

SUPERNATURAL

Episode #220

"What Is and What Should Never Be"

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PRODUCTION DRAFT - WHITE

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REVISION HISTORY

Revision	Date	Revised Pages
Production Draft - White	02/26/07	Full Script

Episode #220

"What Is and What Should Never Be"

CAST LIST

SAM WINCHESTER  
DEAN WINCHESTER

JARED PADALECKI  
JENSEN ACKLES

MARY WINCHESTER  
JESSICA MOORE

SAMANTHA SMITH  
ADRIANNE PALICKI

CARMEN PORTER \*  
PROFESSOR RUBIN  
CREEPY WOMAN/JOY NICHOLSON  
DJINN

MICHELLE BORTH

\* Replaced:

CARMEN PORTER replaces CARMEN FLORES

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SUPERNATURAL

"What Is and What Should Never Be"

TEASER

1 EXT. IMPALA - MOVING - NIGHT (DAY 1) 1 \*

A LICENCE PLATE. From LUCAS COUNTY-- IN OHIO. We PAN OFF IT... up to the IMPALA. Dean behind the wheel. Fans of the show will realize-- those aren't the usual Kansas Plates.

2 INT. IMPALA - MOVING - NIGHT (PMP) 2

Dean roots around in his pocket for his RINGING CELL PHONE. He answers.

DEAN

Yeah?

3 EXT. JOLIET MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT 3 \*

SAM WINCHESTER stands at a motel room window, peering nervously through a crack in the drapes... at an idling POLICE CRUISER in the parking lot. CHERRY LIGHTS REFLECT against his face.

4 INT. JOLIET MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT 4 \*

SAM

There's a cop car outside.

INTERCUT WITH:

5 INT. IMPALA - MOVING - NIGHT 5

DEAN

You think for us?

SAM

I don't know.

DEAN

I don't see how. We ditched our plates, the credit cards...

Before Sam can speculate, the cruiser PULLS AWAY from the motel. Sam breathes a small sigh of relief.

SAM

They're leaving. False alarm.

(CONTINUED)

DEAN

See? Nothing to worry about.

SAM

Yeah. Being fugitives... it's a friggin' dance party.

DEAN

Hey, chicks dig that danger vibe.

Sam crosses to a table, covered in assorted RESEARCH: computer print-outs, maps, Dad's journal, occult books. We've clearly caught up with the boys mid-hunt.

SAM

So. You got anything yet?

Dean glances out the window.

DEAN

How could I? You got me sifting through like 50 square miles of real estate here.

SAM

That's where all the victims disappeared...

DEAN

Yeah, well, so far, I got diddly-squat. How 'bout you?

Sam looks down at his stack of research.

SAM

Well. One thing. I'm pretty sure of it now. We're hunting a Djinn.

DEAN

A friggin' genie? Dude.  
(with a smile)

Hey, you think these suckers can really grant wishes?

\*  
\*  
\*

SAM

I dunno, they're powerful enough...  
but they're not exactly like  
Barbara Eden in harem pants...

\*  
\*

Sam looks down at several scary ILLUSTRATIONS OF DJINNS -- they seem more DEMONIC than anything else.

(CONTINUED)

SAM

Djinn have been feeding off people  
for centuries. They're all over  
the Quran--

\*  
\*  
\*

DEAN

My God. Barbara Eden was hot,  
wasn't she? Much hotter than that  
"Bewitched" chick.

\*

SAM

Are you even listening to me?

Something occurs to Dean. A light bulb moment.

DEAN

Hey. So where do Djinn lair up?

SAM

Ruins, usually. The bigger, the  
better. More places to hide.

\*

DEAN

I saw a place a couple miles back.  
I'm gonna go check it out.

SAM

No. Come pick me up first.

DEAN

Relax. I'm sure it's nothing. I  
just wanna take a look around.

5A EXT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

5A

The Impala pulls up to a large, deserted WAREHOUSE. Clearly  
abandoned. Dirty. Dean gazes at it out the window.

6 EXT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - NIGHT - MOMENTS LATER

6

CLOSE ON: A CHAINED, PADLOCKED FRONT DOOR. As BOLT CUTTERS  
enter frame. And SNIP the lock.

CLOSE ON: CHAINS POURING onto the ground with a METALLIC  
CLANG.

WIDER. Dean drops the Bolt-Cutters. OPENS the DOOR.



7 INT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

7

The inside of the warehouse is dark. Industrial. Abandoned RACKS of RUSTY EQUIPMENT. Plinking WATER. Dean's FLASHLIGHT darts across the grimy walls, the trash-strewn floor.

He moves through an area that was once ADMINISTRATIVE OFFICES. Along a wall with LARGE PANES of TEXTURED GLASS, that bisect the large room. (Like the glass in old Detective flicks).

As WE TRACK WITH HIM, we suddenly see-- there's a VAGUE FIGURE on the other side of that glass! Stalking him, though he doesn't notice!

When Dean hears a RUSTLING-- he stops. Reaches in his pocket, slides out a SILVER DAGGER, the tip stained with BLOOD. A tense beat, then...

He LUNGES through an OPEN door, into the other side of the textured glass and--

Nothing there. He directs his flashlight into the darkness... into all the corners and crevices in which something could easily hide...

As Dean investigates the area... OVER HIS SHOULDER... the DJINN emerges from the SHADOWS... he's a creepy-looking BALD MAN in ratty clothes. But every VISIBLE INCH of skin-- including his face and head-- are COVERED in BLACK, ORNATE, HENNA-LIKE TATTOOS. His EYES GLOW-- with BLUE FIRE.

Suddenly, Dean WHIPS AROUND! Lunges at the thing with the dagger! But the Djinn KNOCKS the blade out of Dean's hand... it CLATTERS across the floor...

Dean's unarmed, helpless. He tries to ATTACK, but the Djinn SLAMS him back against the wall, clutching Dean's throat! With his other hand... he PALMS Dean's FOREHEAD.

ON THE DJINN'S FOREARM. A blue, SMOKELESS FIRE IGNITES! The fire rolls down its arm... through its hands... and surrounds Dean's head!

As Dean's eyes roll back, we...

BLACKOUT!

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

8 INT. APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT (VISION DAY 1) 8 \*

CLOSE ON: a TELEVISION SCREEN. Playing some cheesy old black and white creature feature. \*

PULL BACK. We're in a dark bedroom, lit by the flickering television light. When... Dean wakes with a start! Sitting up in bed. In a bedroom he doesn't recognize. He's groggy, disoriented. What the hell happened to him? Then, he sees--

A beautiful, curvaceous, very naked WOMAN, sleeping next to him! Dean leans over her, trying to get a peek at her face... We can tell from his bewildered expression: Dean's never seen her in his life.

9 INT. DARK ROOM - NIGHT 9

TIGHT ON SAM. Sitting at a desk, surrounded by THICK BOOKS. Burning the midnight oil. (Note: it seems like the motel... but we remain tight on Sam throughout this conversation -- we never really reveal his location.)

CLOSE ON. He checks EMAIL on his VERIZON PHONE! (Ka-ching!) When... it RINGS-- the screen shows caller I.D. It's Dean.

SAM

Dean...?

DEAN (O.S.)

Sam!

SAM

What's going on?

INTERCUT WITH:

10 INT. APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 10

Now fully dressed, Dean stands in the adjoining living room. On his CELL. Dean is alarmed. Disoriented.

DEAN

I dunno-- I don't know where I am!

SAM

What? What happened? \*

DEAN

The Djinn -- it attacked me... \*

(CONTINUED)

SAM  
The gin? You were drinking gin? \*

DEAN  
No, ass-hat, the Djinn -- scary  
creature -- remember? \*  
(beat)  
It put its hands on me and-- bam,  
I wake up... next to a hot chick.

SAM  
Who -- Carmen?

DEAN  
(confused)  
Who?

Now Sam sounds annoyed--

SAM  
You are drunk. You're drunk  
dialing me.

DEAN  
I'm not drunk, Sam! Quit screwing  
around--

SAM  
Look, it's late. Sleep it off.  
I'll see you tomorrow.

DEAN  
Sam, wait--!

ANGLE ON SAM. As he CLICKS the phone off. SIGHS,  
exasperated. Turns back to his research. Closes one book,  
opens another.

ANGLE ON BOOK: it's a LAW SCHOOL TEXTBOOK.

11 INT. APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 11

Dean looks around at the unfamiliar apartment. He doesn't  
have a clue. He spots some unopened BILLS on the coffee  
table. Grabs one off the top.

ANGLE ON - THE BILL. It's addressed to CARMEN FLORES, #53  
BARKER AVE... LAWRENCE, KANSAS.

DEAN  
(stunned)  
Lawrence?

(CONTINUED)

Dean continues to SHUFFLE through the mail. But it's the next bill that stops him cold--

ANGLE-- it's ADDRESSED TO DEAN WINCHESTER. So is the next one. And the next one. As if he LIVES HERE.

DEAN  
What the hell...?

CARMEN (O.S.)  
Honey?

Dean turns around. The mystery woman, CARMEN, is standing in the doorway. She's gorgeous. 20's. In a short robe. \*

CARMEN  
What're you doing up?

Dean looks at her warily.

DEAN  
Hey...  
(testing the name)  
Carmen? Carmen... I was just...  
uh... \*

CARMEN  
Can't sleep, huh?

Carmen wraps her arms around Dean's shoulders. Sexy, persuasive...

CARMEN  
Why don't you come back to bed.  
Let's see if I can do anything to help.

Dean awkwardly pulls away from the strange woman. Trying to sound casual--

DEAN  
Um... sure. In a minute... you go ahead.

CARMEN  
Don't stay up too long.

Carmen leans in... gives Dean a soft kiss on the lips. Then heads back to the bedroom.

Dean watches her go, reeling: what the fuck is going on?! Frantically starts SEARCHING the place for answers...

(CONTINUED)

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11 CONTINUED: (2) 11

He hurries over to a row of framed PHOTOGRAPHS on the bureau. Examining them one by one: DEAN AND CARMEN ON VACATION, looking happy and in love; DEAN, looking embarrassed in front of a birthday cake.

ANGLE ON - DEAN. It's clear from his baffled look: these are memories he has no recollection of.

ANGLE-- BEHIND A FRAMED PHOTO. On a different bookshelf. As Dean turns to it. Whatever he sees, IT'S HUGE... his eyes widen in shock and disbelief... he picks it up...

The photograph DROPS from Dean's hand, CRASHING to the hardwood floor. He backs away, stunned... grabs some KEYS and STRIDES for the front door.

12 EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - NIGHT - MOMENTS LATER 12

Dean's still got THE IMPALA-- it pulls to a SCREECHING STOP on a quiet, residential street. He looks up at a particular house. As WE REVEAL...

Dean's parked in front of a familiar-looking house... it's Sam and Dean's CHILDHOOD HOME (probably from first season's episode "Home".)

13 EXT. WINCHESTER HOUSE - CONTINUOUS 13

Dean knocks. A LIGHT comes on inside. A beat. Finally, the door opens...

ANGLE ON - DEAN. Stunned. Barely able to speak. Finally--

DEAN

Mom...

MARY WINCHESTER is standing in the doorway! Very much alive, and 23 YEARS OLDER than the last time we saw her. She smiles patiently.

MARY

Dean. What are you doing here?

Tentatively, Dean reaches out and touches her shoulder. Her hair. Her face. He's in shock...

Mary looks at her son, concerned...

MARY

Are you alright?

(CONTINUED)

DEAN  
I... I don't know.

MARY  
Why don't you come in?

\*  
\*

14 INT. WINCHESTER HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 14

Dean slowly, guardedly follows Mary into the living room.

MARY  
Carmen just called-- said you were  
acting strange, then just took off.

Dean's mind is racing; he tries to make sense of all this...

DEAN  
Carmen? Right.

Dean stares at her hard. She looks like his mother. She  
sounds like her... he's still suspicious.

DEAN  
Let me ask you something. When I  
was a kid... what'd you always tell  
me when you put me to bed?

MARY  
Dean, I don't understand--

DEAN  
Just answer the question.

MARY  
I told you angels were watching  
over you.

Dean's face softens, as he slowly realizes: SHE'S REAL. His  
mother is alive and standing right in front of him.

DEAN  
... I don't believe it...

Dean's overwhelmed... he strides forward, pulls his mother  
into a hug. A heartbreaking, emotional moment, as he holds  
onto her like he'll never let go.

Finally, Mary pulls away...

MARY  
You're scaring me. Now tell me  
what's going on.

DEAN  
(awed)  
You... you don't think wishes can  
really...?

MARY  
What?

DEAN  
Forget it. I'm just happy to see  
you, that's all. You're...  
beautiful.

Mary shoots him a look: "yeah, right."

In awe, Dean turns, takes in the room... PHOTOGRAPHS line the  
walls. PICTURES OF THE WINCHESTER FAMILY: Sam, Dean, John  
and Mary, at all ages. At various family functions: Mom and \*  
Dad at Sam's GRADUATION (no Dean here); IN FRONT OF A \*  
CHRISTMAS TREE, etc.

As Dean's staring at the impossible pictures.

DEAN  
Hey, Mom. When we were kids... was \*  
there ever a fire here? \*

Mary looks at him blankly.

MARY  
No, never.

DEAN  
Huh. I thought there was. Guess I \*  
was wrong.

Dean's eyes are drawn back to the wall of happy family  
photos. He spots something: a framed PHOTOGRAPH OF JOHN  
WINCHESTER in a SOFTBALL UNIFORM. He almost laughs.

DEAN  
Dad's on a softball team?

Off Mary's strange look--

DEAN  
I mean, Dad's softball team. I  
don't know, it's just... funny to  
me.

Mary smiles sadly.



MARY

He loved that stupid team.

Dean sees the raw sadness in his mother's eyes. He realizes--

DEAN

Dad's dead.

(Mary's look confirms  
this)

And the thing that killed him, it  
was a.... a...?

Mary shoots him an odd look.

MARY

A stroke. He died in his sleep,  
you know that.

DEAN

That's great!

Mary stares at him.

MARY

Excuse me?

Dean quickly follows with--

DEAN

I mean it's great that he went  
peaceful... sure beats the  
alternative.

\*

Now Mary's really worried.

MARY

You've been drinking.

DEAN

Mom, no, I haven't.

MARY

I'll call Carmen, have her come  
pick you up...

DEAN

(quickly)

No, don't... don't do that.  
Lemme... I wanna stay here.

MARY

Why?

(CONTINUED)



DEAN

I've just... I've missed the place.  
You go to bed, okay?

Dean sits down on the couch.

ANGLE ON - DEAN. His eyes fill with emotion. As he stares  
up at his mother...

She looks down at him tenderly. The light framing her face.  
It's everything he lost. Everything he thought he'd never  
have again. She's an angel.

Mary kisses his forehead.

MARY

You sure you're alright?

DEAN

Yeah. I think I am. \*

MARY

(heads to the door) \*

Get some rest. I love you. \*

DEAN

... me, too. \*

She FLICKS OFF the light, WHICH TAKES US TO BLACK-- \*

15 INT. WINCHESTER HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - MORNING (VISION D2) 15 \*

Dean's eyes SNAP OPEN! He glances around the room, slowly  
realizing... it wasn't just a dream-- he's still in the  
living room of his childhood home.

He sits up. Pinches himself. Maybe gives himself a slap  
across the face.

He pulls out his phone. Speed dials. There isn't a ring, it  
just picks up Sam's VOICEMAIL MESSAGE.

SAM (V.O.)

Hey, it's me, I can't get to the  
phone right now...

Dean clicks off. He's still a bit wary. He needs answers.

16 INT. PROFESSOR RUBIN'S OFFICE - DAY 16

ANGLE ON - PROFESSOR RUBIN, 40's.

(CONTINUED)

PROFESSOR RUBIN  
I don't think I've seen you in my  
class...?

WIDEN TO REVEAL - DEAN.

DEAN  
You kidding? Man, I love your  
lectures. You make learning fun.

PROFESSOR RUBIN  
So. What can I do for you?

DEAN  
What can you tell me about Djinns?

17 INT. PROFESSOR RUBIN'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER - DAY 17

Dean and the Professor stand over SEVERAL BOOKS, opened to  
pictures of Djinn. (These aren't nearly the dark and evil  
creatures we saw in Sam's research.)

PROFESSOR RUBIN  
... a lot of Muslims believe the  
Djinn are very real. They're  
mentioned frequently in the Quran. \*

DEAN  
Yeah, I know, get to the wish  
thing. \*

PROFESSOR RUBIN  
What about it? \*

DEAN  
You think they could really do it? \*

The Professor fixes Dean with a long, strange look--

PROFESSOR RUBIN  
Um... no, I don't think they "can  
really do it." They're mythic  
creatures.

DEAN  
No, I know, I mean, in the  
stories... say you had a wish...  
even if you never said it out  
loud... like, that a loved one  
never died, or an awful thing never  
happened...? \*

(CONTINUED)

PROFESSOR RUBIN  
(you weirdo)  
Supposedly, yes. They have God-  
like power; they can alter reality  
however they want. Past, present,  
future.

\*  
\*

DEAN  
So it wouldn't be a mirage, or  
dream, or something?

PROFESSOR RUBIN  
No, not in anything I've read.

DEAN  
But... I thought they were evil.

PROFESSOR RUBIN  
Not necessarily. According to the  
lore, they're like humans. Some  
are good, some are bad.

\*  
\*  
\*

DEAN  
So you think a Djinn could actually  
help people?

After another long, weirded out beat--

PROFESSOR RUBIN  
Son. Have you been drinking?

DEAN  
Everyone's asking me that. But no.

18 EXT. KANSAS UNIVERSITY - MOMENTS LATER 18

CLOSE ON: the IMPALA TRUNK. And it's JUST A TRUNK. No  
secret compartments, no weapons. Just a SPARE TIRE, and a  
JACK, and some girlie magazines.

DEAN. Looks through it. Smiling. Shaking his head.

DEAN  
Who'd a thought, baby? We're  
civilians.

When he looks up. His smile fades, as he notices--

ACROSS THE STREET

(CONTINUED)

A CREEPY-LOOKING WOMAN, PALE, STARING RIGHT AT HIM (at this point, she's still reasonably normal looking... just a bit odd). Still, there's something about her... \*

Dean takes a step toward her, into the street...

BEEP! The blast of a CAR HORN. Dean's stepped right in front of a CAR. By the time he turns back to the street, the CREEPY WOMAN HAS VANISHED.

A spooked beat. Then Dean shakes his head, blowing it off.

19 INT. WINCHESTER HOUSE - DINING ROOM - DAY 19

Dean sits at the table. Smiling up at his mother, as he takes a bite from a sandwich. Mouth full, pure bliss.

DEAN

Wow... this is the best sandwich... ever.

(trying to sound casual)

Hey, by the way, I tried to get ahold of Sam earlier. Where... is he?

MARY

He'll be here soon.

DEAN

Great. I'm dying to see him. \*

Mary tosses him an odd look. \*

MARY

Sweetie... don't get me wrong, I'm glad you're... hanging out here, all of a sudden. But... shouldn't you be at work?

DEAN

(chewing)

Work?

MARY

At the garage.

DEAN

(covering)

Right. The garage... where I work.

(then)

No. I got the day off.

(CONTINUED)

Then, something out the WINDOW catches Dean's eye: the grassy, slightly-overgrown FRONT LAWN.

DEAN

Hey, looks like the lawn needs mowing...

Mary looks at him, bewildered.

MARY

You want to mow the lawn?

DEAN

Mom, I would love to mow the lawn.

MARY

Knock yourself out.

As Dean heads for the front door, Mary mutters...

MARY

You'd think you'd never mowed a lawn in your life...

And we see in Dean's face -- he never has.

20 EXT. WINCHESTER HOUSE - DAY 20

A MONTAGE of Dean merrily pushing the mower across the sunny front lawn. Waving cheerfully at the NEIGHBOR taking out his trash across the street. The Neighbor hesitantly waves back. Dean smiles, truly happy for the first time in years.

21 EXT. WINCHESTER HOUSE - DAY 21

With a contented sigh, Dean flops down onto the front steps. Cracks open a BEER. And takes in his freshly mowed lawn. This is the life. Everything he secretly wanted...

Just then, a RENTAL CAR pulls into the driveway.

CLOSE ON DEAN. Once again, his jaw practically falls open in surprise. This time, with more joy... he rises to his feet.

DEAN

I don't believe it.

ANGLE. We SEE Sam behind the wheel. And then we pan over, revealing... JESSICA, in the passenger seat!

Dean runs over to them.

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21 CONTINUED: 21

ANGLE. Just as Sam and Jessica climb out of the car... Dean RACES to Jessica first.

DEAN  
Jessica!

Dean throws his arms around her. Jessica's uncomfortable, as she tries to extricate herself from Dean's hug...

JESSICA  
Ummm... great to see you too, Dean.  
(then)  
Can't breathe.

Dean finally lets her go. Smiling from ear to ear. He turns to Sam, PUNCHES him affectionately on the shoulder.

DEAN  
Sammy, look at you! With Jessica!  
I can't believe it!

SAM  
(rubbing his shoulder)  
Yeah...

DEAN  
So how was the trip from...?

SAM  
(weird look)  
California...?

DEAN  
(puts it together,  
excited)  
California, sure! Stanford... I  
bet law school by now, right?!

Sam gives him a "what the fuck is going on" look. His eyes drift down to Dean's beer. Now it all makes sense...

SAM  
I see you started out Mom's  
birthday with a bang. As usual.

Dean's caught off guard...

DEAN  
Mom's birthday? That's today?

Sam stares at him in disbelief...

(CONTINUED)

SAM  
Yeah, Dean, that's today... that's  
why we're here? Don't tell me you  
forgot...?

MARY (O.S.)  
Sam! Jessica!

SAM  
Hey, Mom.

Sam and Jessica turn, go up the drive to meet Mary.

Dean watches his brother go, thrown by Sam's cold shoulder.

22 INT. UPSCALE RESTAURANT - NIGHT 22

Classical music. Candlelight. Uniformed WAITERS move  
through the crowded tables, carrying elaborate plates.

We find Mary, Sam, Jessica, Dean and Carmen at a table.

WAITERS set down food and drinks in front of the Winchester  
Family. Dean gets a too-fancy, Wolfgang Puck tower of  
food... with sharp, edible spears jutting out... he's less  
than enthused. \*

DEAN  
Wow... that looks... so awesome. \*

SAM  
(raising a drink)  
To Mom. Happy birthday. \*

MARY  
(to Sam)  
You really didn't have to do all  
this... just having my family  
together, that's all I wanted.

DEAN  
Here, here.

As Mary, Sam, and Jessica converse in the B.G., Dean's  
distracted by Carmen, as she takes his hand under the table.

CARMEN  
(whispering)  
I was worried about you last  
night...

Dean looks at the unfamiliar woman holding his hand.

(CONTINUED)



DEAN  
I'm good. Really good.

CARMEN  
Okay. So whattaya say later, we go  
get you a cheeseburger?

DEAN  
Oh God, yes. \*

Then his eyes drift down to her sexy, tight dress.

DEAN  
How'd I end up with such a cool  
chick?

Carmen smiles, blushing.

CARMEN  
I guess I've got low standards.

Dean grins, impressed by her comeback. Their eyes meet, and  
we see -- the chemistry between them is undeniable. He pulls  
her forward for a quick kiss.

Across the table, Sam slides his arm around Jessica's  
shoulder, clears his throat...

SAM  
So, Jess and I have another  
surprise for Mom's birthday...  
(to Jessica)  
You wanna tell them?

JESSICA  
(embarrassed)  
They're your family.

MARY  
(can see what's coming)  
What? Tell me what?

From below the table... Sam lifts up a JEWELRY BOX-- opening \*  
it to REVEAL a small diamond engagement RING. Overjoyed, \*  
Mary stands, hugs her son and his fiancée.

MARY  
Oh my God. That's so wonderful!  
(teary-eyed)  
I wish your Dad were here.

Dean smiles at his brother. Genuinely moved...



DEAN  
Congratulations, Sammy. I'm really  
glad you're happy.

Sam gives Dean an odd look. Not sure what to make of it.

SAM  
Thanks.

When... over Sam's shoulder, across the crowded restaurant,  
Dean SUDDENLY SEES--

That same pale, CREEPY WOMAN from outside the university!  
Staring right at him! (NOTE: throughout the episode, the  
Woman grows dirtier, more deteriorated...as Dean senses  
reality, more and more, bit by bit.) \*

Dean reacts. Then he brushes right past Sam. As he hurries  
across the room, he sees: the Creepy Woman is FLICKERING --  
like a SPIRIT! Just then, a WAITER WIPES FRAME, blocking  
Dean's view for a moment! By the time the Waiter PASSES, the  
Creepy Woman has DISAPPEARED...

A spooked beat. Then, Dean looks down. He's standing beside  
a table, right between a COUPLE, whose romantic date he's  
clearly interrupted. He attempts a friendly, casual smile.

DEAN  
I take it you didn't see a woman  
standing here.  
(off their blank looks)  
Obviously not.  
(then)  
Try the lamb.

Dean turns to look across the room at his family. Clearly  
they didn't see the Creepy Woman either... they're staring at  
him like he's from Mars.

Off Dean... trying to make sense of it all...

BLACKOUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

23 INT. WINCHESTER HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

23

The Winchester Family enter the Living Room.

SAM

(to Dean)

So what was all that, back at the restaurant?

DEAN

(shakes it off)

I just... thought I saw someone.  
It's nothing.

MARY

Well, I had a lovely birthday.  
Thank you.

Everyone AD LIBS GOODNIGHTS. Mary exits. Sam turns to Jessica.

SAM

Well, I'm beat. You ready to turn in?

JESSICA

Sure.

Dean's still shaken by what happened at the restaurant. Not ready to call it a night yet.

DEAN

It's not even nine o'clock! Let's all go get a drink or something...

\*

SAM

Maybe another time.

\*

Sam starts to walk away. Dean stops him.

\*

DEAN

Hey, hold on. We've got beautiful girls on our arms, you're engaged... let's celebrate...

\*

Sam takes a beat. Then turns to Carmen and Jessica.

SAM

Guys, can you excuse us? I wanna talk to my brother for a minute.

(CONTINUED)

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CARMEN  
Yeah, sure. C'mon, Jess.

They EXIT out to the front hallway, as--

24 INT. WINCHESTER HOUSE - DINING ROOM - NIGHT 24

Sam follows Dean into the dining room.

SAM  
Okay. What's gotten into you?

DEAN  
What do you mean?

SAM  
This whole warm, fuzzy Ecstasy trip  
of yours.

DEAN  
I'm just happy for you, Sammy.

SAM  
And that's another thing. Since  
when do you call me "Sammy?"  
(then)  
Dean. Come on. We don't talk  
outside of holidays.

DEAN  
We don't?  
(then)  
Well, we should. I mean, you're my  
brother.

SAM  
"You're my brother." You know,  
that's what you said when you  
snaked my ATM card. Or when you  
bailed on my graduation. Or when  
you hooked up with Rachel Nave.

\*

Dean shrugs.

DEAN  
Who?

SAM  
My prom date. On prom night.

(CONTINUED)

DEAN  
(after a beat)  
That does sorta sound like me.

Sam isn't angry here. He's SAD. Accepting. Resigned to the realities of their relationship.

SAM  
Look. It's alright, man, I'm not asking you to change. But it's just... I don't know... we just don't have anything in common.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

DEAN  
Yes we do!

SAM  
What?

DEAN  
Hunting!

SAM  
Hunting? I've never been hunting in my life.

Beat. Dean tries to awkwardly cover.

DEAN  
Yeah, well, maybe you should try it sometime. Bet you'd be great at it.

Sam takes a beat. Then--

SAM  
Get some rest.

\*

Sam exits. Leaving Dean. Troubled.

25 INT. APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

25 \*

Dean sits on the bed. Lost in thought. Carmen enters, in her SHORT ROBE. Hands him a BEER. Dean glances down at the label, smiles. \*

DEAN  
My favorite. Guess you know me pretty well.

CARMEN  
'Fraid so.

(CONTINUED)

Dean looks up at her. In this life, this almost complete stranger knows him better than he knows himself.

DEAN

So, Sammy and I... we're not very close.

\*  
\*

CARMEN

Well, you don't really spend any time together... I just don't think you know each other all that well.

\*  
\*  
\*

Carmen sits down beside him. Gently--

\*

CARMEN

For the record. He doesn't know what he's missing. You're funny, and sweet-- and you got a great ass.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

Dean takes a swig of the beer. A look of determination slowly spreads across Dean's face.

\*

DEAN

Well. I can fix things with Sam. I can make it up to him-- to everybody.

\*  
\*  
\*

Now Carmen looks concerned.

CARMEN

Okay, what's gotten into you lately?

DEAN

This isn't gonna make a lick of sense. But I feel... like I've been given a second chance here. And I'm not gonna waste it.

CARMEN

You're right. That doesn't make--

Dean cuts her off with a spontaneous, passionate KISS. When he finally releases her...

DEAN

You know. I get it.

\*

CARMEN

Get what?

\*

(CONTINUED)

DEAN  
I get why you're the one. \*

CARMEN  
(smiling)  
Well, whatever's gotten into you--  
I like it. \*

They kiss again. Passionate. As it gets hot and heavy...

CARMEN  
Oh, man. Don't do this to me. I  
gotta get ready for work...

DEAN  
Work? Now? \*

CARMEN  
I've got the night shift Thursdays.  
I told you. \*

As she moves to the CLOSET, OPENS IT-- \*

DEAN  
So, you're working nights at the...  
uh...

Carmen pulls out an OUTFIT-- a pair of HOSPITAL SCRUBS... \*

DEAN  
... hospital.  
(stoked)  
I'm dating a nurse. That's so  
respectable. \*

25A INT. APARTMENT - KITCHEN - LATER

25A \*

Dean. POURS himself a BEER, from the KEGERATOR he's got next  
to his refrigerator. He grins-- this is the life. He moves  
to the-- \*

26 INT. APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - LATER

26

Dean SPRAWLS on the couch, watching TV, drinking a beer, feet  
up on the coffee table. He SIGHS, content. He snags the  
remote, FLIPS through channels. \*

ANGLE ON TV. Infomercials and other bad television snap  
past. But then... a SNIPPET of a NEWS REPORT. Over B-ROLL  
of people lighting CANDLES...

(CONTINUED)

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NEWSCASTER (O.S.)  
... and today marks the anniversary  
of the crash of United Britannia  
Flight 424--

Dean stops CLICKING CHANNELS. Reacts. This means something  
to him. He leans forward.

NEWSCASTER (O.S.)  
Indianapolis residents held a  
candlelight vigil, in memory of the  
108 passengers and crew who lost  
their lives. Turning to local--

DEAN. His perfect world crumbling...

DEAN  
... no... no, I stopped that crash.

26A INT. APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER 26A

Dean sits at a desk in front of a COMPUTER. He types  
furiously.

26B THE COMPUTER SCREEN 26B

As a MONTAGE of NEWSPAPER ARTICLES appear in quick  
succession. The headlines read: **"FLIGHT 424 CRASHES-- 108  
DEAD"; "9 CHILDREN COMATOSE"; "PARENTS MUTILATED IN BEDROOM";  
"GIRL DROWNS IN HOTEL POOL";** etc.

ANGLE ON - DEAN. Horror spreads across his face, as he  
realizes: everyone he's ever saved is dead.

SUDDENLY, out of the corner of his eye, he catches a FLASH of  
something --

The CREEPY WOMAN disappearing down the hallway into the  
bedroom!

DEAN  
What the hell...

WE MOVE WITH DEAN as he cautiously heads into--

27 INT. APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT 27

It's empty. Still. Then, from INSIDE the WALK-IN CLOSET...

CREEAK! Like the SOUND of a ROPE SQUEAKING... Dean slowly  
approaches the closet door... A tense beat, as he pushes it  
open... Dean staggers back...

(CONTINUED)



TWO PALE, WITHERED CORPSES -- a man and a woman -- dangle from the clothes rack! Their hands bound above their heads with THICK ROPE... the rope is SQUEAKING under the weight of the swinging bodies...

Then, from behind him, a low, SOFT MOAN... Dean SPINS AROUND! The Creepy Woman is standing just inches away! Now FILTHY and BLOODY (again, she progressively deteriorates, as Dean gets closer and closer to the truth of his situation). BLOOD DRIPPING from her open mouth... \*

Suddenly, the Creepy Woman FLICKERS and VANISHES.

Dean turns back to the closet. Just hanging clothes. The bodies are gone...

OFF Dean, shaken--

28-29 OMITTED

28-29

30 EXT. CEMETERY - NIGHT

30

Dark. Deserted. Except for one lonely figure: Dean, standing silently, staring down at a GRAVE.

THE HEADSTONE. The EPITAPH: JOHN E. WINCHESTER, 1954 - 2006. \*

Quietly, emotionally, Dean talks to his father.

DEAN

All of 'em... everyone you saved... everyone Sammy and I saved... they're all dead.

(beat)

And there's this woman, she's haunting me... I have no idea why, or what the connection is-- not yet anyway.

(beat)

But it's like... my old life's coming after me or something. Like it won't let me be happy.

Dean stares at the cold, silent grave.

DEAN

I know what you'd say-- at least, the 'you' that didn't play softball. Hunt down the Djinn. If it put you here, it can put you back, right? My happiness versus all those lives-- no contest.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)



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DEAN (CONT'D)

(beat)

But... why? Why's it my job to  
save everybody? Why do I have to  
be some kind of hero?

(emotional)

What about us? Huh? Mom's not  
supposed to live her life? Sam's  
not supposed to get married? Why  
do we have to sacrifice everything!  
It's not--

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

Dean stops, mid stream. An emotional beat. As Dean  
struggles to pull himself together.

Finally, he glances one last time at his father's grave.

WIDE ANGLE. As Dean quietly walks away--

BLACKOUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

31 INT. WINCHESTER HOUSE - GUEST ROOM - NIGHT 31

Sam is sleeping next to Jessica. He jolts awake! There's a SCRAPING NOISE coming from downstairs. It sounds like someone breaking into the house!

32 INT. WINCHESTER HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 32

Clutching a BASEBALL BAT, Sam creeps down the stairs. Peers into the darkened living room...

A WINDOW is open. White drapes billow, ghostly. Nearby, a DARK FIGURE leans over a CABINET. The door swings open. The Dark Figure reaches inside... pulls out a varnished WOODEN BOX. Opens it. \*

Sam's jaw tightens. His hands tremble around the bat. He sneaks up behind the Figure... raises the bat...

The Dark Figure WHIPS AROUND -- lightning fast -- grabs the baseball bat, and SWEEPS Sam's legs out from under him. Sam SLAMS to the floor with a painful WHACK!

Dean looks down at his brother, pityingly.

DEAN

Man, that was so easy I'm embarrassed for you.

SAM

(winded)

Dean? What the hell're you doing here?

DEAN

Well, I was looking for a beer.

SAM

In the china cabinet?

Dean offers Sam a hand up. Sam doesn't take it.

Sam pulls himself to his feet. Spots a the WOODEN BOX on the floor. It's open, and inside--

SAM

Mom's silver?

DEAN

Sam--

(CONTINUED)

SAM  
(disgusted)  
You broke into our house to steal  
Mom's silver?

DEAN  
I know what it looks like, okay,  
but I didn't have a choice...

SAM  
Wow, this is a whole new low...

DEAN  
This is a life or death thing.  
You've got no idea...

SAM  
Then, clue me in, please. What's  
so damn important that you're  
stealing from your own mother?

Dean hesitates...

DEAN  
Fine. You want the truth?

SAM  
Yeah, I do.

Dean takes a deep breath. Then--

DEAN  
I owe somebody money.

SAM  
Who?

DEAN  
A bookie. I lost big on a game.  
Now I gotta bring him the cash  
tonight or--

Sam cuts him off, incredulous--

SAM  
I can't believe we're even  
related...

Dean turns to his brother, sincere, urgent--

(CONTINUED)

DEAN

Sammy, I'm sorry. I'm sorry we  
don't get along... I wish to hell  
I could stay and make it all up to  
you... but I gotta do this --  
people's lives count on it...

\*  
\*  
\*

SAM

What're you talking about?

Dean looks at his brother. Wants to confide in him so badly.  
But he can't.

DEAN

Nothing. Forget it. Just tell Mom  
I love her, okay.

Dean reaches into the bundle of silverware, grabs TWO SILVER  
KNIVES. Sam's confused--

SAM

Dean...

Dean heads for the door.

DEAN

Bye, Sam.

Sam watches him go, troubled.

33 EXT. WINCHESTER HOUSE - IMPALA - MOMENTS LATER 33

At the curb. Dean starts the engine. Suddenly, the  
passenger-side door opens. Sam climbs in.

DEAN

Get out of the car, Sam.

SAM

I'm going with you.

DEAN

You're just gonna slow me down--

SAM

Tough.

DEAN

It's dangerous, you could get hurt--

SAM

So could you.

(CONTINUED)

DEAN

Sammy--

SAM

Look, whatever stupid thing you're about to do, you're not doing it alone... and that's that.

DEAN

I don't understand. Why are you doing this?

SAM

(as Dean said to him)  
You're still my brother.

\*

Dean's touched. Grateful. But he quickly swallows back his emotion...

DEAN

Bitch.

SAM

Why you calling me a bitch?

DEAN

You're supposed to say 'jerk.'

SAM

What?

DEAN

Forget it.

34 EXT. BUTCHER SHOP - IMPALA - NIGHT

34

Dean pulls up in front of a BUTCHER SHOP. The lights are off. A **CLOSED** sign hangs in the window.

SAM

(confused)

What're we doing here?

DEAN

I just gotta pick up a couple things. Wait in the car.

Dean gets out, leans in the window...

DEAN

And do me a favor -- you see any cops, honk the horn.

(CONTINUED)

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SAM  
Cops? Why would there be cops...

Before Sam can protest further, Dean's out of the car, circling to the back of the building.

35 EXT. BUTCHER SHOP - IMPALA - MOMENTS LATER 35

Dean gets back in the car. He's carrying a BROWN PAPER BAG. Sam's totally freaking out...

SAM  
You just broke into that store, didn't you? Are you nuts?

Dean gives him a look like: "Maybe." He pulls the car away from the curb.

36 INT. IMPALA - MOVING - NIGHT (PMP) 36

As they speed off, Sam's eyes land on the paper bag.

SAM  
What's in the bag, Dean?

DEAN  
Don't worry about it.

SAM  
Money? Did you just rob that store!?

Sam grabs the bag, plunges his hand inside...

DEAN  
You don't wanna do that--

Sam's hand comes back holding a TUPPERWARE CONTAINER full of BLOOD. Sam's horrified--

SAM  
What the hell is this?!

DEAN  
Blood.

SAM  
I know it's blood! But what the hell're you doing with it?

DEAN  
You don't really wanna know.

(CONTINUED)

SAM

Yes, I do, Dean! I really really  
wanna know.

Dean glances at his brother -- Dean sighs...

DEAN

Well. I guess you're gonna find  
out sooner or later. But I gotta  
warn you-- it's gonna sound a  
little... unusual.

(then)

I... I needed a silver knife dipped  
in lamb's blood.

Sam stares at him like he's beyond nuts.

SAM

And you needed a silver knife  
dipped in lamb's blood because...?

DEAN

Because there's this creature-- a  
Djinn, and I gotta hunt it.

Sam looks completely freaked.

SAM

Stop the car.

DEAN

I know how this must sound--

SAM

Stop the car, Dean.

DEAN

It's the truth, Sam. There's  
things out in the dark... bad  
things, nightmare things... a lot  
of people need to be saved... and  
if we don't save 'em nobody will...

SAM

(evenly)

Listen to me. I wanna help you.  
But you're having some kind of  
psychotic break...

DEAN

I wish.

Sam reaches in his pocket, pulls out his CELL PHONE. Dean grabs it out of his hand. Tosses it out the open window...

SAM  
What're you doing?!

DEAN  
Sorry, Sammy, I ain't going to the rubber room. We got work to do.

Sam's frightened, trying to reason with him...

SAM  
I'm just trying to look out for you... I don't want you to get yourself hurt...

Dean glances over at his brother, chuckles...

DEAN  
You protect me? That's hilarious. Just sit tight and try not to get us both killed.

Dean snaps on the RADIO. ROCK MUSIC BLASTS. Sam clutches his seat-belt, trying to conceal his fear, as Dean floors the accelerator, speeding onto the dark, open highway.

37 EXT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - THE IMPALA - NIGHT 37

Sam's sleeping in the passenger seat. He wakes, as Dean pulls up in front of the ABANDONED warehouse (from the teaser).

SAM  
(groggy)  
Where are we?

DEAN  
Not in Kansas anymore.  
(then)  
Illinois.

\*

Sam stares up at the ominous-looking warehouse.

SAM  
You think something's in there.

DEAN  
I know it is.



SAM  
Dean, you think this is real... but  
it's not. It's in your head, it's  
just crossed wires. \*

DEAN  
Just wait in the car.

Dean climbs out. Sam follows.

SAM  
Forget it. I didn't come all this  
way to let you walk into some  
building with a bloody knife...

DEAN  
Sam, you've got no idea what's in  
there...

SAM  
I go with you, or I go find the  
cops. Your choice.

DEAN  
You're a pain in my ass.

Dean gets out of the car. Sam follows.

38 INT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS 38

The rusty door CREAKS open. Dean steps cautiously inside,  
holding the knife and a FLASHLIGHT, followed by Sam. Sam  
looks around... \*

SAM  
See? Nothing here. Now Carmen's  
gotta be worried sick about you,  
man--

DEAN  
Shhhh!

From behind a METAL DOOR at the other end, a low ECHOING  
SOUND -- a WOMAN GROANING in PAIN.

SAM  
(whispering)  
What the hell is that? \*

DEAN  
(whispering)  
Stay behind me. Keep your mouth  
shut.

Sam nods, spooked. The brothers creep silently toward the door.

39 INT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - STORAGE ROOM - CONTINUOUS 39

Dean pushes the metal door open. Revealing a dusty storage room. Lit by a single bare LIGHT-BULB... it very occasionally flickers. As the boys step inside, they see--

TWO WITHERED CORPSES -- the same ones Dean saw in the closet. They're HANGING in the corner. Their pale, dead wrists strung above their heads with thick rope. FILTHY I.V.'s jabbed into them... leading to dried, desiccated BAGS. \*

SAM  
What the hell is this...? \*

There's the Creepy Woman! The ONE Dean's BEEN SEEING, ALL THIS TIME! Her name is JOY. She's tied up, just like the other two. But she's still ALIVE. UNCONSCIOUS, her EYES rolled back in her head, her mouth gaping open, GROANING... \*

She has an I.V. JABBED into her, too. Leading to a BLOODY BAG on a stolen hospital stand.

Dean is SHOCKED BY THIS.

DEAN  
... her... it's her... \*

SAM  
Dean, what's going on?? \*

Dean suddenly clasps his hand over Sam's mouth, DRAGGING him back behind some BOXES, just as--

The DJINN enters from another door. Sam's eyes widen in disbelief and terror. He'd scream if Dean's hand wasn't covering his mouth.

As the Djinn approaches Joy, her eyes slowly REFOCUS. She regains consciousness. Groggy--

JOY  
Where am I? Where's my husband?

Then, Joy sees the Djinn moving toward her... \*

(CONTINUED)

JOY

No... no... where's my husband...?

Joy flinches with disgust and horror as the Djinn's pasty HAND reaches out... gently STROKING her cheek. Its voice is raspy, inhuman...

DJINN

Sleep... sleep now.

The DJINN'S HAND IGNITES, in a blue smokeless fire. The fire dances across Joy's cheek, without singeing or burning her. Her eyes ROLL BACK in her head, and she goes limp.

From behind the boxes, Sam and Dean watch wide-eyed, as the Djinn then UNHOOKS the TUBING from the BLOODY BAG. Holds it up... and lets it SPURT into his mouth. With the rhythm of Joy's PULSE. It practically licks its lips. Gross!

Shaken by the horrific sight, Sam inadvertently lets out a GASP! The Djinn's head SNAPS in their direction! He heard that. He re-affixes the I.V. tubing... then heads toward the boxes... right for Sam and Dean.

But as the Djinn peers around the boxes, he finds... NOTHING THERE. Sam and Dean have vanished. Still suspicious, the creature moves through the open metal door, out into the dark warehouse. As the DOOR CLOSES, WE REVEAL--

Sam and Dean hiding behind it, holding their breath. A beat. Then, Dean lets go of his brother. Sam gasps for air. Totally freaking out--

SAM

This is real...? This is real?!  
You're not crazy?!

Dean's not listening. He's staring at Joy across the room, writhing in some kind of dream-state.

DEAN

(quietly)

She had no idea where she was...  
she thought she was with her  
husband...

SAM

Dean, we gotta get outta here!

Dean slowly moves toward Joy, putting it together...

(CONTINUED)

DEAN

What if that's what the Djinn  
does... it doesn't grant wishes...  
it just makes you think it has.

Sam follows his brother across the room.

SAM

Listen to me, man, that thing could  
come back...

Dean keeps moving toward Joy. As he crosses under the bare  
light-bulb, it FLICKERS, and we suddenly--

FLICKER TO:

40 INT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - STORAGE ROOM - CONT. (DAY 1) 40 \*

A super-quick FLASH of Dean TIED UP against the warehouse's  
rusty wall... directly ACROSS FROM JOY... and RIGHT UNDER the  
FLICKERING LIGHT-BULB. Dean's eyes are rolled back in his  
head. He's got a BLOODY, FILTHY I.V.; he's in that same  
catatonic dream-state...

Above him, the bare LIGHT-BULB FLICKERS again, and we...

FLICKER TO:

41 INT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - STORAGE ROOM - CONT (VISION D2) 41 \*

Dean looks up at Sam, quietly realizing...

SAM

Dean. Please!

DEAN

What if I'm like her... what if I'm  
tied up in here somewhere...

(beat)

What if this is all in my head?

Off Dean's mind-blowing realization, we...

BLACKOUT!

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

42 INT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - STORAGE ROOM - CONTINUOUS 42

Dean tries to process everything.

DEAN

... it could... I mean, maybe it gives us some kind of supernatural acid... then feeds off us slow.

\*  
\*

SAM

That doesn't make any sense...

He pivots to Joy. Looking at her.

DEAN

What if that's why she was appearing to me. She's not a spirit. More and more, I was seeing flashes of reality...

\*  
\*  
\*

Dean glances around the dark storage room...

DEAN

Maybe I'm in here... catatonic, taking all this in somehow... I just can't snap out of it.

\*  
\*  
\*

SAM

(trying to talk sense)  
You were right, okay, I was wrong, you're not crazy. But we have to leave right now.

Dean turns to his brother, increasingly convinced--

DEAN

I don't think you're real.

\*

Sam grabs Dean, shaking him hard.

SAM

Feel that? This isn't an acid trip! This is real, Dean! And that thing's gonna kill us for real... now please!

Sam heads for the door. But Dean doesn't move. He slowly looks down at the bloodied steak knife in his hand.

(CONTINUED)

DEAN  
Well. There's one way to know for  
sure.

Sam's eyes dart to the knife, nervously--

SAM  
Dean, what're you doing?

Dean moves the knife up to his chest.

DEAN  
Old wives' tale - if you're about  
to die in a dream... you wake up. \*

SAM  
What? That's crazy...

DEAN  
Maybe.

SAM  
You're gonna kill yourself!

DEAN  
Or I'm gonna wake up... guess it's  
one or the other.

SAM  
(panicked)  
This isn't a dream! I'm here, with  
you, now, and you're about to  
commit suicide!

DEAN  
Nah. I'm pretty sure. Well,  
ninety percent sure. Sure enough.

Dean draws the knife back, about to plunge it into his chest,  
when--

SAM  
WAIT!

Dean stops. The blade just inches from his heart.

MARY and CARMEN and JESSICA suddenly step out of the shadows \*  
around Dean... his face falls. \*

SAM

Why'd you have to keep digging?  
Why couldn't you have left well  
enough alone? You were happy.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

Mary moves slowly toward her son. Gently...

\*

MARY

Put the knife down, honey.

Dean looks up at her, heartbroken.

DEAN

You're not real. None of it is.

\*

MARY

It doesn't matter. This is still  
better than anything you had.

\*  
\*

DEAN

What?

MARY

It's everything you want. We're a  
family again... let's go home.

\*

DEAN

(shaking his head)  
I'll die... the Djinn'll drain the  
life outta me in a couple days...

Mary's patient, persuasive...

MARY

But in here, with us, it'll feel  
like years, like a lifetime... I  
promise. No more pain or fear.  
Just love, and comfort, and safety.

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

(then)

Dean. Stay with us. Get some  
rest.

JESSICA

You won't have to worry about Sam  
anymore. You'd get to watch him  
live a full life.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

Softly, seductively...

\*



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CARMEN

We could have a future together...  
have our own family... I love you,  
Dean. Please.

Dean's torn, emotional. He wishes like hell this were real. \*

SAM

Why is it our job to save  
everybody? We've given up enough.  
Please, I'm begging you. Hand me  
the knife. \*

Dean hesitates. Looking around at the pleading, hopeful  
faces of the people he loves... Finally, quietly,  
painfully...

DEAN

I'm sorry.

DEAN PLUNGES THE KNIFE INTO HIS CHEST! SAM SCREAMS--

SAM

DEAN!!!

MATCH CUT TO:

43 INT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - STORAGE ROOM - CONT. (DAY 1) 43 \*

SAM

DEAN!!!

WE TURN AROUND TO REVEAL DEAN. Tied up, directly across from  
Joy. (Just like we saw in that quick flash.) He's pale,  
weak, with dark circles under his eyes. Sam's standing  
beside him. Shaking him hard...

SAM

C'mon Dean, wake up! Wake up,  
dammit!

Dean finally finds his voice... raspy, but still a smart ass.

DEAN

... Oh, Auntie Em... there's no  
place like home...

Relief washes across Sam's face. He gently UNHOOKS Dean's  
NASTY, DIRTY I.V.

SAM

I thought I lost you for a second.

(CONTINUED)



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43 CONTINUED: 43

DEAN  
You almost did.

SAM  
Let's get you outta here.

As Sam starts working on Dean's binds, Dean looks up... the  
DJINN comes up right behind Sam!

DEAN  
SAM!

BLACKOUT!

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

44 INT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - STORAGE ROOM - CONTINUOUS 44

The Djinn LUNGES for Sam! Sam DUCKS out of the way, lightning fast! Pulling a BLOOD-TIPPED DAGGER out of his pocket, he faces the creature... This isn't fantasy Sam anymore. This Sam is poised, ready to kick some genie ass...

Sam takes a stab at the Djinn's chest... but the Djinn BLOCKS the blow, sending the DAGGER FLYING!

The creature's pissed, as he slowly backs Sam into a corner... Sam's eyes dart around the room, searching for an escape route... he's SCREWED.

As the Djinn advances on Sam, Dean struggles frantically with his binds. He manages to free one of his arms...

ANGLE ON - THE DJINN. His hideous HANDS reaching for Sam...

SUDDENLY, the Djinn FREEZES... he GASPS in pain! THICK BLOOD dribbles from his open mouth... And, as he DROPS OUT OF FRAME, we see--

Dean standing behind him. Holding the BLOODY DAGGER. Looking down at the Djinn with burning hatred.

Sam looks gratefully at his brother...

SAM

Thanks.

DEAN

No sweat.

But just as Dean says this, he braces himself, like he's about to pass out.

SAM

Dean.

Dean nods weakly.

DEAN

I'm fine.

He pulls himself across the room... to Joy. She's still tied up. Her head slumped forward.

Dean feels for a pulse. His face flooding with relief...

(CONTINUED)

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DEAN  
She's still alive...

Sam hurries over, helps Dean untie the unconscious woman and free her from the I.V.

DEAN  
It's gonna be okay. I got you... I got you.

Off Dean staring at the woman he's saved...

45 INT. JOLIET MOTEL ROOM - THE NEXT DAY (DAY 2) 45 \*

Dean stares down at a MOTOR MAGAZINE, paging listlessly through it. When he stops on a page--

ON THE PAGE. An ADVERTISEMENT for HIS FAVORITE BEER. And CARMEN is the babe-model in the ad. Grinning carefree.

Dean gives a sad, ironic little laugh-exhale at this.

Sam enters. Pocketing his cell phone.

SAM  
I just called the hospital. The girl's stabilized. Good chance she's gonna pull through.

\*  
\*

Dean nods, quietly--

DEAN  
That's good.

Sam looks at his brother for a beat. Concerned.

SAM  
What about you? You alright?

DEAN  
Yeah.  
(then, a far-away smile)  
You should've seen it, Sam... our lives. You were such a wussy...

\*  
\*

SAM  
So we didn't get along, huh?

\*  
\*

DEAN  
No.

\*  
\*

(CONTINUED)

SAM

But if it was supposed to be this  
perfect fantasy...?

DEAN

It wasn't a fantasy; just a wish.  
I wished for Mom to live; that's  
what I got. Mom never died, so we  
never went hunting, so you and me,  
we just didn't... you know...

SAM

(with warmth)

Well. I'm glad we do.

A beat between brothers. The only thing they have in this  
fucked up life is each other.

SAM

And I'm glad you dug yourself out.  
Most people would've had the  
strength. They just woulda stayed.

DEAN

(ironic exhale)

Yeah. Lucky me.

(long beat; a confession)

But Sam. You had Jess... Mom was  
gonna have grandkids.

SAM

It wasn't real... and deep down, a  
part of you knew it.

DEAN

I know. But I still wanted to  
stay. I wanted to stay so badly.

(long beat)

Ever since Dad... all I think about  
is what the job's cost us... we've  
lost so much... we've sacrificed so  
much...

Sam cuts him off...

SAM

But a lot of people are alive--  
because of you. It's worth it,  
Dean. It's not fair, and it hurts  
like hell, but it's worth it.

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45 CONTINUED: (2) 45

A beat, as Dean stares down at the beer in his hand. He doesn't say anything... but the question is clear in his face: Is it really all worth it?

BLACKOUT.

TO BE CONTINUED...