

SUPERNATURAL

Episode #203

"Bloodlust"

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07/31/06

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Episode #203

"Bloodlust"

CAST LIST

SAM WINCHESTER
DEAN WINCHESTER

JARED PADALECKI
JENSEN ACKLES

ELLEN

SAMANTHA FERRIS

GORDON WALKER

TBD

LENORE

TBD

ELI

TBD

SHERIFF

RALPH ALDERMAN

ORDERLY

DEREK MCIVER

CHRISTINA FLANAGAN (NS)

JANENE CARLETON

CONRAD (NS)

MICHAEL ROSELLI

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SUPERNATURAL
"Bloodlust"

TEASER

FADE IN...

SUPER TITLE: RED LODGE, MONTANA

1 EXT. WOOSY FARMLAND - NIGHT (DAY 1) 1

Shadowy trees outlined by moonlight. SOUNDS of a WOMAN RUNNING -- SNAPPING TWIGS and PANICKED BREATHING.

A BLUR OF WHITE: CHRISTINA FLANAGAN running for her life. She's 20s, ethereal, wearing the TORN WHITE NIGHTGOWN favored by beautiful, doomed girls in horror flicks.

Christina RUNS. She can HEAR her PURSUER behind her: QUICK, HEAVY FOOTFALLS. Christina gasps in air, stumbling, BRAMBLES drawing blood on her legs. The Pursuer is GAINING ON HER...

Christina veers a sharp left. Her EYES dart as she searches desperately for a hiding place...

... and SPOTS a TREE wide enough to hide behind. Christina hurls herself around the trunk. Tucks in tight, back pressed against the bark. *

CLOSE ON CHRISTINA. Face sweaty, smudged with dirt. Eyes wide with terror. Trembling as she HOLDS HER BREATH, tries to keep utterly still... hearing those FOOTSTEPS coming right for her... Don't move... Don't make a sound...

WHOOSH! The Pursuer RUNS PAST the tree... whatever it is, it's tall, fast, wrapped in a long coat or cloak. And -- just a GLINT of something LONG AND SHARP in its hand. The Pursuer keeps going. Disappearing into the shadows. Gone.

ON CHRISTINA: Whew. She exhales a long, shaky breath. Knowing she was that close to dying. She straightens up... takes a cautious step out from behind the tree --

-- and a HAND GRABS her arm. WHIPPING her around. Christina SCREAMS as a LONG WICKED KNIFE slices through the air, STRAIGHT AT CAMERA... and CLEAN THROUGH HER NECK, beheading her with a SICKENING SOUND...

BLACKOUT.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

lanaly Crone.

2 EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY (DAY 2) 2

A lonely, empty stretch of two lane asphalt. We're at the top of a slight incline. Chirping birds. Idyllic silence.

When we hear something. A distant RUMBLE. Is that thunder? It grows LOUDER, and we realize-- it's an ENGINE.

And just then-- the IMPALA CRESTS the hill. Rebuilt-- better, stronger, faster. As an ASS-KICKING CLASSIC ROCK TUNE FIRES UP, we--

CUT TO:

3 ENERGETIC DRIVING MONTAGE 3

We see tight angles-- a spinning wheel. The emblem on the grill. We see the Impala RUSHING past camera, POUNCING down the highway like a panther. It's a friggin' car commercial, as we celebrate the Impala's triumphant return.

4 INT. IMPALA - MOVING - DAY *Process trailer / insert CAT 4*

Dean drives. Reunited and it feels so nice. To Sam--

DEAN

Would you listen to that purr? You ever hear anything so sweet?

SAM

You know, if you two wanna get a room, just let me know.

Dean pets the steering wheel with affection.

DEAN

Don't listen to him, baby. He doesn't understand us.

Beat. *

SAM

You're in a good mood. *

Dean responds, a little too quick, a little too brusque. *

DEAN

Why shouldn't I be? *

There's a million fucking reasons. But Sam doesn't push it. He only shrugs. *

(CONTINUED)

4

SAM
No reason.

*
*

DEAN
Got my car. Got a case. Things
are looking up.

*
*
*

SAM
Boy. Give you a couple of severed
heads and a pile of dead cows, and
you're Mr. Sunshine.

*

Dean smiles at Sam.

DEAN
How far to Red Lodge?

SAM
Another three hundred miles.

DEAN
Good.

Dean GUNS the gas, enjoying the hell out of driving.

5

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

5

The Impala SPEEDS UP, ROCKETING away from camera.

6

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - DAY

6

THE SHERIFF, with his public-relations game face on, sits
behind his desk addressing reporters off-camera.

SHERIFF
The murder investigation's ongoing,
so that's all I can share with the
press at this time.

REVEAL the reporters: SAM and DEAN. Sam takes notes. Dean
sits on the edge of his seat, listening.

SAM
Sure we understand... but just for
the record. You found the first,
ah, head last week?
(off Sheriff's nod)
And the other...
(checking his notes)
Christina Flanagan...

*

SHERIFF

Two days ago. Sorry, boys, that's
it, we're done...

The Sheriff starts to rise. Sam and Dean share a quick look.

SAM

One last question --

DEAN

What about the cattle?

The Sheriff sits back down. Fixes Dean with a blank look.

SHERIFF

Excuse me?

DEAN

You know -- cows found dead, sliced
open and drained? Over a dozen
cases?

SHERIFF

What about them?

SAM

So you don't think there's a
connection.

SHERIFF

Connection with...?

SAM

First cattle mutilations, now two
murders. Kinda sounds like ritual
stuff.

DEAN

Like, Satanic cult ritual stuff.

The Sheriff fixes them with a DEADPAN GLARE. Long beat...
another... then he breaks into HEARTY LAUGHTER. Points, like
"you guys."

SHERIFF

That was good. You boys had me
going, you--

Sam and Dean aren't laughing. The Sheriff's laughter dies.

SHERIFF

You're not kidding.

DEAN

Um... no.

SHERIFF

Those cattle aren't being mutilated. Know how I know?

SAM

How?

SHERIFF

Because there's no such thing as cattle mutilation. Any rancher'll tell you: cow drops, you leave it in the sun -- within forty-eight hours, bloat splits it open so clean it looks just about surgical. Blowflies swarm the soft tissue, eat that away. And all the body fluids pull down and soak into the ground 'cause that's the way gravity works.

(then)

But, hey, on the other hand, you could be right, it could be Satan.

(beat)

What newspaper did you say you worked for?

DEAN

(deadpan)

Weekly World News, sir.

SHERIFF

(disgusted)

Get out of my office.

7 INT. HOSPITAL - HALLWAY - DAY

7

Sam and Dean emerge from a door marked PERSONNEL ONLY. They're wearing BUTTON DOWNS, TIES. They head down the hall.

The brothers pass huge waste bins, piles of dirty linens.

DEAN

(jazzed)

Gravity my ass. So what do you think, black magic?

SAM

That, or a bunch of sweaty geeks in robes, chanting "hail, Satan."

*

(CONTINUED)

7

DEAN

Either way... cops aren't checking
it out, so looks like it's our
kinda party, baby.

*
*

Dean delivers this line like a kid in a candy store. He
walks with a spring in his step, practically skipping.
Almost too excited. We CLOCK Sam noticing this.

DEAN

What?

SAM

Nothing. You know, if it was some
kind of Satanic thing... maybe the
victims aren't random. Maybe
there's a connection between
them...

*

DEAN

That chick --

SAM

Christina Flanagan.

DEAN

She worked in town, right?
Waitress at the diner? And the
other head?

*
*

SAM

Russell Naylor, forty, convenience
store clerk. According to the
cops, they didn't know each other.

*

Just then... an ORDERLY passes, pushing a large BIN of
LAUNDRY. The guys stop, turn their heads, as if conferring
quietly. The Orderly keeps going... though a door marked
"LAUNDRY." The guys stop. Look at the door. Look at each
other. They have an idea...

*
*
*
*
*

8

INT. HOSPITAL - MORGUE - MOMENTS LATER

8

Stainless steel autopsy tables, trays of instruments, cold
fluorescent light. A wall lined with REFRIGERATED DRAWERS
tagged with names of the bodies within. There's a MORGUE
ATTENDANT. Sam and Dean enter, wearing WHITE LAB COATS.
Looking very Doctorly. Dean quickly CLOCKS--

*
*

CLOSE ON: the orderly's NAME TAG. J. MANNERS.

(CONTINUED)

DEAN

John--

ORDERLY

Jeff.

DEAN

(brushing it off)

Yeah, I know. Jeff. Dr. Dworkin needs to see you in his office, right away.

ORDERLY

But... Dr. Dworkin's on vacation--

DEAN

Well, he's back, and he's pissed, and he's screaming for you, man. If I were you...

ORDERLY

Okay, okay.

The Orderly hurries out the door. Dean tosses Sam SURGICAL GLOVES, then snaps on a pair. They beeline for the drawers.

DEAN

(searching the nametags)

So those Satanists back in Florida-- they marked the victims, didn't they?

Sam nods, scanning the drawers on the other end of the wall.

SAM

Reverse pentacle on the forehead.

DEAN

Dude. So much f'd up crap happens in Florida.

SAM

(finds the drawer)

Here.

Sam opens the drawer marked FLANAGAN, CHRISTINA. Inside is a female body and a single, head-sized BOX. He carries the box to a table. Sam and Dean stand over the box.

DEAN

Open it.

SAM
You open it.

DEAN
You wuss.

Dean reaches for box. Sam steels himself. Dean lifts the lid. The brothers peer inside at Christina's SEVERED HEAD.

SAM
God. The poor girl.

DEAN
No pentagram.

The two brothers stare at the head.

DEAN
I guess we should... you know, look in her mouth. See if these wackos stuffed anything down her throat.
(off Sam's look)
You know, like that moth in *Silence of the Lambs*.

SAM
Go ahead.

DEAN
You go ahead... go on, put the lotion in the basket.

Dean slaps Sam on the back. Steps back.

SAM
Oh, I'm the wuss.

Sam takes a deep breath -- and opens the girl's mouth. Sam then sticks his fingers into her mouth and feels around.

SAM
Get me a bucket.

DEAN
You find something?

SAM
No, I'm gonna puke.

Dean rolls his eyes. Sam continues to probe, then pulls his hand out. As he does, he lifts up the girl's upper lip. Now Dean steps closer. He sees something.

DEAN

Wait a second. Lift her lip again.

SAM

You want me to throw up. Is that it?

DEAN

No, I saw something.

CLOSE ON CHRISTINA'S MOUTH as Sam's gloved hands gently open it. Sam lifts the top lip up and away, revealing a row of white teeth. And then lifts higher, exposing the GUMLINE... and a SMALL HOLE, along her gums.

DEAN

What is that... a hole?

Sam gives Dean a look-- that is weird. Then he keeps pushing at the GUM. Pushing it further back, getting a better look at this narrow hole. Until... a WHITE FANG is revealed. The same way cat fangs can retract into the gums.

Sam and Dean lock eyes, shocked.

SAM

A tooth?

DEAN

A fang. A retracted set of vampire fangs. You gotta be kidding me.

SAM

Well, this changes things...

DEAN

(dry)
You think?

INT. MOTEL - DAY

Sam sits on the bed, POWERBOOK in his lap. Dean is excited, wired for action.

SAM

So, someone's already here, killing vampires. Wonder who it is.

Dean is looking over a LARGE ARRAY of BRUTAL, JAGGED KNIVES. Testing them. Examining them. Like choosing a fine wine. Maybe a bit too happy, eager--

DEAN
Doesn't really matter. We still
gotta smoke the nest, whether we
find our mystery guest or not.

SAM
I suppose.

DEAN
Any luck with an address for
Christina Flanagan?

Sam refers to the PowerBook.

SAM
Just a P.O. Box. And guess what--
Same with the first victim.

DEAN
"Victim." That's funny.

SAM
And they both got hired the same
week, six months ago. Isn't that a
little odd, vampires taking jobs
around regular people?

Dean shrugs, considering.

SAM
And six months... seem long to you?
The last vampires we tangled with
were migratory, weren't they?

DEAN
Maybe. But if you think about it --
a little planning, and they
wouldn't have to move around. Get
a job, blend in, nobody suspects
the cute little waitress, right?
Meanwhile, they grab enough people,
keep them in the nest, bleed 'em
slow... it's an all-you-can-eat
buffet.

Sam nods, getting it. But consulting the laptop--

SAM
Yeah, okay. But... the missing
persons stats around here are
average. Hell, below average.

DEAN
(psyched for game play)
So maybe they're bringing in take-
out from someplace else. Whatever.
All I know is that I get to kill
some vampires!

*

Sam gives Dean a look. Dean notices--

DEAN
What?

SAM
Don't get me wrong, I'm happy
you're happy. But don't you
think... after everything that
happened with Dad, you're acting
just a little too... caffeinated?

*
*
*
*
*
*

Dean's face FLASHES ANGER. A CRACK in the facade. Then he
covers it up, just as quickly.

*
*

DEAN
I'm enjoying my work, Sammy. You
should try it sometime.

*
*
*

10 EXT. RED LODGE BAR - NIGHT 10

TO ESTABLISH. A lively, blue-collar bar. The IMPALA pulls
into the parking lot BEHIND THE BAR, parks in a row of
weathered pickups.

11 INT. RED LODGE BAR - NIGHT 11

A friendly local crowd -- farmers, ranchers, townspeople.
Dean pushes through the crowd with purpose. Sam follows.

Dean flags down ELI THE BARTENDER, a deadpan, over-it bouncer
type with no interest in chatting.

DEAN
Hey, how ya doing?

ELI
Living the dream. What can I get
you?

DEAN
Couple of drafts.

Eli gets to work on that.

SAM

So... we're looking for some people.

ELI

Sure. It's hard bein' lonely.

Sam slides a FIFTY across the bar.

SAM

That's not what I meant.

Eli warms slightly at the sight of the cash. He pockets it.

And, in the MIRROR behind the bar, WE SEE A MAN (GORDON WALKER) at a CORNER BOOTH perk up (he's got a mug of beer, a lit smoke in an ashtray). He's EAVESDROPPING. Late 30s, weather-beaten, well-built. In a word, suspicious.

SAM

These people, they'd have moved here about six months ago. Probably rowdy, like to drink.

ELI

(thinking about it)
Huh.

DEAN

And they'd be real night owls. Sleep all day, party all night.

Behind them, Gordon is listening hard now. His back straightens. We wonder -- is he a vampire?

ELI

The Barker Farm got leased a couple of months ago.

(sarcastically)

Real winners. They've been in a lot. Drinkers. Noisy. Had to eighty-six 'em once or twice.

DEAN

Thanks.

Dean takes a gulp of beer. He and Sam rise, turn to go. PASSING-- the CORNER BOOTH where Gordon was sitting. Drink's still there, lit cigarette still twirling smoke. But Gordon is GONE.

12 EXT. RED LODGE BAR - NIGHT 12

Sam and Dean EXIT the bar, head around the building, towards the back. After they disappear around a corner... Gordon steps out from the complete BLACKNESS of a shadowed alcove. Our vampire suspicions are intensified. He follows the boys. Nimble. Silent. Predatory.

13 EXT. AT THE BACK OF THE BAR - NIGHT 13

Gordon comes to the back of the building. He peers out.

GORDON'S POV. Nothing.

Perplexed, Gordon turns-- RIGHT INTO Sam and Dean. Sam pins him to the wall. Dean pulls a blade, holds it to his throat.

DEAN

Smile!

GORDON

What?

DEAN

Let's see those pearly whites.

GORDON

Oh, for the love of-- you wanna stick that somewhere else? I'm not a vampire.

Sam and Dean exchange a look.

GORDON

That's right. I heard you in there.

SAM

What do you know about vampires?

GORDON

How to kill 'em. Now seriously, guy, that knife's making me itch.

But Dean's not ready to let down his guard. So Gordon reaches up with his hands-- Dean presses the KNIFE--

GORDON

Whoa. Easy there, Chachi.

Gordon only uses his fingers to pull his lip down. Revealing perfectly normal, human gums.

GORDON
See? Fangless. Happy?

Grudgingly, Dean lets him go.

GORDON
Now. Who the hell are you?

CUT TO:

14 EXT. GORDON'S EL CAMINO - MOMENTS LATER 14

IN THE TRUCK BED. The SIDE PANELS SWING OPEN, revealing a cache of SUPERNATURAL WEAPONS. Dean can't help but be impressed.

GORDON
Sam and Dean Winchester, I can't believe it. You know, I met your Dad once. Helluva guy. Great hunter.

(soberly)
I heard he passed. I'm sorry.

Dean throws Sam a look. How's this guy know this?

GORDON
Big shoes. But from what I hear, you fill 'em. Great trackers. Good in a tight spot.

DEAN
You seem to know all about our family.

GORDON
(a shrug)
Word travels fast. You know how hunters talk--

DEAN
(what is this shit?)
No. We don't, actually.

GORDON
I guess there's a lot your Dad never told you, huh?

Sam and Dean let this settle a beat, before--

(CONTINUED)

SAM

So... those two vampires... that was your work?

GORDON

Yup. Been here two weeks.

DEAN

You check out this Barker Farm?

GORDON

It's a bust. Just a bunch of hippie freaks. Though they could kill you with that patchouli smell alone.

DEAN

So where's the nest, then?

Gordon shuts the trunk. Still friendly, but firm --

GORDON

I got this one covered. Don't get me wrong, I'm happy to meet you boys. But I been on this over a year -- I killed a fang back in Austin, tracked the nest all the way up here. I'll finish it.

DEAN

We could help.

GORDON

Thanks, but I'm kinda a go-it-alone type of guy.

DEAN

Come on, man. I've been itching for a hunt.

Sam throws a worried look to Dean at this. Dean seems especially hardcore lately.

GORDON

Sorry. But hey, I hear there's a Chupacabra two states over. Go knock yourselves out.

Gordon gets into his car. Through the open window --

GORDON

Good meeting you, though. Buy you
a drink on the flip side.

He drives away. Leaving Sam and Dean to exchange a "What the fuck just happened" look.

INT. SAWMILL - ENTRANCE ~~NIGHT~~

Quiet. Deserted. Near the door, a SECURITY GUARD dozes on his chair. His name is CONRAD, your typical middle-aged ex-military with a gut type. A THUMP wakes Conrad. He rises to investigate.

ANGLE. Conrad walks through the mill, looking for whatever made the noise.

SOMEONE'S POV. From a hidden vantage point. Watching.

ANGLE. Conrad HEARS another RUSTLE. He moves toward it. He pulls out his nightstick. He grows closer... to a SHADOWED CORNER... closer... we DRAW THIS OUT... a looong beat--

*Am I
insist*

SUDDENLY, from the shadows.. a BIRD FLIES OUT, flapping right in Conrad's face! Jump scare! He jolts back.

TIGHT ANGLE. Conrad sighs, feeling silly. A beat. He pivots back around-- right into a WICKED BLADE, swooshing past him! Conrad ducks!

ANGLE - GORDON

He sets to swing the blade again. Conrad gut punches him with the nightstick.

Conrad's eyes narrow, sizing him up... and he SPRINGS right for Gordon. Gordon's quick -- WE SEE that he's a hell of a fighter. Unfortunately, he's at a disadvantage -- the vampire's stronger and quicker. Conrad grabs hold of Gordon's shirt... BASHES Gordon into a wall and drags him into --

INT. SAWMILL - MAIN ROOM

They fight on. Gordon breaks free. SWICK! The knife slices at Conrad again, just missing, hitting the metal of the conveyor belt and SPARKING. Conrad GRABS Gordon and THROWS him against the machine...

Conrad pins Gordon with one hand and hits a red button with his other.

With a scary WHIR, the CIRCULAR SAW switches ON, spinning its huge, lethal blade just inches from Gordon's head...

Gordon lifts his head away, but Conrad's on him. Hands on his neck. Furious. Sharp teeth glinting as the vampire leans closer... Gordon pushes back, but he's no match for the vampire's strength... can't hold him off...

When suddenly -- Conrad is YANKED off Gordon. Gordon straightens to see SAM AND DEAN. Dean and Sam PUSH Conrad onto the conveyer. Dean grabs a PIKE (used for clutching lumber) and STABS it into Conrad's chest-- pinning him to the conveyer! Conrad HOWLS, unearthly! Tries to struggle free, but he's trapped. Closer and closer to the whirring blade--

ANGLE - DEAN. His face is spattered with Conrad's blood. And for an instant, unseen by Sam or Gordon, we see Dean's EXPRESSION, as his facade crumbles away. The anger. The hatred. It's a little scary.

Dean turns to Sam and Gordon. They all share a look, SPEECHLESS. Then...

GORDON

So. Guess I owe you that drink.

BLACKOUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

17 INT. RED LODGE BAR - NIGHT

17 *

Sam, Dean, and Gordon sit at a table. A WAITRESS brings three beers, and two tequilas for Dean and Gordon. Dean reaches for money, but Gordon stops him.

GORDON

No, no, I got it, I insist.

Dean and Gordon raise their tequilas, Sam his beer.

GORDON

Another one bites the dust.

They knock back their shots, Sam sips his beer.

GORDON

(laughs)

Dean, you gave that fang one helluva haircut. That was beautiful, man, just beautiful.

Quietly, Gordon and Dean exchange a look, noticing Sam's subdued mood.

DEAN

You alright, Sammy?

SAM

Yeah, fine.

GORDON

Well, lighten up a little, Sammy.

SAM

He's the only one gets to call me that.

GORDON

Okay, no offense meant. Just celebrating a job well done.

SAM

Well... decapitations aren't my idea of a good time, I guess.

*

GORDON

Come on. It's not like it was human. You gotta have a little more fun with your job.

*

*

(CONTINUED)

DEAN

That's what I'm always telling him.
(to Sam)
You could learn a thing or two from
this guy.

Sam looks. The table geography is clear. Dean and Gordon
against Sam. Sam feels a little uncomfortable.

SAM

I bet I could. Look, I don't want
to bring you down, I'm just gonna
head back to the motel.

DEAN

You sure?

SAM

(gets up)
Yeah.

DEAN

(genial)
And Sammy, remind me later to beat
that buzzkill out of you.

Dean tosses Sam the CAR KEYS. Sam exits the bar. After--

GORDON

Something I said?

DEAN

Nah, he just gets that way
sometimes.

Dean turns and watches Sam exit. His face tells us he's a
little perplexed by Sam's behavior. He turns back to Gordon.

DEAN

C'mon. Match you quarters for the
next round.

DISSOLVE TO:

The amount of empties on the table tells us Dean and Gordon
have been at it for a while.

DEAN

... So I pick up the crossbow, and hit that ugly sucker with a silver tipped arrow right in his heart. Sammy waits in the car while me and my Dad take this thing into the woods and burn him to a crisp. I'm looking into that fire and thinking; I'm sixteen years old. Kids my age are worrying about pimples and prom dates and I've already seen things they'll never know. Or ever dream about. Right then, I just sort of...

GORDON

Embraced the life?

DEAN

Yeah.

(beat)

So, how'd you get started?

Gordon's expression changes, grows brooding.

GORDON

First time I saw a vampire, I was barely eighteen. Home alone with my sister. I hear the window break in her room. I grab our dad's gun, run in... I try to get it off her... Too late.

Dean listens quietly, moved.

GORDON

So I shoot the thing, but of course that's about as useful as snapping it with a rubber band. It rushes me, picks me up like a rag doll, flings me against the wall, knocks me out cold.

(beat)

When I wake up vampire's gone, my sister is gone...

Gordon stares into his drink. Dean prompts him, gently.

DEAN

And then...

GORDON

Then... try explaining that one to your family. So I left home. And then... bummed around, looking for info-- how you track 'em, how you kill 'em. And I found that fang, it was my first kill.

DEAN

I'm sorry. About your sister.

GORDON

Yeah. She was beautiful. I can still see her, ya know. The way she was.

*
*

Dean nods. A beat, and then --

GORDON

But, hey, that was a long time ago. I mean, your Dad... gotta be rough on you.

DEAN

(nods)

He was one of those guys. Took some terrible beatings. Just kept coming. So in your head, you're always thinking, he's indestructible, he'll always be there. Nothing can kill my dad.

(beat)

And then like that...

(snaps his fingers)

... he's gone.

Dean takes a long beat. And again, we see him drop his FACADE. We glimpse the PAIN and AGONY beneath--

DEAN

(long beat)

I can't really talk to Sam about this, and I keep a good game face on... but truth is, I'm... I'm not handling it too well. I don't know, I feel like I got this...

GORDON

Hole inside you? And it just keeps getting bigger and bigger, darker and darker?

Dean looks at Gordon. Almost vulnerable. And we can tell that Gordon's hit the nail right on the head. *

GORDON

Good.

(off Dean's surprise)
You can use it. Keeps you sharp.
Trust me, there's plenty out there
needs killing, and this'll help you
do it.

(beat)

Dean. It's not a crime to need
your job.

Dean meets Gordon's eyes. Troubled, but open to what the older hunter's saying.

19 INT. SAM AND DEAN'S MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT 19

CLOSE ON: Sam rests the CAR-KEY RING around the neck of some tacky Hummel-like FIGURINE.

He paces the room. Something is bothering him. He pulls out his cell phone and dials.

INTERCUT WITH:

20 INT. HARVELLE'S ROADHOUSE - NIGHT 20

The bar phone rings. ELLEN enters, picks up the phone.

ELLEN

Harvelle's Roadhouse. *

SAM

Hey, Ellen, Sam Winchester.

ELLEN

Sam. Good to hear from you.

(then)

You boys are alright, aren't you?

SAM

Everything's fine. Got a question.

ELLEN

Shoot.

SAM

Listen. You ever run across a guy
named Gordon Walker?

ELLEN

Yeah, I know Gordon.

SAM

And...

ELLEN

Real good hunter. Why you asking, sweetie?

SAM

We ran into him on a job and we're kinda working with him, I guess.

ELLEN

(real quick)

Don't do that, Sam!

*

Sam REACTS.

SAM

Thought you said he was a good hunter.

*

ELLEN

And Hannibal Lecter's a good psychiatrist.

(beat)

He's dangerous, to everyone and everything around him. If he's on a job, let him handle it, and you boys move on.

*

*

*

*

SAM

Ellen...

ELLEN

Just do what I'm telling you.

21

INT. SAM AND DEAN'S MOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

21

Sam still on phone.

SAM

(into phone)

Okay... right... got it. Thanks, Ellen.

Sam ends the call. Ponders. What the hell was that?

22 INT. RED LODGE BAR - NIGHT

22

Dean and Gordon.

GORDON

Know why I love this life?

Dean shakes his head "no".

GORDON

Its simplicity. There's no maybe.
It's all black or white. Find the
bad thing. Kill it. Most people
spend their time in the gray area.
Is this right, is that wrong? Not
us.

DEAN

I'm not sure Sam would agree with
that.

GORDON

It doesn't seem like your brother's
much like us.

(Dean REACTS)

I'm not saying he's wrong, just
different. You and me, we were
born to do this. It's in our
blood.

Gordon lifts his glass. Dean does the same. They knock back
their shots.

23 EXT. MOTEL - NIGHT

South Surrey

23

Sam pushes a button. Gets a SODA out of the machine.

MOVING POV. Watching Sam.

ANGLE. We're behind Sam's back. There's the slightest
noise, some CRUNCH of leaves, perhaps. Sam's head cocks,
just the slightest amount. We know he's heard it.

ANGLE ON SAM'S FACE. He takes a long, casual SIP of SODA.
We can see it in his eyes... he's concerned. But never let
'em see you sweat.

Sam moves to his room, with purpose. Arrives at his door.
He pulls his key out and puts it in the door. Not
panicked... just with speed, efficiency.

(CONTINUED)

ANGLE ON SAM. Facing the door. Privately, we can see the tension in his face. He unlocks the door, enters--

24 INT. SAM AND DEAN'S MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT 24

--shuts the door behind him. A safe, relieved beat, as Sam pivots into the room...

A VAMPIRE appears OUT OF NOWHERE and GRABS Sam! We jump!

Sam throws a solid PUNCH, KNOCKS the Vamp back (but doesn't knock over any furniture or anything). Sam spins, ready to run for it...

A SECOND VAMPIRE, coming through the door, grabs Sam! The first Vampire pins his arm behind his back, HARD. Sam grimaces in pain, struggling to free himself...

CLOSE ON SAM'S FACE as the Second Vampire CRACKS him across the JAW. KNOCKS HIM OUT COLD...

25 INT. FARMHOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 25

PITCH BLACKNESS. And then...

The BLACK BAG is YANKED off Sam's head. He's gagged, arms tied behind his back. He's been dumped onto a chair in the center of a shadowy, sparsely furnished living room.

ELI. The surly bartender. Stalking toward him. Eli's lips part in a cold smile... as his VAMPIRE TEETH DESCEND...

BLACKOUT!

END OF ACT TWO

Head, shoulders - closer greater effect.
SFX teeth. 2D
6 seconds 3D. fx.

ACT THREE

26 INT. FARMHOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS 26

Eli stalks toward Sam, vampire teeth fully descended, MURDEROUS RAGE in his eyes. When, out of the shadows --

LENORE (O.C.)

Wait.

Eli stops. Unwillingly. He glares at Sam with pure hate.

Sam cranes his neck in the direction of the voice. And sees LENORE: 30s (in appearance; being a vampire, she's actually far older); striking; with a composed, alert posture that tells us she's the leader of this nest. Behind her, SEVERAL VAMPIRES watch from the shadows. Lenore speaks levelly, but we can feel the urgency underneath her words.

LENORE

Step back, Eli.

Eli shakes his head in disgust. Quietly, intensely --

ELI

You know what they've done. He deserves to die.

Lenore steps toward Sam. Sam's eyes dart from Eli to Lenore. He struggles against his bindings. Lenore reaches for him... he braces himself...

But Lenore simply REMOVES Sam's gag.

LENORE

My name's Lenore.

Sam says nothing. Just watches, waiting for her to strike.

LENORE

I'm not gonna hurt you. *

Reflexively, Sam lets out a mirthless laugh. Yeah. Right.

LENORE

I mean it. You're here because we need to talk.

SAM

Talk -- okay. But I might have a tough time paying attention to much besides Eli's teeth.

(CONTINUED)

LENORE

He won't hurt you, either. You
have my word.

*

Sam meets her eyes, defiant as he can from his position.

SAM

Your word! Thank God.

(then)

No offense, lady, but you're not
the first vampire I've met.

*

*

*

*

*

LENORE

We're not like the others. We
don't kill humans. And we don't
drink their blood... or haven't for
a very long time.

*

*

*

A tiny BEAT as Sam realizes he actually heard that right.

SAM

What is this, some kind of joke?

*

LENORE

Notice you're still alive.

SAM

(sarcastically)

Correct me if I'm wrong, but
shouldn't you be starving to death?

LENORE

We've found other ways.

(then)

Cattle blood.

That lands. Sam sits up straighter.

SAM

You're telling me you're
responsible for all the --

LENORE

It's not ideal -- in fact it's
disgusting. But it allows us to
get by.

ELI

(under his breath)

Barely.

SAM

Okay, why?

LENORE

Survival. No deaths, no missing locals -- no reason for people like you to come looking for people like us. We blend in.

(then)

Our kind is practically extinct. Turns out... we weren't quite as high up on the food chain as we'd imagined.

*

*

Sam struggles to absorb this. It's just too much.

ELI

(exploding)

Why are we explaining ourselves to... this... killer?!

LENORE

Eli--

ELI

They've been chasing us down, one by one, while we're out there choking on cow's blood so none of them suffer. Tonight they murdered Conrad and then they celebrated!

(in Sam's face)

He never hurt one of you, and you toasted his death.

LENORE

Eli! That's enough!

Eli straightens, hearing that for the order it was. He steps away with a harsh exhale. Sam's taken aback.

SAM

(tough guy taunt)

Yeah, Eli. That's enough.

LENORE

What's done is done.

(then)

We're leaving town. Tonight.

SAM

Then... why bring me here? Why are you even talking to me?

LENORE

Believe me, I'd rather not. But I know your kind. Once you have a scent... you'll track it. Doesn't matter where we go. Hunters'll find us.

*
*

SAM

You're asking us not to follow you?

Lenore speaks intensely -- almost desperately.

LENORE

We have a right to live. We aren't hurting anyone.

*

SAM

So you keep saying. But give me one good reason I should believe you.

LENORE

You don't believe me? Fine. You know what I'm going to do?
(leaning closer)
I'm going to let you go.

Lenore steps back. Sam stares, shocked. What the hell just happened? Lenore nods to Eli.

LENORE

(delivering an order)
Take him back. Not a mark on him.

Eli approaches Sam with the bag...

27

EXT. FARMHOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

(PmP)

27

Eli and a second Vampire lead Sam, hands bound, bag over his head, to a PICKUP TRUCK. Eli shoves Sam into the back.

28

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - WOODEN BRIDGE - MOMENTS LATER

not practical

28

As the truck drives over the bridge, it rattles -- THUMPA-THUMPA-THUMPA. Sam raises his bagged head, clocking the sound, taking in all the info he can without his eyes.

29

INT. SAM AND DEAN'S MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

29

Dean and Gordon, leaning over a map. Gordon points.

GORDON

This is the best pattern I can establish. It's sketchy at best.

Dean nods, following the pattern, and taps a spot on the map.

DEAN

Looks like they're coming from this side of town. So, the nest's probably around here someplace, right?

GORDON

That's what I'm thinking. Problem is, there's thirty-five, forty farms out there. I've searched almost half of 'em already, but... nothing yet. They're covering their tracks real good.

Dean nods.

DEAN

We'll just have to search the other half.

(then)

What time is it? Where the hell's Sam?

GORDON

Car's parked outside. Probably went for a walk. He seems like the take-a-walk type.

DEAN

Well. He is, but --

Just then, Sam enters, looking stressed.

DEAN

Sammy, where you been?

SAM

Can I talk to you alone?

Dean hears the seriousness in Sam's voice.

DEAN

Gordon -- you mind chilling out for a couple minutes?

Gordon nods, puts his feet up as Sam and Dean exit.

30

EXT. MOTEL PARKING LOT - MOMENTS LATER

30

Sam and Dean. Sam speaks low, intensely.

SAM

Maybe we gotta rethink this hunt.

DEAN

What are you talking about -- where were you?

SAM

In the nest.

DEAN

You found it!?

SAM

They found me.

DEAN

Whoa -- how'd you get out? How many did you kill?

SAM

None.

DEAN

(concerned)

Sammy, they didn't just let you go--

SAM

(troubled)

That's exactly what they did.

NEW ANGLE: Several feet behind the boys. Unbeknownst to them... GORDON. Hiding in shadows. Eavesdropping intently. Hearing every word they say...

DEAN

Where are they?

SAM

I was blindfolded. I don't know.

DEAN

You gotta know something --

SAM

We went over that bridge outside of town, okay? Listen, Dean, maybe we shouldn't go after 'em.

(CONTINUED)

DEAN

What -- why not?

SAM

I don't think they're like other
vampires. I don't think they're
killing people.

DEAN

You're joking.

(Sam's not joking)

Oh yeah? Then... how do they stay
alive... or undead, or whatever the
hell they are?

SAM

The cattle mutilations. They said
they live on animal blood.

This throws Dean for a momentary loop. Then --

DEAN

And you believed them?

SAM

Look at me. They let me go without
a scratch.

Good point. Dean stops in his tracks.

DEAN

So you're telling me... no. No
way. I don't know why they let you
go, and I don't care. We find 'em,
we waste 'em.

SAM

Why?

DEAN

What part of "vampires" don't you
understand? Sam. If it's
supernatural, we kill it, end of
story. That's our job.

SAM

No. Our job is hunting evil. If
they aren't killing people, they
aren't evil.

DEAN

Of course they're killing people.
These things are all alike.
They're not human, Sammy. We gotta
exterminate every last one of 'em.

SAM

I don't think so. Not this time.

Dean grows riled up.

DEAN

Listen to yourself. You think Dad
would stand around and talk about
the poor little vampires?

Sam looks Dean right in the eye, every bit as riled up.

DEAN

Dad would end that nest. He
wouldn't take a stupid chance like
letting them go --

SAM

(cutting him off)
Well then, Dad would be wrong!

Dean's ready to slug Sam for that one, but Sam plunges on.

SAM

Look, I get it. We were raised to
hate these kinds of things... we
were trained to kill 'em. But that
doesn't always make it right!

DEAN

Gordon's been on those vamps for a
year. He knows.

SAM

(incredulous)
Gordon? You're taking his word for
this?

DEAN

That's right.

SAM

Ellen says he's bad news.

DEAN

You called Ellen?
(Sam nods)
And I'm supposed to listen to her?
We barely know her. No, thanks.
I'll go with Gordon.

SAM

Right. Because Gordon's such an
old friend.
(then)
You don't think I can see what this
is?

DEAN

What are you talking about?

SAM

He's a substitute for Dad, isn't
he? A poor substitute...

DEAN

(threatening)
Shut up, Sam.

SAM

But he's not even close. Not on
his best day.

DEAN

I'm not --

SAM

You slap on this big fake smile,
but I can see right through it.
'Cause I know how you feel: Dad's
dead and he left a hole and it
hurts so bad you can't take it.

*
*
*

Dean's barely holding himself back. But Sam doesn't back
off. He's way too upset. Feeling that loss -- the hole's in
him too. And it just feeds his anger at Dean.

SAM

But you think you can just fill up
that hole with whoever? It's an
insult to his memory.

Dean HITS Sam. Sam clutches his cheek. Stares down his
brother with a look that says, "You just proved my point."

SAM
Hit me all you want. It won't
change anything.

DEAN
Enough. I'm going to that nest.
You won't tell me where it is...
then I'll find it myself.

Dean stomps back to the motel. Worried, Sam follows...

31 INT. MOTEL ROOM - MOMENTS LATER 31

Dean reenters the room. He sees that Gordon's not here. He
stops dead.

DEAN
Gordon?

Sam enters right behind Dean. Sees the empty room.

SAM
You think he went after 'em?

DEAN
Probably.

SAM
We have to stop him.

DEAN
Really? 'Cause I say we lend a
hand.

SAM
(at wit's end)
Just... give me the benefit of the
doubt, would you? You owe me that.

DEAN
(big sigh)
We'll see. I'll drive.

Sam turns to the HUMMEL FIGURINE -- NO KEYS.

SAM
He snaked the keys.

32 EXT. WOODEN BRIDGE - NIGHT 32

Gordon's car passes slowly over the bridge. He stops on the
other side.

Crane East

33

INT. GORDON'S CAR - NIGHT

Crane West

33

Gordon looks right, then left. Gordon chooses left and drives off.

34

INT. IMPALA - MOTEL PARKING LOT - NIGHT

34

Dean pulls off a section of the steering column. It hurts him, dismantling the Impala like this. Groaning--

DEAN

Oh, man. I just fixed her up, too. *

CLOSE ON EXPOSED WIRES UNDER THE STEERING WHEEL. Dean's hands selecting two wires, and CONNECTING them. The Impala ROARS to life.

WIDER. Sam's in the passenger seat, scanning a map. Tension still crackling between the brothers -- but it's taken a back-burner to the situation at hand.

DEAN

Bridge. That's all you got?

SAM

The bridge was four and a half minutes from their farm.

DEAN

How do you know --

SAM

(duh)

I counted.

(then)

They turned left out of the farm, then right onto a dirt road, travelled that for two minutes, slightly uphill. Then another quick right and we hit the bridge.

Dean's impressed. Grudgingly --

DEAN

You're good, Sam. A monster pain in the ass, but, you're good.

Dean peels out.

35 INT. FARMHOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 35

Lenore packs old leather-bound books into a box. Eli enters with a packed box. Lenore doesn't look up.

LENORE

In the truck. Thank you.

Eli puts down the box, crosses to Lenore, who keeps packing.

ELI

We can't leave like this.

(then)

Lenore.

She finally looks up from her work, meets his eyes. Eli puts a hand on each of her arms. An intimate gesture that tells us the two vampires are lovers. Lifemates.

ELI

We've got to stay and fight.

LENORE

They were my friends, too, Eli. My family. I want revenge as much as you.

ELI

That's not what I'm talking about. This is self-defense. Kill or be killed. They'll never stop hunting us.

LENORE

(weary)

You think we have a choice?

ELI

They can't hunt us if they're dead.

LENORE

Killing those three wouldn't solve anything. There's more where they came from. We're outnumbered.

(then)

This is all we can do. Try to reason with them. And then run.

ELI

You can't reason with these people! They're gonna kill us all anyway-- so we should take 'em with us!

(CONTINUED)

Lenore simply shakes her head.

LENORE
I'm not giving up hope. If we can
change, they can change.
(then, issuing an order -
conversation over)
Go into town and gather the others.
We leave before sun up.

Eli shakes his head. Still in complete disagreement, he does
as Lenore says.

36 INT. IMPALA - NIGHT

Photo Double - Cross bridge 36

CLOSE ON SAM'S LAP: the MAP of Red Lodge. A red line tracing
the path Sam recalled. A specific farm, CIRCLED.

Dean drives in tense silence. Sam is getting more worried by
the second.

SAM
Dean -- step on it.

Dean shoots Sam a look -- he's deeply ambivalent about all of
this. But he steps on it.

37 EXT. FARMHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

37

Lenore, alone, loads boxes into the back of the pickup truck.
She leans down to pick up a box...

... and when she straightens, GORDON is at her side. Wearing
an ice-cold smile we haven't seen before. He GRABS her...

Lenore SPINS AROUND, pulling away. Ready to fight back, when
-- Gordon brandishes a BLOOD-SLICK KNIFE and PLUNGES it
straight into Lenore's chest. Lenore's eyes go HUGE. SHOCK
on her face. She sucks in air, suddenly can't BREATHE...

GORDON
Dead man's blood, bitch.

Lenore collapses...

BLACKOUT.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

38 INT. FARMHOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 38

Lenore sits slumped in an antique chair. BOUND TIGHTLY, arms behind her back. She's bruised, bloody, semi-conscious. Can barely hold her head up.

Gordon stands over Lenore. He holds a SMALL, SHARP KNIFE in one hand and a VIAL OF DEAD MAN'S BLOOD in the other. He dips the knife in the blood, then draws it across her skin. The poison instantly sickens her further.

Vfx

39 INT. FARMHOUSE - FOYER - CONTINUOUS 39

Sam and Dean BURST IN. They race through the house into --

40 INT. FARMHOUSE - LIVING ROOM - GORDON 40

... looks up from his work and smiles.

GORDON
Dean, Sam, c'mon in.

Sam and Dean behold the shocking scene. Sam moves toward Lenore, but Dean makes a quick gesture: hold back. Sizing up the situation, cautiously --

DEAN
Hey, Gordon -- what's going on?

GORDON
Just poisoning Lenore here, with some dead man's blood.
(then)
She's gonna tell me where all her little friends are. Wanna help?

DEAN
Look, man --

GORDON
Grab a knife. I was just about to start in on the fingers.

fx

Gordon makes another slash with his knife. Lenore GROANS.

DEAN
Whoa, how 'bout we all chill out for a sec...

GORDON

(sunny)
I'm completely chill.

He dips his knife in dead man's blood...

SAM

(warning; dead serious)
Gordon. Put the knife down.

GORDON

(to Dean)
Sounds like it's Sam here needs to
chill.

SAM

Just step away from her.

Gordon raises an eyebrow, as if to consider Sam's suggestion.

GORDON

You're right.

He steps back from Lenore. Sam and Dean stay alert, watching
Gordon's every move. He reaches into his backpack...

GORDON

I'm wasting my time. The bitch'll
never talk.

... and pulls out a MUCH LARGER KNIFE.

GORDON

Might as well put her out of her
misery. I just sharpened it --
should take her head off in one
slice.

(sarcastically)
So it's perfectly humane.

Sam takes a menacing step to Gordon. Gordon takes a step to
Lenore, raising the knife ever so slightly.

GORDON

Go for it.

SAM

You're fast. Maybe I'm faster,
though.

DEAN

Listen, Gordon. Why don't we just talk about this?

GORDON

What's there to talk about? Like I said, Dean, no shades of gray.

DEAN

Okay. I hear you.
(then, honestly)
I know how you feel.

Gordon fixes Dean with an icy look.

GORDON

Do you.

DEAN

That vampire who killed your sister, it deserved to die. But --

Gordon cuts Dean off by laughing out loud.

GORDON

Killed my sister?
(then, coldly furious)
That filthy fang didn't kill my sister. It turned her. Made her one of them. I hunted her down... and I killed her myself.

The brothers stare at Gordon in disbelief. Dean is utterly horrified.

DEAN

You what?

GORDON

It wasn't my sister anymore. It wasn't human. I didn't blink, and neither would you.

This hits Dean hard. And suddenly, something occurs to Sam.

SAM

You knew. You knew all along the vampires weren't killing anyone. You knew about the cattle -- you just didn't care.

GORDON

Care about what? A nest of
vampires suddenly acting nice?
Taking a little time-out from
sucking innocent people -- we're
supposed to buy that? Trust me --
it doesn't change what they are.

(then)

And I can prove it.

Suddenly, Gordon GRABS Sam by the arm. All in a flash, he
SWIPES the knife over Sam's forearm. Before the blood can
even well up -- CLICK!

Dean cocks the hammer on his GUN -- pointed at Gordon.

DEAN

Let him go. Now.

Gordon's got Sam in a serious arm-lock. Knife at his throat.
Stand-off. Gordon's amped, but speaks levelly.

GORDON

Relax. If I wanted to kill him,
he'd already be on the floor. Just
making a little point here.

Sam moves to pull away... and Gordon SHOVES him forcefully,
YANKING his BLEEDING ARM directly over Lenore's bowed head.

Instantly, Lenore SITS BOLT UPRIGHT. The scent of blood
reviving her. Her eyes open wide. Her VAMP TEETH DESCEND...

DEAN

Hey!

Dean steps closer, gun trained on Gordon.

GORDON

Think she's so different? Still
want to save her? Look at her!

Sam gestures for Dean to wait. Dean stops, unwillingly.

The three hunters watch as a DROP OF BLOOD falls from Sam's
forearm. Right onto Lenore's cheek. A SECOND DROP FALLS,
landing near her mouth. Lenore is breathing hard, every
muscle straining. All she would have to do is turn her
head... Sam's bleeding arm is right there... it's exactly
what she needs...

GORDON

See? They're all the same. Evil,
bloodthirsty --

LENORE

No!
(then, again, softly)
... no...

Lenore slumps back into the chair. Exhausted, trembling from the effort... but refusing to touch the blood.

Sam exhales in relief, then wrenches his arm away. Dean is genuinely surprised; he flicks a look at Sam, realizing his younger brother was right about these vampires.

SAM

You heard her. We're done here.

But Gordon just smiles. Fuck that. He LUNGES for Lenore. Raises his knife --

-- and Dean catches his arm, pulling it back, and knocking Gordon off-balance. Quickly --

DEAN

Sam.

Dean TOSSES the gun to Sam. Sam catches it.

DEAN

Get her out of here.

Sam goes quickly to Lenore, freeing her from her bindings.

Gordon snaps his arm out of Dean's grasp. He takes a step toward Lenore and Sam. But Dean steps between them, blocking Gordon's way. Dean's not letting Gordon by, period.

DEAN

Gordon and I have some things to talk about.

BLACKOUT.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

41 INT. FARMHOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS 41

Dean and Gordon face off. Gordon's got that wicked knife.

GORDON
Get out of my way. *

DEAN
Sorry.

GORDON
You're not serious --

DEAN
I kinda can't believe it either.
But I know what I saw. So you want
the vampire, you go through me.

GORDON
Fine.

Gordon MOVES -- and Dean SHOVES him back. Gordon stumbles,
recovers... and PUNCHES Dean on the jaw.

That HURT LIKE A BITCH -- but Dean's not backing down.
Gordon SWIPES at Dean with the knife. Dean feints back --
but he's not letting Gordon get around him. He watches for
an opening... and LUNGES at Gordon. Grabs hold of Gordon's
knife arm and TWISTS...

GORDON
(through gritted teeth)
What are you doing, 'man? You're
doing this for a fang?!

Gordon GASPS in pain... LETS GO of his knife. IT CLATTERS to
the floor. Gordon shakes out his hurt arm -- and without
warning ZINGS a punch to Dean's face.

Dean DECKS Gordon. Gordon gets up. They grapple, then...

As they break apart.

GORDON
C'mon, Dean. We're on the same
side here.

DEAN
I don't think so, you sadistic
prick.

Dean hits Gordon hard.

Gordon grabs Dean by the THROAT... Dean CHOKES...

GORDON

You're not like your brother.
You're a killer. Like me. *

The words hit Dean harder than any punch. He SHOVES Gordon off of him. Throws a punch, MISSES...

Gordon HITS BACK. His punch LANDS.

In his fury, Dean OVERREACHES... and Gordon snatches the opportunity to KNOCK HIM OVER. Dean SLAMS to the ground. Gordon chuckles --

-- and Dean SWEEPS his legs out from under him. Gordon hits the ground. Head BASHING the floor, almost knocking him out.

Dean's on top of Gordon in a blink. He's breathing hard, every muscle tight with barely-checked rage. He's a heartbeat away from killing Gordon with his bare hands...

But instead, Dean grabs the discarded BINDINGS out of the chair, wraps them tightly around Gordon, TYING his arms behind his back and PULLING... *to chair*

DEAN

Maybe I'm like you, maybe I'm not.
But you're the one tied up.

Gordon, severely banged up, sits tied and gagged in the chair. Glaring homicidally at Dean, who lounges on the couch opposite. Dean's face is pretty well tenderized, too. He holds Gordon's knife, a calm, slightly smug expression on his face. He never takes his eyes off Gordon.

Sam enters. He takes in the scene, eyes landing finally on Dean's swollen jaw, split lip and black eye.

SAM

(deadpan)
I miss anything?

DEAN

Nothing much. Lenore make it out?

SAM

Yeah. All of them did.

DEAN

Then I guess our work here is done.

Sam catches the extra meaning in that. They lock eyes for a beat, taking in the change in Dean's attitude.

Dean rises, stretching.

DEAN

How you doing there, Gordie? Gotta tinkle yet?

Gordon glares.

DEAN

Anyway, get comfy, and don't worry... we'll make a call in two or three days, get someone to come out and untie you.

Sam shakes his head, amused. To Dean --

SAM

Ready to go?

DEAN

Not quite.

Dean approaches Gordon, his demeanor still friendly. Gordon glares black daggers through Dean.

DEAN

Guess this is goodbye. It's been real.

And, without warning, Dean PUNCHES Gordon square in the face.

DEAN

(to Sam)

Okay, now I'm good. Let's go.

Dean walks out of the room. Sam watches him go, expression somewhere between amused and concerned. He follows Dean out.

EXT. FARMHOUSE - DAY

Sam and Dean approach the Impala. Dean stops, turns to Sam.

DEAN

Clock me one.

SAM

What?

DEAN

Go on. I won't hit back.

SAM

No.

DEAN

Seriously, Sam, you get a freebie.

SAM

You look like you just went twelve rounds with a block of cement. I'll take a rain check. *

They start walking again. Dean is thoughtful, melancholy--

DEAN

I wish we never took this job. It jacked everything up.

SAM

What do you mean?

He takes a small beat. This is hard to say.

DEAN

You look back on all the hunts we went on, our whole lives. Sam, what if we killed something that didn't deserve killing? I mean, the way Dad raised us--

SAM

After what happened to Mom... Dad did the best he could.

DEAN

I know he did. But he wasn't perfect. And the way he raised us... to hate these things. And I do, man, I mean, I killed that vampire at the mill without even thinking about it. Hell, I enjoyed it.

SAM

You didn't kill Lenore.

DEAN

Every instinct told me to. I was gonna kill her, I was gonna kill all of 'em.

SAM

But you didn't. That's what matters.

DEAN

Only 'cause you're a pain in the ass.

SAM

Well, then, there you go. I guess I gotta stick around and be a pain in the ass, then.

Dean gives his brother a warm, grateful look. This means more to him than he'd ever be able to admit.

DEAN

Thanks.

SAM

Don't mention it.

They head toward the car. Sam climbs in. Before Dean gets in, he throws a look back at the farmhouse. A hard look. And we see-- his rage, his hatred, hasn't dissipated. Not one bit. He's still deeply troubled. It's chilling.

*
*
*
*

CUT TO:

44

MOMENTS LATER. The engine roars. Tires spit gravel. And the Impala hits the road, heading off into the heart of America, as we...

BLACKOUT.

TO BE CONTINUED...

Graves At 8

Grip Department Breakdown

Date: Aug 2 / 2006

Show Title: Bloodlust
 Robert Singer 803

DAY	DATE	ADDITIONAL EQUIPMENT	D/N	LABOUR ADJUSTED CALL TIME	LOCATION	NOTES
1	Aug 2	Insert Car, process trailer at call. 4 Condor mounts, fly scatter 2 Avenue stands + Mumbo Concha's 2 4' Slide and Calidos. (Pete) 40' scissor lift - Dave Neveaux. 4 Condor mounts.		1 Hr precall 2 Grips call 2 Grips 2 leader 4	longley Drive by.	Old unit today / Bluescreens / Pete / Ivan Drivers side decks on. Softly ball's sailing (IVAN)
2	4			2 Grips	lansley ins mill	Dirty job site.
3	8	Geri lift Condor 2 mounts. (-3 mounts)		16 grip	Maple ridge	Ripped Bag lights place beam. set speeders. blackout.
4	9	20x30 Black 15x20 black 6 rollers old unit - Grip Package (Daily Ps) (-3 min) (Pete) (Phillip) NDC		precall 1/2 1 Grip	Studio Farmhouse	(old unit Bluescreens) Ivan truck
5	Wed	Blacks 20x30, 15x20 white banners 20x30, 12x20 blue sky 20x20, 12x20, 12x12 8 rollers.	.22 .0	16 grip	Studio	

PM Approval: _____

Key Grip: _____

Grip Department Breakdown

Date: _____

Show Title: _____

DAY	DATE	ADDITIONAL EQUIPMENT	DIN	LABOUR ADJUSTED CALL TIME	LOCATION	NOTES
6	Aug 11	2 Avenge stands, 1 Geni 4 Condon Mounts		1/2 pre call 2 calls	South Surrey Sheriff Hotel	MDG windows
7	Fri 14	20x30, 12x20 ultra Bunnos. 20x30, 20x20 Blacks. 6 Folkeno		1/2 pre call 2 Grip	Studios Hospital 1/2	"Survey" 3 get changes.
8	Mon 15	20x30 20x20 Blacks. Genis wheel, 2 Baco loungers. 8 Rollers GIFLE Crane, Remote Head		1 Grip 1 Grip late	Studio Forestre Park.	(PMP) → HAVE crane built on Arrival
9	Tues 16	4 Condon Mounts golf cart carry all Flat Deck.		6 calls	Woods.	2nd Unit Stedi Cam.
	Wed					

Key Grip: _____

PM Approval: _____

4

*

*

Day 1

sc 4 impaler
interior

(208 st)

insert car.

Process trailer

(12'6" wide)

2 - 4' sliders. More overs to back.
on side rail.

* Set up Drivers Car Drivings

sc 2 Ext Impala.
3-6pm

Drive bys. W → Dolly Heat bar.

Cross GF16. East. 24' Driveway to Road

low go high rise to car ground.

(Standard trailer) start Drivers side.

sc 3 Ext Country Road -

sc 5 Ext. Road

Day 2

Farm House.

Perig Day. SC 43

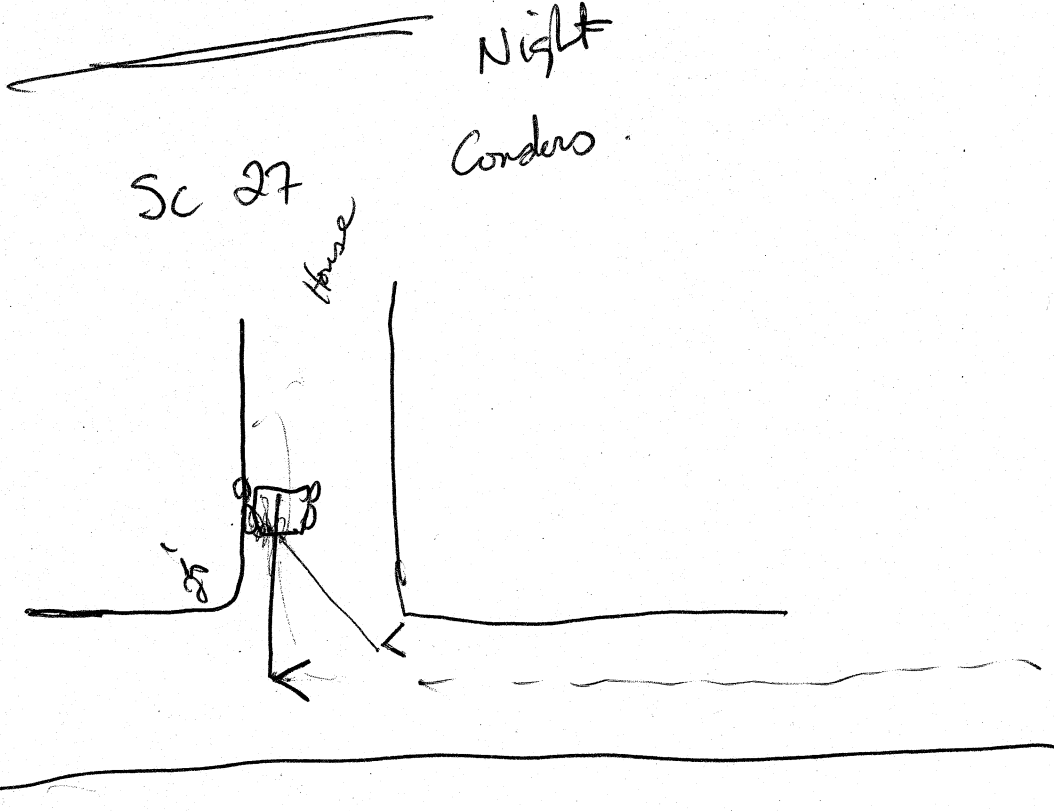
Flyswater

20' x 20 on Condors 34/60

- 12x12 silver loose
- 12x12 ultra 1/4" LE grid

Setup Crane. 25'

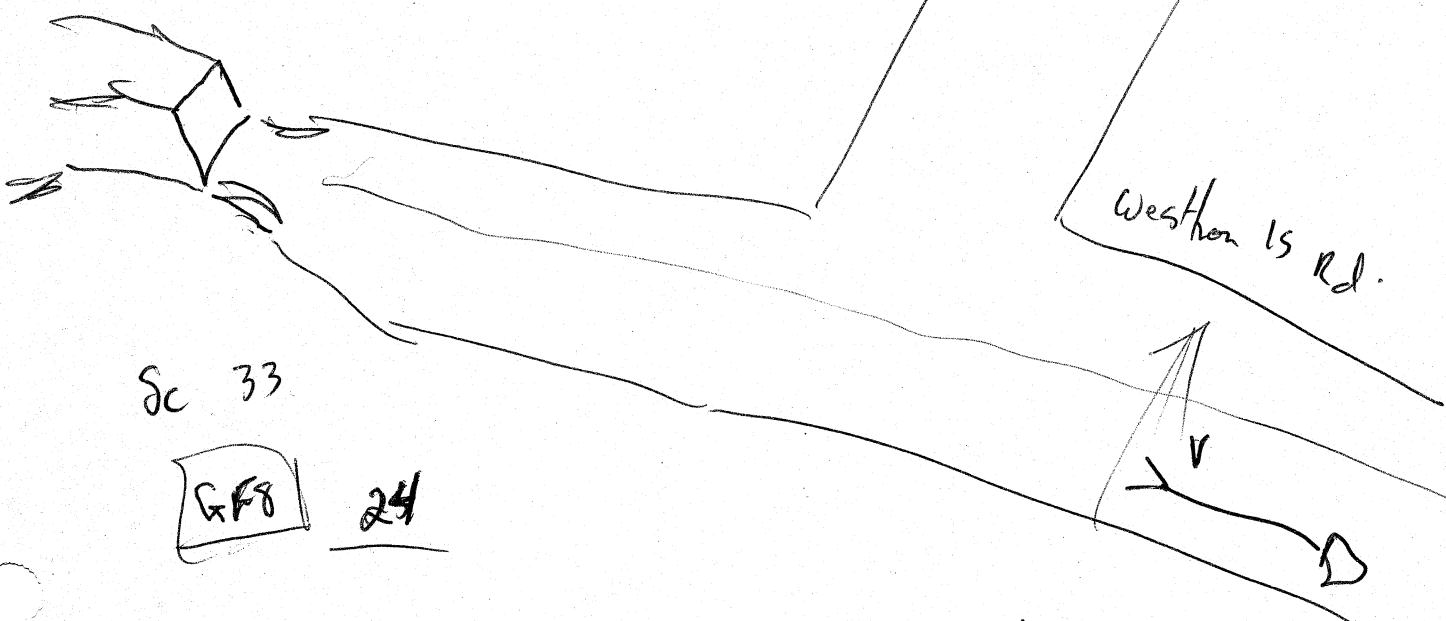
Day SC 44 Condor roos off to America.



D9 to (D8)

Car

Condor



Sc 33

G.F.8

24

Car approaches zoom in He decides to turn left.

Bridge

(32)

POV W

CRANE

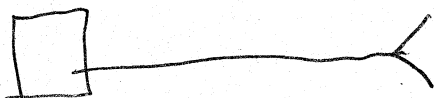
CAR PASSES CRANE DOWN.

to Pick up

Condor

Bridge

←



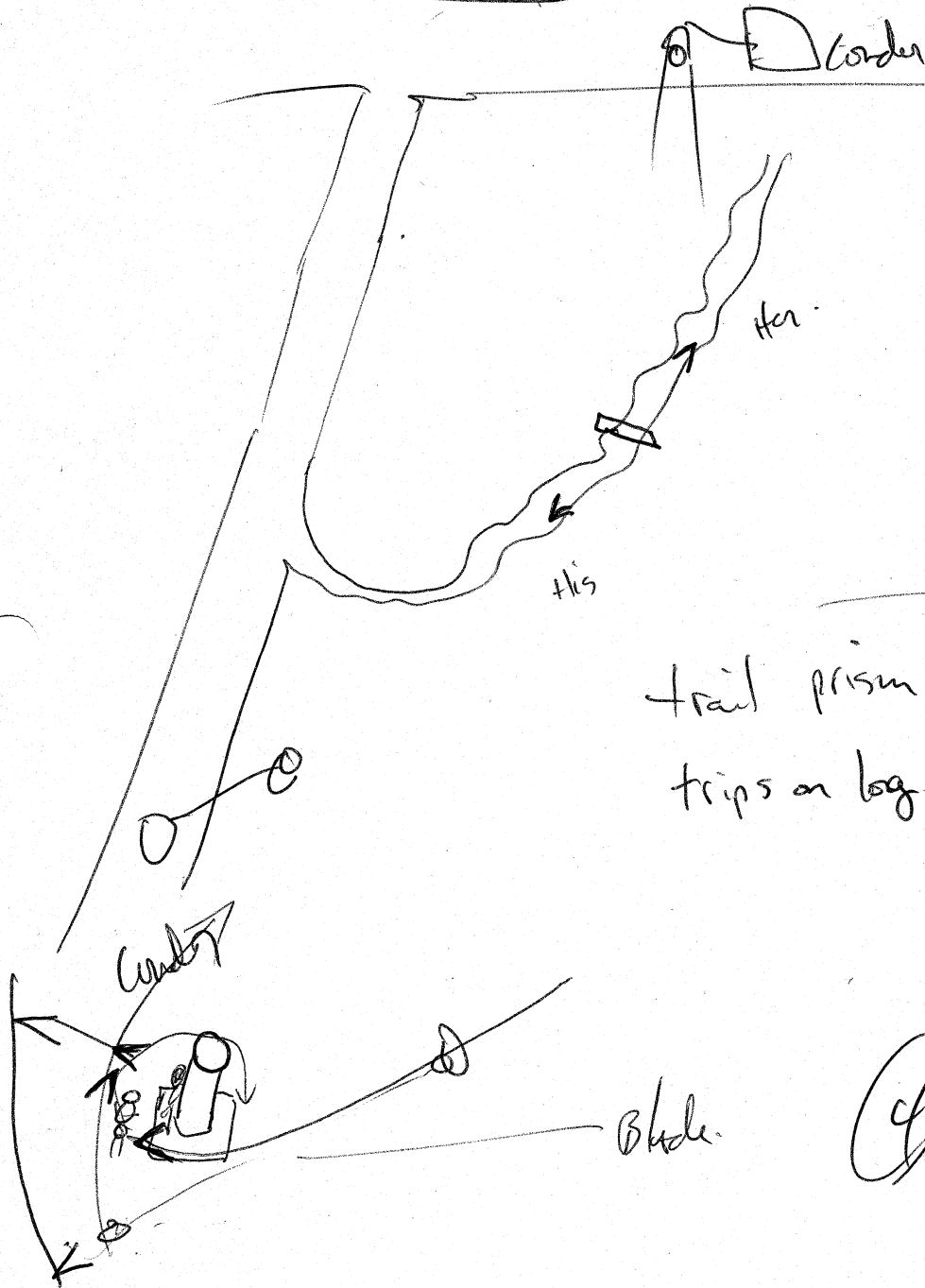
up

Set
"Nite"

2nd Unit

Days 8 to 9.

Woodsey Farm Road



Gator

(Stedi Corn) on flat deck
(GOLF CART) path

trail prism POW's
trips on log.

4 Corder Mounts

4 1/2 cts Rows

Day 4

Studios

→ the rig

20x30 Block

20x20 Blocks BGA.

Goal posts.

splitter unit

(Blue screens -
Dolly ? Veo)

MANPOWER ?

Day 5

Studio

From House . nite
nite

↔ Day

Ultra Bounce changeover.

Day 6

Day Church St. Henry's office

2 Avenue strands

1 Geni lift

3 window to NOG.

CHANGE Flr.



Ext. Hotel. nite (-nite)

2 Condors. 4 mounts

Day 7

Studio the record.

~~Motel~~

Hospital

Norway

Day



Motel.

D.

Nite



Harvelle Road House

Billy Miner Pub

Day-~~3~~ ③

~~int SE 11 int DW~~
int SC 10, 12

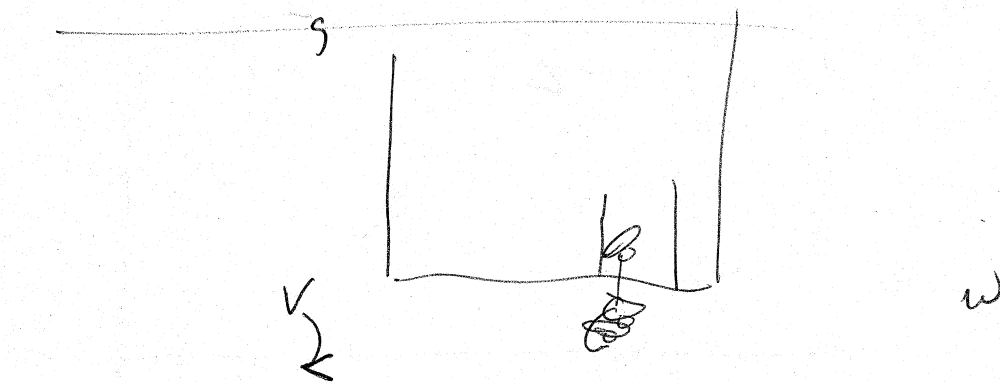
Nite

Bag st. lights ④

South Side

Ext SE 13 - pv South. Street pan to Entrance West. Gordon

Jumps out Knife



Geni lift → Road 222 st. BL BAR.

C ext Nite/Nite

SC 14 Parking lot.

SC 12, 10 - Across street.

Day 2 Friday Aug 4
Saw mill.

Sc 15 O/nite start. food room.

go to

~~4/4~~
lower platform O/N

Drop Blacks

Nite for Nite

40' scissor lift. Concrete platform.

Condos.