

# DEPARTMENT HEADS ONLY

SUPERNATURAL

Episode #708

"Season 7, Time for a Wedding!"

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SUPERNATURAL  
"Season 7, Time for a Wedding!"

TEASER

INT. SEEDY VEGAS STRIP CLUB - DAY \*

In a small time strip club, dotted with (CW-friendly) DANCERS \*  
and PATRONS, we find DEAN WINCHESTER. \*

DEAN \*  
If this is the future of \*  
Gymnastics... I am so there. \*

PULL WIDE to reveal-- He's admiring the work of particularly \*  
skilled POLE DANCER (30s), hanging upside down-- \*

DANCER \*  
Wanna see my medals? \*

Dean shoots her a SLY smile as she rights herself-- and \*  
continues her ROUTINE. \*

DANCER \*  
Alright, I've been talking for the \*  
last twenty minutes-- your turn. \*

Dean SIGHS-- he hates talking about himself. \*

DANCER \*  
C'mon, I'll make it worth your \*  
while. \*

She tosses a DOLLAR BILL at his face-- He SIGHS, defeated. \*

DEAN \*  
Alright, so I have this friend. \*

DANCER \*  
Friend. \*

DEAN \*  
And he's got this brother who's a \*  
little on the loose cannon side, \*  
you know? \*

The Dancer NODS-- sure. \*

DEAN \*  
Most of the time he's okay, but you \*  
never know when he's gonna go off. \*

(CONTINUED)



EXT. WEDDING CHAPEL - DAY

Establishing STOCK SHOT of a ramshackle Vegas Wedding Chapel.

INT. WEDDING CHAPEL - DAY

ON the DARKENED BACK-DOOR to the CHAPEL-- being LOCKPICKED. \*  
CLICK! The door CREEPS open. From behind it emerges the \*  
muzzle of a .45, followed by Dean (clad in his FED SUIT)-- \*

WARY, Dean peers around the door to see that he's in-- a \*  
WEDDING CHAPEL. Complete with PEWS, FLOWERS, an ALTAR, and \*  
also-- SAM! \*

SAM

Dean!

Sam approaches Dean from the ALTAR-- a HUGE GRIN plastered \*  
across his face. He's sporting a FED SUIT, same as Dean's... \*  
EXCEPT there's a BOUTONNIERE on his LAPEL. \*

SAM

(re: the gun)

Won't be needing that. \*

DEAN

(stowing the gun)

What the Hell, Sam? Could have at \*  
least told me you were back. \*

Sam smooths-over Dean's suit-- shoots his collar and cuffs-- \*

SAM

I know, but things have been a \*  
little hectic. \*

Dean makes eye contact with the WEDDING OFFICIANT (50s, \*  
leisure suit) standing by the ALTAR. The Officiant NODS-- \*

DEAN

What're we looking at? Rogue \*  
cupid? Siren? \*

SAM

Nothing like that. \*

Dean looks down to see-- he's wearing BOUTONNIERE! Sam just \*  
pinned it his to his lapel. \*

DEAN

What's the pre-text? \*  
(then, excited) \*  
Wedding crashers? \*

(CONTINUED)

Sam SHOVES a VELVET BOX into Dean's hand-- he's CALM. HAPPY. \*

SAM

Yeah, sorta. So, little sudden, \*

but life is short and I'll keep \*

this even shorter. \*

(then, excited)

I fell in love and I'm getting \*

married.

Whoa! That was a left turn-- CONFUSED, Dean glares at Sam, \*

who SHOCKINGLY appears to be in his right mind. Then, Dean \*

OPENS the VELVET BOX-- TWO WEDDING BANDS lie within. \*

DEAN

Wait-- What? \*

CREAK! The DOUBLE-DOORS at the top of AISLE open-- LIGHT \*

BLASTING from the background, REVEALING the dramatic \*

SILHOUETTE of a BRIDE. Dean takes this in-- WIDE EYED. \*

DEAN

This isn't happening. \*

Sam NODS to the Officiant, who nods to the ORGANIST, who \*

kicks off *Here Comes the Bride*. The Bride begins her MARCH. \*

Dean is DUMB-STRUCK-- watching the woman move down the AISLE, \*

IDENTITY HIDDEN by the VEIL covering her face. By the time \*

she ARRIVES at the ALTAR, we're at the edge of our seats-- \*

WHO IS THIS WOMAN?! Sam PROUDLY lifts her VEIL-- revealing: \*

BECKY ROSEN! The Supernatural SUPERFAN last seen in episode \*

509, "The Real Ghostbusters!" \*

BECKY

Hi, Dean! \*

OFF Dean-- His gobsmacked mouth AGAPE. \*

DEAN

Becky?! \*

POP! A PHOTOGRAPHER'S FLASHBULB goes off in Dean's FACE-- \*

Freezing it there for eternity within a VEGAS THEMED BORDER. \*

And OFF this HORRIFYINGLY AWKWARD MOMENT we-- \*

BLACKOUT.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

INT. WEDDING CHAPEL - DAY

We open on Dean-- VISIBLY ANXIOUS. He's PACING the floor by the ALTAR, across from Sam and Becky (veil pulled back) who are in an EMPTY PEW.

DEAN

Isn't she supposed to ask my permission, or something?

SAM

(awkward)  
You want her to ask for my hand?

DEAN

It's tradition, isn't it?

Sam and Becky exchange a GLANCE-- this is going to be hard.

BECKY

Should I leave?

DEAN

Yes.

SAM

No. Stay.

Sam pulls her down. The BOYS have a STARE-OFF-- Becky HAPPILY caught in the middle. A beat of tension-- then, Dean waves his hand, giving up. A quiet smile from Becky.

SAM

(fixing on Dean)  
Okay. Short version: We met. We ate. We talked. I fell in love. I proposed and here we are.

Dean thinks on that a beat--

DEAN

(sarcastic)  
Yeah I think I'm all caught up now.  
(then)

Come on, Sam-- think! Have you forgotten about the average lifespan of your hookups?

SAM

Of course not, Dean. I just don't believe that's true anymore.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

SAM (CONT'D)  
(cutting to the chase)  
We could all die tomorrow. Easily.  
You know it. I know it.

BECKY  
And I know it.

Becky NODS-- serious. Dean is disturbed by how COMFY she is.

DEAN  
You guys are on drugs--  
(then, to Sam)  
You sure you didn't make it out to  
the desert?

SAM  
I'm just saying that if something  
good is happening, I have to jump  
on it now. Period. Life's never  
been normal and it never will be,  
so-- I hate to sound like an  
asshat, but today is all we have.

DEAN  
Did you even test her? Salt,  
silver, holy water? \*

SAM  
She passed with flying colors. \*

The OFFICIANT approaches with a RESTAURANT-STYLE BILLFOLD. \*  
Sam reaches for it, but Becky SNATCHES it first-- \*

BECKY \*  
This one's on me. \*  
(then, to Dean) \*  
It's tradition for the Bride to \*  
pay. \*

She walks up the AISLE-- Leaving Sam and Dean alone. \*

DEAN \*  
(re: Becky) \*  
Fan club?! Are you that desperate? \*

Sam just SHAKES his head-- \*

SAM \*  
Listen man, you could be a tiny bit \*  
more supportive-- \*

(CONTINUED)

DEAN \*  
Yeah, well, you coulda run this \*  
little plan by me, you know. \*

Sam NODS-- sincere. \*

SAM \*  
We're gonna head up to Becky's \*  
place in Delaware. Spend some time \*  
together. \*

Dean WINCES at the thought-- \*

SAM \*  
Why don't you take a few-- try to \*  
wrap your dome around this. \*  
Find a way to get supportive, you \*  
know? \*

Dean NODS-- terse. \*

INT. WEDDING CHAPEL OFFICE - DAY \*

Becky is sitting at a DESK in a SMALL OFFICE, reviewing her \*  
WEDDING PHOTO PACKAGE-- CLICK. CLICK. CLICK. DIGITAL \*  
STILLS of the ceremony SCROLL by on a COMPUTER MONITOR. \*

Each one hilariously depicting the bride and groom (kissing, \*  
cuddling), happy as can be-- with Dean in the background, \*  
MISERABLE... \*

BECKY \*  
Deluxe Package, please. \*

The Officiant NODS, ringing her up, and Becky WHIPS out her \*  
SMARTPHONE. \*

BECKY \*  
(tweeting aloud) \*  
"Officially tweeting as Mrs. Becky \*  
Rosen Hyphen Winchester." \*

She lets out a little SMILE-- happiest moment of her life. \*

INT. RENTAL CAR - DAY \*

Dean hops into the COCKPIT of his GENERIC RENTAL CAR, already \*  
speed-dialing Bobby. Beat-- then VOICEMAIL. \*

DEAN \*  
Bobby. I know you're beard-deep on \*  
that Oregon Hunt, but I'm headed to \*  
Delaware for a little snoop around. \*  
(MORE) \*

(CONTINUED)



DEAN (CONT'D)  
Sam's gonna be there with his wife. \*  
(then) \*  
And yes, you heard that correctly. \*  
Hollar at me. Adios. \*

EXT. ROAD - DAY

Becky's car-- a purple Miata with "JUST HITCHED" scrawled across the side-- cruises past a ROAD SIGN: "Welcome to Pike Creek, Delaware!"

EXT. RESTAURANT - DAY

Becky WHEELS into a parking space outside of a FAMILY STYLE RESTAURANT-- THE LODGE. On the MARQUEE, below the street-side sign: "Welcome Class of 2001!" \*

SAM  
Thought we just ate?

BECKY  
(mischievous glint)  
Quick stop-- there's someone I want you to meet.

INT. RESTAURANT - DAY

Becky walks into the RESTAURANT-- an old-fashioned steakhouse with dimly lit booths, bar and a BANQUET SPACE in the back (see "Taix" in Silver Lake for reference). \*

She finds her way into the BANQUET HALL (sans Sam), where a harried WOMAN, JOCELYN (28, ex-cheerleader type) is digging through a BOX OF STREAMERS-- CURSING to herself. \*

BECKY  
(slight wave)  
Hi, Jocelyn.

Jocelyn SPINS to see-- someone she doesn't recognize.

JOCELYN  
I'm sorry, uh, and you are?

BECKY  
It's Becky-- Becky Rosen?  
(Jocelyn's not remembering)  
We were lab partners, senior year?  
And Junior Year. And Freshman year. \*

(CONTINUED)

JOCELYN  
(laying on the phony)  
Oh, right. Becky, good to see you!

Jocelyn moves in for a SUPERFICIAL HUG & KISS, where they both CRINGE-- then pull away and their SMILES RETURN.

BECKY  
Look at you-- like not even a day  
has gone by.

JOCELYN  
And look at you-- Yechie Becky.  
All grow'd up.

BECKY  
(rising above it)  
Yes. You, too. You look great.

Becky CLOCKS the GIANT ENGAGEMENT RING on Jocelyn's finger.

BECKY  
I heard you married Brad Caruso.

JOCELYN  
Sure did.

BECKY  
I'm here to R.S.V.P. for the  
reunion. If it's not too late--

JOCELYN  
No, no, there's always room for one  
more. Just you, huh? So sorry.

Jocelyn returns to the STREAMERS for a beat, then--

BECKY  
Actually...

Jocelyn looks back up to see: SAM. He's standing behind  
Becky with his arms draped around her in an EMBRACE.

BECKY  
Have you met my husband, Sam?

Jocelyn's EYES SHOOT WIDE at the sight of Sam--

JOCELYN  
N-No... I don't suppose I have.

Sam EXTENDS a hand and a WINNING SMILE--

(CONTINUED)

SAM  
Pleasure, Jocelyn.

JOCELYN  
(still stunned)  
Pleasure's all mine.

BECKY  
(self satisfied)  
So, mark me down plus one?

EXT. RESTAURANT - DAY

On their way to the car, Becky TWEETS.

BECKY  
(tweeting aloud)  
Jocelyn Raines-- roasted.

Then, out of the corner of her eye she SPOTS-- a man  
STRUGGLING with TWO HUGE BAGS from "Pike City Parties".

WHUMP! The MAN slams his TRUNK and turns to see-- BECKY!

BECKY  
Hi, Guy!

This is GUY LACHAPPELLE (mid-30s, flamboyant). Becky runs up  
and THROWS HER ARMS around him-- OOF! BAGS dropping.

GUY  
You're back! How was Vegas?

Becky WHIPS her hand up-- showing off her WEDDING BAND.

BECKY  
It was awesome!

Guy CLAPS furiously-- so happy for Becky. And that's when  
Guy notices-- SAM, standing behind her. Guy fixes him with a  
FAMILIAR STARE--

BECKY  
Guy? Meet my husband-- Sam  
Winchester.

Guy lets out an AUDIBLE GASP, but COVERS with a SMILE--

GUY  
It's an honor to meet you, Sam.

(CONTINUED)

BECKY

Guy would never admit it, but he's  
fantasy geek just like me. We met  
in the erotic horror section at the  
Novel Hovel and my life hasn't been  
the same since. \*

She exchanges a WINK with Guy-- clearly hiding something.

GUY

Well, it's been grand catching up,  
but I better get back to it or this  
party ain't gonna happen.

BECKY

Guy's an event planner. Reunion  
season is very busy for him.

Becky leans in for a goodbye SMOOCH -- and we NOTICE their  
hands COME TOGETHER. SECRETIVELY SHARING A PURPLE VIAL  
(small, with an ornate pewter cap).

GUY

Blessed be, Sweetie! \*

BECKY

(whispering into his ear)  
Everyone should have a Wiccan best  
friend as good as you. \*

EXT. RESTAURANT PARKING LOT - DAY

Dean rolls into the Parking Lot in his RENTAL CAR, moments  
after Sam and Becky's EXCHANGE with Guy. \*

Dean watches the happy couple DRIVE OFF with a VISIBLE  
SHUDDER. \*

INT. RESTAURANT - DAY

Dean slides into a BOOTH, tossing DAD'S JOURNAL onto the  
table. A WAITRESS stands before him.

DEAN

Double-Hockey Puck, extra wax,  
yellow paint and walk it through  
the garden. \*

(then)

Oh, and hold the pickles. \*

She NODS, totally getting it, and scoots off, revealing: a  
NEWSPAPER resting on the UNBUSSED table behind her.

(CONTINUED)

Dean reaches for it and-- the HEADLINE slides into CLOSE-UP:  
"Delivery Truck Kills Pedestrian."

There's a PHOTO of a TRUCK-- with BYSTANDERS gazing at the  
GRILL, blocking the CORPSE from VIEW. A sub-headline reads:  
"Victim a Recent Lottery Winner."

Dean LIFTS an eyebrow to that one--

INT. BECKY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

We're in a SULTRY mood at CASA BECKY tonight. Bossanova  
music plays softly. The lighting is WARM and DIFFUSE.

Sam and Becky sit opposite each other at her SMALL TABLE.  
Sam is cool and breezy, clad in a HUGH HEFNER ROBE.

Becky, for her part, dons a VICTORIA'S SECRET ROBE-- the  
light PINGS off her lip gloss perfectly.

Two CANDLES, a bottle of CHAMPAGNE and a COSTCO ROTISSERIE  
CHICKEN (still sealed) sit between them. They SHOOT GLANCES  
back and forth-- alternately FLIRTY and SHY.

Sam takes the CHAMPAGNE by the neck and twists off the wire--  
THOK! FSHHHIZ! Sam pours Becky's glass and then his own--  
they raise glasses.

SAM & BECKY  
(together)  
To us.

CLINK! Sam moves the glass to his lips and SUDDENLY, a SHARP  
PAIN hits him-- a MIGRAINE! He WINCES, sets the GLASS DOWN.

BECKY  
(concerned)  
Sam! Sam? Are you okay?

Sam's POV: Becky BUZZES in & out of FOCUS.

BECKY  
Sammy, honey. What's wrong?

SAM  
(gaining some clarity)  
Becky? How the Hell did I get here? \*

BAM! Becky's in his face-- ramming her TONGUE down his  
throat. As Sam CHOKES-- we catch Becky's FREE HAND flick the \*  
top from the PURPLE VIAL and DUMP IT'S CONTENTS INTO SAM'S  
GLASS. She snatches the GLASS up and puts it to Sam's LIPS-- \*

(CONTINUED)

BECKY  
We're celebrating, Dear. Remember?

Sam, still recovering from the assault, gives her the HARD SIDE-EYE for a BEAT and we think the jig is up!

SAM  
(softening)  
Oh, yeah... to... us.

CLINK! Sam drinks, still WARY. RAPT, Becky watches him--

BECKY  
Feeling better, honey?

And the PAIN SUBSIDES. Sam looks DEEPLY into her eyes--

SAM  
Now that I'm with you.

Becky SIGHS with relief and chugs her CHAMPAGNE. WHEW.

INT. BATTING CAGE - DAY

CLOSE-ON: The MOUTH of a PITCHING MACHINE. PHWIP! A BASEBALL bursts through the air and THWAK!-- is LAUNCHED into the stratosphere by the BAT of TRENT PEARSON (28, strapping). \*

Trent re-cocks his bat, ready for another. And that's when we notice a young 20-something FAN (this is JACKSON) LURKING nearby-- WATCHING the Pitching Machine.

With a WAG OF HIS FINGER, Jackson TELEKINETICALLY MOVES the machine the SLIGHTEST bit, FIRING a ball at HIGH AND INSIDE, right at Pearson's HEAD!

CRACK!! The SPEEDING BASEBALL SHATTERS the bat! Then- it FIRES another ball LOW AND INSIDE-- SNAP!! HITTING Pearson in the RIBS! He falls to his KNEES-- MOANING.

With a flick of his wrist, Jackson flips the SPEED SETTING to MAXIMUM-- WHOOSH! The machine fires a ball straight at Pearson's HEAD-- where it hits with a WET CRUNCH!

We're BEHIND HIS HEAD as BLOOD SPRAYS and he FALLS FORWARD-- THUNK! OVERHEAD: Pearson is LYING DEAD in a POOL OF BLOOD.

OFF the machine-- firing baseballs as normal. Thok-- Thok--

BLACKOUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

EXT. BECKY'S APARTMENT - DAY \*

CLOSE-ON: Becky's DOORBELL-- Dean's finger PRESSES IT. We HEAR: New Age Chimes. \*

Sam opens the door to find DEAN-- SMILING HUGE, with his finger circling his FACE. \*

DEAN \*  
Me being supportive. \*

He thrusts a WAFFLE IRON into Sam's arms-- \*

SAM \*  
Very thoughtful. \*

DEAN \*  
We good? 'Cause I'm sniffing a case in this town. \*

Sam steps aside for Dean to ENTER-- \*

INT. BECKY'S APARTMENT - DAY \*

Sam and Dean walk-n-talk through Becky's apartment-- \*

DEAN \*  
One guy hits the Powerball, gets flattened by a truck. Second guy goes from the Mail Room to the Majors and his face ends up a catcher's mitt... \*  
(then) \*  
Smell like something to you? \*

Sam MOTIONS to the wall behind Dean. He SPINS to see: Becky tacking up her own HUNTER WALL. Her hair is pulled back into a pony-tail-- she's in DETECTIVE MODE. \*

BECKY \*  
Well, our first thought was cursed object like in "Wishful Thinking," but then what's with the twist endings? \*

As she SPEAKS, Dean's eyes rove the wall: Each ITEM is tacked up STRAIGHT and EQUIDISTANT. All PHOTOS have FRILLY PINK BORDERS. All ARTICLES, LAMINATED. The YARN-- PASTELS.

(CONTINUED)

BECKY \*  
Crossroads Demon is also a viable \*  
option, but the whole ten-year-deal \*  
thing is throwing us off. So-- \*  
(then, confident) \*  
Now, we're working the Fairy \*  
Godmother angle. \*

Dean SLOW-PANS to Sam, SUPPORTIVE FRONT falling away.

DEAN \*  
You and "Fairy Godmother Angle" are \*  
working the case? Together? \*

SAM \*  
I know, right! All those years \*  
studying the books are weirdly \*  
paying off. \*

Dean SPINS to Becky-- AGGRESSIVE. \*

DEAN \*  
Listen here, Cookie-- I don't know \*  
what kinda mojo you're working on \*  
my brother, but I'm gonna find out--

Sam INTERVENES-- pushing the two apart.

SAM \*  
Back off, Dean. This is my wife \*  
you're talking to-- \*

BECKY \*  
Exactly what are you saying, Dean? \*  
That I'm some kind of powerful \*  
witch? You want search the place \*  
for hex bags, go ahead! \*

She pulls up her SLEEVE, revealing a SCAR on her arm. \*

BECKY \*  
Or maybe you think I'm a Siren, \*  
like in "Sex and Violence?" \*  
(re: her arm) \*  
Here's the scar from my silver \*  
test! Wanna test me again? \*

Dean shakes her off-- pleads with Sam. \*

(CONTINUED)



DEAN

All I'm saying is that's a little  
coincidental that this fantasy crap  
is happening in her hometown and  
then suddenly her biggest delusion  
comes true.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

SAM

Delusion? What Becky and I have is  
real. Period. And if you can't  
accept that, it's your problem.  
Not ours.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

Dean SIGHS-- frustrated.

\*

DEAN

One thing should worry you, Sammy.  
If she fits into the pattern, she's  
in danger.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

SAM

How can she fit the pattern if I'm  
the one who pursued her?

\*  
\*  
\*

OFF Dean-- at a loss.

\*

EXT. BECKY'S APARTMENT - DAY

Dean walks to his car, mid-argument with Bobby--

\*

DEAN

I don't want another Hunter on this  
one, Bobby. I want you--

\*

Dean's face falls-- listening.

DEAN

Fine. Gimme his name.

\*

INT. BECKY'S BEDROOM - DAY

CLOSE ON: DOODLING. Becky is writing "Sam Loves Becky" into  
a NOTEBOOK with a RED MARKER-- for the ZILLIONTH TIME.

She places the MARKER down and ADMIRES her work for a beat--  
a MESS of MARKER and INK. Then, she brings the book to her  
face-- and HUFFS the page, dragging it down her NOSE.

A KNOCK! Becky WHIPS to the DOOR-- REVEALING: a RED MARKER  
SMUDGE on her nose. She STASHES the BOOK under her PILLOW.

BECKY

Come in!

(CONTINUED)

Sam OPENS the door and NOTICES the smudge. He LICKS HIS THUMB-- Then REACHES over and wipes the SMUDGE off her nose. \*

SAM  
Got you a present.

Sam flips open TWO FAKE PRESS BADGES-- \*

BECKY  
His and her's Fake IDs? \*

She SNAGS one-- eyeing it up close. Then, Sam TOSSES a NEWSPAPER down on her bed. She reads the HEADLINE-- \*

BECKY  
(reading)  
"Junior Salesman leapfrogs to CEO  
at Liberty Insurance."  
(realization dawns)  
You think the CEO is a lead?

THEN-- she SEES Sam READING HER NOTEBOOK! She watches in SILENT TERROR as Sam flips thru pages of OBSESSIVE DOODLING.

SAM  
You know, Becky? This is really...

She waits for Sam's reaction-- FRIGHTENED!

SAM  
(milk this)  
Beautiful.

ZUH? Becky's SHOCKED-- even SHE thinks the notebook's weird.

SAM  
So, what do you think of the CEO?

Becky LIGHTS-UP! Hands clapping wildly--

BECKY  
Let's go pretext him!

INT. RESTAURANT - DAY

Dean walks through the dining room-- scanning the joint for his NEW WINGMAN. He SPOTS a STRAPPING MAN-- typical MOOK HUNTER-- and approaches.

Then-- a woman slides into the Booth with him. Clearly a couple, Dean veers off and continues the search. Then--

(CONTINUED)

"Season 7..."                      Writers' 2nd Draft                      08/12/11                      18.  
CONTINUED:

We HEAR the LONG SLURPING SOUND of an empty MILKSHAKE. Dean slow-pans over to SEE: A WIRY MAN (think DJ Qualls)-- GARTH.

GARTH  
You Dean?

Dean NODS as Garth casts a CRITICAL GAZE over him...

GARTH  
Thought you'd be taller.

Dean's eyes narrow-- He TOSSES a NEWSPAPER on the table (same one Sam showed Becky) and slides into the booth. GARTH pulls it close-- reading...

DEAN  
So, here's what we got-- lotto winner cashed-in by a truck. And Dennis Quaid from THE ROOKIE gets perforated with baseballs...

Garth SCANS the paper-- looking right at the HEADLINE:  
"Junior Salesman leapfrogs to CEO at Liberty Insurance."

Garth stares a beat-- Then pops the paper open. He LAUGHS.

GARTH  
Oh, Maramaduke. You crazy.

OFF Dean-- this could be rough.

INT. CEO WAITING ROOM - DAY

A well-dressed, high tone woman, MARSHA (late-20s) is BERATING her husband's SECRETARY (30s, meek)-- foisting a stack of INVITATIONS in her face.

MARSHA  
Are you trying to humiliate me?  
(then)  
My name's spelled wrong-- It's  
Marsha with an s-h-a, not c-i-a.

Then-- the CEO's OFFICE DOOR swings open, revealing a Sam and Becky (dressed casual, like JOURNALISTS). Dean's face falls--

GARTH  
(whispering)  
Isn't that your--

DEAN  
(cutting him off)  
Yes.

(CONTINUED)

GARTH  
(sotto-voce)  
Awkward.

Dean SHOTS a fake-friendly NOD to Becky, who GLARES BACK--  
all the way out the door. He rises to meet Sam-- SIDEBAR.

SAM  
Dude's clean. Becky grilled him  
like a pro. Shoulda seen her in  
there-- real bulldog.

Dean's not buying that for a second.

SAM  
(re: Garth)  
Who's the rando?

DEAN  
Temp.

Sam NODS-- exchanges a nod with Garth, then exits.

INT. CEO'S OFFICE - DAY

Dean and Garth are with GREG BURROWS (late 20s). Dean has a  
small notepad to SCRIBBLE in. \*

BURROWS  
Throw a rock and you'll hit a  
reporter these days, eh? \*

Dean gives a CHUCKLE-- playing the *good ol' boy* routine. \*

DEAN  
Yeah, well, your's is a big story  
over at *Actuarial Insider*. \*

Burrows NODS, proud-- and leans back in his HUGE CHAIR. \*

BURROWS  
Go head-- shoot. \*

DEAN  
Okay, how'd you get the gig? \*

BURROWS  
Board came to me, asked if I wanted  
it-- said yes. \*

DEAN  
Right outta the blue. \*

(CONTINUED)

BURROWS \*

Pretty much. \*

DEAN \*

Any idea how the board landed on \*

you over your supervisors? \*

Burrows in CONFUSED by Dean's tone-- \*

BURROWS \*

Umm, they didn't say. \*

DEAN \*

Well, can you tell me what \*

qualifications you have to be CEO? \*

Burrows takes a pause-- EYES Dean carefully. \*

BURROWS \*

Say, fellas-- What's with the third \*

degree? \*

DEAN \*

Look, I'm gonna be frank with you, \*

Burrows. The story we're tracking \*

is people turning up dead after \*

achieving their wildest fantasies. \*

(then) \*

See the connection? \*

Burrows takes a beat on that-- genuinely concerned. \*

BURROWS \*

Can we talk off the record? \*

Dean looks to Garth-- Bingo. He sets his pad down. \*

BURROWS \*

Who said this job was my wildest \*

fantasy? \*

ON Dean-- at a loss. \*

BURROWS \*

I mean, I got execs jumping ship \*

left and right-- ticked-off that \*

were passed over. \*

He fingers a stack of paper-- RESIGNATION LETTERS. \*

(CONTINUED)

BURROWS

And just this morning our biggest  
client threatened to leave if I  
don't resign--

Garth is CONFUSED-- this isn't adding up.

GARTH

You're saying you didn't even want  
this job?

BURROWS

Hell, no... and if I'd have known  
the kind of trouble it'd cause I'd  
never have accepted it.

WHAM! The OFFICE DOOR swings open-- REVEALING Marsha.  
Burrows STARTLES-- this woman scares him.

MARSHA

Your secretary's an idiot. I'll be  
at the printers this afternoon.

BURROWS

(smiling nervous)  
Yes, Dear. Whatever you need.

SLAM! She shuts the door. ON Garth makes a connection--

GARTH

But your wife seems pretty stoked  
on the promotion, don't she?

BURROWS

Yeah, I've never seen her happier.  
(then)  
I have no idea how I'm gonna tell  
her I have to resign. The news is  
just gonna...

DEAN & GARTH

(together)  
Kill her?

Dean and Garth LOCK EYES-- finally on same wavelength.

INT. CEO'S OFFICE WAITING ROOM - DAY

Dean and Garth rush through the DOOR to see-- the CEO'S Wife  
about to get on the ELEVATOR.

DEAN

Mrs. Burrows!

(CONTINUED)

She stops-- STARTLED. Dean skids to a stop between her and the ELEVATOR-- flashing his PRESS BADGE. \*

DEAN \*  
We're covering a story for \*  
*Indemnification Weekly* and we'd \*  
like to talk to you about your \*  
Husband's promotion. \*

MARSHA \*  
Schedule it with my girl, I'm very \*  
busy-- \*

She tries to SKIRT him, Dean BLOCKS her-- \*

DEAN \*  
(polite, but serious) \*  
Ma'am, there's an accident waiting \*  
to happen to you out there. \*  
Please, just give us a few minutes. \*

Marsha's eyes NARROW-- \*

MARSHA \*  
Are you threatening me? \*

DEAN \*  
No, I'm pointing out a pattern. \*  
(then, exasperated) \*  
Why do people always think I'm \*  
threatening them when I'm warning \*  
them?!

MARSHA \*  
I'm sure I don't know what you're \*  
talking about. Now kindly move, or \*  
I'll have security do it for you.

They EYEFUCK for a beat-- then she PUSHES him aside and walks through the door. OFF Dean-- frustrated.

INT. BECKY'S APARTMENT - DAY

We pick back up with Sam, studying the HUNTER WALL in Becky's apartment-- he's removing the CEO from the wall.

SAM \*  
Nothing but dead ends, so far... \*  
Something's not adding up.

Becky nods listlessly-- TWEETING.

(CONTINUED)

BECKY  
It's okay, honey. I'm sure we'll  
get a break any minute now.  
(then, tweeting aloud)  
"Soon as we're done working--  
romantic honeymoon getaway!"

\*  
\*

Then-- another SHARP PAIN hits Sam. He stumbles back-- She whips her head up to see him holding his head, woozy. OH, NO!

Becky reaches for her purse to pull the VIAL-- but it's EMPTY. OFF Becky-- PANICKING.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING LOBBY - DAY

The elevator opens and the CEO'S wife strides out, on her CELL PHONE. And we reveal JACKSON, hidden in a corner of the lobby, eyeing an ENORMOUS CHANDELIER, high above.

Jackson WAGS his finger, causing it to SWAY! Marsha stops beneath the CHANDELIER, oblivious.

MARSHA  
(into cell phone)  
Will you please bring the damn car  
around. I'm not walking five  
blocks in my heels.

ON JACKSON: a flick of his wrist, and suddenly, the CHAIN holding the chandelier SNAPS and it PLUMMETS-- about to crush her! Marsha SCREAMS-- frozen with FEAR.

THEN-- Dean LUNGES in and TACKLES her, pushing her out of the way! The Chandelier SHATTERS across the floor of the LOBBY--

INT. OFFICE BUILDING LOBBY - LATER

MOMENTS LATER: Marsha STARES at the CHANDELIER AFTERMATH-- Hands SHAKING, she brings a cup of water to her lips.

MARSHA  
That could have been me--  
(then, to Dean)  
How did you know?

\*  
\*  
\*

DEAN  
All I know is that you aren't the  
first evidence of this. Why don't  
you tell us what happened?

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

Marsha heaves a heavy sigh--

\*

(CONTINUED)



MARSHA \*  
I feel so stupid. \*  
(then) \*  
I was at lunch with some friends, \*  
and this guy overhead me bitching-- \*  
and next thing I know he's making \*  
me an offer. \*

DEAN \*  
An offer for what? \*

MARSHA \*  
Greg's promotion for my soul. I \*  
thought it was hilarious, so I said \*  
yes. What did I have to lose? \*

Dean shoots a KNOWING LOOK to Garth--

DEAN  
Crossroads demon.

Garth gives a TACIT NOD-- But something's not adding up.

GARTH \*  
Thing is, Demon Deals are usually \*  
ten years, ain't they? \*

MARSHA  
That's right, he said a decade.

GARTH \*  
So, how come the bills are coming \*  
due so fast? \*

DEAN  
I dunno, but I've got a bad feeling  
about who's next.  
(then)  
We gotta find Sam-- pronto.

INT. BECKY'S KITCHEN - DAY

Becky speed-dials GUY: VOICE MAIL!

BECKY  
Guy, we need to meet up, fast! I'm  
losing Sam--

Then, she looks up to see-- Sam in the DOORWAY--

SAM  
Becky!?! What's happening?

(CONTINUED)

"Season 7..."  
CONTINUED:

Writers' 2nd Draft

08/12/11 25.

Becky paints on a NERVOUS SMILE and CLOCKS the WAFFLE IRON.

BECKY

Don't you remember, Sam? We're  
married, now.

Sam's MEMORY is jostled-- he's starting to come around.

SAM

Becky, whatever you did to me, you  
have to tell me right now.

Becky backs up, still in denial. Sam shakes her off, pulls  
his phone out--

SAM

I'm calling Dean.

WHANG! The WAFFLE IRON comes outta nowhere and BRAINS Sam--  
knocking him silly! He TIMBERS back to the floor--  
UNCONSCIOUS.

BLACKOUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT. CABIN BEDROOM - DAY

CLOSE ON: SAM WINCHESTER, he lies in a bed--head on a trout-shaped pillow-- sleeping peacefully. Damn near angelic.

WIDEN to reveal Sam's tucked in under fish-themed sheets, with a pair of STUFFED ANIMALS on either side of him.

Sam's eyes FLUTTER OPEN, he lets out a GROAN and tries to roll to one side-- but Sam CAN'T MOVE!

POP WIDE: Sam's arms and legs are TIED to the bed! He shifts, trying to wrench himself free-- NO DICE.

BECKY leans in anxious-- happy that he's awake.

BECKY

Do you feel concussion-y? How many fingers am I holding up?

She flashes three digits, Sam shakes his head-- struggling.

SAM

Where am I? What the Hell's going on?

BECKY

Sam... just calm down.

ON SAM. Memories rushing back.

SAM

Calm-- you hog-tied me, you--  
(a sickened beat)  
Becky, why am I not wearing pants?

BECKY

They're very constricting.

Sam frowns, he's HAD ENOUGH.

SAM

Let me go. Now.

Becky IGNORES THAT, fidgeting with the EMPTY VIAL on one hand, a CELLPHONE in the other. Barely holding it together.

BECKY

Are you thirsty? You're probably thirsty, or-- do you need a bottle? To, you know, "tinkle" in? It's okay if you do. I can help.

(CONTINUED)

Sam GRIMACES at that, as-- BZZT! Becky's phone CHIRPS.

BECKY  
Finally!

She moves for the door.

SAM  
Becky, don't-- Becky!

But Becky's already GONE.

INT. CABIN FRONT ROOM - DAY

Becky sits at a table, LAPTOP open in front of her. She punches up SKYPE-- and a picture of GUY fills her screen.

BECKY  
Where have you been?!

\*  
\*

GUY  
I got your messages. Problem?

BECKY  
Big problem. I'm at my parents' cabin-- I've got Sam tied to a bed--

GUY  
Nice.

BECKY  
No, not nice. I'm out of potion.

GUY  
Ah, so less Mapplethorpe, more Misery?

BECKY  
I just need a refill, okay? This isn't exactly what I had in mind for my honeymoon-- well, some of it is, but not in this context-- and--

GUY  
Becky, breathe.

\*

She goes silent, quietly freaking out. Guy SMIRKS.

GUY  
Meet me in an hour, we'll work something out, okay?

INT. CABIN BEDROOM - DAY

Becky enters, Sam's GLARING at her.

SAM  
You dosed me with a love potion.

BECKY  
How--

SAM  
Thin walls.

Becky moves for the night stand, grabbing her keys.

BECKY  
Look, yes, I used a social  
lubricant to--

SAM  
You roofied me!

BECKY  
(defensive)  
We had a great time together, Sam.  
You were happy.

Sam raises his ROPED hand, grim.

SAM  
Yeah, I'm thrilled. \*

Becky looks away, feeling guilty.

BECKY  
I have to go.

SAM  
You know your pal Guy is ice'ing  
all those lucky sons of bitches,  
right? \*  
(then) \*  
My guess? He's a witch. \*

ON BECKY. Eyes wide... *what the fuck??* \*

BECKY  
No he's not! Guy's a Wiccan, he  
helps people!

SAM  
So he is a witch. \*

(CONTINUED)

BECKY

But... not like the Desperate  
Housewives in "Malleus Maleficarum,"  
or those Halloween weirdos. Guy's a  
good witch, like in "Wizard of Oz."

\*  
\*

SAM

No such thing.

ON BECKY. She shakes her head, can't accept that.

BECKY

You're wrong... whatever we're  
Hunting, it's... something else.

SAM

Becky, it's never something else.  
You've read the... us books--

\*

BECKY

All sixty that got published, plus  
a bunch more Chuck sent me. They  
really hold up.

SAM

Uhunh, and do any of them have two  
weird things going on in a town at  
the same time?

Becky takes a beat... can't think of one.

SAM

There's always one creep, and  
that's who we gank.

\*

BECKY

You usually dress it up a little  
more, but...

SAM

Guy's the creep, Becky. And you're  
on his list.

\*

BECKY

No... he's my friend.

SAM

He's your dealer. Not the same thing.  
(then)  
I don't know what he's charging you  
for that Spanish Fly--

(CONTINUED)

BECKY  
("gotcha!")  
Nothing. He gives it to me.  
(then)  
And Guy... he said the stuff  
wouldn't even work unless you  
really loved me.  
(secretly)  
Maybe?

\*  
\*

ON SAM. Wasn't expecting that.

SAM  
You think I love you?

BECKY  
Deep, deep down.

SAM  
Then untie me.

ON BECKY. Considering that, she takes a long beat, then--

JAMS a rolled-up towel into Sam's mouth, GAGGING HIM.

BECKY  
You're still working through your  
emotions.

Becky moves for the door, as Sam WRITHES on the bed-- letting  
out a MUFFLED (CW-FRIENDLY) PROFANITY.

SAM  
Uj ou!

\*

BECKY  
I love you, too!

\*

She blows him a kiss, and EXITS.

EXT. RESTAURANT - DAY

\*

To establish. On the marquee-- under "Welcome Class of 2001"--  
- "Reunion Tonight!" has been written.

\*

\*

INT. RESTAURANT - DAY

GUY steps from the BANQUET ROOM, passing a WAITER carrying a  
bowl of PUNCH.

\*

\*

GUY  
Put it on the table, next to the  
name-tags.

\*

\*

\*

(CONTINUED)

The waiter nods, and enters the hall, leaving guy ALONE-- \*

He turns-- as the door opens, and Becky steps inside. Guy  
clocks her, smiles. \*

GUY \*

Over here. \*

He motions to a BOOTH, two glasses and a fifth of GOOD SCOTCH \*

on the table. Guy takes a seat, Becky slides in facing him-- \*

looking worn and anxious. \*

GUY \*

Tough day?

BECKY

You have no idea.

GUY

Drink?

He holds up the bottle of whiskey. Becky shakes her head. \*

GUY

I get it, you're not here for a  
shot of Jack. You're chasing a  
shot of love.

He produces a VIAL of LOVE POTION. Becky REACHES for it--

But Guy PULLS the vial away, keeping it just out of reach.

GUY

Uh-uh, we're past the free sample  
stage. Let's talk price.

ON BECKY as that hits her hard.

BECKY

But... I thought we were besties.

GUY

Oh, honey, that is just so  
depressingly pathetic. So...  
"Becky."

BECKY

Why are you being mean?

GUY \*

Because playtime's over.

ON BECKY. She gulps-- gives in.

(CONTINUED)



BECKY

You want me to pay, fine. Do you  
take Diner's Club?

GUY

No, but I will take your soul.

Guy blinks, and his eyes FLASH RED! Becky jerks back. \*

BECKY

You're a crossroads demon.

GUY

Bingo bango.

BECKY

And you came here for me?

GUY

Wow, ego much? I'm here for that.

He points to the "Welcome Class of 2001!" banner hanging over  
the banquet hall door. \*

GUY

I love reunions. Everyone's trying  
to make up for lost time, and a few  
schlubs are always willing to sign  
on the dotted line for money,  
power, hair--

(a shrug)

Whatever it takes to impress the  
head cheerleader-- who's packed on  
thirty pounds, but is still  
nostalgically bangable.

Becky takes that in, putting the pieces together.

BECKY

Sam was right. That guy who won  
the lottery-- the baseball player--  
you killed them.

GUY

For legal reasons, let's just say  
they had unfortunate accidents.

BECKY

So what? I hand over my soul, and the  
next day a piano falls on my head? \*

GUY

Oh that won't happen to you. Promise. \*

(CONTINUED)

BECKY \*  
(not buying a word) \*  
I'm not stupid.

GUY  
But you are special, sweetie. In  
fact, you're the most important  
client I've got.

He seems SINCERE. Becky shifts, wary. \*

BECKY  
I am?

GUY \*  
Look, I wasn't exactly thrilled to \*  
see your new hubby is Sam freakin' \*  
Winchester, okay? \*

BECKY \*  
You know Sam? \*

GUY \*  
I know his reputation, and it's \*  
very... stabby. \*  
(then) \*  
If he knew I was here-- if he knew \*  
what I am, Sam would-- \*

BECKY \*  
Gank your ass. \*

GUY \*  
Yes. And I'm very protective of my \*  
ass. It's my best feature. \*

He leans in, deadly serious. \*

GUY \*  
So, I'm not offering you the usual \*  
ten years, we're talking twenty five. \*  
Guaranteed. No pianos, no double- \*  
crosses. Just Sammy, 24/7/365. \*

ON BECKY. Struggling with that. \*

BECKY \*  
For my soul. \*

GUY \*  
And your promise to never breathe a \*  
word of this to the Winchesters. \*

(CONTINUED)

Becky absorbs that, swallows hard. Guy reaches across the table, putting one hand over Becky's. \*

GUY  
No one gets a deal like this, \*  
Becky. Not kings, not popes-- I \*  
snap my fingers, and Sam will love  
you for the rest of your life.

ON BECKY. She's so tempted...

BECKY  
I... think I'll have that drink now.

Guy smiles, pours a shot. Becky downs it, WINCING, as Guy slides her the VIAL OF LOVE POTION.

GUY  
Go home, take Paul Bunyan for another \*  
test-drive, and when you're ready to  
buy, you know where I'll be.

Becky stares down at the vial for a long beat. Then she TAKES IT, and walks out the door.

ON GUY. He flashes a big, self-satisfied smile and turns-- to see JACKSON sitting opposite him. Visibly ANXIOUS. \*

JACKSON  
You knew Sam and Dean were in town? \*  
And you didn't tell me-- you didn't \*  
make a run for state lines?! \*

GUY  
Why would I? \*

Jackson shakes his head, heart going a mile a minute. \*

JACKSON  
You got the memo, right? \*  
(quoting) \*  
Urgent, from the King himself: \*  
Fifty mile no fly zone around the \*  
Winchesters. You see them, you  
smoke out. Period.

GUY  
Jackson--

JACKSON  
I'm hitting the East Coast. You  
should too--

He starts to rise-- WHAM! Guy waves his hand, and Jackson is \*  
SLAMMED back into his seat by an UNSEEN FORCE. \*

GUY \*  
When I want your opinion... I'll  
never want your opinion. \*

ON JACKSON. Struggling. His eyes FLASH BLACK! He's a demon! \*

JACKSON  
But... Crowley...

GUY \*  
Crowley, Crowley, Crowley. Have  
you even met the Man, kiddo? \*

JACKSON  
... no.

GUY \*  
No, because you're entry level.  
But me? I've had brunch with him. \*  
Twice.

He leans back, at ease. \*

GUY \*  
And let me tell you what Crowley  
likes: everything bagels, mimosas, \*  
and go-getters who don't let  
anything stand in their way. \*

JACKSON  
If he finds out--

GUY  
It'll be promotions all around.  
You might even earn your red eyes.

ON JACKSON. It's clear that means a lot to him. \*

GUY \*  
Sam and Dean aren't a problem-- \*  
they're a problitunity. \*

JACKSON \*  
They-- what? \*

GUY \*  
Think about it: the Wonder Twins are \*  
at their best when they're together. \*  
Not when Sam's Hunting with wifey-poo, \*  
and Dean's flying solo. \*

(CONTINUED)

Jackson takes a beat, processing that. \*

JACKSON \*

So this is you covering your ass? \*

GUY \*

This is me cutting off their Truck  
Nuts. \*

(then) \*

And when I tell Crowley we broke up  
the Winchesters, do you really  
think he's going to care about one  
teeny-weeny little rule? \*

INT. BECKY'S APARTMENT - DAY

BAM! The door flies open, and DEAN stalks inside, shotgun up  
and ready. Garth's right behind. The place is DESERTED.  
Dean checks the KITCHEN, while Garth peers into the BEDROOM.

DEAN

Anything?

GARTH

Some stuff missing, clothes mostly. \*

DEAN

So maybe Sid and Nancy shagged ass?

GARTH \*

I don't-- wait, which kinda shag  
are we talking about? \*

ON DEAN he sighs and he moves into the kitchen. \*

DEAN

Just see if you can find anything  
about Becky's family, friends--

GARTH (O.S.)

She's got eleven Twitter... ers.

Dean turns, Garth's at Becky's COMPUTER-- TWITTER open.

GARTH

And her last post was: "Going for a  
romantic weekend with my hubbster!!!"  
Three exclamation points.

Dean scans the room, and sees-- A PHOTO: 10-year-old Becky  
Rosen holding a fish in front of a small CABIN on a lake.

(CONTINUED)

DEAN

That look romantic to you?

GARTH

Hell no. But, I mean, I got a  
thing about fish.

(a shiver)

Dead eyes, man. Dead eyes...

Dean ignores that, reaching for the picture. MATCH CUT TO--

EXT. CABIN - DAY

A STOCK SHOT of the same cabin.

INT. CABIN BEDROOM - DAY

SAM works his wrists, trying to get FREE. The rope around  
his left hand starts to FRAY, almost has it--

FOOTSTEPS echo in the other room. Sam goes still. TENSE.  
The door opens-- and BECKY slumps inside.

BECKY

This isn't how I imagined my  
reunion going.

(then)

I was gonna show you off. I mean, no  
one knows who you are-- Supernatural's  
not exactly... popular-- but you're  
pretty, and nice, and...

(softer)

They'd all think I was happy.

Sam MUMBLES something through his GAG, he's not happy.

BECKY

You're mad, I get it, but--

She FLOPS down onto the bed, resting her head on Sam's chest.

BECKY

Can we talk?

Sam ROLLS HIS EYES-- TRAPPED. Becky sighs, getting real.

BECKY

I... I know you don't love me, not  
even deep, deep down. And-- I know  
what I am, okay?

ON BECKY. Downbeat. Coming clean.

(CONTINUED)

BECKY

I'm a loser. In school, in life.  
I guess that's why I like you so  
much.

(quickly)

Not that you're a loser, but you've  
just had this whole big character  
arc about being a freak, and... I  
can relate.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

Sam MUMBLES something. Less angry, more understanding.

BECKY

Honestly, the only place people  
ever understood me was on the  
message boards.

(a smile)

Then I got to meet you guys-- the  
real Sam and Dean-- and started  
dating Chuck. And all of a sudden,  
everything was... amazing.

\*  
\*

Becky's smile fades.

BECKY

But... you left, and Chuck dumped  
me because he quote had too much  
respect for me unquote.

(a snort)

I think he was just intimidated by  
my vibrant sexuality.

(then)

The books even stopped coming out  
and... what was I supposed to do?

\*  
\*

Sam gives another MUMBLE. Becky sits up, uneasy.

BECKY

I did, I tried to get back out  
there. I Jdate'd, but... who can  
compete with this?

She makes a sweeping motion to Sam.

BECKY

Plus all the guys I met either  
didn't grok me, or tried to change  
me, or... it was always something.

(a sigh)

I just want someone who loves me  
for me, is that too much to ask?

Sam gives a long MUMBLE. Becky removes his gag.

(CONTINUED)

BECKY

What?

SAM

If you want a guy to love you for  
you, maybe don't drug them.

Becky FLINCHES at that, at the end of her rope. \*

BECKY \*

But I want you! And this-- it's  
the only way! \*

She takes the VIAL from her pocket. Sam clocks it. \*

SAM

Becky... you're better than this. \*

OFF BECKY, staring at the vial in her hands, not so sure...

INT. RESTAURANT - BANQUET HALL - NIGHT \*

The reunion's OVER-- empty dishes and half-eaten food  
everywhere. GUY steps through the door--

To see BECKY standing by a table. Alone. Nursing a drink.

GUY

Becks! You missed the party!

He moves to her, Becky downs another gulp.

BECKY \*

Yeah, well-- weird night. \*

GUY \*

I'll bet. So, what are we thinking?

ON BECKY. She takes a long, pained beat, then--

BECKY

I'm in.

BLACKOUT.

END OF ACT THREE



ACT FOUR

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Becky and Guy, right where we left them.

GUY  
You're making the right choice.

BECKY  
I know.

Becky bows her head, CONFLICTED. Guy wrinkles his nose.

GUY  
You reek of booze. Are you drunk?

BECKY  
Kinda had to be for this.

Guy gives a nod. Becky sets her drink down, her other hand is curled into a FIST.

BECKY  
So... we seal the deal with a kiss?

GUY  
Exactly. Pucker up, sweetheart.

He LEANS IN-- FSH! Becky opens her fist, to reveal a LIGHTER! She flicks the Zippo to life-- \*

FOOSH! And DROPS IT to the ground-- FLAMES SHOOT UP! Guy jerks back, startled-- \*

ON GUY. He looks down, in SHOCK, as the flames fade away to reveal-- a DEVIL'S TRAP burned into the carpet!

ON BECKY. Big, triumphant smile!

BECKY  
I'm not your sweetheart, assclown!

SAM, DEAN and GARTH emerge from the shadows.

GUY  
What-- how--

Garth holds up a bottle of EVERCLEAR, with pour spout.

GARTH  
Everclear, the answer to all life's problems.

(CONTINUED)

Becky scampers back, shoots Sam a grin.

BECKY  
You see that Sam? I did it just  
like we said! I'm awesome! I--

Sam gives her a DARK LOOK, clearly all's not forgiven.

BECKY  
I'll be over here...

She slinks back, as Dean steps to Guy, holding the DEMON  
KILLING KNIFE. The demon stares at him, oddly relaxed.

GUY  
Dean Winchester, how exciting. Can  
I have your autograph?

DEAN  
Sure, I'll carve it into your spleen.

SAM  
We know all about the scam you're  
running: people sign a ten year  
deal, then you snuff them a couple  
of days later.

GUY  
No I don't. Rules of the road: I  
can't touch a hair on any client. \*

DEAN \*

So how are you cheating the game? \*

ON GUY. That hits home. Wounds his pride.

GUY  
I'm not a cheater, I'm an innovator.

DEAN \*

Right, you're Edison with a dye-job.

GUY  
It's called a loophole, dickbag.  
(then, simply)  
Yes, when a person bargains away  
his soul, technically he has a  
decade. But accidents happen.

SAM  
What do you mean?

(CONTINUED)

GUY

Look at Attila the Hun, that little  
spaz traded his eternal flame to  
become the world's greatest warrior.

(a shrug)

And six years later, he died of a  
nosebleed.

GARTH

Cocaine's a helluva drug.

GUY

Point is, his soul still ended up  
in the Pit.

SAM

So you're arranging "accidents,"  
and collecting early?

GUY

I told you, I'm white-gloves--  
don't get my hands dirty.

(then)

That's why it's so nice to have a  
capable intern.

BAM! Becky and the Hunters are thrown back by a wave of FORCE!

Dean hits the ground, the KNIFE SKITTERING from his grasp.  
Dean looks up-- to see JACKSON scuffs the DEVIL'S TRAP--  
FREEING GUY!

ON SAM. He stumbles to his feet, turning to BECKY who just  
stares. Stunned.

SAM

Becky! Run!

She snaps out of it, races for the door, as the DEMONS close  
on the THREE HUNTERS. Garth let's out a YELL-- CHARGES IN--

Guy makes a "sideways" motion-- BAM! Garth's body BENDS to  
one side, his HEAD slamming into a TABLE. Garth slumps to  
the ground-- OUT COLD.

ON SAM. He DIVES for the knife. Jackson clocks that,  
wiggles his fingers-- and the blade SLIDES out of reach.

WHAM! Sam hits the ground, rolls onto his back-- and sees  
Jackson advancing on him. All smiles.

ON GUY. He turns-- KRAK! And DEAN slugs him.

(CONTINUED)

"Season 7..."  
CONTINUED: (3)

Writers' 2nd Draft

08/12/11 43.

DEAN

*Exorcizamus te, omnis immundus...*

WHUD! Guy shoves Dean into the wall, supernaturally strong.

ON SAM. Jackson JERKS him up, holding Sam's shirt. He HITS Sam once, twice-- BAM! BAM!

Sam's eyes roll back into his head, he's just about to lose consciousness when--

THUK! The tip of the DEMON KILLING KNIFE stabs through Jackson's chest. He SPARKS OUT! DEAD!

Jackson's corpse falls to reveal-- BECKY! Standing behind him. Eyes wide. A heroic moment!

BECKY

Whoa.

Sam grabs the knife from Jackson's back, SIDEARMING it to--

DEAN, who catches the knife in mid-air (and from OFF-SCREEN). Dean whips the blade around, putting it to GUY'S NECK. The demon goes STILL. Doesn't dare move.

DEAN

How many deals you got cooking in this town, Madoff?

GUY

Fifteen.

DEAN

Call them off, or I cut my own loophole in your friggin' neck.

GUY

Crap.

DEAN

Yeah, you're in a world'a--

But Guy's not looking at Dean, he's looking PAST the Hunter. Dean turns, following Guy's eyes, and sees--

CROWLEY standing at the center of the room.

CROWLEY

Hello, boys.

DEAN

Crap.

(CONTINUED)

Sam moves PROTECTIVELY in front of Becky. Crowley smiles, touching his RING FINGER.

CROWLEY  
Sam, mazel tov. Who's the lucky lady?

BECKY peers out from behind Sam, having a FAN-GIRL MOMENT.

BECKY  
You're Crowley.

CROWLEY  
And you're-- well, I'm sure you have a wonderful personality, dear.

Becky's face falls. Crowley wheels toward Dean.

DEAN  
One more step, and I Colombian necktie your buttboy here.

CROWLEY  
Why let him off that easy?

Dean takes a beat-- *wasn't expecting that*. Guy's SWEATING.

GUY  
Sir, I--

CROWLEY  
I know exactly what you're doing. A little birdie named...  
(checks his iPhone)  
Jackson sold you out-- e-mailed all the juicy deets to my suggestion box.

His eyes go to JACKSON'S CORPSE. \*

CROWLEY  
I assume that's my whistle-blower? Shame, kid had a future. \*  
(then, to Guy)  
Unfortunately, you don't.

GUY  
I was just--

CROWLEY  
(waving him off)  
I like to think I'm a different kind of Devil. More down to Earth, in touch with the common demon.  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CROWLEY (CONT'D)

(then)

You want to bathe virgin blood? Fine.  
Looking to feast on baby guts? I'll pass  
the A-1. We even have casual Fridays.

DEAN

You in a Hawaiian shirt and flip-  
flops. That'll give me nightmares.

CROWLEY

I've only got one rule: You make a  
deal, you keep it.

\*  
\*

SAM

Wait-- you've boned us like ten  
times.

\*  
\*

CROWLEY

But you knew you were getting  
boned, darling. No sneak attacks.

GUY

Technically, I didn't--

Crowley wheels on him, flashing ANGER!

CROWLEY

Technically, sod off! There's a  
reason we don't call our chits in  
early: consumer confidence!

GUY

I was helping our bottom line. I  
thought you'd be happy.

CROWLEY

Do I look bloody happy?! This isn't  
Wall Street, it's Hell. We have a  
little something called integrity!

Guy goes silent, Crowley stalks toward him.

CROWLEY

If it got out we were cooking our  
books-- who'd sign a contract with  
us? Nobody! And then where are we?

GUY

I... don't know.

(CONTINUED)

CROWLEY

Of course you don't. Because you're a stupid, short-sighted little prat.

(to Dean)

Hand the jackass over, and I'll cancel every deal he's made.

Sam and Dean trade surprised looks.

SAM

What are you going to do with him?

CROWLEY

Get creative. I'm going to make an example of our friend here.

(then)

Give him to me, and everyone goes their separate ways. No harm done.

\*  
\*

DEAN

You think we're gonna let you walk?

CROWLEY

I think you'll do what it takes to save fifteen pure, human souls.

\*  
\*  
\*

ON DEAN. He knows Crowley's right.

\*

CROWLEY

And as a bonus, I'm going to allow you to scamper off, precious.

\*  
\*  
\*

SAM

Out of the goodness of your heart?

\*  
\*

CROWLEY

(a laugh)

After years of having demons nipping at your heels, you haven't seen one of my worker bees for months. Ever wonder why?

DEAN

Been a little busy.

CROWLEY

Hunting Leviathans, I know. That's why I've told my lads to steer clear of you meatheads.

(to Guy)

Another rule you broke.

(CONTINUED)

SAM

What do you know about--

CROWLEY

Enough. Too much, really. You met  
that Dick yet? I haven't seen a  
smugger tub of goo since Mussolini.

\*  
\*

Sam and Dean trade a look-- *Dick?*

\*

CROWLEY

I hate the bastards. So kill them  
all, and I'll stay out of your way.  
What do you say?

ON DEAN. He's not sure. A beat, Crowley sighs.

CROWLEY

Getting bored. Deal's off the  
table in 3... 2...

\*  
\*

DEAN

Rip up the contracts first.

\*

He GIVES IN, Crowley SNAPS his fingers.

CROWLEY

Done and done. Your turn.

Dean PUSHES Guy to Crowley, who raises a hand-- PAK! And a  
line of BLACK SMOKE shoots from Guy's mouth, slamming into  
Crowley's palm. He gives it a YANK and Guy's body JERKS  
toward him-- a PUPPET on a thick black string.

CROWLEY

Come along, Fido.

\*  
\*

He turns to Sam and Dean.

\*

CROWLEY

Pleasure as always, gentlemen--  
(to Becky, a bow)  
Lady.  
(a final smirk)  
The King has left the building.

\*  
\*  
\*

WIDEN. Crowley and Guy are GONE. OFF SAM AND DEAN-- uneasy--

BLACKOUT.

END OF ACT FOUR



ACT FIVE

INT. BECKY'S APARTMENT - DAY

CLOSE ON: A stack of DIVORCE PAPERS. A pen slides into frame, signing the name: "Sam Winchester."

Sam PUSHES the papers to BECKY, who sits across the table. She's twitchy, on edge.

BECKY  
I'm sorry, Sam. It... it wasn't  
all bad, right?

SAM  
Sign the paper. \*

Becky's face falls. Genuinely hurt. Sam FEELS for her.

SAM  
But... you saved my life. Thanks.

BECKY  
(brightening)  
So I'll see you again?

SAM  
Yeah, probably not.

Becky nods, fair enough, and SIGNS THE PAPER. Sam takes it, stands. Becky gives a PATHETIC SIGH. Sam takes a beat, turns--

SAM  
Look, Becky, you're not a loser.  
You're a good person, and you've  
got a lot of... energy.  
(then)  
Just get off the Internet, find  
something you really love, and do  
it. Everything else will fall into  
place-- even the right guy.

We PAN TO THE DOOR-- where DEAN and GARTH stand. Garth shoots Becky a look, smoothes his hair.

DEAN  
No.

EXT. ROADSIDE - DAY

DEAN'S CAR sits parked behind a primer colored EL CAMINO. Dean and Garth stand next to it, saying goodbye.

(CONTINUED)

DEAN  
Garth, you... don't suck.

GARTH  
That's the nicest thing anyone's  
ever said to me.

He pulls Dean into a HUG. Holding a little too long.

GARTH  
This feels so right.

DEAN  
Okay... down Slingblade.

They part. Garth moves to his car, Sam tosses Dean a beer.

SAM  
Aw, you made a friend.

Dean shoots him a look, as Garth PEELS OUT. The boys drink.

SAM  
Dean, what I said before-- that  
wasn't me. I need you watching my  
back. Obviously.

DEAN  
When a crazy groupie attacks, or  
you've got a gun to your head, I  
come in pretty handy. Otherwise...  
(hard for him to admit)  
You're in a good place, Sammy. And  
that's cool. That's great.

Sam gives him a smile.

SAM  
Thanks. I mean... you've spent  
your whole life looking out for me,  
and now-- you can just take care of  
yourself. About time, huh?

DEAN  
Yeah. Sure.

Dean turns away, secretly DREADING THAT, and we--

BLACKOUT.

TO BE CONTINUED...