

HANDS AGAINST THE SKY
A Supernatural Spin-Off

Episode #101

"Pilot"

Written by

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Based on: The CW's Supernatural

TEASER

FADE IN:

INT. CAR - DAWN

CLAIRE NOVAK sits in the passenger seat in a Catholic school uniform, picking at her nails, hiding behind a sheet of blond hair. A backpack rests at her feet.

AMELIA NOVAK (V.O.)

Claire, honey, I'm worried. I'm just not sure this is the best idea, going back so soon. I think we'd both feel a lot better if you saw someone, got some help. I know it can be hard sometimes, but it's okay to ask for help when you need it. Claire, are you listening?

Claire squeezes her eyes shut.

INT./EXT. HWY 92 - PICKUP TRUCK - DAWN

The car jolts to a stop.

TRUCKER (O.S.)

You listening? I said we're here.
Hey, you okay, kid?

Claire's eyes flick upwards. Her gaze is fierce. No more hiding.

The TRUCKER faces her, one hand resting on the steering wheel, the other hovering near her shoulder.

Before he can finish the motion, Claire pulls a wad of bills from her jeans and slides it between his fingers.

The driver draws back.

CLAIRE

Thanks for the ride.

She leans to grab her bag, and notices a string of Enochian symbols tattooed on the trucker's forearm.

She opens the door and slips out into the early morning fog. Overhead, a sign reads: ILLINOIS - MISSOURI BORDER.

The door slams shut, obscuring Claire from view.

(CONTINUED)

TRUCKER

You gonna be okay, miss? I know you
said just to the border, but I
don't mind taking you a ways
further. Miss?

The trucker leans out the window. The highway seems
deserted...

A blond streak fills the side-view mirror - Claire rushes
the trucker!

A brief struggle ensues between them.

A blinding FLASH OF LIGHT erupts from the window. We hear a
thunk followed by squealing tires.

END OF TEASER - CUE TITLE CARD

ACT ONE

INT./EXT. VICTOR ROGERS' HOUSE - CONWAY SPRINGS, KANSAS -
DAWN

A handsome, blue-gray house sits on the corner of a suburban
street.

The front door is open; a shadowy figure flits by from
within.

Across the lawn out front sits a BLUE 1997 ACURA INTEGRA
SEDAN, trunk open. A police scanner hooked up to the dash
crackles to life.

Inside, KRISSY CHAMBERS, 18, dances around the living room
with a can of gasoline, soaking the floor. She wears a pair
of headphones, music on full blast, ponytail whipping
through the air as she rocks out to the beat.

The voice on the scanner cuts through the music, and she
stops, panting and listening hard.

POLICE OFFICER (O.S.)

We've got a DB out on Hwy 92, eyes
burnt out of his sockets. Code 215,
heading due west from the Illinois
border. Requesting backup.

Krissy swats the headphones down to her neck.

She glares at a large, faded bloodstain on the floor.

She dumps the last of the tank extra hard over it.

(CONTINUED)

She tosses the gas can aside and grabs two duffel bags sitting by the door.

She flicks a lighter, holding it out in front of her. She hesitates. In the glow of the lighter, her eyes are bloodshot and shine with tears.

Her gaze flickers over to two bodies covered by a sheet.

She chucks the lighter into the middle of the room.

The fire beginning to blaze behind her, she drives off into the night.

INT. DINER - ADELAIDE, SOUTH AUSTRALIA - DAY

Booths flank the front wall of the diner, afternoon sunshine streaming through the windows. The interior is bright with color, beachy blues and greens with cream accents.

Impervious to the cheery atmosphere, JESSE TURNER, 14 and on the cusp of a growth spurt, sits in a booth by himself. He looks drawn and slightly feverish. He traces the outline of a surfboard drawn on a napkin. Beside it sits money for his half-drunk cup of coffee.

In the right corner over the bar, a flatscreen TV features a news program on low volume. From the corner of his eye, Jesse reads the captions:

TELEVISION CAPTIONS

...VARIOUS OASIS-LIKE ENVIRONMENTS WHICH HAVE SPRUNG UP ACROSS THE OUTBACK. THE BUREAU OF METEOROLOGY HAS RELEASED A STATEMENT ADVISING CITIZENS NOT TO APPROACH THESE AREAS. IN THE MEANTIME, SCIENTISTS ARE STILL WORKING TO EXPLAIN THE METEOR SHOWER ITSELF. COMING UP NEXT, THE POPULATION SPIKE - JUST WHO ARE THESE INDIVIDUALS AND DO THEY POSE A THREAT?

The screen cuts from the speaking anchor to several shots of men and women in tattered suits, causing commotions in various locations.

The diner door tinkles as it opens. A couple enters, looking around. They approach a WAITRESS, who points across the way to Jesse. The couple turns, smiling; their eyes go black - DEMONS.

A muted CRASH - the coffee mug has smashed on the floor. Jesse's booth is empty.

EXT. PLAYGROUND - WINCHESTER, MISSOURI - DUSK

A group of TEENAGE BOYS loiter around a swing set.

Jesse appears out of thin air, pitching forward onto his hands and knees.

Startled, the boys run off.

Jesse pushes himself up, breathing hard. He looks around in confusion.

JESSE

Guess I'm out of practice...

He stands with a grimace, touching his ear. When he removes his hand, blood glistens on his fingers.

He looks over in the direction the boys ran. Not so far in the distance he spots a small town suffering from a partial power outage.

EXT. HWY 92 - CRIME SCENE - DAY

The Integra approaches the roped-off crime scene on the otherwise deserted highway.

DETECTIVES stand clustered to one side of the caution tape while a FORENSICS TEAM scuttles around the trucker's body, snapping photos and collecting samples.

Krissy lobs a chip bag stuffed with napkins out the window. It lands outside the caution tape near the detectives.

The detectives pay little attention to it.

Krissy watches from the rear-view mirror, grinning.

KRISSY

Suckers.

Taped deep inside to the napkins, an electronic bug blinks red.

Krissy drives a ways down the road, then pulls over behind some trees.

INT. INTEGRA - DAY

From inside the armrest, she pulls out a set of collapsible headphones which she plugs into an audio surveillance receiver.

The muted tones of a conversation back at the crime scene crackle from the speaker.

Krissy cranks the volume.

DETECTIVE (O.S.)

...We won't know much until the autopsy report comes in, but from what we can tell, it's like the guy was burned alive from the inside out. His eyes were melted out of his sockets, his tongue and throat completely charred. As you can see from the outside, there's no bullet wounds, bruising or any sort of lacerations. And there's nothing in the surrounding area to suggest a struggle. Hopefully we'll learn more once we ID the body.

Krissy rips the headphones from the jack and tosses everything back into the armrest.

KRISSY

Gotcha.

Her gaze trails down to a few items strewn across the passenger seat: a leather journal embossed with the word "Grimoire" on the cover, and a bunch of Polaroids. She gathers the photos and looks them over; they feature her and fellow hunters AIDAN and JOSEPHINE.

Her lip trembles. She gives herself a light slap on the face, and stuffs the pictures into the glove compartment.

INT/EXT. ABANDONED BARN - NIGHT

Beside a small unpainted barn, a black rooster has fallen from its perch, feathers strewn everywhere. Claire picks one up, twisting it between her fingers as she surveys the barn from the doorway.

On the far side, moonlight streams in where a portion of the roof has collapsed. The wood remaining is charred.

Claire moves to inspect it.

(CONTINUED)

INSIDE

A FALLEN ANGEL lies dead in the wreckage, the silhouette of her wings burnt into the ground.

Claire crouches beside the corpse, and retrieves an angel blade from somewhere amid the tattered clothing.

She touches the tip of the blade to her finger, drawing blood.

CLAIRE

Did it hurt when you fell from
Heaven? (Beat.) I hope so.

She lies down beside the angel, settling herself in the hay.

She stares long and hard at the angel's crumpled form, then rolls over to her other side.

She sighs, at last letting the tension leave her body. She looks up at the ceiling.

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. NOVAK RESIDENCE/CLAIRE'S BEDROOM - DAY

SUPER: PONTIAC, ILLINOIS - ONE WEEK AGO

The bedroom is color-coordinated to soft hues of blue and mostly tidy exempting some clothing that didn't quite make the hamper.

Textbooks, notebooks and gel pens litter the bedspread. A Bible sits on the nightstand, the yellowing pages made colorful by a copious number of post-it page markers; on top of it, two prescription bottles.

On the windowsill, a small collection of lighthouses. The window looks out on the backyard where a tree swing hangs from a large oak.

Claire sits at her desk, typing on a laptop. She is creating a fake missing persons profile of her father, JIMMY NOVAK.

She switches windows and continues typing complicated codes onto a preceding string, hacking into a local missing persons database.

She hears footsteps coming up the stairs and slams the computer shut before flinging herself onto the bed. She hastily opens up her Latin homework.

(CONTINUED)

AMELIA NOVAK sticks her head in the door. She looks tired, but she smiles at her daughter all the same.

AMELIA
There's my little Einstein.

Claire forces herself to smile too.

AMELIA
I just thought I'd check in again.
How're you doing, Claire-bear?

CLAIRE
Fine.

AMELIA
Are you sure? Do you need any help?

CLAIRE
No. I'm fine on my own.

AMELIA
Claire, honey, maybe we should go
back to the doctor's --

CLAIRE
I said I'm fine, Mom! I don't need
to see a doctor.

Amelia moves aside some of the notebooks and sits beside Claire. She strokes her hair.

AMELIA
Have you taken your medication
today?

Claire looks away.

Amelia reaches for the pill bottles on the nightstand. She taps out the right amount from each, and offers them over.

Claire ignores her.

AMELIA
Sweetheart, you need to take your
meds. Don't you want to feel
better?

CLAIRE
You want me to feel better.

AMELIA

I'm afraid for you.

CLAIRE

No, you're afraid of me. Of the "voices," of what you try to pretend didn't happen! You know what's inside me! You're just afraid of the truth!

AMELIA

Claire, honey, you're really sick.

CLAIRE

Yeah, of you and your stupid charade! You can't just act like everything's over and expect it all to go away! You know I'm telling the truth - you've seen the news, you saw how Dad died!

Amelia tries to hold back her tears.

AMELIA

Yes, and that's why! I don't want to lose you the way we lost him! I can't go through that again. You're my little angel, my dream come true girl!

CLAIRE

Not anymore.

She faces her mother, placing her hand on Amelia's forehead.

AMELIA

What are you doing?

CLAIRE

Making everything better, just like you want. I'm going to make it all go away.

Claire concentrates. A high, piercing ring begins to intensify, the blue-white light of the angel Grace inside her emanating from her eyes and palm.

The light floods the room.

END FLASHBACK.

Visibly distraught, Claire shakes with anger and grief.

(CONTINUED)

Grace bursts from her body, a huge beam streaking upwards into the sky.

Miles away on the road, Krissy sees the surge ahead of her in the distance.

Nearby her in the underbrush, a group of men and women see it too. Their eyes flash black - DEMONS. They grin wickedly. They head off in the direction of the barn.

INT/EXT. ABANDONED BARN - DAY

Claire awakens with a gasp. She sits up, disoriented.

Demons slink along the walls. One bashes in the head of the dead angel, laughing.

DEMON

You're next, blondie.

Claire jumps into action. Angel blade in hand, she charges at the nearest demon, stabbing it through the neck.

She spins, catching a second across the shoulder.

Two more replace him and tackle Claire to the floor.

The angel blade flies from her grip.

They pin her arms down, but she swings up her legs and kicks them hard in the gut. Both go flying.

A female demon kicks the angel blade farther away, lunging at her tauntingly.

Claire grabs a nearby pitchfork and stabs her through the heart.

Another pair come up from behind, but Claire pivots, unflinching, and smites them where they stand.

The remaining demons scramble to retreat. Claire chases them...

OUTSIDE

At least a dozen more surround the barn.

Claire wastes no time, attacking without mercy. She defeats another three demons, but her movements begin to slow.

She tries to smite the two advancing, but fails. They overpower her and drive her knees into the dirt.

(CONTINUED)

The rest circle them slowly, leaving no room for escape.

ORIAS, the apparent leader of the pack steps forward.

CLAIRE

Let me go!

ORIAS

Not a chance, sweetheart. For a pretty little thing, you sure pack a punch. How...interesting.

CLAIRE

You've seen what I can do. How do you know I don't have something else up my sleeve?

ORIAS

Don't lie. We're demons, remember? Lying is a bit of a specialty of ours. You're all outta juice. What we want to know is where you got it.

CLAIRE

Nowhere.

The demon grabs her jaw and cuts her cheek with a knife in one swift motion.

ORIAS

I said, *don't lie!* We're looking for a special someone and the sooner we find them, the sooner we can all get back to business as usual. And we're kinda thinking that maybe you're that someone. So how 'bout it?

Claire keeps her mouth clamped shut. Orias shakes her and blood runs into her mouth.

ORIAS

Tell - me - what - you - are!!

Claire spits the blood into his face. Orias recoils with a hiss.

ORIAS

Bitch!

He turns to one of the others.

ORIAS (CON'T)

You know what to do.

His subordinate steps out of the circle and heads towards the barn. Orias leers at Claire again.

ORIAS

You might want to start talking, blondie, or things are gonna get ugly.

CLAIRE

You might want to find a mirror one of these days. Your standard's a little off.

One of the demons holding her down kicks her in the side. The other returns to the circle with the angel blade. He passes it to Orias.

CLAIRE

You won't kill me. If you wanted me dead you could have done it a dozen different ways by now.

ORIAS

Oh, but torture is a much more creative form of punishment, don't you think? This friend I had, Alistair - fun guy - taught me everything I know. But he's dead now, thanks to Sam Winchester.

Claire's eyes widen at the name.

ORIAS (CON'T)

Ah, so you know the Winchesters? (Laughing) I think I'm gonna enjoy this even more.

He fingers the blade lovingly.

ORIAS (CON'T)

They say when a man pulls a gun, he means business. But when a man wields a knife? It's for pleasure. So...let the fun begin!

KRISSY (O.S)

You're telling me!

Claire and the demons look around.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT/EXT. ABANDONED BARN - DAY

Krissy stands on the roof of the barn. She smirks, waving a demon bomb in her hand.

The demons scatter. Krissy chucks the bomb, obliterating a few. Spooked, some leave their hosts.

In the commotion, Orias and a few others flee.

The blast knocks several others to the ground. Krissy pins them down with throwing knives engraved with the Devil's Trap insignia.

Krissy presses a button on a remote control. From each of the knives, a fuse ignites. The lines converge.

Claire shoves the demons holding her into the chaos. Krissy pins them down as well, completing the chain. It forms a pentacle.

KRISSY

Go tell your boss that when a woman
wields a weapon, it's for
ass-kicking.

Immobilized, the demons are powerless to stop Krissy.

KRISSY

Exorcizamus te, Omnis Immundus
Spiritus, Omnis Satanica Potestas,
Omnis Incursio Infernalis
Adversarii, Omnis Congregatio et
Secta Diabolica, Ergo Draco
Maledicte, Ut Ecclesiam Tuam
Secura, Tibi Facias Libertate
Servire, Te Rogamus, Audi Nos!

Krissy exorcises the remaining demons.

Krissy moves to check the victims' pulses. Behind her, Claire grabs the angel blade off the ground.

KRISSY

The rest of them are gone, but it
looks like these two are gonna make
it --

Claire slams into her.

The two girls wrestle in the grass.

(CONTINUED)

Krissy holds Claire against the wall of the barn.

KRISSY

Right where I want you.

CLAIRE

What do you want from me?

KRISSY

That depends. Are you the one who killed that trucker?

CLAIRE

And if I am?

KRISSY

Then it's time for you to die.

Claire vanishes, reappearing behind Krissy.

Krissy sees Claire's shadow and catches a would-be fatal blow. She twists Claire's wrist until she is on her knees, the angel blade fallen from her grip.

Krissy picks it up and holds it against Claire's neck.

KRISSY

Two nights ago, did you kill two hunters? A guy and a girl, around my age?

CLAIRE

No, I only hunt angels. I'm not interested in anything else.

KRISSY

What about the truck driver?

CLAIRE

He was one of them. Enochian tattoos on his arm. Some of the Fallen have been getting them to hide themselves from other angels out for blood. ...Too bad none of them were expecting me.

Claire kicks Krissy in the shin. Krissy yelps in pain and lets go of her. Claire tries to scramble away, but Krissy tackles her.

Krissy pins Claire down with a triumphant smirk.

KRISSY

So what are you then? A nephilim?

CLAIRE

More like a celestial dropout.

KRISSY

And what's that supposed to mean?

It is Claire's turn to smirk. Her eyes flick down to a cord around her neck.

Krissy stares at her with wary half-comprehension. She pinches the cord between her fingers and pulls.

A crystal pendant half filled with angel Grace dangles between them. Krissy and Claire watch it pulse and churn, their faces illuminated by the soft glow emanating from within it.

KRISSY

Stolen Grace...So *this* is where you're getting your juice...

CLAIRE

That's just my backup supply. Puts a new twist on the term 'accessory' though, doesn't it?

Krissy laughs through her nose. She lets the necklace drop back into Claire's shirt. She releases Claire, but keeps the angel blade poised.

KRISSY

Celestial dropout, huh? ...You're tracking the angels, right? Looking for one of them? Well, so am I. Think they could be one in the same?

CLAIRE

They're not.

She stands, dusting herself off.

KRISSY

How can you be sure?

CLAIRE

You know how angels need to take a human host or its 'beam me up, Scotty?'

Krissy nods.

CLAIRE

Well, the one I'm looking for has a name - Castiel - and he's walking around in my father's dead body. Angel radio says he's half dead himself thanks to the Fall, and I'm going to finish the job. Killing Castiel is my mission. I don't need another one.

KRISSY

I didn't even --

CLAIRE

You want me to help you find whoever killed your little hunter friends, right? Sorry, but you're on your own.

She brushes past Krissy, wresting the angel blade from her hand. Krissy grabs her wrist before she can walk away.

KRISSY

I'll admit, you were pretty impressive fighting those demons back there, but what happens if you drain your batteries again? You can't just run around recklessly and act like you're invincible. Your whole highway murder stunt was sloppy - it's how I found you in the first place. Those demons too, probably.

CLAIRE

Don't act like you're better than me. You don't know anything about me!

KRISSY

A name would be nice, for starters.

Claire remains tight-lipped. Krissy sighs and lays out the rest of the weapons concealed on her person - an assortment of knives, a handgun, and a rosary-wrapped vial of holy water.

KRISSY

There, see? Totally unarmed. If you really think I'm that much of a waste of your time, then get on with it and kill me.

(CONTINUED)

She holds out her arms, waiting. Claire surveys her. After several moments, she drops her blade. Krissy drops her arms and smiles.

CLAIRE
My name is Claire Novak.

KRISSY
Krissy Chambers.

She holds out a hand to Claire. Claire hesitates, but takes it. They shake.

Krissy turns back to the possession victims.

KRISSY
We need to get them to a hospital.
Will you help me with that at
least?

Claire nods.

KRISSY
Good. Can you wipe their memories?

CLAIRE
I don't know. I've only done it
once before.

KRISSY
On who?

CLAIRE
My mother.

INT. NOVAK RESIDENCE - PONTIAC, ILLINOIS - DAY

AMELIA NOVAK sits perched on a misty blue pullout, wrapped in a cardigan and holding a cup of tea. She is rather drawn and pale, dusty mauve accents and taupe walls sucking the color from her face. The immaculate, cool-toned space seems to swallow her.

Behind her, the kitchen is much less tidy, dirty dishes rising like bile over her shoulders. Amelia appears oblivious, her eyes glazed with the flickering light of a news report on TV about a mysterious highway murder.

Amelia shakes her head sadly. She sets down her tea and picks up her Bible. She prays.

A window adjacent to the television overlooks the backyard. An old tree swing sways in the breeze. The branch it hangs from sags, rotting.

EXT. ABANDONED BARN - DAY

The Integra sits outside the barn. Krissy is safely stowing her various weapons away in a compartment under the trunk.

Claire emerges with her pack, and joins Krissy.

KRISSY

That's everything?

Claire nods, surveying Krissy's stash. Among the guns, knives, jars of herbs and roots, wooden stakes, and spare EMF readers, she eyes a jug of holy oil with interest.

CLAIRE

That's some arsenal you've got there.

KRISSY

You like? You know, if you decide to stick around, maybe I can teach you a thing or two sometime. No offense, but you could definitely use some trigger-happy training.

Krissy smirks. Claire scowls.

CLAIRE

I told you, I'm not interested. I can't waste time taking detours to hunt down every little thing that goes bump in the night.

KRISSY

You sure? Not like I'm not used to it, but riding solo isn't really my style anymore.

CLAIRE

It's been working for me so far.

KRISSY

And you've been at this since the angels fell, so for, what, a week now?

(CONTINUED)

CLAIRE

I've been preparing for this for four years, ever since Castiel killed my father!

KRISSY

You're not the only one with dead family, you know.

Claire looks away.

KRISSY

Look, I'm not saying you can't handle yourself, but what about everything else out there? You're still learning to control your powers. You're not going to find this Castiel overnight, so you might as well get some field experience in the meantime.

She indicates the weapons cache.

KRISSY

You like what you see here? I'm willing to share if you are. If there's any truth to what those demons said, it sounds like you're something special. Useful.

CLAIRE

Well, I'm definitely something. But don't think for a second I'm some kind of tool you can add to your collection!

KRISSY

No, no! What I mean is...I've been through some bad stuff lately, and could really use a miracle, and I dunno, I saw you fight and my brain just sort of went, tag: you're it?

She touches Claire on the shoulder. For the first time, Claire does not flinch away.

KRISSY

Think about it - two fierce and fabulous ladies blasting through a celestial Battle Royale to a soundtrack of ass-kicking?

Claire raises an eyebrow.

(CONTINUED)

CLAIRE
...Will there be Beyoncé?

Krissy grins.

KRISSY
Always.

Claire hesitates.

CLAIRE
All right, fine, I'll come with
you. For now. But I mean it, this
is only temporary, you hear me?

KRISSY
Like the voice of an angel.

Claire's mouth twitches into a smile. Krissy closes the trunk, and starts moving towards the driver's seat.

KRISSY
Well, you said you don't want to
waste time, so let's get cracking.
Hate to break it to you, but
there's something we gotta do
that's anything but temporary. If
you think you might be dealing with
demons again anytime soon, trust me
when I say it's a commitment you're
going to want to make.

INT. TATTOO PARLOR - DAY

Claire and Krissy enter the tattoo parlor, complete with funky lighting and music to match. Krissy pulls Claire excitedly by the wrist. Claire looks dubious.

Krissy bounds up to the desk, and slaps down a wrinkled piece of paper and a wad of cash. She grins at the TATTOO ARTIST, who looks from her to the bills and back.

He takes the money, revealing the paper underneath. It contains a drawing of an anti-possession symbol.

INT. INTEGRA - DAY

Claire rubs her collarbone from the passenger seat. Krissy slaps her hand down.

(CONTINUED)

KRISSY

I told you to stop touching it! Let it breathe!

CLAIRE

Let *me* breathe! Ever heard of personal space? Jeez!

KRISSY

You weren't so worried about personal space when you were in the chair! Practically squeezed my hand off!

CLAIRE

Did not!

KRISSY

Did too! Forget about your 'angelic might' or super strength or whatever it is?

CLAIRE

It's only semi-super, stupid. You know that. Besides, you didn't even flinch during yours! And I've seen you fight - you're strong too!

Krissy opens her mouth to retort, but smiles in realization.

KRISSY

Was that a compliment?

Claire looks away.

CLAIRE

Maybe.

Krissy huffs a laugh, and cranks up the stereo. A song like "The Wire" by Haim plays. Krissy mouths along, grooving to the beat.

CLAIRE

Oh, no, don't do that. Please?

Krissy holds up a finger.

KRISSY

What's the rule?

Claire sighs and rolls her eyes again.

(CONTINUED)

CLAIRE

"Driver picks the music, shotgun
shuts her cakehole."

KRISSY

That's right, bitch!

She punches Claire's arm. Claire folds her arms across her chest and turns away, pouting.

CLAIRE

Jerk.

Krissy laughs and turns the music up with a whoop. Secretly, Claire allows herself a smile.

INT. GAS STATION BATHROOM - DAY

Jesse dips his hand under the faucet, washing off the blood caked to his ear.

He looks at himself in the mirror and tries to smile.

He coughs, hunching over in pain and clutching the sink for support. Blood speckles the laminate.

He backs into the opposing wall and slides onto the floor.

A prepaid cell phone clatters onto the grimy tile. Jesse's fingers fumble to pick it up. His thumb jabs a button set to speed dial.

He raises the phone to his ear. It connects to voicemail.

VOICEMAIL

This is Sam. Leave a message.

Jesse's voice is hoarse and drained.

JESSE

Are you there Sam? It's me, Jesse.
Jesse Turner. You know, the
"Antichrist?"

He laughs a little, nervous.

JESSE

Listen, I- I need your help. I
don't know why, but there are
demons after me, and no matter
where I go, they just keep coming.
I've been on the run for a while,

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

JESSE (cont'd)
 but now I'm stuck in some town, and
 my powers are failing. I thought of
 you and Dean, but it's like I'm
 blocked off from you guys. ...Hope
 everything's okay - and that you
 get this. Please call me back,
 thanks.

He ends the call and lets his arm drop again. The front of
 the phone is smeared with blood.

Leaning against the wall, Jesse turns his head towards a
 small window near the ceiling. He sees a large sign, and
 laughs weakly at the irony. The sign says: WELCOME TO
 WINCHESTER.

INT. TOWN CHURCH - WINCHESTER, MISSOURI - DAY

SUPER: WINCHESTER, MISSOURI

A group of CHILDREN congregate around the pulpit, singing
 and clapping along to children's hymns like "A Place in the
 Choir" playing from a portable stereo. Beside it, a SUNDAY
 SCHOOL TEACHER strums a guitar in time to the tune.

One CHILD comes in late.

He places a jacket in a box by the door labeled "CHARITY
 DRIVE" before trotting up to join the others.

The track begins to skip and distort, fizzling out into
 static.

The teacher fiddles with the controls.

CHILD 1
 Can we have snacktime now? I'm
 hungry.

The other children get excited and begin to chant.

ALL CHILDREN
 Snacktime, snacktime!

The lights around the room flicker and go out.

SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHER
 Shoot, not again! They told me
 maintenance fixed the problem!
 Kids, eat your snacks. I'll be
 right back.

(CONTINUED)

The teacher slips through a side door. She screams.

The children panic.

A ghostly ghoul-like creature phases through the door, eyes glowing dully, its decrepit, rotting body covered in blood.

It smiles widely, revealing many sharp teeth. It preys.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT/EXT. INTEGRA - DAY

Claire and Krissy cruise down a roadway, farmland to one side, trees to the other.

Claire looks at her phone, then throws it down in frustration.

CLAIRE

Ugh, no service. All right, I'm calling it. We're officially lost.

Krissy whacks the GPS on the dashboard.

KRISSY

Stupid thing! Why is it still on the fritz? It's not like the damn car is haunted! It's hallowed ground for Christ's sake!

CLAIRE

How can your car count as hallowed ground?

Krissy waves her hand dismissively.

KRISSY

I had it blessed by a shaman after a job back in Lincoln.

CLAIRE

You had your car blessed?

KRISSY

Uh, yeah! No more of that Twilight Zone hitchhiker crap. If I don't let it in, it's not getting in!

(CONTINUED)

CLAIRE

All right, all right, I got it!

KRISSY

You know what else it'd be great if you'd got? An A in geography - your navigation skills suck!

CLAIRE

Hey, you're the one driving.

KRISSY

And you're the one with the superpowers! Couldn't you just teleport us out of here or something?

CLAIRE

Do I look like Hiro Nakamura to you? I can't handle that big a jump - last time I tried I nearly drowned! Plus, I've never done it with passengers. I don't think I'm strong enough yet.

KRISSY

Fair point. Guess we'll have to do this the old-fashioned way. Should be a map in the glove compartment.

Claire opens the glove compartment, sifting around for the map.

She pulls it out. An old Polaroid slips out from between the folds into Claire's lap.

Claire picks it up. It is a picture of Krissy with Aidan and Josephine, arms around each other, laughing, Aidan kissing Krissy's cheek. The back reads: Summer 2012 in loopy pen strokes.

Claire waves the Polaroid at Krissy.

CLAIRE

Talk about old-fashioned. These them? Your hunter friends, I mean?

Krissy glances over, sees the photo, and slams on the brakes.

She snatches it away.

(CONTINUED)

KRISSY

Would you just read the damn map
already?

CLAIRE

Um, Krissy?

Claire points outside the window.

The Integra sits under a sign reading NOW ENTERING:
WINCHESTER, MISSOURI.

Krissy huffs a laugh, perking up a bit at the name.

KRISSY

Heh, would you look at that. Maybe
we can find a repair shop.

They take off again. They pass a sign pointing towards a
power plant in the same direction as town.

EXT. DOWNTOWN STREET - WINCHESTER, MISSOURI - DAY

Krissy and Claire round a corner, passing a gas station and
a large welcome sign. They parallel park in front of a
repair shop.

They clamber out of the car. Krissy chucks a brochure into
the backseat, and fumbles with the GPS.

Claire crosses over to the sidewalk and waits impatiently in
front of the shop.

KRISSY

I swear, those visitor center
workers get less and less helpful
every time. It was practically like
she didn't even want us around.

CLAIRE

Well let's not waste any more time.
Come on!

She turns to pull open the door. It is locked.

CLAIRE

Are you kidding me?

To her right, she sees a sign in the window reading: CLOSED
DUE TO POWER OUTAGE.

Krissy groans in frustration, leaning back into the car to
reposition the GPS.

(CONTINUED)

Claire looks around. All the shops on the block display similar signs.

CLAIRE

What's going on around here?
Krissy, if everything's closed,
maybe we should skip town.

Krissy looks through the windshield, distracted by something down the street.

KRISSY

Maybe not...

A crowd gathers a few blocks down. Smoke billows up from a building.

The girls look from one another to back down the street.

CLAIRE

Angels?

KRISSY

Could be.

She starts moving towards the trunk.

KRISSY (CONT'D)

Let's just get -- hey!

Claire is already streaking halfway down the block. Krissy tears after her. She catches up just as they reach the source of the commotion.

KRISSY

Claire! Claire, wait, don't!

Claire shoves her way to the front of the crowd. Krissy follows, yelling for Claire to stop.

Claire ignores Krissy and rushes inside the building, oblivious to the flames still blazing.

Krissy tries to follow, but a MAN in a tattered suit holds her back.

KRISSY

Get off me!

She yanks her arm free. The man pulls at his collar, feigning discomfort. Krissy sees Enochian tattoos on his neck.

(CONTINUED)

Krissy turns back towards the burning building, even more alarmed.

KRISSY
Claire!

INT. BURNING BUILDING - DAY

Claire weaves around the wreckage. A heap of debris collapses in front of her.

Through the dust and smoke, a figure bends over a corpse. It turns slowly towards Claire. All at once, it pounces.

Claire falls back in horror. The creature appears as a rotting body, sharp-clawed, with a gaping mouth taking over much of its face. Definitely not an angel.

CLAIRE
What are you?

A distorted, shuddering rasp issues from the monster's mouth, terrifying, almost piteous.

MONSTER
...hUNgRy --

It swoops down on Claire, the fire around it surging as it ingests the flames between them.

The supporting beams around them give way.

Claire lets out a yell, and covers her head.

She and the monster both disappear.

EXT. DOWNTOWN STREET - DAY

Krissy hears Claire screaming from inside the building, then suddenly from down the street.

She turns back, but the angel is gone.

She races back towards the car as police sirens begin to wail in the distance. She spots Claire curled on the ground in an

ALLEYWAY

Krissy rushes to Claire's side, pulling her arm away from her face.

(CONTINUED)

KRISSEY

Claire, you idiot, are you okay?

Claire looks up at her, dirty and slightly disoriented.

CLAIRE

Krissy?

She sits up, looking around.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

What - what happened?

Krissy pulls her to her feet.

KRISSEY

You jumped the gun is what happened! You can't just run off half cocked like that!

Claire shrugs Krissy off.

CLAIRE

You don't know what I can and can't do.

Krissy bites back a smile.

CLAIRE

What?

KRISSEY

It's just - you sound like me, back when my dad was still around...He, uh, he used to have this rule: the better shot calls the shots --

CLAIRE

And who says you're the better shot?

KRISSEY

You're quick. But that's the problem, isn't it?

Claire tsks.

KRISSEY

Look, the important thing is that you got away.

CLAIRE

So did...whatever that was.

Krissy looks confused.

KRISSY

It wasn't an angel?

CLAIRE

No, it tried - it tried to eat me.

Krissy blinks, disconcerted. Before Claire can ask, she snaps her fingers in realization.

KRISSY

Wendigo, it's gotta be.

CLAIRE

No, it wasn't corporeal. It's some kind of wraith, that's for sure. It said it was - hungry.

KRISSY

What'd it look like?

INT. LIBRARY - DAY

Krissy sits hunched over a table by the window of the local library, skimming through several books simultaneously. Her cell phone lies uselessly on top of a small stack of books near her elbow. Among them, the "Grimoire" from her car.

Claire deposits an open book on Eastern mythology in front of her, pointing at a picture in the top right corner.

CLAIRE

This.

KRISSY

A..."Jikininki?" That's a new one.

She makes a new journal entry in the Grimoire.

CLAIRE

This passage here describes them as "hungry ghosts, sometimes syncretized with the Rakshasa of Hindu mythology...cursed to eat the flesh of men."

(CONTINUED)

KRISSEY

What the hell, it's like Famine invited a bunch of revenants over to party Hugh Hefner style. Yuck! ...Does it say how to purge them?

Claire flips through the next few pages.

CLAIRE

No, I'm not seeing anything. What do we do?

KRISSEY

Well, usually when the universe tells me to call it quits, I call Garth, but...

Claire grabs Krissy's phone off the table.

KRISSEY

What are you doing?

CLAIRE

Trying something I should have thought of before now.

She holds the phone between her palms and closes her eyes, concentrating. Angel Grace sparks from her hands into the phone.

The screen boots up. Claire tosses it to Krissy, looking pleased with herself.

CLAIRE

That ought to last you a few minutes at least.

INT. INTEGRA - DAY

Krissy and Claire sit in the parking lot outside the library.

Claire has her nose buried in the book, a few more scattered across the passenger side of the dashboard.

Krissy watches her as she talks on the phone, the Grimoire open in her lap.

KRISSEY

A *horde* of Dullahan? No, no, it's okay, Garth, I understand. We'll figure something out. Let's just

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

KRISSY (cont'd)
both try to keep our heads in the
meantime, okay? ...Okay, talk to
you soon. Bye.

She plops her phone into one of the cupholders between the
front seats, and begins flipping back through the Grimoire.

KRISSY
Well, we're on our own. Sorta.
Garth's a bit tied up at the
moment, so he doesn't have access
to his usual resources. But he did
give us something of a lead so I
say we...

She breaks off, realizing Claire isn't listening.

KRISSY
Hey, Earth to Hermione!

She flicks Claire in the temple.

CLAIRE
Ow! What?

Krissy rolls her eyes with a sigh.

KRISSY
That book have anything on
non-traditional seances?

CLAIRE
Yeah, why?

EXT. DOWNTOWN STREET - ALLEYWAY - NIGHT

Jesse staggers down a deserted street into an alley. Scraps
from some nearby construction litter the ground.

Jesse slumps down on the brick wall, pulling his knees to
his chest. A streetlight flickers behind him.

Jesse screws up his face. Tears leak from his eyes. He wipes
them away. He catches the back of his hand in the lamplight.
It is smeared with blood.

The light goes out.

Jesse looks around in panic. A whispered hiss crescendos
through the darkness.

All at once, three Jikininki swoop down upon him.

(CONTINUED)

One jabs its hand inside his stomach, lifting him off the ground. He screams. Blood runs down his cheeks.

The trio close in, mouths of sharp teeth stretched wide.

A piece of iron piping comes flying past, striking through the ghosts all in one shot.

They vanish, and the streetlight flares back to life.

Jesse lands hard on the ground. He falls sideways, grabbing at his stomach.

The man with the Enochian neck tattoo approaches. He stoops beside Jesse.

He props him up, pausing for a moment as if sensing something.

He wipes gently at the blood on the boy's face. Jesse opens his eyes at the touch.

JESSE

Who are you?

EZEKIEL

My name is Ezekiel.

Jesse struggles to focus on his face. He sees the tattoo.

JESSE

You're an angel?

EZEKIEL

Once, yes. But do not fear,
cambion, you are safe with me.

He lifts Jesse into his arms, and stands.

Suffused in the glow of lamppost from the street beyond, he carries Jesse towards the light.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Krissy sets up a DIY altar, complete with candles and a bowl full of holy oil and crushed acacia.

Krissy unsheathes her knife and places it beside the other items. She moves to copy a phonetic transcription of an incantation from one of the library books into the Grimoire.

Claire shares the book with her, drawing complex sigils onto a cloth.

(CONTINUED)

Claire holds out the finished cloth for Krissy to see.

CLAIRE
Okay, it's ready.

KRISSY
Are you?

Claire looks tense.

CLAIRE
I think so.

She lays the cloth on the table, and the two arrange the other materials on top of it.

CLAIRE
Are you sure this is going to work?

KRISSY
A spirit summoning? I did it once before, yeah. Wasn't pretty, but it worked.

CLAIRE
And you really think they'll be able to help us?

Krissy hands Claire the transcription.

KRISSY
Have a little faith, huh?

Claire hesitates. Krissy reaches out as if to put her hand on Claire's shoulder, but holds back. Claire shakes off her nerves and looks at the recitation.

CLAIRE
Suddenly those three years of Latin seem kind of worth it.

She takes a deep breath.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
Entia extra! Ego sanguine ponte
finibus mundi formam contractus
inter animas. Hanc oblationem
facere, et redire ad priorem caro
resonantiam!

She takes up the knife from the table, pricks her finger, and lets the blood drip into the bowl.

They wait. Nothing happens.

(CONTINUED)

KRISSY

Well, hey, can't blame you for
getting a little rusty --

Claire makes a choking noise. Her body goes rigid, and she collapses onto the floor. Krissy drops to her knees beside her.

KRISSY

Claire?!

Claire's eyes fly open, burning white.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

INT. TOWN CHURCH - NIGHT

Moonlight streams through the small rose windows of the chapel.

Jesse lies on the dais. He turns his head. Caution tape crisscrossing the doorway flutters in the wind.

He spots the charity box. He checks himself over. He wears a clean shirt, free of rips and bloodstains.

Ezekiel sits in the blood-spattered pews, head bowed and hands clasped in prayer. Like Jesse, he has donned new clothes, trading his tattered suit for a more casual look.

EZEKIEL

Are you feeling all right now?

JESSE

Better, yes, thank you.

He sits up. Ezekiel comes to aid him. Jesse touches his stomach where the ghost stabbed him. The wound is gone.

JESSE

What - what were those things?

EZEKIEL

Jikininki. Particularly aggressive ones. They have been plaguing this area for several days now, devouring any kind of energy source they can - the townspeople, their electricity. At this rate, I fear that if their hunger cannot be

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

EZEKIEL (cont'd)
sated, they will soon wipe this
place off the map entirely.

JESSE
How can we help them?

EZEKIEL
There are two others here who I
believe may be able to, though I am
unsure of their methods or
motives...

JESSE
Who are they?

EZEKIEL
They are young, but strong. A
female hunter, and a girl...like
you. She possesses power, though I
do not know to what extent. You
seek the Winchesters, yes? Perhaps
if you help them here, they will
return the favor.

JESSE
What about you? What will you do?

EZEKIEL
I dare not involve myself. My kind
are not well-regarded by other
spirits, especially as of late, and
my Fall has weakened me severely. I
fear I would only do more harm than
good.

JESSE
But you saved me, didn't you?

Ezekiel looks away.

EZEKIEL
I only took away some of your pain.
You are no more healed than I. I'm
sorry.

JESSE
No, you've done more than enough.
Thank you.

He gets up, flexing his fingers.

(CONTINUED)

JESSE (CONT'D)

Even knowing what I am, you chose to help me. I can't ask for more than that.

EZEKIEL

In my eyes, you remain a child of God. My brothers and sisters forget at times, but it is you our Father bade us love. The circumstances of your birth do not define you nor should you resent them. Evil is born from such hate, not the blood in your veins. To hate that which gives you life is to forbid yourself from giving life to others.

He puts his hand on Jesse's shoulder.

EZEKIEL (CONT'D)

I have seen your soul. You have helped many of my brethren in this great time of need, yet you do not discriminate as they do. You are hunted, yet you do not wish to kill your pursuers. By your actions, it would seem you are the best of us all. Your blood may be tainted, but your heart is among the purest I have ever seen. Remember that.

EXT. POWER PLANT - NIGHT

Krissy and Claire pull up outside the power plant on the other side of town. Krissy pops the trunk.

Claire rummages around inside, grabbing a jug of holy oil. Krissy pockets a matchbox, shaking her head.

KRISSY

This goes against everything I know about hunting. We're supposed to be, you know, slaying, not saving...Are you sure about this?

They survey the plant. Barbed wire runs across the top of the fencing around the perimeter.

CLAIRE

Doesn't matter. It's our only chance. Come on, let's go.

(CONTINUED)

The girls sneak up to the fence.

Krissy takes Claire's waiting hand. Claire takes a deep breath and closes her eyes.

The girls vanish, and reappear farther inside the compound. Krissy opens one eye, then grins, clapping Claire on the shoulder.

Claire smiles back, then lopes towards the generator.

Krissy moves to the middle of the plant, and draws a large circle in holy oil on the ground.

Claire approaches the generator. She presses her hand on top of it. Grace glows in her eyes, and travels down her arm into the generator.

A great beam of light shoots up into the sky.

INT./EXT. TOWN CHURCH - NIGHT

The energy surge from the power plant illuminates the church.

Jesse and Ezekiel run outside to see the Jikininki flocking towards the light, indifferent to the power returning to the town.

JESSE

What is that?

The lights outside the church turn back on. Ezekiel smiles briefly.

EZEKIEL

Your cue, I believe.

JESSE

I'll never make it in time.

EZEKIEL

We are within sufficient distance.
I can take you there.

JESSE

I thought you couldn't fly anymore.

EZEKIEL

Clipped wings are still wings, are they not?

(CONTINUED)

Jesse smiles. Ezekiel holds out his his hand. Jesse takes it.

EZEKIEL
Hold on tight.

The two vanish from the churchfront.

EXT. POWER PLANT - NIGHT

Ezekiel and Jesse arrive along with the Jikininki. They crouch out of sight, watching the ghosts swarm and circle around the ray of light.

Claire squats down, winded, turning in time to see Krissy drop a match into the holy oil. Claire lets the light fade.

The fire blazes high, and Ezekiel draws back.

EZEKIEL
I'm afraid this is where I must
leave you. Good luck, friend, and
remember.

Jesse catches his sleeve.

JESSE
Will I ever see you again?

Ezekiel puts his hand on Jesse's shoulder.

EZEKIEL
It is my hope that you will not
need to. But if you must, pray to
me. I will hear your call.

He disappears in a gust of wind. Jesse stays hidden.

The spirits dive towards the flames. They consume them ravenously. No matter how much they gorge themselves, the holy fire will not abate.

Several hovering Jikininki zero in on Krissy. Her gun useless against them, she breaks into a sprint, but falls.

CLAIRE
Krissy, no!

She starts to run after her, but is too far away to make it in time.

Jesse jumps out from the shadows, shielding Krissy from harm.

(CONTINUED)

JESSE
Leave her alone!

He holds out his hand. The Jikininki shriek, and implode.

Claire ducks past them, pulling Krissy away from Jesse. The girls cling to one another, staring at him aghast.

To the side, the remaining spirits become infused with the fire. It cleanses them, and they disintegrate.

From behind them, someone claps loudly.

The trio whirl around. A demon gang faces them. At the head is the escaped leader from Claire's first encounter, Orias.

Krissy stands defensively in front of Claire.

KRISSY
Back for seconds already? Then again, we never finished our tour of the kitchen - I'm sure you're just dying to see the rest of my knife collection.

She pulls out a pair of trench knives with devil's traps etched into the blades.

Jesse steps forward and puts out his hand.

JESSE
No, wait --

Claire blocks him, grabbing his arm.

When they touch, a vision flashes before Claire's eyes: She sees CASTIEL with the WINCHESTERS cornering a YOUNG JESSE.

The vision clears. Claire locks eyes with Jesse. Jesse blinks.

JESSE
Get out of here while you still can. I'll hold them off.

Krissy moves forward.

KRISSY
Back off, kid! This isn't your fight.

She throws him off Claire, accidentally cutting his hand with one of the blades.

Jesse presses his thumb into the wound. He backs away to give Claire and Krissy space.

JESSE

Yes, it is. It's me they want.
Please, go. I don't want you
getting hurt.

He turns to address the demons.

JESSE

If I go with you, will you leave
these two alone?

ORIAS

Oh, I don't think so. They still
need to be taught a little lesson
about respecting their elders.

He snaps his fingers high in the air. The DEMON to his left throws out her arm, hurling Claire and Krissy into the fence, immobilizing them.

ORIAS

So, after all the running you've
done, that's it? You're not even
gonna put up a fight?

JESSE

You're just going to kill me
anyway, right? What's the point?

The demons laugh, Orias the loudest of them all.

ORIAS

You must've had a run in with some
of Abaddon's parasites, but we're
not like them. We don't want to
kill you, boy. We want to crown you
- as the new King of Hell.

He holds out his hand.

Jesse glances at Krissy and Claire, then back to Orias.

JESSE

What good am I as your king if I've
barely got any powers left?

ORIAS

If you come with us, you'll have
all the power you could possibly
want, and more. I suspect it is

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

ORIAS (cont'd)
your weakened connection to Hell
that is the cause of your
suffering. We face a delicate
political situation downstairs, you
see, and that is why we need you.
And now, apparently, it seems you
need us as well. It's a win-win for
everyone.

JESSE
Not to me. I won't join you!

ORIAS
Please. I do not ask that you join,
I only ask that you allow us to
follow. And if you ask me, bondage
is a beautiful thing. Would you
deny me that pleasure?

JESSE
Oh believe me, the pleasure's all
mine!

Jesse thrusts his arm at the torrent of holy fire. It blazes
higher than ever. He flings it at the demons.

Orias's cronies recoil. Released from the demon's hold,
Claire and Krissy drop to the ground.

Orias swipes his hand through the air, cleaving through the
flames.

All at once, he is upon Jesse. He grabs Jesse's jaw.

ORIAS
Here I am, giving you the keys to
the kingdom on a silver platter,
and still you want to bite the hand
that feeds you?

Jesse bites down between the demon's thumb and forefinger.
The demon staggers back in surprise, then smirks.

ORIAS
Hmm. Unruly little runt, aren't
you? Perhaps we ought to get you
housebroken before your trip down
South?

He clenches his bleeding hand into a fist. The demons
charge.

Recovered, Claire pulls Krissy to her feet.

(CONTINUED)

Jesse holds out his hand.

The demons stop in their tracks, as do Claire and Krissy, transfixed by Jesse's display of power.

The demons begin to shudder and writhe as Jesse wordlessly exorcises them all at once.

Orias alone resists. Jesse struggles against him. He falls to his knees, but keeps his arm outstretched. Blood drips from his eyes and nose.

Claire starts moving back towards the demons.

KRISSY

Claire, what are you doing?

CLAIRE

No time. Just follow my lead, and whatever you do, keep the kid alive.

Claire pulls Krissy along, guarding her as they make their way through the gang.

A few surviving demons attempt to block their way. Krissy pivots, knifing two in the chest while Claire takes out the third.

The demon leader jerks. Tendrils of smoke escape from his host's mouth.

He laughs, licking the vapors. Jesse loses focus.

Orias closes the space between them again. He grabs Jesse by the throat, lifting him off the ground as he strangles him.

Jesse's eyes roll into the back of his head.

A knife protrudes out of the demon's neck.

Orias falls, revealing Krissy behind him.

Jesse collapses, convulsing slightly. The girls stoop beside him.

KRISSY

What's wrong with him? You think the demon did something when he touched him?

Orias stirs. Krissy looks at him, startled. Claire nudges her in the ribs.

CLAIRE

Krissy, we gotta go! Help me with him!

She hoists Jesse off the ground.

KRISSY

What, you mean take him with us?

CLAIRE

Just come on! He's waking up!

Krissy helps situate Jesse on Claire's back. The girls make a break for the car.

Orias rises.

He reaches around and wrenches the knife out of his neck.

He smiles, watching them go. He caresses the blade.

ORIAS

Such pretty little things. Perhaps it's time I start a collection of my own...

INT. INTEGRA - DAY

The Integra drives west, away from the encroaching dawn.

Krissy looks in the rear-view mirror.

Claire sits with Jesse in the backseat, angel blade clutched tightly in her lap. Jesse leans against the window, asleep. Bruises stipple his neck.

KRISSY

How's he doing?

CLAIRE

How the hell should I know? You're the demon expert around here.

KRISSY

Hey, don't look at me. I've never dealt with a cambion before.

CLAIRE

A what?

(CONTINUED)

KRISSY

A cambion - half-demon, half-human. That's what he called himself, back at the plant...Man, that demon douche really did a number on him, he looks like crap. I almost feel bad, considering how he sort of saved our necks...can't you heal him or something?

CLAIRE

I dunno. I could try I guess...

Tentatively, Claire reaches over and brushes Jesse's bangs away from his face.

KRISSY (O.S)

Worth a shot. Who knows when he's gonna come to otherwise. Either way, kid's got some serious explaining to do --

As Krissy speaks, Claire rests her palm on Jesse's forehead.

FLASHBACK TO:

Footage from the Supernatural 2009 episode, "I Believe The Children Are Our Future." YOUNG JESSE finds out the truth about his identity from Sam and Dean Winchester and Castiel.

END FLASHBACK.

Claire stifles a moan, clutching the side of her head as though she'd been punched there.

KRISSY

Claire?

Krissy hurries to pull over. They stop near the city limit sign. From the other side, it reads: NOW LEAVING: WINCHESTER, MISSOURI.

KRISSY

What was that?

CLAIRE

I think...I think I just read his mind.

The girls stare at one another for a moment.

(CONTINUED)

KRISSY
Well? Did you get anything?

Claire swallows.

CLAIRE
He knows Castiel. And the
Winchesters.

She shakes off the pain, looking downright ferocious.

KRISSY
Hold on, maybe- maybe we should
just wait --

CLAIRE
No, I'm done waiting!

She lunges roughly at Jesse's head.

Images flood rapidly from his mind into hers.

SERIES OF SHOTS:

- 1) INT. JESSE'S ROOM - ALLIANCE, NEBRASKA - NIGHT. Young Jesse sits on his bed on the night of his disappearance, staring up at a big poster of a surfer in Australia.
- 2) EXT. BEACH - ADELAIDE, AUSTRALIA - DAY. Jesse balances on a surfboard, riding a wave towards the camera, laughing.
- 3) EXT. BEACH - LATER. Jesse begins to leave the beach, surfboard under his arm. The evening sky lights up suddenly. Jesse turns; he watches as hundreds of angels fall to Earth.
- 4) EXT. ALLEYWAY - DAY. Jesse uses his powers to break up a fight between two FALLEN ANGELS. One angel attacks him. Jesse tries to fight him off, but his powers fail him. He looks at his hands in horror.
- 5) EXT. SCHOOLYARD - DAY. A group of BULLIES surround Jesse. He backs into a fence. The bullies eyes turn black; they are possessed by demons. Jesse teleports to the other side of the fence to escape them, breaking into a staggering run.
- 6) INT. LIBRARY - DAY. Jesse surfs the Web, searching for American telephone directories. He looks pale and clammy. He copies Sam Winchester's number onto a scrap of paper with shaking hands. A hand falls on his shoulder. He looks up; the LIBRARIAN is possessed by a demon. Jesse flees.
- 7) INT. DINER - DAY. He escapes the demon couple.

(CONTINUED)

8) EXT. ALLEYWAY - NIGHT. Ezekiel saves him from the Jikininki.

9) EXT. POWER PLANT - NIGHT. Jesse watches Claire and Krissy save the Jikininki. Krissy falls. Claire turns to see Jesse jump out to protect Krissy. The camera zooms in on Claire's face.

END SERIES OF SHOTS.

Claire opens her eyes with a start.

Jesse jerks awake, knocking Claire's hand aside with a gasp. He registers Claire's face.

JESSE

What the hell did you just do to me? What's going on?

Krissy swivels around in her seat, a handgun cocked under her jacket.

Jesse recognizes the sound, and grapples for the door handle.

With one concentrated look, Claire locks the car down. Her eyes flick onto Jesse, who freezes as if pegged to his seat.

CLAIRE

Where's Castiel?

JESSE

W-What?

CLAIRE

Castiel! I saw him, just now, inside your head! Tell me where he is!

JESSE

Castiel, the angel? Last time I saw him he tried to kill me! I don't know where he is and I don't want to know!

Claire presses the angel blade to Jesse's throat.

KRISSY

Woah, hey, Claire, what happened to keeping him alive? Let's all just calm down and --

(CONTINUED)

CLAIRE
Shut it, Krissy!

She slams her hand into Jesse's chest, bearing down on him.

CLAIRE
Tell me what you know about
Castiel. Anything you got, and do
it fast, before I rip it out of
you.

Krissy tosses her gun into the passenger seat. She grabs
Claire by the arm.

KRISSY
Claire, stop! He's just a kid!

Claire throws Krissy off.

CLAIRE
Stop trying to tell me what to do!

JESSE
Please, just let me go! I'm bad
news for you anyway --

CLAIRE
Oh no, you're the first good news
I've had in a long time. You're not
getting away that easy.

JESSE
Look, I- I thought I might be able
to trust you guys, but I guess I
was wrong --

KRISSY
No, it's okay, we're not going to
hurt you --

CLAIRE
Speak for yourself.

She presses the tip of the angel blade harder into Jesse's
skin.

Jesse's body begins to flicker in and out of sight.

KRISSY
Woah, woah, woah, what's going on
with you?

JESSE

I don't know! I don't know!

He looks around in panic, chest heaving.

JESSE

Please, you gotta help me. You're hunters, right? I need to find the Winchesters. Something's wrong --

CLAIRE

Tell me what you know about Castiel, and we'll talk.

JESSE

I told you, I don't know anything, I swear! Please --

A growl of a moan tears out from behind his teeth as he tries to fight the dematerialization. Overcome with pain, he screams and vanishes completely.

The girls scramble out of the car, looking around. The road is entirely deserted.

BLACK OUT.

TO BE CONTINUED...