

SUPERNATURAL

Episode #201

"In My Time of Dying"

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PRODUCTION DRAFT - WHITE

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Episode #201

"In My Time of Dying"

REVISION HISTORY

Revision	Date	Revised Pages
Production Draft - White	06/30/06	Full Script

Episode #201

"In My Time of Dying"

CAST LIST

SAM WINCHESTER  
DEAN WINCHESTER

JARED PADALECKI  
JENSEN ACKLES

JOHN WINCHESTER

JEFFREY DEAN MORGAN

TRUCK DRIVER  
ATTENDING DOCTOR  
EMT  
ANOTHER EMT  
THIRD EMT  
ORDERLY  
NURSE #1  
WOUNDED MAN  
BOBBY SINGER  
NURSE #2  
TESSA/REAPER  
PERKY WOMAN  
DOCTOR #2  
JANITOR  
BLONDE NURSE (NS)

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SUPERNATURAL  
"In My Time of Dying"

TEASER

FADE IN... \*

1 OMIT 1 \*

2 EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - NIGHT (DAY 1) 2 \*

We pick up right where we left off. The IMPALA, smashed and shattered, wrapped around the front grill of a SEMI TRUCK.

The truck's cab door opens... a boot climbs out.

The TRUCK DRIVER. His eyes are JET BLACK. With measured calm, he scans the area, makes sure the coast is clear... then moves to the Impala. Slow and steady.

3 INT. IMPALA - NIGHT 3

CLOSE ON CAR RADIO. CCR's "Bad Moon Rising." Tinny and distorted through the busted radio. \*

CLOSE UPS. John. Dean. They're both in bad shape. Bleeding. Unconscious. \*

Sam. Behind the wheel. His eyelids flutter open. He's weak, nauseous, dazed. He can barely move... it's like he's underwater.

4 EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - NIGHT 4

The Truck Driver circles around the Impala. Reaches the Driver's side door.

CRRUNCH! He RIPS it off its HINGES! Suddenly revealing==

Sam. Still injured, but looking more alert. He raises the Colt. Taking dead aim at the Truck Driver's face.

SAM

You know what this gun can do?

The Truck Driver just looks at him. Poker faced.

SAM

Then get back, or I'll kill you, I swear to God.

(CONTINUED)

TRUCK DRIVER  
You won't. You're saving that  
bullet for someone else.

SAM  
(cocks the hammer)  
Wanna bet? \*

The Truck Driver's mouth curls into a faint smile. He stares at Sam. Sam stares right back, FIERCE. It's a stand-off. Who's gonna blink? A tense beat. Another. Then--

VISCOUS BLACK SMOKE BILLOWS from the Truck Driver's Mouth. Dissipating into the night. The Truck Driver drops to his knees.

Sam replaces the hammer. Exhales, relieved. Then the Colt slips from Sam's grip, he falls back into his seat, and we see how wrecked, how barely conscious, he really is. His ferocity-- it was a bluff.

The Truck Driver blinks, as if waking... then looks around, taking in the horrific crash site.

TRUCK DRIVER  
Oh my God.  
(climbing to his knees)  
Did I... did I do this?!

Sam. He can barely move, but he manages to turn his head. To look at his family. With fear and dread...

SAM  
Dad? Dean?

No answer. They're completely still.

5 INT. HELICOPTER - MOVING - NIGHT - LATER 5

We're SOARING over the blackened landscape. Until we come upon-- THE CRASH SITE. The truck, the Impala-- and now a FIRETRUCK and a couple AMBULANCES, too... their FLASHING CHERRY LIGHTS SLICING through the darkness.

5A EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - NIGHT 5A

The Medi-Vac CHOPPER sets down, blowing hurricane winds. The area is SWARMING with EMT's, PARAMEDICS, and FIREMEN. It's CHAOTIC. Everything HAPPENS AT ONCE.

5A

SAM. He's conscious. On a stokes (a kind of field gurney).  
Carried by EMT's. He strains to look for his family, but  
he's restrained; in a neck brace.

EMT

Do you know your name?

SAM

... are they okay?

UP AHEAD WITH DEAN. Unconscious. Backboard, neckbrace,  
stokes. Two EMT's hand him over to the awaiting CHOPPER  
CREW, giving them a brief update.

ANOTHER EMT

... unrestrained in the back seat,  
BP 180 over 50, heart rate 140,  
unconscious in the field...

\*  
\*

BESIDE DEAN. SIMULTANEOUSLY, there's a similar exchange  
between EMT's and Chopper Crew over John's body.

THIRD EMT

... BP 100 over 50, heart rate  
95...

BACK WITH SAM. Sam brings up the rear, as his EMT's rush him  
to the chopper--

EMT

... what's your name, sir...

\*

SAM

(increasingly frantic)  
Tell me if they're okay!?

\*

Sam tries to sit up. Pushing against his restraints.

EMT

You have to stay still.

SAM

(beyond distraught)  
Are they even alive?!

\*

5B INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - NIGHT

5B

We're inside a HOSPITAL. A NURSE passes through frame. We  
CREEP towards an OPEN DOOR, into a room...

\*  
\*



6 INT. DEAN'S HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT 6

It's quiet. Still. Dark. The polar opposite of the previous scene's energy. \*

CLOSE UP. Dean groans as he sits up from his bed, into a CU. Blinking, disoriented. No respiratory tubes or anything. \*  
(NOTE: it's important, for reasons that will become apparent later, that we never see the hospital bed here). \*

Dean's got a nasty bruise or two, maybe a cut on his forehead, but it looks like he's gonna make it.

7 INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - NIGHT 7

Dean emerges from his room, into the hall. Limping a bit, still groggy. He's barefoot, wearing a T-shirt and hospital pajama bottoms.

DEAN  
Sam? Dad?  
(then)  
Anybody?

He glances into a hospital room. The next room after that. Searching for his family. He doesn't find them. Meanwhile, it's late, the night shift, and the halls are empty. \*

8 INT. ANOTHER HOSPITAL HALLWAY - NIGHT 8

Dean rounds the corner, and finally sees-- a solitary BLONDE NURSE, seated at the nurse's station. Face buried in paperwork.

DEAN  
Hi. Excuse me?

Dean steps to the counter in front of her.

DEAN  
I think I... I was in an accident.  
My Dad and brother were, too, I  
need to find them.

The Blonde Nurse never looks up from her paperwork.

DEAN  
Um... hello? Little bedside  
manner, please?

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8 Still no response. Dean waves his hand in front of the nurse's face. Inches away. She stands, turns, heads off to photocopy her papers.

Dean. He begins to realize that something is very wrong.

9 INT. DEAN'S HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT 9

Room's dim. Dean steps through the door. Looking at the bed. Sees something that he didn't notice before... something that stops him cold.

On the bed-- DEAN. His body, anyway. And he's in terrible shape. He's intubated; on life support. Tubes. Wires. EKG beeping, faint and slow.

He's in a coma.

Dean steps forward. Icy with fear. He leans over his own prostrate body.

Is Dean a ghost?

BLACKOUT.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

10

INT. DEAN'S HOSPITAL ROOM - THE NEXT DAY (DAY 2)

10 \*

Morning light. Sam ENTERS. He's bruised (both from the accident and from his fist fight in "Devil's Trap"). But he's been discharged; he wears his clothes from last night. He walks into the room, passing--

Dean's SPIRIT. Watching Sam. He smiles, RELIEVED==

DEAN

Hey. Sammy. You look good, considering.

SAM

... oh, no...

Sam takes in Dean's grave condition. A spiderweb of tubes. The listless pulse of the heart monitor, the sickly, rhythmic air rush of the ventilator.

DEAN

Man, tell me you can hear me.  
'Cause, you know, I sorta got a  
problem here, I'm a little out of  
body at the moment.

Sam can't hear. He only stares at Dean's body. Trying like hell to hold his emotions together. But the cracks show.

DEAN

How's Dad? Is he okay?  
(then)

Come on, you're the psychic, gimme  
some Ghost Whisperin' or something.

The ATTENDING DOCTOR ENTERS.

ATTENDING DOCTOR

Your Father's awake. You can go  
see him, if you like.

DEAN

Thank God.

Sam nods his thanks to the Doctor.

ATTENDING DOCTOR

Were you aware your Dad had a fresh  
bullet wound in his right thigh?

SAM

(a half beat before)

Of course. We were on our way here  
when the car got hit. He had a  
hunting accident.

The Doctor searches Sam's face, seemingly suspicious...

ATTENDING DOCTOR

Yeah, he said the same thing.

SAM

So what about my brother?

The Doctor takes a beat. His face darkens.

ATTENDING DOCTOR

He's sustained some serious injury.  
Blood loss, contusions on his liver  
and kidneys... but it's the head  
trauma I'm worried about. There's  
signs of cerebral edema: swelling  
in his brain.

\*

SAM

Well, what can we do?

ATTENDING DOCTOR

(not much)

Try to control it with medication.  
If the swelling gets worse we'll  
have to operate.

\*

\*

(beat)

But we won't know his full  
condition until he wakes up.

\*

\*

(then)

If he does.

\*

SAM

If?

DEAN

(to the Doctor)

Screw you, Doc. I'm waking up.

ATTENDING DOCTOR

(speaking over Dean)

Look. I have to be honest. Most  
people with his degree of injury  
wouldn't have survived this long.  
He's fighting very hard. But...

(MORE)

ATTENDING DOCTOR (CONT'D)

you need to have realistic expectations.

Sam. Taking in the Doctor's prognosis. Dean, frustrated and unseen, over his shoulder.

DEAN

Come on, Sam. Just find some Hoodoo Priest to lay some mojo on me, I'll be fine.  
(then)

Sam:

But Sam doesn't respond.

11 INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - DAY 11

Day shift. The halls are populated this time, with PATIENTS, FAMILY, NURSES, etc. Sam walks down the hall, Dean follows.

When Dean notices something through an open door... he slows, as Sam moves ahead.

12 INSIDE A HOSPITAL ROOM 12

A STUNNING WOMAN sits on the bed... a NURSE is with her.

NURSE #1

You'll need to undress.

The Stunning Woman begins to pull off her top. Still inside the room, the Nurse shuts the door, to give herself and the woman some privacy.

Leaving Dean outside. Wrestling with his baser instincts.

DEAN

No. It'd be wrong to go in.

(then)

Would it?

CLOSE ON: jarringly, a BLOODY HAND LUNGES OUT, CLUTCHES Dean's arm! Dean JOLTS.

A WOUNDED MAN. Lying on a blood-soaked GURNEY, against the hallway wall. We never noticed him before. His button-down shirt's open, and his chest is RIDDLED with GORY BULLET WOUNDS. Never releasing Dean's arm, the Wounded Man looks at him with furious, desperate EYES--

WOUNDED MAN

Help me! Please!

DEAN

You can see me?

WOUNDED MAN

Don't let me die!

DEAN

(at a loss)

But, I...

Dean looks up and around for help. Does anyone else see this guy? PEOPLE pass by within mere feet of them... but no one seems to notice (or hear) either of them.

ANGLE ON DEAN. As he pivots back to the Wounded Man... the guy's suddenly GONE. Nobody's clutching Dean's arm. The gurney is there, but it's empty. Clean sheets. No blood.

WIDE ON: Dean stands, ignored and alone, in the busy hallway, as people walk past. He's disturbed. What the hell is happening to him?

INT. JOHN'S HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

John's fairly banged up himself. His arm's in a sling. He's bed-ridden... for the moment anyway. The bed is raised into a sitting position. From his wallet, he hands Sam a CARD.

JOHN

Here. Give 'em my insurance.

SAM

(reading)

Elroy McGillicuddy?

JOHN

And his two loving sons.

SAM

Insurance fraud. Identity theft.  
Ah, the values my father taught me.

JOHN

Hey. Hunting isn't exactly a pro-  
ball career. We deserve a little  
free health care.\*  
\*

Sam shrugs it off. Whatever.

JOHN

What else'd the Doctor say about  
Dean?

SAM  
(frustrated)  
Nothing. We sit and wait. Maybe  
he wakes up. Maybe he doesn't.

John takes this in. He's stoic, but we catch a glimpse of  
churning emotion beneath.

SAM  
Look. If the Doctors won't do  
anything, then we'll have to,  
that's all. I don't know, I'll  
find some... Hoodoo Priest to lay  
some mojo on him.

That's the same phrase Dean used. Did Sam hear it? Sense  
it? We're not sure. Meanwhile, John takes a melancholy  
beat.

JOHN  
We'll look for someone... but Sam,  
I don't know if we'll find 'em.

SAM  
Why not? I found that Faith Healer  
before.

JOHN  
That was one in a million. That  
kinda power-- giving life-- it's  
rare, and it's always bad news.

SAM  
So, what? We just sit here with  
our thumbs up our ass?

JOHN  
Like I said. We'll look. I'll  
check under every stone.

Sam has a tough time with this. But he nods. Beat.

JOHN  
So. Last night. Was it the Demon?

SAM  
No. The trucker was possessed,  
alright. But his eyes were black,  
it was some kind of minion, I  
think.

JOHN  
And where's the Colt?

SAM  
(bristles)  
Your son's dying, and you're  
worried about the Colt?

John gives Sam a stern, challenging look. Beat. Then--

JOHN  
If this Demon comes back to finish  
the job, we're sitting ducks. You  
saw yourself. Holy Water won't  
work on him, neither will salt.  
That gun's the only card we have.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

Beat. Sam grudgingly accepts this--

SAM  
It's in the trunk. They dragged  
the car to a yard off I-83.

JOHN  
You gotta clean out that trunk,  
before some junkman sees what's  
inside.

SAM  
I already called Bobby. He's an  
hour out-- he's gonna tow the  
Impala to his place.

JOHN  
Bobby Singer?

Sam nods. John gives a faint smile. Bobby's an old friend.

JOHN  
Good. Meet up with him, bring me  
back the Colt. And watch out for  
hospital security.

SAM  
I think I got it covered.

Meanwhile, John grabs a pen. There's a mounted tray across  
the bed. John jots 7 or 8 things down on a scrap of paper.

JOHN  
Also-- I need Bobby to pick up some  
things. Here.

\*



John hands the paper scrap to Sam. Sam glances over it.

SAM  
Acacia? Oil of Abramelin? What's  
this stuff for?

JOHN  
Protection.

Sam pockets the paper. Heads for the door. When he stops.  
Turns back to his father. Something bothers him.

SAM  
Hey, Dad?

JOHN  
Yeah?

SAM  
You know, the Demon... he said...  
he said he had plans for me... and  
children like me. You have any  
idea what he meant?

JOHN  
No. I don't.

Beat. Sam nods.

SAM  
Okay.

Sam EXITS. And John's expression turns troubled. As if he's  
hiding something from Sam. And then--

CAMERA SUDDENLY REVEALS-- DEAN. Standing in the corner of  
the room. We never noticed, but he's been there the whole  
time. Watching, silent. He studies his father's face.

DEAN  
(concerned)  
Well. You sure know something.

14 EXT. JUNK YARD - DAY

14

SAM  
Oh, man. Dean is gonna be pissed.

THE IMPALA. Now this is heartbreaking. Demolished.  
Mangled. It's a terminal patient.

*Acacia Seyal  
Shittah tree of India.*

*Abraham of Worms*

Handwritten numbers in a grid:  
2 7 6 15  
9 5 1 15  
4 3 8 15  
15 15 15 15 15

Sam stands beside BOBBY SINGER in the dusty junkyard. Twisted towers of rusting corpses. Scrap and car parts strewn across the ground like dead leaves.

They both move forward to inspect the car. Bobby looks under the crumpled hood. Sam roots in the back seat--

BOBBY

Look. Sam. This just ain't worth the tow. I say we empty the trunk, sell the rest for scrap.

Sam sees something in the back. Pulls out... the POWERBOOK. Completely smashed. Useless.

SAM

No. Dean'd kill me. When he gets better... he's gonna wanna fix it.

BOBBY

Sam, there's nothing to fix. The frame's a pretzel, the engine's ruined. There's barely any parts worth salvaging.

Sam pulls out the JOURNAL. Luckily, it's still intact. He glances up at Bobby. Frustrated--

SAM

Listen to me. If there's only one working part, that's enough! We're not giving up on...

Sam trails off. And we see that he's thinking more about Dean than the car.

Bobby gives Sam a sympathetic look. Beat.

BOBBY

Okay. You got it.

Then Sam remembers something. He pulls the paper scrap from his pocket. Hands it to Bobby.

SAM

Almost forgot. Here. Dad asked if you could get this stuff for him.

Bobby scans the list. Clearly, he's alarmed; he doesn't like what he reads. Sam, sharp, notices Bobby's expression.

14

BOBBY

What John want this for?

SAM

Protection. From the Demon.

Bobby gives an uneasy nod. And now Sam is suspicious.

SAM

What?

BOBBY

(covering)

Nothing. It's just... it's gonna  
be hard to round up, that's all.

But it's too late. Sam knows something is up.

SAM

Bobby. What's going on?

15

INT. DEAN'S HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

15

An ORDERLY ROLLS a WHEELCHAIR-BOUND John into Dean's room.  
Up to the bed. Up to Dean's body.

ORDERLY

Just a few minutes now. You  
shouldn't be out of bed.

The Orderly EXITS.

John. Stares, stoic, at his son's shell. Dean seems so  
fragile. If John has a reaction to this, he doesn't show it.

When Dean (his spirit, anyway) steps into frame, SOFT FOCUS  
in the background. Dean's voice wavers... he's SCARED.

DEAN

Come on, Dad. You gotta help me.  
I gotta get better. I gotta get  
back in there.

John doesn't hear. Silent. Focused.

DEAN

I mean, you haven't called a soul  
for help. You haven't even tried.  
Aren't you gonna do anything?

(beat; then, angry)

Aren't you even gonna say anything?

15

No. John says nothing. And Dean gets hotter and hotter. (Meanwhile, we begin to hear a LOW FREQUENCY RUMBLE. Almost like an earthquake. But Dean's too worked up to notice.)

DEAN

I've done everything you've ever asked of me. Given everything I have. And now you're just gonna sit here and watch me die?! What the hell kind of father are you?!

\*  
\*

No response, of course. Dean quiets, a little spent. And says the following, more to himself than to John--

DEAN

And why can't I tell you this, when you can actually hear me?

The RUMBLE has grown LOUDER, and for the first time, Dean notices it. He cocks his head, listening.

DEAN

... what is that?

Dean moves, slow, to the doorway. Curious. A long beat.

Then, shockingly, a GHOSTLY PHANTOM WIPES past the doorway. We jump! It DARTS through the air, down the hall. Tattered, dingy, yellowed fabric.

\*  
\*  
\*

Dean JOLTS. What the hell was that? He turns to John--

DEAN

I take it you didn't see that.

One last time, no response. Dean allows himself a spooked, deep breath beat. Then exits the room to investigate. Leaving John, alone.

16

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - NIGHT

16

Dean, cautious, prowls down the hall. Scanning around for this Phantom, whatever it is. The RUMBLE CONTINUES.

Dean passes a NURSE and a DOCTOR, quietly conferring in the hallway. They don't seem to hear it.

Then... Dean involuntarily SHIVERS, as if the temperature dropped. He EXHALES-- and we SEE the condensation in his breath (just for one exhale or two). And we may notice the Doctor and Nurse behind Dean... they appear perfectly normal... no cold, no visible breath.

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16

Still Dean moves up the hall. Slow. Searching.

A long beat. Another. Dead quiet.

ANGLE. Behind Dean's back. Suddenly, the Ghostly Phantom \*  
WIPES FRAME in the foreground. Dean spins!

POV. He catches the fluttering-fabric-tail of it, darting \*  
into an open hospital room.

He pursues--

17

INT. EMPTY HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT 17

Dean enters to find--

No Phantom. Instead, the BLONDE NURSE from the teaser. \*  
She's face-up on the floor, eyes wide with shock and fear,  
CONVULSING WILDLY. Choking and gasping for breath. (Some  
sprawled FILES or something on the floor beside her).

Dean reacts, launches into action. He SHOUTS down the hall.

DEAN

Help! I need help here!

The Doctor and Nurse couldn't be more than thirty feet away,  
but they never even look in Dean's direction.

He's powerless.

He moves over to the Blonde Nurse. Kneels beside her (but  
never touches her). Dean can only watch as--

The Nurse breathes, RAPID-FIRE and SHALLOW. And then the  
breathing abruptly STOPS.

She's still. Eyes wide. Dead.

OFF Dean--

BLACKOUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

18 INT. JOHN'S HOSPITAL ROOM - NEXT MORNING (DAY 3) 18 \*

Sam ENTERS, carrying a DUFFLE BAG. John is in the bed. The minute Sam walks in, Dean rushes to him. Dean's harried, FRUSTRATED at this point--

DEAN

Sam. You gotta friggin' hear me, man! There's something in the hospital! Now you gotta bring me back and we gotta hunt this thing!

Sam doesn't hear... he's silent, clipped, angry.

JOHN

You're quiet.

Then Sam turns, WHIPS the duffle to John, hard.

SAM

You think I wouldn't find out?

JOHN

What are you talking about?

DEAN

What are you talking about?

SAM

The stuff from Bobby. You don't use it to ward a Demon off. You use it to summon one.

(beat)

You're gonna bring the Demon here, aren't you? Have some stupid, macho showdown, mano a mano?

JOHN

I have a plan.

SAM

That's my point. Dean's about to die... and you have a plan. You care more about killing this Demon than saving your own son.

DEAN

No. Don't do this. Not now.

JOHN

Don't tell me how I feel. I'm doing this for Dean.

SAM

How? How's revenge gonna help him?  
(then)  
This isn't for anybody but you.  
It's the same selfish obsession.

DEAN

This isn't helping anything!

\*  
\*

JOHN

(getting hot)  
Funny, I thought it was your  
obsession, too. This Demon killed  
your mother. Your girlfriend.  
You swore you'd destroy it, no  
matter what!  
(beat)  
And if you killed the damn thing  
when you had a chance, none of this  
would've happened!

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

SAM

It was possessing you! I would've  
killed you!

\*

JOHN

Yeah, and your brother would be  
awake right now!

DEAN

Shut up! Both of you!

SAM

Go to hell!

JOHN

I never should've taken you on this  
hunt in the first place! I knew it  
was a mistake, and I was right!

\*  
\*

DEAN

I said shut up!

In anger, Dean takes a frustrated SWAT at a GLASS of water on  
a dresser. And to his surprise, he's able to KNOCK IT OVER.  
It doesn't fling across the room or anything, but it TIPS,  
SHATTERING onto the floor.

John and Sam both stop. Turn to the glass. They throw each  
other looks... is something in the room with them?

Dean looks at his hand. In wonder--

18

DEAN

Dude. I full on Swayze'd that mother.

When suddenly, Dean DROPS to his knees. Drained. As if he's about to pass out. And then... his VERY IMAGE FLICKERS. Almost like a silent movie projection. Just a few times, but enough to get our attention.

We begin to hear a LOW FREQUENCY RUMBLE.

DEAN

...what... what is...

When SEVERAL NURSES, a DOCTOR, race past the open door. Clearly, there's some kind of crisis.

Sam and John both notice this. Both have a bad feeling.

JOHN

Something's going on out there.

Meanwhile... Dean EXHALES... and we see the condensation in his breath. As if the temperature suddenly dropped.

19

INT. DEAN'S HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

19

Sam appears in Dean's doorway. Distraught.

SAM

...no...

Dean's EKG emits a CRISIS ALARM. He's in V-FIB. A DOCTOR and a few NURSES swarm around him, readying the PADDLES. A NURSE feels Dean's carotid artery.

NURSE #2

Still no pulse.

ATTENDING DOCTOR

Okay. Shock of 360. Clear!

The Doctor applies the paddles. Dean's body WRENCHES! (They repeat this process twice more-- feeling for a pulse, calling out "clear!" and then shocking Dean.)

Camera PANS OFF Sam to REVEAL-- Dean's spirit. Standing beside Sam in the doorway.

CLOSE ON DEAN. He's out of breath... weak... his very life force is fading. And he sees something. His eyes widen with shock and terror--

(CONTINUED)



19

And now we see it, too, for the first time--

Hovering a few feet above Dean's body-- the GHOSTLY PHANTOM. \*  
Clad in a rotting yellowed fabric that swirls fluidly, as if \*  
underwater. It has a body; arms; greasy hair that drifts \*  
through the air. And a horrific, corpse-like VISAGE. \*

Dean charges into the room. Face flush with ANGER.

DEAN

Get the hell away from me! Leave  
me alone!!

CLOSE ON SAM. He cocks his head. As if he sensed something.  
As if he heard something.

SAM'S POV. He can't see Dean; he can't see the Ghostly \*  
Phantom. All he can see is his brother dying.

DEAN

I said get back!!

Meanwhile, Dean doesn't know what else to do... so he LUNGES  
OUT for this spectral figure (which is hovering at eye  
level.)

CLOSE ON: Dean's HANDS. As he CLUTCHES the Phantom's arm!  
As if it were SOLID.

CLOSE ON DEAN. He's just as surprised as anybody at this.

The Phantom emits a otherworldly, high-pitched, animal  
SHRIEK. It WHIPS its arm, shaking Dean off, knocking him to  
the floor. It DARTS into the hall, SCUDDING through the air.  
Dean pursues.

20 INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY 20

Dean looks up and down the hallway. The Phantom is GONE.

21 INT. DEAN'S HOSPITAL ROOM 21

The EKG resumes a steady beeping.

NURSE #2

We have a pulse, we're back into  
sinus rhythm.

22 INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - DAY

22

Sam watches from the door. Steadies himself, against a maelstrom of relief, emotion, grief. He looks on the verge of breakdown. So frightened of losing his brother.

Dean steps beside Sam. With a certain tenderness--

DEAN

Don't worry, Sammy. I'm not going anywhere. I'm gonna get that thing, before it gets me.

(beat)

It's some kind of spirit, but I could grab it. And if I can grab it, I can kill it.

\*  
\*  
\*

CLOSE ON SAM. Again, he senses something. He pivots-- right to Dean--

But Dean isn't there. Just empty space.

OFF Sam, thinking--

23 INT. ANOTHER HOSPITAL HALLWAY - AFTERNOON

23

Dean prowls the hall. On the hunt. Wary, alert. Scanning rooms, etc. Searching for this Ghostly Phantom.

When he looks into one room. And STOPS COLD--

\*

24 INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - AFTERNOON

24

A grandmotherly PERKY WOMAN, 60's, in bed. Her hang-dog HUSBAND sits beside her. They both watch TV.

And in the next bed... the WOUNDED MAN (from Act I). Chest gory and ripped with bullet wounds. The bed is soaked in his blood. He howls in pain and fear--

WOUNDED MAN

Help me! I need a Doctor!

The couple don't see him, don't hear him. As he SCREAMS--

PERKY WOMAN

... I prefer Alex Trebek with the mustache, don't you?

CLOSE ON DEAN. Watching this bizarre scene. Disturbed.

WOUNDED MAN (O.S.)

Don't let me die--

Then Dean has a surprised reaction-- to what, we don't know. Until we gaze at the hospital bed again-- it's EMPTY. Clean. Spotless. We didn't see it, but the man VANISHED.

Dean backs up. Digests this. Tries to make sense of it. When he hears a voice, behind him. Coming from down the hall. The voice is panicked--

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

Can't you see me?! Why won't you look at me?!

DEAN

(he pivots)

Now what?

Dean moves toward the voice.

INT. AROUND THE CORNER - AFTERNOON

A gorgeous, raven-haired YOUNG WOMAN, 20's. TESSA. PEOPLE pass by. Scared, Tessa turns to them, desperate for help. But they ignore her... which only frightens her further.

TESSA

Somebody talk to me. Just say something! Please!

Dean approaches. Walks right up to her.

DEAN

Can you see me?

TESSA

Yeah. Can you see me!?

Dean takes her arms. Calming.

DEAN

Yeah, I can. Just... calm down, alright? What's your name?

TESSA

... Tessa.

DEAN

Okay, good. Tessa, I'm Dean.

25

TESSA  
What's happening to me?  
(then)  
Am I... am I dead?

DEAN  
Um. That sorta depends.

26 INT. HALLWAY - OUTSIDE TESSA'S ROOM - AFTERNOON 26

We NOTICE the number beside the door: 4747. Dean and Tessa stand just outside, looking into--

27 INT. TESSA'S ROOM - AFTERNOON 27

The mood is dim, intimate. Tessa's body, in bed. Comatose; on life support. Heart monitor BEEPS. Flowers, cards, gift-store-stuffed-animals littered about. And sitting beside the bed: Tessa's MOTHER, 50. Holding her daughter's hand.

28 INT. HALLWAY - JUST OUTSIDE TESSA'S ROOM - AFTERNOON 28

TESSA  
Mom? Mom?

DEAN  
Well. You're not dead... but you're not exactly jumping jacks, either.

TESSA  
I don't understand. I just came in for an appendectomy.

DEAN  
Hate to bear bad news... but I think there were some complications.

TESSA  
I'm dreaming. That's all. This is just a very weird... unbelievably vivid... dream.

DEAN  
I'm sorry. You're not dreaming. \*

TESSA  
What else could it be?

DEAN

(a beat, then--)

You ever hear of out-of-body experiences?

TESSA

(still shaken)

What are you, some New Age-y guy?

DEAN

You see me dickin' with crystals and Yanni?

(beat)

It's actually a really old idea. There's a lot of different names for it... bilocation, crisis apparitions, fetches... and I think maybe it's happening to us.

(then)

If it is... it means we're spirits-- of people close to death. Like a lay-over between life and death.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

TESSA

So we're gonna die?

DEAN

(comforting)

No. Not if you hold on. Our bodies can get better, we can snap right back in there and wake up.

TESSA

How do you know this stuff?

DEAN

It's sorta my job.

TESSA

Your job?

DEAN

My family and me... we hunt down spirits and creatures and things.

\*

TESSA

(you're crazy)

You're joking.

DEAN

Really? Odd time for skepticism, don't you think?

28

TESSA  
(after a beat)  
Good point.

A29

INT. JOHN'S HOSPITAL ROOM - AFTERNOON

A29

John, in bed. Sam stands before him.

JOHN  
What do you mean, you felt something?

SAM  
I mean, it felt like... Dean. Like he was there, just out of eyeshot. I don't know if it's my psychic thing or what...

CLOSE ON JOHN. He has a veiled reaction to "psychic." There's more here than he's letting on.

SAM  
But... you think it's possible?  
You think his spirit could be here?

\*

JOHN  
Anything's possible, Sam.

SAM  
Well, there's one way to find out.

Sam heads for the door.

JOHN  
Where you going?

SAM  
I'll be back. I gotta pick up something.

JOHN  
Sam. Wait.  
(Sam stops, turns)  
... I... I know you don't believe me, and I know I don't always show it... but you boys are the most important things in my life. And I swear. I won't hunt the Demon. Not until Dean's okay.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

A beat. Then Sam gives his father a grateful nod.

29

INT. ANOTHER HOSPITAL HALLWAY - THAT NIGHT

29

Dean and Tessa walk the halls. Dean is back on the hunt.  
Eyes everywhere. Searching for this Ghostly Phantom-- \*

TESSA

... so this thing you're looking  
for... what is it?

DEAN

I don't know for sure. But it  
killed a nurse, it tried to kill  
me. And that pisses me off.

TESSA

(a shiver)

It could come for me, too, couldn't  
it?

Dean throws her a come hither look. In his best action-hero  
impression--

DEAN

Don't worry. I won't let it.

Beat.

TESSA

(bemused)

What was that?

DEAN

What was what?

TESSA

Are you... trying to flirt?

DEAN

No. Of course not.

They both walk the hall in silence. A long beat. Then--

DEAN

It's just... you know... we might  
be dead tomorrow.

TESSA

(with a laugh)

I can't believe you're stooping to  
the "mortality" pitch.

(then)

So you're saying...

(MORE)

TESSA (CONT'D)

even though I don't know you from Adam, we should go find ourselves an empty bed...

DEAN

I wouldn't put it like that, I mean...

TESSA

Not a bad idea. If you play your cards right. \*

DEAN

Really?

Tessa gives him a charming smile. Walks ahead. Dean takes a moment-- he digs this girl. Then he catches up.

DEAN

I gotta tell you. I'm pretty impressed.

TESSA

With what?

DEAN

You. Most people in your spot... they'd be Jell-O by now. But you're taking this okay. Hell, maybe a little better than me.

Tessa takes a thoughtful beat.

TESSA

Don't get me wrong. I was pretty freaked at first. But now, I dunno... maybe I'm... dealing.

DEAN

You're okay with dying?

TESSA

No, of course not. But... you ever been in AA?

DEAN

Um. Kind of a non-sequiter, but no, I haven't.



29

TESSA

I was, once. Long story. But they have this prayer: "God grant me the serenity to accept the things I can't change; courage to change the things I can; and wisdom to know the difference."

(then)

I just think... whatever's gonna happen's gonna happen. It's out of my control. It's just... fate.

Long beat. Dean takes this in--

DEAN

That's crap. There's always a choice. You can roll over and die... or you can keep fighting. No matter--

Just then... another group of NURSES race past Dean and Tessa. Sprinting up the hall. This can't be good news.

Alarmed, Dean begins to follow. Leaving Tessa behind.

TESSA

Dean...? Where you going?

Dean breaks into a run. Chasing the nurses--

DEAN

Just wait here!

30

INT. HALLWAY - AROUND THE CORNER - NIGHT

30

Dean sprints around the corner... races up the hall (and give us a beat or two of running, please). He looks around for the nurses... doesn't see them at first... then spots a DOCTOR racing into a particular room--

Dean scrambles for the room, too. As he steps inside...

31

INT. GIRL'S HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

31

... we suddenly SEE the condensation in Dean's breath. As he takes in the sight of... A LITTLE GIRL, 10. Unconscious. FLAT-LINING. Doctors, nurses. They've been performing CPR, but now they remove the black AMBU BAG from the girl's face, and pause-- \*

DOCTOR #2

Give me another amp of epi!

"In My Time of Dying" Prod. Draft - White 06/30/06 29.  
CONTINUED: 31

31

Then... the SWIRLING PHANTOM. It suddenly MATERIALIZES OVER \*  
the little girl's bed. Out of thin air.

OFF Dean's fear--

BLACKOUT!

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

32

INT. GIRL'S HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

32

DEAN

Get away from her!

Dean charges into the room, rushing for the Phantom. But the \*  
specter DISSOLVES, VANISHES, before he can reach it.

There's nothing Dean can do. He can only watch as--

The Nurse injects the drug into the IV. The Doctor feels the  
pulse, watches the heart monitor for a reaction. The Girl's  
FLATLINE continues. The Doctor throws a look to a Nurse.

DOCTOR #2

Alright. Let's call it.

NURSE #2

Time of death. 11:11 PM.

Dean backs away. Disturbed. He backs beside...

TWO NURSES. Muttering to each other. They're somber... but  
surprisingly, they're also relieved.

NURSE #1

Well. At least she's not suffering  
anymore.

Dean turns to the Nurse. This is beginning to make sense to  
him. OFF Dean's reaction--

33

INT. DEAN'S HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT - LATER

33

Sam ENTERS. He carries a brown grocery BAG. Looks at Dean's  
barely-breathing, frail body. Thoughtfully--

SAM

Hey. So I think... I think maybe  
you're around. And if you are...  
you'll make fun of me for this,  
but... there's one way we can talk.

And from the brown bag, Sam removes-- A OUIJA BOARD.

Camera REVEALS-- Dean. Standing right beside Sam. (Though  
Sam NEVER looks at Dean throughout the whole scene.) Wry--

DEAN

A Ouija Board? You have got to be  
kidding me. \*

Meanwhile, Sam lays the Board on the floor, sits in front of it, fingers lightly touching the WHITE PLASTIC CURSOR. Sam looks up to the empty space in the room.

SAM

Dean. Are you here?

DEAN

I feel like I'm at a slumber party.

(beat; then he groans)

Fine. But this isn't gonna work.

Dean sits on the opposite side of the Ouija Board. Reaches out for the cursor. He feels like a moron. But to his surprise, he's able to move it.

CLOSE ON: Sam and Dean's hands both on the cursor (but not touching)... it moves to YES.

DEAN

Hey. I'll be damned.

Sam beams. With warmth, emotion--

SAM

Good to hear from you, man. It hasn't been the same without you.

DEAN

Damn straight.

SAM

You're probably bilocating. Dean, this is really bad. \*

DEAN

Captain Obvious strikes again.

Dean reaches for the Cursor to move it. But Sam's holding it too tight.

DEAN

Sam, leggo, you're forcing it!

SAM'S POV. We don't see Dean. But we see the Cursor move, seemingly of its own accord. (Though Sam's fingers still lightly brush it.) It moves to H. U. N...

SAM

Hunt? Hunting? What, you're hunting?

The Cursor abruptly whips to YES. (We still don't see Dean.)

SAM

There's something in the hospital?  
Do you know what it is?

ANGLE. We see Dean again. His hands on the cursor.

DEAN

One question at a time, dude.

Dean moves the cursor off YES, then right back on it.

SAM

What is it?

Dean moves the cursor from LETTER to LETTER. He speaks, though he knows Sam can't hear.

DEAN

I don't think it's killing people.  
I think it's taking people. When  
their time's just... up.

Sam's put the string of letters together--

SAM

A Reaper?

Sam takes an icy beat. Doesn't want to ask it.

SAM

Dean... is it after you?

Dean looks at his brother, grim. Knowing the implications of this. A beat.

ANGLE ON BOARD. Dean moves the cursor to YES.

Sam has a gut-punch reaction to this--

SAM

If it's here naturally... there's  
no way to stop it.

DEAN

(nods in agreement)  
You can't kill Death.

SAM

Man. You're...

33

DEAN  
... screwed.

Sam digests this. As Dean stands up. Discouraged. No idea what to do next.

Then... Sam shakes his head. He refuses to surrender.

SAM  
No. No, there's gotta be a way.  
Dad'll know what to do.

34 INT. JOHN'S HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT 34

Sam enters to find--

John isn't in BED; he isn't there at all. We see some of his clothes, a tray of uneaten food... but no John.

Sam has a bad feeling. He thinks he knows what John's doing.

SAM  
... Dad...

35 INT. HOSPITAL - BASEMENT BOILER ROOM - NIGHT 35

A door OPENS (we see the admonishment on the outside: HOSPITAL PERSONNEL ONLY.) And John enters. He carries the duffle bag that Sam brought him.

He's dressed; he's hobbling, but able to walk.

The boiler room is dark. Atmospheric. Industrial gothic. John limps past heavy pipes, HISSING steam. A maze of menacing machinery that CLUNKS and WHIRS, rhythmic.

Until he finds a dark corner of the large room. He drops the bag. Takes out a piece of CHALK. Begins scrawling on the cement floor.

OVERHEAD ANGLE. John begins to draw a large, elaborate DEMONIC SIGIL (the Sigil of Azazel, to be specific).

36 INT. DEAN'S HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT 36

Dean's in the room. Sam returns with the JOURNAL. Without looking at him--

SAM  
He wasn't in his room.

36

DEAN

Where was he?

SAM

But I got Dad's journal, maybe  
there's something in here.

Sam sets the journal on a TABLE, leans over it--

INSERT. Sam flips pages... we see bizarre occult symbols,  
vaguely horrible sketches of creatures and spirits (for our  
new viewers). Before Sam lands on a scribbled entry. On the  
top line, in slightly bigger, darker handwriting-- "REAPERS."

Sam begins to read, silent.

Dean watches his brother. Takes a warm, grateful beat.

DEAN

Thanks for not giving up on me,  
Sammy.

Dean steps over, peers over Sam's shoulder. After a beat or  
two... Dean reads something. A lightbulb moment.

DEAN

Sonofabitch.

37

INT. HALLWAY - JUST OUTSIDE TESSA'S ROOM - NIGHT - LATER 37

Dean heads past the NUMBER written beside the door. 4747.  
He continues to the open doorway. Looking into--

38

INT. TESSA'S ROOM - NIGHT

38

The room is EMPTY. No cards. No flowers. No teddy bears.  
No Mother. Just an empty bed-- and Tessa. Sitting on it.  
She gives Dean a soft, gentle smile. And indeed, her  
demeanor's changed; gone is the "real world" young woman.  
Replaced with someone somehow... different. Almost alien, in  
a way. Someone with great wisdom. Compassion. Honesty.

TESSA

Hi, Dean.

DEAN

I'll tell you, you read the most  
interesting things. For  
instance... did you know Reapers  
can alter human perception? I sure  
didn't.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DEAN (CONT'D)

Basically, they can make themselves appear however they want. Like, say, a pretty girl.

(then)

And you are much prettier than the last Reaper I met.

TESSA

I was wondering when you'd figure it out.

DEAN

I should've known. That whole "accepting fate" rap of yours. Way too laid back for a dead chick.

(beat)

And your Mother? That body I saw?

TESSA

(with a shrug)

It's my sandbox. I can make you see whatever I want.

DEAN

So, what, this a turn on for you? Playing games? Toying with me?

TESSA

You didn't give me much choice. You saw my true form and you flipped out. Which kind of hurts a girl's feelings.

(beat)

This was the only way I could get you to talk to me.

DEAN

Okay. Fine. We're talking. What the hell do you wanna talk about?

TESSA

How Death is nothing to fear.

Tessa rises. Approaches Dean. Brushes his cheek with her hand. Gentle. Warm. It's almost seductive. And RIGHT THEN, Dean's breath CHILLS. We see the condensation.

TESSA

It's your time to go, Dean. And you're living on borrowed time already.

\*

\*

\*



39

INT. HOSPITAL - BASEMENT BOILER ROOM - NIGHT

39

CLOSE ON: a small, metallic BOWL, filled with a strange, sulfuric, yellow POWDER. Then a GLOB of crimson BLOOD splashes into the bowl. Then another.

JOHN

Attrahendum eos, ad constringendum,  
ad ligandum eos pariter et  
solvendum...

John finishes slicing his palm with a POCKET KNIFE. Dripping blood into the bowl. All the while, he quietly chants. He's kneeling... the large, completed CHALK SIGIL scrawled on the floor before him. Burning candles mark the key intersection points of the symbol.

JOHN

Et ad congregandum eos coram me.

With that, John lights a match, drops it into the bowl. Whoosh! The bowl shoots up an UNNATURALLY LARGE FLAME!

That's it. The ritual is over.

John rises to his feet. Wary. Eyes everywhere. Where is it? When's it gonna come?

JOHN'S POV. Darkness. The sigil. The candles. Lumbering machinery in the background. But otherwise-- silence. Stillness.

John watches the sigil. Waits for the Demon to appear. A beat. Another beat--

A HAND CLAMPS ONTO JOHN'S SHOULDER-- he whirls!

It's a JANITOR, 50's. He looks over the candles, the sigil, the overall weirdness.

JANITOR

Buddy, what the hell you doing down here?!

JOHN

I can explain.

JANITOR

You're gonna explain it to security. Now come on. Follow me.

The Janitor turns away. When John calls out.

(CONTINUED)

JOHN (O.S.)

How stupid do you think I am?

The Janitor pivots back, and we see-- John's aiming the COLT at him. Beat. Then the Janitor GRINS. And his normal eyes suddenly glow with incandescent YELLOW.

JANITOR

You want an honest answer to that?

Then, from behind the Janitor... TWO OTHERS EMERGE from the shadows. An ORDERLY. A DOCTOR in medical scrubs. Both with JET-BLACK EYES. They take their positions behind John; over each shoulder. He's surrounded.

JANITOR

Conjuring me up like this? I'm surprised, John. I took you for a lot of things, but "suicidally reckless" wasn't one of them.

JOHN

I could always shoot you.

JANITOR

You could always miss. And you only get one try.

(then)

What is this? Did you really think you could trap me?

JOHN

I don't want to trap you.

And amazingly, John LOWERS the COLT--

JOHN

I want to make a deal.

The Janitor raises an eyebrow. Even he's surprised.

OFF John--

BLACKOUT.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

40 INT. DEAN'S HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

40

The Ouija Board, abandoned on the floor. Sam stands over Dean's body. Distraught. He looks to the room--

SAM

Dean... are you here?

(beat)

I couldn't find anything in the book. I... I don't know how to help you. But I'll keep trying, if you keep fighting.

(an attempt at humor)

I mean, come on, you can't leave me here, alone with Dad. We'll kill each other.

(with emotion)

I... I spent so long running from you guys. But I'm not running anymore. I'm not going anywhere. So neither can you. Not now. You gotta hold on.

(beat)

Can you hear me?

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

WIDE ON THE ROOM: Dean isn't there. Dean can't hear him.

41 INT. TESSA'S ROOM - NIGHT

41

DEAN

Look. I'm sure you get this a lot. But you gotta make an exception, cut me a break.

\*

TESSA

Stage three. Bargaining.

DEAN

I'm serious. My family's in danger. We're kind of in the middle of this... war. They need me.

TESSA

The fight's over.

DEAN

No, it isn't--

TESSA

It is for you. Dean, you're not the first soldier I've plucked from the field. They all feel the same-- they can't go; they're indispensable; victory hangs in the balance. But they're wrong. The battle goes on. The world keeps spinning without 'em.

With pleading, raw, heartfelt emotion--

DEAN

Please. My brother could die without me.

TESSA

Maybe he will. Maybe he won't. Nothing you can do about it.

Dean turns away. Tessa takes a step to him. Beat.

TESSA

It's an honorable death. A warrior's death. \*

\*  
\*

DEAN

I'll pass on my 72 virgins, thanks. I'm not that into prude chicks, anyway. \*

\*

She gives him a warm smile.

TESSA

That's funny. You're very cute.

DEAN

(temperature rising)  
There's no such thing as an honorable death. Okay? I'm just gonna rot in the ground, and my family's gonna die.

(with resolve)

No. I'm not going. I don't care what you do.

Beat.

TESSA

Well. Like you said before. There's always a choice. I can't make you come with me.

(MORE)

41

TESSA (CONT'D)

(then)

Actually, you met someone who chose  
the same thing.

Beat. Dean thinks, then puts it together--

DEAN

... that guy with the bloody chest?  
The bullet wounds?

TESSA

Look. You're not getting back in  
your body, that's just facts. So,  
yes, you can be like him. You'll  
stay here for years. Disembodied.  
Scared. Eventually, you'll grow  
angry. Over the decades, it'll  
probably drive you mad. Maybe  
you'll even get violent.

\*  
\*

DEAN

What are you saying?

TESSA

Dean. How do you think angry  
spirits are born? They can't let  
go and they can't move on.

(then)

And you're about to become one.  
The very same thing you hunt.

OFF Dean--

42

INT. HOSPITAL - BASEMENT BOILER ROOM - NIGHT

42

JANITOR

It's very unseemly. Making deals  
with devils.

(then)

How do I know this isn't another  
trick?

JOHN

This is no trick. I'll give you  
the Colt, and the bullet.

(beat)

But you gotta help Dean. You gotta  
bring him back.

JANITOR

Why, John. You're a  
sentimentalist. If only your boys  
knew how much Daddy loved them.

JOHN

This is a good trade. You care a lot more about that gun than Dean.

JANITOR

Don't be so sure. He killed some people very special to me.

The Janitor takes a long, contemplative beat.

JANITOR

Still, you're right, he isn't much of a threat.

(needling)

And neither is your other son, of course.

\*

John's jaw tightens in anger.

JANITOR

You know the truth? About Sammy... the other children?

JOHN

I've known for awhile.

JANITOR

But Sam doesn't, does he? You've been playing dumb.

\*

John, barely containing his temper, brings things back to business.

JOHN

Can you bring Dean back, yes or no?

JANITOR

No. But I know someone who can. It isn't a problem.

JOHN

Before I give you the gun, I'd need to make sure Dean's okay. With my own eyes.

JANITOR

I'm offended. Don't you trust me?

John gives him a "fuck you" look.

JANITOR

Fine.

42

JOHN

So we have a deal.

Beat.

JANITOR

No. Not yet. You still need to  
sweeten the pot.

JOHN

With what?

JANITOR

There's something else I want. As  
much as that gun. Maybe more.

43

INT. TESSA'S ROOM - NIGHT

43

Dean sits on the edge of a bed. Tessa regards him, with  
mercy, sympathy, compassion.

TESSA

You don't think I can see it?

DEAN

See what?

TESSA

Beneath the bravado? All that pain  
and hurt and suffering? You're  
tired, Dean. You've had to bear so  
much... more than almost anyone.

Dean doesn't answer, but he doesn't protest either. In fact,  
he does look weary. Tessa approaches from behind. Pets his  
head. It's tender and tempting, sweet and sexual, all at the  
same time. Soothing--

TESSA

It's time to rest. It's time to  
put the pain behind you.

DEAN

And go where?

TESSA

(with a warm smile)

Sorry. I can't give away the big  
punch line.

Dean sits. Thinking.

TESSA

Moment of truth. No changing your  
mind later. So what's it gonna be? \*

CLOSE ON DEAN. Conflicted emotions flicker across his face.  
We have no idea what choice he's going to make.

Then... he looks up... ready to give an answer... when--

The room lights FLICKER with BUZZING STATIC SNAPS. Dean  
notices. Tessa, too. Both equally confused--

DEAN

What are you doing that for?

TESSA

I'm not doing it.

Suddenly, from an FLOOR VENT-- a VISCOUS BLACK SMOKE DARTS  
into the room. FAST. Tendrils swirling and criss-crossing  
through the air.

DEAN

What the hell?

The Black Smoke ATTACKS Tessa-- surging around her. She  
backs away, SHOUTS OUT, in terrible pain!

TESSA

You can't do this! Get away!

DEAN

What's happening?!

The Black Smoke forces itself inside Tessa's open, screaming  
mouth. Invading her body. (Pretty much the opposite of  
Meg's exorcism in "Devil's Trap.") After the last of it  
flutters inside... Tessa abruptly STOPS screaming.

She looks at Dean. With a slight, sly smile. And GLOWING  
YELLOW EYES. With an entirely different demeanor--

TESSA

Today's your lucky day, kid.

Tessa plants her palm against Dean's forehead--

SMASH CUT TO:



44

INT. DEAN'S HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

44

Sam stands over Dean's body. When Dean suddenly wakes with a sudden, scary, VIOLENT HEAVING GASP!

SAM

Dean!

Dean's choking. Gripping the tube that's wedged halfway down his throat.

Sam turns to the open door--

SAM

Help! I need help!

BLACKOUT.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

45

INT. DEAN'S HOSPITAL ROOM - MORNING (DAY 4)

45 \*

Dean, in bed. Sam's beside him, a thousand pounds lifted.  
The ATTENDING DOCTOR reads from a chart.

ATTENDING DOCTOR

... I wish I could explain it. The  
edema's vanished, the contusions  
are healed, vitals look good.

(beat)

You gotta have some kind of angel  
watching over you.

DEAN

Thanks, doc.

The Doctor nods. Exits the room. Leaving Sam and Dean  
alone. Dean's troubled--

DEAN

You said a Reaper was after me? So  
how'd I ditch it?

SAM

Got me. You really don't remember  
anything?

DEAN

(searches his memory)

No. Just this... pit in my  
stomach. Sam, something's wrong.

John appears in the doorway. Relieved.

JOHN

How you feeling, champ?

DEAN

Alright, I guess. I mean, alive.

JOHN

That's what matters.

SAM

Where were you last night?

JOHN

I had to take care of some things.

SAM

(dry)

Well. That's specific.

DEAN

(not now)

Sam. Come on...

SAM

Did you go after the Demon?

JOHN

No.

SAM

(getting hot)

Why don't I believe you?

But this time, surprisingly, John doesn't volley back. He's emotionally exhausted--

JOHN

Can we not fight?

(beat)

Half the time, I don't even know what we're fighting about, we're just butting heads.

(beat)

I know I've made a lotta mistakes, Sam, but I did the best I could and I...

(can't find the words)

I just don't wanna fight anymore.

Sam stops cold. Neither he nor Dean were expecting that. The brothers trade looks.

SAM

Dad. Are you alright?

JOHN

A little tired, I guess. You mind gettin' me a cup of caffeine?

Sam searches John's face a beat. Then--

SAM

Yeah. Sure.

Sam throws a look at Dean-- what's going on with Dad? Then EXITS. Leaving John and Dean alone.

John takes a beat. There's something he wants to say. But he can't find the words.

DEAN

What is it?

JOHN

You know, when you were a kid, I'd come back from a hunt. After what I'd seen, I'd be... wrecked. But you... you'd put your hand on my shoulder, and you'd say, "It's okay, Dad."

(beat)

Dean. I'm sorry.

DEAN

Why?

JOHN

You shouldn't have to say that to me. I shoulda been saying it to you.

(beat)

I put so much on your shoulders. I made you grow up so fast. You took care of Sam, you took care of me. But you did it, and you didn't complain once.

(beat)

I'm just... I'm so proud of you.

Dean. Emotional. And completely incredulous.

DEAN

This really you talking?

JOHN

(gentle smile)

It's really me.

DEAN

Why are you saying this?

John doesn't answer. He only steps forward. Grips Dean's arm. MEANINGFUL--

JOHN

You watch out for Sam, okay?

45

DEAN  
You know I will. Dad, you're  
scaring me.

JOHN  
Don't be scared.

And with that, John leans forward, and WHISPERS something in Dean's ear. Three or four unheard lines. Dean's eyes WIDEN. John pulls back, and Dean shoots him a look. Whatever Dean just heard, it rocked him to the core.

46

INT. JOHN'S HOSPITAL ROOM - MORNING 46

John enters. Lays the Colt on the table. And looks at somebody O.S. (Maybe camera now REVEALS an out-of-focus over-the-shoulder).

JOHN  
Okay.

47

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - OUTSIDE JOHN'S ROOM - MORNING 47

Sam heads back, holding a cup of coffee. He passes John's room, happens to glance inside.

Where John is sprawled on the floor. Alone. Unconscious. He's not breathing.

SAM  
Dad!

ANGLE. The coffee cup DROPS. Splattering everywhere.

48

INT. JOHN'S HOSPITAL ROOM - MOMENTS LATER 48

John. On the table. Bare chested. The EKG emits a sickly FLATLINE. Empty boxes of epinephrine and atropine littered everywhere. A Doctor supervises, as a Nurse performs CPR... chest compression, squeezing the black ambu bag.

ATTENDING DOCTOR  
Okay... let's try again. An amp of  
atropine!

They pause CPR. Inject the drug into John's IV. A Nurse feels for a pulse. Eyes on the heart monitor.

NURSE #2  
Still no pulse.

SAM and DEAN. APPEAR in the doorway, horrified. Sam supports his still-weak brother. An ORDERLY tries to push them away, but they won't hear of it. With fury--

DEAN  
That's our Dad!

The Medical staff again attempts CPR. To no avail.

CLOSE ON SAM. CLOSE ON DEAN. As we hear the RISING, almost deafening now, FLATLINE TONE.

CUT TO BLACK.

And OVER BLACK (no E.P. credits yet), we HEAR--

ATTENDING DOCTOR (O.S.)  
Okay. That's it everybody. I'm  
calling it. Time of death. 10:41  
AM.

TO BE CONTINUED...