

SUPERNATURAL

Episode #1216

"Ladies Drink Free"

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Episode #1216

"Ladies Drink Free"

REVISION HISTORY

Revision	Date	Revised Pages
Production Draft - White	12/02/16	

CAST LIST

SAM WINCHESTER
DEAN WINCHESTER

CLAIRE NOVAK
JODY MILLS
MICK DAVIES

ANDREA MURRAY
BARBARA FOSTER
BEN FOSTER
CONNOR
HAYDEN FOSTER
JUSTIN

JARED PADALECKI
JENSEN ACKLES

KATHRYN LOVE NEWTON
KIM RHODES
ADAM FERGUS

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SUPERNATURAL
"Ladies Drink Free"

TEASER

FADE IN:

1 EXT. BAR - NIGHT (DAY 1) 1

HEAVY BASSLINE thumps from inside a local DIVE. Double doors open-- a knockout girl stumbles out. HAYDEN FOSTER (16 going on 26)-- paces, bent over her GLOWING PHONE, tapping out a heated text: "Are you calling me a liar. Seriously?" *

AROUND HER, the Main Street is dark... silent and empty.

As she hits send, we go TIGHT on her SCREEN-- the DISTORTED REFLECTION of a FACE, floating up from behind her-- a HAND falls on her shoulder-- BOO SCARE! Hayden turns and exhales. It's only her brother, BEN (18, cute, Carhartt jacket).

He holds up his own glowing PHONE.

BEN

Yeah, "seriously." You are so busted.

Hayden exhales. SHIT. CUT TO--

2 EXT. ROAD - LATER 2

Ben pushes a BIKE down a dirt road on the edge of town. Hayden lopes beside him, swinging her PURSE.

HAYDEN

You're beyond lame, you know that?
(he ignores her)
Let's go back. Please? I can get you in. Ever had a Moscow Mule?

BEN

Moscow Mule? Can you just, for once, act your age?

HAYDEN

Says the guy still riding his bike around.

BEN

And stop hounding mom about buying us a car, she's doing the best she can.

(CONTINUED)

HAYDEN
(sotto, re: the town)
Two more years... I'm so gone.

SNAP! Something RUSTLES in the TREES. On a BEND JUST UP AHEAD. Hayden slows...

HAYDEN
Hold up, did you hear that?

BEN
They're called animals.

But Hayden's not convinced, she clutches Ben's arm.

HAYDEN
Let's just go back to town.

BEN
No, Hayden. Come on--

HAYDEN
Have you, like, never seen a horror movie? Two kids, dark road, creepy noise in the woods?
(then)
We keep walking and boom! Some guy in a clown mask pops out, wailing a machete.

BEN
Machete clown? Really?

HAYDEN
It was on the news.

BEN
(eyeroll)
You're such a drama queen. There's nothing there.

HAYDEN
But--

BEN
Fine. I'll prove it.

Ben sets his bike down and DISAPPEARS into the trees... the moment he's gone, we FAVOR HAYDEN, as A WICKED GRIN spreads across her face-- she tricked him! Hayden sing-song-sottos--

HAYDEN
Suuck-er...

"Ladies..."
CONTINUED: (2)

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2

Then PULLS her PHONE, texting "BAE": "*Coming right back--*"
She turns-- walks briskly toward the LIGHTS OF TOWN. CUT TO--

EXT. WOODS - CONTINUOUS

3

BEN. Moving through the shadowy trees, glancing around. And we CUT TO--

ANOTHER POV. Watching him. Ben turns away--

BEN
See-- told you!

High-pitched HORROR-MOVIE music swells-- and just when we fear something's about to LEAP OUT and ATTACK--

HAYDEN'S SCREAM slashes the night! Ben looks up-- shit!

He turns-- RACING back through the woods-- toward the road--

EXT. ROAD - CONTINUOUS

4

Ben bursts from the trees-- Hayden's sprawled on the ground-- unconscious, arms covered in deep BLOODY DEFENSIVE WOUNDS-- her shirt TORN at the shoulder, GORE-SPLATTERED.

BEN
Hayden!

Ben rushes to her-- bending down--

And revealing a FIGURE STANDING RIGHT BEHIND HIM! A man in a SKULL-PRINT SKI MASK (like <http://tinyurl.com/j9xe4dc>)!

Ben feels the presence-- turns-- and SCREAMS, as--

BLOOD SPLATTERS the road. A beat, then... Ben's body drops to the ground with a THUD. A HOLE RIPPED IN HIS CHEST-- like someone TORE OUT HIS HEART. CAMERA SWINGS--

Back to Hayden, unconscious in the moonlight, hair spilling around her face like a macabre Sleeping Beauty.

As a SINISTER SHADOW LOOMS over her--

BLACKOUT.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

5 INT. BMOL HQ - MAIN AREA - NIGHT (DAY 2)

5

The warehouse base has been cleaned in the wake of Ep. 1214, but a few grim reminders of the vampire attack remain-- a dark SMEAR on the concrete floor, VACANT command stations.

SAM and DEAN WINCHESTER loiter. A beat, then--

DEAN

That's it. Waitin' in the car--

SAM

Dean.

DEAN

No, getting jobs from these dicks is one thing, but I didn't sign up for this reporting for duty crap. Especially when they're-- (late)

MICK (O.S.)

Sorry I'm late.

Sam and Dean turn-- to see MICK DAVIES. Harried, under-slept.

MICK

My daily report to the home office ran long. We've had our hands full since...

(looks to the smear)

Well, best not to dwell on all that.

DEAN

Wow, that is some world class repression. You are British.

MICK

We prefer to call it a stiff upper lip.

SAM

So what's with the bat signal?

MICK

There was an incident in Wisconsin-- "animal attack." A girl named Hayden Foster's in the hospital-- but her brother lost his heart. Looks like a werewolf.

*

SAM

They don't usually leave survivors.

(CONTINUED)

DEAN

Freak probably got spooked before
it could finish the job.

MICK

Perhaps, but-- it generally takes
more than that to put a werewolf
off its supper.

DEAN

So you're an expert now?

MICK

Well... I did read lycanthropy at
Kendricks.

SAM

...Kendricks?

MICK

The Kendricks School. It's where
the British Men of Letters train
their operatives. It's like our--

SAM

Hogwarts?

MICK

Exactly.

Dean rolls his eyes, as Mick continues--

MICK

The Kendricks School houses the
largest collection of occult lore
in the world.

Sam's impressed-- Dean just rolls his eyes--

SAM

Cool.

MICK

So, when it comes to werewolves,
I'm not entirely ignorant. For
example: this attack didn't happen
on a full moon, so we're dealing
with a pure blood.

DEAN

(duh)

You think? Sounds like a milk run.

MICK

Then you won't mind if I tag along.

The boys trade a look--

SAM

Look, Mick... I don't think
hunting's really your thing.

MICK

No. But perhaps it should be.

Mick's gaze drifts around the empty workstations.

MICK

My team was the best, but-- most of
us were thinkers, not fighters, and--
(beat, pained)
That didn't work so well, did it?

DEAN

So you wanna be like us now?

MICK

I want to be ready. For whatever's
next.

INT. BMOL HQ - CORRIDOR - MOMENTS LATER

The boys sidebar. Behind them, Mick gathers supplies.

DEAN

He's dead weight, and you know it.

SAM

Mick's inexperienced-- but these
guys have some serious knowledge.
They've got a school.

DEAN

So? What we do-- you can't learn
this crap in a book. You put on a
flannel, pick up a gun, go out
there and either get good fast, or
get dead faster.

SAM

Look, Dean, we're working with
these people now, and-- we're
getting wins. Saving people. The
better they are, the better we are--

*
*
*
*

On Dean as that lands.

(CONTINUED)

"Ladies..."
CONTINUED:

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6

6

SAM

--Mick held his own with the Alpha,
we should give him a shot. Maybe
he'll come in handy.

*
*

DEAN

Or maybe he gets himself killed.

A POLITE COUGH. Mick's behind him. Sam and Dean turn--

MICK

I heard that.

DEAN

Good.

(then, to Sam)

If he comes, you're babysitting him.

Dean moves off-- Sam shoots Mick an apologetic look--

7

INT./EXT. IMPALA - NIGHT (PMP)

7

TIGHT ON Dean. Gripping the wheel. Bored and miserable--

STUFFY BRIT HISTORIAN (ON PODCAST)

-- *In Luther's 27th thesis, the
word "jingle" is an obvious nod to
canny fifteenth century monk...*

DEAN

Had to let him put on his podcast.

WIDEN. MICK rides in back. Sam's shotgun-- a THICK TOME of
LORE in his lap-- he looks at Dean, can't resist needling--

SAM

Come on, it's educational. I've
been wanting to hear this one.

Dean shoots him a DEATH GLARE--

MICK

You know, monks like Martin Luther,
were among the earliest Hunters.
Some even wrote parts of the book
you're holding.

*

SAM

This lore dates back to the
sixteenth century?

*
*

(CONTINUED)

MICK

In Europe, everything's old--
though we do have our share of new
tricks for dealing with wolves.

(then)

Sulfate gas, silver nitrate lethal
injection, that sort'a thing.

Sam's impressed-- Dean snaps the radio off.

DEAN

Take a handful of silver bullets
over any of that fancy crap.

MICK

Yes, well, thanks to that "fancy
crap," Britain's last werewolf
outbreak was in the twenties. We
rooted them out, bitten and
pureblood alike.

SAM

Wait-- you killed them all? Even if
they weren't hurting anyone?

MICK

Sorry?

SAM

Werewolves aren't like most
monsters. Some can control it.
A buddy of ours got bit: nothin'
but beef hearts ever since.

DEAN

He's got a wife, a kid. They send
us a friggin' Christmas card.

MICK

And... you trust him?

(off Sam and Dean)

I mean-- killing's a fundamental
need for werewolves, and-- monsters
don't just stop being monsters.

SAM

Garth did.

On Mick, struggling to understand the boys' point of view. A
beat, then-- Mick leans forward-- points--

MICK

Turn here.

"Ladies..."
CONTINUED: (2)

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7

7

DEAN

Here?

8

EXT. WILD ELK LODGE - NIGHT

8

The IMPALA pulls to a stop in front of an imposing, LUXURY HOTEL. Valet stand, bellboys, etc...

MICK climbs out, SAM and DEAN right behind. Both staring--

SAM

This looks a little...

MICK

Shabby? Three stars, best I could do. Least our bean counters'll be happy when they see the bill, eh? I booked us each a suite.

SAM

We're in separate rooms?

MICK

Course.

And that's a new one for our boys...

DEAN

Three stars-- we talkin' fresh towels, little baby shampoos...?

MICK

And-- I believe-- there's a pool.

Mick moves ahead-- and Dean looks to Sam-- mouthing: "A pool!" Our guys WALK IN, and we MATCH CUT TO--

9

EXT. WILD ELK LODGE - DAY (DAY 3)

9

THE NEXT MORNING. Sam and Dean-- in FED THREADS-- exit. Dean's in a fantastic mood--

DEAN

-- The pillows, the little chocolates-- I'm ruined, Sammy. These British sons of bitches ruined me. Even had myself a morning swim.

SAM

You brought a swimsuit?

(CONTINUED)

DEAN

Cutoffs, dude. What about you?

SAM

Dug into more of Mick's lore books.

DEAN

Man, three stars is wasted on you.

SAM

It's crazy, in the thirties, they were onto a treatment for werewolves-- this blood therapy--

MICK (O.S.)

Plasma-therapy.

Sam and Dean look up-- to see MICK standing by the IMPALA.

MICK

Useless in the end, I'm afraid.
How'd you find the accommodations?

Dean goes deadpan. Gives the Impala a thump--

DEAN

Had better nights sleep in my baby.

Mick shrugs, climbs in-- Sam shoots Dean a look--

DEAN

Like he deserves the satisfaction.

They GET IN THE CAR-- doors slam-- and we CUT TO--

An IV drips. A heart monitor thrums. Hayden SLEEPS in bed, arms heavily BANDAGED. Her mother, BARBARA (40s, red-eyed and weary), grips Hayden's hand.

Camera PULLS BACK into the HALLWAY-- SAM, DEAN and MICK observe through a WINDOW looking out to the HALLWAY. Mick starts for the door-- Sam stops him--

SAM

Let us. Talking to a grieving family-- it's tougher than you think.

MICK

(bristling)
I'm a quick study.

"Ladies..."
CONTINUED:

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10

10

DEAN

Yeah, good for you-- stay here,
keep watch. Anything comes up-- I
dunno-- whistle.

With that, Sam and Dean move on-- leaving Mick sidelined...

11

INT. HOSPITAL - HAYDEN'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

11

BARBARA looks up as the boys enter.

SAM

Mrs. Foster?

(she nods)

Sorry to bother you-- I'm Agent
McVie, this is Agent Fleetwood,
we'd like to ask your daughter a
few questions.

BARBARA

She's sleeping.

DEAN

I promise, we'll be quick--

BARBARA

(firmly)

I said no.

(then, softening)

Hayden needs her rest, she...

Barbara's eyes go to Hayden-- she's trying to stay strong--
as Sam and Dean trade a look-- what now?-- then--

MICK ENTERS. Wearing a DOCTOR'S COAT.

MICK

Morning, and how's our patient today?

He PICKS UP HAYDEN'S CHART.

BARBARA

I'm sorry-- who are you?

Mick just smiles-- RADIATING CONFIDENCE--

MICK

Doctor Tennant, I'm a visiting
physician, from London. Hayden's
attending, Doctor--

(checking the chart)

Markum, asked me to look in on her.

(then, pointed)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

"Ladies..."

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11

CONTINUED:

11

MICK (CONT'D)

Would you mind giving me a moment?
Maybe talk outside?

He shoots Sam and Dean a look, as Barbara nods--

BARBARA

I-- of course, doctor.

She exits, Sam and Dean right behind. Sam gives Mick a nod--
nice work-- and when they're gone--

Mick PULLS THE CURTAIN over the room's window, turns-- and
HAYDEN IS AWAKE. Staring at him. Groggy...

HAYDEN

...where's my mom?

12

INT. HOSPITAL - HALLWAY - DAY

12

SAM and DEAN talk to BARBARA-- who's SHATTERED--

BARBARA

...I-- I don't even know what my
kids were doing out there.

(then)

Hayden was supposed to be sleeping
at a friend's, and Ben--

Her voice catches-- can't believe he's gone--

BARBARA

I keep telling myself this is a
nightmare, that I'll just wake up,
but...

(fighting back emotion)

I'm sorry.

DEAN

Don't be.

SAM

After what you've been through,
you've got nothing to apologize
for.

13

INT. HOSPITAL - HAYDEN'S ROOM - DAY

13

Mick peels back the bandages on Hayden's arm-- revealing
JAGGED CLAW MARKS. But no bites. He exhales-- relieved.

(CONTINUED)

"Ladies..."
CONTINUED:

Production Draft

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13

13

HAYDEN
(dazed, sedated)
-- I don't know what happened... it
was so fast--

*
*

MICK
You've had quite a shock.

As he speaks, Mick unwinds the final bandage on her UNDER ARM--
revealing a deep WEREWOLF BITE.

OFF MICK-- swallowing hard-- his worst fears confirmed--

14

INT. HOSPITAL - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

14

BARBARA wipes her eyes-- collecting herself--

BARBARA
I'm just glad the FBI's here,
instead of those crazies.

DEAN
Crazies?

BARBARA
Bigfoot truthers. Calling, sending
emails-- they think Hayden was...
(shakes her head)
Like I said, crazy. This girl even
came by-- said she was from the
Fish And Wildlife Service. Barely
old as Hayden-- like I was gonna
buy that.

Sam cuts Dean a look: could another Hunter be on the case?

SAM
You remember what she looked like?

BARBARA
Blonde, with a bad attitude. I've
got her card somewhere--

As she fishes through her bag-- handing the card to SAM--
MICK EXITS Hayden's room. Barbara turns to him--

BARBARA
Is she--?

MICK
Your daughter's doing very well.
She'll be home in no time.

(CONTINUED)

"Ladies..."
CONTINUED:

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14

14

BARBARA
(so grateful)
That's-- thank you so much.

Mick forces a smile, as Dean NODS MICK AWAY--

DEAN
Doc?

Mick moves to him, SAM joins them.

SAM
So?

DEAN
Hayden get bit?

MICK
(beat, then--)
No. She's a lucky girl.

SAM
Good.
(then, to Dean)
What about the girl from "Fish and
Wildlife"? You think--

DEAN
Young, blonde, pissed off... sound
like anyone we know?

15 INT./EXT. CLAIRE'S CAR - DAY

15

Camera moves through the messy backseat-- fast food wrappers,
comic books (Batgirl!), clothes. Camera PANS UP--

A YOUNG WOMAN leans against the car. Tank top, ponytail:
CLAIRE NOVAK. She looks exhausted-- staring at a text chain
on her phone. The last message from Jody: "How's the trip?
Go Badgers?" Claire struggles with how to respond... then
finally taps: "Campus is nice."

RRTTT--! A SHOEBOX full of BURNER PHONES sitting on the
passenger seat rattles. Claire grabs one labeled "F&W"--

CLAIRE (INTO PHONE)
This is Agent Beatrice Quimby--

DEAN (ON THE PHONE)
Oh, thank God! There's a bear!
Size of a friggin' tank! I-- I
think it wants my--
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

"Ladies..."

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15

CONTINUED:

15

DEAN (ON THE PHONE) (CONT'D)
(ala Yogi Bear)
Pic-a-nic basket!

CLAIRE (INTO PHONE)
(sigh)
Hi Dean.

16

INT. WILD ELK LODGE - DEAN'S ROOM - NIGHT

16

Rustic/swanky. CLAIRE sits across from SAM and DEAN.

DEAN
Fish and Wildlife? Really?

Claire shrugs-- *what?*

SAM
Claire, what are you doing here?

CLAIRE
Same as you-- werewolf case.

Mick WALKS UP with BEERS from the mini-bar.

CLAIRE
Who's he?

MICK
Mick Davies, Men of Letters.
British.

Claire scrunches up her nose-- *the what?*

DEAN
Long story. Merchant Ivory boring.

Mick holds out beers-- Claire reaches for one. Dean grabs it--

CLAIRE
Anyway. I've been on this a day--
guess what? The girl, Hayden? Her
story about what happened the night
of the attack is a big fat lie.

SAM
That's what her mom said too.

DEAN
So where was she?

CLAIRE
Getting trashed at a dive bar.
(off Sam and Dean)
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

"Ladies..."
CONTINUED:

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16

16

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

I tracked her phone-- asked around.
Bartenders love me. It's a gift.

Mick glances through the window, afternoon sun slung low--

DEAN

Get anything else?

CLAIRE

Guy I talked to was a scumbag--
motorcycle, tribal tat, grabby--

DEAN

Grabby?!

CLAIRE

I'm a big girl. I handled it.

Dean simmers, as Mick stands. Clears his throat--

MICK

Apologies. Have a report due at
six sharp-- all work, no play.
(with a smile, to Claire)
I'll be sure to include the tat.

Claire watches Mick walk away, then--

CLAIRE

So... your foreign exchange student
seems super lame.

DEAN

Yeah, he's Sam's best friend. They're
like-- nerd soulmates.

SAM

Anyway. Why are you alone?

CLAIRE

Jody's busy with sheriff stuff. She
told me to call if I found anything--

SAM

So you called her?

CLAIRE

You called first. She's great by
the way-- so's Alex. So-- should
we hit the morgue?

DEAN

Easy, Clarice. Morgue's closed.

(CONTINUED)

16

SAM

When was the last time you had a hot meal-- that didn't come from a Gas 'n Sip microwave?

DEAN

Not that there's anything wrong with that.

CLAIRE

It's... been awhile.

SAM

Come on-- they've got a restaurant downstairs.

He moves for the door-- Claire and Dean follow.

SAM

Heard from Cass lately?

CLAIRE

He texts sometimes.

DEAN

Cass texts?

CLAIRE

Sort of-- mostly he emojis.

She shows them her phone: a TEXT FROM "CASTIEL" that's just emojis: smiley, halo guy, thumbs up, crying cat, poodle... The three stare-- BAFFLED--

SAM

What... what does that even mean?

CLAIRE

I don't know...

17

INT. HOSPITAL - HAYDEN'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

17

Curtains drawn. BARBARA leans over her SLEEPING DAUGHTER and plants a kiss on her forehead. Then--

18

INT. HOSPITAL - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

18

BARBARA exits-- making for the coffee machine. Walking past a DOCTOR facing away from her, reading a FILE. When she rounds the corner-- the man turns... revealing MICK.

19

INT. HOSPITAL - HAYDEN'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

19

CLOSE ON: HAYDEN. Still sleeping. WIDEN TO--

MICK. Standing over her. He stares down at the innocent girl. Deeply conflicted-- hating this part of the job.

MICK

I'm sorry.

He pulls a SYRINGE full of SILVER LIQUID (silver nitrate) from his coat. Mick turns toward the IV BAG--

And we're ON HAYDEN. As the first shafts of MOONLIGHT seep through the curtains...

BAM! Her eyes fly OPEN! Hayden GASPS as her pupils flare WOLF-YELLOW! HOT PINK FINGERNAILS extending into CLAWS!

Mick spins-- as Hayden LUNGES AT HIM! SNARLING-- SLAMMING MICK INTO THE WALL-- claws DIGGING INTO HIS SHOULDER--

Mick reacts-- BAM! PLUNGES THE NEEDLE INTO HAYDEN'S HEART!

Hayden falls to the ground-- wheezing-- grabbing at the NEEDLE-- reverting BACK TO HUMAN.

Mick stares, as Hayden looks up-- tears in her eyes--

HAYDEN

What's happening? What's happening?

But Mick just stands-- frozen-- as Hayden gives a RAGGED BREATH... then slumps. Eyes glassy. DEAD.

20

INT. HOSPITAL - HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

20

SHOES POUND TILE. WIDEN TO--

MICK. Shambling down the hall. Shaken, struggling to hold it together. He tucks the SYRINGE into his coat, then grips his INJURED shoulder, as--

BARBARA CROSSES BEHIND HIM-- she enters her daughter's room--

ON MICK. As we hear Barbara's O.S. SCREAM--

BLACKOUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

21 INT. MORGUE - DAY (DAY 4)

21

CLOSE ON: an open MORGUE LOCKER. Hayden's dead body on the slab. Claire stares down at her, unnerved.

CLAIRE

I don't-- how did this happen?

WIDEN: SAM reads a CORONER'S REPORT, and DEAN stands near Claire, while MICK hangs back-- wracked with guilt.

SAM

Autopsy's set for tomorrow, but right now? They're thinking cardiac arrest.

Dean shoots Mick a look-- Mick stammers-- shaken--

DEAN

You said she was fine.

MICK

She-- the girl may have had internal injuries, or--

CLAIRE (O.S.)

Guys?

All eyes go to her. Claire's pulled the sheet off Hayden's arm-- exposing the BITE on her UNDERARM.

SAM

That's a bite.

He moves in, as Dean looks to Mick--

DEAN

Didn't see that either, huh?

MICK

I-- No. I made a mistake. *

DEAN

You call that a mistake?

He takes a step toward Mick-- who shrinks-- Claire breaks in--

CLAIRE

Look, whatever got Hayden, it's still out there.

(CONTINUED)

ON DEAN. She's not wrong. He shoots Mick a glare, then--

DEAN

Fine, night of the attack, wolf
ices big bro, chomps little sis,
then poof-- vanishes-- that make
any sense?

SAM

Maybe it let her go.

CLAIRE

On purpose? Why?

MICK

Perhaps it didn't want her dead--
it wanted her turned.

SAM

Then-- this wasn't random, Hayden
was targeted.

DEAN

So we're looking at someone who
knew her. Friends, family?

CLAIRE

Or someone from the bar.

Dean nods-- could be--

DEAN

Sam, you and Claire talk to the
friend Hayden was supposed to be
crashing with.

(then, re: Mick)

Me an' amateur hour-- we'll hit the
bar, see what shakes loose.

22

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

22

CLAIRE'S CAR rumbles into the parking lot-- pulls to a stop.

23

INT./EXT. CLAIRE'S CAR - DAY

23

SAM glances around the messy car, as CLAIRE digs through the
back seat--

SAM

So really, things are good?

CLAIRE

Told you, they're awesome.

(CONTINUED)

ON SAM. Scanning the dashboard lined with wadded up, EMPTY FAST FOOD BAGS--

SAM

You sure?

CLAIRE

Dude-- take the yes.

She pulls back-- holding a BACKPACK--

CLAIRE

Okay-- wait here.

SAM

Claire--

CLAIRE

Sam-- no offense, but who do you think kids are going to talk to? Me, or some old skeezer?
(before Sam can answer)
Exactly.

And she's OUT. Moving AWAY from the car. ON SAM. Ouch.

SAM

Skeezer?

DEAN and MICK move down MAIN STREET-- heading for the BAR--

MICK

Dean, what happened back there, my... mistake. It won't happen again.

DEAN

Better not.

At the BAR. Mick tries to open the door-- and a BOLT OF PAIN shoots through his injured arm. Mick pulls back-- wincing--

DEAN

Problem?

MICK

I-- carpel tunnel.

DEAN

(eye roll)
Allow me, your lordship.

"Ladies..."

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CONTINUED:

24

He OPENS THE DOOR and Mick enters. Dean watches, SUSPICIOUS--

25

INT. BAR - CONTINUOUS

25

MICK and DEAN head for the BAR-- where JUSTIN (20s, adorable) is unpacking a BOX OF BOTTLES behind the bar--

DEAN

Howdy.

(flashing a badge)

Agent Strummer, this is Agent Vai.

JUSTIN

Uh, hi?

Mick pulls out his phone-- cues it to a picture of Hayden.

MICK

Do you recognize this girl? She was here three nights ago.

JUSTIN

I, ah. Not really.

DEAN

Yeah, I'd lie about serving an underage girl too.

*
*

JUSTIN

Look, man, I really need this job, I-- she started coming in a few weeks ago. After Conner got hired.

MICK

Conner?

JUSTIN

The other bartender. They're... having a thing.

DEAN

What kinda thing?

Then-- the DOOR OPENS, and CONNER (20s, built), enters. An artless TRIBAL TATTOO peeks out from under his wife beater.

JUSTIN

Ask him.

Dean turns-- glares--

DEAN

Heya Connor, nice ink.

26 EXT. QUAD - DAY

26

CLOSE ON a small memorial for Hayden on the quad: her beaming SCHOOL PICTURE littered with CANDLES, FLOWERS. WIDEN TO--

ANDREA (17, bookish), standing over the memorial. Shaken up.

CLAIRE (O.S.)

Hi.

Andrea looks-- to see CLAIRE. Backpack over her shoulder--

CLAIRE

Sorry-- are you Andrea Murray?

(off Andrea)

It's just-- I'm new, and the Principal said you could show me around, and... I'm sorry.

(beat, re: the memorial)

Did you... know her?

ON ANDREA. A beat, then-- fighting back emotion--

ANDREA

Hayden was... she was my best friend.

OFF CLAIRE-- SYMPATHETIC--

27 INT. BAR - DAY

27

DEAN and MICK sit at a bar table across from CONNER.

DEAN

Like high school girls, huh? You get older, they stay the same age?

CONNOR

I-- that's not how it was.

MICK

You weren't dating Hayden Foster?

CONNOR

Dating? Naw, I let her in once in awhile-- she's stupid hot-- but that's it. I swear.

DEAN

So the night she got attacked-- you let her in then too?

CONNOR

(looks away; busted)
Look, I don't know what happened.
I was behind the bar all night--
didn't even see her leave.

DEAN

Yeah? Then what'd you do?

CONNOR

Guess I went home?

DEAN

You guess? It's a simple question.
I ask where you were, and you tell
me. Like, for example--
(turning to Mick)
What were you doing last night?

Mick double-takes-- thrown-- then covers... poorly.

MICK

I-- writing my report.

DEAN

All night?

MICK

No, I... I watched an episode of
British Bake Off, then went to bed.

DEAN

(to Conner)
See, simple.

CONNOR

I just went home, man. I didn't do
nothing to that girl, okay?

DEAN

We'll see.

He rises-- Mick does the same--

DEAN

Oh, one last thing-- you meet a
blonde girl the other night? About
yey. Feisty?

CONNOR

Yeah, said she was Hayden's cousin--
crazy bitch threw a beer at me.

"Ladies..."
CONTINUED: (2)

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27

DEAN

From what I heard, you earned it.

CONNOR

What are you, her dad? Dude, come
on. Girls like that? *

They want it. He chuckles-- and Dean does the same, then-- *

DEAN

Yeah... you touch her again, I
break your face.

And he's not fucking kidding. Conner goes cold... shit--

28

INT./EXT. CLAIRE'S CAR - DAY

28

Claire swaggers to her car, Sam leans against the hood.

SAM

How'd it go?

CLAIRE

Hayden was hooking up with some
older guy on the DL.

(then)

She was really into him, but the
guy skeeved Andrea out. He was a
total stalker: ultra possessive,
texting constantly.

(then)

When Hayden bailed that night,
Andrea narc'd to her brother.

SAM

Explains why he was there.

CLAIRE

I did good, right?

She moves for the car door-- Sam gets SERIOUS.

SAM

Claire... why does Jody think
you're in Madison looking at
colleges?

Claire freezes-- crap...

CLAIRE

You called her?

(then)

Not cool.

(CONTINUED)

SAM

Yeah, I'm not cool.

CLAIRE

Did you tell--

SAM

Not yet.

(then)

Why are you lying to her?

CLAIRE

(beat; busted)

Look, I know, okay? I know how much I owe Jody, but the hunting thing-- we tried working together, and I ended up sitting in the car, while she did everything.

SAM

So she's taking it slow--

CLAIRE

She wants me to go to nursing school-- be normal, like Alex.

SAM

Did she actually say that?

CLAIRE

She doesn't have to.

ON CLAIRE. Feeling the BURDEN of that. Voice small--

CLAIRE

I'm better off on my own. This way everybody's happy--

SAM

Jody won't be happy when she finds out-- if something happened to you--

CLAIRE

I'm careful, I--

SAM

(firm)

Claire, you need to tell her the truth.

*
*
*

On Claire, filling with that OLD RAGE.

(CONTINUED)

CLAIRE

You know what? Screw you. I'm so sick of you guys dive-bombing my life once a year-- pretending like you care about me--

SAM

We do.

CLAIRE

Then stop treating me like a stupid kid--!

SAM

Stop acting like one.

That hits Claire like a slap. And she moves-- shouldering past Sam. DONE--

SAM

Claire--

But she's already GONE. Moving across the parking lot--

Dean and Mick make their way to the parked Impala.

DEAN

Good job back there, with the alibi.

MICK

Thank you.

DEAN

Yeah-- I almost bought it.

MICK

I'm sorry?

Dean SHOVES Mick against the wall--

DEAN

See, here's the thing: sixteen-year-old girls, especially sixteen-year-old werewolf girls? Don't have heart attacks. And you've been acting sketchy as Hell, all day.

MICK

I don't know what you're--

Dean GRABS HIS SHOULDER. Mick winces--

DEAN

Mick. Don't.

(then)

What happened to the girl?

ON MICK. A beat, then-- he gives--

MICK

I... I did what had to be done.

DEAN

And that means?

MICK

Last night-- I injected the girl
with silver nitrate.

DEAN

You killed her.

MICK

She attacked me-- she tore up my
shoulder, I-- I had orders.

DEAN

You had a choice.

On Mick, hating himself for what he did, but doubling down.

MICK

Did I? Killing monsters is what we
do. Or maybe-- palling about with
demons and witches-- you've forgot.

DEAN

Don't tell me how to do my job.

MICK

Then do it.

ON DEAN. It's all he can do not to PUNCH this asshole--

DEAN

You think it's that simple, huh?

MICK

I really do.

DEAN

Yeah, I used to be the same, but...
little tip? There's no black and
white out here. Only the case in
front of you. Like Hayden, like--

(MORE)

"Ladies..."
CONTINUED: (2)

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DEAN (CONT'D)

(then)

Few months back, this kid-- a
psychic-- was killin' people, 'cept
she never meant to hurt anybody.
She was bein' abused.

(then)

So we gave her a second chance,
cause it was the right thing to do.

POP TO-- A FEW QUICK CUTS from Ep. 1204, "American Nightmare"-- *
A SILENCER SHOT-- Magda in a pool of blood. Back to SCENE-- *

On Mick-- knowing damn well Ketch killed Magda. *

MICK

That's your luxury, we have a code.

DEAN

And now that nice lady we met? She
gets to bury two kids, instead of
one. Because of you. And your code.

(then)

Nice work.

OFF MICK-- SHAKEN--

30

EXT. FIELD BEHIND THE SCHOOL - DAY

30

ANGRY MUSIC blasts through CLAIRE'S HEADPHONES (and provides
a diegetic score for the entire upcoming sequence).

Shucking tears from her eyes, she stalks through a deserted
field on the edge of the school. Claire slows-- scrolls
through her contacts-- debating whether to call Cass, Alex...

A glint of movement RUSTLES in the trees. Claire glances
around-- the field around her empty in every direction. Then--
Claire's SPIDEY-SENSE tingles-- she spins--

And the SKULL-MASKED FIGURE IS RIGHT BEHIND HER! He ATTACKS-- *
and Claire DODGES-- draws a KNIFE--

BAM! The creature knocks it aside-- grabbing her by the
neck. Claire STRUGGLES HARD as he forces her down--

GO TIGHT on HIS FACE-- he peels the ski mask up, exposing
WEREWOLF FANGS-- he BITES DOWN ON CLAIRE'S SHOULDER-- and as *
CLAIRE SCREAMS WE--

BLACKOUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

31 EXT. FIELD BEHIND THE SCHOOL - DAY 31

CLOSE ON: CLAIRE. Breathing hard-- eyes wide-- WIDEN TO--

Claire lays on the ground-- a BITE WOUND on her shoulder. The WEREWOLF IS GONE. Claire touches the wound-- stunned-- this can't be real... this can't be happening-- then--

FOOTSTEPS. Coming CLOSER. Claire fumbles for the KNIFE-- she grabs it-- SPINS--

To SEE SAM. Racing toward her. A surge of relief-- Claire lets the knife fall from her grip, as Sam scoops her up--

SAM

It's okay. It's gonna be okay.

32 INT. WILD ELK LODGE - DEAN'S ROOM - DAY 32

Claire's shivering-- glassy-eyed. Mick looks on, stricken. Dean and Sam hover over her, frantically trying to help. Dean puts a hand on Claire's forehead, grasping at straws--

DEAN

Sam, get me a damp towel. She's burnin' up.

Sam and Dean lock eyes-- this is BAD. Mick steps forward--

MICK

No-- keep her warm.

SAM

Back off.

MICK

I understand you're angry--

SAM

Mick, you killed a kid. We're not angry-- we're done.

That lands on Mick, as we FAVOR CLAIRE-- blinking from her trance. She whispers--

CLAIRE

How long do I have?

SAM

Sometimes it takes a full moon, sometimes just time.

(CONTINUED)

DEAN

Claire, nobody's sayin' it'll be easy, but you can live with this.

If only she believed that. Claire looks them in the eye.

CLAIRE

I'd rather die.

DEAN

Look-- being bit-- so you spend a few nights a month locked up somewhere-- rest of the time, you're you.

CLAIRE

Unless I break out, unless I--
(then, hating herself)
Maybe some people can control this, but me-- I barely keep it together on a good day, so... so if there's even a chance I could hurt Jody or Alex or anyone? I'd rather die.

Dean looks away-- fuck-- as SAM GETS AN IDEA--

SAM

Maybe there's another way.

He moves for the table-- grabs the BOOK of LYCANTHROPY LORE--

SAM

There's this thing-- blood therapy--

MICK

I told you, it doesn't work.

He hates to say that, but it's true. Sam opens the book--

SAM

Says right here: one out of every nine test subjects was cured.

CLAIRE

Cured?

MICK

That's not-- that was on rats.

DEAN

Wanna tell us what the Hell you're talking about?

MICK

We experimented with the blood of
sire werewolves-- we found it was
possible to reverse the early
stages of lycanthropy. In rodents.

SAM

You never tried it on humans?

MICK

Once. The subject died. Horribly.
(to Claire)
I'm sorry.

ON CLAIRE. As that lands. She swallows hard, then--

CLAIRE

Hey, maybe second time's the charm.

DEAN

No, we're not-- you don't get a
vote.

CLAIRE

It's my life. I get all the votes.

DEAN

Sam-- back me up here.

ON SAM. A beat, then--

SAM

(a look to Claire)
Claire's right. This is up to her.

*
*

Dean looks away-- frustrated-- focusing on Mick--

DEAN

Bet you think this is some great
solution. It works or she dies--
either way, one less monster.

MICK

I don't think there's any "great
solution" here.

Mick looks to Claire, and Dean does to. She locks eyes with
him-- pleading-- barely keeping it together--

CLAIRE

Dean... please.

ON DEAN. A beat. He searches Sam's face, Claire's... then--

(CONTINUED)

DEAN

If we were gonna try this-- if--
how do we get it done?

MICK

We need blood, from the werewolf
that bit her.

SAM

So who we looking at?

DEAN

Tribal-tat, back at the bar.

(off Sam)

Think about it. We shake him down
for Claire, next thing she gets
bit? That's not a coincidence.

SAM

The two week time-line fits, and
the connection to both victims.

MICK

Then we should go.

(off Sam and Dean)

The full moon rises in less than an
hour, and if she turns-- and feeds--
our cheery success rate drops to
nil.

CLAIRE

(scared; gallows)

Awesome.

DEAN

Okay, let's move.

Sam moves for the door-- and so does Mick. Dean stops him--

DEAN

Naw, you're here. With Claire.

SAM

You trust him?

DEAN

No. But Mick's a smart guy, so
when I tell him that if anything
happens to her-- anything--

MICK

You'll kill me?

DEAN

Like I said: smart.

He EXITS. Sam moves to follow--

CLAIRE

Sam-- if you're not back--

SAM

We will be.

Then he's GONE. Door closing. A beat, then Claire looks to Mick-- freaked, but trying not to show it--

CLAIRE

So... can I have that beer now?

OFF MICK. A nod-- why not?

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

The IMPALA rips down the asphalt.

INT. IMPALA - NIGHT (PMP)

DEAN drives. SAM is on the phone--

SAM

Okay, thanks.

(hangs up; to Dean)

That was the bar-- Conner's not working, but I got his address.

DEAN

Good. Let's go bleed that son of a bitch dry.

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

The IMPALA ROARS into the distance--

INT. WILD ELK LODGE - DEAN'S ROOM - LATER

MICK sits at the table-- medical kit open-- he uses a syringe to extract liquid from one small vial-- injecting into another. Mixing the cure.

CLAIRE stands at the window, cocooned in a comforter-- lips pale, shivering. She stares at the RISING MOON. Just peeking over the horizon.

CLAIRE

They're not back.

"Ladies..."
CONTINUED:

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MICK

Give it time.

Claire turns-- and a BURNING SENSATION SHOOTS DOWN HER ARM.
She WINCES-- that HURTS. Mick moves to her--

CLAIRE

It burns!

She drops the comforter, and TEARS OFF HER BANDAGE--

To SEE HER BITE WOUND HEALING. Until it's like it was never
there. And Claire knows what that means...

CLAIRE

No... no--

She eyes MICK'S GUN-- sitting on the table. Makes a move to
grab it-- Mick gets there first. Claire chokes back a SOB.

CLAIRE

(losing it)
You don't-- it's happening!
(re: the gun)
Give it to me!

MICK

No--

CLAIRE

Then you do it. Please! You don't
know how this feels--

On Mick-- weighing the gun in his hand, and with it, the
weight of all he's been through: the vamp attack, Hayden.

MICK

I know a man who'd shoot you dead
right now, without a thought.
Every instinct I have says he's
right-- that I should do my duty...

He stands-- Claire BRACES HERSELF... As we PUSH IN on MICK-- *

CUT TO-- A SPLIT-SECOND FLASHBACK to Mick at the hospital--
Hayden lies dying-- SYRINGE jutting from her HEART. She
looks up at him with tears in her eyes-- *

BACK TO SCENE. Mick pauses-- he sets the GUN down on the
table. Filling with RESOLVE-- *

(CONTINUED)

MICK

But my instincts... haven't been so grand lately.

Outside a SMALL HOUSE. A MOTORCYCLE REVS to a stop, in the driveway, the rider shakes off his helmet-- it's CONNER. He stands--

DEAN (O.S.)

Yo.

Conner turns-- BAM! And DEAN PUNCHES HIM IN THE FACE!

Conner staggers-- and Dean's on him. Pinning Conner against a WALL. SAM is right behind, pulling out a SILVER KNIFE--

DEAN

Sorry, on a clock here. Sammy?

Sam leans in, knife raised. Conner GRUNTS-- eyes wide-- fuck!

SAM

It's silver, just-- hold still.

He presses the SILVER KNIFE against skin-- nothing happens!

SAM

He's human.

OFF OUR GUYS-- FLUMMOXED-- CUT TO--

MICK. Pulling RESTRAINTS from a duffle--

MICK

Here's what we do-- first, restrain you, for my protection. Then sedate you, also for my protection.

(then)

With luck, when you wake up, this'll all be over.

CLAIRE

If I wake up.

She looks away-- voice trembling.

CLAIRE

I... I gotta call Jody.

MICK

Jody? That your mum?

On Claire-- a pained pause. Then--

CLAIRE

She's gonna be so mad at me.

BANG! Something hits the door-- HARD. Claire and Mick rise--
what the fuck?

BOOM! The DOOR FLIES OPEN! Revealing the SKULL-MASKED MAN!
Mick GRABS HIS GUN--

MICK

Claire, get back--

But before he can pull the trigger-- BAM! The figure is
there-- BACKHANDING MICK-- throwing him into the WALL--

Mick lands hard-- out cold-- as--

Claire grabs a LAMP off the bedside table and BASHES it into
the monster's head. He bellows-- ENRAGED-- and turns on her--
RIPPING DOWN HIS MASK TO REVEAL--

JUSTIN. From the bar. Eyes wolf-yellow-- mouth full of
FANGS! He SNARLS, as Claire SWINGS AGAIN--

THAK! And Justin CATCHES the lamp! Twisting it from
Claire's grip-- forcing her to her knees. Tears in her eyes.

CLAIRE

What-- what do you want?

ON JUSTIN. A calm, eerily kind smile--

JUSTIN

Love.

BAM! He GRABS her-- dragging Claire toward the door. As she
struggles-- as she SCREAMS-- we--

BLACKOUT.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

39 INT. WILD ELK LODGE - DEAN'S ROOM - NIGHT 39

Dean and Sam burst in-- the place is trashed. Mick's coming to on the floor. Sam scans the room--

SAM

Claire?

Dean's eyes go to Mick, who starts to rise--

DEAN

Where is she?

MICK

The wolf-- he got her.

WHAM! Dean grabs Mick-- slamming him into the wall--

MICK

I tried to stop him, I--!

(then)

I can find her. There's a tracker.
In her jacket pocket.

SAM

You planted it on her? Why?

MICK

(beat, not proud of it)

You know why.

(then)

Kill me later. After we find
Claire.

OFF OUR GUYS--

40 EXT. WOODS - NIGHT 40

A rusted out TRAILER parked in a clearing.

41 INT. TRAILER - CONTINUOUS 41

JUSTIN stuffs clothes into a backpack. Claire's lashed to a thick metal leg of the attached DINETTE TABLE-- she THRASHES, defiant. He looks up at her, smiles--

JUSTIN

I know this is sudden, but... you
and your friends, you should've let
me have Hayden. She was miserable
here, she-- we had big plans--

(CONTINUED)

"Ladies..."
CONTINUED:

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CLAIRE

Yeah? That before or after you bit her?

JUSTIN

I had to know if she could survive the change. Not everyone does.

And-- PAIN lances through Claire. She WINCES--

JUSTIN

See?

(then)

It hurts at first, but eventually? It's like... the best drug ever. Times a thousand.

ON CLAIRE. Grimacing through the pain--

CLAIRE

Right... eat me, Teen Wolf.

JUSTIN

Look, it's not like I want to do this. My pack-- we were happy. We didn't hurt anyone.

(then)

Then Hunters with these weapons I'd never seen-- they show up and...

He looks down-- BAD MEMORIES--

JUSTIN

They took out twenty of us, like that.

(snaps his fingers)

Ones who made it, we split up, but.. we weren't meant to live this way. A werewolf needs his pack.

ON CLAIRE. Another burst of PAIN. She grimaces-- as Justin moves toward the 'fridge.

JUSTIN

You'll see. I'm a nice guy.

ON CLAIRE. So fucking MAD--

CLAIRE

Yeah? You know who says they're a nice guy? Clingy, insecure bitches, with neckbeards and mommy issues.

(CONTINUED)

ON JUSTIN. Not happy--

JUSTIN

That's just "the change" talking.

He pulls a PAPER BAG from the 'fridge-- reaches in-- and TAKES OUT A HUMAN HEART.

JUSTIN

You'll feel better once you eat.

ON CLAIRE. Eyes wide. As JUSTIN MOVES TOWARD HER-- he holds out the heart. Claire tries to pull away--

JUSTIN

Try it-- you'll like it.

*
*

BAM! And Justin grabs her-- SHOVING THE HEART INTO CLAIRE'S MOUTH. Force-feeding her. As Claire GAGS--

JUSTIN

As soon as I saw you-- you're just like me. Alone.

*
*

Claire JERKS AWAY-- spitting out the heart-- coughing up BLOOD. Justin just stares--

*

As CLAIRE turns to him-- face smeared with blood--

*

CLAIRE

Wrong-- I've got a family. They love me.

*

Hold on Claire-- at her most human... and HEARTBREAKING, that's when--

BAM! Another flash of PAIN. Claire doubles over-- hyperventilating-- and when she raises her head--

She's GOT WOLF-YELLOW EYES! She's CHANGING! Justin SMILES--

WAM! As the DOOR FLIES OPEN-- THE BOYS AND MICK charge in.

Justin SPINS-- as Sam puts a shoulder into him, tackling Justin to the GROUND--

DEAN moves for Claire. Still bound-- head turned away--

DEAN

Claire?

She whips around and-- SNARLS! Flashing fangs! Dean's eyes go wide-- SHIT!-- as--

BAM! Claire RIPS FREE-- out of control-- and Dean takes a step back... not good...

ON SAM. Justin KICKS HIM OFF-- and rises. Eyes yellow. Fangs out. FINGERS GROWING INTO CLAWS. He snarls-- charges--

And Sam DODGES his swings, as--

DEAN faces Claire-- hands up-- she stalks toward him. FERAL--

DEAN

Claire--

RWARR! Claire ROARS. Charging. Dean picks up a CHAIR-- holding it lion-tamer style. Trying to keep her back, as--

SAM gets behind Justin-- putting him in a HEADLOCK--

SAM

Mick!

And MICK MAKES HIS MOVE. Racing in-- JAMMING A SYRINGE INTO JUSTIN'S NECK! Drawing BLOOD--

Pain JOLTS through Justin-- he HITS MICK. Knocking him away-- then snaps his head back-- HEADBUTTING SAM. Sam falls, as Justin spins-- needle still in his neck-- to see--

DEAN. Fending Claire off. She swipes at him-- SHATTERING THE CHAIR-- Dean's in TROUBLE.

DEAN

Sorry, kid.

WHAM! He PUNCHES HER. In the stomach. Doubling her over.

BAM! And JUSTIN TACKLES HIM. Slamming Dean into the wall. Dean tries to fight, but Justin's TOO STRONG. He rears back-- jaws wide-- ready to RIP DEAN'S THROAT OUT--

BLAM! A BULLET hits Justin from behind. Blood splashing Dean's face. Justin drops--

REVEALING MICK. Holding a smoking GUN.

ON CLAIRE. Recovering from Dean's punch-- she looks up... to see SAM and DEAN closing in on her, as--

MICK works. Ripping the SYRINGE from Justin's neck-- sticking the needle into the VIAL he was preparing earlier. Sucking some of the LIQUID up into the syringe.

"Ladies..."

Production Draft

12/2/16 42.

41

CONTINUED: (4)

41

ON SAM AND DEAN. Watching Claire, who's hunched and violent. Like a CAGED ANIMAL.

SAM

Claire, it's us-- you know us.

Sam takes a step forward-- and Claire SWINGS AT HIM. Slashing with her claws-- Sam's just able to DODGE--

MICK

Cure's ready.

He steps up-- holding the needle-- Sam and Dean trade a look, then look to Claire--

WHO SNARLS. Overcome. This is a fight she can't win. Sam turns to Mick--

DEAN (O.S.)

Give it to me.

Sam and Mick look to him. And Dean hates this, but--

DEAN

Claire was right-- she can't fight this.

Claire SNARLS AGAIN... and Mick passes Dean the cure. He takes it, moves for Claire--

She ATTACKS! But Dean side-steps--

BAM! And JAMS THE NEEDLE INTO HER SHOULDER. Pressing the plunger down. Dean pulls the syringe free--

And Claire DROPS to her knees. Breathing hard--

SAM

Is it working?

ON CLAIRE-- in WEREWOLF FORM as-- BAM! AGONY lances her body. She throws her head back snarling-- screaming-- and we--

BLACKOUT.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

42

INT. TRAILER - NIGHT

42

CLOSE ON: DEAN. Sitting on a chair, head in his hands, as--

CLAIRE WRITHES ON THE BED. The cure ripping her apart from the inside. SAM stands over the bed-- while MICK is near the door. Pale. All of them TERRIFIED. A beat, then--

Claire SEIZES. Jerking up. Body arching. It's painful-- heartbreaking. Sam stares-- saying a SILENT PRAYER--

As DEAN BREAKS. Crumbling.

DEAN

She-- I can't watch this.

He blames himself. Dean moves for the door--

SAM (O.S.)

Dean!

(he doesn't look back)

Dean!

Dean looks back, and Mick steps up, as--

Claire's rapid breathing slows... fangs shrinking, claws receding-- werewolf traits all melting slowly away until... all that's left is simply CLAIRE.

Her eyes blink open-- taking in the somber faces around her.

CLAIRE

(exhausted smile)

You guys look like crap.

ON SAM, DEAN AND MICK-- flooded with SWEET RELIEF.

43

EXT. WILD ELK LODGE - DAY (DAY 5)

43

SAM, DEAN and MICK exit the LODGE. Shouldering their gear. To see CLAIRE. Leaning against her car.

MICK

That girl is a walking miracle.

DEAN

Yeah, she is.

(then, to Mick)

Meant to tell you-- thanks for the save back there.

(CONTINUED)

MICK

So... we're good?

SAM

No. But we're giving you a second chance.

DEAN

You screw it up-- there's not gonna be a third.

Mick nods-- fair enough. The guys MOVE TO CLAIRE--

SAM

How you feelin'?

CLAIRE

Honestly? I'm sort of craving a MilkBone. That's not weird, right?

DEAN

Naw, they're minty.

Claire smiles-- everyone's back to normal.

SAM

You gonna tell Jody what happened?

CLAIRE

...I don't know.

DEAN

Whatever you decide, we got your back.

ON CLAIRE. She nods-- appreciates that so much-- FADE TO:

EXT. WILD ELK LODGE - LATER

Claire stands by her CAR. PHONE to her ear. It BEEPS--

JODY (VOICEMAIL)

It's Jody, you know the drill--

Claire takes a deep breath.

CLAIRE

Hey, it's me. Claire. Okay, here goes... I've been hunting. Alone.

As she speaks, we POP to a MONTAGE:

45 EXT. WILD ELK LODGE - EARLIER 45

CLAIRE (V.O.)

I know that's not what you want to hear-- but it's what I want.

Dean pulls her into a big hug. Claire's eyes shift to Sam. She mouths: *Thank you.* CUT TO--

46 INT. BMOL HQ - DAY 46

MICK. At his MAGIC TYPEWRITER, typing up his report. We go TIGHT on it as he taps: *Werewolf was eliminated with the help of the Winchesters and Hunter, Claire Novak.*

CLAIRE (V.O.)

And I know it's scary-- it scares me too sometimes. But this is something I have to do on my own-- just for a little while--

Mick keeps writing: *The plasma-therapy was a surprise success. Recommend a re-evaluation of the treatment immediately--* CUT TO--

47 EXT. WILD ELK LODGE - DAY 47

CLAIRE. Finishing her message.

CLAIRE

But I am ready. And I never would be without you... being my mom. I better go. Tell Alex she better not touch my stuff.

(means it to her core)

I love you guys.

Claire hangs up and turns-- scanning the horizon. Hair lifted by the breeze. Claire smiles--

And slides behind the wheel of her car-- weightless. Free. She FIRES UP THE ENGINE, (a song like) Busta Rhymes' "Turn it Up Fire it Up" blasting as Claire PEELS OUT.

Speeding into her future.

BLACKOUT.

TO BE CONTINUED...