

SUPERNATURAL

Episode #514

"Dead Men Don't Wear Plaid"

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A large, stylized handwritten signature in black ink that reads "Jim Beaver". The signature is written in a cursive, flowing style with a large initial "J" and "B".

NETWORK DRAFT

11/19/09

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CAST LIST

SAM WINCHESTER
DEAN WINCHESTER

JARED PADALECKI
JENSEN ACKLES

BOBBY SINGER
BLUE COLLAR MAN
CLAY THOMPSON
DAVEY SUTTON
DIGGER WELLS
JILL THOMPSON
KAREN SINGER
OWEN MILLS *
SEAN MILLS *
SHERIFF JENNY MILLS

JIM BEAVER

* Replaced:

CASEY MILLS is now OWEN MILLS
CHRIS MILLS is now SEAN MILLS

LOCATION REPORTINT.

INT. TRAILER - NIGHT	P.1
INT. DINER - DAY	P.3
INT. BOBBY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY	P.8
INT. IMPALA - NIGHT	P.9
INT. CLAY THOMPSON'S HOUSE - NIGHT	P.11
INT. CLAY THOMPSON'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - MOM. LATER	P.11
INT. SHERIFF'S STATION - JAIL - NIGHT	P.15
INT. BOBBY'S HOUSE - LIBRARY - NIGHT	P.16
INT. BOBBY'S HOUSE - LIBRARY - DAWN	P.18
INT. BOBBY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY	P.24
EXT./INT. SHERIFF HOUSE - DAY	P.26
INT. OLD LADY JONES' HOUSE - CONTINUOUS	P.27
INT. OLD LADY JONES' HOUSE - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS	P.27
INT. BOBBY'S HOUSE - NIGHT	P.30
INT. BOBBY'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS	P.30
INT. IMPALA - NIGHT	P.31
INT. SHERIFF'S HOUSE - CASEY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT	P.32
INT. SHERIFF'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT	P.33
INT. SHERIFF'S HOUSE - CASEY'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS	P.34
INT. SHERIFF'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT	P.34
INT. SHERIFF'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS	P.35
INT. BOBBY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT	P.37
INT. BOBBY'S HOUSE - SAME TIME	P.39
INT. BOBBY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT	P.39
INT. SHERIFF'S STATION - JAIL - NIGHT	P.39
INT. SHERIFF'S STATION - JAIL - LATER THAT NIGHT	P.40
INT. SHERIFF'S STATION - JAIL - LATER THAT NIGHT	P.40
INT. SHERIFF'S STATION - JAIL - SAME TIME	P.41
INT. BOBBY'S HOUSE - NIGHT	P.43
INT. BOBBY'S HOUSE - CLOSET - NIGHT	P.44

EXT.

EXT. GRAVEYARD - NIGHT	P.1
EXT. DINER - DAY	P.3
EXT. GRAVEYARD - NIGHT	P.10
EXT. GRAVEYARD - LATER THAT NIGHT	P.10
EXT. GRAVEYARD - NIGHT	P.10
EXT. CLAY THOMPSON'S HOUSE - NIGHT	P.13
EXT. STREET - NIGHT	P.15

EXT. JUNKYARD - DAY	P.22
EXT. GRAVEYARD - DAY	P.23
EXT. JUNKYARD - DAY	P.23
EXT./INT. SHERIFF HOUSE - DAY	P.26
EXT. OLD LADY JONES' HOUSE - DAY	P.26
EXT. JUNKYARD - NIGHT	P.29
EXT. JUNKYARD - NIGHT	P.34
EXT. SHERIFF'S HOUSE - NIGHT	P.36
EXT. JUNKYARD - NIGHT	P.41
EXT. JUNKYARD - SAME TIME	P.41
EXT. JUNKYARD - WITH DEAN - NIGHT	P.42
EXT. JUNKYARD - WITH BOBBY - NIGHT	P.42
EXT. JUNKYARD - WITH DEAN - SAME TIME	P.42
EXT. JUNKYARD - WITH BOBBY - SAME TIME	P.42
EXT. GRAVEYARD - DAY	P.46
EXT. JUNKYARD - DAY	P.46

SUPERNATURAL
"Dead Men Don't Wear Plaid"

TEASER

FADE IN:

1 EXT. GRAVEYARD - NIGHT 1

An old and creepy graveyard. Small, about 15-20 plots. A STORM RAGES as RAIN lashes against one GRAVESTONE in particular. It reads: "Clay Thompson. Father, Coach, Friend." Suddenly--

A FIST

PUNCHES from the muddy plot, claws desperately for purchase as ANOTHER HAND SHOOTS OUT and slowly, horribly, a MUDDIED FIGURE pulls itself from the grave...

2 INT. TRAILER - NIGHT 2

DAVEY SUTTON - 30s, slovenly - kicks back in the BARCALOUNGER in front of the TV while RAINDROPS drum against his single-wide. Davey's decorating tastes run to TACKY POSTERS and HUNTING GEAR, most notably an OCCUPIED GUN RACK on one wall. Davey chuckles at the TV... then suddenly presses MUTE on the REMOTE. He cocks his head at something SCRATCHING against the front door.

Davey rises, wary, steps quietly to the door... and listens.

SCRATCHHH... SCRATCHHH...

He takes the doorknob, opens the door slowly, REVEALING--

WIND AND RAIN

Davey squints into the darkness, see nothing, shuts the door. Somehow unsettled. Heads back to his chair, sits, picks up the remote, watches TV for another pregnant pause until--

BANG! THE DOOR FLIES OPEN!

Davey jumps! The wind-blown DOOR SLAPS against the wall.

DAVEY SUTTON
(quietly; spooked)
What the hell...?

He stands again, moves tentatively for the door, reaches for the doorknob... then closes the DOOR. This time, locks it.

(CONTINUED)

Twists the doorknob to make sure. Satisfied, he turns...
comes face-to-face with--

THE MUDDY FIGURE

--from the graveyard! An OPEN WINDOW behind it, CURTAINS
BLOWING IN THE WIND!

Davey backs up, terrified-- whoever that is under the layers
of slime-- Davey seems to recognize him!

DAVEY SUTTON

No!

The Figure advances, Davey backs against the wall... as the
Figure keeps coming...

CLOSE ON - DAVEY'S HAND

Feeling a SHOTGUN propped up against the GUN RACK!

Davey frantically whips the shotgun 'round, the Figure
freezes as Davey squeezes the trigger and... CLICK! The
chamber's empty!

DAVEY SUTTON

(a terrified whisper)

No... please... God...

The Figure reaches for Davey's neck and DAVEY SCREAMS...
which soon becomes a FRANTIC GURGLE as WE PAN AWAY to a
CHEESY POSTER OF MULTIPLE SPORTS CARS: PORSCHE, LAMBORGHINI,
FERRARI, ETC., with the slogan: "He Who Dies With The Most
Toys... Wins!" as we--

BLACKOUT!

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

3 EXT. DINER - DAY

3

Super: Sioux Falls, South Dakota. Sam and Dean, in JACKETS and TIES, exit the Impala. Sam speaks into his CELLPHONE, leaves a message for Bobby.

SAM

Look, Bobby, when you get this message, call. Okay?

Sam disconnects.

DEAN

He's still not home? How far can he get in that chair?

Sam shoots him a look. Dean shrugs-- *what?* Then--

SAM

So? What do we do?

Dean shoots a look at the diner.

DEAN

Guess we just do it.

They head inside.

4 INT. DINER - DAY

4

Sam and Dean sit in a booth across from DIGGER WELLS - 30s, an ornery boozehound.

DEAN

Mr. Wells, why don't you tell us what you saw, in your own words.

DIGGER WELLS

Call me Digger.

DEAN

Digger, huh? Who came up with that?

DIGGER WELLS

I did.

DEAN

(a beat, offended)
You gave yourself your own nickname? You can't do that.

(CONTINUED)

DIGGER WELLS

Who died and made you Queen?

Sam shoots Dean a look-- *finished?* Dean shrugs, backs off.

SAM

What is it you saw, "Digger"?

DIGGER WELLS

Yeah. Anyway. Right there in the trailer park, it was raining, I saw Clay Thompson climb into Davey's Sutton's trailer. Through the window. Two minutes later Clay walked out. And Davey was dead.

Dean slides a PHOTO OF CLAY THOMPSON across the table.

DEAN

This the man you saw?

DIGGER WELLS

He was covered in mud, but yeah. That's Clay.

SAM

And you're aware Clay Thompson died five years ago?

DIGGER WELLS

Yep.

DEAN

And you're positive this was him.

Digger sits back, doesn't like the way this is going.

DIGGER WELLS

You calling me a liar?

SAM

Of course not. Look. Can you think of any reason Clay Thompson-- dead or alive-- would want to kill Davey Sutton?

Digger smiles broadly. Thrilled to be taken seriously for once.

DIGGER WELLS

Hell, yes...
(leans in, low)
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

DIGGER WELLS (CONT'D)

Five years ago, Davey's the one who
killed Clay, in the first place...

Sam and Dean exchange looks-- *that's interesting.*

DEAN

That a fact?

DIGGER WELLS

So-called--

(air-quotes)

"Hunting accident."

(then)

You ask me, Clay came back from the
grave looking for some payback.

The boys take that in-- *sounds plausible.*

DEAN

Go on.

ANGLE ON - THE DINER DOOR

SHERIFF JENNY MILLS - 30s, no-nonsense - enters. She speaks
into her CELLPHONE, gently pleading with her child.

SHERIFF MILLS

(into phone)

Owen... honey... listen to me. Put
down the cupcake, pick up an apple.
Okay? Okay, love you.

*

Sheriff Mills smiles to herself... then sees Digger talking
to Dean and Sam. She cocks her head, curious.

ANGLE ON - SAM, DEAN AND DIGGER

Digger spots Sheriff Mills walking for their table. Rolls
his eyes.

DIGGER WELLS

Heads-up. Fargo.

Sam and Dean turn to see the Sheriff approach.

SHERIFF MILLS

Digger.

DIGGER WELLS

Sheriff.

(CONTINUED)

SHERIFF MILLS
(to Sam and Dean)
Hi. I'm Sheriff Jenny Mills.
Don't believe I've had the
pleasure.

Sam and Dean pull out FBI BADGES.

DEAN
Sheriff, I'm Agent Dorfman, this is
Neidermeyer, FBI.

SHERIFF MILLS
Welcome to Sioux Falls, gentlemen.
Mind me asking what you're doing
with Digger here?

DIGGER WELLS
(smug)
Doin' their job. They believe me,
Sheriff.

The Sheriff takes that in with a bemused smile-- *really?*

SHERIFF MILLS
(to Sam and Dean)
So, the FBI believes a dead man
committed this murder?

SAM
Hey, we're just asking questions,
Sheriff.

DEAN
But-- if a dead man didn't kill
Sutton, who did?

Sheriff Mills bristles at the challenge.

SHERIFF MILLS
I'm sorry, what did you say your
jurisdiction here was again?

DEAN
Our "jurisdiction" is wherever the
United States government sends us.

SHERIFF MILLS
Uh huh. How 'bout me and your
supervisor have a quick chat about
that.

Sam withdraws a BUSINESS CARD from his pocket. Hands it to her.

SAM
Absolutely.

Sheriff Mills dials the number on the card. Waits. Sam and Dean sit there, wondering if they're busted. A MALE VOICE sounds over SHERIFF MILLS' CELLPHONE.

MALE VOICE (V.O.)
Agent Willis speaking.

SHERIFF MILLS
Agent Willis, this is Sheriff Jenny Mills--
(she catches herself,
realizes)
Bobby?

MALE VOICE (V.O.)
Excuse me?

SHERIFF MILLS
Is this Bobby Singer?

Sam and Dean sink a bit lower in their seats-- *uh oh...*

MALE VOICE (V.O.)
(aggressive)
Now you listen whoever you are,
this is Agent Tom Willis of the FBI-

SHERIFF MILLS
--Bullcrap.

She disconnects. Glares at Sam and Dean.

SHERIFF MILLS
FBI, huh?

Sam tries to put the best face on it.

SAM
(busted)
So... you know Bobby Singer?

DEAN
That's... a fun coincidence.

SHERIFF MILLS
Here's what I know about Bobby Singer.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

SHERIFF MILLS (CONT'D)

He's a menace around here, ass-full
of mail fraud and DUIs. You
understanding me?

DEAN

I... think we can agree you've been
pretty specific. Sure.

SHERIFF MILLS

So, whatever the three of you are
up to, it ends here. Now. Ten-
four on that, "agents"?

Sam and Dean shrug. 10-4.

5 INT. BOBBY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY 5

Bobby leads the boys into the Living Room (we don't focus on
it, but the room's tidier than usual). Bobby's looking more
reasonably groomed than we've seen him in a while: no hat,
trimmed beard, nicer shirt.

DEAN

You know how many times we called?
Where you been?

BOBBY

(dry)
Playing murderball.

DEAN

And you smell different. Like
soap. What the hell's going on?

BOBBY

What are you, my mother? Bite me.

SAM

Bobby, it's just, there's a case
less than five miles from your
house...

BOBBY

(a beat, groans)
What? The Davey Sutton thing?
That's what this is about?

DEAN

You know about this?

BOBBY

Hell, yes. I checked it out
already. There's nothing here.

(CONTINUED)

SAM
Except a witness who saw a dead guy
commit murder.

BOBBY
What "witness"? Digger Wells?

DEAN
So?

BOBBY
So, he's a drunk.

SAM
What about those lightning storms?
They look like omens.

BOBBY
Except in February, in South
Dakota, in storm season. Guys, I
know, I thought it was something,
too, but sometimes... a cigar's
just a cigar.

SAM
So who killed the guy?

BOBBY
Take your pick. Davey Sutton was a
Grade-A sonofabitch. There's a
list of the living a year long
wouldn't mind putting a cap in his
ass.

DEAN
(after a beat)
So, you're telling us-- nothing?

BOBBY
Sorry. Looks like you wasted a
tank of gas on this one.

Off the boys, frustrated.

6 INT. IMPALA - NIGHT 6

The boys drive past the local GRAVEYARD - it's small, 15-20
plots. Dean pulls over. Looks back to check it out.

SAM
What's up?

(CONTINUED)

DEAN
Isn't that the graveyard?

SAM
So? Bobby checked it out.

DEAN
And? Bobby's never wrong? Come
on. We take a peek, we hit the
road. Can't hurt.

Sam shrugs. Dean makes a U-turn.

7 EXT. GRAVEYARD - NIGHT 7

Sam and Dean, with FLASHLIGHTS and SHOVELS, find Clay
Thompson's GRAVE-- there's no grass, only tamped down soil,
like somebody was trying to cover up a recent disturbance.

DEAN
That look fresh to you? *

SAM
Yeah, actually. *

DEAN
Huh. *

Dean shrugs, digs a spade into dirt...

DISSOLVE TO:

8 EXT. GRAVEYARD - LATER THAT NIGHT 8

Sam and Dean stand in the dug out grave, Sam's shovel hits
paydirt. A COFFIN. They pry it open to reveal--

IT'S EMPTY.

The boys share a quizzical look.

DEAN
Huh.

9 EXT. GRAVEYARD - NIGHT 9

Sam and Dean throw the shovels in the trunk of the Impala.

SAM
What's going on here?

DEAN
I dunno. But something stinks.

(CONTINUED)

"Dead Men Don't Wear Plaid" Network Draft 11/19/09 11.
CONTINUED: 9

Dean slams the trunk shut. As they get in the car, WE CRANE UP over the cemetery... TO REVEAL what the boys haven't seen:
10-15 MORE DISTURBED GRAVES...

10 INT. CLAY THOMPSON'S HOUSE - NIGHT 10

Sam and Dean break in by picking the lock. They carry SALT SHELL SHOTGUNS and FLASHLIGHTS. As they move through the house, they pass FAMILY PHOTOS of CLAY THOMPSON, HIS WIFE, HIS KIDS. A happy family.

AN UNKNOWN POV -

Moves silently down a stairwell as Sam and Dean pass into another room...

11 INT. CLAY THOMPSON'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER 11

The UNKNOWN POV moves through the dark room... as a FLASHLIGHT BEAM appears in the far doorway... and the Unknown POV rushes to get in position by the door just as--

DEAN ENTERS. Turns... just as the Unknown POV - a MAN - swings a BASEBALL BAT at his head! Dean ducks as the bat cracks plaster, punches the attacker in the stomach, throws him to the floor!

Sam rushes up, he and Dean train flashlights and shotguns on the man, who turns out to be--

CLAY THOMPSON

Who hunches on the floor, terrified! Clay looks exactly as he does in the photos we've seen-- save for the fact that his skin is unnaturally pale (which will be the signature look of our undead this episode).

CLAY THOMPSON
Don't shoot me! Please! There's money in the safe!

Sam and Dean share a look-- *huh?*

DEAN
We don't want your money.

CLAY THOMPSON
What do you want? Anything.
Please...

Sam and Dean share another look-- who, or... what, is this guy?

(CONTINUED)

SAM

You're Clay Thompson, right?

Clay climbs to his feet. Keeps his hands up.

CLAY THOMPSON

Who are you?

SAM

(unsure how to respond)

Um. FBI?

CLAY THOMPSON

FBI?

(then, realizing)

Oh my God. This is about Davey.

DEAN

What about Davey?

CLAY THOMPSON

(a beat, defensive)

He killed me! Shot me in the back!
I'm supposed to let him get away
with that?

Dean is completely confused now.

DEAN

Hold up. You're confessing?

Clay's desperate-- how to explain he's a dead man returned
from the grave? He can't, that's how.

CLAY THOMPSON

(despondent)

Please. I'll go with you. Just
don't wake my kids.

SAM

Go with us where?

CLAY THOMPSON

(isn't it obvious?)

Jail.

Sam and Dean shoot each other looks.

DEAN

Let me get this straight. Your
name's Clay Thompson and you died
five years ago?

(CONTINUED)

11

CLAY THOMPSON

Yes.

DEAN

And three days ago you climbed out
of your grave and killed Davey
Sutton?

CLAY THOMPSON

Yes.

DEAN

So you are, in fact, a dead guy.

CLAY THOMPSON

I guess. I don't know what I am.

SAM

But you died and now you're back.
Care to explain?

CLAY THOMPSON

I can't.

JILL THOMPSON

Clay? I called 9-1-1.

Clay's wife, JILL, 30s, stands there in a bathrobe. Scared.

CLAY THOMPSON

It's okay, honey. These men are
the FBI. They're here about Davey.

JILL THOMPSON

(hand to her mouth)
Oh, God.

Clay gives her a reassuring smile-- *be brave*. Sam and Dean
share another look-- if they are gonna kill this guy...
they're sure as hell not gonna do it in front of his wife.

DEAN

Why don't you come with us Mr.
Thompson? That'd be best.

Clay nods. Shares a look with his wife, her eyes brimming.
Whatever this is... there's definitely real love there.

12

EXT. CLAY THOMPSON'S HOUSE - NIGHT

12

Sam and Dean walk some steps behind Clay. Dean quietly pulls
out his PISTOL. Sam shoots him a look-- no. They argue-
whisper:

(CONTINUED)

DEAN
Guy's a monster!

SAM
He's a Soccer Dad!

DEAN
What do you want to do with him? *

SHERIFF MILLS (O.C.)
FREEZE!

SPOTLIGHTS suddenly FALL ON Sam, Dean and Clay! Sheriff Mills stands there with TWO DEPUTIES, guns drawn. Dean, Sam and Clay raise their arms.

SHERIFF MILLS
Drop the guns!

Dean drops his gun to the ground. So does Sam. Sheriff Mills approaches slowly, never taking hers off the boys.

DEAN
Remember the guy you said was dead and couldn't possibly commit murder? He's right there!

SHERIFF MILLS
(not impressed)
And?

DEAN
And you're welcome? For catching an undead zombie killer?

As Sheriff Mills pulls Dean's arms behind his back to cuff 'em.

SHERIFF MILLS
Whatever he is or isn't-- that don't give you the right to shoot him in the street.

Clay turns to the boys, stunned.

CLAY THOMPSON
Shoot me?

SHERIFF MILLS
Mr. Thompson, you're free to go.

DEAN
Free to go!?

(CONTINUED)

Clay-- upset, betrayed-- meets Dean's eye.

CLAY THOMPSON
I can't believe you were gonna kill
me!

DEAN
You're a zombie!

CLAY THOMPSON
I'm a taxpayer!

Off the boys, bewildered, as the Sheriff and her Deputies
continue to cuff them...

13 INT. SHERIFF'S STATION - JAIL - NIGHT 13

Think Barney Miller: a few desks, two CELLS in the rear. Sam
and Dean cool their jets in a cell.

DEAN
So, what? The Sheriff's on the
take?

SAM
(a look)
Yeah, no... the zombies are paying
her off.

Then, seeing something O.S., Sam nudges Dean.

SAM
Hey.

They see at the other end of the office--

BOBBY

Wheels in. Stops at the Sheriff's desk. They quietly talk.

DEAN
What? Now they're friends?

Sam shrugs, as Bobby and Sheriff Mills look their way...

14 EXT. STREET - NIGHT 14

Dean and Bobby exit the Sheriff's Station (O.S., if need be).
Bobby waits for them.

SAM
Thought the Sheriff hated you?

(CONTINUED)

BOBBY
She did. Till five days ago.

DEAN
What happened five days ago?

BOBBY
The dead started rising all over town.

SAM
You knew about this?

BOBBY
Yep.

DEAN
I think what Sam meant to say was-- you lied to us?

BOBBY
I told you there was nothing here. And there isn't. Not for you.

DEAN
There's zombies here!

BOBBY
There's zombies and then there's zombies.

The boys just stare at him, uncomprehending. Bobby sighs. Resigned.

BOBBY
Come with me.

Off Sam and Dean-- what the hell is Bobby talking about...?

INT. BOBBY'S HOUSE - LIBRARY - NIGHT

Bobby wheels into the Library. Sam and Dean follow.

DEAN
You wanna tell us what the hell is--

Dean and Sam stop short. A WOMAN arranges DINNER PLATES on a GINGHAM TABLE CLOTH... atop what is normally the table piled high with dusty books. She is young, attractive... and deathly pale-- just like Clay Thompson. This is KAREN SINGER - 20s. Sam and Dean stare at her, gob-smacked, as she smiles at them.

KAREN

(to Bobby)

Oh. Hey. I didn't realize you
were bringing company.

BOBBY

Babe. It's 4am. You didn't have
to cook.

KAREN

Please. I'll put out some more
plates.

She exits to the kitchen.

DEAN

Who was that?

BOBBY

Karen. My wife.

Sam and Dean share a look. *Huh?*

DEAN

Your... hot new trophy wife?

Bobby fixes him with a look.

BOBBY

My dead wife.

Off Sam and Dean, pole-axed, we--

BLACKOUT!

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

16 INT. BOBBY'S HOUSE - LIBRARY - DAWN

16

Sam, Dean and Bobby sit around the table Karen has so lovingly set. It's downright domestic. Karen serves a piece of PIE onto Sam's plate as Dean happily digs into the HUGE SLICE of PIE already on his.

DEAN
(Eddie Haskell)
This is incredible, Mrs. Singer!

KAREN
Thank you, Dean.

Sam gives Dean a look-- *are you serious?*

DEAN
What? It is.

Karen serves Bobby now.

BOBBY
It's great, Karen. Thanks. Could you just give us a minute?

She squeezes Bobby's shoulder, a look passes between them. She exits. Dean smiles and smiles... until he sees Karen's out of earshot. The smile disappears. He hisses at Bobby.

DEAN
Are you crazy? What the hell!

BOBBY
Dean... I can explain.

DEAN
Explain what? Lying to us? Or the American Girl zombie making cupcakes in your kitchen!

BOBBY
First of all, she's my wife. So watch it.

SAM
Bobby, whatever that is in there, it's not your wife.

BOBBY
And how do you know that?

(CONTINUED)

SAM
Are you serious?

BOBBY
You think I'm an idiot, boy? My
dead wife shows up on my doorstep,
I'm not gonna test her every way I
ever learned?

DEAN
So what is this? Zombies?
Revenants?

BOBBY
Hell if I can tell. She's got no
scars, no wounds, no reaction to
silver, salt, holy water...

DEAN
(come on)
Bobby. She crawled out of her
coffin.

BOBBY
No. She didn't. I cremated her.
And some how, some way... she's
back.

SAM
That's impossible.

BOBBY
Tell me about it.

SAM
You bury her ashes?

BOBBY
Yeah.

DEAN
Where?

BOBBY
Church graveyard.
(beat)
They all rose from there.

DEAN
How many?

BOBBY
Fifteen. Twenty. There's Karen.
Clay. Sheriff Mills... her little
boy came back.

The boys trade looks. That explains the Sheriff.

SAM
And there were no signs? No omens?

BOBBY
Well... there were the lightning
storms.

DEAN
That's what we said! Anything
else?

BOBBY
Saw a white Dodge Charger in town
'bout six days ago.

DEAN
(sinking feeling)
That mean what I think it means?

Bobby wheels over to a pile of DUSTY OLD BOOKS. Flips to a
bookmarked page and reads:

BOBBY
(reading)
"And through the fire stood before
me a pale horse and he that sat
atop him carried a scythe, and I
knew since he had risen, they too
shall rise, from him and through
him."

DEAN
It's Death, isn't it?

SAM
Death Death? Grim Reaper Death?

BOBBY
Yeah.

DEAN
(dry)
Awesome. Another Horseman. Must
be Thursday.

SAM
You okay?

DEAN
(wanting past it)
I'm just tired.

SAM
(to Bobby)
Why would Death raise fifteen
people in a podunk town like Sioux
Falls?

BOBBY
I dunno.

DEAN
Look. Bobby. If Death did this,
whatever these things are, it can't
be good. You know what we're gonna
have to do here.

Bobby knows this was coming. He takes a moment to respond.

BOBBY
She doesn't remember anything, you
know.

DEAN
What do you mean?

BOBBY
Being possessed, me killin' her,
her coming back...

DEAN
Bobby...

BOBBY
Don't "Bobby" me. Just, listen,
okay?

The boys back off, go quiet for a moment. They can hear
KAREN HUMMING in the kitchen.

BOBBY
She hums when she cooks.

DEAN
(after a beat)
Yeah...?

(CONTINUED)

BOBBY

She always used to hum when she cooked. Tone deaf as all hell.

(then)

And I never thought I'd hear it again...

(growing more desperate)

Look, just-- read Revelation. The dead rise during the Apocalypse. Nowhere in there does it say that's bad. Hell, maybe it's the one good thing that comes outta this bloody mess!

*
*

Sam and Dean don't know how to react to that. They want to give him the benefit of the doubt, but...

DEAN

What would you do if you were us?

Bobby stares back at them, pleading--

BOBBY

I know what I'd do, and I know what you guys think you gotta do... but I'm begging you. Please. Please. Leave her be.

The boys take that in. Feeling for him. Conflicted.

EXT. JUNKYARD - DAY

Sam and Dean stand near the Impala.

SAM

What do you think?

DEAN

Nothing to think about. We're not leaving Bobby here alone with Bride of Frankenstein.

SAM

What if he was right?

DEAN

(skeptical)
About what?

SAM

Bobby and Karen, Clay and his wife. These people seem normal for the most part.

(CONTINUED)

DEAN
You can't possibly believe that.

SAM
Twelve hours ago I wouldn't have believed a zombie could make pie. I'm just saying, what if we rip these people from their families... and we're wrong?

DEAN
When in the history of anything has something like this ever, ever turned out to be good?

SAM
(a beat)
Never. It's just--
(he's got nothin')

DEAN
Exactly. Because good things don't happen. Ever.

SAM
So what do you wanna do? Just walk in there in front of Bobby and blow her skull off?

Well... put it that way-- *not really*.

DEAN
No. But if she does decide Bobby's face is the Blue Plate Special, I want to be here.

SAM
Fine. I'll see what I can find out in town.

And the plan is made.

18 EXT. GRAVEYARD - DAY 18

Sam comes across a disturbed grave. He writes down the name on the gravestone. He looks up... spies another gravestone a few yards away...

19 EXT. JUNKYARD - DAY 19

Dean leans against the Impala, basically staking out Bobby's house.

(CONTINUED)

19

CLOSE ON - DEAN

As he blows into his cold hands. He turns--

KAREN stands inches from him! Smiling... but creepy.

KAREN
Whoops. I scare you?

DEAN
What? No.

He backs up a few inches to regain his personal space.

DEAN
There's nothing creepy about you at all.

KAREN
Feel like some lunch?

DEAN
Oh. I'm good. Thanks.

KAREN
C'mon. There's more pie.

DEAN
Yeah, I don't think Bobby really wants me inside.

KAREN
Guess it'll have to be our secret then, huh? Come on.

Dean shrugs... okay.

20

INT. BOBBY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

20

Out in the Living Room, Bobby sleeps in a Lay-Z-Boy. In the Kitchen, Dean eats a piece of pie as Karen, wearing an APRON, softly HUMS as she sifts and kneads flour to make even more pie. In fact, Dean can't help but notice there are PIES everywhere. DOZENS and DOZENS of PIES.

DEAN
I'm gonna go out on a limb here and guess you like pie. You baked all these?

KAREN
I don't know what it is, I can't stop baking since I got back.

(CONTINUED)

DEAN
When do you sleep?

KAREN
I don't. Must be the excitement.

DEAN
(pointed)
Or... being dead.

Karen shrugs at that. Shapes a BALL OF DOUGH into pie crust.

KAREN
I know you don't trust me.

DEAN
Why would you think that?

KAREN
C'mon, Dean. That's why you're here, isn't it? Keeping an eye on me? I know who you are.

DEAN
Who am I?

KAREN
Just like I know Bobby's not the same mild-mannered scrap dealer I married. You hunt things. I'm... a thing. I get it.

DEAN
So you know Sam and I would never let anything happen to Bobby. He's like a father to us.

KAREN
I understand. He's lucky to have you looking out for him, Dean. But you're not the only one.

DEAN
That so?

Karen pauses. This isn't easy.

KAREN
I remember all of it, you know. When I died. That demon taking over my body, the things it made me do, Bobby having no choice but to... well, you know what he did.
(MORE)

KAREN (CONT'D)

(then)

I can see it in his eyes when he
looks at me. The guilt. How heavy
it weighs on him.

DEAN

So why don't you tell him you
remember?

Karen studies Dean for a moment.

KAREN

I'm gonna go out on a limb here and
say you've never been in love.

(then)

He's my husband. My job is to
bring him peace. Not pain.

Dean takes her in-- more unsure than ever about what to make
of any of this.

21 EXT./INT. SHERIFF HOUSE - DAY 21

Sam walks briskly around the side of the house. Careful not
to be seen, he peeks in a window. He sees inside:

Sheriff Mills sits on the sofa and reads a book to her UNDEAD
SON, OWEN - 8, very pale. Sitting next to them, with his arm *
around Owen, is SEAN MILLS, her husband. *

Sam takes it in-- undead or not, there's a certain tenderness
here. A family. He turns away-- conflicted. Is he really
going to be the one to take this all away?

22 EXT. OLD LADY JONES' HOUSE - DAY 22

Sam inspects his LIST, then walks up to this old, decrepit
house. Creepy. He steps onto the sagging porch, tries to
look into the window... but can't see through the built-up
gunk. Then, he sees--

A DROP OF BLOOD

On the doorstep. Concerned, he knocks on the door. No
answer.

SAM

(calling out)

Mrs. Jones?

No answer. Sam tries the doorknob... it's open. He turns to
look at the street, the coast is clear. He enters--

23 INT. OLD LADY JONES' HOUSE - CONTINUOUS 23

Sam steps slowly through a creepy, Grey Gardens-like, mess of a living room. Years of YELLOWED NEWSPAPERS are piled high everywhere. Mounds of EMPTY CATFOOD TINS. It's disgusting.

SAM
(again, calling out)
Ezra Jones?

No answer. He picks his way carefully through the filth and muck to--

24 INT. OLD LADY JONES' HOUSE - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS 24

Sam stops in the doorway. He sees--

AN OLD WOMAN

Laying on a mattress of SOILED BEDSHEETS. She is extremely pale-- undead-- and wears an old, tattered HOUSEDRESS. And she is sick. Fevered. WHEEZING and COUGHING, gobs of spittle spilling down her chin to her neck. All in all, she's really, really creepy. (See the old lady in "Drag Me To Hell.")

SAM
(softer now)
Ezra Jones?

Mrs. Jones flicks her fevered eyes to Sam, coughing up yet more phlegm as she tries to say something to him. She makes the tiniest, weakest of gestures with her hand: *come closer*.

Sam moves closer.

SAM
What is it?

Mrs. Jones tries harder to speak, but little more than GUTTURAL GRUNTS escape her lips as more phlegm bubbles from her throat. She's desperate to tell him something. But Sam's none to eager to get any closer...

SAM
Just... can you tell me from here?

Her eyes widen in desperation, she gestures: *closer*.

SAM
I am so going to regret this...

(CONTINUED)

And, tentatively, he leans closer. Inches from the nastiness. Her wet lips quiver, Sam covers his revulsion best he can when, suddenly--

MRS. JONES SHRIEKS and lunges for him!

Sam stumbles backwards from her grasp... trips over PILES OF CLOTHES... landing atop--

A MUTILATED CORPSE! (Originally hidden from Sam's view.)

Her husband!

SAM

Jesus!

Mrs. Jones SHRIEKS again as she dives at him with unexpected power... he barely holds her off as she writhes atop him... jaws gnashing for his face... her stained, disgusting FALSE TEETH fall from her mouth, wet-slapping against Sam's face as he holds her... reaches for the GUN in his waistband... and SHOTS HER IN THE HEAD!

She keels back, dead. Sam sits up, wipes the slime from his face, breathes heavy and we--

BLACKOUT!

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

25 EXT. JUNKYARD - NIGHT

25

Sam, Dean and Bobby huddle out in the junkyard. The mood is grim. These three still aren't on the same page.

DEAN

So? Who's Old Lady Jones?

BOBBY

First one to come up.

SAM

First one to go bad.

BOBBY

Well... she was always a nutty broad.

DEAN

Nutty how? Nutty like the way she ate her husband's stomach? Was that the level of nutty she was in life?

BOBBY

No.

DEAN

Look. Bobby. I feel for you. But you have got to acknowledge you're not exactly seeing this straight.

Bobby glares at Dean. Then-- he spins in his chair, wheels away. Dean shares a look with Sam. Sam turns to Bobby.

SAM

Whether you admit it or not, these things are turning, Bobby, and we have to stop them.

(beat, grave)

All of them.

Bobby stops. Furious. He pulls something from his jacket and turns back. The boys notice immediately the PISTOL laying on his lap.

BOBBY

Time to go.

DEAN

What?

(CONTINUED)

25

BOBBY
You heard me. Off my property.

SAM
Or what? You'll shoot?

BOBBY
If Karen turns, I'll deal with it.
My way.

DEAN
It's too dangerous.

Bobby COCKS the GUN. Dead serious.

BOBBY
I'm not tellin' you twice.

Off Sam and Dean... incredulous it's come to this.

26

INT. BOBBY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

26

Bobby wheels through the living room. Gun still on his lap.
Vigilant. Calls out.

BOBBY
Karen? Stay away from the windows.
(a beat)
Karen?

There is a CRASH of POTS and PANS in the kitchen.

BOBBY
Karen!

Bobby, alarmed, wheels into--

27

INT. BOBBY'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

27

Karen kneels on the floor where she fell. She COUGHS
SPASMODICALLY. Bobby rushes to her.

BOBBY
Karen?

KAREN
I'm okay-- it's-- I just got a
little dizzy...

Bobby feels her brow. It alarms him.

BOBBY
You're burnin' up.

(CONTINUED)

KAREN

I'm okay. Really. I just... I just need something to eat and I'll be fine.

(a brave smile)

Really.

SHE COUGHS. Uncontrollably. Off Bobby, distraught...

28 INT. IMPALA - NIGHT 28

Dean pulls over just outside the junkyard. This is bad.

DEAN

He's crazy.

SAM

It's his wife, Dean.

DEAN

So he goes Full Metal Jacket on us? We're his family, Sam.

SAM

Look, man. Bigger fish, okay? We gotta bunch of zombies about to turn this town into a giant chew toy.

DEAN

And Bobby's alone in his house making pie with one of 'em.

SAM

Alright? So?

DEAN

So, I'm gonna go back there... and just kill her. Only thing I can think of.

Sam reacts-- it's harsh... but he agrees.

SAM

He sees you, you're a dead man.

DEAN

Then I guess I won't let him see me.

(CONTINUED)

28

SAM
Okay. I'll head to town.
(understatement of the
year)
And rescue everyone. Should be
easy.

DEAN
Sounds it.

SAM
I'm gonna need help.

DEAN
What about the Sheriff?

SAM
Last time I checked the Sheriff was
pretty pro-Zombie.

DEAN
Then you'll have to convince her.

SAM
How?

DEAN
I dunno. You're just gonna.

Sam reacts. Dean's right. He's just gonna.

29

INT. SHERIFF'S HOUSE - OWEN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

29

*

Sheriff Mills sits on the edge of Owen's bed. Owen is under
the covers, shivering and sweating. He's feverish.
Miserable. Sheriff Mills presses a cold, damp cloth against
his forehead.

*

SHERIFF MILLS
(soothing)
Shh... there... that feel better?

Owen shakes his head no.

*

OWEN
I'm so hungry, Mommy.

*

SHERIFF MILLS
I know, I know... Mommy's gonna
make you some soup, okay?

OWEN
Okay...

*

(CONTINUED)

SHERIFF MILLS

And some crackers. Would you like that?

Owen nods. A CAT - FLUFFY - jumps up on the bed and curls next to Owen. *

SHERIFF MILLS

Aw. See who's here? Fluffy knows you're sick.

(to Owen) *

You want me to leave Fluffy with you?

Owen nods sadly. *

OWEN *

Yeah.

Sheriff Mills smiles, stands.

SHERIFF MILLS

I'll be right back now.

She leaves. Owen WHEEZES and RATTLES. Fluffy PURRS. After a moment, Owen's feverish eyes settle on Fluffy, laying so sweetly beside him... *

30 INT. SHERIFF'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 30

Sheriff Mills enters. Sean is on the phone, worried. *

SEAN MILLS *

(into phone)

I don't know what to tell you, doc.
We checked the thermometer three times. His temperature is 111 degrees.

He listens, gives his wife an exasperated look.

SEAN MILLS *

(into phone)

I don't know how to explain it,
that's why we're calling you--

Suddenly... A TERRIBLE SHRIEK from Owen's bedroom... FLUFFY! *

Sean and Sheriff Mills react... *

SHERIFF MILLS

Owen...? *

(CONTINUED)

"Dead Men Don't Wear Plaid" Network Draft 11/19/09 34.
30 CONTINUED: 30

...and race toward the bedroom!

31 INT. SHERIFF'S HOUSE - OWEN'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS 31 *

Sheriff Mills and Sean enter... and pull up short. The bed is empty, the BEDSHEETS are SPLASHED with BLOOD and BITS OF FUR. The Sheriff takes it all in with shock. *

SHERIFF MILLS

Oh my God... oh my God... Owen? *

(then, to Sean) *

OWEN! *

SEAN MILLS *

Owen! *

Sean and Sheriff Mills bolt from the room, searching for their son. *

32 EXT. JUNKYARD - NIGHT 32

Dean hunches behind a HUSKED-OUT CAR. Feeds SHELLS into a SHOTGUN, SNAPS the barrel shut. He looks to see the coast is clear. Stands. And quietly works his way toward the O.S. house...

33 INT. SHERIFF'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 33

Sheriff Mills rushes through the living room, looking behind sofas, tables, etc.

SHERIFF MILLS

(calling out)

Owen? Owen!?

She rounds a corner and directly into--

SAM!

Who holds his hands up--

SAM

Whoa! Whoa!

SHERIFF MILLS

What the hell are you doing!

SAM

I heard shouting! What's wrong?

SHERIFF MILLS

Get the hell out of my--

(CONTINUED)

"Dead Men Don't Wear Plaid" Network Draft 11/19/09 35.
33 CONTINUED: 33

AN AGONIZING, BLOOD-CURDLING SCREAM SOUNDS from the other room! Not Owen... SEAN! *

Sheriff Mills and Sam race into--

34 INT. SHERIFF'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS 34

The kitchen is dark. As they enter, Sheriff Mills slips, rights herself.

SAM
You okay?

SHERIFF MILLS
I slipped...

She flips on a light. They see what she slipped on-- a SPLASH OF BLOOD on the floor... leading away from them in a BLOODY SMEAR, like a body was dragged the length of the kitchen. They slowly follow the BLOODY TRAIL around a corner to see--

OWEN *

His back is turned, he crouches on the floor... over SEAN' TWITCHING BODY! Owen's arms and back work away as his head appears to be dipped into the body itself. *

SHERIFF MILLS
(terrified)
Oh my God... Owen? What have you done--? *

Owen stops moving. Dead still. Then, he slowly raises his head... and turns. His mouth and chin are smeared with BLOOD. Holding a LENGTH OF INTESTINES in his hands. It is horrible. *

SHERIFF MILLS
My God...

Owen fixes on them, slowly stands... as Sam pulls out a GUN... but the Sheriff sees it and slaps the gun to the floor! *

SHERIFF MILLS
No!

SAM
Lady!

And now Owen starts moving for them, slow and certain-- Sam pulls the Sheriff back through the kitchen door! *

(CONTINUED)

SAM
Move! Move!

35 EXT. SHERIFF'S HOUSE - NIGHT 35

Sam bursts out of the house, pulls Sheriff Mills with him, she fights back.

SHERIFF MILLS
My husband...!

SAM
Leave it! He's dead!

SHERIFF MILLS
(a stunned beat)
That was not my son.

SAM
You're right. It wasn't. It was a
zombie. Your town is in danger,
Sheriff. People are in danger and
we need to help them-- now. Can
you do that? Can you focus for me?

The Sheriff tries to pull it together-- but it's clear
throughout how broken she really is. *

SHERIFF MILLS
How do we put them down? *

SAM
Headshot.

SHERIFF MILLS
(after a beat)
We'll need weapons.

Sam nods. That's more like it.

SAM
We can start with rounding up
everyone we can find. Where's a
safe place we can take people?

SHERIFF MILLS
Jail.

Sam nods. It's a plan. He turns to head back inside--

SAM
Okay-- just give me a minute.

(CONTINUED)

SHERIFF MILLS
You're not...

SAM
Would you rather?

Sheriff Mills stands there, frozen. And Sam heads into the house. PUSH IN on the Sheriff's stricken face... and after a long moment, WE HEAR... BOOM! A GUNSHOT!

36 INT. BOBBY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 36

Karen lies on the couch-- she's really sick now. Feverish, sweaty... just like Owen. Bobby dabs at her brow with a moist cloth... quietly churning inside. *

KAREN
I'm so hungry, Bobby.

BOBBY
I'll fix you something to eat. In a minute.

KAREN
(she shakes her head)
I can feel it. It's happening.

BOBBY
Shh... it's gonna be okay.

KAREN
No... it's not. I'm turning, Bobby. You know I am.

She takes his hand. Nods at a STRAY PISTOL on a nearby table.

KAREN
It's okay. Do it.

Bobby shakes his head.

BOBBY
No way.

KAREN
Please.

BOBBY
No.

Karen realizes Bobby is immoveable. She grows upset too. After a moment.

(CONTINUED)

KAREN
There's something I have to tell
you.

BOBBY
Anything.

KAREN
I remember.

BOBBY
Remember what?

KAREN
Everything. The demon inside me.
You killing me. I remember.

BOBBY
(a stunned beat)
Then you know why I can't do it
again.

Karen nods slightly. She understands. Still...

KAREN
I remember something else too.
When I came back, there was a man.

Crushed as he is, these words trigger Bobby's hunter
instincts. He perks up.

BOBBY
What do you mean, a "man"?

KAREN
At the grave. He was so thin.
Like a skeleton. He wanted me to
give you a message.

BOBBY
Me?

She nods.

BOBBY
Why didn't you tell me this?

She looks at him, tenderly. Brushes his cheek.

KAREN
You've seen so much. I just
wanted... I just wanted to see you
smile.

Eyes brimming, Bobby takes her hand.

BOBBY

What was the message?

Karen looks at him, pained-- what she's about to say is gonna hurt...

37 INT. BOBBY'S HOUSE - SAME TIME 37

Dean picks a door, enters. He closes the door behind him, SHOTGUN at his hip, moves quietly forward when--

BOOM!

A GUNSHOT RINGS OUT!

Dean reacts, moves into--

DEAN

Bobby...?

38 INT. BOBBY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 38

Dean stops at the doorway. Sees: Karen's lifeless body on the couch, her head resting against a pillow, a single bullet wound to her forehead, a small trickle of blood (not too much, please). Bobby sits next to her, her hand in his, the PISTOL cradled on his lap. He stares off. Lost. Gone.

Dean lowers his gun, moved. After a moment. Bobby turns to see Dean, his haunted eyes look right through him...

39 INT. SHERIFF'S STATION - JAIL - NIGHT 39

Sheriff Mills unlocks the GUN SAFE and passes a GUN to Sam, takes one for herself. There are TEN to TWELVE PEOPLE huddled in the offices, all looking a bit shell-shocked. Amongst them-- Digger Wells and a middle-aged, BLUE COLLAR MAN.

SAM

If I hand you a gun and you see dead people, I don't care if it's your friend, your neighbor or your wife. You shoot for the head.

He passes a gun to the Blue Collar Man.

SAM

That's the only way we survive.

(CONTINUED)

39

BLUE COLLAR MAN
Mind telling us who the hell you
are?

SAM
Friend of Bobby Singer.

BLUE COLLAR MAN
You mean, the town drunk?

SAM
(a beat, re: Digger)
I thought he was the town drunk.

BLUE COLLAR MAN
Who told you that?

SAM
(weakly)
Bobby Singer.
(wanting past it)
Stay sharp.

Sam moves to Sheriff Mills, who loads her GUN.

SAM
I'll watch the front door.

The Sheriff nods, moves to a window as Sam moves to the front door. The Blue Collar Man sets up by another window. And they wait.

DISSOLVE TO:

40 INT. SHERIFF'S STATION - JAIL - LATER THAT NIGHT 40

Sam stares out the door. Anxious. Meets eyes with the Sheriff who shakes her head. Nothing. Same with the Blue Collar Man. Zip.

DISSOLVE TO:

41 INT. SHERIFF'S STATION - JAIL - LATER THAT NIGHT 41

Sam rubs his eyes to keep alert. The Sheriff rolls her neck to get out the cricks and--

A NOISE SOUNDS from the KITCHENETTE. Sam reacts... meets eyes with the Sheriff-- *you hear that?*

42 EXT. JUNKYARD - NIGHT 42

Bobby and Dean load GUNS and AMMO into the back of BOBBY'S VAN. As Dean loads the last bit, he turns to Bobby, who's clearly still shaken.

DEAN
Hey, Bobby, if you wanna sit this one out...

BOBBY
Just drive, okay?

A NOISE

SOUNDS from the darkness. Like a HUBCAP was kicked. Dean grabs a FLASHLIGHT and a PISTOL from the van.

DEAN
Wait here.

Dean heads toward the noise.

43 INT. SHERIFF'S STATION - JAIL - SAME TIME 43

Sam, followed by the Sheriff, quietly moves to the Kitchenette-- where there is a SHUFFLING NOISE. Sam swings his gun around into the kitchenette to see--

DIGGER! Furtively sipping from a FLASK. Digger shrugs.

DIGGER WELLS
What? This crap is tense!

44 EXT. JUNKYARD - SAME TIME 44

Dean moves past a RUSTED CAR, FLASHLIGHT and GUN raised, head on a swivel. As he rounds the car--

A FIGURE

Rushes from the darkness and tackles Dean to the ground! The gun skitters away as Dean rolls over to find himself face to face with the rabid CLAY THOMPSON! Who holds Dean down and opens his jaws to take a massive bite as we--

BLACKOUT!

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

45 EXT. JUNKYARD - WITH DEAN - NIGHT 45

Clay dives in to take a bite of Dean's face... Dean throws an elbow, knocks Clay backwards! Dean rolls atop Clay, punches him... and dives for the gun... he's just a few feet from it when Clay snakes out a hand and grabs Dean's leg... and pulls him back!

46 EXT. JUNKYARD - WITH BOBBY - NIGHT 46

Bobby, by the van, cradles a SHOTGUN and a FLASHLIGHT, stares off into the darkness. He's never seemed so vulnerable sitting in that wheelchair...

BOBBY
Dean? Dean!?

Behind Bobby--

A ZOMBIE

Looms over him! Moves closer... closer... then--

Bobby suddenly wheels in his chair... as the zombie attacks! BOOM! Bobby FIRES-- a clean headshot!

Bobby stares at his kill for a beat, turns and sees--

TWO MORE ZOMBIES

Lurking in the darkness. Silhouetted amongst the junked-out cars. Stalking him. Moving for him...

Bobby sits there, rooted in his chair, an *oh shit* look on his face. And grips his gun tighter. There's nothing he can do but stand his ground... and fight.

47 EXT. JUNKYARD - WITH DEAN - SAME TIME 47

Dean KICKS AT Clay's head, beats him back and scrambles for the gun as Clay dives for him again... Dean is just able to grab the BARREL of the SHOTGUN, roll, and viciously club Clay in the head! As Clay reels, Dean swivels the gun and FIRES! Clay drops, dead!

48 EXT. JUNKYARD - WITH BOBBY - SAME TIME 48

Bobby sits back as TWO ZOMBIES rush him-- BOOM! BOOM!-- he drops them both! Suddenly--

A THIRD ZOMBIE

(CONTINUED)

Flies out of nowhere, tackles Bobby out of the chair to the ground! The gun scatters!

It's rough and ugly as Bobby pulls himself along the dirt with his arms, searches desperately for the shotgun! He sees it... just as the Zombie rolls and scrambles atop Bobby's back... yanks him backwards... about to tear at Bobby's neck when--

BAM! BAM! The Zombie drops! Bobby turns... Dean is there! The look on Dean's face-- *Jesus, that was close.* Bobby gestures for Dean to pick him up.

BOBBY
Little help.

Dean scrambles to right the wheelchair, picks Bobby up and slides him back in it, hands Bobby his gun and sees--

MORE SILHOUETTES amongst the cars. Bobby FIRES at one! Dean FIRES too! BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! Then--

BOBBY
Go! Go!

Dean breaks into a sprint, pushing Bobby in front of him toward the O.S. House...

INT. BOBBY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Dean wheels Bobby into the main room. Locks the door.

DEAN
Any more ammo? I'm low.

BOBBY
(dry)
Sure. Turn around, run back past the zombies, it's in the van where we left it.

DEAN
(a look)
A simple no would have been fine.
(then)
The hell are they all doing here, anyway!?

BOBBY
(grim)
I think I get it.

DEAN

What?

CRASH! A Zombie flies through the window! Bobby FIRES and kills him Dead! CRASH! Another one-- Dean SHOOTS him!

DEAN

I'm out!

BOBBY

Me too!

WHOMP! More Zombies fly against the door! CRASH! ANOTHER WINDOW breaks! ZOMBIES are pouring in from everywhere!

BOBBY

Let's go! Let's go!

Dean pulls Bobby back toward the kitchen as Zombies race for them... yanks Bobby into--

INT. BOBBY'S HOUSE - CLOSET - NIGHT

It's small, dark. Just room enough for Bobby in his wheelchair and Dean. Dean locks the closet from the inside as Zombies POUND on the door!

BOBBY

Kinda tight fit, dontcha think?

DEAN

These things are idiots... they can't pick that lock.

Suddenly, the ZOMBIE POUNDING stops. Then, the unmistakable SOUND of a LOCK BEING PICKED.

BOBBY

You ever get tired of being wrong?

DEAN

So I'm making most of this up as I go along. Sue me.

The closet door is YANKED OPEN. Dean wields his gun like a club, SMACKS as many zombie heads as he can as they begin to crowd into the small closet when--

SAM (O.S.)

Down!

Dean ducks down as--

(CONTINUED)

BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!

Zombie heads EXPLODE as GUNFIRE FILLS THE ROOM! It's SAM and SHERIFF MILLS! Mowing down the undead from behind!

And, suddenly, quick as it started... it's over! Zombie corpses everywhere. Sam meets eyes with Dean and Bobby, sees instantly the pain seared on Bobby's face.

SAM
(to Bobby)
You okay?

Bobby gives him a long, hollow look. Which says it all. And we--

BLACKOUT!

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

51 EXT. GRAVEYARD - DAY

51

Sam stares out at a huge, BURNING FUNERAL PYRE as Dean and Sheriff Mills pull up in the Impala. They get out and walk to Sam.

DEAN

Well. If there are any more zombies, we can't find 'em.

SAM

How are the townspeople?

SHERIFF MILLS

Pretty freaked out. Hell, traumatized. A few are calling the papers... far as I can tell nobody's believed 'em yet.

SAM

Would you?

The Sheriff shakes her head, no.

SAM

And how are you holding up?

The Sheriff looks at him, grieving and desperate, and we know the answer. Sam feels awful.

DEAN

(shrugs, re: the pyre)
That everyone?

Sam gives him a look.

SAM

All but one.

52 EXT. JUNKYARD - DAY

52

Bobby sits in front of a solitary FUNERAL PYRE. Alone. Haunted. Behind him, Sam and Dean approach. He barely acknowledges their presence as all three stand in silence for a long moment.

BOBBY

So, thinking maybe I should apologize for losing my head back there.

(CONTINUED)

SAM

You don't owe us anything, Bobby.

Bobby shrugs to himself. Appreciates that.

DEAN

Look. I don't know squat from
Shinola when it comes to love,
but... at least you got a good five
days with her, right?

Bobby thinks on that a beat.

BOBBY

Right. Which makes things about a
thousand times worse.

(then)

She was the love of my life. And I
put a bullet in her head.

SAM

(after a beat, quiet)

Are you gonna be okay?

BOBBY

(simply)

No. I don't think so. Not this
time.

Sam and Dean share a look, Dean gestures that they should go.
But, as they begin to back away, Bobby speaks:

BOBBY

You boys should know, Karen told me
why Death was here.

SAM

What do you mean?

BOBBY

I know why he took a stroll through
a twenty-grave cemetery in the
sticks of South Dakota.

(beat)

He came for me.

DEAN

What do you mean you?

BOBBY

Death came for me. He brought
Karen back to send me a message.

(CONTINUED)

DEAN
You? Why you?

BOBBY
Because I've been helping you, you
sonsofbitches. I'm one of the
reasons you're still saying no to
Lucifer, Sam.

DEAN
So what was this? A hit on your
life?

BOBBY
Either they wanted to take my life
or my spirit. Either way, they
just wanted me out of the way.

Sam, feeling guilty. Meets Bobby's eyes.

SAM
But you're alright, right Bobby?

Bobby doesn't answer. He just turns and stares into the
fire. At what, for five glorious, horrible days... was hope.

TO BE CONTINUED...