

SUPERNATURAL

Episode #822

"Clip Show"

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REVISION HISTORY

Revision	Date	Revised Pages
Production Draft - White	03/15/13	

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Episode #822

"Clip Show"

CAST LIST

SAM WINCHESTER
DEAN WINCHESTER

JARED PADALECKI
JENSEN ACKLES

ABADDON / JOSIE SANDS
CASTIEL
CROWLEY
JENNY KLEIN
METATRON
SARAH BLAKE
TOMMY COLLINS

ALAINA HUFFMAN
MISHA COLLINS
MARK A. SHEPPARD
CINDY BUSBY

CLERK
JANE
MAN 01
MAN 02
MAX THOMPSON
OLD WOMAN
OLDER SIMON
PETER KENT DEMON
SHELLY
SIMON IANUCCI

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LOCATION REPORTINT.

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SUPERNATURAL
"Clip Show"

TEASER

FADE IN:

1 EXT. CABIN - NIGHT - DAY 1 1

A small CABIN tucked into the trees-- birds trilling, crickets chirping. Nice night. Stock footage, to establish.

SUPER: Lost Creek, Colorado.

2 INT. CABIN - NIGHT 2

TOMMY COLLINS stares out the window. And eagle-eyed viewers will RECOGNIZE TOMMY-- we last saw him way back in episode 102 ("Wendigo"). Tommy's on edge. NERVOUS.

HANDS reach in from behind Tommy, wrapping around him.

SHELLY (O.S.)

I can't believe you finally came up
here with me. *

Tommy glances back, at his GIRLFRIEND-- SHELLY (20's, the outdoorsy type)-- hugging him from behind. Tommy plays cool.

TOMMY

Why wouldn't I? *

The lovebirds are standing in a rustic living room-- homey, a FIRE burning in the hearth. Shelly moves to Tommy's side, one arm around his waist-- looking out the window.

SHELLY

I love this pace, it's like... I
can breathe, you know? *

Tommy gives a nod... but he's clearly UNCOMFORTABLE. Can't take his eyes off the trees. *

SHELLY

Tommy-- you okay?

ON TOMMY. Remembering. FLASH TO--

QUICK SHOTS FROM EPISODE 102: From that episode's TEASER-- Tommy, camping with his friends. The WENDIGO stalking him. Tommy SCREAMING as the monster STRIKES! CUT TO--

(CONTINUED)

TOMMY. Present day. Snapping out of it. Forcing a smile.

TOMMY
Yeah, I-- I'm good.

SHELLY
Naw... you're the best.

TOMMY
(softening, wry)
Well, I wasn't gonna say it, but...

Shelly LAUGHS and leans up-- THEY KISS--

And a GROWL echoes from outside the cabin. Exactly like one we heard in the teaser of 102. Tommy jerks back-- *the fuck?*

TOMMY
Did you hear that?

SHELLY
What?

TOMMY
The growl.

Shelly arches an eyebrow-- *huh?*

SHELLY
No, but... maybe it's a bear!

She says it with a SMILE. Excited. Shelly steps toward the window-- but Tommy doesn't move. Frozen with FEAR. Another GROWL-- louder, CLOSER-- snaps him to REALITY.

TOMMY
Get back! Now!

Shelly turns, to see Tommy SEARCHING his backpack. Frantic.

SHELLY
Baby, what's-- (wrong)

ON TOMMY. Looking up. Grim.

TOMMY
That's not a bear, it's a wendigo.

FLASH TO--

More QUICK SHOTS FROM EPISODE 102: Tommy, bruised and bloody, hanging in the monster's lair. Sam and Dean rescuing him-- setting the wendigo on FIRE. CUT TO--

(CONTINUED)

"Clip Show"
2 CONTINUED: (2)

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2

TOMMY. FREAKED. He motions to a back room--

TOMMY
Get in the bedroom! Hide!

SHELLY
Tommy-- I don't hear anything.

But Tommy ignores that-- finds what he's looking for: a small CHEF'S BLOWTORCH. Shelly's eyes pop wide.

SHELLY
What are you doing?!

Tommy turns-- and sparks the torch to LIFE. A HERO MOMENT!

TOMMY
I'm gonna light its ugly ass on
fire.

ON TOMMY as he moves for the door, then--the GROWL flares again. Even LOUDER. A sonic assault, that makes Tommy STAGGER. BLOOD dripping from his EARS. CUT TO--

SHELLY. From her POV. There's NO GROWL (ONLY TOMMY CAN HEAR IT-- THE SOUND IS IN HIS HEAD)-- just TOMMY, in AGONY. He falls to his knees, dropping the blowtorch.

ON TOMMY. The growl thundering. Blood leaks from Tommy's eyes, which are BUGGING OUT-- pressure building up!

TOMMY
What's... happening...?!

ON SHELLY. No growl, just Tommy's shrieks. Holy shit!

SHELLY
Tommy? Tommy?!

ON TOMMY. Pressing his hands to his head. He HOWLS, as the growl gets louder and LOUDER-- building and BUILDING until...

We WHIP TO THE WALL as Tommy's skull EXPLODES (off-screen) with a sickening POP-- spraying blood and gore.

Tommy's HEADLESS CORPSE falls to the ground at Shelly's feet, and HER SCREAMS take us to--

BLACKOUT.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

3 INT. MEN OF LETTERS' BUNKER - MAIN FLOOR - DAY - DAY 2 3

SAM WINCHESTER-- deep in research mode-- sits at a TABLE piled high with LORE BOOKS and FILES. Sam closes the file he was reading, pushes it aside, and rubs his eyes, as--

WHAM! DEAN drops another stack of files on the table. Sam STARTS-- looks up. *Fuuuck...*

SAM

Please tell me that's everything?

DEAN

Yeah-- not even close. The Men of Letters kept files on every demonic possession for the last three hundred years.

(tapping the files)

This is Borden, Lizzy, through Crane, Ichabod.

Sam sighs, and reaches for another file... but FUMBLES IT-- hands shaking-- papers hit the ground. Sam moves to get them, Dean stops him.

DEAN

I got it.

(picking up the paper)

How you doin', Sammy?

SAM

Honestly? My whole body hurts, I'm starving and nauseous at the same time, and everything smells like rotting meat.

DEAN

I've had that hangover. Jäger, man...

He forces a smile, hands the file back to Sam.

DEAN

You should take a break, get some air.

But Sam just shakes his head, opens the file. Determined.

SAM

Dean, the only thing that's gonna make me feel better, is finishing this.

(CONTINUED)

Dean gives him a long look-- but nods. *Understands...*

DEAN

Okay. I'll grab us some eats--
gotta keep your strength up.

He turns to go, and Sam opens the file and scans it, as CASTIEL enters from the BACK HALL.

CASTIEL

Good morning.

But Dean doesn't say a word, just BUMPS past the angel and EXITS. Awkward. Cass gathers himself, scanning the room as Sam sets the file he was reading aside. Digs into another.

CASTIEL

I like this bunker. It's orderly.

SAM

Give us a few months. Dean wants to
get a ping-pong table.

CASTIEL

I've heard of that game. It's the
one where you ping a pong.

Sam chuckles-- looks up from his file.

SAM

Cass, last night, how'd you track us
down?

CASTIEL

I carved the Enochian warding symbols
onto your ribs. Unless you're in a
place like this-- a place that's
protected-- I can find you.

ON SAM. Fair enough. Castiel moves to him... and puts a
foot wrong. He WINCES, pressing a hand to his wounded belly.

SAM

You okay?

CASTIEL

My wound isn't healing as quickly as
I'd hoped, but I'm getting better.
(then, studying Sam)
And you're getting worse.

ON SAM. The angel's not wrong. He grabs ANOTHER FILE--

(CONTINUED)

SAM
Two Trials down, one to go.

CASTIEL
And the final test-- you know what
it is?

SAM
I have to cure a demon.

CASTIEL
Of what?

SAM
Kinda what we're trying to figure
out.

He nods to the FILES, as DEAN enters; carrying a plate, and a
longneck.

DEAN
Soup's on.

He slides the food in front of Sam, who looks down at it--

SAM
Half a beer, a chunk of jerky and
three peanut butter cups?

*
*

DEAN
We're low on grub, I'll make a run.

CASTIEL
I can go with you.

But once again, Dean ignores Cass-- heads for the door. Cass
watches him go, takes a deep breath--

CASTIEL
Dean, I'm sorry.

Dean stops. Doesn't look back.

DEAN
For what?

CASTIEL
For... everything.

DEAN
(turning back, pissed)
Everything? You mean like ignoring
us?

(CONTINUED)

CASTIEL

Yes.

DEAN

Like bolting with the Angel Tablet-- then losing it-- 'cause you didn't trust me? Me, Cass! The one guy that's always had your back.

CASTIEL

...yes.

DEAN

No. Not good enough. Not this time. So you can take your sorry, and cram it up your ass.

ON CASS. Hurt.

CASTIEL

I... I thought I was doing the right thing.

DEAN

(fuck you)
Yeah. You always do.

That hits Cass like a PUNCH. They share a strained beat, then-- SAM clears his throat, changes the subject.

SAM

Have we got a room 7B?

4

INT. MEN OF LETTERS' BUNKER - ROOM 7B - DAY

4

DARK, then-- the DOOR swings open, letting in a shaft of light... which illuminates STACKS OF BOXES and shelves of large FILE ENVELOPES, all labeled ("Case 1023", etc...).

SAM and DEAN enter. Dean tries the light switch-- nothing-- so they fire up FLASHLIGHTS.

SAM

Dude, go easy on Cass. He's one of the good guys.

ON DEAN. He knows Sam's right, but--

DEAN

Sam, if anybody else-- anybody-- had pulled this crap? I'd stab 'em in the neck on principle. So why the Hell should I give him a free pass?

(CONTINUED)

SAM
Because... it's Cass.

But Dean's done talking about this.

DEAN
What are we chasing down here?

Sam sighs, back on task--

SAM
Anything on Case 1138. It was a
Class 5 Infernal Event in St. Louis--
March 8th, 1957.

DEAN
A "Class 5 Infernal Event"?

SAM
The Letters had a whole rating
system. *The Exorcist* would have
been a Class 2.

DEAN
Okay... what made this puppet show
so special?

SAM
It was weird.

DEAN
How?

SAM
No clue. One of the files just had
a note about room 7B written in the
margin, then the word "weird" with
three exclamation points.

DEAN
Good times...

The boys SPLIT UP. Dean heads RIGHT-- and sees a METALLIC
GLINT peaking from under a box. He bends down, looking close--

WITH SAM. Scanning the shelves. His light falling on an
envelope marked "Case 1138". Sam grabs it.

DEAN (O.S.)
Sammy-- over here.

Sam moves to Dean-- who has cleared a few boxes away,
revealing part of a STEEL DEVIL'S TRAP inlaid in the floor.

(CONTINUED)

SAM

Is that a Devil's Trap?

DEAN

Yeah. Must cover half the room,
and check it--

He moves his light, to illuminate a set of CHAINS hanging
from the wall. Shackles.

DEAN

Chains, etched with spellwork.

SAM

So... we've got a dungeon.

DEAN

Finally.

And he can't help but SMILE. Sam shoots Dean a "really?"
look, and Dean collects himself. Nods to the envelope.

DEAN

What's in there?

Sam pops it-- and pulls out a REEL OF FILM. Huh...

SAM

Movie night?

5

INT. MEN OF LETTERS' BUNKER - MAIN FLOOR - DAY

5

CASTIEL enters, carrying a BOWL OF POPCORN. He crosses to a
table, where DEAN sits-- watching SAM thread the film through
a vintage projector, aimed at a MOBILE SCREEN. Cass takes a
seat, offers the snack to Dean.

CASTIEL

I believe popped corn is customary.

He SMILES, but Dean just shoots him an ICY look, as--

Sam flips a switch on the projector, and it FLARES to life.
WE PUSH IN as it counts down (4-3-2-1), then CUT TO--

6

INT. RECTORY - NIGHT (16MM)

6

A grainy, black and white image. We're seeing this through a
SINGLE CAMERA POV. Handheld. 16mm. Documentary style.

The room's all wood paneling, leather furniture, and lace
curtains. A YOUNG PRIEST-- SIMON IANUCCI (20's)-- sits,
smoking a cigarette. He's on edge. Distracted.

(CONTINUED)

6 CONTINUED:

6

An OFF-SCREEN VOICE chimes in, and we recognize the person working the camera: JOSIE SANDS. The Men of Letters trainee ABADDON POSSESSED in episode 812 ("As Time Goes By").

JOSIE (O.S.)
Simon? We're filming.

Simon turns, flashes a nervous smile to the camera.

SIMON
Hello, world.

JOSIE (O.S.)
What can you tell us about the ritual we're going to see? This new type of exorcism? How does it work?

Then, another voice from OFF-SCREEN. A YELL--

MAX (O.S.)
Simon! Come!

Simon exhales... stubs out his smoke. Deep breath.

SIMON
I don't know. It's my first time.

He rises, crosses the room-- CAMERA FOLLOWING-- it passes a MIRROR and we get a glimpse of: JOSIE SANDS.

7

INT. MEN OF LETTERS' BUNKER - MAIN FLOOR - DAY

7

Sam and Dean trade a look. They know that girl.

SAM
Is that... Abaddon?

DEAN
Not killy enough. Must be the chick she possessed.

8

INT. RECTORY - NIGHT (16MM)

8

WITH SIMON, as he opens a door to see DARKNESS... and hear SCREAMING. Deep and GUTTURAL. Creepy! Simon takes a beat, fingering his ROSARY, then steps into the BLACK...

And the CAMERA follows him DOWN into the BASEMENT. Screams getting LOUDER-- howls of pain and ANGER. Simon turns--

And the camera finds an OLDER PRIEST-- MAX (50's)-- standing in front of an OLD WOMAN (60's, wearing a ragged house dress) who has been SHACKLED to the floor-- a chain around her neck.

(CONTINUED)

"Clip Show"
8 CONTINUED:

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8

MAX

Hurry! We must do it now!

He crosses to a TABLE filled with occult paraphernalia--
strange vials, leather-bound books.

OLD WOMAN

Dead! They're all dead!

The camera ZOOMS IN-- and her EYES FLASH BLACK! DEMON!

OLD WOMAN

Everyone you ever loved-- they'll
die screaming!

The thing JERKS against its bonds-- teeth GNASHING-- CUT TO--

9

INT. MEN OF LETTERS' BUNKER - MAIN FLOOR - DAY

9

CASTIEL holding a piece of popcorn in front of his mouth.
Transfixed. Just like Sam and Dean.

SAM

That chain looks exactly like the
ones in our dungeon.

CASTIEL

Your what?

DEAN

Demon on a leash, cool.

10

INT. RECTORY - BASEMENT - NIGHT (16MM)

10

Then we're BACK IN THE MOVIE, as the camera finds Simon--
he's gone PALE. Max enters, holding a vial of HOLY WATER.

PSH! He hits the demon with a splash of Jesus Juice. The
demon SHRIEKS and SMOKES, as Max starts our LATIN EXORCISM.
After a beat, Simon joins in:

MAX & SIMON

*Exorcizamus te, omnis immundus
spiritus...*

The old woman WRITHES-- trying to rip free... then--

Max raises a KNIFE-- SHK! And cuts open his hand, a shallow
slice-- drawing BLOOD. The priests keep chanting--

MAX & SIMON

Hanc animam redintegra, lustra!

(CONTINUED)

The old woman strains against her bonds-- WHAM! And the camera zooms in, as Max presses his BLOODY HAND TO HER MOUTH!

MAX

Abulo!

BAM! Light-- like FIRE-- fills the room-- the camera DROPS, hitting the ground. It films floor for a beat, then---

JOSIE picks it up. The camera finds THE WOMAN splayed on the ground. Eyes normal, a FIST-SIZED HOLE blown in her chest.

JOSIE (O.S.)

She's dead!

The camera whips past SIMON-- crossing himself, saying a fevered PRAYER-- to find MAX. Hunched over. Coughing.

JOSIE (O.S.)

Where's the demon?

Max glares up at her-- frustrated and ANGRY.

MAX

Stop filming!

JOSIE (O.S.)

What happened?!

Then Max is on her, RIPPING the camera from Josie's hands--

MAX

Stop--

And the film sputters out. MOVIE'S OVER.

DEAN

So... that was weird, three exclamation points.

SAM

That wasn't a normal exorcism. They changed the words.

CASTIEL

Yes. I believe "abulo" is Latin for wash, cleanse.

DEAN

Right, 'cause that was the most freaky part. The vocabulary.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

DEAN (CONT'D)

How 'bout the bloody high five?

The friggin' chestburster?

(then)

We got anything else on this flick?

Director's commentary? A sequel?

Sam flips through the "Case 1138" file--

SAM

The older priest, Max Thompson, bit
dust in '58, but...

(consulting his laptop)

The younger guy's still alive-- and
still in St. Louis.

DEAN

Think this weird is worth the drive?

Sam NODS to the FILES on the table.

SAM

Dean, everything in those files--
the possessions, the deals-- we've
seen it before. But that-- that was
new. So yeah, it's worth the drive.

DEAN

(a nod, fair enough)

Alright. Let's roll.

They move for the door, Cass starts to follow-- wincing a
bit. Dean notices.

DEAN

Not you. You're on the DL.

CASTIEL

But Sam's more damaged than I am.

DEAN

Yeah, well even banged up, Sammy
comes through.

Sam REACTS to that, surprised by the compliment.

CASTIEL

Dean, I just want to help-- (you)

DEAN

--We don't need your help, Cass.
Okay? Just... get better.

He heads for the door. OFF CASS'S HURT-- CUT TO--

12 EXT. RECTORY - NIGHT 12

The IMPALA pulls up to a quaint CHURCH RECTORY. Our boys exit.

13 INT. RECTORY - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 13

FATHER SIMON IANUCCI, now in his 70's, sits in the room we saw in the movie. Now live, and in living color. Sam and Dean, sit across from him.

OLDER SIMON

You're Men of Letters?

SAM

Yes, sir.

DEAN

We're legacies.

Simon absorbs that, nods...

OLDER SIMON

It's been a long time since I heard that name.

SAM

We're here talk about March 8th, 1957. We know the Letters were filming you that night, we're just not sure what they were filming.

DEAN

It started out as an exorcism, then you and your pal went off script.

Simon goes COLD at that. Haunted.

OLDER SIMON

My "pal", Father Thompson, was an exorcist, sanctioned by the Vatican.

DEAN

That's a thing?

OLDER SIMON

Has been for about two thousand years. But Father Thompson had... unorthodox ideas, that's why the Men of Letters were interested.

SAM

Unorthodox like...?

OLDER SIMON

He thought demons could be saved.

(CONTINUED)

SAM

What do you mean saved?

OLDER SIMON

Demons are human souls that have been twisted-- corrupted by their time in Hell. Father Thompson believed that you could wash that taint away... restore their humanity.

DEAN

And then what? They stay in whatever poor schmuck they were possessing? Get a ticket upstairs?

OLDER SIMON

I wish I knew.

Dean frowns-- not a fan of that. Sam leans in.

SAM

But this ritual can cure a demon?

OLDER SIMON

I suppose, if it worked. That night... something went wrong. The demon was released into the world, and that old woman, she-- it was horrible. I know Father Thompson kept trying-- other possessions, other experiments-- but I couldn't face that, not again. And then, a few months later... he was dead.

DEAN

How'd that happen?

OLDER SIMON

Something... tore him apart.
(then, haunted)
Father Thompson was one of the strongest men I've ever known, but... there are things in Hell more powerful than any man.

Sam and Dean trade a dark look-- *dude's not wrong...*

SAM

Did he keep records-- journals-- anything?

As he says it, Sam starts to COUGH. He puts a hand to his mouth... and it comes away bloody. Sam reacts-- WORRIED.

(CONTINUED)

SAM
Sorry-- bathroom?

Simon points to a back door, and Sam EXITS-- still coughing.

OLDER SIMON
Is he alright?

DEAN
No, padre, kid's pretty damn far from
alright. That's why we're here.

OLDER SIMON
I don't understand.

DEAN
The short version? Sam's gonna take
whatever shredded your friend, and
every other black-eyed bitch out
there, and get rid of 'em. For
good.

OLDER SIMON
He... how? You'll forgive me, but
in his condition...

DEAN
Father, the last couple of months,
I've watched my brother do crap I
didn't think was possible-- and
yeah, he's miserable, and hurting,
and you know what? There's not a
doubt in my mind that Sam's gonna
cross that finish line. Not one.
(then, to business)
So can you help us?

SIMON
(a beat, then a nod)
I'll get Father Thompson's things.

14 INT. GAS 'N SIP - NIGHT

14

DING! Doors open and CASTIEL steps in. The pimply CLERK
(18) looks up, watching Cass grab a basket, and walk past a
pyramidal STACK OF CHILI CANS on display. Two for a dollar.

We watch Cass SHOP in a series of QUICK VINGETTES--

A) Cass walks the aisles, grabbing jerky, toilet paper, the
latest *Busty Asian Beauties*-- the essentials.

(CONTINUED)

B) Cass pulls a SIX PACK of BEER from the cooler, drops it in his basket, then walks away-- leaving the door open. A beat, then the CLERK steps into frame, and closes it. ANNOYED.

CLERK

Dude.

C) Cass holds an OPEN CARTON OF EGGS. He picks one up, studying it-- squeezing just a little to hard... POP! And it EXPLODES in his hand. WIDEN to see the CLERK, jaw dropped.

CLERK

Dude!

D) Cass reaches for a CAN OF CHILI in the stack... and plucks it out no problem. *Whew!* Cass turns-- BAM! And runs into a rack of CHIPS, knocking it to the ground. The CLERK just stares-- *are you fucking serious?!*

CLERK

Dude!!

CASTIEL

I... I have money.

E) Cass stands at the REGISTER with his purchases, and pulls out a WAD OF CASH-- drops it on the counter. The clerk looks up-- *really?*

CASTIEL

And can I get some pie?

CLERK

Think we're out.

ON CASS. SHIT! He GRABS the clerk's shirt, pulls him halfway over the counter.

CASTIEL

You don't understand. I need pie!

METATRON (O.S.)

Put the virgin down, Castiel.

Cass turns-- to see METATRON standing behind him.

METATRON

We need to talk.

BLACKOUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

15 EXT. GAS 'N SIP - NIGHT

15

CASTIEL-- carrying his bags-- and METATRON walk-and-talk.

CASTIEL

You're Metatron? The Metatron?

Metatron STOPS-- glancing around. PARANOID.

METATRON

In public, I'm Marv. And you're Castiel-- Kevin Tran told me about you.

CASTIEL

He did?

METATRON

According to him, you and I have a lot in common: we're both free thinkers, and we're both on Heaven's Most Wanted list. So, I thought we could socialize. Maybe grab a bite.

CASTIEL

You-- what?

METATRON

Look, I've been... on sabbatical, and I'm still playing catch up, but I need to talk to someone about what's going on back home.

CASTIEL

Home-- you mean Heaven?

METATRON

Right. I've taken a look around-- crawled through a few divine nooks and crannies-- and from what I can see? With the archangels gone, it's a mess up there. Open warfare.

CASTIEL

I thought Naomi ran things now.

METATRON

Is that what she told you?
(then, laying it out)
Naomi's a player, don't get me wrong, but she's one of many.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

METATRON (CONT'D)

There are factions on top of factions, all fighting-- betraying each other. Most Reapers are in open revolt, and the cupids... ugh. You don't even want to know what they're doing...

(darkening)

Me and the Holy Host? We've had our problems, but this-- it's just a matter of time before they rip each other apart. It's all... broken.

ON CASS. That hits home.

CASTIEL

I know... I broke it.

(off Metatron's look)

There was a time when I thought I could lead our people, but I was... misguided. I spilled so much blood...

FLASH TO--

QUICK SHOTS FROM EPISODE 701: Cass stands among bodies of DEAD ANGELS. Shadow wings burned into the ground. CUT TO--

CASS. Remembering. Haunted.

CASTIEL

I've tried to atone for my sins, I did penance-- I betrayed my friends to keep our secrets safe, but... I failed. And now-- (I)

METATRON

(understanding)

I know. But now angels-- Heaven-- they need someone to come to the rescue. They need us.

CASTIEL

Us?

METATRON

This isn't a problem that can be solved from within. It'll take new ideas-- outsiders, like you and me.

(a smile)

Picture it: we ride in and save the day. It'll make a great story.

CASTIEL

Outsiders-- you mean outcasts.

(CONTINUED)

METATRON

Semantics. Look, angels are one big dysfunctional family. We need to lock everyone in a room, until we can work out our problems. All the factions, you, me...

CASTIEL

Like a... family meeting.

METATRON

Exactly. Which is why we need to shut down Heaven.

CASTIEL

What?

METATRON

Do you like crepes? Eugenie's in Ojai makes great caramel apple crepes.

*

ON CASS. *Huh?* Then-- a WING FLAP. And when we WIDEN-- METATRON is GONE. Cass glances around... the Hell?

CASTIEL

Metatron? Mary?

INT. MEN OF LETTERS' BUNKER - MAIN FLOOR - DAY - DAY 3 16

DEAN unpacks a BOX (labeled: "M. THOMPSON")-- pulling out notebooks, old school reels of AUDIO TAPE. Sam ENTERS.

SAM

I can't find Cass-- you think he blew town?

DEAN

Sounds like him.

Sam frowns, but moves past that. Dean opens a book filled with CRAMPED WRITING, as Sam shuffles through the TAPES.

SAM

Looks like Father Thompson taped all his "demon cure" test runs. (picking one up) This is the last one-- from two days before he died.

DEAN

Cool, let's crank up the jams.

TIME CUT TO:

17 INT. MEN OF LETTERS' BUNKER - MAIN FLOOR - DAY 17

Later. Sam and Dean sit in front of a vintage REEL-TO-REEL TAPE PLAYER. Sam has one of the composition books open in front of him. Dean hits PLAY--

MAX (O.S.)

The date is August 3rd, 1958. This is trial nineteen, hour one...

As he speaks, we PUSH IN on the player, and MATCH CUT TO--

18 INT. RECTORY - BASEMENT - NIGHT (FLASHBACK) 18

ANOTHER REEL-TO-REEL, this one RECORDING. We're in a SEPIA-TONED FLASHBACK.

WIDEN. To find FATHER MAX THOMPSON, standing in front of a MIC on the table-- hooked to the reel-to-reel by a long cord.

MAX

...and my subject is Peter Kent.

He turns, and we REVEAL: PETER (30's), kneeling behind him. Chained to the floor like the woman earlier, an IRON SHAME MASK-- shaped like a GRINNING DEMON-- clamped over his skull.

Max moves to the man, and UNFASTENS his mask-- still talking.

MAX

Mr. Kent is the father of two young sons-- and three weeks ago, he was possessed by a demon.

The mask falls off, and the man, PETER, jolts to life-- EYES BLACK!-- snarling. He JERKS against the chain--

MAX

I'm going to ask you a question now, and I want you to answer as honestly as possible.

In response-- the demon SPITS in Max's face. The priest wipes it off, then leans in. Calm. Clinical.

MAX

When you crawled into Mr. Kent, and ate his children, how did it feel?

ON THE DEMON. Big, shit-eating smirk..

DEMON

Orgasmic.

(CONTINUED)

Max nods, then pulls a SYRINGE OF BLOOD from his pocket-- and JAMS it into the demon's NECK!

The thing ROARS, and Max yanks the needle out. Steps back.

MAX

The first dose has been administered.

Max moves to the recorder, hits PAUSE, and we CUT TO--

SAM and DEAN as the tape flares with STATIC--

DEAN

What was the padre doping #1 Dad up with?

Sam consults the COMPOSITION BOOK.

SAM

His own purified human blood.

DEAN

Awesome. Purified how?

SAM

Before he started, Father Thompson went to confession.

Dean nods-- okay-- and A VOICE speaks from the reel-to-reel.

MAX (O.S.)

This is trial nineteen, hour two.

CLOSE ON: The REEL-TO-REEL. Recording again. CUT TO-- MAX. Standing in front of the DEMON, who GLARES UP.

MAX

When you ate his children, how did it feel?

DEMON

Stringy.

BAM! Max injects another SYRINGE OF BLOOD. The demon HOWLS--

MAX

A second dose has been administered.

(CONTINUED)

"Clip Show"
20 CONTINUED:

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20

And we start a SERIES OF TIME LAPSE SHOTS in jagged CUTS:
START ON: THE REEL-TO-REEL, spinning away--

MAX (O.S.)
Hour five...

ON MAX, asking the question--

MAX
When you ate his children...

ON THE DEMON, wavering, just a bit--

DEMON
Kiss my ass...

ON A SYRINGE, as it stabs into the demon's neck-- ON MAX--

MAX
...how did it feel?

ON THE DEMON, SCREAMING-- ON A SYRINGE, injecting--

MAX (O.S.)
The seventh dose has been
administered.

ON MAX--

MAX
How did it feel?

ON THE DEMON, woozy, sweating--

DEMON
Stop...

ON THE REEL-TO-REEL-- ON MAX--

MAX
How--

ON THE DEMON--

DEMON
Please...

ON A SYRINGE, piercing skin-- ON MAX--

MAX
Did it--

ON THE DEMON, head bowed, weak--

(CONTINUED)

ON ANOTHER NEEDLE, sinking into flesh-- ON MAX--

MAX

Feel?

ON THE DEMON, he JERKS his head up, PLEADING--

DEMON

Stop!

And we watch as his BLACK EYES CLEAR. First the left, then the right. The creature is breathing hard. EXHAUSTED. Max checks his watch.

MAX

Hour fifteen. The subject is prepped.

The demon barely hears that, shaking, spent, then-- a splash of HOLY WATER hits him-- BURNING. The demon lets out a choked SOB-- racked with PAIN-- as MAX slices open his hand, reciting the NEW EXORCISM--

MAX

Exorcizamus te, omnis immundus spiritus. Hanc animam redintegra, lustra! Abulo!

Then Max SLAPS his wounded palm over the demon's mouth! BOOM! The room is FILLS with a FIERY LIGHT, then--

We're on the DEMON... as it starts to CRY. Tears rolling down his cheeks. Max closes in, asks again--

MAX

When you ate his children, how did it feel?

DEMON

They... were screaming and I... laughed... why did I laugh?
(then, wracked with guilt)
I'm sorry... I'm so sorry...

Then-- Max pulls the man close, EMBRACING HIM. Like a long lost brother.

DEMON

God... I was a monster...

MAX

But now you're a man again-- you've been saved.

21 INT. MEN OF LETTERS' BUNKER - MAIN FLOOR - DAY 21

The REEL-TO-REEL stops. Sam looks up-- *holy shit!*

SAM

Did he just cure a demon?

DEAN

Maybe. Can we take this hoodoo for a test drive?

SAM

(re: the composition book)
I've got the exorcism here-- we just need the blood, consecrated ground and a demon. So we summon one, trap it-- (and then)

*
*

ON DEAN. Getting an IDEA.

DEAN

Or we use one we already got tagged.

(off Sam's look)

We still have that old Army field surgeon's kit? The one Dad bought?

*
*
*
*

SAM

In the trunk-- why?

DEAN

'Cause I think it's time to put Humpty Dumpty back together again.

22 EXT. CAFE - DAY 22

"Eugenie's". A little bistro, on a tree-lined street. METATRON sits alone at an outside table, reading the paper. He turns the page, and we WIDEN-- hearing a WING FLAP-- and CASTIEL now sits across from him.

*

CASTIEL

Why did you leave?

METATRON

Because I can't have this conversation on an empty stomach.

Castiel's about to respond, when a waitress, JANE (20's, peppy) arrives-- slides Marv a plate of CARAMEL APPLE CREPES.

Marv grins-- *nice!* Jane turns to Cass, likes what she sees.

(CONTINUED)

JANE
Can I get you anything?

CASTIEL
Coffee, please.

JANE
Sure. Cool coat.

CASTIEL
No, it's quite warm.

Jane shoots him a FLIRTY SMILE-- thinks he's JOKING--

JANE
Cute and funny. Okay...

She gives Cass one last look-- moves away. Metatron frowns.

METATRON
I should have picked a better
looking vessel.

Cass gets him back on track.

CASTIEL
What do you mean we can "shut down
Heaven?"

METATRON
Oh, you know, the Trials. God's
little "Pull In Case Of Emergency".
Leviathans get out of control, you
send them to Purgatory. The demons
are too... demonic, you toss them
in Hell. And if the angels get too
uppity, you slam the Pearly Gates.

Cass takes a beat, processing that.

CASTIEL
You know the Trials to close
Heaven?

METATRON
I wrote them down, that's not the
sort of thing you forget.
(then)
Look, I think a little alone time
would do angels some good.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

METATRON (CONT'D)

At the very least it would keep the fighting up there from spilling over down here. Which will happen, always does.

CASTIEL

So you're going to complete these tests?

ON METATRON. His face falls.

METATRON

Oh, no... I, uh, can't.
(with self-loathing)
I'm a pencil pusher, always have been. I'm not strong enough. But you, you're a warrior. I've got the plan, you've got the muscle-- we can do this.

He leans in. Totally sincere.

METATRON

Heaven needs your help, Castiel.

Cass takes a beat. This is a BIG MOMENT. Then--

CASTIEL

I caused these problems, I should be the one to fix them.

METATRON

I hoped you'd say that... but you have to understand, this-- it won't be easy.

CASTIEL

I understand.

METATRON

No. You don't. See our waitress?

He nods to Jane. Cass turns, sees her LAUGH with co-workers.

METATRON

She's the First Trial. You have to cut out her heart.

ON CASS. He turns back-- *holy shit!*

CASTIEL

But... she's just a girl.

(CONTINUED)

METATRON

No, she's nephilim. An abomination.

CASTIEL

The offspring of an angel and a human? I thought that wasn't allowed.

METATRON

It's not. Right now, there's one on Earth-- and you're looking at her.

ON CASS. Struggling with that.

CASTIEL

But-- the girl didn't choose to be nephilim. She's innocent.

METATRON

Yes. She is. I told you this wouldn't be easy. But if you want to do this, Castiel-- if you really want to do it-- you have to ask yourself: What's more important, her life? Or your family?

OFF CASS-- good question-- CUT TO--

Dozes of BOXES lay on the ground, all shapes and sizes. We pan across to find... SAM and DEAN. Sam unzips a SURGICAL KIT-- scalpels, bandages, needles and thread-- turns to Dean--

SAM

You really think this'll work?

DEAN

Please, we got needles, thread, and we've seen Young Frankenstein like a thousand times. We're golden.

He picks up a box, sliding it open to reveal the severed head of-- ABADDON! Our time-traveling Knight of Hell from episode 812 ("As Time Goes By"). Both guys grimace.

SAM

This is gonna be disgusting.

BLACKOUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

24 INT. JENNY'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - DAY

24

CLOSE ON: AN OVEN-- as its timer GOES OFF. DING!

SUPER: Prosperity, Indiana.

We're in JENNY KLEIN'S APARTMENT from episode 705. The oven opens and mitts remove a TRAY OF CUPCAKES as we-- REVEAL THE BAKER: JENNY KLEIN from Episode 705 ("Shut Up, Dr. Phil"). And she looks NERVOUS.

Jenny sets down the tray, pulls off the oven mitts. With shaky hands, she takes a cupcake, whispers a soft mantra--

JENNY KLEIN

There are no hearts in your
cupcakes, Jenny Klein. There are
no hearts in your cupcakes...

FLASH TO--

QUICK SHOTS FROM EPISODE 705: Jenny biting into a cupcake stuffed with a tiny, beating HEART. Blood streaming from her mouth. Sam and Dean saving her. CUT TO--

JENNY. Present day. She closes her eyes, exhales... takes a bite. Her eyes pop open, she nearly cries with relief--

JENNY KLEIN

There are no friggin' hearts in
your cupcakes, Jenny Klein!

A smile, and then-- THE OVEN DOOR FLINGS OPEN! Jenny jerks back-- this can't be happening! Oh, but it is. Jenny's suddenly, SUPERNATURALLY, FLUNG forward-- shoved HEAD-FIRST INTO THE OVEN!

INSIDE THE OVEN: Jenny SCREAMS as the interior oven coils FLARE BRIGHT ORANGE-- and Jenny Klein starts to BURN!

25 INT. BARN - DAY

25

CLOSE ON: ABADDON'S HEAD. WIDEN-- as SAM finishes STITCHING the noggin to the top of Abaddon's NECK, then steps back.

Abaddon sits in a chair (and we only see her from the ELBOWS up), she's a patchwork of sewn-on body parts-- still wearing her clothes from 812. EMPTY BOXES dot the ground around her.

A beat, then-- ABADDON'S BLACK EYES SLIDE OPEN! She yawns, stretches her neck. Relaxed. In control.

(CONTINUED)

ABADDON

Morning, sunshines.

Abaddon's eyes shift to normal. Dean shoots Sam a *toldja*.

DEAN

It worked. You owe me a beer.

ABADDON

And I owe you both... so, so much.

(then, to Dean)

I can't wait to tear out those
pretty green eyes.

SAM

Good luck with that.

WIDEN-- to see Abaddon's arms end at her wrists-- she's got
NO HANDS. The boys didn't attach them.

DEAN

We figured kitty didn't need claws.

ABADDON

So I'll stump you to death-- it'll
be swell.

She starts to rise-- but the demon CAN'T MOVE. Abaddon
twists in her seat. STRUGGLING.

SAM

Yeah, not gonna happen. The
bullet, remember?

FLASH TO--

QUICK SHOTS FROM EPISODE 812: HENRY WINCHESTER carving a
Devil's Trap into a bullet-- then firing it into ABADDON'S
SKULL. CUT TO--

ABADDON. Furious. Dean leans in.

DEAN

So you just sit there, like a good
little bitch.

(then, to Sam)

I'll start consecrating the ground,
you get to 'fessing up.

SAM nods, and Abaddon narrows her eyes--

ABADDON

I know this tune.

(CONTINUED)

SAM
Doubt that.

ABADDON
Father Max Thompson. Born October
12th, 1897. Died August 5th, 1958.

Sam and Dean trade a look-- *shit*.

ABADDON
Who do you think ripped that geezer
apart?
(then, smirking)
Word got back to the home office that
Maxie was messing with things he
shouldn't, so we made an example. It
wasn't my most artful kill, but it
was effective. And, bonus, before he
died, Max told me all about...
(re: her body)
...Josie Sands. I found her, rode
her into the Men Of Letters and,
what I did to them? That was art.

SAM
So you know what Max was doing?

ABADDON
Fella screamed the basics, but it
won't work.

She's BLUFFING-- and Dean knows it.

DEAN
Keep telling yourself that.

BRRING! Sam's phone CHIMES. He pulls it out, checks the
number ("666")-- *weird*-- then puts the cell to his ear.

26 INT. SMALL OFFICE - DAY

26

The same grimy legal office, from episode 821. CROWLEY has
his feet on the desk, talking into a BLUETOOTH HEADSET.

CROWLEY
Hello, boy.

27 INT. BARN - DAY

27

SAM
Crowley?

ON ABADDON. She recognizes that name-- scowls.

(CONTINUED)

ABADDON

Crowley? The salesman?

DEAN

Try King Of Hell.

ABADDON

Is that a joke?

And she's legitimately PISSED. Sam EXITS the BARN. Dean follows-- looking over his shoulder at Abaddon.

DEAN

Stay.

Then they're GONE. OFF ABADDON-- SEETHING--

28

EXT. BARN - DAY

28

Sam steps out of the door-- standing next to the IMPALA-- and puts Crowley on SPEAKER as Dean joins him.

SAM

How'd you get this number?

29

INT. SMALL OFFICE - DAY - INTERCUT

29

Crowley smirks.

CROWLEY

Uh-uh, first thing's first... what are you wearing?

DEAN

Hanging up now.

CROWLEY

Fine-- fine. This isn't a social call. I'm just wondering, have you lads been reading the papers? Say, the Denver Times? From yesterday?

Sam and Dean trade a look-- *the Hell?* Dean whips out his own smartphone-- starts looking up the article.

CROWLEY

No? Well you should, it's side-splitting. Or... what the Hell, I'll sext you an address. Take a look, then we'll talk. Ta.

SAM

What? Crowley?!

(CONTINUED)

29

CONTINUED:

29

But the line's GONE DEAD. Sam lowers the phone. Weird.

30

INT. BARN - DAY

30

ON ABADDON. She stares at the camera, pull back to reveal--

A CLOSED SHOEBOX. Sitting on the floor-- Abaddon's got her eyes LOCKED on it. The demon licks her lips... FOCUSING...

And the LID MOVES! A FINGER pops out, opening the box... and HER HAND CRAWLS FREE! Think THING from *The Addams Family*.

ON ABADDON. Concentrating. As the hand SKITTERS across the dirt on its fingertips-- then CLIMBS up her front.

Abaddon opens her mouth wide, the hand slips TWO FINGERS into her mouth, and up through the BULLET HOLE in the top of her palate-- DIGGING AROUND-- then the hand--

YANKS out what's left of the DEVIL TRAP BULLET-- throws it to the ground. ANGLE ON: The SLUG, trap still visible.

The hand clambers onto Abaddon's shoulder as she rises. FREE. INTERCUT THIS WITH--

31

EXT. BARN - DAY

31

CLOSE ON: A SMARTPHONE SCREEN. It shows the DENVER TIMES WEBSITE, and its lead article: "Freak Death in Lost Creek"

WIDEN. As Dean reads the story to Sam.

SAM

The vic was Tommy Collins. Why do I know that name?

SAM

We saved him from a wendigo. Forever ago.

DEAN

And what? You think Crowley blew his head off? Are we dealing with some... demon-wendigo team-up here?

SAM

Yeah... no clue.

Sam's SHAKEN... but Dean just shakes his head, and moves back into the barn. Sam follows.

(CONTINUED)

DEAN

Well, I'll pour one out for Tommy. But as far as Crowley goes? Screw that guy. We got everything we need to put his ass in permanent time out, right...

INT. BARN - DAY

Sam and Dean enters... to see ABADDON has VANISHED.

DEAN

No! No!

He SPRINTS across the room, into the BACK of the BARN. Sam picks up the DEVIL TRAP SLUG. Studying it as DEAN RE-ENTERS.

DEAN

She's gone. She's-- dammit!

Sam rises, showing Dean the Devil Trap bullet.

SAM

Abaddon pulled out the bullet.

DEAN

How?

Sam nods to the EMPTY SHOEBOX. Dean reacts--

DEAN

With her hands? Seriously?

BZZT! Sam's phone chimes. He checks it.

SAM

It's a text from Crowley-- an address, in Prosperity, Indiana.

ANGLE ON: The phone, showing a text that reads "545 Greenleaf St., Prosperity, Indiana." Followed by a DEVIL SMILEY EMOJI.

DEAN

We worked a case there, right? The one with the witches and the baked goods?

(off Sam's nod)

You think Crowley's going after someone there? Like he did Tommy?

*

SAM

I don't know, but we should check it out.

(CONTINUED)

32

CONTINUED:

32

DEAN

What? It's a trap, Sam.

SAM

Probably. But a trap means demons--
and we could use one about now.

33

EXT. JENNY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

33

545 Greenleaf Street. The IMPALA pulls to a stop. Dean takes out the DEMON KNIFE, eyes going to Sam-- who stares at his hand. It's trembling. Just a bit.

DEAN

You good?

Sam curls his hand into a fist. Nods.

SAM

Playing through the pain.

DEAN

Thatta boy.

He passes Sam the blade-- then pulls out a .45, pops its CYLINDER.

ANGLE ON: The BULLETS, each sporting a DEVIL'S TRAP. Dean SNAPS the rounds home, its CLICK! taking us to--

34

INT. JENNY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

34

The door SWINGS OPEN, and Sam and Dean step in. Flashlights in one hand, weapons in the other. READY.

Dean nods toward the kitchen, Sam gives him the thumbs up. Dean moves out, Sam SEARCHES the room. A beat, then--

DEAN (O.S.)

Sam!

35

INT. JENNY'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - DAY

35

SAM enters, to find Dean standing over JENNY KLEIN'S CORPSE. Her head still in the oven. Sam covers his mouth, gagging.

SAM

Is that...?

Dean nods. Hating this. Solemn.

DEAN

You were a great gal, Jenny Klein.

(CONTINUED)

Then-- Sam's PHONE RINGS. Sam checks the number ("666"), puts it on SPEAKER--

SAM

What the Hell are you doing, Crowley?

INT. SMALL OFFICE - NIGHT

Crowley's still at the desk. INTERCUT THE BOYS AND CROWLEY--

CROWLEY

Oh, Moosie, isn't it obvious? I'm killing everyone you've ever saved. The damsels in distress, the innocent whippersnappers, the would-be vampire chow. All of them.

Sam and Dean go cold. Fuck.

DEAN

How do you even know-- (who)

WITH CROWLEY. WIDEN: The desk is covered with CARVER EDLUND BOOKS. Crowley picks up "A Very Supernatural Christmas".

CROWLEY

I have sources, and a cracking research staff. When you boys hit a town, you tend to leave a mess.

(then)

Now, you're probably wondering why I don't have my droogs giving you the bum's rush-- so, let's brass these tacks, shall we? I'm going to gut one person every twelve hours... until you bring me the Demon Tablet, and stop this whole "Trials" nonsense.

SAM

(trying to cover)

We don't have the Tablet, Kevin took it and-- (then)

CROWLEY

I took him-- then someone took him back. Word on the cloud is that it wasn't Heaven, so either the world's cutest little Prophet is with you two lugs-- or you'd better find him toot bloody sweet. 'Cause time? She's a wastin'.

(CONTINUED)

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36 CONTINUED: 36

He tosses the book aside. Sighs.

CROWLEY

And about now you're thinking of ways to stop me. You won't be able to, but you'll try, because that's what you do, you--

(so annoying...)

Try. So, time for a little object lesson: Indianapolis, The Ivy Motel, room 116.

(checks a clock, 11:03PM)

You've got 57 minutes.

He HANGS UP. And off Sam and Dean-- ROCKED-- we CUT TO--

37 EXT. CAFE - NIGHT 37

JANE is alone in the restaurant, CLOSING UP. WIDEN TO-- CASTIEL and METATRON. Across the street. Watching.

METATRON

What's it going to be, Castiel?

ON CASS. Thinking about that for a long beat-- then the ANGEL BLADE slides into his hand. He's made his choice.

38 INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT 38

CLOSE ON: The door, as someone BANGS on it. A WOMAN opens the door to reveal SAM-- WINDED-- and his jaw DROPS.

SAM

Sarah?

Reverse and reveal: SARAH BLAKE, from episode 119 ("Provenance") FLASH TO--

QUICK SHOTS FROM EPISODE 118: Sam and Sarah meet-cute'ing-- on a date-- falling for each other. Sam protecting her from a killer, kiddie-ghost. The two of them KISSING. CUT TO--

SARAH. Just as shocked as Sam.

SARAH

Sam? What are you-- what's going on?

And OFF SAM-- *how does he explain this??*

BLACKOUT.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

39 INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

39

SARAH sits on the edge of the bed. Reeling from what she's just heard. SAM'S next to her.

SARAH

So a demon. Named Crowley. Is going to kill me, in--
(checking the clock 11:44)
Sixteen minutes.

SAM

No. He's not.

A KNOCK at the door. Sam opens it, and DEAN enters-- carrying a DUFFLE BAG, and two FIVE GALLON JUGS OF WATER.

DEAN

Hey, Sarah. Long time. What'cha doing in Indy?

SARAH

I-- I was scouting an estate sale, for my dad.

She's NERVOUS. Dean drops his gear, Sam lays out the plan--

SAM

We're gonna put Devil's Traps on the windows, doors-- everywhere.
(tapping a jug)
We've got Holy Water, an exorcism ready to play on a loop--

He raises his iPhone-- then unzips Dean's duffle, to reveal: spray paint, a half dozen guns, boxes of BULLETS marked with a DEVIL'S TRAP.

SAM

--and anything comes through that door? It's meat.
(trying to calm her)
Look, Sarah, I know this is... insane. But insane's kinda what we do. We'll keep you safe.

ON SARAH. A beat, then a nod.

SARAH

Okay.

(CONTINUED)

DEAN

Okay? That's it?

SARAH

(simply)

You've done it before. Just one thing: can I have a gun?

Dean shrugs-- *why not*-- and hands her a GLOCK--

DEAN

Sure, you know how to use-- (that)

Before he can finish, Sarah's popping the clip and checking the slide. Like a pro. She snaps it back--

SARAH

I go shooting twice a week. Cheaper than therapy.

She moves away. Dean WHISPERS to Sam--

DEAN

You really should'a married that girl.

40

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

40

JANE exits the cafe's SERVICE ENTRANCE, and moves down the DARK ALLEY. Then-- FOOTSTEPS behind. JANE stops. Swallows hard.

JANE

I know what you are.

She turns. CASTIEL and METATRON stand behind her. Jane blinks, and her eyes FLARE SILVER.

JANE

I can see your halos.

METATRON

And we know what you are, abomination.

Jane's eyes shift back to normal. She's SCARED-- fighting back emotion.

JANE

Please, I'm not-- I tried to be nice. I just want to live my life.

ON CASS. That hits home. He HATES THIS.

(CONTINUED)

CASTIEL

I know. And I'm sorry.

Cass ATTACKS, swinging his ANGEL BLADE, and-- BAM! Jane catches his arm in mid-air-- then THROWS CASS a good FIVE FEET. He hits pavement, blade FLYING from his hand.

ON METATRON. Jaw dropped. Oh, shit...

ON JANE. Eyes flashing SILVER. She's not scared anymore.

JANE

You will be.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

CLOSE ON: The CLOCK. 11:58PM.

WIDEN. The room has been COVERED IN DEVIL'S TRAPS. Dozens of them, and counting. DEAN spray paints another on the window, while SAM does the same on the floor.

SARAH stands next to him, fidgeting with her WEDDING RING. Sam clocks that-- frowns.

SAM

That's new.

SARAH

Yeah, I-- His name's Ian. He works search and rescue.

(a smile)

Guess I have a type. Our daughter, Bess, she'll be one next month.

Sam rises. Puts a hand on her arm. Honest with a dash of disappointed. She was the right girl, just the wrong time.

SAM

Sarah, that's... amazing. I'm really... I'm happy for you.

SARAH

Thanks, Sam. I-- thanks.

She turns away, and the two of them share a PREGNANT BEAT. So much to say... but no idea how to say it. Then--

SARAH

What about you?

SAM

Me? I'm pretty much the same.

(CONTINUED)

SARAH

No you're not.

(off Sam's look)

Sam, when I first met you, you had no idea what you were doing. You were spun out, and-- that Sam, he didn't know if he was coming or going. And don't get me wrong, it was cute, but... I like this Sam better.

ON SAM. Absorbing that. Touched.

SARAH

Look, it's been years, and I can't even imagine the things you've been through, but-- I don't know-- you just seem more focused. Confident. Like... you know what you want.

(then, simply)

You grew up, Sam.

She flashes a soft smile, and Sam returns it.

SARAH

I do miss the old haircut though.

The two of them share a LAUGH, and-- the ROOM'S PHONE RINGS. Sam and Dean trade a look-- Dean hits SPEAKER.

DEAN

Crowley?

CROWLEY sits at the desk, counting down.

CROWLEY

5... 4... trios... zwei...

Sam and Dean MOVE. Sam grabs a GUN and heads to the window-- Dean braces himself against the door.

CROWLEY

...uno!

The CLOCK ticks to MIDNIGHT. Our boys and Sarah TENSE-- ready for all Hell to break loose... but NOTHING HAPPENS. We hold for a long, tense beat then--

HUUH! Sarah drops her gun... and falls to her knees. GASPING. SUFFOCATING. Sam and Dean react-- *the fuck?!*

(CONTINUED)

42

CONTINUED:

42

SAM

Sarah!

43

EXT. ALLY - NIGHT

43

BAM! CASTIEL CRUNCHES into the DUMPSTER. Hurt and bleeding-- holding his WOUNDED BELLY.

Jane moves in. DEATH in her eyes.

JANE

Having fun?

Then-- a HAND grabs Jane's shoulder. She SPINS-- and Metatron takes a swing, slugging Jane in the jaw. She barely blinks-- didn't even hurt-- and WHAM! Shoves Metatron back--

ON CASS. On the pavement. Eyes darting to his ANGEL BLADE, gleaming in the distance.

WITH METATRON. As Jane wraps a hand around his throat, and starts to SQUEEZE. Her eyes FLARE SILVER--

JANE

You want an abomination? I'll show you an abomination.

THUK! The tip of an ANGEL BLADE pierces Jane's neck from BEHIND. Her eyes DIM to normal, and she falls-- REVEALING CASTIEL. Holding the bloody knife.

44

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

44

ON SARAH. Lying on her back. Can't breathe. SAM kneels over her-- no idea what to do.

SAM

Sarah? Can you hear me?!

CROWLEY (O.S.)

She's dying, and there's nothing you can do about it.

DEAN

You son of a bitch!

45

INT. SMALL OFFICE - NIGHT

45

ON CROWLEY. Relaxed. INTERCUT CROWLEY WITH SAM AND DEAN--

CROWLEY

Son of a witch, actually. And mummy taught me a few tricks.

(CONTINUED)

SAM

It's a spell! Find the hex bag!

Dean starts to SEARCH, ripping the room apart--

CROWLEY

I thought about sending in a few of my bruisers-- really let them go to town-- but then... well, Trial One was kill a Hellhound. Trial Two was rescue a soul from the Pit, and-- sensing a pattern?

(then)

So, from here on, I'm going to keep everything Hell-related-- demons, etcetera-- away from you lads. Safe side, and all that.

He reaches on. Picks up the novelization of "Provenance".

CROWLEY

Plus, this just seemed... fitting. From what I understand, Sammy took that bird's breath away.

ON SARAH. Can't breathe. Dying. Slow and painful. Sam leans in-- FRANTIC-- starts giving her MOUTH-TO-MOUTH.

ON DEAN. As he YANKS out the dresser drawers-- nothing.

CROWLEY

What's the line? Saving people, Hunting things, the family business.

ON SAM. Tries mouth-to-mouth again, then starts CPR.

CROWLEY

Well, I think, the people you save, they're how you justify your pathetic little lives. The alcoholism, the collateral damage-- all the pain you've caused.

(then)

I think the one thing that lets you sleep at night-- the one thing-- is knowing those folks are still out there. Happy and healthy, because of you. You great big bloody heroes.

ON SAM AND SARAH. He's doing chest compressions-- tears in his eyes.

(CONTINUED)

CROWLEY

They're your life's work. And I'm going to rip it apart, piece by piece. Because I can. Because you can't stop me. And because once they're gone, what will you have left?

ON SARAH. As her eyes roll back in her head, and she starts to CONVULSE. Sam sags back-- LOST.

SAM

No... please no...

ON SARAH. As she goes still. DEAD. Sam looks away-- BROKEN.

CROWLEY

You want to keep those people alive? I want complete and utter surrender. The Tablet, the Trials-- you'll give them up... or we keep doing this dance. Your choice, darlings.

Crowley HANGS UP.

ON DEAN. Furious. He grabs the phone, throws it against the wall with a YELL-- and the thing SHATTERS into pieces... falls to the ground... and Dean goes still. Staring--

Because there, in the wreckage of the phone, is the HEX BAG!

WIDEN. The room has been TRASHED. OFF SAM-- staring down at Sarah, DESTROYED--

BLACKOUT.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

46 EXT. STREET - NIGHT

46

Two MEN (30's, lawyer-types, with loosened ties and jackets over their shoulders) move down the street. Long day.

MAN 01

It's almost the end of the month--
no way I make my quota. No way.

MAN 02

Dude, don't be negative.

MAN 01

It's the economy, man. Things
start getting better, and suddenly
no one wants to sell their soul
anymore. But does Crowley care?

(then, building up steam)

You know, being a demon used to be
about gutting virgins and
decapitating toddlers, but since
that... bean counter took over?
It's all paper work, spreadsheets.
I mean-- what happened to the bad
old days?

*

*

ABADDON (O.S.)

Good news.

The men turns-- their eyes FLASHING BLACK-- to see ABADDON
(her hands SEWN ON) step from the shadows. She wears a
SCHEMING SMIRK.

ABADDON

They're back.

47 EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

47

CLOSE ON: JANE'S BODY. Castiel stands over it, Metatron by
his side. Metatron puts a hand on Cass's shoulder.

METATRON

It's the right thing, Castiel.

ON CASS. He's come too far to stop. Cass plunges his ANGEL
BLADE into Jane's chest (off-screen) and we CUT TO--

48 INT. MEN OF LETTERS' BUNKER - MAIN FLOOR - NIGHT

48

SAM and DEAN enter. Silent. Shaken. Sam moves for the back
hall. In a dark fucking place.

(CONTINUED)

DEAN

You okay?

ON SAM. He stops. Turns back-- wracked with GUILT.

SAM

What do you think?

DEAN

Look, I know it's bad right now,
but the plan's the same: we shut
down Hell.

SAM

How, Dean?

DEAN

We get a demon, and-- (we)

SAM

You heard Crowley, he won't let one
near us. And without a demon? All
we can do is sit back, and watch
people we know-- people we saved--
die. Like Sarah.

DEAN

Sam... what are you saying?

SAM

I'm saying maybe we can't win this
one... maybe we should take the deal.

He's UTTERLY DEFEATED. Dean shakes his head--

DEAN

No, we'll figure something out. We
will, Sam. We'll get this done--
we'll kick it in the ass, like we
always do!

And Dean 100% believes it. He takes a step forward, locking
eyes with Sam.

DEAN

You're with me, right Sammy?

And OFF SAM-- NO SO SURE--

BLACKOUT.

TO BE CONTINUED...