

SUPERNATURAL

Episode #315

"Time Is On My Side"

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CAST LIST

SAM WINCHESTER
DEAN WINCHESTER

JARED PADALECKI
JENSEN ACKLES

BOBBY SINGER
BELA TALBOT

JIM BEAVER
LAUREN COHAN

THOMAS
JULES
NURSE
DEMON
CORONER
VICTIM
JOGGER
DOC BENTON
RUFUS TURNER
YOUNG WOMAN
YOUNG BELA
BELA'S FATHER (N.S.) *
SCHOOLGIRL

MARILYN NORRY

TERENCE KELLY

NATHANIEL MARTEN
BILLY DRAGO
STEVEN WILLIAMS
KALEENA KIFF

* Addition:

BELA'S FATHER (N.S.)

* Omitted:

DOCTOR is omitted

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SUPERNATURAL
"Time Is On My Side"

TEASER

FADE IN:

SUPER TITLE: ERIE, PENNSYLVANIA.

1 EXT. POSH HEALTH CLUB - NIGHT (DAY 1)

1 *

Two fit, confident late-30s MEN exit the club, racquetball gear in tow. THOMAS chugs designer water. JULES shrugs on a SPENDY BLACK TRENCHCOAT over his athletic clothes.

The two men walk towards Thomas' yellow SPORTS CAR.

THOMAS
Up for a drink?

Jules checks his understatedly overpriced wristwatch.

JULES
Can't. Gotta be up at the crack.
Duty calls.

THOMAS
Boob job?

JULES
I wish. Crabby old broad, wants
the works. I'm gonna need a
forklift to get it all back up.

Jules shudders at the thought.

THOMAS
All that work to hack, what,
fifteen minutes off their faces?

JULES
Hey, staying young's a brutal
business.

Thomas chuckles at that as he BEEP-BEEPS his car unlocked, climbs in, gives Jules a little wave.

2 EXT. PARKING LOT - MOMENTS LATER

2

Jules crosses the shadowy lot, alone.

(CONTINUED)

2

NEW ANGLE. UNKNOWN POV. Someone - something - a short distance away, watching Jules.

Jules reaches his car, fishes out his keys, when he hears... behind him - a FOOTSTEP scraping pavement.

Jules turns. NO ONE THERE.

Jules CLICKS the remote, POPS the trunk.

Jules drops his gear into the trunk... stands over the trunk, ORGANIZING his stuff, when -

CAMERA READJUSTS TO REVEAL - there's a FIGURE standing RIGHT BEHIND HIM! (We just see a torso; we never see a head.) HOLD for an excruciating moment as Jules, oblivious, rummages in his trunk, and then -

Jules finally TURNS - seeing whoever it is - whatever it is - he GASPS, then -

WHAM! The Figure SHOVES Jules into the trunk, quick and violent -

And SLAMS it shut!

PUSH IN ON THE TRUNK - FRANTIC BANGING and YELLING WITHIN... *

JULES (O.S.) *

Help! HELP!! *

3

INT. JULES' CAR - TRUNK - CONTINUOUS 3

Jules, TRAPPED, twisted painfully, SCREAMS and POUNDS the trunk, PANICKED -

JULES

Hey - LEMME OUT! HELP!!

OFF JULES, FREAKING OUT -

4

INT. EMERGENCY ROOM - NIGHT 4

LOW ANGLE ON THE GLASS SLIDING DOORS. They WHOOSH open... and a pair of DIRTY, BARE FEET walks UNSTEADILY through. Trailing DROPS OF BLOOD on the white linoleum.

SWING UP TO REVEAL - it's JULES. His legs almost buckling. He CLUTCHES his trenchcoat tightly around his abdomen. His face is sheet-white with pain. IN SHOCK. He takes a step...

(CONTINUED)

NEW ANGLE. The TRIAGE STATION. A SEASONED NURSE - calm, compassionate, efficient - spots Jules. She immediately leaves her desk and approaches him.

NURSE
Sir?

JULES
... please...

NURSE'S POV. The DROPS OF BLOOD hitting the floor. Jules' arms clutched tight against his coat.

NURSE
It's okay, sir. Let me see what happened.

Jules steps back... weak, pained... shakes his head no... *

NURSE
Don't you worry, there's nothing I haven't seen.

And with that, she reaches for Jules' coat -

JULES
No!

- and brusquely YANKS it open -

ON THE NURSE'S FACE as she beholds the (WAY TOO FUCKING GORY TO SHOW THE AUDIENCE) wound with UTTER HORROR - as -

LOW ANGLE. Behind Jules, his legs in focus FOREGROUND, as his innards SPILL OUT onto the floor in an INDISTINCT (but very red and wet) HEAP with a heinous WET SPLAP SOUND -

As the nurse COMPLETELY LOSES HER SHIT - apparently she's never seen this...

OFF THE NURSE'S HYSTERICAL SCREAM -

BLACKOUT!

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

5 INT. ABANDONED FARMHOUSE - NIGHT (DAY 2) 5 *

CLOSE ON THE FACE OF A BLACK-EYED DEMON as he's SPLASHED WITH HOLY WATER. He YOWLS in pain, SMOKE RISING from his TORSO... *

DEMON

STOP!

REVEAL the Holy Water was thrown by DEAN WINCHESTER, standing over the Demon, serious as a heart attack. The Demon's TIED to a CHAIR in the center of a DEVIL'S TRAP on the dusty floor. They're in a cobwebbed, boarded-up old farmhouse. SAM WINCHESTER stands a short distance away, staring daggers.

DEAN

Ready to talk?

Dean steps closer to the Demon. Holding the JUG of Holy Water threateningly. The Demon SHRINKS AWAY.

DEMON

Stop - I don't know! I don't know anything!

DEAN

Hey, Sam, he doesn't know anything.

SAM

Yeah, I heard.

DEMON

I'm telling you the truth -

Dean lowers the Holy Water.

DEAN

Wait. You are? My God, then I owe you an apology. Here, lemme make it up to you.

And with that, Dean grabs the Demon's face and POURS HOLY WATER into his mouth. The demon SCREAMS.

DEAN

Now, one last time: who holds my contract?

The Demon SHAKES OFF the pain. Meets Dean's eyes. And lets the meek expression fall right off his face. He gives Dean a chilling smile.

(CONTINUED)

DEMON

Your mother. She showed it to me
right before I bent her over.

Dean grabs both arms of the chair. Gets right in the Demon's
face. Ice cold.

DEAN

I want. A name. Or -

DEMON

Or what? You squirt that Holy
Water in both ends? Brother,
that's a flea bite compared to what
I got coming if I tell you jack.
Do what you want - only thing I'm
scared of is the demon holding your
ticket.

*
*

Dean and Sam exchange a quick look. Sam steps forward.

SAM

*Exorcizamus te, omnis immundus
spiritus, omnis satanica...*

At the sound of the Latin, the Demon TWITCHES IN AGONY.

DEAN

Feel good?

DEMON

Go ahead, send me back to hell.
Please. And when you get there,
I'll be waiting. With a few pals
who're dying for a little meet-and-
greet with Dean Winchester.

The Demon gives the brothers a fuck-you grin.

Sam and Dean lock eyes. Clearly, Demon's not gonna talk.

SAM

Should I... ?

DEAN

Stick him where he can't hurt
anyone else.

Sam shoots Dean a grim look. Then -

(CONTINUED)

SAM

*Omnis satanica potestas, omnis
incurtio infernalis adversarii,
omnis legio, omnis congregatio, et
secta diabolica (etc, etc)....*

PUSH IN ON DEAN as he watches his brother EXORCIZE the demon. He struggles to get on top of his frustration, worry, anger - because time's running out, and he's no closer to an answer..

6 INT. ABANDONED FARMHOUSE - NIGHT 6

The body's been removed. Sam's alone, on CELL PHONE, pretending to be a COP. He's playing it cool, but he's mighty interested in what he's hearing.

SAM

You ran the prints twice? You're sure?

As Sam listens, Dean enters, sweaty, dirt on his jeans. He drops a SHOVEL in the corner.

SAM

(into phone)

Yeah, chalk it up to lab error.
Don't I know it. Okay. Thanks.
I'll tell the lieutenant.

Sam hangs up. Thoughtful. Turns to Dean, who's cleaning himself up -

SAM

You bury the body?

DEAN

Yeah. Poor schmuck. It's like the demons ride 'em hard just for kicks.

Sam shakes his head: shame. Then pockets his cell phone.

DEAN

So what was the call about?

SAM

Remember that thing in the paper yesterday?

DEAN

Stripper suffocates dude with her thighs?

(CONTINUED)

SAM
(eyeroll)
The other thing.

DEAN
Oh.
(searching memory)
Guy walks into an ER, keels over
dead, turns out his stomach's
ripped out?

SAM
His liver, actually. And I found
something pretty damn interesting.

DEAN
Oh yeah?

SAM
Body had bloody fingerprints all
over it. Not the victim's.

Dean gives Sam a look: "Why are you telling me this?"

DEAN
Great. My man Dave Caruso will be
stoked to hear it.

SAM
Those fingerprints? Match a guy
who died in 1981.

Dean perks up.

DEAN
Huh.
(then)
What, so, some kinda... walking
dead? Walking, killing dead?

SAM
Maybe.

ON DEAN, smiling slightly at the thought.

DEAN
Zombies do enjoy the other, other
white meat.

Then, he catches himself. Looks to Sam suspiciously.

6

6

DEAN

Speaking of, what do you care about
zombies?

SAM

What do you mean?

DEAN

You've been on soul-saving detail
for months. Now, three weeks out -
you're suddenly interested in hot
zombie action?

SAM

Hey, you're the one who's been all
gung-ho to hunt. Thought I'd be
doing you a favor, this'd be big
game for you. You don't want to -
good. Let's not.

DEAN

Hey - hold on a sec. I didn't say
I didn't want to hunt zombies -
obviously I wanna hunt zombies.

Flicker of a smile on Sam. Then, feigning disinterest -

SAM

Fine. Whatever.

7

INT. COUNTY MORGUE - DAY (DAY 3)

7 *

Sam and Dean, SUITED UP for their DETECTIVE pretext, talk to
a CORONER (near retirement, seen it all, hard to impress).

CORONER

Yup. Rest of the body was intact.
Liver's the only missing organ.

ON DEAN. Processing this, with the optimism of a guy who
really hopes he'll get to hunt a zombie. Casually -

DEAN

So, where the liver was ripped
out... did you happen to notice
any, you know... teeth marks?

Coroner stares at Dean, then Sam. Eyes narrowing
suspiciously. An uncomfortable BEAT. Then -

CORONER

Can I see your badges?

(CONTINUED)

7 Sam and Dean exchange a look - uh oh. Clearly Dean said the wrong thing.

SAM
Of course, sure -

They pull out EXCELLENT FAKE BADGES. Coroner PEERS at them. Another BEAT... and then -

CORONER
Fine, so you're cops. And morons.

DEAN
Excuse me? We're not - we're very - smart...

The Coroner gives Dean a "what the fuck ever" look.

ANGLE. THE WALL OF BODY DRAWERS as Coroner SLIDES ONE OPEN, revealing the pale corpse of Jules. A large INCISION on his RIGHT SIDE (not sewn). *

CONTINUED: CORONER
The liver wasn't ripped out. It was removed. Surgically. By someone who knew their way around a scalpel.

Coroner throws one more disgusted look at the boys.

CORONER
Didn't you read my report?

DEAN
Oh - yeah, 'course we did. It was... riveting. Real page-turner. Just... delightful.

The Coroner watches Dean's fluster, deadpan, unimpressed. A LONG BEAT, then - *

CORONER
You done?

DEAN
I think so.

CORONER
Please go away.

8 INT. COUNTY MORGUE - HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER 8

Sam and Dean walk down the hall.

8

ON SAM. A slight smile. His wheels are turning.
Dean clocks it.

DEAN

What?

Sam quickly covers -

SAM

Nothing

(then)

So, kinda punches a hole in the
zombie theory. The scalpel thing.

That saddens Dean. He reaches for an explanation -

DEAN

Zombie with skills? Dr. Quinn,
Medicine Zombie?

Sam shoots him a "nice try" look.

SAM

Maybe we're on the wrong track -
looking for hacked-up corpses.

DEAN

Then what are we looking for?

SAM

Survivors. This isn't zombie
lunch. It's organ theft.

9 OMITTED

9

10 INT. HOSPITAL - VICTIM'S ROOM - DAY

10

*

Sam and Dean, still in suits, at the VICTIM's bedside.
Victim's a 30-something guy who is, as you might expect,
deeply traumatized - and ADAMANT about it.

*

VICTIM

I told the cop all this yesterday.
I don't wanna talk about it again.

SAM

Just a couple questions.

*

VICTIM

Man, I just got my kidney stolen.
I'm tired.

(CONTINUED)

10

DEAN

We'll be quick. Don't you want to get this guy? *

VICTIM

Will it get me back my kidney?

SAM

What's the last thing you remember? *

VICTIM

Feeding my meter. I get jumped from behind... wake up strapped to a table. And then... the worst pain you can possibly imagine, only worse. Then I black out again, thank God. And I wake up screaming in some no-tell motel in a bathtub full of ice.

DEAN

Do you remember anything about the surgery? What the guy looked like, any details about the room?

Victim stares at Dean, incredulous.

VICTIM

Let me think about that... yeah, one thing is coming back to me. You know what I remember? GETTING MY KIDNEY CUT OUT OF MY BODY.

Sam and Dean each consider this. Dean nods, like "fair enough." *

10A

OMITTED

10A *

11

INT. ERIE MOTEL - DAY

11

Sam and Dean discuss. Sam's on his POWERBOOK. Dean is enjoying a sloppy BURGER WITH THE WORKS.

SAM

So, I got a theory.

DEAN

Yeah? *

SAM

I talked to Mr. Giggles' doctor. Turns out, his incision was sewn up with silk. *

(CONTINUED)

DEAN

Weird.

*
*

SAM

Nowadays, yeah.

*
*

Sam passes the laptop to Dean.

*

ON SCREEN: A WEB PAGE of ANTIQUE ILLUSTRATIONS depicting SURGICAL PROCEDURES. As Dean scrolls down...

*

SAM

But silk was the suture of choice in the early 19th century. Pretty problematic. People got massive infections. The death rate was insane.

*
*

DEAN

Good times.

SAM

So, they did whatever they could to stop infection from spreading. One way was maggots.

Dean winces at the thought.

DEAN

Dude, I'm eating.

SAM

Actually, it kind of worked. Maggots eat the bad tissue and leave the good. And when they found our guy, maggots were stuffed inside his body cavity.

*
*
*

DEAN

Dude. I am eating.

Dean takes a tiny beat to compose himself, shake off the image. Then takes another big bite.

DEAN

(putting it together)
So, people getting jumped, *Antiques Roadshow* surgery, organ theft... why does that ring a bell?

SAM

Because. You heard it before. When you were a kid. From Dad.

Sam hands Dean DAD'S JOURNAL. Open to a page of NOTES.

SAM

Doc Benton. Real-life doctor,
lived in New Hampshire, brilliant.
And obsessed with alchemy -
specifically, how to live forever.
So in 1816, he abandons his
practice, disappears into the
woods...

Dean scans the page: strange ALCHEMY symbols, including one
large, distinctive SYMBOL with a subtitle: "Eternal Life."

DEAN

(remembering)

Right - no one hears from him till
twenty years later, people start
turning up dead.

SAM

Dead... missing organs, hands, all
kinda parts.

DEAN

'Cause whatever he did to himself,
it worked, and he just kept on
ticking. Parts wore out, he
replaced 'em.

(then)

Didn't Dad hunt this guy? Cut out
his heart?

SAM

Yeah, well. Maybe the Doc just
plugged in a new one.

Dean thinks about this. Then nods. It's plausible.

DEAN

So where's he doing the deed?

SAM

(re: journal)

According to this, Benton's picky
about where he sets up his lab. He
likes dense forest, with access to
a river, stream - fresh water.

DEAN

(mouth full)

Why?

11

SAM
(deadpan)
Because that's where he dumps all
the bile. And intestines. And
fecal matter.

ON DEAN. Burger hovering midair. Momentarily too grossed
out to take another bite.

SAM
You lose your appetite yet?

Dean gives Sam a "fuck you" look... looks down sadly at his
burger. But then -

DEAN
(to the burger)
Baby, I can't stay mad at you.

He takes a huge bite.

12

EXT. TREE-LINED STREET - NIGHT 12

A strapping young male JOGGER sprints into frame.

UNKNOWN POV. From behind some branches. Watching, as Jogger
stops.

CLOSE ON JOGGER. He pushes a button on his HEART MONITOR
WRISTWATCH. An LED LIGHT flashes, and the watch emits a BEEP-
BEEP, BEEP-BEEP in time with his HEARTBEAT.

Jogger HEARS a noise behind him. Looks over his shoulder -

No one there.

Jogger returns his attention to his beats-per-minute on his
heart monitor: BEEP-BEEP, BEEP-BEEP, BEEP-BEEP...

CLOSE ON THE JOGGER'S FACE as - suddenly, from BEHIND, a HAND
holding an ANTIQUE KERCHIEF SLAPS OVER HIS NOSE AND MOUTH!
Jogger GASPS - inhaling the CHLOROFORM - and his eyes SLIDE
SHUT as he's KNOCKED OUT...

BLACKOUT.

13

OMITTED 13

FADE IN:

14 INT. DOC BENTON'S CABIN - OPERATING ROOM - NIGHT 14

SFX: BEEP BEEP - BEEP BEEP - BEEP BEEP -

(CONTINUED)

CLOSE ON JOGGER'S WRIST - the heart monitor watch BLINKING ultra-rapidly, beeping wildly. The sound of UTTER PANIC.

WIDEN TO REVEAL Jogger STRAPPED to an OPERATING TABLE, struggling vainly... eyes darting, taking in the MACABRE ROOM...

JOGGER'S POV. The room is shadowy. An antique glass-front cabinet holds STRANGE ELIXIRS. On a WORK TABLE, sinister ANTIQUE SURGICAL INSTRUMENTS... nearby, a pile of BLOOD-SOAKED SHEETS... a large JAR OF WRITHING MAGGOTS...

CLOSE ON THE JOGGER. Unable to move. Panic mounting...

MALE VOICE (O.C.)

Sssssshhhhh.

Jogger's eyes dart, looking for the source of the sound.

DOC BENTON steps out of the shadows. He wears a LEATHER APRON and SURGICAL MASK. He leans over the Jogger...

*
*

JOGGER'S POV. Above the surgical mask, Doc Benton's face is a PATCHWORK of SEWN-TOGETHER SKINS. Eyes MISMATCHED - one BROWN, one MILKY BLUE. He lifts an ANTIQUE SCALPEL in his scarred, mottled HAND...

DOC BENTON (soothing)
Don't worry... I'll be gentle. You won't feel a thing.

Jogger is too petrified even to scream... his heart monitor's going BATSHIT... he begins to HYPERVENTILATE as Doc Benton LOWERS THE SCALPEL and SLICES right into his CHEST...

CLOSE ON JOGGER'S FACE as he hears the sickening sound of his own CRACKING RIBS as his CHEST IS OPENED...

JOGGER'S POV. Just above chest-level (the mangled horror of his opened chest is right below frame). Doc Benton's hands, slick with BLOOD, lift his STILL-BEATING HEART right out of his chest...

ON THE HEART MONITOR - BEEP BEEP BEE-- abruptly, it STOPS DEAD.

BLACKOUT!

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

15 INT. ERIE MOTEL - DAY (DAY 4)

15 *

ON THE BED. A few MAPS OF THE AREA. One shows a DENSE WOODS with a STREAM snaking through it. A cluster of small BLACK SQUARES near the stream, CIRCLED IN RED.

Sam and Dean PORE OVER the maps. Sam points to the red circle.

SAM

These are old hunting cabins - most abandoned for years.

DEAN

Well, then. What're we waiting for?

Dean's CELL PHONE RINGS. He checks CALLER ID, then answers -

DEAN

Bobby?

16 EXT. BOBBY'S SALVAGE YARD - DAY

16

Bobby talks to Dean on the phone.

INTERCUT BOBBY AND DEAN.

BOBBY

I think I finally got a bead on Bela.

Bobby's got Dean's undivided attention.

DEAN

I'm listening.

BOBBY

Rufus Turner.

DEAN

That like a Cleveland Steamer?

Bobby rolls his eyes.

BOBBY

He's a hunter - used to be, anyway.

DEAN

And now?

(CONTINUED)

BOBBY

Hermit, mostly. Does a little selling on the side. Anyway, I put the word out on Bela months ago. He just called, said a woman got in touch with him, looking to buy a few things.

DEAN

He thinks it was Bela?

At Bela's name, Sam looks up from the map, listening in.

BOBBY

British accent, went by the name of Mina Chandler.

DEAN

She's used that one before.

(then)

Kinda sloppy move for her, don't you think? Going to one of your friends?

BOBBY

He ain't a friend - haven't laid eyes on him in fifteen years. And he's not the Christmas card type.

Dean crosses to his DUFFEL BAG as Bobby speaks. Starts throwing things in, as Sam watches.

BOBBY

Doubt she knows I know him.

(then)

Canaan, Vermont.

DEAN

Thanks, Bobby. We're on our way.

BOBBY

One more thing. Bring a bottle of Johnny Walker Blue.

DEAN

("that's random")

Okay.

Dean hangs up. Turns to Sam.

DEAN

We're going after Bela.

SAM
Hold on a minute -

DEAN
Dude, get your stuff, clock's
ticking.

But Sam doesn't move.

DEAN
Sam. What?

SAM
I think we should stay here. Work
this case.

Dean gives Sam a "you feeling okay?!" look.

DEAN
That's insane.

SAM
Dean. Come on. There's no way she
still has the Colt. It's been
months. She probably sold the
thing the day she got it.

DEAN
Fine, then I'll kill her. Win win.

SAM
Dean -

DEAN
Sam, we're going.

SAM
Even if you had the gun - who you
gonna shoot? We don't know who
holds your deal -

DEAN
(snapping)
Then I'll shoot the hellhounds
before they tear me to shreds, Sam -
you coming or not?

SAM
No.

DEAN
Why the hell -

SAM

Here - now - this is what's gonna save you.

DEAN

What? Chasing some Frankenstein?

SAM

Chasing immortality. Benton can't die. We find out how he did it - we could use it. On you.

DEAN

Excuse me?

SAM

You gotta die before you go to hell. If you can't die...

Dean stares at Sam, incredulous.

DEAN

Did you... know this was Doc Benton, from the jump?

SAM

No. But honestly? I was hoping.

ON DEAN. That pisses him off.

DEAN

So that zombie thing... you lied to me.

SAM

I didn't want to say anything till I was sure.

(then)

Look, I just - I'm looking for an answer here...

DEAN

No, what you're doing is chasing Slicey McHackey - to kill him? No - to friggin' buy him a beer. You want to study him.

SAM

I'm just trying to help you -

DEAN

This isn't help, Sam!

(then)

(MORE)

DEAN (CONT'D)

That's enough. We're going after
Bela.

SAM

Fine. Go. I'm staying here.

DEAN

(angry, voice rising)

No way. I'm not letting you go
into the woods alone to track some
organ-stealing freak -

SAM

You're not letting me? -

DEAN

You heard me -

Sam steps up to Dean. Right in his face.

SAM

How're you gonna stop me, Dean?
I'm bigger than you.

Dean opens his mouth to retort - but Sam's got a point.

Impasse. The brothers stare at each other, frustrated, angry
- raw desperation underneath. Sam sighs.

SAM

We're both trying to do the same
thing here.

DEAN

(reluctantly)

I know.

(then)

I'm going. You want to stay, stay.

Dean heads to the door, pissed. But stops before he exits.
He may be angry, but they're still brothers. And so, with
worry and genuine concern -

DEAN

Be careful, Sammy.

SAM

You too.

18 EXT. WOODSY ROAD - DAY 18

ANGLE. Car drives into frame, PARKS. We clock a CAR RENTAL STICKER on the bumper.

Sam exits the car, studying his MAP OF THE WOODS.

CLOSE ON THE MAP. The cabins, CIRCLED IN RED.

Sam eyes the thicket of trees. Dense, eerily quiet. Sam sets off into the woods.

19 EXT. RUFUS' HOUSE - DAY - ESTABLISHING 19

Blue-collar, no frills, on a quiet, sparsely populated street. The kind of house you own on a cop's salary.

The Impala pulls up out front...

20 EXT. RUFUS' HOUSE - FRONT PORCH - DAY 20

Dean approaches the door, carrying a small DUFFEL BAG. A sign is nailed over the doorbell: **NO SOLICITORS - THIS MEANS YOU.**

Dean RINGS the doorbell. Tiny BEAT, and then -

A ZPPP-ZPPP sound - a tiny motor. Dean glances up - sees two SECURITY CAMERAS fastened above the door. Pivoting toward him. Dean gives 'em his SIGNATURE GRIN -

And then JUMPS - as an ANGRY VOICE comes through an INTERCOM BOX to the right of the door.

RUFUS' VOICE (O.C.)

("what the fuck do you want?")

What?

Dean leans toward the intercom Box.

DEAN
Uh - hi. Rufus?

RUFUS' VOICE
What?

DEAN
I'm - Dean Winchester, friend of Bobby Singer's?

RUFUS' VOICE
So?

DEAN
You called him this morning?

Beat.

RUFUS' VOICE
So?

Dean, a bit at a loss here, gives the security camera another winning smile and keeps pressing forward.

DEAN
You told Bobby about a British chick, made contact with you?

RUFUS' VOICE
So?

DEAN
Do you... know where she is?

RUFUS' VOICE
Yup.

CLOSE ON DEAN. That is great fucking news. Except -

DEAN
Could you tell me where to find her?

RUFUS' VOICE
Nope.

Understandably, this is trying Dean's patience.

DEAN
Look, Rufus, man -

Suddenly, the door OPENS. Revealing RUFUS - African-American, 50s, commanding, about as smiley as the Sphinx on a bad day. He is every cop, judge, and bitter high school principal who ever busted you. And he is not fucking happy to talk to Dean in person.

RUFUS
Don't you "look, man" me, I ain't your man -

DEAN
Sorry - sir -

20

RUFUS

Bobby said call if I get a whiff of
Bela Talbot. I whiffed, I called.
End of promise.

DEAN

If you could just -

RUFUS

Do I look like I'm here to help
you, Dean Winchester?

DEAN

I'd say no...

RUFUS

Then get the hell off my property.

DEAN

Okay, okay, fair enough. Just one
more question.

Rufus pauses, impatient, hand on the doorknob.

DEAN

You like scotch?

Dean pulls a bottle of JOHNNY WALKER BLUE LABEL out of the
duffel bag.

OFF RUFUS, suddenly much friendlier...

21

INT. RUFUS' HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

21

Dean and Rufus sit at a card table. The bottle of Johnny
Walker Blue between them, now half empty.

Dean refills their glasses -

DEAN

Bottoms up.

Rufus clinks Dean's glass - a little clumsy * and drinks.
Swirls it appreciatively in his mouth before swallowing.

We notice that though Dean holds his glass, he doesn't drink.
Hmmm, maybe he's not as drunk as he's acting.

RUFUS

I don't even bother drinking 'less
it's this stuff. I'm telling you.
Nectar of the gods.

(CONTINUED)

DEAN

Nice change. Mosta my whiskey's
from a plastic jug.

(then)

So - Bela was here because... ?

RUFUS

She wants to buy a couple things.
Gonna take me some time to round
up.

DEAN

Where is she now?

Rufus levels a curious gaze at Dean.

RUFUS

Kid, can I ask you something?

DEAN

Sure.

RUFUS

You got three weeks left. Why you
wasting your time chasing after
that stuck-up skinny English girl?

Dean's thrown for a split-second loop - Rufus knows about the
deadline? But he quickly recovers. Shrugs. Takes a sip.

DEAN

She's got something of mine.
Something that could help me.

RUFUS

Yeah, Colt, demon deal, I know all
about it.

Dean's a little surprised. But plays it casual -

DEAN

How do you know that?

Rufus leans forward. Feeling his liquor. Conspiratorially -

RUFUS

I know things. I know a lotta
things 'bout a lotta people.

DEAN

Is that so.

Rufus sits back, gives Dean a pitying look.

RUFUS

I know no pea shooter's gonna save you. Nothing can.

DEAN

And what makes you so sure?

RUFUS

'Cause that's the job, kid. Even if you scrape outta this one, there's just gonna be something else down the road. Folks like us, there ain't no happy endings. We all got it coming.

DEAN

Ain't you a bucket of sunshine.

Rufus smiles bitterly.

RUFUS

I'm what you got to look forward to if you survive. Which you won't.

The two lock eyes for one bleak moment. Then, Dean shrugs.

DEAN

So... about Bela.

Rufus sips thoughtfully.

RUFUS

Hotel Canaan, room 39. But watch your back.

DEAN

I think I can handle Bela.

RUFUS

Don't be so sure. There's things you don't know about her.

DEAN

And you do? Because you "know things".

Rufus empties his glass.

RUFUS

Damn right I do. Girl like that comes through my door all shifty-eyed, I check her out.

DEAN

How - you lift her fingerprint?

RUFUS

Yup.

DEAN

And that got you jack.

RUFUS

Yup. She burned 'em off. Probably years ago.

DEAN

So you're right where we are.

RUFUS

Did you do her ear?

DEAN

(thrown for a loop)

Did I - sorry?

RUFUS

Her ear.

Dean stares at Rufus. Perplexed and doubtful.

DEAN

I'll try anything once, but - I dunno, that just sounds... uncomfortable.

RUFUS

Ears are unique as fingerprints.

ON DEAN. That's news to him.

DEAN

No kidding.

RUFUS

Yeah, doesn't fly in the courts over here, but in England? They're all over it. Friend of a friend faxed me ten pages of confidential files within a day. All I had to send him was one clean shot off the security camera.

DEAN

Right.
(then, weirded out)
A clean shot of her ear.

Rufus gives Dean a pitying smile. Opens a DRAWER in a SIDE TABLE. Grabs a MANILA FILE FOLDER, hands it to Dean. *
*

RUFUS

There you go. The so-called Bela Talbot.

Dean flips open the file. Scans the top page.

OFF Dean's look of surprise -

22 OMITTED 22

23 INT. DOC BENTON'S CABIN - NIGHT 23

DOOR OPENS, REVEALING Sam with FLASHLIGHT. He enters, on high alert. Listens.... hears the RUSHING CREEK outside, but otherwise NOTHING. Satisfied he's alone, Sam shines the flashlight around the room. Illuminating - *

A BIZARRE ALCHEMY LAB. Strange SUBSTANCES in HAND-LABELED JARS; chemical CHARTS; obsessive notes on slips of paper. Glass beakers for BOILING, their sides charred with smoke. *
*
*

Sam swiftly TEARS APART the lab. Searching... when - *

On a HIGH SHELF, Sam hits PAYDIRT. A crumbling old NOTEBOOK. The cover bears that DISTINCTIVE ALCHEMY SYMBOL FOR IMMORTALITY (the one we clocked in Dad's journal).

Sam SHOVES the notebook into his coat. And notices - a TRAPDOOR in the floor, OPEN... Sam approaches, and SEES -

A staircase going DOWN into DARKNESS.

OFF SAM, heading DOWN...

24 INT. DOC BENTON'S CABIN - OPERATING ROOM - CONTINUOUS 24

The basement is shadowy. DIM LIGHT filters in from the cracks between wood slats in the ceiling. On the far end - A HIGH WINDOW. The room is full of archaic SURGICAL EQUIPMENT; in the center, TWO TABLES. *
*

Sam approaches the first table. And WINCES at what he sees.

(CONTINUED)

24

CONTINUED:

24

ON THE TABLE, the DEAD JOGGER. Head exposed, body covered in a BLOOD-SOAKED WHITE SHEET. His ribs JUT OUT, UNEVEN, beneath the sheet.

*
*

Sam approaches the second table. There's a corpse laid out on that one too...

Sam steps closer, shines his light. It's a petite young WOMAN, STRAPPED DOWN. One arm exposed, tied down to facilitate easy access. Large PATCHES of the arm have been SKINNED. Revealing raw oozing muscle and flesh beneath. It's WAY DISGUSTING. And it's making a sort of SQUISHY noise that Sam can hear, so he leans over her -

*

CLOSER. The skinned arm is CRAWLING WITH MAGGOTS! (Ew!)

Sam lets out an involuntary sound - because that is fucking gross. When suddenly -

The Woman GASPS! JUMP SCARE! Sam reels back - holy shit, she's not dead!

Woman comes to, disoriented, out of it. She MOANS in pain -

*

SAM I'm going to help you -

Sam quickly UNDOES the straps holding her to the table - grabs a clean white cloth, swiftly WRAPS it around her mangled arm - she CRIES OUT IN PAIN - when suddenly -

Upstairs, the sound of the cabin's FRONT DOOR OPENING...

25

INT. DOC BENTON'S CABIN - FRONT ROOM - CONTINUOUS 25

Doc Benton ENTERS. (No FACE - just TORSO, neck down.)

*

26

INT. DOC BENTON'S CABIN - OPERATING ROOM - CONTINUOUS 26

Sam FREEZES. SLAPS a hand over the woman's mouth, desperately quieting her, as -

CREAK. A heavy FOOTSTEP.

Sam looks up: through the CRACKS in the ceiling - DOC BENTON'S SHADOW moving overhead. DUST falls from the ceiling with each step... Closer, closer...

*
*
*

BLACKOUT!

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

27 INT. DOC BENTON'S CABIN - FRONT ROOM - NIGHT 27

WE REVEAL the full monty for the first time, Doc Benton in all his stitched, grotesque glory. He stands in the middle of the room. When he hears -

*
*

A NOISE, coming from BELOW.

His head WHIPS in the direction of the trapdoor to the basement - and then he charges forward, down the stairs -

28 INT. DOC BENTON'S CABIN - OPERATING ROOM - CONTINUOUS 28

The room is EMPTY!

Doc Benton's mismatched eyes scan the room... come to rest on the small, high window, BUSTED OPEN.

*

29 OMITTED 29

30 EXT. WOODSY ROAD - NIGHT 30

Sam emerges from the woods, CARRYING the Woman. She's drugged, out of it, in AGONY.

He RACES to the car. Sets her down - THROWS OPEN the passenger door -- glances toward the woods. NO SIGN of Doc Benton. Quiet. Still.

Sam quickly helps the half-conscious Woman into the seat. Then, all but HURLS himself over the hood, grabs the driver-side door, and throws himself inside.

31 INT. SAM'S RENTED CAR - CONTINUOUS 31

Sam SHOVES the key (with thick RENTAL FOB) into the ignition - *

SMASH! Out of nowhere, Doc Benton SWINGS A FIST at the DRIVER'S SIDE WINDOW, SHATTERING IT! The Woman SCREAMS!

Benton GRABS Sam, BASHES his head into the steering wheel - YANKS him toward the window -

Sam struggles to reach the GEARSHIFT...

Manages to THROW IT IN REVERSE... the car JOLTS backwards. Away from Doc Benton...

Sam backs the car up - then THROWS IT IN DRIVE and FLOORS IT. Aiming right for Doc Benton. Before Benton can scramble -

(CONTINUED)

31

CONTINUED:

31

THUMP! Sam RUNS DOC BENTON OVER.

32

EXT. WOODSY ROAD - CONTINUOUS

32

As Sam speeds away... Benton RISES into the FOREGROUND OF FRAME. Neck BROKEN, head jutting at an IMPOSSIBLE ANGLE.

Benton grasps his head with both hands, and with a freaky chiropractic crack SNAPS his neck back into place.

OFF DOC BENTON, watching Sam's TAIL LIGHTS drive away...

33

INT. BELA'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

33

The door OPENS, revealing BELA TALBOT. She enters, CLOSES the door behind her. Turns, and -

SLAM! She's PINNED against the wall! It's Dean. She's taken COMPLETELY BY SURPRISE. And then, before she can speak - he STICKS a gun right in her face. Deadly quiet -

DEAN

Where's the Colt?

BELA

Dean -

CLICK. Dean takes the SAFETY off.

DEAN

No extra words.

ON BELA. She sees that Dean is dead serious.

BELA

It's long gone. Across the world, by now.

DEAN

You're lying.

BELA

I'll call the buyer. Speak Farsi?

Below frame, Dean's hand FEELS under Bela's clothes -

BELA

What the hell are you -

DEAN

Don't flatter yourself.

- and emerges holding BELA'S GUN.

Dean pockets her gun. LETS GO of Bela. Steps back, his gun still aimed. She EXHALES with relief at the extra space.

DEAN
Don't move.

Dean keeps his gun on her, moves to the DRESSER. Starts RIFLING through the drawers, looking for the Colt.

BELA
I told you - I don't have it.

DEAN
Yeah, I'm definitely gonna take your word for it.

Bela watches. Sees his attention focused on his search - and INCHES toward the door -

BAM! A gunshot, through the wall, mere inches from her head. Bela GASPS -

CONTINUED: DEAN
Don't. Move.

Struggling to keep her cool, Bela nods. Stays where she is.

Dean makes quick work of the room - no sign of the Colt. He YANKS a suitcase out from under the bed, FLINGS it open... clothes, nothing else.

ON DEAN. Scanning the room. And WE SEE it SINK IN. The Colt is gone. Really gone. Dean's last chance, vanished for good. As the HOPE drains out of him...

BELA
It's gone. Get on a plane if you must, track down the buyer - maybe you'll catch up to him, eventually.

ON DEAN. That hopelessness rapidly turning to seething FURY. Without a word, he steps right up to Bela. Aims the gun at her head.

Bela stares right back at Dean.

BELA
You're going to kill me?

DEAN
(enthusiastic)
Oh yeah.

33

BELA
You're not the cold-blooded type.

DEAN
What, like you? True. Can't
imagine killing my own parents.

Bela's eyes widen. She's shocked. Trying to stay cool -

BELA
I don't know what you're -

DEAN
Yes, you do. You were, what,
fourteen? Folks die in a shady car
crash, police suspect slashed brake
line, but it's all too crispy to
tell. Cut to little Bela - sorry,
Abbie, inheriting millions.

Bela is deeply shaken. Can't hide it. Can barely speak.

BELA
How did you...

DEAN
Doesn't matter. But I did.

ON BELA. Thrown way off her game. And then - she composes
herself. All defiance, ice-cold.

BELA
Gold star for you, Dean. You found
my deep dark secret.

As Bela speaks, we -

QUICK FLASH TO:

34 INT. POSH BEDROOM - NIGHT - 1998 (FLASHBACK DAY 1) 34 *

(NB: These flashbacks have a GRAINY, STYLIZED look.)

YOUNG BELA, 14, sits quietly on her bed. Face down, eyes on
the floor, as - *

A MIDDLE-AGED MAN (her father) steps into frame, back to us.
We never really see his face. *

Young Bela looks up at him. FEAR and DREAD on her face. *

He steps forward... and SHUTS THE DOOR in our face. *

35 EXT. SCHOOLYARD - DAY - 1998 (FLASHBACK DAY 2) 35 *

CLOSE ON Young Bela in a SCHOOL UNIFORM, sitting on a swing. Swaying on it as she stares into the distance, dejected, utterly alone... contemplating what to do...

BACK TO SCENE.

36 INT. BELA'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT 36

Bela now. Cool and defiant.

BELA

They were lovely people. And I killed them, and I got rich, and I can't be bothered to give a damn.

ON DEAN. Staring at her. Repulsed.

BELA

(taunting him)
Just like I don't give a damn what happens to you, Dean.

Dean's heard enough.

DEAN

You make me sick -

BELA

Likewise -

Dean SHOVES her against the wall with one hand, RAISING the gun to her FOREHEAD with the other -

As they hit the wall, the impact JOSTLES something - Dean spots it out of the corner of his eye. Darts a quick glance -

DEAN'S POV. TOP OF THE DOORFRAME. A tiny LEDGE there. And there's SOMETHING on it. We can't really make it out - the tips of something DRIED and BLACK, some herb...

ON DEAN. He plays it subtle. Doesn't let on that he's clocked anything unusual. He just stares daggers into Bela -

Who BRACES HERSELF -

ON DEAN. Tense, conflicted, ready to pull the trigger. He's gonna do it... he's gonna do it...

But he can't. Finally, he lowers the gun. Shakes his head pityingly.

(CONTINUED)

36

DEAN
You're not worth it.

Dean pockets his gun. And EXITS.

ON BELA. Staring after Dean. Holding her breath, every part of her tense. And then - she lets the breath go. Her toughness falls away. She's SHAKEN TO THE CORE. Vulnerable.

Bela steadies herself. Looks down at her CLENCHED FIST.

ON BELA'S FIST. She opens it. REVEALING a crumpled SLIP OF PAPER.

Bela smoothes out the paper.

CLOSE ON THE PAPER. It's a RECEIPT. Signed by Dean ("John P. Jones"). It's from the ERIE MOTEL.

Bela flips open her phone. Hits speed dial. Into phone -

BELA
It worked. He found me.
(she listens)
No, Sam wasn't with him. But I
know where to find him.

Bela listens. What she hears genuinely upsets her. She protests -

BELA
I already delivered the Colt. I
held up my end...
(quieter, vulnerable)
Please don't make me do this.

She listens. And - hardens up. Gets tough again.

BELA
Fine. I'll take care of it.

37 INT. ERIE MOTEL - NIGHT

37

Sam sits on the bed. Poring over the ALCHEMY NOTEBOOK he swiped out of Doc Benton's lab. His phone rings.

SAM
(into phone)
Dean?

38 INT. IMPALA - NIGHT - PMP

38

Dean drives, talks on the phone.

(CONTINUED)

INTERCUT DEAN AND SAM.

DEAN

Yeah.

ON DEAN. Struggling to stay calm, have this conversation. Underneath, he's crushed.

SAM

Did you get the Colt?

DEAN

What do you think?

ON SAM. As this lands. Then, realizing what that means -

SAM

Then - is Bela -

DEAN

She deserves to die about a dozen times over. But... I couldn't.

Sam hears the vulnerable edge in Dean's voice.

SAM

Dean -

DEAN

I'm screwed, Sammy.

SAM

No you're -

Dean cuts him off. Completely raw. Hopeless.

DEAN

You were right. Bela was a goose chase. The Colt's gone. And I'm... this time I'm really screwed.

Sam reacts to that note in his brother's voice.

SAM

Maybe not.

(then)

I found Benton's cabin.

DEAN

(surprised)
You okay? Was he there?

SAM

Yeah.

DEAN

You kill him?

SAM

No...

DEAN

Sam! Damn it -

SAM

Just listen - I found his lab book.
And it has the formula.

Sam flips through the notebook as he speaks, excited.

DEAN

The live-forever formula? Lemme
guess - I gotta drink blood out of
a baby skull?

SAM

That's the thing - it's not black
magic. There's no blood sacrifice,
nothing. It's science. I mean,
seriously weird science, but...

DEAN

(hesitantly)

You're saying - what? You think...

SAM

I'm saying it could be doable.

(then)

I know we hit a lot of walls.
But... this formula... Dean, I
think this might be it. This could
save you.

ON DEAN. In spite of himself, a GLIMMER OF HOPE. He's
tempted.

DEAN

So... this formula...

Sam rises with the book. CROSSES the room as he speaks -

SAM

Look, we're not in the clear yet,
there's parts I don't get--

38

Just then - Sam's GRABBED FROM BEHIND!
It's DOC BENTON - standing in the shadowy corner of the room.
Benton CLAMPS a chloroformed cloth over Sam's nose and mouth -
On Dean's end, he hears the STRUGGLE -

DEAN
Sam?

Sam tries to shake Benton off - but the chloroform kicks in fast... the phone CLATTERS TO THE FLOOR...

CLOSE ON THE PHONE. Through it, we hear Dean's ALARM -

DEAN (O.C.)
Sam?!... Sam!!

BLACKOUT!

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

39 INT. DOC BENTON'S CABIN - OPERATING ROOM - NIGHT 39

EXTREME CLOSE-UP of Sam's FACE. Freaked, eyes darting... *

WIDEN TO REVEAL Sam's head is CLAMPED IN A VICE. He's STRAPPED TO A TABLE, too. Can't move an inch. He struggles, panicked. *

DOC BENTON (O.C.)
(calm, soothing)
It's okay. Just relax...

Sam darts his eyes in the direction of the voice.

SAM'S POV. Doc Benton stands over a small work table, STERILIZING surgical instruments over a Bunsen burner.

DOC BENTON
(soothing)
There's nothing for you to worry about, Sam.

Benton holds up a scalpel, GLOWING from the heat.

DOC BENTON
There's a high probability you'll survive the procedure.

Sam struggles - manages to spit out a few words -

SAM
How do you know my name?

Doc Benton doesn't answer. Keeps working. Then, conversationally...

DOC BENTON
You think I'm a monster. But I'm only doing what I have to.

Benton leans over Sam. A SMILE pulls the mottled flesh of his cheeks.

Benton lays his instruments on a white cloth beside Sam's head. Calm. If it weren't for the whole monster thing, you might be thinking he has a nice bedside manner.

DOC BENTON
It requires maintenance, eternal life.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

DOC BENTON (CONT'D)

You want to stay young, sometimes
you need work done... like new
eyes, for example.

*
*
*

Benton brushes a gentle finger over Sam's EYEBROW, as if to
admire his fresh young eyes.

*
*

DOC BENTON

Other times, parts get damaged -
like when your father cut out my
heart. That was a terrible
inconvenience.

*
*

Benton holds up Dad's journal.

DOC BENTON

Imagine my delight to find myself
in this. So, this is a reunion of
sorts.

Doc Benton sets down the journal and picks up a FREAKY
INSTRUMENT that resembles a serrated grapefruit spoon. The
tool satisfies him. He smiles soothingly at Sam.

*
*
*

DOC BENTON

Let's begin.

*
*

Doc Benton leans over Sam's eye. Sam struggles hard against
the head vice, to no avail... as Benton HOLDS OPEN Sam's EYE
with his fingers...

*
*
*

And lowers that serrated scooping tool to the socket. Begins
to DIG IN around the TEAR DUCT - BREAKING the skin - A TEAR
OF BLOOD trails down from Sam's eye...

*
*
*

BAM BAM BAM BAM! GUNSHOTS, right through Benton's torso! He
reels backwards!

REVEAL DEAN AT THE BOTTOM OF THE STAIRS. Holding the gun.

Benton STUMBLES, DROPS the tool - then RIGHTS HIMSELF. Looks
to Dean. SMILES. Gives a small, pleased LAUGH.

*

DOC BENTON

Shoot all you like.

And with that, Benton RUSHES Dean, and -

SLAM! SHOVES Dean. Dean hits a table, SHATTERING bottles -
the gun CLATTERS to the floor -

Benton advances...

Dean shakes off the cobwebs, REACHES into his coat just as -

Benton GRABS him by the throat with one grotesque hand, YANKING him up, as -

Dean pulls a KNIFE out of his coat and THRUSTS IT TO THE HILT into Benton's chest!

The force of the stab sends Benton back a step - he lets go of Dean. Looks down at the knife handle sticking out his chest. Then back at Dean, pityingly.

DOC BENTON

A knife? What part of "immortality" don't you understand?

(then)

Too bad about the heart though - it is brand new...

DEAN

Good - then it oughtta be pumping nice and strong -

He pulls a BOTTLE marked "CHLOROFORM" out of his pocket - *

DEAN

- and sending this stuff all through your system.

Doc Benton's eyes widen at the sight of the bottle.

DEAN

Found it upstairs. Dipped the blade.

DOC BENTON

No...

Benton takes a step towards Dean. Suddenly unsteady - he stumbles, recovers...

Benton takes one more step - and CRASHES to the floor.

CLOSE ON DOC BENTON. His eyelids FLUTTER... he REVIVES... and his eyes OPEN WIDE as he realizes he is -

Strapped to the operating table. Our boys stand over him.

DEAN

Hi, Doc. Wakey wakey eggs n' bakey.

Benton struggles - but he's tied down tight.

DOC BENTON

Please -

DEAN

Please what? You've been killing
poor bastards for a hundred-fifty
years, now you got a request?

*
*

DOC BENTON

I can - I can help you, just let me
go. I know what you want...

DEAN

(to Sam)

I think we're gonna have to chop
him into pieces or something. This
immortality thing's a bitch.

DOC BENTON

Wait! I can help you read the formula.

ON SAM. That got his attention.

Our boys lock eyes. Sam clearly wants Dean to consider this.

Benton sees the hesitation, presses Dean -

DOC BENTON

It's for you, isn't it? You'll
live forever. You'll never grow
old - and you'll never die...

ON DEAN. Ambivalent.

SAM

Dean...

DEAN

(struggling, tempted)
Sammy, don't.

Sam gestures for Dean to step aside with him.

They move out of Benton's earshot. Then, quiet, urgent -

SAM

We're talking hell in three weeks,
or needing a new pancreas in half a
century -

DEAN

Yeah, well, you can't pick those up
at the quick-e-mart.

SAM

It's not perfect. But it'll buy us
time to come up with something
better. We just need time.

(then, totally vulnerable)

Dean, just think about it. Please.

*

Dean sees Sam's desperation. It kills him. Part of him
wants to do this - for Sam, for himself.

But then, he looks over at Doc Benton. The eyes, the quilted-
together face, the horrific jigsaw-puzzle body.

Dean's expression hardens.

DEAN

No.

SAM

(crushed, angry)

Don't you want to live?!

DEAN

What that guy is ain't living.

SAM

Dean, come on -

DEAN

No. Look, this is simple.

Sam laughs out loud at that, bitterly.

SAM

But what Simple?

DEAN

To me it is. Black and white.
Human, or not human.

Dean crosses to Benton on the table...

DEAN

I do what the Doc here did to himself
- I'm turning myself into a monster.
And that's worse than hell.

Sam wants to argue... but he can't.

Dean picks up a chloroform bottle, pours liquid onto a cloth -

DOC BENTON

Please, don't - just listen to me,
I can--

Dean CUTS HIM OFF by slapping the cloth over his nose and
mouth. To Sam -

DEAN

Now, I'm gonna take care of him.
Help me, or don't. Your choice.

TIGHT ON DOC BENTON'S FACE as his eyes WIDEN, then SLIDE
CLOSED as the chloroform KNOCKS HIM OUT....

DIP TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

Same TIGHT SHOT of Doc Benton's face - as he COMES TO... to
find he's NOT IN THE LAB ANYMORE. He's now...

INT. BOX - NIGHT

It's some kind of steel box. Like a COFFIN. He's TRAPPED!
Benton POUNDS the box, freaking the fuck out, SCREAMING -

DOC BENTON

No... no... NO!! NO!!!

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

A deep OPEN GRAVE. At the bottom, an old steel REFRIGERATOR,
CHAINED, PADLOCKED. Ever so FAINTLY, we hear BENTON YELLING
AND POUNDING within.

Sam and Dean stand over the grave, with shovels. Dean tosses
in the ALCHEMY NOTEBOOK.

DEAN

Enjoy forever in there, Doc.

Dean hefts his shovel, starts tossing dirt into the grave.

For a moment, Sam just stands there. Watching Dean. The
devastation clear on his face. The grief. He's staring down
the reality: he's about to lose his brother.

Finally, Sam picks up his shovel. Joins Dean. Gets to work.

BLACKOUT.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

43 INT. ERIE MOTEL - HALLWAY - NIGHT 43

Bela slips down the hallway. Silent. She beelines for Sam and Dean's door.

At the door, Bela pulls out a MOTEL KEYCARD - and a GUN WITH SILENCER. She moves to slide the keycard... and HESITATES.

CLOSE ON BELA. She really does not want to do this. But - she has to. She takes a deep breath. Composes herself.

And swiftly opens the door -

44 INT. ERIE MOTEL - SAM AND DEAN'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS 44

BAM BAM BAM BAM! The MUFFLED SOUND of BULLETS WHIZZING THROUGH A SILENCER as in the darkened room, Bela UNLOADS HER GUN into Sam and Dean's SLEEPING FORMS under the blankets.

A moment of SILENCE... and then... SSSSSSSSSSSSSSS....

What the fuck's that sound? Bela flips the light to REVEAL -

BLOWUP SEX DOLLS lying in Bed where Sam and Dean should be. One blonde, one brunette. The hiss is the sound of AIR ESCAPING through the bullet holes as the dolls DEFLATE.

ON BELA. Oh shit. She's been had. Big time. But she's not pissed off - she looks ABSOLUTELY TERRIFIED.

Just then - the MOTEL ROOM PHONE RINGS.

Bela picks it up with a trembling hand.

45 INT. IMPALA - NIGHT - PMP 45

Dean drives, Sam rides shotgun. Dean talks on his cell.

INTERCUT DEAN AND BELA.

DEAN

Hi, Bela. Here's a fun fact you might not know: I felt your hand in my pocket when you swiped that motel receipt.

BELA

(genuinely freaking)
You don't understand -

(CONTINUED)

45

DEAN

I'm pretty sure I understand
perfectly. Saw something
interesting in your hotel room.
Tucked up over the door. An herb -
Devil's Shoestring.

ON BELA. Shocked.

DEAN

Only one use for that. Holding
hellhounds at bay.

Beat. Bela says nothing - she's too stunned to speak.

DEAN

So I went back, took another look
at your folks' obit. Turns out
they died ten years ago, today.
(then)
You didn't kill them. A demon did
your dirty work. You made a deal,
didn't you, Bela. And it's come
due.

PUSH IN ON BELA'S PALE FACE...

QUICK FLASH TO:

46

EXT. SCHOOLYARD - DAY - 1998

46

Same flashback as earlier. Young Bela swinging listlessly.

Camera SWINGS AROUND TO REVEAL - Bela is not alone. There's
a GIRL on the next swing. Fourteen, in uniform. She's
talking to Bela; Bela stares straight ahead... but she's
listening closely.

SCHOOLGIRL

I can take care of them for you.
And it won't even cost you anything
- for ten whole years.

Young Bela meets The Girl's eyes. HOPEFUL.

The Girl SMILES. Her eyes FLASH DEMON RED.

BACK TO SCENE.

47

INT. ERIE MOTEL/IMPALA - NIGHT

47

TIGHT ON BELA. Remembering. Fighting back tears.

(CONTINUED)

DEAN

So - that why you stole the Colt?
To try and wiggle outta your deal?
Our gun for your soul?

Bela sighs. Resigned. Might as well tell the truth.

BELA

Yes.

DEAN

But stealing the Colt wasn't quite
enough, I'm guessing?

BELA

They changed the deal. Wanted me
to kill Sam.

DEAN

Wow. You mean - demons?
Untrustworthy? Shocker.
(then)
Tight deadline too. What time is
it? Look at that, almost midnight.

Bela starts to cry.

BELA

Dean... listen... I need help.

DEAN

Sweetheart, we're weeks past help.

BELA

Please. I know I don't deserve it -

DEAN

You're right, you don't. But you
know the bitch of the bunch? If
you came to us sooner - and just
asked for help... we probably
coulda taken the Colt and saved
you.

BELA

And saved yourself. I know about
your deal, Dean.

Dean reacts, plays it cool for now.

DEAN

And who told you that?

BELA

The demon who holds it. Holds mine too. She says she holds every deal.

DEAN

She?

BELA

Her name is Lilith.

ON DEAN. Startled. He throws a look to Sam.

DEAN

Lilith.

Sam's eyes widen.

DEAN

Why should I believe you?

BELA

You shouldn't. But it's the truth.

DEAN

This can't help you, Bela. Not now. So why tell me?

BELA

So that just maybe you can kill the bitch.

Small beat. As they contemplate this unlikely hope.

DEAN

(quietly)

See you in hell.

Dean HANGS UP. He's shaken. Silent. He shares a look with Sam, grim. But there's nothing to say.

In the motel room, Bela gently replaces the receiver. She stands in the middle of the room. Nowhere to run. She glances at the clock: 11:58.

OFF the DISTANT SOUND OF HELLHOUNDS...

BLACKOUT.

TO BE CONTINUED...