

SUPERNATURAL

Episode #601

"Exile On Main St."

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06/25/10

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Episode #601

"Exile On Main St."

CAST LIST

SAM WINCHESTER
DEAN WINCHESTER

JARED PADALECKI
JENSEN ACKLES

BEN BRAEDEN
BOBBY SINGER
LISA BRAEDEN
SAMUEL CAMPBELL
YELLOW EYED DEMON

JIM BEAVER
CINDY SAMPSON
MITCH PILEGGI
FREDRIC LANE

CHRISTIAN CAMPBELL
GIRL
GWEN CAMPBELL
HOT WAITRESS
MAGGIE
MARK CAMPBELL
SID

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SUPERNATURAL
"Exile On Main St."

TEASER

1 EXT. WOODS - CLEARING - NIGHT 1

SIX TEENS (12-14 years old) sit around a MAKESHIFT CAMPFIRE. LAUGH, CHAT, PASS a can of CHEAP BEER. A COUPLE (BEN and MAGGIE, 12-13ish) sit close; they clearly like each other.

BEN

...and then they ate each other to death.

Ben passes the beer to Maggie. Maggie SIPS. Winces.

MAGGIE

That's not scary, it's just gross. There's a difference.

(then)

Anyway, I stopped watching ages ago. It used to have actual monsters. But then they got into this whole weird Bible thing and I was like, what happened to this show?

GIRL

I dunno, I still like it.

MAGGIE

Please, you'll watch anything with hot guys in it.

NEW ANGLE. UNKNOWN POV. A distance away, in the shadows. WATCHING the Teens. The sound of their laughter carries...

BACK TO THE CAMPFIRE. Ben is helping Maggie up. They clasp hands. They're going for a walk together, alone. Uh oh.

2 EXT. WOODS - MOMENTS LATER 2

Ben and Maggie walk. Looking for a private spot to talk...

UNKNOWN POV. Watching them.

Ben and Maggie sit together on a rock. She shoots him a shy smile...

THAT UNKNOWN POV. CREEPING UP SLOWLY...

(CONTINUED)

Ben makes his move. Puts his arm around her-- we can tell, he's gearing up to try for a kiss, when--

Ben is GRABBED! Maggie SHRIEKS!

DEAN
Ben Braeden, what the hell are you doing?!

That's right! It's not a MONSTER, it's DEAN WINCHESTER! Looking PISSED. (And it's BEN BRAEDEN, first seen at age 8 in "The Kids Are Alright", now on the cusp of adolescence.)

Dean pulls Ben out of earshot. Maggie stands by awkwardly.

DEAN
Have you lost your mind?!

BEN
We weren't doing anything--

DEAN
You snuck out here at two in the damn morning--

BEN
And what'd you do when you were my age?

Dean exhales in frustration...

DEAN
Sneak out--

BEN
So--

DEAN
--someplace well-lit! With cell reception!

BEN
Cell phones were invented?

DEAN
("shut up")
Ben...
(then)
Don't be an idiot. You got no clue what's out here.
(then)
Get your buddies. I'm driving everyone home.

BEN
(mortified)
Come on--

DEAN
I'm not leaving a bunch of kids out
here, where... just go tell 'em
party's over.

BEN
Are you gonna tell their parents?

DEAN
I'm a grownup, I'm not a dick.

Ben rolls his eyes-- but now he's trying not to smile.
There's a lot of affection under there, for both of them.

BEN
I can't believe I used to think you
were cool.

DEAN
(also trying not to smile)
Me neither. Move.

Dean gently SHOVES Ben along; as Ben WIPES FRAME, MUSIC KICKS
IN AND WE BEGIN A MONTAGE:

3 INT. LISA'S HOUSE - LISA'S BEDROOM - MORNING 3

THE ALARM CLOCK GOES OFF--

and DEAN BEGINS TO STIR. He reaches to shut off the alarm--

But LISA BRAEDEN REACHES OVER HIM from her side of the bed,
HITS IT before he can. Then gives him a morning kiss, rolls
away... but Dean CATCHES HER and pulls her back with a smile.

4 INT. LISA'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - MORNING 4

A CUPBOARD OPENS, revealing a CAN OF SALT. Dean reaches in--

And brings it to the STOVE, where he sprinkles it over EGGS.

Dean ladles egg onto TWO PLATES with TOAST and BACON,
SMOOTHLY DOSEY-DOES with LISA as she GETS COFFEE--

Dean SETS THE PLATES DOWN at the table, ONE in front of BEN,
who's reading a comic. Dean accepts a cup from Lisa, and
hands her a SECTION OF THE PAPER. The choreography of
morning.

5 EXT. LISA'S HOUSE - DRIVEWAY - DAY 5

ON the LARGE TOOLBOX (the kind that spans the width of a truck bed) as Dean OPENS IT-- to REVEAL ACTUAL TOOLS.

WIDEN TO REVEAL Dean's standing at his WELL-WORN (but well-restored) EARLY 60s CHEVY PICKUP TRUCK. He loads up...

6 EXT. HOUSE CONSTRUCTION SITE - DAY 6

CLOSE ON DEAN as he lowers a LARGE TABLE SAW...

...onto an ACTUAL PIECE OF WOOD.

CLOSE ON A WOODEN STAKE as Dean HAMMERS THE SHIT OUT OF IT.

WIDEN TO REVEAL he's staking out a room in the dirt. Behind him, WORKERS work on the half-finished house.

7 EXT. LISA'S BACKYARD - A SUNNY AFTERNOON 7

Dean POPS THE TOPS OFF two bottles of beer...

...and hands one to pal SID (40ish, non-douchey Jason Bateman), who's GRILLING BURGERS as they chat. WE SEE LISA nearby, chatting with Sid's wife BETHANY and a few OTHER NEIGHBORS. Some NEIGHBORHOOD KIDS chase each other around.

8 EXT. LISA'S HOUSE - DRIVEWAY - LATE AFTERNOON 8

Dean works on the truck, leaning over the engine. He holds a hand out...

...and Ben hands him a WRENCH. Dean works, chatting with Ben, gesturing to engine parts... and then HANDING the boy THE WRENCH. TEACHING him how to fix the truck.

9 INT. LISA'S HOUSE - NIGHT 9

All quiet. Dean enters, doing his CASUAL ROUTINE: LOCKING UP for the night. He's got a SERIOUS GLASS OF WHISKEY in hand. He goes to a window. Shuts and locks it.

Goes to the door. CLICK, CLICK: LOCKED. Then, FLIPS UP the rug: yup, DEVIL'S TRAP intact. Feels along the top of the doorframe. The small silver WARDING AMULETS are there. Alrighty then.

10 INT. LISA'S HOUSE - BEN'S ROOM - MOMENTS LATER 10

Dean opens the door a crack to peek in, check on Ben.

The kid's fast asleep in his bed.

11 INT. LISA'S HOUSE - LISA'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER 11

Lisa's asleep. Dean SLIPS IN beside her. Pulls her to him. She snuggles in. Which makes him smile, just a little.

ON DEAN, as he closes his eyes. Looking as peaceful as we've ever seen him.

PAN DOWN to under the bed. To REVEAL, resting on the floor... a SHOTGUN.

12 EXT. LISA'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS 12

PULL BACK from the darkened, peaceful house...

...to the shadows across the street.

REVEAL TWO MYSTERIOUS MALE FIGURES STANDING THERE, WATCHING. We're BEHIND THEM; we don't see much of them. (NB: long sleeves please.) All we know right now is-- someone, something... is watching. And they are coming. For Dean.

BLACKOUT.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

13 INT. JONESY'S BAR - NIGHT

13

Dean and Sid, on their second after-work drink. Sid's in shirt sleeves. They're LAUGHING.

SID

Thank God this was before Facebook-- 'cause it'd be me, drunk, hanging upside down off a tour bus, all over the internet. Good times.

(then)

Course, it's all a blur now.

DEAN

The best times are.

SID

True.

(then)

Don't get me wrong, no complaints, but if you'd said "hey you, fifteen years from now? Suburbia..."

DEAN

Believe me I know.

SID

Getting old is weird.

DEAN

One of the weirder things. And I've seen some weird.

Sid regards Dean.

SID

So, you used to travel a lot, huh?

DEAN

Whole life, pretty much.

SID

Army brat or something?

DEAN

(close enough)

...yeah.

SID

And... then what?

(Dean shrugs)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

SID (CONT'D)

Come on, man. You moved in-- what, a year ago?

DEAN

Yeah...

SID

So I been buying you beer for a year. You owe me a couple gory details.

DEAN

Honestly, ain't much to tell. Lived on the road. Mostly took on crap jobs nobody else wanted.

SID

Like?

DEAN

Like... pest control.

SID

Pest control. Can't imagine you miss that.

DEAN

(lightly)

Yes and no. It had its moments.

SID

(genuinely interested)

Really?

DEAN

Yeah. You work with a partner. And-- you help people. I mean, you got no idea what's in some people's walls. It could eat 'em alive.

Sid shudders. Dean's quiet for a sec, remembering. Then, shrugs it off.

DEAN

Anyway, that was then. Now--

SID

You're practically respectable.

DEAN

Jesus. Guess I am. That's scary.

(CONTINUED)

Dean shakes his head, like, *that's hilarious*. They drink.
Two former bad boys grown up.

A HOT WAITRESS (slightly edgy, TATTOO on one upper arm) stops
by. She smiles at Dean, TOUCHES HIS ARM as she drops the
bill (NB: don't make a meal out of this, just let it go by).

HOT WAITRESS
Thanks, guys.

Sid watches her walk away. With a cocked brow--

SID
Think she likes you.

Dean looks at the bill. On the BOTTOM TAB, she's WRITTEN HER
NUMBER. Dean shows Sid.

DEAN
You think?

Sid cracks up. Good natured.

SID
What is it with you? Every time!

Dean just shrugs, amused. And... TEARS UP THE NUMBER.

DEAN
(a sincere discovery)
It's like chicks specifically dig
unavailable guys. Who knew?

14 EXT. JONESY'S BAR - NIGHT 14

Sid and Dean say goodbye, head off in opposite directions.

15 EXT. STREET - MOMENTS LATER 15

Dean walks toward his TRUCK, parked by the construction site.

UNKNOWN POV. In the shadows. WATCHING DEAN.

DEAN. Starting to feel like... someone's watching him.

Dean stops walking. Looks over his shoulder.

DEAN'S POV. There's... nothing.

After a beat, Dean shakes it off. Continues walking.

Dean reaches the truck. Is OPENING the door, when--

(CONTINUED)

Shit. Shit, shit, shit. Dean TURNS, to see--

Sid, in a ratty grunge band t-shirt, sweaty from JOGGING.

Dean puts the gun away-- too late. Sid's staring at it.

SID
 Is that a gun?!

DEAN
 No. I mean-- I got a permit--

SID
 To shoot the Glickmans' poodle?

DEAN
 I thought it was a... possum.

Sid's staring at Dean like *who the hell are you, man?*

DEAN
 I told you I was in pest control.
 Well-- possums carry rabies.

Beat. Sid's still staring at Dean.

SID
 I did not know that.

Dean's distracted-- mind still on the clawmarks, the monster.
 He turns from Sid to look at the marks on the door...

DEAN
 Big time. Possums kill, Sid.

...then looks down. And reacts immediately:

DEAN
Damnit.

SID
 What?

Dean crouches (back to Sid, so Sid doesn't see this), and
 TOUCHES... a light dust of YELLOW POWDER. Under his breath--

DEAN
Sulfur.
 (then)
 I gotta go.

SID
 Hold on-- Dean-- what the hell?

(CONTINUED)

LISA
Spidey sense. Okay.
(level)
Are you hunting something?

Beat.

DEAN
Honestly?
(then)
For a minute there, thought I was.
Now-- pretty sure I got worked up
over nothing. Happens.

LISA
So you're telling me you thought
there was a monster or something,
but you were wrong? You're sure?

Dean shrugs, smiles-- he's winning her over.

DEAN
Okay, tell you what. Just 'cause I
have an OCD thing about this. You
and Ben, go to the movies. Hit the
Cheesecake Factory. You know, hang
out with the teeming masses. I'll
do one more sweep just to be a
hundred percent.
(then, casual)
Just, gimme a ring before you come
home. And bring me back one of
those white-chocolate-raspberry-
bullcrap-whatevers, the kind I
like.

Dean gives her a grin. No room for worry, or argument.
Lisa's concerns seem mostly assuaged.

LISA
'Kay. Be careful.

DEAN
Careful is my middle name.

Lisa gives a laugh. *Yeah, right.* She kisses him and goes.

OFF DEAN. Watching her go.

Dean opens a BOX. Pulls out a FLANNEL SHIRT. Then, his
LEATHER JACKET. Then, pulls out... DAD'S JOURNAL.

(CONTINUED)

Dean holds the journal. Taking it in, for a beat.

Then opens it... to the LATIN EXORCISM RITE. Gives an eyeroll: *fuck do I hate Latin*. Then, re-memorizing...

DEAN

Regna terrae, cantate Deo, psallite--

Suddenly-- the LIGHTS IN THE GARAGE FLICKER.

Dean immediately reaches for a shotgun. When--

Behind him, something SKITTERS by! (See *Splice*.) Dean SPINS--

A SKITTER-- behind him! He PIVOTS-- eyes narrowing... Where is it... A TENSE BEAT as Dean listens... SILENCE... and then--

A SOCCER BALL ROLLS INTO VIEW from behind a PILE. To Dean.

Dean STOPS it with his foot, then heads to the pile, shotgun up... closer, closer... and--

NOTHING THERE. WTF? Dean stares for a sliver of a beat, confounded, then turns-- to find himself--

FACE TO FACE WITH THE YELLOW-EYED DEMON! HOLY FUCK!

YELLOW EYED DEMON

Hiya, Dean. Look what the Apocalypse shook out.

Dean takes a stunned step back--

YELLOW EYED DEMON

Have fun, sniffing that trail? I sure had fun batting you around.

DEAN

You-- can't be...

YELLOW EYED DEMON

Sure I can!

DEAN

No...

YELLOW EYED DEMON

Yeah, kiddo. Big Daddy brought your pal Cass back-- so why not me? Little spice to go with all that sugar?

DEAN. Mind racing. Could that possibly be true?

(CONTINUED)

The Demon takes a step-- Dean FIRES HIS SHOTGUN. The Demon just chuckles, totally unhurt by the blast of salt.

YELLOW EYED DEMON
(mock hurt)
Really? After all we've been
through together?

He easily BATS the gun away-- and GRABS DEAN by the throat.

YELLOW EYED DEMON
You know, this is a great little
life you got here. Pretty lady.
Real understanding. Helluva kid.
And how do you keep your lawn so
green?

Dean FLARES at the mention of Lisa and Ben. He STRUGGLES--
but Yellow Eyes simply SQUEEZES, choking him.

YELLOW EYED DEMON
I mean, come on, Dean. You never
been what I'd call brainy, but--
didja really think you could keep
all this? You had to know we'd be
comin' for ya sometime, pal.
(then, with satisfaction)
You can't outrun your past.

Yellow Eyes SLAMS Dean down against the tarped car hood.

DEAN'S POV. The Demon slipping in and out of focus...

Dean starts to CONVULSE, WHITE FROTH leaking from his mouth.

DEAN'S POV. The Demon suddenly-- EVAPORATES INTO BLACK
SMOKE! As... a FIGURE COMES STRAIGHT THROUGH HIM! It's...

DEAN
...Sam...?!

SAM WINCHESTER raises a SYRINGE, *Pulp Fiction* style, and
PLUNGES it right into Dean's sternum.

OFF DEAN'S GASP--

BLACKOUT!

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

24

INT. ABANDONED HOUSE - BACK ROOM - NIGHT

24

Dean comes to on a bare bed. OW, his head. And then he remembers... and SITS UP FAST-- and sees--

SAM. Sitting on the edge of the bed.

SAM

Hey, Dean.

Dean can't speak. He stares. In total. Disbelief.

SAM

I was expecting, I dunno, a hug, holy water in the face, something.

DEAN

So... I'm dead.

Sam smiles at the theory.

DEAN

This is Heaven? Yellow Eyes killed me, and now you're--

SAM

Yellow Eyes? That's what you saw?

DEAN

..."saw"?

SAM

You were poisoned. Whatever crazy crap you think you been seeing... it's not real.

Dean absorbs that. Quietly-- afraid of the answer--

DEAN

So then... are you? Real? Or am I still--

SAM

Dean. I'm real.

(then, brisk)

Look-- here, save you the trouble.

Sam pulls out a SILVER KNIFE. NICKS his arm. Then, he takes a FLASK OF HOLY WATER. Dumps a SHELL OF SALT in. Takes a swig. With a little wince at the taste--

(CONTINUED)

SAM

All me. God that's nasty.

Dean looks from the cut on Sam's arm, to the flask, to Sam's face. Realizing...

DEAN

...Sammy?

SAM

Yes. It's me.

In shock, Dean grabs Sam, hugs him. Emotional.

DEAN

I thought... that was it. You were gone.

Then, he lets Sam go. 'Cause, questions:

DEAN

So what the hell? How'd you--

SAM

I don't know.

DEAN

What do you mean, you don't...

SAM

I mean, no idea. I'm just-- back.

DEAN

Well-- was it God, or Cass, or--
does he know something about it,
or--

SAM

You tell me. I've been calling.
He won't answer my prayers. I
don't even know where he is.

Dean's brows shoot up at that. Troubling.

SAM

I was... down there. And then,
next minute-- it's raining, and I'm
lying on that field, alone.

(then)

Hard to go looking for whatever
saved you when you got zero leads,
but-- I looked, believe me. For
weeks.

(CONTINUED)

DEAN

Huh...

(then it hits him)

Weeks? How long you been back?

Sam takes a deep breath.

SAM

You're not gonna like it.

DEAN

How long.

SAM

About a year.

Beat. Dean's stunned.

DEAN

What?

SAM

Dean--

DEAN

You been back practically this whole time?!

Sam nods. Dean cannot fucking believe it.

DEAN

And, what, you lost the ability to send a freaking text message?!

SAM

You finally had what you wanted, Dean--

DEAN

I wanted my brother, alive--

SAM

You wanted a family. You have for a long time. Maybe the whole time. I know you. You just gave up on it 'cause, the way we lived...

(then)

You were building something. And if I showed up you'da walked away.

Dean says nothing. Because Sam's right.

(CONTINUED)

SAM
I'm sorry. I just felt like after everything, you earned some regular life.

Dean sighs. Touched... but angry... just-- it's too much.

DEAN
What were you doing this whole time?

SAM
Hunting.

DEAN
So you leave me here to go off and risk your neck flying solo?

SAM
Not solo.

DEAN
What?

SAM
Hooked up with some guys.

DEAN
(surprised)
You? Working with strangers?

SAM
They're more like-- family. And... they're here.
(then)
So-- if you wanna come meet 'em... they'd love to meet you.

Sam leads Dean in. THREE PEOPLE stand examining a map. Not your average hunters: more thoughtful, not roughnecks-- more like Sam and Dean. CHRISTIAN (40s, capable), GWEN (30s, warm, direct) and MARK (the silent type).

Gwen goes right up to Dean. Gives him a warm handshake. Dean's taken aback. Then-- she peers closely at Dean.

GWEN
How's the head?

DEAN
Ah... better...

SAM
(introducing them)
Dean, Gwen Campbell.

GWEN
It's so good to finally meet you.
Sam's gone on and on.

SAM
And this is Christian, and Mark.
Campbell.

DEAN
Hi--
(then, realizing)
Campbell?

Christian offers a hand. Dean shakes it, thrown for a loop.

DEAN
Campbell, like--

CHRISTIAN
Like your mom.

Dean looks to Sam: *what the hell?*

SAM
(pointing)
Third cousin, third cousin,
something-something twice removed.

DEAN
I thought... all Mom's relatives
were gone.
(then, skeptical)
Look-- I'm sorry, but-- why didn't
we know about... any of you?

SAMUEL CAMPBELL (O.C.)
Cause they didn't know about you.
Not till I brought you all
together.

Dean turns, to see, in the doorway-- his GRANDFATHER, SAMUEL.
(Last seen dying in "In the Beginning.") Dean's FLOORED.

DEAN
Samuel?

Samuel strides right up to Dean. Pulls him in for a HUG.

(CONTINUED)

SAMUEL CAMPBELL
Never thought I'd see you again.

DEAN
...that makes two of us.

Samuel takes in the look on Dean's face.

SAMUEL CAMPBELL
Guys, give me a second with my
grandsons here.

As the other Campbells file out...

SAMUEL CAMPBELL
Lotta resurrections in your face
today, huh. It's alright, take a
minute.

DEAN
This is gonna take a lot longer
than a minute. What the hell?!

SAMUEL CAMPBELL
We're guessing-- whatever pulled
Sam up... pulled me down.

SAM
So, whatever it is... we're both
part of the same thing.

DEAN
Which... no one knows what it is.

SAMUEL CAMPBELL
Bingo.

DEAN
And you got no leads? Nothing?

Samuel shakes his head no.

DEAN
Is anyone else who was dead gonna
walk through the door?

SAM
And a far as we know... it's me and
it's Samuel. That's it.

DEAN
Am I the only one getting a feeling
this can't all just be... fine?

(CONTINUED)

SAMUEL CAMPBELL

Believe me you're not.

(then)

But you know what? I'm here. And I've got family. I've got kids. Grandkids, fine, but-- I can...

DEAN

What?

SAMUEL CAMPBELL

Do it different.

(then)

I wanted to come get you, of course. Sam was adamant about leaving you out. So... we did. Till this.

DEAN

Right.

(to Sam)

So, you ended up in my garage... how?

SAM

I got hit before you did, few days ago. Dosed up with poison.

DEAN

By?

SAM

Couple Djinn.

DEAN

Djinn-- thought those were cave-dwelling hermit-types--

SAM

Apparently not. Or, not anymore. These... can blend in with people. And all they gotta do is touch you. They get you hallucinating your worst nightmares-- pretty soon you OD.

DEAN

So why you still breathing air?

SAM

Samuel had a cure.

(CONTINUED)

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"Exile On Main St."
CONTINUED: (4)

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DEAN
(taken aback)
You know a cure for Djinn poison?

SAMUEL CAMPBELL
(with a smile)
I know a few things. Stick around,
I'll show you tricks your daddy
never even dreamed of.

Dean's brow shoots up. Then, back on subject:

DEAN
So... why are these things coming
for us?

SAM
What's your best guess?

DEAN
Well, I did stake one a while back.

SAM
Maybe they're upset about that.
(then)
They came for me. Figured they'd
be gunning for you.

Dean's eyes widen. Oh no. No no no.

DEAN
Ben and Lisa. Are at the house right
now-- if they come back for me--

SAMUEL CAMPBELL
It's okay, I already sent someone
to the watch them-- relax--

DEAN
(to Sam)
Take me home. Now.

26 EXT. ACROSS THE STREET FROM LISA'S HOUSE - NIGHT 26

In the shadows, an unfussy GERMAN CAR. In it, a Campbell
Hunter. Let's call him Johnny.

27 INT. JOHNNY'S CAR - CONTINUOUS 27

PASSENGER SEAT: blood dipped KNIVES. GUN. SYRINGES.

Johnny watches Lisa's house through BINOCULARS. When--

(CONTINUED)

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"Exile On Main St."
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DEAN
Lisa? Ben!
(nothing)
BEN!

Sam hurries in. Meets Dean's eyes. Dean is terrified.

BLACKOUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

32 INT. LISA'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

32

ON THE FRIDGE. A SNAPSHOT OF LISA AND BEN, goofing around in the backyard.

Dean stands staring at the photo, fighting down horror.

He looks away. Looks around the kitchen. It's WRECKED. And SILENT. He looks ready to crack. Lose it. BEAT. When--

The door leading to the garage opens...

And Lisa walks in, followed by Ben.

Dean races to her. Grabs her hard.

DEAN

Where the hell were you?!

Lisa stares at Dean. Worried. A bit freaked out.

LISA

At the movies, you know that-- I've been trying to call you for hours--
(then, re: his hands)
Dean, ow.

Dean exhales hard. Lets her go.

CLOSE ON DEAN. He does not know how to deal with feeling like this.

BEN. Looking around.

BEN

Did we get robbed?

Dean pulls himself together. -ish.

DEAN

Yeah. Go upstairs and pack a bag.

BEN

Where are we going?

Lisa shoots Dean a look. *What's going on?*

DEAN

I'm taking us to a friend's for a couple days.

(CONTINUED)

32

"Exile On Main St." Network Draft
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LISA
(to Ben, still looking at
Dean)
Go on up, I'll be there in a sec.

Ben turns to go-- and freezes.

BEN
Um...

Lisa and Dean turn-- to see Sam standing in the door.

LISA
Oh... my God.

DEAN
Um. Lisa, Ben-- I don't know if
you remember--

LISA
Sam?

Lisa looks to Dean. Dean gives her a look: *tell you all
about it, soon.*

Lisa goes to Sam.

OFF LISA, embracing Sam...

33

INT. SAM'S CAR - NIGHT

33

ON THE NAVIGATION SYSTEM. Red arrow moving across the map.

DEAN. RIDING SHOTGUN, eyeing the system. *Are you kidding?*

DEAN
Either you know where you're going
or you don't.

Sam shoots Dean an amused look.

IN THE BACK SEAT, Ben steals a look at Sam. To his mom, low--

BEN
I thought he was dead.

Sam overhears this. Looks at Ben in the rearview. Friendly.

SAM
Not just dead. In Hell. With
Lucifer.

Ben is startled.

(CONTINUED)

DEAN

Sam.

SAM

What?

DEAN

He's twelve--

SAM

Well, when we were twelve--

DEAN

Exactly.

Bobby answers the door... and steps back in TOTAL SHOCK, as Dean, Lisa and Ben enter, with suitcases.

BOBBY

Dammit.

DEAN

(dry)

Good to see you too, been a while.

BOBBY

If you're here, something's wrong.

Well, that's true. Dean exhales. But first things first...

DEAN

Bobby, this is Ben, Lisa.

LISA

Hi.

Ben just stares at Bobby. A bit weirded out by the guy.

BOBBY

Nice to finally meet you two.

(gracious host smile)

Mi casa es su casa. If you two
wanna head upstairs, TV's broke but
there's plenty a Reader's Digest.

(then, to Ben)

Just-- don't touch the decor, 'kay?
Assume it's all loaded.

Lisa shoots Dean a look at that last bit. Then hoists their bags and leads Ben up.

DEAN

So--

But then-- he sees Bobby FREEZE. Staring at the door--
Where Sam's standing. Subdued, level--

SAM

Hey, Bobby.

DEAN

(surprised at the tone)
"Hey Bobby"?

BOBBY

Sam.

DEAN

"Sam"?
(then)
What the hell's going on?

INT. BOBBY'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Dean, Sam, Bobby. Dean's FUCKING LIVID.

DEAN

You knew?! You knew Sam was
alive?!

Bobby sighs. Flicks a look at Sam. Then, guiltily:

BOBBY

Yeah.

DEAN

How long--

BOBBY

Look--

DEAN

How long--

BOBBY

All year.

DEAN

Are you kidding?!

BOBBY

And I'd do it again.

(CONTINUED)

DEAN

What--why!?

BOBBY

'Cause you got out. You walked away from the life, and I was so damn grateful, you got no idea--

DEAN

(exploding)

Do you have any clue what walking away meant for me?!

BOBBY

(not backing down)

Yeah, woman and a kid and not getting your guts ripped out at age thirty's what it meant--

DEAN

That woman and that kid--

(to Sam)

I went to them 'cause you asked me to--

BOBBY

Good--

DEAN

For who? I showed up at their door half outta my head with grief, God knows why they even let me in-- I drank too much, I had nightmares every night-- Sam falling, and...
(he shakes his head)
I looked everywhere. I collected hundreds of books, trying to find anything to bust you out...

SAM

(quietly)

You promised you'd leave it alone--

DEAN

Course I didn't leave it alone, Sammy. Sue me.

He exhales sharply. Looks at Bobby.

DEAN

A damn year-- and you can't put me out of my misery?

(CONTINUED)

BOBBY

(quiet but firm)

Look. I get it wasn't easy. You had decent days and godawful ones. But that's life. And guess what-- it's as close to happiness as I've ever seen a hunter get.

(then)

So be mad all you want. Sam saw your way out, course I backed him up.

Dean shakes his head at the irony of that.

DEAN

Do I look out to you? All I did was drag them in.

SAM

They'll be okay--

DEAN

You don't know that. They're in ten kinds of danger, because of me.

Dean turns to go.

SAM

Where are you going?

Dean leads Lisa out to the hall, shutting a bedroom door with Ben inside. Dean's clearly agitated, but he speaks quietly.

DEAN

How's he doing?

LISA

He's okay-- how are you?

DEAN

(not answering that)

I know Bobby's a little crotchety, but he's great. He'll take care of you guys. Me and Sam-- we're heading out.

LISA. Getting that sinking feeling. She meets his eyes.

LISA

For how long?

(CONTINUED)

He shakes his head. That's the answer.

DEAN
I'm sorry, Lisa.

LISA
For what?

DEAN
These things... they were coming
for me.
(then)
I just... I shoulda known.

LISA
But-- how could you know a monster
was gonna show up?

DEAN
I shoulda known... if I stayed with
you guys, something would come.
'Cause... something always does. I
was being stupid. You just...
can't outrun your past.

Lisa takes this in, somber. Then, quietly--

LISA
This is... you're saying goodbye.

DEAN
("yes, I am.")
I'm saying I'm sorry. For
everything.

LISA
Everything.
(then)
You're an idiot.

Dean's startled.

LISA
Look, I'm not saying it was some
perfect greeting card thing. But
we were in it together.

DEAN
I was a wreck half the time--

(CONTINUED)

LISA

Well, the guy who basically just saved the world shows up at your door, you expect him to have a couple issues.

(then)

And you're always amazing with Ben.

DEAN. For a sec, a little surprised smile.

LISA

You know... what I wanted, more than anything... a guy Ben could look up to. Like... well, like a dad.

DEAN. Moved.

LISA

So, are you trying to say it was all bad? Dean... it was the best year of my life.

Dean meets her eyes. He has no idea what to say.

Sam and Bobby wait by the door as Dean says goodbye to Lisa and Ben. Ben's clearly concerned and trying not to show it.

DEAN

(to Ben)

Get Bobby to show you his car crusher, it's pretty sweet.

BEN

Yeah, okay. So...

Dean gives his best "no biggie" grin. Ben tries to reciprocate.

BEN

See ya.

Dean goes to Bobby and Sam.

BOBBY

I dunno, maybe I should come with--

Dean steps close to Bobby, keeps his voice low--

"Exile On Main St."
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DEAN

Bobby. Please. Just stay here and
keep them safe. Okay?

Bobby hears the urgency in Dean's voice. Nods.

SAM

We'll call from the road.

Sam and Dean head to the door--

Ben runs to catch Dean. Gives him a quick hug.

ON SAM. Watching. Seeing what these two mean to each other.

38

INT. ABANDONED HOUSE - DAY

38

Sam and Dean enter-- to find the Campbells amassing LONG
SILVER KNIFES, LAMB'S BLOOD JARS, and other hunting supplies.

They look up as Sam and Dean enter. Nod hello. Friendly,
but focused on their task.

Dean goes to Samuel.

DEAN

So, what's the plan?

SAMUEL CAMPBELL

Right now, we stock up, get set--

Dean cuts him off, not in the mood to be polite.

DEAN

You don't have a plan, do you.

Samuel cracks a smile.

SAMUEL CAMPBELL

They'll show. We gotta be patient.

DEAN

Yeah, okay.

(then, deadpan)

Hey, here's an alt. How 'bout we
go kill the sonsabitches that just
ransacked my house.

Christian approaches. Calm, coolly--

CHRISTIAN

Relax, Dean. We're handling it.
Djinn are hard to draw out.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CHRISTIAN (CONT'D)
You've been outta the game a while.
Leave it to the professionals.

Dean hears the condescension loud and clear. Unruffled--

DEAN
Sure, no problem. Tiny suggestion--
Djinn are easier to draw out when
you got bait.

Dean has everyone's attention.

DEAN
They want Sam and me. And they
know where I live. So, it's been a
while since I hunted, but I'm gonna
stick my neck out and guess that's
a pretty good place for us to go.

The Hunters exchange glances. He's got a point.

DEAN
Yeah, I know. It's almost like I'm
a professional.

ON THE COUCH, a basket of half-folded laundry... Christian
dumps a clatter of SILVER KNIVES next to it.

The Campbells are spreading out in Dean's home. Checking
things out. Which makes Dean uncomfy as hell.

Gwen picks up a copy of *O Magazine*. Lightly teasing him--

GWEN
I loved this one. Yours or your
wife's?

Dean shoots her a look that says he clearly can't take a joke
right now. She shrugs, tosses the mag back down.

Mark picks up a framed photo of Dean and Ben.

Dean takes the photo out of his hands, sets it down.

DEAN
Do me a favor and just... don't.

Dean turns-- to see Sam standing in front of an open closet.
Dean sees what Sam's looking at: a set of golf clubs.

Sam shoots Dean a look.

(CONTINUED)

39

SAM
Golf? Really?

DEAN
(defensive)
It's a sport.

Behind Dean, Samuel watches all this, thoughtful.

40

INT. LISA'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

40

Dean enters the kitchen. A moment alone. He goes to the sink, splashes some water on his face.

SAMUEL CAMPBELL (O.C.)
Nice house.

Dean turns to Samuel. Gives him a look.

DEAN
Go ahead, say it. Call me soccer mom. Whatever.

SAMUEL CAMPBELL
(doesn't know the term)
"Soccer mom," huh? I'm gonna have to look that up on the Intranet.

Then, switching gears, more gently--

SAMUEL CAMPBELL
Believe it or not-- I get it, Dean.
(then)
You wanted a normal life. Your mom wanted a normal life too.

Dean's taken off-guard by the mention of his mom.

SAMUEL CAMPBELL
You remind me of her, actually.
(little smile)
The attitude, for one thing.

DEAN. Taking that in.

SAMUEL CAMPBELL
Your brother tell you what we been dealing with, past few months?

DEAN
Besides you wrapping your head around Obama?
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

DEAN (CONT'D)
(eyeroll from Samuel)
Yeah, not really--

SAMUEL CAMPBELL
Never seen it quite like this.
Been working round the clock.

DEAN
What's going on?

SAMUEL CAMPBELL
We're not sure. But it goes way
past a couple'a Djinn acting off.
(then)
Nocturnals attacking in broad
daylight. Werewolves out on the
half-moon. Creatures we never seen
before-- we don't even know what
they are.
(then, quietly)
I'm knee-deep in half-eaten human
hearts and exsanguinated ten year
olds, and it's all making me...
uneasy. I don't know what's going
on. But something is. And it's
starting to scare me.

DEAN. That sounds very, very bad.

DEAN
What's the theory?

SAMUEL CAMPBELL
You tell me. All we really know
is, it's all-hands-on-deck. We're
counting on each other right now.
That's how it is with Campbells.
(then)
We need you, Dean.

Dean meets Samuel's eyes. Not used to that. Family.

DEAN
Look. I hear you. But--

SAMUEL CAMPBELL
You don't know what you're part of,
Dean. You know, you had ancestors
hacking the heads off vamps on the
Mayflower.

Dean did not know that. Whoa. That's pretty fucking cool.

(CONTINUED)

40

SAMUEL CAMPBELL
What I'm saying is-- we're your
blood. And we're out there dying,
trying to get in front of whatever
this is.
(beat)
Maybe not the best time for golf.

OFF DEAN, chewing on that...

41

EXT. LISA'S HOUSE - PORCH - LATER 41

Mark PEERS through binoculars. Dean approaches. BEAT.

DEAN
You don't say much, huh.

Beat. Then, without looking at Dean-- calm, not unfriendly--

MARK
...enough.

ON DEAN. *Well... fair enough.*

DEAN
So... any sign of 'em?

Mark hands the binoculars to Dean. Dean peers through.

DEAN
Um... don't see anything.

MARK
Three Djinn. About half a mile
off, in the trees.

Dean lowers the binoculars, surprised.

DEAN
And you know because--

MARK
(shrugs)
Spotted 'em, that's all.

Dean looks at him, impressed. Then, he peers out. Wheels
turning.

42

INT. LISA'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER 42

Dean beelines for Sam and Samuel.

(CONTINUED)

42

DEAN
Those Djinn are just sitting out there, watching us. Everybody's gotta clear out.

SAMUEL CAMPBELL
What?

DEAN
They won't come till me and Sam are alone.

SAM. Getting it.

SAMUEL CAMPBELL
So-- what, I'm supposed to leave you with no backup?

SAM
Dean's right. They're smart-- they'd wait till they weren't outnumbered.

Samuel sees he can't argue with 'em. He sighs. Reluctantly--

SAMUEL CAMPBELL
Alright.

43 EXT. LISA'S HOUSE - NIGHT 43

Sam and Dean stand watching as Samuel's VAN drives away. Then head back inside.

44 INT. LISA'S HOUSE - LATER 44

Sam and Dean, waiting. Dean's PENSIVE. Finally--

SAM
You okay?

Dean gives a laugh, like, *hilarious question*.

DEAN
Um, no.
(then)
I'm sorry, it's just... crazy. You. Our grandfather. Whoever brought you back--

SAM
(simply)
They don't want to be found.

(CONTINUED)

DEAN

I get that. But-- who are they and what do they want, and why?

SAM

Good question.

BEAT. Then--

DEAN

So... do you remember it?

SAM

What?

DEAN

The cage.

Sam meets Dean's eyes. Quiet, level.

SAM

Yeah.

DEAN

You wanna...

SAM

No.

Sam's firm but not angry. He simply knows what he wants.

DEAN

Sam. If anybody can relate...

SAM

I don't want to talk about it. I'm back.

Dean's listening-- but he can't help but be dubious. Sam sees that. Smiles. Simple, direct:

SAM

Dean. I get to breathe fresh air. Have a beer. Hunt with my family, See you again. So why exactly would I want to think about Hell?

DEAN. Really wanting to believe his brother's that okay...

DEAN

You really--

(CONTINUED)

44 "Exile On Main St."
CONTINUED: (2)

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44

But before he can protest-- WHITE LIGHT hits them through the sliding door to the backyard. The motion-sensor FLOODLIGHTS.

They beeline for the glass door. To see--

THROUGH THE WINDOW. In the yard, in lawn chairs, SID and BETHANY. Eyes ROLLED BACK, CONVULSING.

OFF DEAN'S OH FUCK NO LOOK--

BLACKOUT.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

45 INT. LISA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

45

Dean, right where we left him, at the sliding glass door.

He snaps to action. Goes to the table-- GRABS two SYRINGES.
Beelines for the door--

Sam steps in front of Dean.

SAM

Look, I know you wanna help them--

DEAN

They're my friends--

SAM

It's a trap-- Dean-- they're
already dead and you know it--

DEAN

It's my fault they're out there.

Dean pushes past Sam and out the door.

SAM

Dean!

46 EXT. LISA'S BACKYARD - CONTINUOUS

46

Dean races to Sid and Bethany... but Sam was right. They're
DEAD, eyes glassy, skin mottled. Dean's stricken. He turns--

And is GRABBED! By the FEMALE DJINN. Her tattoo MOVES as
she DOSES HIM...

HOT WAITRESS

You made it through that last trip.
So-- how 'bout a triple dose?

TWO MORE DJINN appear, LAY HANDS on Dean--

HOT WAITRESS

Bad news, it'll kill you. Good
news, at least you'll go fast.

(as she presses)

That's for our father, you
sonofabitch.

OFF DEAN, HITTING THE GROUD...

47 INT. LISA'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

47

Sam grabs a syringe. Heads to the glass door-- but SEES--
The Female Djinn just outside, BEELINING for the door. Fuck.
Sam heads to another exit--

A SECOND DJINN blocks the door. Sam's TRAPPED. The Second
Djinn holds out his hand... his tattoo MOVES...

48 EXT. LISA'S BACKYARD - CONTINUOUS

48

Dean tries to drag himself up. He COLLAPSES.

DEAN'S POV. The SKY. STARS. When--

HEADLIGHTS: a car parking in the driveway. And then--

Lisa and Ben emerge from the car. Their voices carry--

BEN

I couldn't sleep in that house,
it's creepy, I'm sorry--

DEAN. UTTER HORROR. He tries to get up. Call to them.

LISA

It's okay. We'll call Dean...

They head into the house--

Dean can SEE through the window-- Lisa and Ben in one room,
and in another window-- three DJINN approaching...

YELLOW EYED DEMON (O.S.)

Oh, don't worry about them, Dean--
worry about me.

Dean looks up-- YELLOW EYES stands over him, SMIRKING-- and
then he's GONE IN A BLINK-- and--

REAPPEARS in the window just behind LISA. He WAVES TO DEAN.

DEAN

...no...

DEAN'S POV. Everything TILTS SICKENINGLY... and we're--

49 INT. LISA'S HOUSE - BEN'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

49

Dean's lies immobile-- now on Ben's BED, staring up at a
ceiling stuck with glow-in-the-dark stars. When--

(CONTINUED)

BAM! Lisa is slammed against a wall. By--

YELLOW EYES. In the doorway. He flicks a hand, and--

She begins to slide UP THE WALL, to the CEILING...

Dean watches in horror, as over his head, Lisa is PINNED to the ceiling. Blood blooms across her stomach...

DEAN
(a choked whisper)
...Lisa--

She BURSTS INTO FLAMES.

DEAN. Overcome. It's his worst nightmare.

YELLOW EYED DEMON (O.C.)
It's okay, kiddo. There there.

Dean's eyes snap to the corner--

Yellow Eyes has a comforting arm around Ben.

DEAN
...no... get away from him...

Ben doesn't hear Dean. He's looking at Yellow Eyes-- who holds out his WRIST. SLIT OPEN and bleeding.

YELLOW EYED DEMON
Drink it. You'll feel better.

DEAN
...Ben... don't...

Ben takes Yellow Eyes' wrist and starts SUCKING THE BLOOD.

YELLOW EYED DEMON
(to Dean)
This, something else, we both know that's details. Something's coming for him. And you can't stop it.

DEAN. Furious. Helpless. Overwhelmed... His eyes ROLL BACK and we CUT TO A WIDE SHOT THAT REVEALS--

--he's lying on the grass, unconscious, CONVULSING. Hallucinating all of this.

51 INT. LISA'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

51

The three Djinn BACK SAM into a CORNER-- he's fucked-- Djinn #1 reaches for him, TATTOO SWIRLING DOWN HIS ARM...

--when Sam SPOTS the ajar closet... and those GOLF CLUBS.

Sam GRABS a club and SWINGS-- BASHES DJINN #1. Temporarily taking him out.

The other two CLOSE RANKS, CORNERING HIM. They make their move-- one manages to YANK the club out of his hand. Shit! Djinn #2 reaches for him--

SPLAK! He's STABBED THROUGH THE BACK! He FALLS, revealing--

SAMUEL CAMPBELL

You okay? He touch you?

SAM

I'm okay.

Christian's right behind Samuel. STABS a second Djinn.

The last Djinn-- the Female-- backs up in a hurry...

SAMUEL CAMPBELL

(to Sam)

We got her. Get Dean.

Sam RACES OUT... as Christian and Samuel corner the Djinn.

SAMUEL CAMPBELL

Relax, hon. We're not gonna kill you.

Christian MOVES-- throws a CHAIN AROUND HER NECK. Yanks her off-balance-- and Samuel expertly BINDS HER HANDS behind her back. They toss a SACK over her head. Capturing her.

SAMUEL CAMPBELL

Get her in the van. Quick now, before the boys get back.

Christian leads the Djinn away.

OFF SAMUEL, watching. Expression thoughtful. Even a bit... calculating.

BLACKOUT.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

52 INT. LISA'S HOUSE - DAY

52

Aftermath of the fight. The place is in shambles.

Dean, recovered from the poison, walks with Sam to the door.

DEAN

So, Samuel and the cuz'es...

SAM

I dunno. Took off in a hurry. I'm meeting 'em back at Samuel's.

(then, hopeful)

You coming with me?

Dean meets Sam's eyes. We see the part of him that wants to go. Wants to hunt with his brother.

DEAN

No. I'm going back for Lisa and Ben.

Sam's thrown for a loop.

SAM

Thought you said...

DEAN

I did. I changed my mind.

SAM

Look, Dean-- I'm the one who practically shoved you at them--

DEAN

Funny way to put it, but okay...

SAM

I'm just saying, I really wanted all that for you. And when I told you to go, I thought... you could have it, you know?

Sam meets Dean's eyes. Quiet, simple. He's sorry.

SAM

But now... I'm not so sure. You at least gotta consider you might be putting them in danger if you go back.

(CONTINUED)

DEAN

So it's better-- what, to leave them alone? Then they're not in danger?

Sam sees his point. Dean continues, quietly.

DEAN

I did this to them. I made them vulnerable the second I knocked on their door. And I can't undo it. All I can do now... is go with the best of the options.

SAM

I hear you.

(then)

I just wish you were coming, that's all.

DEAN

Why?

SAM

Don't be stupid.

DEAN

I mean it. You know plenty of good hunters now. I'm rusty. I did something seriously dumb, going out there, and it almost killed us both.

SAM

(quietly)

That's exactly why I want you.

DEAN

What are you talking about?

SAM

You just-- went. You didn't hesitate. Because you cared, and that's who you are. Me... I wouldn't think to even try.

Dean throws Sam a look. Is he serious?

DEAN

Sure you would--

Sam looks away. Not angsty. But we sense, for just a moment, that he feels uneasy about something.

(CONTINUED)

SAM
No, Dean, I'm telling you...

Sam meets Dean's eyes. Simple.

SAM
It's just... better with you here.
That's all.

Dean's moved.

DEAN
Listen...

Dean pulls something out of his pocket. CAR KEYS.

DEAN
She should be hunting. Take her.

Sam considers.

SAM
Thanks. Really. But my car...
it's all set up how I like it.

A BEAT. The brothers realizing they're parting ways.

SAM
I should hit the road.

DEAN
Stay in touch, will you?

SAM
Course.
(then)
It was really good to see you
again, Dean.

Sam walks to the door. And exits.

Dean stands in the doorway, watching Sam go.

BLACKOUT.

TO BE CONTINUED...