Darkest Night 2x06

"Date Night"

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DARKEST NIGHT

SEASON 2

EPISODE 6: Date Night

Characters:

Katie - Mid 20s. Impulsive and spontaneous. Quick learner who isn’t afraid to speak her mind. Knows she’s wrapped up in a larger conspiracy now, but has to keep that from Ricketts.

Dr. Lionel Ricketts - 30s. Younger member of Project Cyclops, working independently from Dr. Kinsler. Extremely cold. Softspoken but menacing. Guarded. Blew up at Katie a few eps ago.

Alana - Late 20s, smart, sharp, sassy.

Brian - Late 20s, not so smart, not so sharp. Super douche.

Bartender - 30s. Gay, friend of Alana’s.

Locations:

1. Bar
2. Cab
3. Alana’s apartment
4. Lab at the Lobdow Center for Advanced Research

Time of day:

Night
INTRO BUMPER

Efx: recorder button/tone

KATIE
(whispering)
Roth-Lodbow Center for Advanced
Research. Project Cyclops, Day 15,
about to begin. Entering the
laboratory now.

Efx: keycard beep. A loud buzz, a metal lock unlatched. Door
opens, footsteps.

KATIE (CONT’D)
Dr. Ricketts.

DR. RICKETTS
Hello, Katie. You’re late.

KATIE
I’m sorry. I had to run an errand.
But better late than never, right?

DR. RICKETTS
Tardiness is a fool’s excuse for
laziness.

KATIE
Of course. My mistake.

DR. RICKETTS
That’s the easiest concession I’ve
gotten from you thus far. Something
wrong?

KATIE
What? Uh, no. Why would something
be wrong?

DR. RICKETTS
No reason. Anyway, are you ready to
get to work?

Efx: Sheet lifting from tray.

KATIE
Always.
(beat)
Whoa... that’s... that’s a mangled
head.

Efx: Project Cyclop noises.
DR. RICKETTS
Yes, but it’s only one good eye that we need. Project Cyclops. Trial 7-zeta-5. Timestamp is registering correctly. Initiating playback in 3...
2...
1...
Initiate.

IN A SWANKY BAR, NIGHTTIME

Efx: bar chatter, clinking of glasses, sound of liquor being poured.

BRIAN
I’m so glad you finally changed your mind.

ALANA
You did say that if I went on one date with you, you’d stop asking.

BRIAN
I’m not taking ‘no’ for an answer anymore. “Live life to the fullest” right? Go out there and get what you want? At least that’s what all those motivational books say.

ALANA
Yeah, I get it. I just... really like you as a friend, Brian.

NARRATOR
You could see the disappointment in Brian’s face as Alana uttered those words. His excited nature suddenly turned into one of sadness. He gently took Alana’s hand in his.

BRIAN
It’s just... I mean, I was supposed to be on that plane, you know? That could have been me.

NARRATOR
Alana let go of his hand and gave him a friendly pat on the back. (MORE)
NARRATOR (CONT'D)
She was intent on keeping this as casual as possible.

Efx: firm patting on back.

ALANA
And you were so hungover you missed your flight. So here you are! Alive and well. Maybe try focusing on that.

NARRATOR
The bartender came by with two drinks, and set them down in front of Brian and Alana.

Efx: glasses being set down, drinks being sipped.

BARTENDER
So we have a vodka tonic for you sir, and a Maui Wowie for the lady. On the house.

BRIAN
Awesome. I love free shit.

ALANA
One of the perks of being friends with the bartender.

NARRATOR
Alana smiled at the bartender, who winked in return.

BRIAN
Wow. That is such a chick drink. I would never be seen in public drinking something like that.

ALANA
Then it’s a good thing I’m drinking it and you’re not.

BRIAN
I’m sorry. I didn’t mean it as an insult. To you. Girls like fruity stuff.

ALANA
It’s not a gender thing. Fruit tastes good to most people.
BRIAN
I just meant I would be totally eviscerated if I ordered anything with colors.

ALANA
Then that’s on you for not only caring what people would think, but also perpetuating a stupid stereotype.

BRIAN
Ouch. Okay, you’ve made your point. I’m just nervous. Ever since I met you at that party last year this is all I’ve wanted.

ALANA
Yeah, you’ve made that very clear.

NARRATOR
Alana guzzled the rest of her drink, slamming the empty glass on the table. She blotted her mouth with a napkin and stood up from her seat.

Efx: glass slammed down, stool squeaking.

ALANA
Gotta pee. Be right back.

NARRATOR
Brian watched as Alana scurried to the bathroom, a part of him nervous that she was going to leave him there. The bartender came by to refresh the drinks.

Efx: clinking of empty glasses removed, new glasses set down.

BARTENDER
Hey man, it’s okay. She’s a tough nut to crack.

BRIAN
I don’t know. Feminists just never like me.

BARTENDER
A great mystery. Just keep drinking. It’ll be best for both of you.
NARRATOR
As the bartender left to take care of his other customers, Brian scanned the other patrons at the bar. Couples kissing, friends doing shots, birthdays being celebrated. Everyone having a good time. He stared at Alana’s rainbow cocktail, discreetly sliding it closer to himself. When Alana returned, her drink was back where she left it.

ALANA
Ready for round two.

NARRATOR
Brian held up his glass, indicating a cheers. Alana did as well.

BRIAN
To a chance at escaping the friend zone!

NARRATOR
Alana pulled her glass away from his, clearly annoyed.

BRIAN
I’m kidding. I’m KIDDING!

ALANA
How about, to new beginnings?

BRIAN
I like the sound of that.

Efx: clink!

NARRATOR
Brian watched expectantly as Alana slammed down another drink, grinning as he slowly sipped his own.

Efx: bar noise subsiding, cash register open/closing, stools being moved.

NARRATOR (CONT’D)
The night wore on. Soon, it was near closing time, and the bar had mostly emptied out.

(MORE)
NARRATOR (CONT’D)
Alana had a few empty glasses in front of her, and was propping her head up on her arm as she and Brian chatted and laughed together.

ALANA
I didn’t mean to! It was an accident.

BRIAN
How do you ‘accidentally shoplift’?

ALANA
Because I was thirteen, in a mall, and I had a million other shopping bags. The earrings just fell in one of them as I was browsing.

BRIAN
That sounds like an excuse a thirteen year old would give.

ALANA
It’s true though. I even went back to the store and returned them!

BRIAN
Seriously?

ALANA
Okay, maybe not.

BRIAN
Aha!

ALANA
But I wanted to! I was just embarrassed. I thought that if I went back and tried to explain they wouldn’t believe me. Like you, just now!

NARRATOR
Alana pulled out her phone and checked the time. She let out a yawn as she scanned the empty bar.

ALANA
Oof, I guess it’s pretty late, huh.

Efx: stumbling.
NARRATOR
Alana got up unsteadily from her stool. Brian quickly caught her before she fell.

BRIAN
We should get you home. Come on, I got you.

Efx: city noise, cars honking.

BRIAN (CONT’D)
Taxi!

Efx: cab pulling up, door opening/closing.

ALANA
(slurring)
Carson and Central, please.

Efx: cab driving, radio playing, Alana drunkenly humming.

NARRATOR
Alana laid across the backseat, her legs draped over Brian’s. Now she was practically incoherent, singing softly to herself.

BRIAN
Are you okay?

ALANA
(groaning)
Mmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmm.

BRIAN
I’m gonna get you home, okay? We’re on our way.

ALANA
(slurring)
Thanks. You’re a good dude.

NARRATOR
Alana barely edged out the words before she seemed to pass out. Brian shook her gently.

BRIAN
Alana?

NARRATOR
Silence. Brian looked at Alana’s legs that hung so limply over his.
(MORE)
He knew what this drug did to his prey. He knew that she couldn’t move, couldn’t speak. But she could still hear him. She was fully aware and awake inside her own mind, but could do nothing. A prisoner. But the next day, she wouldn’t remember a thing. It was practically a victimless crime. Brian’s eyes moved to the bottom of her short, white dress. He moved the fabric away, exposing her underwear. He eyed the cabbie, who was focused on the road, listening to the soft static of his radio.

Efx: barely coherent mumblings from Alana

BRIAN
Shhh, shhh it’s okay.

NARRATOR
Brian slid his hand up Alana’s thigh until it disappeared beneath her dress.

BRIAN
(whispering)
We’re going to have some fun.

NARRATOR
After a bit of a drive, the cab pulled up in front of Alana’s apartment, and Brian handed the taxi driver some cash. Slinging Alana over his shoulder, Brian carried her to the front door of the apartment building, which was wide open.

BRIAN
Are you sure this is where you live?

NARRATOR
Alana couldn’t respond.

BRIAN
Oh. Right.

Efx: rummaging, jingling of keys
NARRATOR
Brian dug around in her purse until he found her keys. One was engraved with the number seven. Looking up at seeing apartment seven at the end of the hall, Brian carried Alana down a dimly lit hallway, which seemed to stretch on forever. They eventually made it to her apartment door, which was thick and made of steel.

Efx: key in lock, door unlocking, opening/closing.

NARRATOR (CONT’D)
Brian opened the giant door to reveal a darkened studio apartment. He set Alana down as he looked for the light switch. His footsteps crinkled beneath his feet.

Efx: crinkling of plastic beneath footsteps.

BRIAN
Where the hell is the light--

Efx: WHACK!

NARRATOR
Before Brian could finish his sentence, a hard object connected with the back of his skull, knocking him out cold. When he finally awoke, Alana was before him, standing upright and perfectly alert.

ALANA
Hey buddy! Have a good snooze?

BRIAN
What... ugh, my head.

ALANA
Yeah you got a pretty nasty bump. You should be more careful.

Efx: sounds of struggle, crinkling.

NARRATOR
Brian tried to move, but found himself tied tightly to a chair. He looked at his bindings, then at Alana.
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BRIAN
But I saw you...

ALANA
Drink a “Maui Wowie”? Those are just a regular smoothie with a stupid name. Sometimes they have rum in them... but my bartender would never. You should have tried it! Probably would have figured out there’s no alcohol in them. But that’s okay, at least you still looked “super manly”.

Efx: more sounds of struggle.

NARRATOR
Alana took a small plastic bag out of her purse. It contained a few pills, which she set down on the tray. Taking the hammer, she hit the bag of pills until it turned into a fine powder. Alana tore open the bag, letting the powder spill out. She used the knife to make a few neat lines, and began snorting one after the other.

BRIAN
Great. You’re a junkie, too.

ALANA
You’re awfully condescending for someone who was about to have sex with an unconscious girl.

BRIAN
I thought... we were having a good time. I thought if you loosened up you’d be okay with it.

ALANA
Clearly you didn’t, or else you would have waited until I was awake.

Efx: sounds of more struggling, chair scuffing.

NARRATOR
Brian struggled hard against his restraints. Alana smiled as she watched.
ALANA
Okay. Stop.

NARRATOR
To Brian’s own surprise, he complied.

BRIAN
What did you do to me?

ALANA
Gave you a little drug of my own. Technically the bartender did. Like I said, we’re friends.

BRIAN
What is this place?

ALANA
It’s like a workspace. The company who hired me owns the whole building, so it’s nice and discreet. Now, be a good boy and stay where you are.

NARRATOR
Alana picked up the incredibly sharp-looking blade. She held it to the rope across Brian’s chest, and carefully slid it down to his groin, cutting only his restraints in the process.

Efx: sound of rope being cut, stifled struggling.

NARRATOR (CONT’D)
Brian tried to move, but found that he couldn’t.

ALANA
Ooh, that works nicely.

BRIAN
What does? What are you talking about?

ALANA
“We’re just having a little fun,” right? So now we’re gonna do what I want to do, and see if that’s what you want to do.

BRIAN
I don’t understand.
ALANA
Of course you don't. But you will. Here.

NARRATOR
Alana held out the knife in front of Brian. He looked at it, uncertain, then back to her.

ALANA
Go ahead. Take it.

NARRATOR
He obeyed.

ALANA
Put your hand on this tray.

NARRATOR
He did.

ALANA
Now stab it.

NARRATOR
To Brian's own horror, he took the knife and plunged it right through the back of his hand. He screamed in pain.

Efx: sound of sliced flesh? Stabbing sound?

ALANA
Don’t scream.

Efx: sudden silence.

ALANA (CONT’D)
I mean, no one’s gonna hear you anyway. But it gives me a headache.

BRIAN
Fuck. Fuck! That fucking hurts. What is wrong with you?!

ALANA
Me?! You’re the one who just stabbed yourself!

BRIAN
I didn’t want to do that. You made me. Somehow.
NARRATOR
Alana snorted another line of mysterious powder off the tray. Unbeknownst to Alana, however... a little of Brian’s tainted blood had mixed with what she was inhaling.

ALANA
Hmm... let’s see... How about those fingers, huh? How many girls have you violated with those disgusting, grubby little fingers? I bet you don’t even wash your hands.

BRIAN
Alana, please, I’m saying I’m sorry.

ALANA
And I’m saying, that I want you to cut those fucking fingers off. Now.

NARRATOR
Brian took the knife, and pressed the blade into his index finger. The bone crunched as he sliced it through, the blood squirting and spilling everywhere.

Efx: bone crunching, squishing.

BRIAN
Oh god. Oh god. No. Oh god.

ALANA
C’mon, one more. The middle one. The wiggly one.

Efx: bone crunching, squishing?

NARRATOR
Brian used the knife to cut through his middle finger. Tears ran down his face, as he watched himself mutilate his hand, unable to control his own body.

ALANA
There. Much better.

BRIAN
Just call the police. Please. I’ll admit what I did. I’ll go to jail. Whatever you want.
ALANA
This isn’t about what you did, Brian. Well, it sort of is. But not what you think.

BRIAN
What? Then why ARE you doing this?

ALANA
Because it’s my job!

BRIAN
It’s your job to torture people?
You said you were a teacher.

ALANA
And ten year old me would have said those things were one and the same. But no, I’m obviously not a teacher, and it’s not my job to torture people. It’s to kill them. The torture part is just a fun little bit I like to add in. Especially when the person is a despicable waste of a human.

NARRATOR
Alana snorted another line. Her eyes were big and wild, and her movements were becoming more manic.

BRIAN
Why is it your job to kill me?

ALANA
You ask a lot of questions, man. It’s really annoying.

BRIAN
Just tell me. Please. I at least deserve to know that.

ALANA
See, that’s the problem with guys like you. You think you ‘deserve’ things. Like, you think you ‘deserve’ to have a woman, just because you’re nice to her. It doesn’t matter what we want. As long as you get what you want. That’s what makes this so delicious. Now you’re being forced to do shit you don’t want to do. Doesn’t feel so great, does it?
BRIAN
No.

ALANA
Good. Take off your pants.

NARRATOR
Brian once again complied. His bloody hand made stains all over the rest of him as he slid his pants down to his ankles.

Efx: unbuckling of buckle, pants sliding down.

ALANA
The rest of it.

NARRATOR
Brian followed suit with his boxers. The loss of blood and trauma to his fingers was making him shake a little. Alana stared at his naked lower half.

ALANA
I knew it felt a little cold in here.

BRIAN
Alana. I’m begging you. Please just stop this.

ALANA
And how many girls begged you to stop, Brian? All of them, I bet. Even that eleven year old. The one from the Philippines? She didn’t speak any English, of course, but she wanted you to stop. Trust me.

BRIAN
How do you... how do you know about that?

ALANA
I work for some very powerful people. Now, do me a favor and cut off your penis.

NARRATOR
The knife Brian wielded moved closer between his legs.
BRIAN
No, no no, Alana, please, no, please don’t make me...

ALANA

Efx: flesh sliced.

NARRATOR
With a slice and a quickly stifled scream, Brian cut off his own penis, which fell limply to the ground.

Efx: soft plop, heavy breathing, blood dripping.

BRIAN
(groaning in pain)
Please, don’t make me keep doing this. Just kill me.

ALANA
Know what the kicker is? YOU should have been dead already! But you’re the one who missed your flight, remember? Drinking too hard the night before with the boys, hitting that campaign trail pretty hard. You fucking loser. You were supposed to be on that plane. This is all your fault.

BRIAN
(disbelief)
The plane... wasn’t an accident...

ALANA
There are no accidents in politics. Let’s just say Senator Carlisle’s re-election team really didn’t feel like working too hard this time around. Killing your opponent mere weeks before the election makes your victory much more certain, now doesn’t it? You chose the wrong side to play for. As did the rest of your team. Only, they got a quick, easy death. And you? You made me cancel my Saturday plans.

BRIAN
So Carlisle sent you to do this.
ALANA
Not exactly. But an associate of his.

NARRATOR
Alana shoved Brian, and he fell backwards into his seat.

ALANA
I’m tired of you standing. Pick up the saw.

NARRATOR
With the knife still in his now three-fingered hand, Brian picked up the saw with the other.

ALANA
Cut off your leg.

BRIAN
(sobbing)
Alana, please... No...

NARRATOR
But he was already doing it.

Efx: Saw grinding through flesh, squishy stuff, bone, man sobbing

NARRATOR (CONT’D)
Alana watched, her face expressionless, as Brian separated his right leg from his body.

Efx: leg falling to ground with a thud.

NARRATOR (CONT’D)
Brian’s skin was turning yellow. The blood gushed out of the wound where his leg used to be. His quick shallow breaths were starting to gurgle, and he was becoming delirious.

ALANA
Stay with me Brian. We still got another leg to saw.

Efx: snorting.
NARRATOR
Alana inhaled another line of the white powder, still slightly mixed with Brian’s infected blood.

ALANA
Saw it off! Let’s go!

NARRATOR
But Brian didn’t have the strength to cut off his other leg. He laid on the chair, convulsing.

ALANA
God damn it.

Efx: bone crunching, squishing, leg falling to the ground with a thud.

NARRATOR
Alana took the saw from Brian’s limp hand and began sawing his other leg off herself. When she was done, she stood up and observed the gory scene. Alana dropped the saw back on the tray behind her and wiped her bloody hands on her now blood-stained dress.

ALANA
Always when I wear white.

NARRATOR
Suddenly, Brian used his last ounce of strength to throw himself forward, driving the knife he still held in his three-fingered hand into Alana’s side.

ALANA
MotherFUCKER!

Efx: body thudding on the ground

NARRATOR
She threw him to the ground, grabbed the hammer and swung at his head, beating in his skull until there was nothing but pulp.

Efx: hammer bashing in skull, thudding, crunching, squishing

ALANA
Son of a BITCH! Agh!!!
Efx: limping, phone unlocking, button tones, ringing, Brian gurgling as he dies.

NARRATOR
Alana clutched her bloody side, limping towards her purse. She dug around in her bag until she pulled out a cell phone and made a call. The name on the screen: “Roth Lobdow Center for Advanced Research”.

OUTRO BUMPER

Efx: distinctive noises

KATIE
Whoa. If I ever see another individual cut off their finger against their own will it’ll be three times too many...

DR. RICKETTS
On this we can agree.

KATIE
Who was that?

DR. RICKETTS
How should I know.

KATIE
She called The Center. She must work here.

DR. RICKETTS
Even so, have you ever come across any other employees here?

KATIE
Uh... no. No.

DR. RICKETTS
This center is massive. And highly secretive. You could work here for decades and never run into another soul.

KATIE
That actually sounds kind of sad.
DR. RICKETTS
Does it? You’ve seen the lives of some of these people. Do you really think you’re missing out on anything?

KATIE
Maybe not. I wonder if she’s okay though...

DR. RICKETTS
If she was taken here, I’m sure she’s fine. Lobdow is the leading innovator on experimental treatments. They can practically bring people back from the dead.

KATIE
They can?!

DR. RICKETTS
I said “practically”. But you’ve seen what they’re capable of.

KATIE
Yeah. I guess by that standard a stab wound is easily remedied. (beat) So... we aren’t going to bring up the fact that we just saw another victim of this serum or that we know for certain that Senator Carlisle is in cahoots with whoever downed his opposition’s private flight?

DR. RICKETTS
Tisk tisk, Katie. What did we agree on? No more conspiracies from you and no more eruptions from me.

KATIE
Right... right...


KATIE (CONT’D)
Roth-Lobdow Center for Advanced Research, Project Cyclops day 15, completed.

Efx: record button press/tone’

END OF EPISODE