

SUPERNATURAL

Episode #306

"Red Sky at Morning"

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REVISION HISTORY

Revision	Date	Revised Pages
Production Draft - White	09/05/07	Full Script

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Episode #306

"Red Sky at Morning"

CAST LIST

SAM WINCHESTER
DEAN WINCHESTER

JARED PADALECKI
JENSEN ACKLES

BELA TALBOT

LAUREN COHAN

SHEILA NEWHOUSE
GERTRUDE CASE
TODD WARREN
PETER WARREN
WAITER
HEAD OF SECURITY
1ST GHOST/SAILOR
2ND GHOST/CAPTAIN

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LOCATION REPORT

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SUPERNATURAL
"Red Sky at Morning"

TEASER

1 EXT. WATERFRONT ESPLANADE - NIGHT (DAY 1) 1 *

Night hides the exclusive island community's wealth save for a neat formation of high-priced pleasure boats bobbing gently in the marina. Flashes of distant LIGHTNING dance over the Atlantic -- silently, eerily and randomly illuminating the hazy horizon.

As one or two couples stroll along the promenade, SHEILA NEWHOUSE -- 26, lithe and sweaty, a heart monitor strapped around her torso and an iPod clipped to her waist -- keeps a marathoner's pace during her nightly run.

Sheila reaches a water fountain, her finish line. Panting, she removes her earbuds and takes a long draw of water.

A bright LIGHTNING FLASH wrests her attention. Then she sees it -- just for a second, silhouetted in the haze -- a 19th CENTURY SAILING VESSEL, a full-sized version of a ship-in-a-bottle.

When the lightning disappears, so does the ship. Incredulous, Sheila stares at the horizon. It couldn't have been... Maybe it was sweat in her eyes, maybe it was... *

Another brief FLASH, quick as a quarter note -- THE SHIP REAPPEARS -- and just as quickly, it's gone.

Sheila scans the horizon.

SHEILA'S POV. The ship is gone. Nothing but calm water.

Sheila looks out over the ocean, thinking. So, what, now she's seeing things? A long beat. Then, a bit troubled, she EXITS FRAME, continuing her run. *

2 OMIT 2

3 INT. AN ELEGANT HOME - BATHROOM - LATER THAT NIGHT 3

Sheila. Inside an UPSCALE SHOWER. With a floor-to-ceiling FROSTED (or perhaps PEBBLED) GLASS DOOR. She rinses out her hair-- prim and selective camera angles obscure the nudity. *

Her back is to the glass door, which is why she doesn't see, what we SUDDENLY REVEAL-- *

(CONTINUED)

A DARK FIGURE. In the bathroom. Obscured and hazy through the glass. Several feet away. The FIGURE begins to approach; and with every step, it becomes a bit more distinct. It's shape is TALL, MALE, dressed in dark clothing... that's about all we see. *

Still, Sheila showers, oblivious to the impending danger. *

The FIGURE is RIGHT OUTSIDE the shower now. It presses ONE FILTHY PALM silently against the glass and-- *

CLOSE ON SHEILA. Perhaps a 3/4, over her shoulder. As she seems to sense something... she PIVOTS to the door! *

But where there was a figure before-- now there's nothing. *

She opens the glass door. Peers out. *

SHEILA'S POV. An empty bathroom. Normal. *

A beat. *

Then, shaking it off as her imagination, she closes the door, turns back into the shower. *

CLOSE ON SHEILA. Facing the spray, water splashing her face. But then the camera re-adjusts, REVEALING-- *

A tantalizing glimpse of the DARK FIGURE! RIGHT BEHIND HER, in the shower! We only see a piece-- perhaps a shoulder and neck, perhaps a chest clad in a 19th Century jacket. In any case, we don't see the Full Monty-- and Sheila doesn't see anything at all. Draw this out for a beat of suspense. *

ANGLE. As Sheila turns around. Eyes widen as she suddenly sees the figure. She SCREAMS BLOODY MURDER! *

ANGLE. Outside the shower. Through the treated glass, we only see indistinct shapes; an indistinct scene of VIOLENCE. The Dark FIGURE, with one arm, SHOVES Sheila back against the wall. She struggles wildly. *

CLOSE ON. Her PALM. Pressing hard and frantic against the glass. Then, her screams devolve into WET, SICKENING GURGLES. *

The palm, weakened, sapped of life, slides down the glass. Off this, and Sheila's certain death, we-- *

BLACKOUT!

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

4 INT. AN ELEGANT HOME - SITTING ROOM - DAY (DAY 2) 4 *

CLOSE ON: A PHOTO of SHEILA. Smiling. Vivacious.

GERT (O.S.)

But I don't understand... I already
went over all this with the other
Detectives.

ANGLE. Sam and Dean, dressed in J.C. Penny suits, across
from GERTRUDE CASE, 70's.

DEAN

No, we know, we're with the
Sheriff's Department, not the
Police Department. Different...
departments.

SAM

So, Mrs. Case...

Gert pivots to Sam. She likes the looks of him. She gives
him Hot Mama Wolf Eyes--

GERT

Please. Mszz. Case--

SAM

(a little cough)
Um. Ms. Case. You're the one who
found your niece.

GERT

I came home, she was in the shower. *

DEAN

Drowned.

GERT

So the Coroner says--

DEAN

Was there a lot of water?

GERT

Bone-dry. Not even a drop. Now
you tell me-- how can someone drown
like that? *

(CONTINUED)

SAM

And how would you describe Sheila's behavior in the days before her death?

GERT

She didn't kill herself, if that's what you're driving at.

SAM

No. I mean, did she seem frightened? Maybe she said something out of the ordinary--

Gert stops on a dime. Her eyes narrow.

GERT

Wait a minute...
(a light dawns)
You're working with Alex, aren't you?

"Alex"? The boys form a mind meld, not missing a beat.

DEAN

Yep. Totally.
(crosses fingers)
Us and Alex. We're like this.

Gert seems to have gotten a second wind.

GERT

Why didn't you say so? Alex has been such a comfort.
(beat)
But, I'm sorry... I thought the case was solved.

SAM

No. Not yet.

GERT

(a bit confused)
I see.

SAM

So... we were talking about your niece?

GERT

Well, yes, Sheila mentioned something quite strange before she died. She said she saw a boat.

(CONTINUED)

DEAN

A boat.

GERT

One minute it was there, next it was gone. Just... disappeared, right before her eyes.

(then)

You think it's a ghost ship? Alex thinks it's a ghost ship.

Whoa. This lady's talking about ghosts? The boys trade looks, off-kilter. They've got a live one here.

SAM

Um. Could be.

GERT

If a spirit killed my niece, I want it burned into dust. You understand?

Again, Dean and Sam trade weirded-out looks. Then Dean gives Gert the "thumbs-up."

DEAN

Loud and clear.

She steps forward. Uncomfortably close to Sam.

GERT

Well. You'll let me know if there's anything else I can do for you.

(takes his hand; gives him boudoir eyes)

Anything at all.

Dean stifles a laugh with his fist.

5 EXT. MAIN STREET - DAY

5

Sam and Dean walk along the bustling sidewalk. Main Street looks like a page out of the Land's End catalogue.

DEAN

What a crazy old broad.

SAM

Why, because she believes in ghosts?

(CONTINUED)

DEAN

Aww. You sticking up for your new girlfriend, you cougar hound?

SAM

Bite me.

DEAN

Not if she does first.

(then)

And who's this Alex? We got another player in town?

SAM

Maybe. Maybe not. It doesn't change our job.

Dean nods.

DEAN

So we're thinking ghost ship.

SAM

That'd be my bet. I did some checking-- this isn't the first time a ship's been sighted around here.

DEAN

No?

SAM

Every thirty-seven years, like clockwork, reports of a vanishing three-mast Clipper ship in the bay. And every thirty-seven years, a rash of weirdo dry-land drownings.

DEAN

Which means whatever's going on, it's just getting started. So what's the lore?

SAM

There're apparitions of old wrecks sighted all over the world. The *S.S. Violet*, the *Griffon*, the *Flying Dutchman*. Almost all of 'em are Death Omens.

(CONTINUED)

DEAN

So you see the ship, few hours later, you pucker up and kiss your ass goodbye.

(then)

But who-- or what's-- doing the actual killing?

*
*

SAM

That's what we gotta find out. But first-- we need to I.D. the boat.

*
*

DEAN

That shouldn't be too hard. How many three-mast Clipper ships coulda wrecked off the coast?

SAM

Checked that too, actually. Over a hundred and fifty.

DEAN

Well. Crap.

SAM

Yep.

They arrive at a PARKING METER. There is a conspicuous EMPTY SPACE, where an Impala should be. (Right beside a red-curbed TOW AWAY ZONE).

DEAN

Hey. This is where we parked, isn't it?

SAM

(looking around)
I think so.

DEAN

Where's my car?

SAM

Did you feed the meter?

DEAN

Of course I fed the meter. Sam. Where's my car?

(growing panic)

Did someone steal my car?!

SAM

Just calm down--

(CONTINUED)

DEAN
Don't tell me to calm down!!
Someone stole my car!!

Dean crouches over, putting his hands on his knees, HYPER-VENTILATING, in full-on panic mode. *

DEAN
Oh God... can't... breathe... *

SAM
Try to take it easy-- *

VOICE (O.S.)
The '67 Impala? Black? Oh, was that yours? *

It's a voice they know all too well. They pivot to--

SAM
Bela?

Yep. It's BELA. In the flesh. Currently smirking.

BELA
I'm sorry, I had that car towed.

DEAN
You what?!

BELA
Well, it was in a tow away zone.

DEAN
No, it wasn't!

BELA
It was when I got finished with it.

DEAN
(an angry step forward)
Bela, what the hell are you doing here??

BELA
Just a little yachting.

Sam, thinking, puts it together--

SAM
You're "Alex." You're working for that old lady.

Bela takes a long beat. Deciding whether to divulge.
Finally--

BELA
Gert is a dear old friend.

DEAN
I'm sure. So what's your angle?

BELA
Angle? There's no angle. I
provide a valuable service.

DEAN
Oh yeah? What's that?

BELA
There's a lot of lovely old women
like Gert, up and down the Eastern
Seaboard. I sell them charms. I
perform seances, so they can
commune with their dead cats.

DEAN
And lemme guess-- it's all a con
job, none of it's real.

Bela shrugs. He's right. It's all bullshit.

BELA
The comfort I give them is very
real.

SAM
How do you sleep at night?

BELA
On silk sheets, rolling naked in
money.
(nodding to Dean)
Really, Sam. I'd expect the
attitude from him. But you?

SAM
You shot me!

BELA
I barely grazed you.
(to Dean re: Sam)
Cute, but a bit of a drama queen,
yeah?

Dean shrugs, conceding the point. Then--

(CONTINUED)

DEAN

You know, what's going on here--
this ghost ship thing? It is real.

BELA

I'm aware. And thanks for telling
Gert the case wasn't solved, by the
way.

DEAN

It isn't.

BELA

She didn't know that! But now
she's stopped payment, and the old
bag's demanding some real answers.

DEAN

So what? I'm sure you'll just lie
to her again.

BELA

Can't risk it, thanks to you.
Can't let word get out that I'm--

DEAN

A fake?

BELA

Just... stay out of my way before
you make more trouble.
(checks watch)
I'd hurry up and get your car, if I
were you, before they find that
arsenal in the trunk.

She sashays down the street, gives a wave over her shoulder.

BELA

Considering your legal problems, it
wouldn't look good. Ciao.

Sam and Dean, watching her go, stewing in their own juices.

DEAN

Can I shoot her?

SAM

Not in public.

6

INT. TODD'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - NIGHT

6

Another wealthy, upscale bathroom. TODD, 33, stocky, is brushing his teeth. (We clock an empty bathtub in the B.G.) *

ANGLE. Behind Todd, at the other end of the bathroom. Just as Todd's leaning down to spit out his toothpaste... a BLACK FIGURE WIPES FOREGROUND FRAME, inches from the camera. *

Todd jolts back up. He heard the FLOORBOARDS CREAK. He pivots around. *

TODD

Hello?

TODD'S POV. No one there. Just an empty bathroom. *

But then Todd turns, notices something very, very strange. *

The BATHTUB. Which is now suddenly FULL. To the brim. With BRACKISH, DARK SEA WATER. We can't see the bottom. *

The tub faucet is running, too. *

TODD

What the hell? *

Todd approaches the bathtub, cautious. He turns the spigot. The faucet goes dry. *

It's quiet. Nothing but the sound of plinking drops from the faucet, disturbing the water's still surface. *

Then Todd flips the drain lever at the side of the tub. But the tub doesn't empty. He tries again. Nothing. *

We draaaw all of this out. Near silence. *

He then looks down at the still, placid water. Face six inches or so from the surface. Trying to make sense of it. A long beat. Another. Anoth-- *

A FILTHY, GRIMY HAND LUNGES OUT OF THE TUB, CLUTCHING TODD'S NECK! He SCREAMS BLOODY MURDER! A beat of his panicked, writhing doom, before we-- *

BLACKOUT! *

7-8

OMIT

7-8

*

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

9 EXT. TODD'S HOUSE - THE NEXT MORNING (DAY 3) 9 *

The house is surrounded by yellow police tape, a coroner's VAN and a trio of PATROL CARS.

PETER WARREN, 30's. From his looks, the spitting image of his older brother. (Together, Todd and Peter should remind us of the billionaire playboy Maloof brothers.) Peter looks completely unraveled as he speaks to a female REPORTER O.S. -- a MICRO TAPE RECORDER to his face.

PETER

... no, the police are saying he drowned. I... I don't understand how...

REPORTER (O.S.)

I'm sorry for your loss, Mister Warren.

DOLLY 180 degrees around to reveal the reporter -- BELA -- with an American accent and a LAMINATED "PRESS" BADGE on her chest. *

BELA

Now if you could just tell me one more time about the ship your brother saw?

Peter looks at her askance, put-off by the randomness of the question, this of all times.

Two DETECTIVES approach Bela, in coats and ties, flanking her. It's SAM and DEAN. Dean BADGES Peter and Bela.

DEAN

Ma'am, I think this man has been through quite enough. You should go. *

Bela stares at Dean with daggers in her eyes. *

BELA

But... I just have a few more questions...

SAM

No, you don't.

Said in a voice that dares her to challenge. Peter smiles to the boys, then gives Bela a sour, dismissive face.

(CONTINUED)

Knowing she's been checkmated, Bela gives Peter a flight attendant's smile.

BELA

Thank you for your time.

She pushes past the boys. With Bela gone, Peter relaxes in the boy's presence.

DEAN

Sorry you had to deal with that.
They're like roaches.

Sam stifles a knowing smile. Then Sam takes a step closer to Peter, speaking in buddy-like tones.

SAM

Now we heard you say-- your brother
saw a ship?

PETER

That's right.

DEAN

Did he say what it looked like?

He looks up at Dean. The question is as off-the-wall as before, but coming from a Detective, it feels more organic. Peter takes a breath.

PETER

It was like the old Yankee
Clippers, a smuggling vessel --
rakish topsail, Barquentine
rigging. Angel figurehead on the
bow.

Dean looks at Sam. Where did that answer come from?

SAM

That's a lot of detail for a ship
your brother saw.

PETER

My brother and I were night diving.
(beat)
I saw it, too.

A game-changing answer. The boys react, silently alarmed. Dean looks at Sam, cocking his head subtly at something behind Sam's back. Dean sees --

(CONTINUED)

Bela speaking in conspiratorial tones with a pair of UNIFORMED OFFICERS. She points in the boys' direction. *

Sam turns around. He knows there's trouble approaching.

SAM
We'll be in touch.

And they're gone.

10 EXT. UPSCALE STREET - DAY 10

Down the street from the Warren house. But safely away from the cops, or any other curious onlookers. *

At the Impala's trunk, Sam and Dean load rounds into their SALT GUNS, low to the open trunk, CAREFUL that no one else sees. Bela finds them there. *

BELA
Hey. I see you got your car back.

DEAN
You really want to get near me with a loaded gun in my hands?

BELA
Now, now. Mind your blood pressure.

The boys, not rising to take the bait, keep working.

BELA
Why are you even still here? You have enough to I.D. the boat.

SAM
That guy back there saw the ship.

BELA
Yeah. And...?

SAM
And, he's gonna die.
(Bela gives a blank look)
We have to save him.

Bela nods. Then can't help it. She cracks a big smile.

BELA
That's sweet.

(CONTINUED)

DEAN
You find this funny?

BELA
Come on. He's cannon fodder. He
can't be saved in time and you know
it.

DEAN
Well, see, we actually have souls.
So we have to try.

BELA
Well, me, I'm actually gonna find
the ship and put an end to all
this. But you have fun.

Dean's had it. He takes a step forward. Gets in her face.

DEAN
How'd you get like this, Bela?
Daddy not give you enough hugs or
something?

Bela stares right back. She gives as good as she gets--

BELA
I don't know. Your Daddy give you
enough?

Dean grins. But he doesn't have a quick comeback to this.

BELA
Don't you dare look down your nose
at me. You're no better than I am.

DEAN
We help people.

BELA
Please. You do this out of
vengeance, obsession. You're a
stone's throw from serial killer.

(beat)
But me, on the other hand-- I get
paid to do a job, I do it. Now you
tell me-- which is healthier?

Sam steps in, defuses the situation, before Dean takes a
swing at this haughty chick.

(CONTINUED)

10

SAM

Okay, why don't you just go, Bela.
We got work to do.

BELA

Yeah, you're zero for two. Bang up
job so far.

She turns heel and leaves. Her parting words ring in the
boy's ears.

DISSOLVE TO:

11

EXT. TODD'S HOUSE - THAT NIGHT

11

Through a large bay window, we see Peter pacing about the
living room, his shoulders hunched over in grief. He's
packing up Todd's things into CARDBOARD BOXES.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL Sam and Dean sitting in the Impala.
They're across the street, watching. Stakeout.

Dean keeps Peter within his sight while Sam flips through a
stack of photocopies. Wearily, Dean rubs his eyes.

DEAN

(glancing at Sam's papers)
What's good?

SAM

(as he scans)
Not much. Both brothers-- Duke
University grads. No criminal
records. A few speeding tickets.
They inherited their father's real
estate fortune six years ago.

Dean watches as Peter briefly leaves the sight-line of the
window.

DEAN

How much?

SAM

112 million.

Dean spits out an impressed, "damn" whistle.

DEAN

Nice life.

(CONTINUED)

SAM

Yep. Nice, clean, above board. So why'd the brothers see the ship? Why Sheila, too? What do they all have in common?

DEAN

Maybe nothing.

SAM

There's always something--

When Peter BURSTS out of the front door of his house. Takes a few angry steps down the driveway, towards the boys.

PETER

Hey, you!

Sam and Dean exchange looks. Deadpan--

DEAN

I think he made us.

PETER

What are you doing out here? You watching me?!

Sam and Dean exit the Impala.

SAM

Just calm down--

PETER

You guys aren't cops. Not dressed like that. Not in that crappy car.

DEAN

Hey! No need to get ugly. *

Sam takes a few non-threatening steps toward Peter--

SAM

Look, we are cops, we're undercover, alright? We're here 'cause we think you're in danger--

PETER

From who?

SAM

Come with us, we'll talk about it--

(CONTINUED)

PETER
Just stay away from me.

Peter darts for his UPSCALE CAR, parked in the driveway. He's right beside it, the boys are still a distance away, they can't catch him in time.

DEAN
Hold on, you moron, we're trying to help!

But Peter GUNS the ENGINE, and PEELS OUT, down the driveway and past Sam.

SAM
Peter! Wait!

The boys exchange looks. Shit.

Peter makes it a ways down the street, when...

The engine suddenly sputters out. The car stops.

Dean and Sam. Stepping forward. Seeing the car stopped in the street. They trade alarmed looks. This can't be good. *

12 INT. PETER'S CAR - CONTINUOUS 12 *

Peter tries the engine again. It only CLUNKS and WHINES. Kaput. When Peter glances up, into the REARVIEW MIRROR-- *

ANGLE ON REFLECTION. There's somebody in the back seat! A DARK MALE FIGURE! *

Peter GASPS in FEAR, whips around in his seat to see-- *

There's no one there. It's empty. Beat. *

Then Peter turns forward. And we suddenly REVEAL-- *

THE SPIRIT sits in the PASSENGER SEAT, right beside him! Boo! We see him, full monty, for the first time. A pale, clammy MAN, soaking wet, dressed in a period pea coat. And his right hand... a BLOODY STUMP. *

13 EXT. STREET - NIGHT 13

Sam runs like holy hell for the car. And Dean, a few paces behind, wielding the salt shotgun. But the car's pretty far. *

14 INT./EXT. PETER'S CAR - CONTINUOUS 14 *

The SPIRIT touches the side of Peter's terrified face. *

(CONTINUED)

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14

Peter coughs, gurgles, and BEGINS SPITTING UP WATER. As the spirit lowers his arm, sits in his seat, watching, blank faced. *

The COLOR ABANDONS Peter's cheeks with Ivan's VFX magic, as he goes pale, starving for oxygen, vomiting water, which SPLASHES against the inside of the windshield. *

Sam ARRIVES at the driver's window. Looks into the car, sees the SPIRIT. Reacts with wide eyes. The Spirit LOCKS EYES with Sam. *

Dean ARRIVES a beat later at the passenger window... without hesitation, he takes AIM at the spirit and FIRES! *

The passenger window SHATTERS and the spirit VANISHES. *

Sam throws open the driver's side door. Tries to help out Todd, as Todd COUGHS UP one last GASP of water. *

And then dies in Sam's arms. Eyes wide and glassy. Skin pale. *

Sam feels for a pulse. Its nonexistent. He looks to Dean, shakes his head. Off the boys' defeat-- *

BLACKOUT. *

15-16 OMIT

15-16 *

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

17 INT. THE WINCHESTER'S SAFE HOUSE - NEXT MORNING (DAY 4) 17 *

Somber. Dean sits in a chair, feet crossed on a table, lost in thought, as Sam reads a book on shipwrecks. Neither is eager to engage in small talk.

A KNOCK at the door. Dean gets up, inspects the keyhole. Groans. He opens the door. Bela, carrying a folio, strides past Dean as if he were the doorman. She takes in the room.

BELA

Dear God, are you actually
squatting? Charming.

(beat)

So. How did things go last night
with Peter?

The boy's expressions are as glum as a mourner's.

BELA

That well, huh?

DEAN

If you say "I told you so," I swear
to God, I start swinging.

If this were a bar fight, Bela would be unconscious by now.
She can tell he's at the brink. Bela softens her tone.

BELA

Look. I think the three of us
should have a heart to heart.

DEAN

That's assuming you have a heart.

BELA

Dean, please. I'm sorry about what
I said before, okay?

(sweetly)

I come bearing gifts.

SAM

Such as?

BELA

I've I.D.'d the ship.

That got the boys' attention. Off this--

CUT TO: *

18

MOMENTS LATER

18

Bela has LAID OUT a series of PHOTOCOPIED PHOTOS, SHIP RECORDS, ETC., across the table. We see a PHOTO of the SHIP--

BELA

It's the *Espirito Santo*. A merchant sailing vessel. Quite a colorful history.

(beat)

In 1859, a sailor was accused of treason. The poor bastard was tried aboard ship in a kangaroo court and hanged.

(pointed)

He was 37.

SAM

Which would explain the 37 year cycle.

BELA

(dry, withering)

Aren't you a sharp tack.

(then)

There's a photo of him somewhere.

Um. Here.

Bela digs out another vintage photo from under some papers.

INSERT. A sepia toned photo of a MEMBER of the *Espirito Santo*. A rugged, weatherbeaten man. And the spirit the boys tangled with.

DEAN

That looks like the customer we saw last night. *

BELA

You saw him?

DEAN

(inspecting the picture)

Yeah. That's him, for sure, except he was missing a hand.

BELA

His right hand?

SAM

How did you know?

Bela stands, despite her reserve, this story is a doozy.

(CONTINUED)

BELA

The sailor's body was cremated, but not before his hand was cut off to make a Hand of Glory.

DEAN

Didn't I get one of those at the end of a Thai massage?

Bela allows herself a smile at that one. Sam, used to these *
asides, explains to Dean.

SAM

The right hand of a hanged man is a serious occult object. Very powerful.

BELA

So they say.

DEAN

And it officially counts as remains.

SAM

Yeah, but still... none of it explains why the ghost is choosing these victims...

With that, whatever kinship the three developed over the past two pages is over.

BELA

I'll tell you why. Who cares? Find the hand, burn it and stop the bloody thing.

Dean gives her a long look.

DEAN

I don't get it. Why are you telling us all this?

BELA

Because I know exactly where the hand is.

DEAN

Where?

BELA

The Sea Pines Museum, as a macabre bit of maritime history. But I need help getting it.

SAM

What kind of help?

BELA

I need dates.

SAM

Dates? Plural?

Off Sam's conundrum, a MUSIC CUE slides us to --

19 EXT. MARITIME MUSEUM - NIGHT 19

To establish. A stately three story mansion. Couples in suits and cocktail dresses mingle on the front lawn.

We CLOCK a TASTEFUL SIGN-- SEA PINES MARITIME MUSEUM.

20 INT. MARITIME MUSEUM - BALLROOM - NIGHT 20

Elegant. Stately, if a bit stale. Couples stream through the front doors. Their movements help create a anticipatory beat before we see--

-- Dean and Bela as they enter the room. Dean looks stunning in a tailored John Varvatos. Bela is on his arm, equally dazzling in a Michael Kors gown.

But then Bela looks over to Dean. He's chewing something. *

BELA

(under her breath)

Dear God, is that gum? *

(Dean stops chewing,
busted) *

Try to behave as if you've lived
this life before, yeah? *

Dean removes the gum, presses it on the TRAY of a PASSING WAITER. Bela rolls her eyes. As they CROSS FRAME, they reveal the couple behind them. Sam, runway-worthy in his Hugo Boss, and his date... GERT! She grabs Sam's hand, gushing. *

GERT

This will get their tongues wagging, eh, my Adonis? *

(CONTINUED)

Sam looks as happy as if he were taking his grandmother to the prom. Still, he remains the perfect gentleman. *

SAM
Remember, we're here on business.

GERT
Yes, but sometimes business can be a pleasure.

SAM
Uh huh.
(beat)
Could you excuse me for a moment.

Sam steps into the room, alive with as many well dressed extras as possible. He finds Dean and Bela.

SAM
Exactly how long do you expect me to entertain my "date"?

BELA
As long as it takes.

Before Sam can raise another objection, Dean cuts him off.

DEAN
Look, the museum's crawling with security, un-crash-able without Gert's invitations. *

SAM
We can crash anything. *

Dean is ENJOYING THE HELL out of Sam's discomfort. Throwing a look to Gert, stifling a laugh-- *

DEAN
Well. This is easier. And more fun, too. *

SAM
You know there are limits to what I'll do. *

DEAN
Playing hard to get. That's so cute. *

Dean slaps Sam on the back, reveling in his discomfort.

DEAN

I want to hear details in the morning.

Sam takes a step to follow when he's tapped on the shoulder. Sam turns to see Gert standing before him, holding two glasses of champagne. Sam takes one. She toasts him.

GERT

(romantically)

To us.

Sam knocks back the champagne in one gulp.

21 INT. MARITIME MUSEUM - BALLROOM - NIGHT 21

Dean and Bela sip champagne while they maneuver through the room. They look like any other couple as they smile and chatter between themselves -- all the better to cover their casing the room.

Bela takes in a number of uniformed SECURITY GUARDS standing ramrod straight in front the stairs, every doorway, etc.

BELA

Private Security?

DEAN

Don't think so. Look how they're standing. They're pros. Probably state troopers, moonlighting.

BELA

Posted at every door, too.

DEAN

We're not gonna be able to just waltz upstairs.

BELA

So what do you suggest?

DEAN

Gimme a minute. *

After a too-long beat of thinking, Bela rolls her eyes--

BELA

Well. Don't strain yourself. *

(with disdain)

Interesting how the legend is so much more than the man...

(CONTINUED)

DEAN

Hey. You got any bright ideas, I'm all ears.

Bela thinks for a moment.

BELA

Okay, follow my lead. And try to keep up.

She places her empty champagne glass on a waiter's tray. Suddenly, SHE FAINTS. It takes a quarter second for Dean to register what's happening. Snapping to, he CATCHES BELA inches before her head would have hit the floor.

The fainting spell causes a commotion and a crowd. Dean holds Bela's hand.

DEAN

Honey, are you all right!

Dean's stalling. He looks at Bela, who appears to be out cold. Dean grabs a passing WAITER.

DEAN

(to the waiter)

My wife has a severe shellfish allergy. Is there crab in these puff pastries?

WAITER

No, sir.

DEAN

Oh. Good.

Dean pops one in his mouth, then...

DEAN

They're excellent, by the way.

The HEAD OF SECURITY -- middle-aged, no nonsense, incapable of being charmed -- walks over to the couple.

SECURITY

What seems to be the trouble?

DEAN

It's probably the champagne. She's a total lightweight when it comes to the sauce.

(CONTINUED)

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21 CONTINUED: (2) 21

Dean puts Bela down, steps closer to Security, speaking in a conspiratorial whisper.

DEAN
Is there a place where she can lie
down for a few minutes. Get her
sea legs back?

Security weighs his options, looks at the crowd. The incident has taken center stage. A decision made, Security looks Dean in the eye.

SECURITY
Follow me.

22 OMIT 22

23 INT. MARITIME MUSEUM - 2ND FLOOR - OFFICE - NIGHT 23

Bela lays on a couch, seemingly passed out, as Dean ushers the Security out the door.

DEAN
(with a chuckle)
Sorry about this. She's a real
pain in the ass, you know? *

The Security leaves, Dean shuts the door behind him.

DEAN
You know, next time, try giving me
a little heads up on your plan.

BELA
(sitting up)
I didn't want you thinking. You're
not very good at that.

Dean glares at her. Bela only smiles.

BELA
Aw. Look at you. Searching for a
witty rejoinder.

DEAN
Screw you.

BELA
Yes, very Oscar Wilde.
(then)
Room 235. It's in a locked glass
case, wired for alarm. I assume
that won't be a problem?

(CONTINUED)

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23 CONTINUED: 23

Dean gives her a look that could kill. He opens the door, *
checks to see the coast is clear, exits the room. *

24 OMIT 24 *

25 INT. MARITIME MUSEUM - BALLROOM - NIGHT 25

The dance floor is full. Sam ballroom dances with Gert.
She's never looked happier. Sam looks like a pallbearer.

GERT
Where's Alex and your friend?
They're missing a great party.

SAM
I'm sure they're entertaining
themselves.

GERT
Naughty. Then I guess we'll just
have to entertain ourselves as
well.

Gert dances closer, takes his hand in hers. *

SAM
I don't want you to get the wrong
idea about me, Mrs... Ms. Case.

GERT
Call me Gert.
(after a beat)
You remind me of my late husband.
He was shy too.
(beat)
Until we got below decks.

Gert wraps her hand around Sam's waist. Sam uses the moment
to check his watch behind Gert's back. He frowns at the
result. Gert uses the opportunity to slide her hands below
FRAME, south of the Mason-Dixon.

SAM
WHOA!

GERT
(Cheshire Cat grin)
Well, you're just firm all over.

Sam looks up to the ceiling. What could possibly be taking
so long?

25A INT. MARITIME MUSEUM - 2ND FLOOR - ARCHIVE ROOM - NIGHT 25A

Dean stands before a PODIUM with a GLASS BOX on top. In the box, on a stand... a withered, CALCIFIED HAND. At the bottom of the glass case-- a quarter sized disk with a wire attached... the alarm.

From his jacket, Dean removes a SMALL VALET KIT of tools. Small wire-cutters, wires, etc. As he gets to work on the alarm system...

26 INT. MARITIME MUSEUM - 2ND FLOOR - OFFICE - NIGHT 26

Bela walks around the room, bored. From the desk, she picks up a six inch LUCITE PAPERWEIGHT. Bela inspects it lazily.

When... she hears a KNOCK.

SECURITY (O.S.)
Sir? Ma'am? Everything alright? *

The DOORKNOB begins to turn, the door begins to open--

27 INT. MARITIME MUSEUM - 2ND FLOOR - HALLWAY - NIGHT 27

Security, opening the door, when-- *

Bela suddenly appears, preventing the door from being opened further. Her lipstick is smeared, and her gown is off her shoulder. She's holding it up against her breasts.

BELA
Hi.

Security tries to peek in the room. Bela blocks his view. *

SECURITY
Feeling better, I see.

BELA
Yes, much, thank you.

SECURITY
So, if you're done with the room...?

BELA
(embarrassed giggle)
Well, not exactly. Could you give us a few more minutes?

SECURITY
Uh. Yes, ma'am.

(CONTINUED)

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27 CONTINUED: 27

Bela closes the door. Security WAITS A BEAT, hearing Bela *
GIGGLE and AD-LIB PASSIONATE TALK from the other side. *
Shakes his head. He turns back down the hallway--

BUMPING right into Dean, who's coming from around the corner.
They both look at each other for a beat.

DEAN
(explaining)
Nature called.

SECURITY
(puzzled)
Uh, huh.

DEAN
Well, thanks for looking after my
wife.

SECURITY
Oh, she's being looked after
alright.

A smirk crosses Security's face as he heads down the hall,
leaving Dean with a look that asks "what does that mean?"

28-29 OMIT 28-29
30 INT. MARITIME MUSEUM - 2ND FLOOR - OFFICE - NIGHT 30

Dean enters, as Bela makes herself presentable, pulling up
her dress, etc. Dean notices.

DEAN
Any trouble?

BELA
Nothing I couldn't handle. *
(then) *
The Hand?

Dean pulls it out from his jacket and shows her.

BELA
(re: Hand)
May I?

DEAN
(simply)
No.

(CONTINUED)

BELA
It might be more inconspicuous in
my purse.

DEAN
(smiles)
Nice try.

BELA
(smiling back)
Just trying to be helpful.

Dean takes a scarf or cloth napkin or something from the
room, and wraps the Hand with it. He places the wrapped hand
in his inside jacket pocket.

DEAN
Sweetheart. I don't need your kind
of help. *

31 INT. MARITIME MUSEUM - BALLROOM - NIGHT 31

Another slow dance. Gert, with one more flute of champagne
in her than necessary, rests her head against Sam's chest.

SAM
Man, this is one long song.

GERT
(dreamy)
I hope it never ends.

Sam's look says, "oh God."

GERT
How's the investigation going?

SAM
These things take time.

GERT
People are talking about the Warren
brothers' deaths. Strange. Do you
think it's connected to Sheila's?

SAM
We think so.

GERT
I think they had it coming, you
know, in a Biblical sort of way.

(CONTINUED)

SAM

What do you mean?

Tipsy, in gossip mode, Gert rises her head to look at Sam.

GERT

Well, you know about their father.

SAM

No.

GERT

C'mere. I'll whisper it to you.

Sam sighs. Leans over. Gert moves her lips to Sam's ear, stopping to make a brush by his cheek. She's trying to get some.

GERT

People say their father didn't die of natural causes.

SAM

Then how?

Gert goes for his ear again, this time with a nibble. Sam tolerates it as long Gert keeps talking.

GERT

Rumor is, his boys did it. Nothing was ever proven, but still, people whisper.

Sam's mind races, putting together a theory.

SAM

Did they have any connection to Sheila?

GERT

None that I know of.

SAM

Did Sheila have any kinda tragedy in her life?

GERT

(thinking)

Well...

(then)

Yes, as a matter of fact... there was the car accident when she was a teenager.

SAM
What happened?

GERT
Her car flipped over. She was
okay, but her cousin was killed.

Sam holds Gert away from him, looking at her in a new light.

GERT
Why? Is that important?

Sam gives her a long, interested look. Yes. It's very
important. When--

Dean and Bela finally approach.

BELA
Having a nice time?

Gert steps away from Sam, gives Bela a kiss on the cheek.

GERT
Delightful.
(whispering to Bela)
He wants me.

Gert smiles at Sam. Then Bela nods to Sam and Dean--

BELA
I'm gonna get Gert into a cold
shower.

SAM
Good idea.

BELA
All right... See you at the
cemetery.

Dean opens his jacket, looks inside his pocket. The wrapped
scarf is inside.

32 OMIT 32

33 EXT. MARITIME MUSEUM - PARKING LOT - NIGHT 33

Sam and Dean jump into the Impala. Slam the doors. A beat.
Sam's body goes limp.

(CONTINUED)

SAM
You got it, right? I didn't get
groped all night by Mrs. Haversham
for nothing, right?

DEAN
Yeah, I got it.
(beat)
Mrs. Who?

SAM
Nevermind. Just let me see it.

Dean sees the questioning as an affront to his intelligence. As much to appease Sam and triple-check himself, Dean digs into his jacket pocket, takes out the wrapped scarf. Something about the weight and wrapping has Dean anxious. He quickly unravels the scarf to reveal... THE LUCITE PAPERWEIGHT from the Museum office!

DEAN
(calmly)
I'm going to kill her. I mean
it... I'm going to kill her.

Then Sam and Dean are out of the Impala in a flash.

34 INT. MARITIME MUSEUM - BALLROOM - NIGHT 34

Sam and Dean race inside the room. Gert sits slumped in a chair. She beams upon seeing the boys. Waves. But no Bela. She's long gone.

The boys don't have to say what's clearly on their minds -- they're fucked.

34A INT./EXT. BELA'S SPORTSCAR - WATERFRONT ESPLANADE - NIGHT 34A

A LEATHER CASE, thrown into the passenger's seat.

Bela unzips it... it's FILLED TO THE BRIM with CASH. She takes out a thick bundle, smiling. This one bundle alone is probably 10 grand, and there's a lot more in the bag.

She's in the process of counting it, when--

She happens to glance into her rearview mirror. We don't see what she sees-- but she pales. Shocked. Dismayed.

BELA
Oh, no.

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34A CONTINUED: 34A

She climbs out of her car, slow. Pivoting to look out across the dark bay (which her car is parked in front of).

A DISTANT LIGHTNING BOLT-- and she sees it, the GHOST SHIP.
It's gone as quickly as it appeared.

*
*
*
*

BELA
Well. Crap.

Off Bela, suddenly on the chopping block--

BLACKOUT!

END OF ACT THREE

Shared by SPN Script Hunt NOT FOR RESALE

ACT FOUR

35 INT. THE WINCHESTER'S SAFE HOUSE - NIGHT

35

Sam and Dean, still hot from being double-crossed, try to keep focus.

DEAN

You're right. I won't kill her.
Too easy. Slow torture is the way
to go.

SAM

Okay, just relax.

Dean doesn't know where to put his rage.

DEAN

Relax? Okay, relax.
(beat; exploding)
I can't believe she got over on us
again!

Beat.

SAM

You.

DEAN

What?

SAM

Actually, she got over on you, not
us.

DEAN

Thanks, Sam. Very helpful.

We hear KNOCKING on the door. Who in the hell...? Then
THAT voice.

BELA (O.S.)

Hello! Could you open up?

The boys look at each other, incredulous and furious. Dean
leaps for the door. It's Bela, in full contrition mode.

BELA

Just let me explain --

Dean stares at her.

(CONTINUED)

35 DEAN
This better be good. And I mean
really good.

36 INT. THE WINCHESTER'S SAFE HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER - NIGHT 36
Bela sits facing the boys. Her cool, acid demeanor seems to
have escaped her. She speaks quietly, evenly, as if in a
confessional.

DEAN
Where's the Hand?

BELA
I sold it. I had a buyer lined up
as soon I heard it existed.

SAM
So the whole reason for us coming
to the charity ball --

BELA
I needed a cover. You were...
convenient.

Dean is ready to go postal. Sam keeps him in check.

SAM
Look... you sold the Hand to a
buyer. Just buy it back.

BELA
It's halfway across the ocean. I
can't get it back in time.

DEAN
In time for what?

Sam notices something has Bela spooked.

SAM
What's going on, Bela?
(beat)
You look like you've seen a ghost.

She answers, like admitting a dark secret.

BELA
I have. I saw the ship.

DEAN
What?

She nods scared confirmation. Dean looks at her, hard.

DEAN

You know, I knew you were an amoral bitch, con artist, thief. But just when I thought my opinion of you couldn't get any lower.

BELA

What are you talking about?

Sam, marginally more compassionate, steps closer to her.

SAM

We figured out the spirit's motive. *

From the pile of research that Bela left-- Sam pulls out a SECOND PHOTO, one we haven't seen before. In it, a SAILOR, perhaps with a BEARD. (Or scar, or some other distinguishing feature).

SAM

This is the ship's captain-- who hung our ghost boy.

BELA

So?

SAM

They were brothers. Very Cain and Abel.

Bela stares at the photograph, deep in thought.

SAM

So now the spirit, he's going after a very specific kinda target-- people who've spilled their own family's blood.

As Bela lets the news sink in, Sam continues.

SAM

First it was Sheila who killed her cousin in an auto accident. Then the Warren brothers who murdered their father for the inheritance... And now, you.

BELA

(genuinely scared)
Oh my God.

Bela falls back in her chair. Dean reads her. *

DEAN
So who was it, Bela? Who'd you
kill? Your Daddy? Little sis,
maybe?

BELA
(defiant)
It's none of your business.

Dean looks at her for a beat.

DEAN
You're right.
(heads for the door)
Have a nice life. You know, what's
left of it.

Dean looks to Sam. Sam is reluctant.

BELA *

You can't just leave me here.

DEAN *

Watch us. Sam. Come on.

Bela looks at them. This is really hard for her. Finally...

BELA
Please...
(struggles)
I need your help.

DEAN
Our help? How could a couple of
serial killers possibly help you?

BELA
Okay, that was harsh, I admit it.
But it doesn't warrant a death
sentence.

SAM
That's not why you're going to die.
(beat)
What did you do, Bela?

Bela wrestles with this. Clearly, this is a deep, dark
wound, one she doesn't like to re-open. She struggles, and
finally, she can only say this--

BELA

Look. Some families-- you're better off without. Okay?

(then)

You wouldn't understand. No one did.

The boys look at her. What's that about? She rises, suddenly uncomfortable with their eyes on her... she hates that she was that vulnerable.

BELA

You know what? Nevermind. I'll just do what I've always done-- take care if it myself. Just go ahead and go, alright?

She turns away, begins poring over the research. Sam and Dean trade looks. It takes Dean a conflicted beat before he can finally say--

DEAN

(softening)

Bela... you just sold the only thing that could save your life.

BELA

Yes. I'm aware.

Bela is overcome with the darkness of her fate.

SAM

Well. Maybe not the only thing.

Off Bela's and Dean's surprised looks --

37 OMIT 37 *

38 EXT. CEMETERY - NIGHT 38 *

A Massachusetts Cemetery, a few centuries old. *

Sam, Dean, and Bela stand among the tombstones. Sam, before a TREE STUMP, on which he's drawn a SMALL PENTAGRAM. Candles at each point. There's also a small bowl, a few other small occult odds-and-ends. He holds an old LEATHER BOOK underneath one arm. He finishes lighting the candles. *

Dean stands close to Bela. Shotgun at the ready. Protective. *

(CONTINUED)

BELA *
You really think this is going to *
work? *

DEAN *
Almost definitely not. *

Then... a EAR-SPLITTING, OMINOUS RUMBLE OF THUNDER...
Our heroes all exchange nervous glances. A beat. *
Then... it BEGINS TO RAIN. Pouring over their heads. *

DEAN *
(to Sam) *
I'd start reading if I were you.

Sam, standing before the pentagram altar, opens the book, *
recites a Latin chant loudly. *

The water extinguishes the candles with a SIZZLE. *

SAM
Memento etiam, Domine, famulorum
famularumque tuarum N. et N. qui
nos praecesserunt cum signo
fidei...

Dean keeps vigilant watch over Bela, salt gun poised. As the
STORM GROWS EVER WORSE. WIND BLOWS. It BUILDS INTO A *
HURRICANE!!

DEAN *
Just stay close!

ANGLE. When, over Dean's shoulder... the SPIRIT *
MATERIALIZES, from out of thin air! Getting the drop on *
Dean! Bela SCREAMS! *

BELA
Behind you!

Dean wheels around with the salt gun. Effortlessly, the
ghost KNOCKS THE GUN AND DEAN against a tree. CRACK! The *
SHOTGUN FIRES UPON IMPACT! BOOM! *

Sam sees this, quickens his pace, speaking with fiery *
urgency.

(CONTINUED)

SAM

Quiescentibus, locum refrigerii,
lucis et pacis, ut indulgeas,
deprecamur. Per eundem Christum
Dominum nostrum...

Fighting the urge to scream, Bela backs up from the ghost. *
The Ghost PRESSES his PALM against the side of her face.
Immediately, she begins to COUGH UP WATER. Choking.
Drowning.

She DROPS to her KNEES. Her SKIN GOES PALE with FX magic. *

The Ghost backs away from her. Watching. He smiles, amused.
Enjoying this. (Production note: the rain and wind recede at
this point, so we can focus on the Spirit and the plight of
our characters).

Sam chants even louder, faster.

Through his pain, Dean leaps to his feet. He runs to Bela,
crouches beside her, on the ground. But there's nothing he *
can do, as she drowns (no Heimlich or anything, please). He
smacks her on the back, but she only gags up more water. He
can only hold her.

DEAN

Sam! Read faster!

SAM

(finally finishes)
Nobis quoque peccatoribus famulis
tuis, de multitudine miserationum
tuarum sperantibus!

There. Sam's done. He slams the book shut. Looks around, *
to see the result of what he's done. The sound goes quiet. *
Eerie. Nothing but the QUIET WHOOSH of a BREEZE. *

Dean. Sam. Both pivot, to look at the SPIRIT--

And the SPIRIT, sensing something over his shoulder, PIVOTS *
around as well, REVEALING for the FIRST TIME--

A SECOND GHOST. A soaking-wet SAILOR with a BEARD (or scar, *
or some other distinguishing feature).

It's the ship's CAPTAIN. The sailor's BROTHER!

Sam and Dean. PUSH-IN SINGLES on both. They trade looks. *
Wary, frightened. Not sure what's going to happen next.

(CONTINUED)

Our first spirit steps forward, in tightly coiled anger.
Think Eastwood, nothing too over-the-top.

FIRST SPIRIT
You... Hanged... Me... Your own
brother.

The Captain stands before his kin -- petrified, supplicant
and pitiful.

CAPTAIN
I'm sorry. I'm so sorry...

FIRST SPIRIT
(low, with laser
intensity)
Your own brother.

CLOSE UPS. SAM. DEAN. Watching brother battle brother.
This has an emotional effect on them.

Our first spirit LUNGES FORWARD at the Captain. The Captain
SHRIEKS an otherworldly HOWL, as the two figures MERGE and
SWIRL and COMBINE. Violently being torn into nothingness--

INTERACTIVE LIGHT against the amazed faces of our heroes,
until--

Silence. It's quiet. They're gone.

Dean holds Bela as she fights for air and life in the dirt.
She regains control of her breathing.

She looks up at Dean. Vulnerable. Grateful. She nods.

He nods back. Off Dean, we--

BLACKOUT.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

39 INT. THE WINCHESTER'S SAFE HOUSE - DAY (DAY 5) 39 *

As Sam and Dean pack their bags, Bela strides into the room as if it were her own.

BELA

You boys should learn to lock your doors. Anyone could just barge in.

SAM

Anyone just did. Did you come to say good-bye or thank you?

BELA

I've come to settle affairs.

(then, to Sam)

Giving the spirit what he really wanted-- his own brother. Very clever, Sam. So. Here.

Bela digs out a thick envelope from her pocket. She hands it to Sam. He peeks inside. His head jerks back.

BELA

It's ten thousand. That should cover it.

(off the boy's shock)

I don't like being in anyone's debt.

Dean is beside himself.

DEAN

So ponying up ten grand is easier for you than a simple thank you. You are so damaged.

BELA

Takes one to know one.

(beat)

Goodbye, lads.

Bela turns on her heel and exits without so much as a look back. Sam puts the money on the table. The boys ogle the knot of cash.

SAM

She's got style. You gotta give her that.

(CONTINUED)

DEAN

I suppose.

SAM

You know, we don't know where that
money's been.

Dean, thinking, picks up the wad. And then turns to Sam with
a big fat fucking smile.

DEAN

No. But I know where it's going.

Dean SMACKS Sam on the back, ecstatic... then takes his bag
and strides out of the room, presumably to spend the money on
all kinds of illicit shit.

Sam smiles, follows Dean. As he closes the door behind--

BLACKOUT.

TO BE CONTINUED...