

## DARKEST NIGHT

### SEASON 2

#### EPISODE 8: For My Last Trick...

##### 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.

Morgan Davies: Late 30s/Early 40s. Grim and matter of fact, but also desperate to make a connection. Isolated from the world at large because of the unique nature of his job, Morgan just wants to make his little corner of existence a bit less lonely. Katie's confidante earlier this season.

Kirby: Late 20s. Sassy, carefree, and maybe a little *too* sure of himself. He spells "girl" with a u.

Barista: Female coffee slinger.

TV Announcer: A TV Announcer.

##### Locations:

1. Lab at Lobdow Center for Advanced Research
2. Coffee Shop
3. Morgan's Mansion

##### Time of Day:

Evening/Night

**INTRO BUMPER**

ROTH LOBDOW CENTER FOR ADVANCED RESEARCH

EFX: Recorder button/tone.

KATIE  
 (whispering)  
 Roth-Lodbow Center for Advanced  
 Research. Project Cyclops, Day 17,  
 about to begin. Entering the  
 laboratory now.

EFX: Key card beep. A loud buzz, a metal lock unlatched. Door opens, footsteps.

DR. RICKETTS  
 (Matter of fact)  
 Ah, Katie.

KATIE  
 Dr. Ricketts.

EFX: A pen scribbling on paper.

DR. RICKETTS  
 Just finalizing some entries for  
 yesterday's report.

KATIE  
 Great. You know, speaking of  
 yesterday, I went home last night and  
 decided to watch some television to  
 take my mind off work. Almost like a  
 cruel joke, the only thing that was  
 on besides reality shows was *Dracula*.

DR. RICKETTS  
 Hm. Which?

KATIE  
 I don't know. Black & white?

DR. RICKETTS  
 Lugosi. I'm more of a Christopher Lee  
 man, myself.

KATIE  
 Wow. I don't think I've ever heard  
 you express a preference for anything  
 besides science... let alone  
 something pop culture oriented.

EFX: Scribbling stops.

DR. RICKETTS  
 (no irony)  
 There's a science to monster movies.

Katie sighs.

KATIE  
 Well, science or no, the fact that we  
 witnessed an act of vampirism...

DR. RICKETTS  
 (interjecting)  
*Alleged* vampirism.

Kate doesn't miss a beat.

KATIE  
 ...*alleged* vampirism... kind of took  
 the fun out of escapist viewing.

DR. RICKETTS  
 I read a book last night about  
 cellular mutation.

KATIE  
 Fun.

A beat.

KATIE (cont'd)  
 What do we have today?

EFX: The sound of a sheet being pulled.

DR. RICKETTS  
 Male. Looks to be early 40s and...

KATIE  
 (Interrupting,  
 alarmed)  
 Oh my god.

DR. RICKETTS  
 ...excuse me?

KATIE  
 This isn't possible. I know this  
 person. They work for the Center.

DR. RICKETTS  
...and? This isn't the first time a  
subject has been associated with Roth  
Lobdow... as you so often like to  
point out.

KATIE  
This is different. I don't understand  
how the head today could be *that*  
head.

DR. RICKETTS  
It was delivered just like the rest.

KATIE  
My point exactly.

DR. RICKETTS  
Do you care to explain yourself?

KATIE  
No. I mean, yes... but first... I  
think we should dig into this. I want  
to make sure there aren't any facts  
I'm missing before I explain.

DR. RICKETTS  
Ok...

KATIE  
Just... trust me on this.

DR. RICKETTS  
I have to hand it to you, Katie...  
for the first time since I started  
working here... you've piqued my  
curiosity.

KATIE  
It's about time.

DR. RICKETTS  
Please Proceed.

EFX: Sound of scalpel cutting flesh, beeps.

KATIE  
Project Cyclops. Trial 10-beta-13.  
Time stamp is registering correctly.  
Initiating playback in 3...  
2...  
1...  
Initiate.

## COFFEE SHOP - EVENING

It's evening at a small, mid-city coffee shop. There's a dull roar as patrons sip their java, converse with friends, and jam out screenplays.

EFX: The clinking of mugs and utensils, keyboard noises, the dull chatter of the customers.

After a beat, Morgan enters.

EFX: The jingle-jangle of a bell above the door.

MORGAN

Hmmm.

THE NARRATOR

As far as coffee shops go, it was like any other: Small, quaint, and overly complicated by the presence of too many people and not enough seats. For this last reason, it was the kind of place that Morgan generally tried to avoid. However, his distaste of crowds had recently been outweighed by an increasing feeling of loneliness. When he had signed up for the dating app to hopefully curtail the latter, he knew a visit to such a location was inevitable. *This* was that night.

BARISTA

Do you know what you want?

MORGAN

What?

THE NARRATOR

Morgan looked up from his phone to find a barista staring at him from behind the counter. The coffee worker gave him a kind smile, but also wore a look of urgency, suggesting to Morgan that he was holding up the line.

MORGAN

(sheepishly)

Oh, I... I'm sorry. I didn't even get a chance to look at the menu.

BARISTA

Let me guess: A date?

MORGAN

(surprised)

How did you know?

BARISTA

The way you were holding the phone. Figured you were comparing the people in here to a picture, trying to make a match.

MORGAN

Wow, you're good.

BARISTA

I ain't studying you! It's a coffee shop so we get a lot of first dates. When you see it daily, it's not too hard to ID. Beyond that, I wouldn't put too much faith in my detective skills.

MORGAN

Well, I'm still impressed.

BARISTA

Been awhile?

MORGAN

Is it obvious?

BARISTA

You didn't automatically rattle off demands for a complicated latte when I asked what you wanted, so I'm assuming you haven't been to a coffee shop in a while. Intermittent coffee shop visits suggest intermittent dating in the city.

MORGAN

I think your detective skills are better than you think.

BARISTA

(playfully)

I bet you say that to all the Baristas.

At this, Morgan laughs.

BARISTA (cont'd)  
(reassuring)  
You'll be fine.

MORGAN  
Thanks.

BARISTA  
Can I get something started for you  
while you wait?

MORGAN  
Is that okay?

BARISTA  
...to have a drink in a coffee shop  
while you wait for someone? Yeah, I  
think that's allowed.

MORGAN  
(nervously)  
I don't even know what I'm doing.

BARISTA  
On a date? Or ordering coffee?

MORGAN  
...both?

BARISTA  
Child, you might have uniqueness and  
talent but nerves aren't your strong  
suit... I'll make it decaf. Just have  
a seat and I'll bring it out to you.

MORGAN  
What are you bringing?

BARISTA  
A pleasant surprise... just like your  
evening will be. Now, sit. I've got  
other customers with existential  
crises.

MORGAN  
Thank you.

EFX: Whirring espresso machine. More cups and utensils  
clinking.

## THE NARRATOR

Sitting in the corner with his mystery drink, Morgan couldn't help but anxiously look at every new entrant through the shop's doors, his stomach knotted with anticipation.

EFX: Several staggered jingles of the door's bell.

## THE NARRATOR (cont'd)

Just as he had convinced himself that it was time to give up, the bell above the door rang out once more... and Morgan laid eyes on Kirby for the first time.

EFX: Footsteps, crowd noise.

## THE NARRATOR (cont'd)

As the young man stepped into the cafe, Morgan instantly felt ashamed that he ever thought he could mistake anyone else for this handsome, young creature. Kirby was a better version of his online photos: Vibrant. Full of life. Taking Kirby in, Morgan couldn't help thinking to himself...

## MORGAN

(under his breath)

This one will do.

EFX: Kirby's approach.

## KIRBY

There you are! I'm so sorry I'm late! Those uptown buses, man. The ads say they're always on time, but if that's what they consider "on time," than I'm the butchest guy in town.

A beat.

## KIRBY (cont'd)

...that was a joke. Unless you actually think I'm butch, then... I'd say you don't get out much.

Morgan politely laughs.

## MORGAN

Sorry. I'm bad at this.



KIRBY

Girl, we all are. Look at me, I just spew word vomit when I'm nervous. Let's start this again. Kirby.

MORGAN

(warmly)

Morgan.

KIRBY

A pleasure to meet you in the flesh and off the phone.

MORGAN

Likewise.

KIRBY

Were you waiting long? I'm sorry again for being late.

MORGAN

No, no... not terribly long. I had a nice chat with the coffee maker person.

KIRBY

The barista?

MORGAN

Yes. That. By the way, when did we start giving fancy titles to these jobs? What's wrong with just being the "coffee guy" or "coffee girl"? No shame in that.

KIRBY

Oh, don't I know it. You know they're not bartenders anymore? They're "mixologists."

MORGAN

No kidding?

KIRBY

Two things I don't kid about: Boys and booze.

Morgan laughs.

MORGAN

But no, I didn't wait long. I talked to the...

KIRBY  
...barista...

MORGAN  
...barista. She made me this drink.

KIRBY  
Oh! What is it?

MORGAN  
...I don't exactly know?

KIRBY  
Let me see.

EFX: The sound of Kirby grabbing the cup, taking a big whiff of its contents.

KIRBY (cont'd)  
It smells...kind of basic.

MORGAN  
I think she said it was decaf?

KIRBY  
...that's not just basic, that's *mean*.

Again, Morgan laughs. He's starting to ease up.

KIRBY (cont'd)  
Look, why don't I go order us a couple lattes... on me, since I was late... and save you from whatever this travesty is supposed to be. You're with me now. Live deliciously!

MORGAN  
Okay. Sure.

KIRBY  
Be right back!

EFX: Footsteps

MORGAN  
..."with you," indeed.

THE NARRATOR  
Minutes later, Kirby returned with complicated coffee drinks the likes of which Morgan had never had before.  
(MORE)

## THE NARRATOR (cont'd)

Over the course of the next hour, the duo talked about all manner of topics trivial and mundane: The weather, the city, and pop culture personalities about which Morgan not so skillfully feigned knowledge. Although pleasant, as the time wore on, it became evident that there was a dangling, unspoken urgency between the two men. Finally, it was Kirby who broached the subject.

EFX: Coffee sip.

KIRBY

This has been fun.

MORGAN

Yeah. It has.

KIRBY

So...

MORGAN

So.

KIRBY

...we *did* meet on a hook-up app, not eHarmony.

MORGAN

Yes.

KIRBY

Are you going to invite me back to your place or what?

MORGAN

Did you *want* to come back to my place?

KIRBY

If I didn't, I'd have left a long time ago.

MORGAN

I guess that's true.

KIRBY

It's also true that only thing better than one orgasm is two.

MORGAN

Yes. We can go.

KIRBY

That's what I thought you'd say.

EFX: The sound of Morgan and Kirby placing their coffee cups on the table, footsteps, the bell above the door one final time.

MORGAN'S MANSION - NIGHT

THE NARRATOR

A short while and one not-so on time bus later, Kirby and Morgan arrived at Morgan's mansion. Nervously, Morgan fumbled with the keys in the door, the anticipation of what was to come overwhelming him.

EFX: Keys, unlocking noises, door opening, footsteps as the duo enter the room, door closing.

THE NARRATOR (cont'd)

Morgan's mansion, like the man himself, grand, empty, and without frills. Little to no decoration adorned the walls, and what furniture he did have was drab and uninteresting. Despite this, the place had a very lived in quality. Scattered across the couch and end table were an odd assortment of books, most with titles Kirby didn't recognize. Science texts and novels about world history. The kind of material the younger man would admittedly do his best to avoid at all costs in his leisure time.

KIRBY

It's... cozy.

MORGAN

Thank you. It's not much.

KIRBY

For what we're about to do, we don't need much.

Morgan laughs nervously.

MORGAN

Right. Yes.

KIRBY

You seem kinda tense. I hope the coffee didn't make you *too* jittery.

MORGAN

It's fine. This just isn't my norm.

KIRBY

(coy)

Oh! Well, we don't have to rush anything. In fact... it's more fun if we take it slow.

MORGAN

Oh. I suppose... I suppose you're right. Maybe we should have a seat on the couch? Can I get you anything? A water.. or tea... or?

KIRBY

(sensually)

There's only *one* thing I want.

THE NARRATOR

Before Morgan even had a chance to respond, he could feel Kirby's warm fingers interlacing with his. It was a pleasant feeling, surpassed only by the kiss that followed.

EFX: Kissing

KIRBY

(Hushed)

You were saying about the couch?

MORGAN

Yes.

THE NARRATOR

Silently, Morgan led Kirby to the couch, sweeping away several books that littered the cushions and knocking them to the floor.

EFX: Books falling

Together, the two fell as one onto the sofa... entangled and lost to the moment.

EFX: Zipper noise.

KIRBY

Mmm. Nice.

EFX: A few more smooch noises before an audio fade out.

FADE IN: LATER

THE NARRATOR

A short while later, Morgan woke with a snort from the casual nap he had fallen into. Kirby, still lying atop him, dozed peacefully. Unable to resist the sleeping figure's vulnerable innocence, Morgan reached up, and gently caressed Kirby's hair.

KIRBY

(waking up)

Mmmm. Hey.

MORGAN

Hey.

EFX: Yawn

KIRBY

When did we fall asleep?

MORGAN

I'm not sure, exactly. But, it does happen after you expend a lot of energy.

Kirby laughs.

KIRBY

Boy, did we.

MORGAN

Worth it.

EFX: Kissing noise.

KIRBY

For sure.

A beat.

KIRBY (cont'd)

Ugh.

MORGAN

What?

KIRBY

I don't want to get up.

MORGAN

(playfully)

...then don't.

KIRBY

I wish. But... we did have a lot of coffee earlier. I want to stay put, but my bladder has some different thoughts.

MORGAN

Ah, gotcha.

Kirby groans as he stretches and stands.

EFX: Rustling, clothes being picked up from the floor.

KIRBY

I *think* these are my pants.

MORGAN

You're getting dressed to go to the bathroom?

KIRBY

It's drafty in here!

Morgan laughs.

MORGAN

Ok.

EFX: Zipper noise.

KIRBY

Bathroom?

MORGAN

Down the hall. Last door on the left.

KIRBY

Thanks.

EFX: One last smooch. Footsteps.

## THE NARRATOR

Morgan watched as Kirby ambled off into the dark hallway. Once the younger man was out of sight, Morgan sat up, running his hands over his face as if to smooth out invisible wrinkles and to wipe the sleep from his eyes. Grabbing a remote control from the end table, Morgan lazily clicked on a dusty old television set as he rose and began to gather his clothes. Passively staring at the screen while he pulled on his pants, Morgan couldn't help but feeling content with the way the evening had progressed.

EFX: The sound of something heavy hitting the floor. Echoes.

## THE NARRATOR (cont'd)

Morgan had just finished getting dressed when he heard a most unexpected sound from the hallway: A dull, but heavy thud. Morgan cocked his ear to listen. The silence was almost unsettling. And then.

EFX: The distance sound of Kirby's cries.

## MORGAN

What?

EFX: Running footsteps

## THE NARRATOR

Running down the hall, Morgan saw light spilling out of a doorway... and instantly knew that the evening was about to take a turn.

EFX: Footsteps come to a halt.

## MORGAN

This is *not* the last door on the left.

## KIRBY

(panicked)

What the fuck is going on?!

EFX: Low hum.



## THE NARRATOR

The room that Kirby currently occupied... which was very much not the last door on the left... was a small, sterile space. Refrigeration fans mounted into the walls caused a low humming noise to echo throughout and gave the room a strong, icy chill. Small shelves situated around the room's perimeter were packed with a truly garish inventory: Human heads, individually wrapped in a thick, butcher's plastic, and glaringly absent of their bodies. On the floor next to Kirby, one such head lay still, glaring up at both men with dead eyes. This was the source of the sound that brought Morgan running.

## MORGAN

You're not supposed to be in here.

## KIRBY

(hysterical)

What... what is this? Did you kill these people?

## THE NARRATOR

Morgan leaned down and picked up the fallen head from the ground.

## MORGAN

(ignoring Kirby)

You shouldn't have touched these... they're *mine*.

## KIRBY

Stay away from me.

A beat.

## KIRBY (cont'd)

(Yelling)

Somebody help!

## MORGAN

Quiet!

## KIRBY

HELP!

EFX: Scuffle.

## THE NARRATOR

Triggered by his internal fight or flight response, Kirby made a sudden mad dash toward the door, hoping his momentum would be enough to take Morgan by surprise and allow him to escape the Head Room and get to the hall and subsequently out of the house. This was a futile hope.

EFX: Sound of Kirby's attempt to run.

## MORGAN

(angrily)

I said *quiet!*

## THE NARRATOR

Lunging at Kirby as the younger man attempted to squeeze by him and through the door, Morgan rocketed his open palm against the side of Kirby's head. The flat of Morgan's hand connected with Kirby, forcing the young man's head to slam against the door frame.

EFX: A thud and crack.

## THE NARRATOR (cont'd)

Kirby hit the ground, unconscious, leaving a small, red stain behind on the wall.

## MORGAN

I didn't want to have to do that.

Morgan sighs.

## MORGAN (cont'd)

But you made me. You made me.

EFX: The sound of Morgan dragging Kirby's body.

Fade Out.

FADE IN:

## THE NARRATOR

For the second time that evening, Kirby found himself waking up on Morgan's couch. This time, the vague aroma of a completely *different* bodily fluid filled the room.

(MORE)

THE NARRATOR (cont'd)

The dull ache of Kirby's head was accentuated by the sticky wet flow of dried blood caked around his eye... the aftermath of the wound he received when Morgan slammed him into the door jam. Still, despite the pain, Kirby sat up with a start... as if waking from a nightmare.

KIRBY

Ah!

THE NARRATOR

Sitting up, Kirby was greeted by a gruesome sight: On the end table next to the couch was the head he had knocked over in the other room... its dead eyes staring up at him. Immediately, Kirby turned his head to the floor... and vomited. So much for all that coffee.

EFX: Vomit noises.

MORGAN

(calm)

Are you throwing up because of the concussion or the head?

Kirby chokes out the last few bits of spew.

KIRBY

(groggy)

Both. I think.

MORGAN

Mmm.

KIRBY

(pulling himself  
together)

Did you kill those people?

MORGAN

No. I am responsible for all of them, though.

KIRBY

...what happens to the bodies?

MORGAN

I don't know. Compost? Science? Maybe someone eats them? That's not my business.

KIRBY

What do you mean, "not your business?"

MORGAN

I'm a head collector. I collect heads. I don't care what happens to the rest.

KIRBY

Don't you know where the bodies go?

MORGAN

Usually someone comes and gets them. I'm not the only one in this town with certain... interests.

KIRBY

Jesus.

MORGAN

You're taking this very well.

KIRBY

No. I'm actually not. But you bashed my head into a wall. It's hard to express terror and nausea at the same time.

MORGAN

Ah.

A beat.

Kirby begins to cry.

KIRBY

(sobbing)

I just wanted to go on a date. Maybe hook-up with a guy. Not this. Not this. I just wanted...

MORGAN

(cutting him off)

A little head? Well, you got it.

It's the first time we've ever heard Morgan really attempt humor... and it's suitably creepy.

MORGAN (cont'd)  
...sorry. I'm not good at jokes. You probably figured that out at the coffee shop, though.

Kirby unintelligibly whimpers.

KIRBY  
You... you can't kill me. My friends... they know where I am. I told my friends I was coming here tonight.

Morgan sighs. He doesn't buy it.

MORGAN  
You told your friends that you were meeting someone for a hook-up date? That you had pointedly made plans to go get fucked?

Kirby again sobs loudly.

KIRBY  
Oh god... oh god...

A beat.

KIRBY (cont'd)  
Please don't kill me.

MORGAN  
I was never going to kill you.

KIRBY  
Wh-what?

MORGAN  
...but I can't let you leave.

Kirby sniffles.

KIRBY  
I... I... don't understand.

MORGAN  
Well, maybe meeting people for a casual fuck and run is a regular occurrence in your world... but it's certainly not in mine.

A beat.

MORGAN (cont'd)

When you do what I do, you lead a very solitary existence... and, as you can imagine, it's very difficult to find people who understand. So, all I really have...

THE NARRATOR

Morgan pointed to the severed head on the end table.

MORGAN

...is *them*. And even most of them don't stay.

KIRBY

Most of them...?

MORGAN

It's a long story... another time...

EFX: Morgan's footsteps.

THE NARRATOR

Grabbing the severed head from the end table with one hand, Morgan turned and lifted it in front of Kirby's face.

MORGAN

...and they just don't give the kind of affection I've been craving. Go on... kiss it. You'll see what I mean.

Kirby whimpers.

KIRBY

No... no... please no.

MORGAN

(forcefully)

Kiss it. I want you to understand how my world feels.

KIRBY

Please don't make me...

EFX: Slap.

THE NARRATOR

Morgan slapped Kirby across the cheek with a forceful open palm.

(MORE)

THE NARRATOR (cont'd)  
A blossom of colors exploded across  
Kirby's vision.

MORGAN  
(manic)  
Kiss it. Only then will you  
understand why I need you.

THE NARRATOR  
With no other choice, Kirby did as he  
was told: Gingerly reaching up and  
taking the dead cheeks of the  
decapitated head into his palms, he  
pulled the head toward him. He found  
himself surprised by its weight.  
Morgan let go of the head, allowing  
Kirby to truly have a moment with the  
unwitting paramour.

MORGAN  
Now.

EFX: Sloppy kiss and saliva noises.

KIRBY  
Oh god.

EFX: Spitting

MORGAN  
Now, do you understand? This is why I  
need you. I want warmth. I want a  
response. Hell, I want a body.

EFX: Footsteps.

THE NARRATOR  
Morgan stepped back to full gaze upon  
Kirby. He looked imploringly upon the  
younger man as if he had just  
revealed some great truth.

KIRBY  
What... are you going to do to me?

MORGAN  
I'm keeping you. I knew from the  
moment I saw you that you were the  
one.

KIRBY  
You... can't force me to stay.

MORGAN

I'm not a fool, Kirby. I know no one would want this life. I don't particularly want it myself. But sometimes when you draw straws, you get the short end. This is my lot. And I'm done doing it alone. You *will* stay here.

Kirby sniffles.

KIRBY

...are you going to hurt me?

MORGAN

No. But I am going to convince you. There's this new drug. We can even put it in one of those coffee drinks you like. Like from tonight. This drug... it'll make you *want* to stay. And then you can be with me. And I won't be alone.

KIRBY

You're going to drug me?

MORGAN

It's better than the alternative.

KIRBY

...but what about my family. My friends?

MORGAN

You just saw your new family and friends in the other room.

Kirby cries.

MORGAN (cont'd)

Now, stand up. We're going to get you cleaned up.

THE NARRATOR

Defeated, Kirby began to rise. The nausea from his head wound still extraordinarily fresh.

MORGAN

You can do it.

A beat.



MORGAN (cont'd)  
...and here, give that to me.

THE NARRATOR  
At this, Kirby glanced downward.  
Impossibly, he had almost forgotten  
that he was still firmly clutching  
the severed head with which he had  
shared an intimate moment with mere  
seconds before.

KIRBY  
Huh?

MORGAN  
Give it to me.

THE NARRATOR  
Locking his gaze with the dead eyes  
staring up at him, Kirby suddenly had  
a thought...

KIRBY  
(with conviction)  
You can fucking have it.

MORGAN  
What?

THE NARRATOR  
Pulling every ounce of his dwindling  
energy into one action, Kirby brought  
the decapitated head upward in a  
quick motion... smashing the dead  
man's face squarely into Morgan's.

EFX: The sounds of two skulls cracking together.

MORGAN  
(in pain)  
Ah!

EFX: Morgan stumbling backwards.

THE NARRATOR  
Blood blossomed from Morgan's nose,  
now broken from the corpse's  
headbutt. Reinvigorated... Kirby hit  
him with the head again.

EFX: A wet snap and crunch.

THE NARRATOR (cont'd)  
Morgan crashed to the ground.

EFX: Morgan falling. The thud of his body on the floor.

THE NARRATOR (cont'd)  
As Kirby watched Morgan fall, he saw his chance. Dropping the head in his hands to the floor...

EFX: Head hitting the floor.

THE NARRATOR (cont'd)  
...Kirby made a manic dash toward the front door. Just as the young man thought he was in the clear, he felt the strong grip of Morgan's hand clasp around his ankle... pulling backwards and causing Kirby to fall to the ground.

EFX: Kirby falling, hitting the ground. Kirby's cries.

THE NARRATOR (cont'd)  
Blood gushing from multiple entry points on his face, Morgan climbed toward Kirby like a man possessed.

EFX: Morgan screaming.

KIRBY  
No!

MORGAN  
Don't leave... you can't!

THE NARRATOR  
With no other choice, Kirby kicked out his leg, catching Morgan squarely in the face. This impact caused the older man to fall backward.

EFX: A crash.

THE NARRATOR (cont'd)  
Not wanting to make the same mistake twice... Kirby leaped on top of Morgan, pinning him down. Grabbing Morgan by the hair, Kirby began to smash Morgan's head into the floor.

EFX: Thud

THE NARRATOR (cont'd)  
Over.

EFX: Thud

THE NARRATOR (cont'd)  
...and over...

EFX: Thud

THE NARRATOR (cont'd)  
...and over.

A beat.

THE NARRATOR (cont'd)  
Morgan's head was now cracked like an egg, his hot blood had splashed all over Kirby... who still wore a manic expression from the adrenaline rush. Impossibly, there was still a flicker of light in Morgan's eyes.

EFX: Morgan coughing blood.

MORGAN  
(Coughing, dying)  
Fuck... you...

KIRBY  
(cold)  
We already did that.

EFX: One final thud... and wet crunching snap.

THE NARRATOR  
Wobbly, Kirby stood, passively flicking Morgan's excess blood from his fingertips as he did so. Despite the icy grip of anxiety that still seized his chest, the young man couldn't help but let out a long sigh of relief. Willing his feet to move, Kirby crossed to the front door... a journey of only a few steps that felt, to his beleaguered mind, like many miles.

EFX: Door knob, door opening.

THE NARRATOR (cont'd)  
 As he turned the knob and pushed his way to freedom, the young man couldn't help but think a singular, dark thought: As far as first dates go... it could have been worse.

EFX: Footsteps down the hall

**OUTRO BUMPER**

DR. RICKETTS  
 The storage of the heads in Morgan's house... that must mean...

KATIE  
 Yup.

DR. RICKETTS  
*This* is the head collector?

KATIE  
 One and the same... and now I know his name's Morgan...

DR. RICKETTS  
 You knew him... but you didn't know his name?

KATIE  
 It's a long story.

DR. RICKETTS  
 Intriguing.

KATIE  
 ...and it's somehow even more complicated than I thought it would be.

DR. RICKETTS  
 Isn't it always?

KATIE  
 If this is the head collector, then who brought *his* head? And what about Morgan saying he'd 'control' Kirby?  
 (MORE)

KATIE (cont'd)  
 Hrm? How much do you want to bet  
 Morgan was talking about using Axiom  
 Zero on him, Dr. Ricketts?

DR. RICKETTS  
 ...Katie.

KATIE  
 (determined)  
 You and I both know something's  
 amiss. I need answers.

DR. RICKETTS  
 ...how do you know about Axiom Zero?

KATIE  
 (oh shit...)  
 I-- I-- I don't know how to explain  
 this, but--

DR. RICKETTS  
 Yes -- the drug we've been seeing is  
 called Axiom Zero, but we've never  
 discussed that before.

KATIE  
 (reaching for straws)  
 It's been eating me up inside not  
 telling you, Dr. Ricketts, but--

DR. RICKETTS  
 (grave)  
 Look, I can't give you answers. In  
 fact...

He pauses. Katie senses something is up.

KATIE  
 ...Dr. Ricketts?

DR. RICKETTS  
 ...in fact... I'm afraid I'm about to  
 make matters more complicated.

KATIE  
 What... what do you mean?

EFX: Footsteps, container opening, sound of something being  
 placed on the table.

KATIE (cont'd)  
 What is this?

DR. RICKETTS  
You know what it is.

KATIE  
...yes, but I don't understand.

DR. RICKETTS  
Well, in addition to the head hunter,  
I arrived this morning to find a  
second *head*... odd, since Morgan here  
wasn't really available to deliver  
it... and I was left with the  
explicit instruction that you were  
supposed to perform another trial of  
Project Cyclops today... Alone.

KATIE  
...alone?

DR. RICKETTS  
Yes.

KATIE  
Why? Whose head is this?

Dr. Ricketts exhales softly. It's the sound of concern.

DR. RICKETTS  
I want you to know that I believe you  
to be a capable scientist. This thing  
you have been asked to do... you  
can... and will do... because it is  
*necessary*.

KATIE  
(uncertain)  
Dr. Ricketts...

EFX: Footsteps, a loud buzz, a metal lock unlatched. Door  
opens.

DR. RICKETTS  
I have to leave now, Ms. Reed. But,  
before I go... allow me to say...  
whatever you see... proceed with  
caution. Good luck and godspeed.

KATIE  
(hesitant)  
...thank you.

EFX: Footsteps. He exits. Door closes.