

Raelle Tucker

SUPERNATURAL

Episode #113

"Nightmare"

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PRODUCTION DRAFT - WHITE

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REVISION HISTORY

<u>Revision</u>	<u>Date</u>	<u>Revised Pages</u>
Production Draft - White	12/01/05	Full Script

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"Nightmare"

CAST LIST

SAM WINCHESTER
DEAN WINCHESTER

JARED PADALECKI
JENSEN ACKLES

JIM MILLER
ALICE MILLER
MAX MILLER
ROGER MILLER
NOSY NEIGHBOR
KENNETH PHILLIPS *
COP

CAMERON MCDONALD

BRENDAN FLETCHER

SUSINN MCFARLEN
FRED KEATING

* Replaced:

KENNETH PHILLIPS replaces KENNETH PHELPS

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SUPERNATURAL
"Nightmare"

TEASER

1 EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - NIGHT (DAY 1) 1

A row of older, lower-middle class homes with small lawns. A sedan with some mileage on it rounds the corner.

2 INT./EXT. SEDAN - NIGHT 2

JIM MILLER, blue collar, 50s, drives home from a long day at work. SOOTHING OLDIES on the radio. He pulls into the driveway of his modest suburban home.

Jim hits the garage door opener and drives in.

CLOSE ON: the REAR BUMPER of Jim's CAR, as it parks. We clearly read Jim's MICHIGAN LICENCE PLATE.

Jim turns off the engine (leaving the key in the ignition). He leans over and reaches for his coat on the back seat...

When... a RUSTY ROAR... as the old GARAGE DOOR CLOSES.

Jim sits back up. Notices the garage door. He didn't push the opener. Strange. Well, whatever. He reaches for the door handle --

-- and the automatic locks SLAM SHUT.

JIM

What the --

Then... the car key TURNS ON ITS OWN, STARTING the engine... Jim sees this, his confusion turning to fear.

CLOSE ON: smoke begins to emerge from his exhaust pipe.

Jim tries the door again. No use. He's trapped inside. With alarm, he tries the other doors. No good.

Jim turns, struggles with the key... it won't budge... he pulls so hard, the key SNAPS in half... the engine still runs... the EXHAUST still blows...

Now the black smoke invades through the car vents.

Panicking now, Jim throws himself against the window glass... again and again... as he begins to choke.

(CONTINUED)

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2 CONTINUED: 2

We're UP CLOSE and personal in Jim's face... he can't breathe... growing weaker and weaker... it's horrific.

3 EXT. MILLER HOUSE - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT 3

WE'RE OUTSIDE, WATCHING through a SMALL WINDOW in the garage door. There's so much smoke inside the garage, that our vision of the car... and of a dying, helpless, terrified Jim Miller... begins to cloud and obscure from vision...

4 INT. MOTEL - NIGHT 4

SAM WINCHESTER'S eyes snap open. What we saw was his DREAM. But he's sweating, his head is pounding. He knows immediately: it wasn't just a dream.

Sam turns on the bedside lamp. DEAN WINCHESTER is sleeping in the other bed. Sam shakes him awake.

SAM
Dean. Dean, wake up.

Dean squints into the light, groggy, confused. He squints at the clock on the nightstand: 1:45 am.

DEAN
Dude, it's the middle of the night--

SAM
We have to go.

Dean notes the urgency in Sam's voice. He sits up, instantly alert.

DEAN
What's happening?

Sam's already across the room throwing clothes into his duffel bag.

SAM
We have to go. Right now.

5 INT. IMPALA - DRIVING - NIGHT 5

Dean speeds the Impala down the highway. Sam rides shotgun. On his lap: a note pad with the license plate number he saw in his dream: MICHIGAN MF-6037.

Sam also HOLDS a POLICE OFFICER'S I.D.-- with somebody else's picture on it. He reads from it, into his cell.

(CONTINUED)

SAM

McReady -- Detective McReady.
Badge number 158. I've got a
signal four-eighty in progress. I
need the registered owner of a four-
door sedan, Michigan license plate
Mary Frank-6037.

(then)

Yeah, okay, just hurry.

Sam waits anxiously.

DEAN

Sammy. Relax. It's probably just
a nightmare.

SAM

Yeah, tell me about it.

DEAN

No, I mean, like a regular,
everyday, naked-in-class kinda
nightmare.

(then)

This licence plate, it won't check
out, you'll see.

SAM

(shakes his head)

No. It felt different. Real.
Like when I dreamt about our old
house. And Jessica.

DEAN

Yeah, but those made sense. You
were dreaming about our house.
Your girlfriend. This guy in your
dream... you ever see him before?

SAM

No.

DEAN

So why would you be having
premonitions about some random dude
in Michigan?

Sam is quiet. Troubled.

SAM

I don't know.

Someone responds on the other end of the CELL--

SAM
Yeah, I'm here.

Sam hears something. Gives Dean a grim, worried look. Then he begins to scrawl on a notepad--

SAM
Jim Miller. Saginaw, Michigan.
You have a street address? Got it.
Thanks.

Sam hangs up. Both brothers are uncomfortable, even frightened by Sam's premonitions. But they try to put on a brave face--

SAM
It checks out.
(then)
How far are we?

DEAN
From Saginaw? Coupla hours.

SAM
(after a beat)
Drive faster.

CUT TO:

6 INT. IMPALA - NIGHT 6

Sam and Dean pull up across the street from the Miller house.

A crowd of NEIGHBORS is gathered outside. An AMBULANCE is parked in the driveway. The brothers lock eyes. This doesn't look good.

Suddenly, the crowd parts. A BODY BAG is carried out by two PARAMEDICS. Jim Miller is dead. They got here too late.

OFF our boys' expressions--

BLACKOUT.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

7

EXT. MILLER HOUSE - NIGHT

7

Sam and Dean approach a NOSY NEIGHBOR, in bathrobe, as she watches Jim Miller's body being loaded into the ambulance.

DEAN

What happened?

She's eager to gossip, excited someone asked her.

NOSY NEIGHBOR

Suicide. I can't believe it.

SAM

You knew him?

NOSY NEIGHBOR

Saw him every Sunday at St. Augustine's. Always seems-- seemed-- normal... I guess you never know what's going on behind closed doors.

Dean glances at Sam.

DEAN

I guess not.

SAM

How did -- how are they saying he did it?

NOSY NEIGHBOR

(low, conspiratorial)

I heard they found him in the garage, locked in his car with the engine running...

Sam and Dean's eyes meet. That's exactly what Sam described seeing in his dream.

SAM

Do you know what time they found him?

NOSY NEIGHBOR

Whole thing just happened an hour or two ago.

(nodding toward the Miller porch)

His poor family...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

7

CONTINUED:

7

NOSY NEIGHBOR (CONT'D)

I just can't imagine what they're
going through...

The boys turn to see... the crying widow ALICE MILLER, 50s.
Her son MAX, 22, shy, geeky, thoughtful (maybe a little
troubled) stands nearby. Max looks shell-shocked, grief-
stricken. Just then... Jim's brother ROGER, 40's,
approaches, steps onto the porch... he puts an arm on Max's
shoulder... and Alice hugs him, distraught.

MAX

(sad and soft, from a
distance)

Uncle Rog.

ALICE

(also, from a distance)

Oh, Roger...

Seeing the grieving family hits Sam hard. He heads for the
Impala. Dean follows.

8

EXT. STREET - OUTSIDE IMPALA - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT

8

Sam leans against the car, upset. Dean leans against the car
beside him. He tries to comfort his brother.

DEAN

We got here as fast as we could.

SAM

Not fast enough.

(frustrated)

It just doesn't make any sense.
Why would I even have a premonition
unless I had a chance to stop it
from happening?

DEAN

I don't know.

SAM

So... what do you think killed him?

DEAN

Maybe the guy just killed himself.
Maybe there's nothing supernatural
going on here--

SAM

I'm telling you, I watched it
happen.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

SAM (CONT'D)

He was murdered by something... it trapped him in the garage.

DEAN

Like a spirit? Or poltergeist?

SAM

I don't know what it was. I don't know why I'm having these dreams or what the hell is happening...

When Sam notices-- Dean is giving him a strange look.

SAM

What?

DEAN

Nothing. I'm just... you know, worried about you, that's all.

SAM

Well, don't look at me like that.

DEAN

Sammy, I'm not looking at you like anything.

Dean notes Sam's pale complexion.

DEAN

Though I gotta say-- you do look like crap.

SAM

Nice. Thank you.

Dean moves for the driver's side door--

DEAN

We'll pick this up in the morning, okay? Check out the house, talk to the family.

SAM

You saw them -- they're devastated. They're not going to want to talk to us.

DEAN

You're right. But I know who they will talk to.

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8 CONTINUED: (2) 8

SAM

Who?

Dean gives a smile.

9 EXT. MILLER HOUSE - NEXT DAY (DAY 2) 9

We're OVER SAM'S SHOULDER as he rings the doorbell.

SAM

This has got to be a whole new low
for us.

Roger Miller opens the door and we reveal: Sam and Dean in
geeky blazers, and PRIEST'S COLLARS. (They wear those gray,
"modern and casual" priest shirts beneath.)

DEAN

Good afternoon. I'm Father
Simmons, this is Father Frehly.
We're new junior priests from St.
Augustine's. May we come in?

10 INT. MILLER HOUSE - FRONT HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS 10

Roger walks them in. He's not exactly thrilled to see them.

SAM

We're sorry for your loss.

ROGER

(flatly)
Thanks.

DEAN

It's in difficult times like these
that the Lord's guidance is most
needed --

ROGER

Look. You wanna pitch your whole
"Lord has a plan" thing? Fine.
Just don't pitch it to me. My
brother's dead.

ALICE (O.S.)

Roger. Please.

Alice steps up.

ROGER

Excuse me.

(CONTINUED)

Roger EXITS.

ALICE

I'm sorry about my brother-in-law.
He's... so upset about Jim's death.
We all are.

(then)

Would you like some tea?

11 INT. MILLER HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER 11

A typical scene just after a death in the family: NEIGHBORS and FAMILY FRIENDS mill around, bearing trays of food, consoling one another.

Sam and Dean sit on the couch. Alice pours them tea. She's a soft-spoken woman, earnest but slightly spacey under the best of circumstances.

ALICE

It's wonderful of you to stop by.
The support of the church means so
much right now.

DEAN

Of course. After all, we are all
God's children.

Alice crosses to the kitchen to put the teapot down. Sam rolls his eyes at Dean.

DEAN

(whispering)
What?

SAM

Just tone it down, Father.

Dean shrugs, but when Alice comes back and sits with them he gets the conversation back on course.

DEAN

Mrs. Miller, did your husband have
a history of depression?

Alice sighs her frustration.

ALICE

No. Nothing like that. We had our
ups and downs like everyone. But
we were happy.

(MORE)

11

ALICE (CONT'D)

I don't understand how Jim could do something like this...

Alice struggles to control her tears. Sam offers her a Kleenex from the box on the coffee table.

SAM

It must have been awful, finding him like that...

ALICE

Actually, our son, Max -- he was the one who found him.

Alice nods to the corner across the room: amongst the crowd of mourners Max sits alone, stone-faced, staring out the window.

SAM

Do you mind if I go talk to him?

Alice nods gratefully through her tears.

ALICE

Thank you, Father.

Sam heads across the room.

ANGLE ON MAX

Max sees Sam coming toward him, turns back to face the window. Sam sits down beside him.

SAM

Max? I'm Sam. I'm sorry about your dad.

Max turns to look at Sam, his eyes fall on the priest's collar. He speaks quietly; he's so shy it almost hurts to talk.

MAX

I don't believe in God. Not anymore.

SAM

After a day like today... can't say I blame you.

Max looks at Sam curiously.

MAX

What kind of priest are you?

SAM

Um... that's a good question.
(then)

I am a pretty good listener,
though. I thought maybe... if you
wanted to talk to someone...?

Max shrugs. Sam switches tactics. Gently --

SAM

What was your dad like?

MAX

Normal, I guess. He worked hard.
He liked football. Had kind of a
temper sometimes... he was just a
regular dad.

SAM

And you live at home?

MAX

Yeah... I've been trying to save up
for school... but its hard...

SAM

So have you noticed anything
strange recently? Anything weird
around the house?

Max looks puzzled.

MAX

What do you mean, weird?

Sam quickly covers --

SAM

Anything that would explain why he
did this.

Mas shakes his head.

MAX

No.

SAM

When you found your dad--

Max looks quickly away from Sam. This memory haunts him.

MAX

I woke up... heard the engine
running...

Max turns back to the window, overcome with sadness.

MAX

I don't know why he did it.

Sam watches him, genuinely sympathetic.

SAM

I know it's rough -- losing a
parent. Especially when you don't
have all the answers.

ANGLE ON ALICE

Alice sits across from Dean. Dean glances around at the
normal-looking suburban house.

DEAN

You have a nice home, Mrs. Miller.
How long have you lived here?

ALICE

Moved in about five years ago now.

DEAN

Hmm. Only problem is, these old
houses... I bet there's all kinds
of headaches.

ALICE

Like what?

DEAN

(fishing)
You know... weird leaks.
Electrical shortages. Odd settling
noises at night.

ALICE

No. Nothing like that. It's been
perfect.

Dean digests this information. That doesn't make sense.

DEAN

May I use your restroom?

12 INT. MILLER HOUSE - HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER 12

Dean stands outside the bathroom door. He glances over his shoulder, making sure he's alone. He reaches into his blazer pocket. Pulls out a small INFRARED THERMAL SCANNER.

Dean heads down the hall, pointing the scanner into each room; it stays FLAT. He moves silently, running his fingers along surfaces to check for ectoplasmic residue. Nothing.

Suddenly, Dean hears FOOTSTEPS behind him. He quickly hides the scanner. Spins around -- it's just Sam.

SAM

Anything?

DEAN

Zip.

13 INT. ESCANABA MOTEL - NIGHT 13

Sam tosses a stack of internet printouts on the bed next to Dean: blueprints of the Miller house, research on the land it was built on.

Meanwhile, Dean's got a greasy towel laid out on the bed. Three or four handguns on it. Throughout the scene, Dean cleans and assembles one of the guns, without ever looking at it, like a true Marine.

DEAN

So, what do you have?

SAM

A whole lot of nothing. Nothing bad's happened in the Miller house since it was built.

DEAN

What about the land?

SAM

No graveyards, battle fields, tribal land, or any kind of atrocity on or near the property.

DEAN

I told you. I searched that house up and down. No cold spots, no sulfur scent -- nada.

SAM

And the family said everything was normal...

DEAN

If there was some kind of demon or a poltergeist in that house -- don't you think they would have noticed something?

Sam slumps down the other bed. Running out of arguments.

SAM

So you think Jim Miller killed himself, and my dream was just -- what -- some kind of freakish coincidence?

DEAN

I don't know. But I'm pretty sure there's nothing supernatural about that house.

Sam rubs his forehead -- his head is suddenly pounding. When he speaks, he's distracted by the pain --

SAM

Maybe the thing has nothing to do with the house. Maybe it's connected to Jim... in... some other way...

Suddenly Sam stops talking. Dizzy, pale, disoriented...

DEAN

Sam? What's happening?

SAM

My head...

Sam DOUBLES OVER in pain.

FLASH TO WHITE:

WE'RE IN SAM'S VISION, floating through an apartment with a ROW OF WINDOWS overlooking the city.

Roger Miller enters, carrying a bag of groceries. His expression is preoccupied -- he looks like he's been having a shitty day.

Roger drops the bag on the counter, pulls out a SIX PACK, when... A DARK SHAPE WIPES FRAME between us and Roger's back. Impossible to tell what the hell it was. A second and then it's gone. Oblivious, Roger unloads groceries. Then...

The window behind him SLIDES UP and OPEN. All on its own.

Roger walks over to the window: that's strange. He slides the window down, latches it. Begins to walk away....

The latch LIFTS and the window SLIDES UP and OPEN again, slowly, deliberately. Roger freezes. Turns around. Stares at the open window. Now that's just freaky.

He approaches the window, scanning for anything that could have caused it to do that. He examines the latch: it looks normal.

Roger tries to shut the window again. It WON'T BUDGE. He YANKS it with all his might; no dice. Totally confused, he sticks his head through the open window to examine the other side, craning his neck...

THWACK! The window comes down FAST - so fast it GUILLOTINES RIGHT THROUGH Roger's neck...

FLASH TO WHITE:

Sam GASPS as he comes out of his vision. Dean's leaning over him, worried, scared.

DEAN

Sam? What's going on? Talk to me.

Sam struggles to find his voice.

SAM

It's happening again.

DEAN

What's happening again?

SAM

Something's gonna kill Roger Miller.

BLACKOUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

16

INT. IMPALA - NIGHT

16

Dean's driving fast behind the wheel, sneaking worried glances Sam. Sam's pale, sweaty, on his cell phone.

SAM

(into phone)

Roger Miller. No, just the address, please.

(hanging up, to Dean)

450 West Grove, apartment 1120.

Sam leans back into the seat, exhausted. Dean tries to play it casual, cracking jokes. He's not very successful.

DEAN

You okay? If you're gonna hurl, I'll pull over. 'Cause... you know... the upholstery...

SAM

Just drive.

Sam gives his brother a naked, vulnerable look. Sam's frightened, upset; he doesn't understand what's happening.

SAM

Dean. I'm... I'm scared.

DEAN

Sammy--

SAM

I mean, the nightmares weren't bad enough... now I'm seeing things when I'm awake? And these visions or whatever... they're getting more intense. Painful.

DEAN

Don't worry, man. It's gonna be okay.

SAM

(getting upset)

What is it about the Millers? Why am I connected to them? Why am I watching them die?

(then)

Why is this happening to me?

DEAN

We'll figure it out.

(then)

Look. We face the unexplainable every single day. This is just another thing.

SAM

No. It's never been us. It's never been in the family like this.

(then)

Tell the truth. You can't tell me this doesn't freak you out.

Dean stares forward. We can see in CU, that it freaks the shit out of him. He takes that beat... a glimpse behind the facade... before he turns back to Sam, comforting--

DEAN

It doesn't freak me out.

The Impala screeches to a halt, down the street from the tall building. As Sam and Dean hurry out of the car, they spot Roger approaching the front entrance, carrying a bag of groceries. They slam the car doors and rush up to him.

SAM

Roger!

Roger turns, sees the two boys headed for him. He turns right back around and walks faster, fumbling for his keys in his jacket.

DEAN

Wait!

Roger doesn't stop. Over his shoulder.

ROGER

What are you guys, missionaries?
Leave me alone.

He jams the key in the glass lobby door as the boys reach the sidewalk.

SAM

Please -- you can't go up to your apartment. We're trying to help--

Sam wipes the windowsill where Dean's hand was resting... the railing where Sam's hand was resting. At the same time, Dean covers his hand with his bandana. Goes to the next, undamaged window, and slides it up. As he climbs inside --

DEAN
I'm gonna take a quick look inside.

19 EXT. STREET - NIGHT 19

Safely away and down the street from the apartment building, the boys head to the Impala.

DEAN
...I'm telling you, there was nothing in there. No signs either, just like the Millers' house.

SAM
But I saw something. In the vision. Like a dark shape. Something was stalking Roger.

DEAN
Well, whatever it was, we know it's not connected to their house.

SAM
No, it's connected to the family itself. What do you think -- vengeful spirit?

DEAN
There's a few that are known to latch onto families. Following 'em for years.

SAM
Angiaks, Banshees...

The boys reach the Impala. They talk over the roof.

DEAN
I mean, it's basically the same thing as a curse, right? Maybe Jim and Roger Miller got involved with something heavy... something curse-worthy. Or their ancestors did.

SAM
And now something's out for revenge.

(MORE)

SAM (CONT'D)
And the men in their family are
dying.
(it occurs to him)
You think Max is in danger?

DEAN
Let's figure this out before he is.

They climb in. Sam rides shotgun. He takes a beat.

SAM
Well, I finally know one thing I
have in common with these people.

DEAN
What's that?

SAM
Both our families are cursed.

Dean bristles. He doesn't like that kind of talk about their
family.

DEAN
We're not cursed. We just... had
our dark spots.

SAM
Our dark spots are pretty dark.

Dean turns the ignition, the Impala rumbles away...

20 INT. MILLER'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NEXT MORNING (DAY 3) 20

The room is full of condolence flowers. Sam and Dean are
back in their priest getups. Max sits opposite. He's
exhausted, trying hard to keep it together.

MAX
My mom's resting. She's pretty
wrecked.

DEAN
Of course.

MAX
All these people kept coming, with,
like, casseroles. I finally told
them all to go away.
(a spot of dry humor)
You know. Because nothing says
'I'm sorry' like tuna casserole.

Sam gives a gentle smile at this. He likes this kid.

SAM
How you holding up?

MAX
...I'm okay...

SAM
(gently)
Your dad and uncle -- were they close?

MAX
Yeah, I guess. I mean, they were brothers. They used to hang out all the time when I was little.

SAM
But not lately?

MAX
It's not that -- we used to be neighbors. When I was a kid.
(tiny beat)
We lived in this house across town. And Roger lived next door. So he was over all the time.

SAM
How was it in that house, when you were a kid?

Max takes a beat. Studying his shoes. And for a half beat, he looks FRIGHTENED. As if some kind of memory flashed before his eyes. And when he finally speaks, there's an unmistakable tremble to his voice--

MAX
Fine, why?

Dean catches this change in Max's expression.

DEAN
All good memories? You don't remember anything unusual? Something involving your dad and your uncle, maybe?

The question clearly surprises Max.

MAX
Why do you ask?

DEAN
Just a question.

He thinks for a second, then answers definitively.

MAX
No. Nothing. We were totally
normal. Happy.

Dean seems to find this answer interesting. He flicks a
glance at Sam.

DEAN
Good, good. Well, you must be
exhausted.
(to Sam)
We better get going.

21 EXT. HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER 21

Heading to the Impala--

DEAN
Nobody's family is "totally normal
and happy."
(then)
When he talked about his old house--

SAM
(agrees)
--he sounded scared.

DEAN
Max isn't telling us everything.
(beat)
Let's go find the old neighborhood.
Find out what life was really like
for the Millers.

22 EXT. KENNETH'S HOUSE - FRONT PORCH - DAY 22

KENNETH PHILLIPS, 50s, stands with Sam and Dean (who are back
in their regular street clothes).

SAM
Have you lived in the neighborhood
long?

KENNETH

Almost twenty years now. Nice and quiet. Why, you looking to buy?

SAM

Actually, we were wondering if you might recall a family that used to live across the street.

DEAN

The Millers? They had a little boy named Max?

Kenneth's expression darkens. When he speaks of them, it's with disdain and a hint of anger.

KENNETH

Yeah, I remember them. And the brother had the house next door. What's this about? Is that poor kid okay?

SAM

What do you mean?

KENNETH

In my life I have never seen a child treated like that.

Sam and Dean process this, surprised.

KENNETH

I'd hear Mr. Miller yelling and throwing things clear across the street. He was a mean drunk. Beat the tar out of Max. Bruises, broke his arm at least twice...

SAM

This was going on regularly?

KENNETH

Practically every day. That thug brother of his was just as likely to take a swing at the boy. And the worst part was the stepmother.

DEAN

Why's that?

KENNETH

She'd just stand there, checked out. Never lifted a finger to protect him. I musta called the police seven or eight times, but it never did any good.

Sam and Dean share a look. This news changes everything. Then Dean catches something.

DEAN

You said stepmother?

KENNETH

Yeah, I think his real mom died. Some kind of accident. Car accident I think.

Out of nowhere, Sam is seized by a sudden, intense migraine. He clutches his forehead, pale, clammy.

KENNETH

You okay there?

Sam manages a nod. Dean looks him over in alarm, then, quickly, to Kenneth --

DEAN

Thanks for your time. C'mon, Sam...

Sam struggles to retain composure until Kenneth closes the door. Dean helps him down the porch. A bolt of pain and Sam SQUEEZES HIS EYES SHUT.

FLASH TO WHITE:

23 INT. MILLER'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY 23

WE FIND Alice at the counter, chopping vegetables. She is mid-conversation with someone O.S.

ALICE

I don't know what you mean by that.

Alice sets down her knife and turns away from the counter to face the person. She looks confused, guilty.

ALICE

You know I didn't do anything.

Behind her, on the counter, the KNIFE BEGINS TO TREMBLE.

(CONTINUED)

And MAX steps toward Alice, into frame. His voice is thick and choked with emotion, as if he was on the verge of tears.

MAX

That's right. You didn't do anything. You didn't stop them. Not once.

Alice takes a step backwards, away from Max. Max continues to move towards her.

ALICE

Max, please --

Alice hits the wall: she's been backed into the corner. Max flicks a brief look at the counter. Alice follows his eyes... and watches in disbelief as the Knife LIFTS from the counter, all on its own. It's IMPOSSIBLE.

ALICE

I don't... how did you...?

Alice whimpers. The Knife GLIDES QUICKLY THROUGH THE AIR, straight for Alice, who's starting to panic...

...and STOPS. It hovers in the air. The tip of the blade mere centimeters from Alice's EYE.

Max watches her, trembling with quiet anger.

MAX

For every time you stood there and watched. Pretending it wasn't happening--

ALICE

I'm -- I'm sorry --

MAX

No, you're not. You just don't want to die.

The Knife hovers a second longer, REFLECTED in Alice's eye... and then PLUNGES THROUGH her eye and straight into her brain.

BLACKOUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

24

INT. IMPALA - DAY

24

Dean drives, fast. Racing back to the Miller house. Sam's recovering from his vision.

SAM

Max is doing it. Everything I've been seeing.

DEAN

You're sure about this?

With ONE hand, Sam massages the residual ache at his temples.

SAM

I saw him.

Dean shoots Sam a worried look; these visions are taking a lot out of his brother.

DEAN

How's he pulling it off?

SAM

Looked like telekinesis.

DEAN

So the dude's psychic? He's a spoon bender?

SAM

(nods)

I didn't realize it... but he was there... outside the garage when his dad died... in the apartment when his uncle died.

(beat)

These visions, this whole time... I wasn't connecting to the Millers... I was connecting to Max.

(then)

The thing I don't get is why. I guess maybe because we're so alike?

DEAN

(snapping)

That guy is nothing like you.

Sam reveals a bit more that he probably intends here--

SAM

We both have psychic abilities.
We're both...
(he trails off)

DEAN

You're both what? Max is a
monster, Sam. He's already killed
two people and he's gunning for
number three.

SAM

With what he went through... the
beatings. Wanting revenge on those
people -- I'm sorry, it's not that
insane.

DEAN

It doesn't justify murdering your
entire family.

SAM

Dean --

DEAN

He's no different from anything
else we hunt. We have to end him.

SAM

We are not going to kill Max.

As they pull up at the curb --

DEAN

Then what? Turn him over to the
cops and say, "Lock him up, he
kills with the power of his mind"?

SAM

(not budging)
Forget it. No way.

DEAN

Sam--

SAM

He's a person. We can talk to him.
(beat)
Promise me... you're gonna follow
my lead on this one.

Dean eyes Sam -- he's resolute. Dean sighs.

DEAN

Fine.

He reaches into the glove box, pulls out a GUN.

DEAN

But I'm not letting him hurt anyone
else.

Dean lets the warning hang in the air as he slips the gun
into the SIDE of his waistband, beneath a jacket. Sam
watches him exit the car, looking troubled. He follows.

25 INT. MILLER HOUSE - FOYER - BAM! 25

The front door FLIES open as Sam and Dean run into the house.
CONVERSATION can be heard from the kitchen.

ALICE (O.S.)

(as in Sam's vision)

I don't know what you mean by that.
You know I didn't do anything.

They race through to --

26 INT. MILLER HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY - CONTINUOUS 26

Alice is standing with her back to the kitchen counter.
Behind her, a cutting board of vegetables and a KNIFE. Just
like in Sam's vision. She faces Max.

We notice Max's clenched body language, stormy expression...
and the KNIFE. It's TREMBLING on the counter... Sam and Dean
know they got here just in time.

Alice looks at Sam and Dean, bewildered. Clearly, they just
interrupted a serious discussion. And what are these priests
doing in plain clothes?

ALICE

Fathers?

MAX

What are you doing here?

As Max speaks, the knife GOES STILL. Sam and Dean clock
this. They pull on matching soothing smiles.

DEAN

So sorry to interrupt.

SAM

Max, could we talk to you outside
for just one second?

Max looks tense.

MAX

What about?

SAM

It's -- private. I wouldn't want
to bother your mother with it. We
won't be long at all, I promise.

Max looks from one brother to the other. They wear identical
innocent expressions. Then he looks back at his confused
stepmother. Max is suspicious... but...

MAX

...okay...

INT. MILLER HOUSE - DINING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The three boys head through toward the front door. Alice
hovers in the kitchen doorway, watching them go. Sam and
Dean are in front of Max...

IN SLOW MOTION... Dean reaches for the doorknob, as he's
opening the door. Max sees--

CLOSE ON: a MIRROR, to the side of the door. Max can see
Dean in the reflection. Max watches, as Dean's jacket moves
to the side slightly... revealing a sliver, a GLINT, of
STEEL. His gun.

Back in regular motion-- SLAM! The front door SWINGS back
shut, all on its own.

Then... SLAM! SLAM! SLAM! In QUICK CUTS, INDOOR SHUTTERS all
slam shut. Blocking every window. So no one can see what's
happening inside.

Sam and Dean freeze: busted. They turn to face Max. He's
tightly contained, furious.

MAX

You're not priests.

Dean reacts quickly, pulling his gun. It immediately FLIES
out of his hand and CLATTERS to the ground. It slides
smoothly across the floor to STOP at Max's feet. He picks it
up, curious. He's never held a firearm before.

Sweat is beginning to form on Max's brow from the effort of the telekineses (doing this stuff is physically taxing and painful for him, just like Sam). Alice watches, not understanding, frightened.

ALICE
Max, what's happening?

MAX
Shut up.

ALICE
(voice rising with the
beginnings of hysteria)
What are you doing --

Max flicks a glance in Alice's direction and she's FLUNG against the table, BASHING her head. She crumples to the floor, BLEEDING from a head wound, barely conscious.

Max winces with an excruciating migraine.

MAX
I said shut up.

SAM
Max, just calm down for a second --

MAX
Who are you?

SAM
We just wanna talk to you.

MAX
(holding gun)
Right. That's why you brought
this.

SAM
You're right, that was a mistake.
So was lying about who we were.
But no more lying. Max... please,
just hear me out.

Dean watches this exchange, every muscle tense, ready for action. (And Max pockets the gun in his waistband).

MAX
(fuck you)
About what?

SAM

I saw you do it, Max. I saw you
kill your dad and your uncle.
Before it happened.

For the first time, Max pauses. Gives Sam a curious look.

MAX

What?

SAM

I'm having visions. About you.

MAX

You're crazy.

SAM

So you weren't gonna launch a knife
at your stepmom, right here?
(touches just below eye)
Is it that hard to believe? I
mean, look what you can do.

Max takes this in. Unsure what to think.

SAM

I was drawn here, Max. I think I'm
here to help you.

MAX

(glimpse of a little boy)
No one can help me.

SAM

Let me try. We'll just talk, you
and me. We'll get Dean and Alice
outta here.

DEAN

(quiet alarm)
No way.

Max turns to look at Dean. The CHANDELIER (really more a
lower-middle-class-hanging light fixture) above Dean's head
starts RATTLING violently.

MAX

Nobody leaves this house.

SAM

And nobody has to-- they'll just go
upstairs.

DEAN

I'm not leaving you alone with him.

SAM

Yes. You are.

(turning back to Max)

Look. You're in control and we all know it. No one's gonna do anything you don't wanna do. But I'm talking 5 minutes here--

DEAN

Sam--

Sam shoots Dean a look-- no room for fucking arguments.

Max gives Sam a long look. THROUGHOUT THESE SCENES, this kid is IN NO WAY hard or arch or "evil." He's frightened... emotional... vulnerable... in over his head...

The chandelier STOPS SHAKING.

MAX

Five minutes.

Dean throws one last "no fucking way" look at Sam. But he doesn't really have a choice. Dean begins to move to Alice, to rouse her awake and help her to her feet--

28

INT. MILLER HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY - MOMENTS LATER 28

CLOSE ON: a LETTER OPENER on a nearby end table LIFTS, standing upright, balanced in its point.

As Max sits beside it. Watching it.

Sam sits before him. Making his pitch.

SAM

...look, I can't begin to understand what you went through.

MAX

That's right, you can't.

SAM

But Max. This has to stop.

MAX

It will. After my stepmother.

SAM

No. You need to let her go.

The letter opener TURNS in a circle, HARDER, point carving into the table.

MAX

Why?

SAM

Did she beat you?

MAX

No, but she never tried to save me.
She's a part of it, too.

SAM

What they did-- what they all did--
to you growing up... they deserved
to be punished, but--

MAX

Growing up? Try last week.

Max stands. Lifts his shirt. His ribs, the left side of his torso, all covered in angry purple bruises. He was clearly beaten to shit. Sam sucks in air.

MAX

Dad still hit me where other people
wouldn't see it. Old habits die
hard, I guess.

SAM

I'm sorry.

The letter opener spins faster and faster.

MAX

When I first found out I could...
move things... it was like a gift.
My whole life, I was helpless, but
now I had this.

(then)

So last week, Dad gets wasted,
first time in a long time. And he
beats me to hell, first time in a
long time... and then I knew what I
had to do.

SAM

Why didn't you just leave?

The letter opener clatters back to the table.

MAX

It wasn't about getting away. Just knowing they'd still be out there... no, it was about... not being afraid anymore.

(vulnerable beat)

When my Dad used to look at me... there was hate in his eyes. You have any idea what that's like?

SAM

(quiet)

No.

MAX

He blamed me for everything. For his job. For his life. For my mom's death. He--

This catches Sam's attention immediately.

SAM

Why would he blame you for your mom's death?

MAX

Because she died in my nursery, while I was asleep in my crib. As if that makes it my fault.

Sam freezes.

SAM

She died in your nursery?

MAX

Yeah, there was a fire. But he'd get drunk and babble that she died in some insane way.

(then)

He said she burned up. Pinned to the ceiling.

OFF Sam, absolutely rocked--

BLACKOUT.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

29

INT. MILLER HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY - CONTINUOUS

29

Sam tries hard to stay calm in the face of this mind-blowing revelation. He can't get the words out fast enough.

SAM

Listen to me, Max. What your dad was talking about, what happened to your mom, it's real.

MAX

(you're nuts)

What?

SAM

It happened to my mom, too. Exactly the same. My nursery. My crib. My dad saw her on the ceiling--

MAX

Then your dad must've been as drunk as mine.

SAM

No... it's the same thing... the same thing killed our mothers...

Max knows it's insane. But Sam seems so convinced.

MAX

That's-- not possible...

SAM

This must be why I've been having visions during the day... why its been amplifying... because you and I are connected.

(then)

Your abilities, they started six, seven months ago? Out of the blue?

MAX

How'd you know that?

SAM

My abilities started the same time... yours seem to be further along... but still, this means something. For some reason, you and me, we were chosen.

(CONTINUED)

MAX

For what?

SAM

I don't know. But my brother and I, we're hunting down your mom's killer. We can find answers, answers that can help us both.

(beat; then)

But you gotta let us go. You gotta let your stepmother go.

Long beat. Then, with deep and vulnerable pain--

MAX

No. What they did to me... I still have nightmares... I'm still scared all the time... like I'm waiting for that next beating. And I'm just... I'm tired of being scared. I do this, it'll finally be over.

SAM

Don't you get it? It won't. The nightmares won't end. Not like this. Its just... more pain. And it makes you as bad as them.

(then)

Max. You don't have to go through all this by yourself.

Long beat. Another. Sam just might be getting through to Max. Max contemplates. But then--

MAX

I'm sorry.

With that, a CLOSET DOOR swings open. Sam is SHOVED backwards, inside the closet The closet door SLAMS SHUT. Max's eyes fall on a LARGE OAK CHINA CABINET... it starts to slide across the hardwood...

Tries to turn the knob. Can't. Pushes futilely. And hears--

-- the sound of the cabinet sliding into place in front of the door. He shoves at the door with his shoulder...it doesn't budge. He's TRAPPED.

31 INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS 31

We're OUTSIDE the closet, looking at the locked door, at the China Cabinet in front. As we HEAR Sam POUNDING against it, shouting in pain and frustration.

32 INT. BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS 32

Alice sits on the edge of the bed, terrified, as Dean presses a damp towel to the bloody gash on her forehead.

The door SLOWLY OPENS... revealing Max. Face pale, a sheen of sweat on his brow. A swirl of emotions. Again, he looks like nothing so much as a frightened child.

He steps into the bedroom. Alice watches him in terror.

ANGLE FROM THE HALL. As the door SLOWLY SHUTS behind Max.

INSIDE THE ROOM. Dean moves to get between Max and his stepmom. CRASH! Dean goes flying, FLUNG into the far wall, crumpling to the floor.

Max tugs the GUN out of his waistband. Looks at it, curious... then he lets it FLOAT out of his hands.

Dean shakes the cobwebs. Rises to his feet. Just in time to see... his own GUN. Hovering in the air, moving towards Alice. Dean begins to advance on Max, slow and dangerous. The gun pivots from Alice... now pointing in Dean's face.

ALICE

Max... no...

MAX

(to Dean)

Stay back. This isn't about you.

DEAN

You wanna kill her? You gotta go through me first.

MAX

(after a long beat)

Okay.

Un-fucking-believably-- BAM!! The gun fires! Alice SCREAMS! The back wall is spattered with Dean's blood!

Holy shit. Is Dean dead? A beat, before we--

FLASH TO WHITE:

33 INT. DARK CLOSET - SAM 33

Sam clutches his head with one hand. This was only one of Sam's visions. It takes him a few moments to fully regain consciousness. (And give this a beat or two).

SAM
(quiet, out of breath)
...no...no...

Then... it all comes out in a PANICKED SURGE--

SAM
NO!!

34 INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS 34

The China Cabinet SLIDES AWAY from the door, ALL ON ITS OWN. No massive movement, just a couple of feet, but it's enough...

35 INT. CLOSET - CONTINUOUS 35

Sam opens the door, confused. He doesn't quite understand what just happened. He sees the Cabinet, shoved away from the door, at an odd angle. No time to digest now -- he makes for the stairs...

36 INT. BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER 36

Just as in Sam's vision... Dean is FLUNG into the far wall, crumpling to the floor.

Dean shakes the cobwebs. Rises to his feet. Just in time to see... his own GUN. Hovering in the air, moving towards Alice. Dean begins to advance on Max, slow and dangerous. The gun pivots from Alice... now pointing in Dean's face.

ALICE
Max... no...

MAX
(to Dean)
Stay back. This isn't about you.

DEAN
You wanna kill her? You gotta go through me first.

BAM! But it's not a gunshot. Sam BREAKS DOWN the door, rushes in -- and stops dead.

Max is standing opposite Dean. Dean's still alive, but his gun still HOVERS in the air, pointing at his face.

Max is sweating, sheet-white, in visible pain from the effort of using his powers.

SAM

Please. Don't.

Max turns his head to look at Sam. The gun stays right where it is. Dean stands perfectly still. Behind them, Alice sobs quietly.

SAM

Max. We can help you. But this... what you're doing... it isn't the solution. It isn't gonna fix anything.

Max looks at Sam. Thinking. Thinking. Full of longing, soulful. He's a scared, damaged, vulnerable kid.

MAX

You're right.

Then... horrifically, the gun spins around in the air. Pointed at Max.

SAM

No!

WE STAY TIGHT ON SAM'S FACE -- horror, helplessness -- as WE HEAR the sound of the GUN FIRING and MAX HITTING THE GROUND.

BLACKOUT.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

37

INT. MILLER HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

37

Alice, wobbly, exhausted, forehead bandaged, sits on the couch as a COP jots down her statement. Sam and Dean stand nearby. Dean's plenty worn out, but present. Sam is completely shell-shocked, deep in his own head.

ALICE

Max attacked me. Threatened me
with the gun.

The Cop nods, writes. Then, referring to Sam and Dean --

COP

And these two?

ALICE

They're family friends. I --
called them, soon as Max arrived.
I was scared. They tried to stop
him, they fought over the gun.

COP

Where did Max get the gun?

ALICE

I don't know. He just showed up
with it. And then he... he --

COP

Its alright, Mrs. Miller.

ALICE

(hollow)
I've lost everyone.

Dean looks at Alice. Partially responsible for what
happened. Now a wrecked, lonely old woman.

COP

(to Sam and Dean, with
sympathy)
Okay. We'll call you if we have
any more questions.

DEAN

Thanks, officer.

Dean touches his brother on the shoulder. Sam nods as if he
hasn't quite been listening.

38

EXT. MILLER HOUSE - NIGHT - MOMENTS LATER

38

Sam and Dean walk to the Impala.

SAM

If I'd just said something else...
gotten through to him somehow --

DEAN

Don't do that.

SAM

Do what?

DEAN

Torture yourself. It wouldn't have
mattered what you said... Max was
too far gone.

SAM

When I think about how he looked at
me, right before -- I should have
done something.

DEAN

Come on. You risked your life.
Maybe if we'd gotten here twenty
years ago.

Beat.

SAM

Well. I'll tell you one thing.
We're... we're lucky we had Dad.

DEAN

(shocked)

I never thought I'd hear you say
that.

SAM

He coulda gone a whole different
way after Mom... little more Jose,
little less demon hunting, and we
would have had Max's childhood.

(then)

All things considered... we turned
out okay... thanks to him.

DEAN

All things considered.

39

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

39

Two duffel bags open on the bed. Sam and Dean pack. Sam is troubled. Something on his mind.

SAM

Dean? I've been thinking.

DEAN

That's never a good thing.

SAM

I mean, why would this demon, or whatever it is, kill Mom and Jessica and Max's mother? What's it want?

DEAN

No idea.

SAM

You think maybe it wanted... us? Me and Max?

DEAN

What do you mean?

SAM

Either telekinesis or premonitions, we both had abilities. Maybe it was after us for some reason. Maybe Mom died... because of me.

DEAN

Sam. If it wanted you, why didn't it just take you? This isn't your fault. Its not about you.

SAM

Then what's it about?

DEAN

That damn thing out there, that did this to our family. That we're gonna find and kill. That's all.

Beat. Sam's still got something else on his mind.

SAM

There's...something else, too.

DEAN
(another thing?)
Jeez. Now what?

SAM
When Max locked me in that closet.
With that big cabinet against the
door... I moved it.

DEAN
Huh. Guess you have more upper-
body strength than I gave you
credit for.

SAM
No, Dean. I moved it. Like Max.

A beat, as Dean digests this.

DEAN
Okay...

He grabs a spoon off the mini-fridge.

DEAN
Then bend this.

Sam shoots Dean a dry "fuck you" look.

SAM
I can't turn it on and off.

DEAN
Then how did you do it?

SAM
I don't know. I can't control it.

Now Dean's taking the news in. He's concerned about his
brother.

SAM
I saw you die... and it just came
out of me. Like a punch. A freak
adrenaline thing.

DEAN
It probably won't happen again.

SAM
Maybe, but... aren't you worried?
That I could turn into -- Max?

DEAN

No. No way. Cause you've got one
advantage that Max didn't.

SAM

Dad? Because Dad's not here --

DEAN

No. You got me.
(then)

As long as I'm around, nothing's
gonna happen to you.

Sam looks at Dean, vulnerable, moved. A silent moment
between the brothers. Sam gives Dean a grateful smile.

SAM

Thanks.

DEAN

Yeah.

Then, with grave seriousness--

DEAN

Now come on. I know what we have
to do about your premonitions.
Where we have to go.

SAM

Where?

DEAN

Vegas.

Sam and Dean zip up their duffel bags and hoist them. Sam
opens the door. The two brothers stand in the doorway. Dean
gives the room one last look. With all those new questions
circling in his mind... Dean flicks off the light.

BLACKOUT.

TO BE CONTINUED...