

SUPERNATURAL

Episode #811

"LARP and the Real Girl"

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REVISION HISTORY

Revision	Date	Revised Pages
Production Draft - White	10/17/12	

Episode #811

"LARP and the Real Girl"

CAST LIST

SAM WINCHESTER
DEAN WINCHESTER

JARED PADALECKI
JENSEN ACKLES

CHARLIE BRADBURY

FELICIA DAY

ED NELSON
GERALD HAWKINS
GILDA
KNIGHT #2
LANCE JACOBSEN
MARIA
MONTY HARRISON
SHADOW KING
SHADOW ORC #1
SHERIFF JAKE MILLER

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INT. ED'S APARTMENT - 5TH FLOOR - BEDROOM - LATER P.1

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SUPERNATURAL
"LARP and the Real Girl"

TEASER

FADE IN:

1 INT. ED'S APARTMENT - 5TH FLR - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT (DAY 1) 1

Post-college-found-in-an-alley furnishings. The money was clearly spent on the framed Lord of the Rings posters on the walls and the collectibles that fill the shelves.

In walks ED NELSON. 30s. Bespectacled. Lugging a hockey equipment sized bag. Talking on a phone. We HEAR the person he's talking to in muffled, Peanuts-WAH-WAH-style bursts.

ED

How dare you, Lance... Yeah, that's right: I'm talking to Lance, not--

(listening)

We both cut corners to get close to her. But that wasn't cheating!

(c'mon)

Dude... It's just a game.

SCREAMING now on the other end of the line. Ed hangs up and tosses the phone, heading into his bedroom with a heavy sigh.

ED

It's just a game...

CLOSE ON ED'S PHONE: it lights up with a text message from "LANCE". The message reads: YOU WILL PAY FOR THIS!

2 INT. ED'S APARTMENT - 5TH FLOOR - BEDROOM - LATER 2

CLOSE ON A COLLECTIBLE SWORD. PAN OFF this sword and past a dresser topped off with hand-painted PEWTER FIGURINES. Elves. Dwarves. Archers. Nerd alert!

PUSH IN slowly on a sleeping Ed. On his forearm, a strange MARK appears before our eyes. It looks like a leafless tree with deep roots. Just as it finishes appearing...

A HORSE WHINNIES!

Ed jumps up-- but as he does, he's YANKED BACK DOWN.

ED

What the--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Ed's eyes go wide. WTF? Before he can move, Ed's arms and legs are pulled apart, spreading him eagle from top to bottom, flattening him onto the bed. The skin on his WRISTS and ANKLES contorts, twisted by invisible ropes.

Ed turns his head to the left, where the horse noise is coming from. But there's no horse there. He hears the sound of another horse, stomping its hooves-- he whips his head toward his right-- but again... no horse. There's now horse noise coming from all four corners of the room. Uh-oh.

ED

Help! Help me!

The invisible horses STAMP their hooves and then they BOLT, stretching Ed's arm's taught. His limbs make gruesome POPPING noises. He SCREAMS until...

We hear the sound of horses GALLOPING away and CUT TO the wall, as Ed's expensive collectibles are COVERED WITH GORE.

BLACKOUT.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

3 EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT 3

The Impala cruises down a two lane black top.

4 INT. IMPALA - PMP - NIGHT 4

Sam rifles through a file-- notes on the tablet, clearly not finding what he's looking for.

DEAN

Dude. You alright?

SAM

(sighs, tense)

We have the most powerful weapon against demons that we've ever had and we can't find a way to use it.

DEAN

Right. But Kevin's on it. And when he has something, he'll call.

(shrugs)

So, we wait.

Sam looks away, frustrated.

DEAN

Look, we both had a rough go over the last couple weeks. I know what you had to give up wasn't easy...

(delicately)

Maybe we should take the night off. Go see a flick. Hit up a bar. Or two. Have some fun.

(c'mon)

You remember fun, don't you, Sammy?

*
*
*
*
*

Sam shoots Dean a look. Don't. Sam's phone rings. He checks the ID, smiles. Dean frowns. So much for fun.

SAM

Kevin, what have you-- oh... hey Garth.

Sam rolls his eyes. Disappointed, but... he quickly grabs a pen, jots some notes down.

SAM

Really? Huh. Okay. Thanks, man, we're on it.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SAM (CONT'D)

(about to hang up, but realizes...)

Hey-- how did you know where we are?

(listening)

That's... creepy.

(listening)

No. Don't, don't say that. It's creepy enough that you're tracking us, but it's even creepier when you say we've been "Garthed."

Sam hangs up.

SAM

We gotta lose the GPS on our phones. Garth's been tracking us and other hunters so he can assign cases.

DEAN

Smart.

(off Sam's look)

Total Bobby move.

(then)

What's the deal?

SAM

(from his notes)

It's close, Farmington Hills, Michigan... Dude got ripped limb from limb inside his locked apartment.

DEAN

That's not good. Hell hound? Demon deal gone pear shaped?

SAM

Could be.

(then)

Working a case? That's our fun while we wait for Kevin.

Sam digs back into his notes. Dean punches the gas, but shoots a concerned look at Sam.

INT. ED'S APARTMENT - 5TH FLOOR - LIVING ROOM - DAY (DAY 2) 5

Sam and Dean (in Fed Threads) tin the COP at the door, who nods them inside the apartment. A TECH dusts for prints. Sam and Dean head over to SHERIFF JAKE MILLER, 50s, seen it all, doesn't really care for any of it. The boys tin Jake.

(CONTINUED)

SAM

Sheriff-- I'm Special Agent Taggart, this is my partner, Special Agent Rosewood.

JAKE

FBI? You guys are quick. Haven't even taken the body out yet.

DEAN

We're all work at the FBI. No play.

Sam shoots Dean a look. Drop it.

SAM

Why don't you give me the tour, Sheriff, while my partner here takes a look around? He works best on his own.

JAKE

It's your world, agent.
(heads off)
Follow me.

Sam nods to Dean, then follows Jake. Alone, Dean discreetly pulls out his EMF reader and snoops around for hex bags.

INT. ED'S APARTMENT - 5TH FLOOR - BEDROOM - DAY

Jake and Sam enter. Bloody sheets cover Ed's body. Bloody, smaller sheets cover his limbs. Gross.

JAKE

Vic's name was Ed Nelson. Thirty-one years old. He was an insurance claim adjuster. Lived alone...

(dripping sarcasm)
...which is a shocker, considering his place is filled with toys.

SAM

So, what happened?

JAKE

No signs of a struggle or forced entry. Near as we can tell, he was tied up and pulled apart. Died from the shock or massive blood loss, dealer's choice on that one.

Sam clocks the equipment bag from before-- it's open now, and it looks like there are CHAINS inside.

SAM

What about those chains?

JAKE

That's actually chainmail.

SAM

Seriously?

Jake shrugs. Sam pulls back a sheet, revealing a SEVERED RIGHT ARM with ANGRY WELTS where the invisible ropes dug in.

JAKE

...but we did find clear rope burn marks on his wrists and his ankles.

Sam looks at Ed's forearm... spots the strange MARK... like a leafless tree with deep roots. Odd.

SAM

Anything, uh, missing... from the body?

Jake shoots Sam a look. What?

JAKE

You mean aside from the arms and legs?

(off Sam's humor me look)

Nope. It's all there. Twig and berries, too.

SAM

Neighbors hear anything weird?

Jake stops for a half second. Not sure how to answer.

JAKE

Maybe?

SAM

Maybe's an option?

JAKE

Neighbor downstairs said she got woken up in the middle of the night by the sound of...

(off his notes)

"Horses stomping their feet and galloping."

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

JAKE (CONT'D)

(shrugs)

We didn't find any hoofprints, so hence: maybe. The neighbor prolly heard a TV, or she was having a bad dream, or she was high as balls.

Dean enters. Sam raises an eyebrow. Anything? Dean gives him a quick shake of his head. Nope.

JAKE

Fortunately, we have a real lead off his cell phone. According to phone records, Ed's last call was from a guy named Lance Jacobsen. An accountant. Also, 30s, also lives alone.

SAM

How's he a lead?

JAKE

The two of them talked for fifteen minutes and then Lance sent Ed here all kinds of angry texts. Some of them typical threat stuff, but some were a little weird...

DEAN

Weird how?

JAKE

(back to the notes)

"You shall bleed for your crimes against us..." And then there's an emoticon of a skull. And last but not least... "I am a Mage, I will destroy you."

Sam and Dean have another eye conference. *Mage?*

JAKE

These kids today. With their texting and murder. My men just brought Lance into the station for questioning.

SAM

We're gonna need first crack at the suspect.

JAKE

Like I said, it's your world, agent.

JAKE (CONT'D)

(shrugs)

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7

INT. POLICE STATION - BULLPEN - DAY

7

Sam and Dean enter the simple, largely empty, small town station. Jake waves them over to a desk.

JAKE

Lance is waiting for you boys in our interrogation room. My guys pulled this junk off him when they brought him in.

On the desk: a smart phone (with LOTR case,) keys (with LOTR key chain) and a baggy of purple herbs.

JAKE

(re: the herbs)

Thought this was weed, but Randy over there says it's some kinda herb, not the kind you smoke.

(then)

Bag a weird herbs. Claims he's a Mage. Who the hell is this guy?

SAM

We'll take it from here, thanks.

JAKE

Copy that. Room's just around the corner. Coffee's on the house.

Sam and Dean head over to the interrogation room.

DEAN

So, we got a guy that may have been drawn and quartered and that 'herb?' is--

SAM

--wolfsbane. So. Witch?

DEAN

Well, it's not a hell hound-- no signs of struggle and last I checked they're not good at tying knots. No hex bags, EMF or sulfur at the scene. So, maybe?

SAM

When did maybe become so popular?

They steel themselves, ready for anything and head in.

8

INT. POLICE STATION - INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

8

Sitting in the room, all by his lonesome, is one LANCE JACOBSON. 30s. Rail thin. Clear Vitamin D deficiency. Looks like he wouldn't hurt a fly, and lacks the strength to do so even if he wanted to.

Sam and Dean take in Lance and then shoot each other a look. Not so sure this is their guy anymore. They pull out badges.

SAM

Lance Jacobsen? We're with the FBI.

LANCE

The FBI?!

Lance bursts into tears.

LANCE

I can't believe this is happening.
I can't believe Ed's dead.

Dean takes a seat.

DEAN

Lance. Lance. Take a breath.
Take a breath, okay?

SAM

We just need to ask you some questions. Try to calm down.

Lance regulates his breathing. Wipes away his tears.

DEAN

Can you tell us about the texts you sent Ed last night?

Lance looks up, calmer now.

LANCE

I told them when they brought me in...

(wipes his tears)

Those texts weren't from me.

SAM

Your phone and Ed's phone say otherwise.

(CONTINUED)

LANCE

No, I mean, those texts were from me, but not from me, me.

DEAN

Did you really think that sentence would clear things up?

LANCE

I'm sorry. This is all a big misunderstanding. Those text messages were from Greyfox the Mystic to Thargrim the Difficult.

On Sam. Huh? On Dean. What Sam thought.

LANCE

Our characters in Moondoor.

On Sam. Still not helping, Lance. On Dean. Agreed.

LANCE

Moondoor is a game that Ed and I play.

(in conclusion)

We're LARPerS. Live Action Role Playing.

On Sam and Dean, tumblers falling into place now.

DEAN

Right. LARPing. Good times.

LANCE

Every other weekend we play Moondoor at Heritage Park. All the info about it is on our website.

DEAN

You guys have a website?

LANCE

Yeah, one of the players designed it. In fact, if you log on to the site, they should have posted pictures from last night's feast. I was there all night.

SAM

(skip to the end)

What does any of this have to do with the texts?

(CONTINUED)

LANCE

I play a character named Greyfox the Mystic. I'm a very, very, powerful Mage in the game.

Lance lets that lie there a bit until Sam nods. Acknowledging.

SAM

Very powerful. Got it.

LANCE

Ed... Ed is... was Thargrim the Difficult of the Elder Forest, son of Hargrim and Bouphin, brother to--
(okay, okay...)
He was Lancelot to my Merlin.

DEAN

Awesome. So, if you guys were so tight, why the threatening text messages?

LANCE

We were named to the Queen's Honor Guard in anticipation of the coming Battle of Kingdoms this weekend. I thought he broke protocols, so I called him on it off-site, but in-character. I know that's not cool, but I'm an immersion LARPer, you know?

Sam and Dean: nope. Once more, in English:

LANCE

I called Ed after game hours and accused him of cheating, and then challenged him to a duel.

SAM

Duel?

LANCE

(nods, rueful)
Wands and swords at dawn.

Sam and Dean share a look. Someone's gotta ask--

DEAN

When you say, "wands"... Magic wands, Lance?

(CONTINUED)

LANCE

No, unmagic wands, Agent. Because what I really want in a duel is an unmagic wand.

(beat, breaking down)

Yes, fake wands! It's a game!

(and...losing it now)

I can't believe it. My gods!

Thargrim the Difficult has fallen!

Lance is again a puddle of tears. Dean looks at Sam. Sidebar, party of two?

Sam and Dean head out of the interrogation room.

DEAN

(to Lance)

Just breathe. There ya go, champ.

As soon as the door closes, Sam and Dean walk and talk to the nearest computer.

SAM

You believe Dungeons & Dragons?

DEAN

He didn't put any whammy on us and those weren't crocodile tears.

(then)

That's not our guy.

SAM

So, what are we looking at?

DEAN

You saw the chainmail. *Fifty Shades of Greyfox* for all we know.

Sam frowns. Not willing to let it go just yet, he commandeers a COMPUTER.

SAM

Let's look up the Moondoor site, see if Lance's story checks out.

Sam pulls up the web site of Moondoor. It's not exactly high end. Epic, fantasy-style drawings of LARPer's in battle.

SAM

"Welcome to Moondoor, home of the state's largest LARPing game."

DEAN

And I thought we needed to get out more.

SAM

There's our boy.

ON THE COMPUTER: Sam clicks through photos of last night's "Festival of the Endless Night" and sure enough, there's Lance, drunk as a skunk and knee-deep in SERVING WENCHES.

DEAN

That actually looks pretty awesome.

Sam looks at Dean. Really? Dean looks away. No. Maybe.

SAM

There's a video.

Sam clicks on the video, a 'commercial' for the game. Prepare yourselves. The video is awful...ly amazing.

ON THE COMPUTER (INTERCUT SAM AND DEAN'S REACTIONS)

MOONDOOR VIDEO

(voiced by Bob Singer)

Moondoor. A world of intrigue, honor... and passion!

(then)

Four kingdoms... The Followers of the Moon... Elves... Warriors.... And the dreaded Shadow Orcs!

Images of... The Followers of the Moon, dudes and dudettes in Jedi-style robes; Elves, people in wigs and plastic ears; Warriors, humans in chainmail carrying foam swords; Shadow Orcs, folks wearing plastic ears and fangs.

MOONDOOR VIDEO

All will fight on the Fields of Never in the biannual Battle of Kingdoms!

A random EXPLOSION appears on the screen, a subtle transition into a series of rapid fire images of 'battles' (either from actual gameplay or public domain action flicks.)

MOONDOOR VIDEO

Pick up a sword or a mace and take control of Moondoor, or defend the current ruler: the Queen of Moons!

ON SAM AND DEAN as they both react to what they see--

(CONTINUED)

DEAN

Wait... is that...

ON THE SCREEN

We reveal the Queen of Moons... a PAN UP shot of an elegant flowing red dress that finally reveals the one and only...

CHARLIE BRADBURY!

She's wearing a pretty bitchin' crown and is accepting flowers from a KNIGHT who bows before her.

ON SAM AND DEAN. Holy shit!

10

INT. POLICE STATION - INTERROGATION ROOM - SAME

10

Alone, Lance wipes his tears. As he does, he scratches on his forearm. He scratches again and then pulls back his sleeve to see if he has a bug bite. On his arm is the same MARK we saw on Ed's arm. A leafless tree with deep roots.

LANCE

The hell?

Lance marches to the door, he's about to bang on it, yell "Hey", when, suddenly--

His body seizes up and he COUGHS. The coughing rapidly escalates. Lance covers his mouth. When he pulls his hand away though... he's shocked to see it's COVERED IN BLOOD.

He opens his mouth to scream but COUGHS more, spraying the mirror on the wall with blood.

He looks at himself in the mirror... and SCREAMS!

BLOOD is now oozing out of every hole in his head. He collapses and we--

BLACKOUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

11 INT. POLICE STATION - BULLPEN - DAY

11

Lance is zipped up into a body bag by a MEDICAL EXAMINER. Sam and Dean watch, stunned. Jake leads them to a computer.

JAKE

You're gonna wanna see this.

ON THE MONITOR: we watch the last scene of Act One play out from a security camera mounted in the corner of the room.

JAKE

I'll say it: God forbid he was contagious. I'm gonna go dip myself in hand-sanitizer.

*

Jake heads off. Alone, the boys confer.

DEAN

No sulfur, no EMF, no hex bags in the room. I got nada. You?

SAM

The video. Look again.

ON THE MONITOR: Sam REWINDS-- they see Lance pull back his sleeve and get a clear shot from this angle of the MARK [NOTE: They DO NOT SEE the MARK "appear". It's there.]

SAM

There. Same as Ed.

Sam shows Dean a crime scene photo from Ed's apartment, showing the mark Sam clocked earlier in CLOSE UP.

SAM

Could just be matching tattoos. They were brothers-in-arms. You recognize it from anything?

DEAN

A Tim Burton movie? Okay, besides the Mark of Creepy, only thing they had in common was LARPing.

SAM

Lucky for us, we know the Queen.

12 EXT. PARK - MOONDOOR ENTRANCE - DAY

12

Blue sky. Sunny. Perfect.

(CONTINUED)

DRAMATIC MUSIC SWELLS and we PAN DOWN to find the rippling flag of MOONDOOR, fastened to the top of a glorious tent. It's grand. Majestic. Game of Thrones worthy... until we...

WIDEN to reveal the awesome tent surrounded by less awesome pup tents. It's filled with a gaggle of LARPerS, all decked out in medieval period costumes. The MUSIC/SCORE loses steam, running out of majesty, barely holding onto dignity.

Suddenly, a rollerblading TEEN wearing a Red Wings Jersey breezes by. WIDEN further, revealing all the tents pepper the edge of a public park, in contrast with the parking lot, college kids playing frisbee, and parents with strollers.

Sam and Dean take it all in. Deep breath. Bad idea. Massive B.O. They wade into Moondoor proper. On the outskirts, they spot a LARPer we will come to know as GERALD HAWKINS. But Gerry has another name for himself--

GERALD

I, Boltar the Furious, bind you to this stock for all of Moondoor to see you for what you are: a thief!

He yells this to a man bound to an actual wooden stock. This man is a SHADOW ORC. Plastic ears, fake fangs. In real life, his name is MONTY HARRISON and he's a psychiatrist.

MONTY

(fang-induced lisp)
My Shadow Orc brethren will descend from the Black Hills and the tents--

And just as he's rolling, his fake plastic teeth pop out on the ground. Sam makes a face. Ew.

GERALD

(LARPing for "time out")
Hold!

Gerald waddles over and grabs the fake teeth, gently putting them back in Monty's mouth. Dean makes a face. Double ew.

MONTY

Thanks, Gerry.

GERALD

Anytime, Monty. Resume!

(CONTINUED)

MONTY

The tents of Moondoor will be
bathed in blood when we unseat the
Queen of Moons from the throne she
stole from its rightful heir: the
Shadow King! You shall bow to--

Before he can finish, Gerald reaches into his pouch and pulls
out a magical spell. Which, in LARPing means a small,
harmless BEANBAG. He tosses the beanbag at Monty.

GERALD

Silentium!

As soon as the beanbag hits Monty, he STFUS.

GERALD

Serve your time with honor heathen.
And if you need to use a chamber
pot, stomp your feet thrice.

Gerald turns away and Dean heads over, flashing his badge.

DEAN

Hey there. I take it you're a
LARPer?

GERALD

I prefer the term interactive
literaturist.

DEAN

(whatever)
Special Agent Rosewood, this is
Special Agent Taggart. We need to--

GERALD

Hold!

(normal, friendly voice)
We're not doing a genre mash-up
thing this month. We only do that
every third month.

SAM

Come again?

GERALD

Your fake badges, the cheap suits.
Very cool. I get it. Your
characters are FBI agents who have
somehow travelled to Moondoor-- but
I'm telling you, it's straight up
Moondoor this weekend, and--

(CONTINUED)

SAM

These aren't fake badges.

GERALD

Yeah. They are. And they're really good, but--

(taking Dean's)

The ID numbers shifted to ten digits with two letters mixed in at the end of the year. And that seal is from last month. It's very good work. But this is a *tournament* weekend, okay, guys? You have to follow the rules. No rules, there's chaos. Resume!

(back into character)

If you would like to join the Army of Moons, the Queen is always on the lookout for new squires.

Sam shoots Dean a look. Did that just happen?

DEAN

Right. Well. Okay... we'd like to see the Queen then. Now.

GERALD

The Queen's calender is booked months in advance! If you wish to witness what's in store for you in her Army, though, follow me. Her highness is overseeing new squires on the pitch as we speak.

Two KNIGHTS fight one another. Faces covered in helmets. Despite the foam swords and shields, it's actually badass. Knight #2 takes a beating from the more experienced Knight #1. Knight #2 is slammed to the ground in a sweeping move.

KNIGHT #2

Yield! I yield!

Knight #1 stands over Knight #2, blocking out the sun from Knight #1's POV.

KNIGHT #1

There is no yielding... in my Army.

Knight #1 takes off their helmet and we PUSH IN to reveal it's CHARLIE under there! She shakes out her hair, in SLO-MO, total hero shot. Knight #2 looks up at her in awe.

(CONTINUED)

KNIGHT #2

I love you.

CHARLIE

I know.

Charlie helps Knight #2 to his feet.

CHARLIE

Take your leave to my medical tent
and attend to your severed limbs.

Knight #2 nods and limps/hops away. As he leaves, we reveal
he's one of four new SQUIRES. Charlie addresses them.

CHARLIE

Greyfox and Thargrim are missing.
We pray to the goddess they have
not fallen victim of foul play. In
their absence, the Honor Guard's
ranks are weakened. To join--

Charlie looks over at the small crowd watching all this...
standing among them... Sam and Dean Winchester.

CHARLIE

--aw, blerg.

(shakes it off)

Um... the Queen needs some royal we
time. Talk amongst thyselfes.

Charlie quickly beats a hasty retreat to her tent. Sam and
Dean follow. Dean picks up Knight #2's dropped foam sword.
It's actually hefty-- a two-by-four wrapped in protective
foam.

DEAN

Nice balance.

(off Sam's look)

Right. Sorry.

Think Tyrion Lannister's tent only cheaper and no candles. A
bed, a table with a map and a whole lotta tapestries.
Charlie is packing a knapsack as Sam and Dean enter.

SAM

Charlie?

CHARLIE

Charlie Bradbury is dead. She died
a year ago. You killed her.

(MORE)

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

My name is Carrie Heinlein. And guess what? Now you've killed her, too.

DEAN

Listen--

CHARLIE

I buried myself. Then Dick Roman went down, his company belly up, so I figured... all is good. And I was fine. I got my life back.

(then)

And now you're here. And if you guys are here, monsters are here. Why do I have the worst luck? What am I? A monster magnet? Is there such a thing as a monster magnet?

(waves her hands)

You know what? Don't answer that. I don't care. What I do care about is not getting my other arm broken. Or dying. So, I'm dropping my sword and walking off stage, bitches.

*

Charlie pops her crown on Sam's head as she heads out.

CHARLIE

Have fun storming the castle.

DEAN

Charlie. Greyfox and Thargrim? Ed and Lance? They aren't missing. They're dead.

Charlie stops at the exit to her tent. Dammit.

CLOSE ON a mildly terrible, slightly awesome PORTRAIT of the Queen of Moons.

CHARLIE (O.S.)

Drawn and quartered and bleeding out? Please stop talking again.

PAN FROM THE PAINTING to find Charlie, Sam and Dean sitting around the table, catching up.

CHARLIE

So what do you think did this?

Dean pulls out a photo of the MARK on Ed and Lance's arm.

DEAN

Apart from this mark and them being LARPerS? Not much to go on yet.

CHARLIE

I've seen this before. It's a Celtic Magic symbol. At least it is in my favorite video game. Does that help? Can I go now?

SAM

It's a start. And no. What can you tell us about Ed and Lance?

CHARLIE

Good guys. Two of the best members of the Queen's ever shrinking army.

DEAN

Ever shrinking?

CHARLIE

My kingdom has had a lot of bad luck lately. Probably 'cause of me. But... maybe it was tied to this. A month ago, one of my guys had both ankles broken before a battle. Before that, I had three people have hospital worthy accidents while at home. Think there's any connection there?

SAM

They have any enemies in common?

CHARLIE

In real life? No. Everyone gets along famously. In the game, though? They had a ton of enemies.

She points to the map of Moondoor, something out of Tolkien, the land divided into HEXES. Each hex is a different color.

CHARLIE

Green reps the Followers of the Moon-- my peeps. Red's for Elves. Blue's for the Warriors of Yesteryear. And black's for the Shadow Orcs. Total d-bags. This weekend is the Battle of Kingdoms, to see who wears the Forever Crown.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

This weekend, each faction is
definitely an enemy of me and mine.

Dean eyeballs the map and the various figures representing
Charlie's army. Can't help himself. Starts moving pieces.

DEAN

You should move your archers back
and your broad swordsmen to the
West, that way you could--

CHARLIE

--flank the Warriors, good call.
But what about the Southern Wall--

SAM

Guys?

DEAN

Right. Sorry.

Dean moves her catapults to the South, Charlie nods her
approval. Nice.

SAM

So, maybe someone in one of these
other kingdoms got a hold of real
magic, started weakening your army?

CHARLIE

But why not just come after me?
And why the escalation?

DEAN

We'll canvas the kingdoms. And...
maybe you *should* get out of here,
Charlie. I don't want you to get--

SAM

Wait, Charlie knows Moondoor better
than we do. We need her.

DEAN

I think we can handle a bunch of
accountants with foam swords.

SAM

We need all the help we can get--
people are dying, Dean.

DEAN

My point. And usually yours.
Charlie should get some place safe,
get back to a normal life--

CHARLIE

Hey. I'm right here. And I want
to leave.

On Dean. Good. On Sam. Not good.

CHARLIE

But the Queen? She has to stay.
Sam's right. People are dying.
That can't happen on my watch. And
you know what? I'm tired of
running. I like my life here. I'm
gonna fight for it.

On Dean. Wants to argue, but knows he can't. Suddenly,
Sam's phone rings. He grabs it.

SAM

(into phone)

Yeah? Okay. Alright, thanks.

(hangs up, to the gang)

Toxicology came back on Lance.
Nothing. But the M.E. said his
body showed clear signs that he was
killed by Belladonna.

*
*
*

DEAN/CHARLIE

The porn star?

SAM

The poison. But they didn't find a
trace of it in his system.

*
*

DEAN

Just like we didn't find any ropes
in Ed's apartment.

*
*
*

SAM

Charlie, can I borrow your laptop?

*

CHARLIE

There are no laptops in Moondoor.
(off their looks)
What? There are rules. But there
is a Tech Tent four tents down.

15

CONTINUED: (4)

15

SAM

You guys go canvas. I'll dig into these accidents and this mark.

Sam heads out of the tent.

CHARLIE

Okay, I'm gonna need the full wiki on where you guys have been. But first? You gotta ditch the suit if you're gonna walk and talk with the Queen.

Off Dean, a small smile as he gets what this means...

16

EXT. PARK - TECH TENT - DAY

16

Sam heads toward a tent that's labeled with a dot-matrix style sign: "BEWARE! For this is a gateway to the future!"

17

INT. TECH TENT - DAY

17

Rows of tables with computers. PLAYERS play video games and check e-mail. All are dressed in costumes. Sam sits down next to a female warrior we will soon come to know as MARIA.

ON THE COMPUTER: Sam looks up BELLADONNA. It's a poison... that was popular in medieval times. Huh...

Sam turns to Maria. She smiles. Super cute.

SAM

Excuse me, is there a directory of players online?

MARIA

Yeah, it's on the web site, all you need is an account to access it.

SAM

Thanks--

MARIA

--Maria. I mean... Gholandria.
(go on...)
The Wicked.

Yeah. She's flirting. Off Sam's nervous smile...

18

INT. QUEEN OF MOONS' TENT - DAY

18

QUICK CUTS as Dean 'suits up,' putting on medieval garb. Wrist guards. Boots. Chainmail. Cod piece? Your call. He checks himself in a mirror. Awesome.

CHARLIE

You sent Sam a phantom text from his ex? Dick move, sir.

DEAN

Not my finest hour.

CHARLIE

So, he found some normalcy with this chick. Now it's gone. Again. Thanks to you. Strong work.

Dean's face darkens a bit.

DEAN

Yeah, well. Now he's more committed than ever, so that's a good thing. Trust me, this life? We can't afford attachments. Best to just... let it go.

CHARLIE

We still talking about Sam, or did you break up with someone, too?

*
*

DEAN

(yep)
Me? Nah.

*
*
*

Charlie regards him. Not buying it. But not pressing.

*

CHARLIE

Look, in non-monster life? Break ups suck, too. My experience? Only cure for a nasty one is time.

Dean smiles and they head out together.

19

EXT. PARK - MOONDOOR - DAY

19

Dean and Charlie walk and talk. PASSERSBY bow to the Queen.

DEAN

You always been into LARPing?

CHARLIE

Nah. For role play, I prefer a table top. D&D, Gamma World, Car Wars. That's why Cthulu invented multi-sided dice, right? But a buddy of mine was into LARPing. I went for him, and stayed for the chicks. It's not just that, though. It's an escape. I mean, here? I'm a Queen! A hero. Out there? In the real world? I'm hacking out code and chugging coffee all day long.

DEAN

Hey. If you hadn't helped us, Sam and I would never have been able to take Dick Roman down. Out there? In the real world? You are a hero.

Charlie gives up a small smile.

DEAN

Y'know, I have noticed a few of the maidens giving you the eye.

CHARLIE

What? I can't shut this down.
(shrugs)
It's good to be the Queen.

They fist bump without looking. Well played, Charlie.

20

INT. TECH TENT - SAME

20

Sam pulls up a file with all the names of the players.

MARIA

So, what got you into all this?

SAM

Uh... a friend. You?

MARIA

I'm an EMT. Gotta stay absolutely focused on the job. But here? In Moondoor? I get to have fun-- find a way to unwind again, y'know?

Sam considers this. She's not wrong.

21

EXT. PARK - MOONDOOR - DAY

21

Dean and Charlie are with a cute LADY ELF. The Lady Elf looks at the photo of the MARK and shakes her head, "No."

CHARLIE

Alright. If you think of anything, come see me in my tent. Anytime.

Dean looks at Charlie. Did you just? The Elf winks at Charlie and heads off. Yup. Sure did. Charlie walks on.

CHARLIE

Scratch the Elves off the list.

Dean and Charlie come upon Knight #2 from before.

CHARLIE

Young squire. I'm happy to see your wounds have healed.

KNIGHT #2

Your doctors are superb, my Queen.
(looks at Dean)
And...

CHARLIE

This is... Lord Fava... Bean...s.
Of Deantonia... ?

KNIGHT #2

(bowing solemnly)
Sir Beans.

Dean shoots Charlie a look. Charlie shrugs: deal with it.

CHARLIE

You were once a Warrior of
Yesteryear, were you not, squire?

KNIGHT #2

Yes, my Queen, but I have disavowed
my allegiance to those traitorous--

DEAN

You ever see this symbol in your
time with them?

Dean shows him a picture of the MARK. Nope. Nothing.

KNIGHT #2

But I did notice something unusual
about them. Unnatural, even.

(CONTINUED)

Charlie looks at Dean. Now we're cooking.

KNIGHT #2

They can travel through time...
they're looting gold from the Civil
War and have kidnapped Jeb Stuart!
If we seize their contraption--

Dean looks at Charlie. Not cooking anymore.

CHARLIE

I see. Well, time travel is magic
of Old Gods, and we do not--

KNIGHT #2

You're right. I've blasphemed.
I'll head to the high priestess for
a good flogging, my Queen.

Off Dean, raising an eyebrow...

Maria looks at Sam's screen-- he's hacked into the police
database. Has several crime scene photos up on his screen.

SAM

Oh, it's, uh, all part of the game.

MARIA

(nods, totally gets it)
Genre mash-up. Cool. Hey-- I know
him. That's Jamie. Heard he broke
his ankles or something.

ON THE MONITOR: Sam pulls up Jamie's file. A gruesome photo
of broken ankles comes on screen. Broken INWARD. Ouch.

SAM

Looks like he was...

MARIA

Hobbled.

Getting into it, she points at a photo of a BATTERED WOMAN.

MARIA

Oh, and that's Phyllis. She said
someone broke into her house, beat
her with her own mace, but--

SAM

No signs of a forced entry...

Sam points to the photo-- Phyllis bears the MARK.

SAM

You recognize this from Moondoor?
I think it's Celtic.

MARIA

No. Sorry. But I'll look it up.

SAM

Mace attack. Hobbling. Medieval poisonings... Somebody's been targeting the Queen's people.

MARIA

Not just them.
(points at Sam's monitor)
See, these four are with the Queen.
But these two? They're Elves. And these two are Warriors. Only group not to get hit--

Charlie and Dean walk and talk.

CHARLIE

--the Shadow Orcs. Last group on the list. Impossible to find.

DEAN

I know where we can find one. Met him on the way in.

CHARLIE

Perfect. Hopefully he can tell us what the frak this thing is...

She holds up the photo of the MARK and we CUT TO A CLOSE UP. PULLING OUT to reveal we're now in...

The MARK appears on Sam's monitor, a CELTIC MAGIC site.

SAM

It's The Tree of Pain. "If you are tagged with this mark, you will be a victim of Fairy Magic."

MARIA

Wait. Fairy Magic can be bad?

25 EXT. PARK - MOONDOOR ENTRANCE - SAME

25

Dean and Charlie walk over to Monty from earlier.

MONTY

Death to the Queen! Death to the
usurper! Death to her man servant!

Dean swats him with his foam sword. Off Charlie's look--

DEAN

No laptops in Moondoor, no Geneva
Convention, either.

(shows him the photo)

Have you seen this before?

MONTY

Of course. I mean... no...

(off Dean's sword)

It's the Shadow King's family
crest. But you'll never find him
in the Black Hills!

DEAN

Black Hills?

CHARLIE

The forest past the playground.
C'mon!

26 INT. TECH TENT - SAME

26

Sam calls Dean, straight to VM. He hangs up, grabs his gear.

SAM

Thanks for your help, Gholandria.

MARIA

Anytime. I've never done genre
mash-up play before. That was fun.

SAM

First time for everything right?

MARIA

First time for a lot of things if
you find my tent later.

Oh boy.

SAM

Another time.

(CONTINUED)

26

CONTINUED:

26

MARIA

Your loss.

She's not wrong. But Sam leaves anyway.

27

EXT. PARK - BLACK HILLS - DAY

27

Dean and Charlie head into the woods. Dean tries his phone.
No signal. Gerald approaches, harried.

*

GERALD

My Queen! There you are-- I've
been looking everywhere for you.
Has this oaf attempted to harm you
with his blasphemous metalworks?

*

*

*

*

CHARLIE

Boltar, he's with me. This is my
new... Handmaiden. We seek an
audience with the Shadow King.

GERALD

These hills are not safe. I
beseech you my Queen, please you
should return to camp.

DEAN

He's right, your worshipfulness.
May I have a moment before you take
your leavings?
(pulls her aside,
whispers)
Handmaiden?

CHARLIE

He was suspicious. I panicked.

DEAN

Take my phone, find Sam. We'll
find the Shadow Dorks.

CHARLIE

I can help.

DEAN

And you will. By finding Sam. Go.

Charlie sighs and reluctantly leaves. Dean turns to Gerald.

DEAN

Lead the way to the Orcs, Bolty.

(CONTINUED)

27 CONTINUED:

27

GERALD

Speak when spoken to, Handmaiden.

28 EXT. PARK - BLACK HILLS - MOMENTS LATER

28

Charlie heads back. Suddenly, a twig SNAPS. She looks back. Another twig SNAP. A FIGURE ducks behind a tree. Charlie RUNS! The figure chases! She looks back, nothing, but--

JUMPSCARE as she turns back and the FIGURE is now right in front of her-- a SHADOW ORC! He GROWLS. Charlie flinches but... the Orc tosses a bean bag at her. Misses. Dummy. Relieved, Charlie nails him with a bean bag of her own.

CHARLIE

Dark magic!

SHADOW ORC #1

My eyes! The burning of your attack stings my very soul!

He runs off SCREAMING into the forest. Charlie breathes a sigh of relief. Close call. She turns and JUMPSCARE as she comes face-to-face with a person in black robes and a STAG SKULL mask-- on its robes: the MARK! She tosses a bean bag.

CHARLIE

Dark magic?

The robes OPEN AND ENVELOP CHARLIE (AND US) IN DARKNESS!

BLACKOUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

29

EXT. PARK - MOONDOOR - DUSK

29

Dean and Gerald head back toward Charlie's Tent.

DEAN

Well, that was a bust. You sure
the Shadow Orcs are even out there?

*

GERALD

For a Handmaiden, you certainly ask
many questions. Yes, I am
positive. They are just very good
at keeping themselves hidden.

(considers)

But... a plan has sprung to mind to
bring the Shadow King to us. We
shall take the Shadow Orc held in
stock and offer him in a prisoner
exchange.

DEAN

Draw them out and beat them down.
I like your style, Boltar.

GERALD

I'll retrieve the prisoner. Tend
to the Queen's laundry and chamber
pots then meet me back here.

Gerald heads off. As he does, Sam walks over.

SAM

Nice outfit.

DEAN

You love it.

SAM

Well, while you were playing dress
up, I found out that the mark--

DEAN

--belongs to the Shadow Orcs--

SAM

--and they're using Fairy Magic.

He hands Dean printouts from the Tech Tent.

DEAN

The Tree of Pain. Awesome.

(CONTINUED)

SAM

Whoever gets marked, gets ganked.

DEAN

How do we stop it?

SAM

Find the person who cast the spell and take them out. No more whammy, no more marks. No more marks, no more dead bodies.

DEAN

Perfect. Our pal Boltar the Chatty just went to go grab the Shadow Orc prisoner. We're gonna do a little prisoner exchange to draw the King out of hiding. My idea.

(hold on)

Wait... where's Charlie?

SAM

She was with you.

DEAN

I sent her to you--

Dean quickly checks inside her tent--

DEAN

Your Highness? Charlie!

Nothing. His face falls-- really worried now.

DEAN

She has my phone, call it.

Sam grabs his phone. Dials.

INT. BIG ASS TENT - DUSK

CLOSE ON DEAN'S PHONE. It says NO SIGNAL. Indeed.

WIDEN to reveal Charlie on a beautiful bed. She stirs, rubbing her noggin' as she wakes up. She takes in the tent. An entrance and an exit on each side. It's lush. Big.

And would be totally awesome if the creepy thing wearing the STAG SKULL wasn't standing across the tent, staring at her.

CHARLIE

Uh... hi?

(then)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

I'm the, uh, Queen. Of Moons.
Nice to meet you...

The Stag Skull stands motionless. Staring at Charlie.

CHARLIE

Great costume, B.T. Dubs.
(still no response)
Right. So, this has been a really
great kidnapping, but I gotta get
back to not dying. So, good talk.

She bolts for the exit. The Stag Skull doesn't even move.
Charlie goes through the exit and as she does...

...she comes through the entrance on the other side of the
tent. Huh? She goes through the entrance...

...and comes back in through the exit. Double huh? Okay.
Not getting out of here anytime soon.

CHARLIE

Wow. Real magic. That is...
really cool. If not mostly
terrifying. Right. Okay, we can
totally work this out, can't we?
Get you some gold? My crown?
Ritualistic sacrifice?

The Stag Head continues its silent stare down.

CHARLIE

Look, I'm not really a Queen. I'm
just an I.T. Girl. Standing in
front of a monster. Asking it not
to kill her.

(more with the silence)

Great. And now the worst period of
my life comes to an end. I saw my
boss get eaten by a Leviathan, got
my arm broke, lived life on the run,
finally got it all back, and now a
dude in a Stag Skull mask is going
to kill me... I just want go back to
my old life!

The Stag Skull suddenly moves for Charlie. Charlie grabs the
nearest weapon she can-- a throw pillow. The Stag Skull gets
closer. Raises its hands. Charlie cowers, here comes the
death blow.

(CONTINUED)

The Stag Skull grabs its horns, pulls off its mask and reveals... a smoking hot blonde underneath. We shall come to know her as GILDA.

GILDA

That is all I want as well.

Off Charlie, smitten and not dead.

EXT. PARK - BLACK HILLS - NIGHT

Sam and Dean follow Gerald, who has Monty in chains, leading him out to the edges of the forest. Dean is tense.

DEAN

If anything happened to--

SAM

Dean. We've checked every tent, now we'll talk to these guys. We'll find her.

Suddenly, they hear a BIRD NOISE. Sounds like Owen Wilson in Bottle Rocket. Ka-kaw, ka-kaw! Monty makes the same noise. Suddenly, three SHADOW ORCS come out of the... uh, shadows.

GERALD

Greetings, heretics.

One steps forward, wearing a crown of thorns. The Shadow King. We see the MARK on his armor.

SHADOW KING

You should kneel before me, cur.

DEAN

(fuming)

Just let me talk to this--

GERALD

Silence! Now. Before we exchange, a few announcements. There's a pee-wee league soccer playoff game tomorrow on the Alpha Field. We don't want to freak the mundanes, so the Battle of Kingdoms has been moved to the Beta Field.

That's it. Dean's done. Had enough. He pulls out his gun.

SAM

Dean.

GERALD

I told you this isn't--

DEAN

Shut up. I need real answers. And this? This is a real gun. See?

BLAM! He shoots into the ground, then points the gun at the Shadow King, who looks like he just shat his pantaloons.

SHADOW KING

Hold! Hold!

DEAN

Start talking. Where is the Queen?

SHADOW KING

I have no idea.

DEAN

Your family crest tells a different story, pal.

The King pulls back his wrist guard. On his arm: the MARK!

SHADOW KING

What, this? I got sick last month after this thing appeared on my arm. I thought it looked cool, so I made it into my new family crest. I mean, after my dermatologist said it wasn't malignant.

*
*
*

SAM

He's not our guy, Dean. He's another vic.

SHADOW KING

My name is Lawrence Hilby. I'm an attorney. I don't know where the Queen is... but if you let me go right now, I won't press charges. Promise. Here, take them--
(he takes off his ears)
Please.

Dean slumps his shoulders. Dammit. He lowers his gun, lets the Shadow King go. Dude runs away. Fast. The other Orcs run away as well. Except for Monty.

DEAN

What?

(CONTINUED)

MONTY

Is the Queen really in danger?
(off Dean's "duh")
I did notice something odd, out by
the creek. There's a weird tent.
It's not ours. It's kinda creepy.

SAM

Why are you so helpful all of a
sudden?

MONTY

I harbor an epic crush on the
Queen. Maybe you'll put in a good
word for me when you find her?

DEAN

I don't think you're her type.

MONTY

(offended)
What, she's not into Orcs?

Gilda now sits next to Charlie. On the bed. Just saying.

GILDA

My name is Gilda. I'm from The
Hollow Forest of Arkhmoor. I'm a
Fairy.

CHARLIE

Swoon.
(get it together)
I mean, how did you get here?

GILDA

I was summoned here by a spell.

CHARLIE

By whom?

GILDA

I don't know his name. But I was
brought here to do his bidding.

CHARLIE

His *bidding*? That's never good.

GILDA

My... Master... he makes me hurt
people. He's forcing me to.

(MORE)

GILDA (CONT'D)

I'd never hurt anyone. I'm a Fairy. The good kind.

CHARLIE

I get that. Why's he doing this?

GILDA

I don't know. He started out with smaller commands, but he has become more violent.

(troubled)

He... he made me to kill two men this week. I have no idea what he'll do next.

CHARLIE

Man, someone is taking this game way too seriously.

GILDA

Game?

CHARLIE

This... my outfit, all this, it's just a game here.

GILDA

Why would you play such a game?

CHARLIE

This world? Not so much with the awesome. This game is a place to get away.

GILDA

It is a lovely forest. But it's nothing like my home.

CHARLIE

Right. So, how can we get you back there?

GILDA

I can't break free of the spell myself. A hero must take my Master's book of magic and destroy it, breaking the spell.

CHARLIE

(big smile)

Gilda? My name is Charlie Bradbury. And I'm here to rescue you.

(CONTINUED)

32 CONTINUED: (2) 32

Gilda glows. Puts a hand on Charlie's. Um, sparks much?

33 EXT. PARK - BLACK HILLS - NIGHT 33

Sam and Dean head out into the park... with Gerald.

DEAN

Boltar, scram. We got this.

GERALD

A Handmaiden and a time traveller
save the Queen? Ha! I should
think not, kind lady.

Sam looks at Dean. Did he just call you a... Dean shakes his
head. Don't ask.

SAM

This isn't a game, Boltar. The
Queen-- our friend? She's in real
danger. You could get hurt.

GERALD

I will not leave my Queen in peril.
(points)
Look, ahead.

Up ahead, they see a small tent. Not much to shout about.

DEAN

We didn't check that tent.

Dean storms over to the tent, racing inside...

34 INT. BIG ASS TENT - NIGHT 34

Dean heads in. Followed by Sam. The tent is obviously much,
much larger than it appeared on the outside. Magic! But
that's not what has Dean raising his eyebrows.

The cause of his surprise? One Charlie Bradbury, on a bed,
with a Fairy. Totally making out.

Charlie sees them, breaks the kiss.

CHARLIE

Dudes. If the tent is rocking,
don't come a-knocking.

Gilda turns as well to see them, but her face falls. She
gets up, stumbling backward. Terrified.

(CONTINUED)

GILDA

No. It's him! My Master! Run!

She points behind Sam and Dean who part to reveal... Gerald!

BLACKOUT.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

35

INT. BIG ASS TENT - NIGHT

35

The boys pull their guns. Gerald puts a hand in his pocket. Curious.

GERALD

No guns in Moondoor, gentlemen. Gilda, if you please.

On Gilda, as she reluctantly raises her hand and Sam and Dean's guns turn into FEATHERS. Shit.

DEAN

So. What's the plan here, Gerry?

GERALD

My name is Boltar. The Furious!

Gerald punches a table, enraged, unhinged. As he's distracted, Charlie eyes the boys, nodding at foam swords nearby.

GERALD

My plan, after having gotten rid of all my competition, was to win in battle tomorrow, convincing the Queen that I should be her King... but then you two idiots showed up and I was forced to improvise.

(shrugs)

Save the damsel in distress from the Orcs. Be made King. Kill you both. That'll work, too.

SAM

So, why go from hobbling to murder?

GERALD

Greyfox and Thargim became a part of the Honor Guard and got close to the Queen. And they did it by breaking the rules, paying off other players with real money instead of Moondoor currency. They were cheating.

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DEAN

And using magic isn't?

GERALD

Magic is part of Moondoor.

(CONTINUED)

CHARLIE

What is wrong with you? Why would you hurt people? It's just a game.

GERALD

There is no game! There is only Moondoor.

(almost regretful)

I came here to be different. To get away from my crappy life. To be a hero. And guess what?

DEAN

You were a loser in real life and you were a loser here. Shocker.

GERALD

Would a loser track down a real book of spells and compel a Fairy to do his bidding?

SAM

Depends. Where'd you find it?

GERALD

(weakly)

eBay.

SAM

You don't have to do this, Boltar. Just give us the book of spells. We can work this out.

Gerald grabs a foam sword. Puts a hand in his pocket.

GERALD

This will all work out when I've removed you from the playing field and wiped her memory. Gilda?

GILDA. Regretfully, she nods-- His sword MORPHS from foam... to cold, hard steel!

He attacks Dean who-- just in time-- scoops up a heavy SHIELD and deflects the blow. Then kicks out a leg and sends Gerald flying backwards!

Charlie, Sam and Dean quickly grab foam swords as Gerald stands, faces them down. Three against one? Uh, no--

GERALD

(hand back in his pocket)

Gilda, string up the big one.

(CONTINUED)

Gilda reluctantly raises her hand. Fighting it. But Sam is shot up into the air, an invisible NOOSE digging into his neck and pulling him up.

DEAN

Sam!

Suddenly, Charlie rushes Gerald with a GROWL! Their swords clash as they press against each other nose to nose-- and Gerald shoves her back to the floor! Grins, as--

WHOOSH! DEAN'S SWORD WHIPS for Gerald's head when Gerald holds up his sword just in time-- the hard steel LOPS Dean's sword in half! Uh oh.

And-- WHAP! Gerald slaps Dean with the broad side of his blade, taunting him. Dean staggers back as--

Charlie races over to Gilda.

GILDA

I can't stop him. The book-- you must destroy it.

SAM struggles, holding on for dear life, as--

DEAN meets Gerald's next rush-- and turns him away! Dean keeps pressing, beating Gerald back. Gerald falters. As he does... something falls out of his pocket: the spell book!

Charlie spots it and dives for it, grabbing it in a somersault roll, dodging a blow from Gerald as she does. She then pulls a real dagger from her boot.

CHARLIE

Hey, Gerry? I'm the one who saves damsels in distress around here.

And with that, she STABS the book. A bright light SHOOTs out of it, rippling through the tent. The spell has been broken.

GERALD

No!

Sam DROPS to the ground, free of the noose. Gerald's sword DISSOLVES back into foam. He swings it at Dean, who catches it with his bare hand. Dean then DECKS Gerald. Lights out. Charlie races over to Gilda.

CHARLIE

Are you okay?

GILDA

I am free of the spell. You saved me... The Hollow Forest is forever in your debt.

(then)

I must return to those green hills now. I will take my former Master with me. He must face a Fairy Tribunal for his sins.

CHARLIE

Wait--

Charlie grabs Gilda. Big fat kiss. And then Gilda DISAPPEARS, taking Gerald with her. As she fades away...

CHARLIE

Call me? Maybe?

BLACKOUT.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

36

EXT. PARK - MOONDOOR ENTRANCE - DAY (DAY 3)

36

Charlie walks the boys to the edge of the park.

SAM

What's next for you, Charlie? New town? New identity?

CHARLIE

If the last twenty-four hours has taught me anything, it's that escaping isn't what it used to be. No more replacement characters for me. I gotta face reality from now on. Sadly, reality actually includes monsters... but what are you gonna do? If I can ever be of help to you guys-- lemme know.

DEAN

Will do. So... you're good?

CHARLIE

Apart from the fact that you totally blocked me from banging a fairy and I'm about to lose my crown in battle thanks to my army being decimated? Yup. Totally good.

*

She walks back to camp, waving back with Spock fingers.

CHARLIE

Smell you later, bitches.

A quiet beat for the boys. Then Dean looks at Sam.

DEAN

Look. I get it. Fun isn't going to help you get over what you gave up. You just need time.

*

SAM

Thanks. And you're right. Having fun won't help me. It'll help both of us.

(nods at Moondoor)

Shall we?

Dean smiles. Seriously? Sam nods. Let's do this.

37

EXT. PARK - BATTLE FIELD - DAY

37

CLOSE ON A WARRIOR. Face painted. Listening with intent. PAN from this hardened face to as many more as we can afford until we find Sam and Charlie, decked out for battle as well.

All of them listen to... Dean Winchester. Face painted as well. He's wearing a necklace made out of plastic Orc ears. He's storming up and down the line. Rallying the troops.

DEAN

"And dying in your beds, many years from now, would you be willing to trade all the days-- from this day to that-- for one chance..."

CHARLIE

Isn't that the speech from--

SAM

--it's the only one he knows.

DEAN

"...just one chance, to come back here and tell our enemies that they may take our lives but they'll never take our..."

KNIGHT #2

Hold!

A frisbee flies onto the field. A STONER in shorts races onto the field gingerly to retrieve it. He holds up his hand, "My bad." And then gets the fuck out of there.

Dean looks at Knight #2, who nods. All clear. Resume.

DEAN

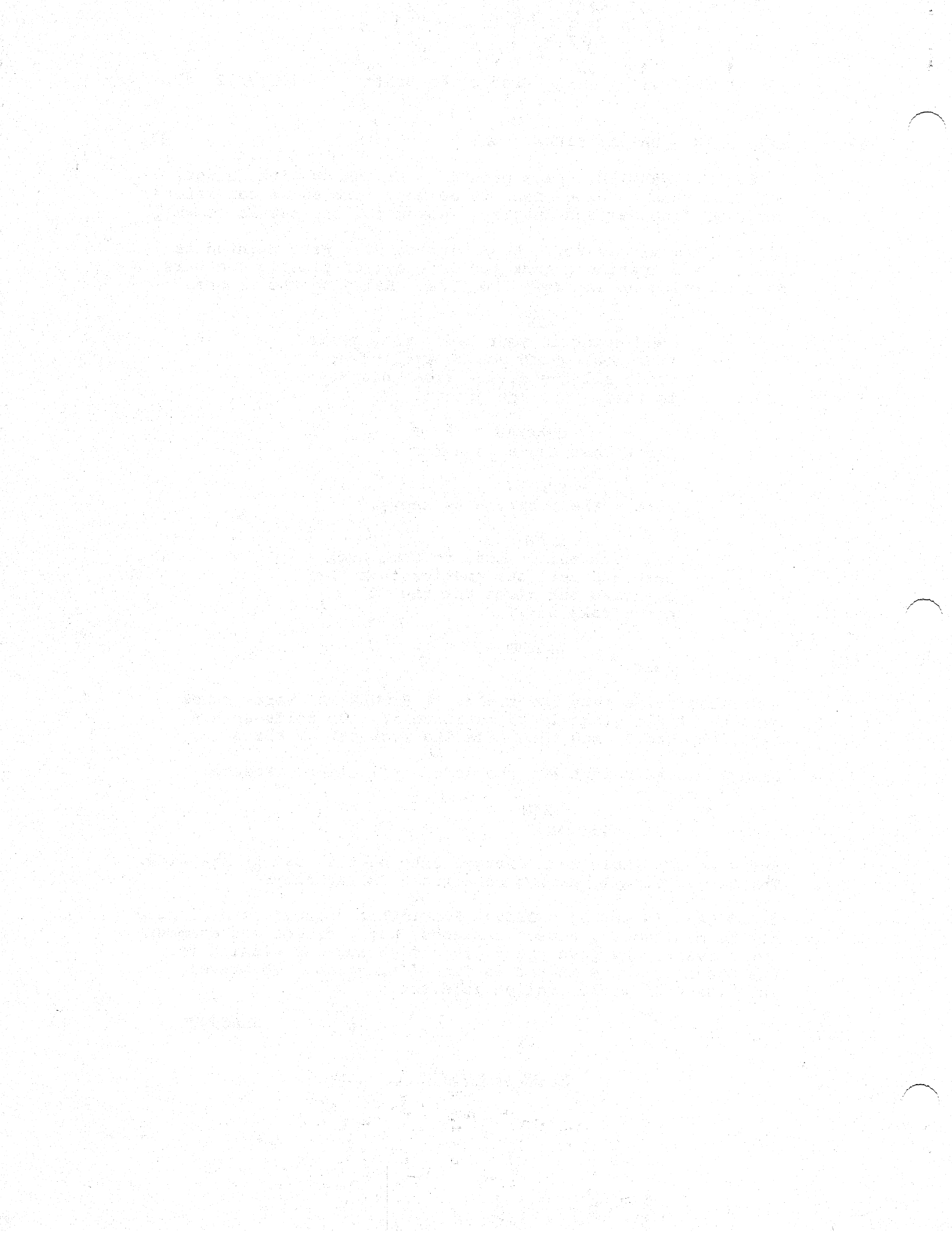
"... Freedom!"

Everyone SCREAMS! Dean charges into battle, Sam at his side. The boys. Finally having some fun. FREEZE FRAME!

TITLE CARD IN CHEESY MEDIEVAL FONT: This episode is dedicated to the men, women, elves, demigods, magi, druids and chamber pot servants who gave their lives fighting and winning for the Queen of Moons in the Battle of Kingdoms. Go bravely into the next world, fallen soldiers.

BLACKOUT.

TO BE CONTINUED...



SUPERNATURAL

Episode #811

"LARP and the Real Girl"

Written by

Robbie Thompson

Directed by

Jeannot Szwarc

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Episode #811

"LARP and the Real Girl"

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Episode #811

"LARP and the Real Girl"

CAST LIST

SAM WINCHESTER
DEAN WINCHESTER

JARED PADALECKI
JENSEN ACKLES

CHARLIE BRADBURY

FELICIA DAY

ED NELSON
GERALD HAWKINS
GILDA
KNIGHT #2
LADY ELF
LANCE JACOBSEN
MARIA
MONTY HARRISON
SHADOW KING
SHADOW ORC #1
SHERIFF JAKE MILLER

SHAUGHNESSY REDDEN
HANK HARRIS
TIFFANY DUPONT
RICHARD MEEN
LARISSA ALBUQUERQUE
HAIG SUTHERLAND
ANDREA BROOKS
ROBERT SIDLEY
MICHAEL TEIGEN
THEO WIERSMA
DON THOMPSON

LOCATION REPORTINT.

INT. ED'S APARTMENT - 5TH F - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT (D 1) P.1
INT. ED'S APARTMENT - 5TH FLOOR - BEDROOM - LATER P.1

INT. IMPALA - PMP - NIGHT P.3
INT. ED'S APARTMENT - 5TH F - LIVING ROOM - DAY (DAY 2) P.4
INT. ED'S APARTMENT - 5TH FLOOR - BEDROOM - DAY P.5
INT. POLICE STATION - BULLPEN - DAY P.8
INT. POLICE STATION - INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY P.9
INT. POLICE STATION - BULLPEN - DAY P.12
INT. POLICE STATION - INTERROGATION ROOM - SAME P.14

INT. POLICE STATION - BULLPEN - DAY P.15
INT. QUEEN OF MOONS' TENT - DAY P.19
INT. QUEEN OF MOONS' TENT - LATER P.20
INT. TECH TENT - DAY P.24
INT. QUEEN OF MOONS' TENT - DAY P.25
INT. TECH TENT - SAME P.26
INT. TECH TENT - DAY P.28
INT. TECH TENT - DAY P.29
INT. TECH TENT - SAME P.30

INT. BIG ASS TENT - DUSK P.34
INT. BIG ASS TENT - NIGHT P.38
INT. BIG ASS TENT - NIGHT P.40

INT. BIG ASS TENT - NIGHT P.42

MONTY

The tents of Moondoor will be
bathed in blood when we unseat the
Queen of Moons from the throne she
stole from its rightful heir: the
Shadow King! You shall bow to--

Before he can finish, Gerald reaches into his pouch and pulls
out a magical spell. Which, in LARPing means a small,
harmless BEANBAG. He tosses the beanbag at Monty.

GERALD

Silentium!

As soon as the beanbag hits Monty, he STFUS.

GERALD

Serve your time with honor heathen.
And if you need to use a chamber
pot, stomp your feet thrice.

Gerald turns away and Dean heads over, flashing his badge.

DEAN

Hey there. I take it you're a
LARPer?

GERALD

I prefer the term interactive
literaturist.

DEAN

(whatever)

Special Agent Rosewood, this is
Special Agent Taggart. We need to--

GERALD

Hold!

(normal, friendly voice)

We're not doing a genre mash-up
thing this month. We only do that
every third month.

SAM

Come again?

GERALD

Your fake badges, the cheap suits.
Very cool. I get it. Your
characters are FBI agents who have
somehow travelled to Moondoor-- but
I'm telling you, it's straight up
Moondoor this weekend, and--

(CONTINUED)

SAM

These aren't fake badges.

GERALD

Yeah. They are. And they're really good, but--

(taking Dean's)

The ID numbers shifted to ten digits with two letters mixed in at the end of the year. And that seal is from last month. It's very good work. But this is a *tournament* weekend, okay, guys? You have to follow the rules. No rules, there's chaos. Resume!

(back into character)

If you would like to join the Army of Moons, the Queen is always on the lookout for new squires.

Sam shoots Dean a look. Did that just happen?

DEAN

Right. Well. Okay... we'd like to see the Queen then. Now.

GERALD

The Queen's calender is booked months in advance! If you wish to witness what's in store for you in her Army, though, her highness is overseeing new squires on the pitch as we speak.

*

Two KNIGHTS fight one another. Faces covered in helmets. Despite the foam swords and shields, it's actually badass. Knight #2 takes a beating from the more experienced Knight #1. Knight #2 is slammed to the ground in a sweeping move.

KNIGHT #2

Yield! I yield!

Knight #1 stands over Knight #2, blocking out the sun from Knight #2's POV.

KNIGHT #1

There is no yielding... in my Army.

Knight #1 takes off their helmet and we PUSH IN to reveal it's CHARLIE under there! She shakes out her hair, in SLO-MO, total hero shot. Knight #2 looks up at her in awe.

(CONTINUED)