

SUPERNATURAL

Episode #923

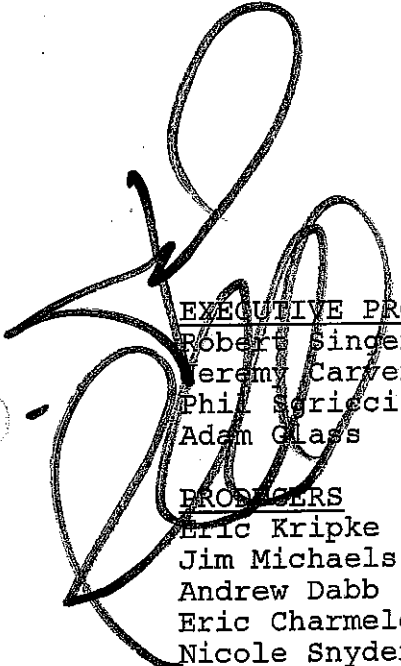
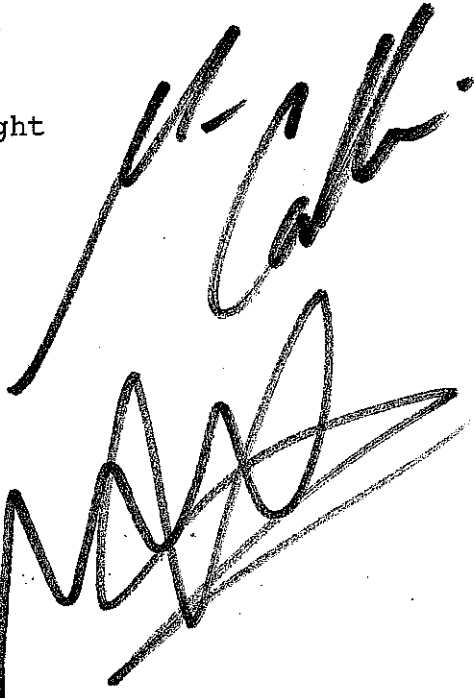
"Do You Believe in Miracles?"

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Episode #923

"Do You Believe in Miracles?"

REVISION HISTORY

<u>Revision</u>	<u>Date</u>	<u>Revised Pages</u>
Production Draft - White	04/02/14	
Blue Pages	04/10/14	Pgs. 4,7,11,15,15A,26,34,34A
Pink Pages	04/16/14	Pgs. 5,6,8,44

CAST LIST

SAM WINCHESTER
DEAN WINCHESTER

JARED PADALECKI
JENSEN ACKLES

CASTIEL
CROWLEY
GADREEL
HANNAH
INGRID
METATRON

MISHA COLLINS
MARK A. SHEPPARD
TAHMOH PENIKETT
ERICA CARROLL
DANIELLE KREMENIUK
CURTIS ARMSTRONG

DAUGHTER ANGEL / PURAH
HOMELESS ANGEL
HOMELESS MAN
HOMELESS WOMAN
MIRACLE WOMAN
MOTHER ANGEL / ASARIEL
NEIL
PEDESTRIAN
PERVY FRIEND
PERVY GUY
SEXY MASSEUSE
WAITRESS

JORDYN ASHLEY OLSON
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DARREN MOORE
XANTHA RADLEY
MICHELLE FERGUSON
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JULIAN LEBLANC
LYLE REGINALD
NICHOLAS COOMBE
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LOCATION REPORT

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 INT. MEN OF LETTERS - STOREROOM - DAY P.1
 INT. MEN OF LETTERS - LIBRARY - DAY P.2
 INT. MEN OF LETTERS - STOREROOM - DAY P.2

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SUPERNATURAL
"Do You Believe in Miracles?"

TEASER

FADE IN:

1 INT. MEN OF LETTERS - DAY (DAY 1) 1

CHAOS. Picking up DIRECTLY AFTER the events of 922, as Castiel and Sam try to pull Dean off of Gadreel, who bleeds out on the floor. Dean-- spiked with the strange madness that is the Mark of Cain-- THROWS CASTIEL several feet into a wall! WHAM! Turns to face Sam, who now stands between him and Gadreel.

SAM
Drop the blade, Dean.

DEAN
Move.

Sam does not. Dean raises the blade to strike.

DEAN
--Move, Sam!

But Dean can't bring himself to attack his brother. Which is just long enough for--

WHOOMPH! Castiel locks Dean's arms from behind! Sam grabs Dean's hand holding the blade. Dean struggles as Sam reaches for a connection--

SAM
Let it go. Let it go, Dean...

2 INT. MEN OF LETTERS - STOREROOM - DAY 2

Dean paces angrily as Sam and Castiel stand by the door.

DEAN
Hell if you think I'm riding pine
on this one, Sammy.

SAM
Something's wrong with you, Dean.
And until we find out what? This
is exactly where you're gonna stay.

(CONTINUED)

2

CONTINUED:

2

DEAN

While you two what? Take on Metatron yourselves? Smart. Oh, wait. You lost your angel army and you just locked up the one guy who actually has a chance of killing the damn guy. Hell of a plan, fellas.

Sam slams the door behind them. Locks it.

DEAN

And the only thing wrong with me? Is I care too friggin' much!

Dean bangs on the door.

DEAN

Sam! Sammy!

3

INT. MEN OF LETTERS - LIBRARY - DAY

3

Sam tucks the First Blade into a box, can see the concern on Castiel's face.

SAM

What?

CASTIEL

Dean wasn't wrong. My followers have abandoned us--

SAM

--and Gadreel says he can help us. From where I sit, that's more than an even trade.

They round into the crow's nest. Gadreel is gone. A blood trail leads up the steps.

And they ponder what the hell to do now.

4

INT. MEN OF LETTERS - STOREROOM - DAY

4

Dean VOMITS (tastefully) into a corner of the room. He stands, steadies himself. Can't seem to catch his breath.

He finds a ratty old mirror. Studies himself, finds his lips are flecked with blood. As he wonders: what the hell is happening to me?

BLACKOUT.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

5 INT. HEAVEN - METATRON'S DEN - DAY

5

Metatron types furiously away on his TYPEWRITER. Off to the side, an overly-chatty angel, NEIL, A.V. Nerd, 20s, works amongst a mess of WIRES and A.V. EQUIPMENT.

NEIL

So, Metatron...

(beat)

Metatron...?

Metatron ignores him. Neil takes a beat: o-kay...

NEIL

...God?

Metatron smiles brightly as he types.

METATRON

Just a second...

NEIL

That a new Angel handbook you're working on or--

METATRON

No, no, it's a story, Neil. A marvelous story. Full of love and heartbreak and-- love.

NEIL

Oh, awesome. Sorta like 'The Notebook?'

Metatron types a few more words. Finished. Whips the paper out, puts it on the stack.

METATRON

No.

Metatron stands, starts picking through several SHABBY-LOOKING OUTFITS that have been assembled for his approval.

NEIL

(oblivious)

I loved 'The Notebook.'

METATRON

I'm getting that.

He holds up two outfits for Neil to choose from.

(CONTINUED)

METATRON

Quick. Which one makes me look more pathetic?

NEIL

Oh. Why would you want to look-- pathetic? You've just reunited the angels under the banner of Heaven, that's practically like--

METATRON

--winning a People's Choice Award?
(faux-apologetic)
Not quite the real deal now is it?
(re: the microphone)
All set?

Metatron moves to Neil, who's set up an OLD-TIME MICROPHONE (like you'd find in an 80's high school movie).

NEIL

Yessir. Just flip this switch, wait for the light...bingo.

METATRON

And every angel-- in heaven or on earth-- will hear me?

NEIL

You and only you. The signal blocks all voices on Angel Radio except yours.

Metatron is tickled. Like he's been given a new toy.

METATRON

C'mon.

He flips the switch. The LED light GLOWS ORANGE.

METATRON (INTO MIC)

Hello (hello).

6 INT. HEAVEN - METATRON'S ANTECHAMBER - DAY - SAME 6

A number of ANGELS, including INGRID and HANNAH, swirl about. Like a large bullpen or secretarial pool. They stop at hearing Metatron's voice in their heads:

METATRON (V.O.)
This (*this*) is (*is*) Metatron
(*Metatron...*)

7 INT. HEAVEN - METATRON'S DEN - DAY - SAME 7

Metatron looks at Neil.

NEIL
More reverb?

METATRON
Because I'm Lou Gehrig?

NEIL
Sorry, sorry.

Neil adjusts a knob. Points at Metatron as if cueing him on a network news show.

METATRON
Don't do that.
(into mic)
I'd like to take a moment to
welcome you all back. I want you
to know how moved I am that you've
accepted me as your new God. My
heart, as they say, is full.

8 EXT. ROAD - DAY 8

Castiel and Sam (driving CASTIEL'S CAR) pull behind ANOTHER CAR, Gadreel's, splayed in the road. Castiel listens to Metatron in his head.

METATRON (V.O.)
Which is why I want to share
wonderful news with you. I'll be
taking a short trip. Heaven's
"door" will be temporarily closed
pending my return... *

9 INT. HEAVEN - METATRON'S DEN - DAY 9

Metatron at the microphone.

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9

METATRON (INTO MIC)
...but rest assured, all will be
explained. And it will be
glorious. *

He flips off the switch.

NEIL
Where are you going?

Metatron holds up the most pathetic-looking outfit. Smiles.

METATRON
To tell the rest of the story...

10 EXT. ROAD - DAY

10

Castiel and Sam approach the empty car. The driver-side door
is open, BLOOD on the seats.

They follow the blood trail to Gadreel, who's managed to pull
himself off the road a bit. He's covered in blood, failing.
And terrified when Castiel bends next to him.

GADREEL
Please. I'll leave you alone. I
swear...

Castiel holds up his hands in peace.

CASTIEL
We're not here to hurt you.

Gadreel absorbs that, labors to breathe.

GADREEL
Did you hear him?

CASTIEL
Metatron. Yes. Where is he going?
What does he want?

GADREEL
I'm afraid-- Humanity.

Castiel and Sam share a look. Not good.

Cass leans in to cure Gadreel.

GADREEL
No. Your Grace. Healing me will
only weaken you.

(CONTINUED)

10

CONTINUED:

10

Castiel heals him anyway. The belly wound disappears.

SAM

What does that mean, Metatron wants
humanity?

Gadreel frowns. What it means is: not good.

11

INT. MASSAGE PARLOR - DAY

11

Crowley lies on a massage table, naked but for a towel over
his ass. A SEXY MASSEUSE works his upper back. NEW AGE
MUSIC plays softly. A cheap fountain tinkles in the corner.

CROWLEY

Ah. Ah. There it is. Right
there. That's it that's it--
(releasing the tension)
Gawwwddd...

SEXY MASSEUSE

I would've thought you'd be more
relaxed. Having defeated Abaddon.

CROWLEY

What can I say. I wear my stress.

She bears down on his delts. He GROANS in delight.

SEXY MASSEUSE

You know... with so many demons
having rallied back to your side...
it's only natural they would look
to their king for some...
direction.

Crowley opens one eye.

CROWLEY

Luv. If I wanted a soapy massage
from Dr. Phil? I'd hit three on my
speed dial.

SEXY MASSEUSE

I'm sorry, sir, it's just-- some of
your lieutenants-- have asked me to
inquire about your view on the new
Hell. Or, you know, your views
on... anything.

Crowley just stares. Wishing it all away.

The room begins to SHUDDER. The masseuse reacts.

(CONTINUED)

11

CONTINUED:

11

SEXY MASSEUSE

Sir-- I believe you're being
summoned.

Crowley ignores her.

SEXY MASSEUSE

It's a Winchester.

Her eyes flash BLACK. Spoiling for a fight.

SEXY MASSEUSE

I'll go.

Crowley holds up a hand. Not so fast.

CROWLEY

Ah ah. Which Winchester?

12

INT. MEN OF LETTERS - STOREROOM - DAY

12

Dean paces. WARDING SIGILS built into the walls have been
X-ed out with spraypaint, a DEMON SUMMONING RITUAL burns in
the middle of the room. Crowley appears. Wrinkles his nose.

CROWLEY

What's that smell?

DEAN

What's happening to me, you son-of-
a-bitch!

CROWLEY

Liquor before beer? A bad taco?
How should I know?

DEAN

I can't turn it off-- ever since I
stabbed Abbaddon... it's like this
whole other thing going on... I get
this high and I want to kill... I
really, really want to kill... but
when I don't?

CROWLEY

You yak your guts out.
(beat)
It's the Mark.

*

DEAN

Meaning?

(CONTINUED)

CROWLEY

It wants you to kill. The more you kill the better you feel. The less you kill the "less" better you feel.

DEAN

How much "less better?"

CROWLEY

One would imagine-- the least best better.

DEAN

Dead.

Crowley shrugs. *Well, yeah.*

DEAN

Cain had the Mark. He didn't die.

CROWLEY

Because Cain was a demon. Your body isn't strong enough to contain the blade's power.

DEAN

What if I got rid of it?

CROWLEY

Do you want to get rid of it?

Dean paces. *Going a bit crazy here.*

DEAN

What I want is Metatron.

CROWLEY

Go on.

DEAN

But I have to get past that door. And get the blade. And you're going to help me. Because I killed Abaddon and you owe me.

Sam, Castiel and Gadreel enter. Freeze when they see the BOX that was holding the Blade-- open and empty.

GADREEL

What's that smell?

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13

SAM

Sulfur.

Castiel immediately takes off for the storeroom. But Sam just stands there. He knows. Dean is gone.

BLACKOUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

14 INT. MEN OF LETTERS - DAY

14

Sam, Castiel and Gadreel regroup in the library. Sam on the phone.

DEAN (V.O.)
(voicemail)
It's me. Leave a message.

SAM (INTO PHONE)
Dean, pick up the phone, call me back. I'm not kidding. Don't do this-- not like this. Okay? Call me.

Sam hangs up.

CASTIEL
You're sure it was Crowley.

SAM
Who else would he summon? He and Crowley've been bromancing over the Blade ever since Dean got the Mark.

GADREEL
The Mark.

CASTIEL
The Mark of Cain.

GADREEL
That was the First Blade Dean stabbed me with, then.
(then)
In a way, that could be useful.

SAM
What?

GADREEL
Metatron is more powerful than ever. But if Dean has the First Blade and the Mark... that might give us our best chance.

SAM
You're joking, right? An hour ago we were ready to throw Dean in a padded room. Now he's our "best chance"?

(CONTINUED)

Gadreel shrugs. Looks to Castiel for guidance here.

CASTIEL

Sam... hear him out.

SAM

Sure, of course, you know what? Forgive me. For being a little less than eager to hear our best chance is to arm the warhead and hope it hits the mark. He's not a bomb, he's my brother.

GADREEL

And your brother would not be in this alone. We can help.

SAM

How?

GADREEL

I believe Metatron has found a way to tap into the Angel Tablet. Harnessing its power to give him powers equivalent to--

SAM

--God. Right? That's what this all about, isn't it? Metatron wants to be God? Which is just another way of saying unstoppable.

CASTIEL

Not if-- if we could break the connection. Between Metatron and the Tablet. That would make him an ordinary angel.

(to Gadreel)

Where's the Tablet?

GADREEL

Metatron's office.

SAM

In Heaven.

GADREEL

I can get us to the door.

SAM

And they'll let you in why? The second Metatron's "number two" shows up with Heaven's-most-wanted here? The gig is sort of up.

CASTIEL

We have to try, Sam.

SAM

Or-- I can stop Dean. I can pull him back, we can figure out what is happening with this Mark, and we can do this right.

CASTIEL

(re: Gadreel)

Dean tried to tear him apart. Do you really think he's interested in "right"? Do you think Metatron is interested in "right"?

Sam paces, torn.

EXT. SMALL TOWN STREET - DAY

A Woman, 40s, we'll come to know her as MIRACLE WOMAN-- talks on her cell phone as she walks.

MIRACLE WOMAN

Dammit, Al, I don't care what you got going on tonight.

She passes a HOMELESS MAN as she crosses into the street--

MIRACLE WOMAN

He's your kid too, and I'm telling you: he's on drugs.

--where she is immediately HIT BY A TRUCK!

A PEDESTRIAN rushes up to her prone body.

PEDESTRIAN

Oh my god...oh my god...

And as other start to move closer, the HOMELESS MAN stands, walks calmly into the street and to the woman.

The Pedestrian looks at the Homeless Man, tears in his eyes.

PEDESTRIAN

She's dead, man. She's dead!

(CONTINUED)

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15 CONTINUED: 15

And now we see the Homeless Man's face. It's METATRON. And he smiles. Patient. Saint-like.

METATRON
Oh, I'm not so sure about that.

16 EXT. BURGER JOINT - DAY 16

The Impala swings into the lot. Dean exits, grabs his LAPTOP BAG and the FIRST BLADE.

CROWLEY
Really? You can't keep your binky in the car for ten minutes?

Dean shoves the Blade in the bag.

17 INT. BURGER JOINT - DAY 17

They enter and sit. Dean whips out his laptop and starts to do research. An attractive WAITRESS shows.

WAITRESS
What can I get you fellas?

DEAN
Coffee, black.

CROWLEY
You're serious. You take her booth, her time, you spread yourself out like an overgrown teenager and... what's the tip on a single cup'a joe? A nickel?
(to the Waitress)
Excuse my friend. He was raised by hunters.

DEAN
(gritted teeth)
Double cheeseburger, everything, heavy on the onions.

WAITRESS
You got it.

She looks to Crowley. Who shakes his head. Nothing for him.

Dean begins to type again.

(CONTINUED)

CROWLEY

So. This is what you and Moose do.
Criss-cross the country in search
of "evil", order your nitrates...
(eyes the Hot Waitress)
Partake of the local attractions.

DEAN

(not looking up)
Yup.

Crowley nods. He was hoping for a bit more. After a beat--

CROWLEY

And you never get tired of the rat
race. Never get the urge to just
bugger off, howl at the moon.
Never ask yourself: Is this it?
Is this all there is?

Crowley has lost himself a bit in his own reverie. Dean
looks up from his laptop, stares. *Where you going with this?*
Crowley's a bit self-conscious.

CROWLEY

I've kicked human blood, you know.

DEAN

So you're full metal douche again.
What do you want? A stuffed bear?

CROWLEY

Just making conversation.

DEAN

(bullshit)
How's Hell, Crowley?

CROWLEY

Hell's fine. Hell's like a Swiss
watch. Don't worry about Hell.
(then)
Hell's complicated.

DEAN

Game of Thrones is complicated.
Shower sex is complicated. Hell
ain't complicated.
(then)
Your problem ain't Hell, it's you.

CROWLEY

Fair enough. So what's your
problem then?

Dean doesn't want to get into this. Shifting gears.

DEAN

My problem is Metatron. And right
now?

(re: the computer)

(MORE)

DEAN (CONT'D)

There's nothing. No angel
smitings, no crazy acts of god, no
vermin, no hail... if Metatron's
making a move on Earth, he's taking
his sweet ass time.

CROWLEY

Fear not. Calvary's here.

Two CROWLEY MINIONS approach. One eyes Dean with suspicion
while the other whispers to Crowley, hands him a CELL PHONE.
The Demons leave.

DEAN

And?

CROWLEY

Apparently, your angel's gone
viral.

The Waitress drops the burger in front of Dean, who waits for
her to go--

Crowley presses play on the VIDEO SCREEN of the phone.

ON THE PHONE SCREEN-- A HOMEMADE VIDEO. The Screen is TIGHT
on a WOMAN'S ASS.

TEEN PERVY GUY (V.O.)

And that, America, is perfection.

TEEN PERVY FRIEND (O.C.)

Dude.

The CAMERA SWINGS to focus on a PERVY FRIEND sitting on a
bench.

PERVY FRIEND

That's your sister.

A beat, and then both teens crack up. Over Pervy Friend's
shoulder WE SEE MIRACLE WOMAN cross the street. And get hit
by the truck.

Both teens scream in shock. The camera stays trained on the
street as Metatron approaches, smiles at the Pedestrian.

But now we see more. He kneels down, places a hand on the
dead woman's head... and she comes back to life!

18

CONTINUED:

18

People on the street react as if they've just seen a David Blaine magic trick.

PERVY FRIEND
(losing his shit)
Is he serious? Is he friggin'
serious? Did you see that? Holy--
tell me you got that...

The CAMERA ZOOMS IN on Metatron whispering something into the woman's ear, then looking up, directly the camera. As if he knew it were there. He smiles, shyly.

PERVY FRIEND
Dude. What's your name?

METATRON
Marv.

The image freezes.

19

INT. BURGER JOINT - DAY

19

Resume with Dean and Crowley.

DEAN
When was this?

CROWLEY
Few hours ago. Muncie, Indiana.

DEAN
What's he whispering to her?

CROWLEY
Exactly.

Dean stands. Ready to go.

CROWLEY
You're not gonna eat?

DEAN
Not hungry.

Dean leaves. Crowley stares after him a beat. His face hard to decipher. Concern? Curiosity?

20

EXT. STREET/PLAYGROUND - DAY

20

Castiel and Gadreel (in Castiel's car) pull up to eye the playground. A MOTHER reads a newspaper on a bench while her DAUGHTER swings on a playset. Bored.

(CONTINUED)

CASTIEL

The door to heaven... is in a
playground?

GADREEL

(re: mother/daughter)

Guarded by two of Metatron's most
loyal. I recruited them myself.

(then)

You said you had a plan. How we
might convince them to let us pass.

CASTIEL

Yes. Wookie.

GADREEL

(after a beat)

Brother, I have no idea what that
means.

21 EXT. PLAYGROUND - DAY

21

CLOSE ON-- The Daughter Angel, idly swinging, when she senses
something. She turns to look, face tightening.

DAUGHTER ANGEL

(to Mother Angel)

Asariel.

The Mother Angel turns to, to see--

Gadreel leads a HAND-CUFFED Castiel right up to them.

Mother and Daughter close ranks.

GADREEL

Asariel. Purah. Make way.

DAUGHTER ANGEL

The door is closed, Gadreel. By
orders of Metatron.

GADREEL

And who do you think gave the order
to capture Castiel? Unless you
think Metatron is uninterested in
questioning the leader of the
rebellion.

Mother and Daughter share a look. Relent--

MOTHER ANGEL

The spell must be redrawn.

(CONTINUED)

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GADREEL

As quickly as possible then.

Daughter Angel picks up a stick and begins to write in the sand.

22 EXT. MOBILE HOME - DAY 22

Dean and Crowley pull up in the Impala... to find SAM waiting out front.

DEAN

I got this.

He steps out of the car. Crowley follows.

SAM

Guess one of us doesn't need a demon to help follow a clue trail.

(then)

You are looking for Miracle Lady, right? Yeah, she's gone. Had a nice chat, though.

DEAN

Whatever kind of intervention you think this is, trust me: it ain't.

(then)

I don't have to explain myself to you, Sam.

SAM

Yeah, sorta got that.

(then)

Just thought you might like to know, while you two have been playing odd couple? Your real friends like Cass? And that angel you stabbed, Gadreel? Risking their asses right now trying to help you win this fight.

DEAN

The hell does that mean--

SAM

--a fight, I might add, you made that much more complicated by stabbing the one angel who could actually get us to Metatron--

(CONTINUED)

DEAN

--I'm sorry, the angel who took you for a joy ride, slaughtered Kevin--

SAM

--who you let in the front door in the first place! You tricked me, Dean! I'm the one who wakes up in the middle of the night, seeing my hands killing Kevin, not you. So please, when you say you don't want to "explain" anything to me? Don't. I get it.

(then)

I know Metatron has to go. And you're our best shot to do that.

DEAN

Wait, what? You're saying you're okay with this?

SAM

No, I'm not "okay" with this. But if it stops more people from getting killed?

The stand there for a moment.

DEAN

I'm taking my shot, Sam. For better or worse.

SAM

I know.

DEAN

No matter the consequences.

SAM

I know.

Which is huge. Sam is saying he's okay with Dean dying. If it means saving the world.

SAM

But-- if this is it? We're doing it together.

Crowley sees the winds shifting here. Acts nonchalant.

CROWLEY

Fine. Athos, Porthos, Aramis. We ride.

(CONTINUED)

SAM

(locked on Dean)
 You wanna know what he whispered to
 her, right? In the video? His
next stop.

CROWLEY

So what are we gollywagging on
 about then? Chop chop.

But Dean just gives Crowley a look. *Not happening.*

CROWLEY

Hold on. I'm not exactly Demon
 Minion Number Three, here. As the
 kids say, I've got mad skills.

Dean steps closer to him. *Quietly.*

DEAN

Look. I don't know what you were
 expecting here and I don't care.
 You wanted off this hamster wheel,
 you're off.

Crowley does his best to stuff down his disappointment.

CROWLEY

Well. Appears as if I've been
 Winchestered. I'd say good luck,
 boys... if I thought it would help.

Crowley gives Dean one last look, and disappears.

Sam and Dean face each other. *Together again.*

EXT. PLAYGROUND - DAY

Mother Angel (Asariel) stands watch while Daughter Angel
 (Purah) scratches something into the sand. Off to the side,
 Castiel and Gadreel wait.

GADREEL

I'm sorry, Castiel. I wish your
 way had worked.

(off Castiel's look)

Angels not killing Angels. There
 was something noble in that.
 Something to build upon.

CASTIEL

You and I aren't killing Metatron.

GADREEL
I'm afraid that's little more than
a technicality.

CASTIEL
(knows it, but...)
A loophole.
(then)
A loophole we need.

MOTHER ANGEL
It's ready.

She leads them to the giant sandbox, where a massive mandala-like swirl of Enochian has been etched in the sand. The Daughter angel crosses the final letter, stands back--

And a ripple of VFX air rises from the sand, translucent, like heat waves on a hot summer day. HEAVEN'S DOOR.

Gadreel leads Castiel into--

24 INT. HEAVEN - METATRON'S ANTECHAMBER - DAY 24

Gadreel leads a cuffed Castiel through the portal, where a small crowd of angels, including HANNAH and INGRID, have gathered. Ingrid steps up, gestures to Metatron's den.

INGRID
Well done. We've sent word to
Metatron. He'll be back shortly.
You can wait for him inside.

GADREEL
Thank you.

Gadreel and Castiel pointedly don't make eye contact-- but this is a stroke of luck. Ingrid opens the doors for them, they walk into--

25 INT. HEAVEN - METATRON'S DEN - DAY 25

--and the doors close behind them. They look at each other and smile. Then--

The ROOM suddenly changes from the den to SOMETHING STARKER.

A CONCRETE WALL SLAMS BETWEEN THEM. And to their shock, they are suddenly in--

26

INT. HEAVEN - CELLBLOCKS - DAY - SAME

26

TWO PRISON CELLS. It happens so fast, there is no time to react.

CASTIEL

What's going on!

But Gadreel knows.

GADREEL

No. No no no... not here.

Ingrid stands outside their bars, with Hannah and others.

INGRID

Did you really think your little ruse would work? That Metatron wouldn't have eyes on you given you'd secretly met with Castiel twice before?

GADREEL

Please.

INGRID

Welcome to Heaven's jail, Castiel. I believe Gadreel can give you the tour.

Gadreel slides down the wall. Despondent.

27

EXT. HOMELESS CAMP - DAY

27

A shabbily-dressed man-- METATRON-- wheels a SHOPPING CART loaded with belonging to a quiet, dark corner. He begins to pull off sheaths of CARDBOARD, setting up humble camp for the evening. As he works, he becomes ever aware of a HOMELESS WOMAN watching him. After a few long moments, she approaches, respectfully.

HOMELESS WOMAN

Excuse me...

METATRON

Yes?

HOMELESS WOMAN

I'm sorry, but, are you... Marv?

Metatron grins.

28

EXT. HOMELESS CAMP - DAY

28

The Woman leads him through the camp, introduces him to various occupants, many of whom he counsels with kind words, some he actually heals. They stop at one decrepit-looking man.

HOMELESS MAN

They say you perform miracles.

METATRON

It's a burden I accept.

The man holds out an EMPTY CANTEEN.

HOMELESS MAN

Little single malt?

HOMELESS WOMAN

George!

Metatron smiles patiently.

METATRON

How 'bout we take care of that diabetes.

Metatron touches the man's head. Shock and emotion break out over the man's face. He's been cured.

METATRON

(re: the canteen)

Left you a little something to celebrate with.

As the stunned man reaches to inspect the canteen, Metatron stands. Turns to move on when--

HOMELESS ANGEL

He's a fraud.

Metatron turns. A HOMELESS ANGEL (male, 30s) stands in the crowd, staring at him with icy eyes.

METATRON

I'm afraid I don't know what you mean, good sir. How can one be a "fraud" when he offers nothing? A little love, a little hope. The occasional "miracle." Nothing more.

(CONTINUED)

HOMELESS ANGEL

You know exactly what I mean.
Metatron.

METATRON

(playing dumb)
Excuse me?

HOMELESS ANGEL

(to the crowd)
His name is Metatron. And much as
he'd like you to think, he's not
one of you. He's an angel. We
both are.

METATRON

An...angel. O-kayyy...
(then)
Somebody's been drinking out of
George's canteen.

HOMELESS ANGEL

So you deny you're the former
scribe of God--

METATRON

Sir--

HOMELESS ANGEL

--God's former lapdog--

METATRON

--these people don't want to hear--

HOMELESS ANGEL

A petty, unliked, unloved angel,
driven by the relentless pursuit of
power and nothing more--

METATRON

--this has really gone on too far--

Metatron, starting to lose his shit now, palms his Angel
Blade inside his jacket--

HOMELESS ANGEL

--who's already brought the rest of
the angels under his iron thumb.

METATRON

(a controlled hiss)
As I will you, "brother", if you
don't--

MIRACLE WOMAN

--Shut your mouth!

Metatron catches himself. Tucks the blade back as the Miracle Woman emerges and squares off against the Homeless Angel.

MIRACLE WOMAN

"Angel." "Scribe of God." Please.

HOMELESS ANGEL

It's true.

MIRACLE WOMAN

What's true is what I can see with my own two eyes. You want to call him pathetic? Common? Be my guest. Who here isn't? But who here has the gift this man has? Do you know what he did?

HOMELESS ANGEL

And I'm afraid if you'd seen what I've seen, you think of him as nothing more than an abomination.

HOMELESS MAN

Abomination? Try miracle worker.

Metatron reacts to the description. Eh.

MIRACLE WOMAN

Try Messiah.

METATRON

(under his breath)

Better...

HOMELESS ANGEL

I am sorry you don't believe me. But I must do what my mission demands.

He looses his Angel Blade. The crowd reacts.

HOMELESS ANGEL

I must protect you.

He starts for Metatron... when a PERSON in the crowd HITS THE HOMELESS ANGEL on the back of the head with a CHUNK OF CONCRETE.

(CONTINUED)

METATRON

Yeah... that's not gonna--

The Homeless Angel starts to RISE...

HOMELESS MAN

I don't think so.

He kicks the Angel! And the crowd sets upon him, a GRIMY TARP is thrown over his body to disorient him as the crowd keeps kicking, punching... as Metatron looks on like a proud papa.

METATRON

They love me. They really, really love me.

He lets his Angel Blade drop to the ground. Nonchalantly kicks it into the scrum.

METATRON

Little help.

A HOMELESS GUY finds it at his feet, picks it up. Dives into the fray. And as he STABS the HOMELESS ANGEL--

--a SMALL FLASH of LIGHT (angel death light) peeks under an edge of the tarp, missed entirely by the enraged mob.

And Metatron beams.

BLACKOUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

29

EXT. INDUSTRIAL ROAD - NIGHT

29

Dean makes MOLOTOV COCKTAILS by filling BOTTLES with HOLY OIL from an ANCIENT JUG. His hands shake as he does so, he finally white-knuckles the hood to steady himself, a sheen of sweat across his brow. One hand shakily finds the burlap-wrapped blade in the trunk, peels it back so his fingers grasp the hilt. Its touch comforts him. REVEAL--

Sam. Watching. And now trying to ignore what he just saw as he clears his throat and approaches. Dean takes his hand from the blade. Covers.

DEAN

Anything?

SAM

He's there. 'Bout a mile up the road. There's a homeless encampment. Way folks are talking, he's got them convinced he's some sort of new-Jesus or something.

(then)

You good?

DEAN

Oh, yeah.

Sam nods, takes up the Molotov-making, goes into full planning mode. But WE STAY mostly on Dean. Watching his brother with a newfound sense of appreciation, love.

SAM

I figure we hit the camp from two sides. I'll go in throwing holy fire, hopefully Cass and Gadreel come through, you throw down with Metatron. The crowd goes-- (wild)

(noticing Dean)

What?

DEAN

Nothing. Uh... 'cept, not to backseat this but, Holy Oil don't work on this cat. He's supercharged.

SAM

I know-- but if Cass gets to that tablet, then he's just an angel, right? And you have a chance.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

SAM (CONT'D)
 (corrects himself)
 A better chance. Sorry.

They fall silent for a moment.

Dean begins to shake ever so slightly again. He tries to cover but-- Sam reaches over, takes the Blade, puts it in Dean's hand where it was before. And it steadies him. The small gesture moves Dean.

SAM
 Ready?

DEAN
 Look, Sam-- 'bout the last coupla months...

SAM
 I know.

And that's that. Whatever went down these past few months, it's forgotten.

SAM
 So. Before we find something else to fight about... you ready to gut this bitch?

Dean smiles-- like they're back in the saddle once again... except now he PUNCHES SAM IN THE FACE! Stands over his unconscious body with a tinge of regret.

DEAN
 Sorry, little brother. It's not your fight.

Dean shoulders the burlap-wrapped Blade, walks with it toward Metatron, right down the middle of the damn road.

Castiel pleads his case with Hannah, who stands sentry. Gadreel remains slumped in his cell, despondent... idly rubbing at cement grout in the walls.

HANNAH
 (dubious)
 Okay, so you're telling me Metatron set you up, arranged for those suicide bombers to make himself look like the victim.

CASTIEL

Gadreel was his second in command.
For what other reason than the
truth would he turn against
Metatron?

HANNAH

So now I'm expected to trust the
word of an angel who's only ever
thought of himself since the
Garden.

Hannah levels Castiel with a glare.

HANNAH

And you. You told us not a single
angel more would die in this fight.

CASTIEL

What do you think I've been trying
to do?

HANNAH

Trying? By killing Metatron?

CASTIEL

(a beat, weakly)
It's-- a loophole.

That's enough for Hannah.

HANNAH

Nothing you say matters. Not if
you can't prove it.

CASTIEL

So give us a chance. Let us out.
Hannah, please.

Hannah stares straight ahead, stone-faced.

CASTIEL

Please.

Dean warily enters the encampment. Several of the folks from
before stand.

HOMELESS MAN

Help you?

31

CONTINUED:

31

DEAN

Back it up, Chief.

HOMELESS WOMAN

You're Dean Winchester.

DEAN

And how'd you know that.

HOMELESS WOMAN

He said you were coming.

Dean swallows. There goes surprise.

DEAN

Well, I'm here. Where's Metatron?

HOMELESS MAN

Marv.

DEAN

Sure.

The Homeless Woman points at an ABANDONED PLANT hulking above them.

HOMELESS WOMAN

In there. Praying for our forgiveness.

DEAN

Forgiveness for what?

And then he sees it-- the fresh-scrubbed bloody spot where the Angel was felled.

DEAN

Is he now?

32

EXT. INDUSTRIAL ROAD - NIGHT

32

Sam stirs. Shakes out the cobwebs, realizes Dean is gone. He grabs a satchel of molotovs and the Angel Blade and hustles down the road.

33

INT. ABANDONED PLANT - NIGHT

33

Dean enters. He cautiously moves through the building...

Castiel and Gadreel talk from their cells. Gadreel is doing something to himself that we cannot see. Hannah stands outside their cells as before. Impassive.

GADREEL

I sat in this hole for thousands of years, thinking of nothing but redemption. Of reclaiming my good name. I thought of nobody-- no cause-- other than my own.

CASTIEL

And you have been redeemed, my friend.

GADREEL

The only thing that matters, in the end, is the mission. Protecting those who would not or cannot protect themselves. The humans. None of us are bigger than that.

Castiel reacts-- as does Hannah-- neither quite sure what Gadreel is getting at.

GADREEL

And we will not let our fears, our own self-absorption, prevent us from seeing it through. Not anymore.

CASTIEL

(huh?)
Of course not...

GADREEL

Move to the far side of your cell, Castiel. Keep your head down.

CASTIEL

(does so)
Gadreel, what are you-- (doing)?

Hannah, perplexed, turns to look into Gadreel's cell. Sees--

GADREEL. Holding a sharpened, bloody piece of that CEMENT GROUT. And he's carved BLOODY SIGILS into his body-- a la the ANGELIC SUICIDE BOMBERS.

Hannah starts to fumble for her keys--

HANNAH

Don't--

GADREEL

And when they say my name, perhaps
I won't just be the one who let the
serpent in...

CASTIEL

Gadreel!

GADREEL

Perhaps I will be known as one of
many who gave Heaven a second
chance.

(to Hannah)

Run, Sister.

Hannah freezes-- and then dives away as--

Gadreel closes his eyes, and stabs himself in the chest!

A MASSIVE BLAST OF LIGHT! As the DOORS to his and Castiel's
cells CRATER OPEN!

Castiel and Hannah pick themselves up as several other angels
rush in, Angel Blades drawn. Castiel (still cuffed) looks at
Hannah, wild-eyed. Standing over Gadreel's dead body.

CASTIEL

Do you believe him now!?

INT. ABANDONED PLANT - NIGHT

Dean enters a large room, finds Metatron in faux-prayerful
repose. As they speak, Dean maneuvers around the room,
carefully stalking his prey.

DEAN

You can save the humble pie Jesus
routine for somebody who gives a
damn.

METATRON

Your problem, Dean, is the
cynicism. Always with the
cynicism. But most people? Even
the real belly crawlers living in
filth or... Brentwood, they don't
wanna be cynical. They want
something to believe in.

DEAN

And that's you.

METATRON

Why not me?

DEAN

You've been working these people for a day, and already they've spilled blood in your name. You're nothing but Bernie Madoff with wings.

METATRON

Ah, okay. I'm a "fake." Do you have any idea how much pancake makeup and soft lighting it took to get God to work a rope line? He hated it. And you know what? Humans sensed that. So they prayed harder, longer, fought more wars in his name-- for what? So they could die of malaria, leukemia, all the while blaming themselves: if I had just been more prayerful, God would have loved me, God would have saved me. Guess what? God didn't even know their name!

(then)

But I do. I have walked amongst them. And I can save them.

DEAN

Sure. Long as your mug's in every bible and "What Would Metatron Do's" on every bumper.

METATRON

And? You're blaming me for giving people what they want? A brand they can believe in?

Dean unwraps the blade.

DEAN

I'm blaming you for Kevin, for taking Cass's grace, for the Cubs not winning the World Series in a hundred freaking years. You name it, it's on you.

METATRON

Ah, the First Blade. Nasty little
piece of work, isn't she?

(then)

What if you win, Dean? And I die.
What's the world left with then? A
herd of panty-waisted angels and...
you? Who's half outta his mind
with lord knows what pumping
through those veins?

(CONTINUED)

35

DEAN

Yeah. The only thing you said that actually went in my ears? "You die."

Metatron sighs. Faux put-upon.

METATRON

Fine. We'll fight. I'm not sure what you think is gonna come of this. Unless-- that's why you're stalling? You know nothing can come of it unless your pals succeed upstairs. Well, here's a newsflash: Humpty and Dumpty are starring in their very own version of Locked Up Abroad: Heaven right now.

Dean is right in front of him now. Face to face.

METATRON

Personal space, much?

Dean PUNCHES Metatron, who staggers and comes up with the bloodied mouth.

METATRON

Wow. That blade and the douche-y tribal tat really did give you some super juice. Whoo. Okay.

Metatron flicks a hand and DEAN SOARS INTO A WALL!

36

INT. HEAVEN - METATRON'S DEN - NIGHT

36

Castiel (uncuffed now) rushes past Hannah, who holds a knife to Ingrid's throat.

CASTIEL

Where is it?

But Ingrid doesn't say anything. She's still very much about divided loyalties.

CASTIEL

Remove her.

37

INT. ABANDONED PLANT - NIGHT

37

Dean picks himself off the ground, the Power of the Mark coursing through him but--

(CONTINUED)

37

CONTINUED:

37

Metatron flicks his wrist again-- and Dean goes flying again into another wall! Metatron calmly walks toward him.

METATRON

So. You took Abaddon's scalp and you figured you'd take on little old nebbishy me. What could go wrong?

Metatron closes on Dean, who goes to swing with the blade but Metatron quickly STOMPS ON DEAN'S BLADE HAND, stopping him.

METATRON

Because you're powered by the blade of a jackass and that's just awesome, right?

Metatron grinds down on Dean's hand-- forcing the Blade free. He kicks it away, bends down close.

METATRON

Here's a tip. Next time? Try being powered by the Word of God.

And Metatron starts to beat the living shit out of Dean...

38

EXT. HOMELESS CAMP - NIGHT

38

Sam rushes through. As folks stand to challenge him, he whips out a gun, having none of it.

SAM

Stop. Where's Metatron?

39

INT. ABANDONED PLANT - NIGHT

39

Dean, bloodied, staggers beneath the blows, on his knees.

He spots the Blade through bloodied eyes. Makes the weakest of gestures, tries to summon it as he did once before...

As the MARK on his ARM begins to GLOW...

And the Blade begins to TREMBLE...

40

INT. HEAVEN - METATRON'S DEN - NIGHT

40

Castiel stands in the middle of the torn-up room. Takes a long look around. His eyes fall on the TYPEWRITER. No...

He rushes to it, rips off the top... and there it is, the ANGEL TABLET, the SYMBOLS GLOWING FAINTLY...

(CONTINUED)

40

CONTINUED:

40

Castiel reaches for it as--

41

INT. ABANDONED PLANT - NIGHT

41

The First Blade WHIPS ACROSS THE FLOOR--

--as SAM rounds into the room, seeing--

--the FIRST BLADE lands in Dean's hand just as--

--THWICK! Metatron slips his Angel Blade into Dean's heart!

And everything slows. Dean's eyes widen in surprise, the First Blade drops from his grasp...

SAM

No!

And Dean turns to see his brother. As we--

BLACKOUT.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

42 INT. HEAVEN - METATRON'S DEN - NIGHT 42

CLOSE ON-- The ANGEL TABLET falls through the air...

43 INT. ABANDONED PLANT - NIGHT 43

...as DEAN'S HEAD FALLS INTO FRAME, bounces against the floor...

SAM

Dean!

Metatron turns, smiling at the Molotov Cocktail in Sam's hand.

METATRON

Please tell me you remembered the s'mores this time.

A DEEP RUMBLE SHAKES THE ROOM. THUNDER CLAPS. Both Metatron and Sam know what this means. The Angel Tablet has been destroyed.

Sam tosses the Molotov aside. He whips out his ANGEL BLADE, rushes Metatron.

Metatron just stands there for a moment, gives him a simple look. And disappears.

Sam drops to Dean's side. Stricken.

SAM

Hey... Hey!

44 INT. HEAVEN - METATRON'S DEN - NIGHT 44

Castiel sits behind Metatron's desk, SHATTERED ANGEL TABLET at his feet. Head bowed, he white-knuckles the chair.

METATRON (O.C.)

Well played, Castiel. Obviously, you and Gadreel managed to turn a few dead-enders against me.

Metatron is there.

CASTIEL

Gadreel is dead.

METATRON

Ah. So, Gadreel bites the dust,
the Angel Tablet, arguably the most
powerful instrument in the history
of the universe, is in pieces...
And for what, now? That's right.
To save Dean Winchester.

(then)

That was your cause wasn't it? You
draped yourself in the flag of
Heaven but, ultimately, this was
all to save a human, wasn't it?
Well, guess what? He's dead too.

Castiel reacts, stunned, as-- CHUNK! His arms are suddenly
CUFFED to the chair.

METATRON

And you're sitting in my chair.

45 INT. ABANDONED PLANT - NIGHT 45

Dean bleeds out on the ground. Alive, but barely. Sam tears
up bits of his shirt to fashion a tourniquet. All business.

DEAN

You gotta get outta here, Sam.
Before he comes back.

SAM

Shut up. Save your energy.

Sam continues to work. Dean falls back. Winces. It hurts.

46 INT. HEAVEN - METATRON'S DEN - NIGHT 46

Metatron and Castiel.

CASTIEL

You won't get away with this.

METATRON

Get away with what? You told a
silly story to a few less-than-
believers. I'll clean your mess up
in an hour.

CASTIEL

You give our brothers and sisters
far too little credit. They'll
soon learn how you've been playing
them.

(CONTINUED)

"Do You Believe in Miracles?" Pink Pages 4/16/14 41.
47 CONTINUED: 47

DEAN
Ain't that a bitch.

48 INT. HEAVEN - METATRON'S DEN - NIGHT 48

Metatron draws his Angel Blade.

METATRON
Do you know why you could never quite pull it together, Castiel? Why your life never quite matched your ambition? Why you're sitting here with your Grace slowly burning away and your reputation long extinguished? No curiosity. You didn't read enough. You had no world view. You never bothered to learn how to tell a good story.

CASTIEL
But you did.

Metatron nods then catches himself-- say what? And now he sees it: the LED LIGHT next to the "Meta-Microphone"? It's ON.

The door opens. Hannah and a handful of angels come in wielding Angel Blades. Two hold him as Ingrid disarms him.

She holds Metatron's blade out to Castiel, who finds his arms free. Time to finish Metatron off.

Castiel glares at Metatron, hate in his heart...

49 INT. ABANDONED PLANT - NIGHT 49

Sam shoulders Dean through the plant.

DEAN
Hey. Whoa whoa whoa.

SAM
We're almost out--

DEAN
--hold up.

Sam stops. Dean labors to talk.

DEAN
I gotta say-- one thing.
(a labored beat)
I'm proud of us.

(CONTINUED)

To which, Metatron CHUCKLES.

METATRON

And then? They'll do nothing.
Because they're scared little
sheep, Castiel. Following my crook
wherever it leads. And where I'm
taking them? Back to our rightful
place atop this mountain of human
shame and excrement? When that
happens? Trust me. They won't
care how they got there.

INT. ABANDONED PLANT - NIGHT

Sam hoists Dean in his arms. Begins to wrap the tourniquet
around his chest.

SAM

Okay, okay, we're gonna wrap you
up, slow the bleeding, we're gonna
find a doctor or a spell or--
you're gonna be okay, you hear me?

Dean puts a hand on Sam's arm. Stopping him.

DEAN

There's something you gotta know,
little brother. It's better this
way.

SAM

What?

DEAN

The Mark. It was making me into
something I didn't wanna be.

SAM

Don't worry. We'll deal with the
Mark. Hang on.

Sam shoulders him.

DEAN

What happened to being okay with
this?

SAM

I was okay with it. Before I knew
you were actually gonna die.

Dean manages a small smile.

CONTINUED:

SAM

What?

DEAN

Yeah. For the first time... we
played through.

Sam gets what Dean is saying, but--

SAM

We lost.

Dean shakes his head, looks at Sam with compassion, warmth.
Reaches up to stroke Sam's cheek.

DEAN

No, bud...

He goes to say, "...we won." But nothing comes out. Because
he's dead.

SAM

Dean... Dean!

As Sam goes to pieces, we--

BLACKOUT.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

50 INT. HEAVEN - CELL - DAY (DAY 2) 50

A CELL DOOR SLAMS behind Metatron, who sits there, unraveled. Castiel stands outside the cell, as Hannah stands by.

HANNAH

You're doing the right thing.
Letting him live. It's what a
leader would do.

CASTIEL

But I'm not a leader, Hannah. I
never was. I just want to be-- an
angel.

HANNAH

And your Grace? What will you do
about that? You'll die if you
don't replenish it.

Cass stands there. He knows that. And he's not quite sure
what to do.

51 INT. MEN OF LETTERS - DEAN'S ROOM - DAY 51

Sam lays Dean's corpse on the bed.

52 INT. MEN OF LETTERS - DAY 52

Sam shakily pours himself a drink. Slumps in a chair.
Totally out of sorts, totally unsure what to do here.

53 INT. MEN OF LETTERS - STOREROOM - DAY 53

The LIGHT CLICKS ON. Sam at the door. Eyes the SCRATCHED
OUT WARDING, the REMAINS of the SUMMONING SPELL. His face
hardens as a plan forms.

SAM

Dammit, Crowley. You got him into
this. You will get him out. Or so
help me God.

Sam begins frantically reassembling the ingredients...

54 INT. MEN OF LETTERS - DEAN'S ROOM - DAY 54

Dean lies there, dead, as a familiar figure enters the room.
Crowley. He takes a long look at Dean, then sits.

(CONTINUED)

CROWLEY

Your brother, bless his soul, is summoning me as I speak. Make a deal, bring you back-- this is exactly what I was talking about, isn't it? It's all become so... expected.

(then)

You have to believe me... when I suggested you take on the Mark of Cain I didn't know this was going to happen. Not really. I mean, perhaps I didn't tell you the entire truth, but I never lied. I never lied, Dean, and that's important. That's fundamental.

(then)

But. There was one story about Cain I may have "forgotten" to tell you. Apparently, he too, hated the effect the Mark and the Blade were having on him. He too, was willing to accept death over becoming the killer the Mark wanted him to be. And he took his own life with the Blade. He died. Except, as rumor has it, the Mark never quite let go.

*
*

Crowley pulls the First Blade from his jacket.

CROWLEY

You can understand why I never spoke of this. Why set hearts aflutter at mere suspicion? It wasn't until you summoned me-- no, it wasn't truly until you left that cheeseburger uneaten, that I began to let myself... believe.

He places the Blade on Dean's chest, wraps his hands around it.

CROWLEY

Maybe miracles do come true.

And sure enough, the Mark of Cain begins to glow.

CROWLEY

Listen to me, Dean Winchester. What you're feeling right now? That's not death. That's life. A new kind of life.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CROWLEY (CONT'D)

Open your eyes, Dean. See what I
see. Feel what I feel. And let's
go have a howl at that moon.

ON DEAN. An excruciating beat.

And then, his eyes open.

And they are BLACK.

BLACKOUT.

TO BE CONTINUED...