

DEAN

2/3/05

DEAN
Dad's on a hunting trip, and he
hasn't been home in a few days.

SAM
(long beat)
Fess. Excuse us. We're gonna go
talk outside.

18

EXT. SAM'S APARTMENT - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

18

Sam and Dean. Both agitated, for very different reasons.
Pacing before Dean's car-- the 1965 black Impala. Since we
last saw it (in the teaser), it's aged. Dusty. Dented. A
Rottweiler of a muscle car.

SCENE
#1
START

SAM
...you literally break in, middle
of the night, and you want me to
just hit the road with you?

DEAN
You're not hearin' me. Dad's
missing. We gotta find him.

SAM
Remember the poltergeist in
Amherst? He was missing then, too.
He's always missing, and he's
always fine.

DEAN
Not for this long... it's been two
weeks. Something's wrong, Sammy,
and I'm asking for your help here.
Now you coming or not?

SAM
I'm not. I'm sorry.

DEAN
...you know. You're even more of a
stuck-up, hair-gelled punk than I
remember.

SAM
Oh? Am I?

DEAN
I mean, we haven't seen you, barely
heard from you, in two years, and
now this? We're supposed to be
your family! He's your Dad!

"SUPERNATURAL"

1/8

SAM

Man, why do you think I left in the first place? To get away from him!

DEAN

Why? What's so awful about Dad?

SAM

Dean. When I told him I was scared of the thing in my closet, he gave me a .45!

DEAN

Well, what was he supposed to do?

SAM

I was nine years old! He was supposed to say-- don't be afraid of the dark!

DEAN

But... you should be. You know what's out there in the dark.

SAM

I know. But still... the way we grew up. Like survivalists or something. New town, new school, every few months.

DEAN

Lots of families move around.

SAM

Yeah? Do ~~they~~ they have weapon training? And occult homework? Maybe some family fun time, melting silver into bullets?

(then)

I never asked for it, Dean. I never wanted to be Dad's good little soldier. I never wanted to hunt down all those awful, freaky-ass things.

DEAN

It's what you were born into, Sammy. You can't pick your family.

SAM

No, but I can live my own life. And for once, I wanna put that crap behind me, and just be--

DEAN
Normal? Cause... you're pretty
much a whack job.

SAM
No. Not normal. Happy.

Beat. Sam wills himself to believe--

SAM
Look. Dad'll be okay. He'll be
home in a few days. You'll see.

DEAN
He's in real trouble, if he's not
dead already. I can feel it.
Can't you?

We can see the conflict in Sam's expression. Then...

SAM
So... what was he hunting, anyway?

STOP

19 EXT. SAM'S APARTMENT - PARKING LOT - NIGHT - A MINUTE LATER 9

The Impala's TRUNK. Dean opens it, revealing a fucking
ARSENAL. Weapons. Some common, others exotic. Shotguns.
Crucifixes. Greasy chainsaws. Crossbows loaded with thin
wooden stakes. As well as a mess of low-tech, wires-exposed,
obviously homemade electronic devices.

Dean roots through the trunk, searching for something...

DEAN
...now where the hell did I...?

SAM
So when Dad took off, why didn't
you go with him?

DEAN
I was working my own gig. This
voodoo thing, in New Orleans.

SAM
Dad let you go on a hunting trip by
yourself?

DEAN
I am 26, dude.

SAM
Not emotionally.

**SCENE
#2**

START

3/8