

Scene # 1

Sheriff Ed Britton

SHERIFF ED BRITTON SIDES

INT. SHERIFF'S STATION - DAY

Sam and Dean wait on a couch in the station's main room.

A DEPUTY (20's, goofy, harried) mans his post at a desk, like a receptionist. He gives the boys a GOOD NATURED GRIN--

The door behind the deputy's desk flies open and SHERIFF ED BRITTON (mid-40's, CREW CUT) sticks his head out.

Start

ED  
Hells bells, Linus, where are my--  
(sees the boys)  
Who're they?

DEPUTY  
Federal agents, I--

ED  
And you kept 'em waiting?

DEPUTY  
(stammering)  
You said not to disturb--

ED  
Come on back fellas.

Supernatural

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Sam and Dean, about to enter. When Ed holds up a hand.

Continue

ED  
Shoes off.

Awkwardly, Sam and Dean stop, hop around as they remove their shoes. Finally, Ed ushers them to CHAIRS in front of his desk, giving each an ABRUPT HANDSHAKE.

ED (CONT'D)  
Ed Britton, good to meet you.

Ed grabs a bottle of PURELL on his desk and slathers it over his hands. Taking his time, giving the boys the ONCE OVER.

They sit, scanning the decor: the office is lined with MOUNTED DEER HEADS and GUNS. LOTS OF GUNS.

ED (CONT'D)  
So what can I do for Uncle Sam?

lots

SAM  
We're looking into the death of Frank O'Brien. Some of your men found his body?

Ed's face FALLS, suddenly SOMBER.

ED  
They did. Me and Frank... we were friends. Hell, we were gamecocks.

Dean lets out a SNORTING LAUGH. Ed shoots him a GLARE.

ED (CONT'D)  
It's our softball team's name. They're majestic animals.

Dean nods apologetically, Ed continues, getting EMOTIONAL.

ED (CONT'D)  
I knew Frank since high school.  
(choking up)  
To be honest, I just this morning got up the strength to go see his body. Frank was... he was a really great guy.

DEAN  
Yeah. Big heart.

Sam leans forward, SYMPATHETIC. Ed composes himself.

SAM  
Before he died, did you notice Frank acting strange? Maybe... scared of something?

ED  
Oh, hell yes.  
(then)  
First he was just jumpy, you know, looking over his shoulder'n stuff. Then he got worse. Near the end, wouldn't even leave his house.

SAM  
You know what scared him?

ED  
No. I called him, but he stopped answering his phone. Finally, sent some of my boys over to check on him. They, you know, found him.

ZFS

He COUGHS, and reaches for the PURELL, applying another THICK LAYER to his hands while shooting the boys a CURIOUS look.

ED (CONT'D)  
Why the Feds give a rat's ass? You don't think there's a case here?

DEAN  
Nah, it's probably nothing, just a heart attack.

Score #2

~~970~~

INT. SHERIFF'S STATION - DAY

A moment, then SSH! The deputy's INTERCOM flares to life.

ED (O.S.)  
Who was that?!

He sounds MORE PISSED OFF than usual. The deputy FLINCHES.

DEPUTY  
It... those FBI guys.

ED (O.S.)  
What did they want?!

DEPUTY  
A file. Luther Garland's.

A long silent beat...

DEPUTY (CONT'D)  
Sheriff?

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

ED BRITTON stands over the room's sink, scrubbing his hands with AJAX AND STEEL WOOL--until they BLEED.

Ed looks equal parts worn and PANICKED, dark red ABRASIONS now cover his arms--Ed's in the throes of GHOST SICKNESS.

Ed moves to his desk, which is COVERED WITH GUNS. He picks up a .44 and slides ROUND AFTER ROUND into the cylinder--

VOICE (O.S.)  
They know.

Continue

3 of 5

Ed WHIPS AROUND, bringing the gun to bear--on his OWN REFLECTION. Twisted and DISTORTED in a CHROME DESK LAMP. We CUT TO:

ED'S POV: The camera starts to SHAKE (like the Scarecrow effect in Batman Begins). This is a FEAR HALLUCINATION.

The reflection flashes an EVIL GRIN, Ed TREMBLES--barely holding it together.

REFLECTION  
They know what you did! They're gonna make you pay!

~~Stop~~

Scene # 3

XXX

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

BAM! BAM! BAM! Something POUNDS against THE DOOR!

Dean COWERS back in his chair, raising his hands to shield himself as--

CLOSE ON: The door, it SHAKES as BAM! Something RAMS into it--almost knocking it off its hinges.

PUSH IN ON DEAN. His face a mask of DREAD.

BOOM! The door SPLINTERS OPEN to reveal:

THE SHERIFF!

Ed Britton, jittery, CRAZED and holding his .44 in his hand.

DEAN  
Sheriff?! What are you doing??

ED  
Why are you looking into Luther Garland's death?

~~Start~~

WHUD! Dean backs into the wall, CORNERED. As Ed advances, Dean clocks the ABRASIONS on the sheriff's arms.

DEAN  
Look, you're sick alright?

He holds up an arm, showing his scars.

DEAN (CONT'D)  
Me too, now just relax and--

KRAK! Ed PISTOL WHIPS Dean, snapping his head to one side.

4 of 5

ED  
 Frank O'Brien was my friend! What  
 he did... so I helped him cover it  
 up, so what?

Ed takes a shuddering breath, and LEVELS the .44 at Dean.

ED (CONT'D)  
 And you're gonna bust me over that?  
 No, sir, you will not!

BAM! Driven by fear, Dean KNOCKS the gun from Ed's hands.

The sheriff stumbles back, STUNNED. Dean FREEZES, startled  
 by his own actions--

WHAM! Ed, ENRAGED, charges Dean, slamming him back against  
 the wall. Dean recovers and gets a few shots in.

The two of them FIGHT, a down and dirty BRAWL. No well timed  
 combinations or fancy moves, just two men, CORNERED ANIMALS  
 consumed by FRIGHT, fighting for their lives.

Finally, CRASH! Dean throws Ed through the room's COFFEE  
 TABLE. The sheriff lies on the ground, GROANING. Spent.

Dean shakes his head, COMING BACK TO HIMSELF. He takes a  
 step forward toward Ed, who huddles against the wall.

ED (CONT'D)  
 No! Stay away from me!

TERROR is etched across his face. Whatever Ed SEES when he  
 looks at Dean, it's HORRIBLE.

DEAN  
 Ed, you gotta calm down...

ED  
Get back!

Ed lets out an AGONIZED MOAN and clutches his chest, in  
 INTENSE PAIN and then Ed SLUMPS OVER. DEAD.

END