

DARK CHAMPIONS: NIGHT OF THE OLD ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN

INT. DEMON BAR—NIGHT

DEMON #1

And so I said to her, first you hatch the eggs. Then we'll perform the *reg'hio*. And you know what she did?

DEMON #2

What?

DEMON #1

She begins to chase me around the place with her pincers, threatening to rip me into pieces and feed the remains to her larvae. And she's singing "Like a Virgin" the entire time, with her other mouth.

DEMON #2

(sighs)

How romantic. Why can't I find a mate like that?

It's a motley crew — demons, humans, probably even a few vamps. The camera explores the place for a bit, then rest on Fred (i.e. Illyria), who sits at the counter, nursing an alcoholic beverage. It's bright orange. A bartender, JOE, works in the background.

FAITH

What's a pretty girl like you doing in a place like this?

Faith sits down in the seat next to Fred. Startled, Fred turns, then recognizes Faith. Her face lights up.

FRED

Faith! How are you? I haven't seen you since—

FAITH

Yeah. Since Wes' funeral.

(to bartender)

My regular, Joe.

(to Fred)

So what are you doing in town?

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FRED

(proudly)

I live here now. I have a job. And they're not evil this time.

(beat)

I think. I should check up on that.

Joe delivers Faith her drink.

FAITH

So we're Clevelandites together, now. I think we can drink to that.

(toasts)

To Hellmouth Living.

FRED

(toasting)

To Cleveland. My new home.

FAITH

(re: Fred's drink)

What is that?

FRED

Nah'dran tonic.

FAITH

May I?

FRED

(hands her the drink)

Go ahead.

Faith kicks back a very small amount of Fred's drink. Immediately, she makes a face — the strong alcohol face. You know the one I mean. Only very exaggerated.

FAITH

God, that has a hell of a kick to it.

Fred shrugs. She takes the drink back from Faith and finishes it off without changing her facial expression.

FRED

(to bartender)

I'll have another.

Joe looks at her strangely, than shrugs and refills the glass.

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FAITH

(suddenly serious)

Have you heard any word from Angel?

FRED

Not a word.

FAITH

Damn. Where could he be?

FRED

There's always the possibility —

FAITH

Don't say it. I don't know what went down in L.A., but whatever it was, Angel got through it. He's a survivor.

FRED

I hope you're right.

FAITH

I know I am.

But there is doubt in her eyes.

INT. LILAH'S APARTMENT—NIGHT

Lilah enters the apartment. The lights are out, and the room is cast in shadows.

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)

Everything's changed, hasn't it? My two boys messed up your plans, and now the vinegar's dripped into the winepress. Can't go on as before.

LILAH

(hanging up her jacket)

The Senior Partners are flexible. The apocalypse goes on.

The female, of course, is DRUSILLA. The vampire stands in the doorway of Lilah's kitchenette. She is dressed in a long black dress, sleek and stylish. The kitchenette light is on, backlighting her. She steps forward, and her face becomes visible.

DRUSILLA

Poof! End of the world. Except, where's the fun in that?

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LILAH

I do what I'm told.

DRUSILLA

Such the obedient little evil bitch queen. Of course, you haven't much choice anymore, do you?

Dru makes her way over to Lilah, pulls away the scarf to reveal the red mark where Wesley severed her head. Lilah recovers the scarf, re-covers her neck.

DRUSILLA

But fate is an interesting thing, dear. It's something that even you and your masters cannot defy, no matter how much you try.

LILAH

(eager)

You see something? What is it?

DRUSILLA

(whispers into her ear)

You'd better hide while they have their hands over their eyes. The rules of the game are about to change. Again.

LILAH

"They"? The Senior Partners?

DRUSILLA

(non sequitor; pouting)

I want to hunt.

LILAH

Faith is out there, on those streets. And Illyria. There's blood in the fridge.

DRUSILLA

It's cold.

LILAH

(without patience)

Then learn how to work the microwave.

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DRUSILLA

The machine of plastic and steel can make it hot, but not warm. It lies when it says it's warm. It's not the warmth of an innocent body, singing out to me, a warmth you and I will never again feel in our own blood. The blood sustains, yes, but it is the hunt which nourishes us.

LILAH

It's too dangerous.

DRUSILLA

I'll meet them, soon enough. You're counting on it. But not yet. It's too soon. Trust me, I know. I always know.

She makes her way out of the apartment. Lilah simply stares at the door as it closes behind the vampire. Lilah is alone in the room.

LILAH

Of course.

INT. DEMON BAR—NIGHT

Fred/Illyria gestures for the bartender to refill her glass.

JOE

Hey, look lady. That drink is mystically enhanced. It's designed for demon constitutions.

FAITH

It's all right, Joe. I'll make sure she gets home safe.

(to Fred)

Man, if I knew you could hold your liquor like that, I would have taken you to Harry's last time I was in L.A.

Joe pours Fred her drink.

FRED

Last time you were in L.A., I couldn't.

FAITH

(jumping to—wrong—
conclusions)

Wes?

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Fred doesn't answer.

FAITH

I know what you mean. Have to admit, downed quite a few Jack bottles since the funeral. I mean, Wes was my Watcher. Didn't approve of everything I did — in fact, approved of very little I did for most of the time he knew me. But that didn't matter. What mattered was that he bothered to have an opinion at all, paid attention no matter what. And now, no one cares anymore. I've lost my audience.

FRED

I'm sure that's not true.

FAITH

(muttering)

Here I am on a Hellmouth, and who do they send to watch my back? Geek boy.

FRED

What?

FAITH

Never mind. It's okay. This way, when I screw up, it won't matter.

FRED

(firmly)

It matters. That's when it matters most, 'cause then you are doing it because you know it's the right thing, and not because of anyone else.

FAITH

But then, when you get down to it, how do you know what's right? I don't have the best track record for making decisions, you know.

EXT. CLEVELAND STREET—NIGHT

Drusilla makes her way through the street at night. At the intersection in front of her, there is VAMP FOOD—three (bottle?) blonde girls talking excitedly to each other, one on a cell phone. Drusilla walks slowly, with extreme deliberation.

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FRED (V.O.)

No one knows. That's what makes life so difficult. And interesting.

DRUSILLA

I know you are there.

Out of the shadows steps Kryfnal, in his elderly gentleman guise.

KRYFNAL

You are perceptive for a half-breed.

DRUSILLA

And you fail to see what is right in front of your nose. When you have a nose.

KRYFNAL

I see a vampire who is going to attack some poor unsuspecting mortals. Only, I'm afraid I can't let you do that.

DRUSILLA

You want them for yourselves.

KRYFNAL

You have a problem with that?

DRUSILLA

(shrugs)

Life has not always been kind to me. Death neither. You rail and you curse, but what shall be eventually the lost lamb finds her way home.

KRYFNAL

You. You see the future.

DRUSILLA

(agreeably)

It has pomegranates. But the apples . . . they will rot and die. Turn into mushrooms.

KRYFNAL

And you're insane.

DRUSILLA

Now, you begin to see. But not enough. Not nearly enough.

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KRYFNAL

Oh, and what have I missed?

DRUSILLA

Your prey. You don't need their blood. You simply enjoy causing pain, the chaos and the destruction which it brings.

(with relish;
falling into a
reverie)

Feeling the warm flesh in your hands as you are about to rip it to pieces. So weak, so frail, so mortal. You feel the rush of power as you sink your claws into the skin—

KRYFNAL

(interrupting)

Miss?

The camera looks over Dru's shoulder, focusing on the background. A car pulls up at the intersection, and the girls get in. Dru doesn't see this happen, having kept her back to the intersection the entire time, but knows it nonetheless.

DRUSILLA

You see, the thing is: you've just lost them.

EXT. CLEVELAND STREET—NIGHT

Not too obviously the same set used in the other Cleveland exteriors (including the one immediately previous), although budgeting issues will no doubt necessitate creativity. Fred/Illyria and Faith walk down the street.

FRED

This is me. Home, sweet home.

FAITH

Well... good seeing you again.

FRED

Yeah. We'll have to plan something.

Fred enters the apartment building, casting a backward glance as she does so.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING HALL—NIGHT

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Fred pulls out her key, unlocks her door, and enters.

INT. ILLYRIA'S APARTMENT—NIGHT

Fred enters, turns on the lights, shuts the door behind her. She makes her way to the wall, upon which rests an ornate mirror. She looks at her reflection in it. Fred's reflection.

FRED
(in Illyria's voice)
Fascinating.

She TRANSFORMS to Illyria.

FADE TO BLACK

END OF ACT TWO