

SUPERNATURAL

Episode #1211

"Regarding Dean"

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REVISION HISTORY

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|--------------------------|----------|---------------|
| Production Draft - White | 09/22/16 | |
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| | | |

CAST LIST

SAM WINCHESTER
DEAN WINCHESTER

ROWENA

DRIVER
ELKA
CATRIONA LOUGHLIN
BOYD LOUGHLIN
GIDEON LOUGHLIN
GUY ON THE PHONE
YUPPIE LADY

JARED PADALECKI
JENSEN ACKLES

RUTH CONNELL

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SUPERNATURAL
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TEASER

FADE IN:

Ragged BREATHING and thundering FOOTFALLS plunge us into--

1 EXT. DENSE FOREST - NIGHT (DAY 1) 1

Moonlight spills through trees, illuminating the terrified face of GIDEON (a bald spider of a man, 40s). Out of breath-- hiding behind a tree. He's been RUNNING FOR HIS LIFE--

He glances BACK-- something's CHASING HIM. A monster? A ghost? We don't yet know... *

Gideon stops BEHIND A TREE to catch his breath, fumbling for his phone-- he clutches it, dials. Hyperventilating, barely able to get out-- *

GIDEON (INTO PHONE)

You have to-- no! -- listen to me--

Gideon moves his hand away from his bleeding gut, checking his WOUND. It's bad. Deep. Pumping blood through his fingers. *

GIDEON (INTO PHONE)

Get out of there, both of you--

BEHIND GIDEON. His pursuer crashes through the underbrush, its eerie silhouette casts a SNAKING SHADOW... and as the "monster" finally steps into view, we reveal--

DEAN WINCHESTER! Gun up, pursuing his prey like the goddamned Terminator... *

Back with GIDEON, pressed against the tree. CRACK! A BULLET hits the OTHER SIDE OF THE TREE. Gideon ducks down-- *

GIDEON (INTO PHONE)

-- Just go. NOW!

He drops the PHONE and STOMPS it, then abandons his hiding place and RUNS-- careening through the brush, face whipped by branches-- *

DEAN. Hears. Changes course to follow. What's going on?!

ON GIDEON. He spots a DENSE CLUTCH OF TREES and makes a run for them, vanishing behind a CURTAIN OF LEAVES.

(CONTINUED)

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1

CONTINUED:

1

A HEARTBEAT LATER, here's DEAN. We TRACK WITH HIM,
shouldering through a snarl of branches, opening into--

2

EXT. FOREST CLEARING - CONTINUOUS

2

Dean squints-- there! Gideon's across the clearing, slumped against the trunk of a great tree, COCOONED IN SHADOW.

Dean opens the chamber of his gun and pulls a BULLET from his pocket... we go-- ULTRA TIGHT as he slips it into the chamber, light GLINTING off a DISTINCTIVE "W" stamped into the metal.

Bullet loaded, Dean SNAPS the chamber shut. Annoyed--

DEAN

You people, you never learn...

Dean pads toward Gideon...

DEAN

Always try 'n run.

Close enough now to see the man's face... sweaty, shivering, but UNAFRAID. Gideon shifts to reveal--

DRUIDIC GLYPHS scrawled on the tree BEHIND GIDEON. The man wrote them using his own dripping blood.

Dean FREEZES-- SHIT!-- as the witch rasps a spell--

GIDEON

Dearmad!

The GLYPHS behind Gideon FLICKER and GLOW. Dean's eyes go wide as-- BOOM! A TSUNAMI of PURPLE LIGHT BLASTS from them, hitting Dean full force-- ENGULFING HIM!

And blowing out frame into a blinding, ear-ringing--

PURPLEOUT!

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

OVER BLACK-- LOUD, nasally SNORES.

3

EXT. PARK - DAY - MORNING (DAY 2)

3

Open on DEAN. Not dead! ASLEEP... in a PUDDLE OF DROOL. He's FILTHY, flannel TORN. Dean wakes with a SNORT and sits up, taking in his surroundings in utter confusion--

He's in a park. It's a lovely morning, the sun shines, the birds chirp... and yet Dean has NO IDEA how he got there.

SUPER: EUREKA SPRINGS, ARKANSAS.

Dean fishes his PHONE from his pocket... but the damn thing's SHATTERED. The Hell? He winces to his feet, head THROBBING.

And shambles to a nearby JOGGING PATH. A YUPPIE LADY (30s) pushes a stroller, chatting into earbuds--

YUPPIE LADY (INTO PHONE)

... I was like, "Andy, the dog's vegan, how could you--" (give him chicken)

*
*

DEAN

'Scuse me, ma'am?

The woman gives a SURPRISED YELP. Dean backs off--

DEAN

Sorry, I-- (need to use your phone)

*

Dean's angling for the PHONE. She recoils, pulling a loose DOLLAR from her DIAPER BAG and shoving it into his hand--

YUPPIE LADY

Just don't buy a drink.
(to the phone, moving on)
I know, Stacey. So sad...

Dean stares at the buck. He looks at his dirty clothes. Gives himself a sniff... Oof. But here comes a JOGGER (male, 20s). He cranks up the charm--

DEAN

Hey there--
(off the man, taken aback)
I'm not a bum! Just a guy who really, really needs a phone.

The Jogger takes him in, uncertain. TIME CUT TO--

4

EXT. PARK - MOMENTS LATER

4

Dean's got the Jogger's phone in hand. He confidently punches in a number. The phone rings, then--

GUY (ON THE PHONE)

Hello?

DEAN

Sammy! Just woke in the middle of nowhere, you gotta-- (come get me)

GUY (ON THE PHONE)

What? Wrong number, pal.

CLICK. Dean's dumbfounded. He's called Sam's number a thousand times... CUT TO--

5

INT. MOTEL ROOM - DAY

5

Early morning sun filters through ratty motel curtains... PAN DOWN to SAM WINCHESTER, working on his laptop.

Sam checks his WATCH and tosses an irritated glance at the door-- Dean's usually back by now. As if on cue, Sam's PHONE VIBRATES. The dreaded "Unknown Number." He answers--

SAM

Hello...?

DEAN (ON THE PHONE)

Sam!

SAM

Dude, where've you been?

6

EXT. PARK - CONTINUOUS

6

ON DEAN. On the Jogger's phone. INTERCUT THEM--

DEAN

Yeah, uh, not exactly sure.

SAM

Well, where are you now?

Dean glances around the park.

DEAN

Not sure about that either...

The good samaritan Jogger shifts impatiently in the B.G...

(CONTINUED)

Dean's eyes fall on a WAFFLE HOUSE (WALDO'S WAFFLES) across the street. Its REVOLVING SIGN, a massive grinning WAFFLE... *

DEAN

Look, I'm starving. How do you feel about waffles?

SAM

What?

DEAN

Stupid question. I mean, what kind of psycho doesn't love waffles? They're fluffy, and they've got those little bitty pockets for the syrup, and then you put whipped cream on 'em? Come on... oh, and-- (chocolate chips and strawberries) *

As Dean waxes waffle-poetic, Sam ROLLS HIS EYES and we're--

7

INT. WALDO'S WAFFLES - DAY - LATER

7

Southern small town vibes. Dean's at a booth in the corner gorging on two full waffle breakfasts. Sam slides in. Dean looks up with bloodshot eyes. This hangover HURTS. *

DEAN

Got any-- (aspirin) *

Sam pulls ASPIRIN from his pocket-- tosses it to Dean--

SAM

Sounded like you could use it.

Dean shakes out a few pills. Chews. Sweet relief.

SAM

Rough night?

DEAN

Rough morning.

SAM

You were just going to get food-- what happened?

Dean shrugs.

SAM

And--
(he shrugs again)
Means?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DEAN

Guess I musta blacked out.

And though that's a tad worrisome, Dean defaults to humor--

DEAN

But judging by the hangover? It was pretty epic...

SAM

What-- I tried calling-- (you)

Dean tosses his busted phone on the table. Sam stares--

DEAN

And nope, no idea how it happened...

Sam shakes his head-- unbelievable-- pulls his own phone.

SAM

Better text Mom. So if there's an emergency, she knows to get ahold of me-- and Cass, in case he finally tracks down Kelly...

DEAN

Kelly?

Sam stares at him, puzzled. Dean knows all this.

SAM

The mother of Lucifer's love child?

DEAN

Right-- right. Devil baby momma drama.

(goes back to the waffles)
Try saying that five times quick.

Sam studies Dean. Doesn't like this blacking out business.

SAM

Okay look, you had a good run, but maybe it's time to put the brakes on. You're not twenty anymore...

DEAN

One, the Rat Pack partied 'till the day they died. And B? I can still kick your ass.

As the boys banter we-- ANGLE ON a booth ACROSS THE DINER.

(CONTINUED)

A rock'n roll HOT CHICK in a ripped Stones T (ELKA 30s, think Minka Kelly) sits with a posse of GIRLFRIENDS, darting DEATH GLARES in Dean's direction.

But Dean's oblivious. He signals to a passing WAITRESS.

DEAN

Got a man needs waffles over here!

SAM

(checks his watch)

I'm good. Morgue opens in ten.

Dean pauses-- a forkful of waffle in front of his face-- huh?

SAM

Autopsy results?

(off Dean's blank face)

Seriously? Are you still drunk?

DEAN

Don't think so.

SAM

Our case? Dead guy, had his throat stuffed with money? Any of this ring a bell?

And suddenly, it all comes flooding back. Dean smiles.

DEAN

Oh, yeah. Barry Gilman. The accountant. You think he got his ticket punched by a demon...

SAM

Yeah, maybe.

DEAN

But when we hit his place yesterday, we came up with jack and squat. No sulfur, no hex bags, no EMP-- which means no case.

SAM

So if it's not a case, what is it?

DEAN

Death by money? Guy probably got whacked by a mobster with an ironic sense of humor.

Sam fires him a look-- right. Gets out of the booth.

(CONTINUED)

"Regarding Dean"
CONTINUED: (3)

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7

SAM

Yeah, well I'm gonna scope out the body. But if you need some more alone time with those waffles-- (don't let me stop you)

DEAN

Fine.

He takes one last bite, then stands, about to walk away--

SAM

Uh hey-- the check.

Oh yeah. That. Dean shakes some cash from his wallet, as BEHIND HIM-- ELKA slides from her booth and, with nods of encouragement from her girlfriends, beelines over-- when Dean turns... there she is. Staring up at him.

ELKA

Hi.

She eagerly awaits his answer. Dean blinks. No recognition.

DEAN

'I help you, 'Darlin?

Elka's face falls. And then... SMACK! She slaps Dean!

Elka turns on a heel and huffs off. Sam watches her go. Dean's thrown, but flashes a typical Dean-ish grin.

DEAN

Like I said... EPIC night.

8

INT. CORONER'S OFFICE - DAY

8

CLOSE ON: A CORPULENT sheet-covered CADAVER on a SLAB.

PULL OUT... Sam and Dean, cleaned up and in FED THREADS, stand next to it. A CORONER (20s, female) hands Sam an EVIDENCE BOX and lays a FOLDER on top.

SAM

Thanks.

DEAN

We need anything, we'll let you know.

She exits. Sam sets the box on a table, opens the folder--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SAM

...Cause of death was suffocation.
Officially.

DEAN

Knew that already.

SAM

"...See evidence B 1-47"

The boys trade a look-- huh? Then eye the EVIDENCE BOX.

Sam cracks the lid, and GRIMACES-- whatever's in there, it's DISGUSTING. Beat, then--

Sam LIFTS OUT... two quart sized EVIDENCE BAGS packed with REAMS OF BLOODY MONEY.

SAM

Says they pulled all this stuff out
of his stomach.

Dean goes queasy at the sight. Sam notices. Dean covers--

DEAN

Big breakfast.

Sam digs through the box...

SAM

Uh, Dean?

Dean looks up-- Sam tosses him a SMALL EVIDENCE BAGGY.
Inside... is a TINY RED HEX BAG the size of a nickle! Dean
glowers-- this case just broke witch. Sam smirks.

SAM

You were saying before, about the
ironic mobster?

DEAN

So a witch force-fed 'Ole Barry a
hex bag, then cast a spell... *

SAM

That pumped him so full of cash, he
died choking on it.

DEAN

Ugh, witches. Guess it really is
like they say.

(CSI: Miami)

Mo money... mo problems.

(CONTINUED)

"Regarding Dean"
CONTINUED: (2)

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8

8

Sam eyes him-- groaner.

SAM
I really hope you're still drunk.

9

EXT. SHERIFF'S STATION - PARKING LOT - DAY

9

Sam and Dean cross to BABY, mid-case banter. Sam pages through Barry's file.

DEAN
So why would someone want Barry dead? He screw up a tax return?

SAM
Actually, he was more of a money manager...

DEAN
Well, whatever he was? He made one Hell of a-- you know...

He's grasping for it. Sam zips a look at him.

SAM
Enemy?

DEAN
Those guys.

SAM
Maybe he blew the wrong person's savings.

DEAN
So we look at his clients.

SAM
Which one? Barry worked for the richest families in town.

FAVOR SAM. By the passenger door, watching Dean fiddle with his KEYS as if trying to suss out which goes in the lock--

SAM
Man, you were serious about epic--
(off Dean's look)
It's the big silver one.

DEAN
I know that...

They slide in--

10

EXT. / INT. IMPALA - CONTINUOUS

10

Dean cranks the ignition, puts the Impala into gear--

--but instead of backing out, the car LURCHES FORWARD, jumps the curb and knocks down TWO NEWSPAPER STANDS before Sam yanks the e-break. *

DEAN
Son of a bitch!

SAM
What the--

SAM
Little 'R?' Stands for reverse.

But Dean just grips the wheel, shell-shocked. Sam's more than a little concerned. *

SAM
Dude, I know we haven't had it easy lately. This thing with the Devil's kid, and getting tossed into West Guantanamo makes me wanna crawl into a bottle too sometimes. I get it...

ON DEAN. Still gripping the wheel. Blinking, sweaty... Sam's words don't seem to reach him.

SAM
... But you're wrecked, and we've got a case to work, so-- get it together, okay?
(Dean doesn't respond)
Dean?

Finally, Dean turns to look at Sam. And we go... INTO Dean's POV: Sam's worried face FADING IN and OUT of focus...

SAM
Hey? Dean...?

Dean stares at him, foggy. At a loss. Then...

DEAN
Who's Dean?

And off that complete and total WHAT THE FUCK, we...

SMASH TO BLACK!

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

11

INT. MOTEL ROOM - DAY

11

DEAN. Face open, insisting--

DEAN

'Told you. I'm fine.

WIDEN... Sam doesn't buy it.

SAM

Dude, you forgot your own name.

DEAN

For a second!

(copping to it)

Okay, that was weird...

SAM

Look, we know this is a witch case.
What if you got hexed--

DEAN

Sam-- If a witch got a clear shot
at me, I'd be dead, not... friggin'
Dory.

SAM

Dory?

DEAN

I will never apologize for loving
that fish. Not to you. Not to
anybody.

SAM

Uh-huh. Since you're "fine"...
name all the members of Bon Jovi.

DEAN

We talkin' circa 1983, or...

(off Sam's look)

Well, a'course you got Bon Jovi...
and... uh...

(can't pull it off)

Whatever. This is stupid. I feel
great.

Dean picks his GUN up off the side table.

DEAN

See? This is a gun.

(CONTINUED)

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11

CONTINUED:

11

He puts it back, grabs a DESK LAMP.

DEAN

And this is a light stick.

Dean's surprised. He's got more gaps than he thought.

SAM

We're gonna get you some help. *

DEAN

Dude-- we'll figure it out. Don't go callin' Mom or Cass with this.

Sam rummages through his laptop bag. Finds what he was looking for: a PAD OF POST-ITS.

SAM

Promise.

(then)

But until we get you right.

He scribbles "LAMP" on one and slaps it on the lamp. Dean glares. Hates him so much right now. CUT TO--

12

INT. BACK ROOM - DAY

12

CLOSE ON... an abysmal hand of CARDS-- a two, a six, etc... ROWENA peeks over them at the FOUR OTHER PLAYERS (all MEN). In the middle of a smoky, back-room poker game. It's down to her and a sexy JAPANESE BUSINESSMAN (30s), we ARM AROUND and check out his hand-- a FULL HOUSE.

ROWENA

Shall we end the suspense?

The Business Man reveals his cards with a haughty smile, Rowena FANS hers on the table. Ta da! Her crappy hand? Is now "magically" FOUR ACES!

ROWENA

What's that, six in a row?
Beginner's luck...

On the TABLE, her phone VIBRATES.

ROWENA

Gentlemen, if ye don't mind...

She steps away to answer, but keeps an eye on her money. *

ROWENA

...Wee bit occupied at the moment--

13

INT. MOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

13

Sam's on the phone in the foreground, hating asking this--

SAM

We need your help.

Dean putters behind him-- opening the MINI-BAR-- as we
INTERCUT THEM--

ROWENA

Really?

DEAN

C'mon, man. Rowena?
(re: the mini-bar)
Tiny vodka! Score!

ROWENA

Am I saved to your contacts now?
Tell me, have I got my own
ringtone?

SAM

This is serious. I think Dean's
been hexed. He's forgetting things--

ROWENA

Maybe he's just drunk.

SAM

He's not drunk.

ON DEAN. Who holds a tiny bottle of booze-- looking around--

DEAN

We need ice.

But Sam's barely paying attention, as Rowena speaks--

ROWENA

Could be a memory spell, but-- did
his hair fall out... body hair too?

SAM

What?

ROWENA

From the neck down, is he smooth
like a Ken Doll?

SAM

No.

(CONTINUED)

"Regarding Dean"
CONTINUED:

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13

ROWENA

Rules out a mnemonic curse...
(thinking)
...the "oblivate" spell wipes the
memory clean over time, but it's
intricate magic, I--

SAM

Just tell me how to break it--

ROWENA

Theoretically? Kill the witch--

Sam looks around... Dean's GONE.

SAM

Just a-- Dean? DEAN!?

14

INT. MOTEL - HALLWAY - DAY

14

Identical rows of doors. Sam tracks past them, searching--

SAM

Dean-- ?

Rounding a corner-- A SECOND HALLWAY. Indistinguishable from
the first. ON SAM. He turns, 360 degrees, the view the same
in every direction-- worried--

SAM

DEAN!

Sam picks up the pace, pounding down a THIRD HALLWAY...
There's DEAN! Standing at a random door, trying to open it
with his KEY, an ice bucket sweats on the floor by his feet.

SAM

What are you doing?

DEAN

Getting ice, what's it look like?

SAM

That's not our door.

Dean stops. Really? He glances around. Shrugs it off--

DEAN

These dumps all look the same.

But we PUSH IN on Sam... greatly concerned--

15

INT. MOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

15

Sam and Dean, back in the room. Sam fills him in gravely--

DEAN

So, this spell-- I'm stuck in some Memento crap?

SAM

Fix sounds pretty simple, find the witch who did it... and kill them.

DEAN

Halle--freakin'--lujah.

SAM

Pretty sure you got hexed last night.

DEAN

Okay.

SAM

So we need to retrace your steps. What's the last thing you remember?

Dean strains to recall. Finally--

DEAN

We were in... what's his face's office, the big guy, looking for leads...

And we CUT TO--

16

INT. GILMAN, GILBERT & SONS WEALTH MANAGEMENT - DAY

16

Sam and Dean scour Barry's bougie office. Dean flips open a CIGAR BOX on the desk, pockets a few. Meets Sam's eye--

DEAN

Douche tax. What?

SAM

Yesterday you did that too.

Sam moves to a WALL OF PICTURES--

SAM

These shake anything loose?

Dean checks them out, gaze falling on a PICTURE of Barry, arm slung around...

(CONTINUED)

an uncomfortable-looking GIDEON (the witch from our teaser!). He wears a distinctive faded yellow CORDUROY JACKET. But Dean DOESN'T RECOGNIZE HIM.

DEAN

I got nothing.

SAM

Think hard, what happened next?

Dean thinks hard, frustrated. Sam gives him a gentle assist--

SAM

I went back to hit the lore, and you went out for burgers. So..?

DEAN

So? I dunno what you want me to say, Sam, I ate'em?

SAM

Okay... okay.

(thinking)

It's not a big town, how many burger joints can there be.

Bustling. Rowdy tables and hot waitresses. The kind of place that might (and does!) house a mechanical bull. Sam and Dean-- still in FED THREADS-- enter, scanning...

SAM

Anything?

DEAN

Already been to three places, Sam. This isn't--

Suddenly, a WAITRESS TURNS, revealing ELKA. Dean lights up--

DEAN

Her! From the waffles.

Sam smiles, relieved. Elka spots them. Glares at Dean as they make their approach.

DEAN

Hey--

ELKA

If you're gonna apologize, better
make it quick--

DEAN

Apologize? Lady, you smacked me--

ELKA

You were bein' a dick. We're even.

SAM

Even for what?

ELKA

That's none of your-- who're you?

DEAN

Look, whatever happened with us?
I'm sorry. But here's the deal,
we're... ah... we're...

Dean's memory shorts again-- Sam flashes his FAKE BADGE.

SAM

FBI. Agents Moon and Entwistle.

ELKA

FBI? Last night, said your name
was Springsteen. Like The Boss.

Dean blanks-- no memory of that. Tries to cover--

DEAN

I... sometimes we have to lie, to
protect our cover.

ELKA

No way...

SAM

This is actually... sensitive.
(vamping)
See, we think my partner might've
been, uh... roofied...

DEAN

(a look; sotto)
Roofied?

But it worked. Elka softens--

ELKA

Seriously?

(CONTINUED)

SAM

So if you could just walk us
through what happened, it would
really help.

ELKA

Sure, I-- he ordered burgers to go,
but it was gonna take a minute, we
were slammed...

(to Dean)

So you tossed back four shots of
tequila, put Desperado on the juke,
and hit the bull. *

She nods to the MECHANICAL BULL in the corner. SOME RANDOM *
GUY riding gets tossed off. The boys blanch-- *

DEAN

I what?

SAM

He what?

ELKA

Oh yeah, you had the hots for Larry
the second you walked in.

SAM

Larry? You rode Larry?

ON DEAN. So ashamed. Clears his throat--

DEAN

Did I... do good?

In the B.G., the random guy GETS TOSSED OFF THE BULL AGAIN. *

ELKA

You were amazing.

And she means it. Dean smiles-- damn right--

ELKA

Anyway, then we got to talking
and... you know...

(flushing)

We blew off some steam...

Dean realizes-- Oh! Sam just shakes his head. Elka smiles--

SAM

You see him talk to anyone else?

ELKA

After... us, I went back to my
shift.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

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CONTINUED: (3)

18

ELKA (CONT'D)

Our bartender said *she* saw him run
out back like his pants caught
fire.

(to Dean)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

ELKA (CONT'D)

We were gonna meet after closeup,
but you never showed. Poor thing,
you were all roof'ed up...

(realizing, earnest)
I didn't... I'm really sorry if I
took advantage of you.

DEAN

I forgive you.

Sam scans the roadhouse...

SAM

This place have security cameras?

INT. ROADHOUSE - LATER

The bar. Sam and Dean crowd a LAPTOP. Elka's gone back to
work, Dean watches her wait tables. He shakes his head.

DEAN

First action in I don't know how
long, and it's like it never
happened. Figures.

SAM

See, now that's irony.

Sam presses play and the image ON SCREEN COMES TO LIFE. WE
INTERCUT between the boys and the security footage--

High-angle, MOS-- a few trash cans and a dirt road. SLAM!--
a FIGURE stalks out of the roadhouse, his back to us (and
while we won't get a clear look at him yet, this is GIDEON,
the witch from our teaser). DEAN exits-- following him,
shouting (see APPENDIX A for their MOS scene)--

*
*

DEAN

There I am!

FOOTAGE: Gideon turns-- but just as his identity is about to
be revealed... A PIGEON pecks into frame! HUGE. Close to
the camera. The boys react--

*

DEAN

The Hell?

(then)

Move, you trash-ass rat bird!
(ALT: Flying sack'a rabies!)

FOOTAGE: The pigeon clucks around and just when it looks
like it's about to fly away... A SECOND PIGEON flutters in!

(CONTINUED)

SAM

Seriously?

DEAN

Now it's a whole damn pigeon party.

FOOTAGE: The pigeons fly AWAY (to the boys' audible relief).
But Gideon's left frame. But Dean's visible, shouting (MOS).

Dean leans in close to the laptop screen...

SAM

What are you--?

DEAN

Shhh. I'm tryin' to read my lips.

(staring)

You salsa now... mittens?

SAM

You can't read lips.

DEAN

I can't read lips.

FOOTAGE: Dean pulls his PHONE... and is BLASTED BACK (by
someone WE CAN'T SEE) into the TRASH CANS!

DEAN

Did you see-- !

SAM

And we got our witch.

FOOTAGE: Dean grabs his broken phone, PULLS his GUN and runs
out of frame.

SAM

You don't remember any of this?

DEAN

Like watchin' myself on Netflix.

Sam rewinds the footage, trying to find a clear image of
Gideon. He freezes it on a frame of Gideon running out of
the roadhouse. It's streaky but the man's BALD HEAD and
faded yellow CORDUROY JACKET give Sam pause.

SAM

That jacket look familiar to you?

Never mind, stupid question.

(realizing)

I think Barry had a picture of this
guy in his office. Could be how
you recognized him last night--

(CONTINUED)

"Regarding Dean"
CONTINUED: (2)

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DEAN

I try'n chat him up, he rabbits...

SAM

So where'd he go?

20

EXT. DIRT ROAD BEHIND THE ROADHOUSE - NIGHT

20

BAM-- Sam and Dean exit out the back of the roadhouse. Sam cracks his FLASHLIGHT.

SAM

You ran that way--

But Dean's not paying attention. He shakes head, blinks-- and we POP INTO DEAN'S POV: his vision going BLURRY (like the end of Act 1). Sam doesn't notice, focused.

FAVOR SAM. Flashlight scanning the brush... finding a glinting SHELL CASING. He picks it up, a little "W" stamped into the metal, holds it up for Dean--

SAM

Witch killing bullet.

DEAN

Wait. There are... witches?

SAM

You don't remember?

DEAN

Remember what?

Sam freezes-- ah, shit. Dean's memory loss just leveled up.

SAM

Dean, witches are real. Vampires, werewolves. They're all real... and we kill them.

FAVOR DEAN. Jaw clenched. Processing. Is he gonna freak? Instead, he breaks into a wide grin.

DEAN

Awesome.

21

EXT. FOREST - NIGHT

21

Flashlights out, Sam leads Dean through the spooky trees following a TRAIL OF BLOOD. Dean, loving learning this--

(CONTINUED)

DEAN

...So Djinn's don't grant wishes and
Sirens aren't all hot chicks.

SAM

Sorry.

Sam shoots him a look-- shakes his head--

DEAN

What?

SAM

Nothing. Just me giving you "the
talk." Know how many times we've
had to tell some civilian monsters
are real?

DEAN

(can hardly believe it)
Not only are monsters real, we're
the guys who get to kill 'em.

Dean soaks that in, memory loss making him carefree, psyched.
His flashlight catches a BLOODY HANDPRINT smeared on a tree.

DEAN

Best job ever.

SAM

I guess, if you like crappy motel
rooms, greasy diner food. More
than one Apocalypse--

DEAN

I dunno, we sound like friggin
heroes, man...

On SAM. His brother's weightless state-of-mind making the
reality of life as a hunter feel twice as heavy.

DEAN

And our best friend's an angel?
Nice!

SAM

Yeah. Let's just get you cured.

Sam's light finds Gideon's CRUSHED PHONE, on the ground where *
the witch left it-- he shudders the beam to a CLUTCH OF TREES *
(we recognize from our teaser)--

22

EXT. FOREST CLEARING - CONTINUOUS

22

A tense beat as they emerge, Sam's FLASHLIGHT hitting-- the tree from our teaser, still covered in strange dried BLOODY GLYPHS. But Gideon's body is GONE.

Sam moves to it, inspecting the glyphs...

DEAN

Now those things? Freaky.

SAM

They're glyphs, witches use them in spells, but-- I've never seen anything like this.

(pulling his phone)

Maybe Rowena'll know what they are.

Sam snaps pictures... FAVOR Dean. Wandering away, following his flashlight... very *Blair Witch*. Suddenly-- he TRIPS on something. Slowly... shining... the light... down...

JUMP SCARE! GIDEON'S DEAD BODY grins up at his feet! The man clearly died trying to crawl away.

ON DEAN. No fear, just pure adrenaline surging-surprise--

DEAN

Sam! SAM!

Sam moves to his side. What? Dean points. Sam frowns.

DEAN

Is that guy... is he dead?!

SAM

Think that's our witch.

DEAN

Cool!

SAM

No, Dean... killing the witch was the cure-- if he's dead, why aren't you... you?

ON DEAN, realizing--

DEAN

Crap.

(CONTINUED)

22

"Regarding Dean"
CONTINUED:

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As the boys trade a look of foreboding--

BLACKOUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

23

EXT. FOREST CLEARING - LATER

23

Pick up on SAM and DEAN, moving away from GIDEON'S BODY. But we don't follow them, holding for a beat on Gideon, as--

TWO SHADOWS fall over his corpse. REVEAL--

A MAN and WOMAN. The man, BOYD (40s) is bespectacled. The woman, CATRIONA (40s), ethereal and childlike.

Catriona examines her brother's body with quiet DESPAIR. Boyd is ON EDGE.

CATRIONA
Hunters. Poor Gideon.

BOYD
This is why he told us to leave the accountant alone. *

CATRIONA
That tub'a guts stole from us. He deserved what he got. *

BOYD
...They're on us, Cat, we have to-- (run) *

CATRIONA
I'm not running, I don't care what Gideon said...

BOYD
So what? You wanna kill them too?

ON CATRIONA. Eyes hard-- looking at GIDEON'S CORPSE--

CATRIONA
I want my family back.

24

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

24

ON SAM, at his laptop. He's exhausted, up for hours looking into the witch and the glyphs. He rubs his eyes. Dean wanders out of the bathroom, holding a toothbrush.

DEAN
Remind me again about...

SAM
Teeth. It's for teeth.

(CONTINUED)

"Regarding Dean"
CONTINUED:

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24

24

Dean frowns-- OH. His eyes flick to Sam's screen, sees a picture of the CORPSE. Gets excited--

DEAN

That a dead guy? Never seen a dead
guy before... *

SAM

You've seen plenty, trust me.

An OMINOUS KNOCK sounds at the DOOR. Sam tenses. KNOCKS again. Sam moves to grab his GUN, but Dean's already headed for the door, oblivious to any danger...

SAM

Dean, wait-- (stop!) *

He throws it wide to REVEAL-- ROWENA, toting a roller-bag.

DEAN

Who're you?

ROWENA

Spell's progressed I see. *

She waltzes in, locking eyes with a surprised Sam--

25

INT. MOTEL ROOM - LATER

25

Rowena examines Dean. Sam observes from the sidelines.

SAM

I wanted intel, not a house call.

ROWENA

Oh, I've a feeling you'll come to
thank me...

Rowena walks a circle around Dean. He eyes her.

DEAN

Neat hair. It's all... bouncy.

ROWENA

(surprised/flattered)
Why... thank you.
(then, to Sam)
Do we have to fix him?

SAM

Rowena.

Rowena sighs, gets down to business.

(CONTINUED)

ROWENA

Those glyphs ye found? Are an
archaic form of Celtic. Ogham
Craobh. Druids used it in their
rituals, called it the "Language of
the Trees."

DEAN

Whoa-- whoa. Trees talk now?

Rowena and Sam look at him. Sam ZAPS the TV on.

SAM

You remember HBO?
(off Dean's blank face)
Cinemax?

Dean chuckles fondly. Takes the remote--

DEAN

Skinemax...

And parks in front of the tube, clicking through channels.
Rowena continues--

ROWENA

There's only one family of witches
versed in this kind magic. I
thought them all dead. For years.
But when I saw those glyphs...

Sam grabs his LAPTOP, a PICTURE OF GIDEON on the open screen.

SAM

So this is-- (one of them?)

ROWENA

Gideon Loughlin.

SAM

You knew him?

ROWENA

A bit.

SAM

Tell me about this family.

And as Rowena tells her tale, we POP to a SERIES OF SHOTS--

26

EXT. LOUGHLIN MANSION - NIGHT

26

A burly DRIVER (30s) carries Gideon's body up the steps to a once-grand mansion. Catriona and Boyd trail him inside...

ROWENA (V.O.)

A hundred years ago, the Loughlin's came over from the Old World and turned a small town on the Mississippi Delta into their own personal fiefdom...

*
*
*

27

INT. LOUGHLIN MANSION - LIBRARY - NIGHT

27

Rows of dusty books. Antique furniture.

ROWENA (V.O.)

Their three children-- Gideon, Boyd, and Catriona-- were like rotten little peas in a pod...

GIDEON'S BODY lies on a table surrounded by flickering candles. River stones cover his eyes. A massive BLACK BOOK can be seen open on a pedestal in the B.G.

ROWENA (V.O.)

The family possessed a powerful spell book, a tome of Druidic magic called the Black Grimoire.

Catriona flips through pages written in a strange logographic language (our "archaic Ogham" is similar to actual Ogham).

ROWENA (V.O.)

... Witches came from around the world to live with them and study its secrets. For a price.

She stops on a page detailing a RITUAL-- a DIAGRAM of a body inside the swirling symbol of REBIRTH.

28

INT. MOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

28

Rowena brings her story to a close--

SAM

So what happened to them?

ROWENA

Hunters happened. 'Course I'd heard rumors one or two survived, stealing away with their spell book-- but I dismissed them as gossip.

(CONTINUED)

A crack of laughter from Dean interrupts. Sam glances at him, concerned. But Dean's just watching SCOOBY DOO.

Rowena goes in for the kill--

ROWENA

With Gideon dead-- you want to break the curse on your brother? We need to find their book.

SAM

You can't break it?

ROWENA

'Course I could. But witchcraft this complex? It'd take time. More than Dean's got...

(a look to Dean)

He's already begun to forget himself, everyone he's ever known, ever loved... even you. Soon now, he'll forget how to speak, how to swallow. And then Dean Winchester... is going to die.

And as that hammer drops-- DEAN SNORTS. All eyes go to him--

DEAN

Sucks for that guy.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - BATHROOM - LATER

Dean sits on the edge of the tub, struggling to process what Sam's just told him.

DEAN

So that's it? After everything, this is what nails me?

SAM

That's not happening.

DEAN

You just told me my whole life story. And... I can feel it, slippin' outta my head already... ganking monsters is one thing, but this...

SAM

Dean-- we're gonna-- we'll figure it out. We will.

(CONTINUED)

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29 CONTINUED: 29
But Dean's not so sure.

30 INT. MOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS 30
SAM steps out, Rowena's waiting--
ROWENA
How is he?
SAM
Like you care.
But he can't muster up any real anger-- Sam's too worried. A
beat, then--
SAM
I've seen my brother die-- but
watching him become... not him
anymore. This-- it might actually
be worse.

31 INT. MOTEL ROOM - BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS 31
Dean splashes water on his face. Stares into his own
reflection, determined. And begins reciting like a litany--
DEAN
*My name is Dean Winchester, my
brother's Sam... Mary Winchester...
is my mother... Casti-- Cass... is
my best friend...*
Dean closes his eyes. Focuses. Begins again--
DEAN
My name is Dean-- Wi... Winchester--
And off his private struggle, we CUT TO--

32 INT. MOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS 32
ROWENA
We need to find that grimoire.
And suddenly, Sam knows he's being played. Of course.
SAM
That's your angle, isn't it?
(off Rowena, stung)
Come on, Rowena, a powerful spell
book pops up, and suddenly you're
here to help? Altruism isn't
exactly your style.

(CONTINUED)

ON ROWENA. Weighing whether to tell him the whole truth.

ROWENA

True. But it never hurts to have a
Winchester owe you one.

On Sam, between a rock and a hard place.

SAM

Gideon Loughlin's address was in
his accountant's file. If the
book's there, I'll find it.

ROWENA

(thrilled)
'Course you'll need me to--

SAM

You're staying here. With Dean.

ROWENA

I most certainly am *not*.

SAM

I can't leave him alone, and he
can't come with.

(then)

And I don't trust you. Obviously.

ROWENA

Obviously. But the Black Grimoire's
written in ancient Druid. How do
you propose to find the proper spell
without me there to--

SAM

A few Loughlins survived. That was
the rumor, right?

ROWENA

So you expect one of them to what?
Translate their ancient, super
secret family spellbook for you?

(then)

You killed their brother. They'd
sooner use your skin as a suit.

ON SAM. Picking up a gun--

SAM

They can try.

33 EXT. / INT. IMPALA - DAY (DAY 3) 33

The Impala peels out in a burst of dust--

34 INT. MOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS 34

Rowena kneels, pulling everything from her CARRY ON: herbs, crystals, spell bowls. Dean's inside a MAGIC CIRCLE-- he's fidgety, little-kid restless-- keeps trying to leave the circle (and does so throughout the scene). *

Dean reaches for a crystal. Rowena smacks his hand. *

ROWENA

Stop touching everything--

DEAN

Sorry.

Rowena pulls something else from her bag... as Dean reaches for ONE OF HER BOWLS. Rowena snatches it away--

ROWENA

Will you sit still?

DEAN

I'm bored.

ON ROWENA. An eyeroll--

ROWENA

Fine. Sit. I'll tell you a story. *

(then)

Once, a beautiful witch was run out of her homeland by those pompous, self-righteous, murderous hooligans-- you know them as The British Men of Letters. She sought refuge with a family of witches. All she wanted was a roof over her head, a safe place to hone her magic. Yet, they threw her out like-- like common trash. Said she wasn't up to snuff-- *

DEAN

These witches sound like dicks. You got loads of snuff.

She takes him in. Sympathy from Dean Winchester? Seriously?

(CONTINUED)

ROWENA

You can really remember nothing,
can ya? What a gift... not to
recall the things you've done--

*

(CONTINUED)

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CONTINUED: (2)

34

DEAN

What've I done?

ON ROWENA. Laying it out--

ROWENA

You're a killer, Dean Winchester.

35

EXT. LOUGHLIN MANSION - DAY

35

The DRIVER checks his phone loitering outside the mansion-- *

A GUN presses to the back of his head. SAM.

SAM

Who's inside?

A TENSE BEAT. Then the DRIVER sighs, opens his mouth to answer. CUT TO-- *

36

INT. MOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

36

ON DEAN. Reeling from Rowena's words.

DEAN

I killed people.

ROWENA

Scores.

Dean looks away-- genuinely disturbed. And seeing Dean this way, this vulnerable, gets to her.

ROWENA

But... tho ye may be a stubborn,
pain in the arse with the manners
of a Neanderthal and the dining
habits of a child, everything
you've done, you've done... for
the...

(eyeroll)

Greater good.

DEAN

And that's supposed to make it
okay?

ROWENA

I wouldn't know.

(then)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROWENA (CONT'D)

You helped those other than yourself, but me? I've done... horrible things. And I told myself it was fine-- it was the price of power, and power's what matters, isn't it? But...

The floodgates on her existential crisis burst wide open--

ROWENA

Then I met God and his sister. The two most powerful beings in the universe, wasting it on squabbles with each other. If they couldn't be happy, or at least satisfied, how can there be any hope for me?

DEAN

Why are you telling me this?

ROWENA

Because I know you won't remember.

The RINGING of Rowena's phone interrupts. She grabs it--

ROWENA

You're in?

SAM

I'm in. As soon as I get the translation, you cast the spell... *

37 INT. LOUGHLIN MANSION - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS 37

Sam slips the phone, STILL ON, in his pocket and LOADS his gun. A familiar "W" stamped on the bullet.

38 INT. LOUGHLIN MANSION - LIBRARY - CONTINUOUS 38

CLOSE ON: A shimmering BLUE BUTTERFLY struggles against a human HAND, holding it down to a pinning board...

WIDEN... Catriona sits on the sofa at her macabre hobby. Rows and rows of PINNED BUTTERFLIES.

Gideon's body still laid out on the table beside the BLACK GRIMOIRE. As she drives the PIN into the (OS) butterfly... CLICK. Sam stands in the doorway, gun raised-- *

SAM

That's a witch killing bullet--

39 INT. MOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS 39

Rowena and Dean listen to his conversation--

SAM (ON THE PHONE)

-- Go to your grimoire, and tell me how to break the memory spell--

40 INT. LOUGHLIN MANSION - LIBRARY - CONTINUOUS 40

Catriona looks at Sam with a beatific smile.

CATRIONA

I told him you'd come. Boyd wanted to go after you, but I said why bother? You're Hunters, you'd hunt us down.

(then)

Right to our door, hot and fresh like pizza.

SAM

I'm not asking again.

But Catriona doesn't move.

BOYD (O.S.)

Abi!

BAM! Sam FLIES BACK. Into the wall-- DROPPING HIS GUN--

As BOYD ENTERS. One hand raised.

ON SAM. Shaking his head-- starting to STAND--

ON CATRIONA. A smile. And we go TIGHT on her-- CLOSING HER *
EYES, EYELASHES fluttering as she mutters the spell-- *

CATRIONA

Age nunc intellectum atque *
voluntatem omnem meam... *

One of the dead butterflies FLUTTERS its wings. The CHANTING *
INTENSIFIES-- all the DEAD BUTTERFLIES now FLAPPING THEIR *
WINGS in unison. *

Sam's knees BUCKLE, legs giving out. As a HIGH PITCHED WHINE *
fills his head. SAM FALLS-- *

INTERCUT. Dean and Rowena listen in horror as--

SAM, curls on the floor, clutching his BLEEDING EARS.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

And as he finally lets loose an agonized SCREAM, we...
BLACKOUT.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

41 INT. MOTEL ROOM - DAY - CONTINUOUS 41

PUSH IN ON DEAN.... Sam HOWLS again, his cries striking a PRIMAL CHORD. For a split second, Dean remembers--

DEAN

S... Sam?

OFF ROWENA-- CONCERNED--

42 INT. LOUGHLIN MANSION - LIBRARY - DAY 42

We're in SAM'S POV as he comes to-- fuzzy, in and out of focus-- hazy Catriona and Boyd arguing in the foreground.

CATRIONA

Boyd, you promised. Without Gideon, we're not a family--

BOYD

You should have thought of that before you went behind his back and pinata'd the accountant.

Sam's tied to a chair, wrists bound. Awake, but playing possum.

BOYD

Gideon told you to let it go.

Boyd's eyes go to GIDEON'S CORPSE. Laid out on the table. SAM'S GUN sits next to it.

CATRIONA

Let it go? Let us be cheated by a sniveling, weak human nothing? I--

BOYD

You got our brother killed.

ON CATRIONA. Guilty.

CATRIONA

But we can bring him back.

As she speaks, Catriona picks up a CEREMONIAL WOODEN DAGGER.

CREAK! The witches FREEZE. A CREAKING sound coming from the hall. Catriona HANDS THE BLADE to Boyd-- nods at Sam-- *

(CONTINUED)

42

CONTINUED:

42

CATRIONA

Do it. Please. For me.

Catriona slips out. Boyd grips the weapon, turning to SAM--

43

EXT. / INT. IMPALA - CONTINUOUS

43

Dean COMES TO. He's disoriented. In a strange car (Baby!)--
A NOTE-- written on NOTEBOOK PAPER-- taped to the wheel. He
reads it--

*
*

DEAN

Your brother's been kidnapped by a
witch?

*

Like Hell. Dean goes to open the door-- finds A SECOND NOTE
taped to the window. Reads--

*
*

DEAN

Do not leave the car.

*
*

Dean RIPS IT DOWN. Glances around-- what's he gonna do...?

*

44

INT. LOUGHLIN MANSION - LIBRARY - CONTINUOUS

44

Boyd paints a SPIRAL SYMBOL on Gideon's forehead in BLOOD.

SAM (O.S.)

You don't want to do this.

Boyd looks back-- Sam stares at him.

BOYD

Well, look who's awake.

SAM

Whatever your sister has planned,
you don't have to-- (do it)

*

Boyd nods to Gideon's corpse.

*

BOYD

You mean, swapping your soul for
his? 'Fraid I do...

*
*
*

On SAM-- the dire situation sinking in.

*

BOYD

You know what's funny? Gideon was
so sure if we came up for air,
moved a magical muscle, Hunters
would come. I hated him for it,
but he was right.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SAM

He wouldn't want this either.

BOYD

That so?

As Sam speaks, we ARM AROUND TO REVEAL-- his hands working furiously-- trying to BREAK FREE.

(CONTINUED)

SAM

Gideon had a shot at my brother,
but didn't end him-- just blanked
his memory.

(putting it together)

Your brother wasn't looking to kill,
he just wanted us to forget why we
were here. To protect you.

(then)

He wouldn't want this.

ON BOYD. Moved by Sam's speech? Not a chance--

BOYD

Gideon was a coward but he had no
love for your kind. That spell?
Was to distract you, to give us
time to run. But believe me
dooming your pal to a slow, painful
death was sprinkles on the sundae.

He PICKS UP THE WOODEN KNIFE. Smiles. Moves for SAM--

45 INT. IMPALA - CONTINUOUS 45

Dean stares at Rowena's note in his hand. He crumples it up--

46 EXT. IMPALA - CONTINUOUS 46

Dean SCRAMBLES out of the Impala. Fumbling keys into the
TRUNK. POP! Dean smiles.

INSIDE-- the top layer of the Winchester trunk is covered in
a single Post-it: "OPEN ME." Dean lifts it up, revealing--
the HIDDEN COMPARTMENT-- Sam's labeled all of their weapons
with Post-its!

47 INT. LOUGHLIN MANSION - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS 47

Catriona glides down the hall. Rowena melts from the
shadows.

ROWENA

Catriona Loughlin. The years have
not been kind.

CATRIONA

Who're you?

ROWENA

Rowena... Rowena MacLeod?

A beat-- then Catriona remembers, her lips curl into a smile.

(CONTINUED)

CATRIONA

Ohhh... Raggedy Ann.

ROWENA

Excuse me?

CATRIONA

I remember you-- a rag doll all
huddled on our doorstep.

(then)

I swore I could see the fleas
nibbling away at what was left of
your dirty little body.

ON ROWENA, eyes lowered. Angrier and angrier as Catriona
speaks--

CATRIONA

... But still-- still you thought
you were worthy of our magic. And
when we disagreed...

(giggles)

Oh, how you begged. How you threw
yourself down and... offered
yourself to each of us-- Boyd
almost took you up on it-- but I
told him it would be cleaner with
the pigs--

ROWENA

Enough!

Catriona smirks--

CATRIONA

I've made you angry.

ROWENA

You know what they say, nothing
heals old wounds, like opening
fresh ones.

She RAISES A HAND--

BAM! And Catriona's THROWN BACK against the wall. Hard.

ON CATRIONA. She gets up-- smiling; wiping a trickle of
blood off her lips. It's on! CUT TO--

INT. LOUGHLIN MANSION - LIBRARY - CONTINUOUS

BOYD. Standing over Sam. BLADE RAISED--

(CONTINUED)

BOYD

Resurrection's a bitch of a thing.
The chanting, the sacrifice--
trading one soul for another...
I've only done this spell once. On
King George the Third, my pet
gerbil.

(then)

But it worked. Mostly.

BOOM! And there's a MASSIVE BANG FROM OFF-SCREEN (Rowena and
Catriona's WITCH BATTLE). Boyd looks toward it--

SNAP! Sam bursts free. GRABS BOYD. TWISTING the knife from
his hands--

Then THROWING Boyd to the ground--

INT. LOUGHLIN MANSION - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

CLOSE ON: ROWENA-- face twisted in PAIN. REVEAL--

ROWENA IS PINNED TO THE WALL! Held by some INVISIBLE FORCE,
as Catriona pads across the room-- through a mess of BROKEN *
FURNITURE. The aftermath of their throwdown-- *

As ROWENA STRAINS, Catriona sings Mindy Smith's "Raggedy Ann"
softly to herself...

CATRIONA

*Just a little girl, I'm Raggedy Ann.
Making believe I'm happy, hey...
Falling apart at the seams...*

As she sings, Catriona picks up a SHARD OF GLASS from a
broken mirror, and--

TOSSES IT like a CARNIVAL KNIFE THROWER-- the shard ZINGS at *
ROWENA--

THAK! And buries itself inches from her CHEEK-- Rowena *
FLINCHES. As Catriona frowns--

CATRIONA

I was never any good at darts.
(clapping!)

Do over!

INT. LOUGHLIN MANSION - LIBRARY - CONTINUOUS

SAM goes for his GUN-- but Boyd waves a hand-- and the WEAPON
GOES FLYING. Boyd RACES FOR THE DOOR--

51

INT. LOUGHLIN MANSION - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

51

Rowena struggles. Catriona picks up ANOTHER SHARD--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLICK-- the sound of a GUN COCK. Catriona TURNS TO SEE--

DEAN. Holding a GUN.

CATRIONA

A gun? Do you really think that's
going to work on--

He GRINS, holding up his HAND. Inside his palm, is one of
Sam's Post-its. And it reads--

DEAN

Witch killing bullets.

BAM! Dean fires-- hitting Catriona between the eyes. The
witch drops.

As, behind, ROWENA FALLS DOWN FROM THE WALL. Whumping to the *
floor. Dean looks to her-- as Rowena rolls over-- HURTING--

ROWENA

Never help a bloody Winchester...

Then-- BOYD bursts from the library, with SAM right behind.
Dean SWINGS THE GUN ON THEM--

SAM

(re: himself)
Brother.
(re: Boyd)
Witch!

DEAN

Got it--

BAM! Boyd goes down. And as Dean finally lowers his weapon,
Sam heaves a titanic sigh-- ordeal finally over.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

52 EXT. LOUGHLIN MANSION - DAY 52

Sam waits outside, CHANTING audible within. PURPLE LIGHT flashes-- and Dean and Rowena, with the BLACK GRIMOIRE, exit.

SAM

That it?

DEAN

Who's this guy?

Sam blanches. Dean cracks up. He's BACK--

DEAN

Your face, man. Like that time I ate all your Halloween candy.

53 EXT. MOTEL - NIGHT 53

Rowena tosses her BAG in a waiting UBER. SAM and DEAN watch.

DEAN

Can't believe you called Rowena...

SAM

I can't believe you rode Larry.

DEAN

I was awesome on that bull. I was a god.

ROWENA

(clearing her throat)

Now, should ye experience any odd memories from when you were hexed-- conversations. You let me know?

DEAN

It's mostly blank. Really.

Rowena narrows her eyes-- *mostly*? Dean flashes an inscrutable smile. She gets into the backseat.

SAM

Just a second--

ROWENA

If ye need to thank me, ye can always send a nice gift basket--

(CONTINUED)

SAM

The book.

Sulkily, Rowena hands over the BLACK GRIMOIRE.

ROWENA

You're no fun.

SAM

We owe you one. A small one.

The boys watch the UBER drive away...

SAM

You feeling okay? That spell--

DEAN

Yeah-- kicked my ass.

SAM

Actually, at first, part of me was a little jealous.

DEAN

Of the curse that almost killed me?

SAM

Just some of the things we've done. We've had this weight on us for... ever. And seeing it gone... you seemed happy. *

DEAN

Look, was it nice dropping our baggage? Maybe. Hell, probably. But it wasn't just the crap got lost, Sammy, it was everything. It was us, what we do. It was you.

(beat)

If that's what bein' happy looks like? I'll pass.

Sam nods, smiles. Dean moves for the Impala pulling out KEYS--

SAM

It's the big silver one--

DEAN

Just get in the car.

Doors SLAM. The Impala peels out into the sunset-- BLACKOUT!

And normally, this would be where our story ends... but not this time. The first gentle chords of Linda Ronstadt's DESPERADO begin to play as we FADE UP TO-- *

54

INT. ROADHOUSE - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

54 *

DEAN. During his LOST NIGHT, and astride the mechanical bull.
Riding in glorious SLOW MOTION-- grinning, showboating-- like
he said... *he's awesome.* *

And off this indelible image, finally we-- BLACKOUT. *

TO BE CONTINUED...

APPENDIX A

NOTE: THE FOLLOWING IS DEAN AND GIDEON'S ARGUMENT AS IT PLAYS
OUT IN THE SECURITY FOOTAGE FROM SCENE 19.

EXT. DIRT ROAD BEHIND THE ROADHOUSE - NIGHT

GIDEON stalks out the back door. DEAN exits, following him--

DEAN

Wait up-- Hey! I'm talkin' to you--

Gideon slows. Turns.

GIDEON

Yeah, uh, something wrong?

DEAN

You-- you work with Barry Gilman,
right? One of his clients?

GIDEON

Sorry, don't know who that is.

Gideon backs away, Dean raises his voice.

DEAN

See, that's funny, 'cause I saw a
picture of you in his office. You
wanna tell me where the Hell you
were last night?

GIDEON

I was at home--

DEAN

Sure you weren't cookin' up a hex
bag?

GIDEON

Stay away from me.

DEAN

Hey, get back here!

Dean draws his phone-- presumably to call Sam-- Gideon sees
the movement, and BLASTS DEAN BACK into the TRASH CANS!
Gideon runs--

Dean scrambles to his feet, grabs his broken phone-- he PULLS
his GUN and runs out of frame.