

SUPERNATURAL

Episode #701

"The Girl Next Door"

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PRODUCTION DRAFT

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Episode #701

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REVISION HISTORY

Revision	Date	Revised Pages
Production Draft - White	06/21/11	Full Script

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CAST LIST

SAM WINCHESTER
DEAN WINCHESTER

JARED PADALECKI
JENSEN ACKLES

BOBBY SINGER
YOUNG SAM WINCHESTER

JIM BEAVER
COLIN FORD

AMY POND
AMY'S MOTHER
AXEL
BARISTA
CASHIER
CHET
COP
CORONER
DEALER
DR. GAINES
EARL
ER DOCTOR
JACOB POND
LIBRARIAN
TEENAGER #1
YOUNG AMY POND
YOUNG WOMAN

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SUPERNATURAL
"The Girl Next Door"

TEASER

BLACK SCREEN: We hear WARBLY VOICES, BEEPING that sounds like SONAR-- it's like we're UNDER WATER. Almost SERENE.

1 INT. EMERGENCY ROOM - DAY (DAY 1) 1 *

EYES-- Belonging to DEAN WINCHESTER. We FLOAT above him for a BEAT-- DREAMLIKE. His FACE is BLOODIED, BRUISED.

ER DOCTOR (O.C.)
Hold him down...

Dean's eyes dart to SEE two ORDERLIES PIN him to the bed-- he's confused, disoriented, half-awake--

DEAN
...hey...

And, further down the bed, the ER DOC picks up Dean's leg in both hands-- Dean HISSES in AGONY-- and we see it has a NASTY SWOLLEN KNOT-- BROKEN. The ER Doc braces, all business--

ER DOCTOR
Three, Two, One, set!

CRACK! She PULLS and TWISTS his foot! Dean jolts to full sober consciousness-- he shoots BOLT UPRIGHT with a SCREAM and manages to WREST his arms from the grip of the Orderlies!

ER DOCTOR
We got a live one!

WHUMP! The Orderlies FORCE Dean back down. The ER Doc buries a syringe in his arm, quick-and-pro.

ER DOCTOR
Okay. Just relax.

The medicine begins to hit Dean-- he starts to slump--

DEAN
Where the hell am I?

ER DOCTOR
You're at the hospital--

DEAN
Which hospital?

(CONTINUED)

ER DOCTOR
Sioux Falls General.

Dean REACTS again-- SIOUX FALLS GENERAL!? (There are flesh eating monsters in here, we know from last ep!) Dean tries to get up, slumps back from the sedative. Fuck, fuck, fuck.

DEAN
No. No-- where's my brother?! We gotta get out...

ER DOCTOR
He bashed his head pretty seriously, he's gone up for an MRI.

The drugs are seriously taking hold.

DEAN
No-- we have to go...

ER DOCTOR
You're not going anywhere on that leg, buddy.

Dean makes a last attempt to push himself up... and he's OUT.

2 INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY 2

Dean AWAKENS, disoriented. Was that a DREAM?

DEAN'S POV. Vision BLURS, DOUBLES, then he SEES: The tray on the night table is stamped SIOUX FALLS GENERAL.

DEAN
No-- no no no...

Dean sits upright... he's still pretty drugged, can't clear his head. He RIPS the IV from his elbow. Then--

Swings his legs out to stand and... CRACK! CRASHES to the floor! He holds back a SCREAM-- PAIN ripping through his body. He sees his leg, now sporting a CAST.

Dean SHAKES IT OFF and works on getting to his feet-- WHAM! The DOOR flies open.

BOBBY
You okay?

It's BOBBY! In a grey suit and ADMINISTRATOR badge.

DEAN
Bobby-- you're alive--

(CONTINUED)

2

BOBBY

Course I am-- why you on the floor--

DEAN

They gave me morphine-- a lot...
look, a monster broke my leg--
(then, remembering)
But the-- house-- we thought you
were dead--

BOBBY

Well I ain't, for now. But we
gotta run. This place ain't safe.

Dean nods vigorous agreement, as Bobby helps him up.

BOBBY

Where's Sam--

DEAN

Head scan I think...

Bobby gets Dean leaned up, then heads for the door...

BOBBY

Get to the Ambulance Dock, stat.
I'll find Sam.

DEAN

Go-- where? I'm a gimp, Bobby--

Bobby grabs crutches out of the corner and THROWS 'em at
Dean. And, he's gone.

OFF DEAN: deep breath, let's do this...

3

INT. OPERATING ROOM - DAY

3

BLOODY HANDS are washed in a sterile sink. We TILT to
reveal: DR. GAINES! (The Monster Doc from 703.) A NURSE
(his cohort) stands holding a towel.

DR. GAINES

We have dessert scheduled, I presume.

*
*

DEEET! Dr. Gaines's cell RINGS in his pocket. He NODS for
the Nurse to fish it out as he finishes his scrub-up. She
holds the phone to his ear--

DR. GAINES

Yes?

A grave look falls over his FACE...

(CONTINUED)

DR. GAINES
The Winchesters? Here?

Off Gaines and the Nurse, locking eyes... determined.

4 INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - DAY 4

Still fighting the drugs, Dean works those CRUTCHES best he can. He reaches an intersection. Dean looks RIGHT:

The hallway DUTCHES and STRETCHES... Dean BLINKS. Looks left... and manages to make out a sign DIRECTING him to the ER. He hobbles off as quick as he can...

5 INT. HOSPITAL HALL OUTSIDE RADIOLOGY - DAY 5

A BURLY ORDERLY pushes UNCONSCIOUS Sam through double-doors on a gurney. Then, a HAND falls on the Orderly's shoulder--

BOBBY
Hold the phone there, son. Who's this.

Bobby snags Sam's CHART, peruses--

BOBBY
Yup. This is the guy.
(then)
Coverage lapsed. We're shipping him to county.

The Orderly watches Bobby corral Sam's bed and push him away.

BOBBY
(to Sam)
C'mon Sicko, we'll get you healed up someplace a little safer.

6 INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - DAY 6

Back with Dean, struggling with the crutches...

A DOCTOR is walking RIGHT FOR HIM... Dean tries to "act natural"... not bump into him... keep moving fast...

The Doc throws Dean a quizzical look... but keeps moving.

7 INT. HOSPITAL - DIFFERENT HALLWAY - DAY 7

Bobby PUSHES Sam as quickly as he can without arousing suspicion. Heading to the dock, and the row of AMBULANCES parked there...

DEAN

Don't forget tried to kill us back
at your place.

BOBBY

Consensus is, they're like
shapeshifters, except a lot more
into eating folk. And nothing
kills 'em.

DEAN

(big sigh)

Good times. Anything else?

BOBBY

Yeah. They bleed black goo.

SAM

(getting it)

Like what came out of Cass. Those
things from Purgatory. Leviathans.

BOBBY

Yup.

DEAN

And what about those chompers you
saw in the hospital? They still
making spleenburgers, or--?

BOBBY

Made some calls-- that doctor never
showed back up to work. Ditto his
nurses. They took off.

DEAN

Great. So they could be in any
hospital in America.

BOBBY

Yup.

DEAN

What do you think, Sammy?

Dean looks to Sam-- now STARING at something in the doorway.
Dean looks-- there's nothing there.

CLOSE ON SAM. Still closely watching that spot. And as we
PUSH IN, WE HEAR: the SIZZLE of searing flesh-- a SCREAM...

DEAN

Sam. Ground control to major--

(CONTINUED)

Still looking at that spot, Sam pulls his HAND close and presses the REDDENED SCAR on his palm. (From a cut, in 702.) Touching the scar immediately helps Sam. He snaps back.

SAM

(calmly)

Yeah. Right here. What?

DEAN

You okay?

SAM

Yeah. Fine.

Dean shoots Bobby a look. This isn't the first time Sam's had a little spell. Bobby takes Sam in, concerned. Then--

BOBBY

Good.

(then)

So, lock. Every piece of useful info I ever had burned down. I gotta round up some kinda library.

SAM

But most of those books were one of a kind.

BOBBY

Which is why I stashed copies all over the place.

ON DEAN. A bit concerned by that. But he says--

DEAN

Alright. Sounds good...

(then, to Sam)

Hey, Two-Legs? We're fresh outta grub. Wanna make a quick run?

SAM

Sure.

Dean TOSSES Sam the keys. Sam heads for the door...

DEAN

Be careful with her! And Sam?

SAM

Yeah--

DEAN

Pie--

(CONTINUED)

SAM

Obviously.

Sam LEAVES. Dean gives Bobby a meaningful look.

DEAN

So?

BOBBY

So what?

DEAN

Before you bail again. Cuckoo's nest over there. Thoughts?

BOBBY

Looks to me like he's doing better.

DEAN

Better? Creepy McStarey's better?! You saw him--

BOBBY

--check out once. That's progress.

DEAN

You're kidding.

BOBBY

(shrug)

Seems like Sam's head ain't much different than your leg. People heal on a curve.

DEAN

Not different? I get this damn thing off in five days, I'm golden. Sam's not a curve. He's a time bomb.

BOBBY

Ain't like he's keeping secrets. What we see's what we get. What's so nuts about calling an upswing?

DEAN

Because-- that's not how it works. Ever. Definitely not with Sam. Other shoe's gonna drop, Bobby. Just a matter of when.

Bobby gives Dean a look. Finally shrugs.

(CONTINUED)

BOBBY

Ok, so then how bout we worry about today's problems. And today we need intel. I'm going. You sit there and stew. I'll check in.

(gentler)

You sitting around wringing your hands ain't going to do anything-- maybe he'll surprise you.

*
*
*
*

OFF Dean-- that's what he's afraid of.

14 INT. WHITEFISH GAS N' SIP - DAY 14

Sam heads up to pay for his basket of grub when SOMETHING catches his eye... a NEWSPAPER ("BOZEMAN CHRONICLE"). Intrigued, Sam PICKS IT UP.

ON NEWSPAPER: the HEADLINE: "ICE PICK KILLER STRIKES AGAIN."

CASHIER

Paper, too?

SAM

Huh? Uh, yeah.

Sam hands him a CREDIT CARD. CLOSE ON: The Cashier SWIPING it through his register-- ALIAS: LEMMY KILMISTER.

15 INT. CALL CENTER - DAY 15

CLOSE ON: A computer monitor-- displaying a CREDIT CARD STATEMENT. CHET (20s, mild mannered) talks into his headset.

CHET

Yes sir, do you see any other strange charges on your statement? The May 27th charge to "Mistress Magda," perhaps?

(then, awkward)

I'm sorry for asking.

BEEP! A RED ALERT WINDOW pops on-screen. It reads: "Lemmy Kilmister - Whitefish Gas n' Sip - Whitefish, MT."

Chet's eyes go COLD and, quickly --

CHET

We'll have to call you back.

KLICK! He hangs up on his CALLER. Then REACHES into his DESK DRAWER and pulls a CELL PHONE. He DIALS.

16 EXT. URBAN STREET - DAY

16

A CELL PHONE rings. It belongs to AXEL-- the BRUTISH LEVIATHAN who put Sam and Dean in the HOSPITAL! He ANSWERS THE PHONE:

AXEL

Yes.

INTERCUT CHET AND AXEL.

CHET

Hello, sir. The Winchesters have tripped one of my search programs.

AXEL

Great.

CHET

A shop in Montana. Day and a half, maybe two days from here.

AXEL

(cryptic)

So...

CHET

(confused)

So?

AXEL

So why are you still talking to me?

OFF Chet's HEADSET, HITTING his ABANDONED desk.

17 INT. CABIN - NIGHT

17

Sam drops a bag in front of Dean, still on the couch.

DEAN

Thanks.

SAM

Bobby take off?

DEAN

Yeah.

(then)

So-- hey, Sam-- how are you?

SAM

(mildly)

Fine.

(CONTINUED)

17

DEAN
I mean-- you still seeing--

SAM
I know what you mean. Yes, I'm
still seeing crap that's not real.
And yeah, I'm fine.

Sam's hand unconsciously finds his scar.

SAM
I can tell the difference.

DEAN
You think... it's getting better?

SAM
Honestly? No idea. I just know
I'm managing it. So don't worry.

Dean cracks open the bag...

DEAN
Sam-- where the hell's the pie--

SAM
I got cake, close enough, right?

Sam heads to his room. Dean stares at the stupid cake.

DEAN
There's so much wrong with that
statement, I don't even know where
to start.

18 INT. CABIN - SAM'S BEDROOM - NIGHT 18

Sam unfolds the NEWSPAPER from his jacket. Examines it more
closely. He is serious and interested. Concerned.

We get a few CLOSE-UPS on individual lines: "Claims second
victim." "Mutilated Corpses."

MATCH CUT TO:

19 INT. YOUNG SAM'S MOTEL ROOM - DAY (FLASHBACK DAY 1) 19 *

A NEWSPAPER. Headline: "MORE FOUND DEAD!"

CHYRON: **LINCOLN, NEBRASKA. 1998.**

YOUNG SAM WINCHESTER (15-ish) is looking at it. On the PHONE
with Dean. (Note: The conversations will be ONE-SIDED.)

(CONTINUED)

YOUNG SAM

From what I can tell, something called a kitsune.

(listens)

Not much. Look human. 'Til they sprout claws and stab you behind the ear to get your brain.

(listens)

I don't know, yet.

Sam lets out an exasperated sigh, listening to Dean.

YOUNG SAM

Yeah, Dean, I get killing 'em's important. Maybe if Uncle Bobby woulda sent a book in English...

*

Sam flips open his lore book-- we see it's in JAPANESE.

SAM

I am--

(urgent, pleading)

No, no, don't put him on the phone--

(then, best behavior)

Hi, Dad.

(quiet, scared straight)

Yessir, I realize people are dying.

(listens)

I'm on my way to the library right now.

Sam hangs up. Then GLARES at the phone.

20 INT. CABIN - NIGHT (PRESENT DAY)

20

Dean, still on the COUCH, passed out ASLEEP-- TV blasting. Beer empties and bottle of painkillers on the coffee table.

Sam QUIETLY EMERGES from the room with a DUFFEL. He slips his KEYS off the table, drops a NOTE. Dean doesn't STIR.

21 EXT. BOZEMAN PUBLIC PARK - NIGHT (PRESENT DAY)

21

Sparse, deserted PUBLIC PARK. A DRUG DEALER (scruffy biker type) palms a BAGGIE of white powder, self-satisfied.

DEALER

Sorry, price went up. Fifty-five.

His BUYER, a skinny YOUNG WOMAN looks at him desperately.

YOUNG WOMAN

What? But I don't have that--

(CONTINUED)

DEALER

Well, maybe we can work out a
trade...

The Woman's eyes widen--

WEE-OOP! A POLICE CRUISER speeds by in the distance.

The Young Woman spooks-- runs off. The Dealer walks briskly
into a DARKENED ALLEY.

We follow the Dealer in UNKNOWN POV-- STALKING.

A DARK FIGURE wipes frame-- JUMP SCARE!

The Dealer STOPS. Did he just hear footsteps? He TURNS--
the alley's empty. He listens. NOTHING.

He turns to walk-- and GASPS-- the FIGURE is right in front
of him! (We don't see it; at most, a vague over-shoulder).

The Dealer turns-- starts to RUN-- and is YANKED RIGHT OUT OF
FRAME-- We hear his GASP and the CRUNCH of bone--

BLOOD SPATTER HITS THE WALL--

The Dealer HITS THE PAVEMENT, BLEEDING from the DARK JAGGED
HOLE that's been stabbed through his skull.

OFF HIS STARING, DEAD EYES...

BLACKOUT.

END OF ACT ONE

DEAN

Straight to voicemail. Turned his GPS off, too. And, he took my car.

BOBBY

Don't panic--

DEAN

Too late--

BOBBY

Look, he says he's okay, give it a couple days. Just till you get the cast off, then hunt him down. Till then, we'll both keep calling.

Dean settles, against his better judgement.

DEAN

Alright.

Dean hangs up.

QUICK CUTS. Dean looks around with pent-up frustration. Dean turns the TV on, then off. Dean scratches under his cast with a bent wire hanger. Dean checks his phone. Dean hobble-paces. Dean slumps in the couch, feeling trapped.

CUT TO:

25 INT. CABIN - DAY

25

Dean hoists his CAST up on the table and brings up a SAW.

DEAN

You're goin' down.

He starts methodically sawing through the cast.

26 EXT. PUBLIC PARK - DAY

26

CLOSE ON: Sam's phone-- "3 MISSED CALLS FROM LARS ULRICH"
Sam pops the phone into his FED SUIT.

Sam BADGES the LOCAL COP ("Agent Lemmy Kilmister") guarding the SCENE-- FORENSIC TECHS, yellow tape, chalk outline.

SAM

You guys thinking this is another one? So-called Ice Pick Killer?

(CONTINUED)

26

COP
Same M.O.
(nods to scene)
Can't say I'm too broken up about
this one.

SAM
You knew him?

COP
Busted him half a dozen times.
(sarcastic)
Real mensch.

SAM
So, what's the deal? Killer comes
to town, ganks a scumbag, moves
along?

COP
Looks like.

SAM
Stabs 'em all exactly the same,
right? Behind the ear?

COP
Yeah. No explaining a psycho.
(then)
We kept that detail outta the
paper, though. How'd you know?

FLASH TO:

27 INT. YOUNG SAM'S MOTEL ROOM - DAY (FLASHBACK) 27

YOUNG SAM, on the phone with Dean.

YOUNG SAM
...they sprout claws, stab you
behind the ear...

BACK TO:

28 EXT. PUBLIC PARK - CONTINUOUS (PRESENT DAY) 28

SAM
Worked a case like this few years
back.

COP
Think it's related?

(CONTINUED)

Sam shrugs. Not sure.

SAM
You find anything weird about the
brains?

COP
Like what?

SAM
Like missing.

COP
Huh. Coroner could tell you.

29 EXT. WHITEFISH GAS N' SIP - DAY 29

A NONDESCRIPT PICKUP TRUCK PULLS UP.

30 INT. STOLEN PICKUP TRUCK - CONTINUOUS 30

Dean climbs out-- with difficulty, his newly-uncast leg stiff
and painful. We clock exposed hot-wires under the dash.

31 INT. WHITEFISH GAS N' SIP - DAY 31

DING! Dean ENTERS and scans the store methodically-- looking
for any obvious CLUES. He approaches the CASHIER.

DEAN
See a big guy in here yesterday?

Cashier looks at him, deadpan. Sarcastically--

CASHIER
Well, that's specific.

DEAN
(holds arm above head)
Big. 'Bout yay high...

CASHIER
Maybe. Brown hair?

DEAN
That's him. Remember what he
bought?

CASHIER
Snacks, maybe?

Dean sighs. This guy's useless. He scans. There's a TV,
tuned to cartoons. Pulp magazines... NEWSPAPER RACK.

(CONTINUED)

31

CONTINUED:

31

DEAN
Maybe a paper?
(Cashier shrugs)
You still got yesterday's paper?

Cashier shoots him an odd look, then nods to the RECYCLING BIN by the door.

Dean walks over, LIMPING slightly, and FISHES it out. Sees the headline: "ICE PICK KILLER STRIKES AGAIN."

OFF DEAN: Eureka.

32

INT. CORONER'S OFFICE - DAY

32

Sam and the CORONER walk to the WALL O' BODY FREEZERS.

CORONER
We don't get too many murders out
this way, much less a serial.

THUNK! A BODY rolls out of the locker-- our Dealer.

SAM
What'd you find?

CORONER
It's what we didn't find.

The Coroner rolls the Dealer's head, exposing the gory hole.

CORONER
Chunk of mid-brain went missing.

SAM
Mid-brain, like pituitary gland?

CORONER
Actually, their pituitaries are
clear gone. How'd you know?

FLASH TO:

33

INT. YOUNG SAM'S MOTEL ROOM - DAY (FLASHBACK)

33

YOUNG SAM, on PHONE, holding a NOTEBOOK of TRANSLATED PAGES.

YOUNG SAM
So, they need a steady diet of
human pituitary glands to survive.

BACK TO:

39

CONTINUED:

39

A BEAT of Young Sam watching the girl with interest...

BARISTA (O.C.)
Triple Red Eye-- you're up!

Young Sam SNAPS back to reality. He turns to grab his COFFEE. When he spins back: She's GONE.

OFF Young Sam TAKING A DRINK OF COFFEE, pensive...

40

INT. IMPALA - NIGHT (PRESENT DAY)

40

Adult Sam TAKES A DRINK OF COFFEE from a takeout cup. He's on stakeout at the edge of a PARK. When--

Headlights flash through the windshield, from an SUV DRIVING IN and PARKING a distance away. Sam WATCHES as a FIGURE steps out, in a COAT.

CLOSE ON SAM. Eyes NARROWING.

41

INT. LIBRARY - DAY (FLASHBACK)

41

Young Sam, EYES NARROWING in concentration.

He sits at a table with his lore book, a notebook, and a Japanese/English dictionary. Arduously translating. Tired.

He looks up-- AMY just walked into the library! He stares-- then looks away quickly. Then again, in spite of himself... to see that SHE is looking at him-- can't tell what she's thinking...

Embarrassed, Sam quickly looks down at his work.

42

INT. LIBRARY - DAY (FLASHBACK)

42

Sam pulls a dictionary off the shelf. Through a gap in the books he sees Amy-- she's in the next aisle.

She NOTICES him staring-- Sam startles and AVERTS his eyes.

43

INT. LIBRARY - DAY (FLASHBACK)

43

Young Sam talks into his CELL, in a LOW TRAFFIC area.

YOUNG SAM
(very low voice)
Okay. You stab it in the heart.
(tiny bit louder)
Stab it--
(frustrated, a bit louder)
Heart...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

43

CONTINUED:

43

YOUNG SAM (CONT'D)
(frustrated; louder now:)
I said you stab it in the HEART--

LIBRARIAN (O.C.)
SHH!

Sam looks up to see-- several people looking at him oddly.

YOUNG SAM
(into cell; embarrassed)
You guys cool? Can I have a life
for five minutes now?

As Sam listens to Dean, he sees Amy reading a MAGAZINE.

YOUNG SAM
Hey Dean? Wait, question--
(then)
How do you talk to girls?

44

INT. LIBRARY - DAY (FLASHBACK)

44

Young Amy sits with her feet up in a chair, reading, when--

YOUNG SAM (O.C.)
Um... excuse me--

She looks up to see a very nervous Young Sam standing there.

YOUNG SAM
I just wanted to-- you know, I
mean, say hi and introduce myself,
my name's--

YOUNG AMY
No. Go away.

Ouch. She sees Young Sam take that like a slap. Gentler--

YOUNG AMY
I'm not supposed to talk to boys.

Young Sam gives her his best "oh, that's okay" smile, then
turns quickly and gets the hell outta there. Mortified.

45

EXT. BELGRADE PARK - NIGHT (PRESENT DAY)

45

We follow the FIGURE through the park.

Adult Sam STALKS from a DISTANCE-- trying to see who it is.
But he can't, yet.

51 INT. AMY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

51

YOUNG AMY. Smiling shyly.

She holds up BACTINE.

YOUNG AMY
Ready to play doctor?

YOUNG SAM is on the couch. A KITCHEN adjoins the living room.

Amy sits next to Sam, who shifts, NERVOUS, as she leans in close, dabbing Bactine on his SHINER. An INTIMATE moment.

YOUNG AMY
So, you gonna tell me?

YOUNG SAM
What?

YOUNG AMY
How you kicked the crap outta those guys. I mean, no offense, but you're--

YOUNG SAM
Wiry.

YOUNG AMY
Exactly. So...?

YOUNG SAM
I watch a lot of Bruce Lee movies.

Amy regards him a beat, not sure she buys that. She RISES.

YOUNG AMY
I'll grab some ice. You thirsty?

YOUNG SAM
Sure.

FRIDGE POV: Amy opens the door and the light flicks on, revealing a six pack of soda... and three JARS, each with CHUNKS OF BRAIN floating in them! Ew! Amy DOESN'T REACT.

YOUNG AMY
Do you live around here?

She grabs a Coke, SLAMS the door.

YOUNG SAM
Like a hippie?

YOUNG AMY
Minus the peace and love.

Amy hands the CAN back. Sam regards it-- then takes a sip.

YOUNG SAM
We're always on the road. I've
seen the World's Biggest Ball of
Twine twice.

YOUNG AMY
Three times. Not that big.

YOUNG SAM
(agreeing)
Right?

They share a JADED LAUGH.

YOUNG SAM
But be honest. Moving all the time
sucks. You're always the new kid,
everyone thinks you're a freak.

YOUNG AMY
Sam? You are a freak.

Sam flinches, WOUNDED by that. Amy's matter-of-fact.

YOUNG AMY
But so was, I dunno, Jimi Hendrix,
and Picasso.
(then)
So am I.

Sam locks eyes with Amy. Surprised. Moved. He never
thought of it like that. She smiles. Quietly-- warmly--

YOUNG AMY
All the coolest people are freaks.

In response... Sam leans over and kisses her.

54 EXT. BELGRADE PARK - NIGHT (PRESENT DAY)

54

ADULT SAM and ADULT AMY stand close. Only, now it's 'cause
he's got that knife to her ribs.

(CONTINUED)

AMY
(a deep breath)
Sam. What I am, I'm managing it.

SAM
You spiked three guys this week.

AMY
You don't get it... it's not like
that. I'm not just some murderer.
I had to.

SAM
Why?

She looks at Sam, fighting back emotion.

AMY
I can't-- I just had to, Sam.
(then)
Please believe me.

ON SAM. TORTURED. He HATES that he has to do this.

SAM
I can't. I'm sorry.

AMY
So am I.

BAM! Amy SHOVES Sam-- incredibly STRONG-- he SLAMS into a
nearby tree, hitting his HEAD hard. Falling to the ground.

Amy STUMBLES back, tripping over a ROCK and dropping her
PURSE. It hits the dirt, and things spill out.

Amy scrambles, grabbing her stuff. She TAKES OFF.

CLOSE ON: A small, wadded up PIECE OF PAPER. Left behind.

OFF SAM, out cold--

55 INT. MORGUE - NIGHT

55

The DEALER'S CORPSE laying on the slab. The CORONER stands
on one side of the body, DEAN (in his FED THREADS) on the
other.

CORONER
This is the one he asked to see.

Dean SCANS the body, ON EDGE. Not sure what he's looking
for.

(CONTINUED)

DEAN
Great, great... Lemme ask you...
He... do anything to it?

CORONER
("weird")
No... just had a few questions
about the other vics. Missing
pituitary glands and so forth.

ON DEAN. A LIGHTBULB goes off in his head.

DEAN
Son of a bitch.

56 EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT 56

WHUMP! BOBBY LOADS FILE BOXES into a car trunk, ON CELL:

BOBBY
Sam's chasin' a what?

57 INT. STOLEN TRUCK - NIGHT 57

The truck is PARKED. Dean sits in the driver's seat, JOHN'S JOURNAL open in front of him, to a page marked "Kitsune."

INTERCUT Dean and Bobby.

DEAN
Kitsune. Pretty rare. Me and Dad
hunted one back in ninety-eight. *

BOBBY
Vaguely rings a bell. *

DEAN
Yeah, didn't make our highlight reel. *

BOBBY
Well... least now we know he's
working a job.

DEAN
So why pull the Houdini act?

BOBBY
No clue. What are you gonna do
when you catch up?

DEAN
(darkening)
I got a few ideas...

58

INT. AMY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

58

Amy PACKS A BAG, stressed and moving fast. When-- she clocks a DROP of FRESH BLOOD on her shirt. Amy SIGHS and starts UNBUTTONING her shirt as we pan back to reveal--

SAM! Standing behind her, KNIFE IN HAND!

Amy FREEZES. SENSING HIM. Turns slowly. SCARED but holding it together. Sam just STARES. SEETHING.

AMY
How did you find me?

SAM
Dropped this.

Sam holds up the PAPER Amy dropped earlier, he's uncrumpled it, revealing a CREDIT CARD RECEIPT.

SAM
"Amy Pond," huh? Cute name.

He glances around the house: well-decorated and HOMEY.

SAM
You weren't kidding about the mortgage.

AMY
Sam--

Sam sees the spot of BLOOD on her shirt.

SAM
That's fresh. Not mine.
(then)
So, you killed again.

ON AMY. Pained, she HATES this. As she speaks, Amy subtly moves, putting herself between Sam and a BEDROOM DOOR.

AMY
You think I wanted to?

SAM
I think you gotta tell me exactly what you're doing, or I gotta kill you whether I want to or not.

ON AMY. Pleading with Sam.

(CONTINUED)

58

CONTINUED:

58

AMY

I can't-- you know me, Sam--

SAM

I knew you, a long time ago--

AMY

No, you know me. You know the kind of person I am.

59

INT. AMY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

59

YOUNG SAM and YOUNG AMY as they PART from the kiss. A MOMENT between them-- a little shy...

Young Sam smiles, breaking the tension. Sits back-- and KNOCKS the can of COKE to the floor. It spills.

YOUNG AMY

Crap.

She quickly goes to mop up the spill--

YOUNG SAM

Sorry-- I didn't mean to--

YOUNG AMY

It's okay, just-- if she sees it, my mom'll be so pissed, you know?

YOUNG SAM

It was an accident.

YOUNG AMY

She's got a temper. I mean, sometimes. No big deal.

She's clearly trying to downplay. She looks away from Sam.

YOUNG SAM

(quietly)

Yeah, my dad has a temper too. You don't wanna see him if he drinks.

Amy looks at him sharply, surprised. Vulnerable. Quietly-- we get that she's never admitted this to anyone before.

YOUNG AMY

My mom... I don't think she's a good person.

(then, softly)

Sometimes... I don't think I'm a good person either.

(CONTINUED)

59

YOUNG SAM

You are.

YOUNG AMY

Don't be sure.

YOUNG SAM

Amy... I've been around enough bad
to know good when I see it.

He puts his HAND on hers. Amy holds it TIGHT. TOUCHED.

YOUNG AMY

My mom's got this whole plan for me,
but... I don't want to be like her.

ON SAM. He knows EXACTLY how she feels.

YOUNG SAM

I don't want to be like my dad either.

OFF YOUNG SAM and YOUNG AMY, sharing a moment...

60

INT. AMY'S HOUSE - NIGHT (PRESENT DAY)

60

ADULT SAM and ADULT AMY, eye-to-eye, tense.

SAM

So then-- tell me what's going on.

ON AMY. A TORTURED beat.

AMY

Drop the knife, and I'll show you.

SAM

Show me and I'll drop the knife.

Amy LOCKS eyes with Sam-- sizing him up-- then--

AMY

Don't move.

Amy goes to the BEDROOM DOOR, never taking her eyes off Sam.
She swings it open to reveal--

A BOY (JACOB, 11) sleeping in his bed, face pale and bags
under his eyes. Looks like he's just getting over pneumonia.

AMY

This is Jacob. My son.

ON SAM. Surprised. He LOWERS the knife.

(CONTINUED)

AMY
I've built a life here, Sam. I'm in
the PTA, I'm boring.

SAM
But you're still eating--

AMY
The dead. I'm a mortician.
(wry laugh)
I know. Not sexy. But, you know,
health benefits.
(she shrugs)
I quietly take what Jacob and I
need. No one gets hurt.

Her eyes go to Jacob, sleeping soundly.

AMY
But feeding like that... it can be
risky. Especially for a kid. Jacob
got sick. He was dying. And the
only way to fight it off...

SAM
He needed fresh meat.

AMY
(a nod)
It worked. After the last one--
his fever broke.

Amy quietly shuts the door. Turns to Sam.

SAM
Amy...

AMY
It's over.

SAM
You can't guarantee that.

AMY
I give you my word. So-- how's
spilling more blood gonna help
anyone?
(then)
You can still walk away. We both can.

She sees Sam hesitate. Quietly presses him.

AMY
Sam. After what I did for you...

61 INT. YOUNG AMY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT (FLASHBACK) 61
YOUNG SAM and YOUNG AMY, where we left them. Close.

SAM
Amy, I--
FOOTSTEPS echo outside the door, Amy JERKS BACK!

YOUNG AMY
Hide!
Amy grabs Sam's wrist, dragging him to the CLOSET. She SHOVES him inside, as a KEY rumbles in the apartment's LOCK.
She SHUTS the closet as-- the FRONT DOOR opens, and AMY'S MOTHER steps inside (30s). She's ANXIOUS. FRAZZLED.

AMY'S MOTHER
They caught up.

62 INT. AMY'S CLOSET - NIGHT (FLASHBACK) 62
Bars of light shine through the SLATTED DOOR, illuminating Young Sam and allowing him to see out, watching--

63 INT. AMY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT (FLASHBACK) 63
Amy's Mother moves to the KITCHEN, taking something out of her bag and setting it on the COUNTER (we can't see what it is).

YOUNG AMY
Who caught up?

AMY'S MOTHER
Couple of pros, in a piece of crap Impala.

64 INT. AMY'S CLOSET - NIGHT (FLASHBACK) 64
Sam's eyes SNAP WIDE. She's talking about DAD AND DEAN! They've been Hunting Amy's mom-- the KITSUNE! And that means AMY'S ONE TOO!

65 INT. AMY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT (FLASHBACK) 65
Amy follows her mother back into the living room.

(CONTINUED)

65

AMY'S MOTHER
We're leaving.

YOUNG AMY
But mom--

AMY'S MOTHER
I'm only gonna tell you once.

Amy backs off. Hearing the threat there.

AMY'S MOTHER
I put food on this table, so do as
you're told-- or I'll let you
starve.

She takes a step toward the CLOSET, reaching for the knob.

YOUNG AMY
(quickly)
Okay--

Amy's Mom freezes, wasn't expecting that.

YOUNG AMY
Gas up the van, I'll pack.

Amy's Mom regards her daughter.

AMY'S MOTHER
Good girl.

Amy's Mom walks away from the closet and EXITS.

66 INT. AMY'S CLOSET - NIGHT (FLASHBACK) 66

ON SAM. FREAKING OUT... he's in an apartment with MONSTERS!

The door opens-- it's AMY. She gives a nervous DEADPAN--

YOUNG AMY
Awesome first date, huh?

67 INT. AMY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT (FLASHBACK) 67

Sam steps out of the closet, FRANTIC but holding it together.
Amy hates that he saw that, but she's trying to be CHEERFUL.

YOUNG AMY
Look, I'm sorry you have to go like
this, but...

(CONTINUED)

Young Sam, on the other hand, is now guarded, wary, just trying to get out of the house. When she reaches for him-- he takes a step back--

YOUNG AMY
What's wrong? I know my mom's--

YOUNG SAM
No-- I just have to go. Sorry.

He takes another step-- glances to his side-- and SEES what Amy's mom set on the counter. A JAR with a small chunk of BRAIN floating in it! In spite of himself, Sam GASPS--

YOUNG AMY
(scrambling)
Oh-- that-- that's just-- nothing--

Young Amy races to stand between Sam and the jar, block it--
Sam instinctively backs away-- and GRABS A LARGE KNIFE off the counter.

YOUNG AMY
(shocked)
Sam.

YOUNG SAM
It's my dad and brother. In the Impala.

He stares at her. As scared as she is.

YOUNG SAM
You're a monster.

Amy's eyes widen at that. She stares at him.

YOUNG AMY
You're... a Hunter.

They stare at each other, kids in way over their heads.

YOUNG AMY
So... you're supposed to kill me?
(Sam says nothing)
And I'm supposed to kill you.

YOUNG SAM
I... guess.

YOUNG AMY
Sam... I've never killed anyone.

(CONTINUED)

ACT FOUR

69 INT. SAM'S BOZEMAN MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT (PRESENT DAY) 69

SAM sits on the edge of the bed, gingerly touching his eye, which is starting to SWELL. Dean stands in front of him.

DEAN

New rule: you steal my baby, you get punched.

ON DEAN. Hurt and PISSED all at once.

DEAN

What the hell were you thinking, Sam?

(then)

Running off like that... for all I knew, friggin' Lucifer was callin' your plays.

SAM

Dean-- how many times do I have to tell you I'm fine--

DEAN

Yeah, poster boy for mental health. You got any idea what kinda horror shows I had playing in my head?!

SAM

I left you a note-- there was a job in town--

DEAN

Kitsune. I know. So you ignore me and Bobby calling 'cause why exactly?

SAM

'Cause I wanted to take care of it. And I did. I took care of it.

Beat.

DEAN

Okay. Show me the body.

SAM

There is no body.

DEAN

Why not?

Sam hesitates a moment, then COMES CLEAN.

(CONTINUED)

69

SAM
Because I let her go. She's gone.

DEAN
You what?! Why?

OFF SAM and his developing shiner, ready to tell Dean...

CUT TO:

70

INT. AMY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

70

YOUNG SAM, sporting a SHINER of his own. He's got the door open, staring up at--

AMY'S MOM! She shoves Sam BACK into the room.

YOUNG AMY sees this, goes STONE STILL. Mom turns to her--

AMY'S MOTHER
Knew you were hiding something.
(to Sam)
See, we can never blow town without
Amy throwing a bitch-fit, so agreeing
to come along peacefully... well.

She leans in, studying Sam. Amy watches, TERRIFIED.

AMY'S MOTHER
Who's this?

YOUNG AMY
He's my friend.

Amy's Mom grabs Sam by the arm, YANKS him to her.

AMY'S MOTHER
No, he's not.

YOUNG AMY
Sam--

AMY'S MOTHER
Shut up!
(then, end of her rope)
What's wrong with you? Huh? You
that stupid, really? I told you--
you can't have friends. This kid
is food, Amy.

Amy's Mom GRABS Sam by the hair, exposing his neck, the back of his head--

(CONTINUED)

ON AMY. Knowing what's about to happen, she RACES forward--

YOUNG AMY

No!

BAM! Amy's Mom BACKHANDS her, sending Amy slamming into the KITCHEN COUNTER. She drops to the ground.

AMY'S MOTHER

This'll teach you.

Still holding Young Sam, Amy's Mom raises her hand, which rapidly GROWS LONG SHARP CLAWS... Sam struggles...

SHUK! Amy's Mom's eyes SNAP OPEN and her face goes SLACK. She LETS SAM GO-- and COLLAPSES, DEAD!

REVEAL the KNIFE sticking from her back, through her heart. The one Sam dropped earlier. And Amy standing there.

OFF YOUNG SAM, shocked, staring at Amy...

INT. SAM'S BOZEMAN MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

ADULT SAM finishes the story. Dean sits, LISTENING.

DEAN

You never told me that.

SAM

I never told anyone. I mean, can you imagine what Dad would have done?

*
*
*

ON DEAN. Mind spinning.

DEAN

So you saw that article in the paper, and you just bolted?

SAM

It was my mess...

DEAN

And you call letting her walk "cleaning it up?"

SAM

She killed her own mom, Dean. To save me.

(CONTINUED)

71

DEAN

I hear you, but-- look at her now,
Sam. She's dropping bodies, we
gotta drop her. No matter how many
merit badges she racked up when she
was a kid. I'm sorry, it's that
simple.

SAM

(a sad smile)
Nothing in our lives is simple.

OFF THE BROTHERS, sharing a silent beat...

72

INT. AMY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

72

YOUNG SAM and YOUNG AMY in a similar TABLEAU: facing each
other, with her MOTHER'S CORPSE between them.

ON AMY. In shock, looks to her Mom's body.

YOUNG SAM

You have to run.

Amy doesn't respond, doesn't even move.

YOUNG SAM

Amy!

She SNAPS back to reality.

YOUNG SAM

Do you have any cash?

Amy NODS blankly.

YOUNG SAM

Good. Get on the first bus out of
town. Tonight.

YOUNG AMY

What about--

YOUNG SAM

I'll take care of her. Just go.

YOUNG AMY

Come with me.

Sam HESITATES, wasn't expecting that. Amy PRESSES.

(CONTINUED)

YOUNG AMY

We don't have to be alone. We can
be freaks together, Sam.

ON SAM. Mind spinning. A beat... then he shakes his head.

YOUNG SAM

I... I can't. I'm sorry.

ON AMY. She's hurt, sad... but gets it.

YOUNG AMY

Me too.

Young Amy moves for the door. Leaving Young Sam ALONE.

Sam and Dean.

DEAN

I get it. I do. You meet a girl,
you feel that spark. There's
nothing better.

(then)

But this freak--

Sam BRISTLES at that word. Dean notices, tries to back-
peddle.

DEAN

I didn't mean--

SAM

Yeah. You did.

(then)

I see how you look at me, like I'm
a grenade and you're just waiting
for me to go off.

DEAN

Sam...

SAM

I'm not going off. I may be a
freak but that's not the same as
dangerous.

DEAN

I didn't say--

SAM

That's okay. Say it. I spent a lot of my life trying to be normal. But come on. I'm not. Look at the crap I've done. Look at me now. I'm a grade-A freak.

Sam's level. Actually at peace with all this. Maybe for the first time.

SAM

But I'm managing it. And so is Amy.

DEAN

Is she? How--

SAM

She works at a damn funeral home so she never has to kill anyone, Dean. She's figured out how to deal.

DEAN

Really. Then explain the bodies.

SAM

She's done. Her friggin' kid was dying. Put me or you in her position, maybe we'd do the same thing.

Dean looks away, CONFLICTED.

SAM

You don't trust her? Fine. Trust me.

*

Dean locks eyes with Sam, taking that in. Weighing it.

SAM

Please, Dean.

*

*

ON DEAN. He takes a LONG BEAT... then, SINCERE--

*

DEAN

Okay.

*

That SURPRISES Sam. He was ready for a fight.

*

SAM

Seriously?

*

*

(CONTINUED)

ACT FIVE

74 EXT. ROADSIDE - DAY (PRESENT DAY 4) 74 *

Dean leans against the Impala, a PHONE pressed to his ear.

DEAN
Bozeman, right. Got it. Thanks.

He hangs up, as Sam approaches, carrying a Bag o' Burgers.

DEAN
That was Bobby. We'll hole-up in
Spokane tonight, meet him tomorrow.
(then)
You drive.

He TOSSES Sam the keys. Sam smiles and the boys CLIMB IN.

75 EXT. ABANDONED HOUSE - NIGHT 75

The IMPALA pulls up. Sam and Dean get out. Sam STRETCHES as Dean digs his DUFFEL out of the backseat, HANDS it to Sam.

DEAN
Set up shop, gotta hit the candy
store.

He holds up his bottle of PAINKILLERS and gives it a shake--
EMPTY. Sam shoots him a look. Dean plays up his LIMP,
wincing as he moves around to the Impala's driver's side.

DEAN
Hey, doctor's orders.

Sam cracks a smile, throws him the keys.

76 EXT. MOTEL - NIGHT 76

A LIGHT shines over the PARKING LOT, its halo illuminating a
sign ("THE SPOKANE SWAN"), and a familiar SUV--AMY'S SUV.

AMY pulls a SUITCASE from the back, as a SHADOW falls over
her. Amy WHIPS around--

To see DEAN, RIGHT THERE! JUMP SCARE! Amy STARTS-- GASPS!

DEAN
Next time you run, change your
license plate. Keeping the same tags
makes you easy to track.

(CONTINUED)

AMY

Who--

DEAN

I'm Sam's brother. And you're Amy Pond. That Bozeman mortician who went missing. Few people looking for you.

Amy backs up-- squeezed between Dean and the SUV.

AMY

Sam sent you?

DEAN

Sam doesn't know I'm here.

AMY

But he told you... my son--

DEAN

I know.

ON DEAN. He takes no joy in this.

DEAN

And I know people... they don't change. You killed-- there's no going back. You'll do it again.

(then)

Maybe in a year, maybe ten, but eventually... other shoe's gonna drop. Always does.

Amy spins-- tries to RUN--

Dean grabs her by the arm-- pulls her back--

DEAN

Sorry.

And plunges a KNIFE into her CHEST. Piercing her HEART!

Amy SLIDES from Dean's arms to the ground. DEAD!

Dean steps back. Turns-- to see--

JACOB, AMY'S SON, STARING. Dean eyes the kid, then looks down to the knife in his hand... then back to the kid.

DEAN

You got someone you can go to?

(CONTINUED)

76

The kid stares at Dean. Then nods once. Angry, stunned.

DEAN
You ever kill anyone?

The kid shakes his head.

DEAN
You do, I'll come back for you.

ON THE KID. Fixing Dean with a STEELY GLARE.

JACOB
The only person I'm gonna kill is you.

ON DEAN, he nods. Fair enough.

DEAN
In a few years, you look me up.
Assuming I live that long.

Then Dean steps out of the light, and into the DARKNESS.

77

EXT. WHITEFISH GAS N' SIP - DAY

77

Sign says SORRY, WE'RE CLOSED.

78

INT. WHITEFISH GAS N' SIP - DAY

78

*

ON A SECURITY CAMERA in the corner. It's been DISABLED.

FIND CHET, watching security camera footage of SAM on a monitor behind the counter. Talking on Cell.

CHET
Yes sir. Sam Winchester was here.
(listens)
Yes, every alias we have for him,
and I'll figure out where they went
from here. I'm only a couple days
behind them. Just grabbing a bite
first.

He HANGS UP, and turns to--

Our CASHIER-- bound and GAGGED to a chair. Terrified.

Chet hoists the steaming HOT NACHO CHEESE pot.

CHET
You know what I find? Plain old
people taste fine. But
everything's better with cheese.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

With that, he POURS HOT CHEESE on the man, who wails in pain.

Chet SMILES-- for a moment his TRUE FACE FLASHES-- as he moves to his snack...

BLACKOUT.

TO BE CONTINUED...