBOL, among ILLUSTRATIONS of NATIVE AMERICANA-- a heading: "The Two Rivers Tribe".

(CONTINUED)

SAM

This one belonged to a tiny tribe in Colorado. More of a clan really...

(Dean looks on, Sam reads)

Says here they held on to their scrap of mountains when all the other tribes fell to the white man. This glyph was a territorial marker. The closest translation was...

(hit by the import)

"Messenger of God".

He straightens, turns to Dean, full of feverish intensity.

SAM

Dean. We have to go there.

DEAN

Whoa there, cowboy. Go where. Colorado? On that hunch? You can barely stand.

SAM

I'm only going to get worse. Until I can get back to the real job. Until we find the Third Trial.

(animated)

We're out of prophets, and we're not going to figure it out when Kevin couldn't. I say we find the "Messenger of God" who wrote it in the first place...

DEAN

And you think Metatron's just hanging out in the mountains with a bunch of Indians?!

SAM

Yeah, I do!

(then)

Not supposed to say 'Indians'.

DEAN

You're delirious.

SAM

(sharp nod)

Let's go.

13 INT. NAOMI'S OFFICE - HEAVEN - DAY

13

Naomi sits, eyes on the old EXECUTIVE OFFICE TOY, suspended silver balls in a line, as they CLACK in action, reaction. A WING RUSTLE (OS).

ANGLE SHIFT-- Ion stands before her. Naomi doesn't look up.

NAOMI

Ion, tell me you have good news.

ION

It's... complicated. He's using a clever tactic-- It's a restaurant called Biggerson's. The humans have built hundreds of them, almost exactly alike... Some sort of temple to mediocre foodstuffs...

NAOMI

What are you talking about--

ION

It's their sameness. Castiel is using it against us. Every time we land, it's the same floor plan. We try to orient ourselves, and it's like we're in every Biggerson's at once-- trapped in a quantum superposition-- He chooses which one to go to next, that's what's giving him the edge--

Naomi gets up, pacing.

NAOMI

You're saying you can't catch him?

ION

(helplessly)

There are just so many Biggerson's. We've gotten to a plateau of minus-ten seconds, but that's as close as we'll ever get--

(ventures sheepishly)

Perhaps... You could use your tools to get a fix on him? You were in his head not so long ago, weren't you?

NAOMI

Yes, but-- No. Something's changed.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

NAOMI (CONT'D)
(bitterly)
Something happened to Castiel when
he touched the Angel Tablet.

She is lost in this; it eats at her:

NAOMI
Contact with the Tablet seems to
have broken my hold on him;
(at an angry loss)
I don't understand it. But then
that's just one of my problems with
The Word of God...

She takes a sharp breath, narrows her eyes.

NAOMI
Very well. You say he can't be
caught? Then we will simply have
to make. Him. Stop.

14 EXT. TWO RIVERS HOTEL CASINO - MORNING - DAY 3 14

The Impala pulls up to a large old hotel in the mountains.
Once grand, now faded but not derelict. A TITLE SUPERS:
"Route 34, Colorado..."

15 INT. TWO RIVERS HOTEL CASINO - LOBBY - MORNING 15

Sam and Dean enter. The place has that 'Barton Fink
feeling', a spooky kind of emptiness. The lobby is lined
with dusty SLOT MACHINES. Through a double-door archway they
see a CASINO FLOOR, barely lit, stretch off into darkness.

DEAN
Nice place.

They approach the front desk, ring the bell. After a beat,
the MANAGER [tall, powerfully-built, 40s, Native American]
steps out of his office.

DEAN
Mornin'... We uh... We'd like a
room.

The manager eyes them suspiciously. Dean clears his throat.

DEAN
You know... here.

A beat, then the manager gives a GRUNT, turns a guest
register towards Dean.

(CONTINUED)

ON SAM-- who swoons a bit.

SAM'S POV-- a slightly warping frame, showing his fever delirium has increased. But as his POV scans the shadowy interior, we also hear a STRANGE, DISTANT RINGING. Melodic, as if someone was playing the rims of several crystal glasses, far off;

RESUME SAM-- the music goes silent. Sam shakes his head, rubs an ear, pale, sweating.

SAM

Did you hear that?

Dean and the Manager look at him, then Dean turns back.

DEAN

He's got the flu.

Off Manager's look.

INT. BIGGERSON'S - TELEPORT MONTAGE - MORNING

ON CASTIEL-- in funhouse CU of SHIFTING LIGHT SOURCES, the SFX a chopped salad of BG CROWD NOISES, like we're spinning a radio dial-- TITLES FLASH BY: "Bisbee, AZ..."; "Pembroke, MA..."; "Nome, AK..." ETC. A FINAL TITLE SUPERS and holds as Cass pauses: "Santa Fe, New Mexico..."

Castiel, watch in hand, about to move on, looks down.

CASTIEL POV-- a SPATTER OF RED ON THE TABLE TOP.

He looks up, sees that this Biggerson's is a BLOODBATH. Dead PEOPLE, bloodied, bodies scattered over the restaurant, a morning rush MASSACRED. He hears an eerie OS WHISPER.

KARA (O.S.)

You have to stop...

Cass' face goes ashen. He gets up.

KARA (O.S.)

They said you have to... stop...

Kara, the waitress we met earlier-- sits at a table nearby, her EYES BURNT OUT. He moves toward her--

CASTIEL

Oh, no...

She whispers over and over, hollowly, barely there:

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16 CONTINUED: 16

KARA

You have to stop. They said you
have to stop... You have to--

ON CASTIEL-- as angels' hands clap down on his shoulders. An
ANGEL BLADE pins its point against his throat-- CAUGHT.

BLACKOUT.

END OF ACT ONE

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ACT TWO

17 INT. GARTH'S HOUSEBOAT - NIGHT 17

Kevin concentrates on the tablet. 'Sam' and 'Dean' recoup at the houseboat. 'Dean' drinks a beer, 'Sam' is on his laptop. Kevin pushes away the tablet, rubs at his eyes.

KEVIN

I can barely see...

'DEAN'

You been at it for twelve hours straight. You need a break.

KEVIN

I need food.

'Sam' gets up, heads toward the galley.

'SAM'

Think there's something in the fridge.

KEVIN

Listen... guys... Can we get some, you know, real food. Made by people who cook for a living--

'Sam' and 'Dean' trade looks, Sam shrugs--

18 INT. GARTH'S HOUSEBOAT - SOON AFTER 18

'Dean' pulls on his coat, both he and 'Sam' ready to head out. 'Sam' takes a jotted list from Kevin--

'DEAN'

OK, we're talking barbecue ribs, mashed potatoes--

KEVIN

Garlic mashed potatoes.

'SAM'

(looks over list)

Right. And mixed greens with "baby lettuce". Corn bread, and... Pad Thai?

(CONTINUED)

KEVIN
(hopeful shrug)
Garth says there's a good little
place on the other side of town.

'DEAN'
(trades a look w/ Sam)
What the hell. Kid's been working
hard, right?

19 INT. ABANDONED FACTORY - DAY

19

Crowley sits in his chair, looking over the demon techs to
monitor the screens at the VIDEO VILLAGE.

CROWLEY
These guys aren't half bad.

DEMON TECH
No, sir. You chose well.

CROWLEY
Course, if I wasn't running
everything, I could've played Dean
myself.

DEMON TECH
Oh, you would have made a great
Dean, sir--

Crowley snaps a 'stupid brown-noser' look at the TECH, as a
DEMON ASSISTANT walks up with a WOODEN CASE.

ASSISTANT
Sir, your 'magic bullet theory' has
been tested. It appears to work.

She opens the case for him. From it he pulls a GERMAN LUGER
and a CLIP of rounds. Happily he loads the firearm--

CROWLEY
Now that's a delight.

Crowley's CELL STARTS RINGING; he fishes it out, checks his
CALLER ID.

INSERT-- the Cell's CALLER ID reads: "JUDAS"

Smiling, Crowley answers--

CROWLEY
It really is my day...

20

INT. BIGGERSON'S - SANTA FE, NM - DAY

20

ON KARA-- the waitress, eyes burnt out, just enough of a brain left to whisper hollowly, endlessly:

KARA

You have to stop... They said you have to stop...

A distance away, Castiel sits in a chair. Esper stands guard behind him, blade at the nape of his neck. Castiel looks over the massacre, then stares up at Ion--

CASTIEL

Esper... Ion... How can you take part in this?

Ion can't meet his gaze; Naomi steps in, WING RUSTLE [SFX].

NAOMI

They do as I tell them, without question.

(Cass glowers at her)

And they harbor no anger for it. Because they know their place...

Naomi walks past Kara, who whispers on--

KARA

You have to stop... They said you have to stop...

Naomi snaps her fingers and the waitress pitches forward, DEAD. Then, straightening her coat:

NAOMI

Can't hear myself think.

CASTIEL

We were supposed to be their shepherds. Not their murderers.

NAOMI

That's what I mean, Castiel. You don't know your place.

CASTIEL

We're supposed to protect them!

NAOMI

Not always, Angel. There was that day, back in Egypt. Not so long ago.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

NAOMI (CONT'D)

When we slew every first born
infant whose door wasn't splashed
with lamb's blood-- And that was
just PR.

CASTIEL

I wasn't there.

NAOMI

Oh you were there. You just don't
remember it.

Castiel studies her expression for a long beat. Her almost
imperceptible smile, the truth of her statement glaring in
her silence. Cass sags, eyes wounded, his reality a joke.

CASTIEL

How many times, then? How many
times have you torn into my head
and washed it clean?

NAOMI

With you?
(slow head shake)
Frankly, too damn many.

Naomi waves a hand-- a CHAIR MOVES ACROSS THE FLOOR,
positions itself before Cass. She sits.

NAOMI

You're the famous spanner in the
works. Honestly. I think you came
off the line with a crack in your
chassis. You have never done what
you were told. Not completely.
You don't even die right, do you?
(down to business)
Where is the Angel Tablet, Castiel.

CASTIEL

In the words of a good friend,
'Bite me.'

NAOMI

We'll bite, don't worry.
(to Ion)
Go. Search all these...
'Biggerson's'. He must have hidden
it along the way.

ANGLE SHIFT, WING RUSTLE [SFX] and Ion is GONE.

21 INT. TWO RIVERS HOTEL - ROOM 312 - DAY

21

Sam lays out on a bed in a musty double. The big guy is doing pretty badly. Dean enters with a few BROCHURES.

DEAN

Regular tourist mecca we got here.

(looks through brochures)

Looks like we're the only guests in the whole place. Last entry in the register is from like 2006.

SAM

(bit loopy)

You know that time Dad took us to the bottom of Grand Canyon? The pack mule ride?

DEAN

(reading brochure)

What?

SAM

And your mule was farting all the way down? I mean, just letting 'em go. Gale force--

DEAN

Dude, you were like four years old. I barely remember that.

SAM

(laughing to himself)

You rode a farty donkey.

Dean eyes him, concerned; then he gets up with a BROCHURE.

DEAN

OK. I'm going to go check out the 'Two Rivers Tribal Museum and Trading Post'...

Sam falls back on the bed, nodding, groggy with his symptoms.

SAM

And I'll follow the hotel manager. Scowley-sowl... He seems just like a bad guy from Scooby Doo.

DEAN

(heading to door)

No... you, Little Big Man, you're going to get some rest...

(CONTINUED)

SAM
I can also do that.

Sam's head drops back into the pillow. Off Dean's concern--

22 INT. TWO RIVERS MUSEUM AND TRADING POST - DAY 22

Dean looks over a few display cases of artifacts, where we see a few versions of the PETROGLYPH METATRON SYMBOL, as the TOUR GUIDE, a Native American in his 70s, tells the story of the Two Rivers Tribe.

TOUR GUIDE
The People of the Two Rivers Tribe came to this land centuries ago, a land that was harsh and stony, where the soil yielded no crop but the bitter turnip, where the wind tore at the People and made their animals crazed.

Dean passes a stretched hide DRUM, taps it a few times.

TOUR GUIDE
But their mighty leader, a chief who was said to be half-mad with visions, told his people they must stay here. He claimed that this was the home on earth of the Great Spirit's Sacred Messenger. And that if the people tilled the land and gave offerings to the Messenger, their blessings would be many.

DEAN
What were the offerings?

TOUR GUIDE
Huh?

DEAN
What did the 'Great Spirit's Sacred Messenger' ask for?

TOUR GUIDE
Stories. He asked the People to tell him stories.

Dean's about to decide he's on a goose hunt. Until his gaze passes over a wall of mounted 19th CENTURY PHOTOS and he freezes. He leans in, squinting.

(CONTINUED)

22

CONTINUED:

22

INSERT ON PHOTO-- damned if it isn't the MANAGER, in Native dress, standing among a FEW TRIBESMEN, the same age he appears to be today.

DEAN

(sotto)

Pretty sure I can guess what the blessings were...

He eyes the Guide. The Guide smiles back. Trade reverses for LONG AWKWARD MOMENT, Dean knows something's up, but there's not enough to blaze guns. Finally the Guide shrugs:

TOUR GUIDE

Do you want to see my rain stick?

Off Dean's 'no, I don't' frown--

23

INT. TWO RIVERS HOTEL - ROOM 312 - DAY

23

Sam in bed, tosses fitfully. Finally he opens his eyes.

SAM'S POV-- the room around him warps at the edges with his growing delirium. And then we hear it again, that SAME RINGING, CRYSTALLINE MELODY.

Sam gets up, woozy, and heads out of the room--

24

INT. TWO RIVERS HOTEL - CORRIDOR - DAY

24

Sam walks slowly down the hall, MUSIC RINGING...

25

INT. TWO RIVERS HOTEL - CORRIDOR - DAY

25

Sam works his way down a hall, using the wall as occasional support. He hears an OS SQUEAKING and secrets himself in a recessed door frame.

The Manager pushes a room service CART along a hall that Ts at the end of this one. Carefully, Sam moves along to follow.

WITH THE MANAGER-- we see the cart is PILED WITH AMAZON BOXES. He reaches a DOUBLE-DOOR SUITE at the end of the hall, starts piling the boxes at the door.

Sam watches from far behind, ducking out of sight when the Manager turns and pushes the cart off.

Sam waits a beat then creeps up to the pile of boxes. He opens one quietly, pulls out a HARDCOVER NOVEL. Sees other BOOKS in the open box. He hears the RINGING TONES AGAIN, starts to lose his balance. He puts the book back, closes the box, and beats a reeling retreat down the corridor.

26 INT. TWO RIVERS HOTEL - ROOM 312 - DAY 26

Sam stumbles into his room, barely on his feet. He pulls out his cell, attempts to dial, and COLLAPSES TO THE FLOOR.

27 INT. BIGGERSON'S - SANTA FE, NM - DAY 27

ON CASTIEL-- He's roughed up a GOOD DEAL; Esper CRACKS him across the face with the hilt of his Angel Blade again.

Naomi paces, arms hugged to her chest in silent frustration. She clears BG to REVEAL A RETURNING ION [WING RUSTLE SFX]. He steps forward, reporting:

ION
I've gone over all of them. It's not there...

Naomi walks up to Cass.

NAOMI
Why. Why are you doing this? Let us put the tablet where it should be--

CASTIEL
I have to protect it.

NAOMI
From the Angels?

CASTIEL
From all of us...

She lifts his chin, stares into his BLOODIED FACE.

NAOMI
I'm just going have to pull you apart, aren't I?

JUST THEN-- BLAM! Esper staggers back, a bullet wound in his neck flowering WHITE LIGHT. BLAM! Ion wheels out of frame, a bullet blasting into his shoulder.

Naomi turns to see Crowley, luger aimed, grinning slyly:

CROWLEY
Naomi, darling. Miss me?

BLACKOUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

28 INT. BIGGERSON'S - SANTA FE, NM - DAY

28

Crowley and Naomi in a stand-off, reminiscent of Ep. 819. Crowley nods to the two downed Angels, gives the Luger a little wave, never taking it off Naomi:

CROWLEY

You like it? Had my R&D people
melt down one of your angel blades,
cast it into bullets.
(tilts his head)
Seems to do the trick.

NAOMI

How dare you--

CROWLEY

Oh, I'm the daringest Devil you've
ever met, love.

Naomi starts to FLARE with GATHERING ANGEL POWER [see 819].

CROWLEY

We've been here before, haven't we?
I wonder who blinks this time.

BLAM! Crowley pulls the trigger. The bullet sinks into the column Naomi was in front of, an instant ago-- she's GONE.

Crowley takes a breath, savors the calm, turns to Cass.

CROWLEY

Hi, Cass.

OS we hear a sputtering lament. Ion flounders to his feet next to his DEAD COMRADE.

ION

You SHOT me!

CROWLEY

Shut it. I just saved your eternal
bacon.

(Ion sullenly stands)

Or would you prefer to emerge
unscathed, and have Naomi intuit
that you hocked your halo to me
months ago?

Cass looks from Crowley to Ion, who looks away.

(CONTINUED)

CROWLEY
That's right, Castiel. I got me an
Angel on the payroll.
(shrugs)
It's that kind of universe, these
days.

He raises the luger and FIRES. Straight into Cass' gut.
Cass GASPS with the pain. Crowley turns to Ion, casually:

CROWLEY
Grab him and follow me.

29 INT. GARTH'S HOUSEBOAT - NIGHT 29

Kevin sits at his work table, piled high with notes, the half-tablet and, now, an array of FOOD delivered by 'Sam' and 'Dean', who hover nearby. Kevin holds a pen in one hand and a picked-clean rib in the other, as he struggles with the tablet.

Finally Kevin slams down his pen, pushes back his chair.

'DEAN'
You OK, kid?

KEVIN
I can't-- it's the break in the
stone... There's key writing, and I
can't make it out--
(long sigh, realizes)
I do need the other half of the
tablet to get the Trial. It's not
too far from here. *

'Sam' and 'Dean' trade looks, stifling their excitement.

'DEAN'
Awesome. Give us the 1020--

30 INT. TWO RIVERS HOTEL - ROOM 312 - BATHROOM - DAY 30

CLOSE ON SAM-- whose eyes snap open in shock-- he exhales,
AIR BUBBLES BURSTING OUT INTO WATER.

He lurches up, in a bathtub FULL OF ICE CUBES AND WATER.
Dean helps Sam up out of the tub, gets him to his feet.

DEAN
OK-- OK, Sammy! Take it easy--

SAM
What the Hell?!

(CONTINUED)

DEAN

I found you on the floor, man!
Your temp was 107 degrees! I had
to force it down, or you were
toast.

Dean throws a towel over Sam, who hardly notices he's wet--

SAM

Metatron is here, Dean. I know it.
I can hear it.

DEAN

What are you talking about?

SAM

(fevered ramble)

It's like... music... And the
closer I get to him, the louder it
gets-- I don't know why. Because
I'm changing? Following the
instructions Metatron wrote...
Becoming whatever it is that can
close the gates... I think it's
connected me somehow...

DEAN

So you think you got a link to him?
Like a prophet?

SAM

I don't know. I can't explain it.
I just... I know Metatron's here.

DEAN

Yeah? Here where?

SAM

I'll show you. The manager was
delivering books to him.

DEAN

Books?

SAM

Hardcovers, paperbacks -- novels.

DEAN

(as it sinks in)
'Stories'...

31 INT. SMALL OFFICE - DAY

31

A one-room, grimy legal office, a single-lawyer ambulance chasing affair. All the law degrees are in Korean. Crowley turns on the desk lamp as he hears a WING RUSTLE [SFX].

REVERSE TO REVEAL-- Ion and Castiel, the latter still seated in the chair from Biggerson's, now ASHEN and GUTSHOT--

CROWLEY

Just wanted a moment away from the main action, to chat with my old business partner... I assume you won't die just yet. Takes a painful long time to bleed out from the gut...

CASTIEL

Do what you want, Crowley. I'll never tell you where I buried the Tablet.

He sits on the desk, looks down at Cass, affectionate--

CROWLEY

I know, Cass. I know. Luckily, I don't believe you have to. I've been getting regular reports from my expensive friend here--

(nods to Ion)

Naomi should have caught you out of the gate-- seeing as lately she's been knuckles deep in that melon of yours. She thinks your touching the Tablet's broken her spell over you, eh?

CASTIEL

The tablets weren't meant for the Angels. Or you.

CROWLEY

She's got a lot on her plate. Don't blame her for missing it, but I'm thinking to myself, 'Self, if Cass got away from her by touching the Tablet, why would he ever stop touching it?' And then I think to myself, 'He hasn't stopped touching it, has he now...'

(CONTINUED)

31

CONTINUED:

31

Crowley hands the gun to Ion, then leans in on Cass and starts to TEAR OPEN THE BULLET HOLE. He rends Cass' WOUND OPEN [OS].

Castiel ROARS with pain, matched by a maniacal triumphant YELL from Crowley, right in Cass' face-- as he pulls the BLOODY ANGEL TABLET FROM CASTIEL'S BODY CAVITY!

Laughing, ecstatic, Crowley looks down at Cass, gut soaked in his own blood:

CROWLEY

Oh, you're a pip, you are.

Crowley sees Ion, staring at this horror show, overwhelmed.

CROWLEY

What?

Crowley's CELL RINGS. In a bloody-mitted flourish, he answers:

CROWLEY

This is the King!
(listens)
You're WHAT?!

32

INT. GARTH'S STORAGE LOCKER - DAY - INTERCUT

32

ON THE WINCHESTER-DEMONS [in their demon form]. They stand in a 12'x12' storage unit, looking a bit defeated. "You've Lost That Lovin' Feelin'" by the Righteous Brothers, BLASTS at them from a boombox out of reach, at Noriega decibels.

Dean-demon stammers to explain, on his CELL.

'DEAN'

The kid told us where the other half was-- But it-- Wasn't--

Cut to ANGLES ABOVE, BELOW, BEHIND-- the interior is COVERED IN DEVIL'S TRAPS.

'DEAN'

The little dab of crap tricked us!
Sent us into some kind of hunter mousetrap--

CROWLEY

You jackasses! You're ruining my streak!

WITH CROWLEY as he turns to Ion.

(CONTINUED)

32 CONTINUED:

32

CROWLEY

Watch him. I'll be right back.

Crowley DISAPPEARS. Ion turns to Castiel, gutshot, fighting for air, ash white.

33 INT. TWO RIVERS HOTEL - CORRIDOR - DAY

33

Sam leads Dean along the hall. Progress is slow but steady, with Dean lending his brother a supportive shoulder--

DEAN

We should be going to the ER.

SAM

No, Dean. They can't do anything for me...

(they walk on for a beat)

It's funny... I've been remembering things, little things so clearly...

DEAN

What. Donkey rides?

SAM

You used to read to me, when I was little, I mean real little... From this old Classics Illustrated comic book... Remember?

DEAN

(no patience for stories)

No.

SAM

The 'Knights of the Round Table.' It had all of King Arthur's knights, all on the quest for the Holy Grail. I remember looking at this picture of Sir Galahad, kneeling, with light streaming over him...

(stops, catches breath)

I remember thinking, 'I can never go on a quest like that... 'Cause I'm not clean...'

Dean's worry bears down on him. Is he losing Sam here?

SAM

I was just a little kid but, do you think I knew? Deep down, about the demon blood I had in me?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SAM (CONT'D)

About the evil of it. That I
wasn't... pure...

He starts walking again, standing a bit taller.

DEAN

It wasn't your fault, Sammy.

Sam turns to Dean with a smile of utter relief, tears
brimming in his eyes.

SAM

That's changing, Dean. The
Trials... they're purifying me...

This hits Dean-- he stares up at his little brother.

They turn the corner to look down at the double-door suite.

SAM

The books... they're gone...

They reach the door. Dean draws the ANGEL BLADE, trades a
look with Sam. Then he tries the door. It OPENS...

INT. TWO RIVERS HOTEL - METATRON'S SUITE - DAY

Dark, shadowy-- the first thing they see: BOOKS. TOWERS OF
BOOKS, walls of books, a veritable MAZE OF BOOKS. Right out
of a hoarder's most advanced condition, the suite is packed
with them, leaving narrow walkways, defined by the stacks,
which lead off into the dim...

Follow the boys as they work their way through the twisting
passage, cornering into:

A RAISED SHOTGUN, which COCKS LOUDLY-- behind which we see an
AGED. HUNCHED ANGEL, wiry hair, wild, GLOW-TINGED EYES.

BLACKOUT.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

35 INT. TWO RIVERS HOTEL - METATRON'S SUITE - DAY 35

Dean and Sam raise their hands. Dean holds the Angel Blade in plain sight.

DEAN

Metatron?

(turns back to Sam)

This is Metatron?

METATRON

Drop the weapon.

DEAN

Hey... You're the one with the gun.

He drops the blade with a heavy clunk. Metatron is GONE from in front of Dean and Sam [ANGLE SHIFT] and now stands BEHIND THEM. He urges them forward with a shake of the shotgun.

They walk, followed by the Angel, and emerge into a CLEARING in the maze of books. His 'reading room'-- An OVERSTUFFED ARMCHAIR, a FLOOR LAMP, and a COFFEE TABLE with a modest stack of tomes on it.

METATRON

Who sent you?

SAM

We came on our own-- We're the Winchesters.

DEAN

He's Sam..? I'm Dean--

METATRON

You work for Michael? Or Lucifer...

SAM

(fevered; a bit loopy)

You haven't heard of us? 'The Hell kind of Angel are you? We're the friggin' Winchesters!

36 INT. SMALL OFFICE - DAY

36

Cass looks bad, pale, losing it... Ion looks away, out the grimy window of the office.

(CONTINUED)

CASTIEL

How far can this go?

ION

Shut up.

CASTIEL

Ion. How far can we let it all drop? This charge that was left to us? Our mission...

ION

Do you even know what the mission was? I don't. Naomi, the others-- They've been in all our heads.

CASTIEL

We aren't tools for them to use. Machines for them to program and reprogram... That wasn't what this was supposed to be--

As Ion's turned away, Cass starts to DIG INTO HIS OWN GUT.

ION

You think I don't know that? Why else would I sign on with the King of Hell?

(bitterly)

Because nothing matters.

CASTIEL

You're so wrong, brother...

(from the heart of him)

It all matters... so much...

He manages to pull the ANGEL BLADE BULLET from his ravaged insides and palm it.

Kevin sits facing the door, finishing his meal. The door SLAMS OFF ITS HINGES and Crowley, covered in blood, gripping the Angel Tablet, strides in.

CROWLEY

You little prat! Having fun yet?

*

Kevin, in a muster of chutzpah to beat the ages, takes another bite of barbeque:

KEVIN

Screw you.

(CONTINUED)

37 CONTINUED: 37

Crowley stops, takes breath.

CROWLEY

Am I seeing this?!
(turns, calling out)
Are you seeing this?

38 INT. ABANDONED FACTORY - CONTINUOUS 38

The Demon Techs watch the VIDEO TAPS, on which Crowley rails:

CROWLEY

Are you?!

Crowley SNAPS his fingers and the screens CRASH TO STATIC.

39 INT. GARTH'S HOUSEBOAT - DAY 39

Crowley takes a beat, counts to five:

CROWLEY

So how'd you figure it out?

KEVIN

Started when they forgot the secret knock. Although I could kinda see them doing that, you know, 'cause they had won, they were excited... But really, it was the way they acted. The Winchesters have been a lot of things to me. But they haven't ever been you know, nice.

As Kevin speaks, Crowley moves in on him, slowly, inevitably. Kevin picks up another rib. He's someplace past fear; he's found his true mettle, and it is TOUGH.

KEVIN

Mostly they yell and push and urge and save my life and tell me to go back to work. Not like those dorks you sent in here. I don't think on their best day Sam and Dean would drive into town to get me a barbeque dinner when there were leftover burritos in the fridge...

CROWLEY

(incredulous)

So my demons... They were too polite?

(Kevin NODS)

I'll be a son-of-a-whore.

40 INT. TWO RIVERS HOTEL - METATRON'S SUITE - DAY 40

Dean and Sam stand before Metatron, who still holds the gun.

DEAN

Michael and Lucifer, both those
guys are in the deep fryer.

SAM

(shouts a bit)

We put them there ourselves.

CLOSE ON SAM-- he winces, as he [and we, in this shot] hear
the BLASTING CRYSTALLINE MUSIC.

METATRON

What about Gabriel? And Raphael?

SAM

Dead...

WIDER-- the music goes out, though we see Sam dig a thumb
into his ear, trying to shut it out himself.

DEAN

You really don't know all this?

METATRON

I've been very careful.

SAM

Can you...

(shouting again)

Can you turn the music down?!

Metatron turns to him, confused.

METATRON

'Music'?

He takes a step forward, lowers his gun, studying Sam.

METATRON

Ah... You're resonating.

DEAN

'Resonating'? What's that?

METATRON

You've undertaken the Trials?
You're trying to pull one of the
Great Levers, aren't you?
(eyes narrow on Sam)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

METATRON (CONT'D)

Pretty far along too... You get this far, you start resonating with The Word, with its source on the Material Plane...

(shrugs)

With me.

He then looks them both over, gives a knowing nod.

METATRON

So you're vessels, eh? Yes, yes... The Arch-Angels were hard at work when I left, working to bring your kind into being.

DEAN

Our 'kind'?

METATRON

They wanted to pull a few Levers themselves. But they needed others' hands to do that.

(smiles at them)

Little hands.

DEAN

You say you've been careful. Careful how?

METATRON

I wasn't like them. I'm not an Arch-Angel. I was just run-of-the-mill. Worked in what you might call the secretarial pool, until God chose me to take down The Word.

DEAN

To write the Tablets--

METATRON

No idea why it was me. He never said. He was like that, you know? Cryptic. Very cryptic.

(then)

Anyway, he seemed really worried about his work, about what would happen after he left, so had me write down instructions...

Metatron walks over, wearily sits in his armchair, the gun still trained on the guys, but vaguely.

(CONTINUED)

METATRON

After that, the Arch-Angels were in charge. They cried, they wailed, they wanted their Father back -- we all did...

(deep sigh)

And then... Then they started to scheme. The standing orders didn't stand for them. Not anymore. They were corrupted. Most likely by the virus God was cooking up in that petrie dish He called humanity...

DEAN

'Virus'? What 'Virus'?

METATRON

Free Will, of course.

(chuckles)

The scourge of Creation...

(then)

I saw the writing on the wall. The Arch-Angels decided if they couldn't have 'Dad' then they'd take over the Universe, rule it themselves... Take it away from you. They needed the Word of God to do anything big, and I started to realize... They might realize they needed me.

DEAN

And so what, you get a little ruffle in your feathers, and you decide to run away, and hide your head in the sand... FOREVER?! Do you know what's been going on out there?!

METATRON

NO! That's the whole point!

41 INT. SMALL OFFICE - DAY

41

ON ION-- fingers up to the grimy glass of the window.

ION

You soldiers, you guys down in the Garrison... At least they let you believe the lie. Upstairs, working for Naomi, working in Intelligence-- We had no option but to live in the dirt...

(CONTINUED)

CASTIEL (O.S.)

Ion.

ION

She never reset me completely. I
always knew too much. I had to, to
do my job--

CASTIEL

Ion--

Ion turns, surprised to see Castiel standing.

CASTIEL

Shut up.

Cass slams at Ion back against the wall.

Ion tries to counter with his blade-- Cass blocks it, and
grimly, brutally GRINDS THE ANGEL BULLET into Ion's eye--!

42 INT. TWO RIVERS HOTEL - METATRON'S SUITE - DAY 42

Sam and Dean look down at the angelic shut-in before them.

DEAN

All this time, and you've been
holed up here, or in some wigwam,
or some cave before that ... What,
just listening to stories?

METATRON

It was amazing to watch... What you
brought to His Earth... all the
mayhem, murder, just the raw wild
invention of God's naked apes was
mind-blowing. But really...

(still in awe of it)

...it's your storytelling. That's
the true flower of free will. At
least as much as you've mastered so
far-- when you create stories, you
become the Gods of tiny intricate
dimensions unto themselves...

Metatron drifts into reverie as he speaks--

METATRON

So many worlds... I've been reading
as much as an Angel possibly could--
And I haven't caught up.

(embarrassed)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

METATRON (CONT'D)

I'm only up to the nineteen-seventies...

Sam steps forward, swaying on his feet, but sure in his impatience.

SAM

You know what? Pull the friggin' trigger.

METATRON

What?

SAM

Pull the trigger, you cowardly piece of garbage.

Dean steps up next to his brother, nods.

DEAN

I'm with him.

SAM

All the time you been hiding here, reading our diaries. How much suffering have you read over? Humanity's suffering-- and how much of it has been at the hands of your kind?

DEAN

You want a story? Try Kevin Tran's story! He was just a kid, a good, straight-A's kid who got sucked up into all this Angel crap-- He became a Prophet of the Word of God... Your Prophet! You should've been looking out for him, but you were holed up here!

SAM

He's dead now-- because of you!

Off Metatron, their words sinking in--

Crowley, still fuming, can't seem to get the rise of fear he needs out of this little kid. Kevin's beyond that. Done.

KEVIN

You know the Winchesters are up to the Third Trial?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

KEVIN (CONT'D)

That they're going to shut the door
on Hell? Good!

(seethes with distaste)

It will give you time to squirm.

CROWLEY

I'm not worried, kid.

But he is, and Kevin can see it. It makes him laugh.

KEVIN

You're not? Then why has 'the
King' been one step behind all
this time, dropping balls left and
right-- trying to cover all the
bases and losing everything? You
have no idea what's on this Demon
Tablet.

(he picks up HALF-TABLET)

The power you could've gotten out
of it-- if you weren't running
around like a chicken with his head
cut off--

CROWLEY

(heating fast)

You think I can't get you to tell
me?

KEVIN

I know you can't. And you do too.
And if you try to break me, and
fail-- that demon horde out there,
they'll see how weak you really
are...

It's been a long time since Crowley's taken this kind of
shit. And he HATES IT. He starts trembling with rage.

CROWLEY

You know what? I've already won!
I have the Angel Tablet, you little
smudge. I've got plans and deals
up the jacksey! AND I DON'T.

He grabs Kevin by the throat, snarling, demonic, the hatred
of centuries unleashed like a laser at Kevin.

CROWLEY

NEED. YOU!!!

(CONTINUED)

He squeezes, CRUSHING KEVIN'S THROAT, not noticing the tension relaxing from Kevin's face as he gets what he wanted-- freedom.

Then a beat of hideous, snarling Crowley, growling as he strangles, a thin rope of drool hanging from his lip, UNTIL--

The EARTH UNDER HIM RUMBLES, the walls of the ersatz boat SHUDDER. And Kevin's eyes, mouth, nostrils FLARE WITH WHITE LIGHT.

KEVIN DISAPPEARS IN A WHITE PHOSPHORUS FIREWORK which SLAMS CROWLEY into the back wall of the boat. He clutches a BURNT FACE with SHREDDED HANDS, HOWLING--

BLACKOUT.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

44 INT. METATRON'S SUITE - DAY 44

ON KEVIN-- eyes closed, in Metatron's armchair, his throat PURPLED and CRUSHED by Crowley's hateful grip. Metatron's hand touches his brow. There is a slight RUMBLE OF POWER, and Kevin's WOUNDS HEAL [VFX]. But Kevin remains unconscious.

DEAN

That's it? He's good?

METATRON

Give him a minute.

Metatron walks off, looking troubled. Dean shares a look with Sam, moves to follow.

45 INT. TWO RIVERS HOTEL - METATRON'S SUITE - KITCHEN 45

Further in, the kitchen, though cluttered with reading material, is open enough to stand in-- the windows look out on the MOUNTAINS BEYOND. Metatron stands there, looking out.

DEAN

How did you get past Crowley's Angel Warding?

METATRON

I'm the Scribe of God. I erased it.

DEAN

So you saw... I mean, you're caught up now, on what's been going down. On the crap your brethren has been doing to humanity all this time.

METATRON

I saved the boy, didn't I?

DEAN

But are you in? With us, I mean.

METATRON

Kevin will stay here, until such time as his enemies are dealt with. And so will I...

(turns to Dean)

You really intend on closing the doors of Hell?

DEAN

Seems like the thing to do, don't it?

(CONTINUED)

METATRON

It's your choice. That's what all of this has been about. About the choices your kind will make.

(then)

Now you must weigh that choice. Ask yourself, what is it to do this thing... What will the world be, after it is done?

On Dean, as this sinks in...

SAM (O.S.)

Dean...

ON KEVIN AND SAM. As Kevin stirs, inhaling with a startle. He sits up as Dean enters-- the brothers are so happy to see him alive, they can hardly stifle their emotion.

DEAN

Kevin... Man, we thought we lost you.

Kevin cracks a small, tired smile. Holds up the half-tablet, still in his grip.

KEVIN

I'm good. Other half of the tablet. And... I've got it.

(then)

The Third Trial. I didn't tell Crowley.

The boys stare at him, stunned.

SAM

What is it?

METATRON (O.S.)

Cure a demon.

All look at Metatron. He still stares off, not quite wanting to be a part of this yet.

KEVIN

(confused)

Yeah... Who are you?

The Impala barrels down an old highway.

47 INT. IMPALA - NIGHT - PMP 47

Dean drives. A beat, then he turns to Sam, who looks more clear-eyed, less clammy.

DEAN

Cure a demon. Okay. Ignoring the fact that I have no idea what that actually means, we do this... you get better, right?

(then)

You know, quit trying to cough up a lung, bumping into the furniture--

SAM

I feel better, yeah... Just having a direction to move in--

DEAN

Good, cause, it don't sound like we're heading for a picnic.

SAM

Yeah. But we're heading somewhere. The end, Dean.

Dean shrugs, sees something OS, with a start--

48 EXT. SECONDARY ROAD - NIGHT - INTERCUT 48

ON HEADLIGHTS-- approaching fast, CAMERA DROPS DOWN to include a SILHOUETTE, huddled in the middle of the road, directly in the car's path. The car fishtails into SCREECHING SKID.

ON CASS in the road as the headlights wash over him and away.

ANOTHER ANGLE as DUST blows in over him.

Sam and Dean get out of the Impala--

DEAN

Cass-?!

CASTIEL

Could use a little help here.

Cass collapses onto the road, his life blood spilling from his ravaged gut. CAMERA RISES AWAY from him as the guys rush to his aid...

BLACKOUT.

TO BE CONTINUED...