

DEPARTMENT HEADS ONLY

SUPERNATURAL

Episode #915

"Blade Runners"

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SUPERNATURAL
"Blade Runners"

TEASER

FADE IN:

INT. MEN OF LETTERS BUNKER - CROW'S NEST - NIGHT

DEAN on his cell, impatiently waits for it to be answered.
SAM is working the laptop.

DEAN
C'mon, Crowley. Pick up.
(to Sam)
Where is he? It's not like the guy
has a social life.

SAM
You're worried? About Crowley?

The VOICE MAIL MESSAGE CLICKS ON:

CROWLEY (ON PHONE)
Too busy inflicting pain to answer,
leave a message.

Dean disgustedly CLICKS OFF.

DEAN
The guy had one mission. One.
Find the First Blade. Bring it
back. Bye-bye Abaddon. How hard
is that?

SAM
It's Crowley. Not a team player.

DEAN
His ass is on the line, too. So he
takes off for weeks without a peep?
At least not one that makes sense.

He puts the phone on SPEAKER, hits VOICE MAIL, we HEAR:

CROWLEY (ON PHONE)
Doon. I'm splish umm dwemml.

SAM
What the hell? He drunk-dialed
you?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Dean sighs, CLICKS OFF, hits REDIAL. We hear the PHONE RINGING, and:

INT. HOTEL SUITE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

CROWLEY'S CELL-- The SCREEN reads "Shorter Brother." From O.C., sounds of SWEATY, NASTY SEX LEAD US ACROSS THE MESSY ROOM TO CROWLEY in bed with the lovely, slutty demon, LOLA. After the crowning moment, Crowley, in his black satin jammies, flops back on the pillow.

CROWLEY

Lola?

LOLA

My king?

CROWLEY

My après-consummation treat?

LOLA

On it, Sire.

She pops out of bed and opens the CLOSET. Inside is a TERRIFIED MAN, gagged with duct tape, hands tied over his head to the clothes bar. He stares in horror as Lola whips out a huge syringe and plunges it into his neck. Writhing and muffled SCREAMS as she withdraws a lot of blood. The guy goes limp. She kicks the door shut, returns to Crowley.

LOLA (CONT'D)

Pantry's almost empty. I'll need to trap another volunteer.

He snatches the syringe from her.

CROWLEY

Put it on your "to do" list.

He plunges the needle into an arm and SHOOTs UP. A rush of ecstasy as WAVES OF HUMANITY wash over him! He reels, manages to recover, as:

CROWLEY (CONT'D)

Lola? Pet? I do believe I'm ravenous.

She obediently heads out. We MOVE IN ON Crowley as he lies back on the pillows, floating on warm and fuzzy feelings.

INT. HOTEL SUITE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT - LATER

ON FRONT DOOR-- We hear KEY IN THE LOCK, then the door swings open. Lola, now dressed, wearing a coat, enters, juggling two pizza boxes and champagne.

The room is littered with old take-out containers, half-eaten food, liquor bottles. The Terrified Man's corpse lies draped over one arm of the sofa. As she picks her way through the mess, Lola hears SOFT SNIFFLING O.C., and muted, WEEPY MUSIC. She creeps toward the bedroom, peers through the cracked door.

HER POV-- Crowley in bed, propped up on pillows, clumps of used kleenex scattered around. He is gently weeping and blowing his nose. ON TV is the pottery wheel scene from "Ghost," (or whatever we can get).

ON LOLA-- Watching. Smiling a knowing little smile.

BLACKOUT.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

FIND Lola, seated primly on a crate. A sleazy-looking Demi-Demon, ALDO, enters from a door. Lola looks surprised.

ALDO
(sitting)
My name is Aldo.

LOLA
My intel is for Abaddon. Mininon.

ALDO
And she appreciates the work you've been doing.

LOLA
At great peril.

ALDO
But she is tied up securing her place as new leader of the kingdom. She assures you all relevant information can be conveyed to me. So. Update?

Lola sighs an agitated sigh, then:

LOLA
The King is off his game. Except for sex, pizza, and human blood he has no interests. Without me, he couldn't function.

ALDO
Well played.

LOLA
I should mention: He keeps getting phone calls from those Winchesters.

ALDO
(darkly)
The Winchesters?

LOLA
They leave voice mails for him.

ALDO
Saying?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LOLA

Mostly they are rude. One mentions something called the First Blade.

This gets his attention.

ALDO

Interesting. Follow how this develops, and report in.

LOLA

Oh, I will. And when I do, I expect to report directly to the next Queen of Hell. Capiche?

EXT. CROSSROADS - DAY

Surrounded by fields and gray sky. Dean finishes spray painting a demon trap on the dusty road. In its center is a hole. Sam drops ritual items into a bag (dirt/cat bones), then drops the bag into the hole. CAMERA BEGINS TO ARC AROUND THEM, as Sam covers the hole, both guys stand back. Dean gives Sam a nod.

DEAN

Do it.

SAM

Everto subsum subesse meus mos.

BEFORE THEM, IN THE TRAP, APPEARS RYAN SEACREST! He wears a trendy suit. His eyes flash red.

RYAN SEACREST

(glaring)

Winchesters.

He stares down at the trap. Fuck. Sam looks at Dean.

SAM

Is that...?

DEAN

(nods, then:)

Explains a lot.

RYAN SEACREST

I don't have time for this. I'm red carpet ready.

SAM

Ryan. Can I call you Ryan?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RYAN SEACREST

No.

SAM

Ryan. We can do this the easy way:
you talk. Or...

(pulls out a demon blade)

The easier way. You still talk.

DEAN

I vote for Number Two.

SAM

We just want some basic info on
Crowley.

RYAN SEACREST

(sneers)

Google him.

SAM

Where is he?

RYAN SEACREST

No idea. We done?

Sam moves toward him with the blade.

RYAN SEACREST

(winces)

Not the face.

(then)

Dude, c'mon, what happens in Hell,
stays in Hell. I got nothin'.

DEAN

Ry, man, you got a sweet deal goin'
with Crowley in charge. If Abaddon
wins, you can say good-bye to it
all.

SAM

The suits... the women... the
cars...

DEAN

Show biz can be tough.

RYAN SEACREST

(defensive)

Doin' fine, thanks.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DEAN

Ain't gettin' any younger.

This shakes Ryan to the core.

RYAN SEACREST

(muttering)

What do you wanna know?

SAM

Where's Crowley?

RYAN SEACREST

Last I heard, somewhere in the
Western Pacific.

SAM

(a glance at Dean)

Makes sense.

RYAN SEACREST

Really? Floating around the ocean
while his kingdom goes up in
flames?

DEAN

Meaning?

RYAN SEACREST

Hell's gettin' crazy. Even the
loyalists are signing on with
Abaddon. She's going to make a
move.

The boys share a look. Not good.

RYAN SEACREST

Done? I got a show.

Sam holds up a hand to Ryan.

SAM

Exorcisamus te, omnis immundus
spiritus...

RYAN SEACREST

Seriously? An exorcism? We had a
deal!

DEAN

Seacrest out.

INT. HOTEL SUITE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Lola, carrying many bags and boxes, uses her key to open the door. Crowley sits reading "Little Women."

LOLA
Honey, I'm home.

CROWLEY
(too pleasant)
Hello, Pumpkin. Have a nice day?

LOLA
Lola did some shopping.

CROWLEY
Looks like Lola did a lot of shopping.

LOLA
But not all of it's for me.
Lookie.

She pulls an I.V. bag of blood out of a fancy gym bag.

CROWLEY
Hope it's a good vintage.

Lola quickly fills a syringe, as:

LOLA
You look like you could use a
little pick-me-up.
(cooing)
I just love what it does for you.

She lays the syringe on a table near him.

CROWLEY
Do you.

Suddenly, he thrusts out a hand and BLASTS HER BACK ACROSS THE ROOM!

CROWLEY
(enraged)
You thought you could play me? I
play the tune! Everyone else
dances to it. Got it?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LOLA
(squeaks)
Yes! I'm your slave.

CROWLEY
You are my rodent. My rodent who
went scurrying to Abaddon to rat on
me.

LOLA
No.

CROWLEY
(advancing on her)
Did you think some other low life
wouldn't sell you out? I thought
you were a smart girl. A girl I
could've helped.

She's had enough, fixes him with a defiant smile.

LOLA
You're joking, right? You help me?
Look at yourself! You couldn't
help anyone.

This hits a nerve. HE PULLS AN ANGEL BLADE FROM HIS COAT AND
STABS HER. She shrieks and sparks out!

Quivering, needing a fix, Crowley lurches back to the table,
drops the blade, grabs the syringe, plunges it into his arm.

The rush hits. Calmer now, he looks up, catching sight of
himself in a mirror. The sight shocks. He's a wreck.

He looks around the room. The food, the bottles, buzzing
flies, the corpse. His eyes fill with tears of humiliation.

INT. MEN OF LETTERS BUNKER - CROW'S NEST - NIGHT

Sam's on the laptop, marine charts on the screen. Dean
enters with beers, squints at the screen.

SAM
Cain said the First Blade was
tossed in the deepest ocean.
Mariana trench.
(looks up)
Maybe Crowley found it. And it's a
double-cross.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DEAN

Doesn't make sense. He wants me to power up the thing. He set it up.

SAM

Okay, assuming he does show up with it... Crowley's only useful till we've got the blade, right?

DEAN

Yeah. So?

SAM

So there's nothing stopping us from using it on him.

Dean considers. Sam watches him.

DEAN

Nothing at all.

Dean's cell RINGS. He sees the caller I.D. "666."

DEAN

Speak of the devil.
(into phone)
Where in hell are you?

INT. HOTEL SUITE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

CROWLEY

(weak)
If only.

DEAN

Did you get the blade?

CROWLEY

Not exactly.

DEAN

Then what, exactly?

CROWLEY

I'm in a jam of sorts. Thought you might help.

BLACKOUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. HOTEL SUITE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

ON DOOR-- Crowley enters, clutching a brown paper bag. He is fighting a pre-fix twitch.

REVEAL-- Sam and Dean. Waiting for him amid the mess. Dead man. Dead Lola. Crowley reflexively tries to hide the bag behind his back.

CROWLEY
(trying for composure)
Hello, boys. How delightful.

Dean lifts the Terrified Man's arm.

DEAN
Whaddya call this?

CROWLEY
Refreshments?

SAM
And what's in the bag?

CROWLEY
Nothing.

Sam grabs it. Crowley tries to hang on, the bag rips, A BLOOD BAG FALLS TO THE FLOOR.

SAM
Really, Crowley? Knocking over
blood banks?

Crowley dives to pick up the bag. Sam SNAPS DEMON CUFFS ON HIS WRIST.

DEAN
What the hell, Crowley? You're a
mess!

They shove him into a chair and cuff his other wrist behind him. Crowley's sweating, really NEEDS some blood.

CROWLEY
Lads, do us a solid. Just a demi-
syringe-full.

Dean gets in Crowley's face.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DEAN

We were counting on you, man. You let us down.

SAM

Your slimy followers were counting on you to take out Abaddon. You let them down.

DEAN

The guy with the mojo. Captain Evil.

SAM

Pathetic.

Crowley stares at them.

CROWLEY

Wait, is this an intervention?

Sam SLAMS his hand down on the chair.

SAM

Crowley! You need to focus! Get a grip!

DEAN

You just gonna let hell go to hell?

Sam looks at him. Crowley cracks.

CROWLEY

(beaten and ashamed)

You don't know what it's like to be human!

(off their stares)

It's your DNA. It's my addiction. My cross. My burden.

DEAN

Okay, take it easy...

CROWLEY

I see the darkness of it now. The Charlie Sheen of it. It makes you needy.

He nods at Lola's body.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CROWLEY (CONT'D)

I needed her. Conniving bitch. Because I was jonesing for emotional contact. That human curse.

SAM

Wow, first Cass, now you?

DEAN

(to Sam)

Does it bother you they get more action than we do?

CROWLEY

Lola was using me. Reporting my every move to Abaddon.

SAM

(alarmed)

Crowley, did you tell her about the First Blade?

CROWLEY

Not sure. Things get a trifle blurry when I'm... medicated.

SAM

(to Dean)

If he told Lola, she told Abaddon.

DEAN

So Abaddon's in the hunt for this thing, too?

(in Crowley's face)

This crap ends now, Loose Lips! You are cut off. Kicking it. Cold turkey.

CROWLEY

I don't think I can. It's got me. It won't let go.

DEAN

(snarl)

Grow a pair. Be the king.

INT. MEN OF LETTERS - DUNGEON - DAY

CROWLEY'S FEET-- Tap nervously as we TILT UP to FIND Crowley, cuffed to a chair, deeper into withdrawal. Twitchy, sweaty, he drums his fingers, eyes darting.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CROWLEY

Back in this fetid pit. You might
at least add some throw pillows.

INCLUDE SAM-- Seated, working the laptop.

SAM

Focus. Okay, you swept the Mariana
Trench...

CROWLEY

(sighs)

And the First Blade was not, as
hoped, in the Trench. It had, in
fact, been scooped up by an
unmanned sub, contracted to a
scavenger who studied treasure,
relics and the like... From whom it
was stolen by a research assistant,
who reportedly sold it to
Portuguese smugglers who, in turn
lost it to Moroccan pirates in a
poker game.

SAM

(stares)

What?

CROWLEY

Poor Moose. It's always a little
tricky keeping up, isn't it?

Sam gives him a look, types into the keyboard. Then looks up
to see Crowley gazing at him with a fond smile. Disturbing.

SAM

What're you doing?

CROWLEY

Still a bit tainted by humanity.
Makes me sentimental.

SAM

Well, stop it.

CROWLEY

Play it tough as you want, Moose.
You and Dean care enough about your
old pal, moi, to get me clean and
on my feet again. It's more than
my own kind did and I am moved by
that.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SAM

Crowley, the only reason you're alive is, we need you to help deal with Abaddon. 'Cause she's an even worse pile of crap than you are. That is the extent of my concern for you. Got it?

CROWLEY

Still: You and I both know we shared a mo back in that church. On some level we are bonded.

Sam just shakes his head disgustedly.

SAM

Okay, what happened after the pirates?

EXT. PARK - NIGHT

Pools of light, misty fog. FIND Sam and Dean on a bench, in suits, waiting. Sam checks his watch, looks around.

SAM

What's Crowley doing?

INCLUDE CROWLEY-- He's near a candy machine by a closed souvenir stand, shaking it, trying to dislodge candy.

DEAN

(sighs)

Stealing candy. At least when Cass was human, he was an okay guy. Shoulda known Crowley'd be the douche version.

Crowley's on the ground, trying to wedge his hand up into the dispenser.

DEAN (CONT'D)

(to Crowley)

Yo. Wanna cool it?

Crowley looks up, caught.

DEAN

Image, man. You're the King of Rotten. Act like it.

Looking pouty, Crowley wanders off, sits on a distant bench, back to them.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DEAN

Sure this guy's gonna show? Weird place for million dollar deals to go down.

SAM

It's black market, dude, not Victoria's Secret. Word is, this André Michelin bought the blade from the pirates, and he's been shopping it around.

(sees something O.C.)

Heads up.

NEW ANGLE-- A silhouetted figure approaches through the mist. The guys stand, joined by ANDRE MICHELIN, 40's, dapper, overcoat, quietly sinister.

SAM

Mr. Michelin? We spoke on the phone.

Sam offers a hand, André's remain in his pockets.

ANDRÉ

You said you represent a serious collector with interest in a private transaction.

DEAN

Did he? What he meant was, we're with the F.B.I.

They flash their badges.

ANDRÉ

Then, good evening.

He starts away.

SAM

All we want are some answers.

ANDRÉ

Read Sartre.

(then)

I am merely a facilitator between buyers and sellers. A conduit.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DEAN

We, and by we, I mean the U.S. government, have been tracking the whereabouts of an ancient weapon.

ANDRÉ

A weapon?

SAM

A blade.

ANDRÉ

Iron Age? Bronze Age?

DEAN

Biblical. Wrath of God Age.

SAM

We have reason to believe you may know where it is.

ANDRÉ

Never heard of the thing. Perhaps it's a myth. Like the Unicorn.

DEAN

You saying unicorns are a myth?

Sam glances back at Crowley, who sees him.

CROWLEY-- On his bench, guys in the b.g. Suddenly Crowley's eyes roll up, he goes limp. RED SMOKE STREAKS FROM HIS LIPS!

BACK TO SCENE

ANDRÉ

So unless I'm being detained...

Suddenly the RED SMOKE STREAKS INTO FRAME AND INTO ANDRÉ! He goes rigid, his eyes flash red, he spasms for a few moments.

DEAN

(enjoying)

I love this stuff.

Then just as suddenly, the RED SMOKE EXITS AND STREAKS OFF! André looks a little dazed. He gives his head a shake to clear it, and:

ANDRÉ

(a bit groggy)

So, am I?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

The boys look blank.

ANDRÉ
Being detained?

DEAN
Not at this time. But we got our
eyes on you.

André nods "good night," and leaves. Sam and Dean wait a beat, then look over at Crowley.

CROWLEY-- He's himself again.

CROWLEY
National Institute of Antiquities.
Eight figure deal.

EXT. INSTITUTE OF ANTIQUITIES - TO ESTABLISH - NIGHT

A vast, beaux arts palace of a museum.

INT. INSTITUTE OF ANTIQUITIES - RESEARCH ROOM - NIGHT

Tall work tables with various tools. Behind is a wall of thick, numbered doors to storage vaults. Two GUARDS sit, playing cards. One lays his hand out.

GUARD #1
Gin. Again.

ENTRY DOOR-- WISPS OF BLACK SMOKE DRIFT UNDER THE DOOR. THEY BLEND TOGETHER, INTENSIFY IN DEPTH AND SPEED.

GUARDS-- NOW THE SMOKE STREAKS INTO THE GUARDS' MOUTHS! THEIR EYES FLASH BLACK. One stands, opens a cabinet and withdraws a key. He goes to VAULT NUMBER ONE, unlocks it, enters. A research assistant, BETH, enters with a pizza box.

BETH
Brought you guys something for your
shift.

She sees the open door. Looks at the remaining Guard.

BETH (CONT'D)
What's... going on?

The Guard's eyes FLASH BLACK. He grabs a knife from a work table and IN ONE MOVE, SLITS HER THROAT! She drops, spurting blood.

INT. INSTITUTE OF ANTIQUITIES - RESEARCH ROOM - DAY

BETH'S BODY-- FLASH! A CSI tech grabs a photo. REVEAL, beyond, the BODIES OF THE OTHER TWO GUARDS, WHO'VE BEEN SHOT. Other techs move about, tagging evidence. FIND Sam and Dean, in fed threads, speaking with DETECTIVE BLUTH.

BLUTH

I don't have much for you guys.
The guards were good men. Been
here for years. Vetted. Honest.
But....

DEAN

But?

BLUTH

Security camera shows a research
assistant caught them breaking into
vault number one.

DEAN

(nods at body)
That her?

BLUTH

(nods)
Gets weirder.

He hits "PLAY" on a laptop's DVD Player.

INCLUDE LAPTOP-- MOS security footage. Beth comes into the room. Offers pizza, then spots the open vault, asks about it. The Guard grabs the knife and slits her throat.

Guard # 1 comes out of the vault, empty handed. He shrugs at the other Guard, who nonchalantly reaches for his pistol, and shoots Guard # 1. Guard # 1 staggers, but seems unfazed. He pulls his gun and shoots the other Guard!

Now Guard # 1 remembers the security camera. He turns and looks up into the lens. HIS EYES FLASH BLACK. He fires directly into camera. STATIC.

BACK TO SCENE-- Sam and Dean glance at each other.

BLUTH

Like I said.

SAM

Anything special about the
particular vault they opened?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BLUTH

Number one's where they kept rare, new acquisitions while they were being examined.

DEAN

So what was stolen?

BLUTH

That's the kicker. Nothing. The Curator, Dr. McElroy, says the vault had been empty for weeks.

Bluth nods "excuse me," goes off to confer with Techs.

DEAN

Okay... connecting dots... The Blade was likely put in that vault when it got here...

SAM

...And the Guards were obviously demons. So... What? When the vault turned out to be empty, they killed the Guard meatsuits and smoked out.

DEAN

And the only other Demon who knows about the Blade is Abaddon.

SAM

She's closing in.

BLACKOUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT. INSTITUTE OF ANTIQUITIES - RESEARCH ROOM - DAY

Bodies and cops are gone. Sam and Dean, still in fed threads, are with Curator DR. TILDA McELROY, 40ish, stylish but all-business suit, intellectual, attractive.

SAM

So the First Blade was never on display.

TILDA

No authenticated item by that name was ever on these premises.

DEAN

(a look to Sam)

"Authenticated."

(to Tilda)

Dr. McElroy, the Blade was stolen and smuggled into the U.S. in violation of treaties with several governments. We can compel you to speak.

Intrigued, Tilda gives Dean a flirtatious look.

TILDA

"Compel?" And what might that involve?

Dean stares at her, a little unnerved.

TILDA

Alright, look. I did acquire the so-called First Blade. And carbon dating did peg it to biblical times. But the authentication proved unreliable.

SAM

So it had been in the vault. And the guards knew it?

TILDA

They put it there. But I removed it myself. That, they didn't know.

SAM

So where is it?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TILDA
(uncomfortably)
Several weeks ago, a confidential offer was made to purchase it. I was afraid we'd never authenticate the thing, so...

She trails off. The guys stare expectantly. Then:

DEAN
Who was the buyer?

TILDA
Sorry, the buyer insisted on absolute secrecy.

DEAN
Yeah? And federal statutes trump your little deal. Now, I just asked you for a name.

TILDA
(staring fixedly)
And you'll get it out of me one way or the other, won't you, Agent?

Dean gives smiles weakly.

TILDA
I never knew his real identity. He called himself "Magnus."

The guys share a look of recognition.

TILDA
Don't ask me where he lives. I have no idea. But I do have a meeting.
(scribbles on a card)
Here's my number. Should you need anything else.

She holds out the card; Sam reaches for it.

SAM
Thank you.

Tilda gently swats away his hand, thrusts the card at Dean with an intense look, and goes. Dean stares after her, then turns around to find Sam looking at him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DEAN

What?

SAM

(decides to move on)
"Magnus." "Albert Magnus" was the
name Men of Letters used when they
wanted to be incognito.

DEAN

Yeah, but we know all the Men of
Letters are dead.

SAM

Do we?

INT. MEN OF LETTERS - DUNGEON - DAY

ON DOORS-- Darkness. Suddenly the doors are slid open by
Sam, Dean behind him, and light floods in.

NEW ANGLE-- Crowley, in the chair, blinks in the light. He's
still a mess; twitchy, sweating.

CROWLEY

Turn down service? I'd like a mint
on my pillow.

SAM

What do you know about the Men of
Letters massacre of 1958?

DEAN

We know Abaddon missed Henry
Winchester and Larry Gannen. Were
there others?

CROWLEY

Let me get this straight. You keep
me chained up in this closet.
Ignore my suffering. Then you come
barging in and demand my help?

DEAN

More or less.

CROWLEY

How about if I demand some humane
treatment? Did I or did I not hold
up my end of the bargain the other
night? Brilliantly, I might add.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CROWLEY (CONT'D)

I'm your partner and you idiots owe me!

SAM

(disgustedly)

"Owe" you?

CROWLEY

I wouldn't be in this mess if it weren't for you! You shoot me up, make me a junkie, stash me away for months while my kingdom falls apart! Associating with you two is a recipe for disaster. I must've warned Kevin a dozen times.

They digest this, and:

DEAN

What is it you want?

INT. MEN OF LETTERS - LIBRARY - NIGHT

CROWLEY-- Lounges in a chair, feet up, in DEMON HANDCUFFS, flipping through a stack of Dean's Asian porn, sipping a drink. He looks at the glass, makes a small face.

CROWLEY

It's not a very good scotch, is it?

WIDER-- Sam and Dean are at another table, surrounded by file boxes and piles of folders. Sam and Dean glance at each other, annoyed. Then:

SAM

We've gone through records of the entire membership in 1958. Every name matches up with the men who were killed.

CROWLEY

(not looking up)

That would be the "active" membership, correct? Were you dropped on your heads a good deal? I told you: Rumor was, this rogue member was tossed out on his arse. Does that make him "active?"

The guys sigh, go to other file boxes, dig in.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CROWLEY

Seriously boys, how did you
function without me?

He unfolds the centerfold, gawks.

CROWLEY

Well helloo, Miss Ichigatsu.

Dean is closely reading the labels on the pile of boxes.
Finds one with marked with bold capital letters in Latin:

DEAN

"Et Ignobiles Oblivio."

CROWLEY

"Dishonored and Forgotten."

INT. MEN OF LETTERS - LIBRARY - NIGHT

LATER. Sam and Dean sit opposite each other, piles of files
from the box surrounding them.

DEAN

Wow. This guy was somethin'.

SAM

Tough name, though.

DEAN

Yeah. "Cuthbert Sinclair." I'd go
with "Magnus," myself.

SAM

(looking at papers)
He designed most of the warding
that keeps this place secure.

DEAN

(checking record)
Named "Master of Spells" right
after he initiated.

SAM

But things started getting crazy.
The leadership called his work
"eccentric" and "irresponsible."

Dean slaps folder after folder down in front of Sam. Each is
stamped in red: "REJECTED."

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DEAN

These were the projects he pitched
the last two years he was here.

SAM

"Rejected." "Rejected."
"Rejected..."

INCLUDE CROWLEY-- Swirls scotch, looks off.

CROWLEY

So difficult. Brilliant, ahead of
your time, despised for it. Trust
me, I know.

DEAN

(reads)

"Formal separation from Men of
Letters: April 1956".

SAM

Missed the massacre.

CROWLEY

Never knew his name, but I heard
someone was out. Tried my damndest
to find him. Thought he might be
my way inside this joint.

SAM

Where'd you look?

CROWLEY

Do I look like I do my own legwork?
I have people. Well, not
"people..."

DEAN

(exasperated)

Could you make a call?

CROWLEY

Anything for the team. 'Course you
know how this works: Who's opening
a vein?

The guys look suspicious. He wants more blood?

CROWLEY

(exasperated)

For the spell? To make a call?

EXT. WILDERNESS - DAY

Misty, dank, barren, few trees. Sam, Dean, Crowley emerge from trees into the clearing, the boys armed with machetes. Not a structure in sight.

DEAN

You're sure this is where your demons traced him to?

CROWLEY

Exact spot. But my boys never could find him.

(looks around slowly)

I'm sensing nothing. If he's here, he's warded to the gills.

SAM

He was the genius at it. He sure as hell wasn't going to be found by a bunch of demons.

CROWLEY

Oh, and he'll open his heart to you lot? Because you're such prizes?

DEAN

Better. We're legacies.

Sam and Dean move forward several yards, look around.

SAM AND DEAN

DEAN

If he's so bent on hiding, he may also be watching.

(then)

Take a shot?

Sam fishes the elaborate Men of Letters key from a pocket. He holds the key up in front of him, addressing thin air:

SAM

Magnus. Sam and Dean Winchester. Henry Winchester's grandsons.

DEAN

And... Men of Letters, ourselves.

Sam glances at him. Well, kinda.

CONTINUED:

SAM

Look, we know what happened, back in the day. Don't necessarily agree with it. You're the last living link to those times. Thought you might want to tell your side of it.

Silence. Sam and Dean shrug: "Worth a try." They start to turn away. Then, a LOW RUMBLING. A SHIMMERING DOORWAY APPEARS IN THE AIR. Inside is all glowing white light. Sam and Dean slowly approach, and the LIGHT BLASTS OUT, ENVELOPS THEM, and they are WHISKED INSIDE!

INT. FORTRESS - DARK CORRIDOR - DAY

Dark, shadowy, barely lit.

SAM

Which way?

Dean shrugs, they start off in one direction. Then, from behind them, a RASPY, WHISPERY VOICE:

VOICE

Winchesters.

The boys spin around.

NFW ANGLE-- Nothing. Sam and Dean creep warily forward. SOFT, FLUTTERY SOUNDS, as if something was flitting around in the darkness. A beat. Suddenly, from the darkness behind them, two VAMPIRES appear! Sam and Dean spin, the vamps charge, hissing, fangs out. SAM AND DEAN SWING THEIR BLADES. Two vamp heads go flying. The vampires' bodies collapse. Sam and Dean stand recovering, breathing hard. Then, from the darkness:

MAN'S VOICE

Bravo! Well done.

INT. FORTRESS - GREAT ROOM - DAY

Sam and Dean are seated on a plush sofa, machetes on a table. The room is large, ornate. There are shelves and shelves of obscure, exotic objects, along with many displayed on carved tables. A FIRE roars. There are no windows or exterior doors.

Before them, in an overstuffed chair, is MAGNUS. Near him, a dozen small bowls with colored powders rest on a low table.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Magnus is in his 30's, intellectual, coolly attractive, in a dapper 1950's suit and bow tie. Sipping brandy.

MAGNUS

Sorry for the theatricality. Had to see what you were made of.

DEAN

Are we... underground?

MAGNUS

No, no. My fortress is right where you were standing! Invisible, you see.

The guys react.

SAM

Cuthbert... Sinclair?

MAGNUS

Dropped that moniker fifty-seven years ago.

DEAN

Looking good for a guy pushin' ninety.

MAGNUS

Sport, there's a spell for damn near everything. You did exactly as you should've. But I will miss those two from my zoo.

SAM

"Zoo?"

MAGNUS

Gentlemen, you are in the midst of the greatest collection of supernatural rarities and antiquities on the planet!

(then)

You're Men of Letters? Thought the whole thing died out after '58.

SAM

Well, we are legacies. But we're actually hunters.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MAGNUS

(laughs)

Hunters! With the key to the kingdom! The boys must be spinning in their graves!

(then darkens)

Damn snobs. Bunch of librarians. Though I was fond of Henry. I was his mentor, till those squares gave me the boot.

(smiles)

'Course he visited me here in secret. Called to me, same as you.

(off their reaction)

Oh, yes. Bit of a wild hair, that one!

DEAN

Listen... Magnus... We've got a situation. Abaddon, the last Knight of Hell, wants to up her pay grade and take over the place.

MAGNUS

(shaking his head)

Nothing ever changes. I kept telling the boys... "We could stop all this. Rid the world of monsters, if we put our minds to it." They said it wasn't our place. Our job was to study... catalogue...

DEAN

(exasperated)

We get it. Buncha geeks. But she can be stopped. And we need something we hear you've got: The First Blade.

MAGNUS

(brightens)

Look at you two. And they say hunters are morons.

Sam and Dean look at each other. Magnus gestures, and:

NEW ANGLE-- REVEALS, in a spot of light on a small display table, The First Blade, gleaming in the light. Sam and Dean stand, take a step toward it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

MAGNUS

But if you'd really done your homework, you'd know it's useless. Without possessing the Mark of Cain.

Dean turns to face him, shoves up his sleeve. And there is the Mark of Cain. Magnus stands, a little stunned.

MAGNUS

My God. How did you come by that?

SAM

If Abaddon takes over, her one goal is making hell on earth. Not even you can hide from that.

DEAN

If you meant what you said about taking action, this is taking action. Loan us the blade, and we'll stop thE bitch.

MAGNUS

Let me think about it.
(a moment, then:)
Alright, I've thought about it.

He instantly scoops a pinch of powder from a bowl, as:

MAGNUS

Licentia meus os!

He blows the powder into the air, and Sam vanishes! Dean stares at the spot where Sam stood, then at Magnus.

EXT. WILDERNESS - ROAD - DAY

The Impala's parked on a dirt road some distance from the trees. Crowley stands waiting. Suddenly, A THRASHING FROM THE TREES and Sam rushes out. He stops, breathing hard.

SAM

Magnus has Dean.

BLACKOUT.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

INT. FORTRESS - GREAT ROOM - DAY

Dean and Magnus face off.

DEAN

What'd you do with my brother?

MAGNUS

I did what any good collector does. Separated the ordinary from the extraordinary. I've got the First Blade. And now I have the Mark of Cain to complete the set.

DEAN

(re. his arm)

Yeah, bad news is, it's attached. So loan me the damn thing, let us take care of business, and...

MAGNUS

Dean, I'm offering the moon here. You can become part of the greatest collection of all time. Stay young forever. Let me teach you my secrets. Be my companion... It has gotten lonely over the years.

DEAN

When you were sayin' that, did none of it feel a little creepy?

(then)

I'll just grab the Blade and go.

MAGNUS

There's a little design flaw to the place. No doors. No windows.

Dean grabs his machete.

DEAN

I'll make my own.

Magnus grabs a pinch of red powder, blows it in the air.

DEAN

(brandishing blade)

Hey!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAGNUS

Viscus exuro!

THE MACHETE GLOWS RED HOT! Dean drops the smoking thing on the stone floor, instinctively reaches behind him for his gun. It's gone! Now he looks up, startled to see Magnus holding the gun on him.

MAGNUS

(nods at machete)

That first was a tricky little spell. Chinese.

(re. gun)

This... Cheap magician's stunt. I picked your pocket.

Dean glares at him, folding his arms defiantly.

MAGNUS

(smiling)

Welcome to the collection, Dean.

EXT. WILDERNESS - ROAD - DAY

Sam stands near the Impala, frantically poring through John's journal. Crowley's twitchy, shuffling from foot to foot.

CROWLEY

So. Daddy have any handy hints for cracking invisible, warded-up-the-wazoo fortresses?

Sam gives Crowley a look, snaps the book shut.

SAM

No.

He goes to the Impala's trunk, pops it, revealing the warding symbols on the lid's underside. Crowley cranes his neck, trying to peer into the trunk from the side of the car. Annoyed, Sam draws his demon knife.

SAM

You mind?

Crowley sighs, withdraws, as Sam tosses the journal into the trunk, grabs a crate of files. The same one we saw in the Men of Letters Bunker.

CROWLEY

Who'da thunk it, Moose? You and me. Same team. In the trenches.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CROWLEY (CONT'D)

When this is over, we'll get
matching tattoos.

Sam disgustedly slams the trunk, brings the crate to the
front of the car, sits on the edge of the front seat, as:

SAM

So we're clear? We're not on the
same anything. And, since the
place is warded, your powers are
useless, which makes you useless.
More so than usual.

CROWLEY

You'll need an extra set of hands
in there, unless you've got other
volunteers in mind.

SAM

Thanks. Pass.

CROWLEY

(prickly)

If memory serves, I'm the one who
helped your brother Cain. So
we could locate the Blade, and Dean
could receive the Mark. I was the
one who flushed that lout Gadreel
outta your noggin. So lately, big
boy, I've seen more playing time
than you.

Sam stares at him.

SAM

Just shut the hell up.

Sam grabs a pile of files from the crate, begins to read.

CLOSE - THE CRATE-- It's marked "Cuthbert Sinclair."

INT. FORTRESS - GREAT ROOM - DAY

Dean is now chained by both ankles to a stone pillar. His
sleeve has been ripped open to display the Mark. Magnus
picks up the Blade from its display table, a few yards away.

DEAN

You're a sorry piece of work.
Holed up in here. Doing nothing.
You bitch about the Men of Letters;
you're worse.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAGNUS

I'm not as ambitious as when I was young. Besides, if that long line of eggheads could turn its back on destroying evil, why should I risk my neck?

(approaches Dean)

Let's fire this thing up. Whaddya say?

DEAN

Go to hell.

Magnus just smiles knowingly.

MAGNUS

Come now, this was the object of your quest! Tell me Henry Winchester's grandson isn't curious to see if it works!

Dean glares at him, but doesn't resist when Magnus grips his wrist, thrusts the handle of the Blade into his hand.

A beat, then Dean reels a bit. The Mark of Cain glows briefly on his arm. He gasps as his arm goes rigid. Strange, powerful sensations flood Dean's whole being! His body seems unable to contain them. A final shudder, and he drops the blade. He stares down at it, breathing hard, a little awed. Magnus is fascinated.

MAGNUS

The next time will be easier.
You'll get used to the feelings.
Welcome them. Become the most complete warrior in the world.

(beat)

And then there's no stopping us,
Dean. Anything, anyone we want to own... or destroy... Is ours.

Magnus scoops up the blade, returns it to its table.

DEAN

You know what, Magnus? I'll take a knee. And what're you gonna do? Kill me? Without this thing on my arm, the Blade's just an ugly hunka bone with teeth.

Magnus smiles, approaches.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MAGNUS

Ah. Well, I'm not asking for your cooperation, Dean. Just taking it.

And he suddenly grips Dean's forehead with one hand. Before Dean can even react, he begins to go rigid, as:

MAGNUS

Ego vindicatum vestri mens quod mos!

Dean's eyes and mouth fly open. He looks completely blank; his arms hang limp. Magnus removes his hand, and the life comes back into Dean's eyes. He stares at Magnus, spent.

MAGNUS

Interesting effect, isn't it? All thought. All will. Drained right out of you. I do this enough, you'll be ready for whatever I have in mind.

EXT. WILDERNESS - ROAD - DAY

THE GROUND-- Thwack! Another file folder is tossed on a growing stack. They're all stamped in red: "REJECTED."

NEW ANGLE-- Sam pulls another "rejected" file from the crate, opens it. Crowley watches restlessly.

SAM

Okay. Here's something.
(scans contents)
This is the one that got him tossed out.

CROWLEY

Magnus?

SAM

He pitched an idea the Men of Letters thought was so insane, they...
(reads)
"Began separation proceedings."

CROWLEY

What was it?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SAM

(scanning file)

He wanted to make the entire Men of Letters bunker... Invisible. All physical points of entry were to be eliminated.

(reads)

"And entrance would only be gained..."

(glances up)

"By spell."

Crowley's all ears.

SAM

And... You actually might be useful, Crowley.

(glances at file)

There are a couple things we're gonna need...

INT. FORTRESS - GREAT ROOM - DAY

Another mind control session. Magnus has Dean's forehead in his grip. Dean's teeth are gritted; he's sweating, suffering.

MAGNUS

(muttering)

....Ego vindicatum vestri mens quod mos...

EXT. WILDERNESS - DAY

The clearing. Sam finishes grinding ingredients together with mortar and pestle. Now he pours the finished product, a YELLOWISH POWDER into a small clay bowl.

CROWLEY

I did good, eh Moose? Everything on the list.

Sam ignores him, starts crossing toward the spot where the portal appeared. Crowley sighs, follows.

CROWLEY

You're welcome.

(then)

Honestly. Raised by wolves?

NEW ANGLE-- Sam reaches the spot where he and Dean found the entry. Crowley catches up.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SAM

Remember: Stay close. Do what I
tell you. And shut the hell up.

CROWLEY

I'm growing on you, aren't I?

Sam holds the little bowl outstretched.

SAM

Tribu mihi viscus ut domus.

A PUFF OF YELLOW FLAME from the bowl! Then the SHIMMERING
DOORWAY GROWS IN SIZE BEFORE THEM. Sam tosses down the spent
bowl, and he and Crowley take a few steps toward the doorway.
A BLAZE OF WHITE LIGHT! And:

INT. FORTRESS - DARK CORRIDOR - DAY

Dark. Dank. Sam and Crowley step out of the shadowy
blackness. Crowley looks around.

CROWLEY

Love what he's done with the place.

DISTANT FOOTSTEPS. Sam and Crowley shrink back into a small
alcove.

NEW ANGLE-- From the cross-hall at the opposite end, Magnus
appears, studying a document.

He strides down the corridor. He passes the very niche where
we saw Sam and Crowley, moments before. He moves on, coming
to a thick door. As he begins to unlock it, SAM LEAPS FROM
THE INKY SHADOWS, GRABS MAGNUS, A BLADE TO HIS THROAT.

SAM

Take me to my brother.

INT. FORTRESS - GREAT ROOM - DAY

DOORWAY-- Sam arrives in the doorway, Magnus still in his
grasp, knife to his throat.

INCLUDE DEAN-- He's stunned to see Sam, and:

DEAN

Sammy! No!

NEW ANGLE-- As Sam steps into the room, then is stunned to
see THE REAL MAGNUS, FURTHER INTO THE ROOM, EYEING SAM
CALMLY.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The "Magnus" in Sam's grip suddenly morphs into a smallish, rat-faced man! Sam stabs him, he goes down, and Sam looks up to see Magnus holding Dean's gun on him.

MAGNUS

Shape-shifter. There are advantages to keeping a zoo.

INT. FORTRESS - DARK CORRIDOR - DAY

Crowley slips along the damp walls toward the doorway, peers around the edge, then down the hall beyond.

INT. FORTRESS - GREAT ROOM - DAY

Sam is now chained to another pillar, hands shackled above his head. Magnus plucks a razor-sharp blade from a tray. Behind, him, Dean watches in alarm.

MAGNUS

I shouldn't have discarded you so quickly, Sam. You're more valuable than I thought.

(to Dean)

Why knock myself out sapping your will? I think Sam'll help you see things my way.

DEAN

Magnus, I swear to God..!

MAGNUS

What, Dean? You'll do what?

And Magnus makes a small slice on the side of Sam's jaw. Blood trickles. Sam grimaces.

MAGNUS

(to Sam)

I won't kill you, of course, Sam. But I can make you suffer. Unimaginably.

And he drags the blade further down Sam's neck. Sam gasps.

DEAN

Alright, stop! I'll do it. Whatever you want.

MAGNUS

You bet you will.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Magnus turns back to Sam, who's shaking, keeping it together. Magnus studies him. What next?

DEAN-- Dean watches Magnus, stricken. Then something catches his eye. A small open doorway near Dean. Crowley slips inside, then out of FRAME.

MAGNUS-- He slips the blade up inside one of Sam's nostrils. Sam is breathing hard. Bracing himself.

DISPLAY TABLE-- Crowley's hand reaches for the First Blade, pulls it out of FRAME.

MAGNUS-- Magnus starts to bring pressure against the side of Sam's nostril, ready to slice it open.

MAGNUS

And... An actual... live... hunter
might be a fascinating addition to
the collection.

Magnus tenses, ready to slice, when WHANG! Magnus spins to face the O.C. SOUND, and:

SPOT WHERE DEAN WAS-- Dean's gone! The chains that held him, shattered!

MAGNUS-- Desperate, he spins, raising the blade, about to stab Sam!

A hand grabs Magnus's arm in a steely grip. He stands, frozen, staring.

REVEAL DEAN-- He swings the First Blade, and TAKES OFF MAGNUS'S HEAD IN ONE STROKE! The head goes flying, Magnus's bleeding body collapses at Sam's feet. Dean vibrates with UNLEASHED POWER. The MARK OF CAIN GLOWS.

Sam watches Dean, stunned. Dean stands there, quivering with intensity. Blade tightly gripped. Something brutal, animal-like, and supremely powerful has swept over him.

Crowley steps closer, having watched in awe.

SAM

(warily)

Okay, Dean. You can drop the
blade.

Dean's frozen. Coiled like a snake. A little wild-eyed.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SAM
(firmly)
Drop it, Dean. Dean.

And Dean begins to snap out of it. He tosses down the blade. Looks at Magnus's body. Then slowly up at Sam, weighing what's just happened, and...

BLACKOUT.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

EXT. WILDERNESS - DAY

Sam, Dean, and Crowley trudge toward the stand of trees and the road. Sam carries the First Blade. Crowley's a little buzzed from all that's happened.

CROWLEY

Brilliant, I must say. I'm speaking of myself, of course, all you two could manage was to get trussed up. But, combine a bit of derring-do on my part... Some dumb muscle on the part of Squirrel... A little bleeding from Moose... Happy ending. Roll credits.

Sam and Dean look exhaustedly at each other. They push through the edge of the trees, and:

EXT. ROAD - DAY

THE TREES-- Sam, Dean, and Crowley emerge. They all stop, stare, and:

DEAN

Oh no. Come on.

INCLUDE IMPALA-- The Impala's been ransacked. All four doors are wide open. Sam and Dean hurry to the car.

DEAN

What the hell?

They arrive at the car, stick their heads inside. Glove box is open. Maps and papers strewn around. They sniff.

SAM

Sulfur. Demons.

DEAN

Abaddon's. She's just one jump behind us. But they couldn't find Magnus's joint, either.

(then)

The trunk?

Sam hurries around to the trunk, pops the lid.

SAM

Warding kept 'em out.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He closes the trunk as Dean climbs out of the car, irritably SLAMS the doors, as:

DEAN

Damn demons. Damn demon mitts all over Baby.
(then notices)
Aw, come ON!

NEW ANGLE-- Etched into one of the now-shut doors: Enochian symbols.

DEAN

Demons keyed the Impala?

SAM

(drawing closer)
Enochian. I can't read it.

CROWLEY (O.C.)

I can.

INCLUDE CROWLEY-- He remains where he was, some distance away. He stares at the symbols. Shaken.

CROWLEY

(deathly serious)
The message isn't for you. It's for me.
(reads)
"Be afraid."
(then)
"Your Queen."
(beat)
Abaddon. She's getting more brazen.
(darker)
And she senses I'm losing my grip.

SAM AND DEAN-- The guys quietly huddle.

SAM

(re. blade)
Okay, you said we needed Crowley to get the blade.
(then)
Well, we got it.

He gives Dean a meaningful look. A moment.

SAM

Dean?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Dean nods.

NEW ANGLE-- They turn to face Crowley. Crowley watches them calmly, then raises a hand. BAM! Sam and Dean fly backward and SLAM against the side of the car! The Blade has dropped from Sam's hand onto the ground. Pinned, both guys can only stare down at it, then up at:

CROWLEY

You know, boys, I'm in debt to you. You forced sobriety on me, and now I can see the situation for what it is. Dean, you're quite the killing machine. And it occurs to me that Abaddon's not the only one on your list. My own name must be there, as well.

He points a finger at the Blade. Now it whisks along the ground, and FLIES UP INTO CROWLEY'S HAND!

SAM

It's no good to you without Dean.

CROWLEY

True enough. But it's no good to you, so long as I have it. So here's how we'll do this: I'll just hang onto old donkey teeth here, until such time as you locate Abaddon. And then you'll destroy her.

(then)

You were right, Moose. You can't trust me. Of course, sadly, I can't trust you, either.

AND CROWLEY VANISHES! Sam and Dean sink slowly to the ground, and...

BLACKOUT.

TO BE CONTINUED...