

SUPERNATURAL

Episode #405

"Metamorphosis"

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REVISION HISTORY

Revision	Date	Revised Pages
Production Draft - White	08/11/08	Full Script

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Episode #405

"Metamorphosis"

CAST LIST

SAM WINCHESTER
DEAN WINCHESTER

JARED PADALECKI
JENSEN ACKLES

RUBY

GENEVIEVE CORTESE

JACK MONTGOMERY
MICHELLE MONTGOMERY
TRAVIS
CHUCK

ATTRACTIVE WOMAN
BARKEEP

MAN (Same as Warehouse Demon, Ep. 404)

CRAIG STANGHETTA

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SUPERNATURAL
"Metamorphosis"

TEASER

1 INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT (DAY 1)

1

CLOSE ON: THE MAN FROM EPISODE 404. The one who was possessed by a DEMON... and exorcised by Sam in the final scene. We're picking up SECONDS after this exorcism.

PULL BACK to reveal SAM WINCHESTER and RUBY standing over the Man. Sam moves to him, checks his PULSE. As-- the Man stirs slightly, then coughs. He's ALIVE. Barely conscious, weak. But alive. Sam looks to Ruby... and SMILES. Success.

RUBY
How'd that feel?

SAM
Good. No more headaches.

RUBY
(surprised)
None?

Sam shrugs no.

RUBY
That is good.

Ruby leans down, starts UNTYING the Man, when--

The door suddenly FLIES OPEN.

Sam looks over. Go CLOSE ON his face: OH SHIT.

REVERSE ANGLE: DEAN WINCHESTER standing in the door. Staring at his brother, face stony.

DEAN
So. Anything you wanna tell me, Sam?

SAM
(after a long beat)
Dean. Just lemme--

DEAN
You gonna say "lemme explain"?
You're gonna "explain" this?

(CONTINUED)

ON SAM. Searching for words... desperate to say the right thing... coming up with nothing...

Dean shifts his gaze to Ruby, who's finished freeing the Man in the chair. The Man is more awake now, weak and disoriented.

DEAN

How 'bout you start with, what the hell's she doing here?

Sam and Ruby exchange a loaded look. The jig is up.

RUBY

Someone had to watch out for Sam when you were gone.

Dean's eyes narrow. What's she talking about?

RUBY

(deadpan)

Good to see you again, Dean.

A look of UTTER SHOCK comes over Dean's face, as he realizes--

DEAN

Ruby? Is that Ruby?

Sam looks at Dean... and gives a SMALL NOD.

That's enough for Dean. He LUNGES at Ruby, SLAMS her back against the wall-- maybe she tries to fight back, but he's TOO FURIOUS, ENRAGED-- WHACKING HER-- then he pulls the DEMON KILLING KNIFE from his jacket, moves to STAB her--

*
*

Sam grabs Dean by the shoulder, spins him around, to stop him, but Dean THROWS Sam off. But that was the distraction Ruby needed, to get Dean up against the wall, swiftly GRABBING HIS NECK-- a beat as she considers whether or not to kill him--

*
*
*
*

SAM

Ruby. Stop it.

Ruby backs off. Stands there, catching her breath. Glaring.

Dean's taken aback. Looks sharply from Ruby to Sam. Clocking Ruby's attitude: she did exactly what Sam told her to do, immediately.

DEAN

Well. Aren't you an obedient little bitch.

*

(CONTINUED)

Ruby just glares at him. Sam doesn't meet his eyes at all.
Dean watches as Ruby and Sam exchange a loaded look.
Then, Sam nods his head toward the Man slumped in the chair.
Indicating him to Ruby.

SAM
He's hurt. Go. *

Sam now nods toward the door. She leans down, shoulders the Man. *

DEAN
Where the hell you think you're going?

RUBY
The ER. Unless you wanna go another round first.

Dean's face says that's exactly what he wants to do. But he lets Ruby pass, holding the man up as they head to the exit.

Sam gives it a beat, letting Ruby get clear, collecting himself. Then he turns to Dean: facing the firing squad.

Instead... silence. Dean just stares at Sam. As silently furious as we've seen him. Sam's not sure what to do.

SAM
Dean...

ON DEAN. He stares at Sam for another long, silent beat. Then...

Dean turns, walks toward the door. Without a word. As--

SAM
Dean...

STAY WITH DEAN. He ignores Sam's calls. His silence speaking volumes as he walks out the door, leaving Sam behind.

BLACKOUT.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

2 INT. MOTEL ROOM - THE NEXT EVENING (DAY 2)

2

Sam sits. Book on the table in front of him, totally ignored. He's waiting, tense, worried. When...

The DOOR OPENS, and Dean walks in.

Immediately-- Sam stands up, ready to talk. But--

Dean doesn't look at Sam. Walks right by him. Just crosses the room, starts throwing clothes in his BAG.

Sam watches for a BEAT. Then--

SAM

What are you doing?

No answer. Dean just keeps packing.

SAM

What, are you leaving?

DEAN

You don't need me. You and Ruby go fight demons.

ON SAM. Shocked. Dean is serious-- he's really going.

Dean zips his bag, tosses it over his shoulder.

SAM

Hold on-- Dean.

Dean heads for the door.

Sam hurries to stop Dean. Puts a firm hand on his shoulder, spins him around--

BAM! Dean ROUNDHOUSES Sam, square in the face! Sam's head snaps back. He touches his lip-- BLOOD.

SAM

Satisfied?

BAM! Dean hits him again! FUCK THAT HURT!

SAM

Guess not...

Dean lets his bag fall to the floor. Faces his brother. Struggling to contain the level of rage and betrayal inside.

(CONTINUED)

DEAN

Can you even see how far off the reservation you've gone!? How far from normal-- from human?!

SAM

(quietly)

I'm just exorcising demons.

DEAN

With your mind?!

(Sam nods, scolded)

What else can you do?

SAM

I can send 'em back to Hell. It only works on demons. That's it.

*
*

DEAN

What else can you do??

SAM

I told you.

DEAN

Right. And I got all the reason in the world to swallow that--

SAM

I shoulda said something. I'm sorry, Dean, I am. But-- try to see the other side here--

*
*

DEAN

The other side??

SAM

I'm pulling demons outta innocent people.

DEAN

Use the knife!

SAM

The knife kills the victim. What I do-- most of 'em survive.

ON DEAN as that lands, despite his resistance to Sam's argument. It's no small thing, and he knows it.

SAM

I've saved more people in the last five months than we save in a year.

(CONTINUED)

Dean stares at his brother, deeply troubled.

DEAN

I'm sure that's what Ruby tells
you. It's how she's tricked you
into using demon powers outta "The
Omen." But slippery slope, man,
you wait and see-- this is only
gonna get darker and darker... God
knows where it ends...

*
*
*
*
*
*
*

SAM

I'm not gonna let it go too far...

*

SMASH! Dean WHACKS a lamp into a wall!

*

DEAN

It's already gone too far! Sam, if
I didn't know you, I'd wanna hunt
you. Other hunters would, too!

*
*
*

SAM

(quiet, matter-of-fact)
You were gone, Dean. I was here.
I had to keep fighting without you.
And what I'm doing-- it works.

*

BEAT. Dean looks at Sam quietly, thinking about that. Then--

DEAN

Yeah? If it's so terrific, then
why'd you lie to me about it?
(Sam has no answer; then:)
Why'd the Angel tell me to stop
you?

*
*
*
*

SAM

(shocked)
What?

DEAN

Cass said if I don't stop you, he
will.

ON SAM. Reeling.

DEAN

You get what that means, Sam? God
doesn't want you doing this-- You
still wanna tell me it's all Kool
and the Gang?

*
*

(CONTINUED)

Sam's utterly FLOORED. Just then... his CELL RINGS. Sam answers, struggling to sound even.

SAM
Hello?

Sam's eyes widen in surprise.

SAM
Hey, Travis...

Dean's shocked to hear the name, too. Clearly they know this guy, from way back.

Sam's uncomfortable-- this is the worst time for the call--

SAM
Yeah, great to hear your voice too...
(listening, then)
Sure, but now's not the best time...
(more listening, then)
Seriously, Travis, not now...
(giving in)
Alright. Gimme the details.

Sam pulls out a SCRAP of PAPER and a PEN, starts writing.

Dean sighs, past frustrated. Watching, as--

SAM
(still writing)
Got it-- Carthage, Missouri.
Looking for a Jack Montgomery.

Off this...

3 EXT. JACK'S HOUSE - EVENING - ESTABLISHING 3

A quiet, any-town SUBURBAN STREET.

We're outside a small HOUSE. Green grass, flowers in the beds. A MAILBOX announces we're at "The Montgomery's."

4 INT. JACK'S HOUSE - DINING/LIVING ROOM - EVENING 4

CLOSE ON: A MAN'S MOUTH. Greasy, snapping. Stuffed full of food, chewing furiously. PULL BACK to see--

Mild-mannered JACK MONTGOMERY, 30, loosened TIE around his neck. He sits at the TABLE, devouring his dinner.

(CONTINUED)

As he polishes off his STEAK, he looks up at his pretty wife MICHELLE, late 20s. Michelle stares at Jack, amused and a little dumbfounded.

MICHELLE

Jack. Are you stoned?

Michelle nods toward Jack's empty plate.

JACK

What? It's good. I'm starving.

(then)

Is there dessert?

MICHELLE

Just so happens.

She gets up, exits into the kitchen for dessert.

Jack's eyes land on her plate-- and her HALF-EATEN steak.

JACK

Babe? You gonna finish your steak?

Michelle's face appears in the doorway. Staring at Jack.

MICHELLE

You're kidding, right? You've had two already.

JACK

(sheepish)

I don't know... I'm just... hungry.

MICHELLE

(joking)

Or you have a tapeworm.

She watches as Jack stuffs more steak into his mouth. Then grabs a bowl of MASHED POTATOES, scrapes the last bits up.

JACK

(playful)

Please. Never felt better.

*

Jack, shirtless, in PJ bottoms, stands in front of the MIRROR, brushing his teeth. Not paying much attention to anything, just finishing up his bedtime routine, when--

SOMETHING HITS HIM. A WAVE OF PAIN, out of nowhere.

(CONTINUED)

Jack GASPS. He DOUBLES OVER. He's having trouble catching his breath... and as he STRUGGLES with the PAIN...

PAN AROUND. Where something VERY STRANGE is happening.

ON JACK'S BACK. His SPINAL VERTEBRAE PULSE OUT against his skin! They PROTRUDE SHARPLY, then RETRACT. RIPPLING. It's as though he's growing a new set of JAGGED BONES (see Tim Roth's bathroom scene in "The Incredible Hulk").

ON JACK'S FACE. The pain subsiding. He's returning to his senses. And he's freaked the hell out by what he just felt.

Jack turns around, uses the MIRROR to get a good look at his spine. SEEING... NOTHING! Jack pats his back, his spine-- everything's fine, back to normal.

PUSH IN on Jack's bewildered face... what was that?!

6 INT. IMPALA - MOVING - NIGHT 6

Dean drives, Sam's shotgun. The boys are still tense, their emotions hot, but they're doing their best to be civil. Dean's just caught Sam up on the events of episode 404.

A stunned beat, then... Sam shakes his head in amazement.

SAM
I can't believe it. Mom? A
hunter?

DEAN
I wouldn't of either, I hadn't seen
it myself.
(then)
The woman could kick some ass.
Almost took me down.

Sam takes an emotional beat. The thought of Dean getting to spend time with the mother Sam never knew-- it strikes a deep chord in him.

SAM
How'd she look? Was she... happy?

DEAN
She was awesome. Funny, and smart,
and-- hopeful. Dad too. I mean,
until...

A sober beat. Neither one wants to talk about what happened next.

(CONTINUED)

ON SAM. Chewing on this. How bad it went for his family. The people he loved. He fights back emotion. Finally, he shakes his head, lets out a curt sigh.

Dean glances over. Clocks Sam's expression. Gently--

DEAN

What?

SAM

Nothing.

But it's not nothing. After a beat, Sam speaks, bitterly, with rising emotion.

SAM

It's just-- our parents. Now I find out-- our grandparents, too? Our whole family murdered. And for what!? So Yellow Eyes could get in my nursery and bleed in my mouth--

Sam realizes what he's said the minute he said it. Oh shit. Dean does, too. Shoots a long look at Sam.

DEAN

I never said anything about demon blood.

(beat)

You knew about that?

SAM

I guess... for about a year...

DEAN

A year?

SAM

I shoulda told you. I'm sorry.

DEAN

You been saying that a lot lately.

Dean's hurt. But he covers it. Casual, "over it"--

DEAN

Whatever. You don't wanna tell me, you don't have to. It's fine.

But clearly-- it's not fine. Sam gives it another try.

SAM

Dean...

(CONTINUED)

Sam looks at Dean, whose eyes are glued to the road. Sam starts to speak... but then gives up. Sits back, upset.

SAM
Whatever.

ON SAM AND DEAN. They're sitting next to each other... but they couldn't be farther apart right now. Off this heartbreaking scene...

7 INT. JACK'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - THE NEXT EVENING (DAY 3) 7

Jack enters, crosses to the fridge. He calls out to Michelle (O.S.) as he opens the fridge--

JACK
Babe, when's dinner?

MICHELLE (O.S.)
Forty-five minutes.

But he keeps the fridge open, continues to stare in it.

JACK
I'm starving.

MICHELLE (O.S.)
(a teasing warning)
Jack: delicious, unmicrowaved, non-take-out, homemade meal. Coming.

Off Jack, frustrated...

8 EXT./INT. JACK'S HOUSE - IMPALA - EVENING - CONTINUOUS 8

A POV shot of Jack as he grabs a BEER, CLOSES the fridge. As though we're looking through BINOCULARS. Over this, we hear--

DEAN (O.S.)
You sure that's him?

SAM (O.S.)
Only Jack Montgomery in town.

ON SAM and DEAN, in the Impala, parked across the street. Sam lowers the binoculars.

DEAN
And we're looking for...?

SAM
Travis said to keep an eye out for anything weird.

(CONTINUED)

DEAN

Weird?

(then)

I've seen big weird, little weird,
weird on top of crazy. But that
guy? Looks boring.

SAM

Travis seemed pretty sure.

Sam holds out the binoculars to Dean. A beat, then Dean
takes them, annoyed. As we GO BACK TO--

9

INT. JACK'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - EVENING - MINUTES LATER

9

Jack leans against the counter, drinking his beer. He LOOKS
OVER HIS SHOULDER-- no wife in sight. Good. He puts the
beer down, goes to...

THE REFRIGERATOR. Jack opens the door, stares in--

JACK'S POV. On the center shelf, a leftover WHOLE ROASTED
CHICKEN (the kind you buy in the grocery store deli section)
WRAPPED IN TIN FOIL.

Jack reaches in, REMOVES the foil, REVEALING the exposed,
desiccated ribcage of the chicken carcass-- it's missing
slices from a previous meal.

Jack picks off a long strip, puts it in his mouth-- chews--
then another. Then, more-- faster. Something CHANGES--
becoming less about snacking, more about primal animal
instinct--

IN QUICK, TIGHT JUMP CUTS. He's ripping the meat off the
bones. Fingers greasy, oily lips smacking. He CRACKS the
chicken's rib cage in two, clawing at more meat--

But it's still not enough. He forages through the rest of
the fridge, throwing open drawers, an empty, gaping pit in
his stomach that he needs to fill. Finally, he finds--

A PACKAGE OF RAW GROUND BEEF.

Without even stopping to think-- he TEARS off the plastic
wrap, SHOVES his whole hand in, and SCOOPS a big handful of
red, dripping, raw ground meat--

And JAMS it in his mouth.

CLOSE ON JACK'S FACE. Holy fuck, is that fucking DELICIOUS.

(CONTINUED)

Jack holds the container close to his face, scoops more meat into his mouth, DEVOURING IT, the red juice DRIPPING down his chin, onto his shirt...

MICHELLE (O.S.)
Babe-- you're not eating, are you?

Michelle's VOICE snaps Jack out of his meat-eating trance.

He stands there, wet with raw meat juice, gripping the near-empty tray. Stunned by his own behavior. What the fuck did he just do? What's happening to him?

10 INT. IMPALA - EVENING - CONTINUOUS 10 *

ON DEAN. A disgusted look on his face, as he lowers the binoculars slowly.

SAM
I'd say that qualifies as "weird."

Off Dean, who tends to agree...

11 INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT 11

SAM and DEAN enter, to find--

A MAN in his 60s making himself completely at home. Beer in hand. TRAVIS. Infectious grin, slightly rumped-- but don't let the harmless-uncle vibe fool you, he's a hell of a hunter. Right now, his ARM is in a PLASTER CAST. *

ON OUR BOYS, grins breaking over their faces.

DEAN
(happy to see him)
Travis! See, Sam, toldja we shoulda hid the beer.

TRAVIS
(with love)
Smartass.

Manly shoulder-slap type hugs all around.

SAM
Good to see you, Travis.

TRAVIS
Man you got tall, kid. How long's it been?

(CONTINUED)

SAM

Gotta be ten years.

TRAVIS

You still a-- what was it-- a
mathlete?

SAM

(grimacing at the tease)

No--

DEAN

Yes. Believe me.

Travis takes a beat, just to look at Sam and Dean. Like a
proud uncle, seeing his nephews grown for the first time.

TRAVIS

Been too long, boys. I mean, look
at you. Grown men.

(then, a wistful note)

John would be damn prouda you.
Sticking together like this.

Dean throws Sam a loaded look.

DEAN

Yeah, we're thick as thieves.
Nothing more important than family.

Sam receives the sarcasm loud and clear. Shoots Dean a look.
A moment of tension...

But Travis doesn't notice. He gestures for them to gather
around the table.

Travis takes a pull of his beer. Back to happy-go-lucky--

TRAVIS

Sorry I'm late to the dance. And
thanks for helping out an old man--
I'm a little "shorthanded".

(smiles at his bad joke)

You should see the other guy. Or,
you know, other rotting undead
sonofabitch.

*
*

ON DEAN. Cracking a smile. He digs the hell outta Travis.

TRAVIS

So. You track down Montgomery?

(CONTINUED)

SAM

Yeah, we found him at home.

TRAVIS

And?

DEAN

Guy had a hell of a case of the munchies. Topped off with a burger. That he forgot to cook.

Travis nods. This confirms something.

TRAVIS

Then it's him, alright.

DEAN

What's him?

TRAVIS

Boys, we got a Rugaru on our hands.

The boys trade looks. Shrug. Never heard of it.

DEAN

A "rugaru?" Is that made-up? That sounds made-up.

TRAVIS

They're mean, nasty-looking suckers. Fangs, wormy skin, the works.

DEAN

Well, this dude ain't that. He wears a cell phone on his belt.

TRAVIS

Oh, he'll get ugly soon enough. They start out human, for all intents and purposes.

SAM

So-- they go through some kind of metamorphosis?

TRAVIS

Yup. Like a maggot turning into a blowfly.

Jack stares forlornly at another WRAPPED GROUND BEEF package in the fridge.

TRAVIS (V.O.)
'Bout age thirty, they start to change. Bones shift around. Animal instinct kicks in.

Suddenly-- Michelle's knife SLIPS. She CUTS HER FINGER.

MICHELLE

Ow!

ECU on the CUT: It's nasty. BLOOD gushes out.

TRAVIS (V.O.)
But most of all-- they're hungry.

All Jack can do is STARE. AT THE BLOOD.

13 INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS 13

DEAN

Hungry for what?

TRAVIS

At first, for everything. But then... for longpig.

DEAN

(huh?)
Longpig?

SAM

(ew)
He means human flesh.

Travis nods: yup.

DEAN

And that is my word of the day.

ON DEAN as he reacts to the delightful new vocabulary word.

14 INT. JACK'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS 14

Michelle reaches for a TOWEL to stem the bleeding.

CLOSE ON JACK. STARING at that blood. He can HEAR Michelle's PULSE. Ba-bump. Ba-bump. The only thing he wants is to LICK HER BLOOD!

(CONTINUED)

TRAVIS (V.O.)

Hunger grows, until they can't fight it, until they gotta take themselves a big juicy chomp. And then it happens--

*
*

SAM (V.O.)

What happens?

TRAVIS (V.O.)

They transform completely. Physically. And fast.

*

Jack summons all his willpower to finally move. BACKWARD.

Jack backs away shakily, one step, then another. Then--

MICHELLE

I think I need stitches.

JACK

I gotta go.

MICHELLE

What?!

JACK

...I gotta get outta here.

And with that... he turns his back on his wife!

MICHELLE

Where are you going? Jack?!

Off Jack, racing for the door--

TRAVIS

One bite's all it takes. The eyes, the teeth, the skin, it all turns. No going back, either. They feed once, they're a monster forever.

(beat)

And our man Jack's headed there on a bullet train.

*

DEAN

So how'd you find him anyway, if he's walkin' and talkin' human?

(CONTINUED)

TRAVIS
Let's just say it runs in his family.

SAM
You mean...?

TRAVIS
Killed his Dad in '78. Sonofabitch mangled eight bodies, 'fore I put him down.
(then)
Guy used to be a dentist. Had a Cadillac, a trophy wife. Little did I know-- a pregnant trophy wife.

*

ON SAM. Taking in the story. It's horrible.

TRAVIS
She put the boy up for adoption. By the time I found out, he was long gone, name changed, lost in the system.

*

SAM
(incredulous)
You couldn't find someone...?

*

*

*

TRAVIS
Not sure I wanted to. Idea of hunting some poor kid-- don't think I'da had the heart. No. Wanted to wait. Make damn sure I had the right man--

*

*

*

*

*

*

Travis drains his drink, sets it resolutely on the table.

TRAVIS
And apparently-- I do.

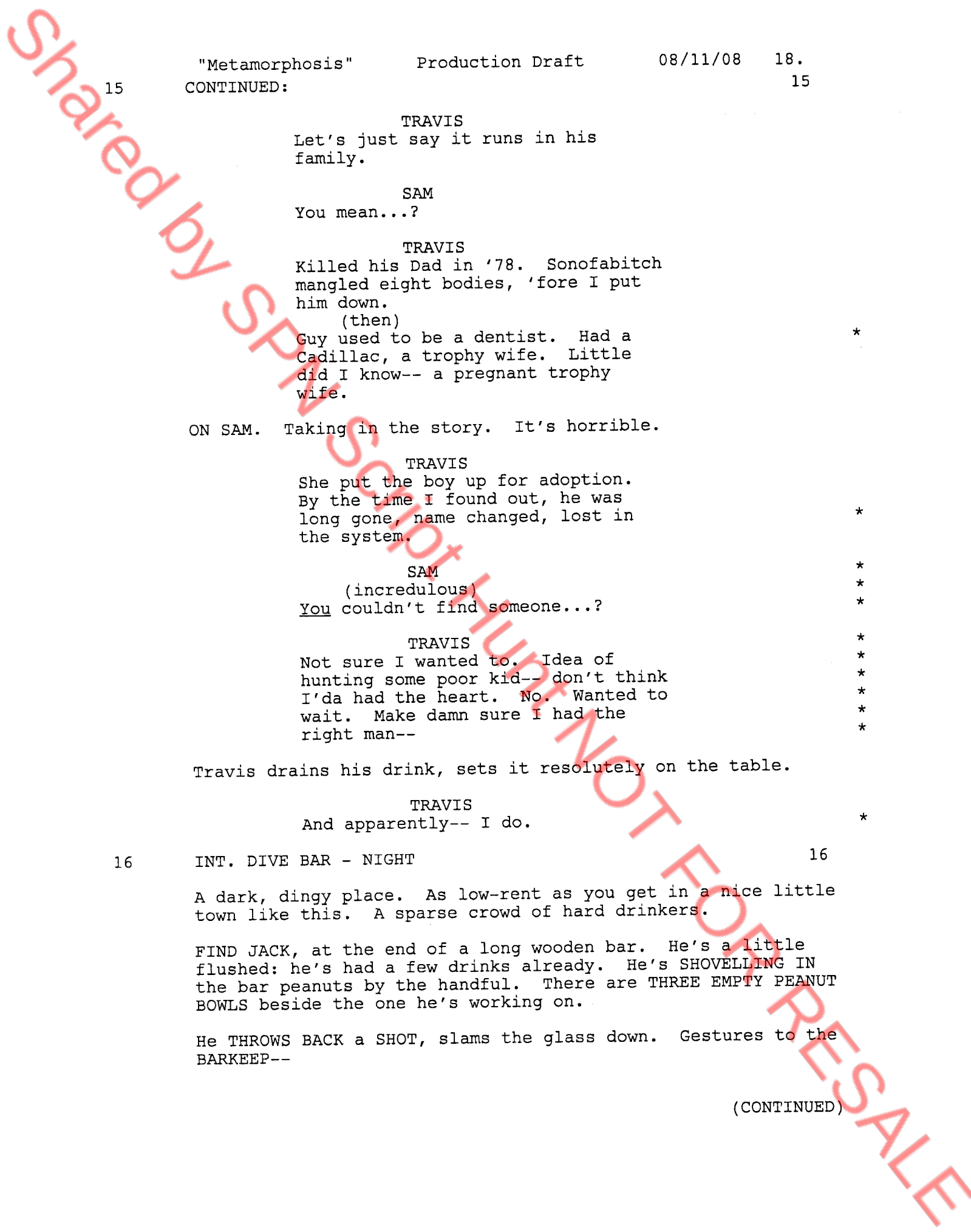
*

A dark, dingy place. As low-rent as you get in a nice little town like this. A sparse crowd of hard drinkers.

FIND JACK, at the end of a long wooden bar. He's a little flushed: he's had a few drinks already. He's SHOVELLING IN the bar peanuts by the handful. There are THREE EMPTY PEANUT BOWLS beside the one he's working on.

He THROWS BACK a SHOT, slams the glass down. Gestures to the BARKEEP--

(CONTINUED)



JACK

One more please.

The barkeep sizes Jack up. Doesn't like what he sees.

BARKEEP

Just don't throw up on my bar.

The Barkeep pours Jack another shot.

JACK

Can I get some more peanuts?

Barkeep raises a bland eyebrow, then moves on down the bar. Giving Jack a VIEW of the MIRROR hanging behind the bar.

ON JACK'S REFLECTION. He looks haggard, shaken. A MESS.

Jack stares at himself. What the fuck is wrong with him? Nothing another drink won't fix. As Jack tosses it back, he hears, further down the bar--

CHUCK (O.S.)

Come on, what're you drinking? My treat.

Jack looks over. A BIG GUY is hovering over a visibly uncomfortable ATTRACTIVE WOMAN. He's drunk-ish, aggressive, and thinks he is awesome. Let's call him CHUCK.

The Woman speaks quietly, politely.

ATTRACTIVE WOMAN

No, thank you.

CHUCK

Don't be like that, have a drink with me.

ATTRACTIVE WOMAN

I'm waiting for someone...

CHUCK

Okay, well, where is he?

ON JACK. Watching this fucking jackass harass her.

JACK

(loud and clear)
Hey, douchebag.

Chuck turns to him, like, "you talking to me?!"

(CONTINUED)

JACK

She doesn't want to talk to you.

CHUCK

I'm sorry, I didn't hear you.

Jack stands up. He's liquored up, but steady. The anger gives him purpose. Fire. He takes a step towards Chuck. We see that Chuck is easily bigger than Jack-- but Jack either doesn't notice or doesn't care.

JACK

I said, she doesn't want to talk to you, you fat, sweaty dick. Leave her alone. *

ON CHUCK. Staring at this unassuming guy in disbelief. He steps closer to Jack-- now he's towering over him.

CHUCK

You seriously want to do this, guy?

JACK

You know. I really think I do.

Well, fine then. Chuck moves in quick-- PUNCHES Jack in the face before Jack's even got his dukes up. Yeah-- Jack's not exactly an expert in bar brawling.

Jack's head snaps back from the force of the blow. OUCH!

Jack steps back. A nasty BLEEDING CUT over his eye from where he was punched. (NB: Chuck is wearing an obnoxious class ring which cuts Jack over the eyebrow.)

Chuck moves in on Jack for some more fun. Swings again-- but before his fist lands--

Jack CATCHES Chuck's FIST and brutally SNAPS IT BACK, AT THE WRIST, into a freaky, unnatural, 90 degree angle! Holy shit, Jack's speed and strength came outta nowhere! Sickening BONE CRUNCH SOUNDS as he BREAKS Chuck's HAND and WRIST--

ON CHUCK, screaming in agony. Ready to pass out.

ON THE WOMAN. Also screaming, in horror.

ON JACK. Shocked by what he just did. He backs away, slow at first, horrified, before pivoting, striding fast for the door.

17

INT. JACK'S CAR - NIGHT - MINUTES LATER

17

Jack sits in the driver's seat, shaky. He reaches up, uses his SLEEVE to wipe the BLOOD from the cut over his eyebrow. Looking into the REARVIEW MIRROR as he does. Where he SEES--

VFX: THE CUT ON HIS FOREHEAD-- IT'S HEALING!! RAPIDLY. It CLOSES UP, as though an invisible THREAD is sewing it.

Within seconds, Jack's skin is completely BACK TO NORMAL!!

What. The. FUCK?

PUSH IN on Jack's confused, TERRIFIED face. And then...

BLACKOUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

18 INT. MOTEL ROOM - EARLY MORNING (DAY 4) 18

CLOSE ON: A FLAMETHROWER. Homemade, from copper pipe and plastic tubing (see Episode 302, "The Kids Are Alright"). A HAND sets it down next to two others.

PULL BACK to reveal: Dean and Travis are making them. As--

DEAN

So... fire?

TRAVIS

Only way I've found to kill these bastards. Deep fry 'em.

DEAN

Well, that'll be... horrible.

(then)

That what you did to Jack's dad?

Travis nods, finishes another flamethrower, as...

Sam ENTERS from the hallway, carrying PRINTOUTS. His gaze lands on the WEAPONS. He raises an eyebrow. *

SAM

Not wasting any time, are you?

TRAVIS

None to waste. This guy hulks out, we won't be finding bodies. Just remains.

SAM

What if he doesn't? Hulk out?

Travis raises an eyebrow, as Sam continues--

SAM

I did a little homework. Checked out the lore on Rugarus...

TRAVIS

(interrupting, good-natured)

What, my thirty-odd years of experience not enough for ya?

SAM

(back pedaling)

What? No.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

SAM (CONT'D)

I just wanted to be prepared. I mean, not that you didn't--

DEAN

(interrupting, to Travis)

Sam loves research. He keeps it under the mattress, with the Astroglide. It's a sickness.

Sam shoots Dean a look. Then hands him the printouts.

ON THE TOP PAGE. An old WOODCUT ILLUSTRATION of a RUGARU.

SAM

(to Travis)

Everything you said checked out, of course. But I found a coupla interesting stories. About people who have this Rugaru gene, or whatever. They start to turn-- but don't take the final step.

*

DEAN

Really?

SAM

If they don't eat human flesh, they don't fully transform.

DEAN

So-- go vegan, stay human?

SAM

Basically. In this case, eat a hell of a lot of raw meat-- just no, you know--

DEAN

Longpig.

SAM

Right.

For a second, Travis fixes Sam with a hard, annoyed look. Then, he smiles.

*

TRAVIS

Good on you for the due diligence, Sam. But those are fairy tales. Fact is, every Rugaru I ever saw-- or ever heard of-- took that bite.

(CONTINUED)

SAM

That doesn't mean Jack will.

Travis challenges him...

TRAVIS

So what do we do? Sit back and hope, and wait for the body count?

SAM

We talk to him.

TRAVIS

Talk? Like, cup'a tea, snack cakes... by the way, buddy, you're morphing into a flesh-eating monster?

SAM

We explain what's happening to him. Then he's got a chance to fight it.

Travis snorts in disbelief.

TRAVIS

Fight it? You kidding me?

(then)

You ever been really hungry? Haven't eaten in days hungry?

DEAN

Yeah.

TRAVIS

So right then, someone smacks a juicy sirloin in front of you. You walkin' away?

ON DEAN. His look says he sure as hell wouldn't walk away.

Travis looks to Sam. Never losing that avuncular, "I'm teaching you this for your own good" attitude, he continues--

TRAVIS

That's what we are to him. We're not people anymore. We're meat on legs.

(then)

I'm sorry, I'm sure he's a stand-up guy, but it's pure base instinct. Everything in nature's gotta eat. You think he can stop himself 'cause he's nice?

(CONTINUED)

SAM

I don't know.
(then, end of discussion)
But we're not killing him unless he
does something to get killed for.

And with that... Sam turns, walks out the door. A beat, as
Travis watches in disbelief. He turns to Dean--

TRAVIS

What's with your brother?

DEAN

Don't even get me started.

As he follows Sam out the door...

19 INT. JACK'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - MORNING

19 *

Michelle (wearing panties beneath a simple cotton nightgown).
At the stove. Pouring water from a kettle into a mug, making
tea. She stirs it, sleepy, then pivots--

*
*
*

DIRECTLY INTO JACK. He's standing RIGHT behind her. It's
kind of creepy. He's changed out of his bloody clothes from
last night. Michelle catches her breath.

*
*
*

MICHELLE

You scared me!

JACK

Sorry, didn't mean to sneak up on
you. So how you feeling?

*
*
*

MICHELLE

I'm feeling pissed, Jack. I had to
drive myself to the hospital. I
was there till two.

*

JACK

I'm sorry.

MICHELLE

What happened?

JACK

(a beat then)
I don't know. I saw the blood, and
I got... dizzy. I had to get out.

MICHELLE

You coulda called. I left you a
dozen messages.

(CONTINUED)

JACK

My phone died, I couldn't find a payphone, it was a mess.

(getting playful)

But I am sorry. And it won't happen again, certainly not to a wife as stunning as you.

MICHELLE

(begins to soften)

Better not. I swear. One little cut. Blood's never bothered you before.

JACK

Well. Guess I've changed. *

Jack KISSES her finger sweetly. Michelle smiles. Jack moves closer, kisses her LIPS. Michelle returns the kiss, as--

MICHELLE

This isn't gonna get you off the hook, you know. Think diamond. Kobe sized. *

More KISSING. Grows more passionate. They back against the refrigerator. *

MICHELLE

What has gotten into you?

Jack grins. He feels energized. Empowered. Elated.

JACK

I don't know.

Jack nibbles her neck. Her earlobe. He begins to transition from love to something more animal-like...

He roughly slides his hand up her nightgown, moving for her underwear. She moves his hand away...

MICHELLE

Hey. Just slow down a bit.

JACK

No, come on.

Jack's hand goes right back to the same spot. He's fumbling for her underwear, for her nightgown (no nudity, however, of course). He presses his lips into hers, hard.

(CONTINUED)

MICHELLE

Jack, I mean it. Stop.

But Jack doesn't stop. By now she's struggling. Trying to push Jack away. But he grips her shoulders, and roughly pushes her back. Grunting with feral ferocity.

*
*

CLOSE ON: her head CRACKS back against the fridge.

*

She's truly frightened now. Close to tears.

MICHELLE

Stop!! Stop it!

Finally, she gets through to him. He pauses. Looks at her. Backs away. She scrambles away from him. Crying.

*
*

MICHELLE

You son of a bitch!!

JACK

(quietly)

I'm sorry.

MICHELLE

What the hell is wrong with you?!

JACK

I... I don't know.

He turns, ashamed. Exits the room.

Off Michelle's frightened face...

Dean drives, Sam rides. The silence is loaded, until--

DEAN

So, we'll go have a little chat with this guy, I'm down, really. But. I just wanna make sure that if push comes, you're gonna shove.

SAM

Meaning?

DEAN

Odds are, we're gonna have to burn this guy alive.

SAM

This "guy" has a name. And a wife.

(CONTINUED)

DEAN

Who we're probably gonna make a widow. You heard Travis. He's gonna turn. They always turn.

SAM

Maybe he won't. Maybe he can fight it off.

DEAN

Or maybe he can't, that's all I'm saying. *

SAM

(flash of emotion)
Well, we'll just have to see, alright?!

DEAN

(beat)
This is what I mean, Sam. You're sure your emotions ain't getting in the way here?

SAM

What're you talking about?

DEAN

You know. Nice dude, but he's got something evil inside him. In his blood.

(then, a bitter dagger)
Maybe you relate.

SAM

Stop the car.

DEAN

What?

SAM

Stop the car or I will!

DEAN

Okay, okay.

Dean steers the Impala to the side of the road. Sam leaps out of the car, furious. Dean follows.

21

EXT. ROADSIDE - DAY - CONTINUOUS

21

SAM

You wanna know why I've been lying to you? Because of crap like this!

DEAN

Like what?

SAM

The way you talk to me. The way you look at me. Like I'm a freak.

DEAN

I do not...

SAM

Or even worse, like I'm an idiot. Like I don't know the difference between right and wrong!

Dean stews for a bit. Something he wants to say. But doesn't.

SAM

What!?

DEAN

Do you know the difference, Sam?! I mean, you kinda been strolling a dark road lately...

SAM

(exploding)
You have no idea what I'm going through! None!

DEAN

So then enlighten me!

SAM

I've got demon blood in me, Dean! This... this disease... pumping through my veins! I can't ever rip it out, or scrub it clean! I'm a whole new level of freak!

(breaks down, vulnerable)
And I'm just trying to take this evil thing, this curse... and make something good out of it. I just... I have to...

(CONTINUED)

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21

A STUNNED SILENCE from Dean. He never expected Sam to say this... and he has NO IDEA how to respond. A beat, then--

DEAN

(quietly)

Let's just go talk to this guy--

(correcting)

--to Jack-- okay?

Another beat. Then, not looking at Dean, Sam nods.

22

EXT. JACK'S HOUSE - BACK YARD - DAY

22

Jack stands over one of his wife's FLOWER BEDS. Holding a GARDEN HOSE, supposedly watering the flowers. But he's staring into space, lost, as the water GUSHES down. When--

SAM (O.S.)

Jack Montgomery?

Jack, surprised, turns to see-- Sam and Dean. For once, with no alibi. They approach.

SAM

I'm Sam Winchester. This is my brother Dean.

JACK

(at a loss)

Um. Can I help you...?

SAM

We need to talk.

JACK

About...?

SAM

About you. How you're changing.

JACK

Excuse me?

DEAN

(steps in)

You're probably feeling your bones move under your skin. Your indestructible skin. And your appetite's hitting "Hungry Hungry Hippo" levels. How'm I doin' so far?

(CONTINUED)

Obviously, Dean's right on the money. Jack looks at the brothers in stunned disbelief.

JACK
Who are you?

DEAN
People who know a little something about something.

SAM
People who can help. Please, just hear us out...

OFF Jack...

Over by his PATIO, near a little outdoor TABLE. Sam and Dean sit at or on the table, watching Jack pace. He's trying to comprehend what they're telling him.

JACK
A... what?

DEAN
Rugaru. I know. Sounds made-up. But believe me, it ain't.

JACK
Look. I've noticed certain things... strange things... but I'm just... I dunno, sick or something--

SAM
Your father was one of these things. Your real father. He passed it onto you.

JACK
No. Just listen to yourselves. You sound...

DEAN
Hey, you mind if we skip the "you guys are crazy" part, please? You're hungry, Jack. And you're only gonna get hungrier.

JACK
Hungry for...?

(CONTINUED)

DEAN

Longpig. Little manburger helper.
May have crossed your mind already.

Sam throws Dean an irritated look. Dean gives one of his patented "sorry" looks in return.

JACK

(yes, it has)
No... no.

SAM

It doesn't have to be like this.
You can fight it off. Others have.

DEAN

But we're not gonna lie. It won't be easy. You're gonna feel like an alcoholic swimming in whiskey. But I'm telling you. Just say no, Jack. Or...

JACK

Or what?

SAM

You feed once... and it's all over.
And then we'll have to stop you.

JACK

Stop me? My Dad... did somebody "stop" him?

SAM

Yes.

Jack doesn't respond well to the implicit threat.

JACK

Get off my property. I see you again, I'm calling the cops.

SAM

Your wife, everyone you know--
they're in danger--

JACK

(shouting)
Now!!

Sam and Dean share a look. But they're in the middle of a neighborhood in broad daylight. A NEIGHBOR, trimming his hedges, heard Jack shout, looks over, curious.

(CONTINUED)

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CONTINUED: (2) 23

Sam and Dean have no choice but to walk away. As they do,
Dean mumbles to Sam, under his breath--

DEAN
So. Good talk.

And we go back to Jack. Push in, on his OVERWHELMED face.

24 EXT. STREET - NIGHT 24

MATCH CUT TO: Jack's FACE. That same scared, overwhelmed
look. He's been walking for hours, distraught, trying to
process what Sam and Dean told him.

REVEAL-- he sits at a bus stop bench. In one hand, a CELL
PHONE. He lifts it to his ear, pushes a button, as--

MICHELLE (V.O.)
(on voice message)
Jack, I don't know where you are,
but you're scaring me. Come home.
We need to talk. Please.

Jack lowers the phone. A portrait of a man lost. Bereft.
When... something catches his eye...

ANGLE. A nearby APARTMENT BUILDING. Just three or four
stories. At an upper window, LIT WITH YELLOW LIGHT--

It's the ATTRACTIVE WOMAN. From the Act I bar scene. She's
unbuttoning her blouse. Then she SHUTS her CURTAINS.

CLOSE ON JACK. His face registers surprise. He recognizes
her. Desire flits across his face. He can HEAR her
HEARTBEAT. Ba-bump. Ba-bump. He can SMELL her blood.

WINDOW. We see her silhouette. Removing her blouse.

CLOSE ON JACK. Anguished. Struggling. Ba-bump. Ba-bump.
Until, finally--

He can't fight it. He stands. Moves for the apartment.

25 INT./EXT. IMPALA - STREET - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS 25

Sam and Dean watch this. They've been tailing Jack.

SAM
Dammit.

DEAN
Come on.

(CONTINUED)

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25 CONTINUED: 25

They grab their small, HOMEMADE FLAMETHROWERS.

They emerge from the car, pursuing Jack, just as he vanishes into the side-alley of the building.

26 EXT. SIDE ALLEY - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS 26

Jack ENTERS the alley. Looks up at the third story. Then, with unexpected feline agility--

He LUNGES, hop scotching to a dumpster, then to a lower FIRE ESCAPE-- barely reaches it, hanging from his fingertips. He pulls himself up with incredible strength.

Then he starts climbing the escape skyward.

ANGLE. The boys. At the mouth of the alley. Seeing this. Dean makes careful, practiced hand gestures, they move to--

27 EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT 27

The front door. Sam begins picking the lock. It's taking too long. In a harsh whisper--

DEAN

Dude! Hurry up!

SAM

I am!

28 EXT. SIDE ALLEY - THIRD STORY FIRE ESCAPE - NIGHT 28

Jack reaches the third story. Peers, cautious, into the window. It's open, a crack. The woman's light is on, she can't see Jack in the darkness outside. She's just wearing a bra and panties at this point.

CLOSE ON JACK. Listening to her heartbeat. Ba-bump. Ba-bump. His hunger is growing. Gnawing at him.

Her back is to us, as she unhooks the bra, then slides a T-shirt over. Getting ready for bed.

CLOSE ON JACK. Face darkening, he pries his fingers into the open crack. He's about to slide it open. When--

The woman FLIPS off the light. Moving off-camera, presumably to a bed at the other side of the room.

And Jack is suddenly confronted with his REFLECTION. And it ain't pretty. He's sweaty. He's got death in his eyes. He stops. Looks at himself. Long beat.

(CONTINUED)

Who am I? What am I? Finally--

JACK

No.

He turns, pivots. Moving for the fire escape ladder.

29 INT. GIRL'S APARTMENT - NIGHT 29

CR-RACK! Dean KICKS in the door. Sam and Dean both rush in, wielding flame throwers! Only to find--

The WOMAN. Appearing in the bedroom doorway. Seeing these two armed intruders-- she SCREAMS! SLAMS the door!

DEAN

Whoa, hold on! We're here to...
save you, I guess?

Dean and Sam exchange awkward looks.

SAM

We should go.

DEAN

Um. Yeah.

30 INT. JACK'S HOUSE - FRONT HALLWAY - NIGHT 30

The front door opens. Jack enters. He calls out, with emotional import. A man who's turned a corner.

JACK

Michelle? I'm home.

But no answer. Jack walks briskly down the hall.

JACK

Babe? You here?

He enters--

31 INT. JACK'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS 31

Where he stops COLD. SEEING--

MICHELLE. Tied up, in a chair. GAGGED. A look of UTTER
TERROR on her face.

JACK

Michelle!

Before Jack can even begin to process this...

(CONTINUED)

A FIGURE enters frame. He's behind Jack, and he's STEALTHY, silent. And before Jack even realizes he's there... the Figure CLAMPS a CHLOROFORMED RAG over Jack's mouth!!

BLACKOUT!

END OF ACT TWO

Shared by SPN Script Hunt NOT FOR RESALE

ACT THREE

32

INT. JACK'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

32

CLOSE ON: HANDS. HANDCUFFED. Perhaps around a pillar.

CLOSE ON: JACK. Coming back to consciousness. He lifts his head. Opens his eyes. Shaking the cobwebs. He's standing. Arms stretched behind him. Cuffed.

JACK'S POV. Out of focus, then sharpening. He sees his wife, bound with rope, to a chair beside him. She's quietly crying to herself, head down, pitiful.

JACK

...Michelle...

MICHELLE

Jack. Oh my God. He's crazy.

Just then... from behind Jack... TRAVIS circles into view. He doesn't hold himself with any tough guy malice. If anything, Travis looks sad. Regretful.

JACK

We're gonna stay calm, give this man whatever he wants.

(to Travis)

Anything, just take it and go. Please.

TRAVIS

I'm sorry about this, Jack, I am. This is FUBAR. Ain't the way I wanted it to go.

JACK

...who are you?

TRAVIS

You already met some friends of mine. Two brothers?

Jack realizes what this is about.

JACK

No... no... they said... I mean, I haven't hurt anybody...

TRAVIS

Not yet. But you woulda. They always do. I'm doing you a favor, son.

(CONTINUED)

MICHELLE

Jack... what's he talking about?

TRAVIS

Tell her, Jack. Tell her the truth. She deserves to know.

JACK

Just let her go. She's not part of this.

MICHELLE

Part of what?! Jack!

TRAVIS

I really do apologize. But she is a part of it.

JACK

What??

TRAVIS

(gently, to Michelle)
Tell him. Tell him what you told me, when I got here.

JACK

Michelle?

Small, teary, Michelle looks at Jack. Then--

MICHELLE

...I said, don't hurt me.

(beat)

Because I'm pregnant.

Jack's shocked, panicked reaction-- to Travis--

JACK

Now hold on just a minute--

TRAVIS

Now you see the mess we're in? I can't make this mistake all over again, Jack. I won't be around in another thirty years. This thing has gotta end, now.

(then)

I know you don't believe me. But I'd give anything not to have to do this.

(CONTINUED)

Travis reaches into a LARGE DUFFLE and removes a KEROSENE CAN! He starts splashing kerosene onto the floor, the furniture. He's gonna burn the whole fucking house down!

MICHELLE

Oh, God, please-- no!

Jack is TERRIFIED. He tries to keep it together, sputtering.

JACK

You don't... you don't have to do this. You wanna kill me, kill me. But not my wife. I'm begging you.

TRAVIS

I ain't got no choice.
(beat)
My condolences.

Travis turns away from Jack. Moving to complete the job.
ON MICHELLE. Shaking wildly, terrified, in tears.

MICHELLE

(whispered)
Jack...

The following happens in a floating SLO-MO:

CLOSE ON JACK. Furious. Enraged. Veins bulge in his forehead, his neck. He clenches his jaw.

CLOSE ON HIS CUFFS. He WRENCHES at them. Pulling. Struggling with all his might.

CLOSE ON MICHELLE. A woman who's about to die.

CLOSE ON TRAVIS. Splashing kerosene around the room.

CLOSE ON JACK'S CUFFS. He PULLS. PULLS! Until finally-- the CHAIN SNAPS! He's free!

We're back to REGULAR SPEED-- as Travis pivots, right into-- JACK, TACKLING him to the ground!

Jack's savage. But Travis is no slouch. In short order, Travis rolls on top of Jack. And BEGINS BEATING HIM with his CAST-- using it as a fucking hammer! Couldn't care less if it cracks or breaks... it's a useful weapon.

Jack is getting beaten into unconsciousness...

(CONTINUED)

MICHELLE

Jack!

When... Jack reaches out... CATCHES the CAST. And WRENCHES Travis's ARM BACK, RE-BREAKING it INSTANTLY. We hear a NASTY CRRACK!! Travis SCREAMS!

And now Jack is back on top of Travis.

CLOSE ON JACK. SLO-MO. He hears Travis's heartbeat. Ba-bump. Ba-bump. But this time, he's enraged. Not even thinking--

So he LUNGES FORWARD-- and BITES Travis! Right where the neck meets the shoulder. Travis SQUEALS in pain! Jack stays down there, head quivering, like a dog GNAWING on a BONE.

Michelle. Looking at this. In shock.

Until Jack lifts his head. Blood pouring down his chin. In ecstasy. That is, without a doubt, the most delicious thing he's ever tasted.

Travis. Blood squirts from his wound. He convulses a bit... but slows... bleeding out... (let's make sure we have cut-away coverage here... to Travis's frightened eyes, etc.)

CLOSE ON JACK: HIS EYES CHANGE. Capillaries ENLARGE, becoming BLOODSHOT before our eyes. BLUE SPIDERWEB VEINS begin to appear across his face. He's TRANSFORMING. *
*
*

Travis stops moving. Dead. A dust-settling beat.

Jack pivots back to Michelle. Approaches her.

But she's more scared of Jack than she ever was of Travis.

Quickly and easily, Jack SNAPS her bounds loose. She immediately lunges away from Jack-- he steps forward.

MICHELLE
Stay away from me!

JACK
Michelle, it's me--

MICHELLE
Just stay away!

She turns for the FRONT DOOR. EXITS the house. DOOR SLAM. *

33 EXT. JACK'S HOUSE - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS 33 *

Crying, frightened, Michelle races for the car parked in the driveway. Leaps in. SQUEALS down the drive, down the street. Away. *

34 INT. JACK'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS 34 *

Jack. Head down, studying the floor. Alone. Distraught. A monster. He turns. Slowly taking in... Travis's corpse. *

As Jack slowly moves towards it--

DISSOLVE TO:

35 EXT. JACK'S HOUSE - NIGHT - AN HOUR LATER 35

The Impala pulls at the curb. Sam and Dean climb out. They each surreptitiously wield those make-shift FLAME THROWERS.

They notice-- TRAVIS'S CAR, parked nearby. Dean points--

DEAN

Well. Least now we know where Travis is.

SAM

That stupid sonofabitch.

We can see from Dean's expression-- he's not so sure Travis is stupid. But he chooses not to say anything. They move.

36 INT. JACK'S HOUSE - FRONT HALLWAY - NIGHT - MINUTES LATER 36

Dark. Quiet. A beat... and then the door SLOWLY OPENS. Revealing... Sam and Dean, in stealth-mode. They round the corner, into--

37 INT. JACK'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS 37

And stop, seeing the AFTERMATH of the hostage situation. CHAIRS tipped over, KEROSENE splashed around. (They don't focus so much on the two chairs, because we don't want them to realize there were two hostages.)

But they see a large BLOODSTAIN. A TRAIL OF BLOOD. Leading behind the COUCH.

Sam and Dean share a look. They circle around the couch--

ON SAM and DEAN. They stare down at the O.S. body, their expressions telling us how GRUESOME the rest of the scene is. They can't even recognize the remains...

(CONTINUED)

DEAN

My God. You think... is that
Travis?

SAM

What's left of him.

PUSH IN on Sam. He's distraught, genuinely upset.

SAM

I guess you were right about Jack.

Sam's wrecked by this. Dean takes no pleasure in seeing his
little brother so upset. Finally, Sam looks up to Dean,
suddenly sees--

JACK is standing RIGHT BEHIND DEAN!!

SAM

Dean!

Too late. THWACK!! Jack BRUTALLY GRIPS the BACK of Dean's
HEAD, SLAMS him face first into a TABLE CORNER. OUCH! Dean
crumples, out cold.

Sam RAISES the FLAMETHROWER, he's about to SHOOT--

But before he gets a SHOT OFF-- JACK CHARGES HIM-- OOF-- they
TUMBLE to the floor.

Sam is momentarily dazed, which is more than enough time for
Jack to snag the FLAME THROWER... RAISE IT... and CLUB it
down into Sam's face! CRACK! Then Jack raises it again--

LOW POV. The FLAME THROWER comes down at us, filling frame,
taking us into a--

BLACKOUT!

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

38 INT. JACK'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM CLOSET - NIGHT 38

Sam. Slumped over. Unconscious. Then... he comes to... suddenly JERKING AWAKE.

He's inside a small COAT CLOSET. He leaps to his feet, trying the doorknob. Locked. He throws his weight against the door.

SAM

Dean!

INTERCUT WITH:

39 INT. JACK'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS 39

The LOCKED CLOSET DOOR POUNDS.

A few feet away-- Jack. His eyes are bloodshot. On his face: thin blue veins beneath pale, clammy skin. Itching sores opening up on his face and arms. He seems to be in pain. Transforming body, overwhelming hunger. Like coming down from a heroin addiction. But where's Dean? Eaten? *

JACK

Dean can't come to the phone.

SAM

(POUNING)

Jack! If you hurt him, I swear to God!

JACK

Just calm down...

Finally, Jack focuses on-- DEAN. Unconscious on the floor. A forehead cut trickles blood.

JACK

(off more POUNDING)

Your brother's alive, but not if you don't calm down!

Finally, Sam stops. Tries a different, calmer tact.

SAM

Open the door. We can figure this out.

(CONTINUED)

JACK

Sure. Let's have ourselves a brainstorming session.

SAM

Jack. Please.

Inside the closet... Sam pats down his pockets, searching for something. Whatever he's looking for... he can't find it.

JACK

I don't think so. After what you did?

SAM

What're you talking about?

JACK

You sent your friend here. He tried to burn my wife alive!

SAM

What?? Why?

Jack opens his mouth to answer. But stops. Realizing: Sam doesn't know that Michelle's pregnant. Jack covers--

JACK

He didn't say why. Guess psychopaths don't explain themselves.

*
*
*

Quietly, gingerly, Sam removes a WIRE HANGER from the closet rack. Begins straightening out the wire...

SAM

You gotta believe me. My brother and I, we never would've hurt her--

Jack is shaking from the hunger. He crouches over Dean. Mops up some of Dean's blood with his finger. Then pops the finger in his mouth! Eww!

JACK

Oh God... I'm so hungry...

SAM

Jack. Don't do this.

Sam inserts the straightened wire hanger into the door lock. He's picking it. Very carefully. Can't make a sound.

(CONTINUED)

Meanwhile, Jack scratches his head. Comes back with a fistful of hair. It's falling out.

Jack's voice begins to crack. Emotional. Almost on the verge of tears.

JACK

I can't see my family again. I can't go anywhere. You two. Your friend. You made me into this.

SAM

No one's making you kill us.

Sam stops lock-picking for a beat. The subsequent speech is heartfelt. Very personal to Sam.

SAM

Listen to me. You got this dark pit inside you, I know. Believe me, I know. That doesn't mean you have to fall into it. You don't have to be a monster.

JACK

Have you seen me lately?

SAM

It doesn't matter what you are. It only matters what you do.

(beat)

It's your choice.

Is Sam getting through to Jack? We see an INTERNAL, ANGUISHED STRUGGLE play across Jack's expression.

He pivots to Dean. Kneeling beside him.

CLOSE ON JACK. Hearing Dean's heart. Ba-bump. Ba-bump. Jack is SO, SO HUNGRY.

Dean begins to rouse.

Jack leans in. Anguished. Can he resist?

We never answer the question, because--

SAM (O.S.)

Jack!

Sam. Stands before the open closet door. He got it open! Holding a flamethrower he retrieved off the ground.

(CONTINUED)

Jack's face darkens. He CHARGES SAM!

CLOSE ON: Sam lets loose a STREAM OF FIRE.

CLOSE ON: Dean. Wakes to the O.S. sound of an OTHERWORLDY, PAINED SCREECHING. He finally comes to... he shakes off the pain, rising up to his elbows to see...

Sam. Somberly watching Jack, a FLAMING, FETAL BALL on the floor. Burning to death.

Sam and Dean lock eyes. Troubled. They don't feel especially good about this one.

BLACKOUT.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

40

INT. IMPALA - MOVING - NIGHT

40

Dean's back in the driver's seat as the boys travel down a dark road. They're quiet, lost in thought.

DEAN

You did the right thing, you know.
He was a monster. There was no
going back.

Sam doesn't respond. He's not so sure he agrees. A few more beats of loaded silence... then finally...

DEAN

Look, Sam-- I'm sorry... if I've
been hard on you lately...

SAM

Don't worry about it.

DEAN

It's just... your psychic thing...
it scares the crap outta me, and--

SAM

Look, Dean, if it's all the same, I
don't wanna talk about it.

Dean, surprised, looks at his brother--

DEAN

Wait. What? You don't wanna talk.
You?

Sam's not angry or spiteful here. Just sad, simple honesty--

SAM

There's nothing more to say. I
can't keep explaining myself to
you. I can't make you understand.

DEAN

Well. Try.

SAM

I can't. Cause this thing, this
blood, it isn't in you, the way
it's in me. It's just something I
gotta deal with...

(CONTINUED)

DEAN

Not alone.

CLOSE ON SAM. He turns away, looking out the window. And we see-- he doesn't agree with Dean. He's all alone in this.

A melancholy beat. Then--

SAM

Anyway. Doesn't really matter. These powers, it's playing with fire. I'm done with 'em, with Ruby. I'm done with the whole thing.

DEAN

Really? Sammy, that is a relief. Thank you. Just... thank you.

SAM

Don't thank me. I'm not doing it for you, or the angels, or anybody. It's my choice.

Dean nods. He opens his mouth, he wants to say something else... but thinks better of it. The boys ride in silence. Silence that fills the space between them.

They're sitting beside each other. But they feel very far apart. Off this moment, we quietly--

BLACKOUT.

TO BE CONTINUED...