

SUPERNATURAL

Episode #112

"Route 666"

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STUDIO DRAFT

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CAST LIST

SAM WINCHESTER  
DEAN WINCHESTER

JARED PADALECKI  
JENSEN ACKLES

HAROLD DODD  
JIMMY ANDERSON  
CASSIE ROBINSON  
AUDREY ROBINSON  
VINCE  
RON SOLOMON  
MARCUS

SUPERNATURAL  
"Route 666"

- 1 EXT. LONELY ROAD - NIGHT 1  
Rural Mississippi. Hills, a narrow, winding road, woods. Wet and muddy from recent rain. A brand new car rounds a bend, makes its way through the gloom as: SUPER: "Pauley, Mississippi."
- 2 INT. CAR - ROLLING - NIGHT 2  
Driving is MARTIN ROBINSON, 60ish, African American, upscale clothing. Light JAZZ plays on the radio. A moment. Martin routinely glances in his rear-view.  
REAR-VIEW MIRROR  
Way back on the road, a tiny pair of headlights.  
BACK TO SCENE  
Martin's eyes go back to the road ahead. Stay there until: His car is lit-up from behind.  
FRONT ANGLE - MARTIN  
Incredibly, the two headlights are DIRECTLY BEHIND MARTIN'S CAR. He stares at the rear-view, accelerates. The headlights keep pace, move forward. Now Martin's RADIO sputters to STATIC.
- 3 EXT. ROAD - NIGHT 3  
Directly behind Martin's car is a huge pick-up truck, early 60's vintage when cars had muscle and looked it. It is gray, weathered, sinister. No driver visible in the dark windows. Martin pulls ahead.  
VARIOUS ANGLES:  
Martin speeds up. So does the truck. He SCREECHES AROUND a curve, the truck right behind. Martin's sweating, gripping the wheel. Another sharp curve. He fishtails. The truck is right on him. He sees a turnout up ahead, and:
- 4 EXT. SIDE OF ROAD - NIGHT 4  
Martin pulls into the turnout and the truck ROARS by and disappears around a curve. MOVE IN ON Martin, shaken. Relieved the thing has gone by. A beat. He cautiously pulls back out onto the road. Silence. Darkness.

(CONTINUED)

4

CONTINUED:

4

He slowly goes around the bend. Nothing. The truck is gone. He snaps the STATIC off the radio with trembling fingers.

HIS POV

Then, up ahead two HEADLIGHTS SNAP ON in Martin's lane ahead! THE TRUCK IS ROARING STRAIGHT AT HIM.

ROADWAY - VARIOUS ANGLES:

Martin slams on the brakes. The truck barrels straight for him. Martin's eyes fly open in panic. The truck's almost on top of him! He cranks the wheel. His foot hits the gas. He streaks across the road, trying to avoid the truck. BUT THE TRUCK GETS A PIECE OF MARTIN'S REAR FENDER. The car careens out of control, flies across the roadway!

5

EXT. EMBANKMENT - NIGHT

5

Martin's car LAUNCHES OFF THE ROAD, SMASHES through brush, rock, trees, plunging down the side of the hill.

6

INT./EXT CAR

6

Martin thrashes inside like a rag doll. The car CRASHES into a tree and stops, one set of wheels off the ground, lifted by a boulder, spinning. CAMERA MOVES IN on Martin. Torn apart. Blood pouring from mouth and nose, eyes open and staring, dead.

7

EXT. EMBANKMENT - NIGHT

7

SHOOTING UP at the truck. It seems to be "watching" its quarry. The engine THROBS in a rhythmic drone, almost like breathing. CAMERA MOVES UP to the truck as it begins to roll slowly backward.

As it rolls backward over its own muddy set of tracks, the TRACKS VANISH. Only one set of tracks, Martin's, remains. The truck rolls further back, then: It fades to nothing.

BLACKOUT.

END OF TEASER



ACT ONE

8

EXT. GAS STATION - EMPTY PLAIN - DAY

8

Hole-in-the-wall place in the middle of a lot of empty.  
SUPER: "BISMARCK, KENTUCKY." The Impala's being gassed up.  
SAM studies a map spread out on the Impala's hood. In the  
b.g., DEAN is talking on his cell; we can't make out the  
words.

\*

CLOSER

Sam indicates the map as Dean SNAPS off his cell, approaches.

SAM

Okay, I got it. We can bypass all  
that construction east of here.  
Might make Pennsylvania faster than  
we thought.

\*

DEAN

Yeah...  
(beat)  
The thing is... We're not going to  
Pennsylvania.

He gets in the car as Sam stares.

SAM

What?

DEAN

I just got a call from an old  
friend of mine. Her father was  
killed last night. She thinks it  
might be our kind of thing.

\*

\*

SAM

What?

DEAN

Believe me, she never would've  
called. Never. If she didn't need  
us.

Sam stares. Dean starts the engine.

DEAN

Coming or what?

9

INT. IMPALA - ROLLING - DAY

9

Dean drives. Sam's annoyed and puzzled.

(CONTINUED)

SAM

By "old friend," you mean...

DEAN

A friend that's not new.

SAM

Thank you. Her name's "Cassie?"  
You never mentioned her.

DEAN

Didn't I.

SAM

No.

DEAN

We went out.

SAM

You mean you dated?

DEAN

Am I speaking a language you're not  
getting? Dad and I were on a case  
in Athens, Ohio. Cassie was  
finishing up at the university. We  
went out for a few weeks.

SAM

And?

Dean just drives. Sam waits. It's like pulling fucking  
teeth. Finally:

SAM

Look, it's terrible about her dad,  
but it kind of sounds like a  
standard car accident. I'm not  
seeing how it fits with what we do.

(then)

Wait. How is it she knows what we  
do?

Dean drives.

SAM

You told her? The secret? Our big  
family rule number one, we do what  
we do and shut up about it?!

(MORE)

\*

9

SAM (CONT'D)

For a year and a half I did nothing  
but lie to Jessica, and you go out  
with this chick in Ohio a couple  
times and tell her everything?!

(off the silence)

Dean?

DEAN

Yeah. It looks like.

10

INT. NEWSPAPER OFFICE - PAULEY, MISSISSIPPI - DAY

10

Out of the Editor's Office comes HAROLD DODD, 60ish, white,  
natural politician, the mayor. He's with JIMMY ANDERSON,  
60ish, African American, educated and tough; and CASSIE  
ROBINSON, beautiful, African American, takes no shit, mid  
20's. As they move down the hall:

JIMMY

It's a newspaper we put out here,  
not a bulletin for the mayor's  
office.

DODD

Get off the soap box, Jimmy, I'm  
urging a little discretion, is all.

CASSIE

No, I think you're telling us what  
you want us to print and what you  
want us to sit on.

DODD

Cassie, I know you're upset. I  
liked your dad a lot. But I think  
your grief is clouding your  
judgment.

JIMMY

Two black people were killed on the  
same stretch of road in the same  
way in three weeks. We only  
pointed out not much has been done  
about it.

They've reached the lobby. Stop walking.

DODD

Jimmy, we been around a long time.  
We've had a lot of peaceful years  
since the days when racial  
tension... Well, you know.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

DODD (CONT'D)

I don't wanna see us take a step  
backward.

(then)

You're too close to this. These  
guys were friends of yours.

(to Cassie)

Again, very sorry for your loss.

He exits. Jimmy and Cassie exchange a weary look, go  
separate ways. She moves back up the hall to her office,  
starts in, then stops, startled to see:

NEW ANGLE

Dean leans against Cassie's desk. Sam slouches in a chair.  
For a moment, Cassie and Dean just look at each other. An  
awkwardness. \*

CASSIE

Dean.

DEAN

Hi, Cassie.

Sam looks from one to the other. Dean nods at him.

DEAN

My brother, Sam.

Cassie acknowledges Sam with a smile, a nod.

DEAN

Really sorry about your dad.

CASSIE

(it's tough)

Yeah, me, too. \*

EXT. ROADWAY - TIGHT ON AUDREY - DUSK

AUDREY ROBINSON is in her late 50's, white, staring out the  
side window of her car, face frozen in grief.

WIDER

Audrey gets out of her late model car holding a bouquet of  
flowers. She crosses the roadway and we HOLD on a sign she  
passes: "Route 6."

SIDE OF ROAD

The gravel, mud, and bushes are still torn up from Martin's  
car plunging through them.

(CONTINUED)

The muddy tire tracks still visible. Audrey kneels, stares at the hillside below her. She lays the bouquet on the roadside. A moment, then:

AUDREY  
(quietly)  
I love you, Martin.  
(beat)  
So much.

Tears begin to roll down her cheeks. She remains there, staring down the hill. We become aware of an ominous DRONE of sound. A chill breeze rustles the leaves and shrubbery. Audrey is too lost in her sorrow to notice. RACK TO REVEAL, in a clearing across the road, the pick-up truck. It almost seems to be "watching" her from the shadows of the trees.

CLOSER - THE TRUCK

SHOOTING UP at it. An evil, hovering presence. The DRONE has become throbbing, engine-like. A metal monster's breathing. The windows are DARK. TINTED. So we can't see the driver. We can't even see inside. (NOTE: And indeed, throughout, we NEVER see inside the truck's cab).

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

EXT. AUDREY'S HOUSE - FRONT PORCH - DUSK

Lonely, modest place near the highway, surrounded by woods and fields. Cassie unlocks the door, speaking to Dean and Sam.

CASSIE  
My mother's in pretty bad shape.  
I've been staying with her.

She opens the door, goes inside.

CASSIE  
(calling)  
Me, Mom.  
(silence)  
Mom?

INT. AUDREY'S LIVING ROOM - DUSK

Cassie, Sam, and Dean seated with sodas, coffee, etc.

CASSIE  
I wish she wouldn't go off by herself. She's been so... nervous and frightened. She was worried about dad. He was scared of something. He was seeing things.

DEAN

Like what?

CASSIE

He swore this awful-looking truck  
was following him. \*

SAM

A truck. Who was driving?

CASSIE

He never talked about a driver.  
Just the truck.

(beat)

In the accident... Dad's car was  
dented. Like he'd been slammed  
into. By something big.

SAM

Sure the dent wasn't there before?

CASSIE

He sold cars. Always drove a new  
one. There wasn't a scratch on  
that thing.

(beat)

It had rained hard that night. Mud  
all over. There was a distinct set  
of muddy tracks from Dad's car  
leading right... to the... edge  
where he went over. One set of  
tracks. His.

Sam and Dean glance at each other.

DEAN

The first person killed was a  
friend of your father's?

CASSIE

Best friend. Clayton Simers. They  
owned the car dealership together.  
Same thing. Dent. No tracks.

(then)

The cops said exactly what they  
said about dad. He lost control of  
the car.

SAM

But you don't believe it.

CASSIE

I don't know what I believe. I mean, I'm a little skeptical about this ghost stuff, or whatever it is you guys are into...

\*

DEAN

Skeptical? If I remember right, you said I was nuts.

\*

\*

An awkward moment. We get a sense of the tension between Cassie and Dean. Sam glances from one to the other.

CASSIE

Well... that was then... maybe we learn there are different kinds of truths. I just know I can't explain what happened up there. So I called you.

\*

Audrey comes in through the front door.

CASSIE

Mom. Where...?

AUDREY

I didn't know you'd invited friends over.

CASSIE

This is Dean... a friend of mine. And his brother, Sam.

Audrey tenses just a bit, heads to the bedroom.

AUDREY

I won't interrupt you.

DEAN

Really sorry for your loss, Mrs. Robinson. We'd like to talk to you a moment if you don't mind.

She's tense. Scared.

AUDREY

I'm really not up to that just now.

And she closes the door. They all stare at it.

14

EXT. ROUTE 6 - FULL SHOT - NIGHT

14

The eerie, lonely stretch of road and woods. A moment, then we become aware of steam rising up from the embankment off the roadside. CAMERA MOVES IN. Now we see a set of muddy tire tracks. Broken bushes and trees. CAMERA MOVES RIGHT OVER THE EDGE.

Down below is a smashed up car, steam pouring from its caved-in radiator.

CLOSER - THE CAR

Jimmy Anderson is smashed up against a broken side window, smoke still rising from the deployed air bags. His face is partially visible through the glass, neck twisted at a crazy angle, his features crushed and bloody.

\*  
\*

THE EMBANKMENT

SHOOTING UP, we see the Pick-up Truck perched on the edge of the road, "watching" the carnage below. Its engine throbs rhythmically, like metallic BREATHING. As CAMERA MOVES UP to it, the truck begins to SHIMMER, then VANISHES.

15-17

OMITTED

15-17

BLACKOUT.

END OF ACT ONE



ACT TWO

18

EXT. ROUTE 6 - ACCIDENT SITE - MORNING

18

Cop cars, flashing lights. Police tape protects wreckage. Cassie watches as Jimmy's body is carried to the coroner's wagon. Mayor Dodd approaches.

DODD

Jimmy meant something to this town. He was one of our best and we won't be the same without him.

CASSIE

(accusingly)  
Our best seem to be dropping like flies. Clayton, my father, Jimmy.

DODD

What is it, exactly, you want me to do?

CASSIE

You could close this section of road for starters.

DODD

Close the main, the only road, in and out of town.

(then)

Accidents do happen, Cassie. That's what they are. Accidents.

Dean and Sam join the group

DEAN

Did the cops check for additional denting on the car? To see if Jimmy's car was pushed?

DODD

(to Cassie)

Who is this?

CASSIE

Dean and Sam Winchester, family friends. This is Mayor Harold Dodd.

DODD

One set of tire tracks. One. Doesn't point to foul play.

(CONTINUED)

CASSIE

Mayor Dodd, the police and town officials take their cues from you. If you're indifferent about what's happening here...

DODD

(hotly)  
"Indifferent?"

CASSIE

Let me ask you. Would you close the road if the victims were white?

Dodd stares at her.

DODD

You suggesting I'm a racist, Cassie?

(then)

I am the last person you should be talking to like that.

CASSIE

And why's that?

DODD

Instead of asking me, why don't you Ask your mother.

He stalks off, leaving her watching him, puzzled.

18A EXT. IMPALA - DAY

18A

The car's parked near a bayou. Dean and Sam are in the front seat, pulling on white shirts, ties, as CAMERA MOVES IN: \*

SAM

I'll say this for her, she's fearless.

DEAN

(buttoning shirt)  
Uh-huh.

SAM

Bet she kicked your ass a couple times.

Dean ignores him.

SAM

What's interesting is you guys never really look at each other at the same time. You sneak a look at her when she's not looking, she checks you out when you look away...

Dean glances at him, annoyed.

SAM

Just an interesting observation in a, you know, observationally interesting way.

DEAN

Do you think we might have more pressing issues here? \*

SAM \*

Hey. If I'm hitting a nerve-- \*

Dean glares at Sam, as he changes the subject. He changes the subject very, very intentionally. \*

DEAN \*

So... Cassie's Dad thought a truck was stalking him. And three people now, all banged into by something big before they went off the road. Something that left no tracks. \*

SAM \*

So, what, you thinking phantom vehicle? \*

(Dean nods) \*

They're rare, but there have been sightings. Car apparitions, in New Mexico, Cincinnati-- \*

DEAN \*

But I've never heard of 'em smashing into anybody. \*

SAM \*

That's not true. Back at school, I read about this sighting in Chicago, near Bachelor's Grove Cemetery. This couple's driving, phantom car smashes right into 'em, then it disappears. \*

Dean looks at him. \*

DEAN

You were "reading" about this stuff  
at school? \*

SAM

(lying)  
Just staying current.

(admits)

Okay, so maybe I was keeping up  
with you and Dad. While you were  
off doing your stuff... Maybe it  
made me feel connected. \*

DEAN

I thought you didn't wanna be  
connected. You wanted to be as far  
away as possible.

SAM

(opening door)  
Could we just go do this?

19 EXT. DOCK - DAY

19 \*

On an atmospheric Mississippi bridge, several LOCAL MEN  
happily fish. Some white, some African-American. Dean and  
Sam approach in coats, ties, dark glasses. They're as out of  
place as The Blues Brothers at a country music fest. \*

They approach RON SOLOMON, African-American, 50's. \*

DEAN

Excuse me? You're Ron Solomon?  
(Ron looks at them, nods)  
You were friends with Jimmy  
Anderson? \*

RON

Who're you? \*

DEAN

We're from Mr. Anderson's insurance  
company. Just here to dot some I's  
and cross some T's. \*

SAM

We were wondering... had the  
deceased mentioned any unusual  
experiences recently? \*

(CONTINUED)

RON

What do you mean, unusual?

SAM

Visions... hallucinations...

Ron gives them a look... what kind of question is that?

DEAN

It's a medical evaluation kind  
of... thing... all very standard.

VINCE, African American looks them up and down.

VINCE

What company you say you're with?

DEAN

(too quickly)  
Trans-Tennessee Mutual.

He holds up a "form" and immediately puts it back in his pocket.

DEAN

He ever mention seeing a truck?  
Banged up... gray truck?

RON

What the hell you talking about?  
You even speaking English?

Just then... MARCUS, African American, 70, speaks up. He's been fishing beside them, listening in--

MARCUS

Son. Did you just say a banged up  
gray truck?

DEAN

Yes, sir.

MARCUS

I've heard of a truck like that.

SAM

You have? Where?

MARCUS

Not where. When. Back in the  
60's. There was a string of  
deaths. Black men.

(MORE)

19

CONTINUED: (2)

19

MARCUS (CONT'D)

Story goes, they disappeared into a big gray truck.

\*  
\*

DEAN

They ever find the guy that did it?

\*  
\*

MARCUS

Never found him. Hell, not sure they even really looked.

\*  
\*  
\*

(then)

There was a time, this town wasn't too friendly to all its citizens.

\*  
\*  
\*

Off Sam and Dean, exchanging looks--

\*

20

EXT. SIDEWALK - SAM AND DEAN - TRACKING - DAY

20

Sam and Dean walking.

DEAN

"Truck."

SAM

Keeps coming up, doesn't it?

DEAN

I was thinking... you know the Flying Dutchman?

\*  
\*

SAM

Yeah. Ghost ship. Infused with the captain's evil spirit. It was part of him.

\*  
\*

DEAN

So... say the same thing here. Phantom truck's the extension of some bastard ghost. Re-enacting past crimes.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

SAM

(you have a point)

Well, the victims have all been black men.

\*  
\*  
\*

DEAN

But its more than that. They all seem connected to Cassie and her family.

\*  
\*

SAM

(smiles)

Okay. You work that angle.

(MORE)

SAM (CONT'D)

(slaps Dean's shoulder)  
Go talk to her.

DEAN

Yeah... okay.

SAM

And you might mention that other thing.

DEAN

What other thing?

SAM

The serious unfinished business.  
What is up with you two?

\*

Dean glances off, then sighs. Sam stares at him.

DEAN

Okay, we might've been a little more involved than I said.

(Sam's still staring)

A lot more involved, maybe.

(then)

So I told her the secret. About what we do. I shouldn't have.

SAM

(sympathetic)

Look, everyone has to open up to someone sometime...

DEAN

I don't. It was stupid. Look how it ended.

Sam is still staring.

DEAN

Would you stop? Blink or something.

SAM

You were in love with her.

Dean looks away. Says nothing. Which says it all.

SAM

You were in love with her! But you dumped her?

(off Dean's pained eyes)

Oh wow. You didn't dump her.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

"Route 666"  
CONTINUED: (2)

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20

20

SAM (CONT'D)

(beat)

She dumped you.

21

INT. AUDREY'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

21

Cassie sits typing at the computer, surrounded by papers, awards, etc. KNOCK at the door. She opens it to find Dean. It's immediately a little awkward again.

CASSIE

You still working?

DEAN

(nods at computer)

You?

CASSIE

The paper's doing this tribute to Jimmy. I've been going through his stuff... his awards... Trying to find the words...

DEAN

That'd be tough.

CASSIE

Yeah.

(beat)

For years, the paper was owned by a family... The Dorians... They had a "whites only" staff policy. After they sold it, Jimmy was the first black reporter. He didn't stop till he became editor. He taught me... everything.

An awkward silence. She recovers from the emotional moment, then:

CASSIE

Where's your brother?

DEAN

Not here.

CASSIE

Alright. So, um, what brings you here?

DEAN

Trying to make the connection between the three victims...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)



DEAN (CONT'D)

(then)  
Why'd you ask about my brother?

CASSIE  
Nothing. It's not important.

DEAN  
It couldn't be because without him here it's just you and me. Not you, me and Sam, which is easier.

CASSIE  
(annoyed)  
It's not "easier..." Look, I...

DEAN  
Fine. We'll just keep it business.

CASSIE  
I forgot you do that.

DEAN  
Do what?... What?!

CASSIE  
Whenever we'd get.. what's the word... close, anywhere in the neighborhood of emotional vulnerability, you'd back off. Or make some joke. Or find any way to shut the door on me.

DEAN  
That's hilarious. I'm not the one who took that big, final door and slammed it behind me.

CASSIE  
Wait a minute...

DEAN  
I'm not the one who took the door's key and buried it under 10,000 feet of pissed-offness so no one could find it!

CASSIE  
Are we done with this metaphor yet?

DEAN  
I was being totally up-front with you back then and you nailed me with it!

CASSIE

The guy I'm with, the guy I'm hoping might be in my future, tells me he professionally pops ghosts!

DEAN

Those are not the words I used...!

CASSIE

...And he has to go work with his father...!

DEAN

I did!

CASSIE

All I could think was, "If you want out, fine, but don't tell me this insane story..!"

DEAN

It was the truth! And I notice it didn't sound so insane the minute you thought I could help you!!

CASSIE

Back then, I just thought you wanted to dump me!

DEAN

Let's not forget here, you dumped me!

CASSIE

I thought it's what you wanted!!

DEAN

IT WASN'T!

CASSIE

(yelling)  
I DIDN'T MEAN TO HURT YOU!

DEAN

(yelling back)  
YOU DID!!

CASSIE

(meltdown)  
I'M SORRY!

DEAN

ME, TOO!

Suddenly at the peak of this slugfest, Cassie pulls Dean into a big kiss. It's intense. They're pulling at each other's clothes. She points at a door.

CASSIE

(breathless)

My mother.

Locked in this hungry tango they move to Cassie's room.

22 INT. CASSIE'S BEDROOM - BED - NIGHT 22

They fall into FRAME, thrashing, kissing, no clothes. Years of missing each other and now they're back together. Whatever split them up is gone for these moments.

23 EXT. DODD PROPERTY - DAWN 23

Hopefully a gray, drizzly dawn. A small field. Sheds with old farm equipment. A swamp at the property's edge. A long dirt drive leads from the main road to where the house was. Stakes mark where the new foundation will be poured. \*

Mayor Dodd gets out of his car, goes over to check the foundation progress. This is his land. He crouches, carefully looks at the wooden forms.

CLOSER - DODD

A soft wind begins to MOAN. Dodd looks up as the leaves RUSTLE. An ominous LOW DRONE. Something doesn't feel right. RACK to REVEAL, at the entrance to the property, The Truck. Its headlights on. Dodd slowly stands.

NEW ANGLE

The Pick-up Truck is moving swiftly down the dirt drive. Dodd squints at it, more uneasy. The WIND picks up.

Dodd starts heading toward his car. The truck has picked up speed and is barreling straight at him. He's cut off!

Dodd runs for his life. Lungs bursting.

THE TRUCK

Right behind him. Dark cab, no driver visible.

DODD

Dodd falls. He braces for the impact, then looks to see the truck some yards away. "Watching." Its engine seems to rhythmically THROB. Almost like breathing. Dodd drags himself up, speechless with terror, starts to back away. Faster. Behind him a large, gnarled tree. As he backs away, he watches the truck until suddenly it ROARS FORWARD. Before he can scream he's HIT. SLAMMED against the tree, bleeding... the tree trunk SPLIT.

Dodd's dying eyes cloud and the last thing he sees is the truck FADE TO NOTHING.

BLACKOUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

24

INT. CASSIE'S BEDROOM - DAWN

24

Dean and Cassie lie in bed together.

CASSIE

We should fight more often.

DEAN

Yeah. Absolutely.

CASSIE

Actually we were always pretty good at fighting. This...

(indicates the two of them in bed)

...We were good at.

(beat)

It's all the other stuff... not so much...

\*  
\*

DEAN

Hey. I tried. I told you who I was, I mean, I never told anyone that before--

\*  
\*  
\*

CASSIE

So why'd you tell me?

\*  
\*

DEAN

I don't know. I mean, I'm the world heavyweight champ of liars... but I couldn't lie to you.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

CASSIE

Dean. You told me that story, you scared the hell out of me. I thought you were nuts. Even dangerous.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

She props herself up on an elbow, looks at him.

CASSIE

And maybe... I was looking for an excuse to walk away. I mean, things with you can get pretty... intense.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

She watches him.

DEAN

(he sighs)  
In the work I do... I mean, I see  
horrible things. That don't have  
explanations. Terrible stuff. And  
I deal with it. But working things  
out with you...

She smiles, lies down again.

CASSIE

I'm a scary one, alright.  
(beat)  
Well, usually things get worked  
out... When we really want them  
to.

A long moment.

DEAN

Yeah. My problem is, I'm still  
real involved with my dad's work.  
Wherever it takes me.

CASSIE

Hey, I'm not looking for a  
relationship, either. My job at  
the paper is pretty much 24/7.

They hear themselves, look over at each other.

CASSIE

Maybe we're still looking for  
excuses.

They kiss. Then, Dean's CELL. He struggles to find it.

DEAN

Yeah?  
(then)  
That's bad. Meet you there.

Clicks off.

DEAN

Sam says there's been another  
death. The mayor.

Cop cars, police tape, coroner's van. Dean crosses to Sam,  
who's been here for a bit.

SAM

Where were you when I called? You didn't make it back to the motel last night.

Dean keeps walking, glances at Sam.

SAM

(brightening)

Oh.

(then)

I take it you guys worked things out?

DEAN

We'll be working things out when we're ninety.

He stares at the splintered, blood-spattered tree, surrounded with crime tape.

DEAN

That oak got turned to toothpicks.

Sam glances at the covered body.

SAM

Every bone crushed. Internal organs turned to pudding. Something way bigger than a bread box did this.

DEAN

Like... a truck?

Dean squats, looks at the untouched earth.

DEAN

And again, no tracks.

SAM

No tracks.

DEAN

What was the mayor doing here?

SAM

He owned the place. Just bought it a few weeks ago.

DEAN

He's white. Doesn't fit the pattern.

SAM

The killing didn't happen up on the road. That doesn't fit, either.

They look at each other, trying to make the pieces fit.

26 INT. NEWSPAPER OFFICE - DAY

26

Dean is pulling up microfilm records from old editions of the Pauley "Breeze." Cassie brings him some coffee.

DEAN

I was tryin' to find some link between those killings back in the 60's and what's going on now. There wasn't a lot about it in the paper.

CASSIE

Not surprising. Probably there was minimal police work, too. Back then, equal justice under the law wasn't too literal around here. Let's just concentrate on what's happening now.

\*

DEAN

(double-entendre)  
Yeah, let's.

\*

\*

They look at each other a little longer than absolutely necessary. His CELL RINGS. Dean grabs it.

INTERCUT:

27 EXT. SIDEWALK - SAM - MOVING - DAY

27

Sam walks, checks his notes, talks.

SAM

(into cell)  
Okay, the courthouse records show Mr. and Mrs. Mayor bought an abandoned property. The previous owner was the Dorian family. For like 150 years.

Dean's got his cell to his ear.



DEAN

Dorian.

(to Cassie)

Didn't you say the Dorian family  
once owned this paper?

He turns to a computer, punches keys.

CASSIE

Along with most everything else  
around here. Real pillars of the  
town.

COMPUTER SCREEN

Pictures of long departed Dorians, including a more modern  
photo which shows a harsh-looking guy in his 20's: CYRUS  
DORIAN.

BACK TO SCENE

Dean's quickly scanning data near the photos.

DEAN

Interesting.

He turns back to the microfilm machine, spins dials.

SAM

What?

DEAN

(squinting at screen)

This Cyrus Dorian vanished in April  
of 1963.

CASSIE

My mother said they investigated  
for a while, but it was never  
solved.

DEAN

That's around the time that string  
of murders was going on back then.

SAM

I pulled a bunch of paper on the  
Dorian place. Must've been in bad  
shape when the Mayor bought it.

DEAN

Why?

27

SAM

First thing he did was bulldoze  
down the house.

DEAN

(glances at Cassie)  
Mayor Dodd knocked down the Dorian  
place?

CASSIE

It was a big deal. One of the  
oldest local houses left. Made the  
front page.

DEAN

(into cell)  
Got a date?

SAM

(his notes)  
The third of last month.

Dean turns to the computer, where more current papers are  
stored. He types in the date and the front page appears. He  
scrolls down to the next day.

DEAN

Mayor Dodd bulldozed the Dorian  
family home on the third.  
(beat)  
The first killing was the next day.

28

EXT. AUDREY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

28

Lonely, mostly dark. Cassie's car is out front.

29

INT. AUDREY'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

29

Cassie wearily comes out of her mother's bedroom, brings out  
a half-eaten bowl of soup. Audrey is asleep. Cassie grabs a  
bottle of wine, crosses to a sideboard under a big mirror,  
grabs a wine glass, pours. As she's doing this, she glances  
up at the mirror. It reflects the living room window. Two  
headlights come on in the darkness outside. Cassie spins,  
stares at the window.

30

EXT. AUDREY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

30

SHOOTING UP at the truck. Lethal. A coiled beast. The  
ENGINE DRONES in breath-like bursts. Now it begins to roll  
slowly forward.

31

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

31

Cassie's eyes are fixed on the lights, growing larger. WIND begins to WHISTLE. The lamps FLICKER.

THE TRUCK - WHEELS

The wheels spin, the truck MOVES SWIFTLY toward the house.

LIVING ROOM - VARIOUS ANGLES

The furniture and walls seem to VIBRATE. Dishes RATTLE on the shelves. The headlights seem to ROCKET to the living room window. Cassie instinctively flattens against the wall.

The headlights vanish! Now the headlights reappear at a side window. They vanish. Cassie is spinning, trying to keep up. They appear through her mother's bedroom window. Now back at the front. The WIND is HOWLING. CURTAINS FLY away from the windows. Everything is RATTLING. Audrey is up, staggering toward her door, holding onto its frame for support. Papers blow around. The LAMPS FLASH like STROBES. The NOISE IS UNBEARABLE. The truck seems right up against the house! Cassie crouches in a corner with her cell phone.

CASSIE

(into cell)

DEAN!!

BLACKOUT.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

32

INT. AUDREY'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

32

Audrey sits numb, drinking tea. Dean sits holding Cassie, who's still trembling. Sam brings her a cup of tea.

CASSIE

Maybe you should throw a couple shots in that.

DEAN

You didn't see who was driving the truck.

CASSIE

Seemed to be no one. Everything was moving so fast. And then it was just... gone.

(then)

It wanted us dead. I could feel it. Why didn't it kill us?

DEAN

Whatever's controlling it wants you afraid, first. It's torturing you.

SAM

Mrs. Robinson... Cassie says the truck was appearing to your husband before he died.

Audrey is silent.

CASSIE

Mom?

AUDREY

Martin was under a lot of stress. You can't be sure what he was seeing.

DEAN

(irritably)

As of tonight, I think we can be reasonably sure he was seeing a truck. Look. What happened tonight... You and Cassie are marked. Your daughter may die. So if you know something, it's time to tell us about it.

(CONTINUED)

CASSIE

Dean...

AUDREY

Yes. He said he saw a truck.

SAM

And did he know who it belonged to?

AUDREY

(quietly)  
He thought he did.

DEAN

Who was that?

A long beat.

AUDREY

Cyrus. A man named Cyrus.

Sam and Dean recognize the name, exchange a glance. Dean fishes in his backpack, pulls out the Dorian family photos he printed up. He shows one to Audrey.

PHOTO - INSERT

A young Cyrus Dorian.

BACK TO SCENE

Audrey shudders at the sight of the photo.

DEAN

Is this Cyrus?

AUDREY

Cyrus Dorian died more than forty years ago.

DEAN

How do you know he died, Mrs. Robinson?

(beat)

The papers said he disappeared.

Audrey starts to cry softly.

DEAN

There was a series of killings back then. In the black community.

(MORE)

DEAN (CONT'D)

They ended when Cyrus Dorian vanished. So how about it? How is it you know he died?

Audrey sighs deeply. Forty years of sitting on a secret, and now it's almost a relief to let it go. She starts slowly, and, as CAMERA MOVES IN:

AUDREY

We were all very young. I dated Cyrus a while. I was also seeing Martin. In secret, of course. Interracial couples didn't go over so well. And I was falling in love with him. I broke things off with Cyrus, and when he found out about Martin... I don't know... He changed. I mean, I knew he was a racist. But his hatred... His hatred was frightening.

SAM

The string of murders...

AUDREY

There were rumors. People of color disappearing into some kind of truck. They were tortured, the story went. Dragged behind the truck till they died. But nothing was ever done.

(then)

Martin and I were to be married. At a little church near here. But at the last minute, we decided to run away instead. We just didn't want the attention.

DEAN

And Cyrus...?

AUDREY

He didn't know about the change. And the day we'd set for our wedding... someone set fire to the church.

(tears)

A children's choir was practicing in there. They all died.

(she covers her eyes for a moment, then:)

We knew it was Cyrus.

SAM

Did the attacks stop after that?

AUDREY

There was one more. One night that truck came for Martin. Cyrus beat him something terrible and was fixing to chain him to the truck. But Martin got loose. And he started hitting Cyrus... The rage...

(a sob)

He kept hitting him...

DEAN

He couldn't go to the cops?

AUDREY

(gives him a look)

This was forty years ago.

(beat)

He called his best friends. Clayton Simers, and Jimmy Anderson. They put Cyrus's body in the truck... And... rolled it into a swamp at the edge of his land.

She gasps at the release of this burden.

AUDREY

And all three kept the secret all these years.

SAM

And all three are gone.

DEAN

And so is Mayor Dodd.

(to Audrey)

He said you, of all people would know he's not a racist.

AUDREY

He was a good man. A young deputy back then. Investigating Cyrus's "disappearance." When he figured out what Martin and the others had done... He did... nothing. Because he also knew what Cyrus had done.

CASSIE  
(softly)  
Why didn't you tell me?

AUDREY  
I thought I was protecting them.  
But now there's no one left to  
protect.

Dean glances over at Cassie.

DEAN  
Yeah, there is.

33

EXT. AUDREY'S PORCH - NIGHT

33

Sam and Dean staring off at the night.

SAM  
My life was so simple. Just  
school. Exams. Papers on  
Polycentric Cultural Norms...

DEAN  
So I guess I saved you from a  
boring existence.

SAM  
Occasionally I miss boring.

DEAN  
So this Killer Truck...

SAM  
I miss conversations that don't  
start with "so this Killer  
Truck..."

DEAN  
This guy Cyrus. Evil on a level  
that infected even his truck. When  
Cyrus died, the swamp was his tomb.  
The spirit was dormant for forty  
years.

SAM  
So what woke it up?

DEAN  
Are you kidding? Think about it.  
This Harold Dodd... a white guy...  
(MORE)



33

CONTINUED:

DEAN (CONT'D)

betrays Cyrus, a raging racist, by keeping it secret he was killed by a black man. And Harold Dodd buys the house that had been in Cyrus's family for over a hundred years. And knocks it down?

SAM

Yeah. Everything he was about was just... exploded.

DEAN

His spirit's awakened and out for blood.

SAM

You know we have to dredge that body up from the swamp, right?

Dean almost smiles.

SAM

(whining)

Man....

Cassie comes out.

CASSIE

She's asleep. Now what?

DEAN

You're gonna stay put and keep an eye on her. We'll be back. Don't leave the house.

CASSIE

Don't go getting all authoritative. I hate that.

DEAN

Don't leave the house, please.

He kisses her. She's startled a bit, then grabs his shoulders and kisses him back hard. Sam just stands staring. Dean and Cassie smile and Dean goes off past Sam, who keeps staring.

DEAN

(to Sam)

You coming or what?

34

EXT. DODD PROPERTY - ON TRACTOR ENGINE - NIGHT

34

The engine ROARS to life. We PULL BACK to find Dean on the driver's seat, looking behind him.

SAM (O.S.)  
Okay, ready!

WIDER

Sam is chest deep in swampy ooze, tugging on a cable he's hooked beneath the surface. He wades out, disgusted, shaking muck off his arms.

SAM  
Why do I always lose the damn coin  
toss?

Dean puts the tractor in gear. It strains against the cable as it rolls forward. A moment. The cable goes taut. A bit of a struggle, then an old, rusted, ooze-covered pick-up truck begins to emerge, gushing water. It is the "corpse" of the killer Pick-Up we've been seeing. The truck is all the way out. Dean stops the tractor.

NEW ANGLE

Sam peels off his disgusting shirt and tosses it aside. He yanks a clean t-shirt from the Impala as Dean pulls salt, gas, rags, gloves from the trunk.

SAM  
You're in love with her again.

DEAN  
Could we focus here?

SAM  
I'm just saying.

DEAN  
(marching past)  
Let's get this over with.

THE TRUCK

Sam and Dean cautiously approach the truck. Covered with ooze. Windows so caked with mud they can't be seen through. Dean glances at the door handle. Then at Sam. Now he grips the door handle and tugs. Stuck. He yanks again. Nothing. He braces a foot against the car and yanks hard. The door flies open. Dean flies backward. Water gushes out.

(CONTINUED)

Blackness inside. Sam cautiously approaches as CAMERA MOVES IN. Then the rotting, slime-covered corpse of Cyrus Dorian LURCHES OUT AT HIM! Sam freezes, his own face a millimeter away from the moldering corpse with its empty eye sockets. Sam's breathing in short gasps. A hand CLAPS him on the shoulder and he nearly jumps out of his skin.

WIDER

Sam glares at Dean who stands beside him, hand on Sam's shoulder.

DEAN

Let's get to it.

He hands some gloves to Sam. They both put them on, then gingerly grip the cadaver, grimacing at the sickening mess.

THE GROUND

A few yards away. The corpse is stretched out. Dean salts the body liberally. Sam follows, covering the thing in gasoline. He pours more gas on a rag, Dean lights it, drops it on the body.

Flames WHOOSH up and the guys step back, watching Cyrus Dorian blaze away.

SAM AND DEAN

Lit by firelight, watching the body burn.

SAM

Think that'll do it? That'll do it, right?

DEAN

It always has.

CAMERA CRANES UP. In the distant b.g. a pair of headlights is rolling through the entrance to the Dodd Property. They stop. Watching. The guys become aware of a sudden BREEZE, a low DRONE. A feeling of another presence. They slowly turn and stare at the headlights. Then at each other.

DEAN

Guess not.

BLACKOUT.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

35

EXT. DODD PROPERTY - NIGHT

35

Flames from the body continue to CRACKLE. Sam and Dean stare at the truck, waiting at the edge of the property.

SAM

Burning the body had no effect on that thing.

DEAN

Sure it did. Now it's really pissed.

He starts slowly moving toward the Impala, keeping a wary eye on the pick-up.

SAM

But Cyrus's ghost is gone, right?

DEAN

Not the part of it that's fused with the truck.

Now the truck begins to slowly roll forward. Dean gets in the car, tosses a duffel bag to Sam.

SAM

Where are you going?

DEAN

Little ride. While you decide what to do.

The truck is GATHERING SPEED. Dean starts the engine.

SAM

I have no idea what to do!

DEAN

Figure something out!

He GUNS THE ENGINE, tears off across the open yard toward the truck, throwing up dust. He swerves off the dirt drive, passing the truck, which ROARS into a U-Turn and takes off after it.

SAM

He stands in the sudden quiet, lit by flames, holding the duffel.

(CONTINUED)

35

SAM

"Figure something out?"

36

INT. IMPALA - ROLLING - NIGHT

36

Dean drives like a madman. He glances in the rear-view.

REAR-VIEW MIRROR

The headlights are some distance behind, but gaining.

37

EXT. DODD PROPERTY - NIGHT

37

Sam pores through his father's journal. His CELL RINGS.

SAM

(into cell)

You gotta give me a minute!

INTERCUT:

38

INT. IMPALA - ROLLING - NIGHT

38

DEAN

I don't have a minute! What're we doing?!

The headlights behind him grow closer.

SAM

SAM

I'll get back to you!

He CLICKS OFF, flips pages in the journal, his eyes fall on an entry. He thinks quickly, then dials his cell.

SAM

(into cell)

Cassie! Sam. I need some information.

(then)

And it's gotta be exactly right.

39

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - NIGHT

39

The Impala, then the truck ROAR past CAMERA. The truck is right on Dean's tail.

40 INT. IMPALA - ROLLING - NIGHT 40

Dean suddenly cranks the wheel, tears off the road and into an open field, barely eluding the truck, which ROARS a short distance down the road then also turns into the field.

41 EXT. FIELD - NIGHT 41

Dust flying, car and truck race toward another narrow lane, bump onto it, tear off down the road.

42 INT. IMPALA - ROLLING - NIGHT 42

Dean's cell RINGS. Hanging onto the wheel for dear life with one hand, he answers it.

DEAN  
(into cell)  
This better be good.

INTERCUT:

43 EXT. DODD PROPERTY - NIGHT 43

Sam has maps spread out, holding a flashlight over them.

SAM  
Where are you?

DEAN  
In the middle of nowhere with a killer truck on my ass! It's like it knows I put the torch to Cyrus.

ROADWAY

Car and truck ROAR along, the truck moving closer.

SAM  
It's important. I need to know where you are.

Dean looks around in the gloom. Nothing. Then:

HIS MOVING POV

A faded road sign leans at an angle near a crossroad.

BACK TO SCENE

DEAN

I'm on Decatur Road, about two miles off the highway.

SAM

Headed east?

DEAN

Sam!

SAM

East?!

DEAN

Yes!!

ROADWAY

The truck moves CLOSER, BANGS into the Impala's rear bumper. The Impala fishtails.

IMPALA

Dean fights for control.

INTERCUT:

Sam is tracing roads on the maps.

SAM

Turn right! Now!

Dean cranks the wheel, goes into a SKIDDING TURN onto another country lane. The truck follows right behind.

SAM

You make the turn?!

ROADWAY

Now the truck BLASTS the rear of the Impala, sending it into a 180 degree spin. The Impala ROARS back up the road in the opposite direction.

SAM

Now where are you?

DEAN

Going back the way I came from! It hit me!

SAM

No! Go back the other way!

DEAN

Are you nuts?!

SAM

Go back!! Get past it!

Dean cranks the wheel.

ROADWAY

The Impala turns, SCREAMS back toward the truck, which is headed toward Dean. Dean veers off the road into the field, gets around the truck, jumps back onto the road.

DEAN

Dean glances up in the rear-view.

REAR-VIEW MIRROR

Behind him, in a cloud of dust, the truck is turning around to pursue him again.

SAM

SAM

You see a road up ahead?

INTERCUT:

IMPALA

DEAN

No.

(beat)

Yeah. I see it.

SAM

Turn left!

Dean cranks the wheel.

ROADWAY

The Impala SCREECHES left onto the new road. The truck is fast approaching the intersection.

IMPALA



DEAN

Now what?

INTERCUT:

SAM

Go exactly 7/10 of a mile. Then  
stop.

DEAN

Stop?!

SAM

Exactly 7/10.

Dean's eyes flick down to:

INTERCUT: ODOMETER

In the "tenths" column: a 2. It ticks over to 3. Dean's  
sweating.

ROADWAY

The truck SCREECHES left onto the new road.

IMPALA - DEAN - ODOMETER

Dean watches the numbers tick by, also checking his rear-  
view. 4 - 5 - 6.

ROADWAY

Truck ROARS toward CAMERA.

IMPALA

8, 9... \*

Dean's foot hits the BRAKES!

IMPALA'S WHEELS

SCREECH. Smoke.

ROADWAY

Dean whips the Impala into a U-turn.

DEAN

Expects to be facing the truck.

HIS POV

Nothing. Dark. Quiet.

INTERCUT:

SAM  
Are you there?

Dean is sweating, breathing fast.

DEAN  
Yeah.

SAM  
What's happening?

DEAN  
Nothing.

Another beat. Then a WIND begins to WHISTLE. Dean breathes faster, squinting into the gloom.

HIS POV

Headlights appear out of nowhere up ahead. The truck is ROARING toward him!

IMPALA

DEAN  
It's here.  
(beat)  
What do I do?

INTERCUT:

SAM  
Just what you're doing. Bringing  
it to you.

VARIOUS ANGLES - ROAD, TRUCK, DEAN, SAM, MAP:

The truck picks up speed. Dean stares at it, not believing what he's doing. Sam traces a line on the map, rechecking. The truck comes faster. Dean grips the wheel, bracing. Sam's sweating bullets. Truck headlights fill FRAME. The wind is roaring. Impala sits motionless. Dean closes his eyes.

ROADWAY

The truck ROARS at the Impala. At the last possible millisecond before impact, there is an ungodly SHRIEKING SOUND. The truck seems to FREEZE, then vibrates to near TRANSPARENCY. It suddenly EXPLODES INTO PARTICLES AND MIST. The evil mist spirals into vapor, whisks upward, and vanishes.

WIDE

The HOWLING abruptly stops. Silence. Darkness. Crickets. The Impala still sits on the empty road. \*

IMPALA - DEAN

Dean sits, numb, vibrating, his breathing still shallow. From the cell on the seat:

SAM (O.S.)  
You still there? Dean?

Dean dully picks up the phone.

DEAN  
(into cell)  
Yeah.

INTERCUT:

44 EXT. DODD PROPERTY - NIGHT

44

Sam on his cell.

SAM  
(into cell)  
Dean, you're where the church was.

DEAN  
What church?

SAM  
The place Cyrus burned down. And murdered all those kids.

Dean looks at the empty space beside the road.

DEAN  
There's nothing here.

SAM  
Yeah, not for years. But it's still hallowed ground. \*  
(MORE) \*

SAM (CONT'D)

Evil spirits cross over hallowed ground, they're destroyed. So I thought maybe that would get rid of it.

\*  
\*  
\*

Dean absorbs this, then it hits him:

DEAN

"Maybe?"

(beat)

"Maybe?" And what if you were wrong?

SAM

Wow. You know, that honestly hadn't occurred to me?

Dean drops the cell at his side. Sits there. Recovering. It might take a moment.

ROADWAY

The Impala. Dean sitting. Listening to the quiet.

EXT. NEWSPAPER OFFICE - DAY

The Impala sits out front, Sam lounging behind the wheel, waiting. Out of the doors come Dean and Cassie.

DEAN AND CASSIE

CASSIE

My mother said to tell you "thanks" again.

(then)

It feels like you and I are always saying "good-bye."

DEAN

Maybe this time it'll be less permanent.

CASSIE

(smiles)

Know what? I'm a realist. I don't see a lot of hope for us.

\*  
\*

DEAN

Well. I've seen stranger things happen. A helluva lot stranger.

\*  
\*

She smiles softly.

"Route 666"  
CONTINUED:

Studio Draft

11/16/05 47.  
45

45

CASSIE  
Good-bye, Dean.

DEAN  
I'll see ya, Cassie. I will.

And he jumps in the car. Sam waves, puts it in gear, and off they go.

46

INT. CAR - ROLLING - DAY

46

Sam drives, Dean beside him.

SAM  
I like her.

DEAN  
Yeah.

SAM  
You meet someone like that... Ever  
make you wonder if it's worth it...  
Putting everything else on hold?  
To do what we do?

Dean smiles enigmatically at Sam. Some questions have no answers. He settles back, pulling a baseball cap down over his eyes.

DEAN  
Wake me when it's my turn to drive.

47

EXT. ROADWAY - DAY

47

CAMERA CRANES UP as the Impala races away, grows small in the distance, and

BLACKOUT.

TO BE CONTINUED...