

SUPERNATURAL

Episode #607

"Family Matters"

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08/30/10

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Episode #607

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REVISION HISTORY

Revision	Date	Revised Pages
Production Draft - White	08/30/10	Full Script

Episode #607

"Family Matters"

CAST LIST

SAM WINCHESTER
DEAN WINCHESTER

JARED PADALECKI
JENSEN ACKLES

CASTIEL
CHRISTIAN CAMPBELL
CROWLEY
GWEN CAMPBELL
SAMUEL CAMPBELL

MISHA COLLINS
CORIN NEMEC
MARK A. SHEPPARD
JESSICA HEAFEY
MITCH PILEGGI

ALPHA VAMPIRE

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SUPERNATURAL
"Family Matters"

TEASER

FADE IN:

1

INT. MOTEL - NIGHT (DAY 1)

1

BLURRY, CANTED POV. Light, shadow, vague shapes. When-- a dark, indistinct HEAD fills frame, PEERING DOWN AT US. *

CASTIEL

You're right. He looks terrible.

STILL IN POV: Our "vision" starts to clear, and we see it's CASTIEL, leaning in. He looks serious yet curious. *

A TIGHT SHOT REVEALS that Cass is checking out SAM WINCHESTER. Sam's SLUMPED but seated upright in a chair. Face bruised, bloody; he's just regained consciousness. *

Castiel looks to the corner of the room, surprised. *

CASTIEL

You did this?

DEAN WINCHESTER stands in the corner. Arms crossed. On edge. He gives a slight nod. *

SAM

("what're you doing
here?")
...Cass...?

Sam's dazed, trying to shake the cobwebs. He straightens, tries to move-- and discovers he's TIED TO THE CHAIR. His wrists SECURELY BOUND WITH ROPE behind his back. *

SAM

("what's going on?")
...what's...?
(then)
Let me go.

DEAN

Not gonna happen.

CASTIEL

Has he been feverish?

Dean looks to Sam.

(CONTINUED)

DEAN

Have you?

Sam processes, still WOOZY but getting his shit together.

SAM

I... no. Why...

CASTIEL

Speaking in tongues?

SAM

No-- are you-- what are you,
diagnosing me?

DEAN

(darkly)
You better hope he can.

SAM

You really think this is--

Dean cuts him off, sharp. Pissed.

DEAN

You think there's some clinic out
there for people who pop outta Hell
wrong? He asks, you answer. Then
shut your hole. Got it?

*

SAM. Getting it's best to go along with things here.

Castiel peers closer. His focus is entirely on Sam, on
diagnosis. In contrast to Dean, he's neutral, focused.

CASTIEL

How much do you sleep?

Sam takes a small beat. Then, honestly...

SAM

I don't.

DEAN

At all?

SAM

Not since I got back.

DEAN

And it never occurred to you
something was off about that?!

*
*
*

(CONTINUED)

1

CONTINUED: (2)

1

SAM
 (quietly, calmly)
 Course it did. I just never told
 you.

*
*
*
*

Cass leans into Sam's personal space. Looking him over, listening for something, really searching...

*

Cass looks troubled as he straightens. Dean sees it.

DEAN
 What?

CASTIEL
 Sam... what are you feeling now?

SAM
 I feel like... my nose is broken.

CASTIEL
 That's a physical sensation. How
 do you feel.

SAM
 I think--

CASTIEL
Feel.

ON SAM. Uneasy. Searching his mind.

SAM
 I don't know.

Castiel nods. This is what he was afraid of. He starts UNBUCKLING HIS BELT.

Dean's brow shoots up. WTF.

SAM
 ...um... what are you...

CASTIEL
 This will be unpleasant.

Sam flashes a NERVOUS LOOK-- *what the hell?*

CASTIEL
 (re: the belt)
 Bite down on this. And if there's
 a place that you find soothing, you
 should go there. In your mind.

*

(CONTINUED)

ACT ONE

3 INT. MOTEL - NIGHT

3

Mere moments later. Cass and Dean stand over Sam. Sam is quietly absorbing. Dean is confused, shell-shocked.

DEAN

I'm sorry. One more time, like I'm five. What do you mean, he's got no--

CASTIEL

Somehow, when Sam was resurrected, it must've been without his soul. *

DEAN

Then-- where is it?!

CASTIEL

Well, my guess... still in the Cage. *
(grimly)
With Michael and Lucifer.

DEAN

Is he still even... Sam?

Sam looks to Cass, as interested as Dean to hear this.

CASTIEL

You pose an interesting *
philosophical question. *

DEAN. Okay, not fucking good enough. Right to the point-- *

DEAN

Just get it back. *

CASTIEL

Dean...

DEAN

(why the hell not?!)
You pulled me out! *

Castiel shakes his head, he'd like to, but--

CASTIEL

Dean, it took several Angels to rescue you, and you weren't anywhere near as well guarded. *

(then)
Sam's soul is in Lucifer's cage.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CASTIEL (CONT'D)

There's a difference. A big difference. It's not possible.

*
*

DEAN

There's gotta be a way--

SAM

(quietly)

Are you gonna untie me, or...?

DEAN

No.

SAM

Dean. What do you think I'm gonna do--

DEAN

You don't want me to answer that--

SAM

But-- now we know what's wrong with me, so--

DEAN

And that's better how?

SAM

Listen-- I'm not gonna...

Sam trails off, at a loss...

Dean. Quieter, upset about it--

DEAN

Sam, how the hell am I supposed to let you outta this room.

Sam just looks at him. Thinking about that.

SAM

I'm not some... psycho. I didn't want you to get hurt, Dean. I was trying to solve the...

*

Sam sighs. Gives up. Then, simply--

*

SAM

I'm sorry. It won't happen again. Please let me go.

(CONTINUED)

DEAN
(flatly)
You're kidding. Right?

SAM
So, what, you're gonna keep me tied
up here forever?

DEAN
You say that like it's a bad idea--

SAM
Dean, look, I get it, I'm... wrong,
but, I'm telling you: I wanna get
right. It's still me.

DEAN
(upset; really asking)
Is it?

SAM
Yes. So just let me go.

DEAN
No way in hell.

Sam exhales.

SAM
Well, I didn't want it to come to
this, but...

Sam stands up-- REVEALING that he secretly managed to FREE
HIMSELF from the ropes over the course of the scene!

Dean reacts, startled-- as Sam calmly continues--

SAM
What're you gonna do? You can't
hold me, Dean. Anywhere. So,
you're stuck with the soulless guy.
You might as well work with me.
Now let's fix this.

Dean just looks at his brother for a moment. Then:

DEAN
Dammit.
(then)
You know I'll be watching every
move you make.

(CONTINUED)

3

SAM
Fine. Sounds about right to me.

*
*

Dean takes his brother in-- the blood, the bruises-- then turns to Cass, GUILTY.

DEAN
Cass... clean him up.

Castiel TOUCHES SAM ON THE FOREHEAD-- And he's back to NORMAL. (See Dean's healing in 522).

*

DEAN
Alright. If we're gonna figure out what the hell happened to your soul-- priority one, we find whoever yanked you out. You say you don't know--

*
*
*
*

SAM
I don't.

*
*

DEAN
So let's start a list.
(to Cass)
If it's so hard to spring someone outta the box, who's got that kinda muscle?

*
*
*
*

CASTIEL
I... don't know.

He turns to Sam, probing.

CASTIEL
You have no memory of your resurrection?

*
*

SAM
I woke up in a field. All I know.

CASTIEL
No clues? None?

Sam takes a beat, then-- an IDEA.

SAM
I've got one.

4

EXT. CAMPBELL COMPOUND - NIGHT

4

The IMPALA DRIVES through the gates...

*

5 INT. CAMPBELL COMPOUND - NIGHT

5

Sam and Dean step inside-- and are surprised to find the place buzzing with activity. GWEN, CHRISTIAN and SIX OTHER HUNTERS. Our boys exchange a look. Low, to Sam--

*
*
*

DEAN

Gramps throw a barbeque and leave us off the e-vite?

*
*
*

Christian looks up, sees our heroes.

*

CHRISTIAN

Sam!

He steps forward, all SMILES; slaps Sam on the back. Christian's eyes move to Dean, and his smile VANISHES.

*

CHRISTIAN

Dean.

DEAN

(doing Seinfeld, dryly)
Newman.
(then)
Where's the man?

*
*

Christian nods to a DOOR on the far side of the room.

6 INT. CAMPBELL COMPOUND - SAMUEL'S OFFICE - NIGHT

6

*

SAMUEL CAMPBELL, alone, is sitting at his desk. Pensive. He's got a small stack of papers in his hand, and he's examining a 5x7 photo-- we only see it from the back.

KNOCK KNOCK! Two quick raps and Dean is in the room.

Samuel drops everything into a desk drawer quick, shuts it-- but not before Dean clocks him hiding it.

SAMUEL CAMPBELL

(dry)
Come right on in.

Sam's right behind Dean. Dean shuts the door. Samuel's brow raises; why the need for privacy?

DEAN

Need to ask you a few questions.

SAMUEL CAMPBELL

What's wrong?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DEAN

The day you came back, what happened?

Samuel takes a beat, STUDYING Sam.

SAMUEL CAMPBELL

We've been over this.

DEAN

So recap it for our wingman.

Dean nods to just behind Samuel. Samuel turns to see--

CASTIEL HAS APPEARED behind him.

SAMUEL CAMPBELL

Wingman?

(then)

This Castiel?

Castiel nods. Samuel gives him a once-over. *

SAMUEL CAMPBELL *

You're scrawnier than I pictured.

CASTIEL

This is a vessel. My true form is approximately the size of your Chrysler Building.

DEAN

Yeah yeah, quit bragging. *

(to Samuel)

So, you were dead, and?

There's an EDGE to his voice. Samuel flashes an ANNOYED look.

SAMUEL CAMPBELL

And pow, I'm on Elton Ridge. Don't know how, don't know why.

(then, off their looks)

Got nothing to hide, guys.

DEAN

You mind if Cass here double checks?

Castiel steps forward, rolling up his sleeve...

7 INT. CAMPBELL COMPOUND - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS 7

WITH CHRISTIAN, who was walking down the hall in the opposite direction-- as he HEARS SAMUEL SCREAM, immediately turns around and starts running--

8 INT. CAMPBELL COMPOUND - SAMUEL'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER 8

BAM! The door flies open. It's Christian, gun at the ready, who sees Samuel sagging against his desk, gasping.

Christian's eyes go to Castiel, who is calmly rolling his sleeve back down. Christian levels his shotgun at the Angel.

SAM

It's okay, put it down--

CHRISTIAN

(talking over Sam)
What the hell?!

DEAN

Angel cavity search.

SAMUEL CAMPBELL

(catching his breath)
I'm fine, Christian-- give us a minute.

CHRISTIAN

But--

SAMUEL CAMPBELL

I said give us a minute.

Christian very reluctantly backs out of the office.

As soon as the door closes--

SAMUEL CAMPBELL

What was that about?!

CASTIEL

(to Sam and Dean)
His soul is intact.

SAMUEL CAMPBELL

What-- 'course I have a-- why wouldn't I--

He looks at Sam. Sam just looks back.

ON SAMUEL as it sinks in. Something is very wrong.

(CONTINUED)

SAMUEL CAMPBELL

(quieter)

What's going on, Sam?

SAM

Whatever dragged me out... left a piece behind.

Samuel takes a beat, then NODS. Sighs.

Sam's confused by the reaction.

SAM

You... knew?

SAMUEL CAMPBELL

No, but... I knew it was something.

(then)

You're a helluva hunter, Sam, but truth is... sometimes you scare me.

(looking at Cass)

So, what's the deal here? Can you fix this? Get his soul back?

*

DEAN

If we find whoever ran the rescue mission in the first place.

*

*

Samuel takes that in.

SAMUEL CAMPBELL

Well, I'm here to help. 'Course. What leads you working?

SAM

Bunch of dead ends, and you.

Samuel sighs. Like, *well, I got nothing. Shit.*

SAMUEL CAMPBELL

Well then... we'll just have to dig.

ON DEAN. Looking at Samuel. Eyes narrowing. His spidey sense tells him Samuel's hiding... something.

CASTIEL

Sam, Dean.

Castiel throws Dean a look. A hint of strain underneath.

CASTIEL

I have to get back.

(CONTINUED)

DEAN
 You're leaving?
 (then)
 You better tear the attic up, find
 something to help Sam--

CASTIEL
 (with sincerity)
 Yes, of course. I'll be in touch.

*
*

ON SAMUEL AND THE GUYS as Castiel disappears.

SAMUEL CAMPBELL
 Huh. Woulda asked him to stay for
 a beer.

SAM
 Not really his thing.

Dean sighs. Frustrated by Cass' consistent disappearing acts.

DEAN
 (re: the Hunters outside)
 So. What's with the book club out
 there, anyway?

*

SAMUEL CAMPBELL
 (a shrug)
 Putting a hunt together.

DEAN
 Lotta guys for one hunt.

Sam's studying Samuel's face. Softly, realizing--

SAM
 You found him. Didn't you.

A moment between Sam and Samuel. It seems Sam's right...

Dean has no clue what Sam's talking about, though...

DEAN
 Who?

SAM
 He's got a line on the Alpha
 Vampire.

DEAN
 You do?

(CONTINUED)

Samuel nods-- downplaying, but this is clearly very big.

SAMUEL CAMPBELL
Maybe. Yeah.

DEAN
How'd you track him down?

SAMUEL CAMPBELL
We're good.

DEAN
That's all I get? "We're good?"

Samuel shoots Dean a look. But Sam's right to the point:

SAM
When's the run?

Samuel clearly doesn't want to talk about it.

SAMUEL CAMPBELL
Dawn.

SAM
And you didn't call me? Why?

DEAN
(getting it)
'Cause'a me.
(to Samuel)
Right? Don't trust me much, do ya.
Not for big game like this.

SAMUEL CAMPBELL
That's not true.

We're not sure we believe him.

DEAN
Fine. Then-- we're in.

Sam throws Dean a look, surprised, but plays along.

SAMUEL CAMPBELL
No offense, but--

DEAN
So you don't trust me--

SAMUEL CAMPBELL
No, I just know you. Enough to
know your fondness for improv--

*

(CONTINUED)

8

CONTINUED: (4)

8

Dean locks eyes with Samuel, SINCERE.

DEAN

Hey. You call the plays. Hundred percent. Here to listen.

*
*

SAMUEL CAMPBELL

Since when?

DEAN

Big Daddy Bloodsucker? I ain't missing this.

(then, with a smile)

Look-- it's your deal. I get it. I follow your lead.

(pointed)

I trust you.

9

EXT. CAMPBELL COMPOUND - NIGHT

9

Sam and Dean walk-and-talk away from the building.

DEAN

I don't trust him. Dude's hiding something.

SAM

What?

DEAN

Dunno, I can feel it. If you weren't RoboSAM, you'd feel it, too.

Sam stares at him a beat. Dean shifts uncomfortably.

DEAN

What?

SAM

Nothing. You saying you don't trust family.

*

Dean just throws him a look. He knows. Then--

DEAN

We hang close, blend in, and see what we can pick up.

SAM

You think Samuel's... connected to this whole soul thing?

(CONTINUED)

9

CONTINUED:

9

DEAN

I still think he's the only lead we got.

*

Sam nods, sounds like a plan.

10

INT. CAMPBELL COMPOUND - NIGHT

10

A RUSH OF IMAGES as the Hunters ARM UP: SHARPENING weapons. Filling SYRINGES with blood from GALLON JUGS of DEAD MAN'S BLOOD. A Hunter pours blood over racks of SHOTGUN SHELLS on TRAYS.

*

*

Sam and Dean enter, look over the buzz of work. They exchange a look, and--

Sam goes to join CHRISTIAN and a few OTHER HUNTERS at a table where they're JOKING as they SHARPEN KNIVES. They make room for him. He joins in the work and the conversation...

*

*

ON DEAN. Watching from the other side of the room. With all eyes on Sam, he slips away...

11

INT. CAMPBELL COMPOUND - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

11

Dean walks down the empty hall-- toward Samuel's office.

He stops at the door. Listens at it. Nothing. He tries the knob. It's locked.

He pulls out LOCKPICKS and gets to work... OPENS IT.

DEAN'S POV. SAMUEL'S DESK. Where he stashed those mysterious papers...

Dean's walking in, when--

CHRISTIAN (O.C.)

You lost, Dean?

Dean turns to see Christian coming toward him.

Dean turns, cool as can be, and pulls his CELL PHONE out of his pocket. He walks back out to the hallway.

DEAN

Had to make a call, needed privacy.

CHRISTIAN

Samuel's locked office. Pretty private.

(CONTINUED)

DEAN
Wasn't locked.

Christian's not buying that. He smirks with CONTEMPT.

CHRISTIAN
Sure. Who you calling?

DEAN
(laying on the snark)
Your wife. Tell her I won't be by tonight.

Christian takes a step forward, the polite mask falling away.

CHRISTIAN
I've tried to play nice, Dean, but I think I'm done. *

DEAN
Wait-- you're an even bigger knob than you been letting on?

CHRISTIAN
(level, quiet) *
I'm the guy who's been here, doing *
my job. Who are you? *
(before Dean can talk) *
You think we need you? You walk *
around like you're playing pro *
tennis-- only action you seen *
lately's between your slut *
girlfriend's legs. *

Dean SNAPS at the insult. SLAMS Christian against the wall. *
FUCKING PISSED. Christian just smirks.

Beat; then Dean thinks better. Gets a hold of himself. *
Steps back. And walks away. *

CHRISTIAN
You sure you wanna come with us tomorrow? Accidents happen.

Dean gets the implied threat, turns-- coolly.

DEAN
Don't worry man, I got your back.

He keeps walking. *

12 EXT. CAMPBELL COMPOUND - NIGHT 12

The HUNTERS exit, armed up. Samuel climbs into his VAN...
Sam and Dean head to the Impala. All LEAVING FOR THE HUNT...

13 EXT. DIRT ROAD - DAY (DAY 2) 13

The convoy has parked on the shoulder. Samuel stands,
quietly focused, addressing the others.

SAMUEL CAMPBELL
House is just over the hill. About
a dozen vamps, and the Alpha. *
(then)
We got one shot at this
sonuvabitch.

Samuel NODS to a MALE HUNTER, then Christian.

SAMUEL CAMPBELL
You and Christian take flank. The
rest of you are with me and Sam.

Dean takes a step to Sam--

SAMUEL CAMPBELL
Dean and Gwen, hang back. Sweep
any stragglers we flush out.

Dean looks to Sam. Not happy. Samuel notices.

SAMUEL CAMPBELL
Problem, Dean?

Dean wants to protest, but knows it's good soldier time.

DEAN
No sir.

Gwen, on the other hand, isn't.

GWEN
I'm in the rear with the reject?

Samuel shoots her a HARD LOOK. Yes, you are. To the others--

SAMUEL CAMPBELL
Alright, let's go.

Samuel and the others head into the woods. Christian
shooting Dean a "fuck you" look as he passes.

Sam sees Dean's uneasy expression. Quietly--

(CONTINUED)

13

CONTINUED:

13

SAM

Don't worry. It's fine.

DEAN

Nothing's fine. You're not fine.
(no other choice)

Go.

OFF DEAN, watching Sam go...

14

EXT. WOODS - LATER

14

Dean and Gwen have been standing watch. Gwen approaches.

GWEN

Sorry 'bout the reject thing.

DEAN

Been called worse.

GWEN

Just... sick of getting left back.
(beat, then)

Christian thinks it's probably
'cause I remind him of his daughter
or something.

*
*
*

Dean considers.

DEAN

Well... you do speak your mind.

GWEN

I'll take that as a compliment.

DEAN

You should.

Gwen smiles, WARMING UP. Dean opens his mouth to speak
again, when--

*
*

SNAP! A RUSTLE. Dean and Gwen turn-- NOTHING. BEAT...

WHAM! A VAMP WITH SHARK TEETH attacks from behind, THROWS
Gwen to the ground.

Dean SLAMS the Vamp into a TREE, KNIFE RAISED-- but the
Vamp's faster, TOSSES Dean to the ground. Advances for the
kill...

ON DEAN ON THE GROUND. THOK! BLOOD spatters his face. And--

THUMP! The now-HEADLESS Vamp falls to the ground beside him.

(CONTINUED)

14

CONTINUED:

14

Gwen stands over them, a BLOODIED machete in hand.

GWEN

You're welcome.

Then-- A DISTANT SCREAM, coming from the HOUSE.

Dean immediately starts in the direction of the house--

GWEN

We're supposed to wait here!

15

EXT. PLANTATION HOUSE - DAY

15

CLOSE ON: A familiar WEATHER VANE (last seen in Dean's ALPHA VISION in 606). We SLOWLY PAN DOWN--

THE HOUSE. A HEADLESS CORPSE slumps against it, the wall behind it splashed with BLOOD. We hear SOUNDS OF FIGHTING.

ON THE PORCH. A DEAD, BLOODY HUNTER, still holding an AXE.

ON THE FRONT LAWN. An AKIMBO PAIR OF BLOODY LEGS sticking out from BEHIND SOMETHING. A FEW SIMILAR CORPSES are arranged around the area-- only partially visible, their heads (or lack thereof) unseen. As if the fighting within spilled out onto the lawn.

DEAN, machete in hand, APPROACHES QUICKLY-- horrified, taking all this in. Then, A MUFFLED SCREAM from above-- Dean looks up to see-- *

A HUNTER! Lunging for the window, to escape! But just as he reaches it--

The Hunter is suddenly YANKED BACK, out of view, then-- SPLAT! GORE sprays the window. Something got him! *

CLOSE ON DEAN. Eyes wide. Something's gone TERRIBLY WRONG!

BLACKOUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

16 EXT. PLANTATION HOUSE - DAY 16

ON A CORPSE, lying in the dirt.

Dean STEPS over it-- RUNNING to the house. SOUND OF GUNFIRE and SMASHING furniture echoing within. *

ALL AROUND DEAN-- EVIDENCE OF DEVASTATION AND BLOOD. Holy shit. He makes his way to the (heavy, substantial) front door-- grabs the knob-- *

YANKS-- it's LOCKED! Shit! He backs up quick, heading for the nearest WINDOW-- when he HEARS-- *

SAMUEL CAMPBELL (O.C.)
Sam! Careful now! *

SAM (O.C.)
I got him-- *

The voices carry from the back of the house. Dean hears it. He immediately heads around... *

17 EXT. BACK OF PLANTATION HOUSE - DAY 17

Dean peers around, UNSEEN. TO SEE SAM, CHRISTIAN and SAMUEL loading a SHACKLED FIGURE ON A GURNEY into the back of an AMBULANCE, a BLACK BAG OVER ITS HEAD. An IV BAG of DARK BLOOD is attached to the Figure's ARM. Christian holds the bag up, medical-IV style. *

CLOSE ON the Man's HAND, CUFFED AND CHAINED to the gurney. HIS DISTINCTIVE FINGERNAILS. A little TOO LONG, GNARLED... *

FLASH TO:

DEAN'S ALPHA VISION IN 606. The Alpha's hands. The SAME.

BACK TO SCENE.

On Dean. They're CAPTURING the ALPHA? What the fuck??

WHAM! The ambulance door slams SHUT.

ON SAM. Sensing something. He turns in Dean's direction--

NO ONE THERE, now. Dean's GONE.

18 EXT. DIRT ROAD - DAY 18

Dean emerges, to find Gwen waiting. A worried whisper--

(CONTINUED)

GWEN
Where were you?

Before Dean can respond--

SAMUEL CAMPBELL (O.C.)
Everything alright here?

Dean looks over to see Samuel approaching, along with Sam and Christian. Dean's eyes go to Gwen, she could blow his cover--

GWEN
Chopped up a runner. No big deal.

She's COVERING for Dean. He shoots her a look of "Thanks."

GWEN
How'd it go?

SAMUEL CAMPBELL
(heavy sigh)
Rough. But... one Alpha down.

ON DEAN. A hard look. He knows Samuel's LYING.

DEAN
Where is it? Like to pay last respects.

SAMUEL CAMPBELL
Bring marshmallows. Already on the pyre.

OFF DEAN, not believing a word of that, we CUT TO--

19 INT. IMPALA - MOVING - NIGHT - PMP 19

Dean drives. Sam shotgun. Dean throws Sam a hard side-eye.

DEAN
Things go okay back there?

SAM
Fine.

DEAN
Nothin' weird?

Sam shrugs; nope. Dean SLAMS the brakes--

20

EXT. ROADSIDE - NIGHT

20

SKREEE! The Impala skids to a stop on the side of the road. Dean climbs out, PISSED. Sam does the same, confused.

DEAN

I saw you walk that Alpha out the door, Sam! Call me nuts, that seems weird!

SAM

Oh.

DEAN

"Oh!?"

Sam just looks at Dean.

SAM

You weren't supposed to know about that--

DEAN

Know what?!

SAM

It's a thing Samuel's been doing. Catching things, take 'em someplace, grill 'em for info--

DEAN

(getting it)
Grill. Torture. Right.
(then)
And not telling me, that was his idea?

SAM

No. Mine.

DEAN

What?

SAM

Sorry, Dean, but your morality bone's a little big--

DEAN

You didn't tell me 'cause you thought I'd get preachy about a couple'a monsters?! That's what you think of me?

(CONTINUED)

SAM

(flatly)

Honestly? I think you shoot first, ask questions later. And we wanted to ask some questions.

Dean stares at Sam. Infuriated by his calm.

DEAN

I am so ass-full of your bullcrap-- I don't care if it's soullessness or the mumps, you should know better than this!

(then)

You want your soul back or not, Sam?!

SAM

I don't see how that has anything to do with--

DEAN

Have you been to this place Samuel takes 'em? You been in on these interrogations?

SAM

No, but--

DEAN

Well, it ever occur to you the whole thing was shady?!

SAM

("you're not serious")

It's our grandfather--

DEAN

He's a guy who talks a good game, and that's it. You can't assume family means the same for him as us. He's not Dad.

(then, shaking his head)

Wow.

SAM

What?

DEAN

You don't see it, but you got no instinct. You're seriously, seriously messed up.

(CONTINUED)

SAM
(dryly)
Thanks.

*
*
*

DEAN
I'm not kidding, Sam.
(then)
Nobody's forcing you to work with
me. But we do this-- I drive the
bus. I make the calls. And you
tell me everything. Whether you
think it's important or not.
'Cause trust me, you can't tell the
difference.

*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*

(then)
Or, you know what, go with Samuel.
See how that goes. Up to you.

*
*
*

OFF SAM...

*

21 INT. CAMPBELL COMPOUND - SAMUEL'S OFFICE - NIGHT 21

Samuel packs a DUFFEL. We see that it's full of NASTY, RUSTY
TOOLS. (Think, torture devices courtesy of Home Depot.)

SAM (O.C.)
Samuel?

Samuel's STARTLED! He sets down BOLT CUTTERS, then turns--
Sam stands behind him.

SAMUEL CAMPBELL
Damn, kid, learn how to knock.
(then)
Where's your brother?

SAM
(level)
Gone.

Samuel arches an eyebrow.

SAMUEL CAMPBELL
What do you mean, "gone?"

SAM
I mean, took off an hour ago. Try
and fix the mess he made back home.

SAMUEL CAMPBELL
(after a beat)
Good for him.

(CONTINUED)

21

CONTINUED:

21

Sam takes a step toward him, DETERMINED.

SAM

I want in.

SAMUEL CAMPBELL

In?

SAM

On the interrogations. On everything. I can help.

(then)

This family... is it for me, now.

(nodding to the duffel)

Whatever you need. I'll do it.

Samuel absorbs that; nods.

SAMUEL CAMPBELL

I know you will.

SAM

Great--

SAMUEL CAMPBELL

But until we figure out this soul business... I'm gonna need you to keep doing what you're doing.

Samuel slips the cutters into his bag, ZIPS IT UP.

SAMUEL CAMPBELL

You understand?

SAM

But I can--

SAMUEL CAMPBELL

No. You can't. I'm sorry.

*

SAM

...right.

22

EXT. CAMPBELL COMPOUND - NIGHT

22

Sam exits, glancing around. No one in sight.

Sam POPS open SAMUEL'S VAN.

23

INT. SAMUEL'S VAN - CONTINUOUS

23

Sam opens the GLOVE BOX, revealing a CACHE OF CELLPHONES.

(CONTINUED)

23

CONTINUED:

23

Sam grabs one. Hits a few buttons, puts it back...
And closes the door.

24

INT. IMPALA - NIGHT

24

Dean taps the wheel, waiting. When... the door opens, and Sam climbs inside.

DEAN

Hey.

There's a hint of surprise in his voice. Sam clocks it.

SAM

You didn't think I'd come back.

DEAN

Figured, sixty-forty.

Sam nods. Fair enough.

SAM

Samuel didn't take the bait. So I went with Plan B.

DEAN

We had a Plan B?

SAM

Fired up the GPS on one of his phones. Should be able to track him right to the Alpha.

Sam opens his laptop, pulls up a MAP.

DEAN

And the old man won't notice?

SAM

Trust me. Guy thinks Velcro is big news.

Sam looks back to the MAP, a RED DOT flashes on it-- MOVING.

SAM

Got him.

25

EXT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

25

Samuel's VAN pulls up to a WAREHOUSE. He and Christian DISAPPEAR INSIDE...

(CONTINUED)

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 25 CONTINUED: 25
 REVEAL the Impala parked across the street.

26 INT. IMPALA - CONTINUOUS 26
 Sam and Dean eye the warehouse.

SAM
 What's the play?

DEAN
 Get in, stay down, see what we can see.

27 EXT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT 27
 Sam and Dean wait till the coast is clear. Then PICK THE LOCK on the side door. Slip in.

28 INT. WAREHOUSE - HALLWAY - NIGHT 28
 The boys creep down the corridor. Sam stops, touches the wall. Some sticky, dark substance. Huh. Interesting.

SAM
 Dead man's blood.

ON DEAN. Ew. Then, thoughtful--

DEAN
 Whole place is one big vamp prison.

FOOTSTEPS echo down the hallway, getting CLOSER. The boys duck behind a stack of pallets as CHRISTIAN moves past--
 Then STOPS, sensing something. Christian glances back--
 But Sam and Dean have VANISHED.

29 INT. WAREHOUSE - HOLDING CHAMBER - NIGHT 29
 Sam and Dean SLIP in. A large, windowless space with a CAGE (think *Lecter's cage in Silence of the Lambs*), and in it--
 THE ALPHA VAMPIRE! Seated in an old ELECTRIC CHAIR bolted to the floor. Hands and feet NAILED and STRAPPED DOWN. Head strapped in. Electrode wires are attached to the nails.
 A GENERATOR sits outside the cage, for the ELECTRIC CHAIR. Also: an EMBALMING MACHINE, pumping DEAD MAN'S BLOOD into the Alpha through a tube in his JUGULAR.

SAMUEL CAMPBELL (O.C.)
Where is it?

(CONTINUED)

Dean and Sam HIDE-- peer around to see Samuel standing by the cage, facing the Alpha.

SAMUEL CAMPBELL

Answer the question. Where is it.

The Alpha just stares at Samuel. Calm.

Samuel flips a switch on the GENERATOR. BRAAP!! Energy fires down the wires!

ALPHA VAMPIRE

(deadpan, bored)

Ow. Stop. That hurts.

The Alpha starts to chuckle.

Samuel SHUTS OFF the power. Scowls.

SAMUEL CAMPBELL

That's Club Med compared to what we've got planned. I got all the time in the world.

ALPHA VAMPIRE

Huh. That makes two of us.

Samuel struggles with his frustration. He EXITS.

SAM AND DEAN. In the shadows. They trade looks-- what the hell do they do now? *

ON THE ALPHA. Watching Samuel leave. As soon as he's gone-- the Alpha LOOKS DOWN-- *

At his STRAPPED DOWN HAND. As he watches-- Sam and Dean DON'T NOTICE, but-- his FINGERNAILS begin to GROW. Quickly, unevenly, somewhat gnarled. A good couple of inches-- just enough to function as a TOOL. *

Sam glances to the exit. Silently tips his head, indicating to Dean that they should just go, when-- *

ALPHA VAMPIRE *

You two going to hide all night?

Sam and Dean look: the Alpha is STARING. Right. At them. *

ALPHA VAMPIRE

Come on out, boys.

29 "Family Matters"
CONTINUED: (2)

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29

Off Sam and Dean, in way over their heads--

BLACKOUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

30

INT. WAREHOUSE - HOLDING CHAMBER - NIGHT

30

Sam and Dean step into the light. The Alpha stares at them with cold eyes. He is effortlessly powerful and menacing.

ALPHA VAMPIRE
(with a smile)
How can I help you?

Dean takes a step to the cage. *

DEAN *
Well. Since you're goin' nowhere *
fast, got a couple questions for *
ya, Skippy. *

ALPHA VAMPIRE *
"Nowhere fast." Don't be so sure. *

DEAN *
Yeah? Locked down pretty tight. *
(nods to machine) *
And all that crap pumping through *
your veins-- don't have the juice *
to fire up that psychic Batsignal *
a'yours. Do you. *

ALPHA VAMPIRE *
True. Not near enough... "juice" *
for that. *

ON THE ALPHA'S HAND. Subtly but constantly, as he speaks, he *
SAWS those long nails back and forth over the wood of the *
chair arm under his hand. Our boys don't see this. *

ALPHA VAMPIRE *
Go ahead, Dean. Ask away. *

Dean goes RIGID-- *how does the vamp know his name??*

DEAN *
Didn't know we were on a first name *
basis. *

ALPHA VAMPIRE *
Course we are. After all, you were *
my child, for a time. *
(then) *
Tell me, did you enjoy it? *

(CONTINUED)

Dean clearly doesn't want to answer that. Instead, he pulls his machete. Holds it at his side, but the message is clear. *

DEAN

Know what-- we ask the questions, Count Chocula. *

ALPHA VAMPIRE

Cute. Next you'll be pounding your chest. *

SAM

(dry) Yeah, let's cut past that. *

Sam's at the generator. FLIPS THE SWITCH-- ZAPPING the Alpha with ELECTRICAL CURRENT-- *

The Alpha TWITCHES... but just looks at them. *

ALPHA VAMPIRE

Thousands of years ago, when mankind first huddled around a fire... I was the thing in the dark. *

(amused)

And you think you can hurt me? *

(then, pointedly)

I have all night, boys. You don't. *

Dean and Sam exchange a look. Finally, Dean shuts it off. *

ALPHA VAMPIRE

(lightly)

Anyway, I'm happy to tell you whatever you want to know. *

Sam and Dean are taken aback. Suspicious-- *

SAM

Why?

ALPHA VAMPIRE

(pleasantly)

Because very soon, I'm going to be ankle deep in your blood-- sucking the marrow from your bones.

Dean swallows hard. Then covers over his uneasiness. Sam, meanwhile, is on high alert yet curious. *

(CONTINUED)

SAM

So you're really it. The first of your species.

*
*
*

ALPHA VAMPIRE

Before there were any of you, there was me.

*
*
*

SAM

(taken aback)
You're older than--

*
*
*

ALPHA VAMPIRE

Yes, of course. And believe me, in all that time, precious little has changed. You know what you all remind me of?

*
*
*
*
*

DEAN

What?

*
*

ALPHA VAMPIRE

Ants. How you scramble around, looking for anything to make you feel safe. You build your cities. You make your bombs and your guns. You invent a million things-- and all you want is not to die.

*
*
*
*
*
*

The Alpha smiles. Privately amused.

*

ALPHA VAMPIRE

But none of it really helps. You can't run any faster. Can you. So you're not any safer from me.

*
*
*
*

DEAN. Digesting this. It's chilling.

*

Sam's taking everything in, level but hyperalert.

*

SAM

So all that time, you've been out there, just... making children?

*
*
*

ALPHA VAMPIRE

I've been on sabbatical. Till recently.

*
*
*

SAM

Why?

*
*

ALPHA VAMPIRE

Duty calls.

*
*

(CONTINUED)

SAM

What duty? *

ALPHA VAMPIRE *

A parent has a certain
responsibility to a child. Right,
Dean? *

The Alpha smiles at Dean's clear discomfort. *

ALPHA VAMPIRE *

My children need me now. So here I
am. *

SAM *

(pressing) *

Why? What's going on? Why'd
Samuel bring you here-- *

But now the Alpha's staring curiously at Sam... *

ALPHA VAMPIRE

You smell... cold.
(realizing with surprise)
You have no soul.
(off Sam's surprised look)
What an oddity. Do you feel how
empty you are? What's it like? *

SAM *

Just answer the question-- *

ALPHA VAMPIRE *

I asked first-- *

SAM *

(so what) *

Uh huh. And you're in the cage. *

ALPHA VAMPIRE

Thing about souls-- if you've got
one, of course-- they're
predictable. You die, you go up,
or down. But where do my kind go? *

DEAN *

Look, just cut the sermon, freak-- *

ALPHA VAMPIRE *

I'm trying to answer the question. *

(then) *

Where do we "freaks" go? Not
Heaven, not Hell... so...? *

(CONTINUED)

Sam and Dean exchange a *wtf* look. *

DEAN *
(I dunno) *
Legoland? *

ALPHA VAMPIRE *
Little rusty on our Dante? *

SAM *
(getting it) *
Purgatory. *

The Alpha nods. *

DEAN *
Purgatory? Purgatory's a thing? *

ALPHA VAMPIRE *
(with a chuckle) *
Stupid cattle. Of course. And *
it's filled with the soul of every *
hungry thing like me that ever *
walked the earth. *
(then) *
But where is it? Now that's a *
mystery. That's what your *
kindhearted granddad's trying to *
beat out of me. *

SAM *
(wrapping his head around) *
Samuel brought you here to find out *
where Purgatory is? *

ON THE ALPHA. Claws still sawing through the wood; we see, *
he's done substantial damage, now. *

ALPHA VAMPIRE *
(deadpan) *
I keep telling him-- how would I *
know a thing like that? But *
somehow he hasn't untied me. *

SAM. Eyes narrowing. He doesn't believe the Alpha. *

SAM *
You know exactly where it is. *

The Alpha shrugs. Smiles serenely. Maybe he knows, maybe he *
doesn't. He ain't sayin'. *

(CONTINUED)

30

SAM
Why does Samuel care about any of
this?

*
*
*

ALPHA VAMPIRE
He doesn't. He does as he's told.

*
*

ON DEAN. Putting the pieces together.

DEAN
Okay, so if the old man's Kermit,
whose hand's up his ass?

KAH-CHOK!! The sound of a SHOTGUN ratchet. The boys spin--
To see SAMUEL standing in the doorway, Christian and a HUNTER
GUARD by his side. All have their GUNS drawn.

SAMUEL CAMPBELL
Evening, guys.

31

INT. WAREHOUSE - HALLWAY - NIGHT

31

Sam and Dean stand in the hallway, arms raised, as Christian
FRISKS them-- removing their knives, guns.

Dean stares daggers at Samuel.

DEAN
I seen a lot'a stupid, but you take
the crown.
(then)
Putting Jaws in a fishbowl? You
think that's gonna end well?

Christian steps back, Dean shakes his head.

DEAN
Whatever game you're running--

SAMUEL CAMPBELL
You think I'm doin' this for kicks?

DEAN
I think you got the rest of these
feeb's convinced you're John Wayne,
but me and Sam, we seen this flick
before.

*

Dean takes a step to his grandfather. PISSED.

(CONTINUED)

31

CONTINUED:

31

DEAN

Whatever you're doing-- whatever you're hiding-- it's gonna put you, and everyone around you, in the ground.

*

Before Samuel can respond-- WHAM! Dean makes his move, slamming Samuel against the wall.

Christian lunges for Dean, but Sam's FASTER-- KRAK! He SLUGS Christian in the jaw, staggering him for a beat--

WHUD! Samuel hits the floor, his GUN skittering from his hand. Dean dives for it, sliding across the concrete--

CLOSE ON: A SHOE, stepping into frame-- STOPPING the gun. A hand reaches down, picking it up.

ON DEAN. His eyes snap wide as we reveal-- GWEN! Standing in the doorway, pistol in hand-- aimed at Dean. Fuck!

GWEN

Hi.

32

INT. WAREHOUSE - HOLDING CHAMBER - NIGHT

32

The HUNTER GUARD stands near the cage, armed, STARING at the Alpha-- who stares right back.

*

The two hold that pose; the Alpha's eyes BORING into the Guard, who starts to SWEAT-- nervous. A beat, then he LOOKS AWAY--

And the Alpha MAKES HIS PLAY--

CLOSE ON THE RIGHT STRAP. Now just a few strands of frayed leather as-- POP! The Alpha RIPS his hand free!

Moving INCREDIBLY FAST-- the Alpha YANKS the tube from his JUGULAR; black blood SPRAYS from it.

The Guard SEES THIS-- but by the time he PULLS his machete--

*

The Alpha is suddenly STANDING right on the other side of the bars, INCHES from him. SMILING.

*

Off the Guard's HOLY SHIT look--

33

INT. WAREHOUSE - HALLWAY - NIGHT

33

Sam and Dean, surrounded by Samuel, Gwen and Christian. Dean glares at Gwen, FUMING. Then--

(CONTINUED)

33

CONTINUED:

33

A BLOODCURDLING SCREAM cuts through the air! The GUARD!

34

INT. WAREHOUSE - HOLDING CHAMBER - NIGHT

34

BAM! Samuel KICKS the door open; Sam, Dean, Gwen and Christian are right behind. They STOP FAST, staring--

The GUARD is FACE DOWN, DEAD. A GROWING POOL OF BLOOD gushing from his TORN OPEN NECK.

The rest of the room is EMPTY. The CAGE DOOR is OPEN. Alpha * has VANISHED.

Off Sam and Dean, trading "We're fucked!" looks--

BLACKOUT.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

35

INT. WAREHOUSE - HOLDING CHAMBER - NIGHT

35

Samuel kneels over the SHATTERED embalming machine container of dead man's blood, its contents pooling on the floor.

SAMUEL CAMPBELL

How much dead man's blood we got left?

He looks to Christian, who holds up TWO LARGE SYRINGES from his pocket.

SAMUEL CAMPBELL

Dammit.

Samuel takes a beat, mind spinning. Dean speaks up, FOCUSED.

DEAN

How long till the Alpha's a hundred percent?

SAMUEL CAMPBELL

Hour-- maybe less. We need to get him dosed up and back in his cage.

DEAN

No.

SAMUEL CAMPBELL

What do you mean, no--

DEAN

I mean, I don't know what your big plan was, but playing catch is off the table--

SAMUEL CAMPBELL

Dean--

DEAN

We take off its head or it kills us all. Period.

Samuel sighs. He knows Dean's right. Dean takes a step to Samuel. Lethally quiet--

DEAN

We make it through this? You, me and Sam are having one helluva family meeting.

36

INT. WAREHOUSE - HALLWAY - LATER

36

Dean, Sam, Christian, Gwen and Samuel. ARMED. They stand at the END of a hall-- corridors stretch off in different directions. *

DEAN

(low)

Okay. We split up, clear every room. *

Christian nods. No static between them. It's a crisis.

DEAN

You get a shot, you take it. Won't kill him, but dude'll move slower with no kneecaps. *

Sam and Dean's eyes meet. A moment of silent communication: *you take this hallway, I'll take the other.* *

The group moves out. Dean and Gwen disappear down one hallway, moving efficiently, professionally. *

WE STAY WITH SAM, SAMUEL AND CHRISTIAN. *

Sam goes to a CLOSED DOOR. Christian backing him. Samuel stands in the center of the hall, alert, keeping a 360-degree watch, holding a shotgun. Samuel grips the doorknob-- *

Opens the door, machete ready, peering in. *

He turns, gives Christian a quick NOD. The room's EMPTY. He motions for them to keep going... *

Long BEAT OF TENSION as they make their way down the dark hallway. Every shadow seems malicious. *

A tiny sound-- Christian SPINS. But it's NOTHING. *

IN CUTS. Quietly, efficiently, our Hunters scan. Nothing.

The Hunters stop AT THE FAR END OF THE HALL. Exchange looks. Christian stands in the doorway. Thoughtful. Quietly-- *

CHRISTIAN

You think he ran out? *

(as he turns)

We should-- *

Suddenly the Alpha's RIGHT THERE, inches away from him! *

Sam and Samuel scramble-- Samuel aims his shotgun-- flicks a panicked look to Sam, who has his machete up-- *

(CONTINUED)

SAMUEL CAMPBELL

I can't get a clean shot--

*
*

The Alpha SMIRKS. And-- KRAK! Twists Christian's neck brutally! SNAPPING IT! Christian slumps down. He's DEAD!

SAMUEL CAMPBELL

No!

BLAM! Samuel FIRES his shotgun, blasting the Alpha in the chest. The Vamp's barely affected. Goes right to Samuel--

*

--and SHOVES Samuel into a wall, HARD. He HITS the back of his head and GOES DOWN, unconscious.

*
*

The Alpha looks to Sam with PURPOSE-- just in time to see Sam COME AT HIM with a MACHETE--

*
*

The Alpha quickly grabs Sam by the wrist, SLAMS his arm into the wall. Then easily PINS Sam to the wall by the throat.

*
*

ALPHA VAMPIRE

The boy with no soul. I've got big plans for you.

*
*

SAM. Struggling against the vampire. Mind racing. How the fuck's he gonna get out of this?!

*
*

The Alpha smiles. Holding Sam there. Enjoying this.

*

ALPHA VAMPIRE

Amazing how often that pesky little soul gets in the way. Makes my children hesitate. But you-- you'll be the perfect animal and the perfect machine.

*
*
*
*
*

Sam looks him in the eyes. A promise:

*

SAM

I'm going to kill you with my bare hands.

*
*
*

The Alpha's momentarily taken aback. Then laughs with delight...

*
*

CLOSE ON THE ALPHA AS HIS SHARK TEETH RAPIDLY DESCEND-- when--

*

SAM'S POV. Right behind the Alpha-- CHRISTIAN! Suddenly steps in, and jams the TWO SYRINGES OF DEAD MAN'S BLOOD into his NECK! Holy fuck!

*
*

(CONTINUED)

SAM
Christian?!

The Alpha's BREATH CATCHES in choked PAIN and SURPRISE--

Christian's eyes meet Sam's-- and they're DEMON BLACK! Holy shit, he's a DEMON!

JUST THEN-- Dean and Gwen race around the corner, machetes up (they heard the gunfire and commotion), in time to WITNESS THE ACTION, as--

The Alpha immediately pivots, SHOVES Christian away HARD--

But TWO MORE BLACK-EYED DEMONS are RIGHT THERE TO GRAB THE ALPHA! He STRUGGLES--

But in a SNAP-- they've VANISHED! Holy shit!!

CROWLEY (O.C.)
Well. That was dramatic.

Sam and Dean recognize that voice, they turn to see--

CROWLEY! Leaning in a doorway! What. The. Fuck??

SAMUEL, on the ground-- shakes the cobwebs-- stares.

SAM
Crowley?!

Crowley sighs, brushing off his sleeves. And, of course:

CROWLEY
Hello, boys. What an unexpected treat.

Samuel advances on Crowley-- PISSED.

SAMUEL CAMPBELL
Give us Christian. Now.

CROWLEY
(who?)
I'm sorry?

SAMUEL CAMPBELL
My nephew! The one you just crammed a demon into!

CROWLEY
Oh. No, I had him possessed ages ago.

(CONTINUED)

Sam and Dean exchange a glance at that. Whoa.

*

Samuel looks at Crowley in shock.

*

CROWLEY

*

Samuel, really. I keep an eye on my investments.

DEAN

You two know each other?!

CROWLEY

Not biblically, more of a business relationship, I'd say.

*

Sam locks eyes with Samuel. Level.

*

SAM

You're Crowley's bitch?

SAMUEL CAMPBELL

It's not what you think.

CROWLEY

No, it's precisely what you think. And that Alpha he just caught me's getting him a gold star.

DEAN

(to Crowley)

Since when do you give a crap about vampires?

CROWLEY

Since-- today's Friday? Then since, let's see, mind your business.

Sam steps to Crowley. Calmly challenging.

SAM

*

Might as well share with the class, Crowley. We know you're looking for Purgatory.

*

*

*

CROWLEY

*

(little smile)

*

Oh, you heard about that?

*

SAM

*

You wanna tell us why?

*

CROWLEY

Isn't it obvious? Location, location, location.

(off their looks)

Hello, I'm a developer. Purgatory is vast, underutilized, Hell-adjacent, and I want it.

*
*
*
*
*
*
*

Dean and Sam exchange a look. Dean's uneasy. That sounds extremely not good, coming from Crowley.

*
*

DEAN

For what, for--

*
*

CROWLEY

(cutting him off)

Said all I'm saying. Best shut your gob. Employees don't question management.

*
*
*
*

DEAN

We ain't your--

CROWLEY

'Course you are. Have been for some time, thanks to gramps.

(then, matter of fact)

I don't keep Captain Chromedome around for his wit, do I?

*

Crowley cracks a condescending smile.

CROWLEY

Samuel knows things. More than any of you, actually. Walking encyclopedia of the creepy and the crawly. And I knew: you two are so hung up on all that family loyalty nonsense-- he said jump, you'd get froggy.

*
*
*

Sam and Dean wrap their heads around that. Dean's furious.

DEAN

Yeah, well, game's over.

CROWLEY

Yeah, 'fraid not.

(serious as shit)

If you want to see Sam's soul ever again, I mean.

ON SAM. Eyes widening at that. What?!

(CONTINUED)

SAM
You're bluffing.

CROWLEY
Tell them, Samuel.

The boys look to Samuel, CONFUSED. He sighs. Reluctantly--

SAMUEL CAMPBELL
He hauled us both back, me and Sam.

SAM
What? You knew?

Dean shakes his head, doesn't want to believe that.

DEAN
No-- Cass said it'd take big-time
mojo to pull that off. You're just
some punkass Crossroads Demon.

CROWLEY
Was a punkass. Now? King'a Hell.
Believe me, I got the mojo. I snap
my fingers, Sam gets his special
little spark back.

His eyes drift to Dean, who's SEETHING.

CROWLEY
Or you can be... you, and I shove
Sam right back in the hole. *
(then, thoughtful) *
Can't imagine what it's like in
there. And I can imagine... so
many things.

He cracks a smile. Satisfied with how this all went.

CROWLEY
So we clear? Me Charlie, you
angels. Job's simple enough: bring
me creatures. Aim high on the food
chain, please. And everybody wins.
(then)
It's been a delight. See you soon.

Then-- he's GONE. Off Sam and Dean, REELING, we-- *

BLACKOUT.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

37

INT. WAREHOUSE - HALLWAY - NIGHT

37

We pick up seconds after our last BLACKOUT. Samuel turns to GWEN, who witnessed Crowley's appearance. She's REELING.

SAMUEL CAMPBELL

Time to go. Get the van.

GWEN

You're letting a demon call the shots?

Samuel locks eyes with her, FIRM.

SAMUEL CAMPBELL

Nothing's changed. We hunt.
Period. Don't worry about him,
I'll take care of it. You gonna
trust me or not?

*
*

ON GWEN. Conflicted.

*

SAMUEL CAMPBELL

Get. The van, Gwen.

*
*

Gwen doesn't look happy-- but she does it. She EXITS. And Sam immediately turns to Samuel.

*

SAM

(really asking)
What's wrong with you?
(Samuel says nothing)
Working with a demon? Believe me,
they screw you over. Every time.

Dean moves in-- the two boys boxing in Samuel against a wall.

*

DEAN

What's so important you're the king
of Hell's cabana boy?
(with venom)
What he offer you-- girls? Money?
Hair?

*
*
*
*

ON SAMUEL. Reluctant. Stubborn.

SAMUEL CAMPBELL

I've got my reasons.

Dean steps closer. Threatening. Samuel just stands there.

(CONTINUED)

SAMUEL CAMPBELL

You wanna make a move? Go ahead.

DEAN

Or what?

SAMUEL CAMPBELL

Or nothing. I'm not gonna do anything to you, Dean. You boys... you're my family.

He eyes them, getting a READ on the pair.

SAMUEL CAMPBELL

So the way I see it, you got two choices: put a bullet in your grandfather, or step aside.

*

Dean's furious... but he just CAN'T.

Soulless Sam, on the other hand, reaches for his GUN--

Dean grabs Sam's hand, shakes his head.

SAM

He sold us out.

DEAN

I know.

(then)

Just let him go.

SAM

(sincerely)

Why?

Dean sighs. Instead of answering, just pulls Sam away from Samuel. To Samuel, quietly--

DEAN

Get out of here.

Samuel and Dean exchange a loaded look. Samuel walks away.

Then he's GONE, leaving the boys alone.

SAM

What now?

DEAN

Ain't it obvious?

(CONTINUED)

SAM

(gives a dry laugh)

To me? No, it's really not.

DEAN

We punch Crowley's clock, till we
get your soul back. Meantime-- I
watch you like a hawk.

SAM

Seriously? We're playing ball?

DEAN

For now, yeah. Till we find
another way.

ON DEAN. A look of pure certainty on his face.

DEAN

And then? We're gonna track
Crowley down, and give that son of
a bitch what's coming to him.

Sam NODS. That, he completely understands.

OFF THE BROTHERS, caught up in something they know ain't
good... but for the moment, in it together...

BLACKOUT.

TO BE CONTINUED...