



RIFT

"MY ENEMY'S ENEMY"

EPISODE NUMBER: 1.04

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- TEASER -

FADE IN:

EXT. MANOR HOUSE - NIGHT

The moon shines onto a darkened manor built on the hilltop overlooking a suburban street.

The lights indoors are off - although we can hear the CRIES and ROARS of people inside, as well as the familiar noises of HACKING and SQUELCHES.

An ELDERLY WOMAN and her ELDERLY HUSBAND slowly hobble past. They stop in front of the house and look up in confusion at the noises coming from the manor.

The woman begins to pull her husband away, he shuffles forwards a few paces.

A second later, a FIGURE BURSTS through the panelled windows before she bursts into DUST. A stake rolls to the ground at the feet of the elderly couple.

ELDERLY WOMAN

Remember when the vampires here
kept things quiet?

Her husband mumbles a response and they amble off into the night.

We, on the other hand, move in for a closer look at:

CUT TO:

INT. MANOR HOUSE - SAME

CRASH!

MARIA smashes against the wall and slumps to the ground - but she swings her legs around, bringing her attacker down with her.

She loosens a STAKE from her belt and DUSTS him, before leaping to her feet a second later.

MARIA

(bites her lip)
Oh crap.

She looks around, surveying the situation - it's not good.

BEN is barely fighting off a female VAMPIRE with his sword, and ALEX isn't faring much better as he's forced against a wall, his sword slowly edging towards his neck.

Even GWEN seems to be struggling against her opponents. Her gloves are off and she's SHOCKING them as they approach.

The vampires, unafraid of her, taunt her as they edge nearer. She looks around, she's cut off entirely from the others.

GWEN

Fine. You asked for it.

She holds her hands out in front of her, slowly clenches them into fists, and watches as sparks shoot out all around them.

Across the room; as his opponent SWINGS for him, Ben ducks and THRUSTS up with his sword - and it goes right through her throat!

She gurgles - he removes his sword and swings it around, severing the head and dusting her. Another vampire attacks and tackles him to the ground.

The vamp PINS Ben to the floor, flashing its razor sharp TEETH as it sinks down towards him, about to bite -

- when an AXE embeds itself in the back of the vamp's head and it DUSTS. Alex helps Ben to his feet.

BEN

Nicely done.

ALEX

Thank me later.

He moves off, skillfully twirling his axe as he faces off against another vampire.

The tide of VAMPIRES never seems to end! Gwen's exhausted, barely managing to keep the vampires off her as Maria HACKS through to her friends rescue.

Alex swings his axe round, decapitating a VAMPIRE and DUSTING it, until another VAMP jumps him from behind.

Alex goes down, hitting the floor hard. He blinks in surprise, coughing up a mouthful of blood before looking up-

- to where DRAKE stands, wielding a nasty looking sword. The vampire offers a grin as we:

CUT TO:

EXT. LOS ANGELES SKYLINE - NIGHT

The city at relative peace. The night is pierced by a SCREAM!

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

The man behind the scream is WHISTLER, bloodied and beaten and currently the victim of a strange PURPLE LIGHT slowly working up his chest.

He seems to be resisting it, trying to push it away despite the cuffs chaining him to a chair.

- THREE DAYS EARLIER -

Above him stands Drake, and further behind is AMARRA.

The vampire God appears drained; his eyes look heavy and his skin a grey instead of the white we've come to know.

Drake grits his teeth and he runs his hands through his hair in frustration.

All eyes are fixed on Whistler, who writhes on the chair as the charm takes effect.

DRAKE
(taunting)
Come on, we both know you can get out.

Whistler glares at him, and Drake grins.

DRAKE (CONT'D)
Yeah. See, I did a little homework on you.

Drake holds up that evil grin, circling Whistler's table.

DRAKE (CONT'D)
So come on. It's this, or the Powers. Heck, maybe you can out-run 'em. Maybe -

AMARRA
You can stop now.

Drake turns to him, giving him a questioning look.

AMARRA (CONT'D)
He won't give into the charm's effects, he's too strong of mind.
(MORE)

AMARRA (CONT'D)
(beat)
And we're running out of time.

As Amarra steps forward Drake looks defiant.

AMARRA (CONT'D)
(stern)
Leave!

Not looking to argue, Drake walks towards the nearby door and exits without a word, not even closing the door behind him.

Amarra settles back into a chair.

JACK (O.S.)
If I may, my lord...

Amarra looks up as JACK, Drake's second in command, steps out of the shadows.

JACK (CONT'D)
Maybe it's time for a little
change in tactics?

AMARRA
Oh?

JACK
Drake's taking us from cock-up to
cock-up. Perhaps it's time
someone takes over. Someone who
can lead us as we are meant to be
led, someone who can give you the
world that rightfully belongs to
you.

Amarra allows a small smile to form.

AMARRA
Tell me, do you have anyone in
mind?

Jack splits a wide smile, we PULL BACK - to reveal Drake is standing behind the door. He frowns, then retreats into the shadows.

FADE OUT.

- END OF TEASER -

STARRING

ELISHA CUTHBERT

JOHN SIMM

ALEXA DAVALOS

MAX PERLICH

WITH

JOSH HOLLOWAY

JAMES NESBITT

AND

JEREMY IRONS AS AMARRA

GUEST STARRING

CHRISTOPHER ECCLESTON AS JACK

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(C) MUTANT ENEMY, INC. AND FOX

- ACT ONE -

FADE IN:

INT. GYM - NIGHT

Despite the late hour the gym is filled with various MEN and WOMEN as they work the various machines. All of them have that movie star or fashion model look about them.

Maria steps up to a treadmill, a towel draped over her shoulders, and starts the machine up.

She jogs, then works up the speed until she's running at a maddening pace and what's more, she makes the whole thing look effortless.

On the machine next to her is VINCE, late thirties, nineties haircut, more muscle than brains, and he's admiring the view.

VINCE
Impressive stuff.

He boosts the speed on his treadmill to match Maria's and quickly adjusts, though by his pained expression he's having to push himself.

Maria doesn't even glance at him, focussing on what she's doing.

VINCE (CONT'D)
Listen, I'm getting out of here in a little while, you want to come out for a while? There's this club down the street, very exclusive but -
(smug)
My name might just get you in.

He flashes a truly idiotic grin, utterly convinced he's in with a chance.

Maria stops her treadmill and walks away, Vince watches her go, maintaining his grin and follows her.

VINCE (CONT'D)
So, that a yes?

MARIA
(cheery)
Nope.

She walks over to a punch bag and starts stretching.

VINCE
Come on, one drink?

MARIA

(snaps)

Listen, I'm not interested, okay?

She stretches some more and Vince, looking a little stunned, backs off slightly.

VINCE

It wouldn't have to be a date or anything... I'm just saying, one drink.

She sighs, turns around, and gives him a cheeky smile.

MARIA

Okay, how about this; you and me have a little sparring match. If you win, I go out for a drink.

He's a little surprised by her proposition, having to think about it for a moment.

VINCE

No tricks?

MARIA

No tricks.

(beat, flirtatious)

Come on, big boy like you against little me?

He opens his mouth to answer and:

SLAM!

SMASH CUT TO:

Moments later, Vince hits the mat, hard. He looks dazed, barely able to look over his shoulder to see Maria leaving without a word.

ON MARIA

She wraps her towel around her shoulders looking rather pleased with herself.

She glances to one side, out the window and into the streets. She stops dead, noticing something in the distance.

After a moment she turns away and walks towards the changing rooms.

CUT TO:

EXT. GYM - LATER

Now dressed in a casual hooded top and carrying a gym bag, Maria makes her way across the street to the building she was looking at before.

She stands on the sidewalk looking into the shadows by the wall.

MARIA

Care to explain why you've been
ignoring me?

From out of the shadows steps the BLACK COAT MAN, his face permanently disguised by the darkness.

BLACK COAT MAN

I've been... busy.

Her gaze drops from him to the ground, she looks ashamed, clearly she knows more than we do.

BLACK COAT MAN (CONT'D)

I have something for you.

MARIA

You do?

BLACK COAT MAN

I know what you're looking for.
More importantly, I know where he
is.

Maria's eyes immediately snap up towards him as we:

CUT TO:

INT. ALEX'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Newspaper clippings line the walls of the apartment.

Alex lies asleep at his desk, in his hand a PHOTOGRAPH - of him and SAM.

He stirs, opening his blood shot eyes and allows them to drift towards a half emptied glass of scotch. With a sigh he sits up, moving the glass away.

He looks towards a JEWELRY BOX that sits neatly on the desk. He picks it up, and tenderly opens it.

Besides a few trinkets belonging to his sister, including the necklace we last saw in 1x01, the only object inside is a LETTER.

It's sealed. He takes it out and places the box on the bed. He's moves to open the sealed letter - KNOCK!

Quickly, he drops the letter back into the Jewelry Box and places it roughly on the desk before darting for the door and opening it.

Ben stands on the other side.

ALEX
(disinterested)
What is it?

Ben pushes past him, walking into the apartment much to Alex's annoyance.

ALEX (CONT'D)
Please, come in.

BEN
At least you know I'm not a vampire.

Alex goes to retort, but his disinterest in Ben's arrival wins out.

ALEX
So, at the risk of sounding repetitive, what is it?

BEN
Get your coat.

ALEX
(sighs)
Why?

BEN
We've got a lead. We may just have found Whistler.

Doing as he's told, Alex grabs his jacket and quickly exits the room without another question.

Ben takes a moment to look around the room, noting the countless clippings and files pinned around the room, then, looking worried, he follows Alex out the door.

CUT TO:

INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Drake stands before a small number of vampires, the remnants of the Cult of Amarra. They don't appear to be paying an awful lot of attention to him.

DRAKE
We have to be careful. There's all but nothin' left of us -

JACK

And whose fault is that?

The vampires turn to see Jack, standing at the back of the group staring straight at Drake.

DRAKE

Whoever falls, it's their own fault.

JACK

Oh please. You led us into fight after fight, you got arrogant, mate. Beaten by a couple of rag-tag do-gooders.

(beat)

Twice.

DRAKE

As I remember it, the first time we managed to summon our master and take down two of their fighters. I'd call that a win.

He motions to one side, we follow his arm and see a human form Amarra sat not far away watching the confrontation, he leans forward and sports a slight smile.

JACK

At what cost? There's what, twenty of us? It's been months and we haven't managed to get back even close the numbers we lost.

Drake grits his teeth but he's hardly able to quell his anger when a murmur of agreement comes from the acolytes.

JACK (CONT'D)

(to Amarra)

Tell me, my lord, is this the army you dreamed would meet you on your glorious return, or an insult?

(beat)

We stand in the shadows when we should march against the living.

Amarra's smile grows and Drake sees it, finally flipping his lid.

DRAKE

You don't think I heard you? All that schemin' behind my back? You want to do something either put up or shut up.

The vampires grow restless, all except Jack and Drake who ignore the rising excitement and merely stand glaring into each other's eyes.

JACK

Done.

Drake's face falls slightly.

DRAKE

Done?

Once more Jack turns to Amarra and bows his head slightly.

JACK

With your permission, I wish to pose challenge for the leadership of your order.

Drake looks from Jack to Amarra and back again, all to sure of what Amarra's response will be. With a wave of his hand Amarra crushes Drake's spirit as he agrees.

AMARRA

Such a challenge would... legitimise the position of a leader in these dark times.

(to Drake)

Wouldn't you agree?

Albeit reluctantly, Drake nods and begins to walk towards the small crowd of CHEERING vampires and Jack.

Jack shrugs off his long coat and adopts a fighting stance, Drake stops just a few feet away and does the same. The vampires form a circle around them and fall silent.

DRAKE

For the leadership it is.

JACK

(cocky)

May the best man win.

DRAKE

I will.

The lunge for each other and we -

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. WHISTLER'S HOUSE - LATER

Maria and Gwen are already seated in two comfy armchairs when Ben and Alex enter. The girls stand.

Alex marches right over to the chair Maria was just occupying and sits on the arm.

ALEX
You found something?

Impressed, Gwen turns to Ben.

GWEN
How did you get him to come?

BEN
He just... came.

Alex rolls his eyes.

ALEX
You know how this works. You find a lead, we check it out, it falls through, I go home. The less arsing about the better as far as I'm concerned. So, you found something?

With a resigned sigh Gwen turns to Maria, who nods.

MARIA
One of my informants just got back in contact, he said he'd heard something about a do-gooder demon being held in the city.

BEN
Lucky for us there's not too many of those around these days. Time was -

ALEX
(cutting across)
You sure? Wouldn't be the first hoax, probably won't be last.

She shakes her head, dismissing his skepticism.

MARIA
He's never given me bad info before.

BEN
So he can be trusted?

Beat. Maria doesn't answer straight away.

MARIA
Like I say, never let me down.

Satisfied, Alex gets to his feet and looks just about ready to head off.

ALEX

Right, okay. Who's got him?

Maria doesn't answer straight away, building herself up to saying it.

MARIA

(finally)

Amarra.

Alex looks at her in disbelief, Gwen bows her head. She's been quiet so far, this would be the reason.

ALEX

(to Gwen/Maria)

I have the distinct memory of seeing you kill him.

GWEN

Whistler said he was immortal, maybe he was right.

ALEX

(distant)

So much for counting our chickens...

Ben raises a hand.

BEN

Amarra?

GWEN

He's a --

BEN

-- vampire God, I know. But even so, Jesus.

(off looks)

Vampire God rises in Los Angeles, the Council make it their business to know about it. Truth be told we were relieved when we heard he'd gone down in his first scuffle.

(beat)

You're sure about this?

MARIA

I'm positive.

Maria looks over at Alex, who has been silent for a while.

MARIA (CONT'D)

Alex, you okay?

Without saying a word, Alex turns and walks towards the door. Gwen goes after him.

GWEN

Alex, wait!

She reaches him, but he pushes her back and quickly leaves, closing the door softly behind him.

Gwen looks a bit stunned. Ben starts to go after Alex, as Maria helps Gwen up.

MARIA

Were are you going?

BEN

To follow him.

Ben leaves, just as Gwen and Maria share a look - wondering what good he can do with Alex in loner mode.

CUT TO:

INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

THWACK!

Jack recoils, stepping backwards and clutching his chest. Drake charges forward, delivering an uppercut that knocks Jack to the floor.

Before Drake can get another move in, Jack flips to his feet and spin-kicks him to the ground.

It's not long after we left them, but both vampires are sporting some nasty looking cuts and lumps.

Drake's about to get up - but Jack kicks him. He's rolled away by the power of the kick but uses the momentum to get to his feet.

The two vamps circle each other.

DRAKE

Kick a man when he's down? Ain't exactly sporting.

JACK

I was never one for sport. I'm all for fun and games, but rules -

WHACK!

Jack lashes out and gets in a cheap blow to Drake's face, causing him to moan in pain which gives Jack something to smile about.

JACK (CONT'D)
Never did have time for them.

Drake runs at him again but Jack is waiting for it and FLIPS Drake over his shoulder. Drake hits the deck, hard.

JACK (CONT'D)
Just give up Drake, you've lost mate.

Drake struggles onto one knee.

DRAKE
Ain't gonna happen you limey son of a -

WHACK! He's kicked square in the face - splitting his lip and damn near breaking his neck.

Jack pins Drake to the ground by the neck, holding it tightly enough to snap it at a moments notice. His other hand is on his belt.

JACK
Say it.

DRAKE
(struggling)
Never.

JACK
(grins)
Fantastic. I've wanted to do this for years.

Jack raises his right hand - in it is a STAKE! He raises it, snarling as we:

BLACK OUT.

- END OF ACT ONE

- ACT TWO -

FADE IN:

EXT. BAYOU - DAY

We're looking at swamps that appear to be in the middle of nowhere, there's little-to-no sign of civilization.

- NEW ORLEANS -

- 1866 -

Our light is limited due to the various trees hanging over us.

CRACK

A twig breaks on the ground nearby and we trace the source straight away to a pair of worn out boots walking along what little solid ground there is.

We follow the leg of the mystery person, expensive trousers with an all manner of items attached via a belt, stakes, bottles sporting crucifixes, knives, the works.

From that an equally expensive black jacket with white trim. We stop just short of our mystery man's face just as he stops walking.

We move around behind him as he holds up a hand and a familiar voice speaks.

DRAKE

Revelare.

Indeed, it's the man himself. Of course, we're distracted as a TAVERN appears out of nowhere right in front of him.

DRAKE (CONT'D)

Now ain't that something special?

He straightens himself up and walks towards the tavern door and -

INT. TAVERN - CONTINUOUS

Walks straight inside.

None of the PATRONS pay him an awful lot of attention as he walks towards the bar and sits on an aging stool.

He loosens his cravat and pulls open his shirt revealing a crucifix hanging around his neck.

DRAKE

Hell it's hot out there huh?
 (off his outfit)
 Not exactly dressed for the
 weather, but still...

The BARMAN is giving him a death stare that could actually do the trick and stop his heart right there.

DRAKE (CONT'D)

(beat)
 Well ain't you the talkative
 type? One of anythin' you got.

The barman blinks.

DRAKE (CONT'D)

Well, don't I feel welcome? I'll
 put it another way.

Drake reaches for his belt and pulls out an old fashioned revolver, placing it on the bar but never actually moving his hand away.

The barman smirks, unimpressed.

DRAKE (CONT'D)

Good man, don't give in to idle
 threats.

BANG! BANG!

In a flash Drake has put a bullet in each of the barman's kneecaps, he stands, pins the wounded man to the bar before he fall away.

He removes a crucifix from his belt and holds it up behind him just as the seven patrons stand and VAMP OUT in preparation for attack.

DRAKE (CONT'D)

(over his shoulder)
 Ain't for you to get involved.
 This is between me and my friend
 here.

He turns back to the now VAMPED OUT barman who refuses to cry out. The pain he's in is all too apparent as he grits his teeth.

DRAKE (CONT'D)

And here I was hopin' to be
 civil.

He grips the vampire barman's neck a little tighter.

DRAKE (CONT'D)
Where's the girl?

The barman smirks.

VAMPIRE BARMAN
Oh she's your girl?

He laughs, licking his fangs.

VAMPIRE BARMAN (CONT'D)
Oh we enjoyed her.
(to the others)
Didn't we?

Not allowing emotion to overcome him, Drake lowers the crucifix to reach for a stake.

The second he does one lone vampire makes his move, but Drake is ready. He lets the barman go, turns and blocks the vampire's attack and quickly stakes him.

In a moment he's back with the barman and grabs him by the hair, SLAMMING him back to the bar.

DRAKE
(to vampires)
Anybody else?

They look around at each other, then at the pile of ash that used to be one of them - they don't need to answer.

DRAKE (CONT'D)
Good.

He reaches this time for a bottle on his belt, unscrewing the lid.

DRAKE (CONT'D)
You won't tell me, I'll have to
find out the old fashioned way.

He reaches for the vampire's face and forces his eye open - then proceeds to drip HOLY WATER straight onto the exposed spot.

We cut away to Drake's determined face, but the screaming and sizzling is enough to tell us what's going on.

The vampires watching the spectacle are half impressed, half horrified. A couple of them edge away whilst others edge forwards, ready to attack when the moment seems just right.

VAMPIRE BARMAN
(strained, weak)
Help me!

Nobody moves, they just watch. Drake looks disappointed and screws the top on the bottle of holy water.

DRAKE
(defeated)
You're not telling me a damned
thing, are you?

He takes his eyes away from what he's just done, deflating significantly.

We, on the other hand, get a slight glimpse at the burned face of the whimpering barman.

Drake looks disgusted and reaches for a stake, he twists it in his hand a couple of times and the vampires look nervous.

Finding some resolve from deep down, Drake straightens up and STAKES the barman, who doesn't even cry out as he dies.

He then turns to the other vampires.

DRAKE (CONT'D)
(smug)
Do your worst.

They look from one to the other, five of them and just one of him, as a group they make their decision in a second and POUNCE.

Drake prepares for the onslaught, but we take our leave before the first blow is struck:

CUT TO:

INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Present day, just as we left Jack and Drake with the former holding his stake ready for the attack. He brings it down and -

Stops.

Something is stopping him. He looks up, Amarra is holding him by the arm, looking down at the fallen Drake.

AMARRA
Enough.

JACK
(what?!)
You're joking? You're letting him
live?

Amarra gives Jack a warning glance and he backs off a little.

AMARRA

He is a man of honour. To kill him would be a mercy, wouldn't you agree?

Jack nods.

AMARRA (CONT'D)

The humiliation of being cast out from his home, from the army he helped build, would be far worse than death.

Again Jack nods, though he doesn't look completely convinced. He stands and backs away, leaving a beaten Drake to stand up.

He looks from Amarra to Jack, then to his former loyal vampire army. None of them want him there.

He doesn't take another moment, he runs out of the warehouse with everyone watching him go.

Satisfied, Jack raises one fist into the air.

JACK

To a new beginning!

He turns to the vampires, proud at his victory and awaits their applause. His big grin drops when they fail to give him any.

CUT TO:

EXT. LOS ANGELES STREETS - NIGHT

Ben walks the streets with a little caution. He's unarmed but doesn't seem to pay too much attention to that fact.

There's a ruckus nearby and Ben reaches into his coat removing a stake. He wields it a little gingerly, approaching the end of his path, the noise coming from around the corner.

He peers around, and we get a look for ourselves.

Alex is fighting a VAMPIRE, no stake as far as we can see but there's a pile of ash no more than a few feet away from him.

The vampire manages to break through his defences and backfists him hard - Alex hits the wall and bounces off, rolling to the floor.

The vamp goes in for the kill but his legs are swept out from under him as Alex performs a neat sweeping kick from the ground.

He stands, as does the vampire and the two charge for each other.

No match for the vamp's strength, Alex is driven backwards into the wall and held there. He struggles, but it's no use-

The vamp lets go, startled. He turns to dust to reveal Ben stood behind him - his stake falling to the floor amongst the ashes.

BEN
You're welcome.

ALEX
(indifferent)
Didn't thank you.

He starts to walk away but Ben hurries after him.

BEN
Is this how you spend all your nights?

ALEX
More or less.

BEN
It's reckless Alex.

Alex is growing irritated by Ben's presence and stops walking, clenching his fists.

ALEX
I'd noticed...
(beat)
What do you care?

BEN
I don't. Honestly, get yourself killed it makes no difference to me. But what good would that do Sam?

Ben's floored by a punch to the jaw from Alex. He looks up from the ground as Alex stands above him, glaring.

ALEX
Don't talk about her. You know nothing about her.

Ben wipes his lip, clearing up a small trail of blood which has escaped his mouth, then starts to stand.

BEN
You honestly think we weren't keeping an eye on her?
(MORE)

BEN (CONT'D)

Your dad kept her from us but we were well aware of what your sister was. When she was called we didn't approach her because we thought you were doing a good enough job as her watcher yourself.

(beat)

Your dad was a good man Alex but we all know he had things going on behind closed doors, this just happened to be one we knew about.

Alex isn't entirely surprised but at the same time his emotions appear to be building up and he's forced to turn away from Ben.

BEN (CONT'D)

Amarra's back, meaning she really did die for nothing - you get yourself killed by any old vampire and that's it, she's dead and gone and there is nothing you can do to make her death mean something.

Alex doesn't turn to face Ben, he just lets his shoulders slump.

BEN (CONT'D)

We should get back, see where we stand. Moving against Amarra won't be easy.

And with that, he walks away, not bothering to see if Alex is following.

We circle around Alex and get a good look at his face, we see his internal conflict raging on but as his eyes rise up he reaches a conclusion.

He begins to walk towards Ben, then jogs to catch up with him, and the two Brits walk off down the street together.

CUT TO:

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

Drake walks down the stone steps into the dank cellar. He's dressed in his 1860's garb from before and he's looking a little worse for wear with various cuts and bruises across his face.

Water drips nearby and we hear the soft chink of chains rattling nearby.

Drake makes it to the bottom of the stairs and looks into the darkness, trying to adjust to the darkness.

Eventually a figure comes into view at the opposite end of the basement. A WOMAN, chained to the wall dressed in what was once an expensive gown.

Drake doesn't waste any time, running over to her and kneeling beside her.

DRAKE
Elizabeth?

He shakes her slightly, she stirs, and he looks relieved.

DRAKE (CONT'D)
Wake up!

Her eyes open slightly, her breathing is sharp and she doesn't make any move to escape.

ELIZABETH
Who are you?

DRAKE
My name is Thomas Gale.

For the sake of consistency, we'll continue to refer to him as Drake.

Elizabeth looks a little hopeful through her bruised and bloody face.

ELIZABETH
They sent you, didn't they? My parents?

He nods as he removes something from his belt, a pouch which he opens to reveal a white powder.

As he moves to sprinkle some on the chains, Elizabeth's eyes open a little wider. She's watching him closely, a little too closely.

The powder spread, Drake puts the remainder back on his belt and waves a hand over the chain.

DRAKE
Incendé.

Immediately the chain begins to glow, Drake watches intently as the metal melts away - not seeing Elizabeth looming over him.

The chain gives way and he turns to see her, her features unmistakably vampyric!

He barely has the time to dive out of the way as she attempts to leap onto her. She GROWLS.

ELIZABETH

Come here, love. I promise the
pain will fade quickly.

He watches her, standing well back as she TUGS away at the
chain holding her to the wall.

He eyes the bolts, she's breaking them away and soon she'll
be free.

DRAKE

(distraught)

For what it's worth Miss, I am
sorry.

She stops, looks hurt, but it's a front.

ELIZABETH

(mocking)

Her parents will be so
disappointed.

He grimaces, giving her an opportunity to act. She yanks
free of the wall with one last heave and immediately runs
after Drake.

Without hesitating he STAKES her, she's dust before she
meets him.

He looks at her remains, as a single GLOVE lying on the
ground. Though there's signs of disappointment there's no
regret in his expression.

His job done, he turns away and leaves:

CUT TO:

INT. WHISTLER'S HOUSE - NIGHT

This time it's Alex and Ben's turn to wait for the arrival
of Maria and Gwen. They stand in uncomfortable silence,
Alex surveying a broadsword in the weapons cabinet.

The silence is broken by the SLAMMING of the front door.

Gwen storms in, her footsteps are heavy and she's running
her hands through her hair.

ALEX

So, good news?

She shoots him a look, he shuffles away.

GWEN

Decided to come back then?

He returns a warning glance and she appears to understand that this may not be the time as she too backs off.

BEN
What happened?

MARIA (O.S.)
Willy had nothing.

Maria emerges from the hallway outside looking a little disappointed, but not as annoyed as Gwen clearly is.

MARIA (CONT'D)
Says he doesn't even know where
my guy got the information.

BEN
And you're still sure he's
telling the truth?

She nods.

ALEX
So we know who has him but not
where, or how to get in.
(beat)
We're honestly the best he could
find?

Gwen plants her hands on the wall and presses against it - the lights flickering as she does so. After a moment she breaks away and tries to shake her bad mood off.

GWEN
There has to be something.

BEN
To ask a silly question, did you
check the old warehouse?

GWEN
Nothing but rubble, it was ripped
to shreds when I...

She trails off, not a story she's looking to go into.

ALEX
There's always something, we get
one of theirs, get the
information however we have to.

MARIA
It never worked before. You were
out on the streets trying the
same thing for months and you
never found them.

Alex thinks about it, she's right.

GWEN

There must be something we're missing.

DRAKE (O.S.)

Maybe you're just asking the wrong people?

They all look around for the source of the voice, a vague look of recognition crosses Alex's face.

Drake steps into the room from the corridor - he looks almost humble.

DRAKE (CONT'D)

Maybe I can help?

Of their shock -

BLACK OUT.

- END OF ACT TWO -

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

- ACT THREE -

FADE IN:

INT. WHISTLER'S HOUSE - NIGHT

As we left them, the gang look shocked as Drake makes his presence known.

DRAKE
 (off looks)
 Well don't just stand starin',
 man could get a complex.

As one, they react, turning to the weapons cabinet that stands behind them and removing a series of swords - they hold them at the ready with Ben holding a crucifix in his other hand.

GWEN
 (warning)
 Stay back.

MARIA
 How did you find us?

DRAKE
 Ain't exactly hard...
 (beat)
 Look, I'm not here for blood. Not
 a chance I could take any of you
 without getting the pointy end of
 one of those anyway.

He motions to Alex's sword. Alex stares at the blade, then at Drake, he has to tense himself up to stop him from attacking outright. Drake turns to Ben.

DRAKE (CONT'D)
 Newbie?

BEN
 Something like that.
 (cocks his head)
 You look just like your profile
 photograph.

DRAKE
 (mock flattery)
 I have a profile?
 (beat)
 Listen; you want Whistler, I can
 help.

GWEN
 And why would you want to help
 us?

She removes one hand from her sword and starts to charge a blast in her palm.

DRAKE

Call it a grudge.
 (to Alex)
 Sure you know a little something
 about that.

That's enough - Alex charges, swinging his broadsword with a cry. Drake ducks the blade and knocks it free of Alex's hand.

Alex doesn't take long to recover, delivering a a clumsy blow to Drake's jaw which gives him the opportunity to slam his clasped hands into the back of the vampire's head as if he were swinging a baseball bat.

Drake hits the deck but is soon rolling over to face Alex as the demon hunter raises his recovered sword for the kill.

Drake knocks the sword aside with a kick then arches his back and kicks Alex clear across the room. He climbs to his feet.

Alex isn't getting up, but the others prepare for an attack when Drake surprisingly raises his hands in surrender.

DRAKE (CONT'D)

I didn't come for a fight.

BEN

Then you quite possibly misjudged
 where to go on your midnight
 stroll.

DRAKE

(guessing)
 Watcher?

Ben lowers his crucifix slightly, his gaze dropping a little, but he quickly picks back up again.

DRAKE (CONT'D)

(smirks)
 All the same.
 (beat)
 Onto the part where I help you,
 maybe?

MARIA

Why are you here?

DRAKE
I already told you.

BEN
You said you had a grudge - who
against? Why?

Drake smiles, admiring Ben's initiative.

DRAKE
Finally, someone askin' what
needs askin'.
(beat)
I'm not callin' the shots
anymore. Someone took over,
Amarra approved.
(to Maria)
You remember my boy Jack?

She nods and the memory of the man unsettles her for a moment but she quickly catches herself and pushes on.

MARIA
And you want us to help you get
back in the driving seat?

Ben lowers his sword entirely now, Gwen notices and frowns.

BEN
The devil you know...

DRAKE
Maybe, but first I want that
bastard to suffer.

Alex stumbles forwards, clutching the back of his head.

ALEX
What's to say we don't want the
new guy?

DRAKE
I know about this place, and you
might want to think about
investing in some locks by the
way, but until now I haven't come
here.

BEN
Why?

DRAKE
The old rules, both sides have
their havens 'till somethin' big
goes down. You don't hit either
side 'till the cards are down.

Maria looks confused.

MARIA
Honour? You're evil!

Drake chuckles.

DRAKE
We both know it ain't as black
and white as that.
(beat)
Truth is our boy Jack, the new
wonderful leader of Amarra's
army, he ain't about to follow
the rules. He'll hunt you down,
kill everyone and everything you
love, and tear you apart.

The team falls quiet, they're now completely open to
whatever Drake's pitching.

DRAKE (CONT'D)
So here's the deal, a truce.

ALEX
No bloody way -

Drake turns to Alex just as he's TACKLED to the ground by
the fuming demon hunter. He lies face down while Alex walks
towards his discarded sword one more.

As he reaches for it he's BLASTED into a wall by Gwen, not
enough to knock him out but enough to stun. Alex's mouth
hangs open in surprise -

GWEN
(to Alex)
We'll hear him out.

She looks down at Drake as he pushes himself off the ground
and we:

FADE TO:

EXT. VILLAGE - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

Drake is dressed in the clothes we last saw him wearing in
1866, though now they're in virtual ruins.

He pushes himself off the ground as soon as he's up he
grabs his neck, wincing in pain.

He looks around as what was likely once a lovely village
burns to the ground.

VILLAGERS are running scared, but one runs towards him, a WOMAN in a nightgown, her skin blackened from smoke.

FEMALE VILLAGER
(sobbing)
You're him, aren't you?

She shakes, making her way to his face with her hands, placing one on either side.

FEMALE VILLAGER (CONT'D)
Why won't you help us?

DRAKE
(hoarse)
Can't.

She looks devastated, SOBBING even harder. In the background a house collapses on top of a number of fleeing villagers.

FEMALE VILLAGER
(desperate)
Please!

She allows one hand to touch his - moving it away from his neck. That's when we see them -

Bite marks.

She sees them too and tries to back away, but it's too late. Drake pulls her in close and his trademark grin crosses his features.

DRAKE
Why would I want to help you when
I can help myself?

He bits down on her neck, she tries to cry out but there's no sound.

Having had his fill of her, he SNAPS her neck and tosses her to one side, wiping his lips on his sleeve.

He looks into the devastated village and sees that not everyone is running. There are a few holding onto villagers, leaning in close.

One of them tosses a woman aside as Drake did - his face is covered in blood but when he wipes it away we see who it is: Jack!

Drake walks towards the group of VAMPIRES and they cheer as he joins them, leaving us to:

CUT TO:

EXT. LOS ANGELES STREETS - NIGHT

The team, accompanied by Drake, make their way towards the not too distant warehouse.

Only Drake looks comfortable in the situation, the others look to him every second or so, expecting him to do something at any given moment.

DRAKE (V.O.)
They'll be at the warehouse.

GWEN (V.O.)
We tried there already.

DRAKE (V.O.)
I know.

CUT TO:

INT. WHISTLER'S HOUSE - EARLIER

Drake is now stood in the middle of the room with the team surrounding him on all sides.

DRAKE
We used a glamour to hide it, we guessed you'd survived the...

He stares at Gwen, trying to think how best to describe what happened there last time she turned up.

DRAKE (CONT'D)
(giving up)
Battle. We couldn't move -

MARIA
Why?

DRAKE
Why what?

MARIA
Why couldn't you move? It makes sense, we knew you were there, why not just run to somewhere new?

DRAKE
Need to know.

ALEX
Well, we need to know.

Drake deflates, this isn't going as smoothly as he'd perhaps hoped it would.

DRAKE

Amarra isn't as strong as he should be, take him away from where we brought him through and he's even weaker. Jack won't know that but Amarra won't just follow him - he's still the boss.

GWEN

How many vamps are we looking at?

DRAKE

Not many, but that can change quickly. Ain't the nicest of people but he knows how to build numbers and get the big guns on his side.

GWEN

Doesn't matter how many he has, we can manage.

He holds back a snicker at her confidence.

DRAKE

Don't be so sure. You think we'd let you live if we didn't think we could beat you in a fair fight, Miss Raiden?

That puts her on the back foot and Alex looks as though he's about to retort against the barely veiled threat, but Maria's hand on his shoulder seems to hold him back.

MARIA

So, what's the plan?

CUT TO:

EXT. WAREHOUSE - LATER

The group are outside a ruined warehouse, Drake holds up his hand and mutters:

DRAKE

Revelare.

As he does the ruins of the warehouse SHIMMER and morph into on that, while blackened from damage, is intact.

DRAKE (V.O.)

Attack. Not enough of them to put up a real fight.

They take a moment and -

INT. WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

BURST through the door, weapons held at the ready, searching for any sign of the vampire cult.

Nothing.

ALEX (V.O.)
You're sure they'll be there?

DRAKE (V.O.)
Can't be certain, could move so fast we've already missed them.

The team look at Drake, they're far from pleased. He looks shocked himself, but he continues to walk towards the center of the warehouse, his sword raised high.

GWEN (V.O.)
There's a chance, we'll take it.

Drake's eyes widen, he steps back and SWINGS just in time to block a sword that appears from nowhere!

Alex and the others immediately get on their guard as three female VAMPIRES appear out of thin air, a cloud of smoke signalling their arrival.

The THREE SISTERS walk with a swagger in their step. They're stunning despite their fangs and twisted vampyric faces.

They get closer to our heroes, who are ready for the attack.

Alex looks at Drake, a deep hatred in his eyes.

ALEX (V.O.)
Drake?

CUT TO:

INT. WHISTLER'S HOUSE - EARLIER

Drake and Alex are alone now, facing each other from opposite ends of the room.

DRAKE
What?

ALEX
Just know that when this is done -

DRAKE
(smiling)
Good.

ALEX

And if I get the chance, I won't
hesitate.

With that Alex leaves the room to Drake. The vampire stares
into empty space.

DRAKE

Yes, you will.

After a moment he starts to follow.

CUT TO:

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO SKYLINE - NIGHT

We follow the Golden Gate bridge towards the city as the
traffic runs beneath us.

CUT TO:

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO - NIGHT

A fire is burning in a garbage can in some back alley in
the city. Around it sit a moderate number of people, but
none look the homeless type.

- SAN FRANCISCO -

- 1996 -

As we get closer we see that they are definitely not
homeless, in fact, we know two of them very well indeed.

Jack and Drake. If they're here we can be sure that this
is their band of VAMPIRES.

The vampires are in high spirits, even Jack is grinning
from ear to ear, but Drake doesn't look particularly
pleased.

JACK

(pats him on the
shoulder)

You should be happy mate, you
saved my arse back there.

DRAKE

We lost five.

JACK

And you bagged yourself a slayer.
That's no mean feat and you know
it.

Drake straightens up a little, he puts on a half smile for Jack's benefit and it appears to do the trick as Jack sits back on the crate he's using for a chair.

JACK (CONT'D)
Tonight is a good night.

DRAKE
And another slayer rises,
somewhere in the world. Girl was
barely the Slayer for a month,
but it never stops comin'.

JACK
(dry)
Aren't we cheery?

Again with the half smile, this time Jack isn't convinced.

JACK (CONT'D)
I'm leaving.

Drake's eyebrows raise.

DRAKE
Why?

JACK
Your head's out of the game and
this isn't the fun it used to be.

Drake doesn't even have to agree, just by not meeting Jack's gaze it's all too obvious that he's thinking the same.

DRAKE
Where you headed?

JACK
There's a group in Los Angeles,
they've got plans. Big plans.

DRAKE
Nothing new.

JACK
No, but these, they could pull it
off. Rumor has it they're close
to bringing something back from
hell, something that could change
it all.

DRAKE
Any word on what?

Jack shakes his head.

JACK

But at this point, anything's good. I'm leaving tomorrow night.

(beat)

You should come. You've been in a hundred year funk, if anything gets you out of it it'll be this.

Drake stares into the barrel fire, considering it.

CUT TO:

INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Back in the present, the Three Sisters approach out heroes and Drake, as menacing as they are sultry. One is a brunette, one a red head, the other blonde.

DRAKE

Hell.

BEN

What's three vampires?

BLONDE SISTER vanishes in a puff of smoke and reappears behind Ben, she BACKHANDS him and he is sent half way across the warehouse.

Alex turns and strikes with his sword but she's already gone, reappearing by her sisters.

ALEX

What are they?

DRAKE

Aurelians. Vampires with just a little too much magic in their blood. Smoke and mirrors mostly.

MARIA

As in, "Dracula"?

DRAKE

(nods)

They worked for him.

She doesn't quite know whether to take him seriously or not.

GWEN

So how do we kill them?

DRAKE

The usual, just keep your eyes open and think fast.

BRUNETTE SISTER vanishes and Drake stands perfectly still, his eyes tracing a line through the air until -

DRAKE (CONT'D)
(turns to Maria)
Behind you!

On instinct she turns, STAKING the air but her blow is caught by the emerging sister and she's quickly disarmed.

The brunette reaches out and grabs her by the neck, she begins to squeeze, Maria begins to CHOKE and we:

BLACK OUT.

- END OF ACT THREE -

- ACT FOUR -

FADE IN:

INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

As we left her, Maria is being choked by the Brunette who jolts forwards as she's hit over the head by Drake using the back of his sword.

Maria is tossed aside and the Brunette vanishes, appearing not too far away. Alex kneels by Maria.

MARIA
(half choked)
I'm fine, just do it!

Hearing her, Gwen moves to attack the redhead whilst Drake advances on the blonde.

Alex charges for the brunette sister, his sword raised for the kill but she holds up her hand and he stops in his tracks.

BRUNETTE SISTER
(slow, seductive)
So much pain, so much anger - I
could free you of it.

She moves in close, her lips barely apart from his and though he doesn't move his eyes show his panic.

Her hand runs up his chest towards his neck as she leans in and -

DUSTS!

Her head rolls away and turns to ash just as her body does, freeing Alex of her grip. Maria is brandishing a sword looking a little flustered.

ALEX
You couldn't have waited?

She shakes her head in dismay and he readies his blade for the next sister, choosing who to help.

Gwen appears to be dealing well with her sister - keeping her at bay. Drake is struggling as he's knocked about like a pinball.

Ignoring them both, Alex runs towards Ben. He tries to wake him but it's not much use.

Looking around, Gwen manages to deliver a massive shock to the redhead sister and she flies through the air - her neck hitting Maria's outstretched sword.

ON DRAKE

He regains his footing and blocks a punch from the blonde, but she vanishes before he can attack.

ON ALEX

He watches Drake, but as soon as the blonde vanishes his eyes dart around.

He breaks into a run and THROWS a stake through the air just as the Blonde Sister reappears.

She looks confused - looks down at her chest but there's nothing there. She shudders then DUSTS, Alex's stake falling to the floor. She reappeared around it!

The team relaxes - the sisters beaten. After taking a moment to catch their breath, they move in to one another, minus Ben who is still on the floor.

DRAKE

They knew we were coming.

MARIA

(rubbing her head)
No kidding.

GWEN

So, what now?

DRAKE

They moved faster than I thought -

ALEX

So we can see, any bright ideas
as to where they might be?

Drake thinks, an idea seems to spark in his head because he smiles and nods.

DRAKE

Why would he leave?

Before any ideas can be put forward he turns and leaves.

DRAKE (CONT'D)

I'll be in touch, I need to check
some things out.

GWEN

What?

Too late, he's gone. The gang do not look impressed, least of all Alex.

ALEX

Now what?

GWEN

(shrugs)

We wait.

And she too turns to leave the warehouse. Maria follows shortly behind her, dragging a slowly recovering Ben. Last of all, Alex concedes and begins to follow.

We're left alone in silence. The warehouse is still until:

A slight gust picks up out of nowhere, and the scattered ashes of the tree sisters begin to twirl. They form columns and begin to change shape as we:

CUT TO:

EXT. MANOR HOUSE - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

The same one from the teaser, albeit far better kept.

- 1998 -

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. MANOR HOUSE - STUDY - CONTINUOUS

Jack and Drake are sat alone in the study. The room is barely lit but we can see the frustration on their faces, in face Drake looks annoyed as hell.

DRAKE

He can't be serious.

JACK

He is. It's a sodding joke I know, but what else is there?

Drake clearly has a suggestion in mind, but Jack stops him before he can get it out.

JACK (CONT'D)

No.

DRAKE

Come on.

JACK

(insistent)

No. There's not a man in there who'd support me for it.

Drake stands and SLAMS his fist down onto the desk, one leg cracking under his strength.

JACK (CONT'D)
 (amused)
 Well I'm glad you feel the table
 needs to suffer -

DRAKE
 (ignoring him)
 It's the only way. Think what you
 could do, think what we could do.

Jack sighs.

JACK
 I'll think it over but for
 Christ's sake don't do anything
 stupid in the meantime.

Drake nods and allows Jack past him, leaving in the study alone.

He looks down at the crippled desk as it begins to reform, fallen shards of wood rejoining the whole until it's re-made.

Watching in wonder, Drake looks around.

DRAKE
 Impressive. Used to dabble
 myself, can't say I ever did
 master anything.

Someone steps out of the shadows. A MAN we recognise...

BLACK COAT MAN
 It's all down to practice...

DRAKE
 Who are you?

BLACK COAT MAN
 A man with a plan. I have
 something that might interest
 you.

Oddly, Drake takes a seat, prepared to listen to whatever the stranger has to say. He appears as surprised as we are but nonetheless he sits patiently and we:

CUT TO:

EXT. LOS ANGELES STREETS - NIGHT

The gang (and Drake) slowly walk down the empty suburban road, weapons in hand as they look around nervously, as if expecting to be attacked.

GWEN

Two days Drake, you better have something good.

DRAKE

I've been looking in and around this place out for the last couple of days. They're definitely here, although they're trying their best to hide.

GWEN

So where are they?

Drake stops at the gap between two manor houses. The gang look around, confused.

DRAKE

Revelare.
(beat; smirks)
Here.

And with this the Manor House from the teaser SHIMMERS into view.

Alex steps forward, clutching a sword tight in his hand. He leads the way towards the doors.

ALEX

I hope you're right. Because if you're not...

He lets the word hang, but everyone knows what he means.

DRAKE

Trust me, I'm not lying to ya.

ALEX

(bitter)
Oh, I'll never trust you.

And off this:

CUT TO:

INT. MANOR HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

All is silent, and the VAMPS inside are trying their best to keep still and quiet. Jack and Amarra are oddly missing from the room.

One VAMPIRE looks out the window and quickly shrinks back, half terrified at what he sees.

VAMPIRE

They're here!

SMASH!

The door breaks down, Alex storming in whilst SLICING the head off the vampire who had looked out the window.

The rest of the VAMPIRES either come out from their hiding places or merely stand up and race forward, letting out monstrous war cries.

The gang file in, hacking and slashing with all they've got as they push their way through the crowd and further into the room.

One FEMALE VAMP lunges for Maria and she fumbles with her sword and it DROPS. The vampire grapples Maria, but she quickly twists and the vampire stumbles.

Seizing the moment, Maria pulls out a STAKE from her belt and picks up the vampire. Staking her, she throws the vamp towards the window.

As she crashes into the glass panel, she DUSTS.

CRASH!

Two vampires grab Maria's arms, smashing her against the wall. She slumps to the ground - but she kicks her feet out and her VAMPIRE OPPONENT slams to the ground.

She loosens a STAKE from her belt and DUSTS him, before leaping to her feet a second later.

MARIA
(bites her lip)
Oh crap.

She looks around, surveying the situation - it's not good.

Ben is barely fighting off a female VAMPIRE with his sword, and Alex isn't faring much better as he's forced against a wall, his sword slowly being forced towards his neck.

Even Gwen seems to be struggling against her opponents. Her gloves are off and she's SHOCKING her opponents as they approach.

The vampires, unafraid of her, taunt her as they edge nearer. She looks around, she's cut off entirely from the others.

GWEN
Fine. You asked for it.

She holds her hands out in front of her, slowly clenches them into fists, and watches as sparks shoot out all around them.

Across the room; as his opponent SWINGS for him, Ben ducks and THRUSTS up with his sword - and it goes right through her throat!

She gurgles - he removes his sword and swings it around, severing the head and dusting her. Another vampire attacks and tackles him to the ground.

The vamp PINS Ben to the floor, flashing off its razor sharp TEETH as it sinks down towards him, about to bite -

- when an AXE embeds itself in the back of the vamp's head and it DUSTS. Alex helps Ben to his feet.

BEN

Nicely done.

ALEX

(smirks)

Thank me later.

He moves off, skillfully twirling his axe as he faces off against another vampire.

The tide of VAMPIRES never seems to end! Gwen's exhausted, barely managing to keep the vampires off her as Maria HACKS through to her friends rescue.

Alex swings his axe round, decapitating a VAMPIRE and DUSTING it, until another VAMP jumps him from behind.

Alex goes down, hitting the floor hard. He blinks in surprise, coughing up a mouthful of blood before looking up-

- to where DRAKE stands, wielding a nasty looking sword.

The ashes of Alex's attacker now lie to one side. Drake offers a grin - and then offers his hand.

Almost reluctantly, Alex takes it and Drake pulls him to his feet. They share a glance - before both turn back to the battle at hand.

Alex gets to work, HACKING both arms off a vampire, before beheading it.

A VAMPIRE gets close to Gwen, but she grabs his shoulders, SHOCKING him. As he convulses, she throws him up - and the ceiling beam BREAKS, half of it hanging down dangerously.

Maria SPIN-KICKS her opponent - and they fall back onto Ben's stake. She offers a nod to her Watcher and rushes to find her next opponent.

And suddenly it seems like the gang might be winning - until Jack steps into the room.

It seems like everyone goes silent, and the battle suddenly dies down.

Maria takes advantage of this, CHOPPING the head off her next opponent - and the battle starts all over again.

But Drake DUSTS his opponent and heads straight for Jack. Jack merely grins, cracking his knuckles.

JACK

We were wondering when you'd show up. Round two?

DRAKE

(grins)
You're on.

As the two opposing vampires charge at each other, we:

CUT TO:

INT. MANOR HOUSE - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

VAMPIRES stand in a circle, surrounding two figures - past-Drake and another vampire, the previous leader, AUSTIN. Austin looks slightly frail for a vampire. More brains than brawn.

DRAKE

So what do you say - fight?

The vampires intently watch Austin, who can feel the pressure and eyes on him. He has no choice but to -

AUSTIN

(reluctantly)
I accept.

Drake doesn't wait, he immediately CHARGES Austin, knocking him down.

Austin kicks up, and Drake reels backwards, giving Austin a chance to get to his feet.

Drake lunges forward, all legs and fists and Austin barely has time to block, let alone make his own attacks!

The crowd of vampires part as Drake forces Austin back towards the wall. Soon, the vampire leader is trapped in the corner of the room.

Drake lunges forward- and STAKES Austin. The leader dusts, and Drake steps back, offering a victorious smirk at where Austin had stood seconds before.

He turns back to the crowd of vampires.

DRAKE
Any questions?

The vampires look at him, stunned. And off this:

FADE TO:

INT. MANOR HOUSE - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

Slightly later on in the night, Drake is soaking in all the glory of being the new leader.

And that's when Jack approaches.

JACK
(pissed)
I hope you don't think I'm out of line when I say - "What the bloody hell?"

DRAKE
I'm sorry. I... I had to. It had to be me.

JACK
(realising)
You found something. Didn't you?

DRAKE
(nods)
What's coming, what we stand to gain from it. It had to be me.

Jack offers Drake his hand. Surprised, Drake takes it.

JACK
Good man. Ruthless, underhanded, and a stab in the sodding back.
(beat)
Knew you had it in you.

Jack smiles, content, though something in his eyes tells us he's not.

JACK (CONT'D)
Let's just hope you're up to the job, yeah?
(beat)
After all, we can't have another one of him, can we?

He jerks his head over to the corner of the room, where Austin was staked by Drake.

JACK (CONT'D)
But I'm sure, when the time comes you'll do just fine.

There's a glint in his eye, but Drake doesn't notice. He merely grins at Jack, glad of his approval.

FADE TO:

INT. MANOR HOUSE - NIGHT

Back to the present day, where Drake and Jack fight in the centre of various other clashes.

However, all the other combatants are trying to watch Drake and Jack, giving our gang the upper hand.

The vampires are evenly matched, but Drake is tiring already.

JACK

You look shattered. Want to take a break?

With a sudden burst of speed, Drake fights back, swinging his sword forth and back, blocking all of Jack's attacks.

Soon, Jack's the one being driven back and -

THUD!

Drake impales Jack with his sword, and Jack lets out a little gasp of shock and pain, blood spitting out of his mouth.

Jack looks down at the sword in his chest, and begins to laugh as he looks back up at Drake.

JACK (CONT'D)

(grins)

Do you really think that -

Drake KICKS out at Jack, and the other vampire flies off the end of the sword - and IMPALES himself on the broken beam above.

He looks up at Drake, shocked.

JACK (CONT'D)

But...

(beat)

Bollocks.

And with that, he DUSTS. Everyone around seems to quieten, staring intently at Drake.

DRAKE

Stop.

No point in saying that, they already have. He turns to a small group of vamps, nowhere near our heroes.

DRAKE (CONT'D)
 Get Whistler.
 (beat)
 Bring him here.

Without hesitating, the vampires rush off. The others give Drake questioning looks, and seconds later the vampires return with their prisoner. He's beaten, unconscious, but alive.

Almost reluctantly, the vampires hand him over to the gang, who take him immediately.

DRAKE (CONT'D)
 (to the gang)
 Just so you know. The truce is over.

Alex nods, understanding and leads the group out. Some of the vampires turn to Drake.

VAMPIRE
 Should we follow them?

Drake merely glares at him, and the vampire gets the idea.

He sighs as we:

CUT TO:

INT. WHISTLER'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Whistler is slowly lowered into a chair by Gwen and Maria. Alex is noticeably missing.

Whistler grimaces, holding a hand to his head.

MARIA
 You alright?

WHISTLER
 I'll be fine...

Gwen moves off to get some. Whistler looks up, and spots Ben.

WHISTLER (CONT'D)
 Who's this?

BEN
 (smiles)
 I'm Ben.

He extends his hand - but Whistler doesn't take, instead giving Maria a questioning look.

MARIA

He's my Watcher, long story.

As Gwen returns to the scene with a bottle of painkillers and a glass of water, we:

CUT TO:

INT. MANOR HOUSE - NIGHT

Drake and Amarra stand opposite each other, their distaste for each other blatant.

AMARRA

Tell me, you think you can best me?

DRAKE

(flatly)

Yes. You should never have left the warehouse.

AMARRA

Had I not you would have brought them straight to me.

Drake has to acknowledge his point there.

DRAKE

Why did you leave?

AMARRA

Because it was already too late to save me. This body will crumble, as I suspect you already know.

Drake nods, Amarra doesn't even bother to comment.

AMARRA (CONT'D)

There was no delaying the process. Though had we managed to learn something from the demon Whistler I may have had some time.

The two vampires lower their guards, there will be no fight for now.

DRAKE

I'm a man of my word. They offered their help in exchange for him.

(beat)

So now what?

AMARRA

Now we try something new.

He rests his hand on Drake's shoulder and grins, Drake looks down at the hand, trying to disguise his apprehension and we:

FADE TO BLACK.

- END OF EPISODE