

SUPERNATURAL

Episode #903

"I'm No Angel"

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Episode #903

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REVISION HISTORY

Revision	Date	Revised Pages
Production Draft - White	07/18/13	

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"I'm No Angel"

CAST LIST

SAM WINCHESTER
DEAN WINCHESTER

JARED PADALECKI
JENSEN ACKLES

CASTIEL

MISHA COLLINS

APRIL KELLY
BARTHOLOMEW
CAMERAWOMAN
DETECTIVE
FEMALE ANGEL
FRANK
JOEY
LINDA
MALE ANGEL
MAURICE
OLDER PRIEST
PHARMACIST
REVEREND BUDDY BOYLE

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SUPERNATURAL
"I'm No Angel"

TEASER

FADE IN:

1 EXT. ST. ANNE'S CATHEDRAL - CHURCHYARD - NIGHT 1

Behind a Gothic fortress of a church. A YOUNG PRIEST and an OLDER PRIEST make their way along a path through the spacious grounds toward the rectory. Misty. Dark. Pools of light cast by lamp posts. The Older Priest looks through some papers as they walk, then:

OLDER PRIEST

Monsignor Cassidy will join us for dinner Saturday. And Mass, of course. He can be a pain, so let's have everyone on their toes...

NEW ANGLE-- Up ahead, two figures step from darkness, silhouetted by a slice of lamplight. They stand there motionless for a beat. The Priests stop walking, a bit apprehensive.

Then the figures step forward so they can be seen. A MALE and a FEMALE. They are all business, stony faces, lethal eyes, slick grey suits. Yes: ANGELS.

FEMALE ANGEL

Gentlemen. We're looking for a man we believe you may know.

(beat)

His name is Castiel.

2 EXT. HOMELESS SHELTER - TO ESTABLISH - DAY (DAY 1) 2

A modest, building in a gritty part of town.

3 INT. MEN'S DORMITORY - DAY 3

Homeless Men are getting ready for the day.

BATHROOM AREA-- Men are brushing teeth, shaving. FIND one guy in particular, bent over a sink. He spits, straightens up. CASTIEL! He wears worn jeans and a shirt nabbed from the coin laundry (in Ep. 902). He mops his face as another guy, FRANK, scruffy, 30's, passes, buttoning a shirt, as:

(CONTINUED)

FRANK

Hey, Clarence.

(then)

How much longer you gonna be with us?

CASTIEL

I'll be moving on tonight. After work. It's time.

Frank processes. Cass moves off toward the toilet stalls.

CASTIEL

Do you ever get tired of urinating?
I'll never get used to it.

FRANK-- Huh?

EXT. ST. ANNE'S CATHEDRAL - CHURCHYARD - DAY

The men we just saw at the shelter are tending the grounds, picking up trash, etc.

WITH CASS-- A hoodie added to his outfit. Carrying maintenance tools toward the rear of the church.

EXT. ST. ANNE'S CATHEDRAL - REAR - DAY

Gloomy even in day. Cass works his way along a wall of the building, using a pointed stick to stab debris, deposit it into a bag, his eyes focused on the ground. He comes to something odd: A dark smear on the walk. He looks closer. Rubs it with a rag, stares. Blood? Up ahead, another smear. He warily approaches. Then rounds a corner. A smear on the wall! DRIP. SPLAT. DRIP. SPLAT. Blood drips into a puddle. Cass slowly shifts his gaze up the stone wall.

HIS POV-- The Young and Older Priests. Hoisted high up on the stone wall. IMPALED WITH IRON SPIKES JUTTING FROM THEIR CHESTS! ENTRAILS SPILLING FROM THEIR TORSOS. MOUTHS FROZEN IN SILENT SCREAMS. THEIR EYE SOCKETS SCORCHED AND EMPTY.

OFF Cass's horrified reaction...

BLACKOUT!

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

6 INT. MEN OF LETTERS BUNKER - DAY

6

DEAN has just stumbled out of bed, rumpled and groggy. He heads for coffee, then realizes: This place looks mighty empty. He glances around, a little uneasy.

DEAN

Sam?

(beat)

You here?

SAM jauntily enters from the outside, carrying a bag of breakfast.

SAM

Hey. 'Morning.

DEAN

You've been outside already?

SAM

Beautiful sunrise. Did some running.

(hoists bag)

Got you real bacon and eggs with extra grease, not even gonna argue.

DEAN

Perfect. "Running?" Sammy...

SAM

What? Why do you look worried?

DEAN

Worried? Well, gee, there's Cass... I told him to haul his ass our way, and that was days ago, and he's still out there... Then there's you...

SAM

Me? I feel great.

DEAN

I get that. It's just the trials... "stressed" you... a little, so I'm thinkin' maybe you should take it a bit slower. It's... like you're...

(CONTINUED)

Suddenly, SAM'S EYES GLOW SOFTLY; FOR JUST A SECOND. And he becomes Ezekiel.

SAM/EZEKIEL

...Possessed by an angel?

Dean is startled and a little exasperated. It's weird having your brother possessed.

SAM/EZEKIEL

It really was Sam speaking, Dean. I'll tell you when it's me.

A weak smile from Dean.

SAM/EZEKIEL

And he does feel better. A work in progress of course; I'm slowly healing him.

DEAN

And that is... Great. But Zeke, the deal was, you were gonna keep the cork in and not be poppin' out all the time.

SAM/EZEKIEL

I have news. I've picked up chatter. Among the angels. Not all are wandering around in confusion.

DEAN

I know. Some of 'em are chasing Cass.

SAM/EZEKIEL

There's a faction that's rapidly organizing. And finding human vessels to contain them.

DEAN

(now getting concerned)
Led by Naomi?

SAM/EZEKIEL

I haven't heard that name. No. But it's this faction's leadership who want Castiel found.

(then)

You see, Dean? I can be useful.

(CONTINUED)

DEAN

So can my brother. So why don't you go check your email, and if I need your help? I'll let you know.

SAM/EZEKIEL

Dean...

DEAN

I said: I'll let you know.

Sam is immediately Sam (his eyes glow briefly); as if nothing had just happened:

SAM

...Dean, you gotta remember Cass is human, now. It's gonna take him longer to travel.

DEAN

(gives head a shake)
I'm gonna get whiplash.

SAM

What?

DEAN

Nothing. I've been thinkin'... If these angels are organizing, they're more dangerous than we thought.

SAM

Why do you think they're organizing?

DEAN

(vamping)
It just makes sense! My point is, the more of them there are after Cass, the worse it is.

Sam's still a bit lost on the logic trail.

DEAN

We gotta find him.

CLOSE ON A TABLET SCREEN-- FILLING THE FRAME: The sincere, folksy, utterly charming visage of REVEREND BUDDY BOYLE. 40's, a little doughy. If he's selling, you're buying. Tinny, N.D. ORGAN MUSIC, as:

*

(CONTINUED)

REVEREND BOYLE

*

(on video)

...Folks, like I've been tellin' you, we are in that most sacred of times...

WIDER-- A cubicle of shelving in a PHARMACY. A PHARMACIST 30's, in drug store coat watches his tablet, enraptured.

REVEREND BOYLE

*

(on video)

...A legion of angels reaches out to us. "Betty," they're sayin', "Buck... We bring you God's embrace..."

WE CUT TO VARIOUS TABLETS, SMART PHONES, IPODS WATCHED BY:

A GIRL PUMPING GAS

A GUY CHEWING A BURGER

A LADY IN THE PARK-- AS:

REVEREND BOYLE(V.O.)

*

(on video)

Can you feel their divine presence? If you do, it's nothin' to fear! Heck no. If angel's come a-knockin', you just let 'em on in! Fill yourself up with their grace!

(a serene smile)

This is Reverend Buddy Boyle and the "Goin' for Glory Hour," wishin' you a most blessed day. Amen.

*

END SERIES OF SHOTS

INT. REVEREND BOYLE'S OFFICE - DAY

*

Reverend Boyle sits at the desk of his ornate office, beaming into a VIDEO CAMERA, having just finished the podcast we just saw. A young CAMERAWOMAN runs the small camera and simple switcher. She punches a button.

*

CAMERAWOMAN

And... we're clear.

The video lights go down on Reverend Boyle. Behind him hangs a big "GOIN' FOR GLORY HOUR" logo. As Boyle loosens his tie:

*

*

(CONTINUED)

BARTHOLOMEW (O.C.)

Beautiful, Buddy. One of your best.

REVEAL-- Off to one side, the angel BARTHOLOMEW, 40ish. A smooth, urbane bureaucrat of heaven in an impeccable suit. Though he needs Buddy, he considers him a simple twit, and knows how to work him.

REVEREND BOYLE

Well, that is high praise, sir. Seein' as how you're an emissary from the man upstairs, himself. Thank you, Bart.

*

BARTHOLOMEW

(lips curling)

It's Bartholomew.

(smooth; manipulating)

And let me tell you: God has personally assured me, he is highly pleased with your work. Highly. He prepareth a special reward for helping him populate a true heaven on earth.

REVEREND BOYLE

Between you and me, it's practically reward enough just bein' one of the few humans in all of time to get orders from an actual angel, but if he wants to prepareth, I am honored.

*

BARTHOLOMEW

(patiently)

Terrific.

The Camerawoman is suddenly aflame with the moment:

CAMERAWOMAN

(to Bartholomew)

Sir. I am ready.

BARTHOLOMEW

Oh?

CAMERAWOMAN

Let me be a vessel for the divine. I give myself over to you.

REVEREND BOYLE

Hallelujah.

*

(CONTINUED)

BARTHOLOMEW

Yes. Well... If you're certain...

She nods adamantly. Bartholomew signals to something unseen, then waves a hand. A BRILLIANT BEAM OF WHITE LIGHT ARCS DOWN FROM THE CEILING, THEN STREAKS INTO THE CAMERAWOMAN'S MOUTH AS SHE SPREADS HER ARMS. Buddy stares in awe. Camerawoman looks rapturous. Then nearly orgasmic.

CAMERAWOMAN

Oh! Oh!

Then suddenly things go very wrong. Camerawoman stiffens, then begins to SPASM. Her mouth and eyes go wide as she begins to VIBRATE AND WAIL! She SHRIEKS and then EXPLODES, SENDING A SHOWER OF BODILY GOO FLYING! Reverend Boyle screams and flattens against a wall. *

REVEREND BOYLE

Bart! What the hell! *

Bartholomew is unperturbed.

BARTHOLOMEW

Buddy, the simple truth is that not all who are willing are designed to contain heaven's grace. We have to expect a casualty now and then. A small price to pay, when you think about it.

REVEREND BOYLE

(sad acceptance) *
Like the lamb of the sacrifice.

BARTHOLOMEW

(whatever)
Sure.

CLOSE ON MAP-- The U.S. A big dot marks a location: Longmont, Colorado. Surrounding this are widening rings of concentric circles.

WIDEN-- To FIND Dean, with a sharpie, studying the map, while Sam scrolls through his laptop.

DEAN

(touches dot) *
So here's where Cass called from Tuesday... Longmont, Colorado.
(circles)
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

DEAN (CONT'D)

And each circle shows how far he might've gone in every direction in one, two... three days...

SAM

(studying screen)

Okay, the same day he called from Longmont? Weird murder, same town. Cops said it was like this girl was blasted from the inside out.

(glances at Dean)

Both eyes missing. Scorched.

DEAN

Angel kill. Might've just missed Cass.

(then)

Unless they got him.

SAM

(studying screen)

You got an Emory Park, Iowa?

DEAN

(looks at map)

Couple days outta Longmont.

SAM

Two priests killed on Thursday. Eyes blown out. Oh, and stuck to a wall and gutted.

DEAN

So they were tortured, first. Angels wanted info. These guys find Cass before we do?

SAM

Yeah.

(closes laptop)

Emory Park?

A lonely highway crosses over the wooden bridge. Beneath it, a homeless camp of several men and women. A campfire burns. Cass huddles with them, eating from a can of something.

CASTIEL

(to group)

Thank you. I was so hungry. Very kind of you to share.

A young guy, JOEY, scruffy, 20's, looks over.

JOEY

S'okay.

CASTIEL

I'm finding that people with the least to give are often the most generous. Or would you call that perspective too romantic?

The homeless people glance at each other. "Who is this guy?"

CASTIEL

Anyway, I've got to plan better. I ran out of food very quickly today.

JOEY

New at this, aren't you?

CASTIEL

Yes. Food. Sleep. Passing gas. All very strange.

(confidentially)

And... It's occurred to me that one day I'm going to die.

JOEY

Yeah, well you always knew that.

Cass looks at him blankly. Then:

CASTIEL

Well.

(standing)

I'd better try falling asleep. It's quite a process, isn't it?

JOEY

Try counting sheep.

CASTIEL

Thanks once again.

DIFFERENT SECTION OF BRIDGE--- Cass moves away from the fire to a dark section of bridge, separated from the camp by trestles. He looks down at the lumpy earth, finds a spot, pulls the hood of his jacket up, and lies down, facing CAMERA, curled up for warmth. His eyes close, then re-open.

CASTIEL

What sheep?

(CONTINUED)

Eyes close. A beat. A soft WHISTLE OF WIND and CAMERA ADJUSTS to FIND, behind Cass: The figure of a man, silhouetted in moonlight. Now Cass's eyes open. We can see he senses a presence. Now he turns his head to look behind him and:

NEW ANGLE-- The figure is gone. Cass scrambles to his feet, looking behind him. He moves back to where he saw the figure. Nothing. He turns back around, and JUMP SCARE! The man is now right in front of him! It is the PHARMACIST we saw watching Boyle's podcast, still wearing his drug store coat! *

PHARMACIST
You were difficult to find.

Cass turns, tries to scramble away, but the Pharmacist stabs his angel blade into the edge of Cass's shoulder. Cass grips his shoulder, which is bleeding, but of course he doesn't flare out. The Pharmacist stares, stunned:

PHARMACIST
Castiel, you're human?

Cass has pulled his own blade from inside his jacket AND PLUNGES IT INTO THE PHARMACIST'S CHEST. HE FLARES OUT AND DIES. Cass stares down at him, breathing hard, thoughts racing, and...

BLACKOUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

11 EXT. ST. ANNE'S CATHEDRAL - CHURCHYARD - DAY (DAY 2) 11

Dean, in FBI threads, walks through the churchyard with Frank (from the teaser), who carries a rake. The other homeless men we've seen are tending the grounds, as:

FRANK

Yeah, yeah. I think I know this guy you're talkin' about. Sounds like Clarence.

This gets Dean's attention.

DEAN

"Clarence."

FRANK

The church runs a shelter in town.
(indicates church)
We work here... Earn our keep.
Clarence spent a couple nights,
then hadda move on.

DEAN

Left the day the bodies were found?

FRANK

Matter of fact. Oh, those poor guys were a mess. Musta suffered bad. But at least now they're with the angels.

DEAN

I sure as hell hope not.

Frank gives him a look.

DEAN

Clarence say where he was goin'?

FRANK

No. Just said he always hadda keep going.

(confidential)

I have the feelin' he's on the run from something. My opinion? Kind of an odd guy.

Dean allows himself a small smile.

(CONTINUED)

DEAN

Yeah. He is.

THE IMPALA-- Sam, passenger side, looks at his laptop. Dean approaches, stripping off his tie.

DEAN

He was definitely here. Good news is, he's gettin' cagey. Used a fake name: "Clarence."

Sam smiles, shakes his head.

SAM

What Meg used to call him. 'Course he doesn't get that's the name of a pretty famous angel.

DEAN

What?

SAM

"It's a Wonderful Life?"

Dean looks blank.

SAM

Seriously?

DEAN

(re: laptop)
What'd you come up with?

SAM

Another angel kill. Outside a town called Lafayette. About a day's travel east of here.

DEAN

(squints at screen)
Indiana.

SAM

Body was found in a homeless camp. Eyes blasted out, whole nine yards.

DEAN

Homeless guy?

SAM

No. A pharmacist. From Dayton.

12 EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

12

Detroit. Cass comes down the street, carrying his jacket, counting out a few rumpled bills and a pile of coins. The last of his money. He pauses, looks down the street at a sidewalk cafe. He's starving. People are at tables, sinking their teeth into juicy burgers. Digging into ice cream sundaes. God, that pizza looks good. Cass sighs, sucks it up, and stays on point: He enters a TATTOO PARLOR.

The door closes and we WATCH THROUGH THE GLASS as Cass approaches the stoner Tattoo Artist at the counter, shows him something written on a piece of paper. Then Cass yanks up his shirt, indicates where he wants the tattoo: Over his bottom rib.

13 INT. BARTHOLOMEW'S OFFICE - DAY

13

A hastily put-together room in an abandoned factory. Windows painted out. A guerilla warrior's headquarters. Bartholomew leans against his desk as the Female Angel (from the teaser) reports in. Holding a sheaf of papers.

FEMALE ANGEL
(glancing at pages)
Reverend Boyle's influence is
astonishing. *

BARTHOLOMEW
(shaking his head)
I'll never understand these people.

FEMALE ANGEL
Our fallen brothers and sisters are
finding vessels faster than we'd
even hoped.

BARTHOLOMEW
They'd better. And then they need
to help us find Castiel.

FEMALE ANGEL
Castiel. Yes.

BARTHOLOMEW
You know, the one you let slip
through your fingers?

FEMALE ANGEL
Our Dayton operative is tracking
him. He's very close.

(CONTINUED)

BARTHOLOMEW

Good. Because frankly, you're hanging by a thread.

A KNOCK, and the Male Angel (from teaser) nervously enters.

MALE ANGEL

I have terrible news.

Female Angel's head falls to her chest. Bartholomew glares.

MALE ANGEL

Our operative did manage to find Castiel. But Castiel was somehow able to kill him.

BARTHOLOMEW

What?

FEMALE ANGEL

He's a madman, sir. And very dangerous.

BARTHOLOMEW

(drawing near)

No. I'm very dangerous. And you will find this human and destroy him. Do you understand?

MALE ANGEL

That may not be possible, sir.

BARTHOLOMEW

I'm getting a little tired of you.

MALE ANGEL

Castiel has vanished. We're unable to track him. He must have found a way to ward himself against us.

Bartholomew seethes with rage, and...

WITH CASS-- A SONG on the TRACK as Cass makes his way through a big city, his first since becoming human. And his newly awakened senses are raw and jangling.

He grimaces as he looks around. The ROAR OF TRAFFIC AND HONKING OF HORNS is unbearable. A shrieking SIREN makes him cover his ears.

(CONTINUED)

14

CONTINUED:

14

Now he smells something. He's starving, and SAUSAGES AND ONIONS ARE SIZZLING LOUDLY on a SIDEWALK VENDOR'S GRILL, the delicious smoke spiraling up to meet Cass.

An INCREDIBLY HOT GIRL in a LOW CUT TOP swings into view. Jesus. Cleavage. How long's that been around?

Keeps moving. Two MEN IN A DOORWAY are ARGUING FURIOUSLY over a blown call in last night's game. UGLY. FINGERS STABBING CHESTS, SPITTLE ON LIPS. Cass cringes, hovers, debates trying to calm them. Something else catches his eye.

A HOMELESS WOMAN squats on a filthy rug. A cup at her feet, a sign reads "Please Help." Her eyes downcast in shame and hopelessness. Cass stares, struck by sadness. He drops his last coins in her cup. Her grimy face slowly looks up and her eyes meet his. A tear rolls down his cheek.

WIDE-- THE STREET-- Cass, swallowed up by the CACOPHONY AND TURBULENCE OF MODERN LIFE. THE SOUNDS ALL BLEED INTO ONE UNBEARABLE ROAR, AND:

15

INT. SMALL CHAPEL - DAY

15

Sudden silence. The darkened room is a haven from bedlam. The door opens and Cass enters, drinking in the peace. Cass makes his way up the rows of pews, finally sliding into one and slumping back, exhausted. He glances around at the STAINED GLASS WINDOWS. Cherubs and beautiful angels with flowing hair bring peace to a troubled earth. Cass can only smile at the naivete.

Now Cass becomes aware of a woman, LINDA, 40's and careworn, praying in a pew a couple rows up. He leans forward.

LINDA

(eyes heavenward)

...Please Lord. Mike's such a good man. Please send your angels to heal him. Thank you for hearing me. Amen.

Cass stares, almost stunned. Particularly given the state of things. Linda slowly rises, begins moving down the aisle. As she passes Cass, he looks up at her with a sad smile.

CASTIEL

You were praying.

LINDA

(simply)

Yes. It's a church.

(CONTINUED)

CASTIEL

Is Mike... your husband?

LINDA

(nods)

He's very sick.

CASTIEL

(looking off)

Humans are so... fragile. I never realized how fragile... until recently.

LINDA

I guess that's why we pray. You get dealt such a bad hand sometimes, you need something stronger than yourself.

CASTIEL

It's a wonderful idea. But...

LINDA

What?

CASTIEL

What if you were to find out... no one was listening.

She stares at him like he's nuts.

CASTIEL

(as if to explain)

That God had... pretty much left. And heaven...

(what to say?)

...Had gone out of business. What would you do?

LINDA

But that's not possible.

CASTIEL

I think... It's completely possible.

LINDA

(gently)

You're missing the point. It's not possible, because I have my faith.

CASTIEL

But when I tell you the truth...

(CONTINUED)

LINDA

Your truth.

(a smile)

Not mine. Your lack of faith
doesn't cancel out what I believe.
That's not how it works!

Cass looks off. Trying to process. She comes closer, with
real sympathy:

LINDA

You know... You seem to have
troubles, yourself.

(their eyes meet)

I think you might feel better if
you tried it my way. Someone is
listening.

But Cass knows better. She smiles and goes on her way.

WIDE-- Cass. Surrounded by painted angels. Pondering.

INT. BARTHOLOMEW'S OFFICE - DAY

Bartholomew is addressing someone as yet unseen. Female
Angel stands watch.

BARTHOLOMEW

...The issue is, he's somehow
managed to ward himself against us.
Our ability to track him is jammed.
Which brings us to you:

WIDER-- To reveal a wiry junkyard dog of man, MAURICE. He
slouches, bored, in a chair, wearing shades, a few gold
chains, open shirt, tight jeans.

MAURICE

My kind, we always get who we're
looking for, chief.

BARTHOLOMEW

Well, you're a reaper, that's what
you're built for. But some of you
have taken your skill set to a
whole new level, I understand.

MAURICE

That's the rumor.

BARTHOLOMEW

And are willing to freelance. For
a price.

(CONTINUED)

MAURICE

That's the rumor.
(peers over his shades)
'Course we don't come cheap.

BARTHOLOMEW

That's the rumor.

MAURICE

Say we come to a satisfactory
arrangement. Jump start me. How
do I start lookin' for this...
Castiel?

BARTHOLOMEW

I've got one word for you:
(then)
Winchester.

Dean and Sam (who carries his laptop), in FBI threads, come
down a corridor of this small town precinct with a no-
nonsense DETECTIVE.

DETECTIVE

Damndest thing I ever saw. Vic had
a stab wound, but that's not what
killed him. It's like his insides
were vaporized. And his eyes...

DEAN

...Were blasted out.

The Detective glances over at him.

DEAN

Been goin' around.

They've entered a BULLPEN AREA. Moderately busy. Uniforms,
Detectives, Clerks, Citizens making statements. The
Detective leads the boys to a desk, as:

SAM

He was a pharmacist from Ohio?

DETECTIVE

'Parently. Total family man.
Religious. One day he jumps in the
SUV and takes off. Dies under a
bridge here, from God knows what.

Detective slaps a carton resting on the desk.

(CONTINUED)

DETECTIVE

This is his stuff. Help yourselves.

The Detective goes off. Sam and Dean turn to the carton. Sam pulls out the Pharmacist's drug store coat. A small bible. Dean grabs a smart phone, turns it on, scrolls through contents.

SAM

Anything?

DEAN

Nothin' weird. Crappy music. Lotta podcasts.

(looks closer)

All the same thing. "Reverend Buddy Boyle's Goin' for Glory Hour."

*

Dean loads the podcast; Sam opens his laptop.

SAM

Cop said he was religious.

INTERCUT SMART PHONE SCREEN-- as:

The cheesy ORGAN MUSIC, and:

REVEREND BOYLE

(on video)

...join me for a heapin' helpin' of glory, friends. For, as I've been sayin', we are in an extraordinary, sacred time...

*

ZZZZP! Dean fast forwards.

REVEREND BOYLE

(on video)

...When you are in the presence of the divine, you'll know it! And if you let yourself, you'll hear it: A quiet voice askin' to fill you with the glory of the almighty!

*

Uh-oh. Dean and Sam glance at each other. ZZZZP!

REVEREND BOYLE

(on video)

...So remember! When angels come a-knockin', you let 'em on in!

*

(CONTINUED)

Dean SNAPS OFF the podcast. The guys process.

SAM
Angels can't possess a human
without permission, right?

DEAN
(fuck)
Yup.

SAM
(didn't notice)
So, what? They're using this guy
to find vessels?

DEAN
It's a willing audience. All
religious folks like our
pharmacist. Bein' told by Buddy
Boyle to let angels take 'em over.

*

SAM
Like body snatchers.

DEAN
Sammy... How big a reach does this
guy Boyle have?

*

Sam's been typing, looks at the laptop screen, spins it
around. There is a "GOIN' FOR GLORY WORLDWIDE!" logo over a
map of the earth. Over nearly every country there are
clusters of dots representing followers.

SAM
Oh, pretty much the whole planet.

The guys look at each other, Sam snaps the laptop shut, and
they hastily exit. RACK TO REVEAL, a couple desks over, a
"Citizen" who'd been talking to a cop. He turns. MAURICE!

BLACKOUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

18

EXT. ALLEY -- DAY

18

Cass, still in the city and starving. He moves down a row of trash cans, looking for food. A half-eaten bag of chips. A discarded cupcake in a box. Behind a joint marked "EUGENE'S DINER," he lifts another lid. Payday! A discarded bread basket. A pickle! As he rummages, he hears APPROACHING HEEL CLICKS. They stop. Cass slowly turns to see APRIL KELLY, 30ish, pretty in a fresh, regular girl way, a coat over her waitress uniform. She stands watching him expectantly.

CASTIEL

(trying for poise)

I am not stealing.

APRIL

And I'm not a cop.

CASTIEL

It's a shame how much is wasted,
while there's so much hunger. I
never knew.

She takes half a sandwich from her lunch bag, offers it.

APRIL

Peanut butter and jelly. Pretty
good.

CASTIEL

Oh. I couldn't.

APRIL

You're doing me a favor. Less
calories.

CASTIEL

Thank you, but I can't take your
food.

APRIL

You're not. I'm giving it to you.

(then, softening)

Look, I've had tough times myself.

She forces it into his hand, then opens the diner's rear door. She looks back at him with an amazing smile, and enters. Cass stands staring after her, a little stunned by her kindness.

(CONTINUED)

18

CONTINUED:

18

CASTIEL

Thank you.

19

EXT. BRIDGE - NIGHT

19

The homeless camp. A face-off between Sam and Dean and the homeless people, who look deeply suspicious.

DEAN

For the billionth time, we're just lookin' for information. We're not cops. Do we look like cops?

The homeless people glance at each other. They do sort of look like cops.

DEAN

Well, we're not. We just need to find a friend who's in it deep.

SAM

He might've been here the night that guy was killed. Any of you here, then?

Out of the darkness steps the young guy, JOEY.

JOEY

Maybe.

DEAN

Our buddy's got dark hair. Blue eyes.

(beat)

A little out of it.

SAM

Maybe called himself... "Clarence?"

JOEY

Clarence. Yeah.

SAM

You two talk?

JOEY

Not much.

DEAN

(prodding)

And...

(CONTINUED)

JOEY

Think he was on the run.

SAM

You see him with the vic...
Victim?

JOEY

Nah.

Exasperated, Dean gestures: And..?

JOEY

He went off to sleep in another
part of our resort.

DEAN

Where?

JOEY

He's not there now.

SAM

Where'd he go?

JOEY

Saw him running from under the
bridge to the highway.

DEAN

(frustrated)

You gonna pay us for all this teeth
pulling? Where was he headed?

JOEY

Flagged a truck headed north.
Detroit, probably.

CAMERA MOVES TO REVEAL, on the roadway atop the bridge:
MAURICE. Hands jammed into pockets. Listening.

SAM, DEAN, JOEY.

SAM

Why Detroit?

JOEY

Truck was marked "Motor City Meat."

Dean suddenly senses being watched, WHIPS HIS HEAD AROUND.
RACK TO REVEAL: The spot where Maurice was standing. Now
empty! Sam glances curiously at Dean, who turns back around,
still feeling something's off. Dean hands ten bucks to Joey.

(CONTINUED)

19

CONTINUED: (2)

19

DEAN

Okay, well thanks, man. Real helpful.

He glances once again up at the empty spot on the bridge.

20

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

20

HIGH ANGLE-- THUNDER! POURING RAIN. CAMERA CRANES DOWN, MOVES THROUGH THE TORRENT to FIND CASS, squatting between two dumpsters for shelter. His head is buried between his knees as he tries to make himself small. The back of the diner opens and April comes out, opening her umbrella. She heads toward the street. Passes Cass. Stops. He looks up. A minute, as she thinks it through. Then:

APRIL

Geez. You are really wet.

He stares up at her.

21

INT. APRIL'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

21

RAIN POUNDS on a window, as we MOVE to FIND: Cass looking around the small studio apartment, so grateful to be out of the elements. April is shedding her coat.

CASTIEL

Beautiful.

She looks at him. Is he putting her on?

APRIL

If you say so.

(then)

So you know? I don't usually bring home strange men.

CASTIEL

Am I strange?

APRIL

I mean, men I don't know. But you look like you've been to hell and back.

CASTIEL

Just once.

APRIL

(lets it pass; points to herself)

April, by the way. April Kelly.

(CONTINUED)

He nods.

APRIL

And you are?

CASTIEL

Castiel.

APRIL

One name.

CASTIEL

Like "God."

APRIL

Kinda cool. Kinda weird.

CASTIEL

Thank you.

He takes off his wet jacket. She stares at his shirt, which is bloody and torn at one shoulder.

APRIL

Um, not to raise any red flags, but did you know your shirt is soaked in blood?

Sam and Dean exit a convenience store, Sam carrying a bag. He's fished out a plastic single serving container of pie, dubiously looking at the label. As they walk:

SAM

Look at these chemicals. Did you even read this label?

DEAN

I read the word "pie." Everything else is blah blah blah.

Sam sighs, drops the pie back in the bag. They pass a man, back to CAMERA, buying a newspaper from a machine.

DEAN

When we hit Detroit, we start with the homeless shelters...

As they pass, the man looks up. Maurice. He waits a beat. Tosses the paper. Follows them.

(CONTINUED)

SAM

...I can check online for vagrancy arrests.

DEAN

Yeah, and for...

(makes "blow up" gesture
at both eyes)

...You know... Odd deaths...

They round the corner. A moment later, Maurice does the same thing.

NEW STREET-- Maurice comes around the corner. Stops, stares. The street is empty. No Winchesters. Maurice looks around warily, then turns. He is GRABBED by Sam and thrown against a wall near the doorway where he and Dean had been hidden.

SAM

Who are you?

No answer. Dean holds the angel blade to his throat.

DEAN

You been trailing us. Tell us who you are, while you can.

Cass, fresh from the shower, sits on the futon sofa. He's in April's oversized terry robe, one shoulder bare as she sits next to him, bandaging a small wound.

APRIL

You call that rag a bandage?
You're lucky this wasn't infected.
What happened to the guy who
attacked you?

CASTIEL

I stabbed him and he exploded.

APRIL

Funny.

(then)

You don't seem like the knife fight
type. Or... the homeless type,
actually.

She's applied the last piece of tape.

CASTIEL

Yes. Well, I trusted the wrong person.

APRIL

Bad investment advice?

CASTIEL

(thinks)

Vanity. I thought I was more important, more effective than I am. I could fix everything. Now all I can do is keep running.

APRIL

You know what they say.

CASTIEL

Who?

APRIL

(amused)

Everyone. "The road to hell is paved with good intentions."

CASTIEL

I think they're misinformed. And it's not so much a "road" as...

He sees her expression as she processes what he said.

CASTIEL

You were speaking metaphorically. Ah. I see your point.

She gently touches his shoulders and neck. This is new, being touched by a woman. His eyes glaze.

APRIL

All patched up, but your delts are in knots. You gotta relax.

CASTIEL

Yes. This is all new to me. The hunger. The cold. And the feeling of being so alone.

APRIL

(touches his cheek)

You're not alone tonight.

She kisses him on the cheek. He is surprised. She then brushes her lips over his. She looks at him.

(CONTINUED)

23

CONTINUED: (2)

23

He hungrily kisses her back. It is deep and full of new passion. She pulls back a bit.

APRIL

No rush, cowboy.

CASTIEL

I'm sorry.

APRIL

(smiles, reassuring)

I meant: No need to gun it. We've got all night.

She kisses him. Gentle at first, then it heats up, and we:

DISSOLVE TO:

24

INT. APRIL'S APARTMENT - LATER

24

CANDLES-- The RAIN DRUMS against the windows. We MOVE to the futon, now folded out as a bed, strewn with pillows. Cass and April, naked under the comforter. She watches him with a smile. His eyes are open, his circuits fried from sex.

APRIL

Say something.

CASTIEL

There aren't words.

APRIL

So... That was okay?

CASTIEL

Very much so.

(then)

And what I did, was... correct?

APRIL

(smiles)

Very much so.

CASTIEL

(still a bit dazed)

Good. Good.

A moment. He recovers; she watches him.

APRIL

Castiel?

(CONTINUED)

CASTIEL

My two friends call me Cass.

APRIL

Cass. I can't help thinking... All that stuff you said earlier... Blame... guilt... It seems like you've taken on a heavy load for such a sweet guy.

CASTIEL

Believe me, I've done a lot of foolish, unwise things. I've lost my way. I'm no angel.

APRIL

Look at you! A metaphor!

CASTIEL

(rueful)
Not really.

APRIL

Well, whoever you trusted... Can't they help undo this?

CASTIEL

We're not in contact.

She smiles sadly, not knowing how to help. She draws closer, putting a hand on his chest. A beat, then:

APRIL

So what happens next for you?

He leans over and gently pulls her into a kiss.

CASTIEL

More of this I hope.

And as the kiss heats up and round two begins...

A CIRCLE OF HOLY FIRE. Inside it, Sam holds Maurice's arms, pinning him to the street. Maurice's shirt has been ripped open, and Dean drags the angel blade down the reaper's chest. Maurice GASPS and goes rigid from the pain.

DEAN

Not fun, huh?

(beat)

So. Maurice.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

DEAN (CONT'D)

You bounty guys are Delta Force reapers. Why'd they sic you on Cass?

MAURICE

He warded himself. Hide and seek is our specialty.

Sam and Dean share a look. Warded himself? That's news.

DEAN

Naomi hire you?

No answer. Dean draws a new bloody line with the blade. Maurice CRIES OUT. Finally:

MAURICE

(clenched teeth)

You really are out of the loop. Naomi's dead. Resting in pieces.

More news. Sam and Dean glance at each other.

SAM

So who's running things?

Dean threatens with the blade.

MAURICE

Her protégé. Bartholomew. Up and comer.

SAM

And he figured we'd lead you to Cass.

DEAN

This Bartholomew... He's organizing the angels?

Another drag of the blade. Maurice GASPS again.

MAURICE

(breathless)

His followers.

(manages a sneer)

Be afraid.

SAM

Organizing... for what?

MAURICE

That's all I know.

(CONTINUED)

Dean presses the blade against Maurice's neck. But the reaper glares at him with hatred and defiance.

MAURICE

You can kill me. It won't matter.
If I don't get Castiel, there are
others who will. Do what you want.

DEAN

Sure.

Dean shoves the blade through Maurice's throat. HE FLARES
OUT AND DIES!

BLACKOUT.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

26 INT. APRIL'S APARTMENT - BATHROOM - DAY (DAY 3) 26

Morning. Cass is at the sink. His bloody clothes have been washed. He splashes water on his face and stares in the mirror. A sly smile. Pleased, amazed. He buttons up his shirt, coming out of the bathroom. He grabs his hoodie off the chair. Sudden concern: What was hidden inside it is gone.

KITCHEN AREA-- April's back is to us as she cuts up fruit near the sink. Cass enters.

CASTIEL

April...

APRIL

(glancing back at him)
I washed your stuff. Find everything okay?

CASTIEL

As a matter of fact, something's missing.

APRIL

Oh?

CASTIEL

It was with my jacket... It's hard to describe.

She turns around fully and we see what she's been cutting up fruit with: THE ANGEL BLADE!

APRIL

(coy)
Do you mean this?

Cass stares. Something cruel creeps into April's eyes, and:

27 EXT. DETROIT STREET - DAY 27

Now in the city, the Impala moves down a street. Dean pulls the car over to the curb.

28 INT. IMPALA - DAY 28

Sam and Dean.

SAM

What's up?

(CONTINUED)

DEAN

Been chasin' our tails all night,
no Cass. What's up? I'm fried.

Dean's wrestling with something. Makes his mind up:

DEAN

May be time for Plan "B."

SAM

Not following.

Dean stares Sam in the eyes. He speaks deliberately.

DEAN

I'm letting you know.

SAM

Okay.

(beat)

Letting me know what?

DEAN

(more slowly)

I am... Letting. You. Know.

Finally, A SOFT GLOW fills Sam's eyes for just a moment.
Ezekiel emerges.

SAM/EZEKIEL

What is it, Dean?

DEAN

Took you long enough. I need some
help.

SAM/EZEKIEL

(glances around nervously)

Well, that's flattering, but we've
been through this. I can't be
making public appearances.

DEAN

I'm not asking for a walk down the
red carpet, Zeke. I just need your
help finding Castiel.

SAM/EZEKIEL

It's not possible. He is warded.

(CONTINUED)

DEAN

I know that. Use your intergalactic, hyper-space, x-ray eyeballs to find someone else, then: There may be a reaper for rent on his ass. Can you locate him?

Ezekiel considers, then:

SAM/EZEKIEL

I can try.

29

INT. APRIL'S APARTMENT - DAY

29

Cass is in a chair, his hands zip-tied behind him. April twirls the angel blade. She moves closer, looking dangerous.

APRIL

It was probably pointless washing blood out of your shirt, really. It's the kind of thing the real April would've done.

Cass stares stonily straight ahead.

APRIL

I'll miss being her. Very sweet. Didn't mind letting me in one bit.

CASTIEL

Why didn't you just attack me right away?

APRIL

My briefing said you were powerful and dangerous.

(holds up knife)

And you did arrive armed.

(then)

I needed information, so I had to gain your trust.

CASTIEL

And that required intercourse?

APRIL

Well. I am allowed some leeway for executive decisions. I can't say I didn't find you attractive. I know April would have.

(CONTINUED)

CASTIEL

Who hired you? I assumed, with Naomi gone, things were in chaos.

APRIL

New sheriff in town, Cass. He hired a bunch of us. I got lucky. But enough questions from you.

She uses the knife to pop a couple buttons on his shirt.

APRIL

I have several of my own.

(then)

Let's talk about your buddy Metatron.

30

EXT. DETROIT STREETS - DAY

30

The Impala tears through the city.

31

INT. APRIL'S APARTMENT - DAY

31

Cass is suffering. His shirt's pulled open, he's sweating, there are slices in his neck and chest. Rivulets of blood.

APRIL

Alright, let's try it again. And one of these times, we'll get it right.

CASTIEL

(in pain)

I knew nothing about Metatron's spell. I didn't know he was going to cast angels out of heaven. I was cast out, too.

APRIL

Oh dear. Nothing but re-runs on this channel.

She digs deeper with the blade. Cass spasms in pain.

APRIL

These blades are marvelous, aren't they? Can really do a number on humans, too.

CASTIEL

I told you last night, and I meant it, I was naive. I had no idea what he was planning.

(CONTINUED)

APRIL

You're lying.

CASTIEL

I don't lie.

APRIL

It's known you helped Metatron enter heaven... Collaborated with him.

CASTIEL

Because we were going to restore heaven. Bring the factions together!

She drags the blade down his chest. Blood. Cass gasps.

CASTIEL

He lied to me.

APRIL

(lethal)

You were with him when he unleashed the spell. You know how the angels were cast down.

CASTIEL

I didn't know he was assembling a spell! I only know I was the final ingredient.

APRIL

You.

CASTIEL

My grace. It's why I'm human. He took my grace for the spell.

She thrusts the point of the blade against his throat.

APRIL

Or... You gave it.

CLOSER-- Castiel looks her straight in the eye. And, as firmly as he can muster:

CASTIEL

So it may be unwise to kill me. If my grace was the key to empowering the spell, I may be key in countering it.

(CONTINUED)

She pushes the blade harder against his throat.

APRIL

Are you negotiating with me,
Castiel?

THE DOOR-- BAM! It's kicked in!

DEAN

Cass!

Sam and Dean rush in. And APRIL PLUNGES THE BLADE DEEP INTO CASS'S CHEST!

Sam charges her with his blade but she WAVES A HAND and BLASTS SAM BACK AGAINST A WALL. His blade goes flying.

Dean dives for Sam's knife but April BLASTS HIM AGAINST ANOTHER WALL (in Castiel's direction)!

APRIL

This girl is popular with all the
boys.

Dean, his back to April, pulls himself up using Castiel's chair. Cass is gasping for air. They share a look as April turns for Dean.

Dean, unseen, yanks the blade from Castiel's chest... and as April raises her hand to smite him he turns and JAMS THE BLADE INTO HER CHEST!

Her eyes and mouth fly open as she FLARES OUT AND DIES. Dean tries to regain his senses. Sam is slumped groggily against the wall, just beginning to come to.

Dean turns back to Cass. Cass is motionless, eyes open, empty. He is dead.

DEAN

Cass...

The reality sinks in. The loss is more staggering than April's grip. Dean is overcome with grief.

DEAN

Cass...

(then)

No... No... No...

Behind him, Sam rises to his feet. His EYES FLASH and we realize: he's EZEKIEL now. Dean's still in shock.

(CONTINUED)

DEAN
(helpless)
Sammy. Cass is gone.

But Sam/Ezekiel looks completely calm. He approaches Cass, draws his hand over Cass's wounds. We see Sam/Ezekiel strain from the effort but the wounds heal. He places both hands over Cass's chest. AND EZEKIEL STRUGGLES, THE EFFORT IS ENORMOUS. Cass's eyes blink, and he gasps for air. THE LIGHT INSTANTLY LEAVES EZEKIEL'S EYES. Sam's legs buckle and he slumps back, sinking onto the futon.

CASTIEL
(dazed)
Dean?

DEAN
Yeah, man.

He hugs Cass, then quickly uses the blade to cut open the zip-ties.

CASTIEL
And Sam.

Dazed himself, Sam gives his head a shake to clear it, then stares at Cass.

SAM
Wow. Is it good to see you.

He hugs Cass. His hands now freed, wrists raw, Cass feels them, tries to sort things out.

DEAN
Cass man, don't ever do this again.

CASTIEL
Alright.
(then)
But I'm confused.

He stares down at his chest, feels the flesh.

CASTIEL
I know she stabbed me. But I don't appear to be dead.

Sam shrugs "don't ask me." Dean is scrambling. Improvising.

DEAN
(to Sam)
You got dinged...
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

DEAN (CONT'D)

(to Cass)

And, you, I made a deal with her.
I said I wouldn't kebab her...
If... she brought you back.

Sam and Cass look at April's body.

CASTIEL

You... lied.

DEAN

I did.
(then)
I do that.

He shoots an uncomfortable glance at Sam.

BLACKOUT.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

32

INT. MEN OF LETTERS BUNKER - LIBRARY - DAY (DAY 4)

32

Sam is flipping through a book when Dean flops in a chair with a burrito.

SAM

So you never answered my question:
How'd you know where to find Cass?

DEAN

We've been through this. I went
through Maurice's pockets and there
was an address. I took a shot.

SAM

I never saw you go through
Maurice's pockets.

DEAN

Could you chillax? I never see
half the nerdy stuff you do.
Doesn't mean you don't do nerdy
stuff.

Sam looks unconvinced. Cass enters. Showered, new clothes.

CASTIEL

I'm enjoying this place. Plentiful
food. Good water pressure. Things
I never considered before...

(re: his current state)

...you know.

(then)

There's a lot to being human, isn't
there?

DEAN

It ain't just burritos and
strippers.

Sam stares at him.

CASTIEL

I understand what you're saying.

SAM

You do?

CASTIEL

There is more to humanity than
survival. You look for purpose.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CASTIEL (CONT'D)

And you must not be defeated by
anger or despair or hedonism.

DEAN

(huh?)

Where does "hedonism" come in?

CASTIEL

My time with April was a real
learning experience.

SAM

Getting killed is something, all
right.

CASTIEL

And having sex.

WHAT??? Dean chokes on his food.

DEAN

You had sex with April?

SAM

(helpfully)

That's where the hedonism comes in.

CASTIEL

And... Therefore, I thought we were
friends.

DEAN

A very common mistake.

(a thought)

Did you have protection?

CASTIEL

I had my angel blade.

The boys stare.

SAM

(to Dean)

I'm not sure how to get into this.

DEAN

Just let it go.

CASTIEL

At any rate, I see now how
difficult life has been for you
two. And how well you lead it.
You will be good teachers.

(CONTINUED)

DEAN

Thanks, Cass.

CASTIEL

Any more burritos?

Dean nods, and Cass exits. Dean looks like a proud parent.

DEAN

Did you hear that? Our Cass gave
it up to a reaper. That is...
so...

...Hot and nasty! He looks over at Sam, who is stone-faced.

DEAN

Don't kill my buzz, Sammy.

A brief GLOW in Sam's eyes.

DEAN

Aw, man.

SAM/EZEKIEL

Castiel cannot stay here. He'll
bring the angels down on all of us.

DEAN

(fuck that)
He got that Enochian tattoo. He's
warded.

SAM/EZEKIEL

Don't be obtuse, Dean. He was
warded when April found him. And
she killed him.

DEAN

And you gave him a jump and thanks
for that. This is Cass. Who
vouched for you when I didn't know
you from jack. Besides, the bunker
is safe.

SAM/EZEKIEL

Bartholomew is massing a force. We
couldn't withstand an incursion.

(then, gentle but firm:)
Dean. Castiel is in danger. And
if he's here, I am in danger.

(CONTINUED)

DEAN

You're in danger. From who? Other angels?

SAM/EZEKIEL

I've chosen sides, Dean. And not a very popular one.

(then)

If he remains, I'll have no choice but to leave.

DEAN

You can't. Sam isn't well enough. If you leave his body...

He trails off. They both know the truth.

SAM/EZEKIEL

I know. I'm sorry.

Cass is slurping down a burrito.

CASTIEL

Ethnic food. I can't get enough.

DEAN

(somber)

Cass. Can we talk?

CASTIEL

Of course. You know I always appreciate our talks and time together.

Excruciating. Dean looks like he might lose it.

DEAN

Cass...

(beat)

Buddy. You can't stay.

OFF Cass's bewildered look...

DISSOLVE TO:

Reverend Boyle's cheery face FILLS FRAME. The messianic zeal *
now feels a little crazy. And a lot dangerous.

(CONTINUED)

REVEREND BOYLE

*

Feel it, folks. Feel the angelic
love and do not tremble. If angels
come to you, arms open in love, do
yourself a favor... Do us all a
favor. Let 'em in.

BLACKOUT.

TO BE CONTINUED...