

# DEMON

4.

## ACT ONE

INT. ABANDONED FARMHOUSE - NIGHT

CLOSE ON THE FACE OF A BLACK-EYED DEMON as he's SPLASHED WITH HOLY WATER. He YOWLS in pain, SMOKE RISING from his flesh... \*

DEMON

STOP!

REVEAL the Holy Water was thrown by DEAN WINCHESTER, standing over the Demon, serious as a heart attack. The Demon's TIED to a CHAIR in the center of a PAINTED DEVIL'S TRAP on the dusty floor. They're in a cobwebbed, boarded-up old farmhouse. SAM WINCHESTER stands a short distance away, staring daggers. \*

DEAN

Ready to talk?

Dean steps closer to the Demon. Holding the vial of Holy Water threateningly. The Demon SHRINKS AWAY.

DEMON

Stop - I don't know! I don't know anything! \*

DEAN

Hey, Sam, he doesn't know anything.

SAM

Yeah, I heard. \*

DEAN

Do we believe him?

DEMON

I'm telling you the truth -

DEAN

Why is it always liars who say that? \*

And with that, Dean grabs the Demon's face and POURS HOLY WATER into his mouth. The demon SCREAMS. \*

DEAN (CONT'D)

Now, one last time: who holds my contract?

The Demon SHAKES OFF the pain. Meets Dean's eyes. And lets the meek expression fall right off his face. He gives Dean a chilling smile.

Supernatural,  
ep. 315

1/3

# DEMON

5.

DEMON

Screw you. That's who.

Dean grabs both arms of the chair. Gets right in the Demon's face. Ice cold.

DEAN

I want. A name. So spill, or -

DEMON

Or what? You squirt that Holy Water in both ends? That's a flea bite compared to what's coming to me if I tell you jack. Do what you want - only thing I'm scared of is the demon holding your ticket.

Dean and Sam exchange a quick look. Sam steps forward.

SAM

*Exorcizamus te, omnis immundus spiritus, omnis satanica...*

At the sound of the Latin, the Demon TWITCHES IN AGONY.

DEAN

Feel good?

DEMON

Go ahead, send me back to hell. Please. 'Cause when you get there, I'll be waiting. With a few pals who can't wait for a little home field advantage on Dean Winchester.

\*  
\*

The Demon gives the brothers a fuck-you grin.

Sam and Dean lock eyes. Clearly, Demon's not gonna talk.

SAM

Should I...

DEAN

Stick him where he can't hurt anyone else.

Sam shoots Dean a grim look. Then -

SAM

*Omnis satanica potestas, omnis incursio infernalis adversarii, omnis legio, omnis congregatio, et secta diabolica (etc etc)....*

\*

2/3

# DEMON

6.

PUSH IN ON DEAN as he watches his brother EXORCIZE the demon. He struggles to get on top of his frustration, worry, anger - because time's running out, and he's no closer to an answer.

INT. ABANDONED HOUSE - NIGHT

The body's been removed. Sam's alone, on CELL PHONE pretending to be a COP. He's playing it cool, but he's mighty interested in what he's hearing.

SAM

You ran the prints twice? You're sure?

As Sam listens, Dean enters, sweaty, dirt on his jeans. \*

SAM (CONT'D)

(into phone)

Yeah, chalk it up to lab error. Happens sometimes. Don't I know it. Okay. Thanks. Yeah, I'll tell the chief.

Sam hangs up. Thoughtful. Turns to Dean, who's cleaning himself up - \*

SAM (CONT'D)

You bury the body? \*

DEAN

Yeah. What was that, tenth guy in a row with no pulse? It's like the demons hide 'em hard just for kicks. \*

Sam shakes his head: shame. Then pockets his cell phone. \*

DEAN (CONT'D)

So what was that about? The call? \*

SAM

Remember that thing in the paper yesterday? \*

DEAN

Stripper suffocates dude with her thighs? \*

SAM

No. The thing I showed you. \*

DEAN

Oh. (searching memory) (MORE) \*

3/3