

**Darkest Night 2x06**

"Date Night"

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Final Draft (1)

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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 him, 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)

Mmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmm.

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)

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

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.

BRIAN

What the fuck is this? What are you doing?

ALANA

I could ask you the same thing.

NARRATOR

Brian looked at his surroundings. The lights were on now, and he could see that the apartment was mostly empty, save for a few chairs and a wall of tools. The entire ground was covered by a black tarp.

BRIAN

Oh my god. You're a psychopath.

ALANA

Says the guy who stuck his fingers inside me while I was passed out. Well, while you thought I was passed out.

BRIAN

Fuck. Alana, I'm sorry. If this is about that, I'm really sorry, okay? I'm drunk. I'm stupid. I don't know what I'm doing. Please don't do anything crazy.

ALANA

Crazy. There's the magic word guys like you love to use, because it dismisses our actual feelings, which you then don't have to address. How nice for you.

Efx: sound of metal, tray being wheeled.

NARRATOR

Alana walked to her wall of tools. She picked a few -- a saw, a large knife, a hammer -- and set them down on a nearby tray, which she then wheeled over to her captive.

ALANA

You know what's funny about Rohypnol? That "roofie" you gave me? It's a legit drug. Isn't that weird? I actually take it regularly for my anxiety and insomnia. Which is why I never drink.

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

Cut. It. Off.

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...

Efx: heels on the tile floor. Keycard. Door opening/closing.

KATIE (CONT'D)

Roth-Lobdow Center for Advanced Research, Project Cyclops day 15, completed.

Efx: record button press/tone'

**END OF EPISODE**