### REVISION HISTORY

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CAST LIST

SAM WINCHESTER
DEAN WINCHESTER

OFFICER DANIEL GUNDERSON
ROOKIE/OFFICER WALTER KELLY
WIFE
TEEN
DR. SANFORD ELICOTT
DR. JAMES ELICOTT
CAVIN
KATHERINE/KAT

JARED PADALECKI
JENSEN ACKLES

TOM PICKETT
PETER BENSON
KARLY WARKENTIN
JOHN GRAY
NORMAN ARMOUREN
JAMES PURCELL
NICHOLAS D'AGOSTO
BROOKE NEVIN
LOCATION REPORT

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SUPER NATURAL
"Asylum"

TEASER

1
EXT. ROOSEVELT ASYLUM FOR THE MENTALLY ILL - NIGHT (DAY 1)

An abandoned Gothic monstrosity -- exactly what you'd imagine a haunted asylum would look like.

1A
INT. ROOSEVELT ASYLUM - FRONT LOBBY - NIGHT

Large, dark, lobby-type room. Shafts of MOONLIGHT cut through BARRED WINDOWS.

We PUSH IN on a HEAVY, PADLOCKED DOOR. Chains looped through the handles. Lots of chains.

In CLOSE UPS, we see ominous SHADOWS looming up on the door. Approaching. Shifting and darting.

CLOSE ON: a BOLT CUTTER catches a glint of moonlight, as it reaches in and SNAPS the door's chains.

CLOSE ON: the chains DROP to the floor, LOUDLY CLATTERING.

1B
INT. ROOSEVELT ASYLUM - HALLWAY INSIDE SOUTH WING - NIGHT

The double doors open. There's a subtle noise... the WHISPER of unsettled air, as if a tomb has been disturbed...

And we REVEAL... THREE TEENAGERS. With flashlights. Exploring the Asylum, giddy with excitement.

TEEN
(solemn and proud)
Let me be the first to say it.
This is one of the stupidest things we've ever done.

2
EXT. ROOSEVELT ASYLUM FOR THE MENTALLY ILL - NIGHT

The TEENS' PARKED CAR (and make it something that, clearly, only a teen would drive). As a POLICE CRUISER pulls up, parks beside. Two uniformed officers emerge. OFFICER DANIEL GUNDERSO, 40's, grizzled. And OFFICER WALTER KELLY, 20's, a ROOKIE, fresh from the Academy.

Gunderson approaches the teens' car. Shines the flashlight inside. Seems to know what all this means. He turns, gazing up at the Asylum.

(CONTINUED)
OFFICER GUNDERSON
Can't keep kids outta this place...

ROOKIE
(steps up beside)
What is it, anyway?

OFFICER GUNDERSON
...I forgot, you're not local. You
don't know the legend...

ROOKIE
Legend?

OFFICER GUNDERSON
(having fun with this)
Every town's got its stories,
right? Ours is Roosevelt Asylum.
They say it's haunted, with the
ghosts of the patients.
(than)
Spend the night... and the spirits
will drive you insane...

ROOKIE
And how do you know so much about
it?

OFFICER GUNDERSON
When I was a teenager... maybe I
hopped the fence once or twice...

ROOKIE
See any ghosts?

OFFICER GUNDERSON
What do you think?

Gunderson gives the Rookie a look... then, as he CLICKS on
his flashlight, leading the way toward the outer fence...

INT. ROOSEVELT ASYLUM - FRONT LOBBY - NIGHT
The cops enter, searching. Skimming their flashlight beams.

OFFICER GUNDERSON
Hello? Police officers!

A distant KLINK exposes the kids somewhere in the building.
Then... Gunderson trains his light on... THE BROKEN-OPEN
SECURITY DOOR, to the SOUTH WING. The PADLOCK and HEAVY
CHAIN lying on the floor...
OFFICER GUNDERSON
You tellin' me these kids brought
bust cutters?
(sighs)
Come on, we'll split up.

OMIT

INT. CORRIDOR - NIGHT

We're TRACKING ALONGSIDE GUNDERSON. Sweeping his flashlight. Footsteps ECHOING up the dark, creepy hallway. Passing open door after open door. Inside... empty room after empty room.

When, we see a GLIMPSE... one ROOM isn't empty. An emaciated FIGURE, standing in SHADOW... in a ratty hospital gown... Gunderson keeps moving past, never noticing... then...

HE HEARS a RUSTLING NOISE... he turns, slow. A suspenseful beat. Is something gonna grab him? But then--

OFFICER GUNDERSON
Alright. Come on out...

His flashlight hits... a PILE of RUSTY MACHINERY. THREE sheepish, hiding TEENS emerge. Meanwhile...

INT. BASEMENT HALLWAY - NIGHT

The Rookie steps down a stairway, into a gloomy basement hallway. When he hears a SCUTTLING, a RUSTLING, down the corridor...

ROOKIE
Hello? Anybody down here?

He moves down the hall. All the hallway doors are SHUT.

Except ONE... he steps through the OPEN HALLWAY DOOR. (And let's make this door recognizable, so we'll know it when we see it again. Give it a specific room number, perhaps).

INT. BASEMENT ROOM - NIGHT

The Rookie enters the room. Sweeps his flashlight. Some junk on the floor, an overturned chair, an open closet in the back... otherwise, the room's empty. He spends a beat or two looking over the place, before he turns to exit...

When his FLASHLIGHT FLICKERS. Then goes dead. He looks at it. Great. He hits it with his hand, trying to rattle the batteries, when--
CREEEEAK. Coming from behind him. He pivots, to see--

INSIDE THE CLOSET. There's some kind of HIDDEN DOOR, like a false backing, against the closet's back wall. The door opens. Slow and steady. As if someone was opening it--

CUT TO:

EXT. ROOSEVELT ASYLUM - AT THE CRUISER

Gunderson is reading the three teens the riot act.

OFFICER GUNDERSON
... I find you here again, I'm gonna arrest you, understand?

TEEN
Yes, sir...

OFFICER GUNDERSON
Now beat it before I change my mind.

The teens take the opportunity... and climb into their car and drive away. The cop CLICKS his radio...

OFFICER GUNDERSON
Kelly, you copy?

No answer. Huh. Then... he turns to find... THE ROOKIE right behind him!

OFFICER GUNDERSON
Jeez. Where you been?

Though Gunderson doesn't notice... the Rookie seems a bit shell-shocked now.

ROOKIE
In there.

OFFICER GUNDERSON
What was it? See anything?

ROOKIE
(beat)
No.

(Continued)
"Asylum"

CONTINUED:

As Gunderson climbs into the cruiser... WE SEE the Rookie turn from his view as... his NOSE begins to BLEED. As he WIPES the blood on his sleeve, then climbs in...

CUT TO:

EXT. MODEST HOME - NIGHT - TO ESTABLISH

INT. MODEST HOME - BEDROOM - NIGHT

The Rookie enters. Makes his way across the room. WE SEE... his YOUNG WIFE in bed. She's got a BEDSIDE LAMP ON, sets down a book. She's been waiting up for him.

WIFE

Hey.

He doesn't respond. Moves to a dresser, begins undressing. As he sets down his wallet... his watch... his badge.

WIFE

(apologetic, upset, but NOT angry)

So, what, you're still not talking to me?

He still doesn't respond. As he sets down... HIS GUN. The Rookie stares at the sidearm -- stoic, but creepy.

WIFE (O.S.)

Walt. I said I was sorry about before. How many times do I have to say it?

The Rookie suddenly REACHES for his gun, pulling it from his holster. Cocking it. Then, turning, as we go...

EXT. MODEST HOME - NIGHT

WE PULL BACK... as, from inside, WE SEE FLASHES OF LIGHT... and WE HEAR... BANG! BANG!

END OF TEASER
ACT ONE

INT. MOTEL ROOM - SOMEWHERE IN AMERICA - NIGHT (DAY 2)

CLOSE ON DAD'S JOURNAL. Dean carefully pages through it,
scanning the dense text, the newspaper clippings, the macabre
illustrations.

Meanwhile, Sam paces, on his CELL PHONE.

SAM
...no, Dad was in California, last
we heard from him... well, we just
thought, he comes to you for
munitions, maybe you've seen him
the last few weeks.
(pause; then)
Okay, well, call us if you hear
anything. Thanks.

Sam CLICKS off. The boys speak with the same DRIVE and
URGENCY we saw in the last episode.

DEAN
Caleb hasn't seen him?

SAM
No, neither has Jefferson, or
Pastor Jim.
(beat)
What about the journal? Any leads
in there?

DEAN
Same as the other times we've
looked-- nothing I can make out. I
mean, I love the guy, but he writes
like friggin' Yoda.

SAM
Maybe we should call the Feds.
File a Missing Persons.

DEAN
We've been over this. You know how
pissed he'd be, if we put the Feds
on his tail?

Just then... muffled from somewhere in the room... Dean's
CELL PHONE. It plays a tinny, CLASSIC ROCK TUNE.

Dean begins searching under clothes, in bags, etc., for it.
SAM
I don't care. After everything
that happened in Kansas... I mean,
he should've been there. You said
yourself you tried to call him...
and nothing.

DEAN
I know.
(then)
Where the hell's my phone?

SAM
He could be dead for all we know.

DEAN
Don't say that. He's not dead.
He's--

SAM
What? Hiding? Busy?

Dean finally discovers his phone, in the front pocket of a
pair of jeans strewn on the floor. He checks the Caller I.D.
Then clicks open the phone, looks at the screen. And he
stops COLD. Sits down on the bed. Shocked. A beat.

DEAN
I don't believe it.

SAM
What?

DEAN
...it's a text message.
(looks up at Sam)
It's coordinates.

INSERT - DEAN'S PHONE SCREEN

Nothing else is written except the following: "42, -89"

INT. MOTEL ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Sam EMERGES from the bathroom, to reveal DEAN... sitting
behind the laptop. On Dean's expression-- an excitement and
optimism he hasn't had in days.

SAM
You think Dad was texting us?
DEAN
(nods)
He's given us coordinates before.

SAM
But... the man can barely work a toaster.

DEAN
Sam. This is good news. It means he's okay... or alive anyway--

SAM
Was there a number on the caller I.D.?

DEAN
(shakes his head)
It said unknown.

SAM
Well... where do the coordinates point?

DEAN
That's the interesting part. Rockford, Illinois.

SAM
And that's interesting... how?

DEAN
I just checked the local Rockford paper. Take a look at this--

ON THE POWERBOOK SCREEN. THE ROCKFORD METRO NEWS WEBSITE. A photo of the ROOKIE from the teaser. The headline-- LOCAL OFFICER MURDER-SUICIDE.

DEAN
This cop Walter Kelly, he comes home from his shift, shoots his wife, then puts the gun in his mouth, blows his brains out.

SAM
That's terrible.

DEAN
And earlier that night... Kelly and his partner responded to a break-in at... the Roosevelt Asylum.

(CONTINUED)
SAM
I don't follow. What's that have to do with us?

Dean reaches over... takes Dad's JOURNAL. Opens it to a particular page in the middle--

INSERT - THE JOURNAL

A faded, yellowed NEWSPAPER CLIPPING from ROCKFORD, ILLINOIS. A headline-- "TEENAGERS DIE IN ABANDONED HOSPITAL FIRE."

Dad's notations alongside: "ROOSEVELT ASYLUM-- HAUNTED?" (And please make this notation very clear and easy to read.)

DEAN
Dad earmarked the same Asylum in the journal. Seven unconfirmed sightings. Two deaths-- up until last week, at least.
(looks up with excitement)
I mean, this is where he wants us to go.

Sam. Wheels turning. Sharp, alert, intelligent.

SAM
This is a job... he wants us to work a job...

DEAN
Yeah, but maybe we'll meet up with him... maybe he's there...

SAM
... or maybe he's not. You know, he could be sending us there, by ourselves. To hunt this thing.

DEAN
Who cares? If that's what he wants, then good enough for me.

SAM
This doesn't strike you as weird? The texting, the coordinates? Why doesn't he just call?

DEAN
(end of discussion)
Sam. Dad's telling us to go somewhere. We're going.
EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

The Impala ROARS down the lonely, two-lane, Midwestern blacktop.

EXT. BLUE COLLAR BAR - ROCKFORD, ILLINOIS - NIGHT

The Impala. Parked in front of a dive bar.

SUPER TITLE: ROCKFORD, ILLINOIS

INT. BLUE COLLAR BAR - NIGHT

Sleepy joint. It's late, not too many customers left.

OFFICER GUNDERSON. The veteran officer from the Teaser. He sits on a bar stool, nursing a bottle of beer. When Dean sidles up next to him.

DEAN
Hey, you're Daniel Gunderson, right? You're a cop?

OFFICER GUNDERSON
Yeah...?

DEAN
I'm Nigel Tufnel, with the Chicago Tribune. You mind if I ask you a coupla questions... about your partner?

OFFICER GUNDERSON
Yeah. I do. I'm just trying to have a drink here.

DEAN
It won't take long. I just wanna hear the story in your words.

OFFICER GUNDERSON
My words? A week ago my partner was sitting in that chair, and now he's dead... and you're gonna ambush me here?

DEAN
(a little forceful)
I'm sorry. I need you to tell me what happened.

(CONTINUED)
SAM'S VOICE
Hey, buddy! How 'bout leaving the poor guy alone?!

Out of nowhere, Sam grabs Dean's shoulder, spins him around, and SHOVES him back, hard—maybe a bit too hard.

SAM
Man's an officer, why don't you show a little respect?!

Dean throws Sam a look, but then turns, sulks off, as if put in his place.

OFFICER GUNDERSON
(amused)
You didn't have to do that.

SAM
'Course I did.
(back in Dean's direction)
That guy's a serious jerk.
(then)
Hey, lemme buy you a beer.

OFFICER GUNDERSON
Thanks, thanks very much.

As Sam settles in for a friendly chat with Gunderson—

EXT. BLUE COLLAR BAR - NIGHT - LATER
Dean leans against the Impala. Sam approaches.

DEAN
You shoved me a little hard back there, buddy boy.

SAM
I had to sell it, didn't I? It's Method acting.

DEAN
(what the hell is that?)
Meth-- huh?
(then)
So what'd you find out from Gunderson?

SAM
Walter Kelly was a good cop. Even keeled, top of his class, bright future.
DEAN
But at home?

SAM
He and his wife had a few fights like everybody, but it was mostly smooth sailing. They were talking about having kids.

DEAN
So... either Kelly had some deep-seated crazy waiting to burst out... or something else did it to him.

Sam nods.

DEAN
What'd Gunderson tell you about the Asylum?

SAM
A lot.

EXT. ROOSEVELT ASYLUM - DAWN (DAY 3)

The Impala. Parked next to a rusty CHAIN-LINK FENCE. "NO TRESPASSING" SIGNS everywhere.

Sam and Dean scramble up and over the fence, easily.

INT. ROOSEVELT ASYLUM - FRONT LOBBY - DAWN

Sam and Dean enter. They approach the double door entrance to the South Wing, chain and padlock piled on the floor. "SOUTH WING" stenciled, dusty and faded, above the entrance.

SAM
...apparently, the cops chased the kids here, into the South Wing.

DEAN
(reacts to this)
The South Wing, huh?

SAM
What?

Dean pulls the journal from a JACKET POCKET. Opens it to the old Roosevelt Asylum article.
DEAN
1972. Three kids broke into the South Wing. Only one survived. Way he tells it, one of his friends went nuts and started lighting up the place.

SAM
So... whatever's going on... South Wing seems like the heart of it.

DEAN
But... if kids are always spelunking the Asylum... why aren't there a ton more deaths?

Sam points out the busted chain and padlock on the floor beside the South Wing doors.

SAM
Looks like these doors are usually chained. They might've been chained for years--

DEAN
Which keeps people out? Or keeps something in?

Sam and Dean trade looks. Then they enter the South Wing.

INT. ROOSEVELT ASYLUM - HALLWAY - SOUTH WING - DAWN

Sam and Dean head down the rotting hall. The air is thick, dusty. Dean holds out the EMF DETECTOR.

DEAN
(wry)
So tell me if you see any dead people, Haley Joel.

SAM
Dude. Enough.

DEAN
I'm serious. You gotta be careful. Ghosts are drawn to that whole E.S.P. thing you got going on.

SAM
I told you. It's not E.S.P. I just have... strange vibes sometimes. Weird dreams.
DEAN
Whatever. Don't ask, don't tell.

SAM
You getting any readings on that thing or not?

DEAN
Nope. But it doesn't mean nobody's home.

SAM
(nodding)
Spirits can appear during certain hours of the day.*

DEAN
The freaks come out at night.

Beat. Dean can't resist needling his brother.

DEAN
Hey, Sam. Who's the hottest psychic? Jennifer Love Hewitt, Patricia Arquette, or you?

Sam ignores him. The guys turn the corner, into--

INT. ELICOTT WARD - DAWN

A larger room. Rusted cots, medical equipment. Detritus strewn across the floor, some of it strangely poignant--a forgotten shoe. The plastic head of a doll.

CLOSE ON some rusty MACHINERY. Evidence of mid-century medical practices. Scary. Dean picks up an ELECTRODE.

DEAN
Electroshock. Lobotomies. They used to do some twisted stuff to people. Like my man Jack in "Cuckoo's Nest."

Sam's silent. Exploring the room. Something on his mind.

DEAN
So what do you think? The ghosts are possessing people?

SAM
Maybe. Or maybe it's more like Amityville or the Smurl Haunting--
DEAN

Spirits driving the people insane.
Like my man Jack in "The Shining."

Sam decides to speak his mind--

SAM

Dean... when are we gonna talk
about it?

DEAN

About what?

SAM

The fact that Dad's not here.

DEAN

Um... let's see... uh... never.

SAM

I'm being serious.

DEAN

So am I. Sam. He sent us here.
He wants us here. We'll just have
to pick up the search later.

SAM

It doesn't matter what he wants--

DEAN

See, that attitude? That's why I
always got the extra cookie.

SAM

Dad could be in trouble. We should
be looking for him. We deserve
some answers. I mean, this is our
family we're talking about--

DEAN

I understand... but look, he's
given us an order--

SAM

What, we always gotta follow Dad's
orders?

Dean looks at Sam like he's speaking Mandarin.

DEAN

'Course we do.
Meanwhile... Dean sees, behind some equipment... the edge of a SMALL, FADED SIGN. He SHOVES the equipment aside... wipes some dust and grime from the sign with his sleeve.

Revealing: "CHIEF OF STAFF - SANFORD ELLICOTT, M.D."

DEAN
We have to find out more about the South Wing. Whether something happened here.

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - WAITING ROOM - DAY

A tasteful, modern plaque on the wall. DR. JAMES ELLICOTT, CLINICAL PSYCHIATRY.

Sam sits in a generic doctor's waiting area. When DR. JAMES ELLICOTT, 50's, pokes his head into the room.

JAMES ELLICOTT
Sam Winchester?

SAM
That's me.

JAMES ELLICOTT
Come on in.

INT. JAMES ELLICOTT'S OFFICE - DAY

Modern shrink's office. Dr. Ellicott shows Sam to a chair.

SAM
Dr. Ellicott... that name... wasn't there a Dr. Sanford Ellicott? He was a Chief Psychiatrist somewhere?

James Ellicott glances at an OLD FRAMED PHOTO on his bookshelf... a head-and-shoulders of his father, SANFORD ELLICOTT. Laughing and cradling his toddler son.

JAMES ELLICOTT
My father was Chief of Staff at the old Roosevelt Asylum. How'd you know?

SAM
I'm kind of a local history buff. (fishing)
Hey... wasn't there some kind of incident or something? (MORE)
SAM (CONT'D)
In the hospital... the South Wing, I think?

James Ellicott gives a polite smile. Clearly, there's something here he doesn't want to talk about.

JAMES EL LICOTT
We're on your dollar, Sam. We're here to talk about you.

SAM
Oh. Yeah. Okay.

Beat.

JAMES EL LICOTT
So... how's things?

SAM
Good.

Beat.

JAMES EL LICOTT
What's been going on?

SAM
Um... I was just on a roadtrip. With my brother.

JAMES EL LICOTT
Yeah? Was that fun?

SAM
Loads. You know, met lots of interesting people, did lots of interesting things.

(then)
Now... what exactly did happen in the South Wing? I forget...

James Ellicott, ever the pro, just assumes that Sam's avoiding a personal conversation.

JAMES EL LICOTT
Look, if you're a local history buff, you know all about the Roosevelt riot.

SAM
The riot? No, I know, I'm just curious--
JAMES ELlICOTT
Let's cut the bull, shall we?
You're avoiding the subject.

SAM
What subject?

JAMES ELlICOTT
You. So I'll make you a deal.
I'll tell you all about Roosevelt
Asylum... if you tell me one honest
thing about yourself.

(then)
Like... this brother you're road-
tripping with... how do you feel
about him?

Sam takes a long beat with this. Inner gears turning--

EXT. MEDICAL CENTER - DAY

Sam emerges from the building. Dean was sitting on a bench,
now he stands, greets Sam. They move to the Impala--

DEAN
You were in there a long time...
what were you talking about?

SAM
You know. Just the hospital.

DEAN
And?

SAM
And the South Wing? It's where they
housed the real hard cases. The
psychotics, the criminally insane.

DEAN
Sounds cozy.

SAM
And one night in '64, they rioted.
Attacked staff, each other.

DEAN
The patients took over the Asylum.

SAM
Apparently.

(Continued)
DEAN
Any deaths?

SAM
(nods)
Some patients, some staff... I guess it was pretty gory. Some bodies were never even found-- including our Chief of Staff Ellicott.

DEAN
What do you mean, never found?

SAM
Cops scoured every inch of the place... but I guess the patients must've... stuffed... the bodies somewhere hidden.

DEAN
That is so grim, man.

SAM
After that, they transferred the surviving patients. Shut down the hospital for good.

DEAN
So to sum up-- we've got a bunch of violent deaths, a bunch of unrecovered bodies--

SAM
--which could mean a bunch of angry spirits.

DEAN
Good times. Let's hit the hospital tonight.

INT. ROOSEVELT ASYLUM - HALLWAY - SOUTH WING - NIGHT

We're JUST INSIDE the South Wing hall, looking out at the double door entrance. The doors are SHUT... but then they open, slow... and we expect to see Sam and Dean, on the hunt. But instead-- TWO TEENS enter the South Wing. GAVIN, 17, and his girlfriend KAT, 17. They each carry flashlights--

GAVIN
Check. This. Out. Creepy... yet terrifying.

(CONTINUED)
Gavin smiles big. Kat isn't as thrilled to be here--

KAT
I thought we were going to a movie.

GAVIN
This is better. It's like we're in a movie.

KAT
I can't believe you call this a "date."

INT. ROOSEVELT ASYLUM - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Flashlight BEAMS flare as Gavin and Kat appear. He seems to be quite enjoying himself... she holds tight to her flashlight, scanning about nervously. Suddenly--

GAVIN
... what's that?!

He's trying to scare her... and it works. She JUMPS.

GAVIN
(snickers, then)
Hey... look.

His flashlight lands on... AN OPEN DOOR. Which leads down a DARK, NARROW HALLWAY.

GAVIN
Come on... let's check it out.

KAT
I don't want to. Let's just go...

GAVIN
Come on!
(off her look)
Okay, okay. You can wait here...

KAT
Gavin, no.

GAVIN
I'm just gonna be a minute.
(with a grin)
Nothing's gonna getcha, promise.

He heads into the dark wing, leaving an anxious Kat behind...
INT. DARK HALLWAY - NIGHT

Gavin explores the black, dank hallway. He tries a metal DOOR... it CREAKS open. Gavin steps into...

INT. DARK ROOM

As Gavin scans the place... the door EASES SHUT -- it's on some kind of SPRING. Gavin doesn't really notice until...

... his FLASHLIGHT flickers... then GOES OUT. Plunging him into near-darkness, the only light in the room is moonlight seeping through MESH-BARRIED windows.

GAVIN

Dammit...

He SHAKES it, hoping the light will come back... when the DOOR opens behind him. He turns to see... KAT'S SILHOUETTE in the doorway.

GAVIN

Hey, sweetie. Couldn't take it, huh?

She doesn't say anything, lets the door EASE CLOSE behind her. Moves toward him, in the dark.

GAVIN

Hey...

Gavin is surprised as Kat SLIPS into his arms... and begins MAKING-OUT passionately. REALLY passionately. Both silhouetted now in the faint MOONLIGHT from the window. When... WE HEAR... from some distance away...

KAT'S VOICE

... Gav? Gavin, where are you?

ON GAVIN as he hears this... and realizes... IT'S NOT KAT HE'S KISSING. Oh, shit.

TERROR shows in his eyes. He pulls back from her embrace to see who it is, in the moonlight...

... a YOUNG FEMALE MENTAL PATIENT... a SPIRIT... whose face is a rotting DEATH MASK. GAVIN GASPS in HORROR!

END OF ACT ONE
ACT TWO

INT. ROOSEVELT ASYLUM - ENTRANCE TO SOUTH WING - NIGHT

We're INSIDE the South Wing. The double doors open... and this time, Sam and Dean enter.

Sam holds a powerful MAG LIGHT and his handheld VIDEO CAMERA (set to night vision). Dean holds an EMF Meter... and carries a DUFFLE BAG, hands free, strap slung across his chest. Like a messenger bag.

INT. ANOTHER HALLWAY - NIGHT

The boys round a corner. Heading deeper into the bowels of the building. Sam scans with his flashlight.

SAM
You getting readings?

DEAN
Big time.

Sam checks his VIDEO SCREEN.

ON THE SCREEN. Invisible to the naked eye-- dozens of TINY LIGHT SPOTS drifting like FIREFLIES.

SAM
This place is orb ing like crazy.

DEAN
We've probably got multiple spirits out and about.

SAM
And these unrecovered bodies... if they're the source of the haunting--

DEAN
We gotta find 'em and burn 'em.
Just be careful. Only thing makes me more nervous than a pissed-off spirit... is the pissed-off spirit of a psycho killer.

They continue their search when, suddenly--

ANGLE. We're BEHIND the BOYS as... SOMETHING DARK SCUTTLES between us and them! They hear it, too, SPINNING. Hitting us with Sam's flashlight--

REVERSE - POV
An empty hallway. Creepy.

Sam and Dean continue on. Cautious. Wary. As they do, we PUSH IN ON... a METAL SINK set in one wall.

In the dim light... we can JUST SEE... there's someone CRAMMED SIDEWAYS UNDERNEATH the sink... whose head SHAKES, otherworldly, jerky (shot with a ramped camera)... in some kind of severe SILENT SEIZURE.

INT. ELLICOTT WARD - NIGHT

The guys enter the larger room. It's silent. Eerie.

Dean investigates further...stepping into an adjacent room...

WITH SAM. Still pointing his video camera, peering at the large Night Vision screen. There's seemingly nothing in front of him... he pivots, panning the camera with him. Nothing behind him, either. So he pivots back again.

CLOSE ON VIDEO SCREEN. The camera PANS, suddenly picking up-- a TORSO, in CU, right in front of Sam... someone wearing a filthy HOSPITAL GOWN...

Sam GASPS! Looks up from the video screen... and SUDDENLY there's an ancient, wrinkled, DEAD OLD WOMAN-- directly in front of him. Long, ratty hair down her back. Blood seeping from strange lobotomy scars.

Sam involuntarily stumbles back from her--

SAM

Dean! The salt gun!

She rushes Sam. Her movements jerky, otherworldly stutter steps. Sam backs from her-- finds himself against the wall.

Dean plunges into the room, sees the spirit. Drops the duffel, YANKS out a SAWED-OFF SHOTGUN. He aims... but he doesn't have a shot, not without hitting Sam.

Now the ghoul is right in Sam's face, SCREAMING without moving her mouth.

CLOSE ON SAM. Scared... but with growing curiosity. Why isn't she trying to hurt him?

CLOSE ON SPIRIT. As we RAPIDLY WIDEN to reveal... Dean's now got the SAWED OFF aimed right at her temple.
DEAN
Sam! Down!

Sam drops, covers his face, and Dean FIRES! BOOM! The spirit immediately disappears.

Dean helps Sam to his feet. The brothers trade looks. A dust-settling beat. Then—

SAM
That was weird.

DEAN
Gee, you think?

INT. ROOSEVELT ASYLUM – ANOTHER CORRIDOR – NIGHT

Sam and Dean continue their search.

SAM
No, I mean, it was weird that she didn’t attack me.

DEAN
Looked pretty agro from where I was standing.

SAM
(shakes his head)
She didn’t hurt me. She didn’t even try.
(then)
So if she didn’t want to hurt me... then what did she want?

When... they hear a NOISE from nearby. The SQUEAK of moved furniture. Sam and Dean turn toward the sound, sending their flashlight BEAMS to illuminate...

... a MEDICAL CART. Rusty, decrepit. There’s something behind it... a FIGURE, obscured by the EQUIPMENT and SUPPLIES stacked on the cart.

Sam and Dean share a look, Dean giving Sam a hand-signal — you take one end, I’ll get the other...

The boys approach the cart... the figure doesn’t move...

Just as Sam and Dean are upon the thing... Dean reaches out, takes hold of the cart... and YANKS it aside with a loud CLATTER. The figure SCREAMS...
... their flashlights hit it as it turns to face them -- it's KAT, the teenager. Looking terrified.

DEAN
We're not gonna hurt you... it's okay, it's okay...

She begins to notice they are not the ghouls she's presumably been seeing. She begins to weep...

DEAN
(soothing her)
Hey, hey. Just... tell us your name, okay?

KAT
Katherine... Kat.

DEAN
I'm Dean... that's Sam.

SAM
What are you doing here?

She's still breathless... but calming some in the presence of the boys.

KAT
My boyfriend... Gavin...

DEAN
Is he here?

KAT
Somewhere... he thought it would be funny... try and see some ghosts... (really troubled)
... I thought it was all... just, you know. Pretend... (then, quiet)
...but I've seen things... I heard Gavin scream...

DEAN
Listen. Kat. Sam's gonna take you out of here. Then we'll find your boyfriend, okay?

Kat takes this in... and her head clears a little. She begins to understand what he means and has a definite opinion about it.

(CONTINUED)
KAT
No...
(off their look)
... I'm not gonna leave without
Gavin. I'm coming with you.

DEAN
Look, it's no joke around here.
It's dangerous.

KAT
(with determination)
That's why I gotta find him.

Dean sighs. Then he gives Sam a look -- the girl's very
brave-- and very stubborn.

DEAN
Guess we better split up...

CUT TO:

EXT. ROOSEVELT ASYLUM - WIDE ON THE ASYLUM - NIGHT
We see a FLICKER of a FLASHLIGHT BEAM in a WINDOW...

INT. ELRICOTT WING - CORRIDOR - NIGHT
Sam makes his way alone down the dark hallway. Shining his
light around...

SAM
Gavin... Gavin?

WIDE ON HALLWAY... as Sam searches... his mag-light BEAM
piercing the darkness...

CUT TO:

INT. ELRICOTT WING - ANOTHER CORRIDOR - NIGHT
Dean searches as well. The only difference being, he got the
short straw and is escorting Kat. Who still looks nervous.

KAT
(calling out)
Gavin... it's me...

They climb over some detritus, working their way through the
dark maze of corridors. After a beat:
DEAN
I got a question for you. You seen a lot of horror movies?

KAT
I guess so.

DEAN
Do me a favor. Next time you see one... pay attention.
(off her look)
When someone says the place is haunted... don't go in.

INT. ELICOTT WING - CORRIDOR - SAM
Continues his search... when he hears a NOISE... shines his light into...

INT. TUB ROOM
Floor to ceiling tiles, stained with... something. Sam steps in, cautious. His light glancing off the grimy-white walls... landing on a FIGURE. A TEENAGE BOY, sprawled on the floor, unconscious. Gavin. A thin trickle of blood coming from his forehead.

Sam moves over... gently shakes the kid...

SAM
Gavin... Gavin.

With a START, Gavin GASPS awake-- immediately scuttles back from Sam, disoriented and frightened.

SAM
It's okay, man. I'm here to help.

GAVIN
(shaking cobwebs)
Who are you?

SAM
My name's Sam. We found your girlfriend.

GAVIN
Kat? Is she alright?

SAM
Just worried about you. You okay?

(CONTINUED)
Gavin touches his forehead. Winces.

GAVIN
I was running. I think I fell.

SAM
What were you running from?

GAVIN
(remembers)
There was... there was this girl... her face, it was... all messed up.

SAM
Listen. This girl... did she try to hurt you?

GAVIN
What? No. She...

SAM
She what?

Gavin takes a beat here. He doesn't want to say it. Sickened and embarrassed.

GAVIN
She kissed me.

Sam raises an eyebrow at this.

SAM
But... she didn't hurt you, physically?

GAVIN
Dude. She kissed me. I'm scared for life.

SAM
Trust me, it could've been worse. (beat) Anything else you remember?

GAVIN
She... actually, she tried to whisper something in my ear.

SAM
What?
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CONTINUED: (2)

GAVIN
I dunno, I ran like hell.

INT. ELLICOTT WING - ANOTHER CORRIDOR

Dean and Kat are still searching. Dean slows as his MAG-LIGHT begins to FLICKER...

DEAN
Sonofabitch...

He shakes it a bit... of course, we know this spells trouble. Then, the light GOES OUT. Plunging them both into near-darkness. Kat GASPS.

DEAN
It's okay. I've got a lighter...

CLOSE ON KAT

A silhouette against the window. She reacts to Dean grabbing her forearm.

KAT
Ow. You're hurting my arm.

DEAN
What are you talking about?

Kat looks to the SOUND of Dean's voice... and realizes he's SEVERAL FEET AWAY. Then... WHO'S HOLDING HER ARM SO TIGHT?

KAT looks to her arm as...

Dean's lighter FLICKERS on, revealing...

A GHOSTLY, DEFORMED FIGURE suddenly YANKS KAT through an open doorway and into a dark ROOM. Dean steps to follow... when the heavy metal DOOR SWINGS SHUT, blocking his way.

OFF Dean, hearing Kat SCREAM from inside...

BLACKOUT.

END OF ACT TWO
ACT THREE

39
INT. ASYLUM HALLWAY – NIGHT

Dean, urgent, GRIPS and RATTLES the handle of the HEAVY CLOSED DOOR. Strains to open it. No good. Shut tight.

DEAN
Kat! Hold on!

Dean snags a CROWBAR from his DUFFLE.

40
INT. ROOM – NIGHT

Kat. Practically CLAWING at the door. Desperate to get out, frantic and terrified.

KAT
Let me out! Please!

The room is pitch black, save for shafts of silver moonlight through the barred window.

And over Kat's shoulder-- the SPIRIT approaches. Moving in and out of darkness and moonlight. Filthy, bloody hospital pajamas. It suffers a craniofacial deformity, like hypertelorism or Treacher Collins Syndrome. It flutters and quivers unnaturally, faster than the eye can see-- think "Jacob's Ladder."

KAT
Hurry!

When she peers over her shoulder at the room-- and she can't see the spirit. It's seemingly gone.

41
INT. ASYLUM HALLWAY – NIGHT

Dean PRIES at the door with the CROWBAR... GRUNTING at the effort. It doesn't do any good, door's too heavy.

42
INT. ROOM – NIGHT

A chilling moment of quiet. Kat scans the room.

Nothing. Only darkness.

CLOSE ON KAT. A beat. Anoth--

We RAPIDLY PAN OVER, revealing the spirit is RIGHT BESIDE HER! It's craning for her ear... to kiss her? Whisper something?
Kat SCREAMS, stumbles to the other side of the room, vainly sliding a rusty cot in the spirit's way.

The spirit approaches... Kat isn't screaming, but she's breathing fast and shallow, crying with fear and panic.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Dean keeps swinging, when--

SAM
What's going on?

Sam SPRINTS UP, with Gavin.

DEAN
She's inside with one of 'em.

GAVIN
Kat!

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. ROOM - NIGHT

KAT
Help me!

By this point, Kat is scrambling around the room like a panicked animal, just trying to get away from the apparition. But she can't escape it... it's everywhere at once... she backs away from it... only to realize it's suddenly RIGHT BEHIND HER. So she scrambles away again. This continues, as--

SAM
Kat. It's not gonna hurt you!

KAT
Get me out of here!

SAM
Listen to me! You have to calm down. You have to face it.

DEAN
She's gotta what?

KAT
I have to what?!
SAM
These spirits... they're not trying to hurt us. I think they're trying to communicate.

(then)
You gotta face it. Listen to it.

KAT
You face it!

SAM
It's the only way you're gonna get out of there.

KAT
No!

SAM
(coaching)
Just look at it, that's all. Come on. You can do it.

Kat is backed against a wall at this point, trembling, her face turned away from the apparition. When she summons all her will... and she turns toward the approaching spirit.

For the first time, she fixes her gaze on it. Her face is etched in terror, but she doesn't turn away--

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT
Sam, Dean, and Gavin. They listen to... SILENCE. Nothing. No sound in that room. A long beat.

GAVIN
Kat...?

There's no answer.

DEAN
I hope you're right about this.

SAM
Me, too.

Another long beat. Then--

CREEEAK. The door opens, by itself. And Kat emerges. The room is now empty behind her, the spirit gone.

Kat seems a little shell shocked... but she's alive. She just looks at them.
GAVIN
Kat...?
KAT
137.
DEAN
Sorry?
KAT
It whispered in my ear. 137.

Dean and Sam look at each other. And it occurs to them... at the same time.

SAM AND DEAN
Room number.

Gavin sweetly brushes Kat's hair out of her face, etc., makes sure she's okay. The boys step to the side, quietly confer--

SAM
So if these spirits aren't hurting anyone...?

DEAN
Then what is?

SAM
Maybe that's what they've been trying to tell us.

DEAN
We'll see, I guess.
(to Kat and Gavin)
So... I take it now you guys are ready to leave?

KAT
That's an understatement.

DEAN
You get 'em outta here. I'll go find Room 137.

INT. ANOTHER HALLWAY - NIGHT

Sam now carries the duffle on his back, strap across his chest. He sweeps his flashlight, moves with Kat and Gavin down the murky hall, toward the South Wing entrance.
KAT
So... how do you guys know about all this ghost stuff?

SAM
It's kind of our job.

KAT
Why would anyone want a job like that?

SAM
(dry)
I had a crappy guidance counselor.

KAT
And Dean... he's your boss?

SAM
(after a beat)
No.

Just then... the group rounds the hallway corner. Revealing the ENTRANCE to the SOUTH WING. Sam pulls on the door. But it won't open.

It's SHUT TIGHT-- held that way by unnatural force.

SAM
We have a small problem.

Gavin pounds on the door. Gives it a swift kick.

GAVIN
Let's break it down.

SAM
I don't think that's gonna work.

GAVIN
Then... a window.

KAT
They're barred.

GAVIN
Well, how are we supposed to get out?

SAM
That's the point. We're not.

(then)
(MORE)
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CONTINUED: (2)

SAM (CONT'D)
There's something in here... that doesn't want us to leave.

KAT
What, those patients?

SAM
No. Something else.

47

INT. ANOTHER HALLWAY - NIGHT

Dean, flashlight in one hand, sawed-off in the other, moves down the black hall. Trying to decipher the FADED ROOM NUMBERS on the passing doors. Until he discovers--

ROOM 137. He enters, into--

48

INT. ROOM 137 - NIGHT

The room is different from the others. It's a moldy OFFICE. There's an overturned DESK, a rusty FILE CABINET.

Amidst the junk, papers, etc., on the floor, Dean spots something that reflects the GLINT of his flashlight.

Dean steps over. It's a dull BRASS NAMEPLATE, used for desktops--

"DR. SANFORD ELICOTT."

Dean sweeps the flashlight across the floor, which is divided into large linoleum tiles. At first, he doesn't notice anything... but then he skims the flashlight back to a particular tile... and now he sees it--

This ONE TILE is set different from the others. Its linoleum is warped... buckling up at the edges.

Dean crouches down. Pulls at the tile. And it LIFTS RIGHT UP. Revealing a HOLE in the floor, pipes exposed. As if someone created a makeshift secret compartment.

And inside the compartment... an OLD, LEATHER BOUND BOOK.

DEAN
This is why I get paid the big bucks.

Dean pulls the book out, opens it, points the flashlight at the pages...

INSERT - THE BOOK

(CONTINUED)
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CONTINUED:

48

Scribbled in cursive on the first page-- "PATIENTS LOG."


DEAN
Huh. I guess all work and no play makes Dr. Ellicott a dull boy.

HAND HELD POV. FROM THE HALLWAY. Is something peeking around the corner... watching Dean?

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT - WITH KAT AND GAVIN

They're waiting in the hall... as Sam rounds the corner, approaches them.

SAM
I checked everywhere. There's no other way out.

GAVIN
(getting upset)
So what the hell are we gonna do?

SAM
For starters, we're not gonna panic.

GAVIN
Why the hell not?

Just then... Sam's CELL PHONE RINGS... he checks the CALLER I.D. DEAN CALLING.

SAM
Hey.

DEAN'S VOICE
(desperate, ragged)
Sam! It's me... I see it... it's coming at me!

SAM
Where are you?

DEAN'S VOICE
I'm in the basement, hurry!

Dean's voice CUTS OUT. Sam turns to the kids, with URGENCY.

(CONTINUED)
SAM
Can either of you handle a shotgun?

GAVIN
(of course not)

What? No.
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CONTINUED: (2)

KAT

I can.

Gavin turns to Kat. Surprised. Kat shrugs.

KAT

My Dad took me skeet shooting a few times.

From the DUFFLE, Sam hands Kat a SHOTGUN. Then, as he speaks, he snags another-- a SAWED-OFF SHOTGUN-- for himself. He leaves the duffle on the floor in front of Gavin and Kat.

SAM

It's loaded with rock salt. It might not kill a spirit... but it'll repel it. If something comes at you, shoot...

KAT

Okay.

Sam gives them one last nod... then takes off down the hall.

INT. BASEMENT HALLWAY - NIGHT

Sam hustles down some steps. Moves, quick and concerned, into the pitch black hall.

SAM

Dean? Dean?

He searches through the darkness. He checks the doors with his flashlight. All of them are SHUT. Except one. The SAME ONE the Rookie entered in the Teaser. Sam steps inside--

INT. BASEMENT ROOM - NIGHT

It's another ruined, rotting room. And seemingly EMPTY. Sam performs a quick survey, then turns to exit, when... his flashlight FLICKERS. Then goes dead.

Then over his shoulder-- CREEEAK.

INSIDE THE OPEN CLOSET. A smaller HIDDEN DOOR, like a false backing. It opens by itself (this is the same HIDDEN DOOR that opened in the Teaser)--

Sam regards this. Thinking. Knowing full well this might be a trap. But his brother's life might be at stake. Sam makes sure his SAWED-OFF is locked and loaded. And then he moves forward. Entering the dark, secret doorway.
OMIT

INT. SECRET ROOM - NIGHT


SAM

Dean...?

When... to his side... a FIGURE walks behind the curtains, blurred and indistinct. Sam gasps, spins! But there's no discernible figure behind the plastic.

He approaches the curtains... shotgun at the ready... closer... closer... he reaches out... WHIPS the CURTAINS ASIDE! Nothing behind them. Besides a filthy cot, with barbaric-looking leather straps.

Then Sam turns... DIRECTLY INTO DR. ELLICOTT! Ellicott LUNGES out... grips the sides of Sam's head. Sam HOWLS in pain... as if ELECTRIC SHOCKS were coursing through his skull. (And maybe his skin glows where Ellicott touches him).

Ellicott wears a blood spattered doctor's smock. And he's MISSING ONE EYE. With a gentle, sonorous voice--

DR. ELLICOTT
Don't be afraid. I'm going to help you. I'm going to make you alllll better.

BLACKOUT.

END OF ACT THREE
ACT FOUR

INT. ELLICOTT WING - AT THE ENTRANCE - NIGHT

Gavin and Kat alone. Huddled near the still-closed exit door. Kat holds the shotgun at the ready.

KAT

Hey, Gavin?

GA VIN

Yeah?

KAT

If we make it out of here alive.... we are so breaking up.

Before he can respond... Kat hears a NOISE.

KAT

D'you hear that?

GA VIN

Something's coming...

Kat checks the gun -- puts her finger on the trigger.

ANOTHER NOISE... closer. They hold their breath. Gavin sees...

... a SHADOW MOVING coming around a corner. He nudges Kat, she sees it now, too... Kat takes aim... her finger SQUEEZES the TRIGGER as...

... DEAN APPEARS from the darkness. He spies the gun barrel and DUCKS just as... BLAM! The salt-plug SHATTERS on the wall above his head, with violent impact.

DEAN

... damn, DAMN! Don't shoot! It's me, dammit...!

KAT

Sorry, sorry...

DEAN

What are you still doing here? Where's Sam?

GA VIN

He went to the basement. You called him...
"Asylum"

CONTINUED:

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DEAN
I didn't call him.

KAT
His cell rang. He said it was you...

Dean takes this in. Then:

DEAN
Basement, huh?

Dean still carries the shotgun. From the duffle (Sam left it behind) Dean snags a pistol, puts it in his waistband. Then he slings the duffle over his shoulder.

DEAN
Watch yourselves. And watch out for me...

And he's gone, heading back the way he came. OFF Kat and Gavin, sharing a LOOK...

INT. BASEMENT - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Dean moves down the steps, cautious. Keeping his eyes open for his brother -- and for anything else.

DEAN
Sammy... hey, Sam. You down here?

No response. As Dean continues, watchful, tense...

INT. ANOTHER BASEMENT CORRIDOR - MOMENTS LATER

Dean comes around a corner... scanning with his mag-lite BEAM... surprised as the beam lands on... SAM.

Sam holds his SAWED-OFF ROCK SALT SHOTGUN. At this point, Sam's acting calm. Normal (which is important, so Dean doesn't suspect anything).

DEAN
Sam. You alright?

SAM
I'm fine.

DEAN
You know, that wasn't me who called you on your cell.

(CONTINUED)
SAM
Yeah, I think something lured me
down here.

DEAN
And I think I know who-- Dr.
Ellicott. That's what the other
spirits were trying to tell us.
You haven't seen him?

SAM
No.
(them)
How do you know it's him?

DEAN
I found his log book... he was
experimenting on his patients.
Awful stuff. Makes lobotomies look
like a coupla aspirin.

SAM
But it was the patients who rioted--

DEAN
Yeah, I think they were rioting
against Ellicott.
(them)
Dr. Feelgood was working on some
kind of extreme rage therapy. He
thought if his patients could vent
their anger, they'd be cured of it.
But instead, he was only making 'em
worse and worse, angrier and
angrier.

(beat)
So what if his spirit's been doing
the same thing? To the cop? To
those kids in the 70's? Making 'em
so angry, they're homicidal?

Dean moves down the hall. Searching. Sam follows.

DEAN
Come on. We gotta find Ellicott's
bones and torch 'em.

SAM
How? Police never found his body.

(continued)
DEAN
His log book said he had some hidden "procedure" room down here, where he'd "work" on his patients. So if I were a patient... maybe I'd drag him back there and work on him a little...

SAM
I dunno. It sounds kinda--

DEAN
Crazy? Yeah. Totally.

Dean continues on. Finds the one open door in the entire hall. Steps into--

INT. BASEMENT ROOM - NIGHT

The room with the hidden door in the closet. Dean shines his light around, exploring. Sam steps up behind--

SAM
But I looked all over. I never found a hidden room.

DEAN
--And that's why they call it "hidden."
(he stops)
You hear that?

SAM
What?

DEAN
Shhh.

Dean listens. We can hear it now, too-- a low, steady WHOOSH of wind. Dean follows the sound source...

To the closet. He sees--

POV. A tiny CRACK-- the bottom edge of the hidden CLOSED DOOR. Air from behind is lightly fluttering out.

DEAN
There's a door here--

SAM (O.S.)

Dean.
Dean pivots to reveal... Sam AIMING the sawed-off shotgun... right at Dean's chest.

SAM
Step back from that door.

A thin line of blood trickles from Sam's nose. He wipes it away. Dean speaks calmly. Making no sudden moves.

DEAN
Sam. Put the gun down.

SAM
Is that an order?

DEAN
...call it a friendly request.

SAM
'Cause I'm getting pretty tired of taking your orders.

DEAN
Man, I knew it. Ellicott did something to you.

SAM
For once in your life... just shut your mouth.

DEAN
What are you gonna do, Sam? The gun's loaded with rock salt. It's not gonna kill me.

SAM
No.
   (then)
But it'll hurt like hell.

BANG! Sam FIRES, NAILING Dean square in the chest! Dean RATCHETS back, SPLINTERING THROUGH the hidden door!

BLACKOUT.

END OF ACT FOUR
ACT FIVE

INT. HIDDEN ROOM - NIGHT

Dean. On the floor of the hidden, disturbing medical room. Bruised ribs, sputtering for air. Rock salt isn't lethal, but it packs a helluva punch. His shotgun is just out of arm's reach. He looks up, desperate, at Sam--

DEAN

Sam. We gotta burn Ellicott's bones. And this'll be over, you'll go back to normal.

SAM

Oh, I'm normal. I'm just telling the truth for the first time.

Sam approaches a weakened Dean. Is he going to shoot again?

SAM

I mean, why are we even here, Dean? Because you're following Dad's orders like a good little soldier? 'Cause you always do what he says without question? You that desperate for his approval?

DEAN

This isn't you talking, Sam.

SAM

See, that's the difference between you and me... I actually have a mind of my own. I'm not pathetic.

By now, Sam is standing right over Dean.

DEAN

So, what, you're gonna kill me?

SAM

I'm sick of you telling me what to do. I mean, we're no closer to finding Dad today than we were six months ago!

DEAN

Then here. Lemme make it easy for you.

Dean reaches into his waistband, removes his PISTOL. Holds it out.

(CONTINUED)
DEAN
Take it. Bullets'll work a helluva lot better than rock salt.

Sam takes a beat. Even amused at this. He tosses the shotgun. Takes the gun. Points it at Dean.

DEAN
You really hate me that much? You think you can kill your own brother? Then go ahead.

(beat)
Pull the trigger. Do it.

CLOSE ON SAM. Thinking. Do we detect an inner struggle? A long beat... then...

CLOSE ON TRIGGER. Nope. No inner struggle. Sam PULLS the trigger. Again and again and again.

Click, click, click. Gun's not loaded.

For a half beat, Sam's bewildered-- and that's when Dean SWEEPS his legs out, KNOCKING Sam to the floor-- OOF! With a hard PUNCH, Dean knocks Sam unconscious.

Sam's out cold. Dean rises to his feet. Dust-settling beat. *
Dean speaks with REGRET here... he just knocked his brother out, and it wasn't easy for him.

DEAN
Sorry, Sammy. But I'm not handing you a loaded pistol. *

MOMENTS LATER

Dean searches the room. Mag light in one hand, sawed-off at the ready... duffle slung over his chest.

The greasy curtains create a maze of partitions. Dean WHIPS curtains aside, searching for Ellicott's remains... all he sees are empty cots... creepy metallic operating tables.

It's dead silent.

BEHIND DEAN. A dark FIGURE WIPES past, behind a curtain. Dean never sees it.

He whips yet another curtain aside. No remains, no bodies anywhere. His eyes scour the room, frustrated. Maybe it's just not here-- when he stops. Spotting something.
A SMALL, METALLIC SURGICAL CABINET, doors shut. But Dean spies a detail—
CLOSE ON. The bottom edge of the cabinet door. A small tuft of hair sticks out.

Dean approaches... slowly opens the cabinet, revealing--


DEAN
That's just gross.

Without a moment to spare, Dean drops the duffle. Pulls out some salt, sprinkles it over the corpse. Then douses it with lighter fluid.

Then... Dean's MAG-LIGHT FLICKERS... Dean notices, but not quickly enough--

WHAM! A STEEL TABLE SLAMS into Dean broadside-- knocks him to the ground. His sawed-off skitters away.

CLOSE ON DEAN. Wind knocked out of him. When the CAMERA QUICKLY WIDENS to reveal-- Ellicott's HUNCSED RIGHT OVER HIM!

Ellicott GRIPS the sides of Dean's head. Dean HOWLS in pain. Face to creepy face... Ellicott is genuine. Even kindly--

DR. ELLICOTT
Don't be afraid. I'm going to help you. I'm going to make you allll better.

CLOSE ON DEAN'S HAND. As he reaches out... straining... straining for the DUFFLE. It's just out of reach. He brushes the straps with his fingers...

His eyes flutter. He's losing consciousness. He's GASPING in excruciating pain.

Finally... he's able to drag the duffle closer-- he plunges his hand in... and pulls out a ZIPPO. He flicks the lighter to life... a thick, greasy flame. Which Dean flips through the air--

The Zippo lands inside the cabinet. Two points. The corpse TORCHES--

Ellicott's spirit SCREAMS, though his mouth doesn't move. An otherworldly SCREECHING. He seems to blacken and char and then finally disappears, blowing away like black paper.
Dean sits up. Gasping. Catching his breath.

ANGLE ON SAM

On the floor. At this exact moment... he begins to blink awake. Regaining consciousness. He sits up... just as Dean approaches. Cautious. (But he doesn't have his shotgun pointed at Sam or anything like that).

DEAN
You're not gonna try to kill me again, are you?

SAM
No.

DEAN
Good. 'Cause that would be awkward.

EXT. ROOSEVELT ASYLUM - MORNING (DAY 4)

Dawn finally breaks. Back on the safe side of the fence, Sam and Dean stand with Kat and Gavin--

KAT
Thanks, guys.

GAVIN
Yeah, thanks.

DEAN
Just... no more haunted asylums, okay?

Gavin and Kat nod, turn. Heading to Gavin's CAMRY (or some equivalent high school kid's car). Gavin puts his arm around Kat's shoulder. She removes it. Relationship over.

Sam and Dean turn. Heading to the Impala. Sam still feels a bit shaky.

SAM
Dean. I'm sorry.
(Dean stops, looks at him)
I said some awful things back there.

DEAN
You remember all that?
SAM
Yeah. It's like I couldn't control it. But I didn't mean it, any of it.

CLOSE ON DEAN. He keeps it subtle... but he isn't so sure...
Sam's words had an effect on him.

DEAN
You didn't, huh?

SAM
No. Of course not.
(searches Dean's face)
Do we need to talk about this?

DEAN
Look, I'm not really in a "sharing and caring" kinda mood. I just wanna get some sleep, okay?

INT. MOTEL ROOM - DAY

The room's dark. Sunlight dampened behind closed, cheap motel curtains. Dean sleeps in one bed. Sam is wide awake in the other. Staring at the ceiling. Troubled. Thinking. About the day's events. When--

RIING. Dean's cell. On the nighstand between the beds. That same tinny classic rock tune. Sam's stomach drops... he's tense... he knows it might be another text message...

SAM
Dean?

Dean's still asleep. Sam reaches over to the bedstand. Checks the caller I.D. It's not a text message. Not this time. Sam answers.

SAM
Hello?

Sam sits upright. Shocked.

SAM
Dad?

BLACKOUT.

TO BE CONTINUED...