

SUPERNATURAL

Episode #1008

"Hibbing 911"

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CAST LIST

SAM WINCHESTER
DEAN WINCHESTER

JARED PADALECKI
JENSEN ACKLES

SHERIFF DONNA HANSCUM
SHERIFF JODY MILLS

CATFISH
CHAZ
SHERIFF DOUG HANSCUM
DEPUTY GRAHAM
HOMELESS GIRL
HOWIE
SHERIFF LEN CUSE
SHERIFF OTT
SAGE
DR. SHELLY PIERSON

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SUPERNATURAL
"Hibbing 911"

TEASER

FADE IN:

1 EXT. HARDWARE STORE - BACK ALLEY - NIGHT (DAY 1) 1

SUPER: Hibbing, Minnesota.

Tssssssssss! The gaps of a CARDBOARD STENCIL are filled in with WHITE SPRAY PAINT.

WIDEN TO REVEAL: a TAGGER (early 20s, in way-baggy jeans). He pulls the stencil off the wall to appreciate his tag--

A SMILEY FACE with X's for eyes, last in a line of three fresh tags from the same stencil.

ON THE TAGGER. A smug little smile that says *oh yeah, I'm fuckin' Banksy, bitches.* He sets his hands on his belt--

CLOSE ON: THE BUCKLE. Cheap metal with that dead happy face Sharpie'd on (clearly this dude's signature tag).

The "artist" side-steps to a fresh spot on the wall-- *ka-chuk-ka-chuk-ka-chuk*, shakes the spray paint can when he hears FOOTSTEPS crunching down the alley. He backs up to LOOK--

TAGGER'S POV: Coast is clear.

Whatevs. He puts the stencil back on the wall. We REVERSE ANGLE [basically POV OF WALL]-- to watch the Tagger spray paint below frame... when:

A DARK FIGURE looms from the shadows behind him. Oblivious, the kid keeps tagging... and we CUT TO:

THE STENCIL stuck to the grungy wall. When SUDDENLY-- the quiet night is pierced by the Tagger's SCREAM--

BLOOD SPATTERS the cardboard. The screams wind down... replaced by the wet smacking sounds of flesh being DEVoured.

The stencil dangles, then drops-- revealing THE DEAD-EYED SMILEY GRAFFITI sparsely filled in by the TAGGER'S OWN BLOOD.

BLACKOUT.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

2 EXT. NORTH COUNTRY HOTEL - PARKING LOT - DAY (DAY 2) 2

TIGHT ON: SHERIFF JODY MILLS (in uniform), gaze aimed upward. Not the shiniest Jody we've seen, seems a bit rundown.

JODY

You can get through this.

REVEAL she's looking up at-- A BANNER: DAKOTA-SOTA SHERIFFS' RETREAT!

JODY. Sigh. She drags her small rolling suitcase toward the hotel-- it goes over a BUMP-- and the handle suddenly POPS off, leaving two long metal spokes jutting from the top of her bag. Jody glowers at the handle: *of friggin' course*. She picks up the bag, schleps toward the hotel doors when the JINGLE of change draws her attention down to--

A HOMELESS GIRL (late teens, all raggedy earth tones and grimy friendship bracelets). She holds out a coffee can.

Concern etches Jody's face--

JODY

How old are you?

HOMELESS GIRL

Nineteen.

Jody softens, digs into her pocket, drops a ten in the can--

JODY

Get some lunch, alright?

The Girl nods, a grateful smile. Jody heads into...

3 INT. NORTH COUNTRY HOTEL - LOBBY - CONTINUOUS 3

UNIFORMED OFFICERS mill about (chatting, drinking coffee); Jody spots a CHECK-IN TABLE, goes toward it. The OFFICER who looks up-- beaming, clipboard in hand, is none other than--

SHERIFF DONNA HANSCUM (of Episode 913, "The Purge").

DONNA

Hi and welcome--

Donna eyes Jody's NAMETAG, checks off on her clipboard--

DONNA

Sheriff Jody Mills, Sioux Falls...

(CONTINUED)

Donna gathers some pamphlets--

DONNA

I'm Sheriff Donna Hanscum, I work
outta Stillwater but grew up here,
so you got any questions-- best
burgers, cheapest gas, just ask.

Jody unenthusiastically accepts the pamphlets Donna offers.

DONNA

What's wrong, left your smile back
in South Dakota?

Jody sighs--

JODY

Left a kid back in South Dakota,
actually, plus a pile of work...
but when the mayor insists you go--

DONNA

--you gotta go. I feel ya. It's
cool. Have a sucker--

JODY

No thank y-- oh.

Donna's tucked a lollipop into Jody's front pocket. But when
Donna looks up, she TENSES. Stares over Jody's shoulder at--

SHERIFF DOUG HANSCUM (40s, in uniform; looks like a CrossFit
trainer, would probably condescend to the President).

DOUG

Donna!

Donna's warm expression pinches--

DONNA

Doug...

DOUG

Well aren't you lookin' good?

DONNA

(blurts, proud)
I lost six pounds.

DOUG

Hey, quarter of the way there!

3

Donna's smile falters as Jody BALKS at the nerve of this grinning meat-head. He leans in to Donna--

DOUG

Say, think you can toss a couple extra meal vouchers my way?

Donna glances at Jody, feeling morally on the spot, but still rips off a strip of colored tickets from the roll for Doug.

DOUG

True blue as ever, Donna.

Doug grabs a handful of lollipops from the bowl, tips an imaginary hat to Donna, and ambles off. Donna hands Jody a couple meal vouchers, noticing Jody's curious LOOK--

DONNA

Doug and I used to be married...

JODY

Got it.

And off Classic Donna Hanscum, smiling through the pain...

4

INT. NORTH COUNTRY HOTEL - BANQUET HALL - DAY

4

CLOSE ON: forehead sweat mopped off with a hankie. WIDEN: SHERIFF LEN CUSE (30s, chummy with a strong sense of duty, think Greg Kinner) goes behind the PODIUM, PHONE in hand. Smiles nervously at the couple dozen COPS assembled [NOTE: Donna is not present].

CUSE

Good morning, I'm Sheriff Len Cuse, Hibbing P.D.-- now lemme say first off, it's an honor to have you all here in Hibbing this year-- (and)

BZZZT. Cuse stops, glancing at his PHONE lit up with a text.

CUSE

Aw geez. Aw geez. Sorry, folks-- what was I-- right. Seein' as how it's my first time hosting one a these things, I'd like to try something new...

Pause for dramatic effect. Someone in the audience coughs.

(CONTINUED)

CUSE

Partners. Find an officer from
outside 50 miles of where you hail
from, and be a team this weekend.

He looks out at the uneager faces, his own enthusiasm waning---

CUSE

Go on, make a friend.

Officers get to their feet, shuffling, handshakes begin.
Cuse beelines for DEPUTY GRAHAM (30s, crew cut), waiting off
to the side. They angle in for a hushed talk, and we CUT TO:

JODY in the back of the room-- her back to the room-- on the
PHONE, oblivious to the activity behind her.

JODY

I know you'll be fine, Alex--
you're totally capable of not
throwing a kegger while I'm gone.
Totally, totally capable.
(beat, a wry smile)
My faith in you astounds me, too.
Alright, I'll call later. Bye.

Jody hangs up, feels a little better having caught up with
Alex, turns-- and sees officers leaving, chatting in pairs.

Realizing she seems to have missed something... but may have
LUCKED OUT because of it-- Jody goes for the door as--

Donna slips in through the cops with a stressed glance at the
pairs filing out-- then spots Jody, a dash of hope--

DONNA

Hey! Looks like you didn't get a
partner.

JODY

Looks like it...

DONNA

Well you got one now.

JODY. Smiling because she's a nice person. Not because
she's happy about this.

SHERIFF OTT (40s, a rotund yenta) checks out an Event
Schedule on an easel. Jody and Donna join him, Donna
scanning the schedule like it's the first day of camp--

(CONTINUED)

DONNA

'Cops VS. Winter: The Snow Must Go
On'... 'Establishing a K9
Unit'...ooh-- 'Preparing for a
Riot: Why Not Try It?'

Jody nods, indifferent about the lineup... as Ott glances
over, looking to tease out his precious bit of news--

OTT

Donna, you hear about the body?

DONNA

What body?

JODY

Yeah what body?
(offers hand)
Sheriff Jody Mills.

OTT

(shakes her hand, serious)
Trash men found it behind the
hardware store this morning.
Eaten.

DONNA

Eaten how?

OTT

Like nothin' left but the peach
pit, ya know?

JODY

Any idea what did it?

OTT

Coroner's sayin' animals outta the
woods, bobcats and the whatnot.
(shakes head, realizes--)
No wonder Sheriff Cuse was so outta
sorts back there-- got this mess on
his hands.

Jody and Donna nod, both concerned.

JODY

Attacks like this common for the
area?

DONNA

Heck no. When I lived here, we
kept our critters in check.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

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DONNA (CONT'D)
(pats her gun)
It leave any tracks, any hairs?

OTT
Not even a claw mark on the body.

JODY, mulling on this. None of it sits right with her.

JODY
Hey, I'll be right back--

And Jody's already hurrying for the door.

DONNA
Save you a seat!

6 INT. MEN OF LETTERS - LIBRARY - DAY 6

SAM WINCHESTER enters with his laptop to find DEAN WINCHESTER seated at the table in focused research-mode before a spread of lore books and open files. Sam sets down his laptop as Dean sighs, at a loss.

SAM
We good?

DEAN
Oh, yeah. Aces. Love the smell of parchment in the morning.

SAM
(re: the books)
How much lore is left? There's nothing here on the Mark?

DEAN
Right? You'd think these eggheads, with all this crap they amassed over the years, would've actually collected something important.

Dean picks up a thick sheaf. A RESEARCH REPORT.

DEAN
"He-Wolf/She-Wolf: A Study in Werewolf Transgenderism." 600 pages. Volume One. But something important? Like, I dunno, quite possibly the oldest symbol known to man? Sorry. Not worth our time. Not "weird" enough.

(CONTINUED)

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6

SAM

I hear you. I do.

(a beat)

Are you-- (finished with that?)

Dean gives him a look. Slides over the report.

DEAN

Nerd.

Sam phone BUZZES. He pulls his phone from his pocket, checks the screen, picks up--

SAM

Jody, how's it going?

7

EXT. NORTH COUNTRY HOTEL - PARKING LOT - DAY

7

Jody heads toward her car, ON THE PHONE.

JODY

Having the time of my life at a
sheriffs' retreat in Hibbing.

INTERCUT JODY AND SAM:

SAM

(dry)

Sounds like a blast.

(Dean waves)

Dean says hi.

JODY

Wait-- you found him?

(sarcastic)

Thanks for letting me know.

SAM

Yeah, sorry about that.

DEAN-- sensing they're talking about him. Sam shifts gears--

SAM

Hold on, lemme put you on speaker--

Sam sets the phone between himself and Dean.

DEAN

Hey Jody. How's Alex holding up?

JODY

Awesome, already head of the
cheerleading squad.

(CONTINUED)

SAM

Wow. Really?

JODY

No, Sam, she smokes grass under the bleachers-- but at least she's not luring men to their deaths.

(then)

So, listen, may not be your kinda of thing but-- a body was found here this morning... something'd gone to chow town on it.

Sam and Dean exchanged a worried look.

SAM

Was the throat ripped out?

JODY

Worse... I'm hearing all the flesh was eaten down to the bone. Any ideas?

DEAN

Okay-- not vampires.

SAM

I got nothing.

DEAN

Jody? Why don't we come out there? Wouldn't be any trouble.

JODY

Nah, I can handle it... but I'll call if it gets to be something I can't.

SAM

Alright--
(playful sarcastic)
Enjoy the retreat.

JODY

Screw you, Winchester.

Jody hangs up with a smile and an eyeroll; we STAY WITH THE BOYS. Dean's FRUSTRATED gaze washes over the research--

DEAN

I'm gonna swallow a bag of knives if I have to stare at this any longer.

(CONTINUED)

SAM

Jody says she was on top of it...

Dean CLAPS a tome shut, stands. Doesn't care.

DEAN

Uh-huh.

SAM shrugs. Empathizing. He closes his laptop--

SAM

Let's take a drive.

8 INT. MORGUE - DAY 8

Jody enters, eyes the SHEET-COVERED BODY on a slab, looks to the CORONER, DR. SHELLY PIERSON (30s, dry, over it, like a Minnesota Daria), doing a crossword at her desk. Dr. Pierson looks up at Jody--

JODY

I'm Sheriff Mills... came to look at the body found this morning?

DR. PIERSON

Sure. Soon as you become a member of the Hibbing Police Department.

JODY

Look, I'm trying to help here--

DR. PIERSON

And I'm just trying to not lose my job?

The coroner's gaze drifts to something BEHIND JODY as her demeanor thaws (though never a smile)--

DR. PIERSON

Hey, stranger.

Jody turns to see Donna enter, all warmth for Dr. Pierson--

DONNA

Hey, Shelly-- how're the kids?

DR. PIERSON

Little jerks. Love 'em to death.
(getting to her feet)
Need something?

DONNA

Just came to check out the vic.

(CONTINUED)

DR. PIERSON

Where's Len at?

DONNA

Tied up with the retreat-- big surprise, right-- but I figure, what's the point of a hotel fulla sheriffs if you can't help out?

DR. PIERSON

Someone's got to get you a halo or something. But um--

(re: Jody)

What's her deal?

DONNA

Sheriff Mills? Might say she left her manners back in Sioux Falls, but she's with me.

Donna turns to the slab with a nod to Dr. Pierson--

DONNA

So, whaddya say? Curtains up?

DR. PIERSON

Hold onto your breakfasts... this one's grisly.

Dr. Pierson lifts the sheet-- Donna and Jody's eyebrows lift a bit at the (O.S.) gruesome sight, but neither grimaces.

DONNA

Ate the whole kit and caboodle, that's for damn sure.

Donna slips her READING GLASSES from a pouch near the back of her belt and puts them on, scrutinizing the body.

DONNA

You got a measuring tape?

Pierson retrieves one from her desk and hands it to Donna. Donna begins measuring the body, getting in the zone.

JODY. Respecting Donna's initiative. Jody turn to Pierson--

JODY

Can I see his personal effects?

Dr. Pierson opens a cabinet, pulls out a large Ziploc BAG OF CLOTHING. Jody removes a pair of JEANS-- holds them up, surprised to see they're big enough for pre-Subway Jared.

(CONTINUED)

JODY

That stringbean wore these?
(rifles through bag)
Where's the belt?

DR. PIERSON

Wasn't wearing any.

JODY

These stayed up without one?

DR. PIERSON

(deadpan)
Or... wild animals stole it?

Jody, realizing what she's implied made her sound a little nuts, finds herself relieved by Donna's interruption--

DONNA

Jodio, check this out.

JODY. Not in the nickname sorta mood.

Donna doesn't notice, too puzzled by the corpse as she winds up the measuring tape--

DONNA

Been hunting since I could hold a
shotgun made for petite adults,
I've seen darn near every bite in
the book-- but I couldn't tell ya
what did the biting here.

Jody nods, now more worried this is supernatural-related--

JODY

I was afraid of that.

DONNA

Meaning...?

Jody catches herself. Shrugs.

JODY

(covering)
Nothing-- got me stumped too.

Donna takes a beat. Then goes back to studying the corpse.
As Jody ponders what the hell this could be.

9

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

9

BAM! A screen door slams open, smacking the wall as-- HOWIE (40s, in old sweats), rushes outside with a bag of trash, IRRITATED. We hear a WOMAN'S VOICE SHOUT FROM INSIDE--

WOMAN (O.S.)

Don't you go smokin', Howie!

HOWIE

Just watch your Top Model!

Howie HUFFS around the SIDE OF THE BUILDING...

He looks around, paranoid. Sets down the bag of trash. Squats, grips a LOOSE BRICK at the base of the building and wiggles it out, uncovering A STASHED PACK OF CIGARETTES. Howie covets them for a moment in his hands-- when a CLANG in the dumpster gives him a START. He glances up--

The dumpster is silent and still.

Howie's focus returns to the smokes. He flips open the lid... and finds only a single crumpled cigarette. Instantly as crushed as that cigarette, Howie tosses the package onto the ground. Dude just can't get a break. He grabs the trash and tosses it into the dumpster. Turns to go, when--

Another NOISE comes from inside the dumpster, a sudden movement that had to have been made by something bigger than a squirrel.

Howie stops and looks back at the dumpster. Unsure.

He slowly OPENS the dumpster lid. Stands on his tiptoes and PEERS in. A long tense beat, then--

SHWOOK! Howie is YANKED into the dumpster by an UNSEEN FORCE! The lid SLAMS shut, the filthy bin of death SHAKING as Howie SCREAMS... and we PULL DOWN...

To a RUSTY HOLE near the bottom... BLOOD streaming out onto the ground as the dumpster grows still.

BLACKOUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

10

INT. NORTH COUNTRY HOTEL - BAR - NIGHT

10

SHERIFF CUSE seated at the bar, swallows his drink with the heavy head of a long day. He looks up as Donna, beer in hand, leans on the bar beside him. She's dressed in civvies.

DONNA

Heya Len. How's that seltzer treatin' ya?

Cuse raises his glass to Donna and takes a sip. Jody arrives at his other side with a beer, also dressed in civvies; his glance ping-pongs between the women, sensing something's up--

CUSE

Something I can help you with?

DONNA

That animal attack last night sounded real bad, huh?

CUSE

Sure was.

DONNA

What kind of animal you thinkin' did it, now?

CUSE

Dunno. Got Animal Control on it.

JODY

And that's it?

Cuse looks at her, a bit bewildered. Jody holds out a hand--

JODY

Jody Mills, Sioux Falls.

Cuse shakes her hand as Deputy Graham anxiously slips between Donna and Cuse--

DEPUTY GRAHAM

Sheriff Cuse, we have a-- an issue with the uh, the raffle.

He lifts his eyebrows, shooting Cuse a 'this is important' look that Jody doesn't miss while Graham's back is to Donna.

(CONTINUED)

CUSE

'Scuse me, I better see to this.
Enjoy your night, Sheriffs.

Cuse heads off with the Deputy. Jody stares after them as Donna drinks her beer, shakes her head--

DONNA

He's got as much idea as we do--
squat.

JODY. Thinking.

DONNA

Maybe he's right, ya know, let
Animal Control take the lead.

Jody shrugs, not ready to let go just yet, as DONNA FROWNS at something over Jody's shoulder...

Jody TURNS-- and sees Doug obnoxiously PUSHING AN INVISIBLE CART to the music, grabbing invisible cans off invisible shelves. A busty cop-- SHERIFF GOODHILL (30s)-- shimmies beside him, snatching "cans" and placing them in his "cart."

DONNA

I used to put the cans in his cart.

Jody swallows some beer, unimpressed by the dancing pair.

JODY

Are you really missing much?

Donna deflects with a shrug of heartbreak denial.

JODY

Honestly, Donna? I know I just met
the guy, but-- Doug seems like kind
of a dick.

DONNA

But he was my dick. And it's
getting harder to find any dick at
all.

Sympathetic, Jody tops off Donna's beer as Donna watches Doug plant a kiss on Goodhill's cheek. Trying not to hurt--

DONNA

Hey-- I'm gonna hit the can, ya
know, where it's less gross?

(CONTINUED)

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10

Jody nods: *I get it.* Donna heads toward the bathroom, and Jody's gaze goes straight for-- SHERIFF CUSE AND DEPUTY GRAHAM near the entrance, wearing matching looks of DISTRESS. Jody heads over to them; neither notice her approach--

JODY
Everything okay?

CUSE
What? Ya. All good.

DEPUTY GRAHAM
All good with the raffle.

JODY
Can we get real here, please?

Graham looks at Cuse, unsure. Cuse shakes his head, worried.

CUSE
You want real? Somebody else turned up dead.

DEPUTY GRAHAM
Looks like another animal attack.

CUSE
(to Jody)
Please don't spread that. Don't wanna spoil everyone's good time.

JODY
Or get too many cooks in the kitchen?

CUSE
Exactly. Deputy Graham and I gotta go make some calls-- try and have a good time, alright?

Jody nods, knowing she won't. Cuse and Graham head out, and Jody scans the room... no sign of Donna. She SLIPS OUT...

...as Donna emerges from the bathroom. Looks around for Jody...

11

EXT. NORTH COUNTRY HOTEL - NIGHT

11

JODY, on the PHONE, irritated--

JODY
Alex. Stop-- no-- listen to me-- why do I hear firecrackers?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

JODY (CONT'D)

(beat)

Hello?

Jody looks at her phone, dismayed to see the CALL ENDED.

DONNA

So maybe your life's not all
cupcakes, either?

REVEAL Donna behind her. Jody turns, plays it off--

JODY

Never said it was.

Donna notices the CAR KEYS in Jody's hand. She tries to make
light of it.

DONNA

Uh-oh. Flyin' the coop without me?
Again.

JODY

What? No--

DONNA

--No, I get it. I do. "Take a
hint, Donna," right--?

JODY

--there was another animal attack.

DONNA

(a beat)

Shut the front door. Says who?

JODY

Sheriff Cuse just told me. I was
heading to the morgue, but they're
probably closed and--

She gestures to the phone in her hand like -- *Life*.

JODY

It can wait 'til morning.

Donna picks up on Jody's frustration. Gently--

DONNA

Anything I can help with there?

(CONTINUED)

JODY

Nah. 'Less you got any gems on how to handle teen girls? 'Cause mine is--

DONNA

(echoing Jody, re: Doug)
Kind of a dick?

JODY

(laughs, yeah)
She's got a lot more in there too, really good things.

Jody smiles quietly, appreciating the kid.

JODY

I mean, I was 17 once. Hair up to here--
(puts hand four inches above her head)
Attitude up to here--
(lifts hand more)
Why can't I get through to her?

Donna gives Jody a small smile, understanding.

DONNA

You let anybody through to you at that age?

JODY

(thinks a beat)
Joey DeMoupiéd. He rode a motorcycle. Smelled like... yeah.

Jesus. Jody's not going there.

DONNA

She'll come around. You did, right?

Jody nods, feeling a little better.

DONNA

So. Fresh corpse, dick husband, out-of-control teen... wanna get blingo'd on my mini bar and watch pay-per-view?

JODY

Thanks, but I think I'm gonna crash. Long day.

(CONTINUED)

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DONNA
Don't I know it.

Jody heads back into the hotel, and we HOLD on Donna... her smile fading, but trying to buck up.

12 EXT. NORTH COUNTRY HOTEL - PARKING LOT - DAY (DAY 3) 12

The IMPALA rolls into the lot...

13 INT. NORTH COUNTRY HOTEL - LOBBY - DAY 13

Sam and Dean enter in FED SUITS, taking in the herd of uniformed officers hanging around the lobby-- one of whom is--

JODY, coming over-- happy to see them, but with some good-natured annoyance--

JODY
I said I could handle it.

DEAN
Good to see you, too.

He grins and hugs her; Jody hugs Sam next, pulling back and stepping toward the front doors--

JODY
I'm headed to the morgue, want in?

SAM
Just came from there.

JODY
And?

SAM
Flesh was eaten off the second vic too.

JODY
Was anything missing?

DEAN
The guy's wallet. Why?

JODY
I think a belt was missing off the first kid.

SAM
So... monsters are eating and robbing people?

(CONTINUED)

As Dean and Jody ponder that, Donna's voice rings out--

DONNA (O.S.)

Jodio! You take sugar?

Sam, Dean, and Jody look over to Donna at THE COFFEE STATION.

JODY

No-- no sugar.

The boys can't help but smirk--

DEAN

Jodio?

JODY

It's-- don't ask.

Dean eyeballs Donna, trying to place her as Sam puts their joint recognition into words--

SAM

Wait a sec. Is that Donna...?

DEAN

Fat spa Donna?

JODY

You guys know my stalker?

DEAN

She almost blew our case last time.

Jody glances at Donna still over by the coffee--

JODY

Yeah, haven't been able to shake that ray of sunshine since I got here.

(considers, then)

She's actually been kinda useful though. Just tough keeping her out of this nightmare stuff, you know?

SAM

Think you can distract her while we poke around?

JODY

You two get here and now I'm a babysitter?

(CONTINUED)

DEAN

She hasn't got mixed up in this
crap yet, let's keep it that way.

JODY-- not jazzed, but knowing it's the right thing to do--

JODY

If she tries to show me her sticker
collection, I'm out.

Sam and Dean nod, fair enough-- when--

DONNA

Agent Frehley! Agent Criss!

The boys turn toward Donna's cheerful approach--

DONNA

Thought that was you. Well, ain't
this a kick in the pants. What
dragged ya in?

SAM

Uh-- Sheriff Hanscum, right?

Donna nods as Sam shoots Dean a LOOK--

DEAN

It's-- you know, we can't really
talk about it.

DONNA

I hear ya, I hear ya. Anything I
can help with?

Sam and Dean shake their heads no, shooting Jody prodding
LOOKS-- Jody acquiesces--

JODY

(to Donna)

Actually... Sheriff. I thought
maybe you and I could go check out
the gear expo.

DONNA

What about the morgue?

JODY

Like you said, Animal Control will
do their thing.

ON DONNA. Realizing she'd be dropping the ball, too--

(CONTINUED)

DONNA

Oh.

(deciding)

If it's cool with you... it's cool
with me. I did hear they're
packing some serious heat in there.

Donna hands Jody her coffee and heads into the banquet hall,
Jody on her heels, turning to whisper back at the boys--

JODY

Hurry.

Dean meets Sam's eyes, ticks his head toward the small
cluster of COPS (which includes Sheriff Cuse and Deputy
Graham) around the coffee station. The boys approach; Graham
spots them and nudges his friend, everyone eyeing the suits.

DEAN

How you fellas doing?

Shrugs and nods from the cops. The boys flash their badges--

DEAN

I'm Agent Criss, this is Agent
Frehley-- we're looking for the
Sheriff?

All but Deputy Graham raise a hand and nod.

DEAN

Of Hibbing.

CUSE

That'd be me.

SAM

We're investigating the attacks
from the last couple nights,
wondering where you're at on that?

CUSE

(confused)

On the-- animal attacks?

Off Sam and Dean's nods--

DEPUTY GRAHAM

Wait-- you tellin' me the FBI's got
nothing better to do?

(CONTINUED)

DEAN

What can I say, we go where the boss tells us.

Graham looks at his buddies, getting a kick out of this--

DEPUTY GRAHAM

To what, arrest a bobcat from Hibbing?

DEAN

I'm sorry-- you got a problem?

DEPUTY GRAHAM

I got no problem. You ain't the first Feds to roll through here and come up with nothing, but sure is cute to watch you try.

DEAN

Buddy, the FBI don't do "cute"--

Sam slides between Dean and the cops--

SAM

Sheriff Cuse-- we need to know if there was any surveillance footage of the attack, maybe a traffic camera caught something?

CUSE

Sorry guys, got no record of it.

At that, Deputy Graham swallows his coffee a little too hard. Nervous. Sam and Dean share a LOOK, both having clocked Graham's reaction. Sheriff Cuse turns to Graham--

CUSE

Speaking of-- keep an eye on the expo, 'K Deputy? I gotta check in with the guys at Animal Control.

(to Sam and Dean)

Agents, good to meet ya. Enjoy a bearclaw in the Roosevelt Room.

Deputy Graham-- after shooting a glare Dean's way-- heads toward the banquet hall, flanked by the other two cops.

Sam turns to Dean--

SAM

Sheriff's lying?

(CONTINUED)

"Hibbing 911"
CONTINUED: (5)

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13

13

DEAN

Deputy Douche seems to think so.

SAM

I'll try to crack the police server, maybe something showed up on surveillance.

DEAN

I'll crack the deputy.

SAM

Yeah, this time maybe try to be less defensive of your pretend job?

Dean whips out his FBI badge, gives Sam a stern look--

DEAN

This badge means something, Sam.

SAM

I made it at Kinkos.

Dean shoves the badge in his pocket, annoyed at Sam-- who is very amused-- and starts toward the banquet hall doors.

14

INT. NORTH COUNTRY HOTEL - BANQUET HALL - DAY

14

Donna and Jody peruse a table of HANDGUNS, eyes big.

DONNA

Son of a gun...

The SALESMAN, CHAZ (50s), thinks he sees an opening here--

CHAZ

Officer Ladies, check this one out--

He presents a smallish Glock--

CHAZ

Take it to lunch, to the gym, get your nails did-- she's always by your side.

Jody and Donna share a LOOK: is this dude serious? Jody picks up a different pistol, slightly bigger--

JODY

How 'bout this puppy?

(CONTINUED)

CHAZ

Depends. Think you can handle a big one?

JODY-- not appreciating the innuendo, inspects the gun--

JODY

Striker Fire Pistol, right?

DONNA

Model VP9. Cute, but only 5.5 pounds of pull weight.

Jody looks Chaz dead in the eye.

JODY

You call that a big one? Hope you drive a Porsche.

ON CHAZ-- starting to realize he aimed his patronizing sales tactics at the wrong chicks. A CHUCKLE behind Donna-- she and Jody turn to see DOUG eyeing Chaz's chagrin--

DOUG

Chaz, if you were trying to pull the wool over this one, pick another girl-- Sheriff Hanscum here's a wolf in sheepskin.

DONNA

(keeping cool)

Thank you, wolves are majestic creatures, but save the flattery for-- other female people.

DOUG

Female who people?

DONNA

(no nonsense)

She filled your shopping cart, Doug.

DOUG

Who? Oh, Sheriff Goodhill? No-- I mean, yeah, but we just met-- Cufflinks, you know how it is.

JODY

Cuff-- what?

(CONTINUED)

DOUG

Cufflinks. That dating site for cops. You on it, Donna?

DONNA

Me. No. Not quite there yet.

He does what all women hate-- gives her side a playful pinch--

DOUG

Still gettin' yourself in date-shape?

DONNA-- insecurity poked, not sure how to respond--

DONNA

It's more-- trying to get through my Netflix queue first, ya know?

JODY

For the love of God.

Jody can't resist-- she steps up beside Donna, faces Doug--

JODY

What is wrong with you? Do you get off on fat shaming, is that it?

(to Donna)

You are so not fat, by the way.

(back to Doug)

You-- you're just a dick.

As Jody stews in Donna's defense, Doug looks like he's just been slapped, and Donna-- she looks mortified.

DOUG

Wow. Okay. I'll uh-- okay, then.

Doug walks off, and now Jody sees Donna Hanscum PISSED--

DONNA

What the H-E-double-hockey-sticks, Jody? Calling my ex a dick to his face?

JODY

Well, it didn't seem like you were going to, so...

DONNA

What would be the point? We're divorced! You really think I'm gonna "change him" now?

(CONTINUED)

JODY

So he gets to treat you like a doormat forever? I mean, come on--

DONNA

How 'bout this. 'Til' you've actually lost a husband? You keep your mouth zipped about mine.

ON JODY. Frozen. WE FLASHBACK TO:

THE MOMENT in Episode 514, "Dead Men Don't Wear Plaid"-- Jody's final horrific sight of her HUSBAND lying dead on the ground, disemboweled by their SON, who stands over him.

BACK TO PRESENT. Jody's thousand-yard stare, that painful image re-playing in her head.

ON DONNA. Realizing she hit a nerve.

DONNA

Did something-- happen to your husband?

JODY

We all have our crosses to bear, right?

DONNA

Hey, I'm sorry if I--

JODY

--no, no. Fair game. I certainly went there.

DONNA

You wanna talk about it or--

Jody, vulnerable, holding back--

JODY

Not right now. Maybe someday.

Donna nods, seeing she can't quite get through to her.

DONNA

Alright, then. I'm gonna get some air.

Donna turns and walks out of the banquet hall, leaving Jody behind, already feeling guilty.

TRACK WITH DONNA-- passing by DEAN on her way out-- we STAY WITH HIM-- he's looking around... spots:

(CONTINUED)

DEPUTY GRAHAM at a booth for CUSTOM HANDCUFFS. Dean approaches; Graham looks up at Dean, smirks--

DEPUTY GRAHAM
Agent. Lookin' for teeny weeny handcuffs to slap on some paws?

DEAN. Fighting the urge to sock this guy.

DEAN
Hey man, I think we got off on the wrong foot.

DEPUTY GRAHAM
Right... How's that, exactly?

DEAN
That investigation my partner and I are here on? It's big... and we're gonna need some local help-- guys who aren't afraid to talk shop with the big boys back in D.C.-- think that's something that'd interest you?

Graham thinks on it; his ego gets the better of him--

DEPUTY GRAHAM
Might be. What can I do?

DEAN
Be straight with me: was there any footage of the attack?

Graham glances around, lowers his voice--

DEPUTY GRAHAM
Sheriff Cuse changed the password to the server yesterday. It's got the feed from the traffic cam across the street from where that guy went dumpster diving-- and when I was gonna check the footage, Sheriff said he'd do it himself.

DEAN
He say why?

Deputy Graham shakes his head, loyal--

DEPUTY GRAHAM
Sheriff's a straight-shooter, sure he had his reasons.

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED: (5) 14

As Dean ponders that--

15 EXT. NORTH COUNTRY HOTEL - BACK - DAY 15

DONNA-- out for a walk-- taking long, even breaths to chill out, her gaze downcast, we switch to:

DONNA'S POV of the ground... and-- is that a spot of red? Blood? POV drifts to a few more drops of blood...

ON DONNA-- personal troubles out the window, she's alert and on the job now. She follows a THIN TRAIL OF BLOOD...

AROUND A CORNER--

16 EXT. ALLEY - CONTINUOUS 16

A more isolated part of the alley... where she stops in her tracks. Staring down at something FURTHER DOWN THE ALLEY--

Someone crouched over a BODY on the ground.

Horrified, Donna realizes she's looking into the lifeless eyes of SHERIFF GOODHILL-- lying DEAD on the ground, throat ripped out, BLOOD pooling around her head.

The person crouched over the body STANDS... and now DONNA'S EYES WIDEN at--

SHERIFF CUSE, his mouth crowded with RAZOR-SHARP TEETH, face contorted in what we recognize-- but Donna doesn't-- as VAMPIRISM. Sheriff Cuse LOOKS UP--

SHERIFF CUSE'S POV: the mouth of the alley. Empty. CUT TO:

DONNA-- around the corner, pressed against the wall, gun drawn, confused and scared shitless.

ON SHERIFF CUSE-- his face has returned to its unremarkable state. He shoots a PANICKED LOOK down at Sheriff Goodhill's body, then backs up, turning to haul ass down the alley in the opposite direction, his departure becoming BACKGROUND TO--

DONNA, still frozen against the wall. Trying to make sense of what the hell she just saw.

BLACKOUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

17

INT. NORTH COUNTRY HOTEL - LOBBY - DAY

17

A BODY BAG is wheeled past the window by sluggish Coroner Pierson. PULL BACK... to Dean and Jody, watching this--

DEAN

Animal attack, my ass. You seen Sheriff Cuse around?

JODY

Not since before the expo.

DEAN

Yeah same here.

Jody takes a long look at Dean.

JODY

How you doin', kiddo?

DEAN

Me? Fantastic. Why?

JODY

Oh, you know. Word 'round the campfire is, you went off the res a few months back.

DEAN

That right? You and Sammy passing notes in class again?

(off her shrug)

Nothing I can't handle.

JODY

Just sayin'. Make a mean bowl of fish chowder you ever wanna talk.

DEAN

Appreciate that, Ma'am.

Sam approaches--

DEAN

Got something?

SAM

There was something. I hacked into the surveillance server, but files from last night had been deleted.

(CONTINUED)

JODY

(to Dean)

Didn't you say only Cuse has access
to those files?

Dean nods-- he and Jody share a pointed LOOK-- as Sam glances
around, concerned--

SAM

Where's Donna?

DONNA

(walking up behind Sam)

Right here, Agent Frehley.

Looking rather grim, Donna glances at Sam and Dean--

DONNA

Jody, can we talk a sec? Alone?

DEAN

Sure, we'll just be-- looking.

Jody nods, catching his drift-- and as Sam and Dean move off
to hunt down Sheriff Cuse, Donna turns to Jody-- UPSET-- but
Jody jumps in, SINCERE--

JODY

First of all-- back there, it
wasn't cool to butt in like I did.
I know I hurt you, and-- I'm sorry.

Donna, her reeling mind already so far from Doug--

DONNA

What? Oh, quit being a doormat? I
hear ya, Jody, and it's-- it's
okay. We're okay. Only--
(beat, distressed)

There's something else, I-- I can't
wrap my head around it--

Donna shakes her head, looks up at Jody, eyes wide--

DONNA

You ever think there are things out
there... things that don't end up
in the police blotter?

JODY-- reading Donna's confused, disturbed expression...

JODY

Can you give me some specifics?

(CONTINUED)

DONNA

Okay, well I was uh, I was kinda far down the alley, so maybe I didn't see it right, but what I think I saw... were teeth.

(off Jody's nod)

It was Sheriff Cuse. He was standing over Sheriff Goodhill's body, but his mouth-- it was fulla shark teeth, Jody, like some kinda--

JODY

Monster?

Donna nods, self-conscious--

DONNA

Do you think I'm crazy?

JODY

Not at all. Did he see you?

DONNA

No... I just hid. Like a chump.

(then)

You really believe me?

JODY

(nods)

So will those guys from the FBI.

Donna wells with gratitude as Jody dials on her PHONE.

DONNA

If you say so...

(then)

Hey-- yesterday I saw Cuse take his stuff into a room down the hall from mine, musta been uh-- 304--

JODY

(nods at her, leaving voicemail)

Sam-- Cuse is our guy-- Donna says he booked room 304. Hit me back.

She hangs up, antsy. Donna looks back at her-- also antsy.

DONNA

So what now... just let the locals handle this?

(CONTINUED)

JODY
Trust me, the locals definitely
shouldn't handle this.

Jody meets Donna's conspiring eye. A consensus reached.

18 INT. NORTH COUNTRY HOTEL - SHERIFF CUSE'S ROOM - DAY 18

CLOSE ON: the RATTLING DOORKNOB. Being PICKED from the other
side. The door OPENS--

Donna and Jody enter, peering around, on edge. Jody
surreptitiously checks INSIDE HER JACKET-- and we GLIMPSE a
MACHETE sheathed inside the inner mesh pocket.

They prowl through the room littered with event materials
(poster boards, pamphlets, maybe some open boxes of retreat t-
shirts), when the women eye several tubes of SPF 80 SUNSCREEN
on the desk-- for Jody, looks like the sunscreen confirms her
vampire suspicions, but Donna's just CONFUSED--

DONNA
Lookit all this sunblock... you'd think
he's at Copacabana or something.

JODY
Yeah-- I'll explain later.

Donna nods as Jody keeps looking around, when-- Donna spots a
NOTEPAD on the night stand. She goes over to it--

The top sheet has been TORN OFF. Something previously
scrawled on it left a faded IMPRINT on the page. Donna pulls
a pencil from her pocket, SHADES over the paper... revealing
an ADDRESS-- 424 Cripple Creek Road. Suddenly--

The DOOR HANDLE SHAKES. Donna rips off the sheet and pockets
it, jumps to her feet as--

Jody pulls the MACHETE out of her coat. Donna's eyes almost
pop out of her head--

DONNA
(hissed whisper)
What the heck is that for?!

Jody just wields the machete, Donna whips out her gun, both
officers at the ready-- the DOOR OPENS-- and Sam and Dean
enter. Relieved, Donna and Jody lower their weapons as Sam
closes the door behind him--

SAM
Got your voicemail.

(CONTINUED)

DONNA JODY
Uh-- she just pulled a Sheriff Cuse is a vampire--
machete--

Donna whips her head at Jody as she finishes--

JODY
Donna saw his teeth.

DONNA
What the cuss?? Vampire?

Dean turns to Jody with a sigh--

DEAN
You wanna give her The Talk?

Jody nods, ready to pass the torch, tucking the machete back into her coat...

19 EXT. NORTH COUNTRY HOTEL - PARKING LOT - NIGHT 19

ON DONNA. Leaning against the Impala, her mind just blown.

DONNA
Heck. Just-- heck.

WIDEN. Dean, Sam and Jody giving her a moment to process.

DONNA
Wait, so-- when we were at the weight loss spa...

DEAN
Monsters. Suckin' out your fat. We took care of 'em.

DONNA
Aw geez. I knew losing ten pounds that fast was too good to be true.

She swallows hard, grows stern-- forcing herself back to business. Donna pulls out the ADDRESS she found--

DONNA
Maybe this is where Sheriff, uh-- Vampire-- went.

Dean takes the paper, dubious, as Sam pulls out his phone--

DEAN
I dunno, it could be anything.

(CONTINUED)

Sam raises an eyebrow at his phone screen--

SAM

Just mapped it-- looks like an old farm outside of town.

DEAN

(changing his tune)

Could be something.

DONNA

And it's the only lead we got.

She moves to open a back door to the Impala, Sam stops her--

SAM

We? A vampire's way different from the Johns you toss in jail.

DEAN

Meaning you're sitting this one out, Sheriff.

DONNA

Stuff you, Dean-- whatever your real name is-- (I'm not)

Jody, firm--

JODY

Hanscum's good.

SAM

(not liking this)

Jody...

JODY

I said she's good.

Donna gives Jody an appreciative look as Sam and Dean share a HESITANT beat-- and reluctantly give in.

DEAN

Fine-- but you stay back, let us take the lead.

Off Donna's compliant nod, they all pile into the car.

The Impala slows to a stop, a safe distance from the weathered barn. The foursome exit the car, Dean going straight for the trunk.

He pulls out THREE MACHETES as Jody removes her own from her coat; Dean hands one to Sam, then one to Donna with a warning-

DEAN

If you take a swing, swing hard.
With vampires, head's gotta roll.

DONNA

(gulps)
Got it.

Machetes in hand, Sam and Dean lead them toward the back of the barn... coming up quick and low, sticking close to the wall. Dean edges toward a WINDOW... PEERS IN:

DEAN'S POV REVEALS: Sheriff Cuse inside-- sitting on an old workbench, hunched over, his back to them.

Dean pulls back and NODS to Sam-- *he's in there*-- Sam nods back. Dean peeps back in the window-- but this time sees--

THE BENCH IS EMPTY. The room abandoned. Then-- JUMPSCARE!! Sheriff Cuse's FACE appears in the window! He looks FRIGHTENED-- whispers through a jagged hole in the glass--

SHERIFF CUSE

Run.

Too late. BAM!-- Dean is BASHED in the back of the head with a 2x4 hunk of wood! Sam whips around-- WHAM! He's smacked across the face with the 2x4-- Sam slumps against the barn, KNOCKED OUT-- as Dean REELS, dizzy, clutching his head--

DEAN'S POV: double-vision of a smirking WOMAN holding the 2x4. She sharpens INTO FOCUS... as the HOMELESS GIRL Jody met outside the hotel: this is STARR.

STARR

Well hi there, sunflower.

ON JODY AND DONNA. PINNED against the wall by TWO GUYS with VAMPIRE SUPER-STRENGTH-- CATFISH and SAGE (20s, filthy Bohemian garb, unkempt hair). FANGS slide out from the vampires' gums...

And OFF OUR HEROINES, eyes going WIDE with FEAR--

BLACKOUT.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

21

INT. BARN - NIGHT

21

A HAZY POV. A PAIR OF EYES stare into ours--

STARR

It's all love, pretty boy.

SAM. Blinking back to awareness. Starr smiles warmly--

STARR

All of you will become all of us.
(strokes Sam's hair)
We won't waste one bit.

Sam jerks his head away, realizing his HANDS are ROPE-BOUND to a long HORSE POST-- along with Dean, Jody, and Donna. Sam gets to his feet as Dean glares at Starr--

DEAN

Okay Mufasa, enough with the Circle of Life crap. You're a vampire. You're scum. End of story.

Starr gives Dean a pitying smile, her hands go to his belt... she unbuckles it. Slips it off coyly--

DEAN

Lady, I'm not in the mood.

Starr winks at Dean, passes by Catfish (busy restraining Sheriff Cuse), and hands the belt to Sage, who puts it on.

SAGE

Groovy.

Jody eyes the BELT Starr wears-- the deceased Tagger's dead-eyed SMILEY FACE ICON on the BUCKLE.

JODY

It's not enough to kill people, you gotta rob 'em, too?

Starr, with the haughty air of a new-age earth mother--

STARR

We scavenge. We don't sip and go-- we use every part of the buffalo.

JODY

(acerbic)
And I gave you lunch money.

(CONTINUED)

STARR

(smiles)

But you came in time for dinner.

SAM. Eyes set on the vamps... as his FINGERS paw for a SMALL KNIFE poking out of his back pocket, just out of reach.

Meanwhile, DEAN-- rubbing the rope binding his wrists against a NAIL gnarled out of the post.

SHERIFF CUSE

Starr. Please. Let them go. I helped you out-- I dumped the video of Sage killing that man--

STARR

We didn't want favors, Len, we wanted you.

SHERIFF CUSE

What use am I now? I don't even kill people, I'm on bagged blood!

DONNA

Uh-- beg your pardon-- but I saw you with your vampire face standing over Sheriff Goodhill.

SHERIFF CUSE

I found her... smelled her blood, I couldn't help my-- my fangs-- but I didn't bite.

DEAN

Well aren't you the hero.

STARR. Staring at Cuse in disgust.

STARR

It's your nature to eat people. A vampire who doesn't feed is like a-- like a--

CATFISH

Tiger eating salad.

Starr nods in agreement, moving TOWARD CUSE--

STARR

We aren't gonna stop, Len. We'll take down every person in your sweet little Hibbing 'til you come back to the nest.

(CONTINUED)

ON SAM. Not quite able to reach his knife. He and Dean share a LOOK: Dean eyes the KNIFE in Sam's pocket... Sam makes a 'yeah, that ain't happening' face, leading Dean to double his efforts RUBBING HIS BINDS AGAINST THE NAIL. Sam sees this, tries to keep Starr talking--

SAM

What'd you do, Len, break up
Burning Man?

STARR

More like Woodstock. Len found me
crying on a curb after my daddy
kicked me out. I got in Len's
van... the rest is wavy gravy.

ON DONNA. Watching this go down. CUT IN CLOSE ON: DONNA'S HANDS-- her READING GLASSES out from the pouch at the back of her belt, she CRACKS the lens over an IRON KNOT in the post.

JODY

So what, Len's your Charlie Manson?

STARR

Charlie couldn't hold a candle to
Len. He taught us everything.

DEAN

Yeah, I'm sure it was all kombucha
and kumbaya.

STARR

Liberating is what it was. Then
one day... poof. Len's gone.

SAGE

'Til he landed his photo in the
paper. Stupid.

STARR

(bitter laugh)

For running a police retreat, of
all things. You didn't just go
straight-- you became a damn cop.

(shakes head, marveling)

Now that is wild, man.

Starr moves TOWARD DONNA with appetitive intent...

STARR

I hope you're feeling dirty, Len.
'Cause we're 'bout to have
ourselves a bloodbath.

(CONTINUED)

BACK ON DONNA-- cutting at her binds with the broken lens-- noticing Sheriff Cuse's EYES drift toward her-- he's realized what she's doing. They meet eyes: Donna's are silent, pleading. Cuse gives her the tiniest of nods. THEN-- he wrenches against Catfish's grip, unable to break free--

SHERIFF CUSE

Don't you want to know why I left?

Starr turns back to him and away from Donna; relief flashes across Cuse's face as Starr scowls at him--

STARR

I already know why: you got boring.

SHERIFF CUSE

I got a conscience. Prey that begged to live... it was like-- even if I used every part, the way I taught you, it was still-- wrong.

SAM

So you walked?

SHERIFF CUSE

I tried to protect people, after so many years of-- gutting them.
(a resolved pause)
That's why I'm here. I'll join your bloody caravan-- if it means you won't kill these people.

STARR

We aren't killing anyone. You are.

Catfish shoves Cuse toward Donna.

JODY

Wait-- you walked away once, you can do it again.

Cuse gives Jody a comforting nod, then turns to face Starr.

SHERIFF CUSE

Kiss. My. Ass.

Starr cocks her head at Cuse, disappointed--

STARR

We love you, brother...

She glances at Catfish, who GRABS CUSE again-- Starr picks up one of the captured MACHETES leaning against the wall--

(CONTINUED)

STARR

But we don't know who you are
anymore.

SWOOOSH! She CHOPS Sheriff Cuse's head off in one swing.
Drops the machete with a bummed look to Catfish and Sage--

STARR

Can't say we didn't try.

Her nestmates nod somberly, when SUDDENLY--

RHISSSHHH! Dean RIPS his rope free from the post as--

DONNA SPRINGS FORWARD! Dean snatches the machete off the
ground, goes straight for Catfish and LOPS OFF HIS HEAD!

Enraged at the loss of his friend, Sage RUSHES DEAN-- Dean
SWINGS the machete but Sage CATCHES DEAN'S ARM-- PINNING DEAN
AGAINST THE WALL-- Dean DROPS the machete--

And Donna sees STARR TURN FOR SAM-- he's desperately yanking
at his binds-- when JODY, thinking fast, sticks out her foot
and TRIPS Starr-- WHOOM! Starr hits the ground hard. Gets
up quick, PISSED-- she TURNS ON JODY, FANGS OUT--

WITH DEAN-- STRUGGLING against Sage-- Dean manages to wrench
his arm free, gets one HARD PUNCH to the vampire's jaw--

Sage staggers back, allowing Dean to scoop up his machete,
stalk forward and CHOP OFF SAGE'S HEAD.

MEANWHILE-- JODY-- recoiled from Starr, who grips the back of
Jody's neck, about to deliver a killer BITE... WHEN--

SLICE. MACHETE BLADE cuts clean through Starr's neck. Starr
crumples to the ground, DEAD.

ON SWEET DONNA HANSCUM, blood-spattered and breathless,
gripping the machete--

DONNA

Hakuna matata, lady.

She meets Dean's eye. He stares at her, impressed--

DEAN

That's what I'm talkin' about.

BLACKOUT.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

22

EXT. BARN - NIGHT

22

The boys head toward the Impala, trailed by Jody and Donna, both still flecked with Starr's blood.

JODY

You okay?

DONNA

Other than feeling like I wanna
hurl? Sure.

Donna stops, wipes a spot of blood from her cheek.

DONNA

(still in shock)
I... chopped off a vampire's head.

JODY

You were great at that.

DONNA

Thanks. But knowing these-- things
are out there... it makes the world
seem-- I dunno-- bigger. And
darker. And it makes me want to--
well, hurl--
(beat)
And fight harder.

JODY. Knowing exactly what she means.

JODY

You know, if you want some pointers
on how to fight this crazy crap...
I can fill you in. What kills
what, all that jazz.

Donna manages a small, exhausted smile--

DONNA

I'd like that.

Off Jody and Donna, a mighty friendship blooming...

We find SAM AND DEAN, packing machetes into the Impala trunk. Sam glances up at Dean, noticing the reflective-- maybe even happy?-- look on his brother's face.

SAM

You good?

(CONTINUED)

DEAN

I guess-- yeah.

(beat)

It's the first time since I've been back... it didn't feel like the Mark was pushing me.

SAM

And before-- it was? Dean, you said it was nothing--

DEAN

Look, okay, maybe I was a little worried about the Mark.

(off Sam's look)

Yeah, save me the "told you so's". You want the honest truth... all I can say right now is-- when I killed that vamp in there-- it felt like me again.

Sam smiles, relieved to hear that.

SAM

So-- that's good. Right?

DEAN

(a beat)

Well-- yeah.

SAM

Then let's go with that.

Sam hops into shotgun, Jody and Donna pile into the backseat, and we HANG WITH--

DEAN. A sliver of hope on his face. He glances at the MARK OF CAIN still on his arm, all the darkness it represents... and his fleeting hope becomes clouded by CAUTION.

Dean covers the Mark with his sleeve, climbs into the Impala, and we--

BLACKOUT.

TO BE CONTINUED...