

SUPERNATURAL

Episode #901

"Devil May Care"

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4X5051 / T13.18351
PRODUCTION DRAFT
BLUE DRAFT
PINK PAGES
FINAL DRAFT

06/28/13
07/08/13
07/10/13
07/23/13

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REVISION HISTORY

Revision	Date	Revised Pages
Production Draft - White	06/28/13	
Blue Draft	07/08/13	
Pink Pages	07/10/13	Pgs. 1,3,4,8,12,20,20A,29,36,39,39A,44

Episode #901

"Devil May Care"

CAST LIST

SAM WINCHESTER
DEAN WINCHESTER

JARED PADALECKI
JENSEN ACKLES

ABADDON
CROWLEY
KEVIN TRAN

ALAINA HUFFMAN
MARK A. SHEPPARD
OSRIC CHAU

ALPHA
BATES
BLANCHE
BRAVO
CHARLIE
DRIVER
IRV FRANKLIN
JASON
PETE
TRACY BELL

JESSE HUTCH
CARMEN MOORE
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ED RUTTLE
JAREN MOORE
PAUL RAE
KAYVON KELLY
DEAN AYLESWORTH
OLIVIA RYAN STERN

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SUPERNATURAL
"Devil May Care"

TEASER

FADE IN:

- 1 EXT. ABANDONED HOUSE - DAY (DAY 1) 1
A gated, rambling, rundown estate. No lights. No one home. Stock footage. To establish. *
- 2 INT. ABANDONED HOUSE - BATHROOM - DAY 2
CLOSE ON: A BODY BAG, as someone DRAGS it across the floor.
We're in a dilapidated bathroom-- cracked tile, brown mold. The ratty, HEAVY CURTAINS are drawn, plunging the room into NEAR DARKNESS.
A MAN (JASON, 30s, mechanic's overalls) dumps the body bag into a large, claw-footed tub, then--
He leans down, UNZIPS the bag-- and a CHARRED HAND flops out. It's all we can see of the EXTRA CRISPY CORPSE inside. CUT TO--
- 3 EXT. REST STOP - DAY 3
SAM WINCHESTER'S HANDS, as he fills them with WATER from a FOUNTAIN. Sam splashes his face-- long night-- then turns to DEAN, who leans against the IMPALA. They're mid-recap.

SAM
So Cass is human?

DEAN
Ish. No grace, no wings, no... harp? Or whatever the Hell else he had.

SAM
Okay. Wow. Where'd he crash land?

DEAN
Called from a pay phone in Longmont, Colorado. I told him to make for the bunker.

SAM
Think he can handle a road trip like that?

(CONTINUED)

DEAN

Cass is a big boy-- and if things
break bad, he knows our number.

As he says that, Sam turns away-- grabs a drink from the
fountain. Dean shoots his brother a POINTED LOOK.

DEAN

Right now, I got bigger worries.

Sam glances back, Dean COVERS--

SAM

The fallen angels?

DEAN

Yeah. Thanks to Metatron, we're
looking at a couple thousand
confused, pissed off loose nukes
walking around down here.

SAM

What do you think they're gonna do?

DEAN

I got no damn clue.

Sam nods-- true enough.

SAM

And Crowley? You...

He draws a finger across his throat. Dean shakes his head,
moves for the trunk.

DEAN

I was dying to ice that limey
bitch, believe me, but then I
thought: what would Sam Winchester
do?

SAM

(matter of fact)
I would have stabbed him in the
brain.

DEAN

Oh. Well, I figured the King'a
Hell's gotta know a few things, so
why not Zero Dark Thirty his ass?

He OPENS THE TRUNK--

(CONTINUED)

3

CONTINUED: (2)

3

SAM

Wait, Crowley's-- (alive)

--to reveal: CROWLEY. Duct tape over his mouth, hands and feet bound with our DEMON CHAINS. A DEVIL'S TRAP has been spray painted inside the trunk's lid.

DEAN

The junk in my trunk.

4

INT. ABANDONED HOUSE - BATHROOM - DAY

4

Flickering CANDLES dot the room-- arcane RUNES have been drawn on the walls, the floors. JASON stands in front of the tub... and pulls out a KNIFE. He raises the blade--

And we PAN UP TO REVEAL: A roiling cloud of DEMON SMOKE hovering near the ceiling. Waiting.

ON JASON. As his EYES FLASH BLACK. He's a DEMON! Jason SLITS A WRIST, dripping blood over the body bag, and--

ORANGE LIGHT flares inside the tub. Jason takes a step back, shielding his eyes, as--

BOOM! The DEMON SMOKE slams into the tub, the force of its impact shaking the room-- knocking Jason to the ground.

He looks up, watching A HAND reach over the edge of the tub, then--

A NUDE FIGURE (CW-friendly, seen from behind) rises from the bath.

CLOSE ON: ABADDON. From the neck up. She's been FULLY HEALED. No burns, no stitches-- just a few light streaks of SOOT marking her face. And her EVIL GRIN takes us to--

*
*

BLACKOUT.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

5

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

5

PUSH IN on the DOOR as it opens, DEAN enters-- THAK! And an ARROW slams into the RAILING! Barely missing him! Dean REACTS-- drops low, reaches for his gun--

*
*

DEAN

The Hell?!

Then-- KEVIN TRAN peeks from behind a STACK OF BOOKS/makeshift FORT. And he's holding a CROSSBOW.

KEVIN

Dean?! You're alive!

DEAN

'Cause you're a crappy shot, Katniss.

He rises, and RIPS the arrow from the wall. Kevin hurries to Dean-- ON EDGE, but apologetic.

KEVIN

Sorry, I-- it's been a bad couple of days. I haven't slept, or eaten, or...

(sotto, awkward...)

I'm pretty backed up.

DEAN

Okay. Overshare.

Kevin flushes and clears his throat-- back on track.

KEVIN

Dean-- after we talked, this place went nuts. There was some alarm, and all the machines were freaking out, then the bunker just... locked down. I couldn't open the door, my cellphone stopped working-- I thought the world was ending.

DEAN

Close: the angels fell.

KEVIN

The-- what does that mean?

DEAN

Nothing good. And, little advice: next time the world ends, grab a gun.

(CONTINUED)

5

CONTINUED:

5

Kevin sets down his bow, embarrassed. Dean checks his cell.

DEAN

I've got a signal.

Kevin moves to the nearest machine. Punches a few buttons.

KEVIN

It's back online. Maybe opening
the door from the outside door
reset the system?

DEAN

Sure, let's go with that.

SAM enters, leading CROWLEY. The King's still shackled and
gagged, but now has a BAG over his head, and GUN RANGE
EARMUFFS covering his ears. Deaf and blind. Sam eyes Dean.

SAM

All good?

DEAN

Is it ever? Come on.

The two of them lead Crowley away. ON KEVIN. Pale.
Realizing who's under that hood--

KEVIN

No...

6

INT. MEN OF LETTERS' BUNKER - DUNGEON - DAY

6

CROWLEY sits chained to a chair at the center of the steel
demon trap. Dean pulls the BAG from his head, SAM rips the
tape from his mouth. Crowley flexes his jaw. Smirks.

CROWLEY

Hello, b-- (oys)

WHAM! Dean PUNCHES Crowley in the face.

DEAN

I'll never get tired of doing that.

Crowley SPITS BLOOD and turns, taking in the room: the
chains, the rack of TORTURE IMPLEMENTS.

CROWLEY

Homey. Where did you get this
fantastic little treehouse?

Sam ignores that, and holds out a pencil and a notepad.

(CONTINUED)

SAM

Here's how it's gonna go: you're giving us the name of every demon on Earth. And the people they're possessing.

CROWLEY

Am I? Doesn't sound like me...

SAM

I saw you break down, Crowley-- when I was trying to cure you. I know a part of you was human again, maybe still is. I know-- (that)

CROWLEY

Blah, blah, boo-hoo. Done?

(off Sam's FROWN)

Good. Now, here's what I know: I'm not giving you anything. Why would I? You have no leverage, darlings. You're not going to close the Gates of Hell, because you didn't. And you're not going to kill me, because you haven't. So what's left?

DEAN

We got some ideas.

CROWLEY

Torture, then? Brilliant. I can't wait to see Sam in stilettos and a leather bustier, really putting the "S-A-M" in "S-&-M."

(come the fuck on)

Honestly, lads. What can you do to me that I don't do to myself, for kicks, every Friday night?

SAM

Nothing. So we're just gonna leave. Until you're ready to give us what we want.

CROWLEY

That's your plan? Really?

SAM

Being stuck in solitary, with no one to talk to? We figure that's pretty much your own personal Hell.

Sam and Dean move for the door.

(CONTINUED)

6

CONTINUED: (2)

6

DEAN

Have fun.

They EXIT, hitting the lights. OFF CROWLEY-- alone, UNEASY--

7

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

7

SAM and DEAN re-enter-- and KEVIN beelines for them, ANGRY--

KEVIN

What's Crowley doing here?! Why isn't he dead?! Why aren't you stabbing him right now?!

DEAN

Kevin, chill. We need him.

KEVIN

What-- why?!

SAM

If we get Crowley to give up the name of every demon he's got topside, we can hunt 'em down. All of them.

DEAN

Crowley'll break-- he will. And after he does, we'll hold him down while you knife him. Then we all go out for ice cream and strippers.

SAM

Just stay away from him, alright?

Kevin takes a beat, then nods-- no other choice.

KEVIN

So... now what?

DEAN

I gotta make some calls, and you need to hit the Angel Tablet. See if there's anything on that spell Metatron used to empty out Heaven.

SAM

Maybe we can reverse it before the God Squad does too much damage?

DEAN

If we're lucky. Until then; check the 'net for anything that looks angel-y.

(CONTINUED)

7 CONTINUED:

SAM

Or demon-y.

DEAN

Or monster-y, or ghost-y, or...

(sigh)

It's gonna be a busy year.

8 INT. ABANDOND HOUSE - DAY

8 *

FOUR DEMONS: JASON, an OLD WOMAN (BLANCHE), a BUSINESSMAN, and BUSINESSWOMAN stand in a row, watching as-- ABADDON moves down the line. Eyeballing them. She's wearing new clothes, in the same BIKER STYLE: jacket, jeans, a black t-shirt.

ABADDON

My name is Abaddon, I enjoy long walks on the beach, a crisp Chardonnay, and genocide. So that's me, let's talk you.

She turns, addressing the group-- nods to JASON--

ABADDON

Jason tells me you're all violent, power hungry, opportunists... which makes you my kind of people. So maybe you can tell me: what the Hell happened to Hell? And demons. I mean look at you.

(to BLANCHE)

You call that a meatsuit?

BLANCHE

(eyes flashing RED)
I closed seventy-two deals last year. Kids love grandma.

ABADDON

And that's the problem: deals. We're paying for what we should be taking.

BLANCHE

Souls?

ABADDON

Everything. I know Lilith, Azazel, they had their whole Apocalypse thing, but when it didn't work-- and I told them it wouldn't work-- who put Crowley in charge?

The audience exchange looks, not sure how to answer.

(CONTINUED)

ABADDON

What's wrong? Hellhound got your tongue? You took orders from him.

BLANCHE

He was the King-- (of)

ABADDON

He was a salesman! A King fights!
A King conquers! A King does more
than sit around reading contracts!
(beat, exhale)
But the King's dead, long live the
Queen.

Abaddon looks her audience up and down.

ABADDON

Crowley was a bean-counter, I'm a
warrior. He wanted you to go door-
to-door? I want you to rape,
pillage, bathe in the blood of
virgins. Or sluts. Your call.

(then)

War is what I do. It's my job.
That's why I had Jason round you
up. I can train you-- get you new
bodies.

BLANCHE

What's wrong with these?

ABADDON

Nothing, if you're working the
playground. But if you're going to
be my new Knights of Hell? You
need better suits of armor. Ones
that inspire fear-- that let you...
be all you can be.

Abaddon starts to pace, channeling her inner PATTON.

ABADDON

You four will be the seed of my
army. When you're ready, we'll
march into Hell-- we'll be greeted
as liberators-- and then demonkind
will rise up, and sweep over the
Earth, and all the humans-- all
those angels with their clipped
wings-- they will bow to me. Or
they. Will. Burn.

(CONTINUED)

8

The demons absorb that-- whoa. Then--

BLANCHE
What about Crowley?

ABADDON
He's dead.

BLANCHE
Uh-huh. Well, no offense, honey,
but we all thought you were dead
until, like, a week ago.

Abaddon stares daggers at the woman, who keeps talking.

BLANCHE
And if Crowley does come back--
look, a lot of us were scared of
him. A lot of us still are.
(then, matter of fact)
Prove that Crowley's really gone,
and maybe this scheme of yours'll
work. Or not. Honestly, I always
thought you Knights were overrated.

And Abaddon SNAPS-- BAM! Her hand shoots out, wrapping
around Blanche's throat... and then she starts to SQUEEZE.
BLACK SMOKE pours from the woman's mouth, as Abaddon SNARLS--

ABADDON
You go to Hell! And you tell them
I'm coming!

9

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

9

KEVIN sits huddled over the ANGEL TABLET, jotting down notes.
SAM punches keys on his LAPTOP. DEAN is on the phone.

DEAN (INTO PHONE)
Yeah, Irv: fallen angels.

10

EXT. PARK (OR ND LOCATION) - DAY

10

IRV (50s, chubby, HUNTER), leans against his STATION WAGON--
cell to his ear. INTERCUT IRV AND DEAN--

IRV (INTO PHONE)
Huh... that's a wrinkle.

DEAN (INTO PHONE)
Trust me, they're just monsters
with good PR.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

DEAN (INTO PHONE) (CONT'D)

You find one, torch his ass with Holy Oil-- oh, and if he drops a silver sword, grab it. Those pigstickers come in handy.

IRV (INTO PHONE)

Okay. Criminy...

DEAN (INTO PHONE)

Look, I know this is weird-- (but)

IRV (INTO PHONE)

Hell Dean-o, weird's what we do. I remember this one job me and Bobby worked up in Saskatoon...

DEAN (INTO PHONE)

The werewolf Siamese twins?

IRV (INTO PHONE)

He told you about that?

DEAN (INTO PHONE)

Every time he drank Labatts.

Irv SMILES, Dean gets them back on track.

DEAN (INTO PHONE)

You have any problems, call. And spread the word, huh? The more Hunters that know, the better.

IRV (INTO PHONE)

Roger-dodger. Hey, you hear from Garth lately?

DEAN (INTO PHONE)

No. You?

IRV (INTO PHONE)

Nada. Kid's been off the grid for months. You think a case went bad on him? Like, dead-in-a-ditch-bad?

DEAN (INTO PHONE)

Whoa, don't bury Garth yet. Dude's a survivor.

IRV (INTO PHONE)

Right, we all are. 'Til we ain't.

11

EXT. BUS STOP - DAY

11

THREE NAVY SEALS (ALPHA, BRAVO, and CHARLIE) walk-and-talk toward the BUS STOP. They're 20s, fit, and wearing FATIGUES. ALPHA walks next to the (younger) CHARLIE. Schooling him.

*
*
*

ALPHA

Look, this is your first weekend pass into town, right?

(off CHARLIE'S nod)

So I set it all up: Jamie's waiting at the bar, and has a thing for men in uniform. Just start buying shots, then thank me in the morning.

He WINKS and CHARLIE smiles. Likes the sound of that. A CITY BUS ("Coronado, California") pulls up, and CHARLIE heads for it. Bravo steps up beside Alpha, watching him go.

BRAVO

He knows Jaime's a guy, right?

ALPHA

Don't ask, don't tell.

They trade smiles and follow Charlie into--

12

INT. BUS - DAY

12

The soldiers move down the aisle, past-- THE THREE DEMONS (Jason, the businessman, the businesswoman) we met earlier! As ALPHA passes JASON-- his eyes FLASH BLACK!

The crewcut stumbles back-- shit!-- as-- BANG! The door slams, and the DRIVER turns-- it's ABADDON.

ABADDON

Take them.

BOOM! The air fills with DEMON SMOKE-- jumping from the CIVILIANS to the SOLDIERS. The old bodies drop, and then--

The SEALS turn to Abaddon, their eyes BLACK! POSSESSED.

ABADDON

Now that's more like it.

BLACKOUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

13

EXT. ROADSIDE - DAY

13

A vintage VW BUG sits on the shoulder; back up, engine smoking.*
TRACY (20s, black, gorgeous) leans over the heap-- think that Megan Fox scene in *Transformers*, you know the one...

A VAN pulls up beside her. Rusted out, cardboard over the windows. Bad news. The DRIVER (30s, skeezy) calls out--

DRIVER

Need some help?

TRACY

(playing the ditz)

Yeah, I think the... thingy broke.

The driver nods, looking her up and down. Licks his lips. Remember, the keyword is SKEEZY.

DRIVER

I could give you a lift into town.

TRACY

That would be amazing, thanks!
Should I just climb in the back?

She flashes a SMILE. The driver can't believe his luck.

DRIVER

That... would also be amazing.

Tracy, still smiling, grabs her BACKPACK, opens the van's sliding door, climbs in-- and SLAMS IT behind her.

ON THE DRIVER. Once she's inside, he VAMPS OUT! He's a VAMPIRE! The Driver LUNGES into the back of the van--

But we stay outside-- hearing sounds of a STRUGGLE, watching the vehicle SHAKE, then-- BAM! The sliding door jerks open-- and THE DRIVER'S HEADLESS CORPSE flops to the ground.

TRACY exits, holding a MACHETE! She's a BADASS HUNTER!

Tracy leans down, tucking the blade in her backpack, and when she rises-- ALPHA stands in front of her. JUMP SCARE!

ALPHA

Nice hunting.

His eyes FLASH BLACK! And before Tracy can react-- BAM!
BRAVO drops a BAG over her head from BEHIND.

14

EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY (DAY 2)

14

THE CITY BUS from ACT ONE, sits parked across three spaces-- POLICE TAPE strung up. SAM and DEAN (suited) move toward the crime scene.

*

SAM

God, this place reeks of sulphur.

DEAN

Between the stink, the freak thunderstorm, and every cow for three miles dropping dead... I'll take "Demons" for a thousand, Alex.

Sam nods as-- BATES (40s, female-- MILITARY POLICE) exits the bus. Sam and Dean move to her, flashing BADGES.

DEAN

Agents Stark and Banner, FBI. We need to take a look around.

BATES

Why? This is a military case, not a federal one.

SAM

Not what our supervisor said.

BATES

That so? Then maybe him and me should have a chat.

Sam and Dean trade a look, and we CUT TO--

15

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

15

BZZT! A RINGING CELLPHONE. KEVIN-- sitting at a table, ANGEL TABLET on one side, LAPTOP on the other-- answers.

16

EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

16

DEAN is on the other end of the line. INTERCUT THEM--

DEAN (INTO PHONE)

Boss, we got a problem.

KEVIN (INTO PHONE)

Boss? Dean?

DEAN (INTO PHONE)

A local badge needs confirmation that we're supposed to be here.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

DEAN (INTO PHONE) (CONT'D)

(leading)

You know, how word came down straight from FBI headquarters. In DC.

KEVIN (INTO PHONE)

Wait... what?

But Dean's already handing the phone to BATES--

BATES (INTO PHONE)

This is Sergeant Miranda Bates, who am I talking to?

KEVIN (INTO PHONE)

(scrambling)

Kevin, uh, Solo.

Miranda takes a beat-- smelling a rat--

BATES (INTO PHONE)

You're-- how old are you?

KEVIN (INTO PHONE)

Old... enough. And-- I'm with the FBI, so you have to do what I say, you-- (have to)

BATES (INTO PHONE)

(getting annoyed)

Listen, kid: I don't have to do anything. And I don't take orders from the Feeb. So unless you can give me one good reason you've got a couple'a pretty boy agents poking around my crime scene, I'm gonna put them in cuffs, and spank your ass raw. Understand?

As she speaks, Kevin KEYS his laptop. Getting PISSED. Then--

KEVIN (INTO PHONE)

Cabo, last June.

BATES (INTO PHONE)

What?

KEVIN (INTO PHONE)

That's my reason: I'm looking at your pictures now. The ones in that hidden folder, on your government-issue laptop.

ON BATES. As her eyes start to widen. *Shit...*

KEVIN (INTO PHONE)
My favorite's you, wearing a
sombbrero and doing a body shot off
some naked guy in a luchadore mask.
It's super classy.

BATES (INTO PHONE)
H-- how did you find that?

Her tough facade is CRACKING. Kevin leans in-- BADASS.

KEVIN (INTO PHONE)
'Cause I'm Kevin friggin' Solo. So
unless you want this forwarded to
your Commanding Officer, Major
Velasquez, you're gonna give my guys
anything they want. Understand?

BATES (INTO PHONE)
I... yes.

KEVIN (INTO PHONE)
Yes, sir.

BATES (INTO PHONE)
Yes, sir.

Bates, BROKEN, hands the phone back to DEAN then moves away.

DEAN (INTO PHONE)
Dude, what did you just do?

Kevin sags, anger fading-- regret setting in. He exhales--

KEVIN (INTO PHONE)
All military computers are linked
to the same network.

DEAN (INTO PHONE)
And?

KEVIN (INTO PHONE)
(not proud of this)
I hacked it. I'm a criminal now.

DEAN (INTO PHONE)
Thatta boy. Hey, there's a shoebox
full of cellphones in my room. I
need you to go through each one's
contact list, and dial up any name
with an "H" next to it.

16

CONTINUED: (3)

16

KEVIN (INTO PHONE)

"H"?

DEAN (INTO PHONE)

For Hunter. Me and Sam are gonna be here awhile, so you need to keep spreading the news about Angels in America.

KEVIN (INTO PHONE)

Okay. Sure.

DEAN (INTO PHONE)

Cool. And Kevin? Nice work.

He HANGS UP and we CUT TO--

17

INT. BUS - DAY

17

Our three CIVILIAN CORPSES (JASON, the BUSINESSMAN and BUSINESSWOMAN) lay sprawled on the seats. SAM crouches over the businessman, his shirt unbuttoned to reveal an OLD SCAR on his chest. DEAN enters behind.

DEAN

Anything?

SAM

This guy was shot in the heart.

DEAN

That's what killed him?

SAM

Maybe. Twenty years ago.

(off Dean's look)

Every one of these bodies has a fatal wound, or two, or three. But they're all old.

DEAN

So we're lookin' at meatsuits? The bodies took a lickin', but the demon inside kept 'em tickin'?

SAM

Yeah. I think they were possessed, and now those soldiers are.

FOOTSTEPS behind. Sam and Dean turn-- to see a much more docile BATES enters.

(CONTINUED)

17

CONTINUED:

17

BATES

Excuse me, agents. We pulled this off a security camera, you might wanna take a look.

She holds out an iPad: ON SCREEN is a SECURITY CAM shot of the BUS in the parking lot. BATES hits PLAY, and we watch as the bus door opens-- and ALPHA steps off, the other SEALS right behind... with ABADDON bringing up the rear. She GRINS at the camera--

ON SAM AND DEAN. Eyes wide. Fuck...

18

EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

18

Our boys walk-and-talk away from the crime scene.

DEAN

Abaddon? Seriously? And-- I thought you Kentucky Fried that meatsuit.

SAM

I did.

DEAN

So how'd she get it back? And why's she... playing GI Joes?

SAM

No clue. You can ask her when we find her.

DEAN

Oh, I will. Right before I chop her friggin' head off. Again.

19

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

19

CLOSE ON: A stack of RUSTED SIGNS: "CONDEMNED!" "KEEP OUT!" "HAZARDOUS MATERIALS!" nailed to a FENCE. We ARM UP over it to reveal--

An EMPTY URBAN STREET. The buildings are rundown, deserted, and what little signage remains is pure 1980s. And at the center of it all--

Is a HUNTER-- PETE (30s, flannel)-- his hands tied behind his back. Blood leaks from Pete's nose as-- WHAM! ALPHA punches him in the gut. Doubling Pete over. *

ABADDON stands behind, watching the show.

(CONTINUED)

ALPHA

The Winchesters-- where are they?

ON PETE. Takes a shuddering breath.

PETE

Bite me.

ALPHA frowns, and goes to work on Pete-- hitting him again and again, as--

ABADDON sighs, and moves to an ARCHWAY behind Pete. A length of ROPE dangling from it. *

We're ON ALPHA as he leans in close. Snarling-- *

ALPHA

I said: where are the Winchesters?

PETE

(pained)

And I said... bite me, crewcut.

Then-- BAM! Abaddon throws a NOOSE over Pete's head from behind. He GAGS, as Alpha takes a step back-- *the fuck?!*

ABADDON

Let me show you how it's done.

She gives the other end of the rope a YANK-- jerking Pete off the ground. HANGING HIM.

PETE

(choking)

Help! Help me!

ABADDON

Scream all you want.

(re: the street)

No one's gonna hear.

She gives the rope another pull-- lifting Pete higher. His feet kick and his face turns red. SUFFOCATING.

ABADDON

Now, let's talk Sam and Dean.

OFF PETE-- CHOKING TO DEATH-- CUT TO--

20 INT. MEN OF LETTERS' BUNKER - MAIN FLOOR - NIGHT 20

A shoebox full of PHONES, as one of them starts to RING.
WIDEN TO-- KEVIN, hurrying across the room. He digs into the
box, takes out the phone, and ANSWERS IT.

KEVIN (INTO PHONE)

Hello?

21 EXT. STREET - NIGHT 21

ABADDON is on the other end of the line, talking as she walks
past PETE'S DEAD BODY-- swaying in the breeze-- and into the
DINER. INTERCUT SHE AND KEVIN--

ABADDON (INTO PHONE)

This is Dean's number... but you're
not a Winchester, who are you?

KEVIN (INTO PHONE)

(gulp)

I'm... nobody.

22 INT. RETRO DINER - NIGHT 22

The place is dusty, dilapidated, and has a very 80s feel:
period ads, a jukebox. Abaddon enters--

ABADDON (INTO PHONE)

Well, Nobody, I need you to give
those boys a message for me.

She stops... in front of IRV (sporting a GASH on his temple)
and TRACY. The Hunters are bound to CHAIRS. Gagged, hands
zip-tied. BRAVO and CHARLIE stand guard over them. *
*
*

ABADDON (INTO PHONE)

I have something they might want.

23 INT. IMPALA - NIGHT - DRIVING (PMP) 23

DEAN drives. SAM holds the phone-- with KEVIN on speaker.

SAM (INTO PHONE)

Wait, Kevin-- slow down--

24 INT. MEN OF LETTERS' BUNKER - MAIN FLOOR - NIGHT 24

KEVIN paces, talking fast. INTERCUT THEM--

(CONTINUED)

DEAN (INTO PHONE)
Irv's a friend, don't know Tracy.

KEVIN (INTO PHONE)
The lady said they were Hunters,
and that if you didn't save them,
she was gonna-- (kill)

DEAN (INTO PHONE)
Right, we heard that song before.

KEVIN (INTO PHONE)
Dean... who was she?

DEAN (INTO PHONE)
The bad guy. New job: can you dig
up everything the Men of Letters
have on Knights of Hell?

KEVIN (INTO PHONE)
Sure.

DEAN (INTO PHONE)
Good. You find a way to kill one--
like, permanently-- drop a dime.

He HANGS UP. Looks to Sam, who keys at his SMARTPHONE.

SAM
The numbers point to a spot on the
outskirts of Eugene, Oregon.
(then)
You know it's a trap.

DEAN
Yup.

SAM
So we're just gonna walk into it?

ON DEAN. Jaw set.

DEAN
Guns blazing. You with me?

ON SAM. A nod. Ride or die time.

SAM
You know it.

Dean hits the gas, the engine ROARS-- CUT TO--

KEVIN (INTO PHONE)

She gave me these coordinates,
44.053051 by -123.127860, and two
names: Irv Franklin and Tracy Bell.

25 INT. MEN OF LETTERS' BUNKER - DUNGEON - DAY (DAY 3) 25

CROWLEY. Alone in the silent dark. BORED. And as he stews, we FEATHER IN a series of QUICK CUTS to--

CROWLEY FROM 823: Talking Girls ("I want to be loved!"), and getting in touch with his human side. Then--

Crowley shakes his head, trying to banish those thoughts... and hears FOOTSTEPS. The King looks up--

CROWLEY

Kevin?

26 INT. MEN OF LETTERS' BUNKER - ROOM 7B - DAY 26

KEVIN freezes with his hand on a FILE. CAUGHT.

CROWLEY (O.S.)

I know it's you. I'd recognize the pitter-patter of those little feet anywhere.

Kevin tries to ignore that. Takes the file and moves to go.

CROWLEY (O.S.)

There you go, run away. That's your move, isn't it?

Kevin goes still. Jaw clenched. Buttons being pushed.

27 INT. MEN OF LETTERS' BUNKER - DUNGEON - DAY 27

CROWLEY

But I understand, I do. You're just... what's the word? Weak.

And as he finishes-- the DOORS GRIND OPEN. Light pours in, and reveals: KEVIN, face twisted with a look of PURE HATE.

CROWLEY

Hiya, Kev.

28 EXT. STREET - DAY 28

CLOSE ON: A SNAPPER FIRECRACKER, lying on the ground. WIDEN TO-- the deserted street. Spooky. Dean kicks a bit of DEBRIS (leaves, whatever) over the snapper... then moves forward. Following Sam as they creep along. WARY. *

Sam's got the DEMON KNIFE, while Dean's got a DUFFLE, and is carrying a box of SNAPPERS, gently dropping and covering them as he moves... and GAWKS. At the "DANGER" SIGNS. *

(CONTINUED)

28

CONTINUED:

28

DEAN

What the Hell happened here?

SAM

Local chemical plant sprung a leak, years ago. They evacuated three square blocks-- guess it's still contaminated.

DEAN

So-- wait-- this whole place is poison?

Sam SHRUGS-- *dunno*. Dean takes a nervous look around the town... and puts a hand over his crotch. Sam notices.

SAM

That's not gonna help.

DEAN

Doesn't hurt.

29

INT. RETRO DINER - DAY

29

The place is EMPTY except for IRV and TRACY-- still bound, gagged and on their knees. No sign of DEMONS. A beat, then--

The DOOR OPENS, and SAM and DEAN ENTER. They hurry for IRV and TRACY, who are still bound. Dean pulls off Irv's GAG--

DEAN

Where's Abaddon?

But before Irv can answer, we CUT TO--

30

EXT. STREET - DAY

30

ABADDON. Standing at the far end of the street, eyes on the DINER. The SEALS (ALPHA, BRAVO and CHARLIE) beside her. *

ABADDON

This is gonna be fun.

BLACKOUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

31

INT. RETRO DINER - DAY

31

SAM, DEAN, IRV and TRACY-- right where we left 'em. Irv and Tracy are still bound and on their knees, Tracy's gagged.

IRV

Abaddon's been torturin' Hunters-- she's tryin' to get intel on you boys.

SAM

Us? Why?

IRV

Well it ain't to put you on her Christmas card list, that's for damn sure. Now you wanna make with the rescue or what?

Dean pulls a CANTEEN from the duffle, holds it up.

DEAN

Sure. Right after you both do a shot of Holy Water.

The boys go to work. Dean pours a drizzle of HOLY WATER into Irv's mouth-- no reaction. Sam pulls out Tracy's gag, then does the same with a canteen of his own. She swallows.

TRACY

Happy?

WITH DEAN AND IRV. As Dean cuts the zipties from his hands.

DEAN

Sorry about that.

IRV

Don't be, last thing you need is one of us poppin' black eyes.

Sam frees Tracy's hands, she winces-- rubs her wrists.

SAM

Tracy, right? I'm Sam Winchester.

TRACY

(with an edge)
Good for you.

(CONTINUED)

31

CONTINUED:

31

IRV

Hey, they're savin' our bacon.
Show some gratitude.

(then, to Sam and Dean)

She's new. We did a shifter job in
Sacramento together. Smart, but
got a mouth on her.

TRACY

I worked the case. Irv was too
busy being drunk.

ON IRV. Clears his throat-- embarrassed--

IRV

Hungover. Technically.

32

INT. MEN OF LETTERS' BUNKER - DUNGEON - DAY

32

CROWLEY and KEVIN-- right where we left 'em.

CROWLEY

What brings you to my boudoir,
handsome.

KEVIN

You're gonna tell me how to kill a
Knight of Hell.

CROWLEY

Abaddon causing trouble, eh? Tell
you what-- let me out, and I'll
spit-roast that little whore for
you. Sound good?

Kevin fixes the King with a look. Realizing--

KEVIN

You're bluffing. You don't know.

CROWLEY

(bristling)

Oh, I know plenty. For example: I
know Abaddon would love you.
Skinny, submissive-- you're just
her type.

KEVIN

Shut up.

CROWLEY

Fine. That's not why you're here
anyway-- not really.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CROWLEY (CONT'D)

Come on Key, what's on your mind?
You can tell me, we're friends.

KEVIN

You tortured me.

CROWLEY

I torture all my friends, it's how
I show love. I was raised in a
dysfunctional home environment.

KEVIN

You killed my mom!

CROWLEY

Did I? You sure? You never saw a
body. How do you know she's really
dead?

KEVIN

(the fuck?!)
I-- you're screwing with me!

CROWLEY

Am I?

And KEVIN SNAPS! He HITS Crowley-- knocking his head to one
side. Kevin steps back, shaking his hand. Crowley recovers.

CROWLEY

Come on. You can do better than
that, little man.

ON KEVIN. Fuming. He looks to the rack of TORTURE
IMPLEMENTS. Crowley notices.

CROWLEY

That's right. Let it all out.

CLOSE ON: The counter, various pieces of HUNTER GEAR laid
out: canteens of Holy Water, an angel blade, the DEMON KNIFE,
a REVOLVER. WIDEN TO-- Dean, addressing Sam, Irv and Tracy.

DEAN

We've got Jesus Juice, the gun's
loaded with Devil's Trap bullets--
shoot a demon, you put him on
lockdown. The angel blade can ice
'em, and so can-- (this)

33

CONTINUED:

33

TRACY

(re: the knife)

That's your Demon Knife, right?
The one everybody talks about?

(a frown)

I thought it'd be bigger.

DEAN

(protective/offended)

It's not the size of the boat, it's
the motion in the stabbing.

34

EXT. STREET - DAY

34

ALPHA and CHARLIE move down the street. Slow. Tactical.

*

CLOSE ON: A SNAPPER, lying under a bit of rubbish. As a boot
lands on it-- BANG! And the firecracker goes off!

*

35

INT. RETRO DINER - DAY

35

The HUNTERS hear that. Sam PEERS OUT between the heavy
BLINDS covering one of the windows-- to see the SEALS.
Closing in.

*

*

SAM

They're coming.

DEAN

Good.

SAM

And they've got assault rifles.

DEAN

Okay... less good.

*

IRV

So what's the play?

36

EXT. RETRO DINER - DAY

36

Alpha and Charlie converge on the store, a VOICE rings out--

*

DEAN (O.S.)

Come get it, you dicks!

ALPHA gives the "go" sign, and--

37

INT. RETRO DINER - DAY

37

BANG! The door's KICKED OPEN, and DEMONS stream in--

(CONTINUED)

37

CONTINUED:

37

ALPHA

On the ground!

And see AN iPHONE sitting on the counter-- playing Dean's voice on a loop. The Hunters are GONE.

DEAN (FROM PHONE)

Come get it, you dicks!

ALPHA

Dammit.

CHARLIE

Uh, Jason?

Alpha turns, to see Charlie staring at the floor-- the SEALS are standing in a spray-painted DEVIL'S TRAP. Alpha raises his gun-- BLAM! And puts a bullet in it. BREAKING THE TRAP.

ALPHA

Find them.

38

EXT. ALLEY - DAY

38

DEAN drops from a window, BEHIND the diner. SAM, TRACY and IRV are waiting.

DEAN

We need to flank SEAL Team Douche in there. Me and Irv'll go around the right side of the building. Sam, you and Tracy take left.

Sam nods, puts a hand on Tracy's shoulder-- and she SHOVES him back. ANGER flaring.

TRACY

(hissing)

Don't touch me!

Dean gets between them-- *the fuck?*

DEAN

Whoa, we got a problem?

TRACY

(re: Sam)

My family's dead because of him.

That brings everyone up short.

SAM

What?

(CONTINUED)

Tracy keeps talking-- HUSHED, but in full on fuck you mode-- *

TRACY

I watched a demon slaughter my parents-- watched it take 'em apart. Piece by piece. And the whole time, it just laughed and talked about how it was celebrating-- how some dumb kid had just let Lucifer out of his cage, and it was party time.

Tracy's eyes go to Sam, staring daggers at him.

TRACY

I know who you are, Sam Winchester. And I know what you did. That's my problem.

Dean looks away-- ouch. ON SAM. Rocked by that.

SAM

Tracy, I'm sorry, I-- I've made mistakes, more than you know. But please-- please believe that I am going to spend the rest of my life making up for them.

TRACY

How? How's one guy going to fix all the pain you've caused?

Sam's got no answer for that. THEN-- a NOISE from inside the DINER... like furniture being pushed over. Dean reacts--

DEAN

We need to move. The girl's with me. Irv-- (take)

IRV

Got it. Come along, son.

He puts a hand on Sam's shoulder, leading him away.

CLOSE ON: The floor... as a BLOODY HAMMER (old school, like a mini sledgehammer) drops into frame. WIDEN TO--

CROWLEY. Beat bloody. Kevin-- sweating, clothes flecked with gore-- steps back, breathing hard. Crowley looks up, ditto.

(CONTINUED)

CROWLEY

There... now that you've felt your
feels... maybe we can talk?

KEVIN

No.

CROWLEY

I'm going to make this simple,
Kevin: let me go, and I give you
back your mother.

KEVIN

She's dead.

CROWLEY

Oh, she wishes she was. After what
I've had my heavies do to her, she's
begging for it. But when have you
ever known me to let someone off easy?

ON KEVIN. Pale. That hits him like a punch.

CROWLEY

You think Sam and Dean care about
her? You think they care about you?
You're here to serve their needs,
nothing more.

(then)

You're going to lose, Kevin.
Everything. It's just a matter of
time. Because when the Winchesters
have used you up, they will toss you
aside without a second thought.
Because they can-- because they think
they're special... because there's
always another prophet waiting in the
wings.

Kevin swallows hard. Absorbing that.

CROWLEY

I might be the one in chains, but
we're both prisoners here. So what
say we walk out those doors
together? What say we both win?

OFF KEVIN-- weighing that, mind racing--

40

INT. ALLEY - DAY

40

DEAN peaks around the corner, scanning the street-- and sees NOTHING. It's DESERTED. He pulls back, eyes TRACY, who holds the DEMON TRAP REVOLVER.

DEAN

I think they're still inside. We wait until they come out-- then pick 'em off one-by-one.

Tracy nods. Sounds good.

DEAN

And for what it's worth? Sam's not the only guy who thought he was doin' right, then watched it go to crap, okay? That's part'a being--

TRACY

A Hunter?

DEAN

Human. I'm just saying, you wanna be pissed at Sam, fine. I get it. But you wanna go after somebody? Make sure he's got black eyes.

(bottom line)

You gotta know who the real monsters are in this world, kid.

OFF TRACY. Head bowed. As that hits home.

41

EXT. STREET - DAY

41

SAM, carrying the DEMON KNIFE, and IRV stalk down the street. Toward the DINER. Irv glances to Sam, who looks DISTANT. Lost in thought.

IRV

Sam? You copacetic?

SAM

(snapping to)

Yeah. Sorry.

IRV

Good. Now gimme that toothpick, and you, Dean, Tracy-- you beat feet outta here.

SAM

What?

(CONTINUED)

IRV

(re: the diner)

I'm goin' in there alone. I'll buy
you as much time as I can.

SAM

Irv-- that's death.

IRV

Yeah, well, it's what I got comin'.

(then, darkening)

This-- it's my fault, Sam. I was
in some dive, and I was sloppy and
lonely, and I met a girl, and--
next thing I know I'm strapped to a
bed, and she's twistin' things that
ain't built to be twisted.

SAM

She-- who?

IRV

Abaddon.

(fighting back emotion)

I gave 'em up. Pete, Tracy, I gave
'em all up. So you hand me that
blade, and you let me do what I
gotta do, or so help me-- (God)

BLAM! A BULLET slams into Irv's chest. BLOOD blooms as he
drops-- DEAD-- and--

Sam stumbles back, scanning the street. *Shit!* CUT TO--

A SCOPE POV: Circular. Looking down. Sam in its sights.

WITH SAM as-- BLAM! A bullet cracks the building behind him--
JUST MISSED! And Sam RUNS, firing a few SHOTS in the
direction of the sniper, before he DIVES INTO--

*
*

The DINER. He hits the floor hard, then scrambles to his
knees and-- CLICK! A GUN presses against Sam's head.

ALPHA has the .45 to Sam's skull. Charlie's right beside him.

ALPHA

Boo.

With DEAN and TRACY. They heard the commotion.

43 CONTINUED:

DEAN

Dammit!

44 EXT. STREET - DAY

44

Dean darts onto the street-- WHAM! And a hand hits him square in the jaw-- knocking Dean to the ground.

He lands on his back-- looks up-- and sees ABADDON! *Fuck!*

TRACY-- SCREAMING-- charges Abaddon, REVOLVER up-- she fires SIX SHOTS into the demon's chest-- until the gun CLICKS. Out of bullets.

But Abaddon just SMILES-- and pulls up her shirt to reveal a BULLETPROOF VEST.

ABADDON

Kevlar beats magic bullets. I love the future.

She advances on Tracy-- and Dean DARTS between them... holding his CANTEEN OF HOLY WATER! Dean splashes the Knight with Jesus Juice and Abaddon recoils-- skin SIZZLING.

Dean turns to Tracy, pressing the IMPALA KEYS into her hand.

DEAN

My car's parked three streets over, get to it, and grab more bullets, Holy Water-- Hell, grab everything.

TRACY

But-- (what about)

DEAN

Go! Now!

And Tracy OBEYS-- sprinting away. Dean turns back-- to see Abaddon wiping her face. She SMIRKS.

ABADDON

Alone at last.

OFF DEAN-- in deep fucking shit--

BLACKOUT.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

45

EXT. STREET - DAY

45

ABADDON approaches. Cool. Casual. Dean sets himself-- draws the ANGEL BLADE from his JACKET--

ABADDON

I missed you, good lookin'.

She's CLOSE NOW. Dean takes a SWIPE-- but ABADDON CATCHES HIS WRIST, then TWISTS IT. Dean drops the blade... and drops to his knees. The demon leans in. Snake-y smile.

ABADDON

Did you miss me?

46

INT. RETRO DINER - DAY

46

WHAM! Sam is THROWN against the wall. Hard. The DEMON KNIFE flying from his hand. ALPHA and CHARLIE converge, as-- BRAVO enters, with an AK slung over one shoulder.

BRAVO

Cool, I didn't miss the best part.

As he speaks-- SAM ATTACKS. Throwing knees and elbows-- but the demons are faster, stronger... and it's THREE ON ONE.

KRAK! Alpha catches Sam with a haymaker, spinning him against a table.

OFF SAM. Breathing hard. Can't win this, and he knows it--

47

EXT. STREET - DAY

47

Abaddon has one hand on Dean's wrist, the other pulling his hair-- bending his head back. She's erotically close.

ABADDON

I do so appreciate you boys coming when I call. I think that's what I like most about the Winchesters: they're obedient... and suicidally stupid. I like that too.

DEAN

We gonna fight or make out? 'Cause I'm gettin' real mixed signals here.

ABADDON

I want Crowley. Or what's left of him.

(CONTINUED)

DEAN
(stalling)
Yeah? What's in it for me?

ABADDON
I let you die. Give me Crowley's head, and I'll snap your neck. Quick, clean-- you won't feel a thing, trust me. I'm a professional.

DEAN
And if I tell you to get bent?

ABADDON
Then, well...

She lets go of Dean's head, running her hand down his chest--

ABADDON
I've loved this body since the first moment I saw it. You're the perfect vessel, Dean. I mean, look at you... you give a girl all sorts of nasty ideas. So go ahead, play hard to get--

Abaddon RIPS open Dean's shirt, revealing his TATTOO.

ABADDON
And I'll peel off your little "No Demons Allowed" tattoo, then blow some smoke up your ass.

DEAN
Sure you wanna do that? 'Cause, between you and me-- kind of a horrorshow in here.

ABADDON
Oh, it can get worse. Once I'm on top? I'll make you watch, as I use your body to, well...
(big smile)
You ever felt an infant's blood drip down your chin? Heard a girl scream as you claw out her guts? Because you will. You and me, loverboy? We'll have a grand ol' time.

KRAK! Bravo SLAMS Sam's head into the wall-- and the Hunter drops to the floor. OUT COLD.

Alpha kneels beside Sam, and grabs his hair-- JERKING Sam's head up. The demon smirks, shakes his head.

ALPHA

And here I thought you Winchesters were supposed to be tough.

Then-- Sam's eyes FLASH. Alpha reacts-- the Hell?-- and-- *

WHAM! Sam's hand SHOOTS OUT, hitting Alpha in the chest! Sending him FLYING! The demon smashes into a TABLE, as Bravo and Charlie react-- the fuck?!-- then--

Sam stands... but it's NOT SAM ANYMORE. His eyes are GLOWING. EZEKIEL has taken control! A HERO SHOT! *

ON THE DEMONS. As Alpha rises to his knees. Eyes wide, then--

Sam/Ezekiel FLARES with power, and a pair of SHADOW WINGS (skeletal, featherless, broken) flash against the wall behind him. BAD FUCKING ASS!

Abaddon's nails DIG into Dean's chest-- his TATTOO--

ABADDON

Crowley's body-- where is it?

Dean grimaces, teeth gritted-- but says nothing. Abaddon glares down-- eyes boring into him.

ABADDON

You did knife him, right? Even you're not stupid enough-- (to)

BOOM! BRIGHT WHITE LIGHT explodes from the diner-- blowing out its WINDOWS! Abaddon spins toward the commotion-- and Dean does the same.

ABADDON

An angel?!

DEAN

(stunned, but improvising)
You really think we'd roll into your mousetrap without back-up?

ON ABADDON. Suddenly over her head. With a SNARL-- she THROWS Dean through a nearby WINDOW!

ON THE WINDOW. A beat, then-- Dean rises, hurt but alive-- to see: The street is EMPTY. Abaddon's GONE!

50

INT. RETRO DINER - DAY

50

DEAN races in, to see-- THREE DEAD DEMONS. Their throats SLASHED. SAM/EZEKIEL stands at the center of the carnage, holding the bloody DEMON KNIFE. Dean slows... unsure. Is he looking at Sam or--?

SAM/EZEKIEL

They were going to kill him, Dean.

DEAN

Ezekiel? The hell did you do?

SAM/EZEKIEL

I was protecting your brother. I thought that's what you wanted.

ON DEAN. That hits home.

DEAN

Yeah, but-- yeah. Sorry, I-- I'm still gettin' used to all this.

SAM/EZEKIEL

As am I.

DEAN

But Sam's okay?

SAM/EZEKIEL

He was knocked unconscious-- in a way, he still is. Sam won't remember any of this.

DEAN

And when he comes to? What am I supposed to tell him?

SAM/EZEKIEL

That's why I used the knife.

DEAN

Right. Smart.

He turns-- surveying the damage. Looking LOST.

SAM/EZEKIEL

But you're troubled still.

DEAN

Yeah, I'm-- (troubled)
(then)
This-- it's on me.

(CONTINUED)

SAM/EZEKIEL

I don't understand.

DEAN

I talked Sam outta boarding up Hell--
so every demon deal, every kill they
make? You're lookin' at the guy who
let it happen.

SAM/EZEKIEL

You were protecting your brother.

(off Dean's look)

I'm in Sam's head-- everything he
knows, I know. And I know that
what you did, you did out of love.

DEAN

Zeke? I'm gonna call you Zeke.
I'm not so much with the "love" and
the-- love.

Ezekiel nods, cordial.

SAM/EZEKIEL

But it is why you asked me to heal
Sam-- and it is why I said yes.

DEAN

Yeah, and if this goes sideways,
it's on me too.

SAM/EZEKIEL

That's not going to happen.

A beat. Dean shakes his head in frustrated wonder.

DEAN

This is nuts. You're Sam but
you're not-- Sam's the one I'm
normally talking to 'bout this
stuff but I can't--

(deep breath)

I'm trusting you Zeke. I just
gotta hope you're one'a the good
guys.

SAM/EZEKIEL

Dean, I am.

(then, knowing)

But I suppose that's what a bad guy
would say.

"Devil May Care" Pink Pages 7/23/13 39.
50 CONTINUED: (2) 50

Dean cracks a soft smile at that. Exhales. The angel steps forward, looking Dean in the eye.

SAM/EZEKIEL
You are doing the right thing, Dean
Winchester.

OFF DEAN. Frowning. He so wants to believes that.

TIME CUT TO:

51 INT. RETRO DINER - DAY 51

CLOSE ON: THE DEMON KNIFE. Lying on the counter. DEAN picks it up and moves to-- *

SAM, who lies against the wall, body in the exact same position as it was after the demons knocked him out. DEAN kneels over Sam, staring at his brother. A beat, then-- *

The PERFORMANCE begins. DEAN starts to SHAKE Sam-- WORRIED.

DEAN
Sam? Sammy?! *

SAM
(blinking awake)
Dean? What happened?

DEAN
You took a shot to the head, and I saved your ass. Like usual.

Sam's eyes drift to the demon corpses-- Dean's DEMON BLADE. *

SAM
You killed three demons. Alone?

DEAN
Took 'em by surprise.
(re: the broken windows)
Things got messy, and I got lucky.
Oh, and I'm awesome. There's that.

He reaches down, helping Sam up. Sam just stares at his brother-- a look of pure ADMIRATION.

DEAN
What?

SAM
You are pretty damn awesome.

(CONTINUED)

51

CONTINUED:

51

He EXITS-- but we hold on DEAN. Frowning. Knows he doesn't deserve that.

A52

EXT. RETRO DINER - DAY

A52

Sam steps up as-- THE IMPALA skids to a stop outside the diner, TRACY behind the wheel. She exits, Sam eyes her.

SAM
Hey-- you okay?

TRACY
(eyeing the diner)
Yeah. You?

SAM
More or less.

TRACY
Good.

The two of them share a beat-- a moment of UNDERSTANDING-- then-- DEAN exits. Tracy tosses him the KEYS.

TRACY
I got everything, but-- guess I'm late to the party?

DEAN
Lucky you.

He climbs in the DRIVER'S SIDE. Sam takes shotgun, Tracy slips into the back.

DEAN
Come on, let's blow this toxic waste dump. Burgers and Silkwood Showers are on me.

Doors slam, Dean guns the engine, and the trio SPEED OFF as we-- BLACKOUT!

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

52 INT. MEN OF LETTERS' BUNKER - MAIN FLOOR - DAY (DAY 4) 52

SAM enters, DEAN right behind-- carrying a bucket of CHICKEN, and a bottle of PRUNE JUICE. The room is EMPTY.

DEAN

Kevin?

A beat. No response.

SAM

Kevin?

53 INT. MEN OF LETTERS' BUNKER - ROOM 7B - DAY 53

Sam and Dean enter... to see the DOOR to the DUNGEON is slightly ajar. The boys trade a "shit!" look, throw it open--

54 INT. MEN OF LETTERS' BUNKER - DUNGEON - DAY 54

And CROWLEY is sitting in his chair. Still bound, and looking very much the worse for wear. The boys stop. Stare.

DEAN

Who gave you the makeover?

CROWLEY

Martin Hayward and Brandon Favors.

SAM

They did this?

CROWLEY

No, they're demons. You said you wanted names, I'm giving you names. They're underperformers, you spike them, you're doing me a favor.

DEAN

Wow, you broke quick.

CROWLEY

Please, your plan to leave me stewing in my own delicious juices? It's pathetic. But if you want intel, well... I want things too. I'm sure we can come to some sort of arrangement. Quid pro quo, lads.

SAM

And these are what? Freebies?

(CONTINUED)

54

CONTINUED:

CROWLEY

Not at all. Those are fair trade
for the... enjoyment Kevin gave me.

DEAN

The Hell's that supposed to mean?

CROWLEY

He's my new favorite toy. Wind him
up, and watch him go.

Dean frowns-- shoots Sam a look.

DEAN

Check the names, I'll find the kid.

55

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

55

DEAN enters-- KEVIN'S moving for the door, backpack in hand.

DEAN

Where do you think you're going?!

Kevin doesn't answer, just starts to open the door-- WHAM!
And Dean SLAMS it shut. Pissed.

DEAN

Kevin! Talk to me!

KEVIN

You can't keep me locked in here!
I'm leaving!

DEAN

Like Hell! We told you to stay
away from Crowley! He messes with
your head. He-- (will)

KEVIN

He said my mom's alive!

That brings Dean up short.

KEVIN

Crowley said if I let him go, he'd
give her back to me.

DEAN

And you believed him?

KEVIN

No-- I don't-- he's still in there,
isn't he?

(CONTINUED)

ON DEAN. Heart breaking for the kid.

DEAN
Crowley's lying.

KEVIN
And if he's not?

DEAN
Then... even if she's alive, she's
dead. In every way that matters,
she's dead, Kevin. I'm sorry.

That hits Kevin hard. He knows Dean's right.

DEAN
And I know you're dying to bolt-- I
get it. But out that door? It's
demons, and angels, and they'd all
love to get their hands on a prophet.
Even with Crowley here, this is still
the safest place for you. It just
is. And we need you, Kev.

KEVIN
Because I'm useful.

DEAN
'Cause you're family. After the crap
we've been through-- after the good
you've done-- if you don't think we'd
die for you, then-- I don't know what
to tell you, man. You, me, Sam,
Cass... we're all we got.

He takes a step away from the door.

DEAN
But if you really wanna go? I
won't stop you.

OFF KEVIN. Touched. TEARS welling up.

SAM sits at a table, books open in front of him-- lost in
thought. DEAN enters from the back hallway.

DEAN
Kevin's crashed out in one of the
back bedrooms. Kid's tough-- he'll
bounce back.

Sam nods, Dean moves to him. Eyes his brother--

DEAN

What's eating you?

SAM

Nothing, just-- what Tracy said about me? She wasn't wrong.

DEAN

No. But Sam-- you've helped more than you've hurt. A helluva lot more. So all that? It was then.
(handing Sam a drink)
Here's to now.

Sam nods-- appreciates that. Dean gives him a little salute, slugs back the booze.

SAM

You ready for it? The fallen angels, Abaddon, Cass losing his halo-- Crowley in our basement.

DEAN

Crap. We're livin' in a friggin' sitcom.

Sam CHUCKLES. Dean pours another drink.

DEAN

What about you? How's the engine running?

SAM

Honestly? Better than it has in a long time. I know it's crazy out there, and we got trouble coming, but for me-- I look around and I've got friends, family.

(then, a smile)

Dean-- I'm happy with my life for the first time in... ever. I really am. Things are just... they're good.

And he can't quite believe it. Dean slugs back his drink. Then forces a smile of his own.

DEAN

Never better.

(CONTINUED)

And off our boys, together-- yet so far apart...

BLACKOUT.

TO BE CONTINUED...



Supernatural Item Provenance:

Donated to Nancy Cartwright's Charity Happy House from Supernatural Production to be raffled off during the "9th Annual Happy House Texas Hold'em Party" Saturday, May 17th, 2014.