

SUPERNATURAL

"Pilot"

by

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SUPERNATURAL

CAST

03/20/05 LAVENDER REVISED

Character

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SAM WINCHESTER  
DEAN WINCHESTER

MARY WINCHESTER  
YOUNG DEAN  
JOHN WINCHESTER  
LUIS

JESSICA  
CONSTANCE WELCH  
TROY SQUIRE  
DEPUTY HEIN  
DEPUTY JAFFE  
SCUBA GUY  
SHERIFF PIERCE

AMY  
RACHEL  
MOTEL CLERK  
JOSEPH WELCH  
DEPUTY SWARTZ  
CONSTANCE'S SON  
CONSTANCE'S DAUGHTER

JARED PADALECKI  
JENSEN ACKLES

SAMANTHA SMITH  
HUNTER BROCHU  
JEFFREY DEAN MORGAN  
JAMIL Z. SMITH

ADRIANNE BALICKI  
SARAH SHAH  
ROSS KOHN  
ROBERT PETERS  
DEREK WEBSTER  
ALLAN GRAE

R.D. CALL  
ELIZABETH BOND  
MIREAM KORN  
CLELUS YOUNG  
STEVE RAILSBACK  
RICK DANO  
ALEX AJ RASSAMNI  
KAITLIN CLAIRE MACHINA

**SUPERNATURAL -- LOCATION REPORT**

**2/25/05 BLUE REVISED**

**INT.**

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INT. HOUSE - UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT P.2  
INT. HOUSE - DEN - NIGHT P.2

INT. THE 901 CLUB - NIGHT P.5  
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"Supernatural"

TEASER

OVER BLACK--

\*

LAWRENCE, KANSAS. 1984.

1 EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD STREET - NIGHT 1

A small town American HOME on a small town American street. Moonlight, through the trees, spatters shadows against the white clapboard walls. Wait. One shadow twists. That's not a tree. Is it?

2 INT. HOUSE - NURSERY - NIGHT 2

An INFANT BOY, a few months old, in his crib. SAM.

MARY WINCHESTER, late 20's. Gently beautiful in a genuine, maternal way. She lowers the crib's rail, so her 5-year-old son DEAN can kiss the baby's forehead.

YOUNG DEAN  
'Night, Sammy.

Now she leans over, kisses Sam.

MARY  
Goodnight, love.

DEAN  
(brightens)  
Daddy!

Dean races across the room to... JOHN WINCHESTER, 30 (he wears a USMC shirt). John hoists Dean up into his arms.

\*  
\*

JOHN  
So Dean... you think Sammy's ready to toss a football yet?

YOUNG DEAN  
(giggling)  
No, Daddy...

Mary walks out of the room. John follows, carrying Dean. John looks back at the crib as he flips off the light.

JOHN  
Sweet dreams, Sam.

They exit. John leaves the door open a crack.

On Sam. Beat. Then... the MOBILE, above his crib, begins to spin, silent, of its own accord. On the dresser, a TEDDY BEAR CLOCK TICKS, soothing. But then it abruptly stops, frozen.

3 INT. HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - LATER THAT NIGHT 3

A BABY MONITOR, on a nightstand. (We also see a PHOTO of John and Mary-- he's wearing green military fatigues.) The baby's PIERCING CRIES, through the monitor receiver. \*

Mary groans awake. Looks over. John isn't in bed. Still the baby bawls. \*

4 INT. HOUSE - UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT 4

Mary shuffles down the hall. Opens the nursery door, peers in. Pitch-black inside. But Mary discerns a FIGURE hunched over the crib.

MARY  
John? Is he hungry?

FIGURE  
Shhhhh.

Mary holds up her hands-- okay, sorry. She turns away.

But when she reaches her bedroom door, she stops. Noticing--

At the other end of the hall... the stairwell. A pale, dancing, ghostly light. Coming from downstairs. Mary frowns. What the hell?

She moves toward the shimmering glow. Cautious. At the stairs now. Bare feet padding down the steps. Until, finally, Mary reaches the bottom, to see--

5 INT. HOUSE - DEN - NIGHT 5

An old movie on the muted TV. A locked HUNTING RIFLE CABINET against the wall. And John-- asleep in his La-Z-Boy.

MARY  
Oh my God.

Mary spins, BOLTS up the steps!

6 INT. HOUSE - NURSERY - NIGHT 6

Mary BURSTS into the nursery, flips the light switch. No light comes on. She steps forward. And whatever she sees O.S., it causes her color to drain.

Her breath to come in short, panicked bursts. And on her face... a glimmer of recognition--

MARY  
(a whisper)  
...what are you doing here... get  
away from him...

7 INT. HOUSE - DEN - NIGHT 7

Coming from upstairs, Mary's terrible, ragged SCREAMING!  
John LUNGES out of his chair--

JOHN  
Mary?!

As John takes the steps, two at a time, Mary's screaming  
abruptly SNUFFS OUT--

8 INT. HOUSE - NURSERY - NIGHT 8

John explodes into the nursery. Mary's not there. He moves  
to the crib. The baby's okay, thank God, though he's  
bawling, inconsolable. Confounded--

JOHN  
Mary...?

When John notices--

INSIDE THE CRIB. Sam's gaze is locked on the ceiling. And  
then... beside Sam... plink. A dime of crimson red appears  
on the crib mattress. Plink. Then another. Another.

They're drops. Drops coming from above.

John looks up at the ceiling. His face twists into equal  
parts anguish and terror.

JOHN  
...no... oh my God no...

ON THE CEILING. MARY. Impossibly splayed out, as if it were  
the floor. Eyes wide open, glassy. Dead. And then--

FIRE. Radiates out from the body. Across the ceiling. Like  
ripples in a pond. Cascading down the walls. It's  
everywhere. Wallpaper curls. A smoke alarm BLARES.

John snatches Sam out of his crib. Exits to--

\*



9 OMITTED 9

10 INT. HOUSE - UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT 10

John finds Dean, just as the little boy emerges, bleary eyed, from his room. \*

DEAN \*

Daddy...? \*

John places the baby in a frightened Dean's arms. \*

JOHN

Take your brother outside. Fast as you can. Don't look back. (Dean hesitates) Now, Dean!

Then John pivots. Trying to fight his way through the blaze. Back into the nursery. Back to his wife. With DESPERATION--

JOHN

Mary!

But the flames suddenly LASH out at John, as if they had a life of their own! \*

11 INT. HOUSE - FRONT HALLWAY - NIGHT 11

Young Dean, cradling a bawling Sam, makes his way down the stairs. It's heartbreaking. \*

POV ANGLE. The CAMERA SWEEPS down the steps. Rushing after the children. Is a malevolent force chasing them? Just as the boys reach the front door, the CAMERA is now RIGHT on top of them, and we REVEAL-- \*

11A EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT 11A \*

--it's just Dad. He snatches the boys up. Carries them out the front door. \*

JOHN

...okay... it's okay...

Above them, a window EXPLODES with fire! \*

12 EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT - FEW MINUTES LATER 12

An angry BLAZE. Firetrucks. In a few hours, when they finally extinguish the flames, there won't be much left.



John. Across the street. Holding, comforting his two sons.  
Leaning against his car-- a vintage 1965 BLACK CHEVY IMPALA.

TIGHTER. John. Watching the house burn. Fire illuminating  
his expression, reflecting in his eyes.

His jaw sets in pain and FURY--

BLACKOUT.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

OVER BLACK--

STANFORD UNIVERSITY. PALO ALTO, CALIFORNIA. PRESENT DAY

13 EXT. SAM'S APARTMENT - SUNSET

13

We PAN DOWN to a CAMPUS STREET. Then... JESSICA, 21, dressed as a sexy nurse, enters frame. She pivots back to her college apartment--

JESSICA

Sam? You coming?

CLOSE ON SAM WINCHESTER, 21, as he emerges into the light. He looks the apartment door, turns to Jessica. We see his face. Warm smile. Thoughtful, intelligent eyes.

SAM

Do I have to?

They move to the sidewalk--

JESSICA

It'll be fun.

SAM

You know, I kinda gotta study...

JESSICA

Come on. We gotta get you out of the house once in awhile.

Just then, their friend LUIS (dressed as a rotting zombie) abruptly lunges up to them.

LUIS

(as if to startle)

Ah! So...?

SAM

Dude. You're the worst zombie I've ever seen.

LUIS

And what are you going as? Preppy White Boy?

SAM

(laughing)

Whatever.

They all head down the street.



LUIS

(the zombie)

At least I wore a costume. Man, if your sorry ass was trick or treating my house, there'd be no popcorn balls for you.

SAM

(gross)

You gave out popcorn balls?

LUIS

You could've at least gone as the slutty version of something. Slutty Dorothy, slutty Alice, slutty nurse--

JESSICA

Hey!

LUIS

I didn't mean you.

SAM

Sorry, man, what can I say? I just never been a big fan of the whole thing.

LUIS

What are you, a communist? Who doesn't like Halloween?

Sam doesn't respond... but something flits across his expression, that the others don't notice.

14

INT. THE 901 CLUB - NIGHT

14

Scruffy hang-out. Halloween party. George W. Bush shoots pool with Bill Clinton.

At a tall table, Sam, Jessica, and Luis toast a round of tequila shots, complete with salt and lime wedges.

JESSICA

...so here's to Sam... and his awesome L-Sat victory...

\*

SAM

Okay, it's not that big a deal.

JESSICA

He acts all humble. But he scored a 174.

LUIS

That's good?

JESSICA

Scary good.

LUIS

So that's it. You're a first round draft pick. You can go to any law school you want.

SAM

Actually, I got an interview here, Monday. If it goes okay, I think I got a shot at a full ride next year.

JESSICA

It's gonna go great.

SAM

(a touch of worry)  
It better.

LUIS

So you gotta be, like, the golden boy of your family.

SAM

Oh. They don't know.

LUIS

What? Man, I'd be gloating. Why not?

There's ground here Sam doesn't want to cover.

SAM

They don't... I mean... we're not exactly the Bradys, that's all. \*

LUIS

(moves for the bar)

Alright. More shots.

SAM

No.

But Luis is already gone. Jessica puts her arms on sam's shoulders. Sincere and loving. An intimate moment.

JESSICA

Seriously, I'm proud of you. And you're gonna knock 'em dead on Monday, and you're gonna get that full ride. I know it.

SAM

(beat; he smiles)

...what would I do without you?

JESSICA

(playful)

Crash and burn.

Jessica leans in. A soft, romantic kiss.

15

INT. SAM'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - LATE NIGHT

15

Jessica, peaceful and dreaming. Sam sleeps beside her, on a college-issue futon.

Tighter on Sam. As we hear FAINT WHISPERS, unintelligible at first... until we realize... they're calling out to Sam... calling his name...

He jolts awake. Dead quiet. He's unsettled. Then... Sam hears a strange SCRAPING noise. Silent, he slides out of bed.

16 INT. SAM'S APARTMENT - HALLWAY - LATE NIGHT 16

Sam emerges from the bedroom, into the hall. He's got a clear view into the main room, and he can see--

A WINDOW has been opened. Drapes billow, fluid and ghostly.

Then... his razor-sharp eyes discern-- beneath the SWINGING DOOR, leading to the kitchen. A pale, ethereal light flits across the linoleum. (It may even remind us of the shimmering glow from the teaser).

Sam's expression tightens. He pivots to a DRESSER. Pulls out a drawer, reaches beneath it... a hiding spot...

...and he removes a JAGGED KNIFE. And not just any knife. The blade is ornately inscribed with an ancient TEXT.

And Sam doesn't hold it in that Psycho-stabbing amateur way; no, he grips it loose and low. Like a professional.

17 INT. SAM'S APARTMENT - MAIN ROOM - LATE NIGHT 17

Sam backs up, against the wall, beside the kitchen door. Clutching the knife.

Sure enough... the swinging door CREAKS, slow, as someone (something?) inside attempts to open it quietly--

When Sam ATTACKS! And surprisingly, the MAN from the kitchen dodges, just as expertly. With lightning fast reflexes, the man twists the knife out of Sam's hand. SWEEPS Sam's legs out from under him. Sam OOPS to the floor.

We finally get a good look at DEAN WINCHESTER, 26, as he pins his little brother down.

DEAN  
Easy, tiger.

SAM  
(beyond shocked)  
Dean? You scared the crap outta me.

\*

DEAN

That's 'cause you're out of practice. \*

Oh, really? With a swift, precise maneuver, Sam slips out from beneath Dean, SLAMS him hard, onto the ground.

DEAN

Or not.

Sam releases him. Reaches out, helps Dean to his feet.

SAM

What are you doing here?

DEAN

Well, I was looking for a beer. \*  
(off Sam's skeptical look)  
Okay, okay. We gotta talk.

SAM

Um. The phone...?

DEAN

If I called, would you have picked up?

Sam doesn't respond. That hangs there. Then--

JESSICA

Sam...?

The light flips on. Jessica appears on the other side of the room. With a "Smurf" T-shirt and long, bare legs. Dean casually reaches inside the kitchen, deposits the knife in a drawer, out of sight. Then he grins, mischievous.

DEAN

I love the Smurfs.

SAM

Hey, sorry to wake you. Dean, this is my girlfriend, Jessica.

JESSICA

Wait. Your brother Dean?

DEAN

I gotta tell you, you are completely out of Sam's league.

Sam rolls his eyes. Dean's regularly like this with women.



JESSICA

Just let me put something on--

DEAN

No, I wouldn't dream of it.  
Besides, I gotta chat with your  
boyfriend. Kind of a private,  
family thing. \*

JESSICA

(beat; a bit taken aback)  
Oh. Alright.

SAM

No, whatever you wanna say, you can  
say it in front of her.

DEAN

Um. Okay. Dad hasn't been home in  
a few days.

SAM

So he's working overtime on a  
Miller Time shift. He'll stumble  
back sooner or later.

DEAN

Dad's on a hunting trip, and he  
hasn't been home in a few days.

SAM

(long beat)  
Jess. Excuse us. We're gonna go  
talk outside.

18

EXT. SAM'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

18

Sam and Dean. Walking out of the apartment. Down the  
street. Heading to Dean's car. They haven't spoken in  
almost two years, and there's a lot of complicated emotions  
floating between them. Everything from resentment to love.

SAM

...I mean, come on, you can't just  
break in, middle of the night, and  
expect me to hit the road with you.

DEAN

Didn't you hear me? Dad's missing.  
You gotta help me find him.

SAM

Remember the poltergeist in Amherst? Or the devil gates in Clifton? He was missing then, too. He's always missing, and he's always fine.

\*  
\*

DEAN

Not for this long... it's been a couple weeks. Something's wrong, Sammy... now you coming with me or not?

SAM

I'm not. I'm sorry.

DEAN

...why not?

Sam. Haunted. Almost pleading.

SAM

Because I can't. I swore I was done hunting. For good. I... I don't have nightmares anymore.

\*

DEAN

Look, man, I know it wasn't easy... but it wasn't that bad...

SAM

Yeah? When I told Dad I was scared of the thing in my closet, he gave me a .45!

DEAN

Well, what was he supposed to do?

\*  
\*

SAM

I was nine years old! He was supposed to say-- don't be afraid of the dark!

DEAN

But... you should be afraid of the dark. You know what's out there.

\*

SAM

I know. But still... the way we grew up... after Mom was killed. And Dad's obsession to find the thing that killed her.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

(MORE)

\*

SAM (CONT'D)

So he studies everything he can about the occult, right, and we go digging into every dark corner of this country... new towns, new schools, every few months... but we've been searching our whole lives, and we still haven't found the damn thing... so we kill every evil thing we can find...

\*

DEAN

And save a lot of people, too.

SAM

You think Mom would've wanted this for us? The weapon training? Melting the silver into bullets? Man, we were raised like warriors.

DEAN

So, what? You're just gonna live some normal, apple pie life?

SAM

No. Not normal. Safe.

DEAN

(sore)

And that's why you ran away.

SAM

I just wanted to go to college. It was Dad who said if I was gonna go, I should stay gone... and that's what I'm doing...

DEAN

Look. He's in real trouble, if he's not dead already. I can feel it.

(then)

Sammy, I can't do this without you.

SAM

Yes, you can--

A rare moment of vulnerability for Dean--

DEAN

Well. I don't want to.

SAM

So... what was he hunting? \*

19

EXT. SAM'S APARTMENT - AT THE CURB - NIGHT

19

They've arrived at Dean's curb-parked car. The '65 black Impala. It's aged since we last saw it. Dusty. Dented.

Dean pops the expansive trunk. The trunk's insides look normal, if a little shabby. Until Dean FLIPS UP the FALSE BOTTOM, rigged on hinges. Revealing an ARSENAL. WEAPONS. Some common, others exotic. Shotguns. Crucifixes. Greasy chainsaws. Crossbows loaded with thin wooden stakes. As well as a mess of low-tech, wires-exposed, obviously homemade electronic devices.

Dean roots through the trunk, searching for something...

DEAN

...now where the hell did I...?

SAM

So when Dad took off, why didn't you go with him?

DEAN

I was working my own gig. This voodoo thing, in New Orleans.

SAM

Dad let you go on a hunting trip by yourself?

DEAN

I am 26, dude.  
(finding something)  
Here it is.

Dean comes up with a dog-eared pile of papers. He hands a sheet to Sam. An ARTICLE from the JERICHO HERALD, printed off the internet. **CENTENNIAL HIGHWAY DISAPPEARANCE.**

DEAN

So Dad was checking out this two-lane blacktop, just outside Jericho, California. Anyway, last month, this guy Andrew Carey. They found his car. But he vanished. Completely M.I.A.

SAM

Maybe he was kidnapped.

Dean begins laying more sheets in Sam's hand.

DEAN

Another one in April. Another in December '04. '03. '98. '92. Ten of 'em, so far, over the past 20 years. All men, all on the same 5-mile stretch of road.

Now Dean spreads out a CALIFORNIA ROAD MAP. Points out Centennial Highway, in the dead center of the state.

DEAN

It's like Interstate Bermuda Triangle... and it's happening more and more. Dad went to dig around about three weeks ago... I haven't heard a word from him, which was bad enough. Then I got this message yesterday.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

Dean holds up a small digital recorder. It plays a voice mail. Dad. Voice obscured by digital POPS and CRACKLES.

DAD'S VOICE (ON RECORDER)

...Dean... starting... to happen... serious... I need to try... you... careful...

But Sam discerns something amid the cellular clutter--

SAM

You know there's E.V.P. on this?

DEAN

Not bad, Sammy. It's like riding a bike, ain't it?

(then)

I slowed the message down, ran it through a Goldwave, took out the hiss. Here's what I got--

Again, we hear Dad's voice, VERY slowly. But now we hear something else-- ANOTHER VOICE. Another presence. A rapid, GHOSTLY FEMALE WHISPER.

GHOSTLY WHISPER

...never... go... home...

It's the TONE of the voice-- hateful, spitting out the words-- that's spine-tingling. Dad could really be in trouble.

SAM  
Never go home...?

A beat. Dean looks at his brother. Solemn--

DEAN  
Almost two years, I never bothered  
you, never asked you for anything.  
But now...

SAM  
Look. I'll go... I'll help you  
find him, okay? But I wanna... I  
have to get back first thing  
Monday. Just wait here.

Sam moves for the apartment. Dean calls after him.

DEAN  
What's first thing Monday?

SAM  
There's this... I have this  
interview...

DEAN  
What, for a job? Skip it.

SAM  
It's a law school interview and  
it's my whole future on a plate.

DEAN  
Law school?

SAM  
So we got a deal or not?

20 INT. SAM'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT - LATER

20

A drawer is opened. Clothes are stuffed into a backpack.

Sam moves around the apartment, rushed. Packing.

JESSICA  
Wait, you're taking off? Is this  
about your Dad? Is he alright?

Out of Jessica's sight, Sam packs the jagged knife.

SAM  
Yeah. You know. Just a little...  
family drama.

JESSICA

Your brother said he was on some kind of hunting trip...?

SAM

What? Yeah, he's deer hunting up at the... cabin, probably got Jim, Jack, and Jose along with him. We're gonna bring him back.

JESSICA

But... what about the interview?

SAM

I'll make the interview. This is only for a couple days.

JESSICA

But-- Sam. Please. Just stop for a second...

Jessica steps before him. Sam stops his hurried packing. Then, concerned and loving--

JESSICA

You sure you're okay?

SAM

I'm fine.

JESSICA

It's just... you won't even talk about your family. And now you're taking off, middle of the night, to spend the weekend with 'em? And... with Monday coming up... which is kind of a huge deal...

SAM

Don't worry, everything's okay. And I'll be back in time. I promise.

Lugging his backpack, he gives Jessica a kiss.

JESSICA

(calling after him)

At least tell me where you're going...?



23 EXT. CENTENNIAL HIGHWAY - NIGHT 23

A TOYOTA WHIZZES down a lonely country road. \*

SUPER: "JERICHO, CALIFORNIA"

24 INT. TOYOTA - MOVING - NIGHT 24

TROY SQUIRE, 18, punk rock. It's pitch black; he can't see further than his hi-beams. He's on his CELL PHONE-- \*

TROY

...Ames, I can't come over... cause  
I got work in the morning, that's  
why... I miss it, and my Dad's  
gonna have my ass...

Suddenly, his RADIO MUSIC decomposes into STATIC. He glances at it... weird... then, appearing in the perimeter of his headlights-- a figure, by the roadside. \*

TROY

(curious)

Hey, Amy? Lemme call you back.

25 EXT. CENTENNIAL HIGHWAY - NIGHT 25

It's A BEAUTIFUL GIRL, early 20's. She waits beneath a twisted, foreboding TREE. Her white cotton dress FLUTTERS in the breeze. Troy stops. Opens the passenger door. \*

TROY

Car trouble or something?

26 INT. TOYOTA - NIGHT 26

She sits in Troy's car. CONSTANCE WELCH. Piercing gray eyes. A hushed, melodic voice, like distant wind chimes.

CONSTANCE

Take me home?

TROY

Where do you live?

CONSTANCE

At the end of Breckenridge Road.

TROY

So... you coming home from a  
Halloween party?

She doesn't answer. Silence. \*

TROY

You know... a girl like you...  
really shouldn't be alone out here.

\*  
\*

She turns to Troy. Cocks her head. Seems to regard him with new eyes. She adjusts the hem of her dress. Exposing some leg, pale in the moonlight.

CONSTANCE

I'm not alone. I'm with you.  
(leans forward)  
Will you come home with me?

\*  
\*  
\*

Troy can't believe his good luck.

TROY

Um. Hell. Yes.

Troy GUNS the gas, the car takes off like a shot.

27

EXT. OLD HOUSE - NIGHT - FEW MINUTES LATER

27

Troy's Toyota pulls off the road, onto a dirt driveway.

28

INT. TOYOTA - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT

28

TROY

(looking off screen)  
Come on. You don't live here.

THE HOUSE. Abandoned. Rotting. A decayed husk.

Constance gazes at the house. With melancholy--

CONSTANCE

I can never go home.

In ONE CONTINUOUS SHOT, Troy turns from her, glancing at the house again--

TROY

So where do you really live?

--and when he turns back, she's GONE. VANISHED completely. At first, Troy's startled. But then his rational mind takes over. He steps out of the car.

HOLD ON the passenger side window. As a FAINT HANDPRINT MATERIALIZES onto the glass. Seemingly from nowhere...

29 EXT. OLD HOUSE - NIGHT 29

TROY  
That was good. But joke's over,  
okay?

No response. Troy SIGHS, frustrated. Steps toward the house. Moving closer. Closer.

TROY  
You want me to leave you?

He steps onto the porch. No sound but the groaning wood, the whispering wind. Finally, he CREAKS open the front door, enters the house, revealing...

30 INT. OLD HOUSE - NIGHT 30

A PIGEON, that FLAPS out the door, right in Troy's face! He jumps about a mile high. That's it. He's had enough. \*

31 EXT. OLD HOUSE - NIGHT 31

Troy punches the gas. The car tears onto the road.

32 EXT. CENTENNIAL HIGHWAY - NIGHT 32

The Toyota WHIPS down the highway.

33 INT. TOYOTA - MOVING - NIGHT 33

Troy. Agitated. He takes a deep, deep breath. Shakes his head. He's being silly. As we PULL BACK. REVEALING--

CONSTANCE. Sitting, mute, in the darkness of the back seat. Something different in her expression. Something malevolent. Troy doesn't notice her.

ANGLE ON THE REARVIEW MIRROR

Finally, Troy glances into the mirror. Eyes widen. GASPS--

34 EXT. SYLVANIA BRIDGE (FORMERLY CENT. HIGHWAY) - NIGHT 34

The Toyota SCREECHES off the main road... onto rusted SYLVANIA BRIDGE (made obsolete by the more modern, adjacent highway). The car SMASHES through a wooden, Do-Not-Enter GATE. Comes to rest at the side of the bridge.

We APPROACH the stationary car... the windows are suddenly, unnaturally FOGGED. The car RATTLES slightly... with desperate signs of struggle. Inside, we hear Troy's MUFFLED SCREAMS.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

We move closer. Inches away now. We can see SHADOWS through the opaque driver's side window. But nothing else. Until--

\*  
\*

A THICK BURST of BLOOD splatters against the inside of the glass. Troy's screams, needless to say, abruptly cut out.

\*  
\*

The car. Engine still running. Headlights still on. Sitting, perfectly still, in the darkness...

\*  
\*

BLACKOUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

35 EXT. LONELY GAS STATION - DAWN 35

An isolated, wind swept, run down SERVICE STATION.

Dean emerges from the station, carrying some food and drink to the parked Impala.

36 INT./ EXT. IMPALA - GAS STATION - DAWN 36

The passenger door is open, and Sam sits there, feet on the ground. Filing through a messy cardboard box of CASSETTE TAPES. Dean offers Sam a Mountain Dew and a bag of Doritos.

DEAN

Want some breakfast?

SAM

Um. No, thanks.

(beat)

So how'd you pay for that stuff?  
You and Dad still running the  
credit card scam?

As Dean fills the tank, wipes the windshield, etc.

DEAN

Hunting ain't exactly a pro-ball  
career, you know? Besides. All we  
do's apply. It's not our fault  
they mail us the cards.

\*

SAM

Yeah? And what names did you write  
on the application this time?

DEAN

Burt Aframian and his son Hector.  
Scored two cards outta the deal.

SAM

That sounds about right.  
(returning to the box)  
I swear, man. Time to update your  
cassette tape collection.

DEAN

What's wrong with 'em?

SAM

Well, for one, they're cassette  
tapes. And two--  
(reading labels)  
(MORE)

SAM (CONT'D)  
Black Sabbath. Motorhead.  
Metallica. It's the Greatest Hits  
of Mullet Rock.

Dean climbs behind the wheel--

DEAN  
House rules, Sammy. Driver picks  
music, shotgun shuts his cake hole.

SAM  
You know. "Sammy" is a chubby 12  
year old. It's Sam, okay?

Dean turns the ignition. Engine ROARS. Music BLARES.

DEAN  
What? Music's too loud.

And with that, Dean THUNDERS down the country road.

37 OMITTED 37

38 EXT. CENTENNIAL HIGHWAY - MORNING 38

The Impala heads down Centennial Highway. It's vaguely  
ominous, almost otherworldly. They pass the TWISTED TREE  
that we saw in Act I.

39 INT./EXT. IMPALA - MOVING - SYLVANIA BRIDGE - MORNING 39

SAM  
(on his cell)  
...okay, thank you.  
(clicks it shut)  
Well. No one matching Dad at the  
Hospital or Morgue. So that's  
something, I guess...

Sam stops, mid-sentence. Because the brothers both spot  
something ahead.

40 EXT. SYLVANIA BRIDGE (FORMERLY CENT. HIGHWAY) - MORNING 40

Three parked SQUAD CARS. One DEPUTY heads from a cruiser,  
onto the bridge, where Troy Squire's Toyota awaits. \*

Dean immediately pulls over. Parks on the shoulder.

41 INT. IMPALA - PARKED - SYLVANIA BRIDGE - MORNING 41

Dean reaches into the glovebox. Begins shuffling through  
I.D.'s, etc. Sam knows what Dean is about to do.

SAM

No, man, come on. We can't.

DEAN

Would you chill? You've gotten pretty damn clenched, these past two years...

42 EXT. SYLVANIA BRIDGE (FORMERLY CENT. HIGHWAY) - MORNING 42

Dean, with a tense and reluctant Sam in tow. Approaching--

A CRIME SCENE. SEVERAL DEPUTIES surround Troy Squire's Toyota. And all blood, all signs of Troy, have VANISHED from the car COMPLETELY. \*

DEPUTY HEIN

(peering inside the car)

No sign of struggle, no footprints or fingerprints, it's spotless... almost like it's too clean... \*

DEPUTY JAFFE

(into a walkie)

Find anything down there? \*

Two SCUBA GUYS, with walkies, wading in the water below. \*

SCUBA GUY (ON WALKIE)

No, sir. Nothing. \*

Sam and Dean. Taking this all in. Dean continues to move closer, much to Sam's irritation.

DEPUTY JAFFE

This kid, Troy. He's dating your daughter, isn't he?

(Hein nods)

How's Amy holding up? \*

DEPUTY HEIN

(poor kid)

She's putting up Missing Posters downtown.

Then... abruptly--

DEAN

You guys had another one like this just last month, right?

The Deputies all stop. Looking at Sam and Dean. Brusque--



DEPUTY JAFFE

Who are you?

Dean, all smiles and confidence, approaches. Sam follows.  
Dean shows his I.D. to Jaffe.

DEAN

Federal Marshals.

CLOSE ON THE I.D. As a forgery, it's flawless. Dean's  
photo, beneath a SILVER STAR SEAL.

DEPUTY JAFFE

Aren't you two a little young for  
Marshals?

DEAN

Well, thanks, that's kind of you to  
say. So, you did have another one?  
Just like this?

DEPUTY JAFFE

That's right... about a mile up the  
road... and there's been more  
before that...

SAM

(speaking up)

So this victim... you know him?

For a moment, we see the weight of the world on the Deputy's  
shoulder. Despondent--

DEPUTY JAFFE

Town like this, everybody knows  
everybody... \*

DEAN

Any connection between the victims?  
I mean, besides that they're all  
men?

DEPUTY JAFFE

No, not so far as we can tell.

SAM

So what's the theory?

DEPUTY JAFFE

(at wit's end)

Honestly? We don't know. Serial  
murder? Kidnapping ring?

DEAN

Huh. Well. That is exactly the kind of crack police work I'd expect outta you guys--

Sam steps forward, obviously JAMMING his foot down over Dean's, judging from Dean's sudden painful wince.

SAM

Thanks for your time.

43 EXT. SYLVANIA BRIDGE - MORNING - A MOMENT LATER 43

Heading back to the Impala, Dean PUNCHES Sam's arm.

SAM

Ow! What was that for?

DEAN

Why'd you step on my foot? \*

SAM

Why do you have to talk to police like that?

DEAN

Come on. They don't know what's really going on. We're all alone on this. If we're gonna find Dad, we gotta get to the bottom of this thing ourselves. \*

Just then, they pass SHERIFF PIERCE, 50, stern, severe. Climbing out of his CRUISER with two male FBI AGENTS. He eyes Sam and Dean. Suspicious-- \*

SHERIFF PIERCE

Can I help you boys? \*

DEAN

No, sir, we were just leaving. (nodding to the FBI) Agent Mulder. Agent Scully. \*

44 OMITTED 44

45 EXT. MAIN STREET - AFTERNOON 45

Main Street, U.S.A. On an old MOVIE MARQUE-- "EMERGENCY TOWN HALL MTG. SUNDAY 8 PM. BE SAFE OUT THERE." Then we see a TELEPHONE POLE, with TWO different, weather-beaten MISSING POSTERS. Haunting. Then a FRESH POSTER is added-- a photo of Troy-- taped up by his girlfriend AMY, 18.

Her friend RACHEL, 18, helps. The girls both wear punky torn fishnets. When Sam and Dean come up behind them.

DEAN  
Hey, you're Amy, right?

AMY  
(who are you)  
...yeah...?

DEAN  
Troy told us all about you. We're his uncles. I'm Dean, that's Sammy.

Sam does a slow burn. He hates being called Sammy.

AMY  
He never mentioned you to me.

DEAN  
(knowing sigh)  
That's Troy, I guess. We're not around much, we're up in Modesto.

SAM  
So... we're looking for him, too, and we're kinda asking around.  
(beat)  
You mind if we ask you a couple questions? \*

45A INT. JERICHO DINER - AFTERNOON

45A

Sam and Dean, on one side of a diner table. Amy and Rachel on the other.

AMY  
(somber) \*  
...I was on the phone with Troy, he was driving home... he said he'd call me back... and he never did... \*

SAM  
Did he say anything strange? Out of the ordinary? \*

AMY  
No. Nothing I can think of.

Sam notices something. A corner of a SILVER NECKLACE, peeking out from beneath Amy's v-neck.

SAM  
I like your chain.

\*  
\*

Amy tugs it out. It's a silver pentagram.

AMY  
(sad, gentle smile)  
Troy gave it to me. Mostly to  
scare my parents with that devil  
stuff.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

SAM

Actually, it's just the opposite.  
Pentagram's protection against  
evil. Really powerful.

(fishing for a reaction)

I mean... if you believe in that  
kind of thing...

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

DEAN

(interrupts Sam, blunt)

Alright, thank you, "Unsolved  
Mysteries."

(to Amy and Rachel)

So here's the deal. With the way  
Troy disappeared... something  
freaky's going on... so if you've  
heard anything...

\*  
\*  
\*

Amy and Rachel exchange looks. Dean catches this--

DEAN

What is it?

RACHEL

It's just... with all these guys  
going missing... people talk...

SAM

What do they talk about?

RACHEL

...it's kinda this local legend.  
This one girl, she got murdered,  
out on Centennial, like decades  
ago. Well, supposedly, she's still  
out there. She hitchhikes. And  
whoever picks her up... well,  
they... disappear forever...

\*

Sam and Dean exchange silent looks.

46-47 OMITTED

46-47

48 INT. JERICHO PUBLIC LIBRARY - AFTERNOON

48 \*

A COMPUTER SCREEN. A website-- The Jericho Herald. Words are typed into a keyword search field. "Female. Murder. Hitchhiking." The response: "No Articles Found."

Dean. At the computer. Lit, ghostly, by the phosphorescent screen. Sam, behind him. Dean tries again. This time: "Female. Murder. Centennial Highway." No Articles Found.

SAM

Let me try.

DEAN

I got it.

Then Sam physically WHEELS Dean's chair out of the way. Takes his place at the desk.

DEAN

Dude. You are such a control freak.

Sam. Thinking. Focused. Beat. Then...

SAM

So angry spirits are born out of violent death, right... but maybe it's not murder...

Sam highlights the word "Murder," changes it to "Suicide." (So it now reads "Female. Suicide. Centennial.")

And an ARTICLE APPEARS. **SUICIDE ON CENTENNIAL.**

\*

Sam smirks, gloating, at an unamused Dean.

DEAN

So you're a net jockey. Congrats.

ON THE SCREEN. Sam scrolls through PHOTOS (all part of the same article). The first one-- a candid of CONSTANCE WELCH. We recognize her-- it's the young woman from Troy Squire's car. Beautiful. Enigmatic expression. Sam reads--

SAM

This was 1981. Constance Welch, 24 years old, jumps off Sylvania Bridge. Drowns in the river.

\*

DEAN

It say why she did it?

SAM

(it's awful)

Yeah. God...

DEAN

What?

SAM

An hour before they found her, she calls 911. Her two little kids are in the bathtub. She leaves 'em alone for a minute, and when she comes back, they aren't breathing. Both die.

Now we see a PHOTO of her distraught, broken husband. JOSEPH WELCH, 30, in the picture.

SAM

"Our babies were gone, and Constance just couldn't bear it," said husband Joseph Welch."

Finally, Sam scrolls to a PHOTO of SYLVANIA BRIDGE. The same distinctive bridge from the scene of Troy Squire's crash.

DEAN

Hey. That bridge look familiar to you?

49

EXT. SYLVANIA BRIDGE - NIGHT

49

Sylvania Bridge. Steel beams, rusting in the moonlight. It's late, and Troy Squire's Toyota (and the accompanying cops) have long since left, leaving behind POLICE TAPE.

The Impala. Parked at one end of the bridge. Sam and Dean search the bridge with flashlights. Dean sweeps his flashlight over the RIVER, about fifteen feet below.

DEAN

So this is where Constance took the swan dive, huh?

SAM

You think Dad would've come here?

\*



DEAN

(nods)

He's chasing this same story.  
We're chasing him.

SAM

...so now what?

DEAN

We keep digging, until we find him.  
Might take awhile.

SAM

(torn)

But... I told you, man, I gotta get  
back--

DEAN

--by Monday, right. The interview.

Dean, irritated, has something on his mind.

DEAN

You're really serious about this,  
aren't you? I mean, you think  
you're just gonna be some lawyer?  
Marry your girl?

SAM

Maybe. Why not?

DEAN

Tell me. Does Jessica know the  
truth about you? The things you've  
done?

SAM

No. And she's never gonna know.

DEAN

Wow. Well. That's healthy.

(then)

You can pretend all you want,  
Sammy. But sooner or later, you  
gotta face up to who you are.

SAM

And who's that?

DEAN  
You're one of us.

SAM  
No. I'm not like you. This isn't  
gonna be my life.

DEAN  
You got a responsibility here...

SAM  
(growing emotional)  
To who? To Dad and his... crusade?

Meanwhile... the wind picks up. Grass and trees tremble.  
Inside the Impala. The radio CLICKS on. Static. The needle  
slides up and down the dial.

SAM  
Man, if it weren't for pictures, I  
wouldn't even know what Mom looks  
like. And what difference would it  
make, anyway... even if we do find  
the thing that killed her... Mom's  
gone and she isn't coming back!

Out of nowhere, Dean SHOVES Sam, HARD, against a steel beam.  
Sam is shocked, and Dean is uncharacteristically EMOTIONAL.

DEAN  
I don't care if you remember her or  
not. No way you're gonna talk  
about her like that.

Beat. Then Dean glances up. Sees something behind Sam.  
Something remarkable.

DEAN  
What the...?

Sam turns, spots it now, too--

FAR DOWN THE BRIDGE

CONSTANCE. Her back to the boys. Pale and luminescent,  
fluttering dress. A lonely, eerie figure.

She stands before the bridge's low rail. Stone still, a  
statue. Beat. Then she JUMPS OFF. Into darkness.

Sam and Dean. RACING to the spot where she jumped. They peer over the railing. Nothing but black water.

\*  
\*

Then... VROOM. An engine THUNDERS to life. The brothers exchange looks. Spin around.

They shield their eyes, from the glare of the IMPALA'S headlights. The car RUMBLES... an animal about to pounce...

SAM

Who's driving your car?

As if to answer, Dean reaches into his pocket, dangles his CAR KEYS. Then, suddenly--

The Impala CHARGES THEM. 0-60 FAST.

NO ONE behind the wheel--

BLACKOUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

50 EXT. SYLVANIA BRIDGE - NIGHT 50 \*

The ROARING Impala. Bearing down on Sam and Dean. It's a narrow country bridge, and there's no room to dive out of the way. The car's right on top of them, and there's only one choice-- Sam and Dean TUMBLE over the railing. \*

On the bridge... the car dies... headlights fade... until it's perfectly still. \*

CLOSE ON THE RAILING. A HAND LUNGES into frame, CLASPS the railing. It's Sam. Dangling from the bridge. He pulls himself up, chin high. Glances at the Impala... sees that it's no longer a threat; it's benign, now. \*

Sam pulls himself over the railing. Then he examines the muddy water below-- \*

SAM  
Dean?! You okay? \*

50A EXT. MUDDY RIVERBED - BENEATH BRIDGE - NIGHT 50A \*

Oatmeal thick mud. From which... Dean emerges. He's absolutely drenched in muck, head to toe. \*

DEAN  
Yeah, man. I'm super. \*

51 EXT. SYLVANIA BRIDGE - NIGHT 51

Sam waits, as Dean carefully examines the car, the engine.

SAM  
Car alright?

DEAN  
Whatever she did to it... it seems okay now.  
(beat)  
Man. That Constance chick... what a bitch.

SAM  
Well, she doesn't want us digging around, that's for sure.  
(beat)  
So... where's the trail go from here, genius?

Dean shrugs. They both lean against the car. Silent. Discouraged. They've hit a dead end. Beat. Sam SNIFFS. \*

SAM  
You smell like a toilet.

\*

52

EXT. ROADSIDE MOTEL - SUNRISE

52

A garish, 50's style NEON SIGN-- the STAGECOACH INN. A single story, cinderblock motel.

53

INT. ROADSIDE MOTEL - SHABBY FRONT OFFICE - DAWN

53

CLOSE ON: a MASTERCARD. Slapped on the faux-wood desk. We see the name on the card-- Mr. Hector Aframian.

Dean, CAKED in mud. Sam, beside him, PERFECTLY clean. \*

DEAN

One room please.

The squirrely MOTEL CLERK studies these two young men. Then he notices the credit card. The clerk is curious, maybe even a little suspicious. \*

MOTEL CLERK

What, you guys having a reunion or something?

SAM

What are you talking about?

MOTEL CLERK

That other guy. Burt Aframian. He bought out a room for a whole month.

Sam and Dean react to this.

54

INT. MOTEL ROOM - MORNING

54

We're inside a dark, dusty room. Drapes closed. We hear a CLICKING-- someone jimmy's the lock-- and the door opens. ("Do Not Disturb" on the knob).

Revealing Sam and Dean. The place is suddenly exposed to glaring sunlight. Like opening a tomb.

SAM

Whoa...

The walls are PLASTERED with clippings, articles, photos. Old leathery volumes and manuscripts stacked everywhere.

And clearly, Dad isn't here. Though there are a few signs of life... an unmade bed. Empty drink cans, fast food wrappers. Dean enters, investigating. Tosses a moldy burger into the garbage. Nasty.

DEAN

Don't think he's been here for a coupla days, at least.

Sam notices-- a thick line of SALT across the doorway. A few small, black-marker PENTAGRAMS on the door, beneath windows. Various small folk CHARMS scattered like old coins.

SAM

Salt. Cat's eye shells. He was worried. Trying to keep something from coming in.

(turning)

What have you got over there?

Dean stands before a wall. Papered with TEN PHOTOCOPIED PHOTOS. TEN MEN, staring out from oblivion. Various facts, figures, and details scrawled beside the pictures.

\*

\*

DEAN

The Centennial Highway victims.

(musing)

I don't get it. Different guys. Different jobs, ages, ethnicities. I mean, there's always a connection, right? So what do they all have in common?

Sam is standing before a COLLAGE of sketches, torn out of books. Vaguely horrible old illustrations, a parade of wraiths, banshees, succubi. Most of them crossed out with deep pen scratches. Except one, that's been circled--

A century-old DRAWING of a young woman, in a flowing white robe, by the roadside.

SAM

Dad figured it out. We're dealing with a Woman in White.

This means something to Dean. He turns back to the photos--

DEAN

You sly dogs...

(then)

So if it is a Woman in White... Dad would find the corpse. Destroy it.

\*

\*

\*

SAM

(a thoughtful beat)

She might have another weakness. Something she's scared of.

\*

\*

\*

\*

DEAN

Dad would wanna be sure... he'd dig her up. It say where she's buried, anywhere around here?

\*

\*

\*

TAPED TO THE WALL. The Constance Welch ARTICLE, printed off the Jericho Herald website. (Dad found the same article the boys did.) Sam regards the photo of Joseph Welch.

SAM

I don't think so. But if I were Dad... I'd go ask her husband. If he's still alive.

DEAN

(nods, agreeing)

Look and see if there's an address around. I'm gonna clean up.

Dean moves for the bathroom. Sam calls after him.

SAM

Dean? What I said before. About Mom and Dad. I'm sorry. I just--

DEAN

(stopping him)

Um. No chick flick moments, okay?

The brothers smile at each other. Half beat.

SAM

Jerk.

DEAN

Prick.

Dean disappears into the bathroom. Sam continues studying the room, looking for the address. When... he stops. Thinking. This is the closest he's come to his Father in a very long time. Then he notices--

By the mirror. Wedged into the frame. A PHOTO. John Winchester, with Dean, 11, and Sam, 6. All huddled close, a rare moment of happiness and laughter.

A faint smile spreads across Sam's face, as memories come flooding back...

55

INT. MOTEL ROOM - MORNING - SEVERAL MINUTES LATER

55

Dean, freshly showered and dressed, stands before the mirror (the one above the sink). Throws on his LEATHER JACKET.

\*

\*

Meanwhile, Sam checks his voicemail.

\*



JESSICA (ON VOICEMAIL)  
Hey, it's me. It's about 10:20,  
Saturday night...

DEAN  
I'm going to the diner down the  
street. Want anything? Aframian's  
buying.

Sam shakes his head. Dean moves for the door. (The curtains  
are still closed). He exits--

56 EXT. MOTEL ROOM - MORNING 56

--just in time to see, across the parking lot... the motel  
clerk, conversing with Deputy Jaffe and another COP. They  
all spot Dean. The clerk mouths, "that's him," and Jaffe's  
eyes narrow in recognition. And the expression on Dean's  
face-- fuck.

57 INT. MOTEL ROOM - MORNING 57

Sam, still listening--

JESSICA (ON VOICEMAIL)  
...I just... worry about you, and I  
miss you so much. So come home,  
soon as you can, okay? I love--

BEEP. Call waiting. Sam clicks over.

SAM  
Hello?

INTERCUT WITH:

58 EXT. MOTEL ROOM - MORNING 58

Dean. On his cell. The two Deputies, heading to him.

DEAN  
Dude. 5-0. Take off.

Sam peers through the drapes. Sees the police.

SAM  
What about you?

DEAN  
They kinda spotted me. Just go  
find Dad.

Sam moves for the back bathroom window.

Dean CLICKS OFF, just in time to grin big at Jaffe.

DEAN  
Problem, officers?

DEPUTY JAFFE  
Where's your partner?

DEAN

What partner?

Jaffe nods to the other cop, who moves over to the motel room door. POUNDS on it. Enters. Meanwhile--

\*  
\*

DEPUTY JAFFE

So. Fake U.S. Marshal. Fake credit card. You got anything that's real?

DEAN

My boobs.

59 EXT. MOTEL PARKING LOT - MORNING 59

Dean. SLAMMED against the hood of the POLICE CRUISER. He's cuffed and read his Miranda rights.

60-61 OMITTED 60-61

61A INT. SHERIFF DEPARTMENT - INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY 61A

Sheriff Pierce enters. Dean sits behind a table.

SHERIFF PIERCE

So you wanna give us your real name?

DEAN

I told you. Nugent. Ted Nugent.

SHERIFF PIERCE

I'm not sure you realize just how much trouble you're in.

DEAN

Like... misdemeanor trouble? Or "squeal-like-a-pig" trouble?

SHERIFF PIERCE

(contained anger)

I got people missing, the feds up my ass, and zero patience. You got the faces of ten Missing Persons taped to your wall, along with a whole bunch of Satanic mumbo-jumbo. Boy, you're officially a suspect.

DEAN

Right. That makes sense. Cause  
when the first one went missing in  
'82... I was three years old.

\*  
\*

SHERIFF PIERCE

I know you got partners. One of  
'em's an older guy. Maybe he  
started the whole thing.

Sheriff Pierce reaches into a drawer. And tosses a FADED  
LEATHER JOURNAL onto the desk.

SHERIFF PIERCE

So tell me, Dean. Is this his?

Seeing that book... it drains the arrogance from Dean in a  
heartbeat. Replacing it with worry.

SHERIFF PIERCE

I thought that might be your name.  
See, I leafed through it... the  
little I could make out... it was  
nine kinds of crazy. But I found  
this, too...

Sheriff Pierce flips to the last written entry (though not  
the very end of the book; there's still blank pages). Shows  
it to Dean. It reads, in hastily scrawled words--

DEAN,  
35 -111

Dean quickly conceals his reaction to the message.

SHERIFF PIERCE

Now. You're staying right here,  
'till you tell me what the hell  
that means.

62 EXT. TRAILER PARK - DAY

62

A row of faded old trailers. Sam reads from a paper scrap,  
knocks on a flimsy metal door. JOSEPH WELCH, 54, answers.  
Face lined with a lifetime of pain, heartbreak.

SAM

Excuse me. You're Joseph Welch?

63 EXT. TRAILER PARK - DAY - FEW MOMENTS LATER

63

The PHOTO, from the motel room mirror. John and his sons.

Joseph Welch hands the photo back to Sam. As the two walk, slow, to Sam's car.

JOSEPH

Yeah. He was older, but that's him. Came by about 3, 4 days ago. Said he was a reporter.

SAM

That's right. We're working on a story together.

JOSEPH

Well, I don't know what the hell kinda story you're writing. The questions he asked me...

SAM

About your late wife?

JOSEPH

(nods)

He asked me where she's buried.

SAM

Yeah. Um. And where is that again?

JOSEPH

What, I gotta do this twice?

SAM

Fact-checking. If you don't mind.

JOSEPH

(sighs)

She's in a plot behind my old place, over on Breckenridge.

SAM

Why did you move?

JOSEPH

I'm not gonna live in the house where my children died.

SAM

Mr. Welch. Did you ever marry again?

JOSEPH

No, sir... Constance... she was the love of my life. Prettiest woman I've ever known.

\*

\*  
\*

SAM  
So you had a happy marriage?

JOSEPH  
(searching Sam's face)  
Definitely.

They arrive at the Impala--

SAM  
Well. That should do it. Thanks  
for your time.

Joseph nods, curt. Turns. Heads back for his trailer. But Sam's got something on his mind. He calls out--

SAM  
Mr. Welch. You ever hear of a  
Woman in White?

JOSEPH  
(stopping)  
A what?

SAM  
A Woman in White, or sometimes  
Weeping Woman? It's a ghost story.  
Well, more of a phenomenon, really.  
They're spirits. They've been  
sighted for hundreds of years,  
dozens of places. In Hawaii.  
Mexico. Lately, in Arizona,  
Indiana. All these different  
women, you understand, but all with  
the same story.

JOSEPH  
Boy, I don't care much for  
nonsense...

\*  
\*

Joseph turns for his trailer. But Sam continues, without missing a beat.

SAM  
See, when they were alive, their  
husbands were unfaithful to them.  
And the women, basically suffering  
from temporary insanity, murdered  
their children. Then, once they  
realized what they did, the women  
took their own lives.

Finally, Joseph halts. Pivots to Sam. Horror washes over the old man's expression. As if Sam were talking about Joseph's children.

SAM

So their spirits are cursed.  
Walking backroads, waterways. And  
if they find an unfaithful man...  
they kill him. And that man's  
never seen again.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

Over their shoulders-- white BEDSHEETS on a clothesline, billowing in the stiff breeze. And now the sheets seem to take on a WHIRLING FORM. A silhouette. Of a WOMAN. Then, just as quickly, it's gone.

JOSEPH

(growing furious)

...you think... you think that has  
something to do with me, you smart  
ass?

SAM

I didn't say that.

JOSEPH

Constance loved those kids... I  
mean, maybe I made some mistakes...  
but still... no matter what I  
did... Constance wouldn't have  
killed her own children...

(beat)

Now you get the hell outta here.  
And you don't come back.

Joseph storms away. Leaving Sam. Alone.

64 EXT. SHERIFF DEPARTMENT - NIGHT - ESTABLISHING 64

65 INT. SHERIFF DEPARTMENT - INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT 65

Dean, still at the table. The open journal spread before him, with those numbers (35, -111).

DEAN

How many times do I gotta say it?  
It's my high school locker combo.

Sheriff Pierce looks like he wants to tear Dean limb from limb. When DEPUTY SWARTZ pokes his head into the room. Confers, quietly, with the Sheriff.

DEPUTY SWARTZ

We just got a 911. Shots fired,  
over on Whiteford Road.

SHERIFF PIERCE

(turns back to Dean)

Hey. You gotta go to the bathroom? \*

DEAN

No.

Sheriff Pierce CUFFS one of Dean's hands to the table.

SHERIFF PIERCE

Good.

The Sheriff and Deputy EXIT. Locking the door behind them.  
Leaving Dean alone. A beat. Then he SPOTS something-- \*

ON THE TABLE. A cluster of papers. With a PAPERCLIP. \*

Dean smiles. \*

65A INT. SHERIFF DEPARTMENT - BULLPEN - NIGHT 65A \*

A bored-looking DEPUTY, left to watch over the department. \*  
An older WOMAN at dispatch. They head into the next room for \*  
coffee. Just as they exit... we notice the door to the \*  
interrogation room... and Dean's face APPEARS in the small \*  
door window. Free and uncuffed. Dean sees the coast is \*  
clear. He also sees a NEARBY GUN RACK. \*

66-68 OMITTED 66-68

69 EXT. SHERIFF DEPARTMENT - ALLEY - NIGHT 69 \*

Dean drops to the street from a FIRE ESCAPE. He holds the \*  
JOURNAL and a HOLSTERED PISTOL. Moving to-- \*

70 OMITTED 70

71 INT./EXT. HONDA CIVIC - MOUTH OF ALLEY - NIGHT 71 \*

A HONDA CIVIC. Window open, just a crack. Dean reaches in, \*  
fishes for the lock. Unlocks it. He tosses the journal and \*  
the pistol into the passenger seat. \*

Dean SCREECHES away. To safety... \*

72 OMITTED 72



73 EXT. CENTENNIAL HIGHWAY - NIGHT

73

The Impala. Charging down the dark road. A FLASH of BRIGHT LIGHT. A portentous LIGHTNING STORM BEGINS.

74 INT. IMPALA - MOVING - CENTENNIAL HIGHWAY - NIGHT

74

Sam. Driving. His cell phone rings--

SAM

Hello?

INTERCUT WITH:

75 EXT. AT A PAYPHONE - NIGHT

75 \*

Dean. At a payphone. Eyes peeled for any passing cops.

DEAN

Fake 911 call, Sammy? I dunno.  
Pretty illegal.

SAM

You're welcome.

DEAN

Look, we gotta talk--

SAM

Tell me about it. So the husband  
was unfaithful, we are dealing with  
a Woman in White. She's buried  
behind her old house. That  
should've been Dad's next stop--

DEAN

Sammy, shut up a second--

SAM

I just can't figure out why he  
hasn't destroyed the corpse yet...

DEAN

That's what I'm trying to tell you.  
He's gone. Dad left Jericho.

SAM

What? How do you know?

DEAN

I got the journal.

SAM

Dad's journal? He doesn't go  
anywhere without that thing.

DEAN

Well, he did this time... and he  
left me a message.

SAM

What's it say?

DEAN

Same old ex-Marine crap. When he wants to tell us where he's going.

SAM

Coordinates. Where to?

DEAN

I'm not sure yet.

SAM

I don't understand. What could be so important, that Dad would skip out, in the middle of a job?

(then)

Dean, what the hell is going on?

Suddenly, Constance appears in Sam's headlights! Sam drives right through her! He SHOUTS, brakes hard! Skidding, wild!

76 EXT. AT A PAYPHONE - NIGHT

76

The phone cuts out. Hissing STATIC.

DEAN

Sam...? Sam!

77 INT./EXT. IMPALA - CENTENNIAL HIGHWAY - NIGHT

77

Sam barely manages to control the swerving car. Thankfully, it comes to a stop. We notice a TWISTED TREE in the background... the same one we've seen before.

\*  
\*

Sam. Panting. Catching his breath. But he doesn't notice-- Constance. Now sitting in Sam's back seat.

CONSTANCE

Take me home.

Sam looks up, icy with fear--

BLACKOUT.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

78 INT. IMPALA - CENTENNIAL HIGHWAY - NIGHT 78

Sam, behind the wheel. Constance, in the back. No light, except for the occasional flare of lightning. Once again--

CONSTANCE

Take me home.

SAM

...no...

The doors LOCK, by themselves. The RADIO clicks on, squealing white noise. The gas pedal depresses.

79 EXT. CENTENNIAL HIGHWAY - NIGHT 79

And the car begins to drive, of its own accord. Headlights slicing through the darkness. \*

80 INT. IMPALA - CENTENNIAL HIGHWAY - NIGHT 80

The untouched steering wheel turns, correcting course.

Sam. Mind racing. Trying to figure out a way to save his own life. Constance. Behind him. Mute.

81 EXT. OLD HOUSE - NIGHT 81

The car pulls up the muddy dirt driveway. Stops before the decrepit house. As if on cue, the ENGINE CUTS OUT.

82 INT. IMPALA - CONTINUOUS 82

SAM

...don't do this...

CONSTANCE

I can never go home. \*

But Sam watches her in the rearview, as she says this. And he perceives something, that no one's noticed before...

SAM

...you're scared. You're scared to go home. \*

Then... in ONE SHOT... Sam pivots from the rearview (where Constance is still visible)... to look at her directly... and she's NOT THERE. We hear a FURIOUS, hateful WHISPER-- the same one we heard on the digital recorder in Act I.

GHOSTLY WHISPER

I can never go home.

And suddenly, Constance is RIGHT BESIDE Sam. She straddles him. Seductive. She leans his seat back, presses her body against his. She tries to kiss Sam, but he turns, her full lips brushing his cheek.

CONSTANCE

Hold me... I'm so cold...

Sam resists. But his eyelids grow heavy. His voice trembles. His breathing becomes shallow. We hear a high-pitched, whining TONE. As Sam suffers some type of silent SIREN SONG.

A split-second of LIGHTNING brightens the car. \*

SAM

...you can't kill me... I'm not  
unfaithful... I've never been...

Constance leans in close, and she whispers, soft-- \*

CONSTANCE

You will be.

A drop of blood drips from Sam's ear. He's weakening. He looks like a man drowning.

CONSTANCE

Just hold me. Please.

Constance's lips move closer to his. Closer still, until--

Sam can't resist anymore. He doesn't have the strength. She kisses him. Deeply. Hungrily. But then we notice--

SAM'S HAND. Reaching... slowly... for the ignition... when-- \*

Constance leans back. Looks at Sam. Just then... another  
LIGHTNING FLASH. But this time, in the bright FLARE...  
Constance is REVEALED to be a rotting, skeletal WRAITH. Sam  
GASPS. When the lightning SNUFFS OUT, Constance VANISHES. \*

Suddenly, Sam JOLTS. Shards of excruciating PAIN shoot through his body. He falls back in his seat. He tears open the top of his shirt, buttons popping, to reveal-- his bare chest. Over his heart. FIVE ANGRY BURN SCARS. \*

Lightning-- and again, in the STROBING FLASH, there's Constance, straddling Sam, her hand PLUNGED INSIDE HIS CHEST. When the lightning snuffs out-- she again DISAPPEARS. \*

Sam's hand. Fumbling for the ignition. Trying to turn the engine. But... he's in too much pain. Losing consciousness. His hand drops from the ignition. Suddenly--

BANG! The driver's side window SHATTERS-- a hailstorm of safety glass beads.

DEAN. Striding, fast, towards the Impala. FIRING a pistol at the seemingly thin air in front of Sam. And in the rapid succession of GUNFIRE FLARES-- Constance is VISIBLE, as if in STROBING LIGHT.

She turns to Dean. Unharmed, of course. She grins at him, vicious. But she's let go of Sam. Sam blinks to lucidity.

SAM  
(gasping)  
...I'm taking you home...

And Sam is now able to TURN the ignition. He SLAMS the gas!

DEAN  
SAM!

83 INT./EXT. OLD HOUSE - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT 83

The Impala BURSTS forward. SMASHING through the termite-ridden wall of the old house. ENTERING the house.

84-85 OMITTED 84-85

86 INT. OLD HOUSE - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT 86

DEAN  
Sam! Sam!

Dean scrambles through the newly-created opening, up to the car. It's jammed against a wall. Inside the car, Sam is weak. But alive. And Dean is extremely relieved-- we see EMOTION in his expression. \*

SAM  
I'm okay.

The car door is blocked by debris, so Dean moves to the trunk (knocked ajar in the crash). He removes an AXE. \*

DEAN  
Where is she?

Just then... the wind picks up again. Tattered curtains billow, ghostly. The CAR RADIO clicks on. Faint music buried beneath static.

SAM

She's here.

DEAN

Can you move?

(Sam nods, yes)

Come on, hurry.

Sam GROANS, sore. He begins to crawl through the window. Dean helps, using the axe to pry lumber out of the way. They're too occupied to notice-- \*

ACROSS THE ROOM. On the floor. A CRACKED PICTURE FRAME. A photo-- of two kids, a little boy and a little girl. \*

When Constance, beautiful again, STEPS BEFORE the picture. Looks down at it. Looks over the house. With pain. Regret. And then... she looks over at Sam and Dean. With anger. \*

Just as Sam evacuates the car... a HEAVY WOODEN DRESSER suddenly SWINGS into the boys! \*

SAM

Look out!

The dresser SLAMS them against the Impala. Dean uses the axe as a WEDGE, before the dresser crushes the boys' legs. But still... they're trapped. Both try to writhe free. No good. \*

CONSTANCE. Walks to the boys. Slow. Creepy calm. \*

Sam and Dean. Struggle harder. They're trapped.

THE STAIRWAY. Strangely, WATER begins to seep down the steps. As if from a flood upstairs. Old burnt-out HOUSE LAMPS glow, sickly and dull.

Constance grows closer. The guys are goners. She's only a few yards away now. When, suddenly, we SEE--

TWO FIGURES at the top of the stairs. CONSTANCE'S CHILDREN. A BOY, 5, and a GIRL, 6. Deathly pale and soaking wet.

WHISPERED ON THE WIND

...you've come home to us, Mommy...

Constance spots them. Horrified, she moves to the stairs.

down, into the floor. There's a horrible, otherworldly  
ANIMAL SHRIEKING... A BLINDING LIGHTNING FLASH--



Dean manages to shove the dresser a few inches, pries one leg free, with grunting effort. Then the other. He climbs on top of the dresser, begins helping Sam.

DEAN

She drowned her kids here.

SAM

That's why she could never go home.  
She was scared to face 'em.

A beat, as Dean helps Sam up onto the dresser. They hop to the other side, free. Moving to the Impala--

DEAN

So you found her weak spot. Nice work there, Sammy.

Sam smiles. A beat of gratitude, a moment of connection between brothers. Then--

SAM

Wish I could say the same. What were you thinking, shooting Casper in the face?

DEAN

Hey, saved your ass. And I'll tell you-- if you screwed up my car, I'm gonna kill you.

86A EXT. CENTENNIAL HIGHWAY - NIGHT - LATER

86A

The Impala, with one working headlight. Barrels down the isolated road.

87 INT. IMPALA (FORMERLY OLD HOUSE) - MOVING - NIGHT

87

Dean drives. Sam sits in the passenger seat, holding a FLASHLIGHT. Sam's got a U.S. MAP spread over his lap... and Dad's journal, opened to the final entry. With a short plastic ruler, Sam figures out those coordinates (35 -111).

Dean manages to shove the dresser a few inches, pries one leg free, with grunting effort. Then the other. He climbs on top of the dresser, begins helping Sam.

DEAN  
She drowned her kids here.

SAM  
That's why she could never go home.  
She was scared to face 'em.

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SAM  
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DEAN  
Hey, saved your ass. And I'll tell you-- if you screwed up my car, I'm gonna kill you.

86A EXT. CENTENNIAL HIGHWAY - NIGHT - LATER 86A \*

The Impala, with one working headlight. Barrels down the road, past a faded sign-- "YOU ARE LEAVING JERICHO, CALIFORNIA. COME AGAIN SOON!" \*

87 INT. IMPALA (FORMERLY OLD HOUSE) - MOVING - NIGHT 87 \*

Dean drives. Sam sits in the passenger seat, holding a FLASHLIGHT. Sam's got a U.S. MAP spread over his lap... and Dad's journal, opened to the final entry. With a short plastic ruler, Sam figures out those coordinates (35 -111). \*

Ghost town, off Route 66.

DEAN  
Sounds charming. How far?

SAM  
About 600 miles.

DEAN  
We better shag ass, we can get  
there by morning--

When Dean glances at Sam, sees his expression. Dean's smile  
fades, as he puts it together. A pregnant pause--

DEAN  
You're not going.

SAM  
(troubled, conflicted)  
Look, the interview's in like ten  
hours. I gotta be there... after  
that... then we'll see what  
happens, alright?

DEAN  
(after a beat)  
Whatever. I'll take you back.

SAM  
No, man, it's cool, I can catch a--

DEAN  
I'll take you back, Sam.

88 INT./EXT. IMPALA - SAM'S APARTMENT - STANFORD - NIGHT 88

The Impala pulls before Sam's apartment, engine idling. Sam  
climbs out. Snags his bag.

SAM  
You'll call me if you find him?  
(Dean nods)  
...maybe... I can meet up with you  
later, okay?

DEAN  
Sure. Okay.

Sam turns. There's about a million things Dean wants to say... but he can't find the right words. And so--

SAM  
(sad nod)  
...yeah...

At the front door, Sam gives one final, awkward wave. Then disappears from sight.

Dean. Thinking. A swirl of emotions. But then... he shifts the car into drive. And motors away.

89

INT. SAM'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

89

Sam unlocks the door, enters. The place is dark. Empty.

SAM  
Jess? You home?

On a side table... Sam spots some lumpy object, covered with a dish towel. He tugs off the towel-- it's a plate of chocolate-chip COOKIES. With a note on top:

MISSED YOU. LOVE YOU.

Sam smiles, affectionate. He munches a cookie.

89A

INT. IMPALA - MOVING - STANFORD - NIGHT

89A

Dean. Driving. He checks his WRISTWATCH. It gently ticks. Soothing. But then it abruptly FREEZES.

Dean frowns. What the hell?

90

OMITTED

90

91

INT. SAM'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

91

Sam enters the shadowy bedroom. He notices... the bathroom light is on, the door is slightly ajar. The SOUND of the SHOWER RUNNING.

Sam sits on the edge of the bed. Far beyond exhausted. He falls back. Lying, face up, on the mattress. Eyes shut, a deep SIGH. When... plink. A drop of crimson red spatters onto Sam's face. His eyes jolt open. And... horror washes over his expression like ice water. He GASPS--

\*  
\*  
\*

UP ON THE CEILING. JESSICA. Impossibly splayed out, as if it were the floor. Eyes wide open, glassy. Dead.

ceiling. Like ripples in a pond. A SMOKE alarm BINGS!

91A INT. SAM'S APARTMENT - MAIN ROOM - CONTINUOUS 91A \*

The front door FLINGS OPEN. \*

DEAN

Sam!

91AA INT. SAM'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS 91AA \*

Dean CHARGES up to Sam. Dean sees Jessica, reacts, but there's more pressing matters. Dean YANKS his brother into the hallway, just outside the room... right before FIRE CASCADES down the walls. Sam fights to go back in, but it's quickly escalating into an inferno. Dean holds him back. \*

SAM

No...

DEAN

We have to go!

And Dean practically DRAGS Sam out of the apartment.

DISSOLVE TO: \*

92-93 OMITTED 92-93

94 EXT. SAM'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - LATER 94 \*

The aftermath. Smoke. Water. A FIRE TRUCK. FIREMEN finish extinguishing the blaze. Across the street... pajama clad APARTMENT OCCUPANTS. Various BYSTANDERS. And-- \*

Dean. Watching. Grim. He's aware of the sound of APPROACHING POLICE SIRENS. \*

He moves down the street... through the bystanders... unnoticed and invisible in the chaos... \*

94A EXT. AROUND THE CORNER - NIGHT 94A \*

Dean approaches the front of the Impala. The trunk is open. As Dean circles around the car, we reveal-- Sam. Hunched over the trunk. Inspecting the weapon arsenal. \*

ANGLE - INSIDE THE TRUNK. We're looking up at Sam. Dean steps beside him. \*