

SUPERNATURAL

Episode #104

"Phantom Traveler"

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CAST LIST

SAM WINCHESTER
DEAN WINCHESTER

JARED PADALECKI
JENSEN ACKLES

JOHN WINCHESTER (V.O.)

JERRY PANOWSKI
AMANDA WALKER
MAX JAFFE
GEORGE PHELPS
BONNIE PHELPS
CAPTAIN CHUCK LAMBERT
LOU
MAN
WOMAN
GUARD
FLIGHT ATTENDANT
COPILOT
HOMELAND SECURITY MAN
VOICE (V.O.)
GATE ATTENDANT (V.O.)
PILOT (V.O.)

BRIAN MARKINSON
JAIME RAY NEWMAN
KETT TURTON
PAUL JARRETT
INGRID TESCH
DARYL SHUTTLEWORTH
GEOFF GUSTAFSON
FRED HENDERSON
KELLY-RUTH MERCIER
DANA PEMBERTON
AMANDA WOOD
CHRIS ROSAMOND
BENJAMIN AYRES

LOCATION REPORTINT.

INT. TERMINAL - DAY P.1
 INT. MENS ROOM - DAY P.1
 INT. COMMERCIAL AIRLINER - DAY P.2
 INT. COMMERCIAL AIRLINER - LATER P.2

INT. SHADY GROVE MOTEL ROOM - MORNING P.4
 INT. JERRY'S OFFICE - MORNING P.6
 INT. AIRPLANE HANGAR - PITTSBURGH INTL. AIRPORT - DAY P.7
 INT. JERRY'S OFFICE - DAY P.8
 INT. IMPALA - MOVING - DAY P.14
 INT. GEORGE PHELPS' HOUSE - DAY P.14
 INT. NTSB EVIDENCE WAREHOUSE - DAY P.16
 INT. NTSB EVIDENCE WAREHOUSE - DAY P.17
 INT. NTSB - HALLWAY - DAY P.18
 INT. NTSB EVIDENCE WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS P.18
 INT. JERRY'S OFFICE - DAY P.18
 INT. PRIVATE AIRPORT - DAY P.19
 INT. PRIVATE AIRPORT - WITH LOU P.20
 INT. TWIN ENGINE - FLYING - DAY P.20

INT. MOTEL ROOM - DAY P.22
 INT. JERRY'S OFFICE - DAY P.23
 INT. JERRY'S OFFICE - DAY - LATER P.24
 INT. IMPALA - MOVING FAST - AFTERNOON P.26
 INT. AIRPORT TERMINAL - NIGHT P.27
 INT. GATE 13 - NIGHT P.28
 INT. AIRPORT TERMINAL - NIGHT P.28
 INT. AIRPORT TERMINAL - WITH DEAN P.30
 INT. AIRPLANE - FLIGHT 401 - NIGHT P.32

INT. AIRPLANE - SAM AND DEAN'S SEAT - 35,000 FEET P.33
 INT. AIRPLANE - BACK GALLEY - NIGHT P.34
 INT. AIRPLANE - SAM AND DEAN'S SEAT - NIGHT P.36
 INT. AIRPLANE - NIGHT P.38
 INT. AIRPLANE - NIGHT P.38

INT. AIRPLANE - NIGHT P.40
 INT. DENVER (OR OTHER) AIRPORT - TERMINAL - NIGHT P.46
 INT. IMPALA - PARKED - MINUTES LATER P.48

EXT.

EXT. PITTSBURGH INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - DAY P.1
 EXT. COMMERCIAL AIRLINER - DAY - LATER P.2

EXT. COPY JACK STORE - DAY P.10
 EXT. RIVERFRONT PSYCHIATRIC HOSPITAL - DAY P.12

EXT. IMPALA - DAY	P.15
EXT. MORT'S FOR STYLE - DAY	P.15
EXT. NTSB EVIDENCE WAREHOUSE - DAY	P.16
EXT. GUARD STATION - DAY	P.17
EXT. NTSB EVIDENCE WAREHOUSE - BACK - DAY	P.18
EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY	P.24
EXT. HIGHWAY - AFTERNOON	P.26
EXT. INDIANAPOLIS AIRPORT - PARKING LOT - NIGHT	P.27
EXT. AIRPLANE HANGAR - PITTSBURGH INTL. AIRPORT - DAY	P.47

SUPERNATURAL
"Phantom Traveler"

TEASER

1 EXT. PITTSBURGH INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - DAY 1
Massive commercial jets ROAR into the sky.

2 INT. TERMINAL - DAY 2
GEORGE PHELPS, 45, makes his way toward the MEN'S ROOM. This guy is a nervous wreck.

3 INT. MENS ROOM - DAY 3
George enters. Looks at himself in the mirror. Taking deep breaths. Trying to calm himself down. Another MAN in the bathroom notices George's distress.

MAN
Nervous flyer?

GEORGE
(ironic)
Is it that obvious?

MAN
You know. The odds of dying in a plane crash... it's like 20 thousand to one.

GEORGE
(feels even worse)
Wow. Well. That's reassuring.

The man shrugs. Leaves. George, now alone, bends back over the sink... splashing water on his face.

CLOSE ON THE CEILING VENT

As a bizarre black smoke begins to seep from the CEILING VENT. This is no smoke we've ever seen before. Its tendrils extend out, swirling. It twists through the air... as if it had a mind of its own...

GEORGE

Still bent over the sink... doesn't realize, doesn't notice... the INK-BLACK SMOKE, coiling and corkscrewing towards him, ominous...

3 Finally, George looks up... sees the unnatural smoke in the mirror's reflection! He GASPS, SPINS...

And the smoke LUNGES forward... into George's NOSE and MOUTH... as if it were INHALED.

4 INT. COMMERCIAL AIRLINER - DAY 4

CAPTAIN CHUCK LAMBERT, 40's, in the cockpit, going through the pre-flight checklist with his copilot.

AMANDA WALKER. A pretty young flight attendant. Greeting passengers as they get on the plane. We see George get on, but this is a different George. Totally calm. Fearless.

AMANDA

Welcome aboard, sir. Have a nice flight.

GEORGE

Oh, I'm counting on it.

Just then... just for a split second... George blinks-- and his eyes appear JET BLACK. No pupils. Then he blinks again and his eyes appear completely normal.

CLOSE ON AMANDA. It happened so fast, Amanda's sure she imagined it... she watches George go. Shakes off a chill... a feeling that something is wrong...

5 EXT. COMMERCIAL AIRLINER - DAY - LATER 5

The airliner sails through the wild blue.

6 INT. COMMERCIAL AIRLINER - LATER 6

George. Near the rear of the plane. He sits calmly looking out the window. He turns to the WOMAN next to him.

GEORGE

(to woman)

Excuse me, do you know how long we've been up?

WOMAN

(checks her watch)

Almost forty minutes.

GEORGE

Wow, time really does fly.

George enjoys his little joke. The woman smiles politely. George gets up.

GEORGE

Excuse me.

George steps into the aisle.

ANGLE ON MAX JAFFE

Max, 20's, in the last row... sitting directly behind George. As George stands, he gives Max a smile... a strangely unsettling smile. George passes Max, moves to the rear galley. Max pivots, watches the guy... there's something odd about him.

When George strides directly up to the EMERGENCY DOOR. Puts his hand on the handle.

MAX

Hey, what the hell are you doing?!

George turns to Max. Grins, again.

But his EYES... there're no pupils. His eyes are completely obsidian BLACK. Like doll's eyes. And they stay that way...

Then George turns back to the door. And with what appears to be SUPERHUMAN STRENGTH, YANKS open the emergency door and is sucked from the plane!

The cabin instantly depressurizes. People go crazy as oxygen masks drop; books and magazines (and maybe some passengers) go airborne. The PLANE shudders and tilts, out of control -- it's going to crash. And on this vision of chaos, terror and imminent death we --

BLACKOUT.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

7 INT. SHADY GROVE MOTEL ROOM - MORNING

7

Typical cheap roadside motel. DEAN WINCHESTER is dead asleep. When--

SAM WINCHESTER ENTERS. With two COFFEES and a BAG OF DONUTS. Bright sunlight washes over Dean. Waking him up. Dean sits up. Groggy.

SAM

Sorry.

DEAN

What time is it?

SAM

Five forty-five.

DEAN

In the morning?

(Sam nods; sarcastic)

Huh. Where does the day go?

Sam sets the bag of donuts down.

DEAN

You been up all night?

SAM

I grabbed a couple of hours.

DEAN

(bullshit)

Really? Cause I woke up at three, you were watching the George Foreman infomercial...

SAM

(dry)

What can I say? It's riveting TV.

DEAN

When was the last time you had a good night's sleep?

SAM

I don't know. A little while. It's no big deal.

DEAN

Um. Yeah, it is--

SAM

Look. I appreciate the concern--

DEAN

I'm not concerned about you. It's your job to keep my ass alive. I need you sharp.

Dean takes an empathetic beat here. Concerned for Sam--

DEAN

Seriously... you still having nightmares? About Jess?

SAM

(beat; he sighs)

Yeah. But it's not just her... it's everything...

(then)

I just forgot... this job... it gets to you...

DEAN

You can't let it. You can't bring it home like that.

SAM

So, what... all this... it never keeps you up at night?

Dean shrugs.

SAM

Never? You're never afraid?

DEAN

Not really.

Dean shrugs. Sam crosses to Dean's pillow. Reaches under. Pulls out a BOWIE KNIFE. Holds it up. Making his point.

DEAN

That's not fear. That's precaution.

SAM

Whatever. I'm too tired to argue about it.

He grabs a donut and plops in a chair. He starts to bite into the donut and stops.

SAM

I don't even like donuts.

But he takes a bite anyway.

Dean's CELL PHONE RINGS. This doesn't happen a lot. He checks the number, then shrugs to Sam -- he doesn't recognize the caller.

DEAN

(answers phone)

Hello?

We HEAR a MALE VOICE over the phone -- and he sounds tense:

JERRY (V.O.)

Dean. It's Jerry Panowski.

DEAN

(searching his memory)

Jerry...

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. JERRY'S OFFICE - MORNING

JERRY

You and your Dad helped me out a couple years back.

It takes a minute, but then Dean places the name.

DEAN

Oh yeah. I remember -- up in Kittanning, Pennsylvania. Poltergeist, right?

(beat, concerned)

It's not back, is it?

JERRY

No, no -- thank God. But it's something else and...

(grave)

Well, it could be a lot worse.

DEAN

(concerned)

What is it?

JERRY

Can we talk in person?

9

INT. AIRPLANE HANGAR - PITTSBURGH INTL. AIRPORT - DAY 9

Various aircraft are housed here awaiting repair. Sam and Dean are led through by United Britannia Airlines Lead Mechanic JERRY PANOWSKI, (49) -- a smart guy, avuncular, somewhere between blue and white collar. He wears a short sleeve shirt and tie, but he's a grease monkey at heart. And today, he looks seriously upset:

They have to shout a bit over the general work noise.

JERRY

Thanks for making the trip so quick. I oughta be doing you a favor, not the other way around...

(to Sam)

Dean and your Dad really helped me out.

SAM

Dean told me -- a poltergeist?

Jerry looks around, nervous; he'd rather not have words like "poltergeist" screamed around at work. He guides the guys out of the general work-space...

JERRY

(quieter)

Damn right. Practically tore our house apart...

(to Dean)

Wasn't for you... We probably wouldn't be alive.

Sam sees the familiar look in Jerry's eyes: he's seen pure evil, and it's changed him. Jerry shakes it off--

JERRY

(to Sam)

Your Dad said you were off at college -- that right?

SAM

I was. I'm... taking some time off.

JERRY

He was real proud of you, I could tell. Talked about you all the time.

Sam is a bit surprised by this-- he never knew this about his Dad. It's a small, sweet moment.

SAM

He did?

JERRY

You bet. Hey. I tried to get a hold of him, but I couldn't. How's he doing, anyway?

A poignant beat for Sam and Dean. The fact is, they have no idea how their father is. But neither one of them feels like getting into the whole story right now.

DEAN

He's been wrapped up in a job for a while.

JERRY

(turns to Sam)

Well -- we're missing your Dad, but we got Sam. Even trade.

Sam smiles at the compliment.

SAM

Not by a long shot.

As they approach Jerry's office, he turns to them, serious:

JERRY

There's something I want you guys to hear.

Like Jerry, the place is a mix of garage floor and corner office; machine parts share desk space with official files and a top-of-the-line computer. Jerry holds up a CD-ROM.

JERRY

Normally I wouldn't have access to this -- at least not this soon.

DEAN

What is it?

JERRY

It's the Cockpit Voice Recorder from United Britannia Flight 2485. It was one of ours.

Sam's heard the news reports.

SAM

That plane went down a couple months ago, right?

JERRY

It took off from here, crashed about a hundred miles south. They're saying mechanical failure... the cabin depressurized, somehow... nobody knows why. Over a hundred people on board. Only seven got out alive. The pilot was one of them. His name's Chuck Lambert, a good friend of mine.

(with emotion)

Chuck... he's pretty broken up about this... like it was his fault.

SAM

And you don't think it was.

JERRY

No. I heard this... and well... it sounded like something up your alley...

Jerry puts the CD-ROM into his computer and cues it up.

We HEAR VOICES ON THE TAPE -- the staccato jargon of airline pilots divided by harsh bursts of static...

SUDDENLY: Loud noise on the tape -- an ALARM of some sort along with the PANICKED VOICES of the flight crew fighting for control of the plane. It's awful.

ON THE TAPE: WE HEAR SEVERAL QUICK UNIDENTIFIABLE CHIRPS, and then a TERRIFYING, SURREAL HOWL.

Jerry stops the computer; the room falls into silence.

Dean and Sam exchange a worried look; there is definitely something supernatural on that tape. Jerry clocks the look.

JERRY

Whatever made that noise... is that what crashed the plane?

Sam and Dean exchange looks.

DEAN

We don't know.

SAM

Jerry, we're gonna need passenger manifests, list of survivors...

DEAN

(to Jerry, gently)

And... any way we could get a look at the, ah, wreckage?

JERRY

That other stuff, no problem. But the wreckage? The NTSB's got it in an evidence warehouse. No way I got that kind of clearance.

DEAN

Well. We'll start with the survivors. Maybe somebody saw something.

EXT. COPY JACK STORE - DAY

The IMPALA. Parked in the lot of a Kinko's-like COPY STORE. Sam sits in the passenger seat, working his LAPTOP. When Dean emerges from the store. Heads to the car.

SAM

You've been in there for over an hour.

DEAN

You can't rush perfection.

Dean presents his work to Sam. Two DEPARTMENT OF HOMELAND SECURITY ID cards.

SAM

Homeland Security? That's pretty illegal. Even for us.

DEAN

Yeah, but it's new. People haven't seen them a thousand times.

(then)

So. What've you got?

SAM

Well... there's definitely E.V.P. on the cockpit voice recorder.

(MORE)

SAM (CONT'D)

(then)

Listen.

ON THE LAPTOP SCREEN. A VOICE ANALYZER PROGRAM. It displays wave signs as Sam runs a download of the Cockpit Tape.

Sam clicks a button, the program slows it down... and buried beneath the static, we can hear a chilling voice intone--

VOICE

No survivors... no survivors...

DEAN

No survivors? What's that supposed to mean? There were seven survivors...

SAM

Got me.

DEAN

So what do you think? Haunted flight?

SAM

E.V.P. can be a sign. There's a long history of spirits, or death omens, on planes and ships... like Phantom Travelers... or you remember Flight 401?

DEAN

It crashed, right? The airline salvaged its parts, put 'em into other planes... and the spirits of the pilot and copilot started haunting those flights...

SAM

Maybe we've got a similar deal.

Snagging a TYPED LIST from the seat of the car--

DEAN

So... the survivors. Who do you want to talk to first?

SAM

Third on the list. Max Jaffe.

DEAN

Why him?

11

SAM

One, he's from around here. And two, if anyone saw something weird, he did...

DEAN

What makes you say that?

SAM

Cause I spoke to his Mother... and she told me where to find him...

12

EXT. RIVERFRONT PSYCHIATRIC HOSPITAL - DAY

12

A tasteful, chiseled-stone sign -- RIVERFRONT PSYCHIATRIC HOSPITAL. Trees. Grass. Sunshine. And some very nervous-looking people. Sam and Dean walk the grounds with MAX JAFFE (the passenger from the Teaser).

Max walks with a pronounced limp-- a permanent injury from the crash. He's a jittery, perennially frightened man, with a haunted, quivering voice.

MAX

... I don't understand, I already spoke with Homeland Security...

DEAN

We understand, but some new information has come up. If you could just answer a few questions.

Beat. Max nods.

SAM

Just before the plane started to go down, did you notice anything... unusual?

Max blinks, hesitates.

MAX

Like what?

DEAN

Strange lights. Weird noises, maybe. Voices...

MAX

(hesitates again)
No. Nothing.

Sam and Dean share a look -- they know he's hiding something.

DEAN

Mr. Jaffe... you checked yourself
in here, right?
(off his nod)
Can I ask why?

MAX

I was a little stressed...
(beat)
I survived a plane crash...

DEAN

And that's what terrified you?
That's what you're afraid of?

MAX

I... I don't want to talk about
this anymore.

DEAN

Mr. Jaffe. I think maybe you did
see something up there... we need
to know what...

Max grows a little agitated.

MAX

No... no. I was delusional.
Seeing things.

SAM

It's okay. Then just tell us what
you thought you saw... please...

Max is clearly struggling with some memory. Finally:

MAX

...there was this man... he had
these eyes... these black eyes... I
saw... I mean, I thought I saw...

DEAN

What?

MAX

He opened the emergency exit. But
that's impossible, right? I mean,
I looked it up, there's something
like two tons of pressure on that
door...

Sam and Dean exchange looks... maybe Max's talking about the spirit they're looking for--

SAM

This man... did he seem to appear and disappear, rapidly? It would look something like a mirage?

Max stops. Even in his agitated state, he finds the wherewithal to shoot Sam a funny look.

MAX

What are you, nuts?
(then)
He was a passenger. He was sitting right in front of me.

SAM

So it's not a spirit? It's--
(glancing down at
passenger manifest)
George Phelps, Seat 32A?

DEAN

I don't care how strong you are. Even yoked on PCP or something. You can't open an emergency door during flight.

SAM

Not if you're human. But maybe this guy George is something else. Some kind of creature, maybe, in human form?

When they pull up in front of the WORLD'S CUTEST SUBURBAN HOUSE. White picket fence. Garden gnomes.

DEAN

Does this look like a creature's lair to you?

Sam and Dean interview George's widow, BONNIE PHELPS. Sam studies a framed picture of nebbish, harmless George.

SAM

This is your late husband?

BONNIE
(sadly remembering)
Yes, that was my George.

DEAN
And you said he was a dentist?

BONNIE
(nods)
Heading to Denver for a convention.
You know, he was petrified to fly.
For him to go like that...

SAM
How long were you married?

BONNIE
24 years.

SAM
And all that time... you ever
notice anything strange about him?
Out of the ordinary?

Bonnie's not entirely sure what Sam means--

BONNIE
Well. He had acid reflux, if
that's what you mean.

15 EXT. IMPALA - DAY

15

SAM
It goes without saying. But this
doesn't make any sense.

DEAN
No. An overweight dentist with an
ulcer... not exactly evil
personified. We got to get inside
that NTSB warehouse and check out
that wreckage.

SAM
Okay. But if we're going that
route... we better look the part...

16 EXT. MORT'S FOR STYLE - DAY

16

Mort's makes the Men's Wearhouse look like Sak's Fifth
Avenue. The boys step out of the store...

16

CONTINUED:

16

each wearing a dark, somewhat ill-fitting suit. Dean looks uncomfortable. He tugs at his collar.

DEAN

Man, I look like one of the Blues Brothers.

SAM

(comforting)

No, you don't.

(but then)

You look more like a 7th Grader at his first dance.

DEAN

I hate this thing.

SAM

Hey, you want into that warehouse or not?

17

EXT. NTSB EVIDENCE WAREHOUSE - DAY

17

The boys stride along, looking imposing and official. QUICK CUTS AS:

SAM AND DEAN approach THE GUARD STATION...

THEY FLASH their Department of Homeland Security ID's...

The GUARD inspects the ID's. Almost skeptical. A moment here. Is he going to buy it? Then... he gives them a nod, waving them past...

18

INT. NTSB EVIDENCE WAREHOUSE - DAY

18

The pieces of Flight 2485 have been tagged and arranged on long tables like something from an archaeological dig. It's a grim, eerie sight.

Dean is disturbed by it all for some reason... but he shakes it off and quickly slips a small device from his pocket. It looks like a WALKMAN, except with a few extra buttons, a few stray wires. (It also looks REAL; something you could credibly build at Radio Shack. No James Bond shit).

SAM

What is that?

DEAN

EMF meter; reads electromagnetic frequencies.

MO

(CONTINUED)

18

CONTINUED:

18

SAM

I know what an EMF meter is -- why does that one look like a busted-up Walkman?

DEAN

(proud)

Cause that's what I made it out of. It's homemade.

SAM

Yeah. I can see that.

Sam rolls his eyes as Dean subtly sweeps the device past pieces of wreckage. Beep. Beep.

19

EXT. GUARD STATION - DAY

19

Two MEN who look like "Men in Black" approach the guard and show ID.

GUARD

Homeland Security? What, one team of you guys isn't enough?

HOMELAND SECURITY MAN

What are you talking about?

GUARD

Two of your buddies went inside not five minutes ago.

The two Homeland Security men give each other "that" look and hustle inside.

20

INT. NTSB EVIDENCE WAREHOUSE - DAY

20

Amidst all the wreckage... an EMERGENCY DOOR. Maybe the very same one that was wrenched open...

As Dean moves the EMF meter past. Beepbeepbeepbeepbeep. It hits the red zone.

DEAN

(noticing)

Check out the handle.

They zero in on...

THE DOOR HANDLE. It's twisted and bent, with black scorch marks all over it. Almost as if it was... melted?

DEAN

What's all that stuff?

He points to SEVERAL ODD STREAKS OF YELLOW RESIDUE all through the burned area.

SAM

One way to find out...

Sam moves in with a pen knife and scrapes away a sample of the residue.

21

INT. NTSB - HALLWAY - DAY

21

The Homeland guys and two GUARDS coming right at us. They burst through the door into the...

22

INT. NTSB EVIDENCE WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

22

They stop and look around.

No Sam. No Dean.

23

EXT. NTSB EVIDENCE WAREHOUSE - BACK - DAY

23

A towering fence. Topped with barbed wire. The guys clamber up the fence, with terrific agility... taking the back way out of the facility.

Dean, holding his suit jacket, flips it up, blanketing the barbed wire. As Sam and Dean climb over the top--

DEAN

You're right. This monkey suit is good for something.

24

INT. JERRY'S OFFICE - DAY

24

CLOSE ON: AN IMAGE SEEN THROUGH A MICROSCOPE... Black smudges veined with traces of yellow.

JERRY (O.S.)

This stuff is covered in sulphur.

Sam and Dean are hunched around Jerry and the chemical microscope he's peering into.

SAM

You're sure?

Jerry steps back from the microscope and nods.

JERRY

Take a look for yourself.

Jerry heads to the other side of the room, to wash his hands.
Sam and Dean quietly confer.

DEAN

(grim)

There's not many things that leave
sulfuric residue behind.

SAM

You thinking what I'm thinking?

DEAN

I hope not.

SAM

Demonic possession.

DEAN

It would explain how a mortal man
would have the strength to open an
emergency hatch...

SAM

If the guy was possessed... it's
possible...

DEAN

But this goes way beyond floating
over a bed and barfing pea soup. I
mean, it's one thing to possess a
person-- but to use 'em to crash an
entire airplane?

The guys are fairly freaked out at this...

SAM

You ever hear of anything like this
before?

DEAN

Never.

Captain Chuck Lambert (the pilot from the teaser) sits
nervously drinking coffee. With him is his friend, LOU,
about Chuck's age, who is pep talking the hell out of Chuck.

LOU

... It's like getting back on a horse, only in this case, it's a little twin engine, not even a horse, more like a pony.

Chuck nods, but the pep talk isn't doing much good.

LOU

And I'll be right there with you. Any time you feel like you don't want the wheel, I'll take over.

(beat, concerned)

Look, Chuck, we don't have to do this today, I'm not trying to rush you.

CHUCK

No, waiting is worse.

But Chuck doesn't look convinced.

LOU

Okay, they're filling up the tank. Then we go.

Chuck nods dully, as Lou leaves him. Suddenly...

FROM A WALL VENT. Just above the floor. The twisting, ominous wisp of BLACK SMOKE. It snakes along the floor, unseen. Beneath chairs.

Until it reaches CHUCK. Rises up to him... he barely has time to react, before he seems to INHALE the black smoke...

Lou stares out the window. Watching them fill up the small twin engine. When Chuck steps up behind him. A new man entirely.

CHUCK

(brimming with confidence)
I'm ready. Let's do it.

Chuck at the controls. Calm, serene.

LOU

How're you feeling?

CHUCK

Feel great.

LOU

You'll be back flying jumbos before
you know it.

CHUCK

Hope so.

(beat)

How long we been up?

LOU

(checks watch)

Almost forty-five minutes.

CHUCK

Wow, time really does fly.

Lou smiles at the same lame joke we heard before the last disaster. Chuck turns to him. Smiles. An unsettling smile. And then... he **SHOVES** the stick forward. Sending the plane into a dive. Lou pulls back on the stick on his side.

LOU

(panicked)

Chuck! What are you...

Lou gets an incredibly **VIOLENT BACKHAND** across the face for his trouble. Lou's out cold. Chuck now heads the plane into a steep dive. The plane is doomed.

We **MOVE IN** on Chuck's **EYES...** as they begin to **CLOUD** with **OBSIDIAN BLACK...** no pupils... as the plane's whine **GROWS** deafening... right before we hit the ground we...

BLACKOUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

28

INT. MOTEL ROOM - DAY

28

ON THE DESK. Dad's journal. And several DOG-EARED BOOKS. Spread open... a parade of woodcuts, lithographs, etchings, etc.... a series of ancient, horrible looking DEMONS...

SAM

So... every religion, every world culture, has the concept of demons and demonic possession, right? Christian, Native American, Hindu, you name it.

DEAN

Yeah, but none of 'em describe anything like this...

SAM

That's not exactly true. According to Japanese belief... certain demons are behind certain disasters, both natural and man-made. One causes earthquakes... another causes disease...

DEAN

And this one causes plane crashes?

Sam nods. Maybe. Dean tests out the theory...

DEAN

So, what, a demon who evolved with the times? Found a way to ratchet up the body count?

SAM

...and who knows how many planes it's brought down before this?

This is a disturbing thought. Sam catches something in his brother's expression.

SAM

What?

DEAN

This isn't like our usual gig. I mean, Demons... there's nothing they want... just death. Destruction. For its own sake.

(quiet)

(MORE)

28

CONTINUED:

28

DEAN (CONT'D)

This is pretty big. I wish Dad was here.

SAM

(beat)

Yeah. Me too.

Dean's cell phone RINGS. He answers.

DEAN

(into phone)

Yeah... Hey, Jerry.

INTERCUT WITH:

29

INT. JERRY'S OFFICE - DAY

29

Jerry, on the phone. He's upset.

JERRY

My pilot friend... Chuck Lambert. He's dead.

DEAN

(reacts)

Jerry. I'm sorry. What happened?

JERRY

It was just an hour or two ago. He and his buddy went out in a small twin. Plane went down.

Dean shoots Sam a look.

DEAN

He was flying?

JERRY

(poor guy)

Trying to get back in the saddle, I guess.

DEAN

Where'd it happen?

JERRY

About sixty miles west of here. Near Nazareth.

DEAN

I'm going to try to ignore the irony in that.

JERRY

Sorry?

DEAN

Nothing.

(beat)

Jerry, we'll catch up with you
later.

Dean hangs up. Turns to Sam.

SAM

Another crash?

DEAN

(nods)

Let's go.

SAM

Where?

DEAN

Nazareth.

Off Sam's look...

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

The Impala motors down a highway that winds and snakes
through thick woods. Passing a sign-- **NAZARETH, PA - 2 mi.**

We CRANE UP. In the far distance, a curling cloud of BLACK
SMOKE... emanating from the middle of the woods. Clearly
from the still-smoldering plane crash. The Impala heads
towards it...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. JERRY'S OFFICE - DAY - LATER

CLOSE ON: AN IMAGE SEEN THROUGH A MICROSCOPE. Black smudges
lined with traces of yellow.

Jerry huddles over the chemical microscope. Looks up from
the eyepiece.

DEAN

Sulphur?

(Jerry nods; Dean,
ironically)

That's great.

Meanwhile, Sam sits behind a table. He's using Jerry's dirty, dented DESKTOP COMPUTER.

DEAN

(to Sam)

So that's two crashes involving Chuck Lambert. This demon... you think it was going after Chuck?

SAM

With all due respect to Chuck... if that's the case... that would be good news.

DEAN

And the bad news?

SAM

Chuck's plane went down exactly 40 minutes in. And get this-- so did flight 2485.

This means something to Dean.

JERRY

40 minutes? What's that mean?

DEAN

It's Biblical numerology. You know... Noah's Arc, it rained for 40 days? The number means "death."

SAM

(referencing computer screen)

So I went back... there's been six plane crashes over the past decade... that all went down... exactly forty minutes in.

DEAN

(oh my God)

Anybody survive?

SAM

No. Not until this time. Not until 2485, for some reason. So maybe--

DEAN

It's going after all the survivors? Trying to finish the job?

Sam looks at Dean. It's a possibility.

SAM

On the cockpit voice recorder...
remember what the E.V.P. said--

DEAN

"No Survivors."

EXT. HIGHWAY - AFTERNOON

The IMPALA HAULS ASS. Past camera. On a mission.

INT. IMPALA - MOVING FAST - AFTERNOON

Dean drives, as fast as he can. Sam's on his cell--

SAM

(into phone)

Really?... Well, thank you for
taking our survey. And if you do
plan to fly, please don't forget
your friends at United Britannia
Airlines... Thanks.

Sam hangs up and crosses a name off a list in his hand.

SAM

That takes care of Blaine Sanderson
and Dennis Holloway. They're not
flying anytime soon.

DEAN

So our only wild card is the
stewardess? Amanda Walker?

SAM

Right...

(checks notes)

Her sister Karen said her flight
leaves Indianapolis at 8:00 p.m.
It's her first night back on the
job.

DEAN

Well. That sounds like our luck.

SAM

This is a five hour drive, man,
even with you at the wheel.

DEAN

Why don't you try Amanda's cell phone again? Maybe we can head her off at the pass.

SAM

I've already left her three messages; she must have turned her phone off.

(checks his watch)

We're never gonna make it.

Dean floors it and they surge ahead. With intensity--

DEAN

We'll make it.

EXT. INDIANAPOLIS AIRPORT - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

The Impala comes roaring into a parking spot. The boys jump out. Dean heads for the terminal.

SAM

Whoa, whoa, whoa -- Dean.

Dean spins, looks back:

DEAN

What?

SAM

We're about to walk into an airport.

Dean stares at him -- so what? Then it dawns on him...

He reaches under his coat and hauls out TWO HUGE GUNS. He dumps them in the trunk. Plus two silver spikes, a leg-holstered .22 caliber pistol...

DEAN

I feel naked.

They SLAM THE TRUNK and we are --

INT. AIRPORT TERMINAL - NIGHT

Sam and Dean burst in, scanning for the departure schedule. They find it on one of those TV monitors.

SAM

They're boarding in thirty
minutes...

DEAN

We've still got some cards to
play...

Dean steps up to a phone bank. To a courtesy phone.

DEAN

(into phone)

Yes, Gate 13 please, I'm trying to
contact an Amanda Walker. She's a
flight attendant on Flight 424.

GATE ATTENDANT (O.S.)

(ON THE PA SYSTEM)

Amanda Walker, Amanda Walker, you
have a phone call at the white
courtesy phone, gate 13...

IN THE WAITING AREA. Amanda, the flight attendant from the
Teaser. She walks to the phone bank. Picks up the white
receiver.

AMANDA

(into phone)

This is Amanda Walker.

INTERCUT WITH:

DEAN

Ms. Walker, this is James Hetfield
from St. Frances Memorial Hospital;
we have a Karen Walker here --

AMANDA

(alarmed)

Karen?

DEAN

Nothing serious, a minor car
accident, but she has been injured,
so--

AMANDA

That's impossible. I just spoke to her.

DEAN

You... what?

AMANDA

(suspicious)

Five minutes ago. She's at home cramming for a final -- who is this?

DEAN

Ah... There must be some mistake...

AMANDA

How did you even know I was here?
(suddenly angry)
You're one of Vince's friend's, aren't you?

Dean freezes -- but just for a beat -- then:

DEAN

Guilty as charged.

AMANDA

Wow, this is unbelievable!

DEAN

(groping)

Look -- he's... really sorry...

AMANDA

Tell him to mind his own business and stop trying to run my life, okay?

DEAN

But he needs to see you. Tonight.

Sam stares at Dean -- "What the hell is going on?"
Dean shrugs -- "Beats me."

AMANDA

No. It's too late.

DEAN

Don't say that. The dude is a total mess, really, it's pathetic.

AMANDA

(beat)
Really?

Amanda seems to be weakening slightly. Then she sees the FLIGHT CREW boarding.

AMANDA

Look, I've gotta go. Tell him to call me when I land.

DEAN

No, no -- Amanda -- wait -- !

But Amanda hangs up. EXITS FRAME.

We PAN UP... to the ceiling above the row of phones.

TO A CEILING VENT. As the first tendrils of a black smoke begin to SEEP from the grating... with a mind of its own...

INT. AIRPORT TERMINAL - WITH DEAN

DEAN

Damn it! That close!

SAM

(resolved)
Come on, it's time for Plan B.
We're getting on the plane.

*
*

Sam turns for the ticket counter. Dean is absolutely frozen for a second. Then he grabs Sam's arm.

DEAN

Hold on. Just... wait a second.

*

SAM

Dean. That plane is leaving, with over a hundred passengers. And if we're right, it's gonna crash.

DEAN

I know--

SAM

We gotta get on board, find the demon, and exorcise it.

*
*

(beat)
I'll get the tickets.

(MORE)

SAM (CONT'D)

Grab what you can from the trunk,
whatever'll make it through
security. Meet me back here in
five.

But Dean isn't moving. Sam stares at him, puzzled.

SAM

You okay?

DEAN

Um. No. Not really.

SAM

What's wrong?

Dean's pacing now, really struggling with something.

DEAN

I have a little... problem.
With...

SAM

Flying?

Dean shoots him a look: a dead-even mixture of fear, anger
and embarrassment.

DEAN

It's never really been an issue
until now.

Sam is completely stunned.

SAM

You're kidding, right?

DEAN

Do I look like I'm kidding?

Sam looks at him; Dean isn't kidding. He is terrified.
We've never seen him like this -- and neither has Sam.

DEAN

Why do you think I drive
everywhere?

Dean paces furiously, trying to work up his nerve. Sam sees
him struggle. Finally:

SAM

I'll go.

DEAN

What?

SAM

I'll do this one on my own.

Dean stares at him for a beat.

DEAN

What are you, nuts?! Sam, you said
it yourself-- that plane is gonna
crash.

SAM

We can do it together, or I can do
it alone. I'm not seeing a third
option here.

Dean looks hard at Sam. Sam's courage gets Dean over the
hump.

DEAN

No. Forget it. No way I'm letting
you do this alone.

INT. AIRPLANE - FLIGHT 401 - NIGHT

ANGLE ON: Sam and Dean sitting side by side, as the plane
taxies onto the runway. Dean is petrified. Sam turns to his
brother, sincere:

SAM

(consoling)
Just try to relax.

DEAN

Just try to shut up.

Sam nods, shutting up. The ENGINES HOWL and the pilot on the
PA says those familiar words:

PILOT (V.O.)

Flight crew, prepare for take off.

The PLANE SURGES FORWARD. Dean flattens against the chair
back and grips the armrests for dear life.

As the plane leaves the ground and streaks into the sky...

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

40 INT. AIRPLANE - SAM AND DEAN'S SEAT - 35,000 FEET 40

Sam keeps a close eye on Dean, who is staring straight ahead and bobbing his head ever so slightly.

SAM
You humming Metallica?

DEAN
It calms me down.

Then -- a tiny BUMP of turbulence. The more experienced flyers don't even notice it. But for Dean, it's like an earthquake, and Sam takes note.

SAM
Look man, I get you're nervous, but you gotta stay focused, okay?

DEAN
Okay.

With intensity and urgency--

SAM
We have--
(checks watch)
Thirty-two minutes and counting, to track down this thing-- whoever it's possessing, anyway-- and perform a full-on exorcism--

DEAN
--on a crowded plane. Well. Good. That sounds easy.

SAM
One step at a time, man. Now. Who's it possessing?

DEAN
It's usually someone with some kind of weakness... some chink in the armor that a demon can worm through... an addiction, maybe, or some kind of emotional distress.

SAM
Well. This is Amanda's first flight since the crash... if I were her, I'd be pretty freaked out.

Another FLIGHT ATTENDANT walks by.

DEAN

Excuse me, are you Amanda?

FLIGHT ATTENDANT

No, I'm not.

DEAN

Sorry. My mistake.

The Flight Attendant nods. Moves on. Dean gestures to the other Flight Attendant (Amanda) at the back of the plane.

DEAN

That's probably her. I'll go talk to her. Try to get a read on her mental state.

SAM

What if she's already possessed?

DEAN

There're ways to test her. I brought some Holy Water...

SAM

I think we can go a bit more subtle.

(beat)

If she's possessed... she'll flinch at the name of God...

Dean nods. As he stands--

SAM

And Dean? Say it in Latin.

DEAN

I know.

SAM

In Latin it's Cristo.

DEAN

I know. I'm not an idiot!

Amanda busies herself with drink orders. Dean ENTERS FRAME. He plays it cool... but he's intelligently asking questions... trying to determine Amanda's emotional state...

DEAN

Hi.

AMANDA

Hi. Can I do something for you?

DEAN

Huh, oh no, I'm just a bit of an uneasy flyer. Makes me feel better to walk around a little.

She nods. Sympathetic.

AMANDA

It's okay. Happens to the best of us.

DEAN

'Course. You being a stewardess, I guess flying comes easy to you.

This gives Amanda a little pause.

AMANDA

Oh. Well. You'd be surprised.

DEAN

Really? You're a nervous flyer?

AMANDA

Maybe a little.

DEAN

How is it, that a stewardess can be scared to fly?

AMANDA

It's kind of a long story.

DEAN

Then... sorry for asking... but you ever consider other employment?

Amanda thinks about this. Beat. Then, with simple honesty and bravery...

AMANDA

No. Everybody's scared of something. I just... I'm not gonna let it hold me back.

Beat. Dean can't help but be impressed.

41

DEAN

Huh.

Then... under his breath--

DEAN

Cristo.

AMANDA

I'm sorry, did you say something?

DEAN

(somewhat embarrassed)

Cristo?

There is no reaction from Amanda, other than she thinks Dean might be fucking nuts.

AMANDA

What?

DEAN

Nothing. Never mind.

He turns quickly and heads back to his seat.

42

INT. AIRPLANE - SAM AND DEAN'S SEAT - NIGHT

42

Dean sits next to Sam.

DEAN

That woman has to be the most well adjusted person on the planet.

SAM

You said Cristo?

DEAN

Yeah. I'm telling you... there's no demon in her, and there's no demon getting in her.

SAM

So if it's on the plane... it could be anywhere. Anyone.

Just then, the plane hits a bad stretch of turbulence. Dean white knuckles the armrests. He's losing it.

DEAN

That can't be normal!

SAM

It's just a little turbulence.

DEAN

(harsh whisper)

Sam. This plane is going to crash.
So don't friggin' treat me like I'm
four!

SAM

You need to calm down.

DEAN

(through gritted teeth)

I can't. I'm sorry.

SAM

Yes, you can. Just take a deep
breath.

DEAN

Why don't you just stow all your
touchy-feely-self-help-Yoga-crap--

Sam leans forward. With clear-eyed intensity.

SAM

Listen to me. If you're panicked,
you're wide open to demonic
possession. So calm yourself down.
Now!

Dean looks at Sam. That did the trick. Dean takes a few
deep breaths. Calms himself.

SAM

Okay. Good.
(holds up Dad's JOURNAL)
Now. I found an exorcism in here
that I think's gonna work. The
Rituale Romanum.

DEAN

...what do we have to do?

SAM

It's got two parts... the first
part expels the demon from the
victim's body. Makes it
manifest... which actually makes it
more powerful...

DEAN

More powerful... how?

SAM

It won't need to possess anyone anymore. It'll be able to wreak havoc on its own.

DEAN

And... why's that a good thing?

SAM

Because the second part... sends the bastard back to Hell, once and for all.

DEAN

But first things first... we gotta find it.

SAM

What do you wanna do? Yell out "Cristo" to the whole plane?

Dean reaches into his bag. Pulls out the homemade EMF DETECTOR.

DEAN

No. 'Cause luckily... I brought my Walkman.

43

INT. AIRPLANE - NIGHT

43

Dean walks, slow and steady, down the aisle. Carrying the EMF Detector. Headphones attached. To all the world, he looks like a guy listening to his Walkman. But actually, he's listening for a spike in the reading. But so far... nothing. Slowly-- Beep. Beep.

44

INT. AIRPLANE - NIGHT

44

Dean. At the front of the plane. He's startled a bit when Sam, suddenly behind him, taps him on the shoulder. Dean removes his headphones, hangs them around his neck.

DEAN

Don't do that.

Meanwhile-- one of the FLIGHT ATTENDANTS has a drink cart sideways to the aisle. Blocking it.

Sam and Dean speak in hushed tones.

SAM
Anything?

DEAN
(shakes his head)
How much time we got?

SAM
19 minutes.
(grasping at straws)
Maybe we missed somebody.

DEAN
Or maybe the thing's just not on
the plane.

SAM
You believe that?

DEAN
I will if you will.

Just then... Dean can hear his HEADPHONES. Beepbeepbeepbeep.
As a few yards ahead, the copilot exits the lavatory and
heads back to the cockpit.

Dean's face falls. Please, God, no. Sam notices (he can't
hear the beeping).

SAM
...what is it?

DEAN
(calls out)
Cristo!

Hearing that, the copilot stops, shudders, and turns to look
at Sam and Dean.

The copilot's eyes CLOUD with obsidian BLACK. Then he enters
the cockpit.

The boys look at each other. The demon is inside the locked
cockpit...

BLACKOUT.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

45

INT. AIRPLANE - NIGHT

45

Sam and Dean hustle down the aisle to the rear.

SAM

She's not gonna believe this.

DEAN

(you got a better idea?)

12 minutes, dude.

He doesn't. They find Amanda in the back galley. She recognizes Dean.

AMANDA

Hey. Flight's not too bumpy for you, I hope.

DEAN

Actually, that's kinda what we need to talk to you about.

A bit taken aback--

AMANDA

Um. Okay. What can I do for you?

They gently lead her to the back galley, where they can speak in private.

DEAN

Alright, look, this is gonna sound nuts, but we just don't have time for the "truth is out there" speech.

SAM

We know you were on Flight 2485.

AMANDA

...who are you guys?

SAM

We've spoken to some other survivors. We know something brought down that plane. And it wasn't mechanical failure.

DEAN

And we need your help. We need to stop it from happening again. Here. Now.

Amanda's flat-out scared. She tries to move past the guys.

AMANDA

I'm sorry... I'm very busy...

Dean gently stops her from leaving.

DEAN

We're not gonna hurt you. But listen to me... the pilot of 2485. Chuck Lambert. He's dead.

AMANDA

What? Chuck? You're lying...

DEAN

He died in a plane crash. Two plane crashes in two months... that doesn't strike you as strange?

SAM

There was something wrong with 2485... maybe you sensed it, maybe you didn't... and there's something wrong with this flight, too.

DEAN

Please. You have to believe us.

A long pause. There's something about these guys' expressions. Amanda pauses. Then, quietly--

AMANDA

On 2485... there was a man... he had these... eyes...

SAM

That's exactly what we're talking about.

AMANDA

I don't understand... what are you asking me to do?

DEAN

The copilot, you gotta bring him back here.

AMANDA

Why? What's he have to do with anything?

DEAN

We don't have time to explain... we just need to talk to him...

AMANDA

How am I supposed...?

SAM

Whatever it takes. Tell him there's something broken back here. Whatever will get him out of the cockpit.

Amanda has a moment of doubt.

AMANDA

I could lose my job if you guys...

DEAN

(intense)

You're gonna lose a lot more than that if you don't help us.

Something in his tone affects Amanda. She gives Dean an unsteady nod... and heads up the aisle.

The guys close the curtain behind her.

AMANDA

Reaches the cockpit area. Knocks. The copilot opens the door. Friendly. Seemingly normal.

DEAN

Pulls the curtain aside an inch... peering through...

AMANDA

Talks to the copilot. Gestures to the rear of the plane.

Beat. Then... whatever she told him... it works. They walk together toward the rear of the plane.

SAM AND DEAN

Assume positions.

AMANDA AND COPILOT

They arrive at the rear.

COPILOT
(to Amanda)
Now... what's the problem?

She parts the curtain and the copilot steps through. Into the back galley. He's immediately jumped by Sam and Dean! Knocked to the floor!

With intensity, Sam pins him down while Dean DUCT TAPES his mouth and hands (he pulls the duct tape from a duffle). And indeed... this whole sequence should feel FAST and CHAOTIC and HAND-HELD and HARD CORE.

The copilot looks to Amanda with panicked eyes... every bit like a normal guy who just got jumped. Amanda FREAKS.

AMANDA
What are you doing?! You said you were going to talk to him.

DEAN
We are going to talk to him.

When Sam removes a plastic bottle of WATER. Splashes the copilot. The copilot's skin SMOKES and BURNS! Holy Water. He THRASHES wildly, HOWLING, muffled, behind the duct tape.

Amanda is suddenly confronted with the reality of it all.

AMANDA
(panicking)
What's wrong with him?!

SAM
(to Amanda)
Look. We need you calm. We need you outside the curtain. Don't let anybody through. Can you do that?
(then)
Amanda?

She nods yes. She goes to the other side of the curtain.

Meanwhile, Dean is straddling the THRASHING copilot. Dean PUNCHES him, hard, in the mouth--

DEAN

(harsh whisper to Sam)
Hurry up... I won't be able to hold
him for long...

Sam hits him with more Holy Water-- keeping the possessed
copilot in a weakened state. And then... Sam starts reading
from DAD'S JOURNAL.

SAM

Regna terrae, cantáte Deo, psállite
Dómino,...

The copilot thrashes even more violently. His eyes turn
black, with no pupils. Sam splashes more Holy Water.

SAM

...qui véhitor per caelus, caelos
antiquos!

When... the copilot breaks free of Dean! Sam moves in with
Holy Water. But the copilot SNAPS his duct tape bindings
(though his mouth is still covered). He SHOVES Sam back with
unnatural force. Sam CRACKS against the wall! Oof!

The blow causes Sam to drop both the Journal and the Holy
Water. The bottle spills. Gone.

Sam shakes the cobwebs... retrieves the journal... keeps
reading...

SAM

Ecce, edit vocem suam, vocem
poténtem:

Dean STRUGGLES like hell to PIN the copilot. The copilot's
body horrifically twists and contorts...

Sam tries to help Dean... and read from the journal at the
same time. It's violent and intense.

SAM

Agnóscite potentiam Dei!

The copilot rips away the duct tape with his free hand. And
that's when he turns to Sam. And he GROWLS--

COPILOT

I know. I know what happened to
your girlfriend. She must have
died screaming.

CLOSE ON SAM. He freezes at this. Stunned. Horrified.
Make this a big moment. Beat.

COPILOT

Even now, she's burning...

Dean SMASHES the copilot, HARD, across the face. That's one
for his brother.

DEAN

Sam!

Sam focuses-- keeps reading...

SAM

...magésta ejus, et poténtia ejus
in núbibus.

Then... the copilot OPENS HIS MOUTH, WIDE... a deep, guttural
sound emanates from deep within the copilot's body. His
THRASHING, almost like an epileptic fit, reaches a CLIMAX.
Something bad is about to happen...

Dean tries to cover the copilot's mouth, but the copilot's mouth opens beyond where any human's can, and out of this grotesqueness we see that awful black cloud emanate from the copilot's mouth.

The BLACK SMOKE snakes up into the plane's vents.

Sam and Dean look at each other. Then at the limp body of the copilot. The demon's been expelled from the copilot... but it's on the plane... it's INSIDE the plane...

SAM

Where'd it go?

DEAN

It's loose in the plane! Keep going! You've gotta finish it!

When... the plane is ROCKED BY A GIANT HIT OF TURBULENCE! It pitches forward violently! Sending the JOURNAL sliding up the aisle!

ANGLE - MAIN CABIN

The lights CUT OUT. Oxygen masks drop; people scream in the dark, hanging on for dear life.

The plane pitches and rolls like a carnival ride... LUGGAGE drops from overhead bins... there's a terrible ROARING WHINE of the ENGINES!

An unnatural wind HOWLS through the cabin, blowing loose paper, clothing and everything else.

SAM AND DEAN

Climb to their feet. They STRUGGLE against the turbulence. They can barely keep their footing as they move up the aisle...

When... the plane SUDDENLY JOLTS into a NOSE DIVE! Complete free fall! The guys are ROCKED into the air!

They crumple to the ground... then climb to their feet, bruised and weakened... moving up the aisle...

Dean sees the JOURNAL.

DEAN

There!

Sam LUNGES for it... snags it! Sam struggles to hold on... SHOUTING over the CHAOS...

SAM

Timendus est Deus e sancto suo,
Deus Israel; ipse potentiam dat et
robur populo suo: benedictus Deus:

Sam is violently THROWN again... but finishes--

SAM

Glória... Patri.

Just then-- a STROBING FLARE of LIGHT! As if LIGHTNING hit the plane! A BLAST of wind! A SCREECHING WHINE (maybe it's the engines. Maybe it's something else). The demon's death knell... and then...

*
*
*
*

The plane steadies, and levels. The wind stops. Everything grows quiet. It's over...

*
*

ANGLE - MAIN CABIN

Amanda starts working the cabin, ever the professional. Tending to the bruised and wounded...

SAM AND DEAN

Dean looks to Sam, gratefully. Sam nods back... relieved... but troubled...

INT. DENVER (OR OTHER) AIRPORT - TERMINAL - NIGHT

We PAN ACROSS the various passengers from Flight 424. They answer questions from airline authorities and the Feds.

THE COPILOT. A PARAMEDIC treats a nasty RED BRUISE on his forehead... he seems very confused...

COPILOT

I don't know... I was walking through the airport... then it all goes blank. I don't even remember getting on the plane...

We PICK UP -- SAM AND DEAN walking away from the crowd. But not before they glance back at--

AMANDA. Amidst various authorities... she locks eyes with the guys. Silently nods her thanks. A moment.

The boys nod back. Then continue on. Dean notices something in his brother's thoughtful expression.

DEAN

Hey. You okay?

SAM

Dean, it... it knew about Jessica.

Dean tries to comfort his brother--

DEAN

These things read minds, these things lie. That's all it was.

SAM

Maybe. I don't know.

As they disappear into the airport crowd...

The Impala is parked just outside the hangar; Sam and Dean are with Jerry, saying good-bye...

JERRY

No one knows what you guys did. But I do. A lot of people could have died...

What else can Jerry say except...

JERRY

You're Dad is gonna be real proud.

Jerry pulls them each into a bear hug like they were his own sons.

SAM

We'll see you around, Jerry.

Sam and Dean head to the Impala; but Dean turns back...

DEAN

You know. I've been meaning to ask you... How'd you get my new cell phone number, anyway? I've only had it like six months.

JERRY

Well... your Dad gave it to me.

Sam and Dean look up, unable to conceal their shock.

SAM

What?

DEAN

When did you talk to him?

Jerry is a little taken aback by their urgency.

JERRY

I didn't -- well, not exactly. I called his number and the voice message said to call you.

Sam and Dean stare at each other, stunned.

INT. IMPALA - PARKED - MINUTES LATER

Sam and Dean are parked on the highway. Tense. Dean presses numbers into his cell phone...

SAM

This doesn't make any sense. I've called Dad's number like fifty times-- it's been out of service...

Sam leans in toward Dean as, on the line, the PHONE RINGS... And RINGS AGAIN... And then...

THEY HEAR THEIR FATHER'S VOICE.

JOHN WINCHESTER (V.O.)

(recorded message)

This is John Winchester. I... can't be reached...

The boys listen, frozen. Their father's voice sounds ragged and anxious, like the message was recorded quickly -- and under bad circumstances...

JOHN WINCHESTER (V.O.)

...if this is an emergency... call my son Dean... 785-555-0179. He can help...

A few seconds of strained breathing, and then -- CLICK. No beep tone, no way to leave a message. Nothing.

Dean hangs up.

The guys don't even look at each other. Each is lost in his own thoughts. With a dark sense of lingering mystery we...

BLACKOUT.

TO BE CONTINUED...