

SUPERNATURAL

Episode #1308

"The Scorpion and the Frog"

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*Strike immortal Collectors  
Bart Demon with beverage  
has altercation to said ~ nephilim  
that feast goes wrong  
Some then good servants*

T13.20558

PRODUCTION DRAFT

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**Episode #1308**

**"The Scorpion and the Frog"**

**REVISION HISTORY**

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Episode #1308

"The Scorpion and the Frog"

CAST LIST

SAM WINCHESTER  
DEAN WINCHESTER

JARED PADALECKI  
JENSEN ACKLES

BARTHAMUS  
BRAXAS  
GRAB  
LUTHER SHRIKE  
MUSEUM SECURITY GUARD  
SMASH

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SUPERNATURAL  
"The Scorpion and the Frog"

TEASER

FADE IN:

1 EXT. THE CAMBRIDGE MUSEUM - NIGHT (DAY 1) 1 \*

A beauty shot of an ivy-covered museum. To establish. \*

SUPER: CAMBRIDGE, UK. \*

And, untraditionally for our show, a SECOND--

SUPER: 7:45pm on a Friday. \*

INT. THE CAMBRIDGE MUSEUM - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS \*

A long hallway. Splashy banners hang, advertising upcoming exhibits: "Hokusai" and "Warriors of Ancient Siberia."

A PLEASANT FEMALE VOICE  
Attention-- the museum will close  
in fifteen minutes--

A handful of patrons straggle toward an EXIT down the hall-- our focus moves past them-- to an UNASSUMING WOMAN cutting a sharp swath in the opposite direction--

She moves to a door marked "Museum Personnel." Key card access only. The Woman GLANCES UP-- EYEING the tiny, blinking SECURITY CAMERA in the upper corner--

She TURNS BACK to the door-- BLIP! Her eyes blink demon BLACK as-- CU-CHUNK-- she strong-arms it. Breaking the lock! Slipping into a--

INT. THE CAMBRIDGE MUSEUM - ARCHIVE ROOM - CONTINUOUS \*

-- Packed archive. Less Raiders of the Lost Ark and more Dewey Decimal System. Dusty shelves. Rows of drawers--

The Woman SNAPS on a pair of RUBBER GLOVES, fished from her purse, as she bee-lines to a metal CABINET--

Rolling it open, picking through the ancient pieces of paper stored inside-- scrolls, monk-drawn pages of the Bible, that sort of thing. The Woman stops. Smiling as she lifts--

A YELLOWED PIECE OF PARCHMENT. Gingerly, she peels it from its plastic casing and folds it into her purse-- \*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MUSEUM SECURITY GUARD (O.S.)

Excuse me?

She freezes. Arm around to reveal-- a MUSEUM SECURITY GUARD (British, male, 40s) coming into view BEHIND HER.

MUSEUM SECURITY GUARD

Madam? You're not allowed down here--

She TURNS-- mouth DISTENDING unnaturally WIDE--

BOOM! BLACK DEMON SMOKE cyclones out of her MAW-- SWARMING HIM! Funneling straight down his THROAT. When it's over--

The man turns-- eyes FLARING BLACK as-- WHUMP! The Woman's body crumples to the floor. Dead.

BLINK. The Guard's eyes click BLACK. Slowly, he bends down to pick up the woman's dropped PURSE... and we HARD CUT TO--

4 EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT 4

The woman's purse tucked beneath the Guard's arm. He turns down an alley. A beat. Then-- A MAN-- BARTHAMUS (think Kevin Spacey in Baby Driver) shakes loose from the shadows. 40s. Polished in a classic Burberry trench.

Bart extends his hand-- the Guard hands over the purse. Bart clicks it open, glances at the PARCHMENT inside--

BART

Well done.

MUSEUM SECURITY GUARD

How do you think Asmodeus will reward us...?

Bart raises an eyebrow, then-- BZZT! The Guard's eyes pop wide as he SPARKS OUT-- DEAD! An ANGEL BLADE to the CHEST! Bart pulls it BACK with a THUNK. Holsters it. Then pulls a BURNER CELL from his breast pocket. Dials. A beat. Then--

BART

Dean Winchester-- ?

(beat)

-- I have something that might interest you...

And off that intriguing question, we... SMASH TO TITLE.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE 2

5 INT. MEN OF LETTERS - KITCHEN - DAY

5

Open on... A GUN. Held by DEAN WINCHESTER. RAG in hand, he obsessively polishes it to a gleam. SAM walks in--

SAM

I-- ah-- think she's clean.

On Dean. Really working the rag. Venting his frustration over MR. KETCH, the Ronin British Man of Letters who gave them the slip in Ep. 1307, "War of the Worlds."

DEAN

Anything on Ketch?

SAM

No. Checked all the hospitals in fifty miles...

DEAN

Crazy S.O.B. probably pulled the bullet out with his teeth.

Sam gives a weary smile--

DEAN

What about Jack?

SAM

Talked to Cass-- still nothing, I-- I don't know... either we find something in the lore-- or we wait until he makes a mistake.

DEAN

His "mistakes" are what I'm worried about.

(then)

So basically, unless some magic bullet falls outta the sky-- and into our laps, we're-- (screwed)

ZZZZZT! Dean's phone blows up-- interrupting his fatalism. Dean pulls it. Checks the screen. No number. Huh? Weird. The boys trade a look as--

Dean answers, but before he can speak, a voice clicks on--

BART (ON PHONE)

Dean Winchester?

(CONTINUED)



5

CONTINUED:

5

DEAN

Who's this?

Dean throws the call on SPEAKER as we, INTERCUT--

6

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

6

With Bart. This the B-side of the call from our teaser. He pats the purse in his hand.

BART

I have something that might interest you...

DEAN

That's cool, but we're happy with our cable provider, so--

BART

What about your nephilim?

Sam whips a look at Dean-- he knows about Jack?

BART

Word on the street is, he's gone rogue.

DEAN

Yeah? What street is that?

BART

Hell Street? Hell Avenue? Just Hell, really.

Sam and Dean meet eyes-- holy shit. Sam, SOTTO, to Dean--

SAM

He's a demon?

BART

So-- what if I told you, I have a way to find your boy..?

Off Sam and Dean, dumbfounded. SMASH TO--

7

INT. / EXT. IMPALA - NIGHT (PMP)

7

Dean pilots the Impala-- brooding, reflective. To Sam--

DEAN

Could be a trap. Could be working for Asmodeus--

(CONTINUED)

SAM

What if he's telling the truth?

On Dean. Can't deny that would be a big break. But--

DEAN

After Crowley, said to myself... no more demons.

SAM

We don't even know what this guy's deal is yet.

DEAN

His deal is-- he's a friggin' demon!

SAM

Dean, you said it yourself. We need a miracle to find Jack. What if this is it?

DEAN

Know what they call "miracles" that come from demons, Sam? Curses.

SAM

Let's just hear what he has to say--

DEAN

-- Sure, then we kill him.

Dean pulls into the parking lot of a DINING CAR STYLE DINER. Buzzing neon-sign: "Open 24 hours." As cheery DINER MUSIC (Motown?) begins to play--

8

INT. THE CROSSROADS DINETTE - MOMENTS LATER

8

\*

The boys enter. It's deserted, but for a WAITRESS refilling the mug of a lone CUSTOMER sitting in the last booth-- BART. As they approach, he lifts the mug with a nod of hello--

BART

The famous Winchesters.

DEAN

Some random demon...

BART

Barthamus-- Bart's fine. Please, sit-- I ordered cherry pie.

As the boys slide in, Dean eyes Sam.

(CONTINUED)

DEAN

Right, Bart. Don't know what you heard about us, but--

BART

Everything. I've been following your careers a long time-- you're a real pain in the pitch fork. And the halo. Natural disrupters. We have that in common, you and I.

On Dean. Dead-eyed sarcasm--

DEAN

Yeah. We're twinsies.

SAM

Said you had something for us?

Bart NODS-- taking the piece of PARCHMENT (stolen in the teaser) from his jacket. He slides it across to Sam.

BART

That. Is a genuine nephilim tracking spell. *Spell\**

On the boys. Floored. Dean's dubious.

DEAN

Uh-huh, and I just won powerball.

BART

You don't believe me.

DEAN

Ya think.

SAM

Even if it's real--

BART

It's real.

SAM

-- why give it to us?

BART

I'm a crossroads demon, Sam. After Crowley's promotion to King of Hell-- THE crossroads demon. Helping people's what I do, my raison d'être.

On Sam. Yeah right.

SAM

Look, we've been doing this long enough-- nothing's ever free.

BART

(caught)

You got me. I do need something in return-- call it a favor.

The boys swap a look-- Yeah, no.

DEAN

You already gave us the spell.

BART

Half.

(off the boys, pausing)

I gave you HALF the spell. The other half is... elsewhere. But I'll happily hand it over once we're done.

Sam and Dean glare-- pissed.

DEAN

All due respect, Bart. When a demon says "jump" we don't ask how high, we ice their ass.

Bart nods, accepting the slight graciously. He stands.

BART

How very "Dean" of you. Sam, do me a favor, you're the smart one--

He points at the parchment Sam's holding.

BART

Look into that. I'll be in touch.

He EXITS. Leaving the boys to consider...

INT. MEN OF LETTERS - LIBRARY - NIGHT<sup>11</sup>

Sam sits at a desk, studying the parchment, surrounded by BOOKS. He looks up as Dean enters--

DEAN

So, what's the verdict?

On Sam. He taps the parchment, can't believe it.

SAM

The spell-- I think it checks out.

Whaaaat? Dean double takes.

SAM

I've put together a rough translation-- it's Canaanite. Dates back to the time of Solomon. He commissioned it to keep tabs on the Queen of Sheba who, according to the lore, was half-angel.

DEAN

She was a nephilim?

(off Sam's nod)

So you're saying... King Solomon came up with a spell so he could stalk his girlfriend?

SAM

Yeah. And it looks like it works. Or it would work, but...

DEAN

We're DOA without the other half.

SAM

Pretty much. Whatever Bart's game is, I don't wanna play it, but...

DEAN

Sam. These kinds'a things-- they don't usually go our way.

On Sam as that lands.

SAM

It doesn't matter.

(beat)

Jack's out there, in the world-- he's alone and he's scared. And he's dangerous. If this is our chance to find him, I think we have to take it.

Sam and Dean lock eyes. As much as he's reluctant to get into this... Dean knows Sam's right. As we CUT TO--

A typical warehouse. We move past stacks of boxes... to a BOARDROOM TABLE in the center. Where TWO NEWCOMERS sit--

A WOMAN (late 20s, Millennial as Hell) reclines, feet up, earbuds in, texting on her phone. Across the table, a bespectacled MAN (40s, squirrely) checks his Apple watch. He shoots an uptight glance at Bart--

BART

Relax. They'll be here...

As if on cue, Sam and Dean enter. Slow. Scoping the place out. Bart grandstands--

BART

Sam! Dean! Welcome!

The boys' hackles go up when they see he's not alone.

DEAN

Who are your friends?

BART

I'm sorry, I should have told you--  
(brokering introductions)  
These are my associates. This young lady is Smash--

The WOMAN doesn't look up, flashes a PEACE SIGN.

BART

And this is Grab.

GRAB

Hey-a.

SAM

Seriously? Smash and Grab?

SMASH

Not our real names.

DEAN

(dry)  
Really.

Smash serves him vicious side-eye.

BART

Smash can crack any safe built by man. And Grab's a demon-- an expert at bypassing supernatural security.

SAM

Supernatural security?

(CONTINUED)

Sam and Dean trade a look. Dean snorts, MOCKING--

DEAN

Safe cracking? What is this, some kinda heist?

(then, serious)

Hold up, is this a heist?

SMASH

Ocean's. Morons.

DEAN

From the girl who picked "Smash" as her heist name.

Smash answers with a sneer. Sam cuts to the chase--

SAM

Okay-- who do you want us to steal from?

BART

His name is Luther Shrike.

Bart moves to a nearby CHALKBOARD plastered with pictures of a LONELY FARMHOUSE. Along with schematics-- arcane writing--

BART

Lives off the grid-- Paranoid, agoraphobic. . . you might call him a hoarder.

(then)

With a rabid appetite for collecting rare supernatural objects-- including something of mine.

DEAN

So we talkin' what? Your favorite My Little Pony?

BART

(pregnant beat-- deadpan:)

No.

(then)

It's in a mahogany trunk, in a safe, locked in a vault room hidden somewhere on Shrike's farm.

(then)

I want you to find my property, and bring it back to me.

Sam and Dean. Full of questions--

DEAN

What's in the safe?

SAM

-- Why don't you rob him yourself?

Bart pointedly ignores Dean's question. Answers Sam's--

BART

If I could-- I would. Farm's warded inside and out. Grab can locate the vault room, but the only thing that can actually open it-- is the blood of a man who's been to Hell and back. Tell me Dean, do you know any men like that?

Ah. So that's why he needs them. Dean rolls up a sleeve--

DEAN

So take a vial-- knock yourselves out.

BART

I'm afraid it needs to be straight from the tap. And... I don't just need your blood, I need you.

Sam and Dan swap a look.

BART

-- When it comes to Shrike, there's what I know... and what I don't know. Grab can locate the vault, Smash can crack the safe-- but there WILL be curve balls-- and you boys-- you tend to hit those out of the park.

SAM

So how does Shrike get into his vault..?

BART

He uses his own blood.

DEAN

He's been to Hell? He's a demon?

BART

Luther gets around, but he's human. NOT one of the good ones.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)



BART (CONT'D)

He's a sadist-- a murderer who will do anything and everything to add to his collection.

A beat of disquiet as that lands. Dean still wants to know:

DEAN

Seriously-- what's Shrike got of yours? \*

On Bart. His smile falters, but he keeps his gracious cool.

BART

It's important to me. That's all you need to know.

SAM

Yeah-- that's not good enough.

BART

Put it another way: take the deal-- OR-- I give the spell to Asmodeus. I made a copy of your half. Obviously.

Sam and Dean BLANCH-- what's THAT shit got to do with this?

BART

Evil Colonel Sanders? He's looking for your boy too. But Azzy can't give me what I want-- you can. So you get dibs. For now.

On Sam and Dean-- in a heated sidebar:

DEAN

Seen this movie a thousand times, Sam-- some asshat too fancy to get his hands dirty plans a job-- swears it'll all go down smooth, and it does, 'till-- BANG! Everything goes screaming off the rails. And it's our asses...

SAM

Dean--

DEAN

He's gonna screw us the first chance he gets.

11

CONTINUED:

11

SAM

Not if we screw him first. Look, we need that spell-- we definitely don't want Asmodeus to get it. So let's do this, get him to give us the other half--

DEAN

-- And then?

Sam glances across the room-- to where Bart stands.

SAM

It's like you said-- we kill him.

\*

OFF DEAN-- fair enough--

12

INT. WAREHOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

12

The boys rejoin the group--

BART

Peace made?

DEAN

You could say that.

Grab exhales with relief. Smash doesn't look up.

SAM

Look, if we're doing this, finding the vault's gonna take time. We need a distraction. Something to keep Shrike busy...

*Fate Destiny*

BART

I'm all ears. See boys, this is (kismet) us working together. Shrike'll never see us coming.

As Bart breaks into a smug smirk...

BRAXAS (PRE-LAP)

They're coming--

13

INT. SHRIKE HOUSE - LIBRARY - NIGHT

13

A hand pours drinks. LUTHER SHRIKE turns, a rangy mountain lion energy. He offers the drink to-- BRAXAS (30s, a demon).

BRAXAS

Asmodeus isn't your enemy--

(CONTINUED)

SHRIKE

He wants to use me as bait.

BRAXAS

Barthamus IS coming, Luther. All Asmodeus asks is when he shows his traitor face-- you give us a call.

On Shrike. Will he? He smiles.

SHRIKE

I could... or-- Exorcizamus te, omnis immundus!

Braxas recoils as Shrike launches into an exorcism!

SHRIKE

-- Spiritus, omnis satanica potestas! Omnis incursio infernalis adversarii, omnis congregatio et secta diabolica--

Braxas tries to attack-- but he's unable to move. Shrike KICKS the RUG back, revealing-- part of A DEVIL'S TRAP!

BRAXAS

You're making a mistake!

SHRIKE

Ergo draco maledicte, ut ecclesiam tuam segura, tibi facias libertate servire, te rogamus, audi nos!

BRAXAS'S HEAD SNAPS BACK! BLACK SMOKE shooting from his mouth, billowing down into the ground...

As Shrike bellows--

SHRIKE

Tell your boss: I don't take orders, I give 'em. If he-- or Barthamas-- IF ANYONE comes near me... I'm ready.

The last of the DEMON SMOKE goes screeching back to HELL.

OFF SHRIKE-- ready for WAR-- BLACKOUT!

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

14

INT. / EXT. IMPALA - NIGHT

14

Open on... an unfamiliar sight-- Sam Winchester behind the wheel of Baby. Driving alone. He looks nervous. And we wonder: where the Hell is Dean!?

Outside, through the windshield-- Shrike's COMPOUND comes into view, encircled in an imposing PERIMETER FENCE-- iron work of interlocking DEVIL'S TRAPS topped in barbed wire.

Sam pulls up to-- A GATE.

Impala idling, he rolls down the window and leans out-- hitting the CALL BUTTON on a SECURITY PANEL.

A telephone line rings... then-- CLICK. Someone picks up-- but they don't speak. Only the wet sound of BREATHING. Creepy. Sam clears his throat. Leans in--

SAM

It's ah-- John Dortmunder?

(silence)

We emailed about my family heirloom?

More silence. Sam spots a SECURITY CAMERA lens on the security panel. He grabs a WOODEN BOX from the passenger seat-- holds it so the camera can see. Red light BLINKING...

BEEEEEEEEEP-- the GATE rolls open with a metallic squeal.

Sam puts the car in gear, rolling onto the property-- over a driveway PAINTED top to bottom in WARDING.

We PAN BACK from him... INTO THE TRUNK--

REVEAL-- Dean! Lying on top of the false bottom. Cramped, uncomfortable-- feeling the Impala's every bump and rattle--

And he's not alone. SMASH lies opposite him-- her flowery DOC MARTINS in his face. Earbuds in, her face aglow in the light of her phone. Texting. Dean glares. Pure irritation--

DEAN

Hey, Winona-- the 90s called, wants its shoes back.

Groaner. Smash flicks her eyes to him. Slowly, she lifts a finger to her lips-- SHHHHHHHH.

OUTSIDE-- The Impala wends its way up to a lonely house.

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED: 14

Sam parks. Grabs the box and gets out. Heading up a path--

15 EXT. SHRIKE HOUSE - PORCH - CONTINUOUS 15

-- To the front porch. The door's solid iron-- and there's another SECURITY PANEL. ZZZZZT! The door unlocks remotely. Sam takes a beat-- weird-- then enters--

16 INT. SHRIKE HOUSE - FOYER - CONTINUOUS 16

-- Walking over a massive DEVIL'S TRAP painted over the foyer. Shrike's voice booms from above--

SHRIKE (O.S.)  
I'm upstairs...

Sam glances around the dusty house. Climbs the stairs...

17 INT. / EXT. IMPALA - <sup>u</sup>SAME TIME<sup>n</sup> 17

We hold a beat on the parked Impala, then-- the TRUNK pops open. Smash slides out gracefully-- but Dean scrambles, tripping over the lip of the trunk--

Almost eating shit, but saving himself at the last minute. Unintentional physical comedy.

DEAN  
Dammit--

Smash stifles a GUFFAW-- loser. Dean side-eyes her.

DEAN  
Hilarious.

He grabs a POUCH from the trunk, then tosses Smash her BAG.

DEAN  
Let's do this.

All business, they move out--

18 EXT. SHRIKE PROPERTY - CONTINUOUS 18

Dean and Smash pick across the property, careful not to be seen. Taking cover behind a rotted SHED-- Dean kneels, unrolls his pouch. Setting out a bowl and a few vials of powder, as-- \*

Smash loiters-- antsy and bored. She rummages in her bag, pulls-- an old school 90s-era can of COLA (think JOLT-- but our version, "Nerve Damage Cola"). Pops it. Slurps noisily. \*  
Dean stares, deadpan: \*

(CONTINUED)

DEAN

You're weird.

She arches a brow-- true. As Dean draws a SIGIL in the dirt, he glances at the SODA CAN in her hand--

DEAN

Nerve Damage? Nice. Used to live on that crap when I was a kid. Ten times the legal limit of caffeine. Thought they didn't make it anymore.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

Smash almost smiles. Withdraws a SECOND CAN from the bag-- tosses it to Dean. He catches it-- surprised.

\*

SMASH

Ebay.

A thawing between them. Dean sips the cola-- it's... really old. He forces a smile. Resumes work on the sigil, fishing--

DEAN

So-- safe cracking?

SMASH

So-- Hunting.

DEAN

Probably shouldn't have to tell you, but workin' for demons ain't smart--

SMASH

You're working for demons.

DEAN

Yeah, well, don't got a choice.

On Smash. A blink-and-it's-gone flinch of vulnerability.

SMASH

Same.

DEAN

You in some kinda trouble?

And like that, her walls go back up.

SMASH

How long does a demon summoning spell take? Forever? Forever and a year?

Dean bristles. Sets the bowl atop the sigil, sprinkles on some powder-- lights it on fire-- and-- POOF!

GRAB APPEARS! Summoned by Dean's ritual-- Cleverly, how they got him past the warding. Grab dusts himself off--

GRAB

Cool.

SMASH

You're up.

DEAN

So-- where's the vault room?

GRAB

Dunno. It's hidden. Under a cloaking spell.

On Dean. Are you fucking kidding me?!

DEAN

Awesome.

GRAB

No worries, Chief. I got this. Or I should say-- YOU got this.

Dean balks.

DEAN

Me?

GRAB

Your blood. It's a dowsing rod.   
(off Dean's, "Huh?")   
The vault needs it-- you have it.   
Like attracts like, comprende?

DEAN

So I'm some kinda vault compass?

GRAB

(to Smash)

And you said he was just a pretty face.

Smash. Eyeroll.

Dean glances back at the main house-- dark but for a glow in the second floor window. Dean frowns, concerned for Sam.

(CONTINUED)

DEAN

So what now?

GRAB

This...

(then)

(Latin incantation)

-- And Dean's ARM FLIES UP! Taking on a life of its own, it SPINS HIM AROUND, pointing back behind them.

Dean's flabbergasted-- arm no longer under his control.

DEAN

Dude...

Pointing into the distance.

GRAB

Guess we go thatta way.

INT. SHRIKE HOUSE - LIBRARY - NIGHT

A hand pours drinks. Luther Shrike turns, offering one to-- SAM. He takes a tiny sip-- PUCKERS. Strong! Shrike laughs.

SHRIKE

Homemade gin. It'll blow your  
whistle.

SAM

Homemade?

SHRIKE

Don't get out much.

Awkward silence. Sam paces, taking in the room--

SAM

Impressive collection.

Shrike watches him. Nods to a MOUNTED INCISOR on a shelf.

SHRIKE

Ever seen a "fang of the Basilisk?"

Sam picks it up, studies it.

SAM

That's not-- whoever sold you this  
had it wrong. Basilisk fangs are  
hollow. This is a Gorgon tooth.

(MORE)



CONTINUED:

SAM (CONT'D)  
(can't help geeking out)  
Still really cool.

On Shrike. Subtly impressed. Sam passed the test.

SHRIKE  
Thought I knew everyone in this  
game...

SAM  
My family-- we've been in it  
awhile. On the buyer's side.

SHRIKE  
And now you're selling...

Subtext clear: get on with it. Sam tries to buy more time.

SAM  
You know, I'd really-- I'd love to  
see more of your collection.

Shrike gives him a TIGHT SMILE.

SHRIKE  
Let's stick to business. What've  
you got--?

Okay then. Sam presents the box with flourish. Hyping it--

SAM  
This is rare-- one of a kind...  
Clicks it open to reveal-- RUBY'S KNIFE!

SAM  
A knife that can kill demons.

EXT. SHRIKE PROPERTY - NIGHT

On DEAN-- led by his POINTING arm-- creeping across the  
property.

DEAN  
I hate this. I hate this-- and I  
hate you.

He looks to GRAB-- trailing him-- along with SMASH. Still  
texting.

GRAB  
No one cares.

DEAN

How much longer?

GRAB

Takes how long it takes.

DEAN

If something happens to my brother  
while we're out screwing around  
with this crap--

\*  
\*

GRAB

("phantom arm crap?")  
Hey-- little respect? Took YEARS  
to perfect that spell-- and if your  
brother's too stupid to do his part  
that's on him--

Dean turns back to Grab, simmering.

DEAN

What'd you say?

But before things can escalate, Dean's ARM comes ALIVE--  
dragging him forward--

DEAN

Come on-- son of a bitch...

The arm SWINGS him around-- hand pointing DOWN-- to a cluster  
of BUSHES!

And Dean's arm finally DROPS back to his side, relaxed. Dean  
rubs it, ruefully-- as Smash moves to the bushes and clears  
them away to REVEAL-- STORM CELLAR DOORS. Dean eyes them,  
noticing--

DEAN

Unlocked. Never a good sign.

Smash smiles, then-- SWINGS the CELLAR DOORS OPEN. Inside, a  
LADDER descends into total darkness.

SMASH

Vault's gotta be in there.

Smash pulls a FLASHLIGHT from her bag and climbs down without  
another word-- Dean looks to Grab--

GRAB

Oh, I'm not goin' down there. I  
did my bit.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

GRAB (CONT'D)

(then)

This is on you, handpuppet.

DEAN

I will kill you.

GRAB

Bet you say that to all the girls.

Dean frowns-- fuck it-- then pulls his own flashlight, climbing down the LADDER--

GRAB

Have fun storming the castle!

\*

Dean hops down into the cellar-- just a tight, square room.

DEAN

So this is the vault room? Safe's in here?

SMASH

Behind that door--

The far door is IRON. Etched with OCCULT MARKINGS--

DEAN

(thinking)

Right... and I use my blood how...

Smash points to a FIST-SIZED HOLE on the adjoining wall--

SMASH

Think you stick your paw in there.

\*

He stares at the hole-- it's like a Supernatural version of the "Mouth of Truth" in Rome. Dean balks, backing away--

DEAN

Gotta be kidding me.

Off her smirk-shrug, we CUT TO--

Close on... the edged blade of Ruby's knife. Observed through the CURVED LENS of a JEWELER'S EYE.

Shrike sits in an antique rolling DESK CHAIR, examining the knife on his desk-- as Sam looks on.

SHRIKE

Craftsmanship looks Kurdish, but these markings... I've never seen this dialect before.

(then, looking up)

How did your family come by it?

SAM

Had it for generations. Inherited it from my great aunt... Ruby.

SHRIKE

You must really need the money.

SAM

Be nice to have enough saved, maybe get out of the business. Have a normal life.

On Shrike. He looks up from the eye, gaze boring into Sam.

SHRIKE

Son, once you're in, there is no getting out.

Off Sam. Thrown by that ominous statement. CUT TO--

Dean. Waffling over the hole.

DEAN

Anything could be in that hole-- ANYTHING. Spiders, a spin-y blade thing-- spiders. You don't know.

Smash gives him the mother of all EYE ROLLS.

On Dean. FINE. He steels himself... slowly, steadily entering his hand in... trying to be calm-- but Goddamn it, he's sweating. As his hand goes all the way in-- SMASH TO--

INSIDE THE HOLE. In extreme, extreme, EXTREME close-up-- PING! A TINY NEEDLE springs out-- PRICKING Dean's finger...

Dean yanks his hand back! Finger oozing a bead of blood.

SMASH

Gonna live?

Dean glares-- sucking on it. Seconds later-- the sound of GEARS CHURNING. They watch as the METAL "DOOR" rolls open. Dean shines his flashlight INTO--

-- A long TUNNEL / HALLWAY. Down at the end... we can just make out THE SAFE!

Dean sweeps his light down-- the smooth, CREAM and GRAY TILED FLOOR (think a dusty travertine) leading up to the safe gives him pause-- the tiles are oddly arranged, like a KEYPAD-meets-CHECKERBOARD.

But Smash doesn't notice, eager to get to the safe. She takes a step forward, stepping on a CREAM COLORED tile--

DEAN

Hold up!

It TREMORS under her foot and then-- PEW-- ZZZZZP! A DART flies out of the wall-- and we switch to SLO-MO AS--

Dean YANKS Smash back, as the dart narrowly misses her nose.

Back to regular speed. ON SMASH. Shaken.

SMASH

What the Hell was that?

DEAN

The curveball.

Back with Shrike and Sam. Shrike moves around his desk, pulling stacks of CASH from a drawer--

SHRIKE

So, what's your price--?

SAM

What we said on email's fine.

Shrike pauses mid-stack. Eyes alight.

SHRIKE

Of course. But-- we both know, you're not really here for THIS.

SAM

Sorry, I-- don't understand.

SHRIKE

Bart sent you. You're here to rob me.

Ah shit. Sam tries to salvage the pretext--

CONTINUED:

SAM

You've got the wrong idea.

On Shrike. Does he believe him? We think he might, when--

SHRIKE

I don't think so, Demon--

SAM

(taken aback)

What?

Shrike GRABS Ruby's knife and lunges for Sam! Sam dodges-- backhanding Shrike-- knife sent skittering.

Shrike goes for a nearby shelf-- grabbing a dusty antique ELEPHANT GUN-- he pulls back the hammer--

SHRIKE

You're the distraction, right? Got your friends out there, stripping me blind as we speak!?

Shrike fires and-- BAM! He MISSES, as Sam hits the deck. Scrambles for Ruby's knife-- under a table, as--

Shrike reloads (it's an elephant gun so it takes a second). Sam recovers Ruby's knife-- and CHARGES--

Grappling with SHRIKE, Sam plunges the knife into his HEART--  
A KILLING BLOW!

Shrike staggers back, eyes wide with surprise-- hands pawing at the weapon imbedded in his chest--

Shrike grips the handle and PULLS IT OUT OF HIS HEART.

On Sam. Watching in total surprise! Shrike's loving it.

SHRIKE

Bart didn't tell you? I can't die.

Shrike takes advantage of Sam's momentary surprise-- GRABBING the Gorgon Tooth from the shelf-- smashing it against Sam's head. He crumples.

Shrike turns-- moving for the door-- RUBY'S KNIFE in hand--

EXT. SHRIKE PROPERTY - CELLAR DOORS - CONTINUOUS

Grab waits lookout. He paces, drumming hands on his thighs. He kneels down by the open cellar doors--

(CONTINUED)

25

CONTINUED:

25

GRAB

Yo-- how's it going?

26

INT. VAULT TUNNEL - CONTINUOUS

26

Dean and Smash ignore Grab, staring at the TILE FLOOR trap--

DEAN

Did Bart say anything about--

SMASH

No.

DEAN

Super.

As we CUT TO--

27

EXT. SHRIKE PROPERTY - CELLAR DOORS - CONTINUOUS

27

Grab. Still waiting for acknowledgement--

GRAB

Really? Just not gonna answer?

(grumbling to himself)

Ignore ole Grab. So typical...

As-- a shadow moves behind him. BZZZZT! Ruby's KNIFE spikes through GRAB'S CHEST. Grab sparks out-- DEAD! And we ARM AROUND him to REVEAL--

SHRIKE! Murder in his eyes. Absolutely nightmare inducing!

28

INT. VAULT TUNNEL - CONTINUOUS

28

DEAN

There was supposed to be a safe!  
Not some dollar store Indiana Jones  
and the Last Crusade-type trap!

SMASH

Dean--

Something's wrong. He turns-- there's SHRIKE! Glowering.

DEAN

Sonofabitch.  
(then to Smash)  
Go left, I got--

And SHE RUNS! Sprinting past SHRIKE-- scrambling up the ladder--

(CONTINUED)

DEAN

Awesome. Everything's awesome.  
(as Shrike moves in)  
My brother, where is he?

SHRIKE

Alive-- far as I left him. Thought  
he was a demon... guess Bart's got  
humans doing his dirty work now.

On Dean. Relieved to hear that about Sam. Then--

DEAN

Gun beats knife so... give up the  
safe, and we'll all be home in time  
for Game of Thrones.

SHRIKE

I'm more of a book guy--

And Shrike CHARGES-- On Dean. No choice but to FIRE--  
unloading his gun into Shrike's body. But--

SHRIKE KEEPS ON COMING! On Dean. HOW IS THAT POSSIBLE!?  
Shrike knocks him down! About to knife Dean in the heart--

SAM

Dean!

It's Sam! Nasty bump on the forehead but otherwise okay.  
Charging through the darkness, he KICKS Shrike off his  
brother. Setting Shrike back on his heels, reeling--

SAM

He's immortal.

DEAN

What do I--?

SAM

Maybe-- knock him out?

Dean considers. Flips his gun around. Holding it by the  
barrel-- WAM! He clocks Shrike against the skull. The old  
man finally goes down. UNCONSCIOUS.

DEAN

Good call.

And as the boys catch their breath, we-- BLACKOUT.

END OF ACT TWO



ACT THREE

29

EXT. SHRIKE HOUSE - PERIMETER FENCE - SAME TIME

29

Open on Smash. Hauling ass to the PERIMETER FENCE. She eyes it with trepidation, then steels herself--

Throws her bag over her shoulder, moves back a few paces... readying to give it a running jump, when--

BART (O.S.)

Where are YOU running off to?

Bart appears on the other side of the fence. Smash recoils. Nervous, even though a warded fence separates them.

SMASH

Everything went sideways. Grab's dead. Winchesters too-- probably.

BART

And?

SMASH

And what? Job cancelled. GAME OVER.

BART

Alice, just because I happen to like you, doesn't mean I'm willing to renegotiate the terms of your deal.

On Smash. Fear setting in.

SMASH

So? I'll do another job-- whatever. I'll make it up to you.  
(desperate)  
Just tell me what you want me to do.

On Bart... a thin smile. What indeed. And we CUT TO--

30

INT. CELLAR - NIGHT

30

On Shrike-- as he's KICKED AWAKE. He struggles. Rope-tied to the LADDER. Winchesters looming over him.

DEAN

Okay jackass-- here's how it's gonna be.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

DEAN (CONT'D)

You're gonna tell us how to get past that booby trap and into your safe...

SHRIKE

Or what? You can't kill me.

DEAN

We can give it the old college try.

On Shrike. He smirks, a tough old bastard.

SHRIKE

Bart-- what'd he tell you about me?

SAM

Apparently not enough.

SHRIKE

He tell you what's in the safe?

The boys trade a look. Obviously not. Shrike smirks.

SAM

Last chance--

SHRIKE

To help you rob me? Sorry, son--

Dean unrolls a stretch of DUCT TAPE. Stalks toward Shrike...

SHRIKE

That riddle in there? You'll never crack it. And if you try? You'll find yourselves on the business end of a thousand tiny darts-- each tipped with silver and filled with arsenic, holy water and holy oil.

(Falstaffian)

Gentlemen, I wish you good fortune!

DEAN

-- And I wish you'd shut up.

As Dean slaps the gag over Shrike's mouth, HARD CUT TO--

Sam and Dean survey the TILE FLOOR. Sam, thoughtful.

DEAN

So, what is it? Some ancient hoo-doo disco floor?

He eyes the off-color TILES.

SAM

I think it's-- it's like a keypad. We have to walk over the tiles in the right order... an order only Shrike knows.

DEAN

Well Shrike ain't talking. Can we wing it?

SAM

Wing it? Dean, these aren't like the lasers in Entrapment, there are infinite possible combinations-- and pressure released darts--

A beat, then-- all Dean took from that--

DEAN

Did you just say... Entrapment?

SAM

(with a sigh)

I don't know, I don't watch a lot of those kinds of movies.

DEAN

But you saw Entrapment?

SAM

Catherine Zeta Jones.

On Dean. Fair. Sam glances back to where Shrike's tied up-- an idea blooming in his mind. It's totally insane.

SAM

I might have an idea, but-- it's a little crazy.

DEAN

I'm good with crazy.

HARD CUT TO--

On Shrike-- eyes bulging as the boys duct tape him to...

His own ROLLING OFFICE CHAIR (established in the library scenes)! He's squirming, making muffled NOISES-- probably swearing a blue steak under that gag. As the boys--

WHEEL HIM through the open door into-- THE VAULT TUNNEL.

Pushing him right up to the EDGE of the TILE FLOOR.

Shrike struggles mightily when he realizes that-- yep-- they're gonna push him down that tile gauntlet--

DEAN

Tolja you'd help.

Shrike RAGES. Dean pats him on the shoulder, looks at Sam--

DEAN

Ready?

SAM

On three-- one, two--

They give the office chair a mighty PUSH-- THRUSTING it out!

Its WHEELS clacking over the CREAM AND GRAY TILES, as--

PING PING PING! Darts begin to fly! Hitting Shrike-- a human pin cushion. His roars muffled screams! BLAM! BLAM! A few GUNSHOTS blast into him too, until--

BANG! The chair finally ROLLS TO A STOP in front of the SAFE. Shrike's still alive, covered in DARTS, and in pain.

While Dean turns to Sam, triumphant.

DEAN

That. Was awesome.

CUT TO-- A FEW MINUTES LATER

On Sam... flashlight in hand, checking out the safe.

DEAN

... Tied Shrike back up. Man, is he pissed.

Sam turns-- Dean approaches. Still grinning.

SAM

Wouldn't you be?

DEAN

Yeah. How we doing--?

He nods at the safe. Sam regards it thoughtfully.

SAM

It's an old Meilink's safe...

DEAN

Can you get it open?

SAM

Dean, I doubt anyone's seen one like this for a hundred years.

SMASH (O.S.)

I have.

It's Smash! Picking her way through the dart-covered floor.

DEAN

You're back--

(then)

Why'd you cottontail?

On Smash. Frustrated. Just wants to get this done--

\*

SMASH

You think I wanna be here? Like I have a choice?

SAM

So what, you owe Bart or something?

She looks away. Sam reads her...

SAM

You made a deal.

SMASH

Wow. You think?

(off the boys)

Few years ago, I did a job--

DEAN

A job? You rob a bank or something?

SMASH

(Robin Hood-ish)

Some banks need robbing.

(beat)

But-- it was like the cops, somebody tipped them off. Barely made it out alive. Got locked up. Bart paid me a visit... told me what he was, what he could do for me...

(CONTINUED)

SAM

You sold your soul.

SMASH

And if I could take it back, I would, but sorry Charlie-- I can't. So here I am. And as long as I keep working for him, Bart never collects.

(a nod to the safe)

So-- you gonna let me do my thing or what?

SAM

It doesn't have to be like that.

DEAN

Me and my brother-- we can help you.

SMASH

No, you can't--

(then)

I gotta take care of me.

And-- she moves around him, to the SAFE.

The boys trade a look as Smash kneels-- pulling a STETHOSCOPE from her bag, listening as she-- CLICK-- CLICK-- CLICK-- slowly twists the lock, babying it. A virtuoso in her element. After a beat--

She spins the handle and-- CA-CHUNK. The door SWINGS OPEN.

SMASH

Ta-da.

Sam and Dean catch eyes-- impressed.

SMASH

And for my next trick...

She reaches in and PULLS OUT-- the LOCKED MAHOGANY TRUNK.

SMASH

This is it-- let's go.

The boys don't need to hear that twice. They grab the trunk-- heading back toward the cellar exit. Freezing when they see--

-- ROPES hang limply around the LADDER. SHRIKE'S GONE!

(CONTINUED)

32

CONTINUED: (4)

32

SAM

Where'd he go?

DEAN

Who cares. I say we blow this pop stand--

And we HARD CUT TO--

33

EXT. SHRIKE PROPERTY - DAY (DAY 3)

33

The boys load the trunk into the Impala. Smash hops in back, the boys in front--

The BACK TIRE SQUEALS as Dean PEELS OUT.

34

EXT. SHRIKE PROPERTY - GATE - DAY

34

Gunning it toward the GATE! Almost home free-- when--

RRRRRRR! A beat-to-shit PICKUP TRUCK growls out in front of them-- blocking the gate (and their exit!). A HOPPIN' MAD SHRIKE at the wheel-- he heads straight for them!

A GAME OF CHICKEN!

On Dean. Hell yeah! As-- he slams the Impala into REVERSE! Gunning it BACKWARDS as Shrike guns TOWARD them-- \*

Going like a BAT OUTTA HELL, NOSE TO NOSE!

BAM! BAM! Shrike gives the IMPALA a few LOVE-TAPS--

But Dean keeps her steady. He flicks to Sam--

DEAN

Wanna do something about that?

SAM

On it.

Sam hands Smash a gun. They roll down their windows, hanging out the side and-- BAM! BAM! Firing at Shrike, who swerves--

On Sam-- breathing slow, taking aim and FIRING--

THWAP! Shrike's tire BLOWS, shot out! The truck fishtails, skidding-- slamming to a stop in a crunch of gravel.

Dean pulls the Impala next to it. The boys spill out, Smash trailing them-- they pull a struggling SHRIKE from his truck, wrestling him to the ground, SLAPPING on a pair of cuffs--

(CONTINUED)

*Start* ↓

*Start*

Shrike looks up at them. Beaten but still tough.

SHRIKE

It make you feel good, whoring  
yourselves out to pure evil--?

That gives them pause. Sam and Dean meet eyes.

SHRIKE

-- Because that's what he is. What  
he did to me, to my little boy...

SAM

What are you talking about?

On Shrike. Emotional, the memory still chokes him up.

SHRIKE

-- My son. Was sick, dying-- so I  
found Bart, traded my life for his.  
My boy got better-- but a few years  
later, he died anyway. He-- he  
drowned. And you know what Bart  
told me then? He said: "Accidents  
happen." That he "couldn't be held  
responsible."

(beat)

I couldn't let him get away with  
that-- do you understand?

SAM

What did you do?

SHRIKE

When the hounds came, dragged me to  
Hell, I negotiated a NEW deal. Got  
sent back--

SAM

How?

SHRIKE

I had him by the tail. Leverage.

(beat)

So now Bart keeps me alive. And I  
never go back to Hell.

On Smash. As that lands. The boys trade a look.

DEAN

What do you mean you had  
"leverage?"



SHRIKE

Look in the trunk.

Shrike shimmies, revealing a KEY on a chord around his neck. A beat-- and Dean yanks it off.

The boys move to the trunk as Smash waits behind, keeping an eye on Shrike--

As Dean turns the key in the lock-- it opens with A CLICK to REVEAL-- BONES. A WHOLE DUSTY SKELETON'S WORTH.

SHRIKE

Bart's bones. You burn them, he dies too. THAT'S my leverage.

(then)

You're on the wrong side of this, boys--

(a loaded beat)

Just gotta ask yourselves if you can live with that.

\*  
\*  
\*

The boys eye-fuck. Can they?

BART (O.S.)

He's right, those ARE my bones.

Sam, Dean and Smash look up-- THERE'S BART! Standing next to Shrike.

BART

Hello, Luther. The terms of our arrangement have changed.

And with that-- Bart whips out a MACHETE and-- WHAM! SLICES OFF SHRIKE'S HEAD in one clean blow!

As the boys and Smash double-take in horror, we-- BLACKOUT!

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

35

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DIRECT PICKUP

35

Sam, Dean, Bart and Smash where we left them. Bart taunts the headless corpse--

BART

Not so invincible now, are we?

On the boys. Shook. Bart glances at them--

BART

Trust me, he had it coming.

DEAN

You killed his kid.

BART

He didn't read the fine print, and I am a business man. Speaking of--

He pulls the other half of the NEPHILIM TRACKING SPELL from his jacket-- holds it out for Sam and Dean to take.

BART

Your spell. You earned it.

They sure did-- and it makes them feel like absolute pieces of shit. Dean shoots a look at Sam--

DEAN

Sam...

On Sam. Pained. The spell is so tantalizingly close, but he knows Dean's right-- they can't let Bart off the hook....

SAM

Yeah.

And-- the boys STEP IN FRONT OF THE TRUNK, blocking it.

On Smash. Shocked. Can't believe they have the gall. And Bart can't either. He rubs his temples. Patience tried.

BART

Let me see if I understand-- you two do-gooding idiots are willing to welch on our deal, throw away the only chance you have at finding your boy-- because I killed a two-hundred year old blackmailing piece of garbage?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

On Dean. Flicks a glance to Smash.

DEAN

That-- and we just don't like you.

With blinding speed, Bart GRABS Smash by the neck. Holding her HOSTAGE-- under his arm in a choke hold. She gasps!

BART

Then let's re-open negotiations!  
Give me my bones-- and the girl  
lives. OR try to burn them-- and  
in the second before I die, I'll  
snap her neck like kindling. It's  
amazing what I can do with a half  
second's time.

\*

On the boys. Stuck. Smash implores the boys with tearful eyes-- they all know where she's going if she dies.

SMASH

... Please.

Beat as Sam and Dean trade a look-- Sam nods-- and Dean steps forward-- PAST THE TRUNK--

DEAN

Okay.

Bart smiles, nods to the trunk.

BART

Slide it out please.

Sam kicks the trunk FORWARD several feet--

-- And Bart drops Smash. She falls to the ground, hacking-- gasping for breath... Bart helps her to her feet.

Paternal, dusting her off, Bart gestures to the trunk--

BART

My dear. Do you mind?

Smash makes her way toward it... SCARED-- As she does--

Bart can't help getting didactic, flexing his power--

BART

You made a bad deal, boys. I  
wouldn't have killed her, she's too  
useful. See, I own her... forever.

(CONTINUED)

On Smash. As the horrible truth of that lands.

Bart turns the SPELL over in his hands, contemplative.

BART

-- You could've had this, it was almost all yours-- but no. You just couldn't make this easy...

Smash reaches the trunk. Locking eyes with the boys--

SMASH

I'm sorry.

Sam and Dean swap a KNOWING LOOK--

DEAN

Hey, it's okay--

(beat)

You gotta take care of you, right?

BEHIND HER-- Bart rolls his eyes.

BART

Sweet. Really...

On Smash. Dean's callback to their previous conversation not lost on her.

SMASH

Yeah...

Dean looks her in the eye-- and jerks a NOD at the trunk--

DEAN

So take care of you.

She looks into it-- bones and skull grinning up from inside. And SOMETHING ELSE... a GLINT OF SILVER. DEAN'S LIGHTER!

POP FLASH-- to a moment before, when DEAN STEPPED PAST THE TRUNK... and COVERTLY DROPPED HIS LIGHTER INTO IT.

BACK TO-- Smash. Stunned. Heart racing.

BEHIND HER, Bart SNAPS his fingers. Calls out--

BART

Alice! Chop chop...

Smash smiles a jittery smile, then-- she reaches in and snatches the LIGHTER up-- FWWWT! She lights the flame--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

ON BART! Shit! As-- FWOOSH! Smash drops the lighter-- and his bones go up in flames!

On Bart-- SCREAMING in AGONY, beginning to burn. The SPELL FALLS from his grip.

DEAN

Get the spell!

On Sam. Making a mad dash toward it--

On the PARCHMENT. Burning, floating down to the ground as--

SAM dives to it, desperate to put out the flames...

BUT HE'S TOO LATE. On Sam. As the parchment curls and burns to ash before him. He looks up-- catching eyes with Dean. Cause all but lost. And we-- BLACKOUT.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

36

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

36

Open on Smash... staring at the charred remains of her tormentor. She turns to Sam and Dean--

SMASH

I'm sorry.

DEAN

Got nothing to apologize for.

SMASH

You lost your spell.

SAM

It's okay...

(quoting Dean from  
earlier)

These kinds of things don't usually  
go our way.

On Smash. Struggling to express the depth of her gratitude.

SMASH

Look, what you did for me-- you  
didn't have to do that.

(means this)

Thank you. Seriously.

A bit of awkwardness as that lands.

SAM

You-- ah, need a ride somewhere?

On Smash. Giving them her first genuine smile.

SMASH

I'm good.

She slides on her headphones-- but before she goes, nods at Dean--

SMASH

Hey Freckles-- see you around.

SAM

Freckles?

And Dean SHRUGS. No idea where it came from either. But--

(CONTINUED)

DEAN

Hey Alice--  
(SHE TURNS BACK)  
Stay weird.

Smash GRINS... and starts down the dirt road. Truly free.  
As the boys watch her go. CUT TO--

EXT. / INT. IMPALA - NIGHT (PMP)

Dean drives. Sam looks wistfully out the window, troubled--

DEAN

You okay?

SAM

Not really. Not the best day...

DEAN

Not the worst.

Sam shoots him a look--

DEAN

We saved somebody-- felt good.

SAM

Yeah, it did. But... we're back to square one with Jack.

DEAN

So-- we'll figure something else out. And if that doesn't work, we'll go to the next thing. And whatever's after that. We'll keep working-- 'cause it's what we do.

On Sam. Buoyed-- maybe Dean's season-long fatalism is finally starting to wain.

SAM

It's really good-- hearing you talk like that again.

Dean nods. He feels that way too. Dean gives Sam a quick, stoic THUMP on the shoulder, then-- CRANKS UP THE TUNES--

Impala hurtling down the road and we-- SMASH TO BLACK.

TO BE CONTINUED...