

DARK CHAMPIONS: NIGHT OF THE OLD ONE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN

EXT. CLEVELAND STREET—NIGHT

Where we left off: Illyria is just about to knock the living nightlights out of Faith.

KRYFNAL
(as Elderly
Gentleman)

Is this a private thing, or can anyone
fight?

Kryfnal swings his cane into Illyria's face. She drops Faith, turns onto Kryfnal. The two fight, Kryfnal using his cane.

FAITH
(to Kryfnal)

You're pretty spry for an old guy. Can I
assume demon?

As in answer, Kryfnal throws Illyria across the street. Faith stands on the sidelines, watching the two "duke it out."

FAITH
Definitely demon. So, erm, which of
you's evil, or do I have to kick both of
your asses?

KRYFNAL
(to Faith, in
disgust)

I am above your concepts of—

FAITH
Is this the "beyond good and evil"
speech? 'Cause I've heard it more times
than I'd care to count. Heck, even made
it myself a couple o' times.

INT. LILAH'S APARTMENT

Dark. Moonlight streams through the window, and we can see Drusilla's face in it.

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DRUSILLA

Now. The fruit is finally ripe. Now it's time for the harvest.

Lilah sits up in bed. Since it is not covered, the scar along her neck is easily visible. She is wearing a white brassiere, and underneath it we can see, tattooed into the flesh on her back, the CIRCLE OF THE BLACK THORN.

LILAH

(groggy)

What? Dru?

DRUSILLA

Take one's scythe, cut them down in their prime. Isn't that always the way? The juice trickles down my chin. It's sweet.

LILAH

I'm trying to sleep.

DRUSILLA

You're dead.

LILAH

So are you. You sleep.

Drusilla just glares at the former lawyer.

EXT. CLEVELAND STREET—NIGHT

Same as before, Illyria and Kryfnal still going at it. Faith's still watching. Heck, she's smoking a cigarette as they do their thing—and neither really seems to be winning.

FAITH

(almost casually)

So, which of you is evil again?

ILLYRIA

He is.

They've worked so that Illyria and Kryfnal are faced off at each other, with Faith between them.

FAITH

And I should trust you 'cause . . . ?

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ILLYRIA

(pushing her way
past Faith to get
at Kryfnal)

You wearisome mortals tire me.

FAITH

How 'bout this: either of you happen to
be...

(pauses, tries to
remember)

Cryptnle the Corrupter?

KRYFNAL

That's Kryfnal, little lady. Once my
name was known and feared across eleven
dimensions.

ILLYRIA

(snorting, or at
least harrumphing)

Kryfnal? That name was not even feared
by the *halimyn* at one's feet.

KRYFNAL

(looking into
Illyria's eyes)

Illyria? Is that you?

FAITH

(trying to figure
out what is
happening)

You know each other.

ILLYRIA

(still fighting)

Kryfnal was once chief amongst my
lieutenants.

EXT. ILLYRIA'S DOMAIN—NIGHT

Flashback. An alternate, hellish dimension, intricate and probably including elements of CGI (this is the series premiere, after all - we can spend some money). Kryfnal - in his true form, as seen in Andrew's book - stands on a cliff. Above him lightning strikes, and beyond that, almost unseen in the shadows, certainly obscured from our sight, is ILLYRIA'S TRUE FORM.

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KRYFNAL

(kneeling)

O Lord Illyria, my king, I come in supplication.

ILLYRIA (V.O.)

(in present talking to Faith)

Until he betrayed me, seeking to raise an army against me in rebellion.

A CGI ARMY OF FLYING BEASTS appears behind him, charges at Illyria. LIGHTNING strikes out at them, knocking them out of the sky. A lightning bolt strikes at the ground near Kryfnal; he turns, runs away from Illyria -

ILLYRIA (V.O.)

When I easily annihilated the meager forces he sent against me, he went into hiding so as to attempt to escape the devastating force of my wrath.

EXT. A CLEVELAND STREET

Illyria and Kryfnal remain locked in combat.

ILLYRIA

I will relish your death, Kryfnal. I have waited many eons for this.

KRYFNAL

As have I, Illyria. But I see much of my work has already been taken care of for me. Look at yourself, in the form of one of *them*. Limited to a single time and a single place, a body which can break and bleed. How the mighty have fallen.

ILLYRIA

(gaining the advantage)

And you, Kryfnal? You too share that form. Or have you not noticed?

KRYFNAL

I admit my power may have diminished over the millenia. But do not think me powerless. We each may be trapped in these prisons of meat and bone.

(MORE:)

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KRYFNAL (CONT'D)

(transforms to
demonic form)

But one of us is more trapped than the other.

He easily extricates himself from Illyria's hold.

INT. LILAH'S APARTMENT—NIGHT

DRUSILLA

The deuce is wild. How will it fall —
two pair or full house? The rogue's
broken into the house.

LILAH

Dru. Go to sleep. Or hunt. Or whatever.
You can have your vision in the morning.

Drusilla looks at Lilah like she is crazy. Like Lilah is crazy, that is, since we all already know that Dru is crazy. She doesn't dignify Lilah's sleep-deprived comment with a reply.

Lilah turns over in bed and tries to fall asleep again, anyway.

EXT. CLEVELAND STREET—NIGHT

FAITH

(re: Kryfnal)

Okay, I'm pretty sure that's the evil
guy.

(re: Illyria)

I don't know who the heck you are.

Faith stomps on her cigarette, and prepares to join the fray.

KRYFNAL

Is this how you fight your battles now,
Illyria? Alongside humans?

ILLYRIA

They have survived when our kind has
not. They show passion, resilience,
innovation.

KRYFNAL

If they are so great why don't you just
go become one? Oh right, you already
have, haven't you? Too bad for you.

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Faith kicks him in the stomach, sends him flying back. Kryfnal squares off against the Slayer and the Old One; Illyria charges at him, but he evades her attack as Faith tries to hit him from behind. He slips out from between them, tripping Illyria and sending Faith into the stone exterior wall of a nearby bank.

The fight goes on.

And on. Hey, I'm the writer, not the choreographer. Not my job to come up with all this.

In the end, Illyria pulls a street sign out of the street, plunges it into Kryfnal's heart. He dies.

FAITH

Nice job.

She walks down the street, leaving Illyria standing triumphant over Kryfnal's demon carcass, which reverts to the form of the elderly gentleman.

INT. SLAYER CENTRAL 2—DAY

TV REPORTER

In the second of what some are already calling the Madison Street murders, an elderly unidentified man was found this morning, impaled by the pole of a street sign. Police have still not put forth a motive, but have speculated that delinquent—

The television turns off, Faith holding the remote.

FAITH

Well, that takes care of that.

ANDREW

You slayed the Corrupter.

FAITH

Well, technically not.

(beat)

His ex-boss did it for me.

ANDREW

Who?

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FAITH

(Illyria
impersonation)

Illyria, the sovereign of all
dominions.

(shrugs; normal
voice)

The blue gal I saw the other night.

ANDREW

And she got away?

FAITH

Didn't "get away."

ANDREW

You let her go?

FAITH

Stake anything that moves, bad things
happen. Learned that the hard way. We
need more information. Who she is, what
she wants. Why she's here.

A beat passes, and Andrew just nods knowingly.

FAITH

Well, that's your thing, isn't it?

ANDREW

Oh! Information! Right. I can do that.
I'll just hit the books.

(beat)

You know, I think this is really
working out, me helping you out and
all. Maybe we should keep going like
this, see how it works.

FAITH

(recoiling)

Hey, the way I see it, this Kryfnal
dude's dead, mission accomplished. You
should report back to Giles and, you
know, make a report. Ask him about blue
gal while you're at it. I'm just using
you while you're here. No need to stay
here. Most definitely no need.

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And we know in that moment we are going to be seeing Andrew for a very long time. Unfortunately, perhaps, because he'll no doubt make it feel even longer.

FADE TO BLACK

END OF SHOW