

SUPERNATURAL

Episode #417

"It's A Terrible Life"

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PRODUCTION DRAFT
BLUE REVISIONS

01/19/09
01/20/09

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REVISION HISTORY

<u>Revision</u>	<u>Date</u>	<u>Revised Pages</u>
Production Draft - White	01/19/09	Full Script
Blue Revisions	01/20/09	Pages: 20, 31-31A, 42, 46, 48-50

Episode #417

"It's A Terrible Life"

CAST LIST

SAM WINCHESTER
DEAN WINCHESTER

ED ZEDDMORE
HARRY SPENGLER

MR. ADLER / ZACHARIAH
P.T. SANDOVER
IAN
PAUL
SECURITY GUARD
MAN
LOWELL

JARED PADALECKI
JENSEN ACKLES

A.J. BUCKLEY
TRAVIS WESTER

KURT FULLER
JOHN HAINSWORTH
JACK PLOTNICK
RICHARD SIDE
BRIAN MCCAIG
STEVE ELLIOT
DAVID MILCHARD

LOCATION REPORT

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 INT. DEAN'S LOFT - KITCHEN - MORNING P.1
 INT. DEAN'S PRIUS - MORNING P.1
 INT. SANDOVER B&I - 22ND FL - HALLWAY - DEAN'S OFFICE - DAY P.2
 INT. ELEVATOR - NIGHT P.3

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EXT.
EXT. SANDOVER BRIDGE & IRON, INC. - DAY P.1

FLAT
DEJA VU
SNOWGLOBE

3 takes

not feel like
supernatural like
dry humor

SUPERNATURAL
"It's A Terrible Life"

TEASER

FADE IN:

1 INT. DEAN'S LOFT - BEDROOM - MORNING (DAY 1) 1

A SLEEK SHARPER-IMAGE-STYLE ALARM CLOCK ON A NIGHTSTAND.
5:59 turns to 6:00 A.M. and-- CHEEP-CHEEP! CHEEP-CHEEP!

An ARM fumbles into frame, snug in STRIPED PAJAMAS... blindly
searching for the OFF BUTTON.

OFF THE HAND, HITTING THE SNOOZE--

2 INT. DEAN'S LOFT - KITCHEN - MORNING

Fffffsssssh! ON THE CAPPUCCINO MACHINE, as milk is steamed.
ORGANIC RICE MILK, to be exact.

Rice
milk

Happy
SAM as his 2
COP

Moments
in
between
lines

you'll be
who you
supposed
to be

PULL BACK TO REVEAL the steamer is DEAN WINCHESTER, whose
other hand is holding open today's WALL STREET JOURNAL.
Dean's dressed in a PINSTRIPED SHIRT and TIE. (What the
FUCK?!) He is standing in--

A well-appointed kitchen. SUB-ZERO FRIDGE, sparkling chrome
VIKING APPLIANCES, GRANITE, WILLIAMS SONOMA CRAP, the works.

Dean finishes preparing his latte. Pours it into a TRAVEL
MUG as he SHRUGS INTO HIS SUIT JACKET...

They
are
supposed
to be
together

3 INT. DEAN'S PRIUS - MORNING 3

Dean enters the PRIUS, sets his BRIEFCASE on the passenger
seat, BUCKLES UP. TURNS ON THE RADIO-- CLASSIC ROCK.

No thank you. Dean switches the channel--

NEWS CORRESPONDENT (V.O.)
...We attempted to contact the
former CEO, but he refused comment--

*
*

ON DEAN. That's more like it. As he PULLS THE CAR OUT--

4 EXT. SANDOVER BRIDGE & IRON, INC. - DAY 4

A stately high rise, into which NINE-TO-FIVERS now enter.

each can All alone
in separate little
knocked over
spirit

2. slam
+
glove

5 INT. SANDOVER B&I - 22ND FL - HALLWAY - DEAN'S OFFICE - DAY 5

Dean walks the hallway to his office, noshing on a BAGEL. Stuffs it in his mouth to WAVE HI into the OPEN OFFICES of co-workers.

Dean walks past a DISPLAY CASE of OLD COMPANY PARAPHERNALIA. Under a plaque reading "SANDOVER BRIDGE & IRON: BUILDING THE DREAM," the case contains old DOCUMENTS, PHOTOS, BRIDGE BLUEPRINTS, an ANTIQUE PAIR OF GLOVES. Dean doesn't so much as glance at the case as he walks by.

talks through mostly dull

can't commit commit

Dean enters his office: DEAN SMITH, DIRECTOR, SALES AND MARKETING.

Build to Dream

And we begin a DELIGHTFUL WHATTHEFUCK MONTAGE OF DEAN'S DAY:

--Dean, presumably answering email, TYPES about 85 words per minute like it's nothing.

--Dean ON HIS PHONE HEADSET CRACKS UP at a client's jokes with BIG, ENCOURAGING GUFFAWS...

--Dean CHATS WITH A CO-WORKER, LOWELL, in his doorway.

high words

DEAN

All I wanna know is-- when are they gonna put on another show like *Project Runway*?

no smirk

--Dean, sitting at his desk, THROWS HIS TIE OVER HIS SHOULDER and tucks into a paltry DIET SIDE SALAD. Linger on him a moment, alone at his desk. Chew; chew; chew.

long just eating happily

--Dean ON HEADSET:

DEAN

Net profitability aside, client retention rate concerns me vis-a-vis maximizing return on sales. Buzz me back when you've looked over the spreadsheet?

my life sucks? clean in

Dean HANGS UP, just as--

His boss, MR. ADLER (50s, casually commanding demeanor) walks by, CLOCKING him hard at work. Mr. Adler pokes his head in.

Dean straightens, gives Adler a big, respectful grin.

DEAN

Mr. Adler--

MR. ADLER
Dean. Good stuff.

DEAN
Good stuff!

MR. ADLER
(as he walks away)
Big things! Good stuff!

DEAN
(calling after him)
Good stuff!

--NIGHT. DEAN ON HIS PHONE HEADSET talks to a pal, idly playing with his EXECUTIVE DESK TOYS.

DEAN
I hear you, haven't made it to the gym in ages. Carrying a little bloat myself. It's a sedentary lifestyle, man, no two ways...
(then)
What is it again? Lemons, cayenne, maple syrup? Serious?
(he winces)
That sounds kind of... wait, how much did you lose?

--Dean FASTIDIOUSLY PACKS HIS BRIEFCASE at day's end...

--Dean EXITS HIS OFFICE... and we END OUR SEQUENCE AS--

6 INT. ELEVATOR - NIGHT

CLOSE ON DEAN as he BOARDS THE ELEVATOR, BLACKBERRYING FURIOUSLY... when...

Dean FEELS EYES ON HIM. So he looks over...

To see a man standing beside him, STARING at him. Tall, in a POLO SHIRT and CHINOS. We recognize him as SAM WINCHESTER.

SAM
Umm... do I know you?

Dean "Smith" has never seen this guy in his life.

DEAN
Sorry, no.

Dean goes back to his BlackBerry.

6
pan to never

Sam keeps staring. He knows he's seen this guy somewhere.
Finally, Dean looks up again. Weirdered out by the staring.

SAM

Sorry, you just look so familiar--

DEAN

Yeah, save it for the health club,
pal.

SAM

I wasn't...

But the elevator doors OPEN-- and Dean EXITS.

ON SAM, staring at Dean's retreating form. Beyond puzzled.
Because he has the strongest feeling he knows the guy.

OFF SAM'S PERPLEXED FACE, AS THE ELEVATOR DOORS CLOSE...

BLACKOUT.

END OF TEASER

*shots of office printing
corner pencil sharpener*

ACT ONE

7 INT. SANDOVER B&I - TECH SUPPORT FLOOR - DAY (DAY 2)

ON A PHONE WITH THE MOST ANNOYING BEEP IN THE WORLD. A HAND hits a FLASHING RED LED BUTTON to answer it--

Belonging to SAM, on HEADSET, in a CUBICLE. DESK NAME PLATE reads "SAM WESSON." Around him, other TECH SUPPORT STAFF in CUBICLES. PHONE BEEPS, chatting, typing, whining fax machine, the near-incessant POPPING OF MICROWAVE POPCORN in the break room.

SAM

Tech support, this is Sam Wesson.

Sam listens, idly beating his DRACULA (or similar monster) BOBBLE HEAD DOLL with a pencil. He grimaces in annoyance, but manages to keep his voice friendly-ish--

SAM

Did you try turning it off then on?
Okay, go ahead and turn it off.
No, just off. Yes. Now wait...

Sam swivels in his seat, bored. Catches the eye of a guy doing busywork in a nearby cubicle-- IAN (20s, jokey, slightly unkempt hair, stubble). Sam rolls his eyes in the universal language of "this day is endless/this job blows."

Ian NODS his agreement.

SAM

Now turn it back on. Is it printing? Great. Any time.

Sam pulls off his headset in disgust. Ian rises from his chair, goes to Sam. Leans over his cubicle, eyes on something across the room. Voice low--

slides over

IAN

Hey, what do you think of Mimi?

SAM

(suspicious)
She's okay... why?

IAN

Might have to hit that.

SAM

Ian. Not age-appropriate.

(CONTINUED)

Ian shrugs, happy with himself.

IAN
Experience.

SAM
Trifocals.

IAN
There's a MILF under there, Sam, I
just know it. Maybe a Guh-MILF.

Sam smiles at Ian's optimism, amused.

IAN
Coffee break?

SAM
Definitely.

As Sam and Ian head toward the BREAK ROOM, they pass a
coworker-- PAUL, (late 50s, GLASSES, nerd-4-life) hard at
work. Ian raps on the side of Paul's cubicle.

IAN
Paul. Time for a refuel, buddy.

Paul doesn't look up from his computer. Tensely--

PAUL
Sorry. No time.

Ian and Sam exchange a look.

IAN
Since when? Dude, we get paid by
the hour.

Beat. Paul types. Finally, stressed, pointedly--

PAUL
Working.

Sam and Ian share another look. Definitely un-Paul-like.

IAN
Okay...

Ian and Sam keep moving.

SAM
Paul seems... stressed.

(CONTINUED)

7

IAN
Probably just freaked 'cause he got
busted for surfing porn.

SAM
He did? When?

IAN
Got sent up to HR yesterday. Guess
they put the fear'a God in him.

8

INT. BREAK ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

8

A charmless area. Taped above the microwave door, a PASSIVE-
AGGRESSIVE NOTE: *Don't heat your fish here, it stinks! THANK *
YOU!*

Ian pours coffee, hands a cup to Sam. Then walks to the far
end of the room, to a large free-standing METAL CLOSET.

Ian opens the cabinet, revealing OFFICE SUPPLIES. He grabs a
few BOXES OF PENCILS and slips them into his pants pockets.

SAM
Um, Ian...

Ian's totally casual, even pleased with himself.

IAN
Just doin' a little shopping.
Running low at home.

Ian shuts the door. Switches subjects.

IAN
So, Sam. Had any more'a those
dreams lately?

Sam winces.

IAN
Aw, don't be like that. It's the
highlight of my day.

SAM
I never shoulda mentioned--

IAN
But they're genius! Don't hold out
on me, dude, share with the class.

Sam doesn't want to get into this again. He's embarrassed.

(CONTINUED)

SAM
You're just gonna be a dick about
it--

IAN
What? No way! Won't say a word,
total respect. Go.

Finally, quietly, reluctantly--

SAM
Fine. Yes. I had one.

IAN
(serious, respectful)
What was it? Werewolf? Vamp?

Sam shakes his head. Reluctantly--

SAM
I dreamt... I saved this grim
reaper named Tessa from demons.

Ian's reserve cracks immediately. He lets out a loud WHOOP.

IAN
Classic! Man, how much D and D did
you play growing up?

Sam wilts.

IAN
Rescuing the grim reaper! You're a
hero! I mean, thank God we got
Harry Potter here to save us all
from the apocalypse!

Sam watches Ian laugh at him as usual. Betrayed.

SAM
Dick.

IAN
(between gasps of
laughter)
Wizard.

*can't say
wishing*

At SAM'S CUBICLE. Sam fills out paperwork, bored. Around
him, the sounds of chatter, phones, popping popcorn. Sam
rests his head on his hands. The sounds BLUR, as--

SAM DOZES OFF... and WE SEE--

QUICK FLASHES OF HIS DREAM (cuts of PREVIOUS EPISODIC FOOTAGE): Sam FIGHTING. VARIOUS GHOSTS. DOC BENTON. CROSSROADS DEMON, shot between the eyes. CHASING a VAMPIRE (at the MILL, in "Bloodlust")-- the saw COMING DOWN-- and the BLOOD SPATTER hitting-- DEAN!

Sam JERKS AWAKE! For a moment, just sits there, startled, chewing on what he just saw in the dream...

10 INT. ELEVATOR - NIGHT

Sam boards the elevator. And notices, among the three or four passengers-- DEAN.

Dean notices Sam. He STIFFENS, but doesn't look Sam's way.

Sam steals glances at Dean. Dean stares straight ahead.

The doors OPEN-- and all the other passengers get off. Leaving just Sam and Dean. Awkward moment. Dean moves away from Sam, as subtly as possible.

Beat. Then--

SAM
Can I ask you something?

DEAN
Look, I told you, I'm not into--

SAM
(cutting him off)
No, I know, me neither.
(then)
I just-- one question?

Dean really wishes he wouldn't. Sigh.

DEAN
Fine. What.

SAM
So... just wondering, what do you think about, um, ghosts?

Dean gives him a "that's fucking random" look.

DEAN
...ghosts?

10 Stalker

Just my luck

SAM
You believe in them?

DEAN
I've never thought about it.

Dean glues his eyes to the numbers above the door.
But Sam can't let it go. It's too important.

SAM
Vampires?

DEAN
Why?

SAM
Been having weird dreams.
(testing)
You know what I mean?

DEAN
("that's random")
Not really.

SAM
So... you've never had weird
dreams?

Presby
*What's new
Dean
dream about*

ON DEAN. Okay, this has officially crossed the line from awkward to creepy and possibly stalkery.

Dean hits several elevator buttons. Any floor will do...

DEAN
Okay, you know what? I don't know you, but I'm gonna do you a public service and let you know: you overshare.

The elevator doors open. Dean exits quick, eager to get the hell away from this random nutjob.

11 INT. SANDOVER B&I - TECH SUPPORT FLOOR - DAY (DAY 3) 11

SAM'S CUBICLE. Sam's on his headset. Sketching as he talks.

SAM
Did you turn it off then on?

ON SAM'S PAGE. A bunch of doodles of people's heads. Their mouths are full of sharky Supernatural-style vampire teeth.

SAM
It's fine, I'll wait.

Sam types on his computer.

ON THE SCREEN. A GOOGLE IMAGE RESULTS PAGE full of
RENDERINGS OF VAMPIRES.

SAM
It's printing now? Any time.

Sam HANGS UP. Looks from his sketch to the screen. Puzzling
out the images from his dream... when--

IAN (O.S.)
Whatcha doing?

Sam's STARTLED by Ian's voice-- right behind him. Sam
quickly MINIMIZES the window--

SAM
Nothing.

Sam swivels in his chair to face Ian.

IAN
You get an email from Human
Resources?

SAM
No. Why?

IAN
Damn it. Guess it's just me then.
(then)
I'm supposed to quote, "report to
HR," unquote.

SAM
Probably finally busting you for
snaking all those office supplies.

IAN
Hope they spank me. *

Ian heads for the elevators.

Sam turns back to his computer. Clicks on the minimized
window, bringing the vampire images back up, when--

PAUL (O.S.)
No, no, no, no, come on...

Sam looks over to Paul's cubicle.

SAM'S POV. Paul is FRANTICALLY TYPING on his computer.

PAUL
(low and urgent)
Don't do this to me. Please.

Sam clocks the desperate edge in Paul's voice. Concerned, he rises, approaches Paul's cubicle.

SAM
Hey, you okay?

Paul is JOLTED by the sound of Sam's voice. He looks at Sam. He's pale.

PAUL
It froze.

Sam looks from Paul to Paul's computer. A little puzzled.

SAM
They're crap, Paul, they freeze all the time.

Paul shakes his head, trying to keep it together.

PAUL
You don't understand. When I rebooted, everything was gone. A whole day's work, deleted.

Sam nods sympathetically. But we can see he's confused by the out-of-proportion response Paul is having to this.

SAM
Did you back up?

PAUL
(a hissing whisper)
No I didn't back up! I wish to God I backed up but I didn't!

ON SAM. Taken aback by Paul's outburst.

Paul takes a deep, calming breath. Attempts to compose himself. Turns back to his computer, starts typing. It's in DOS mode. He's combing through code.

PAUL
I'll get it back. I'll find it.
It's somewhere, I'll find it.

(CONTINUED)

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11 CONTINUED: (3) 11

SAM

Paul. It's okay. It happens.

Paul doesn't answer. Just shakes his head in misery.

Perplexed, still concerned, Sam leaves the man to his work.

12 INT. SANDOVER B&I - TECH SUPPORT FLOOR - NIGHT 12

The floor is DARK AND EMPTY. Except for a single cubicle, bathed in COMPUTER LIGHT...

Paul is still working feverishly. All semblance of calm gone. Going nuts. Way beyond what's reasonable.

PAUL

Come on, come on, please!

But it doesn't work. The computer BEEPS unhelpfully.

Paul slumps back in his seat. Exhausted, beaten. Devastated.

PAUL

All that work... gone... failed...

And then... Paul STRAIGHTENS. A thought suddenly occurring to him. A look of resolve on his face. And WE SEE--

His BREATH comes out in a visible WHITE PLUME. The temperature suddenly, sharply DROPPING. Paul doesn't notice.

Paul rises. Walks toward the break room...

13 INT. BREAK ROOM - CONTINUOUS 13

Paul grabs a PLASTIC FORK... and beelines for the MICROWAVE.

Paul stands in front of the microwave, CRACKING the tines off the fork-- SNAP, SNAP, SNAP.

He pops the oven door open. Examines the slot where the door latches into the machine, locking it closed.

CLOSE ON THE MICROWAVE. Paul inserts the FORK HANDLE into the slot. This PUSHES down the spring mechanism; we hear it CLICK, the same way it clicks when the door is closed.

Paul hits COOK TIME: 10:00. TEMP: HIGH.

(CONTINUED)

Paul STICKS HIS HEAD in the oven. Blindly feels for the START BUTTON, and the room is washed in bright white MICROWAVE LIGHT. The metal of his glasses SPARKS as we PAN UP--

To the PASSIVE AGGRESSIVE FISH NOTE taped above the oven, as Paul begins to groan, then SCREAM AND CONVULSE BELOW FRAME... and tendrils of the SMOKE of charring flesh rises...

BLACKOUT!

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

14 INT. SANDOVER B&I - TECH SUPPORT FLOOR - DAY (DAY 4) 14

The next morning. A CROWD has formed. All WATCHING as--
CORONERS EMERGE FROM THE BREAK ROOM carrying a STRETCHER with
a BODY BAG: PAUL.

WE FIND SAM. Separate from his co-workers. Watching the
body bag, pensive. Some instinct deep within him somehow...
tweaked. When, across the room, he sees--

DEAN. Standing next to his buddy Lowell, but, like Sam,
quiet. Same thoughtful, disturbed look on his face.

Sam and Dean's eyes meet. Both somber, trying to process
their own weird instinct-- and both surprised to see their
reaction to this death reflected in the face of the other.

ON SAM. As his surprise turns to confusion, curiosity--

ON DEAN. Quickly looking away from Sam.

SAM'S POV. The coroners head out, WIPING FRAME, blocking his
view of Dean. The moment is gone.

Dean turns to Lowell.

DEAN
Something about this seem... not
right to you?

LOWELL
Uh, yeah, try the whole thing.
(then)
I am telling you, man, I'll never
eat popcorn again.

wipes
Both know
something
was in
going on

*
*
*
*

That's not what Dean meant. But... how can he explain what
he meant?

DEAN
Yeah. Right. Of course.

ON DEAN. Still unsettled. That deep instinct screaming at
him that something is just... not... natural here.

15 INT. SANDOVER B&I - DEAN'S OFFICE - DAY 15

ON DEAN'S COMPUTER. PERSONNEL FILES SITE. He LOGS IN.

Dean TYPES. A PHOTO OF PAUL appears, with a STREAM OF DATA.

(CONTINUED)

CLOSE ON DEAN. Reading. And then-- puzzled, to himself--

DEAN
Two weeks?

Sam leans against Ian's cubicle. Ian is efficiently typing.

SAM
Hey, Ian? Why would someone kill themselves two weeks before they were supposed to retire?

Ian shrugs without looking up.

SAM
Paul was two weeks from freedom. He shoulda been... happy, right?

Ian stops typing. Annoyed. He turns to Sam, and we notice: his hair's neatly combed, he's clean-shaven, and he carefully pressed his shirt and slacks (everything neat, but nothing too broad or over-the-top, please). *

IAN
I don't have time for this, Sam.

SAM
Ha ha, very funny.

Ian doesn't bother to answer, just gets back to work.

Which weirds Sam out so much that he just stands there, staring at Ian. Taking in the change in Ian's demeanor.

SAM
What's with you?

IAN
I'm working. It's important.

ON SAM. Eyes narrowing.

SAM
HR bust your balls or something?
Hey, did you iron your shirt?

Ian ignores Sam entirely. Sam is totally thrown for a loop.

Just then-- Ian's annoying phone BEEPS. Ian answers it--

Did you iron your shirt

IAN
Tech Support, this is Ian.
(then)
I'll be right up.

Ian hangs up. Even more tense now.

Sam looks at him, like, "what's up?"

IAN
Gotta go up to twenty-two. Speak
to a manager.

Ian rises, smooths his shirt, and beelines for the elevator.

OFF SAM, watching Ian go, deeply weirded out...

17 INT. SANDOVER B&I - DEAN'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER 17

Ian knocks on an open office door.

The office's occupant looks up. It's DEAN. He smiles.

DEAN
Oh, hey, Ian is it? C'mon in.

Ian enters, a little hesitant. Worried something's wrong.

DEAN
You filed a 445-dash-T yesterday?

Ian nods.

DEAN
No biggie, couple errors. We did
just switch to Vista, you're
probably used to filling out the
old dash-R's, am I right?

ON IAN. Growing mortified as his mistake becomes clear.

IAN
Oh no...

DEAN
It's fine. Just, mind redoing it
today, so I can get the show on the
road with invoicing?

Ian goes SHEET-WHITE. He cannot believe he fucked this up,
and it affected invoicing. It affected company profits.

(CONTINUED)

*Just lily
Mudkin
more swags*

IAN
("I'm responsible for many
innocent people dying")
Oh my God. Oh God.

Dean's taken aback.

DEAN
It's okay. Just refile, we're
square.

IAN
("Including many babies")
I can't believe it. I can't
believe I did this.

DEAN
("chill out")
Guy... come on...

IAN
("Who suffered horribly!
And screamed in pain!")
No, it affected profits, I screwed
up, I can't-- how could I-- I'm so
sorry, how could I do that!

Dean's alarmed. He gets up, approaches Ian...

But Ian is backing away, inconsolable, in a daze of grief--

IAN
("I'm Hitler!")
I failed Sandover, I failed the
company...

DEAN
Maybe you better sit down...

But Ian runs out of the room--

Concerned, Dean goes after him--

Dean enters-- to find Ian at the sink, pale, staring at
himself in the mirror. Mumbling softly to himself.

Dean steps closer. Tries to be soothing...

DEAN
Hey, Ian, just-- chill out...

*Why do I
feel this
way*

But Ian doesn't seem to hear him.

As Dean steps closer, he SHIVERS... and his breath comes out in a VISIBLE PUFF. Dean CLOCKS this abrupt temperature drop.

ON DEAN. Uneasy-- because that's weird, and because it feels ever-so-dimly... familiar...

And-- all on their own, the auto-sensor FAUCETS on the SINKS BLINK RED. The sinks all TURN ON AT ONCE.

Dean looks at the sinks. What the hell?

ON THE SINKS. The soap auto-dispensers oozing long trails of soap... The little red LED sensors blinking ON and OFF...

Ian leans closer to the mirror. Mumbling too low to be heard.

Dean's weirded out by the whole damn thing-- some deep PROTECTIVE INSTINCT beginning to kick in--

DEAN

Ian. Hey. Maybe we should get outta here, come on.

But Ian doesn't react to Dean in any way. He simply pulls a PENCIL out of his pants pocket...

DEAN

Ian... look at me, man...

...and STABS HIMSELF IN THE JUGULAR! BLOOD SPURTS!

ON DEAN. HOLY FUCK!

Dean RACES for Ian-- who DROPS, gushing blood from the mouth and throat wound--

Dean kneels in the growing pool of blood, frantically trying to help, trying in vain to stop the bleeding with his hands--

DEAN

No-- hold on-- no--

When Dean sees something out of the corner of his eye--

DEAN'S POV. The REFLECTIVE CHROME SURFACE of the bathroom DOOR. An OLD MAN IN EARLY 1900s CLOTHING. Standing there, right behind them, staring right at them.

Dean GASPS! Turns around to look--

not Dean look

(CONTINUED)

*NOT
ALREADY*

*Instinct
screaming
not say
what to
do*

*not
Dean
instinct
&
why
instinct
Matt
Damer*

*how to kill
him*

*Show
pile
at
ground*

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18 CONTINUED: (2) 18

No one there! What the hell?!

When Dean looks down at Ian... he's DEAD.

19 INT. SANDOVER B&I - 22ND FLOOR - HALLWAY - LATER 19

The chaotic aftermath of Ian's suicide. Paramedics, co-workers crowding the edge of the hallway.

Dean, shirt bloody, gives a shellshocked statement to a COP.

Dean looks up, over the Policeman's shoulder. And sees, on the other end of the hall, among the rubbernecks--

SAM. Standing alone. Disturbed, but not freaking out like everyone else. More like... trying to figure it out.

20 INT. SANDOVER B&I - TECH SUPPORT FLOOR - LATER 20

Sam at his cubicle. His PHONE BEEPS.

SAM
Tech Support, this is Sam.

DEAN (O.S.)
(tense, no bullshit)
I need to see you in my office.
Now.

21 INT. SANDOVER B&I - DEAN'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER 21

Sam enters. Carrying his LAPTOP CASE. Dean closes the door behind him. He's buttoning up a FRESH SHIRT and FLAPPING ON his SUSPENDERS, having changed out of the bloody clothes. Then, serious as a heart attack--

DEAN
Who the hell are you?

SAM
(quiet)
I'm not sure I know.

Dean stares at Sam.

DEAN
What the hell's that mean?

Sam sighs.

SAM
Sam Wesson-- I started here three weeks ago--

(CONTINUED)

DEAN

Alright-- you corner ~~me~~ ⁱⁿ in the
 elevator, talking all about ghosts,
 and now...

Dean trails off. Not wanting to share what he saw with Sam.

SAM

Now what?

Dean busies himself with going to his desk, pulling out a
 NALGENE BOTTLE of what looks like MURKY LEMONADE.

DEAN

Now... nothing.
 (then, avoidant)
 You started working here three
 weeks ago, huh? Me too.

Dean SHAKES THE HELL OUT OF THE BOTTLE. Clearly, he's not
 okay. Sam watches, taking in Dean's behavior.

DEAN

Master Cleanse. You tried it?
 Phenomenal. Detoxes you like
 nobody's business.

Dean takes a big GULP of the bitter, spicy concoction. Sam's
 not so easily deterred.

SAM

When you were in that bathroom,
 with Ian... did you see something?

Dean sighs. This is so fucked up.

DEAN

...I don't know. I don't know what
 I saw--

SAM

Wait. Are you saying that... Did
 you see a ghost?

DEAN

I was freaking out, the guy
 penciled his damn neck--

SAM

You did, didn't you?

OFF DEAN'S LONG LOOK. He gives a little nod. Yes. He saw
 one.

(CONTINUED)

Sam takes a deep breath.

SAM

What if these suicides... aren't suicides? What if something's not... natural?

*
*
*

DEAN

So... what, ghosts are real? And responsible for all the dead bodies around here? That's what you're saying?

*

SAM

I know it sounds nuts. But yes. That's what I'm saying.

DEAN

Based on what?

Sam struggles for an answer. Finally--

SAM

Instinct.

Dean takes that in. His eyes narrow.

ON SAM. Frustrated. Sure that answer wasn't good enough...

DEAN

I got the same instinct.

SAM

Serious?

(then)

'Cause-- okay... you know those dreams I told you about? I was dreaming about ghosts.

DEAN

Okay...

SAM

And then it turns out there's a real ghost.

DEAN

(dubious)

So now you're telling me your dreams are special visions and you're some kinda psychic?

Found out about date

excited

long best

A confession

2 spots at slumber party

What do you mean about short dream?

pull back

(CONTINUED)

Sam doesn't wanna scare Dean off. So he jumps off the train
of thought.

SAM
(quickly)
No, I mean, that would be nuts.
I'm just saying... something
weird's definitely going on around
here, right? So-- I've been
digging around a little. And-- I
think I found a connection between
the two guys.

Sam pulls TWO PRINTOUTS from his computer bag. Shows Dean.
ON THE PRINTOUTS. They're EMAILS, to IAN and PAUL.

DEAN
You broke into their email
accounts?!

SAM
No, I... used some skills I happen
to have, to satisfy my curiosity.

DEAN
Nice.

SAM
Turns out Ian and Paul both got
these same emails. Telling them to
report to HR, room 1444.

Dean meets Sam's eyes.

DEAN
But... HR's on seven.

SAM
Exactly.

Dean checks his watch. Antsy.

DEAN
Should we... look into this?

SAM
What, like right now?

DEAN
(quickly)
No, no-- it's getting late, you're
right--

SAM
I am dying to look into this right
now.

Browne

DEAN
(relieved Sam agrees)
Right?! Let's go.

22 INT. SANDOVER B&I - 14TH FLOOR - HALLWAY - NIGHT 22

A MAN walks down the deserted hallway. Approaches a closed door marked 1444. He turns the knob, enters--

MAN
Hello?

23 INT. SANDOVER B&I - ROOM 1444 - CONTINUOUS 23

The room is DARK, illuminated only by the light from the hallway. The Man stands just inside the door, perplexed.

MAN'S POV. It's a large STOREROOM. The walls lined with METAL SHELVES bearing obsolete MONITORS and COMPUTER PARTS, dismantled furniture. Further back, old furniture, boxes.

ON THE MAN. Realizing there must be a mistake. He turns--

And the door SLAMS SHUT IN HIS FACE! The Man jumps!

He rattles the doorknob-- LOCKED...

The Man turns back to face the room, freaked, just as--

Impossibly, the unplugged computer monitors on the shelves begin to SWITCH ON. GLOWING with EERIE LIGHT...

The Man's frightened breath comes out in a COLD PUFF... and BEHIND HIM, a HEAVY METAL RACK begins to SHAKE...

Subtle shake

Subtle rattle

24 INT. SANDOVER B&I - 14TH FLOOR - HALLWAY - NIGHT 24

Sam and Dean walk down the hall toward room 1444, when they HEAR-- a MAN'S FRIGHTENED SCREAMS WITHIN!

They RACE for the door. Sam tries it-- LOCKED-- BACKS AWAY--

And KICKS THE DOOR IN with uncanny professional grace.

Dean shoots Sam a quick WTF look--

Hand held light

Wow.
DEAN

*Best place
rush in*

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And they run into--

25 INT. SANDOVER B&I - ROOM 1444 - CONTINUOUS 25

The Man is on the floor, PINNED beneath the metal rack,
freaked. All around, computers are FLICKERING...

ON SAM AND DEAN-- their breath VISIBLE in the FREEZING ROOM--
as they move to free the Man, when, suddenly--

A GHOST FLICKER-APPEARS BEHIND DEAN! It's the same OLD MAN
IN ARCHAIC CLOTHING Dean saw earlier. The Ghost SHOVES Dean
against the wall with supernatural force. OOF!

The Ghost grabs Sam and HURLS him against the shelves. BAM!!

The Ghost turns to the Man, lying helpless and petrified.
Reaches his long, pale fingers towards the Man's FOREHEAD.

CLOSE ON THE GHOST'S HANDS. Tiny, sinister BLUE THREADS OF
ELECTRICITY spark, emanating from the Ghost's fingertips as
his hands move closer (think the Doctor in "Asylum")...

Dean SPRINGS into action. He RACES over to a shelf with a
MUSTY OLD BOX OF TOOLS. Shoves items aside, instinctively
grabbing an IRON PLUMBER'S WRENCH.

Dean runs to the Ghost-- SWINGS the iron wrench right THROUGH
it-- instantly DISSIPATING it.

Sam dashes over to the metal rack, freeing the Man--

MAN

Wh-- who was that guy?!!

Sam and Dean ignore the Man. Stand there, staring at each
other. Dean tosses the wrench aside. Sam looks at it.

SAM

How'd you know? To... do that?

ON DEAN. Totally spooked.

DEAN

I have no idea.

BLACKOUT.

END OF ACT TWO

*Light
Over
Manne*

ACT THREE

26

INT. DEAN'S LOFT - NIGHT

26

Dean downs some Master Cleanse to steady himself. He's shaky, pacing, really fucking freaked by what just happened.

DEAN
Holy crap, Sam.

Sam sits on a couch, mind racing. Also pretty damn freaked.

SAM
I could use a beer.

DEAN
Sorry-- I'm on the Cleanse, threw out all the carbs in the house.

Sam shrugs, "whatever." Bummed about the beerlessness. Dean gets Sam some designer water, as--

SAM
So, how the hell'd you know ghosts are scared of wrenches?

DEAN
I dunno... crazy, right?
(then)
Way to kick down that door, by the way. Very Jet Li. You a black belt or something?

SAM
No. I have no clue how I did that.

Sam and Dean's eyes lock. Spooked.

SAM
It's almost like we've done this before.

Dean tries to digest that. Uneasy.

DEAN
What do you mean, "before"-- like, Shirley MacLaine before?

SAM
No, it's just... I can't shake this feeling... like I don't belong here. You know what I mean?
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

SAM (CONT'D)

Like... I'm supposed to do more than sit in a cubicle.

DEAN

(sympathetic)

I think most people who work in cubicles feel like that.

Sam shakes his head, frustrated-- that's not what he meant.

SAM

No, it's more than that. I don't like my job. I don't like this town. I don't like my clothes. I don't like my own last name.

(big sigh)

I don't know how to explain it. Except-- it feels like I'm supposed to be doing something else. There's just... something in my blood. Like I was destined for something different.

struggle through last

Sam meets Dean's eyes. Hopeful.

SAM

What about you? You ever feel like that?

DEAN

I don't believe in destiny.

ON SAM. Frustrated they're not on the same wavelength about this. He sighs. Oh well.

with this show message there is destiny

DEAN

I do believe in dealing with what's right in front of us, though.

Best

Double cut

*

SAM

Okay... so what do we do?

*

DEAN

(cheerful)

We do what I do best, Sammy. Research.

SAM

Okay.

(then)

Did you just call me Sammy?

throwing not by dad to him

(CONTINUED)

DEAN
I dunno, did I?

SAM
I think you did. Please don't.

DEAN
Fine. Sorry.

27 INT. DEAN'S LOFT - LATER 27

Sam and Dean, on dueling laptops. When--

DEAN
Jack. Pot!

SAM
Whatcha got?

DEAN
I just found the best site. Real,
actual ghosthunters. I mean, these
guys are... geniuses. Look.

Dean turns around his laptop so Sam can see:
GHOSTFACERS.COM. Yes, our old friends!

SAM
Instructional videos? That is
helpful.

DEAN
Right? How great is this?!

ON DEAN'S LAPTOP: GHOSTFACERS INSTRUCTIONAL VIDEO.

ED and HARRY, in LAB COATS (a la "Q" in James Bond flicks).
Between them, a CARD TABLE with SEVERAL OBJECTS...

ED
We know why you're watching this.
You have a problem.

HARRY
A ghost problem. Or, ghost
related. Ghost adjacent.

ED
Whatever, yes. Well, you've come
to the right place. The only
decent place, really, period.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

27

CONTINUED:

27

ED (CONT'D)

Because the Ghostfacers are the ones who can tell you how to solve it. Watch and learn.

ON SAM AND DEAN. Eyes meeting. Very stoked.

HARRY

So. Step one of any supernatural fight, is--

ED AND HARRY

Figure Out What You're Up Against.

As the words *Figure Out What You're Up Against!!!* flash onscreen, right over Ed and Harry's dead-serious mugs...

CUT TO:

28

INT. DEAN'S LOFT - LATER

28

SAM'S LAPTOP. A sepia-toned image of P.T. SANDOVER.
"Founder of Sandover Bridge & Iron. 1841 - 1916."

DEAN

That's him, alright. The ghost.

SAM

(reading)

PT Sandover. Died 1916. Devoted his life to his work. Never married, no kids. Used to say he was the company, and his very blood pumped through the building.

DEAN

So, slight workaholic.
(then, testing a theory)
Maybe he's still... here, watching over the company? Even-- killing for it?

SAM

Plus-- turns out, this isn't the first time people started killing themselves in the building.

Dean raises an eyebrow, like "interesting."

SAM

1929. The Crash.

(CONTINUED)

DEAN

Okay... but, lotta guys jumped off
a lotta high rises that year.

SAM

Yeah, but how many companies had
seventeen suicides?

Dean's suitably taken aback by that number.

DEAN

So. PT Sandover. Protector of the
company. His ghost kinda wakes up,
goes active... in times of grave
economic distress?

SAM

Well, pretty much the worst time
we've seen since The Great
Depression--

DEAN

--is now. Now sucks. My
portfolio's in the sewer. I don't
even wanna talk about it.

SAM

So Sandover's helping the bottom
line...

DEAN

By zapping himself some model
employees.

SAM

Right-- Ian and Paul, it was like
he turned them into different
people.

DEAN

Perfect worker bees. Exactly. So
devoted to the company, they'll
commit harakiri if they fail it.

Sam winces. Not pretty. Then--

SAM

Oh-- one more interesting fact?

Sam turns his laptop around. Shows Dean--

(CONTINUED)

SAM
Building wasn't always that high.
Used to only be fourteen floors.
And that storeroom where the ghost
attacked, 1444? Once upon a time,
it was the old man's office.

CUT TO:

29 INT. DEAN'S LOFT - LATER 29

ON the GHOSTFACERS INSTRUCTIONAL VIDEO--

HARRY
Once you've got the thing in your
sights--

ED AND HARRY
You kill it.

The words flash over their faces: *Kill it!! KILL IT!!!!*

HARRY
Using special ghosthunting weapons.

Harry picks up a CYLINDER OF MORTON'S SALT off the table.
They've covered the logo with a GHOSTFACERS sticker.

ED
Salt. It's like acid to ghosts.
Burny acid, not LSD.

HARRY
So, not a good trip for the ghost.

Ed nods sagely. Harry picks up a WROUGHT IRON WEATHER VANE.

HARRY
Next, we got: Iron.

ON SAM AND DEAN. Exchanging a glance.

SAM
That's why the wrench worked.

HARRY
Dissipates ghosts instantly.

ED
Pure power in your hand.
(then)
Now.

(MORE)

*
*

(CONTINUED)

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29

CONTINUED:

29

ED (CONT'D)

This next little trick we picked up
from these otherwise totally
useless douche bags we hate called
the Winchesters.

(CONTINUED)

Harry lifts a SAWED-OFF SHOTGUN. And some SHELLS.

HARRY
Gun. Shotgun shells.

ED
You wanna fill the shells with rock salt. And shoot those ghosts-- blam!-- right in the face!

HARRY
Very effective.

ED
Extremely useful.

HARRY
Winchesters still suck ass though.

ED
Affirmative: suckage. Major.

CUT TO:

INT. DEAN'S LOFT - LATER

Dean fills a GYM BAG with SALT SHAKERS, FIREPLACE POKERS...

DEAN
Where do we even get a gun?

SAM
...gun store?

DEAN
Isn't there some kinda waiting period or something?

SAM
I think so.

DEAN
Then how the hell...?

SAM
I don't know. It seems pretty... impossible, honestly.

DEAN
(frustrated)
Right?!

CUT TO:

31 INT. DEAN'S LOFT - LATER 31

ON the GHOSTFACERS INSTRUCTIONAL VIDEO---

ED

Okay, so the aforementioned super-annoying douche-nozzles also taught us this one other thing.

HARRY

To put ghosts to rest-- you gotta burn the remains.

CLICK! They light matching GHOSTFACERS ZIPPO LIGHTERS.

Over their faces, the words flash: *Burn The Remains!!!*

HARRY

This can get a little gross. You might have to, you know, dig 'em up first.

ON SAM AND DEAN. Ewwwww.

HARRY

Sorry. Also: illegal in some states.

ED

I think all. Possibly all states.

CUT TO:

32 INT. DEAN'S LOFT - LATER 32

Sam looks up from his laptop. Meets Dean's eyes.

SAM

Sandover was cremated.

DEAN

What? But... what do we do?!

CUT TO:

GHOSTFACERS INSTRUCTIONAL VIDEO.

ED

If the deceased was cremated--

HARRY

Do not panic. They probably left some kind of remains behind.

(CONTINUED)

ED
Hair, like in a locket,
fingernails, or teeth, baby teeth--

HARRY
Milk teeth, they used to call them--

Ed shoots Harry a "that's random" look--

ED
Genetic material, if you know what
we mean. You just gotta find it.

HARRY
Anyway, good luck to you.

ED
Go with God, young lions. Fight
well.

33 INT. ELEVATOR - NIGHT 33

Sam and Dean enter the Sandover elevator, serious, tense,
holding cans of salt. Dean's got the bag of iron poker.

DEAN
Set your cell phone to walkie
talkie. In case we get separated.

SAM
How are we gonna find some ancient
speck of DNA in a skyscraper?

Dean thinks.

DEAN
That creepy storeroom used to be
Sandover's office, right?

He hits the button for the 14th floor.

34 INT. SANDOVER B&I - ROOM 1444 - NIGHT 34

Dean pulls a shelf away from the wall, searching behind it.
Sam begins to take apart an ANTIQUE DESK.

UNKNOWN POV. Peeking around the door-- seeing SAM, hunched
over the desk... someone, or something, approaching Sam...

Sam turns-- JUMPS!

REVEAL-- it's a SECURITY GUARD.

(CONTINUED)

SECURITY GUARD
What the hell are you doing here?

ON DEAN. Ducking down, hidden behind the shelf.

SAM
Nothing-- I just--

SECURITY GUARD
Come with me.

Respect Authority

35 INT. SANDOVER B&I - 14TH FLOOR - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS 35
The Guard leads Sam to the elevator, one hand on his elbow...

SAM
Look, it's okay, I'm an employee--

SECURITY GUARD
Whatever. Tell it to the cops.

The Guard leads Sam into the elevator. The door closes on Sam's "what do I do now?!" look...

36 INT. ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS 36
Sam stands beside the Guard, mind racing, when--

The small TV MONITOR in the elevator wall FLICKERS. Sam stares. UH-OH. And just then-- the temperature PLUMMETS. Their breath issuing in a PUFF... and--

The elevator suddenly STOPS.

SECURITY GUARD
Damn it.

The Guard presses the EMERGENCY CALL BUTTON, when--

The doors OPEN-- onto an elevator shaft-- they're STOPPED HALFWAY BETWEEN FLOORS. The floor outside is at about CHEST LEVEL to Sam and the Guard.

ON SAM. This. Cannot. Be good.

SECURITY GUARD
Come on.

SAM
What?

SECURITY GUARD
Last time this happened, took 'em
two hours to get here.

The guard plants his hands on the floor outside the elevator,
preparing to CLIMB OUT...

SAM
Let's just wait.

The Guard proceeds to hoist himself up... STRAINING... and
oh, we are sure something baaaaad will happen...

But he makes it through the elevator just fine.

37 INT. SANDOVER B&I - ROOM 1444 - CONTINUOUS 37

Dean is tearing the room apart... finding nothing... when..
his eyes fall on an OLD FRAMED AD FOR THE COMPANY.

ON THE AD. A SUSPENSION BRIDGE. *"Building the Dream."*

ON DEAN. Lightbulb.

38 INT. ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS 38

Sam watches uneasily as the guard, on the ground just outside
the elevator, beckons for him to come out.

SAM
Seriously, I'll wait.

SECURITY GUARD
Come on, I ain't got the rest of my
life here.

The Guard leans in to help Sam up-- and--

39 INT. ELEVATOR SHAFT - CONTINUOUS 39

We are LOOKING UP the shaft at the bottom of the elevator car
as it abruptly JERKS DOWN FOUR FEET!!!

40 INT. ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS 40

ON SAM as COPIOUS BLOOD SPATTER HITS-- the Guard being
SMISHED and NEARLY SEVERED by the elevator as it goes DOWN--

41 INT. HALLWAY JUST OUTSIDE ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS 41

REVERSE ANGLE-- top of the elevator car nearly level with the *
hallway... but for the guard, JAMMED between floor and car.

(CONTINUED)

41

CONTINUED:

41

His LEGS KICK WILDLY, blood pooling under him-- until... they STOP KICKING...

42

INT. ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS

42

ON SAM. Pressed to the back wall. Spattered with blood. Eyes wide, as he witnesses a sight he can never unsee.

When-- chirp! His cell walkie talkie.

Slowly, Sam lifts the cell. Presses the chirp button.

DEAN (O.S.)

Hey. You okay?

LONG BEAT.

SAM

Call you back.

direct

BLACKOUT.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

43 INT. SANDOVER B&I - TECH SUPPORT FLOOR - NIGHT 43

Sam walks down the hall, wiping the Guard's blood off his face.

Sam walkies Dean.

SAM
Dean, you there?

Chirp!

DEAN (O.S.)
*Yeah. Listen. I think I got it.
Meet me on twenty-two.*

SAM
Okay. Just-- take the stairs.

44 INT. SANDOVER B&I - 22ND FLOOR - HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER 44

Sam and Dean stand in front of the DISPLAY CASE we clocked in the Teaser: *Sandover Bridge & Iron: Building The Dream.*

Dean notes the blood spatter on Sam's clothes.

DEAN
Wow. Lot of blood.

Sam meets his eyes. Deadpan.

SAM
I know.

DEAN
Right.
(then)
So, in there.

Dean indicates the display case. They peer inside. Amid the mementos is a pair of LEATHER GLOVES with a placard: "GLOVES OF P.T. SANDOVER, worn at ribbon cutting ceremony, 1915."

SAM
PT Sandover's gloves.

DEAN
How much you wanna bet there's a little smidge of DNA in there somewhere? Fingernail clipping, hair or two?

(CONTINUED)

Sam nods. Locks eyes with Dean.

SAM
 You ready?

Dean grips his salt shaker in one hand, his fireplace poker in the other. He shrugs.

DEAN
 I have no idea.

SAM
 Yeah, me neither.
 (then)
 Go for it.

Dean SMASHES THE GLASS with the fireplace poker--

Immediately, SANDOVER'S GHOST FLICKER-APPEARS! LUNGING right for Sam, throwing him BACK, away from the display case--

BAM! Sam hits the far wall. Sandover advances

Sam quickly SHAKES SOME SALT into the salt shaker, and TOSSES it at the

Giving Sam a moment to shake the cobwebs

Sandover REAPPEAR, right behind Dean!

Sam scrambles-- grabs a fireplace poker.

SAM
 Dean!

Sam TOSSES the poker at Dean--

--who catches it easily, reflexively, turns smoothly, and SWINGS the iron through the Ghost, dissipating it.

Dean and Sam lock eyes-- a tiny beat of appreciating the instinctual smoothness with which they pulled off that move.

SAM
 Good catch--

DEAN
 Right?

But-- the Ghost reappears--

*Bradley
 Quint?*

(CONTINUED)

QUICK CUTS OF SAM AND DEAN FIGHTING OFF SANDOVER. Their approach is novice-- but they cover each other with PERFECTLY CHOREOGRAPHED MOVES. Amazing instinctual teamwork.

The Ghost SLAMS SAM into the wall-- Sam loses his salt can--

Dean smoothly tosses him a replacement, barely looking his way (again, their automatic teamwork in evidence)...

Sam catches it without the slightest trouble. Stares down at his own hands. Impressed with them both.

SAM

Wow, nice--

Dean realizes how awesome that was, breaks into a grin.

DEAN

No lie! Helluva team, righ--

But just then, Sandover appears in front of Dean, HURLS HIM against the far wall. Cutting him off. Dean crumples from the force of the impact.

Sandover advances with stutter-quick speed...

Sam RIPS the top off the salt canister and WHIPS the can at the ghost, spraying the salt out in a long ARC--

--that HITS the ghost in the back, dissipating it.

Sam races to Dean, smoothly helps him up, then spins around just in time to see the ghost coming. Dean nods toward the display case, indicating Sam should make an end run--

DEAN

Go.

Dean steps back, luring the Ghost away.

The Ghost lunges for Dean-- who shakes salt into his hand--

But-- oh, fuck, he's OUT OF SALT--

Sandover PINS DEAN TO THE WALL--

Meanwhile, Sam grabs the gloves, fumbles with his lighter-- and LIGHTS THE GLOVES ON FIRE. Tosses them on the ground.

All at once, Sandover RECOILS from Dean. And COMBUSTS IN GHOSTLY FASHION. Gone.

(CONTINUED)

Leaving Sam and Dean standing in the hall, full of broken glass, scattered papers. Both banged up from the fight.

They lock eyes.

SAM

That. Was amazing!

DEAN

Right? Right?!

BLACK OUT.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

45 INT. SANDOVER B&I - DEAN'S OFFICE - NIGHT 45

Aftermath. Dean pops open a FIRST AID KIT. Sam and Dean each tend to their respective scrapes.

*
*

DEAN
I gotta tell you. I've never had so much fun in my life.

SAM
Me neither.

DEAN
Helluva workout, too.

SAM
We should keep doing this.

DEAN
I know!

SAM
I mean it. There gotta be other ghosts out there. We could help a lot of people.

Dean throws Sam a look. Jokey-- not taking it seriously--

DEAN
Right-- just like the Ghostfacers!

SAM
No, really. I mean for real.

sees dean

Beat. Dean looks at Sam, uncomfortable. Sam just looks back, level. Dean tries to laugh it off--

DEAN
Yeah, right. Funny. Like, quit our jobs and hit the road--

can't accept

SAM
Exactly.

Dean sees Sam is serious. So he gets serious too.

DEAN
Okay-- and live... how?

Sam shrugs, not concerned. Which infuriates Dean.

(CONTINUED)

DEAN

Are you kidding me? How are we supposed to get by-- steal credit cards? Eat diner food drenched with saturated fats? Share a crap motel room every night?

SAM

That's all details--

DEAN

Details are everything! You really want to fight ghosts with no health insurance?!

Sam takes a deep breath.

SAM

Okay. Confession.

DEAN

("do I wanna hear this?")
What?

SAM

In those dreams I told you about, with the ghosts?

DEAN

Yeah?

SAM

I was fighting them.

DEAN

Okay...

SAM

With you.

Dean stares at Sam.

SAM

We were these, I dunno, hunters, and we were friends. More than friends-- it felt like we were brothers.

Dean has no fucking idea what to say to that.

SAM

What if that's who we really are? Did you see us back there?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

45

SAM (CONT'D)

Together? That ghost, it was scrambling people's brains-- what if it scrambled ours?

DEAN

That's insane--

SAM

Is it? Think about it just for one second-- what if we think this is our life, but it's not?

DEAN

The ghost is dead. And we're still standing here. Sorry, but--

SAM

(frustrated)

All I know is, this isn't who we're supposed to be.

scared to accept

move behind desk

Dean's heard enough.

DEAN

No. My name is Dean Smith, Director, Sales and Marketing. I went to Stanford. My dad's name is Bob, my mom's name is Ellen, my sister's name is Jo.

SAM

When's the last time you talked to them, any of them?

DEAN

You're upset, you're confused--

SAM

'Cause I only moved here 'cause I broke up with my fiancée Madison. But I called her number and I got a damn animal hospital.

Dean tenses-- not liking Sam pushing this.

DEAN

So what are you saying? My family's not real? We got injected with fake memories? Come on--

*
*
*

(CONTINUED)

45

"It's A Terrible..." Production Draft
CONTINUED: (3)

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45

SAM
(quietly, intent)
All I know is, I got this feeling,
in my gut. And I know, deep down,
you gotta be feeling it too. We're
supposed to be something else.
You're not just some corporate
douche bag. This isn't you.
(beyond frustrated)
I know you, Dean.

*
*

double cuts

Dean looks away.

DEAN
Know me? You don't know me, pal.
(then)
Just go.

Sam's crushed. But he goes.

46

INT. SANDOVER B&I - TECH SUPPORT FLOOR - DAY (DAY 5) 46

SAM'S CUBICLE. Sam fills out some interminable form. When--
His INCREDIBLY ANNOYING PHONE BEEPS.

Without looking up, Sam reaches under his desk, pulls out a
fireplace poker, and calmly BASHES THE SHIT out of the phone
until it's DEAD, DEAD, DEAD.

All around him, faces rise up from behind cubicles.

I quit.

SAM

CALM

*out of
Breath
cally
breath*

He walks away.

*Make moment
In fact
Bsh Bsh Bsh*

47

INT. SANDOVER B&I - DEAN'S OFFICE - DAY 47

Dean's working diligently. Making a genuine effort to
reintegrate into his life. But it's not quite working-- he
rubs his eyes. When--

A KNOCK at the door. Dean looks up as MR. ADLER enters.

MR. ADLER
Got a minute?

DEAN
Sure, sure, of course.

Mr. Adler shuts the door behind him. Sits opposite Dean.

(CONTINUED)

MR. ADLER

How you feeling, Dean?

DEAN

Great.

MR. ADLER

You look a little tired. Been working hard, I gather.

Dean shrugs, smiles politely.

MR. ADLER

Don't be modest, I hear everything. And I'm pleased with what I hear.

(then)

That's why it's important to me you're happy. *

Mr. Adler plucks a piece of blank paper off the pad on Dean's desk. Pulls a statusy PEN from his pocket, scrawls a NUMBER, pushes it across the desk to Dean.

MR. ADLER

How's that for a bonus?

Dean looks at it. His eyes widen ever so slightly.

DEAN

Very generous.

MR. ADLER

Purely selfish. I want to make sure you're not going anywhere.

Dean stares at the slip of paper for another second.

DEAN

Wow. Are you sure?

MR. ADLER

Positive. You are Sandover material, son. Real go-getter. Carving your own way.

DEAN

Well, thank you. I try.

MR. ADLER

I see big things in your future.

ON DEAN. Big, proud smile.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MR. ADLER (CONT'D)
Maybe even-- Senior VP, Eastern
Great Lakes Division.

Take the time

DEAN. Little hitch in that smile.

MR. ADLER
Don't get me wrong, you'll have to
work for it-- seven days a week,
lunch at your desk-- but in eight
to ten short years, that could be
you.

*100
Take time
to make
Dean's*

DEAN. Ambivalent.

*Best
weeks
spring*

DEAN
Thanks a lot, sir...

Dean wrestles with the ambivalence for a moment more. Then--

DEAN
But... I'm giving notice.

*Tricky
about
Sam*

Mr. Adler's totally thrown.

MR. ADLER
This a joke? You're kidding me,
right?

DEAN
I just recently-- very recently--
realized there's some other work I
need to do. It's... it's really
important to me.

MR. ADLER
Other work? Another company?

DEAN
No-- I can't explain it...

Mr. Adler raises a stern eyebrow. Dean struggles to explain.

DEAN
It's just... this... isn't who I'm
supposed to be.

And... Mr. Adler grins. Which weirds Dean out.

DEAN
What?

MR. ADLER
Dean, Dean, Dean. Finally.

Well, that confuses the shit outta Dean. But before he can react, Adler leans over and TOUCHES HIM ON THE FOREHEAD. And, in a FLASH--

DEAN REMEMBERS HIMSELF. He looks around--

DEAN

What the hell am I--

(then)

I'm wearing a tie--

(then)

Oh my GOD I'M HUNGRY!!

MR. ADLER

Welcome back.

*

DEAN

Did I just get touched by-- you're an angel, aren't you.

MR. ADLER

I'm Zachariah.

*

*

DEAN

(makes a face)

Great. Just what I need. Another one of you guys.

*

sets up

Adler smirks to himself.

MR. ADLER

I'm hardly "another one," Dean, I'm Castiel's superior, and believe me, I had no interest in popping down here and into one of--

(indicating his body)

--these smelly things. But after the unfortunate situation with Uriel, I felt it necessary to pay a visit. Get my ducks in a row--

DEAN

Hey, I'm not one'a your ducks--

MR. ADLER

(steelier)

Starting with your attitude.

ON DEAN. Getting it.

DEAN

So all this was some kinda lesson. That what you're telling me?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

"It's A Terrible..."

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CONTINUED: (4)

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DEAN (CONT'D)

(Adler shrugs)

Well, aren't you creative.

(CONTINUED)

MR. ADLER

(deadpan)

You should see my decoupage.

DEAN

Gross. No thank you.

(then)

So... you made me hallucinate all this?

MR. ADLER

Not at all. Real place, real haunting, just plunked you in the middle without the benefit of your memories.

DEAN

(sarcastic)

Just to shake things up? Have fun watching us run around like ass-clowns in monkey suits?

MR. ADLER

To prove to you that the path you're on is truly in your blood.

(then)

You're a hunter. Not because your dad made you. Not because God called you back from Hell. Because it's what you are, and you love it. You'll find your way to it in the dark every single time, and you're miserable without it.

Dean stares at Adler. Taking this in.

MR. ADLER

Dean: let's be real here. You're good at this. You'll succeed. You will stop it.

DEAN

Stop what? The apocalypse? Lucifer? What? Be specific, damn it--

MR. ADLER

You'll do everything you're destined to do. All of it.

Dean looks away. He's not so sure.

(CONTINUED)

MR. ADLER

But I know-- you're not strong enough, you're scared, you got daddy issues, you can't do it. Right?

DEAN

Angel or not, I'm gonna stab you in the face.

Adler grins. Liking Dean's spunk. Dean doesn't smile back.

MR. ADLER

All I'm saying is it's how you look at it. Most folks live and die without moving anything but the dirt it takes to bury them. But you get to change things. Save people. Maybe the world. And all the while you drive a classic car and fornicate with women. This isn't a curse-- it's a gift. So for God's sake, Dean, quit whining about it.

(then)

Look around. There are plenty of worse fates than yours.

Dean glances around his office. No ~~joke~~ He nods.

MR. ADLER

So, you with me? You want to go steam yourself a nice latte? Or are you ready to stand up and be who you really are?

OF DEAN, thinking this angel is actually talking some sense...

BLACKOUT.

TO BE CONTINUED...