SUPERNATURAL

Episode #211

"Playthings"

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Episode #211  "Playthings"

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SAM WINCHESTER
DEAN WINCHESTER

SUSAN THOMPSON
TYLER THOMPSON
GRANDMA ROSE THOMPSON
MAGGIE
LARRY WILLIAMS
ROBERT CARLTON
SHERWIN

JARED PADALECKI
JENSEN ACKLES

MATUREA FEDOR

CONCHITA CAMPBELL
JONATHAN BRUCE
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EXT. PIERPONT INN - DAY
SUPER TITLE: CORNWALL, CONNECTICUT

EXT. PIERPONT INN - NIGHT (DAY 1)

We're outside a gloomy old MANSION... now a dying hotel. The trees are bare. An old-fashioned WOODEN SIGN - "PIERPONT INN, VACANCY" - SHIVERS in the WIND, SQUEAKING on its rusty hinges. A N.D. TRUCK is parked by the front door.

INT. PIERPONT INN - MAIN LOBBY - NIGHT

MONTAGE OF CLOSE UPS. A SERIES of FRAMED PHOTOS on the walls. Many are vaguely ominous, sepia-toned portraits from the early 1900's. The dead, staring grim-faced and dull-eyed, out from the great beyond.

The FRAMED PHOTOS are EVERYWHERE-- covering the walls of the front lobby. Faded Victorian décor. The place was elegant once... now it's just creepy. Antique furniture. Old curios on tabletops.

It's the off season; the place is pretty deserted.

SUSAN THOMPSON (30, attractive, harried single Mom) heads for the grand staircase with LARRY, a burly Goodwill delivery man.

SUSAN
Most of the stuff is up here.

LARRY
I still can't believe you're closing, Ms. Thompson...

As they climb the steps--

LARRY
... you know, my parents got engaged here. Grandparents, too.

Susan nods, a brief pang of regret, then:

SUSAN
A lot of people did.

(then)
Boxes are at the end of the hall. Need any help?
LARRY
No, ma'am, I got it.

Larry heads up the upstairs hall, PASSING--

TYLER THOMPSON, 9, and MAGGIE, 10. They sit on the floor of
the upper landing, feet dangling through the stairway railing
bars. Tyler looks up at her Mother, pleading--

TYLER
He's gonna take our toys?

SUSAN
Only the ones you don't play with
anymore. And it's not like you
don't have enough already--

MAGGIE
(quietly)
Son of a bitch.

TYLER
(louder)
Son of a bitch!

SUSAN
Watch your mouth.

TYLER
Maggie said it first.

SUSAN
(as she heads down steps)
You watch your mouth too, Maggie.

INT. THOMPSONS' APARTMENT - NIGHT - MOMENTS LATER

The girls enter. In the dimly lit main room we see a couple
more packing boxes.

MONTAGE OF CLOSE-UPS. ANTIQUE DOLLS... porcelain dolls,
wooden dolls, cloth dolls... fill the shelves and cabinets
around the room. They peer at us from everywhere with their
black, dead, glassy eyes...

A few other faded, slightly rusted, old-fashioned TOYS (like
tinkle tonks, whirligigs, and wind-up animals) litter the
ground, lifeless, spread before the main attraction-- a huge,
ornate DOLLHOUSE - a REPLICA of this very hotel.

Tyler goes over to the dollhouse, but Maggie heads for a
CLOSED SIDE DOOR.

(CONTINUED)
TYLER
(quickly)
Maggie, don’t. You’re not supposed
to bother Grandma.

MAGGIE
I won’t.

But Maggie opens the door, revealing a DARK STAIRWAY. And
begins to climb the steps up to Grandma’s room, anyway.

Tyler turns back to her dolls. HUMMING SOFTLY to herself,
she picks up HERBERT, a dollhouse doll. Herbert is a few
inches high... and easily 50 years old. His facial features
have faded, his cloth clothing is ratty.

Tyler sets him on a little ROCKING CHAIR in the DOLLHOUSE
SITTING ROOM. Upstairs.

Tyler then takes BABY TABITHA, another dollhouse doll, and
puts her in an upstairs nursery. In a crib.

TYLER
Good night, Tabitha.

Then Tyler hears... or senses... something. She looks back
at the UPSTAIRS SITTING ROOM - and the little ROCKING CHAIR
is empty, still, unmoving. Weird - where did Herbert go?

A beat or two, as Tyler searches for him. Then...

Even weirder: when Tyler looks over at the DOLLHOUSE LOBBY
(FAR from the sitting room), she finds Herbert there - lying
on the floor at the foot of the grand stairway.

TYLER
How’d you get over there?

And weirdest of all... Herbert’s HEAD is TWISTED ALL THE WAY
AROUND - 180 DEGREES. Tyler picks him up... regards him,
curious.

Suddenly, from downstairs: an earsplitting WOMAN’S SCREAM.

Tyler goes out to the hall...

INT. AT THE TOP OF THE STAIRS - CONTINUOUS

Tyler looks down the staircase:

Larry is lying at the foot of the stairs, on his SIDE. Not
moving.

(Continued)
He's surrounded by TOYS that spilled from the boxes when he fell down the steps. Susan stands above him, horrified...

CLOSE ON LARRY'S HEAD: it's hideously, impossibly, TWISTED AROUND. 180 DEGREES. Blood pools, and bone juts, from his WRENCHED, BROKEN NECK.

Susan is there, on the cordless, calling 9-1-1.

Susan spots a shocked, blank-faced Tyler at the top of the stairs-- Susan SHOUTS at her--

SUSAN

Tyler! Don't look! Don't look!!

CAMERA FINDS a SPRAWLED DOLL, among the other toys, on the floor beside Larry's broken body. A CRACK down its porcelain face.

Off this haunting image, we--

BLACKOUT.

END OF TEASER
ACT ONE

SUPER TITLE: PEORIA, ILLINOIS

INT. SAM AND DEAN’S MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT (DAY 2)

DEAN enters. SAM is already inside, at the cheap motel desk. He’s on his cell, jotting down notes on a motel note pad.

SAM
(into the phone)
Yeah... okay. Thanks, Ellen.

He snaps the phone shut.

DEAN
What’d she have to say?

SAM
Ash has been hacking every database he can think of—fed, state and local. No one’s heard a thing about Ava. She’s just... into thin air...

(beat)
What about you?

DEAN
Still nothing. Same as before. Sorry, Sam.

Sam nods his appreciation. But he’s frustrated. Then--

SAM
Ellen did have one thing.

DEAN
What’s that?

SAM
A hotel in Cornwall, Connecticut. Two freak accidents in the past three weeks.

DEAN
What’s this have to do with Ava?

SAM
(shakes head, it doesn’t)
It’s a job. A lady drowned in the bathtub. Then few days ago, a man fell down the stairs, head turns a complete 180.

(MORE)
SAM (cont'd)
Which isn't exactly normal--
(then)
I don't know, might be nothing...
but I told Ellen we'd think about
checking it out.

DEAN
You did?

SAM
You sound surprised.

DEAN
I guess I am. I mean, it's not
really the patented Sam Winchester
way, is it?

SAM
And what way is that?

DEAN
Well... after Ava, I figured
there'd be more... you know, angst
and droopy music and staring out
rainy windows and...
(sees Sam staring at him;
a deadpan beat)
I'll shut up now.

Sam takes a sincere beat.

SAM
Look. Truth is, I can't get this
Ava thing out of my head. I mean,
she saved my life, and what do I
do? I send her back home,
unprotected. Now her fiancé's dead
and some Demon's taken her God
knows where.
(beat)
But we've been looking for a month
now, and we got nothing. It doesn't
help Ava to just sit and stew.
(beat)
I'm not giving up on her. But I'm
not gonna let other people die,
either. We gotta save as many
people as we can.

Beat.

(CONTINUED)
DEAN
I'm sorry. That attitude is just way too healthy for me. I'm uncomfortable.

(beat)
Okay. Call Ellen back. Tell her we'll take it.

EXT. PIERPONT INN - DAY (DAY 3)

It's a cold, foggy day. Ye olde inn looks dark and dreary. The Impala is parked out front.

The brothers walk from the car, up the front path.

DEAN
Dude, I'm glad we took this one. We never get to work jobs like this.

SAM
Like what?

DEAN
Old school haunted houses. You know, fog and secret passages and sissy British accents. Maybe we'll run into Fred and Daphne inside.

(then)
Mmm. Daphne.

Sam stops suddenly. He spots something--

SAM
I'm not so sure "haunted's" the problem.

DEAN
What makes you say that?

Sam points out the decorative POTTERY URN next to the door.

SAM
This pattern here?

He points. Carved into the urn is a BLACK X with FIVE RED CIRCLES: one in the middle and one at the end of each line.

SAM
It's a 'quincunx.' Five-spot.
DEAN

(rings a bell)
Oh, yeah. Used in hoodoo
spellwork, right?

SAM

Fill this thing with sticks of
blood weed... you got a powerful
charm. To ward off enemies.

DEAN

Yeah, except I'm not seeing any
blood weed. And I don't know,
isn't this joint a little... white
meat... for hoodoo?

SAM

... Maybe.

Off Sam, checking out the urn--

INT. PIERPONT INN - MAIN LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

At a low DESK, perhaps the concierge desk, Susan is hunched
over, SIGNING CONTRACTS. ROBERT CARLTON, 40, corporate
drone, stands beside her.

SUSAN

I've been meaning to ask. What
sort of renovations are you
planning?

CARLTON

(uncomfortable)
... they never told you?

SUSAN

Told me what?

CARLTON

(awkward)
Ms. Thompson. We plan on
demolishing the hotel.

SUSAN

(quiet, sad)
Oh. I see.

When Sam and Dean enter. Dean is carrying a DUFFLE with a
shoulder strap.

(Continued)
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CONTINUED:

SUSAN
Excuse me.

Carlton nods, EXITS for the back. Susan moves for the front desk. (NOTE: however it's staged, it's important that the boys never notice Carlton.)

SUSAN
(to Sam and Dean)
May I help you?

DEAN
Yes, we'd like a room for a couple of nights--

Suddenly... Tyler and Maggie DASH through the room, between Sam and Dean, weaving in and out. Tyler BUMPS into Sam (but Maggie doesn't touch anybody)---

SUSAN
Hey!

The girls RUN through the lobby and up the stairs, GIGGLING.

SUSAN
(to Sam)
Sorry about that.

SAM
No problem.

As Susan begins to check them in...

SUSAN
Well. Congratulations. You could be some of our final guests.

DEAN
That sounds vaguely ominous.

SUSAN
No. I'm sorry. I mean, we're closing at the end of the month.

(then)
Lemme guess. You guys are here antiquing?

DEAN
How'd you know?

(CONTINUED)
SUSAN
You just look the type. So... a
king-sized bed?

SAM
No. Two singles. We're brothers.

SUSAN
Oh. I'm so sorry.

DEAN
Wait, what do you mean, "we look
the type?"

Sam steps in, puts a credit card on the front desk. Breaking
the awkward moment--

SAM
Speaking of antiques, that's an
interesting urn on your front
porch. Where'd you get it?

SUSAN
Oh, I have no idea. It's been
there forever.
(checking credit card)
Here you are, Mr. Mahogoff.

As Sam signs the hotel bill, Susan RINGS the service bell.

SUSAN
You'll be staying in Room 237.

SHERWIN, late 60's, the lifer bellman, shuffles in.

SUSAN
Sherwin, could you show these
gentlemen to their room?

Sherwin looks Dean and Sam up and down...

SHERWIN
Lemme guess. Antiquers?

INT. PIERPONT INN - SECOND FLOOR HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Sherwin escorts the brothers up the dark hall to their room.
He DRAGS Dean's duffle across the floor, holding the shoulder
strap, listless, like a dog leash.
DEAN
Um... maybe I could help you there with the bag...

SHERWIN
I got it.

SAM
So the hotel is closing, huh?

SHERWIN
Yep. Ms. Susan made a good go of it. But guests don't come like they used to. (he shrugs) Still, it's a damn shame.

SAM
Oh yeah?

SHERWIN
Might not look it anymore... but this place was a palace. Two different vice-presidents laid their heads on our pillows. (then) My parents worked here. I was practically brought up here. Gonna miss it. (then) Here's your room.

He opens the door. Sam enters. Sherwin hands Dean the duffle bag and the key... a pause, as he WAITS for his tip. Dean just looks at him for a beat, not quite catching on. Finally--

SHERWIN
You're not gonna cheap out on me, are you, boy?

Dean rolls his eyes. Pulls out his wallet--

INT. SAM AND DEAN'S HOTEL ROOM - DAY

The wallpaper's curling at the edges. A faded, dingy WEDDING DRESS decorates the near wall. Dean studies it.

DEAN
That's normal. (then) (MORE)
DEAN (cont'd)
Why the hell would anyone stay here? I'm amazed they kept in business this long.

Dean sits on the bed... The MATTRESS SQUEALS and SAGS so badly his butt practically hits the floor. Sam goes over some INTERNET PAPER PRINT-OUTS.

SAM
So... victim number one-- Joan Edison, 43. A realtor. Handling the sale of the hotel.
(Sam looks up)
Victim number two-- Larry Williams. Moving stuff out to Goodwill.

Dean figures out what Sam is getting at:

DEAN
That's a connection. Both were tied up with shutting down the place.

SAM
So maybe someone here doesn't want to leave. And they're using hoodoo to fight back.

DEAN
So who you got down for witch doctor? That Susan lady?

SAM
Doesn't seem likely. She's the one selling.

DEAN
(even more doubtful)
Then... old Sherwin?

Sam doesn't have an answer, but...

SAM
I don't know.

DEAN
And the most troubling question of all... why do so many people assume we're gay?

SAM
You are pretty butch. They must think you're over-compensating.

(continued)
DEAN
F.O., dude.

SAM
Come on. Let's have a look around.

He heads for the door, Dean follows.

INT. THIRD FLOOR HALLWAY - DAY

Sam and Dean walk down the empty hall, their FOOTSTEPS ECHOING. When Sam spots something--

SAM
Hey. Look.

He points at an old pottery VASE on an end table outside a closed door. Sam picks up the vase and sees something carved into its side: a FIVE-SPOT. Smaller, less noticeable, but otherwise exactly like the urn.

SAM
More hoodoo.

Dean nods and looks up at the CLOSED DOOR. He KNOCKS. Susan OPENS the door.

DEAN
Hi, there.

SUSAN
Hi.

Quick beat, as Sam and Dean try to figure out their next move.

SUSAN
... Is everything okay with your room?

SAM
Oh, yeah. It's great.

SUSAN
(a little nonplussed)
Good. Well, I was just in the middle of packing, so...

That's her attempt at an exit line. Dean looks past her through the open door.

INSERT - DEAN'S POV - A SHELF OF DOLLS, through the door.

(CONTINUED)
DEAN
Hey, are those antique dolls? Sam here... he's got a major doll collection at home. Don't you, Sammy?

SAM
(shit eating)
Big time.

DEAN
Any chance we could come in and take a look?

Susan hesitates; she's really very busy.

SUSAN
I don't know...

DEAN
Please. He loves 'em. He's always dressing 'em up in tiny outfits. You'd be making his day.

Susan can't help but smiling.

SUSAN
Okay, come on in.

She steps aside and lets them in.

INT. THOMPSONS' APARTMENT - DAY

Dean and Sam enter... taking in the SHELVES and CABINETS of black-eyed DOLLS--

DEAN
(creeped out)
Wow. This is a lot of dolls. They're really... nice. Not super creepy at all.

SUSAN
(laughing)
I suppose they *are* a little creepy. But they've been in the family forever. Lot of sentimental value--

Sam has been inspecting the LARGE DOLLHOUSE. Eyes scanning over all of the rooms.

(CONTINUED)
SAM
What is this, the hotel?

SUSAN
That’s right. Exact replica, custom built.

Now Sam sees something. Picks up a small doll from the floor of the dollhouse MAIN LOBBY.

CLOSE ON DOLL: It’s HERBERT, the doll from the Teaser. His HEAD is still TWISTED AROUND, 180 DEGREES.

SAM
(eyes on Dean)
His head got twisted around.
(to Sarah)
What happened to it?

SUSAN
(casual, doesn’t bother her)
Tyler, probably.

TYLER (O.S.)
Mommy!

Sam and Dean look up; Tyler’s running in from the hallway.

TYLER
Maggie’s being mean!

Susan sighs, trying to be patient--

SUSAN
Tyler, you tell her I said to be nice, okay?

Sam stoops down to get on Tyler’s level.

SAM
Hey, Tyler.
(holds up Herbert)
I see you broke your doll... want me to fix it?

TYLER
I didn’t break it. I found it like that!

ANGLE ON SUSAN. Not entirely comfortable with her daughter talking to this stranger.

(Continued)
SAM
Then it must've been Maggie?

TYLER
No. Neither of us did. Grandma would get mad if we broke 'em.

SUSAN
Tyler, she would not.

DEAN
Grandma?

TYLER
Grandma Ross. These were all hers.

DEAN
And where is she, right now?

Tyler points to the side door--

TYLER
(solemn)
Up in her room.

Sam and Dean throw each other a look, then Sam turns to Susan:

SAM
I'd love to talk to Rose about these incredible dol--

SUSAN
(sharply)
No.
(softens)
... I'm afraid that's impossible. My mother's been very sick. She's not taking visitors.

Sam and Dean eye Susan - was that a hint of menace?

INT. THIRD FLOOR HALLWAY - DAY

Sam and Dean walk away from the Thompsons' apartment. Keeping their voices low:

DEAN
So... what do you think? Dolls? Hoodoo? Spooky, mysterious, shut-in Grandma?
SAM
(could be)
Dolls are a major part of hoodoo
and voodoo tradition. Used for
curses, binding spells...

DEAN
Maybe we got our witch doctor.
I’ll ask around, see what I can dig
up about Boomin’ Granny.
(them)
Go check on-line. Old obits.
Freak accidents, that kinda thing.
Maybe she’s whacked people before.

As they split up, Dean calls after him--

DEAN
And don’t just go look at porn,
either. That’s not the kind of
whacking I mean.

Sam just rolls his eyes, continues on--

INT. THOMPSONS’ APARTMENT - THAT NIGHT

Tyler sets up a doll tea party, with some of her larger
dolls, outside of the dollhouse--

INT. ROSE’S ROOM - NIGHT

FROM THE BACK, we see the DIM SILHOUETTE of an OLD LADY
sitting by the window. In a wheelchair, old SHAWL covering
her legs. Should make us think of a witch.

INT. THOMPSONS’ APARTMENT - NIGHT

As Tyler puts out toy teacups, the CAMERA DRIFTS to the
dollhouse. PICKS UP a MALE DOLL in the REPLICA of a SECOND-
FLOOR ROOM. Features worn off its face. A blank-faced nub
now. Erie.

Wearing a suit and tie, the DOLL sits alone on his bed.

INT. SECOND FLOOR HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Exactly like in the dollhouse: Robert Carlton, still in suit
and tie, sits alone on his bed. He removes his tie.
INT. THOMPSONS’ APARTMENT - NIGHT

EXTREME CLOSE-UP inside the DOLLHOUSE: The tiny CLOSET DOOR in the SECOND-FLOOR ROOM CREAKS OPEN... by itself.

INT. SECOND FLOOR HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Behind Carlton... the CLOSET DOOR CREAKS OPEN.

INT. THOMPSONS’ APARTMENT - NIGHT

As Tyler sets down a teapot, she hears something. She looks over at the replica of the SECOND-FLOOR ROOM. She frowns, puzzled, as she sees...

EXTREME CLOSE-UP inside the DOLLHOUSE: the MALE DOLL is HANGING from the CEILING FAN. A thin bit of shoelace or something, fashioned into a NOOSE--

INT. SECOND FLOOR HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Carlton HANGS grotesquely from the CEILING FAN. Hung with an extension cord, or phone cord. He KICKS out his last few gasps of life. As the fan CREAKILY ROTATES, Carlton’s body SWINGS SLOWLY round and round... round and round...

BLACKOUT!

END OF ACT ONE
ACT TWO

EXT. PIERPONT INN - NIGHT

FROM THE POV OF A HOTEL ROOM WINDOW:

A COP CAR and an EMT VAN are out front. An EMT helps a
CORONER hoist CARLTON'S BODY into a Coroner's van.

INT. SAM AND DEAN'S HOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Sam stands at the window and watches the body being taken
away. His face is a mask.

EXT. PIERPONT INN - NIGHT

Dean stands outside, watching. (Sherwin and a few MAIDS
conversing quietly in the B.G.) Susan gives her statement to
a UNIFORMED POLICEMAN with a note pad. She finishes, then
heads away... Dean steps up to her...

DEAN
What happened?

SUSAN
The maid went in to turn down the
sheets, and there he was. Just...
hanging there.

DEAN
That's awful. He was a guest?

SUSAN
He worked for the company that
bought the place.

Dean takes this in. Meanwhile, Susan takes an exhausted,
scared beat. Almost to herself--

SUSAN
... I don't understand...

DEAN
What?

SUSAN
We've just... had a lot of bad luck
around here. Look, if you'd like
to check out, I'd give you a full
refund.

(CONTINUED)
DEAN
(eyes on ambulance)
Oh. No thanks. I don’t scare that easy.

INT. SAM AND DEAN’S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Sam sits at the table, his laptop in front of him, when Dean BURSTS IN.

DEAN
There’s been another one. Some guy just hung himself in his room.

SAM
(flatt)
Yeah. I saw.

Dean’s rushing, feeling the pressure:

DEAN
We gotta figure this out, and fast.
What’d you find out about Granny?

Sam looks up. A beat.

SAM
You’re bossy.

Dean stares at Sam.

DEAN
What?

SAM
You’re bossy. And short. And you have a stupid face.

DEAN
Are you drunk?

SAM
No.
(then)
Yes.

Dean turns and notices for the first time-- the MASS of EMPTY MINI BOTTLES, on top of the minibar: Scotch, bourbon, vodka. Dean can’t quite believe it.
DEAN
Dude. We're working a case! What has gotten into you?

There's something Sam needs to say. Pained--

SAM

DEAN
What are you talking about? You didn't know-- there's nothing you coulda done.

SAM
That's an excuse. I should've found a way to save him.
(then)
I should've saved Ava, too.

DEAN
You can't save everybody. You said it once yourself.

Sam SLAMS his fist on the table hard. A minor drunken outburst.

SAM
No! You don't understand! I have to!! The more people I save, the more I can change!!

DEAN
Change what?

SAM
My destiny!
(again, sorrowful)
... my destiny...

Dean's uncomfortable as hell.

DEAN
Alright, time for bed. Come on, Sasquatch.

He leads Sam to the bed. Sam is becoming increasingly vulnerable. Speaking in a way he'd never speak while sober.
SAM
Dean. I need you to watch out for me.

DEAN
Always do.

Sam suddenly GRIPS Dean's arm tight. INTENSE--

SAM
No! You have to watch out for me.

Sam sits on the bed--

SAM
And if I ever become something... that's not me... you have to kill me.

DEAN
Jesus, Sam!!

SAM
Dad told you to do it. You have to.

A minor outburst of his own--

DEAN
Dad was an ass, okay? He never should've said anything. It's cruel, laying that kinda crap on his kids--

SAM
(quiet)
No. He was right. He was right to say it. Who knows what I might turn into one day.
(beat)
Even now, everyone around me dies.

DEAN
Well, I'm not dying. And neither are you.

SAM
Dean. You're the only one that can do it. Promise.

DEAN
Don't ask me that!

(CONTINUED)
SAM
(intense)
Please. I need you to promise.

Dean and Sam eye each other, both of them tortured. Finally, the hardest two words Dean has ever had to say:

DEAN
... I promise.

Sam releases Dean's arm. Lies down on the bed.

SAM
Thanks. Thank you.

Sam passes out. Dean looks down at him.

INT. PIERPONT INN - BAR LOUNGE - NIGHT

A mahogany bar... with stools in front. Sherwin, the old bellman, stands behind the bar. He's having a nightcap - a shot of bourbon. The bottle's nearby. Dean enters, still RATTLED by his previous conversation with Sam.

SHERWIN
Finding any good antiques?

DEAN
I got kinda distracted.

SHERWIN
Have a drink.

DEAN
Thanks.
(pours himself a drink)
So that poor guy. Killing himself.

SHERWIN
That kind of thing seems to be going around lately.

DEAN
Yeah. I heard about those other ones. Almost like the hotel is... cursed or something.

He eyes Sherwin closely for a reaction.

SHERWIN
Well. Every hotel's got its spilled blood.
(MORE)
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CONTINUED:

SHERWIN (cont'd)
If people only knew what's gone on in some of the rooms they've checked into.

DEAN
You know a lot about this place, don't you?

SHERWIN
Down to the last nail.

DEAN
I'd love to hear some stories.

SHERWIN
Boy, you should never say that to an old man.

CUT TO:

CLOSE ON FRAMED PHOTO

A WOMAN, 40s, with her 10-year-old DAUGHTER. They're both BEAMING at the camera.

SHERWIN (O.S.)
Now here's little Ms. Susan and Rose. Happier days...

WIDEN TO: SHERWIN AND DEAN, walking through the main lobby. Sherwin is pointing out various PICTURES on the walls, in the midst of countless others.

DEAN
They're not happy now?

SHERWIN
How'd you feel, leaving the only home you knew?

DEAN
Don't know. Never really knew one.

SHERWIN
Well. This is Rose's home. Been in her family over a century, used to be the family estate. But now, she gets to go rot in some senior living graveyard while they tear this place to the ground.

*  *

(CONTINUED)
DEAN
That's too bad.
(fishing)
And I heard Rose hasn't been
feeling too well, either.

SHERWIN
(melancholy)
No. She hasn't.

DEAN
What's wrong with her?

SHERWIN
Not my business to say.

Dean notices a CLUSTER of FRAMED PHOTOS, resting on a bureau.
He spots a frame, buried in the back, hidden behind the
others. But it catches his eye—and we're about to
understand why. He pulls it out, curious.

DEAN
Who's this?

SHERWIN
Rose. When she was a little girl.

INSERT - THE PHOTO of ROSE, age 9... in the lap of an old
AFRICAN-AMERICAN WOMAN.

DEAN
And who's this with her?

EXTREME CLOSE ON PHOTO: We see the African-American Woman is
wearing a SMALL, easy to miss NECKLACE... with a FIVE-SPOT.

SHERWIN (O.S.)
Rose's nanny, Marie.

BACK TO SHERWIN AND DEAN

SHERWIN
She looked after Rose more than her
own mother.

INT. SAM AND DEAN'S ROOM - BATHROOM - MORNING (DAY 4)

Sam hunches over the toilet. No, we don't see anything
gross. Just a nauseous, hurting Sam. Dean enters.
DEAN
(cheerful)
How's it going there, Sammy? I guess mixing Wild Turkey and Jägermeister wasn't such a gangbuster idea.

Sam looks like he's in hell. Then... Dean asks a LOADED QUESTION. Hoping like hell that Sam doesn't remember...

DEAN
I bet... you don't remember a thing from last night?

SAM
(groaning)
I can still taste the Cuervo.

Dean brightens. Practically sighs with relief. He feels like he's in the clear.

DEAN
You know what's a good hang-over cure? A nice, greasy pork sandwich served up in a dirty ashtray.

SAM
I hate you.

DEAN
I know you do.
(then)
So check this: when Grandma Rose was a tyke, she had a Creole nanny... with a hoodoo necklace.

SAM
You think she taught Rose hoodoo.

DEAN
Yep.

Sam stands up. Not too far from Dean--

SAM
I think it's time we had a talk with Rose.

DEAN
For the love of God, man. Brush your teeth first.
INT. THIRD FLOOR HALLWAY - MORNING

With Dean beside him, Sam KNOCKS on the door of the Thompson apartment.

SAM
Hello? Susan?

No answer. Then he picks the lock.

INT. THOMPSONS’ APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

The DOLLS seem to glare malevolently at Sam and Dean as they walk through the dark main room. Sam opens the door to Rose’s room, revealing the STAIRCASE.

The boys CLimb the NARROW STAIRS, up to--

INT. ROSE’S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The brothers enter. It’s DIM. GLOOMY. A gray rainy day, the curtains are half closed and the lights are off. But they see...

... an OLD WOMAN, her back to the boys, sitting by the window in a wheelchair, lap and shoulders covered in shawls.

SAM
Mrs. Thompson?
(no answer)
Rose?
The boys step slowly toward the bundled up woman. She still doesn’t move or speak. They come forward nervously...

The CAMERA COMES SLOWLY AROUND, REVEALING: ROSE’S WITHERED BODY. Completely FROZEN... except for her EYES. The only things that show she’s alive. They’re TERRIFIED.

Sam and Dean are startled by these frightened EYES, which follow their every move.

SAM
We’re not here to hurt you, it’s okay.

The boys back away from Rose and huddle up, conversing quiet--

SAM
This woman’s had a stroke.

(CONTINUED)
DEAN
But hoodoo's a hands-on thing. You
gotta mix herbs, chant, build an
altar--

SAM
(nods, frustrated)
Yeah, so it couldn't be Rose. Who
knows, maybe it's not even Hoodoo.

DEAN
(thought occurs to him)
You know, she could be faking it.

SAM
What do you wanna do, poke her with
a stick?

Dean gives a comical shrug. Like-- "maybe."

SAM
(loud whisper)
Dude, you're not gonna poke her
with a stick!

Suddenly:

SUSAN
What the hell?!?

Susan enters, outraged.

SUSAN
What are you doing in here!??

DEAN
Oh, the door was--

SAM
We just wanted to ask Rose
about--

But Susan points at Rose's EYES:

SUSAN
Look at her, she's scared out of
her wits!

SAM
Ms. Thompson--

SUSAN
I want you out of my hotel in two
minutes or I'm calling the cops!
EXT. PIERPONT INN - DAY - A MINUTE LATER

Susan watches, arms folded, still steaming, as Sam and Dean pull away from the inn in their Impala. Then she heads back inside.

INT. PIERPONT INN - MAIN LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

Tyler and Maggie sit across from each other. Tyler holds some JACKS--

MAGGIE

Your turn. Eightsies.

Tyler throws the jacks. Susan enters, frazzled from her confrontation with the brothers.

SUSAN

Have you started packing yet?

TYLER

No.

SUSAN

Why not?

TYLER

I don’t want to move.

SUSAN

(trying to be patient)

Yes, I know. But we have to.

TYLER

Maggie says we’re not allowed to move.

MAGGIE

Yeah.

Susan’s had it. She snaps.

SUSAN

Tyler, enough. Maggie’s imaginary. You’re too old to have an imaginary friend and I’m done pretending!

With that Susan storms off to the dining room.

Maggie turns to Tyler.

(CONTINUED)
MAGGIE
I don't like her.

BLACKOUT.

END OF ACT TWO
ACT THREE

EXT. PIERPONT INN - REAR OF BUILDING - DAY

It's DRIZZLING. Gray and bleak.

WIDE ANGLE (AS IF FROM THE POV OF THE STREET)

In a driveway (perhaps a back driveway, or maybe a side service entrance). Susan DEPESITS a HEAVY PACKING BOX into the trunk of her Volvo.

A BEAT UP PICK-UP TRUCK motors past Susan, slow. Sherwin, behind the wheel.

SHERWIN
I could lug those boxes for you.

SUSAN
(suppresses a smile)
I got it, Sherwin, thanks.

SHERWIN
Okay then. See you later.

Sherwin's pick-up motors down the driveway, leaving.

Susan slams her trunk shut.

INT. THOMPSONS' APARTMENT - DAY

Tyler plays on the floor. She WINDS UP an antique MILITARY DRUMMER DOLL and sets it down. The doll immediately starts DRUMMING and MARCHING. She's so fixated on her toy, that she doesn't notice, behind her...

THE DOLLHOUSE. There's a landscape spread out around it. Trees, shrubs-- like from a train set. And there's also a DOLLHOUSE PLAYGROUND.

EXTREME CLOSE-UP: the SWINGS on the TOY SWING SET, for no apparent reason, begin to SWAY.

EXT. PIERPONT INN - REAR OF BUILDING - DAY

Susan heads back toward the house. The cold WIND SWIRLS around her; she pulls her coat tighter. As she walks... she slows... she suddenly hears an odd, RUSTY, JANGLING NOISE. She turns--

ON THE LAWN. THE SWINGS. They're swinging, by themselves, for no apparent reason.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

Susan. Watching, perplexed. That's strange. Is it the wind? Then... she reacts to--

The RUSTED TEETER-TOTTER. Abruptly begins to RAISE and LOWER, RAISE and LOWER.

INT. THOMPSONS' APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Tyler HEARS a small SQUEAKING noise. She investigates, then spots something, reacts. She watches, bewildered, as the DOLLHOUSE PLAYGROUND TEETER-TOTTER raises and lowers--

EXT. PIERPONT INN - REAR OF BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

Susan walks onto the lawn, curious (we're shouting at her--NO! DON'T!). Towards the playground equipment.

THE VOLVO

Parked in the driveway. Still.

INSERT - INSIDE HER VOLVO. Susan doesn't notice... but the CAR'S ENGINE REVs to LIFE. All by itself. We SEE the RPM NEEDLE swing up the dial.

ON THE LAWN

Tentatively, Susan reaches out her hand and puts it on the TEETER-TOTTER, which is still rocking...

Suddenly: CREAK! Susan jumps and turns -- the SMALL MERRY-GO-ROUND (nothing too fancy-- just a rotating disk with bars) is coming to life, SPINNING around and around. Faster and faster.

Susan stands there, bewildered and afraid, as the SWINGS SWING, as the TEETER-TOTTER ROCKS, as the MERRY-GO-ROUND SPINS... all increasing speed, building to a MANIC crescendo!

SUSAN

(whisper to herself)

... what the hell?

Suddenly, she hears something else -- a CAR ENGINE. She pivots -- to see her VOLVO-- CHARGING HER, ACROSS the LAWN at FULL SPEED!! NO ONE BEHIND THE WHEEL!! She GASPS!

ANGLE - INSIDE THE VOLVO. Susan turns and SPRINTS! But the Volvo's moving fast, right on top on her! She's DONE FOR!

ANGLE - OUTSIDE THE VOLVO. It's just about to run her down, when, thank God--

(CONTINUED)
SAM DIVES at Susan... They BOTH GO ROLLING OUT OF THE WAY at the LAST POSSIBLE SECOND.

SMASH! The Volvo SLAMS into the SWING SET... decimating it... before the swing set drags the car to an impotent, pitiful stop.

Susan. On the grass, with Sam. She's in shock. Just as Dean races up, eyes peeled for any further dangers.

SAM
You okay?

SUSAN
I... I think so...

DEAN
Come on, let's get inside.

He and Sam pull Susan up. They hurry her away from the playground. They make it INSIDE and SHUT the DOOR on the HOWLING WIND.

INT. PIERPONT INN - BAR LOUNGE - DAY

Sam and Dean help Susan into the room, sit her down. She looks up at them, then looks over to the bar. Breathless--

SUSAN
Whiskey.

SAM
Yeah. I know the feeling.

Sam understands immediately... heads over to get her a glass and bottle. As he does--

SUSAN
What the hell happened out there??

Sam sets the bottle in front of her--

DEAN
You want the truth?

SUSAN
Of course!

DEAN
Well, first we thought there was some kinda hoodoo curse going on. (MORE)
DEAN (cont'd)
But that out there? That was definitely a spirit.

She looks at Dean a long beat. Then pours a shot and downs it in one fell swoop. Her voice israspy from the burn--

SUSAN
Y'ou’re insane.

DEAN
It’s been said.

Sam steps up. Talking quickly to Dean.

SAM
Sorry, Susan. We don’t exactly have time to ease you into this-- when did your mother have the stroke?

SUSAN
What’s that have to do with--

SAM
Please, just answer the question.

SUSAN
About a month ago.

SAM
(nods, suspicion confirmed)
Right before the killings began.
(to Dean)
So what if Rose was working hoodoo... but not to hurt anyone. To protect them.

DEAN
(gets it)
Rose's been using those five-spot urns to ward off the spirit.

SAM
Until she had a stroke, couldn’t do it anymore. And now it’s back.

SUSAN
I don’t believe this--

DEAN
Lock, sister, that car didn’t run you down by itself.
(MORE)

(continues)
CONTINUED: (2)

DEAN (cont'd)

(beat)

Well, I mean, it did, technically, but the spirit, it controls--

(gives up)

Ah, just forget it.

SAM

(to Susan)

Look, believe what you want. But fact is, you and your family are in danger. You gotta get everybody out of here. Employees, your mother, your daughters, everyone.

SUSAN

(exhausted at all this)

Um... I only have one daughter.

Sam and Dean are thrown.

SAM

One?

DEAN

I thought Tyler had a sister...

Maggie?

SUSAN

Maggie's imaginary.

Sam and Dean give each other a look - oh shit.

SAM

Where's Tyler?

INT. ROSE'S ROOM - DAY

CLOSE ON ROSE. In her wheelchair. Her face is FROZEN, but her eyes are OPEN and WILD with FEAR...

WIDE ANGLE. She sits. Helpless. As Maggie stands directly in front of her. It's creepy as hell.

A long beat. Maggie just looks at Rose. Amused at Rose's helplessness. Another beat, before Maggie speaks, almost PLAYFUL--

MAGGIE

She's going to stay here with me. And you can't stop me. There's nothing you can do about it.

Just then... Tyler STEPS into the room--
TYLER
Maggie. You're not supposed to bother Grandma.

MAGGIE
(eyes on Rose)
I know. C'mon. Let's go play.

Maggie walks over to Tyler. Gives her the sweetest, most innocent smile. Then leads Tyler by the hand...

TYLER
Can we have a tea party?

MAGGIE
We can have lots of tea parties. Forever and ever and ever.

CLOSE ON ROSE. EYES WIDE, panicking, frantic, helpless to stop the tragedy--a single tear rolls down her face--

As Maggie leads Tyler down the steps in the B.G.--

BLACKOUT!

END OF ACT THREE
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ACT FOUR

INT. THIRD FLOOR HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Susan, Sam and Dean tear down the hall. Susan throws open
the door to the apartment--

SUSAN
(shouts)
Tyler?!

INT. THOMPSONS' APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Susan and the brothers run inside and find... Holy shit. The
floor is littered with DOLL CORPSES. (Not all of 'em... but
a lot). PORCELAIN and WOODEN DOLLS are SHATTERED into bits
and pieces. Some CLOTH DOLLS are SLASHED in the neck and
chest and their insides are spilling out.

It's like some kid had the most horrible, vicious temper
tantrum ever and tore the shit out of everything.

SUSAN
Oh my God. Tyler!

No response. Susan quickly runs UP INTO Rose's room, as Sam
and Dean check the DOORS and CLOSETS of the main room.
Nothing. They TRADE LOOKS-- this isn't good. This isn't
good at all.

SUSAN (O.S.)

Tyler!!

Then... coming back down the stairs--

SUSAN (O.S.)
She's not here!!

As she emerges back into the room--

SAM
Susan. Tell us what you know about
Maggie.

Susan tries to pull herself together:

SUSAN
Not much. Tyler's been talking
about her since Mom got sick.

SAM
Where'd Tyler get the name? Did
you ever know anyone named Maggie?

(CONTINUED)
SUSAN

No...

DEAN

Think. Someone who might've lived here. Someone who passed away--

SUSAN

(beat; then a light bulb)

Oh God. My Mom. My Mom had a sister, Margaret. I mean, she barely spoke about her, but...

SAM

Margaret died when she was a girl?

SUSAN

(nods)

She drowned in the pool.

Sam and Dean look at each other - they instantly have the same thought--

DEAN

Come on.

-- and they RACE OUT THE DOOR.

INT. POOL PAVILION - DAY

An atmospheric INDOOR POOL PAVILION. Cavernous building... the roof is fashioned from glass. There's a pool, blanketed with that PLASTIC POOL-COVER SHEET.

And OVERHEAD... a SECOND STORY WALKWAY circles the pool room. Overlooking the pool.

There's an ORNATE RAILING on the second-story walkway. And Maggie and Tyler stand on the WRONG SIDE of the railing. Gripping the BARS. Precariously balanced over the water--

Tyler's frightened.

TYLER

... I don't like it up here. I'm scared.

MAGGIE

(gentle)

It's okay. All you have to do is jump.
TYLER
I can't swim.

MAGGIE
I know. But it won't hurt, I promise. And then we can be together. Forever. No one will take you away from me.

TYLER
Why don't you just come with me and Mommy?

MAGGIE
'Cause I can't leave here. And you can't leave me.
(sad, vulnerable)
Please. I don't want to be alone.

EXT. POOL PAVILION - DAY

Sam, Dean, and Susan CHARGE HARD across the lawn, to the pool pavilion. They reach the GLASS DOORS-- which open onto the SECOND LEVEL WALKWAY. They TRY the DOORS-- they're LOCKED TIGHT. They RATTLE them furiously--

SUSAN
Tyler!!

INSIDE, they can SEE Tyler, against the railing, wobbling. (She seems all by herself).

Tyler hears Susan... turns back around to look at her--

TYLER
(muffled through glass)
Mommy...

INT. POOL PAVILION - DAY

Now we're inside with Tyler, and suddenly, THERE'S Maggie again, beside Tyler-- as if she was there the whole time. (NOTE: from our heroes' point of view, they can't see Maggie. But Tyler can.)

Maggie REACHES OUT-- GRIPS Tyler's ARM-- and VIOLENTLY WRENCHES HER FROM THE RAILING--

Tyler SCREAMS as she FALLS into the pool... immediately entangling in the PLASTIC POOL COVER!
EXT. POOL PAVILION - DAY

SUSAN
TYLER!
Sam and Dean KICK at the door-- NO GOOD.

DEAN
Damn, what's with this glass??
(to Susan)
Is there another entrance?

SUSAN
Around back!

DEAN
(to Sam)
You keep trying,
(to Susan)
Come on!

Susan and Dean race for the other entrance--

INT. POOL PAVILION - DAY

Tyler, flailing, manages to claw her way up to the surface. She GASPS, water sputtering from her lips. When suddenly--

CAMERA REVEALS-- Maggie, standing in the water, right beside Tyler. Up to her mid-torso. She PRESSES Tyler's FACE UNDER THE WATER--

ANGLE - LOOKING DOWN

Tyler struggling, to no avail, gripping the granite-strong arm that holds her, BY THE NECK, beneath the water.

ANGLE - LOOKING UP

At Maggie. She looks down at Tyler with love, sympathy--

MAGGIE
It'll be over soon.

EXT. POOL PAVILION - DAY

AT THE BACK DOOR. Dean and Susan reach the second entrance. This one is LOCKED TIGHT, as well, from supernatural forces. Dean KICKS down the door, like he has a million times before. But this time-- it doesn't budge. And, a half-beat of humor--
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CONTINUED:

DEAN

OW!

EXT. POOL PAVILION - DAY

Sam has rustled up a sturdy metal PATIO CHAIR from somewhere.
And he SWINGS it into the GLASS DOOR. CRACK! For the first
time, the GLASS DOOR SPIDERWEBS. But it's not open yet. Sam
SWINGS again!

INT. POOL PAVILION - DAY

Maggie. Arm outstretched-- holding Tyler beneath the water.
A beat... then Maggie LIFTS HER HEAD SLOWLY, as if she's
hearing something, coming from the second story.

ANOTHER BEAT... and then suddenly Maggie VANISHES.

Tyler. She's not held down any more... she fights her way up
to the surface... coughs and gags... but she's too weak... so
she slips back beneath the water... losing consciousness.

INT./EXT. POOL PAVILION - DAY

Sam FINALLY SMASHES through the glass. He TOSSES the chair
aside, RACES IN, and WITHOUT HESITATION, VAULTS OVER the
second-story railing, into the POOL!

He FIGHTS through the plastic wrap, which is BUNCHED
everywhere like tentacles... until he reaches Tyler!

Quickly, he SNATCHES her, hurries to the pool side, and LAYS
TYLER OUT.

A nail-biting beat... she's pale, still...

Until she SPITS OUT SOME WATER... gasping for breath...
coming to life...

Relief washes over Sam's face...

As Dean and Susan race in--

SUSAN

Tyler!!

She FALLS to her knees, grabs her daughter, holds her for
dear life--

SUSAN

Thank God, thank God.

(CONTINUED)
Tyler COUGHS, weak... but alive. A FAINT whisper--

TYLER
... mommy...?

SUSAN
(tears streaming)
Yeah, baby. I'm here.

Sam crouches down beside them-- to Tyler, GENTLY--

SAM
Tyler? Do you see Maggie?

Tyler looks around, confused... but relieved.

TYLER
She's gone.

INT. ROSE'S ROOM - DAY

Maggie stands in front of Rose.

MAGGIE
You'd really do that for me?
(listens)
Yes. If you did, I'd let them go.

ON ROSE'S WIDE... but ACCEPTING... EYES.

MAGGIE
But I don't understand. You kept me away for so long. I thought you didn't love me anymore.

Rose keeps staring at Maggie, blank expression. Maggie listens... then nods and gives Rose a soft smile.

MAGGIE
Okay, little sister.

She slowly reaches out her hand and TOUCHES Rose's face...

INT. THOMPSONS' APARTMENT - A LITTLE LATER

Susan leads a wet, clingy Tyler by the hand into the apartment. Susan doesn't ever want to let her go. Sam and Dean enter right behind them, keeping watch.
SUSAN
Don't worry, honey, we're leaving in two minutes, we just gotta get Grandma.

Susan and Tyler head up the stairs into Rose's room. As Sam and Dean quietly converse--

DEAN
I don't get it. Did Maggie just stop?

SAM
Seems like it.

DEAN
But where'd she go?

Suddenly... down from Rose's room... Susan SCREAMS.

Sam and Dean run up the stairway...

INT. ROSE'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Sam and Dean enter the room, reacting to--

Tyler's face is BURIED against Susan, who holds her daughter tight, looking horrified at--

ROSE. Head flopped back in her wheelchair. Eyes glassy. Mouth slack. Dead.

BLACKOUT.

END OF ACT FOUR
EXT. PIERPONT INN - DAY

The EMT's, Coroner, and Cops are back. They're taking ROSE'S COVERED BODY away in the Coroner's van.

Susan watches, holding Tyler's hand. Sam and Dean walk up, join them.

SUSAN  
The paramedics said it was another stroke.

Sam and Dean nod, grim. Sam seems especially bothered--

SUSAN  
You think... Margaret could've had something to do with it...?

DEAN  
We don't know.

SAM  
But yeah, it's possible. I'm sorry, Susan.

Susan gives him a tender look. Earnest.

SUSAN  
You have nothing to apologize for. You've given me everything.

Sam nods his warm appreciation. Then--

SUSAN  
You ready to go, kiddo?

TYLER  
Yeah.

DEAN  
Tyler. You're sure Maggie's not here anymore?

TYLER  
I'm sure. I'd see her.

DEAN  
(looks over to Sam)  
I guess whatever's going on... it must be over.

(CONTINUED)
SAM
You two take care of yourselves.

He sticks out his hand; Susan grabs it and hugs him close.

SUSAN
Thank you...

She pulls away. Looks at Dean--

SUSAN
... both of you.

Susan and Tyler climb into a cab and drive off. Sam and Dean walk toward the Impala.

DEAN
Dude. You could totally hook up some MILF action--
(off Sam’s look)
I’m just saying... I think she likes you.

SAM
(bit moody)
Yeah, that’s all she needs.

Dean tries to keep things bright and optimistic--

DEAN
First you save the Mom, then the daughter. Not a bad day.

(beat)
’Course I coulda saved ’em myself, but I didn’t want you to feel useless.

SAM
Appreciate it.

DEAN
Feels good, gettin’ back in the saddle, doesn’t it?

Sam turns to Dean.

SAM
It does. But it doesn’t change what we talked about last night.
DEAN
(evading)
... We talked about all kinds of things.

SAM
You know what I mean.

DEAN
You were totally wasted.

SAM
But you weren't.
(beat)
And you promised.

Sam gets in the car. Dean gets in too. He turns to Sam as if to say something, but for once he's at a loss for words. Dean REVs the engine.

The brothers ZOOM OFF in the Impala...

But the CAMERA doesn't follow them. Instead it TURNS TO THE HOTEL.

We PUSH IN THROUGH THE OPEN FRONT DOOR, as in The Shining.

INT. PIERPONT INN - VARIOUS - DAY

We PUSH THROUGH the abandoned LOBBY. Slow. Past the curios on table tops. Past the period PHOTOS on the walls...

CLOSE ON: we MOVE PAST the photo of young Rose, 9, in her Creole nanny's lap...

CUT TO:

INT. PIERPONT INN - HALLWAYS - DAY

We MOVE THROUGH EMPTY HALLS... long, quiet, creepy beats. Until--

We begin to HEAR something. The silver tinkle of GIRLS' LAUGHTER--

We APPROACH the Thompson family APARTMENT. The door is open, and we round the corner, entering. REVEALING...

INT. THOMPSONS' APARTMENT - DAY

TWO PALE LITTLE GIRLS... Rose, 9, looking exactly like she did in the old photo, and Maggie... playing JUMP ROPE.

(CONTINUED)
They're standing side by side, jumping in rhythm and COUNTING TOGETHER:

ROSE AND MAGGIE
... eleven... twelve... thirteen...

NOW THE CAMERA PULLS BACK AGAIN. ON THE TWO LITTLE GIRLS, together... forever...

BLACKOUT.

TO BE CONTINUED...