

A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to read "Eric Kripke". The signature is stylized and cursive.

SUPERNATURAL

Episode #401

"Lazarus Rising"

Written by

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Directed by

Kim Manners

PINK REVISIONS

07/28/08

SUPERNATURAL
"Lazarus Rising"

TEASER

1

BLACK

1

Then, with the rhythms of a SLOW HEARTBEAT, we begin to see--

FLASHES. Eyes. DEAN WINCHESTER'S EYES. Haunted. Hollow. Gazing right at camera. Whatever we see of his face-- his brow, his nose-- is dirty, sweaty, speckled with blood. LIGHTNING occasionally SPARKS against his features.

There's noise, too. Terrible noise. The sound of CHAOS. MADNESS. A THOUSAND VOICES HOWLING in agony. The cacophony abruptly SNAPS ON and OFF, along with the imagery.

The slow heartbeat rhythm INCREASES. Faster. Faster. Until we're STROBING, RAPID FIRE, on and off Dean's frightened eyes. Until the awful screams overtake the soundtrack.

Faster still! It's intense. Disorienting. Just as it reaches its HELLISH APEX--

SMASH TO:

2

INT. UNKNOWN SPACE (DAY 1)

2

Again-- BLACK. But mercifully SILENT. Except for a HEAVING GASP. Hungry lungs gulp air. Then... shallow, scared PANTING. Then... a FUMBLING of FABRIC. Until, finally--

A ZIPPO LIGHTS. Held by DEAN. He's flat on his back. His clothes are frayed, worn (how your clothes might look if you buried them for four months). He's splayed out in a CHEAP PINE BOX.

He inhales fast and scared. Not much air in here. He tries to call out, but his voice is hoarse sandpaper, from months of disuse. He COUGHS out--

DEAN
...help... help!

With his free hand, he POUNDS at the wood planks. We're treated to an occasional--

POV SHOT. We pound and scratch at the overhead planks, as if we've been buried alive. Good times.

(CONTINUED)

2

CONTINUED:

2

It's suffocating. Claustrophobic. Terrible. (See the burial scene in "Kill Bill, Vol. 2.")

Dean desperately CLAWS at the coffin. We give his growing panic a few beats. Until, finally, he manages to wedge his dirty fingers between one of the planks.

He PULLS-- SNAPPING a CHUNK OFF. BLACK EARTH pours in through the hole. Dean gets to work on the next plank, when--

An ominous, long GROANING of WOOD. Dean reacts-- that can't be good. Beat. Then suddenly--

The COFFIN COLLAPSES INWARD, under the WEIGHT of the SOIL.

Dean tries vainly to turn his head, spitting out dirt as it pours over his face and mouth.

The Zippo extinguishes and we're again left with--

BLACK. SILENCE.

3

EXT. GRAVESITE - DAY

3

A makeshift GRAVE, middle of nowhere. Two planks nailed into a cross, staked into the ground. Grass has just begun to regrow over the dirt grave bed.

A wide shot. A quiet, serene beat. Before--

CLOSE ON: A HAND JUTS from the grave! Boo! (See "Carrie.")

Dean claws and fights his way out of the ground. As his face clears, he SUCKS in oxygen. Drags himself out with great effort-- he's already weak, and it's tough going. Finally out, he collapses onto his back. Catching breath.

Born again.

Only then, after his brain succeeds in reptilian survival, does it move onto higher issues-- what the hell is happening to me? What am I doing here?

Dean turns his head. Notices the ground beside him. Brow furrows in disbelief.

He slowly climbs to his feet. Rotates in a circle. Taking in the bizarre sight all around him.

And we CRANE UP. And UP. And UP (with VFX help). We SEE--

(CONTINUED)

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3

CONTINUED:

3

The trees surrounding the grave have all FALLEN. Radiating OUT from the grave, as if spokes from a central hub. And it GOES ON and ON. For a HUNDRED YARDS.

As if some kind of massive BLAST or SONIC BOOM. And Dean's dead center. At ground zero. Then we CUT BACK--

CLOSE ON: DEAN. "Bewildered" doesn't do it justice.

BLACKOUT.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

4 EXT. DESOLATE ROAD - DAY 4

Dean stumbles down the side of the two-lane blacktop. No one in sight. He's disoriented. Weak. Thirsty. Very much like a man lost in the desert. But he moves to an OASIS--

REVEAL-- A GAS STATION. Greasy, run down. Rows of nailed license plates as decor. Couple rusty pumps out front. Forsaken by the interstate.

Dean moves up to the locked glass door. A sign. CLOSED. He knocks... throat parched...

DEAN
Hello? Anybody?

Nobody. So Dean elbow-punches a hole in the glass, reaches in, turns the inside knob.

5 INT. GAS STATION - DAY 5

Metal shelves half-stocked with sundries. A wheezing, 60's-era CHEST FRIDGE. Dean bee-lines for it, finds WATER BOTTLES. Thank God. He desperately pours one down his throat.

He then scans the store. His eyes land on--

A STACK OF NEWSPAPERS, in a wire rack. He moves over, picks one up--

INSERT. **PONTIAC DAILY GAZETTE. Pontiac, Illinois.**

CLOSE ON THE DATE: **SEPTEMBER 18, 2008.**

DEAN
(surprised)
September...?

He lowers the paper, reeling, scrambling for a mental handhold. Notices his REFLECTION, in a dirty mirror above a dirty sink. Crosses to it.

Splashes water on his grimy face. Regards himself. He looks good. Better than good. He lifts his T-shirt-- no scars. No tearing.

QUICK FLASH. From Episode 316. Dean's torso torn to ribbons from the Hellhound.

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED:

5

BACK TO SCENE. But now he's healed. Perfect. Reborn. Except for one thing. Dean winces. Feels something. Peels back his sleeve to REVEAL--

On his UPPER ARM (or SHOULDER)-- a red, irritated BURN SCAR. In the shape of a HUMAN HAND. We see the outline of FINGERS. As if someone gripped him tight.

IN THE MIRROR. Dean's gaze shifts from the burn scar, to his own face. What the fuck?

6 INT. GAS STATION - MOMENTS LATER

6

A BOX of CANDY BARS on a SHELF. Dean's hand reaches in, clutches a pile.

WIDER. Dean found a plastic bag, he's shopping. Stocking provisions. Water. Food. Taking occasional bites from a CANDY BAR he's gripping between his teeth.

At the counter. He opens the cash register. Pockets the CASH, some COINS. Happens to notice the magazine rack.

POV. Nestled between more respectable publications is a fresh copy of BUSTY ASIAN BEAUTIES.

Dean can't help but smirk. Snags an issue, adds it to his groceries. When--

A small, counter-top TELEVISION FLIPS ON. Hissing WHITE STATIC SNOW.

Dean notices. That can't be good.

He steps to it, wary. Turns it off.

A BEAT-UP RADIO comes to life behind him! Singing some lonely cowboy tune.

The TV turns back on, too. HISSES.

We may also notice a high-pitched HUM. But it's so buried beneath the clutter, we don't focus on it.

But Dean knows what all this means. Something's coming. He moves, cautious, to a grocery shelf near the front windows.

CLOSE ON: Dean finds himself a cylinder of SALT. He peers out the window, ready for what's coming.

When the HUM'S VOLUME INCREASES. It climbs past the other noise, as grating as mic feedback.

(CONTINUED)

6

CONTINUED:

6

Dean barely has a chance to notice, to search for the sound source, before it grows EXCRUCIATINGLY LOUD.

Dean drops the salt. Covers his ears in pain. Suffering for a beat-- it's like knives. Then, without warning--

THE WINDOWS EXPLODE! The door, too! Every pane of glass. Every piece of glass in the joint, period. Showering Dean with slivers and shards. He hits the deck.

CLOSE ON: The radio. The TV. They die.

Silence. Stillness.

ANGLE. From outside the station, looking in. Dean climbs to his feet, looking out. What. The. Fuck? As we PULL BACK-- through the window frame, the edges lined with jagged glass teeth. And Dean, in the middle of the gaping maw.

7

EXT. GAS STATION - MOMENTS LATER

7

A faded old PAYPHONE. Dean drops a quarter in, dials. He hears a discordant TONE and then--

RECORDING (O.S.)

The number you have dialed is not in service. Please check the num--

Dean hangs up. That's just super. He drops another quarter in the slot, dials again. It RINGS a few times before--

BOBBY (O.S.)

Yeah?

DEAN

Bobby!

BOBBY (O.S.)

Yeah...?

DEAN

It's me.

BOBBY (O.S.)

Who's me?

DEAN

Dean.

CLICK. Bobby hangs up. Dean drops another quarter in. It RINGS once, then--

(CONTINUED)

7 CONTINUED:

7

BOBBY (O.S.)
Who is this?

DEAN
Bobby, listen--

BOBBY (O.S.)
This ain't funny. Call again and
I'll kill you.

CLICK. Frustrated, Dean shakes his head, lets the phone drop out of his hands. At a loss, his eyes scour the parking lot, until they land on--

A rust-eaten JUNKER of a car. At the side of the station.

Off Dean... it'll have to do...

8 INT./EXT. JUNKER - GAS STATION - MOMENTS LATER

8

CLOSE ON: Dean's hands. Holding two wires from the dash. Brushes them together. They SPARK. An ENGINE coughs.

CLOSE ON: the EXHAUST PIPE. It sputters like an old man.

WIDER. Dean spits gravel, steers the groaning junker onto the road.

9 INT. BOBBY'S HOUSE - DAY

9

KNOCK. KNOCK. The door. Someone opens it, revealing--

Dean. In the flesh.

BOBBY SINGER. Freezes. Can't believe it. He must be dreaming. Dean's a bit overwhelmed, misty-eyed himself. It's good to see an old friend.

DEAN
Surprise.

Bobby steps back against a table. Disbelief and emotion.

BOBBY
I... I don't...

DEAN
Me neither. But here I am.

Bobby seems to take this in. Takes a tender beat, then--

(CONTINUED)

CHARGES DEAN with a SILVER KNIFE and a hard, angry glare!
Dean BLOCKS the blow, grips Bobby's knife, they struggle over
the blade.

DEAN

It's me!

BOBBY

My ass!

DEAN

Your name is Robert Stephen Singer.
You became a hunter after your wife
got possessed. And you're the
closest thing I got to a father.
Now Bobby, please.

Bobby stops. Lowers the knife. Looks at Dean. My God.
It's you. He reaches out, tentative, grips the side of
Dean's arm. As if making sure he's real.

Another tender, TEARY BEAT... then... Bobby AGAIN LUNGES with
the knife, psycho-style! Again, they struggle--

DEAN

Dammit! I'm no shifter!

BOBBY

Then you're a revenant!

Dean twists the KNIFE out of Bobby's hand. Bobby backs away,
on guard.

DEAN

Here. Look.

Dean draws the knife across his forearm. Cuts a small slice,
an inch at most. Bit of blood, but nothing else.

DEAN

If I was either, the silver'd leave
some red rashy thing, right?

A long beat. Before--

BOBBY

Dean?

DEAN

This is what I'm telling you.

9

CONTINUED: (2)

9

Bobby rushes forward, hugs him tight, for dear life. Dean hugs him right back. There's a real moment here, before Bobby finally breaks free, looks him over.

BOBBY
(understated elation)
Good to see you, boy.

DEAN
You, too.

BOBBY
But... how'd you bust out?

DEAN
Dunno. Just woke up in a pine box
and--

SPLASH. Bobby douses Dean's face with Holy Water from a nearby PLASTIC JUG.

Dean, soaked, dripping, gives Bobby a deadpan look--

DEAN
I'm not a demon, either, you know.

BOBBY
(awkward)
...sorry... can't be too careful...

10

INT. BOBBY'S HOUSE - MAIN ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

10

Dean and Bobby enter the main room. Still stacked with BOOKS. But we may notice something else-- EMPTY LIQUOR BOTTLES crowd every surface. Four months of hard drinking. It looks even shadier than the A.D. trailer.

Bobby's still trying to wrap his mind around all this. Dean wipes water off his face with a towel.

BOBBY
But this don't make a lick of
sense...

DEAN
You're preaching to the choir.

BOBBY
Dean. Yer chest was ribbons, yer
insides were slop. And you been
buried four months. Even if you
could slip outta Hell and back in
yer meatsuit--

(CONTINUED)

DEAN

I should look like a "Thriller"
video reject, I know.

BOBBY

What do you remember?

DEAN

Not much. Bein' the Hellhound's
chew toy... then the lights went
out... then I came to six feet
under. That's it.

Bobby shakes his head, exhales an incredulous breath,
pondering. Dean ventures forward, cautious... asking a
question he's not sure he wants the answer to.

DEAN

Bobby. Sam's number isn't working.
He's not...?

BOBBY

He's alive, far as I know.

Dean lets out a long, RELIEVED BREATH. Thank God. But then,
Dean's brow furrows as he realizes--

DEAN

Wait. What do you mean, 'far as
you know?'

BOBBY

Haven't talked to him in months.

DEAN

You're joking. You just let him go
off by himself?

BOBBY

He was dead set on it.

DEAN

Bobby. Come on. You shoulda
looked after him...

BOBBY

(hard-edged emotion)
I tried. This time ain't exactly
been easy, you know, for him or me.
We had to bury you.

Dean takes this in, melancholy. Then a question arises--

(CONTINUED)

DEAN

Hey, why did you bury me, anyway?

BOBBY

I wanted you salted and burned.
Usual drill. Sam refused.

DEAN

Well. Glad he won that one.

BOBBY

He said you'd need a body when he
got you back home somehow. That
was about all he said.

DEAN

What do you mean?

BOBBY

He was quiet. Real quiet. Then he
just... took off. Wouldn't return
my calls. I tried to find him...
but he don't wanna be found.

Dean's suspicions are confirmed.

DEAN

Dammit, Sammy...

BOBBY

What?

DEAN

He got me home, alright. But
whatever he did, it's bad mojo.

BOBBY

What makes you so sure?

DEAN

When's this kinda thing ever good?
(then)
You shoulda seen the grave. Like a
nuke went off. And some... force,
presence, I dunno... blew right
past me at this fill-up joint. And
this, too...

Dean peels back his sleeve, shows Bobby the HAND-PRINT SCAR.

BOBBY

What in the hell?

(CONTINUED)

DEAN

My question exactly. I'm telling you. Some demon yanked me out. Or rode me out.

BOBBY

But why?

DEAN

'Cause they're holding up their end of the bargain.

BOBBY

(puts it together, grim)
You think Sam made a deal with 'em.

DEAN

(beat)
That's what I woulda done.

Bobby watches as Dean's on the land line. Dean has changed out of his burial outfit. He's wearing Bobby's clothes-- a simple flannel (nothing too tacky, please).

DEAN

...yeah, hi, I got a cell account with you, but I lost my phone. Could you flip on the GPS, please? Yeah, name's Wedge Antilles. Social digits are 2474. Great, thanks.

Dean hangs up. He moves to Bobby's DESKTOP COMPUTER. (Battered old monitor, but the screen images are fairly modern).

BOBBY

How'd you know he'd use that name?

DEAN

What don't I know about that kid?

Dean clacks away on the keyboard, arriving at the right website, entering in the ACCOUNT PASSCODE, etc... he nods to the LIQUOR BOTTLES beside the computer (and everywhere else).

DEAN

Hey, Bobby. What's with the liquor store, anyway? Your parents outta town or something?

11 CONTINUED: 11

Dean looks at him. Bobby averts his eyes. He's experienced terrible pain and loss in Dean's absence. We see a raw glimpse... but he remains characteristically stoic about it.

BOBBY

Like I said. Last few months ain't been so easy...

Dean gives him a tender, sympathetic look.

DEAN

Sorry.

BEEP! The right MAP comes up. Nothing James Bond here. Just a low tech, yahoo-map kinda graphic. We see a section of Illinois, and a BLINKING MARKER--

Dean SNORTS. Shakes his head--

DEAN

Guess what? Sam's in Pontiac, Illinois.

BOBBY

Right near where you were planted.

DEAN

And where I popped up. Helluva coincidence, don't you think?

(then)

What kinda evil crap has he got himself mixed up in?

Bobby and Dean exchange looks. Good question.

12 INT. HOTEL HALLWAY - NIGHT 12

SUPER: PONTIAC, ILLINOIS

A WIDER SHOT, to allow room for the graphic, as Dean and Bobby head down the hallway. They stop at a particular DOOR.

Dean KNOCKS. Throws Bobby a look. Here goes. When the door opens, revealing...

12A INT. HOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS 12A

A HOT CHICK. A jaw-dropping BRUNETTE, wearing a flimsy, short, lingerie-like ROBE.

Dean and Bobby weren't expecting that. They just stare, confused. She's a bit confused herself.

(CONTINUED)

12A CONTINUED:

12A

HOT CHICK

So. Where is it?

DEAN

Where's... what?

HOT CHICK

The pizza. That takes two guys to deliver...?

DEAN

Um... I think we got the wrong room.

When SAM WINCHESTER enters from the bathroom. Barefoot, jeans, T-shirt. About to say something--

SAM

Hey--

When he FREEZES, as he sees Dean standing just inside the doorway. A full-term-with-twins pregnant pause.

DEAN

Heya, Sammy.

Without another moment's hesitation, Sam CHARGES Dean, throws him roughly against the wall! Sam winds back with a SILVER KNIFE. The Hot Chick SCREAMS!

Sam and Dean struggle. Similar to the previous Bobby scene, but Dean's having a tougher time with his enraged brother.

SAM

Who are you??

DEAN

Right, like you didn't do this!

SAM

Do what??

When Bobby intervenes, throws Sam off Dean.

BOBBY

Sam, it's him! I've been through this already. It's really him.

Sam stops. Looks at Dean.

SAM

But...

(CONTINUED)

12A CONTINUED: (2)

12A

Crashing waves of emotion and disbelief over Sam's face. Dean feels the same way. Reunited after so long. We see it in their eyes, but Dean, as ever, downplays it.

DEAN

I know. I look fantastic.

Sam hugs his brother. Tight. For dear life. This is the moment we've been waiting for. Milk it, baby.

Bobby watches this with paternal emotion.

The Hot Chick watches, too.

HOT CHICK

Um... are you guys, like, together?

SAM

What? No. He's my brother.

HOT CHICK

Oh. Got it, I guess. Look, I think I should go.

SAM

Yeah. It's probably a good idea. Sorry.

HOT CHICK

I'll just go change in the bathroom.

DEAN

(warm, accommodating)

No, no, please.

(but then)

You should change right here.

The Hot Chick is no shrinking violet, she rolls her eyes--

HOT CHICK

Keep dreaming, pal.

Off she goes into the bathroom, clothes bunched in her hand. Meanwhile, Sam throws Dean a look. Can't help but SMILE.

DEAN

What?

SAM

You're really you, alright.

13 INT. HOTEL HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER 13

We're outside in the hall, as the door OPENS, and the Hot Chick, now fully dressed, exits. Sam sees her out. We GLIMPSE Dean watching in the room behind.

HOT CHICK
So... call me.

SAM
Yeah. Sure thing, Kathy.

HOT CHICK
Kristy.

SAM
Right.

She heads down the hall, Sam closes the door--

14 INT. HOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS 14

--and pivots back to Dean and Bobby. Dean gives Sam a long, strange look. Sam's acting like, well, Dean.

SAM
(self-conscious)
She's a, uh, waitress. From town.

DEAN
Uh huh.
(then)
So tell me. What'd it cost you?

SAM
...the girl? I don't pay.

DEAN
Not funny, Sam. Bringing me back.
What'd it cost? Just your soul?
Or something worse?

SAM
You think I made a deal?

BOBBY
Yeah, that's exactly what we think.

SAM
Well, I didn't.

DEAN
Don't lie to me.

(CONTINUED)

SAM

I'm not lying.

DEAN

(losing his patience)

So what, I'm off the hook and you're on? And now you're some demon's bitch boy? I didn't wanna be saved like this!

SAM

Look, I wish I had done it!

Dean's frustrated, emotional, fed up. He GRABS Sam.

DEAN

There's no other way this coulda gone down! Now tell the truth!

Sam, just as emotional and fed up, SHOVES Dean back.

SAM

I tried everything! That's the truth! I tried to open the Devil's Gate, hell, I tried to bargain, no demons would deal!

Dean locks eyes with Bobby. They both begin to consider-- maybe it wasn't Sam. But Sam's wound up by now. Crushed with guilt.

SAM

You were rotting in Hell for months, for months, and I couldn't stop it. I'm sorry it wasn't me, alright?!

(then a straight apology)

Dean. I'm... sorry.

DEAN

(comforting, tender)

Okay, Sammy, okay. Don't apologize. I believe you.

Sam nods at Dean. Dean nods back. A moment. Interrupted--

BOBBY

Don't get me wrong, I am gladdened that Sam's soul remains intact. But it does raise a sticky question...

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18.

14

CONTINUED: (2)

14

DEAN

(with rising dread)

If Sam didn't pull me out... then
what did?

OFF CLOSE-UPS of our heroes... troubled by the expanding
mystery... we--

BLACKOUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

15 INT. HOTEL ROOM - LATE NIGHT

15

Sam hands BEERS from the mini-fridge to Dean and Bobby.

DEAN

So what're doing in town, if you weren't digging me outta my grave?

SAM

Once I realized I couldn't save you... I started hunting Lilith, tryin' to get some payback.

BOBBY

All by yourself. Who do you think you are, your old man?

SAM

I'm sorry, Bobby. I shoulda called. I was all messed up.

Dean lifts the Hot Chick's STRAY BRA from the rumpled sheets.

DEAN

Yeah. I'm really feelin' your pain.

SAM

Anyway. I was tracking some demons in Tennessee, when outta nowhere, they took a hard left, booked up here.

DEAN

When?

SAM

Yesterday morning.

DEAN

When I busted out.

BOBBY

You think these demons are here 'cause of you?

Dean shrugs-- what else could it be?

SAM

But why?

(CONTINUED)

DEAN

Dunno. But some badass demon drags me out, now this? It's all gotta be connected somehow.

BOBBY

How you feeling, anyway?

DEAN

(internal check; then:)
Little hungry.

BOBBY

No, I mean, you feeling like yourself? Anything strange or... different?

DEAN

(irritated)
Or demonic? Bobby, how many times I gotta prove I'm me?

BOBBY

Hey, listen, no demon's letting you loose outta the goodness of their heart. They gotta have something nasty planned.

DEAN

(defensive)
Well, I feel fine!

SAM

Look, we don't know what they're doing. We got a pile of questions and no shovel. We need help.

A beat. Then a lightbulb moment for Bobby.

BOBBY

Then let's see if we can get some.

DEAN

Where?

BOBBY

I know a psychic. Pretty legit. Few hours from here. Something this big, maybe she's heard the other side talkin'.

Sam and Dean trade looks. Then--

(CONTINUED)

DEAN

Yeah, okay, worth a shot.

BOBBY

Be right back.

Bobby pulls out his cell, DIALING as he EXITS the room. Leaving the boys. A beat. Then--

SAM

Hey. You probably want this back.

DEAN

What?

From under his T-shirt, Sam pulls out-- DEAN'S AMULET NECKLACE. He tugs it off. Hands it to Dean. A real moment between these battle-scarred brothers, as Dean takes it.

DEAN

Thanks.

SAM

Don't mention it.

(then, reluctant:)

So, Dean. What was it like?

DEAN

What, Hell?

SAM

No, the "Top Chef" finale. Yeah. Hell.

Beat. Dean tries to file through his memories, but--

DEAN

Maybe I blocked it out or something, but I don't remember a damn thing.

SAM

Well. Thank God for that.

Dean nods. Beat.

DEAN

Yeah.

16 INT. HOTEL ROOM - BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER 16

Dean. At the sink. He's ditched Bobby's FLANNEL, he's buttoning up a more appropriate shirt-- one of Sam's, probably. When he leans forward. Regards himself in the mirror. Lost in thought.

EXTREME CLOSE ON: Dean's EYES. As a matter of fact, the size and angle should remind us of the episode's opening. When Dean was in Hell.

We HEAR, distant, echoed, the SOUND OF A THOUSAND SCREAMS.

Maybe we even see some subjective, imagined STROBES of lightning reflect against his eyes.

Finally, Dean JERKS back. Frightened. He runs his hands through his hair, troubled.

Are these his memories? Is there something he isn't saying?

Does he remember Hell?

17 EXT. HOTEL PARKING LOT - NIGHT 17

Sam and Dean follow Bobby as they weave through parked cars.

BOBBY

She's 'bout four hours down the interstate. Try to keep up.

Bobby heads off. When Sam smiles--

SAM

So I'm assuming you'll wanna drive.

Sam tosses Dean-- the KEYS to the IMPALA-- he GRINS, huge!

DEAN

Jeez, I almost forgot!

Like a little kid, Dean moves, fast and excited, over to the parked IMPALA. Climbs in. Takes a moment, just relishing the feel of the wheel, the familiar groove of the seat.

DEAN

Hey, sweetheart. You miss me?

He checks out the rearview. The dash. Taking it all in, a dreamy smile on his face.

When... his smile fades. He points to something in the dash. Says to Sam, who's just climbing in--

(CONTINUED)

17

CONTINUED:

17

DEAN

What the hell's that?

SAM

(reluctant)

It's... an iPod jack.

Dean shoots Sam a simmering, slow burning glare.

DEAN

You were supposed to take care of her, not douche her up!

SAM

I thought it was my car.

Dean turns the ignition. The updated speakers blare with Green Day or Coldplay or some shit. Dean grimaces another slow burn.

18

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - NIGHT

18

Bobby's MUSCLE CAR leads the IMPALA down the lonely two-lane.

19

INT. IMPALA - MOVING - NIGHT

19

Dean drives, Sam rides. In silence. But then... Dean clears his throat. Brings something up...

DEAN

Hey. Sammy. There's one thing that's still bothering me.

SAM

Yeah?

DEAN

That night. When I bit it-- or got bit. How'd you make it out? Lilith was gonna kill you.

Sam knows Dean's not gonna like the sound of this. But--

SAM

She tried. She couldn't.

DEAN

What do you mean, she couldn't?

SAM

She fired this, like, burning light at me. Didn't leave a scratch. Like I was immune or something.

(CONTINUED)

19

CONTINUED:

19

DEAN

Immune?

SAM

I don't know who was more surprised, her or me. She bailed fast after that.

DEAN

And what about Ruby? Where's she?

SAM

(with a shrug)

Dead or in Hell.

Dean's eyes narrow. This talk of magical psychic immunity upsets him. A bit accusatory--

DEAN

You been doing any freaky ESP stuff?

SAM

No.

DEAN

You sure? I mean, apparently you got "immunity" now, whatever that means, so I'm wondering what other kinda weirdo crap you got--

SAM

Nothing. You didn't want me down that road, so I didn't go. It was practically your dying wish, Dean.

Dean searches Sam's face. Sam's sincere.

DEAN

Okay. Good. Keep it that way.

DISSOLVE TO:

20

EXT. PAMELA'S HOUSE - MORNING (DAY 2)

20

Bobby, Sam, and Dean step onto the porch of a modest, single story, blue collar house.

BOBBY

Just to warn you. Pamela's a little... unusual...

Bobby RINGS the bell.

(CONTINUED)

20

CONTINUED:

20

DEAN

Lemme guess. Posters of dolphins,
or unicorns, or dolphins riding
unicorns?

BOBBY

Not quite.

The door OPENS, revealing PAMELA, early 40's. Black
sleeveless "Led Zeppelin" T-shirt. Black fingernails. And
VERY HOT, in a Gina Gershon, kick-your-ass kind of way.

PAMELA

Bobby!

BOBBY

Pam. You're a sight for sore eyes.

PAMELA

These the boys?

BOBBY

Yep. Sam and Dean, Pamela Barnes,
best damn psychic in the state.

SAM AND DEAN

Hey, hi. (etc.)

PAMELA

Mmm, mmm, mmm.

Pamela looks them up and down, practically licks her lips.
The boys awkwardly respond to the objectification.

PAMELA

(then, eyes on Dean)
Dean Winchester. Out of the fire
and back in the frying pan, huh?
That makes you a rare individual.

DEAN

If you say so.

PAMELA

Come on in.

21

INT. PAMELA'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

21

Bobby and Pamela move through the house, towards the kitchen.
Sam and Dean follow.

BOBBY

So you hear anything?

(CONTINUED)

21

CONTINUED:

21

PAMELA

I ouija-d my way through a dozen spirits. No one knows who broke your boy out or why.

BOBBY

So what's next?

PAMELA

A séance, I think. See if we can see who did the deed.

BOBBY

You're not gonna summon the damn thing here?

PAMELA

No. I just wanna sneak a peek at it. Like a crystal ball without the crystal.

Bobby looks back at Sam and Dean. Are they in? Dean nods.

DEAN

I'm game.

22

INT. PAMELA'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

22

Pamela moves to and fro across the room, prepping it for a proper séance. Closing all blinds and drapes. Laying a dark tablecloth over the kitchen table. Placing white candles at the table's center, etc. Bobby assists.

Sam and Dean mostly watch, try to stay out of the way.

As Pamela reaches for some candles in a cabinet across from Dean, her shirt rises, revealing a tattoo just above her ass. It says JESSE FOREVER.

DEAN

Who's Jesse?

PAMELA

Well, it wasn't forever.

DEAN

His loss.

Pamela pivots. Regards Dean. He's cute.

PAMELA

Might be your gain.

(CONTINUED)

22

CONTINUED:

22

Pamela smiles, moves to the other side of the room, OFF-CAMERA. Sam and Dean WHISPER--

DEAN

Dude, I am so in.

SAM

(amused)

She is going to eat you alive.

DEAN

Man, I just got out of prison.
Bring it.

When Pamela passes, on her way for more supplies. To Sam--

PAMELA

You're invited, too, Grumpy.

Sam blushes. Pamela continues on. Dean gives Sam an angry whisper--

DEAN

You are not invited!

23

INT. PAMELA'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

23

Heavy drapes closed. MAKE IT DARK. Musty vibe.

OVERHEAD ANGLE. SIX LIT CANDLES in the middle of the table. And printed onto the table-cloth-- a Devil's Trap Protective Circle, that extends to the table's edges.

Everybody sits around it. Pamela beside Dean.

PAMELA

Right. Take each other's hands.
And I gotta touch something our
mystery monster touched.

Dean suddenly JOLTS, BANGING the table. As if goosed from beneath the table. Which is exactly what happened.

DEAN

Whoa! It didn't touch me there.

PAMELA

(Cheshire grin)
My mistake.

Dean pulls back his T-shirt sleeve, revealing the HANDPRINT SCAR.

(CONTINUED)

Sam. Seeing the scar for the first time. Reacting. Holy shit.

Pamela presses her palm against it, keeps it there. Everyone else holds hands, resting them on the table, in proper séance fashion.

Pamela shuts her eyes. Begins slow, meditative breathing.

PAMELA

I invoke, conjure, and command you.
Appear unto me, before this circle.
(repeats)

I invoke, conjure, and command you.
Appear unto me, before this circle.

She continues this, like a mantra, as needed.

Dean. Eyes shut. He opens one, peeking, like a mischievous kid at dinner-time prayer. He smirks, he's about to call the whole thing bullshit, when...

The TV in the corner flips on. Static snow. HISSSS.

The TABLE rattles slightly. Something is happening.

PAMELA

I invoke, conjure, and command you.
Appear unto--
(stops; beat; then:)
Castiel...? No. Sorry, Castiel, I
don't scare easy...

DEAN

Castiel?

PAMELA

It's name. It's whispering to me.
Warning me to turn back.
(then)

I conjure and command you, Castiel.
Show me your face. I conjure and
command you, Castiel. Show me your
face! I conjure and--

Pamela repeats, building with intensity over the RACKET-- the table's ROCKING VIOLENTLY NOW. Like a bucking horse. Pictures begin to CRASH off the walls-- SMASH! SMASH!

Sam, Dean, Bobby. Eyes are open. Exchanging worried looks. This seems like it's going too far.

BOBBY

We should stop.

PAMELA

I almost got it! I command you,
Castiel. Show me your face. Show
me your face now!!

WHOOSH! The candles FLAME UP ANGRY, joining together in a
SINGLE PLUME of FLAME!

Pamela's eyes SNAP OPEN-- WHITE FLAME SIZZLES from her
sockets! (See Cate Blanchett's death in the latest Indy
flick). She SCREAMS, in agony! It's just for a beat, a
pulse, before the flames extinguish.

But the damage is done. She collapses, unconscious.

BOBBY

Pam!

Bobby leaps up, wrenches Pam back from the table, gathers her
in his arms. Her eyelids are shut.

BOBBY

Call 911!

Sam races to the phone. Dean stands, worried, over Bobby's
shoulder. Bobby attempts to gently rouse Pamela, when...

Weak, she stirs. Then OPENS HER EYES.

Only there aren't any eyes. Only gory sockets. Blood tears
down her cheeks.

PAMELA

(whimpering)

...I can't see... I can't see...

OFF Dean and Bobby's grim, horrified LOOKS--

BLACKOUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

24 INT. DINER - PONTIAC, ILLINOIS - DAY

24

Greasy spoon. One lonely CUSTOMER, a burly COOK, and a cute WAITRESS, 30, who finishes taking Dean's order--

WAITRESS

Be up in a jiff.

She MOVES for the ORDER COUNTER, passing Sam, who flips his phone shut, sits at Dean's table. Both boys are appropriately bothered by Pam's plight.

DEAN

What'd Bobby say?

SAM

Pam's stable. Out of I.C.U.

DEAN

And blind. 'Cause of us.

SAM

And we still got no clue what we're dealing with.

DEAN

Actually, that's not entirely true.

SAM

No?

DEAN

We got a name. Castiel or whatever. With the right mumbo-jumbo, we can summon him, bring him right to us.

SAM

Are you crazy? Absolutely not!

DEAN

(coiled anger)

We'll work him over. After what he did...

SAM

Pam took a peek at it, and her eyes burned out of her skull. And you wanna have a face-to-face? It's suicide. You can forget it.

(CONTINUED)

DEAN

Then what? You got a better idea?

SAM

Yeah, as a matter of fact. There's other demons in town, right?

DEAN

Yeah?

SAM

So we find 'em. They gotta know something about something.

Dean's not convinced that's the better plan, when--

The Waitress delivers two plates of CHERRY PIE. Then, oddly, she takes an empty chair. Sits with the boys. Beat.

DEAN

(weirded out)

Um. You angling for a tip?

WAITRESS

I'm sorry. I thought you were looking for us.

The Waitress's EYES TURN BLACK! She smiles. A demon!

The boys look-- behind the order counter, the COOK'S EYES are BLACK by now (with the black contacts). The CUSTOMER, also black contacts, LOCKS the DINER DOOR. Click. The Cook and Customer hang back at their positions.

Sam and Dean exchange quick, nervous, 'we're fucked' looks. But to the Waitress, Dean pulls on a confident bluster.

WAITRESS

Dean. To Hell and back. Aren't you a lucky duck.

DEAN

That's me.

WAITRESS

So you get to just stroll outta the pit, huh? Tell me. What makes you so special?

DEAN

I like to think it's my perky nipples.

(CONTINUED)

The Waitress just stares at him. Calm. Silent. A cat toying with a mouse. A beat.

DEAN

Look, wasn't my doing. I don't know who pulled me out.

WAITRESS

(sarcastic, skeptical)

Right. You don't.

DEAN

Nope.

WAITRESS

Lying's a sin, you know.

There's something in her delivery that Dean latches onto. Almost as if... she's playing poker with a bullshit hand. He cocks his head. Sensing it.

DEAN

I'm not lying. Enquiring minds wanna know. So why don't you enlighten me, Flo.

WAITRESS

(cool, calm)

Mind your tone with me, boy. Or I'll drag you back to Hell myself.

Sam, afraid of this above all else, begins to rise, ready for a fight. Dean shoots him a quick, furtive, 'cool it' glance. Sam sits back down. To the Waitress, casual--

DEAN

No, you won't.

WAITRESS

No?

DEAN

If you were, you'd have done it already. Fact is, you don't know who cut me loose, do you? You're just as spooked as us. You want answers.

The Waitress doesn't respond. But she betrays a hint of anger. A clenching of the jaw perhaps. Which confirms it.

DEAN

Maybe it was some turbo-charged spirit. Or Godzilla. Or maybe some big boss demon-- I mean, I'm sure at your pay grade, they don't tell you squat. But whoever it is, they want me out... and they're a lot tougher than you.

(then)

So go ahead. Send me back. But don't blame me when they show up on your doorstep with Vaseline and a fire hose.

WAITRESS

(simply)

I am going to reach down your throat and rip out your lungs.

At that, Dean does something pretty bold-- he leans across the table, and SLAPS the Waitress across the face! Ouch. He takes another beat, SLAPS her again.

But still, she does nothing. Simmering. Impotent.

DEAN

That's what I thought. Come on, Sam.

Sam and Dean both stand. Before he heads for the door, Dean pivots back to the table. Peels off a ten. Cool as shit.

DEAN

For the pie.

Sam and Dean EXIT the DINER, head down the street (we see some DISTINCTIVE DINER SIGNAGE). Once clear, Dean reveals how scared he truly was.

DEAN

Holy crap, that was a close one!

SAM

We're not gonna just leave 'em there, are we?

DEAN

Sammy, there's three of 'em, maybe more. And we only got one knife between us.

(CONTINUED)

25 CONTINUED:

25

SAM

I've been killing more demons than that lately.

DEAN

Not anymore. The smarter brother's back in town.

SAM

Dean. We gotta take 'em. They're dangerous.

DEAN

They're scared. Scared of whatever had the juice to yank me out. We're up against a bad mofo here. So one job at a time, okay?

Beat. Then Sam nods. Agrees, reluctant.

26 INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

26

Dean. Asleep on the bed. Fully dressed. PILES of OPEN RESEARCH BOOKS spread around him. When we PAN DOWN, REVEALING--

That was his REFLECTION. From the MIRRORED CEILING.

Now we see the room properly. And Sam. Awake. He casts a furtive glance to Dean. Coast is clear. Then, silent and secret, he slips out the door.

27 INT./EXT. IMPALA - HOTEL PARKING LOT - MOMENTS LATER

27

CLOSE ON: Hand TURNS the IGNITION.

WIDE SHOT. Sam, behind the wheel, determined, brooding. He RUMBLES the Impala off into the night.

28 INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

28

Dean. Sleeping. Beat. Then...

The TV FLIPS ON. By itself. White static snow. HISSSS. It bathes Dean and the room in an eerie, pale light. He still sleeps. Another beat. Then...

CLOSE ON: THE RADIO. It flips on. CACOPHONY, as the needle slides up and down the dial.

Beneath it all, a high-pitched FEEDBACK HUM.

(CONTINUED)

Dean wakes. Just in time for the BED to start RATTLING. Dean shakes the cobwebs-- what's happening? Before he tenses, realizing-- something is coming.

He leaps off the bed. Snags a nearby SHOTGUN. A beat, as he looks, notices-- SAM'S UNMADE BED. He frowns-- where's Sam?

But no time to worry about that now, because--

The HUM GROWS. Painfully, excruciatingly loud. Dean tries to hold onto the gun, covering one ear with his free hand.

THE MIRRORED CEILING. Ominously begins to CRACK. SPIDERWEB.

Dean now drops the gun, covers both ears, FALLS to his KNEES. The noise is going to shatter his eardrums.

When... GLASS EXPLODES. Windows! A cheap VASE! And unfortunately for Dean... the MIRRORED CEILING.

But Dean happens to glance up, sees his reflection in the CRACKING MIRROR-- he GASPS-- rolls away as a HUGE JAGGED SHARD OF MIRROR FALLS, missing him by inches. Close one.

Smaller pieces rain down on him, though. He's practically in fetal position by now.

CLOSE ON: From beneath his hand, blood oozes from his ear.

CLOSE ON: DEAN. As everything goes QUIET. Eerie quiet. As if we're inside his POV.

He looks up, dazed, as--

The DOOR'S SOUNDLESSLY KICKED IN. By Bobby. Bobby SHOUTS-- but we can't hear his voice.

Bobby scrambles over, helps a weakened Dean up, throws Dean's arm over his shoulder, they limp fast out of the room.

Off this strangely MUTE CHAOS, we--

BLACKOUT.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

29 INT. BOBBY'S MUSCLE CAR - MOVING - NIGHT 29

Bobby drives. Dean rides, still shaken, but starting to feel like himself again. He wipes the blood from his ears with a handkerchief.

BOBBY
How you feeling, kid?

DEAN
Besides the church bells clanging
in my head? Peachy.

Dean pulls out his CELL. Dials--

INTERCUT WITH:

30 INT./EXT. IMPALA - ACROSS THE STREET FROM DINER - NIGHT 30

Sam. Behind the wheel. Parked on a quiet, empty street. As if on stake-out. His cell RINGS--

SAM
Hey.

DEAN
Where are you?

SAM
Couldn't sleep. Went to get a
burger.

ANGLE. We REVEAL-- he's PARKED across from the DINER. Same distinct SIGNAGE. Window drapes are shut, we can't see inside. Obviously, Sam has returned to finish the job.

DEAN
In my car?

SAM
Sorry. Force of habit. What are
you doing up, anyway?

DEAN
Oh. Bobby's back, we're getting a
beer.

Bobby shoots Dean a surprised look, he's even about to speak up, when Dean gives him a "just chill-be quiet" look/gesture.

(CONTINUED)

SAM

Well. Spill some for me.

DEAN

Done. Check you later.

STAY WITH DEAN, as he hangs up. Bobby's irritated.

BOBBY

Why the hell didn't you tell him?

DEAN

'Cause he'd just try to stop us.

BOBBY

(this is news)

Um... from doing what?

DEAN

Summoning this thing. Facing it, once and for all.

BOBBY

You can't be serious.

DEAN

As a heart attack. It's "High Noon," baby.

BOBBY

Dean, we don't even know what it is. Could be a demon, could be anything.

Dean holds up the DEMON-KILLING KNIFE.

DEAN

So then we'll just have to be ready for anything. We got the big-time magic knife, we got an arsenal in your trunk.

BOBBY

This is a bad idea.

DEAN

Couldn't agree more. But what other choice do we have?

BOBBY

We could choose life.

(CONTINUED)

DEAN

I'm serious. Whatever this thing is, whatever it wants, it's coming after me. That much is clear. There's nowhere to hide, Bobby. So it can either catch me pants down again, or we can make our stand.

BOBBY

And where we gonna do that?

DEAN

Dunno. Somewhere with good defenses. Outta the way, where no one gets hurt.

BOBBY

You mean, besides us.

DEAN

You know, you're a little bitchy today.

BOBBY

Dean. We could use Sam for this.

DEAN

No. He's better off wherever he is.

Some dusty old Patsy Cline-kinda tune on a distant RADIO. As Sam picks the door lock, enters. On the hunt. We may or may not notice he's unarmed-- we don't call attention to it.

The place is seemingly EMPTY. DARK. SHADOWED.

Sam scans the room, predatory, dangerous, until he spies--

On the floor. Jutting out from behind the counter. An outstretched HUMAN HAND.

Sam moves to it, and sees, behind the counter-- TWO FACE-DOWN CORPSES. The Customer. The Cook. Sam crouches, rolls the Cook over.

His EYES are MISSING. GORY, MEATY SOCKETS.

Sam stands. What the fuck? He processes, reeling. Beat.

CLOSE ON: SAM. Thinking. When suddenly, shockingly, he's BLOWN OUT OF FRAME. As someone BARRELS into him sideways!

(CONTINUED)

31

CONTINUED:

31

The Waitress. She and Sam FIGHT, brutal, all knees and elbows, SLAMMING each other into walls. It's all in TIGHT ANGLES, too, so we never get a good look at her.

This goes on for a few savage moments, until--

Sam breaks free, throws her back. And we see--

The Waitress is also BLINDED. Large, black sockets. Tear tracks of blood down her cheeks. Creepy.

SAM

...your eyes...

WAITRESS

I could still smell your soul from a mile away.

Sam and the Waitress keep their distance. But each COILED. Ready for an attack.

SAM

It was here. You saw it.

The Waitress tries to hide it, but she's SCARED SHITLESS. No small thing, coming from a demon.

WAITRESS

I saw it.

SAM

What was it?

WAITRESS

It's the end. We're dead. We're all dead.

SAM

What did you see?

The Waitress smirks. Still manages a bit of attitude.

WAITRESS

Go to hell.

Sam sighs. He's not gonna get an answer from her. Fine.

SAM

Funny. I was gonna say the same thing to you.

(CONTINUED)

And with that, Sam extends his arm, fingers spread, as if palming a basketball. Closes his eyes. Begins deep, meditative breathing.

And something strange happens-- the Waitress begins to COUGH. Then SPUTTER and CHOKE. She drops to her knees, her hands at her throat. The international symbol of "fuck, I'm choking!"

Sam. Focused. Slow, steady breaths.

She GASPS, GAGS, CHOKES. And then... she tilts her head back, opens her mouth wide, and BLACK DEMON SMOKE EXPELS ITSELF! It snakes from her throat, forming an angry, roiling, stormy BALL. Hovering in the air before Sam!

Once the smoke exits the Waitress, she collapses.

Then... eyes still closed, Sam lowers his arm, angling it towards the floor.

And the BLACK SMOKE DROPS DOWN, through the floor, FLAMING where it passes through the linoleum. And just like that. It's gone.

What. The. FUCK?? Did Sam just exorcise a demon-- with the power of his mind??

Sam moves over to the Waitress. Checks her pulse. There isn't any.

SAM

Dammit.

When a FIGURE EMERGES from the kitchen. Sam PIVOTS FAST, expecting a threat! But calms when he sees--

Kristy. The hot chick from Sam's room in Act I. What's she doing here?

HOT CHICK

Getting pretty slick there, Sam.
Better all the time.

SAM

What took you so long?

HOT CHICK

Please. A small fry like that?
You can send 'em packin' yourself
by now. You don't need me.

31 CONTINUED: (3)

31

SAM

Ruby, what the hell's going on around here?

Another bombshell. This is RUBY! She moves over to one of the corpses (whichever is closest). Inspecting the eyes. She's not snarky at all-- she's TENSE. UNSETTLED.

RUBY

I wish I knew.

SAM

We were thinking some high level demon pulled Dean out.

RUBY

No way. Sam, human souls don't just walk outta Hell and back in their bodies easy. The sky bleeds, the ground quakes. It's cosmic.

(then)

No demon can swing that. Not Lilith. Not anybody.

SAM

Then what can?

RUBY

Nothing I've seen before.

32 EXT. EMPTY WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

32

A small to mid-sized INDUSTRIAL WAREHOUSE. Bobby's MUSCLE CAR, parked in front. (Production Note: a BARN would work just as well. Whatever's easiest and available.)

33 INT. EMPTY WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

33

CLOSE ON: Bobby finishes SPRAY PAINTING a DEVIL'S TRAP in front of the shut door. Only way into the joint.

WIDER. Job complete, Bobby rises, and we REVEAL--

He's PAINTED SYMBOLS EVERYWHERE. Every ARCAN E OCCULT RITUAL SYMBOL Bobby could think of. (More exotic than basic Crosses, Stars of David, etc.) They CARPET the floor. They COVER the walls. Almost every free space covered. It's a cluttered, striking, even artistic image.

He approaches Dean, who's laying out a VERITABLE OCCULT ARSENAL, side by side, on a table in the room's center.

(CONTINUED)

33

CONTINUED:

33

This room is a good place to make a stand. One entrance. Not many places to hide. Overhead lights hang from cords.

DEAN

Hell of an art project you got there.

BOBBY

Traps and talismans from every faith on the globe. How you doing?

DEAN

Stakes. Iron. Silver. Salt. The Knife. We're set to catch-n-kill anything I've ever heard of.

BOBBY

This is still a bad idea.

DEAN

Yeah, I got you the first ten times. Now ring the dinner bell, wouldya?

Bobby SIGHS, pivots to another table, where he's set up CANDLES, a RITUAL BOWL, etc. He sprinkles some strange powder into the bowl, begins to INTONE LATIN...

BOBBY

*Amate spiritus obscure, te
quaerimus... Te oramus, nobiscum
colloquere...*

34

INT. DINER - NIGHT

34

Sam and Ruby sit at a table. In deep conversation.

RUBY

So. The million dollar question. You gonna tell Dean about what we're doing?

SAM

Yeah. I just gotta... figure out the right way to say it. I need some time, that's all.

RUBY

Sam. He's gonna find out, and if it's not from you, he's gonna be pissed.

(CONTINUED)

34

CONTINUED:

34

SAM

He's gonna be pissed anyway. He's so hard headed about this psychic stuff. He'll just try to stop me.

RUBY

Look. Maybe I should hang back for awhile.

SAM

Ruby--

RUBY

I'm not exactly in your brother's fan club. But he is your brother. I'm not coming between you.

Sam takes a beat. Then, with honesty--

SAM

Ruby. Listen. I don't know if I'm doing the right thing here. I don't even know if I trust you.

RUBY

Thanks.

SAM

What I do know is, I'm saving people and stopping demons. And it feels good. I want to keep going.

Off the two of them, exchanging somber looks--

35

INT. EMPTY WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

35

The ritual's over. Bobby leans against one table. Whistling. Dean sits on the other. Swinging his legs. Both sorta bored, actually.

DEAN

You sure you did the ritual right?

Bobby glares at Dean, who retreats--

DEAN

Sorry. Touchy, touchy...

Just then... the WIND OUTSIDE PICKS UP. Howling against the warehouse's metal walls. The guys notice it. They pick up their SHOTGUNS, cock them, make sure they're loaded, etc.

A beat. The guys. Waiting for it. Then--

(CONTINUED)

DEAN

Wishful thinking... but maybe it's just the wind...?

BOOM! The OVERHEAD LIGHTS EXPLODE! Raining SPARKS over Dean, Bobby, the whole room. They shield themselves. Then they see--

AT THE FAR END OF THE ROOM. The ENTRANCE. SWINGS OPEN by itself. Slow. Revealing-- a MAN. CASTIEL. He heads in, walking through a curtain of FALLING SPARKS. It's a hell of an entrance.

He wears a CHEAP, RUMPLED SUIT, a loose tie around an unbuttoned collar. A ratty, open raincoat. (Geeky reference, but check out the comic book character John Constantine.)

ANGLE. The Devil's Trap on the floor. Castiel strolls right through it. Moving steady to the guys.

As a matter of fact, he WALKS past or through EVERY TRAP Bobby devised.

Dean and Bobby FIRE their SHOTGUNS. Salt rounds BURST against Castiel's chest! But he doesn't miss a beat.

Dean backs against the arsenal table.

CLOSE ON: Dean's hand reaches for the supernatural knife. He palms it.

Castiel grows closer.

DEAN

Who are you?

CASTIEL

I'm the one that gripped you tight and raised you from perdition.

DEAN

Yeah, thanks for that--

Dean suddenly LUNGES, DRIVING the KNIFE into Castiel's chest!

And it doesn't do a goddamn thing. Castiel only gives a small, gentle smile, then YANKS the knife from his torso, tosses it aside.

Bobby and Dean exchange looks. Oh. SHIT.

35

CONTINUED: (2)

35

Bobby, at a loss, SNAGS an iron crowbar off the table, SWINGS it at Castiel, trying to CLUB him. But Castiel grips it one-handed, blocking the blow, with extraordinary strength.

Then with his other hand, Castiel gently, gingerly TOUCHES Bobby. Two fingers between the eyes. And Bobby DROPS COLD. An unconscious sack of bricks.

Castiel pivots to Dean. Regards him with steady, calm, even peaceful eyes.

CASTIEL

We need to talk, Dean. Alone.

Off Dean, frightened and fucked, we--

BLACKOUT.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

36 INT. EMPTY WAREHOUSE - MAIN ROOM - NIGHT

36

Dean. Shaken. Defenseless. Exposed. He crouches beside Bobby, checking his pulse. Bobby's breathing.

CASTIEL
Your friend is alive.

DEAN
(rising)
Who are you?

CASTIEL
Castiel.

DEAN
Yeah. I figured. I mean, what are you?

CASTIEL
(a beat)
I'm an Angel of the Lord.

Dean takes this in. A long, shocked beat. Then... with a confident smile (masking his fear, of course).

DEAN
Get the hell outta here. There's no such thing.

CASTIEL
This is your problem, Dean. You have no faith.

Dean. Glances past Castiel. To the warehouse wall behind him.

ON THE WALL. A SUPERNATURAL FLASH of LIGHTNING from INSIDE. The lightning illuminates Castiel's SHADOW against the wall.

It's LARGE. Over ten feet tall. And it has a MASSIVE WINGSPAN. Nothing pretty or angelic. Crooked and black. Like crow's wings.

Dean maintains a poker face at this. Turns back to Castiel.

DEAN
Some angel. You burned out that poor woman's eyes.

(CONTINUED)

CASTIEL

I warned her. Not to spy on my true form. It can be... overwhelming to humans. So can my real voice. But you knew that.

DEAN

The gas station and motel room? That's you talkin'? Buddy, next time? Lower the volume.

CASTIEL

That was my mistake. Certain people, special people, can perceive my true visage. I thought you'd be one of them. I was wrong.

DEAN

Yeah, and what "visage" you in now? Holy tax accountant?

CASTIEL

This? This is a vessel.

Beat. Dean processes this. Realizing what he means--

DEAN

Wait. You're possessing some poor bastard?

CASTIEL

He's a devout man. He prayed for this.

DEAN

Uh-huh. You know, might've been easier to show up like that the first time, 'stead of all the burning bush crap.

CASTIEL

Finding a human vessel durable enough to contain me-- it's not easy.

DEAN

See, and I have that same problem with women.

(then)

Look, pal. I ain't buying a thing you're selling. So who are you, really?

(CONTINUED)

CASTIEL

I told you.

DEAN

Right. And why would an angel
rescue me from hell?

CASTIEL

Good things do happen, Dean.

DEAN

Not in my experience.

Castiel searches Dean's face. As if reading his soul.

CASTIEL

What's the matter? You don't think
you deserve to be saved?

DEAN

(he touched a nerve)
Why'd you do it!?

CASTIEL

Because God commanded it.
(beat)
Because we have work for you.

Off Dean, rocked, his world upside down--

BLACKOUT.

TO BE CONTINUED...