

SUPERNATURAL

Episode #314

"Long Distance Call"

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PRODUCTION DRAFT - WHITE

03/20/08

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Episode #314

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REVISION HISTORY

<u>Revision</u>	<u>Date</u>	<u>Revised Pages</u>
Production Draft - White	03/20/08	Full Script

Episode #314

"Long Distance Call"

CAST LIST

SAM WINCHESTER  
DEAN WINCHESTER

JARED PADALECKI  
JENSEN ACKLES

BEN WATERS  
MARGARET WATERS  
CLARK ADAMS/CROCOTTA \*  
STEWIE MYERS  
MARK GREENFIELD  
SIMON GREENFIELD  
LANIE GREENFIELD \*  
MUSEUM GUIDE  
MIKE STUBBS  
ED

JOHN SHAW  
INGRID TORRANCE  
TOM O'BRIEN  
ANGUL NIGAM  
DAVID NEALE  
DAWSON DUNBAR  
CHERILYN WILSON  
ANNA MAE ROUTLEDGE  
ERIC BREKER  
THOMAS MICHAEL DOBIE

Replaced:

CLARK ADAMS replaces CLARK BENTON  
LANIE GREENFIELD replaces LEILA GREENFIELD

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SUPERNATURAL  
"Long Distance Call"

TEASER

1 INT. WATERS HOUSE - NIGHT (DAY 1)

1 \*

CR-RACK! A FLASH of LIGHTNING! Black rain sluicing down a window. In the window's reflection, we REVEAL the troubled visage of--

BEN WATERS, 40s. Stands alone in his darkened study. Gazing into the storm. He raises a glass of Scotch to his lips.

CLOSE ON: his hand TREMBLES as he lifts the glass, takes a long tug. He's a man near the end of his rope.

ANGLE. THE TELEPHONE. Looming large and ominous in the foreground, Ben in the B.G. A Hitchcock angle. It RINGS-- with its jarring electronic trill.

CLOSE ON BEN. He winces at the sound... knocks back his drink to steel himself... and answers it.

BEN

Hello?

LINDA (V.O.)

Ben...

BEN

(quiet, urgent)

Linda...

LINDA (V.O.)

I had to talk to you--

BEN

You gotta stop calling--

LINDA (V.O.)

I know, I know... just... tell me you've thought about it. Please.

BEN

There's nothing to think about.

LINDA (V.O.)

Don't say that.

(CONTINUED)

BEN  
I can't, you know I can't. My  
wife.

LINDA (V.O.)  
I'm begging you. Come to me.

BEN  
... no...

Ben hangs up the phone with quivering hands. Steadies himself against the desk. Places one hand on the bottle to pour himself another drink.

And the PHONE RINGS again. That grating TRILL. TRILL. TRILL. Ben, against his better judgment, snatches it up.

BEN  
Linda, please... please, just leave  
me alone...

LINDA (V.O.)  
I'm not gonna stop. I can't.  
(then)  
I miss you, Ben. We can be  
together. We can be happy.

BEN  
This is... this is crazy...

LINDA (V.O.)  
I love you. Forever.  
(then)  
Don't you love me?

BEN  
You know I do. More than anything.  
But-- I'm sorry--

LINDA (V.O.)  
Ben, wait--

Ben SLAMS THE PHONE DOWN. A half beat.

CLOSE ON: THE PHONE. It STARTS TO RING again! TRILL.  
TRILL.

BEN lifts the phone. Then, in a burst of frustration, he SLAMS it into its cradle, again and again. Then picks up the WHOLE UNIT, WRENCHES it from the wall, WHIPS it across the room!

Silence.

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1 Ben tries to hold back his churning emotion.

Long beat. Quiet. Still. Then-- \*

TRILL. TRILL.

The PHONE. On the FLOOR. PHONE CORD lying strewn,  
unattached. And yet, still, impossibly, it RINGS.

TRILL. TRILL.

Ben stares at the phone, a mixture of dread and pain and  
resignation sweeping his face.

TRILL. TRILL.

Eyes brimming. Shaking. He opens a desk drawer. There is a  
PISTOL inside. He grasps it.

TRILL. TRI--

And the phone suddenly stops ringing. As if it knows...

BEN  
Okay, Linda. You win.  
(then)  
I'm coming.

In one quick motion, Ben jams the pistol below his jaw... and  
just before he pulls the trigger we go--

XCU ON: THE PHONE'S CALLER ID.

A SERIES OF RANDOM, EERIE SYMBOLS blink and sputter, popping  
on and off, changing... finally resolving themselves into a  
combination of numbers and letters: "SHA33". Before we  
totally understand what this means... BAM! Blood splatters  
against the phone and we--

BLACKOUT!

END OF TEASER



ACT ONE

2 EXT. UNIVERSITY QUAD - DAY (DAY 2) 2 \*

DEAN sits on a park bench before several stately COLLEGE BUILDINGS. He's got a few fast-food BURGERS and DRINKS beside him. He's on his cell, as SAM walks up-- \*

DEAN  
(into phone)  
Right... got it. Seeya. \*  
(to Sam) \*  
So? \*

SAM \*  
(looking back at building) \*  
So that Professor doesn't know \*  
crap. \*

DEAN \*  
Shocking. Well, pack your panties, \*  
Sammy, we're hittin' the road. \*

SAM

What's up?

DEAN \*  
(holds up his cell) \*  
That was Bobby. Banker man blew \*  
his head off in Ohio. There might \*  
be a spirit in the mix-- \*

SAM

You two were talking a case?

DEAN

No, first we talked about our feelings, then our favorite boy bands... then a case. Yeah.

SAM  
(doubtful)

So. A spirit.

DEAN

Banker was complaining about electrical problems at his pad for the past week. Phones going haywire, computers flipping on and off...

SAM \*

Uh huh...

(CONTINUED)

DEAN  
What? Not ringing your bell?

SAM  
Dean... we're on a case.

DEAN  
Who's?

SAM  
Yours.

DEAN  
Oh, well. Coulda fooled me.

SAM  
What the hell else have we been doing lately besides trying to break your deal?

DEAN  
Chasing our tails, that's what.  
(then)  
We've talked to every professor,  
witch, soothsayer and two-bit carny-  
act in the lower forty-eight... and  
nobody knows squat.  
(then)  
We can't find Bela, we can't find  
the Colt... so until we actually  
find something, I just want to do  
my job.

A moment.

SAM  
There's one thing we haven't tried.

DEAN  
(knows where this is  
heading)  
Sam...

SAM  
Ruby. We should summon Ruby.

DEAN  
I'm not having this fight again.

SAM  
She says she knows how to save you--

DEAN  
Well, she can't--

SAM  
You know that for sure?!

DEAN  
(an outburst)  
Yes, I do! Because she told me,  
okay?

Sam stares at his brother for a beat.

SAM  
What?

DEAN  
She told me. Told me flat out she  
can't save me. Nobody can.

SAM  
And somehow you just neglected to  
mention this?

DEAN  
I don't care what that bitch  
thinks. And neither should you.

SAM  
So, what? Now you're keeping  
secrets from me?

DEAN  
Sam. You really wanna start  
talking about who's keeping secrets  
from who?

That lands with Sam. Hard. After a moment, he stands, dumps  
his UNEATEN FOOD into the TRASH BIN.

DEAN  
Where you going?

SAM  
(do I have a choice?)  
I guess I'm going to Ohio.

3 EXT. WATERS HOUSE - DAY (DAY 3)

3 \*

An upscale home. Nice neighborhood. Sam and Dean pull up in  
the Impala.

**SUPER: Milan, Ohio.**

4

INT. WATERS HOUSE - DAY

4

Sam and Dean (as DETECTIVES) question MARGARET WATERS, 40s, in the study where her husband, Ben, shot himself. She clearly does not want to be in this room.

MARGARET

(pointing)

I found him... there.

DEAN

Tell us everything you saw, Mrs. Waters.

MARGARET

You mean besides my dead husband?

SAM

(gentler)

Whatever you can remember.

MARGARET

Blood, everywhere. The phone ripped from the wall. His favorite Scotch on the desk... what else could you possibly want to know?

SAM

(latching onto this immediately)

Why was the phone ripped from the wall?

MARGARET

I don't know.

Sam walks over to inspect the phone.

SAM

Mind if I have a look?

Margaret nods no. As Sam scrolls through the caller ID,

MARGARET

(to Dean, exasperated)

I already went over all this with the other detectives.

DEAN

Be out of your hair in no time, Ma'am.

(CONTINUED)

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CONTINUED: 4

4  
Sam comes to the same WONKY CALLER ID we saw at the end of the teaser: "SHA33". It gets his attention.

SAM  
What time did your husband die?

MARGARET  
Some time after eleven?

Sam shows the phone to Dean. The odd Caller ID and the time it called: "11:04 p.m." Dean reacts: a new question arises.

DEAN  
What about strange phone calls?  
Receive any lately? Weird  
interference, static, anything like  
that?

Margaret clearly reacts. A nerve, struck.

MARGARET  
(nervous)  
No.

Dean throws a look at Sam.

DEAN  
You know, Mrs. Waters, withholding  
information from police is a  
capital offense.

Sam gives him a look--huh?

DEAN  
(covering)  
In... some parts of the world. I'm  
sure.

Margaret looks from Sam to Dean, stricken. Takes a beat. Then reveals, in a shaky voice...

MARGARET  
A couple weeks ago, there was  
this...

DEAN  
This what?

MARGARET  
I woke up one morning... heard Ben  
in his study... I thought he was  
talking to a woman.

(CONTINUED)

SAM  
What made you think that?

MARGARET  
(dry)  
Because he kept calling her Linda?  
(then, softer)  
But the thing is, I picked up the  
other line and...  
(a beat; she'd rather not  
admit this)  
And there was nobody there. Ben  
was talking to nobody.

SAM  
There was nothing?

MARGARET  
Just... static.

Sam and Dean share a look.

SAM  
Did you ever speak to Ben about  
this phone call?

MARGARET  
No... I should've, but... no.

SAM  
Did he ever say who Linda was?

A beat. Margaret throws him a irritated look--

MARGARET  
What difference does it make?  
There was nobody on the other end!

Then, with sadness, with remorse--

MARGARET  
I... I missed the signs.

SAM  
Signs?

MARGARET  
Ben. He was going crazy. And I  
missed it. Didn't I?

Margaret searches Sam and Dean's faces... desperate for an  
answer. An answer they can't give.

5 INT. MOTEL ROOM - DAY

5

Dean works at the computer. There are various POLICE REPORTS, OBITUARIES, HIGH SCHOOL YEARBOOK PHOTOS of one LINDA BATEMAN, 18, on the screen. \*

DEAN  
(re: computer screen)  
Linda's a babe! Or was.

SAM  
Find her?

DEAN  
Linda Bateman. She and Ben Waters were high-school sweethearts. \*

SAM  
What happened?

DEAN  
Drunk driver hit them head on. Ben walked away.

SAM  
So... what? Dead flame calls to chat?

DEAN  
Maybe. But she was cremated. So why's she still floating around?

SAM  
Got me.

DEAN  
What about that Caller I.D.?

SAM  
Turns out it's a phone number.

DEAN  
No number I've ever seen.

SAM  
That's 'cause it's almost a century old. From back when phones had cranks.

DEAN  
So why use that number to reach out and touch someone?

5

SAM

Got me there, too. But we should trace it anyway.

DEAN

How we gonna trace a number that hasn't been used in a hundred years?

6

INT. PHONE COMPANY - DAY

6

CLARK ADAMS, 30s, an officious supervisor, leads Sam and Dean (in JACKETS and TIES) through the basement nerve-center--a warren of wires, switchers, routers, etc. \*

CLARK

We don't get too many folks from HQ down here.

DEAN

Yes, well... the main office mentioned there'd be lunch?

CLARK

(thrown)

I'm sure we can find something...

Dean nods happily at Sam.

CLARK

Man you gentlemen want to be talking to is right this way.

As they walk, Dean swats at a few BUZZING FLIES, and looks questioningly to Clark.

CLARK

(apologetic)

I know, sorry...

(quietly)

... got something of a hygiene issue going on down here if you ask me.

Clark nods toward a computer station they're approaching. STEWIE MYERS, 30s, unkempt, nerdy, sits with his back to them. His desk is pretty gross. JUNK FOOD WRAPPERS, HALF-EATEN BURGERS, ACTION FIGURES, etc. Clark walks ahead to chastise Stewie. \*



CLARK

(low)  
Stewie, what'd I tell you about  
keeping this place clean?

Stewie, surprised, frantically clicks his mouse to get off a  
RACY WEBSITE, but not before we catch a good look-- "BUSTY-  
ASIAN-BEAUTIES.COM." But after he clicks it off, POP-UPS  
OVERRUN his screen. He tries to get rid of them.

\*  
\*  
\*

ONSCREEN: GAIN 3+ INCHES IN LENGTH!... MAKE IT LAST LONGER  
2NITE!... NO MORE BEING SHY OF YOUR MANKIND!

STEWIE

(covering)  
Uh... spam mail...

CLARK

Stewie Myers, this is Mr. Campbell  
and Mr. Raimi...

STEWIE

(still clicking)  
I don't know how all this got here.

CLARK

... from headquarters. Give them  
whatever they need.

Clark leaves. The pop-ups gone, Stewie pivots to the guys--

\*

STEWIE

Uh. So. Can I help you?

\*

DEAN

Hey, was that "Busty-Asian-  
Beauties.com?"

\*  
\*  
\*

STEWIE

(thrown)  
Um... no... maybe?

\*  
\*  
\*

DEAN

Word to the wise. The Platinum  
Membership? Worth every penny.

\*  
\*  
\*

SAM

(interrupting)  
Yeah, anyway. We're trying to  
trace a number.

\*  
\*

Sam hands Stewie the number on a PAPER SCRAP. Stewie looks  
at the number-- huh?

\*

STEWIE  
Where'd you get this?

SAM  
Off a caller ID.

STEWIE  
That's impossible.

DEAN  
Hasn't been used in a few years.  
We know.

STEWIE  
A few years? It's pre-historic.  
Trust me, no one's using this  
number.

SAM  
Yeah... could you run it anyway?

STEWIE  
Sure. Let me just rearrange my  
whole life first.

DEAN  
Hey. Stewie. You got six kinds of  
employee code violations going on  
here, not to mention the...  
disgusting... porn clogging your  
hard drive. So when my partner  
says run the number, I suggest you  
run the number.

\*  
\*  
\*

Stewie stares at Dean a long beat... a standoff. Finally, he  
starts typing on his computer. Running the numbers.

Dean gives Sam a triumphant, that's-how-you-do-business  
look... then SWATS at a BUZZING fly in front of his face.

STEWIE  
(re: computer)  
Holy crap...

SAM  
What?

Stewie hits a few buttons, and a PRINTOUT starts to print  
from a nearby PRINTER.

6

STEWIE

Can't tell you where the number comes from... but I can tell you where it's been going.

SAM

What do you mean?

Stewie rips off the PRINTER PAPER, hands it to Sam.

STEWIE

Ten different houses in the past two weeks. All got calls from this same number.

Sam and Dean exchange looks. That's a wrinkle. But breaking our usual spooky scene-button mood--

STEWIE

So... we done here? 'Cause I was sorta busy.

\*

7

EXT./INT. GREENFIELD HOUSE - DAY

7

Sam, still in his SUIT, stands by the front door, confirms the address with the LIST from Stewie. He knocks. The door opens, revealing MARK GREENFIELD, 40s. His son, SIMON, 7, plays at his legs.

MARK GREENFIELD

Yes?

SAM

Sir, hello, I'm with the phone company.

MARK GREENFIELD

Sorry? I didn't call the phone company.

SAM

Oh, no, we're calling you. We've gotten some complaints from the neighborhood lately...

MARK GREENFIELD

Complaints?

SAM

Dropped calls, static, maybe even... strange voices on the other end of the line?

(CONTINUED)

7

MARK GREENFIELD  
No... we haven't had anything like  
that here.

SAM  
Oh, okay. Just thought we'd check.  
Thanks.

As Sam says goodbye, he notes a girl, LANIE, 16, standing in  
the hallway. Staring at him. Honestly, as if she's seen a  
ghost. Sam meets her gaze, but she quickly looks away. \*

The door closes. Sam stands there for a beat. What the heck  
was that about?

8

EXT. GREENFIELD HOUSE - DAY 8

Sam walks to his car (a rental) and is about to get in.

LANIE (O.S.) \*  
No way you work for the phone  
company.

Sam turns. Lanie stands on the sidewalk. He smiles. \*

SAM  
Sure I do.

LANIE \*  
Since when does a phone guy drive a  
rental? Or wear a cheap suit?

Busted. But Sam can tell she's not here to break his balls.

SAM  
Yeah, well... maybe we're both  
keeping secrets.

Lanie reacts... he's right. \*

LANIE \*  
(after a moment)  
Why'd you ask my dad if we heard  
strange voices on the telephone?

SAM  
Why? Did you hear something?

LANIE \*  
(defensive)  
No.

SAM

Oh. My mistake. I thought maybe you did.

LANIE

Well, I didn't. Okay? \*

SAM

Sorry to bother you.

Sam opens the car door to get inside. Pauses.

SAM

But, you know, if you did, I would have told you I've been right where you're standing right now. Hearing things, maybe seeing things that couldn't be explained. I could have maybe helped you out with that. Anyway...

He starts into the car...

LANIE

Hey. Wait. \*

Lanie takes a beat. This next admission is hard to say aloud. She makes it quietly, haltingly. \*

LANIE

Maybe... maybe I've been talking on the phone... with... with my mom. \*

SAM

(nonchalant)  
Not so strange.

LANIE

Except that she's dead. Like, for three years now dead. \*

SAM

How often does she call?

LANIE

A few times. It started like a week ago. I thought I was, like, crazy or something. \*

Sam closes the car door. Ready to talk.

8

SAM  
I can tell you one thing for sure.  
And you gotta trust me on this one,  
okay?  
(Lanie nods)  
You're not crazy.

\*

Lanie nods, grateful.

\*

9

INT. SAM'S RENTAL CAR - DAY

9

Sam drives. He answers his cell phone.

SAM  
Yeah?

DEAN (V.O.)  
Dude. Stiffs are calling people  
all over town.

SAM  
Yeah, tell me about it.

DEAN (V.O.)  
I just talked to an eighty-four-  
year-old grandmother who's having  
phone sex with her husband... who  
died in Korea.

\*

SAM  
Ugh.

10

EXT. STREET - DAY - INTERCUT

10

Dean walks down the street, talks to Sam.

DEAN  
No kidding. Completely rocked my  
understanding of the word  
"necrophilia."

SAM  
What the hell's going on here?

\*

DEAN  
Beats me. But we better find out.  
'Cause this place is spook central.

SAM  
(at a loss)  
Yeah, okay, check you in ten.

DEAN

Got it.

They hang up. Dean has reached the Impala. His CELL PHONE RINGS. He picks it up.

DEAN

Yeah... what?

But there is nothing on the line. Except STATIC.

DEAN

Sam...?

And yet more STATIC. Dean grows concerned. And then...

JOHN (V.O.)

Dean?

Dean recognizes the voice immediately. Like a punch to the gut.

JOHN (V.O.)

Dean? Is that you?

DEAN

(after a beat)

... Dad?

Off Dean, floored, we...

BLACKOUT!

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

11 INT. MOTEL ROOM - DAY

11

Sam and Dean. Hashing out what the hell just happened.

SAM  
I mean... Dad? You really think it  
was Dad?

DEAN  
I don't know, maybe.

SAM  
What'd he sound like?

DEAN  
Like Oprah.  
(then)  
He sounded like Dad, what do you  
think?

SAM  
What'd he say?

DEAN  
My name.

SAM  
That's it?

DEAN  
The call dropped out.

A moment. They process.

SAM  
Why would he call?

DEAN  
Why are ghosts calling anyone in  
this town?

SAM  
I don't know, not yet.

DEAN  
I mean, these other people are  
hearing from their loved ones-- why  
can't we? It's at least possible,  
right?



11

SAM  
(Dean's got a point)  
Yeah, I guess it is.

The enormity of it all is hitting them.

DEAN  
What if... what if it is Dad? What happens if he calls back?

SAM  
What do you mean?

DEAN  
I mean, what do I say?

Sam doesn't know. It's such a huge question.

SAM  
Hello?

DEAN  
(after a beat, seriously?)  
"Hello"? That's what you come back with? "Hello"?

Sam stands there-- *what do you want from me?*

12

INT. MOTEL ROOM - LATER THAT DAY

12

Sam works on the LAPTOP. Searches HISTORICAL RECORDS of Milan, Ohio, stuff like that. Dean enters. He holds a TOURIST PAMPHLET, the kind you find displayed on motel counters. Sam looks up, frustrated.

DEAN  
Find anything?

SAM  
(re: computer)  
After three hours, I have absolutely no reason why anything supernatural would be going on here.

DEAN  
Huh. You'd think a Stanford education and a high school hook-up rate of zero point zero would have produced better results than that.

SAM  
Hilarious.

12

DEAN  
Ah, Sammy, you're just not looking  
in the right places.

SAM  
Which are?

DEAN  
(proud)  
Motel pamphlet rack.

Dean tosses the TOURIST PAMPHLET onto the table.

INSERT. THE EDISON MUSEUM.

Sam snatches it, quickly looks it over.

DEAN  
Milan, Ohio. Birthplace of Thomas  
Edison.

SAM  
Yeah... so what?

DEAN  
Keep reading.

Sam leafs through... and stops. Something catches his eye.

SAM  
You're kidding me.

Off Dean, beaming...

13

INT. EDISON MUSEUM - DAY

13

A spunky FEMALE MUSEUM GUIDE, 20s-- the kind of gal who uses  
air quotes with reckless abandon-- walks backward, leading a  
few MUSEUM-GOERS into a room featuring an OLD-FASHIONED  
TELEPHONE beneath glass. Sam and Dean bring up the rear.  
They check out the exotic antique phone--

MUSEUM GUIDE  
We're walking...  
(slows)  
And here's one of the museum's most  
unique and treasured possessions,  
Thomas Edison's "Spirit Phone".  
Did you know that Mr. Edison, while  
being one of America's most beloved-  
inventors, was also a devout  
"Occultist"?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MUSEUM GUIDE (CONT'D)

(mock scary)

Whooo!

DEAN

(quiet, to Sam)

What's with the quotey-fingers?

MUSEUM GUIDE

He spent years working on this, his final invention, which he was convinced could be used to "communicate" with the "dead."

Pretty creepy, huh?

(walking away)

And we're walking... we are walking...

The group follows her out of the room. Sam and Dean stay behind. Sam produces an EMF METER and quickly waves it over the Spirit Phone. Reads the dial.

DEAN

Anything?

SAM

Nothing.

They stare at the Spirit Phone, dubious.

DEAN

What do you think?

SAM

Honestly? It sort of looks like a pile of junk to me.

DEAN

It's not even plugged in.

SAM

Maybe it doesn't work like that?

DEAN

Okay... maybe it's like a radio tower, broadcasting the dead all over town?

SAM

Could be.

13

DEAN  
And that Caller I.D. Hundred years  
old. Right around when this sucker  
was built.

SAM  
But why's it suddenly working now?

DEAN  
Dunno. But long as the moldy are  
still calling the fresh around  
here, it's the best reason we got.

Sam agrees. Reluctantly.

SAM  
Maybe.

DEAN  
So maybe it really is Dad.

Off both of them... contemplating that.

14

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

14

Sam sleeps. Dean sits at the table, drinks coffee, keeps  
vigil over his cell phone. Anxious. Waiting. Suddenly, the  
PHONE VIBRATES. Dean checks... it's the WONKY CALLER ID.

CLOSE ON I.D. It STUTTERS on and off, fluttering, popping.  
Meaning it's the call Dean's been hoping for. Holy Christ...

15

INT. MOTEL ROOM - BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

15

Dean enters the bathroom for quiet. Answers the phone.  
Cautiously.

DEAN  
Dad?

JOHN (V.O.)  
Dean...

DEAN  
It's really you?

JOHN (V.O.)  
It's me.

Dean wants to believe. He's trying to get a grip on the  
surging tidal wave of his EMOTIONS...

\*  
\*

(CONTINUED)

DEAN \*  
How can... how can I be sure? \*

JOHN (V.O.) \*  
You can't. Dean. How could you do \*  
it? \*

DEAN \*  
Do what? \*

JOHN (V.O.) \*  
Sell your soul. \*

Dean takes an emotional beat. Suddenly, he's that same \*  
little boy again, hungry for his Dad's approval... \*

DEAN \*  
... I was... I was watching out for \*  
Sammy. Like you told me. \*

JOHN (V.O.) \*  
I never wanted this. Never. \*  
You're my boy. \*

DEAN \*  
I'm sorry, Dad. \*

JOHN (V.O.) \*  
I can't watch you go to hell. \*

DEAN \*  
I don't know how to stop it. \*

JOHN (V.O.) \*  
I do. \*

DEAN \*  
What? How? \*

JOHN (V.O.) \*  
Dean. The Demon who holds your \*  
deal. He's here. Now. \*

Off Dean, floored.

16 INT. GREENFIELD HOUSE - LANIE'S ROOM - NIGHT 16 \*

Lanie IMs with a friend. She types. \*

ONSCREEN (and we CUT CLOSE ENOUGH to see the RESOLUTION LINES  
of the computer-- 'Doogie Howser' style. Eerie phosphorous  
glow. Nice and creepy):

*LanieGee: OK, see you tomorrow!* \*

Suddenly, another IM pops up. Ping! "SHA33".

ONSCREEN:

*SHA33: Lanie? Is that you?* \*

Lanie types back. \*

ONSCREEN:

*LanieGee: Mom?* \*

Ping! (Which precedes every Mom message).

*SHA33: I asked you a question last night. Have you thought about it?*

Lanie fidgets. The question makes her uncomfortable. \*

ONSCREEN:

*LanieGee: I don't know what you want.* \*

*SHA33: Of course you do. I want to see you.*

Lanie, even more uncomfortable, stares at the screen for a moment. Then types back... \*

*LanieGee: I went to see you. At the cemetery.* \*

*SHA33: That's not what I mean.*

Lanie is growing more and more fearful by the moment. \*

ONSCREEN:

*LanieGee: But I'm scared.* \*

*SHA33: Don't be scared. I'm right here with you.*

Suddenly, the computer screen goes dead...

And then... slowly... an IMAGE starts to appear onscreen, as the MONITOR fades to life. As the image sharpens, Lanie grows more and more upset. \*

ONSCREEN:

*The image sharpens... it is of Lanie! Sitting at her desk. From the POV of the WEBCAM atop her computer screen. Right now.* \*

16

Lanie breathes faster...it's creepy as hell... can't take her eyes off the ONSCREEN IMAGE as \*

ONSCREEN:

*Suddenly-- a SPECTRAL FIGURE enters behind her... seems to place a hand on her shoulder... we can't see the face but Lanie knows who it is: her MOM!* \*

Lanie, spooked, spins around to confront the figure... but nothing's there! \*

Terrified, she TURNS OFF the Computer and JUMPS BACK. Moves across the room, away from it, scared as hell. \*

She sits on the bed. Head down. Crying softly.

But then... the COMPUTER turns itself back on! This time, the ENTIRE MONITOR FILLS with words, filling the whole screen. Impossibly typed before our eyes.

Lanie finally realizes the computer is back on. She looks up, stares in horror at the words repeating themselves over and over... \*

ONSCREEN:

*COME TO ME COME TO ME COME TO ME COME TO ME COME TO ME COME TO ME*

As the words COME TO ME fill screen we--

BLACKOUT!

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

17

INT. MOTEL ROOM - DAY (DAY 4)

17 \*

Dean is on the COMPUTER. Researching ANCIENT TEXTS, EXORCISMS. PAGES of LATIN are spread in front of him. Also, WEATHER GRAPHS of MILAN, OHIO. He's in full-on war room mode. Barely contained EXCITEMENT. Finally-- a BREAK--

Sam enters, holds his CELL PHONE. He takes in Dean at the table... and he's concerned.

DEAN

What's up?

SAM

(re: his phone)

That girl Lanie. Her mom's ghost spooked her pretty bad last night. \*

DEAN

That sucks.

Sam knows Dean is barely listening to him.

SAM

Yeah... it does.

(re: Dean's research)

What are you doing?

DEAN

I think Dad's right. I think the Demon's here, Sammy.

Dean grabs the WEATHER REPORT PRINTOUTS, hands them to Sam.

DEAN

--Read.

SAM

Weather reports?

DEAN

Omens. Demonic omens. Electrical storms every place we've been for the past two weeks.

Sam looks out the window. A sunny day.

SAM

I don't remember any lightening storms.

(CONTINUED)



DEAN

Yeah, well, I don't remember you studying meteorology as a kid, either.

(then)

I'm telling you. This bastard's been tailing me. Wearing some poor dude's meat.

SAM

And it's following you because...?

DEAN

(going for the joke)

Guess I'm big game. My ass is too sweet to let out of sight.

SAM

(doubtful)

Yeah, sure. Okay.

Dean's irritated at Sam's lack of enthusiasm--

DEAN

Well, don't get too excited, Sammy, you'll pull somethin'.

\*

SAM

(a beat)

Look, I want to believe this, I do.

DEAN

So believe it. We kill this sucker. Then it's Miller Time!

SAM

That's another thing. Dad rattles off an exorcism that kills Demons? Not just sends 'em to hell, but kills 'em?

\*

DEAN

(re: the computer)

I checked it out. This thing is heavy-duty Dark Ages. 15th Century.

\*

SAM

Yeah. I checked it out, too. So did Bobby.

The mention of Bobby's name... it definitely makes Dean a tad less sure of himself.

DEAN

And?

SAM

It's definitely an exorcism.  
There's just no evidence that it  
can kill Demons.

DEAN

(after a beat)  
No evidence it can't.

SAM

Come on, Dean...

DEAN

'Cause, far as I know, the only one  
of us who's actually been to Hell  
is Dad. Think maybe he picked up a  
trick or two down there? Like  
which exorcisms work?

Sam has to admit... Dean's got a point. Still...

SAM

Maybe it does. I hope it does. We  
just gotta be sure.

DEAN

And why aren't we sure?

SAM

Because I'm not sure what's going  
on around here, that's why! Some  
guy blows his brains out, a girl's  
scared out of her wits!

DEAN

Wow. A few civies in town, freaked  
out by ghosts? News flash, Sam.  
People are supposed to get freaked  
out by ghosts!

A moment. Sam can't seem to get anywhere... so he eases up.

SAM

Dad tell you where the Demon is?

DEAN

(re: his phone, abrupt)  
Waiting on it.

SAM  
(after a chilly beat)  
I told Lanie I'd stop by. \*

DEAN  
Fine. Good. Go hang with the jail  
bait. Just watch out for Chris  
Hansen.  
(then)  
I'll be here, getting ready to, you  
know, save my life.

Sam moves to go. It annoys the hell out of Dean.

DEAN  
You're a piece of work, you know  
that? All these months trying to  
break this Demon deal, now Dad's  
about to give us a friggin'  
address... and you can't accept it?  
Man's dead, and you still gotta  
butt heads with him?

SAM  
That's not what this is.  
(re: Dean's research)  
Fact is, we got no hard proof here. \*  
After everything, you're still just \*  
going on blind faith.

Dean, ANGRY, jumps up from his seat--

DEAN  
Yeah, well, maybe...!!

Then... Dean stops. A beat. Lets a crack in the facade  
show. He's grasping onto his last straws. DESPERATE and  
SCARED. QUIET and VULNERABLE.

DEAN  
...maybe that's all I've got, okay?

A moment. Sam looks at his brother with sympathy, but Dean's  
having none of it. The facade closes back up.

SAM  
Just... please. Don't go anywhere  
till I get back.

Sam leaves. Dean, frustrated. After a moment, he turns to  
stare at the phone. *Come on, dammit. Ring.*

18 EXT. GREENFIELD HOUSE - DAY - TO ESTABLISH 18  
Sam's rental parked out front.

19 INT. GREENFIELD HOUSE - LANIE'S ROOM - DAY 19 \*

Sam and Lanie sit in her room. Lanie is still shaken from last night's encounter with her Mom's ghost. \*

SAM  
Have you told your father about any of this?

LANIE \*

(with a sad half-smile)  
And bother him at work? No. He wouldn't believe me anyway. He'd just chuck me into therapy--

SAM  
So what'd your Mom say?

LANIE \*

(after a beat)  
That she wanted to see me. At first, I thought I was supposed to go to the cemetery.

SAM  
Did you?

LANIE \*

(yes)  
Nothing happened. But then... she started asking me to do other things.

SAM  
What sort of things?

Lanie is scared, it takes her a moment to get out the words. \*

LANIE \*

(softly)  
Bad things.

20 INT. GREENFIELD HOUSE - SIMON'S ROOM - INTERCUT 20

Lanie's brother, Simon, plays with a TOY TRUCK on the floor of his room. When... a ELECTRONIC TRILL. \*

Simon, confused, looks around... and finally spots it.

20

His TOY TELEPHONE... it's RINGING!

Trill. Trill.

He picks it up. He speaks into it, but that's not what's creepy. It's the LONG PAUSES he takes in between. As if listening to somebody. (See the Little Girl Scene in *Poltergeist*.)

SIMON  
(into phone)  
Hello, Simon Greenfield speaking.  
(a beat)  
Hi, Mommy!  
(beat)  
No...  
(beat)  
Yes...  
(beat)  
Yes...  
(beat)  
Where are you?

21

INT. MOTEL ROOM - DAY

21

CLOSE ON: DEAN'S CELL PHONE. It RINGS. The Caller ID SPUTTERS, flipping to "SHA33". It's Dad.

Dean stares hard at the cell phone for a beat. This is huge. He snatches it up. Answers.

DEAN  
Dad. Where's the Demon?

Off Dean, scribbling an address on a SCRAP of PAPER--

22

INT. GREENFIELD HOUSE - LANIE'S ROOM - INTERCUT

22

Lanie is turned away from Sam. She doesn't want to say it. It's too horrible.

SAM  
Lanie. Please. Tell me what happened-- it's important--

LANIE  
(finally--)  
... Mom told me to go to my Dad's medicine cabinet.

SAM  
And?

22

LANIE

(a beat)  
Take his sleeping pills. Take all  
his sleeping pills.

SAM

She wanted you to kill yourself.

Lanie nods. Tearing up. Her mother told her to commit  
suicide-- that wrecks her.

LANIE

Why would... why would my Mom want  
me to do that?

SAM

I don't know.

LANIE

I mean... just so I could come to  
her?

Something about what Lanie just said... Sam reacts.

SAM

What did you just say?

LANIE

(unsure)  
She wanted me to come to her?

SAM

No... how did she say it? Exactly.

LANIE

'Come to me.' Like a million  
times.

And, suddenly, it clicks for Sam. Holy shit.

SAM

It isn't your mother.

23

EXT. GREENFIELD HOUSE - DUSK

23

Simon walks from the front path of his house into the MIDDLE  
OF THE STREET! Heads up the road as CARS rush by him on  
either side! He is oblivious to the danger, intent only on  
getting to his destination.

24 EXT. STUBBS HOUSE - DUSK - ESTABLISHING 24

Squat, blue collar suburban house. Not much to look at, honestly. The IMPALA pulls up.

25 INT. STUBBS HOUSE - DUSK 25

The house is dark. Empty. The front door CREAKS open, as Dean lets himself in. Cautious, but soon realizes that no one is here.

DEAN

Hello...?

Nothing.

Dean carries a DUFFLE bag, and a JUG of HOLY WATER (we can see the ROSARY through the clear plastic).

He walks to the doorway of the living room. Surveys. Spots a RUG in the corner. He flips the rug over. Removes a SPRAY PAINT CAN from his duffle, begins to paint a DEVIL'S TRAP...

26 INT. GREENFIELD HOUSE - UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - DUSK 26

Sam and Lanie. She trails him as he moves, fast, down the hallway-- \*

SAM

Listen to me. Don't answer the phone, don't use the computer, don't do anything until I say so. Alright?

Sam's already heading down the steps. When he turns. Looks back. Lanie isn't behind him. She's standing before an open door in the upstairs hall. \*

SAM

Lanie? \*

LANIE \*

(with dread)

Where's Simon?

27 EXT. GREENFIELD HOUSE - INTERCUT 27

Simon still walks down the road. Cars WHOOSH by. It's unbearable-- watching near miss after near miss.

Then, a DELIVERY TRUCK rounds the corner, heads directly for him. Simon keeps walking... the truck grows closer...

27

Simon stops, suddenly snapping to, realizing there is a TRUCK BEARING DOWN ON HIM...

The TRUCK'S HORN BLASTS... BRAKES SCREAM... but it's gonna be too late until... SAM!...rushes in to swoop Simon from harm's way! They tumble to the side of the road. Shaken, but okay.

CUT TO:

28

EXT. ROAD - DUSK

28

Sam drives the Rental as fast as it will go...

29

INT. SAM'S CAR - DUSK

29

Sam drives, calls Dean. PUNCHING numbers, then--

\*

DEAN (V.O.)

Sam?

SAM

Dean! It's not Dad!

DEAN (V.O.)

Then what is it?

SAM

A Crocotta!

DEAN (V.O.)

That a sandwich?

\*

SAM

Sub-Continent scavenger. Mimics loved ones, whispers 'come to me.' Lures you into the dark, then swallows your soul--

DEAN (V.O.)

(remembering,  
disappointed)

Right, Crocotta. Damn, that makes sense.

SAM

Sorry, man.

DEAN (V.O.)

Hey... don't these things live in filth?

SAM

Yeah?



DEAN (V.O.)

Sam, the flies! At the phone company.

Off Sam, realizing Dean's right.

EXT. PHONE COMPANY - ALLEY - NIGHT

Sam rounds into the alley running alongside the building. He peers into a basement window to see Stewie hunched over his computer station. Sam backs from the window, calls Dean from his cell. Gets VOICEMAIL.

DEAN (V.O.)

This is Herman Munster. Leave a message.

SAM

(to phone)

Dean... I'm in the alley. He's here. Hurry.

(he hangs up)

Sam peeks into the window again... but Stewie is gone!

And then Sam HEARS FOOTSTEPS. In the PARKING LOT behind the building. And there's Stewie... walking to his car. Sam watches, unsure what to do...

ANGLE ON - STEWIE

He opens his car door. Suddenly, Sam throws him against the car! Presses a LONG, THIN DAGGER against the soft spot at the base of Stewie's skull.

STEWIE

Whoa! What the hell!?

SAM

I know what you are!

STEWIE

What? Mister... please!

SAM

And I know how to kill you.

He presses the blade tighter against Stewie's skull.

STEWIE

Okay, wait. Wait, wait, wait! If we're overcharging you for call-waiting or something, I'll fix it.

(MORE)

STEWIE (CONT'D)

I can do that. I'm your friend.  
Please... just don't kill me.  
God... don't kill me, please!

Sam hesitates. Something doesn't feel right here. Maybe Stewie is telling the truth? But if Stewie isn't the Crocotta... who is?

WHAM! Sam is cracked in the back of the head with a BASEBALL BAT... by CLARK! Stewie's supervisor! Sam crumples to the ground, unconscious.

Stewie, amazed by his good fortune, stares at the now-helpless Sam. And begins to taunt him.

STEWIE

Yeah! That's what happens when you mess with the phone company, dillweed!  
(then, to Clark, grateful)  
Clark. Thank you.

CLARK

Forget about it.

And Clark raises the bat again... to swing at Stewie!

STEWIE

Clark...?

And... WHAM!

BLACKOUT!

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

31

INT. PHONE COMPANY - NIGHT

31

Sam comes to-- he is seated on a chair, his hands BOUND BEHIND HIS BACK with ELECTRICAL WIRE. FLIES swarm.

In front of him, Stewie is tied up in similar fashion. Clark circles Stewie holding Sam's DAGGER.

STEWIE

(sobbing)

I'm sorry, Clark... whatever I did to you, I'm sorry. Please...

SAM

Wait... don't do it...

Clark looks at Sam, appraises him coolly. Clark's demeanor is different than earlier. He's abnormally calm, almost detached... it's eerie.

CLARK

You're awake.

STEWIE

You're not a killer, Clark. I know it. There's a good man inside you.

CLARK

(to Sam)

What do you think, Sam? Am I a good "man"?

SAM

Let him go.

CLARK

I would, I really would. If I'd only had more than a salad for lunch. See...

(a shrug)

I'm starving.

Suddenly... Clark plunges the knife into Stewie's heart!

As Stewie writhes in pain, BLOOD ARCS FROM THE WOUND... and Clark's face contorts into SOMETHING MONSTROUS... his jaws stretch open inhumanly wide... as STEWIE'S SOUL rushes from Stewie's body up into Clark's gaping maw!

Sam watches in horror... tugs vainly at the wires binding his wrists behind his back... as Clark savors Stewie's soul.

(CONTINUED)

31

Now, Clark coolly appraises Sam... who suddenly realizes the truth to this all.

SAM  
My last call with Dean... that was  
you. You led me here.

\*  
\*

Clark gestures to all the surrounding wires and servers--

\*

CLARK  
Some calls I make. Some I take.  
(then)  
But you have to admit, I had you  
fooled for awhile. All that Edison  
phone crap? Ah well.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

Clark presses a hand against a blinking panel-- this is his "method" for using the phone system-- and closes his eyes. His eyelids start to flutter as he supernaturally conduits with the phone system...

SAM  
What are you doing?

CLARK  
(calmly)  
Killing your brother. Maybe  
killing another guy. We'll see how  
it goes.

Off Sam's distress...

32

INT. POLICE STATION - CHANGING ROOM - NIGHT

32

MIKE STUBBS, 30s, a bear of a cop, changes into his STREET CLOTHES at his locker. Stares with dread at the RINGING CELLPHONE in his hand. He checks around him, there's only one other cop around--his partner, ED, 30s, who changes a few lockers down.

Mike ducks away for privacy, speaks quietly into the phone.

MIKE  
(nervous)  
Hello?

JULIE (V.O.)  
Hi, Daddy!

Mike glances quickly at Ed... who isn't paying attention.

MIKE  
(emotional)  
Hey, baby... I thought we said you weren't gonna call anymore.

JULIE (V.O.)  
I know, Daddy.

MIKE  
(forces a smile)  
You know how sad this makes your old man. Remember how upset I was at your funeral?

JULIE (V.O.)  
I had to call. I know who killed me, Daddy.

Mike's face flushes, he goes stock still. He can barely get out the words.

MIKE  
What...?

JULIE (V.O.)  
The man who killed me. He's at the house right now!

MIKE  
What--what are you saying to me?

JULIE (V.O.)  
He's at the house, Daddy! He wants to kill you too!

Trembling... Mike disconnects the call. He's beside himself.

ED  
Mike? Everything okay?

Mike pulls it together for his partner. Forces a smile.

MIKE  
Yeah.

ED  
You coming?

MIKE  
I, uh, I just gotta take care of something first. Meet you there.

ED shrugs... suit yourself. He leaves.

32

CONTINUED: (2)

32

Mike opens his locker, his face tight with shock and anger. He pulls out a GLOCK... tucks it in the small of his back. Arming up.

33

INT. PHONE COMPANY - NIGHT

33

Sam and Clark. BEHIND HIS BACK, Sam pulls at his restraints more. Hard enough that they dig into his wrists, he starts to bleed. But, little by little, he starts to work them loose. But UP FRONT, Sam plays it cool. Tries to keep Clark occupied...

SAM

Mimicking Dean's one thing. But my Dad? That's a helluva trick.

CLARK

Once I made you two as Hunters, it was easy. Found Dean's number. Led to your number, your father's numbers... then to emails, voicemails, everything.

(then)

People think that stuff gets erased, but it doesn't. You'd be surprised how much of yourself is floating out there. Waiting to be plucked.

SAM

(steely)

Dean's not gonna fall for this. He's not gonna kill that guy--

Clark half-smiles.

CLARK

Then the guy kills him.

34

INT. STUBBS HOUSE - NIGHT

34

Dean lays down salt across the WINDOW SILLS-- so the Demon can't get out, once he gets in. Just as HEADLIGHTS wash over the house from outside. Dean freezes. He's here.

Quickly, Dean throws the rug over the SPRAY PAINTED Devil's Trap on the floor, arranges the CHAIR like it was. He grabs the JUG of Holy Water, back against the wall, eyes on the front door of the house. Ready to attack. And then... FOOTSTEPS.

ON THE FRONT WALK. STOPPING at the front door. A KEY TURNS in the LOCK... and then nothing.

(CONTINUED)

34

Dean stays locked on the front door. Waiting... waiting...

BAM! Stubbs suddenly kicks open a CLOSED DOOR behind Dean!  
Stubbs has a SHOTGUN, and HE FIRES!! **BOOM!! BOOM!**

Dean DIVES out of the way, as HOLES BLAST in the wall!

Stubbs takes a beat to RELOAD SHELLS. That's Dean's chance.  
Just as Stubbs FINISHES RELOADING, SWINGING the SHOTGUN  
forward again, Dean is there, right on top of him! They  
fight close quarters-- Dean manages to PRY the SHOTGUN from  
Stubbs' hands, KNOCK IT AWAY.

Dean's a good fighter... but man, Stubbs is ENRAGED. He's  
got the strength of multiple men. He FLOPS Dean onto his  
back, he's on top of him!

Next to them-- the Jug of Holy Water topples over... its  
precious contents leaking out... NEVER SPLASHING STUBBS...

Stubbs pounds Dean mercilessly with his fist! Again! When,  
brutal and bad ass, Dean grips the sides of Stubbs' face, and  
SAVAGELY HEADBUTTS him, bloodying his nose! Ouch!

Stubbs is dazed, and Dean crawls out from beneath. Dean  
kicks him in the gut, Stubbs goes down. Dean kicks him again  
and again, almost ENJOYING the BLOODLUST--

35

INT. PHONE COMPANY - NIGHT

35

Clark circles Sam, DAGGER in hand... just like he circled  
Stewie.

CLARK

It's amazing, really. Technology.  
Makes life so much easier.

\*

Sam urgently searches the room, looking... THERE. A ROW OF  
COAT HOOKS across the room. He files it away.

CLARK

Used to be I'd hide in the woods  
for days, weeks... whispering to  
people, trying to draw 'em into the  
night... but they had community.  
They all looked out for each other.  
I was lucky to eat one, maybe two  
souls a year.

(then)

Now, when I'm hungry? I just make  
a phone call.

Clark stops. Sam tenses.

35

CLARK

You're all so connected. But  
you've never been more alone.

Clark's JAW UNHINGES MONSTROUSLY... he raises the DAGGER to strike... just as Sam breaks his arms free of his binds! He rushes Clark, tackles him to the floor. The dagger skids away!

Sam scrambles to retrieve the dagger... but Clark is suddenly there! Back on his feet (and jaw back to normal)! He SLAMS Sam face first into a wall of servers!

36

INT. STUBBS HOUSE - NIGHT

36

Dean, bloodied, shirt torn, drags a beaten and bloodied Stubbs through the living room... hurls him into the corner where the Devil's Trap has been painted under the rug.

Dean does a quick frisk of Stubbs... pulls the GLOCK from the small of Stubbs' back, ejects the CLIP, shoves that in his pocket and tosses the Glock to the other side of the room.

Dean lifts a corner of the rug to show Stubbs the Trap, to make sure Stubbs knows how bad he's screwed. But Stubbs, of course, has no idea what he's looking at.

MIKE

What is this?

Dean pulls the EXORCISM RITE from his pocket.

DEAN

Your funeral.

Dean starts to read the Latin...

DEAN

Crux sancta sit mihi lux...

... as Stubbs pulls himself to his feet. Staggered, bloodied... and angrier than hell. He glares at Dean with utter hatred.

MIKE

(re: the Devil's Trap)

You do this to my daughter too?

And Stubbs rushes out of the Devil's Trap... Dean freezes mid-sentence...

DEAN

How the hell did you get out--

(CONTINUED)



36

Stubbs tackles him to the floor before he can finish the thought. He pounds on Dean with savage fury... SCREAMING.

MIKE  
You do this to my daughter too?!!

Dean flails to protect himself... realizes the horrible trap this all is.

DEAN  
Wait! Wait! This is a mistake!

MIKE  
You killed her!

Stubbs pounds on Dean's face... Dean tries to parry the blows, to explain...

DEAN  
No!

MIKE  
You killed her, you sonofabitch!

Mike pounds on Dean some more...

37

INT. PHONE COMPANY - SAME TIME

37

Clark throws Sam against a WALL OF SERVERS AGAIN! Sam's in bad shape, shakes the cobwebs. He sees Clark, snatching the knife from the ground. Steps to Sam. Smiles. Readying the death blow.

Sam gathers his strength, and CHARGES-- BARRELING into Clark... SHOVING HIM BACKWARDS... BACK THEY GO... until Sam impales him through the back of his skull on the COAT HOOK!

Clark's mouth freezes in a scream as he dies... BLOOD PUMPS from his throat, down his chin...

And puddles at his feet-- which DANGLE above the floor...

38

INT. STUBBS HOUSE - SAME TIME

38

Dean coughs up blood as Stubbs wails on him--

DEAN  
Listen to me... please...

But Stubbs can't listen. Won't listen. He's a gorilla. Crouching over Dean. Pounding on Dean. Tears stream down his face. All his anger. Pouring out of him.

STUBBS

My baby. My baby. She was nine  
years old!!

DEAN

I didn't. I swear...

They've been rolling and wrestling and struggling across the floor (it's all been very one-on-one, close quarters, BRUTAL and EMOTIONAL-- no throwing across the room, etc.). And now they're close to the SHOTGUN. Stubbs REACHES for it. Dean tries to hold him off-- if Stubbs gets it, Dean's a goner.

DEAN

Please... you gotta believe me...

But Stubbs isn't listening. They keep struggling. Dean's got no choice, and so--

Dean LUNGES for the SHOTGUN. Gets it! Swings it up into Stubb's face! CRACK!

Stubbs falls back, dazed, his face bloodied, as Dean climbs to his feet. Standing over Stubbs, panting, holding the shotgun on him.

Stubbs is on the floor. Sobs. He's a broken man.

MIKE

Why? Why'd you kill her?

DEAN

I'm sorry. But I didn't.

MIKE

Then what are you doing here?

Dean stands there. Says nothing for a long moment. He drops the gun to his side.

DEAN

I don't know.

Off Dean, we--

BLACKOUT!

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

39

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

39

Sam enters. Beat to shit. Bruises. Blood. Dean WINCES, as he cleans a forehead cut in the mirror. He doesn't look any better. He pivots to Sam. Takes a beat.

DEAN

Well. Least they improved your face.

SAM

Right back at ya.

Another beat.

DEAN

So. Crocotta, huh?

SAM

Yep.

DEAN

That explains the flies.

Sam nods. Knows Dean is hurting more than just these surface wounds.

SAM

Hey... sorry it wasn't Dad.

Dean sits on the bed. Ouch. Everything hurts.

DEAN

Gave you a hell of a time on this one, Sam. But you were right.

Sam sits on the other bed.

SAM

Forget about it.

DEAN

Can't.

(beat)

I... I wanted to believe so bad there was a way out. I'm looking down the barrel of this thing... I mean, hell, for real, forever. And I'm just... I'm...

(CONTINUED)

SAM

What?

With a vulnerability Dean doesn't like to admit--

DEAN

I'm scared. I'm really scared.

SAM

I know.

DEAN

And... I dunno, I guess I was ready to buy anything. Last act of a desperate man.

SAM

Nothing wrong with having hope.

Dean thinks that over a beat. Sees things differently.

DEAN

(a beat)

Hope don't get you jack squat.

(then)

Can't expect Dad to show up with a miracle. Can't expect anybody to. Only one who's gonna get me out of this mess is me.

SAM

(after a beat)

And me.

A moment. Dean looks at Sam.

DEAN

"And me"?

SAM

What?

DEAN

Deep revelation, like a real moment here... and that's what you come back with? "And me"?

SAM

What do you want? A poem?

DEAN

Forget it. Moment's over.

Dean flips on the TELEVISION. They sit there for a moment, pretending to ignore each other. Dean reaches into a PAPER BAG, pulls out TWO BEERS. Offers one to Sam. Half-smiles.

Sam takes it, smiles back. They CRACK their beers, turn back to the tube...

And off these two brothers, alone against the world, we...

BLACKOUT.

TO BE CONTINUED...