

SUPERNATURAL

Episode #707

"The Mentalists"

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Episode #707

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REVISION HISTORY

Revision	Date	Revised Pages
Production Draft - White	09/07/11	Full Script

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"The Mentalists"

CAST LIST

SAM WINCHESTER
DEAN WINCHESTER

JARED PADALECKI
JENSEN ACKLES

CHIEF BRAMBERG
CLAIRE THIBIDEAUX
CYNTHIA
DOCENT
FEMALE CLIENT
GEORGE
GRANDMA GOLDY
HAPPY WAITER
JOHNNY TOMORROW
KATE FOX
MARGARET FOX
MELANIE GOLDEN
MISS VIRTUE
NIKOLAI LISHIN

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SUPERNATURAL
"The Mentalists"

TEASER

FADE IN:

1 INT. GRANDMA GOLDY'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

1

MID-SEANCE, spooky, atmospheric, led by GRANDMA GOLDY (60s, ornate GARNET NECKLACE). An expectant MIDWESTERN COUPLE, GEORGE and CYNTHIA, hold hands around the table, on which sits an antique Talking Board with sharp, spindly PLANCHETTE.

GRANDMA GOLDY

I feel-- yes-- a spirit has
gathered around us. Are you with
us, spirit?

Goldy's EYES WIDEN. She's looking at THE WINDOW. Where--
the CURTAINS BILLOW on their own, spooky! Oooh!

GRANDMA GOLDY

Someone... is here.

CYNTHIA

I-- feel something! I have
goosebumps!
(then)
Uncle Danny?

GRANDMA GOLDY

There's nothing to fear. We're
going to make contact now.
(instructs Cynthia)
Rest your hands on the planchette.
Let the spirit guide our hands.

Cynthia and Goldy place hands on the planchette.

GRANDMA GOLDY

O Spirit, are you the one we seek?
Are you Uncle Danny?

The planchette begins to GLIDE across the board...

CYNTHIA

(hushed)
I'm not doing that!

The planchette lands on YES.

(CONTINUED)

GRANDMA GOLDY
Good. Welcome, Danny.

GEORGE
She pushed it, I saw her.

GRANDMA GOLDY
It's okay to be skeptical.
(calling out)
Danny, if you're with us, knock
twice for yes.

TWO KNOCKS SOUND from within the table! George's eyes widen.
Goldy didn't do that, her hands are resting on the table!

CYNTHIA
Danny! Ask him-- can you ask him--
is he happy?

TWO KNOCKS. Cynthia's getting emotional.

GRANDMA GOLDY
He is. He's happy.

CYNTHIA
Is Sadie with him?

GEORGE
Come on, Cynthia, now you're being
ridiculous. Who cares about Sadie--

Goldy takes this in with the keen training of a longtime
mentalist. Does the math. Then closes her eyes.

GRANDMA GOLDY
Ah. Yes. I see... a family pet...

CYNTHIA
Yes-- that's her-- Sadie was a
schnauzer--

GRANDMA GOLDY
She is with Danny, chasing tennis
balls in the afterlife.

CYNTHIA
(quietly moved)
Sadie loved tennis balls.

ON GEORGE, becoming convinced, despite himself. To business:

(CONTINUED)

GEORGE

There were important papers. No one can find them-- they're not in the safe, can you ask him...

Goldy gives George a smile. We can tell, she hates questions like this. But she doesn't break character--

GRANDMA GOLDY

Of course. I'll need you to place your hands with me on the...

When-- LIGHTS FLICKER. Couple reacts: more proof! But Goldy looks up, suddenly uneasy. She didn't make that happen.

GRANDMA GOLDY

(forcing a smile)
Maybe Danny doesn't like the question.

GEORGE

(annoyed now)
Typical--

CYNTHIA

(relax)
George--

GEORGE

Tell him to quit fooling around, he knows good and well that's my money--

Suddenly, a lightbulb EXPLODES! Everyone JUMPS!

They are impressed. Fear flashes across Goldy's eyes.

CYNTHIA

Can't you two stop squabbling, for Pete's sake he's dead!

(to Goldy)
Tell him we're sorry. Maybe if we're nice, he'll--

Suddenly, the PLANCHETTE comes to life all on its own. Starts to scrape slowly across the TALKING BOARD.

CYNTHIA

Oh my God! Danny?

The planchette suddenly ZOOMS across the board, to: NO.

(CONTINUED)

ACT ONE

2 EXT. BASEBALL STADIUM PARKING LOT - DAY (DAY 1) 2 *

Dean is walking across the lot with fast food takeout. He stops, balancing his grub, and pulls out his CELLPHONE. *

ONSCREEN: 0 MESSAGES. *

Dean sighs, pockets the phone, keeps walking. He stops at a muscle car at the far end, in shitty unloved shape. Makes sure he's not being watched or 'cammed. PICKS THE LOCK. *

3 INT. OLD STOLEN CAR - CONTINUOUS 3

Dean quickly settles in. Has to push copious old fast food wrappers off the passenger seat to make room for his new bag. *

DEAN

Dude. Have a little pride.

He goes to stick his cup in a cup holder-- discovers a small pipe in the form of a busty chick. Not a surprise. He tosses that briskly in back and HOT-WIRES the car to life-- *

Instantly a MORNING ZOO DJ blasts through the speakers--

MORNING ZOO DJ (RADIO)

...aaaooo! That make me hooongray!

(wootwootwoot dog SFX)

You're listening to Morning Chaos with me, Bananas Foster--

DEAN

The hell I am, assbag--

Dean goes to switch it off--

MORNING ZOO DJ (RADIO)

And now for news of the weird-- two very odd murders to be exact--

Dean freezes.

MORNING ZOO DJ (RADIO)

Mediums are dying in Lily Dale, the most psychic town in America.

(ooooeeooo SFX)

So if ya wanna know your future stick to that 900 line, 'cause is it me, or should those guys have seen it coming?

(CONTINUED)

DEAN

Know what? I'm gonna go source a
Pizza Hut.

Dean turns to go, when he hears--

SAM (O.C.)

Just coffee, black, extra shot.

Dean FREEZES.

INT. GOOD GRACES CAFE - BOOTH - CONTINUOUS

SAM studies police files. When--

DEAN (O.C.)

You always wear a suit to get your
palm read?

Sam looks up, startled. When he sees Dean, he stiffens.

DEAN

Not surprised you caught this one.
It's on every morning zoo in
America.

(re: sitting)

You mind?

Dean slides in to sit down before Sam can reply.

DEAN

Checked the scene. Wires,
speakers, friggin' EMF machine to
make your hair stand up-- forget
getting a reading.

Sam's just staring at Dean, silent.

DEAN

If two psychics hadn't bit it...
I'd swear I was looking at a case
of dumb and accidental.

(Sam says nothing)

I know, whole town's supposedly
calling ghosts. But that takes
serious spellwork or serious mojo.
Only books this lady had were Oprah
crap. And when's the last time we
saw a real psychic? Pamela?
Missouri?

*

Finally, Dean pauses. Sam still hasn't said anything.

(CONTINUED)

DEAN

I'm glad we're hashing this out.
(then, serious)
How you been, Sam?

Waiter shows up to give Sam his coffee and take Dean's order.

HAPPY WAITER

And what can I get you?

DEAN

Pancakes, side of pig.

HAPPY WAITER

Fantastic. You are a virile
manifestation of the divine.

Dean stares after him as he goes. Okay, despite his
discomfort, Sam has to admit that was funny.

DEAN

Who says that?!
(looks to Sam)
You're trying not to laugh! Jerk!

Sam looks away. Genuinely uncomfy with all this.

DEAN

Fine. I take it back.

SAM

Dean...

DEAN

He speaks.

SAM

Look...

Sam drifts off, uncomfortable.

DEAN

Sam. We're both here. Chance
either of us leaves while people
are croaking is zero. May as well
bite the bullet and work with me.

*

SAM

...I don't know if I can.

(CONTINUED)

DEAN

I'm not asking you to open the worm
can. Or even tell me where you
been the past week and a half--

SAM

Good--

DEAN

Let's just try and stop some
killing.

Sam considers this, ambivalent. Finally--

SAM

Okay.

DEAN

Okay. Good...

Just then MISS VIRTUE, weathered gypsy, headed to the next
table, notices them-- does a DOUBLE TAKE, lets out a GASP...

DEAN

'Help you?

MISS VIRTUE

You're-- those brothers, from--

She steps back, genuinely freaked, reaching for her phone--
Sam gets it and jumps in quickly.

SAM

Oh, you mean those Winchester guys
on the news a couple weeks back?
No, but we get that a lot.

DEAN

Don't you worry, those depraved
killers were put down like the dogs
they were.

(smile)

Us on the other hand. Harmless.

Miss Virtue relaxes as she regards them.

MISS VIRTUE

Oh-- of course, silly me. Yes,
your energies are very gentle.

Her friend at the table has overheard this. Russian,
possibly ornate facial hair, otherwise down to earth.
NIKOLAI LISHIN. He approaches, puts an arm around Virtue.

(CONTINUED)

NIKOLAI LISHIN

Excuse my friend, she's excitable.
Sweetheart, look at them. They're
FBI.

MISS VIRTUE

Oh--!

NIKOLAI LISHIN

(to Sam and Dean, wry)
I'm Russian. We can spot the law.
(then)
You must be here about the
tragedies.

MISS VIRTUE

We're beside ourselves that this is
happening--

DEAN

(dry)
Yeah. And so close to festival
season--

MISS VIRTUE

Yes-- I mean, no--

NIKOLAI LISHIN

(quietly blunt)
Of course we're worried, we have no
idea what's going on.
(proffers business card)
Nikolai. Let me know if I can
help. I am highly intuitive.

SAM

(off card)
Nikolai Lishin - "spoon bender?"

Nikolai takes Sam's coffee spoon, gives it a little FLOURISH.

NIKOLAI LISHIN

World famous. Come to my
demonstration at the festival. I
teach you to harness the power of
your mind.
(to Virtue)
Come, let's leave them be.

He sets the spoon down. A twinkle in his eye. The psychic
duo head to their seats...

(CONTINUED)

DEAN

I'm glad we decided to vacation here.

Sam just opens the police files to show Dean.

SAM

So. First death. Second Death.

Dean reacts to Sam not picking up the banter. He sighs.

DEAN

What am I looking at?

SAM

See this?

Sam points out a GARNET NECKLACE around Goldy's neck in a CRIME SCENE PHOTO. Below the buried planchette.

SAM

Now, death number one. Imelda Graven. Brained by her own crystal ball. *

DEAN

Bummer and ironic.

Sam shows Dean A PUBLICITY PHOTO of Imelda Graven, 50s, at her crystal ball. She wears the same GARNET NECKLACE.

DEAN

Same necklace?

SAM

She left it to Goldy in her will.

DEAN

Huh. Cursed object, maybe?

SAM

Worth looking. Goldy's next of kin's in town. Also a psychic.

DEAN

Oh good. I haven't gotten my fill.

Sam pours sugar in his coffee, picks up his spoon-- it BENDS on its own. They stare. Sam can't believe it.

SAM

He broke my spoon.

8

EXT. MELANIE GOLDEN'S HOUSE - DAY

8

As Sam and Dean approach, the door opens. MELANIE GOLDEN, 30ish, cute, down to earth, is walking out CLAIRE THIBIDEAUX (African American, equally "normal for Lily Dale"). The mood's friendly but somber-- Mel's grandma did just pass.

Dean smiles politely, flashes a badge.

DEAN

Melanie Golden? Got a moment? *

Melanie and Claire exchange a look.

CLAIRE

You want me to stay?

MELANIE

No-- it's okay-- thanks for stopping by, hon.

A quick hug, and Claire goes. Melanie addresses our guys:

MELANIE

Friend. She just heard about my grandmother. But I guess that's why you're here. Come on in.

9

INT. MELANIE GOLDEN'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

9

As Sam and Dean sit, Melanie clears away an opened suitcase.

MELANIE

Sorry. Just got back.

SAM

You were out of town?

MELANIE

I work the circuit. Hotels, conventions, you know.

Dean's looking around. The place looks... so normal.

DEAN

No offense, but... you don't seem all that psychic.

MELANIE

(slightly amused)
Why do you say that?

(CONTINUED)

DEAN

Where's all the, you know...
crystals and pyramids?

MELANIE

I'm off the clock. Also, not
psychic.

(off his look)

What? It's an honest living.

DEAN

Fun definition of honest--

MELANIE

(unruffled, Zen about it)

Well, I honestly read people. Just
less woo woo, more body language.

(quick example:)

You two: Longtime partners. But--
lotta tension.

(to Sam; then Dean)

You're pissed. You're stressed.

(shrug)

It's not brain surgery.

The guys just stare at her.

MELANIE

Kinda why my grandma and me didn't
get along. She'd go full smoke
machine, but she still actually
believed in all that stuff.

DEAN

And you don't.

MELANIE

You do?

DEAN

I got an open mind. You'd be
surprised.

MELANIE

Huh.

She is a bit surprised by that. Dean's unusual to her. A
small moment between them. Sam clears his throat.

SAM

Sorry to ask. But there's a
necklace of your grandmother's--

(CONTINUED)

DEAN

We'll take the State's Evidence
discount.

Johnny stops digging in the box. His eyes widen.

JOHNNY TOMORROW

What's going on?

SAM

A murder investigation we want to
personally thank you for not
obstructing.

Johnny deflates. Opens a box on the counter: the necklace.

Sam reaches for it-- Johnny grabs his wrist. Light, casual:

JOHNNY TOMORROW

I give private energetic readings.

SAM

Ah, no thanks--

JOHNNY TOMORROW

(simple)

A loss weighs on you, you're angry.

Sam pauses. Dean stares. Johnny smiles sympathetically. *

JOHNNY TOMORROW

Complicated. Come see me, Agent. *

Johnny steps back, casual, hands Sam a business card. Dean
just watches the whole thing, a bit taken aback.

DEAN

Thanks, Johnny, we'll see you.

Sam takes the necklace, he and Dean turn to go.

JOHNNY TOMORROW

The bureau's going to reimburse me
for the necklace, right?

DEAN

We'll send you a check.

Our guys walk to the car. Sam examines the necklace.

(CONTINUED)

DEAN
Way to go Mentalist on you there,
huh?
(Sam says nothing.)
Okay then. Next question. What's
an Orb of Thessaly?

*
*

SAM
I know one thing about it.
(hands over necklace)
It's made in Taiwan.

DEAN
A fake, around here. I'm shocked.
(then)
Course, that means whatever's
ganking mediums is still out there.

OFF our guys, chewing on that ominous sentiment...

12 INT. NIKOLAI LISHIN'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - EVENING 12

Nikolai cracks a beer, flips on the game. POSTERS of him are on the wall behind.

He dumps a bag of CUTLERY on his GLASS COFFEE TABLE, gets to work PRE-BENDING a fork. Back and forth. He tests it-- the fork appears to BEND ON ITS OWN. He's about to set it down--

The fork suddenly SNAPS BACK TO ATTENTION on its own, in his hand!! WTF? Nikolai brings the fork up to study it.

A CLATTER from the table behind him. Nikolai looks, to see-- EVERY PIECE OF CUTLERY IS STANDING UPRIGHT, SHARP SIDE UP.

Nikolai stares in disbelief. He backs away... and suddenly, it's so cold he can SEE his breath. He takes another step--

And is suddenly STOPPED by an invisible force that LIFTS HIM--

ON: his MOMENTARILY DANGLING FEET--

And then HURLS HIM right down into the table, IMPALING HIM!

ANGLE UNDER GLASS TABLE. Nikolai twitches. Blood spreads.

BLACKOUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

13 INT. NIKOLAI LISHIN'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY (DAY 3) 13

Now a crime scene. Body removed. CSI TECHS, a COP or two.

FED Sam and Dean badge their way in. Dean takes in the gory coffee table, still scattered with cutlery.

DEAN

Whoa. Really shoulda bent those with his mind.

Sam just keeps walking-- to the POLICE CHIEF. Dean registers this slight. He's getting tired of the cold shoulder.

SAM

Chief. We met at the station?

CHIEF BRAMBERG

Right. Morning, Agent.

SAM

This is Agent Borne. So-- what happened?

CHIEF BRAMBERG

It's a weird one. Chest fulla cutlery.

Sam and Dean exchange looks.

DEAN

Guess we'll take a look around-- let us know if you get any leads--

CHIEF BRAMBERG

Oh, I got nothing but leads. I got leads coming outta my ass.

(off their look)

As of nine, our tip line received forty-six calls. All from clairvoyants who know what really happened.

DEAN

Huh. What's the popular theory?

CHIEF BRAMBERG

Even split between ghost and some kinda ogre that only attacks Russians.

(CONTINUED)

DEAN
Policing Lily Dale sounds fun.

CHIEF BRAMBERG
It was this or Los Angeles.

Dean nods sagely. But Sam's wheels are turning.

SAM
So, those clairvoyants, they give
any details? You know, on why they
thought it was a ghost.
(adds, just to be fair)
Or a... Russian Ogre?

*
*
*
*
*

CHIEF BRAMBERG
(deadpan)
'Cause their spirit monkey said so.
(then)
Plus apparently this guy claimed he
had a vision of his own death.
Cutlery and all.

Now that's interesting. Sam and Dean exchange a look.

When... Dean's CELL RINGS. He answers--

*

DEAN
Hello?

14 INT. MELANIE GOLDEN'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS 14
Melanie paces, unsettled.

MELANIE
Agent Borne? It's Melanie Golden.

*

INTERCUT DEAN AND MELANIE.

DEAN
Everything okay?

MELANIE
Did you mean it when you said you
had an open mind?

15 INT. MELANIE GOLDEN'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - LATER 15
Sam and Dean sit opposite Melanie. She's clearly shaken.
She's holding a CORDLESS LAND LINE PHONE.

(CONTINUED)

MELANIE

I hadn't checked it 'til today. I mean, the only person who ever called the landline was my grandma.

SAM

It's okay...

MELANIE

Look, I wouldn't put any stock in it-- she was always calling with some crazy dream she was sure was a sign, that kinda thing. But...

(quietly)

Is it true Nikolai had a real vision of his death?

DEAN

That's what we're told.

MELANIE

(sharp exhale)

So did she. The day she died.

Huh. That's pretty fucking interesting to our heroes.

DEAN

What'd she say?

MELANIE

You can listen if you want. She said-- she was in a seance, then the lights go, it's freezing...

SAM

(sharp)

She said that? The room got cold.

MELANIE

Yeah. Why, is that important?

Sam and Dean exchange a look.

MELANIE

What? What is it?

Dean looks her in the eye.

DEAN

A ghost. Real deal.

(CONTINUED)

MELANIE

Come on.
(off his look)
You're serious.

DEAN

Look. There's fake woo woo crap,
and there's... real woo woo crap.
Now you know.

MELANIE

Yeah, but-- ghosts?

DEAN

Lot weirder out there than that. *

MELANIE

Okay, so X-Files is real or you
just stopped talking like an FBI
agent.

SAM

We're not FBI agents.

MELANIE

I need a drink.

DEAN

I support that.

Sam and Dean exit. Walk and talk, both thoughtful.

DEAN

So, if this is a spirit, it ain't
your average spook-tied-to-a-house.
It's boogieing all over Lily Dale. *

SAM

Not surprised.

Sam nods to a modest house. On the lawn: sign advertising
psychic readings. With a CRYSTAL BALL depicted. We notice
that a few other homes are doing similar double-duty.

SAM

How many crystal balls you think
there are in Lily Dale?

DEAN

Somewhere between fifty and all of
'em.

(CONTINUED)

SAM

Well-- quartz can work as an antenna for spirits, right? That's why mediums started using crystal balls in the first place.

DEAN

(getting it)
It's like every storefront in town's got a ghost satellite dish.

SAM

Exactly. And this place is packed with people summoning spirits.

DEAN

Most of these dudes couldn't call a friggin' taxi, Sam--

SAM

But it only takes one who can.

Dean sighs.

DEAN

This is like-- trying to find a needle in a stack of fake needles.

*
*

SAM

No, worse. Bet you anything a certain number of these guys have some real juice.

*
*
*
*
*
*
*

(off Dean's dubious look)

I'm not talking kill-people level, I'm saying enough to make it complicated.

DEAN

I hate this town.

*
*
*

(then)

Alright, so-- just start hitting up the Miss Cleos?

SAM

I was thinking, split up and canvas. Faster.

DEAN

Right. Course you were.

Dean can't argue, exactly. But feels deflated nonetheless.

17 INT. CLAIRE THIBIDEAUX'S HOUSE - DAY 17

Claire with a CLIENT. Now in African-flavored get-up, THROWING BONES, with a fake accent to rival Miss Cleo.

FEMALE CLIENT

What is it? My brother? Is he going back to prison?

Claire gathers bones in a small basket, throws them. Peers.

CLAIRE

Stay away, his curse will drag you down. Folk do turn jail into a habit, you know.

(meets clients eyes)

Don't fret. I always say, family's a pain in the ass anyhow.

The client is troubled, but she smiles at that. It's wise.

FEMALE CLIENT

Thank you, Sister Thibideaux.

CLAIRE

No, child, thank the spirits.

(then)

Will that be cash or credit?

OFF THE CLIENT PULLING OUT CASH--

18 INT. CLAIRE THIBIDEAUX'S HOUSE - LATER 18

Claire puts cash in a lockbox. Goes to put it away, when--

Suddenly-- she GASPS, stiffens, and her eyes GO WHITE (VFX)!

JUMPY IMAGES: A CLOCK STRIKES TWO. A SHADOW crosses a wall. A horrible CRACKING SOUND, SCREAMS.

Claire's eyes CLEAR. She's terrified.

19 INT. CLAIRE THIBIDEAUX'S HOUSE - DAY 19

Claire, still shaken, opens the door to Melanie... with Dean. Claire hesitates.

MELANIE

It's okay. Like I said on the phone, he can help.

Claire lets out a sardonic laugh. She's her "normal" self. *

(CONTINUED)

CLAIRE
Phoney lawman, huh.

DEAN
(dry)
Cause no one around here can relate
to phoney.

CLAIRE
(more serious)
If you can do something, I don't
care if you say you're the pope.

DEAN
So what happened, exactly?

CLAIRE
What happened is-- I had a friggin'
vision. Something's coming for me.

*
*

DEAN
What's coming? You catch a look?

*

CLAIRE
No. Sure felt it though. When it
started breaking my bones.
(then, quiet)
I don't want to die.

Dean's scanning the room.

DEAN
Okay. Just sit tight. We'll
figure this out--

CLAIRE
How?!

DEAN
Vision happen in here?

CLAIRE
Yeah, there... by the cash box.

Dean points to a teddy bear nestled on a bookshelf.

DEAN
Any chance Mr. Fluffy there's
watching the register?

The bear, revealed to be a NANNY CAM, is connected to a TV.

*

(CONTINUED)

ONSCREEN, BLACK AND WHITE: Claire puts the money in the cash box. When-- VIDEO FLICKERS, WARPS... just as she STIFFENS.

CLAIRE

What's that?

Dean leans in. Huh. He REWINDS to just before the disturbance starts... and then FREEZE FRAMES on it.

ONSCREEN. THE GHOSTLY FIGURE OF A WOMAN is materializing behind Claire. In simple, turn-of-the-century dress.

MELANIE

What the hell?!

Dean advances frame by frame.

ONSCREEN, the Ghostly Woman quick-stutters up behind Claire, PLACES fingers on her temples-- tape briefly POPS TO SNOW.

CLAIRE

Oh my God. Oh my God.

MELANIE

Was that... I mean, an actual--

DEAN

Bona fide. Looks like-- no offense-- nobody's having psychic visions. That spirit-- whoever she is-- she's giving 'em out.

CLAIRE

And then... killing people?

DEAN

Until we stop her.

Dean rewinds and FREEZES on the image of the ghost.

DEAN

Look, the good news-- you said you saw a clock, right? And it was two A.M.? So we got a little time.

(then, re: screen)

Now-- this chick look familiar?

Claire looks, brow knit.

MELANIE

You know... I swear I've seen her... In a painting or something.

(CONTINUED)

DEAN
Painting. What kind of--

MELANIE
No-- not a painting-- one of those
old photos. In the museum.

21 EXT. LILY DALE MUSEUM - DAY 21

Small, could be in an ornate house-- dedicated to the town's
spiritualist movement. Fliers for the FESTIVAL are posted.

Dean waits, twiddling his phone. Sam joins him.

SAM
So who're we looking for?

Dean hands Sam his phone. ONSCREEN, a still of the Ghost.
Sam nods, hands it back.

DEAN
How was canvassing?

Sam just shrugs. Heads in. Still all-business. Dean
follows. Now he's clearly frustrated by Sam's attitude. *

22 INT. LILY DALE MUSEUM - DAY 22

Posters for spiritualist acts, old ghost photography, display
showing how an oldtime seance table is rigged, etc. Fun.

Sam and Dean scan images for the Ghost. BG, a DOCENT is
giving TOURISTS a TOUR. He indicates a psychic's photo.

Sam notices, kinda hovers to listen.

DOCENT
Lily Dale has long been a haven for
the psychically gifted. Tortured
elsewhere, they're embraced here.
(quiet pride)
My own family has a modest natural
gift. *
*
*
*

They step a display: "EARLY ECTOPLASM". It's obviously a
sheet of frayed linen. Docent clears his throat.

DOCENT
We also celebrate our rich and
colorful history of-- embellishers.

Sam harumphs, walks away, towards a hallway or other visually-
separated section of the exhibit. Marked "SIBLING ACTS".

23

INT. LILY DALE MUSEUM - SIBLING ACT DISPLAY - CONTINUOUS 23

Sam walks from image to image of SIBLING SPIRITUALIST ACTS.

Sam and Dean meet, staring at a BROTHER ACT-- the CAMPBELLS.

DOCENT (O.C.)

Never ended well for the siblings.

Sam turns, sees the Docent has joined him.

DEAN

How come?

DOCENT

Stress of working together. Or
maybe just being around each other
all their lives.

DEAN

Huh.

DOCENT

These were the exception, actually,
the Campbells, got along famously.
(delicately)

Of course, not actually brothers.
That was just a cover for their--
alternative lifestyle.

*
*

Awkward beat all around. Then, brightly--

*

DOCENT

Any other questions I can answer?

Sam looks around. And-- SPOTS SOMETHING.

SAM

Yeah-- who's that?

He points to an old PHOTO. Two women in simple dresses. The
older wears a CROSS NECKLACE, eyes shyly down. Younger looks
intently to camera, holds a crystal ball. It's the GHOST.

*
*
*

DOCENT

Oh-- the Fox sisters. Among the
founders of Lily Dale...

DEAN

(under his breath to Sam)
That's her.

(CONTINUED)

DOCENT

Kate Fox. Quite troubled, apparently, but mesmerizing onstage. It's said she could levitate objects and foretell one's death.

Dean's brow shoots up. That lines up.

DOCENT

Her older sister, Margaret-- perhaps not a natural psychic--

DEAN

So, fulla crap.

DOCENT

Yes, well. She didn't have quite the charisma of her sister, but she looked after Kate. Sometimes one's true gift is taking care of others.

*
*
*

Dean and Sam consider, a bit uncomfortable.

DEAN

What happened to them?

DOCENT

Lived here all their lives.

SAM

Lived here and died here?

DOCENT

(weird question)
Yes, buried in the cemetery.

SAM

Thanks, that's really educational.
Dean?

*

Sam gestures with his head to the exit. Dean starts to go, when the Docent lays a hand on his arm.

*
*

DOCENT

Sorry, I usually don't do this during business hours, but-- do you know an Eleanor or Ellen? I'm getting a very strong "E" energy.

*
*
*
*
*
*
*

(Dean's taken aback)
She seems concerned about you.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

23

DOCENT (CONT'D)

She wanted me to tell you-- pardon me-- if you don't tell someone how bad it really is, she'll kick your ass from the great beyond. She suggests-- Bobby, is it? Also, "fix this crap with your brother."
(then, polite smile)
Anyway, don't forget to visit the gift shop.

*
*
*
*
*
*
*

The Docent leaves Dean to stare after him. Whoa.

*

24

EXT. LILY DALE MUSEUM - DAY

24

Dean catches up with Sam, shaking off his Docent encounter.

*

SAM

So, hit graveyard, dig Kate up--

DEAN

Wait.

SAM

All signs point to her--

DEAN

No, I mean-- hold on a damn second. Enough with just the facts, Sam.

Sam hardens.

SAM

We agreed--

DEAN

To work the job, we didn't agree you'd be a dick the whole time--

SAM

What?!

DEAN

You're pissed, fine. You got a right--

SAM

Damn straight--

DEAN

But enough's enough..

(CONTINUED)

SAM
 (snapping for real)
 Says who?!
 (quieter, but intense)
 I'll work the damn case, but-- you
 lied to me-- you killed my friend--

DEAN
 (matter of fact)
 I put down a monster who killed
 four people, Sam, if you didn't
 know her you'd do the same thing--

SAM
 But I did know her--

DEAN
 Exactly. So you couldn't. .

Sam just looks at Dean.

DEAN
 I get it. Certain people in this
 world, even if they're dangerous,
 you just can't.

SAM
 No-- don't play that card, that's
 bull. If there's one thing I've
 learned-- something feels wrong, it
 probably is.

DEAN
 Usually. Yeah.
 (then)
 But killing Amy wasn't wrong. Just
 impossible for you. So I did it.
 That's what real family does. Your
 dirty work.

Sam just stares at him. Dean continues, softer.

DEAN
 I woulda told you. Somehow. Once
 I was sure that whole waving-a-gun-
 at-Lucifer-in-your-head deal was a
 one-time event. You gotta admit
 it's reasonable to wanna make sure
 you're off the high dive first.
 You almost killed us both, Sam.
 (then)
 So be pissed all you want. But
 quit being a bitch.

*
 *
 *
 *
 *

(CONTINUED)

Dean walks ahead. Sam watches him go. Pensive, chewing on that. Then follows.

25 EXT. LILY DALE CEMETERY - NIGHT 25

Sam digs in silence for a few beats. Dean's on lookout. *

SAM
Here's what I don't get.

Dean looks to him, surprised. *

SAM
I get why Kate would go vengeful.
Tortured psychic, now she's killing
so-called psychics. But why tip
'em off first? *

DEAN
Give 'em a taste of the curse,
maybe? Can't have been a joyride.

SAM
Maybe...

Sam's shovel hits coffin.

SAM
Here we go.

26 EXT. LILY DALE CEMETERY - MOMENTS LATER 26

Sam and Dean stand over the open grave. Sam pours kerosene over Kate's desiccated corpse. When--

GHOST KATE appears next to Sam-- SHOVES HIM out of the way!

DEAN
Sam!

Sam lands hard.

Ghost Kate stutters to Dean--

DEAN
Back off, crazy eyes--

KATE'S GHOST
(desperate, intense)
Listen to me-- why won't anyone
listen-- no-- stop--

(CONTINUED)

DEAN

You don't get a vote.

With that, he pulls out a ZIPPO... FUCK, can't get it lit!

KATE'S GHOST

No!

Kate LUNGES for Dean-- is about to reach him--

ON SAM, tossing a LIT MATCHBOOK into the grave. It LIGHTS.

Just before Kate grabs Dean-- She goes up in VFX FLAMES.

DEAN

Good timing.

SAM

Thanks.

A hint of a moment between them. Things feel a bit better.

INT. GOOD GRACES CAFE - NIGHT

Melanie sits with Claire, nursing coffee. Melanie's on CELL.

MELANIE

Got it. And Dean? Thanks.

Melanie hangs up. To Claire--

MELANIE

They took care of it.

Claire exhales with relief. Then, hesitant...

CLAIRE

So... what, just go home?

MELANIE

I guess.

Melanie sees the look on Claire's face.

MELANIE

Hey, why don't you come stay with
me a couple days?

CLAIRE

Thanks.*
*
*
*
*
*

28 INT. CLAIRE THIBIDEAUX'S HOUSE - NIGHT 28

Melanie waits as Claire moves through, packs a duffel.

CLAIRE
Just one more minute--

MELANIE
It's fine, hon--

CLAIRE
If you'd had that vision you
wouldn't want to be here either.

Claire nods, zips the duffel, when--

She hears a PNEUMATIC CLICK. She freezes. Looks to the clock. It's the sound it makes just as it's ready to CHIME. It starts to CHIME TWO, exactly as in her vision.

Claire's eyes widen-- she backs away--

MELANIE
Claire-- it's okay, let's just go--

Melanie goes to her-- CROSSING in front of a light, causing an OMINOUS SHADOW to fall-- again, exactly as in the vision.

ON CLAIRE. Freaking out now.

MELANIE
What--

CLAIRE
Call them back. Now.

29 INT. OLD STOLEN CAR - MOVING - NIGHT - PMP 29

Dean drives. His phone RINGS. He answers, surprised--

DEAN
Melanie?

30 INT. CLAIRE THIBIDEAUX'S HOUSE - SAME 30

ON MELANIE, watching as the LIGHTS IN THE ROOM FLICKER. Claire is huddled against a wall, freaking out.

MELANIE
Dean-- you have to come back--

INTERCUT MELANIE AND DEAN.

(CONTINUED)

DEAN

What's going on--

Melanie's eyes widen. She can SEE HER COLD BREATH. (VFX.)

MELANIE

It's still happening!

DEAN

What?! What do you mean it's--

MELANIE

She's still coming, just tell me
what the hell to do!

DEAN

Okay, just calm down--

Sam realizes the situation. Curt, sensible, helpful--

SAM

Dean-- gimme the phone and drive--

Dean shoves the phone at Sam, who takes over:

SAM

Melanie? Get to the kitchen.

MELANIE

Okay...

Claire follows Melanie-- when--

The GHOST appears in front of Claire-- BLOCKING HER! It is
MARGARET FOX. She SMILES SLYLY. Claire SHRIEKS!

Melanie's still running to the kitchen(ette)-- freaked--

MELANIE

She's here!

SAM

Go. Get salt. Run.

END INTERCUT ON MELANIE, searching madly, as--

Margaret PUSHES Claire, sending her SLAMMING into a wall--

Margaret PINS CLAIRE TO THE WALL, hand around her throat--

Suddenly-- she DISSIPATES, VFX GHOST-SALTING STYLE!

REVEAL Melanie, standing there with salt box-- still ON CELL--

(CONTINUED)

30

MELANIE
It worked-- she's gone!

WHIP PAN to REVEAL Margaret suddenly BACK! Standing nearby!

MELANIE
No-- she's back-- Sam! Outta salt!

31 INT. OLD STOLEN CAR - MOVING - NIGHT - PMP 31

SAM
Find iron. There a fireplace?

OFF DEAN, driving hard, worried as fuck--

32 INT. CLAIRE THIBIDEAUX'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER 32

Melanie and Claire, back to back, with fireplace poker.
Phone abandoned. CIRCLING, waiting for her to reappear.

Suddenly, a heavy PIECE OF FURNITURE SLIDES SWIFTLY across
the floor all on its own-- HITS MELANIE-- PINNING HER to a
wall!

ON CLAIRE, POKER UP-- unaware that Margaret just silently
materialized RIGHT BEHIND HER with a satisfied smile...

MELANIE
Claire!

*
*

OFF MELANIE, SCREAMING as she watches Claire O.C. get
GRABBED...

*
*

33 EXT. CLAIRE THIBIDEAUX'S HOUSE - NIGHT 33

Car pulls up, Sam and Dean race out--

Melanie's standing outside. Banged up. Hollow-eyed.

OFF SAM AND DEAN. Realizing they're too late.

BLACKOUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

34

INT. MELANIE GOLDEN'S HOUSE - DAWN (DAY 4)

34

Sam and Dean pace, agitated and exhausted.

*

DEAN

Shoulda known that whole good-sis-
bad-sis story was showmanship crap.
(then)

Oh, and turns out all poor Kate was
trying to do was warn people about
her evil bitch sister. And we
burned her. So, that's gone.

SAM

Dean.

DEAN

Yeah.

SAM

All we can do now is go stop her.

DEAN

That's not good enough. By a mile.

SAM

I know. Believe me. Let's just...
think about it afterwards. Okay?

A moment between them. They feel shitty, but they're on the
same page.

Melanie, freshly showered, in robe, shell-shocked, enters.

DEAN

How you holding up?

MELANIE

Been better.

DEAN

Look. If you need us to leave--

MELANIE

I think I need you to leave.

SAM

(gently)

It's just-- Margaret's still out
there.

(CONTINUED)

34

CONTINUED:

34

Melanie gets it. Sighs big, collects herself.

MELANIE

What do you need to know?

SAM

Anything that stood out.

MELANIE

Well... She barely gave a crap about me. I was just in the way. She was all about getting Claire.

DEAN

'Kay-- that's something.

MELANIE

One other thing.
(She meets their eyes)
She enjoyed it. She was smiling.

35

EXT. LILY DALE CEMETERY - DAY

35

Next to the freshly re-buried plot, they DIG UP Margaret's grave. Dean looks over his shoulder.

DEAN

I feel naked, doing this in daylight.

SAM

Let's just hurry.

36

EXT. LILY DALE CEMETERY - LATER

36

They're down to the coffin. Sam gets the crowbar in...

DEAN

Alright, Mags, my Zippo's juiced this time--

Sam puts his shoulder into the crowbar-- and it VERY EASILY LIFTS the coffin lid-- nearly toppling him--

Because the COFFIN IS EMPTY.

37

EXT. LILY DALE STREET - DAY

37

Sam and Dean toss shovels in the back of the car. Lean against the car. Chewing on what just happened.

DEAN

Geraldoed.

(CONTINUED)

SAM
Not good.

DEAN
Never good.

SAM
If someone knew enough to take
Margaret's bones... they're not
kidding around. They know serious
binding magic.

DEAN
Great, psychic ghost bitch on a
leash.

SAM
We gotta find those bones.

DEAN
So we gotta find the bonehead.

Sam has an idea. He pulls out his phone-- and with it, a
wadded up paper that he absently puts on the car roof.

SAM
So we call Bobby, find out what you
gotta mix up to harness a ghost--

But Dean's distracted by that paper Sam just put on the car--
Dean grabs it, smooths it out. It's a FESTIVAL FLIER. With
publicity photos of various psychics.

DEAN
You know why I won't be wasting my
money on the annual Lily Dale ESP
Festival and Hot Dog Eating
Contest, Sam?

SAM
Can't imagine--

Dean shows Sam. Sam gets it. Holy shit.

DEAN
Cause all the headliners are dead.

Yup. The big photos are our first three victims.

Dean shows Melanie the flyer. She stares at it. Stunned--

(CONTINUED)

MELANIE

You know-- after Nikolai... they asked Claire to take his spot. She's so popular. Was so popular.

DEAN

So, all these people... would you call 'em the top dogs in town?

MELANIE

It's not really like that--

DEAN

But they were doing alright. Your grandma?

MELANIE

She wrote a few books. And Imelda was on the Nate Berkus show twice.

(then)

I guess they were doing pretty well. You think-- that's why she went after them?

DEAN

So-- if you had to guess-- who do you think would be next in line?

MELANIE

I mean, I don't know--

DEAN

Your grandma was headlining the big hall. Who do you think they'll ask to fill in for her?

Melanie meets Dean's eyes, realizing. Quietly--

MELANIE

Probably... me.

Sam enters, holding a list.

JOHNNY TOMORROW

Agent. You here with my check?

SAM

I'm looking for someone who bought some things from you--

(CONTINUED)

JOHNNY TOMORROW
How do you know from me?

SAM
Kinda doubting they sell ash-wood
altars at the Gas 'N Sip.

JOHNNY TOMORROW
Valid. See the list?

Sam shows him. Johnny takes it to his computer, types...

JOHNNY TOMORROW
Uhp-- yes, here, credit card
receipt. I assume you want an
address?

SAM
Thanks.

JOHNNY TOMORROW
(as he jots down)
Least I can do. Just heard about
Claire Thibideaux. Whatever's
going on, all I can say...
everybody's pretty damn freaked
out.

40 INT. MELANIE GOLDEN'S HOUSE - DAY

40

Dean lays a SALT PERIMETER round the room. Melanie watches.

MELANIE
You sure that'll work?

DEAN
Keep her out long enough for Sam to
track her bones down, hopefully.

MELANIE
Hopefully.
(then)
Does it hurt 'em? Burning their
bones?

DEAN
Don't think much about it. But
yeah-- probably.

MELANIE
Good.

41 EXT. DUPLEX - NIGHT 41

Sam pulls up outside in his stolen car. Double checks the address, then beelines for the door...

42 INT. DUPLEX - NIGHT 42

We're with Sam as he BURSTS through the door into: A LAMAZE CLASS. PREGNANT WOMEN on pillows, led through an exercise by Miss Virtue, who holds a Tibetan Singing Bowl.

The ladies scream-- scramble back-- as Sam stops dead-- WTF--

SAM

Where's the altar?!

MISS VIRTUE

There!

She points to the corner where sits an ORNATELY DECORATED SHRINE TO KALI. Sam takes in the room of terrified women.

SAM

You're not a necromancer.

MISS VIRTUE

This is a Lamaze class-- I swear--

SAM

I believe you.

(backing out of the room)

Sorry.

Sam gets the f outta there.

43 EXT. DUPLEX - NIGHT 43

Sam's moving fast to the car, on the phone with Dean.

SAM

It's the pawn shop guy.

44 INT. MELANIE GOLDEN'S HOUSE - SAME 44

Dean, on the phone. Melanie's BG.

DEAN

How do you know--

INTERCUT SAM AND DEAN.

(CONTINUED)

44

CONTINUED:

44

SAM

He goose-chased me to friggin' pregnant yoga class, Dean--

DEAN

Then figure out where he put her bones--

SAM

I'm gonna--

Dean's looking out the window. His eyes widen--

DEAN

Fast, Sam.

DEAN'S POV. Outside the window, Margaret has materialized. She presses her hands against the glass...

45

EXT. JOHNNY TOMORROW'S MAGIC EMPORIUM & PAWN SHOP - NIGHT 45

Sam races to the door-- CLOSED. He tries it-- LOCKED. Shit!

Then-- Sam remembers! He reaches into his pocket for the card Johnny gave him earlier:

PRIVATE READINGS - NO FUTURE TOO GRIM. 823 1/2 MAIN ST.

Sam gets his bearings. #823 is the Pawn Shop. #825 is next door. He darts down the alley (or up stairs, per locale)...

46

INT. JOHNNY TOMORROW'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

46

Sam PICKS THE LOCK, enters stealthily. Empty.

Sam scans the meh place... SPOTS the altar! Races over. Black candles burn low on it, ritual bowl, HUMAN SKULL.

Sam goes to pick up the skull--

CLICK. Behind him-- Johnny, gun to Sam's head.

JOHNNY TOMORROW

I somehow just knew you'd be back.

BLACKOUT.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

47 INT. JOHNNY TOMORROW'S APARTMENT - NIGHT 47

Johnny Tomorrow holds the gun to Sam's head.

JOHNNY TOMORROW

Hi, "Agent." Put the skull down.

Sam puts his hands up.

SAM

Okay-- okay... here--

He holds the skull up so Johnny can take it, behind him.

48 EXT. MELANIE GOLDEN'S HOUSE - NIGHT 48

Melanie and Dean, eyeing the windows. Dean holds a shotgun. *

MELANIE

Is she gone?

DEAN

Doubt it.

MELANIE

But she can't get past the line,
right?

DEAN

Right. *

Suddenly, THE WINDOWS BLOW IN! Melanie SCREAMS!

49 INT. JOHNNY TOMORROW'S APARTMENT - NIGHT 49

Johnny reaches for skull; the sec his fingers close on it--

Sam WHIPS AROUND, ELBOWS him in the THROAT, TAKES HIS GUN--

Johnny stumbles back-- Sam AIMS at Johnny.

SAM

Okay. Enough. *

50 INT. MELANIE GOLDEN'S HOUSE - SAME 50

The SALT LINE is BLOWING AWAY-- Dean is LAYING IRON CHAIN
DOWN to replace it as fast as he can-- *

MELANIE

Dean!

(CONTINUED)

JOHNNY TOMORROW
Surprise.

OFF SAM. Shit. Not good.

54 INT. MELANIE GOLDEN'S HOUSE - SAME 54

Dean and Melanie are in the kitchen-- Melanie finishes laying down a fresh SALT LINE--

And finds MARGARET'S FEET standing right at the edge. Arm up to her smug smile. To Melanie: *

DEAN *
Get behind me, in a salt circle. *
(aims gun at Margaret)
That's as far as you go, bitch.

55 INT. JOHNNY TOMORROW'S APARTMENT - SAME 55

Johnny, gun on Sam. Sam looks at him levelly.

SAM
Where are the rest of the bones. *

Johnny's subtly edged over so he's blocking the doorway to the hall-- leads back to the bedroom. Sam clocks this.

SAM
These people don't deserve to die.

Johnny gives a disbelieving laugh.

JOHNNY TOMORROW
You kidding? I live in squalor,
'cause I can't put on a show like
them? *

SAM
They're in the bedroom, aren't
they.

JOHNNY TOMORROW
(eyes widening)
No--

Sam moves for the bedroom-- *

Johnny FIRES THE GUN-- MISSES-- stumbles back, AIMS AGAIN-- *

SAM *
Don't do this-- *

(CONTINUED)

JOHNNY TOMORROW *
You're not going in there-- *

QUICK CLOSE UP ON SAM. Shit, he didn't want to do this, but: *

Sam PULLS a gun, SHOOTS JOHNNY IN THE CHEST. Johnny drops, *
shocked.

Sam exhales. Fuck. Then-- no time to waste-- he grabs the *
skull and races past Johnny's body to the bedroom...

56 INT. MELANIE GOLDEN'S HOUSE - SAME 56

Dean vs. Margaret. Salt line between them. Mel just behind, *
in a salt circle. Margaret addresses Mel with a smirk.

MARGARET'S GHOST
He can't stop me, you know that.
Time to die, you little charlatan.

As Margaret speaks, a RUMBLE picks up in the room. *

On the floor as it CRACKS, BREAKING THE SALT LINE. *

MARGARET'S GHOST
Aw, sorry, handsome. *

Dean GRABS an IRON CHAIN out of his duffel, SWINGS IT-- *

Margaret REAPPEARS out of reach, right by Melanie, is about *
to get her hands on the woman's throat... INTERCUT WITH:

57 INT. JOHNNY TOMORROW'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - SAME 57

Sam races in, looks around... His eyes fall on the bed. The *
down comforter is lumped up.

He races to it, yanks back the sheets-- There's a big velvet *
sack. In it-- yup-- human bones. Um: ew.

Sam drops the skull on the bed, stokes a lighter...

58 INT. MELANIE GOLDEN'S HOUSE - SAME 58

Margaret's got Melanie in her grasp when-- she reels back, *
freezes in horror, goes up in VFX ghost flames.

Melanie meets Dean's eyes, shell-shocked.

BLACKOUT.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

59

INT. GOOD GRACES CAFE - MORNING (DAY 5)

59

Sam and Dean. Exhausted. Nursing coffee.

DEAN

In the bed. They were in the bed.

(Sam shrugs)

I can't believe he was boning her.

SAM

You had to go there.

The Happy Waiter approaches.

HAPPY WAITER

Can I get you anything else?

DEAN

Just a refill, and if you affirmate
me I will hit you.

Waiter just stares at Dean, pen poised over paper. Whoa.

HAPPY WAITER

Alrighty then, coffee, coming up.

Waiter goes.

DEAN

I can't wait to get out of this
frickin' fortune cookie.

SAM

Dean...

Sam nods to the door-- where Melanie is entering.

SAM

I'll go... do something outside.

Sam goes, with a respectful nod to Mel as she joins Dean.

DEAN

Hey.

MELANIE

You didn't stick around so I could
say thank you.

DEAN

Nothing to thank me for.

(CONTINUED)

MELANIE

You saved my life.

DEAN

But not your friend's.

MELANIE

Well... you didn't send that ghost.
So... thanks for coming to kill it.

(then)

You and Sam seem a little better.

DEAN

You saw that on the walk-up?

MELANIE

(shrug)

Take it or leave it. Also guessing
you're not so keen to come visit
here again, so... this is goodbye.

(sad smile)

Wish we'd met on a better week.

DEAN

(dry smile)

Wish I had better weeks. But hey.
You never know. I mean, not like
you can tell the future.

Mel snorts. Takes his palm. Glances. Then meets his eyes.

MELANIE

Answer hazy. Try again later.

OFF DEAN, sounds about right...

EXT. LILY DALE STREET - DAY

Sam's packing Dean's stolen car. Dean joins him.

DEAN

That's your stuff.

SAM

Figured we'd take one car.

Dean takes that in.

DEAN

Works for me.

(then)

Still wanna break my face?

(CONTINUED)

SAM
(dry laugh)
Not right this minute.

A beat, as Sam finishes packing. Then, quietly--

SAM
You know... you were right. If Amy
was just anybody... I'm not sure.
If I could just let her walk. I
just don't know. I'll never know.

DEAN
So... what are you saying?

SAM
I'm saying I get why you did it.
You were trying to make sure no one
else got hurt.

Dean looks at Sam, then away. Sam's right.

SAM
But here's the thing. You can't
tell me you're just fine with what
you did. 'Cause you barely sleep,
you drink for the record--

DEAN
Come on--

SAM
Look, whatever, last one to preach,
but, certain point-- might as well
sledgehammer yourself in the head.
(then)
How's that acting like a guy who
knows he did the right thing.

DEAN
It's acting like a guy who can't
stand lying to his brother.

Sam says nothing. Listens.

DEAN
Only part that just don't pass the
gut check. Not being able to look
you in the eye. That-- fine. You
got me. I been climbing the walls.

SAM
I know how that is.

(CONTINUED)

DEAN

The big secret thing ain't our best house number.

SAM

No. It's not.
(then, a little lighter)
But hey. One thing I picked up at that museum. Sibling acts are rough.

DEAN

Don't you dare compare us to that Hall Of Crazy. We're friggin' poster kids for functional family life compared to them.

SAM

Low bar.

DEAN

Sam. Grading on a curve got me through everything past kindergarten. Don't question it.

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SAM

Whatever you say.

They head to their respective car doors. Both feeling lighter. Sam stops at his door, thoughtful.

SAM

I still wanna know how that guy bent my spoon.

DEAN

Forget it, Sam. It's Lily Dale.

With that, they get in the car, slam doors, and drive off.

BLACKOUT.

TO BE CONTINUED...