

SUPERNATURAL

Episode #304

"Sin City"

Written by

Robert Singer & Jeremy Carver

Directed by

Charles Beeson

EXECUTIVE PRODUCERS

Eric Kripke
McG
Robert Singer
Kim Manners

PRODUCERS

Ben Edlund
Phil Sgriccia
Cyrus Yavneh
Peter Johnson
Sera Gamble

PRODUCTION DRAFT - WHITE

08/09/07

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Episode #304

"Sin City"

REVISION HISTORY

Revision	Date	Revised Pages
Production Draft - White	08/09/07	Full Script

Shared by SPN Script Hunt NOT FOR RESALE

CAST LIST

SAM WINCHESTER
DEAN WINCHESTER

JARED PADALECKI
JENSEN ACKLES

BOBBY SINGER
RUBY

JIM BEAVER
KATIE CASSIDY

NUN
FATHER GIL
ANDY JOHNSON
RICHIE
CHERYL (NS)*
CASEY
REGGIE MAYNARD
JOHN (NS)
COP
WOMAN AT BAR
TROTTER
MAX (NS)
BARTENDER

* Notes:

CHERYL is now non-speaking.

LOCATION REPORT

<u>INT.</u>		
INT. CHURCH - NIGHT (DAY 1)		P.1
INT. BOBBY'S WORKSHOP - DAY (DAY 2)		P.3
INT. CHURCH - DAY		P.5
INT. HOTEL - ROOM - DAY		P.7
INT. TROTTER'S BAR - NIGHT		P.10
INT. TROTTER'S BAR - NIGHT		P.13
INT. MANSION - BASEMENT STAIRWELL - NIGHT		P.15
INT. MANSION - BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS		P.15
INT. TROTTER'S BAR - NEXT DAY (DAY 3)		P.16
INT. TROTTER'S OFFICE - HALLWAY - THAT NIGHT		P.18
INT. IMPALA - NIGHT - INTERCUT		P.18
INT. TROTTER'S OFFICE - HALLWAY - NIGHT - SAME TIME		P.19
INT. TROTTER'S BAR - NIGHT		P.19
INT. TROTTER'S OFFICE - NIGHT		P.20
INT. MANSION - BASEMENT - NIGHT		P.22
INT. MANSION - BASEMENT - NIGHT		P.24
INT. TROTTER'S BAR - NIGHT		P.26
INT. MANSION - BASEMENT - NIGHT		P.27
INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT		P.29
INT. MANSION - BASEMENT - NIGHT		P.29
INT. TROTTER'S BAR - NIGHT		P.30
INT. MANSION - BASEMENT - NIGHT		P.31
INT. TROTTER'S BAR - NIGHT		P.33
INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT		P.35
INT. FATHER GIL'S CAR - NIGHT		P.36
INT. MANSION - BASEMENT - NIGHT		P.36
INT. MANSION - BASEMENT - NIGHT		P.38
INT. MANSION - BASEMENT - NIGHT		P.40
INT. HOTEL - ROOM - DAY		P.44
<u>EXT.</u>		
EXT. TWO-LANE HIGHWAY - DAY		P.5
EXT. TOWN SQUARE - DAY		P.5
EXT. MANSION - NIGHT		P.14
EXT. SINGER'S AUTO SALVAGE - DAY		P.16
EXT. MANSION - ESTABLISHING - NIGHT		P.22
EXT. MANSION - NIGHT		P.38
EXT. MANSION - NIGHT		P.39
EXT. ELIZABETHVILLE - MAIN STREET - DAY (DAY 4)		P.43

SUPERNATURAL
"Sin City"

TEASER

1 INT. CHURCH - NIGHT (DAY 1)

1 *

SUPER TITLE: ELIZABETHVILLE, OHIO

It's late. Candles flicker in the sanctuary as a NUN makes her final rounds for the night. She smiles to herself as she slots prayer books into pew backs, at peace with her work, when...

A DARKENED SHAPE passes behind her...

She turns, nervous.

NUN

Father?

But no one is there. Spooked, she slots prayer books with an urgency, wanting to finish as fast as possible. She works her way to the end of the row and walks directly into--

FATHER GIL! Jump scare. He smiles warmly down at her.

FATHER GIL

That's all for tonight, Sister.
Come on, I'll walk you to your car.

The Nun nods, relieved. She and Father Gil move up the aisle to the front door, neither noticing

THE MAN

sitting behind them in the PEWS. Gaunt, disheveled, eyes vacant. ANDY JOHNSON. He calls out in an eerie wail...

ANDY

Fatherrrr...

Father Gil turns. He knows this man.

FATHER GIL

Andy? What are you doing here?

ANDY

It has to stop, Father.

FATHER GIL

What are you talking about?

(CONTINUED)

"Sin City" Production Draft - White 08/09/07 2.
1 CONTINUED: 1

Andy stands, raises a GUN, juts it into the soft spot beneath his chin...

ANDY
It has to stop.

FATHER GIL
Wait!

BOOM! Andy blows his head off, BLOOD SPLATTERS against the STAINED GLASS. Father Gil pulls up in shock. Behind him, the Nun emits a BLOODCURDLING SCREAM...

BLACKOUT!

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

2 INT. BOBBY'S WORKSHOP - DAY (DAY 2)

2 *

Dean and Bobby toil at workbenches. Dean organizes a PILE of SILVER BULLETS into a tray. Bobby examines a TRIGGER MECHANISM under a MAGNIFYING GLASS. Sam enters, carrying a mess of newspapers and computer printouts.

SAM

Hey.

DEAN

You got that scrunchy, serious look. What's up?

SAM

Might've found some Omens in Ohio. Dry lightning, barometric pressure drop.

DEAN

Thrilling.

SAM

(dry)

Oh, yeah, plus some guy blows his head off in a church, another goes postal in a hobby shop before the cops take him out. Could be demon activity...

DEAN

Could be suicide and a psycho scrapbooker.

SAM

Maybe. But it's the first real lead since Lincoln.

DEAN

So where in Ohio?

SAM

Elizabethville. Half-dead factory town, in the rust belt.

DEAN

Man. There must be a demon or two in South Beach.

(CONTINUED)

SAM

Sorry, Hef. Maybe next time.
(to Bobby)
So how's it going?

BOBBY

(grumpy)
Slow.

CAMERA REVEALS the COLT... the freakin' Demon-Killing Colt...
completely disassembled.

DEAN

Tell ya, it's kind of sad to see
the Colt like that.

BOBBY

Hey, only thing it's good for now
is seeing what makes it tick. *

SAM

So what makes it tick?

Bobby takes a long, avuncular beat. Levels a deadly glare.

BOBBY

Don't rush me, boy, I'm working on
it.

As much to needle Bobby as anything, Dean asks:

DEAN

So, if we wanted to check out those
omens in Ohio...
(re: the gun)
... what are the chances of having
that thing done by this afternoon?

Bobby, in no mood, fixes Dean with a stare.

BOBBY

Won't kill demons by then... but I
can promise it'll kill you.

Dean holds his hands up in mock surrender.

DEAN

Okay, okay.
(to Sam)
C'mon, we're burning daylight. *

As the boys turn to go... *

"Sin City" Production Draft - White 08/09/07 5.
2 CONTINUED: (2) 2

BOBBY
Hey-- you run into anything,
anything... you call me.

Off their agreement,

3 EXT. TWO-LANE HIGHWAY - DAY 3

The Impala WHIPS past a highway sign-- **Elizabethville, 6mi.**

4 EXT. TOWN SQUARE - DAY 4 *

Elizabethville is hopping. Not quite Mardi Gras... but close. The Impala pulls to a stop as Dean stares out the window in delighted amazement.

DEAN
Thought you said this was some
boarded-up factory town?

SAM
It is. At least... it's supposed
to be.

They exit the car as THREE ATTRACTIVE WOMEN walk by with go-cups full of booze. Dean watches them go, turns to Sam with a huge, shit-eating grin. *

DEAN
The hell we waiting for, let's
investigate!

5 INT. CHURCH - DAY 5

Dean and Sam follow Father Gil down the church aisle. They wear jackets and ties. The Father is a down-to-earth, likeable guy.

FATHER GIL
I'm not sure what's left for the
insurance company. It was suicide.
Saw it myself.

DEAN
This shouldn't take more than a
minute, then.

Father Gil gestures at a pew.

FATHER GIL
Well, this is where he did it.
Andy sat here most Sundays...
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

FATHER GIL (cont'd)
before he stopped coming to church
that is.

SAM
When was that?

FATHER GIL
Oh, probably about two months ago.
Right around the time everything
else started to change.

SAM
Change how?

FATHER GIL
Let's just say this used to be a
town to be proud of. People cared
about one another.
(takes a beat)
Andy sang in the church choir.
Then one day... he just wasn't Andy
anymore. It was like he was...

SAM
... possessed?

FATHER GIL
(thinks a beat)
You could say that. Gambled his
money away, cheated on his wife,
destroyed his business... yeah.
Like a switch flipped.

Dean and Sam share a look.

SAM
Did you know the man who killed
those folks in the hobby shop?

FATHER GIL
Sure. Tony Perkins. Good man.

SAM
Did his personality suddenly change
one day too?

FATHER GIL
You know, I never really thought
about it that way, but... yes.
About the same time as Andy. Two
months ago.

The boys exchange looks.

DEAN
Okay. Thanks, padre.

The boys walk back up the aisle. Sam says to Dean, under his
breath, so no one else hears--

SAM
Two months ago we opened the
Devil's Gate... and suddenly this
town turns into Margaritaville?
That's no coincidence.

6 OMIT 6 *

7 INT. HOTEL - ROOM - DAY 7

We're INSIDE the room. The door unlocks, Sam and Dean enter--
As we see-- a MAN EXITS his room DIRECTLY ACROSS THE HALL,
followed by a scantily-clad PROSTITUTE. Dean spots him.

DEAN
You gotta be kidding me. Richie?

The Man turns, we get a better look. Late 20's, a Hunter
straight outta the Jersey Shore... it's RICHIE.

RICHIE
Hey. Dean Winchester.
(re: the hooker)
My sister, Cheryl.

Richie peels off some bills, hands them to Cheryl. She
stuffs them in her bra, takes off. Richie turns back to the
boys. Gives them a shit-eating smile and a shrug.

RICHIE
Step-sister.

Sam looks at Dean. Seriously? As they all enter the boys'
motel room--

SAM
How do you two know each other?

DEAN
You were at school.

RICHIE
It was that succubus in Canarsie,
right?
(to Sam)
(MORE)

RICHIE (cont'd)
You had to see the cans on this
broad... freakin' tragedy when I
had to gank her.

DEAN
I'm sorry-- who killed her? Your
ass was mulch if it wasn't for me.

RICHIE
(playing it off)
Forgot what a comedian this guy
was.

DEAN
(not amused)
Richie, I told you then and I'll
tell you now. You're not cut out
for this job. You're just gonna
get yourself killed. *

RICHIE *

Whoa, hey, Winchester. Words hurt. *

DEAN
Well... have you at least found
anything in town?

Richie's HIGH TECH PHONE BEEPS. He takes it out, begins *
typing a text message. Barely paying attention to the boys. *

RICHIE
As in demons and whatnot?

SAM
Yeah.

RICHIE
Yeah. Of course. I mean, I--
(then)
I got nothing.

DEAN
Typical.
(re: the hooker)
What about your sister back there?

Richie re-pockets the cell. *

RICHIE
Honestly? She definitely had the
Devil in her... but she wasn't no
demon, know what I'm saying?

Richie chuckles... until he realizes Sam and Dean don't.

RICHIE

Seriously, church guy and hobby shop guy were lunch meat by the time I got to 'em. Maybe they were possessed, I can't prove it. *

SAM

Okay, that's where we are too.
(thinks a beat)
So say Demons are possessing people around town, raising hell--

DEAN

Yeah, but it's weird. Why would a Demon blow his own brains out?

RICHIE

(a theory)
For fun? I mean, he wrecks one body, just moves to another. Like taking a stolen car on a joyride.

Sam and Dean consider this a beat. Maybe.

DEAN

(to Richie)
Anybody else in town fit the profile? Nice guy turned douche... who's still breathing?

RICHIE

There's Trotter.

DEAN

Who's he?

RICHIE

Used to be head of the rotary club. People say he turned bastard all of a sudden. Brought in the gambling, the hookers... he practically owns the whole town.

DEAN

Know where can we find him?

RICHIE

Sure. Should be at his bar in a few hours.

8 INT. TROTTER'S BAR - NIGHT 8

Boisterous bar, beautiful, sexy crowd. Some people doing body shots, other people making out, others playing cards in the corner. Not hundreds of people-- maybe 40 to 50, if we can swing it. Think "Coyote Ugly." *

Sam and Dean move through the crowd to the bar. Dean, loving every inch of this place. Richie appears in front of them. Appropriately cheesy shirt.

DEAN

Richie, look at you. Bringing satin back.

RICHIE

Try Thai Silk. Canal Street. You'd hafta pay 300, easy, for threads like these. Cost to me? Fugeddaboudit. *

SAM

How much is Fugeddaboudit?

RICHIE

Fugeddaboudit.
(pointing)
That's Trotter back there.

Sam and Dean look. TROTTER, 60s, is a wretched-looking man dressed all in black. A miser if there ever was one. Next to him sits MAX, his hulking bodyguard.

RICHIE

He sits there all night. You can't touch him.

SAM

Okay, so now what?

Dean nods toward the VERY ATTRACTIVE BARTENDER. CASEY.

DEAN

I don't know about you but I'm gonna do a little investigating with that bartender.

RICHIE

(a warning)
Easy. Me and her got a little something something worked out for later.

(CONTINUED)

DEAN

Yeah, right.

RICHIE

Stings, don't it? Aight, I gotta
hit the head, release a hostage.
Back in a few.

Richie takes off. Sam and Dean belly up to the bar.

DEAN

No way he scores a girl like her.
Look at her. You could fit that
ass on a nickel.

The man next to them at the bar turns with a smile. It's
Father Gil.

FATHER GIL

You think so, huh?

DEAN

Oh. Um. Sorry, padre.

FATHER GIL

Knew you boys would find your way
here. They all do.

SAM

No offense, Father, but... why are
you here?

FATHER GIL

Like it or not, you go where your
flock is.

Casey comes over. She's overheard some.

CASEY

(teasing)
Plus the clergy drinks for free.

FATHER GIL

True. But only because a certain
bartender owes me confession.

CASEY

Not in this lifetime, Father.

Father Gil knocks back his shot. Stands.

FATHER GIL
(to Casey)
I better see your butt on Sunday.
(for Dean's benefit)
Nickel or no nickel.

Dean looks chastised. Father Gil takes off.

CASEY
What can I get you boys?

DEAN
(turning it on)
What's your specialty? *

CASEY
(she's attracted to Dean)
I make a mean Hurricane. *

DEAN
Then that's what I'll have. *

Casey steps away. Sam throws a look to Dean.

SAM
You drink Hurricanes? *

DEAN
I do now.

SAM
Never took you for a Girl Drink
Drunk.

Dean only grins. Sam shakes his head... looks out across...

THE BAR *

Where party folks laugh, throw back shots... except for ONE. *
A MAN shuffles zombie-like through the crowd. This is REGGIE *
MAYNARD. He holds a PISTOL at his side...

SAM

Spies him. Pulls at Dean's shirt.

SAM
Hey.

Dean pivots, follows Sam's gaze. Holy shit. They dive into
the crowd as...

REGGIE

(CONTINUED)

Stops in front of another MAN sitting at a table. Taps him on the shoulder. Speaks to him in a spaced-out monotone.

REGGIE

Hey, John.

JOHN turns, just as Reggie raises the pistol...

SAM

No!

... BAM! Reggie shoots John between the eyes-- BLOOD SPLATTERS-- and CHAOS breaks out... PEOPLE SCREAM and run every which way... Reggie jabs the gun beneath his chin to shoot himself when... UMMPH! Dean tackles him to the ground!

Reggie flails and SCREAMS like a banshee as Dean pries the gun from his hands and holds him down... as Sam pulls out a FLASK of HOLY WATER.

Sam shakes water onto Reggie's writhing chest... but nothing happens. So Sam does it again and... nothing. But the water does snap Reggie back into reality... and his body goes slack with defeat.

REGGIE

(crying)

He slept with my wife... the
bastard slept with my wife...

DEAN

(yelling)

Somebody call 9-1-1!

Sam looks out to the crowd. As all rush for the exits, one man stands against the tide, face full of disgust. Trotter. Now he turns, fixes on Sam with an icy glare.

9 INT. TROTTER'S BAR - NIGHT 9 *

Aftermath. Cops interview a few witnesses. Others inspect the outlined murder scene. Reggie is in cuffs. *

Sam and Dean watch this from the corner, uneasy. *

SAM

All these cops, man. I say we
bolt.

DEAN

Just be cool.

Reggie is led past them to the door. A broken man. *

DEAN
Poor jerk. Only thing possessing
him was a sixer of Pabst.

SAM
So what is this then? These people
getting possessed or not?

DEAN
Maybe it's just what it is. Town
full of scumbags.

SAM
Maybe.

As they ponder, a COP approaches.

COP
Boys ready for your mug shots? *
(he smiles)
Photographer'll be around in a few,
take your pictures for the local *
paper. You're heroes.

Dean flashes thumbs up and a smile.

DEAN
Be an honor, officer. What a
thrill.

The Cop moves off... and Dean and Sam move for the door *
themselves... when Dean suddenly stops. *

SAM
What?

DEAN
Where's Richie?

10 EXT. MANSION - NIGHT 10 *

A gloomy Gothic STONE MANSION. Richie's car parked in the *
driveway. He and Casey climb out. He takes in the estate, *
lets out a low whistle. *

RICHIE
How's a bartender afford a place
like this?

CASEY
My parents left it to me. I don't
come out here much. Mostly when I
want to be alone.

11 INT. MANSION - BASEMENT STAIRWELL - NIGHT 11 *

Casey leads Richie down. It's creepier now. Rickety.
Richie's getting slightly more spooked.

RICHIE

Huh. It's... charming. *

(then) *

You sure you wouldn't be more
comfortable in a bedroom? Or my
hotel room? Not for nothing... I
got oils.

CASEY

But I have toys.

Richie debates himself for about a nanosecond.

RICHIE

Yeah, okay. Toys trump oils.

As they walk into--

12 INT. MANSION - BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS 12

More like a catacomb. Candles everywhere, dark recesses, an
enormous ORIENTAL RUG covers most of the floor. Horny as he
is, Richie's instincts start to tingle...

RICHIE

You don't get scared down here all
by yourself?

CASEY

Course not. Not when I've got a
hunter to protect me.

And her eyes FLASH BLACK. She's a demon!

Richie rips a BUCK KNIFE from an ANKLE SHEATH... charges
Casey... hammers the knife down for the kill... But Casey
catches his knife arm... slams his forearm onto her knee and
the blade clatters away... RICHIE SCREAMS in agony... *

Casey grabs his head with both hands... TWISTS IT with a
sickening SNAP... and Richie crumples lifelessly to the
ground.

BLACKOUT!

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

13 INT. TROTTER'S BAR - NEXT DAY (DAY 3) 13 *

Sam, carrying two beers, approaches a table, where Dean sits, ignoring his hamburger.

SAM
(concerned)

You do realize there's red meat
within striking distance, right?

DEAN

How many times did I tell Richie he
was gonna get himself in trouble?

SAM

You're assuming he's missing.
Maybe he just bailed.

DEAN

The guy's a moron, a sweet moron,
but he's no coward. He wouldn't
bail. I gotta find him.

SAM

Okay. Meantime, I think I'm gonna
trail that Trotter guy.

DEAN

Yeah?

SAM

The way he looked at me last night,
I dunno, maybe something is going
on here.

Off Dean, agreeing--

14 EXT. SINGER'S AUTO SALVAGE - DAY 14

BANG! A BULLET strikes a BAG FILLED WITH DIRT hanging from a
tree. The bullet has struck outside a crudely drawn target.

ANGLE ON: Bobby, holding the now-finished PROTOTYPE GUN
(which looks just like the original). He studies the target,
then sets to work adjusting the sight.

FROM AN UNKNOWN POV: Bobby is being watched. As he loads new
bullets into the gun, the UNKNOWN POV shifts... circling
Bobby... moving closer...

(CONTINUED)

BOBBY, oblivious, raises the gun toward the TARGET for another test-fire...

THE UNKNOWN POV moves behind him... closer... closer...

BOBBY suddenly whips around, gun pointed at the FIGURE behind him who turns out to be...

RUBY. Not a care in the world.

RUBY
(re: the gun)
Cute piece.

BOBBY
Who are you?

RUBY
Won't stop a demon, if that's what you're thinking.

BOBBY
How the hell would you know that?

RUBY
Oh, I don't know...

Suddenly, Ruby's eyes FLASH BACK. Then return to normal.

RUBY
... call it an educated guess.

Bobby cocks the gun... if he's rattled he doesn't show it.

BOBBY
Ain't I lucky then. Found myself a subject for a test-fire.

RUBY
Luck had nothing to do with it.
But, by all means... take your best shot.

Ruby widens her stance, rolls her neck. She actually wants Bobby to shoot her. Bobby tightens his finger on the trigger... and hesitates. Shooting her in cold blood like this, even if she is a demon...

RUBY
You gonna stand there like a pantywaist or you gonna shoot--

"Sin City" Production Draft - White 08/09/07 18.
14 CONTINUED: (2) 14

BOOM! Bobby shoots her in the chest. She staggers a step on impact, then straightens. She's perfectly fine. Which takes Bobby a long moment to comprehend.

RUBY
Ouch. That smarts a little.

Bobby lowers the gun, definitely a little spooked now.

BOBBY
What do you want?

As Ruby inspects the bullet hole...

RUBY
Peace on Earth. A new shirt.
(then)
Now. You want me to help you with that gun, or not?

Off Bobby... not exactly sure what that means...

15 INT. TROTTER'S OFFICE - HALLWAY - THAT NIGHT 15

Sam rounds a hallway corner and suddenly pulls back. He peeks around the corner into Trotter's Office through the glass door, where Trotter and Max engage in an UNHEARD CONVERSATION, moving in and out of sight as they talk.

ANGLE ON: Sam, who strains to listen when... his PHONE RINGS! He quickly MUTES IT and ducks back around the corner to answer.

ANGLE ON: Trotter's Office. Max warily steps into the doorway... did he just hear something? He starts to walk toward where Sam hides...

ANGLE ON: Sam, whispering throughout the entire exchange:

DEAN (O.S., ON PHONE)
Sammy?

SAM
I can't talk--

16 INT. IMPALA - NIGHT - INTERCUT 16

Dean drives back into town. He's troubled.

DEAN
You okay?

(CONTINUED)

SAM (O.S., ON PHONE)
Yeah, just meet me at the bar in
twenty, okay?

Sam disconnects just as...

DEAN
Sam? Damn it.

17 INT. TROTTER'S OFFICE - HALLWAY - NIGHT - SAME TIME 17

... Max rounds the corner... but the hallway is empty!

18 INT. TROTTER'S BAR - NIGHT 18

Dean sits at the bar, seriously flirting with a GORGEOUS
WOMAN and loving it.

WOMAN AT BAR
I gotta tell you-- every woman in
this place? They wanna eat you
up.

DEAN
Hey. Anybody could have tackled
that guy. Wrestled away the gun.
Prevented mass murder.

WOMAN AT BAR
Here's what I'm gonna do.
Normally, I charge four hundred a
night. Let's call it an even deuce
and get the hell out of here.

Dean's face falls. Seriously?

DEAN
What do you take me for?

WOMAN AT BAR
What do you take me for?

Huh... good point. She leaves. Casey sets down a drink in
front of him.

CASEY
(teasing)
Did I just see you strike out with
a prostitute? How's that work?

DEAN
After I told her I had a thing for
the bartender, pretty easy.

CASEY
(pleased)
Who says the bartender's available?

DEAN
Good question. You got something
going with some guy, yay high,
balding... sweat suit? *

CASEY
Who?

Dean takes a moment. She really doesn't seem to know Richie.
Which means only one thing... all systems go for Dean.

DEAN
My mistake. What do you think
about having a drink after your
shift?

CASEY
I think why wait when we can go
right now?

Dean smiles... but he wasn't expecting that. He throws a
quick look at a WALL CLOCK... still no Sam. Then again...
she's freakin' smokin'.

DEAN
Sold.

19 INT. TROTTER'S OFFICE - NIGHT 19

Trotter and Max exit and head down the hall. After a moment,
Sam hurries in from the other direction. He quickly and
quietly roots around for anything and everything that could
be demonic. He finds nothing and turns to go, walking
directly into...

MAX. Who uncorks a thunderous right hook at Sam's head...
which Sam barely ducks as he parries with a shot of his own
to Max's solar plexus!

Max doubles over, Sam yanks Max's jacket over his head (think
the classic ice hockey fight maneuver) so that Max can
neither see nor move his arms. And Sam goes to town,
pounding Max with one body blow after another until...

A GUN is pressed against Sam's ear. Held by Trotter.

TROTTER
What are you doing here?!

SAM
I think maybe you know...

TROTTER
Yeah? Well, I think I'm calling
the cops!

Sam starts to respond, then catches himself. Huh?

SAM
The cops?

TROTTER
Breaking and entering, assault,
you're in a peck of trouble, my
friend.

Sam holds his hands up in surrender, suddenly repentant.

SAM
Okay, look, I can explain...

And just as Trotter relaxes a tic, Sam snakes out an arm,
twists the gun from Trotter's grasp. Now Sam holds them at
gunpoint.

TROTTER
Money's in the safe. Just take it
and go!

Sam pulls out a bottle of Holy Water.

SAM
I don't want your money. I just
gotta be sure--

Sam splashes Holy Water on Trotter. Nothing happens. Then,
to be sure, he splashes some on Max. Nothing. Both men
stare at Sam like he's nuts.

TROTTER
What kind of psycho are you?

Sam ejects the gun's bullets into his palm.

SAM
(tap-dancing)
Wow. Okay. Sorry. Minor
misunderstanding.
(pocketing bullets)
So I'm just gonna take these...

He sets the unloaded gun on the desk... then pulls out a twenty dollar bill and places that gingerly atop the gun.

SAM

And, for the dry-cleaning.

And... Sam bolts. As he hustles away, his brow furrows. If Trotter isn't the demon... who is?

20 EXT. MANSION - ESTABLISHING - NIGHT 20 *

The IMPALA is parked in the driveway. *

21 INT. MANSION - BASEMENT - NIGHT 21

Casey leads Dean into the same room she led Richie...

DEAN

So. Guessing it's the maid's day off? *

When Casey stops short. Something on the other side of the room catches her eye. A closet door, slightly ajar. *

DEAN

Everything alright?

Casey kisses him before moving for the open door...

CASEY

Make yourself comfortable.

Casey looks into the closet, and comes out confused. Dean snaps his fingers as if he's just remembered something.

DEAN

My fault. Forgot to mention...
(fuck you)
Richie was a friend of mine.

Casey spins, enraged. *

DEAN

So when I realized I could track the GPS in his cellphone, I swung by earlier to give him a proper burial. Better than rotting in some skank's basement, don't you think?

Casey lunges for Dean... but she SLAMS TO A HALT MID-AIR and TUMBLES BACKWARDS to the floor. What the hell?

Dean pulls back a corner of the rug Casey is in the middle of... revealing part of the DEVIL'S TRAP he's painted onto the concrete (or similarly sturdy) floor beneath.

DEAN

That's a buzzkill, huh?

(beat)

Sorry, sister. But you're going back where you came from.

Dean pulls an EXORCISM BOOK from his pocket, starts to recite the Latin. But Casey breaks into a wicked smile.

CASEY

Oh, I don't think so.

Casey shuts her eyes, concentrates, as if summoning some great power from Hell below... we hear a LOW FREQUENCY RUMBLE... A GREAT HURRICANE FORCE WIND TEARS through the basement. Things begin to TOPPLE. Wine from a WINE RACK. SHELVING COLLAPSES. HEAVY STONES rain from the ceiling.

Dean scrambles to keep his footing, to dodge DEBRIS as it falls... the Exorcism Book slips from his grasp and skitters away just as...

The STAIRWELL CAVES IN... Dean falls... after a thick cloud of mortar, stone, and dust, finally there's... stillness.

As Dean picks himself from the rubble, Casey begins to laugh. He checks the Devil's Trap, it's good.

DEAN

What are you laughing at, bitch?
You're still trapped.

CASEY

(looking at entrance)

So are you. Bitch.

Dean pivots, sees she's right. The entranceway is now an impenetrable pile of stone.

Off Dean, reeling--

BLACKOUT!

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

22 INT. MANSION - BASEMENT - NIGHT

22

Dean and Casey. Casey is calm, but trapped inside the devil's trap. Dean paces, and looks for his book of exorcisms. It's beneath the rubble, and he's not about to find it.

CASEY
(goads him)
Lose something?

Dean wheels on her.

DEAN
How come all you demons got such smart mouths?

CASEY
(smiles)
It's a gift.

DEAN
Let's see if you're smiling when I send your ass back to hell.

CASEY
Without your little exorcism book? Hey, go for it.

Dean tries to remember, he's done this a lot, but it's not coming easily.

DEAN
(struggling in Latin)
Spiritus, im... immundi, ungu... ungu...

Casey eyes him, unaffected and amused.

CASEY
Having a little trouble there, sport?

Dean bears down.

DEAN
Spiritus immundi ungu... ungu...
persona toti... uh...

Casey smiles.

CASEY
Nice try, but I think you just
ordered a pizza.
(beat)
Guess you should have paid more
attention in Latin class.

Dean realizes she's right and gives it up. Dean glares at
her. Casey smiles at him smugly.

DEAN
You should wipe that smile off your
face. You're not going anywhere. *

CASEY
And apparently, neither are you.

Dean searches for a WAY OUT. The stairwell is SEALED TIGHT. *

DEAN
Yeah, but I got someone looking for
me, and he did pay attention in
class.

CASEY
Oh, right, Sam. Everyone says he's
the brains of the outfit.

DEAN
Everyone?

CASEY
Sure, you Winchesters are famous.
Not Lohan famous, but... you know.

DEAN
Flattering. I'll be sure to tell
Sam when he gets here.

Dean finds ONE TINY WINDOW, high up on the wall, that opens *
to ground level outside. But it's MUCH TOO SMALL for a human *
to fit through. There's no escape. *

CASEY
If he gets here first.
(off Dean's look)
What, you thought I was flying
solo? Shouldn't underestimate,
Dean. That could be the death of
you.

Dean gives her hard eyes.

CASEY

You can give me hard eyes all you want. But fact is, we just have to wait and see who shows up first. The cavalry or the Indians.

Dean stares daggers at her, but she's right.

23 INT. TROTTER'S BAR - NIGHT 23

Sam, waiting at the bar. He checks his watch. Doesn't know if he should be annoyed or worried. Sam tries calling Dean on his cell. No answer. He calls over a BARTENDER.

BARTENDER

(to Sam)

Yeah, what can I get you?

SAM

Remember that guy I was with the other day?

BARTENDER

The big hero who jumped on Reggie.

SAM

Yeah, the "big hero". You seen him?

BARTENDER

Maybe. Depends.

SAM

Depends!? On what...?

(gets it)

Does everybody in this town have their hand out?

BARTENDER

Pretty much.

Sam DIGS in his pocket, pulls out a twenty, and puts it on the bar. The bartender looks at it. *

BARTENDER

(nods)

He left with Casey about an hour ago.

SAM

Any idea where?

BARTENDER
(dry)
Her place. For Bible Study.

SAM
Got an address?

BARTENDER
What's wrong with you? You think
I'm gonna give you a co-worker's
address, just so you can go get
your freaky, Peeping Tom rocks off?

Sam gives him a dry look. Beat. Peels off another twenty.

BARTENDER
(without missing a beat)
Corner of Piermont and Clinton.
Have fun.

24 INT. MANSION - BASEMENT - NIGHT 24

Tight shot of Dean. He looks agitated. He turns around.
RACK to Casey. Dean paces like a caged cat.

CASEY
Why don't you relax.

DEAN
Why don't you kiss my ass.

CASEY
(smiles)
Why Dean, you're a poet. I had no
idea.
(beat)
Look, we won't have any effect on
the outcome of this. We might as
well be civil.

DEAN
Civil!? You killing Richie, was
that civil? Poor putz. He was
harmless.

CASEY
That knife he pulled on me didn't
look so harmless.

DEAN
A knife wouldn't hurt you.

CASEY

No, but it would damage this body,
and Casey has such a fine body. I
wouldn't want to see it ripped.

DEAN

Oh, you're a demon with a heart.
There's a bunch of murdered people
in town who might not agree with
you.

CASEY

Hey, I didn't pull any triggers.

DEAN

Well, you did something!

CASEY

You wanna know what I did? What I
really did?

(beat)

I had lunch.

DEAN

Lunch.

CASEY

Me and Trotter. He had a
cheeseburger. I had a salad. And
I just pointed out the money that
could be made with a few businesses
that cater to harmless vice.

(beat)

So Trotter built it, and man, did
they come. Supposedly God-fearing
folk, drinking, gambling, screwing.
I barely lifted a finger.

DEAN

That's it?

CASEY

You don't get it. All you gotta do
is nudge humans in the right
direction-- a card game here, a
hooker there-- and they'll do the
rest. They'll walk into hell with
big fat smiles on their faces.

(beat)

Your kind is corrupt, Dean. Weak.
Our will is stronger. That's why
we'll win.

DEAN
(skeptical)
Really. That's how it ends.

CASEY
No, that's how it begins.

25 INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT 25

We are close on a door. Slowly the door opens to reveal Sam. The CAMERA PULLS BACK. We can tell this is not the place Casey took Dean. This is a TYPICAL GIRL'S APARTMENT. Sam steps into the foyer.

SAM
(calling quietly)
Dean?... Dean...

Getting no response, he goes further in, checking the place out. His attention gets drawn to a side board. He spots some yellow looking residue. Sam fingers and smells it.

SAM
(a tense whisper)
... sulphur...

Now, his senses alert, he pulls out his gun and a flask of holy water.

SAM
Dean!!

*

26 INT. MANSION - BASEMENT - NIGHT 26

Dean and Casey have more or less settled into conversation.

DEAN
So, Demons take over. I thought
the meek shall inherit the earth.

CASEY
Well, according to your Bible.
(beat)
It's only a book.

DEAN
Not everyone would agree.

CASEY
Because it's God's book?
(beat)
Do you believe in God, Dean? I'd
be surprised if you did.

DEAN

(he wants to)

I, uh... I don't know.

*
*

CASEY

Well. I don't see that you and
your God have done such a bang up
job. War, genocide. And it's only
getting worse. I mean, the last
century? You people slaughtered
each other with a zeal and
imagination that amazed even us.

*
*
*
*
*
*

(beat)

No, it's our turn, now. And we're
gonna do it right this time.

Suddenly there's a noise from above. A door or maybe a
shutter opening and closing. They both look up.

CASEY

Don't be hopeful, Dean. You're not
delivered. It's only the wind.

27

INT. TROTTER'S BAR - NIGHT

27

Sam hurries inside the bar. It's late, mostly empty, except
for a few drunks and barflies still around. Sam is in the
midst of talking on his cell.

SAM

(whispers, tense as hell)

Bobby, it's Sam. We got a big
problem. I found some sulphur...
but I can't find Dean. Call me,
soon as you get this.

He clicks off, arrives at the Bartender.

SAM

They weren't there.

BARTENDER

Sorry, Princess. Guess you gotta
catch your jollies another night.

The Bartender peels off. Sam looks around, worried,
frustrated. And then he spots--

FATHER GIL. Having a quiet whiskey in the corner.

Sam thinks. He doesn't know where else to turn. He moves
over to him.

SAM
Father?

FATHER GIL
Yes?

SAM
Can I talk to you?

28 INT. MANSION - BASEMENT - NIGHT 28

Dean and Casey are in mid conversation.

DEAN
You're piling it pretty high here,
lady. Not sure I'm buying it.

CASEY
Why would I lie?

DEAN
Demons lie. *

CASEY
Some do. Some are true believers. *

DEAN
Believe in what?!

CASEY
You think you humans got the
exclusive on a higher power?

DEAN
(unbelieving)
What, you have a God?

CASEY
Sure. His name is Lucifer.

DEAN
You mean the Devil.

CASEY
Your word, not ours. Lucifer
actually means "light bringer."
Look it up.

(beat)
Once, he sat at the right hand of
your God. The most beautiful of
his angels. But God demanded he
bow down before Man, and when he
refused, God banished him.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CASEY (cont'd)
(then)
Tell me. How do you like bowing
before lesser creatures?

DEAN
(incredulous)
So Lucifer's really real?

CASEY
No one's actually seen him. But
they say he made us into what we
are, and they say he'll return.

DEAN
And you believe that?

CASEY
I've got faith.
(beat)
So you see? Is my kind really all
that different than yours...?

DEAN
Except that demons are evil
sonsofbitches--

CASEY
Oh, and humans are such a lovable
bunch. Dick Cheney?

DEAN
Well, okay, you got a point there.
He one of yours?

CASEY
(pointed)
Not yet. But let's just say he's
got a parking spot waiting for him
downstairs.

Dean smiles. Then, a bit awkwardly, brings something up.

DEAN
Speaking of. Um, what's it...
what's it like down there, anyway?

CASEY
What, hell?

Dean nods. Casey looks at him. It dawns on her.

CASEY

Oh, that's right, you've booked a one way ticket, with that deal. You're not going to like it, Dean, and given the trouble you've caused, I don't imagine you'll be getting the Presidential suite.

(beat)

No. It's the pit of despair. Why do you think we want to come here?

Off a troubled Dean--

29 INT. TROTTER'S BAR - NIGHT 29

Sam and Father Gil sit at the table, in mid-conversation.

SAM

So the bartender, the other night-- Casey? You know her pretty well?

FATHER GIL

Since she was in pigtails.

SAM

Well. She and my brother. They left together tonight.

FATHER GIL

Well. Not that I approve, but they are consenting adults.

(beat)

I'm sorry, you said brother? I thought you two were insurance investigators.

SAM

(tap dancing)

We are. It's like a family business.

(then)

Anyway, they weren't at Casey's apartment, and I... I have this feeling they could be in trouble.

FATHER GIL

What kind of trouble?

Sam fidgets, but says nothing. Father Gil studies him--

SAM

Just... trouble. Please, Father, I need your help.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

SAM (cont'd)

Is there anything you can tell me
about Casey? Anyplace she'd go,
maybe?

*
*
*

The Father stares at him for a long beat. Sam seems awfully
worried, awfully sincere. Then--

*

FATHER GIL

Yes, I know a place.
(but then)
Let me get my jacket.

Sam doesn't want to put the Father in unnecessary danger--

SAM

No, Father, I don't want to put you
out, I can go alone.

FATHER GIL

Son, if Casey's really in trouble,
then there's nothing to talk about.

Father Gil crosses to a nearby coat rack.

ANGLE

Father Gil grabs the coat. He has his back to Sam. The
CAMERA MOVES IN TIGHT on his face. SUDDENLY his EYES FLASH
BLACK for a few seconds. Father Gil is a DEMON. He turns to
Sam, his eyes now normal.

FATHER GIL

Okay. Ready?

BLACK OUT!

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

30 INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

30

Dean and Casey have more or less settled in.

CASEY

... Kinda funny don't you think?
You and me sitting here like a
couple of regular folks.

DEAN

Yeah, kinda funny in an apocalyptic
sorta way.

Casey smiles.

CASEY

You're okay, Dean. The others
don't describe you that way. But
you know, you're likeable.

DEAN

Huh. A demon likes me. Not sure
how to respond to that.

CASEY

You could say thanks.
(beat)
That deal you made to save Sam?
Lot of others mock you for it.
Think it was weak and stupid. I
don't.

Dean looks at her. Nods genuine, sincere thanks.

DEAN

It's actually been liberating. Not
much point in worrying about the
future, when you don't have one.

CASEY

Still-- year to live. You're not
scared? Not even a little?

*

As we SEE, for the first time, just for a glimpse: deep down,
Dean IS SCARED as SHIT. But he immediately covers it up.

DEAN

Nah. Of course not.

31 INT. FATHER GIL'S CAR - NIGHT 31

Sam and Father Gil drive.

FATHER GIL

So, insurance investigating. You enjoy the work?

SAM

I like being able to help people.

FATHER GIL

You ever think about doing anything else?

SAM

Like what?

FATHER GIL

Anything. You seem like a smart kid. Somehow I see you out in front of the pack, not just part of it. I bet you could do some big things.

SAM

I don't know. I'm comfortable doing what I'm doing.

FATHER GIL

Well, it's your life.

(beat)

So. Does... Dean?

(Sam nods)

Dean find trouble often?

SAM

He finds his fair share.

FATHER GIL

Then it's good he has you. His brother's keeper.

Off Sam's look...

32 INT. MANSION - BASEMENT - NIGHT 32

Dean and Casey. Casey stretches, her blouse pulls tight against her body. Dean can't help but notice how attractive she is. Casey spots him looking.

(CONTINUED)

CASEY

Why, Dean, if I didn't know better,
I'd say that was lust in your eyes.

Dean smiles, busted.

CASEY

Well, that would be one way to pass
the time. But I don't think you'd
respect me in the morning.

DEAN

(a joke)

That's okay. I barely respect you
now.

Casey smiles. Dean smiles back. They laugh. Almost as if
there's a real moment of connection between them. Then--

DEAN

Can I ask you a question?

CASEY

I'm an open book.

DEAN

So. Gate was opened. Demon Army's
out. So what now? I'm not really
seein' a big honking plan here.

CASEY

Honestly? There was a plan.
Azazel was a tyrant, but he held us
all together--

DEAN

Azazel...?

CASEY

What, you think his friends just
called him "Yellow Eyes?" He had a
name. But after you did him in...
everything fell apart.

DEAN

(wise guy)

Jeez, sorry about that.

(beat)

So, no chain of command, huh?

CASEY
Sure there was. It was Sam. Sam
was supposed to be Grand Poobah,
lead the Big Army. But he hasn't
exactly stepped up to the plate,
has he?

DEAN
Well, thank God for that.

CASEY
Oh, again with God?
(beat)
You think this is a good thing?
Now you got chaos, a war without a
front-- a few hundred demons, all
jockeying for power, all fighting
for the crown. And most of them,
gunning for your brother.

Dean ponders this. She's right. That's bad. Then--

CASEY
For the record? I was ready to
follow Sam.

Dean reacts. Now that's a troubling notion. But before he
can speak, they hear the sound of a car approaching. They
look at each other. Cavalry or Indians?

33 EXT. MANSION - NIGHT 33

Father Gil's car pulls to a stop. Sam and Father Gil get
out, spot Dean's car, and head for the house.

They reach the heavy FRONT DOOR. Sam tries the knob. It's
locked. He KNOCKS, heavy, on the door. *

SAM
(calling out) *
Dean? *

34 OMIT 34 *

35 INT. MANSION - BASEMENT - NIGHT 35

Dean and Casey. Sam's voice filters in through the small
window, high up on the wall. *

SAM (O.S.)
Dean! *

Casey looks to Dean.

CASEY
Looks like you win.

Dean nods, takes a BEAT. He and Casey look at each other.
Finally, he moves to just below the window... *

DEAN
(calling out)
Sammy, down here. The basement
caved in. *

INTERCUT WITH:

36 EXT. MANSION - NIGHT 36 *

Sam hears Dean, moves to the window, at ground level, near
his feet. He crouches down. *

SAM
Hold on. We're coming.

DEAN
Who's we?

SAM
I'm here with the Father.

Dean looks to Casey. Her expression alters slightly. Dean
notes this, then gets it.

DEAN
(a warning)
Sam, be careful!

TIGHT ON SAM

Reacting, he, stands, turns. RACK FOCUS to Father Gil. His
eyes flash black! Father Gil moves toward Sam-- to hurt him? *

ANGLE ON BOBBY

At the curb. He just climbed out of his CAR, just fired the
prototype gun. But his aim was wide. *

ANGLE ON FATHER GIL

He turns to see Bobby. Bobby cocks the Colt and advances.
Before he can fire again, Father Gil gives a TIGHT LITTLE
HEAD SHAKE. Bobby goes FLYING, SPRAWLING against pavement. *

Sam goes for Father Gil, but Gil, with another snap of his
head, sends Sam flying. Sam lands hard.

Father Gil moves to the HEAVY FRONT DOOR, and with one HEAVY *
PUSH with his arms, with supernatural strength, the DOORS *
FLING right open. He enters the mansion. *

ANGLE ON SAM

Sprinting over to Bobby, who's just sitting up, dazed and *
hurt. *

SAM

You okay?

Bobby nods yes and tosses the gun to Sam. *

SAM

How did you know where we...?

BOBBY

Go!

Sam starts to move when something catches his eye. *

ANGLE ON RUBY. Climbing out of Bobby's car. *

RUBY

You heard the man. Go. *

Sam heads through the front door. *

37 INT. MANSION - BASEMENT - NIGHT 37

Father Gil is flinging away heavy debris, like they were
toothpicks.

ANGLE ON DEAN

He looks to Casey. She shrugs, but her look is conflicted.
Dean turns to Father Gil, just as he emerges through the
rubble. Dean's got no choice. He rushes him.

Father Gil backhands Dean away. Dean lands heavy, the wind
knocked out of him. Father Gil heads toward Casey, when...

CASEY

(to Father Gil)

Stop!

She looks to the floor at his feet. He looks down.

He throws back the rug to reveal the Devil's Trap. He looks
at Dean, a small smile crosses his face. Then in one violent
motion he brings his fist down onto the concrete floor.

The floor SPLITS, breaking the Devil's Trap. Father Gil steps in.

Father Gil and Casey embrace. A lovers' embrace.

ANGLE ON DEAN

DEAN

You two...?

FATHER GIL

For centuries. We've been to hell and back together.

Father Gil moves toward Dean, ready to give him the kill shot. Suddenly...

CASEY

Leave him be.

FATHER GIL

What!?

CASEY

Don't kill him. Let's just go.

Dean reacts to this kindness. Father Gil is in no such mood. He advances on Dean. Casey follows and grabs his arm.

CASEY

(pleads)

Please.

Father Gil looks at her like she's nuts.

Father Gil advances on Dean, shrugging off Casey. He grabs Dean by the throat and lifts him off the ground. Dean grasps Father Gil's hand, but can't pry it loose.

TIGHT ON DEAN

The life being choked out of him. His legs twitching.

ANGLE ON CASEY

She appears at Father Gil's side. He looks at her.

CASEY

Please!

Gil ignores her and continues to choke Dean. A SHOT RINGS OUT. Father Gil goes down-- with ELECTRIC LIGHTNING SNAPS.

(CONTINUED)

The Colt is definitely working now. Dean drops to the floor, gasping for air.

ANGLE ON SAM

Holding the smoking Colt. He shifts his aim to Casey.

DEAN

Sam, wa...

Before he can finish Sam shoots Casey. ELECTRICITY ARCS and COURSES through her body... then she falls dead.

The brothers look at each other. Dean grateful, but troubled. Sam determined.

BLACKOUT:

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

38 EXT. ELIZABETHVILLE - MAIN STREET - DAY (DAY 4) 38 *

Dean and Bobby walk down the street. Watching people pass,
drinking from Go Cups of booze. *
* *

DEAN *

Hey. So what we did here... you *
think it'll make a difference? *

BOBBY *

Two less Demons to worry about. *
That's not nothing. *

DEAN *

Trotter's still here. *

BOBBY *

Humans ain't our job. *

DEAN *

I dunno. Maybe these people really *
do just want to destroy themselves.
Maybe we are fighting a losing
battle.

BOBBY

That you or that demon girl
talking?

DEAN

That's me, Bobby. The demon is
dead. And so is that poor girl she
was possessing.

BOBBY

Had to be done. Sam was saving
your life.

Dean shrugs.

DEAN

I guess, but you didn't see it.
(beat)
It was cold.

They look at each other. Something is on Dean's mind.

DEAN

Bobby. *

BOBBY

Yeah.

DEAN

Back... back in Wyoming... there was this moment... Yellow Eyes said something to me.

BOBBY

What'd he say?

Dean struggles with this--

DEAN

He said maybe that when Sam came back from... wherever... that he... he might've come back different.

BOBBY

Different how?

DEAN

Dunno. But whatever it was, didn't sound good.

(beat)

You think... you think something's wrong with my brother?

Bobby delivers the next line, as if to say, "I don't know. Maybe. We could be fucked."

BOBBY

Nah. I'm sure the sombitch was lying. I'm sure Sam's okay.

Dean delivers the next line, very unsure that Sam's okay.

DEAN

Yeah. Yeah, me, too.

Off these two troubled men, unable to meet the other's eyes-- *

39

INT. HOTEL - ROOM - DAY

39

Sam is packing. Ruby appears at the door.

RUBY

(re: suitcases)

Leaving so soon? We haven't had a chance to celebrate.

SAM

Yeah, well, you can party without me.

RUBY

You're not going to get all pouty on me, are you? C'mon. You killed two demons today.

SAM

Maybe you don't care, but I killed two people, too.

RUBY

Sam, you know what happens when demons piggy-back humans. They leave 'em rode hard and put up wet. Chances are those two would have died a slow sticky death. You probably did them a favor.

SAM

Did them a favor? You're a cold bitch, you know that.

RUBY

Hey, this "cold bitch" has saved your ass a couple times now. Some respect might be nice. Especially if you want me to help you with Dean and his little problem.

SAM

You keep dangling that, but last I checked Dean's still going to hell.

RUBY

Everything in its own time, Sam. But there's a quid pro quo here. We're in a war.

SAM

(hard, suspicious)

Right. And for some reason, you're fighting on our team. Why is that again?

RUBY

Go screw yourself, that's why. I don't have to justify my actions to you. You don't want my help? Fine. Give me the gun. I'll pass it on to someone who'll use it.

Suddenly, Sam aims the gun at her.

SAM
Maybe I'll just use it on you.

RUBY
(shrugs)
Go ahead if that makes you happy.
Not gonna do much for Dean though.
(beat)
So what's it gonna be?

Sam looks at her, then the gun. He lowers it to his side.

RUBY
That's my boy.
(softens)
This won't be easy, Sam. You're
going to have to do things that go
against that gentle nature of
yours. There's gonna be collateral
damage. But it has to be done.

*
*

Beat.

SAM
I don't have to like it.

RUBY
No, you wouldn't be Sam if you did.
(beat)
But on the bright side, I'll be
there with you. That little fallen
angel on your shoulder.

Sam doesn't know whether to trust her or kill her. Off this
conflict in his expression, we--

BLACKOUT.

TO BE CONTINUED...