

SUPERNATURAL

"Shadow Games"

Written by

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THE ROAD SO FAR

Angels fell from the sky, ousted by METATRON. CASTIEL, now graceless, returns to Earth as a human. DEAN WINCHESTER tricks his brother SAM WINCHESTER into becoming a vessel for the angel EZEKIEL, in exchange for using Ezekiel heal his dying brother.

The demon CROWLEY, having been captured by the Winchesters at the end of Season 8, is being held prisoner in the Men of Letters' bunker. A Knight of Hell, ABADDON, steps into Crowley's power vacuum, and picks up command of the forces of evil. She poses a great threat to the Winchesters, proving to be a deadly enemy.

Now, Castiel is on the run from angels who seek revenge. A power struggle between angel factions ensues. Meanwhile, a bored Metatron seeks out Ezekiel - who turns out to actually be the angel GADREEL - and coaxes him into a partnership. Metatron hopes to rebuild heaven according to God's original Old Testament designs.

PREVIOUSLY ON

This episode would take place between S9 E19 "Alex Annie Alexis Ann" and S9 E20 "Bloodlines".

In Sioux Falls, South Dakota, a young woman named ALEX is arrested. While in police custody, she's attacked by a vampire. Sheriff JODY MILLS kills the vampire and calls SAM and DEAN for help. They discover that Alex was kidnapped eight years ago by a "family" of vampires, led by CELIA, and that they are now after Alex because she ran away.

Tracing the nest to O'Neill, Nebraska, Sam and Dean confront one of the vampires, while Jody protects Alex. Before being killed, the vampire reveals that Alex is used to lure humans to the nest, and is not innocent at all. Before Sam and Dean can reach them, the "family" attacks Jody and Alex. They kidnap Alex, who is revealed to have run away out of guilt over her actions.

Sam, Dean and Jody are captured. Alex is turned into a vampire. Jody realizes Celia kidnapped Alex to replace a daughter she'd lost a long time ago, and admits that she herself saw Alex as a way to cope with her own dead family. Alex saves Jody from Celia, who Jody then kills. As Alex has not fed, Sam and Dean are able to cure her. Jody decides to take care of Alex, since they've both lost their entire families.

TEASERINT. BALLROOM - HOTEL ANDRA - DAY

Open on a hotel ballroom, crammed with folding tables and chairs. It's pin-drop quiet, which is strange because--

The room is packed. The crowd's mostly male, in their late teens and 20s. There's an overwhelming presence of neckbeards, pock-marked faces, and ostentatious anime costumes. And everyone's wearing a colorful LANYARD and BADGE.

That's right. This is a convention crowd.

CHRYON: Seattle, WA.

On one end of the room, there's an elevated STAGE. Plain, undecorated. Two nerds - SETO TAKAHASHI (16); small, delicate features; and DEVIN CHO (16); intense gaze, radiating determination - face each other, gazes glued to the playing mat between them.

They're at the bitter end of a game of Magic & Wizards, a popular trading card fad not unlike *Yu-Gi-Oh!* and *Magic the Gathering*. Their match is being broadcast to every screen in the large ballroom.

SETO

I sacrifice Sprite Guardian, to
summon Shining Fury!

He slaps a card down. On the monitors, augmented reality brings the card to life. SHINING FURY does a battlecry, striking a pose. The crowd goes WILD.

SETO (CONT'D)

Shining Fury attacks your Feral
Ogre. You take 500 damage.

Devin's life points drop. They pulse red and a KLAXON sounds.

COMMENTATOR (O.S.)

Oh no! This might be it for Devin
Cho. It's all coming down to the
next draw. Let's see if Devin can
turn this around.

Devin squirms, clearly distressed by the thought of losing. He glares at his deck, then--

He tugs on his sleeves. It's discreet, but it looks like he slips a card into his hand.

DEVIN

I draw!

He draws from his deck. Looks at the card with disgust.

DEVIN (CONT'D)

I wipe the board, and tap six lands
to summon... Celestia!

From the GASPS and AAHS, this is Devin's trump card. It's also the one that was hidden in his sleeve. Seto looks like he's about to say something, when--

DEVIN (CONT'D)

Celestia's hidden ability allows
her to jump over your active
monster and attack your life points
directly.

Seto's points plummet. He's barely hanging on with 2 left.

DEVIN (CONT'D)

Kill me with your cards. Or next
turn, you're dead.

This draws WHOOPS and CHEERS from the audience.

SETO

(quietly)

Dude, relax. It's just a game.

Devin stares him down. There's something dark about his look. It's unnerving.

Seto draws a card, studies his hand. Then, after a beat's hesitation--

SETO (CONT'D)

I play Cleansing Hurricane, which
destroys all monsters on both sides
of the field.

The holographic monsters fade from the ballroom screens, as the cards are shuffled away.

SETO (CONT'D)

Next, I play Balanced Judgement,
which inflicts the previous turn's
damage onto the opponent.

DEVIN

Wait! I might have something--

He sorts through his cards, desperate.

SETO
You lose, Devin.

Devin's life points hit ZERO.

COMMENTATOR
Duelist eliminated. Seto Takahashi,
two-time Japanese regional Magic &
Wizards champion, is the victor!

Seto rises, offering his hand to Devin.

SETO
Good game.

But Devin slaps it away. He cleans up his cards and storms off, as the convention crowd cheers for Seto.

We follow him out, to--

INT. HOTEL ROOM - HOTEL ANDRA - CONTINUOUS

Devon bursts into his hotel room. He throws his stuff by the door, before grabbing a CHAIR and hurling it across the room with an ANGRY SCREAM. He then takes his deck and throws it. The CARDS scatter, a paper hurricane.

DEVIN
I had him. I HAD HIM! God damn it.

Devin throws himself on his bed, screaming into a pillow. An embarrassingly childish meltdown.

The room LIGHTS begin to flicker, a rapid staccato accompanied by an electrical whine. Devin quiets, straightening as he watches the lights. Then--

POP! POP! POP! They shatter, plunging the room into darkness.

DEVIN (CONT'D)
What the--?

He feels for his PHONE, and turns on the flashlight. As the beam sweeps across the room, he realizes--

This isn't the same room he entered. The walls have partially collapsed. The furniture and carpet is now worn and grimy. A deep purple mist swirls across the ground, and the TV fizzles with weak white noise.

Think *Stranger Things'* Upside-Down, but hazy. We can't see beyond this specific room.

ANIMAL NOISES echo around him. HOWLS and GROWLS that grow closer and closer. And then--

Something appears in the mist. CELESTIA, his Magic & Wizards monster. But this time, she's not a hologram. She's real. And hauntingly beautiful.

DEVIN (CONT'D)
Celestia...?

She smiles sweetly. Then--

SLASH! Devin SCREAMS off-screen, as we cut to--

The hotel room floor, littered with Magic & Wizards cards. Devin's blood seeps across them as we--

SMASH TO TITLES: SUPERNATURAL

END OF TEASER

ACT ONEINT. MEN OF LETTERS BASE - DAY

DEAN WINCHESTER and CASTIEL are seated at the table, in the middle of a POKER game. Small bills sit in a pile in the center. SAM WINCHESTER sits some feet away, engrossed in his laptop.

DEAN

Pot's right. So, what'd'ya got?

Castiel reveals his cards. After consulting a small, handwritten NOTECARD--

CASTIEL

I believe it's a flush.

DEAN

That's good. Very good.
(then, smirking)
But not good enough.

He snickers, revealing his cards. Full house.

DEAN (CONT'D)

Read 'em and weep.

CASTIEL

This is better than a flush?

DEAN

Oh yeah.

He scoops the money and slides it over to his side of the table.

DEAN (CONT'D)

Come to papa.

CASTIEL

But you said you didn't have
anything good.

DEAN

It's called bluffing, Cass. I'll
admit, you have a great poker face.
But poker's about manipulation.
Getting in your enemy's head.

He taps his temple, grinning.

CASTIEL

I thought poker was supposed to be a game?

SAM

Not when you play against Dean Winchester.

(then)

Hey, I think I might've found us a case. Listen to this...

Sam picks up his laptop and moves to sit next to Dean.

SAM (CONT'D)

A kid in Seattle died under suspicious circumstances after playing some sort of children's card game.

He turns the screen to show the article in the Seattle Times. There's a picture of Devin Cho next to the headline "TCG Champ Dies Under Suspicious Circumstances Ahead of Regional Tournament".

DEAN

So what was it? Death by cards?

SAM

Apparently, he was cut to ribbons. And I mean like, totally shredded.

DEAN

Knew it.

SAM

Says here that it looked like an animal attack. Only he was found in his 5th floor hotel room. Alone.

Dean makes a "huh" face. Interesting.

DEAN

Could've been a hellhound.

SAM

A hellhound?

DEAN

I mean, look at him. Total virgin. Twenty bucks says he bid goodbye to that soul for a piece of tail.

He looks between Castiel and Sam, wagging his eyebrows. Daring them to take the bet.

Sam eyes him. Considers.

SAM

You're on.

They shake on it. Dean rises, collecting his leather jacket.

DEAN

Should've made it a hundred.

EXT. I-405 - DAY

The Impala roars down the highway, towards downtown Seattle.

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

A crowded downtown metro station. Busy, bustling with activity. Phones ring off the hook. Cops escort handcuffed perps to holding.

Sam and Dean stand in the front, waiting by the SHERIFF'S OFFICE, when SHERIFF JAMES (30s) - African American, no-nonsense - approaches.

SHERIFF JAMES

Alright, here's the coroner's report. Still waiting on evidence tags.

SAM

This is great. Thank you.

Sam flips the folder open. His eyes bulge.

SAM (CONT'D)

Wow.

ANGLE ON the report. The photos aren't pretty. Devin's body was totally dismembered. Torso in two pieces, one arm missing. There's even a shot of the bloodied cards in the mix.

SHERIFF JAMES

Never seen anything like it in my 15 years of service. Makes me sick just thinking about it. Poor kid.

DEAN

Any idea who could've done something like this?

SHERIFF JAMES

Well, Devin Cho had a bit of a public rivalry with this one kid.

(MORE)

SHERIFF JAMES (CONT'D)

(looks through notes)

Seto Takahashi. But we checked him out already. He was in an interview at the time of Devin's death, so it couldn't have been him.

SAM

Wow, so people take this game pretty seriously?

SHERIFF JAMES

Oh yeah. This is like the nerd World Cup. Duelists come from all over to compete.

SAM

"Duelists"?

SHERIFF JAMES

Professional card players. They just call themselves duelists.

(then)

If you want to check it out, the tournament's being held over at the Hotel Andra.

She hands them a business card. Tight on the logo, as we fade to--

EXT. HOTEL ANDRA - DAY

The Impala pulls up outside a boutique hotel. The perfect blend of kitsch and modern.

INT. HOTEL ANDRA - DAY

The Winchesters enter the hotel. A sign outside the BALLROOM advertises a "Magic & Wizards Tournament".

They walk past, into--

INT. BALLROOM - HOTEL ANDRA - CONTINUOUS

The screens hang blank. DUELISTS have been paired off, and are bent over ongoing card games. Some are embarrassingly into it.

On stage, a gilded THRONE replaces the previous night's dueling table. A flamboyant man in a tailored suit - IAN EADRICH (30s) - drapes across the arms, giving even his boredom a sense of drama.

DEAN

Hold the phone. That's Ian Eadrich.

SAM

Who?

DEAN

CEO of Bardic Bemusements? The
freaking creator of Magic &
Wizards? Dude, how do you not know
this?

Sam scoffs, shaking his head.

DEAN (CONT'D)

What?

SAM

Just... I'm amazed you ever got
laid.

The brothers approach a table. Dean leans in, studying
someone's game--

MALDONADO (O.S.)

Sorry, but please don't distract
the players. No outside influence
is allowed during the tournament.

Sam and Dean look up as a doughy white man jogs up. Balding,
with sagging jowls, shirt tucked too tightly into his
trousers. This is the DIRECTOR MALDONADO (50s).

The boys flash their FBI badges.

DEAN

Agent Holmes, Agent Clancy.

SAM

We'd like to ask Seto Takahashi a
few questions.

Maldonado clams up.

MALDONADO

Oh. Yes, certainly. But didn't your
guys already talk to him this
morning?

DEAN

(recovering)

They did. We're just following up
on a couple details. Won't take a
minute.

MALDONADO

Right. Alright, well, follow me.

As the brothers exit with Maldonado, across the room, one kid - KAZ HERRERA (18); Hispanic, shrimpy, quiet - looks up, eyeing the trio.

INT. PRIVATE ROOM - HOTEL ANDRA - MOMENTS LATER

The boys enter a private room, where Seto sorts through his deck. He arranges the cards on the table, apparently working through a strategy.

SETO
(irritated)
I'm in the zone, Maldonado.

DIRECTOR
I know. I'm sorry to disturb you, Seto, but these agents have a few questions.

SAM
If you don't mind, of course.

Seto doesn't look up or answer. He just jerks his head towards nearby seats.

SAM (CONT'D)
Thank you. So, Seto--

DEAN
Woah. You have Envoy of the End?
Only a hundred of these were ever made!

Dean picks up the card, holds it up to the light. The holographic print shimmers.

SETO
(surprised)
You know your stuff.

DEAN
This thing must be worth a pretty penny.

SETO
Try sixty grand.

Dean whistles. Gently puts it back down.

SAM
(clearing throat)
So, how well did you know Devin Cho?

SETO
I know that's not what you really
want to ask me.

Sam and Dean exchange glances.

DEAN
Alright. Fine. Did you kill him?

SETO
No.

DEAN
(aside to SAM)
Damn it, I really thought we had
him.

SAM
Do you know who would want to kill
him?

Seto looks up, fixing his gaze on Sam. Meanwhile, Dean pokes
through Seto's stuff.

SETO
You were looking at them. Those
duelists in there, they take this
game seriously. Every single one of
them is out for blood.

SAM
Including you?

Seto sizes him. Remains silent for a spell, as he sorts his
cards.

SETO
Who doesn't want to win?

Dean opens a flap in Seto's messenger bag, revealing--

A HOSHI NO TAMA - an orb-like, iridescent glowing gem. Dean
sighs, disappointed. He locks eyes with Sam, nodding to it,
before pocketing it.

SAM
Thank you for your time.

INT. HOTEL ANDRA - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Sam and Dean exit the private room. Dean slaps TWENTY DOLLARS
into Sam's palm, before walking on ahead. Sam smirks,
pocketing the money.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - DAY

Dean lies back in bed, spinning the gem in his hands. Sam leafs through their father's JOURNAL, phone pressed to his ear.

CASTIEL (O.S.)
Are there any distinguishing marks?
Symbols of any kind?

SAM
Nope, nothing.

As they Sam and Castiel chat, alternate between the motel, and--

INT. MEN OF LETTERS BASE - SAME

Castiel pours over stacks of FOLDERS and BOOKS. Each is open to a different page, highlighting sketches and photographs of artifacts.

CASTIEL
It could be a Syamantaka.

SAM (O.S.)
But those grant protection, right?
We think this could have been used
to harm.

CASTIEL
Then it could be something that
grants wishes.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - SAME

With a GASP, Dean shoots upright.

DEAN
Dude. Dragon ball.

SAM
What?

Dean closes his eyes, cupping the orb. After a beat, he reopens them. Expression sinks.

DEAN
Aw man. Well that theory's bust.
Doesn't grant wishes.

SAM
What'd you wish for?

DEAN
 (like it's obvious)
 Giselle Bundchen.

SAM
 You could have wished for anything
 in the universe, and you chose
Giselle Bundchen? Unbelievable.

Dean shrugs.

INT. MEN OF LETTERS BASE - SAME

A lightbulb goes off in Castiel's brain. He sorts through the books on the table, searching for something specific. Finally, he lands on it.

CASTIEL
 Dean might be on to something with
 the dragon ball theory. This kid,
 he's from Japan? Then it could be a
 hoshi no tama.

DEAN (O.S.)
 Yoshi no what-ah?

CASTIEL
 It's a kitsune's ball.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - SAME

Dean drops the orb, wiping his hands on the sheets.

DEAN
 Ugh.

SAM
 But we've faced kitsune before, and
 they didn't have... balls.

DEAN
 Damn straight.

CASTIEL
 Then it's possible the ones you
 encountered were already
 indentured. According to legend, if
 one managed to steal a kitsune's
 ball, they'd establish will over
 the creature. In theory, you could
 ask it to do anything, and it would
 act on your behalf.

SAM
Including kill.

Sam and Dean both look at the hoshi no tama, glowing with an ominous sort of light, as we cut to--

INT. TAP HOUSE - NIGHT

One of those newer nerd bars, like Scum & Villainy. The walls look tomorrowland-ish - retro futuristic. A Starship Enterprise captain's chair has been strategically placed for optimal selfies.

The bar's doing decent business, having accepted the weary post-convention crowd. Voices mix and overlap into a loud din, as we settle on--

AMANDA WALTERS (23); this isn't her scene and it shows. She's sitting at the bar with a couple FRIENDS - among them, LANA CAIN (22); the drunk, wild one.

LANA
(lifting up her glass)
I say we toast to 'Mandi. I'll admit, I know jack about Magic & Wizards. But you kicked ass, took names, and got a pretty sweet trophy. So cheers!

AMANDA'S FRIENDS
Cheers!

Amanda hugs a plastic TROPHY proudly, trying to hide a shy smile. Lana notices she hasn't touched her beer.

LANA
Come on! Drink! Be merry and shit.
At least try to have some fun.

Lana pushes the drink towards Amanda, which appears to make her a little uncomfortable.

AMANDA
I'm actually a little tired.

LANA
What? Boo! We're supposed to be on vacation.

Amanda sighs, patting her on the head.

AMANDA
One drink, okay? I'll stay until I finish this.

She takes a big swig of her beer, expression immediately contorting in disgust.

AMANDA (CONT'D)
 (mouth full)
 B.R.B. Bafroom.

Lana gives Amanda a thumbs up. We track with Amanda as she swerves through the bar, towards--

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Amanda dashes for the sinks, spitting the beer into the basin.

AMANDA
 Ugh, gross.

She runs the tap, bending to rinse her mouth out. As she does so, the LIGHTS FLICKER. A desperate Morse code, a warning, before--

POP! POP! POP! They shatter. Glass rains down on Amanda. Shards catch in her hair. When she looks up into the mirror, she sees that it too has been splintered.

Her reflection doesn't look right. She whirls around, to see--

The bathroom's changed. Stall doors now hang askew, swinging freely on hinges. Grime covers the once white tile, and VINES have crept down through the ceiling, dangling down like dead arms. And that purple mist is back, lapping at Amanda's ankles.

Something unseen moves behind her, knocking against one of the stalls. Amanda jumps.

AMANDA (CONT'D)
 Hello???

The timbre of her voice betrays fear. She backs against the wall, following it's path to what she hopes is the exit. Only, there is no door. Just a smooth, blank wall.

Behind her, a GROWL. DROOL drips down onto her shoulder, right before--

CHOMP! The jaws of a large, DRAGON-like monster swallow her head and part of her torso. It jerks her body up through the frame as she SCREAMS.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO**INT. BATHROOM - DAY**

Police radio chatter crackles, as Sam and Dean crouch by Amanda's partially-covered body. Her head and shoulders have been torn clean off.

SAM

So, unless there's another one on the loose--

DEAN

It's not a kitsune.
(then, cocky)
Hellhound's still on the table, baby.

Sam re-covers the body as Sheriff James approaches.

SHERIFF JAMES

I'm not the superstitious type, but if I didn't know better, I'd say this tournament's cursed.

SAM

She was a duelist?

DEAN

You don't choose the nerd life. The nerd life chooses you.

SHERIFF JAMES

Do not make jokes, Agent Holmes. Two people are dead.

Dean's smile fades as she crosses off.

SAM

So there's nothing tying the victims together? No mutual enemies? Secretive pasts? Just... a children's card game?

DEAN

Collectible card game.

SAM

Say it is a hellhound. They, what, sold their soul to win the tournament?

DEAN

Seto did say the people'll do anything to win.

SAM

But then why would the hounds be collecting now? Devin lost his match and Amanda was still in the running. That's one hell of a short change on a deal.

DEAN

These are demons we're talking about, Sammy. They're not exactly known for keeping their word.

SAM

Yeah. I guess you're right.

Sam stands, steps over the body. He scours the sinks and checks the stalls.

SAM (CONT'D)

No sign of a hex bag.

Dean roots through Amanda's pockets, turning the contents out onto the floor. Some loose change, an inhaler, car keys. Nothing out of the ordinary.

He then lifts her limbs, checking her skin for unusual marks.

DEAN

Skin's clean. No marks, punctures, or sigils.

As he lies the arm back down, his eye catches something. An angry red spot in the middle of her chest, partially obscured by blood.

DEAN (CONT'D)

Hang on.

Dean uses his glove to wipe the blood away, exposing--

An small but intricate GLYPH. In the center, a half-lidded EYE. Behind that, four ornamental pillars radiate outwards.

DEAN (CONT'D)

The hell?

SAM

What is it?

DEAN
An eye, I think?

Sam squats down beside Dean again, leaning in for a closer look.

DEAN (CONT'D)
You ever seen anything like this before?

Sam shakes his head.

SAM
We never saw Devin's body. Maybe he has the same mark?

INT. TAP HOUSE - DAY

Sam and Dean exit the bathroom, tugging off their gloves. Dean clocks LANA, who's currently being questioned by POLICE. They lock eyes, and she offers a small smile.

DEAN
Uh, you know what? Why don't you go on ahead to the morgue? I think I should stay and question some of the witnesses. See if they saw anything.

Sam follows Dean's eye line to Lana, and makes a face.

SAM
Oh come on! That's not fair.

DEAN
What? I speak their language.

He does the Spock hand gesture as he backs away. Sam grits his teeth.

INT. MORGUE - DAY - LATER

Sheriff James and Sam wait in the morgue, while the MORTICIAN (60s) - humorless, tired of this shit - sorts through paperwork.

MORTICIAN
You're looking for a what?

SAM
Any unusual marks. It'd be something small, probably in the shape of an eye?

MORTICIAN

Unusual? The whole body's unusual.

The Mortician opens the fridge and pulls Devin's body. He sweeps back the sheet, to reveal--

Devin, Frankensteined together. The pieces don't all match up, resembling a deformed ball of clay.

Sam clenches his jaw - it's hard to see a body in such a state.

MORTICIAN (CONT'D)

Should've seen him before. Took some goddamn wizardry to put Humpty Dumpty here back together again.

(then)

I'll be at my desk. If you need anything, holler.

He exits. Sam pulls on a pair of gloves, and folds the sheet back. All procedure, no emotion.

SHERIFF JAMES

You're so... calm. Guess you must see this kind of thing a lot, huh?

Sam turns to Sheriff James. She's hugging herself, looking mighty distressed. She starts to crack.

SHERIFF JAMES (CONT'D)

How could a person do such a thing?

SAM

This wasn't a person. A monster did this. And we will get him. I promise.

Sheriff James sniffs, nodding. She wipes away stray tears with a sniff.

As Sam looks over the body, his eye catches on something. He leans in, studying one of the stapled lines that criss-cross the victim's chest.

Sure enough, there's an EYE.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - DAY - LATER

Sam's on his laptop when Dean returns home.

SAM

Learn anything?

DEAN

A couple new moves in tongue hockey, if you know what I mean.

Sam rolls his eyes, exasperated.

SAM

Devin had the mark too.

DEAN

What do you think it means?

SAM

Well, while you were sucking face, I was doing research. Here, take a look.

He turns his computer. Various tribal masks, statues, and cultural glyphs feature the same half-lidded eye, surrounded by the four patterned pillars.

SAM (CONT'D)

It's a Mal De Ojo. A Mayan Eye, a powerful curse inflicted by a "malevolent glare". Legend says receiving one brings about misfortune, injury, and even death.

DEAN

So, what, we're dealing with some Aztec witch?

SAM

Not a witch. A god. Xochipilli.

DEAN

Gesundheit.

Sam shoots him a look.

DEAN (CONT'D)

Oh, you're serious.

Sam types into the laptop, pulling up folk art and articles about Xochipilli.

SAM

Xochipilli is the Mayan god of games. It makes sense that he'd be drawn to a gaming convention. Every time someone prays before rolling the dice, or makes a wish on the draw of a card... they're praying to him.

DEAN
(reading)
He's also called the "Prince of
Flowers"... Sounds like a real
stone-cold killer.

SAM
But I was thinking... Seto said
there's a lot riding on this
tournament. Lots of people are
desperate to win.

DEAN
And?

SAM
Maybe those innocent victims
weren't so innocent after all?

Dean considers this. Realization dawns.

DEAN
They cheated.

SAM
Bingo.

DEAN
(chuckles)
Son of a bitch.

SAM
Xochipilli is all about letting the
good times roll. Reveling in the
love of the game. So maybe, he sees
cheating as an act of blasphemy? An
overt defiance of his will?

DEAN
Sounds like we have a god to hunt.
So, how to kill the son of a bitch?

SAM
(reading)
A silver knife, dipped in citrus
oil.
(then)
If we want to get close to him,
we're going to need to play his
game.

Sam tosses a deck building box of Magic & Wizards cards onto
the table.

SAM (CONT'D)
Start building.

Off of Dean's delighted expression, cut to--

INT. HOTEL ANDRA - DAY

The tournament breaks for lunch. KAZ takes a plate and gets in line at the BUFFET BAR.

EADRICH (O.S.)
Room #104. 8pm. Don't keep me waiting.

SETO (O.S.)
I'll be there.

Kaz looks over to see Eadrich and Seto talking conspiratorially. Seto meets Kaz's eyes and quickly looks away. He crosses off in a hurry.

Eadrich glares at Kaz.

EADRICH
What are you looking at?

Kaz watches Eadrich float towards another conversation, another group. He watches as Eadrich's hand creeps lower and lower on one of the kids' backs.

MALDONADO (PRE-LAP)
You want to enter? Have you ever even played?

INT. HOTEL ANDRA - DAY

Sam and Dean are standing in front of Director Maldonado, as he chokes on a laugh.

MALDONADO
I'm sorry. It's just--
(wheezes, wiping a tear)
These duelists are gonna eat you alive.

DEAN
Oh, we're counting on it.

SAM
Please, sir. This is our best chance of finding the person who did this.

Maldonado thinks on this.

DIRECTOR
Fine. Your funeral.

As he walks away, Dean fist pumps.

INT. BALLROOM - DAY - LATER

Dean's seated at a table, playing against a LITTLE KID (8). The kid picks their nose and wipes it under the table. Dean makes a face, grossed out.

DEAN
I play Scroll of the Immortal,
which grants me an extra 200 life
per turn. And, I tap two land to
summon the Elderforest Teifling.

He slaps the cards down with gusto. Dean's into the game.

SNOTTY KID
That's all you got? A Teifling?

DEAN
I had a crappy draw, alright?

SNOTTY KID
(bored)
I sacrifice Mordoon and a fire
token to summon Hellraiser King. He
attacks your Teifling.

He pushes Dean's card off the mat. Dean looks horrified.

SNOTTY KID (CONT'D)
That's 1500 damage. I win.

The kid cleans up his cards, as Dean sits back, stunned. Sam, in a SECURITY UNIFORM, sweeps by the table.

SAM
How's it going?

DEAN
Well, I just got my ass handed to
me by a 6 year old. So, not great.

SNOTTY KID
I'm 8.

DEAN
Whatever.

As the kid walks away, Dean sticks out his tongue.

SAM

So, I was talking to some of the security guards, and the prize for this tournament? It's for controlling shares in Bardic Bemusements.

Dean whistles in surprise.

DEAN

How's that for a Golden Ticket.

The brothers look towards the stage, where Eadrich sits, overseeing the competition.

DEAN (CONT'D)

So you think lord fruitcake over there's our guy?

SAM

I mean, he's built a massive gaming empire. And, as the tournament's judge, he'd have a vested interest in keeping things honest.

DEAN

Especially if he's about to hand over the keys to the kingdom.

Sam nods.

DEAN (CONT'D)

Guess we should pay our friend a little visit.

Just as Dean's about to get up--

A Yu-Gi-Oh COSPLAYER (late 20s) approaches the table.

COSPLAYER

(with flair)

You 20-A? Because it's time to duel!

DEAN

Oh, you've gotta be kidding me.

INT. HOTEL ANDRA - NIGHT - LATER

Sam and Dean sneak through the dark hallways, guns at the ready. They hear DISTRESSED CRIES, and kick in a door to reveal--

Eadrich, balls deep in Seto. Eadrich quickly pulls out, covering himself with a pillow in shock and embarrassment.

EADRICH

What are you doing?! Get out of my room!

Sam punches Eadrich, wrenching a hand behind his back. Sam slowly drags his blade down Eadrich's forearm. A stream of blood trickles down his skin.

EADRICH (CONT'D)

Help! HELP! Somebody's trying to kill me! Help!

Sam clamps a hand over Eadrich's mouth, trying to muffle him. But it's too late--

Several SECURITY GUARDS burst onto the scene. Seto backs into the corner of the room as Dean clashes with the squad. Sam continues to pin Eadrich, using him as a shield to take the hits.

EADRICH (CONT'D)

Not me, you idiots. Get them!

As Dean throws punch after punch, he grits his teeth as rage floods through him. The Mark of Cain burns on his forearm, filling him with an unquenchable rage. With a YELL, he ploughs through the team, obliterating them one by one.

In mere moments, the floor's completely littered with bodies. And then--

Dean wheels on Eadrich. Pushes him against a wall. Takes Sam's knife and traces it down his collarbone.

DEAN

Talk.

EADRICH

(screaming, hysterical)
AAAGH!!! L-listen, whatever you want, it's yours. Okay? Just please, please don't kill me!

Seto gathers his clothes and tries to make a quiet run for it, but Sam catches his arm.

Dean and Sam lock eyes. Unspoken communication passes between them. Dean nods.

DEAN

The jig is up. We know who you really are.

EADRICH

What are you talking about?

SAM

Xochipilli. Mayan god of good times, geraniums, and games.

EADRICH

Socka-who? N-no. You've got the wrong guy, I'm-- AAAAGH!

Dean pushes the blade in further.

DEAN

(smirking)

Oops.

SAM

Let him speak, Dean.

EADRICH

(gasping)

Thank you. Look, maybe these kids see me as a god, but I'm just a regular guy, alright? I just invented a stupid card game.

DEAN

It's not stupid.

SAM

Dean--

DEAN

It's not, okay?

Sam surrenders. Fine.

SAM

So, the tournament, giving up your shares of Bardic Bemusements, it's because...

EADRICH

I wanted out.

(then)

You don't understand what it's like, to be constantly suffocated by these rabid maniacs.

(MORE)

EADRICH (CONT'D)

People fighting over your life's work like it's the last life vest on a sinking ship. I created Magic & Wizards to make people happy. And now, two people are dead.

DEAN

Soon to be three.

Dean rips Eadrich's shirt open, to reveal--

The EYE, burned right above his heart.

EADRICH

What-- what does that mean?

He scratches and swipes at the mark, but it doesn't come off.

SAM

So, if it's not Eadrich...

They both turn to Seto.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT - MOMENTS LATER

Sam splashes a restrained Seto with holy water. Seto coughs, hair dripping wet. When he looks back up at Sam, we see his eyes have become fox-like. Seto GROWLS baring his teeth.

EADRICH

What the hell is he?!

DEAN

A kitsune. Which must make this yours.

Dean produces the glowing hoshi no tama, rolling it fluidly between his fingers. Boop! He touches it to Seto's nose. Seto strains against the rope, hissing.

SETO

Give it back!

SAM

Not until you tell us how you killed those kids.

SETO

I told you, I haven't killed anyone.

Sam splashes Seto with more holy water. He yelps, growling more. His CLAWS extend and retract, flexing.

DEAN

Liar. We know your kind needs to feed to survive.

SETO

On pituitary glands! But we don't need to kill anymore. The Alpha taught us a new way. A better way. We only take what we need, from the morgues. Not living people.

SAM

(exhaling)

Amy...

Dean frowns. That can't be. He killed her. But her son, on the other hand--

DEAN

Jacob's the Alpha?

Seto nods.

SAM

Good for him. Please tell him that Sam Winchester says hello.

DEAN

Not to break up the hugfest, but if he's not responsible for the murders, and it's not Eadrich, then--

SAM

Xochipilli is still out there.

The lights in the room begin to flicker. Sam readies the blade, as Dean cocks his gun in anticipation. Then--

POP! POP! POP! The lights shatter and the room's plunged into total darkness.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREEINT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Someone strikes a LIGHTER. Dean's face bleeds into view, as the dancing flame illuminates the space.

DEAN

Sound off. Everyone present and accounted for?

SAM

Here.

Seto GROANS from the corner. He's slumped over in his chair.

DEAN

Well that's three. Eadrich?

A beat. Silence.

DEAN (CONT'D)

Eadrich?

Dean waves the flame through the space. There's no sign of him. But there is a giant hole where the wall's completely crumbled apart.

With a grumble, Dean moves through, out into--

EXT. THE SHADOW REALM - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

A creepy alternate reality, not unlike Silent Hill. PURPLE MIST carpets the ground, obscuring the path forward. The outlines of dilapidated buildings punch through the horizon, and SHADOW FIGURES move through the haze.

DEAN

The hell is this place?

SAM

We must be in the Shadow Realm.

DEAN

(incredulous)

The Shadow Realm?

SAM

I read about it in my research. It's like, a celestial jail. A place where souls are sent to be punished for their misdeeds. Serve out their sentences, if you will.

The mists part to reveal DEVIN CHO, or at least his SOUL. He's locked inside a prison of CARDS. Multiple SLASHES criss-cross his body, glowing bright white.

DEAN

Devin! Hey, Devin, kid, wake up!

Dean rushes to the cage and grips the bars. But he cries out, clutching his hand. A single white slash burns where his palm touched the cards.

DEVIN

(dead inside)

They'll cut you if you try.

Devin holds up his own hands. There's almost no skin, only white.

SAM

Was it Xochipilli? Did he do this to you?

Devin nods, wooden.

DEAN

Where can we find the son of a bitch?

Devin points to the South, towards--

EXT. XOCHIPILLI'S TEMPLE - NIGHT - MOMENTS LATER

A foreboding stone structure, composed of large blocks of limestone. An imposing stone statue of Xochipilli, replete with a feathered headdress and strings of flowers, looms overhead.

Crackling torches light the way into--

INT. XOCHIPILLI'S TEMPLE - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

A scene straight out of the Temple of Doom. Mayan glyphs pepper the walls, detailing Xochipilli's many legends and feats. The paintings depict a two-faced god - one side benevolent, one side terrorist.

Up ahead, Eadrich WHIMPERS. He's strung up on a metal frame, like Jesus on the cross. His shirt's bloodied. A GAG silences him.

Sam's about to cross over to help Eadrich, but Dean holds him back. Puts a finger to his lips, as he points down to--

A PRESSURE PLATE. It's almost completely hidden by the complex stonework's design. And there's dozens like it, indiscriminately placed across the floor.

Dean leads, inching across the wall. They're careful to keep on their toes - literally. Until--

CLICK! Something behind Sam depresses. The brothers look at each other, before--

DEAN

Duck!

A GIANT BUZZSAW appears, whining and whirring, just as Sam and Dean roll out of the way. As he dodges, Dean's foot tags a switch in the floor.

A low RUMBLING can be heard. The Winchesters look up, to see--

A huge BOULDER, tumbling down a series of chutes towards them.

SAM

What is this, *Indiana Jones*?

DEAN

Montezuma's revenge, man.

They dive out of the way, as the boulder crashes down between them. But not before Sam's leg gets caught in the crush. He cries out in pain.

DEAN (CONT'D)

Sammy!

He starts to run to Sam, but freezes in place. An amused CHUCKLE echoes around him, as the mist coalesces into--

XOCHIPILLI. Regal, intense, with glowing blue eyes. He dons traditional garb - a toothed necklace, ornate sandals, and a flowing headdress

XOCHIPILLI

You can always count on the Winchesters to make an entrance.

SAM

Xochipilli...

XOCHIPILLI

You've arrived just in time to witness the grand finale.

The floor between Sam, Dean, and Xochipilli rumbles, sliding apart, to reveal--

A PIT OF SHADOWS. Pure darkness, alive and writhing. WHISPERS seep from the pit, a creepy siren song.

The metal frame Eadrich is bound to begins to lower into the pit. Painstakingly slowly. Eadrich cries, struggling against his bonds.

DEAN

Leave him alone!

XOCHIPILLI

Or what? You'll shoot me? You're so cute with those little tin toys.

Xochipilli ghosts around Eadrich, hovering in front of him.

XOCHIPILLI (CONT'D)

It's such a shame to waste such a pretty face. But you just had to go and lure kids into your bed with exclusive cards and empty promises. Haven't I always said? The eye doesn't lie.

The frame drops suddenly, falling a couple feet further, before jerking to a stop again. Eadrich screams through the gag, as Xochipilli giggles.

DEAN

Xochipilli!

Xochipilli turns to see Dean, who's holding up his Magic & Wizards deck.

XOCHIPILLI

(intrigued)

Yes, Dean Winchester?

DEAN

You like games, right? So let's play. One match, Magic & Wizards.

SAM

(hissing)

Dean! What are you doing?!

DEAN

If I win--

(he nods to EADRICH)

--You let us walk free, and let us bring him back home.

XOCHIPILLI
And if you lose?

DEAN
Then you can take my soul too.

SAM
Dean! No!

Xochipilli considers.

XOCHIPILLI
Deal.

The mist swirls around Xochipilli, transforming him into--

"KAZ HERRERA" stands before them. Plain clothes, beady eyes.
Recognition flashes across Dean's features.

DEAN
You're that kid. From the ballroom.

XOCHIPILLI
If only you'd put the pieces
together sooner. Your life might've
been spared.

A deck of cards materializes in Xochipilli's hand.

DEAN/XOCHIPILLI
(in unison)
Duel!

Xochipilli draws.

XOCHIPILLI
Since we're on my turf, the home
team bats first. I summon Eldritch
Moth!

High above, a creature SCREECHES.

DEAN
What the--?

SAM
Is that?

A giant moth flaps down to the field, swooping in front of
Xochipilli. It's the Eldritch Moth!

XOCHIPILLI

I discard my hand to activate
Eldritch Moth's hidden ability. Go,
my darling. Hit him where it hurts.

The Eldritch Moth cries in response, charging towards Dean.
He's frozen, paralyzed in fear and surprise.

BLAM! It sends him flying into the fallen boulder. Dean cries
out in pain.

XOCHIPILLI (CONT'D)

Oh, did that sting? Better get used
to it, Dean-o. Because in the
Shadow Realm, the monsters are very
real.

Dean recovers, trying to pick himself back up, but he
stumbles. His vision swims.

Numbers appear on the inside of his left wrist. 3000, which
quickly drops down to 1800.

SAM

Hey, you okay?

DEAN

(coughing)

Never better, Sammy.

(then, to XOCHIPILLI)

That all you got?

XOCHIPILLI

(scoffs)

Turn end.

(beat)

You know, Dean, I like your spark.
It's refreshing. Humans are always
like, "Ah! No! Spare me, I don't
want to die!" But you Hunters? You
burn with a warrior's pride. It's
like looking into a firework on the
Fourth of July.

(then)

I'm going to enjoy snuffing it out.

Dean draws. We notice a quick flash of panic, as he looks at
his hand. It mostly lands and slow-burn spells. There's only
one monster he can play.

DEAN

I tap a land to play Heaven's
Grace, restoring the life points
lost during your attack.

HEAVENLY LIGHT pierces through the shadows, shining down upon Dean. His injuries fade, healing instantly.

DEAN (CONT'D)
 Ah, much better.
 (then)
 Then, I'll give up 200 life points--

Dean slashes his palm, bloodletting.

DEAN (CONT'D)
 --to summon Gottfried, the Bronze knight!

The blood curdles, rising into a tall, Schwarzenegger-ish shape. This is GOTTFRIED.

DEAN (CONT'D)
 Gottfried, slice and dice his puny moth.

Gottfried leaps into action, easily clearing the void to SLICE through the Eldritch Moth. It crashes to the ground, as the life drains out of it. The purple mists rush in, feeding on the carcass.

DEAN (CONT'D)
 Your move, Xoch'.
 (to SAM)
 I've always wanted to say that.

SAM
 Could you be any more of a dork?

DEAN
 Bitch.

SAM
 Jerk.

XOCHIPILLI
 Silence! I'm trying to concentrate.

SAM
 Jeez man. It's just a game.

Xochipilli steams, leafing through his cards. Waffles between two, before choosing--

XOCHIPILLI
 Emperor Nadin, in defense.

A beat. Then, a hunched ASIAN MAN - EMPEROR NADIN - waddles across the playing field, before sitting cross-legged in front of Xochipilli.

Dean busts out laughing.

DEAN

That's it? That's your best?

Emperor Nadin?

(to SAM)

You're seeing this right? He's not even trying. It's like he wants us to walk right out of here.

Sam makes a "what are you doing?" face at Dean.

XOCHIPILLI

It's a crappy hand, okay? Don't worry, it's a Necro deck. You'll cheeks will still get clapped by the end of this duel.

Dean stifles a giggle.

DEAN

Clapped cheeks. Gotta remember that one.

XOCHIPILLI

Just make your move already.

Dean draws. Another land. There's nothing he can really do.

So he bluffs.

DEAN

Ever heard of Xingguo the Interdict?

XOCHIPILLI

It's a Tier 1 fiend. Infinite attack power. But you'd need--

DEAN

Five pieces to summon it?

Dean pushes four cards up, so they stand out in his hand. From his POV, we can see they're all lands. But Xochipilli doesn't know that.

XOCHIPILLI

You're bluffing. There's no way you're that lucky.

DEAN

Are you willing to take that chance?

He waggles the cards, teasing.

DEAN (CONT'D)

I'd wager you don't have a single card in your deck that can take on Xinguo. What shall we bet? \$20 dollars?

XOCHIPILLI

The probability of you drawing all five pieces would be astronomical.

DEAN

Hey, it's your funeral pal. I'm one card away from your demise.

(then)

Gottfried attacks your Emperor. Then, I play two cards face-down and end my turn.

Two GIANT CARDS appear on the playing field, as Gottfried cuts down Xochipilli's monster. The god studies his hand, sweating bullets.

XOCHIPILLI

I... I draw.

Through Xochipilli's POV, we can see Dean's SPARK, pulsing vibrantly across the playing field. It burns a bright white, like magnesium.

Xochipilli's hands shake. He grows impatient.

XOCHIPILLI (CONT'D)

I play the Trickster's Handshake. Each player gets to take one card out of their opponent's hands.

Dean looks down at his hand. There's only four cards. Shit.

Outwardly, he keeps his cool, maintaining a mask of pure composure. Looks like he's picked up a thing or two from Castiel.

A bridge materializes over the void. Dean and Xochipilli meet in the middle.

DEAN

I'll pick first.

Xochipilli extends his hand, card backs facing Dean.

XOCHIPILLI
Choose wisely.

Dean reaches out, fingers hovering just above the cards. He draws out this moment, buying himself time, as--

Xochipilli grows hungrier. Dean's soul is so close he can literally taste it.

The wait becomes unbearable.

DEAN
I'll take... this one.

Dean takes his card. Extends his own hand. Four lands stare back at us.

Xochipilli reaches for the cards, eyes wild. They flicker between Dean's soul and the array of cards before him.

He could do it. It would be quick. And then the man's soul would be his to eat. To maim, to mangle. Forever.

Xochipilli's eyes flash blue. Suddenly, he PLUNGES his hand into Dean's chest.

XOCHIPILLI
(cackling)
It's mine! Your soul belongs to me!

Xochipilli expects to see defeat, pain, betrayal in Dean Winchester's eyes. But when he looks, Dean's grinning, bursting with that boyish charm.

DEAN
Gotcha.

Xochipilli realizes what he's done. Panicked, he tries to yank the soul from Dean's body, but it won't come. Then, on the ground--

Dean's cards are scattered.

XOCHIPILLI
You cheat!

DEAN
No. I lied. It's called a bluff,
sweetheart.

Xochipilli HISSES, retreating. He tries to run, but his exit is blocked by--

DOZENS of MONSTERS. All of the playing cards we've seen, and more. They descend, crashing down upon Xochipilli like a tidal wave.

XOCHIPILLI

NOOOOOOO!

Everything washes in BRIGHT LIGHT as we fade to--

EXT. MOTEL - THE NEXT DAY

Sam and Dean load up the Impala, preparing for the long drive back to base. Sam walks with a limp.

DEAN

I've got it.

He takes the bag from Sam and dumps it into the trunk. Meanwhile, Sam notices someone off-screen.

SAM

Uh, Dean?

Dean turns to see Seto, looking a little worse for wear. He crosses over.

DEAN

Headed out?

SETO

Yeah. I forfeit my match. Didn't seem right, after--

DEAN

I hear ya. Well, it's too bad we couldn't fight each other. Maybe next time?

Seto chuckles.

SETO

Don't take this the wrong way, but I hope I never see a Winchester ever again.

Dean laughs. He looks like he wants to say something, but thinks better of it.

DEAN

Take it easy out there, man.

Seto nods. Departs. Dean returns to the car.

INT. BALLROOM - HOTEL ANDRA - DAY

The final duel is being broadcast across the ballroom. Now that we've seen the real thing, these AR monsters look a little silly.

As one player's creature ROARS, Eadrich flinches. He rubs the bruises on his wrist, a little shell-shocked.

When he locks eyes with a TEENAGE FAN, he gets spooked and rushes off.

INT. MEN OF LETTERS BASE - DAY - LATER

Castiel is playing solitaire, when the front door CREAKS open.

CASTIEL

Oh good, you're back. I think I understand this "bluffing" now. Can we try again?

DEAN

Sorry Cass, but I'm hanging up my deck. I think my dueling days are done.

Dean crosses off to his room, leaving Sam with Castiel.

SAM

Do you know Texas Hold'em?

FADE TO BLACK.

END OF SHOW