

DARK CHAMPIONS: NIGHT OF THE OLD ONE

ACT THREE

FADE IN

INT. ILLYRIA'S DREAM

Wolfram and Hart. Id and ego collide.

ILLYRIA

Here again. Why do I constantly return to this place?

FRED

It haunts you. It pervades your dreams — or your nightmares. Your conscious mind renounces this place, but your subconscious obsesses over it. Your self is divided, conflicted. Very human of you.

ILLYRIA

You. You are the creation of my subconscious. What does it want of me?

FRED

(wistful)

Would that it were so easy.

(turns to Illyria)

Welcome to being human. None of us know the reason we were put on Earth, not really, what it is which is asked of us. Some are Chosen, some have great destinies, some get written about in prophecies. Some are just ordinary girls like me who get caught up in something bigger than themselves. But not one of them knows, in the end, what's it really is about.

(wistful again)

But they keep on fighting anyway. We kept on fighting.

ILLYRIA

When—

FRED

(stealing her
thunder)

When you were king, your goal was clear: total domination of everything which moved. No need for introspection,
(MORE:)

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FRED (CONT'D)

never questioning your rôle as supreme ruler of anything you saw. Is there anyone who hasn't heard the story? But this is the postmodern age, Illyria: no absolutes, no answers. Just questions, and more questions, and then dying. Take my word for it: the questions part is the good part.

ILLYRIA

(re: W&H)

But this, it is all of my own creation. It should answer to my command. Instead, it rebels against me, mounts an insurrection within my own mind that I cannot put down.

FRED

I think you've already discovered that there is no mystery greater than that of the human mind. You didn't think your own would be the exception, did you?

ILLYRIA

As long as I stand divided, I am weakened. More easily conquered. You must help me to end this insurgence.

FRED

I am the insurgence, Machiavelli.

ILLYRIA

(begins to circle

Fred)

An avatar for my subconscious, taking the form of the woman I murdered.

FRED

(verbally sparring;

circles Illyria)

The same form you wear everyday.

They circle each other.

ILLYRIA

Is this — guilt?

FRED

(noncommittal)

Could be.

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ILLYRIA

Guilt is —

FRED

Beneath you. We know.

(impatient)

When you were king, you would do as you wish, without a qualm in the world, caring for no one's —

ILLYRIA

I was going to say unpleasant.

FRED

(taken back)

Oh.

Suddenly, a siren goes off, and the building begins to shake.

ILLYRIA

The destruction of Wolfram & Hart. My subconscious brings me back here, to the fateful night —

FRED

Sometimes a cigar is just a cigar, honey.

FLASH-CUT TO:

INT. ILLYRIA'S APARTMENT—DAY

The alarm clock reads 7:30, of course — aren't all alarm clocks in the Buffyverse set to go off at that time? Mine is, and I don't even live in the Buffyverse. Probably. Illyria gets out of bed, TRANSFORMS to Fred. Think about how much time it would save in the morning if instead of getting all presentable, you could just morph into a perfectly made-over persona.

INT. SLAYER CENTRAL 2—DAY

Early morning. Faith makes her way out of her bedroom into the living room, wearing an outfit she could conceivably have slept in, but could also go outside in — e.g., elastic shorts and a t-shirt. Andrew is on the couch, asleep — and wearing pink pyjamas. Faith slips into the kitchenette, opens a cabinet.

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POV SHOT—CABINET

Junk food: chips, cookies, crackers, etc. Dr. Atkins would have a heart attack just contemplating the cabinets' contents. Faith pulls out a bag of chips.

BACK TO BEFORE

Faith starts munching on the chips.

ANDREW
(from living room;
groggy)
Faith? Is that you?

FAITH
Of course not. What would I be doing in
my own apartment?

ANDREW
What are you doing?

FAITH
(looking at chips,
muttering)
Just having a healthy breakfast.

ANDREW
Ooh! I'll make breakfast! How about
omelets?

FAITH
Don't have eggs.

ANDREW
Erm. Well, how about toast?

FAITH
Look, one of us here has a job. Day
job. God knows the Council stipend
doesn't even cover the rent.

ANDREW
Go easy on them. Most of them blew up.

He clicks the remote to turn the TV on.

FAITH
Always possible to pick up where the
First left off. . . .

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TV REPORTER

. . . her head severed from her body,
found on South Madison Street in
northwest Cleveland. Her purse lay near
the body, all of her belongings
presumably remaining, and the police
are baffled as to any possible motive
for this crime.

FAITH

(moving into the
living room to look
at TV)
Demonic activity?

ANDREW

(turns down volume)
Completely possible. Kryfnal the
Corrupter is still on the loose.

FAITH

That the blue gal Giles sent you here
to warn me about?

ANDREW

(nods)
A being older than the race of humans
itself. . . .

FAITH

(cutting him off)
I saw her pull off the head of a
vampire the other night. That could
easily have been what happened to this
girl.

(beat)

Madison street. That's near where Fred
lives.

ANDREW

(being all
Watcherish)
You should patrol tonight. I'll hit the
boo —

Faith doesn't even pay attention to him as she heads back
towards her bedroom.

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FAITH

We'll discuss this later. I better get dressed, get out of here. Working girl, y'know.

INT. DEMONTECH LABS—DAY

Fred enters the labs; Gene is always scribbling away on a clipboard. He notices her and pulls himself away from the clipboard.

GENE

Ms. Burkle. Good morning.

FRED

Please, call me Fred.

GENE

And I'm Gene. Are you ready for another day of thrilling particle acceleration?

FRED

You don't get any readier than this.

GENE

I was thinking we'd try to a multi-frequency quantum pulse today, see if we could use it to stabilize the singularity. If not, we should at least get some interesting data to integrate.

FRED

Sounds like fun.

GENE

You wanna run the emitter?

FRED

Love to.

Gene throws Fred a set of keys, which she catches out of the air effortlessly (being Illyria and all).

GENE

Nice catch. Take care of her.

INT. LILAH'S APPARTMENT—DAY

Drusilla looks at the outline of the light streaming through the window, holds her hand up just out of it, hovering outside of the light. She steps into it by mistake, and her bare foot begins to SMOKE before she pulls

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it back with a high-pitched yelp. She curls up into a fetal position, holding it.

DRUSILLA

Not yet. But soon
(to foot)
Soon the stars come into alignment,
queen to queen's bishop six. Check.
Tonight.
(bends closer to
the foot)
Now let Mommy kiss it and make it all
better.

EXT. CLEVELAND STREET—NIGHT

Illyria walks down the street, looking for trouble. She doesn't find any — the night is calm, and there are no vamps in sight.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Faith, performing her nightly patrol. She passes under a "S. Madison St." sign — she's looking out for Fred. She spies Illyria, and her hand tightens around her stake.

FAITH

(to self)
Come and get it, Kryfnal.

Faith crosses the street, comes face-to-face with Illyria.

ILLYRIA

Faith. The Vampire Slayer.

FAITH

(striking Illyria)
I see you've heard of me.

Illyria blocks the punch, but Faith hits Illyria again, this time connecting and sending her falling. Illyria gets up as Faith comes in with another punch. Illyria grabs Faith's fist in mid-air, throws her to the side.

ILLYRIA

I am not your enemy.

FAITH

Why is it that the bad guys always keep saying that? You go rogue just the once, and suddenly all the Big Bads want to be your buddy.

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Faith throws two more punches, each of which is blocked by Illyria. They continue to fight, and it is relatively clear that the Slayer and the Old One are pretty much evenly matched.

ILLYRIA

That doesn't mean I am your friend.

FAITH

(rubbing bruise)

Kind of got that idea.

As they fight, however, Illyria manages to grab the front of Faith's shirt, and keep her grip on it even as she pulls herself to her own feet. Faith fights back, but Illyria simply stands up like the colossus she really isn't and lifts Faith clean off the ground. She is about to send a clean knock-out punch into Faith's face with her free fist just as we:

FADE TO BLACK.

END OF ACT THREE.