

Sigil of Azazel

SUPERNATURAL

Episode #212

"Nightshifter"
(f.k.a. "Night Shifter")

Written by

Ben Edlund

Directed by

Phil Sgriccia

EXECUTIVE PRODUCERS

Eric Kripke
McG
Robert Singer
John Shiban
Kim Manners

PRODUCERS

Peter Johnson
Cyrus Yavneh
Phil Sgriccia

PRODUCTION DRAFT - WHITE
BLUE REVISIONS

11/09/06
11/13/06

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REVISION HISTORY

Revision	Date	Revised Pages
Production Draft - White	11/09/06	Full Script
Blue Revisions	11/13/06	Pages: 5-10, 12-16, 18, 20-21, 24, 26, 33, 35, 39, 46, 47

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SUPERNATURAL
"Nightshifter"

TEASER

1 EXT. BANK - NIGHT - TV NEWS COVERAGE (DAY 2) 1 *

NEWS FOOTAGE B-ROLL

VARIOUS TIGHT SHOTS. A CITY BANK awning. A DETECTIVE (LT. ROBARDS) confers with a UNIFORM. A SWAT SNIPER takes position on a rooftop. Etc. *

And at least one big fat wide shot (more if we can afford 'em): the BANK, surrounded by a perimeter of POLICE CRUISERS, COPS, BYSTANDERS, and a SWAT TEAM.

A NEWS GRAPHIC reads: "MILWAUKEE HOSTAGE CRISIS!"

REPORTER (V.O.)

... and though a short exchange of weapons fire occurred just minutes ago, police and SWAT teams maintain position as we enter the third hour of this tense stand-off...

CUT TO:

2 LIVE FOOTAGE 2

The REPORTER [female, late 20's] the bank in the B.G., finishing up her story:

REPORTER

Authorities estimate as many as ten hostages are being held inside the bank, no word as yet on the identity of the suspects, or--
(notices OS commotion)
Wait, it-- something's happening--

She turns and the NEWS CAMERA PANS SHAKILY to a PAIR OF PARAMEDICS, who push a gurney from an AMBULANCE toward the bank entrance, flanked by FOUR SWAT OFFICERS, guns down --

REPORTER (V.O.)

Paramedics are rushing to the bank's front entrance under armed escort--

OUR CAMERAMAN RUNS UP CLOSER TO THE SCENE - dodging past CARS and PEOPLE, jockeying for a better angle.

(CONTINUED)

*Swat
Paramedics*

*Learn
feeler Bank*

2
CONTINUED:

(We may hear the O.S. Reporter hurriedly advising the Cameraman as well: "No, Ted, over here!" Etc.)

The bank door opens, just wide enough to issue an OVERWEIGHT MAN, in an UNBUTTONED, OPEN SECURITY GUARD UNIFORM. He staggers forward, sweaty, panting, clutching his chest --

REPORTER (V.O.)

It appears that one hostage is in need of medical assistance, and has been released.

He falls into the arms of a paramedic, who pulls him back toward the gurney. But meanwhile, the FOUR SWAT guys have taken up positions closer to the entrance.

The door opens again, slightly --

HOSTAGE-TAKER (O.S.)

No, no, no! Don't even think about it! Back the hell up! NOW!

The SWAT guys don't move -- CAMERA DOES A ROUGH ZOOM IN (out of focus at first)-- onto the door, which opens, revealing --

DEAN WINCHESTER, holding a lowered ASSAULT RIFLE, looking for all the world like a hardened bank-robber--

DEAN WINCHESTER

I said. Back. OFF!

The SWAT guys all get a RADIOED ORDER and finally pull back as per Dean's command --

ON DEAN - he surveys the circus outside, realizing he's the main attraction; then his eyes glance into camera and he sees he's on the news.

He flashes an understated 'I-am-so-fucked' expression, then withdraws and SLAMS THE DOOR SHUT--

BLACKOUT.

END OF TEASER

"Nightshifter"
CONTINUED: (2)

Blue Revisions

11/13/06 5-7.

3

3

DEAN

That's a good thought. You're a
real patriot, Frannie. Better give
me your number.

CUT TO:

4

A MINUTE LATER

4

SAM AND DEVEREAUX - as Dean comes up to them, having scored a
scrap of paper with Frannie's digits.

SAM

So you never saw the security
camera footage--

MR. DEVEREAUX

The police, they took all the
tapes, first thing.

DEAN

(veiled frustration)
'Course they did.

5

OMIT

5

*

MR. DEVEREAUX (cont'd)

Edgar, our night watchman, he caught her in the act.

(emotional)

He didn't know what to do. He'd known her for years. What do you do? He called me at home--

SAM

And that's when she took his gun--

MR. DEVEREAUX

(nods gravely)

She shot him in the face. I heard him die... over the phone...

SAM

Any idea what her motive could've been?

MR. DEVEREAUX

What motive? Makes no sense. Why steal all those diamonds, all that jewelry, then what, just dump it somewhere? Just hide it, and then go home and-- and--

WITH DEAN now mid-interview with Frannie.

DEAN

So you believe that? That she killed herself?

FRANNIE

The cops said she dropped a hair dryer into the bath and fried herself. I mean, they should know, right?

Dean straightens, nods, about to go.

DEAN

Thanks, Frannie. Think that's all I need.

Frannie's disappointed. She leans toward him; she really likes talking to Agent Dean.

FRANNIE

Really? I've got more-- I mean, if you want to interview me, you know, in private sometime...

Being Dean, he considers her tacit offer...

3

DEAN

That's a good thought. You're a
real patriot, Frannie. Better give
me your number.

CUT TO:

4

A MINUTE LATER

4

SAM AND DEVEREAUX - as Dean comes up to them, having scored a
scrap of paper with Frannie's digits.

SAM

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camera footage--

MR. DEVEREAUX

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tapes, first thing.

DEAN

(veiled frustration)
'Course they did.

5

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

5 *

CLOSE ON: HANDS. SCOTCH-TAPING a CITY MAP onto the wall.

Sam is just BEGINNING the time-tested family practice of
taping research onto the motel wall. At this point, the
walls are fairly bare-- there's only the map, one or two
article CLIPPINGS.

Sam begins taping up another article. Dean's on the bed,
sipping a can of beer. Both now wear their street clothes.

DEAN

Friggin' cops.

SAM

They're just doing their job.

DEAN

No, they're doin' our job. Only
they don't even know it, so they
suck at it.

SAM

Yeah, well, how 'bout you do your
job?

(CONTINUED)

DEAN

Fiine.

Dean GROANS as he climbs off the bed, moves over to Sam, helps him tape up more RESEARCH--

DEAN

So you were saying-- this jewelry store wasn't the first?

SAM

Nope. Two others, over the past couple months. Banks.

DEAN

Same M.O.?

SAM

All three are inside jobs. Long-time employees, trusted, the 'never in a million years' type--

(then)

Each time, the suspect robs the place, then goes home and supposedly commits suicide.

DEAN

And the loot?

SAM

M.I.A. Never found.

DEAN

Coroner's reports? Same as the jewelry store lady?

SAM

Yep. Time of death on each suspect... few days to a week before the night of the crime.

DEAN

So they were all dead when they knocked over the joints.

SAM

Coroner's office says "botched lab results." Three times in a row.

DEAN

Man, they'll grab any straw they can to close the book on this stuff.

(MORE)

7.
5

5

DEAN (cont'd)
(turns back to Sam)
So what are we thinking here?
Stiffs robbing banks? Zombies?

Sam, listening, crunches supernatural numbers, then:

SAM
No one mentioned anything about the
smell -- A few days in, a zombie
starts getting pretty ripe.

DEAN
And the walking dead don't give a
rat's ass about money--

SAM
What about demons? Some kind of, I
don't know, corpse re-animating
demonic possession--

DEAN
Did you make that up? That sounds
like you just made that up.
(off Sam's shrug)
Anyway-- demons care even less
about money.

*Close
Video burn in!*

SAM
(nods)
Yeah. And one thing's clear. This
seems to be about the money...

DEAN
(tired exhale, then:)
All right. Next lead, then.

Dean finishes his beer, crushes the can, tosses it into the
trash bin across the room. Sam looks over the notes:

SAM
Ronald Reznick. Security guard on
duty during the first robbery.
Milwaukee National Trust.
(looks up from notes)
He was beaten unconscious by the
bank teller who heisted the place.

DEAN
So he saw one of our dead people,
live and in action...

6

EXT. SMALL HOUSE - NIGHT

6

The Impala is parked by the curb. Sam and Dean, still wearing their suits, climb out of the car. Walking towards a low-rent, paint peeling HOUSE.

DEAN

Friggin' cops.

SAM

They're just doing their job.

DEAN

No, their doing our job. Only they don't even know it, so they suck at it.

(then)

So talk to me about the bank.

SAM

(consulting a NOTEPAD)

Milwaukee National Trust. It was hit about a month ago.

DEAN

Same M.O. as the jewelry store?

SAM

Inside job, long time employee, the "never in a million years" type.

(beat)

Guy robs the bank, then goes home, supposedly commits suicide.

DEAN

(gestures to house)

And this dude Reznick? He was the security guard on duty?

SAM

(nods)

He was beaten unconscious by the teller who heisted the place.

They step onto the porch. Sam knocks on the screen door.

SAM

Mr. Reznick--? Ronald Reznick?

WAIT -- then a floodlight above the door GLARES ON, blinding the boys for a beat. RONALD appears behind the screen door; late 40's, gruff, big fellah. He GRUNTS in greeting.

(CONTINUED)

SAM
(holds up badge)
FBI, Mr. Reznick...

RONALD
Lemme see the badge.

Sam presses it against the screen door. Ronald looks it over, hands it back.

RONALD
Already gave my statement to the police.

DEAN
Yeah... Listen, Ronald, there were some details in your statement we'd like to get some clarification on.

RONALD
You read it?

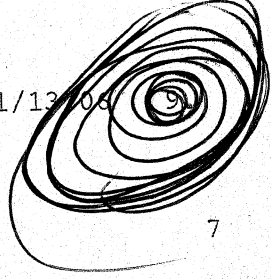
DEAN
(lying through teeth)
Sure did.

RONALD
And you come to listen to what I got to say?

DEAN
That's why we're here.

Ronald's demeanor shifts; he seems surprised, less gruff. He opens the screen door for them.

RONALD
Well... Come on in then.



7

INT. SMALL HOUSE - NIGHT

As Sam and Dean follow Ronald through his home --

RONALD

None of the cops ever called me back... Not after I told them what was really going on... They all thought I was crazy.

They reach his cluttered 'base of operations'. CITY MAPS, DOCUMENTS, and CLIPPINGS plaster the walls [not dissimilar to the brothers' M.O.]. Stacks of BOOKS and PAPERS compete with beer empties. Sam and Dean take it in. 'Crazy' might be the right word...

RONALD

First off, Juan Morales never robbed the Milwaukee National Trust. That I guarantee.

(digs through a stack)

Me and Juan were friends. He used to come back to the bank on my night shift. We'd play cards.

SAM

So you let him into the bank that night. After hours.

RONALD

The thing I let into the bank...

(shakes his head; grave)

Wasn't Juan.

*

Ronald stops digging through stacks, looks up, eyes glinting with paranoia, raspy 'the-walls-have-ears' whisper:

RONALD

I mean it had his face, but it wasn't his face. Every detail was perfect... But too perfect-- Like if a doll maker made it, like if I was talkin' to a big 'Juan' doll...

SAM

A 'Juan' doll.

Ronald finds what he seeks, a newspaper, its headline reads: 'WOMAN KILLS GUARD, SELF, IN JEWELRY STORE HEIST.' Under it, a PHOTO OF HELENA. He hands it to Dean--

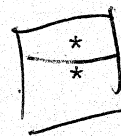
(CONTINUED)

RONALD

Look, this wasn't the only time this happened. There was this jewelry store, too. But the cops, and you guys, you just-- you won't see it--

(stalks off to wall)

Both crimes were pulled by the same thing.



*

SAM

And what's that, Mr. Reznick?

Ronald turns, picks up a copy of the FORTEAN TIMES [with a robot on the cover], shoves it into Sam's hands.

RONALD

Chinese been working on 'em for years. And the Russians before that... Part man, part machine-- like the Terminator, but the kind that can change itself-- make itself look like other people--

Dean's playfully into the whole thing.

DEAN

Like the one from T2--

Ronald nods emphatically.

RONALD

Exactly! Not just a robot, see? More of a... a Mandroid.

SAM

'Mandroid.'

DEAN

What makes you so sure about this, Ronald--?

RONALD

It's all on the tape.

He stalks off, starts rummaging OS. Dean eyebrows Sam.

TIME CUT:

BLACK-AND-WHITE SURVEILLANCE VIDEO fills frame, the image of a BANK INTERIOR, FAST FORWARDING. RONALD, in his uniform, zips in and out of frame, on his rounds at x10 speed.

(CONTINUED)

7
PAN OFF TV SCREEN to present day Ronald, chatting speedily as he fast forwards the tape. Sam and Dean watch, cramped together on an old couch.

RONALD
I made copies of all the security tapes. I knew once the cops got them they'd be buried... Here--!

ON SCREEN - the footage slows to NORMAL SPEED as we watch uniformed Ronald open the front door, ushering JUAN MORALES [stout, mid-30's] into the bank. They exchange words, then Juan follows Ronald toward camera.

RONALD
Watch him-- Watch... Look at that!

Juan nears camera, looks up for a beat. Ronald FREEZES THE TAPE -- Juan's EYES GLOW EERILY.

RONALD
He's got the laser eyes!

Sam and Dean are stunned. They trade looks: Ronald's onto something. And they seem to recognize what it is--

RONALD
Cops said it was reflected light. Some kind of 'camera flare'--

Ronald grabs the jewelry heist clipping, heads to his wall. He's half talking to them now, half muttering to himself.

RONALD
Ain't no damn camera flare, I told 'em, over and over. They say I'm a post-trauma case? So what. Bank goes and fires me? Don't matter. The Mandroid is still out there...
(then)
Law won't hunt it down? I'll do it myself--

As he talks, he staples the jewelry store clipping up on the wall, next to other headlines.

RONALD
See, this thing -- it kills the real person, makes it look like a suicide.

(MORE)

RONALD (cont'd)

Then it sortalike *morphs* into the person-- Cases the job for awhile till it knows the take is fat, then finds its opening--

Dean eyes Sam: guy's not half bad at this.

Ronald goes to a CITY MAP -- TWO RED CIRCLES scratched around the robbery locations. *

RONALD

These robberies, they're grouped together. So I figure the Mandroid is holed up somewhere in the middle. *

(taps map's central area)
Underground maybe. That's where it probably recharges its-- its Mandroid batteries--

Sam stands. Dean follows suit. Sam is all government:

SAM

OK, listen very carefully, Mr. Reznick. Because I'm gonna tell you the God's honest truth-- about all of this--

Ronald listens intently. Finally, someone's gonna level with him. Sam takes a dramatic beat. But then--

SAM

There's no such thing as "mandroids." There's nothing evil, or inhuman, going on out there. There's just people, understand? Nothing else.

Dean doesn't like pulling the rug on this guy; partly empathizes with the lone wolf, half-mad theorist.

RONALD

But... the laser eyes...

SAM

It was just a camera flare, Mr. Reznick. I know you don't want to believe it, but your friend Juan robbed your bank. And that's it.

Dean blinks at Sam, at the breadth of his lie. Ronald snarls, teeth clenched, livid:

(CONTINUED)

RONALD

You get out of my house. Now.

SAM

We will. But first things first--

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

8

The walls of the motel are plastered with RESEARCH, ARTICLES. *
They look a helluva lot like Ronald's walls.

Dean tacks a sheet of tracing paper up, over his CITY MAP.
Sam feeds a tape into the motel's VCR/TV, starts to fast
forward through it for footage of JUAN'S GLOWING EYES. Dean
laughs, mid-diatribes, but we can sense annoyance under it --

DEAN

Now that's got to be the kicker,
straight up.

(then)

You tell the poor sombitch to--
What did you say again? To
"remand" the tapes he copied.
"Classified evidence in an ongoing
investigation," you said.

SAM

What are you, pissed at me?

DEAN

It's just creepy how good you are
at being a Fed. I mean, why not
throw the dude a bone? He was
doing some pretty good legwork.

SAM

'Mandroid'?

DEAN

Except for the mandroid part.

(beat)

I liked him. He's not all that
different from us. Hell, everybody
thinks we're crazy.

SAM

Yeah, except he's not a hunter.
He's just a dude who stumbled onto
something real-- If he went up
against this thing, he'd get torn
apart.

(then)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

SAM (cont'd)

Better to stay in the dark-- and stay alive.

Sam FREEZES IMAGE on Juan glancing up, EYES GLOWING. Dean looks from his wall work to the screen.

DEAN

Look at that. Man...

SAM

(nods, certain)

(A shape-shifter) Just like back in St. Louis. Same retinal reaction to video; the eyes glow on tape.

DEAN

I hate those friggin' things!

Dean goes back to his wall map, DRAWS A SERIES OF INTERCONNECTING RED LINES.

SAM

You think I don't?

DEAN

Did one of them turn into you? Frame you for murder?

SAM

Look, if it's anything like the shifter we killed in Missouri, then Ronald is--

DEAN

--then Ronald is right. They like to lair up underground. They like the sewers. And the robberies so far are connected... to the downtown sewer main layout--

*

We see Dean has been tracing the grid-work of the city sewer system over their map.

He draws a red line up to a spot and CIRCLES IT.

DEAN

And there's one more bank lined up on this sewer main...

10

INT. BANK - MAIN AREA - LATE AFTERNOON (DAY 2)

10

VARIOUS SHOTS. It's near closing time. CUSTOMERS wrap up their last minute business, head for the exit, muttering "Goodnight." TELLERS begin to close up their stations...

Sam and Dean wear SECURISERVE COVERALLS. They follow HENRY, the good-natured security guard (and the guy we saw in the Teaser). They move DOWN MARBLE STEPS, into the main area.

*
*

HENRY

We haven't had any flags go up on our system--

DEAN

Naw, this is a glitch in the overall grid. Just want to make sure the monitors in your branch are kosher.

HENRY

Better safe than sorry, right?

DEAN

That's the plan...

11

INT. BANK - SECURITY ROOM - LATE AFTERNOON

11

Dim SECURITY MONITOR STATION in a back room. Henry has ushered them in, stands at the door.

HENRY

All righty. If you guys need anything--

SAM

Oh, we'll be in and out before you know it. Routine check.

HENRY

Okeedoke.

He closes the door. Now brisk, Sam and Dean sit down at the BANK OF MONITORS [showing various ANGLES inside the bank].

DEAN

I like him. He says 'okeedoke.'

SAM

And what if he's the shifter?

(CONTINUED)

DEAN

Then we follow him home and put a silver bullet through his chest plate.

They acquaint themselves with the controls, scan the screens--
A beat, then:

DEAN

Got any popcorn?

TIME CUT:

WITH THE BROTHERS - it's been about a half-hour. Eyes strained, they scan the many monitors, watching the employees, using the controls to adjust angles and find the eyes of everyone they can -- Dean, a little bored now, PANS one camera, to view Henry, see his eyes. No glow.

DEAN

Well, 'Mr. Okeedoke' is okeedoke.

Sam looks over his monitors, lots of eyes, no glow.

SAM

Maybe we're jumping the gun on this. We don't even know if it's here. Maybe we should get down into the sewer system and--

He turns to Dean, who has one camera trained on the well-shaped posterior of the RANDOM ATTRACTIVE BANK EMPLOYEE. *

SAM

We're looking for eyes, remember?

DEAN

I'm getting there...
(sees something)
Waitaminute--

On the screen, the BRANCH MANAGER passes a distance behind the girl. Dean switches control to another camera, hones in on the Manager's eyes: THEY GLOW. *

DEAN

Hello, freak...

SAM

We got him--

Then Dean catches sight of another monitor, winces--

(CONTINUED)

11

DEAN

Nnn...

SAM

What?

ON MONITOR - FRONT ENTRANCE OF BANK. Ronald lumbers through the front door, camo vest, big DUFFEL BAG, edgy as Rowdy Roddy in 'They Live!' He's PADLOCKING HEAVY CHAINS around the front door's handles--

DEAN

(flatly)

Hello, Ronald.

12

INT. BANK - MAIN AREA - EARLY EVENING

12

Ronald climbs down the steps into the bank's main area. Then he grabs the ASSAULT RIFLE in his duffel, lets the bag drop off it to the floor.

RONALD

This is NOT a robbery!

He FIRES A SHORT BURST upwards. SCREAMS! PANIC!

RONALD

Everybody on the floor! NOW!

BLACKOUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

13

INT. BANK - MAIN AREA - EARLY EVENING

13

Ronald, wild-eyed, swings his gun side-to-side, as the remaining EMPLOYEES scatter before him.

RONALD

I said GET DOWN, damn it! DOWN!

Some people hit the floor-- others take cover behind columns, customer service desks, etc. (NOTE: the Manager is nowhere to be seen-- he left the room before Ronald ever entered. Neither is Henry, the Security Guard).

ANGLE. A FEW OTHER EMPLOYEES stream toward the back offices, PAST DEAN AND SAM - as they move slowly into the main area.

DEAN

(loud, harsh whispers)
And you said we shouldn't bring
guns into a bank!

SAM

I didn't know this was gonna
happen!

DEAN

Look. I'll do the talking. Don't
think he likes you very much,
'Agent Johnson'--

ANGLE on RONALD. In the middle of the main floor, calling out orders to anybody who can listen. He holds up a KEY ON A STRING, before depositing it in a camo vest pocket.

RONALD

Now there's only one way in or out
of here, and I chained it up! So
nobody's leavin', understand?!

*
*
*

When he sees Dean and Sam approach, slow, hands up.

DEAN

Hey there, fellah... Need you to
calm down a little bit, OK?

RONALD

What the--? YOU!?
(levels rifle at them)
ON THE FLOOR! ON THE DAMN FLOOR!

(CONTINUED)

DEAN
Yup. Doin' it.

They go down slowly, to their knees, lacing hands behind their heads.

DEAN
Just don't shoot anybody.
Especially us.

RONALD
I knew it! Soon as you two left! You ain't FBI -- Who are you?! Who're you workin' for? The Men in Black?
(raises rifle)
You workin' for the Mandroid?!

SAM
We're not working for the mandroid!

Ronald darts forward, rifle at Sam. Now he stands a dozen feet from them, jittery with adrenaline.

RONALD
You shut up! I ain't talkin' to you, I don't like you!

Dean gives Sam the 'I told you' look. Ronald swings his rifle over to a RANDOM BANK EMPLOYEE, who's blanching on the floor.

RONALD
Get over there, frisk them down, make sure they got no weapons. Go.

The employee gets up, shakily moves to the brothers and begins to frisk them down. He doesn't find anything on Sam; but from Dean's inside coat pocket-- he removes a WICKED LOOKING, SERRATED, SILVER KNIFE.

Sam throws Dean an look. Dean shrugs--

DEAN
Well, it's not like I'm gonna walk in here naked.

Ronald steps over, takes the KNIFE from the guy.

RONALD
Now what have we here?

*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*

Ronald drops the blade into a nearby FLOOR VENT. It's GONE forever now. Dean hangs his head. That's a problem.

Ronald nods, gestures for the guy to get back to the floor.

RONALD

Okay. Back down.

DEAN

We know you don't want to hurt anybody, but that's what'll happen, you keep waving that cannon around. You should let these people go.

RONALD

No! I told you! If no one's gonna stop this thing, then I gotta do it myself.

*
*
*

DEAN

We believe you, buddy. That's why we're here, too.

RONALD

You don't believe me.
(desolate; alone in this)
No one believes me. How could they.

DEAN

C'mere.

RONALD

What? No.

DEAN

You got the gun, boss, you're calling the shots. I just gotta tell you something--

Ronald approaches a few paces. But not close enough for Dean to jump him. Dean WHISPERS-- so the employees don't hear.

DEAN

It's the bank manager.

RONALD

What--?

DEAN

Why do you think we're in these get-ups?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

13

"Nightshifter"
CONTINUED: (3)

Blue Revisions

11/13/06 20A.

13

DEAN (cont'd)

We were monitoring the cameras back
there. We saw the manager, man--
We saw his eyes.

(CONTINUED)

RONALD

His laser eyes?!

DEAN

Yes. No. Whatever. Look, we're running out of time. We gotta find him before he changes into someone else!

RONALD

Yeah, right. Like I'm gonna listen to you. You're a damn liar!

Dean gets up to his feet, slow, but determined. Ronald BACKS AWAY, aiming the rifle at Dean's head. Shakes it with menace. Everyone present hears these next few exchanges--

RONALD

I'll shoot you. Get down--

CLOSE ON SAM, on the ground, ready to leap if it comes to it--

Dean creeps forward, hands up, calm and even.

Tense. Ronald has Dean's head in his sights, his finger on the trigger. One twitch and no more series.

DEAN

Take me along. As a hostage.

(pin-drop silence)

But we gotta act fast. Longer we just sit here, more time he has to change!

(locks eyes with Ronald)

Look at me, man. I believe you, OK? You're not crazy. Something really is inside the bank.

Another excruciating beat; then Ronald pulls away from the sight, nods.

RONALD

All right. You come with me. But everyone else gets in the vault!

int

ONE UNIFORMED POLICE OFFICER walks past the bank... seemingly on foot patrol... casual. He pauses. Glances in. Will he notice that the place is under siege?

Nope. Doesn't seem that he does. He keeps walking--

But the CAMERA FOLLOWS HIM, and WE REVEAL--

A number of COP CRUISERS have already parked at either end of the short block, cutting off the street in front of the bank. COPS begin to take up positions...

*12 COPS
12 on bank*

15 INT. BANK - VAULT - NIGHT 15

Sherri and about FOUR or FIVE OTHERS herd into the vault. Sam is among them, folds against the wall near the door. Ronald is at the vault door, with Dean, whose hands are still in the air.

RONALD
Move. Move!
(then to Dean)
Close it up.

Dean projects calm as he swings the vault door closed.

DEAN
It's OK, everyone. Just stay cool.

ON SAM AND SHERRI - the others behind them, as the door CLOSES WITH A CLANG! Sherri is much moved by Dean's heroics.

SHERRI
Who is that man?

SAM
He's my brother.

SHERRI
He's so brave--

Yeah. Like Sam needs this right now.

16 EXT. BANK - NIGHT 16

POLICE SIEGE is deepening. A SWAT OPERATIONS VAN pulls up on one side, its back door swings open. SWAT GUYS pour out. COPS set up a CORDON around the area, work crowd control.

Robards Arrives

Camera FINDS a MILWAUKEE POLICE TRAILER. The Command Center--

17 INT. POLICE COMMAND CENTER TRAILER - NIGHT 17

See "Inside Man" for set dec. LT. ROBARDS [tall, greying, but still hale] ENTERS, moves over to UNIFORMED SGT. TUCKER and one or two conferring OFFICERS.

** [Signature]*

DVD.

17

LT. ROBARDS
How we doin'?

*

TUCKER
(deadpan)
Another day in paradise.

*

LT. ROBARDS
No one's come out?

*

TUCKER
Guy locked himself in. First thing
he did.

*

Robards' brow knits. That's unusual.

*

LT. ROBARDS
All right. Cut the power.

*

18

~~OMIT~~

18

19

INT. BANK - MANAGER'S OFFICE - NIGHT

19

Dark. The door opens, Ronald covering with the rifle. Dean raises his small flashlight, scanning as he steps into the room. Seems clear, he nods to Ronald, and they move in. (Dean's ditched his coveralls. At this point, he's wearing regular clothes.)

*

*

ANGLE ON RONALD. Walking slowly... behind the desk. Slow. Searching. Suspense. When suddenly...

Ronald drops to the floor! Shouts out!

DEAN
(racing over)
Ronald!

Dean's beam sweeps the floor, and sees-- Ronald has slipped and fallen on a GLISTENING PILE OF GORE.

RONALD
What the hell is that??

Dean FLIPS ON the light to better examine the goo.

DEAN
I was afraid of this.
(inspects it, close)
When it changes form, it-- it
'sheds' the old skin...
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

DEAN (cont'd)
 (glances around)
 Now it could be anybody.

RONALD
 Come on. A mandroid sheds skin?

DEAN
 Okay, we gotta get one thing
 straight. It's not a mandroid.
 It's a shape-shifter.

RONALD
 'Shape-shifter'--?

DEAN
 It's human, more or less. Has
 human drives. In this case, it's
 all about the money.

*
 *

(then)
 But it can-- generate skin. Shape
 it to match someone else's
 features... Even change its
 muscles, its skeletal structure.
 Taller, shorter, male, female--

RONALD
 So it kills someone and takes their
 place?

DEAN
 Kills 'em, doesn't kill 'em, I
 don't think it matters. It just
 takes their shape, does its thing.

Dean notices something on the manager's desk. He goes over,
 pulls a long, knife-like SILVER LETTER OPENER from the desk
 set.

RONALD
 What are you doing?

DEAN
 Remember the old werewolf stories?
 Pretty much came from these guys.
 Only thing I've seen hurt them is
 silver...

Ron looks down at his big gun, his confidence in it fading.

19A INT. BANK - MAIN AREA - NIGHT

19A *

Dean and Ronald walk back towards the vault. Ronald is smiling. Thinking to himself. Then he can't help it. He giggles. Then he STARTS OUTRIGHT LAUGHING. *

Dean throws him a long, weirded out look. *

DEAN
What are you, nuts? *

RONALD
That's just it. I'm not nuts.
(then, warm, grateful)
I was so scared I was losing my marbles. But this is real. I was right-- except for the Mandroid part. Thank you. *

Ronald MOIST-EYED with relief. He truly appreciates what Dean's done for him. Dean gives him a smile-- he likes this guy. A half-beat of warmth between them. *

DEAN
~~Don't mention it.~~ *

~~The lights CUT OUT, leaving them in the semi-gloom.~~ *

DEAN
Damn it. Damn it. *

RONALD
What? What is it?!

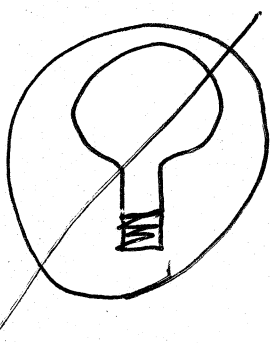
DEAN
Cutting the power-- it's probably their way of saying 'hi.'

RONALD
Who?

DEAN
Cops.

RONALD
Cops--!

DEAN
(dry)
Well you weren't very 'smooth criminal' about this.
(MORE) *



DEAN (cont'd)

I mean, you never even bothered to secure the security guard, he must've called 'em.

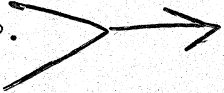
RONALD

(anxious, apologetic)
But... I didn't think to--

DEAN

(as Ron's anxiety mounts)
All right. Let's breathe. OK?
There's a good chance we're already surrounded.

(grimaces, calculating:)
And the power's cut on the cameras.
So now there's no way of telling who the shape-shifter is.
(sighs)
Not going well, Ron.

From some HIDDEN SPOT NEARBY, they hear a RUSTLE. A CLOMP. 

DEAN

You hear that--?

20 INT. BANK - VAULT - NIGHT 20

Hot in here. The folks sweat, loosen ties, fan themselves. Still Sherri waxes on about Dean, to the nodded agreement of others. Sam weathers it wearily (he's also ditched the coveralls; back in his regular clothes).

SHERRI

... has your brother always been so wonderful? I mean, staring down that gun. And the way he played into that psycho's crazy head, telling him what he wanted to hear?
(then)
He's like a real hero or something.

*
*
*

SAM

Yeah. Or something.

The vault door UNLOCKS loudly, swings open. Dean stands there, now holding HENRY'S GUN. Sherri is overjoyed--

SHERRI

You saved us!

(CONTINUED)

20

Awkward. Dean steps back, and ushers FOUR MORE HOSTAGES IN [among them, SAMPSON, a black man, and HENRY, the rotund Security Guard].

DEAN

Found a few more.

The crowd's hope dashes. Sherri is flabbergasted.

SHERRI

What? What are you doing!?

Dean flashes a weak, apologetic smile, then turns to Sam.

DEAN

Uh, Sam...? Ronald and I need to talk to you.

Sam steps out. The stunned hostages watch the door close.

21

INT. BANK - MAIN AREA - NIGHT

21

Dean confers with Sam as Ronald moves carefully in the B.G., pulling down the window shades, taking what cover he can.

DEAN

It shed its skin. We don't know when. Could be in the halls, could be in the vault.

*

SAM

Cops out front?

(Dean nods)

You know, you are wanted by the police. Even if we do find this damn thing, how the hell are we gonna get outta here?

*

*

*

*

*

*

DEAN

(shrugs, no fucking clue)

One problem at a time.

(then)

So I'm gonna do a sweep of the place, round up any other stragglers. Once we got everybody together, we'll try to play a game of "find the freak."

*

*

*

*

Dean holds his SILVER LETTER OPENER, and HANDS Sam a SECOND ONE. Sam pockets it.

(CONTINUED)

DEAN

Here. I found another one of these
for you.

(then)

Stay here, make sure Ronald doesn't hurt
anyone. Help him manage the situation.

SAM

(sotto bluster)

Help him manage--! Are you insane?!

Ronald turns to them, a distance away. Dean smiles, gives
him the 'thumbs up'. Ron moves off. Dean turns to Sam:

DEAN

Look. I know this isn't the way we
wanted things to go down--

SAM

Understatement!

DEAN

But if we let the cops in now, Ronald
gets arrested, we get arrested, the
shifter slips away. Once it gets out
of here, we won't find it again.
It'll just go deeper, start killing
somewhere else.

*

Sam gets this. He just doesn't want it.

DEAN

Ron's game plan was a bad plan. A
crazy plan--

(shrugs, half-smile)

But right now crazy is the only
game in town.

A beat then Sam nods. Dean claps him on the shoulder, heads
for the back. Sam greets Ronald, who steps up to him.

SAM

(resigned)

Hi, Ronald.

Dean creeps down the back corridor, ready. He spins the
letter opener into a stabbing hold, goes into hunting mode.

He stalks down the hall, slow. Wary. Cautious. Searching.
An attack could come from anywhere.

A few suspenseful beats of this.

23 INT. BANK - VAULT - NIGHT 23

IN THE VAULT - WITH HENRY the guard. His eyes dart, his breath comes in nervous pants. The door opens. It's Sam, standing just outside.

Sam addresses the hostages gently -- beyond him, Ronald stalks the ROOM outside the vault, anxious.

SAM

I'm going to keep this open, get you folks some air in there. But no one leaves the vault, OK?

WITH RONALD - he startles a bit as a phone RINGS next to him. He looks at it.

SHERRI

I don't understand-- Why are you helping him--?

SAM

You wouldn't believe me if I told you.

Ronald picks up the phone --

RONALD

Hello--?

IN THE VAULT - Henry, panting for breath, looks up at Sam.

HENRY

I... uh, I think I have to get out of here--

SAM

I'm sorry. But you got to stay put.

Sam hears Ronald, looks back, sees him on the phone.

RONALD

What? What do you mean demands?
I'm no bank robber. I'm kind of...
well, I'm a crime fighter, I guess.

Henry struggles to his feet. Sam, between a rock and hard place, juggles as Henry pleads and Ronald keeps yammering into the phone.

SAM
Hang up, Ronald--
(to Henry)
Sir, you can't leave.

Henry staggers forward, toward the vault door--

SAM
(to Henry; dog command)
Stay!

*

Sam moves to Ronald, who's intent on his conversation.

RONALD
(listens, then)
No, I'm acting alone.

*

Sam hits the hang up bar with force, cutting the call.

SAM
Ronald!
(then)
The less the cops know, the better.

Inside the vault, we see Henry has collapsed into Sampson's arms. The latter calls out--

SAMPSON
Hey--! Hey, I think this dude's
having a heart attack--

SAM
(whispers to Ronald)
Terrific. Could be our guy, could
be a trick. We just don't know--

SAMPSON
(off their pause)
What, you just gonna let the man die?

Sam picks up the phone. Damn it.

SAM
No one's dying in here.

Dean moves into the security room. Dark. Quiet. Creepy.
The banks of MONITORS are now all completely dead.

Monitors - 1 seal -
- front of bank - Corp. Thursday

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25 INT. POLICE COMMAND CENTER TRAILER - NIGHT 25

Lt. Robards answers a RINGING PHONE. He throws a look to Tucker-- knows this line comes from inside the bank. *

~~LT. ROBARDS~~ *

Hello? Yes.

(then)

Can you tell me how many hostages this guy has taken?

INTERCUT WITH:

26 INT. BANK - VAULT - NIGHT 26

SAM

Look, one of the people in here could be having heart trouble. You have to send in a paramedic--

LT. ROBARDS *

Just stay calm, sir-- We'll have you folks out of there in a--

SAM

Just send in the paramedic, OK?! Don't try anything else. Please!

He hangs up. At the vault door, Sampson holds Henry up on his feet. He's in the middle of haranguing Ronald --

SAMPSON

Paramedic? Guy don't have time for that, man!

RONALD

I'm sorry. I am. But no one's getting out.

SAMPSON

He's dying right in front of you!

27

INT. BANK - SECURITY ROOM - NIGHT 27

Dean looks over the room, taking in every detail. One catches his flashlight beam -- a panel in the dropped ceiling, SLIGHTLY AJAR. He finds a broom --

(SUSPENSE TINGLES) as he raises the broom, prods at the panel. There's a groan of foam and metal -- THEN...

(CONTINUED)

27

CONTINUED:

27

A BODY (which was knocked off balance from Dean's PRODDING), CRASHES through ANOTHER PANEL, RIGHT on TOP OF DEAN!

Dean skips back, breathless. A dust settling beat--

His flashlight falls on the CORPSE OF SAMPSON. The 'real' Sampson in his underwear, his throat SLASHED OPEN.

28

INT. BANK - VAULT - NIGHT

28

Sampson presses hard, as Henry begins to sputter, going pale, now clutching at his chest.

SAMPSON

Come on, man. You got to unlock the front door.

RONALD

Both of you, stay where you are!

Dean ENTERS briskly, goes up to Sam--

CLOSE ON DEAN. Whispering to Sam. He nods.

CLOSE ON SAMPSON. Who sees this exchange, eyes narrowing--

Sam and Dean come up behind Ronald.

SAM

The guy's right, Ronald. We have to get him outside... Here--

Sam steps up to the vault, shoulders Henry, helps him out of the vault. Sampson tries to assist, but Sam waves him off.

SAMPSON

I'll help you. Lemme--

SAM

It's OK. I got it.

Sam and Henry clear frame, revealing Dean, who looks at Sampson without emotion. Dean waits until--

Sam and Henry safely EXIT the room. Then pivots to Sampson.

DEAN

Think we can talk for a second?

Sampson nods, starts for the vault door. Dean steps to the side, clearing the way--

*Act 1
Start
2 Pad.*

(CONTINUED)

SAMPSON

You got the gun, man. Whatever you-

SUDDENLY -- With animal ferocity, Sampson LUNGES at Dean. He swings Dean around, SLAMMING HIS HEAD-- HARD-- against the vault door. Employees SCREAM! Sampson races off, out of the vault room toward the main area--

Ronald sees Sampson, starts running after him, rifle raised--

Dean is seeing double, sagging against the vault door. But he shakes it off, stands, RACES AFTER-- (NOTE: make sure we CLOCK the OPEN VAULT, and the hostages SUDDENLY FREE to GO).

29 INT. BANK - MAIN AREA - NIGHT 29

Sam is shuffling a gasping Henry across the room--

When a few yards behind them... Sampson BURSTS OUT of the BACK HALL, across the main floor-- Ronald in hot pursuit. (Not close enough for Sam to do anything about it).

Sam hurries Henry to a chair. Meanwhile, he spots something--

Sam's POV. A LINE OF WINDOWS above, at one side of the bank.

SAM

Ronald! No! The windows--!

30 EXT. BANK - NIGHT 30

On a ROOFTOP... we see a SNIPER, gripping his rifle, eye on his scope. He seems to FIND HIS TARGET-- *

31 INT. BANK - MAIN AREA - NIGHT 31

Dean now appears, from the back hallway. As Ronald doesn't need Sam, still chases Sampson. Now Sam sees-- a RED LASER DOT, floating over Ronald's CHEST--

SAM

RONALD! Get down NOW!

But too late. POP. A SINGLE BULLET punches through the window, hitting Ronald's CHEST, square in the heart. Squib hit! He pinwheels off his feet -- OFF SAM and DEAN--

BLACKOUT.

END OF ACT TWO

✓ Window Piece

ACT THREE

32 INT. BANK - MAIN AREA - NIGHT 32

SLOW MOTION AND EERIE SILENCE - as Ronald falls, bullet to the heart, pitching in slow grace to the marble floor.

ON DEAN, THEN SAM - as they watch, crestfallen --

BAM - Ronald's lifeless body hits marble and we RAMP BACK UP--

The boys catch just a GLIMPSE of Sampson VANISHING into a back hallway. Sam and Dean pull themselves together--

SAM

(re: Henry)

Get this guy outta here! I'm going after him!

Sam takes off into the back corridor--

33 INT. BANK - BACK CORRIDOR - NIGHT 33

Sam rushes into the corridor, only to see--

The hallway is empty. Dark. Quiet. Doors everywhere. We slow the pace down... dial the setting to "suspenseful".

Sam moves forward. Cautious. Slow. Wielding his letter opener like a knife. Danger could strike at any time.

34 INT. BANK - MAIN AREA - NIGHT 34

Dean approaches Ronald, sprawled on the floor. Definitely dead. Dean crouches down. Takes a beat. Sags. He liked Ronald. Quietly--

DEAN

Sorry, man... You did a good job tracking this thing. You really did.

Dean picks up Ronald's ASSAULT RIFLE. And from his camo vest, Dean removes Ronald's KEY ON A STRING. Then moves to Henry, gently helping him.

DEAN

C'mon.

35 INT. BANK - BACK CORRIDOR - NIGHT 35

Sam moves through the dark corridor. Searching. Slow beat of tension. Another. He reaches a hall corner--

(CONTINUED)

SUDDENLY, a FIGURE LUNGES OUT AT HIM! Jump scare! It's Sherri and another EMPLOYEE, coming out from around the corner-- Sherri SCREAMS when she sees Sam!

SHERRI

... please... don't hurt us...

SAM

You shouldn't be back here.

(deer in headlights)

You're in danger! Go back to the vault. Now!

Frightened, they turn tail. Now Sam turns toward a nearby office door. Opens it, enters... continuing his search... *

36

INT. BANK - MAIN AREA - NIGHT - LATER

36

A replay of the TEASER MOMENT, from inside this time, as Dean shelters behind the blinds, helping Henry out the front door. Dean checks the movements of the advancing SWAT TEAM outside. He yells out to them.

DEAN

No, no, no! Don't even think about it! Back the hell up! NOW!

(no response)

I said. Back. OFF!

ANGLE PAST DEAN to the SWAT TEAM as they nod and withdraw.

Dean closes the door, LOCKS THE CHAIN AGAIN, with Ronald's KEY. Once the door is closed, Dean takes a beat.

DEAN

We are so screwed.

37

INT. POLICE COMMAND CENTER TRAILER - NIGHT

37

Tucker steps up to Robards, bewildered--

TUCKER

One of the hostages has, uh... He seems to have... taken over the situation.

LT. ROBARDS

Excuse me?

38 INT. BANK - MAIN AREA - NIGHT 38

Dean moves back across the main floor, when his phone RINGS.

INTERCUT WITH:

39 INT. BANK - STAIRCASE - NIGHT 39 *

Sam stands over A PILE OF GORE AND SKIN -- African-American.

SAM

He's slipped his skin.

DEAN

Dammit!

SAM

Bastard shifts fast. A lot faster than the one in St. Louis--

DEAN

Then we're back in the shell game. Could be anybody. Again.

SAM

And I think most of the employees are outta the vault by now.

DEAN

(sighs)

Okay. You check every inch of the place. I'll rustle everybody up.

40 EXT. BANK - NIGHT - A HALF HOUR LATER 40

TWO BLACK TOWN CARS pull up on the scene. The DRIVER of the lead car flashes an ID and a COP lifts the police cordon.

41 INT. POLICE COMMAND CENTER TRAILER - NIGHT 41

Tucker hangs up the phone. Turns to Robards, rueful. *

TUCKER *

Crap.

LT. ROBARDS *

What?

TUCKER *

Feds are here.

41

LT. ROBARDS

Crap.

Just then... the door opens, and SPECIAL AGENT HENRIKSEN enters-- 40's, lean, severe, piercing eyes.

AGENT HENRIKSEN

Lt. Robards. I'm Special Agent Henriksen.

LT. ROBARDS

(dripping with sarcasm)

Lemme guess. You're the lead dog now. But you'd just love my full cooperation.

AGENT HENRIKSEN

Nope. I don't give a rat's ass what you do. Go get a donut and bang your wife, all I care.

(then)

What I do need is your SWAT team, locked and loaded.

LT. ROBARDS

Look, Agent, something's not right about this-- It's-- It's not going down like the usual heist.

AGENT HENRIKSEN

That's because it isn't one.

(off Robards' blank)

You got no idea what you're dealing with, do you?

(then)

There's a monster in that bank, Robards.

42

INT. BANK - VAULT - NIGHT

42

There's a few EMPLOYEES already inside the vault. They're exhausted. Dean gently leads Sherri (and the other employee she was with) back inside the vault. Sherri sobs quietly.

SHERRI

I... I thought you were one of the good guys.

DEAN

(gently consoling)

What's your name?

(CONTINUED)

ACT FOUR

44 INT. POLICE COMMAND CENTER TRAILER - NIGHT 44

Henriksen. On the phone. Cool, calm, measured--

AGENT HENRIKSEN

I want you and Sam out here,
unarmed. Or we come in.

(then)

And yes. I know about Sam, too.
Bonnie to your Clyde.

INTERCUT WITH:

45 INT. BANK - VAULT - NIGHT 45

Dean on the phone with Henriksen, understandably taken aback.

DEAN

Well. That part's true. But how'd
you even know we were here? *

AGENT HENRIKSEN

Go screw yourself. That's how I
know.

(then)

It's become my job to know about
you, Dean. I've been looking for
you for weeks now. I know about
the murder in St. Louis, the
Houdini you pulled in Baltimore,
the desecrations, the thefts.

(then)

I know about your Dad.

DEAN

(touches a nerve)
You don't know crap about my Dad.

AGENT HENRIKSEN

Ex-marine, raised his kids on the
road, cheap motels, backwoods
cabins. Real para-military
survivalist type. Just can't get a
handle on what kinda wacko he was--
white supremacist, Timmy McVeigh,
tomato, tomahto. *

Dean is sincerely affronted by the accusation.

(CONTINUED)

ACT FOUR

44 INT. POLICE COMMAND CENTER TRAILER - NIGHT 44

Henriksen. On the phone. Cool, calm, measured--

AGENT HENRIKSEN

I want you and Sam out here,
unarmed. Or we come in.

(then)

And yes. I know about Sam, too.
Bonnie to your Clyde.

INTERCUT WITH:

45 INT. BANK - VAULT - NIGHT 45

Dean on the phone with Henriksen, understandably taken aback.

DEAN

Well. That part's true. But I
don't get it. How'd you even know
we were here?

AGENT HENRIKSEN

Go screw yourself. That's how I
know.

(then)

It's become my job to know about
you, Dean. I've been looking for
you for weeks now. I know about
the murder in St. Louis, the
Houdini you pulled in Baltimore,
the desecrations, the thefts.

(then)

I know about your Dad.

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(touches a nerve)

You don't know crap about my Dad.

AGENT HENRIKSEN

Former marine, raised his kids on
the road, cheap motels, backwoods
cabins. Real para-military
survivalist type. Just can't get a
handle on what kinda wacko he was--
white supremacist, Timmy McVeigh,
tomato, tomahto.

*
*
*
*
*

Dean is sincerely affronted by the accusation.

(CONTINUED)

DEAN

You got no right talking about him
like that. He was a hero!

AGENT HENRIKSEN

Yeah. Right. Sure sounds like it.

(then)

You have one hour to make your
decision. Then we're coming
through that door, full-automatic.

Henriksen HANGS UP on him. Turns to Robards and Tucker--

AGENT HENRIKSEN

Scramble your men. Five minutes,
then we go in.

LT. ROBARDS

What--? Henriksen, they've let one
hostage out so far. They've hurt
no one far as we can tell.

AGENT HENRIKSEN

You don't know these Winchesters.
They're dangerous. Smart.
Expertly trained.

LT. ROBARDS

We can't risk the lives of all
those people--

AGENT HENRIKSEN

Trust me. Dean's a much greater
risk to 'em than we are.

LT. ROBARDS

But-- this is crazy!

AGENT HENRIKSEN

Crazy's in there. I just hung up
on it.

INT. BANK - MANAGER'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Or some other room we've already shot in. Sam moves through
the darkened room. Slowly. Seems empty. He's about to move
on. Then he catches something, leans in--

A SPOT OF BLOOD, small, just outside a CLOSET DOOR. He
approaches, cautious. Takes a beat. Steels himself.

Suspense beat.

46

CONTINUED:

46

Then he WHIPS OPEN the CLOSET DOOR! And a BODY TUMBLES out at him!

It's SHERRI. SEMI-NUDE, in a knee-length SLIP, throat SLASHED, eyes rolled back to the whites. His heart falls.

SAM

Damn it.

47

INT. BANK - OUTSIDE VAULT - NIGHT

47

Dean is in the area outside the vault, pensive. Vault door's closed. When Sam ENTERS. Talk about understatement:

DEAN

Listen, Sam-- We uh, we kind of got a problem outside--

SAM

We got a problem in here.

48

INT. BANK - VAULT - NIGHT

48

The Vault door SWINGS OPEN. Sam and Dean. The hostages look up with trepidation. Dean turns to Sherri.

DEAN

Say, Sherri? We're gonna let you go, okay? *

SHERRI

What? Why me? *

DEAN

As a show of good faith to the feds. Now come on. *

He helps her to her feet. She's not sure she trusts them. *

CLOSE ON: Sam. He holds the silver letter opener at his side. Ready to spring, if she tries anything funny. *

SHERRI

I... I think I want to stay here with the others... *

DEAN

Afraid I have to insist. *

He pulls her from the vault. Sam says to the others-- *

(CONTINUED)

48

SAM

Trust me. This is for your own good.

*

And with that, Sam SLAMS the VAULT SHUT.

*

49

INT. BANK - MANAGER'S OFFICE - NIGHT

49

Sam enters first. Dean follows, leading Sherri through the door. She's already scared.

*
*

SHERRI

I thought you were letting me go...

*
*

When Dean suddenly PUSHES her into the room. Locking the door behind.

*

Where 'Sherri' comes face-to-face with DEAD SHERRI'S FACE and FREAKS THE FUCK OUT.

She just SCREAMS now; pretty damn convincing, as Dean notes.

DEAN

Pretty good act. Community theater, or are you just a natural?

Sam approaches her; he's pissed. Dean approaches, too. They've both got their silver letter openers poised.

SAM

This is the last time you become anyone. Ever.

SHERRI

NO!

She FAINTS DEAD AWAY.

It's creepy, Dean and Sam over this unconscious woman, two stone-willed exterminators. Dean raises the letter opener, about to plunge it into her heart--

But something clicks in Sam's head. He looks up--

SAM

Wait.

(re: fainting)

What's the advantage of this plan? I mean fainting right now wouldn't help it survive--

Dean thinks on it for a beat, then stills his hand. He nods, then their eyes travel to the dead body. They share a silent look: 'one way to find out'.

SLOW TRACK WITH DEAN as he approaches the bloody body. Painfully suspenseful as he closes in, letter-opener raised-- He crouches over the corpse. Inspecting it.

Milk this as long as they can take it-- when--

DEAN HEARS THE OS BREACH - a loud crash from the front as the door folds in, and SWAT storm into the building.

In that moment of pause, DEAD SHERRI sits up - SALEM'S LOT SCARY -- and ATTACKS DEAN!

BLACKOUT!

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

50

INT. BANK - MANAGER'S OFFICE - NIGHT

50

Sherri-Shifter lunges at Dean, tackling him backwards, hands around his throat. Dean rolls with the tackle, manages to land side to side, **HARD**, on the ground -- He brings the letter opener up, but she catches his wrist --

The real Sherri, now in Sam's arms, wakes up, SCREAMING AND SPUTTERING. *

As Dean struggles with Sherri-Shifter he calls to Sam--

DEAN

Get her out of here, Sam--!

Sam pulls real Sherri back, out of the room --

But the moment Dean took to call out costs him. The shifter has grabbed something heavy, and SMASHES Dean in the head. It darts out a SECOND DOOR (separate from the one that Sam and Sherri just exited through). *

51

INT. BANK - MAIN AREA - NIGHT

51

TRACK WITH THE MASKED SWAT TEAM - they move through the darkness, rifle-mounted flashlights piercing the gloom.

They fan out, their radios crackling with the MUTED CHATTER of invasion--

broken glass boots

52

INT. BANK - BACK CORRIDOR - NIGHT

52

FOUR SWAT GUYS move down the hall toward the back offices and rooms. They find the real Sherri, crying, staggering over to them.

TWO SWAT guys peel off to help her, pulling her back out of the bank. The other TWO press on --

WITH THE PAIR - as they move forward, around the corner-- they see a FIGURE, his back to them--

SWAT GUY

FREEZE!

The Figure complies. Keeps his back to the SWAT.

53

INT. BANK - BOILER ROOM - NIGHT

53

Dean moves swiftly through a dreary, atmospheric boiler room hallway, letter opener folded back against one wrist.

(CONTINUED)

53

He slips behind a doorframe, dodging the passing sweep of FLASH-LIGHT GLARE from nearby SWAT GUYS.

After they move on, he slips back out, turns, and JUMP SCARE!

The SHERRI-SHIFTER jumps him. Throat still cut, still looking like a corpse. Dean's TACKLED BACK!

54

INT. BANK - BACK CORRIDOR - NIGHT

54

The SWAT move up swiftly -- Swat Guy I covers, as Swat Guy II grabs the suspect by the shoulder.

It's SAM, he takes SWAT GUY II's arm, and twists it, judos him into a blocking position between himself and the SWAT GUY I -- SWAT GUY II HOWLS in PAIN-- Sam pushes SWAT GUY II toward SWAT GUY I like a battle shield, and the latter is rolled over. *

A few beats of BAD MOTHERFUCKER SAM, kicking the shit out of these guys! He disarms them, tossing their rifles aside! He's a real bad ass when he wants to be.

55

INT. BANK - BOILER ROOM - NIGHT

55

Dean and the Sherri-Shifter in pitched battle -- he GRIPS her tight, she STRAINS to PULL AWAY... and she does... as a LONG STRIP of GORY ARM SKIN comes off in Dean's hands. A deadpan beat, as Dean looks at it.

DEAN

Gross.

The Sherri-Shifter dives at him again, the fight continues. Brutal and ugly, back and forth. Until--

Dean finally gets his forearm jammed under its chin, pressing it back against the wall -- and drives the letter opener THROUGH IT'S STERNUM. The Sherri-Shifter issues a DEATH RATTLE and goes limp, sliding down the wall, expired. *

Dean falls back, hands covered in gore from the shed skin of his opponent. He looks himself over. After a breath, he says with doubled emphasis:

DEAN

Gross!

He hears the OS CLOMP of SWAT BOOTS coming near and looks up into the glare of a flashlight, busted--

DISSOLVE TO:

56 INT. BANK - MAIN AREA - DAWN (OR NIGHT, YOUR CALL) (DAY 3) 56

Henriksen walks in, followed by some UNIFORMS, some SWAT...

TRACK WITH HIM as he passes SWAT TEAM MEMBERS who come from recesses, signalling and calling O.S. (or masked) 'clear'.

VARIOUS SWAT
Clear-- Clear-- [etc.]

STICK WITH HENRIKSEN on his march through the bank. He sees--

Various SWAT lead the surviving group of shaken hostages (clearly released from the vault) across the main floor.

57 INT. BANK - BACK CORRIDOR - DAWN 57

Henriksen moves on, as MASKED SWAT GUYS come out of various office doors, signalling 'Clear.'

VARIOUS SWAT
Clear... Clear...

He passes by the door to the SECURITY ROOM -- Inside officers stand over SAMPSON'S DEAD BODY, radioing:

SWAT GUY
Male, African-American-- A goner.

He moves on, as other SWAT GUYS secure the latter reaches of the bank--

VARIOUS SWAT
Clear-- Clear--

Henriksen frowns, as the gathering chorus of 'clears' begins to outweigh the possibility of the Winchesters' presence...

58 INT. BANK - BOILER ROOM - DAWN 58

Where Sherril [the SHIFTER] lies dead, dagger in her sternum, as one SWAT confers with ANOTHER--

SWAT GUY
I'm tellin' you man, I just walked her outta the bank-- She must have had a twin sister or something--

59 INT. BANK - BACK CORRIDOR 59

Sherril Henriksen fumes, frustrated, furious, and other 'f' words. *

up stairs

4 shots Front Doors - (2 1/2 Days)
76
56/57/6

PA lights out.

Night PA out. ↓ Down stairs

56 → Morning - Liberty Dark.

BACK of BANK. - (Video Camera for
Door effect.)

Down stairs

Main Flr.

- Sted: Conn, stand held only.
- Sc 19A light change. → off.
- o stairs wide shot.
- o vault.

Emergency lighting Alex

→ video sc (10, 12, 13)

Sc 32 Day 4 → Ronald get shot from windows →

2 storage room crip / EEC.

large pillars

Down stairs "Vault"

- o video
- o stedi com pov of vault.

Stairs

Two half days (Black out.)

Emergency lights:

inside vault pov to Hall. "Very Warm"

→ Stairs, script skin wall / stair rail

↳ Lts out.


↳ Cameras 35mm upper stair case of lower

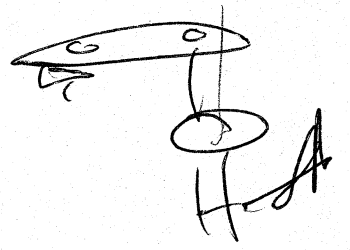
Mechanical Room (Boiler Room)

fight scene - Blackout.

Exit BASK
Night (1, 2, 36)

Friday 3 sides Cornea.

 Head
Mdt

Magic fuse 

Days

5 clock.

Jewley stae.