

DARK CHAMPIONS: NIGHT OF THE OLD ONE

ACT ONE

FADE IN

INT. OFFICE—DAY

We start with a CLOSE UP on an analogue wall clock. The time is 3:36. The minute hand pulls back in the manner of schoolwall clocks, then lunges forward to 3:37.

MALE VOICE (O.S.)

Head of the Science Division of Wolfram
& Hart's Los Angeles branch. May I ask
why you ended your employment there?

PULL BACK to reveal Fred (or Illyria-as-Fred) sitting in a chair across from a man at a big desk. This man is DEVON WILSHIRE, a bureaucratic bigwig.

FRED

You may.

WILSHIRE

Why did you end your employment?

FRED

Earthquake. The L.A. branch was totally
destroyed.

WILSHIRE

Well, Wolfram & Hart has offices here
in Cleveland. Why don't you work there?

FRED

Let's just say Wolfram & Hart and I
don't see eye-to-eye anymore.

WILSHIRE

(meaningfully)

Earthquake?

Fred gives him an enigmatic look.

WILSHIRE

(moving on)

Author of "Supersymmetry and P-
Dimensional Subspace." Impressive. Have
you ever done any work with time
manipulation?

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FRED

(deadpan)

I have some experience in that category, yes.

WILSHIRE

Wonderful. Now, it says here that you've attended graduate classes at UCLA but never completed the program. May I a—

(beat)

Why is that?

FRED

I was sucked through a portal into a hell dimension for five years.

Wilshire nods, taking the information in stride.

INT. A DIFFERENT OFFICE—DAY

A man stands behind his desk. A different clock is on the wall. He is dressed in business clothes, but has a fatherly Mayor Wilkins-Holland Manners type of feel to him. He is EDWARD LANOIRE.

LANOIRE

Now why don't you just explain to me what happened, Alec? Nice and slowly.

ALEC

Me and my buds were on the street, minding our own business, looking for a snack, when all of a sudden this chick comes by in this tight-fitting outfit. Really hot, if you know what I mean. Only she was blue. Well, her hair was. And her eyes. And her forehead.

LANOIRE

And what did you do, Alec?

ALEC

Well, we started hitting on her, you know. Because she was like, a looker and all. But then she said—she said she was disturbed by something, and that she was looking for violence. So we decided to give her some.

LANOIRE

Tsk. Tsk. And then she dusted Malcolm and Eddie?

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ALEC

Uh-huh. She threw Eddie into a park bench and pulled Ed's head right off his shoulders. And then she said she was—

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)

Illyria, God-king of the Primordium.

REVERSE ANGLE to reveal LILAH MORGAN, a scarf around her neck.

LILAH

Well, former god-king.

BOOK—DEMON PICTURE

A picture (black and white etching) of a demon which looks absolutely nothing like Illyria.

MALE VOICE (O.S.)

Former demon lord of a thousand underworlds.

INT. SLAYER CENTRAL 2—DAY

AKA Faith's apartment. Yes, there is a sign on the wall which reads "Slayer Central 2: The Cleveland Cases." It was clearly painted by ANDREW, the geek-cum-supervillain-cum-repentant whiner who is waxing poetic about the newest demon (he has a book open to the picture in the previous shot) to Faith, who seems incredibly uninterested.

ANDREW

The harbinger of incredible darkness.

FAITH

(uncertain)

It doesn't look like the creature I saw last night.

ANDREW

This is its true form. We don't know what form it took when in order to enter our dimension. You said it was blue?

FAITH

Yeah.

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ANDREW

Then it was probably this. Besides, Giles said there was a prophecy about this creature returning to a Hellmouth. Sunnydale is destroyed, so—

FAITH

It has to be coming here. I got it. Tell me again why he couldn't have just left this information on my voice mail?

ANDREW

He felt you would be better served with my skills as a Watcher-in-Training extraordinaire, esquire, et cetera.

(beat)

And you never check your messages.

INT. DEMONTECH OFFICES—HALL—DAY

Fred/Illyria and Devon Wilshire walk through the hall. A large "DemonTech Industries" sign hangs in the hall.

WILSHIRE

I think we'll be able to find a place for you on the team, Ms. Burkle. Here, let me show you a tour of the place.

INT. DIMENSIONAL FABRIC LAB—DAY

The laboratory is white and sterile, somewhat (but not overly) reminiscent of Fred's laboratory in the last season of *Angel*. It's a nice, leisurely shot, panning over the entire laboratory.

WILSHIRE (O.S.)

Our particle accelerators are capable of velocities of—well, of infinity, really, but my scientists tell me that would cause the particles to gain infinite mass, causing a rift in the interdimensional fabric which would suck everything everywhere into it, which is why we don't do.

Fred and Wilshire are entering the laboratory. GENE RAINY, physicist, looks up at them as they do so.

GENE

It would create a miniature black hole capable of swallowing the Earth. Not a good idea.

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WILSHIRE

Gene, this is Winifred Burkle, she'll be working with you here. Ms. Burkle, this is Eugene Rainy, the head of our Dimensional Fabric Research team.

GENE

So far, we've found out that if you use the right softener, the dimensional fabric becomes soft and fluffy with a fresh outdoor scent.

FRED

(laughs)

Nice to meet you.

GENE

Winifred Burkle? As in the author of "Supersymmetry and P-Dimensional Subspace"? The pleasure is all mine. Your analysis of heterotic theories as being flawed *a priori* inspired this experiment. You see, I'm alternating the valuables of the distance scales—

WILSHIRE

I guess I'll just leave you two alone to get acquainted.

He slips away as Fred and Gene continue their tech-laden conversation.

FRED

What about the feedback quotient? Won't the scales become inverted by the T-duality—

GENE

Not within a fragmented vector. You see
[continues, unintelligible]

LILAH (V.O.)

Once she was a being of unimagined might.

INT. W&H OFFICE - DAY

Lilah, Alec, and Lanoire.

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LILAH

Illyria ruled undisputed over a million Earths. And then, there was an uprising, and it was consigned to the Deeper Well.

LANOIRE

But it escaped?

LILAH

Escaped, was let out, something. Who knows what happened, exactly? Now she's out.

LANOIRE

And why would the god-king of the primawhatsit be going around slaying vampires?

LILAH

Primordium. And the short answer is no one knows.

LANOIRE

The long answer?

LILAH

When Illyria escaped from the Deeper Well, it needed to take a human host. It is now trapped in that human form. Most of its powers are gone.

LANOIRE

Most?

(beat)

Do you know who that host was, Lilah?

(beat)

We need you to tell us everything you know, Lilah.

LILAH

You need me to tell you what the Senior Partners think you should know, Edward. They have plans for Illyria. Big plans. And the last thing they need is you messing them up.

LANOIRE

And the plans in L.A. went off so well. Where you used to work, if I remember correctly.

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LILAH

I was in Hell then. Not my fault.

LANOIRE

Oh, of course not. Just tell me what the Senior Partners want us to do.

INT. DIMENSIONAL FABRIC LAB—DAY

LILAH (V.O.)

Wait. Just wait. And watch.

GENE

Look at this. I just need to reprogram the oscillation length of the Ferguson dynamics, and —

An energy NEXUS appears in front of them.

FRED

An interdimensional rift.

GENE

Isn't it cool?

FRED

It's . . . beautiful.

Gene pushes a button. The nexus disappears.

GENE

Our next step is to stabilize it, study it, figure out how to use it.

FRED

Use it?

GENE

Welcome to the world of commercial research. Everything has a purpose. Just think of the things this type of technology could be used for: faster than light travel; interdimensional communications; alterations of temporal flows. Knowledge for knowledge's sake is a thing of the past, I'm afraid.

FRED

(curt; tones of
Illyria showing
through)

They are looking for a weapon.

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GENE

(off-balance)

Not necessarily. Think of it more as a tool, something to make life easier.

FRED

(Illyria receding)

Still, they seek to increase their own power.

GENE

Well, yeah. Who doesn't?

FRED

(as Fred)

You don't think someone could keep fighting with no hope of reward, knowing he is going to fail, just because it is the right thing to do?

GENE

He'd have to be whacked.

EXT. CLEVELAND STREET—NIGHT

Alec and a blonde date — we'll call her VAMP GIRL — walk down the street.

VAMP GIRL

So you went to Wolfram and Hart?

ALEC

(shrugged)

The three of us have done a few odd jobs for them in the past. I thought they might be interested in hearing about the new player in town.

VAMP GIRL

So what'd they give you?

Alec pulls a WAD OF BILLS out of his pocket, shows them to his girl.

ALEC

What you want, girl? Name it.

VAMP GIRL

(pointing)

Her.

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Across the street, a RANDOM GIRL is walking down the pavement.

ALEC

(vamp face)

My pleasure.

The two vamps circle their prey. She screams, trying to get away, to no avail. Suddenly, Alec EXPLODES INTO DUST, and we see behind him an ELDERLY GENTLEMAN, at least 80, holding onto his wooden cane which he had just plunged into Alec's heart. Vamp girl turns on him, but he knocks her down, and then drives the cane through her heart as well - (off screen to save money). We hear her DUST.

RANDOM GIRL

Thank you, thank you, thank you.

The elderly gentleman MORPHS into the image from Andrew's book. He is very, very blue. He is our monster of the week—KRYLFNAR. He grabs the girl by the neck, then speaks in a deep, guttural voice.

KRYLFNAR

Why, you're very welcome, little lady.

FADE OUT

END OF ACT ONE