

SUPERNATURAL

Episode #307

"Fresh Blood"

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PRODUCTION DRAFT - WHITE

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Episode #307

"Fresh Blood"

REVISION HISTORY

Revision	Date	Revised Pages
Production Draft - White	09/14/07	Full Script

Episode #307

"Fresh Blood"

CAST LIST

SAM WINCHESTER
DEAN WINCHESTER

GORDON WALKER
BELA TALBOT
KUBRICK

MAN
LUCY
BLONDIE (NS)
DIXON
CHAINED VAMPIRE WOMAN
YOUNG MAN (NS)
TERRIFIED GIRL

* Omitted:
DRUNK GUY

JARED PADALECKI
JENSEN ACKLES

STERLING K. BROWN
LAUREN COHAN
MICHAEL MASSEE

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SUPERNATURAL
"Fresh Blood"

TEASER

FADE IN:

1 INT. PARKING STRUCTURE - NIGHT (DAY 1) 1 *

Almost no cars. No people around. *

BELA TALBOT walks toward her CAR. PURSE on her arm. She *

BLEEP-BLEEPS her car alarm, reaches for the DOOR HANDLE-- and *

sees-- *

REFLECTION IN THE CAR WINDOW. Behind Bela-- a FIGURE RISES *

UP. *

Bela SPINS AROUND-- *

It's GORDON WALKER. He eyes her calmly. *

BELA
(keeping her cool)
It's rude to sneak up on people. *

GORDON
Bela Talbot. *

BELA
You have me at a disadvantage-- I
don't know who you are. *

GORDON
Gordon Walker. *

ON BELA. She's heard all about Gordon-- how dangerous he is. *

She covers her reaction like a pro. She speaks casually-- *

opening the CAR DOOR-- *

BELA
I've heard of you. Heard you were
in prison, actually.

GORDON
Got out.

BELA
(dry)
Released early for good behavior? *

Gordon's look says it all: there's been no good behavior.

(CONTINUED)

1 Bela sets her purse on the car seat, reaches for the glove compartment, or perhaps the side of the seat... *

GORDON
Looking for this? *

Gordon holds up BELA'S GUN. He RELEASES the BULLET CLIP, catches it, pockets it and the gun. *

GORDON
I know you just came from Massachusetts.

Bela makes a show of casually leaning against the car. *

BELA
Is that so...

GORDON
And I know you were with the Winchester boys.

Bela shrugs. Gordon's eyes narrow, not amused.

GORDON
Tell me where they are.

BELA
I don't think I know.

Gordon pulls out his own GUN. AIMS at her. *

GORDON
Think a little harder.

Bela stares at the gun for a tiny beat. Then smiles.

BELA
Oh, put that down. No need to get all manly.

Gordon doesn't move. Keeps on pointing that gun.

BELA
What's so pressing about finding the boys, anyway?

GORDON
Sam Winchester is the Antichrist.

BELA
Ah, I'd heard something about that--

1

GORDON

It's true--

BELA

-- from my dear friend the Easter
Bunny, who heard it from the Tooth
Fairy.

(then)

Are you off your meds?

GORDON

(hint of a pitying smile)
The world hangs in the balance. So
go ahead and be a smart-ass.

(then, calm but serious)

But tell me where they are, or I
shoot.

*

*

Bela meets Gordon's eyes.

BELA

You and I don't know each other
very well, Gordon, so let me tell
you a little something about me: I
don't respond well to threats.

(then)

But make me an offer, and I think
you'll find me highly cooperative.

GORDON

How 'bout, tell me where they are
or I kill you right now.

BELA

How 'bout-- kill me right now, good
luck finding Sam and Dean.

Gordon gives Bela a murderous look. He's not accustomed to
being talked to this way. But then--

GORDON

I can wrangle up three grand.

BELA

Honey, I don't get out of bed for
three grand.

Gordon gives her a look, like "You gotta be kidding me."
He takes a step back. As he does, his JACKET FALLS OPEN,
revealing a small OBJECT tied to his BELT LOOP. It's an aged
MOJO BAG with a DISTINCTIVE SYMBOL sewn in RED THREAD.

*

*

*

ON BELA. Seeing the bag. Eyes widening.

1

BELA
Scratch that-- give me the mojo
bag, we'll call it even.

GORDON
(looking down at it)
Hell, no. This thing's a century
old, it's--

BELA
--priceless. Believe me, I know.
Now... how badly do you want the
Winchesters?

Gordon considers. Then, scowling, he **TOSSES** her the bag.
Bela **CATCHES** it with a smile, then promptly **FLIPS OPEN** her
PHONE, hits a number.

BELA
(into phone)
Hello, Dean.
(then, casually)
Hey-- where are you?

BLACKOUT.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

2 EXT. INDUSTRIAL DISTRICT - BACK ALLEY - NIGHT 2

Shadowy, cluttered with trash, deserted.

SUPER TITLE: ALBANY, NEW YORK. *

Two FLASHLIGHT BEAMS cut the dark. Illuminating the way for SAM AND DEAN WINCHESTER as they enter the alley, each holding a MACHETE. Our boys are on the hunt, scanning, alert. *

Sam aims his light at a DUMPSTER--

SAM'S POV. On the ground just behind the dumpster, the edge of a DARK PUDDLE. BLOOD.

Sam rushes over--

SAM

Dean!

REVEAL a MAN, PALE, sprawled on the ground in a puddle of his own blood. He breathes shallowly, clutching his BLEEDING NECK. *

Sam springs into action. Crouches beside the Man, helps him apply pressure to the wound. With his other hand, Sam flips open his PHONE. To the Man--

SAM

Just hold on. I'm calling an ambulance.

The Man nods weakly.

DEAN

Which way'd she go?

The Man just looks at Dean, dazed, in shock.

DEAN

Which way?!

The Man manages to point.

Dean takes off running in that direction.

3 EXT. BACK ALLEYS - NIGHT 3

WITH DEAN, running down the dark alley, Machete in hand. He's adrenalized, on the chase. A guy who enjoys his job.

3

Dean reaches the end of the alley, turns the corner-- to an INTERSECTION. The monster he's chasing could be anywhere... *

Dean stops running. Out of breath. Okay, enough of that. Time for Plan B. *

Dean rolls up his sleeve. Grips his machete. And SLASHES HIS OWN ARM. *

Dean holds his arm out, DRIPPING blood...

DEAN
(calling out)
Smell that? Come and get it!

BEAT... And then, sure enough, a FEMALE VAMPIRE WITH BLONDE HAIR appears at the mouth of the alley. Smelling that delicious Winchester blood. Let's call her LUCY. *

ON LUCY. She's dirty, blood-stained, CRAZED WITH BLOODLUST. She steps towards Dean. Hungry, tense as an animal...

DEAN
(taunting her)
That's right. Come on. I smell good, don't I. Taste even better...

Lucy hesitates. Eyes on Dean's machete. *

Dean sees what she's looking at. Makes a show of DROPPING THE MACHETE. (Pity Lucy's too hungry to notice his OTHER ARM stays at his side. Almost like... he's PALMING something.) *

DEAN
Come on. Free lunch.

And she LUNGES FOR HIM! She's FAST-- knocks the wind right outta Dean-- GRABS HIM by the shoulders... SHARP TEETH DESCENDING as she YANKS HIM TO HER....

Lucy GRABS Dean by the HAIR, YANKS his head back, EXPOSING HIS NECK...

And in the split second before her fangs break his skin--

Dean JABS A SYRINGE OF DEAD MAN'S BLOOD right into her NECK!

Lucy REELS BACK, choking! She goes down. Unconscious.

ON DEAN. Catching his breath. He looks up and sees--

SAM. A few feet away. Weapon drawn. Eyes wide.

(CONTINUED)

3

DEAN

What?

SAM

Cutting it a little close, don't
you think?

DEAN

(shrugs)
Just chumming the water.
(off Sam's look)
It worked, didn't it?

Dean shakes out his bruised shoulder, feeling pretty damn
good about himself. Grinning.

OFF SAM, not liking what he just saw...

4

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

The MATTRESSES have been lifted off the beds and pushed
against the WINDOWS, to shutter and soundproof the room.

REVEAL SAM AND DEAN, standing over Lucy. She is tied to a
chair in the center of the room, sick and woozy from the Dead
Man's Blood. *

LUCY'S POV. Out of focus, off-kilter. A face comes into
frame. It's Dean. *

DEAN

You with us?

Lucy shrinks away from Dean, struggling against her bonds.

DEAN

Sorry, you're not going anywhere.

Sam leans in, interrogation-style.

SAM

Where's your nest?

LUCY

... what?...

DEAN

Your nest. Where you and your
little bloodsucking pals hang out?

LUCY
I don't know what you're talking
about... please... I don't, I don't
feel good--

DEAN
Well, you're gonna feel a lot
worse, we give you another hit of
Dead Man's Blood.

Dean holds up a SYRINGE OF BLOOD. Lucy shrinks away from it.

LUCY
Just let me go--

SAM
You know we can't do that.

LUCY
(losing it)
I'm telling you the truth, I'm just--
- I took something, I'm freaking
out, I don't know what's going on--

Sam's eyes narrow. Lucy's confusion seems genuine.

SAM
"Took something"?

LUCY
Yes!
(fighting back tears)
I can't come down-- I just wanna
come down...

Sam and Dean lock eyes. What the hell is she talking about?

SAM
What's your name?

LUCY
... Lucy... just let me go...

SAM
Lucy. Tell us what happened, and
we'll let you go.

Lucy's eyes dart from Sam to Dean, hopeful.

LUCY
... you will?...

Dean flicks a loaded look at Sam. Then nods to Lucy.

LUCY
I can't really... it's all a
blur... I was at Spider...

DEAN
Spider?

LUCY
The club, on Jefferson. And this
guy, he was buying me drinks...

SAM
What did this guy look like?

LUCY
He was old, like thirty. Brown
hair, black leather jacket...
Deacon or Dixon or something....
said he was a dealer, and he had
something for me...

DEAN
Something?

LUCY
Something new. Better than
anything you ever tried... he put a
few drops in my drink...

shoots Sam a disgusted look.

DEAN
Was this drug red and thick?

looks surprised, then nods. Dean gives a hard laugh.

DEAN
Genius move there-- that was
vampire blood he dosed you with.

LUCY
... What?!

DEAN
Baby, you took a big steaming shot
of the nastiest virus out there.

LUCY
You're crazy! He gave me roofies
or something!

and Dean share a look of "is she serious?"

*
*

LUCY

Next thing I know I'm at his place,
he says he's gonna get me food,
just wait. But I get so hungry...

*

SAM

So-- you busted out?

LUCY

(nods)
But it just won't wear off,
whatever he gave me...

DEAN

Lights are too bright? Sunshine
hurts your skin?

LUCY

... yeah... and smells... And I can
hear blood pumping....

DEAN

Sorry to break it to you, hon, your
blood ain't pumping ever again--

LUCY

Not mine. Yours. I can hear a
heart beating half a block away.
(starting to cry)
I just want it to stop...

Dean speaks to her matter-of-factly: not cruel-- but she
needs to know the truth.

DEAN

Look, Wavy Gravy, it's not gonna
stop-- you killed two people.
Almost three.

LUCY

No, I couldn't have-- I was
hallucinating...

*

*

DEAN

You killed 'em. We been following
a sloppy trail of corpses, and they
led right to you.

*

ON LUCY. Remembering. Trying to deny it...

*

LUCY

It wasn't real-- it was the drug!

*

*

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4 CONTINUED: (4) 4

Sam looks to Dean-- motions for him to step away.

5 INT. MOTEL ROOM - MOMENTS LATER 5

Sam and Dean stand in the corner. Away from Lucy, still tied up. Sam watches her. Quietly...

SAM
Poor girl.

Dean pulls out a MACHETE. *

DEAN
I don't think we got a choice.

Sam and Dean lock eyes. Sam exhales, nods once.

Dean walks towards Lucy.

ON SAM. Watching as, OFF-CAMERA, Dean BEHEADS the vampire.

6 INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY (DAY 2) 6 *

Curtains closed. Dark.

In bed, the Man (the one our boys saved from the vamp). Neck bandaged. He looks up as two SUITED MEN enter.

REVEAL the men are Gordon and KUBRICK. Gordon FLASHES a badge. Brusquely--

GORDON
Sir. A few questions about the attack.

The Man looks confused. He speaks in an injured croak--

MAN
I already talked to the cops--

GORDON
(steely)
Well, we're not cops. We're FBI.

MAN
Oh...

KUBRICK
Can you describe your attacker?

(CONTINUED)

MAN

Blonde... um, she was crazy. She had that super PCP strength... she gnawed on my neck...

Gordon nods like this is the most normal thing in the world.

GORDON

And did she bleed on you?

MAN

(confused)

On me? No--

GORDON

In your mouth, open wound, anything? You sure about that?

MAN

Yes, I'm sure-- why do you--

GORDON

This woman has a very dangerous virus.

MAN

(freaking way out)

What?! But-- she bit me!

KUBRICK

No, the bite doesn't matter. You have to actually ingest the blood to be infected.

*

The Man exhales sharply. Thank God.

GORDON

Good thing, too. We'da had to kill you.

The Man LAUGHS at this... then sees Gordon and Kubrick's deadpan expression. Realizes he isn't joking. The smile slides right off the Man's face.

GORDON

(prompting the Man)

The attack...

MAN

Oh-- She jumped me, she bit me, and then... these two guys found me, chased after her...

6

ON GORDON. Eyes narrowing.

GORDON
What did they look like?

MAN
I didn't get a good look...

GORDON
Think.

MAN
Um... one of them was real tall.

Gordon smiles. Exchanges a look with Kubrick. Bingo. *

7

EXT. SPIDER NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT 7 *

The kind of place patronized by gritty rocker types. *

Sam and Dean EXIT the front door of the club. *

DEAN
Well, that was a big fat waste of
time. *

SAM
Look, including Lucy, three blondes
have gone missing. All last
sighted here. This is the hunting
ground... *

As Sam talks, Dean SPOTS something behind him. Dean cocks
his head, indicating for Sam to look... *

SAM'S POV. A brown-haired guy in a BLACK LEATHER JACKET
(DIXON) with his arm around a BLONDIE walks into an alley and
disappears around the corner. *

OFF Sam and Dean's SHARED LOOK-- that could be their guy.... *

8

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT 8 *

Dixon and Blondie, flirtatiously close. She watches,
excited, as he withdraws a DROPPER BOTTLE from his pocket. *

ON THE BOTTLE. It's full of THICK, RED LIQUID. *

Dixon draws a dropperful of the fluid. *

DIXON
You ready, baby? You taste this,
you'll never be the same... *

8

Blondie is way ready. Dixon lifts the dropper... *
CLOSE ON BLONDIE as she tips her head back, OPENS HER MOUTH, *
ready to take the drug on her tongue... when-- *
SLAP! The dropper is knocked out of Dixon's hand. *
Reveal DEAN, there in the nick of time. Sam just behind him. *
Dean DECKS DIXON. *
Sam grabs Blondie, quickly shuffles her out of harm's way-- *

SAM
Go-- now!

Blondie takes off-- as Dixon SLAMS Dean against the WALL-- *
Dixon JETS OUT OF THERE, around the corner-- *
Sam quickly HELPS DEAN UP. Together they RUN AFTER DIXON... *

9

EXT. ALLEY AROUND THE CORNER - CONTINUOUS 9 *
Sam and Dean TURN THE CORNER-- *
--and nearly RUN RIGHT INTO GORDON AND KUBRICK! *

GORDON
Hi, guys. Long time no see.

Gordon and Kubrick RAISE THEIR GUNS... *
OFF THE SOUND OF GUNFIRE-- *

BLACKOUT!

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

10-11 EXT. ALLEY AROUND THE CORNER - NIGHT 10-11 *

GORDON UNLOADS his gun-- BAMBAMBAMBAMBAM! *

SAM AND DEAN ROLL FOR COVER, as... *

KUBRICK advances, also SHOOTING... *

Our boys dive behind a DUMPSTER. A PAUSE IN THE GUNFIRE... *

From his crouched position, Dean PEEKS around the dumpster. *

DEAN'S POV. Gordon and Kubrick stand several feet away.
They're both efficiently RELOADING THEIR GUNS.

DEAN
(to Sam, a whisper)
Run-- I'll draw 'em off!

SAM
("you're fucking crazy!")
What?!

ON GORDON AND KUBRICK. Walking toward the dumpster... *

BEHIND THE DUMPSTER. Before Sam can stop him-- Dean TEARS
OFF-- *

-- RACES out from behind the dumpster, beelining across the
alley for a SIDE DOOR in the alley's brick wall-- and
CROSSING KUBRICK AND GORDON'S PATH. *

Gordon and Kubrick immediately FIRE (and momentarily TAKE
THEIR EYES OFF THE DUMPSTER)-- *

Gunfire EXPLODES at Dean's heels as he dashes for the door...
YANKS it open, and RACES INSIDE-- *

KUBRICK follows Dean... *

GORDON PIVOTS back to the Dumpster, closes the distance, gun
at the ready. Looks behind it-- *

NO SAM.

ON GORDON. Pissed that Sam slipped away. He takes a step
back, TURNS-- *

And finds himself FACE TO FACE WITH DIXON THE VAMPIRE!

(CONTINUED)

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10-11 CONTINUED:

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10-11

Before Gordon can make a move, Dixon SLAMS him up against the wall with VAMPIRIC STRENGTH. OOF!

Gordon HITS the ground... Dixon delivers a BRUTAL KICK TO THE FACE...

BLACKOUT.

12 INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

12

Sam, worn out from the chase, paces. Worried about Dean. Just then-- Dean enters. Sam breathes out, relieved.

SAM
There you are.

DEAN
Sorry, stopped for a slice.

Sam reacts-- annoyed at Dean for causing him unnecessary worry. Then, with an edge--

SAM
Nice move you pulled back there.
Running right at the weapons.

DEAN
What can I say, I'm a bad-ass.

Sam throws Dean a look-- not liking the blase attitude about something so risky. Dean changes the subject. Dry--

DEAN
So. Guess Gordon's out of jail.

SAM
How the hell did he know where to find us?

Dean starts to shrug... then REALIZES--

DEAN
That bitch.

Dean grabs his phone. Punches a number. Into the phone--

DEAN
Hi, Bela.

13 INT. BELA'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

13

Bela, driving.

(CONTINUED)

INTERCUT BELA AND DEAN.

BELA

Hello, Dean.

DEAN

So when you called me yesterday--
that wasn't to thank me for saving
your ass. Was it.

BELA

(brightly)

No. Gordon Walker paid me to tell
him where you were.

CLOSE ON DEAN. He's fucking furious.

DEAN

Excuse me?

BELA

Well, he had a gun on me! What
else was I supposed to do?

DEAN

Oh, I don't know, maybe pick up the
phone and let us know a raging
psychopath was dropping by?

BELA

I fully intended to call-- just got
a little sidetracked...

DEAN

He tried to kill us!

BELA

I'm sorry. I didn't realize this
was such a big deal. After all,
there's two of you and one of him.

DEAN

There's two of them!

BELA

Oh.

DEAN

(quietly seething)

Bela, I swear to God. We get out
of this alive, first thing I'm
gonna do is kill you.

13

BELA
You're not serious.

DEAN
(fuck yes I am)
Listen to my voice. You tell me if
I'm serious.

Before Bela can reply, Dean HANGS UP.

OFF BELA, taken aback...

14

EXT. INDUSTRIAL LOFT BUILDING - NIGHT

14

To establish.

15

INT. LOFT BUILDING - DIXON'S NEST - NIGHT

15

A large, shadowy room: concrete walls, exposed pipes. The industrial juxtaposed with well-worn antique furniture.

WE FIND GORDON. Slumped on a metal bed frame, wrists and ankles TIED to the bars. Broken, bruised, bloody. His eyes flutter open... he scans the room...

GORDON'S POV: HEAVY STEEL door. BARRED windows. In the corner, TWO BLONDE WOMEN, held up by their SHACKLED HANDS, attached by LONG CHAINS to the ceiling. They're shivering, half-conscious. *

Dixon enters with a LARGE CUP OF BLOOD. Goes to the women. Gently puts the cup to the FIRST WOMAN'S MOUTH. She gulps hungrily. Blood runs down her chin.

DIXON
(tenderly)
I know you're uncomfortable-- but
this is just temporary. The hunger
will pass, you'll feel much better.

The First Woman makes a sound of protest as Dixon takes the cup away. He goes to the SECOND WOMAN. Looks up to see-- Gordon watching him in horror.

DIXON
You're awake.

GORDON
Who are they?

Dixon helps the Second Woman drain the cup. Pats her cheek.

DIXON
Family.

GORDON
You always keep your "family" in shackles?

Dixon approaches Gordon with deliberate calm.

DIXON
We're still getting to know each other. They've just been reborn.

GORDON
You mean you grabbed some poor girls off the street and made 'em monsters like you.

Dixon throws him a cold, hard "fuck you" look. Then--

DIXON
I do what I have to. We're a dying breed.
(then)
But you know that, don't you, Gordon.

Gordon covers his surprise that Dixon knows who he is.

DIXON
Gordon Walker. One of the greatest living vampire Hunters.

GORDON
In the flesh.

DIXON
You're a big part of why my people are nearly extinct, Gordon.

GORDON
(matter-of-fact)
Your people are going extinct because you're a bunch of mindless, bloodthirsty animals.

DIXON
Right, we're so much more bloodthirsty than you.
(then)
Hunters slaughtered my entire nest. Like they were having a party.

Dixon flicks a glance to a CLUTTERED TABLE.

DIXON
... murdered my daughter...

ON THE TABLE: A CIVIL WAR-ERA photo of a WOMAN with BLONDE HAIR. *

DIXON
I can't tell you how satisfying this is. Catching a Hunter responsible for so many deaths. And making you lunch for my new daughters.

Dixon steps closer. He grins, VAMPIRE TEETH DESCENDING.

Gordon never takes his eyes off Dixon. Ice-cold.

GORDON
"Daughters"? Try fang whores. *

Dixon pauses. Taken off-guard by the intensity of Gordon's slur.

DIXON
Watch your mouth.

GORDON
Oh, did I hurt your feelings? I'm sorry. I forgot, you're just a misunderstood victim.
(then)
Even though you murder and spread your filthy disease on pure base instinct. You got less humanity than a sewer rat.

Dixon takes in Gordon's words. Calmly--

DIXON
I'm sorry you have such a low opinion of my people.

GORDON
You have no idea.

Dixon regards Gordon with interest. In the corner, one of the women WHIMPERS WITH HUNGER. He looks to her.

DIXON
Sorry, change of plans. I'll be going out to get you lunch.
(MORE)

15

DIXON (CONT'D)
(to Gordon)
Got a better idea for you.

And with that, Dixon pulls out a SMALL KNIFE. GRIPS one of Gordon's bound arms. Swiftly, Dixon SLICES Gordon's WRIST.... But, strangely, he doesn't drink-- *

Instead, the vampire CUTS opens a vein in HIS OWN ARM... *

ON GORDON-- struggling for his life, eyes going HUGE WITH HORROR as--

DIXON FORCES THEIR ARMS TOGETHER, MINGLING THE BLOOD!

GORDON
No-- NO!!!!

16

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

16

Dean and Sam tend to their weapons. Grim and quiet.

SAM
That vampire's still out there.

DEAN
First things first.

SAM
(agreeing)
Gordon.

DEAN
About that. When we find him... or he finds us...

SAM
Yeah?

DEAN
I'm just saying... he's not leaving us a lot of options.

SAM
I know. We gotta kill him.

Dean shoots his brother a surprised look.

DEAN
Really? Just like that? I thought you'd be more, I don't know...
(whiny bitch imitation)
But we caaaan't, he's human, it's wroooong...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

16

DEAN (CONT'D)
(off Sam's glare)
Sorry.

Sam throws Dean a mild fuck-you look. Then, simply--

SAM
No-- I'm done.
(decisively)
He's not gonna stop till we're
dead, or he is.

Dean takes this in. Registering the change in Sam's
attitude. Just then-- his PHONE RINGS.

Dean checks his CALLER ID-- his face goes tense. Into phone--

DEAN
What.

17

INT. BELA'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

17 *

Bela, driving.

*

INTERCUT BELA AND DEAN.

BELA
(keeping it light and
casual)
I don't like it when people hold
grudges against me. And more to
the point, I'd rather you didn't
kill me. So, I went ahead and
found Gordon's exact location for
you.

*

*

DEAN
(shocked)
You're hundreds of miles away--
how'd you--

BELA
(dry)
Hello. Purveyor of powerful occult
objects.
(then)
I used a talking board to contact
the other side.

DEAN
And?

BELA

Warehouse. Two stories,
riverfront, neon sign out front.

*
*

DEAN

(curt)
Thanks--

BELA

One more thing. The spirit had a
message for you. Let me see:
Leave town. Run like hell.
Whatever you do, don't go after
Gordon.

(beat; then dry)
For whatever that's worth.

Dean HANGS UP, digesting this.

PRELAP SFX: TICK TICK TICK TICK....

INT. LOFT BUILDING - DIXON'S NEST - NIGHT

Gordon's in a standing position, SLUMPED, arms CHAINED OVER
HIS HEAD as with the other prisoners. He's COMING TO... that
loud TICK TICK TICK WAKING him (the sound CONTINUES
THROUGHOUT THE SCENE)...

GORDON'S POV: A DARK BLUR, GRADUALLY COMING INTO FOCUS... the
corner of the room. The two Vampire Women close by, chained,
unconscious. Then, a sudden BLINDING WHITE LIGHT--

GORDON WINCES. What the hell's that? His eyes dart. He's
ashen, covered in a SHEEN OF SWEAT. Looks like a tweaker on
the bad end of a long binge.

Gordon's eyes fall on the WINDOW. Through the window, the
corner of a FLASHING NEON SIGN is visible. When it flashes
ON, the room floods with TOO-BRIGHT LIGHT that BLOWS OUT the
frame. And HURTS Gordon's eyes.

Gordon blinks rapidly, trying to adjust to the light.
Freaked. TUGS at his chains-- they hold. TICK TICK TICK...

Gordon's eyes fall on a TABLE across the room. Where a SMALL
POCKET WATCH TICKS. That huge sound is emanating from that
tiny watch?! Gordon inhales deliberately, working hard to
get a hold of himself. Focusing. He has to get out of here.

Gordon PULLS on the chains, harder... they don't give.

Gordon looks up-- examining the place where the chain is
bolted into the ceiling. He tugs again... nope...

18

Gordon exhales with frustration. And then, in one FURIOUS BURST, he YANKS WITH ALL HIS STRENGTH! The chains BREAK from the ceiling and CRASH to the floor.

He moves fast for the door, wrestling his hands free of the shackles...

CHAINED VAMPIRE WOMAN (O.C.)
... help us... please....

Gordon STOPS. Turns. Looks at the two chained women. They look back, beseechingly...

19

EXT. RAILROAD TRACK - NIGHT

19

A deserted stretch of track running parallel to the road.

Gordon stumbles down the track. Freaking out. Overwhelmed by his newly ENHANCED SENSES. Trying desperately to keep it together. He passes beneath a LAMPPOST...

GORDON'S POV: The lamp gives off INTENSE BLADES OF LIGHT. Contrast is SHARPER. Colors MORE SATURATED...

ON GORDON. Stumbling, rubbing his eyes... he FALLS TO HIS KNEES--

-- and then feels the GROUND beneath his palms RUMBLE OMINOUSLY. What the hell-- he looks up, freaked, to see--

On the ROAD, a CAR approaching...

GORDON'S POV: The car SOUNDS LIKE A JET ENGINE. The headlights are BLINDING... The car ROARS BY, tail-lights leaving LONG RED TRACERS...

Gordon darts a panicked look around... he's gotta get out of here...

SPOTS a GAS STATION in the distance...

20

EXT. GAS STATION - NIGHT

20

To establish: it's COMPLETELY DESERTED. Small building with a side door marked with a RESTROOM SIGN.

Gordon approaches the building...

21

INT. GAS STATION - BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

21

Run down, dirty. Bare, LOUDLY BUZZING LIGHTBULB.

Gordon approaches the SINK. Looks in the DIRTY MIRROR.

(CONTINUED)

21

IN THE MIRROR. Clammy skin. Bloodshot eyes. Gordon leans in, examining himself, looking for changes, when--

Outside, the HIGH SQUEAL of CAR BRAKES. A car door CREAKS OPEN. And then--

SFX: THUM-THUM. THUM-THUM. Another HEARTBEAT.

Gordon glances out the SLIVER OF OPEN DOOR...

GORDON'S POV: A YOUNG MAN emerges from the car...

Quickly Gordon, looks away. Fighting his impulse.

THUM-THUM. THUM-THUM. THUM-THUM.

CLOSE ON GORDON'S HANDS. Gripping the sides of the sink. Knuckles going white...

Gordon, shaking, meets his own eyes in the mirror. The heartbeat GETTING LOUDER. He watches in horror as his VAMPIRE TEETH DESCEND....

Gordon fights the impulse... grip TIGHTENING on the sink...

22

EXT. GAS STATION - NIGHT

22

The Young Man finishes pumping gas... replaces the nozzle... Waits for his RECEIPT to PRINT... The suspense is KILLING us.

Finally, he climbs into his car...

And then... shuts the door. WHEW.

23

INT. YOUNG MAN'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

23

The Young Man STARTS THE CAR, when -- TWO ARMS GRAB HIM! YANKING HIM into the backseat! Holy shit, it's GORDON!

24

EXT. YOUNG MAN'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

24

WIDE ON THE CAR. It SHAKES VIOLENTLY from the struggle within. We hear MUFFLED SCREAMS...

As A JET OF BLOOD SPATTERS the inside of the windows--

BLACKOUT!

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

25

INT. LOFT BUILDING - DIXON'S NEST - NIGHT

25

Sam and Dean enter-- and STOP DEAD.

The place is a BLOODBATH. The two female vampires dangle from their chains, BEHEADED. And kneeling on the floor, back to the door-- Dixon. *

As Sam and Dean APPROACH, we realize-- Dixon is WEEPING. *

Dean RAISES his MACHETE-- *

DIXON
(back still turned, raw
with grief)
Go ahead. Do it.

Sam and Dean share a quick look. What the fuck?

DIXON
Kill me.

SAM
What happened here?

Dixon turns to face the boys. With pure hatred--

DIXON
Gordon Walker.

The brothers lock eyes. Oh, shit. Dean keeps his machete on Dixon. Dixon's words are suffused with pain, anger-- *

DIXON
I never should have taken a Hunter here. Never. I just wanted... some kind of revenge. So stupid... exposing my family.... *

Dean laughs aloud at this.

DEAN
Yeah, you're a real family man.

Sam approaches the corpses. EXAMINING them... *

DIXON
You don't understand--

DEAN

I don't want to understand, you
sick--

DIXON

I was desperate. Ever felt
desperate?

Dean tenses at the question.

DIXON

I've lost everyone I ever loved--
I'm staring down eternity, alone.
Can you think of a worse hell?

DEAN

(dry)
Well, there's hell.

Dixon continues, oblivious to Dean's crack. Heartbroken.

DIXON

I wasn't thinking. I just...
didn't care anymore.

(vulnerable, really
asking)

You know what that's like? When
you just don't give a damn?

ON DEAN. Yes, he knows.

DIXON

It's like-- being dead already.
(then)
So go ahead and do it.

Dean stares at the vampire. The words landing hard.

Just then, Sam looks up from the corpses. Shocked.

SAM

This body... the head wasn't cut
off.

(then)

It was ripped off. By someone's
bare hands.

Dean looks to the bodies in disbelief. Then, both boys stare
at Dixon.

SAM

Dixon... what did you do to Gordon?

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CONTINUED: (2)

09/14/07 28.
25

25

Dixon looks away.

OFF OUR BOYS, REALIZING: Holy fuck, Gordon's a VAMPIRE!

26

INT. KUBRICK'S RV - NIGHT

26

Kubrick cleans his GUN. When-- he hears a SOUND outside.

Kubrick goes to the window. Parts the BLINDS...

KUBRICK'S POV. Darkness, thick trees. No sign of anyone.

Kubrick turns--

-- and nearly runs smack into GORDON! Jump scare!

KUBRICK
Gordon, you okay?

GORDON
Not really.

KUBRICK
Thought maybe you were dead.

Gordon SNORTS at the irony. Silently meets Kubrick's eyes.
Kubrick can see-- something is very, very wrong.

KUBRICK
... What is it?

GORDON
Something... happened.

KUBRICK
(wide-eyed)
What?

GORDON
They turned me.

KUBRICK
They-- those fangs?

Kubrick stares at Gordon, devastated. A raw moment between them. Mutual pain over what's happened to Gordon.

KUBRICK
You know... you know what this means.

GORDON
It means you have to kill me.

(CONTINUED)

Kubrick grips the GOLD CROSS he wears around his neck, for strength. Then, with great sadness, he nods. *

GORDON

But not yet.

KUBRICK

I'm sorry--

GORDON

You have to let me do one last thing first.

KUBRICK

What?

GORDON

Kill Sam Winchester.

KUBRICK

Gordon--

GORDON

That's the only-- that's the one good thing to come out of this nightmare. I'm strong enough, I'm fast enough-- I can finish him.

KUBRICK

Gordon, I'm sorry, you know I can't let you outta here. I'm sorry...

Gordon steps closer to Kubrick. Appealing to him.

GORDON

Listen to me. There's nothing more important. Please.

Gordon turns away. Eyes on the wall of crosses.

GORDON

I can do one last good thing for the world.

Visibly pained by what he has to do, Kubrick steps closer to Gordon's turned back. Placating him--

KUBRICK

Okay... I hear you. You're right, Gordon.

As he speaks, Kubrick silently lifts a machete. Soundlessly approaches Gordon, who appears COMPLETELY OBLIVIOUS, lost in thought, his back is still turned. *

Kubrick raises the machete-- when suddenly-- *

-- Gordon SPINS AROUND to face him!

CLOSE ON KUBRICK as-- Below frame, Gordon STABS HIM! We HEAR a sickening WET, MEATY SOUND... Kubrick's EYES GO WIDE...

A second HORRIBLE SOUND and Gordon LIFTS his BLOODY HAND into frame. Holy shit, he stabbed Kubrick with his BARE HAND!!

Kubrick STUMBLES FORWARD, BLOOD POURING from his MOUTH... *

Gordon CATCHES his friend in his arms.

Kubrick SPUTTERS, can't BREATHE... Gordon ROCKS him gently, soothingly... holding Kubrick with genuine grief...

GORDON

I'm sorry.

As Kubrick DIES IN GORDON'S ARMS...

INT. MOTEL ROOM - DAY (DAY 3) 27 *

Sam, frustrated, studies the map in a ALBANY CITYGUIDE. *

Dean walks in. Just as frustrated.

DEAN

I musta checked three dozen motels--
plus abandoned buildings,
warehouses...

SAM

Yeah, me too.
(then)
Big city.

DEAN

Giant haystack-- Gordon's a deadly
needle. And we're losing daylight.
Without the sun slowing him down...

SAM

... he'll be unstoppable.

Something occurs to Sam--

SAM
Gimme your phone.

As he hands it over--

DEAN
Why?

Sam opens the back of the phone, fishes out the SIM card.

SAM
Gordon might know our numbers. He
can use the cell signal to track
us.

He yanks the SIM card out of his own phone. Tosses the
phones on the ground. STOMPS on them.

Dean glances out the window at the late afternoon sun.

DEAN
We better find a safe place...

SAM
Yeah.

DEAN
For you to wait out the night.

SAM
For me? What about you?

DEAN
I'm going after Gordon.

SAM
What?!

DEAN
You heard me.

SAM
Forget it, Dean, I'm not letting
you--

Dean throws Sam a "you gotta be kidding me" look.

DEAN
Thanks, Sammy, but I don't really
need you to sign a permission slip.
(then)
Look, he's after you, not me. And
he's turbo-charged.
(MORE)

DEAN (CONT'D)

I want you out of harm's way. I'll
take care of it.

Sam shakes his head. Not liking the idea at all.

SAM

It's suicide.

DEAN

(dismissive)

It's another day at the office.

(off Sam's glare)

Okay, it's a massively dangerous
day at the office. Happy?

SAM

(angry)

So, what-- you're the guy with
nothing to lose? Because you're
already dead?

DEAN

(shrugging)

If the shoe fits...

SAM

(snapping)

You know, I've had it with your
whole kamikaze trip.

DEAN

Now hold on-- I'd say I'm much more
like a ninja.

SAM

It's not funny--

DEAN

It's a little funny.

SAM

(furious)

No it's not!

DEAN

What do you want me to do, Sam, sit
around writing sad poems about how
I'm gonna die?

SAM

I want you to drop the attitude.
Quit acting like everything's a
punchline!

(MORE)

SAM (CONT'D)

(then)

Stop acting like you're not afraid.

DEAN

(bristling)

I'm not--

SAM

You're lying. And you may as well drop it, 'cause I see right through you.

DEAN

You don't know what you're talking about.

But Sam's undeterred.

SAM

Yes, I do. You're scared, Dean. The year's running out and you're going to hell and you're freaked.

*

DEAN

How would you know?

SAM

Because I know you.

DEAN

(a challenge)

Oh, you know me?

SAM

Yeah, Dean, I do--

DEAN

How?

SAM

'Cause I been following you around my entire life!

(then, quietly)

I've been looking up to you since I was four. Studying you, wanting to be just like my big brother. I know you better than anyone in the world.

(then)

And this? Is exactly how you act when you're terrified.

27

Dean stares at Sam. Hovering somewhere between stubborn and vulnerable. Then looks away. He can't talk about this. But Sam presses--

SAM

And, I mean, who wouldn't be? It's just...

Sam trails off. Can't quite say what he needs to. Finally, Dean looks at him. Sees the struggle.

DEAN

What?

SAM

I wish you'd drop the show and just be my brother again. 'Cause...
(Beat. Then)
Just, 'cause.

ON DEAN. As that hits him hard.

Dean meets Sam's eyes. A moment between brothers. Then--

DEAN

Okay... we'll find a spot. Get our backs against a nice solid wall. Hide our scent so he can't track us. And wait out the night. Okay?

*
*

OFF SAM. Getting that this is Dean's way of apologizing.

28

INT. SMALL BASEMENT ROOM - DAY

28

A SERIES OF QUICK BEATS. Sam and Dean lay out WEAPONS... Circle the perimeter, BURNING HERBS... BOOBY TRAP the door... And finally, PADLOCK THEMSELVES IN.

*
*
*

29

INT. SMALL BASEMENT ROOM - NIGHT

29

Sam and Dean sit in the corner of the shadowy room, knives across their laps. When-- DEAN'S CELLPHONE RINGS.

The boys' eyes meet. What the hell?

SAM

We just got that phone two hours ago. Who'd you give the number to?

DEAN

No one.

Dean hits the ANSWER button. Brings the phone to his ear.

30

INT. FACTORY - NIGHT

30

CLOSE ON GORDON. (We stay VERY TIGHT on him throughout.)

INTERCUT GORDON AND DEAN.

GORDON

Dean.

DEAN

How'd you get this number?

GORDON

Your scent's all over the cell
phone store. 'Course, I can't
smell you now.

(then, dead serious)

Where are you?

DEAN

Guess you'll just have to find us.

GORDON

I'd rather you came to me.

DEAN

Whatsamatter, Gordo? You're not
scared of us, are you? We're just
sitting here-- bring it on.

GORDON

I don't think so.

WIDEN TO REVEAL he's standing in a large factory room-- with
a TIED-UP, silently crying TERRIFIED GIRL. He holds the
phone up to her mouth.

TERRIFIED GIRL

(weeping)

Please... please.....

ON DEAN. Hearing the Terrified Girl's cries.

GORDON

Factory on Riverside off the
turnpike. Be here in twenty
minutes or the girl dies.

DEAN

Gordon-- hold on-- let the girl go.

GORDON

'Bye, Dean--

DEAN

Wait! Just let her go. You got it
in for Sam, I get that. But let's
keep it between us.

Dean listens for a response. Gordon says nothing.

DEAN

Don't do this, Gordon. Please.
You don't kill innocent people.
You're still a Hunter.

ON GORDON. Face stony as he considers this. Then, ice cold--

GORDON

No, I'm a monster.

Gordon hangs up.

BLACKOUT.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

31 EXT. FACTORY - NIGHT 31
The Impala approaches.

32 OMITTED 32 *

33 INT. FACTORY - LARGE ROOM - NIGHT 33 *

Bright, cold UTILITY LIGHTS illuminate the room. Shelves of equipment, hulking machinery against the walls. Two DOORS, one on each end of the room. (NB: Sam and Dean enter through a doorway that has a ROLL-DOWN CORRUGATED-METAL DOOR.)

Sam and Dean enter. Dean holds the COLT. Sam's got a MACHETE. They move silently, smoothly, a unit. Angling their backs to each other. Searching around every corner. Sam SPOTS something-- *

SAM'S POV: In the corner, the Girl, gagged and bound. *

Sam gestures to Dean. They move swiftly to the Girl...

Sam CUTS THE GIRL FREE. She's shaking, near-paralyzed. *

SAM *

(to the Girl, low)
It's okay. We're getting you outta here.

The Girl can barely stand-- Dean catches her, sweeps her up and CARRIES her. To Sam-- *

DEAN
Come on. Stay close.

Dean makes for the door. Sam follows a couple of feet behind, on the alert.

Dean passes through the doorway, when suddenly--

The ROLL-DOWN METAL DOOR ZIPS DOWN! It SLAMS to the floor, SEALING the exit. TRAPPING Sam inside. Dean and the Girl on the other side of the door.

Sam tries to lift the door. It WON'T BUDGE. He POUNDS IT--

SAM
Dean!

34 INT. FACTORY - HALLWAY ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE DOOR 34

Dean sets down the Girl, goes to the door.

DEAN

Sam!

He tries the door-- KICKS IT-- can't get it open...

DEAN

Damn it! Sam!!

35 INT. FACTORY - LARGE ROOM - CONTINUOUS 35

Sam, breathless, faces the door. That fucker is not opening.

Sam takes a couple of steps back, turns, and--

THE LIGHTS GO OUT! Leaving Sam in TOTAL DARKNESS.

Sam freezes. Breathing hard. Totally blind. He grips his machete. Begins to move carefully, toward the door at the OPPOSITE END of the room.

SAM

(calling out)

Gordon!

(beat)

You got me where you want me.
Might as well come out and fight.

GORDON

(shockingly close)

I'm right here, Sam.

Sam SPINS AROUND... Gordon's NOT THERE.

Then, from the blackness a short distance away, the sound of GORDON LAUGHING.

GORDON

Whatsamatter, Sammy?

GORDON'S POV: The room is ILLUMINATED BY VAMPIRIC NIGHTVISION. (Perhaps this is similar to INFRARED. Or, it could resemble conventional nightvision, but RED instead of GREEN.) Sam, tense, trying to get his bearings.

SAM

So this is how you wanna do it.

GORDON

You bet I do.

SAM'S POV: Darkness, shadow. Now Gordon's voice comes from another direction... *

GORDON

You have no idea what I faced. To get here. I lost everything. My life.

(then)

But it's worth it. 'Cause I'm finally gonna kill the most dangerous thing I ever hunted. You're not human, Sam.

SAM

Look who's talking.

GORDON

You're right.

Sam swings around but Gordon's slipped away. From further down the hall-- in darkness-- *

GORDON

(quiet, simple)

I'm a bloodthirsty killer.

SAM

Don't talk about it like you don't have a choice.

GORDON

I don't--

SAM

Yes, you do.

(proving the point)

You didn't kill that girl.

GORDON

No, I didn't.

(then)

I did something much, much worse.

INT. FACTORY - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Dean's got a METAL PIPE. He swings at the CHAIN MECHANISM of the door, trying to BREAK IT. Bam! Bam! Then, seeing that it's not working, Dean gives up. TOSSES the pipe aside. Out of breath, frustrated.

Dean turns, and--

36

The Girl's RIGHT THERE! Holy shit-- she's fully VAMPED OUT!
SHOVES HIM with SUPERNATURAL STRENGTH--

DEAN HITS THE WALL-- the Girl rushes him--

Dean PULLS OUT the COLT-- and SHOOTS--

ON THE GIRL as the bullet hits her RIGHT BETWEEN THE EYES.
The wound CRACKLES WITH SPARKLING ELECTRICITY... she DROPS.

OFF DEAN'S GRIM EXPRESSION...

37

INT. FACTORY - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

37

GORDON'S NIGHTVISION POV: Sam moves blindly in the
darkness... head jerking in the direction of every movement.

GORDON

I'll hand it to you, Sam. You got
a lot of people fooled. But I know
the truth.

Sam stops walking. Listens.

GORDON

I know what it's like-- we're the
same now, you and me. I know how
it is walking around with something
evil inside you. It's just too bad
you won't do the right thing-- and
kill yourself.

(then)

I'm gonna. Soon as I'm done with
you. Two last good deeds: killing
you and killing myself.

Sam moves towards him-- he's NOT THERE. Swings around--
NOTHING. Empty space. Beat. Sam holds still-- hears
nothing. Beat. And suddenly--

GORDON'S POV. Rushing full speed for Sam!!

BAM! Gordon TACKLES Sam! They fly at the wall--

-- and CRASH RIGHT THROUGH IT! Into--

38

INT. FACTORY - MACHINE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

38

(NB: this room has a couple of big MOONLIT WINDOWS, so we can
better see the bloody beating to come. It also has TALL
METAL SHELVES cluttered with MACHINE PARTS, buckets of NAILS,
SPOOLS OF RAZOR WIRE, ETC.)

PLASTER FLIES as Gordon and Sam CRASH through the wall. The machete goes FLYING out of Sam's hand. *

Gordon TOSSES Sam into a piece of MACHINERY (or a heavy shelf; something substantial enough to pin him underneath), which COLLAPSES ON HIM, TRAPPING HIM... *

Gordon PIVOTS-- *

REVEAL DEAN. Colt aimed at Gordon. He FIRES-- *

But MISSES-- as Gordon RUSHES DEAN WITH RAMPED SPEED! *

In one elegant move, Gordon KNOCKS the Colt out of Dean's hand-- and then PULLS HIM CLOSE... *

ON SAM. Woozy from impact, trying to get out from under the debris. He looks up--

SAM'S POV. Gordon SINKS HIS FANGS INTO DEAN'S NECK--

SAM

NO!!

In a BURST OF ADRENALINE, Sam pulls himself free. He CHARGES Gordon. YANKS him off Dean-- *

Dean SLUMPS to the ground, BLEEDING... *

Gordon turns. His eyes lock with Sam's. *

CLOSE ON GORDON. Eye to eye with his prey. He SMILES. *

CLOSE ON SAM. Meeting Gordon's eyes. Genuinely scared... *

Sam turns and DASHES the few steps to a NEARBY SHELF, which bears DEBRIS and A SPOOL OF MEAN, RUSTY RAZOR WIRE-- *

URNS HIS BACK ON GORDON... GRABS a couple of old GREASE RAGS... REACHES for the spool of wire--

--as Gordon CHARGES FULL SPEED for Sam's turned back-- GRABS him...

And SLAMS Sam into the nearest machine-- and AGAIN...

Sam finally manages to TURN AROUND, face to face with Gordon-- and LOOP the Razor Wire AROUND Gordon's neck. (He grips the wire using the rags to protect his hands.) He PULLS HARD...

Gordon's grip on Sam loosens as the wire BITES DEEP into his neck, SLICING INTO HIS FLESH... His eyes go WIDE...

ON SAM'S HANDS. Blood soaking the rags as the razor wire cuts through... he pulls harder...

Gordon struggles, grabbing at Sam, but Sam holds tight...

CLOSE ON SAM'S GRIMLY DETERMINED FACE as, off-camera, he swiftly YANKS WITH ALL HIS STRENGTH, pulling the wire ALL THE WAY THROUGH Gordon's neck. DECAPITATING him.

We stay on Sam as we hear a wet THUNK: Gordon's head. Followed by a larger WHUMP: his body.

Sam stands over the corpse. Tosses aside the bloody wire. He looks to his brother--

Dean's on his feet. Holding his neck; bloody. STARING at Sam. Troubled and just plain AWED by what he just witnessed his brother do.

Dean limps over to join Sam. A BEAT as they take in Gordon's corpse. Solemn.

Then, they turn away. Head for the door.

DEAN

(dry)

You rushed Super Vampire Gordon
with no weapon. Little reckless,
don't you think?

Sam shoots his brother a mild "fuck you" look.

BLACKOUT.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

39

EXT. MOTEL - PARKING LOT - DAY (DAY 4)

39 *

Hood's popped on the Impala. Upbeat classic rock on the stereo. Dean leans over the engine, tinkering.

Sam approaches, carrying their duffel bags and two CANS OF BEER. He tosses the bags into the car. Cracks open a can, leaves it on the car roof for Dean.

Sam starts to walk away, when--

DEAN

(not looking up)

Hand me that wrench, will you?

Sam grabs the tool out of the TOOLBOX nearby. Hands it over.

DEAN

(still buried in the car)

Thanks...

But then, Dean straightens. Gives Sam a hard look. Considering something.

SAM

What? Wrong wrench?

DEAN

Come here a sec.

Sam joins Dean. They stand over the exposed engine.

DEAN

You know how she backfired the other night? Could be a couple things. I'm thinking the carb's out of tune.

SAM

("why are you telling me this?")

Right...

Dean assesses Sam. Clearly he has little idea what Dean's talking about.

Dean points.

DEAN

This right here? Valve cover.
Inside are all the parts that are
on the head.

(then, holding out his
hand)

Screwdriver.

Sam, surprised by all this instruction, hands Dean a
screwdriver.

Dean unscrews the valve cover as he speaks.

DEAN

With me so far?

SAM

Valve cover, head.

DEAN

This right here? Intake manifold.
And that right there, sitting on
it...

SAM

Carburetor?

DEAN

Bingo.

SAM

Dean?

DEAN

Yeah?

SAM

What's with the auto shop?

Dean hands him the wrench. Sam stares at it, bewildered.

SAM

You don't mean...

DEAN

Yeah I do. You fix it.

Sam's shocked.

SAM

You barely let me drive the
thing...

*

DEAN

(quietly)

It's time. You should know how to
fix her. I mean, you gotta know
this stuff... for the future.

Sam just looks at Dean. Doesn't know what to say.

DEAN

Besides... it's my job. Teaching
my little brother the ropes.

A small moment between them.

Then, Sam leans over the engine with the wrench. Takes a
stab at it.

DEAN

Hey-- put your shoulder into it.

Sam shoots him a look. Then smiles, tries it again.

OFF SAM AND DEAN, working together on the car...

BLACKOUT.

TO BE CONTINUED...