

SUPERNATURAL

Episode #109

"Asylum"

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PRODUCTION DRAFT - WHITE  
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Episode #109

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REVISION HISTORY

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Production Draft - White	10/17/05	Full Script
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CAST LIST

SAM WINCHESTER  
DEAN WINCHESTER

OFFICER DANIEL GUNDERSON  
ROOKIE/OFFICER WALTER KELLY  
WIFE  
TEEN  
DR. SANFORD ELLICOTT  
DR. JAMES ELLICOTT  
GAVIN  
KATHERINE/KAT

JARED PADALECKI  
JENSEN ACKLES

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

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TEASER

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

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

1A INT. ROOSEVELT ASYLUM - FRONT LOBBY - NIGHT 1A

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

TEEN

(solemn and proud)

Let me be the first to say it.  
This is one of the stupidest things  
we've ever done.

2 EXT. ROOSEVELT ASYLUM FOR THE MENTALLY ILL - NIGHT 2

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

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

(CONTINUED)

"Asylum"  
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2

2

OFFICER GUNDERSON  
Can't keep kids outta this place...

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

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

ROOKIE  
Legend?

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

ROOKIE  
And how do you know so much about  
it?

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

ROOKIE  
See any ghosts?

OFFICER GUNDERSON  
What do you think?

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

3 INT. ROOSEVELT ASYLUM - FRONT LOBBY - NIGHT 3

The cops enter, searching. Skimming their flashlight beams.

OFFICER GUNDERSON  
Hello?! Police officers!

A distant KLINK exposes the kids somewhere in the building.  
Then... Gunderson trains his light on... THE BROKEN-OPEN  
SECURITY DOOR, to the SOUTH WING. The PADLOCK and HEAVY  
CHAIN lying on the floor...

(CONTINUED)

MO

"Asylum"  
CONTINUED:

Blue Revisions

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3

3

OFFICER GUNDERSON

You tellin' me these kids brought  
bolt cutters?

(sighs)

Come on, we'll split up.

4

4 OMIT

5

5 INT. CORRIDOR - NIGHT

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

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

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

OFFICER GUNDERSON

Alright. Come on out...

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

6

6 INT. BASEMENT HALLWAY - NIGHT

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

ROOKIE

Hello? Anybody down here?

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

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

7 INT. BASEMENT ROOM - NIGHT

7

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

When his FLASHLIGHT FLICKERS. Then goes dead. He looks at it. Great. He hits it with his hand, trying to rattle the batteries, when--

(CONTINUED)

MD



"Asylum"  
CONTINUED:

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7

7

CREEEEEAK. Coming from behind him. He pivots, to see--

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

CUT TO:

8

EXT. ROOSEVELT ASYLUM - AT THE CRUISER

8

Gunderson is reading the three teens the riot act.

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

TEEN  
Yes, sir...

OFFICER GUNDERSON  
Now beat it before I change my mind.

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

OFFICER GUNDERSON  
Kelly, you copy?

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

OFFICER GUNDERSON  
Jeez. Where you been?

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

ROOKIE  
In there.

OFFICER GUNDERSON  
What was it? See anything?

ROOKIE  
(beat)  
No.

(CONTINUED)

NO

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8

8

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

CUT TO:

9

EXT. MODEST HOME - NIGHT - TO ESTABLISH

9

10

INT. MODEST HOME - BEDROOM - NIGHT

10

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

WIFE

Hey.

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

WIFE

(apologetic, upset, but  
NOT angry)

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

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

WIFE (O.S.)

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

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

11

EXT. MODEST HOME - NIGHT

11

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

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

12 INT. MOTEL ROOM - SOMEWHERE IN AMERICA - NIGHT (DAY 2) 12

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

Meanwhile, Sam paces, on his CELL PHONE.

SAM

...no, Dad was in California, last we heard from him... well, we just thought, he comes to you for munitions, maybe you've seen him the last few weeks.

(pause; then)

Okay, well, call us if you hear anything. Thanks.

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

DEAN

Caleb hasn't seen him?

SAM

No, neither has Jefferson, or Pastor Jim.

(beat)

What about the journal? Any leads in there?

DEAN

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

SAM

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

DEAN

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

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

Dean begins searching under clothes, in bags, etc., for it.

(CONTINUED)

SAM

I don't care. After everything that happened in Kansas... I mean, he should've been there. You said yourself you tried to call him... and nothing.

DEAN

I know.

(then)

Where the hell's my phone?

SAM

He could be dead for all we know.

DEAN

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

SAM

What? Hiding? Busy?

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

DEAN

I don't believe it.

SAM

What?

DEAN

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

INSERT - DEAN'S PHONE SCREEN

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

INT. MOTEL ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

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

SAM

You think Dad was texting us?

DEAN

(nods)  
He's given us coordinates before.

SAM

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

DEAN

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

SAM

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

DEAN

(shakes his head)  
It said unknown.

SAM

Well... where do the coordinates point?

DEAN

That's the interesting part. Rockford, Illinois.

SAM

And that's interesting... how?

DEAN

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

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

DEAN

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

SAM

That's terrible.

DEAN

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

(CONTINUED)

SAM

I don't follow. What's that have to do with us?

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

INSERT - THE JOURNAL

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

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

DEAN

Dad earmarked the same Asylum in the journal. Seven unconfirmed sightings. Two deaths-- up until last week, at least.

(looks up with excitement)

I mean, this is where he wants us to go.

Sam. Wheels turning. Sharp, alert, intelligent.

SAM

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

DEAN

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

SAM

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

DEAN

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

SAM

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

DEAN

(end of discussion)

Sam. Dad's telling us to go somewhere. We're going.

14 EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT 14

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

15 EXT. BLUE COLLAR BAR - ROCKFORD, ILLINOIS - NIGHT 15

The Impala. Parked in front of a dive bar.

SUPER TITLE: ROCKFORD, ILLINOIS

16 INT. BLUE COLLAR BAR - NIGHT 16

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

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

DEAN

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

OFFICER GUNDERSON

Yeah...?

DEAN

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

OFFICER GUNDERSON

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

DEAN

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

OFFICER GUNDERSON

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

DEAN

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

(CONTINUED)

SAM'S VOICE

Hey, buddy! How 'bout leaving the  
poor guy alone?!

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

SAM

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

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

OFFICER GUNDERSON

(amused)

You didn't have to do that.

SAM

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

OFFICER GUNDERSON

Thanks, thanks very much.

As Sam settles in for a friendly chat with Gunderson--

EXT. BLUE COLLAR BAR - NIGHT - LATER

Dean leans against the Impala. Sam approaches.

DEAN

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

SAM

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

DEAN

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

\*  
\*  
\*

SAM

Walter Kelly was a good cop. Even  
keeled, top of his class, bright  
future.

(CONTINUED)



DEAN

But at home?

SAM

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

DEAN

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

\*  
\*

Sam nods.

DEAN

What'd Gunderson tell you about the Asylum?

SAM

A lot.

EXT. ROOSEVELT ASYLUM - DAWN (DAY 3)

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

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

INT. ROOSEVELT ASYLUM - FRONT LOBBY - DAWN

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

SAM

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

DEAN

(reacts to this)  
The South Wing, huh?

SAM

What?

Dean pulls the journal from a JACKET POCKET. Opens it to the old Roosevelt Asylum article.

DEAN

1972. Three kids broke into the South Wing. Only one survived. Way he tells it, one of his friends went nuts and started lighting up the place.

SAM

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

DEAN

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

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

SAM

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

DEAN

Which keeps people out? Or keeps something in?

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

INT. ROOSEVELT ASYLUM - HALLWAY - SOUTH WING - DAWN

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

DEAN

(wry)

So tell me if you see any dead people, Haley Joel.

SAM

Dude. Enough.

DEAN

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

SAM

I told you. It's not E.S.P. I just have... strange vibes sometimes. Weird dreams.

DEAN

Whatever. Don't ask, don't tell.

SAM

You getting any readings on that thing or not?

DEAN

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

SAM

(nodding)

Spirits can appear during certain hours of the day. \*

DEAN

The freaks come out at night.

Beat. Dean can't resist needling his brother.

DEAN

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

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

INT. ELLICOTT WARD - DAWN

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

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

DEAN

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

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

DEAN

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

SAM

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

DEAN

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

Sam decides to speak his mind--

SAM

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

DEAN

About what?

SAM

The fact that Dad's not here.

DEAN

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

SAM

I'm being serious.

DEAN

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

SAM

It doesn't matter what he wants--

DEAN

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

SAM

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

DEAN

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

SAM

What, we always gotta follow Dad's  
orders?

Dean looks at Sam like he's speaking Mandarin.

DEAN

'Course we do.

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CONTINUED: (2)

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21

21

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

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

DEAN

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

22

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - WAITING ROOM - DAY

22

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

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

JAMES ELLICOTT

Sam Winchester?

SAM

That's me.

JAMES ELLICOTT

Come on in.

23

INT. JAMES ELLICOTT'S OFFICE - DAY

23

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

SAM

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

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

JAMES ELLICOTT

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

SAM

I'm kind of a local history buff.  
(fishing)  
Hey... wasn't there some kind of incident or something?

(MORE)

SAM (CONT'D)

In the hospital... the South Wing,  
I think?

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

JAMES ELLICOTT

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

SAM

Oh. Yeah. Okay.

Beat.

JAMES ELLICOTT

So... how's things?

SAM

Good.

Beat.

JAMES ELLICOTT

What's been going on?

SAM

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

JAMES ELLICOTT

Yeah? Was that fun?

SAM

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

(then)

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

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

JAMES ELLICOTT

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

SAM

The riot? No, I know, I'm just  
curious--

JAMES ELLICOTT  
Let's cut the bull, shall we?  
You're avoiding the subject.

SAM  
What subject?

JAMES ELLICOTT  
You. So I'll make you a deal.  
I'll tell you all about Roosevelt  
Asylum... if you tell me one honest  
thing about yourself.  
(then)  
Like... this brother you're road-  
tripping with... how do you feel  
about him?

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

EXT. MEDICAL CENTER - DAY

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

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

SAM  
You know. Just the hospital.

DEAN  
And?

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

DEAN  
Sounds cozy.

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

DEAN  
The patients took over the Asylum.

SAM  
Apparently.

DEAN

Any deaths?

SAM

(nods)

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

DEAN

What do you mean, never found?

SAM

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

DEAN

That is so grim, man.

SAM

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

DEAN

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

\*

SAM

--which could mean a bunch of angry spirits.

\*

DEAN

Good times. Let's hit the hospital tonight.

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

GAVIN

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



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

KAT

I thought we were going to a movie.

GAVIN

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

KAT

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

INT. ROOSEVELT ASYLUM - HALLWAY - NIGHT

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

GAVIN

... what's that?!

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

GAVIN

(snickers, then)

Hey... look.

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

GAVIN

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

KAT

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

GAVIN

Come on!

(off her look)

Okay, okay. You can wait here...

KAT

Gavin, no.

GAVIN

I'm just gonna be a minute.

(with a grin)

Nothing's gonna getcha, promise.

He heads into the dark wing, leaving an anxious Kat behind...

27 INT. DARK HALLWAY - NIGHT 27

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

28 INT. DARK ROOM 28

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

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

GAVIN

Dammit...

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

GAVIN

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

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

GAVIN

Hey...

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

KAT'S VOICE

... Gav? Gavin, where are you?

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

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

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

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

29 INT. ROOSEVELT ASYLUM - ENTRANCE TO SOUTH WING - NIGHT 29

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

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

30 INT. ANOTHER HALLWAY - NIGHT 30

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

SAM  
You getting readings?

DEAN  
Big time.

Sam checks his VIDEO SCREEN.

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

SAM  
This place is orbing like crazy.

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

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

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

They continue their search when, suddenly--

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

REVERSE - POV

An empty hallway. Creepy.

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

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

INT. ELLICOTT WARD - NIGHT

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

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

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

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

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

Sam involuntarily stumbles back from her--

SAM

Dean! The salt gun!

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

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

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

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

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

DEAN

Sam! Down!

\*

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

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

SAM

That was weird.

DEAN

Gee, you think?

INT. ROOSEVELT ASYLUM - ANOTHER CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Sam and Dean continue their search.

SAM

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

DEAN

Looked pretty agro from where I was standing.

SAM

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

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

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

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

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

Just as Sam and Dean are upon the thing... Dean reaches out, takes hold of the cart... and YANKS it aside with a loud CLATTER. The figure SCREAMS...

... their flashlights hit it as it turns to face them -- it's KAT, the teenager. Looking terrified.

DEAN

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

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

DEAN

(soothing her)

Hey, hey. Just... tell us your name, okay?

KAT

Katherine... Kat.

DEAN

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

SAM

What are you doing here?

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

KAT

My boyfriend... Gavin...

DEAN

Is he here?

KAT

Somewhere... he thought it would be funny... try and see some ghosts...

(really troubled)

... I thought it was all... just, you know. Pretend...

(then, quiet)

...but I've seen things... I heard Gavin scream...

DEAN

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

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

32

KAT

No...

(off their look)

... I'm not gonna leave without  
Gavin. I'm coming with you.

DEAN

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

KAT

(with determination)

That's why I gotta find him.

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

DEAN

Guess we better split up...

CUT TO:

33

EXT. ROOSEVELT ASYLUM - WIDE ON THE ASYLUM - NIGHT

33

We see a FLICKER of a FLASHLIGHT BEAM in a WINDOW...

34

INT. ELLICOTT WING - CORRIDOR - NIGHT

34

Sam makes his way alone down the dark hallway. Shining his  
light around...

SAM

Gavin... Gavin?

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

CUT TO:

35

INT. ELLICOTT WING - ANOTHER CORRIDOR - NIGHT

35

Dean searches as well. The only difference being, he got the  
short straw and is escorting Kat. Who still looks nervous.

KAT

(calling out)

Gavin... it's me...

They climb over some detritus, working their way through the  
dark maze of corridors. After a beat:

(CONTINUED)

35

DEAN

I got a question for you. You seen  
a lot of horror movies?

KAT

I guess so.

DEAN

Do me a favor. Next time you see  
one... pay attention.

(off her look)

When someone says the place is  
haunted... don't go in.

36

INT. ELLICOTT WING - CORRIDOR - SAM

36

Continues his search... when he hears a NOISE... shines his  
light into...

37

INT. TUB ROOM

37

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

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

SAM

Gavin... Gavin.

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

SAM

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

GAVIN

(shaking cobwebs)

Who are you?

SAM

My name's Sam. We found your  
girlfriend.

GAVIN

Kat? Is she alright?

SAM

Just worried about you. You okay?

(CONTINUED)



Gavin touches his forehead. Winces.

GAVIN  
I was running. I think I fell.

SAM  
What were you running from?

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

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

GAVIN  
What? No. She...

SAM  
She what?

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

GAVIN  
She kissed me.

Sam raises an eyebrow at this.

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

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

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

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

SAM  
What?

"Asylum"  
CONTINUED: (2)

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GAVIN

I dunno, I ran like hell.

38

INT. ELLICOTT WING - ANOTHER CORRIDOR

38

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

DEAN

Sonofabitch...

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

DEAN

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

CLOSE ON KAT

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

KAT

Ow. You're hurting my arm.

DEAN

What are you talking about?

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

KAT looks to her arm as...

Dean's lighter FLICKERS on, revealing...

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

OFF Dean, hearing Kat SCREAM from inside...

BLACKOUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

39 INT. ASYLUM HALLWAY - NIGHT 39

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

DEAN

Kat! Hold on!

Dean snags a CROWBAR from his DUFFLE.

40 INT. ROOM - NIGHT 40

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

KAT

Let me out! Please!

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

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

KAT

Hurry!

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

41 INT. ASYLUM HALLWAY - NIGHT 41

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

42 INT. ROOM - NIGHT 42

A chilling moment of quiet. Kat scans the room.

Nothing. Only darkness.

CLOSE ON KAT. A beat. Anoth--

We RAPIDLY PAN OVER, revealing the spirit is RIGHT BESIDE HER! It's craning for her ear... to kiss her? Whisper something?

Kat SCREAMS, stumbles to the other side of the room, vainly sliding a rusty cot in the spirit's way.

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

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Dean keeps swinging, when--

SAM

What's going on?

Sam SPRINTS UP, with Gavin.

DEAN

She's inside with one of 'em.

GAVIN

Kat!

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. ROOM - NIGHT

KAT

Help me!

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

SAM

Kat. It's not gonna hurt you!

KAT

Get me out of here!

SAM

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

DEAN

She's gotta what?

KAT

I have to what?!

SAM

These spirits... they're not trying to hurt us. I think they're trying to communicate.

(then)

You gotta face it. Listen to it.

KAT

You face it!

SAM

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

KAT

No!

SAM

(coaching)

Just look at it, that's all. Come on. You can do it.

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

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

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

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

GAVIN

Kat...?

There's no answer.

DEAN

I hope you're right about this.

SAM

Me, too.

Another long beat. Then--

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

Kat seems a little shell shocked... but she's alive. She just looks at them.

GAVIN  
Kat...?

KAT  
137.

DEAN  
Sorry?

KAT  
It whispered in my ear. 137.

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

SAM AND DEAN  
Room number.

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

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

DEAN  
Then what is?

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

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

KAT  
That's an understatement.

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

Sam now carries the duffle on his back, strap across his chest. He sweeps his flashlight, moves with Kat and Gavin down the murky hall, toward the South Wing entrance.

KAT

So... how do you guys know about  
all this ghost stuff?

SAM

It's kind of our job.

KAT

Why would anyone want a job like  
that?

SAM

(dry)

I had a crappy guidance counselor.

KAT

And Dean... he's your boss?

SAM

(after a beat)

No.

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

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

SAM

We have a small problem.

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

GAVIN

Let's break it down.

SAM

I don't think that's gonna work.

GAVIN

Then... a window.

KAT

They're barred.

GAVIN

Well, how are we supposed to get  
out?

SAM

That's the point. We're not.

(then)

(MORE)

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

KAT  
What, those patients?

SAM  
No. Something else.

47 INT. ANOTHER HALLWAY - NIGHT 47

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

ROOM 137. He enters, into--

48 INT. ROOM 137 - NIGHT 48

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

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

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

"DR. SANFORD ELLICOTT."

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

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

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

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

DEAN  
This is why I get paid the big  
bucks.

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

INSERT - THE BOOK



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

Dean flips pages. Cluttered, dense writing and sketches. Leonardo DaVinci meets Hannibal Lecter. We see detailed pen drawings of human brain vivisections. Barbaric looking surgical instruments. Lobotomy tools. Clamps and vises.

DEAN

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

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

49

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT - WITH KAT AND GAVIN

49 \*

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

SAM \*

I checked everywhere. There's no other way out. \*

GAVIN \*

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

SAM \*

For starters, we're not gonna panic. \*

GAVIN

Why the hell not?

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

SAM

Hey.

DEAN'S VOICE

(desperate, ragged)  
Sam! It's me... I see it... it's coming at me! \*

SAM

Where are you?

DEAN'S VOICE

I'm in the basement, hurry!

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

"Asylum"  
CONTINUED:

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SAM

Can either of you handle a shotgun?

GAVIN

(of course not)

What? No.

MO

(CONTINUED)

KAT

I can.

Gavin turns to Kat. Surprised. Kat shrugs.

KAT

My Dad took me skeet shooting a few times.

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

SAM

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

KAT

Okay.

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

50

INT. BASEMENT HALLWAY - NIGHT

50

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

SAM

Dean? Dean?

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

51

INT. BASEMENT ROOM - NIGHT

51

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

Then over his shoulder-- CREEEAK.

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

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

52 OMIT 52  
53 INT. SECRET ROOM - NIGHT 53

It's a long room, divided into a VERITABLE MAZE with greasy, translucent SURGICAL CURTAINS. Sam searches. Carefully. Cautiously. A long beat. Another. But only silence. Stillness. Darkness.

SAM

Dean...?

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

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

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

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

DR. ELLICOTT

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

BLACKOUT.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

54

INT. ELLICOTT WING - AT THE ENTRANCE - NIGHT

54

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

KAT

Hey, Gavin?

GAVIN

Yeah?

KAT

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

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

KAT

D'you hear that?

GAVIN

Something's coming...

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

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

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

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

DEAN

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

KAT

Sorry, sorry...

DEAN

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

GAVIN

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

(CONTINUED)

DEAN  
I didn't call him.

\*

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

Dean takes this in. Then:

DEAN  
Basement, huh?

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

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

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

55

INT. BASEMENT - HALLWAY - NIGHT

55

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

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

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

56

INT. ANOTHER BASEMENT CORRIDOR - MOMENTS LATER

56

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

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

DEAN  
Sam. You alright?

SAM  
I'm fine.

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

(CONTINUED)

SAM

Yeah, I think something lured me  
down here.

DEAN

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

SAM

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

DEAN

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

SAM

But it was the patients who rioted--

DEAN

Yeah, I think they were rioting  
against Ellicott.

(then)

Dr. Feelgood was working on some  
kind of extreme rage therapy. He  
thought if his patients could vent  
their anger, they'd be cured of it.  
But instead, he was only making 'em  
worse and worse, angrier and  
angrier. \*

(beat)

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

Dean moves down the hall. Searching. Sam follows.

DEAN

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

SAM

How? Police never found his body.

DEAN

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

SAM

I dunno. It sounds kinda--

DEAN

Crazy? Yeah. Totally.

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

INT. BASEMENT ROOM - NIGHT

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

SAM

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

DEAN

--And that's why they call it "hidden."

(he stops)

You hear that?

SAM

What?

DEAN

Shhh.

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

To the closet. He sees--

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

DEAN

There's a door here--

SAM (O.S.)

Dean.



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

SAM

Step back from that door.

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

DEAN

Sam. Put the gun down.

SAM

Is that an order?

DEAN

...call it a friendly request.

SAM

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

DEAN

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

SAM

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

DEAN

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

SAM

No.

(then)

But it'll hurt like hell.

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

BLACKOUT.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

58

INT. HIDDEN ROOM - NIGHT

58

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

DEAN

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

SAM

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

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

SAM

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

DEAN

This isn't you talking, Sam.

SAM

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

By now, Sam is standing right over Dean.

DEAN

So, what, you're gonna kill me?

SAM

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

DEAN

Then here. Lemme make it easy for you.

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

(CONTINUED)

DEAN

Take it. Bullets'll work a helluva lot better than rock salt.

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

DEAN

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

(beat)

Pull the trigger. Do it.

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

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

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

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

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

DEAN

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

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

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

It's dead silent.

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

He whips yet another curtain aside. No remains, no bodies anywhere. His eyes scour the room, frustrated. Maybe it's just not here-- when he stops. Spotting something.

"Asylum"  
CONTINUED:

Blue Revisions

10/18/05 45A.

59

59

A SMALL, METALLIC SURGICAL CABINET, doors shut. But Dean  
spies a detail--

MO

(CONTINUED)

CLOSE ON. The bottom edge of the cabinet door. A small tuft \*  
of hair sticks out.

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

ELLICOTT'S CORPSE. CRAMMED inside the cabinet. It's not  
simply bones. It's covered in mummified, wrinkled skin.  
Wearing tatters of a surgical smock.

DEAN

That's just gross.

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

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

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

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

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

DR. ELLICOTT

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

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

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

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

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

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

Dean sits up. Gasping. Catching his breath.

ANGLE ON SAM

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

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

SAM  
No.

DEAN  
Good. 'Cause that would be  
awkward.

EXT. ROOSEVELT ASYLUM - MORNING (DAY 4)

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

KAT  
Thanks, guys.

GAVIN  
Yeah, thanks.

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

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

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

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

DEAN  
You remember all that?

SAM

Yeah. It's like I couldn't control it. But I didn't mean it, any of it.

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

DEAN

You didn't, huh?

SAM

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

DEAN

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

61 INT. MOTEL ROOM - DAY

61

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

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

SAM

Dean?

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

SAM

Hello?

Sam sits upright. Shocked.

SAM

Dad?

BLACKOUT.

TO BE CONTINUED...