

SUPERNATURAL

Episode #511

"Sam, Interrupted"

Written by

Andrew Dabb & Daniel Loflin

Directed by

Jim Conway

EXECUTIVE PRODUCERS

Eric Kripke  
McG  
Robert Singer  
Ben Edlund  
Phil Sgriccia  
Sera Gamble

PRODUCERS

Peter Johnson  
Jim Michaels  
Todd Aronauer  
Jeremy Carver

PRODUCTION DRAFT

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Episode #511

"Sam, Interrupted"

REVISION HISTORY

Revision	Date	Revised Pages
Production Draft - White	10/23/09	Full Script

COPY

CAST LIST

SAM WINCHESTER  
DEAN WINCHESTER

JARED PADALECKI  
JENSEN ACKLES

DR. AARON FULLER  
DR. ERICA CARTWRIGHT  
MARTIN CREASER  
NIGHT NURSE  
NURSE FORMAN  
ORDERLY  
FEMALE PATIENT #1  
FEMALE PATIENT #2  
SUSAN FLETCHER  
TED  
WENDY

MALCOLM STEWART  
MICHELLE HARRISON  
TANJA DIXON-WARREN

KEVIN O'GRADY  
VERONIKA HADRAVA  
CLAIRE LINDSAY

HOLLY HOUGHAM

**Replaced:**

DR. ERICA FLETCHER is now DR. ERICA CARTWRIGHT  
SUSAN BISHOP is now SUSAN FLETCHER  
OTHER PATIENT is now FEMALE PATIENT #1

**Added:**

FEMALE PATIENT #2

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COPY

SUPERNATURAL  
"Sam, Interrupted"

TEASER

FADE IN:

1 EXT. GLENWOOD SPRINGS PSYCHIATRIC HOSPITAL - DAY (DAY 1) 1 \*

It's not your cliché Victorian asylum, more a boxy 70s government building-- but the place is a bit SPOOKY all the same. Desolate and FOREBODING. Maybe a MIST in the air...

**SUPER:** Glenwood Springs Psychiatric Hospital. Ketchum, Oklahoma

2 INT. DR. FULLER'S OFFICE - DAY 2

SUSAN FLETCHER (40s and mousy, with bags under her eyes), nervously picks at a fingernail. \*

DR. AARON FULLER, (50s, glasses, an academic) sits across the desk from her. Kind eyes. Professional eyes.

DR. FULLER

The nurses say you're not taking your medication. You want to tell me why?

Susan doesn't respond. Lost in THOUGHT.

DR. FULLER

Susan?

Susan looks up, jarred back to reality, her voice HOLLOW.

SUSAN

The pills make me sleepy, but I can't-- if I sleep, it'll come.

There's a QUIET DESPERATION in her voice. Dr. Fuller makes a note, his tone even-- CLINICAL.

DR. FULLER

You mean the monster?  
(off Susan's subtle flinch)  
We've talked about this, Susan--

SUSAN

But it killed Annie...

She's trembling-- TERRIFIED. Dr. Fuller's response is GENTLE.

(CONTINUED)

DR. FULLER

Susan, you're schizophrenic. Your mind plays tricks on you. Sometimes you get confused... you see things.

SUSAN

I know what I am.

FRUSTRATED, she looks off to Dr. Fuller's right-- where A YOUNG BOY (7, burnt clothes) stands, staring at her with flat, LIFELESS EYES.

SUSAN

Like I can see my dead son standing right behind you... but he's not real. I know he's not real.

Dr. Fuller glances right-- sees NOTHING. The boy has VANISHED.

SUSAN

But the monster, it is real.

Dr. Fuller stops writing, regarding Susan with GENUINE REGRET.

DR. FULLER

Annie was your roommate, and what happened to her was painful, for all of us.

(then)

Maybe it's easier for you to conjure up a monster, than to face how tragic her suicide really was.

Susan lets out a ragged breath, TEARS welling in her eyes.

SUSAN

It was a monster. I can hear it at night, in the walls.

(then, pleading)

You have to believe me. Please.

CLOSE ON: Dr. Fuller, UNMOVED.

DR. FULLER

But Susan, there's no such thing as monsters.

CLOSE ON: A cluster of FADED PHOTOGRAPHS taped to a wall, each showing the YOUNG BOY we saw earlier-- happy and healthy.

(CONTINUED)

3

SUSAN sits on her bed, forlornly staring at the pictures.

PAK! Susan's room goes DARK. Lights out. She nervously sits back and brings her knees to her chest.

Beat. Then--

HUUH! The sound of a deep, RASPING BREATH fills the air. Susan freezes, realizing--

The sound came from a CEILING VENT.

Susan stands. It's quiet now. She walks over to the ceiling vent. Gazes up at it, terrified.

OVERHEAD ANGLE. Long beat. Silence. She squints, but can't see anything in there. Maybe this really was in her head?

Then... SQUEAKSQUEAKSQUEAK-- a SCREW in the vent slowly begins to TWIST OUT. Something's coming through!

SUSAN  
Oh my God! Help me!

4

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

4

CLOSE ON: The door of room 305. Susan's room. Her SCREAM cuts through the air as we PULL OUT to reveal--

A long corridor lined with LOCKED DOORS, each sporting a small window at about eye-level. Susan's YELL echoes down the hall, and OTHER PATIENTS pick up the call.

PATIENTS (O.S.)  
No, help me! Shut up! Go to Hell!

5

INT. NURSES' STATION - NIGHT

5

Two NIGHT NURSES exchange a LOOK.

NIGHT NURSE  
They're starting early tonight.

6

INT. SUSAN'S ROOM - NIGHT

6

Susan HUDDLES in the corner, TREMBLING. THAK! A SCREW hits the ground in front of her. Susan cranes her neck, as--

Another of the vent's screws begin to SLOWLY TWIST OUT. SQUEAKSQUEAKSQUEAK.

SUSAN  
Hurry! Please!



7      INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT      7

Which blends into the deafening CACOPHONY of screams and wails that fill the corridor. One Night Nurse unlocks room 301, speaking to its occupant.

NIGHT NURSE  
Everything's fine, Eric. Now back  
to bed, please.

At the OTHER END OF THE HALL, the second Night Nurse is just opening room 310. We PAN from her to--

Susan's room-- 305-- right in the CENTER, her cries are growing LOUDER. Desperate and HELPLESS to escape.

8      INT. TED'S ROOM - NIGHT      8

Room 306. Another patient, TED (40s, balding, barefoot). He's at his door peering out across the hall to see--

Susan POUNDING on her window. She LOCKS EYES with Ted.

SUSAN  
It's coming! Help me!

BAM! Susan is RATCHETED STRAIGHT BACK from the window by an UNSEEN FORCE.

We PUSH IN on Ted, and whatever he sees-- it HORRIFIES HIM.

9      INT. SUSAN'S ROOM - NIGHT      9

Silence. The door OPENS, a Nurse steps in-- and goes PALE.

NIGHT NURSE  
Oh, Susan, no.

The Nurse urgently MOVES off camera, leaving the room, her FOOTSTEPS fading--

As we PAN OVER AND PUSH IN on SUSAN who lays still, eyes glassy, WRISTS SLIT. Blood pooling on the floor.

NIGHT NURSE (O.S.)  
Help! Get help!

BLACKOUT.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

10

INT. DR. FULLER'S OFFICE - DAY (DAY 2)

10 \*

Dr. Fuller sits at his desk, examining a FILE.

DR. FULLER

You were referred to me by a Dr.  
Babar in Chicago?

We PAN AROUND to reveal SAM and DEAN WINCHESTER sitting in  
chairs opposite the desk.

DEAN

That's right.

DR. FULLER

(skeptical)  
Isn't there a children's book about  
an elephant named Babar?

DEAN

(tap dancing)  
I don't know. I don't have any  
elephant books.

He clears his throat, trying to get them back on track.

DEAN

Anyway, I think the doc was in over  
his head with--  
(nodding at Sam)  
This one. My brother's kinda...

Dean TWIRLS his index finger around his ear-- the universal  
sign for CUCKOO. Dr. Fuller FROWNS at that--

DR. FULLER

Okay, thank you, that's not really  
necessary...  
(turning to Sam)  
So, why don't you tell me how  
you're feeling, Alex?

Sam shoots Dean a TENSE LOOK. Dean gives him a "go ahead"  
nod. (NOTE: despite the lighter tone of the scene, Sam  
should play it somber and straight; not comical... because he  
really does feel guilty about it.)

SAM

I'm fine. Little depressed, I  
guess.

(CONTINUED)

DR. FULLER  
Do you have any idea why?

SAM  
Well, probably because I started  
the Apocalypse.

Dr. Fuller stops writing and stares-- *is this guy serious?*

DR. FULLER  
The Apocalypse?

SAM  
That's right.

DR. FULLER  
And you think you started it?

SAM  
Yeah, I killed this demon, Lilith,  
and accidentally freed Lucifer from  
Hell.

Dr. Fuller bows his head, WRITING FURIOUSLY.

SAM  
Now he's topside, and we're trying  
to stop him.

Dr. Fuller regards Sam a beat, he sounds SINCERE.

DR. FULLER  
Who is?

SAM  
Me. Him. This one angel.

DR. FULLER  
Like an angel on your shoulder?

SAM  
No, his name's Castiel. He wears a  
trenchcoat.

Dean breaks in.

DEAN  
See what I mean, doc? Kid's been  
beating himself up about this for  
months.  
(beat; matter of fact)  
I mean, the Apocalypse isn't his  
fault.

(CONTINUED)

Dr. Fuller takes a beat, realizing BOTH these guys are nuts.

DR. FULLER

It's not?

DEAN

Naw, there was this other demon,  
Ruby, who got him addicted to Demon  
Blood. Near the end, he was  
practically chugging the stuff.

(then, understanding)

My brother's not evil, he was  
just... high.

(then)

Now fix him up, so we can get back  
to traveling around the country  
hunting monsters.

Dr. Fuller gives a shocked NOD, then leans forward, presses a  
button on his INTERCOM.

DR. FULLER

Erma, cancel my lunch.

11 INT. HALLWAY - DAY 11

Sam and Dean walk down the hallway, following NURSE FORMAN  
(40s, apple-cheeked).

NURSE FORMAN

Dr. Fuller would like to keep you both  
under observation for a few days.

DEAN

Both? Me too?

He's feigning CONFUSION. Nurse Forman shakes her head,  
FEELING for Dean, her tone almost MOTHERLY.

NURSE FORMAN

Yes, sugar. The doctor thinks that  
would be best.

They keep moving. Behind her back, Dean shoots Sam a SMILE--  
everything's going according to PLAN.

12 INT. EXAMINATION ROOM - DAY 12

Dean sits on the table, as Nurse Forman straps on a BLOOD  
PRESSURE CUFF.

(CONTINUED)

12

NURSE FORMAN

I'm just going to give you a little check-up.

DEAN

Look, Nurse Ratched, let's get one thing straight: I've seen Cuckoo's Nest, so don't try any of that soul-crushing, authoritarian crap on me.

Nurse Forman just smiles-- SUPER CHEERFUL.

NURSE FORMAN

Okey-doke!

13

INT. EXAMINATION ROOM - LATER

13

Sam's turn. Nurse Forman has finished taking his blood pressure, she holds his arm, removing the CUFF.

NURSE FORMAN

Alright, go ahead and take down your pants.

SAM

Wait, what for--

SNAP! Nurse Forman slips on a LATEX GLOVE. Sam goes PALE.

14

INT. DAY ROOM - DAY

14

CLOSE ON: Two SLIPPED FEET. We PAN UP, past a pair of flannel pants and a loose fitting t-shirt, before settling on Dean's face. He looks MISERABLE.

The door behind Dean opens and he turns as Sam steps out, wearing an identical outfit.

DEAN

How was your Silkwood shower?

SAM

Okay. Good water pressure.  
(then, uncomfortable)  
Did the nurse--

DEAN

She was very thorough.

The two of them share a SHIVER, as they look out over the large common room, which is dotted with government issue FURNITURE. PATIENTS mill about; playing cards, checkers.

(CONTINUED)

The place is QUIET. Almost EERILY SO. There's no screaming, no crazed inmates, and not a straightjacket in sight. The people here are peaceful, heavily SEDATED, or both.

Dean takes it in, frowning-- this place gives him the CREEPS.

DEAN

How'd I let you talk me into this?

SAM

It's the least we can do. Martin saved Dad's ass more times than we can count. He's a great Hunter.

DEAN

Was. Until Albuquerque.

SAM

(on eggshells)  
Besides. I... just think it's better to stay busy, that's all.

DEAN

(defensive)  
Better than what?

SAM

Nothing.

Dean shoots him a "cut the shit" look-- Sam SIGHS. Showing his cards--

SAM

Okay. Look. Last few weeks-- you been kinda worrying me, okay? Ever since--

DEAN

(sharp)  
Sam. Stop. Maybe we are in a looney bin, doesn't mean you get to head shrink me.

SAM

Dean--

DEAN

Ellen and Jo dying, it was a damn tragedy, okay? But I'm not gonna wallow in it.

\*

(CONTINUED)

SAM

Dude. You always do this. You can't hold this kinda crap inside.

DEAN

Watch me.

Dean scans the room, focusing on MARTIN CREASER (50s, weathered) who sits alone, staring out a window.

DEAN

There he is.

Sam sighs-- lets it go. The boys move to Martin. Sam CLEARS HIS THROAT, Martin FLINCHES and glances up-- then SMILES.

MARTIN

Sam, Dean, wow, you boys got big. You look good.

SAM

You too, Martin.

He's LYING. Martin's a ball of NERVES; twitchy and ANXIOUS.

MARTIN

Thanks for coming. In the old days I coulda done this job with both hands tied behind my back. Now...

His words trail off, Dean shoots Sam a "told you" look.

SAM

What do you think we're hunting?

MARTIN

Dunno yet. Ghost, demon, monster. Animal, vegetable, mineral.

(then)

Hospital's had five deaths in the last four months. Doctors are calling them suicides, but they're wrong.

SAM

You've seen this thing?

Martin shakes his head, Dean PRESSES.

DEAN

Anyone seen this thing?

MARTIN

Couple patients have caught glimpses. Not a lot to go on, though.

DEAN

And they're reliable?

MARTIN

Sure, why wouldn't they be?

Dean glances up, watching as a patient DANCES past them, doing a WALTZ with an invisible partner.

DEAN

Oh, I don't know.

MARTIN

Look, I know you think I'm just a bag of loose screws... and you're not wrong.

(then, determined)

But I wouldn't have called you unless there was something here. I can feel it in my gut, it's... instincts.

Dean glances away, not convinced. Sam steps forward, SINCERE.

SAM

We believe you. Have you checked any of the bodies? Found signs of an attack?

MARTIN

Oh, no, I... I can't go near dead bodies. Not anymore.

His voice TREMBLES-- bad memories. Dean's about to respond, when Dr. Fuller approaches.

DR. FULLER

Alex, Eddie, it's good to see you're making friends.

(then, to Sam)

Why don't you and Mr. Creaser join us for group?

He motions to a nearby door. Sam and Martin head toward it. Dean moves to follow, Dr. Fuller STOPS him.

(CONTINUED)



DR. FULLER  
Actually, we're going to put you in  
the afternoon group.

DEAN  
What? Why?

DR. FULLER  
To be frank, your relationship with  
your brother seems... dangerously  
codependent. I think a little time  
apart will do you both good.

Dean glances up, to see Sam staring back at him. The two  
share a DANGEROUSLY CODEPENDENT LOOK, Dean gives a half-  
hearted WAVE, and we CUT TO--

Sam sits in the RING OF CHAIRS with Martin, Dr. Fuller and a  
few other PATIENTS, including TED (still barefoot).

DR. FULLER  
So, who wants to start us off?

Ted's HAND goes up in a flash. Dr. Fuller sees it and  
IGNORES him, focusing on the rest of the group.

DR. FULLER  
Anyone else?

Nope. Ted makes that teacher's-pet-notice-me GROAN,  
continually waving his hand, dying to be chosen.

Dr. Fuller FORCES A SMILE, turns to Ted.

DR. FULLER  
Alright, Ted. Calm down.

TED  
I am calm. And I'd very calmly  
like to talk about the monster  
that's hunting us.

The patients share a NERVOUS MURMUR. Dr. Fuller frowns.

DR. FULLER  
We're not having this discussion  
again. It's not good for group.

TED  
(getting worked up)  
I agree.

(MORE)

TED (CONT'D)  
You know what else isn't good for  
group? A monster eating all our  
faces off!

DR. FULLER  
Fine, thank you. Would anyone else--

He's trying to MOVE ON, and Sam cocks his head-- why's the  
doctor being so EVASIVE?

TED  
I saw it! When it killed Susan!

FEMALE PATIENT #1 \*  
I did too. It had big lobster  
claws.

Ted wheels on the other patient (FEMALE), FRUSTRATED.

TED  
No it didn't!

FEMALE PATIENT #1 \*  
And it was an alien, like on X-  
Files.

TED  
Stop it! Stop helping me!

Dr. Fuller lets his TEMPER flare just a bit.

DR. FULLER  
That's enough!

The patients go SILENT.

DR. FULLER  
There is no monster.  
(to Ted)  
Now, do you need me to call the  
orderlies, or can you behave?

TED  
(swallowing hard, scared)  
Behave.

He sags back. Sam and Martin trade a look, INTRIGUED.

Dean sits at a table, playing solitary checkers--

DEAN

King me.

ERICA (O.S.)

Eddie?

Dean looks up, to see DR. ERICA CARTWRIGHT (30s, a knockout) standing across from him. She holds a FILE. \*

ERICA

I'm Dr. Erica Cartwright. I've been assigned your case. \*

DEAN

(sizing her up)

So you're my shrink. Lucky me.

ERICA

And you're my...

(reading from the file)

...paranoid schizophrenic with narcissistic personality disorder and religious psychosis. Lucky me.

They share a smile, Erica takes a seat opposite Dean.

ERICA

Can we talk?

DEAN

Maybe. I've actually got a few questions for you.

ERICA

What a coincidence, I've got some for you too.

DEAN

(doing his best Lecter)

Then quid pro quo, Clarice.

ERICA

(rolling her eyes)

Okay, Hannibal. I'll go first: How many hours a night do you sleep?

DEAN

Three or four every couple nights.

(then, to the point)

What can you tell me about the recent suicides here?

(CONTINUED)

Erica frowns, she wasn't expecting that.

ERICA  
They were tragic.

DEAN  
But you haven't noticed anything  
strange lately, like, I dunno,  
black smoke or sulphur?

ERICA  
No. Why? What's that supposed to  
mean?

DEAN  
Demon signs. I hunt demons.  
Monsters. That kind of thing.

He's enjoying being CARDS UP. Erica doesn't bat an eye.

ERICA  
How many drinks do you have a week?

DEAN  
I gotta sleep sometime. So--  
(doing the math)  
Seven days, times eight is--  
(shrugs)  
Somewhere in the mid-50s. Ever  
feel any cold spots? Maybe get a  
chill walking through the hospital?

ERICA  
Not that I can remember. If I had?

DEAN  
Means there's a ghost around.

ERICA  
Okay. When was the last time you  
were in a long term relationship?

DEAN  
Define "long term."

ERICA  
More than two months.

DEAN  
Never. Patients ever report seeing  
anything weird?

ERICA  
In here? All the time.

Dean nods, taking her point.

ERICA  
So, let's talk about your father.

Dean sighs, this is going to be a LONG SESSION.

Dean follows a line of patients being led to their rooms.  
Sam sidles up next to him, clocks how MISERABLE Dean looks.

SAM  
You okay?

DEAN  
I just got thraped. So no, I'm not  
okay. Tell me you found something.

SAM  
A guy claims to have seen the  
creature, we should talk to him.  
Meet back here in an hour?

DEAN  
Fine, the sooner we can take care  
of this, the sooner we can get  
gone. Place gives me the creeps.

He turns away from Sam-- to find himself eye to eye with  
another patient: WENDY (20s, Angelina Jolie-hot).

Before Dean can say a word, Wendy MAULS him, kissing and  
GROPING. A beat, then Wendy PULLS BACK.

WENDY  
Hi. I'm Wendy.

She pats Dean's ass, then moves away. Dean's STUNNED.

DEAN  
Okay, maybe it's not all bad.

SAM  
Dean, you cannot hit that.

Dean shakes his head, trying to find the strength to RESIST.

DEAN  
So torn...

18 INT. HALLWAY - LATER

18

A door opens and Sam steps out, tucking a straightened piece of BEDSPRING into his pocket. Dean's waiting for him.

DEAN

'bout time.

Sam shoots him an ANNOYED LOOK, Dean ignores it.

DEAN

Nurses are out on rounds, we've got fifteen, maybe twenty minutes. Where is this guy?

SAM

Room 306.

19 INT. ANOTHER HALLWAY - LATER

19

Sam and Dean round the corner, passing the EMPTY NURSE'S STATION-- when they suddenly hear-- a FRANTIC SCREAM.

The boys take off, SPRINTING down the corridor-- sliding to a stop in front of room 306.

WHUMP! A sound reverberates from inside. Sam DIGS his pick into the lock, trying to trip it. Dean peers through the window, sees nothing but EMPTY ROOM until--

WHAM! A pair of BARE FEET kick against the glass. TED'S FEET! It's as if someone's HOISTED him up.

DEAN

Get it open, Sam! Now!

Sam SNAPS at Dean, far MORE ANGRY than he should be.

SAM

Back off!

POP! Sam cracks the lock, pulling the door open to reveal--

Ted HANGING from his ceiling, a TORN BEDSHEET wrapped around his NECK, from an overhead PIPE. Dead.

Off Sam and Dean's grim looks--

BLACKOUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

20 OMITTED 20

21 INT. MORGUE - DAY (DAY 3) 21 \*

BLACK. Then the BODY LOCKER door opens, revealing Sam and Dean (still in patient wardrobe). They reach inside---

Pulling out TED'S BODY, a red LIGATURE MARK scars his throat. The boys examine the corpse, looking for anything STRANGE.

Dean lifts Ted's head and Sam clocks a TINY HOLE in the back of his skull, below the hairline.

SAM  
Found something.

DEAN  
What is that?

Sam SHRUGS and takes a LONG WOODEN SWAB from a counter, PUSHING it into the hole-- deeper and DEEPER.

SAM  
This hole goes all the way through to his brain.

DEAN  
Which means?

Sam's eyes drift to a SURGICAL SAW hanging close by.

SAM  
Let's find out.

DEAN  
You serious?

SAM  
You, um, better keep watch...

22 INT. HALLWAY - LATER 22

Dean stands outside the "Morgue," anxiously keeping watch as--

REEE! The high pitched whine of the surgical saw fills the air, slicing through bone. Dean SHIVERS.

23 INT. MORGUE - CONTINUOUS 23

CLOSE ON: Ted, pale, peaceful... and now missing the top of his head. It's been SAWED OFF.

(CONTINUED)





NURSE FORMAN

What are you doing here?

Dean glances to Sam, who's at a LOSS, then takes action--  
DEAN DROPS HIS PANTS, raises both hands over his head and  
GRINS.

DEAN

Pudding!

Nurse Forman lets out a JADED SIGH.

NURSE FORMAN

Alright, come on you two.

She leads them toward the door. Dean shoots Sam a smile.

DEAN

Crazy works!

Sam and Martin SIT in the day room. They're by a wall, and  
Dean STANDS at a corkboard, with several DRAWINGS pinned to  
it-- creative work from the patients. Among the drawings--  
THREE CLOWN PAINTINGS.

DEAN

These original Gacys?

MARTIN

I painted those.

Dean shrugs-- Oookay...

SAM

Back on point, please?

(Dean shrugs)

So whatever this thing is, it  
Slurpee's your brain-- sucks it  
dry.

DEAN

Then makes the death look like a  
suicide. Any ideas?

Sam shrugs, he has no idea. Martin lets out a long, low  
BREATH-- ANXIETY rising.

MARTIN

Yeah. A bad one.

31

INT. DAY ROOM - LATER

31

CLOSE ON: a page filled with scrawled handwriting, and a DRAWING OF A WRAITH, from the neck up-- the thing is GROTESQUE, with sunken eyes, no nose, and ROTTING FLESH.

Sam and Dean stare at a WORN JOURNAL, Martin taps the page. (They're still in their corner, away from prying eyes).

DEAN

What is it?

MARTIN

Bet you a chicken dinner it's what we're up against. A Wraith. They crack open skulls and feed on the juice.

SAM

You tangle with one before?

MARTIN

Never. Never wanted to, neither.

DEAN

How do we kill it?

MARTIN

Silver. You so much as touch a Wraith with the stuff, its skin'll crackle. That's the good news.

(then)

Bad news is they can pass as human. Could be any Peter, Paul or Mary in the joint.

Dean glances around, the room is FULL of people-- SUSPECTS.

DEAN

Fantastic. How do we find it?

MARTIN

Mirror. Lore says a mirror will show you its true form.

DEAN

So we spot check everyone, patients and staff.

SAM

Yeah, okay. But what's it doing in a mental hospital?

(CONTINUED)

DEAN  
(putting it together)  
A nuthouse gives you a captive  
victim pool.

MARTIN  
And no one believes the patients  
when they say they saw a monster.

He shoots Dean a KNOWING LOOK. Dean nods, EMBARRASSED.

MARTIN  
It's the perfect hunting ground.

32 INT. DAY ROOM - LATER

32

Dean leans against a wall watching people pass in the CONVEX  
MIRROR overhead-- checking their REFLECTIONS.

ERICA approaches and leans next to him, casual.

DEAN  
What's up, doc?

ERICA  
You tell me.

DEAN  
Hunting. A Wraith, actually.  
Could be anybody.

ERICA  
So... I could be a monster?

Dean checks her reflection-- she looks NORMAL.

DEAN  
Naw, you're clean.

Erica nods, and the two of them share an UNEASY BEAT, then--

ERICA  
Why you?

DEAN  
Why me what?

ERICA  
Why do you have to hunt monsters?  
Why not let someone else do it?

DEAN  
Can't think of anyone else that dumb.

(CONTINUED)

He says it with a FORCED SMILE, only half kidding.

DEAN

It's my job. Someone's gotta save people's asses, yours included.

ERICA

So is there a quota? How many people do you have to save?

DEAN

All of 'em.

ERICA

(taken aback)

All of them? You think you have to save everyone?

DEAN

Yep. Whole wide world of sports.

ERICA

How?

Dean's face falls a bit, he doesn't want to have this conversation. Erica tries to LIGHTEN the mood.

ERICA

Believe me, whatever you've got, I've heard weirder.

Dean sighs, figures: *Why not?*

DEAN

Because it's the end of the world, the damn Biblical Apocalypse, and if I don't stop it-- save everybody-- then no one will, and we all die.

There's a SAD HONESTY in his voice, Erica shakes her head.

ERICA

That's horrible.

DEAN

Tell me about it.

ERICA

I mean, Apocalypse or no Apocalypse, monsters or no monsters, that's a crushing weight to have on your shoulders.

(CONTINUED)

Dean bows his head, her words hitting home. He does feel buried-- OVERWHELMED.

ERICA

To feel like six billion lives  
depend on you. God...

(sincere)

How do you get up in the morning?

Dean looks at her. Make this a real, MELANCHOLY BEAT. Her words are HITTING HOME.

DEAN

Good question.

Just then... Dr. Fuller PASSES Dean--

DR. FULLER

Hello, Eddie.

DEAN

Doc.

But Dean glances up at the CONVEX MIRROR in time to see a MONSTROUS IMAGE flash across its surface-- a figure with dark eyes, and a twisted, HORRIFIC FACE. It's Dr. Fuller!

Dean reacts, startled. Dr. Fuller is the WRAITH!

Back on the job, he moves away from Erica, peering around the corner to see--

Dr. Fuller exiting through a security door.

Off Dean... jaw clenched...

Sam drops THREE SILVER LETTER OPENERS on a table, then sits, opposite Dean and Martin.

SAM

Had to raid three nurses' stations  
for these. They're silver plated,  
but they should work.

He looks up, to see WENDY approaching; WAVES her off.

DEAN

Keep walking, sweetheart.

Wendy ignores him-- and STRADDLES Sam, shoving her tongue down his THROAT. A beat, then Wendy pulls back.

WENDY

I want him now. He's larger.

Then she stands, gives Sam a peck on the cheek, and moves away. Sam sits FROZEN-- stunned. Dean shoots him a grin.

DEAN

You've done worse.

Sam shakes it off, gets them back on track.

SAM

Fuller's on call tonight, we'll hit him after lights out. All of us.

MARTIN

What? No.

Sam and Dean trade a look, they were expecting this.

DEAN

Martin, we gotta get past the security, the orderlies, then stab the boss man in the throat. It's gonna suck start to finish.

(sincere)

We could use some back up.

MARTIN

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

Martin bows his head, ASHAMED. Sam tries a softer tack.

SAM

We know what happened in Albuquerque.

\*

Martin takes a beat, then looks at Sam and Dean-- SHATTERED.

MARTIN

You don't know half of it. God, I used to be like you. Thought I was invincible.

(darkening)

Then... then I found out I wasn't.

DEAN

Martin. You're still a Hunter.

MARTIN

No. I'm not. I'm useless. Why you think I checked myself into Hotel California?

(MORE)

\*

\*

\*

(CONTINUED)



It's MARTIN! Scared, but THERE. He came to HELP.

MARTIN

No! Look at his arm! The cut's  
not burning!

Sam looks and-- Martin's right. The wound on Dr. Fuller's  
arm is bleeding, but that's it. He didn't react to the  
SILVER. He's not the Wraith!

MARTIN

...it's not him...

Sam lets the man go.

Off Sam, HORRIFIED at what he's just done--

BLACKOUT.

END OF ACT TWO

COPY



ACT THREE

36

INT. SAM'S ROOM - DAY (DAY FOUR)

36 \*

Sam sits on the room's NARROW BED, face slack, head LOLLING back, eyes half open. SEDATED.

KLIK! A noise from the door's lock, then it SWINGS OPEN and DEAN steps in, tucking a make-shift LOCKPICK into his pocket.

Sam doesn't move-- doesn't even blink. Dean eyes him, UNEASY.

DEAN

You okay?

SAM

(slurred)

No... I'm not okay.

(then, brightening)

I'm awesome!

DEAN

Did they give you something?

SAM

They gave me everything. It's spec... spectac... spectaculacular.

He plasters on a GOOFY GRIN, Dean sits.

DEAN

You always were a happy drunk.

Sam's smile FADES. He sits up straight and gathers himself, voice soft.

SAM

The doctor wasn't a Wraith, Dean.

DEAN

I know.

(then, darkening)

I don't understand it. I saw him in the mirror, he wasn't human--

SAM

Or you're seeing things. Maybe you're going crazy.

Dean FLINCHES at that, and turns to Sam-- DEFENSIVE.

(CONTINUED)

DEAN

I'm not crazy.

SAM

Come on, you've been at least half  
crazy for a long time. Since you got  
back from Hell... since before that.

Dean frowns, but Sam presses on, being way more HONEST than  
he'd ever be sober.

SAM

We're in a mental hospital, maybe  
you just... cracked.

(then)

Maybe now you're really, really crazy.

Dean shakes his head, DETERMINED.

DEAN

I made a mistake. That's all. I'm  
gonna find the thing.

Sam reaches out, putting his hands on Dean's shoulder and  
looking deep into his brother's eyes. SLOPPILY SINCERE.

SAM

It's okay. You're my brother, and  
I still love you.

He grins and affectionately HONKS Dean's nose.

SAM

Boop.

Dean moves down the corridor, face set-- a man on a MISSION.  
ERICA falls into step beside him.

ERICA

You missed our session today.

DEAN

Little busy.

ERICA

Still hunting that Wraith?

DEAN

People are dying.

ERICA

People die all the time.

Dean stops and turns to Erica, ANNOYED.

DEAN

Look, lady, how 'bout you let me do my job, and maybe save your life?

ERICA

It's not my life I'm worried about.

DEAN

I'm fine.

ERICA

Come on, even you don't believe that.

The FRANK HONESTY in her voice gives Dean pause-- he's not fine, and he KNOWS IT.

ERICA

All this pressure you're putting on yourself-- all this guilt-- it's killing you.

She locks eyes with Dean, voice tinged with SADNESS.

ERICA

You can't save everybody. You can't.

(turning away, offhanded)

Hell, these day's you can't save anybody, Dean.

Dean DOUBLE-TAKES-- *how does she know his real name?*

DEAN

What did you say?

Erica turns back, matter-of-fact. Truth hurts.

ERICA

The truth, Dean. You got Ellen and Jo killed. You shot Lucifer, but you couldn't gank him. You couldn't stop Sam from killing Lilith and, oh yeah, you broke the First Seal.

(then)

All you do is fail.

Dean's FROZEN, trying to process this.

(CONTINUED)

ERICA

You really thought that you, Dean Winchester, with a G.E.D. and a give 'em Hell attitude, were going to beat the Devil? Please...

(beat)

This world's gonna burn, and there's nothing you can do about it.

DEAN

Who are you?? How do you know that?!

An ORDERLY at the other end of the hall glances up at Dean.

ORDERLY

Hey, settle down.

Dean ignores him, voice RISING. Erica's perfectly CALM.

DEAN

Tell me!

The Orderly moves to Dean--

ORDERLY

I said settle--

DEAN

Get her away from me!

The Orderly takes a CONFUSED BEAT. Then:

ORDERLY

Who?

DEAN

What are you, blind?! Her!

He points at Erica, the Orderly just shakes his head.

ORDERLY

Pal, there's nobody there.

We CUT TO THE ORDERLY'S POV: Dean's standing alone, Erica's nowhere to be seen.

Back to Dean. He looks from the Orderly to Erica and REALIZATION DAWNS: he's the only one who can SEE HER!

ERICA WAS A HALLUCINATION ALL ALONG!

Dean stares at her, in SHOCK. Erica just SMILES.

(CONTINUED)

ERICA

I'm not real, Dean. I'm in your head. Cause you are going crazy.

Then she's GONE-- disappearing into thin air.

Dean STUMBLES AWAY from the ORDERLY--

DEAN

Just leave me alone.

--moving down the hall, when he suddenly sees--

IN A MIRROR. It's TWO WRAITHS, a DOCTOR and a NURSE! Strangely, he's just reading a file she's holding--

Dean WHIPS AROUND-- it's a DOCTOR and NURSE FORMAN, calmly and quietly going about their business.

Dean stumbles back from them, frightened--

Spins, now notices a CONVEX MIRROR in the corner, where TWO MORE WRAITHS PASS. They wear long-sleeve robes.

Dean looks down-- they're simply TWO PATIENTS.

Dean backs against the wall-- shattered. The look on his face says it all: what the fuck?? He really IS going crazy!!

38 OMITTED 38

39 EXT. GLENWOOD SPRINGS PSYCHIATRIC HOSPITAL - NIGHT 39

To establish. The hospital sits under a blanket of stars.

40 INT. SAM'S ROOM - EVENING 40

Sam sits in a chair by the window, bright eyed and alert. SOBERED UP. He turns as the door opens--

And DR. FULLER steps inside, one arm bandaged. He stands near the OPEN DOOR, an orderly visible behind him. TENSE.

DR. FULLER

You asked to see me?

SAM

Yeah. Thanks. Is your arm okay?

DR. FULLER

I'll live.

Sam flushes, EMBARRASSED.

(CONTINUED)

SAM

I wanted to apologize. I feel  
horrible about what I did to you.

Dr. Fuller stares, unmoved. Sam clears his throat, continues.

SAM

I thought you were a monster.

DR. FULLER

I know. The question is, why?

SAM

I was-- it doesn't matter. Because  
after what happened last night, I had  
a... moment of clarity. I realized:  
(perfectly sincere)  
There's no such thing as monsters.

Sam's LYING, but doing it very, very well. Dr. Fuller eyes  
him, not quite sold.

DR. FULLER

I'm glad to hear you say that, but  
honestly? Monsters are the least  
of your problems.

Sam shifts a bit, that's not what he expected to hear.

DR. FULLER

People can learn to live with  
delusions, but the anger I saw in you--  
(darkening)  
You hurt those two men, and you were  
going to kill me. \*

He continues, words hitting Sam like a PUNCH.

DR. FULLER

The look in your eyes when you came  
after me... it was like you were  
barely even human.  
(then)  
Like you were a man possessed.

Sam FLINCHES, that hit a RAW NERVE.

SAM

I know.

And this time he's NOT LYING-- Sam's genuinely WORRIED. Dr.  
Fuller takes a step forward, letting his GUARD DOWN a bit.

(CONTINUED)

SAM

(voice cracking)

I know... just please... give me a second chance.

Dr. Fuller takes a beat, THINKING. He wants to BELIEVE Sam.

DR. FULLER

This isn't a prison. You'll be allowed in the Day Room, under supervision.

SAM

Thank you.

DR. FULLER

But if you have another outburst, I'll transfer you to a facility that's equipped to deal with violent patients.

(darkening)

And believe me, they'll be far, far less forgiving.

Sam nods, he UNDERSTANDS.

INT. DAY ROOM - EVENING

Sam enters the room, SHADOWED by an orderly, and makes a beeline for Dean, who sits alone; head down, fingers DRUMMING nervously.

SAM

Dean?

Dean looks up, TERROR etched across his face.

SAM

What's wrong?

DEAN

It's not the Demon Blood, Sam. It never was.

SAM

What?

DEAN

The problem is you. It was always you. Your lies. Your arrogance.

Sam takes a wary step back-- what the fuck??

DEAN

It's that black spot on your soul--

Sam spins away-- coming face-to-face with FEMALE PATIENT #2. \*

FEMALE PATIENT #2 \*

Now we're all gonna die because of  
you! It's your fault!

Sam jerks back, shakes his head--

A dozen PATIENTS surround Sam-- dark circles under their  
eyes. He's trapped in his own HALLUCINATION.

The patients speak ALL AT ONCE, voices crashing over Sam.

PATIENTS

You killed us all! You pathetic  
freak! You evil sonofabitch!

They CLOSE IN on Sam-- that moment in a ZOMBIE movie where  
you're overwhelmed and surrounded-- NO ROOM TO BREATHE-- it's  
AWFUL and STIFLING--

A LARGE PATIENT SHOVES Sam hard in the chest. Sam doesn't  
want to fight--

WHAM! The man pushes Sam again. Now SOMEONE ELSE SHOVES  
HIM, too! Sam balls up a fist-- TEMPER rising--

WHAM! WHAM! Someone SWINGS at SAM-- CRACKS him on the jaw!

BAM! Sam lashes out, PUNCHING the offender, beating him  
down. More patients move in, and Sam goes on the OFFENSIVE,  
fighting for his life!

A LENS FLARE and we CUT TO THE REAL WORLD:

Sam's not surrounded by patients, but he is LASHING OUT at  
everything and everyone around him in a FIT OF RAGE--  
flipping over tables, wreaking HAVOC.

SAM

LEAVE ME ALONE!! LEAVE ME ALONE!!

TWO ORDERLIES grab Sam, pinning his arms-- dragging him  
KICKING AND SCREAMING out the door.

ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE ROOM

Dean watches-- he never even spoke to Sam, that was all part  
of the hallucination-- anxiously MUMBLING to himself.

(CONTINUED)



DEAN  
What's happening? What's happening?

42 INT. MARTIN'S ROOM - NIGHT 42

MARTIN lays in bed, tossing and turning-- dreaming of ALBUQUERQUE. A sound from the dark room-- FOOTSTEPS.

Martin JERKS AWAKE, letter opener in hand, ready to STRIKE--

DEAN  
Martin! It's me!

Martin lowers the knife. Dean stands over him; sweating, PALE.

MARTIN  
Sorry. You look like Hell, boy.

DEAN  
Feel like it too.

MARTIN  
Where's Sam?

DEAN  
Lockdown. He went crazy. Thank God.

MARTIN  
Huh?

DEAN  
I'm going crazy too; seeing things,  
hearing things. We both are.  
(off Martin's confusion)  
Crazy's the clue.

MARTIN  
What do you mean?

But Dean doesn't answer, STARING OFF INTO SPACE.

MARTIN  
Dean?

He SNAPS his fingers in front of Dean's face, he STARTS.

DEAN  
Oh. Sorry. Crazy's the clue.

MARTIN  
Yeah, you said. Meaning?

DEAN

Look, the things Sam and I have done,  
the stuff we've seen, we're probably  
gonna go guano eventually-- end up a  
couple of drooling nutbags.

(then)

No offense.

MARTIN

None taken.

DEAN

But both of us freaking out on the  
same day? That's gotta be--

MARTIN

The monster.

Dean spins, staring into a DARK CORNER of the room.

DEAN

The monster? Where?!

\*

He reaches for his LETTER OPENER, Martin grabs his hand.

MARTIN

There's nothing there, Dean.

Dean flashes a SELF-CONSCIOUS LOOK, tries to shake it off.

DEAN

Okay. What... what if this thing  
doesn't just feed on the insane?  
What if it makes people insane?

(hedging)

Is that possible? Does it seem real?

MARTIN

I'm not the most reliable source on  
"real", but it makes sense.

Dean nods, and starts to PACE-- putting together a THEORY.

DEAN

Okay. So we got infected. Something  
shot us up with crazy. Something...

(his face falls)

Maybe it was the ghost of my Dad.

Martin takes a beat, realizes Dean's SERIOUS.

MARTIN

Focus on the Wraith, Dean.

(CONTINUED)

DEAN

Wraith. Right. It poisoned us.  
Maybe through touch, or some kind  
of venom, or saliva--

(realization dawning)

Wendy!

MARTIN

Wendy?

DEAN

She slobbered all over Sam and me,  
that's how we got infected!

43 INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

43

Martin moves down the empty corridor, Dean follows, walking  
very DELIBERATELY. Martin notices, arches an eyebrow.

DEAN

I'm only walking on the white tiles.

Dean's about to say more, when-- A MUFFLED CRY echoes down  
the hallway. Dean and Martin hear it and break into a RUN.

44 INT. WENDY'S ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

44

BAM! Dean KICKS open the door to see WENDY pressed face down  
on her bed; writhing, BLOOD pooling on the mattress from her  
SLASHED WRISTS--

And NURSE FORMAN crouched over her! She spins on Dean who  
has gone STILL, eyes locked on a SMALL MIRROR hanging over  
the sink, where he sees--

Nurse Forman's TRUE FORM: Her face ROTTED.

NURSE FORMAN IS THE WRAITH!

CLOSE ON: Dean staring straight ahead, eyes wide. TREMBLING.

DEAN

I... is this real?

Nurse Forman rises, to reveal a BONE SPUR protruding from her  
HAND; it's thick, craggy, and tapers to a NEEDLE POINT--  
which is currently embedded in Wendy's SKULL.

SSSK! Nurse Forman pulls the spur from Wendy's head, and  
LICKS the goo-covered appendage, flashing a SMIRK.

(CONTINUED)

44 "Sam, Interrupted"  
CONTINUED:

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39.  
44

NURSE FORMAN

Oh it is, sugar. Very real.

BLACKOUT.

END OF ACT THREE

COPY

*punch chest  
spin kick/punch  
"wailing"*

*Pivot + hand in defense*

ACT FOUR

45

INT. WENDY'S ROOM - NIGHT

45

**BAM!** The Wraith (bone spur retracted) **CRUNCHES** a fist into Dean's chest, knocking him back against a wall.

MARTIN charges in, **WIELDING** his letter opener--

*Kick  
or  
Punch*

But the Nurse spins to him. Martin takes a hard shot and drops to the floor, **IN PAIN.**

Nurse Forman turns her attention back to Dean, just as he's climbing to his feet. **WAILING** on him. Dean can barely stay conscious, much less fight back.

Seems like he's done for, when--

**SLASH!** Martin has **APPEARED** behind Nurse Forman! She **PIVOTS** as he **LUNGES** with the letter opener. She holds out her hand in **DEFENSE**, he **SLASHES IT!** The wound **SIZZLES**, smoke rising from it.

Nurse Forman backs away, cries out in **AGONY.** She **GLARES** at Martin, then she **BOLTS**, racing out the door. Slamming it **SHUT** behind.

Dean leans against a wall, steadying himself. Dazed. In bad shape. Barely keeping it together.

As Martin limps over to Wendy-- she's stone still-- eyes glassy. It's too late. She's dead.

But then she blinks. Breathes, shallow--

MARTIN

She's still alive!

46

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

46

Nurse Forman races down the hallway, toward two **ORDERLIES.** She's frantic, **WORRIED--** and **CLUTCHING HER BLEEDING HAND--**

NURSE FORMAN

Two patients-- Wendy's room-- they attacked me!

The Orderlies spring into action, running for Wendy's room. Nurse Forman watches them go, a **SMIRK** slowly spreading across her face.

**CLOSE ON:** a few **DROPS** of **BLOOD SPLATTER** onto the floor.

47 INT. WENDY'S ROOM - NIGHT

47

ON DEAN. A BLURRED, CANTED IMAGE. We hear Martin's VOICE.

MARTIN (O.S.)  
Dean? Can you hear me?  
(then, louder)  
Dean!

Dean concentrates, and the world SNAPS BACK INTO FOCUS.

Martin is CINCHING a make-shift bandage around Wendy's lacerated wrist.

MARTIN  
I'll take care of her. You gotta  
kill that thing.

But Dean just shakes his head, TERRIFIED.

DEAN  
I... I can't.

MARTIN  
You got no choice, son--

BANG! The door opens, to reveal the TWO ORDERLIES. The men CHARGE IN--

WHAM! Martin INTERCEPTS them, KICKING SOME ASS-- a GLIMPSE of the old, bad ass Hunter he used to be--

MARTIN  
Go, Dean, I'll hold 'em off!  
(yelling)  
Run!

Dean jerks to action, DODGING past the orderlies and slipping out the door.

48 INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

48

Dean STUMBLES down the corridor. He's WOZZY-- trying to hold on to REALITY. Dean BLINKS, and we see what HE SEES:

The world has gone BLURRY-- distorted--

Dean glances up, and has to SHIELD HIS EYES-- the fluorescent lights overhead GLEAM, blindingly BRIGHT.

Dean looks away, down the hall-- and it's CHANGED, grown IMPOSSIBLY LONG. It seems to GO ON FOREVER.

(CONTINUED)

48

CONTINUED:

48

Dean stops. The CAMERA is WOOLY, all DUTCH ANGLES. Dean has to support himself against the wall. He might pass out. When, he looks at the floor and sees--

A few drops of blood. A TRAIL!

Dean keeps moving-- plunging ahead. DESPERATE.

49

INT. RUBBER ROOM - NIGHT

49

An 8 by 12 cell, its walls and floor covered in thick RUBBER PADDING. Sam lies on a STEEL FRAME BED at the center of the space, his wrists and ankles fastened down with RESTRAINTS.

Sam WRITHES, twisting his body back and forth, trying to WIGGLE FREE--

CREEK! The room's door swings open slowly-- and NURSE FORMAN steps inside. Sam sees her, SNARLS.

SAM

Let me go!

Nurse Forman moves to Sam, CLUCKING her tongue in disapproval.

NURSE FORMAN

You're far too angry to be out there in the real world.

And Sam is ANGRY, unnaturally so. Face red, veins PULSING as he struggles to free himself-- but it's no use.

Nurse Forman moves to him, and Sam clocks her REFLECTION in the CONVEX MIRROR hanging in the corner-- sees her TRUE FORM.

SAM

You!

NURSE FORMAN

Of course it's me.

She flashes a sly smile.

NURSE FORMAN

Gotta say, you Hunters don't exactly live up to your rep. I mean, Martin's a wreck, harmless. And you and your brother-- coming in here, talking tough about killing monsters-- kinda made you easy to spot.

(then)

(MORE)

*Very personal intimate*

*playful*

*what a disappointment - no challenge, what a job.*

*take you down*

*MOCK HIM BAIT HIM*

(CONTINUED)

# ACTION

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49 CONTINUED: 49

*own*  
NURSE FORMAN (CONT'D)  
All it took was a touch, and you were mine.

50 INT. EXAMINATION ROOM - DAY (FLASHBACK, DAY 2) 50 \*

We FLASHBACK to Nurse Forman TOUCHING SAM'S ARM as she checks his blood pressure.

JUMP CUT. She does the same to Dean.

51 INT. RUBBER ROOM - NIGHT 51

Sam STRAINS, too enraged to even speak. The Wraith grins.

*Like wine in a nice restaurant very intimate very friendly*

NURSE FORMAN  
You know. I love it here. This place is my own personal five star restaurant.

The Wraith runs her FINGER across Sam's sweat-stained brow, then POPS it into her mouth. Savoring the TASTE.

*Very intimate (lean in!)*

NURSE FORMAN  
Crazy brains get soaked in adrenaline, dopamine-- all sorts of hormones and chemicals that make them...  
(with relish)  
...delicious. And the crazier they are, the better they taste.

SAM  
You did this to me!

NURSE FORMAN  
Well, I helped, but that rage? That's all you. I don't make crazy, I just crank up what's already there.

*if wasn't, just me!  
RAGE  
Command him!*

(then)  
You build your own Hell, I just give you the Legos. And when you're ripe...

She holds out her hand-- the CRAGGY BONE SPUR EXTENDS--

NURSE FORMAN  
...I make all your problems disappear.

She GRIPS Sam's HEAD, PUSHES IT TO ONE SIDE, and MOVES HER HAND FORWARD, ABOUT TO SHOVE IT INTO the base of his SKULL--

*Direct*

(CONTINUED)



Production Draft 10/23/09 44.  
get bone spur off - pulled into wall

51 "Sam, Interrupted"  
CONTINUED:

51

DEAN (O.S.)  
Get away from him!

DEAN lurches into the room, the SILVER LETTER OPENER clutched tight in one hand.

Nurse Forman turns to him and sighs, ANNOYED. The BONE SPUR RETRACTS into her palm. SHIK!

Choice: Retract bone spur

Condensed  
Sturdy

NURSE FORMAN  
You really think this is gonna end well for you, kiddo?

Sympathize w  
him a bit sorry  
for him

DEAN  
No. But I'm crazy, so I figure what the Hell.

1 He LUNGES at her. Nurse Forman INTERCEPTS, GRABBING HIM. SLAMMING HIM into one of the room's walls.

2 He recovers, just in time to catch a FIST to the face, then another. Dean CRASHES into a wall, silver blade SLIPPING from his hand.

3 BAM! The Wraith is on him, wrapping her left hand around Dean's THROAT, while she raises the right-- the SPUR emerges from her hand. SHIK!

4 Dean GRABS the Wraith's hand, stopping the spur just inches from his forehead.

5 She starts PUSHING her HAND FORWARD. Panicked, Dean tries to force her back, but the Wraith is too STRONG-- it becomes almost like they're FIGHTING OVER A KNIFE--

6 The tip of her spur starts to PRESS AGAINST Dean's forehead-- with a last desperate gasp, Dean REACHES UP FROM BELOW, GRABS the SPUR with his HAND-- and SNAPS IT OFF! CRAK!

7 The monster spasms back, SCREAMING. The BASE of the SPUR spurts viscous GOO-- her blood!

8 Dean doesn't hesitate-- he grabs the SILVER LETTER OPENER. WHAM! Dean BARRELS into the monster, BODY CHECKING it into the wall, then--

9 SHUK! Jams the SILVER LETTER OPENER into the Nurse's CHEST.

The Wraith's eyes roll back into her head, and she lets out an UNHOLY SHRIEK--

Then drops to the floor. DEAD. We cut to--

(CONTINUED)

DEAN'S POV: As he stares at the Wraith's corpse. The BLURRINESS FADES, his vision clearing.

Dean glances to Sam, who has gone still. CALM. The two of them share an uncertain beat, then--

SAM  
You still crazy?

DEAN  
No more than usual.

He UNHOOKS the restraints. Sam sits up, rubbing his wrists.

DEAN  
We gotta get out of here. Now.

He barely has the words out of his mouth before the hospital's ALARM sounds. Sam and Dean exchange an "Oh, fuck" look, and we--

BLACKOUT.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

52 EXT. GLENWOOD SPRINGS PSYCHIATRIC HOSPITAL - NIGHT 52

SIRENS wail as Sam and Dean make their ESCAPE, sprinting from the main building. In a flash, the two of them TAKE OFF, vanishing into the WOODS around the hospital.

53 EXT. DIRT ROAD - NIGHT 53

Sam and Dean emerge from the FOREST, to find the IMPALA parked at the end of a DIRT ROAD. Right where they left it.

DEAN

So, turns out Tom Cruise was right:  
shrinks suck.

Sam doesn't respond, LOST in his own thoughts.

DEAN

Sammy? You okay?

SAM

No. The Wraith...

His voice TRAILS OFF, Dean shoots him a CURIOUS LOOK.

DEAN

What about her?

SAM

She was right.

Dean SHRUGS, trying to play it off.

DEAN

She wasn't right, she's dead. So  
let's hit the road. I could use a  
drink. Or 12.

Sam just shakes his head.

SAM

Most of the time I can hide it,  
but... I am angry.

Dean FROWNS, but Sam continues-- he has to talk about this.

SAM

I'm mad at... everything.  
(distant)  
Used to be mad at you and Dad, then  
Lilith, now it's Lucifer.  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

SAM (CONT'D)

I make excuses-- blame Ruby, the  
Demon Blood... but it's not them,  
it's me. It's inside me.

(pained)

I'm angry all the time, and I don't  
know why--

DEAN

Stop.

He LOCKS eyes with Sam, FED UP.

DEAN

So what if you are? What do you  
wanna do about it? Take a leave of  
absence? Say yes to the Devil?  
What?

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

SAM

No, of course not. I... I don't  
know...

\*  
\*

Dean IGNORES HIM, growing more INTENSE.

DEAN

Exactly. That's why you're gonna  
take all that crap, and you're  
gonna bury it-- forget about it.  
That's how we keep going-- that's  
how we don't end up like Martin--  
(darkening)  
The whole damn world's counting on  
us. We can't crack up, not now.

\*  
\*

He's talking to HIMSELF as much as he is to Sam. Sam has  
gone QUIET, absorbing this.

DEAN

You with me?

Sam gives a WEARY NOD. Dean shoots him a COLD GLARE, angrier  
than he should be.

DEAN

I said are you with me?

Sam sees the hurt-- the NEED in Dean's eyes.

SAM

I'm with you.

DEAN

Good.

(CONTINUED)

He climbs into the car. Sam takes a PREGNANT BEAT, struggling with this new REALIZATION, then does the same.

The Impala kicks up a cloud of DUST, speeding off into the dark, empty night as we--

BLACKOUT.

TO BE CONTINUED...

COPY

SUPERNATURAL

Episode #511

"Sam, Interrupted"

Written by

Andrew Dabb & Daniel Loflin

Directed by

Jim Conway

EXECUTIVE PRODUCERS

Eric Kripke

McG

Robert Singer

Ben Edlund

Phil Sgriccia

Sera Gamble

PRODUCERS

Peter Johnson

Jim Michaels

Todd Aronauer

Jeremy Carver

PRODUCTION DRAFT  
BLUE REVISIONS

10/23/09

10/26/09

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Episode #511

"Sam, Interrupted"

REVISION HISTORY

Revision	Date	Revised Pages
Production Draft - White	10/23/09	Full Script
Blue Revisions	10/26/09	Pgs. 2, 13, 24, 38

COPY

CAST LIST

SAM WINCHESTER  
DEAN WINCHESTER

DR. AARON FULLER  
DR. ERICA CARTWRIGHT  
MARTIN CREASER  
NIGHT NURSE  
NURSE FORMAN  
ORDERLY  
FEMALE PATIENT #1  
FEMALE PATIENT #2  
SUSAN FLETCHER  
TED  
WENDY

JARED PADALECKI  
JENSEN ACKLES

MALCOLM STEWART  
MICHELLE HARRISON  
JON GRIES  
TANJA DIXON-WARREN  
LARA GILCHRIST  
KEVIN O'GRADY  
VERONIKA HADRAVA  
CLAIRE LINDSAY  
GWENDA LORENZETTI  
JUAN RIEDINGER  
HOLLY HOUGHAM

COPY



LOCATION REPORTINT.

INT. DR. FULLER'S OFFICE - DAY	P.1
INT. SUSAN'S ROOM - NIGHT	P.2
INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT	P.3
INT. NURSES' STATION - NIGHT	P.3
INT. SUSAN'S ROOM - NIGHT	P.3
INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT	P.4
INT. TED'S ROOM - NIGHT	P.4
INT. SUSAN'S ROOM - NIGHT	P.4
INT. DR. FULLER'S OFFICE - DAY (DAY 2)	P.5
INT. HALLWAY - DAY	P.7
INT. EXAMINATION ROOM - DAY	P.7
INT. EXAMINATION ROOM - LATER	P.8
INT. DAY ROOM - DAY	P.8
INT. GROUP THERAPY ROOM - LATER	P.12
INT. DAY ROOM - LATER	P.13
INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT	P.16
INT. HALLWAY - LATER	P.17
INT. ANOTHER HALLWAY - LATER	P.17
INT. MORGUE - DAY (DAY 3)	P.18
INT. HALLWAY - LATER	P.18
INT. MORGUE - CONTINUOUS	P.18
INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS	P.19
INT. MORGUE - CONTINUOUS	P.19
INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS	P.19
INT. MORGUE - CONTINUOUS	P.19
INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS	P.19
INT. MORGUE - CONTINUOUS	P.19
INT. DAY ROOM - DAY	P.20
INT. DAY ROOM - LATER	P.21
INT. DAY ROOM - LATER	P.22
INT. DAY ROOM - EVENING	P.24
INT. DR. FULLER'S OFFICE - NIGHT	P.26
INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT	P.26
INT. SAM'S ROOM - DAY (DAY FOUR)	P.28
INT. HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER	P.29
INT. SAM'S ROOM - EVENING	P.32
INT. DAY ROOM - EVENING	P.34
INT. MARTIN'S ROOM - NIGHT	P.36
INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT	P.38
INT. WENDY'S ROOM - MOMENTS LATER	P.38
INT. WENDY'S ROOM - NIGHT	P.40
INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS	P.40
INT. WENDY'S ROOM - NIGHT	P.41

DR. FULLER

Susan, you're schizophrenic. Your mind plays tricks on you. Sometimes you get confused... you see things.

SUSAN

I know what I am.

FRUSTRATED, she looks off to Dr. Fuller's right-- where A YOUNG BOY (7, burnt clothes) stands, staring at her with flat, LIFELESS EYES.

SUSAN

Like I can see my dead son standing right behind you... but he's not real. I know he's not real.

Dr. Fuller glances right-- sees NOTHING. The boy has VANISHED.

SUSAN

But the monster, it is real.

Dr. Fuller stops writing, regarding Susan with GENUINE REGRET.

DR. FULLER

Annie was your roommate, and what happened to her was painful, for all of us.

(then)

Maybe it's easier for you to conjure up a monster, than to face how tragic her suicide really was.

Susan lets out a ragged breath, TEARS welling in her eyes.

SUSAN

I can hear it at night, in the walls. \*

(then, pleading)

You have to believe me. Please.

CLOSE ON: Dr. Fuller, UNMOVED.

DR. FULLER

But Susan, there's no such thing as monsters.

3 INT. SUSAN'S ROOM - NIGHT 3

CLOSE ON: A cluster of FADED PHOTOGRAPHS taped to a wall, each showing the YOUNG BOY we saw earlier-- happy and healthy.

(CONTINUED)

3

CONTINUED:

3

SUSAN sits on her bed, forlornly staring at the pictures.

PAK! Susan's room goes DARK. Lights out. She nervously sits back and brings her knees to her chest.

Beat. Then--

HUUH! The sound of a deep, RASPING BREATH fills the air. Susan freezes, realizing--

The sound came from a CEILING VENT.

Susan stands. It's quiet now. She walks over to the ceiling vent. Gazes up at it, terrified.

OVERHEAD ANGLE. Long beat. Silence. She squints, but can't see anything in there. Maybe this really was in her head?

Then... SQUEAKSQUEAKSQUEAK-- a SCREW in the vent slowly begins to TWIST OUT. Something's coming through!

SUSAN

Oh my God! Help me!

4

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

4

CLOSE ON: The door of room 305. Susan's room. Her SCREAM cuts through the air as we PULL OUT to reveal--

A long corridor lined with LOCKED DOORS, each sporting a small window at about eye-level. Susan's YELL echoes down the hall, and OTHER PATIENTS pick up the call.

PATIENTS (O.S.)

No, help me! Shut up! Go to Hell!

5

INT. NURSES' STATION - NIGHT

5

Two NIGHT NURSES exchange a LOOK.

NIGHT NURSE

They're starting early tonight.

6

INT. SUSAN'S ROOM - NIGHT

6

Susan HUDDLES in the corner, TREMBLING. THAK! A SCREW hits the ground in front of her. Susan cranes her neck, as--

Another of the vent's screws begin to SLOWLY TWIST OUT. SQUEAKSQUEAKSQUEAK.

SUSAN

Hurry! Please!

DR. FULLER

Actually, we're going to put you in the afternoon group.

DEAN

What? Why?

DR. FULLER

To be frank, your relationship with your brother seems... dangerously codependent. I think a little time apart will do you both good.

Dean glances up, to see Sam staring back at him. The two share a DANGEROUSLY CODEPENDENT LOOK, Dean gives a half-hearted WAVE, and we CUT TO--

INT. GROUP THERAPY ROOM - LATER

Sam sits in the RING OF CHAIRS with Martin, Dr. Fuller and a few other PATIENTS, including TED (still barefoot).

DR. FULLER

So, who wants to start us off?

Ted's HAND goes up in a flash. Dr. Fuller sees it and IGNORES him, focusing on the rest of the group.

DR. FULLER

Anyone else?

Nope. Ted makes that teacher's-pet-notice-me GROAN, continually waving his hand, dying to be chosen.

Dr. Fuller FORCES A SMILE, turns to Ted.

DR. FULLER

Alright, Ted. Calm down.

TED

I am calm. And I'd very calmly like to talk about the monster that's hunting us.

The patients share a NERVOUS MURMUR. Dr. Fuller frowns.

DR. FULLER

We're not having this discussion again. It's not good for group.

TED

(getting worked up)

I agree.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

TED (CONT'D)  
You know what else isn't good for  
group? A monster eating all our  
faces off!

DR. FULLER  
Fine, thank you. Would anyone else--

He's trying to MOVE ON, and Sam cocks his head-- why's the  
doctor being so EVASIVE?

TED  
I saw it! When it killed Susan!

FEMALE PATIENT #1  
I did too. It had big lobster  
claws.

Ted wheels on the other patient (FEMALE), FRUSTRATED.

TED  
No it didn't!

FEMALE PATIENT #1  
And it was an alien, like on X-  
Files.

TED  
Stop it! Stop helping!  
(then)  
Listen to me! We're all dead!!

\*  
\*  
\*

Dr. Fuller lets his TEMPER flare just a bit.

DR. FULLER  
That's enough!

The patients go SILENT.

DR. FULLER  
There is no monster.  
(to Ted)  
Now, do you need me to call the  
orderlies, or can you behave?

TED  
(swallowing hard, scared)  
Behave.

He sags back. Sam and Martin trade a look, INTRIGUED.

Dean sits at a table, playing solitary checkers--

Dean bows his head, her words hitting home. He does feel buried-- OVERWHELMED.

ERICA  
To feel like six billion lives  
depend on you. God...  
(sincere)  
How do you get up in the morning?

Dean looks at her. Make this a real, MELANCHOLY BEAT. Her words are HITTING HOME.

DEAN  
Good question.

Just then... Dr. Fuller PASSES Dean--

DR. FULLER  
Hello, Eddie.

DEAN  
Doc.

But Dean glances up at the CONVEX MIRROR in time to see a MONSTROUS IMAGE flash across its surface-- a figure with dark eyes, and a twisted, HORRIFIC FACE. It's Dr. Fuller!

Dean reacts, startled. Dr. Fuller is the WRAITH!

Dr. Fuller exits through a door. \*

Off Dean... jaw clenched...

Sam drops THREE SILVER LETTER OPENERS on a table, then sits, opposite Dean and Martin.

SAM  
Had to raid three nurses' stations  
for these. They're silver plated,  
but they should work.

He looks up, to see WENDY approaching; WAVES her off.

DEAN  
Keep walking, sweetheart.

Wendy ignores him-- and STRADDLES Sam, shoving her tongue down his THROAT. A beat, then Wendy pulls back.

WENDY

I want him now. He's larger.

Then she stands, gives Sam a peck on the cheek, and moves away. Sam sits FROZEN-- stunned. Dean shoots him a grin.

DEAN

You've done worse.

Sam shakes it off, gets them back on track.

SAM

Fuller's on call tonight, we'll hit him after lights out. All of us.

MARTIN

What? No.

Sam and Dean trade a look, they were expecting this.

DEAN

Martin, we gotta get past the security, the orderlies, then stab the boss man in the throat. It's gonna suck start to finish.

(sincere)

We could use some back up.

MARTIN

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

Martin bows his head, ASHAMED. Sam tries a softer tack.

SAM

We know what happened in Albuquerque.

\*

Martin takes a beat, then looks at Sam and Dean-- SHATTERED.

MARTIN

You don't know half of it. God, I used to be like you. Thought I was invincible.

(darkening)

Then... then I found out I wasn't.

DEAN

Martin. You're still a Hunter.

MARTIN

No. I'm not. I'm useless. Why you think I checked myself into Hotel California?

\*

\*

\*

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

DEAN  
Wraith. Right. It poisoned us.  
Maybe through touch, or some kind  
of venom, or saliva--  
(realization dawning)  
Wendy!

MARTIN  
Wendy?

DEAN  
She slobbered all over Sam and me,  
that's how we got infected!

43 INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT 43

Martin moves down the empty corridor, Dean follows, walking very DELIBERATELY. Martin notices, arches an eyebrow.

DEAN  
I, uh... I can't step on a crack... \*

Dean's about to say more, when-- A MUFFLED CRY echoes down the hallway. Dean and Martin hear it and break into a RUN.

44 INT. WENDY'S ROOM - MOMENTS LATER 44

BAM! Dean KICKS open the door to see WENDY pressed face down on her bed; writhing, BLOOD pooling on the mattress from her SLASHED WRISTS--

And NURSE FORMAN crouched over her! She spins on Dean who has gone STILL, eyes locked on a SMALL MIRROR hanging over the sink, where he sees--

Nurse Forman's TRUE FORM: Her face ROTTED.

NURSE FORMAN IS THE WRAITH!

CLOSE ON: Dean staring straight ahead, eyes wide. TREMBLING.

DEAN  
I... is this real?

Nurse Forman rises, to reveal a BONE SPUR protruding from her HAND; it's thick, craggy, and tapers to a NEEDLE POINT-- which is currently embedded in Wendy's SKULL.

SSSK! Nurse Forman pulls the spur from Wendy's head, and LICKS the goo-covered appendage, flashing a SMIRK.

(CONTINUED)



44 "Sam, Interrupted"  
CONTINUED:

Production Draft

10/23/09 39.

44

NURSE FORMAN

Oh it is, sugar. Very real.

BLACKOUT.

END OF ACT THREE

COPY

**“SAM INTERRUPTED”**

**Supernatural – Episode 511**

**ONE LINE SCHEDULE**

**NO EQUIPMENT, CAST OR CREW SHOULD BE BOOKED  
WITHOUT THE PRIOR APPROVAL OF THE PRODUCER OR  
PRODUCTION MANAGER**

Pink: October 26, 2009

COPY

**ONELINE SCHEDULE - PINK**

**SUPERNATURAL**

**EP. 511 - SAM INTERRUPTED**

**DATE: OCT. 26, 2009**

**DAY 1 - TUESDAY, OCTOBER 27, 2009**

**LOCATION: EAST LAWN BUILDING - RIVERVIEW**

15	INT	GLENWOOD HOSPITAL - GROUP THERAPY <i>TED BRINGS UP THE MONSTER</i>	D2	1 4/8 pgs	1, 8, 9, 11, 17
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**CHANGE SETS**

13	INT	GLENWOOD HOSPITAL - EXAM RM. <i>SAM GETS STRIPPED. SEARCHED</i>	D2	1/8 pgs	1, 7
12	INT	GLENWOOD HOSPITAL - EXAM RM. <i>DEAN GETS EXAMINED</i>	D2	4/8 pgs	2, 7
50	INT	GLENWOOD HOSPITAL - EXAM RM. <i>NURSE FORMAN TOUCHING SAM &amp; DEAN</i>	FBD2	1/8 pgs	1, 2, 7

**CHANGE SETS**

14	INT	GLENWOOD HOSPITAL - DAY RM. <i>SAM &amp; DEAN FIND MARTIN</i>	D2	3 7/8 pgs	1, 2, 8, 9
30	INT	GLENWOOD HOSPITAL - DAY RM. <i>MARTIN KNOWS WHAT IT IS</i>	D3	5/8 pgs	1, 2, 8

**End Day # 1 Tuesday, October 27, 2009 -- Total Pages: 6 6/8**

**DAY 2 - WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 28, 2009**

**LOCATION: EAST LAWN BUILDING - RIVERVIEW**

16	INT	GLENWOOD HOSPITAL - DAY RM. <i>DEAN &amp; HIS DOCTOR TRADE QUESTIONS</i>	D2	2 3/8 pgs	2, 13
32	INT	GLENWOOD HOSPITAL - DAY RM. <i>DEAN SEES THE WRAITH</i>	D3	2 2/8 pgs	2, 9, 13, 23
31	INT	GLENWOOD HOSPITAL - DAY RM. <i>SILVER KILLS THE WRAITH</i>	D3	1 3/8 pgs	1, 2, 8
33	INT	GLENWOOD HOSPITAL - DAY RM. <i>THE BOYS GET ARMED. SAM IS KISSED</i>	N3	1 5/8 pgs	1, 2, 8, 12

**CHANGE SETS**

17	INT	GLENWOOD HOSPITAL - HALL <i>DEAN IS ATTACKED BY WENDY</i>	N2	6/8 pgs	1, 2, 12
----	-----	--	----	---------	----------

**End Day # 2 Wednesday, October 28, 2009 -- Total Pages: 8 3/8**

**DAY 3 - THURSDAY, OCTOBER 29, 2009**

**LOCATION: EAST LAWN & NORTH LAWN BUILDINGS - RIVERVIEW**

37	INT GLENWOOD HOSPITAL - HALL <i>ERICA IS NOT REAL</i>	D4	2 7/8 pgs	2, 7, 13, 20, 23
11	INT GLENWOOD HOSPITAL - HALL <i>BOTH BOYS GET COMMITTED</i>	D2	3/8 pgs	1, 2, 7

### CHANGE SETS

41	INT GLENWOOD HOSPITAL - DAY RM. <i>SAM IS HALLUCINATING</i>	N4	1 5/8 pgs	1, 2, 16, 18, 21, 24, 25, 99
----	--	----	-----------	------------------------------

### MOVE OUTSIDE

52	EXT GLENWOOD HOSPITAL <i>SAM &amp; DEAN ESCAPE</i>	N4	1/8 pgs	1, 2, 99
39	EXT GLENWOOD HOSPITAL <i>ESTABLISHING</i>	N4	1/8 pgs	

### B-CAMERA

1	EXT GLENWOOD HOSPITAL <i>ESTABLISHING</i>	D1	1/8 pgs	
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End Day # 3 Thursday, October 29, 2009 -- Total Pages: 5 2/8

DAY 4 - FRIDAY, OCTOBER 30, 2009

LOCATION: THE STUDIO - STAGE 1 & FORESHORE PARK

42	INT GLENWOOD HOSPITAL - MARTIN'S RM. <i>DEAN THINKS WENDY IS THE WRAITH</i>	N4	2 2/8 pgs	2, 8
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### CHANGE SETS

26	INT HALL OUTSIDE MORGUE <i>NURSE FORMAN IS ON HER WAY</i>	D3	1/8 pgs	7
28	INT HALL OUTSIDE MORGUE <i>NURSE FORMAN IS AT THE DOOR</i>	D3	1/8 pgs	7
22	INT HALL OUTSIDE MORGUE <i>DEAN STANDS GUARD</i>	D3	1/8 pgs	2
24	INT HALL OUTSIDE MORGUE <i>DEAN HEARD SOMEONE</i>	D3	1/8 pgs	2
21	INT MORGUE <i>THEY FIND SOMETHING STRANGE</i>	D3	6/8 pgs	1, 2, 11
23	INT MORGUE <i>SAM IS IN TED'S HEAD</i>	D3	2/8 pgs	1, 11
25	INT MORGUE <i>SAM HAS TED'S BRAIN IN HIS HANDS</i>	D3	2/8 pgs	1, 2, 11
27	INT MORGUE <i>SAM KNOCKS A TRAY OVER</i>	D3	1/8 pgs	1, 2, 11
29	INT MORGUE <i>DEAN DROPS HIS PANTS</i>	D3	4/8 pgs	1, 2, 7

### MOVE OUTSIDE

53	EXT DIRT ROAD <i>DEAN KEEPS SAM GOING</i>	N4	2 pgs	1, 2
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End Day # 4 Friday, October 30, 2009 -- Total Pages: 6 5/8

TIME CHANGE - TURN CLOCKS BACK 1 HOUR ON SUNDAY, NOV. 1, 2009

**DAY 5 - MONDAY, NOV. 2, 2009**

**LOCATION: THE STUDIO - STAGE 1**

5	INT	GLENWOOD HOSPITAL - NURSES STATION <i>THEY HEAR THE PATIENTS</i>	N1	1/8 pgs	14, 15
4	INT	GLENWOOD HOSPITAL - HALL <i>EVERYONE SCREAMS</i>	N1	1/8 pgs	10
7	INT	GLENWOOD HOSPITAL - HALL <i>THE NURSES ARE CALMING EVERYONE</i>	N1	3/8 pgs	14, 15

**CHANGE SETS**

3	INT	GLENWOOD HOSPITAL - SUSAN'S RM. <i>THE WALLS HAVE EYES</i>	N1	5/8 pgs	10
6	INT	GLENWOOD HOSPITAL - SUSAN'S RM. <i>SUSAN SCREAMS</i>	N1	2/8 pgs	10
9	INT	GLENWOOD HOSPITAL - SUSAN'S RM. <i>SUSAN IS DEAD</i>	N1	3/8 pgs	10, 14

**CHANGE SETS**

8	INT	GLENWOOD HOSPITAL - TED'S RM. <i>TED SEES SUSAN THROWN BACKWARD</i>	N1	2/8 pgs	10, 11, 99
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**CHANGE SETS**

43	INT	GLENWOOD HOSPITAL - HALL <i>THEY HEAR A SCREAM</i>	N4	1/8 pgs	2, 8
48	INT	GLENWOOD HOSPITAL - HALL <i>DEAN DESPERATLY KEEPS MOVING</i>	N4	3/8 pgs	2, 99

**CHANGE SETS**

19PT1	INT	GLENWOOD HOSPITAL - TED'S RM. <i>POV OF DEAD TED</i>	N2	2/8 pgs	11, 99
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**End Day # 5 Monday, November 2, 2009 -- Total Pages: 2 7/8**

**DAY 6 - TUESDAY, NOV. 3, 2009**

**LOCATION: THE STUDIO - STAGE 2 & 1**

2	INT	DR. FULLER'S OFFICE <i>SUSAN SEES DEAD PEOPLE</i>	D1	1 5/8 pgs	9, 10
10	INT	DR. FULLER'S OFFICE <i>SAM &amp; DEAN TELL THE TRUTH</i>	D2	2 4/8 pgs	1, 2, 9
34	INT	DR. FULLER'S OFFICE <i>SAM &amp; DEAN SPLIT UP</i>	N3	2/8 pgs	1, 2

**CHANGE TO STAGE 1**

18	INT	GLENWOOD HOSPITAL - HALL <i>SAM &amp; DEAN LOOK FOR TED</i>	N2	3/8 pgs	1, 2
36	INT	GLENWOOD HOSPITAL - SAM'S RM. <i>SAM IS DRUGGED</i>	D4	1 5/8 pgs	1, 2
40	INT	GLENWOOD HOSPITAL - SAM'S RM. <i>SAM IS NOT ALLOWED TO LEAVE</i>	N4	1 7/8 pgs	1, 9, 18

**End Day # 6 Tuesday, November 3, 2009 -- Total Pages: 8 2/8**

**DAY 7 - WEDNESDAY, NOV. 4, 2009**

**LOCATION: THE STUDIO - STAGE 1**

35	INT GLENWOOD HOSPITAL - HALL <i>DR. FULLER IS NOT THE WRAITH</i>	N3	7/8 pgs	1, 1S, 8, 9, 9S, 18, 19, 99
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**CHANGE SETS**

44	INT GLENWOOD HOSPITAL - WENDY'S RM. <i>NURSE FORMAN IS THE MONSTER</i>	N4	5/8 pgs	2, 7, 12, (23) 99
45	INT GLENWOOD HOSPITAL - WENDY'S RM. <i>MARTIN CUTS NURSE FORMAN</i>	N4	6/8 pgs	2, 2S, 7, 7S, 8, 8S, 12, (23) 99
47	INT GLENWOOD HOSPITAL - WENDY'S RM. <i>MARTIN TAKES OUT THE ORDERLIES</i>	N4	6/8 pgs	2, 8, 8S, 12, 18, 21, 99

**End Day # 7 Wednesday, November 4, 2009 -- Total Pages: 3**

**DAY 8 - THURSDAY, NOV. 5, 2009**

**LOCATION: THE STUDIO - STAGE 1**

46	INT GLENWOOD HOSPITAL - HALL <i>NURSE FOREMAN ESCAPES</i>	N4	2/8 pgs	7, 18, 21
49	INT RUBBER RM. <i>SAM SEES NURSE FORMAN TRUE FORM</i>	N4	1 pgs	1, 7, (23)
51	INT RUBBER RM. <i>DEAN KILLS THE WRAITH</i>	N4	2 1/8 pgs	1, 2, 2S, 7, 7S, (23) 99

**CHANGE SETS**

19PT2	INT GLENWOOD HOSPITAL - HALL/TED'S <i>TED IS DEAD</i>	N2	2/8 pgs	1, 2, 11, 99
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**End Day # 8 Thursday, November 5, 2009 -- Total Pages: 3 5/8**

**“SAM INTERRUPTED”**

**Supernatural – Episode 511**

**CAST DAY OUT OF DAYS**

**NO EQUIPMENT, CAST OR CREW SHOULD BE BOOKED  
WITHOUT THE PRIOR APPROVAL OF THE PRODUCER OR  
PRODUCTION MANAGER**

Pink: October 26, 2009



Oct. 26, 2009

**SUPERNATURAL - EP. 511 - SAM INTERRUPTED**  
**Day Out of Days - Pink**

Month/Day	10/27	10/28	10/29	10/30	10/31	11/01	11/02	11/03	11/04	11/05	Co.	Travel	Work	Hold	Holiday	Start	Finish
Day of Week	Tue	Wed	Thu	Fri	Sat	Sun	Mon	Tue	Wed	Thu							
Shooting Day	1	2	3	4			5	6	7	8							
1. SAM	SW	W	W	W				W	W	WF			7			10/27	11/05
1S. STUNT SAM									SWF				1			11/04	11/04
2. DEAN	SW	W	W	W			W	W	W	WF			8			10/27	11/05
2S. STUNT DEAN									SW	WF			2			11/04	11/05
7. NURSE FORMAN	SW		W	W					W	WF			3			10/27	11/05
7S. STUNT NURSE FORMAN									SW	WF			2			11/04	11/05
8. MARTIN CREASER	SW	W		W			W		WF				5			10/27	11/04
8S. STUNT MARTIN									SWF				1			11/04	11/04
9. DR. FULLER	SW	W						W	WF				4			10/27	11/04
9S. STUNT DR. FULLER									SW	WF			1			11/04	11/04
10. SUSAN FLETCHER							SW	WF	SWF				2			11/02	11/03
11. TED	SW			W			W			WF			4			10/27	11/05
12. WENDY		SW							WF				2			10/28	11/04
13. DR. ERICA CARTWRIGHT		SW	WF										2			10/28	10/29
14. NIGHT NURSE #1							SWF						1			11/02	11/02
15. NIGHT NURSE #2							SWF						1			11/02	11/02
16. STUNT LARGE PATIENT			SWF										1			10/29	10/29
17. FEMALE PATIENT #1	SWF												1			10/27	10/27
18. STUNT ORDERLY #1			SW					W	W	WF			4			10/29	11/05
19. STUNT ORDERLY #2									SWF				1			11/04	11/04
20. ORDERLY #3			SWF										1			10/29	10/29
21. STUNT ORDERLY #4			SW						W	WF			3			10/29	11/05
23. WRAITH		SW	W						W	WF			4			10/28	11/05
24. STUNT PATIENT			SWF										1			10/29	10/29
25. FEMALE PATIENT #2			SWF										1			10/29	10/29
99. STUNT COORDINATOR			SW				W		W	WF			4			10/29	11/05