

SUPERNATURAL

Episode #316

"No Rest for the Wicked"

Written by

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Directed by

Kim Manners

A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to read "Eric Kripke". The signature is stylized and cursive, with the first name "Eric" written in a larger, more prominent font than the last name "Kripke".

GOLDENROD REVISIONS

04/01/08

SUPERNATURAL  
"No Rest for the Wicked"

TEASER

OVER BLACK--

The SOUND of PANTING. Shallow, panicked breathing.

1 EXT. WOODS - DAY

1

CLOSE ON: RUNNING. Feet CRUNCH the leaves.

ANGLE. Behind someone's back. This person is sprinting, loose and haphazard. Running for his life. He looks over his shoulder, and we realize it's--

DEAN. Wide, wild eyes. We're not used to seeing him like this, like a traditional horror movie vic. Uncool and uncollected. Hunted. But more than anything-- TERRIFIED.

BRANCHES SLAP against his arms and face. He either doesn't notice or care. At one point, he even STUMBLES to his hands and knees, bounces right back up. Racing. Always checking to see if whatever-it-is is gaining. Until--

STEADICAM POV. In front of Dean, as he rounds a bend. He sees us. Looks right at us, into CAMERA. He DEAD STOPS.

We're low. Coiled. Swaying slightly from side to side. And we're GROWLING-- deep, rattling, unnatural.

Dean takes a half-step back. No sudden movements. How you'd act in front of a deranged, uncaged lion.

An interminable FROZEN BEAT... then...

Dean SPINS, RUNS!

But the POV ROARS-- TAKES OFF after him. It's faster than Dean, much faster. So it's not long before the POV LEAPS-- FREIGHT TRAINS right into him, KNOCKING him face-first into the dirt.

Dean rolls onto his back, just as the POV LUNGES at his face! From BENEATH CAMERA, we HEAR awful TEARING, RIPPING. Dean holds his arms in front of his face, to no avail.

He SCREAMS a PAINED, DYING SCREAM--

SHOCK CUT TO:

2 INT. ABANDONED FARM HOUSE - BACK ROOM - NIGHT (DAY 1) 2

Dean JOLTS awake with a GASP!

He fell asleep at a rickety table, piled with DUSTY OCCULT VOLUMES. As he takes a calming breath, regains his bearings, he notices the open page he was sleeping on:

INSERT. Dense text, except for the heading "HELLHOUNDS," and the 18th Century illustration of a MASSIVE, STEROIDAL WOLF.

Dean, unsettled, tenses at the beast's savage jaws.

Just then, SAM enters--

SAM

Dig up anything good?

Dean crams his naked fear back beneath the surface.

INSERT. He SLAMS the book on the illustration.

DEAN

No, nothing good.

SAM

Well, Bobby has. Finally--

DEAN

Yeah?

SAM

A way to find Lilith.

Dean checks his watch... with a gallows smile--

DEAN

With just under... 30 hours to go?

Hell, let's make a T.J. run.

Chervezas. Senoritas.

(thinks a beat)

What's Spanish for "Donkey Show?"

SAM

So if we do save you-- let's never

do that.

A beat. Sam snags a chair, sits beside his brother. There's both emotion and sincerity here. Sam's gonna look out for his big brother, whatever it takes.

(CONTINUED)

SAM

Look. We're cutting it close, I know. But we're gonna get this done. I don't care what it takes, Dean. You're not going to Hell. I won't let you.

CLOSE ON DEAN. He glances up at Sam. Subtly reacts to something in Sam's face. To what, we don't know. Yet.

SAM (O.S.)

I swear-- everything's gonna be okay.

Only now do we take a glimpse through--

DEAN'S POV. Sam's face is gray and dead. It flutters and melts. It's horrific! (Remember, such hallucinations are symptomatic of people besieged by hellhounds.)

CLOSE ON DEAN. Nodding, clenched, scared.

DEAN

... yeah. Okay.

OFF Dean, trying like holy hell to hold it together, we--

BLACKOUT.

END OF TEASER



ACT ONE

3 INT. ABANDONED FARM HOUSE - FRONT ROOM - NIGHT 3

CLOSE ON A TABLE TOP. A MAP of the U.S. Every city, every highway. HANDS erect an OCCULT RIG over the map: a hand-made wooden frame, supporting an ornate, pointed PENDULUM. The wooden frame is densely packed with occult SYMBOLS.

BOBBY (O.S.)

See, a name? That's the whole kit-n-caboodle. With the right name and the right ritual, there ain't nothing you can't suss out.

WIDER. Sam and Dean observe Bobby. There're lit candles at the table corners, etc... prepped for ceremony.

SAM

Like the town Lilith's in.

BOBBY

Kid. By the time I'm done, we'll know the street.

Bobby gingerly holds the pendulum, winds it back, lets go. It swings back and forth, like a metronome.

BOBBY

*Ubi cumque in occultatione sis,  
defigo te ut mihi pareas--*

And just then... IMPOSSIBLY... the PENDULUM STOPS COLD. At a SLANTED, 45 degree ANGLE, physics be damned. And it's POINTING directly at--

BOBBY

(reading the map)

We got a winner. New Harmony,  
Indiana.

Bobby flicks the pendulum, it returns to normal.

SAM

So when do we leave?

Dean's been watching all this, skeptical. But he can't hold his tongue any longer.

DEAN

Whoa. Hold on. Just holster it up there, Tex.

(CONTINUED)

3

CONTINUED:

3

SAM

What's the problem?

DEAN

What's the problem? Where do I start?

(then)

One, we don't know if Lilith actually holds my deal-- we're working off Bela's intel-- and the bitch breathes, the air comes out crooked. Two, even if we could get to Lilith, we got no way to gank her. Three, this is the same Lilith who wants your giant head on a pike. Should I keep going?

BOBBY

(rueful smile)

Ain't you just bringing down the room.

DEAN

It's a gift.

SAM

I'm sorry. So then what are we supposed to do... ?

DEAN

Just cause I'm dying doesn't mean you have to. We go in smart or we don't go in.

SAM

Okay. Fine. That case, I got the answer.

DEAN

You do.

SAM

A sure way to confirm it's Lilith. And a way to get ourselves a bona fide, demon killing Ginsu.

This sets Dean right off.

DEAN

Dammit, Sam, no!

(CONTINUED)

SAM

We are so past arguing. I'm summoning Ruby.

DEAN

The hell you are! We got enough problems as it is.

SAM

Exactly. And we got no time and no choice, either.

DEAN

Sam, she is the Miss Universe of lying skanks! She told you she could save me-- lie. She seems to know all about Lilith... but forgot to mention that, oh yeah, Lilith OWNS MY SOUL?

SAM

So she's a liar. She's still got that knife.

BOBBY

(trying to referee)

Dean...

DEAN

For all we know, she works for Lilith!

SAM

Then give me another option! Tell me what else!

BOBBY

Sam's right...

Dean unexpectedly EXPLODES. Just for a heartbeat.

DEAN

NO, DAMMIT!!

This stops the argument cold. Sam and Bobby just look at Dean, curious. That was an unexpected escalation.

Dean quiets and shifts, self-conscious, beneath their gaze.

DEAN

... just... no. We're not making the same mistake all over again.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)



3

CONTINUED: (3)

3

DEAN (CONT'D)

You wanna save me, find something else.

And with that, Dean heads for the back room. SLAMS the door!

Sam looks to Bobby. Just what the hell did Dean mean by that? Bobby SIGHS. Snags his keys. Moves for the door.

SAM

Where you going?

BOBBY

(at a loss, frustrated)

I guess to go find something else.

Bobby slams the door behind him. Leaving Sam. Thinking. Frustrated. Alone.

4

OMIT

4

5

INT. CELLAR - NIGHT

5

OVERHEAD ANGLE. An archaic symbol scrawled on the floor, surrounded by LIT CANDLES.

SAM (O.S.)

*... ad constringendum, ad ligandum  
eos pariter et solvendum...*

Sam. Kneeling before it. Checking over to the stairs, making sure Dean isn't there. Sneaky, secretive.

SAM

*Et ad congregandum eos coram me.*

He drops a lit match into a CHALICE-- it FLARES. (Not unlike John summoning Yellow Eyes in "In My Time of Dying.")

That's it. Ritual's over.

Sam stands. Wary. Waiting. Eyes scanning the basement. A beat. Then, from behind--

RUBY (O.S.)

You know. Phones work, too.

RUBY. Standing before a set of DOROTHY DOORS-- one of them open. She approaches Sam.

RUBY

Hey, Sam. How's tricks?

(CONTINUED)



SAM

How do you get around so fast,  
anyway?

RUBY

I got the Super Bowl jet pack. So.  
You called?

Beat. Sam is brusque. Angry. Guard up. As far as he's  
concerned, he's confronting an enemy...

SAM

Did you know?

RUBY

Um... need a tiny bit more...

SAM

About Dean's deal. That Lilith  
holds the contract.

RUBY

(simply)

Yes. I did.

Beat. Sam's taken aback. Wasn't expecting a straight  
answer.

SAM

And what, you didn't think that was  
important?

RUBY

You weren't ready.

SAM

For what?

RUBY

If I told you, you two yahoos  
woulda just charged after her half-  
cocked, and Lilith woulda peeled  
the meat from your pretty, pretty  
faces.

SAM

(beat; fuck you)

Well. We're ready now. I want  
your knife.

Ruby circles him.

RUBY

You're right about one thing. You are ready. And now's the time, too. Lilith's guard's down.

SAM

That so?

RUBY

She's on shore leave. A little R and R.

SAM

What the hell's that mean?

RUBY

Trust me. You don't wanna know.

(then)

You guys didn't lose those Hex Bags I gave you?

SAM

We've got 'em.

RUBY

Good. Then she won't sense you coming.

SAM

Then you'll give us the knife.

RUBY

(beat)

No.

SAM

But you just said--

RUBY

You wanna charge in with one little pig sticker? It's a waste of a true blue window. Like hitting Hitler with that exploding briefcase. Forget it.

SAM

Then how?

She stands before Sam. No sly smiles, no smart-ass half-truths. She's direct. Earnest. Even vulnerable.

RUBY

I know how to save your brother,  
Sam.

SAM

(losing his temper)  
No, you don't. You told Dean you  
couldn't. You've been lying to me.  
Now give me the damn knife!

RUBY

You're not the one I've been lying  
to.

SAM

(sarcastic)  
So you can save him?

RUBY

No.  
(then)  
But you can.

SAM

What?

RUBY

Sam. You've got some God-given  
talents. Well, I mean, not God-  
given, but... you get the gist.  
(then)  
Your spoon bending.

SAM

All that psychic crap? It's gone.  
Since Yellow Eyes died.

RUBY

Not gone. Dormant. And not just  
visions, either. Why do you think  
Lilith's so scared of you?

SAM

Right. She's scared of me.

RUBY

If you wanted, you could wipe her  
off the map without moving a  
muscle.

SAM

I don't believe you.

RUBY  
It's the truth.

SAM  
And you're just telling me this  
now?

RUBY  
(gesturing to herself)  
Um... Demon? "Manipulative's"  
kinda in the job description. Fact  
is, you never would've considered  
it, not until you were...

SAM  
Desperate enough?

She shrugs. It's the truth.

RUBY  
You don't like being different.  
You hate the way Dean looks at you  
sometimes-- like you're some  
sideshow freak.  
(then)  
But suck it up-- cause we gotta  
lotta ground to cover, and we gotta  
do it fast-- but we can do it.

Sam tries to keep up a granite front. But what if she's  
telling the truth? What if he can save Dean?

RUBY  
Look. Call me a bitch. Hate me  
all you want. But I've never lied  
to you, Sam. Not ever.  
(beat)  
And I'm telling you-- you can save  
your brother. I can show you how.

Sam thinks. Does he go for it? Does he trust her? Before  
he ever gets a chance to answer that question--

DEAN (O.S.)  
So that's you, huh? Our slutty  
little Yoda?

Dean. Moving down the steps. Molten with fury.

RUBY  
(shit-eating grin)  
Dean. Charming as ever.



DEAN

I knew you'd come. I knew Sam  
wouldn't listen.

SAM

Dean...

Dean holds up his hand-- he doesn't want to hear it. Shoots  
an angry, disappointed glare at his little brother. Sam  
quiets, guilty, can't meet his brother's gaze. Decides not  
to push it for now.

Dean steps up to Ruby. Eyes ablaze with righteous anger.

DEAN

You're not gonna teach him a damn  
thing. You understand me? Over my  
dead body.

RUBY

Well, you're right about that.

DEAN

You're gonna give me that knife.  
You're gonna crawl back into  
whatever slop you came from. And  
you're never gonna bother my  
brother again. We clear?

RUBY

Your brother is carrying a bomb  
inside him. We'd be stupid not to  
use it.

SAM

Dean, just hold on a second--

DEAN

(whirling to Sam, furious)  
Don't, Sam. Don't! I mean, what  
are you, blind? Can't you see this  
is a trick?!

RUBY

That's not true.

DEAN

She wants you to give into this  
demon-psycho-whatever. Hell,  
maybe she wants you to be her  
little Anti-Christ Superstar!

5 CONTINUED: (6)

5

RUBY

I want Lilith dead. That's all.

DEAN

Why?

RUBY

I've told you why!

DEAN

Right. 'Cause you were human once. You like kittens and long walks on the beach.

RUBY

You know, I am so sick of proving myself to you! You wanna save yourself, this is how, you dumb, spineless dick.

Dean nods, as if taking this in. Long beat. And then, without warning, Dean UNLOADS a PULVERIZING ROUNDHOUSE across Ruby's jaw!

Her head SNAPS back.

Sam watches. Oh shit. This isn't good.

A loaded beat, as Ruby wipes the blood from her mouth with the back of her hand. And then--

She ATTACKS!

Dean and Ruby FIGHT-- their season-long animosity finally exploding into violence. It's savage, dirty, close quarters, PAINFUL. All knees and elbows. Dean gets a few good licks in, too--

SAM

Stop it! Dammit, I said stop!  
(ad-libs too, etc.)

Finally, Sam tries to wedge himself between them. To separate them--

But Ruby pivots, SHOVES Sam with both hands, with impossible strength. He SAILS back into a WOODEN POST, CRACKS his head back against it. CRUMPLES to the floor, dazed, and out of the mix, for now.

Ruby spins back to Dean, and UNLEASHES her FULL WRATH. She. Is. PISSED. She delivers a NECK-SNAPPING BLOW! Another!

(CONTINUED)

Dean backs away. He's starting to look punch drunk.

She GRIPS his head, KNEES him in the face. Sends him tumbling onto his back.

Then Ruby winds back, and KICKS Dean in the gut! OOF! He rolls across the floor. He even tries to crawl away from her a few feet.

But she CHARGES him, as if racing up for a penalty kick, and BOOTS him again! Jesus, that could shatter some ribs. Dean rolls again, a few more feet away.

But this time... he climbs to his feet, shaky, unsteady. Spits blood. And smiles at Ruby through bloody teeth.

RUBY

What the hell you grinning at?

And Dean holds up, slow: RUBY'S KNIFE. He must've lifted it off her during the fight--

DEAN

Missing something?

Her face darkens--

RUBY

I'll kill you, you sonofabitch.

She STRIDES forward, right at him. But then... STOPS abruptly. As if hitting some invisible wall. Her momentary surprise quickly hardens into anger.

Sam. Just now climbing to his feet. Surprised, his eyes float to the ceiling.

Ruby. Her eyes follow, landing on--

THE DEVIL'S TRAP. Painted on the ceiling above Ruby.

Dean's weak. Banged up. But still manages a smile.

DEAN

Like I said. I knew you'd come.

And with that, Dean, knife in hand, starts limping for the stairway. Leaving Ruby behind.

RUBY

Wait. You're not gonna just leave me here?



DEAN

Come on, Sam.

Sam follows his big brother. Once or twice, he looks back at Ruby. Dean never does.

RUBY

(apoplectic)

So you're too stupid to live, is that it!? Then fine! You deserve hell! And I wish I could be there, Dean.

ANGLE. As she shouts in the B.G., Dean and Sam climb the steps...

RUBY

I wish I could smell the flesh sizzle off your bones! I wish I could hear you scream!

McQueen cool and quiet, without ever turning around...

DEAN

See, and I wish you'd shut yer pie hole. But we don't always get what we want.

The boys EXIT frame. The O.S. SLAM of a basement door. Leaving Ruby behind. Fuming.

BLACKOUT.

END OF ACT ONE



ACT TWO

6 EXT. ABANDONED FARM HOUSE - DAWN - TO ESTABLISH (DAY 2) 6

The house. Bathed in dawn's glow.

7 OMIT 7

8 INT. ABANDONED FARM HOUSE - FRONT ROOM - DAWN 8

Dean readies to hit the road. His face is sporting a few BRUISES. He loads SALT SHELLS into shotguns. Siphons Holy Water into JUGS. Stuffs assorted SUPPLIES into a DUFFLE.

Sam does the same. They labor in silence for a few beats. Then Sam asks, eyes locked down on his work--

SAM

So we're gonna let Ruby rot down there?

DEAN

That's the idea.

SAM

(another beat)

Dean... what if... what if she's telling the truth? What if I can take out Lilith?

Dean stops. Gives Sam a long, concerned look-- very much like Sam's a freak, to tell you the truth-- Sam's uncomfortable beneath the gaze...

SAM

Quit looking at me like that.

DEAN

So, what? You give her the "Carrie" stare, Lilith goes poof?

SAM

I dunno what Ruby meant... maybe we should ask her...

DEAN

Sam. You wanted the knife, I got you the knife, okay?

SAM

Just listen to me. Last time, Lilith snapped her fingers and put 30 demons on our ass.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

SAM (CONT'D)

And all we got's one knife? Like you said-- we go in smart or we don't go in.

DEAN

This ain't smart.

SAM

We got one shot at this. One. So if there's a sure fire way, we should at least talk about it...

Dean takes a long beat. We expect him to get angry, but he doesn't. He's somber. Vulnerable. A heart to heart.

DEAN

Sammy. We're not making the same mistake all over again.

SAM

So you said. But what's that even mean?

DEAN

You don't see a pattern here? Dad's deal. My deal. Now this. Every time one of us is up the creek, the other's suddenly beggin' to sell his soul--

(beat)

And that's all this is, man. Ruby's jerkin' your chain down the road... and you know what it's paved with and you know where it's goin'...

SAM

What are you afraid's gonna happen? This is me. I can handle it. And if it'll save you--

DEAN

Why even risk it?

SAM

Because you're my brother. And you did the same for me.

Another beat. Dean nods. Grateful. Emotional. There's sincere brotherly love here. But--

(CONTINUED)

DEAN

I know. But look how that turned  
out.

(MORE)

DEAN (CONT'D)

See, that's the thing, Sammy:  
you're my weak spot. You are. And  
I'm yours.

Sam's shocked to hear this. Especially from Dean.

SAM

You don't mean that. We're family.

DEAN

Yeah. And those evil sonsofbitches  
know it. What we'll do for each  
other. How far we'll go. They use  
it against us.

SAM

So, what, we stop looking out for  
each other?

DEAN

No. We stop being martyrs, and we  
stop spreadin' it for Demons. We  
take that knife, and we go after  
Lilith. Our way. The way Dad  
taught us. And if we go down, we  
go down swinging.

(beat)

So. Whattaya think?

Sam takes a long beat. Taking this in. Then... the corner  
of his lips curl into a faint smile...

SAM

I think you shoulda been jamming  
'Eye of the Tiger' right there.

DEAN

Hey. Bite me. I've been  
rehearsing this speech.

And it's settled. Just like that. That's how guys are.

SAM

So. Indiana.

DEAN

Where Lilith's on shore leave?

SAM

I guess.



8 CONTINUED: (4)

8

DEAN

Tell me something. What the hell's  
a demon do for fun?

9 EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - MORNING

9

This street is apple pie and ice cream. Baseball and hot  
dogs. Ozzie and Harriet.

**SUPER TITLE: NEW HARMONY, INDIANA**

CLOSE ON: GRANDPA FREMONT tugs some mail from the cutesy,  
arts-and-crafts MAILBOX which reads: "THE FREMONTS."

MR. WEPRIN, the next door neighbor, is just depositing some  
mail in his own box, raising the red flag.

MR. WEPRIN

Heya, Pat.

GRANDPA

Tom.

MR. WEPRIN

How's that granddaughter of yours?

GRANDPA

Home sick, poor thing. Darn bug  
that's goin' around.

MR. WEPRIN

Ah, too bad. Well, give her a big  
ole' hug from me and Judy.

Grandpa gives Mr. Weprin a hearty handshake.

GRANDPA

You bet. Take 'er easy, Tom.

MR. WEPRIN

You too, Pat.

Grandpa heads for the house. Leaving Mr. Weprin. Who feels  
something in his palm. Looks down.

There's a small, torn, WADDED UP SCRAP of paper.

Curious, Mr. Weprin unwraps the paper. Scrawled, hasty and  
shaky, across it: **HELP US.**

Mr. Weprin looks up at Grandpa. But Grandpa's already  
closing the FRONT DOOR behind him. No eye contact.

(CONTINUED)

9 CONTINUED: 9

Mr. Weprin reacts, bewildered. What the hell?

10 INT. FREMONT HOUSE - FRONT HALL - CONTINUOUS 10

Grandpa locks the door. His aw-shucks façade immediately melts away... revealing tension, fear.

He turns into the hallway. Stepping over the FACE-DOWN CORPSE of a MATRONLY WOMAN in her 60's. In a sticky puddle of week-old BLOOD. Flies BUZZ. Grandpa barely even notices her anymore. He continues into--

11 INT. FREMONT HOUSE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS 11

Where Grandpa joins BARBARA and JIMMY FREMONT, mid 30's. Jimmy peers out from behind closed drapes. Barbara is putting the finishing touches on a BIRTHDAY CAKE... but oddly, she's PIPING on an obscene MOUNTAIN of FROSTING. They'd be a classic suburban couple... except for the strained terror on their faces. Their nerves stretched taut to breaking.

GRANDPA

Where is she?

BARBARA

Upstairs. Playing with Freckles.

Barbara says this with dread. Jimmy shakes his head, eyes on the floor. As if "playing with Freckles" is too horrible to contemplate.

Grandpa steps to them. Speaks in an urgent whisper--

GRANDPA

We just sit here, we're dead.

JIMMY

(scared whisper)

She'll hear you!

GRANDPA

It's her or us.

BARBARA

It's my baby girl.

GRANDPA

Not anymore. There's...  
something... inside her.

(CONTINUED)

JIMMY

(hissing)

Shut your mouth, she's coming!

Jimmy heard the pitter-patter down the steps. And sure enough, into the kitchen bounds ZOEY, 10. She wears a pretty, frilly party dress. Except the front of it is fairly SLICKED WITH BLOOD.

ZOEY

What were you guys talking about?

GRANDPA

Just how much we love you.

BARBARA

What... what happened to your dress?

ZOEY

Oh. Freckles was mean to me.

The adults exchange horrified looks. But they're on eggshells. Don't anger the girl. Barbara forces a wan smile.

BARBARA

That's. That's nice, dear.

ZOEY

Daddy. Will you push me on the swing?

JIMMY

Sure, honey. But don't you wanna change first? You don't want the neighbors to see... all that blood.

ZOEY

(brightens)

You're so smart, Daddy! I love you.

Zoey HUGS Jimmy tight. Bloodying his clothes. Jimmy wants to recoil, wants to scream and run, but he has no choice. He lightly returns Zoey's embrace.

JIMMY

I love you, too.

(venturing)

Hey, sweetie? Do you think... maybe after awhile... you think maybe you could... let us go?

(CONTINUED)



11 CONTINUED: (2)

11

Now Zoey pulls away. Looks up at Jimmy. Not angry, not hurt. Just a cool, calm, even stare that would curdle milk.

ZOEY

Why?

JIMMY

I, uh, I mean, I dunno...

Everyone tenses.

ZOEY

Don't you wanna be here? Don't you love me?

If this wasn't a wholesome family show, Jimmy would be pissing his pants with fear about now.

JIMMY

(croaks it out)  
... sure I do.

BARBARA

(a touch manic)  
We all do, honey! We all love you so much!

Zoey still levels that even gaze at Jimmy. But now, her PUPILS ROLL BACK, revealing IVORY WHITE EYES. As if you hadn't guessed already, this isn't Zoey at all. It's LILITH.

ZOEY

Don't be mean to me, Daddy. Like Freckles. Or what's-her-name, that mean old babysitter.

JIMMY

... I'm sorry...

Lilith/Zoey's eyes roll back to normal. She immediately brightens, a bubbly little girl again.

ZOEY

That's okay, silly! Now let's go play!

12 EXT. ABANDONED FARM HOUSE - MORNING

12

Sam and Dean. Climb into the Impala. SLAM the doors. Exchange somber looks. Here we go. And then Dean turns the ignition. And--

NOTHING HAPPENS.

(CONTINUED)



Dean frowns. Confused. What's going on?

Just then... BOBBY is there, LEANING OVER, KNOCKING on the driver's side window. He's holding an engine part-- a ROTOR.

Sam and Dean trade looks. Dean unrolls the window.

BOBBY

Where do you think you're going?

Sam and Dean. They climb out of the car.

DEAN

(admits, busted)

Look. We got the knife.

BOBBY

And you intend to use it without me. Do I look like some ditch-able prom date to you?

SAM

No, of course not.

DEAN

It's just... this is about me, and Sam. And it's... it's not your fight.

Bobby steps up to Dean. Gets right in his face. Gruff. Intimidating, honestly. Dean half-steps back.

BOBBY

The hell it isn't. Family don't end with blood, boy.

Sam and Dean trade looks at that--

BOBBY

Besides, you need me.

DEAN

Oh yeah?

BOBBY

You're playing wounded. Tell me. How many hallucinations you had so far?

Dean's surprised. Sam, too. He looks at Dean, worried. Dean shrugs, apologetic-- it's true, he just didn't want to tell Sam.

DEAN  
How'd you know?

12

CONTINUED: (3)

12

BOBBY

Because that's what happens when  
you got Hellhounds on yer butt.  
And because I'm smart.

And with that, Bobby slaps the ROTOR into Dean's hand. Moves  
for his own MUSCLE CAR (probably O.S. at the foot of the  
drive). Over his shoulder--

BOBBY

I'll follow. And don't be stopping  
to pee every 10 minutes, either.

Sam and Dean can't help but grin. As Dean POPS the hood to  
replace the engine part--

13

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - NIGHT

13

The Impala ROARS down the lonely two-lane blacktop. Bobby's  
MUSCLE CAR cruising behind.

14

INT. IMPALA - NIGHT - PMP

14

Dean drives, Sam rides. Silence. Each alone with their  
thoughts. Heading into battle. A long beat. Finally, Sam  
speaks up--

SAM

Hey, Dean?

DEAN

Yeah?

SAM

In case... this thing doesn't go  
the way we want... I just wanted to  
tell you--

DEAN

(interrupting, simply)

Nooo. No.

SAM

No... what?

DEAN

No, you're not busting out the  
misty "goodbye" speech. If this is  
my last day on Earth, I don't want  
it to be socially awkward.

(beat)

But you know what I do want?

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED:

14

And with that, Dean FLIPS ON the radio.

BLASTING BON JOVI'S "Wanted Dead or Alive" at full tilt.  
Somewhere past the mid-point.

SAM

Bon Jovi?

DEAN

Bon Jovi rocks on occasion.

Dean bangs his head, playing drums on the steering wheel.  
Sam shakes his-- same old Dean.

After a moment, Dean starts singing along, top of his lungs.  
And no, Jensen, not in key. Sing it the way we all sing when  
we're on a road trip. Raucous and charmingly out of tune.

DEAN

*I walk these streets, a loaded six  
string on my back. I play for  
keeps...*

Sam can't help but smile.

DEAN

*... 'cause I might not make it  
back. I been everywhere...*

Dean punches Sam's shoulder. And even Sam can't resist at  
this point. He joins in, maybe a bit hesitant at first--

SAM AND DEAN

*... still I'm standing tall, I've  
seen a million faces...*

Now Sam's just as boisterous and off-key--

SAM AND DEAN

*AND I'VE ROCKED THEM ALL! I'm a  
cowboy, on a steel horse I ride,  
I'm wanted, wanted, dead or alive.  
I'm a cowboy, I got the night on my  
side...*

14A EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - NIGHT

14A

The IMPALA MOTORS away. The boys' VOICES trailing off in the  
distance. If there's a more fitting way for these two  
soldiers to march towards death... we haven't seen it.

DISSOLVE TO:



15 EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - NEW HARMONY, INDIANA - NIGHT 15

The Impala ROARS past. But then... by the roadside, unseen: a HIGHWAY PATROL CRUISER. It flips on its headlights, its cherry lights, its siren. Spits gravel, after the Impala.

16 INT. IMPALA - NIGHT - PMP 16

The boys react to the CHERRY lights from the rearview, reflecting off their faces--

SAM

We getting pulled over?

Dean sighs, as he pulls over to the SHOULDER--

DEAN

(dry, deadpan)

I got a busted tail light. But hey, least we're not in a hurry or nothing--

17 OMIT 17

18 INT./EXT. IMPALA - ROADSIDE - NIGHT 18

The Patrolman climbs out of the Cruiser. Heads over to the parked Impala.

ANGLE. INSIDE WITH DEAN. He unrolls the window, as the Patrolman arrives at the driver's side, leans over. (NOTE: Dean never really looks at the Cop full in the face.)

DEAN

Problem, Officer?

PATROLMAN

License and registration, please.

Dean hands it over... and the Patrolman glances at it.

PATROLMAN

You do realize your tail light's out, Mr... Hagar?

CLOSE ON DEAN. As he finally turns, takes a good full look at the Patrolman. And he SEES something. Something we don't see. Dean's voice tenses, but he doesn't miss a beat--

DEAN

Yessir. I'm sorry, been meaning to take care of it. As a matter of fact--

(CONTINUED)

18

CONTINUED:

18

Suddenly, shockingly, Dean KICKS OPEN the door, it SLAMS into the Patrolman, CATCHING him in the gut! Oof!

SAM

Dean?!

Dean LUNGES out of the Impala, BRUTALLY ATTACKS the Cop! Sam leaps out a beat after.

Dean BEATS the Cop down, as hard and fast as he can-- pulls out Ruby's KNIFE-- Sam tries to grab Dean's arm--

SAM

What are you doing??

But Dean roughly SHAKES OFF Sam, and RAPIDLY PLUNGES the knife into the Cop's THROAT! LIGHT emanates from the wound and the Cop's mouth. The Cop HOWLS an OTHERWORLDLY, bass-register HOWL.

And then he's dead. Take a dust-settling beat.

Bobby's MUSCLE CAR pulls behind them. Catching up.

As the guys catch their breath, exchanging looks--

Bobby climbs out of his ride.

BOBBY

What the hell happened?

All three of them, equally confounded--

SAM

Dean just killed a Demon.  
(to Dean)  
How'd you know?

CLOSE ON DEAN. He has no fucking idea.

DEAN

I just knew. I could see its face.  
Its real face. Under that one.

Off Dean's bewilderment, we--

BLACKOUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

19 EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - NEW HARMONY, INDIANA - NIGHT 19

The CRUISER, dead Cop inside, parked in the bushes. Sam, Dean, and Bobby cover the Cruiser with branches and leaves, hiding it from prying eyes. As they labor--

SAM

So, what, now you're seeing Demons?

DEAN

Been seeing all kindsa things lately. But nothing like that.

BOBBY

It's not so crazy.

DEAN

(incredulous)  
How's it not so crazy?

BOBBY

You got what, just over five hours to go? You're already piercing the veil, Dean. Glimpsin' the B side.

DEAN

Less New-Agey, please.

BOBBY

(deadpan)  
You're almost hell's bitch. So you can see other hell bitches, too.

DEAN

(was that so hard?)  
Thank you.

SAM

It'll actually come in pretty handy.

DEAN

Oh. Joy. Glad my doomed soul'll be good for something.

BOBBY

Damn right it will. Lilith's probably got Demons stashed all over town. We can't let any of 'em sound the alarm.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)



19

CONTINUED:

19

BOBBY (CONT'D)

If she knows we're here, we're dead  
before we started--

Everyone takes this in. Then Dean CLAPS his hands together--

DEAN

Okay! Well, this is a terrific  
plan and I'm excited to be a part  
of it. Let's go.

They EXIT for the road, for their cars.

20

INT. FREMONT HOUSE - DINING ROOM/LIVING AREA - NIGHT

20

THE TABLE. Covered with pie, cake, cookies, bowls of  
colorful M&M's, Skittles. Willy Wonka's dinner table.

Grandpa and Jimmy sit at the table. In hell, beneath their  
plastic smiles. As Barbara places the obscenely over-frosted  
CAKE in front of Zoey. It's got 10 LIT CANDLES.

BARBARA

Happy birthday, sweetie.

JIMMY

Happy birthday, honey!

GRANDPA

Happy birthday!

ZOEY

(claps with glee)  
It's my birthday every day!

Zoey blows out the candles. Barbara takes the cake, begins  
slicing it. Jimmy gives a weary fake-smile--

JIMMY

Mmm. Cake. Again. Good.

ZOEY

(begins, casual)  
Hey, Grandpa. Can I ask you  
something?

GRANDPA

Sure, Jelly Bean. Anything.

ZOEY

Why'd you try to go to Mr. Weprin  
for help?

Everyone tenses. Horror. Barbara stops slicing.

(CONTINUED)



GRANDPA

(stammering)

... I didn't... I don't know what you mean...

No anger from Zoey. Just simply, plainly, calmly--

ZOEY

You're a big fat liar.

GRANDPA

(small, trembling)

I... I'm sorry... it was a mistake...

ZOEY

Did you two know about this?

JIMMY

No.

Barbara averts her eyes from Grandpa's pleading visage. She knows she's selling her own father up the river. But she has no other choice. Sadly, quietly--

BARBARA

... no...

ZOEY

Grandpa... you don't love me?

GRANDPA

... I do... I do love you...

ZOEY

No, you don't. You're lying again. You're just a mean old man.

Grandpa's desperate by now. No more act. He shoots a WILD LOOK to Barbara, who's holding that big sharp KNIFE--

GRANDPA

Do something! Help me! Please!

ZOEY

I don't think I like you anymore.

Zoey makes a casual twist of her hand. As if screwing in an invisible light bulb. And Grandpa's head JERKS to the side (just actor action). But we hear a TERRIBLE, CRUNCHING NECK SNAP! Grandpa's head PLOPS forward, squishing into the slice of CHERRY PIE on his plate. Eyes glassy. Dead.

(CONTINUED)

20

CONTINUED: (2)

20

Barbara's hand covers her mouth, biting back a HOWLING SCREAM--

ZOEY

Nobody scream, okay? Screaming  
makes me mad.

Barbara and Jimmy nod. With difficulty, they paint on  
smiles. Trying not to look at the fresh corpse. Barbara  
takes that SHARP KNIFE-- and returns to cake slicing--

ZOEY

Mommy? Can I have ice cream with  
mine?

21

EXT. FOR SALE HOUSE - NIGHT - TO ESTABLISH

21

A DARK, EMPTY HOUSE. A "FOR SALE" SIGN prominent in the F.G.

22

INT. FOR SALE HOUSE - NIGHT

22

BINOCULAR POV. Into the Fremont's DINING ROOM below, through an OPEN WINDOW. We can see Grandpa, face down, just as Jimmy rises, SHUTS the CURTAINS.

Dean. Bobby. Sam. Crouched, low and secretive, looking out a SECOND STORY WINDOW, in a dark, bare, empty room.

Sam lowers the BINOCULARS. Dean, meanwhile, is TRULY SHAKEN--

DEAN

... it's the little girl. Her face, it's awful...

SAM

Well, c'mon, we're wasting time!

Sam stands, ready for action. Dean roughly CLUTCHES him, pulls him back down.

DEAN

Wait.

SAM

For what? For her to kill the rest of 'em?!

DEAN

And us, too, if we're not careful. Look. There.

Sam picks up the binocs again--

BINOCULAR POV. In front of the Fremont's: a MAILMAN organizing a CRATE of LETTERS at the back of his truck.

DEAN

Real go-getter mailman, still on the job at 9 pm. And Fred Rogers over there.

POV. MR. WEPRIN, through his LIVING ROOM WINDOW, sucking on a smokeless PIPE like a 50's sitcom dad.

BOBBY

Demons?

DEAN

Yep.

Our heroes back carefully away from the window--

(CONTINUED)

22

CONTINUED:

22

SAM

Okay. So then we ninja our way past those guys, sneak in--

DEAN

And then what, give a Columbian necktie to a 10-year-old girl?

Sam gives a look. That's exactly what they're gonna do--

SAM

Look. It's awful, I know.

DEAN

You think?

SAM

But Dean, this isn't just about saving you. This is about saving everybody.

BOBBY

She's gotta be stopped, son.

Dean takes a grudging beat. He doesn't like this one bit.

DEAN

Dammit.

23

INT. FREMONT HOUSE - ZOEY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

23

On her pink, FOUR POST PRINCESS CANOPY BED, Zoey nestles her head against Barbara's chest, who sits propped against the wall, holding a BEDTIME STORY-- a child's version of "St. George and the Dragon."

ZOEY

Read it again, Mommy...

BARBARA

... but I've read it... 26 times...

ZOEY

(gives her a look)

Again.

BARBARA

(begins to read)

Once upon a time, in the town of Selene, lived a beautiful Princess named Cleo. But the town was plagued with an evil dragon, that demanded the blood of the children.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)



BARBARA (CONT'D)

And the Princess was doomed to be  
sacrificed to the dark and terrible  
dragon...

(CONTINUED)

23 CONTINUED: (2) 23

As Barbara reads, Zoey nestles in deeper against her chest, getting comfy. Barbara chokes back her tears; her tension could cut glass-- it's like cuddling up with a Great White.

24 EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - NIGHT 24

THE MAILMAN. Still at the back of his truck. Re-organizing his letters for the umpteenth time. In reality, Demonic Secret Service. Standing guard.

When he hears a RUSTLE of LEAVES. Takes a few steps back from his truck to investigate. Then spots--

DEAN. In the green alley between two houses. Dean looks surprised to see the Mailman, as if caught with his pants down. He TEARS off, behind a house--

The Mailman SPRINTS after him, in PURSUIT-- ROUNDING A CORNER...

25 EXT. BEHIND A HOUSE - CONTINUOUS 25

RIGHT INTO SAM. Sam DRIVES THE KNIFE up into his GUT, but the Mailman's MOMENTUM does most of the work!

Dean's there, too, behind the guy in a FLASH, covering his mouth so he can't even scream. (Maybe flashing light between Dean's fingers?) Anyway, it's ruthless. Ninja-style.

Off this violent, jarring death--

26 EXT. A BACKYARD - NIGHT 26

A DUG HOLE. In a lawn. Uncovering a SLENDER WATER MAIN, at least a few inches in DIAMETER.

Bobby. Shielded behind some HEDGES-- he dug the hole-- SHOVEL nearby. And now, with a WRENCH, he removes a VALVE, revealing a BLACK OPENING into the water.

BOBBY

*Exorcizo te, creatura aquæ, in  
nomine Dei Patris omnipotentis...*

Bobby holds up a ROSARY... drops it into the hole...

27 EXT. MR. WEPRIN'S HOUSE - BACKYARD - NIGHT 27

CLOSE ON: Mr. Weprin FALLS BACK into frame, SLAPS against the wet grass. Eyes wide. Dead.

(CONTINUED)

27

CONTINUED:

27

ANGLES. Sam WIPES the BLOODY KNIFE against his jeans, bad ass and brutal, as Dean drags the corpse behind some bushes. Hiding it. They leave it behind, quickly EXIT for--

28

EXT. MR. WEPRIN'S HOUSE - SIDE - NIGHT

28

The boys emerge from the rear, heading up the between-house corridor, when, FROM OUT OF NOWHERE--

Dean is ATTACKED! SHOVED UP against the side of the house!

By an extremely IRATE RUBY. With superhuman strength, she grips his neck. Commands, with a creepy-calm quiet--

RUBY

I'd like my knife, please. Or your neck snaps like a chicken bone.

Suddenly, Sam is there, HOLDING the KNIFE TIGHT against Ruby's throat--

SAM

He doesn't have it.

He pulls her back, roughly. Off his brother. Then Sam releases her... but still holds the knife at guard--

SAM

Just take it easy...

DEAN

How'd you get out?

RUBY

What you don't know about me could fill a book.

Dean squints. Gives her a hard, long look.

RUBY

What?

DEAN

Nothin'. I just couldn't see it before. But you are one ugly broad.

Ruby shakes her head. Turns to Sam.

RUBY

Sam. Gimme the knife before you hurt yourself.

(CONTINUED)

SAM

You'll get it when this is over.

RUBY

It's already over. I gave you a way to save Dean, you shot me down. Now it's too late. He's dead. I'm not letting you die, too.

Sam steps forward. Cool. Calm. Collected. Dangerous.

SAM

Try and stop me-- and I'll kill you, bitch.

RUBY

(steels herself)

Hit me with your best shot, baby.

DEAN

Um... guys? Maybe you should have your little cat fight later...

Dean looks out toward the STREET. (Again, they're at the side of the house, he has a clean line of sight).

ON THE STREET. NEIGHBORS stand on their porches, at their front doors. Eerie and still. Watching our heroes. At least 10 of them. More, if we can afford it. Some in ROBES. NIGHTGOWNS. Others still in their WORK CLOTHES.

CLOSE ON ONE NEIGHBOR. Stepping forward. BLACK EYES. He's a DEMON. They're ALL DEMONS.

DEAN

So much for the element of surprise.

SAM

Run!

The three of them ALL HAUL ASS--

Sam. Dean. Ruby. GALLOP for the Fremont's FRONT DOOR. They reach it as--

The DEMONS. They start SPRINTING down their driveways. Barreling for our heroes--

Sam picks the lock, as--



29

CONTINUED:

29

DEAN

What the hell's taking Bobby?

The Demons. Almost across the street, about to charge onto the Fremont's lawn, when--

WHOOSH! In the nick of time-- the Fremont's LAWN SPRINKLER SYSTEM comes to life. Dousing the entire home's perimeter with HOLY WATER.

The Demons slam on their brakes--

One DEMON, too far forward, takes the SPRAY in the TORSO-- he GRUNTS in PAIN (not too loudly, please) as his torso STEAMS. He LEAPS BACK--

The Demons stand along the perimeter of the house. Watching. Creepy-still expressions. (See 'Jus in Bello').

CLOSE ON. Their feet. Inches from the Holy Water spray.

ON THE PORCH. Dean gives them a happy, grinning wave, as Sam unlocks the door. Sam, Ruby, and Dean head inside.

30

INT. FREMONT HOUSE - FRONT HALL - NIGHT

30

Dark. Quiet. Eerie. The steady TICK of a GRANDFATHER CLOCK, from the bowels of the house.

Our heroes step over the baby-sitter's CORPSE. Sam and Dean peer down at her. Ruby doesn't even notice.

DEAN

Think Lilith knows we're here?

RUBY

Probably.

Cautious, on high alert, the group heads deeper into the house... through--

31

INT. FREMONT HOUSE - DINING/LIVING AREA - NIGHT

31

Their eyes are everywhere. Lilith could attack from any place. At any time. They pass GRANDPA, still face down and dead in his cherry pie. Sam and Dean regard him grimly.

Then they pass a CLOSED CLOSET.

UNKNOWN POV. From INSIDE the CLOSET, through the door slats. Watching our heroes. Dean bringing up the rear.

(CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED:

31

Just as Dean continues on... the POV EMERGES... coming up right behind him!

ANGLE ON DEAN. He senses it-- PIVOTS-- grabbing... JIMMY! Who's scared out of his wits for a million reasons. Sam and Ruby turn to watch, as Dean CUPS the man's mouth.

DEAN

Shh. We're here to help. Now I'm gonna move my hand, we're gonna talk nice and quiet, okay?

Jimmy nods... Dean pulls back his hand... they ALL WHISPER--

SAM

Where's your daughter?

JIMMY

(broken)  
It's not... not her anymore...

SAM

Where is she?

JIMMY

Upstairs. Her bedroom.

DEAN

Alright. You're gonna get your ass to the basement. Salt the door behind you. You understand?

JIMMY

Not without my wife.

DEAN

Now.

JIMMY

(tiny bit louder)  
No, not--

Without hesitation, Dean CRACKS the guy in the CHIN-- he SLUMPS forward, a sack of potatoes, out cold. Dean rolls his eyes at Sam, "what a day," begins dragging Jimmy toward an O.S. hallway that presumably leads to the basement. Sam and Ruby continue on. Up the STAIRWAY--

32 INT. FREMONT HOUSE - UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT

32

Sam and Ruby ascend the steps. The upstairs hall is LINED with SEVERAL DOORS.

(CONTINUED)

32 CONTINUED: 32

Ruby oh-so-carefully OPENS ONE DOOR-- ENTERS, peering inside.

Sam opens the OPPOSITE DOOR. STEPS INTO--

33 INT. FREMONT HOUSE - ZOEY'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS 33

Sam's heart skips a beat as he sees--

The PRINCESS CANOPY BED. The frilly, translucent DRAPES CLOSED. But prostrate FIGURES clearly behind them.

Sam steps forward. Slow. Silent. Can't make a sound. He reaches the bed. Pulls back the curtains, gingerly, as carefully as defusing a bomb. Revealing--

ZOEY. Asleep. Across Barbara's CHEST. But Barbara is awake. Terrified. Has been all night. She sees Sam. Sees that KNIFE. Immediately intuits why he's there.

Barbara nods, rapid. Crying. Mouthing-- do it. DO IT.

SERIES OF CLOSE UPS. Sam steels himself. Tightens his grip on the knife. Barbara. Zoey, SLUMBERING. Again-- SAM. Can he do it? Can he kill the girl?

Just then... Zoey STIRS! Wakes!

BARBARA  
DO IT! HURRY!

Zoey sees Sam-- SCREAMS! Not a moment to lose-- Sam WINDS UP, RAISES the KNIFE-- about to PLUNGE IT DOWN-- when--

CLOSE UP. A HAND CLUTCHES SAM'S WRIST.

It's Dean! (Ruby has also appeared, watching from the doorway behind him.)

DEAN  
(grim)  
It's not her. It's not in the girl anymore.

Off our guys, beyond fucked, we--

BLACKOUT.

END OF ACT THREE



ACT FOUR

34 INT. FOR SALE HOUSE - NIGHT 34

SECOND STORY POV. Down at the Fremont House. Sprinklers still raining Holy Water. The friendly neighborhood Demons, all spread along the perimeter. Stock still. Waiting.

BOBBY. Watches from his safe perch. Obviously, he can't go in, can't expose himself. It's suicide. But he's anxious as hell. He checks his watch.

BOBBY

Dammit.

Looks back to the window. Shifts and adjusts and then re-adjusts. Impatient. Checks his watch again, for the hundredth time in five minutes.

BOBBY

Dammit!

35 INT. FREMONT HOUSE - DINING/LIVING AREA - NIGHT 35

Dean HUSTLES the hysterical Mother and Daughter down the steps, into the O.S. hallway to the basement--

DEAN

... no matter what you hear, stay in the basement... !

Sam and Ruby follow, arriving in the home's main area. Sam is panicked. As they travel--

RUBY

Well. Hate to be a told you so...

SAM

Ruby, where is she?

RUBY

I don't know.

SAM

She got past the sprinklers?

RUBY

At her pay grade? She ain't sweatin' the Holy Water.

Sam stops. Turns to her. Raw with grief, desperation.

(CONTINUED)



SAM

Okay. You win. So what do I have to do?

RUBY

What do you mean?

SAM

To save Dean. What do you need me to do?

Dean has just returned to the room, he hears this--

DEAN

Sammy, what the hell d'you think you're doing?!

SAM

Just shut up. So. Ruby...?

RUBY

You had your chance. You can't just flip a switch; we needed time.

Sam's in outright PANIC mode by now. Steps to Ruby.

SAM

There's gotta be some way. Whatever it is, I'll do it!

Dean PULLS Sam back. Sam RESISTS, roughly. It's physical, they're on the verge of fighting--

DEAN

No, you won't!

SAM

I'm not letting you go to hell!

Dean SLAMS Sam back into a wall.

DEAN

Yes, you are!!

The anger goes out of Sam. Leaving naked vulnerability. Pain at losing his brother.

Dean's quieter here, too--

DEAN

I'm sorry. I am. This is all my fault. But what you're thinking...  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

35

CONTINUED: (2)

35

DEAN (CONT'D)

it isn't gonna save me. It's only gonna kill you.

SAM

Then what am I supposed to do?

DEAN. A terminal father, saying his last words to his son...

DEAN

You keep fighting. You take care of my wheels. And you remember what Dad taught you-- what I taught you.

A beat. Sam takes this in, bereft. Just then... CLANG!  
CLANG! CLANG!

Dean and Sam both pivot to... the grandfather clock. Striking midnight. The bell tolls for Dean.

CLOSE UPS. As they suffer though each clang. Time's up. Under the last four or five--

RUBY

I'm sorry, Dean. I wouldn't wish this on my worst enemy.

CLOSE ON DEAN. As he hears it... GROWLING. He turns, icy, into the room--

HELLHOUND POV. From across the room. Watching Dean. Low. Coiled. And with that awful SNARL...

DEAN

(icy with fear)

Hellhound. It's right there.

Sam doesn't see it. Ruby does, and steps back, paying it appropriate, fearful respect--

SAM

Where?

DEAN

There.

Dean backs away, slow. A frozen moment, and then--

HELLHOUND POV. It ROARS-- CHARGES AFTER DEAN!

Dean SCRAMBLES down the hall, for dear life! Sam and Ruby right behind-- but the Hellhound moves fast, GAINING-- they just barely reach--

36

INT. FREMONT HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

36

They SLAM the kitchen door in the invisible Hellhound's face. It POUNDS and BATTERS at the door. Sam and Ruby throw their weight back against it, holding the door shut, just barely--

Dean pulls out a POCKET FLASK of BLACK GOOFER DUST-- pours a BLACK DUST LINE in front of the door, as the door RATTLES and STRAINS against its hinges.

As Dean finishes-- the RATTLING STOPS.

Sam and Ruby back away-- Dean moves to SECURE GOOFER DUST LINES on the window sills--

RUBY  
Gimme the knife, maybe I can fight it off!

SAM  
What?!

RUBY  
Come on, that dust won't hold forever!

Sam regards the knife-- he's about to hand it over, when--

DEAN (O.S.)  
Wait.

RUBY  
You wanna die?

Dean squints at Ruby-- then his eyes widen in recognition and alarm, as he sees something... something we don't see...

DEAN  
Sam, that's not Ruby!

Before Sam can even SWING the KNIFE-- Ruby flits a look at him-- Sam SAILS back into a WALL! The KNIFE SKITTERS OUT OF REACH. Dean into another wall! OOF!

The boys. Frozen. Struggling.

As Ruby's EYES ROLL WHITE. It's LILITH.

And she doesn't hold herself like our usual smart-ass Demons. She's curious. Child-like. So far removed from humanity, she's practically alien.

(CONTINUED)



DEAN

How long you been in there?

LILITH/RUBY

Not long. But I like it. It's grown up and pretty.

SAM

And where's Ruby?

LILITH/RUBY

She was a bad girl. So I sent her far, far away.

DEAN

Shoulda seen it sooner. But hey, you all look alike to me--

Her eyes return to normal. As she steps up to Sam. Cocks her head, inquisitive. As a child would.

LILITH/RUBY

Hello, Sam. I've wanted to meet you for a very long time.

And with that, she PRESSES HER LIPS against his. A deep KISS. With tongue. Gross! Sam struggles, until Lilith finally pulls away.

LILITH/RUBY

Your mouth is soft.

SAM

So I'm here. You got me. Let my brother go.

She steps over to the kitchen door--

LILITH/RUBY

Silly goose. You wanna bargain, you have to have something I want.

(then)

You don't.

DEAN

So this is your big plan? Drag me to hell, kill Sam, and then, what, become Queen Bitch?

She gives Dean a condescending half-smile.



LILITH/RUBY

I don't explain myself to Puppy Chow.

And with that, she SWEEPS OPEN the KITCHEN DOOR, which SCATTERS the black line of GOOFER DUST--

LILITH/RUBY

Sic 'em, boy.

HELLHOUND POV. IT CHARGES DEAN! Right up into his face!

DEAN. Roughly, abruptly dragged off the wall. Down to the floor, onto his back. He SCREAMS in PAIN--

SAM

STOP! STOP IT!

Dean's CHEST. SLASHES appear across it... from invisible CLAWS... blood pools up into his clothes... he writhes and struggles... he's being MAULED ALIVE...

SAM. His emotion, his anguish, is SEARING.

SAM

NO!!

Lilith just gives Sam a playful smile.

LILITH/RUBY

Yes.

She extends her hand out to Sam. And UNLEASHES A WHITE HOT BURST OF ENERGY. Like in 'Jus In Bello'.

The SCREEN FLARES with solar energy-- BLOWS TO WHITE--

WHITEOUT!

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

37 INT. FREMONT HOUSE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS 37

Everything BATHED in washed-out FLARING WHITE LIGHT--

Lilith. Extending her hand. From which-- APOCALYPTIC ENERGY completely engulfs Sam. We can't even see him.

Finally, she lowers her hand... the white light DISSIPATES...

And for the first time, Lilith's face registers SURPRISE.

SAM. Crouched into a ball on the floor. Arms shielding his face. But COMPLETELY FINE. UNHARMED in every way.

He takes a beat. Realizing. Can't quite believe it. Neither can Lilith.

Then... he RISES UP. To his feet. Free. Strong and tall and heroic. Pivots to Lilith. As he realizes-- he's IMMUNE to her. He takes a tentative step forward.

Lilith makes a tight little PUSHING MOTION with her hand.

LILITH/RUBY

Back.

Sam reacts-- but nothing happens.

LILITH/RUBY

I said back!

SAM

I don't think so.

Sam starts to STRIDE FORWARD--

Ruby/Lilith looks SCARED. Then her HEAD JERKS BACK-- and the SMOKE BURSTS from her MOUTH! Bee-lining for a CEILING VENT. Leaving the blonde meat-suit behind. It slumps lifeless to the floor. Lilith is gone.

Sam pivots, racing to his brother--

Dean is on his back. No more Hellhounds. No more movement, either. He's bloody, chest is torn to shit.

Still. Lifeless. Dead.

(CONTINUED)

37

CONTINUED:

37

SAM. It can't be. It can't be.

SAM

No... no...

DEAN. WE PUSH IN. Closer. CLOSER. Right towards his glassy, wide-open PUPIL. And we KEEP PUSHING-- RIGHT INTO IT... UNTIL we SEE--

38

INT. HELL!

38

In the BLACKNESS of infinite SPACE-- CHAINS. Rusty, bloody chains. Dozens upon dozens of them, HUNDREDS of them, EVERYWHERE. All radiating out from a central point off in the far distance, as if Satanic rays from an infernal sun.

We hear desolate WIND. The CLANK of chains in space. And then, vaguely, indiscernibly... a VOICE--

We KEEP PUSHING FORWARD, along a chain, into the center of the whole hellish web. The VOICE gets louder, we can start to make it out. It's DEAN.

DEAN

...no! NO! HELP ME!

Finally, we PUSH CLOSE ENOUGH TO SEE--

DEAN. At the hub of this impossible torture. Splayed out like DaVinci's "Vitruvian Man." The chains are attached to MEAT HOOKS. Right through his bloody palms. His ankles. His torso. His neck.

We end this epic PUSH IN... CLOSE ON DEAN.

He's terrified. Pained. And very, very alone.

DEAN

SOMEBODY, PLEASE! HELP ME! HELP ME!

BLACKOUT.

TO BE CONTINUED...