

SUPERNATURAL

Episode #210

"Hunted"

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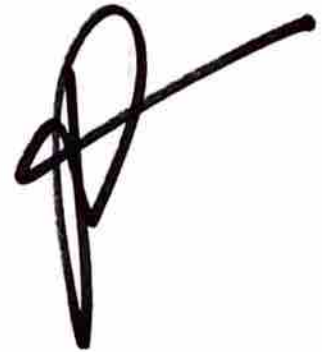
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REVISION HISTORY

Revision	Date	Revised Pages
Production Draft - White	10/19/06	Full Script

CAST LIST

SAM WINCHESTER  
DEAN WINCHESTER

ELLEN HARVELLE  
ASH  
GORDON WALKER

DR. GEORGE WAXLER  
SCOTT KRELL  
BIKER CHICK  
AVA WILSON  
BRADY  
MR. KRELL

JARED PADALECKI  
JENSEN ACKLES

SAMANTHA FERRIS  
CHAD LINDBERG  
STERLING K. BROWN

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SUPERNATURAL  
"Hunted"

TEASER

1 INT. DOCTOR WAXLER'S OFFICE - NIGHT (DAY 1)

1 \*

EXTREME CLOSE ON: a MICRO CASSETTE RECORDER. On a coffee table. The MINI-CASSETTE SPOKES fill the screen, turning, as they record the following--

DR. WAXLER (O.S.)

(gently)

Don't be afraid, Scott. You can tell me anything, you know that. Whatever you say won't leave this room.

\*

Thoughtful psychiatrist DR. GEORGE WAXLER sits on a chair, across from SCOTT KRELL, 23, on a couch. Scott looks exhausted. Tortured. Black circles under his eyes.

Scott takes a beat. Then begins, awkwardly--

SCOTT

It... it started little over a year ago. Migraines, at first. Then I found that I could... do stuff.

DR. WAXLER

What do you mean, "do stuff?"

SCOTT

I have this... ability. When I touch something... I can electrocute it, if I want.

DR. WAXLER

How do you know?

Scott takes another beat. Guilty here.

SCOTT

I did it to the neighbor's cat. Its insides fried up like a hamburger.

Dr. Waxler nods. Takes a notation. Scott senses--

SCOTT

You don't believe me.

(CONTINUED)

DR. WAXLER

I believe that you believe it.

SCOTT

Then here. Wanna shake on it?

Scott holds out his hand, challenging. It hangs there. Dr. Waxler gives a benign, rational smile. But it's clear-- there's a tiny, reptilian part of his brain that's nervous. He never reaches out for the shake.

DR. WAXLER

Why would you want to kill the neighbor's cat, Scott?

SCOTT

(dropping his hand)

I don't. He wants me to. And he doesn't want me to stop there.

DR. WAXLER

Who?

SCOTT

The Yellow-Eyed Man. He comes to me, in my dreams. He wants me to... do things. Awful things.

And here, Scott is wavering, tortured, fighting it as best he can. But he's losing.

SCOTT

But I tell him no. No. I don't want to.

DR. WAXLER

What else does the Yellow-Eyed Man tell you?

SCOTT

He... has plans for me.

DR. WAXLER

What kind of plans?

CLOSE ON SCOTT. Fixes Dr. Waxler with a pained look. Scott knows what the plans are, and he's going to talk. But before he does, we CUT TO--

2

EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

2 \*

Dark, silent, ominous. Scott is all alone, a long shadow preceding him, as he moves to his dusty economy car. There's enough cars here to make it feel like a kind of maze. \*

CLOSE ON SCOTT. When out of the corner of his eye...

A SHADOW-- not his-- flits against a wall. Just a glimmer, and now it's gone. Did he imagine that? He stops walking. \*

SCOTT

Hello?

No answer. A long beat of silence.

Scott resumes walking. A little faster now.

He reaches his car. It's when he sticks the key in the door lock that he notices--

CLOSE ON THE CAR WINDOW'S REFLECTION. An OMINOUS FIGURE CREEPS UP from behind (we do NOT see the figure's face).

Scott whirls--

ANGLE. A jagged BOWIE KNIFE glints in the fluorescents, as a GLOVED HAND SHOVES it DEEP into Scott's GUT!

Scott GASPS. Reaches out with his right hand in self-defense!

ANGLE. We're behind the DARK FIGURE (again, we never see his face; never even see the back of his head. He's just a black-clad torso to us). With his free gloved hand, the mystery man CLUTCHES Scott's right WRIST-- SLAMS Scott back against the car-- then DRIVES the Bowie Knife home. (Wet, gooey tearing noises and Scott's wild-eyed, pained expression confirms that).

CLOSE ON SCOTT. Blood dribbles from his mouth. His eyes go glassy. His head slumps forward. Dead. Off this, we--

BLACKOUT!

END OF TEASER



ACT ONE

3

EXT. SCENIC AREA - DAY (DAY 2)

3 \*

We repeat the last few moments of Ep. 209. SAM and DEAN and the Impala, before an idyllic body of water. Dean takes a beat. Makes a decision. Then--

DEAN

Sam. Right before Dad died. He told me something.

(then)

He told me something about you.

SAM

What?

(beat)

Dean, what did he tell you?

CLOSE ON DEAN'S FACE. He looks right into Sam's eyes. He gives a small nod.

DEAN

He told me to watch out for you. Take care of you.

SAM

(so?)

He told you that a million times.

DEAN

No. This time it was different. He said... I had to save you.

SAM

Save me from what?

DEAN

He just said I had to save you. That nothing else mattered. 'Cause if I couldn't... I'd...

Long beat. Dean can't even say it.

SAM

You'd what?

DEAN

... I'd have to kill you.

Dean repeats it, voice quivering with emotion. He can't believe it himself.

(CONTINUED)

DEAN

... he said I might have to kill  
you, Sammy...

Long beat. Then... this IMMEDIATELY RAMPS UP Sam's emotions.  
He's furious. Confused. BETRAYED.

SAM

Kill me?! What the hell does that  
mean?!

DEAN

... I don't know...

SAM

(fast, angry)

He must've had a reason for saying  
it. Did he know the Demon's plans  
for me? Am I supposed to go dark  
side or something?! What else did  
he say?!

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

DEAN

Nothing else! That's it, I swear!

SAM

And I'm supposed to believe you!?  
After this!? How could you not  
tell me!??

DEAN

It was Dad. He begged me not to--

SAM

Who CARES?! Take some  
responsibility for yourself!! You  
had no right keeping this from me!

\*

DEAN

You think I wanted this?! I wish  
to God Dad never opened his mouth!  
I wish I didn't have to walk around  
with this screaming in my head!

Sam turns away. Tries to think. Tries to formulate some  
kind of response--

SAM

Well. We gotta find out what's  
going on, that's all. What the  
hell this means.

DEAN

We do?

(off Sam's look)

I've been thinking... why don't we  
take a road trip? A real one. R &  
R, whiskey, women. God knows we  
deserve it.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

SAM

Are you nuts?

DEAN

It's just... if we lay low, just  
for awhile, it'd be safer. I can  
make sure that--

\*  
\*

SAM

What? That I don't turn evil?  
Turn into some kinda killer?

\*  
\*

DEAN

I never said that!

SAM

Jeez, you're not careful, maybe you  
will have to waste me one day!!

DEAN

(shouting)

I NEVER said that!

(then)

Dammit, Sam! This is starting to  
spin out of control, you're immune  
to some weirdo Demon virus, I don't  
know what the hell anymore!!

(then)

You're pissed. I get it. I had it  
coming. But we're laying low.  
Until we figure out our next move--

SAM

Forget it!

\*

Sam's still angry. Then, as close to pleading as Dean gets--

DEAN

Sammy. Please. Just gimme some  
time. Gimme some time to think.  
I'm begging you here. Please.

A long, LONG beat. Sam sees how torn up Dean is. Gives him  
a nod. Okay. OFF Sam--

4 EXT. CHEAP MOTEL - THAT NIGHT 4

A motel room door. It opens, and Sam slips out, carrying a DUFFLE. Quietly. Determined; not looking back. He passes the IMPALA. Finds some cheapo, nondescript SEDAN. He takes out his LOCK PICK, begins breaking into the car.

CUT TO:

5 MOMENTS LATER 5

The SEDAN, Sam behind the wheel, rumbles off into the night.

6 EXT. HARVELLE'S ROADHOUSE - DAY - ESTABLISHING (DAY 3) 6 \*

The haggard "Harvelle's" sign, with only a few bulbs still working. A couple of cars parked out front.

7 INT. HARVELLE'S ROADHOUSE - CONTINUOUS 7

Scraggly HUNTERS (5 or 6 of 'em) knock back beers, exchange whispered information at the dimly-lit tables. Heads turn as Sam enters.

ELLEN looks up from restocking the bar. A tense beat. Then, she nods, casual, not too surprised to see him.

ELLEN

Sam.

SAM

Hey, Ellen.

(then)

You don't seem that surprised to see me.

ELLEN

Your brother's been calling.  
Worried sick. Looking for you.

SAM

I figured he might.

ELLEN

What's going on between you two?

Sam takes a beat. Evasive.

SAM

So. How's Jo?

Beat. Ellen nods. Understands that Sam doesn't want to talk. She backs off. Sighing--

ELLEN

I don't really know.

As Sam sits on a bar stool--

SAM

What do you mean?

ELLEN

Haven't seen her in weeks. She sends a postcard now and again.

SAM

What happened?

ELLEN

Well. After that job she worked with you boys, she said she wanted to keep hunting. I said, "Not under my roof." She said, "Fine."

SAM

(after a beat)

Sorry to hear that.

ELLEN

More I try to bring her back home... more she just pulls away.

\*  
\*

Sam takes a guilty beat.

SAM

So I gotta be about the last person you wanna see right now.

ELLEN

(with a heavy sigh)

Oh, don't get me wrong. I wish I could blame the hell outta you boys. It'd be easier... but truth is, it's not your fault.

(beat)

Sam. None of it is.

Sam and Ellen lock eyes. There's shared pain here. Sympathy between friends. A beat, before Ellen continues--

ELLEN

I want you to know. I forgave your  
Daddy a long time ago, for what  
happened to my Bill. Just don't  
think he ever forgave himself.

SAM

Ellen. What did happen?

Ellen takes a beat. Evasive. (Same way that Sam did).

ELLEN

So. Why'd you come here, sweetie?

Sam nods. Understands that Ellen doesn't want to talk. He  
backs off. (Same way that Ellen did).

SAM

I didn't know where else to go. I  
need help.

OFF Ellen's curiosity--

8

INT. HARVELLE'S ROADHOUSE - BY THE POOL TABLE - DAY

8

ASH holds a POOL CUE, hits on a HOT BIKER CHICK.

ASH

... so, girl, I'm'a take you to  
Waffle House-- no, Olive Garden.

(beat)

You mind driving, though? I ain't  
got no license.

BIKER CHICK

I think I just decided I'm gay.

ASH

Well, dang, that's even better.

The Biker Chick ROLLS her eyes, heads off--

ASH

Hey, where you going? Gimme some  
sugar, baby--

Ellen and Sam step up to a frustrated Ash. Ash nods hello.

ASH

Sam I am.

SAM

Hey, Ash. I need you to find something for me.

ASH

Come on, man. I was working my game here. You're c-blockin'.

ELLEN

Ash.

ASH

So what am I looking for?

SAM

Other people. Other psychics. Like me. As many as possible. I need a nation-wide search.

ELLEN

But... I thought there was no way to track 'em all down. Not all of 'em had nursery fires, like you did.

SAM

No, but some had to. Start there.

9

INT. HARVELLE'S ROADHOUSE - BY THE BAR - AFTERNOON

9

Ellen, behind the bar. Sam sits on a stool, nursing a beer. As Ash approaches from the kitchen/back room, holding a scrawled-upon SCRAP of PAPER.

ASH

Done and done.

SAM

That was fast.

ASH

(grumpy)

Well, apparently, that's my job. Make the monkey dance at the keyboard. No, I don't need companionship, or love--

\*

ELLEN

Just tell us what you got.

ASH

Four folks fit the profile, nation-wide. Born in '83, mother died in a nursery fire, the whole she-bang.

SAM

Four? That's it?

ASH

(hands the list over)

Sam Winchester, from Lawrence, Kansas. Max Miller from Saginaw, Michigan. Andrew Gallagher from Guthrie, Oklahoma. And another name-- Scott Krell.

SAM

You have an address?

ASH

Well... kinda...

(beat)

The Arbor Hills Cemetery in Lafayette, Indiana. Plot 486. \*

Sam's face falls.

SAM

He's dead?

ASH

Killed about a month ago.

SAM

Killed how?

ASH

Stabbed in a parking lot. The fuzz don't know much. No suspects. \*

Sam takes all this in. Thoughtful. Makes a decision.

SAM

Okay. Thanks.

He rises. Heads for the door. Ellen calls after--

ELLEN

Where are you going?

SAM

Indiana.



9

ELLEN

Sam.

He stops. Pivots back to her--

ELLEN

I gotta call Dean. I gotta let him know where you are.

SAM

(steps back to her)  
Ellen. Please. Don't.

She wavers. Unsure. She doesn't like this--

SAM

Look. I'm trying to find answers.  
About who I am.

(then)

My brother means well. But he can't protect me from that--

CLOSE ON ELLEN. She nods, agrees, against her better judgment. OFF the two of them--

DISSOLVE TO:

10

EXT. DILAPIDATED HOUSE - NIGHT (DAY 5 - VISION)

10

\*

Abandoned. Single-story, paint-peeling-clapboard house. Looks like a crack house in a bad neighborhood.

Sam approaches, on foot, from the side, hidden in shadow. He consults a PIECE of PAPER in his hands.

INSERT. PAPER. It reads "**Blue Rose Motel**" CLEARLY ACROSS THE TOP. And there's an address hand-scribbled on the sheet.

Is this the paper Ash gave Sam? What's Sam doing here?

He carefully approaches the house. Oddly cautious, wary. Just as strange, he doesn't go to the front door. Instead, he sneaks to the side. To a BOARDED-UP WINDOW. (Indeed, ALL the windows are boarded up).

He peers through the slats. Sees something, we don't see what. Now he moves to the house's BACK DOOR.

11

AT THE BACK DOOR

11

CLOSE ON DOOR LOCK. Sam inserts a LOCK PICK.

(CONTINUED)

11

Oh-so-quiet, Sam unlocks the back door. Wincing at any sound he makes. He's got it open. Slow, careful, silent, he opens the door.

Now he steps in--

SLO-MO. His eyes WIDEN with ALARM as he notices-- \*

CLOSE ON: his feet just snagged a TRIP WIRE.

We're back to REGULAR SPEED-- for an EXPLOSION! As if from a \*  
grenade or something!

Holy shit! Sam takes the FULL BRUNT of the blast! He's BLOWN APART! It's not even gory-- he VAPORIZES into red mist! Disintegrates completely!

CLOSE ON THE FLOOR. Sam's charred, smoking shoe. Hold. It's impossible, but true-- Sam Winchester is dead.

Then... the screen FLICKERS WHITE, as we TRANSITION TO:

12

INT. AVA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT (RESUME DAY 3)

12

\*

CLOSE ON a pretty, 23 year-old girl, AVA WILSON, as her eyes snap open! She sits up in bed. Sweating. Terrified. Rubbing her temples -- Ava's recovering from a painful migraine. And we realize: Sam's death was her vision.

Beside her, Ava's fiancé, BRADY, late 20's, clean cut, wakes.

BRADY

Honey?

AVA

(covering)

Just another nightmare. It's nothing.

BRADY

You sure?

AVA

Go back to sleep. I'm fine.

But as her fiancé drifts back to sleep, Ava lies in the dark, wide-awake. Still troubled. To say the least. OFF AVA--

BLACKOUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

13 EXT. KRELL HOME - NEXT DAY (DAY 4)

13 \*

Another old house. Not as decrepit-- someone lives here-- but it ain't exactly in "Better Homes and Gardens" either.

Sam's SEDAN is parked in the driveway--

14 INT. KRELL HOME - LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

14

MR. KRELL, 50's, unshaven, sad, leads Sam (very much alive) into the room. TV. Tattered old couch.

MR. KRELL

... you said you went to high school with Scott?

SAM

I did. I just heard about... what happened. I'm so sorry.

MR. KRELL

(nods, pained)

Please. Sit down.

Sam sits on a couch. Mr. Krell sits opposite, on a threadbare recliner. Krell's eyes well up. He's a tough guy, trying hard to keep it together.

MR. KRELL

Son of a bitch. I'm sorry.

(wiping his tears with his sleeve)

It wasn't a mugging. They didn't even take his wallet. Cops are sayin' it was personal, someone who knew where he lived. Followed him. Waited for the right time.

SAM

Who could've done this? He have any enemies?

MR. KRELL

No. But he didn't exactly have any friends either.

(then)

Scotty was a good boy. But he'd changed a lot since you knew him.

SAM

What do you mean?

MR. KRELL

It started little over a year ago.  
With these headaches. Then he got  
depressed. Paranoid...  
nightmares...

Sam reacts.

SAM

He ever tell you about his  
nightmares? What he saw, or--

MR. KRELL

No. He closed up on me. I tried  
to get him help-- nothing took.  
He'd just... lock himself in his  
room for days.

SAM

You think I could see his room?

15 INT. KRELL HOME - SCOTT'S ROOM - DAY - MOMENTS LATER 15

The thick drapes are drawn. The room is dark. Heavily  
cluttered. Untouched since Scott's death. Sam wanders  
through, unsure what he's looking for.

Then, something catches Sam's eye. A pile of PILL BOTTLES on  
the bureau. Sam inspects the labels: LITHIUM, OLANZAPINE,  
CLONAZEPAN. On each bottle he notices the same doctor's  
name: DR. G. WAXLER. Sam quietly slips one of the pill  
bottles into his pocket.

Then Sam moves to the CLOSET. Opens it. And what he sees  
inside stops him COLD.

THE INSIDE OF THE DOOR. Completely covered with a creepy  
COLLAGE OF PHOTOS. Dozens and dozens of magazine clippings  
of EYES. All of them colored in... with a YELLOW MARKER. \*

16 EXT. BLUE ROSE MOTEL - NIGHT 16

A BUZZING NEON SIGN announces the motel's name.

Sam crosses the deserted parking lot, under the flickering  
motel sign. When we shift to--

SOMEONE'S POV. Perhaps around the corner of the building.  
Silently STALKING Sam...

Sam reaches his room door. Fumbles with the room key...

THE POV CLOSES IN. Whoever it is, they're RIGHT BEHIND SAM!

Suddenly, frosty and alert, Sam SPINS around! GRABS THE PERSON behind him! SLAMS them up against the wall... it's AVA. She's winded. Terrified.

SAM

Who are you?

AVA

Please. You're in danger.

INT. BLUE ROSE MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Sam sits on the bed, watching Ava pace the room.

Ava's the girl next door (not Playboy's version). She's sweet, smart, and currently pretty nervous.

AVA

I know how all this sounds, but I swear, I'm not insane and I'm not on drugs. I'm normal, you know, this is so off the map for me--

\*

SAM

Just slow down. What's your name?

Ava stops pacing in front of Sam.

AVA

Ava. Ava Wilson.

SAM

Ava. I'm Sam Winchester.

(then)

Now. You were telling me about these dreams of yours?

Ava takes a deep breath. Then launches in.

AVA

About a year ago I started having these headaches, and these... nightmares, I guess. Didn't think much of it, 'til I had this one dream-- I saw this guy get stabbed, in a parking lot...

\*

\*

Sam REACTS.

SAM  
When was this?

AVA  
About a month ago. Anyway, a  
couple of days later, I found  
this...

Ava reaches in her purse. Pulls out a wrinkled NEWSPAPER  
CLIPPING. Passes it to Sam.

ANGLE ON THE NEWSPAPER CLIPPING. It's a brief article about  
Scott Krell's murder. Featuring a PHOTOGRAPH OF SCOTT.

AVA  
I saw him die. Days before it  
happened.

\*  
\*

Ava looks haunted.

AVA  
I don't know why. But for some  
reason, my dreams are coming true.  
(then)  
Last night, I had another one.  
About you. I saw you die.

\*  
\*

SAM  
How'd you find me?

AVA  
You had motel stationary. I  
Googled it-- it was real. And I  
just... I had to warn you.

\*

Sam nods. Then takes an amazed beat.

SAM  
I don't believe it.

Ava searches Sam's face, trying to gauge his reaction.

AVA  
I know. You think I'm a total  
nutjob.

SAM  
No. I mean, you must be one of us.

Beat. Ava frowns. That wasn't what she was expecting--

17

AVA  
Um. One of... who?

SAM  
(excited)  
One of the psychics. Like me. I  
have visions, too. Ava, we're  
connected.

\*  
\*  
\*

Long beat.

AVA  
You're nuts.

SAM  
Your Mother didn't die in a house  
fire, did she?

\*  
\*  
\*

AVA  
My Mother lives in Palm Beach.

\*  
\*

SAM  
So you don't fit the pattern,  
either. Wonder what that means.

\*  
\*  
\*

AVA  
Okay, you are freaking me out,  
man!!

\*  
\*  
\*

18 INT. IMPALA - MOVING - NIGHT

18

Dean drives. Alone. When his CELL RINGS--

DEAN  
Hello?

INTERCUT WITH:

19 INT. HARVELLE'S ROADHOUSE - NIGHT

19

Ellen, on the bar phone. Customers in the background.

ELLEN  
It's Ellen.

DEAN  
Hey. Have you heard from Sam?

ELLEN  
(beat; then)  
I have. But... he made me promise  
not to tell you where he is.

(CONTINUED)

19

DEAN

Ellen, please. Something bad might  
be going on here. And I swore I'd  
look out for the kid.

\*  
\*  
\*

ELLEN

Dean. They say you can't protect  
your loved ones forever.

(then)

Well. I say screw that. What else  
is family for?

(beat)

He's in LaFayette, Indiana.

\*  
\*

20

INT. BLUE ROSE MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

20

AVA

So if you're so psychic, why didn't  
you see your own death?

SAM

I don't know. I've never had  
premonitions about myself before.

AVA

This is crazy...

SAM

Hey, you tracked me down, 'cause  
you saw me die in a dream. I'd say  
we're miles past "crazy."

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

Ava gives him a look. Not a bad point. She calms a bit.

\*

SAM

So... I died in an abandoned house?

\*  
\*

AVA

Yeah. Some kind of bomb or  
something.

\*  
\*  
\*

SAM

What'd my killer look like?

\*

AVA

I don't know.

SAM

Was it human?



AVA

(getting upset)

What the hell else would it be?!

(then)

Actually, you know what? Don't answer that, I don't wanna know.

(beat)

Look. Can you just leave town, please, before you blow up?

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

SAM

No. I can't.

\*

AVA

Oh God. Why not?

SAM

Something's going on here, Ava. With you. Me. There's others like us. We're all... we're all a part of something. I gotta figure out what.

Ava's reached her limit. She's scared. Confused.

AVA

You know what-- F you buddy! I'm a secretary from Peoria! I'm not part of anything!

Ava holds her hand up, flashing an ENGAGEMENT RING.

AVA

See this? I'm supposed to be getting married in eight weeks. I should be addressing invitations, which I'm way behind on, by the way... instead, I drove out here to save your weirdo ass!

Ava storms across the room. Grabs her purse off the table.

AVA

But if you wanna stay here and die-- fine. Me, I'm due back on planet Earth.

Ava heads for the door. Sam calls after her.

SAM

Don't you wanna know why this is happening?

(MORE)

20

SAM (CONT'D)

These visions, don't they scare the hell out of you?

(Ava stops)

You walk outta here right now, you might never know the truth.

Ava slowly turns back. She's scared. But Sam's right. She needs to know.

SAM

I need your help. \*

21

INT. DOCTOR WAXLER'S OFFICE - NEXT MORNING (DAY 5) 21 \*

Dr. Waxler sits in his arm chair. Behind him is a WINDOW. He smiles gently at someone off camera--

DR. WAXLER

So, Miss Wilson. You're new in town?

Ava sits on a couch across from the doctor. She's extremely nervous, awkward.

AVA

That's right.

DR. WAXLER

And what made you decide to seek out therapy?

AVA

I have no idea.

DR. WAXLER

No?

Ava's blanking. A deer caught in headlights. Searching--

AVA

I mean... I'm feeling super anxious, right now.

DR. WAXLER

Okay. Anything else?

Ava's struggling to come up with something, when--

Sam suddenly APPEARS OUTSIDE the Doctor's THIRD STORY WINDOW. Walking along the narrow ledge. Cat burglar style.

AVA

HOLY CRAP!

DR. WAXLER

What?

Dr. Waxler pivots to the window, to see what Ava's GAPING at.  
But Sam's already GONE.

That was a close call. Ava takes a deep breath, pulls it  
together--

AVA

I just remembered. When I was a  
kid, I swallowed like 8 things of  
Pop Rocks and drank a can of Coke.  
You don't think that counts as a  
suicide attempt, do you?

Off Dr. Waxler's deadpan expression--

INT. BLUE ROSE MOTEL ROOM - AFTERNOON

Sam and Ava enter the motel room. Sam's got a FILE in his  
hand. Ava is FLUSHED, wide-eyed with excitement.

SAM

You okay?

Sam sits down, looks through the file, labeled S. KRELL.  
(Several MINI-CASSETTES inside, too.)

AVA

Am I okay? I just helped you steal  
some dead guy's confidential psych  
files...

(smiling)

I'm awesome!

Sam looks up at Ava. She's giddy, grinning from ear to ear.

SAM

You're serious?

AVA

Oh my God, I felt like James Bond.  
That was the most fun I've had in  
my life!

Sam raises an eyebrow.

SAM

Huh.

AVA

What?

SAM

Nothing. It's just... you're getting married in two months, and this is the most fun you've ever had?

Ava's smile fades. Oh shit, he's right.

CUT TO:

INT. BLUE ROSE MOTEL ROOM - DAY - LATER

EXTREME CLOSE ON: a MINI-CASSETTE. As the spokes turn, and the tape plays.

Sam and Ava. Sitting across from each other. Listening to Dr. Waxler's final session with Scott--

SCOTT (ON TAPE)

It... it started about a year ago. Migraines, at first. Then I found that I could... do stuff.

DR. WAXLER (ON TAPE)

What do you mean, "do stuff?"

SCOTT (ON TAPE)

I have this... ability. When I touch something... I can electrocute it, if I want.

Sam and Ava trade worried looks.

EXT. BLUE ROSE MOTEL - DAY

The Impala RUMBLES into the parking lot.

As Dean PARKS, he looks toward the motel, and sees--

DEAN'S POV - SAM'S MOTEL ROOM WINDOW. Sam RISES (from his seat) into view. Pacing.

Relief washes over Dean's face. Quiet, to himself--

DEAN

Thank God you're okay.

Then, Dean sees something else--

24

DEAN'S POV - SAM'S MOTEL ROOM WINDOW. Now Ava RISES into view.

Dean admires Ava's curvy, attractive figure.

DEAN  
You're better than okay. Sammy,  
you sly dawg.

25

INT. BLUE ROSE MOTEL ROOM - DAY

25

Sam and Ava, listening--

DR. WAXLER (ON TAPE)  
What else does the Yellow-Eyed Man  
tell you?

SCOTT (ON TAPE)  
He... has plans for me.

DR. WAXLER (ON TAPE)  
What kind of plans?

CLOSE ON SAM. He's been waiting a long time to hear this.

SCOTT (ON TAPE)  
He says there's a war coming. And  
people like me, we're gonna be the  
soldiers. Everything is about to  
change.

CLICK. The tape ends.

Ava sits back down, in stunned silence. Struggling to  
process this--

AVA  
He's not talking about us, is he?

SAM  
I think he is.

AVA  
But I... I don't have anything to  
do with this.

SAM  
I'm sorry... but you do. We both  
do.

AVA  
But how could we become that?

SAM  
(as he sits)  
I don't--

CRASH! The FRONT WINDOW SUDDENLY EXPLODES in a shower of glass shards. A BULLET HOLE in the wall, right where Sam was standing a second ago! Another!

Ava SCREAMS! Sam grabs her and HITS the DECK!

26 EXT. BLUE ROSE MOTEL - DAY 26

Dean was walking... he was half-way across the parking lot... when he JUMPS at the sudden SHATTERING GLASS!

A few stray PEDESTRIANS REACT to the GLASS... but they don't really know what's going on...

Dean drops for cover behind a car, starts scanning the ROOFTOPS opposite the motel. He knows what this is-- a SNIPER.

27 EXT. ROOFTOP - OPPOSITE MOTEL - DAY 27

A SNIPER RIFLE with SCOPE and SILENCER. As we reveal-- it's our old friend GORDON WALKER behind the trigger-- waiting for a clear shot--

BLACKOUT!

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

28 INT. BLUE ROSE MOTEL ROOM - DAY 28

Sam. Shielding Ava on the floor, covering her with his body. Just behind them, some CHEAP-O VASE EXPLODES.

29 EXT. ROOFTOP - OPPOSITE MOTEL - DAY 29

Gordon. Aiming through the SNIPER SCOPE. Patient.

30 SNIPER SCOPE POV 30

Through cross-hairs, we see Sam's HEAD jut out. Finally, a kill shot. Gordon BEADS right in. Sam's a GONER--

31 BACK TO SCENE 31

Gordon's about to fire. But the split-second before he does--

DEAN CHARGES GORDON AT FULL GALLOP! ENRAGED!

Dean TACKLES Gordon to the ground. This is a glimpse behind the facade for Dean. His anger is unchecked. Brutal. Scary.

DEAN  
Gordon!! You bastard!!

He POUNDS Gordon across the face. Again and again. He's going to kill the guy.

GORDON  
Dean... wait...

DEAN  
You do that to my brother?? I'll  
kill you!! I'll kill you!!

Gordon, dazed, bloodied, reaches out for his RIFLE, which lies just out of grasp. His fingers brush it. Dean's too furious to notice... but Gordon gets hold of it...

And CLUBS it up into Dean's HEAD! Knocking Dean off him.

Then Gordon takes the rifle with BOTH HANDS NOW, and again CLUBS it into Dean's head, HARD (hopefully somewhere that won't leave a visible bruise). It should make us WINCE with pain. It's a K.O. Dean's out cold.

SMASH TO BLACK!

32

EXT. ROOFTOP - OPPOSITE MOTEL - DAY - LATER

32

Sam and Ava enter from the access door, onto the roof--

AVA

I don't understand. Shouldn't we  
be talking to the cops?

SAM

Trust me. They wouldn't do us much  
good.

Sam CROUCHES, near the edge of the roof, and finds--

CLOSE ON: a few STRAY SHELLS.

Sam picks them up. Examines them. To himself--

SAM

These are .223 caliber. Guy  
probably used an HK SL8, something  
like that.

Ava reacts-- how the fuck does this guy know that?

AVA

Dude-- who are you?

SAM

Oh. I just... watch a lot of "T.J.  
Hooker."

Sam pulls out his CELL PHONE. Hits speed dial.

AVA

Who are you calling?

SAM

My brother. I think we officially  
need help.

The phone RINGS for a beat... before--

DEAN (ON PHONE)

Hello?

SAM

Dean.



DEAN (ON PHONE)  
Sammy. I've been looking for you--

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. DILAPIDATED HOUSE - FRONT ROOM - AFTERNOON

CLOSE ON DEAN. On his cell.

SAM (ON PHONE)  
Yeah. I'm in Indiana. LaFayette.

We WIDEN to REVEAL--

Dean's TIED to a CHAIR. In a dark, decrepit room. Trash in the corners. Decaying furniture. Windows ALL BOARDED UP.

Gordon holds the cell phone to Dean's ear. And presses a PISTOL beneath Dean's chin. Monitoring every word Dean says. We get the sense... one false move... and Gordon will shoot.

DEAN  
I know.

SAM  
You do?

DEAN  
Ellen told me. I just got here myself. Real funky town.  
(then)  
You ditched me, Sammy.

SAM  
I know, I'm sorry. But listen, man, right now there's someone after me. Trying to kill me--

DEAN  
(glaring at Gordon)  
What? Who?

SAM  
That's what we gotta find out. Where are you?

DEAN  
I'm staying at 5637 Monroe St. Meet me there.

Sam pulls a piece of MOTEL STATIONARY and a PEN from his pocket, and jots the address down.

33

SAM

Yeah, okay.

Sam CLICKS OFF.

Gordon removes the phone from Dean's ear, clicks it shut.  
Grins at him.

GORDON

Now was that so hard?

DEAN

Bite me.

34

EXT. ROOFTOP - OPPOSITE MOTEL - AFTERNOON

34

Sam holds the phone, the stationary. He looks upset.

AVA

What is it?

SAM

My brother's in trouble.

AVA

What? How do you know?

SAM

He gave me a code word. Someone's  
got a gun on him.

AVA

Code word?

SAM

Yeah. "Funky town."  
(off Ava's look)

He came up with it. Long story.  
Come on.

35

INT. DILAPIDATED HOUSE - FRONT ROOM - AFTERNOON

35

Gordon SMACKS a DUFFLE onto a table. Begins removing  
supplies-- GUNS, AMMO.

Dean watches. Tied to the chair.

DEAN

Now Gordy, I know me and Sam ain't  
exactly your favorite people... but  
isn't this a little extreme?

GORDON

What, you think this is revenge?

DEAN

Well, we did leave you tied up in  
your own mess for three days...

Dean starts chuckling at the thought--

DEAN

... which was awesome... I'm sorry,  
I shouldn't laugh...

Beat.

GORDON

Oh, I was definitely planning on  
kicking your ass for that... but  
that's not what this is. This  
isn't personal.

(beat)

I'm not a killer, Dean. I'm a  
hunter. And your brother's fair  
game.

OFF Dean's alarmed reaction to this--

EXT. PLEASANT STREET - DAY

CLOSE ON: the STATIONARY. BLUE ROSE MOTEL is written across  
the top, Sam has scrawled an address beneath. This is the  
paper we saw in Ava's vision.

Sam studies it. He and Ava stand at her economy car.  
(Somewhere away from the motel, and all the cops presumably  
there.) Ava recognizes the stationary... she frowns--

AVA

I don't think I should leave.

SAM

I want you out of harm's way.

AVA

What about you?

SAM

"Harm's way" doesn't bother me.

AVA

But... you're walking right into my  
vision. This is how you die.

A determined beat, then, with emphasis--

SAM  
Doesn't matter. It's my brother.

AVA  
Maybe I can help.

SAM  
You have helped. You've done all you can. Now go back to your fiancé.

AVA  
(wavering)  
You're sure?

SAM  
I'm sure. Go home, Ava. You'll be safe there.

AVA  
Just... promise you'll call, once you get your brother. Let me know everything's okay?

SAM  
I promise.

A pregnant pause between them. Maybe an attraction? Ava's instincts tell her stay, but... no. She gives Sam a shy smile. Climbs into her car. Gives him one last, long look. Then DRIVES OFF.

OFF Sam. Watching her go--

37

INT. DILAPIDATED HOUSE - FRONT ROOM - AFTERNOON

37

Dean, bound to his chair. Gordon sits across from him, languidly smokes a smoke.

GORDON  
See, I was doing this exorcism in Louisiana. Teenage girl. Seemed routine-- some low level demon. But between all the jabbering and head spinning, damn thing muttered something. About a "coming war." Now, I don't think it meant to, just slipped out, but too late. Piqued my interest.

(then)

(MORE)

\*  
\*

(CONTINUED)

GORDON (CONT'D)

And you can really make a demon  
talk, you got the right tools. \*

DEAN

What happened to the girl it was  
possessing?

With true sympathy-- this really does bother him--

GORDON

She didn't make it. Poor thing.

DEAN

You're a son of a bitch.

Out of nowhere-- WHACK, across Dean's face. A beat. Then  
Gordon says, calmly, QUIETLY--

GORDON

That's my Mother you're talking  
about.

(beat)

Anyway, this Demon told me they had  
soldiers to fight in this "coming  
war." Humans, fighting on Hell's  
side. You believe that? I mean,  
they're psychics, so they're not  
exactly pure humans, but still...  
what kind of worthless douche bag  
you gotta be, to turn against your  
own race?

Dean. If he has any kind of reaction to this, he keeps it  
all to himself.

GORDON

But you know the biggest kick in  
the ass? This demon said I knew  
one-- our very own Sammy  
Winchester.

Dean fixes Gordon with a grim stare. Then bursts out  
LAUGHING.

DEAN

This is a whole new level of  
moronic, even for you.

GORDON

(after a beat)

Come on. I know about Sam's  
visions. I know everything.

DEAN

(sarcastic)

Right, 'cause a demon told you. It was lying.

GORDON

Dean, I'm not some reckless yahoo. Did my homework. Made damn sure it was true.

(then)

See, you got your Roadhouse connections. I got mine. That's how I found Sam in the first place.

This catches Dean off guard. Someone betrayed them?

Gordon takes a deep drag off his cigarette. Continues.

GORDON

About a month ago, I found another one of these freaks, here in town. He could deep-fry a person, just by touching 'em.

DEAN

He kill anyone?

GORDON

Besides Mr. Tinkles the cat? No. But he was working up to it.

(then)

They're all gonna be killers, Dean. We gotta take 'em all out. And that means Sammy, too.

Gordon loads SHELLS into a SHOTGUN. COCKS IT.

DEAN

Well. Good luck. You think Sam's stupid enough to walk through that front door?

GORDON

No, I don't. Especially since I'm sure you found a way to warn him.

Dean's jaw tightens. Gordon chuckles, amused--

GORDON

You really think I'm that stupid?

Gordon steps over to a DUFFLE--

GORDON

No, Sammy's gonna scope the place first. See me covering the front door. So he's gonna take the back. And when he does, he'll hit the trip wire. Then-- boom.

Gordon pulls out a GRENADE. Holds it up for Dean to see. Almost playful.

Dean's alarmed. But covers it with a cocky smirk.

DEAN

Sam's not gonna fall for a friggin' tripwire.

GORDON

Maybe you're right.

Then... Gordon reaches into the bag, pulls out a SECOND GRENADE--

GORDON

That's why I'll have a second one.

Dean fixes Gordon with a hateful glare. But Gordon's almost sympathetic.

GORDON

Look. I'm sorry. I wish I didn't have to do this, I really do.

(then)

But for what it's worth-- it'll be quick.

OFF Dean--

BLACKOUT.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

38

INT. DILAPIDATED HOUSE - BACK ROOM - THAT NIGHT

38

CLOSE ON: a TRIPWIRE, strung low, over the back door threshold.

We RACK TO: GORDON, laying a SECOND TRIPWIRE, a few feet deeper into the room... this one even more hidden by the joint's gloomy darkness. Sam doesn't know about this one!

39

INT. DILAPIDATED HOUSE - FRONT ROOM - NIGHT

39

Gordon enters. Sits on a table, or piece of furniture. Waiting. Some of the fight's gone out of Dean. He's a lot more worried now.

DEAN

Come on, man. I know Sam. Better than anyone. He's got more of a conscience than I do. He feels guilty cruising for internet porn--

GORDON

Maybe so. But one day, he's gonna be a monster.

DEAN

How? How's a guy like Sam turn into a monster?

GORDON

Beats me. But he will.

DEAN

You don't know that!

Gordon takes a calm beat.

GORDON

I'm surprised at you. Getting all emotional. I'd heard you were more of a professional than this.

He approaches Dean.

GORDON

Let's say you were cruising around in that car of yours, with lil' Hitler riding shotgun. Back when he was just some goofy, crappy artist. But you knew what he was gonna turn into someday.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)



GORDON (CONT'D)

You'd take him out. No question.  
Am I right?

DEAN

That's not Sam.

GORDON

Yes, it is. You just can't see it  
yet.

(then)

Dean. It's his destiny.

Gordon looks down at Dean. With compassion.

GORDON

Look. I'm sympathetic. He's your  
brother. You love the guy, this  
has gotta hurt like hell for you.

Then... Gordon reaches down... and STUFFS a gag into Dean's  
mouth. Duct tapes it in place.

Then leans close, right up in Dean's grill--

GORDON

But here's the thing. It would've  
wrecked him, but your Dad... if it  
really came down to it... your Dad  
would have the stones to do the  
right thing here.

(then)

You telling me-- you're not the man  
he is?

Dean glares up at Gordon. If he weren't tied to a chair  
right now, he'd kill him with his bare hands.

EXT. DILAPIDATED HOUSE - NIGHT

Sam approaches the house. Off to the side, hidden in shadow.  
He consults the PIECE of PAPER in his hands. (NOTE: this  
should be EXACTLY the same action as Ava's vision).

He carefully approaches the house. Oddly cautious, wary.  
Just as strange, he doesn't go to the front door. Instead,  
he sneaks to the side. To a BOARDED-UP WINDOW. (Indeed, ALL  
the windows are boarded up).

He peers through the slats. But THIS TIME, we see what he's  
looking at--

41 SAM'S POV - INSIDE THE HOUSE 41

Narrow field of vision. But he can still see Dean, bruised, gagged, tied to a chair. And there's GORDON, lying in wait beside the front door, shotgun poised. He looks like he'll get the jump on anyone coming in the front.

42 BACK TO SCENE 42

So Sam moves to the house's BACK DOOR.

43 INT. DILAPIDATED HOUSE - BACK ROOM - NIGHT 43

CLOSE ON: the DOOR KNOB. On the INSIDE of the DOOR. It begins to rattle. As Sam PICKS the LOCK from the outside.

44 INT. DILAPIDATED HOUSE - FRONT ROOM - NIGHT 44

Gordon is still making an act of covering the front door. But he can hear Sam's LOCK PICKING.

GORDON

(whispering)

You hear him? Here he comes.

45 INT. DILAPIDATED HOUSE - BACK ROOM - NIGHT 45

The DOOR KNOB TURNS. The DOOR begins to OPEN--

46 INT. DILAPIDATED HOUSE - FRONT ROOM - NIGHT 46

Gordon waits, on pins and needles.

Dean is STRUGGLING like hell against his bindings. When--

**BOOM!!** A GRENADE EXPLOSION in the NEXT ROOM! We don't see much. Perhaps a camera rattle, some interactive light reflects off Dean and Gordon. Some smoke.

After that... a beat or two of dust-settling quiet.

But Gordon doesn't move position. Not yet.

GORDON

(whispering)

Hold on. Not yet. Wait and see...

**BOOM!!** A SECOND GRENADE EXPLOSION! Rattling! Light! Smoke!

Dean literally SCREAMS, muffled, into his GAG. Mad with PAIN, FURY.

GORDON  
(genuine)  
I'm sorry, Dean.

Gordon moves into the next room. Still aiming the shotgun.  
Better safe than sorry.

INT. DILAPIDATED HOUSE - BACK ROOM - NIGHT

Gordon steps through the smoke, which veils everything.  
Searching. Silent. Vigilant.

When he comes across something on the floor. Leans in--

CLOSE ON: Sam's SHOE. Lying on its side.

CLOSE ON: Gordon gives a grim nod. This brings him no  
pleasure. When, suddenly--

A GUN is SHOVED against Gordon's head, right behind his ear.

SAM. Steps out of the smoke. Very much alive. (We don't  
see it at the moment, but he's wearing one shoe; his other  
foot is bare.)

SAM  
Drop the gun.

GORDON  
(re: shoe)  
Shouldn't go barefoot around here.  
Might get tetanus.

SAM  
Drop it NOW!

Gordon lowers the shotgun to the floor. Sam kicks it away.

GORDON  
You wouldn't shoot me, would you,  
Sammy? 'Cause your brother, he  
thinks you're some kind of saint.

SAM  
(quietly furious)  
Don't be so sure.

GORDON  
See, that's what I said.

Suddenly, Gordon SPINS, LUNGES at Sam, CLUTCHING his ARM-- they STRUGGLE over Sam's pistol, before Gordon knocks it away!

They GRAPPLE-- brutal street fighting-- exchanging blows, elbows-- this goes on for a bit, before Gordon GRABS Sam and SLAMS him DOWN to the floor. Sam crashes down on his back!

Gordon winds up... and KICKS Sam in the gut! Again!

Sam groans. Bloodied. Weak.

Swiftly, Gordon pulls a knife (maybe from his pocket, or maybe his boot). Same knife he murdered Scott Krell with.

And he's on Sam in a heartbeat, before Sam has a chance to recover-- Gordon straddles Sam. Knife poised.

GORDON

You're no better than the filthy things you hunt!

Gordon raises the knife to deliver the death blow, when--

Sam BLOCKS his arm. CLUTCHES Gordon by the throat, wrestling him off! Now Gordon's on the floor-- Sam CRACKS Gordon's jaw! CRACKS it again!

In a flash, Sam scrambles for Gordon's shotgun, snags it, puts it right in Gordon's face. Standing over Gordon.

CLOSE ON SAM. Panting. Enraged.

CLOSE ON HIS FINGER. It quivers on the trigger. Will Sam shoot?

Gordon looks up at him, taunting.

GORDON

Do it. Do it! Show your brother the killer you really are, Sammy--

Abruptly, Sam SLAMS the SHOTGUN BUTT down into Gordon's temple, COLD-COCKING HIM. Gordon's out.

Beat. Then--

SAM

It's Sam.

Sam grabs Gordon's knife.

48

INT. DILAPIDATED HOUSE - FRONT ROOM - NIGHT

48

Sam hurries over to Dean. Cuts his brother's binds. Dean is SO FUCKING RELIEVED to see that Sam's okay.

Pulling the gag out of his mouth, Dean stands, moves for the back room. Sam stops him.

SAM

Dean. No.

DEAN

I let him live last time. I'm not making the same mistake twice.

SAM

Trust me, Gordon's taken care of.

Sam grabs Dean, pulls him out the front door.

49

EXT. DILAPIDATED HOUSE - NIGHT

49

As Sam and Dean tear ass away from the house, over to the dark, abandoned street--

BANG! BANG! Gordon appears in the doorway behind them, a GUN IN EACH HAND! Unloading an arsenal at them!

BULLETS WHIZZ past their heads!

Sam and Dean run! GUN SHOTS ring out behind them... Gordon is in pursuit.

DEAN

This is what you call taken care of?

Suddenly, Sam YANKS Dean down behind a CINDERBLOCK WALL. (Or \* some other large object that makes a smart hiding spot.)

DEAN

What the hell are we doing?

SAM

I said trust me.

WAILING SIRENS. TWO POLICE CRUISERS SCREECH AROUND the CORNER-- right in front of Gordon!

Gordon SPINS-- revealing more POLICE CRUISERS RACING UP BEHIND!

(CONTINUED)

Armed COPS pour out of their vehicles.

COP

Drop your weapons! Get down on  
your knees!

Gordon's tempted to run. But he's surrounded-- and they'll  
start firing.

He's tempted to go out shooting. But he thinks better of it.

He slowly lets his weapons fall. And drops to his knees...

EXT. STREET - NIGHT - MINUTES LATER

Gordon's EL CAMINO, parked a bit down from the dilapidated  
house (we haven't seen it before this).

As a CUFFED GORDON is ducked into a NEARBY SQUAD CAR by a  
COP, more COPS inspect the El Camino's interior. One sees  
something that interests him.

And he PULLS OPEN the SIDE PANEL, revealing Gordon's cache of  
SUPERNATURAL WEAPONS.

The cops exchange looks.

Inside the squad car, Gordon's face falls. He's fucked.

AT A SAFE DISTANCE

Sam and Dean peer out, unseen, now behind a house corner,  
about a half-block or more away. They duck back into  
concealed safety. Sam smiles at Dean--

SAM

Anonymous tip.

DEAN

(nods, impressed)

You're a fine, upstanding citizen,  
Sam.

BLACKOUT.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

52

INT. HARVELLE'S ROADHOUSE - NIGHT

52

ANGLE ON ELLEN. On the PHONE by the bar, mid-conversation.

ELLEN  
(talking low)  
Gordon Walker was hunting Sam?

INTERCUT WITH:

53

EXT. ANOTHER STREET - NIGHT

53

Or parking lot. Anywhere, really, just far away from the dilapidated neighborhood. Sam sits in the passenger seat, making a call on his CELL. Dean stands outside the car, talking on his CELL PHONE. He's furious.

DEAN  
He almost killed both of us, 'cause someone over there couldn't keep their mouth shut!

ELLEN  
And you honestly think it was me?  
Or Ash, or Jo? No way. \*

DEAN  
Then who else knows about Sam? You must've been talking to somebody! \*

ELLEN  
You can call us a lot of things, but we're not disloyal, and we're not stupid. We haven't breathed a word of this-- \*

DEAN  
Gordon said he had roadhouse connections...

ELLEN  
... and this roadhouse is full of other hunters...

As Ellen talks, CAMERA MOVES through the bar, lingering on the OTHER HUNTERS: a tough-looking, suspicious crowd.

ELLEN  
... they're smart, good trackers, they've got their own patterns and connections.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

53

ELLEN (CONT'D)

I know a dozen of 'em at least that are capable of putting this together.

BACK WITH ELLEN.

ELLEN

I'm sorry about what happened, Dean. But I can't control these people... or what they choose to believe.

ANGLE ON DEAN. This doesn't make him feel much better. If anything, it makes him feel worse.

54

INT. IMPALA - MOVING - NIGHT

54

Dean drives. Sam rides shotgun. He's on his cell again.

SAM

Ava. It's Sam. Again. Call me when you get this, I want to make sure you got home okay.

Sam hangs up.

DEAN

Everything alright?

SAM

Hope so.

DEAN

(after a beat)

So... Gordy should be reaching for the soap for a few years, at least--

SAM

If they pin Scott Krell's murder on him. And if he doesn't bust out.

Pregnant pause. There is still much unresolved between the brothers. Then--

DEAN

Dude. If you ever take off like that again--

SAM

What? You'll kill me?

DEAN

That's so not funny.

(CONTINUED)



SAM

So what happens now?

DEAN

One word.  
(beat)  
Amsterdam.

SAM

Dean--

DEAN

(with a wink)

Come on. From what I understand,  
the coffee shops don't serve  
coffee. \*

SAM

I'm not gonna just ditch the job. \*

DEAN

(blurts out)

Screw the job. Okay? I'm sick of  
the job! We don't get paid, or  
thanked-- only thing we get's bad  
luck.

SAM

Come on. You're a hunter. It's  
what you were meant to do. \*

DEAN

I'm not meant to do anything. I  
don't believe in destiny.

SAM

You mean, you don't believe in my  
destiny.

Beat. Dean reacts-- Sam's right about that.

SAM

Look. I've tried running before.  
I ran all the way to California.  
And look what happened.

(then)

You can't run from this. And you  
can't protect me.

DEAN

I can try.

Sam gives his brother a warm look.

SAM  
Thanks for that.

Dean doesn't answer. But gives a warm nod in return--

SAM  
But I'm gonna keep hunting.  
Whatever's coming, I'm taking it  
head on. So... if you really want  
to watch my back... I guess you  
gotta come along.

Another long beat. As Dean processes this. Then--

DEAN  
Bitch.

SAM  
Jerk.

That's settled. Sam takes his phone, hits redial--

DEAN  
You calling that Ava girl again?  
(Sam nods)  
You sweet on her or what?

SAM  
She's engaged.

DEAN  
(so?)  
Sam. What's the point of saving  
the world, if you can't get a  
little nookie once in awhile?

Sam hangs up again, troubled. Clearly, she didn't answer.

DEAN  
What?

SAM  
Just a feeling. How far is it to  
Peoria?

Ava's house. A modest but tidy little house. The Impala is parked out front.

56

INT. AVA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

56

The door is slowly pushed open by--

SAM

Hello?

Sam enters, Dean right behind. Sam flicks on the light, and--

SAM

Oh my God.

Ava's fiancé BRADY. Face up in bed. The sheets are drenched in his BLOOD. His throat is SLIT.

Sam and Dean immediately begin searching the room, alarmed--

Dean moves to the WINDOW. It's slightly ajar. Dean wipes his hand across the windowsill. It comes back speckled with BLACK DUST.

DEAN

Sulphur.

(then)

A Demon's been here.

Now Sam sees something on the floor. He crouches down--

And picks up AVA'S ENGAGEMENT RING off the floor. It's wet with fresh blood--

SAM

Ava.

TIGHT SHOTS OF SAM AND DEAN. Scared. What the hell?

BLACKOUT.

TO BE CONTINUED...