

Sact + Buers,  
BABY!  
Thanks for watching!  
xo E. Charmelo



Thanks for the  
love!  
You rock!

SUPERNATURAL

Episode #1107

"Plush"

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*Thanks for your  
support!  
James*

*Thank for  
watching!  
xo Bobo Berens*

4x6257 / T13.19257

FINAL DRAFT

09/28/15

Carry on, Wayward son...

*Thank!*  
*Am Dosa*

*[Signature]*

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Rock (SALT) ON!

*[Signature]*  
♡ *[Signature]*

*[Signature]*

CAST LIST

SAM WINCHESTER  
DEAN WINCHESTER

SHERIFF DONNA HANSCUM

BROCK BUCKNER  
CHESTER JOHNSON  
COACH PHIL EVANS

FRAN HINKLE

KYLIE JENNINGS

MAX JOHNSON

MICHELLE

MIKE HOOKS

OFFICER DOUG STOVER

RITA JOHNSON

STAN HINKLE

STEVE BURESS

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BRUCE BLAIN

VICTORIA BIDEWELL

MEGAN PETA HILL

LOGAN WILLIAMS

CATE SPROULE

PAVEL ROMANO

BRENDAN TAYLOR

BRIGID BRANNAGH

KIRT DOUGLAS PURDY

ROBERT CORNESS

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TEASER

FADE IN:

1 INT. HINKLE HOME - KITCHEN/DEN - NIGHT (DAY 1) 1

FRAN HINKLE, a harried housewife, stands at the kitchen sink, scrubbing burnt remnants off a casserole dish.

In the adjoining den, STAN HINKLE, her balding sloth of a husband, hibernates on a Lay-Z-Boy, watching a football game.

Fran winces, as she glances at her overflowing garbage can.

FRAN

Stan! Can you take out the trash?  
It stinks to high heaven!

STAN

(mumbling)  
It's your cooking that stinks.

FRAN

What was that, honey?

STAN

(covering)  
Nothing, dear!  
(then)  
Game's in OT. Can't it wait?

Fran sighs. She'll do it herself. As she bends down-- out of frame-- to cinch the overflowing sack, we STAY ON the window above the sink, where we see...

JUMP SCARE! A MAN, ominously standing in the backyard, wearing a dingy flannel and... A FURRY BUNNY HEAD? But this Plushie is neither cute nor cuddly. He's dirty... matted... and downright TERRIFYING (think "Frank" from *Donnie Darko*).

The Bunny slowly approaches the kitchen window, his dead plastic eyes eerily peering through.

Fran pops back into frame, garbage in hand, completely unaware of her company. As she sails out the kitchen door, the Bunny's unwavering gaze still trained on her...

2 EXT. HINKLE HOME - BACKYARD - NIGHT - MOMENTS LATER 2

CRICKETS CHIRP under the blanket of night. Fran makes her way to the trash cans, oblivious to the lurking danger. She lifts the lid of a can. As she hoists the heavy bag--

She HEARS RUSTLING behind her. Fran whips around, startled. But... no one's there. A beat. Then Fran's eyes narrow.

FRAN

Don't need possum traps, huh?

3 INT. HINKLE HOME - KITCHEN/DEN - NIGHT - SAME 3

Stan's still marooned on the Lay-Z-Boy. As he watches TV, engrossed in the game, he HEARS THE BACK DOOR OPEN.

STAN

Hey, hon? Grab me another brewski.

We HEAR FOOTSTEPS O.C. Followed by the SOUND OF THE REFRIGERATOR DOOR OPENING AND CLOSING.

CLOSE ON STAN, as he scratches his gut. Then a BEER BOTTLE enters frame.

STAN

Thanks, babe.

As Stan grabs the beer, he clocks the DIRTY-NAILED, KNOBBY-KNUCKLED HAND holding it. Startled, Stan looks up to see... the Bunny, menacingly standing over him. Before Stan can react...

The Bunny smashes the beer bottle over his head. Dazed, Stan falls to the ground, bleeding from a LARGE GASH. As he tries to crawl away, the Bunny grabs his leg, reeling him back in.

Stan CRIES OUT for help. But his pleas fall on floppy ears, as the rabid rabbit takes the now jagged bottleneck and...

Brutally stabs Stan in the jugular.

PULL OUT to see a horrified Fran, entering. She locks eyes with the Bunny, whose filthy fur is now splattered in blood. Off her EAR-PIERCING SCREAM, we...

BLACKOUT.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

4 INT. MEN OF LETTERS - SAM'S ROOM - DAY (DAY 2) 4

TIGHT ON A PAIR OF WRINGING HANDS. As they nervously squeeze one another, we PULL OUT to see SAM WINCHESTER, kneeling next to his bed... *praying?*

SAM

So on the off chance that you're *actually listening*... I gotta be real honest here. These visions? Don't make a whole lot of sense.

(then, exasperated)

Truth is... I don't know what's what. *So please-- just-- what are you trying to say?*

Just then, A CLEARING OF A THROAT snaps Sam out of prayer. He turns to see DEAN WINCHESTER, in the doorway.

DEAN

Really? I mean, really?

Sam gets up, embarrassed.

SAM

Ever hear of privacy?

DEAN

You want privacy, shut the door.

Sam brushes past his brother, into...

5 INT. MEN OF LETTERS - HALLWAY - DAY - CONTINUOUS 5

...the hallway. Dean follows.

DEAN

I thought we talked about this?

SAM

Yeah. We did. But why is it so hard to believe that God could be sending me visions about the *Darkness?*

Dean rolls an eye.

DEAN

Because God didn't feel the need to show up for the Apocalypse. He gives a crap now why?

(CONTINUED)

SAM

I dunno. Maybe because-- she's his sister.

(off Dean's look)

So what? We just sit back-- ignore him-- do nothing?

DEAN

I'm not sayin' that. Just...

As the brothers continue to debate, they move into...

INT. MEN OF LETTERS - LIBRARY - DAY - CONTINUOUS

...the library. The table's covered with ancient looking texts... tablets... papyrus scrolls.

DEAN

Don't count on God. Count on us.

Sam sighs. He's not so sure about that.

SAM

Okay... well, here's everything Cass dug up in Gaza. Every last bit of pre-biblical lore...

(gesturing to the pile)

Half of it I couldn't even read. Aramaic. Other half? Nada. Not even a mention of the Darkness. So...(we got jackshit)

Before Dean can respond, his CELLPHONE RINGS. He looks at his Caller ID. Smirks.

DEAN

Well I'll be damned.

(then, into cell)

Hey, Donna. What's shakin'?

Sam looks surprised.

SAM

(mouthing)

Fat Sucker Donna?

Dean shoots him a look: "Do you mind?!" Another beat. Then he glances back at his cell, incredulous.

DEAN

What do you mean, *Killer Bunny*?



7 EXT. POLICE STATION - DAY (ESTABLISHING) 7

**SUPER: "COTTAGE GROVE, MINNESOTA."**

Sam and Dean roll up in the Impala to the Cottage Grove Police Station. The station is small, much more mom 'n pop rural than our typical county station.

8 INT. POLICE STATION - BULLPEN - DAY - LATER 8

SHERIFF DONNA HANSCUM (donning a HOLSTER and FANNY PACK) greets Sam and Dean (now in FED THREADS):

DONNA

You two are a sight for sore eyes!

As she traps them in bear hugs--

DEAN

(grinning)

You coverin' all Ten Thousand Lakes? Not your usual beat.

DONNA

Nah. Just Larsen County. What with the cutbacks and all...

(shrugging)

For the most part, been tater tots and lemon drops-- 'cept for this doozy. I mean, when you get a call about a *Killer Easter Bunny*, you don't know what to think.

DEAN

Uh... you think crazy.

Donna smirks. As she leads the boys through the bullpen:

DONNA

Guy's real strong, too. Lashed out at several officers. Took a *whole team* just to get him into custody. But that's not the weirdest part...

(off their looks)

Bunny head won't come off.

SAM

What do you mean?

DONNA

Tried everything-- short of a *chainsaw*. But it's really stuck. Who knows? Could be nothing.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

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DONNA (CONT'D)

Guy could just have a big melon.  
Like my Uncle Wally.  
(then, lowering her voice)  
But ever since I've seen what goes  
"bump" in the night, I'm not taking  
any chances.

Sam nods.

SAM

You did the right thing.

But Dean looks skeptical.

DEAN

Maybe. Not a hundred percent this  
is our kind of case either. But if  
you got a wild hare...  
(amused at his pun)  
See what I did there?

Sam rolls his eyes. But Donna snickers, playfully punches  
Dean in the arm.

DONNA

Good to see ya two.

DOUG (O.C.)

Who ya got there, Sheriff?

The boys turn to see OFFICER DOUG STOVER (think Dewey from  
*Scream*).

DONNA

Gentlemen, this is Officer Stover.  
He's lead on the case.

As Sam and Dean nod a hello--

SAM

Agents Elliott and Savage.

DOUG

Nice to meet ya. And please...  
call me *Doug*.

Donna bristles at the mere mention of his name (*savvy viewers  
will recall that her ex-husband's also named "Doug"*).

DONNA

These two fine fellas will be  
helping out with Ol' Hippity-Hop.

(CONTINUED)

DOUG  
We're gonna need it. Not that  
Sheriff Hanscum isn't doing a bang  
up job. We're lucky to have her.

Doug smiles, flirtatious. Donna looks down, uncomfortable.  
But Doug's attention is diverted when a COP signals him.

DOUG  
Excuse me a sec.

As Doug steps away, Sam and Dean exchange grins.

DONNA  
What?

DEAN  
Nuthin'. I mean, it's none of our  
business, but... I think someone's  
got a crush.

DONNA  
(duh)  
I was born at night, Dean. Not  
last night.

SAM  
Then what gives? He seems nice.

DONNA  
He is. But he's a cop... named  
Doug. I mean, clearly I've got a  
type... but no thank you, ma'am.  
(determined)  
Won't be "once bitten, twice  
Doug'd."

Sam and Dean smirk. Then:

DEAN  
So where is this wascally wabbit?

Donna leads Sam and Dean to the holding cell, to see the  
Bunny, locked inside, perched on the edge of the bed. He  
sits eerily still (think Jodie Foster approaching Hannibal  
Lecter's cell). The boys stare a beat. *Fucking creepy.*

SAM  
Any witnesses?

DONNA

(nodding)

Vic's wife, Fran Hinkle. Poor thing thought she was next. But the Bunny just up and walked out the door.

DEAN

ID him yet?

DONNA

Nope. No wallet... no cell... ran his prints, but no prior record. Couldn't even get our hands on him long enough to check for any identifying marks.

(then)

Only thing we do know-- he's Caucasian... roughly eighteen-to-twenty-five... and *terrifying*.

Doug pokes his head in.

DOUG

(to Donna)

Clive's on the line. Said it's an emergency.

Donna sighs. Duty calls. Turns to Sam and Dean:

DONNA

Just shoot a hoot, if ya need me.

As Donna heads out, Sam and Dean eye the Bunny, who just stares at them with dead plastic eyes.

DEAN

What's up, Doc?

Dean grins at his little joke. But... no response.

DEAN

Hey. Easier all around if you talk to us, pal.

The Bunny just stares back. It's unnerving. So Dean steps closer to the bars.

SAM

Careful.

(CONTINUED)

DEAN

What'd you do, pal? Drop too much Molly? Super-glue a mask to your mug then get all paranoid, stabbed a dude? Been there.

The Bunny is silent. Eerily still. Dean inches closer, more frustrated now.

SAM

Or-- lemme guess, Rog. You were framed.

Dean turns to grin at Sam. When he turns back around...

JUMP SCARE! The Bunny thrashes against the bars, like a caged animal. He reaches through the cell, grabbing Dean's shirt.

SAM

Dean!

DEAN

(grunting)

I got this.

Dean grabs the Bunny's collar. Smashes his head against the bars. Then douses him with a previously-hidden VIAL of HOLY WATER. No reaction. When, suddenly--

The Bunny grabs him in a choke hold. As Dean struggles:

DEAN

(choking)

Not a demon. Strong.

Sam pries off the Bunny. As he shoves the rabbit back in his cage, he notices-- in the scuffle-- he ripped the Bunny's flannel, exposing...

A "MINNESOTA TECH" T-shirt underneath and a tattoo on his chest reading: "KYLIE FOREVER."

Sam and Dean exchange a look. Then--

SAM

That'll work.

DEAN

Better be her. Last "Kylie" on the list.

The boys approach KYLIE (20), as she exits the building.

SAM

(flashing badge)  
Kylie Jennings?

KYLIE

(confused)  
Yes?

Dean holds up a mug shot of A MAN IN A BUNNY HEAD.

DEAN

(dead serious)  
Know this rabbit?

HOLD ON Kylie a beat, then a look of relief washes over her.

KYLIE

You found him?

The boys exchange a look.

SAM

Who is he?

KYLIE

Mike Hooks. My boyfriend.

SAM

Okay. Well... any idea why your *boyfriend* would stab someone?

KYLIE

(thrown)  
Wait... What?

DEAN

How did Mike know Stan Hinkle?

KYLIE

Who?

SAM

The victim.

(CONTINUED)

KYLIE

Hold on, just-- this makes no sense! I mean, why would Mike stab a complete stranger?!  
(then, realizing)

Oh god.

DEAN

What.

KYLIE

I don't know, I thought it was nothing... but he was acting really weird yesterday.

SAM

For example...?

KYLIE

After class, we went to a thrift shop. We needed costumes for a party off campus and Mike found this super creepy bunny mask. It grossed me out-- which he loved. But as soon as he put it on...

DEAN

That's when the weird started?

KYLIE

Yeah. He just stared at me. At first I thought he was messing around. But then he walked out without paying. He left his cell at the register, so I had no way of reaching him.

(then, tearing up)

Mike's, like, the sweetest, okay? But I'm telling you-- once he put on that mask... it was like he was a different person.

Kylie finally breaks down. As Sam and Dean sidebar:

SAM

(sotto)

If this is a *cursed object*...

DEAN

Gotta call Donna. Now.

11

EXT. POLICE STATION - DAY - LATER

11

Donna pushes the Bunny (aka "Mike Hooks", still in the mask, but now sedated and in handcuffs) in a wheelchair to a squad car, alongside Doug.

DOUG

(re: mask)

Really think the hospital can get this puppy off?

DONNA

Two words: bone saw.

They approach the squad car. As Doug opens the back door, Donna makes to lift Hooks out of the wheelchair. Doug races to Donna's aid. She furrows her brow.

DONNA

What? *Lady cops* can't handle the heavy lifting?

DOUG

I didn't mean-- I just figured-- guy's on tranquilizers. Dead weight. Didn't want'cha to hurt yourself.

DONNA

*Hurt myself?* I do Crossfit.

Chastened, Doug steps back.

DONNA

Just gotta engage your core and lift with the knees.

Donna braces herself. Leans in to lift Mike, but he doesn't budge. Donna looks embarrassed. Gives it another go. She's GRUNTING... straining... turning red.

DONNA

Uh... a little help would be nice.

Poor guy can't win. Doug rushes over. As they try to awkwardly lift the Bunny, Donna's CELLPHONE RINGS.

DONNA

Hold up.

They lower him back into the wheelchair. Donna fishes for her cell. Amidst the distraction...

(CONTINUED)



The Bunny slowly stands behind them, a la Michael Myers.

DONNA  
(re: phone)  
Those FBI boys...

As Doug turns to see the bunny--

DOUG  
Whoa.

Donna turns, the Bunny throws her to the ground!

Doug grabs his baton, attacks the Bunny, but the Bunny tosses him aside, like a sack of potatoes, stealing his baton.

As the Bunny goes after Donna and raises the baton to brain her, Doug fumbles for his gun. He aims. FIRES!

The Bunny grabs his chest, stumbles near the back of the car and drops out of sight. Donna draws her weapon. She and Doug slowly arc around the car, guns aimed, to see...

Mike's dead body, in a pool of blood, the bunny head having finally fallen off.

As a stunned Doug and Donna exchange a WTF? look...

CLOSE ON the matted, bloodied BUNNY HEAD. PULL OUT to see Sam, Dean, and Donna surrounding the cursed object, in an abandoned field.

As Sam douses it with gasoline, Dean turns to Donna, who's on the verge of tears.

DEAN  
You okay?

DONNA  
Not really. A nineteen-year-old kid is dead.

SAM  
That's not on you. Or Doug. He was just doing his job.

DONNA  
I know. But that kid was innocent. I mean, if the mask was cursed, then he was just a puppet, right?  
(MORE)

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CONTINUED:

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DONNA (CONT'D)  
(off Sam's nod)  
He was a victim, too.

Sam and Dean exchange a look. She's right.

Sam proffers a BOX of MATCHES:

SAM  
No one else is dying. Not this  
way.

Donna nods, takes them. Her dismay turns to determination as she strikes one and tosses it on the bunny head. WHOOSH!!!

As the threesome watches the furry mask go up in flames, satisfied that they subverted the threat...

13

INT. WEIGHT ROOM/OFFICE - NIGHT - LATER

13

BROCK BUCKNER (18), Cottage Grove High's STAR QUARTERBACK, is bench-pressing an obscene amount of weight (six 45 lb. plates, three on either side). On the wall behind him-- a rendering of a COURT JESTER (the school mascot).

COACH PHIL EVANS (40s, in obligatory poly-blend shorts) is spotting the athlete, in an otherwise empty weight room. As Brock GRUNTS, racking the bar--

COACH EVANS  
Nice job, Buckner. All your hard  
work's gonna pay off.

A sweaty Brock sits up, catching his breath.

BROCK  
Think so, Coach?

COACH EVANS  
Know so. Any scout would be a *damn*  
*fool* not to snatch you up. Just  
lay off the HGH. Might have to pee  
in a cup.

Coach Evans BARKS A LAUGH. He's joking... or is he?

COACH EVANS  
I'll be next door, if you need  
another spot.

The Coach steps into his adjoining office. (NOTE: A LARGE WINDOW allows us to see in from the weight room.)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BACK ON BROCK, as he lumbers over to the dumbbell rack. Puts in his earbuds. As Metallica's "ENTER SANDMAN" BLARES, he starts curling a pair of fifty pound dumbbells.

As Brock shamelessly checks himself out in the mirror... his breath starts to condense. He clocks it, but he's too "in-the-zone" to give a shit about a draft.

As he continues to work out, we SEE the door to the weight room CREAK OPEN. Then HEAR the FAINT JINGLING OF BELLS. But an oblivious Brock doesn't notice, thanks to Kirk Hammett's deafening guitar riffs.

A COURT JESTER-- complete with a terrifying porcelain mask-- slips in and approaches an unsuspecting Brock from behind.

His HAND grips a twenty-five pound kettlebell. And just when we think he's going to crush Brock's Cro-Mag skull...

He bypasses the jock all together, heading towards the Coach's office. Through the window, we SEE the Coach, sitting at his desk, on his computer.

ON COACH EVANS, as his DOOR CREAKS OPEN.

COACH EVANS

Need another spot?

JINGLE JINGLE. The Coach looks up. His face registers confusion-- then alarm-- as he sees the creepy Court Jester enter his office, kettlebell in hand. And just as the Jester's about to strike, we're...

BACK ON BROCK, finishing his set. As Brock pops out his earbuds, he HEARS THE COACH'S GUTTURAL SCREAM.

The Quarterback turns to see the Jester, repeatedly bludgeoning the bloodied Coach with the kettlebell.

ANGLE ON the Jester, about to deliver the death blow, when Brock charges into the office and tackles the mascot, as we...

BLACKOUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

14 INT. WEIGHT ROOM/OFFICE - NIGHT

14

Coach Evans' blood-splattered office is now a crime scene, cordoned off with POLICE TAPE. Sam, Dean, Donna, and Doug are gathered outside.

As Donna hangs up her cell, she updates the boys:

DONNA

Good news-- Coach is still alive.  
Bad news-- he's in a coma, so we're  
not outta the woods yet.

Officer Doug shakes his head in disbelief.

DOUG

*Two masked psychos in two days? I  
mean, what are the chances?*

Dean and Donna exchange a look. Then, covering:

DONNA

My guess? Copycat killer.

Dean nods, effusively.

DEAN

Damn social media.

Awkward beat. Then:

DOUG

Um... okay?

Sam tries to change the subject--

SAM

Talk to the kid yet?

DONNA

Be my guest.

The boys move off, turn their attention to Brock, who's being examined by a PARAMEDIC. Sam and Dean flash their badges.

SAM

Agents Elliot and Savage.

BROCK

Brock Buckner.

(CONTINUED)

DEAN

So, um... Brock. What'd you see?

BROCK

Not much, man. I was hammering my biceps. Getting all swole. And the next thing I know... Coach Evans is gettin' his ass kicked by the mascot.

SAM

Any idea who the mascot is?

BROCK

Why would I? I'm the quarterback. Besides, his mask wouldn't come off.

Sam and Dean exchange a glance. Then:

BROCK

Couldn't believe how strong he was, either. I mean, for a scrawny dude... he was strong as me. And I hold the state bench record.

DEAN

Really? What do you bench?

BROCK

Four plates.

Dean smirks-- that don't impress him much.

BROCK

On each side.

Dean's smirk disappears.

SAM

Okay. So outside the mask and the Jester "Hulking out," did you notice anything... *unusual*?

BROCK

What do you mean?

SAM

(casual)  
Power surges? Temperature fluctuations?

A beat. Then:

(CONTINUED)

BROCK

The weight room got really cold.

Off Sam and Dean, putting the pieces together...

15 INT. POLICE STATION - HOLDING CELL - NIGHT - LATER 15

CLOSE ON the Court Jester, standing in the holding cell.  
PULL OUT to see Sam, Dean, and Donna, standing outside,  
watching him. It's the wee hours of the night, station is  
empty.

Dean pulls an EMF from his duffle bag. As he waves it across  
the bars, the needle goes haywire.

DEAN

Ain't a cursed object.  
(off Donna's confusion)  
*Ghost possession.*

DONNA

Oh-fer-geez! Ghosts can possess  
people?!

SAM

Yeah, so, "Ghosts, 101"...  
Somebody's spirit might attach  
themselves to an object or a bunch  
of objects they left behind. In  
this case, masks.

DEAN

Whoever possesses the object--

SAM

--gets possessed.

Donna looks stumped.

DONNA

But if we can't get the masks  
off... how the heck do ya  
"unpossess" someone?

Dean tosses Sam an IRON RAILROAD SPIKE from the duffel. Good  
tool to have. Sam pockets it.

SAM

Everyone's got a weakness-- even  
ghosts.

(CONTINUED)

DEAN

They hate iron and salt. So if we spook the spook with a little salt, maybe we can pry it off?

Donna eagerly digs into her fanny pack. Pulls out a pantry's worth of supplies: sugar substitute... packets of nuts... dried fruit... and a SALT SHAKER.

Off Sam and Dean's look:

DONNA

My diet secret. One bite of dessert, then I dump salt on it. Kills the craving.

DEAN

(skeptical)  
That work?

DONNA

You betcha. On everything-- 'cept salted caramel.

DEAN

Well, that's real cute. But I was thinking something more like this.

Dean pulls out the SALT SHOTGUN. Donna GASPS.

DONNA

You said no one else was dying!

DEAN

Salt pellets.

BAM! Dean shoots the Jester. Donna's jaw drops. As the salt pellet hits the mascot, he collapses.

A SHADOWY SHAPE BOLTS OUT OF THE JESTER. Moments later, the mask falls off, revealing... a scared HIGH SCHOOL GIRL?

HIGH SCHOOL GIRL

What's going on?

As a handcuffed MICHELLE (the High School Girl, still in the Jester jumpsuit) *stares around shell-shocked*, Sam, Dean, and Donna sidebar--

DONNA  
Poor girl doesn't deserve to be  
locked up.

Sam and Dean exchange a look. Then:

SAM  
So let her go. No one saw her  
face, right?

DEAN  
He was a drifter, overpowered you,  
escaped...

DONNA  
(dry)  
Well there's some female  
empowerment right there...

Still, she looks over at the scared girl and back at the  
boys. She nods. She'll do it.

They approach the frightened girl--

DONNA  
Calm down, hon, okay? We just need  
to ask a few questions... then  
you're free to go.

Michelle looks at Donna, surprised.

MICHELLE  
*I am?*

DONNA  
Scout's honor.

DEAN  
(to Michelle)  
You have no memory of attacking  
Coach Evans?

MICHELLE  
No. I swear.  
(then)  
I was picking up the new mascot  
costume. Went to try it on. And  
the next thing I know... I'm in  
jail.

SAM  
Did you even know him?

(CONTINUED)



MICHELLE

(nodding)

I had him for PE last semester. I mean, he was sort of a hard ass.

(then, quickly)

But it's not like I wanted him dead!

DEAN

Where'd you get the costume, Michelle? Thrift store?

MICHELLE

No. Someone donated it to the school.

Dean arches a brow.

DEAN

Any idea who?

SAM (PRE-LAP)

Rita Johnson?

17

INT. RITA'S HOUSE - DAY (DAY 3)

17

Sam, Dean, and Donna stand outside a modest home, as RITA JOHNSON (30s) answers the door.

RITA

Yeah. Who's asking?

Rita furrows her brow, as Sam and Dean (still in Fed threads) flash their badges.

DEAN

Nothin' to get wrinkles about, ma'am. We just need to ask a few questions about a case in town.

Before Rita can respond, MAX, her twelve-year-old son, approaches.

MAX

Who is it, mom?

RITA

Max, honey, go finish your homework.

MAX

Why are the police here?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Rita glances at Max, hesitant. Sensing her unease, Donna smiles at him.

DONNA

Hey there, fella. Ever see a real cop car? I mean, if it's okay with your mom.

Rita nods. As Donna leads the youngster outside...

INT. RITA'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY - LATER

Sam and Dean sit with Rita at her kitchen table. As she pours them coffee:

RITA

The costumes belonged to my brother Chester.

SAM

So Chester... uh... liked to play "dress up"?

RITA

You could say that. He was a kids' party performer. Before he passed.

Rita pulls a photo off the fridge and hands it to Sam. It's of CHESTER JOHNSON (30s), in a clown suit and mask (not intentionally terrifying) making a balloon animal.

Sam bristles. *The man cannot handle clowns.* He quickly hands the photo to Dean, who rolls his eyes.

DEAN

So... how did Chester die?

RITA

My brother suffered from depression.

(then, solemn)

He took his life a couple months back. Jumped off a bridge.

SAM

Sorry to hear that.

Rita nods. So is she.

RITA

Max begged me to keep his costumes. He loved them-- loved his uncle. I mean, he lived with us.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

18

RITA (CONT'D)

So they were close. But... they just made me sad. So I donated them. To the local high school, theatre company...

DEAN

Thrift store?

RITA

Yeah. Places like that.

SAM

Can I ask where Chester's buried?

RITA

He's not. He was cremated.

Sam and Dean exchange a quick glance. Then--

SAM

Would you mind making a list of his costumes? I mean, as many as you can remember...

RITA

Sure. But...

(confused)

What does this have to do with your case?

SAM

That's what we're trying to figure out.

Rita nods, but still looks confused. Then--

DEAN

One last question... Did your brother have any sort of falling out with Stan Hinkle or Phil Evans? Or... anyone else you can think of?

RITA

What do you mean?

DEAN

Did he have any, um... *unfinished business* with anyone?

RITA

Not that I know of.

(then)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

RITA (CONT'D)

I don't think Chester even knew those guys.

Off Sam and Dean, at a loss...

EXT. RITA'S HOUSE - DAY - LATER

Sam and Dean stand next to the squad car, having just caught Donna up to speed (NOTE: Max has returned inside).

DONNA

I remember Chester's suicide. Real sad.

(then)

Now that we know he's the ghost-- how do we stop him?

DEAN

Usually, you gotta burn the bones. But he was cremated.

DONNA

So we're up Poop's Creek without a paddle?

SAM

Not exactly. Looks like he's tied to the costumes. So the only way to stop him is to burn 'em.

DONNA

Then we're already ahead of the game. I had Doug grab all the costumes from the high school.

SAM

Great.

(handing over a paper)

Here's a list of the rest. Can you and Doug round 'em up?

DONNA

Yeah, you betcha.

Dean turns to Sam. Sighs.

DEAN

Still gotta figure out Chester's beef with the vics.

(off Donna's look)

Ghosts come back for something personal. *Usually revenge.*

(CONTINUED)

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SAM

I'll head over to the hospital.  
Check on the Coach.

(to Dean)

See if you can track down Stan's  
widow...

Off the threesome, dispersing, marching orders in hand...

20

INT. HOSPITAL - ROOM - DAY - LATER

20

Coach Evans lies comatose in a hospital bed. A heart monitor  
BEEPS, a breathing machine WHIRS. The door CREAKS open.  
Then a BUNCH OF BALLOONS peeks in, being held by...

A FREAKY-ASS CLOWN (*wearing the same mask and costume from  
Rita's photo*). The Clown slowly approaches the Coach's  
bedside. CLOSE ON his gloved hand, as he removes a SCALPEL  
from his pocket.

PAN TO the hanging privacy curtain to see the Clown's shadow  
raise the scalpel... then slice the Coach's throat. Blood  
splatters across the pristine curtain. The heart monitor  
furiously BEEPS, then flat lines, as we...

BLACKOUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

21 INT. HOSPITAL - HALLWAY - DAY 21

TIGHT ON the masked Clown. PULL OUT slowly, as he makes his way down the hall, his scalpel dripping A TRAIL OF BLOOD. He rounds a corner, stepping into...

22 INT. HOSPITAL - ELEVATOR - DAY - CONTINUOUS 22

The elevator. The Clown comes face to face with Sam, who clocks the bloody scalpel. As the Clown presses "LOBBY," Sam tries not to panic-- he's in an ENCLOSED SPACE... with a KILLER CLOWN.

As the doors close, the Clown turns to Sam, his creepy plastered-on smile in full view. Sam sheepishly smiles back, as he discreetly fishes the RAILROAD SPIKE from his pocket.

Sam takes a deep breath. Then knocks the scalpel out of the Clown's gloved hand. The Clown pushes Sam against the elevator wall. A scuffle ensues. As the Clown reaches for the scalpel... Sam presses the iron spike into the Clown's bare skin.

A SHADOWY SHAPE ZINGS OUT. Sam rips the clown mask off to reveal... A SIXTY-YEAR-OLD MAN. A beat. Then--

SIXTY-YEAR-OLD MAN

(confused)

Who the hell are you?!

23 INT. HOSPITAL - ROOM - DAY - LATER 23

Donna watches a CORONER load Coach Evans' CORPSE (in a body bag) onto a stretcher. Sam enters, holding the clown mask. As he hands it to Donna:

DONNA

Get a story outta Bozo?

SAM

Name's Steve Buress. Sixty years old. Retired GP. Apparently, he was playing dress up with his grandson and the next thing he knew...

(then)

Doesn't even know how he got to the hospital.

DONNA

He "escape" too?

(CONTINUED)

Sam nods. Yup. Donna sighs.

DONNA

I'm so losing my job.

Just then, Doug enters.

DOUG

I was on my way to Woodbury to pick up a Woodpecker costume-- but then got the call about the Coach.

DONNA

This time-- *Killer Clown*. Already put out an APB.

DOUG

(exasperated)

What the heck is going on in this doggone town?!

DONNA

Told ya. *Copycat killers*.

DOUG

So... this is a *copycat* of a *copycat*?

Donna sighs, annoyed.

DONNA

C'mon, Doug. It's not that hard to wrap your noggin around, is it?

Doug rubs his eyes, weary. *Defeated*.

DOUG

Whatever you say, Sheriff.

(then)

I'm gonna go pick up the Woodpecker.

After he exits--

SAM

Think maybe you should give the guy a break? I mean, I wouldn't buy the stuff you're sellin', either.

DONNA

Yeah, well, I don't have time for insubordination.

(CONTINUED)

SAM

Or...

(treading lightly)

Maybe you're treating "New Doug"  
like "Old Doug" and not even giving  
him a chance?

A beat, as Donna processes. Then--

DONNA

Know what *I think*? You need to  
mind your own beeswax. We got a  
case to solve.

Donna pushes past him. Sam sighs. *Alrighty then.*

Dean sits with a bereft Fran Hinkle at her kitchen table.

FRAN

Stan and Phil were college  
roommates. Knew each other since  
they were eighteen. Like brothers.

DEAN

All those years of friendship, did  
your husband or the Coach ever  
happen to know a guy named Chester  
Johnson? Children's performer?

A beat. Then Fran's face darkens.

FRAN

Yeah, they knew--

(cutting herself off,  
disgusted)

Can't even say his name. Makes me  
sick.

(off Dean's look)

I know you shouldn't speak ill of  
the dead, but I have nothing nice  
to say about *that man*.

Off Fran's revulsion and Dean's confusion...

Dean walks to the Impala, cell to ear.



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CONTINUED:

25

DEAN  
(into cell)  
A killer clown. You're serious.

CUT TO:

26

INT. HOSPITAL - HALLWAY - DAY - INTERCUT

26

Sam paces, on his cell.

SAM

(into cell)

No, I'm totally joking. Because  
clowns are so funny to me.

Dean eye-rolls.

DEAN

You take care of it?

SAM

Yeah.

(then)

What about you? Anything?

DEAN

Turns out Stan and the Coach were  
besties, from way back... who  
accused Chester of crossing the  
line with their kids.

SAM

Crossing the line how?

DEAN

Take a wild guess.

A beat. Then:

SAM

Oh.

DEAN

Yeah. But they didn't go to the  
cops because they didn't wanna  
embarrass their kids... So they  
decided to track down Chester  
themselves. They go to his house,  
they get Rita instead.

SAM

So she lied? Chester did know the  
vics.

DEAN

Apparently. Fran says Rita told  
them to screw off. And before they  
had a chance to confront Chester...  
he killed himself.

(CONTINUED)

SAM

So... *suicide* led to *vengeful*  
*spirit*? Not like we haven't seen  
it before.

DEAN

Or... maybe it wasn't suicide.

Off that food for thought...

INT. RITA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Dean (now in street clothes) KNOCKS on the door. Max answers  
it.

DEAN

Hey, there. Your mom home?

MAX

Not yet. But you can wait inside.

As Max lets Dean in, he spots a deck of cards fanned out on  
the table.

DEAN

Poker? I can show you a move or  
two.

MAX

Magic trick. Something my uncle  
taught me.

Dean nods.

DEAN

You were close with him, huh?

MAX

Yeah. Mom's always working at the  
diner, so I hung out with him a  
lot. We'd ride bikes... go to  
movies... I even got to be his  
assistant at parties!

(shrugging)

It was cool. I miss him.

DEAN

Sounds like he was a good guy.

(CONTINUED)

MAX

He was.

(then, darkening)

What those men said about him... it  
wasn't true.

Just then, Rita enters, with Sam (also now in street clothes)  
in tow. And she's not happy.

RITA

Excuse me! I don't appreciate you  
talking to my son while I'm not  
home!

DEAN

Just tradin' card tricks, that's  
all.

RITA

Why are you even here? I told you  
everything I know.

Dean shrugs, loathe to speak with Max around.

RITA

Honey. Go to your room.

Max nods. Gathers his cards and exits. Sam turns to Rita--

SAM

We know Stan and the Coach  
confronted you about Chester.

Rita reacts. She's caught. But defiant.

RITA

That's none of your damn business.  
And has nothing to do with any of  
this.

SAM

Those men were murdered. And  
whether or not you believe it, it's  
connected to your brother.

RITA

How? Chester's dead. Killed  
himself.

DEAN

You sure about that?

Rita looks scared. Backed into a corner.

(CONTINUED)

SAM

You need to tell us the truth.  
People's lives are at stake.

But Rita's tentative. She remains tight-lipped.

DEAN

Maybe even yours. Or Max's.

HOLD ON Rita a long beat. Then she takes a deep breath--  
ready to open the floodgates.

RITA

A couple months ago, Stan and the  
Coach came by. They said Chester  
was with their kids-- did something  
"inappropriate."

(then)

I got defensive. I mean, Chester  
was a sweet guy. Like a dad to  
Max. So I told 'em to get lost.  
If they had a problem with my  
brother, they could go to the cops.

SAM

But they didn't?

RITA

They had no evidence.

Rita looks down, ashamed.

RITA

But then I started to have my  
doubts. I mean, as much as I  
wanted to defend my brother, what  
they said really got under my skin.

(then)

Chester was always a little... *off*.  
Only got along with kids-- which is  
why he became a party performer. I  
spent my whole life sticking up for  
my brother. What if I couldn't see  
him for who he really was?

Sam and Dean exchange a loaded glance. Then:

(CONTINUED)

RITA

Max and Chester were so close. What if Chester was hurting him and I didn't know? I mean, Chester was my brother. But Max is my son.

SAM

You wanted to protect him.

RITA

(nodding)

How could I look the other way? I just needed to suck it up and face my biggest fear. I mean, if not me... *then who?*

ON SAM, as this lands on him. Rita reaches for a tissue. As she tries to compose herself--

RITA

I should've talked to Chester. Should've gone to him first. But instead, I called Stan back. He said they'd take care of it. Promised me they weren't going to hurt Chester-- just scare him... which I thought, "a good scare," maybe that's all he needed?

(then)

One day, while Chester was at work, I told them where he was...

CUT TO:

EXT. MIDDLE SCHOOL - PARKING LOT - DAY (FLASHBACK)

CHESTER JOHNSON (30s) walks to his car at the rear of a parking lot. He's dressed as a DEER, carrying the ANTLERED BUCK HEAD of the costume.

He unlocks the driver's side door. As he tosses the BUCK HEAD in the backseat, he HEARS FOOTSTEPS. Turns to see...

Stan and Coach Evans, approaching.

STAN

Going somewhere?

CHESTER

(confused)

Yeah. Home.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The Coach slams the car door shut.

COACH EVANS

I don't think so.

As the men grab Chester, he SCREAMS. PUSH IN on his frightened face, as we...

MATCH CUT TO:

EXT. BRIDGE - DAY - LATER (FLASHBACK)

CLOSE ON Chester's face, frozen in terror, now hanging upside down. PULL OUT to reveal he's being dangled over the side of a bridge by Stan and the Coach.

CHESTER

Why are you doing this?!

COACH EVANS

You know why, sicko! Leave our kids alone!

CHESTER

I would never hurt your kids-- or anyone else's! I love kids!

Stan's eyes narrow into steely slits.

STAN

Yeah. We know.

They look at each other. Nod. Convinced they sufficiently scared the shit out of Chester, the men start to reel him back in. But a petrified Chester tries to wriggle free.

CHESTER

Lemme go! Lemme go!

COACH EVANS

Stop it! We're not gonna--

But Chester's too terrified to listen and continues to flounder. The men try to maintain their hold. But full-on panic sets in. And before they can do anything...

Chester jerks free... falling over the side of the bridge.

CUT BACK TO:

30

INT. RITA'S HOUSE - NIGHT - (PRESENT)

30

Rita's eyes well with tears, as she finishes telling her story to Sam and Dean.

RITA

They didn't mean to kill him. Said it was an accident.

(then, sobbing)

But I wasn't there. I didn't know what to believe. I wanted to call the cops. Explain what happened. But Stan said we'd all go to jail. And I couldn't do that to Max. He already lost a father... and an uncle. He couldn't lose me.

(then, ashamed)

So I didn't say anything.

Rita looks down, guilty.

RITA

Fear can cripple you-- make you do nothing. Or worse... *something you regret.*

ON SAM, glancing at Dean, as this strikes a chord.

RITA

I just... should've trusted him. I should've talked to my brother.

As Rita breaks down again, Sam's CELL RINGS. He steps away to answer it.

SAM

(into cell)

What's going on?

CUT TO:

31

EXT. FIELD - NIGHT - SAME

31

Donna's in the same abandoned field (from Act One), on her cell. She's next to Doug... and a SMOLDERING MOUND OF MASKS.

DONNA

(into cell, proud)

Tracked down every last costume.

INTERCUT:

(CONTINUED)



"Plush"  
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SAM

You didn't happen to see a deer  
head, did you?

DONNA

Deer head? That wasn't on the  
list.

Rita glances over Dean's shoulder. Her eyes go wide.

RITA

Oh my god...

Dean turns. WHAM! He's thrown against the wall by Max, now  
wearing the ANTLERED BUCK HEAD. *Oh deer.*

BLACKOUT.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

32 INT. RITA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

32

Max, wearing the deer head, *possessed by his Uncle Chester*, stalks towards a terrified Rita.

As Dean tries to recover, Sam pulls the railroad spike from his pocket. Charges Max. But Max, now fueled with superhuman strength, swats him aside like a fly.

Sam falls to the ground, crashing into furniture. The spike scatters.

Dean, recovering, spots it near him as-- Max turns to Rita. Violently grabs her.

RITA

Max, honey? Please! What are you doing?!

Dean shoots up. Presses the railroad spike into Max's skin. As WHOOSH-- A SHADOWY SHAPE ZIPS OUT.

Max lets go of his mother. Collapses to the ground. The deer head falls off, leaving the kid disoriented and confused.

MAX

Mommy? What's going on?

As Rita embraces her scared son, Dean tosses the mask to Sam.

DEAN

Burn this! Fast!

33 EXT. RITA'S HOUSE - NIGHT - MOMENTS LATER

33

Sam rushes from the house towards the Impala, mask in hand.

34 INT. RITA'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

34

Dean whips open cabinets in the kitchen as Rita and Max look on, bewildered.

DEAN

Salt!?

He finds a CANNISTER of it in a drawer...

35 EXT. RITA'S HOUSE - NIGHT 35  
Sam grabs a can of gasoline from the trunk. And just as he's about to douse the deer head...

CHESTER JOHNSON'S GHOST forms behind him. Desperate to protect the mask-- *the only thing keeping him tethered to this world--* the vengeful spirit has finally materialized.

Before Sam realizes he has company, Chester knocks the deer head out of his hand. Then brutally slams Sam against the Impala. As Sam hits the pavement, knocked out cold...

36 INT. RITA'S HOUSE - NIGHT - SAME 36  
Dean pours salt to form a circle around Rita and Max.

DEAN  
Whatever you do-- don't leave this circle.

RITA  
I... don't understand.

DEAN  
Ghosts.  
(off Rita's look)  
You wanna know how this all ties to your brother? Cause and effect, lady-- wrongful death spawns vengeful spirit.

RITA  
(in disbelief)  
What?

JUMP SCARE! Chester's Ghost now appears in the house. Rita and Max look shocked.

RITA  
Chester?

Chester makes a move towards Rita, but Dean cuts him off at the pass, sealing the salt circle.

Furious, Chester's Ghost charges Dean. Dean drops the salt, pulls the iron spike from his pocket. But he's no match for the vengeful spirit, who telekinetically ratchets him through french doors into--

The Dining Room, where Dean crashes into the floor.

Chester's Ghost moves to follow, when--

(CONTINUED)

MAX  
Uncle Chester! No!

Chester's Ghost momentarily stops. Stares at his nephew.

And just when we think Max's pleas might get through... the vengeful spirit turns his wrath back on Dean.

EXT. RITA'S HOUSE - NIGHT - MOMENTS LATER

An unconscious Sam lies on the pavement. His eyelids flutter. A beat, as he tries to get his bearings. Then, remembering the urgency of the situation, he bolts upright.

Sam grabs the deer head and hurriedly soaks it in gasoline. As he strikes a match and tosses it on the mask...

INT. RITA'S HOUSE - DINING ROOM - NIGHT - SAME

Chester lifts Dean up, choking him with one hand, the other pinning back Dean's hand holding the railroad spike. And just as the ghost is about to choke the life out of him...

EXT. RITA'S HOUSE - NIGHT - SAME

CLOSE ON the deer head, now engulfed in flames. As the fur starts to CRACKLE and MELT...

INT. RITA'S HOUSE - DINING ROOM/LIVING ROOM - NIGHT - SAME 40

Chester's Ghost suddenly stops choking Dean. He WAILS-- in agony and rage-- as he starts to disappear. As his spirit flickers out, Dean is finally let go.

Dean crashes to the ground, GASPING for air. He looks into the living room to see Rita and Max, standing in the doorway, in shock, as we...

BLACKOUT.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

41 INT. RITA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

41

As Doug tends to a shaken Rita and Max in the BG, Donna says her goodbyes to Sam and Dean.

DONNA

Well, here's hoping something less  
*murderous* brings ya back to  
Minnesota. Like Prince. Or Cheese  
Curd Fest.

DEAN

You had me at "curd".

Donna smiles. Then sighs, exhausted.

DONNA

Don't know how you two do this, day  
in, day out. Figuring out who's  
possessed... who isn't.  
(matter of fact)  
Your life's one big poop storm,  
isn't it?

DEAN

(smiling)  
Spoken like a true hunter.

DONNA

Hunter? Really?

SAM

Yup. Three cases under your belt?  
You earned the title.

As a proud Donna hugs the boys goodbye, Doug waves her over.  
ON DONNA, as she moves towards him--

DOUG

So... been a crazy couple o'days.

DONNA

Darn tootin'.  
(then)  
But you've been great. I really  
appreciate all your hard work.  
And... I'm real sorry if I've been  
a little, um... *tough* on ya.

(CONTINUED)

"Plush"  
CONTINUED:

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DOUG  
Ya mean treatin' me like a *punching*  
*bag*?

Donna looks embarrassed. But Doug buffers it with a warm smile.

DOUG  
It's okay. Really. I got baggage,  
too, Donna. Everyone does.

Donna softens, as their eyes meet.

DOUG  
(flirtatious)  
And if it makes ya feel any better,  
you can call me by my middle  
name... "Lonnie".

Donna makes a face. Then starts to giggle. Doug joins in. Amidst their laughter:

DONNA  
I think Doug will do just fine.

Off this whisper of romantic confusion, we...

DISSOLVE TO:

42

INT. IMPALA - NIGHT - LATER

42

Sam and Dean drive in silence. Dean focuses on the road. Sam stares out the window. Both are lost in thought. Then--

SAM  
I keep praying to God because-- if  
it is God, and I know you think it  
isn't, but if it is-- he's showing  
me something I don't know what to  
do with.

DEAN  
What?

SAM  
The Cage.

DEAN  
Lucifer's Cage?

Sam nods. Swallows. He's really freaked out by this.

(CONTINUED)

SAM

What if he's-- what if he's telling me I have to go back there? That's where the answer to stopping the Darkness is?

Dean absorbs that a moment. Grips the wheel harder.

DEAN

No.

(off Sam's look)

Look. I don't know if these visions are coming from God or PBS or what. But we've been down this road. Anything to do with that cage is suicide. You of all people know that. So just-- no.

Sam nods. Quietly grateful to be let off the hook.

SAM

Okay.

DEAN

Good.

Sam glances back out the window. Dean focuses on the road, as we...

BLACKOUT.

TO BE CONTINUED...