

SUPERNATURAL

Episode #1405

"Nightmare Logic"

Written by

Meredith Glynn

Directed by

Darren Grant

EXECUTIVE PRODUCERS

Robert Singer

Andrew Dabb

Phil Sgriccia

Brad Buckner

Eugenie Ross-Leming

PRODUCERS

Eric Kripke

Jim Michaels

Robert Berens

Meredith Glynn

Steve Yockey

T13.21155

**PRODUCTION DRAFT**

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**REVISION HISTORY**

Revision	Date	Revised Pages
Production Draft - White	07/19/18	

COPY

CAST LIST

**SAM WINCHESTER**  
**DEAN WINCHESTER**

BOBBY SINGER  
MAGGIE  
MARY WINCHESTER

DANIEL  
GROUNDSKEEPER  
NEIL/THE DJINN  
SASHA

**JARED PADALECKI**  
**JENSEN ACKLES**

JIM BEAVER  
KATHERINE EVANS  
SAMANTHA SMITH

COPY

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SUPERNATURAL  
"Nightmare Logic"

TEASER

FADE IN:

1 EXT. GRAVEYARD - NIGHT (DAY 1) 1

A clutch of worn TOMBSTONES, encircled within a fence.

SUPER: CLAREMORE, OKLAHOMA

A flashlight's BEAM cuts the dark... as MAGGIE (the AU survivor last seen in Ep. 1401, "Stranger in a Strange Land") creeps into frame. She holds the light up confidently, like a natural born HUNTER...

...Passing beneath a wrought iron ARCHWAY that bears the name "RAWLING." She enters the cemetery.

Maggie weaves through jutting tombstones, scanning the graves. Her LIGHT falling on--

A small marble MAUSOLEUM at the cemetery's edge.

Maggie takes a beat and KNEELS, fishing a tiny GO-PRO CAMERA from her jacket pocket. She flicks it ON, then turns the camera up to FACE HER, so she's RECORDING HERSELF.

(But, to be clear, at no point in this teaser do we see any part of this recording-- not yet.)

Maggie WHISPERS into the lens. Barely contained excitement--

MAGGIE

Hey guys. Okay, so-- here we are  
in delightful Claremore, Oklahoma.

She nods behind her to the MAUSOLEUM.

MAGGIE

According to the post, that's where  
it came from. I'm thinking ghoul.  
Anyway--  
(going serious)  
Here we go.

Maggie takes the camera and hangs it around her neck, face-out so it records what she sees. First-person shooter style.

(CONTINUED)

1

CONTINUED:

1

She pulls a MACHETE from inside her jacket. Takes a deep, calming inhale-- centering herself-- and then--

Ducks inside.

2

INT. MAUSOLEUM - CONTINUOUS

2

Entering its claustrophobic depths...

We go TIGHT on Maggie. Here, alone in the dark, her nerves begin to show. She licks her lips, tightening her grip on the machete.

HEART THUNDERING, she pushes through draping COBWEBS. The SPACE OPENS UP--

Maggie swings the beam of light around the boxy crypt as--

Something SLITHERS in the shadows behind her.

Maggie freezes. TENSING UP. Sensing movement. She draws a breath-- TURNS and--

The beam of her light hits the whites of a pair of EYES!

WHAM! In a BLUR-- A FIGURE LEAPS out from the darkness-- sweeping Maggie CLEAN OUT OF FRAME.

Machete and flashlight sent clattering to the floor.

Then, all is quiet. Still.

We linger on Maggie's dropped flashlight, a lonely slice of light in a sea of darkness. And off the chilling silence, we...

BLACKOUT.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

3

INT. MEN OF LETTERS - LIBRARY - DAY (DAY 2)

3

Open on... SAM WINCHESTER. Mug of coffee in hand, holding court with a handful of AU REFUGEES-turned-Hunters. HIS Hunters. He holds up a leather bound JOURNAL--

SAM

-- Details matter. I know homework sucks, but get it down. All of it. The more we know, the better we are.

DEAN WINCHESTER watches from the back, suppressing a smirk of pride. Sam catches it, going self-conscious.

SAM

So, ah, everybody good? No questions?  
(nods all around)  
Okay-- let's get to work.

The Hunters murmur and disperse. Dean calls after them.

DEAN

You kids have fun out there.

Dean falls in beside his brother. Sam glances at Dean's shit-eating grin with tired eyes.

SAM

Don't even say it--

DEAN

What? It's cool. Got a real camp counselor thing going on. Just need to get you a whistle.

Sam cracks a smile as he digs out his phone, and becomes instantly absorbed, SCROLLING through texts and emails.

DEAN

Whaddya got?

SAM

(not looking up)  
Nothing... Hunter check-ins.

DEAN

Check-ins. That's cute.

As they enter--

4

INT. MEN OF LETTERS - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

4

Sam absently pours another cup of JET FUEL. Dean watches.

DEAN

So, you getting any sleep lately?  
Like, at all?

On Sam, weary. He clearly isn't.

DEAN

Look, I know things have gotten  
pretty crazy around here...

And for a split-second, it seems like Dean might be referring to Michael but-- he doesn't mention it. Still basking in his win from last week's episode (1404: "Mint Condition").

DEAN

...Hell-- I just killed my own  
personal horror movie icon-- but we  
all need our beauty rest.  
Especially you.

Sam sighs, holding up the phone in his hand.

SAM

I've got sixteen people on cases  
right now, Dean-- not including  
Jack and Cass in Sarasota and Mom  
and Bobby working that rugaru thing  
in Texas...

DEAN

You know these people survived a  
war, right?

SAM

A war isn't hunting. They need  
lore, weapons-- tips, backup...

Sam gives him a reassuring smile and goes back to his phone.

SAM

Seriously. I'm good.

Then FROWNS at the screen.

DEAN

What?

SAM

I-- somebody missed the check-in.

(CONTINUED)

And Sam finally looks up. Shaken.

SAM  
Dean-- it's Maggie.

Off Sam's palpable dread, CUT TO--

INT. MEN OF LETTERS - LIBRARY - MOMENTS LATER

Sam sits at his LAPTOP, cuing up MAGGIE'S GO-PRO RECORDING.  
Dean paces behind him, PHONE-to-ear.

DEAN  
Come on kid, pick up--

We can hear her faint VOICE MAIL. Dean hangs up, frustrated,  
and notices what's on Sam's computer screen--

DEAN  
Hold up, you got them wearing  
bodycams now?

SAM  
They're new, I figured, watching  
each other's Hunts is the best way  
to learn.

DEAN  
And you'd have a place to start if  
things went bad.

SAM  
That too.

Dean nods-- smart-- as Sam strikes a key and MAGGIE'S  
RECORDING PLAYS:

Grainy, "Paranormal Activity"--style POV footage of the B-side  
of the teaser. Maggie's smiling face looking down--

MAGGIE (ON SCREEN)  
Here we go.

She enters the mausoleum... moving through the spooky dark,  
we hear Maggie's breath, then--

BAM! A BLURRY figure ATTACKS! Camera cuts to black.

The boys meet eyes. This is bad. And they know it.

DEAN  
Something jumped her?

Sam REWINDS-- freezing it on Maggie's attacker in motion. Sam zooms in-- the blurry image sharpens into the gaunt face of an ELDERLY MAN, CORPSE-LIKE. Mouth in a silent HOWL.

DEAN

The ghoul?

SAM

Looks like.

Sam STANDS, running hands through his hair. Spinning out.

SAM

If she's dead...

DEAN

Hey. We don't know that. We don't know anything yet.

SAM

How can-- you just watched the same thing I did.

DEAN

I saw a ghoul. And yeah, they're nasty little S.O.B.s alright, but they're scavengers. They don't usually feed on the living.

\*

On Sam. Dean's right.

SAM

So why attack her?

DEAN

Maybe she got too close-- it was trying to scare her away.

SAM

You really believe that?

DEAN

I-- I don't know-- but maybe if we go there, find out-- we got a shot at bringing her home.

OFF SAM. Not getting his hopes up--

The boys enter the cemetery, retracing Maggie's steps.

In the cold light of day, we can see this little boneyard is located on the grounds of an ESTATE (or FARM-- any HOUSE SURROUNDED BY LAND will do). A large-but-neglected, SPOOKY-looking MAIN HOUSE is visible in the distance.

Dean glances UP as they pass under the ARCHWAY...

DEAN

"Rawling?"

SAM

Family name. Same family owns this whole palace.

DEAN

Private cemetary? Must be nice.

Sam peers at him. Nice? Dean clarifies.

DEAN

You know, convenient.

(beat)

So what are they, weirdo shut-ins? Addams Family types?

Dean SNAPS twice. Sam shrugs, doesn't know.

SAM

Maggie was working a lead-- kids online, said they were studying, when-- and I quote-- "a walker tried to end them."

(then)

It's a zombie. Walking Dead thing.

DEAN

I know what a walker is, Sam.

Oh. Dean kicks an empty BEER CAN littering a grave.

DEAN

"Studying." Right.

The boys pull FLASHLIGHTS, entering--

-- Darting beams around a few dusty coffins. Dean runs his light over the floor.

DEAN

Check it out.

Sam's already on it, kneeling down to inspect the TRAIL OF DIRT. He looks up--

SAM

Drag marks.

DEAN

Yeah. And no blood.

(beat)

Means she might still be alive...

But Sam shuts that down, convinced the worst has happened.

SAM

Ghouls don't take prisoners.

DEAN

Look, say Maggie surprised it-- it attacks, takes her somewhere to feed on later. Couldn't have gone far-- and might not have finished the job yet.

(off Sam)

Either way, we find it--

SAM

And kill it.

Dean nods-- exactly.

-- A SHUFFLING noise from above puts their conversation on ice. Sam and Dean meet eyes as a HUMAN voice bellows--

GRUFF VOICE (O.S.)

Hello? Who's down there?

Busted. The boys stuff flashlights back into duffels...

Sam and Dean emerge to find-- a GROUNDSKEEPER (50s). Greasy hair and fraying overalls, WHEELBARROW full of DIRT in tow. He glares at our crypt-creepers, slack-jawed. Aghast.

GROUNDSKEEPER

'I help you..?

Sam jumps right into a pretext.

SAM

I'm, uh, Harrison, this is Byrne-- we're ah-- actually with the Historic Preservation Society.

On Dean, that's a new one. The Groundskeeper is nonplussed.

GROUNDSKEEPER

This is private property.

SAM

The city sent us. They're thinking of making this whole place a historic site--

\*  
\*

DEAN

-- but to do that, we need to look around-- survey the grounds... the house.

\*

The Groundskeeper just blinks at him. This, over his head.

GROUNDSKEEPER

Huh?

DEAN

Just take us to the owner.

Off the Groundskeeper. Grumbling. HARD CUT TO--

A genial MAN (NEIL, 40s, Philip Seymour Hoffman-ish) leads Sam and Dean through the main house, practically fawning over them. THRILLED--

NEIL

-- I knew it! These archways, the woodwork-- I always said this place had historical significance--

SAM

So much significance.

NEIL

Thought so. I'm no expert. I do subscribe to Architectural Digest.

DEAN

You don't say.

NEIL

Thing is-- and I'm not complaining-- but... how many of you does this process take? I mean, two of you seems like enough.

Sam and Dean swap a perplexed look.

SAM

Two of us?

NEIL

Your colleagues? Showed up right  
before you did? Said they were  
from the H.P.S. too?

DEAN

...really?

Sam and Dean gape into the parlor--

INT. RAWLING HOUSE - PARLOR - CONTINUOUS

-- MARY WINCHESTER and AU BOBBY SINGER-- both decked out in  
tweeds-- turn, just as surprised to see the boys.

DEAN

Gotta be kidding me.

MARY

Hello boys.

BOBBY

What are you doing here?

Neil senses the awkwardness.

NEIL

Oh no, was there a mix-up?

SAM

No, we're good. Just...

(to Mary)

Wish you'd checked in with the, uh,  
"main office" before coming all the  
way out here--

BOBBY

(rankled)

We don't need permission to "look  
at houses." 'Specially when the  
"main office" is run by a bunch a  
idjits.

On Sam, thrown by Bobby's tone. That barb was aimed at him.  
Neil rubs his hands together nervously.

NEIL

I really hope this won't affect our  
chances of being historically  
preserved--

(CONTINUED)



SAM

So you thought you'd check it out.

MARY

We were worried. But we should've called.

SAM

No, it's-- have you found anything?

Mary SHAKES HER HEAD. Dean interrupts, voice urgent--

DEAN (O.S.)

Uh, mister Harrison-- a word?

Something's wrong. Sam and Mary follow Dean's voice into--

INT. RAWLING HOUSE - SICKROOM - CONTINUOUS

Through open double doors, an office converted into a sickroom adjoins the parlor. And inside, an OLD MAN (PATRICK RAWLING, 70s) lies comatose in a rollaway hospital bed, hooked up to an IV and respirator.

He is, unmistakably, THE SAME MAN who ATTACKED Maggie on the Go-Pro footage. As Sam stares, Dean slides in beside him.

DEAN

Am I crazy or is that...

SAM

It's him. From the tape--

DEAN

If he's here-- where's Maggie?

And we SLAM TO--

INT. UNKNOWN - SAME TIME

Maggie! Arms shackled to a BEAM overhead. Alive-- barely. Face streaked with dirt and tears, barely conscious. Her voice weak, rasping--

MAGGIE

Somebody... please. Help me...

And off that agonizing plea, we--

BLACKOUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

16 INT. RAWLING HOUSE - SICKROOM - DAY

16

Where we left them-- Sam and Dean staring at the old man in disbelief, Mary and Bobby picking up on it. Neil, oblivious--

NEIL

Mr. Rawling-- the groundskeeper found him like this. He had a stroke. I'm doing my best to keep him comfortable, but...

Neil SHAKES HIS HEAD mournfully. As that lands-- they hear THE FRONT DOOR OPENING. Heels clacking down the hall...

SASHA (O.S.)

Neil-- ? Give me a hand?

NEIL

In here!  
(gossipy)  
That's Sasha, Mr. Rawling's daughter. Fancy corporate lawyer.

SASHA (uptight, early 30s)-- enters, overdressed in a power suit, arms full of GROCERIES. Visibly drained. Neil gestures to the strangers in her father's parlor.

NEIL

Sasha-- they're from the National Historic Preservation Society. Isn't that exciting?

Sasha eyes them with weary confusion, thrown by all of this.

SASHA

What?

17 INT. RAWLING HOUSE - PARLOR - MOMENTS LATER

17

Sasha sits. She's just heard the boys' pretext. Can't quite believe it.

SASHA

This house? You're sure?

DEAN

She's got good bones.

BEHIND THEM-- we can see into the adjoining SICKROOM. Mary and Bobby continue to question Neil MOS.

(CONTINUED)

SASHA

My grandpa used to say that, when  
he and my grandma lived here--

SAM

And your dad, he's lived here how  
long?

Sasha bristles. Doesn't like talking about her father.

SASHA

Full time? I don't really know.

DEAN

You don't know?

She detects the judgement in his voice. Shuts down.

SASHA

Look, I just came down here to get  
everything in order before... well--  
before he dies--

ANGLE ON-- the SICKROOM. Her father in bed, Mary beside him.  
Bobby puts a hand on Neil's shoulder...

Sasha rubs her eyes, frayed.

SASHA

It's just-- it's been a really long  
week.

Sam does his best to empathize.

SAM

I bet. We'll just take a second,  
and be out of your hair--

But Sasha's had enough-- overwhelmed.

SASHA

Look-- I can't do this. Not today.  
So... I'm sorry, but you should  
leave.

Off the boys-- so much for that.

Sam, Dean, Mary and Bobby, beside their vehicles (the Impala,  
Bobby's truck). They crowd Sam, who holds a TABLET. He's  
just finished showing them the Maggie footage.

BOBBY

Well, ain't a ghoul.  
(off the boys' reaction)  
Checked the old man pretty good  
back there-- no bites.

MARY

We could be looking at a shifter.

DEAN

Dunno. Shifters don't usually  
shack up in graveyards.

SAM

Maybe he's possessed. Demon took  
his body for a joyride?

BOBBY

(pure derision)  
And then what? Tucks him back into  
bed like he's returning a library  
book?  
(beat)  
Anyways, spritzed him with some  
holy water when the nurse's head  
was turned...

He shakes his head, everyone clearly stumped. Bobby simmers.

BOBBY

This case...  
(pointedly, to Sam)  
Obviously ain't a milk run.

Dean clocks Bobby's tone.

DEAN

Something on your mind, Bobby?

And all of Bobby's percolating ire finally spills out--

BOBBY

Your brother. He let Maggie come  
here. Alone. When she had no idea  
what she was walking into. She--

MARY

Bobby--

BOBBY

She wasn't ready.

On Dean, standing up for Sam.

(CONTINUED)

DEAN

C'mon, when is anybody ever ready?

BOBBY

You are or you ain't.

(looking Sam in the eye)

A real leader? Would'a seen that a mile way.

On Sam, deeply stung. Mary shoulders between them.

MARY

Bobby-- that's enough.

(then)

We all want the same thing here,  
and we-- we've got a job, so let's  
do it. Sam, you're with me.  
Bobby, you're with Dean. Okay?

\*

Terse nods all around and we CUT TO--

19

EXT. RAWLING ESTATE (OR FARM) - WOODS - MOMENTS LATER

19

Dean and Bobby, flashlights out. After a tense silence--

DEAN

Bobby--

BOBBY

(cutting him off)

-- You think I was too hard on your  
brother back there.

On Dean, that's an understatement.

DEAN

Sam's doing his best. More than  
his best...

Bobby doesn't even look at him-- eyes ahead-- he points out a  
GARDEN SHED ahead.

BOBBY

Look there--

And moves toward it... Dean won't let this go.

DEAN

Seriously, this whole Hunter Five-0  
thing-- he's killing himself over  
it. Barely eats, won't sleep-- he  
even grew a Kenny Rogers Beard--

\*

(CONTINUED)

BOBBY

Good.

DEAN

Good?

Bobby slows, turns and meets Dean's eye levelly.

BOBBY

I appreciate you two bringing my people here. But your brother took them out of one dangerous Hell hole, and dropped 'em right smack into another.

DEAN

Nobody's making them hunt, Bobby.

BOBBY

What else did you think they were gonna do-- sell Girl Scout cookies? Only connection we had to this place is your brother. He thinks they should hunt, they hunt.

(beat)

Something goes bad, or worse-- that's his weight to carry. Maybe for the rest of his life. And if Sam's not ready for that? Then he shouldn't have brought 'em down this road in the first place.

As Dean absorbs that, we CUT TO--

EXT. RAWLING ESTATE (OR FARM) - HOUSE EXTERIOR - SAME TIME 20

Mary and Sam shoulder DUFFLES, stealthing back toward the main house. Sam's body language is clenched and troubled.

MARY

Hey-- she's alive.  
(off his questioning look)  
Mother's intuition.

Sam covers his doubt.

SAM

Yeah.

MARY

Found Dean, didn't we?

On Sam, still bothered. Mary intuits why.

(CONTINUED)

MARY

Don't listen to Bobby...

SAM

I encouraged her. Maybe he's right. About me, about all of it--

MARY

Sam, watching you the last few weeks, know what I said to myself? This is what he was born to do.

(beat)

If Bobby can't see that-- well, it's not the only thing he's been missing lately.

She shakes her head. There's some serious subtext there.

SAM

It's none of my business, but-- seemed like you'd gotten pretty close.

Mary glances at him, not sure she wants to discuss it. Then--

MARY

I thought so too-- maybe.

(beat)

Since we've been back, things have changed.

SAM

Changed how?

MARY

It's-- we're always hunting. He won't slow down, not even for a second. Something's on his mind. He doesn't wanna talk about it.

SAM

Have you asked?

Mary shoots him a look, evades.

MARY

Bobby's not open like your dad--

\*

SAM

(disbelief)

My dad?

(CONTINUED)

MARY

Or, at least-- he's not like your dad was when I knew him.

(then)

Bobby's got walls. Big ones. And I'm not sure... I can do that... if I ever put myself out there again.

(beat, a smile)

I shouldn't be talking to you about this.

SAM

It is pretty weird.

They share an awkward smile. But Sam wants to help--

SAM

Well-- I'm still getting to know this Bobby-- but our Bobby wasn't the most open person either. Not at first.

(off her questioning look)

His wife. She was... possessed by a demon. Had to take care of it himself.

\*

MARY

They never had any children?

Sam shakes his head-- no.

SAM

Point is, people put up walls for a reason. And-- whatever your Bobby's got behind his, I doubt it's pretty.

MARY

(whisper of a smile)

But you think I should try and find out.

SAM

If you care about him? Then yeah. I do.

On Mary, considering. They reach the back of the HOUSE. A SMALL WINDOW leads to a subterranean BASEMENT.

MARY

Ready?

Sam nods. As Mary SHATTERS it with her elbow...

21 INT. RAWLING HOUSE - GUEST BEDROOM - SAME TIME 21

Sasha sits on the bed, glasses on, sorting through piles of her father's LETTERS and BILLS. She SIGHS. Overwhelmed...

SCRAAAPE. Sasha looks up-- did she really just hear that? A beat of silence. Returning to her task, then-- SCRAAAAAPE.

Unmistakable that time. Curious, Sasha slides off the bed...

22 INT. GARDEN SHED - DAY 22

It's cavernous. A tiny window lets in minimal daylight. Dean and Bobby crack flashlights...

Mean-looking garden tools litter the room-- RAKES, SHOVELS, SHEARS-- and, in the corner, an unnaturally LARGE LUMP of DIRT in an OVERSIZED PLANTER. Creepy. As Dean moves toward it...

Bobby catches sight of something outside, through the window. He cocks his head, fixating on it...

With Dean, as he brushes some dirt aside and RECOILS--

DEAN

Bobby!

REVEAL-- The PALE, DEAD face of a MAN, an idiosyncratic SCAR etched through his RIGHT EYEBROW. The whole thing macabre and "Hannibal-esque." Off Dean, holy shit.

23 INT. RAWLING HOUSE - BASEMENT - SAME TIME 23

Sam and Mary wield flashlights of their own, exploring the basement. Nothing interesting except-- an antique FURNACE.

Mary approaches, opening the hinged door and flooding her light INSIDE: beaming over the charred remnants of a dozen PLASTIC PICTURE ID'S in various states of past immolation.

MARY

Sam.

He moves beside Mary as she pulls them out, flipping through-- we RECOGNIZE THE PICTURE on each ID by that telltale scar: they're all pictures of the dead guy Dean just uncovered!

MARY

FBI, DEA... Forest Service?

SAM

Looks like a Hunter's wallet.

(CONTINUED)

MARY  
Another Hunter?  
(frowns)  
Not one of ours.

As they exchange troubled glances...

INT. GARDEN SHED - INTERCUT

Dean shakes his head at the corpse.

DEAN  
Dead guy in a planter. That's a  
new one.  
(beat)  
Bobby?

But BOBBY'S GONE, left the shed. Dean rushes out--

EXT. GARDEN SHED - CONTINUOUS

Confused to see Bobby's almost made it to the treeline, drawn to SOMETHING he sees (O.S.) in the trees, as if pulled by magnetic force...

DEAN  
Bobby-- hold up!

But-- Dean PAUSES at the mouth of the shed, sensing a looming presence. He turns, stunned as--

DEAN  
Hey-- ?

A SNARLING FIGURE attacks from the other direction! It's the OLD MAN! Sort of. Though it resembles Rawling-- up close, this version is deathly pallid, showing mealy signs of decomposition. Hurling itself at Dean--

Dean THROWS IT OFF. Then, he thinks fast-- grabbing the old man and YANKING it back into the SHED--

INT. GARDEN SHED - CONTINUOUS

Dean grabs SHEARS off the wall-- FACE TO FACE with the creature-- he SHANKS it in the heart. A BEAT-- the old man HOWLS and-- EXPLODES! Covering Dean in a fine layer of ASH.

Dean GLOWERS, sputtering, spitting ash--

DEAN  
Ugh! So gross.

As BOBBY runs back in--

DEAN

The Hell happened to you!?

And for a spilt-second Bobby doesn't know how to answer that. Then hardens. Ogling Dean, dusted in creature-soot.

BOBBY

Could ask you the same question.

Sasha creeps down the long hallway, following that strange SCRAPING from above. She calls out--

SASHA

Hello-- Neil?

No answer. Nerves tight, Sasha forces herself FORWARD.

Rounding a corner and-- HISSSS! Finds herself FACE-TO-FACE with an Apocalypse World Vampire! (The more feral versions of our world's vamps, last seen tearing Sam to little bite-sized pieces in Ep. 1321.)

It hisses a fangy HISS in HIDEOUS CLOSE UP. Sasha SHRIEKS!

And we cut BACK TO THE HALLWAY-- as Sasha RACES away, running scared, praying the monster isn't right behind her--

She TRIPS-- falls! On Sasha-- terrified but daring a look BACK-- the creature's GONE. As if it were never there. And off Sasha's shock, we--

BLACKOUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

28

INT. RAWLING HOUSE - PARLOR - NIGHT

28

Open on... Sasha. Pale. Hands shaking. She struggles to explain what she saw to Sam and Mary.

SASHA

I-- I must be out of my mind.

Neil coaches her back from hyperventilation.

NEIL

Deep breaths.

SAM

What happened?

SASHA

A-- thing chased me down the hall.

MARY

What kind of thing?

SASHA

It couldn't have been real-- it looked--

(squeezing eyes shut)

It looked like a vampire.

Sam and Mary meet eyes. A vampire?

SASHA

That's crazy. I'm crazy.

SAM

Sasha. You're not crazy.

On Sasha, as it suddenly occurs to her to ask--

SASHA

I'm sorry, why are you in my house?

Sam and Mary trade a look. Time for "the talk." DISSOLVE TO--

LATER. Post-talk. Sasha and Neil equally gobsmacked.

SASHA

You hunt monsters?

NEIL

(heartbroken)

What about the Historic Society?

(CONTINUED)

SAM

Sorry.

DEAN (O.S.)

You are never gonna believe what we  
found in the garden shed.

Everyone turns as-- DEAN enters. Sasha, still processing--

SASHA

You hunt monsters...

DEAN

Good-- you told them.

MARY

What was in the garden shed?

DEAN

Dead guy.

Sasha and Neil BLANCH-- WHAT?

SAM

Any chance it was him?

Sam passes Dean the charred IDs. Dean reacts-- affirmative.

SAM

We think-- something might be  
killing Hunters.

As that lands on Dean. Mary suddenly realizes--

MARY

Where's Bobby?

DEAN

Said he had to get something out of  
his truck.

On Mary, doesn't like it.

MARY

I'll go check.

And she EXITS. Sasha blinks at them.

SASHA

Wait, time out. There's a dead  
body in our garden shed?

DEAN

That's not the only thing...

Sasha gives a look-- what else?

On Dean, not sure how to tell Sam this with her right there.

DEAN

Some... wormy clone of her father  
tried to kill me.

(beat)

Definitely the same thing we saw  
attack Maggie on that tape.

NEIL

Who's Maggie?

SASHA

Hang on-- my dad's right there.

She nods to the SICKROOM. Through the door, open ajar, they  
can see-- Rawling sleeps soundly in his coma.

Sam ignores them. Trying to game this out.

SAM

None of this makes any sense.

SASHA

What about what I saw? The  
vampire.

Dean looks to Sam. Vampire?

SAM

Says a vampire chased her down the  
hall.

Dean throws up his arms, exasperated.

DEAN

You're right. No sense.

(then)

Thing I killed died weird, and what  
kinda vamp lets its dinner go AWOL?

SAM

This might be a stretch, but-- what  
if what we're dealing with-- aren't  
really monsters--

(CONTINUED)

NEIL  
(deep relief)  
Oh thank God.

DEAN  
So what are they?

SAM  
Maybe-- some kind of manifestation?

DEAN  
Created by what? Witch-- psychic?

On Neil and Sasha as they trade a look, witches and psychics?

SAM  
Remember the guy in the old folks  
home? Made things go Loony Tunes?

He's referring to Ep. 808: "Hunteri Heroici."

DEAN  
Fred Jones. Dad's buddy.

SAM  
He was psychokinetic, had the power  
to reshape reality.

NEIL  
Reshape--? That's not possible.

DEAN  
Pal, you got no idea what's  
possible.

Neil blanches. Dean continues, to Sam--

DEAN  
But Fred Jones was damn near  
catatonic, didn't know what he was  
doing.

SAM  
Maybe this one doesn't either.

Sam looks pointedly at comatose RAWLING. Everyone reacts.

SASHA  
You think my dad's doing this?

DEAN  
Did he ever show signs of--

(CONTINUED)

On Sasha, she's in total shock.

SASHA

Psychic powers? There's no-- no.  
I mean, if we're talking textbook  
workaholic with toxic narcissistic  
tendencies? Then, sure-- maybe.  
But a-- a psychic? No way.

DEAN

(to Sam)

Even if he did, why manifest a  
vampire to scare his own daughter?

A beat-- then suddenly, Sam UNDERSTANDS. Excited--

SAM

Sasha, walk us through exactly what  
you were doing when you saw the  
vamp.

SASHA

I heard rats-- or something-- in  
the attic. I was going up to  
check, but--

DEAN

It scared you. It scared you away  
before you could.

The boys meet eyes.

SAM

Attic.  
(then)  
I'll go-- stay with them.

Dean nods-- and as Sam heads out, we SMASH TO--

Mary. Jogging toward the Impala and Bobby's truck parked  
down the road. Out of breath, she reaches the vehicles.

MARY

Bobby? Bobby!

No answer. No sign of him. Mary scans the surrounding  
woods, worry deepening. CUT TO--

30

INT. RAWLING HOUSE - PARLOR / SICKROOM - SAME TIME

30

Neil's gone to tend to Rawling, leaving Dean and Sasha. SKEEET-- Dean uses a pocket-sized file (like an Imacasa "canoe" file) to sharpen his MACHETE.

SASHA

Can you... (not do that).

He looks at her quizzically. She trails off, sighs--

SASHA

You know what? Never mind.

Fumbling a PILL from a bottle, her hands still shaking. Dean peers at her.

DEAN

You doin' okay?

SASHA

Well, my father's dying and there's a strange man sharpening a... machete? To, presumably, kill monsters with? In my living room.

(popping the pill)

Thank God for Benzos.

(then-- a look to Rawling)

I should never have come back here.

Thanks, Dad...

DEAN

Not a lotta love lost between you two, huh?

Sasha suppresses a sarcastic chortle.

DEAN

Look, I get it--

SASHA

No offense, but I'm not really up for a heart-to-heart.

DEAN

Okay.

Silence. Then--

SASHA

My dad-- wasn't the best person. He was gone all the time-- working. For us, he said, but-- my mom...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

SASHA (CONT'D)

he knew there was depression that runs in her family.

(then, simply--)

He wasn't there, so-- I was the one who found her. I was twelve.

DEAN

I'm sorry.

SASHA

That's what everyone says. Except him. He never said it.

(bitterly)

Wanna know the-- the most ridiculous part? I worshiped him when I was a kid. Didn't know any better.

(then, small)

He's the only family I have left.

There's yearning there, longing for a father lost.

DEAN

Can I -- ?(give you some advice)

Sasha gestures-- go ahead.

DEAN

Let it go. The past is-- can't do a damn thing about it, so-- drop the baggage. You'll feel a lot lighter.

Sasha meets his eye earnestly.

SASHA

That what you do?

On Dean, it's the only way he's been able to cope with his time as Michael-- and, it's still a fucking struggle.

DEAN

Try to. Every single day.

That lands on Sasha. Dean returns to sharpening the blade.

With Sam. Machete in-hand, he retraces Sasha's steps down the winding hall, rounding the same corner that brought her face-to-face with the vamp. HORROR MOVIE MUSIC SWELLS--

31 CONTINUED: 31

But nothing's there. Only a DOOR. Sam enters, pulling on the naked light bulb, illuminating a STAIRCASE. He ascends--

32 EXT. RAWLING ESTATE (OR FARM) - WOODS - NIGHT 32

Bobby plods through the trees, hunting the forest for something unknown to us. A TWIG BREAKS, Bobby whips around--

A FIGURE steps out in front of him. We see it from behind, but Bobby REACTS-- FROZEN-- staring in emotional disbelief.

BOBBY

Daniel?

ARM AROUND to reveal-- A MAN (late 20s). GRISLY BLACK HOLES where his eyes should be (they've been BURNED OUT, as if he'd been SMITED by an angel). Daniel smirks.

DANIEL

Hi... dad.

33 INT. RAWLING HOUSE - STAIRWELL - NIGHT 33

Sam climbs the creaking steps...

34 INT. RAWLING HOUSE - ATTIC - CONTINUOUS 34

Entering the attic. Darkness and the sounds of SHALLOW BREATHING. Sam clicks his flashlight on--

SAM

Maggie!

Maggie hangs, suspended from the RAFTERS! Unconscious. An IV inserted into her NECK sucks a thin stream of blood. She's been bled slow. Dying.

(Note: Some will likely glean our monster is a djinn from this tableau, as it is exactly how Dean was exsanguinated in Ep. 220, "What is and What Should Never Be.")

Sam removes the IV carefully, begins cutting her down...

35 EXT. RAWLING ESTATE (OR FARM)- WOODS - SAME TIME 35

WHAM! Daniel drives a fist into Bobby's stomach-- ribs CRUNCH-- Bobby doubles over, grimacing in pain.

BOBBY

Daniel... you can't be...

DANIEL

What-- here? Real? But here I am--

(CONTINUED)



DEAN

Didn't hit me at first, then I remembered--

(re: the IV)

I've seen this rig before, long time ago-- when I was the one hooked up to it.

POP FLASH to Ep. 220, "What is and What Should Never Be."  
Dean, strung up to an IV DRAINING HIS BLOOD.

DEAN

You're not giving him blood, you're taking it. You're a DJINN.

Neil's bland features curdle into a smile as-- GHOSTLY BLUE TATTOOS (invisible up to now) glow along his arms and neck.

NEIL

But you already knew that, didn't you... Michael.

OFF DEAN-- INTERCUT--

EXT. RAWLING ESTATE (OR FARM) - WOODS - SAME TIME

Daniel SLAMS Bobby against a tree. Bobby's a mess-- nose and mouth leaking blood-- one eye swollen shut. Daniel leans in close... those terrible EYE-HOLES boring into him.

DANIEL

C'mon, Dad, I know you're curious-- what they did-- what you let them do... it's kind of a funny story--

Bobby HOWLS as Daniel DRIVES an angel blade through the meat of his SHOULDER, just below the shoulder blade-- pinning him to the tree trunk. Bobby twists in pain.

DANIEL

They crucified me.

Daniel smiles wickedly, drawing a SECOND ANGEL BLADE.

DANIEL

Piece by piece...

And we can see in Bobby's face-- despair... and surrender. This is punishment he thinks he deserves. Daniel raises the second angel blade up--

MARY (O.S.)

Stop!

(CONTINUED)



SAM

It's okay, we're gonna get you out--

On Maggie. Pleading with him to understand.

MAGGIE

No! They're here-- HERE. The  
vampires. From MY world.

On Sam. Confused. Before she can explain-- Maggie's eyes  
SAUCER at something she spies over his shoulder. Maggie goes  
absolutely berserk and Sam spins to see--

HISSSS! A pair of AU vampires slink from the shadows!

ON SAM. As fear JOLTS him-- THESE ARE AU VAMPIRES. The  
monsters that ripped him apart in Ep. 1321.

Off Sam, stunned-- the VAMPIRES about to attack, we--

BLACKOUT.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

41 INT. RAWLING HOUSE - SICKROOM - NIGHT

41

Open on Dean and Neil-The-Djinn (henceforth "The Djinn")-- the Djinn smiles, he thinks Dean's still Michael.

THE DJINN

Is this still part of the game?

DEAN

Game?

THE DJINN

The test.

On Dean, getting real tired of this, realizing--

DEAN

Michael. You think I'm Michael.

THE DJINN

You're not?

DEAN

(with a head shake)

Sorry.

The Djinn doesn't seem terribly worried. He studies Dean.

THE DJINN

Hmm. I thought-- when you showed up with that ridiculous "Historic Society" story, you-- he was testing me. Making sure I kept my end of the bargain--

On Dean, queasy.

DEAN

What bargain?

THE DJINN

Find somewhere quiet, set up shop, and kill as many Hunters as I can.

Dean reels. Horror-struck.

DEAN

And in return he gave you an upgrade?

(CONTINUED)

THE DJINN

It's what he does.

(then)

Djinn... what power do we really have? Trapping our little flies, weaving poison webs inside their minds-- it's all so... limiting. Now? One touch, and I can read minds, see nightmares. And because of him-- because of you-- I can bring those nightmares into the world. Make them do what I want...

\*  
\*

On Dean, a nod to Rawling, putting the pieces together.

DEAN

The old man--

THE DJINN

Rawling? His worst nightmare was dying in this house-- unmourned, unloved-- rotting in the family crypt, alone with his regret--

We PUSH IN on the COMATOSE RAWLING as-- POP FLASH--

To the cadaverous OLD MAN attacking Maggie in THE MAUSOLEUM! And we realize-- this "monster" is elderly Patrick Rawling's nightmare: himself as a corpse.

\*

THE DJINN (V.O.)

Tad macabre, if you ask me. Your little Hunter girl? Hers were more interesting. Shame what those vampires did to her family--

POP FLASH-- to the ATTIC. Maggie COWERS as Sam steels himself-- using his machete to fend off the AU vampires.

BACK TO SCENE--

THE DJINN

Quite a place she comes from-- your friend Bobby, too. The things slithering around HIS mind... Oof.

The Djinn SHUDDERS sarcastically.

POP FLASH-- Bobby watches helpless, pinned to the tree, as his "son" DANIEL chokes Mary on the ground...

BACK TO SCENE:

(CONTINUED)

The Djinn eyes the gun. Smiles.

THE DJINN

We both know that won't work on me,  
and I highly doubt you've got a  
knife dipped in lamb's blood--

DEAN

It'll slow you down--

And BANG! Dean puts a bullet in the Djinn's leg. He cocks his head at Dean in faux-outrage.

THE DJINN

Ow.

In a flash-- the Djinn moves to Dean and STRIKES the gun from his hand! He GRABS Dean by the arm--

THE DJINN

Relax, I won't let anything happen  
to Michael's favorite monkey  
suit... but I'm curious...

As Dean STRUGGLES in his grip--

THE DJINN

What are your nightmares?

The monster's EYES CLOUD OVER, READING DEAN'S MIND-- he GASPS, dropping Dean! Falling to his knees, choking and sputtering... DROWNING?

On Dean, grimly taking in the creature's reaction--

DEAN

Scary right?

Taking advantage of the Djinn's momentarily weakened state-- BAM! He KICKS the creature back--

DEAN

You're right, I don't have a silver  
knife dipped in lamb's blood--

Grabbing a bronze BOOKEND off a nearby shelf, he feels the weight of it in his hand.

DEAN

So... we improvise.

(CONTINUED)

SMASHING the Djinn across the face. Dean charges it, bludgeoning it over and over again. He pants, out of breath. Face flecked with the creature's blood.

On the floor, the Djinn spits through bloody teeth, gloating--

THE DJINN

You think I'm the only one-- the only trap? He made dozens of us. Just out there waiting for you-- your family.

Dean raises the bronze bookend up--

DEAN

You don't know my family.

And SLAMS it into the Djinn's skull with a SQUISH. CUT TO--

INT. RAWLING HOUSE - ATTIC - SAME TIME

Sam. In the throes of the vampire attack, fighting them off. Maggie shrinks behind him, lost in a miasma of her own fear.

On Sam. IMPLORING her--

SAM

Maggie, whatever these things are... this is what we do-- we're Hunters--

And his MACHETE connects, skewering the creature clean through the heart-- the vampire EXPLODES into ASH!

SAM

We fight.

On Maggie. Watching, wide-eyed as-- the other vampire attacks Sam! Knocking his weapon away.

Sam moves to recover it-- we hear a FEROCIOUS BATTLE-CRY:

Maggie. She grabs a POKER from among the junk in the attic, hurling herself at the creature, running it through.

The vampire EXPLODES! As ash rains down upon them...

Maggie meets Sam's eye gratefully. CUT TO--

EXT. RAWLING ESTATE (OR FARM) - WOODS - NIGHT

Bobby, pinned to the tree, watching as Mary succumbs to Daniel's chokehold. Final breaths leaving her...

Bobby ACTIVATES.

BOBBY

No.

Gritting his teeth, he PULLS the ANGEL BLADE from his shoulder-- dropping from the tree with a GROAN.

Ruined hand dripping blood, angel blade clutched in the other, Bobby BUM-RUSHES Daniel from behind--

Knocking him off Mary. Holding this simulacrum of his son down, Bobby whispers--

BOBBY

I'm sorry.

-- And DRIVES the blade deep into Daniel's heart. The boy HOWLS and explodes into ASH!

Off Bobby and Mary catching their breath, we--

BLACKOUT.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

44 INT. RAWLING HOUSE - SICKROOM - DAY (DAY 3) 44

Dean eases the IV out of Rawling's wrist. Sasha sits beside him, anxious.

SASHA

So, that's it?

DEAN

Djinn's poison was keeping him under. Give him time, he'll come back around.

(loaded beat)

Might even get that apology.

Sasha smiles, but...

SASHA

Maybe-- maybe not, but... can't change the past, right? Maybe it's time to move forward.

Dean nods-- that's good too. In bed, Rawling GROANS, shifting his body painfully-- he's still out, but the slow process of coming back to consciousness has begun.

And Sasha can't help it, she takes her father's hand.

SASHA

It's okay... I'm here.

And we CUT TO--

45 EXT. RAWLING ESTATE (OR FARM) - DAY 45

Mary and Bobby, beside his truck. First-aid kit out.

BOBBY

I caught sight of him in the woods, when I was with Dean, and-- you weren't supposed to see that. I went back to-- I wanted to handle it myself.

Mary gently winds a bandage around his mangled shoulder...

MARY

Bobby... you can talk to me.

A heavy beat. He closes his eyes.

(CONTINUED)

BOBBY

Daniel was my son.

On Bobby, he's held this in a very long time.

BOBBY

My wife-- God rest her-- didn't die natural. Daniel and I, we buried her together. After-- well, hunting, that's what got us through. Then the angel war started. I'd been called up to serve before, so they gave me... a platoon, I guess you could call it. Dan was in it. We got separated...

(beat)

You can probably tell where this is headed.

MARY

Whatever happened, it wasn't your fault.

BOBBY

I'm the one who brought him to war, I'm the one who sent him to die-- I don't even know what they did to him. The angels took 'em. We never found the bodies.

(choking up)

Never thought I'd be any kind of father to a child, but-- Daniel-- was the best part of my life.

\*

On Mary, heart breaking for him.

BOBBY

Always assumed, in the end, that war'd kill me too. But it didn't.

(then, realizing)

I guess lately-- I've been looking for other options.

MARY

The hunting.

On Bobby, ashamed.

BOBBY

It ends the same.

(CONTINUED)

MARY

No. You are not allowed to give up  
on me.

Bobby meets her eye, surprised by the depth of her concern.

BOBBY

I don't-- I don't know any other  
way to live.

On Bobby, laid bare. Mary gently takes him into her arms.

MARY

Then we'll find one.

The library is abuzz with activity-- AU Hunters working  
cases, loading guns, counting ammo. THEY HUSH UP... as Sam  
leads Maggie in. Trailed by Dean, helping Mary with Bobby.

Sam watches as-- the AU Hunters surround Maggie, showering  
her with relieved hugs, back patting... a few high-fives.  
Dean comes up beside Sam. Proud as Hell.

DEAN

You did this. You brought her  
home.

As Sam allows himself to savor the victory, Mary joins them.

MARY

Boys, we need to talk.

HARD CUT TO--

Mary and Bobby carry heavy bags. Sam and Dean walk them to  
the door.

SAM

-- The key's under the garden  
gnome.

MARY

You're sure Donna doesn't mind?

DEAN

Said "Her cabin's your cabin."  
Take all the time you need.

Bobby angles toward Sam for a quick, private sidebar.

BOBBY

Listen, things I said before...

SAM

Bobby, forget it.

BOBBY

No, I--

(admitting)

This job's no picnic. I don't know  
if I ever really had it in me.

(means this)

But you do.

Sam smiles, accepting his tacit apology--

We move to Mary and Dean. She's anxious.

MARY

We'll just be a few weeks, as soon  
as Bobby's back on his feet--

DEAN

I know.

Mary pulls Dean close. Eye-to-eye.

MARY

If you need anything-- anything--  
I'm only a half day's drive--

DEAN

Mom-- go. Be happy.

A poignant MOS exchange of hugs, and Mary and Bobby depart.

Then, Sam and Dean trade a DARK LOOK, and we DISSOLVE TO--

INT. MEN OF LETTERS - KITCHEN - LATER

The boys PACE, glued to their PHONES. We catch snippets of  
their separate, overlapping conversations--

DEAN

Garth? Dean. Here's the deal--

SAM

That's right, monsters--

DEAN

Whole new level, setting traps--

SAM

I know it sounds crazy, but-- stay safe, buddy system--

DEAN

Spread the word.

They hang up. Sam scrolls, checking his Hunter database.

SAM

That's everybody.

DEAN

Good.

Dean grabs a beer from the fridge and takes an angry pull.

DEAN

Traps for Hunters-- friggin' awesome.

He's roiling. And Sam knows exactly what he's thinking.

SAM

Dean...

DEAN

It's not my fault. I know. It's Michael, it's all Michael-- but...

(beat)

I've been trying to-- not forget, but to move on, from what I-- we-- he did, and I-- I was starting to feel like me again, Sam. Almost.

He takes another drink. Sam watches his brother-- worried for him--

SAM

So we'll work harder.

DEAN

How? You sleep three hours a night.

SAM

Then I'll sleep two.

(then)

Dean, we're going to find Michael. And we're going to kill him.

DEAN

How?

(CONTINUED)

SAM

I don't know-- we'll track down Dark  
Kaia, and the spear-- we'll find  
something.

(then)

We always do.

ON DEAN. A beat-- then a nod--

\*

DEAN

I hope you're right.

And off our boys-- TROUBLED--

BLACKOUT.

TO BE CONTINUED...

COPY