**Season 2**

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**Season 2**

by [ohlookshiney](http://archiveofourown.org)
In My Time Of Dying

~~~~~~~~Sam P.O.V.~~~~~~

Y/n, Y/f/n, and Dean weren’t moving in the backseat. Dad was out next to me as a demon walked up pulling the driver side door from the hinges. I pulled the colt up and pointed it at him.

“Back. Or I’ll kill you, I swear to god.” I said looking the demon in the eye.

“You won’t. You’re saving that bullet for someone else.” The demon replied.

I pulled back the hammer on the gun cocking it, “You wanna bet?”

The demon smiled with the man’s face then was suddenly pouring out of the man’s mouth. The man collapsed on the ground and I uncocked the gun, and dropped my head back in relief.

“Oh my god.” The man said looking around at the wreckage.

“Dad?” I asked.

“Did I do this?” The man continued horrified at the possibility that he had done this.


The sun rose and with it the paramedics arrived and Began loading us on to stretchers. Y/n, Dad, and Dean were all still unconscious. Y/f/n had woken up when they pulled her from the car.

“Significant passenger side intrusion. Unresponsive. Bp is 180 over 60, heartrate 95, 95.” One of the paramedics said I was unsure who’s vitals they were saying.

“Tell me if they’re okay!” I called out trying to lift my head from the stretcher.

“Y/n?!” Y/f/n was calling for her friend and fighting to get to her.

“You have to stay still!” The Woman Emt told me pushing me back on to the stretcher.

“Are they even alive?” I asked. I got no response as the loaded Y/f/n and I into a helicopter and took us to the nearest hospital.

~~~~~~~~Y/n P.O.V.~~~~~~

I woke up in a hospital bed somewhere, sitting up I cracked my neck and climbed out of bed. Someone had dressed me in Scrub pants and a white t-shirt, didn’t even give me socks on my feet. I walked into the hallway looking for Sam, Y/f/n, or anybody but to no avail.

“Dean? Y/f/n? Sam?” I called out looking in the other rooms on my way down the hall. I headed down some stairs toward a nurse’s station.

“Y/n?” I turned to see Dean standing there in similar clothes.

“Fuck.” I muttered. If I could see Dean that meant I was dying too.

“Oh thank god. I can’t find anyone.” Dean said walking over to me and pulling me into a hug.
“Dean you have to come with me.” I said walking back up the stairs and toward my room. I led him in and there he saw my body, hooked up to machines and clearly dying.

Still reeling from the shock he rushed out of my room me following behind and down the hall toward his own seeing a similar situation. Dean turned and we were both relieve to see Sam and Y/l/n enter the room. Both stopped just inside the door way and stared at Dean’s body.

“Sammy! You look good. Considering.” Dean started talking to Sam.

“Oh, no.” Sam said looking over Dean’s body.

“Man, tell me you guys can hear me.” Dean pleaded with his brother.

“They can’t, Dean. Sam might if he tried hard enough but Y/l/n can’t.” I said walking around Sam and Y/l/n checking over their injuries.

“How’s dad? Is he okay? Come on, you’re the psychic. Give me some ghost whispering or something!” Dean continued to try growing more and more frustrated.

A doctor entered the room behind Y/l/n and Sam and spoke, “Your father’s awake. You can go see him if you like.”

“Thank god.” Dean said hearing that his father was okay.


“Well he sustained serious injury; blood loss, contusions to his liver and Kidney. But it’s the head trauma I’m worried about in both of them. There’s early signs of cerebral edema.” The doctor replied.

“Well, what can we do?” Y/l/n asked.

“Well, we won’t know their full condition until they wake up. If they wake up.” The doctor said sadly.

“If?” Sam asked.

“I have to be honest-” the doctor began as Dean and I both spoke over him “Oh, screw you, doc, I’m waking up.” And “Fuck this I am not dying in this hospital.” The doctor continued talking. “Most people with this degree if injury wouldn’t have survived this long. They’re both fighting very hard. But you need to have realistic expectations. We are also moving your friend in here to open up the room.”

“Come on, guys. Go find some hoodoo priest to lay some mojo on us. We’ll be fine. Sam?” Dean said.

Dean and I followed Sam down to Johns room. John was laying in his bed, arm in a sling. Awkwardly he pulled a card out of his wallet.

“Here. Give them my insurance.” John said handing the card over to Sam.

“Elroy McGillicutty?” He smiled while reading it and sat down.

“And his two loving sons and daughters-in-law. So, what else did the doctor say about Dean and Y/n?” John asked.
“Nothing. Look. The doctors won’t do anything, then we’ll have to, that’s all. I don’t know, I’ll find some hoodoo priest and lay some mojo on them.” Sam said.

“We’ll look for someone.” John said.

“Yeah.” Sam replied.

“But Sam, I don’t know if we’re gonna find anyone.” John said trying to let his youngest down easily.

“Why not? Sam found that faith healer before.” Y/f/n said getting angry.

“Alright, that was, that was one in a million.” John replied.

“So what? Do we just sit here with our thumbs up our ass?” Sam asked.

“No, I said we’d look. Alright? I’ll check under every stone.” John said pausing for a moment then asking, “Where’s the colt?”

“Your son is dying, and you’re worried about the colt?” Y/f/n asked spitting venom in her words.

“We’re hunting this demon, and maybe it’s hunting us too. That gun maybe our only card.” John replied matter of fact.

“It’s in the trunk. They dragged the car to a yard off of I-83.” Y/f/n said standing and pacing the room.

“Alright. You two have gotta clean out that trunk before some junk man see’s what’s inside.” John said looking between the two of them.

“I already called Bobby. He’s like an hour out, he’s gonna tow the Impala back to his place.” Sam stated.

“Alright. You, you go meet up with Bobby. You get that colt, and you bring it back to me. And you watch out for hospital security.” John ordered.

“I think I’ve got it covered.” Sam replied standing and getting ready to leave.

“Hey. Here.” John said stopping Sam and Y/f/n as they turned to leave. “I made a list of things I need, have Bobby pick them up for me.”

Sam looked down at the list and read it, “Acacia? Oil of Abramelin? What’s this stuff for?”

“Protection.” Was all John replied with.

“Hey, dad? You know, the demon, he said he had plans for me, and children like me. Do you have any idea what he meant by that?” Sam asked.

“No, I don’t.” John replied. Sam and Y/f/n left.

“Well you sure know something.” Dean said watching his father.

After Sam had left John made his way to Dean’s room and since I was now in there it was my room too.

John was sitting by Dean’s bed, while Dean and I stood near by.
“Come on, Dad. You’ve gotta help us. We’ve gotta get better, We gotta get back in there. I mean, you haven’t called a soul for help. You haven’t even tried. Aren’t you going to do anything? Aren’t you even going to say anything?” Dean started walking around his bed. “I’ve done everything you have ever asked me. Everything, I have given everything I’ve ever had. And tour just going to sit there and you’re going to watch me die? I mean, what the hell kind of father are you?”

“What is that?” I said causing him to stop his rant. Dean and I walked out in to the hallway just as a spirit whooshed past.

“I take it you didn’t see that.” Dean said turning to look at his father who was still in the same spot. Dean and I followed the spirit down the hallway. It went in to a back hallway where a woman was lying on the floor choking.

“Help! Help!” the woman called out.

“Hey! I need some help in here.” I yelled trying to get anyone’s attention.

“I Can’t….breath.” The woman panted loudly, trying to breath, then the room grew silent. Dean dropped to his knees next to her helpless to do anything.

We headed back to the room and John wasn’t there so we walked to Johns room knowing Sam would go there. Sam stalked in angrily with a duffel bag over his shoulder Y/f/n following behind just as angry. Dean met them at the door and started trying to talk to him again “Sammy, y/f/n! Please tell me you can friggin’ hear me, Guys, there’s something in the hospital. Now, you’ve got to bring me back and we’ve got to hunt this thing. Sam!”

“You’re quiet.” John said looking at Sam.

Sam turned and threw the duffel onto the bed with a crash.

“Did you think I wouldn’t find out?” Sam said angrily.

“What are you talking about?” John asked.

“That stuff from Bobby, you don’t use it to ward of a demon, you use it to summon one. You’re planning on bringing the demon here, aren’t you? Having some stupid macho showdown?!” Sam shouted.

“I have a plan, Sam.” John replied calmly.

“That’s exactly my point! Dean and Y/n are dying, and you have a plan! You know what, you care more about killing this demon than you do saving your own son!” Sam ranted.

“No, no, no, guys, don’t do this.” Dean started.

“No, no, no, guys, don’t do this.” Dean started.

“Do not tell me how I feel! I am doing this for Dean.” John replied to Sam.

“How? How is revenge going to help him? You’re not thinking about anybody but yourself, it’s the same selfish obsession!” Sam raved.

“Come on guys, don’t do this.” Dean pleaded.

“You know, it’s funny, I thought it was your obsession too! This demon killed your mother, killed your girlfriend. You begged me to be part of this hunt. Now if you’d killed that damn thing when you had the chance, none of this would have happened.” John shouted.
“It was possessing you, Dad, I would have killed you too.” Sam replied.

“Yeah, and your brother and Y/n would be awake right now.” John said.

“Shut up, both of you!” Dean said getting pissed the longer they argued.

“Go to hell.” Sam shouted at John.

“I never should have taken you along in the first place. I knew it was a mistake, I knew I was wrong.” John said.

“I said SHUT UP!” Dean shouted smacking a glass of water off the table and sending it flying, crashing to the floor. Sam and John looked at each other confused, and Dean was stunned he actually did it.

“Dude, I full-on Swayze’d that mother.” Dean said looking shocked yet happy about it. Dean began to flicker in and out crumpling in pain. Doctors and nurses began running past the room.

“What is it?” Dean asked looking up at me.

“Somethings going on out there.” John said jerking his head for Sam and Y/f/n to go see what was going on.

“I’m Henry the 8th I am. Henry the 8th I am I am. I got married to the widow next door. She’s been married seven times before.” I sang skipping down the hall following Sam and Y/f/n down to the room where the monitors were going off, the doctor and some nurses were surrounding Dean, trying to resuscitate him.

“All clear.” The doctor said before defibrillating Dean.

Sam and Y/f/n huddled in the door, Sam with tears in his eyes and Y/f/n had her arms around Sam in a hug.

“No.” Sam said watching the doctors work on his brother.

“Still no pulse.” A nurse said.

“Okay, lets go again, 360.” The doctor replied.

“Charging.” The nurse said.

Dean slowly came up behind us. Floating above his body was a ghostly figure.

“You get the hell away from me. Get back.” Dean said to it running to the bed he faced the thing head on, yelling. “I said get back!”

Sam blinked confused, as if he heard something. I rushed forward toward the thing and grabbed ahold trying to pull it away from Dean before it hurled me back then soared out of the room. The monitors began to slow.

“We have a pulse. We’re back into sinus rhythm.” One of the nurses said.

Dean and I rushed into the hallway, looking for the spirit; it had vanished. Sam sighed in relief and backed into the hallway Y/f/n following. Dean came back to stand beside Sam.

“Don’t worry, Sammy. I’m not going anywhere. I’m getting the thing before it gets me. It’s some
“The kind of spirit, but Y/n could grab it. And if she can grab it, I can kill it.” Dean said.

Sam looked over confused to where Dean had been standing. Dean and I began searching the halls, for the thing that hovered over him.

“How are we supposed to kill something if we don’t even know what it is Dean?” I asked walking beside him in the hall.

“We’ll figure something out, Y/n, we always do.” Dean replied looking in the rooms as we walked.

“Can’t you see me? Why won’t you look at me?” A girls voice called out.

“Now what?” Dean asked himself before starting down the hall.

“Somebody talk to me! Say something, please!” The girls voice continued to yell as Dean and I mad our way towards her.

“Can you see us?” Dean asked stopping at the foot of the stairs where the girl was screaming.

“Yeah.” She replied turning to face us.

“Alright, just, uh, calm down. What’s your name?” Dean asked her as he began walking the stairs.

“Tessa.” She replied looking over to me then away.

“Okay, good, Tessa, I’m Dean this is Y/n.” Dean spoke calmly to her.

“What’s happening to me? Am – am I dead?” Tessa asked.

“That sort of depends.” I said stepping up beside Dean.

Tessa led us back to the room she woke up in and we stood outside watching as a woman sat by the bed holding her hand.

“I don’t understand. I just came in for an appendectomy.” Tessa stated looking over at Dean.

“Well, I hate to bare bad news, but I think there were some complications.” Dean replied.

“It’s just a dream, that’s all. It’s a very weird, unbelievably vivid dream.” Tessa argued walking to stand in front of Dean.

“Tessa. It’s not a dream.” Dean replied.

“Then what else could it be?” Tessa asked.

“You ever heard of an out of body experience?” Dean replied.

“What are you some new agey guy?” Tessa asked.

“You see him messing with crystals or listening to Yanni?” I snorted a laugh.

“It’s actually a very old idea. Got a lot of different names: Bilocation, crisis apparition, fetches… I think it’s happening to us. And if it is, it means that we’re spirits of people close to death.” Dean replied.

“So we’re going to die?” Tessa asked.
“No. Not if we hold on. Our bodies can get better, we can snap right back in there and wake up.” I said bored.

~~~~~~Y/f/n P.O.V.~~~~~~

“What do you mean you felt something?” John asked looking up at Sam from his place in the bed. I paced the room quietly listening wondering where Y/n and Dean were now.

“I mean it felt like, like Dean. Like he was there, just out of eyeshot or something. And I think Y/n was singing at one point. I don't know if it's my psychic thing or what, it... But do you think it's even possible? I mean, do you think their spirits could be around?” Sam asked looking between John and I.

“Anything’s possible.” John replied.

“Well, there's one way to find out.” Sam said gesturing for me to leave with him.

“Where are you going?” John asked.

“I gotta pick something up. I'll be back.” Sam replied heading out the door.

“Wait, Sam, Y/f/n. I promise I won't hunt this demon. Not until we know Dean and Y/n's okay.” John told us before Sam nodded his head and we left. Sam and I headed for the nearest store to pick up a stupid Mystical talking board then headed back for the hospital.

“Hey. I think maybe you're around. And if you are, don't make fun of me for this, but um, well, there's one way we can talk.” Sam said looking at his brother's body before pulling the talking board out of the bag.

Sam and I walked around the bed and sat cross legged on the floor between the two beds. Sammy opened the box and pulled out the board.

“Dean? Y/n? Guys, are you here?” Sam asked as he gently placed his fingers on the pointer. The pointer slowly made its way to yes.

“Both of you?” I asked. Once again the pointer moved to yes.

“It's good to hear from you, Guys. It hasn't been the same without you.” Sam said laughing in relief.

The pointer began moving without either of us asking a question. “Guys, what?” First to the ‘H’ then to ‘U’ and ‘N’ “H? U? Hunt? Are you hunting?” Sam asked and the pointer moved back to yes.

“It’s in the hospital, what you're hunting? Do, do you know what it is?” I began rapidly asking questions.

“Slow down Y/f/n one at a time.” Sam said to me before asking Dean and Y/n “What is it?” The pointer began to move pointing to ‘R’ ‘E’ ‘A’ ‘P’. “A reaper. Guys is it after you?” The pointer pointed to yes. “If it’s here naturally you can’t stop it.” The pointer slowly made its way to spell out ‘B’ ‘I’ ‘T’ ‘E’ ‘M’ ‘E’.

“There’s Y/n.” I said relieved to sort of hear from her.

“Man, you guys, are um.” Sam began before he started saying something else like someone was talking to him “No. No, no, no, um, there's gotta be a way.” He stood and began pacing. “There’s gotta be a way. Dad’ll know what to do.” Sam left the room and headed for John’s, me following
close behind only to find the bed empty.

“Dad?” He whispered.

Sam and Y/f/n returned to the room. John’s journal in hand. “Hey so Dad wasn’t in his room.” Sam said sitting on the edge of Dean’s bed while Y/f/n sat in a chair.

“What is it?” I asked catching up to him as he stalked down the hallway until he found Tessa. Tessa was sitting on the edge of a bed dressed differently.

“Hi Dean, Y/n.” Tessa said.

“You know, you read the most interesting things. For example, did you know that reapers can alter human perception? I sure didn't. Basically they can make themselves appear however they want. Like, say, uh, a pretty girl. You are much prettier than the last reaper I met.” Dean replied walking in to the room and standing in front of her.

“I was wondering when you’d figure it out.” Tessa replied. “Y/n already did.” Dean looked to me with wide eyes and I shrugged.

“I should have known. That whole ‘accepting fate’ rap of yours is far too laid back for a dead chick. But the mother, and the body, I'm still trying to figure that one out.” Dean retorted pacing back and forth looking back to her.

“It's my sandbox, I can make you see whatever I want.” Tessa replied calmly.

“What is this like a turn on for you? What, toying with me?” Dean asked.

“You didn't give me much choice. You saw my true form and you flipped out. Kinda hurts a girl's feelings. This was the only way I could get you to talk to me.” Tessa responded.

“Okay, fine. We're talking. What the hell do you want to talk about?” Dean asked angrily.

“How death is nothing to fear.” Tessa replied standing and touching his cheek. “It's your time to go, Dean. And you're living on borrowed time already.”

“Tessa,” I warned, “I won’t let you take him.”

“It’s his time as it is yours.” Tessa replied looking over to me.

Dean walked over to the window and stared out at the night. Tessa stood behind him watching him. I stood to the side of the window leant against the wall.
“Look, I'm sure you've heard this before, but... you've gotta make an exception, you've gotta cut me a break.” Dean pleaded.

“Stage three: bargaining.” Tessa replied.

“I'm serious. My family's in danger. See, we're kind of in the middle of this, um, war, and they need me.” Dean said turning from the window.

“The fight's over.” Tessa replied.

“No, it isn't. Not for us.” I said standing beside Dean.

“Dean, Y/n. You're not the first soldiers I've plucked from the field. They all feel the same. They can't leave. Victory hangs in the balance. But they're wrong. The battle goes on without them.” Tessa replied.

“My brother. Our friend. They could die without us.” Dean argued.

“Maybe they will, maybe they won't. Nothing you can do about it. It's an honorable death. A warrior's death.” Tessa reasoned.

“I think I'll pass on the seventy-two virgins, thanks. I'm not that into prude chicks anyway.” Dean snarked.


“There's no such thing as an honorable death. Our corpses are going to rot in the ground and my family is going to die! No. We're not going with you, I don't care what you do.” Dean replied.

“Well, like you said. There's always a choice. I can't make you come with me. But you're not getting back in your bodys. And that's just facts. So yes, you can stay. You'll stay here for years. Disembodied, scared, and over the decades it'll probably drive you mad. Maybe you'll even get violent.” Tessa replied.

“What are you saying?” Dean asked.

“How do you think angry spirits are born? They can't let go and they can't move on. And you're about to become one. The same thing you hunt.” Tessa informed him.

Dean sat down heavily on the bed. Tessa moved behind him and began to gently stroke his hair.

“It's time to put the pain behind you.” Tessa said trying to convince Dean.

“And go where?” I asked moving around the room.

“Sorry, I can't give away the big punchline. Moment of truth. No changing your mind later. So what's it going to be?” Tessa asked looking between the two of us. As Dean turned to look at her I moved to stand between the two. The lights started flickering, and a buzzing started.

“What are you doing that for?” Dean asked.

“I'm not doing it.” Tessa replied. We all turned to a vent in the floor and seen black demon ichor pour out of it.

“What the hell?” Dean asked.
“You can't do this! Get away!” Tessa screamed at it scared.

“What's happening?!” Dean asked. Tessa screamed as the demon flowed into her mouth. She turned, eyes glowing yellow.

“Today's your lucky day, kiddies.” The thing in Tessa said.

It placed a hand on DEAN'S forehead and he convulsed before disappearing. I turned to face the demon before I could it’s hand was on my head and everything went black.

~~~~~~Y/f/n P.O.V.~~~~~~

Sam was still on Dean’s bed when his eyes flew open and he began to choke on the tube in his throat.

“Dean?” Sam asked before there was gasping from the other bed as Y/n came to. “Y/n?” Sam turned to the Hallway and began yelling “Help! I need Help!” The doctor and some nurses rushed in and began removing the tubes from Y/n and Dean. When they were finished and both had calmed down the nurses left.

“I can't explain it. The edema's vanished from both of you. The internal contusions are healed. Your vitals are good. You have some kind of angel watching over you.” The doctor said looking between the two.

“Thanks, doc.” Dean said. The doctor left and Dean turned to Sam and I. “So you said a Reaper was after us?”

“Yeah.” Sam replied.

“How'd we ditch it?” Y/n asked.

“You got me. Guys, you really don't remember anything?” I asked looking at Y/n for some kind of sign. She just shook her head.

“No. Except this pit in my stomach. Sam, something's wrong.” Dean replied. There was a knock at the door and John hovered in the doorway.

“How you feeling, kids?" John asked.

“Fine, I guess. We’re alive.” Dean replied.

“What he said.” Y/n waved vaguely from her bed.


“Where were you last night?” Sam asked angrily.

“I had some things to take care of.” John replied.

“Well, that's specific.” I said coming to stand beside Sam.

“Come on, Guys.” Y/n said.

“Did you go after the demon?” Sam asked.

“No.” John replied.
“You know, why don't I believe you right now?” Sam asked.

“Can we not fight? You know, half the time we're fighting, I don't know what we're fighting about. We're just butting heads. Sammy, I, I've made some mistakes. But I've always done the best I could. I just don't want to fight anymore, okay?” John pleaded moving in to the room more.

“Dad, are you all right?” Sam asked worriedly.

“Yeah. Yeah, I'm just a little tired. Hey, son, would you, uh, would you and Y/f/n mind getting me a cup of caffeine?” John replied with a smile.

~~~Y/n P.O.V.~~~~

“Yeah. Yeah, sure.” Sam said. Y/f/n and Him looked to Dean and I before they left the room. John watched them sadly.

“What is it?” Dean asked.

“You know, when you were a kid, I'd come home from a hunt, and after what I'd seen, I'd be, I'd be wrecked. And you, you'd come up to me and you, you'd put your hand on my shoulder and you'd look me in the eye and you'd... You'd say ‘It's okay, Dad’” John paused then continued, “Dean, I'm sorry.”

“What?” Dean asked confused.

“You shouldn't have had to say that to me, I should have been saying that to you. You know, I put, I put too much on your shoulders, I made you grow up too fast. You took care of Sammy, you took care of me. You did that, and you didn't complain, not once. I just want you to know that I am so proud of you.” John said.

“This really you talking?” Dean asked.

“Yeah. Yeah, it's really me.” John replied.

“Why are you saying this stuff?” I asked.

John moved closer and put a hand on Dean’s shoulder.

“I want you to watch out for Sammy, okay? Both of you.” John said looking to me as well.

“Yeah, dad, you know I will. You're scaring me.” Dean replied while I just nodded.

“Don't be scared, Dean.” John replied before leaning over and whispering something into Dean’s ear. DEAN pulled back in shock, processing what John said. John left, and Dean stared after him.

“What did he say?” I asked climbing from my bed and moving to Dean’s side.

~~~Third person P.O.V.~~~~

John entered his room and placed the colt on a small bed table.

“Okay.” He said to the figure in the room.

Sam and Y/f/n walked back to the room carrying a cup of coffee. Sam looked into a room and seen John on the floor.
“Dad?!” He asked. Dropping the cup, Sam ran to John’s side, kneeling over him. Y/f/n began screaming for help.

A crowd of doctors and nurses attempt resuscitation, this time on John. Dean and Sam hovered in the doorway, and a nurse tried to push them out.

“No, no, no, That’s their dad. It’s their dad!” Y/n pleaded with the nurse trying to stop her from moving the boys.

“Come on.” Y/f/n added.

“Okay, stop compressions.” The Doctor said removing his hands from John’s chest.

“Come on, come on.” Dean muttered.

“Still no pulse.” A nurse said.

Y/n and I stood behind the boys watching as John’s body burned on the pyre.

“Before he… before, did he say anything to you? About anything?” Sam asked with tears in his eyes.

“No. Nothing.” Dean replied refusing to look at Sam.

We waited until there was nothing left of the pyre then headed back to the car. Dean drove through the night to get to Bobby’s no one said anything the entire way there.

-----One Week Later------

~~~~~~Sam P.O.V.~~~~~~

Dean was underneath his car working on it. It was just the frame but it looked a lot better than it did when we arrived.

“How's the car coming along?” I asked approaching Dean and the car.

“Slow.” He replied.

“Yeah? Need any help?” I asked.

Dean threw down a part before replying “What, you under a hood? I'll pass.”

“I could get Y/n to help,” I responded. Dean didn’t reply just continued to work. “Need anything else, then?”

“Stop it, Sam.” Dean said pushing himself out from under the Impala and standing.

“Stop what?” I asked innocently.

“You know what? You're right. Come here. I'm gonna lay my head gently on your shoulder. Maybe we can cry, hug, and maybe even slow dance.” Dean sassed turning back to the car.

“Don't patronize me, Dean, Dad is dead. The Colt is gone, and it seems pretty damn likely that the demon is behind all of this, and you're acting like nothing happened.” I retorted.

“What do you want me to say?” Dean asked.

“Say something, all right? Hell, say anything! Aren't you angry? Don't you want revenge? But all you do is sit out here all day long buried underneath this damn car.” I yelled getting angrier and angrier with my brother.
“Revenge, huh?” Dean replied.

“Yeah.” I responded.

“Sounds good. You got any leads on where the demon is? Making heads or tails of any of Dad's research? Because I sure ain't. But you know, if we do finally find it - oh. No, wait, like you said. The Colt's gone. But I'm sure you've figured out another way to kill it. We've got nothing, Sam. Nothing, okay? So you know the only thing I can do? Is I can work on the car.” Dean said crouching by the car and getting back to work.

“Well, we've got something, all right?” I said pulling out one of Dad’s phones. “It's what I came by here to tell you. This is one of dad's old phones. Took me a while, but I cracked his voicemail code. Listen to this.” I said handing the phone to Dean.

“John, it's Ellen. Again. Look, don't be stubborn, you know I can help you. Call me.” The woman named Ellen’s voice said.

“That message is four months old.” I said taking the phone back from Dean.

“Dad saved that chick's message for four months?” Dean asked.

“Yeah.” I replied.

“Well, who’s Ellen? Any mention of her in Dad's journal?” Dean asked.

“No. But I ran a trace on her phone number and I got an address.” I replied.

“Ask Bobby if we can use one of his cars. And See if the girls are up for a little drive.” Dean said before going back to work on the car.

The only thing Bobby had running was a beat-up minivan. We pulled up to the Roadhouse Saloon.

“This is humiliating. I feel like a friggin' soccer mom!” Dean complained.

“It's the only car Bobby had running.” I replied as we began looking around. “Hello? Anybody here?”

“I’ve been working on a sweet little 67’ Nova back at bobby’s.” Y/n said moving to get out of the van.

“You two stay here we don’t know what’s in there.” Dean said looking at them as we made our way to the roadhouse. Dean tried looking in through a window on the door while I checked around the side before asking “Hey. You bring the, uh,”

“Of course.” I replied tossing Dean the lock picking tools. Dean got the door open and we headed inside.

The inside was quiet the only person in the place was some guy passed out on the pool table.

“Hey, buddy?” I asked before turning to Dean. “I'm guessing that isn't Ellen.”

“Yeah.” Dean replied before we split u and began searching the bar. I headed to a back room and began looking around.

~~~~~Dean P.O.V.~~~~~~
I headed down the steps to look around the bar the stopped when the point of a gun touched my back.

“Oh god, please let that be a rifle.” I muttered.

The gun cocked and a voice replied “No, I'm just real happy to see you. Don't move.”

“Not moving, copy that. You know, you should know something, miss. When you put a rifle on someone, you don't want to put it right against their back. Because it makes it real easy to do...” I said ad I turned and grabbed the gun and cocked it. “That.”

The girl punched me in the nose and took the rifle back. I was doubled over clutching my nose and calling for help “Sam! Need some help in here.” And then muttering to myself “I can't see, I can't even see.” Damn that girl hit hard.

A door opened and Sam came out slowly, both hands on his head.

“Sorry, Dean, I can't right now. I'm a... little tied up.” Sam replied nodding to the older woman behind him gun pointed at his head.

“Sam? Dean? Winchester?” The woman asked.

“Yeah.” Sam and I both replied.

“Son of a bitch.” The woman said.

“Mom, you know these guys?” The girl asked.

“Yeah, I think these are John Winchester's boys.” She replied lowering the gun and laughing. “Hey, I'm Ellen. This is my daughter Jo.” Jo lowered the rifle and I smiled in relief.

“Hey.” Jo said.

“You're not gonna hit me again, are you?” I asked.

There was a clatter at the door and Y/n and Y/f/n fell through. Jo and Ellen’s guns immediately came back up this time pointed at our friends. “Uh hey, Guys, is it alright if we come in now?” Y/f/n asked standing up from the floor awkwardly, Y/n stayed put head on her knees and shoulders shaking.

“It’s ok they’re with us.” Sam said to Ellen. I made my way over to Y/n.

“You alright?” I asked helping her up thinking she was crying.

“That.... was the greatest.... thing I’ve ever seen.... she got you good.” Y/n said between laughs. Once she was standing I let her go and walked away. Once she was done laughing she joined me at a table.

“I'm sorry for laughing.” Y/n said sitting next to me. “It was kind of a shock to see that's all. Is your nose okay?”

“Yeah. It'll be fine.” I replied smiling a bit.

“Here you go.” Ellen said handing me a towel filled with ice.

“Well, the demon, of course.” Ellen replied and I turned to Sam before turning back to Ellen “I heard he was closing in on it.”

“What, was there an article in the Demon Hunters Quarterly that I missed? I mean, who, who are you? How do you know about all this?” I asked suspiciously.

“Hey, I just run a saloon. But hunters have been known to pass through now and again. Including your Dad a long time ago. John was like family once.” Ellen replied.

“Oh yeah? How come he never mentioned you before?” I responded.

“You'd have to ask him that.” Ellen replied

“So why exactly do we need your help?” Y/n asked.

“Hey, don't do me any favors. Look, if you don't want my help, fine. Don't let the door smack your ass on the way out. But John wouldn't have sent you if...” She began then stopped “He didn't send you.” I looked down then back to my friends “He's all right, isn't he?”

“No. No, he isn't. It was the demon, we think. It, um, it just got him before he got it, I guess.” Sam replied.

“I'm so sorry.” Ellen said.

“It's okay. We're all right.” I replied.

“Really? I know how close you and your dad were.” Ellen said.

“Really, lady, I'm fine.” I replied shortly.

“So look, if you can help, we could use all the help we can get.” Y/l/n said.

“Well, we can't. But Ash will.” Ellen replied.

“Who's Ash?” Sam asked.

“Ash!” Ellen yelled out the guy that was passed out on the pool table jerked awake and sat up, flailing.

“What? It closin' time?” Ash asked looking around at Ellen.

“That's Ash?” Sam asked in disbelief pointing at him.

“Mm-hmm. He's a genius.” Jo replied.

Sam approached the bar and threw down the folder of all dad’s information on the Yellow-eyed demon before sitting next to Y/l/n and Y/n. Jo stood on the other side of the bar pouring glasses of water.

“You've gotta be kidding me, this guy's no genius. He's a Lynyrd Skynyrd roadie.” I said jerking my head towards Ash.

“I like you.” Ash replied.

“Thanks.” I responded.
“Just give him a chance.” Jo replied setting down the water.

I sat down reluctantly. “All right. This stuff’s about a year’s worth of our dad’s work, so uh, let’s see what you make of it.” I said sliding the folder towards Ash.

Ash began to pull the papers out and look through them, he began shaking his head. “Come on. This crap ain’t real. There ain’t nobody can track a demon like this.” He said.

“Our dad could” Sam replied.

“These are non-parametric statistical overviews, prospects and correlations, I mean.. damn! They’re signs. Omens. Uh, if you can track ’em, you can track this demon. You know, like crop failures, electrical storms... You ever been struck by lightening? It ain’t fun.” Ash said still looking over the papers.

“Can you track it or not?” Sam asked.

“Yeah, with this, I think so. But it’s gonna take time, uh, give me... fifty-one hours.” Ash replied standing up to leave and taking th folder with him.

“Hey, man?” I said.

“Yeah.” Ash replied turning to look back.

“By the way, I, uh, dig the haircut.” I said.

“All business up front, party in the back.” Ash replied.

Jo walked by flirting a little. I checked her out she wasn’t hard on the eyes then followed her.

~~~~~~~~Third person P.O.V.~~~~~~~~

“Hey, Ellen, what is that?” Sam asked as Dean followed Jo.

“It’s a police scanner. We keep tabs on things, we...” Ellen replied looking to where Sam pointed.

“No, no, no, no, the, um, the folder.” Sam said.

“Uh, I was gonna give this to a friend of mine. But take a look, if you want.” Ellen replied grabbing the folder and passing it over. Sam opened it up and Y/)h and I leaned in closer. It had some newspaper clippings attached to the front, and on the front, in red marker:

COUPLE MURDERED
CHILD LEFT ALIVE
MEDFORD, WISC.

Dean sat down by Jo at the window.

“How did your mom get into this stuff, anyway?” Dean asked

“From my dad. He was a hunter. He passed away.” Jo replied with a nod of her head.

“I’m sorry.” Dean replied sincerely.

“It was a long time ago. I was just a kid. Sorry to hear about your dad.” Jo responded.
“Yeah. So. I guess I've got fifty-one hours to waste. Maybe tonight we should, uh...” Dean said looking up to her then away towards the bar. “No, you know what? Never mind.”

“What?” Jo asked

“Nothing, just, uh, wrong place, wrong time.” Dean replied.

“You know, I thought you were gonna toss me some cheap pickup line.” Jo said. “Most hunters come through that door think they can get in my pants with some... pizza, a six pack, and side one of Zeppelin IV.”

“Well... what a bunch of scumbags.” Dean replied.

“Not you.” Jo replied.

“I guess not.” Dean said.

“Dean, come here, check this out.” Sam called from the bar.

“Yeah.” Dean said heading from the spot by the window.

“A few murders, not far from here, that Ellen caught wind of. Looks to me like there might be a hunt.” Y/n said.

“Yeah. So?” Dean asked.

“So, I told her we'd check it out.” Sam replied.

Our heroes climbed back in the minivan. It's raining our young Sam has the research open in his lap.

“You've gotta be kidding me. A killer clown?” Dean scoffed.

“Yeah. He left the daughter unharmed and killed the parents. Ripped them to pieces, actually.” Sam replied.

“And this family was at some carnival that night?” Y/n asked from the back seat.

“Right, right. The, uh, Cooper Carnivals.” Sam replied looking over the research.

“So how do you know we're not dealing with some psycho carnie in a clown suit?” Dean asked.

“Well, the cops have no viable leads, and all the employees were tearing down shop. Alibis all around. Plus this girl said she saw a clown vanish into thin air. Cops are saying trauma, of course.” Y/f/n replied.

“Well, I know what you're thinking, Sam. Why did it have to be clowns?” Dean said with a slight smirk.

“Oh, give me a break.” Sam replied.

Dean chuckled before replying “You didn't think I'd remember, did you? I mean, come on, you still bust out crying whenever you see Ronald McDonald on the television.”

“Well, at least I'm not afraid of flying.” Sam replied.

“Planes crash!” Dean defended.
“And apparently clowns kill!” Sam countered.

“So these types of murders, they ever happen before?” Y/n asked changing the subject.

“Uh, according to the file, 1981, the Bunker Brothers Circus, same M.O. It happened three times, three different locales.” Sam replied looking back to the research.

“It's weird, though, I mean if it is a spirit it's usually bound to a specific locale, you know, a house, or a town.” Dean said.

“So how's this one moving from city to city, carnival to carnival?” Y/l/n asked.

“Cursed object, maybe. Spirit attaches itself to something and the, uh, carnival carries it around with them.” Dean suggested.

“Great. Paranormal scavenger hunt.” Sam replied sarcasm lining his words.

“Well, this case was your idea. By the way, why is that? You were awfully quick to jump on this job.” Dean asked.

“So?” Sam asked.

“It's just... not like you, that's all. I thought you were hell-bent for leather on the demon hunt.” Dean replied.

“I don't know, I just think, this job, it's what Dad would have wanted us to do.” Sam replied softly

“What Dad would have wanted?” Dean asked.

“Yeah. So?” Sam replied looking at his brother.

“Nothin'.” Dean replied a small smile tugging at his lips as he continued to drive.

~~~~~~Y/f/n P.O.V.~~~~~~

We pulled up outside the carnival and seen what looked like police officers talking to clowns.

“Check it out. Five-oh.” Dean said before climbing from the car.

Sam and I stood near a ride as a very short woman in a clown outfit passed by. Sam and I stared at her nervously as she stared right back before moving on.

“Did you get her number?” Dean asked walking up with Y/n checking over her shoulder.

“More murders?” Sam asked with a scowl.

“Two more last night. Apparently they were ripped to shreds. And they had a little boy with them.” Y/n said still looking around like she was paranoid.

“Who fingered a clown.” Sam replied.

Dean and Y/n paused, giving Sam a weird look.

“What?” Sam asked.

“Yeah, a clown, who apparently vanished into thin air.” Dean replied.

“Dean, you know, looking for a cursed object is like trying to find a needle in a stack of needles.
They could be anything.” Sam said.

“Well, it's bound to give off EMF, so we'll just have to scan everything.” Dean replied.

“Oh, good, that's nice and... inconspicuous.” Y/f/n said.

“I guess we'll just have to blend in.” Dean replied pointing out the help wanted sign.

We headed for a tent and went inside. A man was throwing knives at a target; they all land near but not quite on bulls-eye.

“Excuse me, we're looking for a Mr. Cooper, have you seen him around?” Dean asked.

“What is that, some kind of joke?” the man replied pulling off his sunglasses to reveal he was blind.

“Oh. God, I'm, I'm sorry.” Dean quickly started to apologize.

“You think I wouldn't give my eyeteeth to see Mr. Cooper? Or a sunset, or anything at all?” The blind man said.

“Wanna give me a little help here?” Dean asked turning to look at all of us.

“No really.” Sam replied.

“No this is great.” Y/n said as I just shook my head.

“Hey man, is there a problem?” A voice asked we all turned to see a very short man with a red cape walking in to the tent.

“Yeah, this guy hates blind people.” The blind man said.

“No, I don't, I...” Dean began.

“Hey buddy, what's your problem?” The short man asked.

“Nothing, it's just a little misunderstanding.” Dean replied.

“Little?! You son of a bitch!” The short man began.

“No, no, no! I'm just, could somebody tell me where Mr. Cooper is?” Sam, Y/n and I began to laugh as dean held up his hands in surrender. “Please?”

Eventually we found out where Mr. Cooper's office was and headed there.

“You four picked a hell of a time to join up. Take a seat.” Mr. Cooper said showing us in to his office. Dean looked around at the available chairs there were two one was normal, the other was pink, with a giant clown face on it. He beat Sam to the normal chair. Sam scowled and fidgeted before sitting gingerly in the clown chair. Y/n and I stood as close to the boys as we could yet far enough away from the clown chair to be comfortable.

“We've got all kinds of local trouble.” Mr. Cooper said sitting behind his desk.

“What do you mean?” Dean asked.

“Oh, a couple of folks got themselves murdered. Cops always seem to start here first. So, you four ever worked the circuit before?” Mr. Cooper replied.
“Yes sir, last year through Texas and Arkansas.” Sam replied.

“Yeah.” Dean said with nod of his head. Y/n and I nodded.


“Y/n and I worked the ticket booths for the rides.” Y/n said edging away from Sam’s chair more.

“Yeah, it's, uh, little bit of everything, I guess.” Sam replied.

“You two have never worked a show in your lives before, have you?” Mr. Cooper asked.

“Nope. But we really need the work. Oh, and uh, Sam here's got a thing for the bearded lady.” Dean replied chuckling nervously after being caught in a lie.

“You see that picture? That's my daddy.” Mr. Cooper said pointing to a picture behind him.

“You look just like him.” I said.

“He was in the business. Ran a freakshow. Till they outlawed them, most places. Apparently displaying the deformed isn’t dignified. So most of the performers went from honest work to rotting in hospitals and asylums. That's progress. I guess. You see, this place, it's a refuge for outcasts. Always has been. For folks that don't fit in nowhere else. But you four? You should go to school. Get married. Have two point five kids. Live regular.” Mr. Cooper said.

Dean was about to say something, but Sam leaned forward, eyes serious. “Sir? We don't want to go to school. And we don't want regular. We want this.” He said.

Dean looked to Sam in shock. Mr. Cooper hired us Y/n and I to work the ticket booths and Sam and Dean to clean up.

“Huh.” Dean said as we left the office.

“What?” Sam asked.

“That whole, uh, I don't want to go back to school thing. Were you just saying that to Cooper or were you, you know, saying it? Sam?” Dean asked.

“I don't know.” Sam replied honestly.

“You don't know? I thought that once the demon was dead and the fat lady sings that you were gonna take off, head back to Wussy State.” Dean replied.

“I'm having second thoughts.” Sam replied.

“Really?” Dean asked.

“Yeah. I think. Dad would have wanted me to stick with the job.” Sam said.

“Since when do you give a damn what Dad wanted? You spent half your life doing exactly what he didn't want, Sam.” Dean replied angrily.

“Since he died, okay? Do you have a problem with that?” Sam retorted.

“Naw, I don't have a problem at all.” Dean replied walking away.
“Why can’t you two just try to get along for 5 minutes?” Y/n asked exasperated.

-----LATER-----

Sam approached the ticket booth Y/n and I were working, wearing a red "COOPER CARNIVAL" jacket and picking up trash. Dean approached soon after.

“What took you so long?” Sam asked as Dean walked up.

“Long story.” Dean replied.

“Mommy, look at the clown!” A little girl’s voice called out.

We all turned to see a little girl pointing at something.

“What clown?” The mom asked. We slowly walked toward them and looked where the little girl was pointing not seeing anything.

“Come on, sweetie, come on.” The mom said putting her arm around her daughter and leaving.

Dean and Sam shared a look.

That night we headed to the family’s home to keep an eye out.

“Dean, I cannot believe you told Papazian about the homicidal phantom clown.” Sam said looking over to the house

“I told him an urban legend about a homicidal phantom clown. I never said it was real.” Dean replied looking down and pulling out a gun, cocking it. Sam grabbed at it and pushed Dean’s hands down.

“Keep that down!” I hissed from the back.

“Oh, and get this. I mentioned the Bunker Brother's Circus in '81 and their, uh, evil clown apocalypse? Guess what.” Dean continued.

“What?” Y/n asked.

“Before Mr. Cooper owned Cooper Carnival, he worked for Bunker Brothers. He was their lot manager.” Dean replied.

“So you think whatever the spirit's attached to, Cooper just brought it with him?” Sam asked.

“Something like that.” Dean replied before shaking his head “I can't believe we keep talking about clowns.”

-----LATER-----

Dean and Y/n were dozing as a light turned on in the dining room. We shook them awake. Inside, the little girl went to the front door, where the phantom clown was waiting.

As the girl lead the clown down the hallway, we were already hiding in wait, weapons ready.

“Wanna see Mommy and Daddy? They're upstairs.” The little girl said to the clown.
Sam leapt out and grabbed the girl, who started screaming, as Dean and Y/n shot the clown in the chest. It fell on its back, then got up as Dean and Y/n were cocking the guns again.

“Sam, watch out!” Dean yelled as the clown turned and jumped out the window disappearing. The parents came rushing out.

“What's going on here? Get away from my--” The father began.

“Oh my god, what are you doing to my daughter?!” The yelled as Sam let the little girl go and raised his hands.

“Who the hell are you? Get out! Get out of my house!” The father yelled.

We left the little girl standing there and ran.

Dean parked the minivan off the side of a road and we began digging out our belongings - including the license plates.

“You really think they saw our plates?” Sam asked stuffing his laptop into his bag.

“I don't wanna take the chance. Besides, I hate this friggin' thing anyway.” Dean replied closing the back door of the van. We started walking down the road.

“Well, one thing's for sure.” Y/n said.

“What's that?” Sam asked turning to look behind him at us.

“We're not dealing with a spirit. I mean, that rock salt hit something solid.” She replied.

“Yeah, a person? Or maybe a creature that can make itself invisible?” Sam asked.

“Yeah, and dresses up like a clown for kicks? Did it say anything in Dad's journal?” Dean asked.

“Nope.” Sam replied clearing his throat and then pulling out his phone.

“Who are you calling?” Dean asked.

“Maybe Ellen or that guy Ash'll know something. Hey, you think, uh, you think Dad and Ellen ever had a thing?” Sam replied.

“No way.” Dean said.

“Then why didn't he tell us about her?” Sam asked.

“I don't know, maybe they had some sort of falling out.” Dean replied.

“Yeah. You ever notice Dad had a falling out with just about everybody?” Sam said. Dean nodded casually and Sam lowered the phone. “Well, don't get all maudlin on me, man.”

“What do you mean?” Dean asked.

“I mean this 'strong silent' thing of yours, it's crap.” Sam replied.

“Oh, god.” Dean complained.

“I'm over it. This isn't just anyone we're talking about, this is Dad. I know how you felt about the man.” Sam argued.
“You know what, back off, all right? Just because I'm not caring and sharing like you want me to.” Dean retorted.

“No, no, no, that's not what this is about, Dean. I don't care how you deal with this. But you have to deal with it, man. Listen, I'm your brother, all right? I just want to make sure you're okay.” Sam replied.

“Dude, I'm okay. I'm okay, okay? I swear, the next person who asks me if I'm okay, I'm gonna start throwing punches. These are your issues, quit dumping them on me!” Dean yelled.

“What are you talking about?” Sam asked.

“I just think it's really interesting, this sudden obedience you have to Dad. It's like, oh, what would Dad want me to do? Sam, you spent your entire life slugging it out with that man. I mean, hell, you, you picked a fight with him the last time you ever saw him. And now that he's dead, now you want to make it right? Well, I'm sorry Sam, but you can't, it's too little, too late.” Dean said angrily.

“Why are you saying this to me?” Sam asked hurt.

“Because I want you to be honest with yourself about this. I'm dealing with Dad's death! Are you?” Dean yelled.

Sam swallowed hard and looked at his brother upset. “I'm going to call Ellen.” He said before turning away.

“Not cool Dean.” I said following Sam. Y/n shook her head at him then slowly followed.

------LATER------

“Thanks a lot.” Sam said as he hung up the phone before turning to us. “Rakshasa.”

“Bless you.” Y/n said.

“What's that?” Dean asked.

“Ellen's best guess. It's a race of ancient Hindu creatures. They appear in human form, they feed on human flesh, they can make themselves invisible, and they cannot enter a home without first being invited.” Sam replied as we continued walking.

“So they dress up like clowns, and the children invite 'em in.” Dean said.

“Yeah.” Sam replied.

“Why don't they just munch on the kids?” Y/n asked.

“No idea. Not enough meat on the bones, maybe?” Sam replied.

“What else'd you find out?” I asked.

“Well, apparently, Rakshasas live in squalor. They sleep on a bed of dead insects.” Sam replied.

“Nice.” Dean said. As Y/n began to fake gag.

“Yeah, and they have to feed a few times every twenty or thirty years. Slow metabolism, I guess.” Sam said.
“Well, that makes sense. I mean, the Carnival today, the Bunker Brothers in ’81.” Dean said.

“Right. Probably more before that.” Sam replied.

“Hey Sam, who do we know that worked both shows?” Dean asked.

“Cooper?” Sam replied.

“Cooper.” Dean confirmed.

“You know, that picture of his father, that looked just like him.” I said.

“You think maybe it was him?” Y/n asked.

“Well, who knows how old he is?” Sam replied.

“Ellen say how to kill him?” Dean asked.

“Legend goes, a dagger made of pure brass.” Sam responded.

“I think I know where to get one of those.” Dean replied.

“Well, before we go stabbing things into Cooper, we're going to want to make damn sure it's him.” Sam said.

“Oh, you're such a stickler for details, Sammy.” Dean said the boys smiled at each other. “All right, Y/n and I'll round up the blade, you and Y/f/n go check if Cooper's got bedbugs.”

“I am so glad you got bug duty dude.” Y/n said looking at me with a satisfied smirk.

~~~~~~Y/n P.O.V.~~~~~~

We got back to the carnival just as they shut down for the night. Dean found the blind man and began asking him if he had any brass knives.

“Well, I've got all kinds of knives. I don't know if I've got a brass one, though.” The blind man said leading us towards his trailer.

“Check the trunk.” The man said tapping one with his cane. Dean opened the trunk and found a red clown wig. He paused then stood.

“You?” He asked.

Blind man dropped his cane and pulled off his glasses; his eyes were normal. “Me.” The blind man said. The man’s eyes grew cloudy and his face began to melt. He waved then his face disappear, cheshire-cat style with his eyes glowing last.

Dean and I began struggling with the door in blind man’s trailer, trying to get out. A knife flew past our heads to bury in the door. We both jumped. And another landed with a thunk a little higher.

“All right!” Dean yelled ramming into the door with his shoulder. He managed to get the door open and we booked ass out of there, Dean tumbling along the way. Outside, Sam and Y/f/n seen us.

“Hey!” Sam yelled. Dean and I turned nearly falling again.

“Hey.” Dean said.
“So, Cooper thinks I’m a geeping Tom, but it’s not him.” Sam said.

“Yeah, so we gathered. It’s the blind guy. He’s here somewhere.” I said looking around.

“Well, did you get the –” Y/f/n asked.

“The brass blades? No. No, it’s just been one of those days.” Dean replied looking around as well.

“I got an idea. Come on.” Sam said leading us toward the fun house. We entered the funhouse and as we started to walk through it, a door slams between us. Sam and I on one side and Y/f/n and Dean on the other. We struggled to open it but nothing worked.

“Sam! Y/n!” Dean shouted through the door.

“Dean! Y/f/n! Dean, find the maze, okay?” Sam replied.

Sam and I found a pipe organ that was giving off steam. Sam grabbed for one of the pipes but it was too hot.

“Gah!” Sam said flinching from the heat. Sam pulled a bandana from his pocket and wrapped it around his hand to start pulling off a pipe. Dean and Y/f/n made their way around the corner to us.

“Hey.” Dean said walking up.

“Hey! Where is it?” Sam asked.

“I don’t know, I mean, shouldn’t we see its clothes walking around?” Dean replied.

A knife flew past Dean, pinning his sleeve to the wall. Another one pinned his wrist.

“Sam!” Dean exclaimed.

Sam finally pulled the pipe all the way off and stalked forward slowly. A knife flew past his head and he dodged it. While the Rakshasa was distracted Y/f/n and I made our way to Dean trying to pull the knives from the wall.

“Dean, where is he?” Sam shouted back to him.

“I don’t know!” Dean replied before spying a lever. He reached up and pulled it more steam began to pour from the pipe organ, giving a vague shape to the invisible attacker.

“Sam, behind you! Behind you!” Y/f/n shouted seeing the figure.

Sam stabbed the pipe behind him without looking. When he turned he seen it buried in the still-invisible creature, blood pouring from the wound. With help from Y/f/n and I, Dean managed to free himself. We looked to where it’s fallen and see only empty clothes and a bloody pipe.

“I hate funhouses.” Dean said.

Dean managed to steal a car and get us back to the road house. We sat at the bar and Ellen laid down a couple of beers.

“You boys did a hell of a job. Your dad’d be proud.” Ellen said.

“Thanks.” Sam replied.
Jo sat down on the other side of Dean and gave us a look.

“Oh yeah, um, We've gotta... uh, uh, We've gotta go. Over there. Right now.” Sam said pulling Y/f/n and I along with him. Far enough away to make it look like we weren’t eves dropping.

“So.” Jo said before clearing her throat.

“So.” Dean said.

“Am I gonna see you again?” Jo asked.

“Do you want to?” Dean replied.

“I wouldn't hate it.” Jo responded.

“Hmm. Can I be honest with you? See, normally I'd be hitting on you so fast it'd make your head spin. But, uh, these days... I don't know.” Dean replied.

“Wrong place, wrong time?” Jo said pointing to her mom.

“Yeah. Something like that.” Dean replied.

“It's okay, I get it.” Jo said as the back door opened and Ash walked in carrying the folder and a bizarre looking laptop.

“Where you guys been? Been waitin' for ya.” Ash said.

“We were working a job, Ash. Clowns?” Sam responded.

“Clowns? What the –” He began.

“You got something for us, Ash?” Dean interrupted him.

Ash sat the laptop down on a table. It looked homemade, with exposed wiring.

“Did you find the demon?” Sam asked sitting at the table with the rest of us.

“It's nowhere around. At least, nowhere I can find. But if this fugly bastard raises his head, I'll know. I mean, I'm on it like Divine on dog dookie.” Ash replied.

“What do you mean?” Y/f/n asked.

“I mean, any of those signs or omens appear, anywhere in the world, my rig'll go off. Like a fire alarm.” Ash replied.

“Do you mind...” Dena began reaching for the laptop.

Ash gave him a look and Dean retracted his hand back from the keyboard. “Yeah.”

“What's up, man?” Ash asked.

“Ash, where did you learn to do all this?” Sam asked.

“M.I.T. Before I got bounced for... fighting.” Ash replied.

“M.I.T.?” Sam asked in disbelief.
“It's a school in Boston.” Ash replied.

“Okay. Give us a call as soon as you know something?” Dean said looking up at Ash.

“Si, si, compadre.” Ash replied.

Dean took another sip of his beer then set it down. Ash picked it up and drank. I finished my beer and stood as the boys headed for the door.

“Hey, listen -- if you all need a place to stay I've got a couple beds out back.” Ellen said

“Thanks, but no. There's something I gotta finish.” Dean replied looking back at Ellen.

“Okay.” Ellen replied.

~~~~~~~~Third Person P.O.V.~~~~~~~~

Our young group got back in the stolen car and headed for Bobby’s. Dean went straight to working on the Impala again and Sam hovered nearby pacing. Y/n returned to fixing up the little Nova she had been working on and Y/f/n helped Bobby with research for other hunters.

“You were right.” Sam said.

“About what?” Dean asked walking around Sam to the driver’s side of the car.

“About me and Dad. I'm sorry that the last time I was with him I tried to pick a fight. I'm sorry that I spent most of my life angry at him. I mean, for all I know he died thinking that I hate him. So you're right. What I'm doing right now, it's too little. It's too late.” Sam replied lips trembling “I miss him, man. And I feel guilty as hell. And I'm not all right. Not at all.” Sam continued with tears in his eyes. “But neither are you. That much I know. I'll let you get back to work.”

Sam left and Dean was still for a moment. He picks up a crowbar and smashed the window of a nearby car. Then he started slamming it into the trunk of his own car, over and over.

“Hey Dean do you have the- ” Y/n stopped coming upon the scene. The crowbar clattered to the ground, and Dean looked up to her then after where Sam went, lip trembling. Y/n went to his side and pulled him in to a hug. Not saying anything just offering the comfort of a friend.
The newly restored Impala zoomed up a 2-lane road driven by Dean. He was in a surprisingly good mood, grooving along to AC/DC.

“Whoo! Listen to her purr! Have you ever heard anything so sweet?” Dean said happily.

“You know, if you two wanna get a room, just let me know, Dean.” Sam replied smirking.

“Oh, don’t listen to him, baby. He doesn't understand us.” Dean replied rubbing the dash.

“You're in a good mood.” Y/f/n laughed from the backseat.

“Why shouldn't I be?” Dean asked.

“No reason.” Sam replied.

“Got my car, got a case, things are looking up.” Dean said.

“Wow. Give you a couple of severed heads and a pile of dead cows and you're Mister Sunshine.” Sam said chuckling.

“How far to Red Lodge?” Dean asked with a laugh.

“Uh, about another three hundred miles.” Sam replied.

“Good.” Dean replied before flooring it.

In Red Lodge, a sheriff with an impressive mustache talked to us, we were posing as reporters.

“The murder investigation is ongoing, and that's all I can share with the press at this time.” The Sheriff said.

“Sure, sure, we understand that, but just for the record, you found the first, uh, head last week, correct?” I asked.

“Mm-hmm.” The sheriff replied.

“Okay, and the other, a uh, Christina Flanigan,” Sam said.

“That was two days ago. Is there -- ” The Sheriff began before a young woman knocked on the door and pointed at her watch.

“Oh. Sorry boys, time's up, we're done here.”

“One last question -- ” Y/f/n started.

“Yeah, what about the cattle?” Dean asked.

“Excuse me?” The sheriff asked.

“You know, the cows found dead, split open, drained ... over a dozen cases.” Dean replied.
“What about them?” The sheriff asked.

“So you don't think there's a connection?” I responded.

“Connection ... with...?” The sheriff asked.

“First cattle mutilations, now two murders? Kinda sounds like ritual stuff.” Sam replied.

“You know, like satanic cult ritual stuff?” Dean said.

“You - you're not kidding.” The sheriff asked.

“No.” Dean replied seriously.

“Those cows aren't being mutilated. You wanna know how I know?” The sheriff asked.


“Because there's no such thing as cattle mutilation. Cow drops, leave it in the sun, within forty-eight hours the bloat'll split it open so clean it's just about surgical. The bodily fluids fall down into the ground and get soaked up because that's what gravity does. But, hey, it could be Satan. What newspaper did you say you work for?” The sheriff asked.

“World Weekly News...” Dean said.

“Weekly World News.” Sam replied at the same time.

“World –“ Dean tried again.

“Weekly World –“ Sam countered.

“Weekly World news... forgive him he’s new.” I said indicating Dean.

“Get out of my office.” The sheriff replied.

As we were leaving I turned to Y/f/n “Y/f/n, I moustache you a question…. Who do you think has the better butt Dean or Sam?”

“Dean’s in nice but Sam’s….Grunt*” Y/f/n replied trying to stifle her giggles. Dean looked over to Sam with a smirk as Sam’s cheeks tinged pink.

We headed for the hospital where the bodies were and entered the morgue still wearing our fed clothes but now also in white lab coats. The intern on duty’s name tag read "J. Manners." Dean looks at it calculating.

“John.” Dean said approaching the man.

“Jeff.” He corrected.

“Jeff. I know that. Dr. Dworkin needs to see you in his office right away.” Dean replied with a chuckle.

“But Dr. Dworkin's on vacation.” Jeff replied.

“Well, he’s back. And he's pissed, and he's screaming for you, man, so if I were you I would...” I said as Dean whistled. Jeff the intern scurried out. Sam closing the door behind him.
“Okay. Hey, those satanists in Florida, they marked their victims, didn't they?” Dean asked turning to the desk and grabbing gloves.

“Yeah, reversed pentacle on the forehead.” Sam replied taking a pair from Dean and heading for the wall of coolers.

“Yeah. So much f'd up crap happens in Florida.” Dean muttered handing Y/f/n and I glove before putting on his own and following Sam. Sam opened a compartment and wheels out a corpse; there was a box between its legs.

“All right, open it.” Dean said.

“You open it.” Sam retorted.

“Wuss.” Dean replied.

Dean carried the box over to another table and flipped off the lid with a grimace. Sam, Y/f/n and I approached, cringing.

“Well, no pentagram.” I said looking at the forehead.

“Wow. Poor girl.” Sam said.

“Maybe we should, uh, you know, look in her mouth, see if those wackos stuffed anything down her throat. You know, kinda like the moth in Silence of the Lambs.” Dean replied.

“Yeah, here, go ahead.” Sam said turning the box back toward Dean.

“No, you go ahead.” Dean replied turning the box back.

“What?” Sam asked.

“Put the lotion in the basket.” Dean said quoting Buffalo bill in Silence of the lambs.

“Right, yeah, I'm the wuss, huh? Whatever.” Sam said steeling himself and then starting to poke his fingers in the heads mouth. “Someone get me a bucket?”

“You find something?” Dean asked.

“No, I'm going to puke.” Sam replied. Y/f/n and I stood to the side giggling watching this awful exchange.

“Wait, lift the lip up again?” Dean said looking at the head.

“What? You want me to throw up, is that it?” Sam asked.

“No, no, no, I think I saw something.” Dean replied pulling back the lip. “What is that, a hole?”

Dean pressed on the gum and a narrow, sharp tooth descended.

“It's a tooth.” I said moving forward a little bit.

“Guys, that's a fang. Retractable set of vampire fangs. You gotta be kidding me.” Dean said.

“Well, this changes things.” Sam replied.

“Ya think?” Dean snarked.
Later that night we headed to a bar.

“How’s it going?” Dean asked the bartender.

“Living the dream. What can I get for you?” The bartender replied.

“Four beers, please.” Dean said. The bartender turned around and began gathering the beers.

“So, we're looking for some people.” Sam said.

“Sure. Hard to be lonely.” The bartender replied.

“Yeah. But um, that's not what I meant.” Sam commented pulling out a $50 bill, fingering it, and dropping it on the bar; bartender looked at it, then took it. “Right. So these, these people, they would have moved here about six months ago, probably pretty rowdy, like to drink...”

“Yeah, real night owls, you know? Sleep all day, party all night.” Dean continued.

“Barker farm got leased out a couple months ago. Real winners. They've been in here a lot - drinkers. Noisy. I've had to 86 them once or twice.” The bartender replied

“Thanks.” Dean said they boys stood and left their half-finished beers on the table and leave.

“You just couldn’t leave the beer could you?” Y/f/n complained as we followed the boys.

“ Heck no that’s precious alcohol.” I replied.

“You're an alcoholic.” Y/f/n commented.

“I’m only an alcoholic if nobody likes it.” I replied. Heading down the alley after the boys we hid behind the wall of an adjoining building. Dean had a feeling someone was following us. A man from the bar came around the corner and couldn’t find us. Dean and Sam were suddenly there, pinning him to the wall, Dean with a knife at his throat.

“Smile.” Dean grunted.

“What?” The man asked.

“Show us those pearly whites.” I replied.

“Oh, for the love of -- you want to stick that thing someplace else? I'm not a vampire.” The man said and Sam frowned “Yeah, that's right. I heard you guys in there.”

“What do you know about vampires?” Y/f/n asked.

“How to kill them. Now seriously, bro. That knife's making me itch.” The man said and Dean cocked his head to the side. The man moved to pull away but Sammy pinned him to the wall harder. “Whoa. Easy there, Chachi.” He slowly brought his right hand up to show he had normal gums. “See? Fangless. Happy?” Dean slowly let the man go “Now. Who the hell are you?”

We headed back to the parking lot and to the man’s car Dean told him who we were and we learned his name was Gordon. At the man's car, he pulls out his arsenal from behind his seats.

“Sam and Dean Winchester. I can't believe it. You know I met your old man once? Hell of a guy. Great hunter. I heard he passed. I'm sorry. It's big shoes. But from what I hear you guys fill 'em.
Great trackers, good in a tight spot—“Gordon said.

“You seem to know a lot about our family.” Dean cut him off.


“No, we don’t, actually.” Dean retorted.

“I guess there’s a lot your dad never told you, huh?” Gordon asked.

“So, um, so those two vampires, they were yours, huh?” Sam asked changing the subject.

“Yes. Been here two weeks.” Gordon replied.

“Did you check out that Barker farm?” I asked.

“It’s a bust. Just a bunch of hippie freaks. Though they could kill you with that patchouli smell alone.” Gordon replied.

“Where’s the nest, then?” Dean asked.

“I got this one covered. Look, don’t get me wrong. It’s a real pleasure meetin’ you fellas. But I’ve been on this thing over a year. I killed a fang back in Austin, tracked the nest all the way up here. I’ll finish it.” Gordon replied putting his weapons back.

“We could help.” Dean said.

“Thanks, but uh, I’m kind of a go-it-alone type of guy.” Gordon responded.

“Come on, man, I’ve been itching for a hunt.” Dean complained.

“Sorry. But hey, I hear there’s a Chupacabra two states over. You go ahead and knock yourselves out.” Gordon replied climbing into his car “It was real good meeting you, though. I’ll buy you a drink on the flip side.”

“I don’t like him.” I said as Gordon drove off.

Dean decided it would be a good idea to follow Gordon in case he got himself into trouble. At an old mill Gordon attacked the night security guard. The man extended his fangs. They struggled near an electric saw and the vampire turned it on, pinning Gordon down below it, nearly decapitating him until Sam pulled him to safety. Dean attacked the vampire, getting him pinned under the electric saw. He lowers the saw, decapitating him. Spraying himself with blood.

“So uh, I guess I gotta buy you that drink.” Gordon said looking at Dean. Sam and I stared at Dean in shock.

Dean headed back to the motel and got cleaned up. We met Gordon at the bar later. A waitress brought over another round and Dean reached for his wallet.

“No, no, I got it.” Gordon said.

“Come on.” Dean replied.

“I insist.” Gordon responded before turning to the waitress “Thank you, sweetie.” He turned back to us and raised his shot glass “Another one bites the dust.”
“That's right.” Dean said raising his glass as well. Dean and Gordon drank a toast while Sam sat back arms folded.

“Dean.” Gordon laughed “You gave that big-ass fang one hell of a haircut, my friend.”

“Thank you.” Dean replied.

“That was beautiful. Absolutely beautiful.” Gordon continued.

“Yep. You all right, Sammy?” Dean asked looking over to Sam.

“I'm fine.” Sam replied.

“Well, lighten up a little, Sammy.” Gordon said and I scowled at his use of Sam’s nickname.

“They’re the only ones who get to call me that.” Sam replied pointing to the three of us.

“Aww shucks thanks sweetie.” I said throwing my arms around Sam in a hug.


“Right. Well, decapitations aren't my idea of a good time, I guess.” Sam replied.

“Oh, come one, man, it's not like it was human. You've gotta have a little more fun with your job.” Gordon replied.

“See? That's what I've been trying to tell him and Y/f/n and I scowled at his use of Sam’s nickname.

“Yeah I bet I could. Look, I'm not gonna bring you guys down. I'm just gonna go back to the motel.” Sam said.

“You sure?” Dean asked.

“Yeah.” Sam replied.

“Sammy? Remind me to beat that buzzkill out of you later, all right?” Dean said before tossing Sammy the keys.

“Something I said?” Gordon asked looking after Sam.

“Nah, nah, he just gets that way sometimes. Tell you what. Match you quarters for the next round.” Dean said taking another drink of his beer.

“You know what I’m gonna go with him.” I said finishing my beer and standing up.

“Me too.” Y/f/n said.

We returned to the motel room, and Sam dropped the keys on a hook before picking up his phone and calling someone.

“Hey, Ellen, uh, Sam Winchester.” Sam said into the phone. “Yeah. Yeah, everything's fine. Got a question.” Sam replied to her “You ever run across a guy named Gordon Walker?” He asked.

“And?” Sam pushed. “Well, we ran into him on a job and we're kinda working with him, I guess.” Sam explained. “I - I thought you said he was a good hunter.” Sam questioned. “Ellen –“ Sam began
before he was cut off “Right, okay.” Sam replied before hanging up. Y/f/n passed out on one of the beds and I went to the restroom while Sammy went to buy a pop from the vending machine. From inside the bathroom I heard Sam return and the door close. It was quiet for awhile then a loud scuffle. Damn it never break the seal when drinking because then you have to pee all the time. As I was pulling up my pants it went silent again. I reentered the room to find Y/f/n and Sammy both gone.

~~~Y/f/n P.O.V.~~~~~

Sam and I were bound and gagged to chairs in an old farm house, sacks over our heads. They were suddenly pulled off by the bartender from earlier. He showed his fangs and advances on Sam, who struggled. As the vampire moved toward Sam a woman appeared in the doorway.

“Wait! Step back, Eli.” She commanded.

Eli the bartender pulled back, his fangs retracting. The woman walked over and removed the gags.

“My name's Lenore. I'm not going to hurt you. We just need to talk.” The woman said.

“Talk? Yeah, okay, but I might have a tough time paying attention to much besides Eli's teeth.” Sam snarked.

“He won't hurt you either. You have my word.” Lenore replied.

“Your word? Oh yeah, great, thanks. Listen lady, no offense but you're not the first vampire I've met.” Sam retorted.

“We're not like the others. We don't kill humans, and we don't drink their blood. We haven't for a long time.” Lenore responded.

“What is this, some kind of joke?” I asked.

“Notice you're still alive.” Lenore replied acknowledging me for the first time.

“Okay, uh, correct me if I'm wrong here, but shouldn't you be starving to death?” Sam asked.

“We've found other ways. Cattle blood.” Lenore replied.

“You're telling me you're responsible for all the -- ” Sam began.

“It's not ideal, in fact it's disgusting. But -- it allows us to get by.” Lenore replied.

“Okay, uh, why?” I asked.

“Survival. No deaths, no missing locals, no reason for people like you to come looking for people like us. We blend in. Our kind is practically extinct. Turns out we weren't quite as high up the food chain as we imagined.” Lenore replied.

“Why are we explaining ourselves to this killer?” Eli asked.

“Eli!” Lenore scolded.

“We choke on cow's blood so that none of them suffer. Tonight they murdered Conrad and they celebrated.” Eli argued.

“Eli, that's enough.” Lenore commanded.
“Yeah, Eli, that's enough.” Sam snarked.

“What's done is done. We're leaving this town tonight.” Lenore replied calmly.

“Then why did you bring us here? Why are you even talking to us?” Sam asked.

“Believe me, I'd rather not. But I know your kind. Once you have the scent you'll keep tracking us. It doesn't matter where we go. Hunters will find us.” Lenore replied.

“So you're asking us not to follow you.” I stated.

“We have a right to live. We're not hurting anyone.” Lenore reasoned.

“Right, so you keep saying, but give me one good reason why I should believe you.” Sam replied.

“Fine.” Lenore replied getting in Sam’s face “You know what I'm going to do? I'm going to let you go.” Sam looked at her in shock “Take them back. Not a mark on them.” The sacks were put back over our heads and we were lead back to a van.

~~~~~~~~Y/n P.O.V.~~~~~~

Dean and Gordon sat at the table, discussing strategy over a map. While I paced the room.

“This is the best pattern I can establish. It's sketchy at best.” Gordon said circling part of the map with his finger.

“Looks like it's all coming from this side of town. Which means the nest would be around here someplace, right?” Dean asked.

“Yep, that's what I'm thinking. Problem is, there's thirty-five, forty farms out there. I've searched about half of them already, but nothing yet. They're covering their tracks real good.” Gordon replied.

“Well, I guess we'll just have to search the other half.” Dean said looking at his watch then to me. “What time is it? Where’s Sam and Y/f/n?”

“Car's parked outside. Probably went for a walk. Seems like the take-a-walk type.” Gordon replied.

“Yeah, they are, but...” Dean began. The door opened and Sam and Y/f/n entered. Sam gave Dean a look.

“Where you been?” Dean asked.

“Can we talk to you alone?” Sam asked looking to Dean and I.

“You mind chillin' out for a couple minutes?” Dean asked Gordon.

Dean and I followed Sam and Y/f/n to the parking lot.

“Dean, maybe we've got to rethink this hunt.” Sam said.

“What are you talking about? Where were you?” Dean asked.

“In the nest.” Y/f/n replied.

“You found it?” Dean asked excitedly.

“They found us, man.” Sam replied.
“How’d you get out? How many’d you kill?” Dean asked.

“None.” Y/f/n replied.

“Well Guys, they didn't just let you go.” Dean snarked.

“That's exactly what they did.” Sam replied.

“All right, well, where is it?” Dean asked.

“I was blindfolded, I don't know.” Sam said.

“Well, you've got to know something.” Dean replied looking between Sam and Y/f/n.

“We went over that bridge outside of town, but Dean, listen. Maybe we shouldn't go after them.” Sam replied.

“Why not?” Dean asked.

“I don't think they're like other vampires. I don't think they're killing people.” Sam replied.

“You're joking. Then how do they stay alive? Or undead, or whatever the hell they are,” Dean asked.

“The cattle mutilations. They said they live off of animal blood.” Y/f/n said.

“And you believed them?” Dean asked.

“Look at us, Dean. They let us go without a scratch.” Sam argued.

“Wait, so you're saying... No, man, no way. I don't know why they let you go. I don't really care. We find ‘em, we waste ‘em.” Dean countered.

“Why?” I asked.

“What part of 'vampires' don't you understand, Guys? If it's supernatural, we kill it, end of story. That's our job.” Dean argued.

“No, Dean, that is not our job. Our job is hunting evil. And if these things aren't killing people, they’re not evil!” Sam responded.

“Of course they're killing people, that's what they do. They're all the same, Sam. They're not human, okay? We have to exterminate every last one of them.” Dean replied.

“No, Dean, I don't think so, all right? Not this time.” Sam said.

“Gordon's been on those vamps for a year, man, he knows.” Dean replied.

“Gordon?” Sam asked.

“Yes.” Dean replied.

“You're taking his word for it?” I asked.

“That's right.” Dean replied.

“Ellen says he's bad news.” Sam said.
“You called Ellen?” Dean asked and Sam nodded his head
“And I'm supposed to listen to her? We barely know her, Sam, no thanks, I'll go with Gordon.”

“Right, 'cause Gordon's such an old friend. You don't think I can see what this is?” Sam argued.

“What are you talking about?” Dean asked.

“He's a substitute for Dad, isn't he? A poor one.” Sam replied.

“Shut up, Sam.” Dean retorted turning away and walking back to the motel.

“He's not even close, Dean. Not on his best day.” I said helping Sam out.

“You know what? I'm not even going to talk about this.” Dean said.

“You know, you slap on this big fake smile but I can see right through it. Because I know how you feel, Dean. Dad's dead. And he left a hole, and it hurts so bad you can't take it, but you can't just fill up that hole with whoever you want to. It's an insult to his memory.” Sam argued.

“Okay.” Dean said starting to turn away then punching Sam, hard. Sam paused, turning back slowly, but not rising to the bait.

“You hit me all you want. It won't change anything.” Sam said holding his cheek.

“I'm going to that nest. You don't want to tell me where it is, fine. I'll find it myself.” Dean said before turning away and heading back to the room.

“Dean?” Sam said before following him.

Dean returned to the motel room, the rest of us following and Gordon was gone.

“Gordon?” Dean called out.

“You think he went after them?” Sam asked.

“Probably.” Dean replied.

“Dean, we have to stop him.” Y/f/n said.

“Really, Guys? Because I say we lend a hand.” Dean retorted.

“Just give me the benefit of the doubt, would you? You owe me that.” Sam replied.

“Yeah, we'll see. I'll drive. Give me the keys.” Dean said.

Sam pointed to the table where he'd set them earlier and they're gone.

“He snaked the keys.” Sam commented.

We headed out to the Impala and Dean began to hotwire it complaining the entire time “I can't believe this. I just fixed her up, too.” Baby started and Dean turned to Sam

“So the bridge, is that, uh, is that all you got?”

“The bridge was four and a half minutes from their farm.” Sam replied looking at a map.

“How do you know?” Dean asked.
“I counted.” Sam replied and began tracing a path on the map in his lap. “They took a left out of the farm, then turned right onto a dirt road, followed that for two minutes slightly up a hill, then took another quick right and we hit the bridge.”

“You're good. You're a monster pain in the ass, but you're good.” Dean said looking to Sam happily.

We reached the bridge and Sam Sighed heavily looking at the map. Dean glanced over at him, then looked back to the road. Sam returned the glance with a frown.

Inside the nest Gordon sat on the table and slowly dipped his knife into a jar of blood. Lenore was tied to a chair nearby, covered in cuts, pale and sickly. Gordon circled around her and sliced the bloody knife across her chest. Lenore groaned in pain and Sam and Dean decided to act entering the room.

“Sam, Dean, Girls. Come on in.” Gordon said turning slightly.

“Hey, Gordon. What's going on?” Dean asked looking at Lenore.

“Just poisoning Lenore here with some dead man's blood. She's going to tell us where all her little friends are, aren't you?” Gordon replied “Wanna help?”

“Look, man – ” Dean began.

“Grab a knife. I was just about to start in on the fingers.” Gordon cut him off before dragging the knife across Lenore’s arm.

“Whoa, whoa, whoa, hey, let's all just chill out, huh?” Dean said.

“I'm completely chill.” Gordon said looking back to Dean.

“Gordon, put the knife down.” Sam said stepping forward. Dean stopped him with a hand to his chest.

“Sounds like it's Sam here needs to chill.” Gordon replied looking back to Dean.

“Just step away from her, all right?” I asked calmly.

“You're right. I'm wasting my time here. This bitch will never talk. Might as well put her out of her misery.” Gordon replied before pulling out a bigger knife. “I just sharpened it, so it's completely humane.” Gordon turned towards Lenore.

“Gordon, I'm letting her go.” Sam said. Y/f/n and him both moving to block Gordon.

“You're not doing a damn thing.” Gordon replied pointing the knife at Sam’s chest stopping both him and Y/f/n in their tracks.

“Hey, hey, hey, Gordon, let's talk about this.” Dean said moving around the table slowly.

“What's there to talk about? It's like I said, Dean. No shades of gray.” Gordon replied.

“Yeah. I hear ya. And I know how you feel.” Dean responded.

“Do you?” Gordon asked.

“That vampire that killed your sister deserved to die, but this one...” Dean began.
“Killed my sister? That filthy fang didn't kill my sister. It turned her. It made her one of them. So I hunted her down, and I killed her myself.” Gordon replied with a laugh.

“You did what?” I asked disgusted.

“It wasn't my sister anymore, it wasn't human. I didn't blink. And neither would you.” Gordon replied looking between Dean and I.

“So you knew all along, then? You knew about the vampires, you knew they weren't killing anyone. You knew about the cattle. And you just didn't care.” Sam spoke up and Dean looked at him thinking.

“Care about what? A nest of vampires suddenly acting nice? Taking a little time out from sucking innocent people? And we're supposed to buy that? Trust me. Doesn't change what they are. And I can prove it.” Gordon replied grabbing Sam’s arm and dragging the knife across it. He then put the knife against Sammy’s throat and pulled him towards Lenore.

“Let him go. Now!” Dean ordered pulling his gun and aiming it at Gordon.

“Relax. If I wanted to kill him he'd already be on the floor. Just making a little point.” Gordon replied holding Sam's arm over Lenore and allowing the blood to drip on her face. Lenore hissed and her fangs extended.

“Hey!” Dean called out looking between Lenore’s fangs and Gordon.

“You think she's so different? Still want to save her? Look at her. They're all the same. Evil, bloodthirsty.” Gordon said.

Lenore regained control of herself and retraced her fangs. “No. No.” she said turning her face away from Sam’s arm.

“You hear her, Gordon?” I asked stepping around toward Y/f/n.

“No! No!” Lenore’s voice grew stronger.

Sam pushed the knife away from his throat and pushed Gordon away. “We're done here.” He said.

“Sam, get her out of here.” Dean said.

“Yeah.” Sam replied picking up Lenore. Gordon moved to take a step toward them but Dean’s gun was still trained on him.

“Uh-uh. Uh-uh!” Dean said warning Gordon from interfering with Sam. “Gordon, I think you and I've got some things to talk about.” Dean moved around the table. “Y/n, Y/f/n you two go with Sammy.”

“Yeah sure Dean.” I said grabbing Y/f/n and pulling her from the house.

~~~~~~Third Person P.O.V.~~~~~~

“Get out of my way.” Gordon said looking right at Dean.

“Sorry.” Dean replied not moving.

“You're not serious.” Gordon replied.
“I'm having a hard time believing it too, but I know what I saw. If you want those vampires, you gotta go through me.” Dean retorted.

Gordon nodded then looked at his knife considering before stabbing it into the table “Fine.”

Dean looked at the knife then to his gun. He pulled the clip out of the gun and pocketed it setting his gun on the table. Gordon sucker punched him and they started fighting. Gordon grabbed the knife again. Dean pinned him to the wall and began slamming his arm into it until he dropped the knife.

“What are you doing, man? You doing this for a fang? Come on, Dean, we're on the same side here.” Gordon asked.

“I don't think so, you sadistic bastard.” Dean replied before Gordon threw his across the room and into a coffee table.

“You're not like your brother. You're a killer. Like me.” Gordon said walking toward Dean. Dean kicked Gordon’s feet out from under him and stood. Hauling Gordon up against the wall and elbowing him in the face. Pinning Gordon’s head under his arm he began walking to another room purposely slamming Gordon’s head into another wall.

“Oh, sorry.” Dean said. Dean set him in a chair and tied him up.

“You know, I might be like you, and I might not. But you're the one tied up right now.”

~~~~~~~~Y/f/n P.O.V.~~~~~~

Morning arrived and we had gotten the rest of the vampires out of town. We returned to the farmhouse to find Gordon tied to a chair and Dean pacing. Gordon and Dean were watching each other.

“Did we miss anything?” Sam asked.

“Nah, not much. Lenore get out okay?” Dean replied.

“Yeah. All of 'em did.” I said.

“Then I guess our work here is done. How you doin', Gordy? Gotta tinkle yet?” Dean asked condescendingly and Gordon looked at him. “All right. Well, get comfy. We'll call someone in two or three days, have them come out, untie you.” He jammed Gordon’s knife into the table behind him.

“Ready to go, Dean?” Y/n asked

“No.” Sam replied.

“Let's go, you get a freebie. Hit me, come on.” Dean urged clapping his hands.

“You look like you just went twelve rounds with a block of cement, Dean. I'll take a raincheck.”
Sam replied chuckling a bit and walking to the car.

“I wish we never took this job. It's jacked everything up.” Dean said standing next to the drivers door.

“What do you mean?” Sam asked.

“Think about all the hunts we went on, Sammy, our whole lives.” Dean replied setting his hands atop the Impala.

“Okay.” Sam said.

“What if we killed things that didn't deserve killing? You know? I mean, the way Dad raised us...” Dean said trailing off towards the end.

“Dean, after what happened to Mom, Dad did the best he could.” Sam replied.

“I know he did. But the man wasn't perfect. And the way he raised us, to hate those things; and man, I hate 'em. I do. When I killed that vampire at the mill I didn't even think about it; hell, I even enjoyed it.” Dean said sadly.

“You didn't kill Lenore.” I said.

“No, but every instinct told me to. I was gonna kill her. I was gonna kill 'em all.” Dean replied.

“Yeah, Dean, but you didn't. And that's what matters.” Y/n said.

“Yeah. Well, 'cause you're all a pain in my ass.” Dean replied.

“Guess we might have to stick around to be a pain in the ass, then.” Sam said with a chuckle.

“Thanks.” Dean replied.

“Don't mention it.” Sam responded before climbing in the passenger seat. Y/n and I climbed in the back and Dean stared off in the distance for a moment before climbing in and driving off.
02x04 Children shouldn't play with Dead things

Chapter Notes

If ya'll see anything amiss or want to see something in any of the episodes just let me know... Thanks for reading!!

02x04 Children Shouldn’t Play With Dead Things

~~~~~~Y/f/n P.O.V.~~~~~~

The Impala cruised down a two-lane blacktop. Dean driving, Sam in the passenger's seat, and Y/n earbuds in silently singing along to the music playing on her phone in the seat next to me.

“Come on, Sam, I'm begging you. This is stupid.” Dean protested.

“Why?” Sam asked.

“Going to visit Mom's grave? She doesn't even have a grave -- there, there was no body left after the fire.” Dean argued.

“She has a headstone.” Sam countered.

“Yeah, put up by her uncle, a man we've never even met. So you wanna, go pay your respects to a slab of granite put up by a stranger? Come on.” Dean continued.

“Dean, that's not the point.” I said.

“Well then, enlighten me, Guys.” Dean replied.

“It's not about a body, or, or, a casket. It's about her memory, okay?” Sam said.

“Hmmm.” Dean nodded his head and kept his eyes on the road.

“And after Dad it just... just feels like the right thing to do.” Sam continued.

“It's irrational, is what it is.” Dean countered.

“Look, man. No one asked you to come.” Sam replied.

“Why don't we swing by the roadhouse instead? I mean, we haven't heard anything on the demon lately. We should be hunting that son of a bitch down.” Dean tried.

“That's a good idea, you guys should. Just drop me off, I'll hitch a ride, and I'll meet you there tomorrow.” Sam replied.

“Right.” Dean chuckled, “Stuck ... stuck with those people, making awkward small talk until you show up? No thanks.”

Sam eventually won and Dean headed for the cemetery where Mary was buried. Sam and I knelt next to Mary’s headstone. Sam was digging in the ground with a folding knife.
“I think, um .... I think Dad would have wanted you to have these.” Sam said pulling a set of dog tags from his pocket and dropping them in the hole. “I love you, Mom.”

Sam stood and waited by Mary’s headstone after paying his respects. Y/n came over to stand next to me paying her respects to the woman she had only ever seen in person once, as a ghost. When we had finished Y/n and I stood waiting with Sam while Dean talked to a man about the weird grave he found.

“Angela Mason. She was a student at the local college; funeral was three days ago.” Dean said approaching us with what looked like a business card in his hands.

“And?” Sam asked as we started back towards the car.

“And? You saw her grave. Everything dead around it, in a perfect circle? You don't think that's a little weird?” Dean asked.

“Maybe the groundskeeper got a little aggressive with the pesticide.” I replied.

“No, I asked him, I asked him. No pesticide, no chemicals. Nobody can explain it.” Dean retorted.

“Okay, so what are you thinking?” Y/n asked.

“I dunno. Unholy ground, maybe?” Dean suggested.

“Un—” Sam stopped walking speechless.

“What? If something evil happened there, it could easily poison the ground. Remember the, the farm outside of Cedar Rapids?” Dean defended.

“Yeah,” Sam began.

“Could be the sign of a demonic presence. Or the Angela girl's spirit, if it's powerful enough.” Y/n shrugged. Sam nodded his head and turned away to begin walking again.

“Well, don't get too excited, you might pull something.” Dean sassed as we began following Sam.

“It's just... stumbling onto a hunt? Here, of all places?” Sam replied.

“So?” Dean retorted walking around the car to the drivers side.

“So -- are you sure this is about a hunt, and not about something else?” Sam said.

“What else would it be about?” Dean asked placing his hands on the car.

Sam sighed heavily, shaking his head and moved to get into the car “You know, just forget about it.”

“You believe what you want, Sam, but -- I let you drag my ass out here, the least we could do is check this out.” Dean replied.

“I'm with Dean on this one Sam.” I said and Y/n nodded her head.

“Yeah. Fine.” Sam replied knowing he was out numbered.

“Girl's dad works in town. He's a professor at the school.” Dean said climbing into the car. Sam scoffed before climbing into the car.
We headed to the local college where Angela had gone to school and her father worked. Dean checking out every girl that walked by. We arrived at the building where Dr. Mason’s office was located and headed inside. Finding the office rather quickly Dean knocked on the door.

“Dr. Mason?” Dean asked as the man opened the door.

“Yes?” He replied.

“I'm Sam. This is Dean, Y/n, and Y/f/n. We were friends of Angela's. We ... we wanted to offer our condolences.” Sam introduced us.

“Please, come in.” Dr. Mason said moving to the side and allowing us to enter closing the door behind us. Sam and I sat down and Dr. Mason showed us a photo album. In the corner, Dean and Y/n were looking through an old book.

“She was beautiful.” Sam said looking at the girl in the photos.

“Yes, she was.” Dr. Mason replied.

“This is an unusual book.” Dean said showing the cover of the book they had been looking at. It had carvings of Greek letters and a triangular symbol.

“It's ancient Greek; I teach a course.” Dr. Mason replied.

“So a car accident, that's horrible.” Y/n said walking over and sitting down across from us.

“Angie was only a mile away from home when, uh ...” Dr. Mason replied.

“It's gotta be hard. Losing someone like that. Sometimes it's like they're s-- still around. Almost like you can still sense their presence.” Dean said and Sam looked at him with concern. “You ever feel anything like that?”

“I do, as a matter of fact.” Dr. Mason replied.

“That's perfectly normal, Dr. Mason. Especially with what you're going through.” Sam responded still looking at his brother.

“You know, I still phone her. And the phone's ringing before I remember that, uh ... Family's everything, you know? Angie was the most important thing in my life. And now I-I-I'm just lost without her.” Dr. Mason replied.

“We're very sorry.” I said sincerely as we stood to leave.

Dean found us a motel and we hung out in the guys’ room going over the case that possibly wasn’t a case.

“I'm telling you, there's something going on here. We just haven't found it yet.” Dean said looking through John’s journal.

“Dean, so far you've got a patch of dead grass and nothing.” Sam said from the bathroom.

“Well, something turned that grave into unholy ground.” Dean replied.

“There's no reason for it to be unholy ground. Angela Mason was a nice girl who died in a car crash. That's not exactly vengeful spirit material. You heard her father.” Sam countered.
“Yeah, well, maybe Daddy doesn't know everything there is to know about his little angel, huh?” Dean replied.

“You know what? We never should have bothered that poor man. We shouldn't even be here anymore.” Sam said following Dean back into the room.

“So what, Sam? What, we just bail? Without even figuring out what's going on?” Dean asked.

“I think I know what's going on here. It's the only reason I went along with you this far.” Sam replied.

“What are you talking about?” Dean asked.

“This is about Mom's grave.” Sam replied.

“That's got nothing to do with it.” Dean scoffed.

“You wouldn't step within a hundred yards of it. Look. Maybe you're imagining a hunt where there isn't one so you don't have to think about Mom. Or Dad.” Dean turned to look at him and he sighed. “You wanna take another swing? Go ahead, if it'll make you feel better.”

Dean shook his head minutely “I don’t need this crap.” He said grabbing his jacket and keys before heading for the door.

“Dean, where're you going?” Sam asked.

“I'm going to go get a drink. Alone.” Dean said looking directly at Sam and then Y/n before leaving. Y/n and I headed back to our room for the night and got some sleep.

The next morning came without word from Dean so Y/n and I headed out for breakfast. On our way back to the motel we ran into Dean who was just coming back with a slightly smug grin on his face.

“I got some more info about the case come on.” Dean said opening the door to his and Sam’s room.

Sam sat on the edge of the bed, watching television.

“Next, on the Skin channel, Casa Erotica Four. A tale of two Latin beauties ...” The TV announced.

Sam looked around startled quickly shutting off the TV and tossing down the remote.

“Hey.” Sam said as we entered.

We all entered slowly. Dean glancing between the television and Sam.

“What?” Sam asked looking at the TV then back to us guiltily.

“Awkward.” Dean replied moving into the room more.

“Gross dude.” Y/n said as we sat down on the empty bed making ourselves comfortable.

“Where in the hell were you?” Sam asked

“Working my imaginary case.” Dean replied.

“Yeah? And?” Sam asked.

“Well, you were right, I didn't find much.” Dean responded setting his jacket down. Sam nodded his
head sympathetically but Dean continued. “Yeah. Except Angela's boyfriend died last night. Slit his own throat. But, you know, that's normal. Uh, let's see, what else. Oh, he was seeing Angela everywhere before he died. But you know, I'm sure that's just me transferring my own feelings.”

“Okay, I get it. I'm sorry, maybe there is something going on here.” Sam replied.

“Maybe? Sam, I know how to do my job, despite what you might think.” Dean argued.

“We should check out the guy's apartment.” Sam replied.

“I just came from there. Pile of dead plants, just like the cemetery. Hell, dead goldfish too.” Dean said pulling off his boots.

“So, unholy ground?” I asked.

“Maybe. I'm still not getting that powerful angry spirit vibe from Angela.” Dean replied before standing and going back to his jacket “I have been reading this, though.”

“You stole the girl's diary?” Sam asked.

“What is with you and stealing girl's diaries?” Y/n muttered.

“Yeah, Sam. And if anything the girl's a little too nice.” Dean replied.

“So what do you want to do?” I asked.

“Keep digging, talk to more of her friends.” Dean replied.

“You get any names?” Y/n asked sitting up from the bed.

“Are you kidding me? I have her bestest friend in the whole wide world.” Dean replied holding up the diary and tossing it to Sam.

Sam found the name of one of Angela’s friends in her diary and we decided to pay Neil a visit.

“I didn't realize the college employed grief counselors.” Neil said to Dean.

“Oh yeah. Yeah, you talk, we listen. Or maybe throw in a little therapeutic collage, whatever jump-starts the healing.” Dean replied.

“Well, I think I'm okay. Thanks.” Neil replied turning to go back in his house.

“Well, you heard what happened to Matt Harrison, right?” Sam asked.

“Yeah, I did.” Neil replied.

“Well, we just wanted to make sure you were okay. Grief can make people do crazy things.” I said.

“Look, I'm sorry about what happened to him. I am. But if Matt killed himself it wasn't 'cause of grief.” Neil replied.

“No? Then why?” Dean asked.

“It was guilt. Angie's death was Matt's fault and he knew it.” Neil responded.

“How was Matt responsible?” Sam asked.
“Well, she really loved that guy. But the night of the accident she walked in on him with another girl.” Neil replied.

“Hmm.” Dean acknowledged.

“She was really torn up, that's why she crashed the car. Um, look, I gotta get ready for work, so ... thanks for the concern, but... seriously, I'll be okay.” Neil replied going back in the house and shutting the door behind him. Dean turned and looked significantly at Sam. We headed down the steps and started back towards the car.

“Well, that vengeful spirit theory's starting to make a little more sense. I mean, hell hath no fury...” Dean commented.

“So if Angela got her revenge on Matt, you think it's over?” Sam asked.

“Well, there's one way to be sure.” Dean replied getting in the car.

“Yeah? What's that?” Sam asked closing the door.

“Burn the bones.” Dean replied starting the car.

“Burn the bones?” Sam scoffed. “Are you high?” Dean considered it a moment. “Angela died last week!”

“So?” Dean asked.

“So, there's not gonna be bones. There's gonna be a ripe, rotting body in the coffin.” I replied.

“Since when are you two afraid to get dirty?” Y/n asked.

We waited until nightfall then headed back to the cemetery where Angela was buried. Y/n and I began digging first while the boys kept watch. When we got closer to the coffin and the hole was about half dug we climbed out knowing it would soon be too deep for us to otherwise. Dean and Sam took over and finished the grave panting and sweating with exertion. They stood on the coffin, Dean cleared the rest of the dirt off and turned to Sam.

“Ladies first.” He commented.

“Hold that.” Sam replied handing Dean his flashlight and preparing himself to open the coffin. The boys looked to each other and then to us. The coffin was empty. The boys climbed from the grave and we stood looking down into the hole.

“They buried the body four days ago.” Dean said looking down into the empty grave.

“I don't get it.” Sam said in the light of the flashlight he seen something carved into the inside of the coffin. “Look.”

“What is that?” Dean asked.

“I'm not sure.” Sam replied.

“I've seen these kind of symbols before.” Y/n said leaning a bit closer to look.

The next day we headed to Dr. Mason’s house. Dean pounded aggressively on the door.
“Dean. Take it easy, okay?” Sam said looking at his brother.

Dr. Mason opened the door.

“You're Angie's friends, right?” Dr. Mason asked.

“Dr. Mason...” Sam began gently.

“We need to talk.” Dean finished brashly.

“Well, then, come in.” Dr. Mason replied standing to the side.

“Thanks.” Sam said stepping in after Dean.

“Thank you.” I said gently following Sam, Y/n last.

“You teach Ancient Greek. Tell me --” Dean asked confronting the man just inside the door and unwrapping a paper “What are these?”

“I don't understand. You said this had something to do with Angela.” Dr. Mason said looking over the symbols copied from Angela’s coffin.

“It does. Please, just humor him.” I said gently.

“They're part of an ancient Greek divination ritual.” Dr. Mason replied looking over the paper again.

“Used for necromancy, right?” Dean asked harshly.

“That's right.” Dr. Mason replied.

“See, before we came over here we stopped by the library and did a little homework ourselves. Apparently they used rituals like this one for communicating with the dead. Even bringing corpses back to life. Full-on zombie action.” Dean said.

“Yes. I mean, according to the legends. Now, what's all this about?” Dr. Mason asked.

“I think you know.” Dean replied.

“Dean.” Sam warned doubting Dr. Mason knew anything.

“Look, I get it. Okay? There are people that I would give anything to see again. But what gives you the right?” Dean asked.

“Dean!” Y/n scolded.

“What are you talking about?” Dr. Mason asked confused.

“What's dead should stay dead!” Dean yelled.

“What?!” Dr. Mason asked shocked and confused.

“Stop it!” Sam demanded.

“What you brought back isn't even your daughter anymore. These things are vicious, they're violent, they’re so nasty they rot the ground around them. I mean, come on, haven't you seen Pet Cemetery?” Dean continued ignoring Sam.
“You're insane.” Dr. Mason exclaimed.

“Where is she?” Dean demanded while Dr. Mason picked up the phone and began dialing.

“Get out of my house.” Dr. Mason ordered Dean knocked the phone out of his hand.

“I know you're hiding her somewhere. Where is she?!” Dean commanded.

“Dean! Stop, that's enough! Dean, look!” Sam said grabbing Dean’s jacket and pointing to a row of potted plants by the window. “Beautiful, living plants.” He turned to Dr. Mason. “We're leaving.”

“I'm calling the police.” Dr. Mason replied.

Dean pulled out of Sam's grip and stormed for the door.

“Sir, we're sorry. We won't bother you again.” I said following Dean to the car. Dean strode down the steps and along the sidewalk. The three of us following.

“What the hell is the matter with you, Dean?” Sam asked

“Back off.” Dean replied.

“That man is innocent! He didn't deserve that!” Sam argued.

“Okay, so she's not here, maybe he's keeping her somewhere else.” Dean countered.

“Stop it! That's enough, okay? Enough!” Y/n spat at them.

“Y/n, I know what I'm doing.” Dean replied.

“No, you don't, Dean. I don't scare easy, but dammit, you're scaring the crap out of me.” Y/n spoke low and pissed.

“Don't be a drama queen, Y/n.” Dean replied continuing down the street.

“You're lucky this turned out to be a real case. Because if it wasn't you would have just found something else to kill.” Sam said stopping and turning to look at Dean.

“Wha-” Dean began but was cut off.

“You're on edge, you're erratic - except for when you're hunting, because then you're downright scary. You're tail spinning, man. And you refuse to talk about it and you won't let us help you.” Sam continued.

“I can take care of myself, thanks.” Dean replied starting to walk again.

“No, you can't. And you know what? You're the only one who thinks you should have to. You don't have to handle this on your own, Dean, no one can.” Y/n said.

“Are you guys ganging up on me now? Sam, if you bring up Dad's death one more time I swear...” Dean started to speak over us.

“Stop. Please, Dean, it's killing you. Please. We've already lost Dad. We've lost Mom. I've lost Jessica. And now I'm going to lose you too?” Sam pleaded getting Dean to stop walking again.

“We better get out of here before the cops come.” Dean changed the subject and Sam frowned. “I
I hear you. Okay? Yeah, I'm being an ass. And I'm sorry. But right now we've got a friggin' zombie running around, and we need to figure out how to kill it.” Sam laughed breaking the tension “Right?”

“Our lives are weird, man.” Sam said.

“You're telling me? Come on.” Dean said

“I used to be normal once.” I said dreamily.

“I'm sorry.” Y/n replied. We climbed in the car and headed back to the motel to do some research on zombies. Dean was pacing while Sam was sitting on the bed with John's journal. Y/n and I were scanning various websites but nothing.

“We can't just waste it with a head shot?” Dean asked

“Dude. You've been watching way too many Romero flicks.” Sam replied.

“Nothing wrong with Romero.” Y/n said looking up from the laptop.

“You're telling me there's no lore on how to smoke 'em.” Dean asked sitting in the chair by the window at our table.

“No, Dean, we’re telling you there's too much. I mean, there's a hundred different legends on the walking dead, but they all have different methods for killing them.” Sam said sitting at the table with us. “Some say -- setting them on fire, uh, one said, where is it?” Sam said flipping a few pages. “Right here. Feeding their hearts to wild dogs. That's my personal favorite. I mean, who knows what's real and what's myth?”

“Is there anything they all have in common?” Dean asked.

“No. But a few said silver might work.” I replied.

“Silver's a start.” Dean replied perking up at a possible way to end this thing.

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“Yeah. But now how are we going to find Angela?” Sam asked.

“We've got to figure out the person who brought her back.” Dean replied.

“Any ideas?” I asked the group at large.

“I think if it's not her dad it might be that guy Neil.” Dean replied standing and walking to Angela’s Diary.

“Neil?” Sam asked.

“Yep.” Dean replied picking up the pink diary.

“How'd you come up with that?” Sam asked.

“Well, you've got your journal, I've got mine.” Dean replied flipping a few pages before reading “'Neil's a real shoulder to cry on, he so understands what I'm going through with Matt.' There's more in here where that came from. It's got Unrequited Ducky Love written all over it.”

“Yeah, but that doesn't mean he brought her back from the dead.” Sam replied.
“Oh. Did I forget mention he's Professor Mason's TA? Has access to all the Same books.” Y/n said looking at Dean with a smirk.

We waited until dark and headed to Neil’s house. Dean and Sam picked the lock. The house was dark and quiet.

“Hello? Neil?! It's your grief counselors -- we've come to hug.” Dean called out pulling out his gun.

“You are such a smart ass.” Y/n said stopping next to Dean. Dean looked over and smirked.

“Silver bullets?” Sam asked looking at Dean’s gun.

“Yeah, enough to make her rattle like a change purse.” Dean replied.

We began walking the house looking for Angela. Dean in the lead with the gun and Y/n at the back checking everywhere. Along a window were several wilted plants. We came around the corner to the basement door. The boys stood to the side and Dean nodded to the door.

“Unless it's where he keeps his porn…” Dean said indicating the lock.

“I’d have a better lock on my porn collection.” Y/n commented. Sam opened the door and Dean lead the way down the stairs to an empty room with nothing but a bed in it.

“Sure looks like a zombie pen to me.” Dean said looking around.

“Yeah. An empty one. You think Angela's going after somebody?” Sam asked.

We began to look around when Dean noticed a ventilation grate.

“Nah, I think she went out to rent Beaches.” Dean replied pulling the grate aside.

“Look, smartass, she might kill someone. We gotta find her, Dean.” Sam replied.

“Yeah. All right. She, uh, she clipped Matt because he was cheating, right?” Dean said replacing the grate.

“Yeah.” Sam replied.

“Well, it takes two to, you know…”

“Have hardcore sex.” Y/n supplied getting a nod from Dean. Sam shook his head at the two of them. “I don't know, it just seemed that, uh, Angela's roommate was broken up over Matt's death. I mean, like, really broken up,” Dean reasoned.

We headed to Lindsey’s apartment and rushed in. Angela was readying the scissors to stab Lindsey when Dean fired several shots into Angela's back. Angela turned and Dean shot another into her chest. She screamed and bolted out the window with Dean following. Sam rushed to Lindsey.

“Gotcha. I gotcha.” Sam said holding on to her.

Dean came back through the window. “Damn, that dead chick can run.”

“What now?” Sam asked.

“I say we go have a little chat with Neil.” Dean replied.
We climbed back into the Impala and headed for Neil’s. Sam sat in the passenger's seat with John’s Journal open.

“So the silver bullets, they did something, right?” He asked.

“Yeah, something, but not enough. What else you got?” Dean replied.

“Um, okay, besides silver, we have ... nailing the undead back into their grave beds. It's mentioned a few times. It's probably where the whole vampire staking lore came from.” Sam read from the Journal.

“Their grave beds? You serious?” Y/n asked poking her head over the front seat between the boys and looking at Sam.

“Yeah.” Sam replied.

“How the hell are we going to get Angela back to the cemetery?” Dean asked.

We headed to Neil’s office to have a talk with him. Neil was sitting alone in the dark, nervous.

“What are you guys doing here?” Neil asked as we entered.

“You know, I've heard of people doing some pretty desperate things to get laid, but you -- you take the cake.” Dean retorted.

“Okay. Who are you guys?” Neil replied.

“You might want to ask Angela that question.” Y/n said standing in front of the desk.

“What?” Neil feigned stupid or maybe he really was stupid for bringing a dead girl back.

“We know what you did. The ritual? Everything.” Sam replied.


“Your girlfriend's past her expiration date and we're crazy? When someone's gone they should stay gone. You don't mess with that kind of stuff.” Dean replied getting in Neil’s face.

“Angela killed Matt. She tried to kill Lindsey.” I said leaning in.

“I don't know what you're talking about.” Neil tried again.

Dean stomped around to the other side of the desk and hauled Neil up by the collar. “Hey! No more crap, Neil. His blood is on your hands. Now. Us four, we can make this right, but you've gotta tell us where she is. Tell us!” Dean growled.

“My house. She's at my house.” Neil replied.

Dean let him go. Then noticed several dead potted plants by the window. “You sure about that?” Dean asked looking back to Neil, who nodded and looked around nervously. “Listen. It doesn't really matter where she is. There's only one way to stop her. We've got to perform another ritual over her grave, to reverse the one that you did. We're going to need some black root, some, some scar weed, some candles... It's very complicated, but it'll get the job done. She'll be dead again in a couple hours. I think you should come with us. I'm serious, Neil. Leave with us. Right now.”

“No. No.” Neil replied shaking his head.
Dean leaned in lowering his voice “Listen to me. Get out of here as soon as you can. But most of all, be cool. No sudden movements. Don't make her mad.” He turned to us and headed out the door “Let's go.”

We headed to the grave yard and began to light candles making it look like we were performing a ritual.

“You really think this is going to work?” I asked.

“No, not really. But it was the only thing I could come up with.” Dean replied lighting a candle. There was a rustling and the boys nodded to each other. Sam stood and pulled a gun from the small of his back. He walked in the direction of the sound. There was a gun shot and a scream and Sam was bolting back toward us. Angela tackled him, and he landed hard on the ground. Angela tried to twist his neck before Dean shot her, startling her back to standing. Y/n and Dean both shot her several more times until she fell straight back into the open grave, landing in the empty coffin. I grabbed the metal stake and ran to the grave, sliding in and driving the stake in her chest, pinning her in.

“Wait, don't –” Angela screamed. I leaned more of my weight on the stake driving it in further. Angela gasped one last time, then went limp.

“What's dead should stay dead.” Dean said helping me out of the grave. We began to rebury the coffin. As the sun rose we were putting the last of the dirt on the grave. Sam and Dean both patted the dirt down over the grave.

“Rest in peace.” Sam said panting.

“Yeah. For good this time, okay?” Dean finished. We turned and headed for the car. Sam grunting as he lifted the shovel over his shoulder.

“You know, that whole fake ritual thing, luring Angela into the cemetery? Pretty sharp.” Sam said looking at Dean.

“Thanks.” Dean replied.

“But did we have to use me as bait?” Sam asked.

“Y/n and I figured you were more her type. You know, she had pretty crappy taste in guys.” Dean replied with a smirk.

“I think she broke my hand.” Sam replied.

“You're just too fragile. We'll get it looked at later.” Dean said with a laugh. Dean turned and looked back at Mary’s grave.

“You want to stay for a while?” Sam asked.

“No.” Dean replied turning back and walking the rest of the way to the car. We dropped our things in the trunk and climbed in.

~~~~~Sam P.O.V.~~~~~~

We weren’t even out of town yet and Y/n and Y/f/n were asleep in the backseat. Both dirty from the grave digging. Y/f/n had a smudge of dirt across her forehead where she had wiped the sweat and Y/n had a smear across her nose and cheek. Dean was scowling and I glanced at him concerned.
Dean pulled the car across the road to stop on the opposite shoulder. He climbed out and looked back in at the two sleeping and then sat on the hood. I followed shortly after.

“Dean, what is it?” I asked. He didn’t answer for a while just looked out across the road.

“I’m sorry.” Dean finally said.

“You -- For what?” I asked.

“The way I’ve been acting.” He replied. I moved in front of the car and sat next to him. “And for Dad. I mean, he was your dad too. And it's my fault that he's gone.”

“What are you talking about?” I asked.

“I know you've been thinking it -- so have I. Doesn't take a genius to figure it out. Back at the hospital, Y/n and I made a full recovery. It was a miracle. And five minutes later Dad's dead and the Colt's gone.” He replied.

“Dean.” I started.

“You can't tell me there's not a connection there. I don't know how the demon was involved. I don't know how the whole thing went down exactly. But Dad's dead because of me. And that much I do know.” Dean continued.

“We don't know that. Not for sure. Are you gonna blame Y/n too? Was it her fault?”

“Sam ...” Dean began crying. “You and Dad ... you're the most important people in my life. And now ... I never should've come back, Sam. It wasn't natural. And now look what's come of it. I was dead. And I should have stayed dead. You wanted to know how I was feeling. Well, that's it.” I nodded my head. “So tell me. What could you possibly say to make that all right?”

Dean turns to look at me and I looked away there was nothing I could say to make any of this better. Dean looked away and we sat there in silence for a while.
Dean was driving the Impala, Sam in the passenger's seat, down a dark two-lane road somewhere in Nebraska. The radio was on but no songs were playing.

“I don't know, man, why don't we just chill out, think about this.” Dean said talking about Sam’s most recent vision.

“What's there to think about?” Sam asked leaning forward and shutting off the radio.

“I just don't know if going to the Roadhouse is the smartest idea.” Dean replied.

“Dean, it's another premonition. I know it. This is gonna happen, and Ash can tell us where.” Sam replied.

“Yeah, man, but...” Dean began.

“Plus it could have some connection with the demon. My visions always do.” Sam cut him off.

“That's my point. There's gonna be hunters there. I don't know if, if, if going in and announcing that you're some supernatural freak with a, a demonic connection is the best thing, okay?” Dean replied.

“So I'm a freak now?” Sam asked.

“You've always been a freak.” Dean said smiling weakly and slapping Sam on the thigh.

We entered the Roadhouse passing two men at a table cleaning weapons. Dean almost ran into Jo.

“Just can't stay away, huh?” Jo asked

“Yeah, looks like. How you doin', Jo?” Dean chuckled.

“Where's Ash?” Sam asked hurriedly.

“In his back room.” Jo replied.

“Great.” Sam replied brushing past her followed by Y/n and I.

“And I'm fine...” Jo replied looking back to Dean.
“Sorry, he's, we're... kind of on a bit of a timetable.” Dean said following us past Jo.

We approached a rough wooden door with a sign hanging on it that read:

DR BADASS IS: IN

“Ash? Hey, Ash?” Sam knocked on the door.

“Hey, Dr. Badass?” Dean called also knocking on the door.

The door opened a crack to reveal a very naked Ash. Everyone except Sam looked away.


“Hey Ash. Um. We need your help.” Y/l/n said trying not to look directly at Ash.

“Well, hell then. Guess I need my pants.” Ash replied before closing the door.

“Well I just got an eye full.” I said as we walked back into the bar to a table.

“That was more of Ash than I ever wanted to see.” Y/l/n replied.

Ash joined us a few minutes later with his laptop. Sam handed him a hand-drawn sketch of a bus logo from his vision.

“Well, I got a match. It's the logo from the Blue Ridge bus lines in Guthrie, Oklahoma.” Ash said pulling up the webpage for the bus line.

“Okay. Do me a favor - check Guthrie for any demonic signs, or omens, or anything like that.” Sam said.

“You think the demon's there?” Ash asked.

“Yeah, maybe.” Sam replied.

“Why would you think that?” Ash continued.

“Just check it, all right?” Dean replied. Ash gave Dean a look and the boys frowned at each other.

“No, sir, nothing. No demon.” Ash said.

“All right, try something else for me. Search Guthrie for a house fire. It would be 1983, fire's origin would be a baby's nursery, night of the kid's six-month birthday.” Sam tried another approach.

Ash looked at him, startled, and Dean looked around to check for eavesdroppers. Jo, who was cleaning a table nearby, was watching us.

“Okay, now that is just weird, man. Why the hell would I be looking for that.” Ash said looking at Sam.

I pulled beer and set it next to the laptop.

“'Cause there's a PBR in it for ya.” Y/l/n said.

“Give me fifteen minutes.” Ash replied.

We left Ash to do the research. Y/l/n and I headed for the pool tables. Dean sat at the bar and Sam
stuck with Ash. Jo pressed a few buttons on the jukebox and "Can't Fight This Feeling" began to play. Dean looked around horrified as Jo carried a tray back to the bar and set it down, catching his eye.

Y/f/n and I began to sing along as Kevin Cronin crooned to the bar.

_I can't fight this feeling any longer._  
_And yet I'm still afraid to let it flow._  
_What started out as friendship,_  
_Has grown stronger._  
_I only wish I had the strength to let it show._

_I tell myself that I can't hold out forever._  
_I said there is no reason for my fear._  
_Cause I feel so secure when we're together._  
_You give my life direction,_  
_You make everything so clear..._

Sam hurried up behind Jo and said something to Dean before catching our eye and waving us over.

“All right, Jo. See you later.” Dean said standing as we approached and heading out.

We climbed in the car and headed out it wasn’t long into the drive when Dean began singing acapella. “And even as I wander, I'm keeping you in sight You’re a candle in the window on a cold dark winter night And I'm getting closer than I ever thought I might...”

“You're kidding, right?” Sam asked looking over to his brother.

“I heard the song somewhere, I can't get it out of my head, I don't know, man. Whaddya got?” Dean replied quickly changing the subject. Y/f/n and I were giggling through the entire thing.

“Andrew Gallagher. Born in eighty-three, like me. Lost his mother in a nursery fire exactly six months later, also like me.” Sam replied looking at the papers in his lap.

“You think the demon killed his mom?” I asked calming my giggles and focusing on the case.

“Sure looks like it.” Sam replied.

“How did you even know to look for this guy?” Dean asked.

“Every premonition I’ve had, if they're not about the demon they're about the other kids the demon visited. Like Max Miller, remember him?” Sam informed us.

“Yeah, but Max Miller was a pasty little psycho.” Dean replied.

“The point is he was killing people. And I was having the same type of visions about him. And now it could be happening all over again with this Gallagher guy.” Sam responded.

“How do we find him?” Dean asked.

“Don't know. No current address, no current employment. He still owes money on all his bills - phone, credit, utilities...” Sam said.

“Collection agency flags?” I asked.

“None in the system.” Sam replied.
“They just let him take a walk?” Dean asked skeptically.

“Seems like it. There's a work address from his last W-2, about a year ago. Let's start there.” Sam replied.

We pulled into Guthrie just as Andrews former place of employment opened. We put on our fed gear and headed for the coffee shop. We talked to a girl named Tracy.

“You won't get anything out of Andy, guys. I'm sorry, but they never do.” Tracy said pouring us all a cup of coffee.

“They?” Sam asked.

“You're debt collectors, right? Once in a while they come by. I don't know what Andy says to them, but they never come back.” Tracy replied.

“Actually we're, we're lawyers. Representing his Great Aunt Leeta. She passed, God rest her soul, and left Andy a sizable estate.” Dean said.

“Yeah. So are you a friend of his?” Y/l/n asked before taking a sip of her coffee.

“I used to be, yeah. I don't see much of Andy anymore.” Tracy replied.

“Andy? Andy kicks ass, man.” A guy walking by said before sitting down at our table.

“Is that right?” Dean asked eyeing the man.

“Yeah. Andy can get you into anything. He even got me backstage at Aerosmith once, it was beautiful, bro.” The man replied.

“How about busing a table or two, Weber?” Tracy asked.

“Yeah. You bet, boss.” Weber replied standing and heading away.

“Look, if you want to find him, try Orchard Street. Just look for a van with a barbarian queen painted on the side.” Tracy said.

“Barbarian queen?” Dean asked.

“She's riding a polar bear. It's kind of hard to miss.” Tracy replied before walking away.

We finished our coffee and headed for Orchard street, quickly finding the van we waited.

“I'm sorry, I'm starting to like this dude. That van is sweet.” Dean said before looking to Sam “What's wrong?”

“Nothing.” Sam replied not taking his eyes from the van.

“Sam, you look like you're sucking on a lemon, what's going on?” Dean said.

“This Andrew Gallagher, he's the second guy like this we've found, Dean. Demon came to them when they were kids, now they're killing people.” Sam replied.

“We don't know what Andrew Gallagher is, all right? He could be innocent.” I suggested poking my head over the front seat.
“My visions haven't been wrong yet.” Sam replied.

“What's your point?” Dean asked.

“My point is, I'm one of them.” Sam said.

“No, you're not.” Dean replied shaking his head.

“Dean, the demon said he had plans for me and children like me.” Sam replied.

“Yeah?” Dean retorted.

“Yeah, maybe this is his plan, maybe we're all a bunch of psychic freaks, maybe we're all supposed to be —" Sam began.

“What, killers?” I asked.

“Yeah.” Sam replied.

“So the demon wants you out there killing with your minds, is that it? Come on, give me a break. You're not a murderer, Sam! You don't have it in your bones.” Dean retorted.

“No? Last I checked, I kill all kinds of things.” Sam replied.

Those things were asking for it. There's a difference.” Dean replied turning to look out the window as Andy exited a building, wearing pajamas and a long satin robe embroidered with dragons.

“Got him.” Sam said watching as a woman in a second-story window waves to Andy, who blew her a kiss. Andy then greeted a man on the street, who smiled at him and hands Andy his coffee. Further along, Andy greeted another man and shook his hand.

“That's him. That older guy, that's him, that's the shooter.” Sam said.

“All right, you and Y/f/n keep on him, Y/n and I'll stick with Andy. Go.” Dean replied.

Sam and Y/f/n climbed from the car and followed the man on foot. I climbed in the front seat as Andy got in his van and drove off. Dean and I following in his car. A few minutes later, Andy stops and climbed out of the van, walking back toward Dean, and I. Dean quickly tucked a handgun into his jacket.

“Hey.” Andy said approaching the window.

“Hey, hey.” Dean replied.

“Sup.” I said waving a hand.

“This is a cheery ride.” Andy responded looking over the Impala.

“Yeah, thanks.” Dean replied.

“Man, the '67? Impala's best year if you ask me. This is a serious classic.” Andy said.

“Yeah. You know, I just rebuilt her, too.” Dean said talking over his car.

“Yeah?” Andy asked.

“Yeah, can't let a car like this one go.” I said.
“Damn straight. Hey. Can I have it?” Andy asked seriously.

“Sure, man.” Dean replied climbing out of the car smiling. I slowly climbed out as well but something felt off.

“Sweet.” Andy muttered climbing into the car.

“Hop right in there. There ya go.” Dean said closing the door behind Andy.

“Take it easy.” Andy said.

“All right.” Dean replied as Andy drove off in the Impala, leaving Dean and I standing there confused.

--------Y/f/n P.O.V.--------

Sam and I followed the man from a short distance, the Man’s phone rang and he stopped to answer it. “Hello. Yeah.”

Sam seen the Blue Ridge bus approach, and we crossed in front of it towards the sporting goods store. Sam ran up the steps up and inside, looking around. The man we had been following approached the store, but upon hearing the fire alarm going off he stopped, confused, then walked away. Sam hurriedly left the store and we began walking down the street. We heard the rumble of the Impala, and turned to see Andy drive by in it.

Sam dug his phone from his pocket and dialed Dean. “Dean! Andy's got the Impala!” Sam paused while Dean replied “You what?” He asked dumbfounded. We stood on the side walk and watched in horror as the man we had been following walked in front of a bus. The bus slammed into him at full speed killing him on impact.

I grabbed the phone from Sam’s hands and quickly relayed what we had just seen. Dean and Y/n got to us as fast as they could and we watched as the paramedics put the man we learned was Dr. Jennings, into a body bag, Sam sat on the curb nearby. Dean and I crouched behind him, hands on his back.

“We kept him out of the gun store. I thought he was okay. I thought he was past it, at least... I should have stayed with him.” Sam said beating himself up over the death.

We began walking down the street looking for the Impala. We came around the corner of a house and there she was sitting across the street.

“Thank god! Oh. I'm sorry, baby. I'll never leave you again. Well, at least he left the keys in it.” Dean said as we approached her and he looked in.

“Yeah. Real Samaritan, this guy.” Sam replied standing in front of the car.

“Well, it looks like he can't work his mojo just by twitching his nose, he's gotta use verbal commands.” Y/n said standing next to the boys.

“The doctor had just gotten off his cell phone when he stepped in front of that bus. Andy must have called him or something.” Sam suggested.

“I don't know, maybe.” Dean replied looking down.

“Beg your pardon?” Sam asked.
“I just don't know if he's our guy, Sam.” Dean replied.

“Dean, you had O.J. convicted before he got out of his white Bronco and you have doubts about this?” Sam retorted.

“Dean’s right, He just doesn't seem like the stone-cold killer type, that's all, You know? And Oj was guilty.” Y/n replied pointing a finger at Sam.

“Either way, how are we going to track this guy down?” I asked.

“Not a problem.” Dean replied after a moment of thought.

We headed back to where Andy had left his van.

“Not exactly an inconspicuous ride. Let's have a look.” Dean said pulling a crowbar out of his jacket and prying open the back door. Inside was like nothing I had ever seen disco ball, fur rugs, a tiger painted on the wall, several thick books, and an enormous bong.

“Oh. Oh, come on. This is... this is magnificent, that's what this is. Not exactly a serial killer's lair, though. There's no... clown paintings on the walls, or scissors stuck in victims' photos. I like the tiger.” Dean said looking around at the interior.

“Hegel, Kant, Wittgenstein? That's some pretty heavy reading, Dean.” Sam said going through the books.

“Yeah, and uh, and Moby Dick's bong.” Dean replied pulling out a huge bong.

“Uh...” Y/n cleared her throat pointing to the bong. “Let’s... uh... let’s keep that... For uh science.”

We sat in the parked Impala. Dean and Y/n both eating something from a gas station as Sam studied a stack of papers.

“Ugh. You know, one day I'd love to just sit down and eat something I didn't have to microwave at a minimart.” Dean said crumpling the wrapper and throwing it in the back toward us.

“Hey” Y/n exclaimed throwing it back at his head.

“What I don't get is the motive. I mean, the doctor was squeaky clean, why would Andy waste him?” Sam asked.

“If it is Andy.” Dean replied.

“Dude, enough.” Sam replied looking up at Dean.

“What?” Dean asked.

“The doctor was mind-controlled in front of a bus. Andy just happens to have the power of mind control. You do the math.” Sam replied.

“I just don't think the guy's got it in him, that's all.” Dean replied.

“Well, how the hell would you know? I mean, why are you bending over backwards defending him?” Sam accused.

“'Cause you're not right about this.” Y/n said.
“About Andy?” Sam asked. Andy suddenly appeared at Sam’s open window and slammed his hands down and leaned in.

“Hey! You think I haven't seen you? Why are you following me?” Andy exclaimed. The last sentence reverberated strangely and y/n and Dean looked stunned.

“Well, we're lawyers. See, a relative of yours has passed aw-“ Sam began calmly.

“Tell the truth!” Andy’s voice reverberated.

“That's what I'm —“ Sam began before he was cut off.

“We hunt demons.” Y/n said.

“What?” Andy asked.

“Y/n!” I exclaimed.

“Demons and spirits. Things your worst nightmares wouldn't even touch. Sam here, he's my brother, y/f/n is our friend, and I like y/n.” Dean continued.

“Dean, shut up!” Sam tried.

“I'm trying.” Dean muttered to Sam “He's psychic. Kind of like you. Well, not really like you, but see, he thinks you're a murderer, and he's afraid that he's going to become one himself, 'cause you're all part of something that's terrible. And, I hope to hell that he's wrong, but I'm starting to get a little scared that he might be right.”

“Okay, you know what?” Andy said using his weird voice again “Just leave me alone.”

“Okay.” Y/n and Dean replied.

Dean cringed, holding his head while y/n slumped in the seat. Sam and I got out of the car, following Andy.

“What are you doing? Look, I, I said leave me alone.” Andy backed away from Sam and used his weird voice again. “All right? Get out of here, just start driving and never stop.”

“Doesn't seem to work on us, Andy.” Sam said.

“What?” Andy asked.

“You can make people do things, can't you? You can tell them what to think.” I said. Looking back as Y/n and Dean climbed out of the car. Sam held up a hand to keep them from coming closer.

“Look, tha—“ Andy began then laughed. “that's crazy.”

“It all started about a year ago, didn't it? After you turned twenty-two. Little stuff at first, and then you got better at controlling it.” Sam continued.

“How do you know all this?” Andy asked.

“Because the Same thing happened to me, Andy. My mom died in a fire, too. I have abilities too. You see, we're connected, you and me.” Sam replied.

“You know what? Just, just, just, just get out of here, all right?!” Andy said in his weird voice.
“Why did you tell the doctor to walk in front of a bus?” Sam asked.

“What?” Andy asked. Sam cringed as he began to have another vision.

“Why did you kill him?” Sam asked.

“I didn’t!” Andy exclaimed.

Sam, hands on his head, started to fall. Dean and Y/n rush over to catch him and lowered him gently to the asphalt while I kept an eye on Andy.

“Sam? What is it?” Dean asked.

“Look, I didn't do anything to him.” Andy panicked sitting on the ground.

“A woman. A woman burning alive.” Sam muttered.

“What else'd you get?” Y/n asked.

“A gas station, a woman is gonna kill herself.” Sam replied breathing heavily.

“What does he mean, going to? What is he, what is – ” Andy asked.

“Shut up!” Dean and Y/n said looking at Andy.

“She gets triggered by a call on her cell.” Sam said looking at Andy.

“When?” Dean asked.

“I don't know.” Sam said and began to stand with help from Dean. “But as long as we keep our eyes on this son of a bitch he can't hurt her.”

“I didn't hurt anybody.” Andy replied standing as well.

“Yeah, not yet.” Sam said just as a Fire truck roared past, sirens wailing.

“Go.” Sam said looking at Dean then Y/n.

Dean and Y/n rushed back to the car and followed the truck. Andy moved to step past Sam but was stopped by a hand on his chest.

“No, not you. You're staying here with us.” Sam said.

~~~~~~~~Y/n P.O.V.~~~~~~~~

By the time we arrived at the Gas station the firemen were already putting out the woman. Dean pulled his phone out and called Sam.

“Hey, it's me.” He said in way of greeting. “She's dead. Burned up, just like you said.” He continued. “Like minutes before we got here! I mean the smell hasn't even cleared. What's up with your visions, man? This wasn't even a head start.” He replied to Sam’s question. “Listen, you were with Andy when this whole thing went down, so it can't be him, it's gotta be somebody else doing this.” Dean reasoned “What else is new? Well, we'll dig around here, see what else we can find.” He finished before hanging up and we began to ask around.
Sam, Y/f/n and Andy were sitting across from each other when Dean and I pulled up in the Impala. Sam and Andy stood as Dean and I got out of the car.

“Victim's name was Holly Beckett, forty-one, single.” Dean said walking up to the three.

“Who is she?” Sam asked Andy.

“Never heard of her.” Andy replied with a shrug.

“I called Ash on the way over here and he dug up a little something. Apparently Holly Beckett gave birth when she was eighteen years old, back in 1983. Same day you were born, Andy.” I said looking over to Andy.

“Andy, were you adopted?” Sam asked quickly.

“Well, yeah.” Andy replied.

“You were? And you neglected to mention that?” Dean accused.

“Never really came up. I mean, I, I never knew my birth parents, and, and like you said my adopted mom died when I was a baby -- do you, do you think this Holly woman could actually be my m-” Andy said.

“I don't know. I tried to get a copy of the birth records, but they're hard copy only, sealed in the county office.” Dean replied.

“Well, screw that.” Andy said.

Later that night we headed for the county records office and Andy used his powers to get us in. As we went through boxes of files, Andy walked an elderly security guard to the door.

“Probably shouldn't have left you kids in here.” The guard said.

“No, it'll all be fine. All right? Just go get a cup of coffee.” Andy said using his voice as the guard left he continued dramatically “These aren't the 'droids you're looking for.”

“Awesome.” Dean said with a grin as we headed back to the table two more boxes in hand.

“I got it.” Sam said reading over a file.

“Yeah?” Dean asked setting the box down.

“Yeah.” Sam replied as Andy sat down next to him. “Andy, it's true. Holly Beckett was your birth mother.”

“Huh. Does anyone have a Vicodin?” Andy asked.

“Dr. Jennings was her doctor, too, I mean, he oversaw the adoption. You have a solid connection to both of them.” Sam continued.

“Yeah, but I, I didn't kill them.” Andy said looking at the four of us.

“We believe you.” Dean replied.

“Yeah.” Sam said looking up at his brother then back to Andy.
“But uh, who did?” I asked.

“I think I got a pretty good guess. Holly Beckett gave birth to twins.” Sam replied.

Andy sat with both hands on his head, staring straight ahead in shock. Dean was standing by a printer nearby, Sam was pacing with a folder in his hands. Y/f/n and I sat at the table taking everything in.

“I have an evil twin.” Andy muttered.

“Holly put you and your brother up for adoption. And you went to the Gallagher family, obviously, and your brother went to the Weems family from upstate.” Sam said reading the file.

“Andy, how you doin’? Still with us?” Dean asked.

“Um. What was my brother's name?” Andy asked pulling his hands from his head.

“Here. Um, Ansen Weems. And he's got a local address.” Sam replied.

“He -- he lives here?” Andy asked.

“Let's get a look at him. Got his picture coming off from the DMV right now.” Dean said pulling the paper from the printer. He looked at them in surprise then turned to Andy. “Hate to kick you while you're freaked.” Andy huffed and shook his head “Take a look at that.” He handed Andy one of the pages and Andy looked up in shock.

We climbed into the car and headed back to Guthrie.

“All right, Andy. Tell us everything you know about this guy.” Sam said. Andy sat between Y/f/n and I resting his hands on the front seat.

“Well, I mean, not much. I... Weber shows up one day, eight months ago? Acting like he's my best friend in the world. Kinda weird, like, trying too hard, you know?” Andy replied. Sam began cringing and rubbing his eyes.

“Must have known you guys were twins. Why did he change his name? Why not just tell you the truth?” Dean asked.

“No idea.” Andy replied.

Sam groaned in pain and held his head back.

“Sam?” Dean asked looking worriedly at his younger brother.

Sam yelled in panic and began struggling with the door.

“Sam? Sam! Sam!” Dean stopped the car as Sam shoved the door open leaning out. Dean climbed out and ran around the car to kneel beside him, grabbing his shoulders. “Hey. Hey!”

Sam told us the vision of Tracy jumping off the bridge and we headed for the bridge. Near the bridge Dean pulled the Impala to a stop. We climbed out and circled around to the trunk.

“Dean, Y/n, you should stay back.” Sam said.

“No argument here. Had my head screwed with enough for one day.” Dean replied.
“I’ve been Jedi mind tricked enough to last me a lifetime.” I said leaning a hip against the rear fender.
Sam pulled out two handguns and handed one to Y/f/n. As they walked forward he's stopped by Andy, who has gotten out of the car.

~~~~~Y/f/n P.O.V.~~~~~~

“I'm coming with you.” Andy said.

“Andy, no.” Sam said shaking his head.

“If it's Tracy out there ... then I'm coming.” Andy replied holding his ground.

We headed up to the bridge and to where Weber’s car sat. Sam smashed the window behind Weber’s head and shoved the gun in his face.

“Get out of the car! Now!” Sam shouted.

“You really don't want to do this.” Weber said using his own weird demonic voice. Sam backhanded him hard in reply. On the other side of the car, Andy opened the door and pulled Tracy out.


“Andy! I can't! I couldn't control myself.” Tracy sobbed. Sam opened Weber’s door and pulled him out of the car. He pinned him facedown over the pavement with the gun aimed at his head. My gun trained on him the entire time as well.

“Don't move. Don't move!” Sam demanded. Andy ran over to them and shoved a strip of duct tape over Weber’s mouth. He reared back and kicked Weber twice, furious. Sam pushed him back.

“No! No, Andy, let me handle this, all right?” Sam argued.

“I'm gonna kill you!” Andy ranted glaring at Weber.

“No! I'll handle this, I'll handle this!” Sam continued.

“I will kill you!” Andy wasn’t listening to Sam.

“Andy! Listen to me! Listen to me!” Sam pleaded.

Tracy picked up a large stick and hit Sam on the back of the neck with it. He went down unconscious. I turned my back to Weber to check on Sam and was grabbed.

“How did you do that?” Andy asked.

“Practice, bro. If you'd just practice, you would know. Sometimes you don't need to use your words. If you have to,” Webber replied tapping his forehead with one hand. “all you need is this. Sometimes the headache's worth it.”

“You're a twisted son of a bitch!” Andy said to Weber.

“Back off, Andy. Or Tracy's gonna do a little flying and this one’s gonna join her.” Weber replied. Andy turned in horror to see Tracy standing on the ledge.

“Aren't you, Trace?” Weber asked before turning to Andy. “I'm stronger than you. I can do it.”
“Okay, okay.” Andy replied backing away hands in the air. “Okay. All right, just... just please don’t hurt them.”

“Don't be mad at me, okay? I know, it's, it's all wrong. I didn't mean for this to happen, it's just... Tracy? She’s trying to come between us.” Weber said.

“You're insane.” Andy replied.

“She's garbage! Man, they all are! We can, we can push them, we can make them do whatever we want!” Weber ranted.

“Are you really... are you really this stupid? Is it--?” Andy asked. “Wha-” Weber scoffed. But Andy continued “I mean, you, you learn you've got a twin...” Sam began to come to “... you call him up, you go out for a drink, you don't start killing people!”

“I've wanted to tell you for so long, bro. But he didn't let me. He said I had to wait until the time was...” Weber stated.

“Who?” Andy asked.

“The man with the yellow eyes.” Weber replied.

“What are you talking about?” Andy asked confused.

“He came to me. In my dream. He said I was special. He told me he's got big plans for me. Wait ’till you see what's in store, Andy, for both of us! See, he's the one who told me that ... I had a brother. A twin.” Weber replied.

~~~~~~~~Y/n P.O.V.~~~~~~~~

Within shooting distance, Dean and I stalked to a hiding place with a sniper rifle. Dean crouched in the shadows and lined up the shot. Dean turns the rifle up and tucks the barrel under his chin.

“Dean. I- I can’t stop it.” I said scared holding my Desert Eagle Beretta to my temple.

~~~~~~~~Y/f/n P.O.V.~~~~~~~~

There was a gunshot and Weber jerked letting me go and falling to the ground. Andy shot him in the back.

Andy called the police and as morning arrived so to did rescue and police crews. Andy began talking to three police officers, his stance confident. Sam was crouched by a wall, a paramedic tending to his shoulder. Dean, Y/n and I standing at his side.

“He shot himself. And you all saw it happen.” Andy said to the police using his powers.

“Yeah. We did.” One of the officers replied.

“Look at him. He's getting better at it.” Sam said as we watched Andy. Andy turned and walked back to us as he did he passed the ambulance where Tracy was sitting, a blanket around her shoulders. She avoided his eyes.

“She won't even look at me.” Andy sighed.

“Yeah, she's pretty shaken up.” I replied looking over to her.
“No, it's, this is different. It's, uh, I never, I never used my mind thing on her before. Before last night. She's scared of me now.” Andy replied. The boys shared a look and Sam reached into his pocket pulling out a piece of paper.

“Hey, Andy, I hate to do this, but um, we have to get out of here. Here. I wrote down my cell. You don't have to be alone in this, all right? If anything comes up, just call me up.” Sam said handing Andy the paper with his number on it. We turned and began to walk away.

“Wha- what am I supposed to do now?” Andy asked stopping us.

“You be good, Andy. Or we'll be back.” Dean replied

“Looks like I was right.” Sam said as we walked away.

“About what?” Y/n asked.

“Andy. He's a killer after all.” Sam replied.

“No, he's a hero. He saved his girlfriend's life, he saved Y/n and my lives.” Dean replied

“Bottom line, last night, he wasted somebody.” Sam replied.

“Yeah, but he's not a foaming-at-the-mouth psycho. He was just, he was pushed into that.” Y/n said.

“Weber was pushed too, in his own way. Max Miller was pushed. Hell, I was pushed by Jessica's death.” Sam responded.

“What's your point, Sam?” Dean asked agitated as we stopped and looked at Sam.


“Sam, we don't know what the demon wants, okay? Quit worrying about it.” Dean replied slapping Sam in the shoulder and turning to walk away.

“You know, I heard you before, Dean, when Andy made you tell the truth. You're just as scared of this as I am.” Sam replied.

“That was mind control! I mean, it's like, like, that's like being roofied, man, that doesn't count.” Dean retorted.

“What?” Sam asked confused.

“No. I'm, I'm calling do-over.” Dean replied.

“What are you, seven?” I asked.

“And a Half.” Y/n exclaimed.

“Doesn't matter. Look, we've just gotta keep doing what we're doing, find that evil son of a bitch and kill it.” Dean retorted.

“Yeah, I guess.” Sam said doubtfully.

At that moment Dean's cell rang and he answered. “Hello? Ellen. What's going on? Yeah, we'll be right there.” We clambered into the car and headed to the Roadhouse.
I pulled out my phone and texted Y/n

K: *Why do you think Andy and Weber’s powers didn’t work on me?*

A: *I’m not sure but I think it might have something to do with your connection to Sam…*

K: *Like maybe some of his power’s bled over to me.*

A: *Maybe or who knows maybe you have some dormant power of your own that hasn’t surfaced yet.*

K: *That would be awesome*

We arrived there and sat at the bar. Ellen stood behind it. Jo was cleaning up the various tables around the bar.

“Jo?” Ellen called.

“Hmm?” Jo replied stopping and looking to her mother.

“Go pull up another case of beer.” Ellen requested.

“Mom…” Jo began.


“So. You uh, you want to tell me about this last hunt of yours?” Ellen asked.

“No. Not really. No offense, it’s just kind of a family thing.” Dean replied taking a drink of his beer.

“Not anymore.” Ellen replied before dropping a stack of papers on the bar in front of us. “I got this stuff from Ash. Andrew Gallagher's house burnt down on his six month birthday, just like your house. You think it was the demon both times, don’t you? You think it went after Gallagher's family?”

“Yeah, we think so.” Sam replied.

“Sam...” Dean began not wanting anyone else to know about Sam’s visions.

“Why?” Ellen asked.

“None of your business.” Dean snarked.

“You mind your tongue with me, boy. This isn't just your war, this is war. Now, something big and bad's coming and it's coming fast, and their side holds all the cards. Now, at best all we got is us. Together. No secrets or half-truths here.” Ellen replied.

“There are people out there, like Andy Gallagher, like me. And um ... we all have some kind of ability.” Sam told her.

“Ability?” Ellen asked.

“Yeah. Psychic ability.” Sam replied Dean rolled his eyes uncomfortable with the topic but Sam continued. “Me, I have, um, I have visions.” Ellen looked at the rest of us then back to Sam.

“Premonitions. I don’t know, it's, it's different for everybody. The demon said he had plans for people like us.”
“What kind of plans?” Ellen asked.

“We don’t really know for sure.” I said looking around our little group.

“These people out there, these psychics -- they dangerous?” Ellen asked worriedly.

“No. Not all of them.” Y/n said with a shake of her head.

“But some are. Some are very dangerous.” Sam said.

“Okay, how many of them are we looking at?” Ellen asked.

“We’ve been able to track a clear pattern so far. They’ve all had house fires on the night of the kid’s six month birthday.” Dean replied.

“That’s not true.” Sam retorted.

“What?” Dean asked.

“Weber? Or Ansen Weems, or whatever his name is -- I looked at his files, and there was no house fire. There's nothing out of the ordinary.” Sam replied.

“Which breaks pattern. So if there's any others like him, there'd be nothing in the system. No way to track 'em all down.” Ellen concluded.

“And so who knows how many of ’em are really out there?” Dean said.

Jo stood behind Ellen listening to the conversation.

“Jo honey?” Ellen said not looking away from us.

“Yeah?” Jo replied softly.

“You'd better break out the whiskey instead.” Ellen replied. Jo turned to the stock of Whiskey and began pulling down bottles.
It had been several weeks since the hunt involving Andy and we had decided to head back to the Roadhouse. Dean parked the Impala out front, and we climbed from the car. "Los Angeles, California," Dean said shutting the trunk and heading into the Roadhouse. "What's in L.A.?” Sam asked. "Young girl's been kidnapped by an evil cult,” Dean replied. "Yeah? The girl got a name?” Sam asked. "Katie Holmes,” Dean replied. Y/n and I chuckled as we moved to get back in the car. "That's funny. And for you, so bitchy.” Sam laughed. From inside the roadhouse came the sound of breaking glass and shouting voices. Dean turned. "Of course, on the other hand — catfight,” Dean said heading into the Roadhouse. On the upper levels, Ellen and Jo were shouting. We cautiously entered. "I am your mother; I don't have to be reasonable!” Ellen cried. "You can't keep me here!” Jo argued. "Oh, don't you bet on that, sweetie,” Ellen replied pulling chairs down from the tables. "What are you going to do, are you going to chain me up in the basement?” Jo shouted. "You know what, you've had worse ideas than that recently. Hey, you don't wanna stay, don't stay. Go back to school.” Ellen argued. "I didn't belong there! I was a freak with a knife collection.” Jo explained. "Yeah, and getting yourself killed on some dusty back road, that's where you belong?!” Jo yelled she turned and noticed us standing there awkwardly. “Guys, bad time.” "Yes, ma'am.” Sam and Y/l/n said simultaneously holding up their hands in surrender. "Yeah, we rarely drink before ten anyway,” Dean replied pointing between him and I. We turned to leave. "Wait. I wanna know what they think about this.” Jo said going around her mother and toward us. A family all wearing bright yellow t-shirts that read "Nebraska is for Lovers" entered. "I don't care what they think!” Ellen replied. "Are you guys open?” The Dad asked. "No!” Jo shouted.
“Yes!” Ellen screamed at the same time.

“We'll just... check out the Arby's down the road.” The dad said looking at his wife then opening the door to leave. The phone rang. Jo turned to glare at it, then at Ellen, who stalked over to answer it. “Harvelle’s. Yeah, Preacher.”

“Three weeks ago a young girl disappears from a Philadelphia apartment,” Jo said shoving a folder at Dean. “Take it; it won't bite.”

“No, but your mom might,” Dean replied. Jo pinched her lips, still holding out the folder. Dean took it reluctantly opening it.

“And this girl wasn't the first. Over the past eighty years, six women have vanished. All from the same building, all young blondes. Only happens every decade or two so cops never eyeball the pattern. So we're either dealing with one very old serial killer or —” Jo continued.

“Who put this together? Ash?” Dean asked looking through the contents.

“I did it myself,” Jo replied.

“Hmm,” Dean replied impressed.

“I gotta admit. We hit the road for a lot less.” Sam said as we looked over Dean’s shoulder at the folder.

“Good. You like the case so much; you take it.” Ellen said walking over to us.

“Mom!” Jo began.

“Joanna Beth, this family has lost enough. And I won't lose you too. I just won't.” Ellen replied.

“Yeah we’ll take it, Ellen,” I said taking the folder from Dean. “Come on guys.”

We climbed into the car and headed to Philadelphia. The Impala roared into town. Dean parked in front of the apartment building from the folder. We headed to the most recent victim’s former apartment, and Sam picked the lock.

“I feel kind of bad, snaking Jo's case,” Sam said as we entered.

“Yeah, maybe she put together a good file. But could you see her out here working one of these things? I don't think so.” Dean said both boys pulled out EMF readers. “You getting anything?”

“No, not yet,” Sam replied walking around the room. Sam ran his reader over the light switch, and it whirred. Sam and Y/f/n leaned closer.

“What's that?” Sam asked.

“What?” Dean asked.

“Holy crap,” Y/f/n said touching the black goo.

“That's ectoplasm. Well, Sam, I think I know what we're dealing with here. It's the Stay-Puff Marshmallow Man.” Dean said also touching the goo.

“Dean, I've only seen this stuff, like, twice. I mean, to make this stuff you have to be one majorly pissed off spirit.” Sam replied rolling his eyes.
“All right, let's find this badass before he snags any more girls,” Dean said. We left the apartment and began walking the hallway. Up ahead there were voices, so we hid around the corner. Dean frowned as he recognized the woman's voice belonging to Jo.

“It's so convenient.” Jo’s voice said.

“Yeah, it's a great building, fixed it up real nice. All the apartments come furnished, too.” The landlord replied.

“It is so spacious. You know, my friend told me I absolutely have to come check it out, and I have to admit, she was right. You did a really good Job with this place.” Jo continued as they came around the corner toward us.

“What the hell are you doing here?” Dean asked stepping out from our hiding spot.

“There you are, honey,” Jo said grabbing Dean around the waist. “This is my boyfriend Dean and his buddy Sam, Sam’s girlfriend Y/f/n and her sister, Y/n.”

“Good to meetcha. Quite a gal you've got here.” The Landlord said looking at Dean.

“Oh yeah, she's a pistol,” Dean replied slapping Jo on the ass. Sam looked at Dean awkwardly.

“So, did you already check out that apartment?” Jo asked when no one answered she continued. “The one for rent.”


“How'd you get in?” The Landlord inquired.

“It was open,” Dean replied.

“Now, Ed, um, when did the last tenant move out?” Jo asked.

“Oh, about a month ago. Cut and run, too. Stick me for the rent.” Ed, the landlord, replied.

“Well. Her loss, our gain! ’Cause if Deano loves it, it's good enough for me.” Jo responded.

“Oh, sweetie,” Dean said looking at her and smacking her again.

“We'll take it,” Jo said pulling out a wad of cash. Ed handed over a set of keys, and we headed to the apartment.

“I'll flip you for the sofa,” Jo said looking at Dean who was checking over his guns.

“Does your mother even know you're here?” Dean asked.

“Told her I was going to Vegas,” Jo replied.

“You think she's gonna buy that?” I asked.

“I'm not an idiot. I got Ash to lay a credit card trail all the way to the casinos.” Jo snarked.

“You know, you shouldn't lie to your mom. Shouldn't be here either.” Dean replied.

“Well, I am. So untwist your boxers and deal with it.” Jo retorted.

“Where'd you get all that money from, anyways?” Sam asked stepping in.
“Working, at the Roadhouse,” Jo replied.

“Hunters don't tip that well.” Dean retorted.

“Well, they aren't that good at poker, either.” Jo sassed.

Dean's cell rang, and he answered it. “Yeah.” Dean looked around at us before continuing with the phone call “Oh, hi Ellen.” Dean walked around the table and held the phone away “I'm telling her.” Dean and Jo furiously muttered to each other before Dean put the phone back to his ear “I haven't seen her. Yeah, I'm sure. Absolutely.” Dean hung up the phone, and Jo grinned cheerfully.

“Ellen is gonna kill you when she finds out you lied to her,” I said sitting down at the table to get started on research. Dean paced the room with Jo sitting at the table; blueprints spread out in front of her.

“This place was built in 1924. It was originally a warehouse, converted into apartments a few months ago.” Jo said looking over her information.

“Yeah? What was here before 1924.” Dean asked.

“Nothing. Empty field.” Jo replied.

“So, most likely scenario, someone died bloody in the building, and now he's back and raising hell,” Sam said.

“I already checked. In the past eighty-two years, zero violent deaths. Unless you count a janitor who slipped on a wet floor.” Jo said before turning to Dean “Would you sit down, please?”

“So, have you checked police reports, county death records...” Dean asked finally sitting.

“Obituaries, mortuary reports and seven other sources. I know what I'm doing.” Jo replied.

“I think the jury's still out on that one. Could you put the knife down?” Dean asked indicating the knife Jo had been flipping in her hand. Jo set the blade to the side as Y/l/n spoke next.

“Okay! So, it's something else, then. Maybe some kind of cursed object that brought a spirit with it.” Y/l/n said looking between the boys.

“Well, we've got to scan the whole building. Everywhere we can get to, right?” Jo asked.

“Right. So. You and me, we'll take the top two floors.” Dean said.

“We'd move faster if we split up,” Jo suggested.

“Oh, this isn't negotiable,” Dean replied. “Besides, there are five of us.”

~~~~~~~~Dean P.O.V. ~~~~~~

Jo and I started on one of the floors scanning everything we could with EMF.

“So. You gonna buy me dinner?” Jo asked.

“What are you talking about?” I asked confused.

“It's just if you're gonna ride me this close it's only decent you buy me dinner,” Jo replied.
“Oh, that's hilarious. You know, it's bad enough I lied to your mom, but if you think I'm letting you out of my sight... I don't know if you've noticed, but you're kind of the spirit's type.” I responded.

“Exactly,” Jo said.

“You wanna be bait?” I inquired.

“Quickest way to draw it out and you know it,” Jo replied.

“Oh,” Was all I said.

“What?” Jo asked.

“I'm so regretting this,” I said.

“You know, I've had it up to here with your crap.” Jo retorted.

“Excuse me?” I replied.

“Your chauvinist crap. You think women can't do the Job.” Jo snapped.

“Sweetheart, this ain't gender studies. Women can do the Job fine. Amateurs can't. You have no experience. What you do have is a bunch of half-baked romantic that some barflies put in your head.” I replied.

“Now you sound like my mother,” Jo replied.

“Oh, and that's a bad thing? Because let me tell you...” I began.

“What?” Jo asked.

“Forget it,” I replied.

“No, you started this.” Jo retorted.

“Jo, you've got options. No one in their right mind chooses this life. My dad started me in this when I was so young... I wish I could do something else.” I replied.

“You love the Job,” Jo responded.

“Yeah, but I'm a little twisted,” I replied.

“You don't think I'm a little twisted too?” Jo argued.

“Jo, you've got a mother that worries about you. Who wants something more for you. Those are good things. You don't throw things like that away. Might be hard to find later.” I replied turning and continuing down the hall. We approached the end of the hallway. Jo stood scanning with the Emf her back to the wall. She quickly turned with a gasp.

“What?” I asked walking back toward her.

“I'm not sure.” She replied.

“You smell that?” I asked noticing a strange smell.

“What is that, a gas leak?” Jo asked sniffing also.
“No. Something else. I know it. I just can't put my finger on it.” I replied trying to remember where I’ve smelled it before. Jo crouched down by a vent and her EMF whirred.

“No. Something else. I know it. I just can't put my finger on it.” I replied trying to remember where I’ve smelled it before. Jo crouched down by a vent and her EMF whirred.

“Mazel Tov. You just found your first spirit.” I said.

“It's the vent,” Jo replied. I crouched down beside her and pulled my flashlight out.

“I can smell it. It's in here,” I replied. I pulled out a screwdriver and began unscrewing the grating. “There's something in there. Here.” I reached in and started feeling around before grasping something. Pulling my hand out I looked at what was in it.

“Somebody's keeping souvenirs,” I said holding up a clump of blonde hair.

~~~~~~ Y/n P.O.V.~~~~~~

Dean was twisted up in a very awkward sleep-position on the small chair. Sirens sounded nearby, and he woke with a groan. Jo and I were sitting at the table studying the notes and blueprints. Jo flipping her knife again.

“Morning, princess,” Jo said noticing Dean was awake.

“Where's Sam and Y/n?” Dean asked.

“Went to get coffee,” I replied looking through something on the apartment building. Dean got up slowly with a grimace.

“Ugh. My back. How'd you sleep on that big soft bed?” Dean asked Jo.

“I didn't. Just been going over everything.” Jo replied.

“I did. I woulda shared Dean.” I said.

Dean looked at me with a small smile then back to Jo. He looked down at her, considering before putting his bag on the table and pulling out a Bowie knife. Unsnapping it from the sheath he handed it to her, hilt-first.

“Here.” He said.

“What's this for?” Jo asked taking the knife from him.

“Work a hell of a lot better than that little pig-sticker you're twirling around,” Dean replied.

Jo handed him hers. He studied it and then seen the engraving on the blade: W.A.H. He looked back up at Jo.

“William Anthony Harvelle,” Jo said.

“I'm sorry. My mistake.” Dean said taking his knife back.

“What do you.. what do you remember about your dad? I mean, what's the first thing that pops into your head?” Jo asked Dean shook his head, but Jo pushed “Come on, tell me.”

“I was six or seven, and uh, he took me shooting for the first time. You know, balls on a fence, that kind of thing. I bulls-eyed every one of 'em. He gave me this smile, like... I don't know.” Dean replied sitting at the table.
“He must have been proud,” Jo replied.

“What about your dad?” Dean asked.

“I was still in pigtails when my dad died, but I remember him coming home from a hunt. He'd burst through that door like, like Steve McQueen or something. And he'd sweep me up in his arms, and I'd breathe in that old leather jacket of his. And my mom, who was sour and pissed from the minute he left, she started smiling again. And we were... we were a family. You wanna know why I want to do the Job? For him. It's my way of being close to him. Now tell me what's wrong with that.” Jo replied looking between the two of us.

“Nothing,” Dean replied.

Sam bursts through the door Y/f/n following behind both panting heavily.

“Where's the coffee?” Dean asked.

“There are cops outside. Another girl disappeared.” Sam replied.

Sam, Y/f/n, and Jo were studying the notes, a little more urgently than before when Dean and I returned from the missing girl’s apartment.

“Teresa Ellis, Apartment 2F. Boyfriend reported her missing around dawn.” Dean said shutting the door behind us.

“And her apartment?” Jo asked.

“Cracks all over the plaster, walls, ceiling. There was ectoplasm, too.” I said walking to the table.

“Well, between that and that tuft of hair I'd say this sucker's coming from the walls,” Sam said.

“But who is it? Building's history is totally clean.” Dean replied.

“Well, maybe we're looking in the wrong place.” Jo said holding up a photo.

“What do you mean?” Dean asked.

“Check this out,” Jo said handing the picture to Sam.

“An empty field?” Sam asked looking at the picture.

“It's where this building was built. Take a look at the one next door. The windows.” Jo replied.

“Bars,” Y/f/n said looking at the photo over Sam’s shoulder.

“We're next door to a prison?” Dean asked.

Jo quickly called Ash to get any information she could about the prison that was next door. “Thanks, Ash. And if you breathe a word of this to my mom... That's right. I will. With pliers.” She hung up the phone then turned to us and plucked the photo from Sam’s hands. “Okay. Moyamensing prison. Built in 1835, torn down in 1963. And get this. They used to execute people by hanging them in the empty field next door.”

“Well, then, we need a list. All the people executed there.” Sam said.

“Ash is already on it,” Jo replied.
Later that day Sam began scrolling through the very long list of names Ash sent us.

“A hundred fifty-seven names?” I asked looking over his shoulder.

“We've gotta narrow that down,” Dean replied standing to my right.

“Yeah,” Sam said.

“Or else we're gonna be digging up a hell of a lot of stiffs,” Dean said.

Sam scrolled down to the name Herman Webster Mudgett and clicked on it with a frown.

“Herman Webster Mudgett?” Sam muttered aloud.

“Yeah?” Jo asked.

“Wasn't that H. H. Holmes' real name?” I asked looking at Dean in confusion.

“You gotta be kiddin' me,” Dean replied looking back.

Dean took over Sam’s laptop and searched H. H. Holmes. “Yep. Holmes was executed at Moyamensing, May 7, 1896.”

“H. H. Holmes himself. Come on, I mean, what are the odds?” Sam said.

“Who is this guy?” Jo asked.

“The term "multi-murderer." They coined it to describe Holmes. He was America's first serial killer before anybody knew what a serial killer was.” Dean replied looking to Jo.

“Yeah, he confessed to twenty-seven murders, but some put the death toll at over a hundred.” Sam continued.

“And his victim flavor of choice? Pretty petite blondes. He, uh, he used chloroform to kill 'em.” Dean said. “Which is what I smelled in the hallway last night. At his place, cops found human remains, bone fragments, and long locks of bloody blonde hair.” He turned to Jo “Boy, you sure know how to pick 'em.”

“Well, we just find the bones, salt 'em and burn 'em, right?” Jo asked.

“Well, it's not that easy. His body is buried in town, but it's encased in a couple tons of concrete.” Y/f/n said pacing around the room.


“The story goes that he didn't want anybody mutilating his corpse. 'Cause, you know, that's what he used to do.” I said.

“You know somethin'. We might have an even bigger problem than that.” Sam said.

“How does this get bigger?” Jo asked.

“Holmes built an apartment building in Chicago. He called it the Murder Castle. The whole place was a death factory, they had, uh, trap doors, acid vats, quick line pits... he built these secret chambers inside the walls. He'd lock his victims in, keep them alive for days. Some he'd suffocate, others he'd let starve to death.” Sam replied.
“So Teresa could still be alive. She could be inside these walls.” Jo concluded.

“We need sledgehammers, crowbars. We've got to smash these walls, anywhere thick enough to hide a girl.” Dean said.

~~~~~~Dean P.O.V.~~~~~~

We broke through one of the walls on the top floor. Jo and I were squeezing through crawl spaces inside the building walls. Jo was on the phone with Sam.

“Oh, Call us after you check the southeast wall.” She said to him before hanging up “Sam's almost done with the first floor. Hasn't found jack squat either.” Her phone chimed with an incoming text. “Y/n and Y/f/n have nothing either.” The walls were too narrow in the spot where we were, and I wasn’t able to fit. “What is it?” Jo asked.

“It's too narrow. Can't go any further.” I replied shining my light in the small space.

“Let me see,” Jo replied as she began to squeeze past me.

“What are you-” She stopped with her back pressed against my chest. “Ugh. Shoulda cleaned the pipes.”

“What?” Jo asked.

“I, uh, I wish the pipes were cleaner,” I said looking over at a dirty pipe.

“Shut up. I can fit in there.” Jo replied elbowing me in the stomach.

“You're not going in there by yourself,” I argued.

“You got a better idea?” Jo retorted.

“You-” I began not thinking of anything.

“Uh-huh,” Jo replied before continuing down the tight space past me. When she was out of sight, I called her on the phone and pulled out blueprints.

“Where are you?” I asked when she answered.

“On the north wall.” She replied. “I'm heading down some kind of air duct.”

“No, no, no, no, stay up here,” I said quickly.

“Look, we've gotta find this girl, don't we? I'm okay.” She countered.

“All right. I'm heading to you.” I replied after studying the blueprints. I started heading down the stairs to the next floor.

“Oh God.” Jo’s voice said in my ear.

“What is it? Jo? Jo!” I asked frantically. Jo screamed. I took the stairs faster trying to hear where she was.

“Jo!” I asked finding the wall where she should have been. Taking the sledgehammer to the wall. I poked my head in and found where Jo was, her cell phone lying on the floor.
After searching our floor and I headed to the floor above us. Turning a corner, we saw Dean rushing back up the hallway, running headlong into Sam.

"Whoa," Sam said.

"He's got, Jo," Dean said before continuing the way he was going.

"What?" Sam asked as we followed Dean. "How'd that happen?"

"I wasn't with her; I left her alone. Dammit!" Dean replied angrily.

"Hey, hey, look, we'll find her, all right?" I said.

"Where?" Dean asked.

"Inside the walls," Sam replied.

"We've been inside the walls all night. None of the other girls were there, she won't be either." Dean retorted heading back to the apartment.

"Look. We've just gotta take a beat and think about this. Maybe we got Holmes' M.O. wrong." Sam reasoned.

"Yeah, well, we'd better friggin' think fast," Dean replied.

Dean's cell phone began ringing again.

"Yeah." He answered. "Ellen," Dean said turning to look at us. "She's gonna have to call you back, she's taking care of, uh, feminine business," Dean replied. "Look, we'll get her back." Dean tried. "The spirit we're hunting, it took her," Dean said. "She'll be okay, I promise." Dean said trying to comfort Ellen "What?" Dean asked confused. "It won't. I won't let it. Ellen, I'm sorry, I really am." Dean hung up his phone then turned around angry and frustrated. "Damnit!"

"Don't beat yourself up, Dean. There's nothing you could have done." Sam tried to comfort Dean.

"Tell me you've got something," Dean replied.

"Uh, maybe. Look. You look at the layout of the Holmes murder castle, there's all the torture chambers inside the walls, right?" Sam said moving some papers aside.

"Right." Dean agreed.

"But there's one we haven't considered yet. The one in his basement." Sam said.

"This building doesn't have a basement," Dean replied.

"You're right, it doesn't. But I just noticed this. Beneath the foundation, it looks like part of an old sewer system that hasn't been used for —" Sam began.

"Let's go," Dean said cutting him off and grabbing his jacket. The rest of us following.

The boys found a metal detector and a shovel, and we began to search the streets of Philadelphia. We followed a trail into an open field until Sam stopped over one spot, the metal detector whining.
“Here,” Sam said.

Dean dropped the bag he was carrying and began digging furiously. After some shovel work, We started digging with our hands Sam keeping watch as his was still in a cast. About a foot down we uncovered a metal trap door. Dean gave Sam, Y/n, and I a shotgun and took one for himself along with a flashlight, then started the descent. Sam following last. We crawled along on elbows and knees through the narrow sewer tunnels. Until we came upon some tunnels where we were able to stand comfortably. And we began our search.

“Hey, you hear that?” Y/n asked.

“Hear what?” I responded.

“Listen.” She replied holding a finger to her lips.

“I don’t know.” A voice was barely audible in the direction we were headed.

“Hey!” Dean shouted leading us into a round room with several metal boxes on the walls. Dean fired his gun into Holmes' chest, sending him flying backward and out of sight.

“Jo?!” Y/n called out.

“I'm here!” She replied from one of the boxes. Dean found an iron bar leaning against a wall and started to pry open Jo’s prison with it. Sam and Y/n began to investigate the other compartments; one held body parts, in the other Sam found Teresa.

“We're gonna get you out of here, all right?” Sam said soothingly.

“Sam!” Dean called out before handing the bar to Sam “Hang on.” he opened the compartment to let Jo out before asking “You all right?”

“Been better. Let's get the hell out of here before he comes back.” Jo replied.

“Actually, I don't think you're leaving here just yet,” Dean said.

“What?” Jo asked confused.

“Remember when I said you being bait was a bad plan? Now it's kind of the only one we got.” Dean replied. Dean turned to Sam, who had an armful of terrified Teresa and Sam shrugged. Y/n and I took Teresa and got her out of the sewers and waited up top for the boys. The plan was for Jo to sit alone, silently, in the middle of the chamber that the boys had lined in salt. And when Holmes appeared behind her the boys would shoot a bag on the wall finishing the circle. An hour after Y/n and I got Teresa out Dean appeared with Sam and Jo in tow. He headed off to find something, and we waited there. Jo and Sam were standing at the entrance to the sewers, looking down.

“So? This Job as glamorous as you thought it would be?” Sam asked walking around the hall and Jo.

“Well, except for all the pee-your-pants terror, yeah. Sure. But that Teresa girl's gonna live a life because of us. It's worth it, isn't it?” Jo replied.

“Yeah. Yeah, it is.” Y/n said with a small smile.

“Hey, what if somebody finds that sewer down there, or a storm washes the salt away?” Jo asked.
“Both very fine points. Which is why we're waiting here.” I replied.

“For what?” Jo asked.

The loud beeping of a large truck backing up was heard. Sam smiled and looked over his shoulder. Where a cement mixer was backing into the field, stopping just over the sewer entrance. Dean driving.

“For that.” Y/n said waving at him to halt the truck “Whoa!”

Dean climbed out of the cab, and he and Sam set up the cement mixer right over the entrance.

“You ripped off a cement truck?” Jo asked.

“I'll give it back,” Dean replied smirking slightly. We watched the cement pour down the sewer.

“Well, that oughta keep him down there till hell freezes over.”

Ellen arrived shortly after we returned to the apartment and began packing our things and cleaned up.

The ride back to the Roadhouse was crowded and silent. Jo, Sam, and Y/n sat in the back as I got shoved in front of Dean and Ellen. Dean glanced nervously over at Ellen then returned his gaze to the road. Ellen stared straight ahead jaw set. Dean glanced at her again before he spoke. “Boy, you, you really weren't kidding about flying out, were you?” Ellen gave no reaction whatsoever. “How about we listen to some music?” He leaned forward and turned the radio on. Foreigner's Cold as Ice came on, and Ellen reached forward and flicked the radio back off. Dean glanced into the back as if for assistance before sighing “This is gonna be a long drive.”

We arrived at the Roadhouse after a long silent drive. Ellen stormed in dragging Jo by the elbow. The rest of us following silently.

“Ellen? This is my fault. Okay? I lied to you, and I'm sorry. But Jo did good out there, I think her dad would be proud.” Dean said.

“Don't you dare say that. Not you. I need a moment with my daughter. Alone.” Ellen replied. We headed outside and waited by the car. Sam and Dean were leaning on the Impala. Y/n and I are relaxing in the back as Jo came storming out. She glared at Dean and kept walking, so he followed.

~~~~~Third person P.O.V.~~~~~

“That bad, huh?” Dean asked following Jo around the bar.

“Not right now,” Jo replied while continuing to walk.

“What happened? Hey, talk to me.” Dean tried gently grabbing her shoulder.

“Get off me!” Jo replied throwing his hand off.

“Sorry. See you around.” Dean said as he turned to leave.

“Dean. It turns out my dad had a partner on his last hunt. Funny, he usually worked alone; this guy did too, but... I guess my father figured he could trust him. Mistake. Guy screwed up, got my dad killed.” Jo said walking closer to Dean.

“What does this have to do with—” Dean began.

“It was your father, Dean.” Jo cut him off.
“What?” Dean asked.


“Jo.” Dean tried to apologize.

“Just... just get out of here. Please, just leave.” Jo replied as she turned and walked away leaving Dean alone to his thoughts.
Chapter Notes

I did something different with this one it's all in third person p.o.v. if you don't like it i can switch it back it was just getting hard to switch people's p.o.v.

02x07 The Usual Suspects

In a nearby Police precinct an officer, Peter Sheridan, is on his cell phone, a mug of coffee in hand.

“Under what name? Oh, yeah, that’s my favorite so far. Possible ID’s in three states that we know of.” Peter pulls a paper from a nearby fax machine and reads it over. “I gotta call you back.”

Nearby a Swat team approaches a motel room from the outside.

Sheridan enters an interrogation room; the prisoner is not visible. He sits down. “Well, first I thought you were just stepping up your game. Credit card fraud, breaking and entering, and this one... puzzled me. Grave desecration. But still, these are a long way from murder. Then we get a fax from St. Louis. Where you’re suspected of torturing and murdering a young woman. However, no one could prove anything, of course, because supposedly you died there.”

The SWAT team breaks open a 2nd-floor door with a battering ram. Inside, Sam, Y/l/n, and Y/n stop, holding their hands up.

“But I gotta tell you something. You look pretty healthy to me.” Sheridan says to the prisoner.

Detective Diana Ballard advances on Sam, her gun forward.

“So now we know Karen Giles wasn't the first person you murdered.” Sheridan continues.

“Going somewhere, Sam? Girls?” Ballard asks looking at the three in the room.

“But I guarantee you she's the last,” Sheridan says as he stands and walks out revealing the Prisoner to be Dean.

Back at the precinct, Ballard enters an interrogation room, where Sam is pacing by the window. She places a coffee cup on the table.

“Thought you might be thirsty.” She says
“Okay, so you're the good cop. Where's the bad cop?” Sam asks.

“Oh, he's with your brother.” Ballard replies.

“Okay. And you're holding us why?” Sam inquires.

“Well, he's being held on suspicion of murder along with your friend Y/n. You and Y/f/n, we'll see.” Ballard responded.

“Murder?!” Sam asks leaning forward shocked.

“You sound genuinely surprised. Or are you that good of an actor?” Ballard asks.

“Who were they supposed to have murdered?!” Sam questions.

“We'll get around to that.” Ballard replies.

“Well, you can't just hold us here without formal charges!” Sam argues.

“Well actually, we can, for forty-eight hours, but you being a pre-law student, would know that. I know all about you, Sam.” She begins to read from a file “You're twenty-three years old, no job, no home address. Your mother died when you were a baby, your father's whereabouts are unknown. And then there's the case of your brother Dean. Whose demise was, well, just a little bit exaggerated. Feel free to jump in whenever you like.” Sam leans against the wall folding his arms “Shy? No problem. I'll keep going. Your family moved around a lot when you were a kid. Despite that, you were a straight-A student. Got into Stanford with a full ride.” Closing the file she continues “Then about a year ago there was a fire in your apartment. One fatality. Jessica Moore, your girlfriend. After she died, you fell off the grid. Left behind everything.”

“I needed some time off. To deal. So I'm taking a road trip with my brother and our two friends.” Sam replied.

“How's that going for you?” Ballard asks.

In yet another Interrogation room Y/n sits handcuffed to the chair. The officer closes the door behind him as he questions her. “Do you know why you're here?”

“It's because I stole that watch when I was 16 isn't it... I knew that’d come back to haunt me.” She sassd.

“You're being held along with the other one on suspicion of murder.” The officer replied taking a seat. “Now why don't you tell us your real name and what happened.”

“My real name?” Y/n asks.

“See ran a search for you. Know what we found? Nothing not a trace. It’s like you don’t even exist.” The officer replied.

“I like to keep a low profile,” Y/n replies.

“Alright if you won’t tell us your name how about you tell us what happened to Karen Giles?” The officer responds.

“You want me to bail on my friends?” Y/n asks.

“We've already got Dean at the murder scene blood on his hands. He’s going down either way. We
can cut you a deal if you help us,” the officer replies.

“My Name is Y/n Y/l/n. I’m a (sign). I enjoy classic rock, classic cars, and Bad boys in leather jackets.” Y/n began a smirk making its way onto her face.

Back in Sam’s interrogation room. He pulls a chair up to the table and straddles it.

“We ran Dean and Y/n’s fingerprints through AFIS,” Ballard says walking closer to Sam.

“Okay,” Sam replies with a nod of his head.

“Got over a dozen possible hits on your brother and a few on your friend.” Ballard answers.

“Possible hits. Which makes them worthless.” Sam responds.

“But it makes you wonder. What are we gonna find when we run your prints?” Ballard asks.

“Yeah, well.” Sam says pounding his cast on the table sarcastically, “You be sure to let me know, all right.” Sam points to the cup Ballard brought in with her, “May I?”

“Please.” Ballard replies.

“Great,” Sam responds picking up the cup. He sniffs it then takes a drink as Ballard sits on the table next to him.

“Sam, you seem like a good kid. It's not your fault Dean's your brother. We can't pick our family, but we can choose our friends. Right now detectives in St. Louis are exhuming the corpses. They're trying to figure out how your brother and friend faked their own deaths. After torturing all those young women. Dean's a bad guy. His life is over. Y/n isn't far behind. Yours doesn't have to be.” Ballard says.

“You want me to turn against my own brother? And my friend?” Sam asks incredulously.

“No. We already caught him cold. Red-handed at the Karen Giles murder scene. And we have Y/n with the murders in St. Louis. We just need you to fill in some missing pieces.” Ballard responds.

“Why would I do that?” Sam inquires.

“Because I can talk to the DA. Make a deal for you. You can get on with your life. Dean and Y/n's as good as gone.” Ballard replies. Sam thinks for a moment, looking distraught, then begins speaking quietly.

“My dad and Tony Giles were old friends. They were in the service together. We've known him since we were kids, you know? So we came as soon as we heard about his death.” Sam says.

FLASHBACK:

Dean and Y/n were sitting at a cafe table each reading a newspaper. Dean’s headline reads

*Man's Throat Slit Without A Trace*.

Sam and Y/l/n approach each with two cups of coffee. As they both sit, Y/n folds her paper and takes her coffee.

“There you go,” Sam says handing Dean his coffee.
“Anthony Giles,” Dean says handing over the paper.

“Who's Anthony Giles?” Sam asks.

“He's a Baltimore lawyer. Working late in his office, check it out,” Dean replies.

“Uh...” Sam begins to mutter as he reads, “throat was slit, room was clean. Huh. No DNA, no prints.”

“Keep reading, it gets better,” Y/n says.

“Security cameras failed to capture footage of the assailant,” Sam read.

“So I'm thinking either somebody tampered with the tapes –” Dean begins.

“Or it's an invisible killer,” Y/f/n finishes.

“My favorite kind. What do you think, Scully? You wanna check it out?” Dean asks looking at Sam.

“I'm not Scully, you're Scully,” Sam replies throwing the paper back to Dean.

“No, I'm Mulder. You're a red-headed woman.” Dean retorts standing and smirking.

“Your both idiots,” Y/n says as she too stands.

Sam continues his story. “Woulda been kinda hard for Dean to kill Tony, considering we weren't in town at the time.”

“So tell me what happened next.” Ballard presses.

“Okay, uh, that's when we went to see Karen. She was barely holding it together. We just wanted to be there for her. You know?” Sam continues.

FLASHBACK:

Karen, a young woman with dark hair and dark-framed glasses, is sitting in her home, on the verge of tears. She's looking at some forms that Sam, Dean, Y/n, and Y/f/n, dressed as insurance company employees, have given her.

“Insurance. I totally forgot about the insurance,” Karen says taking off her glasses and wiping her eyes.

“We're very sorry to bother you right now, but the company is required to conduct its own investigation. You understand,” Sam says soothingly.

“Sure,” Karen replies.

“Okay. Um. If you could just tell us anything you remember about the night your husband died,” Y/n says.

“Uh, Tony and I were just supposed to have dinner. He called and said he was having computer troubles and that, that he had to work late. That was it.” Karen replies.

“Do you have any idea who could have done this to him?” Y/f/n asks.
“No. No, it's like I told the police, I, I have no idea.” Karen cries.

“Did Tony mention anything, you know, unusual to you? In the days before his death?” Dean asks.

“Unusual...” Karen inquires.

“Yeah, like strange?” Dean presses.

“Strange?” Karen asks shaking her head.

“You know, Karen, weird? Weird noises, uh, visions, anything like that?” Dean continues. Sam clears his throat and gives Dean a bitchface. Karen turns back to Sam, who turns on his concerned face again, then shoots Dean another look as she glances down.

“He had a nightmare the day before he died,” Karen responds.

“What kind of a nightmare?” Y/f/n asks.

“Uh, he said that he woke up in the middle of the night, and there was a woman standing at the foot of the bed, he blinked, and she was gone, I mean, it was just a nightmare,” Karen explains.

“Did he say what she looked like?” Dean asks.

“What the hell difference does it make what she looked like?” Karen questions.

“Uh, it's just, our, our company's very thorough.” Dean replies.

“He said she was pale, and she had dark red eyes,” Karen replies.

“So I gave Karen a hug, told her to call me if she needed anything,” Sam finishes his story to Detective Ballard. “... and that was it. End of story.”

“Sam, I am trying to help you here. But you have got, to be honest with me. Now we have an eyewitness. Someone who saw two men fitting your and your brother's description breaking into Giles' office.” Ballard says.

“Okay, look, Karen called us later, said that there was some stuff that she wanted from Tony's office, but the police weren't letting her in -- like, a picture of the two of them in Paris, and some other stuff. Look, it was wrong to enter a crime scene, but she gave us the key!” Sam lied smoothly.

FLASHBACK:

Sam picks the lock on Giles office and he and Dean enter, ducking under the police tape. Sam shines his flashlight on a pool of blood on the floor.

“Hey. Anthony Giles’ body was found right about here.” Sam says reading from a paper “ Throat slit so deep part of his spinal cord was visible.”

Dean whistled before speaking “What do you think? Vengeful spirit? Underlining vengeful?”

“Yeah, maybe. I mean he did see that woman at the foot of his bed.” Sam replies walking around Giles’ desk. Dean picks up a sheet of paper lying on the desk.

“Take a look at this,” Dean says handing over the paper. Sam takes the paper. It contains small-font printing of the word "danashulps" repeated over and over to fill the page.
“Dana Shulps. A name?” Sam inquires.

Dean finds another paper and reads it over. “I dunno, but it's everywhere,” Then with a grin, “Well, all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy.”

Sam shines his flashlight down on the glass table in front of him and pauses. He breathes on the glass, revealing the same letters - "DANASHULPS" — wrote on the surface.

“Well. Let's see what we can see.” Dean replies.

Later, they are frustrated and have found nothing after searching through all available paper and computer files in the office.

“What have you got?” Dean asks tiredly.

“Nothing. No Dana Shulps has ever lived or died in Baltimore in the last fifty years at least.” Sam replies having found nothing.

“By close you mean...” Dean inquires.

“Thirty minutes, maybe?” Sam replies.

“Awesome. So I guess I just get to, uh, hang out.” Dean says glancing at his watch before muttering, “Awesome.”

Sam continues to type, concentrating. Dean sits down, annoyed, and starts making clicking and mouth-fart noises.

“Dude, seriously,” Sam says annoyed.

“All right, I'm gonna go talk to Karen again, see if she knows anything about this Dana Shulps, huh? Meet you back at the Hotel with the girls?” Dean says standing and heading out.

“Great,” Sam replies thankful his brother is leaving.

Then Dean went back to Karen's place to check up on her. I mean, you know, she had been pretty upset earlier.” Sam says to Detective Ballard.
“So why didn't you go with him?” Ballard asks.

“I just went back to the motel to the girls. They ordered take out,” Sam replies. Pausing before asking “How'd you know we were there, by the way?”

“We found the motel matchbook on your brother when we arrested him. Let's quit fooling around. Now you were with your brother the whole time you were in Baltimore. Why separate now? Because your brother left you. To go murder Karen.” Ballard says stepping back up to the table from her place against the wall.

“He didn't kill anyone.” Sam defends.

“I heard the 9-1-1 call! Karen was terrified. She said someone was in the house.” Ballard yells slamming her hand on the table.

FLASHBACK:

Karen is sitting on the sofa in pajamas, crying. The TV is on, low. As she blows her nose, she hears a figure pass by. She takes off her glasses to rub her eyes; she pauses, then puts them back on. Across the room, in a mirror, she sees a ghostly figure. She yelps and turns on the light, and the figure is gone. She gets up, panicked, and goes into the hallway, then into the bedroom and shuts the door. She calls 9-1-1.

OPERATOR
Hello, emergency services.

KAREN
Hello? I think I saw someone in my house.

OPERATOR
What is your address?

KAREN
It's 421 Clinton Avenue. Please, can you -
(There is a click, and the call is disconnected. )
Hello?

The printer on her desk flicks on and starts printing out the same repeated pattern as before: "danashulpsdanashulpsdanashulps". KAREN enters her closet and fumbles for a flashlight, turns, and sees the ghost behind her - it's a young blond woman with dripping red eyes. KAREN screams.

Dean arrives at Karen's and knocks on the door. “Karen, you in there?” He calls out. Dean looks around, then picks the lock and enters. He tries the light by the door, but it doesn't work. He goes further into the house, up the stairs, and into the bedroom. He pushes open the door and sees Karen lying on the floor in a pool of her own blood. “Oh God,” he mutters. Her throat is slit deeply. He sees the pages from the printer and frowns.

“Seriously, what the hell?” Dean asks kneeling down by Karen’s body, noticing bruises on her wrists. He takes one wrist in his hand.

“Freeze.” A voice calls out. Behind Dean, two cops have their guns trained on him. “Stay on your knees. Hands where I can see them. Now!” Dean does as the officer asks “Cuff him.”

Sheridan is sitting in an observation room from which he can see Dean, handcuffed to a table. Ballard enters and sits on the table.
“You getting anywhere with him?” She asks.

“No. Just a lot of wise-ass remarks. You?” Sheridan replies

“The other three stories match Dean's to the last detail,” Ballard says.

“Hmm. Yeah, well, these guys are good. I'll give 'em that.” Sheridan says standing and grabbing his jacket.

“If we don't get one of them to flip we have nothing but a lot of circumstantial evidence,” Ballard says leaving the room followed by Sheridan

“Hey. We've got Dean at the crime scene with blood on his hands. Juries have convicted for less.” Sheridan replies.

“Yeah, but, I mean, where's the murder weapon? What's the motive? You talk about reasonable doubt.” Ballard reasons as they stop in the hallway to continue talking.

“Diana.” Sheridan says touching her face gently, “Do you have reasonable doubt? We keep leaning on these guys, one of them will tumble. And don't forget about St. Louis. I'm telling you. This Dean guy is our guy.”

“I know Tony Giles was a friend of yours,” Ballard says as they start walking again.

“Yeah. He was, he was a good friend.” Sheridan says.

“Look, and I know you want to clean this mess up quick. But come on, Tony knew a lot of criminal types, I mean, maybe we're just...” Ballard replies.

“Criminal types? He was a defense lawyer, for godsakes, of course, he knew criminal types.” Sheridan responds.

“All right, let's get back at 'em,” Ballard says.

“No, you know what? Let 'em stew in their juices for a bit.” He says leaning up against a vending machine before down to kiss her, “Come here.”

Dean, still handcuffed to the table, is muttering to himself, thinking. “Dana Shulps, Dana Shulps, Dana Shulps Dana, Dana Shulps...”

Sam pulls a pad of paper and a pen to him and writes "DANA SHULPS" in block letters, frowning in thought.

“Maybe it's not a name. Maybe it's not a name.” Dean mutters.

“Anagram, maybe?” Sam suggests to himself.

He writes "ANDA SH..." underneath the first line, then continues.

Head down, Dean continues to mutter to himself. There's a knock on the door; he looks up. A smiling middle-aged man pokes his head in.
“Mr. Winchester?” The man asks.

“Yeah,” Dean replies lifting his head.

“I'm Jeffrey Kraus. I'm with the public defender's office. I'm your lawyer.” The man introduces himself.

“Oh. Thank God. I'm saved.” Dean deadpans, “Hey, could I, uh, steal a pen from you? Some paper?” He asks as Kraus sits.

“Sure.” Kraus says handing them over and Dean starts scribbling, “Uh, well, the police haven’t found a weapon yet. So that's good. But, uh, they got your prints. And literally blood on your hands. And with your police record, uh…” Kraus begins before noticing Dean is ignoring him, “Mr. Winchester? What are you doing?”

“I think it's an anagram,” Dean replies while continuing to work.

“A what?” Kraus asks confused.

“An anagram. Same letters, different words.” Dean replies looking over the paper again he pushes it towards the lawyer. “Uh, do me a favor? See if you recognize any of these words, you know, local names, places, anything like that?”

“Do you understand how serious these charges are?” Kraus asks.

“I'm handcuffed to a table. Yeah, I get it. Humor me. Take a quick look.” Dean replies holding up his hands. Kraus pulls the pad over to him.

“Well, S-U-P, I don't know about that, but Ashland is a street name. Not far from here.” Kraus says crossing out the s.u.p and pushing the pad back to Dean.

“A street.” Dean repeats. Dean takes the pad back, tears off a sheet of paper and starts writing again.

“Let's start with where you were the night Anthony Giles died,” Kraus says.

“Can you get in to see my brother? Our friends?” Dean asks.

“Mr. Winchester, you could be facing the death penalty here.” Kraus states.

“Hey, thanks for the law review, Matlock. But. If you want to help me…” Dean replies holding up the notes he has just finished. “I need you to see my brother. And my friends.”

Ballard is at her desk writing an email on her computer. Suddenly the repeating string DANASHULPS starts scrolling across the screen. She looks around, nervous.

Y/n sits in her interrogation room looking over the note Dean has sent. It reads:

McCoy —
IT'S A STREET
ASHLAND.
-MCQUEEN

Sam in his interrogation room is looking at the note Dean sent him, which reads:

HILTS —
“I hope that's meaningful. But I'd like to discuss your case now.” Kraus says after Sam reads.

“Sure thing, Matlock,” Sam says gesturing to the chair.

“You two really are brothers, aren't you?” Kraus asks sitting, “Now. As you know, the DA might be interested in...”

A knock on the door is quickly followed by Ballard, who addresses Kraus.

“We need you. With the other one.” Ballard says before leaving the room and returning to Dean’s room.

Several others have crowded into the observation room outside where Dean is being held; across from his seat, a digital camera has been set up. Ballard and Kraus enter.

“Counselor? Your boy decided to confess.” Sheridan says pointing at Dean.

“Mr. Winchester? I'd advise against that strongly.” Kraus says looking at Dean.

“Talk directly into the camera, first stating your name for the record,” Sheridan says.

Dean clears his throat and leans forward, looking into the camera. “My name is Dean Winchester. I'm an Aquarius. I enjoy sunsets, long walks on the beach, and frisky women. And I did not kill anyone. But I know who did. Or rather what did. Of course, it can't be for sure because our investigation was interrupted. But our working theory was that we're looking for some kind of vengeful spirit.”

“Excuse me?” Ballard asks.

“You know, Casper the bloodthirsty ghost?” Dean sasses looking over to Ballard. In the observation room, the spectators start laughing.

“Tony Giles saw it. I'll bet you cash money Karen did too. But see, the interesting thing is the word it leaves behind. For some reason, it's trying to tell us something. But communicating across the veil, it ain't easy. You know, sometimes the spirits, they, they get things jumbled. You remember "REDRUM." Same concept. You know, it's, uh, maybe word fragments... other times, it's anagrams,” Dean pulls the paper from his pocket and holds it up for the camera, “See, at first we thought this was a name, Dana Shulps. But now we think it's a street. Ashland. Whatever's going on, I'll bet you it started there.” Dean continues spreading his hands and smiling.

“You arrogant bastard. Tony and Karen were good people, and you're making jokes.” Sheridan exclaims.

“I'm not joking, Ponch.” Dean sasses.

“You murdered them in cold blood just like that girl in St. Louis,” Sheridan says walking around the table and leaning on it.

“Oh, yeah. That wasn't me either or Y/n. That was a pair of shape-shifter creatures that only looked like us.” Dean says turning back to the camera. He smiles at the camera. Sheridan loses his temper and hauls Dean up by the collar, slamming him against the wall.
“Pete, that is enough!” Ballard says stepping closer.

“You asked for the truth.” Dean responds.

“Lock his ass up,” Sheridan says letting Dean go and out the door. Another cop takes over, shoving Dean face-first against the wall and handcuffing him. Sheridan and Ballard return to Sam’s room to find him gone; the coffee and the note are still on the table.

“What the hell? Where is he?” Sheridan asks walking to the window, which is open, and looks out - it's a four-story drop with no visible fire escape nearby. Ballard sees the note on the table and picks it up.

“What'd he do? The fire escape's way over... what?” Sheridan stops.

“These two guys,” Ballard says handing Sheridan the note.

“Hilts and McQueen?” Sheridan asks.

“Hilts is Steve McQueen's character in the Great Escape.” Ballard replies.

Ballard and Sheridan rush to the other two interrogation rooms. Y/f/n’s is empty as well, and Y/n sits calmly in hers. Still looking over the note. Ballard picks it up and reads it as well.

“McCoy is Steve McQueen’s character in The Getaway,” Ballard says handing Sheridan the other note.

Ballard enters the bathroom of the police precinct, and the lights flicker. She heaves a sigh. As she approaches the sink, it turns on by itself. She recoils in fear, and all the faucets start pouring out hot water, steam rising. In the fogging mirror, the letters DANASHULPS are formed; Ballard scrubs them away to reveal a red-eyed ghost. Her throat is slit deeply, her eyes dark red. She struggles to talk.

Dean is handcuffed to another table as Ballard enters, nervous. She shuts the door.

“Can we make this quick? I'm a little tired, it's been a long day, you know, with your partner assaulting me and all.” Dean snarks.

“I want to know more about that stuff you were talking about earlier.” Ballard replies.


“Let's pretend for the moment you're not entirely insane,” Ballard responds walking around to the other side of the table. “What would one of these things be doing here?”

“A vengeful spirit?” Dean asks and Ballard nods, “Well, they're created by violent deaths. And then they come back for a reason, usually a nasty one. Like revenge on the people that hurt 'em.”

“And uh, these spirits, they're capable of killing people?” Ballard asks rubbing her neck. As she rubs her neck, Dean notices something on her wrist.

“Where did you get that?” Dean asks quickly. Ballard pulls up her sleeves to reveal dark bruises, like those on Karen’s wrists.

“I don’t know. It, it wasn't there before.” Ballard responds.

“You've seen it, haven't you? The spirit?” Dean asks hurriedly.
“How did you know?” Ballard asks.

“Because Karen had the same bruises on her wrists. And I'm willing to bet that if you look at Giles' autopsy photos he's got 'em too, it's got something to do with this spirit, I... I don't know what.” Dean replies. Ballard turns away looking into the two-way mirror and rubbing her wrist, “I know. You think you're going crazy. But let's skip that part, shall we? Because the last two people who saw this thing? Died, pretty soon after. You hear me?”

“You think I'm going to die.” Ballard replies.

“You need to go to Sam and Y/f/n. They'll help.” Dean says.

“You're giving your brother up.” Ballard questions.

“Go to the first motel listed in the yellow pages. Look for Jim Rockford - it's how we find each other when we're separated. Now you can arrest them if you want. Or you can let them save your life.” Dean responds.

Sam is sitting at a motel desk Y/f/n at the table, both going through files. There is a knock on the door. Sam opens it to find Ballard. He hesitates, she shrugs and comes in. Ballard shows Sam her wrists.

“These showed up after you saw it?” Sam asks.

“Yeah, I guess.” Ballard replies.

“All right. You're going to have to tell us exactly what you saw.” Y/f/n says

“You know, I must be losing my mind. You're fugitives. I should be arresting you.” Ballard says pacing.

“All right. Well, you know what? You can arrest us later, all right? After you live through this. But right now you've gotta talk to us. Okay?” Sam says and Ballard nods, “Okay, great. Now, this spirit. What did it look like?”

“She was, um, really pale, and her throat was cut, and her eyes, they were like, this deep dark red? It appeared like she was trying to talk to me. But she couldn't. It was just... a lot of blood.” Ballard replies taking a seat on the bed.

“You know what? Here. We've been researching every girl that's ever died or gone missing from Ashland Street.” Y/f/n says gathering a stack of crime scene photos from the table. Ballard follows her over to a table.

“How'd you get those? Those are from crime scenes, and booking photos.” Ballard inquires.

“You have your job, I have mine. Here. I need you to look through these, tell me if you recognize anyone.” Sam replies. Ballard sits and flips through the stack. On the third photo, a young woman's booking photo, she stops.

“This is her. I'm sure of it.” Ballard says handing the stack back.

“Claire Becker? Twenty-eight years old, disappeared about eight or nine months ago.” Sam says.

“But I don't even know her. I mean, why would she come after me?” Ballard asks.

“Well, before her death, she was arrested twice. For dealing heroin. You ever work narcotics?” Y/f/n
replies looking at Claire’s record.


“You ever bust her?” Sam asks.

“Not that I remember,” Ballard responds.

“It says that she was last seen entering 2911 Ashland Street. Police searched the place, didn't find anything. Guess we gotta check it out ourselves. See if we can find her body.” Sam says.

“What?” Ballard inquires.

“Well, we gotta salt and burn her bones. It's the only way to put her spirit to rest.” Y/f/n replies.

“Of course, it is,” Ballard responds.

Sam leads Ballard and Y/f/n into a Dark and Creepy Warehouse.

“So what exactly are we looking for?” Ballard asks.

“I'll let you know when we find it,” Sam replies.

They split up, Sam checking up a flight of stairs. Ballard and Y/f/n continuing on the lower level. Y/f/n goes another way as Ballard enters a room, and turns towards a window and sees Claire, standing by the window. The ghost struggles to talk. And moves closer to Ballard

“Sam? Sam? Sam!” Ballard screams. As Sam runs down the stairs to Ballard, the ghost disappears. Y/f/n enters not long after Sam.

“Hey! Hey, I'm here, what is it? What happened?” Sam asks standing in front of her.

“Claire...” Ballard replies.

“Where?” Sam asks searching the room.

“She, she was here.” Ballard continues.

“Did she attack you?” Y/f/n asks.

“No. No, she was just like, reaching out to me. She was over there by the window.” Ballard says pointing to a window blocked by a shelving unit, “Here, help me move this.” She begins to move the shelves.

“All right,” Sam says. They shove the shelves aside, revealing the window. It is labeled from the outside:

**ASHLAND SUP**

“Our little mystery word,” Ballard says. They turn to see a shadow on the opposite wall, casting the phrase into clear reflection.

“Now the extra letters make sense,” Y/f/n says. Sam pulls out his EMF reader and approaches the opposite wall.
“What is that?” Ballard asks.

“Spirits and certain remains give off electromagnetic frequencies,” Sam replies.

“So if Claire's body was here, that would indicate that?” Ballard asks.

“Yeah. Well, that's the theory,” Sam replies. The EMF reader purrs as he waves it over the brick wall. He turns. Sam starts breaking through the wall with a sledgehammer. When he's knocked out a sizable hole, he pokes his flashlight inside.

“Yeah. Yeah, there's definitely something in there.” He says before he starts breaking through the wall with elbows and fists. “You know? This is bothering me.”

“Well, you are digging up a corpse,” Ballard replies.

“No, not that. That's, uh, that's pretty par for the course, actually,” Sam responds.

“Then what?” Ballard asks.

“It's just, I mean, no vengeful spirit I've ever tussled with wanted to be wasted, so why the hell would Claire lead us to her remains? It doesn't make any sense,” Sam says. He now has most of the wall broken, “All right, here. Give me a hand.”

Y/f/n holds the flashlights and together, Sam and Ballard pull out a shroud-wrapped body and place it on the ground. Sam pulls out a pocket knife and cuts the ropes holding the shroud together, uncovering her. Ballard holds out her wrists.

“Her wrists. Yeah, they'd be bruised just like yours?” Sam says.

Ballard notices a necklace on the corpse and touches it cautiously.

“That necklace mean something to you?” Y/f/n asks seeing the interaction.

“I've seen it before. It's rare. It was custom made over on Carson Street,” Ballard replies reaching into her neckline and pulling out the same necklace, “I have one just like it. Pete gave it to me.”

“Now this all makes perfect sense,” Sam says.

“I'm sorry?” Ballard replies.

“Yeah. You see, Claire is not a vengeful spirit, she's a death omen,” Sam responds.

“Excuse me?” Ballard replies standing from where she was crouched by Claire’s body.

“Claire's not killing anyone. She's trying to warn them. You see, sometimes spirits, they don't want vengeance, they want justice. Which is why she led us here in the first place. She wants us to know who her killer is,” Sam says pausing a second before continuing, “Detective, how much do you know about your partner?”

“Oh my God,” Ballard says after a moment of thinking.


“About a year ago, some heroin went missing from lockup. Obviously, it was a cop. We never found out who did it. But whoever did it would need someone to fence their product.” Ballard replies.
“Someone like a heroin dealer. Somebody like Claire.” Sam states.

Sheridan is driving an armored van with Dean and Y/n in the back.

“So we’re being extradited to St. Louis, huh? And you just decided to transfer us yourself, eight hundred miles? At two in the morning? This can't be good.” Dean says.

Ballard is driving Sam and Y/f/n down a similar stretch of road, finishing a call on her cell phone.

“All right. Thanks.” She says hanging up.

“What is it?” Sam asks.

“Pete just left the precinct. With Dean and Y/n.” Ballard replies.


“He said the prisoners had to be transferred, and he just took them. Dispatch has been calling, but he won't answer the radio.” Ballard responds.

“Radio? He took a county vehicle?” Sam asks.

“Yeah.” Ballard replies.

“Well, then they should have a lo-jack, you've just gotta get it turned on,” Sam responds.

The armored van pulls off the road and stops.

“Pee break? So soon? You might want to get your prostate checked.” Dean sasses. Sheridan gets out and circles to the back. “Son of a bitch.” Sheridan opens the van. “Hey, we’re cool in the van, you go do what you gotta do.”

Sheridan hauls Dean out and throws him to the ground. Y/n tossed out as well.

“You're a cocky son of a bitch. You think those people in St. Louis are gonna buy that crap you're peddling? Here's the thing. You're not gonna make it to St. Louis. You're gonna die trying to escape.” Sheridan says. He pulls out his gun and points it at Y/n’s head.

“Wait! Wait. Let's, let's talk about this. I mean, you don't want to do something that you're gonna regret later.” Dean says moving in front of Y/n. Sheridan cocks the gun, “Or maybe you do.”

“Pete! Put the gun down.” Ballard says arriving in the clearing.

“Diana? How'd you find me?” Sheridan asks.

“I know about Claire.” Ballard replies.

“I don't know what you're talking about,” Sheridan responds.

“Put the gun down!” Ballard replies holding her own gun up.

“Oh, I don't think so. You're fast. I'm pretty sure I'm faster.” Sheridan replies.

“Why are you doing this?” Ballard asks.

“I didn't do anything, Diana,” Sheridan replies.
“It's a little late for that,” Ballard responds.

“It wasn't my fault. Claire was trying to turn me in, I had no choice.” Sheridan replies.


“Same thing! Tony scrubbed the money, he got skittish, and then he wanted to come clean. I'm sure he told Karen everything.” Sheridan replies.

Dean glances at Sam, who's giving him “How do we get out of this” looks. Dean shakes his head, Sam grits his teeth.

“It was a mess; I had to clean it up. I just panicked.” Sheridan replies.

“How many more people are gonna die over this, Pete?” Ballard asks.

“There's a way out. This Dean kid's a friggin' gift. We could pin the whole thing on him. Right? No trial, nothing. Just, just one more dead scumbag.” Sheridan responds.

“Hey!” Dean exclaims.

Sheridan raises the gun and Dean backs off.

“No one will question it. Diana, please. I still love you.” Sheridan says. Ballard lowers her gun

“Thank you. Thank you.”

As Sheridan turns back to Dean and Y/n, Ballard brings her gun up and fires, hitting Sheridan in the stomach. He goes down. Dean rolls out of the way taking Y/n with him. Landing atop her they both turn to watch everything.

“Then why don't you buy me another necklace, you ass?” Ballard replies.

Sheridan tackles her legs, knocking her down. Ballard loses her gun, and Sam tries to go for it, but Sheridan gets there first.

“Don't do it! Don't do it!” Sheridan says aiming at Sam and Y/l/n.

Ballard stares past Sheridan, who turns to see Claire behind him, staring through her bloody hair. She smiles. A gunshot goes off. Ballard recovered a weapon and shot Sheridan in the back. He goes down, more permanently this time.

“Uh… Dean… Could… you… I don't know maybe… get off me?” Y/n asks.

Morning arrives, and Ballard is kneeling by the body of her late partner. She gets up and approaches Sam, Dean, Y/n and Y/l/n, standing nearby.

“You doin' all right?” Sam asks.

“Not really. The death omen Claire. What happens to her now?” Ballard replies walking closer.

“Should be over. She should be at rest.” Sam responds.

“So, uh. What now, officer?” Dean asks hesitantly.

“Pete did confess to me. He screwed up all your cases royally. I'd say that there's a good chance that we could get your cases dismissed.” Ballard replies.
“You'd take care of that for us?” Sam asks.

“I hope so. But the St. Louis murder charges? That's another story. I can't help you. Unless... I just happened to turn my back, and you walked away. I could just tell them that the suspects escaped.” Ballard replies.

“Wait, are you sure?” Sam asks.

“Yeah, she's sure, Sam,” Y/n replies.

“No, it's just, I mean, you could lose your job over something like that,” Sam responds.

“Look, I just want you guys out there doing what you do best. Trust me, I'll sleep better at night.” Ballard says turning to go, “Listen, you need to watch your back. They’re gonna be looking for both of you right now. Get out of here. I gotta radio this in.”

“Hey, uh, you wouldn't happen to know where my car is, by chance?” Dean asks.

“It's at the impound yard down on Robertson.” Ballard replies. Seeing Dean's calculating look, she continues, “Don't... even think about it.”

“It's okay, it's all right, don't worry. We'll, uh, we'll just improvise. I mean, we're pretty good at that.” Sam responds.

“Yeah. I've noticed.” Ballard replies. Sam, Dean, Y/f/n, and Y/n start to walk off down the road.

“Nice lady,” Sam says.

“Yeah, for a cop. Did she look familiar to you?” Dean asks.

“No, why?” Sam asks shoving Dean playfully.

“Kinda but I can’t place her,” Y/n says watching the boys interact.

“I don't know. Anyway, are you guys hungry?” Dean asks.

“No.” Sam and Y/f/n reply.

“For some reason, I could really go for some pea soup,” Dean says.

“Son of a bitch that's who she looks like.” Y/n exclaims.


Hey Guys!! I'm in Minnesota for #SPNMINN right now!! I got this finished earlier and thought since i love ya'll i'd post it!!

Sam, Y/n, Y/f/n and Dean are sitting at a table, Sam with his laptop open. Onscreen is a mugshot of Dean and Y/n from the St. Louis Police Department.

“So much for our low profile. You've both got a warrant in St. Louis, and now you're officially in the Fed's database.” Sam says.

“Dude, I'm like Dillinger or something.” Dean replies with a grin.

“Awesome.” Y/n retorts.

“Guys, it's not funny. Makes the job harder, we've gotta be more careful now.” Sam responds.

“Well, what do they got on you and Y/f/n?” Dean asks seriously.

Sam types something in before replying “I'm sure they just haven't posted it yet.”

“No accessory? Nothing?” Y/n asks a small grin appearing on her face.

“Shut up.” Sam replies.

“You're jealous.” Dean laughs.

“No, I'm not!” Sam defends.

“Uh-huh. All right. What do you got on the case there, you innocent, harmless young man, you?” Y/n asks taking a bite of her burger. Sam shuts his computer, annoyed, and pulls out several pages of research.

“Architect Sean Boyden plummeted to his death from the roof of his home, a condominium he designed.” Sam says reading from the papers.

“Hmm. Build a high-rise and jump off the top of it. That's classy. When did he call animal control?” Dean responds.

“Two days earlier.” Y/f/n replies.

“Did he actually say Black Dog?” Y/n asks shoving a fry in her mouth.

“Yeah. A vicious, wild, black dog. The authorities couldn't find it, no one else saw it; in fact, the authorities are a little confused as to how a wild dog could get past the doorman, take the elevator up and start roaming the halls of the cushiest joint in town. After that, no more calls, he doesn't show up for work, two days later he takes a swan dive.” Sam says.
“Do you think we're dealing with an actual Black Dog?” Dean asks.

“Well, maybe.” Sam replies.

“What's the lore on it?” Dean asks.

Sam passes Dean the pages and replies, “it's all pretty vague. I mean, there are spectral black dogs all over the world, but... some say they're animal spirits, others say death omens. But anyways, whatever they are, they're big, nasty.”

“Yeah, I bet they could hump the crap outta your leg, look at that one, huh?” Dean says holding up a picture and smirking. Sam glares back and Deans smirk falters, “What? They could.”

In a posh, well-lit room, our heroes are wearing suits and interviewing a man.

“So, you and Sean Boyden were business partners for almost ten years, right?” Sam asks entering the kitchen of the apartment.

“That's right. Now one more time, this is for...?” The man replies.

“A tribute to Mr. Boyden. Architectural Digest.” Dean responds and the man laughs, “This funny to you?”

“No, it... it's just, a tribute. Yeah. See, Sean always got the tributes. He kills himself, leaves me and his family behind... well, he gets another tribute.” The man replies.

“Right. Any idea why he'd do such a thing?” Y/f/n asks.

“I, I have no clue, I mean he lived a charmed life.” The man replies.

“How so?” Sam inquires.

“He was a flat-out genius. I mean, I'm capable, but next to him, I... and it wasn't always that way, either.” The man responds.

“No?” Y/n questions.

“You wanna know the truth? There was a time where he couldn't even design a pup tent. Hell, ten years ago he's working as a bartender at this place called Lloyds. A complete dive.” The man replies.

“Right. So what changed?” Sam asks.

“You got me. But overnight, he gets this huge commission, and he starts designing... he starts designing the most ingenious buildings anyone has ever seen. It was like, the level of Van Gogh, and Mozart...” The man cut off abruptly.

“What?” Dean asks.

“It's funny. True geniuses, they seem to die young, don't they? To have that kind of talent? Why... why just throw it away?” The man replies.

The foursome left the partner of Sean Boyden and headed for the local animal control building. Dean entered and got the information of any reports of black dogs. Sam, Y/f/n and Y/n were waiting in the car. Dean resumes his place in the driver’s seat then turns to the others.
“So.” Sam inquires.

“Secretary's name is Carly. She's twenty-three, she, uh, kayaks, and they're real.” Dean replies.

“Mine are real too.” Y/n scoffs. “You didn't happen to ask her if she's seen any black dogs lately, did you?”

“Every complaint called in this week about anything big, black, or dog-like. There's nineteen calls in all. And, uh,” Dean says holding up the page and pulling off a Post-it note, “I don't know what this thing is.”

“You mean Carly's MySpace address?” Sam laughs after taking it and reading it.

“Yeah, MySpace, what the hell is that?” Dean replies. The other three laugh, “Seriously, is that like some sort of porn site?”

After reading over the list of Black dog complaints the four begin to question the various complainers. They approach yet another white suburban door and knock.

“I swear, if this is another freakin' Pomeranian barking in the neighbor's yard...” Dean mutters. The door opens to reveal a young woman.

“Afternoon, ma'am.” Dean says pulling out an I.D. Badge, “Uh, Animal Control.”

“Oh, someone already came yesterday.” The woman replies pointing into the house.

“Oh, we're just following up. We're looking for Dr. Sylvia Pearlman?” Sam replies.

The woman invited the group of hunters into the house and to the kitchen.

“The Doctor, well, she, I don't know exactly when she'll be back, she left two days ago.” The woman replies.

“Okay. And you are...?” Y/f/n asks.

“I'm Ms. Pearlman's maid.” The woman replies.

“So where did the Doctor go?” Dean asks.

“I'm not sure. She just packed and went, she didn't say where. That stray dog, did you find it finally?” The woman asks.

“Oh, not yet. You know, you didn't ever happen to see the dog yourself, did you?” Sam asks.

“Well, no. I never even heard it.” The woman replies. Dean takes a photograph off the wall of DR. Pearlman at a bar with two friends.

“I was almost starting to think the Doctor was imagining things, but she's not like that, so...” The maid continues.

“Hey, you know I read she was, uh chief surgeon at the hospital. She's gotta be what, forty-two, forty-three? That's pretty young for that job.” Dean says.

“Youngest in the history of the place. She got the position... ten years ago?” The maid replied.
“Huh.” Dean laughs looking back to the photo.


“Yeah, we know a guy like that. Oh, look at this.” Dean says holding up the photo and flipping it over to show the writing on the back, “Lloyd's Bar.”

Dean, Y/n, Y/f/n and Sam pull up outside Lloyd's Bar and get out. As they walk towards the bar, Dean notices some yellow flowers growing by the side of the road. He stops.

“Hey.” Dean says getting the other’s attention.

“Yeah?” Sam asks.

“That's weird.” Dean replies looking around to reveal a crossroads. On more than one corner, the yellow flowers are growing.


“Think someone planted these?” Dean asks walking towards the flowers.

“Middle of all these weeds?” Sam inquires.

“These are, uh, what do you call ’em.” Dean says.

“Yarrow flowers.” Y/n states kneeling down to look closer at them.

“Yeah. Used for certain rituals, aren't they?” Dean questions.

“Yeah, actually. Summoning rituals.” Sam replies.

“Heh. So, two people become sudden successes about ten years ago. Right around the time they were hanging out here at Lloyd's.” Dean comments.

“Where there just happens to be a crossroads. You think?” Sam asks.

“Let's find out.” Dean replies. He walks to the center of the crossroads and looks around, measuring. “This seem about the dead center to you?”

Dean grabbed a shovel from the trunk of the Impala and began to dis a few inches into the hard soil before hitting something solid.

“Yahtzee.” He says dropping the shovel and digging with his hands. He pulls out an old rusted box. Opening it, It contains, several small bones and a small stoppered jar that Sam takes out.

“I'd be willing to bet that's graveyard dirt. And a black cat bone.” Sam says holding the bottle upside down.

“That's serious spellwork. I mean, that's Deep South Hoodoo stuff.” Dean says.

“Used to summon a demon.” Y/f/n states.

“Not just summon one. Crossroads are where pacts are made. These people are actually making deals with the damn thing. You know, 'cause that always ends good.” Dean says standing and looking around.
“They're seeing dogs, all right. But not Black Dogs, they're seeing Hellhounds. Demonic pit bulls.” Y/n says looking at the bar.

“Yeah, whoever this demon is, it's back and it's collecting. And that doctor lady? Wherever she's running? She ain't running fast enough.” Dean states.

Inside DR. PEARLMAN'S hotel room, the door is rattling violently. She crouches by the window, screaming. The rattling stops and she gets up warily. Suddenly something invisible bursts through the window, knocking her to the ground. She scrabbles backwards along the floor, away from the scratching and growling; something (still invisible) with sharp claws grabs her leg and shreds it, leaving bloody trails. She's pulled across the floor, grasping at the bed sheets and screaming.

Back at the crossroads our group of four leans against the Impala.

“So it's just like the Robert Johnson legend, right? I mean, selling your soul at the crossroads, kind of deal?” Sam says.

“Yeah, except that wasn't a legend. I mean, you know his music.” Dean says looking around at the others. Y/n nods but Sam and Y/f/n shrug, “You don't know Robert Johnson's songs? Guys, there's, there's occult references all over his lyrics, I mean, Crossroad Blues? Me and the Devil Blues? Hellhound on My Trail?” Sam frowns and Dean rolls his eyes.

“The story goes, he died choking on his own blood, he was hallucinating, and muttering about big evil dogs.” Y/n states.

“And now it's happening all over again.” Y/f/n says.

“Yeah.” Dean replies.

“We've gotta figure out if anyone else struck any bargains around here.” Sam says.

“Great. So we've gotta clean up these peoples' mess for 'em? I mean, they're not exactly squeaky clean. Nobody put a gun to their head and forced 'em to play Let's Make A Deal.” Dean snarks.

“So what, we should just leave them to die?” Sam inquires.

“Somebody goes over Niagara in a barrel, you gonna jump in and try to save 'em?” Dean replies.

“Dean.” Sam pleads.

“All right. Fine.” Dean gives in, then thinks a moment, “Rituals like this, you've got to put your own photo into the mix, right?” Dean poked around in the box before pulling out a small black and white photo, “So this guy probably summoned this thing, let's go and see if anyone inside knows him. If he's still alive.”

Y/n and Y/f/n headed into the bar and asked around showing the picture. They found out the man’s name was George Darrow. Sam, Y/f/n, Y/n and Dean headed for the apartment building that George lived in. Taking the steps to the fourth floor they began discussing the case.

“What's this guy's name again?” Sam asks.

“George Darrow. Apparently quite the regular at Lloyd's. Though this house probably ain't up next on MTV Cribs, is it?” Dean replies.
“Yeah. So whatever kind of deal he made,” Sam began.

“Wasn't for cash. Oh, who knows. Maybe this place is full of babes in Princess Leia bikinis.” Dean says holding his hands in front of him. Sam sighs but Dean continues, “No, I'm just saying, this guy's got one epic bill come due. Hope at least he asked for something fun.”

They reach the landing and stop in front of apartment 4C.

“Look at that.” Sam says pointing at a fine black powder in a line in front of the door.

“What is that, pepper?” Dean asks fingering the powder.

The door opens to reveal George - a middle-aged man with graying hair, wearing a grimy t-shirt and open button-down.

“Who the hell are you?” George asks.

“George Darrow?” Y/n inquires stepping forward.

“I'm not buying anything.” George replies moving to close the door.

“Whoa, whoa, whoa, looks like you went for the wrong shaker there. Heh. Usually when you want to keep something evil out you go for the salt.” Dean says.

“I don't know what you talkin' about.” George replies looking around at the four.

“Talkin' about this.” Dean responds holding up the small picture, “Tell me. You seen that Hellhound yet?”

“Look. We want to help. Please. Just five minutes.” Sam pleads.

George shows them in and pours himself a glass of whiskey. Y/n and Y/f/n look around at the studio apartment filled with paintings, completed and half-finished, and a table holding painting supplies.

“So what is that stuff out front?” Sam asks.

“Goofer Dust.” George replies. Sam and Dean look at him blankly and he continues, “What, you boys think you know somethin' about somethin' but not Goofer dust?”

George tosses Dean a brown sack, tied close with twine.

“Well, we know a little about a lot of things. Just enough to make us dangerous.” Dean says catching the bag.

“What is it?” Sam asks.


“Demons we know.” Dean says opening the bag to look inside.

“Well, then keep it. Maybe it'll do you some good.” George replies walking over to a chair, “Four minutes left.”

Dean glances at Sam, who takes the lead.

“Mr. Darrow. We know you're in trouble.” Sam states.
“Yeah, that you got yourself into.” Dean contributes.

“But it's not hopeless, all right? There's gotta be something we can do.” Sam says half directing it at Dean.

“Listen. I get that you want to help. But sometimes a person makes their bed, they've just got to lie down in it. I'm the one called that demon in the first place.” George replies sitting in the chair.

“What'd you do it for?” Y/n asks joining the conversation.

“I was weak. I mean, who don't want to be great? Who don't want their life to mean something? I just... I just never thought about the price.” George replies looking at her then the boys.

“Was it worth it?” Dean asks bluntly.

“Hell no. ’Course, I asked for talent. Shoulda gone for fame. I'm still broke, and lonely. Just now I got this pile of paintings don't nobody want. But that wasn't the worst.” George replies.

“Go on.” Sam urges.

“Demon didn't leave. I never counted on that. After our deal was done the damn thing stayed at Lloyd's for a week. Just chattin'. Makin' more deals. I tried to warn folks, but, I mean who's goin' to listen to an old drunk?” George responds.

“How many others are there?” Y/l/n asks tearing her eyes away from a painting of a skeleton.

“Uh, the architect, that doctor lady — I kept up with them, they've been in the papers. Least they got famous.” George replies taking a sip of his whiskey.


“One more. Uh, nice guy too. Hudson. Evan, I think. I don't know what he asked for. Don't matter now. We done for.” George says.

“No. No, there's gotta be a way.” Sam replies.

“You don't get it! I don't want a way!” George argues.

“Look, you don't —” Sam began.

“I called that thing! I brought it on myself. I brought it on them. I'm going to hell, one way or another. All I want is to finish my last painting. Day or two, I'm done. I'm just trying to hold them off 'till then. Buy a little time. Okay, boys, Ladies. Time you went, go help somebody that wants help.” George cut him off standing up.

“We can't just —” Sam began again.

“Get out! I got work to do.” George cut him off.

“You don't really want to die.” Sam replies.

“I don't? I'm... I'm tired.” George responds before going back to his painting.

Dean, Y/n, Y/l/n and Sam approach Evan's front door later that night. Sam knocks. A moment later, Evan opens the door.
“Yes?” Evan asks.

“Evan Hudson?” Sam asks.

“You ever been to a bar called Lloyd's? Would have been about ten years ago.” Says jumping right to the point and scaring Evan. Terrified, Evan slams the door and latches it.

“Come on, we're not demons!” Dean calls through the door.

“Yeah cause he’s gonna believe that.” Y/n snorts.

“Any other bright ideas?” Sam asks looking at Dean.

Dean steps back, sets himself, then kicks the door down in one go. Outside the back room Evan entered, Dean prepares to kick down that door too.

“Wait” Sam says catching Dean’s leg, stopping him. Looking at Dean pointedly, Sam turns the handle and pushes the door open gently. The room is quiet as they enter.

“Evan?” Sam calls.

“Please! Don’t hurt me.” Evan pleads jumping out from behind a bookshelf.

“We're not going to hurt you, all right? We're here to help you.” Sam says holding his hands out in a non-threatening way.

“We know all about the genius deal you made.” Dean says.


“Doesn’t matter. All that matters is, we're trying to stop it.” Y/t/n replies.

“How do I know you're not lying?” Evan retorts.

“Well, you don't, but you're kinda running low on options there, buddy-boy.” Dean sasses.

“Can you stop it?” Evan asks pacing the room.

“Don't know. We'll try.” Sam replies.

“I don't want to die.” Evan responds.

“Of course you don't, not now.” Dean snarks.

“Dean. Stop.” Y/n says quietly.


“My wife.” Evan says.

“Right. Gettin' the girl. Well, that's worth a trip to hell for.” Dean laughs.

“Dean, stop.” Sam says.

“No. He's right, I made the deal. Nobody twisted my arm, that... woman, or whatever she was, at the bar? She said I could have anything I wanted. I thought she was nuts at first, but... I don't know how
to—I was desperate.” Evan responds.

“Desperate?” Sam asks.

“Julie was dying.” Evan replies.

“You did it to save her?” Dean asks.

“She had cancer, they'd stopped treatment, they were moving her into hospice, they kept saying... a matter of days. So yeah, I made the deal. And I'd do it again. I'd have died for her on the spot.” Evan replies.

“Did you ever think about her in all this?” Dean asks.

“I did this for her.” Evan argues.

“You sure about that? I think you did it for yourself. So you wouldn't have to live without her. But guess what? She's going to have to live without you now. But what if she knew how much it cost? What if she knew it cost your soul? How do you think she'd feel?” Dean says advancing on Evan.

“Okay, that's enough.” Y/n demands stepping forward and placing her hand on Dean’s chest stopping him. “Evan, You just sit tight, all right? We're going to figure this out.”

Dean stalks to the hallway the others following after.

“You all right?” Sam asks.

“Yeah, why wouldn't I be? Hey, I got an idea.” Dean says pulling out the Goofer dust, “You throw George's hoodoo at that Hellhound, keep it away from Evan as long as you can. I'm gonna go to the crossroads and summon the demon.”

“Summon— are you nuts?” Sam inquires.

“Maybe a little. But I can trap it. I can exorcise it, and I can buy us time to figure out something more permanent.” Dean replies.

“Yeah, but how much time?” Y/f/n asks.

“I don't know, a while. I mean, it's not easy for those suckers to claw their way back from hell and into the sunshine.” Dean replies.

“No. No way.” Sam argues.

“You're not allowed to say no, Sammy, not unless you've got a better idea.” Dean replies.

“Dean, you can forget it, all right? I'm not letting you summon that demon.” Sam argues.

“Why not?” Dean questions.

“Because I don't like where your head is at right now, that's why not.” Sam retorts.

“What are you talking about?” Dean asks.

“You know, you've been on edge ever since we found that crossroads, Dean, and I think I know why.” Sam replies.
“We don’t have time for this.” Dean says brushing past the others.

“Dad.” Sam says stopping Dean in his tracks, “You think maybe Dad made one of these deals, huh? Hell. I've been thinking it. I'm sure you've been thinking it too.”

“It fits, doesn’t it? Y/n and I are alive, Dad’s dead. The yellow-eyed demon was involved. What if he did? What if he struck a deal? Our lives for his soul?” Dean asks.

“I think I hear it! It's outside!” Evan called from inside.

“Just keep him alive, okay?” Dean says looking at the three of us and heading down the hallway.

“Dean...” Y/n began stepping forward.

“Go!” Dean demands.

Dean heads to the crossroads and places a photo of himself in George’s box of Hoodoo Magic. He buries it dead center at the crossroads, scraping the dirt over it with his hands. As he stands, a beautiful young woman in a black dress appears behind him.

“So. What brings a guy like you to a place like this?” The Demon asks. Dean looks at her appraisingly, “You called me?”

“I'm just glad it worked.” Dean replies.

“First time?” The Demon asks.

“You could say that.” Dean responds.

“Oh, come on now. Don't sell yourself short. I know all about you, Dean Winchester.” She says eyes glowing red for a moment.

“So, you know who I am.” Dean states.

“I get the newsletter.” Dean replies.

“Well, don't keep me in suspense. What have you heard?” Dean inquires.

“Well, I heard you were handsome, but ... you're just edible. What can I do for you, Dean?” The Demon replies.

“Maybe we should do this in my car. Nice and private.” Dean responds.

“Sounds good to me.” The Demon replies and they begin to stroll to Dean’s car.

Back at the Hudson house, Sam is sprinkling the dust in a line before the windows, then starts making a circle of it around Evan, who stands in the middle of the room.

“What is that stuff?” Evan asks.

“Goofer dust.” Y/n replies looking out the window.

“You serious?” Evan asks.

“Yeah. Fraid so. Look. Believe us, don't believe us, whatever you want. Just whatever you do, stay
inside the circle, all right?” Sam replies and Evan nods.

Dean and the Demon are still strolling towards the Impala.

“So I was hoping we could strike a deal.” Dean says.

“That's what I do.” The Demon replies.

“I want Evan Hudson released from his contract.” Dean states.

“Hmm. So sorry, darling. That's not negotiable.” The Demon replies.

“I'll make it worth your while.” Dean suggests.

“Oh really? What are you offering?” The Demon replies.

“Me.” Dean responds.

“Well, well, well. You'd sacrifice your life for someone else's. Like father, like son.” The Demon replies baiting Dean.

Evan is hugging himself, standing in the middle of the circle that Sam is just finishing. He shakes the bag to get out the last grains.

“That's the last of it.” Sam says standing next to Y/f/n.

“You did know about your dad's deal, right? His life for yours? Oh, I didn't make the deal myself, but... boy, I wish I had.” The Demon says as Dean eyes her warily. Dean grits his teeth and opens the passenger side door.

“After you.” He says.

“Such a gentleman.” The Demon replies. As she starts to get into the car, she looks down and sees the edge of a symbol extending from below the car. “A Devil's Trap? You've got to be kidding me.”

EVAN whirls around at an unheard sound.

“What?” Sam asks.

“You hear that?” Evan inquires about the Dog growling that only he can hear.

“No, where?” Sam asks.

“Right outside the door.” Evan replies as the doors begin to rattle violently. Sam steps inside the circle pulling Y/f/n with him as Y/n moves toward it. Side by side inside the circle of dust, Evan, Y/f/n, Y/n and Sam stare tensely at the rattling door.

“Just don't move, all right? Stay where you are.” Y/f/n says.

“You stupid, stupid... I should rip you limb from limb.” The demon growls turning to face Dean. She slams the car door shut and advances on Dean, who backs up towards a wooden structure.
“Take your best shot.” Dean says more pleading than defiant.

“No. I don't think so. I'm not going to put you out of your misery.” The demon replies.

“Yeah? Why not?” Dean questions.

“Because your misery's the whole point. It's too much fun to watch. Knowing how your daddy died for you, how he sold his soul. And how the girl you're falling for won't ever see you that way. I mean, that's gotta hurt.” The demon replies as Dean is backed up against a wooden railing, “It's all you ever think about. You wake up and your first thought is, 'I can't do this anymore.' You're all lit up with pain. I mean, you love them so much. And it's all your fault.” She continues getting in his face. Dean recoils but she presses on, “You blew it, Dean! I could have given you what you need.”

“What do I need?” Dean asks

“Your father or the girl. I could have brought him back. Made her love you. Your loss. Seeya, Dean. I wish you a nice long life.” The demon says turning to leave.

“Hold on.” Dean calls stepping further under the wooden structure.

The Demon stops a smile on her face.

The rattling becomes louder, more violent, then stops suddenly.

“Do you still hear it?” Sam asks looking at Evan.

“No. Is it over?” Evan asks.

A rumbling sound comes from a grating by the wall. The four whirl to stare at it. It bursts outward, kicking dust into the room.

“It's here!” Evan exclaims.

The Demon turns back. Dean is standing beneath the wooden structure, head down.

“You're lucky I've got a soft spot for lost puppies and long faces. I just can't leave you like this. Besides. You didn't call me here to bargain for Evan. Not really.” The Demon says moving under the wooden structure as well.

“Can you bring him back? My dad?” Dean asks.

“What not asking for the girl?” The Demon mocks, “Of course I can. Just as he was. Your dad would live a long and natural life, like he was meant to. That's a promise.”

“What about me?” Dean inquires.

“I could give you ten years. Ten long good years with him and her. That's a lifetime. The family can be together again. John, Dean, Sammy. The Winchester boys all reunited with some additions.” The Demon says advancing toward him, “Look. Your dad's supposed to be alive. You're supposed to be dead. So we'll just set things straight, put things back in their natural order. And you get ten extra years on top. That's a bonus.”

The demon is very close to Dean now and he turns to walk back.
“You think you could...” Dean begins turning to face the demon, “... throw in a set of steak knives?”

“You know, this smart-ass self-defense mechanism of yours...” The demon says taking a few steps forward the stopping. Above her head, on the ceiling of the wooden structure, is a Devil's Trap. She glares at him. “Dean!”

“Now you're really trapped. That's gotta hurt.” Dean sasses.

“Let me out. Now.” The demon demands.

“Sure. We just gotta make a little deal here first. You call off your Hellhounds and let Evan go. Then I'll let you go.” Dean replies.

“I can't break a binding contract.” The demon argues.

“Hmm. And by "can't" you mean "don't want to"? Last chance. Evan and his wife get to live to a ripe old age. Going, going...” Dean says.

“Let's talk about this.” The Demon pleads.

“Okay, gone.” Dean replies circling around the demon and pulling out John’s journal.

The barking is growing louder and closer; invisible Hellhounds surround Sam, Y/f/n, Y/n and Evan.

“No! Back inside the circle!” Sam yells at Evan who tried to move. Deep claw marks are gouged into the floor in a path towards the circle; they stop just before the edge.

“Come on, Dean.” Y/n mutters.

Dean opens the journal. In one hand he holds a rosary.

“What are you doing?” The demon questions.

“Oh, you're just gonna go on a little trip. Way down South.” Dean replies.

“Forget Evan. Think of your dad, the girl.” The demon argues.

“Regna terrae, cantate Deo...” Dean begins the Exorcism, circling the DEMON, who begins to flinch and convulse.

Sam, Y/f/n, Y/n, and Evan back away slowly, wind starting to eat away at their protective circle.

“Circle's broken. Come on!” Sam says pulling Evan out of the room and down the hall. They dart into a storeroom and slam the door behind them. Sam and Y/n brace themselves against it and the Hellhounds start to pound it down.

“... in potentis Magnife!” Dean says.

“Wait!” The demon pleads.
The violent pounding stops and everything goes quiet. Sam, Y/n, Y/f/n, and Evan look around, panting.

Dean and the demon are locked in a passionate kiss. She breaks it and he steps back and blinks.

“What the hell was that for?” Dean asks.

“Sealing the deal.” The Demon replies.

“I usually like to be warned before I'm violated with demon tongue.” Dean sasses.

“Evan Hudson is free. He and his wife will live long lives.” The Demon responds.

“How do I know you're not lying?” Dean questions.

“My word is my bond.” The demon replies.

“Oh, really?” Dean inquires.

“It is when I make a deal. It's the rules. You got what you wanted. Now let me go.” The Demon snaps. Dean steps back, glancing up at the Devil's Trap. He fingers the rosary.

“You're gonna double-cross me? Funny how I'm the trustworthy one.” The demon glares at Dean who shrugs, “You know, you renege? Send me to hell? Sooner or later I'm gonna climb out, and skinning Evan Hudson will be the first thing that I do.”

Dean smiles, stashes the rosary away. He climbs up and breaks the protective circle above her head.

“I gotta tell you. You would have never pulled that stunt if you knew.” The demon says stepping out of the trap.

“Knew what?” Dean asks.

“Where your dad is. You should have made that deal. See, people talk about hell, but it's just a word. It doesn't even come close to describing the real thing.” The Demon replies.

“Shut your mouth, bitch.” Dean demands.

“If you could see your poor daddy? Hear the sounds he makes 'cause he can't even scream?” The demon continues.

“How about I send you back there?” Dean says advancing on the demon.

She throws her head back and black ichor pours out of her mouth as she screams. Dean backs up until he's against the wooden structure again. The Demon is gone, and the girl who had hosted it slumps to the ground, confused.

“What... how did I get here?” She asks looking around.

Dean is driving down a dark road as Sam broods beside him, Y/n and Y/f/n in the backseat watching the night pass.

“Demon's lie all the time, right? Maybe she was lying.” Sam suggests.
“Come on. That really what you think?” Dean asks and Sam looks down, “How could he do it?”

“He did it for you.” Sam replies.

“Exactly. How am I supposed to live with that? You know, the thought of him... wherever he is right now. I mean, he spent his whole life chasing that... yellow-eyed son of a bitch. He should have gone out fighting. That was supposed to be his legacy. You know? Not bargaining with the damn thing. Not this.” Dean responds.

“How many people do you think Dad saved? Total?” Sam asks.

“That's not the point, Sam.” Dean replies.

“Evan Hudson is safe because of what Dad taught us. That's his legacy, Dean. But we're still here, man. So we gotta keep going, for him.” Sam responds. Waiting a moment he looks to his brother, “Dean?”

“Yeah.” Dean replies.

“When you were trapping that demon, you weren't... I mean, it was all a trick, right? You never considered actually making that deal, right?” Sam asks nervously.

Dean stares straight ahead, then glances out the window. He reaches forward and turns the radio on full blast and doesn't say a word.
Sam is lying on the floor beside the motel bed, coming out of a vision. The door opens, and Dean, Y/n, and Y/f/n enter. Dean is chewing on jerky and carrying a six-pack of beer. Sam sits up, panting.

“Sam?” Dean asks.

Sam quickly retells the basics of the vision as he’s packing. The girls rush to their adjoining room and gather their things. They clamber into the Impala and hit the road. Sam using a GPS with speaking capabilities is navigating.

“Continue on O-R Two-Two-Four West.” The GPS says aloud.

“There are only two towns in the US named Rivergrove,” Sam says looking at the GPS.

“How come you're so sure it's the one in Oregon?” Dean asks eyes not leaving the road.

Sam thinks back to the vision. There was an Oregon poster on the wall.

“There was a picture. Crater Lake.” Sam replies.

“Okay, what else?” Y/n questions leaning her head on the seat between the two.

“I saw a dark room, some people, and a guy tied to a chair,” Sam recalls.

“And I ventilated him?” Dean asks looking over to Sam.

“Yeah. You thought there was something inside him.” Sam replies.

“What, a demon? Was he possessed?” Dean inquires glancing at the road then back to his brother.

“I don't know,” Sam replies looking out the window.

“Well, all your weirdo visions are always tied to the Yellow-Eyed Demon somehow . . . So was there any black smoke? Did we try to exorcise it?” Dean responds.

“No. Nothing, you just plugged him, that's it,” Sam replies.

“Well, I'm sure I had a good reason,” Dean says.

“I sure hope so,” Sam replies.

“What does that mean?” Dean questions waiting for a second before continuing, “I mean, I'm not gonna waste an innocent man.” Sam raises his eyebrows, “I wouldn't!” Dean defends.

“I never said you would!” Sam replies quickly.

“Fine!” Dean exclaims.

“Fine! Look, we don't know what it is. But whatever it is, that guy in the chair's a part of it. So let's find him, and see what's what.” Sam reasons.

“Fine,” Dean says again.
“Fine,” Sam says.

“Apparently, everything is fine, Y/f/h,” Y/n says looking at Y/f/h eyebrows raised. Sitting back in the seat Y/n watched the scenery flash by.

The Impala rolls into town past a large billboard advertising Crater Lake. They pull up in front of a wooden shop, out front a man is fixing a fishing rod.

“He was there,” Sam says pointing to the man. All four get out and approach him.

“Morning,” Dean says.

“Good morning. Can I help you?” The man replies.

“Yeah.” Dean responds pulling out a badge and gesturing to Sam then Y/h followed by Y/f/h, “Uh, Billy Gibbons, Frank Beard, Cherie Curry, and Lita Ford. U.S. Marshals.”

“What's this about?” The man asks setting the rod down.

“We're looking for someone,” Y/h responds.

“A young man, early twenties.” Sam continues thinking back to the vision again, “He'd have a, a thin scar right below his hairline.”

“What'd he do?” The man asks.

“Well, nothing. We're actually looking for someone else, but we think this young man could help us.” Y/f/h says quickly.

“Yeah, he's not in any kind of trouble or anything. Well, not yet.” Dean replies glancing down at the man’s arm at a tattoo, “I think maybe you know who he is . . . Master Sergeant.” Dean smiles a little, “My dad was in the Corps so was Lita’s, he was a Corporal.”

“What companies?” The man asks.

“Echo-2-1.” Dean replies.

“India 3-11,” Y/n says.

“So can you help us?” Sam asks.

The man hesitates before replying, “Duane Tanner's got a scar like that. But I know him. Good kid keeps his nose clean.”

“Oh, I'm sure he does. Um. You know where he lives?” Dean asks.

“With his family, up Aspen Way.” The man replies pointing in the direction.

“Thank you,” Y/n says.

They turn to leave, and the man frowns as he watches them go. Across the street, Sam bumped into a telephone pole and glanced at it in passing. He stops, carved into the wood is a single word CROATOAN.

“Hey,” Sam says indicating the word on the pole.
“Croatoan?” Dean questions.

“Yeah,” Sam replies. Dean looks at him blankly so he continues, “Roanoke? Lost colony? Ring a bell? Dean, did you pay any attention in history class?”

“Yeah! Shots heard ’round the world, How bills become a law . . .” Dean replies.

“That's not school, that's Schoolhouse Rock,” Y/n replies in disbelief.

“Whatever.” Dean retorts shrugging his shoulders.

“Roanoke was one of the first English colonies in America, the late 1500s?” Sam says.

“Oh yeah, yeah, I do remember that. The only thing they left behind was a single word carved in a tree. Croatoan.” Dean replies.

“Yeah. And I mean, there were theories — Indian raid, disease, but nobody knows what really happened. They were all just gone. I mean, wiped out overnight.” Sam responds.

“You don't think that's what's going on here, I mean . . .” Dean trails off.

“Whatever I saw in my head, it sure wasn't good. But what do you think could do that?” Sam asks looking back at the word.

“Well, I mean, like I said, all of your weirdo visions are always tied to the Yellow-Eyed Demon somehow, so . . .” Dean says.

“We should get help. Bobby, uh, Ellen maybe?” Sam suggests.

“Yeah, that's a good idea,” Dean replies pulling out his cell phone then frowning at it. “I don't have a signal.”

The other do the same and Sam shakes his head. “I don't either.” He says.

“Noope,” Y/n says shoving her phone back in her pocket.

“Nada.” Y/f/n replies.

They walk to a pay phone, which Dean picks up. Hearing the "out of service" beeping, Dean clicks the receiver several times. “Line's dead.” He says hanging the phone up, “I'll tell you one thing. If I was gonna massacre a town, that'd be my first step.”

The four head to The Tanner house and Dean parks outside a cabin--like house in the middle of nowhere. Sam, Y/f/n, Y/n and Dean approach the front. By the door is a small, tacky plaque that reads "BORN TO FISH; FORCED TO WORK." Sam knocks on the door, and a teenaged boy with dark spiked hair opens it.

“Yeah?” The boys asks.

“We're looking for Duane Tanner; he lives here, right?” Dean asks flashing a badge.

“Yeah, he's my brother.” The boy replies.

“Can we talk to him?” Y/n asks sweetly.

“Oh, he's not here right now.” The boy responds.
“Do you know where he is?” Dean questions.

“Yeah, he went on a fishing trip up by Roslyn Lake.” The boy replies.

“Your parents home?” Sam asks.

“Yes, they're inside.” The boy replies.

“Jake? Who is it?” A man’s voice calls from inside the house.

“Hi, U.S. Marshals, sir, we're looking for your son Duane,” Dean says to Mr. Tanner who approached the door.

“Wh-why? He's not in trouble, is he?” Mr. Tanner asks.

“No, no, no, no. We just need to ask him a couple of routine questions, that's all.” Y/n replies.

“When's he due back from his trip?” Y/f/n questions.

“I'm not sure.” Mr. Tanner replies.

“Well, maybe your wife knows,” Sam suggests.

“No, I don't know, she's not here right now.” Mr. Tanner replies looking back into the house.

“Your son said she was.” Dean replies.

“Did I?” Jake asks.

“She's getting groceries. So, when Duane gets back, there's a number where he can get a hold of you?” Mr. Tanner replies with a laugh.

“Oh no, we'll just check in with you later,” Dean replies with a smile. They turn and walk down the steps as the Tanners shut the door behind them.

“That was kind of creepy, right? A little too Stepford?” Y/n asks stopping at the bottom of the stairs.

“Big time,” Sam replies.

Looking around, they sneak around to the back of the house, crouching below a window. Inside the house, Beverly Tanner is tied to a chair and gagged. Jake comes around behind her and places his hands on her shoulders.

“It's okay, Mom. It's not gonna hurt.” Jake says.

Mr. Tanner comes out of the next room with a kitchen knife. Jake stands in front of his mother and casually rolls up one sleeve. His father cuts into his arm and lets the blood drip onto a wound in Beverly’s shoulder. Outside, Sam, Y/f/n, Y/n, and Dean arm themselves, and Dean kicks open the back door. As they rush in, handguns raised, Mr. Tanner rushes toward them with the knife. Dean shoots him three times in the chest. Jake jumps out the window, shattering the glass, and darts off into the woods. Sam aims at him through the window but hesitates, giving him time to get away.

“You guys get her to the hospital. Y/f/n and I will try to see if we can follow him.” Y/n says moving Sam aside and following Jake out the window.

“Couldn’t you just use the door,” Y/f/n complains also jumping from the window and following Jake
and Y/n into the woods.

Sam and Dean lead Beverly out to the Impala and put her in the front between them. They pull up in front of the clinic and Sam helps her out leading her to the door. Dean opens the trunk and looks around furtively. Sam leads Beverly inside.

“Hello? Hello? We need a doctor here!” Sam calls into the empty clinic.

A young woman rushes out, concerned she asks, “Mrs. Tanner, what happened?”

“She's been attacked,” Sam says

“Doctor Lee?” The young woman yells.

The doctor comes out from a back room and looks at Mrs. Tanner. “Bring her in.” She says.

“Okay,” Sam says. The young woman leads Sam and Beverly into a back room, and Dr. Lee starts to follow. Dean enters, carrying the canvas-covered body of Mr. Tanner hoisted over his shoulders.

“Hey,” Dean calls out.

“Is that —” Dr. Lee begins.

“Mr. Tanner?” Dean asks.

“Was he attacked too?” The doctor questions.

“Uh . . . no, actually, he did the attacking and then he got himself shot.” Dean replies.

“Shot?” Dr. Lee asks.

“Yeah.” Dean replies.

“And who are you?” Dr. Lee asks.

“U.S. Marshal. I'd show you my badge, but uh . . .” Dean says hoisting the body up a little more.

“Oh. Sorry. Bring him back here.” Dr. Lee says leading Dean into the back room. Beverly is seated on a stool with her shirt off as Dr. Lee sits across from her, treating the wound on her left shoulder.

“Wait, you said Jake helped him? Your son Jake?” Dr. Lee questions.

“They beat me. Tied me up.” Mrs. Tanner says nodding her head.

“I don't believe it.” Pam the young nurse replies in disbelief.

“Pam. Beverly . . . Do you have any idea why they would act this way? Any history of chemical dependency?” Dr. Lee asks as Sam and Dean stand in the background.

“No, of course not. I don't know why. One minute they were my husband and my son. And the next, they had the devil in them.” Mrs. Tanner replies. Sam and Dean are listening to this, and they share a look at her last words.

“We gotta talk.” Dean says leading Sam out of the Lab, “Those guys were whacked out of their gourds.”
“What do you think? Multiple demons, mass possession?” Sam questions.

“If it is a possession there could be more. I mean, God knows how many, it could be like a friggin Shriner convention.” Dean replies.

“Great.” Sam retorts.

“Of course, that's one way to wipe out a town, you take it from the inside,” Dean says.

“I don't know, man. We didn't see any of the demon smoke with Mr. Tanner or any of the other usual signs.” Sam replies.

“Well, whatever. Something turned him into a monster.” Dean says walking by Sam then turning, “And you know if you woulda taken out the other one there'd be one less to worry about.”

“I'm sorry, all right? I hesitated, Dean, it was a kid!” Sam defends.

“No, it was an "it." Not the best time for a bleeding heart, Sam. Maybe Y/n and Y/t/n got him.” Dean responds.

Just then Dr. Lee stalks out of the lab, heels clicking loudly on the floor.

“How's the patient?” Sam asks.

“Terrible! What the hell happened out there?” Dr. Lee responds.

“We don't know.” Dean replies.

“Yeah? Well, you just killed my next door neighbor.” Dr. Lee hisses.

“We didn't have a choice,” Dean argues.

“Maybe so, but we need the county Sheriff. I need the coroner . . .” Dr. Lee replies.

“Phones are down,” Sam says.

“I know, I tried. Tell me you have a police radio in the car?” Dr. Lee responds.

“Yeah, we do. But it crapped out just like everything else.” Sam says.

“I don't understand what is happening.” Dr. Lee sighs.

“How far is it to the next town?” Dean questions.

“It's about forty miles down to Sidewinder.” Dr. Lee replies.

“All right, I'm gonna go down there, see if I can find some help,” Dean says clapping Sam on the shoulder. “My partner'll stick around, keep you guys safe. Our other two may show up soon.”

“Safe from what?” Dr. Lee questions.

“We'll get back to you on that,” Dean replies heading out the door.

Dean climbs into the car and heads out of town towards the next one. Dean pulls up behind a wrecked car with Oregon plates that read WTF 4C7. He stops to investigate, carrying a gun. The windows on the car are smashed, and blood covers the seats. On the ground on the driver's side is a large bloody knife.
Out in the woods Y/n and Y/f/n are following behind Jake, chasing him through the woods.

Back at the Clinic Sam is leaning against a counter, staring at the body of Mr. Tanner. He begins pacing. Dr. Lee is nearby, looking at something in a microscope. “Huh.” She says.

“What?” Sam questions.

“His lymphocyte percentage is pretty high. His body was fighting off a viral infection.” Dr. Lee replies.

“Really? What kind of virus?” Sam asks shuffling his feet.

“Can't say for sure.” The Doctor replies with a shake of her head.

“Do you think an infection could have made him act like that?” Sam asks.

“None that I've ever heard of. I mean, some can cause dementia, but not that kind of violence. And besides, I've never heard of one that did this to the blood.” Dr. Lee replies.

“Did what?” Sam asks.

“There's this . . . Weird residue. If I didn't know better, I'd say it was sulfur.” Dr. Lee replies.

“Sulfur,” Sam repeats.

Dean returned to his car and headed further down the road. Driving along the road, he reaches a bridge, which is blocked by a roadblock consisting of several cars and half-dozen locals with guns. One is Jake. Dean stops the car, frowning. Something bangs down on the roof of the car, and he jumps. A man leans over into frame.

“Oh-ho-ho. Hey.” Dean says looking over to the man.

“Sorry. Road's closed.” The man says.

“Yeah, I can see that. What's up?” Dean questions.

“Quarantine.” The man replies.

“Quarantine?” Dean questions, “What is it?”

“Don't know. Something going around out there.” The Man replies looking at the road block then back to Dean.

“Uh-huh. Who told you that?” Dean asks.

“County Sheriff.” The Man replies.

“Is he here?” Dean asks.

“No. He called. Say, why don't you get out of the car and we'll talk a little?” The man replies.

“Well, you are a handsome devil, but I don't swing that way, sorry.” Dean chuckles nervously.

“I'd sure appreciate it if you got out of the car, just for a quick minute.” The man responds.
“Yeah, I'll bet you would,” Dean replies putting the car into a quick reverse. The man grabs his collar and is dragged along. The men at the roadblock begin firing, and Dean swings the car around, shaking the man off and zooming away.

Sam is staring intently at Beverly, still huddled on the stool in the lab. “I don't understand. Are you saying my husband and Jake had a disease?” She asks.

“That's what we're trying to find out. Now, during the attack, do you remember . . . Did you have any direct contact with their blood?” Dr. Lee questions.

“Oh my God. You don't think I've got this virus, do you?” Mrs. Tanner asks frightened.

“Beverly, I don't know what to think. But with your permission, we'll take a blood Sample.” Dr. Lee replies.

Beverly nods and lays her hand gently on Dr. Lee’s. Suddenly she grabs Dr. Lee’s wrist and yells in rage, lashing out with her other hand. Sam advances on her, and Beverly tosses him against a glass cabinet, which shatters. She picks up a scalpel as he takes a fire extinguisher from the wall. She advances on him, still yelling. He knocks her out.

Dean is driving back into town. Mark steps into his path brandishing a rifle, and he stops the car.

“Hands where I can see 'em!” Mark yells.

“Son of a -” Dean began raising his hands in the air.

“Get out of the car! Out of the car!” Mark yells again.

“All right, easy there, big guy,” Dean says opening the door to the car slowly and climbing out. As he stands, Dean pulls out a handgun and points it at Mark. “All right, put it down!”

“Lower it now!” Mark demands.

“Put it down!” Dean counters.

“Are you one of 'em?” Mark questions.

“No! Are you?” Dean retorts.

“No!” Mark yells back.

“You could be lying!” Dean replies.

“So could you!” Mark responds.

“All right! All right. We could do this all day, all right? Let's just uh, let's take it easy before we kill each other.” Dean says holding up one hand.

“What's going on with everybody?” Mark asks relaxing slightly.

“I don't know.” Dean replies.

“My neighbor . . . Mr. Rogers, he —” Mark begins.

“You've got a neighbor named Mr. Rogers?” Dean questions before mumbling, “Man, Y/n woulda
loved that joke.”

“Not anymore,” Mark replies. “He came at me with a hatchet. I put him down. He's not the only one, I mean, it's happening to everyone.”

“I'm heading over to the Doc's place, there's still some people left.” Dean replies.

“No, no way. I'm getting the hell out.” Mark responds.

“There's no way out, they got the bridge covered, come on.” Dean responds.

“I don't believe you,” Mark replies.

“Fine, stay here, be my guest.” Dean retorts going to climb back into the car. Mark hesitates, then changes his mind. He pulls out a handgun and keeps it pointed towards Dean as he gets into the passenger's side. Dean still has his gun up as well.

“Well, this ought to be a relaxing drive,” Dean mutters to himself.

Dr. Lee is again looking through the microscope while Pam huddles against the far wall.

“What if we all have it? What if we all go crazy?” Pam questions.

“You've got to stay calm. All we can do is wait. The Marshal's bringing help.” Dr. Lee replies.

“I can't, I . . . I've got to go.” Pam says heading for the door.

“Pam.” Dr. Lee calls.

“No, you don't understand. My boyfriend's out there, I gotta make sure he's okay.” Pam replies.

She hurries out of the lab, and Sam follows her all the way to the lobby.

“All right, wait, wait. Please. Look, I know you're upset, all right? But it's safer if you stay here for now. Help is coming.” Sam coos. The Impala pulls up outside. “There they are.”

“Sammy? Open up!” Dean yells outside the door. Sam opens the door to let in Dean and Mark both still armed.

“Did you guys, uh, get to a phone?” Sam asks.

“Roadblock.” Dean replies before looking to Mark, “I'm gonna have a word. Doc's inside.”

“What's going on out there, Dean?” Sam inquires.

“Man, I don't know, I feel like Chuck Heston in the Omega Man, I mean, Sarge is the only sane person I could find. What are we dealing with, do you know? Are Y/n and Y/f/n back?” Dean replies.

“Yeah. Doc thinks it's a virus. And no I haven’t seen them.” Sam responds.

“Okay, great. What do you think?” Dean questions.

“I think she's right,” Sam replies.

“Really?” Dean replies.
“Yeah. And I think the infected are trying to infect others with blood-to-blood contact. Oh, but it gets better. The uh, the virus? Leaves traces of sulfur in the blood.” Sam explains.

“A demonic virus?” probes Dean.

“Yeah, more like demonic germ warfare. At least it explains why I've been having visions.” Sam clarifies.

“It's like a Biblical plague.” Dean marvels.

“Yeah. You don't know how right you are, Dean. I've been poring through Dad's journal, found something about the Roanoke colony.” Sam informs Dean.

“And?” Dean inquires.

“Dad always had a theory about Croatoan. He thought it was a demon's name. Sometimes known as Deva or sometimes Resheph. A demon of plague and pestilence.” Sam recounts.

“Well, that, that's terrific. Why here, why now?” Dean wonders.

“I have no idea. But Dean, who knows how far this thing can spread? We gotta get out of here, we gotta warn people.” Sam beseeches.

“They’ve got one! In here!” Mark calls from the other room.

“What do you mean?” Dean asks entering the back room.

“The wife. She's infected.” Sam replies.

“We've gotta take care of this. We can't just leave her in there. My neighbors, they were strong. The longer we wait, the stronger she'll get.” Mark proclaims.

Dean barely hesitated before pulling out his gun and stalking into the lab.

“You're gonna kill Beverly Tanner?” Pam inquires.

“Doctor, could there be any treatment? Some kind of cure for this?” Sam questions looking at the Doctor.

“Can you cure it?” Dean asks.

“For God's sake, I don't even know what "it" is!” Dr. Lee exclaims.

“I told you, it's just a matter of time before she breaks through,” Mark says.

“Just leave her in there, you can't shoot her like an animal!” Pam cries.

“Sam,” Dean calls heading for the door of the utility room, where Beverly is being held. Dean and Mark keep their guns ready. Sam carefully opens the door, and Dean and Mark take up offensive positions. Inside, Beverly is huddled on the floor, knees drawn up. She jumps at their approach.

“Mark, what are you doing? Mark, it's, it's them! They locked me in here, they, they tried to kill me! They're infected, not me! Please, Mark! You've known me all your life! Please!” Beverly pleads.

“You sure she's one of 'em?” Dean inquires.
Sam nods, his face twisted in distress. As Mark pulls back, near tears, Dean steps forward and fires three bullets.

The shades are drawn, and Mark peers through them cautiously. A few people are gathered outside in the dark. Behind him, Sam pulls out a hunting knife and checks the blade as Dean loads a gun. In the lab, Pam has just dropped a vial of blood.

“Oh god! Is there any on me? Am I okay?” Pam screams.

“You're clean, you're okay.” Dr. Lee replies checking Pam over.

“Why are we staying here? Please, let's just go!” Pam pleads.

“No, we can't, because those things are everywhere. And our friends are out there.” Dean replies

“Oh God . . .” Pam mutters bending at the waist.

“Hey, shh, shh.” Dr. Lee soothes.

“She's right about one thing. We can't stay here. We gotta find Y/f/n and Y/n. We've gotta get out of here, get to the Roadhouse? Somewhere. Let people know what's coming.” Sam murmurs to Dean.

“Yeah, good point. Night of the Living Dead didn't exactly end pretty.” Dean replies.

“Well, I'm not sure we've got a choice. Lots of folks up here are good with rifles — even with all your hardware we're, we're easy targets. So unless you've got some explosives . . .” Mark replies.

Sam glances up at a shelf of medical supplies and gets an idea.

“We could make some,” Sam says. He walks over to the shelf and takes down a bottle of Potassium Chlorate. Someone starts pounding frantically on the front door. The Boys run out.

“Hey! Let me in, let me in! Please!” A man’s voice calls out.

“It's Duane Tanner!” Mark exclaims. He opens the door and lets DUANE in. He has a backpack and is limping.

“Thank God,” Duane says rushing into the room.

“Duane, you okay?” Mark asks.

“That's the guy that I, uh,” Dean asks clicking his tongue on the last part.

“Yeah,” Sam replies

“Who else is in here?” Duane asks.

“Hey, whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa, easy there, chief. Hey Doc! Give Duane a good once-over, would you?” Dean calls grabbing Duane by the arm and stopping him.

“Pam?” Dr. Lee calls leading everyone into the back room.

“Who are you?” Duane asks Dean.

“Never mind who I am. Doc.” Dean replies.

“Yeah, okay.” Dr. Lee says grabbing gloves and putting them on.
“Duane. Where you been?” Mark asks.

“On a fishing trip up by Roslyn. I came back this afternoon. I . . . I saw Roger McGill being dragged out of his house by people we know! They started cutting him with knives! I ran, I've been hiding in the woods ever since. Has anybody seen my mom and dad?” Duane asks looking back at the doctor.

“Awkward . . .” Dean attempts a joke.

Duane is sitting on a stool, and his left leg has a deep gash in it.

“You're bleeding.” Dr. Lee comments.

“Where'd you get that?” Dean asks.

“I was running, I must have tripped,” Duane replies looking up at Dean.

“Tie him up, there's rope in there,” Dean says to Mark.

“Wait . . .” Duane stands up to defend himself.

“Sit down!” Dean demands pulling his gun on Duane.

“I'm sorry, Duane, he's right. We've gotta be careful.” Mark says heading out of the room for the rope.

“Careful? About what?” Duane questions.

“Did they bleed on you?” Dean asks.

“No, what the hell? No!” Duane exclaims as Mark returns to the room with a length of rope.

“Doc? Any way to know for sure, any test?” Sam inquires.

“I've studied Beverly's bloodwork backwards and forwards.” Dr. Lee comments.

“My mom?” Duane asks.

“It took three hours for the virus to incubate. The sulfur didn't appear in the blood until then, so . . . No, there'd be no way of knowing. Not until after Duane turns.” Dr. Lee responds.

“Dean, I gotta talk to you. Now.” Sam says urgently. Dean glances at Mark, who nods. Dean and Sam leave the lab.

“Sit in that chair,” Mark says to Duane pointing at a chair.

Sam and Dean head to another room and Dean turns to look at Sam.

“This is my vision, Dean. It's happening.” Sam says.

“Yeah, I figured,” Dean replies drily.

“You can't kill him, all right? Not yet. We don't know if he's infected or not.” Sam says.

“Well, I think we're pretty damn sure. Guy shows up out of nowhere, he's got a cut on his leg, his whole family's infected?” Dean comments.

“All right, then we should keep him tied up, and we should wait and see.” Sam tries.
“For what? For him to Hulk out and infect somebody else? When the girls finally show up let him hurt them? No thanks, can't take that chance.” Dean replies. He starts to push past Sam, who stops him with a hand on his chest. “Hey look, man, I'm not happy about this, okay? But it's a tough job, and you know that.”

“It's supposed to be tough, Dean. We're supposed to struggle with this, that's the whole point.” Sam responds.

“What does that buy us?” Dean inquires.

“A clear conscience, for one!” Sam exclaims.

“Well, it's too late for that,” Dean replies going to push past Sam.

“What the hell's happened to you?” Sam asks stopping him again.

“What?” Dean asks.

“You might kill an innocent man, and you don't even care! You don't act like yourself anymore, Dean. Hell, you know what? You're acting like one of those things out there.” Sam argues.

“Mm-hmm,” Dean replies pushing past Sam a third time. Sam tries to stop him again, but Dean hurls him against the far wall. He goes back into the hall and locks the door behind him.

“Hey!” Sam yells rattling the lock “Open the damn door, Dean! Don't do it, Dean! Don't!”

Dean moves to the hallway between the two rooms. He drops the clip out of the gun and taps it against the butt, then replaces it. He opens the door to the lab and shuts it behind him. Duane is tied to the chair, and Mark, Pam and Dr. Lee stand nearby.

“No, you're not gonna . . . No, no, I swear it's not in me!” Duane cries.

“Oh God. We're all gonna die.” Pam whimpers.

“Maybe he's telling the truth,” Mark says.

“No, he's not him, not anymore,” Dean replies cocking his gun.

“Stop it! Ask her, ask the doctor! It's not in me!” Duane urges.

“I . . . I can't tell.” Dr. Lee replies.

“Please, don't. Don't, please. I swear it's not in me, it's not in me, I swear, I, I swear it's not in me. No, don't.” Duane sobs.

“I got no choice,” Dean says raising the gun to point at Duane. The moment stretches on, Dean pointing the gun at DUANE with his finger hovering over the trigger, Duane sobbing, the others watching in tense silence. Dean trembles hesitant, and finally, lowers the gun with a grimace.

“Damn it!” Dean exclaims. Duane pants in relief as Dean leaves the room.

Dean and Sam are preparing explosives with rags and glass bottles. Dr. Lee enters, hands in her pockets.

“It's been over four hours. Duane's blood is still clean. I don't think he's infected. I'd like to untie him if that's all right.” Dr. Lee inquires. Dean and Sam share a look. Sam nods and Dean lowers his head.
“Sure. Yeah.” Sam says. The doctor leaves and Sam turns to Dean, “You know I'm gonna ask you why.”

“Yeah, I know,” Dean replies holding up a bottle to the light.

“So why? Why didn't you do it?” Sam asks.

Dean looks around at the things in front of him then clears his throat. “We need more alcohol.” Dean replies. Sam gets up and goes into the dispensary and finds Pam already there.

“How you holding up, Pam?” Sam asks.

“Good. It'll all be over soon.” Pam replies shutting the door and locking it. Sam, his back turned, doesn't notice. “In fact, I've been waiting for this the whole time.”

“For what?” Sam asks.

“To get you alone,” Pam replies. She lashes out and knocks him to the ground. She straddles his chest and hits him, hard, across the face. Outside the room, Dean and Mark hear the commotion and arm themselves. Pam has a scalpel in one hand, which she slices across Sam's chest and then across her own palm, placing her wound over his. Dean kicks the door open and shoots her three times in the back. She convulses and falls to the floor. Sam reaches out a hand to Dean, who starts to lean over to take it but Mark pulls him back.

“She bled on him. He's got the virus.” Mark says.

Sam pulls his hand back, realizing it's true.

Sam is taken to the lab and is now sitting on the stool, a bandage pressed to his chest. His eyes are down, and he looks near tears. The others surround him, Dean pacing angrily.

“Doc, check his wound again, would you?” Dean grunts, “Doctor!”

“What's she need to examine him for? You saw what happened.” Mark argues.

“Did her blood actually enter your wound?” Dr. Lee asks Sam.

“Come on, of course, it did!” Mark exclaims.

“We don't know that for sure.” Dean counters.

“We can't take a chance,” Duane argues.

“You know what we have to do,” Mark exclaims.

“Nobody is shooting my brother.” Dean demands.

“He isn't gonna be your brother much longer. You said it yourself.” Duane rants.

“Nobody is shooting anyone!” Dean commands.

“You were gonna shoot me!” Duane argues.

“You don't shut your pie-hole, I still might!” Dean counters.

“Dean, they're right. I'm infected; just give me the gun and I'll do it myself.” Sam says defeated.
“Forget it.” Dean demands.

“Dean, I'm not gonna become one of those things,” Sam replies.

“Sam, we've still got some time,” Dean begins.

“Time for what? Look, I understand he's your brother, and I'm sorry, I am. But we gotta take care of this.” Mark says pulling out his handgun.

“I'm gonna say this one time — you make a move on him, you'll be dead before you hit the ground. You understand me? I mean, do I make myself clear?!” Y/n demands from behind Mark her gun pointed at the back of his head.

Everyone turns to the new voice in the room as Y/n and Y/f/n enter.

“Then what are we supposed to do?!?” Mark demands. Dean tosses Mark his keys and Y/n lowers her gun.

“Get the hell out of here, that's what. Take my car. You've got the explosives, there's an arsenal in there. You four go with him. You've got enough firepower to handle anything now.” Dean says looking at the Doctor and Duane, Then Y/f/n and Y/n.

“What about you?” Mark asks.

“Dean, no. No. Go with them. This is your only chance!” Sam says after Dean doesn't answer.

“You're not gonna get rid of me that easy.” Dean replies.

“I'm not going anywhere,” Y/n replies moving to stand next to Sam.

“It's all of us or none of us Sam,” Y/f/n says moving to Sam’s other side.

“No, he's right. Come with us. All of you.” Mark says looking at Dean then Y/n, and Y/f/n. When none of the moves he continues, “Okay, it's your funeral.”

He leads Duane and Dr. Lee out the door.

“I'm sorry. Thanks for everything, Marshals.” Dr. Lee says looking back at the boys.

“Oh, actually we're not really Marshals.” Dean replies.

“Um. Oh.” Dr. Lee says. Dean smirks and she turns to leave, Dean shuts the door behind her. He turns slowly to face Sam, who starts to cry.

“Wish we had a deck of cards, or a foosball table or something,” Dean says.

“Guys, don't do this. Just get the hell out of here.” Sam urges.

“No way.” Dean replies.

“You’re stuck with us till the end, Sammy,” Y/f/n says

“Give me my gun, and leave.” Sam demands.

“For the last time, Sam. No.” Dean replies turning away from him.

“This is the dumbest thing you’ve ever done,” Sam says slamming his hand down on the table then
looking at all of us.

“Oh, I don't know about that. Remember that waitress in Tampa?” Dean inquires with a shudder.

“I can't believe you actually went there with her.” Y/n laughs.

“Guys, I'm sick. It's over for me. It doesn't have to be for you.” Sam says.

“No?” Dean asks.

“No, you can keep going,” Sam replies.

“Who says we want to?” Y/n asks gently.

“What?” Sam asks.

Dean crosses to the other wall and pulls a handgun out of his waistband before sitting on the file cabinet.

“I'm tired, Sam. I'm tired of this job, this life . . . This weight on my shoulders, man. I'm tired of it.” Dean says.

“So what, so you're just going to give up? You're just gonna lay down and die? Look, Dean, I know this stuff with Dad has —” Sam began.

“You're wrong. It's not about Dad. I mean, part of it is, sure, but . . .” Dean trails off.

“What is it about?” Sam asks. They hear a noise outside, and a moment later there's a knocking on the door. Dean picks up both handguns and crosses to it. Dr. Lee is there. He opens the door.

“You'd better come see this.” Dr. Lee says breathlessly.

The survivors stand just outside the clinic; everything else in sight is deathly silent.

“There's no one. Not anywhere. They've all just . . . vanished.” Dr. Lee says.

The survivors returned to the clinic and waited out the night. In the morning Dr. Lee is looking through the microscope; Sam is seated on the exam table.

“Well, it's been five hours and your blood's still clean. I don't understand it, but I think you dodged a bullet.” She says looking away from the microscope.

“But I was exposed. How could I not be infected?” Sam asks.

“I don't know. But you're just not. I mean, you compare it with the Tanner Samples . . .” Dr. Lee says looking through another microscope, “What the hell?”

“What?” Sam asks.

“Their blood. There's no trace of the virus. No sulfur, nothing.” Dr. Lee replies.

Mark and Duane are loading up a truck. Dr. Lee stands in the doorway of the clinic.

“Hey, the Sarge and I are getting the hell out of here, heading south. You should come.” Duane says looking at the Doctor.

“I'd better get over to Sidewinder, get the authorities up here. If they'll believe me. Take care.” Dr.
Lee replies.

Mark waves to her and to Dean, Y/n, Y/f/n and Sam, who are leaning against the Impala.

“What about him?” Dean asks jerking his head toward Sam.

“He's going to be fine. No signs of infection.” Dr. Lee replies.

Dr. Lee goes back inside as Mark and Duane pull away in the truck. Dean turns to Sam.

“Hey man, don't look at me. I got no clue.” Sam says.

“I swear, I'm gonna lose sleep over this one. I mean, why here, why now? And where the hell did everybody go? It's not like they just friggin melted.” Dean grumbles turning and walking around the car.

“Why was I immune?” Sam asks.

“Yeah. You know what? That's a good question. You know, I'm already starting to feel like this is the one that got away? And how the hell did you two get in the clinic?” Dean demands.

Y/n smirked and winked at Dean before they get in the car and pull away from town.

Several miles away from town Dean pulls over near a bridge. The Impala is parked by the side of a road, overlooking a river. Dean and Sam lean against a fence, drinking beer.

“So. Last night. You want to tell me what the hell you were talking about?” Sam asks.

“What do you mean?” Dean replies.

“What do I mean? I mean you said you were tired of the job. And that it wasn't just because of Dad.” Sam responds.

“Forget it.” Dean replies.

“No, I can't. No way.” Sam retorts.

“Come on man, I thought we were all going to die, you can't hold that over me.” Dean replies.

“No, no, no. You can't pull that crap with me, man. You're talking.” Sam demands.

“And what if I don't?” Dean inquires.

“Then I guess I'll just have to keep asking until you do,” Sam replies.

“I don't know, man. I just think maybe we ought to . . . Go to the Grand Canyon.” Dean says.

“What?” Sam asks.

“Yeah, you know, all this driving back and forth across country, you know I've never been to the Grand Canyon? Or we could go to T.J. Or Hollywood, see if we can bang Lindsey Lohan.” Dean replies.

“Ew don’t do that,” Y/n says quickly.

“You're not making any sense,” Sam says ignoring Y/n’s comment.

“I just think we should take a break from all this. Why do we gotta get stuck with all the
responsibility, you know? Why can't we live life a little bit?” Dean asks.

“Why are you saying all this?” Sam questions. Dean shakes his head and turns away. “No, no, no, no, Dean. You're my brother, all right? So whatever weight you're carrying, let me help a little bit.”

“I can't. I promised.” Dean replies.

“Who?” Sam asks.

“Dad.” Dean replies.

“What are you talking about?” Sam inquires.

“Right before Dad died, he told me something.” Dean replies. He takes a breath, then looks at Sam, “He told me something about you.”

“What? Dean, what did he tell you?” Sam asks. Dean looks down then back up to Sam.
The Impala is parked under a tree. Sam, Y/f/n, Y/n and Dean are drinking beer by the fence around a small lake.

“Before Dad died he, he told me something — something about you,” Dean says facing Sam.

“What? Dean, what did he tell you?” Sam asks.

“He said that he wanted me to watch out for you, to take care of you,” Dean replies looking lost.

“He told you that a million times.” Sam reasons.

“No, this time, was different. He said that I had to save you.” Dean replies looking down.

“Save me from what?” Sam inquires.

“He just said that I had to save you, that nothing else mattered; and that if I couldn't, I'd . . .” Dean chokes out.

“You'd what, Dean?” Sam urges.

“That I'd have to kill you. He said that I might have to kill you, Sammy.” Dean reveals.

“Kill me? What the hell is that supposed to mean?” Sam asks.

“I don't know.” Dean replies.

“I mean, he must have had some kind of reason for saying it, right? Did he know the demon's plans for me? Am I supposed to go Darkside or something? What else did he say, Dean?” Sam pushes for Dean to tell him more.

“Nothing, that's it, I swear.” Dean responds.

“How could you not have told me this?” Sam questions angrily.

“Because it was Dad, and he begged me not to.” Dean reasons.

“Who cares?! Take some responsibility for yourself, Dean! You had no right to keep this from me!” Sam rants.

“You think I wanted this? Huh? I wish to God he'd never opened his mouth. Then I wouldn't have to walk around with this screaming in my head all day.” Dean argues.

Sam turns and takes a few steps away toward where Y/f/n and Y/n are standing.

“We've just got to figure out what's going on, then, what the hell all this means.” Sam demands.

“We do? I've been thinking about this, I think we should just lay low. You know? At least for a while. It'd be safer. And that way I can make sure —” Dean begins.
“What? That I don't turn evil? That I don't turn into some kind of killer?” Sam suggests.

“He never said that, Sam.” Y/n says stepping forward slowly.

“Jeez, if you're not careful you will have to waste me one day, Dean,” Sam says ignoring Y/n.

“I never said that!” Dean rages “Damn it, Sam, this whole thing is spinning out of control. All right? You're immune to some weirdo demon virus, and I don't even know what the hell anymore. And you're pissed at me, I get it. That's fine, I deserve it. But we lay low until we figure out our next move, okay?”

“Forget it,” Sam says.

“Sam, please, man. Hey, please. Just give me some time. Give me some time to think, okay? I'm begging you here, please. Please.” Dean pleads. Sam nods reluctantly, and the four eventually head for a Motel.

Sam leaves a motel room alone, a bag over his shoulder. He tiptoes past the Impala to a small black car. He opens the door with a coat hanger, looks around, and gets in. He drives away.

A young woman, in Peoria, wakes up from her sleep, gasping, drenched in sweat. The man behind her stirs.

“Hey, honey?” He questions.

“Oh.” She replies noticing him for the first time.

“You okay?” He asks.

“No, I just had another nightmare. It's fine, it's nothing. Just go back to sleep.” She replies.

“You sure?” He asks.

“Yeah.” She says. She lies down again, still panting.

Sam enters the Roadhouse, and heads turn. Ellen is behind the bar and looks up as he approaches.

“Sam.” She says smiling knowingly.

“Hey, Ellen.” Sam replies grinning sheepishly, “You don't seem that surprised to see me.”

“Well, your brother and friend’s been calling, worried sick, looking for you,” Ellen replies setting the glass she had been wiping on the counter.

“Yeah. Figured they might.” Sam replies

“What's going on between you?” Ellen asks.

“So, um, how's Jo?” Sam asks changing the subject.

“Well, I don't really know,” Ellen says with a nod.

“What do you mean?” Sam asks.

“Well, I haven't seen her in weeks. She sends a postcard now and again.” Ellen replies with a shrug.

“Well, what happened?” Sam asks.
“Well, after she worked that job with you boys she decided she wanted to keep on hunting. I said ‘not under my roof’, and she said ‘fine.’” Ellen informs.

“So I'm probably the last person you want to see right now.” Sam inquires.

Ellen chuckles. “Oh, don't get me wrong. I wish I could blame the hell out of you boys. It'd be easier. Truth is, it's not your fault. Sam. None of it is. I want you to know that I forgave your daddy a long time ago for what happened to my Bill. I just don't think he ever forgave himself.” She says.

“What did happen?” Sam questions.

“Um, so, why did you come here, sweetie?” Ellen asks changing the subject.

“I need help,” Sam replies.

Ellen and Sam are talking to Ash, who is looking around furtively.

“What am I looking for, Sam?” He asks.

“Other people, other psychics, like me. As many as possible, and I need a nationwide search.” Sam replies.

“But I thought there was no way to track them all down. Not all of them had nursery fires like you did.” Ellen asks.

“Well, no, but some had to. Start there.” Sam replies.

Ash heads to his back room and begins the search. Not long after he emerges from his back room with a piece of paper in his hand.

“Done, and done.” He says giving the paper a flourish.

“That was fast,” Sam replies setting his beer down.

“Well, apparently, that's my job. Make the monkey dance at the keyboard.” Ash replies.

“Just tell us what you got, Ash,” Ellen responds walking over.

“Four folks fit the profile nationwide. Born in '83, mother died in a nursery fire, the whole shebang.” Ash replies.

“Four? That's it?” Sam questions.

“Sam Winchester from Lawrence, Kansas, Max Miller from Saginaw, Michigan, Andrew Gallagher from Guthrie, Oklahoma, and uh, another name. Scott Carey.” Ash replies throwing the paper on the bar.

“You got an address?” Sam asks snatching the paper up.


“So he's dead?” Sam asks.

“Killed, about a month ago,” Ash replies.

“Killed how?” Sam inquires.
“Stabbed. Parking lot. Fuzz don't have much, no suspects.” Ash responds.

“All right. Thank you.” Sam replies. As he gets up to leave, Ash slaps him on the back; when he's out of eyeshot Ash picks up Sam's half-full beer and starts drinking it.

“Where are you going?” Ellen asks.

“Indiana,” Sam replies.

“Sam? I've gotta call Dean, I've gotta let him know where you are.” Ellen replies.

“Ellen. I'm trying to find answers, about who I am. And my brother means well, but he can't protect me from that. Please.” Sam pleads. Ellen nods reluctantly.

“Dean, Jesus Christ, sit down all your pacing is driving me nuts.” Y/n snaps at Dean who has been pacing the length of the motel room.

“My brother just disappears. I'm supposed to take care of him.” Dean snaps.

“I get it, Dean, I really do but wearing a hole in the floor isn't doing any good.” Y/n replies calmer now. “Just calm down we'll hear something soon I promise.”

Sam is sitting with Scott’s father in his living room, talking.

“So you say you went to high school with Scott?” Mr. Carey asks.

“Uh, yes sir, I did. I just heard about what happened, I'm so sorry.” Sam replies falling easily into the lie.

“Scotty was a good boy. He changed a lot since you knew him.” Mr. Carey answers.

“What do you mean?” Sam inquires.

“It started about a year ago with these headaches. And then he got depressed, paranoid, nightmares.” Mr. Carey responds.

“Nightmares? Um, did he ever talk to you about his nightmares? What he saw, or,” Sam asks.

“No, no. He closed up with me. I tried to get him help, but nothing took. He'd just lock himself in his room for days.” Mr. Carey replies.

“You think maybe I could see his room?” Sam asks.

Sam pokes around Scott’s room. The room contains a bare bed with a sleeping bag, some bookshelves covered in books and cassette tapes. On the bedside table, he sees several bottles of pills, prescribed by Dr. George Waxler. Sam looks behind him, then pockets one bottle. He opens Scott’s closet and shoves aside the clothes to reveal a collage of yellow eyes cut out of photos or magazines, glued to the wall.

Sam heads back to the motel he’s staying in. He walks across the parking lot. As he gets to the door, he senses he's being followed. He turns and grabs the figure behind him, shoving her against the wall. It is the young woman from Peoria.
“Who are you?” Sam demands.

“Please! You're in danger.” She pleads.

Sam lets her into his motel room. She begins pacing, talking somewhat frantically.

“Okay, look, I know how all this sounds, but I am not insane, and I am not on drugs. Okay? I am normal, and this is way, way off the map for me.” The woman says.

“All right, all right, just, just calm down. Okay? What's your name?” Sam asks.

“Ava.” She replies.

“Ava?” Sam repeats.

“Ava Wilson.” She replies.

“Ava, I'm Sam Winchester, all right? Now, you were telling me about these dreams of yours?” Sam urges.

“Uh, yeah, uh, okay, about a year ago I started having these, like, headaches, and just, nightmares, I guess. And I really didn't think much of it until I had this one dream where I saw this guy get stabbed in a parking lot.” Ava babbled.

“When was this?” Sam asks.

“Uh, about a month ago. But, anyway, a couple of days later, I found this.” She responds. She pulls out a newspaper clipping and hands it to Sam. It reads "LOCAL MAN STABBED TO DEATH IN PARKING LOT" next to a picture of Scott Carey. Sam takes the clipping.

“I saw this guy die, days before it happened. I don't know why, I don't know, it's just for some reason, my dreams are coming true. And last night I had another one.” Ava continues.

“Okay,” Sam says.

“About you. I saw you die.” Ava reveals.

“How did you find me?” Sam inquires.

“Oh, uh, you had motel stationery, and I Googled the motel, and it was real, and so I just thought that I should warn you,” Ava replies.

“I don't believe this.” Sam breathes.

“Oh, oh, of course, you don't. You think I'm a total nutjob.” Ava frets.

“Wait, no, no, no, I mean, you must be one of us.” Sam corrects.

“Sorry, one of, one of who?” Ava inquires.

“One of the Psychics. Like me. Look, Ava, I have visions too, all right? So we're connected.” Sam explains.

“Okay, so, you're nuts. That's great.” Ava chuckled.
“Okay, okay, look. Did your mother happen to die in a house fire?” Sam asks.

“No, my mother lives in Palm Beach!” Ava replies.

“So you don't fit the pattern either.” Sam mutters. Ava frowns at him in confusion.

Dean is driving along a blacktop at night. Y/n in the front next to him and Y/f/n asleep in the back. His cell phone rings.

“Hello?” He answers putting the phone on speaker.

“Hey, it’s Ellen.” Ellen replies.

“Hey, have you heard from Sam?” Dean asks.

“I have, but he made me promise not to tell you where he is.” Ellen replies.

“Come on, Ellen, please. Something bad could be going on here, and I swore I'd look after that kid.” Dean pleads.

“Now Dean, they say you can't protect your loved ones forever.” Ellen replies pausing a bit then continuing, “Well, I say screw that. What else is family for? He's in Lafayette, Indiana.”

“Thanks,” Dean replies hanging up the phone.

Back at the Blue Rose Motel. Sam and Ava are sitting on the beds facing each other as Ava tries unsuccessfully to get Sam to leave.

“Why can't you just leave town? Please? Before you blow up?” Ava pleads.

“No, I can't,” Sam replies shaking his head.

“Oh, God. Why not?” Ava requests.

“Because there's something going on here, Ava. With you, with me. I mean, there are others like us out there. And we're all a part of something, and I've got to figure out what.” Sam replies.

“Okay. You know what? Screw you, buddy. Okay? Because I'm a secretary from Peoria and I'm not part of anything! Okay? Do you see this?” She demands fingering her engagement ring, “I am getting married in eight weeks. I am supposed to be at home addressing invitations, which I am way behind on, by the way. But instead, I drove out here to save your weirdo ass. But if you just want to stay here and die, fine. Me? I'm due back on Planet Earth.”

“Don't you want to know why this is happening? I mean, don't these visions scare the hell out of you? Because if you walk out that door right now, you might never know the truth. I need your help.” Sam tempts.

Ava eventually gives in to Sam’s pleading and Sam set her up with an appointment with Dr. Waxler. Ava is sitting in Waxler’s office in a therapy session, to cover for Sam's mission of covert theft.

“So, Ms. Wilson, you're new in town.” Dr. Waxler asks.

“That's right,” Ava replies nervously.
“And what made you decided to seek out therapy?” Dr. Waxler asks.

“I have no idea,” Ava responds.

“No?” He questions.

“No. I mean, I'm feeling really super anxious right now.” Ava replies.

“Okay, anything else?” Dr. Waxler inquires.

“Um . . .” She begins then notices Sam inching by on the window ledge outside, “Holy crap!”

“What?” Dr. Waxler asks turning to the window as a few pigeons fly off.

“I just remembered, when I was a kid, I swallowed like, eight things of pop rocks and then drank a whole can of coke, you don't think that that counts as a suicide attempt, do you?” Ava asks quickly.

Ava and Sam return to the motel room with Scott’s files. Ava looks stunned.

“Are you okay?” Sam asks.

“Am I okay?” Ava repeats.

“Yeah.” Sam deadpans.

“I just helped you steal some dead guy's confidential psych files. I'm awesome!” Ava exclaims happily.

A record from the therapy session is playing. Sam and Ava listening intently.

“It started a little over a year ago. Migraines, at first. Then I found I could do . . . stuff.” Scott’s voice says through the tiny speaker on the recorder.

“What do you mean, do stuff?” Waxler’s voice asks.

“I have this ability. When I touch something, I can electrocute it if I want.” Scott replies.

Dean pulls into the parking lot in the Impala. When he sees Sam through the window of his room, he sighs in relief. Seeing Sam is Ok he decides not to wake Y/n or Y/f/n just yet.

“Oh, thank god you're okay,” Dean mumbles to himself watching as Sam moves aside, revealing Ava through the window.

“Oh, you're better than okay. Sam, you sly dog!” Dean smiles.

The recording continues, Sam is leaning over the table, looking more concerned.

“What else does the yellow-eyed man say?” Waxler inquires.

“He has plans for me. He says there's a war coming. That people like me, we're going to be the soldiers. Everything’s about to change.” Scott replies ending the recording.

“He’s not talking about us, right?” Ava worries.
“Yeah, I think he is,” Sam replies.

“But how can we turn into that?” Ava questions.

“I don’t—” Sam begins before the window above his head shatters as it's hit with a bullet. He dives to the floor with Ava, shielding her body with his.

“Get down!” Sam shouts.

“Oh my god!” Ava panics.

Across the street, Gordon is on a rooftop with a sniper rifle. He continues to take aim and fire at the motel room.

“What's happening?” Ava cries.

“I don't know,” Sam replies.

As Gordon is about to take another head-shot at Sam, Dean jumps him from behind.

“Gordon!” Dean yells kicking Gordon hard in the face. Then pins him down on his back, hitting him over and over again in the face. He grabs him by the collar.

“You do that to my brother, I'll kill you!” Dean growls.

“Dean, wait.” Gordon tries. He manages to grab the rifle and slam it into Dean twice, knocking him out. He stands over Dean, panting and gushing blood from his lip.

Ava and Sam investigate the roof from which Gordon was shooting at them.

“Wait, I don't understand. Shouldn't we be talking to the cops?” Ava inquires as Sam looks around.

“Trust me, that wouldn't do us much good.” Sam replies crouching down to pick up a shell, “These are .223 caliber. Subsonic rounds. The guy must have put a suppressor on the rifle.”

“Dude, who are you?” Ava asks.

“Oh. I just, uh, I just watch a lot of TJ Hooker.” Sam replies pulling out his cell phone.

“Who are you calling?” Ava asks.

“My brother. I think we definitely need help,” Sam replies.

Dean is tied to a chair Y/n and Y/f/n both bound and gagged near him. Gordon is holding the phone to his ear.

“Hello?” Dean answers.

“Dean!” Sam says quickly.

“Sam, We've been looking for you.” Dean replies.

“Yeah. Look, I'm in Indiana, uh Lafayette.” Sam replies.
“I know.” Dean responds.

“You do?” Sam asks.


“Yeah, I'm sorry. Look, right now there's someone after me.” Sam responds.


“I don't know, that's what we need to find out. Where are you guys?” Sam asks.

“We’re staying at, uh, 5637 Monroe St. Why don't you meet us here?” Dean replies giving Sam the address Gordon had given him.

“Yeah. Sure.” Sam replies hanging up the phone.

“Now, was that so hard?” Gordon asks.

“Bite me.” Dean replies.

“hmmmf.” Y/n mumbles something through the gag.

Sam puts his phone away, looking worried.

“What is it?” Ava asks noticing Sam’s look.

“My brother and friends are in trouble,” Sam replies.

“What?” Ava questions.

“He gave me a code word. Someone's got a gun on him.” Sam replies writing down the address.

“Code word?” Ava questions.

“Yeah. Funkytown.” Sam replies he looks over at Ava then continues, “Well, he thought of it. It's kind of a long story. I ... come on.” He leads Ava off the roof.

Gordon has his back to Dean and the girls. He opens a canvas bag and starts pulling out weapons.

“So Gordy. I know me, Sam, and the girls ain't exactly your favorite people, but don't you think this is a little extreme?” Dean asks.

“What, you think this is revenge?” Gordon replies.

“Well, we did leave you tied up in your own mess for three days.” Dean laughs, “Which was awesome. Sorry, I shouldn't laugh.”

There was muffled laughter from Y/n and Y/l/n.

“Yeah. I was definitely planning on whuppin' your ass for that.” Gordon replies.

“Mm-hmm,” Dean confirms.
“But that's not what this is. This isn't personal. I'm not a killer, Dean. I'm a hunter. And your brother's fair game.” Gordon replies slamming a knife into its sheath. Dean looks at him in shock.

Sam and Ava approach her blue VW beetle.

“I don't think I should leave,” Ava says.

“I want you out of harm's way, Ava,” Sam replies.

“What about you?” Ava asks.

“Harm's way doesn't really bother me,” Sam responds.

“No, but you are walking right into my vision. I mean, this is how you die.” Ava retorts.

“Doesn't matter. It's my brother and friends.” Sam replies.

“Maybe I could help!” Ava suggests.

“You've done all you can. Just, just go back to your fiancé.” Sam urges.

“Are you sure?” Ava tempted.

“Yes, I'm sure. Go home, Ava. You'll be safe there.” Sam states.

“Well, just, promise me you'll call, then. I mean, when you get your brother and friends, just to let me know that everything's all right.” Ava pleads getting in her car.

“I promise,” Sam replies.

Gordon is leaning against a pillar, cradling a rifle.

“See, I was doing an exorcism down in Louisiana. Teenage girl, seemed routine, some low-level demon. But between all the jabbering and the head-spinning, the damn thing muttered something. About a coming war. And I don't think it meant to, it just kind of slipped out. But it was too late. Piqued my interest. And you can really make a demon talk, you got the right tools.” Gordon spoke casually.

“And what happened to the girl it was possessing?” Dean inquires.

“She didn't make it.” Gordon replies.

“Well, you're a son of a bitch.” Dean shakes his head.

Gordon stares stands and slaps him. Y/n jerks in the chair and growls something at Gordon.

“That's my momma you're talking about.” Gordon replies pausing a second before continuing, “Anyway. This demon tells me there are soldiers to fight in this coming war. Humans, fighting on hell's side. You believe that? I mean, they're psychics, so they're not exactly pure humans, but still. What kind of worthless scumbag have you got to be to turn against your own race?” Dean and the girls glare at Gordon in response, “But you know the biggest kick in the ass? This demon said I knew one of them. Our very own Sam, Sammy Winchester.”

“Oh, this is ... this is a whole new level of moronic, even for you.” Dean chuckles.
“Yeah? Come on, Dean. I know. About Sam's visions. I know everything.” Gordon replies

“Really? Because a demon told you?” Dean laughs, “Yeah, and it wasn't lying.”

“Hey, Dean. I'm not some reckless yahoo, okay? I did my homework. Made damn sure it was true. Look, you've got your Roadhouse connections, I got mine. It's how I found Sammy in the first place.” Gordon replies crossing to the corner and sitting, “About a month ago I found another one of these freaks here in town. He could deep-fry a person just by touching them.”

“Yeah, did he kill anyone?” Dean inquires.

“Well, besides Mr. Tinkles the cat? No. But he was working up to it. They're all gonna be killers, Dean. We've got to take them all out. And that means Sammy too.” Gordon replies cocking his rifle.

“You think Sam's stupid enough to walk through that front door?” Dean asks.

“No, I don't. Especially since I'm sure you found a way to warn him. Ha. You really think I'm that stupid?” Gordon responds. Dean raises his eyebrows meaningfully. Gordon stands and starts pacing. “No. Sammy's going to scope the place first, see me covering the front door. So he's going to take the back. And when he does he'll hit the tripwire. Then –” Gordon pulls a grenade from his bag, “Boom.”

“Sam's not going to fall for a friggin' tripwire.” Dean states.

“Maybe you're right. That's why I'll have a second one.” Gordon replies waiting a beat before continuing, “Hey, look. I'm sorry. I wish I didn't have to do this, I really do. But for what it's worth, it'll be quick.”

Gordon begins setting up the tripwire across the back doorway. When he finishes, he returns to the room where Dean and the girls are tied up and straddles a chair.

“Come on, man. I know Sam, okay, better than anyone. He's got more of a conscience than I do, I mean, the guy feels guilty surfing the Internet for porn.” Dean states.

“Maybe you're right. But one day he's going to be a monster.” Gordon replies looking between the three.

“How? Huh? How's a guy like Sam become a monster?” Dean inquires.

“Beats me. But he will.” Gordon responds. Y/f/n rolls her eyes in response.

“No, you don't know that!” Dean argues.

“I'm surprised at you, Dean. Getting all emotional. I'd heard you were more of a professional than this. Look, let's say you were cruising around in that car of yours and, uh, you had little Hitler riding shotgun, right? Back when he was just some goofy, crappy artist. But you knew what he was going to turn into someday. You'd take him out, no questions, am I right?” Gordon reckoned.

“That's not Sam,” Dean argues.

“Yes, it is. You just can't see it yet. Dean, it's his destiny. Look, I'm sympathetic. He's your brother, you love the guy. This has got to hurt like hell for you.” Gordon says reaching into his bag and pulling out a scarf, “But here's the thing.” He gags Dean with the scarf, “It would've wrecked him. But your dad? If it really came right down to it, he would have had the stones to do the right thing here. But you're telling me you're not the man he is?” Dean glares furiously.
Just like Ava’s vision, Sam approaches the cabin, holding up the sheet of motel stationery. He sees Dean, Y/n, Y/f/n and Gordon, through the boarded-up window, then runs around back. He tries the door and finds it locked. He pulls out his lock pick and works it open. The clicks from the door can be heard in the front room. Dean looks around wildly.

“Ya hear him?” Gordon asks.

In the back room, Sam gets the door open and creeps in.

“Here he comes,” Gordon says. The three flinch helplessly as the first grenade explodes. Dean screams at Gordon through his gag.


As the second grenade goes off, Dean and Y/n struggle violently, choke-sobbing through the gag. Gordon crosses the room and stops beside him.

“Sorry, Dean,” Gordon says.

He stands then goes into the back room, rifle ready. He sees Sam's smoking boots on the ground. He smiles but is still wary. As he turns away from the back door, Sam raises a gun to the back of Gordon's head and cocks it.

“Drop the gun,” Sam warns voice dangerously low.

“Shouldn't take your shoes off around here. You might get tetanus.” Gordon advises.

“Put it down now!” Sam shouts.

In the front room, the three turn, hearing Sam's voice, and Dean grunts in relief. Out back, Gordon slowly lowers the rifle to the floor.

“You wouldn't shoot me, would you, Sammy? Because your brother, he thinks you're some kind of saint.” Gordon says.

“Yeah? Well, I wouldn't be so sure.” Sam replies.

“See, that's what I said.” Gordon turns quickly, knocking the gun out of Sam's hand and attacking him methodically until he goes down. In the front room, Dean hears the scuffle and struggles against the ropes, groaning in frustration. Out back, Gordon slowly approaches Sam, who's flat on his back, coughing. Gordon pulls out his knife.

“You're no better than the filthy things you hunt,” Gordon says.

As Gordon raises the knife, Sam lashes out, flipping Gordon over. He punches him twice, then grabs the rifle and points it at his head.

“Do it. Do it! Show your brother the killer you really are, Sammy.” Gordon taunts.

Sam hesitates, then slams the butt of the rifle into Gordon's head, knocking him out.

“It's Sam.” He fumes.

Sam shuffles exhaustedly into the room where Dean and the others are tied up. Dean looks up emotionally as he watches Sam approach. Sam claps him on the shoulder as he kneels beside him,
untying the ropes. Dean pulls off his own gag frantically, stands, and pulls Sam up to standing. He cups his hand around Sam's neck, staring at him closely, cataloging his injuries, and Sam nods at him. and Sam claps a hand to Dean's shoulder. Dean wheels around to head to the back room.

“That son of a . . .” Dean begins as Sam starts to untie Y/f/n.

“Dean. No.” Sam pleads.

“I let him live once. I'm not making the same mistake twice.” Dean argues.

“Trust me. Gordon's taken care of. Come on.” Sam grabs Dean's jacket, pulling him towards the front door. As Y/f/n helps Y/n out.

Sam, Dean, Y/n and, Y/f/n walk -- Sam staggering -- down the steps from the cabin and away from it. Moments later Gordon emerges a gun in each hand and begins firing. The four duck and run for cover.

“Come on!” Dean yells as they run, “You call this taken care of?” They dive into a ditch by the side of the road and huddle, watching him approach. “What the hell are we doing?”

“Just trust me on this, all right?” Sam requests.

As Gordon approaches, three police cars, sirens blaring, pull into the clearing and surround Gordon. Cops emerge, weapons ready.

“Drop your weapons! Get down on your knees!” A cop calls out.

“Do it, now!” Another yells.

Sam and Dean grin at each other as Gordon drops to his knees. Gordon glares in their direction.

“Put your hands on your head. Easy now.” The second cop says.

The cop cuffs Gordon and pats him down, then leads him to a squad car. Another opens the back door of Gordon's red car and pulls out the weapons rack.

“Anonymous tip,” Sam says smugly.

“You're a fine upstanding citizen, Sam,” Dean smirks looking at Sam.

Inside the roadhouse, Ellen is on the phone, talking to Dean and keeping her voice down.

“Gordon Walker was hunting Sam?” She asks.

“Yeah, he almost killed us both because somebody over there can't keep their friggin mouth shut,” Dean states angrily.

“And you honestly think that it was me? Or Ash? Or Jo? No way.” Ellen replies.

“Well, who else knows about Sam, huh?” Dean replies turning to look at Sam in the car. “I mean, you must have been talking to somebody.” Y/f/n and Y/n talking to him.

“Hey, you can say a lot of things about us. But we are not disloyal. And we're not stupid. We haven't breathed a word of this.” Ellen retorts.

“Gordon said he had Roadhouse connections, Ellen,” Dean argues.
“And this roadhouse is full of other hunters. They're all smart. They're good trackers. Each of them with their own patterns and connections. Look, hell, I could name twelve of them right now that are capable of putting this together.” Ellen sighs, “I am sorry about what happened, Dean. But I can't control these people. Or what they choose to believe.”

Dean hangs up the phone then stalks angrily back to the car. Sam is on his cell trying to get ahold of Ava. “Hey, Ava, it's Sam. Again. Um, call me when you get this, just want to make sure you got home okay. All right. Bye.”

“Everything all right?” Y/n asks.

“Yeah, I hope so,” Sam replies.

“Well, Gordon should be reaching for the soap for the next few years at least.” Dean smirks.

“Yeah. If they pin Scott Carey's murder on him. And if he doesn't bust out.” Sam replies.

“Dude, you ever take off like that again . . .” Dean begins.

“What? You'll kill me?” Sam asks with a small smile.

“That is so not funny.” Dean replies.

“All right. All right. So where to next, then?” Sam asks laughing.

“One word: Amsterdam.” Dean replies.

“Dean!” Sam exclaims.

“Come on, Sam, the coffee shops don't even serve coffee. And they have these brownies…” Y/n puts in.

“I'm not just gonna ditch the job,” Sam replies.

“Screw the job. Screw it, man, I'm sick of the job anyway. I mean, we don't get paid, we don't get thanked. The only thing we gets bad luck.” Dean grumbles.

“Well, come on, guys, you're hunters. I mean, it's what you were meant to do.” Sam replies.

“Ah, I wasn't meant to do anything, I don't believe in that destiny crap.” Dean replies.

“You mean you don't believe in my destiny.” Sam retorts.

“Yeah, whatever.” Dean mumbles.

“Look, Dean, I've tried running before. I mean, I ran all the way to California and look what happened. You can't run from this. And you can't protect me.” Sam responds and Dean looks at him.

“I can try.” Dean replies.

“We can try.” Y/f/n says laying her hand on Sam’s shoulder.

“Thanks for that,” Sam murmurs. Dean nods and Y/f/n squeezes softly, “Look, guys, I'm gonna keep hunting. I mean, whatever is coming, I'm taking it head-on, so if you really want to watch my back, then I guess you're gonna have to stick around.”
“Bitch.” Dean retorts.

“Jerk,” Sam replies.

Y/n fake sniffles and pretends to wipe a tear from her eye.

The boys both grin. And after a beat, Sam frowns and picks up his phone again.

“You calling that Ava girl again? You sweet on her or something?” Dean inquires.

“She's engaged, Dean,” Sam replies.

“So? What's the point in saving the world if you can't get a little nookie once in a while, huh?” Dean asks. Sam hangs up, scowling in thought, “What?”

“Just a feeling. How far is it to Peoria?” Sam replies.

Sam and Dean do their breaking and entering thing, with flashlights into Ava’s home.

“Hello? Is anybody home?” Sam calls out.

They go into the bedroom to find Ava's fiance dead, face-up on the bed. His shirt and the sheets are soaked in blood.

“Oh my God.” Y/n mutters covering her mouth.

Dean runs a finger along the windowsill, staring at the powdery substance collected there.

“Hey.” Dean gets everyone’s attention, and they turn. Dean holds up his fingers. “Sulfur. Demon's been here.”

Sam sees something on the floor and kneels, picking it up. It is Ava's engagement ring.

“Ava.” Sam whispers.
Blues music plays on the radio as Y/f/n and Sam try to find anything on Ava. The walls are covered in maps, hand-written notes, and a missing poster showing Ava's face.

“Yeah. Okay. Thanks, Ellen.” Sam finishes hanging up his phone.

“What'd she have to say?” Dean asks as him and Y/n enter carrying coffee.

“Oh, she's got nothing. Me, I've been checking every database I can think of — federal, state, and local. No one's heard anything about Ava, she just . . . Into thin air, you know?” Sam replies.

“Huh,” Dean says handing over one of the two cups of coffee he's carrying to Sam.

“What about you?” Sam asks.

“No, Same as before. Sorry, man.” Y/n replies handing Y/f/n an Iced coffee.

“Ellen did have one thing,” Y/f/n says taking a sip.

“Hmm?” Dean hums.

“A hotel in Cornwall, Connecticut. Two freak accidents in the past three weeks.” Sam chimes in.

“Yeah? What's that have to do with Ava?” Dean asks putting the lid from his coffee on the bedside table.

“It's a job. I mean, a lady drowned in the bathtub. Then a few days ago a guy falls down the stairs, head turns a complete one-eighty. Which isn't exactly normal, you know? Look, I don't know, Dean, it might be nothing, but I told Ellen we'd think about checking it out.” Sam replies.

“You did?” Dean inquires sitting on one of the beds.

“Yeah. You seem surprised.” Sam replies.

“Well yeah, it's just, you know. not the, uh, patented Sam Winchester way, is it?” Dean questions.

“What way is that?” Sam challenges.

“I just figured after Ava there'd be, uh, you know, more angst and droopy music and staring out the rainy windows, and –” Dean says. Sam gives him a look, “yeah, I'll shut up now.”
“Good idea.” Y/f/n replies.

“Look. I'm the one who told her to go back home. Now her fiancé's dead and some demon has taken her off to God knows where. You know? But we've been looking for a month now, and we've got nothing. So I'm not giving up on her, but I'm not going to let other people die either. We've got to save as many people as we can.” Sam says.

“Wow. That attitude is just way too healthy for me, and I'm officially uncomfortable now. Thank you.” Dean sasses. Sam ducks his head and laughs. “All right, call Ellen. Tell her we'll take it.”

It's not raining, but the roads are wet and the air misty as Dean parks the Impala in front of the Pierpont Inn. Y/n gets out of the backseat on the driver's side and peers up at the inn.

“Dude, this is sweet. I never get to work jobs like this.” Dean says in awe.

“Like what?” Sam asks as Y/f/n hands him his bag from the back seat.

“Old school haunted houses, you know? Fog, and secret passageways ... sissy British accents. Might even run into Fred and Daphne while we're inside.” Dean replies closing his eyes briefly, “Mmm, Daphne. Love her.”

As they climb the steps, Sam notices an urn on the side of the porch.

“Hey, wait a sec.” He says leaning in to inspect it closer. “I'm not so sure haunted is the problem.”

“What do you mean?” Y/n asks turning to look and heading back down the steps.

“You see this pattern here?” Sam replies tapping a five-point symbol engraved in the urn, “That's a quincunx, that's a five-spot.”

“Five-spot.” Dean repeats.

“Yeah,” Sam replies.

“That's used for hoodoo spell work, isn't it?” Dean inquires.

“Right, yeah. You fill this thing with blood weed, and you've got a powerful charm to ward off enemies.” Sam replies.

“Yeah, except I don't see any blood weed. Don't you think this place is a little too, uh, white meat for hoodoo?” Dean asks.

Sam shrugs, “Maybe.”

The group enters and begins looking around at the quiet interior, a woman enters briskly.

“May I help you?” She asks.

“Hi, yeah, I'd like a couple of rooms for a few nights,” Dean says stepping forward followed by Sam, then Y/f/n and Y/n. As Sam moves in, a little girl darts in front of his legs.

“Hey!” The woman calls out before turning to Sam. “Sorry about that.”

“No problem,” Sam replies.

“Well, um, congratulations, you could be some of our final guests.” The woman says pulling out a
book for Dean to write his name in.

“Well. Sounds vaguely ominous.” Dean chuckles.

“No, I'm sorry, I mean we're closing at the end of the month.” She replies appraising them, “Well, let me guess. You guys are here antiquing?”

Dean shares a ‘why not?’ look with Sam before replying, “How'd you know?”

“Oh, you just look the type.” The woman replies.

Dean nods his head and looks vaguely uncomfortable.

“So, uh, two king-sized beds?” She asks looking between Dean and Sam then Y/f/n and Y/n.

“What? No, uh, no, we're, we're . . . Two singles. We're just brothers.” Sam says quickly.

“Yeah and I love her to death and all but I just don’t bat for that team.” Y/f/n puts in jerking her thumb at Y/n.

“Oh. Oh, I'm so sorry.” The woman responds.

“What'd you mean that we look the type?” Dean asks.

The woman has trouble articulating an answer and Dean looks down at himself in wonder.

“You know, speaking of antiques, you have a really, really interesting urn on the front porch. Where did you get that?” Sam asks changing the subject quickly.

“Oh, I have no idea, it's been there forever.” The woman replies handing Dean the keys, “Here you go, Mr. Mahagov.”

“Thanks,” Dean replies taking them from her and passing one back to Y/n.

“You'll be staying in rooms 237 and 239.” The woman says a man comes in behind, and she talks to him, “Sherwin, could you show these gentlemen and ladies to their rooms?”

As she says this, Dean turns to see an old, balding man in a black blazer shuffling up behind him.

“Let me guess. Antiquers?” Sherwin asks looking at the four of them.

Sherwin drags Dean's clunking duffel bag behind him, up the steps, as the group follows.

“I could give you a hand with that bag,” Dean says.

“I got it,” Sherwin replies somewhat happily.

“Oh.” Dean replies.

“So the hotel's closing up?” Y/f/n asks.

“Yes. Miss Susan tried to make a go of it, but the guests just don't come like they used to. Still, it's a damn shame.” Sherwin replies leading the group through the halls.

“Oh yeah?” Sam inquires.

“It may not look it anymore, but this place was a palace. Two different vice-presidents laid their
heads on our pillows. My parents worked here, I practically grew up here. Gonna miss it. Here's your room.” Sherwin says opening the door for the boys then handing Sam the key. Dean turns to shut the door, and Sherwin is standing there, hand extended expectantly waiting for his tip.

“You're not gonna ... cheap out on me, are you, boy?” Sherwin asks.

“No, he’s not.” Y/n says then turns to Dean, “Dean pay the man.” Dean shrugs and looks annoyed as he pulls out his wallet.

Sherwin shows the girls to their room one over and then heads back downstairs. The girls get settled in before they head next door where Sam is sitting, sifting through papers, and Dean is pacing. He chuckles as he approaches what appears to be an antique wedding dress displayed on a wall like a ghost.

“What the —” Dean mutters looking up at the dress.

“What?” Sam asks.

“That’s normal.” Dean replies gesturing to the dress, “Why the hell would anyone stay here? I’m amazed they kept in business this long.”

“The, uh, decorating is a little weird, but it’s no big deal,” Y/n replies looking around the room. Dean walks back toward one of the beds and sits down falling back slightly.

“All right. Victim number one: Joan Edison, forty-three years old, a realtor handling the sale of the hotel; and victim number two was Larry Williams, moving some stuff out to Goodwill.” Y/l/n says looking at some of the papers on the table.

“Well, there's a connection. They're both tied up in shutting the place down.” Dean observed.

“Yeah. Maybe somebody here doesn't want to leave, and they're using hoodoo to fight back.” Sam puts in.

“Who do you think our witch doctor is, that Susan lady?” Dean asks.

“No, doesn't seem likely. I mean, she is the one selling.” Y/l/n replies.

“So what then, Sherwin?” Dean suggests.

“I don't know,” Sam replies.

“Of course, the most troubling question is why do these people assume we're gay?” Dean asks.

“It’s cause you’re pretty.” Y/n chuckles.

“Well, you are kinda butch. Probably think you're overcompensating.” Sam replies thoughtfully.

“Right.” Dean mockingly laughs before pointing at Y/n, “And she thought you were gay too.” Y/n’s smiled disappeared to be replaced with a ‘shit’ look.

The group headed out into the hallways and began to poke around. Sam sees another urn and picks it up. It too, has a quincunx inscribed.
“Hey. Look at that. More hoodoo.” Sam says.

They approach a door marked "Private" and Dean knocks. Susan opens the door.

“Hi there,” Dean says turning on his charm.

“Hi. Everything okay with your rooms?” She asks.

“Yeah. Yeah, yeah, everything’s great. Yeah.” Dean and Sam both reply talking over each other.

“Well, I was, I was just in the middle of packing,” Susan responds.

“Hey!” Dean exclaims looking past her, “Are those antique dolls? Because this one,” He continues looking at Sam, “this one here, he's got a major doll collection back home. Don'tcha? Huh?”

“Big time,” Sam replies after shooting Dean a look.

“Big time. You think he could come — or we could come in and take a look?” Dean asks.

“I don't know ...” Susan begins.

“Please? I mean, he loves them. He's not gonna tell you this, but he's, he's always dressing 'em up in these little tiny outfits and, um, you'd make his day. You — she would, huh? Huh?” Dean continues making fun of his brother.

“It's true.” Sam plays along looking sick.

“Okay. Come on in.” Susan replies stepping to the side.

“All right. All right!” Dean says slapping Sam on the back and following him in. Sam shoots him a death glare.

“We’re gonna go uh, have a look around the rest of the Inn. See you guys for uh, dinner or whatever.” Y/n says as her and Y/n back slowly away from the room filled with dolls. “You owe me big time,” She mutters as Susan shuts the door.

“Those things are creepy when they stare at you and shit,” Y/n replies hurrying away from the room and down the stairs. “I’ve seen movies where they move I’m not stupid enough to be caught in a chamber full of them.”

“Wow. This is a lot of dolls. I mean, they're nice, you know. Not super creepy at all.” Dean says looking around at all the dolls.

“Yeah, I suppose they are a little creepy. But they've been in the family forever. A lot of sentimental value.” Susan replies.

“What is this? The hotel?” Sam asks looking at a huge doll house.

“Yeah, that's right. Exact replica, custom built.” Susan replies.

Sam leans down and picks up the broken doll from earlier. He frowns. “His head got twisted around. What happened to it?”

“Tyler, probably,” Susan replies as Tyler runs in.

“Mommy! Maggie's being mean.” Tyler says.
“Tyler, tell her I said to be nice, okay?” Susan

“Hey, Tyler. I see you broke your doll. You want me to fix it?” Sam asks kindly stepping toward Tyler.

“I didn't break it. I found it like that.” Tyler protests.

“Oh. Well, uh, maybe Maggie did it.” Sam suggests.

“No, neither of us did it. Grandma would get mad if we broke 'em.” Argues Tyler.

“Tyler, she wouldn't get mad.” Susan comforts Tyler.

“Grandma?” Dean asks.

“Grandma Rose. These were all her toys.” Tyler replies.


“Up in her room.” Tyler replies.

“You know, I'd, I'd uh, I'd really love to talk to Rose about her incredible doll —” Sam began but was cut off.

“No. I mean, I'm afraid that's impossible. My mother's been very sick, and she's not taking any visitors.” Susan replies suddenly.

Sam and Dean exit the room, talking in hushed voices.


“Well, dolls are used in all kinds of voodoo and hoodoo, like curses, and binding spells, and ...” Sam continues.

“Yeah, maybe we've found our witch doctor. All right, I'll see what I can go dig up on boomin' Granny. Maybe find Y/n and Y/f/n too. You go get online, check old obits, freak accidents, that sort of thing, see if she's whacked anybody before.” Dean says.

“Right,” Sam replies pulling the key to the room from his pocket.

“Don't go surfing porn -- that's not the kind of whacking I mean.” Dean jokes heading down the hall. Sam rolls his eyes and turns back to the room as Dean leaves.

Having found Y/f/n and Y/n near the lobby Dean sent Y/f/n to help Sam while he and Y/n found what they could on Rose.

Sam stares through a lace-curtained window. He watches the coroner cart away a body. Dean and Y/n are outside, and meet Susan as she comes back towards the inn.

“What happened?” Dean asks.

“Oh, the maid went in to turn down the sheets, and he was just . . . hanging there.” Susan replies.

“That's awful. He was a guest?” Y/n inquires.
“He worked for the company that bought the place,” Susan informs.

“Hmm.” Dean hummed.

“I don't understand,” Susan says shaking her head.

“What?” Dean asks.

“Had a lot of bad luck around here. Look, if you'd like to check out, I'll give you a full refund.” Susan replies.

“No thanks. We don't scare that easy.” Y/n replies.

Sam and Y/f/n are sitting in the dark, framed by the half-open door with the key askew in the lock. Dean and Y/n enter and Dean shuts the door behind them. Dean in business mode.

“There's been another one. Some guy just hung himself in his room.” Dean informs.

“Yeah. I saw.” Sam replies darkly.

“We've gotta figure this out, and fast. What'd you find out about Granny?” Dean asks as he starts digging through his duffle.

“You're bossy.” Y/f/n replies.

“What?” Dean asks looking around in surprise.

“You're bossy. And short.” Sam laughs sloppily holding out his hands in a ‘what’ gesture.

“Are you drunk?” Y/n asks slightly amused.

“Yeah.” Sam replies holding out his arms again, “So? Stupid.”

“Hey.” Y/n grumps shooting Sam a glare.

“Dude, what are you guys thinking? We're working a case.” Dean replies looking around at several empty bottles.

“That guy who hung himself. I couldn't save him.” Sam replies tearfully.

“What are you talking about? You didn't know, you couldn't have done anything.” Dean tries to comfort.

“That's an excuse, Dean. I should have found a way to save him. I should have saved Ava too.” Sam replies shifting his gaze from the wall to Dean.

“Yeah, well, you can't save everyone. Even you said that.” Dean says approaching Sam.

“No, Dean, you don't understand, all right? The more people I save, the more I can change!” Sam yells slamming his hand on the table.

“Change what?” Y/n asks softly.

“My destiny, Guys!” Sam replies hands on his chest

“All right. Time for bed. Come on, Sasquatch.” Dean says hauling Sam up by the shoulders, “Come
“I need you to watch out for me.” Sam continues.

“Yeah. I always do.” Dean replies as Y/n grabs Y/f/n and begins hauling her toward the door.

“No! No, no, no. You have to watch out for me, all right? And if I ever ... turn into something that I'm not ...” Sam pleads pausing, “you have to kill me.”

“Sam,” Dean says dismissively.

“Dean! Dad told you to do it, you have to.” Sam replies shoving Dean to face him.

“Come on, Kiki. Let's get you to bed.” Y/n soothed.

“No, my Moose needs me,” Y/f/n replies trying to go back to Sam while making grabby hands. Y/n drags Y/f/n into the hall and to their shared room.

“He’ll be okay Y/f/n,” Y/n says pushing Y/f/n into her bed.

“Don’t let muffin’ happen to him. No matter what, Y/n.” Y/f/n slurs.

“Sweetie you know I’ll do everything I can,” Y/f/n replies. Y/f/n gets settled in and finally falls asleep drunkenly snoring loudly. Y/n stands and heads back to the hall.

“Yeah, well, Dad's ass.” Dean replies. Sam frowns in confusion. “He never should have said anything. I mean, you don't do that, you don't, you don't lay that kind of crap on your kids.”

“No. He was right to say it! Who knows what I might become? Even now, everyone around me dies!” Sam cries.

“Yeah, well, I'm not dying, okay? And neither is Y/f/n, Y/n, or you. Come on. Sam.” Dean replies pushing Sam onto the bed. Sam stays seated, reaching up and clutching Dean's jacket. Dean's right-hand curls in the fabric at Sam's shoulder.

“No, please! Dean, you're the only one who can do it. Promise.” Sam pleads.

“Don't ask that of me.” Dean begs.

“Dean, please. You have to promise me.” Sam replies looking Dean in the eye.

“I promise,” Dean replies after a bit.

“Thanks.” Sam says reaching up and grabbing Dean's face with both hands, “Thank you. You are ...”

“All right. Come on.” Dean replies. He bats Sam's hands away and shoves him back on the bed. Sam falls back, then turns over on his stomach to plant his face in the pillow, hugging it with both arms. Dean rubs a hand over his face.

Dean heads down to the antique bar where he finds Sherwin behind the bar talking to Y/n, Dean sits down next to her.

“Find any good antiques?” Sherwin asks.

“Um, no! No, I got distracted.” Dean replies remembering that’s supposedly why they are there.
“Have a drink.” Sherwin replies.

“Yeah, thanks.” Dean says as Sherwin pours Dean a drink, “So, poor guy, huh? Killing himself?”

“That kind of thing seems to be going around lately.” Sherwin replies.

“Yeah, we heard about the other ones. It’s almost like this hotel is, cursed or something.” Y/n says taking a long drink.

“Every hotel has its spilled blood. If people only knew what’s gone on in some of those rooms, they’ve checked into.” Sherwin replies.

“You know a lot about the place, don’t you?” Dean inquires.

“Down to the last nail.” Sherwin replies.

“We’d love to hear some stories,” Y/n says interestedly.

“You should never say that to an old man.” Sherwin replies.

Sherwin leads Dean and Y/n up the vast staircase in the entrance, showing them old framed photographs on the walls.

“This is little Miss Susan, and her mother Rose. Happier days.” He says pointing at a photo of a little girl with her mother’s arms around her.

“They’re not happy now?” Dean asks.

“Well, would you be, leaving the only home you ever knew?” Sherwin responds.

“I don’t know. I never really knew one.” Dean replies sadly. Y/n reaches out to rest her hand on his arm but thinks better of it and pulls back.

“Well, this is Rose’s home. It’s been in the family over a century. Used to be the family estate. And now she gets to live in some senior living graveyard, and they tear this place down.” Sherwin informs.

“That’s too bad.” Dean says as they start down the stairs, “I hear Rose isn’t feeling well, either.”

“No, she isn’t.” Sherwin replies.

“What’s wrong with her?” Y/n asks.

“It’s not my business to say.” Sherwin replies.

“Oh,” Dean says nodding. He looks at another photo of two little toddlers, “Who’s this?”

Sherwin picks up a yellowing photograph of a girl sitting on a chair with a young black woman. The woman has a quincunx necklace. “That’s Rose when she was a little girl.” He says.

“Who’s that with her?” Dean asks.

“That’s her nanny, Marie. She looked after Rose more than her own mother.” Sherwin replies.

Dean frowns in concern as Sherwin replaces the photo.
The next morning dawned gray and dreary. Dean enters the room he’s sharing with Sam and grins at the sight that awaits him. Sam is kneeling miserably in front of the toilet, his hair hanging in his face.

“How you feeling, Sammy?” Dean asks loudly. Sam groans in response so Dean continues, “I guess mixing whiskey and Jäger wasn't such a gangbuster idea, was it?” Then hopefully, “I'll bet you don't remember a thing from last night, do you?”

“Ohh, I can still taste the tequila.” Sam replies and Dean smiles in relief.

In the room next door, the sight is similar.

“How you feeling, Y/f/n?” Y/n laughs.

“I am never drinking that much tequila ever again.” Y/f/n responds head it the toilet.

“At least your clothes stayed on, this time, remember that time in Minnesota when you got so drunk that you stripped in the bar,” Y/n replies walking toward the bathroom.

“I hate you, we swore we would never talk about that again.” Y/f/n groans.

“Awe, I love you too, Bitch. Anyway, get up, shower,” Y/n gags, “brush your teeth. We got to meet the guys in a few minutes.”

Back in the boy’s room Dean says wickedly, “You know, there's a really good hangover remedy -- it's a, it's a greasy pork sandwich served up in a dirty ashtray.”

“Oh, I hate you.” Sam heaves.

“I know you do. Hey, turns out when Grandma Rose was a tyke, she had a Creole nanny who wore a hoodoo necklace.” Dean says walking toward the bathroom and leaning on the door frame, making a face at the smell, “ugh.”

“So you think she taught Rose hoodoo?” Sam asks.

“Yes, I do.” Dean nods.

“All right.” Sam replies standing painfully, “I think it's time we talked to Rose, then.”

“Oh. You need to brush your teeth first.” Dean says with a grimace and walks away leaving Sam in the doorway of the bathroom.

Sam, Y/f/n, Y/n, and Dean approach the door marked private and knock.

“Hello? Susan?” Sam calls. The other three look around keeping a lookout, “Clear?”

“Mm-hmm.” Dean nods. Sam kneels before the door and picks the lock quickly. All four enters the creepy doll room and turn to head to the door in the back. The door is open, and they head through to a dimly lit staircase. Creeping stealthily upstairs and to the end of another hallway, into a small room where the door is ajar. Rose is seated in a wheelchair facing the rainy window, her back to them. They approach cautiously.

“Mrs. Thompson? Mrs. Thompson?” Sam asks. Rose is trembling, staring at nothing, “Rose? Hi, Mrs. Thompson, we're not here to hurt you, it's okay —” she doesn’t respond, just trembles harder, “Rose?” Sam turn to Dean and whispers, “Guys.” drawing the others over to the side, “This woman's had a stroke.”
“Yeah, but hoodoo's hands-on, I mean, you've got to mix herbs, and chant, and build an altar.” Dean replies.

“Yeah. So it can't be Rose. Hey, maybe it's not even hoodoo.” Y/f/n suggests.

“Or she could be faking.” Y/n supplied helpfully.

“Yeah, what are you gonna do, poke her with a stick?” Sam questions looking between Y/n and His brother. Dean frowns, while both nod, “Dude! You're not gonna poke her with a stick!”

“What the hell?! What are you doing in here?” Susan questions entering the room.

Sam and Dean both begin to speak at the same time. “Oh, we just wanted to talk to Rose . . .” and “Well, the door was open . . .”

“Look at her, she is scared out of her wits.” Susan scolded, “I want you out of my hotel in two minutes, or I'm calling the cops.”

The four turned and left without hesitation. Packing their things the headed for the car. The Impala rumbled out of the hotel parking lot as they left.

“Guys, I’ve got a bad feeling about this I don’t think we should be leaving yet,” Y/f/n says looking out the window back at the hotel.

“We’re not,” Dean replied with a smirk swinging the big black car around down the road far enough away that it wouldn’t be noticed.

The wind starts to blow, and the swing set also begins moving on its own. Susan approaches the playground cautiously; all the playsets are running, and the car starts behind her. Laying a hand on the teeter-totter to stop it, everything starts moving faster, and the merry go round begins to spin. Susan starts to back away from the small playground scared. Suddenly the car revs its engine and comes straight at her. At the last moment, Sam appears, tackling her out of the way.

“Are you okay?” He asks looking over at her.

“I think so,” Susan replies.

Dean, Y/n, and Y/f/n come running around the side of the house and begin helping Susan and Sam up.

“Come on, come on. Let's get inside, let's go.” Dean urges.

Sam and Y/f/n guide Susan into the bar and to a table.

“Whiskey,” Susan says sitting at the table.

“Sure. I know the feeling.” Sam replies as Y/f/n heads to the bar.

“What the hell happened out there?” Susan asks.

“You want the truth?” Dean inquires.

“Of course,” Susan replies.

“Well, at first we thought it was some sort of hoodoo curse, but that out there? That was definitely a spirit.” Dean replies thoughtfully.
“Here,” Y/n says handing Susan a glass of whiskey.

“You're insane,” Susan replies taking a long sip of her drink.

“Yeah, it's been said.” Dean responds.

“Look, I'm sorry, Susan. We don't exactly have time to ease you into this, but we need to know when your mother had the stroke.” Sam states.

“What does that have to do with any—” Susan begins.

“Just answer the question.” Sam interrupts.

“About a month ago,” Susan replies.

“Right before the killings began.” Sam mutters then look at the others. “See? So what if Rose was working hoodoo, but not to hurt anyone. To protect them.”

“She was using the five spot urns to ward off the spirit,” Dean concludes.

“Right, until she had a stroke and she couldn't anymore,” Y/f/n says.

“I don't believe this.” Susan mutters.

“Listen, sister, that car didn't try to run you down by itself, okay?” Dean comments, “I mean, I guess it did, technically, but, but the spirit can — forget it.”

“Look, believe what you want. But the fact is you and your family are in danger, all right? So you need to clear everybody out of here: your employees, your mother, your daughters, everyone.” Sam interrupts.

“Um, I only have one daughter,” Susan replies.

“One?” Sam questions.

“I thought Tyler had a sister named Maggie.” Dean puts in.

“Maggie's imaginary,” Susan replies.

The boys share a look before Sam asks “Where's Tyler?”

Susan leads Sam, Y/f/n, Y/n and Dean quickly up to the playroom.

“Tyler!” Susan calls out before opening the door. The floor of the playroom is littered with broken dolls.

“Oh, my God. Tyler.” Susan says beginning to panic. She turns and rushes out of the room. The foursome starts searching the room looking for any place Tyler could be. “Tyler!” Running back into the room she tells the others “She's not here!”

“Susan. Tell us what you know about Maggie.” Sam says stopping Susan.

“Uh, not much. Um, Tyler's been talking about her since Mom got sick.” Susan replies.

“Okay, did you ever know anyone by that name?” Y/f/n asks.

“Uh, no . . .” Susan trails off.
“Think, think, I mean, somebody that could have lived here, might have passed away?” Dean urges.

“Oh, my God. My mom. My mom had a sister named Margaret. She barely spoke about her.” Susan replies.

“Did Margaret happen to die here when she was a kid?” Y/n asks quickly.

“She drowned in the pool,” Susan replies.

“Come on,” Dean says leaving the room and heading down the stairs.

The hunters and Susan run through the gardens to the pool house. Reaching the door Dean and Sam begin to pound on it. It's locked tight, and Sam and Dean start beating at the glass to break it.

“Tyler!” Susan calls to her daughter. “Tyler!”

“Mommy!” Tyler calls back.

Maggie grabs Tyler by the wrist and pulls her forward into the pool with a scream.

“Is there another entrance?” Y/n asks as the boys are unable to get the door open.

“Around back,” Susan replies.

“All right, let's go,” Dean says looking at Y/n then Susan. Before turning to Sam and Y/l/n, “Keep working.”

As they run around the building, Sam continues to pound at the door. Looking back Y/l/n sees a large potted plant. She points in out to Sam who pulls the plant out, picks up the heavy pot and starts pounding the door with it. The glass begins to crack.

Inside, Tyler flounders in the water, finally coming up for a second but Maggie pushes her head down.

Dean, Y/n, and Susan approach the back door, and Y/n pulls Susan aside.

“Stand back,” Dean says before Kicking the door barely budging it. “Son of a bitch!”

As Maggie holds Tyler’s head under the water, a wavering voice calls her from above.

“Margaret. Margaret!” Rose calls.

Sam finally breaks through the glass and wriggles through the opening. Without hesitation, he leaps over the railing and into the pool. He pushes past the plastic covering the pool to reach her.

Dean breaks through the back door, and he and Susan rush in to meet Sam as he exits the pool an unconscious Tyler in his arms. Setting her on the edge of the pool. After a tense moment, Tyler coughs and wakes up.

“Thank God! Thank god, thank god.” Susan cries pulling Tyler into her arms.

“Mommy!” Tyler whimpers continuing to cough.

“Yeah, baby, I'm here,” Susan replies.

“Tyler, do you see Maggie anywhere?” Sam asks.
Tyler looks around the pool house before replying, “No, she's gone.”

Susan holds Tyler close to her as the group goes up towards Rose’s room. “Don't worry, honey, we're leaving in two minutes, we've just got to get Grandma.” She comforts her terrified daughter.

“I don't get it, did Maggie just stop?” Dean questions as they stop in the playroom.

“Seems like it,” Sam replies.

“I don’t know guys this seems weird.” Y/n comments.

“Well, where the hell did she go?” Dean asks.

Upstairs, Susan screams and the four go running up to Rose’s room to find her slumped in her wheelchair, dead. Susan quickly dials 911 and waits.

As Rose’s body is put into the coroner’s van Sam and Dean, walk back to where Y/n and Y/f/n are standing with Susan. “Paramedics said it was another stroke. Do you think ... Margaret could have had something to do with it?” Susan asks.

“We don't know.” Dean replies.

“But it's possible, yeah.” Sam replies pausing for a beat then continuing, “Susan, I'm sorry.”

“You have nothing to apologize for. You've given me everything.” Susan replies to Sam then turns to Tyler, as she comes out, “Ready to go, kiddo?”

“Yeah.” Tyler replies.

“Now Tyler, you're sure Maggie's not around anymore?” Dean questions.

“I'm sure. I'd see her.” Tyler replies. Susan leads her daughter down the stairs and to a Taxi the others following.

“I guess whatever's going on must be over.” Dean responds.

“You two take care of yourselves, all right?” Sam says holding the taxi door for Susan.

Before getting in the cab, she turns and gives Sam a full-body hug. “Thank you. All of you.” She says.

Sam shuts the door behind her.

“Think you could have hooked up some MILF action there, bud. I'm serious, I think she liked you.” Dean chuckles as they start to walk back to the Impala.

“Yeah, that's all she needs,” Sam replies.

“Well, you saved the mom, you saved the girl. Not a bad day. 'Course you know, I could have saved 'em myself, but I didn't want you to feel useless.” Dean says.

“All right, I appreciate it,” Sam replies.

“Feels good getting back in the saddle, doesn't it?” Dean asks.

“Yeah, it does. But it doesn't change what we talked about last night, Dean.” Sam replies.
“We talked about a lot of things last night.” Dean comments as the girls climb in the backseat.

“You know what I mean,” Sam replies.

“You were wasted.” Dean responds.

“But you weren't. And you promised.” Sam retorts.

The boys get into the car. Sam in a full-on brood, Dean’s gaze flicking towards Sam in worry as they pull away from the inn.
Ok so i was gonna wait to post this but I got a comment from Gomitza and i felt super good after that so i decided to post this...

In a Jewelry store in Milwaukee, Wisconsin a young woman comes out of the back with some papers in her hand. Dean dressed in a dark suit turns to face her as she speaks.

“So what's it like, being an FBI guy?” She asks.

“Well, it's dangerous. And the secrets we've gotta keep, oh. God, the secrets. But mostly it's, it's lonely.” Dean replies.

“I so know what you mean.” The young woman responds with a nod of her head.

Dean nods sagely while replying, “Yeah.”

Elsewhere in the store Sam and Y/f/n, also dressed in suits, Sam with slicked hair, are interrogating the manager, a middle-aged man.

“Helena was our head buyer. She . . . She was family, you know? She said it herself, every year at the Christmas party. She said we were the only family she had.” The manager says gravely.

“So there were never any signs that she'd do something like this?” Sam questions.

“No. Still can't believe it, even now. That night, Helena came back to the store after closing. Cleaned out all the display cases, and the safe. Edgar — our night watchman — he caught her in the act. He didn't know what to do, he'd known her for years. He called me at home.” The manager replies.

“And that's when she took his gun?” Y/f/n asks.

“She shot him in the face. I heard him die. Over the phone.” The manager responds looking down.

“Any idea what her motive could have been?” Sam asks.

“What motive? It makes no sense. Why steal all those diamonds, all that jewelry, and then what? Just dump it somewhere, just hide it, and then go home and,” The manager begins.

Back at Dean and the young woman, Dean asks about Helena.

“She killed herself?” Dean questions.

“Well, the cops said. She dropped the hair dryer in the bath and fried herself. They should know, right?” The woman replies.

“Yeah. Well, thanks, Frannie, I think that's all I need.” Dean replies with a smile.
“Really? Because I've got more. You know,” Frannie replies looking around slyly, “if you wanted to interview me some time. In private?”

“Yeah. Yeah, I think that's a good idea. You're a true patriot, you really are. Why don't you write your number down there for me, that'd be good.” Dean replies eyeing Sam guiltily across the room.

“So you never saw the security camera footage yourself, then?” Y/f/n questions the manager.

“No. The police, they took all the tapes, first thing.” The Manager replies.

“Yeah, of course, they did,” Dean says as he approaches. Sam and Y/f/n turn to look at him, and he waves Frannie's number at them.

“That is not the way to get Y/n to like you.” Y/f/n says rolling her eyes and heads for the door the other two following behind. Leaving the jewelry store, Sam, Y/f/n, and Dean drive down a dark street and pull up in front of a small house.

“Five -- this is it,” Sam says looking out at the house.

“Friggin' cops,” Dean mutters climbing from the Impala.

“They're just doing their job, Dean.” Y/f/n replies jumping from the back.

“No, they're doing our job, only they don't know it, so they suck at it. Talk to me about this bank.” Dean retorts shutting his door and heading toward the house.

“Uh, Milwaukee National Trust. It was hit about a month ago.” Sam says.

“Same M.O. as the jewelry store?” Dean asks.

“Yep, inside job, longtime employee, the never-in-a-million-years type. Dude robs the bank, then goes home and supposedly commits suicide.” Sam replies.

“The guy Resnick, he was the Security Guard on duty?” Dean questions.

“Yeah. He was actually beaten unconscious by the teller who heisted the place.” Y/f/n says falling into step with the boys as they head up the walkway.

“God.” Dean mutters looking around the quiet street.


A bright floodlight turns on, and the three shield their eyes.

“Son of a –” Dean curses.

A younger man walks warily to the door.

“FBI, Mr. Resnick,” Sam calls through the door.

“Let me see the badge,” Ronald replies again through the door. Sam, Y/f/n, and Dean pull out badges and slap them against the screen door in unison.

“I already gave my statement to the police,” Ronald replies squinting at the trio carefully.

“Yeah, listen, Ronald, um . . . just some things about your statement we wanted to get some
clarification on,” Dean responds authoritatively.

“You read it?” Ronald inquires.

“Sure did.” Dean replies.

“You come to listen to what I’ve got to say?” Ronald asks.

“Well, that’s why we’re here.” Dean responds.

“Well. Come on in.” Ronald replies opening the door for them.

“None of the cops ever called me back. Not after I told them what was really going on. Uh, they all thought I was crazy. First off, Juan Morales never robbed the Milwaukee National Trust, okay? That, I guarantee. See, we and Juan were friends. He used to come back to the bank on my night shifts, and we’d play cards.” Ronald says leading them through a narrow hallway to a cluttered room where the walls are covered with alien photos and conspiracy theory paraphernalia.

“So you let him into the bank that night, after hours.” Sam inquires.

“The thing I let into the bank . . . wasn't Juan. I mean, it had his face, but it wasn't his face. Uh, every detail was perfect but too perfect, you know, like if a dollmaker made it, like I was talking to a big Juan-doll.” Ronald replies.

“A Juan-doll?” Sam questions skeptically.

“Look. This wasn't the only time this happened. Okay?” Ronald replies handing Sam a file folder, “There was this jewelry store, too. And the cops, a--and you guys, you just won't see it!” Sam opens the folder inside it looks like a Hunter's profile of the jewelry case, “Both crimes were pulled by the Same thing.”

“What's that, Mr. Resnick?” Y/f/n asks looking over Sam’s shoulder at the file.

Ronald picks up a copy of a magazine called Fortean Times and holds it to his chest. On the cover is a picture of a robot straight out of a Sci-fi show or something. Who knows? The headline reads BIRTH OF THE CYBERMEN.

“Chinese've been working on 'em for years. And the Russians before that. Part men, part machine. Like the Terminator. But the kind that can change itself, make itself look like other people.” Ronald continues.

“Like the one from T2,” Dean replies with a smirk.

“Exactly! See, so not just a robot, more of a, a, a, a ...” Ronald replies floundering for a word, “Mandroid.”

“A Mandroid?” Sam questions.

“And what makes you so sure about this, Ronald?” Dean asks.

Ronald holds up a finger, smiling a little crazily. Ronald leads the trio to a Television and pops in a VHS tape labeled "M.N.T. Camera 4 - Juan” into a VCR.

“See, I made copies of all the security tapes. I knew once the cops got them they’d be buried.” Ronald says. Dean nods and Ronald continues. “Here.” He begins to fast-forward then plays the video. “Now watch. Watch.” He points at the tv excitedly. “Watch him, watch, watch! See, look!
Th-, th-, there it is!” He pauses the tape on an image of Juan with a light flare in his eyes. “You see? He's got the laser eyes.”

Sam, Y/f/n, and Dean share a knowing look. Y/f/n pulls out her phone and sends Y/n a text to get maps of the sewer system.

“Cops said it was some kind of reflected light. Some kind of ‘camera flare’. Okay? Ain't no damn camera flare. They say I'm a post-trauma case. So what? Bank goes and fires me, it doesn't matter!” Ronald rants crazily while Sam eyes him. “The mandroid is, is still out there. The law won't hunt this thing down -- I'll do it myself. You see, this thing, it, it, it kills the real person, makes it look like a suicide, then it sorts, like, morphs into that person. Cases the job for a while until it knows the take is fat, and then it finds its opening. Now, these robberies, they're, they're grouped together.” Ronald continues gesturing at a map on the wall. “So I figure the mandroid is holed up somewhere in the middle, underground, maybe. I dunno, maybe that's where it recharges its, uh, mandroid batteries.”

Dean nods apparently impressed while Sam and Y/f/n stare intently they all stand.

“Okay. I want you to listen very carefully. Because I'm about to tell you the God's honest truth about all of this.” Sam begins. Dean smiles, waiting to see what Sam says. “There's no such thing as Mandroids. There's nothing evil or inhuman going on out there. Just people. Nothing else, you understand?”

Dean is mostly keeping a straight face but is apparently startled. He opens his mouth to say something.

“The laser eyes.” Ronald protests.

“Just a camera flare, Mr. Resnick. See, I know you don't want to believe this. But your friend Juan robbed the bank, and that's it.” Sam argues.

“Get out of my house! Now!” Ronald demands.

“Sure. First things first.” Sam replies calmly. Dean frowns at Sam in further confusion.

Sam, Y/f/n, and Dean return to the motel and head to the boys’ room. Y/n is already there waiting patiently with the maps of the sewer and beer. Sam, Dean, and Y/f/n change into regular clothes and begin working the case.

“Man, that has got to be the kicker, straight up. I mean, you tell that poor son of a bitch that -- what did you say, remand the tapes that he copied? Classified evidence of an ongoing investigation?” Dean laughs. “That's messed up.”

“What are you, pissed at me or something?” Sam inquires, sitting down to rewatch the tape.

“Nah, I just think it's a little creepy how good of a Fed you are. I mean, come on, we could have at least thrown the guy a bone. He did some pretty good legwork here.” Dean replies sitting at the table.

“Mandroid?” Y/f/n asks.

“Except for the mandroid part. I liked him. He's not that different from you or me. People think we're crazy.” Dean replies.

“We are crazy.” Y/n comments.

“Yeah, except he's not a hunter, Dean. He's just a guy who stumbled onto something real. If he were
to go up against this thing he'd get torn apart. Better to stay in the dark, and stay alive.” Sam replies.

“Yeah, I guess.” Dean replies. Dean places tracing paper over the map and starts marking it with a red pen as Sam pauses the tape on the flaring eyes.

“shapeshifter. Just like back in St. Louis. Same retinal reaction to video.” Sam comments.

“Eyes flare at the camera. I hate those friggin things.” Dean replies.

“You think I don't?” Sam questions.

“Yeah, well, one didn't turn into you and frame you for murder.” Y/n replies while helping Dean, who is tracing a pattern on paper of the sewer system.

“Well, look. If this shifter's anything like the ones we killed in Missouri …” Sam begins.

“Then Ronald was right.” Dean comments Sam looks back at him so he continues. “All right, they like to lair up underground, preferably the sewer. And all the robberies have been connected so far, right?”

“Yeah,” Sam replies.

“With the, uh, sewer main layout. There's one more bank lined up on that Same sewer main.” Dean contributed.

The group decided on a plan and began to execute it. Dean and Sam dressed as Securiserve Guard Service technicians to get into the Guard room. Y/l/n and Y/n went in as potential patrons of the bank.

Inside the bank, a security Guard leads Sam and Dean down the main hall.

“Well, we haven't had any flags go up on our system yet.” The Guard says about the lie the boys had come up with.

“No, this is a glitch in the overall grid. We just want to make sure the branch monitors are kosher.” Dean replies.

“Well, better to be safe than sorry, I guess.” The Guard responds.

“That's the plan,” Dean replies looking around the bank.

The Guard leads the boys to the Guardroom and opens the door to an observation room with several TV screens showing security footage.

“All righty. You guys need anything else?” He asks.

“Oh, no, no, we'll be, uh, we'll be in and out before you know it, just a routine check,” Sam replies looking at the screens.

“Okie-Dokie.” The Guard replies shutting the door behind him as he leaves.

“I like him. He says Okie-Dokie.” Dean says with a smile.

“What if he's the shifter?” Sam questions walking toward the various monitors.
“Well, then we follow him home, put a silver bullet through his chest plate.” Dean deadpans as both boys sit down to watch the screens. “Okay. Well, you got any popcorn?”

Still reviewing the screens the Guard appears on one, and his eyes are normal.

“Well, it looks like mister Okie-Dokie is . . . Okie-Dokie.” Dean says.

“Maybe we jumped the gun on this, Dean. I mean, we don't even know it's here.” Sam reasons.

“Mm-hmm,” Dean replies distractedly.

“Maybe we should just go back to the sewers and … and . . .” Sam tries noticing his brother isn’t paying attention.

Dean is zooming one of the cameras in on the ass of Y/n who is bending over.

“Dean, she's gonna be pissed if she finds out. We're supposed to be looking for eyes.” Sam says exasperatedly.

“Don’t tell her and I’ll be fine besides I'm getting there,” Dean replies zooming the camera back out.

“Oh yeah?” Sam questions.

“Wait a minute.” Dean responds. On another screen, a middle-aged man turns towards the camera and his eyes flare. “Hello, freak.”

“Got him,” Sam says standing and heading for the door. Dean lingers behind, looking at another screen.

“Sam.” He calls.

“What?” Sam asks turning back to the screens. They watch as Ronald scurries up to the outer door with a chain and a padlock, chaining the door shut.

“Hello, Ronald,” Dean says thumping his hand on the table.

Ronald runs inside and down the stairs. He has an assault rifle, and he brandishes it and fires twice as he gets to the bottom of the stairs.

“This is not a robbery! Everybody on the floor now!” Ronald yells.

Ronald fires again into the air, and people begin screaming and ducking for cover.

“Get down, dammit! Come on! On the floor, on the floor! In the middle! On the floor in the middle! In the middle, on the floor, come on! Hurry up, come on!”

Y/n and Y/f/n quickly hit the floor near the back hallway. Dean and Sam walk down a corridor towards the main hall a few panicked people brush past them, running the other way.

“And you said we shouldn't bring guns,” Dean complains.

“I didn't know this was gonna happen, Dean.” Sam retorts.

“Just let me do the talking, I don't think he likes you very much, Agent Johnson.” Dean replies.

“Now, there's only one way in or out of here, and I chained it up. So nobody's leaving, do you
understand?” Ronald yells holding up a key.

“Hey, buddy. Calm down. Just calm down,” Dean says entering the main hall.

“What the- You! Get on the floor, now.” Ronald demands.

“Okay, we're doing that. Just don't shoot anybody, especially us.” Dean replies.

“I knew it. As soon as you two left. You ain't FBI. Who are you? Who are you working for, huh? The men in black? You working for the mandroid? Where’s the cute girl that was with you?” Ronald demands.

“We're not working for the mandroid!” Sam yells.

“You, shut up! I ain't talking to you. I don't like you.” Ronald yells back. Dean gives Sam an I told you so look.

“Fair enough,” Sam replies calmly.

“Get on 'em. Frisk them down, make sure they got no weapons on them. Go!” Ronald demands of the hostages. A middle-aged black man goes over to Sam and Dean and frisks them. He finds a knife in Dean's boot.

“Now what have we here?” Ronald asks.

“I'm not just gonna walk in here naked!” Dean defends at Sam’s disapproving look.

“Get back there,” Ronald demands of the man. Taking the knife, he drops it in the deposit box. It clatters on the way in.

“No, no, no, no, no!” Dean winces. “We know you don't want to hurt anybody. That's exactly what's gonna happen if you keep waving that cannon around, and why don't you let these people go?”

“No! I already told you. If nobody's gonna stop this thing, then I've got to do it myself.” Ronald replies.

“Hey, we believe you! That's why we're here.” Dean replies.

“You don't believe me. Nobody believes me! How could they?” Ronald replies.

“Come here,” Dean says.


“You're holding the gun, boss, you're calling the shots. I just want to tell you something. Come here.” Dean replies. Ronald approaches cautiously and leans in Dean tells him quietly, “It's the bank manager.”

“What?” Ronald questions.

“Why do you think we've got these getups, huh? We've been monitoring the cameras in the back. We’ve got two more undercovers here in the bank. We saw the bank manager. We saw his eyes.” Dean replies.

“His laser eyes?” Ronald questions.
“Yes. No. No! No, look, we're running out of time, okay? We've got to find him before he changes into someone else.” Dean responds.

“Like I'm gonna listen to you. You're a damn liar.” Ronald retorts. Dean stands cautiously, hands out. “I'll shoot you! Get down!”

“Take me. Okay? Take me with you, take me as a hostage. But we've gotta act fast. Because the longer we just sit here the more time he has to change.” Dean replies waiting for a beat before continuing, “Look at me, man. I believe you. You're not crazy. There really is something inside this bank.”

“All right. You come with me. But everyone else gets in the vault!” Ronald demands there are a few gasps and cries from the other hostages.

Outside the bank a policeman paces, then goes around the corner where several police cars are waiting.

“Come on, move, move!” He calls.

Ronald ushers the hostages, including Sam, into the vault.

“Come on, move, move! Move, move!” Ronald commands of the hostages. To Dean he says. “And you lock it up.”

“It's okay, everyone. Just stay cool.” Dean says closing the heavy door with as apologetic shrug to Sam and the girls who were near the front. Sam swallows unhappily as Dean slams the door shut.

Inside the vault, a young redhead stares after Dean.

“Who is that man?” She asks

“He's my brother,” Sam says worriedly.

“He is so brave.” The woman replies.

Sam suppresses the urge to roll his eyes.

“I prefer the term stupid personally.” Y/n says moving closer to Sam to plan. Her comment getting a chuckle.

Ronald precedes Dean into a series of offices. Dean has removed his uniform jacket to reveal a flannel shirt.

“Check behind the desk,” Dean says

As Dean checks a back room, Ronald falls, yelling. Dean comes back out, eyes darting. Ronald is lying on the floor next to a slimy pile of skin. He screams and stands, pointing his gun at it.

“What the hell is that?” Ronald demands.

“Oh, great.” Dean mutters turning a lamp to see the pile. Dean crouches down to look closer before continuing. “When it changes form, it sheds its old skin. So, now it could be anybody.”
“It's so, so weird. Its robot skin is so lifelike.” Ronald says picking up a piece of skin and sniffing it.

“Okay, let's get something straight. It's, it's not a mandroid. It's a shapeshifter.” Dean replies, standing.

“shapeshifter?” Ronald asks.

“Yeah. I mean, it's human, more or less. Has human drives – and in this case, it's money. But it generates its own skin, it can shape it to match someone else's features, you know, taller, shorter, male,” Dean replies.

“So it, it, it kills someone and then takes their place,” Ronald asks.

“Kills them, doesn't kill them, I don't think it really matters,” Dean responds walking around the desk.

“What are you doing?” Ronald asks, standing also.

Dean picks up a letter opener from the desk and examines it.

“Nice.” Dean sighs in relief. “You remember the old werewolf stories? Pretty much came from these guys. Silver's the only thing I've seen that hurts them.” Heading out the door. “Come on, Ronald.”

Ronald grimaces at the skin, then follows Dean, grinning wildly.

Outside the bank a helicopter, a S.W.A.T. police vehicle, and the Channel 8 News van join the scene. A red car pulls up, and a middle-aged man in a suit and long coat gets out. He goes into the command van, where several other officers are seated around monitors. A uniformed officer is stirring a cup of coffee.

“How we doing?” The man asks pulling off his coat.

“Another day in paradise.” The coffee stirring officer replies.

“No one's come out yet?” The detective asks.

“This guy locked himself in. First, thing he did.” The officer responds.

“All right. Cut the power.” The detective replies with a chuckle.

Ronald is following Dean down a wider hallway, still chuckling.

“What are you, nuts?” Dean questions turning to look at Ronald.

“That's just it. I'm not nuts. I mean, I was so scared that I was losing my marbles. But this is real! I mean, I, I, I was right! Except for the mandroid thing. Thank you.” Ronald replies.

“Yeah, don't mention it,” Dean responds turning to continue down the hall.

Suddenly, the power cuts out, and a few emergency lights click on.

“Dammit! No, no, no, no, no.” Dean exclaims looking around at the lights.

“What? What is it?” Ronald asks.
“They cut the power. Probably their way of saying hi.” Dean replies starting down the hallway.

“Who?” Ronald inquires.

“The cops,” Dean replies not stopping his pace.

“The cops?!” Ronald questions.

“Well, you weren't exactly a smooth criminal about this, Ron. I mean, you didn't even secure the security Guard. He probably called them.” Dean replies stopping again.

“Well, I, I didn't, I didn't think t – ” Ronald begins.

“All right, hang on, hang on, let's just take a breath here for a second, all right? They — they've probably got us surrounded. They've cut the power to the cameras so there's no way of telling who the shapeshifter is.” Dean says taking a breath before continuing down the hall throwing over his shoulder. “It's not looking good, Ron.”

Ronald flinches at a noise, bringing the rifle up.

“Did you hear that?” Dean asks.

In the vault, it is dark as well, and a few of the hostages are fanning themselves. Sherry is still babbling at Sam. He continues to roll his eyes.

“Has your brother always been so, um, wonderful? I mean, staring down that gun. And you know the way -- he played right into that psycho’s crazy head, telling him what he wanted to hear, I mean,” Sherry continues while Sam stares, “He's like, a real hero or, or something.”

“Yeah. Yeah.” Sam replies.

The door opens to reveal Dean who now has a handgun.

“Oh my god, you saved us! You saved us!” Sherry exclaims happily.

“Actually, I just found a few more. Come on, everybody, let's go. Let's go.” Dean replies ushering people in.

Sherry stares in confusion as several more people, including the Guard from earlier, are herded inside.

“What are you doing?” Sherry asks confused.

“Sam, Y/l/h, Y/n, guys look, uh, Ronald, and I need to talk to you,” Dean says ignoring Sherry and looking at the other.

The three leave the vault, and Dean shuts the door behind him, shrugging apologetically.

“It's shed its skin again. We don't know when - it could be in the halls, it could be in the vault.” Dean begins.

“Great. You know, Dean, you and Y/n are wanted by the police.” Sam says.

“Yeah.” Dean replies.
“So even if we do find this damn thing -- how the hell are we gonna get out of here?” Y/n asks.

“Well, one problem at a time. All right, Y/n and I are gonna do a sweep of the whole place, see if we can find any stragglers. Once we get everyone together, we've got to play a little game of find-the-freak, so . . . here.” Dean replies handing Sam and Y/n each a silver letter opener. “Found another couple of these for you. Now stay here, make sure Ronald doesn't hurt anybody, okay? Help him manage the situation.”

“Help him manage? Are you insane?” Sam exclaims loudly.

Alerted by Sam's raised voice, Ronald looks over. Dean looks past Sam and gives Ronald a grinning thumbs-up.

“Look, I know this isn't going the way we wanted,” Dean begins quietly.

“Understatement!” Sam shouts.

“But if we invite the cops in right now, Ronald gets arrested, we get arrested, the shifter gets away, probably never find it again, okay?” Dean counters.

Ronald is peering out the window, in plain view, and Sam gestures at him in exasperation.

“Ron! Out of the light!” Y/n calls.

“Seriously?!” Sam sighs.

“Yeah, Ron's game plan was a bad plan, I mean, it was a bit of a crazy plan, but right now crazy's the only game in town, okay?” Dean replies. He slaps Sam on the shoulder and leaves Y/n close behind. Sam sighs, leans back and rolls his eyes at Ronald.

“Hi, Ronald,” Sam says.

Dean and Y/n creep along the dark hallways each with a flashlight, listening for sounds and watching for movement.

“I couldn’t find another one of those silver letter openers,” Dean says looking over at Y/n.

“That’s ok.” Y/n replies bending down and pulling a silver knife from her boot. “I prefer my own.”

Back in the vault, the hostages are fanning themselves again, and Sherry looks angry. The guard begins clutching his chest and breathing hard.

“I'm going to leave this open. Give you guys some fresh air, all right? But no one leaves this vault.” Sam says.

The phone rings and Ronald spins around, panicked.

“I don't understand. Why are you helping him?” Sherry asks.

“You wouldn't believe me if I told you,” Sam replies.

“Hello?” Ronald asks picking up the phone.

“I think I gotta get out of here!” The guard cries out in pain.
“Look, I'm very sorry, but you're just going to have to stay put, all right?” Sam replies.

“What? What do you mean, demands?” Ronald asks.

“Ronald! Hang up!” Sam demands.

“No, I, I'm not a bank robber, I, I, I –” Ronald continues in the phone.

“I've got to really get out of here.” The guard complains.

“Sir, you can't leave!” Sam replies.

“-- kind of a crime fighter, I guess,” Ronald responds.

“Ronald!” Sam calls turning to look at Ronald.

The guard is struggling to the door while several other hostages including a well-built middle-aged man, help him.

“Look —” Sam begins to the hostages.

“No, I'm acting alone,” Ronald says into the phone.

Sam sighs and goes over to the phone, slamming it to hang up.

“Ronald? The less the cops know, the better.” Sam says sternly.

“Hey! I think this dude's having a heart attack!” The man says gaining their attention.

“Get a doctor!” A woman cries.

“Great. Could be our guy. Could be a trick.” Sam mutters.

“You just going to let the man die?” The middle-aged man asks.

“No one's dying in here,” Sam says to the man. Turning to Ronald he continues. “Cover the door.” Before snatching up the phone.

Dean and Y/n continue down the hallways hunting things.

Outside the plainclothes Detective is on the phone with Sam an officer is in the foreground, listening.

“Can you tell me how many hostages this guy's taken?” The detective asks.

“Look, one of the people could be having heart trouble. You need to send in a paramedic.” Sam replies.

“Just stay calm, we'll have you folks out of there.” The detective responds.

“Just send in a paramedic, okay? And don't try anything else. Please.” Sam shouts into the phone.

“Paramedic? We don't have time for that, man!” The man helping the guard says as Sam hangs up the phone.

“He’s dying right in front of you.” The man continues.

“Help!” The guard says.

Dean stops and looks up, seeing a ceiling panel askew. He picks up a coat rack and begins poking it. When he has the panel dislodged a naked body falls to the floor landing right where Y/n had been standing. Y/n turns it over, and it is the man who has been helping the Guard. His throat has been slit.

The man is still holding up the guard, who is panicked and breathing painfully.

“Come on, man, you've gotta unlock the front door. We've got to get him out of here.” The shapeshifter says.

“Both of you stay where you are,” Ronald demands cocking the rifle.

Dean returns and whispers, inaudible, to Sam, While Y/n makes her way to Y/f/n. The shapeshifter watches them warily.

“You know what, Ronald? He's right, we've got to get this man outside. Come on. I've got you.” Sam says going into the vault and taking the guard from the shapeshifter.

“Yeah, yeah, let me help you.” The shifter says.

“Oh, I got him, it's, it's cool. Thanks.” Sam says getting the guard out of the way. Dean glares at the shapeshifter and approaches the vault.

“Thank you. Thank you.” The guard mumbles.

“Sure,” Sam replies.

“... Thank you.” The guard continues.

“Hey, can I talk to you for a second?” Dean asks walking toward the shifter.

“You got the gun, man. I mean, whatever.” The shifter replies. As he gets close enough, he attacks Dean, knocking him to the ground and running into the dark of the hallways. Dean gets up and chases after him. Y/n following close behind.

“Stop! Come back here!” Ronald yells racing after them putting him in the open again. Sam sees a laser sight on his back.

“Get down! Now!” Sam shouts. The sniper fires, hitting Ronald squarely in the chest. As he falls, Dean ducks behind a small wall pulling Y/n with him. They all watch in horror as Ronald slumps to his knees, then to the floor, dead.

The hostages run out of the vault as Dean and Y/n crawl behind another small wall nearer where Ronald fell. Sam and Y/f/n duck down beside them, panting. Sam pulls out the key and hands it to Dean.

“Here. Take care of the Guard. I'm going after the shifter.” Sam says. Him, Y/f/n, and Y/n run off, and Dean crawls over towards Ronald.

“Sorry, Ron. You did a real good job tracking this thing, you really did.” Dean says to Ronald’s lifeless body. He takes the rifle and, looking around furtively, runs off towards the Guard.
Sam approaches a broom closet and opens it suddenly revealing it to be empty. He hears something behind him and turns. Sherry screams. She and the other hostages have gathered, trying to escape.

“Please don't hurt us!” Sherry cries.

“You shouldn't be back here right now! You're in danger! Now go back to the vault. Now!” Y/f/n exclaims. The hostages run back the way they came.

Holding the Guard in front of him and the rifle in his other hand, Dean approaches the front door slowly. Outside, several paramedics pull a stretcher out of an ambulance.

“Everything's going to be all right,” Dean says to the guard.

“No, don't shoot! Don't shoot! Please!” The guard pleads.

“No, no, no, no! Don't even think about it!” Dean demands to the cops.

“Please! Don't shoot!” The guard pleads.

“Son of a –” Dean begins looking around at the frenzy. He shouts to the officers “I said get back! Now!”

“One of the hostages. He seems to have taken over the situation.” An officer inside the command center says.

“Excuse me?” The detective says.

“Okay, go, go!” Dean says letting the guard go. The Guard stumbles out as Dean draws back inside, shutting the door and latching it.

“We are so screwed.” Dean mutters heading back down the stairs.

Sam, Y/f/n, And Y/n have found another shed skin. Sam pulls out his phone and calls Dean.

“Yeah?” Dean says answering his phone.

“Slipped his skin,” Sam replies.

“What?” Dean asks.

“Yeah, bastard shifts fast. A lot faster than the one in St. Louis.” Sam replies.

“God, it's like playing the shell game. It could be anybody. Again.” Dean complains.

“Yeah, I think most of the employees are out of the vault by now,” Sam replies.

“All right, you guys search every inch of this place, I'm gonna go round everybody up,” Dean replies hanging up his phone.

Outside the bank, a black sedan and several black trucks pull onto the scene.

“Crap.” The officer inside the command center says.
“What?” The detective asks.

“The Feds are here.” The officer replies.

“Oh, crap.” The detective repeats.

A mousy, bespectacled man in an FBI jacket enters and stares at them. Then a tall, commanding, shaven-headed black man pushes past.

“Lieutenant Robards.” The man says.

“Yeah.” The Detective replies.

“Special Agent Henriksen.” The man replies shaking the detective's hand.

“Let me guess. You're lead dog now, but you would just love my full cooperation.” Detective Robards replies.

“I don't give a rat's ass what you do, you can go get a donut and bang your wife for all I care. What I do need is your S.W.A.T. team locked and loaded.” Henriksen replies.

“Listen, Agent. Something's not right about this. It's, um ... it's not going down like a usual heist.” Detective Robards responds.

“That's because it isn't one. You have no idea what you're dealing with, do you? There is a monster in that bank, Robards.” Henriksen retorts.

Sam and the girls continue hunting things.

Dean herds the hostages back into the vault.

“And I thought you were one of the good guys,” Sherry complains.

“What's your name?” Dean asks.

“Why would you care?” Sherry replies.

“My name's Dean.” He responds.

“I'm Sherry.” She replies.

“Hi, Sherry. Everything's gonna be all right. This will all be over soon, okay?” Dean says before shutting the vault door and spinning the lock as the landline rings. He sets down his handgun and answers it. “Yeah?”

“This is Special Agent Victor Henriksen,” Henriksen says.

“Yeah, listen, I'm not really in the negotiating mood right now, so —” Dean begins but is cut off.

“Good. Me neither. It's my job to bring you in. Alive's a bonus but not necessary.” Henriksen retorts.

“Whoa. Kinda harsh for a Federal Agent, don't you think?” Dean asks.

“Well, you're not the typical suspect, are you, Dean?” Henriksen replies. Deans look is one of horror. “I want you, Y/n, Y/f/n, and Sam out here, unarmed. Or we come in. And yes, I know about them
too. Y/n the Bonnie to your Clyde, And Sam and Y/f/n, the Buck and Blanche.”

“Yeah, well, that part's true, but how'd you even know we were here?” Dean asks.

“Go screw yourself, that's how I knew. It's become my job to know about you, Dean. I've been looking for you for weeks now. I know about the murder in St. Louis, I know about the Houdini act you pulled in Baltimore. I know about the desecrations and the thefts. I know about your dad.” Henriksen replies.

“Hey, you don't know crap about my dad.” Dean retorts darkly.

“Ex-marine, raised his kids on the road, cheap motels, backwood cabins. Real paramilitary survivalist type. I just can't get a handle on what type of whacko he was. White supremacist, Timmy McVeigh, To-may-to, to-mah-to.” Henriksen responds.

“You got no right talking about my dad like that. He was a hero.” Dean argues.

“Yeah. Right. Sure sounds like it. You have one hour to make a decision or we come through those doors full automatic.” Henriksen replies hanging up the phone. Dean pounds his forehead in frustration as he hangs up the receiver.

“Scramble your men, five minutes, then we go in.” Henriksen commands.

“What? Henriksen, they've let out one hostage so far. They've hurt no one as far as we can tell.” Detective Robards replies.

“You don't know these Winchesters. They're dangerous, smart, and expertly trained.” Henriksen responds.

“We can't risk the lives of all those people,” Robards replies.

“Trust me, Dean and Y/n’s a greater risk to 'em than we are.” Henriksen replies.

“This is crazy.” Robards retorts.

“Crazy's in there. And I just hung up on it.” Henriksen argues.

Sam sees blood on the floor in front of a closet. Opening it quickly the half-dressed body of Sherry falls out. Her throat is slit.

“Dammit.” Sam mutters.

Sam and the girls return to the vault room, where Dean is waiting for them the vault shut.

“Hey. We've got a bit of a problem outside.” Dean says as they approach.

“We got a problem in here.” Sam replies.

They open the vault and the hostage's flinch and look around.

“Sherry? We're gonna let you go.” Dean says.


“Uh, as a show of good faith to the feds, come on,” Dean replies holding up the rifle.
“Uh ... I think I'd, I'd rather stay here, with the others.” Sherry answers.

“I'm afraid I'm going to have to insist.” Y/n says approaching.

She looks at them warily. Sam is fingering the silver blade. After a long pause, she approaches them. Y/n and Y/f/n remain at the vault while Sam and Dean push Sherry back to the hallway where the body lays.

“I thought you were letting me go.” Sherry cries.

Dean shoves her forward, holding her head and forcing her to look at the body. She begins screaming hysterically.

“Is that community theater, or are you just naturally that good?” Dean inquires.

“This is the last time you become anybody. Ever.” Sam says holding up the blade.

“No! Oh god! Ohhhh ....” Sherry says before she faints.

Dean and Sam stare at her, baffled, then back at the other body. Dean removes the rifle from his shoulder and kneels over the dressed Sherry. He raises the blade with a shrug, but Sam puts out a hand to stop him.

“Dean, wait, wait, wait. What's the advantage of this plan? I mean, fainting now wouldn't help it survive.” Sam questions.

“Huh,” Dean says looking at the other body.

Dean kneels over the other body, then looks up, distracted by a noise. The body opens its eyes. It lashes out and grabs Dean by the throat. As he struggles, stabbing at it, Sherry wakes up. She screams again. Sam goes over to her, gathering her in his arms.

Dean looks over and demands, “Get her outta here! Now!” before he continues struggling with the shapeshifter. Sam and Sherry leave. Dean struggles with the shapeshifter for a moment, then the shapeshifter knees Dean in the lower jaw and bolts.

The S.W.A.T. team creeps through broken glass and into the bank. Dean ducks around a corner to avoid one. In another hallway, they find Sherry, who backs against the wall, terrified.

“Don't shoot! Don't shoot! I work here! I work here. Please ... get me out! Get me out of here ....” Sherry cries.

Several of them guide her out while two others continue down the hallway. They see Sam, who stops.

“Freeze! Let me see your hands.” One of the officers demands.

Dean is hunting through a boiler room. He turns and gets slammed in the face by the Shifter Sherry’s hand. He goes down to his knees with a grunt.

Sam turns abruptly and takes out the two armored policemen singlehandedly.

“That was so hot.” Y/f/n says coming around the corner followed by Y/n.

“Yeah, yeah. Oogle moose in your spare time we gotta get out of here.” Y/n replies heading down the hallway.
Dean recovers and settles into a fighting stance. He swipes at it with the silver blade, and it avoids the attack, retaliating. They tussle, and he gets in two good head-butts. He slashes at her again but she grabs his wrist and wrenches it up, and he grasps her forearm. Her skin slips off stickily.

“Gross.” Dean comments.

She kicks him hard between the legs, then several times in the face. He grabs her leg and wrenches it back, shoving her against the wall. They struggle like that for a moment before he manages to ram the silver blade into her chest.

Dean lets it slide to the floor. He hears a sound and flinches, then turns and kneels in front of her.

Three uniformed officers enter the room with a flashlight and stop. Dean looks back, panting.

Preceded by several civil servants, Henriksen enters the building, gun out. He strides down the main hallway. Officers are going in front of him, looking in rooms, and calling clear as they go through the chambers. They find the body of the first man.


In the boiler room, another officer is kneeling in front of the shifter Sherry’s body.

“I'm telling you, man. I just walked her out of the bank. She must have a twin sister or something.” An officer says looking up to the officer in front of him.

“Sir? My team said it's secure. They're gone.” An officer says approaching Henriksen from behind.

“You tell your team to tear it apart! The ducts, the ceilings, the furnace, everything.” Henriksen replies angrily.

“I don't think that's necessary.” The officer responds.

“Why not?” Henriksen inquires.

The officer takes Henriksen to a broom closet, where four men are stripped to their underwear and handcuffed on the floor. Henriksen nods in frustration.

Outside the bank, four officers in S.W.A.T. armor with weapons have exited the bank and are running upstairs on the outside of a building. They exit the stairs and turn into the deck of a parking garage, walking to a car -- the Impala. They get into the car and remove the helmets, panting, and sit in silence for a moment, looking somber.

“We are so screwed,” Dean says.

Sam nods minutely. While the other two look on in shock. Dean starts the car, Sam in the passenger seat. Exhausted, they pull out of the parking garage.
A young woman is seated quietly on her bed in a psych ward reading a book held in her left hand. The door opens behind her, and she turns.

“Good morning. You're not the usual guy.” The young woman says.

“No, uh, just filling in. So how you feeling today, Gloria?” Sam asks entering her room in scrubs.

“I've never felt better,” Gloria replies.

“So, no disturbances lately?” Sam questions.

“You mean am I stark raving cuckoo for cocoa puffs?” Gloria replies.

“I didn't' say that,” Sam replies.

“It's all right. I know what people must think.” Gloria answers

“What do you think?” Sam inquires.

“I think what I saw was real,” Gloria replies honestly.

Sam looks around before pulling up a chair and setting the clipboard down. He leans forward, elbows on knees, and gives her a warm look.

“I'd like to know what you saw,” Sam says.

“It was all over the news. I stabbed a man in the heart.” Gloria replies.

“Why would you do that?” Sam asks gently.

“Because it was God's will,” Gloria replies.

“Did God talk to you?” Sam asks.

“No. I get the sense God's a little busy for house calls. No, he, he sent someone.” Gloria replies.

“Someone?” Sam asks.

“An angel.” Gloria replies, “It came to me in this beautiful white light, and it filled me with this feeling. It's, it's hard to describe.”

“And this angel...” Sam trails off for Gloria to add more.

“Spoke God's Word,” Gloria replies.

“And the word was to kill someone?” Sam questions.

“I know, it sounds strange. But what I did was very important. I helped him smite an evil man. I was chosen. For redemption.” Gloria spoke.
“This man you stabbed, did the angel give you his name?” Sam asks.

“No, he just told me to wait for the sign. And the very next day I saw it, right beside the man’s doorway. And I knew.” Gloria replies.

“Why him?” Sam inquires.

“I just know what the angel told me: that this man was guilty to his deepest foundations. And that was good enough for me.” Gloria replies honestly.

Back at the Motel, Dean is lying on the motel bed in his room, which is vibrating due to the magic fingers, as he listens to music on his phone. He looks sort of blissful. Dean doesn't notice Sam or the girls as they enter.

“Hey,” Sam says leaning on the partition. Y/n walks over and smacks Dean’s boot while Sam loudly calls, “Hey!”

“Hey. Man, you gotta try this. I mean there really is magic in the Magic Fingers.” Dean says wiggling his fingers.

“Dean, you're enjoying that way too much. It's kind of making me uncomfortable.” Y/f/N says sitting at the table.

“What am I supposed to do? I mean, you've got me on lockdown here, I'm bored out of my skull.” Dean complains.

“Hey, you were the bank robber on the eleven o'clock news, not me. We can't risk you just walking into a government facility.” Sam replies.

“Hmm.” Dean hums and Sam waves a dismissing hand at Dean as he turns to go into the bathroom. The bed shutters to stillness.

“Aw, dammit! That was my last quarter. Hey! You got any quarters?” Dean asks pulling his headphones out and getting up.

“No!” Sam replies from the bathroom where he’s washing his face. Dean turns to look at Y/f/N and Y/n eyebrows raised. Both girls shake their heads no.

“So did you get in to see that crazy hooker?” Dean asks leaning against the bathroom door.

“Yeah. Gloria Stick. And I'm not so sure she's crazy.” Sam replies drying his hands on a towel.

“But she seriously believes that she was ... touched by an angel?” Dean asks. There is a loud snort from the other room.

“Yeah. Blinding light, feelings of spiritual ecstasy, the works. I mean, she's living in a locked ward, and she's totally at peace.” Sam replies.

“Oh yeah, you're right, sounds completely sane. What about the dude she stabbed?” Dean inquires.

“Uh, Carl Gully. She said she killed him because he was evil.” Sam responds.

“Was he?” Dean questions.

“I don't know. I mean, I couldn't find any dirt on him. I mean, he didn't have a criminal record, he worked at the campus library, had lots of friends. He was a churchgoer.” Sam answers.
“Hm. So then Gloria's just your standard-issue wacko.” Dean asks as Sam walks out of the bathroom past him. “I mean, psh, she wouldn't be the first nut-job in history to kill in the name of religion. Know what I mean?”

“No, but she's the second in town to murder because an angel told them to. Little bit odd, don't ya think?” Sam replies.

“Well, little odd yes, supernatural maybe. But angels? I don't think so.” Dean replies.

“Why not?” Y/l/N asks.

“'Cuz there's no such thing, Guys,” Dean says as if it’s obvious.

“Dean, there's ten times as much lore about angels as there is about anything else we've ever hunted,” Sam replies.

“Yeah, you know what? There's a ton of lore on unicorns too. In fact, I hear that they, they ride on silver moonbeams, and they shoot rainbows out of their ass.” Dean sasses.

“Wait, there's no such thing as unicorns?” Sam deadpans as he sits on the bed.

“That's cute. I'm just saying, man, there's just some legends that you just, you file under bullcrap.” Dean replies sitting next to Sam.

“And you've got angels on the bullcrap list.” Sam inquires.

“Yep.” Dean replies.

“Why?” Y/n asks.

Dean looks up in shock thinking she would be with him on this one, “Because I've never seen one.” He replies.

“So what?” Sam questions.

“So I believe in what I can see.” Dean responds.

“Dean! We have seen things that most people couldn't even dream about.” Sam says growing frustrated.

“Exactly. With our own eyes. That's hard proof, okay? But in all this time I have never seen anything that looks like an angel. And don't you think that if they existed that we would have crossed paths with them? Or at least know someone that crossed paths with them? No. This is a, a demon or a spirit. You know, they find people a few fries short of a happy meal, and they trick them into killing these randoms.” Dean argued.

“Maybe.” Sam concedes.

“Can we just — I'm going, stir-crazy man. Hey, let's go by Gloria's apartment, huh?” Dean says after rolling his eyes at Sam. Dean gets u and walks to the other bed.

“I was just there. Nothing. No sulfur, no EMF ...” Sam replies.

“You didn't see any fluffy white wing feathers?” Dean questions sitting on the other bed.

“But Gloria did say the angel gave her a sign, right beside Carl Gully's doorway.” Sam sighs.
“Could be something at his house; it's worth checking out,” Dean says eagerly pulling the keys to the Impala from his pocket and heading for the door.

Dean is driving as they pull up in front of Carl Gully's house. It is a single-family home with steps leading up to the front door.

“Oh hey, Sam. I think I found it.” Dean says gesturing to the plastic angel next to the door. “It's a sign from up above.” He continues climbing the steps and peers in the window, “Well, I think I learned a valuable lesson, always take down your Christmas decorations after New Year's, or you might get filleted by a hooker from God. Ha.”

“I'm laughing on the inside,” Sam says looking up at the house.

“Your wit astounds me, Dean,” Y/n says sarcastically. Sam wanders around back and through a gate. Dean and the others following in the back they find a wooden storm cellar.

“You know, Gloria said the guy was guilty to his deepest foundations,” Sam says looking down at the doors.

“You think she literally meant the foundation?” Dean asks.

The group waited until night then headed back to Carl Gulley’s house. Sam and Dean open the creaking door and go down the steps, shining flashlights the girls following.

“Hm,” Dean says looking around the storm cellar. Sam notices scratches on a wall near the floor, and he leans over to get a closer look.

“Hey.” Sam calls getting the attention of the others who were scattered around the basement.

“You got something?” Dean asks walking over to Sam. Sam digs at the wall and pulls something out. “What is it?”

“It's a fingernail,” Sam replies.

The quartet look at each other, and Dean turns to pull two shovels from the wall, and they begin to dig. Taking turns digging soon a deep pit has been completed to reveal a pile of skeletons.

“So much for the innocent church going librarian.” Sam comments.

“Yeah, well, whatever spoke to Gloria about this knew what it was talking about, I'll give you that,” Dean replies looking in the pit.

Our four heroes returned to the Impala and headed back to the motel to try and get some sleep for the night. The next morning dawns and Sam and Y/f/N head out to grab food.

Dean is sitting on the edge of the bed with a police radio in hand, listening, Y/n seated at the table both are painfully bored. Dean glancing at the magic fingers controller frequently.

“We've got a minor TA, involving a motorcycle and a, uh van, this is at the corner of 28th and Pine, 28th and Pine.” A female voice comes over the police radio.

As Sam and Y/f/N enters, Dean sighs and looks back longingly at the Magic Fingers controller again.

“D'you bring quarters?” Dean questions eagerly.
“Dude! I'm not enabling your sick habit.” Sam frowns tossing a sandwich at Dean. “You're like one of those lab rats that pushes the pleasure button instead of the food button until it dies.”

“What are you talking about? I eat. And I got news.” Dean replies setting his sandwich down and picking up the police scanner.

“Us too,” Y/f/N says sitting at the table with Y/n.

“All right, you go first.” Dean replies.

“Three students have disappeared off the college campus in the last year. All of them were last seen at the library.” Sam says sitting down on the bed across from Dean.

“Where Carl Gully worked.” Dean comments looking up at Sam.

“Yes,” Sam responds.

“Sick bastard.” Dean mutters looking down to the police radio.

“So Gloria's Angel —” Sam begins.

“Angel?” Dean questions turning towards Sam.

“Okay. Whatever this thing is . . .” Sam concedes.

“Okay, well, whatever it is, it's struck again.” Dean interrupts.

“What?” Sam and Y/f/N ask together.

“I was listening to the police radio before you got here. There was this guy, uh, Zach Smith, some local drunk; he went up to a stranger's front door last night, stabbed him in the heart.” Dean replied.

“And then I guess he went to the police and confessed?” Sam asks.

“Yes. Roma Downey made him do it.” Dean replies crossing the room to take a Post-it note off the mirror, “Now, I, uh . . . Got the victim's address.”

The four headed to the victim’s house, where they used the garbage cans to climb over the fence into the yard. Sam uses his pocket knife to open the window to climb through. Sam sits down at the computer as Dean and the others search the house.

“Find anything?” Sam asks as they re-enter the room.

“Well, Frank liked his catalog shopping, but that's about all I got,” Dean replied looking through a catalog.

“Not much here. Except he's got this one locked file on his computer, I can't . . . Hold on.” Sam says before he presses a few buttons, then grins in triumph, “Not anymore. God.”

“What?” Y/f/N asks walking around the desk.

“Well, he's got all these emails. Dozens, to this lady named Jennifer.” Sam replies pausing a moment while he reads more, “This lady who's thirteen years old.”

“Oh, I don't want to hear this.” Dean responds.
“Looks like they met in a chat room. These emails are pretty personal, Guys. Look at that. Setting up a time and place to meet.” Sam says pointing to one of the emails.

“Great.” Y/n huffs.

“They were supposed to meet today.” Sam continues reading.

“Huh. Well, I guess if you’re gonna stab someone, good timing. I don't know, man, this is weird, you know? I mean, sure, some spirits are out for vengeance, but this one’s almost like a do-gooder, you know? Like, like a –” Dean trails off.

“Avenging Angel?” Sam suggests Dean turns away so Sam continues “Well, how else do you explain it, Dean? Three guys, not connected to each other, all stabbed through the heart? At least two were world-class pervs, and I bet if you dug deep enough on the other guy —”

“Hey,” Dean says cutting Sam off and picking something up.

“What?” Sam exclaimed.

“You said Carl Gully was a churchgoer, right?” Dean questions turning around with a paper in his hands.

“Yeah?” Sam replied.

“What was the name of his church?” Dean inquired.

“Uh ... Our Lady of the Angels?” Sam replies confused as to why Dean was asking this.

“Of course, that'd be the name.” Dean mutters holding up a church flier, “Looks like Frank went to the same church.”

The group covertly exited the house and headed for Our Lady of the Angels. Dean, Sam, Y/n, and Y/f/N walk through the sanctuary of the church, speaking to a friendly priest, Father Reynolds.

“So you're interested in joining the parish?” Father Reynolds asks.

“Yeah, well, you know, we just don't feel right unless we hit church every Sunday.” Dean replies.

“Where'd you say you lived before?” Father Reynolds inquires.

“Uh ...” Sam utters.

“Fremont, Texas,” Y/n says.

“Yep,” Y/f/N puts in.

“Really? That's a nice town. St. Teresa's parish, you must know the priest there.” Father Reynolds replies.

“Sure, yeah, no it's uh, Father O'Malley.” Dean lies.

“Hmm, I know a Father Shaughnessy.” Father Reynolds informs.

“Shaughnessy, exactly. What'd I say?” Dean questions.

Y/f/N and Y/n roll their eyes as Sam interrupts, “You know, we're just happy to be here now, Father.
“And we're happy to have you, we could use some young blood around here.” Father Reynolds responds looking around at the foursome.

“Hey, listen, I gotta ask — no offense, but uh, the neighborhood?” Dean begins.

“Well, it's gone to seed a little, there's no denying that, but that's why what the church does here is so important. Like I always say, you can expect a miracle, but in the meantime, you work your butt off.” Father Reynolds replies.

“Huh. Yeah, we heard about the murders.” Dean says.

“Yes. The victims were parishioners of mine, I'd known them for years.” Father Reynolds comments.

“And the killers said that an angel made them do that?” Y/f/N asks.

“Yes. Misguided souls, to think that God's messenger would appear and incite people to murder. It's tragic.” Father Reynolds replies.

“So you don't believe in those angel yarns, huh?” Dean inquires.

“Oh, no, I absolutely believe. Kind of goes with the job description.” Father Reynolds responds.

“Father, that's Michael, right?” Sam inquires nodding to a painting on the wall of an angel.

“That's right. The archangel Michael, with the flaming sword. The fighter of demons. Holy force against evil.” Father Reynolds replies.

“So they're not really the Hallmark card version that everybody thinks? They're fierce, right? Vigilant?” Y/n asks.

“Well, I like to think of them as more loving than wrathful. But, uh, yes, a lot of Scripture paints angels as God's warriors. "An angel of the Lord appeared to them, the glory of the Lord shone down upon them, and they were terrified."” Father Reynolds replies quoting a verse from the Bible. Sam and Y/n nod while Dean looks confused. “Luke. Two nine.” Dean nods sagely.

Father Reynolds walk the hunters to back outside.

“Well, thank you for speaking with us, Father.” Y/f/N said stopping midway down the steps and turning back.

“Oh, it's my pleasure. Hope to see you again.” Father Reynolds replies before turning to head back into the church.

“Hey, Father, what's, what is all that for?” Dean asks pointing to a tribute of items left at the bottom of the steps.

Father Reynolds turned to look at the things and replied “Oh, that's for Father Gregory. He was a priest here.”

“Was?” Y/n questions.

“He passed away right on these steps. He's interred in the church crypt.” Father Reynolds replies.
“When did this happen?” Dean inquires.

“Two months ago. He was shot for his car keys.” The priest responds.

“I’m sorry,” Sam says with a shake of his head.

“Yeah, me too. He was a good friend. I didn't even have time to administer his last rites. But like I said, it's a tough neighborhood. Ever since he died, I've been praying my heart out.” Father Reynolds says.

“For what?” Sam asks.

“For deliverance. From the violence and the bloodshed around here. We could use a little divine intervention, I suppose.” Father Reynolds responds.

Dean turns to look at the others before replying “Well, Padre, thanks. We’ll see you again.”

Father Reynolds turns and heads back inside while Dean, Y/n, Y/f/N and Sam investigate the shrine.

“Well, it's all starting to make sense. Devoted priest dies a violent death? That's vengeful spirit material right there.” Dean says causing Sam to shift uncomfortably, “And he knew all the other stiff's because they went to church here, in fact, I'm willing to bet that because he was their priest, he knew things about them that nobody else knew.”

“Then again, Father Reynolds started praying for God's help about two months ago, right? Right about the time all this started happening?” Sam replied.

“Aw, come on, man, what's your deal?” Dean questioned.

“What do you mean?” Sam inquires.

“Look, I'll admit I'm a bit of a skeptic, but since when are you all Mr., uh, 700 Club? No, seriously. From the get-go you've been willing to buy this angel crap, man. I mean, what's next, are you going to start praying every day?” Dean asks.

“I do,” Sam replies.

“What?” Dean asks looking up at Sam.

“I do pray every day. I have for a long time.” Sam replies.

“The things you learn about a guy,” Dean replies startled. “Huh. Well, come on, let's go check out Father Gregory's grave.”

They headed for the cemetery and began looking for the church crypt. The crypt is a maze of stone hallways, with numerous stone angel figurines. They wander through slowly, Dean and Y/n a little ahead of Sam and Y/f/N. As Dean and Y/n go into another room, Sam stops, Y/f/N next to him, looking back at one of the angels. He frowns as it, and then the entire room, begin to shake. A brilliant light appears behind him, and he turns, confusion washing away to a look of awe before collapsing to the ground. Dean and Y/n hurry back into the room after noticing the two were missing.

“Sam, come on, get the lead out,” Dean says seeing Sam passed out on the floor, Y/f/N holding his head in her lap, he rushes over.

“Sammy? Sammy! Hey!” Dean calls. Sam jerks awake with a groan.
“You okay?” Y/n asks kneeling next to him.

“Yeah. Yeah. 'm okay,” Sam replies eyes not leaving the stone angel.

“Come on,” Dean says. He hauls Sam to his feet and guides him into the sanctuary, a hand on his arm, and shuts the door behind them. “You saw it, didn't you? Didn't you?”


“You...” Dean begins before stopping. Sam sits as Dean pulls out a flask, unscrews it and hands it to him. “All right. Here.”

“I don’t want a drink,” Sam says.

Dean shrugs before taking a swing “So. What makes you think you saw a, uh, Angel?”

“It just, it appeared before me and I just, this feeling washed over me, you know? Like, like peace. Like grace.” Sam replies.

“Oh, Ecstasy Boy, maybe we'll get you some glow sticks and a nice Dr. Seuss hat, huh?” Dean scoffed.

“Dean, I'm serious. It spoke to me, it knew who I was.” Sam pleaded.

“It's just a spirit, Sam. Okay? And it's not the first one to be able to read people's minds.” Dean replied before sitting down in another pew. “Okay, let me guess. You were personally chosen to smite some sinner. You've just got to wait for some divine bat signal, is that it?”

“Yeah, actually,” Sam replied.

“Great,” Dean muttered.

“I don't suppose you asked what this alleged bad guy did?” Y/n inquired sitting next to Dean.

“Actually, I did, Guys. And the angel told me. He hasn't done anything. Yet. But he will.” Sam replied.

“Oh, this is, this is . . . I don't believe this.” Dean says standing and beginning to pace.

“Dean, the angel hasn't been wrong yet! Someone's going to do something awful, and I can stop it!” Sam pleads.

“You know, you're supposed to be bad too, Sam. Maybe, maybe I should just stop you right now.” Dean argues.

“You know what, Dean? I don't understand! Why can't you even consider the possibility?” Y/f/N shouts.

“What, that this is an angel?” Dean asks.

“Yes! Maybe we're hunting an angel here, and we should stop! Maybe this is God's will!” Sam exclaims.

“Okay, all right. You know what? I get it. You've got faith. That's — hey, good for you. I'm sure it makes things easier.” Dean says sitting again, “I'll tell you who else had faith like that — Mom. She used to tell me when she tucked me in that angels were watching over us. In fact, that was the last
thing she ever said to me.”

“You never told me that,” Sam murmurs.

“Well, what's to tell?” Dean asks, “She was wrong. There was nothing protecting her. There's no higher power, there's no God. I mean, there's just chaos, and violence, and random, unpredictable evil, that comes out of nowhere, and rips you to shreds. You want me to believe in this stuff? I'm going to need to see some hard proof. You got any?” He waits a moment looking at the others, “Well, I do. Proof that we're dealing with a spirit.”

The fur stood from the pews and headed for the church crypt. Father Gregory's tombstone was covered in creeping vines. And the four crouch before it.

“That looks like—” Sam begins.

“It's wormwood.” Y/n says looking at the others.

“Plant associated with the dead; specifically the ones that are not at rest. I don't see it growing anywhere else, except over the murdered priest's marker. It's him, Sam.” Dean says.

“Maybe,” Sam mutters looking away from Dean and back to the marker.

“Maybe?” Dean inquires.

“Dean, I don't know what to think,” Sam says.

“Okay. You want some more proof? I'll give you more proof.” Dean replies.

“How?” Sam asks.

“We'll summon Gregory's spirit.” Y/f/N says looking between the two boys.

“What? Here? In the church?” Sam asks incredulously.

“Yeah. Yeah, we just need a few odds and ends, and that, uh, séance ritual in Dad's journal.” Dean replies standing and walking out of the crypt.

“Oh, a séance, great. Hope Whoopi's available.” Sam scoffs.

“That's funny, actually. Seriously.” Dean deadpans. “If Father Gregory's spirit is around, a séance will bring him right to us. If it's him, then we'll put him to rest.”

“But if it's an angel, it won't show. Nothin' will happen.” Sam replies.

“Exactly. That's one of the perks of the job, Sam, we don't have to operate on faith. We can know for sure. Don't you wanna know for sure?” Y/n asks.

The group of hunters headed for the Impala and for the nearest grocery store. The four leave the small grocery store, Sam holding a paper sack and smiling.

“Dude. I'll admit we've gone pretty ghetto with spell work before, but this takes the cake. I mean, a Spongebob placemat instead of an altar cloth?” Sam asks.

“We'll just put it Spongebob side down.” Dean replies.
“I told you we should have gotten the Powerpuff girls one.” Y/n mumbled.

Sam laughs, then stopped in shock, staring at something across the street. A young man holding a bunch of flowers.

“Dean, that's it,” Sam says.

“What? The Powerpuff girls placemat?” Dean asks.

“No. no. That's the sign!” Sam replies still looking at the man.

“Where?” Dean asks turning to look at the man.

“Right there, right behind that guy! That's him, Dean. And we have to stop him.” Sam replies urgently.

The young man crosses the street, and Sam starts to go after him, but Dean stops him.

“Wait a minute,” Dean says placing his hands on Sam's chest.

“What are you doing? Let me go.” Sam says looking from the young man to Dean.

“You're not going to go kill somebody because a ghost told you to, are you insane?” Dean argues.

“Dean, I'm not insane, I'm not going to kill him. I'm going to stop him.” Sam replies.

“Define "stop," huh? I mean, what are you going to do?” Y/n asks quickly.

“Guys, please, he's going to hurt someone, you know it,” Sam replies.

“All right, come on,” Dean responds turning back to the Impala.

The young man climbs into a car and starts it up, pulling away. Y/n jumps in the back of the car, while Dean gets in the driver side and starts it. Sam tries to get in the other side, but the door is locked.

“Dean. Unlock my door.” Sam says through the closed window.

“You're not killing anyone, Sam. Y/n and I got this guy, you and Y/f/N go do the séance.” Dean replies before putting the car in gear.

“Dean!” Sam yells.

Dean pulls away from the curb leaving Y/f/N and Sam standing. Following the young man at a short distance, He stops at a corner and gets out with the bunch of flowers, handing them to a woman waiting on the corner. They both get in the car and drive off again.

Back at the Crypt Sam and Y/f/N are kneeling before Gregory's grave, Sam has the spell materials spread out. A circle of small white candles, a large black candle in the middle, the placemat Spongebob side down, and the Journal. He lights the candles, picks up John's Journal, and begins reading, “Amate spiritus obscure te quaeirimus, te oramus nobiscum colloqueure aput nos circita” He sprinkles some herb on the black candle and it flares once, brightly.

“What are you doing? What is this?” Father Reynolds asks entering the room and seeing the altar.
“Uh, Father, please. I can explain. Um . . . Actually, maybe I can't. Um. This is a, a séance.” Sam says quickly looking to Y/f/N for help.

“A séance? Young man, you are in the House of God.” Father Reynolds states.

“It's based on early Christian rites if that helps any.” Y/f/N tries helpfully.

“Enough. You're coming with me.” Father Reynolds replies grabbing both by the arm and leading them out of the room.

“Father, please… you… just wait a second!” Sam tries.

As Father Reynolds pulled Sam and Y/f/N to the exit, a bright glow builds behind them. They turn Father Reynolds in awe, Sam in disappointment.

“Oh, my God! Is that ... is that an angel?” Father Reynolds asks.

“No, it's not. It's just Father Gregory.” Y/f/N replies.

The bright glow dims and coalesces to reveal a young priest.

“Thomas?!” Father Reynolds asks.

“I've come in answer to your prayers.” Father Gregory replies.

Back out on the street Dean and Y/n continue to follow the supposedly evil young man.

“This is stupid, man. We're following him for no reason.” Dean complains childishly.

“Just keep following him.” Y/n replies looking over at Dean with a small smile.

Sam approaches Gregory’s spirit cautiously.

“Sam. I thought I sent you on your path. You should hurry.” Father Gregory says calmly.

“Father, I'm sorry. But you're not an angel.” Sam replies.

“Of course, I am.” Father Gregory responds.

“No. You're a man. You're a spirit. And you need to rest.” Y/f/N retorts.

“I was a man. But now I'm an angel. I was on the steps of the church. And I felt that bullet pierce right through me. But there was no pain. And suddenly I could see. .everything. Father Reynolds, I saw you, praying and crying here. I came to help you.” Father Gregory replies.

“Help me how?” Father Reynolds asks.

The allegedly evil young man turns down a dark alley, and Dean temporarily loses sight of him. He slams the steering wheel in frustration.

“Dammit!” Dean exclaims.
“Those murders — that was because of you?” Father Reynolds asks.

“I received the Word of God. He spoke to me, told me to smite the wicked. I'm carrying out his will.” Father Gregory replies.

“You're driving innocent people to kill.” Father Reynolds exclaims.

“Those innocent people are being offered redemption. Some people need redemption. Don't they, Sam?” Father Gregory asks looking at Sam. Sam looks away, Father Gregory touched a nerve.

“How can you call this redemption?” Father Reynolds asks.

“You can't understand it now. But the rules of man and the rules of God are two very different things.” Father Gregory replies.

“Those people. They're locked up.” Y/l/N stated.

“No, they're happy. They've found peace, beaten their demons. And I've given them the keys to Heaven.” Father Gregory replies turning his head to look at her.

“No. No, this is vengeance, it's wrong. Thomas, this goes against everything you believed. You're lost, misguided.” Father Reynolds protested.

“Father. No, I'm not misguided.” Father Gregory argued.

“You are not an angel, Thomas. Men cannot be angels.” Father Reynolds states.


“I prayed for God's help. Not this. What you're doing is not God's will. ‘Thou shalt not kill.’ That's the word of God.” Father Reynold clarified.

Back outside in an alleyway, the young man stops the car. The young woman holding the flowers looks confused and smiles nervously.

“How come we stopped?” She asks.

The young man smiles back more nervously, his eye twitching. He leans over suddenly and kisses her. She fends him off with a laugh.

“Um, weren't we going to go to the movies? Ah -- We should go, or we're going to be late.” The young woman says.

Suddenly the young man hits her, hard, across the face. She yelps in shock.

“I'm sorry. I'm sorry, it's just I've never done this before.” The young man says. The woman tries to get out of the car, but he's locked the door and she scrabbles uselessly at the handle.

“Look, I said I was sorry!” The man continues.

“Please!” The woman begs as the young man pulls out a knife. “What?”

The man lunges at her with the knife, and she tries to fight him off. They struggle for a few seconds.

“No. N-- Stop it!” The man tries.
The window shatters behind his head, and Dean reaches in, punches him, and slams his face into the steering wheel. Dean unlocks the doors and Y/n pulls the woman out. Dean tumbles over the hood to reach them, grabbing the woman’s shoulders frantically.

“Are you okay? Are you okay?!” Dean asks.

“Thank God!” The woman cries.

Behind them, the evil young man has come to and started the car driving off.

“Dammit! Are you sure you're okay? Do you have a cell phone?” Y/n asks. The woman nods still sobbing, “Call 9-1-1!”

Dean runs off and gets in his car closely followed by Y/n, to chase after the evil young man again.

Father Gregory is staring, bewildered, at his own headstone. He turns to face Father Reynolds, Y/n, and Sam.

“Let us help you,” Sam murmurs.

“No.” Father Gregory replies.

“It's time to rest, Thomas, to be at peace. Please, let me give you Last Rites.” Father Reynolds pleads. Father Gregory nods in resignation and Father Reynolds lifts his hands in prayer. “Oh Holy Hosts above, I call upon thee as a servant of Christ to sanctify our actions this day, in fulfillment of the will of God.” Father Reynolds gasps as Gregory flickers like a distorted image.

“Father Reynolds?” Father Gregory questions.

“Rest.” Father Reynolds replies.

Father Gregory kneels, and Father Reynolds holds a hand over Father Gregory’s forehead

“I call upon the Archangel Raphael, Master of the Air, to make open the way. Let the fire of the Holy Spirit now descend, that this being might be awakened to the world beyond.” Father Reynolds continues.

Father Gregory glows brightly, then vanishes to a short soft angelic chorus. Father Reynolds lowers his hand in awe.

Back outside Dean and Y/n are chasing the evil young man at a more frantic rate now, Dean grips the steering wheel tightly. They cut across lanes, over grass, and generally cause mayhem. At a cross-street, a small pickup truck carrying long metal pipes screeches to a halt in front of the man’s car. A pipe spins off the truck bed, bouncing once on the ground and plowing straight through his windshield. It impales him straight through the chest. Dean stops the car in shock, next to the young man’s car, and both climb out.

“Holy . . .” Dean mutters walking closer to the car.

“Shit…” Y/n murmurs.
Sam and Y/f/N head back to the motel where both begin packing. Dean approaches the boys’ room and enters.

“How was your day?” Dean asks.

“You were right. It wasn't an angel. It was Gregory.” Sam replies sadly.

Dean pulls the flask from his inner pocket, takes a drink, then, considering, offers it to Sam. Sam takes it and takes a drink.

“I don't know, Dean, I just, uh . . .” Sam begins before sitting heavily on the bed, “I wanted to believe ... so badly, ah ... It's so damn hard to do this, what we do. You're all alone, you know? And ... there's so much evil out there in the world, Dean, I feel like I could drown in it. And when I think about my destiny when I think about how I could end up...”

“Yeah, well, don't worry about that. All right? I'm watching out for you.” Dean replies sitting on the other bed.

“Yeah, I know you are. But you're just one person, Dean. And I needed to think that there was something else, watching too, you know? Some higher power. Some greater good. And that maybe . . .” Sam responds.

“Maybe what?” Dean prods.

“Maybe I could be saved.” Sam replies laughing nervously, “But, uh, you know, that just clouded my judgment, and you're right. I mean, we've gotta go with what we know, with what we can see, with what's right there in front of our own two eyes.”

“Yeah, well, it's funny you say that.” Y/n says walking slowly into the room followed by Y/f/N.

“Why?” Sam asks looking up at them.

“Gregory's spirit gave you some pretty good information. That guy in the car was bad news. Y/n and I barely got there in time.” Dean replies.


“He's dead.” Y/n says sitting on the bed next to Dean.

“Did . . . you?” Sam asks looking between the two.

“No. But I'll tell you one thing. If . . . The way he died, if I hadn't seen it with my own two eyes, I never would have believed it. I mean ... I don't know what to call it.” Dean replies.


“Maybe . . . God's will.” Y/n replies looking up at Dean with a small shrug of her shoulders.
When y'all give me such nice comments I just wanna take everything that I have written so far and throw it at ya like here love me!!!
“Sammy, what the hell happened?” Y/n asks calmly.

“Guys. I don't remember anything.” Sam replies finally looking up.

Y/n heads out to the car and grabs Sam’s duffle so he can change his clothes. Dean heads to ask around and returns to the room, carrying a bag of fast food. Sam changed his clothes and is looking a little less out of it.

“What'd you find out?” Sam asks.

“You checked in two days ago under the name Richard Sambora. Of course, I think the scariest part about this whole thing is the fact that you're a Bon Jovi fan.” Dean replies.

“Bon Jovi rocks... On occasion.” Y/f/n puts in smirking over at Y/n.

“Guys...” Sam begins.

“Your room's been quiet, nobody's noticed anything unusual.” Dean sighs.

“You mean no one saw me walking around covered in blood?” Sam questions pacing the room.

“Yeah. That's what I mean.” Dean replies turning back to the table and taking off his jacket.

“Then how the hell did I get here, Dean? What happened to me?” Sam questions.

“I don't know. Alright, but you're, you're okay, and that's what matters. Everything else we can deal with.” Dean replies.

“Oh really? 'Cause what if I hurt someone? Or worse?” Sam inquires.

“Sam . . .” Dean begins looking back at him while rolling up his sleeves.

“What if this is what Dad warned you about?” Sam asks.

“Hey, whoa, whoa, come on man, let's not jump the gun here. We don't know what happened. We've just got to treat this like, like any other Job. What's the last thing you remember?” Dean answers quickly.

“Just me, you, Y/n and Y/f/n, just, in that motel room in West Texas, going out to grab some burgers, and...” Sam begins sitting on the bed.

“West Texas? That was, that was over a week ago.” Y/n says from the other bed where she has sprawled out.

“That's it.” Sam finishes and Dean looks stunned. “Next thing I knew I was sitting here. Bloody. Felt like I'd been asleep for a month.”

“Okay. Retrace your steps. The manager said you left yesterday afternoon, and he never saw you come back, so,” Dean says pulling back the curtain to look out, he finds a bloody fingerprint on the window “Hey.”

The quartet walks outside and around the motel. It's daylight, but there is a light rain.

“Recognize anything?” Y/n asks looking around the parking lot.
“Not really.” Sam replies as they go towards a parking garage out back “Wait.”

“What?” Dean asks.

“I think I was here,” Sam replies.

“You remember?” Y/f/n asks.

“Not really, it just ... feels familiar, you know?” Sam replies. Dean shrugs and goes to the nearest garage. Sam looks over at the second and points. “Try that one. Yeah.”

“Okay,” Dean replies tugging on the padlock.

“Wait,” Sam says before he digs in his pocket, frowning. He pulls out a key and gives Dean a significant look. Dean opens the padlock with the key, raising his eyebrows at Sam. He pulls the garage door open to reveal a filthy, beat-up VW Beetle.

“Oh, please tell me you didn't steal this,” Dean says.

Sam fidgets before they go into the garage and open both doors of the car, Sam on the driver's side. He touches the wheel, shows Dean his stained finger.

“More blood,” Sam says.

“Sam. Backseat.” Dean says pointing to the back.

Sam reaches down, picks up a blood-stained knife that sticks to the floor of the backseat. He stares at it.

“You think I used this on someone?” Sam asks worriedly.

Dean pauses before answering “I'm not thinking anything.”

“No Sam, we don’t think you used it on someone.” Y/f/n says calmly.

Sam looks around before he rubs the knife handle off on the inside of his jacket. Dean picks up a pack of cigarettes.

“Okay, now this is disturbing. Come on, man, this couldn't have been you. Had to have been someone else, somebody who, uh” Dean begins before sniffing the pack, “smokes menthols.”


The four head back to the Impala and head to the gas station.

“All right. Receipt's for ten gallons at pump number two. You getting any, uh, any goosebumps yet? 'God, this looks familiar,' deja vu vibes?” Dean asks. Sam shakes his head quietly, “Maybe someone inside’ll remember you. Come on.”

All four head into the convenience store. The clerk looks up in shock, then anger explicitly recognizing Sam.

“You. Outta here now, I'm calling the cops.” The clerk barks.

“You talking to him?” Dean asks pointing at Sam.
“Yeah, I'm talking to him. Jerk comes in yesterday, stinking drunk, grabs a forty from the fridge, starts chugging.” The Clerk replies.

“This guy?” Dean asks surprised before turning to Sam, “You're drinking malt liquor?”

“Not after he whipped the friggin' bottle at my head.” The clerk replies.

“Seriously, This guy?” Y/n asks now joining in.

“What, am I speaking Urdu?” The clerk snaps.

“Look, I'm really sorry if I did anything –” Sam begins.

“You know what? Tell your story walkin', pal. Po-po will be here in five.” The clerk replies.

“Wait, wait, he’s leaving, he’s leaving, put the phone down. Sam, go wait in the car.” Dean says.

“But Dean –” Sam starts.

“Go wait in the car!” Dean urges. Sam heaves a sigh then leaves. Y/n looks at Y/f/n then jerks her head in Sam’s direction, “Okay, look, man. I just want to talk to you, that's it. Okay?” The clerk hangs up the phone so Dean continues “Now, when he took off yesterday, which way did he go?”

“Why don't you ask him?” The clerk snarks.

“Cause I'm asking you. Now please, you'd be doing me a huge favor.” Dean pleads.

“Oh, do you a favor? Well, that is what I live for. You know, your buddy didn't pay for the booze. Okay? Or the smokes, which he also illegally lit up.” The clerk sasses.

“You saw him smoking?” Dean asks.

“Yeah. Guy's a chimney.” The clerk replies.

Dean clears his throat and pulls his wallet out, places some bills on the counter.

“This, uh, ought to cover it,” Dean says.

“Hmm. It's, uh, it's coming back to me now. He took two packs.” The clerk replies.

Dean pulls more money from his wallet muttering “Of course he did.”

“He went north. Route 71, straight out of town.” The clerk replies.

Dean nods grab two candy bars and leaves with a smirk. Handing one bar to Y/n they climb back into the car and head out of town. Dean is driving down a dark road, and Sam is staring out the window.

“What's going on with you, Sam? Hm? 'Cause smoking, throwing bottles at people, I mean, that sounds more like Dean or Y/n than you.” Y/f/n coos rubbing Sam’s shoulder.

“Hey, I did that one time.” Y/n huffs.

“Dean, wait, right here. Turn down that road.” Sam says.

“What?” Dean asks bewildered.
“I don’t know how I know, I just do,” Sam replies.

Dean turns down a back road and onto private property. It is a large house with plenty of emergency lighting and security cameras outside. They climb from the car and look around at all the cameras.

“Whoever lives here, I’d say they don’t like surprises,” Sam says.

They climb the stairs to the front door, and Dean turns to look at the others “Should we knock?” he asks.

“Yeah. I guess.” Sam replies.

Dean knocks on the front door while Sam pokes around the corner.

“Hey, Guys,” Sam says waving his flashlight at a broken window. The ledge is covered in shattered glass.

“I’m surprised the cops didn't show. Place like this you'd think it'd have an alarm.” Dean replies.

Sam walks further around the house and notices a disabled alarm box on the wall “Yeah, you would.” He says.

The four hunters climb into the house where they find the floor is covered in broken glass and scattered items. In a back room, they come across a body on the floor.

“Hit the lights,” Dean says. Sam turns the lights on as Dean kneels behind the body. He turns it over to reveal a middle-aged man with a deeply cut throat. His eyes staring but unblinking. Dean puts a hand over his own mouth while Sam and the others look horrified.

“Dean, I did this,” Sam says.

“We don't know that.” Dean replies.

“What else do you need? I mean, how else do you explain the car, the knife, the blood –” Sam asks.

“I don't know, man, why don't you tell me?!” Dean demands. He pauses before continuing, “Look, even if you did do this I'm sure you had a reason, you know; self-defense, uh, he was, he was a bad son of a bitch, something!” Dean begins to pat down the body, “He doesn't have any ID.”

“I need your lockpick.” Y/n says looking at the closet doors.

“What?” Dean asks.

“I need your lockpick.” Y/n repeats holding her hand out. Dean gives her the lock pick, and she takes it and opens a double-door closet in the room. Inside the room, one wall is covered in firearms, the others in charts and clippings.

“Holy ... Either this guy's a Unabomber –” Dean begins.

“Or a hunter. Dean, I think I killed a hunter.” Sam finishes.

Spotting a security camera near the ceiling Dean replies, “Let's find out.”

Sam is sitting in front of the desktop computer, Dean, and the others standing behind. Sam pulls up the security tape and plays it.
“Here we go,” Dean says.

On the tape, Sam is fighting the man who lies dead on the floor behind them. The fight moves off camera, and Sam drags the man back into the frame. He kneels with the man pulled up against his legs, and slits his throat. Sam stares in shock as Dean pulls back from the screen and stands straight, looks at Sam.

Sam is sitting at the computer desk, reading a letter in his hand while Dean and the others bustle around behind him, cleaning up.

“How do you erase this? Huh? Sam, come on, I need your help.” Dean asks.

“I killed him, Dean. I just broke in and killed him.” Sam replies.

“Listen to me. Whoever this guy is, he’s a hunter. Which means that other hunters are going to come looking for his killer, which means we’ve got to cover our tracks, okay?” Dean urges.

“His name was Steve Wandell. This is a letter from his daughter.” Sam replies holding up the letter.

Dean looks from Sam to the letter, then makes a decision. He grabs the CPU, lifts it above his head, and smashes it to the floor, stomping it with his boots for good measure. Dean looks at Sam, still sitting there despondent, tosses a rag to him.

“Wipe your prints, then we go.” Dean demands.

Dean drives them back to the motel where Sam precedes Dean into the motel room, and the girls head to their own.

“All right, we get a couple hours sleep and then we put this place in our rearview mirror. Look, I know this is bad, okay? You gotta snap out of it. Sam, say something!” Dean pleads.

“Just get some sleep and leave in the morning? Murder, Dean. That's what I did.” Sam replies.

“Maybe,” Dean replies looking for something to say. Sam scoffs so Dean continues, “Okay? Hey, we don't know... shapeshifter!”

“Oh, come on. You know it wasn't, you saw the tape. There was no eye flare, no distortion,” Sam replies.

“Yeah, but it wasn't you! All right? I mean, yeah, it might have been you, but it wasn't you.” Dean argues.

“Well, I think it was.” Sam replies sitting on the bed, “I think maybe more than you know.”

“What the hell does that mean?” Dean inquires.

“For the last few weeks, I've been having ... I've been having these feelings.” Sam replies.

Dean walks to the bed to sit opposite of Sam and asks, “What feelings?”

“Rage. Hate. And I can't stop it. It just gets worse. Day by day, it gets worse.” Sam replies.

“You never told me this,” Dean says.

“I didn't want to scare you,” Sam replies.
Dean nods slapping his knee stands up, “Well, bang-up Job on that.”

In the other room, Y/n sits on the bed, while Y/f/n showers. Silent tears roll down her face. “What’s wrong?” Y/f/n questions emerging from the bathroom.

“Do you miss it?” Y/n asks.

“Miss what sweetie?” Y/f/n inquires sitting on the bed.

“Home, Everyone. Do you wonder what they’re doing or if they even noticed?” Y/n replies.

“All the time, hun. But then I remember we were made for this… created for them… to save the world… and I couldn’t ask for better people to have by my side.” Y/f/n responds wrapping her arms around y/n.

“No chick flick moments.” y/n laughs pushing y/f/n off the bed.

Y/f/n climbs from the floor and get in her own bed, “Good night, jerk.” She says shutting off the light.

“Bitch.”

“Dean, the yellow-eyed demon, you know he has plans for me. And we both know that he's turned other children into killers before, too.” Sam responds.

“No one can control you but you.” Dean replies.

“It sure doesn't seem like that, Dean, it feels like no matter what I do, slowly but surely I'm, I'm just becoming...” Sam retorts.

“What?” Dean asks.

“Who I'm meant to be. I mean, you said it once yourself, Dean. I gotta face up to who I am.” Sam replies.

“I didn't mean this!” Dean yells.

“But it's still true. You know that. Dad knew that too. That's why he told you if it ever came to this...” Sam trails off.

“Shut up, Sam,” Dean hisses.

“Dean, you promised him. You promised me.” Sam argues.

“No. Listen to me. We're gonna figure this out. Okay? I mean, there's gotta be a way, right?” Dean pleads.

“Yeah there is.” Sam replies pulling a handgun from his duffel and shoves it at Dean, “I don't wanna hurt anyone else. I don't wanna hurt any of you.”

Dean looks down, at the gun Sam is handing him and replies, “You won't. Whatever this is, you can fight it.”

“No. I can't. Not forever. Here, you gotta do it.” Sam replies tearing up.

The brothers stare at each other for a long moment. Then Sam grabs Dean's right hand and places the
gun in it. Dean doesn't move, just stares as Sam in shock. Sam is shaky and upset.

“You know, I've tried so hard to keep you safe,” Dean says taking the gun from Sam.

“I know.” Sam nods.

Dean shakes his head no before replying “I can't. I'd rather die.” He drops the gun on the bed and shoulders past Sam.

“No. You'll live.” Sam says picking up the gun from the bed as Dean turns to face him, “You'll live to regret this.” He pistol-whips Dean, who falls to the floor unconscious. An insistent knocking begins during the blackout. Dean awakens to realize that he is on the floor of the motel room and the motel manager, who has been knocking, opens the door, Y/n following closely behind panic in her eyes.

“Hey. It's past your checkout.” The manager says.

“What?” Dean asks getting up groggily.

“It's past checkout, and I've got a couple here needs your room.” The manager replies.

Dean looks at them and sees an embarrassed businessman with a hooker, “Yeah, I'll bet they do. What time is it?”

“Twelve-thirty.” The manager replies.

“That guy who was with us, have you seen him?” Dean asks as Y/n gathers his stuff.

“Yeah, he left before dawn in your car with the other girl, and you should have gone with him because now I'm gonna have to charge you extra.” The manager replies.

“Oh, son of a...” Dean mutters.

“It's just policy, sir.” The manager says.

“I need to use your computer,” Dean says.

“Now, why would I let you use my computer?” The manager asks.

The manager is counting a stack of cash, as Dean talks on the phone behind him, while Y/n waits patiently in front of the desktop computer.

“Hi, uh, so sorry to bother you, but uh, my son snuck out of the house last night and, uh, went to a Justin Timberlake concert.” Dean says into the phone pausing while the other person responds, “What? Yeah. No, Justin is quite the triple threat. Uh, anyway, he's not back yet, and, and I'm just, I'm starting to worry.” He pauses again while Y/n tries not to laugh, “Right. Yeah, boys will be boys. But see, Sammy is uh uh uh, a diabetic, and uh, if he doesn't get his insulin, I just, I have to find him. Please, I'm begging you. Yeah, no no no, I'm on the website right now, I just need to activate the GPS in his Cell phone.” Dean enters a password, and the screen pops up. “Yeah, right there. Duluth, Minnesota. Yeah, that is a long way to go for a concert. I appreciate your help.”

In a bar in Minnesota, Jo is scrubbing the bar and saying goodnight to some customers, “Good night, thank you.” Sam enters and clears his throat, Jo’s back to him she answers, “Sorry, we're closing
"How about just one for the road?" Sam replies.

Turning to face him not looking welcome she replies, "Well, you're about the last person I'd expect to see."

"Well, I guess I'm full of surprises. So can I get a beer?" Sam asks.

"Sure. One beer." Jo replies. Jo brings a bottle of beer over and sets it down on the bar firmly, then turns away, bustling over cleaning up the bar. "So how'd you find me?"

"Well, uh, it's kind of what we do, you know?" Sam replies.

"Speaking of 'we,' where's Dean, Y/t/n and Y/n?" Jo asks.

"Couldn't make it," Sam replies.

"So what're you doing here Sam? I mean we didn't exactly part on the best of terms." Jo questions.

"Right. Um, well, that's why I'm here." Sam begins taking off his jacket, "I kinda -- I wanted to see if we could square things, you know?" As Sam takes off his coat, Jo notices a circular burn mark with a short line through it on Sam's forearm.

"That looks like it hurts." Jo replies.

"No. Nah, just, just had a run-in with a hot stove," Sam responds.

"So you were saying something about squaring things?" Jo inquires.

"Yeah. Um ... Look, I know how you feel about my dad. And I can't say I blame you. He was obsessed -- consumed with hunting. And he didn't care who got caught in the cross-fire. And I guess that included your dad. But that was my father. That's not me." Sam states.

"What about Dean?" Jo asks.

"Well, Dean's more like my father than I am, but h-- . . ." Sam begins, and Jo gives him an off look. Laughing a little he continues, "Boy. You're really carrying a torch for him, aren't you?" Jo scoffs, uncomfortably, So Sam proceeds smiling tightly, "I'll take that as a yes. It's too bad. 'Cause see, Dean, he likes you, sure, but not in the way you'd want. I mean, maybe as kind of a . . . A little sister, you know? But -- romance, that's just out of the question, he -- ” Sam chuckles before continuing, "he kind of thinks you're a schoolgirl, you know?" He pauses a moment before finishing, "I'm not trying to hurt you, Jo, I -- I'm telling you 'cause I care. Dean's hung up on Y/n and not gonna stop anytime soon."

"That's real kind of you, Sam," Jo says.

"I mean it." Sam says placing a hand over hers on the bar, suggestively, almost possessively, "I care about you a lot."

"Sam, what's going on?" Jo asks. She tries to pull her hand away, but he holds it and won't let go.

"I can be more to you, Jo," Sam replies.

"Maybe you should leave," Jo replies firmly.
“Okay,” Sam responds. He shoves her hand away and stands to leave. Jo turns to face the bar, leaning on it heavily. Suddenly Sam reappears, grabbing her from behind and manhandling her.

“Sam, get off me! Sam! Get off me! Let go!” Jo screams. She closes her right hand on a beer bottle, but before she can hit him with it, he grabs her wrist and slams it onto the bar, shattering the bottle.

“Jo, Jo, Jo.” Sam mutters. He shoves her around until she faces the bar and pins her there, left hand over her wrist, right hand stroking her hair.

“Sam, no! No! Please! Please!” She screams. He slams her forehead into the bar knocking her out, he lifts her carefully to lie on the bar, stroking her hair in a disturbingly gentle manner.

“It didn't have to be this way. Maybe it did.” He says with and deranged smirk.

The jukebox starts playing The Doors' "Crystal Ship". Nearby, Sam is tying Jo in a sitting position to a wide wooden post.

Slowly coming to Jo asks, “What the hell is going on? What are you doing?”

“So what exactly did your mom tell you about how your dad died?” Sam asks.

“You're not Sam.” Jo states.

“Don't be so sure about that. Answer the question.” Sam replies. Jo says nothing and Sam sigh heavily going around to the other side. He sits in front of her, leaning in, his expression shifting to one of open concern. He pulls out a large knife and strokes her face with it. “Come on. It's me. You can tell me anything, you know that. Answer. The question.”

“Fine.” Jo spits.

“Fine.” Sam mimics.

“Our dads were in California: Devil's Gate Reservoir. They were setting a trap for some kind of hellspawn. John was hiding, waiting, and my dad was bait.” Jo recounts.

“That's just like John. Oh, I'll bet he dangled Bill like meat on a hook. Then what?” Sam laughs. He gets up and goes around to stand behind her.

“The thing showed up. John got too eager, jumped out too soon, got my dad exposed, out in the open. The thing turned around ... and killed him.”  Jo finishes.

“Hmm. Not quite.” Sam replies leaning in from behind.

“What?” Jo asks.

“What? Oh. See, it hurt him. It didn't kill him. You really don't know the truth, do you? I bet your mom doesn't either.” Sam chuckles. Sam sits facing her again and leans in close.

“Know what?” Jo asks.

“You see, Bill ... was all clawed up. Was holding his insides in his hands. He was gurgling and ... praying to see you and Ellen one more time. So my dad ... killed him. Put him out of his misery like a sick dog.” Sam says.

“You're lying.” Jo sobs.
“I'm not. It's true.” Sam states before saying in a quiet sing-song, “My daddy shot your daddy in the head . . .”

“How could you know that?” Jo asks.

“I hear things,” Sam replies standing back up and stabbing the knife into the pillar, just above head level.

“Why are you doing this to me?” Jo asks.

“Like Daddy like daughter. You're bait. Open up.” He replies before Shoving a knotted rag in her mouth and tying it around her neck, “That's a girl.”

The door bursts open, Dean and Y/n, enter, guns out.

“Sam!” Dean calls.

Sam grabs the knife from the pillar, his calm expression shifting to one of desperate panic, and places the knife at Jo's throat.

“I begged you to stop me, Dean.” Sam yells.

“Put the knife down, dammit.” Y/n calls.

“I told you I can't fight it! My head feels like it's on fire, all right?! Dean. Kill me, or I'm going to kill her. Please. You'd be doing me a favor! Shoot me.” Sam pleads turning to face Dean, arms spread, “Shoot me!”

Dean staring, gun steady, looks at Jo out of the corner of his eye before replying, “No, Sammy, come on.” Dean turns away, lowering the gun.

“What the hell's wrong with you, Dean? Are you that scared of being alone that you'd rather let Jo die?” Sam asks.

Dean turns suddenly, flinging water from a flask at Sam. The water hisses and steams as it strikes him.

“That's holy water, you demonic son of a bitch!” Y/n says.

Sam raises his head, and his eyes are the solid black of a demon's. Dean flings more holy water at him and Sam growls turns, and runs, bursting through a window and fleeing Y/n hot on his heels. Dean takes the knife and cuts Jo free. She pulls the gag out of her mouth as Dean runs towards the shattered window.

“He was possessed?!” Jo asks. Dean turns and stares at her for a moment, then leaps through the window. “Dean!”

Dean, Y/n, and Possessed-Sam stalk each other through a dim, crowded warehouse, each with a gun. They never see each other directly, instead hiding stealthily behind piles and boxes and shouting at each other.

“So who are you?” Dean calls.

“I got lots of names,” Sam replies.

“You've been in Sam since he disappeared, haven't you?” Y/n yells.
“You shoulda seen your faces when you thought he murdered that guy. Pathetic.” Sam calls back.

“Why didn't you kill us? You had a dozen chances.” Dean yells.

“Nah, that would have been too easy. Where's the fun in that? You see, this was a test. Wanted to see if I could push you far enough to waste Sam. Should've known you wouldn't have the sack. Anyway. Fun's over now.” Sam calls back.

“Well, I hope you got your kicks. 'Cause you're gonna pay hell for this, I'm gonna make sure of that.” Dean yells.

“How? You can't hurt me. Not without hurting your little brother.” Sam taunts. Dean put his gun away and pulled out the flask of holy water. “See, I think you're gonna die, Dean. You too, Y/n. You and every other hunter I can find. One look at Sam's Dewey, sensitive eyes? They'll let me right in their door.”

Sam gets up, heading outside and both follow. Once Dean is out in the open, looking around at the water, Sam steps out, takes aim, and shoots Dean, hitting him in the shoulder. Dean is knocked into the water with a splash. Y/n drops her gun and dives in after him. Sam stalks to the edge and peers over where Dean fell. Not seeing either in the water, he smiles.

Jo is advancing through the docks, a flashlight in one hand and her Cell phone in the other; she's calling Dean, and his voicemail picks up. “This is Dean. Leave a message.”

Jo hangs up the phone with a sigh of frustration and continues searching. Moments later she calls again, and this time hears Dean's ringtone coming from below her, by the water. She runs down to where he is lying unconscious at the bottom of a ramp. Y/n panting heavily next to him.

“Dean! Dean!” Jo says. Dean wakes with a groan, coughing. “Take it easy.”

“Where's Sam?” Dean asks looking at both of them.

“I don't know, I've been looking for you. Come on, get up.” Jo says.

“I pulled your ass outta the drink.” Y/n responds. She helps him to stand, and he leans on her heavily, groaning, clutching his shoulder, as they walk back to the bar.

Dean is seated at a table, gripping the edge with his right hand as Jo digs the bullet out of his left shoulder. He's groaning loudly.

“Don't be a baby!” Jo sasses.

“God!” Dean complains.

“Almost. All right, got it. Got it.” Jo says pulling the bullet from his shoulder and dropping it in a glass of clear alcohol. Dean takes a few healthy swigs from a bottle of whiskey.

“God, you're a butcher. I shoulda let Y/n do it.” Dean complains.

“You're welcome,” Jo replies sarcastically.

“All right, are we done?” Dean asks.

“Would you give me two minutes to patch you up? You can't help Sam if you're bleeding to death.” Jo retorts. Dean takes another swig as Jo continues layering gauze and tape over the wound, “So,
how did you know? That he was possessed?"

“Uh, ah, I didn't, I just knew that it couldn't have been him.” Dean replies.

“Hey, Dean.” Jo questions.

“Yeah?” Dean asks.

“I know demons lie, but ... do they ever tell the truth too?” Jo inquires.

“Uh, um, yeah, sometimes, I guess. Especially if they know it'll mess with your head.” Dean replies taking another swig. “Why do you ask?”

“Hey look who I found.” Y/n calls out helping Y/f/n into the bar.

“That Son of a bitch tied me up and threw me in the trunk.” Y/f/n complains sitting heavily in a chair.

“Nothing. Doesn't matter. So do you have any idea where he's headed to next?” Jo replies looking back at Y/n who’s now looking out the window.

“Well, so far he's been going after the nearest hunter, so ... the closest one I know lives in South Dakota.” Dean replies.

“Okay good, I'm done. Let's go.” Jo says.

“Yeah.” Dean replies standing up, “You're not coming.”

“The hell I'm not. I'm a part of this now.” Jo argues.

“I can't say it more plain than this. You try to follow us, and I'll tie you right back to that post and leave you here. This is my fight. I'm not getting your blood on my hands. That's just how it's gonna be.” Dean replies.

“Wait.” Jo calls. Dean turns back, and she hands out a prescription pill bottle, “Here. Take these, they'll help with the pain.”

“Thanks. I'll call you later, okay?” Dean replies taking the bottle.

“No, you won't,” Jo mutters to herself after watching Dean and Y/n leave.

It's raining as Dean drives down a dark stretch of road. Y/f/n is stretched out in the backseat while Y/n is dialing a number on her Cell.

A phone rings several times until Sam cuts the phone line running outside the house.

Y/n looks at her phone and sighs, “Dammit.”

Sam walks slowly up the steps to the house and knocks on the door. It's opened to Bobby grinning and laughing with pleasure, “Sam!”

“Hey, Bobby,” Sam replies baring his teeth in a smile.

“It's been a while.” Bobby says while Sam grins sheepishly, “Well, come on in.” Sam enters slowly, glancing at the ceiling, and Bobby shuts the door behind him. They walk together into Bobby’s
study, which is dimly lit and covered wall to wall with stacks of books and papers. “So what brings you?”

“Working a Job nearby, and thought I'd stop in and say hey,” Sam replies.

“Well, where's Dean?” Bobby asks. “Y/n and Y/f/n?”

“Dean's holed up somewhere with Y/n and a twelve pack.” Sam replies, “Y/f/n was a bit tied up.”

Bobby goes into the kitchen and Sam, left alone, eyes the ceiling again.

“Oh yeah? She finally gave in?” Bobby asks.

“You ask me, he's in way over his head,” Sam replies eyes clouding over black for a moment.

Bobby returns with a beer in each hand, and he gives one to Sam.

“Well, it's good to see you.” Bobby says raising his bottle, “To John.”

“To Dad,” Sam replies. They toast and swig the beer, Sam turning to look up at the ceiling again. As he swallows the beer, he spews suddenly, choking, falling to his hands and knees and coughing and gagging painfully. Bobby sips his beer, unconcerned.

“What'd you do?!” Sam gasps.

“A little holy water in the beer. Sam never would have noticed. But then, you're not Sam are you. Don't try to con a con man.” Bobby replies. He slams his fist into Sam's face, knocking him out.

Sam is tied to a chair, before a fire, and under a protective circle. Dean smacks him in the face to wake him.

“Hey,” Dean says.

Sam looks up, sees the painted Devil's Trap. Dean looks up too.

“Dean. Back from the dead. Getting to be a regular thing for you, isn't it? Like a cockroach.” Sam says.

“How about I smack that smartass right out of your mouth?” Dean growls.

“Oh, careful, now. Wouldn't want to bruise this fine packaging.” Sam sasses.

“Oh don't worry, this isn't gonna hurt Sam much.” Dean replies turning to pick up a bucket, “You, on the other hand…” Dean tosses the bucketful of holy water on Sam, who sizzles and roars. “Feel like talking now?”

“Sam's still my meat puppet. I'll make him bite off his tongue.” Sam threatens.

“No, you won't be in him long enough. Bobby.” Dean calls.

Bobby begins reading aloud in Latin, “ExorciSamus te, omnes in mundus spiritus omnes satanica potestas, omnes incursio …”

“See, whatever bitch-boy master plan you demons are cooking up? You're not getting Sam. You understand me? 'Cause I'm gonna kill every one of you first.” Dean says talking over Bobby.
Sam struggles painfully, then throws back his head and laughs maniacally. Bobby cuts off in surprise.

“You really think that's what this is about? The master plan? I don't give a rat's ass about the master plan.” Sam cackles.

“Humiliares sub potente magnu dei...” Bobby picks up where he left off.

“Oops. Doesn't seem to be working. See, I learned a few new tricks.” Sam taunts. He lowers his head and begins growling Latin, “Spiritus in mundus, un glorum suarum umitite palatum iram, domine ...” The fire behind him flares and the room shakes as he continues.

“This isn't going like I pictured! What's going on, Bobby?” Dean asks.

“It's a binding link! It's like a lock! He's locked himself inside Sam's body!” Bobby says seeing the burn on Sam’s arm.

“What the hell do we do?” Dean asks.

“I don't know!” Bobby yells.

Sam throws back his head and screams. The walls are shaking, and ceiling begins to crack, breaking the protective circle. Sam's eyes are black as he lowers his head.

“There. That's better,” Sam says. Sam jerks his head left sending Bobby and Y/l/n flying. Jerking his head again this time to the right he sends Dean and Y/n heavily against the far wall. The holy water flask falls from Dean's hand. Dean flinches in pain from his shoulder. Sam rips free of the restraints and stalks over to Dean and Y/n. “You know when people want to describe the worse possible thing? They say it's like hell.” Sam kneels in front of Dean, fisting his left hand in Dean's shirt and clocking him hard with a right jab. Dean grabs onto Sam's shirt with his right hand. “You know there's a reason for that. Hell is like, um ...” He continues. Hitting Dean again, “Well, it's like hell. Even for demons.” Dean is getting groggy, and his nose is bleeding heavily as Sam punches him yet again, “It's a prison, made of bone and flesh and blood and fear.” Dean receives another punch in the face and Sam holds his head steady to look at him, “And you sent me back there.”

“Meg.” Y/n sneers.

“No. Not anymore. Now I'm Sam.” Meg replies hitting Dean one more time before digging Sam’s thumb into Dean's bullet wound, “By the way. I saw your Dad there - he says 'howdy.'” She continues digging Sam’s thumb further into Dean’s shoulder. Dean tries to pull Sam's hand away with a groan, but it was useless. “All that I had to hold onto was that I would climb out one day and that I was going to torture you. Nice and slow. Like pulling the wings off an insect.” Meg shoves Dean's hand away. “But whatever I do to you, it's nothing compared to what you do to yourself, is it? I can see it in your eyes, Dean. You're worthless. You couldn't save your Dad, and deep down ... you know that you can't save your brother. They'd have been better off without you.” Meg pulls back to hit Dean again but suddenly Bobby is there, grabbing Sam's arm. Y/l/n presses a hot poker into the mark on Sam's arm. He screams in pain, then screams again as black demon smoke billows out of him and up the chimney. Dean pulls himself up painfully. Sam falls back, then comes to himself, scrabbling and looking around in confusion, then grabs his arm in sudden pain.

“Sammy?” Dean asks.

“Did I miss anything?” Sam questions. Dean rears back and right-hooks Sam in the cheek, then rolls his eyes and collapses. Sam grabs his cheek in confusion.
Y/f/n helps Sam to Bobby’s table before grabbing and icepack for his arm. Dean is on the other side of the table groggily holding an icepack to his face.

“By the way, you really look like crap, Dean,” Sam says cautiously.

“Yeah, right back at cha.” Dean replies.

Bobby walks in slowly, looking concerned.

“What is it, Bobby?” Sam asks.

“You boys ever hear of a hunter named Steve Wandell?” Bobby asks.

“Why do you ask?” Dean inquires.

“Just heard from a friend. Wandell's dead. Murdered in his own house.” Bobby says. Sam swallows and looks down. “You wouldn't know anything about that.”

“No sir never heard of the guy.” Dean replies.

“Dean –” Sam begins looking over at Dean.

“Good. Keep it that way. Wandell's buddies are looking for someone or something to string up, and they're not going to slow down to listen to reason. You understand what I'm saying?” Bobby replies.

“We better hit the road. If, uh, you can remember where we parked the car.” Dean says looking at Y/n.

“Here. Take these.” Bobby says going to hand everyone a small metal charm.

“What are they?” Sam asks.

“Charms. They'll fend off possession. That demon's still out there. This'll stop it from getting back up in ya.” Bobby replies.

“That sounds vaguely dirty, but uh, thanks.” Dean responds.

“Oh, we're good. Thanks, though.” Y/n says handing the charm back to Bobby.

“Yep don’t gotta worry about us. Thank you.” Y/f/n echoes.

“You're welcome. You be careful now.” Bobby says.

“You too,” Sam says smiling at Bobby. Bobby looks back at him seriously, not returning the smile.

At the door, Dean tosses the icepack back to Bobby. Bobby smiles a little at Dean.

“So how come you don’t need one of these anti-possession charms,” Dean asks holding his up.

“Cause we have one of these.” Y/n smirks pulling up her shirt and down her pants a little to reveal the anti-possession tattoo on her inner hip. [Like this but only the anti-possession symbol]

Dean swallows slowly before nodding his head, “Yeah- that'll—uh  yep.” He mumbles before climbing into the Impala. Y/n smirks at Y/f/n and Sam over the roof of the Impala before climbing in.

Dean drives down a dark stretch of highway, REO Speedwagon’s "Back on the Road Again" plays over the radio. Sam is frowning quietly, and Dean glances over in concern.
“You okay? Sam? Is that you in there?” Dean asks with a smirk.

“I was awake for some of it, Dean. I watched myself kill Wandell with my own two hands; I saw the light go out in his eyes.” Sam replies.

“That must have been awful.” Y/f/n says.

“That's not my point. I almost carved up Jo too. But no matter what I did, none of you would shoot.” Sam responds.

“It was the right move, Sam. It wasn't you.” Y/n defends.

“Yeah, this time. What about next time?” Sam questions.

“Sam, when Dad told me ... that I might have to kill you, it was only if I couldn't save you. Now, if it's the last thing I do I'm gonna save you.” Dean replies. There is a pause in the conversation before Dean laughs softly.

“What?” Sam asks looking over at Dean.

“Nothing.” Dean replies.

“Dean, what?” Sam urges.

“Dude, you -- you like, full-on had a girl inside you for like a whole week.” Dean laughs. Sam's frown cracks and he laughs with Dean.

“That's pretty naughty.” Dean chuckles. Making the two in the back laugh as well. As the quartet continues down the two-lane stretch of highway.
At a college in Springfield, Ohio there had been a mysterious death. A well know Professor for the College jumped out of his fourth story office window. According to local legends, the building was haunted. Across town in a motel sat four extremely frustrated hunters.

At the small table in the room, Y/n sits surrounded by an ever growing pile of books. Sam and Y/f/n are sitting on the couch looking through other various books. Rubbing his face tiredly Sam turns to look at Dean, who is sitting up on the bed behind him, listening to the radio and eating chili cheese fries from a disposable plate.

“Dude. You mind not eating those on my bed?” Sam asks annoyed.

“No, I don't mind.” Dean replies eating another fry, “How's research going?”

“You know how it's going? Slow. You know how it would go a heck of a lot faster? If I had my computer.” Sam snaps.

“Hmm.” Dean hums while nodding sarcastically.

“Can you turn that down please?” Sam asks irritated.

“Yeah, absolutely,” Dean replies turning the radio up louder.

“You know what? Maybe, uh, maybe you should just go somewhere for a while.” Sam shouts.

“Hey, I'd love to. That's a great idea. Unfortunately, my car's all screwed to hell.” Dean snaps shutting off the radio.

“Dean, I told you, I have nothing to do wi—” Sam begins before he's cut off by a loud knock on the door. Y/n stands and goes to the door. She looks through the peephole and then back at Sam and Dean. Opening the door, she reveals to the rest a tired looking Bobby Singer.

“Hey, Bobby.” Sam calls.


“Hey, Bobby,” Dean says standing from the bed and approaching.

“It's good to see you again so soon,” Bobby says.

“Yeah, uh, thanks for coming. Come on in.” Sam replies slapping a hand to Bobby’s back.

“Thank god you're here.” Y/f/n exclaims excitedly as Dean shakes Bobby’s hand.

“So um, what didn't you want to talk to me on the phone about?” Bobby asks looking at the group.

“It's this job we're working. We-- We weren't sure you'd believe us.” Sam replies.

“Well, I can believe a lot.” Bobby scoffs.
“Yeah, no, no, it's just, we've never seen anything like it –” Sam replies quickly.

“Not even close.” Dean replies.

“And we thought we could use some fresh eyes.” Y/f/n says.

“Well, why don't you begin at the beginning?” Bobby asks.

“Yeah, um, all right,” Sam replies gesturing to the bed. Bobby picks up the empty takeout tray and peers at it, sets it aside, and sits down.

“So, it all started when we caught wind of an obit. See, a professor took a nosedive from a fourth story window, only there's a campus legend that the building's haunted. So we pretexted as reporters from the local paper.” Sam begins.

Sam’s flashback

Y/f/n and I were sitting at a table with a stocky looking jock and an attractive girl. Setting down a voice recorder I looked to the guy, Curtis is his name.

“Yeah, we both had the Professor for Ethics and Morality,” Curtis says.

“Yeah? So why do you think he did it?” Y/f/n asks.

“Who knows? I mean, he was tenured, wife and kids. His book is like a really big deal. Then again...” The girl, Jen, says leaning in conspiratorially, “Who's to say it was suicide?”

“Jen, come on.” Curtis scoffs.

“Well, what else could it be?” I asked feigning surprise.

“Well, you know about Crawford Hall?” Jen asks excitedly.

“No, We don't, actually.” Y/f/n replies.

“It's a bunch of crap, it's a total urban legend,” Curtis responds.

“Yeah well, Heather's mom went to school here, and she knew the girl,” Jen replies.

“Wait, what girl?” I asked.

“Thirty years ago, this girl was having an affair with some professor. He broke it off, she jumped out the window and killed herself.” Jen replies.

“You know her name?” Y/f/n asks.

“No. But they say she jumped from room six-six-nine. Get it? You turn the nine upside down?” Jen responds. Y/f/n and I both nod and Curtis laughs. Ignoring him Jen continues, “So now she haunts the building. And anyone who sees her? They don’t live to tell the tale.”

“Well if no one lives to tell the tale, then how does the tale get told?” Curtis questions.

“Curtis! Shut up!” Jen exclaims.

“You know what, uh -- Thanks a lot, guys. Excuse us.” I say as Y/f/n, and I stand to leave.
Y/f/n and I head to the bar to find Dean and Y/n. Dean grabs a shot of a dark blue-purplish liquor. He and Y/n slam three in succession as we approach.

“Dean. Dean, what are you drinking?” I asked.

“I don't know, man, I think they're called purple nurples?” Dean replies with a burp turning to Y/n.

“Okay, well listen. I think maybe we should go check out the professor's office.” Y/f/n says.

“Oh, no, no, no, no, no, no I can't right now, I've got some feisty little wildcat on the hook, I'm about to - zzzzp - reel her in. I'll introduce you.” Dean replies grabbing Y/n and pulling her closer.

“Dean –” I huff as Y/n rolls her eyes.

“Y/n! hey. Commere.” Dean exclaims happily pulling her closer.

“I swear guys I was trying to get him to work.” Y/n says.

“Whoa, whoa, whoa. Hold on a minute.” Dean says interrupting Sam’s flashback.

“What?” Sam asks.

“No? So you never drank a purple nurple?” Y/f/n asks.

“Yeah, maybe that, but I don't say things like "feisty little wildcat."” Dean replies.

“Then what happened?” Sam asks.

“Y/n and I were talking about local ghost stories,” Dean says.

Dean’s Flashback

Standing across from me is Y/n. Y/n and I each held a purple nurple and toast with them.

“Here's to...” Y/n begins.

“Here's to us,” I say before we both take the shot.

“My god, you are attractive.” Y/n says brazenly.

“Thanks. But no time for that now. You need to tell me about that urban legend you heard. Lives are at stake.” I reply.

“Sorry, I just . . . Can't even concentrate. It's like staring . . . Into the sun.” Y/n replies. She reaches up and pulls my head towards her for a slow kiss. Sam and Y/f/n approach behind us.

“Guys! What do you think you're doing?” Sam asks in an exaggerated prissy tone with a bitch face, his jacket slung over his shoulder.

“Sam, please. If you wouldn't mind, give me five minutes here.” I replied smooth and casual.

“Dean, this is a very serious investigation. We don't have any time for any of your blah blah blah blah. Blah blah blah blah. Blah blah blah Blah!” Sam replies.

I leaned in to kiss Y/n again as Sam continues blabidiblahing behind us.
“Blah!” Sam continues.

“Right! And that's how it really happened.” Y/n scoffs while Dean shrugs.

“I don't sound like that, Dean!” Sam exclaims.

“That's what you sound like to me.” Dean replies.

“Okay. What's going on with you two?” Bobby asks staring between the two of them.

“Nothing. No-- it's nothing.” Sam replies.

“No, come on. You're bickering like an old married couple.” Bobby comments.

“Now you know our struggle.” Y/n huffs.

“No, see married couples can get divorced. Me and him, we're like, uh, Siamese twins.” Dean replies getting up and crossing to the kitchenette.

“It's conjoined twins!” Sam exclaims like he has done it several times already.

“See what we mean?” Y/f/n asks gesturing between the two.

“Look, It,” Sam sighs, “We've just been on the road for too long. Tight quarters, all that. Don't worry about it.”

“Okay,” Bobby replies shaking his head.

“So anyway. We figured it might be a haunting, so we went to check out the scene of the crime.” Sam says.

**Sam’s Flashback 2**

The janitor to Crawford Hall lets Dean, Y/n, Y/f/n, and I, posing as electricians, into the professor's office.

“So, how long've you been working here?” I asked.

“I've been mopping this floor for six years.” The Janitor replies turning on a light as they walk into the professor's office. “There you go, guys.” Seeing my EMF reader, he asks, “What the heck's that for?”

“Just to find a wire in the walls.” Y/f/n replies walking further into the room.


“Why's that?” Dean questions.

“He's dead.” The Janitor replies bluntly.

“Oh. What happened?” Y/n asks heading to a corner of the office.

“He went out that window. Right there.” The janitor replies pointing at the window behind the desk.

“Yeah? Were you working that night?” I asked.
“I'm the one who found him.” The Janitor replies.

“You see it happen?” Y/f/n asks.

Dean sees a bowl of nuts on the side table and eats one.

“Nope. I just saw him come up here, and uh ... well.” The janitor replies.

“What?” Y/n asks coming back to stand in front of the janitor.

“He wasn't alone.” The janitor replies.

Dean walks back to stand next to Y/n, his cheeks stuffed with nuts. He's holding the bowl and continues eating them throughout the entire thing.

“Who was he with?” Dean asks though it's muffled due to the amount of nuts in his cheeks.

“Come on! I ate one, maybe two!” Dean cuts in.

“Just let me tell it, okay?” Sam snaps.

“He was with a young lady. I told the cops about her, but uh, I guess they never found her.” The janitor replies.

“You saw this girl go in, huh? But did you ever see her come out?” Y/f/n asks.

“Now that you mention it, no.” The janitor replies.

“You ever see her before, around?” Y/n asks.

“Well, not her.” The janitor responds.

“What do you mean?” Comes Deans muffled question.

“I don't mean to cast aspersions on a dead guy, but uh . . . Mister Morality here? He brought a lot of girls up here. Got more ass than a toilet seat.” The janitor replies.

Dean laughs, and I glared at him, while the janitor grinned.

“One more thing. This building, it only has four stories, right?” I asked.

“Yeah.” The janitor replies.

“So there wouldn't be a room six-six-nine?” I continued.

“Course not. Why do you ask?” The janitor responds.

“Aw, just curious. Thanks.” I finished.

Dean continues to chew with his mouth open, stuffed full of nuts.

We return to the motel, and I sit at the table and pull off my jacket, while Dean gets a beer out of the fridge for each of us. Y/f/n and Y/n each sit at the end of a bed.

“Well, no traces of EMF, that's for sure,” I said.
And the room six six nine's a load of crap.” Y/h says.


“I don't know. I mean, the uh, girl the janitor described, that's pretty weird.” Dean puts in handing me then the girls a beer.

“Yeah, ” I replied.

“We oughta check out the history of the building. See if any co-ed ganked herself there.” Dean says heading towards the bathroom.

“Yeah, you're right,” I replied opening my laptop I stare at the screen, confused. “Dude. Were you on my computer?”

Dean comes back out of the bathroom, confused, “No.” He replies.

“Oh really? 'Cause it's frozen now. On uh, Bustyasianbeauties.com.” I retort. Dean thinks for a moment, frowns, winces, and retreats back into the bathroom, “Dean! Would you - just - don't touch my stuff anymore, okay?”

“Why don't you control your O.C.D.?” Dean snaps coming back out of the bathroom.

“But did you dig up anything about the building? Or on the suicidal co-ed?” Bobby asks pacing the room.


“Then it's not a haunting,” Bobby replies.

“Maybe not. Tell you the truth, we're not really sure.” Dean replies.

“What do you mean, you're not sure?” Bobby questions.

“Well ... it's weird.” Sam responds.

“What's weird?” Bobby inquires.

“This next part, we uh, we didn't see it happen ourselves exactly, but it's pretty friggin weird. Even for us.” Y/n says sitting against the headboard of one of the beds.

Dean's Flashback

Outside Crawford Hall, one night Curtis walks alone through the campus. He hears a noise and turns, startled, then keeps walking, laughing at himself. He hears another noise and stops, looking straight up. He walks more carefully, hands in pockets. Suddenly a bright light whooshes on overhead and he cringes, arms over his head. He starts running, but trips and falls. A bright beam of light shoots down and grabs him like a tractor beam, pulling him up. He screams and flails.

“....Aliens?” Bobby questions.

“Yeah.” Dean replies.

“Aliens?” Bobby repeats.
“Yeah.” Dean responds.

“Look, even if they are real, they’re sure as hell not coming to earth and swiping people,” Bobby replies.

“Hey, believe me. We know.” Dean retorts.

“My whole life I’ve never found evidence of an honest-to-God abduction. It's all just cranks and pranks.” Bobby says.

“Yeah, that’s what we thought. But...we figured we'd at least talk to the guy.” Sam replies.

**Flashback**

Dean and Y/n are seated on either side of Curtis, who has three full shot glasses lined up in front of him. Sam and Y/f/n are standing nearby watching as Curtis takes a shot.

“Hey, you ought to give those purple nurples a shot.” Dean comments.

Clearing his throat Sam steps forward and asks, “So, what happened, Curtis?”

“You won't believe me. Nobody does.” Curtis replies.

“Give us a chance.” Y/f/n answers.

“I do not want this in the papers,” Curtis responds pointing his finger at them.

“Off the record, then.” Y/n says.

“I, uh... I blacked out, and...I lost time, and when I woke up, I don't know where I was.” Curtis begins.

Curtis came to lying on a medical table, bright lights in his eyes. A blurry alien face appearing above him.

“Then what?” Sam asks sitting at the table with the others.

“They did tests on me. And, uh...” Curtis continues his story taking another shot, “They, uh... They probed me.”

Sam and Y/f/n turn their faces away, struggling not to laugh.

“They probed you?” Dean questions.

“Yeah, they probed me. Again and a-- Again and -- And again.” Curtis says taking another shot, “And again and again and again... And then one more time.”

“Yikes.” Y/n whispers.

“And that's not even the worst of it,” Curtis responds.

“How could it get any worse? Some alien made you his bitch.” Dean smirks. Curtis glares at him, and his grin falls.
“They... They made me... Slow dance!” Curtis shudders.

Hanging above Curtis’ head is a rotating disco ball, below his feet a dance floor where Curtis is slow dancing with a short alien figure.

The four hunters at the table share a look trying hard to suppress the laughter.

“You guys are exaggerating again aren’t you?” Bobby asks looking between the boys.

“Oddly enough they aren’t this time.” Y/f/n sighs.

“Then this frat boy’s just nuts,” Bobby replies.

“We’re not so sure,” Dean says.

The four stand over a large, perfectly round scorch mark on the ground.

“I’m telling you, Dean, This was made by some kind of jet engine.” Sam comments.

“You mean some saucer-shaped jet engine?” Dean questions.

“What else could it be?” Y/f/n asks.

“What the hell?” Dean inquires.

“I don’t know,” Sam replies.

“Seriously, dude -- What the hell?” Dean retorts.

“I don’t know,” Sam repeats. “I mean, first the haunting. Now this? The timing alone -- There’s got to be some kind of connection.”

“You mean between the angry spirit and the sexed-Up E.T.? What could the connection possibly be?” Dean asks.

“But what could we do? So we just kept on digging.” Dean says before they continue the story.

Dean’s Flashback

We began talking to other college students and found one who was in the same frat house as Curtis.

“So, you and this guy, Curtis -- You were in the same house?” Sam asks a male student.

“Yeah.” The guy replies.

“You heard what happened to him, right?” Y/n inquires.

“Yeah, he says it was aliens, but, you know, whatever.” The guy replies.

“Look, man, I -- I know this all has to be so hard,” Sam says with exaggerated concern.

“Um, not so much.” The guy replies.
“But I want you to know... I'm here for you. You brave little soldier. I acknowledge your pain. Come here.” Sam continued pulling the guy into a hug, “You're too precious for this world.”

“I never said that!” Sam protests

“You're always saying pansy stuff like that.” Dean retorts.

“Well, um... Yeah, uh, thanks.” The guy replies and Sam releases him, “Thanks for the hug, but, uh, I'm okay. Really. To tell you the truth, whatever happened to Curtis, he had it coming.”

“Why is that?” Y/f/n asks.

“He's our pledge master. Put us through hell this semester, and got off on it. So now he knows how we feel.” The guy replies.

“It's okay,” Dean says to Sam.

We headed back to the Motel.

“Still, doesn't make a lick of sense. But, hey, at least there's one connection.” I said as we entered the room and I pulled off my jacket.

“Between what?” Sam asks.

“The victims. The professor and the frat guy -- They're both dicks.” I replied.

“That's a connection?” Sam asks.

“You got anything better to go on, I'd love to hear it.” I retort sitting in a chair.

“If that's a connection why aren't you a victim?” Y/f/n asks sassily.

“Where's my laptop?” Sam asks looking through his bag.

“I don't know;” I reply. Sam continues to search, getting more frustrated but I ignore him and continue, “Think about it. A philandering professor gets a dead girl. A pledge master gets hazed.”

“I left it in here,” Sam says.

“You obviously didn't. I mean, these punishments—they're almost poetic.” I respond.

“Actually, it'd be more like a limerick, but still –” Y/n puts in.

“Okay, hilarious. Ha ha. Where'd you hide it?” Sam asks approaching me.

“What, your computer?” I ask.

“Yeah, where'd you hide it?” Sam replies.

“Why would I take your computer?” I snap.

“Because no one else could have, Dean! We keep the door locked. We never let any maids in.” Sam replied.
“Looks like you lost it, Poindexter,” I reply.

“Dude, you know something? I put up with a lot from you.” Sam begins.

“What are you talking about? I’m a joy to be around.” I reply. Y/n and Y/f/n snort a laugh, and when I turn to glare at them, both are looking in the other direction.

“Yeah? Your dirty socks in the sink, your food in the fridge.” Sam replies.

“What’s wrong with my food?” I ask offended.

“It’s not food anymore, Dean! It’s Darwinism.” Sam yells.

“I like it,” I mutter to myself.

“All I ask from you, the one thing, is that you don’t mess with my stuff!” Sam continues.

“You done?” I ask.

“You know, how would you feel if I screwed with the Impala?” Sam asks.

“It’d be the last thing you ever did,” I reply.

“Did you take his computer?” Bobby asks. The boys are sitting at the table arguing.

“Serves him right, but, no.” Dean replies.

“Well, I didn't lose it. ’Cause I don't lose things.” Sam responds.

“Oh, that's right, yeah, ’cause he's Mr. Perfect.” Dean retorts.

“Oh, okay. Why don't you just tell me what happened next?” Bobby urges.

“There was one more victim.” Y/n says.

“Right. Now, we, we didn't see this one ourselves, either. We kind of put it together from the evidence. But this guy -- He was, uh, he was a research scientist. Animal testing.” Y/f/n continues.

“Yeah, you know -- a dick. Which fits the pattern.” Dean continues.

The Research Scientist leaves a campus building, heading towards the street. He sees something shiny in the gutter and stops. He looks around cautiously, then gets down on hands and knees to see it better. It is a gold watch. He smiles and looks excited. He gets all the way down and sticks an arm through the gutter bars, trying to reach it. He struggles before something grabs him. He begins screaming and fighting as blood spatters on his face.

After the quartet hears about the research scientist they head to the morgue to see the body. Two flashlights shine through a window. A window latch slides aside as Sam opens it from the outside with a small knife.

“Cops didn’t release the cause of death ’cause they had no clue what the cause was.” Y/n says.

“So, we checked it ourselves.” Y/f/n continues.

Flashlight in hand, Sam crawls through the window followed by Y/f/n then Y/n.
“Hey,” Dean says getting the attention of the others. Dean tosses his flashlight to Y/n, then climbs through and shuts the window. Taking his flashlight back he finds the drawer that held the remains of the research scientist. Dean opens the body drawer and shines his light through, grimacing as he does. “Well, this oughta be quick.”

They slide the drawer out and gingerly peel off the bloody blanket, revealing extremely mangled remains.

“OK, that is just nasty.” Dean comments.

“Uh, yeah,” Sam replies muffled through his hand that is over his mouth and nose as he tries not to breathe through his nose.

“Mutilated?” Y/n asks looking at the remains.

“Looks to me like something was hungry.” Y/f/n says.

“They identify him yet?” Dean asks.

“Yes, uh, a research scientist at the College. Guess where his office was, by the way. Crawford Hall, Same as the professor.” Sam replies.

“That’s right where the frat boy had his close encounter.” Dean continues.

“Yeah. Hey, grab me that thing, would you?” Sam asks pointing at the magnifying light. Dean slides the light over to Sam, who peers through it at the corpse. “Thanks.”

“What is it?” Y/n asks as Sam continues to look at the object.

“Looks like a... A belly scale?” Sam replies confused.

“A belly scale? From what?” Dean questions just as perplexed.

“Uh... An alligator?” Sam replies.


“What? Well, Dean, it’s a classic urban legend. A kid flushes a baby gator down the toilet, and it grows huge in the tunnels.” Sam recounts.

“But no one’s ever really found one. I mean, th -- they’re not real.” Dean replies.

“Well, neither’s alien abduction, but something chomped on this guy,” Sam replies motioning towards the remains.

“This couldn’t get any weirder.” Dean responds.

“Maybe we should get some help. I’ll call Bobby. Maybe he’s run into something like this before.” Y/f/n says.

“Oh, I’m sure he has. Just your typical haunted campus, alien abduction, alligator-in-the-sewer gig. Yeah, it’s simple.” Dean sasses.

“We decided to search the sewer anyway, so we split up, each taking one end of campus,” Sam says.
“D’you find anything?” Bobby asks.

“Yeah, I found something, just not in the sewer.” Dean replies.

FLASHBACK

Dean and Y/n emerge from the sewer and enter the alley where the Impala is parked to find all four tires are flat.

“Son of a bitch!” Dean exclaims circling the car he finds a money clip on the ground, engraved with ‘S.W.’ “Sam!”

Back at the Motel Sam is reading a book as Dean enters. Y/f/n and Y/n having headed back to their room to shower.

“You think this is funny?” Dean asks angrily.

“It depends. What?” Sam replies.

“Th-th-th-the car!” Dean splutters.

“What about the car?” Sam asks confused.

“You can’t let the air out of the tires, you idiot. You’re gonna bend the rims!” Dean exploded.

“Whoa, wait a minute. I didn't go near your car.” Sam replies.

“Oh, yeah? Huh. Then how’d I find this?” Dean asks holding up the money clip. Sam pats his pocket then stands.

“Hey. Give me back my money!” Sam demands.

“Oh, no, no. Consider it reparations. For, uh, emotional trauma.” Dean replies throwing his jacket on the bed.

“Yeah, very funny. Now, give it back.” Sam demands reaching for the money.

“No.” Dean replies.

“Dean, I have had it up to here with you,” Sam replies holding up his hand in explanation.

“Yeah? Right back at you!” Dean snaps.

Sam reaches for the money again, but Dean avoids him. Sam grabs at him again then tackles him to the bed. They scuffle and fight like kids.

“Come on!” Dean grunts. “Get off me!”

“Give it back!” Sam demands.

“Uhhh.. what did we walk in on?” Y/f/n comments looking at the two fighting on the bed.
“Okay, I've heard enough.” Bobby interrupts.

“Anyway, You showed up about an hour after that,” Dean says.

“I'm surprised at you two. I really am. Sam, first off, Dean did not steal your computer.” Bobby states.

“That’s what I said.” Y/f/n affirmed.

“But I –” Sam begins.

Bobby holds out his hand to stop him, “Shh, shh, shh, shh! And, Dean, Sam did not touch your car.”

“He wouldn’t listen when I told him that.” Y/n complained.

“Yeah!” Sam agreed.

“And if you two bothered to pull your heads outta your asses, it all would have been pretty clear.” Bobby continued ignoring the mutterings.

“What?” Dean asked.

“What you're dealing with,” Bobby replied.

“Uh…” Sam began.

“I got nothing,” Dean says.

“Me neither.” Sam agrees.

“You got a trickster on your hands,” Bobby replies.

“That’s what we said.” Y/n and Y/f/n answered in unison.

“That's what I thought,” Dean says with a snap of his fingers.

“What?! No, you didn't.” Sam argues.

“I got to tell you... you guys were the biggest clue,” Bobby says.

“What do you mean?” Sam asks.

“These things create chaos and mischief as easy as breathing, and it's got you so turned around and at each other's throats, you can't even think straight.” Y/f/n answers.

“The laptop,” Sam replies in realization.

“The tires,” Dean confirms.

“It knows you're onto him, and it's been playing you like fiddles,” Bobby says.

“So, what is it, what, what, spirit, demon, what?” Dean inquires.

“Well, more like demigods, really. There's Loki in Scandinavia. There's Anansi in West Africa.
Dozens of them. They're immortal, and they can create things out of thin air. Things as real as you and me. Make them vanish just as quick.” Bobby replies.

“You mean like an angry spirit or an alien or an alligator,” Dean concluded.

“The victims fit the M.O., too. Tricksters target the high and the mighty, knock them down a peg, usually with a sense of humor -- deadly pranks, things like that.” Bobby confirms.

“Bobby, what do these things look like?” Dean asks.

“Lots of things, but human, mostly,” Bobby replies.

“And what human do we know who's been at ground zero this whole time?” Y/n asks.

Sam frowns, thinking, then gets it.

At Crawford Hall, The Trickster locks a gate with a key attached to his belt. They group turns and follows him up a staircase.

“Sorry, I'm dragging a little ass today, boys. Had quite the night last night.” The trickster says turning to look at them. “Lots of sex, if you catch my drift.”

“Yeah, hard not to. Listen, we won't be long.” Dean replies sarcastically before signaling to the others behind the Trickster’s back, “We just need to check a couple offices up on three.”

“No problem.” The trickster replies.

“Oh damn, I, uh, forgot something in the truck. Y/f/n you wanna help me? You know what? We'll catch up with you guys.” Sam explained.

“Sure.” Y/f/n says stopping with Sam at the top of one of the flights of stairs.

“Okay.” Dean and Y/n reply before turning and beginning the trek up the stairs again. Sam and Y/f/n wait until they're out of sight, then hurry back to the locked gate. Pulling out his lock picking tools Sam opens the door, he and Y/f/n enter the room and rummage through lockers until he finds a copy of the Weekly World News, with the headline "Aliens Abduct Cheerleaders," in one of the lockers. Sam and Y/f/n catch up to the others awhile later and all four exit the building.

“Just 'cause he reads the Weekly World News doesn't mean he's our guy. I mean, you read it, too.” Sam thunders making sure to gain the attention of the trickster.

“I'm telling you, it's him,” Dean replies just as loudly.

“Look, I just think we need some hard proof. That's all.” Sam responds as they walk toward the car.

“Okay, another thing Bobby mentioned was that these suckers have a metabolism like an insect, a real sweet tooth.” Y/n interrupts stopping the others.

“Well, we didn't find any candy bars or sugar. Not even Equal.” Y/f/n says.

“Eh, that's probably 'cause you missed something.” Dean sassed looking between the two.

“I don't miss things,” Sam replies.

“Oh, right, 'cause you're Mr. Perfect.” Dean sasses.
“What? Are you really still pissed at me 'cause of what the trickster did?” Sam inquires.

“Oh come on man, You been a tight ass long before that trickster showed up.” Dean retorts.

The boys stare at each other. From an upper window, the Trickster is watching them.

“Look, just...stay here, keep an eye on the janitor. Y/f/n and I'll go to his place to see if I can find any actual evidence before you go barging in and staking the man! Just wait till we get back, okay? Okay?” Sam says.

“Okay!” Dean concedes.

Sam and Y/f/n leave, and Y/n sits on the grass outside the building watching while Dean paces.

Night falls, and Dean is still waiting impatiently. After several attempts to start a conversation with Dean, Y/n gave up and was stargazing.

“Ah, screw this.” Dean finally says after looking up at the building. Dean and Y/n enter the building, poking around cautiously with their flashlights. As they go up the last staircase, Dean puts the torch away and pulls out a large wooden stake. Hearing music behind them, he tucks the stake into his jacket signals for Y/n to wait, and enters the theater. On the stage is a round red bed with a tacky canopy and a slowly rotating disco ball. Two women are sprawled on it seductively. As Dean gets to the stage and they crawl towards him, one is revealed to be Y/n both women are dressed in lingerie. Y/n’s is a black and red baby doll with black panties.

“We've been waiting for you, Dean.” Stage Y/n says seductively.


“Trust me, sugar, it's gonna feel real.” Stage Y/n coos.

Dean laughs nervously and looks behind him toward the door.

“Come on. Let us give you a massage.” The blonde says.

“Wha... You know, I'm a -- I'm a sucker for a happy ending. Really, I am, but... I-I'm gonna have to pass.” Dean tries.

“Theyre a peace offering.” The trickster says from his seat in the audience, “I know what you and your brother do. I've been around a while. Run into your kind before.”

“Well, then you know that I... can't let you just keep hurting people.” Dean replies.

The Trickster throws his head back before answering, “Come on! Those people got what was coming to them. Hoisted on their own petards. But you and Sam -- I like you. I do. So treat yourself... Long as you want. Just long enough for me to move on to the next town.”

Dean turns and looks back at the two girls on the bed eyes lingering a little on Y/n before he responds, “Yeah, I don't think I can let you do that.”

“I don't wanna hurt you. And you know that I can.” The trickster replies.

“Look, man, I -- I got to tell you, I dig your style, all right? I mean” Dean chuckles looking at the girls again, “I do. I mean…. whew ... and the slow-dancing alien --”
The Trickster throws his head back in a laugh, “One of my personal favorites. Yeah.”

“But, uh, I can't let you go.” Dean finishes.

“Too bad. Like I said, I like you. Sam was right. You shouldn't've come alone.” The trickster replies.

“Well, I'll agree with you there.” Dean responds.

The door slams shut and The Trickster looks back up the stairs to see Sam and Y/f/n, just entered, with a large stake of their own. Bobby and Y/n stand at the top of the next aisle, each also with a stake.

“Is that supposed to be me?” Real Y/n asks eyeing the Stage version of herself, “Why the hell am I in lingerie?”

“Not the time, Y/n.” Y/f/n calls.

“That fight you guys had outside -- that was a trick?” The trickster inquires turning back to Dean who smiles. “Hm. Not bad. But you want to see a real trick?”

A masked man with a chainsaw appears near Sam and Y/f/n and attacks. Stage Y/n and the other girl attack Dean. The Trickster watches, entertained, as Bobby, Y/f/n, and Sam grapple with Chainsaw Man, While Y/n and Dean fight the two women. Watching the action, chewing a candy bar the trickster laughs, and ooh’s as Dean takes a hit. The stage blonde throws Dean into the seats near the Trickster. While Stage Y/n and Real Y/n are grappling on the floor.

“Nice toss, sweet cheeks! Nice show.” The trickster claps before standing and heading towards Dean, “Dean... Dean, Dean, Dean. I did not want to have to do this.”

Sam tosses a stake to Dean who catches it and stabs the Trickster.

“Me neither.” Dean replies.

As Dean grinds in the stake, Chainsaw Man and the women disappear. Dean pulls the stake out, and the Trickster falls, dead, into a seat.

Sam, Y/f/n, Y/n, and Bobby approach where Dean and the body of the trickster are.

“You guys okay?” Dean asks.

“Yeah. I guess.” Sam replies.

“Yeah.” Y/n says.

“’m good.” Y/f/n responds.

“Well, I gotta say... he had style,” Dean says looking at Y/n with a smirk and wiggling his eyebrows.

“Pervert.” Y/n mutters not able to hide her blush. Dean groans and they begin to stagger outside.

“Bobby, thanks a lot. We really couldn't've – ” Sam begins.

“Hey, save it! Let's just get the hell out of dodge before somebody finds that body.” Bobby interrupts.

“Yeah.” Dean replies.
“Look, Dean, um... I just want to say that I'm, uh... Um...” Sam begins pausing at the car door. Bobby and The girls climb in the backseat.

“Hey. Me too.” Dean replies the boys look at each other and each nod.

Bobby comes back out of the car for a moment to say “You guys are breaking my heart. Could we please just leave?”

Sam and Dean exchange a look over the top of the car, get in, and drive away.

“Seriously, Dean why was I wearing lingerie?” Y/n asks as Dean pulls the car away from the curb.
A cold night in February, off of Highway 41 in Nevada a woman runs frantically through the woods away from the cabin. She staggers onto the road, where a car is approaching.

“Stop!” She calls standing in the middle of the road, hands out. The car stops just short of her. “You've got to help me.” She continues going around to the passenger's side and pounding on the window, “Please. Please!” she begs as the window is rolled down.

“All right, all right. Calm down, calm down. Tell us what happened.” Sam says calmly.

Dean parks the Impala by the road and the four climb from the car. As the terrified woman begins her story.

“I-I swerved, a-And we crashed. And when I came to, the car was wrecked, and my husband was missing. I went looking for him, but that's when the man from the road, he... he started chasing me.”

“Did he look like he lost a fight with a lawnmower?” Dean asks.

“How did you know that?” the woman inquires.

“Lucky guess.” Dean replies.

“Ma'am, what's your name?” Sam asks.

“Molly. Molly Mcnamara.” She replies.

Sam exchanges a look with the others before turning to Molly, “I think maybe you should come with us. We'll take you back into town.”

“I can't. I have to find David. He might have gone back to the car.” Molly says.

“We should get you somewhere safe first. Then Dean, Y/n, Y/f/n, and I will come back. We'll look for your husband.” Sam tries.

“No. I'm not leaving here without him. Would you just take me back to my car, please?” Molly pleads.

“Of course. Come on.” Sam replies.

The five climb back into the car and head towards where Molly crashed their car. Dean parks by the woods near the site of the accident, they get out, and Molly leads them into the woods.

“It's right over there.” Molly says pointing in the direction of where her car is they come upon the crash site, but the car is gone, “I don't understand. I'm sure this is where it was. W-We hit that tree right there. This... this doesn't make any sense.” Molly heads over to investigate.

“Dean, we got to get out of here. Greeley could show up at any second.” Sam says.

“What are you gonna tell her?” Dean inquires.
“The truth?” Y/n suggests.

“She's gonna haul ass in the other direction.” Y/n replies.

“I know it sounds crazy, but I crashed into that tree. I don't know who could've taken it. It was totaled. Please. You have to believe me.” Molly pleads walking back within earshot.

“Molly, listen, we do believe you. But that's why we want to get you out of here.” Sam urges.

“What about David? Something must have happened. I have to get to the cops.” Molly responds.

“Cops... that's a great idea. We'll take you down to the station ourselves. So just come with us. It's the best way we can help you and your husband.” Dean says quickly.

“Okay.” Molly concedes coming back up the incline.

They drive down the road, Molly in the backseat between the two girls.

“We're supposed to be in Lake Tahoe,” Molly says sadly.

“You and David?” Sam asks.

“It's our five-year anniversary,” Molly replies.

“A hell of an anniversary.” Dean mutters.

“Right before, we were having the dumbest fight.” Molly sighs, “It was the only time we ever really argued... when we were stuck in the car.”

“Yeah. I know how that goes.” Sam laughs. Dean scowls over at him in response.

“You know the last thing I said to him? I called him a jerk. Oh, God. What if that's the last thing I said to him?” Molly begins to panic.

“Molly... We're gonna figure out what happened to your husband. I promise.” Sam replies turning to face her.

The radio starts playing static before changing to 'House of the Rising Sun'. Dean looks at it with a frown.

“Did you-- ?” Dean asks looking at Sam.

“No,” Sam replies.

“I was afraid you'd say that.” Dean murmurs.

“This song ...” Molly begins.

“What?” Y/n asks looking to the woman next to her.

“It was playing when we crashed.” Molly finished.

The radio crackles again and settles on another station. A creepy voice comes through, “She's mine. She's mine. She's mine.”

“What is that?” Molly asks. A figure appears in the middle of the road, and Dean floors it straight at
“Hold on,” Dean says gripping the wheel tightly.

“What are you doing?” Molly shrilled.

Dean drives straight into the man, who vanishes in a puff of smoke.

“What the... What the hell just happened?” Molly asks.

“Don't worry, Molly. Everything's gonna be all right.” Sam replies.

The Impala begins to shudder and slow down.

“Spoke a little too soon, Sammy,” Dean replies as the Impala coasts to a stop on the side of the road. Dean tries to start it again, but the ignition sputters. “I don't think he's gonna let her leave.” All five exit the car and the four hunters head to the trunk.

“This can't be happening,” Molly says closing the door to the car.

“Well... Trust me. It's happening.” Dean replies opening the trunk. He starts pulling out weapons and handing them to the others. Molly comes around and sees the arsenal, backs away slowly.

“Well... Okay. Thanks for helping, but I think I got it covered from here.” Molly says beginning to panic again.

“Wait. Molly, Molly, wait a minute.” Sam says going after her.

“Just leave me alone.” Molly pleads.

“No no no. Please. You have to listen to me.” Sam tries.

“Just stay away,” Molly says as she turns and starts to leave.

“It wasn't a coincidence that we found you, all right?” Sam calls.

“What are you talking about?” Molly asks stopping and turning back.

“We weren't just cruising for chicks when we ran into you, sister. We were already out here. Hunting.” Dean replies coming to stand beside Sam.

“Hunting for what?” Molly asks timidly.

“Ghosts,” Dean replies quietly.

“Yeah like that's not gonna creep her out.” Y/f/n says with and eye roll.

“D... d... don't... Sugarcoat it for her.” Sam sighs exasperatedly as Dean turns back to the car.

“You're nuts,” Molly replies.

“You're nuts,” Y/n snaps.

“We think his name is Jonah Greeley. He was a local farmer that died 15 years ago on this highway.” Sam says.
“Just ... stop.” Molly replies.

“One night a year, on the anniversary of his death, he haunts this road. That's why we're here, Molly. To try and stop him.” Sam continues.

“Now, I suppose this ... ghost made my car disappear, too.” Molly scoffs.

“Crazier things have happened, huh?” Dean replies clapping Sam on the back as he walks towards Molly.

“You know what? I'm all filled up on crazy. I'm gonna get the cops myself.” Molly retorts turning and walking away again.

“I don't mean to be harsh, but I don't think you're gonna get too far,” Dean calls after her.

“What is that supposed to mean?” Molly inquires.

“Means that plan A was trying to get you out of here. Obviously, that didn't go over too well with, uh, Farmer Roadkill.” Dean responds.

“Molly, we're telling the truth. Greeley's not gonna let you leave this highway.” Sam says walking toward her again.

“You're s... you're serious about this, aren't you?” Molly asks.

“Deadly.” Dean replies.

“Every year, Greeley finds someone to punish for what happened to him. Tonight that person is you.” Y/n admits.


“Doesn't matter. Some spirits only see what they want.” Sam replies.

“So you're saying this ... Greeley, he took my husband? Oh, God.” Molly cries.

“Molly, look, we're gonna help, all right? But first, you gotta help us.” Sam says calmly.


“Show us the cabin you told us about.” Y/n says stepping forward.

Molly leads them back to the cabin where she saw Greeley.

“This is it. This is where I saw him.” Molly says.

“Must have been his hunting cabin.” Dean replies turning he sees vicious tools hanging and a bloodstained table in the middle of the room, “Huh. Seemed like a real sweet guy.”

“No markers or headstones outside.” Sam and Y/n report walking into the cabin.

“You're looking for Greeley's grave?” Molly asks.

“Yeah.” Y/n nods.

“Why?” Molly questions.
“So we can dig up the corpse and salt and burn it.” Y/n replies shining a flashlight into a corner of the room.

“Oh. Sure, naturally.” Molly sasses.

“It's a way to get rid of a spirit.” Sam clarifies.

“And that'll save David?” Molly asks.

“Well, this is what'll help both of you, provided there's a corpse to be found,” Sam responds.

“So how do we find it?” Molly questions.

“I'm not sure. After Greeley died, his wife claimed the body. And that was the last anyone saw of her. So good guess she brought him back here. But they had a thousand acres. He could be buried anywhere on 'em.” Sam explained.

“So this is really what you guys do? You're like Ghostbusters?” Molly asks.

“Yeah,” Sam replies.

“Minus the jumpsuits.” Dean replies briskly, “This is a fascinating conversation and all, but this highway is only haunted once a year, and we got till sun-up to wrap this thing up. What do you say we move it along, okay? Great.”

“He’s not always like that.” Y/n says to Molly before following Dean out the door. The group heads outside and continues their search for anything that could mark a grave and Greeley’s house.

“What are we looking for?” Molly questions.

“Greeley's house. Maybe he's buried there. Look for roads or paths or something. Stay close.” Sam replies.

“Yeah. Okay.” Molly replies sticking close to Sam.

Walking through the woods Molly begins to hear a voice calling out to her, “Molly? Molly, help me. Molly?”

“David?” She questions leaving Sam and Y/f/n to continue the way they were headed she walks in another direction calling as she went, “David? David!”

Greeley appears and grabs her, and she screams.

Pointing his gun at Greeley Den says a sarcastic, “Whoops.” Before he shoots Greeley in the head making the ghost dissipate.

“Hey! Are you all right?” Sam asks running through the woods Y/f/n hot on his heels.

“What has that son of a bitch done with my husband?” Molly asks.

“Just take it easy, all right? You're gonna see David again. You will.” Sam comforts.

“Hey!” Y/n calls out indicating something ahead of them.

“Follow the creepy brick road,” Dean says.
“Go ahead,” Sam says gesturing for Molly to follow Dean and Y/n while he and Y/l/n bring up the rear.

“That thing shoots rock salt?” Molly asks about Deans gun.

“Yes.” Y/l/n replies.

“And plain salt keeps away spirits?” Molly inquires.

“Simple remedies are always the best. In most cultures, salt's a symbol of purity, so it repels impure and unnatural things. Same reason you throw it over your shoulder.” Sam responds.

They turn the corner and see a creepy, run-down house.

“You know, just once I'd like to round the corner and see a nice house,” Dean complains. Sam, Y/l/n, and Molly enter the house. While Dean and Y/n stay outside to look around.

“Any headstones outside?” Sam asks after Dean and Y/n enter the house.

“Yeah, right. Is it ever that easy?” Dean retorts.

“I guess not,” Sam replies.

“You three check upstairs. See if you can find any notes or records telling us where he's buried. Y/n and I'll just check down here.” Dean says noticing the stairs. Sam, Y/l/n, and Molly head upstairs where they find a room strewn with papers.

“Great.” Sam mutters. He and Y/l/n start going through the papers. Molly finds an old scrapbook by the window and opens it.

“Look at this.” She says taking the album to the bed and sitting down. Sam joins her a moment later. “It's Greeley and his wife.” Sam turns a few pages and finds a letter, “It's a love letter he wrote her. My god, it's beautiful. I don't understand how a guy like this can turn into that monster.”

“Um ... Spirits like Greeley are, uh ... like wounded animals. Lost. In so much pain that ... they lash out.” Sam says.

“Well, there's some part of them that... that's keeping them here. Like their remains or, um... unfinished business.” Y/l/n says.

“Unfinished business?” Molly inquires.

“Well, they weren't evil people, you know? A lot of them were good. Just... Something happened to them. Something they couldn't control.” Sam replies.

“Sammy's always getting a little J. Love Hewitt when it comes to things like this. Me, I don't like 'em. And I sure as hell ain't making apologies for 'em. There's nothing downstairs. You find anything?” Dean pipes up from the doorway.
“Uh, just about every piece of mail or receipt they ever had. Looked through a couple, but nothing about a grave so far.” Sam replies. Y/n begins investigating a wall looking for clues or anything.

“What?” Sam asks watching her.

“There's something behind here.” She replies handing her flashlight to Y/f/n, “Here.” She starts to move a cabinet aside, revealing part of a small hidden door. Dean steps over and moves the cabinet the rest of the way before he kneels down and tries the door.

“It's locked from the inside,” Dean says. Standing and turning around, he throws a back kick at the door, which does nothing. He looks up in surprise, then braces himself and kicks harder. The door falls inward revealing another room. The group crawls through. Once in the chamber, they brush away cobwebs to stand up. “It smells like old lady in here,” Dean comments. Turning he finds a corpse hanging by the neck from the ceiling, “And that would explain why. Well, now we know why nobody ever saw her again.”

“She didn't want to live without him.” Molly acknowledged.

“Dean, give me a hand,” Sam says picking up a chair and going to take the body down.

“Really?” Dean questions.

“What are you gonna do?” Molly asks.

“We can't leave her like this.” Sam pleads.

“Why not?” Dean asks.

“She deserves to be put to rest, Dean.” Y/n murmurs. Dean reluctantly agrees handing Y/n his flashlight and heading to help. Sam stands on the chair and begins to cut through the rope as Dean steadies the corpse.

“Son of a ...” Dean mutters either at the smell or the horribleness of holding a dead body.

Dean carries the body of Mrs. Greeley outside where he and Sam dig a grave for her.

“So... So, if you manage to put Greeley to rest, too... What happens to them?” Molly inquires.

“Lady, that answer is way beyond our pay grade.” Dean replies.

“You hunt these things, but you don't know what happens to them?” Molly asks.

“Well, they never come back. That's all that matters.” Y/n responds.

“After they let go of whatever's keeping them here, they ... they just go. I hope someplace better, but we don't know. No one does.” Sam says seeing that Dean’s answer didn’t satisfy Molly.

“What happens when you burn their bones?” Molly asks.

“Umm... Well, my dad used to say that was like death for ghosts, you know? But... The truth is, we still don't know. Not for sure.” Sam replies he looks at Dean then continues, “Guess that's why we all hold on to life so hard. Even the dead. We're all just scared of the unknown.”

“The only thing I'm scared of is losing David. I have to see him again.” Molly says there is a long pause as the boys continue digging before she says again, “I have to.”
The Boys refill the grave after placing Mrs. Greeley’s body in it, and the group returns to the house. Molly heads to another room and begins pacing it while looking through the photo album. The four hunters wait in another room for Greeley to show.

“I think we should tell her about her husband.” Sam sighs after watching Molly flip through the photo album.

“We can’t.” Dean responds.

“Dean, it’s cruel, letting her pine for him like this. I don’t like keeping her in the dark.” Sam responds.

“It’s for her own good.” Dean replies standing from the chair by the window, “Man, I know you feel guilty, all right? But let's just stick to the plan. Let's get her out of here. Then we'll tell her.”


“Molly—” Sam begins.

“Sam, don't.” Y/n interrupts.

“Don't what? Don't tell me because I'll mess up your hunt? You don't care about me or my husband.” Molly cries.

“That's not true.” Y/f/n says trying to comfort her.

“Really? Then whatever it is, tell me, please.” Molly pleads.

Sam swallows, wanting to say something. When a radio begins playing static, then the song 'House of the Rising Sun' starts to play.

“He's coming.” Molly’s voice quavered.

“Stay with her,” Dean says looking at the others.

Dean heads into the other room slowly moving to where the music is coming from. Pulling back a sheet he uncovers the dusty radio that has powered itself on.

Y/n stops next to him. “I told you to stay with her.” Dean comments.

“I'm not gonna leave you by yourself.” She replies.

Dean crouches down in front of the radio and finds it has a broken, frayed power cord. Hearing another noise Dean and Y/n go toward the front door. It frosts over, and the words 'SHE'S MINE' appear in the frost.

In the other room, Molly is standing by the window. Sam steps cautiously forward towards the next room Y/f/n following to check on the others. A figure crashes through the window behind Molly and grabs her, screaming as she is dragged outside. Y/n and Dean sprint back to the room.

“He's got, Molly!” Y/f/n yells.

Leaping through the now broken window, they chase them through the woods. Several twists and turn later they lose sight of Greeley and Molly and return to the house.

“This guy is persistent,” Dean says making his way through the kitchen.
“We gotta find Molly,” Sam replies.

“We gotta find Greeley’s bones. And, uh, no pressure or anything, but we got less than two hours before sunrise.” Y/n retorts.

Looking through the photo album Y/f/n notices something, “Hey.” She calls to the others.

“What do you got?” Dean asks walking over. Looking over her shoulder Dean reads the caption on a photograph, “February 6, 1992.’ That was like two weeks before the accident, wasn’t it?” Dean inquired.

“Yeah. I mean, it looks like the hunting cabin, but... I swear there's a tree there right where they're standing.” Sam replies and both brothers look up and Sam scoffs, “I should’ve thought of it.”

“What?” Y/n and Dean ask in unison.

“It's an old country custom, Guys. Planting a tree as a grave marker.” Sam replies.

“You're like a walking encyclopedia of weirdness.” Dean retorts walking to the front door.

“Yeah. I know.” Sam replies somewhat bitterly following his brother out the door.

“Are you sure you want the walking encyclopedia?” Y/f/n looks to Y/n.

“Yeah, You get Ken doll, and I get walking encyclopedia.” Y/f/n replies following the boys.

“Does that make me Barbie?” Y/n calls.

At Greeley’s hunting cabin Molly is hanging from the ceiling by her wrists.

“Where's David? What did you do to him?” Molly cries.

“You shouldn't worry about him anymore.” Greeley replies.

“Oh, my God.” Molly whimpers.

“You should worry about yourself.” Greeley continues.

“I didn't do anything to you.” Molly

“Oh?” Greeley questions.

“I know... I know about your wife. Hurting me won't bring her back.” Molly groans as Greeley runs a dirty hand down her face.

“My wife is gone. All I got left's... hurting you.” Greeley replies sliding a finger across her collarbone, slicing her skin. Molly’s screams unheard in the woods.

“P-Please. Just let me go.” Molly pleads.

“Go? You're not gonna leave. You're never... gonna leave.” Greeley replies, He drags a finger across her belly, gouging deep. She screams in pain again. Sam, Y/f/n, Y/n, and Dean approach the cabin from the outside, the boys are carrying shovels.

“Go get Molly,” Sam says to Dean.

Dean hands Y/n his shovel before heading into the house. As Dean heads inside, Sam and Y/n begin
to dig around the tree. Inside, Greeley is approaching Molly menacingly when his head explodes in a shotgun burst, revealing Dean behind him.

“Oh, thank God.” Molly gasps.

“Yeah, call me Dean.” Dean smirks. Greeley appears behind Dean, who turns to face him. Greeley gestures and Dean cries out, a cut appearing on his cheek. “This guy's really pissing me off.”

Greeley gestures again, and Dean flies backward, slamming against the wall. Outside, Sam and Y/n dig feverishly. Sam hits something hard, and looks down; it's Greeley’s bones. From inside there is crashing and Dean yells, "Hurry up, Sam!"

Inside, Dean is still struggling against the wall. Greeley reaches out, and a knife flies into his hand.

Greeley approaches Dean with the knife. Greeley and Dean struggle.

Y/f/n empties the container of gasoline into the grave, while Y/n lights a match and drops it in.

Greeley freezes and rears back in pain, screaming "No, no," as his corpse in the grave catches fire and burns. Greeley bursts into flame and is consumed disappearing. The knife falls to the floor. Dean helps Molly from the ceiling, and they head outside to the others.

Dean, Sam, Y/n, Y/f/n, and Molly walk out of the woods to the Impala where Dean pats it lovingly.

“Oh, baby, it's been a long night.” He says.

Dean drops his bag in the back, then climbs into the driver’s seat. Sam opens the back door for Molly as Y/n clambers in on the other side.

“All right. Let's get you out of here.” Sam says.

“I'm not going anywhere until you tell me what happened to my husband,” Molly replies refusing to get in the car.

“Molly...” Sam begins.

“All this time ... I've been looking for him, and you knew that... You knew that Greeley killed him, didn't you? He's dead.” Molly sniffled.

“No, Molly. David's alive.” Y/f/n replies from behind her.

“What? You're sure?” Molly asks turning to look at her.

“I'm sure. We'll take you to him. Come on.” Sam replies quietly.

Smiling in relief, Molly gets in the car, and Y/f/n follows. When everyone is in and settled Dean starts Baby and heads toward David. They pull up in front of a nice suburban home with the lights on inside.

“He's in that house, right there,” Sam says pointing.

“I don’t understand,” Molly replies looking at the house in disbelief.

“You will.” Y/f/n replies gently climbing from the car to let Molly out. Molly approaches the
window of the house, and can see David inside. He is older, wearing a bathrobe, and pouring a cup of coffee.

“That's ... not ... It can't be.” Molly says. The others stand to the side and are watching Molly. The brothers look at each other. David looks up, and a woman in a bathrobe comes up to him, kissing him on the lips. “What's happening?” Molly asks turning back to the hunters. “Who is that?”

“That's David's wife,” Sam replies. Molly turns around to look at the house again, then back to Sam and Dean. “I'm sorry, Molly. 15 years ago, you and your husband hit Jonah Greeley with your car. David survived.”

“What are you saying?” Molly asks walking back towards them.

“We're saying there isn't just one spirit haunting Highway 41. There are two. Jonah Greeley and you.” Dean replies.

“For the past 15 years, one night a year you've appeared on that highway.” Y/f/n starts.

“No, that's not possible. It was our anniversary ... February 22nd –” Molly begins.


“Yes.” Molly nods.

“Molly, it's 2007.” Y/n replies.

“Oh, God.” Molly mutters.

FLASHBACK TO THE PREVIOUS NIGHT

“All right. Tell me about Highway 41.” Dean says gripping the wheel as they head towards the next hunt.

“12 accidents over 15 years. Five of them fatal, all of them happening on the same night.” Sam replies.

“So what are we looking at ... Interstate dead zone? Phantom hitchhiker? What?” Y/n inquires poking her head over the front seat.

“Not quite. Year after year, witnesses said the same thing made them crash. A woman appearing in the middle of the road, being chased by a man covered in blood.” Sam replies.

“Two spooks?” Dean asks.

At the library in the local town, the four hunters find old newspaper articles referring to Molly and Jonah’s deaths.

~~Skip to David’s house~~

“Now, where is Molly buried?” Dean asks.

“She... she wasn't buried anywhere. She was cremated.” David replies.

“So much for burning her bones,” Dean replies as they leave David’s house.
“Yeah, but then what's keeping her here?” Y/f/n asks climbing into the car.

Molly sees the events of the crash and the aftermath in flashes: David calling "Molly!" and her screaming as they crash.

“Some spirits only see what they want,” Sam says.

“David?! David?” Molly calls running through the woods and out onto the road.

“Stop! Stop!” Molly pleads as the Impala breaks hard. Dean yells, ‘Holy—’ “You have to help me!”

“Dean, I don't think she knows she's dead,” Sam says inside the car.

“Please!” Molly pleads banging on Sam's window, “Open up! Please!”

“Okay, okay! All right, all right. Just calm down. Tell us what happened.” Sam replies rolling down the window.

Out on the road as Molly searches the crash site, The four hunters have a whispered conversation.

“What are you gonna tell her?” Dean inquires.


“She's gonna haul ass in the other direction.” Y/n

At Greeley's house while looking through the Scrapbook Sam tells Molly, “Some spirits hold on too tight. Can't let go.”

“And Greeley?” Molly asks looking at the four.

“Each year he punishes somebody for his death... ah, chasing them. Torturing them. And each year, that somebody is you.” Sam replies.

“But I don't remember any of it,” Molly responds.

“Because you couldn't see the truth, Molly.” Y/f/n murmurs.

“So that's why he won't let me off the highway. Because... I killed him. I killed us both.” Molly concludes.

As the sun begins to rise, Molly, sit’s heavily on the steps outside of David’s house.

“Why didn't you tell me when you first saw me? Why wait until now?” Molly asks looking up at the brothers standing in front of her.

“You wouldn't have believed us.” Y/n says sitting beside her.

“And you needed me for bait.” Molly accuses.

“Well, we needed you,” Sam responds.

“David,” Molly whispers turning to look at the house.

“Molly, we brought you here so you could move on.” Y/f/n says.

“I have to tell him—” Molly begins.
“Tell him what? That you love him? That you're sorry? Molly, he already knows that. Look, if you want to go in there, we're not gonna stop you.” Sam interrupts.

“Yeah, but you are gonna freak him right out. For life.” Dean puts in.

“David's already said his goodbyes, Molly. Now it's your turn. This is your unfinished business.” Y/f/n says.

“What am I supposed to do?” Molly asks.

“Just... let go. Of David. Of everything. You do that... we think you'll move on.” Y/n replies.

“But you don't know where.” Molly cries.

“No. But Molly, you don't belong here. Haven't you suffered long enough? It's time. It's time to go.” Sam urges. Molly nods sadly then steps slowly away from the house. She turns her face upwards as the first light of dawn creeps over the rooftops. Bathed in light, she becomes part of the light and vanishes.

“I guess she wasn't so bad... for a ghost. You think she's really going to a better place?” Dean asks.

“I hope so,” Sam replies.

“I guess we'll never know. Not until we take the plunge ourselves, huh?” Dean says looking around at the others.

“Doesn't really matter, Dean. Hope's kind of the whole point.” Sam replies.

“All right, Haley Joel.” Dean sasses slapping Sam on the shoulder, “Let's hit the road.”

The four hunters cross the road and get back in the Impala for the next case, as a light rain begins to fall.
At a morgue in San Francisco. Sam and Y/f/n watch as the coroner slides Nate’s corpse from the compartment.

“Here he is, Detectives.” The Coroner says. Nate has stitches running along his chest, stomach, shoulders, and throat.

“That’s a pretty nasty bite.” Sam comments.

“Mm-hmm.” The coroner agrees.

“You know what bit him?” Y/f/n asks.

“I haven’t quite determined that just yet.” The Coroner replies looking away.

“Come on, Doc. Off the record.” Sam urges.

“Oh, way, way off the record ....” The coroner replies.

“Sure,” Sam replies.

“If I didn’t know better, I’d say the guy was attacked by a wolf. But unless I know that the zoo is missing one of their lobos, I’m going with pit bull. I like my job.” She replies eyeing Sam.

Chuckling Sam replies, “Yeah, I hear you. One more thing. This guy — was his heart missing?”

“Yeah, how did you know that? I haven’t even finished my report.” The coroner responds in shock.

“Lucky guess,” Sam replies.

“Thank you for your time.” Y/f/n says shaking the woman’s hand as they leave the morgue. Y/f/n and Sam made their way out of the morgue and to the Impala to head to the motel.

In the boy’s room Dean is sitting on the bed cleaning his guns. “This lawyer guy the first heart-free corpse in town?” He asks.

“First man. Over the past year, several women have gone missing. Dead bodies all washed up later in the bay, too deteriorated to draw firm conclusions.” Sam replies pulling a couple of beers from the fridge for himself and Y/f/n.

“But no hearts?” Y/n asks looking up from the barrel of her gun.

“No hearts. They were all hookers working Hunter's Point. Now, cops are trying to keep things under wrap, but they’re looking for a serial killer.” Y/f/n confirms.

“And the lunar cycle?” Dean inquires.

“Mm-hmm. Yeah, month after month, all the murders happen in the week leading up to the full moon.” Sam replies.

“Which is this week, right?” Dean asks.
“Hence the lawyer.” Sam answers.

“Awesome.” Dean and Y/n respond in unison. Dean stands from the bed and digs through his duffle for the silver bullets.

“Guys, could you be bigger geeks about this?” Sam huffs.

“I’m sorry, man, but what about ‘a human by day, a freak animal killing machine by moonlight’ don’t you understand? I mean, werewolves are badass. We haven’t seen one since we were kids.” Dean replies.

“Okay, Sparky. And you know what? After we kill it, we can go to Disneyland.” Sam sasses.

“Oh, mom can we really?” Y/l/n sniggers looking at Y/n.

“You know what the best part about it is? We already know how to bring these suckers down.” Dean replies holding up a silver bullet, “One of these bad boys right to the heart. So, what’s our next move?”

“Talk to the girl who found the body.” Y/l/n replies.

The quartet heads to Madison’s apartment, and she lets them inside.

“I don’t understand. I already gave my statement.” Madison says leading them through the house.

“Right, well, we just need to verify a few things,” Sam replies.

“This is my neighbor, Glen. Glen, this is Detective…”

“Landis. And Detectives Dante,” He pats Sam on the back and continues, “Daniel and Waggner.” Glen, a bearded man wearing a “Mission Church” T-shirt, stands.

“Well, I guess I’ll leave you to it,” Glen says with a smile before heading out the door.

“Okay. Thanks for the casserole.” Madison replies.

“Oh, how thoughtful.” Dean comments watching Glean shuffle toward the door.

“Just call if you need anything,” Glen says to Madison before walking out the door.

“He’s sweet. He came over to check on me. Have – have a seat.” Madison says gesturing toward the table.

“You must be pretty shaken up. You were Nate Mulligan’s assistant, right?” Sam asks sitting at the table.

“For two years, yeah.” Madison nods.

“So, you knew all about him?” Dean inquires.

“Probably knew more about him than he did. Nate was…” She trails off with a smile, “he was nice.”

“But?” Y/l/n inquires.

“Nothing, really. I – He had a few scotches in him, and he’d started hitting on anyone in a five-mile radius. You know the type.” Madison replies. The others nod their heads and look at Dean.
“Yeah. I do, actually.” Sam replies exasperated.

Dean’s lecherous grin fades as he hears Sam’s tone, and he becomes serious asking, “Did, uh, did he have any enemies?”

“What do you mean? It sure looked like an animal attack.” Madison queried.

“No, yeah, we’re just covering all the bases. Anyone that might have had a beef with him – a former client, an ex?” Dean replies quickly.

“What?” Sam asks noticing her think of somebody.

“Well, this is embarrassing, but my ex-boyfriend, Kurt—” Madison begins.

“Kurt have a last name?” Y/n asks.

“Mueller. After we broke up, he went kind of nuts. He’s... well, he’s kind of been stalking me. He got it in his head that something was going on between Nate and I. He showed up at my office.” Madison continues.


“Kurt got into it with Nate, threw a punch before security grabbed him. I was lucky to keep my job.” Madison replies.

“When was the last time you saw Kurt?” Dean inquires.

“A few nights ago. Actually, the night Nate died. We were all grabbing drinks at this bar, and Kurt showed up.” Madison informs.

“And?” Dean questions.

“Nothing. It was ... like he was watching me. Then he was gone. To tell you the truth... he scares me.” Madison replies.

The four thank Madison for her time and leave.

“So, what do you think?” Dean asks walking down the steps outside the apartment.

“Stalker ex-boyfriend? He hates the boss. And he was there that night.” Sam replies.

“Think he’s our dog-faced boy?” Y/n asks.

“Well, it’s a theory,” Sam replies.

“We’ve had worse.” Dean comments walking around the car.

“Yeah,” Sam replies.

“What do you say we pay Kurt a visit?” Dean asks climbing into the Impala.

Inside the apartment, Madison hears something outside. She goes to the window and, gasps, seeing Kurt watching her from the lawn. When she looks again, he is gone.

That night at Kurt’s apartment Dean picks the lock, and they enter and begin searching the apartment. While they are looking through the kitchen, Sam asks “Anything?”
“No, nothing but leftovers and a six-pack,” Dean replies closing the fridge.

“Check the freezer. Maybe there’s some human hearts behind the Haagen-Dazs or something.” Sam replies flipping through some papers on the table.

As Dean turns to check the freezer, Y/n hears a door open and close, followed by a crash outside. Y/n steps out the sliding glass door onto the balcony. On the wall of the building, she notices claw marks, in the concrete wall, sliding all the way down to the ground.

“Guys, come here!” She calls and the others walk out to join her, “Check it out.” Nodding to the wall.

Hear a gunshot the four race down to the street and around a corner into an alleyway, only to find a policeman’s body completely mauled behind a dumpster.

“I’ll call 911.” Y/f/n says pulling her cell from her pocket.

Dean moves the trash slightly and bends down to examine the corpse.

“I’d say Kurt’s looking more and more like our Cujo,” Dean concludes.

“Dean, if he’s out here, we better check on Madison,” Sam says worriedly.

At Madison’s apartment, the boys knock on her front door. Across the hall, Glen opens his door to see the commotion.

“What’s going on?” Glen inquires.

“Police business, Glen.” Y/n responds as Madison answers the door.

“What is it?” She asks.

“Well, maybe we should talk privately,” Sam replies casting a glance at Glen. Madison invites the four to her kitchen.

“Coffee?” She asks walking to the coffee maker.

“Yes please.” Y/n replies sitting at the kitchen table.

“Has Kurt been here?” Sam asks as Madison pours the coffee.

“Not exactly.” She replies

“What exactly does not exactly mean?” Dean asks.

“Well, he was outside last night. Just…looking. Just looking at me.” Madison replies. Noticing the boys exchange a look she asks, “Has he done something?”

“We’re not really sure,” Sam replies.

“It’s probably nothing, but… we just don’t wanna take any chances. In fact, one of us should probably stay here with you? Just in case he stops by. Where does he work?” Dean replies.

“He owns a body shop,” Madison responds.

“You mind grabbing that address for us?” Dean inquires. Madison nods and starts to leave the room
“All right, you guys go. I’ll stay.” Sam says as soon as Madison is out of earshot.

“Forget that. You go after the creepy ex. I’m gonna hang here with the hot chick.” Dean responds.

“Dude, why do you always get to hang out with the girls?” Sam inquires.

“’Cause I’m older,” Dean replies matter of factly. Dean drinks his coffee and smiles with satisfaction. Sam looks at him with incredulity.

“Are… Are we not girls, Y/f/n?” Y/n asks looking at Y/f/n in fake bewilderment.

“Last I checked we had boobs… so I’m pretty we are.” Y/f/n replies.

“No, screw that. We settle this the old-fashioned way.” Sam replies taking the coffee cups and setting them down, then raises his fist for Rock-Paper-Scissors. Dean plays along, choosing scissors while Sam chooses rock.

“Dean, always with the scissors,” Sam says with mock concern before slapping Dean on the shoulder.

“Shut up, shut up. Two out of three.” Dean replies holding his hands up for another round. Sam sighs but lifts his hands to play once more. Sam’s rock once again beats Dean’s scissors.

“God!” Dean groans in frustration.

“Bundle up out there, all right?” Sam says clapping Dean on the shoulders. Dean heads for the door as Y/f/n gets Kurt’s address from Madison before her and Y/n follow him out.

Later that morning, Madison is checking the mail while Sam watches from the kitchen table. He smiles uncomfortably at her.

“Um… do you wanna sit on the couch?” She asks.

“No. No, no. I’m okay.” Sam replies.

“It’s more comfortable.” She tries again.

“Oh, I’m fine,” Sam replies.

Madison sets her mail down on a side table and turns back to look at Sam. She comes back to the table with a basket of laundry. Dumping it onto the table, she begins sorting through her underwear, pulling up a tiny lacy thong.

“You know, I think I will sit on the couch,” Sam replies heading over to the sofa. Madison smiles, and Sam sits there awkwardly until his phone rings.

“Let me guess. You’re sitting on her couch like a stiff, trying to think of something to say.” Dean says.

“Did you find Kurt?” Sam asks quietly.

“No, he hasn’t been at work all week. But because I’m good, and I mean really, really good, I got a line on where he might be.” Dean replies climbing into the car. “What’s she wearing?”

“Thanks.”
“Bye, Dean,” Sam responds before hanging up the phone.

“Oh, Sammy.” Dean chuckles starting the car.

“Who’s good?” Y/n asks eyebrows raised. “I’m pretty sure I’m the one who flirted the information out of that guy.”

Dean looks at her and huffs while Y/f/n chuckles from the back.

Madison goes to sit by Sam on the couch and turns on the TV to a soap opera. Sam makes a face, visibly annoyed by the choice of programming.

“I saw that,” Madison says looking over at Sam then back to the TV.

“Saw what?” Sam asks innocently.

“Okay, this is the deal: my house, my TV. I never get to watch my show. So suck it up.” Madison replies smiling.

After the credits have rolled, Sam is sitting forward on the couch, completely riveted.

“Wait, so, so, Kendall married Ethan’s father, just to get back at him?” He asks.

“Yup. And now she’s set to inherit all the casinos that were supposed to go to Ethan.” Madison replies.

“What a bitch!” Sam replies.

“Admit it, you’re hooked.” Madison laughs.

“No, no, no, no, no, no. I wouldn’t say I’m hooked.” Sam replies while Madison giggles. “You know, can I ask you a question? It’s – it’s a little personal.”


Smiling and nodding Sam continues, “Okay, um… well, you’re – you’re clearly smart. I mean, your house is full, is full of great books, you know? And you’re independent…”

“Uh-huh.” Madison nods.

“What were you doing with Kurt?” Sam inquires.

After some thought Madison answers, “I don’t know. I mean, it’s not like he introduced himself, like, ‘Hi, I’m possessive and controlling, and I like to punch people. Wanna be my girlfriend?’”

“Yeah, well, I guess we all make mistakes,” Sam replies.

“Yeah, well, mine’s wanted by the police.” Madison retorts. There is a pause in the conversation before she asks, “You wanna know why I stayed with him? Really?” Sam nods, “I was too insecure to leave.”

“I find that hard to believe. I mean, you don’t really seem like the type.” Sam replies.

“Yeah, well, some stuff happened. My life changed, I changed. For the better, I think.” Madison answers.
“What happened?” Sam questions.

“Well, for one thing, I got mugged.” Madison answers.

“And that’s supposed to be a good thing?” Sam asks incredulously.

“I know, it sounds strange. And don’t get me wrong, it rattled me. But – then it hit me. I could keep feeling sorry for myself, or I could take control of my life. I chose the latter. First thing I did was tell Kurt he had to go.” Madison laughs.

“Smart move,” Sam replies.

“Apparently. Everything else just opened up, blossomed. It’s all been wonderful, really.” Madison responds earning a shrug from Sam, “What? Doesn’t everybody think that being a victim of random violence is the best thing that ever happened to them?”

Sam laughs, “Yeah, not so much.” He pauses looking down, “You’re … unusual.” He finishes awkwardly.

“Unusual, like …” Madison trails off circling her finger, pointing to her head, “unusual?”

“No. No. No, no, no. Unusual, like … impressive.” Sam replies earnestly.

“You think so?” Madison inquires.

As Sam is about to answer, his phone rings. He smiles apologetically.

“Sorry.” He says to her before answering his phone, “Hey.”

“I found him,” Dean responds from the table of a strip club.

“Good, don’t take your eyes off him,” Sam replies.

Dean takes his eyes off the stripper, and glances at Kurt. He is sitting across the table, also watching the stripper. Dean looks back at the woman.

“Oh, yeah, my eyes are glued. Look, Sammy, I gotta let you go. I, uh, I don’t wanna ... don’t wanna miss anything.” Dean replies. He hands the stripper a dollar bill and hangs up, smirking.

“What a pervert.” Y/n mutters sitting outside in the Impala.

“Your just jealous he’s not out here oogling you right now.” Y/f/n sasses.

“Shut up,” Y/n huffs turning around to face away from her friend.

Madison joins Sam in the living room, while he watches the full moon from the window.

“So, um … I’m gonna turn in.” Madison says.

“Okay, yeah. Well, I’ll be here.” Sam replies.

“Okay.” Madison nods.

“You know, if you hear anything, I mean if you wake up, just – just call out,” Sam says fidgeting awkwardly.

“Okay,” Madison replies.
“Okay,” Sam repeats. Madison smiles uncomfortably and goes into her bedroom. Sam sighs, frustrated with himself. Sam sits on the couch and begins watching TV in the living room to pass the time. He glances at Madison’s bedroom, but there’s no movement.

Kurt leaves to strip club and heads home. Dean follows soon after. Climbing from the Impala Y/n, Y/f/n, and Dean stands on the street outside Kurt’s house. Seeing a light turn on inside the house they get their guns ready. Suddenly, they hear glass shattering. He looks back up to see the lights off in the house.

“What the—?” Dean mutters.

Dean runs to the house and bursts through the door Y/n and Y/f/n hot on his heels. Entering one of the rooms, he sees a woman hovering over Kurt’s mauled body. She turns towards Dean and the others to reveal its Madison, and she’s a werewolf. Though she still looks human, her eyes have turned an electric blue, her teeth have turned to bloody fangs, and she has long claws. She growls and runs at Dean, pushing him into the wall hitting his head he in knocked unconscious. Y/f/n grabs her knife and moves toward Madison. Madison notices and jumps at her. Y/f/n cuts her arm with the knife, Madison growls in pain and runs out the open window.

Sam is still at Madison’s apartment, awake, and getting a glass of water. He answers his ringing cell phone.

“Dean, you okay?” Sam answers.

“Not Dean,” Y/n replies breathlessly.

“Where’s Dean?” Sam asks immediately worried.

“Y/f/n and I just had to drag him from Kurt’s apartment down to the car before police could show up.” Y/n replies.

“Why did you have to drag him?” Sam questions putting the glass of water down.

“The werewolf knocked him out. Sam, it’s Madison.” Y/n responds.

“What?” Sam quizzes.

There is shuffling around on the other end of the phone before Dean answers, “Yeah, awesome job of keeping an eye on her.”

Sam walks to Madison’s bedroom to see that she is sound asleep, apparently naked, in bed.

“Dean, I’ve been here the whole time. She’s in bed, asleep.” Sam replies.

“Well, she wasn’t an hour ago. Check her right arm below her elbow. Y/f/n nicked her with a silver knife.” Y/n replies.

Madison rolls over and wakes up, noticing Sam.

“Morning,” Madison says. She sits up and notices that she is naked, covered only by her bed sheets. Sam sees the wound on her arm.

“Um… where are my pajamas?” She asks. Sam leaves the bedroom upset, confused Madison calls after him, “Sam? What’s going on? Where are you going?” She jumps out of bed, wrapping the comforter around her, and follows him to the living room, where he is locking the front door.
“I’m not going anywhere. And neither are you.” Sam replies.

Later, Madison is seated in a chair, with her wrists bound. Sam is standing in front of her, holding a gun.

“You’re psychotic. The whole ‘I’m a cop’ trip – God, I am so stupid.” Madison grumbles.

“Well, I guess neither of us are who we said we were, huh?” Sam replies.

“Sam, you’re sick, okay? You’re imagining things. Monsters don’t exist, not really.” Madison pleads.

“You know what? Save the act.” Sam snaps.

“It’s not an act! I am not a werewolf! There’s no such thing! It’s made up, all right? Th– They’re not real! You know they’re not real!” Madison cries.

“No?!” Sam asks pointing to her arm, “Then where did that come from?”

“I don’t know! Sam, God, you need help. Please, don’t do something that you’re gonna regret. I’m not what you think I am. I’m not.” Madison begged.

Sam, visibly upset, hears knocking at the door. He opens it to see Dean, Y/n, and Y/f/n they enter and Dean smirks at Madison.

“How you doin’? My head feels great, thanks.” He sasses rubbing the back of his skull.

“We’ve gotta talk.” Sam says pulling Dean and the others into another room, “She says she has no idea what I’m talking about.”

“She’s lying.” Dean replies.

“Or maybe she really doesn’t know she’s changing, you know? Maybe – maybe when the creature takes over, she blacks out.” Sam replies.

“Like a really hot Incredible Hulk.” Dean deadpans, “Come on, dude, she ganked her boss and her ex-boyfriend. That doesn’t sound rash and unconscious.”

“Yeah, but what if it was, Dean? I mean, what if some animal part of her brain saw both those guys as threats? Hell, the cop, too.” Sam replies.

“What are you, the Dog Whisperer now?” Dean sasses.

“Look, man, I just… I don’t know, there, there, there was something in her eyes.” Sam responds.

“Yeah, she’s killing people!” Dean snaps.

“But if she has no control over it—” Sam retaliates.

“Exactly. She can’t control it. Even if she’s telling the truth, it’s not gonna change anything.” Dean reasons.

“I’m not putting a bullet through some girl’s chest who has no idea what’s happening,” Sam replies.

“Sam, she’s a monster, and you’re feeling sorry for her?” Dean questions.
“Maybe I understand her.” Sam replies, “Look, there might be another way we can get the job done without having to waste her.”

“Are you thinking what I think you’re thinking?” Dean inquires.

Sam grabs John’s journal and begins flipping through the pages, “Dad’s theory – ‘lycanthropy might have a cure if you kill the werewolf who bit you, severing the bloodline’.” He reads.

“MIGHT have a cure. Meaning who the hell knows?” Dean retorts.

“It’s worth a shot.” Y/l/n puts in.

“We don’t even know where to start looking, all right? I mean, the puppy that bit her could be anyone, anywhere. It could’ve been years ago.” Dean replies.

“No. I don’t think so.” Sam says realization dawning on him.

He leads Dean, and the others back to the living room, where Madison is still seated.

“Madison, when were you mugged?” Sam asks softly, She doesn't want to answer, just looking at him, “Please. It’s important, all right? Just answer the question.”

“About a month ago,” Madison replies.

“Did you see the guy?” Sam asks.

“No. He grabbed me from behind.” Madison answers.

“Did he bite you?” Y/l/n asks.

Madison looks over at her in shock, “How did you know that?”

“Where?” Sam asks.

“On, on the back of my neck,” Madison replies. Sam makes a show of him setting his gun down, and steps behind her, gently brushing her hair away and exposing a scarred lump the size of a golf ball on her neck.

“Oh, that’s just a love bite. Believe me, that could have been a lot worse. Where were you at the time?” Dean asks.

“Walking home from a friend’s loft,” Madison responds.

“Let me guess. Not too far from Hunter’s Point?” Y/n inquires.

Madison nods her head indicating they were right.

Sam pulls Dean back in the other room; Sam closes the door and turns to face Dean after the girls enter, “The same place where those other murders happened. I’m telling you, it’s a werewolf’s hunting grounds.”

“Maybe, but that doesn’t mean it’s gonna be out there tonight.” Dean replies.

“It’s the right time of the lunar cycle. Look, I know it’s a long shot.” Sam retorts.

“Hey, you’re forgetting something. Maddie’s probably gonna turn soon, all right? We can’t just let
her take off to an all-you-can-eat buffet.” Dean responds.

“I’ll stay with her,” Sam replies.

“And if she busts loose?” Dean inquires, and Sam looks away. When there is no response he urges, “Sam?”

“I’ll do it,” Sam replies looking down.

“Sam,” Dean says.

“I’ll shoot her, all right? But Dean, I need you to go out there. At least go look for the thing. Dean, please. We can save this girl.” Sam pleads.

“What do you think of all this? You haven’t said anything.” Dean asks looking at Y/n.

“It’s worth a shot,” Y/n shrugs.

“Fine,” Dean replies after noticing Sam is feeling more than usual.

Sam nods in understanding.

Dean and the other two leave the apartment. Sam rejoins Madison, who is still crying.

“Please. Just let me go.” She cries.

Sam looks at her sympathetically and pulls up a chair to sit in front of her.

“Look … I know you’re scared. I also know that there’s no way in hell you’re gonna believe me. But I’m doing this because I’m trying to help you. I’m not gonna lie, all right, the odds aren’t exactly in our favor. But if this goes the way I pray it does … I’ll untie you, and I’ll walk out that door, and I’ll never come back. You’ll live the rest of your life. And I’ll just be a bad memory,” Sam says tearfully.

That night Dean and the others make their way to Hunters’s point. A woman, apparently a hooker, is walking the dark street alone. She stops when she hears an animal howling and looks nervous.

From Madison’s apartment Sam is watching the full moon while Madison sits in the chair. Suddenly, her fingernails grow, stretching into claws. Her eyes turn bright blue, and she bares her fangs. Sam turns just as she breaks loose from the chair. She knocks him to the ground, but he quickly gets up, aiming his gun.

The hooker is running down the street when suddenly, she comes face-to-face with the animal.

Sam keeps his gun aimed at Madison. Just as she lunges at him, he moves out of the way, forcing her into her bedroom. He moves the entertainment center in front of the door, trapping her inside.

The werewolf catches up with the hooker, dragging her screaming across the pavement.

“Hey!” Dean yells.

The monster looks up just as Dean shoots him, three times in the chest. The woman stands up, frightened, and glances at Dean and the others before running away.
“Hey, don’t mention it!” He yells after the terrified woman.

“No cash for ass sweetheart.” Dean replies.

He crouches next to the monster, who is coughing and choking. His mouth is covered in blood. After a moment, his fangs retract, and he returns to normal, revealing Glen, Madison’s neighbor.


“All right, easy, Glen. Just take it easy.” Dean mutters softly. He watches as Glen dies, his eyes glazing over.

The next morning at Madison’s apartment. She wakes up as Sam opens the bedroom door.

“It should be over now. You’ll never see me again.” Sam replies.

Standing, Madison surveys the bedroom. Furniture is overturned, and claw marks are covering every inch of the walls. When she turns around, Sam is gone.

Outside Madison’s apartment, the group sits waiting in the Impala.

“It was sort of sad, actually. Glen had no clue what was going on.” Dean says head tossed back against the head rest, “Hey, why do you think he turned Madison instead of just killing her in the first place?” Dean asks sitting up further in his seat.

“I don’t know. I mean, he kind of seemed to have a thing for her.” Sam replies.

“Maybe his primal instinct did, too. Maybe he was looking for a little, uh, hot breeding action.” Dean says.

“Yeah. Something like that.” Sam responds.

“So?” Dean questions.

“So what?” Sam asks.

“Speaking of Madison ...?” Dean begins.

“Oh, whatever.” Sam rolls his eyes.

“Don’t whatever me, man, you liked her. Maybe, uh—” Dean begins but is cut off by Sam.

“Dean, she thought I was a stark-raving lunatic,” Sam replies.

“You saved her life.” Y/n puts in.

“Yeah, but she doesn’t know that,” Sam responds.

“You know, for a stake-out, your car’s a bit conspicuous. What are you still doing here?” Madison asks appearing at Sam’s window.

Honestly? Uh, we’re pretty sure you’re not gonna turn tonight, but we’ve gotta be a hundred percent, so... you know, we’re ... lurking.” Dean replies.

“I know this sounds crazy,” Sam adds.
“Sure does. Well, if we’re gonna wait it out… we might as well do it together.” Madison replies.

Standing up and heading back to her apartment the others climb from the car and follow after. She lets them in and the stop in the front hall.

“You were telling the truth, weren’t you? About everything. What you did – it was to help me.” Madison says.

“Yeah,” Sam replies.

“I did all of those horrible things … when I turned.” Madison comments.

“You didn’t know,” Sam responds.

After a pause, Madison asks, “So, when will we know for sure? Moonrise?”

“No, I don’t think so. You turned middle of the night last night. I think we’ve gotta hang in until sun-up.” Sam replies.

Dean has been watching Sam carefully. He gives a tiny nod.

“Well, it looks like we’ve got ourselves a few hours to kill. Poker, anyone?” Dean asks.

Later, the five of them watch as the sun sinks and the moon rises. Dean lays his gun on the table. Sam and Madison watch him from the couch.

“Oh, no, you guys talk,” Dean says.

A few hours later, they watch from the window as the sun comes up.

“Does – does this mean it worked?” Madison asks.

“Yeah. I think so.” Sam replies.

“Oh, God, thank you. Thank you so much.” Madison sighs. She gives Sam a hug. Dean clears his throat, and they pull away. Madison laughs, “You, too, Dean. Thank you.”

“Aw, don’t mention it.” Dean replies there is an awkward pause, and he continues backing toward the door, “So, I’m just gonna head back to the hotel and … watch some Pay-Per-View, or something.” On his way out the door, Dean pumps his fist in the air.

“Yeah you know I gotta… I got nothing…. have fun.” Y/n replies walking out the door.

“Bye, Madison.” Y/l/n says following Y/n. On the way to the Motel Y/l/n sat silently looking out the window.

“Are… are you…. pouting?” Y/n asks looking at Y/l/n in the back seat.

“No, shut up.” Y/l/n replies turning back to the window.

“That was smooth, heh,” Madison says as the three hunters leave her apartment.

“They mean well, but…” Sam trails off.

“You mean, they think you’re gonna get laid,” Madison replies

“Look, I—” Sam begins.
“It’s okay,” Madison answers.

“No. I know I scared the crap out of you, all right? I—I mean, I tied you to a chair.” Sam replies.

“That’s right up there with me scratching up your face.” Madison retorts.

“There’s just no way ... we could go back, you know? Before it happened.” Sam replies.

“You’re right. There’s just no way.” Madison agrees.

Sam shakes his head. Then, after a moment, Madison gives in and kisses him. Sam immediately responds, pushing her against the wall. They strip each other of their clothing and make their way to the bedroom, falling back onto the bed. Throughout the night, they continue to make passionate love, letting go of all they had been holding back. Hours later, they fall asleep in each other’s arms, completely content. The full moon rises and Sam wakes up and looks around. He hears a growl and turns to see Madison, who has returned to her werewolf form, eyes blue and fangs bared. Before Sam can catch her, she jumps out the window, leaving him stunned.

Sam runs down the hall to Dean’s room, pounding on the door. Dean answers.

“She – she turned,” Sam says breathlessly.

“What?” Dean asks.

“I couldn’t grab her in time,” Sam replies.

“We’ll find her, Sammy.” Dean replies.

Dean grabs his jacket and throws his boots on while Sam gets the girls. Sam and Dean are quickly coming down the steps of the motel.

“I already called Bobby. He doesn’t know anything. Except he knew severing the bloodline wouldn’t work. That’s everyone. They all say it’s impossible to reverse it.” Sam says quickly.

“How come she didn’t turn when we were with her?” Dean asks.

“Dean—” Sam begins.

“So, what, you put her to bed and then she wolfed out? Maybe she’s gotta be asleep to turn.” Dean continues.

“What the hell does it matter, Dean? Look, we’ve gotta find some way to help her, some legend we missed or something.” Sam pleads.

“If there was, don’t you think someone we know would’ve known it?” Dean asks.

“Well, then we have to look harder! Until we find something.” Sam argues.

“Sam, I don’t think we’ve got a choice here anymore.” Y/n whispers.

“What?” Sam asks.

“I hate to say it. She’s a sweet girl, but part of her is—” Dean trails off.

“Evil?” Sam questions.
“Yeah.” Dean replies.

“Yes, that’s what they say about me, Dean! So, me you won’t kill, but her you’re just gonna blow away?” Sam ask angrily.

His phone rings, and he answers.

“Sam?” Madison’s voice says.

“Madison, where are you?” Sam asks quickly.

“I don’t – I don’t – I don't know where I am,” Madison replies.

“Well, do you see any street signs?” Sam asks rushing to the car.

“Um … yeah, yeah, Middle Point.” Madison responds.

“All right, hold on, Maddie. We’re coming to get you, just stay where you are.” Sam says climbing into the Impala with the others.

They take Madison back to her apartment and the five of them go to the living room. Dean places his gun back on the table.

“I don’t remember anything. I probably killed someone last night. Didn’t I?” Madison asks.

“There’s no way to know yet.” Dean replies.

“Is there something else we can try to make it go away?” Madison pleads.

“We’ll find something. I mean, there’s gotta be some answer, somewhere.” Sam responds.

“That’s not entirely true. Madison, you deserve to know. We’ve scoured every source. There’s just no cure.” Dean clarifies.

“Is – is he right?” Madison asks turning to Sam.

Choking up, Sam stands and turns away.

“Well, we could lock you up at night, but … you bust out, and some night you will, someone else dies.” Dean replies. He pauses and looks at Sam, “I’m sorry. I am.”

“So, I guess that’s all there is to it, then.” Madison exhales.

“Stop it. Don’t talk like that.” Sam demands.

“Sam, I don’t wanna hurt anyone else. I don’t wanna hurt you.” Madison replies. She picks up the gun and brings it to him.

“Put that down.” Sam states.

“I can’t do it myself. I need you to help me.” Madison cries.

“Madison, no,” Sam replies desperately.

“Sam… I’m a monster.” Madison counters.

“You don’t have to be. We could find a way, all right? I can. I’m gonna save you.” Sam pleads
tearfully.

“You tried. I know you tried. But this is all there is left. Help me, Sam. I want you to do it. I want it to be you.” Madison sobs.

“I can’t,” Sam replies.

“I don’t wanna die. I don’t. But I can’t live like this. This is the way you can save me. Please. I’m asking you to save me.” Madison begs.

Sam shakes his head. Dean walks over to them and carefully takes the gun from Madison. Sam walks to another room choking back tears. The others follow, silently.

“Sam.” Dean says holding up the gun, “I’m sorry.”

“No, you’re right. She’s right.” Sam replies eye watery with the unshed tears.

“Sammy, I got this one. I’ll do it.” Dean says.

“She asked me to,” Sam replies.

“You don’t have to,” Y/n says tears welling in her eyes.

“Yes, I do. Please.” Sam replies holding his hand out for the gun, tears streaming down his face. Dean gives it to him. “Just wait here.”

He glances back at Dean and the others, shaking, tears streaming, before heading back to the living room. Y/n stands there crying, and Dean wraps his arms around her pulling her close. Dean lets a tear roll down his cheek. He flinches as he hears a single gunshot from the next room.
At Warner Bros. Studios in Los Angeles, California, Sam, Y/f/n, Y/n and Dean are taking part in the trolley tour of the studio, passing by movie and television sets.

“First opened in 1927, the lot has been in continuous operation for eight decades.” The tour guide informs over the P.A.

Dean turns to a kid next to him, “Hey, you know this is where they filmed Creepshow?” The boy looks at him like he's a doofus and says nothing.

“Now, to the right, here is Stars Hollow. It's the setting for the television series, Gilmore Girls. And if we're lucky, we might even catch one of the show's stars.” The tour guide continues.

Sam, looking uncomfortable, turns to Dean, who gives him a thumbs up.

“Come on,” Sam says.

“Let's finish the tour!” Dean protests.

Sam and the others hop off the trolley, and Sam calls to Dean, “Dean!”

Dean jumps off as well, and they continue walking around the lot.

“Sammy, check it out, it's Matt Damon!” Dean says looking excitedly at everything.

“Yeah, I'm pretty sure that's not Matt Damon.” Y/n snarks.

“No, it is.” Dean insists.

“Well, Matt Damon just picked up a broom and started sweeping,” Sam replies.

“Yeah, well, he's probably researching a role or something.” Dean protests.

“Ahhh, I don't think so.” Sam replies before noticing a sign, “Hey, this way, uh, I think Stage 9 is over here.”

“Come on, man, let's keep going this way.” Dean tries pointing straight ahead.

“No, come on, we've gotta work.” Sam replies. Dean sighs and Sam continues, “Dude, you wanted to come to L.A.”

“Yeah, for a vacation. I mean, swimming pools and movie stars! Not to work.” Dean retorts.

“This seem like swimming pool weather to you, Dean? I mean, it's practically Canadian.” Y/f/n snaps.

“Yeah. I just figured that, you know, after everything that happened with ... Madison, y-you could use a little R-and-R, that's all.” Dean replies.

“Well, maybe I wanna work, Dean. Maybe it keeps my mind off things.” Sam responds.
“Okay, okay, all right. So, this crew guy - what did he, he died on set?” Dean questions.

“Yeah, uh, rumors spreading like wildfire online. They're saying the set's haunted.” Sam replies.

“Like Poltergeist?” Y/n inquires.

“Could be a poltergeist.” Sam answers.

“No, no, no. Like, the movie Poltergeist.” Dean replies and Sam shrugs in response, “You know nothing of your cultural heritage, do you? It was rumored that the set of Poltergeist was cursed. That they used real human bones as, uh, as props. And, like, at least three of the actors died in it.”

“Well, yeah, it might be something like that.” Sam responds.

“All right, so this crew guy - what's his name?” Y/n inquires.

“Frank Jaffey.” Y/f/n responds.

“Frank Jaffey - he got a death certificate or a coroner's report or anything?” Dean asks.

“Well, no. But, uh, it's L.A, you know? It might not even be his real name. But the girl who found him, she said she saw something - a vanishing figure.” Sam replies.

“What's the girl's name?” Dean questions.

“Uh, Tara Benchley?” Y/f/n answers.

“Whoa, whoa, whoa, Tara Benchley? From Fear Dot Com and Ghost Ship, Tara Benchley? Dude, why didn't you say so?” Dean says grinning madly.

“So now, you're suddenly on board?” Sam inquires.

“Oh, I just - I mean, I'm a fan of her work. It's very good.” Dean replies trying to play it cool.

“He's fangirling.” Y/n says as he walks away. Sam cracks a smile and follows.

One of the studio execs for the movie, Brad Redding, is talking to McG and the producer, Jay Wiley.

“No, look, don't get me wrong. Everyone at the studio loves the dailies, myself included. We were just wondering if it could be ... you know, a little brighter?” Brad suggests.

“Brighter?” Jay asks.

“Yeah, Jay. More color.” Brad replies. Jay nods his head in understanding so Brad Continues, “McG, you know what I'm saying, you're the master of that stuff.”

“Brad, this is a horror movie.” McG replies.

“Yeah, and who says horror has to be dark, you know? It's just, it's sort of ... depressing, don't you think?” Brad inquires. He notices the four hunters enter the set and calls out “Uh, excuse me, Green Shirt Guy?” Dean points to himself quizzically, “Yeah, you. Come here.” Dean exchanges a look with Sam and walks to Brad. “Can you get me a smoothie from Kraft?”

“You want a what from who?” Dean questions.

“You are a P.A.? This is what you do?” Brad scoffs.
“One smoothie coming right up.” Y/n says walking over and saving Dean. The four hunters scurry away so as not to get anything else demanded of them.

“What's a P.A.?” Dean asks.

“I think they're kind of like slaves.” Sam replies.

They turn around as they're walking and Sam gives Brad a reassuring thumbs-up.

“They'll let anybody in this business, huh?” Brad says.

There is more incredulous scoffing from the others.

Later, the cast and crew are getting ready to resume shooting. Dean is walking in with a tray of smoothies. Various voices are shouting different things as they set up for the movie. "let me lift that..." "That's good, right there!" "Hey, guys, c'mere!" "All right, let's go people!" "Yeah, when Tara says her lines, can I step forward and make this ..." "Sure, sure, sure, " ..."quiet, please!" "on the bell!" "lights! All right, hold the noise, we're rolling!" Dean sets down the tray of smoothies he had gotten and starts to go up the stairs to the scaffolding. Suddenly, the lights on set go down, and the actors begin their take.

“Why don't we take it from, uh ... "Come on, it'll be fun." And, action!” McG says to the actors.

The actors are standing inside the abandoned house, and Wendy, played by Tara, has a book open in front of her.

“Come on, it'll be fun.” Wendy says. She begins reading from the book in very choppy Latin. While she is doing so, Dean makes his way up the scaffolding. He takes out his EMF meter and scans the area, but nothing happens. Tara is trying her best to read the Latin but is barely getting through it.

“Maybe we'll finish this up tomorrow.” McG says.

“Oh my God, I hate you so much right now. You know?” Tara says breaking character.

“Cut!” McG calls out. The cast and crew all begin laughing. “Very nice.”

Dean heads back down the scaffolding and heads to the services table. A few minutes later, the others join him to go over any info they found.

“So?” Sam questions.

“No EMF anywhere.” Dean replies.

“Great. So, what do you think?” Sam inquires.

“Well, I think being a P.A. sucks. But ... the food these people get, are you kidding me? I mean look at these things.” Dean replies picking up a tiny sandwich, “They're like miniature Philly cheesesteak sandwiches. They're delicious.” He holds one of them out to Sam.

“Maybe later.” Sam replies.

Dean shrugs and takes a huge bite.

“What'd you find out about the dead crew guy?” Dean asks mouth full of sandwich.

The others watch in disgust as Dean devours the sandwich.
“Uh ... Frank Jaffey was just filling in for the day. Nobody here knew him or where he lived or anything.” Y/f/n says lip curled.

“Oh, great. So you found out about as much as I did.” Dean says still chewing.

“No, not quite. I–” Sam begins.

A man approaches leaning between the four a grabs a sandwich.

“Sorry,” He apologizes before walking away.

“That's all right.” Dean replies. He watches the man walk away with a sandwich and call out to him, “They're wonderful!”

“Listen, I did dig up some stuff about Stage 9's history,” Sam says.

“Yes?” Y/n inquires.

“Yeah, four people died messy here over the past eighty years. Two suicides and two fatal accidents.” Sam relays.

“Any one of those could be a vengeful spirit,” Dean concludes.

“Yeah. We've just gotta narrow it down more.” Sam replies.

Dean smiles as he notices Tara walk onto the set.

“I'll get right on that,” Dean replies fixated by Tara.

Dean walks away from the others and over to Tara, grabbing a call sheet from one of the set workers as he walks by. Nervously, he steps up to Tara. “Are you supposed to get one of these?” He asks. She looks up at him and smiles, noticing his good looks. “I—I don't really know what I'm doing.”

“First day?” Tara asks.

“Yeah. My big break.” Dean replies. Tara laughs in response and Dean continues, “You know, I know it's ... really uncool to say this, but I—I'm a big fan. I loved you in Boogeyman.”

“Oh, God, what a terrible script. But thank you.” Tara replies.

“Yeah.” Dean replies. He pauses before he asks, “You found him, right? The ... the dead guy?” Tara’s smile falls, she goes quiet and looks away, “I'm sorry, you probably don't even wanna talk about this.” Dean apologizes.

“No, no, actually. It's – it's okay. Nobody around here really brings it up very much.” Tara replies then leans in to whisper to him, “I think they're all scared I'm gonna have some kind of breakdown.”

“That must have been awful. What happened?” Dean questions.

“It was horrible. There – there was all this blood coming from his eyes and from his mouth. And, uh... I saw this, um...” She stops, embarrassed.

“What?” Dean prods.

“I saw this shape. To tell you the truth, I—I don't know actually, what I saw. I just know I saw it.” Tara replies.
The man from earlier approaches and hands Tara a Snapple, “Here you go, Tara.”

“Thanks, Walter,” Tara replies as Walter walks away.

“Uh – so, this, this crew guy, Frank - did you know him?” Dean asks.

“No, not that well.” Tara responds.

“It's funny, it's like no one around here actually knew the guy.” Dean replies.

“I've got his picture.” Tara replies.

“You do?” Dean inquires.

“Yeah. I take Polaroids of all the crew. It's just one of those things you do to kill time on set.” Tara replies with a smile. She flips through a binder until she finds his picture. “Um ... um ... right there.”

Dean looks at it closely and notices something.

“Son of a bitch.” He mutters to himself. Dean thanks Tara for showing him the pictures then heads back to the other.

“I think I found something,” He says before grabbing another mini sandwich and walking out of the set.

“You would think he could tell us what he found,” Y/n comments watched Dean walk out the door before following him.

The group of hunters head to an apartment and Dean knocks on the door. A man opens it.

“Gerard St. James?” Dean inquires.

The man, who looks exactly like Frank, nods.

“Yes.” Gerard replies.

“You're still alive. And you're not Frank Jaffey.” Sam says.

“Uh, no?” Gerard responds.

“You were Desert Soldier Number Four in Metalstorm: The Destruction of Jared-Syn?” Dean inquires.

“I was.” Gerard replies.

“I knew I recognized you. I am a huge fan. Heh heh. I mean, your turn as a tractor crash victim in Critters 3—” Dean starts to fangirl again.

“Critters 3!” Gerard exclaims.


“Well, please, come in.” Gerard invites.

The quartet enters the house while Gerard brings them coffee. Pictures are lining the walls of Gerard, merely an actor, portraying various characters.
“Yeah, it was the producers. They brought me up for the day to play Frank.” Gerard informs handing out the mugs.

“Just to fake your death?” Y/n asks.

“Well, rumors of a haunted film set, free publicity, especially when you're making a horror movie. I mean, uh, it's already all over the Internet.” Gerard replies.

“Yeah. We know.” Sam retorts.

“These days, it's all about new media, building buzz. They say I'm the new lonely girl.” Gerard replies.

“Who?” Dean questions.

“And the ghost Tara saw?” Y/f/n inquires.


“Isn't that kind of cruel? Messing with their heads like that?” Dean asks.

“Hey, I just play the part. I don't write the script. Speaking of, I'm playing Willy in a, in a dinner theater production of Salesman at Costa Mesa, all next month.” Gerard replies. He hands Dean a flyer, “You get a free pepper steak with the coupon.”

Dean looks at the flyer and laughs before asking, “Now, wait a second. If you're if you're seen in public, won't that ruin the hoax?”

“Oh, please.” Gerard scoffs. Turning to Sam and Y/f/n he continues, “Frank and Willy? Totally different characters.”

“You know what? Thanks very much, Mr. St. James. It was just nagging at us, you know? But we're – we're very glad ... you know, you're alive and well.” Sam replies setting his mug down as him, and Y/f/n stand.

“Absolutely.” Dean says. Y/n and him standing as well. Gerard shakes their hands and Dean asks, “Hey, I wanted to ask you... what was it like working with Richard Moll?” To a confused Sam, he clarifies, “Metalstorm. He was Hurok, King of the Cyclops people.”


“Yeah?” Dean chuckles brandishing the theater coupon, “All right. Pepper steak.”

Back on the set in stage 9 the actors playing Mitch and Kendra are filming in the abandoned house.

“When we read from that book, we must have brought them back. Back from Hell.” Mitch states.

While Kendra delivers her line, Dave, the sound guy, receives a static feedback through his headphones, distorting the dialogue.

“It doesn't matter. We're not going anywhere until we find Wendy and her sister. Got it? Good. Now let's get busy.” Mitch replies.


“No good for sound. I'm getting some kind of feedback.” Dave responds. The cast and crew sigh.
“Another costly sound delay.” A team tech huffs. “All right, we're going again for sound, people!” He yells.

“Thank you!” Dave calls.

On another area of the set, Brad is talking with McG and the writer, Marty.

“No, no, no, no, look. It's a great scene, really, dynamite. But I've still got a few ... not ... not problems, just questions.” Brad responds.

“Like what?” McG asks annoyed.

“Well, for one thing,” Brad sighs, “the rules aren't really landing for me. Like, the kids do this Latin chant, and that makes the ghosts show up?”

“Yes.” McG replies.

“See, but if the ghosts are in Hell, how do they hear the chanting? I mean,” Brad says scoffing again, “what do they have, super-hearing? It's a logic bump. The rules don't track.”

“Marty, you're the writer.” McG says looking to Marty.

“What if I throw in an explainer?” Marty asks.

“Yeah, that'd be super. Excuse me, I've gotta check some messages.” Brad replies leaving, focused on his Bluetooth.

“Suits.” McG scoffs.

Brad wanders off to another area of the set, alone. While looking at his Blackberry, he notices a woman off to his side. She is grey-and-white from head to toe, as if from a black-and-white film. She is wearing dark lipstick and a robe, and has dark marks on her neck, apparently formed by ropes. She doesn't say anything but smirks at him.

“Has McG seen this? I like the whole body paint, black-and-white thing. But gee, I don't think those neck wounds are really gonna read on camera. They need to be red. You know what I'm saying?” Brad asks. He turns away and starts to walk away, calling to the other end of the set, “Hey, Jay? I need to speak to make-up right away.”

The woman zaps up behind him and taps him on the shoulder. He turns back around to face her.

“Yeah?” He inquires. The woman, still silent, takes off her robe in front of him. Brad looks her up and down, then watches as she turns and walks up the stairs to the scaffolding.

“Wait up!” Brad calls with a smirk. He starts to follow her, walking toward the stairs she just ascended. A few minutes later, the actors have resumed filming.

“When we read from that book, we must have brought them back. Back from Hell.” Mitch says.

“But I don't understand. If they were in Hell, how could they hear our chanting?” Kendra asks.

“They must have super-hearing!” Mitch exclaims.

Suddenly, the ceiling of the abandoned house caves in. The actors start and McG bolts to his feet, yelling in surprise. The crash was Brad's body falling through the top of the set, hanging from a noose. The actors scream and run off set while Brad's body spins on the rope, and his Bluetooth falls
to the floor as he hangs there, dead.

The next morning the actors have begun filming once again, where they had left off the previous day. Tara’s character, Wendy, enters the abandoned house.

“Wendy?” Mitch calls.

“Oh, Mitch! God, you’re alive!” Wendy says rushing to him.

“You can’t get rid of me that easy.” Mitch replies.

“Rumble, rumble, rumble!” McG calls out.

“Salt. Okay, we need salt. I read in that book that it keeps ghosts away.” Wendy says.

“Kendra, Logan, you guys check the back.” Mitch orders.

Off-camera, Marty begins whispering to the producer, Jay, “Jay, the poor bastard killed himself. Like, for real. Shouldn't we shut it down or something?”

“We had a moment of silence for him at breakfast. He was just a studio guy.” Jay replies.

“Shh!” McG calls.

“I love you,” Wendy says to Mitch.

“I know.” Mitch replies. He shines his flashlight directly on her face. “Sorry.” He says breaking character.

“Can we – can we cut or something?” Tara asks.

“Um... uh, yeah, cut. Cut!” McG calls.

“That's a cut!” Dean who has obtained a headset calls to the rest of the crew before he resumes eating his taquito.

“Only I can say cut,” McG complains to a team member. Before meeting with Tara on the set, “Hey, what's up?”

“I'm sorry. I’m just a little upset.” Tara replies.

“Well, with everything that's been going on around here, who can blame ya, huh?” McG asks.

“I, I just can't wrap my head around the dialog, you know? Salt? Doesn't that sound silly? I mean, why would a ghost be afraid of salt?” Tara asks.

Dean smirks watching the interaction, taking another bite of his taquito.

“Okay, um.. Marty?” McG calls.

“Yo.” Marty replies.

“What do you think?” McG questions.

“Not married to salt, what do you want? We still sticking with condiments?” Marty inquires.

“It just sounds different, not better. What else would a ghost be scared of?” McG asks.
“Oh, you've gotta be kidding me.” Walter who is standing next to Dean mutters.

“What would a ghost be scared of?” Marty asks Jay who is next to him before suggesting, “Maybe, uh, maybe shotguns.”

“Okay, that makes even less sense than salt,” McG replies.

“These people are idiots.” Walter mumbles irritably leaving in annoyance.

Sam and the others approach Dean.

“Walter's a little testy for a P.A., huh?” Dean asks.

“How's it going in here?” Sam asks.

“It is going really good, man. Tara's really stepped up her performance. I think it's probably from all the sense memory stuff she's drawing on.” Dean replies.

“Sense memory?” Y/f/n asks.

“Yeah,” Dean replies eating more taquito.

“Dean, you, you know when I ask how it's going in here, I'm talking about the case, right? We don't really work here. You know, I thought you hated being a P.A.” Sam replies.

Shuffling his feet Dean replies, “I don't know. It's not so bad. I kind of feel like part of the team, you know? It's good –“ holding out his plate he offers, “Oh, taquito? They're wonderful.”

“No. Umm. Listen, we conned our way into the morgue.” Sam replies gesturing to himself, Y/f/n and Y/n. Y/n snags a taquito off of Deans plate.

“Oh god these are awesome.” Y/n moans.

“Right?” Dean smirks at her turning to Sam, “And?”

“News reports were right: Brad's a doornail, no question,” Sam replies.

“Copy that,” Dean says into the headset. Turning back to the others, “I'm sorry, what?”

“Copy that?” Sam questions.

“What did you say?” Dean asks again.

“The news reports were right. Brad's a doornail–” Sam begins again.

Dean speaks into the headset again interrupting Sam, “They are aware.”

“Who's aware?” Sam questions.

“I'm sorry, what were you saying?” Dean asks once again.

“Uh, uh ... uh. The newspaper's right: Brad's a doornail, no question about it.” Sam stutters.

“I guess it's a good thing we didn't skip town.” Dean replies.

“Yeah,” Sam replies.
“Oh, come here. I want you guys to hear something.” Dean says to Sam and the others. Into the headset, he talks again, “Copy that. On my way.”

“It’s like talking to a child.” Y/f/n huffs.

Dean leads Sam and the others over to the sound guy, Dave.

“Hey, Dave. Can you play them that thing you were playing me earlier?” Dean asks.

“Sure.” Dave replies. He hands a pair of headphones to Sam.

“Thanks,” Sam replies.

Sam listens to the audio of one of the scenes in the movie. Before passing the headphones to the other two so they can listen. Midway through the dialogue, the sound becomes static and distorted. Sam exchanges a look with Dean.

Later that night Dean takes the others backstage.

“EVP,” Sam says.

“From the night of Brad's stage dive. All of a sudden, I'm getting electromagnetic readings up the wazoo. For some reason, it's a legit haunting now.” Dean replies.

“Well, who's the ghost, Dean? What's it want?” Y/f/n asks.

“I don't know. I think we should take a look at Brad's death scene.” Dean replies.

The next morning outside in the lot, Dean leads Sam to one of the trailers. Once inside, Dean pops a DVD into the television.

“Hey, where'd you get this DVD?” Sam asks.

“They're called dailies. I got it from Cindy. She's kind of got this on-and-off thing going with Drew. He dubbed me an extra copy.” Dean replies. They watch the footage of the scene, complete with Brad's surprise entrance. “All right, here's where the guy fell through the roof.”

“Right,” Sam replies and the others nod.

“All right, here we go,” Dean says.

“They must have super-hearing.” Mitch’s voice is heard from the DVD.

Suddenly, Brad falls through the ceiling of the set, hanging by a noose.

“Hey, wait, go back, go back,” Sam says. Dean rewinds the tape and Sam watch telling him where to stop, “Right after. Right aft- yeah right. Wait. There.”

Dean pauses the frame. On the screen is the ghostly white woman who led Brad to his death.

“It's like Three Men and a Baby all over again.” Dean says. The others look at him confused waiting for him to elaborate, “Selleck, Danson, and Guttenberg. And... I don't know who played the baby.”

“What's your point?” Y/n grunts.

“There's a scene in the movie where people say that the camera caught a ghost on film. Apparently,
in the background of one of the scenes, there was this boy that nobody remembers from the set. Spirit photography.” Dean replies.

“I've seen her before,” Sam says looking at the woman.

Behind the movie set, Dean, headset in place, is sitting with Sam, Y/f/n and Y/n at a table. Sam hands him a print-out of an article.

“Here. Check this out.” Sam says.

“Yeah, go for Ozzy,” Dean says into the headset. “No, I don't have a 20 on Tara, I think she's 10-100.” He pauses listening to the other people, “Okay, copy that.” He turns back to Sam and the girls, “I'm sorry, what were you saying?”

Sam shakes his head in exasperation but replies, “Elise Drummond – starlet back in the thirties. Had an affair with a studio exec. He uses her up, fires her, leaves her destitute, so Elise hangs herself from Stage 9's rafters, right into a scene they're shooting.”

“Just like our man, Brad. So, what, she's got it in for the studio brass?” Dean replies.

“Possibly. I mean, it's a motive. And Brad's death matches hers exactly.” Sam responds.

“We're digging tonight, aren't we?” Dean questions.

The crew is cleaning up for the day.

“That's a wrap, people! 6:00 AM call for crew tomorrow!” A tech yells.

“Great work, everybody! McG, you're a genius.” Jay says shaking McG's hand, “You're kicking ass and taking names.”

“Night, Jay,” McG replies.

Sam, Y/f/n, Y/n, and Dean are walking through, shovels in hand.

“Which way?” Sam asks.

“Uh... over here,” Dean replies reading a map. They walk a little further, “Hey.”

“Yeah?” Sam inquires.

Dean gestures to a memorial for Humpty Dumpty, “This map is totally worth the five bucks! Hey, we've gotta go check out Johnny Ramone's grave when we're done here.”

“You wanna dig him up, too?” Sam inquires.

“Bite your tongue, heathen!” Y/n exclaims.

“Oh, that's cool.” Dean says as they pass another memorial.

“You know, Dean, what I don't get is why now? I mean, after seventy-five years, Elise Drummond suddenly goes homicidal, you know? Why this movie?” Sam asks.

“Well, maybe she's mad they're making a scary ghost flick.” Dean sasses.

“Come on, is it really that scary?” Y/f/n asks.
“Here we go.” Dean replies as they reach Elise's headstone.

“Yep.” Sam says walking over and pointing his flashlight at the headstone, “All right.”

“Yahtzee.” Dean says. The boys start digging while Y/n, and Y/f/n keep watch.

Back at the studio on Stage 9, Jay is all alone on the dark set, talking on his cell phone.


The lights suddenly go out on the set.

“Oh, great. Hey, guys! Producer walking here, hello!” Jay calls.

Back at the Hollywood Forever Cemetery. The boys have finished digging. Dean is in the grave and opens the coffin to see Elise's corpse. They pour salt and kerosene over the bones and burn them.

While Jay tries to get around the forest scenery in the dark, he sees a man walk by.

“Hey! Hey, pal! Can you, uh, show me to the exit? I can't see a damn thing here.” Jay asks. The man, turned away from Jay, doesn't move. “Hey! Hey, putz! I'm talking to you! Somebody could get hurt here.”

Suddenly, the man turns around. His face has been slashed, and a section of his skull has been split open. He has blood running down his mouth. Jay screams and falls to the ground.

“What the hell?” Jays exclaims.

Suddenly, the fans on set turn on by themselves. The ghost flickers and vanishes. Jay tries to crawl away, but the fan drags him backward. He gets sucked into the fan and torn apart, blood spraying everywhere.

The morning after they burned Elise's corpse, Sam, Y/f/n, Y/n, and Dean watch as the police examine the crime scene where Jay was killed.

“Run-in with a giant fan. Same thing happened to an electrician back in '66, a guy named Billy Beard.” Sam says.

“What the hell, dude?” Dean asks.

“I don't know. Doesn't seem like Elise this time, either. It's not her M.O.” Y/f/n says.

“No, we already torched her. So, what, are we dealing with another ghost?” Y/n asks.

“Maybe.” Sam shrugs.

“Yeah, but these things don't usually tag-team.” Dean retorted.

Outside in the lot, McG is getting out of his car. He gathers the cast and crew, including Dean, Y/n, Y/f/n, and Sam.

“Everybody! Gather around, okay! I've got an announcement to make.” McG says handing his car keys to a P.A., “Hold that for me. Everyone! Huddle in! In light of Jay's accident last night, and in
cooperation with the authorities, we're shutting down production for a few days. I know, I know. Look, I'm not gonna lie to you. We've had a few setbacks this week. But we all know what Jay and Brad wanted more than anything. And that was to see Hell Hazers 2: The Reckoning on screens all across America! Now, we owe it to them to go on, and to pull together and make this damn movie, huh?” There are cheers and applause from the crowd. “But – but but but not today. Go home. Someone will call you.”

Sam and Y/f/n are in the trailer from a few days ago watching more of the dailies.

Wendy is reading in Latin when she is interrupted by Kendra, “Wendy, don't.”

“What are you, afraid of ghosts? Come on, it'll be fun.” Wendy replies.

“Hey,” Dean says as him, and Y/n enter the trailer. Y/n sits in a chair while Dean goes right to the fridge and grabs a beer.

“Hey. So, you find out where the electrician's buried?” Sam asks.

“He wasn't. Billy Beard was cremated.” Y/n replies.

“Great. Now, what?” Sam questions.

“No idea. Any more ghost cameos in the dailies?” Dean asks taking the seat next to Sam.

“Not in the first six hours. You know, maybe the spirits are trying to shut down the movie 'cause they think it sucks. 'Cause, I mean, it kind of does.” Sam answers.

“Come on, it'll be fun.” Wendy’s voice from the dailies says.

She continues reading in Latin. Sam notices something and rewinds. He sits up and listens closer to the Latin.

“Listen to the invocation. Dean, that's the real deal – a necromantic summoning ritual. What the hell is that doing in a Hollywood movie?” Sam says continuing to listen to the Latin.

The Hunters decide to talk to the writer of the movie Marty. They head to the film studios exec. Office and to Marty’s office. Marty is on the phone in his office.

“No, dude, we're down for a few days - force majeure,” Marty says into the phone. He listens to the other person speak then replies, “Yeah. It's cool, though. Gives me time to pitch that time-travel thing.” There is another pause while the other person talks, “Yeah. All right, well look, get back to me on this, all right? Seriously.” Marty waits as they speak, “No, I'm serious. Dude, are you serious? 'Cause I'm serious.” Noticing the four at the door he holds up a finger to tell them to wait. “All right. Cool.” He finished and hangs up the phone. “Guys, we're all shut down. What are you still doing here?” He asks.

“Yeah, um, ... sorry, man. We– we– we couldn't help ourselves. We just had to tell you that we read the script.” Sam stutters entering the office.

“And?” Marty asks.


“Awesome.” Dean repeats.
“Really awesome.” Y/n finishes.

“I know, it's pretty rockin', right? I'm glad you guys liked it.” Marty says smiling at the flattery.

“Yeah, yeah, yeah, I really liked, uh, all the attention to detail,” Sam says.

“Dude, right on, that's my thing. I mean, you know, color me guilty, but that is me. I'm, I'm, I'm a total detail buff.” Marty boasts.

“No, I can tell. I mean, the way you worked in all those, all those Enochian summoning rituals and all the authentic language.” Sam responds.

Marty’s smile fades as he answers, “What, you mean that Latin crap? No, man, that's Walter. Walter Dixon, the original writer. You like that garbage?”

“Wait, Walter the P.A. Walter?” Dean questions.

“No, he's not a P.A. He's got a clause in his contract that allows him to come on set,” Marty replies sitting in the chair behind his desk.

“But he wrote the invocations?” Y/n asks.

“He wrote a whack-job screenplay. There's no pace, there's no love interest, it's all wackadoo exposition. I had to cut, like, ninety percent of it to make it readable, the other ten percent to make it good.” Marty replies.

Dean and Sam laugh awkwardly in response then follow the girls out of the office.

Back on the stage 9 set the group is reading Walter’s screenplay, Lord of the Dead.

“Should've kept Walter's original script. It's actually pretty good.” Dean says.

“Yeah. And it reads like a how-to manual of conjuration, like a textbook on how to summon ghosts and get them to do whatever you want.” Sam replies.

“Yeah, like kill people.” Y/n says.

“Yep. So, let's say somewhere down the line, Walter learned some pretty black magic.” Sam begins.

“Yeah. And let's say he's pissed at these people for wrecking his movie.” Dean finishes.

“Motive and means.” Y/f/n says.

“It's worth checking out.” Dean replies.

Marty is walking among the forest scenery in stage 9 and spots Walter.

“So, you wanted to meet?” Marty asks. When Walter doesn’t respond he continues, “Hey, I'm a little busy here, buddy. I'm working on a script.”

“Oh, yeah. You guys worked on it a lot.” Walter replies.

“It needed work. Now, why couldn't we have done this in my office?” Marty retorts.

“You know, the history, the lore in my draft was completely accurate. We could've gotten it right for
the first time ever in this whorehouse of a town. But, you tore it to shreds. You replaced it with cleavage and fart jokes.” Walter growls. “It was real.”

“Who gives a rat's ass about real? We're talking about ghosts here, Walter. There's no such thing.” Marty replies.

“That's where you're wrong, Martin,” Walter replies. He raises his hand, holding a talisman, and begins chanting in Latin.

Marty rolls his eyes. “Okay, nutjob. End of meeting.” He turns around and comes face-to-face with the same ghost that killed Jay.

The fans turn on and Marty is on the ground, being dragged by the ghost towards the fans.

“Oh, God, no! Please, no!” Marty screams.

“You ruined it, Martin! Everything I worked for!” Walter yells.


“Now you're gonna find out what being a ghost is really like,” Walter claims to ignore Marty’s pleas.

“Walter, please! Walter, help me! Heeeeeee--” Marty screams as he is drug closer to the fan. Just as he is inches away from the fan, a shotgun goes off, blasting the ghost away. Dean approaches, weapon in hand, while Sam turns off the fan.

“You are one hell of a P.A.” Marty declared looking up at Dean.

“Yeah, I know,” Dean replies reaching down and helping Marty up.

“What are you doing?” Walter questions.

“I could ask you the same thing, Walter.” Y/n replies moving in from the side.

Walter begins climbing up the stairs to the scaffolding.

“Raising these spirits from the dead? Making them murder for you? That's playing with fire, Walter.” Sam calls.

“You don't understand,” Walter replies.

“You know what? You're right, We don't understand.” Y/f/n says.

“Just... wait, look. You put your heart and soul into something, years of hard work. It's years, and then they take it! And they crap all over it!” Walter responds. Dean looks at Marty, who shakes his head like Walter doesn't know what he's talking about while Walter continues talking, “And then – and then they want you to smile and say, Thank you.”

“Walter, listen. It's just a movie. That's it.” Sam says.

“Look... I've got nothing against you, man. You're not part of this. Just please, please, just leave. But Martin's gotta stay.” Walter says with a scoff.

“Sorry, can't do that. It's not that we like him or anything, it's ... just a matter of principle.” Dean replies.
“Then I'm sorry, too,” Walter responds raising the talisman again.

“Walter. Walter. pl- Don't.” Sam starts, but Walter ignores him and begins to chant. The set starts to shake, and three ghosts appear, including the man who murdered Jay.

“Sam!” Dean yells. Dean raises his shotgun. The ghosts, all of whom are mangled in some way, begin walking closer. “Come on, come on!” He mutters.

Suddenly, the ghosts disappear, and Y/n moves closer to Dean and Y/f/n raising her own gun. Then, out of nowhere, Sam is knocked to the floor - the ghosts are invisible. Dean helps him up. “Come on, come on! Move!” Dean demands. The hunters and Marty begin running away while the lights on set begin shorting out, lots of sparks flying. The three of them run into another building and shut the door behind them. Dean reloads his gun. Dean quotes Bruce Willis from Die Hard sarcastically) "Come out to the coast! We'll get together, have a few laughs!"

“Hey uh, Dean?” Y/n says leaning against the door Dean had just closed. Dean turns around and realizes the building they entered is actually just the set for the abandoned house. It's completely open on the other wall.

“Oh, man!” Dean exclaims.

“I can't believe this. Ghosts are real!” Marty concludes.

“What makes you say that?” Y/n sasses while keeping any eye out for the ghosts. They look around, ready to fight.

“But I don't understand. How is Walter controlling them?” Marty questions.

“Probably that talisman.” Y/f/n replies.

Suddenly, Sam takes out his cell phone.

“What are you doing?” Marty inquires looking at Sam like he’s crazy.

“I mean, if film cameras pick these suckers up, then... maybe, uh...” Sam shrugs. He uses his cell phone camera to scan the room. He sees one of the ghosts a few feet away, heading straight for Dean.

“Dean! Right there!” Sam yells pointing at the ghost. Dean whips around to take aim and fires, the ghost disappears.

“Got him,” Sam exclaims. To the left of Y/n, He picks up another ghost, “Hey! Right there!” He says pointing again.

Dean shoots again. They then notice Walter walking around the upper level. Sam hands his phone to Marty.

“Here, you get the idea?” Sam asks.

“Yeah.” Marty replies.

“All right, you hold them off. I'm going after Walter.” Sam responds leaving the set.

“Y/f/n you go with keep him alive, k?” Y/n says tossing Y/f/n the shotgun.

“Got it.” Y/f/n replies catching the gun and saluting on the way out.
“I cannot believe there's an afterlife.” Marty mutters.

“Oh, there's an afterlife, all right. But mostly, it's a pain in the ass.” Dean replies.

Marty keeps scanning the room with the phone when he see’s another ghost, “There!” Marty ducks to his left as Dean shoots.

Walter leaves the set through the back exit and comes face-to-face with Sam, he turns to run the other way only to find Y/f/n waiting.

“It's over, Walter. Now give it to me.” Sam says stepping towards Walter. Walter throws the talisman on the ground, shattering it.

“There! Okay, now no one can have it.” Walter says.

“I wouldn't have done that if I were you.” Y/f/n sings.

“Oh, yeah?” Walter questions.

“Yeah.” Y/f/n replies.

“And why not?” Walter questions.

“Because you just freed them. We can't stop them now. Walter, you brought them back, forced them to murder. They're not gonna be very happy with you.” Sam replies. Marty, Y/n, and Dean burst through the door joining them outside.

“Yeah? So, why not?” Walter inquires. He suddenly falls to the ground and begins screaming in pain. Blood begins to seep through his clothing. Marty raises the cell phone and sees all of the ghosts tearing Walter apart.

A few days after the incident with Walter the crew has resumed filming. Kendra and Mitch are now in the abandoned house. Kendra is scanning the room with her cell phone.

“Oh, God. Oh, God. There!” Kendra exclaims pointing Mitch shoots. From the sidelines, McG is watching, ecstatic.

“But I don't understand. How can the spirits appear in the camera phone?” Kendra inquires.

“The video must pick up their frequencies in a way that our eyes can't.” Mitch replies.

“Oh, God. Oh, God. Right there!” Kendra cries pointing at another ghost while Mitch shoots again.

“Cut! Oh, print that one. That's in the movie! Oh! Loved it, kids. Loved it.” McG exclaims happily.

Marty, Y/n, Y/f/n, and Sam are also watching from the sidelines.

“You find out there's an afterlife, and this is what you do with it?” Sam questions.

“I needed a little jazz on the page,” Marty replies looking up at Sam from his phone.

After watching the filming Sam, Y/f/n, And Y/n go out walking among the trailers. When they pass Tara's trailer, the door opens, and Dean comes out, clearly disheveled. Dean smirks. Tara comes outside as well, wearing a robe.
“You're one hell of a P.A.” Tara says with a smile.

“Thank you.” Dean replies.

“Hi,” Tara says noticing the others.

Sam and Y/f/n look awkwardly at each other, While Y/n is just plain pissed.

Dean turns to walk away, and the others follow. Dean grabs a sandwich from a passing cart. The group of hunters walks off toward a sunset, which crew members roll away.

“God, I love this town,” Dean says taking a bite of his sandwich. The painted sunset has finished rolling away, to reveal a sunset over the Hollywood Hills.
Little Rock, Arkansas. Close to midnight.

“This is by far the stupidest plan you have ever had.” Y/n complains sitting at the small table in the motel room.

“It’s the only one we got, sweetheart.” Dean replies. He hands Y/n his necklace and ring before standing from the table and heading for the door. “Keep those safe for me.”

Sam and Dean walk quietly through the door at the Arkansas Museum of Anthropology, Dean holding a map and flashlight, Sam holding just a flashlight. Dean looks at the map. “This way.” He says heading down the hallway.

“I hate this plan, Dean.” Sam says.

“Yeah, I got that the first ten times I heard it.” Dean replies. The guys turn a corner, walking side by side. They pass a motion sensor on the wall at mid-calf height. The light on the motion sensor turns red as they keep walking. They arrive at the exhibit they want and Sam begins undoing the lock on the glass exhibition case. He carefully takes a decorated axe from the case. Dean is holding a hooked dagger from another case. Sam turns the axe around in his hands. There is a noise behind them, and Sam looks up. Dean looks back at Sam. Sam inclines his head and they put down the weapons and leave. Out in the hallway, Sam and Dean leave the room and walk quickly towards the exit. They turn a corner and are met by two policemen.

“Freeze!” The cop yells.

The boys turn back the other way, but two more policemen block their path.

“Don’t move!” Another cop calls.

They turn down the last hallway open to them, and there is yet another pair of cops standing there.

“I said freeze!” The first cop yells.

“Hold it right there!” The second cop demands.

“Put your hands on you heads! Get down on your knees! Now!” The officer commands.

Sam and Dean comply, kneeling down. Two of the cops walk closer and handcuff them. Dean smiles slightly and looks at Sam. Sam doesn’t look as pleased and heaves a worried sigh.

At the police station, Sam is standing in front of a mug shot board holding a sign that says:
“Front.” The photographer calls.

The camera clicks, and Sam’s picture is taken.

“To the right.” The Photographer directs.

Sam turns to face the right a brooding look on his face as his picture is taken again. They return Sam to the line-up and bring Dean in next. Dean standing where Sam was, holding a similar sign, grinning.

“I call this one the Blue Steel.” Dean says. Dean purses his lips, arches his right eyebrow, and poses for the camera.

“Yeah, that’s great.” The photographer replies dully. The camera clicks. “To the right.” Dean turns
to the right and the camera clicks again. “All right, back to the lineup.”

“Wait, who looks better, me or Nick Nolte?” Dean questions.

“Shut up.” The Photographer responds.

Dean is taken to an interrogation room and handcuffed to the table. The door opens and two men enter.

“Well, it’s about time. I’ll have a cheeseburger. Extra onions.” Dean sasses.

The first cop smiles at the other cop and the other cop smirks.

“You think you’re funny.” The first cop responds.

“I think I’m adorable.” Dean retorts smiling widely.

“It is a pleasure to finally meet you in person, Dean.” The first cop says. On hearing this, Dean’s smile freezes so the cop continues, “I’m Special Agent Victor Henriksen. This is my partner, Special Agent Reidy.”

“Henriksen? Not the Milwaukee agent Henriksen?” Dean asks still smiling but now slightly worried.

“Live and in person.” Henriksen replies. Dean gives a short laugh. Henriksen pulls out a picture of Dean looking over his shoulder Y/n standing in front of him. “Oh, nice shot of you and your girl.” He tosses the picture onto the table. “You can hang that up in your cell at Super Max.”

“All right, maybe we can just forget the cheeseburger, huh?” Dean concedes.

“Oh, yeah. Keep that game face on. Try and cover how up cornered you are.” Henriksen replies. He turns to Reidy, “Read him the charges.”

“Well, we got mail fraud, credit card fraud, grave desecration…” Reidy begins before he is interrupted.

“Skip to the good ones.” Henriksen says eyes not leaving Dean.

“Armed robbery, kidnapping and, oh, three counts of first-degree murder.” Reidy reads off.

“We’re already looking for your girl. And after Milwaukee your brother is now a suspect in a murder case himself. I’d say for you three, ‘screwed to hell’ is a major understatement.” Henriksen declared.

“Well, where there’s life there’s hope, huh?” Dean replies smirking.

“See? That’s what I kept thinking as I was searching for your asses all over hell and gone.” Henriksen says leaning forward on the table and speaking softly, “Your dad taught you well. The way you cover your tracks and after Milwaukee the way you…” He whistles and moves his hand to the side, mimicking disappearing, “vanished.” Dean laughs softly. “Near went nuts trying to find you. Ask him.”

“He near went nuts.” Reidy deadpans.

“And after all of that, you get tripped up on a motion detector. Pretty rookie move. Gotta say I was… surprised.” Henriksen continues.

Dean smiles. Dean is staring at the table when the door beside him opens. He looks at it, as does
Henriksen and Reidy. In walks his Public Defender.

“Dean Winchester?” She asks.

“In the flesh.” Dean replies.

“And you are?” Henriksen asks.

“Mara Daniels, Public Defender’s office.” She replies. She shakes hands with Dean and continues talking, “I’ve been assigned you and your brother’s case.”

“Huh.” Dean hums.

“Are you Henriksen?” Mara asks looking at Henriksen.

“Yeah, and we’re not quite done here.” Henriksen replies.

“Ah, yeah. You are. And if you don’t mind, I would like to meet with my clients. Privately.” Mara retorts. Dean raises his eyebrows and smiles at Henriksen.

“This is stupid.” Y/n complains laying across the bed, “I can’t even leave the motel room because I’m a wanted criminal.”

“Will you just shut up and help me get more info.” Y/l/n snaps going over the info about the prison on Sam’s laptop.

Sam and Dean get moved to the same room, and Mara opens her brief case.

“Unfortunately your arraignment on the breaking and entering charge won’t be until Tuesday.” Mara says.

“And they’ll keep us in the county jail?” Dean questions.

“That’s right.” Mara replies.

“Green River County Detention Center?” Sam inquires.

“Yes. And considering the charges you’re facing, no judge in his right mind is going to grant you bail.” Mara replies.

Sam scoffs.

“Yeah, we figured that.” Dean responds.

“Extradition papers have already been filed from five separate states, Missouri and Wisconsin being the biggest concern – the bank robbery and the murder raps.” Mara continues.

“How long can we stall extradition?” Sam inquires.

“A week. Maybe less.” Mara answers.

Dean nods. Sam raises his eyebrows at his brother a silent conversation being had.

The boys arrive at Green River County Detention center on bus. The rear bus doors open, revealing a shackled man, who gets out. Following him is Dean, holding the chains attached to his wrists and feet. Sam follows behind.
“All right, let’s go. Watch your step. Come on, keep moving.” A guard calls.

The prisoners walk past the front of the bus in a line and along the rec yard. Prisoners line up against the fence and catcall at the new convicts. One of them points at Sam. “You’re mine, baby!” He calls.

“Don’t worry, Sam. I promise I won’t trade you for smokes.” Dean quips.

The new prisoners, flanked by two guards and each carrying blankets and a roll of toilet paper, walk down the hallway in a line. One of the guards unlocks a cell door. The first prisoner in line and Dean enter the cell.

“I call top bunk!” Dean calls. Dean’s roommate scoffs and places his things on the top bunk. “Okay.” Dean turns and watches Sam walk into the cell across the hallway from his.

Sam nods to his very large roommate, who stands slowly and glares at him. Sam’s eyes widen, he swallows, and turns around. The cell doors close on him and Dean as they stare at each other.

The prisoners are lined up to be frisked by a guard, and scanned with a metal-detecting rod by another. Dean and Sam are well down the line.

“My roommate doesn’t say much – how’s yours?” Dean says to Sam who is in-line behind him.

“Just keeps staring at me... in a way that makes me ... really uneasy.” Sam replies quietly.

“It sounds like you’re making new friends.” Dean replies.

“Dean. Y/n and Y/f/n were right. This is, without a doubt, the dumbest, craziest thing we’ve ever done. And that's in a long, stored career of dumb and crazy.” Sam whispers.

“Calm down. It’s all part of the plan.” Dean replies.

“Oh really? So Henriksen showing up was part of the plan?” Sam demands.

“Yeah, that guy moves a little faster than I thought. Look, all we gotta do is find this ghost, put the sucker down... then grab ourselves a couple of teardrop tattoos.” Dean replies.

“That's not funny. Dean, what about this escape plan? It –” Sam begins.

“It's 100 percent sure. I wouldn't have gone if it wasn't. I mean, come on, man, this place has all the signs of a haunting. Innocent people are dead. Four so far.” Dean replies as the line keeps moving.

“Yeah, innocent.” Sam laughs sarcastically.

“You from Texas all of a sudden? Just because these people are in jail, doesn't mean they deserve to die. If we don't stop this thing, people are going to continue to die. We do this job wherever it takes us.” Dean responds.

“Look, Dean, just be straight with me, all right? You're doing this for Deacon.” Sam says.

“Damn right.” Dean replies.

“Well, you barely even know the guy.” Sam responds.

“We know he was in the Corps with Dad. We know he saved Dad's life. We know we owe him.” Dean retorts.
“But don't you think he's asking a little much?” Sam inquires.

“It doesn’t matter. We may not be saints, but we're loyal and we pay our debts. Now, that means something to me, and it ought to you. I'm not thrilled about this either, man, but Deacon asked us to hunt this thing down, and that's exactly what we're going to do.” Dean replies.

The boys make it to the cafeteria to get their dinner. The boys sit at a table and begin eating and planning. Sam looks at the spaghetti on his fork and sniffs at it disdainfully.

“You know, this chicken isn't half bad.” Dean says.

“Great.” Sam says putting his fork down and pushing his tray away towards Dean. “Finish mine. All right, so let's go back over this, Dean.” Dean stabs Sam’s chicken with a fork and moves it to his own plate. “Spirit suspect number one is Mark Moody, right?”

“Yeah, psycho killer extraordinaire – Satanism, ritual murderer, died in jail.” Dean replies shoving more food in his mouth.

“You sure it's him?” Sam asks.

“Pretty sure.” Dean replies mouth full.

“Dean, considering our circumstances, I'm gonna need a little bit better than pretty sure.” Sam retorts.

“Really pretty sure. Moody died of a heart attack, which is what all the victims in here are dying of. He died in the old cell block, which they closed after he croaked, 30 years ago. They just opened that back up. That's when the killings started.” Dean replies.

“So you think his spirit was released somehow?” Sam inquires.

“Mm-hmm.” Dean confirms.

“But what if he was already cremated?” Sam inquires.

“I'm guessing there's something in the old block that's keeping him around. And whatever it is, we got to find it. And, uh, you know the rest.” Dean replies putting down his fork and claps his hands together, “I'm done.” Dean gets up and walks away, Sam following. Sam bumps heavily into another prisoner.

“Sorry. I –” Sam begins apologizing.

“Watch where you're going.” The prisoner replies.

“Yeah. Sure. I just –” Sam begins.

Dean walks over to the two, “He said he was sorry.”

“Dean...” Sam begins.

“You talking to me?” The prisoner asks and Dean stares at him. “Are you talking to me?”

“Great, another guy who's seen Taxi Driver too many times. Yeah, I'm talking to you. Trust me. Let it go.” Dean replies. The prisoner walks away and Dean turns to Sam.

“Dean, come on.” Sam urges not wanting to cause trouble.
“See, that’s how you got to talk to these guys.” Dean says with a wink, “Instant respect.”

The prisoner walks over to another inmate, who is sitting at a table nearby, and talks to him in a low voice. The other larger prisoner gets up.

“You were saying?” Sam questions noticing the larger man walking over.

The larger prisoner is following the first inmate towards Dean as other prisoners look on.

“Oh, great.” Dean mutters turning to look.

The first prisoner throws a punch at Dean. Dean catches him and holds him from behind.

“We can end this right now – no harm, no foul.” Dean says.

The inmate breaks Dean’s hold. Dean grabs him again and slams him against a wall. The prisoner steps on Dean’s foot. Dean steps back and kicks the inmate in the groin and then sends him flying backwards to the ground with another kick.

“That's enough!” The Warden calls out as him and another guard walk up. “On your feet, Lucas.”

“Yes, sir, boss.” The first inmate replies.

The Warden takes out his baton and holds it under Dean’s chin. “What's your name?” He asks.

“Winchester.” Dean replies.

“Well, Winchester ... not a good start.” The Warden responds there is a long pause while he thinks over a punishment, “Solitary. You too, Lucas.” Several guards grab Lucas and Dean.

“Yes, sir.” Lucas replies.

“Are we having fun yet, huh?” Dean asks Sam with a smirk over the guards’ shoulder.

The larger prisoner points at Sam, then makes a slicing motion across his neck.

Back at the motel, Y/f/n and Y/n are going over the information they have gathered.

“Alright, Give Deacon a call and Let him know to have Sam talk to Randall Kober,” Y/n says grabbing her coat from the back of the chair.

“Where you going?” Y/f/n asked with a frown.

“I’m bored and hungry I’m gonna take a walk down to that diner and get some food,” Y/n replies.

“If you get caught I’m not helping you escape,” Y/f/n grumbles closing the laptop.

“Please we both know I’d be top bitch in there in a week,” Y/n replies closing the door with a snap.

In solitary, Dean is sitting leaning against a wall.

“I wish I had a baseball.” Dean says.

Lucas looks through the small window-slit in the door of his cell, across the hallway from Dean’s cell.

“I said, I wish I had a baseball.” Dean says louder moving toward the door so he can look through his own window-slit. “You know, like ... Steve McQueen.”

“Yes? Well, I wish I had a bat -- so I could bash your frickin’ head in.” Lucas replies.

“Okay.” Dean mutters walking away from the door and back to leaning against the wall. “Well, so much for the bonding in solitary moment.” The lights begin to flicker and Dean’s breath becomes visible. “Oh, crap.” Dean looks through the cellroom slit and sees a clock in the hallway, which reads 8:30. The second hand is just past the 4 and is not moving. The lights are flickering with a static-y sound. “Lucas, listen to me. Stay very still.”

Lucas looks through his window-slit. There is a whooshing sound and two narrowed eyes look back at him, framed in the slit. Lucas gasps and backs up in alarm. A hand grabs him from behind and turns his face around. Lucas grimaces, then screams, as dark veins pop out on and spread across his face. Dean is looking though his own narrow slit, though he can’t see what is happening in Lucas’s cell.

At a nearby police station, Henriksen is reading a file at his desk trying to find information on the whereabouts of the girls. Reidy is looking at paperwork in the background. Mara Daniels knocks on the door then enters the room.

“Henriksen.” She says.

“Hey, Daniels.” Henriksen replies.

“Can I have a word?” Mara asks walking towards the man.

“Have a seat. What's on your mind?” Henriksen asks gesturing to a chair, and placing his file down.

“I've been going through the Winchester charges. And I gotta say, there are some weird inconsistencies.” Mara replies pulling up a chair and sitting.

“Welcome to my world.” Henriksen responds.

“I talked to a cop in Baltimore who swears up and down these boys saved her life and helped her catch a killer. And there’s a witness to your bank robbery in Milwaukee. She swears Sam and Dean saved her life.” Mara continues.

“Saved her from what?” Henriksen asks.

“She was a little unclear on that.” Mara replies.

“That's because she's nuts. Look, I was in Milwaukee. I spoke to her, I spoke to all the witnesses.” Henriksen replies.

“And?” Mara questions.

“And, all I know is, wherever these guys go, people die. It's that simple.” Henriksen retorts.

“I don't know that it is. They just don't seem cut-and-dry guilty to me. I think there's more to this.” Mara responds.

“Like what?” Henriksen inquires.

“I don't know. Can't put my finger on it. It's just... strange.” Mara replies.
“Strange. Yeah. Okay. Grownups are trying to get some work done here, We’re trying to find their other halves, so... if you don't mind...” Henriksen says dismissively.

Mara looks pissed off at his patronizing attitude, and leaves the room. Henriksen and Reidy look at each other before going back to searching for Y/n and Y/f/n.

Back in the prison, Sam and another prisoner are mopping floors.

“How you doing?” Sam asks the man.

“I'm 54 years old, mopping the floor of a crapper with bars on the windows. How you think I'm doing?” The prisoner replies.

“All right. Bad icebreaker. I'm Sam.” Sam tries again.

“Randall.” The man replies.

“Nice to meet y– Randall. Hey, weren't you there the night that guard died?” Sam asks.

“Yeah.” Randall replies.

“Well, what happened?” Sam inquires.

“They say the stress of the job got him.” Randall responds.

“Yeah? What do you say?” Sam asks.

“Why are you inside, kid?” Randall questions deflecting the question.

“Cause I got an idiot for a brother.” Sam replies.

“That'll do it.” Randall responds.

“Yeah.” Sam nods in agreement.

“Well, this place ain't so bad. Compared to the old cellblock, this is the damn Hilton.” Randall comments.

“You spent time in the old block?” Sam asks.

“Oh, yeah, I was a regular customer.” Randall replies.

“Didn't they have Mark Moody over there for a while?” Sam inquires.

“He was there. Yeah I was there, too, the night that lunatic bought it.” Randall replies.

“Yeah? It was a heart attack, right?” Sam asks.

“Sure, his heart stopped right after the guard stopped using his head for batting practice. The next morning, I was in his cell, mopping up the blood. What a mess.” Randall responds.

“Wait. So he – he was beaten and – and nobody reported it?” Sam questions.

“You kept your mouth shut, unless you wanted to die from the same heart attack, you know?” Randall responds.

“Randall, exactly how much blood was there?” Sam asks.
After the work duty was done the prisoners were let out into the yard for exercise. Dean is playing cards with a prisoner at an outdoor table.

“Call.” Dean says.

“Three aces.” The prisoner responds holding up his cards.

“That's a bad beat. That is a bad beat...” Dean concedes. The prisoner begins to pick up the cigarettes that are on the table between them. Dean has a large pile of cigarettes next to him. Sam is standing nearby watching the game. “...but, see, I'm full... 3s over aces.” Dean responds throwing down his cards. The prisoner drops the cigarettes, slams his hand down on the table and stands up. “Sorry. Hey, it's a cruel game, my friend.” Dean says holding his hands up.

The prisoner flings down his cards and walks off.

“Sorry, guys.” Dean says folding his hands and placing them on the table. Sam sits down across from Dean as Dean gathers the cigarettes he won. “It's like picking low hanging fruit.”

“You don't even smoke.” Sam comments.

“Are you kidding me? This is the currency of the realm.” Dean replies.

Sam narrows his eyes and changes the subject, “Look. I got a good lead on Moody.”

“Me too. His spirit paid a little visit last night.” Dean replies.

“What?” Sam questions.

“The clock stopped, the flickering lights, cold spot... I mean, he did everything but yell boo.” Dean responds.

“Well, what happened?” Sam inquires.

“He walked right by me. Lucas wasn't so lucky. I mean, the way he was screaming... The guy was a jerk, but he didn't deserve to go like that. What'd you find out on Moody?” Dean replies.

“Yeah, so, I think I know where we might find his remains. Blood in his old cell.” Sam responds.

“Blood? I thought it was a heart attack.” Dean questions.

“It was, after the guards worked him over. I mean, apparently there was so much blood in there, they had trouble mopping it out.” Sam replies.

“How we gonna get in?” Dean asks.

“I got a plan.” Sam replies.

“That's the Sammy I know. Come on, man, you're like Clint Eastwood from Escape from Alcatraz.” Dean says with a smile.

“The problem is, if even if we do find something, how are we gonna burn it? We don't have any accelerant.” Sam replies.

“It's a good thing I'm like James Garner from The Great Escape. You think I could get Y/n to come in for a conjugal?” Dean stands up with a smirk and holds up two hands full of cigarettes. “Hey, fellas! Who's ready to deal?”
After the boys are able to get some matches, they head inside for lunch. Sam and Dean are in line for food.

“You sure about this?” Dean questions.

“Pretty sure.” Sam replies.

“Yeah, well, considering our circumstances, I'd like a little better than pretty sure.” Dean retorts.

“Okay, really pretty sure.” Sam replies using Deans earlier words against him, before walking out of the line.

“I'd like mine al dente.” Dean says to the server. The server plonks spaghetti noodles and sauce on Dean’s tray. “Perfect.” Dean walks to a table at which the larger prisoner is sitting. “Save room for dessert, Tiny.” Dean sits down across from Tiny. “Hey, I wanted to ask you, 'cause I couldn't help but notice that you are two tons of fun. Just curious – is it like a thyroid problem, or is it some deep seated self-esteem issue?” Sam is on his feet nearby, watching. “Cause, you know, they're, uh they're just doughnuts. They're not love.” Sam is now standing near two guards. Tiny smiles, then suddenly shoves his tray towards Dean and punches Dean in the face. Dean goes flying to the ground. The Warden walks around a corner near the two guards. Dean gets up and hits Tiny three times, but his punches seem to have no impact. Tiny grabs the front of Dean’s prison jumpsuit and Dean head butts Tiny. Dean steps back with a hand to his head. A guard puts his baton around Tiny’s neck from behind. Tiny picks up the guard and throws him down on the table.

“Guys, give me a hand.” The Warden says to the two guards. The warden and two guards who were standing near Sam hurry over as Tiny punches Dean again and grabs him from behind.

During the struggle, Sam slips into the kitchen. He grabs a salt shaker and climbs into a vent.

The guards finally succeed at pulling Tiny away from Dean. Dean falls to the floor. Another guard helps Dean up and the warden grabs Dean’s face.

“If we'd waited any longer, you'd be dead.” The Warden says.

“You waited long enough.” Dean replies.

The warden shoves his baton into Dean’s stomach. Dean doubles over and the warden grabs the back of his head.

“Do yourself a favor. Don't. Talk.” To the guards he says, “Take them both up to the infirmary.”

Sam lowers himself down into a hallway in the old cellblock. He opens a cell door and lifts the cover on the bed, revealing a large bloodstain. He sprinkles salt from the shaker that he stole from the kitchen and several matches onto the bloodstain, lights a match and sets the bedding on fire.

In the infirmary, Dean and Tiny are in adjacent cells with wire fence walls and a curtain between them.

“Hey, Tiny.” Dean says.

“Yeah?” Tiny replies.

“Hey, sorry about the things I was saying earlier. I can't really tell you why, but I had to get you angry. So, uh... Anyway, sorry.” Dean responds.
“It's okay. Truth is, I have low self-esteem issues. My old man treated me and my brother like crap, right up till the day he died.” Tiny replies.

“How'd he die?” Dean asks.

“My brother shot him.” Tiny replies.

“Okay.” Dean mutters. Looking around Dean notices the ghost of a woman standing on the other side of a fenced-off area of the infirmary. The clock on the wall reads 8:45 and the second hand is at 12. “Oh, crap.”

“What is it?” Tiny questions.

Dean gets off his bed, looks around for something to use against the ghost and rattles the door of his cell. The ghost walks through the fence she was standing behind. The time on the clock hasn’t changed.

“What’s going on?” Tiny continues to question. Dean grabs a salt shaker from a tray at the end of his bed. The ghost comes closer and Dean is flung back against the wall. He falls to the floor with a groan. “What is it?”

The ghost is comes to a stop standing over Dean. She puts a hand to his chest and he groans in pain. She breathes out and her breath is visible. Dean flings salt at her and she disappears. He lies back, clutching his chest and groaning in pain.

“Oh! No! Noooo!” Tiny screams.

“Tiny!” Dean calls. Dean gets to his feet. Dean sees Tiny’s shape through the curtain as he slides down the fenced wall of his cell. “Tiny!” Dean slams the door of his cell and kicks it. “Guard! Guard!” Dean yells.

Dean is taken back to his cell after the incident with Tiny.

The next day out in the rec yard, Sam and Dean are walking across the yard.

“Wait. So you're telling me it wasn't Moody?” Sam questions.

“Not unless he liked going around dressed like a nurse. Poor Tiny, man. Poor giant Tiny.” Dean replies.

“Wait, so this is – this is, like the ghost of some nurse who worked here or something?” Sam inquires.

“I don't know, man. I guess.” Dean responds.

“You know what, Dean, at this point, I don't know isn't working for me. See, uh, I thought we were done. I called Deacon. It's happening. We're getting out tonight.” Sam replies.

“I guess we got to do some quick research, then.” Dean mutters.

“How? I mean, maybe you haven't noticed ... we're in jail.” Dean replies.

Sam decides maybe talking to Randall again will get more results.

“So you want to know about some nurse?” Randall inquires. Sam nods in answer. “Why you want to know?”
“Well, we got our reasons. But, uh ... we'll make it worth your while.” Dean replies showing Randall a pack of cigarettes. Randall takes them so Dean continues, “So, this nurse, she would have had white hair, one screwed up eye – is that ringing a bell?”

“Yeah. Yeah, I remember her.” Randall replies.

“You remember her name?” Dean inquires.

“No, that's still kind of fuzzy.” Randall retorts. Sam exhales, slightly amused. Dean and Sam look at each other.

“Give it to him.” Sam shrugs.

“I earned these.” Dean whines.

“Dean.” Sam begins shrugging like what the hell man?

Dean hands Randall another pack of cigarettes.

“Glockner. Nurse Glockner. Nasty old bitch worked here in the ’70s.” Randall says pocketing the cigarettes.

“You knew her?” Sam asks.

“I met her once. Had to get a tetanus shot. She damn near jabbed the needle through the other side of my arm. At least I got out of there alive.” Randall replies.

“What do you mean?” Sam inquires.

“I've heard these stories. I don't know if they were true. Cons love to talk, but we're all liars.” Randall begins.

“What kind of stories?” Dean questions.

“Guys would go up to the infirmary with a cold. Next thing you know, they're in a body bag. A whole rash of heart attacks – young guys, old guys.” Randall replies.

“Heart attacks?” Sam repeats.

“Yeah. Story was Glockner had it out for cons and she did this, uh, Charles Bronson thing with a hypodermic. Anyway, that was the rumor. Nobody ever proved anything.” Randall replies.

“What happened to Glockner?” Dean questions.

“I don't know. I finished my bit and left. Next time I landed back in here, she was gone.” Randall responds.

The time in the rec yard is up so the boys head to the dining hall. Sam and Dean are sitting at a small table in the dining area.

“Okay, so let's say those stories on Glockner were true.” Sam begins.

“It's a thought. You know, in life, she's a vigilante. In death, same thing.” Dean replies.

“Right. But then how's she tied in with the old cellblock? And if she's going after cons, why kill that one guard?” Sam questions.
“I did hear in the yard that that guard wasn't exactly squeaky clean, so, maybe she's going after anybody that breaks a law. Like me.” Dean shrugs.

“You 'heard in the yard'?” Sam questions.

“Yeah.” Dean replies.

“Dean, does it ... bother you at all, how easily you seem to fit in here?” Sam inquires.

“No, not really.” Dean shakes his head.

“All right. Well, listen, either way, we need more info on Glockner. If -- if she's buried. If so, where? And, we got five hours to get it. No, no. Don't give me that look. Don't give me that we got to see this thing through look. We are leaving tonight, no matter what.” Sam declared.

“I just don't want to let Deacon down, that's all. We do owe him.” Dean replies.

“Yeah, but we don't owe him our lives, Dean.” Sam retorts. Dean gets up and starts to walk away.

“Where you going?”

“I'm gonna go talk with our lawyer.” Dean replies. Sam sighs as Dean walks away.

In the visitation room Mara and Dean are sat opposite each other a glass window between them.

“You want me to what?” Mara asks incredulously.

“Her name was Glockner. She worked here as a nurse in the '70s. Now, I need you to find out everything you can about her, but, most importantly how she died and where she's buried.” Dean replies.

“Are you nuts? Do you have any idea the kind of trouble you're in here?” Mara snaps.

“I have a vague notion.” Dean replies flatly.

“Good. So let's forget about some random nurse and talk about your case.” Mara responds.

“Mara – it's Mara, right?” Dean replies.

“Yeah.” Mara says.

“I get that you're trying to help me, okay? I do, but believe me when I say that this is the best way that you can help.” Dean replies.

“Really? How? Explain that to me.” Mara questions.

“I wish I could, but I can't. I'm just gonna have to ask you to trust me on this.” Dean replies.

“Why should I? Henriksen says you're a monster.” Mara retorts.

“I'm a monster? I'm –” Dean laughs, “Well, he's wrong, okay? I'm not what they say I am.”

“Everybody says that.” Mara retorts.

“Yeah. Look, if you're as smart a P.D. as I think you are, then you can tell with just one look whether or not your clients are guilty, okay, just like that. So I want you to look at me, really look, and you tell me – am I guilty?” Dean questions, there is a pause while Mara looks at him, “We're not
After the conversation with Mara Dean heads out to the rec yard to find Sam. Sam is walking across the yard when Dean comes out looking for him. He sees Dean enter the yard and holds up a hand to catch his attention.

“She go for it?” Sam asks as Dean approaches.

“No. No, not so much. But, uh, maybe she'll still come around.” Dean replies.

“Well, we can't wait around to find out.” Sam responds.

“We could give it another day.” Dean suggests.

“No, no, no. We're leaving tonight, and that's it. Y/n and Y/f/n are gonna kill us if they have to stay in that motel much longer.” Sam replies.

“So we're not gonna finish the job, we're just gonna let these people die?” Dean inquires.

“Don't give me that, all right? This was your stupid plan. I went along with it, but we're sticking to the plan, Dean.” Sam argues.

“Okay. Uh, you leave. I'm gonna stay.” Dean replies turning and starting to walk away.

“Hey, don't turn away. Don't turn away from me!” Sam yells.

“Screw you.” Dean retorts.

“What⁈ Screw you!” Sam snaps grabbing Dean’s shoulder and spinning him around. Dean pushes Sam back. A guard grabs Sam and the warden grabs Dean as another guard rushes in.

“All right, hard case. I see the usual methods ain't gonna work with you.” The Warden says to Dean. He turns to Sam and says, “You too, sweetheart.”

A guard takes hold of Dean’s arms from behind and the warden grabs the back of Sam’s jacket. The guard and warden take Dean and Sam inside. The guard marches Dean and Sam into a large room, the warden following.

“Take off. I want to handle this alone.” The warden says to the guard. The guard nods and leaves. Sam looks wary. The warden steps menacingly close to Dean, then smiles and puts a hand on the side of Dean’s neck.

“Deacon, you are beating the holy hell out of me, man.” Dean says. Deacon turns Dean so he can take off his handcuffs.

“Sorry, Dean. I thought I was going easy on you.” Deacon replies. Dean laughs a bit, “Just, uh, trying to make it look real.”

“Yeah. Well, mission accomplished.” Dean replies.

“Thanks.” Sam says as Deacon takes of his handcuffs.

“So, is it over?” Deacon asks.

“No. Turns out, it wasn't Moody.” Sam replies.
“What?” Deacon questions.

“Yeah.” Sam replies.

“Then who?” Deacon inquires.

“Uh, we think it’s some nurse who used to work here, but we’re still shy on all the intel we need.” Sam answers.

“Which is why we should stick around until we find it.” Dean replies.

“Oh, hey guys.” Deacon says pulling an envelope out of his jacket pocket.

“You want to have this fight for real, Dean? We gotta go.” Sam asks ignoring Deacon.

“I’m just say–” Dean begins.

“We gotta go now!” Sam snaps.

“Guys.” Deacon tries again.

“We're leaving, Dean. Otherwise, we'll be leaving in shackles for Milwaukee, with Henrikson as company, And you know he’s not gonna stop until he finds Y/n and Y/f/n too. We’re lucky they’re as smart as they are or he probably would have caught them by now.” Sam continues.

“Oh, come on.” Dean huffs.

“Guys!” Deacon says louder.

“What?!” The guys snap in unison.

“Your lawyer left this for you.” Deacon says holding up the envelope.

Dean takes it and looks it over, “Would you look at that. Man, I am freaking velvety smooth.”

“You want to, maybe, open it up after, you know, you're done patting yourself on the back?” Sam asks while Deacon watches Sam smiling.

“Yeah, yeah, yeah.” Dean mumbles opening the letter he begins to read. “Wow.”

“What? You want to share with the class, Dean?” Sam asks.

“Glockner died in the old cellblock after Moody bit it. Seems they had a little inmate uprising. She got caught in the middle. They dragged her to a solitary cell and gave her a severe cerebral edema.” Dean replies.

“Someone bashed her head in.” Sam sums up.

“Yeah.” Dean replies.

“Does it say where she's buried?” Sam inquires.

“Yep.” Dean replies.

“All right, then, let's get you the hell out of here.” Deacon responds walking away from the boys.

“Don't worry, Deacon. We'll get rid of this thing.” Dean says still reading the letter. Deacon removes
a vent cover on a wall.

“Good, ’cause I want it out of my prison.” Deacon replies. He walks back over to Dean and Sam. “Boys, uh... I can't thank you enough for this. I know it was asking a lot but you still came through. Your daddy ... raised you right.”

“Well, we owed you.” Sam replies. Dean looks at Sam.

“Yeah.” Deacon says pulling Sam into a hug, then doing the same to Dean. “Hope to see you again, huh? Just ... not in here, okay?”

“Yeah, we'll do our best.” Sam replies while Dean says at the same time, “Right.”

Sam and Dean head for the vent, then Dean turns back to Deacon. “Oh... Where do you want it?”

“What?” Deacon questions and Dean smiles, “Yeah, um...” Deacon points to his cheek. Dean pulls back his arm to swing a punch. Deacon holds up a hand. “Um... Make it look real, son.” Dean punches Deacon.

Dean and Sam climb over railings outside the prison to the car.

“Oh, man, are you a sight for sore eyes.” Dean says lovingly to the car. Dean runs his hand along the Impala.

“Aw and here I thought you would miss me.” Y/n pouts as Dean and Sam open the driver and passenger doors and take off their prison jackets.

Dean smiles at her before continuing, “You know, I almost wish I could see Henriksen's face.”

“Really? ’Cause I'd be happy if I never saw him again. I mean, we're not really out of the woods yet, Dean, you know?” Sam replies tightly. Sam and Dean put on their own jackets over their prison jumpsuits.

“Yeah.” Dean replies. An alarm sounds and a red light above one of the prison doors starts to flash.

“And if you don’t hurry your gonna get me caught too,” Y/n grumbles.

“Good point.” Dean replies. As he and Sam get into the Impala and drive away.

Deacon is sitting at a table. Henriksen is leaning over the other side of the table and Reidy is standing nearby.

“I told you. One of them came up behind me.” Deacon says.

“You let them get the drop on you.” Henriksen snaps.

“Yeah. I screwed up, all right? What do you want me to say?” Deacon replies.

“I want to know where they're headed.” Henriksen demands.

“How the hell would I know?” Deacon inquires.

“Let's start over again.” Henriksen replies.

“For God's sake.” Deacon huffs and stands up. Henriksen walks around the table to stand face-to-face with him.
“Again. I want to know everything they did today, from the minute they woke up.” Henriksen commands.


“Any visitors?” Henriksen asks.

“Just their lawyer.” Deacon replies. Henriksen and Reidy look at each other.

At the Little Rock Police station Mara is sitting in Henriksen and Reidy’s office.

“It's an easy question. What did you and Dean talk about?” Henriksen asks.

“I have already told you. It was a private conversation between me and my client.” Mara replies.

“Right, and just three hours later he just happened to bust out. Now, tell me, what he said.” Henriksen replies.

The four hunters head for the cemetery where Nurse Glocker was buried. Changing their clothes before starting anything, Sam and Dean begin taking shovels and bags out of the trunk of the Impala, then set off across the cemetery.

“We got to move it. If Henriksen gets to the lawyer...” Sam begins.

“I thought she couldn't say anything – you know, that whole lawyer-client privilege thing.” Dean replies.

“The privilege doesn't apply, Dean.” Y/n responds carrying the bag with the salt and lighter fluid in it.

“So she'll talk?” Dean asks.

“She has to.” Y/n says.

“Oh, that's freaking super.” Dean replies.

“Let me make this simple. You don't come clean, I will put you on the hook for aiding and abetting.” Henriksen snaps at Mara.

“Oh, that – that is ridiculous.” Mara replies.

“You don't think that I can? You think this is some kind of game, lady? I am the last person on planet earth you want to screw with. Now, tell me what he said.” Henriksen demands.

Sighing Mara begins telling Henriksen what Dean asked, “He wanted me to do some research. On a prison nurse that died in 1976.”


“I don't know.” Mara replies.

“What else?” Henriksen inquires.

“They wanted to know where she was buried.” Mara answers.

“Did you find out where?” Henriksen asks.
“Yeah.” Mara replies.

“Did you tell them?” Henriksen demands.

“Yeah.” Mara responds looking down at the table.

“Tell me.” Henriksen demands. Mara looks at him before giving him the name Mountainside cemetery.

Four police vehicles drive past the sign for Mountainside Cemetery.

Dean is standing over a grave holding a flashlight. The headstone reads “Dolores Glockner 1934 – 1976.” Sam is in the grave digging.

Many armed officers and Henriksen get out of the vehicles.

Sam reaches the coffin and looks up at Dean. “Got her.” He says.

Deacon is washing his face at a row of sinks. The clock on the wall reads 8:33. The second hand advances two seconds, then stops moving. The lights flicker and Deacon’s breath becomes visible. He exhales again and turns around. The ghost of Nurse Glockner is right in front of him. She opens her mouth wide and yells.

The ghost sends Deacon flying across the room.

The officers, Henriksen and Reidy move quickly through the cemetery.

Sam salts Nurse Glockner’s corpse and Dean pours on lighter fluid.

The officers, Henriksen and Reidy continue to move through the cemetery.

Deacon is on the floor. He turns over onto his back and the ghost zooms closer to him. She puts a hand on his chest and he gasps.

Dean continues to pour lighter fluid onto the corpse.

The ghost still has her hand on Deacon’s chest. His body is shaking.

“You let those two go.” Glockner growls.

Y/n lights a match and throws it in.

Deacon’s mouth is now wide open and his body jerks.

The corpse goes up in flames as Sam, Y/n, Y/n and Dean watch.

Dark veins spread across Deacon’s face and he groans. Glockner’s ghost stands, and gasps, and goes up in flames. Deacon coughs and leans up on an elbow.

Sam and Dean watch the corpse burn.

The officers, Henriksen and Reidy are still searching the cemetery.

“Are you sure this is the right damn cemetery?” Henriksen asks.
“She said Mountainside. Mountainside Cemetery.” Reidy replies.

As the quartet leaves the cemetery they pass the sign, Green Valley Cemetery. They are hurrying back to the Impala.

Mara leaves the Little Rock police station and walks to her car. She smiles in triumph.

Henriksen nods and smiles slightly in frustration.

Dean and Sam put their equipment in the trunk of the Impala and walk to the driver’s and passenger’s doors.

“You thought we were screwed before?” Sam questions.

“Yeah, I know. We got to go deep this time.” Dean replies.

“Deep, Dean? We should go to Yemen.” Sam retorts.

“Ooh, I'm – I'm not sure I'm ready to go that deep.” Dean replies.

“My hair'll frizz we can’t go there.” Y/f/n says climbing into the car followed by a smirking Y/n.

“Oh here Dean, Before I forget,” Y/n says pulling Dean’s necklace from around her neck and his ring from her thumb. “Kept ‘em safe.” She smiles putting them into his hand.

The boys share a look before climbing in the Impala and driving away.
Lynyrd Skynyrd's Saturday Night Special plays in the background as Dean drives along a dark road somewhere in Illinois.

“Yeah?” Dean says answering his ringing cell phone.

“There's a cop car outside.” Sam replies from the inside of a motel room.

“You think it's for us?” Dean questions.

“I don't know.” Sam replies.

“I don't see how. I mean we ditched the plates, the credit cards.” Dean begins.

“They're leaving. False alarm.” Sam breaths out watching the cop car drive away.

“Well, see. Nothing to worry about.” Dean replies.

“Yeah, being fugitives? Frigging dance party.” Sam sasses.

“Hey man, chicks dig the danger vibe. Ask Y/n.” Dean replies with a smirk.

“Piss off Dean.” Y/n calls.

Sam moves over to the table where Y/n, and Y/f/n are standing looking over the various books spread out. They're all about a specific demon called Djinn, and on top of them is John's journal, open on the same subject.

“So you got anything yet?” Y/f/n asks.

“Are you kidding me? How could I? You got me sifting through like 50 square miles of real estate here.” Dean retorts.

“Well, that's where all the victims disappeared.” Sam replies.

“Yeah well, I got diddly-squat. What about you?” Dean inquires.

“Just one thing. We’re pretty sure of it now.” Y/f/n says pulling a book closer to her, “We’re hunting a Djinn.”

“A freaking genie?” Dean asks.

“Yeah.” Sam replies.

“What? You think these suckers can really grant wishes?” Dean questions.

“I don't know. I guess they're powerful enough. But not exactly like Barbara Eden in harem pants. I mean, Djinn have been feeding off people for centuries. They're all over the Koran.” Sam replies.

“My God. Barbara Eden was hot, wasn't she? Way hotter than that Bewitched chick. Think Y/n
would wear the genie outfit if I asked?” Dean responds.

“Fuck off Dean,” Y/n huffs.

“Are you even listening to me?” Sam asks.

Dean clears his throat clearly thinking things he shouldn’t be before replying, “Yeah. So uh, where do the Djinns lair up?”

“Ruins usually. Uh. Bigger the better – more places to hide.” Y/f/n replies.

“You know, I think I saw a place a couple miles back. I'm gonna go check it out.” Dean says.

“Wait – no, no, no, no, no. Come pick me up first.” Y/n says quickly.

“Naw, I'm sure it's nothing. I just wanna take a look around.” Dean replies hanging up the phone. Sam lowers his hand with the phone in it and sighs.

Dean pulls the Impala pull up to an abandoned factory and comes to a stop. Dean enters, with a flashlight, swinging open a creaky door. He walks through what appears to be an abandoned office, with typewriter, file cabinets, etc. There's a dripping water sound, but otherwise it appears empty to him. Dean looks back and forth in it a few times, and then starts walking back the same direction he came from but this time in the hall.

Suddenly the Djinn attacks him, pinning him against the window wall. Dean drops the flashlight and the Djinn slams Dean's right hand up against a wall, forcing Dean to drop his knife. Dean gets a clear look at the Djinn, who is bald, with curling blue tattoos all over its face. The Djinn opens its left hand, which begins to glow in blue, at the same time that the Djinn's eyes begin glowing. It puts its glowing hand on Dean's forehead and Dean's eyes roll up, and take on a faint blue hue.

In a bedroom late at night, a TV showing an old black and white movie of a monster carrying an unconscious woman. Dean wakes up, bare-chested next to a naked woman. Dean climbs out of bed and dresses quickly.

Dean, dressed, is walking through the dark apartment. Sam, in another location, gets a phone call on his cell. He sees it's Dean and looks a little worried.

“Dean?” Sam answers.

“Sam?” Dean questions.

“What's going on?” Sam asks.

“I don't know. I don't know where I am.” Dean replies panicked.


“Well, the uh, the Djinn. It attacked me.” Dean replies.

“The gin? You're ... drinking gin?” Sam asks.

“No, asshat. The Djinn. The ... scary creature. Remember? It put its hand on me and then I woke up ... next to some hot chick...” Dean replies.

“Who?” Sam laughs, “Y/n?”
“What?” Dean asks confused as to why you were in bed with him.

“Dean, you're drunk. You're drunk-dialing me.” Sam chuckles.

“I am not drunk. Quit screwing around!” Dean whispers angrily.

“Look, it's late. All right, just get some sleep and, um, I'll ... see you tomorrow. OK?” Sam replies hanging up the phone.

“Wait, Sam! Sam!” Dean says trying to get Sam back on the phone. Sam hangs up, and flips his phone down, laughing a little. He sighs and slams shut a book.

Dean puts his phone back in his pocket, frustrated, and looks around. He sees an envelope, and picking it up, sees that it is addressed to:

Y/N Y/L/N
#53 BARKER AVE
LAWRENCE, KS 66044

“Lawrence?” Dean questions flipping through the rest of the envelopes. The next two envelopes are addressed to Dean, same address as Y/n's.

“What the hell?” Dean mutters.

“Babe? What are you doing up?” Y/n asks coming into the room in only her robe.

“Babe? I just… I’m not sure what’s going on,” Dean stutters not used to seeing her like this.

“What do you mean, Dean?” She asks placing her hands on his chest.

“The last thing I remember was you and Sammy, and Y/f/n at the Motel and I was looking for the Djinn,” Dean replies.

“Why were you looking for gin, babe? You been drinking again?” Y/n asks.

“No, and Not Gin, sweetheart, Djinn... like genies,” Dean tries.

“Sounds like you had a bad dream, baby. Why don't you come back to bed and let's see if I can do anything to help.” Y/n say seductively wrapping her arms around his neck.


“No.” Dean replies shaking his head. She kisses him warmly.

Dean goes to a bookshelf, where he sees a picture of Y/n and himself embracing. He turns and sees something else shocking – another photo – and drops it. The glass shatters as it breaks, and Dean turns on his heel and leaves the room. Dean drives up in the Impala across the street. He shuts off the engine and goes over and it's the house from his childhood. Dean bangs on the door and rings the bell two times as well. The porch light turns on and the door opens.

“Dean.” Mary says.
Dean just stares at her a few seconds, not believing his eyes. His voice is broken when he talks to her, on the verge of crying. “Mom?”

“What are you doing here? Are you all right?” Mary questions.

“I don't know.” Dean replies.

“Well... come inside.” Mary says opening the door wider for him. Dean enters and Mary closes the door behind him. He can't take his eyes of her. “Y/n just called and said you just ... took off all of a sudden.”

“Y/n, Right. ... Let me ask you a question. When I was a kid, what did you always tell me when you put me to bed?” Dean questions.

“Dean, I don't understand –” Mary begins.

“Just answer the question.” Dean replies interrupting her.

“I told you angels were watching over you.” Mary replies.

“I don't believe it.” He says stepping towards her quickly pulling her into a tight hug.

“Honey, you're scaring me.” Mary says as Dean backs off slightly, “Now just tell me what's going on.”

“You don't think that wishes can, can really...” Dean begins.

“What?” Mary asks.

“Forget it.” Dean replies hugging her again, “Forget it. I'm just uh... I'm happy to see you, that's all.” He almost starts crying but pulls it together and releases the hug, looking down on Mary. “You're beautiful.” He says laughing a little.

“What?” Mary asks smiling.

Dean clears his throat then asks, “Hey, when I was uh... When I was young was there ever a fire here?” He walks towards the wall, looking at the books and pictures.

“No. Never.” Mary replies.

“I thought there was.” Dean says. On the wall is a picture of John and Mary smiling with Dean and Sam as little kids in front of them. “I guess I was wrong.” Next to that one is Dean in a cap, looking cool into the camera. Another picture of Dean and his prom date, clearly taken at prom. Another of Sam as a graduate. Dean picks up another picture. It’s in black and white and shows John, dressed in baseball clothes with a cap and a baseball bat in his hand, ready to swing, smiling at the camera.

“Dad's on a softball team.” He mutters. He turns around, to see Mary looking at him seriously, “Dad's... Dad's softball team. It's... That's funny to me.”

“He loved that stupid team.” Mary says sadly.

“Dad's dead? And the thing that killed him was a...” Dean questions.

“A stroke. He died in his sleep. You know that.” Mary replies.

“That's great.” Dean says.
“Excuse me?” Mary asks offended.

“That - that's great. That he went peacefully, I mean. It sure beats the alternative.” Dean stutters.

“You've been drinking.” Mary accuses.

“No, I haven't. Mom.” Dean replies.

“I'm just gonna call Y/n and have her come pick you up, OK?” Mary says picking up the phone.

“Wait. No, no!” Dean pleads. He puts his hand over Mary's stopping her from picking up the phone. “Don't - don't do that. Don't do that. I wanna stay here.”

“Why?” Mary asks.

“Because I-I miss the place. It's okay, you - you go to bed. Okay?” Dean replies walking over to the couch. He sits down, and looks around a bit. Mary walks up to him, strokes his face tenderly.

“Are you sure you're all right?” She asks.

“I think so.” Dean replies.

“Oh.” Mary says lovingly. She bends down and kisses his forehead, like all mothers do. She starts out the room, stops by the door. “Get some rest. I love you.”

“Me too.” Dean replies. She smiles and then goes to bed. Dean stays on the couch, looking perplexed. There is a picture of Sam as a graduate with Mary and John smiling proudly next to him.

Dean wakes up on the couch to the sound of birds singing outside. When his eyes focus it's on a picture of the whole family, the boys as kids and John is wearing a Santa hat, looking very happy. Dean opens his eyes completely, sitting up, confused. He dials Sam on his phone, “Hey, it's me. I can't come to the pho-” His answering machine begins. Dean hangs up.

Dean heads to a college and talks to a professor on Mythology and Lore. “Well I don't think I've seen you in my class before.” The professor says.

“You kiddin' me? I love your lectures. You... You make learning fun.” Dean replies with a laugh.

“So. What can I do for you?” The professor asks.

“What can you tell me about Djinns?” Dean inquires.

The professor leads Dean over to a book shelf and pulls down several books taking them over to the table. He begins telling Dean about Djinn, “Well, a lot of Muslims believed the Djinn are very real. And they're mentioned in the Koran—”

“Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah. I know. Get to the wish part.” Dean says.

“What about it?” The Professor asks.

“Do you think they could really do it?” Dean asks questions.

“Umm... Uh, no. No, I don't think they can 'really do it'. You understand these are mythic creatures?” The professor replies.

“Yeah, I know. I-I-I know. I know. But uh... I mean in the stories. You know, say you had a wish,
uh. But you never even said it out loud. Like that, uh... that a loved one never died. Or that, uh, something awful never happened, Or you get the girl.” Dean responds.

“Supposedly, yes. I mean they have godlike power. They can alter reality however they want. Past. Present. Future.” The professor replies.


“Son?” The professor says.

“Hm?” Dean asks looking up from the books.

“You been drinking?” The professor asks gently.

“Everybody keeps asking me that. But uh... No.” Dean replies.

Dean Leaves the professors office and heads to the Impala. Opening the trunk he sees only old magazines, a few paper cups, and a rag in there, no guns or other weapons.

“Well, who'd'a thought, baby. We're civilians.” He laughs.

He closes the trunk, and looks over at the building. A girl is standing in a white shirt, skirt and shoes, staring at him. Dean's smile fades as he senses something. He looks at her for a little while and then starts to cross the street, walking towards her. Suddenly a car screeches to a halt as it avoids running into Dean. The driver hits the horn and Dean holds out his hand as he looks at the car. When he turns back towards the girl, she's gone. He looks puzzled for a moment, then turns back to the Impala.

“How long’s it been?” Y/n questions pacing the floor in the motel room.

“Just over an hour since he hung up,” Sam replies checking his watch.

“Ok so why hasn’t he called back yet?” Y/n inquires giving Sam a pointed look.

“I don’t know, Y/n,” Sam replies, “Give it another half an hour and we’ll go looking for him,”

“I don’t like this,” She huffs sitting at the table next to Y/f/n.

Back at Mary’s, Dean takes a bite out of a big sandwich, grunting 'cause of how good it is.

“Mmm. Mmm. Mmm!” He mumbles before calling out, mouth full, “This is the best sandwich, ever!”

“Thank you.” Mary calls from the other room.

“I tried to get hold of Sam earlier. Where - where - where is he?” Dean continues yelling.

“Oh, he'll be here soon.” Mary replies walking into the kitchen and opening the fridge.

“Good. Dying to see him.” Dean says taking another bite of his sandwich.

“Sweetie, I-I... Don't get me wrong. I am thrilled you are... hanging out here... all of a sudden.” Mary says quickly stroking Dean's chin, “But uh... shouldn't you be at work?”

“Work?” Dean asks.

“At the garage?” Mary replies.
“Right. The garage. It's where I work, yeah. No, I-I've got the day off.” Dean snickers, “Heh. Good thing.” He takes another bite, again with the grunting of goodness. He looks to the window. Looking out the window he comments, “That lawn looks like it could use some mowing.”

“You want to mow the lawn?” Mary asks.

“You kidding me? I'd love to mow the lawn,” Dean replies excitedly.

“Knock yourself out. You'd think you'd never mowed a lawn in your life,” Mary comments. Dean shrugs, thinking that no, he never has mowed a lawn. He looks all kinds of happy about the prospect of doing so.

Dean heads out to the garage and starts the lawnmower. He starts to mow the lawn, looking really happy, enjoying it. He's not very adept at it. He sees the neighbor across the street putting out the garbage. He waves to him like a regular guy does in this regular world. The neighbor waves back, telegraphing ‘surprise’ with his wave, and then Dean continues the mowing while the garden gnome watches. After the yard is mowed Dean sits on the steps to the front porch, drinking a beer, feeling happy. A car drives up and parks at the curb.

“I don't believe it.” Dean says getting up to go greet Sam and Y/f/n who are getting out of the car. Dean attacks Y/f/n with a hug while Sam takes out the luggage from the trunk.

“Hmm.” Y/f/n hums patting him awkwardly on the back.

“Y/f/n.” Dean exclaims happily.

“Agh! You're, uh... Good to see you too Dean.” She says. Dean laughs and she continues, “Can't breathe, okay.” Dean lets her go and moves toward Sam.

“Sammy.” Dean says happily slapping Sam on the shoulder.

“Hey.” Sam replies.

“Look at you. You're with Y/f/n, it's - I don't believe it.” Dean says smiling happily and chuckling.

“Yeah.” Sam replies.

“Where'd you guys come from?” Dean asks.

“We just flew in from... Califor–” Sam begins.


“I see you started off Mom's birthday with a bang, as usual.” Sam says gesturing disapprovingly at the beer in Dean’s hand.

“Wait. Mom's birthday, that's, that's today?” Dean asks.

“Yeah. Yeah, Dean. That's today. That's why we're here. Don't tell me you forgot.” Sam replies.

“Wha...” Dean begins.

For Mary’s birthday they go out to a restaurant, They're all seated at a round table. Dean gets served a plate with asparagus spears bound into an upright sheaf.

“Wow, that... looks awesome.” Dean says and everyone chuckles.
“All right. To Mom.” Sam begins raising his glass, “Happy birthday.”

“Happy birthday.” Y/f/n repeats.

“Thank you.” Mary replies. They all clink their glasses in a cheer.

“To mom.” Dean echoes. As Dean watches, as Sam and Y/f/n share a loving kiss, smiling warmly.

“I was really worried about you last night.” Y/n says leaning over and speaking to Dean.

“Oh I'm ... I'm good. I'm really good.” Dean replies.

“Oh Okay. What do you say, later we get some cheeseburgers?” Y/n says.

“Oh God, yes.” Dean replies while Y/n, “How did I end up with such a cool chick?”

“I’ve just got low standards.” Y/n replies. As Dean leans in with a laugh and kisses her.

“All right. Y/f/n and I actually have another surprise for Mom's birthday. Ah... You wanna tell 'em?” Sam asks.

“They're your family.” Y/f/n replies.

“All right.” Sam chuckles.

“What? Tell me what?” Mary asks excitedly. Sam holds up Y/f/n's left hand and shows off an engagement ring on her finger. Mary laughs happily. “Oh my God! That's so wonderful.” She gets up and hugs Y/f/n, who's also gotten up. Sam and Y/n get up as well, while Dean still sits.

“Congratulations, sweetie.” Y/n says hugging Y/f/n.

“Thank you.” Y/f/n replies.

“Congratulations.” Y/n says hugging Sam as well.

“Thank you.” Sam says.

Mary walks over and hugs Sam.

“I just wish your dad was here.” Mary says.

“Yeah. Me too.” Sam replies.

“Y/f/n, let me see that ring.” Mary says turning to Y/f/n.

“Congratulations Sammy.” Dean says shaking his brothers hand.

“Thanks.” Sam replies.

“I'm really glad you're happy.” Dean says sincerely.

Sam looks a little puzzled at Dean's intensity. Over Sam's shoulder is the same girl that Dean saw on campus earlier, when he was almost hit by a car. She looks much filthier this time. Dean sees her, brushes past Sam and walks over. Sam turns around when Dean hits his shoulder while passing by. Dean passes a lot of people and when he passes the last one, the girl is gone. Dean turns around and looks at his family, as they stand looking at him, wondering what's up.
The women laugh as they enter Mary’s house.

“So, Dean, what was uh... what was all that back at the restaurant?” Sam asks.

“Ah... I-I thought I saw someone. I'm sure it's nothing.” Dean replies.

“Well, I had a lovely birthday. Thank you. Good night.” Mary says waving goodnight to everyone.

“Good night.” Y/f/n and Y/n say together.

“Good night.” Dean says.

“Night, Mom.” Sam says to his mother then to the others, “Yeah, well I'm beat. Ready to turn in?” He asks Y/f/n.

“Sure.” Y/f/n replies.

“All right. Good night guys.” Sam says turning to head up the stairs.

“Wait a second. Wait a second. Come on, it's not even nine o'clock yet. Let's uh... Let's go have a drink or something.” Dean says.

“Yeah, maybe another time.” Sam replies.

“Come on, man. Look at us. Huh? We both have beautiful women on our arms. You're engaged. Let's go celebrate.” Dean tries again.

There is an awkward silence and the others look at him.

“Guys, can you excuse us? I just want to talk to my brother for a sec.” Sam asks looking at Y/f/n and Y/n.

“Sure.” Y/f/n replies.

“Thanks.” Sam says.

“Come on, Y/n.” Y/f/n says.

The women leave the room and Sam turns to Dean “Come here.” He says walking to the other side of the living rom.

“What?” Dean asks as he follows.

“Okay. What's gotten into you?” Sam questions.

“What do you mean?” Dean inquires confused.

“I mean this whole warm, fuzzy ecstasy-trip thing.” Sam replies.

“I'm just happy for you, Sammy.” Dean responds.

“Yeah, right. That's another thing. Since when do you call me Sammy?” Sam asks. He waits a bit then continues, “Dean, come on. We don't talk outside of holidays.”

“We don't? Well, we should. I mean, you're my brother.” Dean replies.

"You're my brother?” Sam repeats.
“Yeah.” Dean laughs.

“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.” Sam replies.

“Who?” Dean questions.

“Uh, my prom date. On prom night.” Sam replies.

“Yeah, that does kinda sound like me. Well, hey man, I'm sorry about all that.” Dean says walking toward Sam.

“No that, look, that's all right man, I-I just... You know I'm not asking you to change. I-I just, uh, ... I don't know, I... guess we just don't really have anything in common. You know?” Sam replies backing away.

Dean blinks and Sam starts to walk away.

“Whoa, whoa, whoa. Yes we do. Yes we do.” Dean laughs.

“What?” Sam inquires.

“Hunting.” Dean replies.

“Hunting? I've never been hunting in my life, Dean.” Sam retorts.

“Yeah, well, then we should do it sometime. I... I think you'd be great at it.” Dean replies.

Sam starts to walk away again. “Get some rest.” Sam says turning back around. He walks away and leaves Dean in the living room.

Back at Dean and Y/n’s apartment, Dean is sitting on the sofa, thinking, furrowed brow. Y/n offers him a beer.

“My favorite. I guess you know me pretty well.” Dean comments.

“’Fraid so. You all right?” Y/n replies sitting next to him on the couch.

“How did we meet?” Dean asks.

“You don’t remember how we met?” Y/n asks arching an eyebrow.

“No I do I just want to know what you remember from then.” Dean replies rubbing his hand up and down her arm.

“Okay? I was driving through Lawrence on my way to a job interview in Kansas City when my car broke down. I waited along the side of the road for probably a good half hour before you showed up. You offered me a ride to a motel and told me you’d call someone about my car. Remember thinking god he’s gorgeous. It took about a week to get my car up and running and I guess I never left town after that. You asked me out a week later.” Y/n replies.

Dean nods his head then says sadly, “Sammy and I ... We don't get along.”

“Well, you don't really spend a lot of time together. I mean, I just think you don't know each other all that well.” Y/n replies. Dean hums so Y/n continues, “For the record: He doesn't know what he's missing.”
“I can fix things with Sam. I can make it up to him. To everyone.” Dean replies.

“Okay. What's gotten into you lately?” Y/n asks playing with his shirt.

“This isn't gonna make a lick of sense to you. But I kind of feel like I've been given a second chance. And I don't wanna waste it.” Dean replies.

“You're right, that doesn't make any sense—” Y/n begins but is cut off by Dean leaning in and kissing her.

“You know, I get it.” Dean says pulling away from the kiss.

“Get what?” Y/n asks.

“Why you're the one.” Dean replies leaning in and kissing her again.

“Whatever's gotten into you... I like it.” Y/n smiles kissing Dean again. As the kisses get heated Y/n pulls away, “Ohhh... come on! Don't do this to me now. I've gotta get ready for work.” she gets off the couch, leaving Dean sitting with his hands as if she was still between them.

“You got to work now?” Dean asks.

“I told you. I've got the night shifts on Thursday.” Y/n replies.

Dean gets up from the couch and follows her into the bedroom, “You work nights at the, uh...”

Y/n is standing by the closet, taking out scrubs. Dean stands in the doorway.

“...hospital.” He finishes He then says to himself, “I'm dating a nurse. That is so... respectable.”

Y/n smiles at his words. Dean looks at her butt, and takes a sip of beer.

Dean is on the couch, putting his feet on the table, drinking beer and watching a cooking show on TV.

“The olive oil must have a purpose here.” The woman on the TV says.

“Yeah.” The man replies.

“Yeah?” The woman questions urging the man on.

“I'll take the olive oil and we'll just put a, just a touch of olive oil, okay? That's all.” The man replies.

“Oh.” The woman replies.

“Can't make any mistakes with this machine. Now, for liquid, I could use water but I'm gonna use a little spinach –” The mans words are abruptly cut off as Dean changes the channel, He flips through the stock market, cartoon, and then lands on the news. We see a land plane and hear a reporter:

“And today marks the anniversary of the crash of United Britannia Flight 424.” The reporter says.

This gets Dean's attention and he leans forward as he continues to watch as the reporter continues speaking, “Indianapolis residents held a candlelight vigil in memory of the hundred and eight people who lost their lives...”

“No, no. We stopped that crash.” Dean mutters.
Dean watches the rest of the news report before heading to find his laptop. Dean begins searching the Headlines that relate to cases they have solved.

*Indianapolis Sun*, December 5TH, 2005 - **FLIGHT 424 CRASHES, 108 DEAD**; Tragedy shocks the nation, as emergency crews continue to search rubble

**Nine Children Comatose**; ... Mystery illness baffles doctors at Dane County Hospital

**Parents mutilated in bed.**; ... Brutal double homicide in quiet residential area causes shock

**GIRL DROWNS IN HOTEL POOL**; Mother devastated after discovering daughter drowned.

Out of the corner of his eye he catches a glimpse of a passing figure, a woman in white. Maybe the same woman he has seen twice now. He gets up to see what it is he opens his bedroom closet door and sees several female corpses, hanging. He hears a sound and turns around to see another woman, with a wound in her head, flickering in front of him. He pants, looking shocked, and turns back around to the closet – to see nothing out of the ordinary.

Dean heads to the cemetery where his father was buried. Dean is standing by John's grave and he begins speaking to it, “All of them. Everyone that you saved, everyone Sammy and I saved. They're all dead. And there's this woman, that's haunting me. I don't know why. I don't know what the connection is, not yet anyway. It's like my old life is, is coming after me or something. Like it like it doesn't want me to be happy. Course I know what you’d say. Well, not the you that played softball but... ‘So go hunt the Djinn. He put you here, it can put you back. Your happiness for all those people's lives, no contest. Right?’ But why? Why is it my job to save these people? Why do I have to be some kind of hero?” Dean questions. He begins to cry while talking to his father’s grave, “What about us, huh? What, Mom's not supposed to live her life, Sammy's not supposed to get married? Why do we have to sacrifice everything, Dad?” Dean pauses, “It's...” Dean's lips tremble and tears begin to fall. “Yeah...” Dean wipes the tears on his cheeks. He turns around and walks away.

“Ok it's been two hours now either you guys come with or I’m leaving your asses here and finding Dean myself,” Y/n snaps standing from the bed and grabbing her coat. The other two looked at her and stood to follow her out the door.

At Mary’s house, there is a noise downstairs and Sam wakes. Sam walks down the stairs, quietly, with a bat in his hand.

In the living room, Sam stops in the doorway, leaning looking into the living room. He sees the window open and under it, someone is in one of the cabinets. Sam goes in, swinging. The person gets up and counterattacks, throwing him on the floor.

“That was so easy, I'm embarrassed for you.” Dean breaths.

“Dean? What the hell are you doing here?” Sam asks.

Dean gets up, letting Sam get up off the floor. They stand in front of the window – much like when Dean get Sam from Stanford.

“I was looking for a beer.” Dean replies.

“In the china cabinet?” Sam asks. The lights turn on and the brothers turn to see Y/l/n in the doorway. Sam turns back to his brother and he sees the box with their parents’ silverware on the floor, open. “That's Mom's silver.”

“Sam.” Dean begins.
“What, you... you broke into the house... to steal Mom's silver?” Sam questions.

“It's not what it looks like. OK, I didn't have a choice.” Dean replies.

“Oh really? Why? What's so damn important you gotta steal from your own mother?” Sam inquires angrily.

“You want the truth?” Dean asks.

“Yeah, yeah I do.” Sam demands.

“I owe somebody money.” Dean shrugs.

“Who?” Sam asks.

“A bookie. I lost big on a game, I gotta bring him the cash tonight.” Dean replies.

“I can't believe we're even related.” Sam scoffs.

“Sam, I'm sorry.” Dean says honestly.

“Yeah.” Sam replies softly.

“I'm sorry that we don't get along. And I wish to hell I could stay and fix it. But I gotta do this. People’s lives depend on it.” Dean responds. He turns around and takes a knife from the box.

“What are you talking about, Dean?” Sam asks.

“Nothing. Forget it. Just uh... hey, tell Mom I love her.” Dean replies. Sam frowns, seeing that something is up. Dean goes for the door.

“Dean.” Sam calls.

Dean turns around, “I'll see you, Sammy you too Y/f/n.”

He walks out the door, taking one last look at the house and Sam. Sam stands in the living room where Dean left him with his arm now around Y/f/n, both looking confused. Dean climbs in to the Impala and starts her. Dean sits in the car, engine going, thinking. Suddenly the passenger door opens and Sam gets in the car.

“Get out of the car.” Dean demands.

“I'm going with you.” Sam replies.

“You're just gonna slow me down.” Dean retorts.

“Tough.” Sam replies.

“This is dangerous and you could get hurt.” Dean argues.

“Yeah, and so could you, Dean.” Sam countered.

“Sam-” Dean begins.

“Look, whatever stupid thing you're about to do, you're not doing it alone. And that's that.” Sam replies.
“I don't understand. Why you doing this?” Dean questions.

Sam sighs his answer, “Because you're still my brother.”

“Bitch.” Dean says.

“W–hat are you calling me a bitch for?” Sam asks taken aback.

“You're supposed to say jerk.” Dean replies.

“What?” Sam asks.

“Never mind.” Dean replies. He puts the Impala in gear and they drive off.

Sam looks down on a bag on the seat between them. “What's in the bag?” He sighs.

“Nothin'.” Dean replies.

“Nothin'?” Sam asks.

“Yeah, nothin'.” Dean responds.

“Fine,” Sam replies grabbing the bag and starting to open it.

“You don't wanna do that.” Dean comments.

“Oh really?” Sam questions pulling a container full of blood out of the bag. Looking at the container, “What the hell is this?”

“Blood.” Dean replies.

“Yeah, I can see that it's blood, Dean! What the hell is it doing in here?” Sam asks clearly upset.

“You don't really wanna know.” Dean replies.

“No I-I do really wanna know. I really, really, do.” Sam replies.

“Yeah, well you're gonna find out sooner or later. I needed a silver knife dipped in lamb's blood.” Dean says.

“You needed a silver knife dipped in lamb's blood, why?” Sam inquires.

“Because there's this creature. A Djinn. And I have to hunt it.” Dean responds.

“Okay, um... stop the car.” Sam says.

“I know how it sounds.” Dean replies.

“Great. Just... stop the car.” Sam demands.

“It's the truth, Sam. All right, there are things out there in the dark. There – there – there are bad things. There are nightmare things. And people have to be saved and if we don't save them, then nobody will.” Dean confessed.

“Look, I wanna help you, all right. I-I really, really do, but you're having some kind of psychotic breakdown, so, I ... just –” Sam says.
“I wish.” Dean mutters.

Sam picks up his phone and starts dialing a number. Dean rolls down his window, grabs Sam's phone, throws it out, and then rolls up the window again.

“What the hell was that, Dean? That was my phone!” Sam exclaims.

“I'm not going to a rubber room, Sammy. And we got work to do.” Dean replies.

“What? I was just trying to help you out, Dean. I don't, I don't want you to get yourself hurt. Y/n and Mom would kill me.” Sam responds.

“What? You protect me?” Dean inquires.

“Yeah!” Sam exclaims.

“Oh, that's hilarious. Why don't you just sit tight and try not to get us both killed.” Dean laughs. Dean starts the radio and "Mr. Saturday Night Special" blares out.

Dean pulls the Impala up between two buildings. The car stops with the music still blaring. Dean looks over at Sam who is asleep. He picks up his flashlight and shines it on Sam's face. Sam wakes with a start.

“Where are we?” Sam questions.

“Well, we're not in Kansas anymore.” Dean chuckles. When there's no reaction his smile dies, and he replies, “Illinois.”

“And you think something's in there?” Sam asks looking at the building.

“I know it is.” Dean replies looking out the window.

Dean and Sam climb from the car and head into the building. Dean is back in the same room with the glass wall to the right. Dean and Sam are walking in, flashlight in Dean's hand.

“See? There's nothing here, Dean.” Sam says.

Dean starts walking down the hallway, same way as when he got attacked. Sam closely follows behind.

“Look, Y/n's gotta be worried sick about you, Dean. Come on, let- let's just go.” Sam tries.

There's a sound ad Dean shushes Sam, “Shh!”

There are more sounds and Sam finally starts to take it seriously. “What the hell is that?” Sam asks.

“Stay behind me and keep your mouth shut.” Dean replies.

Dean and Sam move into a larger room where they see bodies hanging from the ceiling before them. It's the same bodies Dean saw in his closet earlier. Hanging next to one of the bodies is a drained blood bag.

“What the hell?” Sam questions.

Dean looks further to the right, and he sees the woman he’s been seeing all through the past day, hanging like the bodies. They approach her and they see another blood bag next to her, filled with
blood. Her eyes are open, but she looks close to dead.

“It's her.” Dean mutters.

Sam looks at the bag and at her wrists that are tied, just like the others. She begins to moan and whimper.

“Dean, what's going on?” Sam asks.

“Shh!” Dean shushes him again and pulls him back. Dean watches as the Djinn comes out from behind a wall. As it walks up behind the woman, the guys have hidden.

“Where's my dad?” The woman sobs, “I won't tell ...” she continues to plead while looking at the Djinn, “Don't.” She moves her feet away from the Djinn. “Where's my dad.”

The Djinn touches her face and whispers, “Sleep.” The guys watch as some blue flares go over her cheek as he strokes her. The Djinn's eyes glow bright blue. Ahh he continues to whisper, “Sleep. ... Sleep.” Her head falls forward, eyes still open and her feet relax, falling forward again. The Djinn rests his face against her arms, touching her right arm and breathing heavily, eyes closed. He then goes for the blood bag, pulls out one straw and puts it to his mouth, drinking her blood.

Sam sees this and gags in disgust. The Djinn hears, and turns around right away; its eyes flash blue and he begins to move towards their hiding place. When he gets there, the guys are gone.

The Djinn begins searching for the guys, it walks up some creaky steps as Sam and Dean are standing below them, looking up, following his steps. When a door closes in the background Sam begins to breathe loudly.

“This is real? You're not crazy?” Sam questions.

“She didn't know where she was. She thought she was with her father.” Dean says thinking aloud.

Sam and Dean leave their hiding spot and walk up to the woman again.

“What if that's what the Djinn does? It doesn't grant you a wish, it just makes you think it has.” Dean continues talking.

“Look man. That thing could come back, all right?” Sam tries urging Dean to leave. Dean walks past Sam in the opposite direction of the woman. He looks up at a light bulb and it starts to flicker in brighter light. Dean starts to gag, having trouble breathing, in shock for starting to realize what's going on.

“Dean, please.” Sam pleads.

“What if I'm like her? What if I'm tied up in here some place? What if all this is in my head?” Dean questions breathing heavily. Dean walks back over to the woman, “I mean it could, you know, maybe it gives us some kind of supernatural acid, and then just feeds on us slow.”

“No. Dean, that doesn't make sense. OK?” Sam says.

“What if that's why she keeps appearing to me? She's not a spirit. It's - it's like more and more like I'm catching flashes of reality. You know, like I'm in here somewhere, and I'm - I'm catatonic, and I'm taking all this stuff in but I, but I can't snap out of it.” Dean continues muttering.
“Yeah, OK, look. Yeah, yeah, yeah, you're right. I was wrong. You're not crazy but we – we – we need to get out of here. Fast.” Sam tries again. He starts to pull Dean with him. Dean pulls his arm loose from Sam. Sam looks at him and throws his arms out like what?

“I don't think you're real.” Dean says.

Sam sucks in an agitated breath then grabs dean by the arms “Dude, you feel that? You feel this? I'm real. This is not an acid trip. I'm real, and that thing is gonna come down here and kill us for real. Now, please—”

“There's one way to be sure.” Dean replies pulling out the silver knife.

“Whoa, whoa, whoa. What are you doing?” Sam asks backing away.

“It's an old wives' tale. If you're about to die in a dream, you wake up.” Dean replies.

“No, no, no, no, no, no, no. That's crazy. All right?” Sam says.

“Maybe.” Dean replies with a determined look.

Sam starts walking slowly toward Dean, “You're gonna kill yourself—“ Dean holds out the knife and his other hand to stop Sam, “OK.”

“Or I'm gonna wake up. One or the other.” Dean argues.

“OK. This isn't a dream, all right. I'm here, with you, now. And you're about to kill yourself, Dean.” Sam tries.

“No, I'm pretty sure. Like, 90% sure. But I'm sure enough.” Dean replies turning the on himself. He takes both his hands to the handle, ready to thrust it into himself.

“WAIT!” Sam yells.

Suddenly Mary walks up next to Dean, in the same nightgown that she died in. Behind Sam, Y/n appears.

“Why'd you have to keep digging?” Sam pleads. Dean looks back at Mary as Y/f/n appears on his right side. “Why couldn't you have left well enough alone?” Dean looks around at the others, “You were happy.”

Mary comes up in front of Dean. “Put the knife down, honey,” She says.

“You're not real.” Dean replies with tears in his eyes, “None of it is.”

“It doesn't matter. It's still better than anything you had.” Mary answers.

“What?” Dean questions.

“It's everything you want. We're a family again. Let’s go home.” Mary answers.

Dean shakes his head, “I'll die.” He says voice breaking, “The Djinn'll... drain the life out of me in a couple of days.”

“But in here, with us, it'll feel like years. Like a lifetime.” Mary replies. Dean looks over at Sam who half-smiles and nods to him, “I promise.” She takes his chin in her hand, and he looks down on her, “No more pain.” She strokes his cheek, “Or fear. Just love and comfort. And safety. Dean, stay with
us.” Mary strokes his other cheek and he leans into her hand, closing his eyes, “Get some rest.”

“You don’t have to worry about Sam anymore.” Y/f/n says. Dean looks over at her, “You get to watch him live a full life.”

Mary steps away, and Y/n walks up to him, taking his face in her hands, kissing him. “We can have a future together. Have our own family. I love you, Dean. Please,” She says.

Sam walks up to him. “Why is it our job to save everyone? Haven't we done enough?” He asks echoing what Dean said earlier. “I'm begging you. Give me the knife.”

Dean looks at Y/n, Sam, and Mary with tears in his eyes. Then he backs away looking at the floor. He raises his head, looking at Sam.

Dean inhales sharply before he whispers, “I'm sorry.” He thrusts the knife into himself, and blood immediately comes out of his mouth.

“Dean! Dean! Dean.” Sam says. Sam walks up to Dean. The Sam saying ‘Dean’ is the real Sam. Dean is hanging from the ceiling like the other woman, eyes open. A blood bag hangs next to him.

“Oh God. Come on.” Y/n pleads shaking him, “Hey. Wake up. Wake up, damn it!”

Dean grunts a little. His eyes begin to focus on Sam.

“Hey. Hey.” Sam says.

“Ahh... Auntie Em. There's no place like home.” Dean mumbles.

“Thank God. I thought I lost you for a second.” Sam replies pulling out the tube in Dean's neck.

“You almost did.” Dean responds.

“Oh god.” Sam says breathing heavily, “Let's get you down.”

Y/n reaches up and starts to cut through the rope as Dean winces over the pain and grunts a little. Next to Sam two bright blue eyes appear in the shadows, and the Djinn comes out.

“Sam!” Dean calls.

Sam turns around, going to the Djinn with the knife. The Djinn has Sam for a moment, gets him to drop the knife. Dean tries to pull himself loose, pulling on the rope that Y/n is trying to cut through. The Djinn gets the upper hand on Sam, and is holding him by the throat. The Djinn's other hand is glowing blue, and he is moving it toward Sam's forehead, but Sam is struggling, pushing against his wrist and trying to stop him. The Djinn opens his fist and blue light begins to appear around his hand. When its hand is almost at Sam's forehead Y/f/n thrusts the knife into the back of the Djinn, turns it. The blue light leaves its eyes. It closes its eyes, its head rolls down, and when Y/f/n pulls out the knife, it falls to the ground dead.

Sam breathes heavily from being strangled and Dean doesn't look too good, pale and with red-rimmed eyes.

Dean walks up to the girl. He puts his hand to her neck, feeling for a pulse. A tear rolls down one of her cheeks.

“She's still alive!” Dean exclaims, “Sam...” Dean pulls out the tube in her neck as Sam cuts her rope. Dean catches her as she goes down. “I gotcha. I gotcha. We're gonna get you out of here, OK? I
gotcha.” The girl makes small wheezing sounds, “I got you.”

They help the girl to a hospital then head to the Motel. Dean is sitting on the edge of his bed, flipping through a magazine.

“OK, uh, thank you so much for the update. OK, bye.” Sam says hanging up his phone.

“That was Y/f/n at the hospital. Girl's been stabilized. Good chance she's gonna pull through.” Sam says sitting on the opposite bed.

“That's good.” Dean replies.

“Yeah.” Sam responds. There is a beat before he talks again, “How 'bout you? You all right?”

Dean clears his throat before answering, “Yeah, I'm all right.” He pauses as he thinks over is fantasy, “You should have seen it, Sam. Our lives. You were such a wussy.”

“So we didn't get along then, huh?” Sam chuckles.

“Nah.” Dean replies.

“Yeah... I thought it was supposed to, to be this perfect fantasy.” Sam comments.

“It wasn't. It was just a wish. I wished for Mom to live. That Mom never died, we never went hunting and you and me just never uh... you know.” Dean says.

“Yeah. Well, I'm glad we do. And I'm glad you dug yourself out, Dean. Most people wouldn't've had the strength, would have just stayed.” Sam replies.

“Yeah... Lucky me. I gotta tell you though, man. You know, you had Y/f/n. Mom was gonna have grandkids...” Dean says.

“Y/f/n?” Sam asks shocked. Before growing quiet as he thought of her that way. He smiled a bit before shaking his head and continuing, “Yeah, but... Dean... it wasn't real.”

“I know. But I wanted to stay.” Dean replies looking sad and lost. “I wanted to stay so bad. I mean, ever since Dad... all I c-- all I can think about is how much this job's cost us.” There is a pause, “We've lost so much. We've... sacrificed so much.”

“But people are alive because of you.” Sam replies. Dean scoffs so he continues, “It's worth it, Dean. It is. It's not fair, and... you know, it hurts like hell, but... it's worth it.”

Dean, looks at his brother, then down again, sadly.
Hey guys I know it's been awhile since I've updated life got crazy but thank you all for waiting patiently...

Dean pulls the Impala up outside the Sunnyside diner and as Sam goes to open the door. Dean calls out to him, “Hey, don’t forget the extra onions this time, huh?”

“Dude, We’re the ones whose gonna have to ride in the car with your extra onions.” Sam replies taking the money Dean is holding out to him. Dean grins and Sam gets out of the car, sighing.

“Hey, see if they’ve got any pie.” Dean says. Glaring, Sam shuts the door. “Bring me some pie!” Dean yells again before muttering to himself, “I love me some pie.”

Dean watches Sam go into the café and talk to the waiter. The radio in the car becomes staticky, and He glances at it curiously. Y/n and Y/f/n watch as Dean fiddles with it, but it turns off completely. When they look back up, the inside of the café is empty. No waiter, no Sam. The three burst into the café guns drawn. Country music is playing, one customer at a booth is dead, face down in a puddle of blood.

“Sam?” Y/n calls walking towards the Kitchen. Dean paces forward and looks around. He finds that the employees are also dead, with their throats slit. Dean goes around to the back door and opens it looking around outside.

“Anything?” Y/n asks coming back from the kitchen. Y/f/n shakes her head as she returns from the bathrooms.

“Sam?!” Dean calls out the back door. Noticing something on the door Dean reaches out and touches it before bringing his hand closer. “Sulfur,” He breathes out before turning and racing out the front door, heading back to the car. Y/n and Y/f/n close behind.

“Sam! Sammy!” He yells there is no response.

“Sam? Sam!” Y/n screams into the rain.

“SAAAAAM!” Y/f/n screams.

Sam’s eyes snap open in unfamiliar surroundings. He is lying on the ground in the middle of a deserted town, a few abandoned buildings line the street. Standing and pulling out his phone he glances around at the buildings, looking back at his phone he realizes there is no cell reception. Putting his phone back in his pocket he begins to search the town. Most of the buildings are broken down or locked from the outside. Hearing a creaking noise nearby, Sam grabs a plank of wood, ready to fight, when Andy Gallagher turns the corner. Sam brandishes the plank, and Andy jumps back, startled.
“Andy?” Sam questions.

“Sam! What are you doing here?” Andy asks.

“I don’t know.” Sam replies.

“What am I doing here?!” Andy inquires.

“I don’t know.” Sam repeats.

“Where are we?!” Andy asks beginning to panic.

“Andy, look, calm down.” Sam says soothingly.

“I can’t calm down! I just woke up in freaking Frontierland!” Andy snaps.

“What’s the last thing you remember?” Sam questions.

“Honestly? My fourth bong load. It was weird. All of a sudden, there was this really intense smell. Like, uh…” Andy says trying to think of the word.

“Like sulfur?” Sam asks.

“How did you know that?” Andy asks.

“Dean.” Sam says remembering something.

“Your, your brother – is he here?” Andy asks, “What about your hot friends? They here?”

“I don’t know where they are. I don’t know if they’re…” Sam begins but is cut off by a woman screaming in the distance. They approach the building where the screams are coming from. The woman is locked inside, banging on the door for help.

“Hello?” Sam calls.

“Help me! Help me, please!” The woman calls back banging on the door.

“Okay, I’m here. We’re gonna get you out, all right? Just hold on a second.” Sam says through the door.

“Please!” The woman screams.

Sam grabs a large rock and smashes the padlock on the door.

“All right, one second.” Sam says as he grabs the padlock to pull it off the door.

“Please!” The woman pleads

Sam unlocks the door and Ava Wilson tumbles out.

“Ava?” Sam inquires.

“Oh my God! Sam!” She sobs giving him a gigantic hug.

“So, I guess you guys know each other.” Andy says watching the interaction.

“Yeah.” Sam replies.
“How did you—I mean, how did you—” Ava begins.

“Ava, have you been here this whole time?” Sam asks.

“What whole time? I just woke up in there, like, a half an hour ago.” Ava replies.

“Well, you’ve been gone for five months. My brother, friends, and I have been looking for you everywhere.” Sam replies.

“Okay, that’s impossible, because I saw you two days ago.” Ava retorts.

“You didn’t. I’m sorry.” Sam replies.

“But… that makes no sense. That’s not—oh my God! My fiancée, Brady! If I’ve been missing for that long, he must be freaking out!” Ava says beginning to panic again.

“Well…” Sam begins.

“Oh!” Ava says noticing Andy for the first time she looks at him confused.

“Hey. Andy. Also freaking out.” Andy says by way of introduction.

“Okay. What’s happening?” Ava asks turning back to Sam.

“I, uh, uh, I don’t really know yet. But I know one thing: I know what the three of us have in common.” Sam replies.

Suddenly, they hear a man’s voice, calling from the distance, “Hello? Is anybody there?”

“Maybe more than three.” Sam says starting towards the voice. They run to the side of another building and find a man standing with another girl.

“Hello? Hey! Hey, you guys all right?” Sam asks.

“I think so.” The man replies.

“I’m Sam.” Sam says introducing himself.

“I’m Jake.” The man says.

“Lily.” The girl replies.

“Are there any more of you?” Sam asks.

“No,” Jake replies looking at the others in Sam’s group.

“How did we even get here? A minute ago, I was in San Diego,” Lily questions.

“Well, if it makes you feel any better, I went to sleep last night in Afghanistan.” Jake replies.

“Let me take a wild guess, you two are both twenty-three? We all are. And we all have abilities.” Sam comments.

“What?” Jake asks.

“It started a little over a year ago? You found you could do things? Things you didn’t think were possible?” Sam asks when they both nod he continues, “I have visions. I see things before they
“Yeah. Me, too.” Ava says.

“Yeah, and I can put thoughts into people’s heads. Like, make them do stuff. But don’t worry, it, I don’t think it works on you guys.” Andy says starting to climb the steps. Then excitedly he turns back to Sam, “Oh, but get this — I’ve been practicing. Training my brain, like meditation. So now, it’s not just thoughts I can beam out, but images, too. Like, anything I want. Bam! People, they see it. This one guy I know – total dick, right? I used it on him: gay porn. All hours of the day.” He chuckles, “It was just like … you should have seen the look on his face.” The other four look unamused, at best, disgusted at worst. “Uh…okay.”

“So, you go, Simon says give me your wallet, and they do?” Lily asks Andy. Then she looks at Sam, “You have visions? That’s great! I’d kill for something like that.”

“Lily, listen, it’s okay—” Sam begins.


“And what, we don’t?” Jake asks.

“You know what, don’t talk to me like that, not right—” Lily begins getting angry.

“Hey, guys, please. Look, whether we like it or not, we’re all here, and so we all have to deal with this.” Sam says being the voice of reason.

“Who brought us here?” Andy asks.

“It’s less of a who. It’s … more of a what.” Sam replies looking over at Ava.

“What does that mean?” Ava asks.

Sam pauses thinking over if he should answer with the truth or not “It’s a …” He scoffs, “it’s a demon.” Lily huffs out a breath of disgust.

On a highway near the last place Sam was seen, Bobby, Y/n, Y/n, and Dean are parked on the side of the road, poring over a map.

“This is it. All demonic signs and omens over the past month,” Bobby says.

“Are you joking? There’s nothing here.” Dean accuses.

“Exactly.” Bobby replies.

“Well, come on, there’s gotta be something. What about the, the, the normal, low-level stuff? You know, exorcisms, that kind of thing?” Dean inquires.

“That’s what I’m telling you, there’s nothing. It’s completely quiet.” Bobby replies.

“Well, how are we supposed to look for Sam? What, do we just close our eyes and point?” Dean snaps.

“Dean, calm down we’ll find him,” Y/n says.
Dean goes to retort but is interrupted by his phone ringing. “Ash, what do you got?”

“Okay, listen, it’s a big negatory on Sam—” Ash begins.

“Oh, come on, man! You’ve gotta give us something. We’re looking at a three thousand-mile haystack here.” Dean barks.

“Listen, Dean. I did find something.” Ash replies calmly.

“Well, what?” Dean asks.

“I can’t talk over this line, Dean.” Ash replies.

“Come on, I don’t have time for this!” Dean growls.

“Make time, okay? Because this—” Ash stops as a customer walks by, and says to the customer “What’s up? What’s going on?” The customer passes by, and Ash goes back to Dean, “Not only does this almost definitely help you find your brother, this is, ah, it’s huge. So get here. Now.” He snaps before hanging up the phone.

Dean looks at the others after hanging up the phone, “I guess we’re going to the Roadhouse. Come on.” He says walking around to the driver’s side and climbing in. Y/n climbs in the passenger side while Y/l/n climbs in the back both mentally preparing for what’s to come.

“So, we’re soldiers in a demon war to bring on the Apocalypse?” Jake asks.

“When you put it like that—” Sam begins.

“And, and we’ve been picked?” Jake inquires.

“Yes,” Sam answers simply.

“Why us?” Jake questions.

“I’m not sure, okay? But look, I just know—” Sam begins before he is cut off again.

This time by Ava, “Sam, I’m sorry. Psychics and spoon-bending is one thing, but demons?”

“Look, I know it sounds crazy, but—” Sam starts.

“It doesn’t just sound it.” Jake comments.

“I don’t really care what you think, okay? If we’re all gathered here together, then that means it’s starting and that we’ve gotta—” Sam snaps.

“The only thing I’ve gotta do is stay away from wackjobs, okay? I’ve heard enough. I’m better off on my own. FYI, so are you.” Jake argues before walking away.

“Jake, hold on. Jake!” Sam says trying to get him to stop.

Jake ignores him and continues walking until he is alone in the town. Suddenly, he sees a young blonde girl standing inside one of the buildings. She stares at him through the door, then vanishes. Jake follows her, entering the abandoned schoolroom.

“Hello?” Jake calls. The girl can be heard giggling somewhere in the room. “It’s all right. Don’t be scared. Are you lost?” there is no answer so he calls again, “Hello?” Jake hears screeching coming
from the chalkboard. He turns to look at it, and the words ‘I will not kill’ are written over and over again on the board. The girl appears in the room, laughing. Her nails grow to form claws, and her face contorts. “Get back!” Jake yells.

Sam suddenly enters the building, grabbing an iron poker and hitting the girl with it. She dissolves into a cloud of black smoke, which exits the schoolroom. The other three join Jake and Sam.

“Just so you know? That was a demon.” Sam huffs out.

“Now, that thing –” Sam says leaving the building, “I’m not sure, but I think it was an Acheri. A demon that disguises itself as a little girl. That still doesn’t tell us where we are. Andy, are you with me or what?”

Stunned Andy replies, “Give me a minute. I’m still working through, Demons are real.”

The group keeps walking and they stop in front of a large, rusty bell hanging from a wooden structure.

“I’ve seen that bell before. I think I know where we are now, Cold Oak, South Dakota. A town so haunted, every single resident fled.” Sam says looking at the bell.

“Swell. Good to know we’re somewhere so historical.” Ava sasses.

“Why in the world would that demon or whatever put us here?” Lily asks.

“I’m wondering the same thing.” Sam replies.

“You know what? It doesn’t matter. Clearly, the only sane thing to do here is get the hell out of Dodge.” Lily says turning and starting to walk away.

“Wait, hold on. Lily, the only way out is through miles of woods.” Sam replies.

“Beats hanging out with demons.” Lilly responds.

“Lily, look, we don’t know what’s going on yet. I mean, we don’t even know how many of them are out there right now.” Sam tries.

“Yeah, he’s right. We should—” Jake begins.

Don’t say we! I’m not part of we. I have nothing in common with any of you.” Lily snaps turning and pointing her finger at Jake.

“Okay, look, I know—” Sam begins.

“You don’t know anything!” Lilly screams. She looks at Sam tears gathering in her eyes, “I accidentally touched my girlfriend.” The rest of them look around, stunned.

“I’m sorry.” Sam murmurs.

“Whatever. I feel like I’m in a nightmare, and it just keeps getting worse and worse.” Lily replies.

“I’ve lost people, too. I have a brother and friends out there right now that could be dead, for all I know. We’re all in bad shape. But I’m telling you, the best way out of this is to stick together.” Sam replies.

“Fine.” Lily concedes. Sam nods, and the group continues looking around the town.
“We’re looking for iron, silver, salt — any kind of weapon.” Sam says walking towards a building.

“Salt is a weapon?” Jake asks.

“It’s a brave new world.” Sam replies.

“Well, hopefully there’s food in your world, because I’m frickin’ starving.” Andy comments as they enter another building. Lily looks like she is about to follow, but stays behind. She wanders off on her own, away from the group.

Bobby drops his truck off at his house and from there they begin the journey to the Roadhouse. As Dean turns the corner to the Roadhouse they look upon the sight that greets them, the entire building has burned to the ground.

“What the hell?” Dean mutters. The four hunters get out of the car and begin walking among the debris. Every single part of the Roadhouse has been destroyed.

“Oh my God,” Y/f/n breaths looking around at the rubble.

“Oh, my God.” Bobby echoes.

“You see Ellen?” Dean asks.

“No. No Ash, either.” Y/n calls from somewhere near where the pool tables stood.

Dean suddenly bends down and sees Ash’s watch in the pile of rubble. He pulls on it and sees it is still attached to Ash’s very burnt corpse.

“Oh, Ash, damn it!” Dean exclaims.

Lily is walking in the woods, trying to find a way out, when she suddenly hears the little girl giggling. She continues walking, trying to ignore it. Sam is searching one of the abandoned houses. He finds a knife and picks it up. He turns back to Ava, who is massaging her head.

“Hey, you all right?” Sam asks.

“Yeah, I’m just…I don’t know, a little dizzy.” Ava replies.

“Are you sure it’s not some kind of—” Sam begins.

“What? Some kind of freaky vision thing? No, more like I’d kill for a sandwich. I haven’t eaten since…well, who knows? No, don’t worry. I’m fine. Except for every single thing that’s happening.” Ava retorts.

“You guys! I found something!” Andy’s voice calls from Ava outside. Sam and Ava join the two men. Andy is holding up two bags. “Salt!” He exclaims happily.

“That’s great, Andy. Now, we all can…where’s Lily?” Sam asks looking around.

“Lily?” Ava calls.

“Lily!” Sam yells. They suddenly hear the little girl giggling nearby. The four of them walk outside. At the top of a water tower, Lily is hanging from a noose.

“Oh, my God! Okay, that’s officially—Sam, she’s dead! She’s dead! You said we were chosen for a reason. That is not chosen! That’s killed! Okay, we have to get out of here.” Ava says beginning to
panic.

“Stop,” Sam says.

“Yeah, I second that emotion,” Andy says eyes not leaving Lily.

“Not sure that’s an option.” Jake comments.

“What?” Ava inquires.

“Lily was trying to leave. The demon’s not gonna let us get away that easy. We’ve gotta gear up for the next attack.” Sam answers.

“Oh, gear up?” Ava asks.

“Yeah,” Sam replies.

“Okay, well, I’m not a soldier. I can’t do that!” Ava responds.

“Well, if you wanna stay alive, you’re gonna have to,” Sam retorts looking at Ava. He looks back at Lily one more time before turning back, “Let’s go.”

“I’ll get her down.” Jake says.

“You know, I was just thinking about how much Dean and Y/n would help right now. I’d give my arm for a working phone.” Sam says.

“You know, you may not need one. I’ve never tried it long-distance before, but do you have anything of Dean’s on you? Like, something he touched?” Andy says realizing something.

Sam searches his pockets pulling out a piece of paper, “Uh…I’ve got a receipt. Would that work?” Sam asks.

“Yeah.” Andy replies. He looks at the signature on the receipt then back up to Sam, “D. Hasselhoff?”

“Yeah, that’s Dean’s signature,” Sam says, “It’s hard to explain.”

“All right.” Andy replies not questioning it further as he begins to concentrate.

“This is…” Bobby begins before trailing off.

“What the hell did Ash know? We’ve got no way of knowing where Ellen is. Or if she’s even alive. We’ve got no clue what Ash was gonna tell us. Now, how the hell are we gonna find Sam?” Dean growls.

“We’ll find him.” Y/f/n says confidently.

Suddenly, Dean clutches his head in pain.

“Dean?” Bobby asks. Dean groans and doubles over, Y/n rushes to his side to keep him held up. He sees an image of the Cold Oak bell very quickly. “What was that?”

“I don’t know. A headache?” Dean replies.

“You get headaches like that a lot?” Bobby asks.
“No. Must be the stress,” Dean replies with a chuckle, “I could have sworn I saw something.”

“What do you mean? Like a vision? Like what Sam gets?” Bobby asks.

“What? No!” Dean exclaims.

“I’m just saying,” Bobby replies.

“Come on, I’m not some psychic,” Dean grumbles.

Suddenly, the vision comes back. Dean falls against the car in pain. He sees another image, this time of Sam.

“Dean? Dean! Are you with me?” Bobby asks.


“So, It was a vision,” Y/n says.

“Yeah. I don’t know how, but yeah. Whew. That was about as fun as getting kicked in the jewels,” Dean says breathing heavily.

“What else did you see?” Bobby asks.

“Uh… there was a bell,” Dean replies.

“What kind of bell?” Y/f/n asks.

“Like a big bell with some kind of engraving on it, I don’t know,” Dean replies.

“Engraving?” Bobby asks.

“Yeah.” Dean replies.

“Was it a tree? Like, an oak tree?” Bobby asks.

“Yeah, exactly.” Dean replies.

“I know where Sam is,” Bobby announces.

Jake and Sam are in a barn, trying to break some of the iron bars off one of the machines. Jake, however, grabs one of the bars and rips it off with his bare hands. Sam stares at him, stunned.

“I’m not Superman or anything. It’s no big deal.” Jake says.

“You were in Afghanistan when this started?” Sam asks.

“Yeah, I started getting headaches. And then there was this accident. This guy flipped his vehicle on a bad road. He got pinned underneath. I lifted it off him like it was nothing. Everybody said it was a fluke adrenaline thing.” Jake replies.

“But then you did it again, right?” Sam questions.

“Bench-pressed 800 pounds, stone-cold calm. I never told anybody, of course. It was just too crazy.” Jake replies.

“Yeah. Crazy’s relative.” Sam comments.
“I’m starting to get that.” Jake replies.

“Yeah.” Sam nods.

“By the way, I appreciate what you’re doing here.” Jake replies.

“What am I doing?” Sam asks.

“Keeping calm. Keeping them calm. Especially considering how freaked to hell you really are. I’ve been in some deep crap before myself. I know the look.” Jake responds.

After a long pause Sam finally answers, “You wanna know the truth? I got this brother, right? And he’s always telling me how he’s gonna watch out for me, how everything’s gonna be okay. You know, kind of like I’ve been telling them.”

“Yeah?” Jake says.

“I don’t know if I believe it this time. I mean, the size of what’s coming – it’s bigger than anyone has ever seen. I mean, it’s gonna get bad. And I don’t know if—” Sam says trailing off.

“If we’re gonna make it? It doesn’t matter if we believe it. Only matters that they do.” Jake replies.

They leave the barn and head to one of the houses that is in better shape. Sam and Ava begin lining the doors and windows with salt.

“My horoscope said I shouldn’t have gotten out of bed.” Ava scoffs, “How you doing? Holding up?”

“I’m okay. What about you?” Sam replies.

“Not so okay. Why us, Sam? What did we do to deserve this?” Ava inquires.

“Just lucky, I guess.” Sam replies.

“If it wasn’t for bad luck, we’d have no luck at all. I just can’t wait for this all to be over so I can just pretend it never happened. I just wanna curl up with Brady and watch bad TV.” Ava says. She notices Sam shift uncomfortably so asks, “What is it? Sam … do you know something that I don’t?”

“Look, Ava… I’m sorry. I wish I didn’t have to tell you this.” Sam replies.

“Tell me what?” Ava questions.

“When the demon broke into your house to take you…your fiancée didn’t make it. I’m sorry.” Sam replies.

“No, that’s…no!” Ava begins to cry and Sam holds her.

That night, the entire group is sitting in one room, silent. Sam is struggling to stay awake, closing his eyes every so often. Suddenly, in the corner of the room, he sees The Yellow-eyed Demon.

“Jake! Behind you!” Sam yells but Jake doesn’t hear him.

“Howdy, Sam.” Yellow eyes says.

“I’m dreaming.” Sam concludes.
“What do you say you and I take a little walk?” Yellow eyes replies.

The Yellow-eyed Demon leads Sam outside, in Sam's dream.

“You’re awfully quiet, Sam. You’re not mad at me, are you?” Yellow eyes asks.

“I’m gonna tear you to shreds, I swear to—” Sam begins.

Yellow eyes cuts him off with a chuckle. “When you wake up, tiger, you give it your best shot,” He says.

“Where’s my brother? My friends?” Sam asks.

“Quit worrying about Dean and the other two. I’d worry more about yourself.” Yellow eyes replies.

“Why? You gonna kill me?” Sam asks.

“I’m trying to help you. That’s why we’re talking. You’re the one I’m rooting for.” Yellow eyes responds.

“What’s that supposed to mean?” Sam demands.

“Welcome to the Miss America pageant. Why do you think you’re here? This is a competition. Only one of you crazy kids is gonna make it out of here alive.” Yellow eyes reveals.

“I thought we were supposed to be—” Sam begins.

“Soldiers in a coming war? That’s true. You are. But here’s the thing, I don’t need soldiers. I need soldier. I just need the one.” Yellow eyes interrupts.

“Why?” Sam questions.

“Well, I couldn’t just come out and say that, could I, Sam? I had to let everyone think they had a fighting chance. But what I need ... is a leader.” Yellow eyes responds.

“To lead who?” Sam asks.

“Oh, I’ve already got my army. Or, I will soon, anyway.” Yellow eyes replies.

“You son of a bitch.” Sam snaps.

“Honestly, I’m surprised you hadn’t guessed. I mean, why do you think so many children flamed out already? Max Miller and Andy’s brother, what’s-his-name? They weren’t strong enough. I’m looking for the best and brightest of your generation.” Yellow eyes replies.

“My generation?” Sam asks.

“Well, there’s other generations, but let’s just worry about yours. That’s why I’m here, Sam. I wanna give you the inside track. You’re tough. You’re smart. You’re well-trained, thanks to your daddy. Sam – Sammy – you’re my favorite.” Yellow eyes retorts.

“You ruined my life. You killed everyone I love.” Sam growls.

“The cost of doing business, I’m afraid. I mean, sweet little Jessica – she just had to die. You were all set to marry that little blonde thing, become a tax lawyer with two kids, a beer gut, and a little McMansion in the suburbs. I needed you sharp, on the road, honing your skills. Your gifts. Besides
“What about my mom?” Sam asks.

“That was bad luck.” Yellow eyes responds.

“Bad luck?” Sam scoffs.

“She walked in on us. Wrong place, wrong time.” Yellow eyes replies.

“What does that mean?” Sam asks.

“It wasn’t about her. It was about you. It’s always been about you.” Yellow eyes answers.

“What?” Sam asks.

The demon watches Sam for a moment then smiles, “Well…okay. You caught me in a charitable mood. I’ll show you.” The demon snaps his fingers, and he and Sam are suddenly in Sam’s nursery, back on the night Mary died. “Look familiar? It should.” Sam watches his six-month-old self crying in his crib, while the Yellow-Eyed Demon from the past stands over him all those years ago. “Relax, Sam, this is just a hi-def instant replay. Enjoy the show.” Mary enters the room, looking tired.

“John?” She asks.

“Mom!” Sam yells.

“Is he hungry?” She asks.

“Shh.” The past yellow eyed demon hushes her.

“Okay,” She says then leaves.

“Wait, Mom. Mom!” Sam tries.

“What did I just tell you, Sam? She can’t hear you. This isn’t real.” Present Yellow eyes says.

They watch as the past yellow eyes slices his own wrist with his nail. He drips some of the blood onto Baby Sam’s mouth.

“What the hell are you doing to me?” Sam asks.

“Better than mother’s milk.” Yellow eyes replies.

“Does this mean I have demon blood in me?” Sam asks. The demon chuckles in response so Sam demands, “Answer me!”

Mary suddenly rushes back into the room. The past demon turns to her, revealing his colored eyes.

“It’s you.” Mary says.

“She knew you.” Sam gasps.

Mary begins to walk closer, but the past demon forces her against the wall. They watch as she slowly moves up the wall, until she is pinned to the ceiling.

“No!” Sam screams as Mary continues her slide upward. “No!”

“I don’t think you wanna see the rest of this.” Yellow eyes says. He snaps his fingers again and Sam jolts awake in the abandoned South Dakota house with Andy and Jake in front of him.

“Sam, wake up! Ava’s missing.” Jake says.

Jake and Sam head outside to look for Ava. “I’ll take the barn and the hotel. You take the houses.” Jake says.

“All right. Meet back here in ten minutes, okay?” Sam asks.

“Okay.” Jake replies.

Sam begins his walk to the other houses. Ava peeks her head out from around the corner, but Sam doesn’t see her. Andy has stayed back at the abandoned building. Pacing the room he turns, Ava is standing in the room with him. She drags her finger along the salt on the windowsill, breaking the line.

“Ava, where’d you go? Didn’t you hear us yelling?” Andy asks.

“Yeah, I heard you.” Ava replies turning away from the window. She stares at him a moment, then puts her hands to her head in concentration. A cloud of black demon smoke appears outside the window. Since the salt line has been broken, it is able to enter the room through the window.

“What are you doing?” Andy asks. The smoke suddenly materializes into the demonic little girl. “Holy…” The demon girl knocks him down and wastes no time in killing him. He screams in pain, as his blood splatters everywhere until he is completely dead. Ava watches his corpse for a second, amused, then begins screaming.

Outside, Sam hears Ava screaming and hurries inside. He sees her crying, pointing at Andy’s body.

“Sam! I just found him like this!” Ava exclaims.

“What happened?” Sam asks.

“I don’t know!” Ava replies.

“How’d that thing get in? Where were you?” Sam questions.

“I just went to get some water from the well. I was only gone maybe, like, two minutes!” Ava cries.

“You shouldn’t have gone outside. Ava, we have to stay in here—” Sam says. Sam notices the salt on the window. “Who did that?”

“I don’t know, maybe Andy—” Ava begins.

“Andy wouldn’t do that. Ava, that line wasn’t broken when I left. Ava.” Sam says cutting her off.

“What? You don’t think that I—” Ava asks.

“I’ll tell you what I think five months. You’re the only one with all that time you can’t account for. And that headache you got? Right when the demon got Lily.” Sam replies.

“What are you trying to say?” Ava inquires.

“What happened to you?” Sam demands.
“Nothing!” Ava yells. Sam stares her down until a minute later, she drops the act, and laughs a little. “Had you going though, didn’t I?” Ava asks wiping her eyes, “Yeah. I’ve been here a long time. And not alone, either. People just keep showing up. Children, like us. Batches of three or four at a time.”

“You killed them? All of them?” Sam asks.

“I’m the undefeated heavyweight champ.” Ava replies with a smile.

“Oh, my God.” Sam mutters.

“Don’t think God has much to do with this, Sam.” Ava comments.

“How could you?” Sam asks.

“I had no choice. It's me or them. After a while, it was easy. It was even kind of fun. I just stopped fighting it.” Ava replies.

“Fighting what?” Sam questions.

“Who we are, Sam. If you’d just quit your hand-wringing and open yourself up, you have no idea what you can do. The learning curve is so fast, it’s crazy, the switches that just flip in your brain,” Ava says with a laugh, “I can’t believe I started out just having dreams. Do you know what I can do now?”

“Control demons.” Sam replies.

“Ah, you are quick on the draw,” Ava responds putting her hands to her head, “Yeah, I’m sorry, Sam. But, it’s over.”

The cloud of black smoke returns to the window. Just as it is about to enter, Jake comes from behind Ava and twists her neck, killing her instantly. The demonic smoke leaves the window and disappears.

Outside, near the edge of the woods, Bobby, Y/f/n, Y/n and Dean pull up in the Impala.

“Well, it looks like the rest of the way’s on foot.” Bobby says.

They open the trunk and grab guns.

“Let’s go.” Dean says.

Back at the building, Sam and Jake leave and head outside.

“I think we can make it out of here now.” Sam says.

“But the Acheri demon…” Jake responds.

“No, no, no. Ava was summoning it, controlling it. It shouldn’t come back now that she’s dead. We gotta go.” Sam replies.

“Not we, Sam. Only one of us is getting out of here. I, I’m sorry.” Jake responds.

“What?” Sam asks.

“I had a vision. That Yellow-Eyed Demon or whatever it was, he talked to me. He told me how it
“was.” Jake replies.

“No, Jake, listen. You can’t listen to him.” Sam pleads.

“S-Sam, he’s not letting us go. Only one. Now, if we don’t play along, he’ll kill us both. Now, I-I like you, man. I do. But do the math here. What good’s it do for both of us to die? Now, I can get out of here. I get close to the demon, I can kill the bastard.” Jake replies.

“You come with me, we can kill him together.” Sam responds.

“How do I know you won’t turn on me?” Jake asks.

“I won’t.” Sam answers pleadingly.

“I don’t know that.” Jake replies.

“Okay, look.” Sam say pulling out his knife to show Jake, and he places it on the ground. “Just come with me, Jake. Don’t do this. Don’t play into what it wants.” After a pause, Jake places his weapon on the ground as well. Sam sighs in relief, “Okay.”

Out of nowhere, Jake punches him. With his super-strength, Sam goes flying across the field and crashes onto the ground. Jake approaches, kicking down the fence and leaning over Sam.

Sam is on the ground, winded, and Jake and Sam watch each other as Jake approaches. As Jake suddenly makes a fast approach to kick Sam, Sam kicks out himself. The two men exchange blows with Sam on the ground. Sam then pushes himself up. Each land multiple blows, one blow hits Sam's right arm and shoulder with a bone-crunching sound, knocking him down again. He gets up quickly although clearly in pain. Jake approaches and swings at Sam, but Sam ducks out of the way and Jake's punch goes through a wooden railing, temporarily holding him. Sam kneels him several times, then kicks him down. As Jake lies there, winded, Sam picks up the iron bar that Jake was using and knocks him out. Sam approaches the unconscious Jake, considering, and lifts the bar as if to strike – he hesitates a moment, then tosses the bar to the ground. As he tosses it aside, he hears from a distance Dean calling his name as it starts to rain.

“Sam!” Dean shouts.

Sam hears his brother, and turns toward him, still clutching his arm, and nearly staggering with exhaustion. He sees Dean, Y/n, Y/f/n, and Bobby approaching, with flashlights, towards him. They walk toward each other, in the rain.

“Dean!” Sam calls in relief and happiness.

Jake wakes up and grabs the knife that Sam had placed on the ground.

Seeing what is happening Y/f/n screams, “Sam, look out!” before they pick up the pace rushing toward Sam. But it is too late. Jake stabs the knife right through Sam’s back. Dean takes off running for them. Y/f/n and Y/n following close behind.

“No!” Dean yells.

Jake twists the knife, creating a massive wound, before running away. Sam, gasping, falls to his knees. While Bobby and Y/n chase after Jake, Dean slides to the ground in front of Sam. Y/f/n kneels in the dirt next to him. Dean grabs at Sam’s clothing, trying to keep him conscious.

“No, Sam!” Dean says as tear begin to roll down Y/f/n’s cheeks. Sam falls forward onto Dean’s
shoulder. “Whoa, whoa, whoa, Sam. Sam! Hey! Hey, hey. Come here. Let me look at you.” He places his hand on the wound in Sam’s back, covering his entire palm in blood. “Hey, look at me. It’s not even that bad. It’s not even that bad, all right? Sammy? Sam!” Dean is holding Sam, looking at him, and Sam's head is wobbling. “Hey, listen to me. We’re gonna patch you up, okay? You’ll be good as new. Huh? I’m gonna take care of you. I’m gonna take you care of you. I’ve got you. That’s my job, right? Watch out for my pain-in-the-ass little brother?” Dean touches his brother's face. “Sam? Sam! Sam! Sammy!” Sam’s eyes slide shut and his entire body slumps forward. “No. No, no, no, no, no, no. Oh, God. Oh, God.” With tears streaming down his face, Dean rocks Sam in his arms as he dies. “Sam!” He yells.
In an old cabin somewhere in South Dakota, Sam’s body lies on the bed. Dean is standing in the doorway, looking at Sam. Y/f/n is on her knees beside Sam’s head.

“Dean? Y/f/n? Brought you this back.” Bobby says as he and Y/n walk in.

“No, thanks. I'm fine.” Dean replies.

“You should eat something.” Y/n tries.

“I said I'm fine.” Dean snaps. Y/n walks into the other room head hung as Dean takes a swig from a bottle of whiskey.

“Dean she’s only trying to look out for you... I hate to bring this up, I really do. But don't you think maybe it's time... we bury Sam?” Bobby replies.

“No,” Dean responds shortly.

“We could maybe...” Bobby sighs.


“I want you to come with me. All of you.” Bobby says.

“I'm not going anywhere.” Dean replies.

“Dean, please.” Bobby pleads.

“Would you cut me some slack?” Dean demands.

“I just don't think you should be alone, that's all, any of ya. I gotta admit, I could use your help.” Bobby tries again. Dean snorts in response. “Something big is going down – end-of-the-world big.”

“Well, then let it end!” Dean screams.

“You don't mean that,” Bobby replies.

Dean stands and gets in Bobby’s face, “You don't think so? Huh? You Don’t think I've given enough? You don't think I've paid enough? I'm done with it. All of it. And if you know what's good for you, you'd turn around, and get the hell out of here.” Dean demands. Bobby stands there, shaking his head. “Go!” Dean yells shoving Bobby.
Dean pauses the says contritely “I’m sorry. I’m sorry. Please, just go.”

“You know where I'll be,” Bobby says heading out the door with a sigh. Dean swallows hard, and looks at Sam's body; a tear falls from his eye.

Jake is sitting in a campsite with a fire burning. He is dozing off but awakes suddenly to see the Yellow Eyed Demon standing in front of him.

“Howdy, Jake.” Yellow eyes says.

“I'm—I'm dreaming, aren't I?” Jake asks.

“I got a genius on my hands.” Yellow eyes mutter to himself. “Well congratulations, Jake. You're it —last man standing. The American Idol. I have to admit; you weren't the horse I was bettin' on, but still, I gotta give it to you.”

“Go... to hell.” Jake replies.

“Been there. Done that.” Yellow eyes respond.

“Everything you put me through—dragging me to that place, making me kill those people...” Jake says.

“All part of the beauty pageant. Jake, I needed the strongest, and that's you.” Yellow eyes replies.

“Needed me for what?” Jake inquires.

“Oh, I got a laundry list of tasty things for you.” Yellow eyes retorts.

“The only thing I'm gonna do is wake up, hunt you down, and kill you myself.” Jake replies.

“You know, others have tried. It's not easy. Trust me, Jake. You want to be a good little soldier here.” Yellow eyes responds.

“And if I'm not?” Jake questions.

“If you're a bad little soldier, well, that dear old mom of yours, that adorable little sister ... I'll make certain that they both live long enough to know the chewy taste of their own intestines.” Yellow eyes answers. He pauses for effect then continues, “No, Jake. I'm not bluffing.”

“What do you want me to do?” Jake questions.

“Like I said – genius.” Yellow eyes responds.

Y/n had finally fallen asleep and was moved to the couch. Dean moved to sit next to Sam, “You know when we were little— and you couldn't been more than 5— you just started asking questions. How come we didn't have a mom? Why do we always have to move around? Where'd Dad go when he'd take off for days at a time? I remember I begged you, Quit asking, Sammy. Man, you don't want to know. I just wanted you to be a kid... Just for a little while longer. I always tried to protect you... Keep you safe... Dad didn't even have to tell me. It was just always my responsibility, you know? It's like I had one job... I had one job... And I screwed it up.” Dean says as Y/n listens from the doorway. He pauses, “I blew it. And for that, I'm sorry.” Dean wipes tears from his face, “I guess that's what I do. I let down the people I love. I let Dad down. And now I guess I'm just supposed to let you down, too. How can I? How am I supposed to live with that?” Dean starts to cry, “What am I supposed to do? Sammy. God. What am I supposed to do?” Dean inhales sharply, “WHAT AM I
SUPPOSED TO DO?!” He yells. Y/n drops to her knees beside him and wraps her arms around his shoulders allowing him to cry into her neck. Dean cries for a few more minutes before standing and wiping the tears from his eyes.

“Dean whatever you’re thinking please don’t do it.” Y/n pleads still on the floor next to Sam.

“I’m gonna let you down now too,” Dean replies walking out the door.

Dean drives recklessly down a dirt road, looking pale and determined. He stops on the side of the road and puts several items into a box, including a fake photo ID of himself. He buries the box in the middle of the crossroads and stands, waiting. Several seconds pass in silence, as Dean looks right and left.

“Oh come on already. Show your face, you bitch!” He yells. Suddenly, a beautiful woman in a black dress appears.

“Easy sugar, you'll wake the neighbors.” She says her red eyes flashing, “Dean. It is so, so good to see you.” She inhales sharply, “I mean it. Look at you. Gone and got your family killed. All alone in the world. It's too sweet. Excuse me; you're gonna have to give me a moment.” She walks to Dean, face to face, close. “Sometimes you gotta stop and smell the roses.”

“I should send you straight back to hell,” Dean growls.

“Oh, you should. But you won't. And I know why,” The Demon replies.

“Oh yeah?” Dean inquires.

“Yeah. Following in Daddy's footsteps. You wanna make a deal. Little Sammy back from the dead, and—let me guess— you're offering up your own soul?” The demon replies.

“There are a hundred other demons who'd love to get their hands on it. And it's all yours. All you got to do is bring Sam back. And give me ten years— ten years, and then you come for me.” Dean says.

“You must be joking.” The demon scoffs.

“That's the same deal you give everybody else,” Dean says.

“You're not everybody else.” She replies moving closer to Dean she whispers in his ear, “Why would I want to give you anything? Keep your gutter soul. It's too tarnished, anyway.”

“Nine years.” Dean nods trying to bargain.

“No.” The demon replies.

“Eight.” Dean counters.

“You keep going; I'll keep saying no,” The demon says with a laugh.

“Okay, five years. Five years and my bill comes due. That's my last offer— five years or no deal.” Dean tries.

The demon leans in as if for a kiss then says, “Then no deal.”

“Fine.” Dean replies.

“Fine.” The demon says to walk away. As she does, she calls over her shoulder, “Make sure you
bury Sam before he starts stinking up the joint.”

“Wait,” Dean says her words causing him to flinch.

“It's a fire sale, and everything must go.” The demon says softly to herself.

“What do I have to do?” Dean pleads.

“First of all, quit groveling. Needy guys are such a turnoff,” She sighs. “Look... Look, I shouldn't be doing this. I could get in a lot of trouble. But what can I say? I got a blind spot for you, Dean. You're like a... puppy. You're just too fun to play with.” She sighs again, “I'll do it.”

“You'll bring him back?” Dean asks hopefully.

“I will. And because I'm such a saint, I'll give you one year, and one year only. But here's the thing. If you try and welch or weasel your way out, then the deal is off. Sam drops dead. He's back to rotten meat in no time. So... It's a better deal than your dad ever got. What do you say?” She asks. Dean grabs the demon and kisses her to seal the deal.

Back at the cabin, Sam’s eyes snap open wide, and he sits up on the mattress, looking around, confused, and breathing heavily. Sam climbs from the bed and moves to another room.

“Sam,” Y/f/n breaths seeing he’s alive. She scrambles up from the table and rushes to him. Throwing herself into his arms, she sobs into his chest. “Oh god you’re ok, you're ok, oh god.” Sam pulls her closer and hugs her tight, before pulling her away.

“I’m ok,” He says smiling at her. The moment is broken by Y/n coming back in the cabin.

“Uh…Did I interrupt something?” She asks.

“Yes,” Y/f/n replies.

“Well too bad.” Y/n retorts.

Sam moves to another room and stands in front of a mirror, examining his back, wincing, with a look of pain. There is a scar from where the knife was stabbed into his spine. In the other room, the door opens, and Dean enters the room.

“Sammy?” Dean calls, “Thank God.”

“Hey,” Sam says shuffling into the room. Dean pulls Sam into a tight hug. “Owww. Uh, Dean...”

“I’m sorry. I'm sorry, man.” Dean says, releasing Sam and stepping back, “I'm just... I'm just happy to see you up and around; that's all.” Sam nods, looking puzzled. “Come on, sit down.” Dean urges gesturing toward the couch where Y/n is sitting, eyeing Dean.

“Dean, can I talk to you for a second outside?” Y/n asks standing from the table.

“Uh.. can it wai--..”Dean begins.

“Now,” Y/n replies.

“Uh yeah, yeah, ok,” Dean says walking out the door with Y/n behind him, closing the door with a snap.

“Wha-” Dean begins but is cut off by Y/n punching him.
“What the hell were you thinking?” Y/n grounds out.

“He’s my brother,” Dean says pleading with her to understand.

“Dammit Dean,” Y/n begins slapping him, “How long did you get?”

“Y/n stop,” Dean pleads holding his hands up to block her attacks,

“How long did you get?” She continues

“Stop. STOP!” He growls grabbing her arms and holding them down by her sides, “A year ok?”

“Damn you, Dean Winchester,” Y/n sobs jerking out of his grasp and walking into the woods. Dean stands rubbing the back of his neck and watching where she went debating on going after her after a moment he heads back into the house.

“Where’s Y/n?” Y/f/n asks as Dean sits at the table.

“She went for a walk,” Dean replies.

“Okay. Dean... what happened to me?” Sam asks as Y/f/n sits next to him.

“Well, what do you remember?” Dean inquires.

“I-I saw you, Y/n, Y/f/n, and Bobby, and... I felt this pain. This sharp pain, like... white-hot, you know, and then you started running at me, and... that's about it.” Sam replies.

“Yeah, that— that kid, stabbed you in the back. You lost a lot of blood, you know.... It was pretty touch and go for awhile.” Dean explained.

“But Dean, you can't— you can't patch up a wound that bad,” Sam argues.

“No, Bobby could. Who was that kid, anyway?” Dean says changing the subject.

“His name's Jake. Did you get him?” Sam asks.

“No, he disappeared into the woods,” Y/n replies stepping back into the cabin.

“We got to find him, Guys. And I swear I'm gonna tear that son of a bitch apart.” Sam growls standing up with Dean and the others following suit.

“Whoa, whoa, whoa. Easy, Van Damme. You just woke up, all right? Let's get you something to eat. Huh? You want something to eat?” Dean asks. Sam nods a yes and Dean continues, “I'm starving. Come on.”

Dean and the others head to the kitchen. Dean stands near the table while the others sit to eat. Sam finishes telling the story of what happened at Cold Oak while they eat.

“And that's when you guys showed up.” Sam finishes.

“That's awful. Poor Andy.” Dean replies.

“Man, I liked Andy,” Y/f/n huffs.

“The demon said he only wanted one of us to walk out alive,” Sam informs.

“He told you that?” Y/n asks.
“Yep.” Sam scoffs, “He appeared in a dream.”

“He tell you anything else?” Dean asks.

Sam shakes his head, “No. No. That was it. Nothing else. You know, what I don't get, Dean, is if the demon only wanted one of us, then how did Jake and I both get away?” He asks.

“Well, I mean, they left you for dead. I'm sure they thought it was over.” Dean replies taking a large bite of pizza and turning away, “So now that Yellow Eyes has Jake, what's he gonna do with him?”

“I don't know. But whatever it is, we got to stop him.” Sam replies.

“Well, hold on. You need to get your rest. We got time.” Dean says.

“No, we don't,” Sam argues.

“Sam, oceans aren't boiling, okay? Frogs aren't raining from the sky. Let's get you your strength back first.” Dean pleads.

“Well did you call the Roadhouse? They know anything?” Sam asks.

“Yeah. We did,” Y/n says while Dean looks away.

“Guys... what is it?” Sam asks looking between the two.

“The roadhouse burned to the ground. Ash is dead. Probably Ellen— a lot of other hunters, too.” Dean replies sitting down at the table.

“Demons?” Sam asks tears in his eyes.

“Yeah, we think so. We think because Ash found something.” Dean replies.

“What did he find?” Sam asks.

“We don’t know,” Y/n replies.

“Bobby's working on that right now.” Dean adds.

“Well, come on then. Bobby's only a few hours away.” Sam responds starting to stand.

Dean also stands and grabs Sam by the shoulders. “Whoa, whoa, whoa. Stop, Sam, stop! Damn it. You almost died in there. I mean, what would I 've — can't you just take care of yourself for a little bit, huh? Just for a little bit?” Dean pleads.

“I'm sorry. No.” Sam replies. Dean shakes his head, but the four hunters head to the Impala.

Sam knocks on Bobby’s door. Bobby opens the door and looks at Sam with astonishment.

“Hey, Bobby,” Dean says. He looks at Bobby and looks away again almost immediately.

“Hey, Bobby,” Sam says.

“Sam. It's good to... see you up and around.” Bobby replies.

“Yeah ... thanks for patching me up.” Sam says. He pats Bobby on the shoulder and walks past him into the house.
“Don't mention it,” Bobby replies. Dean and the others follow. Bobby looks at Dean hard, vibrating with unspoken emotion.

“Well, Sam's better. And we're back in it now, so... what do you know?” Dean says stiffly. Sam looks at Dean curiously.

Bobby leads them through to the living room, and they stand around a table.

“Well, I found something. But I'm not sure what the hell it means.” Bobby says.

“What is it?” Sam asks.

“Demonic omens... like a fricking tidal wave. Cattle deaths. Lightning storms. They skyrocketed from out of nowhere. Here.” He says pointing to Wyoming on a map. “All around here, except for one place... Southern Wyoming.”

“Wyoming?” Dean asks.

“Yeah. That one area's totally clean – spotless. It's almost as if...” Bobby trails off looking around at everyone.

“What?” Sam asks.

“The demons are surrounding it.” Bobby finishes.

“But you don't know why?” Dean asks.

“No, and by this point, my eyes are swimming. Sam, would you and Y/n take a look at it? Maybe you could catch something I couldn't.” Bobby asks.

“Yeah, sure,” Sam replies. Y/n nods and they begin looking over what Bobby found.

“Come on, Dean, Y/n. I got some more books in the truck. Help me lug 'em in.” Bobby says jerking his head.

“Yeah.” Dean replies.

“Sure, Bobby,” Y/n says following.

Bobby leads Dean and Y/n out into the Junkyard, and they begin to walk around. Finally, Bobby stops and turns to face them.

“You stupid asses! Which one of you did it?” Dean looks away, and Y/n shakes her head, “What did you do?” Bobby asks looking at Dean. Dean refuses to meet his gaze. “What did you do?!” He pushes Dean.

“He made a deal...” Y/n spoke up, and both men turned to her, “For Sam.”

“How long did they give you?” Bobby questions.

“Bobby,” Dean pleads.

“How long?!” Bobby demands.

“One year.” Dean replies.
“Damn it, Dean,” Bobby growls.

“Which is why we gotta find this yellow-eyed son of a bitch. That's why I'm gonna kill him myself. I mean, I got nothing to lose now, right?” Dean replies looking to Y/n then Bobby.

“I could throttle you!” Bobby says grabbing Dean by the collar.

“What, and send me downstairs ahead of schedule? Dean jokes.

Bobby lets go of Dean then asks, “What is it with you Winchesters, huh? You, your dad. You're both just itching to throw yourselves down the pit.”

“That's my point. Dad brought me back, Bobby. I'm not even supposed to be here. At least this way, something good could come out of it, you know? I--I--It's like my life could mean something.” Dean replies tearfully.

“What? And it didn't before?! Have you got that low of an opinion of yourself? Are you that screwed in the head?!” Bobby demands grabbing Dean again.

“I couldn't let him die, Bobby. I couldn't. He's my brother.” Dean replies choking up.

“How is your brother gonna feel when he knows you're going to hell? How'd you feel when you knew your dad went for you? You gonna put that girl through the pain of losing you?” Bobby asks pointing at Y/n who's eyes have started to water.

“You can't tell him. You take a shot at me, whatever you got to do, but please don't tell him.” Dean pleads looking at Y/n then Bobby.

Bobby begins to cry, grabbing Dean's chin. Suddenly there is a clank from a distant part of the junkyard. Bobby, Y/n, and Dean crawl to the side of a car and grab the intruder. Once they have her by the shoulders, they recognize her as Ellen.

“Ellen?” Dean asks. Ellen nods then starts to cry, “Ellen. Oh, God.” Dean says pulling her into a hug.

Bobby leads the four back to the house. Y/n sits Ellen at the table in the kitchen. Bobby sits across from her and pours her a shot of liquid from a flask and pushes it towards her.

“Bobby, is this really necessary?” Ellen asks.

“Just a belt of Holy Water. Shouldn't hurt.” Bobby replies.

She lifts the shot glass to her mouth and swallows the water. “Whiskey now, if you don't mind.” She says pushing the glass back across the table.

“Ellen, what happened? How'd you get out?” Dean asks.

“I wasn't supposed to. I was supposed to be in there with everybody else.” Ellen scoffs, “But we ran out of pretzels, of all things. It was just dumb luck.” She drinks the whiskey Bobby poured for her and exhales sharply, “Anyway, that's when Ash called. Panic in his voice.” She sighs before continuing, “He told me to look in the safe. Then the call cut out. By the time I got back, the flames were sky-high. And everybody was dead. I couldn't have been gone more than fifteen minutes.”

“Sorry, Ellen,” Sam says.

“A lot of good people died in there. And I got to live.” Ellen scoffs tearing up, “Lucky me.”
“Ellen, you mentioned a safe.” Bobby pushes.

“A hidden safe we keep in the basement.” Ellen replies.

“Demons get what was in it?” Y/f/n asks.

“No,” Ellen replies. She pulls out a map from her pocket, unfolding it and setting it down on the table. It has several black lines, and X’s on it.

“Wyoming. What does that mean?” Dean asks pointing to the lines.

Bobby goes to his den and pulls down several books. “I don’t believe it,” He mutters setting a large book on a table.

“What? You got something?” Sam asks stepping away from his own stack of books.

“A lot more than that.” Bobby replies, “Each of these X’s” He points to the marks on the map, “Is an abandoned frontier church— all mid-19th century. And all of them built by Samuel Colt.”

“Samuel Colt— the demon-killing, gun making Samuel Colt?” Dean inquires.

“Yep. And there's more. He built private railway lines” Bobby says pointing to the black lines on the map, “connecting church to church. It just happens to lay out like this.” He connects the points on the map until the shape of a star is made.

“Tell me that's not what I think it is.” Dean mutters.

“It's a Devil's Trap. A 100-square mile Devil's Trap.” Sam realizes.

“That's awesome. Iron lines demons can't cross.” Y/n says looking over the map.

“I've never heard of anything that massive.” Ellen comments.

“No one has,” Bobby replies.

“And after all these years none of the lines are broken? I mean, it still works?” Dean inquires.


“How do you know?” Dean questions.

“All those omens Bobby found. I mean the demons, they must be circling, and they can't get in,” Sam responds.

“Yeah, well... they're trying,” Bobby replies.


“That's what I've been looking for. And, uh, there's nothing except an old cowboy cemetery right in the middle.” Dean says pointing to the direct center of the devils trap.

“Well, what's so important about a cemetery or... what's Colt trying to protect?” Sam asks.

“Well, unless ...” Dean begins.

“Unless what?” Bobby asks.
“What if Colt wasn't trying to keep the demons out? What if he was trying to keep something in?” Y/n asks.

“Now that's a comforting thought.” Ellen comments.

“Yeah, you think?” Dean deadpans.

“Could they do it, Bobby? Could they get inside?” Sam inquires.

“This thing's so powerful; you'd practically need an A-bomb to destroy it. No way a full-blood demon gets across.” Bobby replies.

“No.” Sam concedes. He thinks for a moment then realizes, “But I know who could.”

Jake pulls onto a backroad and parks his car in front of a railroad track. He gets out of the car and looks around. After a few moments, Jake turns around and sees the Yellow Eyed Demon standing behind him.

“Howdy, Jake. So, did you have a nice trip?” Yellow eyes asks.

“I'm here. I did what you asked. Now, what?” Jake demands.

“Fifty miles, thataway.” Yellow eyes says pointing across the tracks, “There's a cemetery. A crypt. You got to open that for me. Think you can manage that, sport?”


“Oh, I can't. I can't go that way— not yet.” Yellow eyes replies.

“Why not?” Jake asks.

“I just can't. But if you're gonna open that crypt for me, you're gonna need a key.” Yellow eyes answers. He pulls the Colt from his jacket pocket and holds it in the air.

“A gun?” Jake asks.

“Oh, this isn't just any gun, Jake. This is the only gun in the whole universe that can shoot me dead.” Yellow eyes answers pointing the gun to his head.

“Is that so?” Jake asks.

“Yep. Here, take it.” Yellow eyes replies. He hands the Colt over to Jake, who cocks the gun and aims it at him, “Oh, my. I'm shocked at this unforeseen turn of events. Go ahead, Jake. Squeeze that trigger. Be all you can be. This'll all be over. Your life can go back to normal. Of course, the Army won't take you back 'cause you're AWOL. But I'm sure you could get your old job at the factory back. But then, on the other hand, the rest of your life, and your family's could be money and honey, health and wealth, every day is ice-cream sundae. And all you got to do is this one little thing.”

“Why me?” Jake asks gun still pointed at the demons head.

“Oh, Jake. It's got to be you. I've been waiting for you for a very long time. You're my leader. You open that crypt, and you will have your army.” Yellow eyes replies.

“You're talking about the end of the world,” Jake argues.
“No, not the end— the beginning... a better world, where your family will be protected. More than that. They'll be royalty. Buddy boy, you have the chance to get in on the ground floor of a thrilling opportunity. Whaddya say? It's your call.” Yellow eyes replies. Jake lowers the gun as he thinks it over. “Attababy.”

Jake makes his way toward the cemetary arriving as night falls. The cemetary gate opens as Jake enters, walking towards a crypt. Dean and the others already hidden throughout the cemetery. Dean is standing behind a large tomb, a gun in hand.

“Howdy, Jake,” Sam says stepping from the shadows behind Jake.

Bobby, Y/l/n, Y/n, Dean, and Ellen appear from the shadows, guns raised, aimed at Jake.

“Wait... you were dead. I killed you.” Jake says looking at Sam.

“Yeah? Well next time, finish the job.” Sam grunts.

“I did! I cut clean through your spinal cord, man.” Jake reveals. Sam glances at Dean, who lowers his eyes briefly, “You can't be alive. You can't be.”

“Okay, just take it real easy there, son,” Bobby replies.

“And if I don't?” Jake questions.

“Wait and see,” Sam replies.

“What, you a tough guy all of a sudden? What are you gonna do— kill me?” Jake asks.

“It's a thought,” Sam replies.

“You had your chance. You couldn't.” Jake goads.

“I won't make that mistake twice.” Sam retorts.

Jake begins to laugh.

“What are you smiling at, you little bitch?” Dean growls.

“Hey Lady, do me a favor. Put that gun to your head.” Jake replies looking at Ellen. Ellen shakily points her gun at her temple. “See that Ava girl was right. Once you give into it, there're all sorts of new Jedi mind tricks you can learn.”

“Let her go.” Sam demands.

“Shoot him,” Ellen demands voice shaky.

“You'll be mopping up skull before you get a shot off,” Jake replies. He looks at Sam then back to Ellen. “Everybody, put your guns down. Except you, sweetheart.” Bobby, Y/n, and Y/l/n drop their guns. Dean looks back at Ellen before lowering his gun slowly then dropping it. Sam is the last to drop his holding his hands up in surrender before he does. “Okay. Thank you.”

Jake turns around and pulls the Colt out of his pocket. While he is inserting it into the crypt, Dean and Bobby grab Ellen before she can shoot herself just as Sam shoots Jake four times in the back. Jake falls to the ground, and Sam walks to stand over him.

“Please... don't. Please.” Jake says gasping for breath.
Sam shoots Jake three more times in the chest. Blood spatters onto his face. Ellen and Bobby walk past Sam, with Bobby staring at him hard. Dean and the others walk over to look at Jake, then Sam, who wipes the blood from his face. The six hunters look over to the crypt as two separate engravings on the crypt spin in different directions, then stop.

“Oh, no,” Bobby says looking the doors up and down.

“Bobby, what is it?” Ellen asks.

“It's hell,” Bobby replies. Dean walks forward and pulls the Colt from the Crypt. “Take cover—now!” Bobby demands as he turns to run. Dean and Sam pull the two girls behind tombstones, while Bobby and Ellen hunker down behind one as well when the doors to the crypt burst open. A large black mass erupts from the other side and shoots outward. Black demon smoke continues to pour from the crypt, with individual trails of smoke harrying off in different directions.

“What the hell just happened?!” Dean yells.

“That's a devil's gate. A door to hell.” Ellen replies loud enough for the others to hear.

“Shit,” Y/n mutters.

The railway iron is bent in two and a pair of legs crossing, while a black demon smoke trail goes out the other way.

“Come on! We gotta shut that gate!” Ellen yells. She and Bobby and Y/l/n and Sam rush to the door to try closing it. Dean starts but stops and checks the Colt for bullets.

“If the demon gave this to Jake... then maybe...” He begins. Thunder crashes and the Yellow-Eyed Demon appears behind Dean. Dean takes aim with the colt, but the Yellow-eyed demon flings the Colt out of Dean's hand and into his own. Dean looks astonished.

“Boys shouldn't play with Daddy's guns.” Yellow eyes states. He throws Dean into the air, where Dean hits his head on a tombstone and lies there, stunned. He turns toward Y/n who was moving toward the demon and flings his hand out sending her flying through the air crashing into Dean.

Bobby, Ellen, Y/l/n, and Sam are struggling to close the crypt door. Sam looks over and sees Dean and Y/n down. He looks up and sees the demon who looks at Sam and smiles.

“Dean!” Sam yells. He lets go of the gate door and runs toward his brother leaving Y/l/n to help Bobby and Ellen close the doors.

Throwing Sam against a tree yellow eyes says to him, “I'll get to you in a minute, champ. But I'm proud of you—knew you had it in you.” Dean is struggling upright with help from Y/n. The demon throws him against a post. And her to another tombstone. “Sit a spell. So, Dean... I gotta thank you. You see, demons can't resurrect people unless a deal is made. I know, red tape— it'll make you nuts. But thanks to you, Sammy's back in rotation.” Yellow eyes laughs. “Now, I wasn't counting on that, but I'm glad. I liked him better than Jake, anyhow. Tell me— have you ever heard the expression, 'If a deal sounds too good to be true, it probably is?'

“You call that deal good?” Dean questions.

“Well, it's a better shake than your dad ever got. And you never wondered why? I'm surprised at you. I mean...” The Demon taunts approaching Dean to speak to him face-to-face, “you saw what your brother just did to Jake, right? That was pretty cold, wasn't it?” the demon chuckled before continuing, “How certain are you that what you brought back, is 100%, pure, Sam?” Sam, watches
on, looking horrified. Not only is black demon smoke leaving the Devils gate but now ghosts are also walking. Yellow eyes laughs then continues talking, “You of all people should know, that's what's dead, should stay dead. Anyway... thanks a bunch. I knew I kept you alive for some reason. Until now, anyway. I couldn't have done it without your pathetic, self-loathing, self-destructive desire to sacrifice yourself for your family.”

As the Yellow-Eyed Demon cocks the Colt and aims it at Dean, John’s ghost grabs the demon from behind pulling the Demon from the body it was possessing. The body the demon possessed falls to the ground, the gun still in hand, while John and the cloud of smoke that is the Demon wrestle. The demon pushes him to the ground and enters the body once more. When he stands up, Dean is pointing the Colt at him and shoots him in the heart. There is an orange light through the demon’s body before it falls to the ground, dead.

Sam and Y/n are released from where the demon had them pinned as Bobby, Y/fl/n, and Ellen finally close the gate doors and turn to see John as he stands from the ground. Dean stands up and faces his dad. John walks forward, and smiles at Dean, putting his hand on Dean's shoulder. Both men are teary as Sam approaches. Dean and John both look at Sam and John and Sam nod at each other. With another look at Dean, John steps back and disappears into white light. Dean and Sam look at each other.

Dean, Y/n, Y/fl/n, and Sam stand over the demon's body, astonished.

“Well, check that off the to-do list,” Dean says chuckling a little.

“You did it,” Sam says.

“I didn't do it alone,” Dean replies looking around at the others.

“Do you think Dad really... do you think he really climbed outta hell?” Sam asks looking over at the devil’s gate.

“The door was open. If anyone's stubborn enough to do it... it would be him,” Dean answers.

“Where do you think he is now?” Sam asks.

“I don't know,” Dean replies with a shake of his head.

“I, kind of, can't believe it, Dean. I mean... our whole lives, everything... has been prepping for this, and now I...” Sam says chuckling, “I kind of don't know what to say.”

“I do.” Dean says leaning closer to the body, “That was for our mom... you son of a bitch.”

Sam and Y/fl/n turn and head back to the Impala, walking closer together than they normally would have.

“Huh,” Dean responds looking at the two with a smile, “Attaboy Sammy.”

As Dean opens the door to the car Sam looks over the top at him, “You know, when Jake saw me... it was like he saw a ghost.” He says. Dean stops and shuts the door to stand next to Sam and hear him. Sam scoffs before continuing, “I mean, hell, you heard him, Dean. He said he killed me.”

“Glad he was wrong.” Dean replies.

“I don't think he was, Dean.” Sam replies looking over at Dean, “What happened? After I was stabbed?”
“I already told you,” Dean replies defensively.

“Not everything,” Sam replies.

“Sam, we just killed the demon. Can we celebrate for a minute?” Dean asks.

“Did I die?” Sam asks.

“Oh, come on,” Dean complains.

“Did you sell your soul for me, like Dad did for you?” Sam asks.

“Oh, come on! No!” Dean lies.

“Tell me the truth,” Sam says still looking at Dean. Dean sniffs but says nothing, “Dean, tell me the truth.”

“Sam...” Dean begins the stops and chuckles.

“How long do you get?” Sam asks voice breaking.

“Dean, tell him he has a right to know,” Y/n says softly.

“One year.” Dean replies looking up at Sam. Sam nods, tears in his eyes. “I got one year.”

“You shouldn't've done that. How could you do that?” Sam asks.

“Don't get mad at me. Don't you do that? I had to. I had to look out for you. That's my job,” Dean yells.

“And what do you think my job is?” Sam asks.

“What?” Dean questions confused.

“You've saved my life over and over. I mean, you sacrifice everything for me. Don't you think I'd do the same for you? You're my big brother. There's nothing I wouldn't do for you. And I don't care what it takes; I'm gonna get you out of this. Guess I gotta save your ass for a change.” Sam says.

“Yeah,” Dean replies softly.

“Well... Yellow-Eyed Demon might be dead. But a lot more got through that gate.” Ellen says as she approaches.

“How many you think?” Dean asks.

“Hundred. Maybe two hundred. It's an army. He's unleashed an army.” Sam replies.

“Hope to hell you boys are ready. 'Cause the war has just begun.” Bobby says to the two brothers.

“Well, then ...” Dean says with a smile. Dean and the others go around to the trunk of the Impala. Dean opens the trunk and throws the Colt inside, “... we got work to do.” He says slamming the trunk.