

DEPARTMENT HEAD ONLY

SUPERNATURAL

Episode #311

“Jus In Bello”

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3rd WRITER'S DRAFT

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SUPERNATURAL
"Jus In Bello"

TEASER

FADE IN:

INT. BELA'S MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

BAM!! The door FLIES OPEN. Reveal DEAN AND SAM WINCHESTER, on high alert.

They SWEEP the room. It's DESERTED. Unmade bed, skirt draped over a chair, couple of lipsticks on the counter.

Dean opens DRESSER DRAWERS, roots around. Not finding what he's looking for. Urgent, frustrated. Dean looks to Sam--

-- who is kneeling to look at the SAFE in the closet.

DEAN

Any sign of it?

Sam swings open the safe door. It's EMPTY.

SAM

Nothing. Sure this is Bela's room?

Dean pulls something out of a drawer. It's a BLONDE WIG.

DEAN

She was here, all right...

Just then-- the ROOM PHONE RINGS. Sam and Dean lock eyes. Should they pick up?

Finally, Dean picks it up, hesitantly puts it to his ear...

INT. BELA'S CAR - NIGHT - PMP

Bela's driving, cell phone to her ear.

INTERCUT BELA AND DEAN.

BELA

Dean, sweetie, you there?

DEAN

(ice cold)
Where are you?

BELA

Two states over, by now.

DEAN

Where.

BELA

Where's our usual quippy banter? I miss it.

*
*

DEAN

I want it back, Bela. Now.

*

Bela glances at the passenger seat. Where the COLT sits.

BELA

Your little pistol, you mean?
Sorry, can't at the moment.

DEAN

You understand how many people are gonna die if you do this--

BELA

What exactly is it you think I plan to do?

DEAN

Take the only real weapon we got against an army of demons and sell it to the highest bidder.

For a second, something dark flits over Bela's face.

BELA

You know nothing about me.

DEAN

I know I'm gonna stop you.

BELA

Tough words for a guy who can't even find me.

DEAN

Oh, I'll find you. I got absolutely nothing better to do than track you down.

BELA

That's where you're wrong. You're about to be quite occupied.

(pleased with herself)

Oh, Dean. Do you really think I wouldn't take precautions?

Just them-- SLAM! The door flies open wide, revealing SIX ARMORED POLICEMEN. GUNS pointing at the boys.

COP
Hands! In the air!

ON BELA. Hearing this. She smiles to herself. HANGS UP.

ON DEAN. Staring at the cops in disbelief.

DEAN
(under his breath)
That bitch.

Dean and Sam trade "Oh fuck" looks. They hold their hands up.

COP
On the ground. Now!

Our boys get on their knees. The Cops SHOVE them down, onto their bellies. CUFF their hands behind their backs. FRISK the boys. Dean throws Sam an oh-the-indignity look.

COP (CONT'D)
Sam and Dean Winchester. You have the right to remain silent. Anything you say...(etc etc)

DEAN'S POV. He's got a VERY LOW ANGLE VIEW of the door. A pair of MALE LEGS IN SLACKS appear and walk towards him.

ON DEAN. Laid out awkwardly, hands cuffed behind him. He cranes his neck to see--

FBI AGENT VICTOR HENRIKSEN. Taking in the sight of his most wanted fugitives. A slow smile spreads across his face.

HENRIKSEN
Hi, boys. Been a while.

OFF SAM AND DEAN'S OH SHIT LOOKS--

BLACKOUT!

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

INT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

SUPER TITLE: MONUMENT, COLORADO.

Agent Henriksen bursts through the doors. He's met by SHERIFF DODD (40s, capable) and DEPUTY AMICI (20s, untested).

SHERIFF DODD

So'd you get 'em?

Henriksen nods, all business. He SCANS the station: a COUNTER, behind which sits secretary NANCY (20, wholesome, modest, cute). Her desk is decorated with RELIGIOUS HUMMEL-TYPE FIGURINES. Behind Nancy, the BULLPEN. Several DESKS, all empty.

Henriksen walks through. Not happy with what he sees.

HENRIKSEN

Where is everyone? I asked for all your men.

SHERIFF DODD

And you got 'em. They came with you on the raid.

HENRIKSEN

("you're kidding me")
That's it? Six men?

SHERIFF DODD

(tightly)
Everyone I could drum up with an hour's notice. We're a small town, Agent Henriksen.

Henriksen shakes his head, dissatisfied. They walk down the HALL, past a sign pointing to the HOLDING CELL AREA.

INT. HOLDING CELL AREA - CONTINUOUS

A couple of cells enclosed by BARS. Each with a COT and a TOILET. There's one DRUNK GUY in custody, sleeping it off.

Henriksen narrows his eyes at the Drunk Guy.

HENRIKSEN

What's he in for?

DEPUTY AMICI

Drunk and disorderly.

HENRIKSEN
(holding out his hand)
Keys.

Amici holds the keys. Throws a questioning look to Dodd.

HENRIKSEN (CONT'D)
Now.

SHERIFF DODD
Agent-- what are you doing--

*

Henriksen's through asking. TAKES the keys out Amici's hand.

Henriksen unlocks the cell, marches over to the Drunk, and YANKS him up by the scruff.

HENRIKSEN
It's your lucky night, sir. You're free to go.

Henriksen leads the Drunk out. Hands him over to Amici.

HENRIKSEN (CONT'D)
Get him out of this station.

Amici throws a glance to the Sheriff, but obeys Henriksen. He leads away the Drunk.

Before Dodd can say anything, Henriksen spins on his heel and marches back to--

INT. BULLPEN - CONTINUOUS

Sheriff Dodd trails behind Henriksen.

SHERIFF DODD
Agent Henriksen-- you can't just release prisoners--

Henriksen spins to face Dodd. Patience lost.

HENRIKSEN
Look, I get it. You're a backwoods, hayseed station woefully unprepared for something of this magnitude. You're Mayberry P.D.

*
*
*
*

SHERIFF DODD
Excuse me--

*
*

HENRIKSEN

And this isn't how I'd do it if I had my choice, but a tips's a tip, we had to move fast.

SHERIFF DODD

Look, Agent, this ain't my first rodeo.

HENRIKSEN

You've never been to a rodeo like this. Do you have any idea who we're about to bring in here?

SHERIFF DODD

Yeah, couplea fugitives--

HENRIKSEN

The most dangerous criminals you ever laid eyeballs on are about to walk through those doors. Think Hannibal Lector and his brainwashed, half-wit little brother.

Sheriff Dodd stares at Henriksen, sobered.

HENRIKSEN (CONT'D)

You know what these guys do for kicks? Dig up graves and mutilate the corpses. They're not just killers, Sheriff, they're Satan-worshipping nutbag killers.

ON NANCY, at her desk. Overhearing. Uneasy.

HENRIKSEN (CONT'D)

(friendly, condescending)

So work with me here. And I'll get 'em outta your hair and on the way to SuperMax, and you'll be home in time to catch Jimmy Kimmel.

SHERIFF DODD

(stony)

However we can help.

HENRIKSEN

Those men of yours-- post two at every door.

SHERIFF DODD

("fine, you dick")

Yes, sir.

Henriksen takes one last look around. Sighs.

HENRIKSEN
Guess we're ready as we're gonna
be.

He picks up his WALKIE TALKIE.

HENRIKSEN (CONT'D)
Reidy.

AGENT REIDY (O.C.)
(through Walkie)
Right here.

EXT. STATION - PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

A POLICE VAN is parked at the entrance. Two Cops (from the
raid) posted at the station entrance. Reidy stands at the
van, talking on his Walkie. Two more armed Cops flank him. *

HENRIKSEN (O.C.)
(through Walkie)
Bring 'em in.

Agent Reidy OPENS the VAN DOORS, REVEALING Sam and Dean.
SHACKLED TOGETHER AT THE HANDS AND FEET.

AGENT REIDY
Nice and easy.

Under the careful watch of the Cops, Reidy leads the boys out
of the truck and into the building.

INT. BULLPEN - CONTINUOUS

Sheriff Dodd, Amici, and Henriksen stand waiting as Sam and
Dean are led inside.

ON their stony faces as they stare at the Satanic killers.

ON DEAN. He gives them a big fat grin.

DEAN
Why the sour pussers, guys? Turn
those frowns upside down. *

Unsurprisingly, no one dignifies that with a response.

SHERIFF DODD
(to Reidy)
I'll show you to the cell. *

Reidy SHOVES the boys onward-- Dean WINCES as his arm is TWISTED by the motion.

DEAN
Hey, watch the merchandise.

Dean CLOCKS Nancy, fingering a ROSARY, staring nervously at them. He sees her NAMEPLATE on the desk: NANCY FITZGERALD.

DEAN (CONT'D)
We're not the ones you should be
scared of, Nancy.

Nancy quickly averts her gaze.

INT. HOLDING CELL - CLANK!

Sam and Dean are locked in the slammer.

Dean steps to the bars, Sam moves for the cot-- and the shackles SNAP TIGHT, stopping them.

Realizing they have to move together, Sam moves toward the bars-- but Dean moves toward the bed, and they're nearly knocked off balance by the shackles.

SAM
Ow. Do you mind?

Dean gives their arm chains a frustrated yank.

DEAN
This is great.
(then)
Sit?

Sam nods, and they move together to the cot.

DEAN (CONT'D)
How we gonna Houdini ourselves
outta this one?

SAM
Good question.

OFF SAM AND DEAN sitting there, thinking "this sucks"....

INT. BULLPEN - SHERIFF'S DESK - CONTINUOUS

Henriksen sits, dialing the phone. Dodd hovers nearby--
after the way Henriksen just treated him, there's no love
lost between the two men. Henriksen speaks into the phone--

*
*

HENRIKSEN
It's me-- Steven in? Well, get him
out of the meeting.

*
*

INT. FBI OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

FBI DEPUTY DIRECTOR STEVEN GROVES (40s, Alpha male, imposing)
sits down, picks up the phone.

GROVES
Groves.

INTERCUT GROVES AND HENRIKSEN.

HENRIKSEN
I got 'em.

Henriksen speaks levelly, but we can tell that way down
underneath, he is doing a little happy dance.

GROVES
Well I'll be damned. I was betting
on your headstone reading "Couldn't
Catch the Winchester boys."

HENRIKSEN
Got a court order remanding them to
SuperMax in Nevada till their
trial. Be there by morning.

*
*
*

GROVES
How?

*
*

HENRIKSEN
Armored bus loaded with men--

*
*

GROVES
A bus? Are you trying to give me
another ulcer?

*

HENRIKSEN
We're taking every precaution--

GROVES
Like the last time, and the time
before that? Screw that, I'm
sending a chopper.

HENRIKSEN
(tightly)
Whatever you think's best.

GROVES

Damn right. And I'll be on it. I can't take you losing those boys again. They've been the primary thorn in my ass for months. So, Victor?

HENRIKSEN

Yeah?

GROVES

Glue your eyeballs to 'em till I get there.

Groves HANGS UP.

Henriksen doesn't miss a beat. Hangs up the phone, turns to the Sheriff, all business.

HENRIKSEN

There's a chopper on its way.

SHERIFF DODD

But-- we don't have a helicopter pad.

HENRIKSEN

Then clear the damn parking lot.

And with that, Henriksen walks away, toward the holding cell.

INT. HOLDING CELL AREA - MOMENTS LATER

Henriksen approaches the bars of Sam and Dean's cell. Eyes them with a private smile. They stare back at him, stony.

HENRIKSEN

Know what I'm trying to decide?

DEAN

Whether Cialis would help your little condition?

HENRIKSEN

(unruffled)

What to have for dinner tonight. Steak or lobster? Or-- what the hell, surf-n-turf. Got a lot to celebrate, after all. Seeing you two in chains.

*
*

DEAN

You kinky sonuvabitch. We don't swing that way.

*

HENRIKSEN

Joke all you want. You'll get what's coming to you.

DEAN

Like last time? I wouldn't bust out the melted butter just yet. Couldn't catch us in a bank, couldn't keep us in that jail--

HENRIKSEN

You're right. We screwed up--

DEAN

"We"? Try you.

HENRIKSEN

Yup, you got me, Dean. I underestimated you.

(then)

But don't you worry, it won't happen again. Know where you're headed? Super-Maximum Security in the Nevada desert.

Henriksen watches the boys' faces. Enjoying this.

HENRIKSEN (CONT'D)

Twenty four hour a day isolation in a soundproof cell, no windows, no human contact. Apparently the weaker inmates start hallucinating inside a week. Just between you and me? I'm pretty sure it's unconstitutional.

Sam and Dean exchange a small worried look.

HENRIKSEN (CONT'D)

Get a good look at your brother. You'll never see each other again.

ON DEAN. As that lands.

HENRIKSEN (CONT'D)

Aw, where's that smug smile of yours, Dean? I wanna see it.

DEAN

(trying to control his anger)

You got the wrong guys.

Henriksen laughs out loud at that one. Dismissive--

HENRIKSEN

Oh, that's right. I forgot--
 you're superheroes, right? Saving
 us all from-- do I have this right?--
 - demons with glowy eyes? That's
 the story Daddy fed ya, isn't it?

DEAN

Don't you talk about Dad--

HENRIKSEN

Why not? Can't talk back now, can
 he?

ON DEAN, wanting to throttle Henriksen.

HENRIKSEN (CONT'D)

Your dad was headcase bastard who
 brainwashed you with devil talk and
 no doubt touched you in the bad
 place.

DEAN

Shut your--

HENRIKSEN

(cutting Dean off)

So you grew up mean and wily, and
 your baby bro here, well, he's not
 the sharpest tool in the shed, so
 he's easy to manipulate.

Sam can't help but bristle at that. Quietly--

SAM

I went to Stanford.

HENRIKSEN

(ignoring Sam completely)

But guess what, Dean? I don't care
 what you went through. Everybody's
 got a sob story. Not everybody
 becomes a killer.

(then, "case closed")

But now... I got two less to worry
 about. It's surf-n-turf time.

Just then, we HEAR SOUNDS OF THE CHOPPER LANDING OUTSIDE...

INT. STATION - FRONT ENTRANCE - MOMENTS LATER

Deputy Director Groves strides in. He's met by Henriksen and
 Reidy.

HENRIKSEN
Steven...

GROVES
Gentlemen.

Groves hands a THICK FOLDER WITH AN FBI LOGO to each Agent.

HENRIKSEN
What's all this?

GROVES
What can I say. The FBI didn't
invent bureaucracy. We perfected
it.

Henriksen tucks the folder under his arm--

GROVES (CONT'D)
Sorry-- now. Dot every i, cross
every t, you know the drill.

*
*

Henriksen sets the folder on the counter, annoyed. Flips
through, starts signing on the many dotted lines...

GROVES (CONT'D)
I'm gonna go take a nice long
gander at our fugitives.

*

INT. HOLDING CELL AREA - MOMENTS LATER

Deputy Director Groves faces Sam and Dean. Sam and Dean
stand a few feet back from the bars. Eyeing Groves warily.

GROVES
Well, well. Sam and Dean. This is
a pleasure.

DEAN
Glad one of us feels that way.

GROVES
I've been waiting a long time for
you two to come outta the woodwork.

Suddenly, Groves' eyes go DEMON BLACK!

ON SAM AND DEAN. Their eyes widening as they register it--

But before they can react, Groves LIFTS HIS GUN and FIRES!

Our boys, shackled together, try to move-- but DEAN'S HIT IN
THE SHOULDER! He stumbles, yowling in pain...

Sam reacts quickly. He YELLS, RAPIDFIRE:

SAM
*Exorcizamus te, omnis immundus
 spiritus, omnis satanica potestas!*

The EXORCISM RITE immediately affects Groves-- he HISSES in pain, physically reacting to the sound.

At the same time, Sam LUNGES toward the bars, dragging Dean with him. REACHES between the bars and GRABS Groves--

SAM (CONT'D)
*Omnis incursio infernalis adversii,
 omnis legio, omnis congregatio, et
 secta diabolica!*

Sam WRESTS the gun from the twitching demon's hand.

Groves meets Sam and Dean's eyes. Sweating and flinching. But-- he smiles coldly.

GROVES
 Gonna be a long night, boys.

And with that, he THROWS BACK HIS HEAD. BLACK DEMON SMOKE EJECTS from his mouth and DISAPPEARS.

THUMP. The lifeless body hits the floor just as--

Henriksen runs in, followed by Reidy, the Sheriff and Amici. They STOP DEAD, shocked to see: the GUN in Sam's hand. Groves' body on the ground.

They all DRAW WEAPONS-- and everyone speaks at once. CHAOS:

SHERIFF DODD
 Drop your weapon!

SAM
 Wait!

DEPUTY AMICI
 He shot him--

HENRIKSEN
Drop it.

DEAN
 Just hold on--

SAM
 I didn't shoot anyone!

DEAN
He shot me!

HENRIKSEN *
(BELLOWING) *
DROP IT! ON THE GROUND! NOW!! *

The boys DROP TO THEIR KNEES, hands up. *

SAM *
Okay-okay-okay, don't shoot... *

Sam puts the gun on the floor, SLIDES it to Henriksen. *
Agent Reidy goes to Groves' body, checks for a pulse.

SAM (CONT'D) *
Check the body-- there's no blood.
We didn't kill him!

Reidy looks up from the body. Confused.

REIDY
Vic. There's no bullet wound. He
had a heart attack or something.

Henriksen steps closer to the bars, gun still pointed.

HENRIKSEN
What'd you do to him?

SAM
Just hold on-- I'll tell you--

HENRIKSEN
Fine-- talk.

Sam and Dean share a look-- the truth ain't gonna go over too well.

DEAN
Well... we don't wanna say.

HENRIKSEN
Talk or I shoot.

DEAN
You're not gonna believe us...

SAM
He was possessed.

Henriksen stares at Sam like he's retarded.

HENRIKSEN

Right. Possessed. Of course.

Henriksen stares at Groves' body for a beat. Suspicious. Throws a quick hard glance at our boys. Then, to Reidy--

HENRIKSEN (CONT'D)

Fire up the chopper. I'm taking them out of here, now.

DEAN

Yeah-- please do!

Agent Reidy hits the button on his Walkie--

AGENT REIDY

Hey, Bill.
(STATIC.)
Bill, you there?

*

STATIC. Reidy and Henriksen exchange a look.

AGENT REIDY (CONT'D)

I'll go.

EXT. POLICE STATION - FRONT ENTRANCE - NIGHT

Agent Reidy emerges... and STOPS DEAD.

At his feet-- two BODIES in a pool of blood. The two Cops we saw earlier, posted at the entrance. Their THROATS are SLIT.

Reeling, horrified, Reidy picks up his Walkie--

AGENT REIDY

Victor-- two men down--

He looks up, into the parking lot-- and GASPS.

AGENT REIDY (CONT'D)

They're-- dead. I think they're
all dead...

REIDY'S POV. The CHOPPER. Bloody, dead PILOT hanging out of the cockpit. Two more SLAUGHTERED COPS on the ground nearby.

ON REIDY. Overwhelmed at the sight of the bloodbath. Freaked. He moves toward the Chopper. When suddenly--

A HOT BURST OF LIGHT hits him in face as THE CHOPPER EXPLODES!
(NB: We're not actually gonna blow it up. Let's do this with sound, a blast of wind and a flame bar in Reidy's face.)

INT. STATION - CONTINUOUS *

ON HENRIKSEN. Hearing the CHOPPER EXPLOSION. Freaking-- *

HENRIKSEN *

What the hell was that?! Reidy! *

EXT. STATION - CONTINUOUS *

CLOSE ON REIDY, ON THE GROUND. Thrown by the force of the *
explosion. He shakes the cobwebs, gets to his feet, turns-- *

A COP'S RIGHT THERE! INCHES FROM HIM! Eyes DEMON BLACK, *
SLIT THROAT OPEN AND BLOODY. Jump scare! *

OFF Reidy's SCREAM-- *

INT. BULLPEN - CONTINUOUS

Henriksen holds his Walkie. Sheriff, Deputy Amici, and Nancy
all listen to the HORRIBLE GARBLED SCREAMS as Agent Reidy is
BRUTALLY SLAUGHTERED.

BLACKOUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. BULLPEN - MOMENTS LATER

Sheriff Dodd LOADS A SHOTGUN. Nancy frantically works the phones. Amici paces, near panic. It's CHAOS-- everyone FREAKED by what they just heard. Only Henriksen remains silent. *

SHERIFF DODD
My men-- Agent Henriksen-- *

DEPUTY AMICI
What the hell's happening out there?!

We begin a SLOW PUSH IN ON HENRIKSEN'S FACE.

NANCY
I can't get a line, phones are out--

SHERIFF DODD
Six of my men--

NANCY
--and the internet-- my cell-- it's all dead! How can they be dead?! *

Just then-- ALL THE LIGHTS GO OUT!

The BACKUP GENERATOR kicks in. Harsh emergency lights BLINK TO LIFE. *

NANCY (CONT'D)
Oh my God oh my God-- *

DEPUTY AMICI
We gotta get outta here! *

Suddenly, Henriksen barks--

HENRIKSEN
Shut up!

THEY DO.

ON HENRIKSEN. For a second, we see the rage and grief. Then he gets a tight lid on it. He's tough and this is a crisis.

HENRIKSEN (CONT'D)
No one's going anywhere.

SHERIFF DODD
That's your partner out there!

HENRIKSEN

I know.

(then)

We go outside, we're asking to die too. Don't you get it?

SHERIFF DODD

Get what?

HENRIKSEN

They're out there, and they're coming for us. This is a siege.

*
*

Everyone REACTS. Holy crap.

HENRIKSEN (CONT'D)

So it might be a good time to lock the doors and windows, take a breath, maybe deal with this like trained professionals with some sense in their heads.

(to Nancy, gentle)

You okay?

Nancy shakes her head no. Henriksen is sympathetic.

HENRIKSEN (CONT'D)

I'll get you through this. You have my word. Got that?

(Nancy nods)

I'm gonna find out who's out there.

*

INT. HOLDING CELL AREA - CONTINUOUS

Sam's managed to rip off his t shirt (don't get excited, it's one of many layers). He holds it to Dean's bloody shoulder.

Henriksen enters. Beelines for the bars. All quiet focus.

*

HENRIKSEN

So what's the plan-- kill everyone in the station, bust you two out?

*

Sam and Dean share the briefest look.

DEAN

I can promise you, whoever's out there ain't here to help us.

SAM

You gotta believe us: everyone in this station is in terrible danger.

*

HENRIKSEN

Ya think?

DEAN

Let us outta here and we can save
your asses.

*
*

HENRIKSEN

From what?

*

Sam and Dean exchange a look; say nothing.

*

HENRIKSEN (CONT'D)

I don't believe it. You're gonna
say demons. Don't you dare say
demons or so help me I'll shoot you
right now.

*
*
*
*
*

And with that, Henriksen stalks away.

Sam and Dean lock eyes. This is bad. Very bad.

SAM

How's the shoulder?

DEAN

(grimacing)

Awesome.

(then)

I'll live. You know, if we get
outta here alive. So-- got a plan?

As Dean speaks, Sam CLOCKS something in the doorway.

SAM'S POV. NANCY. Peeking around the corner at them.

SAM

Hey!

Nancy STARTLES. Busted!

SAM (CONT'D)

Please, we need some help!

Nancy stares, wide-eyed.

SAM (CONT'D)

Nancy, right? Look, my brother's
been shot. He's bleeding. Please,
could you get us something? A
clean towel?

Nancy hovers, unsure of what to do. Sam turns the earnest
dial to eleven.

SAM (CONT'D)
Please. Just one towel.

CLOSE ON NANCY. Conflicted.

SAM (CONT'D)
We're not bad guys. I swear. Look
at us-- we're not bad guys. Now
help us-- please.

*
*
*

Nancy stares. Moved by Sam's plea. But scared of him.
Finally, she turns and disappears around the corner.

DEAN
Nice try.

Sam sighs, shrugs. Out of ideas. But then--

Nancy reappears, holding a TOWEL. She walks to the bars,
hesitant, still wary.

Sam and Dean go to the bars.

SAM
Thank you...

Sam holds his hands up, like "not gonna try anything, trust
me."

Nancy holds out the towel.

Sam reaches for it-- and suddenly GRABS NANCY BY THE WAIST.
Pulls her right up to the bars-- she SCREAMS!

Deputy Amici RACES in, gun drawn--

DEPUTY AMICI
Let her go!

Sam abruptly LETS NANCY GO. He steps back from the bars.

Nancy stares at him in horror and betrayal. Backs up quick.

DEPUTY AMICI (CONT'D)
You okay, Nance?

Nancy nods, shaken.

DEPUTY AMICI (CONT'D)
Try something again, get shot. And
not in the arm.

Amici leads the freaked out secretary away...

Sam and Dean watch them walk away.

CLOSE ON SAM'S CLENCHED HAND. He's stolen NANCY'S ROSARY.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CELL - LATER THAT NIGHT

Sam and Dean stand at the bars, antsy and frustrated. Sam cranes his neck. But he can't see around the corner. Dean leans against the bars.

SAM
We're sitting ducks in here.

DEAN
I know. And would it kill those
cops to bring us a snack?

Sam throws Dean a look, then sighs.

SAM
How many out there, you think?

DEAN
Dunno.

SAM
However many it is, they could be
possessing anyone. Anyone could
walk in... *

DEAN
What I don't get is-- what's with a
demon coming at us like this?
They've never gone for a direct
assassination before. *

Sam nods. Thoughtful.

DEAN (CONT'D)
Why do they want us so bad all of a
sudden?

Sam looks away. Because he knows something he's not sharing
(Ruby told him the new Demon boss wants him dead).

SAM
No idea.

DEAN
Huh.
(then, grinning)
(MORE)

DEAN (CONT'D)
 You think maybe it's 'cause we're
awesome?

Just then-- SHERIFF DODD appears. Beelines across the room.
 Head down. Not talking.

Sam and Dean lock eyes. Take a step back from the bars.

DEAN (CONT'D)
 Howdy there, Sheriff...

Dodd says nothing. Keeps his eyes on the floor. Acting all,
 you know, demony.

SAM
 Ah, Sheriff?

Dodd pulls out his keys. Sam and Dean throw each other a
 look-- ALARMED. Is he possessed?! As he UNLOCKS THE CELL--

SHERIFF DODD
 Time to go.

Sam and Dean BACK AWAY...

DEAN
 You know what? No thanks. We're
 comfy right here...

Dodd GRABS their chains. He PIVOTS to lead them out--
 -- and comes FACE TO FACE WITH HENRIKSEN.

HENRIKSEN
 What do you think you're doing?

The Sheriff meets Henriksen's eyes, defiant.

SHERIFF DODD
 I'm not sitting around waiting to
 die. We gotta make a run for it. *

HENRIKSEN
 It's safer here-- *

SHERIFF DODD
 They got a SWAT facility in Boulder- *

HENRIKSEN
 We're not going anywhere. *

SHERIFF DODD
 The hell we're not-- *

Without warning-- Henriksen lifts his arm and BAM! SHOOTS *
the Sheriff in the head!

The Sheriff DROPS--

In a flash, Sam and Dean RUSH Henriksen--

KNOCK him right off his feet-- Dean GRABS his gun--

They DRAG him to the TOILET, and DUNK HIS HEAD IN! (We CLOCK
the floating ROSARY-- they've made jail cell HOLY WATER.)

Sam lifts Henriksen's head out. He's SCREAMING, his skin
STEAMING. Eyes DEMON BLACK. Holy shit-- he's POSSESSED!

SAM

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

Sam DUNKS HIM AGAIN, still chanting the Latin, as--

Deputy Amici, gun drawn, races in, Nancy right behind him--

Dean points the gun at Amici--

DEAN

Stay back!

Henriksen YOWLS IN UNHOLY PAIN as Sam dunks him again and
again. Steam rises from the demon's burning flesh--

SAM

*... omnis incurio infernalis
adversarii, omnis legio, omnis
congregatio, et secta diabolica!
Ergo, draco maledicte et omnis
legio diabolica...*

ON NANCY. Back against the far wall. Scared shitless. She
fingers her CROSS NECKLACE, totally freaked.

NANCY'S POV. Henriksen writhes. Sam never stops reciting
the rite. The boys dunk him again and again. Finally--

Henriksen grips Sam's arm, meet his eyes, and hisses--

DEMON HENRIKSEN

It's too late.... I already called
them. They're already coming.

Sam and Dean lock eyes, alarmed.

DEAN
 ("hurry up")
 Sam--

Sam pushes on, chanting and dunking Henriksen. He finishes--

SAM
*...Ecclesiam tuam securi tibi
 facias libertate servire, te
 rogamus, audi nos!*

Henriksen's head JERKS BACK from the force of the EXORCISM. *
 Black smoke ejects violently from his mouth and DISSIPATES.

Henriksen lands on his back. Unconscious.

A beat of silence. Sam, out of breath. Dean, holding the
 gun on Amici. Amici, staring in total shock. Nancy, crying.

NANCY
 ("is he dead?")
 Is he... is he...

Suddenly, Henriksen SITS UP. Shakes the cobwebs. Eyes
 CLEAR. He's utterly shocked.

Henriksen's eyes fall on Sheriff Dodd's lifeless body.
 Taking in what he's done. Horrified. Softly--

HENRIKSEN
 I shot the Sheriff.

DEAN
 (dry)
 But you didn't shoot the deputy.
 (off Sam's "that's
 inappropriate" look)
 What?

Henriksen rubs his eyes. Trying to process.

SAM
 What happened?

HENRIKSEN
 What happened? Black smoke jammed
 itself down my throat. That's what
happened. Next thing I know, I
 can't control my own body.
 (then, chilled)
 It was in me. I could feel it... *

SAM

You were possessed. That's what it's like. Now you know.

Henriksen meets the boy's eyes. Realizing--

HENRIKSEN

"Possessed" like... possessed? *

DEAN

Uh, yeah-- and I owe you the biggest I-told-you-so ever.

Henriksen gets to his feet. And takes a long, deep get-your-shit-together beat. Everyone WAITS: Sam and Dean calm and alert, Amici and Nancy silently reeling.

Finally, Henriksen turns to Amici.

HENRIKSEN

Give me your keys.

DEPUTY AMICI

What-- why?

HENRIKSEN

Give me your keys.

Amici just stares. Brain frozen like an overloaded computer.

Henriksen approaches Amici. Puts a firm hand on his shoulder. Gently--

HENRIKSEN (CONT'D)

Little much for you?

Amici nods dumbly. Henriksen continues, just as softly.

HENRIKSEN (CONT'D)

Too bad. You're on duty, deputy. Get yourself together.

Amici hands over the keys.

Henriksen strides to the boys. Reaches for their shackles... and UNLOCKS THEM. This is the BIG FAT MOMENT: Sam and Dean's nemesis FREEING them. So let's make a nice meal of it.

The chains fall to the floor. Sam and Dean rub their wrists. Face Henriksen. For the first time, all on the same side.

HENRIKSEN (CONT'D)

All right. How do we survive the night?

INT. BULLPEN - NIGHT

ON NANCY'S DESK. BLUEPRINTS of the station. THREE EXITS are clearly marked.

Dean sits at Nancy's desk, looking over the blueprints, WINCING as Nancy BANDAGES his shoulder.

Sam sits across from Dean, SKETCHING something on a police pad (we don't see what).

Henriksen and Amici enter. Arms full of FIREARMS.

DEAN

Nice. But they won't help.

DEPUTY AMICI

Won't help? We got an arsenal here...

DEAN

Which is just gonna make 'em mad. *

Henriksen takes this in. Doesn't miss a beat--

HENRIKSEN

What do you need?

DEAN

Salt. Lots and lots of salt.

DEPUTY AMICI

Salt?!

DEAN

We got an echo in here.

NANCY

There's road salt in the store room...

SAM

Perfect. We need to salt every window and door.

(then)

Got any permanent markers?

Nancy opens a desk drawer, revealing a BOX O' SHARPIES.

Sam holds up a rough but detailed sketch of a DEVIL'S TRAP.

SAM (CONT'D)

We're gonna draw one of these
behind the salt lines. Sort of a
second line of defense.

Nancy continues bandaging Dean's shoulder. She asks him-- *

NANCY

What is it? *

DEAN *

It's called a devil's trap. Demon
flypaper, basically. *

Nancy nods. Hint of a sad smile on her lips.

NANCY

When I was little, I'd come home
after church and talk about the
devil, and my parents would tell me
to stop being so literal.

(then)

Guess I showed them.

She finishes with Dean's bandage.

NANCY (CONT'D)

That should hold.

DEAN

Thanks.

Dean stands. Looks at the others, thoughtful. Then--

DEAN (CONT'D)

Where's my car?

DEPUTY AMICI

You mean the Chevy? Impound lot
out back. Wait-- you're not going
out there...

DEAN

I gotta get something out of the
trunk.

EXT. STATION - IMPOUND LOT - NIGHT

A small fenced in lot. A few beat up cars and the IMPALA.
It's dark, shadowy. Eerily quiet.

Dean appears at the gate. UNLOCKS IT. Gives a quick look
around-- area seems deserted. He enters the lot.

Dean moves quickly through the lot. When he hears-- a RUSTLE.

Dean FREEZES. Listening hard. Eyes darting.

NEW ANGLE. UNKNOWN POV. Dean starts to walk again, quickly. We're starting to freak out-- is something watching Dean?

Dean goes to the Impala. Pops the trunk. POCKETS a few HOLY WATER CANNISTERS. But, curiously, BYPASSES all the weapons. Instead, he reaches for a SMALL POUCH. He grips it, and--

Suddenly, the WIND picks up.

Dean slams shut the trunk. The wind BLOWS HARDER AND HARDER. And underneath, we can hear a LOW, OMINOUS RUMBLE...

CLOSE ON DEAN. What the hell? He turns--

And SEES, on the horizon-- a MASSIVE ROILING CLOUD OF BLACK DEMON SMOKE. Headed RIGHT FOR THE STATION! Holy shit!

OFF DEAN'S OH FUCK LOOK--

BLACKOUT!

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT. STATION - NIGHT

ON SAM, finishing a DEVIL'S TRAP under a window, when--

The door FLIES OPEN, letting in a GUST OF WIND. Everyone looks up from their salting and drawing to see--

Dean RACING in. He SLAMS the door shut behind him--

DEAN

Hurry up!

Nancy's eyes widen. She pours out salt--

DEAN (CONT'D)

They're coming!

Dean runs through, BASEBALL SLIDES to the window where Henriksen just started working. Quickly POURS SALT--

*

QUICK SHOTS OF SAM AND HENRIKSEN, each finishing their windows and doors, just as--

*

*

BLACK SMOKE HITS EVERY WINDOW! (Don't worry, we're only talking about a FEW, SMALL WINDOWS.) The windows rattle, building RUMBLING as demon smoke and wind buffets it....

ON AMICI, frozen with fear--

NANCY, eyes shut, praying silently--

HENRIKSEN, alert, tense...

OUR BOYS, waiting: will the protective measures hold?

A BEAT of the station being SLAMMED by Demon smoke, and then--

It STOPS. The smoke CLEARS the windows. SILENCE.

Everyone exchanges looks. Holy shit. Whew.

Sam and Dean LOCK EYES. They're okay-- for the moment.

Dean pulls the out the POUCH he grabbed from the Impala. Motions for the others to gather round.

CLOSE ON DEAN'S HANDS. He pulls out a PROTECTIVE AMULET on a RED STRING (like Bobby gave them in "Born Under A Bad Sign").

Dean hands the amulet to Nancy. Then pulls out two more, hands them to Henriksen and Amici.

DEAN (CONT'D)

Put these on. They protect against demonic possession.

NANCY

But... what about you and Sam?

In unison, Sam and Dean pull down the collars of their shirts to reveal MATCHING TATTOOS of the protective amulets. (These should be placed right around heart level on the chest.)

HENRIKSEN

Smart. How long you had those?

SAM

Not long enough.

OFF EVERYONE PUTTING ON THE AMULET NECKLACES...

INT. BULLPEN - NIGHT

All quiet, for now. Sam paces, on lookout.

Henriksen and Dean fill SHOTGUN SHELLS with road salt.

Nancy peers out the window to the parking lot--

NANCY

Hey! That's Jenna Rubiner!

Sam joins her at the window. Peers out, to see--

THROUGH THE WINDOW. In the parking lot, some THIRTY TOWNSPEOPLE have gathered. Hidden in shadows, WATCHING. One WOMAN'S face catches the light. Her eyes are DEMON BLACK.

SAM

That's not Jenna anymore.

INT. STATION - DOWN THE HALL - CONTINUOUS

Deputy Amici patrols the hall. He hears their voices carry.

NANCY (O.C.)

So that's where all that black demon smoke went?

SAM (O.C.)

Looks like.

Curious, Amici approaches a WINDOW. (This should be in an open area; perhaps there are shelves of files. Anyway, not a cramped hallway.) Peers out the window into the dark.

CLOSE ON AMICI'S SLEEVE as he accidentally BREAKS THE SALT LINE on the windowsill...

Amici walks away, oblivious...

INT. BULLPEN - SHERIFF'S DESK - NIGHT

Henriksen and Dean sit in silence, making rock salt shells.

HENRIKSEN
So... shotgun shells fulla salt?

DEAN
It's a mad, mad, mad, mad world. *

Henriksen looks up from his work. Addresses Dean quietly.

HENRIKSEN
So. Turns out, demons are real. *

DEAN
FYI, ghosts are real too. Also
vampires, werewolves, changelings,
and evil clowns that eat people.

Henriksen stares at Dean.

HENRIKSEN
Okay then.

DEAN
If it makes you feel any better,
Bigfoot's a hoax.

HENRIKSEN
It doesn't.
(then)
How many demons?

DEAN
Total? No clue. A lot.

Henriksen shakes his head. After a moment--

HENRIKSEN
You know what my job is?

DEAN
Not really. 'Cept for the part
where you lock up the good guys, I
mean.

Henriksen throws Dean a look for that jab. Then--

HENRIKSEN

My job is boring. Frustrating,
You work three years for one break.
And then you can save a couple
people, maybe. That's the payoff.

*
*

Henriksen looks down at the shell casings. Quietly serious.

HENRIKSEN (CONT'D)

I been busting my ass for fifteen
years to nail a handful of guys...
and all this time, off in the
corner, there was something so
big...

(then, bitter)

So, yeah, sign me up for a big
frosty mug of Wasted My Damn Life.

DEAN

It's not like you knew.

HENRIKSEN

But now I know.

(then)

I mean... what's out there-- can
you guys beat it? Can you win?

*
*
*

DEAN

Honestly? I'm pretty sure the
world's gonna end bloody.

ON HENRIKSEN. Digesting that. The veteran soldier,
declaring the war unwinnable.

DEAN (CONT'D)

But that doesn't mean you shouldn't
fight. We still got choices. I
choose to go out fighting.

*
*

Henriksen considers this. Nods. A somber moment between the
two men. Then, dry--

HENRIKSEN

Plus, you got nothing to go home to
but your brother.

Dean shrugs. Henriksen ain't wrong.

DEAN

And you? Rocking the white picket
fence?

HENRIKSEN

Empty apartment, string of angry ex-wives. So... right there with you.

They share self-deprecating smiles. When suddenly--
Sound of a WINDOW SHATTERING! A SCREAM and a CRASH--
-- and Amici races in, freaked out.

DEPUTY AMICI

We got one!

Dean locks eyes with Sam (who's across the bullpen). *

DEAN

How the hell'd it get in?

Dean and Sam jet down the hall. The others behind them...

INT. STATION - OPEN AREA DOWN THE HALL - MOMENTS LATER

Sam and Dean race over-- and are shocked to find--

RUBY. Gripping her DEMON-KILLING KNIFE. She's taken a beating-- scratched, blood-spattered, bruised.

Sam looks to the BROKEN WINDOW. And SEES-- the BROKEN SALT LINE. He hefts a nearby salt sack and quickly REPAIRS it.

Henriksen points his shotgun at Ruby.

HENRIKSEN

How do we kill it?

SAM

We don't.

HENRIKSEN

("what the fuck?!")

She's a demon.

SAM

She's here to help us. *

DEPUTY AMICI

Are you kidding?!

RUBY

(to Sam, calmly)

Are you gonna let me out?

Sam pulls a JACKKNIFE from his pocket.

The others watch uneasily as Sam crouches at the Devil's Trap and SCRATCHES A LINE THROUGH IT. Breaking the trap.

With a sigh, Ruby steps out of the trap. Addresses Sam, dry--

RUBY (CONT'D) *
 And they say chivalry's dead. *
 (then)
 Could I have a breath mint? Some *
 guts spattered in my mouth while I *
 was killing my way in here.

Nancy and Amici exchange a quick queasy look.

DEAN
 How many out there?

RUBY
 Thirty at least. That's so far.

DEAN *
 Oh good. Thirty hit men, gunning *
 for us. Who sent them? *

Ruby looks to Sam. Sam looks away.

RUBY
 You didn't tell Dean? I'm
 surprised.

DEAN
 Tell me what?

RUBY *
 There's a big new up-and-comer. A *
 real pied piper-- and all those *
 demons out there are following like *
 rats. *

DEAN
 What's his name?

Ruby throws Dean a disdainful look.

RUBY
 Not his name. Hers. Her name's
 Lilith. And she really, really
 wants Sam's intestines on a stick.
 Guess she sees him as competition.

DEAN *
 (to Sam)
 You knew about this?

ON SAM. Guilty.

DEAN (CONT'D)
Okay, Sam, anything else I should know?

RUBY
How 'bout you two share your feelings later, when we're not surrounded by demons.
(then)
We'll need the Colt. Where is it?

Sam and Dean exchange a look. Ruby clocks it.

RUBY (CONT'D)
Where's. The Colt.

SAM
(reluctantly)
It was stolen.

Ruby stares at Sam.

RUBY
I'm sorry, I must have blood in my ear. I thought I just heard you say you were stupid enough to let the Colt get grabbed out of your thick, clumsy, idiot hands.

SAM
Um...

RUBY
I don't believe this. I'm trying to save the world with a couple of raging yahoos.

Ruby's furious. She turns her back on Sam and Dean, paces. Agitated, thinking fast.

RUBY (CONT'D)
Fantastic. Just-- peachy.

Ruby stops walking. She goes still. Considering something.

SAM
Ruby--

RUBY
Shut up.
(then, bitterly)
Fine.

(MORE)

RUBY (CONT'D)
I don't see any other option, so...
there's one other way I know to get
you outta here alive.

DEAN
Let's hear it.

RUBY
I know a spell. It'll vaporize
every demon in a one-mile radius.

ON SAM AND DEAN. Impressed.

RUBY (CONT'D)
Myself included. You let the Colt
out of your sight, and now I have
to die. So next time? Be more
careful. How's that for a dying
wish.

ON SAM. Surprised and conflicted...

DEAN
(brightly)
I'm loving this plan. How can I
help?

Ruby gives Dean an acid look.

RUBY
You're the last one who can help.
This spell is very specific. It
calls for a person of pure virtue.

DEAN
I got virtue.

RUBY
Nice try. You're not a virgin.

Dean stares at Ruby. Then he BUSTS UP LAUGHING.

DEAN
No one's a virgin!

But Dean's laughter dies, as one by one, all eyes turn to--
NANCY. Who stands uncomfortably, cheeks reddening.

DEAN (CONT'D)
No. No way.

Nancy clears her throat, embarrassed.

DEAN (CONT'D)
You're kidding me-- you're...

NANCY
What? It's a choice, okay?

DEAN
So you've never-- not even once?
(Nancy shakes her head no)
Not even-- wow.

NANCY
(to Ruby)
So this spell. What can I do?

RUBY
You can stand still.
(then)
While I cut your heart out of your
chest.

Nancy's eyes go wide.

HENRIKSEN
(quickly)
No way.

DEAN
Are you crazy?!

Ruby levelly meets the group's disgusted looks.

RUBY
I'm offering a solution.

DEAN
What-- murder?!

*

RUBY
What do you think's gonna happen to
this girl once the demons get in?

NANCY
(quietly)
Excuse me...

*

*

*

No one listens to Nancy. They continue to argue--

*

HENRIKSEN
We're gonna protect her, is what--

RUBY
Very noble-- she's gonna die,
you're all gonna die.

NANCY

Excuse me...

RUBY

(ignoring Nancy)

This is the only way. Trust me.

DEAN

No friggin way--

*

NANCY

WOULD EVERYBODY PLEASE SHUT UP!

That worked. Nancy addresses Ruby.

NANCY (CONT'D)

All the people out there. Will it save them?

RUBY

It'll blow the demons outta their bodies. So as long as the bodies are okay, they'll be fine.

*
*
*

NANCY

(beat. Then)

I'll do it.

DEAN/HENRIKSEN

Hell no!/ No you won't.

NANCY

My friends are out there.

HENRIKSEN

We don't sacrifice people. Period.

(pointed, to Ruby)

We do that, we're no better than them.

RUBY

We don't have a choice.

DEAN

Well, your choice ain't a choice!

RUBY

Sam. You know I'm right.

ON SAM. Standing in the middle-- Ruby on his left, Dean and Henriksen on his right. Torn between them. He hesitates.

DEAN

Sam-- you gotta be kidding me--
tell her--

*

All look to Nancy. She looks scared, small. But resolved.

NANCY

It's my decision.

*

RUBY

Damn straight.

HENRIKSEN

Now hold on--

Sam throws Dean a look. Motions for him to step aside.

INT. STATION - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Sam and Dean speak in low, urgent tones.

*

DEAN

Don't tell me we're considering
this.

*

*

Sam just looks at Dean. He's just as disturbed.

*

DEAN (CONT'D)

We're talking about holding a girl
down and cutting out her heart.

*

*

SAM

And we're also talking about thirty
people out there, innocent people--
and they're all gonna die. Along
with everyone in here.

*

DEAN

That doesn't mean we throw out the
rule book and stop acting like
humans. I'm not letting that demon
kill some nice, sweet girl who's
never even been laid! Forget it--
if that's how you win wars, I don't
wanna win.

Sam sighs. Nods.

SAM

So... what, then.

DEAN

I got a plan. It's... look, I'm
not saying it's a good one.

(MORE)

DEAN (CONT'D)

And I'm definitely not saying it'll
work. All I'm saying is-- it beats
killing the virgin.

SAM

What's the plan?

DEAN

Open the doors. Let 'em all in.
And fight.

BLACKOUT.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

INT STATION - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Dean and Ruby. They keep their distance. If they got any closer, someone would get hurt.

Sam emerges from a small room marked EQUIPMENT ROOM (we can see a table of RECORDING EQUIPMENT inside).

DEAN

Did you get the equipment to work?

SAM

Yeah.

DEAN

So--

SAM

So, this is insane, Dean.

RUBY

You win understatement of the year.
Grand prize, Dean gets everybody
killed.

DEAN

Look, I get it, you think--

RUBY

(snapping, furious)
I don't think, I know. It's not
gonna work.

(then, turning to go)
So long, boys.

SAM

What? You're just--

RUBY

Leaving.
(then, facing Sam)
And I'm leaving disappointed.
Because I tried, I really did. But
clearly I bet on the wrong horse.

And with that, she EXITS.

OFF SAM, staring after her...

EXT. STATION - MOMENTS LATER

Ruby emerges from the front entrance...

... and DEMONS immediately surround her.

ON RUBY. Gripping her KNIFE. Tough. Dead calm.

RUBY
I'm leaving. Who wants to stop me?

A BEAT, as the Demons take her in...

... and the CROWD PARTS. Allowing her to WALK RIGHT THROUGH.

OFF RUBY, not looking back...

INT. STATION - CONTINUOUS

THREE SHOTS: Sam, then Dean, then Henriksen. One stationed at each of the building's three DOORS.

DEAN
(loud, calling to them)
All set?
(then)
Let's do it. Now.

At Dean's word, each of them BREAKS their Devil's Trap and salt line, and then OPENS THE DOOR.

ON SAM. His view of the DARK, SHADOWY PARKING LOT. Waiting.

ON DEAN. Tense. Holding a SHOTGUN. Waiting for the demons.

ON HENRIKSEN. Eyes trained to the door, tense. When suddenly--

*
*

BEHIND HENRIKSEN-- a DEMON DROPS from the CEILING! He lands just behind Henriksen--

*
*

Henriksen SPINS-- FIRES! But the Demon's too close, too quick. He BATS the shotgun away; the shot arcs to the ceiling. The shotgun FLIES out of Henriksen's hand....

*

We begin to INTERCUT each of our guys, as--

INT. STATION - FRONT DOOR - CONTINUOUS

Demons STREAM IN-- and LAUNCH at Sam, BEATING HIM BRUTALLY. He manages to hold them back with Holy Water...

INT. STATION - BACK DOOR - CONTINUOUS

Dean is KNOCKED OFF HIS FEET by the incoming Demons... there's so many of them (think 28 Weeks Later when zombies flood into an enclosed area, overwhelming the people)...

EXT. STATION - ROOF - CONTINUOUS

We find Nancy and Amici on the edge of the roof. SACKS of road salt piled beside them. Watching as the demons stream into the station. When most of the demons are in--

NANCY

When this is over I am going to have so much sex.

(then)

But not with you.

(then)

We better move.

Amici nods. TOSSES the sacks over the edge of the roof, as Nancy climbs onto the FIRE ESCAPE and makes her way DOWN...

INT. STATION - HENRIKSEN

FIGHTS OFF DEMONS. Bleeding, battered. BAM! A Demon SLAMS him against the wall. And comes after him-- with a LETTER OPENER grabbed off a desk (or shelf; whatever's closest).

ON HENRIKSEN. He reaches into his pocket--

HENRIKSEN

Dear God let this work--

--- and SPLATTERS HOLY WATER in the Demon's face.

The Demon SCREECHES, REELS BACK in pain, skin SMOKING. (Other demons nearby also back off at the sight of the Holy H2O.)

ON HENRIKSEN. Whew.

Henriksen scrams, racing down the hall... toward the EQUIPMENT ROOM...

INT. STATION - CONTINUOUS

MAYHEM. Lots of close-quarters fighting. QUICK CUTS OF OUR BOYS, FIGHTING. Taking a hell of a beating. All 30 demons are inside now...

The general gist of this fight is: they're overwhelmed. They manage to fight 'em off briefly, using HOLY WATER and SALT SHOTGUN until they're out of ammo... ever backing away, into the bullpen... *
*

Unexpectedly-- SLAM! The front entrance is thrown shut--

EXT. STATION - CONTINUOUS

-- by Nancy. Who then quickly lays down a thick SALT LINE.

Nancy and Amici race around, salting each door and window...

INT. STATION - BULLPEN - MOMENTS LATER

Sam and Dean. Back to back, center of the room. SURROUNDED. Barely holding the Demons off. It doesn't look good AT ALL. When suddenly, Dean yells--

DEAN
Henriksen! NOW!

INT. EQUIPMENT ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Henriksen hits a BUTTON, then TURNS A DIAL to MAX...

INT. BULLPEN - CONTINUOUS

Through the LOUDSPEAKERS, at FULL VOLUME-- SAM'S RECORDED VOICE. But SPED UP. (NOT like The Chipmunks-- we'll pitch his voice back DOWN, which will sound super-creepy, promise.)

SAM'S RECORDED VOICE (O.C.)
*Exorcizamus te, omnis immundus
spiritus, omnis satanica potestas,
omnis incurtio infernalis
adversarii...*

The Demons FREEZE-- the words causing them instant agony. They twitch and writhe... and RUN FOR THE EXITS...

EXT. STATION - CONTINUOUS

Nancy is racing to lay down the last line of salt, when--

A DEMON bursts through the door! Pushes her, throwing her to the ground-- and RACES AWAY.

Amici races over, quickly finishing the salt line before any more can escape.

OFF Amici helping Nancy to her feet...

INT. STATION - IT'S FUCKING BEDLAM

As the Demons try to exit, only to find they are TRAPPED INSIDE. The LOUDSPEAKER EXORCISM CONTINUES--

SAM'S RECORDED VOICE (O.C.)
*Ergo, draco maledicte et omnis
legio diabolica, adjuramus te,
cessa decipere humanas creaturas,
eisque aeternau perditionis venenum
proprinare.*

The Demons CLAW AT THE DOORS, desperate, howling...

SAM'S RECORDED VOICE (O.C.) (CONT'D)
*Vade, satana, inventor et magister
 omnis fallaciae, hostis humanae
 salutis. Humiliare sub potenti
 manu Dei....*

EXT. STATION - CONTINUOUS

Nancy and Amici stand in front of an (unbroken) window, staring in horror as Demons bang on the glass, twitching inhumanly, trying to break through...

INT. STATION - CONTINUOUS

As the RECORDED EXORCISM RITE delivers its final blow--

CLOSE ON A DEMON. Head flying back as smoke JETS from her mouth... *

CLOSE ON A SECOND DEMON. Smoke jetting from his mouth... *

EXTREME CLOSE UPS of Sam and Dean, watching as-- holy shit-- thirty demons are all exorcized at once!

*

EXT. STATION - CONTINUOUS

Nancy and Amici watch as the window is OBSCURED BY BLACK SMOKE...

As the smoke DISSIPATES...

INT. STATION - CONTINUOUS

Sam and Dean stand, bloody, clothes torn. The floor is littered with the collapsed bodies of the townspeople. After a BEAT, the townspeople begin to stir...

Henriksen appears in the doorway. Meets the boys eyes. Holy fuck. They actually pulled it off.

INT. STATION - LATER

Nancy and Amici help CONFUSED TOWNSPEOPLE out of the thrashed station.

Sam, Dean and Henriksen survey the wreckage. After a moment, Henriksen shakes his head, rueful.

HENRIKSEN
 I better call in.
 (then)
 Hell of a story I won't be telling.

SAM
 What are you gonna tell 'em?

HENRIKSEN
 The least ridiculous lie I can come
 up with in the next five minutes.

DEAN
 Luck with that.
 (then)
 Hate to pressure you, but... what
 are you planning to do about us?

HENRIKSEN
 The least I can do. I'm gonna kill
 you.
 (then)
 Sam and Dean Winchester were in
 that chopper when it caught fire.
 Their bodies were burned so bad,
 nothing's left. Can't even
 identify 'em with dental records.

Dean nods solemnly-- saying thanks. He and Henriksen share a
 small beat. Bonded by battle. Then, Henriksen snaps back to
 business.

HENRIKSEN (CONT'D)
 Rest in peace, guys. Now get outta
 here.

INT. STATION - MOMENTS LATER

Nancy sweeps glass by the entrance. Amici and Henriksen give
 first aid to the few townspeople still in the station.

A LARGE, TOUGH-LOOKING MAN in a SUIT enters, holding hands
 with a YOUNG GIRL. She's 12, in a pristine church dress.
 She lets go of the Man's hand and approaches Nancy.

YOUNG GIRL
 Excuse me.

NANCY
 Hi--

YOUNG GIRL
I'm looking for two boys? They're
brothers-- one's really tall, one's
really cute?

Henriksen hears this, looks up sharply from his work--

NANCY
What's your name, sweetie?

YOUNG GIRL
Lilith.

And with that, LILITH'S EYES GO PURE WHITE.

Henriksen SPRINGS INTO ACTION, rushing for the Girl--

Just as she daintily lifts her hand...

PUSH IN ON LILITH'S FACE as her hair BLOWS BACK and

THE ENTIRE SCREEN IS WASHED IN FLAME...

BLACKOUT!

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

INT. MOTEL ROOM - DAY

Sam and Dean, freshly showered, still exhausted from last night's long debacle.

Sam flops down on the bed just as-- DOOR KNOCK.

Dean answers the door-- and RUBY brushes past him into the room. She is seriously not happy.

RUBY

Turn on the news.

Sam grabs a REMOTE, flips on the TV.

ON TV. A NEWS ANCHOR at a desk.

NEWS ANCHOR

... just a few hours ago.
 Authorities believe a gas main
 ruptured, causing the massive
 explosion that ripped apart the
 police station and claimed the
 lives of everyone inside.

ON SAM AND DEAN. Stunned.

NEWS ANCHOR (CONT'D)

Among the deceased, at least six
 police officers and staff,
 including Sheriff Melvin Dodd,
 Deputy Phil Amici, and secretary
 Nancy Fitzgerald...

*
*
*
*

PHOTOS OF THE SHERIFF and AMICI, then a SNAPSHOT OF NANCY
 appear ONSCREEN.

*

NEWS ANCHOR (CONT'D)

... as well as three FBI Agents,
 identified as Steven Groves, Calvin
 Reidy and Victor Henriksen.

A PHOTO OF HENRIKSEN.

NEWS ANCHOR (CONT'D)

(almost an afterthought)
 Two fugitives in custody were also
 killed.

*
*

Ruby SNAPS OFF the TV. Turns to face the dumbfounded boys.

SAM
 Musta happened right after we
 left...

RUBY
 Considering the size of the blast,
 the smart money's on Lilith.

Ruby pulls out two small BLACK LEATHER POUCHES and TOSSES
 them to Sam and Dean, who catch them.

Dean opens his pouch, takes a sniff, winces.

DEAN
 What's in these?

RUBY
 Something that'll protect you.
 Throw Lilith off your trail, for
 the time being at least.

Sam and Dean share a glance. Pocket their bags.

SAM
 Thanks--

RUBY
 (unleashing)
 Don't you dare thank me.
 (then)
 Lilith killed everyone. She
 slaughtered your precious little
 virgin, plus half a dozen other
 people. After your big speech
 about humanity and war-- turns out
 your plan was the one with the body
 count.

ON SAM AND DEAN. Devastated.

RUBY (CONT'D)
 ("you're fucking idiots")
 You let one go.

DEAN
 No...

RUBY
Yeah. You did.

She shakes her head at their utter incompetence.

RUBY (CONT'D)

You know how to fight a battle?
You strike fast and you don't leave
survivors. So no one can go
running to tell the boss.

(then, lethal)

Next time? Go with my plan.

*

And with that, Ruby storms out of the room.

Sam stares after Ruby. Then turns to face his devastated
brother. There's nothing to say.

BLACKOUT.

TO BE CONTINUED...