

SUPERNATURAL

Episode #815

"Man's Best Friend With Benefits"

Written by

Brad Buckner & Eugenie Ross-Leming

Directed by

John Showalter

EXECUTIVE PRODUCERS

Robert Singer
Jeremy Carver
Phil Sgriccia
McG
Adam Glass

PRODUCERS

Eric Kripke
Ben Edlund
Brad Buckner
Eugenie Ross-Leming
Peter Johnson
Jim Michaels
Todd Aronauer
Andrew Dabb
Daniel Loflin
Robbie Thompson

PRODUCTION DRAFT

12/12/12

© 2012 Warner Bros. Entertainment Inc.

This script is the property of Warner Bros. Entertainment Inc. No portion of this script may be performed, reproduced or used by any means, or disclosed to, quoted or published in any medium without the prior written consent of Warner Bros. Entertainment Inc.

Episode #815

"Man's Best Friend With Benefits"

REVISION HISTORY

<u>Revision</u>	<u>Date</u>	<u>Revised Pages</u>
Production Draft - White	12/12/12	

Episode #815

"Man's Best Friend With Benefits"

CAST LIST

SAM WINCHESTER
DEAN WINCHESTER

JARED PADALECKI
JENSEN ACKLES

DREXYL
ED STOLTZ
HOOKER
JAMES MARTIN FRAMPTON
JOSH LONDON
MILES
PHILLIPPE LECHAT
PORTIA
SPENCER WALLIS

LOCATION REPORT

INT.
INT. JAMES'S BEDROOM - NIGHT P.2
INT. JAMES'S KITCHEN - DAY (DAY 2) P.2

INT. MOTEL ROOM - DUSK P.3
INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT - LATER P.5
INT. PRIVATE CLUB - NIGHT P.8
INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT P.10

INT. JAMES'S LIVING ROOM - DAY (DAY 3) P.12
INT. MOTEL ROOM - DAY P.14
INT. POLICE PRECINCT - DAY P.17
INT. PRIVATE CLUB - NIGHT P.19
INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT - INTERCUT P.22
INT. JAMES'S BEDROOM - NIGHT P.23
INT. JAMES'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT P.24
INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT P.24
INT. JAMES'S BEDROOM - NIGHT P.24

INT. JAMES'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT P.25
INT. POLICE PRECINCT - DAY P.29
INT. JAMES'S LIVING ROOM - DAY P.30
INT. JAMES'S BEDROOM - DAY P.31
INT. JAMES'S BEDROOM - DAY - LATER P.32
INT. PRECINCT - DAY - ASTRAL PROJECTION POV P.33
INT. EVIDENCE ROOM - DAY - ASTRAL PROJECTION POV P.33
INT. JAMES'S BEDROOM - DAY P.34

INT. JAMES'S BEDROOM - DAY P.36
INT. PRIVATE CLUB - DAY P.36

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT P.41
INT. IMPALA - ROLLING - NIGHT - PMP P.41

EXT.

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT (DAY 1)	P.1
EXT. MOTEL - DUSK	P.3
EXT. MOTEL - NIGHT	P.5
EXT. EMPTY STREET - NIGHT	P.11
EXT. JAMES'S HOUSE - NIGHT	P.22
EXT. JAMES'S HOUSE - NIGHT	P.24
EXT. CITY SKYLINE - DAY (DAY 4)	P.26
EXT. ALLEY - DAY	P.26

SUPERNATURAL
"Man's Best Friend with Benefits"

TEASER

FADE IN:

1 EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT (DAY 1) 1

Grim. Urban decay. Damp from a recent storm. Distant THUNDER RUMBLES. From the back door of a fleabag hotel, a HOOKER escorts a very drunk JOHN into the alley, sends him on his way. As he stumbles off, she turns and heads in the opposite direction.

The John passes a dark sedan, lights out. Its barely visible driver is fixedly watching the Hooker, who's headed up the other end of the alley.

WITH THE HOOKER-- Still walking, she rummages in her tiny purse for a pack of cigarettes. Then she becomes aware of soft FOOTSTEPS behind her. Our girl reflexively quickens her pace a bit. The FOOTSTEPS quicken, as well. She's breathing a bit faster, now growing nervous.

HER FEET-- Moving more quickly.

MAN'S FEET-- Same thing.

THE HOOKER-- She walks a bit more, then decides: Enough. She stops cold. SILENCE behind her. Gathering her courage, the Hooker spins to face her follower.

WIDER-- The street behind her is EMPTY.

THE HOOKER-- Baffled. Now she turns back around and JUMP SCARE! Standing before her, utterly calm: JAMES FRAMPTON. He's 30ish, cool, smolderingly handsome, wearing a stylish dark suit and crisp white shirt. They stand regarding each other, then he whips out his badge/I.D. A cop.

The Hooker's face falls. Shit.

HOOKER
Guess it isn't my night.

JAMES
Guess it's not.

She resignedly turns, puts her wrists behind her, and James cuffs her. He turns her back around and icy coldness comes into his eyes.

(CONTINUED)

1

CONTINUED:

1

His hands grip her neck and upper chest like claws and sink into her flesh. AND AS SHE SHRIEKS, HE RIPS HER BODY APART AS BLOOD FLIES!

2

INT. JAMES'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

2

James shoots bolt upright in bed, drenched in sweat, breathing hard. A horrible dream!

The BLACK FEMALE DOBERMAN on the floor sits up with a little whimper. Now she jumps up on the bed with James and lies down as he drapes an arm around her. Willing the dream out of his skull.

3

INT. JAMES'S KITCHEN - DAY (DAY 2)

3

James, a robe thrown on, enters, heads to the coffee. Calmed by the daylight, but still a little rattled. He pours a cup. Sips. Still preoccupied, he pulls the grounds basket from the coffee maker, goes to the tall trash can. He steps on the foot pedal, the top flips open. He's about to dump the grounds, when something catches his eye. Setting aside the grounds, he digs down into the trash.

Now he slowly pulls out something hidden under the trash: A WHITE DRESS SHIRT. IT IS SOAKED IN BLOOD! The same shirt from the "dream" we just saw. ON James's look of growing horror:

BLACKOUT.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

4

EXT. MOTEL - DUSK

4

SUPER: "ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI." The Impala sits outside one of the units as SAM and DEAN unload, mid-argument:

DEAN

Of all the lame-ass things you've ever said, that is the lame-assiest.

SAM

Sorry! I happen to think Shemp was a funnier Stooge than Curly was.

DEAN

Curly was a freaking genius!

SAM

I always found his work a little obvious.

DEAN

It's supposed to be obvious! They're Stooges.

Sam just raises his hands. Impasse. As he carries a bag toward the room:

SAM

We calling James tonight?

DEAN

I figured in the morning. Drive was a bitch.

5

INT. MOTEL ROOM - DUSK

5

Sam enters, looks around, dumps his bag; Dean follows as:

SAM

Wonder what he wanted.

DEAN

His text just said he needed help. He's a cop. Figured it was job related.

SAM

Well, we owe him.

(CONTINUED)

DEAN
The guy saved our lives once,
Sammy. It's not like he--

SAM
--saved our lives?

A beat. Dean concedes the point.

DEAN
Making a beer run. Need anything?

SAM
I'm good.

Dean heads out, then pauses. Been nagging at him--

DEAN
You sure?

SAM
(huh?)
Yeah...

DEAN
Okay. 'Cause, you just ganked a
hellhound, which ain't no slice of
pie, there's a minefield of who-
knows-what-crap ahead... Just
making sure you're feeling okay.

SAM
I'm fine.

DEAN
(going right on)
... 'cause we could find another
devil dog, you tag out, I snuff the
son of a bitch and--

SAM
(exasperated)
Dean. Kevin hasn't even figured
out what the next trial is, yet!
Whatever you're worried about,
don't. I'll be ready.

Dean looks like he could say more, but swallows it. He
smiles gamely, exits.

6

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT - LATER

6

Sam, jacket now off, plops his shaving kit in the bathroom, then: A SOFT SCRATCHING at the door. Sam glances around, now alert. More SCRATCHING. Then a soft DOG WHINE. Huh? Sam glances through the peephole, then warily opens the door.

Sitting outside, tongue hanging out, with a goofy dog smile: THE BLACK DOBERMAN FROM THE TEASER. Before Sam can stop her, she bounds inside the room.

SAM

Whoa.. whoa...

She jumps onto the bed, tail wagging. Sam grins, gives her head a rub. He checks the ornate red collar.

SAM

No tags. What're you doing here, girl?

She flings herself down on the bed, rolls around. Sam scratches her tummy. She flips over like she wants to play. Sam grabs a piece of jerky from a pack on the desk, tosses it to her, she catches it. Suddenly headlights play on the blinds at the window. Dean.

SAM (CONT'D)

(to dog)

Okay, I got some 'splainin' to do. Just-- stay.

And he exits.

7

EXT. MOTEL - NIGHT

7

Dean climbs out of the Impala with a bag of groceries as Sam comes out, approaches.

DEAN

Hey.

Dean starts for the room.

SAM

Before you get all pissed off, I just wanna tell you this isn't my fault. She showed up at the door, okay? Didn't track in any mud. Just wanted her belly scratched. I figured maybe she could stay the night and tomorrow we'd find her a home.

(CONTINUED)

Dean stares at him as Sam swings open the door. No dog. Instead, seated seductively on the bed, A SMOKING HOT, EXOTICALLY BEAUTIFUL WOMAN, 30ish. She wears a clingy black dress and the same ornate red collar we saw on the dog. This is PORTIA. Dean stares, then looks at Sam.

DEAN

She... "wanted her belly scratched?"

A beat. Sam stares too.

SAM

(low)

Two seconds ago, she was a dog!

Sam pulls a SILVER BLADE from a hidden sheath. Enters with Dean behind.

SAM

(to Portia)

Who the hell are you?

PORTIA

Not a shape shifter. So you can stash the blade.

(then)

I'm a familiar.

DEAN

A what?

But Sam eases back on the throttle a bit--

*

SAM

A familiar. Companion to a witch. Some witches.

(off Dean's stare)

They split time between human and animal form.

*

*

*

*

*

*

PORTIA

(nods)

I get a more accurate read on people in my... other persona. Approaching guys in motel rooms like this...

(gestures to herself)

...It gets complicated.

(then)

My name's Portia. I belong to James Frampton.

*

*

(CONTINUED)

The boys exchange a look.

DEAN

No, see, that doesn't work, because that would make our buddy James a witch.

PORTIA

Wow, you're quick.

DEAN

He's a freakin' witch?

PORTIA

He wasn't when you met him. But that case you worked with him...

SAM

...Lunatic alchemist. Nasty.

PORTIA

James wanted to know more about that world. The black arts... witchcraft... Became the center of his life.

DEAN

You're telling me James the cop became a witch because of us? Uh uh.

PORTIA

(squints at Dean)
You don't like dogs, do you?

SAM

So-- James isn't a cop anymore?

PORTIA

Sure, he is. Homicide detective. His new powers made his work even better.

DEAN

So what does he need from us?

She gathers herself. This is hard.

PORTIA

Something's happening to him. It started with excruciating headaches. Screaming sounds in his ears. Horrible nightmares.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

PORTIA (CONT'D)

Unable to sleep or think. He can't work. It's like he's having a breakdown. Maybe you can find a way to help him.

DEAN

Yeah. Here's the thing. Witches. Not real fans.

PORTIA

Really. Well, James is a cop. With a spotless record. He's used his skills for nothing but good. He's your friend. And he saved your asses. So what if you lose the ignorant bigotry for maybe two seconds and give him a shot?

They stare at her, taken aback.

DEAN

That was... incredibly hot.

She just looks exasperated, and:

8 INT. PRIVATE CLUB - NIGHT 8

Dark, windowless, musty, dripping in eerie atmosphere. This secret gathering spot for witches, warlocks, sorcerers and the like has a well-heeled clientele, standing and at tables, in hushed conversations. There are shelves of occult books, artwork depicting spell casting, arcane symbols everywhere. Waiters move through the gloom, serving. Bluesy MUSIC.

CAMERA MOVES through the crowd, passing a table where a Man and Woman play chess, moving the pieces without touching them. FOLLOW a Waiter, who delivers another scotch to James Frampton, who drains another glass, and hands it to the Waiter, who goes off. James is looking haggard.

SPENCER (O.C.)

You might want to go easy on that.

James looks blearily up at:

INCLUDE SPENCER-- SPENCER WALLIS, 30's, well-dressed, aristocratic. He flops down in a chair opposite James.

SPENCER (CONT'D)

God, you look awful. Not getting better?

(CONTINUED)

JAMES
(shakes his head)
Worse. I don't know what's
happening to me.
(hushed)
And the dreams. They're like
torture.

SPENCER
You didn't mention "dreams."

JAMES
Dark. Bloody. Spencer, they scare
the hell out of me. They're so
real. Night after night.

SPENCER
Enough, James. It's time to see
someone.

JAMES
Who? Who do we see? We live our
lives in shadows. They can't know
what I am at the department.
There's no medicine for this.

Spencer watches his friend, very concerned.

SPENCER
Maybe you just need time away.

JAMES
It's way beyond that.

SPENCER
James, it's too much. All that
you've taken on. Not just the
workload, but the nature of the
work. Look around. See a lot of
cops, do you? Life in this realm
is life on the fringe. We don't
fit. We are the very kind your
profession is sworn to contain.
How do you reconcile what you are
with what you do?

James stares miserably down at his drink. A beat.

JAMES
I don't know where Portia is.

SPENCER
What?

(CONTINUED)

JAMES

She's gone.
(looks off)
I think I may be driving her away.

9 INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

9

The boys and Portia all have beers.

DEAN

These dreams he's having. James thinks they might be real? That he might actually be killing people?

PORTIA

I think so.
(turns around)
At least that's what I picked up before he started blocking me.

SAM

What do you mean, "blocking you?"

PORTIA

Familiars and their masters... We can communicate telepathically. I could get inside James's head any time I wanted. But he's shut me out.

SAM

You thinking there's something in there he doesn't want you to see?

PORTIA

Possibly. Something dark that's destroying him. He can't go to the police and he doesn't trust the other witches...

DEAN

And he trusts us? You do know who we are, right? We're the last people someone like James should tell his troubles to.

PORTIA

You're his friends.

She looks off. There's more. Finally:

(CONTINUED)

9

PORTIA (CONT'D)

And... this was my idea. I was the
one who sent you the texts under
James's name. He doesn't know
you're here.

(off their stares)

But I think you may be all he has.

10

EXT. EMPTY STREET - NIGHT

10

Bombed-out, narrow, empty. Fog swirls. A BLIND MAN makes
his way through the gloom, TAP-TAPPING his cane as he goes.
He moves along for a beat, then passes the shadowy figure of
a man in a dark doorway.

NEW ANGLE-- BLIND MAN-- The dark doorway now behind him.
It's empty. A beat. A shadowy figure flits in and out of
FRAME in the b.g. A beat. NOW: FOOTSTEPS. A steady and
deliberate cadence. The Blind Man stops, listens.
FOOTSTEPS. He turns around. We see nothing. He spins in a
complete circle. NOTHING. BUT THE FOOTSTEPS CONTINUE.

TIGHT ON BLIND MAN-- He opens his mouth, about to call out.
AND TWO HANDS GRIP HIS NECK! The Man struggles violently.
We WIDEN as James Frampton, looking deathly calm RIPS OUT THE
BLIND MAN'S THROAT. A geyser of blood, and:

BLACKOUT!

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

11 INT. JAMES'S LIVING ROOM - DAY (DAY 3)

11

The house is small. Dark colors. Antiques. Sam and Dean sit in the nicely furnished room, a canvas bag at their feet. RAISED VOICES from the bedroom:

JAMES (O.C.)

This is a private matter! I made that clear! You had no right to do this!

PORTIA (O.C.)

I was afraid for your life!

JAMES (O.C.)

My life is none of their business!

An O.C. DOOR OPENS. From the hall leading to the bedrooms slinks the BLACK DOBERMAN, tail between her legs. She sulks off. The boys stare after her, look at each other-- *this is weird.*

James comes out, unshaven, a little frazzled, T-shirt and jeans.

JAMES

Sam. Dean.

SAM

(as they stand)

Hey, James.

They regard each other, a bit awkward. Then:

DEAN

Witchcraft, James? Really? The hell were you thinking?

JAMES

You come to help or pile on?

DEAN

I'm just telling you, you start screwin' with this stuff, you can fry your wiring.

Sam gives him a "chill" look, then:

SAM

Tell us about the dreams. She said people were... dying in them.

(CONTINUED)

JAMES

"Dying?" They were torn to bits.
I could feel my fingers ripping
into their flesh.

DEAN

But they were dreams.

JAMES

Well. I woke up in my bed.

SAM

Okay. So. Dream.

JAMES

I'm not so sure.

DEAN

Yeah-- not helping, James.

JAMES

Those people died. I checked with
the precinct.

SAM

Maybe you heard about it and it
stuck in your head...

JAMES

You don't think I told myself all
that?

He crosses to a cabinet, unlocks a door.

JAMES

Don't think I didn't say, "That
wasn't me... I couldn't have done
such a thing?"

From the cabinet, he pulls a plastic bag. Now he hauls out
the bloody shirt. They stare at it.

SAM

Yours?

CLOSE ON SHIRT-- James turns the pocket up for them to see.
On it is monogrammed: "J M F."

JAMES

"James Martin Frampton."

*

(CONTINUED)

JAMES
(emotionally)
What's happening to me?

Sam and Dean share a look: *good question.*

DEAN
How about this: You pissed off
another witch and he or she hexxed
you. Forced you to...

JAMES
It's possible, I suppose. Never
heard of it.

SAM
How many of these dreams have you
had?

JAMES
Four. The most recent last night.
(closing his eyes)
A blind man. He started crying as
I squeezed his throat...

He nearly breaks down. The guys look at him sympathetically.

DEAN
Okay man, listen, we're gonna
figure this out, but you have to do
your part.

JAMES
Which is?

Dean unzips a canvas bag.

DEAN
You gotta stay put.

He dumps a load of heavy chain on the floor. James stares.

SAM
Solid iron. Witchcraft is useless
against it.

DEAN
House arrest, big guy.

DEAN

Got the last of it.

Onto a table he dumps big muddy roots, chicken feet, vials of colored powder, as:

SAM

Crime scene reports match up exactly with what James told us. Vics, dates, locations... Most recent one, a blind guy. Just like he said.

From his zipper bag, Dean is pulling flagons of colored liquid, beakers, test tubes of powder.

DEAN

Not good.

SAM

I also checked out James's record on the force. He jumps from rookie detective to lieutenant almost overnight, and for four years, his "solve" rate's right around 100%.

DEAN

'Course he's got booga-booga on his side, right?

(then)

You know, we've never actually used this witch-killing spell of Bobby's. It's not a sure thing.

SAM

(typing)

Is anything we do a "sure thing?"

DEAN

(looking at Sam)

Well. I like to get the odds in our favor as much as possible.

Sam looks up to see Dean looking at him. Gets it.

SAM

Okay...

DEAN

What?

(off Sam's look)

I'm concerned, Sam.

(CONTINUED)

SAM

"Concerned."

DEAN

Yeah.

SAM

For my well being? Or that I'm gonna screw the trials up?

DEAN

Look, we get too far down the road with this, we can't go back. It'll be too late for me to jump in.

SAM

Who says you'll have to? Maybe your little brother will actually pull this one off.

DEAN

I'm just saying--

SAM

I know what you're saying. You've said it.

(then)

You know-- I've been going over and over this-- "Why doesn't he trust me?" Then it hits me: It's not that you don't trust me, it's that you only trust you.

Dean absorbs that for a beat. Moving on--

DEAN

You done?

SAM

I'm done if you're done.

They watch each other for a moment. Dean turns, starts arranging the ingredients on the table.

DEAN

(re: the stuff)

Look, when I get this thing put together, we can't hesitate. We use it if we have to.

SAM

You mean if we find a witch who's doing this to James.

(CONTINUED)

DEAN

Or if there is no other witch.

Both guys aren't happy about this. What it means.

SAM

(after a beat)

Or-- wouldn't be the first free pass we've given.

DEAN

Hey, I like James much as the next guy, but people are getting ganked here. Besides, Benny, Kate-- they were forced to be what they were. James chose this.

INT. POLICE PRECINCT - DAY

Sam, in Fed Threads, comes out of the crime lab with a lab-coated tech, JOSH LONDON, 40. Sam's making notes on a pad, carries an opaque bag. As they move down the hall:

*

SAM

Vics were all torn up pretty bad.

JOSH

Mmm. Like someone shredded 'em with their bare hands.

(smiles)

Like that could happen.

Sam smiles weakly. They arrive at a cubicle where Detective ED STOLTZ, 40's, heavysset and brusque, leans against a desk, just getting off the phone. He looks over at Sam.

JOSH

(to Sam)

Ed Stoltz. He's lead on the case.

(to Ed)

Special Agent Keith.

As Sam and Ed shake:

SAM

Josh here tells me you don't have a lot to go on.

ED

Isolated parts of the city... Vics who meant nothin' to nobody...

(CONTINUED)

SAM

My partner and I had a look at the
crime scenes...

ED

Things must be slow at the bureau.
Locations have already been knocked
down.

Sam is pulling something from the bag he carries.

SAM

Yeah, well, we managed to find a
piece of fabric...

Inside a clear plastic bag: A piece of James's bloody shirt.
Ed looks annoyed.

SAM

Things get overlooked; happens.

(re: fabric)

Looks like shirt material. Think
you could run the blood? Could be
the vic's... Could be the doer...
See if there's a match.

Ed nods at Josh, who takes the bag and goes.

ED

A witness did mention seeing a man
in a suit and white shirt leaving
the area.

SAM

You didn't mention a witness in
your report. Anything else?

ED

No. We'll get back to you on the
lab work. So if that's all...

SAM

Sure.

(then)

This witness...

ED

That's all that was said, Agent
Keith. We really don't have a lot.
(heads off)
We'll be in touch.

OFF Sam, processing...

14

INT. PRIVATE CLUB - NIGHT

14

Dean and Portia move through the gloom and the crowd. She's dressed elegantly; Dean pretty much looks like Dean. The place is shadowy, with patrons huddled over tables in hushed conversation, glancing warily at Dean. Exotically made-up women eye him coolly from booths.

DEAN

Am I getting the stink eye here or what?

PORTIA

They can tell you're an outsider.

DEAN

(a little unnerved)
Are they all witches?

PORTIA

And... stuff. But if there's information out there about James, they'll know.

DEAN

How'd James find you, anyhow?

PORTIA

Not how it works. The familiar finds the master. And they become inseparable.

DEAN

(agreeing)
Guess a lot of people are like that with their pets.

She stops, stares at him in disbelief, then almost laughs.

DEAN

What?

PORTIA

I'm not James's pet.

DEAN

Well, not all the time...

PORTIA

Not ever. The master and the familiar... there's an unbreakable bond. Like a melding of souls. We would die for each other.

(CONTINUED)

He's a little awed. Then:

PHILLIPPE (O.C.)
Portia! Over here.

NEW ANGLE-- PHILLIPPE LeCHAT, 20's, slender, handsome, rock n' roll androgynous, lounges at a table with a martini.

PORTIA
Dean, meet Phillippe LeChat.
(as they shake)
Dean's a wiccan from Detroit.

Dean gives her a look. Phillippe assesses Dean.

PHILLIPPE
Really. Well. Sit! Sit!

They do. Dean's not too sure about this guy.

PORTIA
Spencer here?

PHILLIPPE
Somewhere.

Dean suddenly SNEEZES. They stare at him.

DEAN
Weird. I only do that around cats.

Phillippe cocks an eyebrow.

PHILLIPPE
(to Portia)
Tell me about James. Lot of buzz out there.

PORTIA
(irritably)
All gossip.
(to Dean)
"The community" has a little attitude going.

PHILLIPPE
He brings it on himself. A--
There's the whole cop thing.
(to Dean)
Witch/cop, is he nuts?

DEAN
Exactly what I said.

(CONTINUED)

PHILLIPPE

(to Portia)

B-- There's you, babe. It isn't done, Portia. And you know it.

DEAN

Sorry-- remind me. What isn't done?

Portia looks flustered. Spencer Wallis (we met him with James) swings by the table.

SPENCER

Portia.

He eyes Dean.

DEAN

I'm a... wiccan. From Detroit.

PORTIA

(to Dean)

Spencer's the man to ask.

DEAN

Ever heard of a spell where a witch can control the actions of another witch?

Dean SNEEZES. Spencer stares at him.

SPENCER

No, I've never heard of a thing like that. I don't think it's possible.

Dean absorbs this.

SPENCER

(to Portia)

How's James? I worry about him.

PORTIA

Better. I'll tell him you asked.

SPENCER

Phillippe, it's time we were going.

PHILLIPPE

(standing)

Of course. Good night.

(touches Dean's shoulder)

So nice to meet you.

(CONTINUED)

Phillippe coils a bit, as if about to jump.

SPENCER-- A SLEEK BLACK CAT leaps into his arms.

DEAN

I knew it!

Spencer nods to Portia and Dean, goes off. Dean's CELL RINGS.

DEAN (INTO CELL)

Yeah.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT - INTERCUT

Sam's on his phone.

SAM (INTO CELL)

Where are you?

Dean steps away from the table, as:

DEAN (INTO CELL)

Witch club, why?

Sam stares at his phone, then:

SAM (INTO CELL)

Listen. I just got the lab work back from the blood on James's shirt.

DEAN (INTO CELL)

And?

SAM (INTO CELL)

Not good. The blood is an exact match to vic number three.

A moment. Dean lets this sink in. Looks at Portia.

DEAN (INTO CELL)

(lowers his voice)

Pretty much says it all, doesn't it.

ON PORTIA. Now she watches Dean, talking quietly to Sam. As her wheels begin to turn...

EXT. JAMES'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Establishing.

17

INT. JAMES'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

17

JAMES'S WRIST-- A manacle attached to an iron chain is SNAPPED shut and locked by Portia, who wears a T-shirt. We WIDEN to REVEAL James, stretched out on his bed, wearing only boxers, his other wrist and ankles also loosely chained to rings mounted on the wall. Portia, looking miserable about this, pulls the blanket up to his waist, as:

PORTIA

I can't stand doing this to you.

JAMES

(a sad smile)

It's okay. Really.

PORTIA

We don't have to. They wouldn't find out.

JAMES

Portia, if I believe I'm innocent, I have to do the right thing. And if I'm not innocent... I have to do the right thing.

She climbs in next to him, snuggles close.

PORTIA

Tell me some day this will be over.

He smiles gently at her. She looks up at him.

PORTIA

I love you.

She kisses him. It's tentative at first, then things quickly heat up. More passionate making out, and she suddenly rolls over on top. MOVE IN as we sense the shoving aside of clothing, and now they are making love. James and Portia are lost to passion, then:

PORTIA-- Her eyes fly open as:

FLASH! FLUTTER CUT IMAGES:

Hands tear at the Hooker's throat! She collapses as blood flies!

A vagrant lies in a pool of blood, his torso torn apart!

The blind man screams! He writhes in James's grasp! He goes down!

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED: 17

PORTIA-- Eyes wide. Staring.

18 EXT. JAMES'S HOUSE - NIGHT 18

The Impala rolls quietly into frame.

19 INT. JAMES'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 19

FRONT DOOR-- The LOCK is being PICKED. Now the door slowly opens as we WIDEN to INCLUDE the room. Lights out. Sam and Dean creep inside. They move warily to the hall.

20 INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT 20

The guys slowly approach the master bedroom door. Dean fishes a VIAL out of a pocket-- this contains the WITCH-KILLING MIXTURE-- pulls the stopper with his teeth. Now he pulls out a lighter. He looks at Sam, nods at the door. Sam softly pushes open the door.

21 INT. JAMES'S BEDROOM - NIGHT 21

Lit by moonlight. Dean silently enters, followed by Sam.

NEW ANGLE-- James is alone in bed, asleep. His wrists are still chained. The boys creep closer. As they near the bed:

James's eyes open. He looks up at the guys. Unnerved, Sam and Dean hesitate a moment. But James does nothing. Doesn't move. He looks at them with sad resignation.

DEAN-- Dean grimly flicks the lighter. A FLAME. He brings it closer to the vial. And suddenly there is A HORRIBLE SCREAM FROM BEHIND THEM!

INCLUDE PORTIA-- Still in her T-shirt, she stands frozen in the doorway, staring at what they're about to do. Stricken.

PORTIA

No, Dean. Just listen to me.
Please. It's not James!

BLACKOUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

22

INT. JAMES'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

22

Sam and Dean with Portia, now in a robe.

PORTIA

(delicately)

Tonight... James and I were close.
Without psychological walls.
Intimate. You know how that is.

Dean just stares; unsure.

PORTIA

No defenses. One entity.

Dean's still not clear. Sam sighs.

SAM

They had sex.

DEAN

Wow. Didn't see that coming.

PORTIA

We have an unusual relationship.
Familiars aren't supposed to be
sexually involved with their
witches.

DEAN

Understandable. You being a-- And
he's a--

Portia stares. Dean turns to Sam for support-- gets none.

DEAN

(to Sam)

Little help here?

PORTIA

Let's just say some people are a
bit set in the old ways.
Phillippe, for example.

DEAN

That's why he had a bug up his ass.

PORTIA

James and I hadn't made love in
weeks. His agony ate him up and he
shut me out. But tonight...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

PORTIA (CONT'D)

I saw his thoughts. And the memories of the murders.

DEAN

Sorry-- this is you talking us out of ganking James?

PORTIA

Dean. That's all I saw. Just the kills. No preparation, no thought process, no anticipation, no stalking, no motive. Just the kills without context.

SAM

No other awareness of the crimes?

PORTIA

I could see everything he did on those days. Everything was normal. Then a flash of murder. Then normal. Doesn't that at least suggest he's under another's control?

DEAN

Spencer said it wasn't possible.

PORTIA

He said he'd never heard of it.

The guys glance at each other, mulling this. She gazes imploringly at them.

PORTIA

James is chained. He's confined. At least take a shot.

23 EXT. CITY SKYLINE - DAY (DAY 4)

23

Sullen clouds hang over the city.

24 EXT. ALLEY - DAY

24

Gloomy and desolate. A sorry part of town. Dean and Portia enter the alley, come down to a sealed doorway, wait. Dean glances around warily.

DEAN

This warlock we're meeting is a snitch?

(CONTINUED)

PORTIA

Cops have snitches all over town.
James uses Drexyl when he suspects
someone in "the community."

A moment.

DEAN

So, Portia, uh, I've been
wondering...

PORTIA

(finishing his thought)
Which came first, dog or girl?

DEAN

(impressed)
Yeah.
(innocently)
Just curious which one you consider
yourself... mostly.

PORTIA

This... have anything to do with
what I told you about James and me
last night? How you're imagining
it?

DEAN

(faux shock)
Seriously? Are you kidding? Give
me a break.

From a shadowy side-alley, DREXYL approaches. He's in his
20's, unshaven, collar up, a shifty character.

PORTIA

Drexyl.
(re Dean)
This is...

DREXYL

Wiccan. Detroit. I heard. So
here's the deal. Absolutely no
word on the street about any witch
hexing another one.

DEAN

You sure? Not any kind of spell.

DREXYL

Look. Detroit. I pride myself on
reliable sourcing.

(CONTINUED)

He glances around, as if someone might be listening.

DREXYL
(confidentially)
Now there is, however, a lot of
chatter about our James.

PORTIA
What kind of chatter?

DREXYL
That he's gone Ripper.

DEAN
As in "Jack The?"

DREXYL
(nods)
Someone's circulating the rumor
that he's set at full kill.

PORTIA
"Someone?" One of us?

DREXYL
If the cops get wind of it... And
arrest James, and find out what he
really is, that exposes the rest of
us.

(to Portia)
You know that can't happen.

DEAN
Meaning?

Drexyl is deadly serious:

DREXYL
They're gonna give James two
choices: Leave, or... the full
Hari Kari.

DEAN
Suicide?

DREXYL
Witches appreciate the grand
gesture.

PORTIA
I won't let him do that.

(CONTINUED)

DREXYL

Well, the community might do it for
him.

25 INT. POLICE PRECINCT - DAY 25

Sam, in FBI threads, comes down a hall. Ahead of him he sees Ed Stoltz and Josh London exit a room, deep in conversation. *
Josh has a thick file folder under one arm. Sam approaches.

ED

Still investigating this crappy
little case? I am awed the Bureau
has so much time on its hands.

SAM'S POV-- The thick folder under Josh's arm is labeled
"Frampton, James."

SAM (O.C)

We have some individual discretion
to pursue cases.

JOSH

I'll catch up later, Ed.

He goes off.

ED

But at some point, cases like this
go cold, as I'm sure you're aware.
Just not enough to keep 'em
floating.

SAM

No new leads, then.

ED

No. So it's drifting toward the
back burner. We just don't have
the manpower.

SAM

(carefully)

Then it must be tough losing a
valuable resource like Lieutenant
Frampton.

Ed looks at him.

SAM

We caught a case together a while
back.

(CONTINUED)

ED

He's not lost. He's on leave.

SAM

He said he was the youngest guy here to ever make Lieutenant. Must've made a few waves.

Ed gazes at him, not taking the bait.

ED

Nope. Place runs like a dogsled. No stars, just grunts. One mutt goes lame, another pops up and slogs through the slush.

(nods)

Agent.

He nods at Sam and goes off down the hall. Sam watches him a beat, looks to make sure he's unobserved, then returns to the door Ed and Josh came out of. Tries the knob. Locked.

Dean is pouring through Bobby's "files"... scraps of paper, receipts, wrappers, napkins with notes on them. Most of them are bourbon-stained scribble. Sam enters.

DEAN

Hey. I've been going through all Bobby's "data."

SAM

Anything?

DEAN

Get this... Portia may not be wrong. There is a spell for implanting images in someone else's brain.

SAM

What?

DEAN

Yeah. Creating false memories in another witch's mind.

SAM

So-- James could be convinced he killed those people without ever touching 'em?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

SAM (CONT'D)

(then)

So maybe it is someone else?

DEAN

Who's going to a hell of a lot of trouble to make this look like James. What do the cops say?

SAM

That's the thing. According to Ed Stoltz, they've got zip. But they're onto something. The lab tech who's working the case had a thick file folder marked "James Frampton."

DEAN

Ed didn't mention that?

SAM

He did not.

They start for the bedroom, then:

SAM

Oh, by the way... Gotta hand it to you. It's been fifteen hours since Portia told us about her night with James. And not one "doggy style" joke from you.

Dean chuckles; triumphant.

DEAN

Made you say it.

INT. JAMES'S BEDROOM - DAY

James is now dressed, still in chains. Sam and Dean enter.

JAMES

Portia tells me my "friends" in the community want to burn me at the stake.

DEAN

Not gonna lie, it's gettin' ugly.

SAM

And, the cops may have more on the case than they're saying. Including a thick dossier on you.

(CONTINUED)

JAMES

Me.

SAM

I got a feeling whatever they know
is under lock and key at the
precinct. Room C-110.

JAMES

Then we need to break in.

DEAN

Sure. Locked room in a joint
swarmin' with cops 24/7. Why
didn't I think of that?

JAMES

Dean. A witch can go to a place
without having to go to a place.

DEAN

Like... phone sex?

JAMES

Astral projection. I can project
my awareness anywhere. From the
comforts of right here.
(holds up wrists)
But these come off.

SAM

I don't think so.

JAMES

Irons on, no magic. No magic, no
break-in.

The guys look at each other, then:

SAM

Then we go, too.

Three sets of feet sit side by side. FIND James sitting on
the bed, between Sam and Dean, who look a little uneasy.
Freed from the chains, James rests a hand on each of their
forearms. Portia stands nearby, nervously watching.

PORTIA

James, are you sure you're still
able to do this?

(CONTINUED)

Sam and Dean stare at her in disbelief.

DEAN

Wow, there's a confidence builder.
Anything else before I become a
disembodied thing completely at his
mercy?

JAMES

Just close your eyes. Whatever I
see I will pass on to you two.

MOVE IN TIGHT on James. He closes his eyes. He focuses.

JAMES

Libera me occulta cognoscere
veritatem.

His eyes fly open, then ROLL TO WHITE. An AURA RADIATES FROM HIS BEING, AS:

29

INT. PRECINCT - DAY - ASTRAL PROJECTION POV

29

A desaturated, blown-out POV SHOT swoops down a hall past unaware cops and toward a door marked C-110. Then it seems to PASS RIGHT THROUGH AND INTO:

30

INT. EVIDENCE ROOM - DAY - ASTRAL PROJECTION POV

30

Windowless. The POV FLIES AROUND THE ROOM, glides past Ed Stoltz and Josh, who are in deep confab. It hovers near what seems to be an EVIDENCE WALL. Tacked to it are photos of victims, footprints, a bloody fabric swatch, blood data, a time line of events. There's a fuzzy surveillance camera shot of a man in a suit, running down an alley.

INTERCUT JAMES-- Eyes closed. But flinching as he reacts to what he "sees."

There is a tip sheet from anonymous sources. Then the POV suddenly HALTS. Photos of James's house. James in his car.

THEN: A police sketch of JAMES'S FACE! Below is an eye witness statement, fingering James. On the form is a box for the witness's name. IN IT IS TYPED: PHILLIPPE LeCHAT!

JAMES-- Eyes still closed, but he is shaking, ready to explode!

Suddenly the POV rockets around the room, out of control, then PULLS BACKWARD THROUGH THE CLOSED DOOR!

31

INT. JAMES'S BEDROOM - DAY

31

James's eyes fly open. He's freaked. Sam and Dean look around, dizzy.

DEAN

The hell, James? I coulda had a stroke! Who whips around backwards like that?

JAMES

Stoltz is building a case against me.

PORTIA

What?

JAMES

Ed's always wanted that big breakthrough case. Nailing a renegade cop would qualify.

SAM

(realizing)

Especially one he had a grudge against.

JAMES

(nods)

My first case... They dropped him as lead detective, and went with me.

SAM

So this is payback?

PORTIA

Wait! He can't just arrest you! He needs evidence, he needs--

JAMES

--he's got it. Everything he needs.

PORTIA

From who?

DEAN

Phil. The Cat.

A stunned silence as she absorbs that.

PORTIA

Phillippe.

(CONTINUED)

James is suddenly trembling with rage. He stands. Sam reaches for the chains.

SAM

Easy there, buddy, let's talk this through--

James stalks for the door. Sam and Dean move for him.

DEAN

James...

He spins, waves a hand, and they RATCHET BACK, SLAM INTO THE WALL! They crumble, dazed.

PORTIA

James, don't. We'll do this together.

JAMES

(sad, resigned)

No. We won't. It's not safe for you. Our time together is over.

She stares, stunned. Tears spring into her eyes.

PORTIA

I can help! Standing by you is my duty. My choice.

JAMES

Portia, the ceiling's about to come down on me. You still have a life.

PORTIA

(crying)

Please...

JAMES

Go, Portia.

PORTIA

James...

JAMES

GO!

He waves a hand and she is GONE!

BLACKOUT.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

32 INT. JAMES'S BEDROOM - DAY

32

Dean is slowly coming to. Sam also tries to shake it off. They realize their wrists are locked in James's chains.

DEAN

You okay?

Sam gives him a look. *Seriously?*

SAM

Look at me.

Dean fishes a tiny tool from a pocket, begins to pick the locks:

DEAN

You know, I don't care if he is a cop. Witches are dicks.

33 INT. PRIVATE CLUB - DAY

33

Very few people. A Waiter TAKES US to a table where Phillippe sits with an orthodontist witch, MILES, 40, in tie and lab coat.

PHILLIPPE

So you don't think it's too late for me to wear braces?

MILES

Won't even notice them. We'll put in transparent.

At that moment O.C. HANDS enter FRAME, GRAB PHILLIPPE AND YANK HIM STRAIGHT UP OUT OF HIS CHAIR!

WIDER-- James, livid, holds Phillippe. Patrons are scattering. James tosses Phillippe backwards, and he SMASHES DOWN onto the table.

PHILLIPPE

James! What're you doing?!

JAMES

Why are you telling lies about me?

PHILLIPPE

(terrified)

I'm not! I wouldn't!

(CONTINUED)

He struggles to sit up. James advances on him.

JAMES

I saw the evidence room. I saw the police sketch based on the "eye witness account."

He SLAMS Phillippe back down on the table. Miles is frozen in fear.

JAMES

(to Miles)

Get lost.

Miles tears out of the club.

PHILLIPPE

(in tears)

Please... Don't...

JAMES

Tell me why!

PHILLIPPE

I can't!

James presses down on his throat.

PHILLIPPE

(gasping)

I had no choice.

JAMES

What does that mean?

PHILLIPPE

(almost a whisper)

My Master. Made me.

JAMES

Liar. Coward and liar. Spencer is my friend.

PHILLIPPE

A direct command. Please don't hurt my face.

JAMES

I'm not interested in...

Suddenly-- Phillippe's head SNAPS SIDEWAYS WITH A HORRIBLE CRACK! He's dead in James's hands.

(CONTINUED)

James drops him, stunned. What the hell just happened?

SPENCER (O.C.)
He was always spineless. Now:
Literally.

INCLUDE STAIRWAY-- Spencer descends.

JAMES
It was you? You were behind all
this?

SPENCER
I humbly accept credit.

JAMES
You made me think I was a killer?

Spencer gazes evenly at him.

JAMES
(spinning)
Ed Stoltz put you up to it. Found
out you were a witch, blackmailed
you...

SPENCER
You're not using your thinking cap,
Jimmy. It was actually crucial he
didn't believe in the occult.
(then)
I'd say he's built quite a solid
case, don't you?

INCLUDE ENTRY-- Unnoticed by James and Spencer, Sam and Dean
have slipped inside.

JAMES
I don't understand...

SPENCER
Of course you don't. Neither of
you have ever considered my
feelings.

James stares, uncomprehending. Then it dawns:

JAMES
Portia? This is about her?

(CONTINUED)

SPENCER

Can you imagine the insult when she chose you? I wanted her as soulmate from the moment I saw her.

JAMES

She was meant to be my familiar!

SPENCER

(growing fury)

Oh, she's way more than "familiar," isn't she? When she picked you as master, I endured it. But when it changed, when you two went all Bella and Edward, broke the code and put your passions before the community's rules... Well, the arrogance, the entitlement was too much.

(then)

Your total ruination seemed appropriate.

Dean and Sam step from the shadows.

DEAN

So James didn't kill those people. You did.

Spencer smiles a sinister smile.

SPENCER

The wiccan from Detroit.

He waves a hand, SAM AND DEAN RATCHET BACK AGAINST THE WALL!

James can take no more. He waves a hand and SPENCER IS BLOWN BACKWARDS OFF HIS FEET!

SPENCER

(shaking off the effects)

Seriously? You want to take me on?

He flicks his hand, STREAKS OF LIGHT FLY at James, piercing him. He crumples to the floor, smoking, writhing in pain.

James tries to stand and return fire, but Spencer HURLS ANOTHER SPELL. JAMES FLIES STRAIGHT UP IN THE AIR! He stays there, suspended. Spencer flings more power at him, and JAMES TWISTS, CRYING OUT IN AGONY.

SAM AND DEAN-- They shake off the impact. Dean whips THE POTION VIAL from inside his jacket, starts to yank the stopper.

(CONTINUED)

SPENCER-- Whirls and flings both arms out in their direction.
SAM AND DEAN FREEZE, CAUGHT UP IN A SPELL!

SPENCER

It's not only James's head I can
get inside!

SAM AND DEAN CONTORT IN PAIN, SUDDENLY CAUGHT UP IN PRIVATE
HORRORS:

DEAN-- FLASH! IMAGES of his mother BURNING ON THE CEILING!
(ep. 101)

SAM-- FLASH! HE sees himself LEAPING INTO HELL! (ep. 522)

DEAN-- FLASH! Dean in hell, CHAINED BY EVERY LIMB, MEAT HOOKS
THROUGH HIS FLESH! (ep. 316)

SAM-- FLASH! Sam FEEDS ON BLOOD FROM RUBY'S WRIST! (ep. 421)

Sam and Dean cry out in pain as Spencer twists his hand.

NEW ANGLE-- Two eyes seem to glow from a dark shadow. Then:
THE DOBERMAN BECOMES VISIBLE. TEETH BARED. A LOW SNARL.

SPENCER-- Suddenly a VICIOUS GROWL, and the DOBERMAN FLIES AT
him. He goes down, trying to fight off the frenzied animal.

James drops to the ground. Sam and Dean recover. Dean
uncorks the flask. Sam whips out a lighter. They ignite the
potion. Spencer TOSSES THE DOG ASIDE, STARTS TO STAND, finds
himself FACING HISSING SMOKE JETTING AT HIM FROM THE FLASK!

SAM/DEAN

(Latin)

Ego voco impetu delere vos caelum
et infernum!

THE SMOKE VIOLENTLY ENVELOPS SPENCER! An EXPLOSION, AND HE
DISINTEGRATES INTO ATOMS!

James slowly looks up, breathing hard. Portia, sitting where
the dog was thrown, stares. Sam and Dean are spent.

DEAN

Remember kids, don't try this at
home.

BLACKOUT.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

34 INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

34

James and Portia are there.

DEAN

You're sure you don't wanna stay
and fight this.

SAM

We can help.

JAMES

Spencer was right. Ed Stoltz has
enough of a case built against me
to make life hell for quite a long
time. And the community here wants
no part of us.

PORTIA

We start over. We're used to it.
It's the way it's always been. For
all of us.

(to Sam)

I'll miss you.

(glances at Dean)

Maybe even you.

DEAN

I like dogs.

PORTIA

No, you really don't.

James and Portia exit.

NEW ANGLE-- James heads to his car, the Doberman at his side.
He opens the car door and the dog leaps inside, looks back at
Sam and Dean.

35 INT. IMPALA - ROLLING - NIGHT - PMP

35

Dean drives, Sam's shotgun. A quiet beat.

DEAN

So, uh, it's possible I was wrong.

SAM

Who, James? Dude, we were both
ready to gank the guy.

(CONTINUED)

DEAN

Yeah, uh, not what I mean.

Sam looks at him. Getting it now.

DEAN

Back there. When Spencer had us. He screwed with my head. I saw mom. When she died. Other stuff...

SAM

Me too.

DEAN

I look back at what our family's been put through... What everyone's been put through...

(then)

Seeing all that... pain... I realize the only way we ever got through any of it was hanging together.

(beat)

I trust you, Sammy. This whole deal, shutting those sons-of-bitches in the furnace once and for all-- it's too important not to.

Sam absorbs this. Definitely a moment.

DEAN

So, if you tell me you're good, that's it. I'm with you, hundred percent.

Sam thinks on that a moment.

SAM

I'm good.

Dean nods. That's it then. He turns back to the road.

SAM-- Looks out as the night passes by. Coughs a little. Something's not right. He puts a finger to his lips and sees some blood. OFF his troubled look...

BLACKOUT.

TO BE CONTINUED...