

John Garland

JOHN GARLAND SIDES

INT. DAY ROOM - ASSISTED LIVING CENTER - EVENING

The large space is NEARLY DESERTED, just one man sitting alone at a table near the window. This is JOHN GARLAND. The boys make a B-LINE FOR HIM.

John's only in his 60's, but looks OLDER--with wispy gray hair, sunken cheeks, and an OXYGEN TUBE threaded under his nose. Clearly VERY ILL.

Start

SAM

Mr. Garland? I'm agent Tyler and this is agent Perry, FBI. We'd like to ask a few questions about your brother, Luther.

The old man stares up at them, not quite BUYING IT.

JOHN

Lemme see some ID.

Dean reacts-- OH SHIT, WE'RE BUSTED!! Sam passes John his badge and Dean does the same, SWEATING-- HAND TREMBLING.

DEAN

That's real. Obviously.

Sam clears his throat, "Shut up!"

DEAN (CONT'D)

I mean, who'd pretend to be an FBI agent, that's just nutty.

WHAM! Sam STOMPS on Dean's foot, he quiets.

John studies the badges a beat, then hands them back.

JOHN

What do you want to know?

Sam places the WORK ID and the "Garland, Luther" file on the table, OPENING IT.

SAM

According to this Luther died of "physical trauma," I--

John lets out a BARKING, BITTER LAUGH.

JOHN

If that's what you call it.

Supernatural

lots

SAM
What would you call it?

JOHN
Murder.

Sam and Dean exchange a POINTED LOOK.

SAM
Someone killed him. Why?

JOHN
Don't matter what I think.

SAM
Mr. Garland. We just wanna know
the truth about your brother.
Please.

John reaches out, tapping Luther's WORK ID.

JOHN
(sadly)
They said he was a monster.

EXT. MAIN STREET - DAY (FLASHBACK)

LUTHER GARLAND shuffles down the sidewalk, hands in his
pockets, head down. Praying people just IGNORE HIM.

JOHN (V.O.)
He was too big, too mean lookin',
too... different.

Continue

INT. DAY ROOM - ASSISTED LIVING CENTER - EVENING

John picks up the ID, eyes locked on Luther's PHOTO.

JOHN
Didn't matter that he was the
kindest man I ever knew, didn't
matter that he'd never hurt no one.

He sets the ID down, blinking back tears.

JOHN (CONT'D)
I was a widower with three
young'uns. I told myself there was
nothin' I could do.
(with genuine regret)
A lot of people failed Luther. I
was one of 'em.

ZofS

He wipes his eyes, as Sam and Dean ABSORB THIS.

JOHN (CONT'D)
 Ol' Ben Cassity took pity on
 Luther, gave him a job at the plant
 and a place to sleep. After that,
 he never left. No reason to.

Sam produces the CHARCOAL DRAWING Dean took from the factory.

SAM
 Do you recognize this woman?

JOHN
 That's Jessie O'Brien. Her man,
 Frank, he killed Luther.

There's no anger or malice in his voice. It's just a
 STATEMENT OF FACT.

SAM
 How do you know that?

JOHN
 Everybody knows. They just don't
 talk about it.

INT. LIMESTONE PLANT - DAY OR NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

JESSIE, at her desk. She drops a pencil. Suddenly, Luther
 is there, picking it up for her. A small kindness. She
 gives him a warm smile. Shy and sweet, he smiles back.

JOHN (V.O.)
 Jessie was a receptionist at the
 plant. She was always nice to
 Luther, and he had a crush on her.
 Harmless, but Frank didn't like it.

Continue

INT. DAY ROOM - ASSISTED LIVING CENTER - DAY

Dean steps forward, forgetting his FEAR-- DRAWN IN.

JOHN
 When Jessie went missin', Frank was
 eaten up with worry and fright. He
 thought Luther'd done somethin' to
 her-- monster steals the princess,
 you know...

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EXT./INT. LIMESTONE PLANT - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

A PICK-UP TRUCK skids to a stop in front of the factory, and Frank O'Brien climbs out, ANGER and FEAR in his eyes.

JOHN (V.O.)

One night Frank drove out to the factory and confronted Luther. Maybe he was drunk, probably he was sober.

INT. DAY ROOM - ASSISTED LIVING CENTER - EVENING

John flips the file closed and pushes it back toward Sam, bowing his head. John CAN'T LOOK at Luther anymore.

JOHN

They found Luther with a chain wrapped around his neck. He'd been dragged up and down the gravel stretch outside that factory 'till he was past dead.

DEAN

And O'Brien was never arrested?

JOHN

I screamed to every cop in town. But... they didn't wanna look into Frank. He was a pillar of the community. My brother was just the town freak.

(then)

Nothin' I could do but bury Luther in a plot out at Pinewood Gardens. Just me and a Pastor I had to pay double, short notice and all.

Sam flashes an EMPATHETIC LOOK, feeling for the guy.

SAM

You must have hated Frank.

JOHN

I did for a long time. But... life's too short for hate, son.

He looks up at Sam and Dean, SYMPATHY in his voice.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Frank wasn't thinkin' straight, his wife vanished, he was terrified.

(MORE)

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JOHN (CONT'D)
Damn shame he had to put Luther
through the same, but that's fear,
it spreads and spreads.

END

~~SJS~~

SJS