

"Supernatural"

TEASER

OVER BLACK--

**LAWRENCE, KANSAS. 1982.**

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD STREET - NIGHT

A small town American HOME on a small town American street.

We DRIFT UP towards a warm, lighted yellow WINDOW, on the second floor. As we float closer, we spy inside... a WOMAN. Standing beside a crib. She holds a TODDLER.

When, suddenly... the window GLASS SHIMMERS. RIPPLES, as if it were liquid. Just for a moment. Blink and you miss it.

INT. HOUSE - NURSERY - NIGHT

INSIDE THE CRIB. An INFANT BOY, a few months old. SAM.

MARY HARRISON, late 20's, gently beautiful in a genuine, maternal way. She leans her 3-year-old son DEAN over the crib's edge. Dean kisses the baby's forehead.

YOUNG DEAN  
'Night, Sammy.

Now Mary leans over, kisses Sam.

MARY  
Goodnight, love.

Mary carries Dean to the doorway, where her husband JACK HARRISON, 30, waits. Jack flips off the lights.

JACK  
Sam. You sleep through the night,  
and you can have Dean's room.

Jack leaves the door open a crack.

On Sam. Beat.

Then... the FISHER-PRICE MOBILE, above his crib, begins to spin, silent, of its own accord.

On the dresser. A TEDDY BEAR CLOCK TICKS, soothing. But then it abruptly stops. Frozen.

A Casper the Friendly Ghost NIGHTLIGHT flickers...

INT. HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - LATER THAT NIGHT

A BABY MONITOR, on a nightstand. (We also see Jack and Mary's WEDDING PHOTO-- he's wearing naval whites.) The baby's PIERCING CRIES, through the monitor receiver.

Mary groans awake. Looks over. Jack isn't in bed. Still the baby bawls.

INT. HOUSE - UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT

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

MARY  
Jack? Is he hungry?

FIGURE  
Shhhhh.

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

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

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

She moves toward the shimmering glow. Cautious.

At the stairs now. Bare feet padding down the steps.

Until, finally, Mary reaches the bottom, to see--

INT. HOUSE - FAMILY ROOM - NIGHT

Jack. Asleep in his La-Z-Boy. An old movie on the muted TV.

MARY  
Oh my God.

Mary spins, BOLTS up the steps!

INT. HOUSE - NURSERY - NIGHT

Mary BURSTS into the nursery, flips on the light. And whatever she sees O.S., it causes the color to drain from her face; her breath to come in short, panicked bursts.

MARY  
(a whisper)  
...get away from him...

INT. HOUSE - FAMILY ROOM - NIGHT

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

JACK

Mary?!

As Jack takes the steps two at a time, Mary's screaming abruptly snuffs out.

INT. HOUSE - NURSERY - NIGHT

Jack explodes into the nursery. Mary's not there. He moves up to the crib. The baby's okay, thank God, though he's bawling, inconsolable. Jack holds Sam, confounded--

JACK

Mary...?

Jack is about to exit the room, to search for his wife, when he stops. Sensing something. He turns back, noticing--

INSIDE THE CRIB. Plink. A dime of crimson red appears on the Sesame Street mattress. Plink. Then another. Another.

They're drops. Drops coming from above.

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

JACK

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

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

Jack barely has time to react, before...

Sizzling. BLACK LINES, BURNING THEMSELVES into the wall. Spiderwebbing. Some horizontal, some vertical. At first, we don't realize what it is. But then it takes shape.

A message. Branded into the wall, in charcoal black letters four feet high--

### **COMING FOR YOU**

The message smolders and IGNITES. Flames curl the wallpaper. Spreading fast. A smoke alarm BLARES, piercing.

Outside, in the hallway, Dean begins to push open the nursery door, crying, terrified.

YOUNG DEAN  
Mommy?! Daddy?!

Snapping to lucidity, Jack carries baby Sam out of the room. Snatches up Dean with his other arm, before the boy enters.

JACK  
No, Dean. Don't look, okay? We  
gotta go.

Jack darts quickly for the stairs.

Out the front door.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT - FEW MINUTES LATER

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

Jack. Across the street. Holding, comforting his two sons.

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

His jaw sets in pain and FURY--

BLACKOUT.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

OVER BLACK--

**STANFORD UNIVERSITY. PALO ALTO, CALIFORNIA. PRESENT DAY.**

EXT. STANFORD CAMPUS - NIGHT

A BLOODY CORPSE walks, casual, across the quad.

It takes a drag off a Marlboro. And shakes its head at-- SAM HARRISON, 23, clad in a gray T-shirt and jeans. Sam walks beside his girlfriend JESSICA, dressed as a sexy nurse.

LUIS

(the zombie)

...I gotta tell you, Sam, if your sorry ass was trick or treating my house, there'd be no popcorn balls for you.

SAM

(gross)

You gave out popcorn balls?

LUIS

Don't change the subject. You could've at least gone as the slutty version of something. Slutty Dorothy, slutty Alice, slutty nurse--

JESSICA

Hey!

LUIS

I didn't mean you.

SAM

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

LUIS

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

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

INT. THE 901 CLUB - NIGHT

Scruffy hang-out. Halloween party. George W. Bush throws back shots with Bill Clinton and Dracula.

Jessica sits at a tall, round table. Watching Sam and Luis play darts. Sam THROWS--

JESSICA  
 ...but Sam, I think it's crazy.  
 Luis, tell him he's crazy.

LUIS  
 You're crazy.

Thwak. Thwak. Thwak. THREE DARTS pierce a DART BOARD.  
 Dead bulls-eyes, crowding the tiny center.

LUIS  
 (dismay at the game)  
 Dude...

SAM  
 I don't see what the big deal is.

JESSICA  
 It's Thanksgiving. I mean, is there any holiday you don't have a problem with? Why would you work through Thanksgiving?

SAM  
 (playful)  
 Hmm. Let's see. Oh yeah-- my crushing loan debt.

JESSICA  
 Ha, ha.

Luis throws his darts. Shitty.

LUIS  
 Dammit!

SAM  
 Seriously, if I don't catch up and clerk my ass off, Judge Carlton's gonna slaughter me. And there's about twenty other students just dying to take my place.

JESSICA  
 Even he takes off Thanksgiving...

SAM  
 It's not like I have any big plans or anything.

JESSICA  
(gingerly)  
You could always... go home.

SAM  
Yeah, no, that would be a tiny  
bit... excruciating.

Sam's turn again. Another three bulls-eyes. Luis GROANS.

JESSICA  
Why? What is so terrible about  
your family?

There's ground here that Sam doesn't care to tread. So, as usual, he turns it into a joke.

SAM  
Nothing. We were just like the  
Huxtables. Only with a lot more  
shouting and browbeating.

LUIS  
You know, I hear that in real life,  
Bill Cosby's a totally harsh guy.

SAM  
See? There you go.

JESSICA  
Okay, I get it, you never talk  
about 'em, no reason to start now.

LUIS  
Must be some serious skeletons in  
that family closet.

SAM  
(beat)  
Throw your darts.

JESSICA  
It's just... you work so hard, I  
mean, even getting you out  
tonight... and now you're gonna  
spend Thanksgiving, alone, wading  
through bench memos? It makes me  
kinda sad.

Sam moves close to her. Puts his arms on her shoulders.  
Sincere and sweet.

SAM

Don't be. Jess, I'm happy. The happiest I've been since... well, forever. Trust me on this.

Sam's turn at the dart board again. He begins to throw. Jessica takes a beat, and then--

JESSICA

Well. There is another option, of course.

SAM

What's that?

JESSICA

You could... come home. With me.

Sam turns to Jessica, surprised and pleased. Meanwhile, Sam just threw yet another triple bulls-eye.

LUIS

Dude! You're like Rain Man!

SAM

(moving back to Jessica)  
Really? You sure I'm ready for family consumption?

JESSICA

You'll have to watch the spontaneous drooling... but yeah, I think so. What do you think?

SAM

Can we have that awkward "where do I sleep" moment with your Dad?

JESSICA

Definitely.

SAM

Then I'm in.

Sam and Jessica smile at each other. A deeply romantic moment, all in the eyes, all without kissing. Until--

LUIS (O.S.)

CRAP!

Sam and Jessica start laughing.

INT. SAM'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - LATE NIGHT

We PAN OFF Sam's bedside table (an OLD FRAMED PHOTO-- Mary Harrison, cradling infant Sam) to find...

Sam, sleeping. Jessica, peaceful and dreaming, beside him. Then-- a soft SHATTER, tinkling like a bell. Sam jolts awake. He clearly sleeps with one eye open. Silent, he slides out of bed.

INT. SAM'S APARTMENT - HALLWAY - LATE NIGHT

Sam emerges from the bedroom, into the hallway. He peers into the BATHROOM.

POV-- INSIDE BATHROOM. Sure enough... the window is broken.

Sam's expression tightens. He pivots to the hall closet. In the back... a battered, VINYL-SHELL SUITCASE. As silent as he can, eyes and ears peeled for any coming threats, Sam opens the case.

INSIDE. Guns. Knives. Multiples of each. Damn.

Sam snatches a BOWIE KNIFE. He doesn't hold it in that Psycho-stabbing, amateur way; no, he grips it tight and low. Like a professional. He prowls into the main room.

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

The room's black. Gloomy. Sam searches. Wary, vigilant. Under furniture. Behind curtains. He finds nothing. Until his razor-sharp eyes discern--

Beneath the SWINGING DOOR, leading to the kitchen. A pale, ghostly light flits across the linoleum. (It may even remind us of the shimmering glow from the teaser).

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

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

When Sam ATTACKS!

And surprisingly, the MAN from the kitchen dodges, just as expertly. Efficiently TWISTING the knife out of Sam's hand. We get a good look at the man. DEAN HARRISON, 26.

DEAN

Easy, tiger. Just looking for a beer.

SAM  
 (beyond shocked)  
Dean...?

DEAN  
 (inappropriately casual)  
 Hey Sammy. How's things? How's  
 law school treating you?

SAM  
 You scared the crap outta me.

DEAN  
 Well. That's because you're out of  
 practice.

SAM  
 What are you doing here?

DEAN  
 What, I can't pop in for a visit?  
 (off Sam's skeptical look)  
 Okay, okay. We gotta talk.

SAM  
 Um. The phone...?

DEAN  
 Would you have picked up?

SAM  
 (beat)  
 Yeah, okay, fair point.

JESSICA  
 Sam...?

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

DEAN  
 I love the Smurfs.

SAM  
 Jess, hey, sorry to wake you. This  
 is... this is Dean.

JESSICA  
 Your brother Dean?

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

Sam rolls his eyes. Dean's regularly like this with women.  
Jessica can't help but blush a little.

JESSICA  
That's what I'm always saying.  
(then)  
Just let me put something on--

DEAN  
No, I wouldn't dream of it.  
Besides, I gotta chat with your  
boyfriend in private.

JESSICA  
Oh. Alright.

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

DEAN  
Um. Okay. Dad hasn't been home in  
a week.

JESSICA  
Oh my God.

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

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

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

EXT. SAM'S APARTMENT - LATE NIGHT

In Sam's lighted, ground floor BEDROOM WINDOW. Jessica peeks  
out from behind curtains. Curious and concerned. But then  
she recedes back-- she doesn't want to pry...

Sam and Dean walk to Dean's curb-parked car. A 1965 CHEVY  
IMPALA. Black, dented, a Rottweiler of a muscle car.

Kansas plates. Dean pops the trunk, and we catch a glimpse inside-- like Sam's suitcase, only much more so. Shotguns. Crucifixes. Chainsaws. God knows what else.

Dean roots around, before coming up with a faded LEATHER JOURNAL. Sam's both surprised and displeased to see it.

SAM

He left the book behind?

Dean nods, grim. We can tell-- this is a bad sign.

SAM

So tell me everything.

EXT. STANFORD UNIVERSITY - MAIN QUAD - NIGHT

CLOSE ON THE JOURNAL. The book is jammed with dense writing, yellowed obituaries. We see the FINAL entry-- a taped newspaper article, from the SANGER HERALD:

**CENTENNIAL HIGHWAY: 4th DRIVER DISAPPEARANCE**

DEAN

...it's this stretch of two-lane blacktop, just outside Sanger, California... few hours from here, actually. Anyway, these drivers. They just vanish. No bodies, no cars, nothing. It's like Interstate Bermuda Triangle.

Sam reads from the journal. As the two brothers walk through Stanford's main quad. Dark. Empty. Atmospheric stone arches, ornate libraries.

DEAN

Dad went to check it out last Monday, haven't heard from him since.

SAM

Why didn't you go with him?

DEAN

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

SAM

Dad let you go on a hunting trip by yourself?

DEAN

I am 26, dude.

SAM  
 Not emotionally.  
 (anyway--)  
 It's only been a week. Maybe he's  
 on radio silence.

DEAN  
 You know him. Not for this long.

SAM  
 So. What's your plan?

DEAN  
 (taken aback)  
Our plan is that we shag ass to  
 Sanger, California and find Dad.

Sam's emotions bubble and roil beneath the surface. But for now, he keeps them to himself.

SAM  
 Look, whatever's going on here, Dad  
 can handle it. He eats this kind  
 of thing with his Wheaties.

DEAN  
 Um. What don't you understand? We  
 have to find him. You have to help.

SAM  
 ...why do you need my help?

DEAN  
 He's your father. You're his son.  
 What more do you need? We're  
 supposed to be family here--

SAM  
 News to me--

DEAN  
No way you're bringing that up now.

SAM  
 He tossed me out on my ass. And  
 you practically locked the door  
 behind me--

DEAN  
 I seem to remember a few choice  
 phrases coming out of your mouth  
 that night--

SAM

--and I haven't heard word one from you guys in, what, a year? That sound like family to you?

Dean lays his cards out.

DEAN

You know. You're even more of a selfish, stuck-up, hair-gelled punk than I remember.

SAM

Oh. Am I?

DEAN

Yeah. I mean, I know things have been rocky lately, but still... he's Dad. And after everything he's done for you...

SAM

Everything he's done for me?!

DEAN

Yes--

SAM

All he's done for me, us, is set the land speed record for f'd up childhoods!

DEAN

Don't be overdramatic--

SAM

Dean. When I told him I was scared of the thing in my closet, he gave me a .45!

DEAN

Well, what was he supposed to do?

SAM

He was supposed to say-- ghost stories are just stories! He was supposed to say-- don't be afraid of the dark!

DEAN

But... you should be. You know what's out there in the dark. You should be friggin' terrified.

SAM  
I know. But still...

DEAN  
Sammy, should I be prepping for a point here anytime soon?

SAM  
The point is... I never asked for it. The occult homework. And melting the silver into bullets. And the family roadtrips-- hunting down all those freaky-ass things. I never wanted any of it...

DEAN  
You can't pick your family.

SAM  
No, but I can live my own life. And all our gory dysfunction-- I buried it, man, I swore I was done with it. For good.

DEAN  
You know as well as I do. Nothing stays buried.

Beat. Sam wills himself to believe--

SAM  
Look. Dad'll be okay. He'll be home in a few days. You'll see.

DEAN  
He's in real trouble, if he's not dead already. I can feel it, and I know you can too.  
(then)  
So the only question is: you coming with me or not?

OFF Sam, torn and conflicted--

INT. SAM'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Jessica sits on the bed. Waiting for Sam. When he enters. And begins to throw clothes into a backpack.

JESSICA  
Everything alright?

SAM

Yeah. So, Jess, listen. Stay here as long as you want, okay? Fridge should be reasonably stocked.

JESSICA

You're leaving?

SAM

Just for a few days.

JESSICA

A few days? Is this about your Dad? Is he alright?

From the hall closet, Sam snags a second bag. The VINYL-SHELL, WEAPON-PACKED SUITCASE.

SAM

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

JESSICA

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

SAM

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

JESSICA

Now? It's three in the morning. Sam, you sure you're okay?

Lugging both bags, Sam gives a bewildered Jessica a kiss.

SAM

I'm okay, everybody's okay, don't worry. I'll call you later. Promise.

JESSICA

(calling after him)  
At least tell me where you're going...?

EXT. FARM HOUSE - LATE NIGHT

An isolated farm house. A solitary beacon of light in a sea of darkness.

SUPER: "SANGER, CALIFORNIA."

Someone is having an illicit, parents-out-of-town, Halloween kegger. Various cars parked at every angle, various costumed HIGH SCHOOL KIDS loitering outside.

TROY SQUIRE, 18, shy, bespectacled, dressed as Harry Potter. He waves goodbye to his friends, climbs into his hand-me-down Toyota. Rumbles off into the night.

EXT. CENTENNIAL HIGHWAY - NIGHT

The Toyota WHIZZES past a road sign. CENTENNIAL HIGHWAY.

INT. TOYOTA - MOVING

Troy drives home. It's pitch black; he can't see further than his hi-beams. Suddenly, his RADIO MUSIC decomposes into STATIC. He glances at it-- weird-- begins to fiddle with the dial, when--

Appearing in the perimeter of his headlights-- a figure, by the roadside. A GIRL, 18 or 19.

EXT. CENTENNIAL HIGHWAY - NIGHT

The girl's thin, white cotton dress FLUTTERS in the gusting breeze. She waits beside a MILE MARKER POST-- MILE 33.

Troy stops. Opens the passenger door. We TRAIL the girl as she approaches.

TROY  
Car trouble or something?

INT. TOYOTA - NIGHT

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

CONSTANCE  
Take me home?

TROY  
Where do you live?

CONSTANCE  
4636 Breckenridge.

Troy accelerates. Surreptitiously, he wipes the Harry Potter "lightning" birthmark from his forehead; he doesn't want to look like a geek. Then, trying to make conversation--

TROY  
It's cold. You must be freezing.

She doesn't respond. Only gazes out her window. Sweetly pathetic, Troy probes further--

TROY  
So breakdown, huh? Scary. I bet your, uh, boyfriend's worried...

Still no response. It's disquieting.

EXT. OLD HOUSE - NIGHT - FEW MINUTES LATER

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

INT. TOYOTA - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT

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

THE HOUSE. Abandoned. Rotting. A decayed husk.

Constance gazes at the house. With melancholy--

CONSTANCE  
I can never go home.

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

TROY  
So where do you really live?

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

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

EXT. OLD HOUSE - NIGHT

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

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

TROY  
Come on. I can see you in there.

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

TROY  
You want me to leave you?

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

INT. OLD HOUSE - NIGHT

Troy was mistaken; it wasn't her dress. It's a tattered, billowing CURTAIN. Constance isn't inside this house. Nobody is... nothing here but jagged, dim shadows.

TROY  
...hello...?

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

CUT TO:

EXT. OLD HOUSE - NIGHT

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

INT. TOYOTA - MOVING - NIGHT

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

CONSTANCE. Sitting, mute, in the darkness of the back seat. He doesn't notice her.

ANGLE ON THE REARVIEW MIRROR

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

BLACKOUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

EXT. I-5 FREEWAY - DAWN

BLUR of RUSHING ASPHALT, as we ROCKET down the Interstate.

CUE MUSIC. And you can take your anemic alternative pop and shove it up your ass. We're playing Dean's music-- adrenaline pumping METAL-- and we're playing it loud.

The Impala. Pouncing down the I-5 like a panther. The engine THUNDERS. The exhaust belches oily, black smoke. Defiantly un-P.C.

INT. IMPALA - MOVING - I-5 FREEWAY - DAWN

Open window. Wind. Loud music. Dean grins. Enjoying the simple, visceral pleasures of movement. Sam rides shotgun. Filing through a messy cardboard box of CASSETTE TAPES. He glances up, noticing--

ON THE DASH. Several rows of sturdy SWITCHES. (Nothing too fancy; they look like Dean installed them.)

SAM

See you made a few modifications.

Dean turns down the BLASTING music.

DEAN

What?

SAM

I see you made a few modifications.

DEAN

Yeah. Couple tricks. Couple treats.

SAM

(returning to the box)  
I swear, man. You gotta update your cassette tape collection.

DEAN

What's wrong with 'em?

SAM

Well, for one, they're cassette tapes. And two--  
(reading labels)  
Black Sabbath. Motorhead.  
Metallica. It's the Greatest Hits of Mullet Rock.

DEAN

Maybe I should put on some "Spin Doctors."

SAM

(beat)

I was eleven. You're never gonna let me live that down, are you?

DEAN

Hey, you bought the album, Little Miss Can't Be Wrong.

SAM

Well, how 'bout the radio? Maybe there's something from this century.

DEAN

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

SAM

You know. "Sammy" is a chubby 12 year old. I'm Sam, okay?

DEAN

(turns music WAY UP)

What? Music's too loud.

EXT. I-5 FREEWAY - DAWN

The muscle car accelerates, ROARING off into the rising sun.

EXT. SANGER, CALIFORNIA - MORNING

A SIGN: "Welcome to Sanger, California, U.S.A. America's Christmas Tree City." But below, taped to the SIGNPOST--MISSING POSTERS. Four different faces stare out from oblivion. Haunting.

The Impala motors down Main Street. Past red-brick storefronts (many of them closed, or boarded up). A white church. And everywhere-- MISSING POSTERS. There's a vaguely ominous, almost otherworldly feeling here. A pall has fallen over this small town like a shroud.

INT. IMPALA - MOVING - SANGER, CALIFORNIA - MORNING

SAM

(on his cell)

...okay, thank you.

(clicks it shut)

(MORE)

SAM (CONT'D)

So that's it. Sanger Hospital, the morgue, every listed hotel and motel. About every bar, too--

Dean shoots Sam a harsh look at that last one.

SAM

No one even close to fitting Dad's description. So what do you think?

The car slows at the only stoplight. The boys see-- a WOMAN, LITTLE GIRL in hand. Taping up a fresh batch of missing posters, emblazoned with her husband's photo. The LITTLE GIRL stares at Sam and Dean. It's unsettling.

DEAN

I think if we wanna find Dad, we gotta find out what the hell's happening around here.

EXT. COUNTY SHERIFF'S DEPARTMENT - DAY

A small, modest brick structure. Currently, the lot is OVERWHELMED with news trucks, REPORTERS, FBI Sedans, etc. The Impala parks beside the circus.

INT. IMPALA - SHERIFF'S DEPARTMENT - DAY

As Dean shuffles through a THICK STACK of I.D. cards--

SAM

No. Forget it. We can't.

DEAN

Why not?

SAM

Well, mostly because impersonating a Federal agent is illegal.

DEAN

And...?

SAM

Hello? Trying to be a lawyer here.

DEAN

Would you chill? You've gotten very type-A, this past year...

Dean picks the correct I.D. card. Grins.

DEAN

Here it is.

INT. COUNTY SHERIFF'S DEPARTMENT - BULLPEN - DAY

CLOSE ON THE I.D. Now in a slim leather wallet. As a forgery, it's flawless. Dean's photo, beneath the SILVER STAR SEAL of the United States Marshals Service.

DEPUTY JAFFE, 40, mostly harmless, holds it. He looks over these two young men in their street clothes. Sam hangs back, tense and tight-lipped.

DEPUTY JAFFE  
...aren't you two a little young  
for Federal Marshals?

DEAN  
Deputy Marshals, actually, and  
thanks, that's kind of you to say.

Meanwhile, the inside of the department is just as chaotic as the outside. Crowded with tired, overworked staff.

INSIDE A GLASS OFFICE. SHERIFF PIERCE, 50's, severe and strict-looking, converses with two dark-suited FBI AGENTS.

DEPUTY JAFFE  
Well, take a number, boys. FBI's  
already muscling for rank. You can  
talk to Sheriff Pierce when he's  
done with 'em, but it'll be a few  
hours at least.

DEAN  
Few hours? Look, our boss wants a  
status report, and he wants it  
yesterday. How 'bout you just give  
us a lay of the land?

DEPUTY JAFFE  
And what makes you think I got the  
time?

DEAN  
(irritated)  
Listen, Barney--

When Sam intervenes. Surprisingly collected--

SAM  
Hey. We're all Deputies here, and  
we're all under the gun. So can  
you help us out? Please, just a  
few minutes? Then I promise, we'll  
blow right outta here.

OFF Deputy Jaffe. Considering--

INT. SHERIFF'S DEPARTMENT - EVIDENCE ROOM - DAY

Sam and Dean follow Deputy Jaffe into the room. Dean is reading from a clipboard.

DEPUTY JAFFE

...so here's all the evidence we collected off Centennial Highway. And by that, I mean a whole lotta nothin'.

The EVIDENCE TABLE is covered in typical roadside debris-- soda cans, crumpled fast food wrappers. Sam looks it over.

DEAN

Any eyewitnesses?

DEPUTY JAFFE

Not at the time of disappearance. It's always the same. Victims are last seen turning onto Centennial, or heading towards it. But somewhere along that road... poof, they're gone. And I mean gone, not even tire treads, it's... weird.

Sam spots something amid the junk. He lifts it with a pen. An OLD SILVER NECKLACE, with a tarnished (and MEMORABLE) ROSE PENDANT. Discarded long ago. Still, it seems out of place.

DEAN

So what's the popular theory?

DEPUTY JAFFE

That it's some kinda stolen car ring. We've been shaking down chop shops.

DEAN

(reading the clipboard)  
Yeah, I see that. Ford Taurus, Mercury Topaz, Honda Civic. These are hot rides.

SAM

All four victims were male?

DEPUTY JAFFE

Five victims, and yes.

Sam and Dean both stop. Look up.

SAM  
There's been another?

DEPUTY JAFFE  
Just last night.

DEAN  
(with some worry)  
Middle-aged man?

DEPUTY JAFFE  
(with a tinge)  
High school kid. Name's Troy  
Squire. He was coming home from a  
Halloween party.

SAM  
You know him.

DEPUTY JAFFE  
Everybody knows everybody here.  
Dog dying's a city-wide tragedy.  
So... five people missing...

Sam looks at the Deputy with sympathy.

INT. SHERIFF'S DEPARTMENT - BULLPEN - DAY

Sam and Dean head for the front entrance. When they pass  
Sheriff Pierce and the two FBI Agents.

SHERIFF PIERCE  
(brusque; suspicious)  
Can I help you with something?

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

As the boys walk on--

SAM  
So... no eyewitnesses...

DEAN  
No. But, we put our ears to the  
ground, we'll probably pick up some  
whisper or rumor about this thing.  
And you know the best place for  
that--

EXT. SANGER HIGH SCHOOL - DAY - ESTABLISHING

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

INT. SANGER HIGH SCHOOL - LIBRARY - DAY

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.

EXT. SANGER HIGH SCHOOL - PARKING LOT - AFTERNOON

Dean stands before AMY and BILL, both 17. They lean against  
Bill's car, smoking. Few FRIENDS loiter around, too.

DEAN

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

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

AMY

We're so sorry.

DEAN

Yeah. Thanks.

SAM

So... we're kinda asking around, as  
a favor to Troy's Mom. Was he  
acting... weird to you at all?

AMY

What do you mean?

SAM

I mean... at the party, before he  
left? Did he say anything strange?  
Maybe he was nervous... scared  
about something?

BILL

(irritated)

What, you think he was driving  
high?

DEAN  
 (stepping in)  
 No, we think the cops got their heads up their ass. I mean, a carjacking? Gimme a break. But something happened out there. So if you guys know anything at all...

Amy and RACHEL, 17, exchange looks. Dean catches this--

DEAN  
 What?

BILL  
 (also spots their looks)  
 Guys. Please. It's just a story.

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

RACHEL  
 ...there was this girl, she got murdered, hitchhiking on Centennial. Supposedly, she's still out there, still hitchhiking. And whoever picks her up... well, they just... disappear...

Teasing, ghostly OOHS from Bill.

RACHEL  
 Hey, my Aunt saw her once, okay?

BILL  
 Then why didn't she disappear...?

The students CHATTER-- some teasing, others defending the story. As Sam and Dean exchange silent looks.

EXT. SANGER HIGH SCHOOL - PARKING LOT - A MINUTE LATER

Heading back to the Impala--

SAM  
 I don't know. Hitchhiking girl, pretty classic urban legend. Gotta be a hundred different versions of that same story.

DEAN

(shrugs)

Stories have to spring from somewhere... sometimes they spring from the truth. God, remember that whole Bloody Mary, mirror thing? That was supposed to be an urban legend, too...

SAM

Yeah. I guess you're right.

DEAN

We'll at least scope out the girls' story, see what shakes loose.

(they reach the car)

Hey. So those girls-- how old do you think they were?

SAM

Not old enough.

DEAN

Yeah. You're right.

Sam climbs into the car--

SAM

Get in the car, Dean.

DEAN

Yeah.

Dean climbs in after.

EXT. SANGER PUBLIC LIBRARY - AFTERNOON - ESTABLISHING

The wind rattles the dead leaves.

INT. SANGER PUBLIC LIBRARY - AFTERNOON

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 stands behind him. Dean tries again. This time: "Murder. Hitchhiking." No Articles Found.

SAM

Let me try.

DEAN

I got it.

Dean tries again. "Death. Hitchhiking." No Articles Found.

SAM

Really. It's like watching a monkey type--

Annoyed, Dean slides back, offering the chair.

DEAN

Fine. Be my guest, control freak.

Sam takes his place. Thinking. Beat. Then... Sam highlights the word "Death," changes it to "Missing." (So it now reads: "Missing. Hitchhiking.")

And an ARTICLE APPEARS. **SEARCH CONTINUES FOR MISSING GIRL.**

Sam smirks, gloating, at an unamused Dean.

DEAN

So you're a net jockey. Congrats.

SAM

"...Constance Weld, last seen by passing motorists, hitchhiking on Centennial Highway, at mile marker 33.." This was about 10 years ago.

ON THE SCREEN-- A PHOTO. CONSTANCE. We recognize her-- it's the girl in Troy Squire's car. Beside her, a smiling, heavy set WOMAN. We see a fragment of caption: "...seen here with mother Marjorie Brunson..."

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

And a SERIES of ARTICLES come up. Sam clicks through them, rapidly, one after another. The headlines tell the story--

**MOTHER PLEADS FOR DAUGHTER'S SAFE RETURN.**

**CANDLELIGHT VIGIL HELD.**

**SEARCH ENTERS 6th MONTH.**

Until, finally-- **MULTIPLE REMAINS FOUND.**

Sam holds on this one. A photo accompanies the article-- a wretched looking MAN. JOSEPH BURROUGHS. Reading--

SAM

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

When something occurs to Sam. Dean notices his expression--

DEAN  
What is it?

Then... Sam clicks back a few articles. To the CANDLELIGHT VIGIL story. There's a school portrait of Constance here. She's wearing the ROSE PENDANT NECKLACE.

SAM  
I knew I saw that necklace before.  
It was at the police station...

DEAN  
(leans in)  
Where'd it say she was hitchhiking  
again?

EXT. CENTENNIAL HIGHWAY - NIGHT

MILE MARKER 33. The post quivers in the stiff wind.

The two-lane cuts between an ocean of DARK, ENDLESS CORN FIELDS. The road is abandoned-- except for the Impala. Parked on the shoulder, across from the mile marker.

INT. IMPALA - CENTENNIAL HIGHWAY - NIGHT

Sam and Dean sit. Radio playing softly. Their version of a stake-out.

SAM  
...so what do we do if Casper shows  
up? We can't exactly shoot it in  
the face.

DEAN  
We don't do anything. We hang  
back, watch and learn. You know  
the drill. First, we figure out  
what we're dealing with--

SAM  
--then we figure out how to kill  
it, I know.  
(then)  
You know, sometimes you sound so  
much like Dad, it's creepy.

DEAN  
I take that as a compliment.

Long beat. Sam's got something on his mind--

SAM  
So. Um. How's he been, anyway?

DEAN  
Okay. You know. He's Dad.

SAM  
Is he... still pissed?

DEAN  
You know. He's Dad. He's a stubborn bastard and you--

SAM  
What?

DEAN  
...you hurt him pretty bad...

Sam, defensive, frustrated, feels the sting of old wounds.

SAM  
I hurt...? He threw me out--

DEAN  
I don't wanna talk about it--

SAM  
All I did, was tell him I was going to law school--

DEAN  
That's not all you did--

SAM  
Know what normal Dads are when they hear that? Proud. But him?  
(affecting a stern voice)  
"You wasted enough time at college already, boy. Time to come home and join the business."

DEAN  
You told him you hated him...

SAM  
After he called me a coward. Dean. He said if I was gonna go, I should stay gone. And I hurt him?

DEAN

You know what you said! You said his whole life, the whole reason he did what he did, was pointless--

Sam grows quiet at Dean's flash of anger...

DEAN

You remember that? That no matter how many things we hunted, we'd never find the thing that killed Mom! No matter how many people we saved, Mom was dead and we were never gonna bring her back!

SAM

...I remember...

DEAN

(quiets now, too)  
That's what did it, you know. He was so angry... we both were. Mostly, cause we knew it was true.

SAM

(with intense regret)  
I'm sorry. I wish I could take it back. You have no idea...  
(then)  
But you gotta understand-- I... just had to get outta there. For once, I wanted to be...

DEAN

Normal? Cause... you're pretty much a freak.

SAM

Not normal. Happy. You know. Just... have friends. I think I wanna marry Jess-- I mean, not now, but one day. Raise kids-- kids who won't be terrified all the time.

Dean takes this in. Sentimental beat. But then, abruptly--

DEAN

What a total load of crap--

SAM

Wow. Thanks.

DEAN

I mean, pretending to be all fuzzy and safe, when you know nobody is, not with what's out there. But you'd rather jam your head in the sand? Be some ulcered-up lawyer?

SAM

It's not that simple...

Meanwhile-- the RADIO. Playing softly throughout. Now decomposes into STATIC. OUTSIDE, the wind picks up. The guys don't notice.

DEAN

Yeah, it is. Can't run forever, Sammy. Sooner or later, you gotta face up to who you are--

SAM

Yeah? And who's that?

DEAN

You're one of us. We may put the fun in dysfunctional, but we're the only family you got. And this stuff is in your blood.

Sam contemplates this. A long beat. Then, mock solemn--

SAM

Thank you, Obi Wan.

DEAN

Bite me. I swear, man--

When Dean suddenly stops. He leans forward, hunching over the wheel. Squinting into the black night.

SAM

...what?

Abruptly, Dean flips the HEADLIGHTS, ILLUMINATING-- A PALE FORM. CONSTANCE. Scuttling between the CORN STALKS. We barely catch a glimpse before she vanishes again.

DEAN

Come on!

Dean LEAPS out of the car. Plunges into the field.

SAM  
 Wait! I thought we were hanging  
 back--  
 (Dean's already gone)  
 Dammit.

And Sam scrambles after his brother.

EXT. CORNFIELD - NIGHT

We INTERCUT between the brothers. As Dean SPRINTS, hard and fast, deep into the cornfield, stalks WHIZZING past. As Sam chases, trying (and failing) to catch up.

EXT. CORNFIELD - WITH DEAN - NIGHT

Until Dean slows. Panting. Catching his breath. He looks up, realizing-- he's alone. Lost in the middle of a mangled, foreboding maze of corn. The stalks obscure everything; he can't see more than a foot or so in front of him.

SAM (O.S.)  
 Dean?!

DEAN  
 Over here!

INTERCUT WITH:

EXT. CORNFIELD - WITH SAM - NIGHT

Sam. Alone. Panting. Also realizing he's totally screwed.

DEAN  
 This wasn't such a hot idea.

SAM  
 You think?

DEAN  
 Well, maybe if you could keep up--

SAM  
 Just keep calling out, okay? I'll  
 come to you.

DEAN (O.S.)  
 Marco!

Sam rolls his eyes. Begins hacking his way through the corn.

EXT. CORNFIELD - WITH DEAN - NIGHT

When... over Dean's shoulder... a white FIGURE BOLTS between the corn. Dean SPINS. Nobody there.

EXT. CORNFIELD - WITH SAM - NIGHT

SAM

Dean...?

No answer. Only the wind WHISTLING through the field.

EXT. CORNFIELD - WITH DEAN - NIGHT

Dean. Vigilant. Eyes everywhere at once. She's close; he can feel it. Where is she? When is she going to lunge out?

EXT. CORNFIELD - WITH SAM - NIGHT

SAM

Dean?!

When, out of the corner of Sam's eye-- Constance DARTS between the stalks! He pivots. Nothing.

EXT. CORNFIELD - WITH DEAN - NIGHT

Dean moves, slow and cautious. Long, languid, suspense-beat. Then he turns... and suddenly spots something O.S. Something horrifying, judging by his expression.

EXT. CORNFIELD - WITH SAM - NIGHT

DEAN (O.S.)

(with great alarm)

Sam! Sam!

Sam takes off like a shot. Scrambling to his brother, with urgency. Stalks scratching his face and arms. Sprinting.

Until he slows... because he spots...

Materializing from the corn stalks... a CAR GRILL. In fact, an ENTIRE TOYOTA, sitting incongruously in the middle of the field. Troy Squire's Toyota.

Sam steps closer. Flinches, as he notices--

ANGLE INSIDE TOYOTA. We're looking out at Sam, through the windshield. There's a FIGURE slumped behind the wheel, out of focus in the foreground. But we can tell the figure is mutilated. Wet with crimson.

SAM. Upset. Disturbed. When a HAND CLUTCHES his shoulder!  
Sam shouts, whirls-- it's Dean. Wearing a grim visage.

DEAN  
They're all here. All the victims.  
(beat)  
But not Dad.

EXT. CORNFIELD - CRANE SHOT - NIGHT

In a wide OVERHEAD SHOT, we see-- Sam and Dean.

And FIVE CARS, sitting in the cornfield. Perfectly arranged,  
like the spokes of a wheel--

BLACKOUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

EXT. ROADSIDE MOTEL - DAWN - ESTABLISHING

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

INT. MOTEL ROOM - DAWN

Sam sits on one of the beds, studying a puzzle of NEWSPAPER CLIPPINGS spread before him. When his CELL PHONE CHIRPS.

On the cell phone display screen-- JESSICA CALLING. ANSWER... or IGNORE.

Sam wants to pick up. But what the hell's he gonna say? He punches IGNORE. Then, Dean enters--

SAM  
You call 911?

DEAN  
Yep.

SAM  
(rolls his eyes)  
You tell 'em your name was Ted Nugent?

DEAN  
You know I did.  
(then)  
What've you got there?

SAM  
Bad news. I've been looking at the dates of the disappearances. First one was a Wednesday. Then the following Tuesday. Then a Sunday. Goes on like this.

DEAN  
I don't follow.

SAM  
It's a pattern. The days between victims. 5 days. Then 4, 3, 2. Next is one. It'll be tonight.

Meanwhile, Dean is scooping up his keys and wallet, pulling on his jacket, etc. Not really listening.

DEAN  
Nice work there, Matlock.

SAM

Um. What are you doing?

DEAN

I'm packing up my toothbrush,  
what's it look like?

SAM

Wait, you wanna take off?

DEAN

Get on the ball, son. Our grumpy  
little hitcher's stowing her  
victims in the cornfield. Dad,  
Dad's pick-up-- not in the  
cornfield. So sing along with me--

SAM

(dry)

He's probably not one of her  
victims, I know.

DEAN

He's probably not even in Sanger.  
Who knows if he ever came, in the  
first place? Anyway, doesn't  
matter, we'll find him.

SAM

(beat)

We're not leaving. Not until we  
deal with Constance.

DEAN

What? Sammy. We don't have time.  
We got more pressing matters here.

SAM

We'll make the time.

DEAN

Where's this coming from? I  
thought you'd wanna ditch.

SAM

I do, believe me. But people are  
getting hurt...

DEAN

You know, last couple of years, a  
lot of people were getting hurt,  
and where the hell were you?

SAM

(simply)

Well. I'm here. Now. And I'm not gonna walk away, and let more people die. So I'm hunting this thing. With or without you.

DEAN

You're a stubborn bastard.

SAM

Runs in the family, I guess.

(then)

Dean... he'd want us to stay. Hell. Think of what he'd do to us if we left.

A long beat. Dean thinks. Then, he SIGHS--

DEAN

Do to us? Man, you know I'd blame everything on you.

(Sam smiles)

So... what are you thinking?

SAM

Well... just to mix things up a bit, I was thinking this time, we should actually have a plan.

DEAN

And what's that, smart ass?

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.

SAM

I'm sorry. Moved in?

MARJORIE

Well, yes. I adopted her.

(disapproving)

(MORE)

MARJORIE (CONT'D)

Young man, I've had reporters around before. Most of 'em get their facts straight.

DEAN

I apologize, ma'am. He's just a cub reporter, pretty green.

(Sam shoots a dirty look)

So Constance was an orphan?

MARJORIE

Not at first. Her parents, good people, they died in a car accident. Constance was 11 at the time, poor thing.

(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. Enigmatic expression.

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

Meanwhile, Dean stands with Marjorie, amidst the room's stacked boxes and 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. Like a secret.

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.

DEAN

Joseph Burroughs, he picked her up?

MARJORIE

Police say he kept her locked up 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

Which cemetery is Constance buried at?

MARJORIE

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

SAM

(reacting to this)  
I thought they found her.

MARJORIE

(pained)  
Some of her.

DEAN

Ms. Brunson. This is important. What, exactly, did they find?

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--

SAM

...if all they found were blood and skull fragments, that means her corpse might still be out there--

DEAN

And if her body's not at rest, then neither is she--

SAM

So that's it. We find the remains.  
Give 'em a proper burial.

DEAN

Actually, I was thinking more "burn  
'em into dust," but yeah, we had a  
good groove going up until then.

SAM

So how do we find them?

DEAN

From the one guy who knows.

SAM

Joseph Burroughs? You want us to  
stroll into prison and have a  
little chat?

DEAN

No. I want you to.  
(Sam stops)  
What? You're the lawyer... geek.

SAM

Dean. It's impossible.

DEAN

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's planted. Then  
call me, I'll be here waiting.

(beat)

You're not scared of a tiny wittle  
serial killer, are you?

SAM

No, I mean, it's impossible. You  
can't walk into a prison without 72  
hour notice and visit anyone, much  
less a serial killer.

DEAN

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

SAM

(stops; looks at Dean)  
...I'll figure something out...

DEAN  
Quid pro quo, Clarice.

SAM  
Shut up.

DEAN  
Come on. You're gonna need wheels.  
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 - DAY

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

SAM  
...Judge Carlton, hi, it's Sam  
Harrison. Yes, sir, I do know I've  
been missing some work. I had kind  
of a family emergency. Sir, I was  
hoping I could ask you for a favor.  
(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. 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 - DAY

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, 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. You are to maintain a safe distance from the inmate at all times. You understand?

INT. VISITING ROOM - AFTERNOON

Sam sits at a mounted steel table. When JOSEPH BURROUGHS, 40, enters the room. 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

I don't get many visitors. You a law student or something...?

SAM

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

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 waits 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--

BURROUGHS  
 Guard--

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

BURROUGHS  
 (stops; a beat)  
 What?

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

BURROUGHS  
 (waving off the guard)  
 Sorry. We're okay.  
 (to Sam)  
 Constance is dead.

SAM  
 Look, normally at this point, I'd bust out my "truth is out there" speech, but we really don't have time. She's dead, yes-- and she's still hitchhiking. Men are picking her up, and she's slashing them.

Burroughs reacts to this-- but for now, he keeps his cards close to his chest.

BURROUGHS

You're insane.

SAM

You're not the first person to say so. I know how this sounds, I do... but if I can give you some proof, will you help me?

BURROUGHS

And how you gonna do that?

SAM

(beat)

Well. For one. I think I know what happened 10 years ago today.

BURROUGHS

(goes white as a sheet)

How...? I never...

SAM

There's fewer and fewer days between her victims. It's a pattern, a countdown. To tonight.

(beat)

This was the night you murdered her, wasn't it?

BURROUGHS

This is a sick joke. Constance isn't killing people. It's impossible.

SAM

Whether you believe me or not... she is. Because of you. Because of what you did to her.

And Burroughs SHATTERS like GLASS--

BURROUGHS

I stopped her. She can't be doing it again. Because I stopped her.

SAM

...what do you mean?

BURROUGHS

What difference does it make? No one ever believes me anyway.

SAM

Tell me what you mean--

BURROUGHS

I loved Constance.

SAM

You kept her locked up--

BURROUGHS

No. She lived with me, that's all. But she liked to hitchhike. Guys would pick her up. She'd take the men to her parents' house, the old one. And she slashed their throats.

SAM

Why would she do that...?

BURROUGHS

When she was little, her parents beat her. Forced her to fast. So she could "atone for her sins." Until she stabbed 'em both. Put 'em in a car, drove it in a ditch, set it on fire. She was 11 at the time.

(then)

So when she grew up, she liked to cut her boyfriends in front of the house. In front of Mommy and Daddy, you know, like "look at your little girl now."

SAM

Why didn't you call the police?

BURROUGHS

...wouldn't matter. Even if they locked her up, she'd just keep killing. No matter what they did to her, she'd find a way to keep killing. No. There was only one way to stop her.

(wretched)

But I did it. I stopped 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 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. From the stockpile of weaponry, Dean finds 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. 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. No corpse, no bones, NOTHING--

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

Sam. Driving back to Sanger.

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

He GASPS, 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 short bursts. Mind racing. Trying to figure out a way to save his own life.

Constance. Behind him. Mute. And there's something 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

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. And we see-- his chest. His shoulders. His neck. Everywhere, SLASHING CLAW MARKS APPEAR (several ripping right through his shirt).

Lightning-- and for a flash, there's Constance, straddling Sam, savagely TEARING at him. Then... the lightning vanishes, and so does she.

Sam's hands. Fumbling for the ignition. Trying to turn the engine. But his hands are WRENCHED away, by invisible forces. CUTS criss-cross his wrists, his arms. Sam struggles, SHOUTS in agony. He's a goner for sure... when--

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

DEAN. Standing outside the car. Pointing a COLT SIX-SHOOTER 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. Unharmful, of course. She grins at him, vicious. But she's let go of Sam. And so--

SAM

...I'm taking you home...

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

EXT. OLD HOUSE - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT

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

INT. OLD HOUSE - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT

The car SNAPS a support beam, second story lumber RAINS down.

INT. SAM'S RENTAL CAR - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT

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

INT. OLD HOUSE - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT

DEAN

Sam! Sam!

Dean scrambles through the newly-created opening, up to the car. It's wedged between a wall and a heavy fallen beam. Inside the car, Sam is weak. Forehead bleeding. But alive.

SAM

I'm okay.

DEAN

(extremely relieved)  
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 car door. No chance.

DEAN

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

Sam GROANS, pained and sore. 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.

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, cautious... 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 turn forward. Spot her--

She DRIFTS towards the brothers, the tips of her yellowed toes lightly scraping the floor planks.

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 fronts 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. Sam?

SAM  
Yeah?

DEAN  
(long solemn beat; then)  
Good luck getting the deposit back  
on that rental.

Dean cracks a smile. Sam smiles back.

EXT. CENTENNIAL HIGHWAY - NIGHT

A SIGN. "You Are Leaving Sanger, California, U.S.A.  
America's Christmas Tree City. Come Again Soon!"

The Impala BLOWS past it.

INT. IMPALA - MOVING - NIGHT

The brothers LAUGH. Enjoying a rare moment of victory.

DEAN  
...so how'd you know that would  
work, anyway?

SAM  
What?

DEAN  
Taking her home.

SAM  
I didn't.

DEAN  
Wow. Thoughtful plan.

SAM  
Well, I can't believe you actually  
shot Casper in the face.

DEAN  
Hey, saved your ass--

EXT. FREEWAY ON-RAMP - NIGHT

The I-5 FREEWAY on-ramp. North. Dean cruises right past.

INT. IMPALA - MOVING - NIGHT

SAM  
Where are you going?

DEAN  
East. Figured we'd check out the  
house next.

SAM  
The house?

DEAN  
Our house, Chachi. Maybe there's  
something I missed. Some bread  
crumb Dad left behind...

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

DEAN

...but you're not going East, are you? You're going back to school.

Sam nods, a little sad and a little guilty.

SAM

...I'm sorry.

DEAN

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

SAM

No, man, I can catch a--

DEAN

I'll take you back, Sam. It's the least I can do.

Dean SWINGS the car around. Pulling a U-turn.

EXT. I-5 FREEWAY - NIGHT - SEVERAL MINUTES LATER

The Impala heads back to Stanford.

INT. IMPALA - I-5 FREEWAY - MOVING - NIGHT

Clearly, Sam's conscience is getting the best of him--

SAM

...look, I'm gonna call the cops, the FBI, first thing. File a Missing Persons.

DEAN

Good. It's a good idea.

SAM

I mean, he could be anywhere. We can't just cruise the whole country, hoping we bump into him. But I'm gonna help, okay? I'm gonna do everything I can.

Dean nods. More silence. Sam can't take it anymore.

SAM

You know. "Passive aggressive" isn't really your gig--

DEAN

What? Did I say anything?

SAM  
That's just the point. If you're  
pissed, then be pissed.

DEAN  
I'm not pissed.

SAM  
Convincing delivery.

DEAN  
Really. I'm serious.

SAM  
Well, you're something.

DEAN  
I'm done. Okay?

SAM  
What's that supposed to mean? Done  
with what?

DEAN  
This. These sparkling little  
arguments of ours. Trying to drag  
you into something you just don't  
want any part of.  
(beat)  
I can't ask you to throw everything  
away and hit the road. To trade in  
your girl and your school for bad  
food and mangy motels--

SAM  
Dean--

DEAN  
So go live your life, Sam. I mean  
it, be happy. I'm not gonna fight  
you. I'm tired, and...

SAM  
And what?

DEAN  
And I just don't care anymore...

SAM  
(after a beat)  
I think I'd rather you were pissed.

DEAN

What do you want me to say?

Sam doesn't answer. The brothers ride in silence.

INT./EXT. IMPALA - STANFORD UNIVERSITY - LATE NIGHT

The Impala motors past libraries. Classrooms. The various signs and landmarks of the august university. Sam watches the familiar scenery pass. Clouded with doubt. Is he doing the right thing?

EXT. SAM'S APARTMENT - LATE NIGHT

The Impala parks before Sam's apartment, engine idling. Sam climbs out. Snags his bags from the back. Then--

SAM

You'll call me if there's any news?

(Dean nods, yes)

...I'll see you soon, okay?

DEAN

Sure. Okay.

Sam heads for the apartment. Dean, behind the wheel, watches him go. They won't see each other anytime soon, and they know it. Both want to say something. But neither do.

At the front door (a security entrance, which leads to the college-apartment lobby). Sam turns. Gives one final, awkward wave. And disappears from sight.

Dean. Thinking. A swirl of emotions. But then... he shifts the car into drive... begins to motor away. He throws one last look back at the apartment... and that's when he sees--

IN SAM'S DARKENED BEDROOM WINDOW. The glass SHIMMERS. RIPPLES, as if it were liquid. Just for a moment. Blink and you miss it.

DEAN

...Sam...

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

Sam enters. Lugging his bags. He flips on a lamp. Walks toward his bedroom. He's too exhausted to realize...

BEHIND HIM. The lamp FLICKERS. On the wall-- his clock, gently ticking, abruptly STOPS. Frozen.

EXT. SAM'S APARTMENT - LATE NIGHT

Dean POUNDS on the lobby entrance, alarmed--

DEAN

SAM!

He THROWS his shoulder into the door, CRACKING it open--

INT. SAM'S APARTMENT - HALLWAY OUTSIDE BEDROOM - LATE NIGHT

Sam's hand. Turning the bedroom doorknob. He swings open the door, just as--

Across the room, Dean FORCES OPEN the front door. It all happens at once. Sam turns to his brother, confused. And Dean's expression washes into FEAR--

DEAN

Sam! Behind you!

Sure enough, in the shadowed bedroom over Sam's shoulder... a MENACING, TWISTED DARK FIGURE waits...

Sam pivots to the figure. Turns back to Dean, confused. Then... Sam flips on the bedroom light, revealing--

It's not a dark figure. It's a HOODED SWEATSHIRT, draped over a CHAIR. Sam looks at his brother-- are you okay?

SAM

Dude. What's the problem?

DEAN

I... I swore I saw...

SAM

What?

Dean approaches, out of sorts. The brothers enter the bedroom. Dean scans-- the room is empty. Quiet. Normal.

DEAN

Nothing. Nothing, I guess...

Sam walks over to the chair. Dry--

SAM

Well. Don't worry. My IKEA chair never hurt anybody.

Sam tugs the sweatshirt off the chair back. But then... Sam frowns... taking a closer look at the chair... and that's when he notices--

ON THE SEAT. Plink. A dime of red crimson appears. Plink. Then another. Another. They're drops. Coming from above.

Dean sees them, too. With dread, the brothers looks up--

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

SAM

JESS! NO!

And before they can even react-- SIZZLING. BLACK LINES, BURNING THEMSELVES into the wall. Spiderwebbing. Some horizontal, some vertical. Once again, a charred warning--

### COMING FOR YOU

The words IGNITE. The room blazes rapidly, a tinderbox.

Anguished, Sam leaps up on the chair. Struggling to pull Jessica down. But he can't reach. And the flames are spreading. Dean yanks Sam away, hard--

DEAN

Sam! We have to go!

Dean practically drags Sam out of the apartment...

EXT. SAM'S APARTMENT - LATER

Firetrucks. Firemen extinguish the blaze. Across the street... pajama-clad APARTMENT OCCUPANTS. Various other BYSTANDERS. And--

Sam and Dean. Leaning against the Impala. Watching the structure burn.

Sam can't return to a simple, happy life, and he knows it. It's time to face up to who he is. To assume his place in the family. No more running.

The brothers. Standing together. Fire illuminating their expressions, reflecting in their eyes--

BLACKOUT.

TO BE CONTINUED...