

Raelle Tucker

SUPERNATURAL

Episode #103

"Dead in the Water"

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REVISION HISTORY

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Production Draft - White	08/03/05	None

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"Dead in the Water"

CAST LIST

SAM WINCHESTER  
DEAN WINCHESTER

JARED PADALECKI  
JENSEN ACKLES

BILL CARLTON \*  
WILL CARLTON  
SOPHIE CARLTON  
WAITRESS  
SHERIFF JAKE DEVINS  
ANDREA BARR  
LUCAS BARR  
MRS. SWEENEY  
PETE SWEENEY/DEAD BOY  
RESCUE WORKER

\* Replaced:  
BILL CARLTON replaces BOB CARLTON

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SUPERNATURAL  
"Dead in the Water"

TEASER

OVER BLACK--

LAKE MANITOC, WISCONSIN. PRESENT DAY.

1 INT. BILL CARLTON'S HOUSE - MORNING (DAY 1) 1

BILL CARLTON, 47, sits at the kitchen table, buried behind the Sports Section. His son WILL, 22, shovels in cereal.

Daughter SOPHIE, 18, athletic, enters. She wears a sweatsuit, about to head out for a swim. She kisses her father on the head.

SOPHIE  
Morning, Daddy.

---

BILL CARLTON  
Morning, sweetheart.

WILL  
(teasing)  
All these workouts, Soph, I dunno... guys don't like buff girls.

SOPHIE  
Yeah, well. ~~Girls don't like guys~~  
who still live at home.

---

WILL  
Ha. Ha.

Will and Sophie make scowling, mocking faces at each other. Typical brother-sister shit. Will moves to the kitchen sink, washing his cereal bowl. LAKE MANITOC visible in the kitchen window directly before him.

Sophie heads out the door. Bill calls after her--

BILL CARLTON  
Be careful!

SOPHIE (O.S.)  
(fading away)  
I will...

2 EXT. LAKE MANITOC - MORNING 2

Now in her swimsuit, Sophie stands at the edge of the idyllic lake. A JOGGER runs past. Sophie focuses on the shimmering, placid water.

CUT TO:

3 EXT. LAKE - MORNING - MOMENTS LATER 3

Far from shore, Sophie comes up for air, panting... and hears something: an eerie, fluttering sound. ALMOST A WHISPER. But it's too distorted... we can't make it out.

She listens closely-- what is that? Sophie glances around. The lake is calm, empty. It's probably just the wind...

Deciding it's nothing, she resumes swimming.

Then... behind her... a RIPPLE APPEARS in the water. MOVING, steady. TRAILING HER.

Something is following Sophie... and she doesn't know it...

CUT TO:

3A EXT. LAKE - UNDERWATER POV - MORNING 3A

Beneath the surface. Moving closer to Sophie. Closer.

CUT TO:

3B EXT. LAKE - MORNING 3B

Then. Sophie stops. She hears the faint whisper again. LOUDER. ALMOST A VOICE. She's spooked now.

Sophie. Treading-- she's YANKED HARD beneath the surface! Her SCREAM is instantly muffled.

And then... the lake is perfectly serene and gorgeous. As though she'd never been there at all.

BLACKOUT.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

4 EXT. DINER - DAY - ESTABLISHING 4

A SEMI TRUCK ROARS past a classic, TRUCK STOP DINER, somewhere in the middle of America.

5 INT. DINER - DAY 5

SAM WINCHESTER. Paces near the front door. On his CELL PHONE. He hears a recorded message--

RECORDED MESSAGE (O.S.)

This number is out of service.  
Please check the number and try  
again.

Sam flips the cell phone shut, frustrated.

AT A BOOTH

DEAN WINCHESTER. Half-eaten burger before him... and a pile of different SMALL TOWN NEWSPAPERS. More specifically... different small town OBITUARIES... one or two entries CIRCLED... with scrawled notations, question marks, etc.

Pen in hand, Dean reads the OBITS from the LAKE MANITOC TRIBUNE. Circles one. **AREA GIRL DROWNS.** We recognize a high school photo of SOPHIE CARLTON.

When a SMOKING HOT WAITRESS approaches. Gives Dean a come-hither smile. Serious sparks here.

WAITRESS

Can I get you anything else?

Dean grins. Mind reeling at the possibilities.

DEAN

Is there any answer I can give,  
that doesn't sound like a bad  
porno?

The Waitress LAUGHS. When--

SAM

Just the check please.

The Waitress nods. Back to business. Heads off. Sam sits in the booth, across from his brother.



5

DEAN

You know, we are allowed to have fun once in awhile.

(beat)

What were you doing anyway?

SAM

(with a sigh)

...I tried Dad's number.

DEAN

Again?

SAM

I don't know... I thought maybe he'd turn it back on...

DEAN

(with sympathy)

Sam. It's been off for weeks...

SAM

...I know...

DEAN

Well... here. Take a look at this. I think I got one.

Dean reads from the newspaper.

DEAN

Lake Manitoc, Wisconsin. Last week, Sophie Carlton, 18, walks into the lake... and never walks out. Authorities dragged the water... nothing.

(finds this interesting)

They had a funeral two days ago.

SAM

A funeral?

DEAN

It's weird... they buried an empty coffin.

(then)

I guess you gotta bury something. For closure, or whatever.

With a slight edge to Sam's voice--

SAM

Closure? What closure? People don't just disappear, Dean. Other people just stop looking for 'em.

Dean throws his brother a look. Then--

DEAN

Something you wanna say to me?

SAM

(after a beat)

Trail for Dad... it's getting colder every day...

DEAN

Exactly. So what are we supposed to do?

SAM

I don't know. Something. Anything.

A beat. Dean needs to get something off his chest--

DEAN

Sam. You know what? Enough with the attitude. You don't think I wanna find Dad as much as you?

SAM

I know you do, it's just--

DEAN

I'm the one who's been with him, every day, these past two years, while you were going to pep rallies.

(beat)

We're gonna find him. And we're gonna kill everything bad between here and there. Alright?

The brothers lock eyes. A long beat. Then--

SAM

...this drowning. What makes it one of ours?

DEAN

Sophie Carlton, she's the third Lake Manitoc drowning this year alone. Those bodies were never recovered, either. And check this out. Will Carlton, 22, the victim's brother. Witnessed the whole thing through the kitchen window. "She was jerked right under the water," Will said, "almost like something grabbed her."

Sam reacts to this. Looks at Dean.

SAM

Some kind of lake creature?

DEAN

Your guess is as good as mine.

SAM

So... Lake Manitoc. How far?

6 EXT. LAKE MANITOC - SERIES OF SHOTS - DAY 6

The Impala motors past a faded SIGN-- "WELCOME TO LAKE MANITOC, WI. WISCONSIN'S VACATION SPOT."

...down the main street. It's quaint... but still, this is a vacation spot that's seen better days.

7 EXT. BILL CARLTON'S HOUSE - DAY 7

A KNOCK on the door. Will Carlton answers.

DEAN

Will Carlton?

WILL

That's right.

Dean holds up a flawless I.D. and a confident smile.

DEAN

This is Agent Hamill. I'm Agent Ford. Fish and Wildlife Service.

8

EXT. BILL CARLTON'S HOUSE - BACKYARD - DAY

8

Will walks Sam and Dean out the back porch. Shows them the lake. Up ahead, on the DOCK... Bill Carlton sits on a wooden bench, his back to the guys.

Will, for his part, is doing the best he can under very difficult circumstances.

WILL

...she was about a hundred yards out, maybe more... from that point, there... that's where Sophie was dragged down...

DEAN

You're sure she didn't just... drown?

WILL

She was a varsity swimmer. Practically grew up in that lake. She was as safe out there as in her own bathtub.

SAM

So... no splashing? No sign of distress?

WILL

That's what I'm telling you. One second she was there... the next...

SAM

Did you see anything else?

WILL

Like what?

SAM

Shadows in the water... maybe some dark shape breach the surface?

WILL

Actually, yeah... this weird ripple in the water... I mean, I thought I saw it... like I said, she was pretty far out.

Sam and Dean trade looks.

DEAN

You ever see anything like that before? Or maybe strange tracks by the shoreline?

WILL

No, never.

(then)

Why? What do you think's down there?

Sam and Dean. They don't know, not yet.

DEAN

Let you know as soon as we do.

SAM

(looking down the dock)

What about your Father? Can we talk to him?

WILL

Look. If you don't mind... he didn't see anything... and he's kind of having a tough time...

The boys look to Bill, out on the dock. His back to them, framed against the glittering expanse of water. It's a poignant image, and somehow eerie, all at the same time.

SAM

We understand.

ANGLE ON BILL. As the boys EXIT, deep in the background. Bill stares at all that water. His expression is despondent... and somehow unreadable...

INT. POLICE STATION - SHERIFF'S DESK - DAY

Sam and Dean walk through the police station... alongside SHERIFF JAKE DEVINS, 47, all composure, calm, and authority. Heading to Jake's desk.

JAKE

...now, I'm sorry, but what's Fish and Wildlife care about an accidental drowning?

SAM

You sure it's accidental? Will Carlton saw something grab his sister.

JAKE

Like what? There's no indigenous carnivores in the lake. There's nothing even big enough to pull down a person. So, unless it was the Loch Ness Monster...

Dean takes a half beat, before--

DEAN

Yeah. Right.

JAKE

Will Carlton was traumatized. Sometimes the mind plays tricks.

(beat)

Still, I dragged that lake. Ran a sonar sweep. Just to be sure. There's nothing down there.

SAM

Nothing. Not even the girl's body.

JAKE

(pained)

No. I tried like hell... but I couldn't find her. Lake's got deep currents... she might've been swept away...

DEAN

It's kind of strange, though. I mean, that's the third missing body this year.

Jake throws Dean a look. With emotion--

JAKE

Yeah. I know. These are people from my town. People I care about. I've been running myself raw looking for 'em...

(then)

Anyway. All this... it won't be a problem much longer...

DEAN

What do you mean?

Jake searches Dean's face. Curious.

9

JAKE

Well. The dam, of course.

DEAN

Of course. The dam. It's...  
(fishing)  
...sprung a leak...

JAKE

It's rotting to pieces. And the  
feds won't give us the grant to  
repair it. So they opened the  
spillway. Another six months,  
there won't be much of a lake.  
Won't be much of a town, either.

(with a tinge of  
suspicion)

But as Federal Fish and Wildlife...  
you already knew that...

DEAN

Exactly.

ANDREA (O.S.)

Sorry. Am I interrupting?

Sam and Dean turn to see: ANDREA BARR, 29, beautiful, ballsy,  
no bullshit.

ANDREA

I can come back later.

We can immediately tell-- Dean thinks Andrea is gorgeous.

JAKE

Gentlemen, this is my daughter.

DEAN

(all charm)  
Pleasure to meet you. Dean.

ANDREA

Andrea Barr. Hi.

JAKE

They're from Fish and Wildlife.  
About the lake.

A flicker of sadness creeps across Andrea's face.

ANDREA

Oh.

Just then a SHADOW moves behind Andrea. A small, pale nine-year-old boy, LUCAS, steps out from behind his mother. Dean grins at him. All part of the flirting-with-mom package.

DEAN  
Well, hi there.

Lucas doesn't meet Dean's eyes. Doesn't smile. Clutches a box of crayons and sketch pad to his chest.

DEAN  
What's your name?

Lucas doesn't answer. Dean and Sam watch as Lucas withdraws to the corner. Andrea follows, helps him set up his crayons on an empty desk. There's definitely something wrong with this kid. Something haunted.

JAKE  
His name is Lucas.

Out of earshot from Andrea--

SAM  
Is he okay?

JAKE  
(quietly)  
My grandson's been through a lot.  
We all have.

Jake shows them to the door.

JAKE  
Well... let me know if there's  
anything else I can do...

Andrea approaches. Dean can't help but look her up and down.

DEAN  
Actually, now that you mention  
it...  
(to Andrea)  
Could you point us in the direction  
of a reasonably priced motel?

Sam rolls his eyes at his brother's sugar tone.

ANDREA  
Lakefront Inn. Go around the  
corner, it's two blocks up.



DEAN  
You mind showing us?

ANDREA  
(laughing)  
You want me to walk you two blocks?

DEAN  
Not if it's any trouble.

Andrea is bemused (and immune) to Dean's charms.

ANDREA  
I'm heading that way anyway.  
(to Jake)  
I'll be back to pick Lucas up at  
three.  
(to Lucas)  
We'll get some pizza, okay,  
sweetie?

Lucas doesn't respond. Only scribbles with his crayons. A flicker of sadness across Andrea's face. She heads for the door. Sam and Dean follow.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Sam, Dean and Andrea head down the street. Andrea walks fast. Dean practically has to jog to keep up with her.

DEAN  
So. Cute kid.

ANDREA  
Thanks.

DEAN  
Kids are the best.

Sam snorts. Dean glares at him. Andrea stops in front of a rustic motel with a view of the lake.

ANDREA  
Okay, guys. Here it is. Like I  
said, two blocks.

SAM  
Thanks.

ANDREA  
No problem.  
(to Dean)  
(MORE)

10

ANDREA (CONT'D)

Must be hard, with your sense of direction. Never being able to find your way to a decent pickup line. Enjoy your stay.

Andrea hurries away. Sam and Dean head for the motel office.

SAM

"Kids are the best"? You don't even like kids.

DEAN

I love kids.

SAM

Name three children you even know.

Dean thinks hard. He can't even name one. Sam rolls his eyes, enters the motel. Dean follows...

DEAN

I'm thinking...

11

INT. MOTEL ROOM - DAY

11

Sam, at the LAPTOP. ON THE SCREEN. The LAKE MANITOC TRIBUNE. Sam clicks through different articles... some of them fairly old, from the newspaper's archives.

SAM

So... there's the three drowning victims this year...

DEAN

And before that?

SAM

Yeah. Six more, spread out over the past 35 years. Those bodies were never recovered either.

(then)

If there is something down there... it's picking up its pace...

DEAN

So, what, we got a lake monster on a binge...?

SAM

Actually... this whole lake monster theory... something bugs me...

DEAN

What?

SAM

Loch Ness. Lake Champlain.  
There's literally hundreds of eye-  
witness accounts. Photos. Local  
lore. Something. But here...  
almost nothing. Whatever's out  
there... no one's living to talk  
about it.

Dean has been standing behind Sam. Reading the screen over  
his shoulder.

SAM

Dude. I hate when you read over my  
shoulder like that.

DEAN

Wait. Barr. Christopher Barr.  
Where have I heard that name  
before?

ON THE SCREEN. The website's google-like RESULTS PAGE... a  
LIST OF ARTICLES. Sam clicks on the one that reads, "LOCAL  
MAN IN TRAGIC ACCIDENT. Christopher Barr, 32, drowned..."

SAM

(reading)

Christopher Barr, the victim from  
May.

An ARTICLE APPEARS with a PHOTOGRAPH of a pale, frightened  
LITTLE BOY, wrapped in a blanket. We instantly recognize  
him. It's LUCAS.

SAM

Christopher Barr was Andrea's  
husband. Lucas's Dad. Apparently,  
he took Lucas swimming. Lucas was  
on a floating wooden platform when  
Chris drowned. Two hours, before  
they rescued the kid.

(grim, empathetic)

Maybe we got an eye witness after  
all.

Dean stares at the photo of Lucas. The boy's terrified,  
haunted expression. Dean knows that look all too well.

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DEAN

No wonder he's so freaked out.  
Watching your parent die isn't  
something you just get over.

12 INT. PIZZA PARLOR - DAY 12

Andrea sits at a booth, slice of pizza untouched, watching the PLAY AREA across the room. What she sees concerns her: Lucas sits alone. Coloring intently. Completely oblivious to the CHILDREN that play all around him.

SAM (O.S.)

Can we join you?

Andrea looks up at Sam and Dean.

ANDREA

Depends.

SAM

On?

ANDREA

What you want. If it's related to my phone number, then no. Not interested. I'm here with my son.

Dean spots Lucas across the room.

DEAN

Mind if I go say hi?

ANDREA

Well, actually--

But Dean is already making his way to Lucas. Sam watches his brother, a bit surprised at his uncharacteristic behavior.

ANDREA

Tell your friend... this whole Jerry Maguire thing isn't gonna work on me...

SAM

...I don't think that's what this is...

13 INT. PIZZA PARLOR - PLAY AREA - CONTINUOUS 13

Dean makes his uncomfortable way through the sea of kids.

(CONTINUED)

In the corner, he finds Lucas, sitting alone. Scribbling a drawing. Lucas is surrounded by crayons, drawing paper... and small, plastic, GREEN ARMY MEN. The old school kind.

DEAN

Hey. How's it going?

Lucas doesn't look up. He tears out a drawing, places it in a pile. Starts another. Dean picks up an army man.

DEAN

I used to love these.

Dean waggles the army man, makes boyish "explosion" noises. No indication that Lucas even knows he's here. Dean nods... sets the army man down.

DEAN

(re: pile of drawings)

Okay. So crayons is your thing.  
That's cool. Chicks dig artists.

Dean examines the pile of drawings spread before Lucas. A red bicycle. A yellow house. A bathtub. A sink filled with dark crayon swirls. (NOTE: though we don't know it yet, ALL of Lucas's drawings are related to the case at hand. But to Dean, who's searching for a lake monster, the drawings seem fairly innocuous.)

DEAN

Those are pretty good.

(beat)

Hey. Mind if I draw with you for awhile? I'm not so bad, myself.

Dean takes a crayon and a clean sheet of paper. He sits beside Lucas, and he begins to draw.

If Lucas is surprised by this... he doesn't show it. For a beat... it's just two boys drawing. Then, as Dean scribbles--

DEAN

I'm thinking you can hear me. You just don't want to talk. It's okay. I'll talk.

(then)

I don't know exactly what happened to your Dad. But I know it was something real bad. I think I know how you feel. When I was about your age, I saw someth--

13

Then Dean stops. Even here, even beside a silent little boy, Dean finds it difficult to discuss...

DEAN

Anyway, I... maybe you don't think anyone will listen... or believe you... but I want you to know... I will... you don't even have to say anything. You could draw me a picture. Of what you saw that day with your Dad. On the lake.

No response. No perceptible change in Lucas's behavior.

DEAN

Okay. No problem.  
(then)  
Here. This is for you.

Dean slides his picture to Lucas. It's FOUR STICK FIGURES. A terrible drawing.

DEAN

It's my family. My Mom and Dad.  
My geek brother. That's me.  
(dry)  
Okay. So I'm a sucky artist. Sue me.  
(beat)  
I'll see you around, Lucas.

Dean rises. Walks away. Lucas never looks up.

CLOSE ON... Dean never notices... but Lucas's tiny hand reaches out for Dean's drawing. Slides it closer...

14

INT. PIZZA PARLOR - BOOTH - DAY - MOMENTS LATER

14

Dean slides in. Joins Andrea and Sam, mid-conversation.

ANDREA

...no, Lucas hasn't said a word...  
not even to me. Not since... his  
Dad's accident...

Nothing here but pure, sincere sympathy--

DEAN

I heard. I'm sorry.

Andrea nods her thanks.

SAM

What do the doctors say?

ANDREA

That it's a kind of post-traumatic stress.

SAM

It can't be easy. For either of you.

ANDREA

(it's okay)

We moved in with my Dad, he helps out a lot.

(then)

It's just... when I think about what Lucas went through... what he saw...

Dean understands. With a tinge of emotion (which doesn't escape Sam's attention)--

DEAN

Kids are strong. You'd be surprised what they can deal with.

Beat. Andrea smiles at a memory--

ANDREA

You know. He used to have such life-- he was hard to keep up with, tell you the truth. But now, all he does is sit there. Drawing those pictures. Playing with those Army Men. I just wish...

She trails off. Sam and Dean feel for her. When--

ANDREA

Hey, sweetie.

Lucas approaches the table, in his serious way. Keeping his eyes on the floor. And quietly... he slides a drawing across the table to Dean.

DEAN

Hey. Thanks... thanks, Lucas...

Lucas recedes back to a corner of the room... Andrea (and Sam) are absolutely amazed.

14

ANDREA

...he hasn't so much as looked at a stranger since... what did you say to him?

DEAN

(simply)

I... I drew him a picture.

Dean studies Lucas's drawing. Puzzled. It has nothing to do with the lake. It's a DISTINCTIVE RUSTIC HOUSE.

15

INT. BILL CARLTON'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 15

Bill Carlton. Sits in a La-Z-Boy. Bathed in the blue light of the television. Staring, listless. Will Carlton stands in the doorway, increasingly worried about his Dad.

WILL

Dad... you should eat something...  
I'm gonna make dinner, okay?

Bill Carlton doesn't respond.

16

INT. BILL CARLTON'S HOUSE - UTILITY ROOM - NIGHT 16

CLOSE ON THE SINK. A pale FISH, rinsed under the faucet. Will turns off the crystal clear water, grabs a knife, starts GUTTING the fish.

Behind him, the faucet suddenly TURNS ON... BY ITSELF.

CLOSE ON THE FAUCET. As the crystal water suddenly becomes muddy. Murky. It looks like unfiltered LAKE WATER.

Will notices... that's weird. He switches it off again.

Then he spots something. In the drain. MUDDY WATER rising up, slowly filling the sink. As if the drain were backed up.

The water stops rising. It's still. Completely filling the DEEP BASIN SINK.

Will leans over...what the hell's in there?

He pulls the chain connected to the stopper, but that does nothing. Will rolls his sleeve up to the shoulder and plunges his hand into the sink.

Will feels around under the opaque water for the source of the clog. We can't see the sink bottom; he's fishing through darkness.



Will's about to give up, when WHIP! His arm is PULLED into the sink with tremendous force.

Will's chest BASHES into the side of the sink. Knocking the wind out of him. His face inches from the murky, black water. He struggles to wrench his arm free, terrified.

His arm is YANKED again, FORCING his head into the water.

Will's face is completely submerged. He struggles. Writhes. Silently drowning.

We HEAR that FAINT, FLUTTERING WHISPER again, merging with the SPLASH of water as...

Will's body convulses, twitches. Goes limp.

The dark water slowly drains around his head and disappears. Revealing Will's suffocated, dead face.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

17

INT. MOTEL ROOM - MORNING (DAY 2)

17

Sam ENTERS from outside. Dean finishes getting dressed.

SAM

So. I think it's safe to say we  
can rule out Nessie.

DEAN

What do you mean?

SAM

I drove past the Carlton house.  
There was an ambulance. Will  
Carlton's dead.

DEAN

(beat)  
He drowned?

SAM

Yep.  
(then)  
In the sink.

Dean reacts-- this is a new one; bizarre.

DEAN

...what the hell...?

SAM

Cops are saying suicide.

DEAN

He strike you as suicidal?

SAM

No.

DEAN

Me neither.

It's clear from the boys' behavior... the stakes have raised  
significantly.

DEAN

So you're right. This isn't a  
creature. It's gotta be something  
else.

17

17

SAM

Yeah, but what?

DEAN

I don't know... a water wraith,  
maybe, or some kind of demon...  
something that controls water.

(beat; a lightbulb moment)

Water that all comes from one  
source--

SAM

(nods)

--the lake. Which would explain  
why it's upping the body count...

(beat)

The lake's draining. It'll be dry  
in a few months.

(beat)

Whatever this thing is, whatever it  
wants... it's running out of time.

DEAN

And if it can get through the  
pipes, it can get anyone. Almost  
anywhere--

(tense)

This'll happen again. Soon.

SAM

Well, we do know something else.  
We know this has got something to  
do with Bill Carlton.

DEAN

(nods)

It took both his kids.

SAM

And I was asking around... Lucas's  
Dad, Chris? He was Bill's godson.

DEAN

Alright. So let's go pay Mr.  
Carlton a visit.

18

EXT. BILL CARLTON'S HOUSE - DAY

18

Bill Carlton. A portrait of a man broken. He sits on the  
dock, on his wooden bench. Staring at the water. Isolated.  
When--

(CONTINUED)

SAM

Mr. Carlton...?

Sam and Dean approach.

SAM

We'd like to ask you a few questions, if you don't mind.

DEAN

We're with the Department of--

BILL CARLTON

(exhausted)

I don't care who you're with. I've answered enough questions today. Leave me alone...

DEAN

We're sorry... but we can't. We think you might be in danger.

For the first time, Bill's eyes swing to Dean.

BILL CARLTON

From what?

DEAN

Well... that's what we're hoping you could tell us...

SAM

Your son said he saw something in that lake... what about you? You ever see anything out there?

Bill doesn't respond. Just gazing at that water. Sam and Dean trade looks-- this guy is out of it. Beat.

SAM

Mr. Carlton... Sophie's drowning, and Will's death... we think there might be a connection... to you or your family... we just want to--

BILL CARLTON

(finally)

My children are gone. It's... it's worse than dying. I didn't deserve this. Not this.

(beat)

Just... go away. Please.

"Dead in the Water" Production Draft - White 08/03/05 24.  
18 CONTINUED: (2) 18

Dean's about to press the issue... but Sam gives him a look.  
A beat. The brothers turn away. Leaving Bill. Despondent  
and alone.

19 EXT. BILL CARLTON'S HOUSE - DAY - A MOMENT LATER 19

Sam and Dean head across Bill's lawn. To the Impala.

SAM  
What do you think?

DEAN  
I think the poor guy's been through  
hell.  
(then)  
And he's not telling us something.

SAM  
(he agrees)  
So now what?

When... Dean slows. Frowning. Squinting at Bill's house.  
He stops. Something's nagging at him.

SAM  
What is it?

DEAN  
Huh. Maybe Bill's not the only one  
who knows something.

From his back pocket, Dean removes... LUCAS'S CRAYON DRAWING.  
He holds it up.

POV. THE DISTINCTIVE RUSTIC HOUSE. It's Bill's HOUSE. From  
this angle... they're side by side... IDENTICAL...

OFF Sam and Dean. Intrigued.

20 INT. IMPALA - MOVING - DAY 20

Dean drives. Sam holds a torn out PHONE BOOK PAGE.

DEAN  
What's the address again?

SAM  
4636 Shamley Green.  
(then)  
You know. The kid drawing that  
house... it might just be a  
coincidence...

(CONTINUED)

20

Dean throws Sam a look.

DEAN

He hands me a picture of Bill's house... right before Bill's son drowns in the sink? That's a helluva coincidence.

(beat)

If there's something going on with Lucas... we gotta find out what.

21

INT. JAKE AND ANDREA'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

21

Andrea paces before Sam and Dean. She's a bit out of sorts.

ANDREA

...I'm sorry. I don't think it's a good idea.

DEAN

I just need to talk to him. Just for a few minutes.

ANDREA

He won't say anything. What good's it gonna do?

DEAN

It's complicated... but that picture he gave me... it means something to our investigation.

ANDREA

Of the lake?

DEAN

Maybe he's seen something. Maybe he knows something else.

ANDREA

(thinking)

No. He's been through enough already.

SAM

Andrea. Listen. We think more people might get hurt. We think something's happening out there.

ANDREA

Like what?

21

SAM  
(the truth)  
...we don't know yet.

ANDREA  
My husband... the others... they  
just drowned... that's all...

DEAN  
If that's what you really  
believe... we'll go. But if you  
think there's even a possibility of  
something else going on here...  
then please... let us talk to your  
son.

OFF Andrea. Thinking.

22 INT. JAKE AND ANDREA'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY 22

Lucas lies on his belly. Again, surrounded by ARMY MEN.  
Scribbling furiously with his crayons. Locked completely in  
his own head. A pile of drawings before him.

Sam and Andrea watch from the doorway. As Dean approaches.  
Crouches down beside the boy.

DEAN  
Hey, Lucas. Remember me?

Dean gently looks through the pile of Lucas's drawings on the  
floor. Images of a yellow house. Multiple drawings of a red  
bicycle. If there's meaning here, Dean can't decipher it.

And then... Dean discovers... a drawing of the SINK... with  
an angry black CRAYON SWIRL in the middle of it. Dean takes  
a beat with this. Then--

DEAN  
I wanted to thank you for that last  
drawing. But here's the thing-- I  
need your help again.

From his pocket, Dean unfolds his DRAWING of Bill's house.  
He also slides over the drawing of the sink.

DEAN  
(gently)  
How'd you know to draw this? Did  
you know something bad was gonna  
happen?  
(no answer; a beat)  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

DEAN (CONT'D)

What about these other pictures...  
do they have something to do with  
what's in the lake? Can you nod  
for me, maybe, yes or no?

But Lucas does neither. He just keeps drawing.

DEAN

You're scared, huh? It's okay. I  
understand...

Dean takes a deep-breath-beat here.

DEAN

See. When I was your age... I saw  
something really bad happen to my  
Mom... and I was scared, too. I  
didn't feel like talking... just  
like you...

Sam. Hearing this... for the first time...

DEAN

But see... my Mom... I think she  
would want me to be brave. I think  
about that every day... and I try  
to be as brave as I can. And  
maybe... your Daddy... would want  
you to be brave, too...

Beat. Then... Lucas PIVOTS to Dean. Looks RIGHT AT HIM.  
Eye to eye. Direct contact. A long beat.

Andrea. Bewildered. Thrilled. This is the most cognizant  
her boy's been in months.

Then Lucas steps over to his pile of drawings. Selects one.  
Hands it to Dean. Dean nods, seriously.

DEAN

Thanks, Lucas.

Dean drives. Sam holds Lucas's drawing. This time, a two-  
story YELLOW HOUSE.

Behind the house, in the distance... a large church with one  
asymmetrical spire.

And in front of the house... a FIGURE. Clearly, a LITTLE  
BOY. With a blue ball cap and a red bicycle.



DEAN

Andrea said the kid never really  
drew like that until his Dad  
died...

Sam sees where Dean is going with this.

SAM

There are cases... going through a  
traumatic experience... could make  
certain people more sensitive.  
Premonitions. Psychic tendencies.

DEAN

Whatever's out there... what if  
Lucas is tapping into it somehow?

SAM

But this thing's been around 35  
years... why Lucas?

DEAN

Maybe he's the first one who's  
listening.

Sam's not so sure...

DEAN

Look. It's only a matter of time  
before someone else drowns. So if  
you've got a better lead...

SAM

(examining the picture)  
Alright. We got another house to  
find.

DEAN

Except there's gotta be about a  
thousand yellow two-storeys in this  
county alone.

Sam studies the picture, points to the church.

SAM

See this church?

DEAN

Still under construction?

23

SAM

No, it's finished. Methodist churches only have one spire, they look like that on purpose. I bet there's less than a thousand of those around here.

DEAN

You think you're so smart.

A beat. Sam has something on his mind--

SAM

You know. That stuff you said about Mom. You never told me that before.

Dean doesn't want to discuss his emotions.

DEAN

It's no big deal...

But Sam gives Dean a sympathetic look. A moment of connection between siblings.

DEAN

Oh God. We're not gonna have to hug or anything, are we?

24

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET NEAR CHURCH - DAY

24

Sam and Dean walk down the suburban street. Dean holds Lucas' drawing like a map.

He stops. Lines up with the METHODIST CHURCH in the distance... and sure enough, there's a drab YELLOW HOUSE down the road.

25

INT. SWEENEY HOME - FRONT HALL - DAY

25

MRS. SWEENEY, 70, walks Sam and Dean into the house. She's a frail, damaged woman who's led a difficult life. Her hallway is cluttered, stacked with BOXES. TOWERS of newspapers, magazines, other junk she's never discarded. It's creepy.

MRS. SWEENEY

...now what in God's name does the FBI want with me?

25

DEAN

Ma'am... is there a little boy who  
lives here? He might wear a blue  
ball cap? Or have a red bicycle?

Mrs. Sweeney stops. Turns to Dean. Pained and emotional.  
Old wounds torn back open.

MRS. SWEENEY

No, sir.  
(then)  
Not for a very long time.

26

INT. SWEENEY HOME - PETER'S BOYHOOD ROOM - DAY

26

As cluttered as the front hallway. Cardboard boxes. Sheet  
covered furniture. A bureau with a mirror, decorated with  
yellowed photos, school awards.

MRS. SWEENEY

Peter's been gone thirty-five years  
now. The police never... I never  
had any idea what happened.  
(getting emotional)  
He just... disappeared.

Sam gestures to Dean... pointing to a shelf. Covered with a  
dusty pile of PLASTIC GREEN ARMY MEN.

MRS. SWEENEY

Losing him-- you know, they  
describe pain like that as  
"numbing." But they're wrong.  
It's sharp and it burns and it  
never goes away. Not ever.  
It's... it's worse than dying.

SAM

I'm sorry.

DEAN

He disappeared from here? From  
this house?

MRS. SWEENEY

(composed again)  
He was supposed to ride his bike  
straight home after school. But he  
never showed up.

Then... Dean zeroes in on a PHOTO, stuck in the edge of a  
bureau mirror.

26

CLOSE ON PHOTO. A candid picture of Peter, in a BOY SCOUT TROOP 37 UNIFORM. Leaning against a shiny RED BICYCLE. He has his arm around a second grinning BOY SCOUT.

Then Dean flips the photo over. Reads the scrawled writing on the back.

DEAN

"Peter Sweeney and Billy Carlton,  
1970."

MRS. SWEENEY

(from across the room)  
Bill Carlton... he still lives over  
in Lake Manitoc, I think.

Sam locks eyes with Dean.

27

EXT. LAKE - DOCK - DAY

27

Bill Carlton sits on the dock. His face is twisted with grief. He speaks low to the water, seems far away, in shock.

BILL

...taken everything. Everyone... I  
got nothing left, nothing.

(beat)

I didn't understand. I didn't  
believe... now I think I do. I  
think I finally know what you want.

Bill takes a deep breath. Strangely calm. He stands. Walks, slow and methodical, to his SMALL MOTORBOAT, chained to the dock. He climbs in. Begins to untie the tethers.

28

INT. IMPALA - MOVING - DAY

28

Dean drives, fast. Sam holds Dad's JOURNAL--

SAM

So what do we know? This boy Peter  
Sweeney vanishes... and it's  
connected to Bill Carlton  
somehow...

DEAN

--Bill sure as hell seems to be  
hiding something--

SAM

And Bill... the people he loves...  
they're all being punished...

DEAN

So what if Bill did something to Peter?

SAM

You think Bill killed him.

Dean looks at Sam... it's a definite possibility...

DEAN

Peter's spirit would be furious. It would want revenge. It's possible...

Just then... something suddenly occurs to Sam.

SAM

...wait... I remember... there was something like this before...

Sam pages through the journal, until he arrives at a particular entry.

SAM

I knew it.

DEAN

What?

SAM

There's a legend... on the Big Island of Hawaii. A little boy was murdered. Drowned in a pond. And from then on, his spirit, angry and violent, haunted the waters. Get this-- dragging down swimmers, drowning 'em.

DEAN

It say how to stop him?

SAM

No... it kept grabbing people... until it finally got the guy who murdered him.

DEAN

Terrific.

29

EXT. BILL'S HOUSE - DAY

29

The Impala RUMBLES to a stop in the driveway. Sam and Dean emerge. Head past the house. Down toward the lakeshore...

SAM  
(calling out)  
Mr. Carlton?

Then... Dean notices something in the distance, on the water.

DEAN  
Hey, hey, check it out...

Sam follows his gaze to see...

A SMALL BOAT. Out on the choppy lake. It's Bill Carlton's boat, Bill still in it.

Sam and Dean. Race out to the end of the wooden dock, SHOUTING to the man.

SAM  
Mr. Carlton?! You need to come in!

Bill. Hears the voices from the shore. He slowly TURNS... stares back at the boys. With a distant, haunted expression.

DEAN  
Mr. Carlton... come in, please!

Bill IGNORES THEM, turns away. Suddenly-- SLAM! His boat is VIOLENTLY CAPSIZED!

Bill DISAPPEARS beneath the lake's surface. Leaving nothing... except an eerie, bobbing, overturned boat.

Sam and Dean. Exchanging grim looks--

BLACKOUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

30

EXT. BILL'S HOUSE - DAY

30

Lots of activity. Sheriff's vehicles, DEPUTIES, RESCUE TEAM out in the lake, dragging the area where Bill went in.

JAKE stands near the shore.

JAKE  
(calling to rescue worker)  
Anything?!

RESCUE WORKER  
(calling back)  
Nothing!

JAKE  
Keep dragging.

The rescue worker waves "O.K." and goes back to work. Jake crosses... to Sam and Dean, who are talking with a DEPUTY.

JAKE  
You two. With me.

Jake heads to his car. Sam and Dean share a look-- this should be fun. They head out after Jake.

31

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

31

Andrea and Lucas sit near Jake's desk, with take-out food, waiting for him. Lucas seems agitated; he has a hard time sitting still. Andrea does her best to soothe him...

ANDREA  
Baby. What's wrong?

When Jake enters with Sam and Dean...

ANDREA  
Sam, Dean. Hey. I didn't expect to see you here.

JAKE  
So now you're on a first name basis?  
(to Andrea)  
What are you doing here?

ANDREA  
We brought lunch...

JAKE

Sorry, Sweetheart. Don't really  
have the time today...

Andrea throws a glance to the boys... her last conversation  
with them ringing in her ears...

ANDREA

(a beat)

I just heard about Bill Carlton.  
Is it true? Is there something  
going on with the lake?

Jake shoots Sam and Dean a look.

JAKE

(pointedly)

Right now we don't know what the  
truth is.

(beat)

Might be best if you and Lucas went  
on home.

When Lucas BREAKS AWAY from Andrea... runs to Dean.

The boy grabs onto Dean, tries to pull him back. Lucas is  
panicked... tears well up in his eyes... Dean's surprised...  
not used to this kind of emotional outburst...

DEAN

What, Lucas? What is it?

Lucas tugs at Dean harder, getting more and more agitated.

JAKE

(motioning to Lucas)

Andrea.

She crosses to Lucas.

DEAN

(to Lucas)

Hey. It's okay.

Andrea gently guides Lucas toward the door. Lucas turns back  
to Dean. Their eyes lock for a long BEAT.

Dean is clearly moved by the child's distress. Then... just  
like that... Lucas and Andrea are gone. Jake ushers the boys  
toward the back office.



34

INT. POLICE STATION - BACK OFFICE - DAY - LATER

34

Sam and Dean sit across from Jake.

JAKE

Okay, just so I'm clear: you see...  
something... approach Bill's boat.  
Capsize it. Sending Bill... who's  
a very good swimmer by the way...  
into the drink. And you never see  
him again.

Beat. Dean nods-- no reason not to tell the truth.

DEAN

That about sums it up.

JAKE

And I'm supposed to believe this?  
Even though I've already sonar  
swept the lake... and what you're  
describing is impossible... and  
you're not really Fish and  
Wildlife...

(off their reactions)

That's right. I checked.  
Department's never heard of you  
two.

DEAN

Well, of course, we can explain  
that--

Jake holds up his hand. Weary--

JAKE

Enough. Please.

(then)

Only reason you're breathing free  
air, is one of Bill's neighbors saw  
him steering out that boat, just  
before you did.

(beat)

So... way I see it, we've got a  
couple options here. I can arrest  
you for impersonating government  
officials, and I can hold you as  
material witnesses to Bill  
Carlton's disappearance.

(beat)

(MORE)

34

CONTINUED:

34

JAKE (CONT'D)

Or, we can chalk all this up to a bad day, you get into your car, put this town in your rear view mirror, and don't ever darken my doorstep again.

Beat.

SAM

Door number two sounds good.

JAKE

That's the one I'd pick.

35

INT. HALLWAY - JAKE AND ANDREA'S HOUSE - DAY

35

Lucas. Alone. Scribbling a drawing. Focused. Practically hypnotized. Pressing the crayon down into a nub.

The CAMERA moves, slow and steady, over Lucas's shoulder. Until we can see what he's drawing so fervently--

An elongated OVAL of SWIRLING BLACK CRAYON.

36

EXT. MOTEL - DAY

36

Sam and Dean load their bags into the Impala. Dean is thinking. Troubled. Something bothers him. Sam notices--

SAM

What is it?

DEAN

What? Nothing...

CUT TO:

37

EXT. CROSSROADS - DAY - MOMENTS LATER

37

The Impala pulls up to the red traffic light. A SIGN indicates the INTERSTATE is on the left.

38

INT. IMPALA - MOVING - DAY

38

Sam and Dean. Silent. Dean seems lost in thought. After a few BEATS Sam looks up.

SAM

Green.

DEAN

What?

(CONTINUED)

38

SAM

Light's green.

Dean nods, but still sits there. A beat or two. Thinking.  
Finally, he turns the car to the RIGHT. Drives.

SAM

Um... interstate's the other way.

DEAN

I know.

39 INT. JAKE AND ANDREA'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - DAY 39

Andrea enters in a short, silky bathrobe. It's been a stressful afternoon. She locks the door behind her.

She pins up her hair. And heads for the bathtub, inserts the stopper, and turns on the hot water for a bath.

40 INT. IMPALA - MOVING - DAY 40

SAM

...but Dean... this job... I think it might be over...

DEAN

I'm not so sure.

SAM

...if Bill murdered Peter Sweeney... and Peter's spirit got its revenge... well. Case closed. The spirit should be at rest.

DEAN

But... there's been ten victims over the years. Not all of 'em connect back to Bill...

SAM

You don't know that. Town like this, you don't know who knows who. There could be a connection and we just can't see it.

DEAN

Well, what if we take off, and this thing isn't over? What if there's something we're missing? What if more people get hurt?

40

SAM

But why would you think that?

Beat.

DEAN

Lucas was really scared.

It's clear to Sam now--

SAM

That's what this is about.

DEAN

(simply)

I'm not leaving until I know the  
kid's okay.

SAM

(beat)

Who are you and what have you done  
with my brother?

41

INT. JAKE AND ANDREA'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - DAY

41

The tub's almost full now. Andrea tests the temperature, then slips out of her robe and into the water. With a grateful sigh, she leans back into the tub and closes her eyes. Her toes play in the running tap.

All is peaceful and serene for a beat. Then...

CLOSE ON Andrea's toes caressing the tap as the water pouring out turns MUDDY. Filthy lake water.

She's oblivious, eyes closed as she dips her washcloth in the blackening tub. All around her, the water is getting murky, opaque... Andrea raises the cloth to her face, feels the warm water. Opens her eyes... beholds the dark water all around her, and SCREAMS!

She tries to scramble out, almost makes it, but just then... something beneath the surface GRABS her! Wrenching her down into the muddy water!

POUNDING at the door!

42

INT. HALLWAY - OUTSIDE BATHROOM - DAY

42

Lucas. He tries the knob. It's LOCKED. He POUNDS on the door, as hard as he can. He'd scream for his mother... if only he could. It's heartbreaking.

43

INT. JAKE AND ANDREA'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - DAY

43

In the bathtub. Andrea's head is submerged-- she painfully lifts it out of the water, choking. STRUGGLING to get free. That FLUTTERING, WHISPERY ALMOST-VOICE fills the air--

YANK! And she's beneath the surface... DROWNING...

BLACKOUT.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

44 EXT. JAKE AND ANDREA'S HOUSE - DAY 44

Sam and Dean. At the front door. Dean RINGS the door bell. Beat. Nothing. Dean looks at Sam-- maybe they're not here. He rings the doorbell again, when abruptly--

The front door FLINGS OPEN! It's Lucas. Terrified. Hyperventilating. Pleading eyes.

DEAN

Lucas?!

45 INT. JAKE AND ANDREA'S HOUSE - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS 45

Dean and Sam race after Lucas, to a growing pool of MURKY WATER, which gushes out from under the bathroom door.

Without a moment's hesitation, Dean KICKS DOWN the door. Sam races past him into --

46 INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS 46

-- where the bathtub is a churning black mess. Andrea's completely submerged. Sam swoops over to the tub, plunges his arms in, fighting, pulling --

-- finally grasping Andrea's slick body and falling backwards, away from the tub, pulling her out and onto him. She's choking, gasping -- one last pull --

-- and Sam's got her.

47 INT. JAKE AND ANDREA'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY 47

Sam sits across from Andrea and Lucas at the kitchen table. Andrea's shaking badly. Lucas sits silently beside her, eyes huge and traumatized.

SAM

(softly)

Can you tell me...

Andrea shakes her head, overwhelmed.

48 INT. JAKE AND ANDREA'S HOUSE - STUDY - CONTINUOUS 48

Dean stalks the room, eyes taking in everything. Searching... on the desk, where Jake's work papers are stacked, in drawers, on bookshelves... He goes to the closet, opens the door. It's crammed with filing cabinets. High shelves full of old PHOTO ALBUMS. He grabs an album.

49 INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

49

Andrea speaks like someone coming out of shock.

ANDREA

I can't... I don't know what I...  
It doesn't make any sense.  
(starting to cry)  
I'm going crazy.

SAM

No, you're not. Tell me what  
happened. Everything.

Andrea glances at her son, worried.

ANDREA

I heard... I thought I heard...  
there was this voice.

SAM

What did it say?

ANDREA

Crystal clear, in my -- in my head.  
It said... It said, "come play with  
me."

50 INT. THE STUDY - MOMENTS LATER

50

We PAN over a pile of PHOTO ALBUMS, spread across the floor.  
Dean's clearly been rifling through them.

Until we LAND on Dean. Flipping through an older, faded  
ALBUM. "Jake-- Freshman Year." Dean tosses this one aside,  
cracks open the next-- "Jake-- Age 12." Dean turns the pages  
quickly. Before stopping. Landing on a SPECIFIC PHOTO.

51 INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

51

ANDREA

(crying quietly)  
What's happening?

Dean enters swiftly, holding the album. He places it in  
front of Andrea. Sam's eyes widen when he sees the photo.

CLOSE ON a formal, black and white photograph of BOY SCOUT  
TROOP 37.

DEAN

Do you recognize the kids in this picture?

ANDREA

(confused)

What?

(seeing Dean's intensity)

Um, no -- except, I mean...

She points to a boy standing between the two boys we recognize as Bill Carlton and Peter Sweeney.

ANDREA

That's my Dad right there. He must be about twelve in that picture.

Sam and Dean lock eyes. They know what this means. With a sinking feeling in his gut--

DEAN

Chris Barr's drowning. The connection wasn't to Bill. It was to the Sheriff.

SAM

Bill and the Sheriff... they were both involved with Peter...

ANDREA

What? What about Chris... my Dad? What are you talking about?

Before Sam can answer--

DEAN

Lucas? What is it?

Lucas is pressing his palms against the window... staring out into the backyard. And now, silently, Lucas EXITS the kitchen door. Heading outside.

52 EXT. BACKYARD - POV - DAY

52

Lucas, halting and hesitant... as if a thought was nagging at him... moves across the lawn.

Sam, Dean, and Andrea. They follow Lucas outside.

ANDREA

Lucas, honey...?



Then... Lucas suddenly stops. Beneath an OLD TREE. He looks down at the ground beneath his feet, as if his eyes could bore a hole. Then he looks up. Directly at Sam and Dean. Locks eyes with them. Haunting.

DEAN  
(to Andrea)  
You and Lucas. You should get inside the house. Stay there.

53 OMIT 53

54 EXT. JAKE AND ANDREA'S HOUSE - BACKYARD - DAY 54

A SHOVEL BITES into the earth. And another. As Sam and Dean both DIG, in the spot that Lucas specified. Until--

CLANK! Sam looks up-- his shovel's hit something.

With his hands, Sam clears away mud and dirt, exposing: a rusted metal HANDLEBAR. Dean grabs the handlebar and pulls as hard as he can while Sam clears away more earth. The object yanks free --

An ancient, rusted RED BICYCLE. Sam and Dean stare at it, full understanding dawning.

SAM  
Peter's bike.

Just then, behind them, the unmistakable CLICK of a gun safety.

Sam and Dean slowly turn. It's Jake, his face betraying his fear and rage. His gun is pointed right at them, and he looks ready to pull the trigger.

SAM  
Put the gun down, Jake.

Jake stares at them, wide-eyed.

JAKE  
(re: the bike)  
Who are you? How'd you know that was there?

DEAN  
What happened -- you and Bill killed Peter? Drowned him in the water? Then hid the bike?  
(then)  
(MORE)

54

CONTINUED:

54

DEAN (CONT'D)

You can't bury the truth, Jake.  
Nothing stays buried.

55

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

55

Through the window, Andrea sees her father with the gun. She turns to Lucas.

ANDREA

(gentle but very firm)  
Go to your bedroom, sweetie.

Lucas hesitates.

ANDREA

Now. Lock the door and wait for  
me. Don't come out.

Reluctantly, Lucas goes. Andrea runs out to the backyard, where --

56

EXT. BACKYARD - JAKE

56

...has his gun trained on Dean, confusion and fury playing across his face.

ANDREA (O.S.)

Dad!

JAKE

(to Dean and Sam)  
...I don't know what the hell  
you're talking about.

DEAN

You and Bill killed Peter Sweeney,  
35 years ago. That's what we're  
talking about. And now you've got  
one seriously pissed off spirit.

SAM

It's gonna take Andrea... Lucas...  
everyone you love. So you can feel  
the pain Peter's Mom felt. And  
then, after that, it's gonna take  
you.

JAKE

Yeah? And how do you know that?

SAM

Because that's exactly what it did  
to Bill Carlton.

56

JAKE

Listen to yourself. Both of you.  
You're insane.

DEAN

I don't give a rat's ass what you  
think of us. If we're gonna put  
this spirit down... we need the  
remains... we gotta salt 'em, burn  
'em into dust. Tell me you buried  
Peter somewhere... tell me you  
didn't just let him go in the lake.

Jake's gun quivers... but he stays right where he is.

57

EXT. BACKYARD - DAY

57

ANGLE ON LUCAS. Peering out from behind a corner of the  
house. No way he was gonna go to his room. He watches,  
frightened... when--

He cocks his head. He hears something. THE FLUTTERING,  
WHISPERY ALMOST-VOICE. He turns. Follows the sound source.  
Away from the house... over to the lakeshore. (The others  
don't see Lucas heading to the lake).

There, bobbing where the sand meets the shoreline... a GREEN  
ARMY FIGURE. Lucas crouches down. Picks it up. Again, the  
whisper... but the voice becomes CLEARER now. Finally, we  
can make out the words--

THE WHISPER

Come... come play with me...

58

EXT. BACKYARD - CONTINUOUS

58

Jake's not putting the gun down.

ANDREA

Dad... is any of this true?

JAKE

No. Don't listen to them. They're  
liars and they're dangerous--

ANDREA

Something tried to drown me. Chris  
died on that lake.

(with forceful emotion)

Dad. Look at me. Tell me... you  
didn't kill anyone...

CLOSE on Andrea. CLOSE on Jake. As regret and sadness washes over Jake's face. His eyes can't meet hers. And just like that, Andrea knows the truth.

ANDREA

(sick)

...oh my God...

JAKE

(quiet)

Bill and I were at the lake... Peter was the smallest one, we always bullied him. But this time, it got rough. We were holding his head under the water... we didn't mean to... but we held him under too long. He... he drowned.

(scornful, to the boys)

We let the body go. And it sank.

Sam and Dean exchange looks-- this is a worst case scenario.

Jake, pleading for forgiveness, understanding, anything... approaches his daughter... but Andrea BACKS away...

JAKE

Andrea, listen to me... we were kids, we were scared, it was a mistake. But saying I've got anything to do with all those drownings -- with Chris -- 'cause of some ghost, that's not rational.

DEAN

Listen... all of you... we have to get you away from this lake. As far as we can. Right now.

Suddenly, Andrea GASPS. Sam, Dean and Jake follow her gaze -- to the lake. To--

LUCAS. At the edge of the dock.

JAKE

Lucas!

Jake takes off running. Sam and Dean race after him.

Sam, Dean and Jake run at top speed towards Lucas. Andrea just behind them.

59

59

DEAN

Lucas!

ANDREA

Lucas, baby, stay where you are!

60

EXT. THE LAKE - DOCK - CONTINUOUS

60

LUCAS. Crouching at the end of the low-slung dock. He holds an army man in one hand... with the other hand, he's reaching out, towards--

Another ARMY MAN, which floats in the water, just out of reach--

Lucas stretches out for it... straining, teetering... a nail-biting beat... when, right before he grabs it... right in front of Lucas--

THE DEAD BOY. Breaks the surface of the water. Only up to his white eyes-- no pupils. Blue veins visible beneath pale, lifeless, translucent skin!

61

OMIT

61

62

EXT. THE LAKE - WITH SAM, DEAN, AND JAKE

62

Lucas TUMBLES into the water! Andrea SCREAMS!

CLOSE ON JAKE, right behind Sam and Dean, who are scrambling onto the dock. Jake slows at the foot of the dock, horrified. He saw the Dead Boy. The reality, the truth of it all, washes over him like ice water.

Dean. Dives in after Lucas. Sam is seconds behind. They swim hard, but there's no sign of Lucas anywhere. He's gone. Sam comes up for air, sees Andrea reach the dock.

SAM

Andrea! Stay there!

ANDREA

(hysterical)

No! LUCAS!

SAM

We'll get him! Stay on the dock!

Andrea sinks to her knees on the dock. She watches helplessly as Dean and Sam search in vain for any sign of her son in the water. When suddenly, behind her --

62A EXT. THE LAKE - BACK BY THE SHORE

62A

Jake SPLASHES into the water. Moves forward, up to his neck.

DEAN

(up by the dock)

Jake, no!

JAKE

(a hoarse prayer)

Peter... if you're out there, if you can hear me... I'm sorry, I'm so sorry. Please... Lucas is just a little boy... it's not his fault, it's mine. Take me. Please. Take me instead.

At first... there's nothing. The water around Jake is still... but then...

BENEATH THE SURFACE. Peter emerges from the darkness of the depths. But never breaches the surface.

Brown, rotting, filthy clothes. Hair swaying, eerie, in the current. He looks up at Jake, curious, with those white, pupil-less eyes.

Jake chokes back fear. But he doesn't struggle, and he doesn't try to escape.

And he's pulled under, SLOWER than the others. He takes one last GASP of air... before he disappears beneath the surface. VANISHING into the murky abyss of the lake.

Jake's gone. And so is Dead Boy.

A beat of total, eerie stillness on the lake.

62B EXT. THE LAKE - DOCK - DAY

62B

CLOSE ON ANDREA. Scanning the lake. Her son's been under too long. They all have. They're gone. Then --

Sam surfaces. Empty-handed. He meets Andrea's eyes. They're both stricken. It's too late to find Lucas. Then --

Dean bursts through the surface of the water, holding Lucas' limp body.

63

EXT. THE LAKE - BACK ON SHORE - MOMENTS LATER

63

Sam, Dean hover over Lucas as Andrea frantically performs C.P.R. After a terribly long moment... Lucas stirs, then coughs and sputters... and his eyes open...

LUCAS  
(the faintest whisper)  
...Mommy...?

ANDREA  
(weeping)  
Yeah, baby. I'm here.

Andrea embraces him. Sam and Dean's eyes meet. They look out onto the serene lake that now holds Jake. This didn't turn out the way they wanted.

DISSOLVE TO:

64

EXT. MOTEL PARKING LOT - AFTERNOON - LATER

64

Sam and Dean load up the car. They're sedate. Dean tosses a duffle in the back... SLAMS the door, frustrated.

Sam can read his brother's expression--

SAM  
(somber)  
Look. We're not gonna save everybody.

DEAN  
(a bit dark)  
I know.

ANDREA (O.S.)  
Sam! Dean!

Andrea and Lucas appear, coming around the side of the building. Lucas is lugging a picnic basket. Both brothers brighten at the sight of them.

DEAN  
Hey.

ANDREA  
We're glad we caught you. We just... We made you lunch for the road. Lucas insisted on making the sandwiches himself.

(CONTINUED)

LUCAS  
(to Andrea, shyly)  
Can I give it to them now?

Sam and Dean are pleased to hear Lucas speak. Andrea takes in their expressions, smiles. She ruffles Lucas' hair.

ANDREA  
'Course.

DEAN  
C'mere, Lucas, we'll load it into the car.

Dean takes the picnic basket and walks Lucas to the other side of the car, leaving Sam and Andrea alone.

SAM  
How you holding up?

She nods. Dealing with a swirl of emotions. A beat.

ANDREA  
...it's gonna take a long time to sort through everything, you know?

SAM  
Andrea, I'm sorry.

With poignant sadness... but something else, too... a quiet glimmer of hope--

ANDREA  
You saved my son. I can't ask for more than that.  
(then)  
Dad loved me. He loved Lucas. No matter what he did. I just have to... hold onto that.  
(beat)  
Me and Lucas... we're just gonna live our lives. I'm gonna do my best to... I don't know... to let go of the ghosts...

65 EXT. MOTEL PARKING LOT - AFTERNOON - WITH DEAN AND LUCAS 65

Lucas watches, as Dean sets the basket in the backseat.

DEAN  
...so Lucas... if you're gonna be talkin' now...  
(MORE)



DEAN (CONT'D)  
this is an important phrase to  
know... so repeat it back to me,  
one more time...

LUCAS  
(after a beat)  
Zeppelin rules.

Dean beams.

DEAN  
That's good, Lucas. Really good.  
(then)  
Take care of your Mom, okay?

Andrea steps beside Lucas. Smiles at Dean. Gives him a  
kiss. Dean wasn't expecting it.

ANDREA  
Thank you.

Dean nods. A moment here. He can't quite express his  
emotions... his sadness at leaving the boy... he can only  
call over to Sam--

DEAN  
Sam! Move your ass or we're gonna  
be out of daylight before we hit  
the road!

Lucas takes his Mom's hand and the two wave as Sam and Dean  
buckle themselves in, hit play on the cassette deck, and peel  
out onto the open road.

BLACKOUT.

TO BE CONTINUED...