

Dear  
been contacted  
past emotional  
painfully  
shock like  
but bad like  
how nerve  
hux nerve

~~Eric Kripke~~

SUPERNATURAL

Episode #509

"The Real Ghostbusters"

Yes

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120

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09/29/05

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Episode #509

"The Real Ghostbusters"

REVISION HISTORY

<b>Revision</b>	<b>Date</b>	<b>Revised Pages</b>
Production Draft - White	09/29/09	Full Script

Episode #509

"The Real Ghostbusters"

CAST LIST

SAM WINCHESTER  
DEAN WINCHESTER

CHUCK SHURLEY  
BECKY ROSEN

BARNES  
DEMIAN  
FAKE LETICIA GORE  
FANBOY  
FRIEND  
HOOKMAN  
LITTLE BOY  
MAID  
REAL HOTEL MANAGER  
REAL LETICIA GORE  
ROLLIE  
SCALPED BOY  
SCARECROW

JARED PADALECKI  
JENSEN ACKLES

ROB BENEDICT  
EMILY PERKINS

ERNIE GRUNWALD  
DEVIN RATRAY  
CRYSTAL LOWE  
SCOTT PATEY  
AMITAI MARMORSTEIN  
KEN LAWSON  
CONNOR STANHOPE  
KAYLA DEORKSEN  
JOHN SHAW  
TEAGAN RAE AVOLEDO

DARIEN PROVOST  
PAUL ANDRICH

**Omitted:**

**Fake Hotel Manager  
Korean Dean  
Korean Sam**

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SUPERNATURAL  
"The Real Ghostbusters"

Funny  
not  
Grand

TEASER

~~Options~~

can you believe  
how many  
times  
they  
did  
it

FADE IN:

1 EXT. PINEVIEW HOTEL - DAY (DAY 1)

The Pineview is a small, out of the way hotel. Miles from town, miles from anywhere. Faded and shabby elegance. A history that dates back to the 1800's. (Not unlike the hotel from Season 2's "Playthings.")

The IMPALA APPEARS-- ROARING down the street and into the hotel's parking lot. Fast.

TIGHTER. SAM and DEAN WINCHESTER leap out of the car. Clearly, men on a mission. Must be some damsel in distress. Sam RUNS ahead. Dean slows, noticing for the first time--

His car is THIRD in a ROW of THREE BLACK '67 IMPALAS. He frowns-- a mild 'huh?'

SAM  
Dean! Come on!

Dean runs ahead. No time to ponder this now.

2 EXT. PINEVIEW HOTEL - FRONT ENTRANCE - CONTINUOUS

As we find our damsel-- our good friend CHUCK SHURLEY. He's pacing outside the front entrance. He seems anxious. And he only grows more so when--

SAM (O.S.)  
Chuck! There you are!

Chuck turns. Sees Sam and Dean sprinting up to him. Pales. Here, now-- these are the last two guys he wants to see.

CHUCK  
Guys?

DEAN  
What's going on??

CHUCK  
(embarrassed)  
Nothing. Just-- you know-- what are you doing here?

HH

(CONTINUED)

2

DEAN  
Uh. You told us to come?

CHUCK  
Uh, no, I didn't.

Sam pulls out his CELL. We see an INSERT OF THE SCREEN--  
"4114 MOCKINGBIRD LN. LIFE OR DEATH."

SAM  
The text? This address? 'Life or death?' Any of it ringing a bell?

CHUCK  
I never sent you a text.

DEAN  
We drove all night!

CHUCK  
I'm sorry. I don't understand what could've...

Then it hits him. And he understands completely what could've...

CHUCK  
Oh, no.

DEAN  
What?

Just then, as if to answer the question, we HEAR--

BECKY (O.S.)  
Sam! You made it!

It's superfan BECKY ROSEN. She practically bounces up to Sam. And completely ignores Dean.

SAM  
(reaches for)  
...Becky, right...?

Becky takes this as proof of Sam's eternal devotion. Husky-voiced and turned-on--

BECKY  
Oh, you remembered. You've been thinking about me. \*

SAM  
I, uh...

(CONTINUED)

*humiliated & self-conscious  
guilty then  
sister lines*

2

BECKY

It's okay. I can't get you outta  
my head, either.

CHUCK

Did you take my phone?

BECKY

I just borrowed it. From your  
pants. \*

CHUCK

(Chuck hangs his head)  
Becky.

BECKY

What? They're gonna wanna see it.

SAM AND DEAN

See what?

BECKY

Oh my God. I love when they talk  
at the same time.

Just then-- ROLLIE, a jolly rotund man, emerges from the  
hotel entrance--

ROLLIE

Chuck. Come on, pal, showtime.

Chuck pivots to the guys. Miserable--

CHUCK

Guys. I'm sorry. For everything.

Chuck follows Rollie into the hotel. Sam and Dean trade  
bewildered looks, then follow with Becky.

3

INT. PINEVIEW HOTEL - LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

3

\*

Rollie and Chuck move ahead. Several yards behind, Sam and  
Dean follow, Becky trotting beside them.

A short, chubby DUDE, hair mussed with too much product, clad  
in a very distinctive leather jacket (a version of Dean's  
jacket, specifically), passes the guys. Though he's dressed  
as Dean, he's going to become a main character, and so for  
clarity's sake, we'll call him by his real name-- DEMIAN.

DEMIAN

Hey Dean! Looking good! \*

(CONTINUED)



ACT ONE

4 INT. PINEVIEW HOTEL - CONFERENCE ROOM - AFTERNOON 4 \*

Sam, Dean, and Becky wall-flower in a back corner, or perhaps a doorway. Sam and Dean can't quite swallow the sight of--

We PAN past an AUDIENCE FRONT ROW. 50 or so people. Pale. Pasty. Some out of shape, others rail-thin. You know. Nerds. And ALL dressed in costume. Sam. Dean. Sam. Dean. BOBBY (maybe a female with a painted beard and a trucker cap). Then Sam. Dean. And so on. \*

Over this, we hear, through a MICROPHONE--

ROLLIE (O.S.)  
...at 3:45 in the Magnolia Room,  
the panel "Frightened Little Boy:  
the Secret Life of Dean." At 4:30,  
there's "The Homoerotic Subtext of  
Supernatural."

Sam and Dean. Dismayed to hear all this, to say the least.

ANGLE ON ROLLIE. On a small portable stage in front.

ROLLIE  
And of course, the big hunt starts  
at 7pm sharp.

This elicits a few stray WHOOPS, for some reason.

ROLLIE  
But for now, I'd like to introduce  
the man himself. The creator and  
writer of the "Supernatural" books--  
the one and only Carver Edlund!

APPLAUSE, as Chuck takes the stage. Which Chuck might appreciate-- except for his crushing stage fright. He picks up the mike. There's a FEEDBACK SQUEAL. Then a moment, as he faces the silent, expectant faces--

CHUCK  
...oh... good... this is so much  
less awkward than I, uh... a little  
dry mouth...

He moves for his water bottle. Drinks. And keeps drinking. Killing the whole bottle. Buying himself some time. But finally--

(CONTINUED)

CHUCK

So, uh, I guess, questions?

EVERY HAND SHOOTS UP. Chuck picks one.

CHUCK

Um. You.

A FAN DRESSED AS SAM STANDS UP. He's wearing the canvas jacket, the hoodie. Very tall, skinny. He'll also be a main character, so we'll call him by his real name, BARNES.

BARNES

Hey, Mr. Edlund. Big fan. I was wondering, where'd you come up with Sam and Dean in the first place?

With guilty eyes on a glaring, disgruntled Sam and Dean--

CHUCK

Oh, um. It just... came to me...?

ANGLE. Empty space-- as a HOOKED HAND SHOOTS UP INTO FRAME. It's a FAN dressed as the HOOKMAN.

CHUCK

Yes. The, uh, Hookman.

The Hookman stands up. He's German. And he's sarcastic.

HOOKMAN

Um, ja, why, in every fight scene, Sam and Dean are having their gun or knife knocked away by the bad guy? Why don't they keep it on some kind of bungee?

CHUCK

(beat)

I... uh... I really don't know.

HOOKMAN

Ja, follow up. Why can't Sam and Dean be telling that Ruby is evil?

Sam and Dean. This hits them both like a gut punch. They meet uncomfortable eyes-- then avert them.

HOOKMAN

I mean, she's clearly manipulating Sam into some kind of moral lapse. It's obvious, nein?

\*

(CONTINUED)

4

Becky steps forward, as aggressive as a Jerry Springer guest---  
uncharacteristically loud and angry--

*up to Sam  
Sam pulls her  
bag*

BECKY  
Hey! If you don't like the books,  
don't read 'em, Fritz!!

CHUCK  
(wanting past it)  
Okay, okay, just... next question.  
You.

A FANBOY dressed as Sam stands up--

\*

FANBOY  
The last book ended with Dean going  
to hell. So what happens next?

\*

CHUCK  
Well. There hangs an announcement,  
actually. You're all gonna find  
out. Thanks to a wealthy  
Scandinavian investor, we're gonna  
start publishing again.

*many  
look to  
Dean + S*

The joint bursts into WILD, ELATED APPLAUSE. Many Sams and  
Deans jump to their feet.

But the real Sam and Dean are PISSED.

5

INT. PINEVIEW HOTEL - LOBBY BAR - EVENING

5

\*

A simple grouping of chairs and tables in the corner of the  
lobby, around a small bar.

Chuck carries TWO BRIGHT YELLOW BEVERAGES to a table where  
Becky waits.

CHUCK  
Hey. I got you a Yellow-Eyed-  
Cooler.

BECKY  
Thanks, Chuck.

*Sell  
Triangle*

Chuck smiles, and we begin to REALIZE-- he's got a THING for  
Becky! He screws up the courage to ask her out--

CHUCK  
Hey, so Becky, I was wondering, are  
you doing anyth--

(CONTINUED)



5

BECKY  
(interrupting)  
Oh, hi, Sam.

But alas, Becky only has eyes for Sam. Who approaches the table with Dean. Both irate.

CLOSE ON CHUCK. Watching Becky stare longingly at Sam, as Dean speaks. Chuck deflates a bit, love-lorn.

DEAN  
So maybe you haven't noticed,  
Chuck, but our plate's kinda full.  
Finding the Colt. Hunting the  
Devil. We don't have time for this  
crap.

CHUCK  
Hey, I didn't call you--

SAM  
He means the books, Chuck. Why you  
publishing more books?

CHUCK  
Um. For food and shelter.

DEAN  
Yeah, well, who gave you the rights  
to our life story?

CHUCK  
(grows agitated)  
An Archangel. And I didn't want  
it.

SAM  
Well, deal's off, okay? No more  
books. Our lives aren't for public  
consumption.

CHUCK  
(beat)  
Becky. Will you excuse us for a  
second?

6

INT. PINEVIEW HOTEL - SIDE HALLWAY - A MOMENT LATER

6

Chuck rounds the corner, Sam and Dean in tow. He pivots to them. With a touch of real angst here.

(CONTINUED)

6

CHUCK

You guys know what I do for a living?

SAM

Yeah, Chuck, we know.

CHUCK

Then could you tell me? Cause I don't. I'm not a good writer, I got no marketable skills, I'm not some hero who can hit the road and fight monsters. Until the world ends, I still gotta live, okay, and the Supernatural books are all I got. What else do you want me to do?

\*  
\*

That stops the boys for a bit-- and before they have a chance to respond-- they hear a LOUD, TERRIFIED SHRIEK!

Operating on pure instinct, they trade alarmed looks, bolt off. Chuck calling after them--

CHUCK

Guys! Wait!

7

INT. PINEVIEW HOTEL - ANOTHER HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

7

\*

A MAID. (Though she's not wearing a real maid's uniform. She's wearing a slightly-heightened version from a costume shop). She's on the ground, just climbing to her feet.

Sam and Dean race forward. Sam helps her up.

SAM

Lady, you okay?

MAID

I think so...

DEAN

What happened?

MAID

I... I saw a ghost...

What? A ghost? Here? That throws the guys for a loop--

SAM

Um. Excuse me?

(CONTINUED)

7

Just then-- DEMIAN and BARNES appear behind the boys.  
Pretending to be as concerned and driven as Sam and Dean.

BARNES

A ghost? Ma'am, could you tell us  
what it looked like?

DEAN

Yeah, okay, let's leave this to the  
grown ups, pal.

MAID

A woman. She was in an old-  
fashioned dress. Really old. Like  
a school marm or something--

By now, several more SAM'S and DEAN'S have gathered--

FANBOY

She say anything to you?

And now, oddly, the Maid addresses the crowd. Taking on a  
distinct community-theater-over-acting vibe--

MAID

Okay, gather close, everybody, for  
a terrifying tale of terror! I saw  
a ghost! None other than the ghost  
of Leticia Gore herself--  
(etc.)

By now, Sam and Dean see this isn't a real sighting-- some  
kind of weirdo nerd theatrics. They back away from the  
gathering crowd, perplexed for the hundredth time today.

When they're joined by an excited Becky--

BECKY

Oooh. The LARP-ing's started.

DEAN

And what's that, again?

BECKY

Live Action Role Playing. It's a  
game. The convention puts it on.

She hands Sam a DITTO, with the game rules. Sam reads to  
Dean, dry as a bone--

SAM

Dad's journal. Dear Sam and Dean.  
This hotel is haunted.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

7

SAM (CONT'D)

You must hunt down the ghost.  
Interview witnesses, discover  
clues, and find the bones. The  
first team to do so, wins a 50  
dollar gift card to Sizzler. Love,  
Dad.

BECKY

You guys are so going to win!

8

INT. PINEVIEW HOTEL - LOBBY - LATER

8

ANGLE ON ROLLIE. He's changed into a jacket and ascot.  
Projecting his best, slightly overzealous, campfire tone.

SEVERAL SAMS and DEANS stand before him. They all wear bad,  
ill-fitting suits. One wears that Tux-t-shirt with a blazer.  
Most hold up TOY POLICE BADGES. This is their version of a  
Sam-and-Dean PRE-TEXT.

ROLLIE

Why, yes, Agents Lennon and  
McCartney, as the manager of this  
fine establishment, I can tell you  
that it's indeed haunted. You see,  
the building was once an orphanage,  
run by mean old Leticia Gore. And  
100 years ago this very night, Miss  
Gore went insane and butchered four  
little boys, before killing  
herself. And now, folks say the  
souls of those poor little boys are  
still trapped here, and the evil  
spirit of Miss Gore punishes them  
to this very day...

*Put a  
blaze  
on  
Gore*

The real Sam and Dean watch this from beyond the circle.  
They turn away--

DEAN

Okay. That's about all the  
community theater I can stand.

SAM

This can not get any weirder.

Just then... the Demian and Barnes pass, re-enacting some of  
their favorite sibling arguments--

DEMIAN

Dad said... he said I might have to  
kill you, Sammy...

*SC  
Hunter*

8

BARNES

Kill me?! What the hell does that mean?!

\*

DEMIAN

I don't know.

\*

They continue on. Sam and Dean watch them. A very long beat. Been a long day. Then, in perfect unison--

SAM AND DEAN

I need a drink.

They head off to the lobby bar.

9

INT. PINEVIEW HOTEL - UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - EVENING

9

\*

CLOSE ON AN EMF: only it's not EMF. Its a small cardboard box adorned with magic-marker-drawn buttons.

A FANBOY dressed as Sam stalks the hall. He wields an orange-tipped, plastic toy shotgun in one hand, EMF in the other.

FANBOY

(to himself)

EMF's going nuts.

*HAIR  
COLOR?*

He rounds a corner, revealing-- "LETICIA GORE!" Really, a hot and bored-looking actress in a dirty gray dress. She makes the kind of ghostly 'whoop' noises you made in third grade.

\*

FAKE LETICIA GORE

Whoop. I'm mean old Leticia Gore.  
They buried me in the basement.  
Whoop.

The Fanboy, cool and pro, takes aim with his shotgun. Fires. An ineffectual Peter and the Wolf POP. The actress clutches her hands to her chest.

FAKE LETICIA GORE

Ooh! You got me!

FANBOY

(disappointed)

You're supposed to vanish.

*give  
shot*

FAKE LETICIA GORE

(eyeroll)

How am I supposed to vanish?

10 INT. PINEVIEW HOTEL - ANOTHER HALLWAY - LATER 10 \*

The Fanboy rounds another corner. Slows as he finishes a  
CELL PHONE CALL. \*

FANBOY \*

Yeah, okay, Dean, see you in five. \*

But seriously, dude-- don't eat my \*

Skittles. \*

As he speaks, camera RE-ADJUSTS to reveal... a CREEPY LITTLE  
BOY STANDING a FEW FEET BEHIND HIM. Pale, grimy face. Dark  
circles under his eyes. Faded school boy outfit. (NOTE:  
this should have a REALITY that the hokey role-playing  
outfits don't). \*

The Fanboy CLICKS OFF, continues on, when-- \*

LITTLE BOY

Help us.

Startled, the Fanboy pivots. The Little Boy repeats--

LITTLE BOY

Help us. Miss Gore won't let us  
have any fun.

FANBOY

This is... part of the game, right?

His question is answered, when the Little Boy FLICKER  
VANISHES-- our traditional Supernatural ghost VFX.

It's not so fun for Fanboy when it's happening for real. He  
SCREAMS!

FANBOY

HOLY MOTHER OF CRAP!

He HAULS ASS in the opposite direction!

11 INT. PINEVIEW HOTEL - UPSTAIRS SITTING ROOM - CONTINUOUS 11 \*

A sitting room, or perhaps a library, or even just a wider  
section of hallway. Could be anything, really-- just need a  
place to have a bit more space upstairs.

The Fanboy TEARS into the room. Finally slows. Turning back  
to look the way he came. A quiet moment. As he catches his  
breath, and he wonders-- did he see what he thought he saw?  
As it sinks in--

(CONTINUED)

11

FANBOY  
That. Was. Aweso--

But he doesn't get to finish, because he's HAULED UPSIDE DOWN \*  
and SWUNG, by INVISIBLE FORCES, into the WALL! CRASH! Then \*  
into the opposite wall! CRASH! He's ping-ponged back and  
forth, getting the holy shit kicked out of him. It's BRUTAL.  
(There's a poltergeist attack in "Drag Me to Hell" that we  
should check out as reference).

Whatever it is, it should feel REAL. VIOLENT. And SCARY.

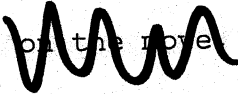
Still upside down, he SMASHES back against a mirror, \*  
shattering it, which buys us a still moment. So he can see-- \*  
with wide eyes--

The REAL LETICIA GORE. Stutter-stepping towards him.  
There's some costume similarities with the actress. But the  
actress looks like, well, an actress, and this looks AWFUL.  
HORRIFYING. And AUTHENTIC. With an awful shriek--

REAL LETICIA GORE  
Naughty, naughty, naughty!!

~~HH  
real  
charge~~

She CHARGES the FANBOY. He SCREAMS!

And she VANISHES,  on the love inches in front of our hapless \*  
victim. \*

The Fanboy COLLAPSES to the floor in a heap. \*

WIDE SHOT. It's over. Silence. Stillness.

CLOSE ON the Fanboy, stunned, and in need of new underwear--

BLACKOUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

12

INT. PINEVIEW HOTEL - LOBBY BAR - NIGHT

12

\*

CLOSE ON: whiskey poured into a SHOT GLASS.

WIDER: Dean, at the bar. He throws back the shot, trying to take the edge off. Sam sits beside him. On Dean's other side, he notices--

The hot actress playing "Leticia Gore." She nurses a Cosmo, texting, probably about how lame this whole deal is.

Dean can't help himself. Hot is hot.

DEAN

How you doin'?

FAKE LETICIA GORE

(without looking up)

Busy.

DEAN

Well. You look lovely tonight.  
Especially for a dead chick.

FAKE LETICIA GORE

Buddy. I've heard that line 17  
times already, okay, all from dudes  
in 'MacGuyver' jackets--

Finally, the actress looks up. Meets Dean's eyes. A moment.  
She likes what she sees.

FAKE LETICIA GORE

But... you're different.

DEAN

How so?

FAKE LETICIA GORE

You don't seem scared of women.

Dean grins. About to swoop in for the kill, when Dean and Sam's attention is averted by--

FANBOY (O.S.)

...for the last time, I'm not  
making it up! She's right  
upstairs... a real, live, dead  
ghost!

Sam and Dean trade looks.

*NO  
imp/wv*

\*

\*



13 INT. PINEVIEW HOTEL - HOTEL LOBBY - CONTINUOUS 13 \*

Nearby, the FANBOY from Act I ARGUES with his FRIEND. The Fanboy is truly rattled and upset. A few other LARPerS have gathered-- \*

FRIEND

Look, I'm sure it was just one of the actors--

FANBOY

Who beat the crap out of me? And then VANISHED?

Sam and Dean mosey up. Curious--

SAM

You saw something?

FANBOY

This isn't part of the game, jerk!  
(to his friend)  
I'm leaving, Tim. You should do the same.

The Fanboy heads to the entrance. His friend follows--

FRIEND

Alex, wait--

Leaving Sam and Dean to confer.

SAM

What do you think?

DEAN

I think that guy's not a good enough actor to be acting.

Sam agrees.

14 INT. PINEVIEW HOTEL - HOTEL LOBBY - MOMENTS LATER 14 \*

Ascot-wearing Rollie delivers his same speech about the building's haunted history to a new group of bad-suit-wearing LARPerS. \*

ROLLIE \*

Why, yes, Agents Jagger and Richards, as the manager of this fine establishment, I can tell you that it's indeed haunted... \*

(CONTINUED)

OFF TO THE SIDE

The real HOTEL MANAGER-- and real managers don't have that kind of flair. He's a harried man at the front desk, concentrating on his paperwork.

Sam and Dean approach.

DEAN

Hey, pal. Like to ask you a few questions?

REAL MANAGER

I don't have time to play Star Wars, okay. Go talk to the guy in the ascot. \*

Dean slips a fifty dollar bill across the desk.

DEAN

We wanna talk to you.

REAL MANAGER

(raises an eyebrow)  
Wow. You're really into this.

SAM

You have no idea.

REAL MANAGER

What do you wanna know?

SAM

All this stuff they're saying. Place being haunted. Leticia Gore. Any truth to it?

The Manager looks around, makes sure no one overhears him--

REAL MANAGER

We generally don't like to publicize it to, you know, normal people... but yeah. 1909, the place was called Gore Orphanage. Miss Gore killed four boys with a butcher knife. Then offed herself. \*

DEAN

And tonight's really the anniversary?

REAL MANAGER

Yep. Guess your convention folks  
wanted authenticity. \*

Sam and Dean trade looks.

Meanwhile, DEMIAN and BARNES, the Sam-and-Dean duo we clocked  
throughout Act I, have ambled up behind Sam and Dean. They  
try to act casual, but they're actually listening, intently.

SAM

There been sightings?

REAL MANAGER

Over the years. Few maids have  
quit, swearing they heard the boys,  
or saw 'em. A janitor even saw  
Miss Gore once.

DEAN

So where'd she carve up the kids? \*

REAL MANAGER

Look. I don't want you stomping  
all over the joint. Lotta this  
place is off-limits to nerds.

Dean slips him another fifty.

REAL MANAGER

The attic.

15 INT. PINEVIEW HOTEL - ATTIC - NIGHT

15 \*

Dark. As a trapdoor OPENS and Sam and Dean slip through. \*

They cut their FLASHLIGHT BEAMS through the gloom.

POV. Boxes. Old, antique furniture-- a birdcage here, an  
ornate mirror there. It's creepy. Atmospheric.

Sam pulls out his EMF. It WHINES, RED-LINING.

SAM

EMF's going nuts.

DEAN

Great. So we got a real ghost, and  
a bunch of dudes, pretending to be  
us, poking at it.

SAM

No way this ends well.

(CONTINUED)

15

DEAN  
Would serve 'em all right, you  
know.

SAM  
Dean.

DEAN  
I know, I know.

Sam and Dean begin to tread, wary, through the attic--

16

INT. PINEVIEW HOTEL - UPSTAIRS HALLWAY

16

\*

Barnes and Demian. Walking down the hallway. Demian scans  
the ceiling. Looking for something.

DEMIAN  
Gotta be around here somewhere... D

BARNES  
I dunno, man. No one else is B  
looking for the attic.

DEMIAN  
Okay, one, stay in character-- if D  
it's just me, I look stupid. And  
two, you heard the guy. I think  
this is part of the game. \*

When, from behind them, they HEAR--

LITTLE BOY (O.S.)  
Help us.

They pivot-- to see our REAL GHOST BOY. Standing a few yards  
from them. Icy still. Hands at sides. Creepy.

BARNES  
Oh my God.  
(then)  
That make-up is amazing.

DEMIAN  
(whispering)  
Amateur. Stay. In. Character. \*

BARNES  
Sorry, sorry.

LITTLE BOY  
Help us. Miss Gore won't let us  
have any fun.

(CONTINUED)

16

DEMIAN  
(Dean's swagger) **D**  
Where's she buried, kid? We'll  
light her up nice n' toasty.

BARNES **S**  
(Sam's swagger)  
Yeah.

The Little Boy raises a hand, POINTS BEHIND THEM.

They pivot, they don't see anything but a PICTURE framed on the wall.

They pivot back, and the KID is GONE.

BARNES **B**  
Wow. Fast runner.

DEMIAN  
Dude. Check this out. That is *out of context*  
creepy.

Demian steps up to the FRAMED PICTURE. Poking out from behind it-- A CHILD'S BLOODY HAND-PRINT, half concealed by the picture.

BARNES  
Musta been what he was trying to **B**  
tell us.

DEMIAN  
(sarcastic)  
Gee, you think, Sammy? *the boy had had*

Demian lifts the PICTURE OFF THE WALL. On the reverse side of the picture, on the brown paper backing-- MULTIPLE BLOODY CHILDREN'S HANDPRINTS. He looks up at Barnes-- then tears the brown paper off.

Hidden INSIDE-- an old FOLDED UP PAPER. Demian UNFOLDS IT. It's a MAP. (A MAP of the grounds of GORE ORPHANAGE, circa 1900).

BARNES **B**  
This is the coolest game ever!

17

INT. PINEVIEW HOTEL - ATTIC - NIGHT

17

Sam and Dean HUNT through the attic. We ENJOY a few moments of slow-searching SUSPENSE, some POV's of the dark corners. Wondering if anything's going to jump out at us.

(CONTINUED)

Sam heads down a narrow row. When he suddenly hears--

SCALPED BOY  
My Mommy loves me.

*walks out  
leaves out*

Sam WHIPS around to see--

In the DARK CORNER. A SAD BOY is huddled on the floor, knees up around his chest. This is a DIFFERENT BOY than the one we've seen in the hallway. He holds his hands on the top of his head. He's shrouded in darkness-- only a sliver of moonlight, and the boys' flashlights, cut across his form.

Dean steps up. Sam and Dean trade looks. Cautious.

SCALPED BOY  
I said my Mommy loves me.

SAM  
I'm sure she does.

The boy holds his hands outstretched to his sides.

SCALPED BOY  
She loves me this much.

He leans forward into the light, and we see-- now that he's not covering his head with his hands... BLOOD FLOWS freely down his face. And there's a TERRIBLE WET WOUND on the top of his skull.

Sam and Dean react, chilled.

But before Standards has too much of a problem... the KID FLICKER VANISHES.

Leaving Sam and Dean. Trading long looks. Unsettled.

Becky. At a table. Stares at Sam, who's across the room, pacing on his cell. She devours him with her eyes.

Sam happens to glance in her direction.

She licks her fingers and blows it to him-- an air french kiss. (Or bites her knuckle? We can try different takes. Something suggestive and funny-- but not too porn-ish).

Sam nods, gives a very awkward wave back.

*enter  
with  
Diner*

WIDEN OUT TO REVEAL FOR THE FIRST TIME: Chuck is sitting DIRECTLY next to Becky. Dejected. And feeling very invisible.

CHUCK  
 Awesome.

*lets invisible*

WITH SAM. As he flips off his cell, joins Dean at the table--

SAM  
 So that was a guy with the County Historical Society.

DEAN  
 And?

SAM  
 Not only did Leticia Gore butcher four boys-- one of 'em was her own son.

\*

DEAN  
 Her son?

SAM  
 And according to cops at the time, she scalped the poor kid.

\*

DEAN  
 That is it. I'm frying that bitch up, extra crispy. Dude say where she was buried?

SAM  
 He doesn't know.

When they OVERHEAR--

BARNES  
 ...check it out. Here's the orphanage, this is a carriage house. And here... the cemetery.

\*

Sam and Dean trade looks.

WITH DEMIAN AND BARNES. At the next table. The OLD ANTIQUE MAP SPREAD OUT BEFORE THEM.

Sam and Dean step up behind them.

DEMIAN  
 Think it's where Leticia's planted?

*54  
 D*

(CONTINUED)

BARNES

Worth a shot.

Sam leans over, inspects the MAP.

DEMIAN

Hey. You mind?

SAM

(amazed, to Dean)  
It's real. Century old, at least.  
And he's right-- there's a cemetery  
on the grounds.

DEAN

Where'd you get this?

Demian takes the map, folds it up. It's his, and he ain't letting anyone cheat off his paper.

DEMIAN

Hey, it's called a 'game,' pal. It ain't called 'charity.'

DEAN

Just gimme the map, Chuckles. \*

DEMIAN

(standing)  
You're the Chuckles, Chuckles, and  
Dean don't listen to nobody. \*

To punctuate his point, Demian brushes aside his jacket-- revealing an ORANGE TOY PLASTIC GUN. The threat, implicit.

BARNES

Dean. Cool it.

Dean just rolls his eyes. Pulls back his own jacket-- revealing a REAL GUN. Demian's not impressed.

SAM

Dean.

Dean's not gonna do anything, of course--

DEAN

I'm sorry, they're just annoying,  
that's all.

(CONTINUED)



18

SAM

Look, guys. We all wanna find the bones, right? It'd just go faster if we worked together.

Demian and Barnes exchange looks. Silently considering it-- then, a canny negotiator--

BARNES

We get the Sizzler gift card. *B*

DEAN

Fine.

DEMIAN

And we get to be Sam and Dean. *not Dean*

DEAN

Fine.

19

EXT. PINEVIEW HOTEL - GROUNDS - NIGHT

19

\*

Demian and Barnes walk through the inky dark, across a LAWN. Consulting the map, they start to head into the trees of an adjacent WOODS.

DEMIAN

Hey! Rufus! Bobby! Hurry up!

BACK WITH SAM AND DEAN. Lugging long, heavy duffle bags (inside of which are shovels). Dean nods, slow burning. He can't take much more of this madness--

SAM

You alright?

DEAN

(through gritted teeth)  
I'm trying to be.

UP WITH DEMIAN AND BARNES. And we occasionally CLOCK CU'S of Sam and Dean's reactions through the following:

BARNES

So where were we?

DEMIAN

Dr. Ellicot just zapped your brain.

BARNES

Right. Got it.

(into character)

Why are we even here, Dean!?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

BARNES (CONT'D)

Because you're following Dad's orders like a good little soldier!? You that desperate for approval?!

DEMIAN

This isn't you talking, Sam.

BARNES

See, that's the difference between you and me. I actually have a mind of my own. I'm not pathetic.

DEMIAN

So, what, you're gonna kill me?

BARNES

I'm sick of you telling me what to do!

DEAN

(interrupting)

Okay, that's it! That. Is. It!

They stop. Pivot to Dean, in the midst of a HUMOROUS FREAK OUT--

DEMIAN

What's wrong, Bobby?

DEAN

I'm not Bobby! And you're not Sam and Dean! I mean, what's wrong with you? Why in the hell would you actually choose to be these guys?!

BARNES

Um. Cause we're fans. Like you.

DEAN

Oh, I'm not! I'm not a fan! I think Sam and Dean's story sucks!

(then, with more emotion than he means to convey)

It's not "fun" and "entertaining," got it?? It's a river of crap that'd send most people howling off to the nut house!

(then)

You listen-- their pain ain't for your amusement, Skippy. You think Sam and Dean like being treated like this-- like circus freaks?

*Fluent*

*↓  
The  
freak-out  
suck a  
freak  
that  
is  
too  
big*

*1st  
Came  
back about  
his own  
life*

\*

19

DEMIAN

Uh. I doubt they care, actually,  
because they're fictional  
characters.

DEAN

Oh, they care! Believe me! They  
care a lot!

Dean MARCHES forward, into the woods. Leaving Demian and  
Barnes staring at Sam. Who shrugs--

SAM

He, uh, takes the story really  
seriously.

DEMIAN

I guess.

They all follow Dean into the woods.

20

EXT. ORPHANAGE CEMETERY - NIGHT

20

The dense trees cut the MOONLIGHT into silver ribbons. Sam,  
Dean, Barnes, and Demian are in the midst of an eerie,  
atmospheric, OVERGROWN CEMETERY. Some tombstones broken,  
others coated with moss.

Dean steps before a neat row of FOUR SMALL TOMBSTONES.  
CHILDREN'S TOMBSTONES. Calling over his shoulder to Sam--

DEAN

Got the four kids.

Several yards away, Sam steps up to a LARGER GRAVE--

CLOSE ON: ANOTHER GRAVESTONE. Decrepit. But we can clearly  
make out the words-- LETICIA GORE.

SAM

And here's Leticia.

Meanwhile, Demian and Barnes are searching behind trees and  
tombstones. As if they were on a scavenger hunt.

DEAN

Guys? What are you doing?

DEMIAN

We're looking for the bones,  
genius. They gotta be hidden  
around here somewhere.

*Dean*

(CONTINUED)

20

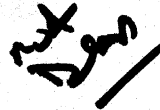
DEAN  
Um. Generally, bones are in the ground.

DEMIAN  
(sarcastic)  
Yeah, I know. It's just--

\*

But Demian looks at Dean. Sees his dead serious expression. Looks at Sam. Who is pulling SHOVELS from the bag.

DEMIAN  
Wait. You're serious?



DEAN  
Deadly.

Demian and Barnes exchange looks. For the first time, they're starting to look nervous.

BARNES  
We're not gonna dig up a real grave? This is just a game.

DEAN  
Trust me. You wanna win, don't you?

Off Demian and Barnes. Not sure what to think...

21

EXT. ORPHANAGE CEMETERY - NIGHT - LATER

21

Dean digs a beautiful hole as usual. Finally reaches the satisfying CLUNK of the wooden casket.

Up at the lip of the grave, Sam, Demian, and Barnes watch. The WIND PICKS UP AROUND THEM. Blowing the trees. Some unearthly presence? They react to it, spooked. Even Sam is uneasy. His instincts tingling. Sensing something.

Dean. With a STRAIN, he MANAGES to CRACK the CASKET LID UP. Revealing a VERY REAL, very DERELICT SKELETON.

Demian REACTS, horrified--

DEMIAN  
Hey! That's not a plastic skeleton! That's a skeleton-  
skeleton!

\*

BARNES  
You just dug up a real grave!

(CONTINUED)

DEAN  
Uh. Yeah.

DEMIAN  
You're nuts!

Demian and Barnes MARCH AWAY from the GRAVE--

SAM  
Thought you wanted to be hunters.

DEMIAN  
Hunters aren't real!

BARNES  
(pivots back)  
My God, you guys have seriously  
lost your grip on--

*NOT  
Nervous,  
right*

But BARNES stops. FREEZES. Mouth drops open. Gaping.

Sam sees his expression-- that can't be good--

SAM  
What?

*CU nervous her*

CAMERA RE-ADJUSTS, and for the first time, we REVEAL-- the  
REAL GHOST of LETICIA GORE is RIGHT OVER SAM'S SHOULDER, in  
all her pale, awful glory!

REAL LETICIA GORE  
NAUGHTY, NAUGHTY, NAUGHTY!!

Sam SPINS-- he's unarmed-- Leticia BACKHANDS Sam-- he goes  
SAILING into the trees! Oof!

*Tight  
Chest*

Dean scrambles out of the hole, goes for the duffle. Grabs  
the lighter fluid, begins dousing the corpse--

Demian and Barnes. They RUN. But Barnes TRIPS over a  
BRANCH. GOES DOWN. Demian sees!

DEMIAN  
Barnes!

Demian goes back, crouches down to help his friend. When  
they look up-- Leticia FLICKER-APPEARS RIGHT OVER THEM!

BARNES  
...oh my God...

She steps forward-- they're goners for sure! She reaches out \*  
an OUTSTRETCHED HAND-- to touch their chest-- \*

ANGLE. Dean easily LIGHTS a ZIPPO, TOSSES it into the casket! The corpse lights ablaze!

ANGLE. Demian and Barnes, about to meet their maker.

REAL LETICIA GORE  
Naughty, naughty, nau--!!

*Demian in OS*

When she GOES UP in a FLASH OF FLAME! HOWLING IN AGONY!!

Aftermath. A beat. Demian and Barnes just blink.

Sam climbs to his feet. He's okay.

Demian and Barnes. Miles beyond freaked. Still sitting on the ground. When Dean approaches-- and he's not smug here. More like "welcome to our shitty lives."

DEAN  
Real enough for you?

BLACKOUT.

END OF ACT TWO

*Whip CUL to  
had to faces*

ACT THREE

22

INT. PINEVIEW HOTEL - LOBBY BAR - NIGHT

22

\*

CLOSE ON: same way we started Act II. With whiskey poured into a SHOT GLASS.

WIDER: Demian, at the bar. He throws back the shot, trying to take the edge off. Barnes sits beside him, doing some drinking of his own. Both traumatized.

BARNES

That was... really...

Sam and Dean stand behind them. Our heroes show Barnes and Demian a certain in-the-trenches respect now.

\*

\*

DEAN

--awful, right? Exactly.  
(slaps down a twenty)  
Round's on us.

SAM

See you guys around.

Sam and Dean move away. Demian calls after them--

DEMIAN

Hey. How'd you know how to do all that?

SAM

(pivots; beat)  
We read the books.

Then Sam and Dean peel off for the hotel entrance. Passing Chuck and Rollie.

DEAN

Good luck with the new "Supernaturals," Chuck. Screw you very much.

Sam and Dean keep moving. Chuck swallows it.

ROLLIE

Fans of yours?

CHUCK

Mmm. I'd say 'no.'

23 INT. PINEVIEW HOTEL - HOTEL LOBBY - CONTINUOUS 23 \*

Sam and Dean move for the front door. Dean pulls on it. But it's LOCKED TIGHT. He tries again. Won't budge.

He looks back at Sam. That can't be good.

DEAN  
Weird, right?

SAM  
Definitely.

24 INT. PINEVIEW HOTEL - UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - LATER 24 \*

A WINDOW at the end of the hall, perhaps leading to a fire escape, if we can swing it. Dean STRAINS to open it. But no good. Sam approaches, with more bad news--

SAM  
Hey.

DEAN  
Anything?

SAM  
Every exit's locked tight. Almost like--

DEAN  
Something's keeping us here.

SAM  
This is bad.

DEAN  
(sarcastic, like Demian:)  
Gee, you think, Sammy?

Suddenly, they hear a FEMALE SCREAM! They chase after it!

25 INT. PINEVIEW HOTEL - UPSTAIRS SITTING ROOM - CONTINUOUS 25 \*

The hot actress playing Leticia Gore SCRAMBLES out of the room. Passing Sam and Dean, who ENTER.

FAKE LETICIA GORE  
Don't go in there!

DEAN  
Just get downstairs!

(CONTINUED)



25

She races out of the room. Sam and Dean move in the opposite direction-- deeper inside.

And they ROUND past a LARGE CHAIR or PIECE OF FURNITURE, REVEALING-- huddled on the floor, against the wall--

The SCALPED BOY. His hands still on top of his head. We now know-- he's holding his brains in. (And we catch some thin, dried tracks of blood down the side of his face-- just to help with the creep factor).

He looks up at Sam and Dean, sad.

SCALPED BOY

...why did you do that? Why did you send my Mommy away?

DEAN

Maybe cause a' that high-and-tight she gave you, kid. How 'bout some thanks?

(off Sam's look, to Sam)

Just saying, a little gratitude'd be nice, once in a while.

SCALPED BOY

My Mommy didn't do this to me.

SAM

What? Then who did?

The Scalped Boy only gives them another sad look-- then VANISHES. Leaving Sam and Dean, trading looks.

26

INT. PINEVIEW HOTEL - ANOTHER HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

26

The Bitter German HOOKMAN walks down the empty corridor. Then hears a floor squeak behind him. Pivots to see--

THREE LITTLE BOYS. Standing in the hall. Staring. It's the one we've seen before. And two more. Pale faces. All in their filthy old clothes. Creepy.

But the Hookman rolls his eyes.

HOOKMAN

Ja, how original. Supernatural bringing you more creepy children.  
(he says the word:)

Sigh.

(CONTINUED)

26

LITTLE BOY  
Miss Gore wouldn't let us have any  
fun.

HOOKMAN  
You look nothing like real ghosts,  
just telling you.

LITTLE BOY  
But Miss Gore's gone. And now...  
now we can have all kinds of fun.

The three kids all PULL NASTY, RUSTY, OLD KNIVES OUT from  
behind their backs!!

CLOSE ON: the floor. As the Hookman's PLASTIC HOOK DROPS  
into FRAME, to the floor. Off camera, he SCREAMS!

HOOKMAN  
Gott in Himmel!!

27 INT. PINEVIEW HOTEL - SEPARATE HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS 27 \*

Sam and Dean head down the hall, when they hear the new  
SCREAM-- trade 'oh shit' looks. \*

They take off after it.

28 INT. PINEVIEW HOTEL - ANOTHER HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS 28 \*

Sam and Dean round the corner to see--

The Hookman. DEAD. Glassy eyed. Roughly and brutally  
SCALPED. Laying in a thick pool of his own blood.

Again, they trade looks-- this is really, REALLY bad.

29 INT. PINEVIEW HOTEL - CONFERENCE ROOM - NIGHT 29 \*

Chuck. On stage. Another Q and A. Becky's in the front  
row. Chuck, mike in hand, is just wrapping up--

CHUCK  
(miserable) \*  
...well, guys, we're out of time. \*  
So thank you for your incredibly  
probing and rigorous questions, and  
have a good--  
(surprised to see Sam)  
Hey.

When Sam walks right onto the stage. (We see this from a  
WIDE ANGLE, perhaps from Becky's POV).

(CONTINUED)

Sam WHISPERS in Chuck's ear. We don't hear what it is, but it's obviously about the ghosts.

Chuck pales. Reacting into the mike.

CHUCK  
What?! Holy crap!

ANGLE. TIGHTER on STAGE. Sam pulls the mike away from Chuck, and they whisper, privately--

SAM  
...you gotta keep everyone safe in here, Chuck. This is life or death.

CHUCK  
For how long?

SAM  
As long as it takes.

CHUCK  
But... how the hell am I supposed to do that?

SAM  
I dunno, man, just do it.

Sam exits the stage. Chuck pivots back to the audience. Speaking into the mike.

CHUCK  
Good news. I've got so much more to tell you, I guess! Awesome.

AT THE ENTRANCE. Dean shepherds the frightened Hot Actress and the Real Hotel Manager into the room-- \*  
\*

REAL MANAGER  
Buddy, I got work to do--

DEAN  
(waves to the stage)  
Trust me. You're gonna wanna see this. Helluva show.

Dean closes the door behind them. And Sam APPEARS, SALTING a line in front of it (probably in CU JUMP CUTS).

For now, the nerds are safe.

Sam pivots to Dean. They have a moment to think.

(CONTINUED)

SAM

Okay. New theory--

DEAN

The legends about Leticia were ass backwards, obviously.

SAM

So let's say those three orphans, they were playing Cowboys and Indians--

DEAN

LARPing as Cowboys and Indians.

SAM

Let's say they scalped Leticia's son and killed him.

DEAN

Mom catches them in the act, flips out. Slices them, dices herself. \*

SAM

If it's true, means we got three bloodthirsty brats in the building.

DEAN

And Leticia was the only thing keeping 'em under control.

SAM

Until we took her out.

DEAN

Smooth move on our part. We gotta get back to that cemetery, torch those kids' bones.

SAM

How? We're trapped. We don't even have our guns. The ghosts are running the joint, and they were only scared of one thing.

Dean looks off camera. A LIGHTBULB MOMENT. An idea forms.

DEAN

Exactly.

30

INT. PINEVIEW HOTEL - CONFERENCE ROOM - A MOMENT LATER 30 \*

CLOSE ON: the hot actress. Still in costume as "Leticia Gore."

FAKE LETICIA GORE  
You want me to do what?

WIDER. Sam and Dean make their pitch.

DEAN  
You're an actress. We want you to act.

FAKE LETICIA GORE  
I work at a Hooters in Toledo! You can forget it-- \*

SAM  
You'll be safe, we promise, but this is important--

Just then, BARNES and DEMIAN tap Dean on the shoulder.

DEMIAN  
We want to help, too.

Dean, stepping away from the waitress conversation with a final dismissive wave to Sam--

DEAN  
Hey, just give her your puppy dog thing, okay?  
(turns to Demian and Barnes)  
Guys, no.

BARNES  
Why not?

DEAN  
Because this isn't make-believe.

DEMIAN  
We know, okay. We're not nuts. We're friggin' terrified--

BARNES  
But if all these people are really in trouble, then we gotta do something-- \*

(CONTINUED)

DEAN

Why?

DEMIAN

(beat, quiet)

Because. That's what Sam and Dean would do.

Dean. That throws him for a loop. He softens. The fact that he and Sam can actually inspire civilians to bravery. Well, that's something he's never considered before. He gives a long look to Demian and Barnes. Off this--

INT. PINEVIEW HOTEL - UPSTAIRS SITTING ROOM - LATER 31 \*

The hot actress playing Leticia steps forward into the room. Seemingly by herself. She's very frightened. Small--

FAKE LETICIA GORE

I... I don't want to do this...

HIDDEN BEHIND a CORNER. Or perhaps some furniture-- is DEAN. He's got an IRON FIREPLACE POKER.

DEAN

I'm right here, sweetheart. I got your back.

(then)

Trust me. This is gonna work.

Dean makes a face, unseen by her, like "man, I hope this is fucking gonna work."

The Actress takes a long beat. Then calls out in a stern voice--

FAKE LETICIA GORE

Boys! Boys, come here, this instant!

Long beat. The Actress's POV of the EMPTY ROOM. Nothing. Eerie. Silent. She tries again.

FAKE LETICIA GORE

You come when I call you, do you understand me??

When she PIVOTS, and where there was nothing, suddenly, there's... THE THREE BOYS-- they're confused--

Dean. Tenses. Tightens his grip on the poker.

(CONTINUED)

31

LITTLE BOY  
Miss Gore?

*Suspense*

The Actress swallows her terror-- it's like being in a room with three Great Whites-- and continues with the role--

FAKE LETICIA GORE  
You boys have been very, very naughty! Now you open the doors, you open the doors right now!!

The THREE BOYS FLICKER-- BACKWARDS a STEP. They're actually SCARED of the actress-- it's WORKING!

32

INT. PINEVIEW HOTEL - FRONT ENTRANCE - CONTINUOUS 32 \*

Sam, Demian, and Barnes. Sam has been PULLING-- PULLING on the front door. But FINALLY-- he's OPENING IT. It's hard work, he strains, but he holds it wide enough for Demian and Barnes to SQUEEZE through--

SAM  
Go, go, go!

33

INT. PINEVIEW HOTEL - UPSTAIRS SITTING ROOM - CONTINUOUS 33 \*

The Actress is feeling a bit more confident--

FAKE LETICIA GORE  
You're very naughty, you hear me?  
Naughty, naughty, nau--

When... the Actress's CELL PHONE GOES OFF in her pocket. Some tinny hip-hop tune. Salt n' Pepa's "Push It," maybe?

The Little Boys. Stop. Cock their heads. Confused.

The Actress freezes. Deer in headlights. What else to do, but pull out her PHONE, turn off the ring?

Dean. Oh, shit.

A frozen moment. What will the ghosts do? Then--

The Little Boys. Drop their chins, look out from the top of their eyes. Quiet anger. They've been tricked. They pull out their RUSTY KNIVES.

34

INT. PINEVIEW HOTEL - FRONT ENTRANCE - CONTINUOUS 34 \*

Demian has gotten through the door, now it's Sam's turn, when... the DOOR SLAMS BACK SHUT!

*slow take it out with it*

(CONTINUED)

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34 CONTINUED: 34

Demian and Barnes got out-- but Sam never did! He PULLS on \*  
it in frustration-- but it won't budge an INCH. \*

SAM

Dammit!

35 INT. PINEVIEW HOTEL - UPSTAIRS SITTING ROOM - CONTINUOUS 35 \*

Dean POPS out from behind his hiding spot--

DEAN

RUN!

The Actress doesn't need to be told twice. She shags ass,  
past Dean, out of the room.

Leaving Dean. Facing three extremely pissed-off, homicidal,  
creepy little ghost children.

They walk towards him. Out for blood.

Dean steels himself. He's genuinely scared. This is bad.

BLACKOUT!

END OF ACT THREE



ACT FOUR

36 EXT. ORPHANAGE CEMETERY - NIGHT 36

CLOSE ON: a SHOVEL SCOOPS UP GRAVEYARD DIRT.

Demian and Barnes. They each have Sam and Dean's shovels-- presumably from the Impala. They're each frantically digging up a GRAVE. But they're each only knee deep in their respective graves, and there's still more graves after that.

The guys aren't in the best shape. PANTING and WHEEZING--

BARNES

(gulping for air)

My God. "Supernatural" makes...  
digging a grave... seem so easy...

(then)

It's not, though.

(then)

I'm gonna throw up.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

But they don't give up. Heroic, even.

37 INT. PINEVIEW HOTEL - UPSTAIRS SITTING ROOM - CONTINUOUS 37 \*

CRASH! Dean is HURLED BACK into a wall-- he DROPS HIS IRON POKER.

ANGLE. The IRON POKER goes SKITTERING across the floor.

Dean shakes the cobwebs to see--

TWO OF THE LITTLE BOYS. (The Main One, and another).  
Stepping up to Dean. Knives, lazy and menacing, at their sides. Staring, glassy and impassive, at our hero. Closing in for the death blow.

Dean's a goner, when--

SUDDENLY, SAM is there-- he PICKED UP the IRON POKER O.S.,  
and he SWINGS it through the two boys! They DISSIPATE!

Sam PULLS Dean up to his feet. A quick nod of thanks.

But then... SAM is FLUNG BACK INVISIBLY, SPINNING through the AIR, CRASHING through SHATTERING FURNITURE! OUCH!

DEAN

Sam!

From impact, Sam drops the Poker--

(CONTINUED)

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37 CONTINUED: 37

ANGLE. The IRON POKER goes SKITTERING across the floor.

38 INT. PINEVIEW HOTEL - CONFERENCE ROOM - CONTINUOUS 38 \*

By now, Chuck sits on the edge of the stage. Exhausted. He's like in hour 23 of the Jerry Lewis telethon.

The audience grows restless.

CHUCK  
...let's see... what else? Um, I  
fell in love for the first time at  
16. Lost my virginity, actually.  
But then she went around telling  
everyone it didn't count, so...

The real Hotel Manager shakes his head-- this is stupid. And  
heads for the conference room door. Chuck sees him--

CHUCK  
Um. Excuse me. You really can't  
leave. Sir, please...

The Manager OPENS THE DOOR--

INSERT. BREAKING THE SALT LINE. \*

CHUCK  
Don't open the door!

The Manager only looks back at Chuck-- gives him a dismissive  
'fuck you' wave, then PIVOTS RIGHT INTO--

One of the GHOST BOYS! Who FLICKER-APPEARS in the DOORWAY--

The Hotel Manager. Shocked. He takes a step back.

The Ghost Boy SMILES.

CLOSE ON: he PULLS OUT HIS KNIFE.

The Ghost Boy takes a STEP FORWARD--

The Hotel Manager. Fucked. When we WHIP PAN OVER to see--  
SUDDENLY-- CHUCK is THERE!

He DROPS his (UNPLUGGED) MICROPHONE STAND down through the  
Ghost Boy, like chopping wood with an axe! The Ghost Boy  
DISSIPATES! \*

CHUCK SLAMS the door SHUT! In full-on, LOW ANGLE, ACTION  
HERO MODE-- \*

(CONTINUED)

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38  
CONTINUED:

CHUCK

I said no one leaves, dammit! Now  
somebody salt this door!

CLOSE ON BECKY. ~~Sitting.~~ Watching Chuck through new eyes. \*  
She crosses her legs. Her lady parts are tingling.

BECKY

Oooooh.

39 INT. PINEVIEW HOTEL - UPSTAIRS SITTING ROOM - CONTINUOUS 39 \*

CRASH! Dean slams to the FLOOR AGAIN!

But this time, before he regains his bearings-- the Ghost Boy  
CROUCHES, RIGHT IN FRONT OF HIM, NOSE TO NOSE--

40 EXT. ORPHANAGE CEMETERY - NIGHT 40 \*

CLOSE ON: a PILE of FILTHY, DIRTY BONES.

Demian and Barnes stand over it. Demian tries to light a  
Zippo. Again and again. It just ain't lighting.

DEMIAN

How can Dean always light this  
stupid thing on the first try?!!

41 INT. PINEVIEW HOTEL - UPSTAIRS SITTING ROOM - CONTINUOUS 41 \*

Sam. On the floor, too, battered. The second BOY YANKS his  
hair back. Sam struggles, but the Ghost Boy has an iron  
grip. And the boy moves his RUSTY KNIFE to Sam's forehead--

Dean. Suffering from the same problem. The first Boy has  
Dean flat on the floor, straddling him, one hand choking  
Dean's neck. The other hand-- dropping the knife down \*  
against Dean's forehead. \*

Both boys are moments away from a good scalping. We MILK  
this for as long as we can, the MUSIC BUILDS, until--

WHOOSH! The First Boy FLAMES OUT! HOWLING in AGONY! Dean's  
free!

WHOOSH! The Second Boy FLAMES OUT, too!

The Superfans did it!

Sam and Dean each exhale, big. That was a close one.

*uncross +  
re-cross*

*Sam Stone*

*little  
blow*

42 EXT. ORPHANAGE CEMETERY - NIGHT

42

A BLAZING FIRE. Demian and Barnes stand over it, watching it, somberly.

Then they turn away from it, RIGHT INTO--

The LITTLE SCALPED BOY.

Demian and Barnes JUMP, startled.

But the boy's not scalped anymore. He looks cleaned up. Happier. He gives them a shy, quiet--

SCALPED BOY

...thank you...

And he vanishes. Not in a painful way. Just a quiet, simple SHIMMERING.

Off Demian and Barnes. Affected by this.

43 INT. PINEVIEW HOTEL - UPSTAIRS SITTING ROOM - CONTINUOUS 43 \*

CLOSE ON: the FIREPLACE POKER. Dean's HAND reaches in, picks it up.

Dean regards it, then pivots to Sam, who's just climbing to his feet.

DEAN

You know. That dude was right. We should really keep this crap on a bungee.

Off Sam. Not a bad idea.

BLACKOUT.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

44 EXT. PINEVIEW HOTEL - MORNING (DAY 2) 44 \*

TECHS from the Coroner's Dept. load a zipped up BODY BAG into the CORONER'S VAN. The German.

Various COPS and SQUAD CARS in the parking lot, interviewing Rollie, the Hotel Manager, etc.

A DISTANCE AWAY. Dean stands with Demian and Barnes.

DEAN  
...gotta hand it to you, you guys really saved our asses. So thank you, uh--  
(stops, realizing)  
--I don't know your names.

BARNES  
I'm Barnes. That's Demian. What's yours?

DEAN  
(beat)  
Dean. The real Dean. \*

Demian and Barnes take a long beat. Then start laughing.

DEMIAN  
Yeah, right. Me, too. \*

BARNES  
Get the hell outta here. \*

DEAN  
(smiling)  
Well, anyway. Thanks. Really.

Dean pivots to walk away. Demian calls out after him-- \*

DEMIAN  
You're wrong, you know.

DEAN  
Sorry?

DEMIAN  
About "Supernatural." No offense, but I'm not sure you get what the story's about.

(CONTINUED)

DEAN

Oh, that so?

DEMIAN

Look, real life, he sells stereo equipment. I fix copiers. Our lives suck.

(then)

But to be Sam and Dean. To wake up every day and save the world. To have a brother who'd die for you. Well. Who wouldn't want that?

Dean reacts-- takes an emotional beat. Looking at his life from this point of view. It gives him a little hope.

DEAN

Maybe you got a point.

Dean takes another beat. Thinking to himself. Then shakes out of his reverie with--

DEAN

Well. You guys aren't such a bad team yourselves. How d'you know each other, anyway?

BARNES

We met on-line. A "Supernatural" chat room.

DEAN

Oh. Well, it's gotta be good to get outta your Mom's basement and make some friends.

Demian takes Barnes hand. Holds it. Simple and loving. ~~Barnes puts his head on Demian's shoulder.~~

*Am  
Amused*

DEMIAN

Oh, we're more than friends. We're partners.

*Not  
Gross*

But Dean takes this in. The sight of two guys dressed as Sam and Dean. Intimate like this. It's a bit awkward (But still, there's respect here).

*not awkward  
Wuh  
Wuh  
strange to*

DEAN

Huh. Well. Howdy, partners.

BECKY

...look, Sam, I'm not gonna lie.  
We had undeniable chemistry. But  
like a monkey on the sun, it was  
too hot to live. It can't go on.

CLOSE on SAM. Nodding. Playing along, for the most part.  
But he can't completely hide how nuts this is.

BECKY

Chuck and I, we found each other.  
My Yin to his proud Yang. And  
well, the heart wants what the  
heart wants. I'm so, so sorry. \*

PULL OUT TO REVEAL. Chuck. Again, right beside Becky. He's  
playing along-- he knows Becky is nuts, but he likes her. So  
he gives Sam an awkward--

CHUCK

Uh, yeah, Sam. Sorry.

BECKY

Will you be alright?

Sam gives her a stiff upper lip. He's gonna be brave.

SAM

Honestly-- I don't know. But I'll  
just have to find a way to keep  
living, I guess.

BECKY

(a whisper)  
God bless you.

SAM

Okay. Oh, and hey, Chuck, if you  
really want to publish more of the  
books, guess that's okay with us.

CHUCK

Wow, really?

SAM

(beat)  
No, not really. We have guns. And  
we'll find you.

CHUCK

Okay, okay. No more books.

(CONTINUED)

SAM  
(there's affection here)  
See you around.

Sam moves for the parking lot. For the Impala. When--

BECKY  
Sam! Wait! One more thing!

Becky quickly and breathlessly glides up to him.

Sam pivots, expecting one last parting snippet from her Harlequin Romance brain. But that's not what he gets. Becky snaps into highly-detailed, feverish, FAN GIRL MODE.

BECKY  
In Chapter 33 of "Supernatural:  
Time is On My Side," there was that  
girl Bela? She was British, and a  
cat burglar, and--

*int. of  
fan  
/*

SAM  
Yeah, Becky, I know.

BECKY  
She stole the Colt from you, and  
then she said she gave it to  
Lilith, remember?

SAM  
Yeah...?

BECKY  
Well, you know she lied, right?  
She never gave it to Lilith.

SAM  
Wait, what??

Chuck steps up at some point in the middle of this. \*

BECKY  
Didn't you read the book? There's  
this one scene, where Bela gives  
the Colt to a Demon named Crowley.  
Lilith's right hand man. I think  
her lover, too.

SAM  
Crowley?  
(to Chuck)  
Never occurred to you to tell us  
this?

(CONTINUED)



45

CHUCK  
(at a genuine loss)  
I'm sorry, I didn't remember. I'm  
not as big a fan as she is.

SAM  
Becky. Tell me everything.

46

EXT. PINEVIEW HOTEL - PARKING LOT - LATER

46

\*

Dean waits at the Impala, hands folded over the roof,  
thoughtful. And maybe a little grateful for his life. Give  
this a beat. \*

When Sam approaches. Notices Dean's introspective tone. \*

SAM  
You okay?

DEAN  
(meaningful)  
You know? I think I'm good.

SAM  
Well. You won't believe it, but I  
got a lead on the Colt.

DEAN  
(surprised)  
What?

SAM  
Long story. I'll tell you on the  
way.

Dean grins. Devil-may-care.

DEAN  
Well, what are we waiting for?

Sam and Dean HOP INTO THE IMPALA. With energy. With  
purpose. With optimism. The car TEARS OFF. Cruising away  
into the distance as we-- \*

BLACKOUT.

TO BE CONTINUED...

*feel  
make it  
don't  
suck*

POCKET DIALOGUE - SC. 7

7 INT. GRANDVIEW HOTEL - ANOTHER HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS 7

And now, oddly, the Maid addresses the crowd. Taking on a distinct community-theater-over-acting vibe--

MAID

Okay, gather close, everybody, for a terrifying tale of terror! I saw a ghost! None other than the ghost of Leticia Gore herself!

She continues, projecting a decidedly over-emoting, community theater vibe.

MAID

I was on the third floor, getting ice for a guest, when the air around me got suddenly cold. Way colder than the ice machine room usually gets.

(then, voice rising)

I spun on my heel, terror gripping my heart with its icy fingers--and I saw her! Leticia Gore!

(darkening)

She was floating in the air, her stringy hair hovering around her like a halo of pure evil. Eyes red, face blue, teeth so yellow they were practically goldenrod. Looking into her spectral eyes, I saw my death. It was... deathly.

(talking faster)

I ran! My heart pounding like a million jackhammers! The ghost chased me!

(with a sigh of relief)

I was barely able to escape by the skin of my teeth. Or, perhaps, the skin of a ghost's teeth.

(with finality)

I'll never be able to return to the third floor again. And that guest will never, ever get his ice...

POCKET DIALOGUE - SC. 29, SC. 30

29

INT. GRANDVIEW HOTEL - CONFERENCE ROOM - NIGHT

29

Chuck stands on stage, VAMPING-- if we CUT TO CHUCK, it'll be when he's in the middle of ANSWERING a SERIES of OFF-SCREEN QUESTIONS.

CHUCK

So, um... what does the future hold for Sam and Dean? Well, how do you feel about... Angels? Cause, believe me, they're not nearly as lame as you think.

CHUCK

Look, I'm sorry, I apologize for my negative depictions of... witches. Obviously, there's lots of nice witches, too. I certainly never meant to offend anyone in the Wiccan community. And hey, there's something to be said for a girl who doesn't shave, am I right?

CHUCK

I don't listen to classic rock when I write. Mostly I just pour myself a drink, crank up the Juice Newton, and let the words flow.

CHUCK

Like a lot of authors, I started writing because of love. I had a huge crush on Nancy McKeon, she played Jo on "The Facts of Life". I must've written her 40 or 50 letters between '82 and '86.

(wistful)

She never wrote back, but her publicist sent me a signed headshot. She writes her o's as hearts.

CHUCK

I'm pretty sure the reason Madison didn't grow hair when she turned into a werewolf was because she had mange.

CHUCK

My hobbies? I dunno. Drinking. Funny car racing. And macrame.

(MORE)

CHUCK (cont'd)

I don't really go to movies too much, and I don't even like horror movies. Actually, my favorite movie is Beaches. Hillary and CC were so brave... so strong.

CHUCK

Uh, no, there's no such thing as a Croatoan virus for... down there. You should really see a doctor.

CHUCK

The way I look at it, it's not really jumping the shark if you never come back down.

CHUCK

My favorite supporting character is probably Bela.

(boo's from the audience)

CHUCK

Maybe the shapeshifter could change his clothes too. He was a shapeshifter and a clothes-shifter.

CHUCK

No, I can't read your Livejournal short story.

(rolling his eyes)

Yeah, I get it, Sam and Dean love each other.

CHUCK

I don't think the Benders made, like, whole flesh suits out of their victims, no. Maybe a couple of scarves.

CHUCK

Am I scared of ghosts? Honestly, lady, I'm scared of pretty much everything.

CHUCK

John isn't based on my father. My Dad's more like Bobby... except he's older, doesn't have a beard, and he's gay.