

"Supernatural"

"Bela"

SIDES FOR BELA

1/3

INT. BAR - NIGHT

Dean's kind of place. Dean waits, checks his watch, downs the last of his beer.

DEAN
(to himself)
Hell with her.

Gets up to leave. Bela appears behind him, kisses Dean lightly on the cheek.

BELA
Am I fashionably late?

DEAN
You're way past that.

BELA
I'm sorry. It couldn't be helped.

She sits down at the table. Dean stands looking at her. Bela takes a beat before she notices him.

BELA
If you're waiting for more of an explanation than that, you're in for a long wait.

Dean shakes his head and sits. A waitress comes over. Dean waves his empty beer bottle to signal another.

BELA
(to waitress)
I guess a dry Chardonnay would be too much to ask for?

WAITRESS
(dryly)
You could ask.

BELA
(gives her hard eyes)
Right...okay, top shelf Vodka over lots of ice.

Waitress nods, turns to go.

"Supernatural"

2/3

BELA

Nice place.

(dry as a bone, withering)

The last Martini served here was an Italian, and he ordered a Bourbon.

DEAN

So what do you want, Bela?

BELA

Okay. Just business, then. You've got the crystal skull.

DEAN

Not on me.

BELA

Don't play coy, Dean.

DEAN

Why's it so important to you?

BELA

It's worth a lot of money if it gets in the right hands.

DEAN

And it's really dangerous if it gets in the wrong ones.

BELA

Not my problem. I'm just a facilitator.

DEAN

Well, good for you. But I have a conscience.

BELA

A pretty selective one from what I understand. Look, lets cut the holier than thou crap. Name your price and give me the skull.

DEAN

You think getting tough with me is your best shot here?

BELA

Honey, you don't want to see my best shot.

(beat)

(MORE)

BELA (CONT'D)

Look, you think I'm some heartless mercenary? Hey, I cry every time I see "It's a Wonderful Life." I'm just playing the game the way it's supposed to be played. There's no good or evil... there's just different points of view. It's just business. You play it right, there's good money to be made. And if you'd wake up and smell the treasury notes, you'd see where the future lies.

3/3

DEAN

I don't see how I got much of a future, Bela.

BELA

Well, that's up to you. But I need that skull. If you won't sell it, there are other ways.

The waitress arrives with the drinks. Bela knocks hers back in one swift move.

BELA

(to Dean)

Thanks for the drink.

She leaves.