

SUPERNATURAL

Episode #820

"Pac-Man Fever"

Written by

Robbie Thompson

Directed by

Robert Singer

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

STUDIO/NETWORK DRAFT

02/19/13

© 2013 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 #820

"Pac-Man Fever"

CAST LIST

SAM WINCHESTER
DEAN WINCHESTER

JARED PADALECKI
JENSEN ACKLES

CHARLIE BRADBURY

FELICIA DAY

BEATRICE
COP
DIEGO
GERTRUDE MIDDLETON
HAROLD
JENNIFER O'BRIEN
RICKY

LOCATION REPORTINT.

INT. MILITARY HOSPITAL - OFFICE - NIGHT	P.1
INT. MILITARY HOSPITAL - HALLWAY - NIGHT	P.1
INT. MEN OF LETTERS - DAY	P.3
INT. MEN OF LETTERS - GUN RANGE - MOMENTS LATER	P.4
INT. MEN OF LETTERS - DAY	P.5
INT. MEN OF LETTERS - LATER	P.7
INT. MEN OF LETTERS - GUN RANGE - MOMENTS LATER	P.9
INT. PHOTOBOOTH - DAY	P.10
INT. DEPARTMENT STORE - FITTING ROOM - DAY	P.10
INT. MEN OF LETTERS - GUN RANGE - DAY	P.11
INT. DEPARTMENT STORE - DAY	P.11
INT. MORGUE - BULLPEN - DAY	P.12
INT. MORGUE - CORONER'S OFFICE - DAY	P.12
INT. IMPALA - NIGHT	P.17
INT. MORGUE - BULLPEN - NIGHT	P.21
INT. MORGUE - CORONER'S OFFICE - DAY	P.22
INT. MORGUE - AUTOPSY ROOM - NIGHT	P.22
INT. MORGUE - CORONER'S OFFICE - NIGHT	P.23
INT. MORGUE - AUTOPSY ROOM - NIGHT	P.23
INT. MORGUE - CORONER'S OFFICE - NIGHT	P.24
INT. MORGUE - BULLPEN - NIGHT	P.24
INT. MEN OF LETTERS - NIGHT	P.24
INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT	P.26
INT. MEN OF LETTERS - DAY (DAY 2)	P.28
INT. APARTMENT - DAY	P.28
INT. SAINT JOSEPH'S HOSPITAL - ROOM 628 - DAY	P.29
INT. ND WAREHOUSE - MAIN ROOM - DAY	P.31
INT. MEN OF LETTERS - DAY	P.32
INT. ND WAREHOUSE - MAIN ROOM - DAY	P.33
INT. MEN OF LETTERS - DAY	P.33
INT. ND WAREHOUSE - DAY	P.34
INT. ND WAREHOUSE - BACK ROOM - DAY	P.34
INT. ND WAREHOUSE - MAIN ROOM - DAY	P.34
INT. ND WAREHOUSE - BACK ROOM - DAY	P.34
INT. ND WAREHOUSE - MAIN ROOM - DAY	P.34
INT. ND WAREHOUSE - BACK ROOM - DAY	P.34
INT. ND WAREHOUSE - MAIN ROOM - DAY	P.34
INT. ND WAREHOUSE - MOMENTS LATER	P.35
INT. MILITARY HOSPITAL - OFFICE - NIGHT	P.36
INT. MILITARY HOSPITAL - HALLWAY - NIGHT	P.36
INT. ND WAREHOUSE - MAIN ROOM - DAY	P.38
INT. MILITARY HOSPITAL - HALLWAY - NIGHT	P.39
INT. MILITARY HOSPITAL - PATIENT WARD - NIGHT	P.39

INT. CONT'D.

INT. ND WAREHOUSE - MAIN ROOM - DAY	P.41
INT. MILITARY HOSPITAL - PATIENT WARD - NIGHT	P.41
INT. ND WAREHOUSE - DAY	P.43
INT. MEN OF LETTERS - MORNING	P.45
INT. SAINT JOSEPH'S HOSPITAL - ROOM 628 - MORNING	P.45

<u>EXT.</u>		
EXT. MEN OF LETTERS - DAY (DAY 1)		P.3
EXT. MEN OF LETTERS - DAY		P.6
EXT. MORGUE - DAY		P.12
EXT. MORGUE - DAY		P.14
EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT		P.15
EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT		P.18
EXT. MORGUE - BACK DOOR - NIGHT		P.21
EXT. MEN OF LETTERS - MORNING (DAY 3)		P.44

SUPERNATURAL
"Pac-Man Fever"

TEASER

FADE IN:

1 INT. MILITARY HOSPITAL - OFFICE - NIGHT 7/e 1

CLOSE ON A RECORD PLAYER. Vintage. The needle digs into a middle track and a 50s, public domain, jazzy song drifts out of the speakers.

WIDEN. We're in an office. Wood paneled walls. Fancy. An AMERICAN FLAG and other items in the room tell us this is a MILITARY office. A MAN is slumped over the desk. The man is wearing a LAB COAT. He suddenly sits bolt upright--

It's DEAN WINCHESTER.

Dean shakes off some cobwebs. Takes in the office. The look on his face tells us he has no idea where the hell he is.

He looks at his outfit. Weird. He opens the coat-- he's in a military uniform. COLONEL WINCHESTER. Awesome. But...

DEAN

What the hell... ?

He looks up at the wall by the desk. Spots a FRAMED PHOTO of the President. HARRY S. TRUMAN. Yeah...

DEAN

Hello!? He--

He stops as he sees the office door. It's been barricaded. A FILING CABINET and CHAIR dragged in front of it. Not good.

Dean stands. Quietly moves to the record player. He gently lifts the needle... but the song keeps playing. Creepy.

He checks for a sidearm. Nothing. He does a quick search of the desk, looking for a weapon, anything. Bupkis.

Finally, he breaks off the leg of a side table, brandishing it like a bat. Dean then heads over to the door. Deep breath. Then PUSHES the barricade aside.

2 INT. MILITARY HOSPITAL - HALLWAY - NIGHT 1 0/2 2

Dean leans out, looking into the hallway. Nightmare.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

2

It's littered with DEAD BODIES. Men and women in uniform. Doctors. Nurses. More military indicators on the walls: flags, propaganda posters: BETTER DEAD THAN RED, etc.

Dean cautiously moves into the hallway, the song still eerily serenading him. To his right, a dead end. To his left, the hallway ends at an ELEVATOR.

Dean heads toward the elevator. He tries each DOOR as he makes his way down. All locked.

He checks each BODY. All dead. And no weapons. He rolls a NURSE over. COVERED IN BLOOD. She's clutching a newspaper. Dean grabs the blood-stained paper and opens it.

The headline: PRESIDENT TRUMAN DENIES MILITARY EXPERIMENTS.

The date: July 12th, 1951.

ON DEAN. Holy shit.

DEAN
(whispered)
Sonovabitch.

Suddenly, there's a NOISE behind him. He turns and looks back. Doesn't like what he sees. He ditches the paper and hauls ass to the elevator. He hits the UP and DOWN buttons. Desperate. The elevator doesn't respond. He looks back.

Whatever's back there? It's GROWLING.

LONG SHADOWS stretch down the hallway, inching toward Dean. Reaching for him.

Dean tries to pry the elevator doors open. They won't budge.

The SHADOWS cover him and we--

BLACKOUT.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

3 EXT. MEN OF LETTERS - DAY (DAY 1) 3

CHYRON: 24 HOURS EARLIER. 1/8

The IMPALA rolls up to the entrance and parks. Dean steps out. He grabs two full GROCERY BAGS out and heads inside...

4 INT. MEN OF LETTERS - DAY 1 4/8 4

In the library, a laptop is up and running. ON THE SCREEN: SECURITY CAMERA FEEDS... a house, a dock, a bus station.

Dean enters and plops the bags down. He checks the camera feeds. Frowns. He begins to unpack the bags by grabbing a beer and popping it open. It's six o'clock somewhere.

SAM WINCHESTER ambles into the library in sweats and a t-shirt. Epic. Bedhead. Dean looks at him, eyebrows raised.

SAM

What?

DEAN

(words failing)

You, uh, with the--

Dean points up. Circling around his head. *Hair, dude.* Sam quickly straightens his mane. 7/

SAM

Shut up.

(checks his watch)

What time did I lay down?

DEAN

You went for your little siesta at noon. Yesterday.

This lands on Sam. Dean grabs another beer and tosses it to Sam. Sam reaches out but doesn't even come close. SMASH.

SAM

Crap. Sorry.

DEAN

This is why we can't have nice things. You okay?

SAM

I'm fine. I'll get dressed. We should be out looking for Kevin--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Sam takes a step forward. Stumbles. Worried, Dean heads over and helps him to the table.

DEAN

Okay, you're done, Sleeping Beauty.
(points to the laptop)
I've hacked into every security camera I could find near Garth's houseboat, in Kevin's home town, where Mrs. Tran lived...

SAM

And?

DEAN

So far? Nothing.

SAM

Dean, we have to find him.

DEAN

I know. Garth is out looking and put out a Hunter APB on Kevin. We're gonna do our part from here.
(final)
Until you get better.

SAM

I'm fine. I can still get out there. I can still hunt, Dean.

Dean raises an eyebrow. Really?

INT. MEN OF LETTERS - GUN RANGE - MOMENTS LATER

h/e

The lights flicker on, revealing a simple (but awesome) gun range in a previously unseen corner of the M.O.L. A PAPER TARGET hangs on the far wall. Dean pulls out his gun.

SAM

This is stupid.

Dean shoots. BLAM! BLAM! Two in the target's chest. He hands the gun to Sam.

DEAN

Hit the target and we'll talk about getting out there.

SAM

No problem.

Sam takes aim. His hand SHAKES. Dean clocks this.

(CONTINUED)

51

31

CONTINUED:

Sam steadies his hand with the other... which is also shaking. BLAM! BLAM! He hits the wall. Barely.

SAM

Can I move?

DEAN

Nice try, Sundance. Look, the second Trial hit you harder than the first. I dunno if it's just that this one was more intense--

SAM

Felt the same. Until the next day.

DEAN

Kevin's AWOL. We don't know what the next Trial is. And still no word from Cass. So. We stay here and keep an eye out while you heal.

INT. MEN OF LETTERS - DAY

5/8

The boys return to the main room. BEEP! An e-mail ALERT pops up on the laptop. Sam checks it. Smiles.

SAM

It's from Charlie.

(reading)

"In the neighborhood. Found you a case." Found us a case?

DEAN

In the neighborhood? How does she know where we are--

BEEP! Another e-mail ALERT. Sam skims.

SAM

Uh, she doesn't, exactly. She tracked our cells to a 20 mile radius. Then the signal went dead. Huh. This place must be in some kind of Bermuda Triangle.

DEAN

Wait, we can make and receive calls but nobody can track us here?

(Sam shrugs: guess so)

This place is friggin' awesome.

SAM

So, should I respond?

7

EXT. MEN OF LETTERS - DAY

1 2/8

7

Sam and Dean wait next to the Impala. A vintage GREMLIN pulls up and out steps CHARLIE BRADBURY. She's wearing a LYING CAT t-shirt from the comic book SAGA.

DEAN

Your Highness.

CHARLIE

What's up, bitches?

Hugs for all. Charlie looks Sam over.

CHARLIE

You okay, Sam?

SAM

Yup. I'm good.

(moving on)

What are you doing in Kansas?

A slight hesitation from Charlie, which Sam clocks, then...

CHARLIE

Uh, comic convention. In Topeka.

SAM

In the middle of the week?

CHARLIE

Girl's gotta get her collectibles.

DEAN

You drove from Michigan to buy collectibles?

Again, a slight hesitation from Charlie, which Dean clocks...

CHARLIE

Not everything is on eBay.

(points at the door)

So, you gonna invite me into your dungeon, or do I gotta answer your questions three first?

Sam opens the door wide. Come on in.

SAM

Welcome to the Men of Letters.

CHARLIE

The Men-of-What-Now?

8

INT. MEN OF LETTERS - LATER

2 3/8

8

They all sit around the table in the library, catching up.

CHARLIE

Holy awesome. Too bad they got wiped out. Though, that's what they get for the sexist name.

SAM

That's our skinny. How about you?

CHARLIE

(pushes past personal)

Made a deal with the Yesteryear weirdos. We're all gonna team up to stomp the Shadow Orcs.

(for serious)

You guys are still coming for the Mid-Year Jubilee, right?

DEAN

Wouldn't miss it.

SAM

So, what's this case you brought us?

Charlie pulls out her tablet. On screen is an M.E. Report.

CHARLIE

When I was in Topeka I saw this pop up over the wire. Tom Blake. Checkout clerk in Salina who went missing on his way home from work. He was found dead yesterday-- his insides? Liquefied. Locals have no idea what happened. They tried to bury the report, so people wouldn't freak, but I flagged it.

She hits another button on the screen. A grid comes up, showing various MONSTERS. Most have X's on them.

CHARLIE

I've ruled out the following things-- that-go-bump-in-the-night--

SAM

When did you become such an expert?

(CONTINUED)

CHARLIE

Well, after you guys left, I dug into all things monstrous. I'm a wee bit obsessive. If wee bit means completely. I even found a series of books by Carver Edlund.

Sam and Dean exchange a look. Ugh.

CHARLIE

Did all those books really happen?

The boys nod. Yup.

CHARLIE

Wow. That's some meta-madness. Thanks for saving the world and stuff. Sorry you have zero luck with the ladies.

SAM

We need to find and burn every copy of those books.

CHARLIE

They're on-line now, so good luck with that. Plus there's all the fan-fiction.

DEAN

Fan-fiction?

CHARLIE

Sort of the Further Adventures of the Hardy Boys, but more nudity--

DEAN

(please stop)

Awesome. You two crazy kids dive into all of... that... while I head out and see if there's anything to this case of yours.

SAM

I'm coming with you.

Sam gets up, falters. Charlie shoots up, catching him.

CHARLIE

Whoa, you sure you're okay?

SAM

Yes.

DEAN

No.

(CONTINUED)

DEAN

Sammy, you're taking a knee as long
as you're off your game.

SAM

I'm not off my game--

CHARLIE

I'll go with you.

DEAN

Look, no disrespect, but there's a
big difference between reading
about hunting and actually hunting.

CHARLIE

I'm coming with.

Dean raises his eyebrow as he did to Sam earlier. *Really?*

INT. MEN OF LETTERS - GUN RANGE - MOMENTS LATER

5/8

Dean hands Charlie a gun.

CHARLIE

For serious?

DEAN

Hit the target and we'll talk ab--

Charlie takes the gun and no-look SHOOTs at the target. Puts
two right in the head. Off Dean's look...

CHARLIE

What? I'm a lady. I can handle
this little pea-shooter. Pre-
texting, holy water, salt n' burn.
I even got a go-bag in my trunk.

(then)

Let's do this.

DEAN

Fine. But if you wanna do a ride-
along, Charlie, you're gonna have
to ditch the novelty t-shirts.

Charlie slumps her shoulders. *Dammit.*

CHARLIE

Sonovapantsuit.

PRE-LAP Katrina and the Waves "Walking on Sunshine" as we...

10 INT. PHOTOBOOTH - DAY $\frac{1}{3}$ 10

FLASH! FLASH! FLASH! Three QUICK PICTURES of Charlie (most, if not all of them, awkward). And then we...

11 INT. DEPARTMENT STORE - FITTING ROOM - DAY $\frac{2}{3}$ 11

In a quick MONTAGE, Charlie steps in and out of a changing room with different outfits on. None of them remotely right. She strikes various poses, trying to sell each one.

Dean (Fed Threads) inserts the best photo of Charlie into a fake FBI badge. He periodically looks up to shake his head at each of her attempts. *C'mon, Charlie.*

Finally, Charlie tries the softer side of Sears and puts on a cheap pantsuit. Dean nods in approval. *That'll do.* She checks it out in the full length mirror as they catch up.

CHARLIE

Trials? That's never good.

DEAN

And our Prophet is in the wind.

CHARLIE

Well, what about Castiel? Is there some Team Free Will in the house?

DEAN

(glowers)

Cass is MIA. With a Tablet of his own. Doing god knows what. Tell you the truth, I'm worried. Sammy's always been a tough sonovabitch, but Cass said these Trials are messing with Sam in a way even he can't heal.

Charlie turns around. Sees Dean is really worried.

CHARLIE

If it's any consolation, having read your history? There's pretty much nothing the Winchesters can't do as long as they work together.

DEAN

Thanks.

CHARLIE

Must be nice. Having a brother. Someone to always watch your back.

(CONTINUED)

DEAN

No brothers or sisters?

Charlie turns away, another 'slight' hesitation before...

CHARLIE

Actually, I have two. Their names are XBox and PS3.

3/

Dean rolls his eyes. Really? He grabs his phone.

DEAN

Crap. Battery's dead, can I borrow yours?

Charlie hands him her phone. Dean dials.

DEAN

Sammy. It's me. You good?

CLOSE ON SAM. He nods, phone to his ear.

2/8

SAM

I'm still fine. I can--

DEAN (O.S.)

Awesome. Let the healing continue. I'll check on you later.

Dial tone. WIDEN to reveal Sam is in the range. Practicing. He tosses the phone, annoyed. He takes aim. Steadies his hand. BLAM! Hits the target. Ish. It's a start...

SAM

Off my game, my ass.

Dean hands Charlie her phone back.

5/3

CHARLIE

So. Am I the confident veteran agent haunted by the death of her girlfriend at the hands of a serial killer, or... am I the rookie with something to prove, who's secretly a mole for the--

2/

Dean holds open the FBI badge with her picture on it.

DEAN

You're my partner. Keep it simple.

Charlie reaches for the FBI badge. As she's about to grab it, Dean slaps it shut on her hand a la Richard Gere in *Pretty Woman*. They both try not to smile.

3/

CHARLIE

I will pretend that never happened, as long as you never admit I liked it.

DEAN

Deal.

She takes the badge and they head out.

14

EXT. MORGUE - DAY

1/8

14

The Impala is parked out front.

15

INT. MORGUE - BULLPEN - DAY

1/8

15

Dean and Charlie walk and talk. Charlie? Ner to the vous.

CHARLIE

(warp speed)

So do I talk, or do you talk? Maybe I should talk, jump in the deep end. Get into character.

DEAN

Lead the way, De Niro.

16

INT. MORGUE - CORONER'S OFFICE - DAY

1 5/8

16

The coroner, JENNIFER O'BRIEN, sits at her desk. 50s. Sweet as can be. There's a KNOCK on her door.

JENNIFER

Come in.

She looks up as Dean and Charlie enter. Dean pulls out his badge. A beat. Charlie is a deer in headlights. Frozen. A slight nudge from Dean. Charlie clears her throat. She awkwardly pulls out her badge. Opens it. Upside-down. She gives an awkward smile. And silence. Dean plays through.

3/

DEAN

I'm Special Agent Hicks, this is my partner Special Agent Ripley. We're here about the body with the creamy filling.

JENNIFER

Right. Didn't think you guys would have any interest in that.

DEAN

FBI, ma'am. We never leave a stone unturned. Mind if we take a peek?

JENNIFER

Of course not.

(timid, but firm)

I just... need your signed chain of custody request and it's all yours.

DEAN

Come again?

JENNIFER

Chain of custody request. From your supervisor to mine.

DEAN

Yeah. Right.

(pulls out a card)

Here, just call my supervisor, he can give you the, uh, over-ride--

JENNIFER

I'm sorry, but unless he has the form and can get it to me, I can't let you have access to the body.

CHARLIE

But... FBI.

Dean shoots her a look. *Not helping.*

JENNIFER

I understand, miss. But paperwork is paperwork.

Dean smiles. Leans in. Puts on the charm.

DEAN

Of course. Listen. Jennifer. Can I call you, Jennifer?

She nods, also leaning in. The charm doing its thing.

JENNIFER

Um, yeah. Sure.

(CONTINUED)

DEAN

We've been on the road all day.
This is just a routine, dot the 'I'
cross the 'T' kinda deal for us.
Any chance you can do us a solid?

Jennifer smiles again, nodding her head. Sweet. But...

JENNIFER

(really sorry)

Come back with the signed form and
I'll be happy to do you a solid.
Until then...

Dean and Charlie exit the building.

CHARLIE

That never happened in the books.

Dean shoots her a look. *That's your takeaway?*

DEAN

Wanna tell me what happened back
there, Boo Radley?

CHARLIE

I'm sorry. I froze. Couldn't
control-alt-delete my way out.
(what?)
Real life role playing is hard!

DEAN

It's okay. We'll come back tonight
when Doris Do Right isn't here.

CHARLIE

(crap)
Perfect. Breaking and entering.

DEAN

No different than hacking.

CHARLIE

Beg to differ. One I've been doing
since I was a teenager. The other
I did once-- with you two idiots
talking me through it and got my
arm broken in the process.

DEAN

What'd you hack into when you were a teenager?

CHARLIE

(lying)

Uh, NORAD.

DEAN

Right. Whatever you say, Wargames. Let's grab some grub while we wait.

2/

7/8

Two TEENAGERS, HAROLD and DIEGO, walk and talk, their faces buried in hand-held VIDEO GAME DEVICES.

HAROLD

Awesome. I got three stars.

DIEGO

So? I'm three levels ahead of you.

Harold TRIPS on something. He looks back. And his face turns white.

HAROLD

Dude. Stop.

DIEGO

(re: the game)

I can't. I'm just too good.

HAROLD

Dude.

Diego stops. He looks over at Harold, who is pointing. Diego follows his eyeline. His face also turns white.

Harold picks up a stick. He cautiously points it at...

A DEAD BODY.

Bloated. Looks terrible. There's a blue mark on the left arm. Looks like a HAND PRINT. The stick inches closer...

DIEGO

That's a bad idea.

HAROLD

Your face is a bad idea.

Harold pokes the body with the stick. It JIGGLES.

6/

18

"Pac-Man Fever"
CONTINUED:

Studio/Network Draft

2/19/13 16.

18

HAROLD

See? Nothing to--

He pokes it again and we hear an O.S. POP! The kids are
COVERED IN GORE. Off their SCREAMS we...

BLACKOUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

19

INT. IMPALA - NIGHT

10/8

19

Dean and Charlie eat takeout. Charlie's laptop is open, she's digging through files. Classic rock on the radio.

CHARLIE

Man, I haven't heard this song since before I was born.

Dean shoots her a death stare. Don't mess with Baby's music.

DEAN

Go easy, stage fright. Driver picks the music--

CHARLIE

--shotgun shuts her cakehole. Or so I read. But... have you considered anything from this era?

DEAN

What am I, a dinosaur?

CHARLIE

Respectfully? Kinda. May I?

Dean sighs. *Fine.* He reluctantly turns off the stereo.

CHARLIE

Paper beats rock. Digital beats analog.

Charlie pulls up a ROBYN song on her laptop. Dean listens for a beat. Shrugs. *Whatever.* He goes back to his food. Charlie to her laptop. A beat.

Then Dean starts bobbing his head along to the song. He slowly gets into it and then--

CHARLIE

Gotcha!

Dean snaps out of his dance-dance-revolution, embarrassed.

DEAN

What, I didn't, I mean--

CHARLIE

Cops found another liquid body. Start the Batmobile already!

20

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

3 4/8

20

Now a crime scene. A few COPS mill about. The Impala pulls up and Dean and Charlie get out.

CHARLIE

Maybe you should go first this time.

DEAN

Uh-uh. Back on the horse, kiddo.

They walk up to a COP. Charlie pulls her badge out. Right side up, this time. Progress. But still Guffman-esque:

CHARLIE

Hey there. I am Special Agent Ripley. And this is my partner, Special Agent Dean, uh, Dean Hicks, and we are here to--

COP

Save it. Your other Agent is over there.

Dean and Charlie exchange a look. *Other agent?* They look over and see a MAN in a suit leaning over a BLOODY STAIN on the ground. The man stands up, revealing SAM WINCHESTER!

SAM

Took you guys long enough.

DEAN

The hell are you doing here?

SAM

Working the case. Same as you. Jake Hill. Librarian. Went missing yesterday. No relation to the other victim. And the Coroner already swooped in and scooped up what was left him.

DEAN

We met her. Bit of a stickler.
(moving along)
Okay, no body, nothing to see here then. So. Time to go home, Sam.

SAM

Gotta talk to the witnesses.

He nods at the TEENS, who are mostly cleaned up.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DEAN

We got it, Sam.

Sam isn't leaving. Dean isn't budging. WIDEN to reveal Charlie in the middle. Eating this up.

CHARLIE

Waitasec. Are you guys about to have a "bro-talk"?

Dean glares at her.

DEAN

This isn't a show.

CHARLIE

Isn't it?

DEAN

Go talk to the witnesses.

CHARLIE

But I don't want to miss the bro-ment.

DEAN

Charlie.

Charlie frowns. Dammit. And heads over to the witnesses.

DEAN

Look, Sam, I know you're frustrated, but you're also sick.

SAM

I'm not leaving, Dean.

ON CHARLIE

She tins the teens. Their game systems sit in their laps.

CHARLIE

Hey, boys. Special Agent Ripley. FBI. And stuff.

(spots the game)

What game are you guys playing?

DIEGO

Super Eater.

CHARLIE

Underworld Adventures or Dimension Travelers?

(CONTINUED)

HAROLD
Underworld Adventures.

CHARLIE
Nice. Dimension Travelers was
hella lame.

DIEGO
Right? Derivative.

CHARLIE
/ Seriously.
(kneels down)
So, about the childhood trauma you
boys experienced earlier.

ON SAM AND DEAN

SAM
We have no idea what the Third
Trial is gonna be.

DEAN
Your point?

SAM
You can't take care of both us,
Dean. I have to find a way to play
through the pain. Your words.

DEAN
Dammit Sammy, don't quote me to me.
Before he can finish, Charlie heads back over.

CHARLIE
The boys said they noticed
something on the body's arm before
it covered them in years of future
therapy. Said it looked like a
blue hand print. Thoughts?

DEAN
(turns to Sam)
Sounds like something you should
read about. In a book. Back at
home.

SAM
I'm not going home until we find
whatever's doing this.

Dean storms off.

(CONTINUED)

20

CHARLIE

You guys fight like an old married couple.

SAM

Charlie--

CHARLIE

Does this mean we're not breaking into the Coroner's office?

SAM

Now that is a good idea.

The Impala ROARS to life.

CHARLIE

Is he leaving? He's leaving.

The Impala takes off.

SAM

C'mon. I stole your car. Pretty sure I know where he's going.

CHARLIE

Cool.

(then)

Wait, you stole my car?

21

EXT. MORGUE - BACK DOOR - NIGHT

21

Dean fumbles with his picks.

SAM (O.S.)

Need some help?

Dean turns and sees Sam and Charlie.

DEAN

Shut up.

22

INT. MORGUE - BULLPEN - NIGHT

22

The back door opens. Dean pokes his head in. The coast clear, he waves Charlie in. Almost closes the door on Sammy. All three have FLASHLIGHTS.

DEAN

Autopsy room is just down here.

They get to the autopsy room door. Locked. Dean pulls out his picks. Suddenly, HEADLIGHTS flash across them.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SAM

The hell?

Charlie races over to the window. Looks out into the lot.

CHARLIE

It's the Coroner. I got this.

(off Dean's doubt)

Go!

The boys enter the autopsy room. Charlie hides just as the front door opens and Jennifer enters, heading to her office.

INT. MORGUE - CORONER'S OFFICE - DAY

4/3

Jennifer flicks on the lights, sits at her desk.

CHARLIE (O.S.)

Hello?

Charlie heads over to Jennifer's door.

CHARLIE

Hey there. Front door was open--

JENNIFER

What are you doing here?

Charlie stares for a beat. Fair question.

CHARLIE

I, uh, came back. To get a blank copy of the form you asked for.

JENNIFER

The FBI doesn't have chain of custody forms?

CHARLIE

Field office had a power outage. After, catching fire. Figured I could borrow a copy? Or two?

JENNIFER

Of course, lemme see...

INT. MORGUE - AUTOPSY ROOM - NIGHT

4/3

Dean opens a corpse locker door. Empty. They whisper.

DEAN

Empty, too. What the hell?

(CONTINUED)

24

CONTINUED:

Sam sifts through a file cabinet. Finds something.

SAM

They had the bodies burned.

DEAN

Already?

SAM

They think this is some kind of outbreak scenario. Even got the CDC to sign off on it.

DEAN

These folks run a tight ship.

3/

25

INT. MORGUE - CORONER'S OFFICE - NIGHT

3/8

25

Jennifer pulls some papers out of the cabinet.

JENNIFER

Here you go.

CHARLIE

Great. Perfect. Thank you.

JENNIFER

Now, if you'll excuse me, I have some work to do in the morgue.

Charlie's face falls. Crap!

CHARLIE

Uh, can I ask you a personal question? I'm kinda new to the whole power suit thing, and yours is killer. Where do you get 'em?

Jennifer raises her eyebrows: seriously?

26

INT. MORGUE - AUTOPSY ROOM - NIGHT

26

Sam snaps cell phone pics of the files.

DEAN

Does this mean we need to take Silkwood showers now or is this still a case?

SAM

Something about that mark the kids saw rings a bell. Need to check the lore, maybe Dad's journal.

2/8

27 INT. MORGUE - CORONER'S OFFICE - NIGHT 2/8

Charlie continues to stall.

JENNIFER

You just need three jackets and three pants and you're all set.

CHARLIE

So simple. So smart. You should have a blog.

JENNIFER

I'll get on that.

Jennifer walks out of her office, Charlie joins her.

28 INT. MORGUE - BULLPEN - NIGHT 3/8

They head right for the autopsy room!

CHARLIE

So, what about shoes? I can never find the right kind to go with--

JENNIFER

I'm sorry, I'm not a stylist.

She unlocks and opens the door. Charlie cringes... but the autopsy room is empty! Sam and Dean made it out. *Phew.*

CHARLIE

Well, thanks for the forms and fashion advice. You're the best. Don't go changing. Kay-bye.

Charlie bolts. We linger a beat on Jennifer. *Hmmmm...*

29 INT. MEN OF LETTERS - NIGHT 17/8

Everyone is in various stages of research (back in civies). Dean has Dad's journal. Sam sifts through medical reports on his laptop. Charlie has her tablet.

SAM

Leviathan?

CHARLIE

(off her tablet)
They consume their prey.

SAM

Maybe the vics were Leviathans--

(CONTINUED)

CHARLIE
(off her tablet)
No black goo on either scene
according to the reports.

SAM
Dragons, they--

CHARLIE
(off her tablet)
No signs of burns on the vics.

SAM
I hate that thing.
(then)
And I want one.

DEAN
Waitasec. Djinn.

CHARLIE
Djinn vics don't get liquefied--

DEAN
Not a regular Djinn. According to
this, there's a bastard offshoot.
Their eyes light up blue, can pass
as human, all the regular jazz.
But these, "Leave victims with
jelly-like insides." And supposedly
when they poison their vics, they
leave behind a blue hand print.

He drops the journal in front of Charlie. Smiles.

DEAN
Sometimes analog beats digital.

Charlie shakes her head at the journal.

CHARLIE
I hate that thing.
(then)
And I want one.

SAM
Do these things die like regular
Djinn?

DEAN
Yup. Silver blade dipped in Lamb's
Blood. Just gotta find the asshat.

(CONTINUED)

CHARLIE

Alright, break-through means snack-time to me. And I'd love to stretch my legs. I'll go grab some grub. And unlike you, Sam, I won't forget the pie.

She grabs her keys and heads out. A beat.

DEAN

She seem off to you?

SAM

Since the second she got here.

DEAN

Don't get me wrong, I love Charlie, but truth is... we have no idea who she really is.

SAM

Well, for now, she's helping. When she's ready to talk about... whatever... she'll talk.

DEAN

Right. We'll all have a bro-ment.
(then)
You know once we find this thing, you're staying here.

SAM

Whatever you say, Mom.

A simple, Spartan bachelor. A couch with a pull-out, a mini-fridge, a table with a laptop and two books (a biography of ADA LOVELACE and THE PERKS OF BEING A WALLFLOWER). Nothing to see here. No flair at all.

The door opens. And Charlie enters. She closes and locks the door. She heads over to the fridge. It's stocked, but stocked like a hotel mini-bar. Rows of bottled water, beer and candy bars. She grabs a six pack, cracking a beer open as she sits down at her desk. She logs onto the laptop. A screen pops up. A Paypal-style site.

She unlocks a desk drawer. Charlie pulls it open and we see DOZENS of fake PASSPORTS from various countries.

W.T.F.?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She grabs three at random and then opens them all, laying them out. All have a picture of her. She copies the names from the IDs into the Paypal-style site: Christine K. Le Guin, Annie Tolkien and Susan Asimov (Nerd Alert: Charlie's aliases = Stephen King character first name + sci-fi/fantasy author last name). She then enters in dollar amounts next to each name: \$500 dollars each. Generous.

As she does all this, she hears a NOISE. She turns around. The door is closed. Locked. Huh. She goes back to work.

Another noise.

Okay, fool me once. Charlie gets up. Double checks the lock. Yup. Locked. She turns back around and JUMPSCARE!

Jennifer is standing in her living room. All her kindness gone. Her eyes GLOW BLUE. PUSH IN ON Charlie, trapped.

BLACKOUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

31 INT. MEN OF LETTERS - DAY (DAY 2) 31

Sam paces, phone to his ear. 5/8

SAM
Hey, Charlie. It's Sam. Again.
Call us, okay?

He hangs up. Coughs. Can't stop. He sits down. More like falls down. Catching his breath. Dean enters. Concerned.

DEAN
Any word from her?

SAM
No. And there was no comic
convention in Topeka. Why would
she lie?

DEAN
One way to find out.

Dean grabs Sam's laptop.

SAM
What are you doing?

DEAN
When I called you from her phone?
I turned on her GPS.

SAM
(has to admit)
Smart. So where is she?

32 INT. APARTMENT - DAY 32 1 9/8

The place is now empty. And TRASHED. Charlie put up a fight. We hear BANGING on the door.

SAM (O.S.)
Charlie? You in there? 2/

The sounds of picks and then the door eases open. Sam and Dean enter. Guns drawn. They take in the room. Uh-oh. Sam spots Charlie's phone near Dean's feet.

SAM
Dean.

(CONTINUED)

Dean looks down. Spots the phone and picks it up. 8 missed calls. Sam rights the chair and picks up Charlie's laptop.

DEAN

The hell is this place?

Sam spots the Passports. He grabs one and opens it. Picture of Charlie and the name Abigail Rowling.

SAM

Whatever this place is, it belongs to Charlie. Or a variation of her.

He hands Dean the ID. They both look into the drawer.

DEAN

Who the hell is she? Jason Bourne?

SAM

No forced entry. Either she let someone in that she knew, or...

DEAN

Djinn. Anything on the laptop?

SAM

Yeah. She's been sending donations through her aliases to Saint Joseph's, right here in Topeka.

DEAN

For charity?

SAM

A patient. Gertrude Middleton.

DEAN

Alright, I'll take Gertrude, you keep Djinn digging.

GERTRUDE MIDDLETON lies in bed. She's tied to a ventilator, her hair matted, joints curled into painful knots. A nurse, BEATRICE, does passive range of motion exercises on Gertrude while she talks to Dean (back in his Fed Threads).

BEATRICE

Gertrude's been in a persistent vegetative state for 16 years. About a year ago, her condition got worse. This ventilator is the only thing keeping her alive.

DEAN

How did all this happen?

BEATRICE

She and her husband were hit by a drunk driver. He didn't make it. They were on their way to pick up their daughter from a sleepover.

DEAN

Daughter?

BEATRICE

She was 12. She got into trouble after her parents' accident. Nobody's heard from her since.

This lands on Dean. Gertrude is Charlie's mom.

BEATRICE

Folks have been donating to cover Gertrude's care over the years.

This hits Dean too. Charlie's been doing this for a while.

BEATRICE

It's a sweet gesture, but the truth is... she's brain dead. There's nothing here anymore.

DEAN

She ever have any visitors?

BEATRICE

A couple nurses said they thought they saw someone in here reading to Gertrude, but nobody has ever officially signed in to visit her.

(then)

She's all alone.

Beatrice moves to the door.

BEATRICE

If you'll excuse me, I have to make my rounds. If you need anything else, I'll be down the hall.

Dean stands with Gertrude for a moment. He takes her hand.

(CONTINUED)

33

DEAN

You got yourself a helluva
daughter, Mrs. Middleton. And I
promise you I'll find her.

34

INT. ND WAREHOUSE - MAIN ROOM - DAY

12/8

34

Charlie sits in the middle of the room. Tied to a chair.
She slowly comes to. Takes in her surroundings.

CHARLIE

Empty warehouse. Check. Bound to
a chair. Check. This can only end
in tears. And blood.

Charlie FIGHTS against her restraints.

JENNIFER (O.S.)

You're not going anywhere.

Charlie freezes. Terrified.

CHARLIE

(meak)
Wilhelm scream.

Jennifer approaches her. Gets close and leans in. Takes a
big breath in through her nostrils.

JENNIFER

Do you know what I smell on you?

CHARLIE

Deodorant? A little pee maybe?

JENNIFER

Fear.

CHARLIE

Djinn can smell fear?

JENNIFER

Well, well. If you know about
Djinn, then you and your little
friend are Hunters, not FBI.

CHARLIE

I'm more Hunter-In-Training.
Totally not worth killing.

JENNIFER

Oh but you are worth killing,
sweetheart. See, my kind?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

JENNIFER (CONT'D)

We prefer a more bitter taste to blood than a run-of-the-mill Djinn. We prefer the taste of fear. And when I caught a whiff of you at the morgue... oh, such delicious fear inside you. I followed your scent. I knew you would make a meal fit for two.

CHARLIE

(wait, what?)

For two?

Jennifer's eyes light up blue. She rolls up a sleeve. A TATTOO draws its way onto her hand.

Jennifer's tattooed hand reaches out for Charlie's arm...

6/8

Dean sits across from Sam, catching him up.

SAM

So, there's no chance for a recovery?

DEAN

No. Gertrude sounded like a cool mom. Kind. Strong. Taken from her family so young.

(then)

Remind you of anyone?

Sam nods. Sad. A quiet moment between the boys.

DEAN

You find anything?

He grabs his laptop. He pulls up a report.

SAM

Think so. John Doe. Nine years ago. The old Coroner was going to have the body sent to the CDC, but the Coroner's new assistant 'accidentally' ordered the body to be burned.

DEAN

New assistant?

SAM

Jennifer O'Brien.

(CONTINUED)

DEAN
 (sonovabitch)
 Coroner's a helluva a cover for
 hiding kills...

INT. ND WAREHOUSE - MAIN ROOM - DAY

3/8

Charlie fights the effects of the poison. Sounds drugged.

CHARLIE
 My manly man friend's gonna get
 you, creepy powersuit lady.

JENNIFER
 Let him come. He reeked of fear as
 well.

Charlie WRIGGLES in her chair again. Still can't move.

JENNIFER
 You're strong. That's good.
 Her eyes light up and she TOUCHES Charlie's arm again.
 Charlie SCREAMS... passes out...

INT. MEN OF LETTERS - DAY

5/8

Sam hangs up his phone.

SAM
 CDC? Never got a call from
 Jennifer this time either. She
 faked the reports. Burned the
 bodies to cover her tracks.

DEAN
 Why'd she get sloppy again after
 nine years and start leaving bodies
 where they could be found?

SAM
 Let's go ask her.
 (points at the laptop)
 According to this, Jennifer owns
 two pieces of property in town. A
 two bedroom house ten minutes from
 here, and a patch of land that's
 home to an empty building.
 (doing the math)
 Djinn drain their kills. Takes
 time.

37

CONTINUED:

DEAN

Empty building is a perfect place for a kill room.

They race out the door.

38

INT. ND WAREHOUSE - DAY 1/8

38

Sam and Dean move in, both with blades in hand (dipped in Lamb's Blood). Dean nods to Sam. Split up.

39

INT. ND WAREHOUSE - BACK ROOM - DAY 1/8

39

Sam checks a back room. Empty.

40

INT. ND WAREHOUSE - MAIN ROOM - DAY 1/8

40

Dean enters the room. Spots Charlie. He races over to her and cuts her free. She's pale. He rocks her back and forth, smacking her cheek lightly. Nothing but zzzzzzz.

DEAN

C'mon, Charlie-- wake up. Sammy!
Sammy, I got her!

41

INT. ND WAREHOUSE - BACK ROOM - DAY 1/8

41

Sam moves to join Dean but... JUMPSCARE as Jennifer cuts him off. Sam swings at her. Not even close. She DECKS him.

42

INT. ND WAREHOUSE - MAIN ROOM - DAY 1/8

42

Dean hears the commotion and races off to find Sam.

43

INT. ND WAREHOUSE - BACK ROOM - DAY 2/8

43

Sam is cornered, bruised. Jennifer closes in, about to poison Sam when-- HER EYES LIGHT UP, FIZZLING OUT. She drops, revealing Dean behind her, blade in hand.

DEAN

You okay?

SAM

(nope)

Where's Charlie?

44

INT. ND WAREHOUSE - MAIN ROOM - DAY 6/8

44

They race over to Charlie. Sam injects her with antidote. A beat. Nothing.

DEAN

The hell is going on?

SAM

I dunno. Different Djinn... maybe she needs a different antidote.

DEAN

She's burning up. We're not letting her turn into Jello, Sam!

SAM

Okay. Djinn poison puts your brain in something like a feedback loop while your blood boils, right?

DEAN

Right.

SAM

Then we gotta find a way to break the loop. Djinn take you to your happy place-- happy place is like a dream.

Dean looks at Sam: you're a genius.

SAM / DEAN

African Dream Root.

The jar from Ep. 310 nearby, they finish making the drink. Dean plucks a hair from Charlie's head, puts it in the drink.

DEAN

Here goes nothing.

SAM

Wait. Once you're in, how are you gonna get her out?

DEAN

Figure it out when I get there.

Dean sets up another chair next to Charlie. Downs the drink.

DEAN

Okay. I need to fall asleep. Fast. Punch me. I know you don't want to, but--

(CONTINUED)

45

CONTINUED:

45

Before he can even finish, Sam CLOCKS Dean. He collapses into the chair. Lights out.

SAM

How's that for off my game?

Dean's head bobs, and as it bobs up we MATCHCUT TO:

46

INT. MILITARY HOSPITAL - OFFICE - NIGHT 1/8

46

Like earlier, Dean raises his head. We're back! TIMECUT TO:

47

INT. MILITARY HOSPITAL - HALLWAY - NIGHT 7/8

47

Dean out in the hallway as he checks the paper. Holy shit all over again. And again, there's a NOISE behind him. He turns and looks back. But this time, we see what he sees...

TWO VAMPIRES. They don't look like our typical Vamps though. They look like mutated SUPER SOLDIERS. They are wearing torn up military uniforms. They growl at Dean.

Dean races to the elevator. JAMS the buttons. Tries to pry the doors open. Nothing doing. Shadows fall over him. Just as the Vamps are about to strike...

DING!

From inside the elevator, we see the doors open in SLO-MO. Dean turns back. Smiles. Then jumps out of the way as...

From the REVERSE, WE SLO-MO PUSH through the doors to reveal CHARLIE BRADBURY! Decked out in a sleek military uniform.

And an eyepatch!

Oh, and she's holding a SUB-MACHINE GUN. She OPENS FIRE on the Vampires. Sweet merciful awesome!

Endless casings hit the ground as she dispatches the Vampires. With the Vampires down, she rocks the gun onto her shoulder and offers Dean a hand.

CHARLIE

Come with me if you want to live.

(sheepish)

I always wanted to say that.

Dean gets to his feet. Charlie hands him the other machine gun that was strapped to her back. Did I not mention that?

CHARLIE

What are you doing in my dream?

(CONTINUED)

DEAN

You were attacked by a Djinn. The
Coroner, Jennifer. Remember?

CHARLIE

I was what... ?

DEAN

Djinn usually send you to your
happy place. No judgement, but you
have a really strange sense of
happy, kiddo.

CHARLIE

(coming around)

Wait. No. Jennifer, she said her
kind feeds off fear. This isn't my
happy place-- this is a recurring
nightmare of mine.

DEAN

The hell is it?

CHARLIE

It's a video game.

DEAN

Waitasecond. You're telling me
this, all this... is a video game?

CHARLIE

It was called The Red Scare. First
person shooter against Super
Soldier Vampires. I copied it off
a game company's server before it
was finished, reprogrammed it to
reflect my flamingly liberal
politics and released it. For
free. Then they tracked me down
and had me arrested. I was 12.

As Dean pieces it together...

DEAN

And you been on the run ever since.

Charlie looks away, changing subjects...

CHARLIE

So, how do we get out of here?

(CONTINUED)

"Pac-Man Fever"
CONTINUED: (2)

Studio/Network Draft

2/19/13 38.
47

47

DEAN

I... don't know. We gave you the
Djinn antidote but it didn't work.
And I killed the Djinn--

2/

CHARLIE

Both of them?

ON DEAN... oh shit...

48

INT. ND WAREHOUSE - MAIN ROOM - DAY

48

Sam waits. He coughs. Can't stop. It brings him to his
knees. He finally regulates his breathing. As he stands...
JUMPS CARE as we reveal RICKY (16) standing right behind him!

2/8

RICKY

You killed my Mom!

Ricky ATTACKS!

BLACKOUT.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

49

INT. MILITARY HOSPITAL - HALLWAY - NIGHT 5/8

49

They head down another hallway, this one without any bodies.

DEAN

Alright, we gotta get back and help
Sammy. Tell me about this game.
Maybe if we win, we can--

Vampires attack from both sides. Charlie and Dean open fire,
back to back. If this really were a video game? This would
be the box cover. The Vampires drop.

CHARLIE

Look, I don't know how long I've
been out, but I've been through
this level 1000 times already.

DEAN

What?

CHARLIE

Every time I beat the level, and
save the patients, I get re-set
back to the beginning, only there's
less weapons and the Vampires are
faster. It's an infinite loop.
Like Pac-Man without level 256.

DEAN

Level what?

CHARLIE

Nothing.

DEAN

Hold on. What patients?

50

INT. MILITARY HOSPITAL - PATIENT WARD - NIGHT 13/8

50

Dean and Charlie enter. The room is filled with EIGHT BEDS.
All of them covered in PRIVACY SCREENS. We can HEAR PATIENTS
moaning behind the screens.

They close the door. Barricade it. It's the only way in or
out. As Charlie reinforces the door, Dean looks at one of
the patients. He pulls back the curtain...

...and finds GERTRUDE. She looks just as bad as she does in
real life. Maybe worse. Dean's face falls.

(CONTINUED)

DEAN

Charlie...

She stops. Looks over. Sees Dean. Sees her Mom.

DEAN

I know who this is.

Charlie's face softens.

CHARLIE

What are you talking about?

DEAN

When you went missing, Sam and I found your little crash pad. Saw your payments for her. I went and visited your mom looking for you.

Charlie opens her mouth, about to deflect again. But stops. Busted. She walks over, closer to the bed. To her Mom.

CHARLIE

She's why I'm in Kansas. I visit whenever I can... and read to her. She used to read me to sleep every night when I was a kid...

(not easy)

...she'd read me The Hobbit. She's the reason I love the stuff I love.

DEAN

I'm sorry for your loss, Charlie.

CHARLIE

(defiant)

She's not gone.

Charlie goes back to barricading the door.

Dean drops the curtain, he checks the bed next to Gertrude's. Behind the curtain he finds... SAM. Comatose.

DEAN

Sammy?

Dream Sam's eyes flutter. He's dying. Charlie sees him.

CHARLIE

Is this my nightmare or yours?

They hear a BANGING on the door. They've got company. They lock and load as we--

51

INT. ND WAREHOUSE - MAIN ROOM - DAY

5/8

51

Sam CRASHES to the ground. Ouch. Ricky circles him. Sam looks up. Winded. But, he spots his dagger across the room.

Sam gets up, circles around Ricky, angling himself in front of the dagger.

SAM

So, it wasn't Mom who got sloppy--
it was you.

RICKY

Shut up!

PUNCH! Sam goes down. Ouch again. But... he landed next to the blade. He discreetly grabs it. Ricky looks into other room, at his mother's dead body. Sad. Distracted.

RICKY

I just came of age. Had to feed.
And I screwed up. Mom knew how to
cover her tracks. She always told
me not to play with my food.

SAM

Hey Ricky?

Ricky turns. Sam STABS him with the blade!

SAM

You shoulda listened to your Mom.

Ricky's eyes FLARE BLUE and he drops. Dead.

52

INT. MILITARY HOSPITAL - PATIENT WARD - NIGHT

17/8

52

The BANGING on the door is getting louder. An ARM BREAKS THROUGH. Charlie OPENS FIRE, killing it through the door.

CHARLIE

This is it. The boss battle.
C'mon. We gotta save the patients.

31

Dean closes the curtain on Sick Sam. Resolved.

DEAN

Charlie... you said it yourself.
We're stuck in a loop. And out
there? In the real world? You are
dying. I might be too. We have to
break this loop.

(CONTINUED)

CHARLIE

Okay, how?

DEAN

I think the only way to stop this
is not to play.

CHARLIE

What? No. We have to save them.
Nut up, Winchester!

Another arm SMASHES THROUGH-- Dean instinctively OPENS FIRE.

CHARLIE

See? You can't stop either.

Dean sighs. She's right. But so is he. He tosses his gun.

DEAN

Charlie. This poison, it's
designed to put your mind into an
endless cycle while it turns your
insides into mush. And its fuel?
Is fear. Look, I might be crazy,
but I think the only way to break
the cycle is to let the fear go--
stop playing the game.

Charlie shakes her head. Can't. Won't.

CHARLIE

You don't know that.

More ARMS break through the door. Charlie opens fire,
killing them all. She stops. Re-loads..

DEAN

I know your fear is creating all of
this, Charlie. And I know you're
not afraid of those super-soldier
vamps, or this game and what it did
to you.

(points back)

You're afraid of losing her. And
I'm telling you she's already gone.

Charlie looks at Dean. Real sadness in her eyes.

CHARLIE

(fighting it)

I just... I just want to tell her I
love her. And have her actually
hear it again.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

I need her to hear that just one more time. But she can't...

DEAN

I know. Believe me, I know. But you gotta let it go.

(then)

Game's over, kiddo.

More ARMS SMASH through the door. Charlie raises her gun. About to fire. But she stops. Tears in her eyes.

She drops her gun. As it hits the ground, the room goes SILENT. They both look up at the door.

It's open now. No Vamps. It's over.

Charlie spins, looks back at her mother's bed. Empty.

CHARLIE

Mom?

SMASHCUT TO:

Charlie's eyes POP OPEN. As do Dean's.

SAM

Dean.

Sam helps Dean up. He nods to Sam: I'm okay. Sam smiles relieved. They look over as Charlie stands up. She glares at Dean. Pissed. Tears in her eyes.

DEAN

Charlie, I'm sorry, I had to--

She storms over and... hugs him.

Grateful.

Alive.

BLACKOUT.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

54

EXT. MEN OF LETTERS - MORNING (DAY 3) | 3/3

54

Charlie finishes loading up her car with Sam. We join their conversation already in progress.

CHARLIE

So, thanks for saving our bacon.

SAM

Anytime, your highness.

CHARLIE

You know you're gonna be ok, right?

Sam smiles. Not so sure.

CHARLIE

Those books portray you as one tough customer. If anyone can get through the Trials, Sam, it's you.

SAM

Thanks. You should come back and dig through the archives. You're definitely a Woman of Letters. (1)

CHARLIE

I like the sound of that.

They hug it out.

Sam heads back inside as Dean heads out. Dean hands Charlie her last bag.

DEAN

Thanks for stopping by, Charlie. Always wanted to get Tron-ed.

(beat)

So, what's next for you?

Charlie lets out a long sigh.

CHARLIE

Gonna go to St. Joseph's.

(not easy)

Gotta let it go, right?

Dean nods. Solemn.

CHARLIE

How bout you? You gonna let it go?

(CONTINUED)

Dean's turn to sigh. Shakes his head. Nope.

DEAN

Never.

CHARLIE

That's my boys.

They hug it out.

CHARLIE

I love you.

DEAN

I know.

Charlie climbs into her car and takes off.

Sam sits at the table. Filling out an M.O.L. card on the new Djinn they took down. Under AKA, he puts: PAC-MAN.

Dean heads down to the library. Sam stands, holds up his hands, expecting a fight.

SAM

Look, you were right. I shoulda laid low, but... I'm glad I was able to find a way to--

Dean walks right over and GRABS Sam. Serious bro-hug. Sam is shocked. But moved. He hugs Dean back. And just like that, it's done. Bro-ment over.

DEAN

Alright, let's find our Prophet.

PULL AWAY from the boys, as they get back into their groove.

Charlie signs the last of a series of papers on a clipboard. Hands them to the nurse we met before, Beatrice.

BEATRICE

Take all the time you need with your mom, okay?

Beatrice leaves. Charlie pulls up a chair. Brushes stray hairs from her mother's face. Tears in Charlie's eyes.

But resolve, too.

She reaches into her bag and pulls out an old, tattered paperback copy of THE HOBBIT (you can borrow my copy if you need it). She smiles at her mom.

CHARLIE

One last time, okay?

Charlie opens the book and begins to read out-loud.

CHARLIE

"In a hole in the ground, there lived a Hobbit..."

The sound of her voice fades away and is replaced by MUSIC. We DRIFT AWAY slowly as Charlie says goodbye to her mother...

BLACKOUT.

TO BE CONTINUED...