

# DEPARTMENT HEADS ONLY

## SUPERNATURAL

Episode #906

"Dog Dean Afternoon"

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SUPERNATURAL  
"Dog Day Afternoon"

TEASER

FADE IN:

INT. "MOUNTED MEMORIES" TAXIDERMIST SHOP - WORK ROOM - NIGHT

OPEN on a STANDARD POODLE, glassy-eyed... literally. Stuffed and mounted to be exact. PAN ACROSS the room to see more STUFFED DOGS OF VARIOUS BREEDS, until we finally land on a GERMAN SHEPHERD. Except this one actually moves. Alive and well, "The Colonel" wanders over to his master...

MAX MURPHY, a bespectacled taxidermist, sitting at a cluttered work bench. The room is blanketed in shadow. Save for the light of a single work lamp, under which Max painstakingly dresses...

DEAD SQUIRRELS in Medieval attire. Next to the squirrels is a placard that proudly boasts "Game of Thrones". As Max sews a tiny leather vest, the CREAKING OF FLOORBOARDS IS HEARD. The Colonel emits a GUTTURAL GROWL.

TAXIDERMIST MAX

Easy, Colonel.

The taxidermist looks down, gently patting the dog's head. Then looks up. But all is calm. Quiet. Normal. Max shrugs, chalking it up to an old building settling. Until...

MORE CREAKING IS HEARD, followed by a FAINT HISSING NOISE. Max looks up again. But, this time, with a look of concern.

INT. "MOUNTED MEMORIES" TAXIDERMIST SHOP - FRONT ROOM - NIGHT

Max enters the front of the shop. Grabs a hunting rifle from behind the cash register. As he makes his way through a MAZE OF MOUNTED ANIMALS, their glassy eyes stare back at him. It's unsettling. Creepy.

TAXIDERMIST MAX

Anyone there?

No response, save for the vacant stares of the dead animals. A beat. Then Max puts down his weapon, turns around, and...

JUMPS CARE! Comes face to face with a STUFFED GRIZZLY BEAR, perched on his hind legs, baring his teeth. The taxidermist sighs, relieved.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TAXIDERMIST MAX  
Gets me every time. \*

INT. "MOUNTED MEMORIES" TAXIDERMISTRY SHOP - WORK ROOM - NIGHT

Max reenters the work room, gun by his side. As he approaches The Colonel, the dog starts to GROWL. \*

TAXIDERMIST MAX  
What's the matter, boy? It's me.

The Colonel backs away, obviously scared. As a LARGE SHADOW creeps across the German Shepherd, Max realizes the dog isn't scared of him. He's scared of... THE PERSON STANDING BEHIND HIM. \*

The alarmed taxidermist whips around to see a MYSTERY MAN-- snakeskin boots, leather pants, scorpion belt buckle, and cowboy hat. The taxidermist raises his rifle. But the Mystery Man knocks the gun out of his hands. The Mystery Man then slyly smiles, licking his lips to reveal... a forked tongue? \*

TAXIDERMIST MAX  
What the-- ? \*

With *serpentine speed*, the Mystery Man lunges forward. As he starts to strangle the taxidermist, The Colonel attacks, biting his ankle. But the Mystery Man kicks him away. \*

The Colonel WHIMPERS, helplessly watching from the corner-- too afraid to make another move-- as the taxidermist tries to fight back. But it seems like the more he struggles, the tighter the Mystery Man's grip gets. \*

PAN OVER to the shadows on the wall, as the Mystery Man lifts the taxidermist and begins to squeeze the breath out of him. Tighter. And tighter. Until... CRACK! CRACK! CRACK! \*

Off the GRUESOME SOUND OF DISLOCATING JOINTS and SNAPPING VERTEBRAE, we... \*

BLACKOUT.

END OF TEASER

## ACT ONE

INT. MEN OF LETTERS' BUNKER - DAY

SAM WINCHESTER sits in the crow's nest, listening to an old timey police scanner. STATIC POPS from the radio, as DEAN WINCHESTER enters, shaking his head.

SAM

What?

DEAN

Kevin. Just forced Buffalo Milk down his gob. Twice.

SAM

(gross)  
Buffalo Milk?

DEAN

It's a hangover cure all. Got everything in it 'cept Buffalo Milk.

SAM

How is he still recovering from Branson?

DEAN

Kid's an amateur.  
(distastefully)  
Who apparently can't stop singing  
Danke Schoen.

SAM

Not a fan of Wayne Newton? \*

DEAN

(wryly)  
Or Chinese Ferris Bueller. \*

SAM

Dean. He's Vietnamese. \*

Dean shrugs. Close enough. Then--

SAM

Think it's time to go back on the road.

DEAN

Nah. It's not that bad.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SAM

Not because of Kevin's singing.  
Because I'm ready.

Dean arches a brow.

DEAN

You're not ready.

(off Sam's look)

You're running on empty. To and  
from Sonny's you were narcoleptic.  
Got the drool stains on my interior  
to prove it.

SAM

Well, the last three nights I got  
eight hours of shut eye. For a  
hunter, that's like twenty. Trust  
me, Dean... I feel good.

DEAN

That's great and all, James Brown,  
but you're still recovering from  
The Trials. You need to pace  
yourself. 'Cause the sooner you  
heal...

Dean trails off. Wants to finish with "the sooner Ezekiel  
will get the hell out of your body." But he can't.

SAM

Yeah?

DEAN

I just... want you back to your old  
self.

SAM

I am, Dean.

(off Dean's doubt)

Look, Kevin's fine. Crowley's  
locked up. We should be out there  
doing what we do best-- fighting  
monsters.

Dean nods. He can't really argue Sam's logic.

DEAN

Okay. Okay. I'll keep an eye out.

SAM

No need. Already got a case.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Sam gestures to the police scanner.

SAM

Taxidermist mysteriously crushed to death. Nearly every joint in his body dislocated. Every bone broken. Poor guy's a human pretzel.

(then)

What's got that kind of strength?

DEAN

*Demonic luchador?*

SAM

Shop's just a couple hours away. In Enid, Oklahoma. We should check it out.

(off Dean's reluctance)

Give me one good reason why we shouldn't?

Dean can't. At least not one he can tell Sam.

EXT. "MOUNTED MEMORIES" TAXIDERMYP SHOP - DAY

Sam and Dean (suited up), pretexting as feds, approach the taxidermy shop. As they pass the front entrance, they see... "DIE SCUM," spray-painted in red, across the window.

DEAN

Subtle.

Sam smirks. And just as he's about to open the front door--

SAM

Hold up.

Sam takes a closer look at the graffiti. Etched in one of the spray-painted letters is a symbol-- A TRIANGLE WITH A PAW PRINT INSIDE.

Sam and Dean exchange a look. Weird. As Sam takes a picture of the symbol--

INT. "MOUNTED MEMORIES" TAXIDERMYP SHOP - FRONT ROOM - DAY

Sam and Dean head into the shop, taking in the decor... and the army of stuffed animals.

DEAN

Creep factor just skyrocketed.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

As they badge a local COP in a cowboy hat (it is Oklahoma, after all)--

SAM  
Agents Michaels and DeVille.

COWBOY COP  
Body already went to the morgue.  
Just wrapping up with Dave  
Stephens. He's the one who  
discovered the body. \*  
(shaking his head)  
Such a shame. Used to hunt with \*  
Max. A real good egg.

DEAN  
We're sorry for your loss.  
(then)  
Mind if we talk to Dave for a  
minute?

Cowboy Cop gestures to DAVE STEPHENS, sporting a "METRO  
WASTE" uniform. Dean gives Sam a nod. As Sam goes to prowl \*  
the shop, Dean approaches Dave, flashing a badge-- \*

DEAN \*  
Dave Stephens? \*  
(off his nod) \*  
Got a couple more questions. \*

DAVE  
I'll tell you whatever you need to  
know. Max was a pal.

DEAN  
Hunting buddy? \*  
(off Dave's look) \*  
Lucky guess. \*  
(then) \*  
What time did you discover the  
body? \*

DAVE  
'Bout nine a.m. My usual pick up  
time. I come every Wednesday and  
Sunday to collect the entrails.

DEAN  
Come again?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DAVE

The *animal organs*. After Max would dig 'em out and work his magic. He was a real artist, you know.

Dean forces a tight smile, then meets eyes with Sam, who's inspecting Tyrion Squirrel. This is some weird shit. \*

DAVE

Strange thing is... the bins were empty this morning. \*

DEAN

Why's that strange? \*

DAVE

'Cause it's a *Sunday*. Weekend hunts are pretty much a given in this neck of the woods. So they're usually chock full o'guts.

DEAN

Any chance Max would've cleaned them out the night before? \*

DAVE

It's *biohazard*. Can't just throw the stuff out. You gotta *burn* it.

DEAN

(to Cowboy Cop)  
Anything else missing from the shop?

COWBOY COP

Nope. Register was full. Safe was intact. And all of Max's trophies were still on the walls. \*

Dean forces another tight smile, as he looks at a STUFFED BOAR. \*

DEAN

Anyone else in the shop when you showed up? \*

DAVE

No one... other than The Colonel.

Dave points to the back room, where the taxidermist's German Shepherd is being crated by ANIMAL CONTROL. As Sam returns-- \*

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED: (3)

DEAN

Excuse us. \*

The boys step aside. \*

DEAN

Okay. So we got a thief who has a hard on for puppy guts... a pagan symbol... and a human pretzel.

SAM

Definitely sounds witchy. But I couldn't find any hex bags. \*

DEAN

Then let's keep digging. Just... not here.

Dean stares at a STUFFED HAWK overhead.

DEAN

That one's eyes keep followin' me.

INT. MOTEL - DAY

Still suited up, Dean sets up camp, while Sam researches on his laptop. \*

SAM

The symbol's not Wiccan. It's copy written.

As Sam turns around his computer--

SAM

A logo for a local animal rights group. Enid's answer to P.E.T.A.

CLOSE ON COMPUTER SCREEN to see an image of a paw print inside a triangle, along with a caption that reads: "Showing Humans & Animals Respect & Tolerance."

DEAN

"S.H.A.R.T."?! Are ya kiddin' me?!

SAM

Makes sense why an animal rights group would have an axe to grind with a taxidermist.

DEAN

Why? The animals are already dead.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SAM

Yeah. But hunters are what kept  
him in business.

(then)

Only question is... are the  
bleeding hearts really witches? Or  
just hippies?

A beat. Then--

DEAN

What's the difference?

INT. GENTLE EARTH VEGAN BAKERY - DAY

Sam and Dean (still in suits) enter the bohemian bakery,  
bustling with HIPPIES in hemp, noshing on vegan delicacies.

DEAN

Knew I'd find the source of all  
evil in a vegan bakery.

SAM

(taking a whiff)  
What's that smell?

DEAN

Patchouli. Mixed with depression.  
(off Sam's look)  
From meat deprivation.

Sam and Dean zero in on OLIVIA and DYLAN SHORE, working  
behind the counter. They don "paw-print-inside-triangle"  
pins on their aprons and *sunglasses on their faces?*

DEAN

You know who wears sunglasses  
inside? Blind people and douche  
bags.

As the brothers approach--

SAM

Olivia and Dylan Shore?

OLIVIA

At your service.

Dean gestures to their pins.

DEAN

You two members of S.H.A.R.T.?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

OLIVIA

(proudly)

Founders and co-presidents,  
actually. Can we interest you in  
some literature?

DYLAN

Or a flaxseed scone? It's wheat-  
free, gluten-free, sugar-free, and  
surprisingly moist--

DEAN

(cutting him off)

I'll stop ya right there.

(badging the couple)

We're here to investigate the  
murder of Max Murphy, a local  
taxidermist.

Olivia's smile fades.

OLIVIA

(oh shit)

*He's dead?*

DEAN

You knew him?

OLIVIA

*Ish.*

(then, covering)

It's a small town.

SAM

Well, he was murdered last night.  
And a S.H.A.R.T. logo was found at  
the crime scene.

(then, pointed)

You two wouldn't happen to know  
anything about it?

Off Olivia and Dylan exchanging a look--

TIME CUT TO:

INT. GENTLE EARTH VEGAN BAKERY - DAY

Sam, Dean, Olivia, and Dylan sit at a table, tucked in the  
corner.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DYLAN

His business is funded by hunters.  
And you know how hunters are--  
they're selfish dicks who define  
themselves by what they kill.

As Sam and Dean exchange a look--

OLIVIA

And-- as animal advocates-- we  
couldn't stand for that!

SAM

So you killed him?

OLIVIA

Of course not. S.H.A.R.T. doesn't  
tolerate violence.

DEAN

(wryly)

Said the couple who spray-paints  
death threats.

DYLAN

It was a scare tactic. We just  
wanted to spook him.

OLIVIA

Yeah. But we were the ones who got  
spooked.

SAM

What do you mean?

Olivia and Dylan exchange another look. Then, in rapid-fire  
overlapping dialogue--

OLIVIA

Last night-- when we were tagging  
the joint-- we heard a noise--

DYLAN

--a hissing noise--

OLIVIA

--it freaked us out. So we ran  
into the alley--

DYLAN

--but someone attacked us--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

OLIVIA  
--sprayed us in the eyes with mace--

DYLAN  
--and it's not like we could go to  
the cops--

OLIVIA  
--so now we look like total douche  
bags 'cause we have to wear  
sunglasses inside.

Olivia and Dylan removes their sunglasses to reveal... puffy,  
bloodshot eyes, surrounded by dead tissue? It looks like  
textbook gangrene. As Sam and Dean eyefuck-- \*

DEAN (PRE LAP)  
*Necrosis?*

INT. MOTEL - DAY

Sam sits in front of his laptop. Dean looks over his  
shoulder, bottle o' beer in hand.

SAM  
The premature death of tissue.  
That's why they had black eyes.  
And it's not caused by mace.

DEAN  
So what causes it?

SAM  
(reading)  
Blunt force trauma... radiation...  
venom.

DEAN  
As in snake?

SAM  
The taxidermist was constricted...  
Olivia and Dylan heard *hissing*...  
then got sprayed in the eyes with--

DEAN  
(cutting him off)  
Venom. So what? Think we're  
dealing with some kind of freaky  
ass snake monster? \*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SAM

Maybe. But the weird thing is... snakes either constrict or envenomate. No snake does both.

DEAN

Correction: freaky ass *mega*-snake monster?

SAM

Could be a Vetala?

DEAN

Yeah. But they aren't afraid to sink their fangs in. The taxidermist was bite free. Doesn't really fit the profile.

SAM

Right. So...

DEAN

So call Kevin. Maybe he can look up some stuff. Until then--

Dean pulls out some S.H.A.R.T. literature.

DEAN

I'm gonna get my knowledge on.  
(horrified)

Did you know that nearly twenty million animals are tortured each year under the guise of "research"?!

As Dean holds up a picture of a SAD KITTY, we...

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. ENID ANIMAL SHELTER - NIGHT

A SAD KITTY in a cage. PULL OUT to see him surrounded by equally disheartened CATS and DOGS at a local animal shelter.

PAN TO A STONER DESK ATTENDANT, pocketing a one-hitter, as he plays Ruzzle on his iPhone. The door to the shelter CREAKS open to reveal... the Mystery Man from the teaser-- still in a cowboy hat, scorpion belt buckle, and snakeskin boots.

The Stoner Attendant looks up and smiles, as the Mystery Man hands over a *hundred dollar bill*.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

As the Stoner Attendant pockets the money, the Mystery Man strides to the back of the shelter, heading towards the cages. Along the way, he passes...

The Colonel (the taxidermist's German Shepherd) caged on the floor, BARKING FEROCIOUSLY. The Mystery Man takes one look at The Colonel, instantly silencing him.

As the Mystery Man reaches a row of kitties, he pulls out a burlap sack, emblazoned with a logo that we only get a partial glimpse of.

The Mystery Man walks down the row of cages and, one by one, fishes out HISSING FELINES and stuffs them inside the sack. As the Mystery Man reaches for a SCRUFFY LOOKING TOMCAT, who's ready to put up a fight, we're BACK ON--

The Stoner Attendant, at the front desk, overhearing what SOUNDS LIKE A CAT BEING SKINNED ALIVE. The stoner grimaces. Then enters the back room, just in time to see...

The Tomcat's tail, sticking out of the Mystery Man's mouth?!  
WTF?! As the Mystery Man laps up the last of the unruly pussy, the stoner's mouth drops.

STONER ATTENDANT

Dude, you said you were from a  
*perfume company?!*

The Mystery Man looks down. Then glances back up to reveal... HIS EYES ARE NOW YELLOW, WITH VERTICAL PUPILS. JUST LIKE A CAT'S.

The horrified attendant does a double take, thinking he just smoked too much weed. But he's sobered back to reality when he witnesses... CAT CLAWS, SPROUTING OUT OF THE MYSTERY MAN'S FINGERTIPS. Guess it's no hallucination.

And just as the freaked out attendant tries to beeline out of there, the Mystery Man-- in a SERIES OF QUICK CUTS (quite literally)-- slashes the stoner's arm... cheek... and finally his neck, severing his jugular. Off a geyser of gushing blood, we...

BLACKOUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. ENID ANIMAL SHELTER - DAY

Sam and Dean, suited up, inspect the Stoner Attendant's body. \*

DEAN  
(confused)  
Claw marks?

SAM  
And the cop said all the cats went missing.

As the CORONER loads the Stoner Attendant's body onto a gurney-- \*

DEAN  
So what? Yesterday we were dealing with some sort of snake monster? Now it's a killer kitty?

SAM  
I don't know.

DEAN  
Wait a minute.

Dean stops in front of a dog cage. \*

DEAN  
I've seen that mutt's mug before. \*

ARC AROUND to see The Colonel, caged on the floor. Sam points to a piece of masking tape that reads: "THE COLONEL." \*

SAM  
He's the taxidermist's dog.

DEAN  
So The Colonel was at *both crime scenes*? \*

SAM  
Yeah.

Dean pulls Sam aside. Then-- \*

DEAN  
(quietly)  
Think he's a suspect?  
(off Sam's shrug)  
(MORE) \*

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

DEAN (CONT'D)

Could be a Skinwalker? Maybe a  
Shape Shifter? \*

Sam glances back at The Colonel. \*

SAM

Doesn't look like a monster to me.

DEAN

Only one way to find out.

Dean grabs a dog treat from a nearby bowl and tentatively  
approaches the cage. \*

DEAN

Hey, buddy. \*

As Dean tosses the treat inside, distracting The Colonel, he  
pulls a piece of silver out of his pocket. \*

DEAN

Nice doggie. Won't hurt a bit... \*

(then, sotto) \*

Unless it *does*. \*

Dean covertly presses the silver into The Colonel's paw. \*

Waits a beat, but nothing happens. Dean inches closer, \*

inspecting The Colonel's face. But all he gets is a big lick  
on the cheek. \*

SAM

Think we can rule out killer.

As Cowboy Cop (from the taxidermy shop) enters, The Colonel  
starts BARKING. \*

SAM

Whoa. Easy boy.

But The Colonel won't obey. He continues to BARK and GROWL. \*

When Cowboy Cop removes his hat, mopping a sweaty brow, The  
Colonel FALLS SILENT. Sam and Dean exchange a look.

As soon as Cowboy Cop puts his hat back on, The Colonel  
starts BARKING AGAIN.

DEAN

Excuse me, officer? Mind if I try  
on your hat? \*

(off Cowboy Cop's look)

Humor me. \*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Cowboy Cop hands over his hat. As Dean puts it on, The Colonel starts GROWLING. When he removes the hat, The Colonel quiets down.

COWBOY COP  
(to The Colonel)  
Good luck getting adopted.

As Cowboy Cop walks away with his hat--

SAM  
So if The Colonel's not a suspect-- \*

DEAN  
(cutting him off)  
Could be a witness. \*

He scratches The Colonel behind the ears. \*

DEAN  
You speak sign language, buddy?

SAM  
That's monkeys, Dean.  
(then) \*  
This is gonna sound crazy, but... I \*  
read a book once about a guy who  
tried to teach his dog to speak  
after witnessing a murder.

DEAN  
Did it work? \*

SAM  
No. \*

DEAN  
(incredulous) \*  
And he wrote a book about it?! \*

SAM  
Well, he didn't have what we have. \*

Sam pulls out his iPhone and dials. A beat, then--

SAM  
(into cell) \*  
Hey, Kevin. It's me. So... how do  
we talk to a dog? \*

## INT. MOTEL - DAY

Sam and Dean are back at the motel. But this time with The Colonel, who's sprawled out under the kitchen table. As Sam measures a BEVY OF STRANGE INGREDIENTS, Dean watches, suspicious. \*

DEAN  
An Inuit spell?

SAM  
Who knew the Men of Letters library had a whole "Eskimo" section?

DEAN  
And it'll let us communicate with The Colonel?

SAM  
That's the plan.

Sam snatches a tuft of The Colonel's fur. As he drops the "hair of the dog" into his concoction--

SAM  
Kevin said it's like an animal/human mind meld. \*

DEAN  
Meaning? \*

SAM  
If it works, we should be able to read The Colonel's thoughts. \*

Sam mixes the potion. As he's about to down it, Dean rips it out of his hand. \*

DEAN  
I'll do it.  
(off Sam's look)  
You got a lot on your plate.

SAM  
(confused)  
Like?

DEAN  
Like... (Ezekiel possessing you!)  
(then)  
You're tired. On the mend. Plus, you have a sensitive stomach.  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DEAN (CONT'D)

Last thing we need is you chucking it up. Besides, where would we get another ladybug with exactly sixteen dots?!

(then, inspecting potion)

Doesn't look so bad.

Dean downs it. Winces. Then gags.

DEAN

I was wrong.

(reading Inuit spell)

*Deila hér me. Dag eru nokkrar.*

*Inúíta sem trúa allir. Ég vona*

*munt taka. Allar essar vitur orum.*

He puts down the spell. Looks at The Colonel.

DEAN

Okay, dog. Let's get this party started. Tell me everything ya know.

As Sam and Dean anxiously await a response, The Colonel just stares at them.

DEAN

What's the matter? Cat got your tongue?

Dean laughs. The Colonel remains stone-faced.

DEAN

Tough audience.

The Colonel opens his mouth, as if he's about to say something, then... BARKS? Hmm. Not the response they were hoping for.

Off the boys, confused as to why the spell didn't work, we...

TIME CUT TO:

INT. MOTEL - DAY - LATER

Sam and Dean sit at the kitchen table, eating sandwiches. The Colonel sits at full attention, patiently waiting for scraps. STYX PLAYS ON THE CLOCK RADIO IN THE B.G.

DEAN

So call Kevin. Spell tasted like ass and was a bust.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

As Dean takes another bite of his sandwich--

SAM  
At least it didn't affect your  
appetite. \*

Dean shoots Sam a dirty look. As he chews in silence-- \*

GRUFF VOICE (O.C.)  
Hey, hoss. Change the station. \*

Dean stops chewing. Then, deadpan-- \*

DEAN  
What? \*

SAM  
(confused)  
What? \*

Dean turns to The Colonel. \*

DEAN  
Say it again. \*

A beat. Then-- \*

FROM DEAN'S POV, HE HEARS THE THOUGHTS OF THE COLONEL--

*\*\*Please note: All animal thoughts will be recorded as voice  
over. None of their mouths will be moving. No SFX needed.*

GRUFF VOICE/THE COLONEL  
Change the station. Styx is a  
joke. They're not even classic  
rock. \*

Dean turns back to Sam. \*

DEAN  
Did you hear that? \*

SAM  
Hear what? \*

Dean stares at The Colonel. Holy fuck. \*

THE COLONEL  
And Dennis DeYoung's a pussy. \*

(CONTINUED)

DEAN  
(snapping) \*  
Dennis DeYoung's not a pussy! He's \*  
Mr. Roboto, bitch! \*

SAM  
Are you really arguing with a dog?  
About Styx?

DEAN  
Shut up. Spell's working. \*

Sam takes an incredulous beat. Then-- \*

SAM  
Go. \*

Dean turns back to The Colonel. \*

DEAN  
Okay, boy. What were you tryin' to  
tell us about the cowboy hat? \*

THE COLONEL  
Oh. So now you wanna play nice?

Dean rolls his eyes. Off Sam's quizzical look-- \*

DEAN  
He's coppin' a 'tude. \*

THE COLONEL  
I'm not "coppin' a 'tude," hoss. I  
just don't like being called a  
bitch. So if you want me to  
cooperate, knock off the name  
calling. Capiche?

Dean bites his tongue. Then, reluctantly--

DEAN  
Capiche.

HOLD ON The Colonel a beat, then--

THE COLONEL  
The jag-off who killed my best  
friend was wearing a cowboy hat.

DEAN  
And the pothead, too?

THE COLONEL

Yup. Same guy killed both.

Sam balls up his sandwich wrapper and chucks it in the garbage. But misses.

SAM

Ask him about the cats...

As Dean crosses to the garbage and picks up Sam's wrapper--

DEAN

Why'd he take the cats?

THE COLONEL

I dunno. I couldn't see much.  
Didn't exactly have the best view  
in the orphanage.

But instead of throwing away Sam's wrapper, Dean brings it back to him.

SAM

(confused)

I don't want this.

Before Dean can respond--

THE COLONEL

But I could smell him.

(off Dean's look)

Guy reeked of red meat, dishwashing  
detergent, and Tiger Balm.

Dean scratches the back of his head, frustrated.

SAM

What's he saying?

Sam tosses the wrapper again.

DEAN

The dude smelled like ground chuck,  
Palmolive, and old lady cream.

As Dean fetches it again--

SAM

Dean! What are you doing?

DEAN

I don't know!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

Dean scratches his head again. The Colonel LAUGHS. \*

DEAN

What's so damn funny?

Before The Colonel can answer, a MAILMAN passes by the motel window. Both The Colonel and Dean beeline for him. The Colonel starts BARKING. As does Dean--

DEAN

(to Mailman)

Hey! Hey! Hey! You! You! You!

SAM

Dean. I think the spell worked a little too well. \*

DEAN

What? \*

SAM

I think you might be a dog. \*

DEAN

What?! \*

SAM

You're scratching your head... playing fetch... barking at the mailman... \*

Dean takes a beat. Fuck. Sam's right. As he cocks his head sideways, a la Scooby Doo-- \*

DEAN

(resigned)

Ruh-roh. \*

BLACKOUT.

END OF ACT TWO



## ACT THREE

INT. MOTEL - DAY

Sam hangs up the phone with Kevin. Turns to Dean.

SAM

Apparently, the Inuit spell has  
some side effects.

DEAN

Would've been nice to know *before* I  
downed that crap.

(then)

What kind of side effects?

SAM

When you mind meld with an animal,  
it's possible to start exhibiting  
some of its behavior.

Dean looks at The Colonel.

THE COLONEL

Don't look at me, hoss. It ain't  
my fault.

Dean's less than thrilled. Turns back to Sam.

DEAN

So how long am I gonna have the  
urge to--

THE COLONEL

(cutting him off)  
Sniff butts?

DEAN

(defensive)

I do *not* wanna sniff butts!

THE COLONEL

Yet.

SAM

(wincing)

Do you really?

DEAN

(snapping)

No!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SAM

Good. 'Cause that would be weird.

(then)

Kevin doesn't know how long it'll last. I mean, it's not like it's an exact science. But hopefully when the spell wears off... so will the side effects?

Dean sighs, frustrated. As he reaches for a chocolate bar--

THE COLONEL

I wouldn't eat that if I were you.

EXT. MOTEL - PARKING LOT - DAY

Sam, Dean, and The Colonel head out of the motel. As they walk to the parking lot--

THE COLONEL

Where we headed?

DEAN

Back to the shelter.

THE COLONEL

To "sniff out" more clues? Maybe "dig up" something we missed?

DEAN

One more doggie pun and I'll have your nuts clipped.

THE COLONEL

Hate to break it to ya, hoss...

(bitter)

My sack's emptier than Santa's after Christmas.

As they approach the Impala, Dean's face falls when he sees... a huge pile of birdshit on the hood of his car.

DEAN

Aw, seriously?!

He glances at an overhead tree.

DEAN

(calling out)

Dick move, pigeon!

And just as Dean unlocks the car--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PIGEON (O.C.) \*  
 Screw you, asshat! \*

Dean double takes. Looks at The Colonel. Then-- \*

DEAN \*  
 I can hear *all animals*?! \*

THE COLONEL \*  
 Yup. Animals have a universal \*  
 language. Like Esperanto. But \*  
 this one actually caught on. \*

PIGEON (O.C.) \*  
 And I'm just gettin' started, too! \*  
 Brewin' a real big one. \*  
 (then, smug) \*  
 Bet your ride's gonna look sweet in \*  
 white. \*

SAM \*  
 What's he saying? \*

Dean sighs. \*

DEAN \*  
 Turns out I can hear other animals. \*  
 (shouting, to pigeon) \*  
 And they're bein' real douche bags! \*

PIGEON (O.C.) \*  
 Who you callin' douche bag, *douche* \*  
*bag*? \*

DEAN \*  
 Shut it, ya winged rat! \*

As a PASSERBY stares at Dean, yelling at the pigeon, Sam \*  
 grabs his arm. \*

SAM \*  
 Dean. Get in the car. Now. \*

Dean nods. Realizes how crazy he looks. As he climbs into \*  
 the Impala-- \*

PIGEON (O.C.) \*  
 That's right, Sally. Go cry to \*  
 momma. \*

EXT. ENID ANIMAL SHELTER - PARKING LOT - DAY \*

As Sam pulls the Impala into the parking lot, Dean's head hangs out the passenger's side window, basking in the breeze, while The Colonel's hangs out the back. They're two happy hounds. As Sam and Dean exit--

SAM

Might be easier if we just leave  
The Colonel in the car.

Dean stops in his tracks.

DEAN

Excuse me?

SAM

What? We'll crack a window.

DEAN

(defensive)

You think we like that?

SAM

We?

DEAN

You think rolling down a window--  
in this heat-- is some kind of  
treat?! The dog's coming in.

Dean lets out The Colonel, who licks his hand. \*

THE COLONEL

Sorry 'bout the slobber. I'd fist  
bump... if I had a fist. \*

As the threesome crosses the lot, they pass a DOLLED-UP  
POODLE (bows in ears, painted paws) tied to a parking meter. \*

The Colonel-- and Dean-- do a double take, checking out some  
poodle tail. Then-- \*

THE COLONEL

I call dibs. \*

INT. ENID ANIMAL SHELTER - DAY - LATER \*

TIGHT ON Dean, as he interviews a WITNESS-- \*

DEAN

Anything else you can tell me about  
the guy in the cowboy hat?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WITNESS (O.C.)  
 (smoker's voice)  
 Honestly? I couldn't see much.  
 Damn cataracts. And you know no  
 one's gonna pay for my surgery.

ARC AROUND to reveal the "WITNESS" is a COCKER SPANIEL. \*

WITNESS/COCKER SPANIEL \*  
 Just another casualty of the \*  
 system, I guess. \*  
 (then, indignant)  
 I don't belong here, ya know? I'm  
pedigreed.

DEAN \*  
 I'm sure you'll get outta here in  
 no time.

WITNESS/COCKER SPANIEL  
 Please. I'm fourteen. You think  
 anyone's gonna look twice at me  
 with the new Pug puppies?

DEAN  
 (polite smile)  
 Best of luck, ma'am.

As Dean walks down the row of cages, the DOGS barrage him--

MUTT #1  
 Hey, mister! We need to talk!

DEAN  
 About last night?

MUTT #1  
 About why I'm here. I bet my owner  
 ditched me because I ate my poop.  
 (self-hating)  
 But I couldn't resist.

Dean sighs, frustrations mounting. Scratches the back of his  
 ear. As he passes by another cage--

MUTT #2  
 Can you do something about the food  
 in here?

Then another--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MUTT #3

And the music. It's torture. I  
wanna chew my ears off!

And another--

MUTT #4

Seriously. Robin Thicke blows.  
What the hell is "blue-eyed soul"  
anyway?

As Sam and The Colonel approach Dean--

SAM

Any luck?

DEAN

Hardly. I'm not getting any clues.  
Just complaints.

PAPILLON (O.C.)

Hey, pretty boy! Over here!

Dean turns to see a PAPILLON (sassy, gay) clawing at his  
cage.

DEAN

Sorry, pal. I'm done for the day.

PAPILLON

But I saw everything!

This gets Dean's attention. As he approaches the cage--

PAPILLON

And I'll tell ya. But it'll cost  
ya.

DEAN

Are you kidding me?

(to Sam)

I'm being extorted. By a dog. \*

(then, to Papillon)

Whaddya want? Beggin' Strips? \*

Snausages?

PAPILLON

Bitch, please! If I'm gonna rat  
someone out, it's gotta be worth my  
while. \*

(driving a hard bargain)

I want a belly rub. \*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

A beat. Then Dean reaches into his cage.

PAPILLON  
Not from you, sweetie. From the  
big one.

TIME CUT TO:

INT. ENID ANIMAL SHELTER - DAY

Sam reluctantly man-whores himself out, rubbing the Papillon's belly.

PAPILLON  
... a cowboy hat and leather pants?  
The dude's a total closet case.

Dean rolls his eyes. \*

DEAN  
Did you notice anything else?  
Other than his outfit? \*

PAPILLON  
He was carrying a burlap sack. For  
the cats. \*

DEAN  
What did he want with the cats?

PAPILLON  
Hell if I know. But he took all of  
'em. Except for the pussy he ate.  
(snorting)  
Maybe he's not a queen after all.

Dean winces. Sam looks confused. Stops rubbing.

SAM  
What?

DEAN  
Apparently, our guy's got a sweet  
tooth. For kitty cats.

PAPILLON  
Oh. And the sack had something  
written on it.

DEAN  
What'd it say?

But the Papillon remains tight lipped.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DEAN

C'mon, man. We had a deal.

PAPILLON

Tell that to the tall drink. *He's*  
the one who stopped rubbing.

Dean nudges his brother.

SAM

Sorry. Hand cramp. \*

As Sam starts rubbing again-- \*

PAPILLON

It said "Avant-Garde Cuisine."  
Lucky for you, I read French. \*

THE COLONEL

That's a cafe on Main Street. "No  
dogs allowed."

DEAN

No wonder he smelled like  
hamburgers and Palmolive.  
(off Sam's look)  
We gotta go downtown. Think our  
guy works at a restaurant. \*

As Sam takes his hand out of the cage--

PAPILLON

Sure you don't wanna adopt me? I'm  
not above licking feet.

DEAN

Thanks. But we'll pass.

As Sam, Dean, and The Colonel head out of the shelter, Dean  
stops. Stares into the eyes of the forlorn dogs and gets a  
pang of conscience.

SAM

What's the matter?

Dean sighs. Then, one by one, unlocks their cages.

THE COLONEL

Didn't peg you for a softie.

INT. AVANT-GARDE CUISINE - NIGHT \*

As Sam and Dean break into Avant-Garde Cuisine-- \*

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

DEAN  
Who can afford to be closed Mondays  
anymore? \*

SAM  
Homicidal maniacs? \*

As they wander through the elegant restaurant, searching for  
clues, they stumble upon a door marked "PRIVATE." Sam opens  
the door to find a flight of stairs that lead to... \*

INT. AVANT-GARDE CUISINE - BASEMENT - NIGHT

A basement office. Sam and Dean search the office. Find a  
framed photo of the MYSTERY MAN (from the taxidermy shop and  
shelter), sporting a cowboy hat and chef whites (stitched  
with "CHEF LEO"), posing with knives. \*

SAM  
Think Chef Leo's our guy? \*

DEAN  
It's Okie Town. Lots of dudes wear  
cowboy hats.

As Sam rifles through the chef's desk, he comes across a sea  
of prescription pill bottles. \*

SAM  
(reading labels)  
"Oxycodone"... "Tramadol"...  
"Methadone." \*

DEAN  
Guess he likes cookin' comfortably  
numb. \*

Sam then plucks a jar of Tiger Balm from the desk.

SAM  
Apparently.

As Dean continues to snoop around--

CHILDLIKE VOICES (O.C.)  
Help us!

DEAN  
Did you hear that?

SAM  
Hear what?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DEAN  
It sounded like little kids.

Dean stops in front of a pile of aprons. He lifts them to reveal A CAGE OF MICE.

MICE  
Help! If you don't free us, the  
chef will eat us!

DEAN  
Eat you?

MICE  
Look in the cooler!

Dean turns to see a large cooler in the corner. He opens it to reveal... *Tupperware containers chock full of animal parts*. A grossed out Dean reads the labels--

DEAN  
"Owl brains"... "Cheetah liver"...  
"Grizzly heart"?

Sam pulls out a dusty tome from under a stack of books.

SAM  
Spell book. \*  
(flipping through) \*  
Shamanism.

DEAN  
What's a chef doin' dabblin' in  
witchcraft?

Sam stops at a dog-eared page. Skims it. Then--

SAM  
Says here whatever animal organ you  
ingest-- with the right Hoo Doo and  
spices-- you gain the power of that  
animal. So if you're snacking on  
owl brains--

DEAN  
(cutting him off)  
You can spin your head like "The  
Exorcist"?

SAM  
Close. Bolster your IQ.  
(then, reading)  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SAM (CONT'D)

Says to eat a cheetah liver for  
speed... a bear heart for strength.

DEAN

So if this guy's chowin' on this  
stuff--

SAM

(cutting him off)

It'd make sense how he constricted  
the taxidermist and clawed the dude  
at the shelter.

Sam and Dean share a look. Whoa. Crazy shit. As Dean turns  
to the mice--

DEAN

No offense. But why would he wanna  
eat you guys?

MICE

(offended)

Uh, we have collapsible spines!

As Sam continues to flip through the spell book, index cards  
(with what looks like recipes written on them) fall out.

SAM

(reading cards)

"Lion liver plus eagle heart"...  
"Rattlesnake fangs plus anaconda  
bladder"... "Baboon brains plus  
black widow abdomen"?

(then, looking up)

He's mixing ingredients.

DEAN

Well, he is a chef.

SAM

Yeah, but what the hell for?

Before the boys can posit any longer, a NOISE IS HEARD  
UPSTAIRS. Sam and Dean eyefuck and draw their guns.

INT. AVANT-GARDE CUISINE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Sam and Dean enter the kitchen to see a SOUS CHEF, chopping  
vegetables. As the boys hide their weapons--

SOUS CHEF

Who the hell are you?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SAM  
We're from the Health Department.  
Stopped by for an inspection.

SOUS CHEF  
I wasn't aware we had one  
scheduled.

DEAN  
You don't. But that's kinda the  
point. Besides I thought you were  
closed?

SOUS CHEF  
We are. Chef's having a private  
dinner.

A WAITER enters, carrying a platter with a SHARK FIN,  
surrounded by OCTOPUS TENTACLES.

SOUS CHEF  
In fact, he'll be here any minute.

Sam and Dean exchange a worried look.

DEAN  
Alright then. Kitchen's shut down.

SOUS CHEF  
Shut down? Why?

SAM  
You're clearly in violation of  
Penal Code 8.14.  
(off the Sous Chef's look)  
Man clogs.

Before the Sous Chef can protest, Sam and Dean usher the  
staff out of the kitchen. Once the place is cleared--

DEAN  
I'll wait for him out front. You  
take the back.

SAM  
Do we even know how to kill this  
guy?

Dean pulls out his gun.

DEAN  
Put six of these in his head...  
we'll see what happens.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Dean heads out. Sam draws his gun. As he walks across the kitchen, THE CREAKING OF A DOOR IS HEARD. As Sam goes to investigate--

INT. AVANT-GARDE CUISINE - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Sam approaches the back door, gun in hand, to see that it's slightly ajar. As he peeks outside, we see... THE WOOD PANELING BEHIND HIM RIPPLE.

We faintly make out the SILHOUETTE OF A MAN, blending in perfectly with the wood grain. Suddenly, a PAIR OF EYES (hidden in the paneling) pops open and CHEF LEO seemingly steps out of the wall! As Sam turns around, the chef bats the gun away from him. \*

CHEF LEO  
Chameleons aren't that bad. Kinda taste like chicken.

Then, in one fell swoop, the chef raises a clawed hand and slices Sam's throat. As Sam drops to the floor... his eyes flare white, signifying that EZEKIEL has come out to save his vessel's hide (even if at low grade power). \*

Chef Leo stares, astonished, as Sam's wound miraculously heals before his eyes. HOLD A BEAT, then... Sam's eyes flicker and he returns. He immediately brings a hand to his throat, confused. Maybe the chef just grazed him? The chef looks at Sam, equally confused.

CHEF LEO  
How the hell'd you do that?

SAM  
Do what?

CHEF LEO  
Don't play coy. I wanna know what you are.  
(then, menacing)  
Screw the Sharktopus. You're my main course.

As Chef Leo cold clocks Sam, knocking him out, we...

BLACKOUT.

END OF ACT THREE

## ACT FOUR

INT. AVANT-GARDE CUISINE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

TIGHT ON an unconscious Sam, as "FOOD, GLORIOUS FOOD" FROM OLIVER! IS HEARD. PULL OUT to see Chef Leo, sharpening knives.

The chef lifts Sam's shirt. Holding up different sized blades to his chest. Then settles on a meat cleaver. As he sharpens the cleaver, he sniffs the air. \*

CHEF LEO

Why does it smell like dog in here? \*

Just then, Dean barrels into the kitchen, gun drawn. \*

CHEF LEO

(confused) \*

That smell's coming from you?! \*

Dean responds with a gunshot. But misses, thanks to the chef's super speed. As Dean's about to fire again, the chef bats the gun out of his hand. Then knocks him to the floor. \*

Hard. As Dean tries to recover, he spots an unconscious Sam-- \*

DEAN

What the hell did you do to my brother?! \*

CHEF LEO

He's fine. Just taking a little cat nap before dinner. Never had human heart before. Heard they're chewy. Good thing I'm not a fussy eater. \*

As Dean goes on the attack again, the chef rips an electrical cord from the toaster oven and loops it around his neck. \*

CHEF LEO

Now, now. Dogs should be leashed. \*

Before Dean can react, the chef reels him in. Then ties his hands (behind his back) to a support beam.

As Dean struggles to free himself, he takes a deep doggie whiff. Then a look of realization washes over his face.

DEAN

You're sick.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHEF LEO  
I've been told that once or twice.

DEAN  
Not sick in the head-- although  
you're that, too. I mean sick like  
cancer.

A beat. Then Chef Leo holds up his hands, "you got me."

CHEF LEO  
Guess dogs really can sniff it out.  
I have stage four carcinoma. \*

Dean begins to secretly work on his binds, rubbing the cord  
against the beam, while keeping the chef distracted. \*

DEAN  
So that's why you're doing this?

CHEF LEO  
When I was diagnosed, I was way  
past standard treatment. No one  
could save me. But then, with the  
help of a Pawnee shaman and a zoo  
membership, I found a cure... at  
least a temporary one. Cancer  
always came back. \*

DEAN  
So you started experimenting with  
different organs? Traded in single  
servings for a combo platter?

CHEF LEO  
What can I say? Combination  
therapy works. I got stronger and  
its effects lasted longer. \*

DEAN  
That's great that lizard gizzards  
and baboon butts made ya less sick,  
but you're killing innocent people  
in the process.

CHEF LEO  
I didn't mean to kill anyone... at  
first. But if people got in my  
way, they became collateral damage.  
Guess when you consume predators,  
you start to become one. \*

(smirking)

You are what you eat, right? \*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

The chef laughs. Dean remains stone-faced.

DEAN

You really think the power you have  
over other people's lives can make  
up for what you lack in your own?

The chef shrugs.

CHEF LEO

Pretty insightful for a mutt.

As Dean continues to work on his binds--

DEAN

You're too hopped up on juice to be  
thinking clearly. You don't wanna  
do this.

CHEF LEO

Oh, I do wanna do this. First I  
kill you-- working up a nice  
appetite-- then I eat your brother.

(smiling)

I mean, I don't know what the hell  
he is... but with healing powers  
like that, who cares? It could  
cure me.

The chef starts digging through the Tupperware containers.

CHEF LEO

So, dog boy. What should I eat to  
take you down?

Dean looks at the chef, disgusted, while starting to get some  
slack on the cord. The chef finally pulls out a Tupperware  
container marked "WOLF HEART."

CHEF LEO

Dog on sort of dog. Almost makes  
it a fair fight.

As Chef Leo takes a big, bloody bite of the wolf's heart...  
Dean breaks free. He grabs the meat cleaver and lunges at  
the chef. But Dean's no match for Chef Leo.

The chef bats the cleaver out of Dean's hand. Then opens his  
mouth, baring WOLF FANGS. A desperate Dean looks for another  
weapon. But nothing's within arm's reach. So he lets out a  
LOUD WHISTLE.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED: (3)

The chef punches Dean. Dean stumbles backwards, towards the kitchen exit. He hobbles out the door... \*

EXT. AVANTE-GARDE CUISINE - ALLEY - NIGHT

...into an alley. The chef's hot on Dean's tail. As Dean finds himself cornered, the chef smiles, licking his fangs.

CHEF LEO

Sorry. But wolf trumps dog.

DEAN

Maybe. But not a pack.

Dean WHISTLES AGAIN. And just as Chef Leo goes in for the kill... the PACK OF DOGS (that Dean freed from the shelter), lead by The Colonel, come racing down the alley.

As the alarmed chef turns around, he sees the snarling dogs headed right for him. He tries to run. But he's cornered.

DEAN

Guess you weren't the only one who was hungry.

As if on cue, the dogs attack the chef. Off the chef's BLOODCURDLING SCREAMS-- \*

INT. AVANT-GARDE CUISINE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Dean rushes back inside to find Sam, still unconscious, lying on the floor. He bends down and smacks Sam's face, trying to get him to come to.

DEAN

For the love of god, Sammy! Zeke!  
Whoever the hell you are! Just  
please don't make me lick your damn  
face!

As Dean starts to shake his brother, Sam's eyes slowly flutter open. Off Dean's relief, we...

BLACKOUT.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

INT. GENTLE EARTH VEGAN BAKERY - NIGHT

Dean stands at the counter of the vegan bakery, The Colonel in tow. Olivia and Dylan eagerly pet the German Shepherd.

DYLAN

When you called us about adopting him, we couldn't believe it.

Olivia gets in The Colonel's face.

OLIVIA

(baby talk)

Aren't you the sweetest?!

THE COLONEL

Back off, tofu breath.

OLIVIA

(baby talk)

You must be starving! Lucky for you, I baked some vegan doggie cupcakes!

As Olivia and Dylan head to the kitchen--

THE COLONEL

I know Altoids have gelatin... but c'mon!

DEAN

Look, I know they're hippie freaks, but they'll give you the good home you deserve.

THE COLONEL

Yeah. Yeah.

DEAN

Wish you could join us on the road, but it's no life for a dog.

THE COLONEL

Don't sweat it. I get car sick anyway. I was afraid to tell you earlier, but I barfed in your back seat.

Dean bristles. But forces a smile.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DEAN

I'm gonna miss you, buddy.

THE COLONEL

I'll miss you, too. And, by the way, as an honorary dog, there's something you should know...  
 (off Dean's look)  
 Dogs aren't really "Man's Best Friend."

DEAN

What are you talking about?

THE COLONEL

I know it sounds like a conspiracy theory... but the real reason we were put here was to--

Just then, The Colonel stops talking and starts... BARKING?

DEAN

Wait! What were we put here to do?!

But The Colonel just BARKS back.

DEAN

Are you kiddin' me?! The friggin' spell wears off now?!

Off Dean, left to ponder this mystery for all eternity--

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Dean approaches Sam, leaning against the Impala.

SAM

How'd it go?

DEAN

Bad news? I'm really gonna miss the flea bag. Good news? Spell finally wore off.

As Dean approaches the driver's side door, he glances at a distracted Sam.

DEAN

You okay? The Stetson Man got ya pretty good.

\*  
\*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SAM

I'm fine. It's just... I can't  
stop thinking about what he said.

Dean tenses. Stares at his brother a beat, then--

DEAN

C'mon, Sammy. The guy was out of  
his friggin' gourd.

SAM

Yeah, but why would he ask that?  
Why did he wanna know what I was?

DEAN

Who the hell knows?! He was jacked  
up on juice. Possessed by  
something he couldn't control. It  
was...

As the words roll off Dean's tongue, he realizes Sam is going  
through the exact same thing. He, too, is possessed by  
something he can't control-- Ezekiel.

DEAN

(holy shit)  
...just a matter of time before it  
completely took over.

Off this sobering realization, Dean forces a smile.

DEAN

You can't reason with crazy, right?

SAM

I don't know, Dean.

DEAN

Well, I do. Trust me, Sammy. You  
got nothin' to worry about.

As the brothers get in the Impala, we see that Sam doesn't  
look too convinced. And, as we PAN ACROSS the car's  
interior, neither does Dean.

Off the brothers, driving in silence, burdened for different  
reasons, we...

BLACKOUT.

TO BE CONTINUED...

\*

CONTINUED:

SAM

I'm fine. It's just... I can't stop thinking about what he said.

Dean tenses. Stares at his brother a beat, then--

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TO BE CONTINUED...

\*