

# *Supernatural*

*"Malphas"*

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SUPERNATURAL

TEASER

OVER BLACK:

SUPER: BERWICK, MAINE

EXT. COUNTRY HOME - AFTERNOON

A gingerbread-style country home perched on a hilltop. A small all-American village sleepily stretches across the valley below.

We DRIFT UP towards the charming kitchen WINDOW, to reveal...a WOMAN cradling a telephone receiver under her chin.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - CONTINUOUS

A metallic grey, don't-fuck-with-me BMW rambles up the windy road. Large oak trees stand guard on each side of the road. Suddenly, their gangly limbs slither and twist into a deranged covering arch.

EXT. COUNTRY HOME - CONTINUOUS

CROWS circle above the house. They swoop down and perch on the house, trees and shed.

The BMW barrels up the cobbled driveway and parks.

In CLOSE UPS, we see the crows loom. Their black eyes, seem to communicate telepathically.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

KATHERINE WALTON, late 20s, naturally beautiful and glowing, gently rubs her swollen abdomen. She stares out at the CROWS.

Through the window, she notices CHARLES WALTON, 30s, her handsome husband, drive up...She waves, relieved.

KATHERINE

(into phone)

Mom, Charlie's here. Don't worry, I'm fine now...Yes, I'll call you if anything happens. Bye.

She hangs up the receiver. Suddenly...she grimaces in pain. She lurches forward, grabbing her abdomen. Yellow FLUID streams down her legs.

The amniotic fluid puddles between her feet, and on the tiled floor.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KATHERINE (CONT'D)

Oh...not now...

Katherine crouches to the floor in agony. She CRIES OUT in pain. Charles enters. Noticing Katherine, he drops the overfilled bag of groceries.

KATHERINE (CONT'D)

Charles...something's wrong.

A trickle of fresh BLOOD swirls in the yellow fluid.

Charles hunches over Katherine.

CHARLES

Don't worry, Katherine...I'm here.

Charles bends down, and gently lifts Katherine. He cradles her against his chest. Katherine crunches into a ball and grabs her stomach. She SCREAMS in pain.

Katherine holds up her BLOOD-drenched hands.

KATHERINE

This isn't normal...

Seeing fresh blood, Charles' eyes quickly BLAZE, in YELLOW FLAMES.

CHARLES

Shhh...it's okay. It's to be...expected.

KATHERINE

But...

(panicked)

You need to call Doctor Howard!  
I don't want to lose my baby.

He kisses her forehead.

CHARLES

I will. You won't lose the baby. Okay? Trust me, I have everything under control.

INT. BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Charles gently lowers Katherine onto the large Victorian bed. DROPS of crimson red appear on the white sheet. She CRIES OUT, writhing in anguish.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KATHERINE

What the hell is happening?!  
Please...Make it stop!

The skin of her swollen exposed abdomen. Her skin stretches and distends abnormally, from the baby's violent kicks. BLOOD pools on the sheet.

CHARLES

Don't worry. It'll be over soon.

Charles pulls down the bed covers. He roughly turns Katherine onto her back. He lifts her legs, and bends them back.

Sweat beads form on Katherine's brow. She breathes rapidly.

KATHERINE

What are you doing? Stop! It hurts!

Katherine attempts to move her legs. Charles restrains her. And then: He abruptly stops. He looks down between her legs.

CHARLES

He's crowning. It's time.

Frantic, Katherine looks down. She GASPS at the sight of crimson red spreading across the sheets.

KATHERINE

There's too much blood!

A beat. She tries to lift herself off the bed. But, falls backwards. Weak.

KATHERINE (CONT'D)

You haven't called the doctor!  
I need an ambulance!

Katherine notices Charles is motionless and stern. A tear trickles down her cheek.

KATHERINE (CONT'D)

Please...

Charles leans down, menacing. Katherine cowers, shocked and frightened.

CHARLES

Now...Why would I do that?

Katherine turns her face away. Charles grabs her chin, forcing her to regard him. His eyes FLAME YELLOW. His face contorts. She tries to pull away, frightened.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Charles' grip tightens.

CHARLES (CONT'D)

Push! Now!

Fearfully, Katherine bends forward. Her breaths are short. Panting. She bears down and pushes.

CHARLES (CONT'D)

Push harder! Damn it! Push!

She SCREAMS as the baby is expelled from her womb. Suddenly: SILENCE.

Katherine's dead, lifeless eyes stare up toward the ceiling. O.S., a baby CRIES.

EXT. WALTON HOME - CONTINUOUS

The crows SCREECH. Simultaneously, the birds take flight. They CIRCLE the house three times, then disappear.

BLACK OUT:

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

EXT. BERWICK, MAINE - AFTERNOON

A CROW sits perched on the SIGN: "Welcome to Berwick, Maine. We Like Our Tail."

IN CLOSE UP. The crow watches, critically, as the 1967 Chevy Impala thunders past. The crow CAWS, and takes flight.

The Impala barrels down Main Street. Past the Franklin Lake Park, red-brick store fronts, City Hall, and the statue of Paul Revere on horseback.

The Impala STOPS at a RED TRAFFIC LIGHT. The CROW lands on the light post. It CAWS.

INT. IMPALA - MOVING - CONTINUOUS

Closed windows. HEAVY METAL plays. DEAN WINCHESTER leans over the steering wheel. He looks up at the red light, and the crow. SAM WINCHESTER rides shotgun.

The CROW lands on the hood of the Impala. The bird hops to the windshield and peers into the Impala. It stares at Dean.

DEAN  
(startled)  
You notice anything strange?

The bird stares at Sam. Sam critically observes it.

SAM  
Like we're being watched?

Dean HONKS the car horn. The crow flies off.

DEAN  
Hell! Yeah, we're being  
watched...Something or someone's  
here, Sam.

SAM  
You okay? You haven't been  
yourself since...

DEAN  
Since Purgatory. I know that.  
But, I'm as good as to be  
expected.

A beat.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DEAN (CONT'D)

It's just...I hate birds.  
Ever since Dad had us watch--

The traffic light turns GREEN. Dean shifts the car into gear.  
He punches the ACCELERATOR. Tires SHRIEK.

SAM

Alfred Hitchcock's "The Birds."

DEAN

It freaked me out. Those beady  
eyes. The sharp beaks. The  
long talons. Like my first  
grade teacher.

SAM

(laughing)

You didn't sleep for a week.  
You even made Dad get rid of  
the feather pillows.

DEAN

I inhaled cayenne pepper and  
told him I had allergies.

A beat. Then:

SAM

Maybe you need to face your  
own demons, Dean.

A beat. Dean considers this. Then:

DEAN

What I need is a drink! Where's  
the local bar in this dump?

CUT TO:

EXT. WALTON HOME - MOMENTS LATER

The same CROW, from the hood of the impala, swoops down towards  
the gingerbread house. Extending its talons. It TAPS its  
beak onto the window pane. TAP. TAP. TAP. Inside, Charles  
hovers over a crib.

INT. CHILD'S ROOM - SIMULTANEOUS

Charles lovingly straightens the woolly blanket on top of a  
twin bed. He tucks it around angelic-looking RAUM, nicknamed  
ROMMIE, nine-months old. Rommie sleeps soundly.

Charles stops, and stands erect. He listens. A crow CAWS.  
Momentarily, his eyes are ABLAZE. In YELLOW FLAMES.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHARLES (CONT'D)

Dean Winchester. We meet again.

His fists CLENCH. RAZOR-SHARP TALONS appear.

CUT TO:

EXT. GRADY'S BAR AND GRILL - LATE AFTERNOON

The Impala is diagonally parked outside a rustic cedar-sided tavern. A neon sign BLINKS "Grady's Bar & Grill".

INT. GRADY'S BAR AND GRILL - LATE AFTERNOON

An old man's mill-town saloon. MILL WORKERS and FARMER BUMPKINS guzzle beer and highballs.

TABITHA, 20s, a natural curvaceous blonde, stands behind the mahogany bar. She pumps two draft beers, and watches Dean playing darts. He throws.

THREE DARTS slice into the DARTBOARD. Triple 17, Triple 16, and Triple 15.

DEAN

You're up, Sammy. Bulls to win.

On Sam. Beat. He hates being called Sam.

SAM

I told you not to call me that.

Dean feigns shock.

DEAN

What's wrong, Sammy? Did I touch a raw nerve? You know you'll never beat the Master.

If looks could kill...Sam steps behind the throw line.

SAM

You're even more of a prick since you left Purgatory. Just to remind you. And, for the last time, I hate it--

Sam focuses on the bulls-eye. With lightning speed. THWACK. THWACK. THWACK. Three DARTS pierce the bulls-eye.

SAM (CONT'D)

--when you call me Sammy.

Sam turns, vindicated.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

SAM (CONT'D)

That's game. You owe me two  
beers...After I hear your  
heartfelt apology.

Dean and Sam cross to the bar.

DEAN

Bite me! An apology for what?  
You won.

SAM

You're joking, right? You  
purposely talked while I was  
focusing, and then you called  
me--

DEAN

Just trying to even out the  
odds.

A beat. Sam fumes.

DEAN (CONT'D)

I hate to admit it. Especially,  
to a punk like you...But, the  
student has finally conquered  
the Master.

SAM

So you admit I'm better than  
you?

DEAN

I didn't say that. But, you're  
good, Sam. Damn good!

A beat. Dean looks down at a NEWSPAPER on the bar. He reads  
the headline, then pushes the newspaper towards Sam.

DEAN (CONT'D)

Hey, check this out.

A beat. Sam's frown furrows as he reads the headline aloud.

SAM

"Animal attack claims another  
life."

At the bar, THOMAS DECKER, 40s male, sips his SCOTCH, listening.

DEAN

Does it say where?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THOMAS  
 (interrupting)  
 The bodies were found in wooded  
 areas...no place in particular.  
 Ripped to shreds.

Sam and Dean's interest is piqued. Tom extends his hand.  
 They shake.

THOMAS (CONT'D)  
 Thomas Decker. I own the "Tails  
 N' Scales down the road."

TABITHA  
 He likes to mount dead animals.

Tabitha winks at Dean. Dean smiles, entranced.

THOMAS  
 Taxidermy! Which reminds me...I  
 got a customer coming by. How  
 much do I owe you?

Thomas searches his pockets for money. Tabitha notices his  
 EMPTY pockets.

TABITHA  
 I'll add it to your tab.

THOMAS  
 I'd appreciate it. Nice meeting  
 you, boys.

Exit Thomas. Behind the bar, Tabitha removes empty beer mugs.

TABITHA  
 (to Dean and Sam)  
 He's the town's animal guru.  
 A bit strange, but a real  
 sweetheart...And, talking about  
sweet. Nice game!

Sam smirks. Tabitha pumps two draft beers, and pours a couple  
 shots of whiskey.

TABITHA (CONT'D)  
 This one's on the house.

DEAN AND SAM  
 Thanks!

Surprised, Dean and Sam look at each other. Tabitha smirks.  
 A beat. Tabitha motions to the local newspaper.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TABITHA

Things like that don't usually happen around here.

SAM

When did it first start?

TABITHA

About a month ago...I think it was just after the harvest celebration.

DEAN

How many people have been attacked so far?

TABITHA

Five. Three women and two children.

Tabitha reflects. Then:

TABITHA (CONT'D)

It's sad...I knew the first victim...Katherine Walton. Real pretty lady. She was nine months pregnant.

SAM

What about her baby?

TABITHA

Devoured probably. They couldn't find it...Most people figured wild dogs or coyotes carried it off.

JACK SORLEY, late 60s, a mean son-of-a-bitch, CACKLES at the end of the bar.

JACK

Except, it wasn't no damn coyote or dog that attacked them.

Sam and Dean look at Jack, inquisitively.

SAM

Excuse me?

Jack tips his glass in the air.

JACK

Top me up, Tabbie. And get the lead out.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TABITHA

Sure thing, Jack.

As Tabitha refills his glass:

JACK

Dogs and coyotes don't act that way. Unless they're rabid.

DEAN

Explain, old timer?

JACK

I figured I'd track and kill the son-of-a-bitch. But, the hounds couldn't get a scent. The only thing they chased was their tails, or...

Jack motions to the window.

JACK (CONT'D)

...those damn birds. Figure we need to get rid of those vermin.

SAM

How you plan to do that?

JACK

Me and the boys gonna have us a shooting frenzy tomorrow.

Sam and Dean peer outside. Tabitha's annoyed.

TABITHA

Smart Jack! That's all we need!

We spy outside CROWS atop power-lines, trees, and the STOP sign.

DEAN

Great. Angry birds.

EXT. GRADY'S BAR AND GRILL - SECONDS LATER - SUNSET

Suddenly, the crows simultaneously take flight.

CUT TO:

EXT. WALTON HOME - SUNSET

O.S. the crows SCREECH. Then, hundreds of birds CIRCLE above the house, and land to roost.

INT. WALTON KITCHEN - SIMULTANEOUS

Charles peers out the window, watching the crows return home.

In the doorway, Rommie, 9 months old, bounces up and down in a Jolly Jumper. He LAUGHS and GIGGLES. And then expectantly: Extends his arms.

Charles looks across.

CHARLES

I suppose you want to see too.

Eagerly, Rommie's arms outstretch further. Charles lifts the boy into his arms, then crosses to the window.

Rommie gazes outside, awed.

CHARLES (CONT'D)

Your minions. Soon, you will  
be old enough and strong enough  
to take command.

Rommie's eyes BLAZE with YELLOW FLAMES. A DEMONIC GIGGLE. Then, he CLAPS his hands in delight.

CUT TO:

INT. GRADY'S SALOON - EVENING

Tabitha closes the cash register, then crosses to Dean and Sam finishing their draft beers at the end of the bar.

TABITHA

It's time for me to cash out,  
boys.

DEAN

What do I owe you?

Tabitha leans her elbows against the bar. Cleavage exposed.

TABITHA

Tell you what...Why don't you  
buy me lunch tomorrow? And  
we'll call it even.

A beat. Dean's pleasantly surprised. Sam's green-eyed.

DEAN

I'd like that.

Tabitha hands him her CARD.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TABITHA

Call me.

DEAN

Thanks...will do.

Swaying her hips, Tabitha exits out the back door. Dean follows her with his gaze. Sam nudges the mesmerized Dean.

SAM

How the hell do you do it?

DEAN

I'm a chick magnet. What can I say? Women find me irresistible.

SAM

You sure it's not deplorable?

DEAN

You're a real Andy Dick. Besides, it's always good to have--

SAM

The inside scoop? At least let me know where you're going. And, keep your phone on.

DEAN

On video? Or camera? Or do you just like to listen?

SAM

I'm serious, Dean.

In the b.g., Jack stumbles DRUNK out of the bar.

CUT TO:

EXT. GRADY'S SALOON - EVENING - MOMENTS LATER

Drunk, Jack FUMBLES to unlock the 1978 Ford Pick-up truck, under the GLOW of a lamppost. CAR KEYS fall to the ground.

Jack bends down to pick them up. From out of the BLACKNESS, CHARLES appears. He intervenes.

CHARLES

Here...Let me help you with that. You know. You really shouldn't be driving?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A burst of WIND. Garbage cans topple over. The overhead lamppost light explodes. DARKNESS.

JACK

What the hell?

Charles thrusts his fist forward. TALONS tear into the Jack's chest, ripping out his heart.

A BEATING HEART rests in the palm of Charles' hand. Charles LICKS his lips, then devours it.

Jack topples against Charles. Dead. Charles keenly listens. Alerted to trouble. In a blink of an eye, they VANISH.

Suddenly, Dean and Sam amble out of the saloon. Dean stops.

DEAN

Did you feel that?

SAM

What?

DEAN

I'm not sure. I just got this chill...

Sam scans the area.

SAM

I don't see anything, Dean.

A beat.

DEAN

I can feel it, Sam. Something was out here.

CUT TO:

EXT. COUNTY MORGUE - ESTABLISHING - MORNING

A red-brick modest one-story building. The Impala sits parked at the curb. Dean and Sam bound up the front steps.

INT. COUNTY MORGUE EXAMINATION ROOM - MORNING

INSIDE EXAMINATION ROOM. DOC TAYLOR, 50s, conducts an autopsy on the MUTILATED REMAINS of the demon's fifth female victim. He looks above the rim of his spectacles, analyzing Dean and Sam.

DOC TAYLOR

Who'd you say you worked for again?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Dean rifles through his coat jacket, and flashes his I.D.

DEAN  
Fish and Wildlife. I'm Keith  
Richards, and this--

SAM  
But you can call him Dick.

Dean scowls. Sam's pleased, then holds up his I.D.

SAM (CONT'D)  
Sam Davis--

DEAN  
But, you can call him Sammy.

Dean smirks. Sam cannot believe he called him Sammy, again.  
Doc Taylor eyes them up and down.

DOC TAYLOR  
What do you boys want?

DEAN  
We're here about the recent  
animal attacks. We need to  
know if you noted anything  
unusual about the cases.

DOC TAYLOR  
There's nothing much I can  
tell you. Here...take a look.

Doc Taylor lifts a drape. On decomposing DEFACED SKELETAL  
frame. Sam and Dean critically observe.

DOC TAYLOR (CONT'D)  
See this here...

Doc Taylor removes a black feather from the empty eye socket,  
then deposits it into a lab container.

DOC TAYLOR (CONT'D)  
The birds pretty much picked  
her face clean.  
(pointing)  
The eyes are their favorite  
part.

ON CORPSE. Empty blood stained eye sockets and residue of  
maxillary tissue. Dean winces.

SAM  
So it was the birds that killed  
the victims?

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

DOC TAYLOR  
(irritated)  
Did I say that?

SAM  
Uh, no...I just thought--

DOC TAYLOR  
Well, you thought wrong. It  
wasn't the birds.

DEAN  
What do you mean?

DOC TAYLOR  
That's the only part that  
troubles me. I can't make any  
sense out of it. The bite  
marks here...

Doc Taylor points to the abdomen.

DOC TAYLOR (CONT'D)  
And, over here...

He points to the pelvis.

DOC TAYLOR (CONT'D)  
...are too irregular for a dog  
or coyote...

DEAN  
Maybe a bear? Or panther?

DOC TAYLOR  
I thought the same thing. So,  
I sent tissue for DNA testing.  
Except, when I got the DNA  
test results back...

Doc Taylor picks up a clipboard, and flips through the pages.

DOC TAYLOR (CONT'D)  
...the saliva from the wounds  
was from a...  
(reading)  
Cracutas Brunnea.

A beat. Off Sam and Dean's blank faces.

DEAN  
In English, please.

DOC TAYLOR  
A brown hyena.

INT. COUNTY MORGUE FOYER - MOMENTS LATER

Sam and Dean head to the front entrance.

DEAN

So...What do you make of it?

SAM

Unless a hyena escaped from a nearby zoo, or one was magically transported here on a flying carpet...these killings are definitely not an act of God.

DEAN

If they are, she has a weird sense of humor.

SAM

He'd be pissed, if he heard you say that.

A beat. Dean stops. He tries to jump-start his memory.

DEAN

I think I've seen this before.

SAM

Where?

DEAN

That's it...I can't remember. Ever since Purgatory...Things are sort of-- effed up.

SAM

You have to try, Dean. I know it's hard. But you need to remember.

CUT TO:

INT. WALTON HOME - DAY

Charles buttons the sweater of an angelic-looking THREE-YEAR-OLD boy. Rommie SHRIEKS.

CHARLES

Hungry, my young fledgling?

He kisses the boy's forehead.

CHARLES (CONT'D)

I'm taking you on a little field trip.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Momentarily, Rommie's eyes GLOW YELLOW.

CHARLES (CONT'D)

It's time you learn how to  
scavenge for food.

Charles pulls a knit-cap over Rommie's ears, and ties it  
securely.

CUT TO:

EXT. FRANKLIN LAKE PARK - DAY

Charming neighborhood lake park. GEESE feed on the grass.  
DUCKS swim in the pond. Crows settle in the trees.

CASSIE CLARK, a pretty six-year-old, runs to the GEESE.

AMANDA CLARK, 30s, walks two steps behind. She catches up,  
and pours pellets into her child's hand.

CASSIE

Mommy...Watch!

Cassie extends her hand. The GOOSE gobbles up the pellets,  
then nips her hand.

PELLETS fall to the ground. DROPS of crimson red blood fall  
with them, saturating the pellets. Cassie CRIES OUT.

YOUNG CHILD

Mommy! Owie!!

Amanda rushes over to console her.

AMANDA

Cassie...It's okay.

Cassie sobs.

AMANDA (CONT'D)

Shhh...Here, let me take a  
look.

Amanda grabs her tiny hand.

AMANDA (CONT'D)

Oh, honey. It's not so bad.

She kisses the back of Cassie's hand, comforting her. She  
looks up, noticing...Rommie riding a BIG WHEEL tricycle towards  
them. Charles walks, closely behind.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHARLES

Good morning. I saw what happened. So, unfortunate.

Charles bends, and inspects CASSIE'S CUT HAND. BLOOD trickles from the shallow cut. In a blink of an eye, his eyes FLAME YELLOW.

CHARLES (CONT'D)

You probably need to get that disinfected. If you want...I have some antiseptic and Band-Aids in the car.

AMANDA

Thanks...But, we're okay. I just need to get her home. It's getting late any way.

Amanda gathers up their belongings. Cassie pouts in the background.

CHARLES

It's no trouble at all. I'm parked right over there.  
(pointing)

ON BMW parked at the edge of the park. She considers his proposition.

CHARLES (CONT'D)

You don't want her to get an infection.

AMANDA

That's true, but...

CHARLES

It's better safe than sorry. I always say.

CHARLES (CONT'D)

(motioning to Rommie)  
My boy's always falling down.

Charles looks down. Rommie rides his BIG WHEEL tricycle in a circle. Then STOPS. He locks eyes with Charles.

CHARLES (CONT'D)

Aren't you Rommie?

Amanda glances at Rommie. Rommie WAVES, and smiles. Then, resumes riding the tricycle.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Amanda is disarmed.

AMANDA

I'm not sure its--

CHARLES

I don't mind...Really.

Hypnotically, Charles stares into her eyes. She FREEZES in a trance. And, then:

AMANDA

Sure...why not.

Pleased, Charles smiles.

Amanda grabs her daughter's hand. Charles leads them to the BMW. Excited, Rommie peddles the tricycle to the car.

In the b.g., CROWS swoop down, battling off the geese. Then: The crows feed on the blood splattered pellets.

INT. BMW - MOVING - DAY - MOMENTS LATER

We see Amanda's face, as she sits in Charles car. Trance-like. Cassie nudges her.

CASSIE

Mommy? Mommy! Where are we going?

Charles looks in the rear-view mirror. Cassie's eyes fill with tears. She SOBS.

AMANDA

It's okay sweetheart. We're just going for a little ride.

Confused, Cassie yanks on Amanda's arm. Amanda kisses her forehead, then looks into the rear-view mirror. She gazes into Charles' eyes.

AMANDA (CONT'D)

Aren't we?

CHARLES

Don't you worry. We're going to take real good care of you.

Charles turns to Rommie. Rommie eyes glisten with glee.

CHARLES (CONT'D)

Aren't we, Rommie?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Rommie's head bobs up and down. His eyes FLAME YELLOW. Suddenly...A CRUNCHING SOUND. Rommie grimaces in acute pain. His face warps and contorts.

Cassie clasps hold of her mother, visibly afraid. Amanda stares blankly, emotionless.

AMANDA

It's okay, sweetheart. Mommy's here.

Rommie turns. Transformed into half hyena and half crow. His golden yellow eyes gleam. His BEAK OPENS to reveal RAZOR SHARP INCISORS.

Amanda stares into space. Cassie's eyes widen in horror. She GASPS. She panics and tugs at her mother's arm.

CASSIE

Mommy! Help--

Amanda looks down at her daughter, then smiles.

AMANDA

Everything's just fine.

Rommie SCREECHES, ear-splitting. Then, he attacks. O.S., Cassie SCREAMS.

Cassie's dead, lifeless eyes stare up toward the roof of the car.

CHARLES

Good boy...eat your dinner.

CRUNCHING, GNAWING, and SLURPING SOUNDS.

Charles parks the car on a desolate country road. He licks his lips. Remorseless.

He emits a savage GROWL. FRACTURING SOUNDS. His face contorts and his eyes FLAME YELLOW. He drools.

CHARLES (CONT'D)

Now, it's Daddy's turn.

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

EXT. MISS MAPLES DINER - NOON - ESTABLISHING

Autumn leaves fall from the poplar trees surrounding the diner. The wind swirls and carries the dead leaves down Main Street. A single CROW perches on a lamppost.

INT. MISS MAPLES DINER - NOON

On FORK raised to an OLD TIMER'S gummy mouth. He CHEWS.

A simple crowded country diner built in the 1950s. The DINERS, simple COUNTRY FOLK, sit in the booths, CHATTERING. Suddenly, the diners simultaneously STOP talking. They turn and eye-ball Sam and Dean.

Dean pushes open the door, almost knocking over the ELDERLY WOMAN struggling to exit.

DEAN

Sorry, ma'am.

Sam shimmies around her walker and holds the door open.

The old woman MUTTERS, pushing the walker out the front door. She gives Dean the stink-eye.

ELDERLY WOMAN

(muttering)

Damn rude son-of-a-bitch!

She stops near Sam.

ELDERLY WOMAN (CONT'D)

At least you have some manners.

She walks away. Sam gloats, and nudges Dean.

SAM

She's a smart old bird. Knows the pecking order.

DEAN

Very funny...Come on.

MABEL MAPLES, 70s, refills coffee behind a counter. She notices the SILENCE, and GLARES at the other patrons.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MABEL  
 (to patrons)  
 It's about time you all hushed  
 up! I could barely hear myself  
 think.

She turns over and fills two coffee mugs on the counter. Then slides them in front of the boys, cheerfully.

MABEL (CONT'D)  
 Howdy, boys! Welcome to Miss  
 Maples Diner. If you're hungry?  
 I'd recommend the special.

Dean and Sam sit adjacent to SHERIFF JEFF TOWNSEND, 40s. Hunched over the counter, Sheriff Townsend prods the meatloaf and mashed potatoes with a fork. Mabel shifts her attention to the Sheriff. Mabel smiles sympathetically at him.

MABEL (CONT'D)  
 Something wrong with the food?

SHERIFF TOWNSEND  
 No. Just thinking--

MABEL  
 Keep that up. And, you'll  
 wind up hurting yourself.

The Sheriff sets his fork down, then pushes his coffee cup away.

MABEL (CONT'D)  
 Don't take it so hard, Jeff.  
 You're doing as much as you  
 can.  
 (to Dean and Sam)  
 What can I get you boys?

DEAN  
 Cheeseburger with fries, please.

SAM  
 And I'll have a garden burger  
 with a side salad.

DEAN  
 You're such a freak of nature!  
 How can you eat that crap?

SAM  
 I should ask you the same thing.

Sheriff Townsend, casually, gives Dean the once-over. He looks over at the Baltimore Ravens T-Shirt Sam wears.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

SHERIFF TOWNSEND

You're a Ravens fan?

DEAN

Nah! He just has bad taste.  
Everybody's gotta love those  
Patriots.

SHERIFF TOWNSEND

I'm more a Jets fan...What  
brings you boys to these parts?

Dean removes a photo I.D. with the U.S. FISH and WILDLIFE seal.  
CLOSE ON I.D. A flawless forgery.

DEAN

Fish and Wildlife. We're here  
to investigate the animal  
attacks.

Sheriff Townsend sits upright, at attention.

SHERIFF TOWNSEND

It's about time you showed up.  
I have another missing persons  
report this morning.

DEAN

There's been another attack?

SHERIFF TOWNSEND

Appears so...But this time,  
I'm not quite sure.

SAM

You said, this time..?

SHERIFF TOWNSEND

His buddy reported him missing.  
We checked his cabin, and  
couldn't find hide nor hair of  
him.

SAM

Who was it?

SHERIFF TOWNSEND

Jack Sorley.

DEAN

The town drunk?

SHERIFF TOWNSEND

Seems you met him.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SHERIFF TOWNSEND (CONT'D)

We found his truck parked  
outside of Grady's saloon this  
morning. We figured he could  
just be passed out somewhere.

A beat. Dean glances at Sam.

SHERIFF TOWNSEND (CONT'D)

The other problem is those  
damn birds.

Sheriff points outside. We see the CROWS gathering through  
the diner windows.

SHERIFF TOWNSEND (CONT'D)

We can't seem to get rid of  
them. That's why we called  
you...We need your help.

CUT TO:

INT. MOTEL ROOM - AFTERNOON

A seedy motel room, much less fancy than a Motel 6. Sitting  
in an armchair, Dean flips through the pages of an old tattered  
BOOK.

Sam types on his LAPTOP, researching the attacks. He references  
the SAME NEWSPAPER from the bar.

A COMPUTER SCREEN. On the website-- A large photograph of a  
crow and script. Sam reads.

SAM

Did you know that a flock of  
crows is called a murder?

DEAN

I don't find that very  
comforting, Sam.

SAM

(reading)

The Arabs called it *Abu Zajir*.  
"The Father of Omens." Because  
of their flesh eating they  
were known as the messengers  
of death.

DEAN

That makes sense. The last  
victim's body was pretty much  
picked clean.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SAM

It goes on to say that they  
have the second sight.

A beat. ON TATTERED BOOK. Dean turns each page, scanning the  
bizarre drawings, symbols and text.

DEAN

I think I found something.

Sam's interest is piqued.

DEAN (CONT'D)

Here...

Dean points to an ILLUSTRATION in the book. A demon with a  
crow's head, doglike teeth, and hyena's body.

DEAN (CONT'D)

This demon...Malphas. IHe  
could be our guy.

Sam grabs the journal.

SAM

(reading)

"The grand President of  
Hell...And, the symbol of death  
and decay. He can disguise  
himself in human form or appear  
as a crow."

Sam hands the journal back to Dean.

SAM (CONT'D)

That would explain all the  
birds.

DEAN

Maybe, the birds are part of  
his flock. His murder. Or,  
whatever you want to call it.

Sam scrolls further down on the computer screen.

SAM

There's more...

(reading)

The birds carry off the souls  
of the damned to Hell. Their  
bodies ripped and devoured by  
the crows for eternity.

DEAN

That's one hellacious snack.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The motel telephone RINGS. They stare at the phone. Sam glances at Dean.

SAM  
Who knows we're here?

The phone RINGS, again. Dean shrugs.

SAM (CONT'D)  
Aren't you going to get that?

DEAN  
Why me? Did you suddenly forget  
how to walk?

Dean picks up the receiver.

DEAN (CONT'D)  
(into phone)  
Tabitha?

Sam glances at Dean, silently questioning.

DEAN (CONT'D)  
(into phone)  
How'd you know where I was?  
Of course...There's only two  
motels in town...

Dean nods, of course. Sam shakes his head.

DEAN (CONT'D)  
(into phone)  
No, I didn't forget...Sure.  
What's the address?

Dean scribbles on a piece of paper.

DEAN (CONT'D)  
(into phone)  
I'll be right over.

Dean hangs up the phone. Sam looks up. He seethes below the surface.

SAM  
You're going?

DEAN  
Of course I'm going. Why  
wouldn't I go? She's totally  
hot. And, apparently easy.

A beat. Sam's brotherly instinct kicks in.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SAM

I'm serious, Dean. I don't  
get what's the big attraction?

Dean grabs his car keys, and crosses to the door.

DEAN

Did you see her rack?  
(off Sam's annoyance)  
Hey! I don't understand it  
either, little brother.

SAM

But, somehow you're connected.  
Maybe in more ways than one.

A beat. Dean stops in the doorway.

DEAN

Sam, while I'm out...Try to  
figure out how we're going to  
kill this thing?

SAM

Figuring it out is the easy  
part. Killing it, is murder.

CUT TO:

EXT. WALTON HOME - AFTERNOON

CROWS perch on the rooftop and in the trees. Watching and  
waiting as Charles opens the BMW trunk, and stuffs a lumpy  
Persian rug inside.

A GNAWED CHILD'S HAND protrudes. Charles shoves it inside the  
rug, then closes the trunk.

Charles climbs into the BMW. The engine ROARS. Simultaneously,  
the CROWS take flight. Circling in the air.

The BMW barrels down the country road. Birds follow the car,  
and in fast pursuit.

INT. BMW - MOVING - AFTERNOON

Charles drives to a secluded, desolate wooded area. The sun's  
golden rays shine through the trees. He stops, and releases  
the trunk. The crows swoop down and perch on the treetops.

Charles leans into the trunk of the car. He tugs and pulls  
the rug out, then dumps it onto the earth.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He unravels and kicks the rug, splaying the lifeless bodies of AMANDA and CASSIE on the ground. Dead. Gnawed and mutilated. He lifts his arms into the air.

CHARLES  
*Bon appetit.* Feed, my beloved  
 creatures. It's lunch time!

CROWS swoop. A FEEDING frenzy. RIPPING and TEARING of FLESH. Pleased, Charles smiles.

CUT TO:

EXT. TABITHA'S APARTMENT - AFTERNOON

The modest two-story converted Victorian Home houses eight separate units. Dean sprints up the stairs, and KNOCKS on the door.

A HAND grasps him by the COLLAR, and YANKS him inside.

INT. TABITHA'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

The simple modern furniture is contrasted with an overabundance of flowering plants, vines, and herbs. Life.

Tabitha, scantily clad, embraces Dean. She kisses him deeply, then unbuttons his shirt.

DEAN  
 (surprised)  
 Tabitha?...Oh, yeah!

In a heat of passion, Dean lifts her off her feet. Tabitha straddles him. He pins her against the WALL.

Tabitha PULLS Dean's T-SHIRT over his head.

TABITHA  
 Let's go to the bedroom.

DEAN  
 I'd thought you'd never ask.

Dean carries Tabitha, straddled around his pelvis, to the bedroom. BUMPING into WALLS and FURNITURE, hindering their progression.

Dean lowers Tabitha onto the bed. Tabitha undoes his pants buckle. ON PANTS falling to the floor.

TABITHA  
 I want you...

Tabitha PULLS Dean towards her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TABITHA (CONT'D)

Come here...

He LOWERS himself on top of her. Their KISSES ignite in a HEAT OF PASSION. Tabitha MOANS.

CUT TO:

INT. BMW - SIMULTANEOUS

CROWS perch. Inside the BMW parked outside Tabitha's apartment building sits...Charles. He looks up at the open bedroom window on the second floor.

ROMMIE, now FIVE, sits in the passenger seat. Articulate. Charles inhales deeply.

CHARLES

Smell that?

Rommie INHALES.

CHARLES (CONT'D)

The essence of new love. Or, lust. I guess it really doesn't matter which...Does it?

Rommie's eyes BLAZE YELLOW.

ROMMIE

What's that other odor?

CHARLES

Ah! That...God's angel Castiel's little miracle of resurrection. The aroma of the undead.

Charles mood shifts, increasing in irritation.

CHARLES (CONT'D)

He played it brilliantly. He actually thought that he could fool me, and brought them back to life. Can you imagine that?

Rommie shakes his head.

ROMMIE

What are we going to do?

CHARLES

Kill them. What else? Nobody tricks the trickster. Without repercussions.

INT. TABITHA'S BEDROOM - LATER

Dean sits on the edge of the bed, putting on his pants. Lying on the bed, Tabitha rolls over...onto her elbows. A bed sheet wraps around her waist.

TABITHA

Do you have to go so soon?

DEAN

Duty calls...I'll--

Dean stops mid-sentence.

TABITHA

What's wrong?

A beat. Dean crosses to the window, and looks outside. He notices the parked BMW, and dismisses it.

DEAN

Nothing...I just got a chill.

Tabitha SHIVERS. She pulls the blankets around her body.

TABITHA

Can you close the window?  
There's a draft in here.

Dean closes the window, then crosses to the bed.

DEAN

Jeez...you are cold.

Dean wraps his arms around Tabitha, enveloping her. He gently rubs her arms to rid them of GOOSE BUMPS, and then KISSES her.

Tabitha melts and CUDDLES underneath Dean's protective caress.

DEAN (CONT'D)

Better now?

Tabitha nods..Then, noticing Dean's pale face:

TABITHA

What about you? You look like  
you've just seen a ghost.

INT. BMW - SIMULTANEOUS

Charles DRUMS his fingers on the STEERING WHEEL. He looks at his WRIST WATCH. On GOLD ROLEX WATCH...seconds TICK.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

CHARLES  
(agitated)  
Does he think we have all day!  
What's taking him so long?

Rommie TURNS ON the RADIO, and flips through the stations.  
Intermittent MUSIC.

Annoyed, Charles TURNS the RADIO OFF.

ROMMIE  
(irritated)  
Chill out, Malphas. At least  
he takes his time.

INT. TABITHA'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

The bed sheets wrap around Tabitha's body. Dean cuddles her against his chest. He then gently pushes her back. Impassioned, he looks into her eyes.

DEAN  
Tabitha, I need you to listen  
to me. And, it may sound a  
bit strange.

A beat. Dean searches for an explanation.

DEAN (CONT'D)  
There's something out there.  
Killing people.

TABITHA  
I think, I know that Dean.

Empathic, Dean grabs her arms tightly. Tabitha is surprised by his earnestness.

DEAN  
You don't get it. Don't go  
out. Don't let anyone in.  
Just wait...I'll tell you when  
it's safe.

TABITHA  
You're freaking me out, Dean.

DEAN  
Just promise me, okay?

TABITHA  
You're being ludicrous. I  
work the evening shift. I  
can't just not go to work.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DEAN

Tabitha, please...You have to trust me on this.

Tabitha nods. Dean grabs his coat. On I.D. falling to the floor. Dean exits.

DEAN (CONT'D)

I'll be by to check on you.  
Okay?

INT. BMW - MOMENTS LATER

Rommie looks up at the second-story window. He SEES movement, then nudges Malphas, and points at the STAIRWELL.

ROMMIE

Malphas! Look.

Dean descends the steps. TWO at a time.

CHARLES

They escaped me once...This time, they won't be so lucky.

INT. TABITHA'S APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Tabitha bends down to pick Dean's I.D. up off the bedroom floor. O.S. A doorbell RINGS. Tabitha smiles. Follow Tabitha walking to the FRONT DOOR. While opening the door:

TABITHA

You might need this.

Charles stands in the doorway. Surprised, Tabitha pulls her bathrobe tight around her chest.

TABITHA (CONT'D)

Charles? What are you doing here?

Charles walks past Tabitha...without an invitation. He inspects her abode, noticing the toppled furniture and strewn clothing.

Tabitha closes the door, chilled. She SHIVERS.

CHARLES

I thought I would visit an old friend.

Charles picks up a pair of BRA and PANTIES off a CHAIR. He PRESSES them against his nares. Then: INHALES deeply.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHARLES (CONT'D)

You are a skanky little whore.  
Aren't you?

Embarrassed, Tabitha quickly snatches them. She hides them under a sofa cushion.

TABITHA

I think you need to leave!  
Now!

Charles walks to the bedroom doorway. He gapes at the TOUSLED BED. His back facing Tabitha.

CHARLES

Why would I do that? The  
party's just getting started.

Charles CRACKS his neck. CRUNCHING and BREAKING SOUNDS. Then: Turns, his eyes ABLAZE. His face is HALF CROW and HALF HYENA.

Suddenly, Tabitha BOLTS to the TELEPHONE. Charles waves his hand.

On TELEPHONE LINE ripping out of the wall. It FLIES through the air. Then: SMASHES against the wall.

Tabitha SCRAMBLES to the front door. It SLAMS shut. She STOPS. Frozen.

Charles EXTENDS his RIGHT ARM, and CLASPS his FIST. He RETRACTS his fist, slowly towards his chest.

Tabitha SLIDES slowly towards Charles. She SCREAMS.

Charles reflexively SQUEEZES his LEFT FINGERS tight. Tabitha grabs her THROAT, unable to breathe. He smiles. Then: Loosens his fingers. She lurches forward, GASPING for air.

Tabitha continues to SLIDE. She is one foot away from Charles. With a flick of his wrist, Charles ROTATES her. He SPREADS his arms.

BLACK WINGS stretch and elongate. The WINGS envelope Tabitha. O.S., Tabitha SCREAMS.

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

EXT. TAILS N' SCALES - ESTABLISHING - AFTERNOON

A renovated Cape Cod-style house. A painted sign out front reads "Tails N' Scales. We Mount Anything."

INT. TAILS N' SCALES - AFTERNOON

Stuffed assortments of animals of prey fill the cramped, dark office: PANTHER, RAVEN, TROUT, and WOLVERINE.

Shelves overflow with VODOO paraphernalia: Tied CHICKEN FEET, CHICKEN BONES, CANDLES, and OILS.

Thomas cures a PANTHER SKIN.

THOMAS

Each animal has its own unique smell and odor. This one, for example--

He SNIFFS, then motions Sam to smell the skin.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

--has its own identifying scent.

Sam SNIFFS, then WRINKLES his nose.

SAM

Or, stench.

A beat.

SAM (CONT'D)

That's nice, and all...But, I'm here to talk to you about the crows. I understand you've researched their habits.

THOMAS

You mean their taste for blood?

A beat. Sam is dumb-struck.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

I know why you're here. I was wondering when you'd finally show up.

SAM

You've lost me.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THOMAS

You're hunters. Right? You're here to destroy the demon.

A beat. Thomas is dead-on. He has Sam's full attention.

SAM

How did you know--?

THOMAS

My mama didn't raise me to be no fool.

Thomas crosses to a book shelf and removes a tattered BLACK BOOK.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

She also taught me the ways of the dark arts.

SAM

So, then...how do we kill it?

THOMAS

You can't. But, I think there is a banishment spell. I'm not sure it'll work though.

(off Sam)

I've never really tried it.

Thomas flips open the BLACK BOOK and scrolls down the pages.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

I know it's in here somewhere.

He flips the pages rapidly. Then:

THOMAS (CONT'D)

Ah! Here it is...I knew I would find it eventually.

He reads. His eyebrows rise.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

Oh, that's not good.

SAM

What's wrong?

THOMAS

There seems to be a little catch.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SAM  
(getting impatient)  
What's that?

A beat. Thomas thoughtfully takes his time to decipher the spell.

THOMAS  
This weapon needs to be anointed  
with the blood of the undead.  
And, cast in an impure dwelling.

SAM  
Does Berwick even have a  
whorehouse?

A beat. Thomas SIGHS.

THOMAS  
What is wrong with you, boy?  
It don't mean a den of iniquity.  
It means...nevermind! Just,  
head on over to Jack Sorely's.

SAM  
The town drunk?

THOMAS  
That's right. That son-of-a-  
bitch was as impure, and as  
mean as you could get.

Sam's surprised at his blatant honesty.

THOMAS (CONT'D)  
His place is deep in the woods  
and will suit your needs just  
fine.

SAM  
How do we find the demon?

THOMAS  
You already know the answer to  
that. Just follow the crows.  
They'll lead you to right him.

CUT TO:

INT. MOTEL ROOM - LATE AFTERNOON

Strewn across the bed are shotguns, crucifixes, vials of Holy Water, and assortments of knives. Sam meticulously places Holy Water, a knife, and gun into the vest.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Dean enters. Pale.

DEAN  
I need a drink.

Dean crosses to the table, pours a shot of WHISKEY, and shoots it back.

SAM  
What happened to you? You look like death.

DEAN  
I feel like death. Damn...I'm cold.

Dean pulls on a woolly sweater.

SAM  
You're not sick, are you?

DEAN  
Just love sick, bro.

A beat.

SAM  
Then I presume it went well with--

DEAN  
Tabitha? Unbelievable, Sam. Talk about a tigress.

A beat. Dean reminisces the past few hours. Then:

DEAN (CONT'D)  
I think I'm in love, Sam.

SAM  
Right. You're in love.

DEAN  
It can happen you know.

SAM  
I don't mean to burst your bubble. But--

Sam crosses to his LAPTOP, types on the keyboard, then turns the laptop to face Dean.

On COMPUTER SCREEN. A smiling three-year-old Tabitha. The HEADLINE reads "Miracle Child brought back to Life."

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Dean scans the web article, then looks up.

DEAN

She was dead for two days?

SAM

You have more in common than  
you even fathomed.

DEAN

We both transcended into and  
out of purgatory.

SAM

This is more than just a  
coincidence, Dean. It was  
predestined.

CUT TO:

INT. WALTON HOME - AFTERNOON

Charles dips a paint brush into a pail. He paints SATANIC  
SYMBOLS on the kitchen's four walls. Crimson red drips down.

Tabitha awakens from a trance. She SHIVERS. Facing Tabitha,  
stands Rommie, five-years-old. He creepily stares at her.  
She cringes.

ROMMIE

Pretty.

Tabitha scans the room, then notices the strange red MARKINGS.  
She BOLTS from her chair, and runs towards the door.

Charles focuses on the same CHAIR, it SLIDES across the floor.  
SLAMMING against the back of Tabitha's knees.

Tabitha sits, abruptly. The chair SLIDES back to its original  
position.

CHARLES

Tabbie, please behave. It'll  
be over soon enough.

Tabitha STRUGGLES against unseen restraints.

TABITHA

What do you want from me?

CHARLES

You don't remember? Do you?

TABITHA

Remember what?

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

Charles puts down the paint brush, and crosses to Tabitha.

CHARLES

You were three years old. As  
I recall it happened on Memorial  
Day. You choked on a hot dog.  
You don't do that now  
though...Do you?

Charles snickers.

TABITHA

Wouldn't you like to know.  
Just, get to the fricking point!

Charles TWIRLS her hair. She quickly retracts.

CHARLES

You died. Pronounced dead.  
Then, Castiel came. God's  
righteous archangel, and  
resurrected you.

TABITHA

(confused)  
I still don't get it.

CHARLES

Hell's bells, Tabitha. It's  
very simple.  
(menacing)  
I want you back.

Tabitha's shocked. Rommie sticks his fingers into the RED  
BLOOD. He LICKS them. Tabitha winces.

TABITHA

Can you get him away from that?  
You sick bastard!

Rommie innocently looks at Tabitha, then CRIES.

CHARLES

Now, look what you did. You  
hurt his little feelings.

Charles lifts Rommie, and hugs him. Unseen to Tabitha, Rommie  
grins, devilishly. His eyes BLAZE YELLOW. Charles sets Rommie  
down.

CHARLES (CONT'D)

Go play in the other room.

Charles pats Rommie's bottom. Rommie runs to the bedroom.  
Tabitha turns. Maternally, she watches the child flee.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TABITHA

Let him go! He's just a boy!

CHARLES

I can't do that, Tabbie. Like,  
I can't let you go. Ever.

CUT TO:

INT. MOTEL ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

The Whiskey bottle is half empty. Dean pours another shot.

DEAN

You're kidding me! Right?  
This thing can only be killed  
by a weapon anointed with the  
blood of the undead.

Sam searches through the weapons and gadgets on the bed.

SAM

Banished...Not killed. And,  
yes. That's what the guy said.

Dean explodes into a rant.

DEAN

Did he happen to say where  
we're supposed to get it from?  
That's why they're called the  
"undead," Sam. They're stuck  
somewhere between heaven and  
hell.

Sam STOPS. An epiphany.

SAM

Like you were?

A beat. Dean looks like he's been slapped hard across the  
face.

DEAN

You think my blood can kill  
this demon?

SAM

Are you listening to me? I  
didn't say kill. I said  
banish. Your blood powers the  
spell. So, yes. Probably.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DEAN

What do you mean, probably?  
We're talking about life and  
death here, Sam.

SAM

No one's ever tried it. Or,  
ever needed to. So--

DEAN

It's this or nothing at all.  
Is that what you're telling  
me?

SAM

We have no other choice.

DEAN

And, there's only one way to  
find out?

Sam nods. A beat. Dean ponders. Then:

DEAN (CONT'D)

That's it, then! If, we're  
going to banish this thing,  
let's go do it.

Dean grabs a HEX BAG, and throws it at Sam.

DEAN (CONT'D)

We're going to need this.

Sam catches the bag, then examines it.

SAM

A hex bag...The element of  
surprise.

DEAN

This thing watches our every  
move--

SAM

So, now we hide our whereabouts.

Dean nods, and grabs his Colt 45. Sam places the Hex bag into  
his vest.

DEAN

Well? Are you ready or what?

Sam grabs his gear. He pats his tactical vest.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SAM

No. But I'm about as ready as I'll ever be. Let's go do this thing.

CUT TO:

EXT. CEDAR CABIN - LATE AFTERNOON

A cedar settler cabin. SMOKE from the chimney rises above the tree-line. The Impala sits haphazardly parked in front.

INT. CEDAR HUNTING CABIN - LATE AFTERNOON

COALS GLOW bright red in the fireplace of the cedar cabin. TRAPS and SNARES hang from the ceiling.

SAM

What a sick bastard!

Dean prods an open SNARE with a stick. On SNARE snapping SHUT.

DEAN

I hate animal cruelty.

DEAN (CONT'D)

Maybe it's a good thing he's dead.

On display cabinet overfilled with a variety of RIFLES, GUNS, and KNIVES. Dean opens the cabinet. Awed.

DEAN (CONT'D)

Check this out! This Sorley guy had a fricking arsenal.

Dean critically chooses a classic Winchester rifle.

DEAN (CONT'D)

This'll do the job.

He cocks the rifle and twirls it 360 degrees.

DEAN (CONT'D)

I still got it.

Bending down, Sam grabs a piece of black coal from the fireplace. On the floor, he draws a circle and a triangle in the center.

Dean stands in the center. He holds the rifle outstretched.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DEAN (CONT'D)

So, now what am I supposed to do?

Sam removes the SCRIPT from his VEST POCKET, handing it to Dean.

SAM

You need to recite this.

Dean quickly scans it. While...Sam forms the five points of a pentagram with five candles. He lights each candle when set.

SAM (CONT'D)

Are you all set?

DEAN

I'll rock, you'll roll.

Dean reads the SCRIPT. The rifle held out in front of him.

DEAN (CONT'D)

(chanting)

"Spirits of the dead arise.  
Course unseen across the skies.  
Hear me beckon, hear my plea."

Wind whips through the cabin. SPIRITS of the DEAD. Sam and Dean's MOTHER AND FATHER, Sam's dead fiancée JESSICA, their friend BOBBIE, appear and swirl into the centrifugal forces.

Furniture and lamps TOPPLE over. Pictures CRASH on the floor.

DEAN (CONT'D)

"Guardians of the ancient  
powers! Destroy my enemy!"

The WIND spins. Faster. And, then faster. Sam DUCKS a flying CHAIR. It SMASHES against the wall. Dean SCREAMS above the chaos.

DEAN (CONT'D)

"Anoint this weapon to banish  
that who hath come from the  
pits of hell and return the  
like to the same fiery flames  
and ash from whence he arose!"

The Winchester SHAKES. Dean grasps it firmly. Then: It STOPS and GLOWS white. The WIND STOPS. SILENCE.

Sam scans the chaos. Then:

SAM

I think that's it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Dean COCKS the Winchester.

DEAN

Better fasten you're seat belt,  
bro. We're in for a bumpy  
ride. Time to go banish this  
bastard to hell.

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

INT. IMPALA - SUNSET

The Impala is parked on the shoulder of a two-lane country road leading away from the town of Winchester. The radio PLAYS. Dean slouches behind the wheel.

DEAN

What are we doing here, again?

Sam riding shotgun.

SAM

The birds roost at night, so we wait to see--

DEAN

Where home is. Got it.

A LONG PAUSE.

SAM

I'm glad you're back, Dean. To whatever we can call home.

DEAN

Thanks, little brother. I'm glad to be back.

In the distance, a swirling BLACK CLOUD of CROWS. Sam points.

SAM

At one o'clock.

Dean BOLTS upright.

DEAN

Let's hit it.

The car engine ROARS. Dean punches the gas. It rumbles off into the sunset, in full pursuit.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - SUNSET

The Impala rambles up the windy road. Large oak trees stand guard on each side of the road. Their gangly limbs slither and intertwine in the wake of the Impala, forming an impregnable barrier.

Dean looks in the rear-view mirror.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DEAN

Sam!

Sam looks back.

DEAN (CONT'D)

He knows we're here.

SAM

And, I don't think he wants us  
to leave.

EXT. WALTON HOME - MOMENTS LATER

Hundreds of CROWS circle above the house. They swoop down and perch. The Impala is parked in front of the house.

INT. IMPALA - CONTINUOUS

Dean looks up through the windshield. He pales, and SHIVERS. The birds look down, watching their every movement.

DEAN

My worst nightmare, pissed  
birds.

Sam notices his brother's unease.

SAM

So, what do you think? Should  
we make a run for it?

DEAN

It's now, or never.

Dean musters his courage and grabs the WINCHESTER. Sam grabs his arm.

SAM

Run like a bat out of hell.  
Or, bird...And Dean, don't  
look up.

Simultaneously, they exit the Impala.

EXT. WALTON HOME - CONTINUOUS

The birds SCREECH. In a FLASH they SWOOP, attacking Sam and Dean.

A CROW lands on Dean's back. He knocks it away with the Winchester. Another CROW lands on his chest, biting his NECK.

DEAN

Son-of-a-bitch! Sam!

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

Sam flings two CROWS off his arm and shoulder.

SAM

I'm coming!

The onslaught of birds continues. As, we drift towards the kitchen window. We see...Charles peering outside.

INT. WALTON HOME - SIMULTANEOUS

Inside the kitchen. Charles watches out the kitchen window, amused. O.S. Birds SCREECH. Tabitha sits restrained by unseen forces in a kitchen chair. SHIVERING.

TABITHA

What the hell is happening?  
Why so glib, freak?

Charles turns.

CHARLES

My other guests have finally  
arrived.

Dean's MUFFLED voice. Tabitha's heart quickens.

TABITHA

Dean?

A beat. Tabitha's hope turns to dread.

CHARLES

Yes, Dean. The man you did  
the nasty with? And, Sam.  
His demon brother.

Rommie, now NINE, stands in the hallway doorway. Noticing, Charles screams in command. Eyes BLAZE YELLOW.

CHARLES (CONT'D)

Get back to your room! Now!

A beat. Momentarily angered, Rommie's eyes BLAZE YELLOW. Tabitha notices, shocked. Visibly shaken.

ROMMIE

Sometimes, you're a real  
bastard. You know that!

Rommie turns and exits.

EXT. WALTON HOME - CONTINUOUS

Birds flock. Deafening SCREECHES. Dean and Sam maneuver to the front door. BATTING and FLINGING off the possessed fowl.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Frantic, Dean turns the DOOR HANDLE. LOCKED.

DEAN

Damn it!

Dean throws his shoulder into the door--it doesn't budge.

SAM

What'd you think? He'd leave  
it open for us?

Sam fights off the attacking birds. Dean removes the COLT 45 and aims at the DOOR HANDLE. GUNFIRE.

Momentarily, birds FLEE. Dean pushes open the shattered door.

INT. WALTON HOME - CONTINUOUS

Dean and Sam BOLT through the front door. SLAMMING it closed. Cautiously, they scan the room.

Dean aims the WINCHESTER, and sweeps it side-to-side. He SHIVERS. Sam follows, two steps behind.

The room is EMPTY...except for Tabitha sitting in a chair, SHIVERING. Restrained by unseen forces.

Dean rushes to Tabitha's aid. Tabitha tries to speak. Unable to utter a sound. She looks up. Dean follows her gaze, then:

DEAN

Sam! Look up!

On the CEILING, HOVERING...is MALPHAS. A grotesque half crow and half hyena MONSTER. His DOG-LIKE body suspended by beating WINGS. He SCREECHES. Then, he SWOOPS.

Sam and Dean crouch.

SAM

Shoot him, Dean!

Dean AIMS and pulls the TRIGGER. GUNFIRE. He MISSES. Plaster falls from the ceiling.

Malphas SCREECHES. Suddenly, Dean is suspended in mid-air. He smashes against the far wall.

Sam looks up just as...TALONS SLASH...Sam staggers backwards and stumbles to his knees. Deep SLASH MARKS are engraved in his chest.

MALPHAS

Nice to see you again, Sammy-  
boy!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TALONS SLASH, again. Sammy SCREAMS. Deep CLAW MARKS on his back and shoulders. He falls to the floor, CRYING OUT in pain.

Dean cocks the WINCHESTER. With lightning speed, Malphas flicks his wrist, hurling Dean against the far wall. The WINCHESTER flies through the air. OUT OF REACH.

MALPHAS (CONT'D)

And, you too Dean! Long time  
no see.

Flapping his wings, Malphas LOWERS himself to the floor. CENTER STAGE.

MALPHAS (CONT'D)

Now...Who should I kill first?

Malphas walks towards Sam. Sam stares at him with fury.

MALPHAS (CONT'D)

How about you Sammy? The demon  
gone wild. Sort of sounds  
like a bad porno flick.

Sam removes a CONTAINER from his vest. HOLY WATER. Malphas EYES the container. It disintegrates, and bursts into FLAMES.

MALPHAS (CONT'D)

Using holy water against the  
Prince of Hell? It's a bit of  
a cheap shot. Don't you think?

Sam LIFTS into the air, then SMASHES down on the kitchen table. Sam SCREAMS.

Malphas turns and faces Dean. Dean STOPS.

MALPHAS (CONT'D)

What about you Dean? Did you  
really think you could escape  
my wrath?

Malphas raises a fist. Surprised, Dean RISES from the floor. SUSPENDED. His feet DANGLE. Then, Dean flies across the room.

MALPHAS (CONT'D)

You misguided bastard! Nobody  
cheats me! And lives to talk  
about it!

Malphas faces Tabitha. Tabitha's strong demeanor frays. Her body trembles. TEARS fall down her cheeks.

Malphas LICKS her NECK. Tabitha retracts, cringing.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MALPHAS (CONT'D)

Hmm...Yummy!

Dean battles crawls to the WINCHESTER.

MALPHAS (CONT'D)

Trust me, sweetheart. This is gonna hurt you...

Dean's fingers GRASP the WINCHESTER.

MALPHAS (CONT'D)

...more than it's gonna hurt me.

Malphas glimpses Dean in his periphery vision. He SCREECHES. Eyes affixed. The Winchester slides out of Dean's grasp.

Dean CAN'T move. He SUSPENDS upward paralyzed in mid-air. A morbid CRUCIFIX, slowly rotating.

Malphas emits a savage GROWL. His jaw expands. We see his RAZOR-SHARP INCISORS bite Tabitha's throat. RIPPING upwards. CRIMSON RED smears his face.

Tabitha eyes alarm in shock. She melts slowly onto the floor. Her lifeless eyes stare up at Dean.

DEAN

(screaming)

No!

Malphas flaps his WINGS, and ascends. Now, Face-to-Face with Dean. Dean SPITS.

DEAN (CONT'D)

Screw you! You ugly bastard!

Malphas wipes his face. Malphas GROWLS. Unseen by Malphas. Sam struggles to his feet. He grabs the Winchester.

MALPHAS

(to Dean)

Now! It's your turn.

Sam cocks the Winchester, and shoots into the air. GUNFIRE. Malphas turns.

SAM

Nobody calls me Sammy!

Sam aims, and pulls the trigger. GUNFIRE rapid succession. Malphas DISINTEGRATES into a swirling BLACK VAPOR. And, VANISHES.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SAM (CONT'D)

And, gets away with it.

Dean falls to the floor. He rushes to Tabitha and cuddles her lifeless body.

DEAN

Tabbie!

Sam crosses to Dean, and places his hand on his shoulder.

Suddenly, a small dark form stands in the doorway. Rommie steps forward. Trembling, he CRIES OUT.

ROMMIE

I want to go home!

Startled, Sam and Dean turn.

FADE OUT:

ACT FIVE

FADE IN:

EXT. FIELD - NIGHT

The oak limbs sway rhythmically in the wind. The moon casts shifting dark shadows on the shallow grave.

Dean heaves the last shovel of dirt onto the fresh mound. He's muddy. Remorseful.

Sam pats his brother on the back. He looks back at Rommie waiting patiently in the back of the Impala.

SAM

It's time to go.

Dean shakes his head. He lays the shovel down, and kneels next to the grave.

DEAN

Just give me a minute, okay?

Sam nods and walks to the Impala. We see Rommie's face pressed against the rear passenger window.

INT. IMPALA - CONTINUOUS

Sam's paternal nature takes over. He turns to Rommie in the rear seat

SAM

So, what's your name?

ROMMIE

(coyly)

Raum. But, my dad called me Rommie.

SAM

Where are they? Your mom and dad?

ROMMIE

My mom's dead...and I don't know where my dad is.

Sam sympathizes. He hands Rommie a CHOCOLATE BAR.

SAM

Here...you must be hungry.

Rommie grimaces, and shakes his head.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROMMIE

Thanks. But, I'm not hungry.  
(pointing to Dean)  
What's he doing?

SAM

He's saying good-bye.

EXT. FIELD - CONTINUOUS

Dean kneels next the shallow grave.

DEAN

Tabitha...I'm sorry....I--

Unseen to Sam, Tabitha MATERIALIZES behind him. Beautiful and downcast.

TABITHA

Dean...it wasn't your fault.

DEAN

I never met anyone quite like  
you...I wish we--

Dean STOPS. Consumed with grief.

TABITHA

--met me a long time ago. I  
know. I felt the same way.

A beat. Tabitha reaches out, and gently touches Dean's shoulder. He lifts his eyes, unsure if he felt her touch.

TABITHA (CONT'D)

(urgent)

Dean...listen to me. You're  
still in danger.

(frustrated)

Damn it! You can't hear me.

Frantic, Tabitha turns. A swirling BLACK CLOUD takes the shape of...CROWS. O.S. SCREECHING.

TABITHA (CONT'D)

I have to go. They're coming!  
Dean...please, be careful.

Tabitha DISAPPEARS. The CROWS VANISH in pursuit. Dean lifts himself up off his knees. He scans the area, searching for...Tabitha, unsure why.

INT. IMPALA - MOVING - MOMENTS LATER

Dean's silently maneuvers the Impala down the two-lane highway. The speedometer reads "eighty." Sam turns the radio onto HEAVY METAL. Dean turns it off.

DEAN

Not tonight, Sam.

Dean looks in the rear-view mirror. Rommie plays with the window remote control. The window moves up and down.

SAM

I'm sorry, bro. I thought she was just another--

DEAN

Another one-night stand?  
No...that girl was special.

Irritated, Dean child-proofs the window. Angry, Rommie's eyes momentarily BLAZE YELLOW, unseen by Sam and Dean. Sam glimpses Rommie in his periphery.

SAM

What are we going to do about him?

Dean glances at Rommie.

DEAN

Hand him over to the police. They'll find his Dad.

SAM

What if he's already dead?

DEAN

That's not our problem, Sam. He'll probably be put into Foster Care or an orphanage.

SAM

That's crap, Dean.

Dean looks back Rommie. Rommie feigns not listening.

DEAN

He can't stay with us, Sam!  
Are you crazy? No way!

Rommie's face CRINKLES.

ROMMIE

You don't like me?

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

Suddenly, Rommie transforms into a half hyena and half crow MONSTER. His golden yellow eyes gleam.

Guilt overcomes Dean. He SHIVERS.

DEAN

Look kid...I like you. But--

Dean looks in the rear-view mirror, horrified. Sam stares at his brother.

SAM

What's wrong?

Sam turns. Terrified, he sees Rommie's Sharp RAZOR-SHARP INCISORS. Rommie DROOLS.

ROMMIE

Now! I'm hungry!

Sam fumbles for Holy Water, anything.

SAM

Dean! Where's the--

Dean tosses his Colt 45 to Sam. The Impala swerves across the two-lane highway.

Rommie SCREECHES, ear-splitting. Then, in a split second: He attacks.

Simultaneously, Sam pulls the TRIGGER. GUNFIRE! Rommie SMASHES against the rear seat. He SHUDDERS. His GAPING wounds heal immediately.

DEAN

Hold on tight, bro.

Sam grabs the dashboard. Dean SLAMS on the BRAKES. Rommie's THROWN through the front WINDSHIELD. It SHATTERS.

DEAN (CONT'D)

Are you okay?

Sam nods. They BOLT out of the car.

EXT. IMPALA - EVENING - CONTINUOUS

The moon shines brightly. The Impala is stopped on the shoulder of the highway. Dean flings open the TRUNK, and removes the WINCHESTER. He cocks it.

Sam holds the COLT 45, and aims, ready to fire. They wait. Then: The SOUND of WINGS FLAPPING.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A small dark figure RISES in the shadow of the moon. It SCREECHES.

SAM  
(pointing)  
There...

The figure HOVERS momentarily, then SOARS away into the night. Dean AIMS. Rapid GUNFIRE. Sam LOWERS Dean's shooting arm.

SAM (CONT'D)  
It's too late. He's gone.

CUT TO:

INT. HELL'S INFERNO - NIGHT

SMOKE rises above the FIRE and BRIMSTONE. SATAN in all his glory sits upon his THRONE. MINIONS stand guard at each side.

Malphas holds, bowed at the waist. Slowly, he stands erect.

SATAN  
Well? Did everything go as planned.

MALPHAS  
It is done. Raum lives.

SATAN  
You have done well. Soon, all good shall perish. Finally, God will be dead.

A beat. Then:

SATAN (CONT'D)  
What about the Winchesters, and that girl?..Tabitha?

MALPHAS  
My Lord...They escaped.

Angry, Satan stands, and towers over Malphas. The Minions tremble. Malphas cowers.

SATAN  
What?! I want them! Do you hear me? Or, it is you I will destroy! Get out of my sight!  
(pause)  
Now!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Malphas VANISHES. O.S., Satan ROARS.

CUT TO:

INT. MOTEL ROOM - MORNING

The room is dimly lit. Rays of sunlight attempt to shine through the closed curtains.

Sam sleeps in one bed. Dean lies wide-awake in the other. He stares at the ceiling. He's startled by the TAP, TAP, TAP on the window pane.

DEAN

Sam?

Dean looks across at the sleeping Sam. He lifts himself off the bed, and opens the curtains. He peeks out.

Through the window, we see a white DOVE tapping on the window. Dean scans the street. NO CROWS.

Sam bleary eyed, awakens. He YAWNS.

SAM

Dean? What's wrong?

A beat. The DOVE's eyes LOCK onto Dean's. Communicating, seemingly telepathically. It COOS, and then takes flight.

DEAN

Nothing...It's nothing. Go back to sleep.

BLACKOUT:

TO BE CONTINUED