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SUPERNATURAL

"Pilot"

by

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"Supernatural"

ACT ONE

FADE IN...

EXT. AUTO SALVAGE YARD - WEST TEXAS - NIGHT

LONE STAR AUTO SALVAGE. A faded sign, arched over a tall iron gate. The gate drifts open, CREAKING listlessly.

An automobile graveyard. Abandoned for years, maybe decades. Gothic towers of twisted steel carcasses; many crushed into cubes, or pancakes. Studebakers. De Sotos. Tail-finned Chevys. American optimism, rusting in the moonlight.

SUPER TITLE: "Glenrio, Texas"

Wind WHISTLES through smashed side windows.

An overturned MOTORCYCLE. Its wheel rotates in the breeze. Squeaking. Then... the wind picks up. The wheel begins to spin faster. Faster, still. Almost unnaturally fast--

EXT. DEEP INSIDE SALVAGE YARD - NIGHT

A dirt path, winding between the mangled canyon walls of Detroit's finest.

When a pair of feet appear. Black biker boots, walking slow and measured, crunching gravel.

We PAN UP... this guy's got a BOWIE KNIFE strapped to his thigh. A Colt double-action six shooter in the waistband of his Levi's.

And a face, spattered in crimson blood. Blood which isn't his. DEAN HARRISON, 26.

He stops. So he can light a Marlboro. He takes a heavy, trembling drag. Whatever happened to Dean, it disturbed and upset him, profoundly.

**BANG!!**

Dean jumps, startled. About 50 feet away... an old BUICK BACKFIRES. As its engine GROWLS to life. Headlights BLAZING across Dean's face.

Dean shields his eyes from the glare, looks closer-- the car's on blocks. No one behind the wheel.

It started by itself.

He flicks his smoke away. Moves for the auto yard entrance. Carefully. Vigilantly.

When a second trashed car RUMBLES awake. Dry engine SQUEALING. Cracked hi-beams GLIMMERING over Dean.

Dean moves faster.

Now another car begins to REV, SCREECHING like a wounded animal. Then another, this one sandwiched in the middle of a tower. Then another. Then more. MORE.

Dean's shadow FLICKERS, in a dozen different insane directions from the STROBING lights. His breathing is short, overwhelmed. He breaks into a dead sprint.

WIDE ON AUTO YARD

EVERY RUSTED CARCASS in this old graveyard is GASPING to life. Stacks of metal corpses. Headlights all strobing. Engines all turning. The metallic whine is DEAFENING.

As Dean runs between them all. Runs for the entrance. Runs for his life.

The lights blaze so harshly, we--

FLARE TO WHITE.

EXT. STANFORD UNIVERSITY - DAY

SUPER TITLE: "Stanford University. Palo Alto, California. One Week Later"

The white-hot FLARE becomes a CAMERA FLASH. As a photo is snapped of--

SAM HARRISON, 22. He wears a graduation gown (no cap). Various other GRADUATES, PARENTS, etc., pass behind him. He smiles, a little clenched, at the camera.

SAM  
We finished yet?

His AUNT CHERYL, 40's, is trigger happy with her Canon.

AUNT CHERYL  
One more. With the hat.

UNCLE TOMMY  
(40's, upscale)  
Cheryl. Quit torturing the poor kid. We gotta beat rush hour.

AUNT CHERYL  
Okay, okay. You're done.

SAM  
Thank you.

They all head for the car. As Sam tugs off his gown, revealing a T-shirt and jeans.

EXT. AT THE CURB - A MINUTE LATER

They arrive at a Range Rover, back crammed with boxes, a TV, etc. Uncle Tommy gives Sam a firm, paternal handshake.

SAM  
Thanks for dragging my stuff home.

UNCLE TOMMY  
You kidding? I can't wait to have you back.  
(whispers)  
Living alone with that woman... not easy.

Aunt Cheryl hears this, shoves her husband. Tommy climbs behind the wheel. As Cheryl hugs Sam, anaconda-tight.

SAM  
Aunt Cheryl. I'm gonna see you in like 24 hours.

AUNT CHERYL  
(a surge of emotion)  
I'm just... proud of you. I wish... your Mom...

SAM  
I know.  
(beat)  
Hey. So... I take it nobody's heard from Dean?

AUNT CHERYL  
You surprised?

SAM  
No. I guess not.

Now Cheryl gets in the car. And in a fleeting private moment, Sam's face registers disappointment.

The Range Rover pulls from the curb. Through the window--

UNCLE TOMMY  
Have fun tonight. You earned it.

AUNT CHERYL  
But not too much fun.

Sam gives a final wave. Shakes his head, bemused. He loves them. But they're exhausting.

INT. COLLEGE APARTMENT PARTY - THAT NIGHT

A home-made BANNER: **GRADUATION '05: GOODBYE, EDUCATION GRAVYTRAIN.**

Typical college party. That is to say, a gaggle of STUDENTS and freshly minted GRADUATES crushed around a warm keg.

INT. PARTY - TINY GALLEY KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Sam leans against the kitchen counter. His pretty, wholesome girlfriend JESSICA, 19, beside him. They sip beer from red plastic cups, conversing with Sam's best friend LUIS, 22. PARTIERS weave past, back and forth.

SAM  
...wait a minute. But the whole trip's only four weeks long.

LUIS  
Correct.

SAM  
And you're spending two of 'em in Amsterdam?

LUIS  
I don't know art, but I know what I like.

JESSICA  
(to Sam)  
I just now decided-- I'm glad you're not going.

LUIS  
Airline refund your ticket?

SAM  
They gave me a voucher. Which I'm having framed. So when I'm going blind Xeroxing legal briefs, I can think of you. In Amsterdam.

JESSICA

Come on. You beat out, like, a million people for that internship. That judge you're working for, he's huge, right?

SAM

Yeah. He is kind of chubby.

LUIS

She's right, you know. I'd switch up with you in a heartbeat.

SAM

Why?

LUIS

Look around this room, Sam. What do you see?

SAM

Binge drinking.

LUIS

Fear. Everyone is freaking out. What the hell are they gonna do with their lives? And you know.

(beat)

And when you're at Columbia in the Fall, know what I'm gonna be doing?

SAM

What?

LUIS

Damn. I was hoping you could tell me.

(beat)

Cause I got nothing but uncertainty and sheer terror on the horizon. You should thank your lucky stars, lawyer boy.

Sam nods. Grins. But when he takes a sip... the others don't notice the serious unease, the real doubt, swirling behind his eyes.

INT. COLLEGE APARTMENT HALLWAY - LATER THAT NIGHT

Sam and Jessica head back to his room.

SAM  
 ...Jess. I'll be in L.A. all  
 summer. I'll be close.

JESSICA  
 But after that? I'm stuck here,  
 while you're in New York, hooking  
 up with hot law school chicks.

SAM  
 Okay, one, "hot law school chicks?"  
 And two, you have nothing to worry--

But Sam stops. Because they've reached his door. And it's  
 unlocked. Open, just a sliver.

SAM  
 Wait here.

INT. SAM'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Sam swings open the door. Slow. Wary. Revealing--

A MAN, his back to us, sitting at Sam's college-issue kitchen  
 table. Smoking Marlboro Reds.

Jessica GASPS. But Sam knows who it is--

SAM  
 Dean?

Dean (from the teaser). He pivots. Grins.

DEAN  
 Surprise.

JESSICA  
 Your brother Dean?

SAM  
 ...what are you doing here?

DEAN  
 You think I'd miss your graduation?

SAM  
 Well, yeah. Technically, you did--

DEAN  
 Oh. Well. Better late than never,  
 I guess.

Jessica glares at Sam, until he finally realizes--

SAM  
Sorry. Dean, this is my  
girlfriend, Jessica.

Dean approaches. Flashes a charming, charismatic smile.

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

JESSICA  
(blushes)  
That's what I'm always saying.

Sam rolls his eyes. Dean always has this effect on women.

Now Dean snags a brown bag from the table. Tugs out a bottle of Jim Beam.

DEAN  
So. Let's celebrate.

INT. SAM'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - LATER

Dean, Sam, and Jessica sit around the kitchen table. Dean drains his glass of Beam (he takes it neat). Pours himself another. Sam and Jessica don't touch theirs.

JESSICA  
...how long's it been, since you  
two have seen each other?

DEAN  
I got no idea...

SAM  
A little over two years.

DEAN  
Really? That long?

Sam nods. His expression speaks silent volumes.

SAM  
What have you been doing?

DEAN  
I was in Alaska for awhile.  
Louisiana. Texas. All over.

SAM  
Yeah. But. What were you doing?

Dean looks uncomfortable; there's ground here he doesn't care to tread. So, as usual, he turns it into a joke--

DEAN

Well, I did see South Dakota's largest free standing corn palace. That was quite a thrill.

(then, shrugging)

I dunno. Seeing the sights, picking up some work here and there. You know me, I get restless. I guess I take after Dad that way.

JESSICA

(turns to Sam)

You never told me that. Your Dad, did he travel... before...?

(trails off, awkward)

SAM

Yeah. A little.

DEAN

Before...?

SAM

Mom and Dad's accident. Before they passed away.

JESSICA

I'm sorry. My big mouth.

Dean regards Sam, for just a half beat too long.

DEAN

Don't mention it.

(then)

Hey, Sam. How you getting home tomorrow?

SAM

I'm catching a ride with this kid Andy, from my Poli Sci class--

DEAN

Screw Andy. I'll take you.

Sam hates this idea. But he tries to be polite.

SAM

Thanks. But no. I don't wanna put you out...

DEAN

You're not. It'll be fun. We'll road trip. Smoke smokes, get sick off Slims Jims and Mountain Dew.

SAM

Wow. Well, you're really selling it, but I don't think so...

DEAN

I wanna catch up. Trade war stories. Come on.

Jessica nudges Sam. She thinks it would be good for him.

JESSICA

You should do it.

Beat. Sam sighs. Nods, in a "I'm going to regret this" way.

INT. SAM'S APARTMENT - BATHROOM - A FEW MINUTES LATER

Jessica stands at the sink, water running, brushing her teeth, washing her face, etc.

INT. SAM'S APARTMENT - MAIN ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Dean steps to Sam. Speaks quietly, so Jessica won't hear.

DEAN

You told her Dad was dead?

SAM

Maybe he is, for all I know.

DEAN

Sam, why would you--

SAM

(unexpectedly firm)  
I'm not talking about this.  
Goodnight.

CUT TO:

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

Dean. Sitting on the rock-hard college couch. He's not sleeping. He's leafing through a FADED LEATHER JOURNAL.

We catch glimpses. Page after page of dense writing. Taped clippings of yellowed obituaries. It's unsettling.

Dean flips to the back cover. There's a fresh newspaper article tucked inside. He unfolds it. Studies it.

CLOSE ON ARTICLE. We FLOAT over the headline: "**CENTENNIAL HIGHWAY - 3rd FATALITY IN 10 DAYS.**"

Then, we drift over the text, catching words and phrases:

"yet another fatal accident on"  
 "incredibly, all three crashing near mile-marker 33"  
 "gaining a nickname as 'the Devil's Highway'"

INT. SAM'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

On his tiny twin bed, Jessica cuddles against Sam's chest. She sleeps soundly. But Sam stares at the ceiling. Wide awake. Troubled.

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY - 1992 - FLASHBACK

Sam, 9. Staring, with the exact same expression.

At a FRAMED PHOTO (beside a guest book, and a tasteful arrangement of flowers). A portrait of MARY HARRISON, 30's. Sam's mother.

Sam glances at the surrounding adults. Suits, black dresses. Some are hugging (or maybe holding each other up). Others burst into tears. Confusing thing for a little boy.

Suddenly, DEAN, 13, wiry, tugs on Sam's arm.

YOUNG DEAN

Come on.

Sam follows him to the kitchen door. Dean holds his finger to his lips-- shh. And they both peer inside the open doorway. Spying on--

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS - FLASHBACK

JACK HARRISON, late 30's, at the kitchen table. He looks awful. Dark circles beneath red-rimmed eyes. He's holding a glass of Jim Beam (he drinks it neat). A younger-looking Aunt Cheryl is beside him, holding his hand.

JACK

...I know what I saw...

AUNT CHERYL

It was an accident. It was storming, the roads were slick--

Jack tears his hand away, pounds the table-- a tight little gesture, but scary in its intensity.

JACK

I know what I saw. It had these... eyes. These black eyes. It was inside the car, Cheryl. It tore her to shreds, it--

AUNT CHERYL

(furious whisper)

Stop it. Just stop it. You have two boys, you need to pull yourself together, goddammit--

IN THE DOORWAY

Sam and Dean watch their father's breakdown. Dean is crying, scared. Sam is oddly mute, bottled-up.

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. SAM'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - PRESENT

Sam. Still in bed. Staring at the ceiling with that same bottled-up expression.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. COLLEGE APARTMENTS - STANFORD - NEXT MORNING

The sun-dappled streets of Palo Alto. We PAN DOWN to--

Dean. Leaning against his car. A '65 Chevy Impala. Black, dented. A Rottweiler of a muscle car. He watches as--

Sam turns from a teary-eyed Jessica (having finished their good-byes). Moves to Dean, carrying a large DUFFLE. Sam's about to open the trunk, to deposit his bag.

DEAN

(a little too abrupt)

No. I got it.

Dean drops the duffle in the back seat.

SAM

(to Jessica)

Call you soon as I get there, okay?

Jessica nods. The two brothers climb in the Impala. Dean, behind the wheel.

DEAN  
You ever ridden in a car like this?

SAM  
Uh... no.

Dean grins. Turns the ignition.

The ENGINE THUNDERS, waking the neighborhood. The exhaust belches oily, black smoke. Defiantly un-P.C.

Jessica waves goodbye, as the Impala takes to the asphalt.

EXT. IMPALA - ON THE HIGHWAY - SERIES OF SHOTS

CUE MUSIC. And you can take your anemic alternative pop and shove it up your ass. Dean plays bass thumping, pile driving Zeppelin, and he plays it loud.

The Impala motors up the on-ramp, impatient to leave the stand-still urban traffic behind. It hits the 101 like a panther, pouncing down an open stretch of freeway. Weaving. Pushing 90. Kicking sand in the faces of hybrids and Hondas.

INT. IMPALA - ON THE HIGHWAY - MOVING - DAY

Surreptitiously, Sam reaches for his seatbelt. To find it isn't there. Nods to himself. Super.

Dean grins. Open window. Wind rushing. He's finally got space to move. He lights a smoke. Offers one to Sam.

DEAN  
Hey. So listen... I'm sorry I've been so M.I.A.

SAM  
I don't smoke-- don't apologize. I'm not mad.

DEAN  
Well. That was a pretty clenched delivery...

SAM  
Really. I mean it. You got your deal, I got mine. You don't owe me anything.

Beat. Dean nods-- okay. Sam turns back to the window. But Dean glances at him, a little sad; he might as well be sitting on the other side of a chasm.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. 101 FREEWAY - DAY - LATER

The Impala pulls off the 101, passing two exit ramp signs. The first: **CENTENNIAL HIGHWAY**. The second: **SANGER, 22 mi.**

INT. IMPALA - MOVING - DAY

SAM

What are you doing?

DEAN

Minor detour. Gotta take care of something.

Sam's irritated. Clearly, he's not the type who likes detours (or surprises).

SAM

You're not gonna go score some drugs or something, are you?

DEAN

(rolls his eyes)

Yeah, Scarface, I'm gonna go "score some drugs."

INT./EXT. IMPALA - ON CENTENNIAL HIGHWAY - MOVING

The Impala motors down Centennial-- a narrow road, winding along the flat, almost Midwestern crop fields of Central California. Every so often, they pass a pick-up, or tractor.

When the car reaches MILE 33, Dean slows. He sees something. At the base of the mile marker POST-- two different PILES of FLOWERS, PHOTOS, etc. Memorials, to recent Centennial Highway fatalities. Then... a third pile, on the other side; then a fourth, further down.

INT. IMPALA - ON CENTENNIAL HIGHWAY - MOVING

Sam doesn't see, but Dean carefully notes the make-shift shrines. Then--

DEAN

Listen. Sam. I sorta had a reason for bringing you along. We need to talk.

SAM  
About what?

DEAN  
About Dad.

SAM  
No, we don't.

DEAN  
Yeah. We do.

SAM  
Look. I'm sorry what I told Jess,  
okay, but I don't see--

DEAN  
It's not that. Sam. I went  
looking for him.

SAM  
You what?

Then, Sam suddenly numbs with realization. Quietly--

SAM  
I have ridden in a car like this.  
Haven't I? I've ridden in this  
car. This is his.

DEAN  
(nods)  
...I've been staying with him.

SAM  
Since when? For how long?

DEAN  
(after a beat)  
Two years.

SAM  
Pull over.

DEAN  
Sam--

SAM  
Pull over!

EXT. CENTENNIAL HIGHWAY - DAY

The Impala pulls to the shoulder. They're marooned by endless, undulating wheat fields. Isolated. Eerie.

Sam, apoplectic, leaps out of the car.

SAM  
How could you not tell me?!

DEAN  
(through the window)  
It's a little... complicated. But I'll explain.

SAM  
Where is he now?

DEAN  
Texas.

SAM  
I don't want to see him.

DEAN  
You don't have to. Just calm down, okay? Get in the car.

Beat. Sam exhales, deep. Sits in the passenger seat. Suddenly feeling tired, overwhelmed.

INT. IMPALA - CONTINUOUS

SAM  
I mean, is he... is he okay? How's his... you know--  
(Sam taps his temple)

DEAN  
Okay, this next part's the hard part, it was hard for me, too. But Dad... he's not schizophrenic. He never was.

SAM  
What do you mean?

Dean presses the gas. The Impala rumbles down the road.

DEAN  
Close your door-- I mean, I think he was telling the truth. About the accident. About Mom.

SAM  
That's not funny.

DEAN  
No. No, it isn't.

It takes a moment for Sam to realize-- Dean's serious. A chill goes down Sam's spine. He's alone with Dean. In a moving car. Going 60, at least.

SAM  
You think... I'm sorry, what do you think killed Mom?

DEAN  
Maybe a spirit. Maybe a demon. We never found out for sure.

Sam tries to control his rising anxiety.

SAM  
There's no such things.

DEAN  
I know how this sounds, I do. And you know me, I used to beat up those "D & D" nerds.

(beat)  
But there are such things. All kinds of things. Every kind of thing. Out there in the dark.

(beat)  
I've seen them, Sam. With my own eyes.

SAM  
I don't believe you.

DEAN  
Don't worry. You will.

Okay, now Sam is OFFICIALLY FREAKED OUT.

SAM  
Where are you taking me?

DEAN  
I'm sorry. But I gotta show you. What these things do to people.

(beat)  
I gotta show you proof.

INT./EXT. IMPALA - SANGER, CALIFORNIA - MOVING - DAY

A SIGN: "Welcome to Sanger, California, U.S.A. America's Christmas Tree City."

Sam. Rattled, to say the least. Taking in--

Red-brick storefronts (many of them boarded up-- hard times). A white clapboard church. Then, next to an old-fashioned barber shop-- an appliance store, hawking cheap cell phones. Old values and new technology, in an uneasy balance. There's a vaguely ominous, almost otherworldly feeling here. As if a kind of pall has fallen over the town.

The car slows at the town's only stoplight. Where Dean notices a HARDWARE STORE. Cardboard taped to the front glass. "Closed, Due to Death in Family." Just below that, a crayon drawing-- a stick man with angel wings... and the words "Bye-Bye, Daddy."

EXT. SANGER GENERAL HOSPITAL - DAY

A modest, two-story structure-- a tiny hospital for a tiny populace. The Impala parks in the lot out front.

INT. IMPALA - CONTINUOUS

Dean reaches for the glovebox. Removes a thick, RUBBER-BANDED stack of plastic I.D. cards, credit cards, etc. Begins to shuffle through them.

DEAN

Just follow my lead and try not to say anything.

SAM

Dean. If you think I'm going anywhere with you, you're--

Sam doesn't finish. Doesn't want to say what comes next.

DEAN

You think I'm scary-unbalanced, right?

Sam doesn't respond-- but we know his answer.

DEAN

So why would you wanna piss off a scary-unbalanced dude? You're coming.

(picks an I.D., satisfied)

Here we go. This'll work fine.

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - FEW MINUTES LATER - DAY

Dean and Sam emerge from the stairwell, into the hospital's basement floor. Sam freezes, when he sees the stencil on the wall-- MORGUE, ROOM E-7, ROBERT NATHANSON, CORONER. Dean takes Sam's arm, too late to turn back now, prods him into--

INT. MORGUE - OUTER OFFICE - DAY

CLOSE ON THE I.D. Now in a slim leather wallet. As a forgery, it's flawless. Dean's photo, beneath a C.H.P. logo.

GARY, 40, morgue technician, holds it. Standing with Sam and Dean in the cluttered office. Normally, you'd describe Gary's face as "kind." But now, that face is suspicious, looking over these two young men in their street clothes.

DEAN

Lemme guess. We're not exactly Ponch and John?

GARY

No. You're not.

DEAN

Well, thank God for that. We're Collision Investigation. Sorta the boys in the back room.

Sam shoots Dean a sharp look-- what the hell? Dean glares back-- keep your mouth shut.

GARY

Still. The Coroner, he'll be back from lunch in a half hour. You can talk to him then.

DEAN

You're right, I could. But I've spoken to Bob. And the man's got his head royally up his ass. I wanna talk to someone who doesn't.

Gary chuckles. Clearly, his defenses are lowering.

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY

Gary walks down the hall, Dean and Sam trail him. (And every so often, Dean quietly nudges Sam forward).

GARY  
 ...so the Centennial Highway  
 crashes? What about 'em?

DEAN  
 This'll sound a little strange, I  
 know, but anything... unusual about  
 the bodies? Things you don't  
 normally see in auto accidents?

Gary stops. Searches Dean's face.

GARY  
 Funny you ask that. I mean, not  
 funny, ha-ha...

DEAN  
 What do you mean?

GARY  
 Well. It'd be easier to show you,  
 you boys got the stomach for it.

DEAN  
 (to Sam's horror--)  
 Sure we do.

INT. MORGUE - DAY

A sheet is whipped off a corpse, laid on a steel table. A  
 teenage boy. His chest is pried open with clamps.

Dean and Gary stand over the body. Sam, in the back of the  
 room, nauseous; drowning, and going down for the last time.

GARY  
 This one came in Friday night.

DEAN  
 (contained surprise)  
 A fourth?

GARY  
 Name's Troy Squire. Went to high  
 school with my daughter.  
 (pointing)  
 Here, see? His aorta's completely  
 burst. Thoracic aneurysm.

DEAN  
 What could cause something like  
 that?

GARY

High blood pressure.  
Atherosclerosis, maybe. But at 17?  
Or, could be a genital defect. But  
what are the odds they all have it?

DEAN

Wait. All four of 'em? Had this  
same thing?

GARY

Like you said. Unusual.  
(beat)  
How'd you know to ask about this?  
What are you looking for?

DEAN

Little early to say.

Meanwhile, Sam's reached his threshold. He's going to be  
sick. He's barely able to blurt out--

SAM

Bathroom?

GARY

Down the hall. On the left.

Sam bolts from the room. Dean smiles at Gary, apologetic.

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - DAY

MEN'S ROOM. Which Sam passes, suddenly looking quite  
healthy. He's not sick; it was an act. Making sure Dean's  
not following, Sam bolts for the stairwell.

EXT. HOSPITAL - DAY

Sam emerges outside, on his cell phone.

SAM

Aunt Cheryl. It's Sam.

AUNT CHERYL (ON PHONE)

Where are you? You should be home  
by now--

SAM

I'm with Dean. Listen, I think  
he's sick, he--

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. AUNT CHERYL'S KITCHEN - DAY

It's raining in L.A. Cheryl sits at her kitchen table. She's preoccupied. Dazed. Even medicated.

AUNT CHERYL  
Dean? Does he know?

SAM  
 (thrown for a loop)  
 Know what?

AUNT CHERYL  
 ...so he doesn't. I guess I need  
 to talk to him, too, then...

SAM  
 You alright? What's going on?

AUNT CHERYL  
 ...police called the house this  
 morning. They found your Father.  
 In some junk yard. In Texas.  
 He's... he's dead, Sam. I'm sorry.

SAM  
 (spinning)  
 Are they sure?

AUNT CHERYL  
 (tearing)  
 They had to use... dental records.  
 Someone... someone killed him.  
 They said he was... unrecognizable.

Sam's veins run cold. He struggles to rein in a hurricane of fear, emotion. When he pivots--

DIRECTLY into DEAN--

BLACKOUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

EXT. HOSPITAL PARKING LOT - DAY

Dean snags the cell phone from Sam. Clicks it shut, pockets it. Sam backs away, as if from a rabid dog. Tempers flare.

DEAN  
I was gonna tell you. I didn't  
wanna scare you.

SAM  
(smart-ass despite fear)  
Yeah, well, bang up job with that.

DEAN  
I'm sorry you heard about Dad like  
that. But just hold on a minute.

SAM  
I haven't seen the man in 12 years.  
Believe me, that's not why I'm  
upset.

Dean waits a moment, conscious of passing pedestrians. Then--

DEAN  
You think...? I didn't kill him.

SAM  
Yeah? Then who did?

DEAN  
It's a little... complicated.

SAM  
I'm sick of hearing that.  
(Dean advances)  
Stay the hell away from me.

DEAN  
What, you gonna call the cops?  
Have me arrested?

Good point. What is Sam gonna do? His mind reels. Until he looks back at the hospital.

SAM  
We'll go inside. Talk to a doctor.  
Get you some help.

DEAN  
I know how all this looks, believe  
me. But just think for a minute.  
(MORE)

DEAN (CONT'D)  
 You think I'm capable of hurting  
 Dad? Or you?

SAM  
 I don't know.

DEAN  
It's still me. Just let me  
 explain. That's all I'm asking.

OFF Sam. Thinking. Wary--

INT. NICK AND JIMMY'S - DAY - LATER

Dive roadhouse bar. Neon on the walls, Lynyrd Skynyrd on the jukebox. A WAITRESS brings two glasses of Beam to a patched-leather booth in back. To Sam and Dean.

Sam takes a heavy gulp. To steady his nerves. He's paging through that FADED LEATHER JOURNAL. (And we sporadically CUT TO underlined words, clippings, sketches... all illustrating and supporting Dean's story.)

SAM  
 ...so this was Dad's?

DEAN  
 He kept it since the beginning.

Sam notes the date on the very first entry. April 25, 1992.

SAM  
 This is the day after Mom died.

DEAN  
 (nods)  
 That's when he kind of... went  
 agro.

SAM  
 You think?

DEAN  
 He decided. If the thing that  
 killed Mom was real, if it was out  
 there... he was gonna find it.

The journal's early entries have an unsettling motif-- aggressively scratched into page after page... a pair of BLACK EYES. They upset Sam.

SAM  
 So that's why he ditched us? To go  
 hunt monsters?

DEAN

She was his wife, Sam, he loved her. And he watched her die...

(then)

So he went looking. In every dark corner he could think of. For years. But he didn't find it. Found about a hundred other awful, bloody things, but not the one he was looking for.

Now... the journal entries detail a seemingly endless series of clipped obits. Haunting milk carton faces. Rough and ghastly sketches of spirits, demons, creatures. Hinting at a lifetime of terrifying hazards.

DEAN

Even after I joined up with him, still-- nothing. Until two weeks ago. He was sure we were closing in on it. In some dead Texas town, this salvage yard.

SAM

What made him so sure?

DEAN

(shrugs)

He kept a lot to himself. He had this Clint Eastwood thing going on.

And again, the motif of the BLACK EYES reappears in the journal pages, in larger and more intense drawings. Then Sam notices-- the next page is TORN OUT. Then after that, nothing. No more entries.

DEAN

Night it happened. He sent me out for smokes. When I got back to the motel, he was gone. He went to go kill it himself, stupid son of a bitch. By the time I got there...

(a traumatic memory)

Anyway. I was too late.

SAM

Dean. What you're saying... it's impossible.

DEAN

Yeah. I know.

(anyway)

Few days after, I dug this up.

Dean unfolds the recent Centennial Highway article, from the Sanger Herald. Shows it to Sam. Sam reads. Looks up--

SAM  
(incredulous)  
You're still chasing it. You think it's here.

DEAN  
Maybe. Unexplainable car accidents. Exactly like Mom's. Something strange is going on, that's for sure.  
(beat)  
You have to help me, Sam.

SAM  
Help you... do what?

DEAN  
Find it and kill it.

SAM  
What?

DEAN  
I can't do it alone. Dad tried that already.

SAM  
That doesn't make sense, even for you. Why me?

DEAN  
Because. We owe it to Dad. We're his family.

SAM  
Since when?

Sam slides the journal back across the table. Determined--

SAM  
Dean. These are just... ramblings. They're not real. Listen. We're going back to L.A. Cheryl and Tommy, they're gonna get you the best help in the world.

DEAN  
(quiet challenge)  
You can't make me go, Sam.

SAM

You can't make me stay. I'm outta here. Whether you're coming or not.

Dean dangles his CAR KEYS in front of Sam.

DEAN

Okay. Look. You really think I'm cuckoo for cocoa puffs? Then take these. Go. I won't chase you.

Sam. Watching those jangling keys. Thinking. Conflicted. Torn. Finally, he shakes his head. Declining the offer.

Dean gives Sam a grateful smile.

SAM

Wipe that smile off your face. You're delusional and you need help and I'm not about to leave you alone, to hurt yourself. Or somebody else.

(beat)

Plus, you definitely would've chased me.

DEAN

Well. You're right about that. Come on.

SAM

Where are we going?

EXT. SANGER HIGH SCHOOL - AFTERNOON - ESTABLISHING

Home of the Fighting Cougars. On the detachable-letter SIGN: WE MISS YOU, TROY.

INT. SANGER HIGH SCHOOL - LIBRARY - AFTERNOON

A LIBRARIAN pokes her head into an aisle. Glowering at Dean and Sam. Dean pulls a 2004 Sanger Yearbook from the shelf. Looks up "Troy Squire" in the index. Turns to a photo--

A candid of Troy. Carefree smile. Arms around two friends, BILL COAKLEY and AMY BROWN.

DEAN (PRE-LAP)

You must be Amy. And Bill.

CUT TO:

EXT. SANGER HIGH SCHOOL - PARKING LOT - AFTERNOON

Dean stands before AMY and BILL, both 17. They lean against Bill's car, smoking. Few of their FRIENDS loiter around, too. Sam is off to the side, extremely uncomfortable.

DEAN  
Troy told us all about you. We're his uncles. I'm Dean. That's Sam.

AMY  
God. We're so sorry.

DEAN  
Yeah. Thanks.

Sam winces-- it's terrible, deceiving these kids like this.

DEAN  
So... we're kinda asking around, as a favor to Troy's Mom. Was he acting... weird to you guys, by any chance?

AMY  
What do you mean?

DEAN  
I mean... right before the accident? Did he say anything strange? Maybe he was nervous... scared about something?

BILL  
He wasn't high, if that's what you're getting at.

DEAN  
No, I know. It's just... his car rolling like that. No traffic, dry pavement. Cops say it's the curve in the road, but... come on...

AMY and RACHEL (a shy, punked out girl) exchange looks. Dean catches this.

DEAN  
What?

AMY  
Well. There's this... story...

BILL  
 (rolling eyes)  
 Guys. Please.

DEAN  
 What story?  
 (the girls are hesitant)  
 It's okay. I wanna know.

RACHEL  
 ...this girl, she got murdered,  
 hitchhiking on Centennial.  
 Supposedly, she's still out there  
 somewhere, still hitchhiking. And  
 whoever picks her up... they crash.

Teasing, ghostly OOHs from Bill.

RACHEL  
 Hey, my Dad saw her, okay?

SAM  
 No, he didn't.

All eyes on Sam.

RACHEL  
 What?

SAM  
 It's an urban legend. There's  
 gotta be a hundred different  
 versions of that same story.

RACHEL  
 (beat)  
 Yeah, but. It actually happened  
 here.

EXT. SANGER HIGH SCHOOL - PARKING LOT - MINUTE LATER

Back at the Impala--

SAM  
 Come on. You can't possibly be  
 taking this seriously.

Dean climbs in, shuts his door, and it's clear that he does.  
 Sam shakes his head, exasperated.

EXT. SANGER PUBLIC LIBRARY - EVENING - ESTABLISHING

It's getting dark. Streetlights flicker on. The wind is picking up. Rattling the dead leaves.

INT. SANGER PUBLIC LIBRARY - EVENING

A COMPUTER SCREEN. A website-- The Sanger Herald. Words are typed into a keyword search field. "Murder. Centennial Highway." The response: "No Articles Found."

Dean. At the computer. Lit, ghostly, by the phosphorescent screen. Sam, sitting behind him. Dean tries again.

"Murder. Hitchhiking." No Articles Found.

"Death. Hitchhiking." No Articles Found.

DEAN

Dammit.

Sam watches. Deeply concerned about his ill brother.

Dean thinks. Then highlights the word "Death," changes it to "Missing." (So it now reads: "Missing. Hitchhiking.") And an ARTICLE APPEARS. **SEARCH CONTINUES FOR MISSING GIRL.**

DEAN

"...Constance Weld, last seen by passing motorists, hitchhiking on Centennial Highway...  
(with import)  
...at mile marker 33..."

ON THE SCREEN-- A PHOTO. CONSTANCE. Beautiful young girl. Enigmatic expression. Piercing gray eyes. Beside her, a smiling, heavy set WOMAN. We see a fragment of caption: "...seen here with mother Marjorie Brunson..."

Dean taps in a new keyword search. "Constance Weld."

2 new headlines: **MOTHER PLEADS FOR DAUGHTER'S SAFE RETURN.**

And-- **MULTIPLE REMAINS FOUND.** Dean clicks this one.

A new article appears on screen. Accompanied by a photo of a wretched looking MAN. JOSEPH BURROUGHS.

DEAN

Jesus. They found her in this guy Burrough's trailer. And six bodies in the backyard.

When something occurs to Sam. He steps up. Takes the mouse from Dean, scrolls the screen down. Then--

SAM

Dean. Check out the date. 1995.  
 (beat)  
 Mom died years before any of this happened. So even if it were real... how could it have anything to do with her?

This lands with Dean. And his demeanor shifts. Deflates. Because he realizes--

DEAN

You're right. It couldn't.

EXT. CENTENNIAL HIGHWAY - NIGHT

A Toyota. The only car on an otherwise isolated road.

INT. TOYOTA - MOVING - NIGHT

Gary. The morgue tech. Driving home. It's pitch black; he can't see further than his hi-beams. He fiddles with his radio dial, trying to unearth some music from the STATIC.

Suddenly... appearing in the perimeter of his headlights-- a figure, by the roadside. A GIRL, 19.

EXT. CENTENNIAL HIGHWAY - NIGHT

The girl's thin, white cotton dress FLUTTERS in the gusting breeze. Gary stops. Opens the passenger door. We TRAIL the girl as she approaches.

GARY

Need a lift?

INT. TOYOTA - NIGHT

We see her face, as she sits in Gary's car. CONSTANCE WELD. A hushed, melodic voice-- like distant wind chimes.

CONSTANCE

Take me home?

GARY

Where do you live?

CONSTANCE

4636 Breckenridge.

Gary accelerates. Then, trying to make conversation--

GARY  
Cold out there. You must be  
freezing.

She doesn't respond. Only gazes out her window. Watching  
the night. It's disquieting.

CUT TO:

EXT. OLD HOUSE - NIGHT

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

INT. TOYOTA - CONTINUOUS

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

THE HOUSE. Burned-out. A decayed husk.

Constance gazes at the house. With melancholy--

CONSTANCE  
I can never go home.

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

GARY  
So where do you really live?

--and when he turns back, she's GONE. VANISHED completely.

At first, Gary'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  
EVAPORATES.

EXT. OLD HOUSE - NIGHT

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

Then Gary squints. Noticing something. Through the front  
doorway (lacking a door), Gary glimpses-- a corner of  
Constance's fluttering dress. Then it's gone.

GARY

Come on. I can see you in there.

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

GARY

You want me to leave you?

He steps onto the charred porch. No sound but the groaning wood, the whispering wind. Finally... he enters the house... revealing...

INT. OLD HOUSE - NIGHT

Gary didn't see her dress. It's a tattered, billowing curtain. Nobody here... nothing but jagged, dim shadows.

POV ANGLE: almost as if... something... is spying on Gary from the gloom.

Gary can't help it. He's spooked.

CUT TO:

EXT. OLD HOUSE - NIGHT

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

INT. TOYOTA - MOVING

Gary. Agitated. Trying to calm himself down. 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. He doesn't notice her.

ANGLE ON THE REARVIEW MIRROR

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

CUT TO:

EXT. ANOTHER SECTION OF CENTENNIAL HIGHWAY - NIGHT

Dean's Impala reaches a crossroads. A SIGN: NEXT LEFT TO I-101. Dean blows past it, without slowing.

INT. IMPALA - MOVING

SAM

Where are you going?

DEAN  
To find a motel.

SAM  
What?

DEAN  
It's too late to talk to  
Constance's Mom. We'll go see her  
in the morning.

SAM  
No. This is over. We're going  
back to L.A.

DEAN  
Sorry.

SAM  
This has nothing to do with us, you  
said so yourself.

DEAN  
(beat)  
Maybe so. But we still gotta kill  
it.

SAM  
Stop the car.

DEAN  
What, you gonna walk?

SAM  
You won't come home? You won't let  
me help you? Fine. But I won't do  
this anymore. Stop the car.

DEAN  
Sam. People are dying.

SAM  
So call the cops.

DEAN  
They won't believe us. Nobody  
will. This is up to us.

SAM  
Says who?

DEAN

Dad. It's what he did.

(then)

These things, they're all part of the same thing. So Dad killed 'em. Every single one he found.

SAM

(sarcastic)

Right. So he was, like, a superhero.

DEAN

No. He was tired and scared. But if he didn't do it, who would? And now he's gone--

SAM

--and for all I know, you murdered the man.

DEAN

You know I didn't.

(flaring)

Sam, you're really being a selfish prick here.

SAM

Oh? Am I?

DEAN

This isn't just my responsibility. They're your parents, too.

(beat)

What if someone could've done this for us? What if someone could've saved Mom?

SAM

(finally ERUPTING)

No one could've saved Mom! Because nothing killed her, except Dad!

DEAN

That's not true.

Outside. They pass MILE MARKER 33.

The passing trees sway... the wind is seriously picking up. Then... the RADIO'S music decomposes into HISSING STATIC. But the brothers are too incensed to notice.

SAM

Dean. You're trying to give Mom's death this... larger meaning. Like all our suffering was for a reason.

(beat)

But it wasn't. It was just random, senseless tragedy. Dad was an alcoholic and a schizophrenic.

DEAN

Don't say that.

SAM

He drove drunk, killed his wife, abandoned his kids, and that's the truth...

DEAN

Shut your mouth! Right now, or--

SAM

Dean--

DEAN

What?!

But Dean turns to Sam, and realizes-- Sam's no longer arguing. He's staring out the window, wide-eyed.

Because ahead... there's red lights, emerging from the darkness. Tail lights. From Gary's Toyota. Smashed against a tree. Its hood crumpled like foil. The wind whipping the engine smoke into angry plumes.

The brothers exchange looks. Dean pulls over.

EXT. CENTENNIAL HIGHWAY - NIGHT

Sam climbs out. Dean snags an UNSEEN OBJECT from the glovebox. Then follows.

They both walk over. Crunching on shattered glass. Urgent and cautious, all at the same time.

SAM

Hello? Can you hear me?

They reach the car. Peer through the window. Inky black inside; can't discern anything.

Sam looks at Dean. Then grips the door handle. Beat. And opens it. REVEALING--

INT. TOYOTA - CONTINUOUS

We're INSIDE the car, looking out at the brothers. There's a FIGURE, splayed on the seat, out of focus in the foreground. But we can tell the figure is torn. Wet with crimson.

SAM  
Oh my God. Can... can a crash  
do... all that?

Over his shoulder, Dean reveals the object he's holding-- a DIGITAL CAMERA. He FLASHES a picture. Sam's repulsed--

SAM  
What are you doing?

DEAN  
We have to go.

SAM  
We have to call 911--

But Dean WRENCHES on Sam's arm, with URGENCY--

DEAN  
We have to go now!

Dean practically tosses Sam into the Impala. Then Dean jumps in, SLAMS the gas, ROCKETS onto the road.

INT. IMPALA - MOVING

SAM  
What the hell was that about?

Dean tosses Sam the digital camera. Sam examines--

THE DIGITAL CAMERA SCREEN. We can make out a part of Gary's mangled arm. And above that, within a CAMERA FLARE-- a GHOSTLY SILHOUETTE. Grisly, elongated jaw. Glinting, gray pin-pricks for eyes.

DEAN (O.S.)  
She was still there. She was still  
working on him.

OFF SAM. His world rocked--

BLACKOUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT - 1992 - FLASHBACK

A TV SCREEN. An old-school Nintendo game. Castlevania. A warrior battles an onslaught of ghosts, ghouls and monsters.

Once again, we see young Dean, 13. He plays, rapt, and couldn't be less interested in--

INT. FRONT HALL - CONTINUOUS - FLASHBACK

Jack and MARY HARRISON. With a BABY-SITTER.

MARY

...and this is the number. We'll be home by 11.

(calls into leaving room)

'Night, Dean.

No answer. Meanwhile, young Sam, 9, stands close to his Mom. Follows his parents out the front door.

SAM

Last time you left, Dean chained me to the table with a bike lock.

MARY

That's why Cindy's here. She's got a strict, anti-chain policy.

EXT. HARRISON HOUSE - DRIVEWAY - NIGHT - 1992 - FLASHBACK

SAM

I don't want you to go.

Jack, at the car (Mom's car, not the Impala). Jack is brusque. Or maybe drunk...

JACK

Sam. It's cold. Get inside.

MARY

(crouching to Sam)

When you wake up in the morning...

I'll be there. Okay?

She kisses his forehead. Steps to the passenger side.

WE PUSH IN ON SAM. SLOWLY. Standing, in his socks. Watching his mother, for the last time, with an odd, inscrutable expression. We hear O.S. CAR DOOR SLAMS. Then an ENGINE. Red tail lights reflect against Sam's face.

And still, we HOLD on young Sam. Distant THUNDER. We may even wonder why we're holding for quite so long, when--

INT. MOTEL ROOM - PRESENT DAY - DAWN

Sam wakes with a GASP! He's slumped at a cheap motel room desk. Dean reclines against one of the headboards; with a puzzle of NEWSPAPER CLIPPINGS spread across the bed.

DEAN  
You finally caught an hour.

SAM  
...you called 911, right?

DEAN  
Yep. Same as the other six times  
you asked.

On the desk-- the DIGITAL CAMERA. Sam picks it up, examines the screen for the hundredth time. Like scratching an itch.

SAM  
...maybe it's a reflection. A  
trick of the light...

DEAN  
For the record, you're handling  
this much better than I ever did.  
I went on a bender.

SAM  
What've you got there?

DEAN  
Bad news. I've been looking at the  
dates of the crashes. First one  
was a Sunday. Then Friday. Then  
Tuesday. Goes on like this.

SAM  
I don't follow.

DEAN  
It's a pattern. The days between  
deaths-- 5 days, then 4, 3, 2.  
Next is one. Tonight.

SAM  
You think someone's gonna die  
tonight?

DEAN  
I think the question is, do you?

SAM  
...I don't know. I don't know what  
to think.

Dean gives his brother a sympathetic smile.

SAM  
Look. If someone might really be  
in danger... if you really need my  
help. Then I'll help.  
(Dean nods, grateful)  
But you know, I don't know what the  
hell I'm doing.

DEAN  
It's okay. Neither do I. Dad was  
the expert.

SAM  
I don't find that comforting.  
(anyway)  
I do have one condition.

DEAN  
Shoot.

SAM  
When... whatever this is, is  
over... I'm going home.  
(beat)  
I got a job. School. Jessica--  
damn, I blanked on calling Jess-- I  
gotta go back.

DEAN  
And that's what you want?

SAM  
(I don't know)  
I can't just throw my life away and  
hit the road.

Dean. Thinking. Gives a quiet, cards-down kind of nod.

SAM  
So what's next?

EXT. MARJORIE BRUNSON'S HOUSE - BACKYARD - DAY

MARJORIE BRUNSON, 50's, is a hardscrabble woman; her life hasn't been easy. She stands with Sam and Dean, as she hangs BEDSHEETS on a clothesline, billowing in the stiff breeze.

MARJORIE

...Constance, she was shy. Kind.  
But sad-- I think that's what I  
remember most. Ever since the day  
she moved in.

DEAN

I'm sorry. Moved in?

MARJORIE

Well, yes. I adopted her.  
(disapproving)  
Young man, I've had reporters  
around before. Most of 'em get  
their facts straight.

DEAN

I apologize, ma'am. So she was an  
orphan?

MARJORIE

Not at first. Her house burned  
down when she was 13, poor thing.  
Her parents, they were good people,  
they died in the fire.  
(beat)  
I use her room for storage now.  
But I can show you boys a few  
things. Come on.

Sam and Dean follow Marjorie into the house. We HOLD ON the backyard, on the clothesline--

As the BEDSHEET seems to take on a WHIRLING FORM. A silhouette. Of a WOMAN. Then, just as quickly, it's gone.

INT. CONSTANCE'S OLD BEDROOM - DAY

A HIGH SCHOOL PORTRAIT of CONSTANCE. She looks distant. Mournful, somehow.

Sam holds the photo. Lifting it from a cardboard crate of teenage-girl belongings.

Meanwhile, Dean converses with Marjorie, amidst the room's stacked boxes and the sheet-covered furniture. This is difficult for Marjorie to discuss--

MARJORIE

When she got a little older, she started acting out. Drinking, God knows what else. But even then, you could see this... hurt in her eyes. But she kept it to herself.

Now Sam digs a DIARY from the crate. Inside, the usual girlish bubble-cursive. But also... a phrase, on almost every page, often multiple times:

*"I can never go home."*

Sam looks up. Thinking. What does that mean?

MARJORIE

Then... that day in June. She was hitchhiking-- which I always begged her not to do-- and that was it. I never saw her again.

SAM

Joseph Burroughs, he picked her up?

MARJORIE

Police say he kept her in his trailer, outside of town. Almost a year, before he shot her. And they didn't even fry the sonofabitch, he's up at Folsom. Put that in your article.

DEAN

Ms. Brunson. Which cemetery is Constance buried at?

MARJORIE

Well. Her headstone's at Hughes Creek. But she's not buried anywhere. Least, nowhere I know.

DEAN

(reacting to this)  
I thought they found her.

MARJORIE

(pained)  
Some of her.

EXT. MARJORIE BRUNSON'S HOUSE - OUT FRONT - DAY

Sam and Dean walk down the sidewalk... a parade of small town, all-American homes. Moving to the Impala--

DEAN  
That what we needed.

SAM  
What?

DEAN  
The dead, they get... overdramatic  
... about where they're buried. We  
gotta find her remains.

SAM  
And what, give 'em a proper burial?

DEAN  
No. We burn 'em into nothing.

SAM  
So how do we find them?

DEAN  
From the one guy who knows.

SAM  
Joseph Burroughs? You're serious.  
You want us to just stroll into  
prison and have a little chat?

DEAN  
No. I want you to.  
(Sam stops, shocked)  
What? You're the school debate,  
lawyer... geek.

SAM  
Forget it--

DEAN  
Sam. Folsom's over 200 miles away.  
We'd never make it there and back  
before nightfall. You gotta go,  
make him tell you where she is.  
Then call me, I'll be here waiting.

SAM  
First off, you can't walk into a  
prison without 48 hour notice and  
visit anyone, much less a serial  
killer. And second, he's a serial  
killer. So no f'ing way.

DEAN  
Fine. I'll go. And you can dig up  
the corpse.

Sam stops. Looks at Dean. He knows he's trapped. Bitter--

SAM  
...I'll figure something out...

DEAN  
Quid pro quo, Clarice.

SAM  
Shut up.

Dean removes Sam's cell phone from his pocket.

DEAN  
You'll need this. Hasn't stopped  
ringing, by the way. I think  
you're freaking some people out.

SAM  
You sure I'm not gonna ditch you  
and go back to 'em?

Dean's sure. He hands Sam his phone.

DEAN  
You're gonna need wheels, too.  
Let's go hot-wire you some.

SAM  
No. You're not stealing me a car.

DEAN  
What do you wanna do? Rent one?

EXT. CENTENNIAL HIGHWAY - DAY

Sam putters up to Folsom, in a rented GEO. Not nearly as bad-  
ass as the Impala.

INT. SAM'S RENTAL CAR - MOVING

Sam, on his cell phone. Looks like he's having a root canal.

SAM  
...Judge Carlton, thanks for taking  
my call. Yes, sir, I do know I was  
supposed to start today. I had  
kind of a family emergency. Sir, I  
was hoping I could ask for a favor.  
(MORE)

SAM (CONT'D)  
 (wincing)  
 Yes, sir, I know... yes, very thin  
 ice...

EXT. FOLSOM STATE PENITENTIARY - AFTERNOON

Sam's GEO pulls up to Folsom's main gate-- a single gap between formidable stone walls.

Sam. Staring up at the prison. The place is a fortress, a medieval castle. He's apprehensive, to say the least.

OVER the next few shots, we HEAR--

FOLSOM OFFICER (V.O.)  
 ...I just spoke to your Judge  
 Carlton. This is a hell of an  
 exception we're making.

SAM (V.O.)  
 I appreciate that.

INT. FOLSOM STATE PENITENTIARY - SERIES OF SHOTS

Sam. Getting patted down at the Registration Station. Dumping the contents of his pockets into plastic trays...

...walking through a series of BARRED DOORS, that open and CLANK shut, jarring, as he passes through. OVER which--

FOLSOM OFFICER (V.O.)  
 You will not be allowed personal  
 items in the visiting area. You  
 are not to give anything to, or  
 receive anything from, the inmate.  
 Maintain a safe distance from the  
 inmate at all times. Understand?

INT. VISITING ROOM - AFTERNOON

Sam sits on a mounted steel stool, at a mounted steel table. Nervous as hell. As he watches JOSEPH BURROUGHS, 40, enter the room. Prison jumpsuit, bland face, glasses; the "quiet neighbor" type. He's cuffed. GUARDS, stationed at the walls, keep a close eye, as Burroughs sits.

SAM  
 Thank you for seeing me.

BURROUGHS  
 (genial enough)  
 I don't get many visitors. You a  
 law student or something...?

SAM

(nods)

I'm writing a paper, I was hoping  
for some information.

BURROUGHS

About what?

SAM

Constance Weld.

Burroughs TENSES. His face hardens into granite.

SAM

Look. I just need to know--

BURROUGHS

I'm not talking about her.

SAM

I need to know where she's buried.

BURROUGHS

(through gritted teeth)

In a cemetery.

SAM

No. Where you buried her.

BURROUGHS

We're finished here.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - SANGER - LATE AFTERNOON

The motel phone. Dean watches it, smoking a Marlboro.  
Waiting for it to ring.

He glances out the window. The sun is setting. Portentous  
storm clouds gather on the horizon. Distant lightning.

DEAN

Come on, Sam.

INT. VISITING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

SAM

You have to tell me. Please--

BURROUGHS

Guard--

SAM  
 (desperate)  
 Someone's going to die tonight, if  
 you don't tell me...

Burroughs stops. Searches Sam's face.

BURROUGHS  
 What?

SAM  
 Constance. She's out there.  
 Hurting people.

BURROUGHS  
 (waving off the guard)  
 Sorry. False alarm.  
 (to Sam)  
 What are you talking about?

It's difficult for Sam to say. He knows how it sounds.

SAM  
 She's hitchhiking. Men are picking  
 her up... and they're crashing.  
 All because of what you did to her.

BURROUGHS  
 You're insane.

SAM  
 I'd say that's accurate.

BURROUGHS  
 You think a dead girl is causing  
 random car crashes?

SAM  
 They're not random. It's a  
 pattern... a countdown, to...

It hits Sam. Of course. He leans in to Burroughs.

SAM  
 This was the night, wasn't it? It  
 was 10 years ago tonight.

And Burroughs goes white as a sheet.

BURROUGHS  
 How could you...? I never...

SAM

The night you killed her. The night  
you murdered an innocent girl.

BURROUGHS

(shattered)

She wasn't innocent. And I loved  
her.

SAM

You kept her locked up--

BURROUGHS

She lived with me. That's all.

(then)

I'd do anything for her. I buried  
those men for her.

SAM

What do you mean?

BURROUGHS

She picked 'em up, hitchhiking.  
She took 'em to her parents' house.  
The one that burned down.

SAM

Why?

BURROUGHS

When she was little, her parents  
cut her. Forced her to fast. So  
she could "atone for the sin in her  
heart." Until she stabbed 'em both  
and burned the house down.

(beat)

So she "cut out the sin" in those  
other men's hearts. And she liked  
to do it in front of Mommy and  
Daddy, you know, like "look at your  
little girl now."

SAM

Why didn't you call the police?

BURROUGHS

They wouldn't believe me, she  
looked like a Homecoming queen.  
Hell, I've tried to tell 'em, they  
don't believe me now.

(broken, wretched)

Besides. Even if they locked her  
up, she'd just keep killing.

(MORE)

BURROUGHS (CONT'D)  
 No matter what they did to her,  
 she'd find a way to keep killing.  
 No. There was only one way to stop  
 her.

SAM  
 Where is she buried?

BURROUGHS  
 She was sleeping. And I put a gun  
 to her head. God forgive me--

SAM  
I need to know where she's buried--

INT./EXT. IMPALA - MOVING - NIGHT

The storm has begun. Lightning cleaves the night sky. And the Impala's engine sounds like the THUNDER. It charges through the pouring rain.

BURROUGHS (V.O.)  
 ...an oak tree... she's beneath an  
 oak tree... off Breckenridge Road.

Dean, driving. Focused, determined. Passing Constance's charred, ancient HOUSE, on his way to--

EXT. FIELD - NIGHT

Black. Then lightning-- which illuminates a COLOSSAL OAK TREE. The Impala, off-roading, parks beside it. Dean leaps out. Pops the TRUNK.

Inside-- shotguns. Chainsaws. God knows what else. Dean grabs a shovel and a crowbar.

Then, using the Impala's hi-beams as worklights... Dean begins to dig.

EXT. FIELD - AN HOUR LATER - NIGHT

Three holes already shoveled. No luck, not yet.

INSIDE THE FOURTH PIT. Dean digs, frantic. Muddy. Soaking.

The wind RISES-- the oak's branches begin to shudder.

INSIDE THE IMPALA. The RADIO CLICKS ON. Hissing static.

Still, Dean digs. One man against the howling storm.

THUNK. His shovel hits dull wood. He clears mud away, revealing... a glimpse of a decomposing PINE BOX.

CUT TO:

OUTSIDE THE PIT. The SHOVEL is tossed out, onto the grass. Dean's arm emerges, snagging the CROWBAR.

CUT TO:

INSIDE THE PIT. Dean's excavated the entire top half of the make-shift coffin. He begins to PRY the lid.

The wind. The rain. The radio static. They're all building to a crescendo--

Dean STRAINS. Finally, nails SNAP. He grips the lid. Steels himself. And opens it. Looking inside. HORRIFIED.

DEAN

...no...

The box is EMPTY. Lightning... which reveals... there's WORDS BURNED INTO every square inch of the box's insides. With impossible, supernatural frequency. One single phrase.

*"I can never go home."*

INT./EXT. SAM'S RENTAL CAR - NIGHT

Sam. Driving back to Sanger.

CONSTANCE appears in the headlights! Sam drives right through her--

He shouts, brakes hard. Spinning, wild, on the slick roads. He barely manages to control the swerving car. Thankfully, it comes to a stop.

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

INT. SAM'S RENTAL CAR - NIGHT

Sam, behind the wheel. Constance, in the back. No sound, except the muffled patter of rain on steel. 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.

EXT. CENTENNIAL HIGHWAY - CONTINUOUS

And the car begins to drive, of its own accord. Without headlights. Through the storming darkness.

INT. SAM'S RENTAL CAR - CONTINUOUS

The untouched steering wheel turns, correcting course.

Sam. Breath coming in panicked bursts. Mind racing. Trying to figure out a way to save his own life.

Constance. Behind him. Mute. And there's something different in her expression. Something malevolent.

EXT. OLD HOUSE - NIGHT

Sam's rental pulls up the muddy dirt driveway. Stops before the decrepit house. As if on cue, the ENGINE CUTS OUT.

INT. SAM'S RENTAL CAR - CONTINUOUS

Yet the radio still hisses.

                  SAM  
...don't do this...

Once again, Constance gazes at her house--

                  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...

But she's VANISHED.

Frantic, Sam whirls for the car door. Trying to unlock it, but it's jammed. He throws his shoulder into it-- no good. He pounds on the glass, about to SMASH it with his elbow--

Lightning. And in the STROBING FLASH--

Constance. Now in the passenger seat, beside Sam. (He's turned toward his window, doesn't see her). She's a rotting WRAITH. Mouth twisted into a rawboned rictus.

But it's only for a subliminal split second. When the lightning snuffs out-- she again DISAPPEARS.

Though now we know... she's still inside the car.

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. As SLASHING CLAW MARKS APPEAR. Directly over his heart.

Lightning-- and for a flash, there's Constance, straddling Sam, her hand PLUNGED INSIDE HIS CHEST, up to the wrist. Then... the lightning vanishes, and so does she.

Sam's hand. Fumbling for the ignition. Trying to turn the engine. But--

He's in too much pain. His eyelids flutter. He's losing consciousness. His hand drops from the ignition.

When, suddenly--

SMASH! The driver side window SHATTERS-- a hailstorm of safety glass beads.

DEAN. Standing outside the car. Pointing his Colt at the seemingly thin air in front of Sam.

DEAN

Let him go, you bitch.

Dean FIRES! And in the rapid succession of GUNFIRE FLARES--  
Constance is VISIBLE, as if in STROBING LIGHT.

She turns to Dean. Unharmred, of course. She grins at him,  
vicious.

But she's let go of Sam. And he blinks to lucidity--

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

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

EXT. OLD HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

And the rental car BURSTS forward. SMASHING through the  
termite-ridden wall of the old house. ENTERING the house.

INT. OLD HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The rental SNAPS a support beam, second story lumber  
collapses over it.

INT. SAM'S RENTAL CAR - CONTINUOUS

Sam cracks his head, sharp, against the steering wheel, as  
the car comes to an abrupt, dust-settling stop.

INT. OLD HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Dean. Lunging in through the recently-created opening.

DEAN  
Sam! Sam!

Dean scrambles to the car. It's wedged between a wall and a  
heavy fallen beam. Inside the car... Sam lifts his head.  
Forehead bleeding, weak, but alive...

SAM  
I'm okay.

Dean's EXTREMELY relieved-- and we glimpse the affection he  
holds for his brother.

DEAN  
Where is she?

SAM  
I don't know.

Dean looks over the room. The storm has abated, the wind has died down, the radio's quiet. All seems benign.

Dean tries to open the door. No chance.

DEAN  
Can you move?  
(nods, yes)  
Come on, I'll help you.

Sam GROANS, pained and sore. As he begins to crawl through the window. Dean helping him. When--

The wind. It picks up. Tattered curtains flutter.

The RADIO. Clicks on. Faint music buried beneath static.

The boys. Their blood runs cold--

DEAN  
Hurry.

Something SKITTERS just outside their field of vision. Dean spins, vigilant... but nothing's there.

Quick as he can, Sam evacuates the car. Dean gets him to his feet. Sam's arm around Dean's neck, they hobble for the entrance, but it's slow going--

Another SCUFFLING sound, this one over their shoulders. They both look back, scanning, wary...

And that's why they don't see... IN FRONT OF THEM--

The CURTAINS (beside their exit) BILLOW UP, unveiling--

CONSTANCE. Blocking the way. Putrid. Wrathful. Her image FLICKERS rapidly, appearing and disappearing.

Sam and Dean whirl forward. Spot her--

She DRIFTS toward Sam and Dean, the tips of her yellowed toes lightly scraping the floor planks, as she glides.

Sam and Dean back away. Dean FIRES his Colt again. No use.

She grows closer. Closer. Eyes aflame.

Suddenly--

There's TWO FIGURES BEHIND HER! A decayed MAN and WOMAN, 40's, the front of their shirts BLOODY from stab wounds. Constance's PARENTS.

WHISPERED ON THE WIND  
 ...you've come home...

They seem to envelop her. Merging with her. There's a horrible, otherworldly ANIMAL SHRIEKING--

And they ALL MELT AWAY. Gone completely.

Still. Silence.

Sam and Dean. As they (and we) catch our collective breaths--

DEAN  
 ...hey. How'd you know that would work?

SAM  
 What?

DEAN  
 Taking her home?

SAM  
 Lucky guess.

The brothers smile at each other.

SAM  
 And what were you thinking, shooting a ghost, you freak?

DEAN  
 Yeah, well. Good luck getting the deposit back on that rental.

Again, the brothers smile.

EXT. MOTEL - LATE NIGHT - ESTABLISHING

Storm's over now.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Dean, behind a battered LAPTOP, plugged into the phone line. On the screen, another article, this time from "The Winslow Mail." An Arizona newspaper.

Sam drains a tiny liquor bottle. Getting properly smashed. (And still limping a bit). He's got something on his mind--

SAM

Can I ask you something? When you were with Dad... did you guys ever talk about...coming to get me, too?

Dean turns to Sam. Empathetic. But with a strange edge--

DEAN

He... he didn't want you involved, Sam. It was too dangerous.

Sam gives a pained little nod. Then--

SAM

So. What's next?

DEAN

Arizona, I think. There's something I wanna check out.

SAM

Something? Or some thing?

DEAN

We'll see.  
(then, simply)  
I'll keep looking. Until I find it.

SAM

(beat)  
You know. I've always wanted to see Arizona. I'm a big fan of... turquoise.

DEAN

I thought you were going home.  
(Sam shakes his head, no)  
What about your job?

SAM

Don't think I have one.

DEAN

Then... Jessica? School?

SAM

Jess and me, we were gonna be long distance anyway. And school? I don't know. Screw it.

DEAN

Screw it? That's all?  
(Sam nods-- that's all)  
(MORE)

DEAN (CONT'D)

Sam. I don't understand. Why are you doing this?

Sam takes a long, long beat. Then, quietly--

SAM

Dad was wrong, you know. Those eyes. They weren't black. They were hollow. Like pits. Or wells. They were bottomless.

DEAN

What do you mean...?

SAM

That night. I saw it, Dean. Inside the car. Waiting for them. It looked at me. Like it knew me. I didn't shout, or warn them. I didn't do anything.

DEAN

You were a 9 year old kid.

SAM

I spent my life saying that. I was just a kid, I imagined it, it couldn't be real. When Cheryl and Tommy blamed Dad, hated him, called him insane, I kept my mouth shut and did the same thing.

(beat)

Because it was better than the alternative. That it was real. That it was my fault. That I could've saved Mom. But didn't.

DEAN

Sam--

SAM

I have to do this. I owe it to them. Both of them.

CUT TO:

INT. MOTEL ROOM - LATE NIGHT

Sam. Passed out. Sleeping in his clothes.

Dean. On the other bed. Spotlight by a bedside lamp. Paging through the FADED LEATHER JOURNAL. He reaches the last entry, the one that was torn out.

He thinks. Then...

He unfolds a scrap of paper. The missing journal page. In clear-headed lettering (in contrast to the other cluttered entries), it reads--

DEAN,  
 ANYTHING HAPPENS TO ME, FIND SAM.  
 WATCH OUT FOR YOUR BROTHER.  
 NOTHING'S MORE IMPORTANT.

IT'S COMING FOR HIM.

Dean. Troubled. Inscrutable expression.

EXT. MOTEL - DAWN

The brothers. Emerging into the dusty Western sunlight. They're lit golden. Even heroic. Their noble Chevy Impala awaits.

SAM  
 Hey. Now that we're doing this  
 thing together... can I drive?

DEAN  
 No.

They climb into the car.

ENERGETIC SHOTS. Doors slam. Key turns. Exhaust smokes. Tires spin.

And the Impala hits the road. Heading east. Into the rising sun. Into the heart of America.

INT. IMPALA - MOVING - DAWN

Sam looks forward-- wondering what lies on the horizon. And for the first time in his life, he doesn't know.

POV - THE OPEN ROAD

Rushing up to meet us, as we MOTOR down it. Wide open and infinite--

FADE OUT.

TO BE CONTINUED...