

SUPERNATURAL

Episode #720

"The Girl With The
Dungeons And Dragons Tattoo"

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PRODUCTION DRAFT
FULL BLUE DRAFT

02/24/12
02/28/12

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Episode #720 "The Girl With The Dungeons And Dragons Tattoo"

REVISION HISTORY

Revision	Date	Revised Pages
Production Draft - White	02/24/12	Full Script
Blue Revisions	02/28/12	Full Script

Episode #720 "The Girl With The Dungeons And Dragons Tattoo"

CAST LIST

SAM WINCHESTER
DEAN WINCHESTER

JARED PADALECKI
JENSEN ACKLES

BOBBY SINGER
RICHARD ROMAN

JIM BEAVER
JAMES PATRICK STEWART

BILL
CHARLENE "CHARLIE" BRADBURY
HARRY
NIGHT GUARD (*now non-speaking*)
PETE
VICTOR

Episode #720 "The Girl With The Dungeons And Dragons Tattoo"

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Script Security:

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SUPERNATURAL
"The Girl with the Dungeons and Dragons Tattoo"

TEASER

FADE IN:

1 EXT. RUFUS'S CABIN - DAY (DAY 1) 1

Stock shot to establish.

SAM (PRELAP)
I hear you-- thanks for looking.

2 INT. RUFUS'S CABIN - CONTINUOUS 2

SAM and DEAN work a hunters' wall, filled with info about obscure locations worldwide-- sites where Dick Roman has been funding archaeological digs. Sam hangs up his phone.

SAM
Nora didn't see a pattern to the dig sites either.

From a privileged, hand-held POV, we sneak up on the boys...

DEAN
And I got nothing on local lore
fifty miles in every direction of
any of 'em.
(then)
What the hell is Dick looking for?

The POV moves in on Sam and Dean, about to strike-- JUMP SCARE as the lights FLICKER! The boys draw their guns, spinning to find... BOBBY. Ghost Bobby, that is. Looks rough.

BOBBY
Go easy, ya idjits.

The boys lower their guns. Wary.

BOBBY
Sorry for the jump scare.

Dean holds up Bobby's old flask.

DEAN
So how's this work, I leave the cap
off and you genie your way out?

(CONTINUED)

BOBBY

I wish it were that easy. Thing is--

And with that, Bobby ghost-fritzes out of the room.

SAM

Bobby?

DEAN

Awesome.

A beat, and then Bobby reappears. He looks frustrated. If he had any color, we'd see he's embarrassed.

BOBBY

Dammit. Hard to stay focused.
Still kinda worn out.

DEAN

(dry)

Well, you been busy for a dead guy.

BOBBY

Alright. Look. Don't know how long I got till my next ghost nap, so lemme skip to the skinny: let's talk about those numbers I gave you.

DEAN

The empty lot in Cheeseville?

BOBBY

Ain't gonna be empty long. I got a gander at Dick's big plan, right before he Lincoln'd me. They're breaking ground on Wisconsin-- what month is it?

*
*
*

SAM

April.

BOBBY

So, ground's broke. They're building as we yammer.

(off their startle)

Check for yourself. It's alright. You missed it 'cause you been a little busy killing ghosts, past few days.

Sam grabs his laptop, gets typing. Meets Dean's eyes. Yup.

(CONTINUED)

BOBBY

Dick's about to get into the
Soylent Green business.

DEAN

Come again?

BOBBY

(re: Sam's computer)
That site'll tell ya they're
building a biotech lab. Right?
(Sam nods)
Biotech my ass. Sucker's a state-
of-the-art slaughterhouse. And
we're the beef.

*

Sam and Dean exchange a look.

SAM

Don't you think that's a little
bold, even for Dick-- I mean--

BOBBY

Not if it's step three. Step one,
dumb us all down with turducken-
type munchies. Make us docile.

DEAN

Not that we been in a Biggersons
since that whole fiasco, but--

*

BOBBY

(please)

Biggersons. He's bought a list of
joints ten pages long. When he
rolls out the happy, we're talking
large scale.

*

(then)

Now. Step two, cure us.

SAM

Cure us from what?

BOBBY

All the biggies. Cancer, AIDS,
heart disease. Let's just say they
got an affinity for stem cell
research.

*

*

*

Sam and Dean swap a knowing, queasy look. Getting it:

(CONTINUED)

2 "The Girl..."
CONTINUED: (3)

Full Blue Draft

02/28/12 3A.

2

DEAN

Those Chomper real estate mooks
were building a cancer center.

*

(CONTINUED)

BOBBY

'Course. Make sure that meat's healthy and tender. They're not hunting anymore. They're grooming us. Engineering the perfect herd.
(shakes his head)

We gone up against plenty, liked to eat a few folk in the woods. This ain't that. This is kicking us off the top of the foodchain-- and everyone's too fat and dumb to notice. This is how them Levis live here forever, one-percenter style. While we march our asses to the shiny new death camps on every corner.

*
*
*
*
*

The boys let what Bobby just uncorked breathe.

Suddenly, Sam's laptop DINGS as he gets an email alert. Sam checks his email. Holy shit...

SAM

It's an email from *Frank*.

DEAN

He's alive?

BOBBY

Jackass always steals my thunder.

SAM

(reading the email)

"Sam and Dean: If you're reading this, I'm dead. Or worse. This email was sent because some prince is trying to hack into my hard drive right this second. So unless it's you, you got trouble."

Sam and Dean exchange a look. Not good. Sam keeps reading.

SAM

"My drive is full of compromising info-- your new aliases, hangouts, where you stored your car..."

DEAN

Baby.

(CONTINUED)

SAM

(skimming)

Okay, bad news is he says that even though his drive's protected up the ying-yang, gotta assume they'll hack in eventually.

(here we go)

Good news? He put a tracker inside it.

*
*

Sam pulls up an FTP site. A MAP comes onto the screen.

SAM

Alright, let's see where Frank's drive is now...

The MAP ZOOMS in on the suburbs of CHICAGO. Right into a building. The building is labeled RICHARD ROMAN ENTERPRISES.

DEAN

(dry yet worried)

Perfect. It's inside the Death Star.

Off the boys' best UH-OH faces, we--

BLACKOUT.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

SUPER TITLE: FIVE HOURS EARLIER

3 EXT. RICHARD ROMAN ENTERPRISES - DAY 3

The corporate phallus of Richard Roman Enterprises stands watch over the burbs of Chicago. Over this image, Katrina and the Waves' "Walking on Sunshine" busts onto the soundtrack.

Listening to the song, a pep in her step, is one CHARLENE "CHARLIE" BRADBURY. Hoodie. Over the ear headphones. She's playing on her phone, racking up points in a Words w/ Friends style game. She wears a T-Shirt that reads "I Solemnly Swear That I Am Up To No Good." (See Warner Bros. gift shop.)

4 INT. RICHARD ROMAN ENTERPRISES - LOBBY - CONTINUOUS 4

Charlie strides through the lobby. Swipes her ID. The SECURITY GUARD sees her name and pic pop up on his monitor.

5 INT. RICHARD ROMAN ENTERPRISES - ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS 5

Charlie enters an empty elevator, swipes her ID and hits LEVEL 4. The doors close. The song kicks in. And she just can't help herself. Totally rocks out in a private dance.

The elevator doors open, and in an instant, her dance is done, game face on now as Charlie makes her way into...

6 INT. RICHARD ROMAN ENTERPRISES - IT BULLPEN - CONTINUOUS 6

A small sea of cubicles, computers. Empty as the day begins.

Charlie beelines to her desk: busted printers, computers and a collection of bobble head dolls and figures. (NB: She's a huge Potter fan. Again: lots of that stuff, if we can swing it.) She pulls off her headphones, fires up her computers...

OFF CHARLIE, immediately LASER FOCUSED on her screen...

TIME CUT TO:

7 INT. RICHARD ROMAN ENTERPRISES - IT BULLPEN - LATER 7

Charlie's typing; little smirk on her face. When-- her plump, friendly co-worker HARRY saunters over, starting work for the day. The place now filling with workers.

*
*
*

HARRY

How'd it go last night?

(CONTINUED)

CHARLIE

Classified. *

HARRY

Charlie, I live in my parents' basement. It's a moral imperative that you let me live vicariously through you.

CHARLIE

Pictures or it didn't happen right?

Still typing with one hand, she pulls out her phone and hands it to him. Harry looks through her pictures. Makes an OMG face.

HARRY

You hooked up at a *charity* benefit?

CHARLIE

If you can't score at a reproductive rights function, then you simply can't score.

HARRY

Wait-- is that legal?

CHARLIE

(how dare you, sir)
We were two consenting adults.

HARRY

No. That.

Harry points at Charlie's computer screens. On one: a VERY LIBERAL ANIMAL RIGHTS website. On the other, a CONSERVATIVE CANDIDATE'S PAC site. The cause of Harry's agita is that Charlie is transferring several thousand dollars from the candidate, to the liberal cause.

HARRY

Why do you insist on breaking the law on company property?

CHARLIE

Faster internet connection here.

(CONTINUED)

HARRY

If Pete finds out, he's gonna fire you. Or have you arrested.

CHARLIE

Teddy Bear Pete? Please.

She leans in to tell Harry a secret. Harry gulps at her physical closeness.

CHARLIE

You do know I've been doing this stuff every day this month. I can cover my tracks, Harry, trust.

On cue, the door to Pete's office opens. PETE, bald and meek, pops his head out. His brow: furrowed.

PETE

Charlie! My office. Now.

Harry looks terrified. Goes full Empire as Charlie stands.

HARRY

I love you.

CHARLIE

I know.

Charlie heads to the office. Not worried.

8

INT. RICHARD ROMAN ENTERPRISES - PETE'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS 8

Charlie walks into Pete's office and instantly her calmness is gone. Leaning on Pete's desk is RICHARD ROMAN. He's smiling... but steely. Is she about to get fired? Eaten?

DICK ROMAN

Charlie Bradbury? Dick. Sit.

She does. She looks at Pete, who refuses to make eye contact. Charlie is left to squirm while Dick talks...

(CONTINUED)

DICK ROMAN

Charlie, I've been running things since, well, feels like before the dawn of man.

(private little smile)

Always had a vision. And finally, I'm close to that dream. Not to brag, but the world is my dinner plate.

(then)

I don't want anything to jeopardize that. Definitely not the actions of one tiny little person.

*

CHARLIE

Sir, I can fix this, please don't fire me.

*

A beat, as Dick stares at Charlie, surprised.

CHARLIE

I can change. I'm sorry.

Dick turns to Pete.

DICK ROMAN

What's she talking about?

(to Charlie)

Is that about hacking those superpacs? But-- that's adorable. Change you? In the immortal words of Billy Joel, I love you just the way you are.

*

Charlie looks to Pete. *What the H?* He gives her a 'beats me' shrug. Dick smiles. Softer now somehow.

DICK ROMAN

So, tell me, how's a high school drop-out end up one of the brightest minds at Roman Inc?

CHARLIE

Um... honestly...

(can't help being honest)

I've historically had this problem with authority, no offense, so I realized the only way to get away with being me was to be... um, as indispensable as possible? Sorry.

Dick shakes his head. Fascinated by Charlie.

(CONTINUED)

DICK ROMAN

You're kind of completing me right now Charlie.

(considers her)

See, you've got that spark. That thing that makes humans so special.

Charlie makes a face. Confused.

CHARLIE

...humans...?

DICK ROMAN

(continues, unruffled)

Not everyone has it, you know. Those people... can be replaced. But people like you... you're impossible to copy.

CHARLIE

(did he just say...)

Copy.

DICK ROMAN

Take the compliment.

He grabs a hard drive off Pete's desk. Frank's hard drive.

DICK ROMAN

This belonged to one Frank Devereaux. Speck thought he could take this company down.

(then)

He was wrong. Let's keep him wrong.

(hands her the drive)

It's encrypted, or firewalled, or whatever you crazy kids say these days.

(then)

Break it open, bring it to me. And let's mark this one ASAP, savvy?

Charlie looks at the drive. Weirded out but so fucking relieved not to be fired. Or under arrest.

CHARLIE

I'm on it. And thank you.

DICK ROMAN

You're welcome. You have three days or you're fired.

(CONTINUED)

Dick claps his hands together and stands. Meeting adjourned.

DICK ROMAN
Good talk.

Pete stands up as Dick strides out of the room. A beat.
Charlie looks at Pete. Both of them shell-shocked.

CHARLIE
Is this real life?

9 INT. RICHARD ROMAN ENTERPRISES - IT BULLPEN - DAY 9

Charlie walks back to her desk. Harry waits for her.

CHARLIE
Dick Roman gave me an assignment.

HARRY
Is that... good?

CHARLIE
It means the eye of Sauron is on
me.

HARRY
(eeeeek)
Well, if you need anything, I'll be
back in The Shire.

He flees. Charlie sits down. Looks at the Hermione Granger
action figure on her desk.

CHARLIE
Alright, H. It's you and me.

MONTAGE:

Charlie connects Frank's HD to her computer. A DOS CODE type *
window pops up onscreen. She begins to hack into the drive, *
each attempt ending in: ACCESS DENIED. She then recognizes
something... it's the same damn screen from...

CHARLIE
Waitasecond. Seriously? WarGames?

She enters in a password: JOSHUA. A line of text appears on
the screen, "GREETINGS PROFESSOR FALKEN." And then the simple
screen disappears, showing her Frank's desktop. Nailed it!

CHARLIE
Shall we play a game, bitches?
(to Hermione)
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
That was hardly the Chamber of
Secrets.

She mini-fist-bumps the figure, but then-- the screen GOES
STATIC. The following text appears: NICE TRY ZERO CHARISMA.

Then the screen goes blank. Crap.

CHARLIE
And... back to square one.

10 EXT. RUFUS'S CABIN - DAY 10 *

Stock shot again.

SAM (PRELAP)
Alright, let's see where Frank's
drive is now...

11 INT. RUFUS'S CABIN - MOMENTS LATER 11

Sam enters the password. A MAP comes onto the screen.

The MAP ZOOMS in on the suburbs of CHICAGO. Right into a
building. The building is labeled RICHARD ROMAN ENTERPRISES.

DEAN
Perfect. It's inside the Death
Star.

Sam and Dean exchange uh-oh faces, then Dean sighs.

DEAN
Okay, then. Off to Chicago.

BOBBY
Wait, you boys can't just break in
there. They know your mugs.
(considers)
Maybe you mail the flask in. I
ghost my way through the joint.
Not like Dick can kill me twice.
(off their looks)
What, you got a better plan?
(c'mon)
Just cause I'm dead don't mean I
forgot how to get the job done.

*

*

*

Sam and Dean exchange a brief glance. Not so sure about
that.

SAM
Bobby... that's Dick's office...

(CONTINUED)

DEAN

What Sam's trying to say is, what if
you see him and go all, you know--
vengeful. That ain't something you
shake off.

*

BOBBY

Gimme some credit, wouldja?
(off their awkwardness)
So, what, I'm just supposed to ride
the pine?

SAM

(sincere)
I'm sorry, Bobby.

The boys turn away to pack. Off Bobby, frustrated...

12 INT. RICHARD ROMAN ENTERPRISES - IT BULLPEN - DAY (DAY 2) 12

An exhausted Charlie is still at her computer. Empty energy
drinks litter her desk. Harry approaches.

HARRY

Did you go home last night?

Charlie gives him an exhausted, baleful look that expresses a
planet of frustration. Then goes right back to her screen.

HARRY

I'm getting us coffee. I assume
you want crack in yours.

Harry leaves. Charlie keeps at it. Suddenly, BING! The
firewall comes down. She sees Frank's desktop again.

CHARLIE

Finally!

The desktop is covered with all kinds of FOLDERS. Charlie
takes them in, and we catch file names in quick shots: THE
FEEB, MARCH OF DIMES, CLONES, MONSTERS, X-FILES, and so on.

CHARLIE

Who is this d-bag?

One file catches her attention. RICHARD ROMAN ENTERPRISES.

CHARLIE

Don't do it. Roman said bring it
right to him.

A moment as she considers what to do. She looks at Hermione.

(CONTINUED)

CHARLIE

You're right, H. You're always right.

She clicks on the ROMAN FILE.

Image after image pops onto her screen. Corporate takeovers, Turducken slammers, empty lots in Wisconsin and other states, archaeological dig sites, and finally one file about...

CHARLIE

The frak's a Leviathan?

QUICK POPS from the file answer her: BLACK GOO, SHAPE SHIFTERS, BORAX, etc, building to the revelation that the Leviathans have replaced Dick Roman.

PUSH IN ON CHARLIE... as she takes it all in. WTF.

Charlie gets up. Troubled. She heads over to Pete's office. It's empty. Harry walks by, hands her a coffee.

HARRY

How goes it?

CHARLIE

Pretty sure I spent the last 24 hours hacking into a loony bin. Where's Pete?

HARRY

Prolly snuck down to the garage for a smoky treat.

Pete heads to his car for his smokes. He jumps as his path is blocked by Dick Roman, who's walking with associate DARYL.

DICK ROMAN

How's it going with that drive?

Pete looks weirded out, but he plays through.

PETE

Uh, great. Charlie was here all night...

DICK ROMAN

Y'know, that drive means a lot to me. And we see Charlie as a long-term asset. So we'll want a watchful eye kept.

(CONTINUED)

PETE

Well, I will do just that.

DICK ROMAN

No. You won't.

(sighs)

Bruce Springsteen. Eli Manning.
And our own little Charlie. You
know what they are? Irreplaceable.

(then)

But you, Pete? You're more of a
Tim Tebow, Joe Biden type. There's
no spark in you. In fact, there's
nothing inside you except Daryl's
dinner.

Daryl GRABS Pete's hand. Pete looks on in shock as IN TIGHT
SHOT Daryl MORPHS into Pete! Before Pete can scream, his
clone's mouth stretches into a set of LEVIATHAN TEETH.

Blood splatters the wall. So long, Pete. Hello, Levi-Pete.

We PULL WAY BACK to reveal... from a discreet hiding spot--
Charlie just saw this. She's TERRIFIED. She silently flees.

INT. CHARLIE'S PLACE - APT 237 - LATER

Nerdsville. Comics, collectibles (in their boxes), obscure
movie posters. The door opens and panicked Charlie enters.

From a creepy POV, we watch Charlie...

She grabs a duffel bag, tosses it down and starts loading it
up with crap. She hears something. Is someone here? Nah.

Suddenly, she STARTLES WHEN-- her CELL RINGS. She CHECKS ID.
Deep breath, then answers:

CHARLIE

Pete, hi. Sorry I left without
telling you.

(listens)

No, I'm okay. I just wasn't...
feeling well. It's a-- lady thing.
I'll be in first thing, don't
worry, all good. Gotta go, cramps.

She hangs up. Exhales sharply, goes back to packing. Until--

She stops cold as she sees a couple of her bobble heads by
the back hallway. Their heads? Bobbling. Someone is here.

She grabs her bag, bolts for the front door.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

14

She grabs the door-- but a HAND reaches in and SLAMS it shut.

Charlie SCREAMS, spins, out of breath, afraid...

And sees Sam and Dean Winchester standing in front of her.

Sam and Dean exchange a look, softening. She's clearly not a threat. But... Dean is holding a jug of BORAX to be safe.

SAM

Go easy. We're not gonna hurt you.

Charlie grabs a sword collectible off her wall.

CHARLIE

Get away from me, you--
shapeshifting asshat!

SAM

We're not--

She swings it at Sam.

SMASH! Because it's a toy, though, it shatters over Sam's arm. Dean pops up behind her and grabs her. Quit it!

DEAN

Okay! We're not Leviathan. Proof?

He lets her go. Picks up the Borax.

DEAN

You know what Borax does to them,
right?

She nods. He pours Borax on his hand. Nothing happens.

DEAN

See? Now you.

Charlie takes it. Pours it on her hand. She's clean too.

A beat as peace settles.

CHARLIE

Who the hell are you guys?

BLACKOUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

15

INT. CHARLIE'S PLACE - APT 237 - LATER

15

Sam and Dean sit. Charlie paces, deep-end-of-the-pool anxiety coursing through her veins now. Deep breath, and:

CHARLIE

So, you're saying... you guys are some kind of monster hunters?

(off their nod)

There are other monsters? Stop. Do I wanna know?

Dean looks at her. Nope, ya kinda don't.

Charlie eyes them. She cocks her head, pondering.

CHARLIE

I get how you tracked the drive. Straight GPS. But-- it's still in the office. How'd you find me?

Sam goes to his duffel. Pulls out a laptop, hits a key.

ONSCREEN. WEBCAM SHOT of CHARLIE, working at the computer. We see her employee ID on a cord around her neck. He lets it run for a few moments, as--

Charlie's brows shoot up; she instantly gets it.

CHARLIE

Sonofagun programmed that thing to jack my webcam?!

DEAN

Welcome to Frank.

CHARLIE

Nice. Creepy, but I'll give it to him.

(dreading the answer)

So... you're telling me everything Frank had on his drive was true?

DEAN

That... and more.

SAM

Wait. How long did it take you to crack Frank's drive?

(CONTINUED)

CHARLIE
(no ego, just fact)
Day or so.

Sam looks to Dean. That's pretty impressive.

SAM
Anything you can't hack into?

CHARLIE
Not yet...?

Sam looks to Dean, an idea forming.

SAM
How about Dick Roman's email?

CHARLIE
Why would I...
(off their looks)
I know. He's one of them.

SAM
No, he's their leader.

ON CHARLIE as she absorbs. Scary.

CHARLIE
So... what's the endgame? Steal
our resources, make us their
slaves?

DEAN
Think planet-wide Value Meal.
We're the meat.

*

CHARLIE
You're not... serious...

Charlie sees: they so are. *Shit.* She sits down in front of
her computer.

CHARLIE
Okay. Alright. Let's do this.
(she logs on)
What am I looking for?

DEAN
For starters? Anything about
archaeological dig sites.

(CONTINUED)

CHARLIE

Like... Indiana Jones
archaeological?

DEAN

All we know is, Dick's been digging
all over the world. We need to
know what he's looking for.

CHARLIE

(typing away)

Y'know, I was having a good week.
Met someone. Downloaded the new
Robyn record. Everything was
coming up me.

(sees something: shit)

Crap.

SAM

Look. We get it sucks--

CHARLIE

No, not that, Captain Serious.
This.

(points to her screen)

Dick gets security. His email
isn't on the company server. It's
on a private one. In his office.

DEAN

Meaning?

CHARLIE

You can't get in it unless you have
his phone or you're at his desk.

DEAN

So, if we were in Dick's office we
could hack into his email?

CHARLIE

You couldn't. Only someone like--

Her. The crazy danger of this hits her.

CHARLIE

But I sure as hell ain't doin' it.
I'm doing my job and...

(getting it)

What are the chances I see
everything on that drive and Dick
lets me live, anyway?

(CONTINUED)

SAM
(gently)
I think you know.

CHARLIE
So I erase the drive first.
Protect me, and you, and-- then go
back to my old life. Right?

Dean and Sam exchange a look.

CHARLIE
What.

DEAN
It's not that easy. You're on
Dick's radar. So you don't have an
old life anymore. We're sorry.

CHARLIE
I'm gonna die.
(true despair)
I should have taken that job at
Google.

SAM
(genuine-- sympathetic)
It's okay. If you can't do it.
You didn't volunteer for this.

CHARLIE
Totally. Exactly!
(then, reluctant sigh)
But now I volunteer.

SAM
Charlie--

CHARLIE
What. I gotta go in anyways to
wipe you off Frank's drive. Might
as well break in his office while
I'm there.

SAM
Are you sure?

CHARLIE
No. But these things are gonna eat
everyone I know. What kinda
douchebag stands by for that?

Dean looks at Sam: good enough for me.

(CONTINUED)

CHARLIE
However... I've never broken into
anything in real life. So, plan?

We DRIFT away from their planning to find Bobby, invisible to the gang, listening just across the room...

16 EXT. PARKING LOT - DOWN THE STREET FROM R.R.E. - NIGHT 16

A discreet distance from the building, a NONDESCRIPT VAN IS
PARKED. *

16A INT. STOLEN VAN - CONTINUOUS 16A *

Sam and Dean are inside the van. They've set up camp--
couple jugs of borax, duffels, and fast food. *

Sam's on laptop. He's hacking into the office's secure VIDEO
CAMERAS. *

On one camera, we see CHARLIE. Pacing outside the building.

DEAN
How's it going?

SAM
Good, since this is her setup.
(indicates screen)
I can put each camera on a
prerecorded loop-- they won't see
Charlie go by. Once I do that,
she'll have fifteen minutes. *

DEAN
Fifteen minutes ain't that long.

SAM
She said if it took longer to hack
his desktop she deserved to be
eaten.

DEAN
I like her.

ONSCREEN. OUTSIDE LOBBY. Charlie GOES BY, close, UNDER a
security cam. She looks tense.

DEAN
What the-- is that-- sonofabitch.

SAM
What?

(CONTINUED)

16A

"The Girl..."
CONTINUED:

Full Blue Draft

02/28/12 21A.
16A

DEAN
Look at her backpack.

(CONTINUED)

ONSCREEN. Sam REWINDS to the moment Charlie PASSES the cam. In the mesh side pocket of the backpack-- unbeknownst to her... BOBBY'S FLASK.

SAM
(shit)
Bobby. You think he...

DEAN
Hitched a damn ride after we told him to cool his jets? Yeah, Sam.
(then)
What the hell is he thinking?

SAM
He's not.
(considers)
Do we call it off?

DEAN
(shakes his head)
We only got one shot at this.

Dean DIALS CHARLIE on his cell phone...

17 EXT. RICHARD ROMAN ENTERPRISES - CONTINUOUS 17

Charlie paces outside the building. Bluetooth in her ear. She looks anxious, and is singing as she answers her phone.

CHARLIE
"I used to think maybe you loved me, but..."

DEAN
Charlie, it's Dean--
(is she...)
Are you singing?

INTERCUT DEAN AND CHARLIE.

CHARLIE
(into earpiece, manic)
I sing when I'm nervous. Don't judge me!

DEAN
Judgement free zone. Listen-- check the side pocket on your bag, will you?

Charlie checks. Pulls out the Flask. Takes a grateful sip.

(CONTINUED)

CHARLIE

Thank you, good idea.

DEAN

There ya go. Just-- it's a...
family heirloom. Good luck charm.
So, please don't lose it.

CHARLIE

Copy that.
(then)
Okay. Let's do this.

She doesn't move.

DEAN

Um, Charlie?

CHARLIE

I'm having a hard time moving.

DEAN

You can do this.

CHARLIE

I'm not a spy! I'm gonna mess this
up. I can't.

Dean throws up his hands. Now what? Sam gestures for the
phone. Dean hands it over.

SAM

Charlie, it's Sam.

CHARLIE

I'm sorry, Sam, I just--

SAM

Who's your favorite Harry Potter
character?

CHARLIE

(duh)
Hermione.

SAM

Did she run when Sirius Black was
in trouble? Did she run when
Voldemort attacked Hogwarts?

DEAN

I'm embarrassed for you right now.

(CONTINUED)

Sam throws Dean a shut up look, keeps talking into Cell.
Charlie's listening. He's got her.

CHARLIE
No. Of course not.

SAM
What did she do?

CHARLIE
She kicked ass. She actually saves
Harry in practically every book,
then she ends up with the wrong--

SAM
Stay on target: she kicked ass. So
what are you going to do?

Charlie nods. Girds her loins. She's got this now.

CHARLIE
I'm gonna kick ass.

Charlie heads into the office. She starts singing again.

DEAN
(dry, to Sam)
You go, Dumbledore.

18 INT. RICHARD ROMAN ENTERPRISES - LOBBY - CONTINUOUS 18

Charlie walks into the building. Eyes wide. But determined.

The place is empty. Lights dimmed. A NIGHT SECURITY GUARD
sits at the front desk. Far more interested in his sandwich
than Charlie. Charlie walks by, swipes her ID Badge.

Charlie makes her way over to the elevator. The doors close.

19 INT. RICHARD ROMAN ENTERPRISES - ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS 19

She swipes her ID. Hits LEVEL 4. Then she pulls out a
magnetic strip, puts it on the back of her ID. She swipes it
again. This time hits TOP LEVEL. It lights up. Phew!

CHARLIE
I'm in.
(smiles)
Always wanted to say that.

(CONTINUED)

"The Girl..." Full Blue Draft 02/28/12 25.
19 CONTINUED: 19

REVEAL BOBBY. Leaning against the back elevator wall, arms crossed casually, watching Charlie. We get that he's here to help and is amused by her. She has no idea, of course.

20 INT. STOLEN VAN - SAME 20 *

Dean watches as Sam LOOPS the cameras. Into cell to Charlie: *

DEAN
You're on the clock. Move.

21 INT. RICHARD ROMAN ENTERPRISES - LOBBY - SAME 21

The Night Guard takes a bite of sandwich. In front of him are SECURITY MONITORS CYCLING FOOTAGE. All placid. They CYCLE... and he notices a Camera momentarily FRITZ. (Because Sam just put it on loop.) *

He taps the screen with his sandwich. Huh. Then-- after a moment-- it's BACK. Regular, empty view. *

Satisfied, he goes for another bite. *

22 INT. RICHARD ROMAN ENTERPRISES - TOP FLOOR HALL - SAME 22

Charlie makes her way down the hall, heading to the lobby outside the locked EXECUTIVE SUITES.

Suddenly, down the hall by the lobby, the stairwell door opens, and out steps BILL, Security Guard. Burly.

Charlie ducks into a hallway. Covered. *

Bill plops down on a couch. Puts his feet up. Time for a break. He grabs a magazine and flips through it.

(CONTINUED)

22 "The Girl..." Full Blue Draft 02/28/12 26.
CONTINUED: 22

CHARLIE
(whispered into earpiece)
There's a big ass guard up here--
blocking the door. What do I do?

23 INT. STOLEN VAN - SAME 23 *
Sam and Dean react to this news.

DEAN
Wait him out?

INTERCUT CHARLIE AND DEAN.

CHARLIE
He's not going anywhere.

DEAN
Okay.
(thinks)
You work there every day. You know
the guy?

CHARLIE
Um... yeah, I guess, I mean... I've
seen him, I never talked to him.

DEAN
When you see him. He look at you,
or just sorta slide his eyes by?

CHARLIE
Um... eye contact, I dunno, he
always smiles kinda, I don't really--

DEAN
(knows all he needs to)
Okay. Now. Walk right over... and
flirt your way past him.

Charlie makes a face.

CHARLIE
I can't. He's not my type.

DEAN
You gotta play through that.

(CONTINUED)

CHARLIE

As in he's not a girl.

Dean raises an eyebrow. Awesome.

DEAN

Well... pretend he has boobs.

CHARLIE

Worse.

DEAN

I dunno. Got any tattoos? Give him a peek as an icebreaker. All tattoos are sexy.

Charlie shakes her head.

CHARLIE

Mine is Princess Leia in a slave bikini, straddling a twenty-sided die.

(off the audible silence)

I was drunk. It was Comic-Con.

DEAN

We've all been there.

(okay)

I'll walk you through this.

24 INT. RICHARD ROMAN ENT. - TOP FLOOR HALL - MOMENTS LATER 24

Charlie takes a breath. Okay. You can do this. She leaves the office and heads right for Bill. Bill sees her.

DEAN (PHONE)

Let's start with a smile.

Charlie smiles. It's painful to look at.

DEAN (PHONE)

Relax. You just got home and Amber Heard is waiting for you.

Much better smile now. Bill clearly likes the smile. He returns one of his own. He's pretty cute. For a guy.

BILL

Can I help you, ma'am?

CHARLIE

(reads his nametag)

Hey... Bill. Charlie from IT.

(CONTINUED)

BILL
Burning the midnight oil, huh?

CHARLIE
Just like you. I mean when you're
not at the gym. What do you, like,
work out with all your free time?

BILL
(smiles)
I try to hit the gym at least three
days a week.

25 INT. STOLEN VAN - SAME

25 *

CLOSE ON DEAN, as if he and Bill are actually talking.

DEAN
It shows. You look amazing.

WIDEN to include both boys. This is nothing short of awesome
for Sam. Dean covers the phone.

DEAN
Don't look at me. This never
happened.

26 INT. RICHARD ROMAN ENTERPRISES - TOP FLOOR HALL - SAME

26

Bill smiles. It's working.

BILL
Just trying to get back to my
fightin' weight, y'know?

CHARLIE
You ever do anything else with your
free time? Like, take a girl out
for a drink? Stop laughing Sammy.

Bill looks at her. Huh? Charlie catches her mistake.
Improvs.

CHARLIE
(rapid fire)
You don't know that bar? "Stop
Laughing Sammy?" That place is
bringin' sexy back. Which was
easy, by the way, since they kept
the receipt. Stop talking Charlie.
(ahem)
Right. So. You were saying, about
going out, drinks?

(CONTINUED)

Bill smirks. Chick is weird. But cute.

BILL
Um, yeah, that'd be great.

CHARLIE
Cool. We'll pencil that in, then.
(btw)
Can I ask a favor? The ladies room
downstairs is nasty. Can I use the
Exec Washroom to powder my nose?

A beat, will he go for it? Then, Bill opens the door for her.

BILL
Yeah. Go ahead. Just down the
hall, second door on the left.

Charlie winks at him and heads into...

27 INT. RICHARD ROMAN ENTERPRISES - EXEC SUITES - CONTINUOUS 27

The door closes behind her. She speaks into her bluetooth.

CHARLIE
I feel dirty.

DEAN (PHONE)
You and me both, sister.

Charlie walks right past the ladies room and down to the last door on the right. The office labeled RICHARD ROMAN, CEO.

CHARLIE
The eagle is landing. Going radio
silent.

28 INT. STOLEN VAN - SAME

28 *

DEAN
Let us know when you're out.

He exchanges a look with Sam.

SAM
So... I guess we just wait.

*

29 INT. RICHARD ROMAN ENTERPRISES - DICK'S OFFICE - SAME 29

Charlie sits at Dick's computer. Gloves on now. No prints.

(CONTINUED)

CHARLIE

(ugh)
His password is "Winning", with two
ones? Fail.

She puts a thumb drive into the computer.

30 INT. RICHARD ROMAN ENTERPRISES - TOP FLOOR HALL - SAME 30

Bill looks at his watch. Where the hell is she? He swipes
his card and heads into the Executive Suites.

31 INT. RICHARD ROMAN ENTERPRISES - DICK'S OFFICE - SAME 31

Charlie watches impatiently as the thumb drive copies Dick's
drive: 35%. 40%.

THROUGH THE SLIGHTLY AJAR DOOR: we see Bill, knocking on the
ladies room a bit down the hall.

WIDEN to reveal that BOBBY is peeking through the ajar office
door, spotting nosy Bill.

He looks back. Charlie just needs a little more time!

BOBBY

(to himself)
Alright, let's Yoda this.

Bobby closes his eyes. Focusing. And then...

The office door shuts and locks on its own. (No Bobby in the
shot.) A little too loud, though. Charlie looks up at the
door. Huh?

REVEAL BOBBY. A bit spent from the effort. He's starting to
FLICKER. Still mumbling to himself--

BOBBY

Dammit. That and I'm fading?
You're on your own, ki--

POOF-- He ghost-fritzes out.

Charlie sees the shadowy shape of FEET on the floor just
outside the door. Bill must have heard the noise! 55%.
60%.

The door handle rattles. 65%! Keys JANGLE, then one slides
into the lock. 70%! The door opens. Bill looks inside.

The room is empty. Bill steps into the office when--

(CONTINUED)

FLUSH! And the door to Dick's bathroom opens; out steps Charlie.

CHARLIE

Hey you.

BILL

What are you doing in here?

CHARLIE

Didn't you say last door?

BILL

No. Second on the right.

CHARLIE

Silly me. Always forgetting things.

She grabs a pen off the desk. Cheats a look over at the computer. 90%!

CHARLIE

Y'know what else I forgot? To give you my number.

She grabs his hand. Writes her number down. (Sure, Charlie.)

BILL

We better get outta here. Mister Roman doesn't like people in his office.

As Charlie talks, she subtly reaches behind her, grabbing the thumb drive. 95%!

CHARLIE

I'm sure. Have you seen his bathroom?

100%! She YANKS the drive out, palms it, heads to the door.

CHARLIE

Gotta run... call me!

And with that, Charlie is gone.

The place is empty. Spooky. The only light on is Charlie's.

(CONTINUED)

She plugs in the thumb drive. She takes a hit from the flask as she pulls up the contents of Dick's drive onto her screen.

CHARLIE
Hey guys. Sending you all the
flagged dig files now.

33 INT. STOLEN VAN - SAME 33 *

Sam checks his laptop. He starts receiving files from Charlie. Dean puts the phone on speaker.

SAM
Charlie, you're a genius!

INTERCUT SAM & DEAN AND CHARLIE.

CHARLIE
I know. It's a problem.

She hears a noise, looks up-- to see PETE emerge from his office. Shit! Under her breath, into her bluetooth-- *

CHARLIE
Dammit.
(to Pete, cheery)
Hey, Pete! Guess we're both on
deadline, huh? *

She gives a wave, even as she MINIMIZES the open window with the other hand. He keeps coming, coffee cup in hand. So "harmless and normal". And yet, she knows he's a monster. *

PETE
How's it going? *

CHARLIE
Great, I'll give you a full
progress report in a few hours. *

PETE
Great. Hit that deadline, right? *

He gives her a pat on the shoulder. She struggles not to react, but it's freaking her out. *

PETE
Well, holler if you need anything. *

Pete heads back to his office, shuts the door. She exhales. Into her bluetooth-- low-- *

(CONTINUED)

CHARLIE
Guys? Still there?

DEAN
Yeah, the hell was that?

CHARLIE
Oh, just my manager the monster.

DEAN
Leave.

CHARLIE
Can't. I have to act normal, I
just told him I'm working. Let's
just finish.

She glances at Pete's door, then pulls back up the computer
window. Reads...

CHARLIE
Hey... are you seeing this?

Sam's glued to the laptop screen, brow furrowed. Reading:

SAM
Yeah. According to this... Dick's
stopped digging. Like, days ago.

CHARLIE
Why?

DEAN
Musta found what he was looking
for, can you check--

CHARLIE
Way ahead of you. Looking at
travel reports, expenses--
(yahtzee)
Here we go: something in a suitcase
left Iran last week. Spent the
last seventy two hours in armored
cars and private planes.
(holy shit)
Whatever it is? It's coming here.
For Dick. Tonight.

Sam and Dean exchange a look: jackpot!

CHARLIE
So what the hell is it?!

(CONTINUED)

DEAN
Whatever it is, we know Dick wants
it bad. So, we gotta grab it. End
of story.

*
*

CHARLIE
Well... it lands at a private
airport near here... crap! Pretty
much now. Courier's set to pick it
up.

DEAN
What's the exact landing time?

CHARLIE
Forty two minutes. Can you get
there?

Sam OPENS THE MAP on his laptop. He and Dean exchange a
look. Concerned. It's doubtful.

DEAN
We can try.
(then)
Alright, Charlie. One last favor
then get the hell out of there.

*

34 INT. RICHARD ROMAN ENTERPRISES - LOBBY - NIGHT 34
CLOSE ON DICK as he talks on cell phone.

DICK ROMAN
Outstanding. And you'll call as
soon as the package is in hand?

WIDEN to reveal Dick (all dressed up in a tux, tie undone;
he's had a fun night so far) walking through the lobby of his
company... *

35 INT. VICTOR'S CAR - NIGHT 35

Dick's courier, VICTOR, sits in his car, parked at a gas
station or similar near the airport. On the phone.

VICTOR
Absolutely. I'm here, waiting.

He looks out his window. Eyes a CHUBBY WOMAN unloading her
CHUBBY CHILD from a minivan.

(CONTINUED)

35 "The Girl..."
CONTINUED:

Full Blue Draft

02/28/12 34.
35

VICTOR

In fact, I've got time for a light
snack.

Victor hangs up and gets out of his car, heading over to the
Woman and her Child...

36 INT. RICHARD ROMAN ENTERPRISES - IT BULLPEN - LATER 36

Charlie SHUTS DOWN her computer. Grabs her bag, stands--

And finds herself face to face with Dick. JUMP SCARE!!

DICK ROMAN

Charlie! I was hoping to find you
here.

Off Charlie, trapped--

BLACKOUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

37 EXT. AIRPORT - NIGHT - STOCK FOOTAGE 37

A private plane lands on the runway of a small airport.

38 EXT. AIRPORT - HANGAR - NIGHT 38

The plane is now parked. The PILOTS disembark, stretching from the long flight.

A HANGAR WORKER moves by, behind the pilots (face unseen for now), pushing a trash can.

One of the CREW unloads the plane's only suitcase. Sets it out on the ground. Pulls out his cell to make a call.

Don't make a meal of it, but-- the Hangar Worker, back to us, pushes the trash can past the Crew Member with the suitcase. A SECOND WORKER-- back to us-- pushes a FLAT OF SUITCASES, passing the crew, towards another airplane or around the corner. All part of the hubbub of a plane landing...

Victor strides into the area. Gives a knowing nod to the Pilots. Leviathans? Probably. As he walks, the Worker pushing the trash can nearly runs into him--

VICTOR

Watch it.

The Crew member puts a hand up and walks briskly away. My bad. Victor walks over to the suitcase and picks it up. He turns to the Pilots, sticks out his hand.

VICTOR

Nice work, gentleman.

Before they engage in monster small talk--

39 EXT. AIRPORT PARKING LOT - BY THE RUNWAY - LATER 39

Victor returns to his car. He pops the trunk and puts the suitcase in. He then climbs in, starts the car and takes off.

As he leaves, we see across the way...

Sam and Dean.

Standing by their open trunk. Presumably grabbing some guns. They both see Victor leave. Just missed him.

They exchange a look. Serious. Sam exhales sharply.

(CONTINUED)

39 "The Girl..." Full Blue Draft 02/28/12 36.
CONTINUED: 39

SAM
So... now what?

40 INT. RICHARD ROMAN ENTERPRISES - DICK'S OFFICE - LATER 40

The door opens. Dick and Victor walk into the office.
Victor places the suitcase on Dick's desk. Dick regards it.

DICK ROMAN
Been looking for this a very, very
long time.
(pure venom)
So I can destroy it.

Victor reacts to his boss's declaration. Weird. He opens
the suitcase for Dick. Dick looks inside. His face falls.
Shit.

ANGLE ON THE SUITCASE: inside is a VERY CRUDE homemade BOMB.
A jug of cleaning fluid hooked up to some wires and a trigger-
timer. (Remember, they threw this together in an hour.) As
soon as the case opens, a pair of LED LIGHTS come on,
indicating the bomb has been ACTIVATED. We hear a rapid
beepbeepbeep--

DICK ROMAN
Now who coulda done this.

Before the BOOM we SMASH CUT TO:

41 INT. RICHARD ROMAN ENTERPRISES - IT BULLPEN - EARLIER 41

SUPER TITLE: TWO HOURS EARLIER

TIGHT ON CHARLIE'S FACE. She's reading Dick's email at her
desk. (Let's give all "EARLIER" a desaturated or B&W look.)

CHARLIE
A courier's set to pick it up.

42 INT. STOLEN VAN - SAME 42 *

Sam and Dean. Sam's on laptop.

DEAN
What's the exact landing time?

INTERCUT OUR HEROES AND HEROINE.

CHARLIE
Forty two minutes. Can you get
there?

(CONTINUED)

DEAN

We can try. *

(checks the time; then)

Alright, Charlie. One last favor
then get the hell out of there.

CHARLIE

Whadaya need?

DEAN

More time.

Lightbulb for Charlie. She knows just what to do.

CHARLIE

Then let's get you some.

(types)

Okay. Travel department's emailing
Dick. Suitcase still en route, but
got diverted by weather and is
gonna be thirty minutes late. *

She hits SEND. Done. Then-- looks around the office. Still
dark, still deserted. Pete's door closed. *

CHARLIE

I'll finish mopping you off the
drive and get the heck outta
monster dodge.

DEAN

Call as soon as you're clear.

CHARLIE

(dry)

I'll text you from the border, bro.

43 EXT. AIRPORT - NIGHT - EARLIER

43

Again with the STOCK FOOTAGE: a private plane lands on the
runway of a small airport.

44 EXT. AIRPORT - HANGAR - EARLIER

44

From a different angle, we see the Pilots disembark. Stretch.
The Hangar Worker approaches, but now we see his face...

It's Dean, in uniform, cap pulled low, pushing a trash can.

A second Worker pushes a flat loaded with suitcases, and now
we see it's SAM. He rushes past DEAN-- his head down--

(CONTINUED)

Now we see: when he passes the suitcase on the ground-- Sam deftly PUSHES A SECOND SUITCASE off the cart, setting it next to the first. (They should not be identical.)

Dean casually pushes his trash can-- providing cover as the REAL SUITCASE is slipped onto Sam's cart. *

Dean moves on past... *

Nearly BUMPING into Victor with the trash can!

VICTOR
Watch it.

Dean ducks his head down, holding up his hand. *My bad.* Sam shoots Dean a look as they escape. Shit that was close.

45 INT. RICHARD ROMAN ENTERPRISES - IT BULLPEN - EARLIER 45

Charlie rises to go-- JUMPS as she finds herself face to face with Dick. *

DICK ROMAN
Charlie! I was hoping to find you here. We're due for a little face time. *

CHARLIE
Uh... hey, Mister Roman.

DICK ROMAN
Please. Dick. *
(looking up) *
Pete! We're good here, why don't you go out and get a bite. *

Charlie glances over-- to see Pete standing respectfully in the door. He nods. Takes off. Leaving Charlie with Dick. *

DICK ROMAN
Now show me what you've found. *

Charlie hides her utter fear.

46 EXT. AIRPORT PARKING LOT - BY THE RUNWAY - EARLIER 46

The boys are at their car. We see in the trunk now-- no guns, just the real suitcase and discarded Crew uniforms.

SAM
So... now what?

Across the way, they see Victor load the fake suitcase.

(CONTINUED)

DEAN
See what we won.

Dean opens the real suitcase to find... a muslin wrapped HUNK
OF RED CLAY.

(CONTINUED)

SAM

Did we just steal a ball of clay?

DEAN

Good question. Let's figure that
out a few thousand miles from here.

(checks the time)

Where's Charlie? Why hasn't she
checked in?

He pulls out his phone.

INT. RICHARD ROMAN ENTERPRISES - IT BULLPEN - EARLIER

Charlie's phone vibrates. She ignores it. Busy with Dick.
She just finished giving Dick the tour of Frank's drive.

DICK ROMAN

Nothing on there about our company?

(off her 'no')

Huh. Anything on a Sam or Dean?

CHARLIE

(and the Oscar goes to...)

I'm sorry, who?

DICK ROMAN

Sam and Dean Winchester. Take a
peek for me, wouldja?

Charlie searches the HD for signs of the Winchester boys.

JUMP SCARE as ANOTHER ANGLE reveals invisible Bobby is
standing nearby.

He walks in a wide circle around Dick. Cat stalking a mouse.

BOBBY

(gritted teeth)

Dick Roman.

*

Bobby takes a breath, shuts his eyes. Willing himself calm:

*

BOBBY

C'mon. The girl's right there.

*

Worry about her.

*

WIDEN to reveal Bobby can't be seen or heard.

DICK ROMAN

Is it me, or did it just drop ten
degrees in here?

(CONTINUED)

CHARLIE
Bit nippy, yeah.

*

(CONTINUED)

DICK ROMAN

I'll have maintenance check the AC.
Can't have you cold, can I?

ANOTHER ANGLE: as Charlie searches, we see Bobby. Glaring at Dick. Expression dark. Eerily focused. *

BOBBY

(to Dick, low)
You miserable...
(shakes his head)
Dammit, Bobby. Come on...

Bobby BACKS UP, STUTTER GHOST style, to the back wall.
Presses himself to the wall, trying to control himself.

ON DICK AND CHARLIE: Sans Bobby. Charlie finishes her search.

CHARLIE

Nope, nothing on those Winchesters. *

DICK ROMAN

(hmmm)
So, if items were deleted from this
drive, would you be able to tell?

CHARLIE

(gulp)
Not if they were deleted properly.

Dick holds her gaze a beat too long. Then moves on...

DICK ROMAN

Well, they're crafty.
(then)
Have all the data sent to me, will
you? *

CHARLIE

Of course.

Dick stands, about to leave when-- he turns. Serious.

DICK ROMAN

So, really, how'd you do it?

CHARLIE

(oh god)
Um, do what?

DICK ROMAN

Make yourself indispensable.

(CONTINUED)

Charlie is relieved. Not so busted. She looks at Dick.

CHARLIE

Um... I'm not sure what you--

DICK ROMAN

(gestures to the drive)
You broke the unbreakable. What's
the thought process? Walk me.
(holds up a hand)
And ixnay the jargon.

*

CHARLIE

Well-- I mean, nothing's
unbreakable, really. Nothing is
safe if you poke at it long enough.

*

*

DICK ROMAN

"Nothing is safe." I like that.

He looks at her like she's his favorite pet. Curious about
her. He likes her.

DICK ROMAN

But that's not what I'm asking.
(then)
Your spark. One in a million,
believe me. But when you got it--
well. You invent guns and iPads
and viruses, and holy crap can you
be crafty.
(then)
So-- what is that, Charlie?

*

*

*

Charlie stares. Not sure how to answer. Nervous.

*

CHARLIE

Um...

*

*

DICK ROMAN

'Cause I could feed every fact in
your brain to someone else... and
they still wouldn't be able to do
you.

*

CHARLIE

(nervous laugh)
Guess you can't clone me, then.

(CONTINUED)

DICK ROMAN
(lightly)
Don't think that doesn't piss me off.

Dick's phone rings. He lets it ring. Charlie holds his stare, defiant. Possibly not breathing. FINALLY, he answers.

DICK ROMAN
Yes?
(listens)
Fantastic. Bring it to my office.
Be right there.

Dick hangs up.

DICK ROMAN
You know, I think we're on to something here.
(walking away)
Stay here a moment, will you? I'll be back in two shakes.

Dick leaves. BEAT... She hears the elevator DING! And can finally BREATHE. Time to get the hell out. She packs up.

48 INT. RICHARD ROMAN ENTERPRISES - STAIRWELL - EARLIER 48

Charlie makes her way down the stairs when...

BOOM! The lights FLICKER as the suitcase blows up several floors up. She's too late. Charlie bolts down the stairs.

49 INT. RICHARD ROMAN ENTERPRISES - DICK'S OFFICE - NOW 49

Where we find Dick and Victor, post BORAX BOMB! Victor took the brunt. He's down. Smoldering. Dick wipes his steaming face. Through gritted teeth:

DICK ROMAN
"Nothing is safe," apparently.

*

He grabs his phone. Hits the SECURITY BUTTON.

DICK ROMAN
Lock the building down. Now.

Off Dick, steaming in more ways than one...

BLACKOUT.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

50

INT. RICHARD ROMAN ENTERPRISES - LOBBY - NIGHT

50

CLANG! The stairway door opens and Charlie storms out, backpack slung over shoulder. She can see the front doors just ahead of her. Freedom!

She gets to the doors-- PUSHES-- they've been ELECTRONICALLY LOCKED DOWN! SHIT! She takes a step back, staring in panic--

REVEAL BOBBY at the doors. He takes a deep breath, then puts his hands on the (doubtless highly reinforced) glass of the door. And PUSHES. Calm, focused...

Charlie turns, ready to race for another exit--

TWO SECURITY GUARDS ARE APPROACHING from the other side of the room! SHIT!

She turns around, freaked-- and then FREEZES, seeing:

ON THE GLASS ENTRANCE DOORS. The glass is SPIDERWEBBING. Cracking all on its own, as though exposed to pressure!

REVEAL BOBBY. Focused. PUSHING that glass. More cracks.

Charlie backs away from the Guards...

DING! The elevator opens. Revealing Dick. Face healed. Dick shakes his head. Kinda bummed.

DICK ROMAN

Oh, Charlie. I am so disappointed in you.

ON BOBBY. Stiffening at the sound of that voice. Instantly distracted. He looks at Dick--

BOBBY'S POV. His focus on Dick is so fierce that everything else blurs and wavers.

GUARD #1 GRABS Charlie-- Charlie YELPS--

But now Bobby is FIXATED on Dick. Walks towards him...

Charlie struggles against the Guards, when--

BAM! The front doors are broken open by Sam and Dean!

DICK ROMAN

And you have terrible taste in friends.

(CONTINUED)

But before Dick can reach them-- he finds himself RATCHETED BACK, seemingly out of thin air. He HITS A WALL, shocked...

Reveal Bobby standing there over Dick. Unheard by anyone:

BOBBY

Not so fast. Dick.

Meanwhile, Sam beelines for Guard #1, pulling him off Charlie-- as Charlie skirts around them, to a safer area...

Dean grabs Guard #2 as the Guard pulls his gun. DISARMS HIM, and SLAMS him with the butt of the pistol. Guard goes down.

Dean looks to Sam-- who is fighting off Guard #1. Couple more good hits on both sides, and Sam knocks him down...

WITH DICK. Looking around. What just hit him? He's confused-- and curious. Not entirely afraid... when--

WHAM! He's SHOVED HARD-- CRASHING INTO--

Charlie. WHUMP! She hits the ground. Her arm CRACKS-- something breaking. She scrambles back, in pain, terrified of Dick--

But Dick gets up, ignoring her, looking around, fucking fascinated--

DICK ROMAN

Alright, enough, show yourself.

(an amused laugh)

Let's do this like real monsters.

REVEAL Bobby is invisibly standing right in front of Dick.

BOBBY

I'm right here.

*

Bobby gives Dick a SHOVE. Dick STUMBLES.

ON DEAN. Seeing this. WTF?!

Sam swoops in to pull injured Charlie to safety-- beelining for the door--

Dean stares at Dick a moment longer, being BACKED UP by an invisible force-- knowing exactly what that means-- and then GRABS Charlie's backpack and races out after Sam.

51 EXT. RICHARD ROMAN ENTERPRISES - CONTINUOUS 51

Sam's all but carrying Charlie.

52 INT. RICHARD ROMAN ENTERPRISES - LOBBY - CONTINUOUS 52

Dick's on the ground. Laughing. To the air:

DICK ROMAN

Do it again, that tickles. *

Bobby gets in Dick's face. Dick can see his breath, for a moment.

BOBBY

You listen to me you black-snot
piece a trash. I'm gonna find a
way to end you, and when I do, you
won't be laugh--

And just like that, Bobby's gone in a VFX STREAK, cause--

53 INT. VAN - MOVING - NIGHT - PMP 53 *

The boys race away from the scene o' the crime. Charlie's in the back, in pain.

DEAN

Charlie? Talk to us. You okay?

CHARLIE

No. Why didn't you kill him--

SAM

We can't yet. But we will. *

CHARLIE

(eyeroll, yet serious)
The really evil ones always need a
special sword. *

(then) *

Okay. I have to pass out now.

We drift into the back, where we see a flickering Bobby is now sitting next to half-conscious Charlie. *

(CONTINUED)

53 "The Girl..." Full Blue Draft 02/28/12 46.
CONTINUED: 53

He looks to the woman, clutching her arm. Remorseful.

54 INT. RICHARD ROMAN ENTERPRISES - DICK'S OFFICE - NIGHT 54

Dick storms into his office, on his phone. Victor has managed to pull himself together, back on his feet.

DICK ROMAN
(into his phone)
Because they have it. Now get it
back before they figure the damn
thing out! *

He hangs up. Angrily tosses his phone. He looks at Victor.

VICTOR
Please, sir. Don't bib me.

DICK ROMAN
Bib you? Why would I waste a
perfectly good meal?

Dick's mouth ERUPTS into a tooth-filled LEVIATHAN MOUTH. He lunges at Victor and we--

BLACKOUT.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

55

EXT. BUS STATION PARKING LOT - MORNING (DAY 3)

55

Sam hands Charlie her bag. She's got her hurt arm in a sling.

CHARLIE

Thanks. Left your dumb flask in the back seat by the way.

(a la Comic Book Guy)

Worst. Good luck charm. Ever.

Sam and Dean share a brief glance. She's not wrong.

SAM

Listen, we can't thank you enough--

*

CHARLIE

Actually, you can. Never contact me again. Like, ever. Deal?

She holds out her hand. Sam takes it.

SAM

Deal.

Dean takes her hand next.

DEAN

You keep your head down out there.

CHARLIE

This ain't the first time I've disappeared.

(what?)

You think my name is really Charlie Bradbury? Please.

Dean smiles. Not bad.

CHARLIE

So-- good luck saving the world.

*

*

She holds her hand up in "Live Long and Prosper" Spock-fashion.

*

CHARLIE

Peace out, bitches.

(CONTINUED)

She walks away. A beat as the boys watch her go. Not
without affection:

*
*

DEAN
She's like the little sister I
never wanted.

*

Sam decides to address the elephant in the parking lot.

SAM
Take a little walk?

DEAN
(dry)
Out of flask-shot? Fine.

They walk-and-talk away from the car.

SAM
So, what happened in the lobby.

DEAN
(big sigh)
Look. If I had a free shot, I'd
bitchslap the hell outta Dick.

SAM
Yeah, but-- I mean, Charlie got her
friggin' arm broken--

*

DEAN
He didn't mean to do that--

SAM
Exactly. He's not in control. Not
about Dick. That was vengeful
spirit crap back there--

DEAN
I know. I know. But he's still
Bobby--

SAM
(truly worried)
But if he really goes there he
won't be anymore. And we won't be
able to pull him back.
(hurts to contemplate)
And then what are we supposed to
do, Dean?

(CONTINUED)

02/28/12

49.
55

55

"The Girl..."
CONTINUED: (2)

Full Blue Draft

DEAN

I know.

(dammit)

Let's just figure out what that
thing we stole is. Then we'll
figure out what the hell to do
about Bobby.

Off the boys, we...

BLACKOUT.

TO BE CONTINUED...