

**DARK CHAMPIONS: NIGHT OF THE OLD ONE**

INT. NIGHT—WOLFRAM & HART, L.A.

The L.A. offices of Wolfram and Hart, as they were before they were destroyed. They are empty, except for a single blue-haired figure, clad in a multi-colored leather catsuit, who wanders their halls. She is ILLYRIA, ex-god-king of the primordium.

ILLYRIA

The wolf, the ram, and the hart. This was destroyed.

FRED (O.S.)

Twice actually.

Reverse angle to reveal FRED Burkle. She bears a strong resemblance to Illyria, but her hair, eyes, and forehead are all more natural tones, and her dress is somewhat more conservative. A sundress, perhaps.

FRED

But they keep coming back, like that cat in the song.

ILLYRIA

What is this?

FRED

Remember that moment in *Casablanca* when Humphrey Bogart says to Ingrid Bergman,  
(Bogart impression)

“We’ll always have Paris”?

(normal voice)

Of course you do, because Wesley and I watched it together, and you have my memories. Well, this is Paris. Only not literally. Although I do hear the Paris branch of Wolfram & Hart does look a lot like this.

ILLYRIA

These are memories. Mental recreations of past events. Illusions.

FRED

Evidently my brain still works. Good to know.

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ILLYRIA

(really taking  
notice of Fred for  
the first time)

You are her. The shell.

FRED

No, actually, you are the shell. I just  
happen to be its previous owner.

ILLYRIA

You were destroyed. In the Fires of  
Resurrection.

FRED

Just my soul. There's more to me than  
just that. Like my memories, all of  
which live in you. The soul is  
important, but its not everything. Just  
ask any vampire.

ILLYRIA

I am not a half-breed.

FRED

My body and your . . . whatever. Two  
sets of memories — three, even. Sounds  
like a hybrid to me.

ILLYRIA

This illusion, it displeases me. This  
mental labyrinth, this —

FRED

Dream?

ILLYRIA

I do not dream.

FRED

Perhaps not. But I do, and you're stuck  
with my body now. And while you're at  
it, you might want to stay away from  
anchovies—I'm allergic.

ILLYRIA

I wish it to end.

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FRED

Well, I'm not really a vengeance demon or anything like that, but — wish granted.

FLASH-CUT TO:

INT. ILLYRIA'S APARTMENT—NIGHT

Illyria's (blue) eyes suddenly snap open and she emits a startled gasp. Now, awake, she steps out of bed, the covers falling away as she does so to reveal her naked back (and, out of the frame, the rest of her naked body). There is a beat, and her bare flesh suddenly MORPHS into the leather catsuit as she starts for the bedroom door.

EXT. CLEVELAND STREET—NIGHT

Illyria makes her way down the street. A gang of three street youths, EDDIE, MALCOLM, and ALEC observe her.

EDDIE

Look, boys, it's the Blue Fairy.

ALEC

Yow-ee. Look at that outfit. Lookin' for some action, babe?

ILLYRIA

I am disturbed. I wish to engage in violence.

The three youths VAMP.

MALCOLM

Happy to oblige.

They fight, Illyria easily beating back the three's attacks. She backhands Malcolm, and sends him flying across the street. He falls back on a park bench, impaled, and explodes in a cloud of dust.

EDDIE

(backing up)

Wh-what are you?

ILLYRIA

I am Illyria, the Ancient Source of All Destruction.

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She grabs him by the hair, decapitating him. Dust. Off the end-of-teaser look on Alec's face as he runs away, we

CUT TO:

FAITH, the Vampire Slayer, observing the skirmish. A stake is in her left hand, a lit cigarette in her right.

FAITH

Now, isn't that interesting.

FADE TO BLACK

END OF TEASER