

SUPERNATURAL

Episode #211

"Playthings"

Written by

Matt Witten

Directed by

Charles Beeson

EXECUTIVE PRODUCERS

Eric Kripke

McG

Robert Singer

John Shiban

Kim Manners

PRODUCERS

Peter Johnson

Cyrus Yavneh

Phil Sgriccia

PRODUCTION DRAFT - WHITE

10/30/06

© 2006 Warner Bros. Entertainment Inc.

This script is the property of Warner Bros. Entertainment Inc. No portion of this script may be performed, reproduced or used by any means, or disclosed to, quoted or published in any medium without the prior written consent of Warner Bros. Entertainment Inc.

Episode #211

"Playthings"

REVISION HISTORY

Revision	Date	Revised Pages
Production Draft - White	10/30/06	Full Script

Episode #211

"Playthings"

CAST LIST

SAM WINCHESTER
DEAN WINCHESTER

JARED PADALECKI
JENSEN ACKLES

SUSAN THOMPSON
TYLER THOMPSON
GRANDMA ROSE THOMPSON
MAGGIE
LARRY WILLIAMS
ROBERT CARLTON
SHERWIN

MATREYA FEDOR
CONCHITA CAMPBELL
JONATHAN BRUCE

LOCATION REPORT

<u>INT.</u>		
INT. PIERPONT INN - MAIN LOBBY - NIGHT		P.1
INT. THOMPSONS' APARTMENT - NIGHT - MOMENTS LATER		P.2
INT. AT THE TOP OF THE STAIRS - CONTINUOUS		P.3
INT. SAM AND DEAN'S MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT (DAY 2)		P.5
INT. PIERPONT INN - MAIN LOBBY - CONTINUOUS		P.8
INT. PIERPONT INN - SECOND FLOOR HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER		P.10
INT. SAM AND DEAN'S HOTEL ROOM - DAY		P.11
INT. THIRD FLOOR HALLWAY - DAY		P.13
INT. THOMPSONS' APARTMENT - DAY		P.14
INT. THIRD FLOOR HALLWAY - DAY		P.16
INT. THOMPSONS' APARTMENT - THAT NIGHT		P.17
INT. ROSE'S ROOM - NIGHT		P.17
INT. THOMPSONS' APARTMENT - NIGHT		P.17
INT. SECOND FLOOR HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT		P.17
INT. THOMPSONS' APARTMENT - NIGHT		P.18
INT. SECOND FLOOR HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT		P.18
INT. THOMPSONS' APARTMENT - NIGHT		P.18
INT. SECOND FLOOR HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT		P.18
INT. SAM AND DEAN'S HOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS		P.19
INT. SAM AND DEAN'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT		P.20
INT. PIERPONT INN - BAR LOUNGE - NIGHT		P.23
CLOSE ON FRAMED PHOTO		P.24
INT. SAM AND DEAN'S ROOM - BATHROOM - MORNING (DAY 4)		P.25
INT. THIRD FLOOR HALLWAY - MORNING		P.27
INT. THOMPSONS' APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS		P.27
INT. ROSE'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS		P.27
INT. PIERPONT INN - MAIN LOBBY - CONTINUOUS		P.29
INT. THOMPSONS' APARTMENT - DAY		P.31
INT. THOMPSONS' APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS		P.32
INT. PIERPONT INN - BAR LOUNGE - DAY		P.33
INT. ROSE'S ROOM - DAY		P.35
INT. THIRD FLOOR HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER		P.37
INT. THOMPSONS' APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS		P.37
INT. POOL PAVILION - DAY		P.38
INT. POOL PAVILION - DAY		P.39
INT. POOL PAVILION - DAY		P.40
INT. POOL PAVILION - DAY		P.41
INT./EXT. POOL PAVILION - DAY		P.41
INT. ROSE'S ROOM - DAY		P.42
INT. THOMPSONS' APARTMENT - A LITTLE LATER		P.42
INT. ROSE'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS		P.43

INT. PIERPONT INN - VARIOUS - DAY	P.46
INT. PIERPONT INN - HALLWAYS - DAY	P.46
INT. THOMPSONS' APARTMENT - DAY	P.46
<u>EXT.</u>	
EXT. PIERPONT INN - NIGHT (DAY 1)	P.1
EXT. PIERPONT INN - DAY (DAY 3)	P.7
EXT. PIERPONT INN - NIGHT	P.19
EXT. PIERPONT INN - NIGHT	P.19
EXT. PIERPONT INN - DAY - A MINUTE LATER	P.29
EXT. PIERPONT INN - REAR OF BUILDING - DAY	P.31
EXT. PIERPONT INN - REAR OF BUILDING - DAY	P.31
EXT. PIERPONT INN - REAR OF BUILDING - CONTINUOUS	P.32
THE VOLVO	P.32
ON THE LAWN	P.32
EXT. POOL PAVILION - DAY	P.39
EXT. POOL PAVILION - DAY	P.40
EXT. POOL PAVILION - DAY	P.40
EXT. POOL PAVILION - DAY	P.41
INT./EXT. POOL PAVILION - DAY	P.41
EXT. PIERPONT INN - DAY	P.44

SUPERNATURAL
"Playthings"

TEASER

SUPER TITLE: CORNWALL, CONNECTICUT

1 EXT. PIERPONT INN - NIGHT (DAY 1) 1 *

We're outside a gloomy old MANSION... now a dying hotel. The trees are bare. An old-fashioned WOODEN SIGN - "PIERPONT INN, VACANCY" - SHIVERS in the WIND, SQUEAKING on its rusty hinges. A N.D. TRUCK is parked by the front door. *

2 INT. PIERPONT INN - MAIN LOBBY - NIGHT 2 *

MONTAGE OF CLOSE UPS. A SERIES of FRAMED PHOTOS on the walls. Many are vaguely ominous, sepia-toned portraits from the early 1900's. The dead, staring grim-faced and dull-eyed, out from the great beyond.

The FRAMED PHOTOS are EVERYWHERE-- covering the walls of the front lobby. Faded Victorian décor. The place was elegant once... now it's just creepy. Antique furniture. Old curios on tabletops.

It's the off season; the place is pretty deserted.

SUSAN THOMPSON (30, attractive, harried single Mom) heads for the grand staircase with LARRY, a burly Goodwill delivery man.

SUSAN

Most of the stuff is up here.

LARRY

I still can't believe you're closing, Ms. Thompson...

As they climb the steps--

LARRY

... you know, my parents got engaged here. Grandparents, too.

Susan nods, a brief pang of regret, then:

SUSAN

A lot of people did.

(then)

Boxes are at the end of the hall.
Need any help?

(CONTINUED)

2

LARRY

No, ma'am, I got it.

Larry heads up the upstairs hall, PASSING--

TYLER THOMPSON, 9, and MAGGIE, 10. They sit on the floor of the upper landing, feet dangling through the stairway railing bars. Tyler looks up at her Mother, pleading--

TYLER

He's gonna take our toys?

SUSAN

Only the ones you don't play with anymore. And it's not like you don't have enough already--

MAGGIE

(quietly)

Son of a bitch.

TYLER

(louder)

Son of a bitch!

SUSAN

Watch your mouth.

TYLER

Maggie said it first.

SUSAN

(as she heads down steps)

You watch your mouth too, Maggie.

3

INT. THOMPSONS' APARTMENT - NIGHT - MOMENTS LATER

3

The girls enter. In the dimly lit main room we see a couple more packing boxes.

MONTAGE OF CLOSE-UPS. ANTIQUE DOLLS... porcelain dolls, wooden dolls, cloth dolls... fill the shelves and cabinets around the room. They peer at us from everywhere with their black, dead, glassy eyes...

A few other faded, slightly rusted, old-fashioned TOYS (like tinkle tonks, whirligigs, and wind-up animals) litter the ground, lifeless, spread before the main attraction-- a huge, ornate DOLLHOUSE - a REPLICA of this very hotel.

Tyler goes over to the dollhouse, but Maggie heads for a CLOSED SIDE DOOR.

(CONTINUED)

TYLER

(quickly)

Maggie, don't. You're not supposed to bother Grandma.

MAGGIE

I won't.

But Maggie OPENS the door, revealing a DARK STAIRWAY. And begins to climb the steps up to Grandma's room, anyway.

Tyler turns back to her dolls. HUMMING SOFTLY to herself, she picks up HERBERT, a dollhouse doll. Herbert is a few inches high... and easily 50 years old. His facial features have faded, his cloth clothing is ratty.

Tyler sets him on a little ROCKING CHAIR in the DOLLHOUSE SITTING ROOM. Upstairs.

Tyler then takes BABY TABITHA, another dollhouse doll, and puts her in an upstairs nursery. In a crib.

TYLER

Good night, Tabitha.

Then Tyler hears... or senses... something. She looks back at the UPSTAIRS SITTING ROOM - and the little ROCKING CHAIR is empty, still, unmoving. Weird - where did Herbert go?

A beat or two, as Tyler searches for him. Then...

Even weirder: when Tyler looks over at the DOLLHOUSE LOBBY (FAR from the sitting room), she finds Herbert there - lying on the floor at the foot of the grand stairway.

TYLER

How'd you get over there?

And weirdest of all... Herbert's HEAD is TWISTED ALL THE WAY AROUND - 180 DEGREES. Tyler picks him up... regards him, curious.

Suddenly, from downstairs: an earsplitting WOMAN'S SCREAM.

Tyler goes out to the hall...

INT. AT THE TOP OF THE STAIRS - CONTINUOUS

Tyler looks down the staircase:

Larry is lying at the foot of the stairs, on his SIDE. Not moving.

He's surrounded by TOYS that spilled from the boxes when he fell down the steps. Susan stands above him, horrified...

CLOSE ON LARRY'S HEAD: it's hideously, impossibly, TWISTED AROUND. 180 DEGREES. Blood pools, and bone juts, from his WRENCHED, BROKEN NECK.

Susan is there, on the cordless, calling 9-1-1.

Susan spots a shocked, blank-faced Tyler at the top of the stairs-- Susan SHOUTS at her--

SUSAN
Tyler! Don't look! Don't look!!

CAMERA FINDS a SPRAWLED DOLL, among the other toys, on the floor beside Larry's broken body. A CRACK down its porcelain face.

Off this haunting image, we--

BLACKOUT.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

SUPER TITLE: PEORIA, ILLINOIS

5 INT. SAM AND DEAN'S MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT (DAY 2) 5 *

DEAN enters. SAM is already inside, at the cheap motel desk. He's on his cell, jotting down notes on a motel note pad.

SAM
(into the phone)
Yeah... okay. Thanks, Ellen.

He snaps the phone shut.

DEAN
What'd she have to say?

SAM
Ash has been hacking every database he can think of-- fed, state and local. No one's heard a thing about Ava. She's just... into thin air...
(beat)
What about you?

DEAN
Still nothing. Same as before.
Sorry, Sam.

Sam nods his appreciation. But he's frustrated. Then--

SAM
Ellen did have one thing.

DEAN
What's that?

SAM
A hotel in Cornwall, Connecticut. Two freak accidents in the past three weeks.

DEAN
What's this have to do with Ava?

SAM
(shakes head, it doesn't)
It's a job. A lady drowned in the bathtub. Then few days ago, a man fell down the stairs, head turns a complete 180.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

SAM (cont'd)

Which isn't exactly normal--
(then)

I don't know, might be nothing...
but I told Ellen we'd think about
checking it out.

DEAN

You did?

SAM

You sound surprised.

DEAN

I guess I am. I mean, it's not
really the patented Sam Winchester
way, is it?

SAM

And what way is that?

DEAN

Well... after Ava, I figured
there'd be more... you know, angst
and droopy music and staring out
rainy windows and...

(sees Sam staring at him;
a deadpan beat)

I'll shut up now.

Sam takes a sincere beat.

SAM

Look. Truth is, I can't get this
Ava thing out of my head. I mean,
she saved my life, and what do I
do? I send her back home,
unprotected. Now her fiancé's dead
and some Demon's taken her God
knows where.

(beat)

But we've been looking for a month
now, and we got nothing. It doesn't
help Ava to just sit and stew.

(beat)

I'm not giving up on her. But I'm
not gonna let other people die,
either. We gotta save as many
people as we can.

Beat.

DEAN

I'm sorry. That attitude is just way too healthy for me. I'm uncomfortable.

(beat)

Okay. Call Ellen back. Tell her we'll take it.

6 EXT. PIERPONT INN - DAY (DAY 3) 6 *

It's a cold, foggy day. Ye olde inn looks dark and dreary. The Impala is parked out front.

The brothers walk from the car, up the front path.

DEAN

Dude, I'm glad we took this one. We never get to work jobs like this.

SAM

Like what?

DEAN

Old school haunted houses. You know, fog and secret passages and sissy British accents. Maybe we'll run into Fred and Daphne inside.

(then)

Mmmm. Daphne.

Sam stops suddenly. He spots something--

SAM

I'm not so sure "haunted's" the problem.

DEAN

What makes you say that?

Sam points out the decorative POTTERY URN next to the door.

SAM

This pattern here?

He points. Carved into the urn is a BLACK X with FIVE RED CIRCLES: one in the middle and one at the end of each line.

SAM

It's a 'quincunx.' Five-spot.

DEAN

(rings a bell)

Oh, yeah. Used in hoodoo
spellwork, right?

SAM

Fill this thing with sticks of
blood weed... you got a powerful
charm. To ward off enemies.

DEAN

Yeah, except I'm not seeing any
blood weed. And I don't know,
isn't this joint a little... white
meat... for hoodoo?

SAM

... Maybe.

Off Sam, checking out the urn--

7

INT. PIERPONT INN - MAIN LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

7

*

At a low DESK, perhaps the concierge desk, Susan is hunched
over, SIGNING CONTRACTS. ROBERT CARLTON, 40, corporate
drone, stands beside her.

SUSAN

I've been meaning to ask. What
sort of renovations are you
planning?

*
*
*

CARLTON

(uncomfortable)

... they never told you?

SUSAN

Told me what?

CARLTON

(awkward)

Ms. Thompson. We plan on
demolishing the hotel.

*
*

SUSAN

(quiet, sad)

Oh. I see.

When Sam and Dean enter. Dean is carrying a DUFFLE with a
shoulder strap.

SUSAN

Excuse me.

Carlton nods, EXITS for the back. Susan moves for the front desk. (NOTE: however it's staged, it's important that the boys never notice Carlton.)

SUSAN

(to Sam and Dean)

May I help you?

DEAN

Yes, we'd like a room for a couple of nights--

Suddenly... Tyler and Maggie DASH through the room, between Sam and Dean, weaving in and out. Tyler BUMPS into Sam (but Maggie doesn't touch anybody)--

*
*

SUSAN

Hey!

The girls RUN through the lobby and up the stairs, GIGGLING.

SUSAN

(to Sam)

Sorry about that.

SAM

No problem.

As Susan begins to check them in...

SUSAN

Well. Congratulations. You could be some of our final guests.

DEAN

That sounds vaguely ominous.

SUSAN

No. I'm sorry. I mean, we're closing at the end of the month.

(then)

Lemme guess. You guys are here antiquing?

DEAN

How'd you know?

7

SUSAN

You just look the type. So... a king-sized bed?

SAM

No. Two singles. We're brothers.

SUSAN

Oh. I'm so sorry.

DEAN

Wait, what do you mean, "we look the type?"

Sam steps in, puts a credit card on the front desk. Breaking the awkward moment--

SAM

Speaking of antiques, that's an interesting urn on your front porch. Where'd you get it?

SUSAN

Oh, I have no idea. It's been there forever.

(checking credit card)

Here you are, Mr. Mahoggoff.

As Sam signs the hotel bill, Susan RINGS the service bell.

SUSAN

You'll be staying in Room 237.

SHERWIN, late 60's, the lifer bellman, shuffles in.

SUSAN

Sherwin, could you show these gentlemen to their room?

Sherwin looks Dean and Sam up and down...

SHERWIN

Lemme guess. Antiquers?

8

INT. PIERPONT INN - SECOND FLOOR HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER 8 *

Sherwin escorts the brothers up the dark hall to their room. He DRAGS Dean's duffle across the floor, holding the shoulder strap, listless, like a dog leash.

DEAN

Um... maybe I could help you there
with the bag...

SHERWIN

I got it.

SAM

So the hotel is closing, huh?

SHERWIN

Yep. Ms. Susan made a good go of
it. But guests don't come like
they used to.

(he shrugs)

Still, it's a damn shame.

SAM

Oh yeah?

SHERWIN

Might not look it anymore... but
this place was a palace. Two
different vice-presidents laid
their heads on our pillows.

(then)

My parents worked here. I was
practically brought up here. Gonna
miss it.

(then)

Here's your room.

He opens the door. Sam enters. Sherwin hands Dean the
duffle bag and the key... a pause, as he WAITS for his tip.
Dean just looks at him for a beat, not quite catching on.
Finally--

SHERWIN

You're not gonna cheap out on me,
are you, boy?

Dean rolls his eyes. Pulls out his wallet--

INT. SAM AND DEAN'S HOTEL ROOM - DAY

The wallpaper's curling at the edges. A faded, dingy WEDDING
DRESS decorates the near wall. Dean studies it.

DEAN

That's normal.

(then)

(MORE)

DEAN (cont'd)

Why the hell would anyone stay here? I'm amazed they kept in business this long.

Dean sits on the bed... The MATTRESS SQUEALS and SAGS so badly his butt practically hits the floor. Sam goes over some INTERNET PAPER PRINT-OUTS.

SAM

So... victim number one-- Joan Edison, 43. A realtor. Handling the sale of the hotel.

(Sam looks up)

Victim number two-- Larry Williams. Moving stuff out to Goodwill.

Dean figures out what Sam is getting at:

DEAN

That's a connection. Both were tied up with shutting down the place.

SAM

So maybe someone here doesn't want to leave. And they're using hoodoo to fight back.

DEAN

So who you got down for witch doctor? That Susan lady?

SAM

Doesn't seem likely. She's the one selling.

DEAN

(even more doubtful)

Then... old Sherwin?

Sam doesn't have an answer, but...

SAM

I don't know.

DEAN

And the most troubling question of all... why do so many people assume we're gay?

SAM

You are pretty butch. They must think you're over-compensating.

9

DEAN
F.O., dude.

SAM
Come on. Let's have a look around.

He heads for the door, Dean follows.

10

INT. THIRD FLOOR HALLWAY - DAY

10

Sam and Dean walk down the empty hall, their FOOTSTEPS ECHOING. When Sam spots something--

SAM
Hey. Look.

He points at an old pottery VASE on an end table outside a closed door. Sam picks up the vase and sees something carved into its side: a FIVE-SPOT. Smaller, less noticeable, but otherwise exactly like the urn.

SAM
More hoodoo.

Dean nods and looks up at the CLOSED DOOR. He KNOCKS. Susan OPENS the door.

DEAN
Hi, there.

SUSAN
Hi.

Quick beat, as Sam and Dean try to figure out their next move.

SUSAN
... Is everything okay with your room?

SAM
Oh, yeah. It's great.

SUSAN
(a little nonplussed)
Good. Well, I was just in the middle of packing, so...

That's her attempt at an exit line. Dean looks past her through the open door.

INSERT - DEAN'S POV - A SHELF OF DOLLS, through the door.

(CONTINUED)

DEAN

Hey, are those antique dolls? Sam here... he's got a major doll collection at home. Don't you, Sammy?

SAM

(shit eating)
Big time.

DEAN

Any chance we could come in and take a look?

Susan hesitates; she's really very busy.

SUSAN

I don't know...

DEAN

Please. He loves 'em. He's always dressing 'em up in tiny outfits. You'd be making his day. *

Susan can't help but smiling.

SUSAN

Okay, come on in.

She steps aside and lets them in.

11

INT. THOMPSONS' APARTMENT - DAY

11

Dean and Sam enter... taking in the SHELVES and CABINETS of black-eyed DOLLS--

DEAN

(creeped out)
Wow. This is a lot of dolls. They're really... nice. Not super creepy at all.

SUSAN

(laughing)
I suppose they are a little creepy. But they've been in the family forever. Lot of sentimental value--

Sam has been inspecting the LARGE DOLLHOUSE. Eyes scanning over all of the rooms.

SAM

What is this, the hotel?

SUSAN

That's right. Exact replica,
custom built.

*

*

Now Sam sees something. Picks up a small doll from the floor of the dollhouse MAIN LOBBY.

CLOSE ON DOLL: It's HERBERT, the doll from the Teaser. His HEAD is still TWISTED AROUND, 180 DEGREES.

SAM

(eyes on Dean)
His head got twisted around.
(to Sarah)
What happened to it?

SUSAN

(casual, doesn't bother
her)
Tyler, probably.

TYLER (O.S.)

Mommy!

Sam and Dean look up; Tyler's running in from the hallway.

TYLER

Maggie's being mean!

Susan sighs, trying to be patient--

SUSAN

Tyler, you tell her I said to be nice, okay?

Sam stoops down to get on Tyler's level.

SAM

Hey, Tyler.
(holds up Herbert)
I see you broke your doll... want
me to fix it?

TYLER

I didn't break it. I found it like
that!

ANGLE ON SUSAN. Not entirely comfortable with her daughter talking to this stranger.

SAM

Then it must've been Maggie?

TYLER

No. Neither of us did. Grandma
would get mad if we broke 'em.

SUSAN

Tyler, she would not.

DEAN

Grandma?

TYLER

Grandma Rose. These were all hers.

DEAN

And where is she, right now?

Tyler points to the side door--

TYLER

(solemn)
Up in her room.

Sam and Dean throw each other a look, then Sam turns to Susan:

SAM

I'd love to talk to Rose about
these incredible dol--

SUSAN

(sharply)
No.
(softens)
... I'm afraid that's impossible.
My mother's been very sick. She's
not taking visitors.

Sam and Dean eye Susan - was that a hint of menace?

INT. THIRD FLOOR HALLWAY - DAY

Sam and Dean walk away from the Thompsons' apartment.
Keeping their voices low:

DEAN

So... what do you think? Dolls?
Hoodoo? Spooky, mysterious, shut-
in Grandma?

12

SAM
(could be)
Dolls are a major part of hoodoo
and voodoo tradition. Used for
curses, binding spells...

DEAN
Maybe we got our witch doctor.
I'll ask around, see what I can dig
up about Boomin' Granny.
(then)
Go check on-line. Old obits.
Freak accidents, that kinda thing.
Maybe she's whacked people before.

As they split up, Dean calls after him--

DEAN
And don't just go look at porn,
either. That's not the kind of
whacking I mean.

Sam just rolls his eyes, continues on--

13 INT. THOMPSONS' APARTMENT - THAT NIGHT 13

Tyler sets up a doll tea party, with some of her larger
dolls, outside of the dollhouse--

14 INT. ROSE'S ROOM - NIGHT 14

FROM THE BACK, we see the DIM SILHOUETTE of an OLD LADY
sitting by the window. In a wheelchair, old SHAWL covering
her legs. Should make us think of a witch.

15 INT. THOMPSONS' APARTMENT - NIGHT 15

As Tyler puts out toy teacups, the CAMERA DRIFTS to the
dollhouse. PICKS UP a MALE DOLL in the REPLICA of a SECOND-
FLOOR ROOM. Features worn off its face. A blank-faced nub
now. Eerie.

Wearing a suit and tie, the DOLL sits alone on his bed.

16 INT. SECOND FLOOR HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT 16

Exactly like in the dollhouse: Robert Carlton, still in suit
and tie, sits alone on his bed. He removes his tie.

17 INT. THOMPSONS' APARTMENT - NIGHT 17

EXTREME CLOSE-UP inside the DOLLHOUSE: The tiny CLOSET DOOR in the SECOND-FLOOR ROOM CREAKS OPEN... by itself.

18 INT. SECOND FLOOR HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT 18

Behind Carlton... the CLOSET DOOR CREAKS OPEN.

19 INT. THOMPSONS' APARTMENT - NIGHT 19

As Tyler sets down a teapot, she hears something. She looks over at the replica of the SECOND-FLOOR ROOM. She frowns, puzzled, as she sees...

EXTREME CLOSE-UP inside the DOLLHOUSE: the MALE DOLL is HANGING from the CEILING FAN. A thin bit of shoelace or something, fashioned into a NOOSE--

20 INT. SECOND FLOOR HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT 20

Carlton HANGS grotesquely from the CEILING FAN. Hung with an extension cord, or phone cord. He KICKS out his last few gasps of life. As the fan CREAKILY ROTATES, Carlton's body SWINGS SLOWLY round and round... round and round...

BLACKOUT!

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

21 EXT. PIERPONT INN - NIGHT 21 *

FROM THE POV OF A HOTEL ROOM WINDOW:

A COP CAR and an EMT VAN are out front. An EMT helps a CORONER hoist CARLTON'S BODY into a Coroner's van.

22 INT. SAM AND DEAN'S HOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS 22

Sam stands at the window and watches the body being taken away. His face is a mask.

23 EXT. PIERPONT INN - NIGHT 23 *

Dean stands outside, watching. (Sherwin and a few MAIDS conversing quietly in the B.G.) Susan gives her statement to a UNIFORMED POLICEMAN with a note pad. She finishes, then heads away... Dean steps up to her...

DEAN

What happened?

SUSAN

The maid went in to turn down the sheets, and there he was. Just... hanging there.

DEAN

That's awful. He was a guest?

SUSAN

He worked for the company that bought the place.

Dean takes this in. Meanwhile, Susan takes an exhausted, scared beat. Almost to herself--

SUSAN

... I don't understand...

DEAN

What?

SUSAN

We've just... had a lot of bad luck around here. Look, if you'd like to check out, I'd give you a full refund.

DEAN
(eyes on ambulance)
Oh. No thanks. I don't scare that
easy.

24 INT. SAM AND DEAN'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT 24

Sam sits at the table, his laptop in front of him, when Dean
BURSTS IN.

DEAN
There's been another one. Some guy
just hung himself in his room.

SAM
(flat)
Yeah. I saw.

Dean's rushing, feeling the pressure:

DEAN
We gotta figure this out, and fast.
What'd you find out about Granny?

Sam looks up. A beat.

SAM
You're bossy.

Dean stares at Sam.

DEAN
What?

SAM
You're bossy. And short. And you
have a stupid face.

DEAN
Are you drunk?

SAM
No.
(then)
Yes.

Dean turns and notices for the first time-- the MASS of EMPTY
MINI BOTTLES, on top of the minibar: Scotch, bourbon, vodka.
Dean can't quite believe it.

DEAN

Dude. We're working a case! What has gotten into you?

There's something Sam needs to say. Pained--

SAM

That guy? Who hung himself? I...
I couldn't save him.

DEAN

What are you talking about? You didn't know-- there's nothing you coulda done.

SAM

That's an excuse. I should've found a way to save him.

(then)

I should've saved Ava, too.

DEAN

You can't save everybody. You said it once yourself.

Sam SLAMS his fist on the table hard. A minor drunken outburst.

SAM

No! You don't understand! I have to!! The more people I save, the more I can change!!

DEAN

Change what?

SAM

My destiny!

(again, sorrowful)

... my destiny...

Dean's uncomfortable as hell.

DEAN

Alright, time for bed. Come on, Sasquatch.

He leads Sam to the bed. Sam is becoming increasingly vulnerable. Speaking in a way he'd never speak while sober.

SAM

Dean. I need you to watch out for me.

DEAN

Always do.

Sam suddenly GRIPS Dean's arm tight. INTENSE--

SAM

No! You have to watch out for me.

Sam sits on the bed--

SAM

And if I ever become something... that's not me... you have to kill me.

DEAN

Jesus, Sam!!

SAM

Dad told you to do it. You have to.

A minor outburst of his own--

DEAN

Dad was an ass, okay? He never should've said anything. It's cruel, laying that kinda crap on his kids--

SAM

(quiet)

No. He was right. He was right to say it. Who knows what I might turn into one day.

(beat)

Even now, everyone around me dies.

DEAN

Well, I'm not dying. And neither are you.

SAM

Dean. You're the only one that can do it. Promise.

DEAN

Don't ask me that!

SAM
(intense)
Please. I need you to promise.

Dean and Sam eye each other, both of them tortured. Finally, the hardest two words Dean has ever had to say:

DEAN
... I promise.

Sam releases Dean's arm. Lies down on the bed. *

SAM
Thanks. Thank you.

Sam passes out. Dean looks down at him.

INT. PIERPONT INN - BAR LOUNGE - NIGHT

A mahogany bar... with stools in front. Sherwin, the old bellman, stands behind the bar. He's having a nightcap - a shot of bourbon. The bottle's nearby. Dean enters, still RATTLED by his previous conversation with Sam.

SHERWIN
Finding any good antiques?

DEAN
I got kinda distracted.

SHERWIN
Have a drink.

DEAN
Thanks.
(pours himself a drink)
So that poor guy. Killing himself.

SHERWIN
That kind of thing seems to be going around lately.

DEAN
Yeah. I heard about those other ones. Almost like the hotel is... cursed or something.

He eyes Sherwin closely for a reaction.

SHERWIN
Well. Every hotel's got its spilled blood.
(MORE)

SHERWIN (cont'd)

If people only knew what's gone on
in some of the rooms they've
checked into.

DEAN

You know a lot about this place,
don't you?

SHERWIN

Down to the last nail.

DEAN

I'd love to hear some stories.

SHERWIN

Boy, you should never say that to
an old man.

CUT TO:

CLOSE ON FRAMED PHOTO

A WOMAN, 40s, with her 10-year-old DAUGHTER. They're both
BEAMING at the camera.

SHERWIN (O.S.)

Now here's little Ms. Susan and
Rose. Happier days...

WIDEN TO: SHERWIN AND DEAN, walking through the main lobby.
Sherwin is pointing out various PICTURES on the walls, in the
midst of countless others.

DEAN

They're not happy now?

SHERWIN

How'd you feel, leaving the only
home you knew?

DEAN

Don't know. Never really knew one.

SHERWIN

Well. This is Rose's home. Been
in her family over a century, used
to be the family estate. But now,
she gets to go rot in some senior
living graveyard while they tear
this place to the ground.

*
*

DEAN

That's too bad.
(fishing)
And I heard Rose hasn't been
feeling too well, either.

SHERWIN

(melancholy)
No. She hasn't.

DEAN

What's wrong with her?

SHERWIN

Not my business to say.

Dean notices a CLUSTER of FRAMED PHOTOS, resting on a bureau. He spots a frame, buried in the back, hidden behind the others. But it catches his eye-- and we're about to understand why. He pulls it out, curious.

DEAN

Who's this?

SHERWIN

Rose. When she was a little girl.

INSERT - THE PHOTO of ROSE, age 9... in the lap of an old AFRICAN-AMERICAN WOMAN.

DEAN

And who's this with her?

EXTREME CLOSE ON PHOTO: We see the African-American Woman is wearing a SMALL, easy to miss NECKLACE... with a FIVE-SPOT.

SHERWIN (O.S.)

Rose's nanny, Marie.

BACK TO SHERWIN AND DEAN

SHERWIN

She looked after Rose more than her own mother.

Sam hunches over the toilet. No, we don't see anything gross. Just a nauseous, hurting Sam. Dean enters.

DEAN

(cheerful)

How's it going there, Sammy? I
guess mixing Wild Turkey and
Jägermeister wasn't such a
gangbuster idea. *

Sam looks like he's in hell. Then... Dean asks a LOADED
QUESTION. Hoping like hell that Sam doesn't remember...

DEAN

I bet... you don't remember a thing
from last night?

SAM

(groaning)

I can still taste the Cuervo.

Dean brightens. Practically sighs with relief. He feels
like he's in the clear.

DEAN

You know what's a good hang-over
cure? A nice, greasy pork sandwich
served up in a dirty ashtray.

SAM

I hate you.

DEAN

I know you do.

(then)

So check this: when Grandma Rose
was a tyke, she had a Creole
nanny... with a hoodoo necklace.

SAM

You think she taught Rose hoodoo.

DEAN

Yep. *

Sam stands up. Not too far from Dean--

SAM

I think it's time we had a talk
with Rose.

DEAN

For the love of God, man. Brush
your teeth first.

28 INT. THIRD FLOOR HALLWAY - MORNING 28

With Dean beside him, Sam KNOCKS on the door of the Thompson apartment.

SAM
Hello? Susan?

No answer. Then he picks the lock.

29 INT. THOMPSONS' APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS 29

The DOLLS seem to glare malevolently at Sam and Dean as they walk through the dark main room. Sam opens the door to Rose's room, revealing the STAIRCASE.

The boys CLIMB the NARROW STAIRS, up to--

30 INT. ROSE'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS 30

The brothers enter. It's DIM. GLOOMY. A gray rainy day, the curtains are half closed and the lights are off. But they see...

... an OLD WOMAN, her back to the boys, sitting by the window in a wheelchair, lap and shoulders covered in shawls.

SAM
Mrs. Thompson?
(no answer)
Rose?

The boys step slowly toward the bundled up woman. She still doesn't move or speak. They come forward nervously...

The CAMERA COMES SLOWLY AROUND, REVEALING: ROSE'S WITHERED BODY. Completely FROZEN... except for her EYES. The only things that show she's alive. They're TERRIFIED.

Sam and Dean are startled by these frightened EYES, which follow their every move.

SAM
We're not here to hurt you, it's okay.

The boys back away from Rose and huddle up, conversing quiet--

SAM
This woman's had a stroke.

DEAN

But hoodoo's a hands-on thing. You gotta mix herbs, chant, build an altar--

SAM

(nods, frustrated)
Yeah, so it couldn't be Rose. Who knows, maybe it's not even Hoodoo.

DEAN

(thought occurs to him)
You know, she could be faking it.

SAM

What do you wanna do, poke her with a stick?

Dean gives a comical shrug. Like-- "maybe."

SAM

(loud whisper)
Dude, you're not gonna poke her with a stick!

Suddenly:

SUSAN

What the hell?!

Susan enters, outraged.

SUSAN

What are you doing in here!??

DEAN

Oh, the door was--

SAM

We just wanted to ask Rose about--

But Susan points at Rose's EYES:

SUSAN

Look at her, she's scared out of her wits!

SAM

Ms. Thompson--

SUSAN

I want you out of my hotel in two minutes or I'm calling the cops!

31 EXT. PIERPONT INN - DAY - A MINUTE LATER 31 *

Susan watches, arms folded, still steaming, as Sam and Dean pull away from the inn in their Impala. Then she heads back inside.

32 INT. PIERPONT INN - MAIN LOBBY - CONTINUOUS 32 *

Tyler and Maggie sit across from each other. Tyler holds some JACKS--

MAGGIE

Your turn. Eightsies.

Tyler throws the jacks. Susan enters, frazzled from her confrontation with the brothers.

SUSAN

Have you started packing yet?

TYLER

No.

SUSAN

Why not?

TYLER

I don't want to move.

SUSAN

(trying to be patient)
Yes, I know. But we have to.

TYLER

Maggie says we're not allowed to move.

MAGGIE

Yeah.

Susan's had it. She snaps.

SUSAN

Tyler, enough. Maggie's imaginary.
You're too old to have an imaginary
friend and I'm done pretending!

With that Susan storms off to the dining room.

Maggie turns to Tyler.

MAGGIE
I don't like her.

BLACKOUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

33 EXT. PIERPONT INN - REAR OF BUILDING - DAY 33 *

It's DRIZZLING. Gray and bleak.

WIDE ANGLE (AS IF FROM THE POV OF THE STREET)

In a driveway (perhaps a back driveway, or maybe a side service entrance). Susan DEPOSITS a HEAVY PACKING BOX into the trunk of her Volvo.

A BEAT UP PICK-UP TRUCK motors past Susan, slow. Sherwin, behind the wheel.

SHERWIN

I could lug those boxes for you.

SUSAN

(suppresses a smile)
I got it, Sherwin, thanks.

SHERWIN

Okay then. See you later.

Sherwin's pick-up motors down the driveway, leaving.

Susan slams her trunk shut.

34 INT. THOMPSONS' APARTMENT - DAY 34

Tyler plays on the floor. She WINDS UP an antique MILITARY DRUMMER DOLL and sets it down. The doll immediately starts DRUMMING and MARCHING. She's so fixated on her toy, that she doesn't notice, behind her...

THE DOLLHOUSE. There's a landscape spread out around it. Trees, shrubs-- like from a train set. And there's also a DOLLHOUSE PLAYGROUND.

EXTREME CLOSE-UP: the SWINGS on the TOY SWING SET, for no apparent reason, begin to SWAY.

35 EXT. PIERPONT INN - REAR OF BUILDING - DAY 35 *

Susan heads back toward the house. The cold WIND SWIRLS around her; she pulls her coat tighter. As she walks... she slows... she suddenly hears an odd, RUSTY, JANGLING NOISE. She turns--

ON THE LAWN. THE SWINGS. They're swinging, by themselves, for no apparent reason.

(CONTINUED)

35

Susan. Watching, perplexed. That's strange. Is it the wind? Then... she reacts to--

The RUSTED TEETER-TOTTER. Abruptly begins to RAISE and LOWER, RAISE and LOWER.

36

INT. THOMPSONS' APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS 36

Tyler HEARS a small SQUEAKING noise. She investigates, then spots something, reacts. She watches, bewildered, as the DOLLHOUSE PLAYGROUND TEETER-TOTTER raises and lowers--

37

EXT. PIERPONT INN - REAR OF BUILDING - CONTINUOUS 37 *

Susan walks onto the lawn, curious (we're shouting at her-- NO! DON'T!). Towards the playground equipment.

38

THE VOLVO 38

Parked in the driveway. Still.

INSERT - INSIDE HER VOLVO. Susan doesn't notice... but the CAR'S ENGINE REVS to LIFE. All by itself. We SEE the RPM NEEDLE swing up the dial.

39

ON THE LAWN 39

Tentatively, Susan reaches out her hand and puts it on the TEETER-TOTTER, which is still rocking...

Suddenly: CREAK! Susan jumps and turns - the SMALL MERRY-GO-ROUND (nothing too fancy-- just a rotating disk with bars) is coming to life, SPINNING around and around. Faster and faster.

Susan stands there, bewildered and afraid, as the SWINGS SWING, as the TEETER-TOTTER ROCKS, as the MERRY-GO-ROUND SPINS... all increasing speed, building to a MANIC crescendo!

SUSAN

(whisper to herself)

... what the hell?

Suddenly, she hears something else-- a CAR ENGINE. She pivots-- to see her VOLVO-- CHARGING HER, ACROSS the LAWN at FULL SPEED!! NO ONE BEHIND THE WHEEL!! She GASPS!

ANGLE - INSIDE THE VOLVO. Susan turns and SPRINTS! But the Volvo's moving fast, right on top on her! She's DONE FOR!

ANGLE - OUTSIDE THE VOLVO. It's just about to run her down, when, thank God--

(CONTINUED)

SAM DIVES at Susan... They BOTH GO ROLLING OUT OF THE WAY at the LAST POSSIBLE SECOND.

SMASH! The Volvo SLAMS into the SWING SET... decimating it... before the swing set drags the car to an impotent, pitiful stop.

Susan. On the grass, with Sam. She's in shock. Just as Dean races up, eyes peeled for any further dangers.

SAM

You okay?

SUSAN

I... I think so...

DEAN

Come on, let's get inside.

He and Sam pull Susan up. They hurry her away from the playground. They make it INSIDE and SHUT the DOOR on the HOWLING WIND.

INT. PIERPONT INN - BAR LOUNGE - DAY

Sam and Dean help Susan into the room, sit her down. She looks up at them, then looks over to the bar. Breathless--

SUSAN

Whiskey.

SAM

Yeah. I know the feeling.

Sam understands immediately... heads over to get her a glass and bottle. As he does--

SUSAN

What the hell happened out there??

Sam sets the bottle in front of her--

DEAN

You want the truth?

SUSAN

Of course!

DEAN

Well, first we thought there was some kinda hoodoo curse going on.

(MORE)

DEAN (cont'd)

But that out there? That was
definitely a spirit.

She looks at Dean a long beat. Then pours a shot and downs
it in one fell swoop. Her voice is RASPY from the burn--

SUSAN

You're insane.

DEAN

It's been said.

Sam steps up. Talking quickly to Dean.

SAM

Sorry, Susan. We don't exactly
have time to ease you into this--
when did your mother have the
stroke?

SUSAN

What's that have to do with--

SAM

Please, just answer the question.

SUSAN

About a month ago.

SAM

(nods, suspicion
confirmed)
Right before the killings began.
(to Dean)
So what if Rose was working
hoodoo... but not to hurt anyone.
To protect them.

DEAN

(gets it)
Rose's been using those five-spot
urns to ward off the spirit.

SAM

Until she had a stroke, couldn't do
it anymore. And now it's back.

SUSAN

I don't believe this--

DEAN

Look, sister, that car didn't run
you down by itself.

(MORE)

DEAN (cont'd)

(beat)

Well, I mean, it did, technically,
but the spirit, it controls--

(gives up)

Ah, just forget it.

SAM

(to Susan)

Look, believe what you want. But
fact is, you and your family are in
danger. You gotta get everybody
out of here. Employees, your
mother, your daughters, everyone.

SUSAN

(exhausted at all this)

Um... I only have one daughter.

Sam and Dean are thrown.

SAM

One?

DEAN

I thought Tyler had a sister...
Maggie?

SUSAN

Maggie's imaginary.

Sam and Dean give each other a look - oh shit.

SAM

Where's Tyler?

41 INT. ROSE'S ROOM - DAY

41

CLOSE ON ROSE. In her wheelchair. Her face is FROZEN, but
her eyes are OPEN and WILD with FEAR...

WIDE ANGLE. She sits. Helpless. As Maggie stands directly
in front of her. It's creepy as hell.

A long beat. Maggie just looks at Rose. Amused at Rose's
helplessness. Another beat, before Maggie speaks, almost
PLAYFUL--

MAGGIE

She's going to stay here with me.
And you can't stop me. There's
nothing you can do about it.

Just then... Tyler STEPS into the room--

TYLER

Maggie. You're not supposed to
bother Grandma.

MAGGIE

(eyes on Rose)

I know. C'mon. Let's go play.

Maggie walks over to Tyler. Gives her the sweetest, most
innocent smile. Then leads Tyler by the hand...

TYLER

Can we have a tea party?

MAGGIE

We can have lots of tea parties.
Forever and ever and ever.

CLOSE ON ROSE. EYES WIDE, panicking, frantic, helpless to
stop the tragedy-- a single tear rolls down her face--

As Maggie leads Tyler down the steps in the B.G.--

BLACKOUT!

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

42 INT. THIRD FLOOR HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER 42

Susan, Sam and Dean tear down the hall. Susan throws open the door to the apartment--

SUSAN
(shouts)
Tyler?!

43 INT. THOMPSONS' APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS 43

Susan and the brothers run inside and find... Holy shit. The floor is littered with DOLL CORPSES. (Not all of 'em... but a lot). PORCELAIN and WOODEN DOLLS are SHATTERED into bits and pieces. Some CLOTH DOLLS are SLASHED in the neck and chest and their insides are spilling out.

It's like some kid had the most horrible, vicious temper tantrum ever and tore the shit out of everything.

SUSAN
Oh my God. Tyler!

No response. Susan quickly runs UP INTO Rose's room, as Sam and Dean check the DOORS and CLOSETS of the main room. Nothing. They TRADE LOOKS-- this isn't good. This isn't good at all.

SUSAN (O.S.)
Tyler!!

Then... coming back down the stairs--

SUSAN (O.S.)
She's not here!!

As she emerges back into the room--

SAM
Susan. Tell us what you know about Maggie.

Susan tries to pull herself together:

SUSAN
Not much. Tyler's been talking about her since Mom got sick.

SAM
Where'd Tyler get the name? Did you ever know anyone named Maggie?

SUSAN

No...

DEAN

Think. Someone who might've lived here. Someone who passed away--

SUSAN

(beat; then a light bulb)
Oh God. My Mom. My Mom had a sister, Margaret. I mean, she barely spoke about her, but...

*

*

SAM

Margaret died when she was a girl?

SUSAN

(nods)
She drowned in the pool.

Sam and Dean look at each other - they instantly have the same thought--

DEAN

Come on.

-- and they RACE OUT THE DOOR.

44

INT. POOL PAVILION - DAY

44

An atmospheric INDOOR POOL PAVILION. Cavernous building... the roof is fashioned from glass. There's a pool, blanketed with that PLASTIC POOL-COVER SHEET.

And OVERHEAD... a SECOND STORY WALKWAY circles the pool room. Overlooking the pool.

There's an ORNATE RAILING on the second-story walkway. And Maggie and Tyler stand on the WRONG SIDE of the railing. Gripping the BARS. Precariously balanced over the water--

Tyler's frightened.

TYLER

... I don't like it up here. I'm scared.

*

*

MAGGIE

(gentle)
It's okay. All you have to do is jump.

(CONTINUED)

TYLER

I can't swim.

MAGGIE

I know. But it won't hurt, I promise. And then we can be together. Forever. No one will take you away from me.

TYLER

Why don't you just come with me and Mommy?

MAGGIE

'Cause I can't leave here. And you can't leave me.

(sad, vulnerable)

Please. I don't want to be alone.

45

EXT. POOL PAVILION - DAY

45

Sam, Dean, and Susan CHARGE HARD across the lawn, to the pool pavilion. They reach the GLASS DOORS-- which open onto the SECOND LEVEL WALKWAY. They TRY the DOORS-- they're LOCKED TIGHT. They RATTLE them furiously--

SUSAN

Tyler!!

INSIDE, they can SEE Tyler, against the railing, wobbling. (She seems all by herself).

Tyler hears Susan... turns back around to look at her--

TYLER

(muffled through glass)

Mommy...

46

INT. POOL PAVILION - DAY

46

Now we're inside with Tyler, and suddenly, THERE'S Maggie again, beside Tyler-- as if she was there the whole time. (NOTE: from our heroes' point of view, they can't see Maggie. But Tyler can.)

Maggie REACHES OUT-- GRIPS Tyler's ARM-- and VIOLENTLY WRENCHES HER FROM THE RAILING--

Tyler SCREAMS as she FALLS into the pool... immediately entangling in the PLASTIC POOL COVER!

47 EXT. POOL PAVILION - DAY

47

SUSAN

TYLER!

Sam and Dean KICK at the door-- NO GOOD.

DEAN

Damn, what's with this glass??

(to Susan)

Is there another entrance?

SUSAN

Around back!

DEAN

(to Sam)

You keep trying.

(to Susan)

Come on!

Susan and Dean race for the other entrance--

48 INT. POOL PAVILION - DAY

48

Tyler, flailing, manages to claw her way up to the surface. She GASPS, water sputtering from her lips. When suddenly--

CAMERA REVEALS-- Maggie, standing in the water, right beside Tyler. Up to her mid-torso. She PRESSES Tyler's FACE UNDER THE WATER--

ANGLE - LOOKING DOWN

Tyler struggling, to no avail, gripping the granite-strong arm that holds her, BY THE NECK, beneath the water. *

ANGLE - LOOKING UP

At Maggie. She looks down at Tyler with love, sympathy--

MAGGIE

It'll be over soon.

49 EXT. POOL PAVILION - DAY

49

AT THE BACK DOOR. Dean and Susan reach the second entrance. This one is LOCKED TIGHT, as well, from supernatural forces. Dean KICKS down the door, like he has a million times before. But this time-- it doesn't budge. And, a half-beat of humor--

(CONTINUED)

DEAN

OW!

50

EXT. POOL PAVILION - DAY

50

Sam has rustled up a sturdy metal PATIO CHAIR from somewhere. And he SWINGS it into the GLASS DOOR. CRACK! For the first time, the GLASS DOOR SPIDERWEBS. But it's not open yet. Sam SWINGS again!

51

INT. POOL PAVILION - DAY

51

Maggie. Arm outstretched-- holding Tyler beneath the water. A beat... then Maggie LIFTS HER HEAD SLOWLY, as if she's hearing something, coming from the second story.

ANOTHER BEAT... and then suddenly Maggie VANISHES.

Tyler. She's not held down any more... she fights her way up to the surface... coughs and gags... but she's too weak... so she slips back beneath the water... losing consciousness.

52

INT./EXT. POOL PAVILION - DAY

52

Sam FINALLY SMASHES through the glass. He TOSSES the chair aside, RACES IN, and WITHOUT HESITATION, VAULTS OVER the second-story railing, into the POOL!

He FIGHTS through the plastic wrap, which is BUNCHED everywhere like tentacles... until he reaches Tyler!

Quickly, he SNATCHES her, hurries to the pool side, and LAYS TYLER OUT.

A nail-biting beat... she's pale, still...

Until she SPITS OUT SOME WATER... gasping for breath... coming to life...

Relief washes over Sam's face...

As Dean and Susan race in--

SUSAN

Tyler!!

She FALLS to her knees, grabs her daughter, holds her for dear life--

SUSAN

Thank God, thank God.

Tyler COUGHS, weak... but alive. A FAINT whisper--

TYLER
... mommy...?

SUSAN
(tears streaming)
Yeah, baby. I'm here.

Sam crouches down beside them-- to Tyler, GENTLY--

SAM
Tyler? Do you see Maggie?

Tyler looks around, confused... but relieved.

TYLER
She's gone.

INT. ROSE'S ROOM - DAY

Maggie stands in front of Rose.

MAGGIE
You'd really do that for me?
(listens)
Yes. If you did, I'd let them go.

ON ROSE'S WIDE... but ACCEPTING... EYES.

MAGGIE
But I don't understand. You kept
me away for so long. I thought you
didn't love me anymore.

Rose keeps staring at Maggie, blank expression. Maggie
listens... then nods and gives Rose a soft smile.

MAGGIE
Okay, little sister.

She slowly reaches out her hand and TOUCHES Rose's face...

INT. THOMPSONS' APARTMENT - A LITTLE LATER

Susan leads a wet, clingy Tyler by the hand into the
apartment. Susan doesn't ever want to let her go. Sam and
Dean enter right behind them, keeping watch.

SUSAN

Don't worry, honey, we're leaving
in two minutes, we just gotta get
Grandma.

Susan and Tyler head up the stairs into Rose's room. As Sam
and Dean quietly converse--

DEAN

I don't get it. Did Maggie just
stop?

SAM

Seems like it.

DEAN

But where'd she go?

Suddenly... down from Rose's room... Susan SCREAMS.

Sam and Dean run up the stairway...

INT. ROSE'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Sam and Dean enter the room, reacting to--

Tyler's face is BURIED against Susan, who holds her daughter
tight, looking horrified at--

ROSE. Head flopped back in her wheelchair. Eyes glassy.
Mouth slack. Dead.

BLACKOUT.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

56

EXT. PIERPONT INN - DAY

56 *

The EMT's, Coroner, and Cops are back. They're taking ROSE'S COVERED BODY away in the Coroner's van.

Susan watches, holding Tyler's hand. Sam and Dean walk up, join them.

SUSAN

The paramedics said it was another stroke.

Sam and Dean nod, grim. Sam seems especially bothered--

SUSAN

You think... Margaret could've had something to do with it...?

DEAN

We don't know.

SAM

But yeah, it's possible. I'm sorry, Susan.

Susan gives him a tender look. Earnest.

SUSAN

You have nothing to apologize for. You've given me everything.

Sam nods his warm appreciation. Then--

SUSAN

You ready to go, kiddo?

TYLER

Yeah.

DEAN

Tyler. You're sure Maggie's not here anymore?

TYLER

I'm sure. I'd see her.

DEAN

(looks over to Sam)
I guess whatever's going on... it must be over.

(CONTINUED)

SAM

You two take care of yourselves.

He sticks out his hand; Susan grabs it and hugs him close.

SUSAN

Thank you...

She pulls away. Looks at Dean--

SUSAN

... both of you.

Susan and Tyler climb into a cab and drive off. Sam and Dean walk toward the Impala.

DEAN

Dude. You could totally hook up some MILF action--

(off Sam's look)

I'm just saying... I think she likes you.

SAM

(bit moody)

Yeah, that's all she needs.

Dean tries to keep things bright and optimistic--

DEAN

First you save the Mom, then the daughter. Not a bad day.

(beat)

'Course I coulda saved 'em myself, but I didn't want you to feel useless.

SAM

Appreciate it.

DEAN

Feels good, gettin' back in the saddle, doesn't it?

Sam turns to Dean.

SAM

It does. But it doesn't change what we talked about last night.

DEAN

(evading)

... We talked about all kinds of things.

SAM

You know what I mean.

DEAN

You were totally wasted.

SAM

But you weren't.

(beat)

And you promised.

Sam gets in the car. Dean gets in too. He turns to Sam as if to say something, but for once he's at a loss for words. Dean REVS the engine.

The brothers ZOOM OFF in the Impala...

But the CAMERA doesn't follow them. Instead it TURNS TO THE HOTEL.

We PUSH IN THROUGH THE OPEN FRONT DOOR, as in *The Shining*.

57

INT. PIERPONT INN - VARIOUS - DAY

57

*

We PUSH THROUGH the abandoned LOBBY. Slow. Past the curios on table tops. Past the period PHOTOS on the walls...

CLOSE ON: we MOVE PAST the photo of young Rose, 9, in her Creole nanny's lap...

CUT TO:

57A

INT. PIERPONT INN - HALLWAYS - DAY

57A

*

We MOVE THROUGH EMPTY HALLS... long, quiet, creepy beats. Until--

We begin to HEAR something. The silver tinkle of GIRLS' LAUGHTER--

We APPROACH the Thompson family APARTMENT. The door is open, and we round the corner, entering. REVEALING...

58

INT. THOMPSONS' APARTMENT - DAY

58

TWO PALE LITTLE GIRLS... Rose, 9, looking exactly like she did in the old photo, and Maggie... playing JUMP ROPE.

(CONTINUED)

They're standing side by side, jumping in rhythm and COUNTING TOGETHER:

ROSE AND MAGGIE
... eleven... twelve... thirteen...

NOW THE CAMERA PULLS BACK AGAIN. ON THE TWO LITTLE GIRLS, together... forever...

BLACKOUT.

TO BE CONTINUED...