

SUPERNATURAL

Episode #604

"Weekend At Bobby's"

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REVISION HISTORY

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Episode #604

"Weekend At Bobby's"

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CAST LIST

SAM WINCHESTER  
DEAN WINCHESTER

BOBBY SINGER  
CROWLEY  
RUFUS TURNER  
SHERIFF JODY MILLS

DEMON  
FED  
GAVIN MCLEOD  
MARCY WARD

JARED PADALECKI  
JENSEN ACKLES

JIM BEAVER  
MARK A. SHEPPARD  
STEVEN WILLIAMS  
KIM RHODES

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SUPERNATURAL  
"Weekend at Bobby's"

TEASER

FADE IN:

1 INT. BOBBY'S LIVING ROOM - DAY (DAY 1) 1 \*

**SUPER:** Sioux Falls, South Dakota. One year ago.

CLOSE ON: A TELEVISION SCREEN; hurricane force winds batter a shoreline (stock footage).

WEATHERMAN (V.O.)  
Yesterday, this Galveston shoreline  
was being pounded by ten foot swells  
and winds up to 150 miles per hour.

CUT TO a shot of the same shore-- but the weather is PERFECT.

WEATHERMAN (V.O.)  
But today? There's not a cloud in  
sight.

We pull away from the TV, following a trail of empty WHISKEY BOTTLES to find BOBBY SINGER-- stains on his shirt, matted hair... it's been a rough few days.

Bobby kneels over a CHALK SIGIL. A BOWL of herbs sits at the center of the symbol, burning candles surround it.

WEATHERMAN (O.S.)  
Hurricane Tiffany has broken up  
over the Gulf, and our five day  
forecast calls for nothing but sun  
and clear skies.

SKT! Bobby SLICES into his hand with a KNIFE-- wincing as he squeezes a few drops into the bowl.

WEATHERMAN (O.S.)  
Guess someone up there likes us.

FSHH! Bobby strikes a wooden match.

BOBBY  
*Et ad congregandum eos coram me.*

And DROPS IT into the bowl-- WHOOSH! A FLAME shoots up.

A BEAT OF BOBBY, alone in the room. Hmm, maybe didn't work. \*

(CONTINUED)

1      CLOSE ON: A pair of WINGTIPS, buffed to a mirror-shine. We  
TILT UP to reveal--

CROWLEY, cool and CONFIDENT. The Demon scans the room--  
clocks the EMPTY BOTTLES.

CROWLEY  
Been making merry, have we?      \*

BOBBY  
Bite me.

There's GRIEF and ANGER in his voice. Crowley shrugs.

CROWLEY  
If that's your thing.  
(then)  
That swan dive Sam took-- thing of  
beauty. Tens across the board,  
standing O from the Romanian judge.  
You should be proud, Bobby. As  
deaths go, not shabby.

Bobby CRINGES at that, bad memories.

CROWLEY  
Cheer up, mate. We just saved the  
sodding world together. Me, I've  
been celebrating.      \*

BOBBY  
Hate to see what you call celebrating.      \*

CROWLEY  
Yes. You would.

Bobby twists open a bottle of scotch, pours himself a glass.

BOBBY  
Drink?  
(Crowley shakes his head)  
Lemme get this straight: we just  
"saved the soddin' world together"  
but you're too good to drink with me?

CROWLEY  
Obviously. And I doubt you have my  
brand.

BOBBY  
What's your poison, your highness?

(CONTINUED)

1

CROWLEY

Craig, aged at least thirty years.  
Been drinking it since grade  
school.

\*

BOBBY

I got Old Rotgut, aged six days.

\*

He DOWNS the glass, Crowley shakes his head.

CROWLEY

Swill like that, it'll burn a hole  
in your soul. Or I should say--  
(a smirk)  
--my soul. That is why you called,  
isn't it? Our little deal?

\*

\*

Bobby takes a beat, eyefucking Crowley.

BOBBY

Yeah, well, getting about time you  
hold up your end and give it back.

\*

\*

CROWLEY

(feigning confusion)  
Give it back?

BOBBY

Deal was: we ice Lucifer, you rip  
up the lease.

CROWLEY

(with remorse)  
Oh. You didn't read the contract?

BOBBY

The hell you talkin' about, contract?

Crowley snaps his fingers, and GLOWING LATIN TEXT APPEARS on  
the exposed skin of Bobby's ARMS (and, we assume, the rest of  
him). (VFX)

CROWLEY

Paragraph 18, subsection B-- that's  
on your naughty bits-- says I only  
have to make "best efforts" to  
return your soul.

BOBBY

Meaning what...

\*

The text FADES. Crowley leans forward...

(CONTINUED)



CROWLEY  
It means, I'd like to...

Crowley makes a show of STRUGGLING to lift his arm, trying to HAND something to Bobby-- but he can't... quite... make it. With an EXHAUSTED SIGH, Crowley's arm falls LIMP.

CROWLEY  
...but I just can't.

BOBBY  
You lyin sacka--

CROWLEY  
(a shrug)  
Leopard, spots, etcetera.  
(then, chipper)  
Ten years, you come to Daddy. My advice-- start drinking the good stuff.

Bobby gives a slow nod. Quiet but hard--

BOBBY  
Figured you'd say that. So you can rot here 'til you change your mind.

Crowley glances around the room, he's not impressed.

CROWLEY  
Because you're asking nicely?

BOBBY  
Naw, I'm going Dateline on your ass.

He flips on a BLACK LIGHT, revealing a PHOSPHORESCENT DEVIL'S TRAP painted on the floor, right under Crowley.

CROWLEY  
(bone dry)  
Hope that's paint.

Bobby flips the lights BACK ON. *Gotcha now, fucker.*

CROWLEY  
(even dryer)  
Oh, whatever shall I do.

Crowley gives a quick WHISTLE... like you would to call a--

HELLHOUND! RRRRAW! A deep, guttural GROWL echoes right behind Bobby!

(CONTINUED)

1  
ON BOBBY. He turns and a blast of HOT AIR hits him in the face. Bobby GAGS.

CROWLEY  
Doggie breath. Bracing, isn't it. \*

Bobby turns back, swallowing hard.

CROWLEY  
Your call, Robert. Ten years of...  
(re: the room, disdainful)  
"living." Or ten years as Alpo.

Bobby takes a PAINED BEAT... then crouches down-- \*

CU ON BOBBY'S KNIFE as he SCRAPES through the raised, clear phosphorescent PAINT of the Devil's Trap. \*  
\*

BOBBY  
This ain't over.

CROWLEY  
I wouldn't have it any other way.  
(then)  
Happy hunting.

And he's GONE. Off Bobby, fuming. Plotting REVENGE.

BLACKOUT.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

2      EXT. WOODS - DAY (DAY 2)      2      \*

**SUPER: Kenosha, Wisconsin. Present day.**

CLOSE-ON: A GLOVED HAND, rooting around in the RIPPED OPEN RIBCAGE OF AN UNFORTUNATE CORPSE. Squish, squish, squish.      \*  
\*      \*

TILT UP to DEAN WINCHESTER, not enjoying feeling around in there. SAM approaches, tucking an EMF meter into his jacket.      \*  
\*      \*

SAM

No EMF.  
    (then, "gross")      \*  
You find anything in there?      \*

DEAN

Yeah... something.

Dean grimaces, pulls out-- A LONG, CRACKED, CLAW-LIKE NAIL.      \*

SAM

What the hell has a claw like that?

DEAN

Good question.

3      INT. BOBBY'S HOUSE - DAY      3

Bobby's WALL MOUNTED ROTARY PHONE rings. And RINGS. Wide shot of the kitchen: EMPTY. Bobby's nowhere to be found.

4      EXT. WOODS - DAY      4

The phone keeps RINGING. Dean shoots Sam a WTF look.

SAM

Maybe he's in the can?

5      INT. BOBBY'S LIVING ROOM - DAY      5

RIING... RIING... BOBBY emerges from the BASEMENT, wiping his hands. He ANSWERS.

INTERCUT DEAN AND BOBBY.

BOBBY

Yeah?

DEAN

What took you so long? You fall and you can't get up?

(CONTINUED)

5

BOBBY  
Hilarious. What's up?

DEAN  
We're in Wisconsin. Six bodies,  
chests cracked wide open. No EMF,  
no sulphur, no hex bags. Did find  
this, though.

Dean snaps a photo of the claw with his phone, hits "send".

DEAN  
Check your Wang.

Bobby glances right-- sitting on his desk is an old WANG-  
MODEL PC. A PHOTO OF THE CLAW pops onto its screen.

BOBBY  
That's a new one.

DEAN  
We need an ID ASAP-- this thing's  
on a rampage, so call us as soon as  
you dig something up--

Bobby glances back toward the basement, uneasy.

BOBBY  
Dean, I'm a little busy--

DEAN  
So kick Bo Derek outta your  
bathtub, there's a case here.      \*

Bobby sighs.

BOBBY  
I'll call you back.

He HANGS UP. Kenny Roger's *The Gambler* starts to PLAY as we--

TIME CUT TO:

6

INT. BOBBY'S LIBRARY - LATER

6

Bobby sits at his table, ANCIENT BOOKS spread out before him.  
He runs a finger down one page, reading... and comes up  
EMPTY. Bobby frowns, SLAMS the book closed.

BOBBY  
Balls.



Bobby SLUMPS in a chair, and we fire up a TIME LAPSE MONTAGE:  
Bobby READING. Clock striking 3 AM. Bobby almost nods off.  
4:30AM. Bobby chasing No-Doze with COFFEE. More reading.  
As the hands on the clock SPIN to the FADING STRAINS of "The Gambler"... END MONTAGE.

13 INT. BOBBY'S LIVING ROOM - DAY (DAY 3) 13 \*  
Bobby's on the phone, WEARY.

BOBBY  
You're hunting a lamia.  
("lah-me-uh") \*

14 INT. MOTEL ROOM - DAY 14  
Dean's on the phone, in the middle of a two burger lunch.  
INTERCUT BOBBY AND DEAN

DEAN  
Come again?

BOBBY  
It's a monster. Juices hearts, then  
chugs the blood.  
(then, puzzled)  
Never heard'a one popping up  
outside Greece though.

DEAN  
Yeah, well, this freak immigrated,  
and now it's snackin' on  
cheeseheads. How do we gank it?

BOBBY  
Couple ways, easiest is a silver  
knife blessed by a padre.

DEAN  
Gotcha.

And without even a "thank you" Dean HANGS UP.

BOBBY  
(to dead air, resigned)  
You're welcome.

15

INT. BOBBY'S BASEMENT - DAY

15

Bobby SHUFFLES down the steps and turns to see-- A CROSSROADS DEMON (a hot number in a little black dress) bound to a CHAIR at the center of a DEVIL'S TRAP.

DEMON  
(eyes flashing red)  
Hey there, cranky.  
(eyes blink normal)  
You were gone so long, I just  
assumed, alcoholic coma.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

Bobby faces her, grim. NOT IN THE MOOD.

BOBBY  
Where were we? Oh, right: talk.

DEMON  
Look at you, all in a rush.  
Foreplay gets you more play.

\*  
\*

Bobby gets right in her face. Lethally quiet, dead serious--

BOBBY  
I want Crowley's name. His real name,  
back when he was flesh and blood.

She leans right up close to him. Equally serious:

DEMON  
Does tying demons up in your  
basement make you feel better about  
that time you killed your wife?

\*  
\*  
\*

Bobby's expression hardens. The Demon smiles, satisfied that she got to him.

\*  
\*

Bobby goes to a WORKBENCH. Where he picks up a BURLAP BAG. He OPENS IT, showing her (but NOT US) what's inside.

\*

The Demon's eyes GO WIDE. Now she's nervous.

DEMON  
What's that?

BOBBY  
Don't recognize 'em? They're yours.

Bobby DUMPS the contents of the bag into a STEEL TUB sitting on a table. And-- picks up a BLOWTORCH.

(CONTINUED)

DEMON

That won't work. It's a myth.

Bobby calmly SPARKS the blowtorch.

BOBBY

Then you got nothin' to worry about.

Bobby SWEEPS the flame over the TUB--

The DEMON SCREAMS in horrifying PAIN. It WORKS! Bobby pulls the flame back, the Demon takes a PANTING breath.

DEMON

I can't--

FOOSH! Bobby wafts the FLAME past the tub-- the Demon howls!

ON THE DEMON: A thin trail of SMOKE rising from her body.

DEMON

I... you don't know what he'll do to me.

BOBBY

Right now? You oughta worry about me, not--

DEMON

You don't get it-- he's... King--

FOOM! Bobby hits the tub again. The Demon twists in ever-loving pain; more WISPS of smoke rise from her flesh.

BOBBY

King'a the Crossroads, I've heard the speech.

DEMON

No... King... of Hell.

That brings Bobby up short. When--

DINGDONG! Bobby's DOORBELL rings. He IGNORES IT.

BOBBY

You don't say.

DINGDONG! DINGDONG!

DEMON

(catching her breath)  
 You gonna get that or what?

\*  
 \*



15A      INT. BOBBY'S LIVING ROOM - DAY      15A

DINGDONG! Bobby peers through the PEEPHOLE to see--

FISHEYE POV: MARCY WARD. She holds a PERFECT COBBLER. She looks LOVELY.

Bobby checks his BREATH, then his fly, then opens the door.

BOBBY

Marcy--

MARCY

(right to the point)  
Bobby Singer, how long have we been neighbors?

BOBBY

I... uh. Six months?

MARCY

Well then, don'tcha think it's time you welcomed me to the neighborhood?

She SHOVES the cobbler into his hands.

MARCY

My famous peach cobbler. Take a whiff. Seriously. I'm a genius.

Bobby takes a whiff-- amazing-- but before he can speak--

DEMON (O.S.)

Help me! Someone help me!

Marcy flashes a confused look, looks past Bobby to the source of the sound. Bobby COVERS.

BOBBY

Stupid horror flicks. Guilty pleasure.

MARCY

Oh-- I love scary movies! Hey-- have you seen *Drag Me To Hell*?

BOBBY

(dry-- a personal joke)  
Ah... tryin' to avoid it.

Marcy arches an eyebrow at that, tries to convince him.

(CONTINUED)

MARCY  
But it's fantastic!  
(then)  
Saturday, seven o'clock, my house.  
I'll fix you dinner, whip up a  
batch of my famous white chocolate  
popcorn, and we'll watch it. Deal?

Bobby takes a beat, TEMPTED. He wants to say yes, but--

BOBBY  
That sounds super, Marcy, but...

Marcy GETS IT-- disappointed but DETERMINED.

MARCY  
Okay, no worries.  
(then)  
Hey, one thing-- I've been clearing  
brush, and my woodchipper's a piece  
of crap, just gave out on me-- I hear  
you're handy, any chance you could  
pop by, take a look? Just, whenever?

There's ANTICIPATION in her voice. Marcy's working an angle.  
Bobby flashes half a smile, FLATTERED.

BOBBY  
I'll see what I can do.

Marcy flashes a WINNING SMILE. She steps in to say goodbye \*  
and they do an awkward dance of-- *oh, are we hugging-- no,* \*  
*oh-- handshake?* They shake hands, laughing nervously. Aw, \*  
they like each other. \*

MARCY  
See you soon.

16 INT. BOBBY'S BASEMENT - DAY 16

Bobby re-enters, to find the Demon SMIRKING at him.

DEMON \*  
Aw, she sounds sweet. You gonna \*  
make sweet love to her before you \*  
stab her to death, Bobby? That is \*  
your usual thing, right? \*

Bobby's fed up. He grabs the blowtorch, sparks it, holds  
it right in the tub. The Demon SHRIEKS! Vapor pours off  
of her-- we can hear her skin SIZZLING.

(CONTINUED)

BOBBY  
Crowley's name. Now!

DEMON  
MacLeod! Fergus MacLeod!

Bobby moves the torch away, fixes her with a glare, like *Are you fucking with me?*

DEMON  
I swear! We call him Lucky the  
Leprechaun behind his back!

BOBBY  
MacLeod's Scottish, Einstein.  
(then, arching an eyebrow)  
Guessin' you weren't the sharpest  
tack, even when you were alive.

DEMON  
You got what you wanted, now send  
me back to--

She stops-- seeing that Bobby's SQUIRTING LIGHTER FLUID IN  
THE TUB!

DEMON  
No... we had a deal!

ON BOBBY. Ice cold. He shrugs.

BOBBY  
Gave it my best effort.

FOOM! Bobby SETS THE CONTENTS OF THE TUB ON FIRE--

FOOSH! And the DEMON BURSTS INTO FLAME! Burning to a CRISP!

ON BOBBY. Surprised, but pleased. He flicks off the torch,  
blowing the SMOKE from its nozzle.

BOBBY  
I'll be damned. It works.

BLACKOUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

16A      INT. BOBBY'S KITCHEN - DAY

16A      \*

CLOSE ON: A wall of RESEARCH; pages from old demonology books, dozens of NEWSPAPER CLIPPINGS ("Bank Bailout Passed") dotted with notes ("Demon deal?", "Crowley?").

We TILT DOWN to find Bobby, studying a MAP OF SCOTLAND. BRRRING! Bobby's CORDLESS PHONE goes off. He checks the caller ID, ANSWERS.

BOBBY

Hey Garth, whatcha got?

(a beat)

Yeah... never heard of a vamp doin' that, doesn't sound like our kinda thing. Better drop a dime to the FBI.

He hangs up and-- BRRRING! Another line rings, this one from the BANK OF PHONES we saw back in episode 514. Bobby picks up the one labeled "AGT. GRINDLE - CDC"

BOBBY

You got Grindle.

(listens)

'Course she's one of ours. And if she says she's gotta dig up that grave, you better damn well let her.

He hangs up, turns back to the map a beat. Then-- BRRRING, another line "AGT. TOM WILLIS - FBI." Bobby sighs, answers.

BOBBY

Willis, FBI.

Bobby DEFLATES as he listens.

BOBBY

No Garth, not "me" the FBI. The real FBI. How the hell are you still alive?

\*  
\*

Bobby hangs up, when--

\*

BAM! BAM! Someone's POUNDING on his door. Bobby rises, annoyed, and opens it--

To reveal RUFUS TURNER (last seen in 502). He's FRANTIC.

RUFUS

You gotta help me bury a body!

17 EXT. BOBBY'S JUNKYARD - DAY 17

Bobby follows Rufus to his BATTERED PICK-UP TRUCK. ANNOYED.

BOBBY  
Why'd ya bring it here?

RUFUS  
Why do you think? Law's on my tail.

Bobby shoots him a "seriously?" look.

RUFUS  
What? They got lucky--

BOBBY  
Or you're gettin' slow--

RUFUS  
Says Mr. Sit On My Ass All Day  
Taking Calls.

Bobby shoots him a SCOWL. Steps forward, lifts up the TARP over the truckbed to reveal-- A GORGEOUS ASIAN WOMAN, dead.

BOBBY  
Vamp, shifter, what?

RUFUS  
None of the above.

Rufus pulls the corpse's lip up, revealing a set of MASSIVE WOLF-LIKE FANGS. Bobby's eyes go wide, wasn't expecting that.

BOBBY  
Okami?! Where'd you shiv it?

RUFUS  
Billings.

Bobby moves in for a CLOSER LOOK.

BOBBY  
Only time I ever saw one of those  
was in Japan. \*

RUFUS  
That's cause no one's ever seen  
one, 'cept in Japan.

They exchange a look. That is fucking weird.

(CONTINUED)

BOBBY  
For what it's worth, Sam and Dean  
are tracking a lamia in Wisconsin.

RUFUS  
Thought they never leave Greece.

BOBBY  
Monsters lately... is it me, or is  
it weird?

RUFUS  
(uneasy)  
It's... something.  
(then, back to business)  
So. Got a shovel?

TIME CUT TO:

18 EXT. BOBBY'S JUNKYARD - LATER 18

WHAM! A HUGE SCOOP of dirt is torn from THE GROUND by a  
GIGANTIC YELLOW BACKHOE! We TILT UP to reveal Bobby at the  
controls. Digging a grave the EASY WAY.

WHUMP! He DUMPS the dirt next to Rufus, who looks IMPRESSED.

RUFUS  
Well, I know what I want for  
Hanukkah.

TIME CUT TO:

19 EXT. BOBBY'S JUNKYARD - LATER 19

THUD! Rufus and Bobby TOSS the covered OKAMI into the hole,  
then start scooping dirt on top of it with SHOVELS.

RUFUS  
So the son of a bitch's name is  
Fergus MacLeod?

BOBBY  
That's the son of a bitch's name.

RUFUS  
Where you gonna look?

BOBBY  
Scotland.  
(off Rufus's look)  
Crowley let it slip he likes Craig.  
It's--

\*

(CONTINUED)

RUFUS  
Scotch. Only made and sold in a tiny  
area on the North tip of Caithness  
County. Peaty and sharp with long  
finish of citrus and tobacco notes.  
(off Bobby's look)  
What am I, a heathen? Course I  
know that.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

BOBBY  
Got a hunch maybe that's where  
Crowley actually lived. And died.  
Back when he was human. Few  
hundred years ago, before he got  
the big squeeze in Hell and came  
out a demon.

\*  
\*  
\*

Rufus stops working, wheels spinning.

RUFUS  
I got some contacts over there. I  
can make a few calls.

Bobby shoots him a look. GRUFF.

BOBBY  
I ain't askin' for your help.

RUFUS  
And I ain't asking your permission.

20      INT. BOBBY'S KITCHEN - DAY      20

Bobby stands over Marcy's cobbler. He's just about to slide  
his knife through its mouth watering crust when--

BRRRING! Bobby growls, putting the PHONE to his ear.

21      INT. RECTORY - DAY      21

CLOSE ON: Dean, PANICKED!

DEAN  
What's another way to kill a lamia?!

INTERCUT BOBBY AND DEAN

BOBBY  
What happened to the silver knife  
blessed by a priest?

WHIP PAN to a DEAD PRIEST-- throat SHREDED-- then back to  
DEAN.

(CONTINUED)

DEAN  
Didn't pan out! What's Plan B?!

WHAM! Sam SLAMS into the wall BEHIND DEAN! \*

The LAMIA APPROACHES-- and we see a LARGE SHADOW with LONG \*  
CLAWLIKE HANDS EXTEND on the wall behind Sam, getting bigger \*  
and bigger... (NB: we play the Lamia entirely with SHADOWS, \*  
SOUNDS, and OUR GUYS FLYING AROUND. We never see it.) \*

ON DEAN. Watching. Worried.

DEAN  
Eyes and groin, Sam! Protect--

WHUMP! An AWFUL SOUND of Sam getting hit. Dean WINCES.

22 INT. BOBBY'S LIVING ROOM - DAY 22

Bobby enters, phone at his ear. He reaches for a book--

WHAMWHAM! A KNOCK at his door. Bobby ignores it, flipping through pages--

FED (O.S.)  
Police!

Bobby whips his head toward the door.

BOBBY  
Balls.

23 INT. RECTORY - DAY 23

BAM! Sam crashes into another wall. WHIP PAN to Dean.

DEAN  
Get the lead out, Bobby!

INTERCUT DEAN AND BOBBY

Bobby thumbs through his book-- FINDS SOMETHING!

BOBBY  
Where are you?

DEAN  
Church! In the rectory!

BOBBY  
There a kitchen?

Dean turns to see a SMALL KITCHENETTE against the back wall.

(CONTINUED)



DEAN

Yeah--

BOBBY

Find salt and rosemary.

Dean goes to work, tearing through cupboards. Grabs SALT.  
 BEHIND HIM, sounds of the Lamia beating the crap out of Sam.

WITH BOBBY. A FIST pounds on his door.

FED (O.S.)

Open up, Singer!

WITH DEAN. His head in a cupboard, wheeling around multiple  
 Lazy Susans LOADED with spice bottles.

DEAN

Come on...

WITH BOBBY. He opens his door, revealing a FED (40s, suit)  
 and SHERIFF JODY MILLS, who we last saw back in episode 515.

FED

Mr. Singer? I'm Agent Adams, I  
 believe you know Sheriff Mills.

Bobby barely hears that; points at the phone, big fake smile.

BOBBY

My Mom. Just a sec.

WITH DEAN. He FINALLY finds some...

DEAN

Rosemary! Got it!

BOBBY

(slow, like talking to the  
 elderly)  
 Great, great, now blend the herbs  
 and sauté on high heat. Cook well. \*

DEAN CHARGES the Lamia (OS), tossing SALT AND ROSEMARY on it-- \*  
 we hear its INHUMAN SHRIEKS, as-- \*

Sam MOVES out of the way fast-- he's bloody, bruised... \*

Dean RIPS the top off the GAS STOVE. He grabs the FLEXIBLE  
 COPPER GAS TUBE, unhooking it--

DEAN

Sammy! Fire in the hole!

(CONTINUED)

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23      CONTINUED: (2)      23

Phone still jammed under his chin, Dean aims the MAKE-SHIFT  
FLAMETHROWER-- Gas HISSING from the copper tube. He flicks  
his ZIPPO to life and-- \*  
\*

WHOOM! A FLAME ERUPTS (OFF SCREEN), casting Dean's face in  
GOLDEN LIGHT. The Lamia lets out a BLOOD CURDLING HOWL...

24      INT. BOBBY'S LIVING ROOM - DAY      24

...that ECHOES through Bobby's phone. He COVERS.

BOBBY  
Alright, Mom, enjoy the roast.

He HANGS UP.

BEAT. The Fed stares at him. Then, finally, holds up--

A POLICE SKETCH of RUFUS:

FED  
Have you seen this man? Rufus  
Turner aka Luther Vandross aka  
Ruben Studdard?

BOBBY  
Never seen that dick before. \*

FED  
How do you know he's a dick? \*

BOBBY  
Lucky guess.

FED  
Funny, 'cause a couple guys working  
the highway say they saw him pull  
into your place. Carrying a body.

BOBBY  
That's ridiculous. Look-- it's a  
work day, I gotta go.

He starts to close the door-- WHAP! The Fed sticks a hand  
out, stopping him.

FED  
We'd like to take a look around.

BOBBY  
Got a warrant?

(CONTINUED)

FED  
Do we need one?

The two men EYEFUCK.      Mills steps in.

MILLS  
Okay fellas, put the rulers away  
and zip up.

She turns to the Fed.      The very soul of reason.

MILLS  
Bobby here, he's kind of a... crank.  
And he ain't what you'd call a fan of  
Big Brother.      But me and him...  
    (to Bobby)  
How long I been arrestin' you?      Ten  
years?

BOBBY  
Thereabouts.

MILLS  
Right.      We got history.      So how  
'bout I come in and scope the place  
out first?      That okay?      Just wait  
right here.

The Fed considers.      Finally nods.

FED  
Five minutes.

MILLS  
Great.

Mills enters and Bobby CLOSES THE DOOR-- ANXIOUS.

BOBBY  
Why'd you leave him out there?!

MILLS  
'Cause I figured you wouldn't want him  
in here--

BOBBY  
I don't!      Got a body in the basement--

MILLS  
My point--

BOBBY  
I also got a body buried in the yard!

(CONTINUED)

MILLS

Dammit--

Mills races to the door, looks out the little window--

\*

MILLS

Where'd he go.

\*

\*

24A      EXT. BOBBY'S PORCH - CONTINUOUS      24A

\*

A TIGHT SHOT OF THE DOOR as Bobby joins Mills, peers through the window to see that the porch is empty.

\*

\*

24B      INT. BOBBY'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS      24B

\*

BOBBY

Balls!

25      INT. BOBBY'S KITCHEN - DAY      25

Bobby and Mills race through the kitchen, out the BACK DOOR.

26      EXT. BOBBY'S JUNKYARD - DAY      26

Bobby and Mills hurry into the junkyard-- to find THE FED walking toward them. Grim.

FED

Mr. Singer, come with me please.

Bobby gives a NERVOUS NOD, following the Fed across the yard-- to the EXACT SPOT Bobby and Rufus buried the Okami earlier.

FED

Mind explaining this?

Bobby steps forward, bracing for the worst-- and sees an EMPTY HOLE. Holy shit! He COVERS...

BOBBY

Ain't you ever had a septic tank explode on you?

(then)

Huge mess. Think I got it all, but... watch where you step.

OFF the Fed's look of disgust...

27      INT. BOBBY'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT      27

The Fed and Mills are gone. Bobby's on his cordless--

(CONTINUED)

BOBBY  
Get back here!

28 INT. RUFUS'S TRUCK - MOVING - NIGHT - PMP 28 \*  
Rufus is on the road, talking while he drives.

INTERCUT BOBBY AND RUFUS

RUFUS  
I'm two states over, I can't--

BOBBY  
The Okami ain't dead!

RUFUS  
'Course it is.

BOBBY  
Did you use a bamboo dagger?

RUFUS  
Yeah--

BOBBY  
Blessed by a Shinto priest?

RUFUS  
I'm not an imbecile--

BOBBY  
And you stabbed it seven times?

RUFUS  
Five.

BOBBY  
It's seven!

RUFUS  
(Beat.)  
Pretty sure it's five.

BOBBY  
Clearly it's seven times! The damn  
hole's empty!

(then)  
What was it feeding on when you  
found it?!

RUFUS  
Single white females. While they  
slept.

(CONTINUED)

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28      CONTINUED:      28

ON BOBBY. Oh no.

29      INT. MARCY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT      29

MARCY WARD pulls on a FLANNEL NIGHTGOWN. She moves to her WINDOW, latching it.      \*  
\*      \*

30      INT. MARCY'S HALLWAY - NIGHT      30      \*

Marcy pads down the corridor. Casual. Her nightly routine. She checks the latch on a HALLWAY WINDOW as we CUT TO--      \*  
\*      \*

A shot from OUTSIDE THE WINDOW. Marcy moves, and we hold a beat as-- A DARK SHAPE flashes through frame. The OKAMI!      \*  
\*      \*

31      INT. MARCY'S FOYER - NIGHT      31      \*

Marcy LOCKS the front door as we CUT TO--      \*

A CREEPY POV: Watching her. Marcy TURNS-- NOTHING THERE.      \*

BAM! Something SLAMS into the door from outside-- BOOM! The door flies open and Marcy SCREAMS as we reveal--      \*  
\*      \*

MARCY      \*

Bobby?!

He steps in, SHOTGUN in hand, SWEEPING the room-- ALL CLEAR.

BOBBY

Where's your bedroom?

Marcy swallows hard-- WTF?!-- but POINTS down the hall.

32      INT. MARCY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT      32

FLIT! Bobby lifts up the BEDSKIRT, checks under-- NOTHING.

FROM INSIDE HER CLOSET: Bobby opens the door, POKING his shotgun in. He probes the clothing-- no sign of the Okami.

Bobby steps back, lowering his shotgun. Marcy just stares.

MARCY

Bobby, I'm trying to keep cool here but... why are you in my house with a gun?

BOBBY

You see anything... weird?

As he speaks, we TILT UP to reveal the OKAMI! CLINGING to the ceiling above him, shrouded in SHADOW.

(CONTINUED)

32

MARCY  
You mean, besides you?

WHAM! The Okami POUNCES onto Bobby! Marcy SCREAMS!

KRASH! The Okami and Bobby TUMBLE THROUGH THE WINDOW, into--

33

EXT. MARCY'S BACK YARD - NIGHT      33

Bobby lies on the grass, in PAIN. He starts to rise-- Wham!  
The Okami SHOVES him back!

MARCY races out, to see Bobby SLAMMED against her WOODCHIPPER  
(a front loading model-- the kind you pull behind a truck).

SNAP! The Okami BITES at Bobby with its massive FANGS, barely  
missing his THROAT. Bobby STRUGGLES, just barely holding it  
off with a random length of TWO-BY-FOUR-- trying to get free--

VRARR! Bobby's ELBOW hits a button, bringing the woodchipper  
to life! Bobby starts-- WTF?!

BAM! The Okami PUSHES Bobby at the MOUTH of the chipper!  
Bobby grabs the edge-- pushing back-- fighting for his life--

The Okami snarls, pushing him deeper-- RRRR! Bobby's HAT  
falls off his head and is RIPPED TO PIECES...

Bobby KICKS OUT-- crunching a foot into the Okami's knee! The  
creature stumbles as Bobby makes his move, twisting free and--

Using everything he's got-- grabbing the Okami and SHOVING  
THE FUCKER INTO THE CHIPPER! It SHRIEKS as it's sucked in--  
the machine SHREDDING IT--

BRAAAP! Spewing the Okami blood over MARCY!      \*

Bobby flips off the chipper. SILENCE. An awkward beat, then--

BOBBY  
Thought your chipper was broke.

MARCY  
(hollow, stunned)  
I only said that to get you over here.

Her voice is HOLLOW. Bobby takes that in, nods. Warming up.

BOBBY  
Well, guess I could come for dinner  
one of these nights. Might be fun.

Marcy looks at him. Bits of Okami dripping down her face.

(CONTINUED)

MARCY

I don't think so.

ON Bobby. Not so surprised.

\*

BOBBY

Story of my life.

\*

BLACKOUT.

END OF ACT TWO



ACT THREE

34            INT. BOBBY'S LIVING ROOM - DAY (DAY 4)                            34     \*

Bobby PACES, phone to his ear.   Rufus ANSWERS--

                         RUFUS (O.S.)  
                         Still alive, huh?

                         BOBBY  
                         Don't sound so surprised.

35            EXT. TRUCK STOP - DAY     35

Rufus leans against his PARKED TRUCK.

INTERCUT RUFUS AND BOBBY

                         RUFUS  
                         How 'bout Godzilla?

                         BOBBY  
                         Put her down.

                         RUFUS  
                         So you just happened to have a  
                         bamboo dagger blessed by a Shinto  
                         priest lying around?

                         BOBBY  
                         (simply)  
                         Wood chipper.

Rufus considers, then nods.

                         RUFUS  
                         Wood chipper trumps everything.     \*  
                         (then, self-conscious)  
                         Thanks, Bobby. I screwed up--

                         BOBBY  
                         (moving past it)  
                         Forget it. Figure I still owe you  
                         more than you owe me.

Rufus accepts that, gets them back on track.

                         RUFUS  
                         Well add one more to the list. I  
                         got a lead on your boy Crowley.

Rufus leans forward, grabbing a pad and paper.

(CONTINUED)

RUFUS  
Aka Fergus Rodric MacLeod, born  
1661 in Canisbay, Scotland. \*

Bobby DEFLATES. FRUSTRATED.

BOBBY  
Middle name. Great. Not sure what  
that'll get me.

RUFUS  
One more thing: Crowley had a son.  
Bobby's eyes snap wide at that-- interested.

BOBBY  
Did he now?

RUFUS  
Name of Gavin. Moved across the  
pond after his parents bit it.  
Captained a trading ship that went  
down off Massachusetts in 1723.  
(then)  
Couple'a wannabe Cousteaus found  
the wreck about thirty years ago.

Bobby processes that, wheels spinning. A PLAN FORMING.

BOBBY  
They fish out his bones? \*

RUFUS  
Nope. Did find his signet ring  
though. It's part of the  
"Treasures from the Deep" exhibit  
at the Maritime Museum in Andover.

BOBBY  
I need that ring.

Rufus takes a beat, MILKING this.

RUFUS  
You askin' for my help, Bobby?

Bobby GRIMACES; this isn't easy for him.

BOBBY  
I'm askin' for a ring.  
(like pulling teeth)  
And I'd... appreciate your help  
gettin' it.

(CONTINUED)

Rufus cracks a BIG SMILE. Lets Bobby off the hook.

RUFUS  
Way ahead of you, brother. I'm  
headed to Andover, be there 'round  
midnight.

Bobby sags with RELIEF-- sees light at the end of the tunnel.

RUFUS  
You thinkin' hostage exchange?  
(putting it together)  
Get that ring, you can summon  
junior's ghost. Get the ghost, you  
can swap Crowley his son for your  
soul.

ON BOBBY. A DARK LOOK on his face.

BOBBY  
Somethin' like that...

36 INT. BOBBY'S KITCHEN - NIGHT 36

CLOSE ON: The cobbler, as Bobby pulls it out of the FRIDGE.

Bobby scoops VANILLA ICE CREAM onto a plate, then reaches out  
to CUT the cobbler and--

HIS PHONE RINGS. He checks the ID: *Toki Wartooth*. Answers.

BOBBY  
Dean, you alright?

37 INT/EXT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT 37 \*

Dean sits on the edge of the bed. Something's wrong.

INTERCUT DEAN AND BOBBY.

DEAN  
Yeah. Lamia grilled up fine.

BOBBY  
I'm sensin' a "but" comin' on.

Dean goes to the window.

DEAN'S POV. In the lot, Sam stands by the Impala, talking on  
his cell phone. Intent, animated.

DEAN  
It's Sam. Bobby...

(CONTINUED)

37

Bobby's face falls. He sighs, bracing for the Boy Melodrama.

DEAN  
He's different. And-- I get it.  
You go through that, you change.  
It's just-- it doesn't feel right  
to me. You know?

\*  
\*

DEET! Bobby's CALL WAITING BEEPS, he checks the ID: RUFUS!  
Bobby CRINGES, this is gonna be AWKWARD...

BOBBY  
Dean--

DEAN  
Look, I just-- got some questions.  
About that year, when you saw him  
and I didn't. So, can we--

\*

BOBBY  
Dean-- I got another call.

DEAN  
(stunned)  
You... what?

BOBBY  
Just hang on, I gotta take this,  
it's important.

DEAN  
What's more important than Sam?!

CLICK! Bobby's switched over. Dean can't believe it.

DEAN  
Bobby? Bobby. Are you kidding me?

38 INT. BOBBY'S KITCHEN - NIGHT 38

Bobby's on the OTHER LINE, talking quick.

BOBBY  
Rufus?!

39 INT. RUFUS'S TRUCK - MOVING - NIGHT - PMP 39

Rufus is behind the wheel, driving like a bat out of HELL.

INTERCUT RUFUS AND BOBBY

RUFUS  
I snagged the ring!

(CONTINUED)

Bobby exhales with RELIEF, then-- WHEE-OOP! He hears the a POLICE SIREN over the phone. Bobby goes RIGID. SHIT!

BOBBY  
Tell me that ain't--

RUFUS  
Well, it ain't the paramedics.

RUFUS glances over his shoulder, FLASHING POLICE LIGHTS shine through his back window.

RUFUS  
I gotta stash the ring!

BOBBY  
But don't swallow it!

RUFUS  
I'm swallowing it!

Rufus GULPS the ring. Washes it down with BIG GULP.

Bobby stands stock still, LISTENING as the rest of the scene plays out over his phone:

RUFUS (O.S.)  
Aw, Hell!

SKREE! A car SQUEALS TO A STOP.

WHAM! A door is FLUNG OPEN.

COP (O.S.)  
Hands where I can see 'em!

RUFUS (O.S.)  
I know my rights, dammit!

BAM! Something SLAMS into the hood of the truck.

RUFUS (O.S.)  
Unnecessary force!

The phone CUTS OFF. The room going SILENT. Bobby bows his head-- DEFEATED. VOICE SOFT.

BOBBY  
Dammit.

He takes a BEAT. Then gathers himself, punches a button on the phone.

(CONTINUED)

BOBBY  
Dean, you still there?

DEAN (O.S.)  
Dude, what the hell?!

40 INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT 40

Dean's standing-- ANNOYED and FRUSTRATED.

INTERCUT DEAN AND BOBBY.

BOBBY  
I... sorry.

DEAN  
(softening)  
Look... you're the one person I can  
talk to about this stuff, okay?  
(quieter, vulnerable)  
Sam, and-- leaving Ben and Lisa...  
right now I barely know which way's  
up... \*

But... Bobby's still distracted. And Dean senses it--

DEAN  
Bobby? Hello?

BOBBY  
I hear you, son. This just ain't  
the best time.

DEAN  
(snapping)  
Know what? Forget it. I'm baring my  
soul like a friggin' girl here, and  
you got crap to do? Fine.  
(then, still annoyed)  
But seriously? Little selfish  
there, Bobby. It ain't all about  
you.

Bobby's HAD ENOUGH. He snaps into focus-- quiet, CALMER.

BOBBY  
Where's your brother?

Dean hesitates, taken aback by Bobby's tone.

DEAN  
Outside.

(CONTINUED)

40

CONTINUED:

40

BOBBY

Get him.

41

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

41

CLOSE ON: Dean's cellphone, resting on a table. We PULL BACK to reveal Sam and Dean standing over it. Both look UNEASY.

DEAN

You're on speaker, Bobby.

42

INT. BOBBY'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

42

Bobby SLOPS whiskey into a glass, as he talks into the phone.

BOBBY

Sam, Dean?

SAM / DEAN

Yeah? / Yeah.

BOBBY

I love you like you're my own. I do. But sometimes...

He SLUGS BACK the rotgut, then SNAPS.

BOBBY

You two can be the whiniest, most self-absorbed sonsabitches I ever met.

He SLAMS the glass onto the table, picking up steam.

BOBBY

I'm selfish? Me?! I do everything for you! Everything!

(then)

You need some lore scrounged up? Need your asses pulled outta the fire?

(voice rising)

Need somebody to bitch to about each other? You call me, and I come through.

(hitting each word)

Every. Damn. Time. And what do I get for my trouble? Jack, with a side'a squat!

DEAN (O.S.)

Bobby--

\*  
\*  
\*

(CONTINUED)

BOBBY  
Does it sound like I'm done?!

Dean shuts up.

BOBBY  
You got issues, I know. God I know. But I got news for you: you ain't the center of the universe.  
(then, dead serious)  
Maybe it slipped your mind, but Crowley owns my soul-- and the meter's runnin'. And I'll be damned if I'm gonna sit around and... be damned.

Bobby takes a breath. Then, a little calmer--

BOBBY  
So how 'bout you two sack up and help me for once?

43 INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT 43

Sam and Dean are silent. Stunned and EMBARRASSED.

SAM  
Bobby... all you gotta do is ask.

DEAN  
Anything you need, we're in.

44 EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY (DAY 5) 44 \*

A SQUAD CAR rolls in, pulling to a stop next to the '71 CHEVELLE. Mills and Bobby are window-to-window.

MILLS  
Got a call from Marcy Ward. Seems she had a little "home invasion."

Bobby flashes an EMBARRASSED LOOK. Mills shrugs it off.

MILLS  
Told her I'd look into it. Didn't bother filing a report.

BOBBY  
Thanks.

He takes a NERVOUS BEAT, then--

(CONTINUED)



BOBBY  
Need a favor.

MILLS  
Luther Vandross turn up? Tell him  
I'm a fan.

BOBBY  
His real name's Rufus Turner. He's  
being held in Andover, Mass on a  
burglary charge.  
(matter of fact)  
Need you to have him extradited here.

Mills absorbs that-- *is he serious??*

MILLS  
Extradited for what?

BOBBY  
Murder.      \*

Mills gives a disbelieving LAUGH. Bobby doesn't crack.

MILLS  
You're not joking.

Bobby shakes his head. Mills takes a stunned beat, then--

MILLS  
You have any idea what it takes to  
extradite a prisoner?  
(Bobby shakes his head)  
I'd need a court order, permission  
from the D.A.-- I'd have to call in  
every marker I got, and hand out a  
few to boot.

BOBBY  
So you're sayin' there's a chance.

Mills shoots him an look.

MILLS  
Even if by some miracle I can get  
him here-- then what? Your pal's  
here on a murder rap, how you  
plannin' to get him out from under  
that one?

BOBBY  
Don't worry, I'll handle the B-side.

(CONTINUED)

Mills gives a hollow laugh, FED UP. Shakes her head.

MILLS  
I like you, Bobby. But this could  
nuke my career.

Bobby locks eyes with Mills-- level. Sincere.

BOBBY  
I've done a lot for this town--  
some you know about, some you  
don't. And I'm not real good at  
this whole askin' for help thing,  
but...

Mills takes a long beat. She wants to help him, but--

MILLS  
I can't. I'm sorry.

Mills goes.

OFF BOBBY. Alone. Feeling defeated.

45 INT. BOBBY'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 45

Bobby POURS A SHOT, when--

WHAM! A KNOCK at the door. Bobby hauls himself to his feet  
with a GRUNT-- what now??-- and opens it--

RUFUS stands in the doorway, Sheriff Mills next to him.  
Bobby's eyes go wide. Holy shit!

RUFUS  
Miss me?

Bobby turns to Mills, who fixes him with a stern glare.

MILLS  
You got an hour, then I call the  
Feds and tell them he busted out.

BOBBY  
I... thank you.

MILLS  
I lose my job over this, I'm taking  
it out of your ass.

Then she turns and EXITS. Bobby focuses on Rufus.

(CONTINUED)

BOBBY  
Tell me the ring's still in your  
stomach.

Rufus shakes his head and HOLDS OUT THE RING. Bobby frowns,  
he knows exactly where that's been.

BOBBY  
I'll boil some water.

BLACKOUT.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

46 INT. BOBBY'S LIVING ROOM - DAY (DAY 6)

46 \*

CLOSE ON: A rain of SALT falling to the floor.

We pull back to REVEAL Bobby spreading a circle of SALT around GAVIN MACLEOD'S RING. The signet ring sits on a WHITE PLACEMAT inscribed with PROTECTIVE SYMBOLS.

A small bowl of HERBS lays next to the ring. LIT WHITE AND BLACK CANDLES stand at the corner of the mat. All the pieces of a GHOST SUMMONING RITUAL.

Bobby takes a step back, and starts to CHANT in LATIN.

BOBBY  
*Amate spiritus obscure--*

The light FLICKERS overhead-- something's HAPPENING.

BOBBY  
*Te quaerimus--*

Books FALL from the shelves. SPAK! A window CRACKS.

BOBBY  
*Te oramus, nobiscum colloquere--*

Bobby's eyes go to the ring-- which is LEVITATING at the center of the circle. Floating in mid-air!

BOBBY  
*Apud nos circita!*

He pinches some POWDER over a candle and-- FOOM! It flares, filling the room with LIGHT.

Bobby blinks as the glare fades. The room has gone silent. STILL. Bobby looks up to see--

GAVIN MACLEOD'S GHOST standing at the center of the circle. He's a slim man dressed in RAGS.

BOBBY  
Gavin MacLeod?

Gavin's eyes scan the room. He speaks with a SCOTTISH ACCENT.

GAVIN  
Is... is this Hell?

(CONTINUED)

46

BOBBY

That's gonna depend on you.

The ghost is terrified.

BOBBY

You're Fergus MacLeod's boy?

Gavin NODS, and Bobby leans in, grim. MENACE in his voice.

BOBBY

You and me? Are gonna have us a nice long chat.

47

INT. BOBBY'S BASEMENT - DAY

47 \*

A RUSH OF IMAGES: A hand drawing a CHALK SIGIL on the floor, candles being lit, a knife SLICING into a hand, BLOOD dripping into a SILVER BOWL-- the DEMON SUMMONING RITUAL.

BOBBY stands in front of the sigil and lights a MATCH, dropping it into the bowl-- WHOOSH! A flame shoots up.

CLOSE ON: A familiar pair of WINGTIPS, but now they're scuffed-- a bit of DRIED BLOOD on the tip.

We PAN UP to reveal CROWLEY-- but he's not cool and confident anymore. HE looks HAGGARD. Tie loosened, suit wrinkled.

BOBBY

(surprised)  
You look like hammered crap.

CROWLEY

And you're a vision as always, darling. The trucker cap's Versace, am I right? Fall collection?

Crowley doesn't have his usual SNAP-- the demon's TENSE.

He glances up, to see a DEVIL'S TRAP drawn on the CEILING overhead. Crowley sighs, shoots Bobby a PITYING LOOK.

CROWLEY

Don't we both know how this game ends?  
(then)  
Really, Bobby, you have to know when to fold 'em.

BOBBY

Word on the street is ever since Lucifer got sent to the pokey, you're the big kahuna downstairs.

(CONTINUED)

CROWLEY

See you've been reading the trades.

He straightens his tie. Bobby shoots him a knowing look.

BOBBY

Trouble in paradise?

We expect more SNARK-- but Crowley just gives a HOLLOW LAUGH.

CROWLEY

Mate, you have no idea.

He pulls a small ornate FLASK from his jacket, then a glass, then a package of ALKA-SELTZER.

He pours himself a shot, drops Alka-Selter into it.

CROWLEY

I thought the corner office would  
be all rainbows and two-headed  
puppies.

He drops another Alka-Seltzer into the glass, then a third.

CROWLEY

But if I'm being honest... it's  
been Hell.

He sighs and CHUGS the fizzing drink. Bobby, DEADPAN--

BOBBY

Thought that was the point.

CROWLEY

You know what the problem with  
demons is?

BOBBY

They're demons?

CROWLEY

Exactly!

(with venom)

Evil, lying prats the lot of 'em.  
And stupid. You try to show them a  
new way-- a better way-- and what do  
you get? Bugger all.

BOBBY

Like herding cats, huh?

(CONTINUED)

CROWLEY

That bathe in blood and eat babies.

(then)

There are days I think Lucifer's whole "spike anything with black eyes" plan wasn't half bad.

He gives a DEEP SIGH. Then BRIGHTENS.

CROWLEY

Feels good to get that off my chest. We should make this a thing. What do you charge for an hour?

BOBBY

I look like Dr. Phil to you?

CROWLEY

A little.

Bobby SCOWLS at that. Crowley checks his watch, IMPATIENT.

CROWLEY

Anyhoo, I assume this isn't a social call, so-- on with it, yes?

BOBBY

I want--

CROWLEY

Save the recap. In fact, let me shorthand this for you.

(imitating Bobby)

I want my soul back, idjit!

(as himself)

'Fraid not.

(as Bobby)

But I'm surly and have a beard!

Gimmie!

(as himself)

Blah blah blah, homespun cornpone insult, witty retort from yours truly and... bottom line is: you get bupkis. We done?

ON BOBBY. Face set. Stern.

BOBBY

Just getting started.

He steps aside to reveal--

(CONTINUED)

THE GHOST OF GAVIN! Crowley stares a beat-- SHOCKED. He blinks, rubs his eyes, voice CRACKING.

CROWLEY

Son?

(voice cracking)

Gavin... is that really you?

Gavin nods and Crowley reaches out. TEARS WELLING UP.

CROWLEY

It's been so long.

(choking up)

I love you so--

And Crowley can't keep it up anymore. He starts to LAUGH.

CROWLEY

Sorry. I tried.

He's back to his old, CYNICAL self. Crowley turns to Bobby, shakes his head.

CROWLEY

My boy for your soul, is it? I'll give you credit for thinking outside the box on that one.

(then, with a shrug)

But truth is... I loathe the little bastard.

He flashes a MALICIOUS SMIRK-- Bobby's face falls.

Gavin GLARES at his father.

CROWLEY

Want to torture him? Just let me pull up a chair, I'd love to watch.

(then)

Hell, burn his bones and send him down to me. We'll have a little family reunion.

Crowley gives Bobby a pitying smile.

CROWLEY

Picked the wrong bargaining chip, friend.

BOBBY

He ain't a chip.

(then)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)



BOBBY (CONT'D)

I was just usin' him to dig up dirt  
 on you.

CONFUSION flashes across Crowley's face-- huh??

BOBBY

(matter of fact)  
 And since Gavin hates you maybe  
 even more than you hate him, he was  
 more than happy to squawk.

Crowley's eyes go to his son, voice a HISS.

CROWLEY

What did you tell him?

GAVIN

("fuck you")  
Everything.

Crowley frowns, waving a hand-- WHAM! An IRON FIRE PLACE  
 POKER standing against the wall FLIES through the air and--

BAM! Hits Gavin-- DISSIPATING HIM. The ghost is GONE.  
 Crowley looks up, now it's Bobby's turn to SMILE.

BOBBY

I know it all, Fergus. Maybe you're  
 king'a the dirtbags now, but in  
 life? You were nothin' but a two  
 bit tailor who sold his soul for an  
 extra three inches below the belt.

CROWLEY

(playing it off)  
 I just wanted to hit double digits.  
 (then, uneasy)  
 So you got a glimpse behind the  
 curtain. And?

BOBBY

And, now I know where you're  
 planted.

He tosses Crowley the cordless. The Demon catches it, puts  
 the phone to his ear--

DEAN (O.S.)

Hiya, Crowley.

48      EXT. GRAVEYARD - NIGHT

48      \*

Sam and Dean stand in a MIST COVERED CEMETERY dotted with ANCIENT TOMBSTONES.

INTERCUT DEAN AND CROWLEY

Crowley throws Bobby an uneasy look. But turns on the charm.

CROWLEY

Dean. It's been too long. We must get together sometime.

DEAN

You bet. Soon as I get back.

CROWLEY

Back?

DEAN

Yeah, me and Sam, we've gone international. In fact, we're in your old stomping grounds.

(then)

You really used to wear a skirt?

CROWLEY

Kilt. I had very athletic calves.

(to Bobby)

What's your game?

DEAN

Dominoes. In fact, we just dug yours up.

REVEAL an ANCIENT, ROTTEN COFFIN at Dean's feet, its lid PRIED OPEN-- revealing a DESICCATED SKELETON.

49      INT. BOBBY'S BASEMENT - DAY

49      \*

Crowley grips the phone TIGHT; for the first time he looks genuinely WORRIED. The Demon shoots Bobby a POINTED LOOK.

CROWLEY

This is idiotic. Burning a demon's bones-- that's a myth.

BOBBY

Know an employee'a yours who'd disagree.

50      INT. BOBBY'S BASEMENT - DAY (FLASHBACK)      50

We FLASHBACK to Act 1, when Bobby torched the Demon. But this time, we see what he's burning: HER BONES!

51      INT. BOBBY'S BASEMENT - DAY      51      \*

CROWLEY  
(uneasy)  
So that's where she got to.

BOBBY  
You demons, you think you're somthin' special, but you're just spirits.  
(then)  
Twisted, perverted, evil spirits.  
But end of the day-- you're nothin' but ghosts with an ego.

He takes a step forward, STEELY.

BOBBY  
We torch yer bones, you go up in flames.

CLICK! CLICK! A sound from the phone, Crowley glances down.

DEAN (O.S.)  
Hear that, Crowley? That's me flickin' my Bic for you.

BOBBY  
Your bones for my soul. Going once. Going twice.

ON CROWLEY. Fuming. He's BEAT and he knows it.

CROWLEY  
Bollocks.

The Demon raises a hand and the GLOWING WRITING we saw earlier-- the CONTRACT-- appears on Bobby's arms. He looks down, watching as it MAGICALLY ERASES.

BOBBY  
Go ahead and leave in the part about my legs.

Crowley GRUMBLES, and a line of text REAPPEARS-- but the rest has VANISHED.

When it's over, Bobby takes a DEEP BREATH-- he can feel that something's changed-- and flashes a BIG GRIN.

(CONTINUED)

BOBBY  
Pleasure doin' business with ya.

Crowley throws a look up at the Devil's Trap overhead.

CROWLEY  
Now, if you don't mind...

52 EXT. GRAVEYARD - NIGHT 52 \*

CLOSE ON: SAM AND DEAN, from BEHIND. ARM AROUND to reveal--  
CROWLEY, holding a BRIEFCASE. He nods to the bones.

CROWLEY  
I believe those are mine.

Dean moves in front of the skeleton-- flicks on his lighter.

DEAN  
I dunno, I'm thinkin' maybe I just  
napalm your ass anyhow.

He pivots, holding the lighter over the bones. When--

SAM reaches out, pulling Dean's arm back. Dean shoots him a  
"what the Hell?" look.

SAM  
He's a dick, but a deal's a deal. \*

Dean throws Sam a look. But... *fine*. He snuffs his lighter.

Crowley SCOOPS the bones into the case. He glares at Sam.  
Biting.

CROWLEY  
Don't need you to fight my battles  
for me, moose. Get bent.  
(then)  
Now if you'll excuse me.

He SHUTS the case. Rises-- more weary than devious--

CROWLEY  
I've got a little Hell to raise.

Then he's GONE, leaving Sam and Dean alone on the moor.

BLACKOUT.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

53 INT. BOBBY'S KITCHEN - DAY 53

CLOSE ON: A knife, cutting into the cobbler.

Bobby levers a BIG SLICE onto a plate, next to a scoop of VANILLA. He's got the cordless phone pressed to his ear.

BOBBY

Appreciate you boys lending a hand.

54 INT. CAR - MOVING - NIGHT - PMP 54

Sam and Dean driving in a car that we realize is a RIGHT-WHEEL DRIVE. The boys share a PHONE.

INTERCUT BOBBY AND SAM & DEAN

DEAN

Hey, anytime we get to punk Crowley works for us.

BOBBY

Still, knowin' how much you love to fly the friendly skies, I'm guessin' nine hours on a plane was no picnic. What'd you do, drink your way through it?

DEAN

I was fine.

SAM

He white-knuckled his way through four puke bags.

DEAN

(self-conscious)  
Least I was sober. Some nutjob decided to try somethin', I was ready.

(knows it's lame)  
I had a fork.

Sam laughs. Dean shoots him a "fuck you" look.

Bobby clears his throat-- getting serious.

BOBBY

Look... I want you to know that the things I said earlier... I was in a tough spot and I guess I was--

(CONTINUED)

SAM

You were right. We take you for granted.

DEAN

Bobby, you been cleaning up our messes for years.

(then)

Without you, I don't even wanna guess where me and Sam would'a ended up.

Bobby takes a beat-- GENUINELY TOUCHED. He collects himself, GRUFFING UP.

BOBBY

Okay then. Let's roll credits on this chick flick. You boys have a good flight back.

(then)

And hey, try some'a the local grub. I hear it's... exotic.

DEAN

Oh, definitely, we're gonna. They've got an Olive Garden!

Bobby takes a seat in his Lay-Z-Boy, plate of cobbler in hand. He pops it into recline, cracking a TRIUMPHANT SMILE. He raises a forkful to his mouth--

BRRRING! His "AGT. TOM WILLIS - FBI" phone goes off. Bobby takes a beat... then sets the fork down, ANSWERS.

BOBBY

Willis speaking.

(a beat)

Yep, he sure is. Best agent we got, in fact...

And off Bobby... well, being Bobby, we--

BLACKOUT.

TO BE CONTINUED...