

LOST GIRL

Episode # 101

"It's a Fae, Fae, Fae, Fae World"

Written by
Michelle Lovretta

WHITE PROD. DRAFT 2-FEB-10
FULL BLUE DRAFT 10-FEB-10
FULL PINK DRAFT 13-FEB-10
YELLOW DRAFT 16-Feb-10
GREEN DRAFT 18-Feb-10
GOLDENROD DRAFT 19-Feb-10
DBL WHITE DRAFT 20-Feb-10
DBL BLUE DRAFT 22-Feb-10
DBL PINK DRAFT 25-Mar-10
DBL YELLOW DRAFT 11-May-10

Canwest Broadcasting
121 Bloor Street East
Toronto, Ontario
M4W 3M5
T: 416-966-7788

Prodigy Pictures Inc.
373 Front Street East
2nd Floor
Toronto, Ontario
M5A 1G4
T: 416-977-3473

LOST GIRL

"It's A Fae, Fae, Fae, Fae World"

TEASER

FADE IN:

1 INT. HOTEL BAR LOUNGE - NIGHT 1

A funky little place -- a hole in the wall with soul -- that's been around for years and seen better ones.

The best thing about the bar is its PRETTY BARTENDER (this is BO, but we won't know that yet.) She's proficient with the drinks she pours, has a smile for all the regulars, and is instantly likeable.

Instantly UN-likeable is the SALESMAN chatting her up from his barstool as she goes about her job, politely icing him.

SALESMAN

...highest sales in the division.
And then in the morning, flying back
to Omaha.

She finishes pouring his two drinks for him -- then LOOKS OVER at the CRASH of the kitchen door being pushed open by the beefy BARBACK, hefting a case of something towards Bo.

-- it gives the Salesman just enough time to drop his already palmed ROOFIE into her waiting glass. Bo comes back to him.

BO

\$10.50

SALESMAN

Keep the change.
(pushing glass forward)
And this one's for you.

BO

Sorry, can't. Policy.

He's not pleased, but hides it as Bo gets back to work, rubbing her face, a bit tired. As the BARBACK moves through with his case, passing--

BARBACK

How you doing out here?

BO

Fine. I'm just starving.

(CONTINUED)

1 CONTINUED:

1

--KENZI as she enters, looking like a pretty girl trying to blend into the background. Stay with her as she expertly plies her trade, and we see that she's a THIEF: bumping into semi drunk patrons, or their purses where they're slung on chair backs, she PALMS wallets.

She sees a jacket on the back of a chair; slides into the chair beside it, LEANS down to quickly search the pocket, comes back up--

--to find the Salesman standing there happily, holding out his second glass.

SALESMAN

Hi, there! Pretty drink for a pretty lady?

About to shut him down, then she SPIES the thick wallet in his packet. Smiles.

KENZI

... sure.

She takes the glass and knocks it back -- then she stands and gives him a QUICK HUG/PAT of thanks in parting, and we understand the drink was just an excuse for her to get in close and take his WALLET from his suit pocket.

KENZI (CONT'D)

Thanks, gotta run.

And she's exiting quickly. He's caught off guard, his SMILE DISAPPEARS into a darker predatory expression as he hurries to finish his own drink, slamming it down and following.

OFF BO

Watching. Frowns, not liking the vibe, torn about how to handle it. A PATRON walks up to the bar and she flashes a weak smile, pouring his beer distractedly, glancing back at the door the salesman is leaving from...

2 INT. ELEVATOR BANK - NIGHT

2

Kenzi hits the DOWN button. Alone. Frowns and winces mildly as the pill begins to take affect.

The Salesman slides in beside her with a smile, leaning against the wall. Still friendly, but beginning of a creepy/predatory edge.

SALESMAN

Aw, c'mon. Can't get rid of me that easily.

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED:

2

She frowns, hits the down button again. Taking awhile.

KENZI

Any inside tips?

SALESMAN

Hey, where you heading now? Any good parties? Gotta few hours I'd love to kill.

KENZI

Good luck with that.

With a DING the door opens. They enter, HAPPY MUZAK spilling out; Kenzi not thrilled at the company but used to creeps. The doors close.

3 INT. ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS

3

Now that they're alone, she starts feeling the effects a bit more, and he starts getting bolder. Little things. Moving closer, watching her like a hawk, touching her hair or cheek, all while keeping up his steady patter with friendly tone.

SALESMAN

You're a pretty little thing, aren't you?

KENZI

Gross. Back off or I'll vom.

She now gets VERY woozy, throwing out her arm to support herself. Puts it together, looks back at him blearily. Hand supporting her on the wall as she tries to walk around it; Salesman leisurely following closely.

KENZI (CONT'D)

Whoa... Why am I tripping? What was in that drink??

There's a DING he's too focused to notice. Smiles almost affectionately at Kenzi. He touches her cheek, and we squirm.

SALESMAN

Just something to make you a bit friendlier. We're friends, right?

(moving in)

C'mon. Just a little kiss--

The DOORS open, he turns in surprise, stepping away guiltily--

--finding BO standing there. GORGEOUS, a deadly glint in her eye. Something crazy-cool looking about her as she slinks inside like she owns the elevator. Hits the garage button, door closing. Glances at Kenzi, assessing her state.

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED:

3

BO
(to Kenzi)
You good?

Kenzi manages a dazed nod/thumbs up. Bo turns her attention to the Salesman. Part coy, but an undercurrent of danger.

BO (CONT'D)
(to Salesman)
You are naughty. Left without saying
goodbye. Don't you know when a girl's
playing hard to get?

He stares back at her... and now HE seems a bit dazed, as if besotted with Bo. In the b.g., Kenzi is sliding to sit on the floor, watching her hand like it's trippy.

SALESMAN
My God you're beautiful.
(swallows)
What do you want?

BO
...Just a little kiss.

MUZAK plays as a maddeningly chipper counterpoint as Bo goes in slowly, KISSING HIM... and it starts to become more, as we see ENERGY being pulled from him and into Bo.

He tries to resist, panicked, as Bo somewhat violently SUCKS THE LIFE OUT OF HIM. Kenzi SLIDES to the ground, unable to stand anymore.

KENZI'S DRUGGED POV

is a confusing, almost beautiful blur of Bo draining Kenzi's erstwhile attacker.

BACK TO SCENE

on Kenzi, taking out her cellphone and RECORDING IT, waving her arm clumsily. Has the drugged giggles.

KENZI
This is gonna be viral.

4 INT. ELEVATOR BANK - PARKING LEVEL -- NIGHT

4

Quiet down here. The doors Ding and open, and Bo - looking luscious - strides out quickly.

Behind her, the Salesman lies flat on the elevator floor, DEAD (but smiling?) And Kenzi is nearly passed out now; she slumps over, groans. Bo pauses.

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED:

4

Conscience takes over self preservation instincts, and she heads back, HEAVING Kenzi up into a standing position.

BO

C'mon. Gotta go. Get you somewhere safe.

KENZI

You're prettttty.

She bops Bo on the nose drunkenly; Bo fights her grin. THROWS Kenzi over her shoulder, heading for her car. Kenzi crows:

KENZI (CONT'D)

I saw you eat someone's face! It was amazing. *Shhhhhh.*

OFF Bo's grimace. Exactly the complication she needs.

BO

Great. Just... perfect.

4A INT. CLUB HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - EVENING

4A*

BO, dressed as she was in elevator scene, has unconscious Kenzi over her shoulder as she enters.

*

Bo approaches to the couch, FLOPS Kenzi down. Kenzi mutters in her sleep. Bo stares down at her. SIGHS.

*

BO

Great. What the hell am I going to do with you.

*

*

*

*

FADE OUT.

*

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

5 EXT. CLUB HOUSE -- DAY 5 *

A funky, abandoned house that was once beautiful.

5A INT. CLUB HOUSE - UPPER FLOOR - DAY 5A*

ENERGETIC MUSIC (think: Ramones, Joan Jett, The Clicks) as Bo begins a little ritual: preparing to blow town. *

(It's pretty dire and empty in here, but clear someone has been making rudimentary camp and an effort to make it feel a bit homey.) *

Bo (still in same clothes from bar) opens the closed door and bursts into the room, woman on a mission. Face firm and set, more determined than afraid. She whips out of her jacket, peels down her BOOTS, almost tripping in her haste, tossing them on a MATTRESS on the floor in passing. *

GRABS a duffel bag. *

In the bathroom, opens the footlocker or any shelves, swipes all the contents into the duffel. *

In the BEDROOM/Bathroom/Wardrobe area, there's a WASHING LINE strung across the room, sexy tops and underthings hanging from it. ON BO as she yanks them all down quick as she can, balling them up and putting them into her bag. Except the BLACK SHIRT and PANTS (that she wears rest of episode): *

She changes into these quick as she can, a few sexy shots of pants being pulled up, shirt being pulled over her head. *

Now dressed, she's crouched at the FIREPLACE, as she grimaces, stretching her arm up-- coming out with a ZIPLOC-TYPE bag of money and FAKE IDS. Smiles. *

LASTLY: she tosses her bar/elevator clothes into the tub or a hobo-barrel, squirts in some fluid, and tosses in a match. ON BO's face in the flickering light. Her drive leaving her expression as reality sets in. *

BO
Nice place while it lasted. *

Her standards are obviously pretty low. She DOUSES the flames with a water pitcher, steam rising, turning to go. Music ends. *

6 INT. CLUB HOUSE - LIVING ROOM -- DAY 6 *

KENZI is still asleep on the couch. BO, fully dressed to go now and carrying her duffel, comes down from the stairwell, moving quietly past Kenzi with care-- *

--until a floor board CREAKS, alerting Kenzi, who SITS UP, wig askew even as Bo winces. *

BO
(muttered)
Shit. *

KENZI
Where am I? Who are you? *

BO
Calm down. You're safe. You passed out last night, I would have dropped you home but... *

Upends Kenzi's bag (or jacket?). Wallets fall out. Bo smirks. *

BO (CONT'D)
None of these wallets appear to be yours. Nice little sideline you got. *

KENZI
I'm a ... collector. Of rare wallets. *

BO
Hey, not judging.
(then, genuine)
I'm glad you're okay. *

KENZI
(rubs head)
I don't feel okay. What the hell happened last night? Did someone slip me something? *

BO
Yeah, creep at the bar spiked your drink.
(inspired)
You probably hallucinated some weird stuff. *

KENZI
Soo... you didn't eat some dude's face in an elevator? *

(CONTINUED)

6 CONTINUED:

6

BO

No, there was no eating of faces.

*

Wow! That's...crazy.

*

Bo goes to get her bag; Kenzi is relieved, reaches into her jacket for her PHONE, flipping it open as she chats.

*

KENZI

Well thank God, because that was
some trippy shii--

And she STOPS, blanching, as the video file she recorded
PLAYS on her phone. Proving it all. Her wide eyes glued to
it, as bo realizes what she must be viewing. Drops her bag.

*
*

BO

(muttered; sigh)
You kids and your damn camera
phones...

*
*
*
*

As BO HURRIES to the couch, Kenzi hurries out of reach with
the phone. A beat of tense awkward silence as they face one
another.

*
*

BO (CONT'D)

Okay, now don't freak out.

KENZI

I'm freaking out.

BO

What did I just say--?

KENZI

How do I not freak out: have you seen
you?? Did you kill that guy--?

*

BO

Slow down--

*
*

KENZI

(egad!)
Are you going to kill me? Oh God--

BO

Now, that's just stupid, why would I
save you just to--hey, are you okay?

*

Kenzi's having a little anxiety attack - light headed from
some mild hyperventilating, starts fanning herself.

KENZI

I dunno, can you just "get" asthma?
Because I think I'm totally getting
asthma here.

BO

Relax. Deep breaths--

*

Bo goes to touch her and Kenzi jumps back, half crawling
over furniture to do it, fingers up in a warding CROSS:

6 CONTINUED: (3)

6

BO (CONT'D)

Fine. I don't need this.

*

Bo gives up, grabs her bag again, heading off.

BO (CONT'D)

I gotta blow town now, after saving
your ass. Find a new place, start
over, again. And you're welcome, by
the way.

*

*

*

The last part reaches Kenzi. She drops her finger-cross.

6 CONTINUED: (4)

6

KENZI
Hey. ...Lady...person?

BO
It's Bo.

KENZI
Kenzi.
(then)
Look -- I'm sorry. You seem really
nice for a...

She gestures, can't find the word. Bo cocks an arch eyebrow
in warning, so Kenzi skates by it, tries again.

KENZI (CONT'D)
...whatever you are. But I just had
the weirdest, scariest night of my
life. Can we maybe talk about it
like normal people?

BO
I think it's pretty clear I'm not
exactly normal.

Bo turns to go--

KENZI
(quick)
Good. "Normal" people don't help
out strangers. If you were "normal",
I could be dead.

It sounds sincere. Bo looks at her.

KENZI (CONT'D)
I won't tell anybody, I just really
need to understand. Give me twenty
minutes, and you'll never have to
see me again. ...Please?

Kenzi SMILES hopefully. Bo STARES at her, considering, then:

BO
Fine. You like milkshakes?

7 OMITTED

7

8 INT. ELEVATOR BANK -- LATE NIGHT

8

The scene of Bo's kill is already swarming with the
appropriate UNIFORM POLICE and auxiliary staff. A SHEET
over the body where it lies on the elevator floor.

(CONTINUED)

8 CONTINUED:

8

FIND DYSON entering the busy scene, chugging a coffee, looking classic "sexy, weary Detective" with his shield slung around his neck, as he's led towards the body by a UNIFORM COP.

His partner HALE (20s, cocky, friendly - plainclothes, badge on a chain) is already there, relaxed and amiable, chatting with a Forensic PHOTOG. Heads to meet Dyson.

HALE
(friendly ribbing)
--Finally decided to show! Hope we didn't drag you away from anything horizontal?

Dyson allows a small smirk; pulls on a pair of gloves, already taking in details as they APPROACH the body under a sheet.

DYSON
What're we looking at?

HALE
Male, no ID, just a room key for the hotel. I'm saying mid thirties. Woman found him this way an hour ago. No other witnesses.

DYSON
(glances inside shaft)
Any camera in there--?

HALE
Busted, checking on the garage's.

Dyson nods, Hale pulls back the sheet -- we see the Salesman's strange, post succubus-draining appearance.

BEAT COP
Jesus. What the hell happened to him?

Dyson and Hale MAKE LOADED EYE CONTACT. Neither happy about what they're seeing.

DYSON
Dunno. Some kind of allergic reaction?
(to beat cop)
Give us some room here, Frank? Maybe canvas for more statements?

BEAT COP
You got it.

The Uniform and the Photog take five, heading to the other end of the room.

(CONTINUED)

8 CONTINUED: (2)

8

Hale and Dyson WAIT until they have privacy, then they both look at one another, get to work. Suddenly serious. Voices pitched low.

HALE

Vic's human.

DYSON

Killer obviously wasn't.

HALE

Our side?

DYSON

Hope not. Sloppy work, leaving a feed behind - whoever it is has a spanking coming.

HALE

Maybe they just got interrupted, had no choice?

DYSON

Yeah. Sell that one to The Elders.

They share a brief smile of camaraderie. Dyson crouches.

DYSON (CONT'D)

I don't recognize this kind of kill, you?

HALE

Uh uh. But guy died with a damn smile on his face.

Dyson notices a few LONG HAIRS on his clothes. Starts to bag it, efficiently.

DYSON

Hairs. Brunette.

Dyson pointedly SNIFFS at the dead body (or more aptly the air around him) delicately.

HALE

Whatcha got?

DYSON

He was drinking alcohol. And I smell human on him, female.

HALE

That combo, this time of night? My money's on the hotel bar.

(CONTINUED)

8 CONTINUED: (3) 8

OFF Dyson's nod, his eyes taking everything in.

9 INT. HOTEL BAR LOUNGE -- LATE NIGHT 9

Bar is slowing down. The BARBACK (30s) is grumpy and trying to finish his restocking as he answers them.

BARBACK

...Sounds like a guy that was here.
But it's been a crazy busy night, I
can't remember them all, y'know?
(shrugs)
He liked the ladies, though.

DYSON

How's that?

BARBACK

Kept hitting on our bartender. And
left sniffing after some little
blonde.

DYSON

This bartender, she a brunette, by
any chance? Long hair?

BARBACK

Yep. Name's Bo, just started a week
ago. Smoking hot.

HALE

You got a last name, address?

BARBACK

Nah, she's a daily, all under the
table. Or was.
(shrugs)
Left for a bathroom break and never
came back. Totally fired.

Dyson looks to Hale, as the Barback excuses himself to get back to work. Dyson and Hale start exiting.

DYSON

Rush the security tapes from the
garage, our eyes only. I want to
get a look at this "Bo", she's
dangerous

Hale nods.

10 INT. ALL NIGHT DINER -- LATE NIGHT/EARLY MORNING 10

ON BO, looking decidedly NOT dangerous as she sucks her drink loudly through a straw (E.G.) or otherwise finishes her meal

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED:

10

in a bright room with, peppy canned music from the speakers. Chipped Formica tables. She shares a booth by the window with Kenzi, no one seated nearby.

Bo deletes the Vid file from Kenzi's cell, puts it down. Studies Kenzi, who pushes the last of her fries around on her plate, stealing secret fascinated glances at Bo.

BO

You just going to stare at me?

KENZI

Sorry.

(then, shy)

By the way? I know things coulda got really messed up for me last night, if you hadn't shown up. So - thanks.

BO

Oh. Well. You're welcome.

Bo's touched. Silent beat. And then Kenzi's curiosity wins:

KENZI

Okay, screw it, I gotta know--

She rubs her hands on her shirt, reaches to grab a pen and napkin, starts writing.

KENZI (CONT'D)

Some things sound too stupid to say out loud, so here--

She slides the napkin across. Bo reads the question written there, in girlish scrawl:

"*I AM A:*", with two boxes to check underneath: *DEMON?*, and *ALIEN?*. It's so dopey Bo snorts, amused, slides it back.

BO

You're a tool.

(sighs)

And I don't know what the hell I am. Honestly. Just a freak, I guess. Does it matter?

KENZI

Kinda? I mean, what exactly did you do to him?

BO

It's hard to explain. I sort of... drain people.

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED: (2)

10

KENZI
(inhales)
I knew it! Are you--

The WAITRESS suddenly approaches, taking their plates. Kenzi waits impatiently for her to just barely depart, then hisses, scandalized and thrilled:

KENZI (CONT'D)
--Dude, are you a fucking vampire??

BO
What!? No!
(lowers voice)
It's not like that. It has nothing to do with blood. It's just this hunger that builds and builds and then eventually...
(not proud)
I do what I did last night.

KENZI
But, you can't control it? And you don't know anyone else like you?

Bo shakes her head. Not thrilled to admit it. Kenzi softens.

KENZI (CONT'D)
Wow. That's shitty.
(off Bo's look)
No, I'm serious. That's no way to live.

BO
Thanks. So, we done with show and tell? I gotta get going.

WAITRESS
Let me know if you guys need change.

The PRETTY WAITRESS stops to drop off the bill. Has zero interest in Bo - until Bo subtly TOUCHES her wrist.

On KENZI, seeing the subtle GLOW transfer from Bo to the waitress. The woman is instantly aroused and captivated.

BO
I'm a little short. Could I come back some other time and make it up to you?

WAITRESS
God, yes.

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED: (3)

10

Bo smiles, walking out. The waitress watches her go, daffy smile.

Kenzi's agog at the AWESOME and enviable skill she just saw - grabs her CELL from the table and hurries after Bo.

KENZI

Whoa! Hold up, sister woman! What was that?

11 INT. POLICE STATION -- HOMICIDE DIVISION -- EARLY MORNING

11

End of shift. Dyson is packing up as Hale comes over, sits on his desk edge and shows Dyson his open LAPTOP, using his back to block it from the rest of the room.

HALE

...Whapow! Got 'er.

The laptop briefly PLAYS SECURITY TAPE FOOTAGE from the parking garage. Shows Bo/Kenzi leaving the elevator, heading for the car.

DYSON

That the bartender--?

HALE

Heading for her car -- with the blond, still alive and kicking.

(leans in)

That part I don't get. Why take the kid? What, she want a snack for the road?

DYSON

...I think she was protecting her.

Confusing concept to Hale, but all coming together for Dyson. He tosses Hale a thin file he's starting on the Salesman.

DYSON (CONT'D)

--Hotel put a name to our John Doe, so I pulled his jacket. A few assault raps, liked slipping things into girls drinks. I'm thinking he targeted the blond, and the bartender stopped him.

(rising, re: laptop)

Can you make her plate?

HALE

Already on it.

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED:

11

DYSON

Good. Put out an APB to maintain surveillance but Do Not Approach. Make sure we're first on scene.

HALE

Where you heading?

DYSON

I have to report in to The Ash. Meet me at the Dal after?

HALE

You got it. Give him my love.

Dyson snorts, mildly amused as hurries on.

12 INT. THE ASH'S SALON -- MORNING

12

Both tranquil and austere. Dyson meets with The Ash, clearly a man of authority. Enjoys his position over Dyson.

THE ASH

I hear there was an incident last night.

DYSON

A body was drained and left to be found by the humans. We're handling it.

THE ASH

Should I be concerned?

DYSON

About our exposure--? No. Whatever evidence we can't explain, we'll destroy, usual methods.

THE ASH

Good. Still. Clearly a breach that can't go unpunished. What type of kill?

DYSON

Energy feed of some kind. Didn't recognize the scent. Out-of-towner, maybe. But I'll find her.

THE ASH

Her?

Dyson grimaces slightly, angered at his slip, but covers it.

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED:

12

DYSON
From what I can tell.

12 CONTINUED: (2)

12

THE ASH

Good. Keep me informed. Dyson--

Dyson has started exiting, pauses.

THE ASH (CONT'D)

-- we need to find her before The Morrigan does, or I'll never hear the end of it. I assume you can handle that--?

Dyson smiles stiffly at the insult.

13 INT. THE DAL RIATA -- MORNING

13

A cozy, tavern-style bar before it's open for the day. Small number of staff helping TRICK, the barkeep, ste up. Dyson makes his way to the bar, where Hale sits. Trick nods hello at Dyson.

HALE

No news on the car yet. Any help from The Ash?

DYSON

Just the veiled suggestion it's my ass if we don't nail this.

HALE

That is one chipper bastard, huh?

Dyson grins, sitting on the stool beside Hale. TRICK catches Dyson's gaze, pointedly. Dyson takes the cue, and glances around the bar -- spots what he needs. A WAITRESS.

DYSON

(nudges Hale)

Hey. Waitress was giving you the eyes when I walked in.

Hale glances over at the beauty - we see no sign of her taking any notice of him, but that won't stop Hale.

HALE

Well, can you blame her? 'Scuse me. Stand back and watch how this is done.

Dyson chuckles, watches Hale saunter off - then looks back at Trick. They have privacy now.

TRICK

(calm)

The girl from last night. Is it her?

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED:

13

DYSON

You tell me: female, out of town, seems oddly protective of humans--?

Dyson shrugs, lets Trick draw his own conclusion. Trick looks aside, begins wiping the bar slowly, hiding his emotions.

TRICK

It's beginning then.

DYSON

I can try and stop this.

TRICK

How?

DYSON

Get to her first, put her ass on a bus outta town. Just say the word.

Trick is sorely tempted. Then comes to his senses. Smiles grimly.

TRICK

No. What's meant to be, must be. We can't fight Fate.

DYSON

(amused, pointed)
Well... you can.

Trick is amused, but there's a sadness beneath it.

DYSON (CONT'D)

So, what do you want me to do? About the girl.

TRICK

Watch. And wait. I'll help how I can when the time comes.

Dyson nods his head just perceptibly in agreement. Hale approaches behind Dyson, hanging up his phone.

HALE

We got a call on car. Let's book.

Trick is still holding Dyson's gaze...

14 EXT. DOWNTOWN STREET -- EARLY MORNING

14

Narrow grungy urban street with head-shops and second hand stores. (Or ethnic neighborhood flavor, Chinatown etc.)

Bo and Kenzi exit a convenience store, where Bo has bought supplies for her next roadtrip. Kenzi is aghast.

KENZI

You're saying you can seduce people into doing things for you, just by touching them?

BO

Sort of. It wears off, and takes a lot out of me--

KENZI

--yet you're broke, live in a crack-shack, and run from town to town.

(aghast)

What are you doing wrong?? This is no life for a Sex Superhero!

BO

(amused)

I think I liked you better when you were scared of me.

They join the pedestrian traffic, Bo's eyes scanning everything, as Kenzi keeps pace. Bo trying to ignore her.

SLO MO - ANGLE ON BO

as she and Dyson pass one another, EYE CONTACT as he verifies she's from the tape, and she notices him noticing her, the odd vibe of being stared at--

BACK TO SCENE

and then he's gone, past her, and just another pedestrian on the street. She shakes it off, but starts walking a bit faster as Kenzi yammers.

KENZI

What you need is some kind of manager. I nominate me.

BO

Shocking. And no thanks.

KENZI

Give me a chance. We'd make a good team--

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED: 14

Bo GRABS her by the elbow, piloting her into the nearby ALLEY--

15 INT. ALLEY -- CONTINUOUS 15

Bo puts Kenzi against the wall, more frustrated and amazed than upset.

BO

This isn't a joke. Has it occurred to you that hanging out with a homicidal freak may not be the brightest move for you?

KENZI

Has it occurred to you that I'm capable of making that choice for myself?

(exasperated scoff)

"Homicidal Freak". Ugh! You're so emo.

BO

(startled laugh)

Pardon?

KENZI

Learn to enjoy your shit, already! You can freaking control people by touch. And not in a creepy hand-job way. That is awesome.

Bo is exasperated, at a loss.

BO

Fine. Let's say I'd take you with me. What's in it for you?

KENZI

Out here--? Survival, man. Mama always said, find the toughest kid on the playground, and make friends with them.

(sincere respect)

You're definitely the toughest kid on this playground. And it would kick ass to be your friend.

BO

I dunno--

Kenzi's sulky face makes Bo LAUGH, softening. She takes Bo's wrists eagerly.

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED:

15

KENZI

C'mon. Every superhero needs a partner! Let me be your "Robin".
(pause; comic sincerity)
In a really, really not gay way.

Bo takes her wrists back. Starting to turn-

BO

I'll think about it--

--And so doesn't see DYSON AND HALE appear behind her from the street. Hale begins to WHISTLE, one sharp, clear, rising and resonating sound that he aims at Bo, air RIPPLING with the sound waves heading at Bo...

Kenzi covers her ears, pained, but Bo is getting the full force and DROPS to her knees, and then flat on her face.

Seamlessly, and before Kenzi really knows what's happening, each grab Bo by one arm, moving quickly forward as a WHITE VAN screeches up and they frog march her towards the opening side door. Kenzi is dazed on the ground.

KENZI

What the--

Kenzi comes out of her shock, raises a curse, running after Bo like a bull dog--

16 EXT. STREET -- DAY

16

--into the street just as the doors slam and the VAN peels forward, DRIVER obscured.

Kenzi's in its path, and DIVES aside, a narrow miss.

But she thinks fast -- as usual -- and gets a pic with her CAMERAPHONE as the van squeals away. A few pedestrians gawking.

17 INT. VAN -- CONTINUOUS

17

Bo, scared and disoriented, gets to her knees - and finds she's not alone. Hale and Dyson move quickly, Hale binding her wrists with some kind of ROPE, and then WRAPPING HER HANDS. Dyson leans forward, taking her chin in his hand, but his voice is almost remorseful.

DYSON

You should have left town while you could.

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED:

17

Confused, scared, she opens her mouth to protest - just as Hale yanks a BLACK BAG over her head, Bo's screams muffled.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

18 INT. THE ASH'S COMPOUND -- AFTERNOON 18

Bo is being dragged bodily down the hall to the Ash's chamber, held between Dyson and Hale, as Dyson yanks off her HOOD with his free hand. She's pissed, wrists tied together by a rope she's working hard to loosen.

BO
I'm not saying anything without a lawyer. I know my rights, assholes.

HALE
(to Dyson, incredulous)
Lawyer? Is she serious?

Dyson keeps his eyes ahead.

19 INT. THE ASH'S SALON -- LATER 19

HOURS LATER, judging by Bo's body language. She sits in a chair, arms still BOUND behind her.

Staring wearily at those "interrogating" her: the Ash, Dyson, Hale. The Ash - SMOOTH, Political -- is bemused by her behavior.

THE ASH
I don't understand your obstinacy, you know the rules. Name your clan.

BO
Buddy. For the last time: I don't have a "clan".
(bright sarcasm)
...Or bagpipes. Or haggis. I am not fricking Scottish.

Dyson ducks his head slightly, hiding his smile. Appreciating her pluck. She's looking around, at a loss.

BO (CONT'D)
What the hell kind of cops are you people, anyway? What is this place?

The Ash catches Dyson/Hale's gaze and they all take a step away.

HALE
I'm starting to think she's not faking.

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED:

19

The Ash sits across from Bo. Cautious. Fascinated.

THE ASH
Child... do you truly not know what
you are?

Every muscle stills. Her expression hyper vigilant.
Vulnerable.

BO
...What am I?

Moment hangs as he refuses to answer - and Bo HEADBUTTS him,
catching his chin painfully and knocking him off balance--

BO (CONT'D)
Tell me!

--And in SECONDS, Dyson is in her face, her chair tipped
back precariously on the back two legs. His GROWL, FAE EYES
and canine teeth clearly identifying him as non human.

BO (CONT'D)
(frantic, scared)
...forget about me, what the hell
are you??

A BANG as the two huge entrance doors are thrown open, Lauren
entering in a mild panic. All eyes on her.

LAUREN
I'm sorry. It's The Morrigan. She
insists on seeing you.

He puts up his hand in a "leave it" gesture and turns to
face the door, not pleased.

The energy of the room changes, everyone on ALERT as The
Morrigan enters (hip, sexy, powerful) with her BODY GUARDS
in tow.

THE ASH
You haven't been invited.

THE MORRIGAN
I know and I'm hurt!
(lights cigarette)
Cut the shit. Word is someone's
kill was improperly dumped in your
territory last night, and not by a
local. Be nice to know if there's a
new player in town.

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED: (2)

19

Bo is staring agog in utter confusion, watching it all like a surreal, terrifying tennis match.

DYSON
We're handling it.

THE MORRIGAN
I don't speak to the help.

BO
Hello?
(then)
Would somebody please tell me what
the hell is going on??

THE ASH
(to Lauren)
Take her to the lab.

Lauren blinks, moves forward--

--As does The Morrigan's henchman, to block them. Dyson SPRINGS into action. Moving faster than a human and with a clearly inhuman GROWL, Dyson THROWS the man across the room. The Henchman jumps back up, ready to go again but--

THE ASH (CONT'D)
Enough.

It's like a whip crack. Silence. The Morrigan eyes him coolly.

THE ASH (CONT'D)
Lauren needs to examine the girl.
And you and I need to speak.

He's leaving no room for debate. The Morrigan's intrigued.

THE MORRIGAN
Curiouser and curiouser.

20 INT. CLUBHOUSE (OR EXT. STREET) -- DAY

20

Kenzi is in a mild panic, hurrying around the house to get any of her or Bo's belongings as she talks on her cell.

KENZI
(in Russian)
You don't need to know why Dimitri,
just do it! This girl saved my life.
(in English)
Because I'm your cousin, and I'm in
trouble, you dick!

She holds the phone away a beat, then yells back.

(CONTINUED)

20 CONTINUED:

20

KENZI (CONT'D)

I know your frigging connections.
You want these wallets? Trace that
plate for me. Or I'm telling your
mom you're being mean.

Satisfied with her threat, she hangs up the phone. Then
deflates slightly, all alone.

21 INT. LAUREN'S EXAM ROOM -- AFTERNOON

21

Bo stands - NAKED under her sheet or patient-kimono, held up
tastefully.

Lauren is gently but expertly examining her body.

BO

What are you checking me for?

LAUREN

Brands. Ritual scarring. Different
clans mark themselves different ways.
(then, absently)
My God, you're beautiful.

Lauren blinks, EMBARRASSED.

LAUREN (CONT'D)

I meant that... professionally.

Bo grins, leans her head in a bit, empathetic. Gentle.

21 CONTINUED:

21

BO

It's cool. I kind of have that affect on people.

LAUREN

Ah ha, yes, well... That would fit my hypothesis about you.

(clears throat)

Would you mind a few incredibly personal questions?

BO

All questions feel kinda personal when you're commando.

Bo glances down at herself pointedly. Lauren gives her first flash of a smile.

LAUREN

Right. Sorry.

Hands Bo her shirt, making notes, the physical exam over. As Bo begins to dress:

BO

I'll answer yours if you answer mine: what the hell are those freaks I just met?

LAUREN

They're Fae. An evolutionary branch that predates on humans.

BO

So am I...Fae?

LAUREN

Yes. Well, that's your genus, not your species.

BO

And for those of us who flunked biology--?

LAUREN

I meant, Fae is a general classification. There are many different types.

Bo comes over, dressed.

(CONTINUED)

21 CONTINUED: (2)

21

BO

Uh huh. What type are you?

LAUREN

The insatiably curious human-doctor type.

(off Bo's surprise,
explains)

I'm in it for the science.

BO

Kinky.

They smile, Lauren's a tad shy. Bo takes a breath.

BO (CONT'D)

That just leaves the million dollar question. What kind of Fae am I?

OFF Lauren and Bo, eyes locked.

22 INT. THE ASH'S COMPOUND -- CONTINUOUS

22

The Morrigan and the Ash talk privately now, walking his gardens. She smokes a little anxiously; he absently touches a DYING PLANT and through CGI we see it regenerate - part of his Fae gift.

THE MORRIGAN

...you're saying she's not Light Fae
or Dark Fae?

THE ASH

The girl doesn't even know she's
Fae. She's as ignorant as a human.

THE MORRIGAN

So are you, if you believe her.

(pauses, surprised)

Oh, come on. Listen to yourself.
You're not seriously suggesting she's
been hidden from us, since birth?
Who does that?

(CONTINUED)

22 CONTINUED:

22

THE ASH

I'm suggesting we need to be united
in how we deal with this.

THE MORRIGAN

Mm. Tiny problem: I'm not much of a
team player. As you know.

THE ASH

If word gets out we've had a free
Fae under our noses, we'll be the
laughing stock of the Counties.

THE MORRIGAN

Good, then we're agreed! Let's just
kill the little bitch and be done
with it.

THE ASH

It would be wiser to wait.

The Morrigan cocks her head at his hesitancy. And PLUCKS
one of his flowers. Snapping it over.

THE MORRIGAN

Tell me, was your neutering
ceremonial, or a birth defect?

(then)

Her freedom is dangerous to us both.
She can't be allowed to exist in
between our two sides.

THE ASH

Which is why we need to make her
choose between us. The old way.

OFF The Ash giving her a pointed look, and sly smile. The
Morrigan is intrigued, smiles back.

23 INT. LAUREN'S EXAM ROOM -- DAY

23

Lauren continues Bo's education. A bit awkwardly. Hedging.

LAUREN

I examined your kill from last night,
and based on your feeding signature...

BO

Just say it.

LAUREN

You're a succubus.

She gives Bo a moment to digest this bluntness.

(CONTINUED)

BO

Can you fix it?

LAUREN

There's nothing to fix. You're a perfect biological specimen of your kind--

BO

Who has a habit of waking up beside dead lovers.

(wearied smile)

If that doesn't seem 'sick' to you, I'd like a second opinion.

LAUREN

...I could help you learn to control it. If you like?

BO

That's possible?

LAUREN

Definitely! If you'd been born into a clan, you would have been taught how by now. You'd still have to feed, but you wouldn't always have to kill.

(then)

You deserve a normal life. We can offer that to you.

BO

What's the catch.

Lauren hedges slightly.

LAUREN

The Fae are divided.

(MORE)

23 CONTINUED: (3)

23

LAUREN (CONT'D)

The Light and the Dark. I presume they'd want you to join one before they'd let me offer you much help.

Bo reaches her hands out slightly, gently--

BO

Forget them. I can offer you things. If we get out of here.

--And her hands touch Lauren's exposed flesh and Lauren's HEAD tips back, inhaling with a sudden erotic charge, as Bo turns her Succubus skills on her. LIGHT trickling out of Bo's fingers and into Lauren.

Bo's in her element. Stands, languidly, running one finger down Lauren's shirt, face against her hair. Lauren, for her part, is almost intoxicated with lust - but clearly fighting to be rational.

LAUREN

I know what you're doing.

BO

Do you want me to stop?

LAUREN

No.

Bo has moved behind her now. Lauren shivers, but smiles with Bo. Quickly moves forward, Bo holding her wrist and grabbing her jacket en route, for all the world like two women who just met in a club and are eager to go home.

24 INT. HALL OUTSIDE LAUREN'S OFFICE -- CONTINUOUS

24

--finding Dyson there, leaning against the wall, holding her cuffs expectantly. Bo stops short.

DYSON

C'mon. You didn't really think it was going to be that easy, did you?

BO

A girl can dream, can't she?

Bo grits her teeth, turns it into a cold smile, and pointedly drops Lauren's hand --

--Lauren, EXHALES, leaning back against the wall. Face flushed from dawning embarrassment/lingering arousal.

(CONTINUED)

24 CONTINUED:

24

BO (CONT'D)
(aside, to Lauren)
Sorry. Had to try.

LAUREN
(flustered)
No, fine. Good. That was very...
informative.
(realizing, to Dyson)
Where are you taking her?

DYSON
The Glass Factory.

BO
Why?

DYSON
It's neutral territory. They've
decided to give her the Test.

LAUREN
(hurrying to keep up)
With no training? That's madness.

DYSON
Not our call.

Bo's pulled along, not harshly, by Dyson. She looks back at
Lauren with a worried glance.

OFF Lauren, concerned.

25 INT. CLUB HOUSE -- AFTERNOON

25

Kenzi gets a call and nearly rips her flip phone in half
answering, seeing Dimitri's number.

KENZI
Hey, hi; me. You get it?
(listens)
Hang on, hang on... Okay. Go.

Kenzi gives up looking for paper, and writes the info on her
inner wrist with a ballpoint.

KENZI (CONT'D)
"Providence Glass Inc", on Front.
Got it. I owe you one.

She hangs up, urgently grabs her stuff.

26 EXT. GLASS FACTORY -- OUTSIDE FENCE PERIMETER -- DAY 26

A large industrial property - on the surface, innocuous, blandly human. Except perhaps that the fenced perimeter and security measures seem a bit extreme.

Kenzi sits perched at a distance. KENZI'S POV (through her mini **binoculars**) watching the black ESCALADES driving onto the lot. The passengers that exit are well dressed, chatting and making hellos, air kissing cheeks and walking through the blue entrance door, where a black/red suited GUARD stands watching.

Dyson nods at the passengers as he steps out through the blue door to chat with the black/red suited guard.

KENZI
Okayyyy, party at the glass factory.
That's not weird.

OFF Kenzi, lowering her binoculars and chewing her lip anxiously. Forming a plan.

27 INT. BO'S CELL -- MORNING 27

The Morrigan enters. Bo is being held in an old, well worn cell. Sitting on the floor yoga style, her arms tied behind her back again. The Morrigan glances about distastefully.

THE MORRIGAN
Ew. Pardon the Turkish Prison chic.
It's a little obvious for my taste.

She SNAPS and her UNDERLING enters quickly with TWO FOLDING CHAIRS, nice ones. Some throw cushions, etc. Opens one for The Morrigan, one for Bo.

THE MORRIGAN (CONT'D)
I think we can manage chairs, at least. We're civilized folk.
(then, leans in)
By the way-? Congrats. You have everyone buying your Amnesia Girl routine. But, just between us. You know more than you're telling, don't you?

BO
(leans in)
Do you?

Bo holds her eyes. The Morrigan smiles thinly.

(CONTINUED)

27 CONTINUED:

27

THE MORRIGAN

Okay, a girl's gotta have her mystery.
I can respect that. For now.

BO

I'm sorry, not to interrupt your
crazy, but...who are you?

THE MORRIGAN

Local government. Consider me a
welcome wagon from the dark Fae. Do
you know why you were brought here
today?

(off Bo's silence)

You're going to be tested.

BO

Uh oh. Will there be math?

The Morrigan stares a beat, then breaks into a LAUGH. Eyes
hard.

THE MORRIGAN

Funny! She's funny.

(sober)

Here's the skinny, Norma Fae. We
gotta millenia-old two-party system
here, and it works just swell.
Because membership is mandatory.

BO

I must've lost my invitation.

THE MORRIGAN

Which is a problem. You running
around free and non partisan... it
gives all the little lemmings ideas.

BO

I'm not interested in causing any
trouble. Promise. Just let me go.

THE MORRIGAN

Well lucky you, if you survive our
Test today, you earn the right to
join a side. Problem solved.

BO

Join? Why the hell would I want to
do that?

THE MORRIGAN

We take care of our own.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

27 CONTINUED: (2)

27

THE MORRIGAN (CONT'D)

We'll plant you in a human occupation
that's to our advantage, help with
disposing your kills...Et cetera, et
cetera.

(brightens)

Oh: and dental. We're very full
servicey.

BO

I'll keep that in mind.

(CONTINUED)

27 CONTINUED: (3)

27

The Morrigan drums her fingers against the chair a beat, considers. Then changes her approach. Sincere. Rational.

THE MORRIGAN

You should. I hear you've been on your own a long time. No friends or family... Afraid you'd kill them, I imagine. Sounds lonely.

Bo keeps her composure. The Morrigan is almost gentle.

THE MORRIGAN (CONT'D)

You have a chance to be a part of something, now. A chance to have a new family. Or to have enemies. So be very careful how you play the next few hours.

The Morrigan nods at her body guard, rising smoothly. He takes her chair, leaving Bo on hers. Pauses at the door.

THE MORRIGAN (CONT'D)

Welcome to the top of the food chain, doll. Enjoy it while it lasts.

OFF Bo, exhaling a tense breath she didn't know she was holding as soon as the door closes and she's alone again.

28 EXT. GLASS FACTORY -- INSIDE FENCED PERIMETER -- DAY

28

ON A HUMMER, next through the gate in the small chain of vehicles.

It pauses near the blue door entrance, letting the passenger(s) out -- we switch focus to

KENZI, self-suspended under the Hummer, as she lets go and drops to the ground from her HIDING SPOT.

Does a quick kamikaze roll out from under the car to the side of the building, crouching to hide there and catch her breath as the GUARD and guests continue on, unaware.

28A EXT. GLASS FACTORY -- INSIDE FENCED PERIMETER - DAY

28A

A covered area at the side of the building, as Kenzi SCOUTS and hurries along, up the cement stairs and to the ODD BISECTED DOORS. There's various industrial junk and SKIDS cluttering it up.

Kenzi sees her chance: the bottom of the wood door is busted. As she grabs a pair of CARPENTERS GLOVES laying on the skids and starts yanking at the defective door, grimacing with exertion--

(CONTINUED)

28A CONTINUED:

28A

KENZI
(muttered, to self)
She's probably in there having tea...

The door gives, and Kenzi is on her knees, hurrying to try and shimmy through the small space into DARKNESS. Grimacing.

KENZI (CONT'D)
(wincing, to self)
Please don't be rats, please don't
be rats, please don't be rats--

OFF Kenzi, busting in.

29 OMITTED

29

LG-101 "It's A Fae, Fae...World" DOUBLE PINK DRAFT 3-25-10 34.

28A CONTINUED: (2)

28A

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

LG-101 "It's A Fae, Fae...World" DOUBLE PINK DRAFT 3-25-10 35-36.

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

30 OMITTED

30

31 INT. ARENA -- CORRIDOR -- MORNING

31

Dyson leads Bo firmly along the old, excavated corridor. A GUARD walking a few yards ahead. Dyson's eyes on him.

Bo hides her anxiety with nervous chat.

BO

So, what exactly am I in for, here?
Big bad nasties? The Loch Ness
Monster?

DYSON

Underfae.

BO

Under-what-now?

DYSON

Underfae. Those of our kind that
don't exactly pass in the human world.
Very old, very dangerous. You'll
face two of them.

BO

What are my chances?

DYSON

I wouldn't bet on you.

BO

Have I spit in your coffee or
something? What is your deal??

Man mountain is farther ahead, turns down a side tunnel.
Dyson instantly pivots, pressing Bo against the wall.

DYSON

Kiss me.

Bo blinks - and then LAUGHS slightly in his face.

31 CONTINUED:

31

BO

Wowww, are you bad at reading women!

DYSON

We don't have much time. You need all the strength you can get out there. Take some of mine.

BO

Won't I kill you?

DYSON

(amused, cocky)

I think I can handle you. I'm not some human toy--

Bo shuts him up with a desperate, impulsive kiss. And it soon becomes a KISS: as YELLOW ENERGY (or possibly a different colour for Fae?) is pulled from Dyson's mouth into Bo.

They both sink into the kiss. Unthinkingly escalating. Bo hops up on Dyson's waist; Dyson grabs her ass with one hand, the other squeezing her breast... then his EYES dilate slightly in warning as she continues to drain him.

...he pushes her back, hard, breaking the kiss. They stare at one another, DAZED. Out of breath - Bo seems slightly high, staring at Dyson in wonder.

BO

Did you feel that?!

(happily dazed)

That was like the fourth of July in my mouth.

He smiles, goes to turn. Bo realizes something belatedly. She touches his arm, stopping him.

BO (CONT'D)

(surprised)

Hey, you stopped me. No one's ever stopped me before.

DYSON

Like I said - you're used to humans. Fae are a whole new deal.

BO

Then how do I fight these guys??

DYSON

Be smarter, be faster. I think they're underestimating you. Make them regret it.

(CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED: (2)

31

With EFFORT, Dyson pulls himself back into his usual aloof self control. Grabs her elbow, pulling her down the hall and away from us.

BO

I misjudged you. Got any other advice?

DYSON

Don't get dead.

BO

--Annnd, you're back to an asshole again. Nice.

But she shuts up, hearing ominous primitive thumping, echoing from ahead...

32 OMITTED 32

33 INT. ARENA -- MORNING 33

Bo and Dyson exit the tight corridor into the main space, the "Arena" - actually more of a pit, fed by a tunnel on either end, and ringed with weaponry on its "walls" -- and it is AWESOME. All white, hard packed salt. High roof, ancient bas-relief carved in the walls...

... And a FAE audience out for blood, THUMPING their feet and walking sticks, creating the pulsing tribal rhythm/anthem Bo heard in the corridor.

BO
(to herself)
Was not expecting Thunderdome.

The Morrigan and The Ash having seats of honor high above them all on a balcony.

As Dyson starts to leave Bo's side her eyes are drawn to the bizarre weaponry on the walls, hefting a PIKE experimentally...

DYSON
Heads up. Fight smart.

She looks across, SEES HER FIRST OPPONENT: slightly less Human-passing than the other Fae she's met (creature TBD).

He's HUGE. Bo takes a breath, intimidated.

33 CONTINUED:

33

BO

What are you feeding them down here??

Her opponent has a heavy hammer, moves towards her--Bo's eyes widening with panic, she forgets the pike and quickly grabs two MATCHING BLADES...

Bo is patient, times it just right - FRONT ROLLS aside, narrowly avoids the hit. What he SMASHES makes her swallow her rising panic: he's playing for keeps. The CROWD is loving this. She gets in a fighter's stance, grim and determined.

BO (CONT'D)

All right, ugly. Let's give them a show.

And she makes her move, super fast, as the FIGHT CONTINUES (choreography TBD)

ON The Morrigan, sitting forward just slightly. Bo's prowess has her attention.

34 INT. CORRIDOR OUTSIDE BO'S CELL -- CONTINUOUS

34

Kenzi dekes her head out, looking up and down the hall.

KENZI

Hello--?

It's empty - whoever sprung her is gone.

No time to think, Kenzi makes a run for it, following the CHEERING and thumping from the arena.

If she turned back, she'd see TRICK standing in the shadows, watching her go. Quietly scheming.

35 INT. ARENA -- DAY

35

Bo ROLLS out of reach from her opponent, times it right, and as she rises out of the roll, pivots and stretches her arms out, SLICING the tendons in his knees from behind with her double knives.

Big man go dowwwn. She hurries on top, goes in for her DEATH KISS - and he grins, showing HIDEOUS, stinking choppers.

BO

Gross. No kiss for you.

(shrugs)

Plan B.

And using the blade handle like brass knuckles, PUNCHES him rapidfire, until Bo has officially knocked her opponent out.

(CONTINUED)

35 CONTINUED:

35

Bo stands. Pleased with herself. Pumped, staring back defiantly at the crowd. Thinking she's done--

--until a HAND falls on her shoulder from behind.

Bo TURNS, on alert. And RELAXES, at ease with the smiling, yoda like OLD MAN she sees there in homespun robes...

36 INT. ARENA - EMPTY/BO'S HALLUCINATION -- CONTINUOUS

36

...but REACTS as she realizes -- in a vacuum whoosh of sound -- that, SUDDENLY, she's in a peaceful forest. Just her and the old man, a tiny stove, and two chairs.

OLD MAN

Hello.

BO

Hi...?

Bo cranes her whole body on a slight angle to look around them, just in case. Nope. It's just them. Her mighty adversary. Bo mouths to herself: *Seriously??*

The old man moves off, pattering around to stoke an old stove as an earthenware teapot boils. He acts as if they're mid conversation, and that everything is normal.

OLD MAN

Tea? I might be able to dig up some biscuits.

Bo frowns, disoriented, fuzzy brained, but trusting him.

BO

Wait -- I can't think straight.
What just happened?

OLD MAN

Hm? Oh, I thought we could use some privacy.

She blinks, shaking her head forcefully, as if trying to throw off a fugue. He watches her, all empathy.

OLD MAN (CONT'D)

It's been a hard life for you, hasn't it? Always running. Always alone.
Poor child.

BO

I manage.

Bo is surprised to find answering tears in her hot eyes, caught off guard by his compassion. Rubs them, embarrassed.

(CONTINUED)

36 CONTINUED:

36

BO (CONT'D)

Sorry. I don't know what's got into me.

OLD MAN

Let yourself feel it. There's no hiding here. It's a safe place.

(takes her hand)

We don't have much time. I want to help you.

BO

(guarded)

How?

OLD MAN

I'm a Pain Eater. Let me take yours. I can end your suffering, if you'll trust me.

Bo squints at him slightly, clearly not entirely in control of herself, but trying to think--

37 INT. ARENA -- DAY

37

Kenzi slows as she sees the crowd - starts mingling, with purpose, eyes trying to get a look at the arena floor--

Kenzi's POV: now we can see what's really happening:

Bo is being HELD by the head and suspended a foot off the ground by a nightmare reality of the 'Old Man' -- same clothes and coloring, but a clear monster, he doesn't look harmless anymore:

His eyes are HOLLOW - and his EXTRA LONG FINGERS HAVE BLACK LIQUID OR VINE-LIKE NAILS snaking out from them, ugly scary things that are holding Bo's head with creepy intimacy and INSERTING themselves in her ears etc.

Kenzi stiffens, horrified... What the fuck!?

OFF BO, ensnared and ensorcelled, BLACK, VISCOUS TEARS running down her cheeks...

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

38 INT. ARENA -- AFTERNOON 38

Kenzi starts maneuvering, moving through the crowd, closer and closer, eyes glued on her endangered friend.

Bo, meanwhile, is oblivious to everything around her.

Kenzi gives up caution, starts pushing towards Bo to intervene -- The Morrigan SEES her, gestures to the large Guard, who starts her moving to intercept Kenzi, who is oblivious--

INTERCUT WITH:

39 INT. ARENA - EMPTY/BO'S HALLUCINATION - CONTINUOUS 39

Now the old man stands with Bo as he gestures over her shoulder.

OLD MAN

I'd like to show you something.

She turns -- AND THERE (VIA GREENSCREENY GOODNESS) are DOZENS (e.G.) OF MORGUE TABLES with BODY BAGS (all occupied, by the looks of them). HIGHLY spooky and creepy.

BO

What the hell is this?

OLD MAN

Those are your dead, dear.

He comes to stand benignly beside her. It's overwhelming. She wants to turn to go, but he gently blocks her path.

BO

Okay, I don't want to be here. I don't want to see this.

OLD MAN

There's no healing in hiding.

(gently)

That's all you've been doing, ten long years, killing and running, killing and running.

(cocks head)

Aren't you tired?

BO

...Yes.

(CONTINUED)

39 CONTINUED:

39

OLD MAN

How many more will have to die, so
you can live?

BO

Things are different now, I know
what I really am, they said I can
learn to fight it--

OLD MAN

(tsking)

You don't actually believe them, do
you? You're an abomination, child.
You know it in your heart. Do the
right thing.

Weakened, Bo stumbles, sitting. War of emotions.

BO

I don't know what's right anymore.
(looks up at him)
Can you help me?

OLD MAN

If you're willing.

He holds up a neat-o looking CUP full of liquid from the pot
he's been brewing. She looks at it, then back at him, not
taking it yet.

BO

What is it?

OLD MAN

Your way out. You'll sleep and never
wake up.

Bo takes it curiously, sniffs it. Not sold.

BO

I don't know...

OLD MAN

(pressing, eager)

It will be quick, and beautiful. A
gesture of love.

He squats, brushes hair from her face.

OLD MAN (CONT'D)

No one will even miss you. No one
will mourn you. Nobody needs you--

Then they both look up sharply as a voice intrudes from the
real world:

(CONTINUED)

39 CONTINUED: (2)

39

KENZI (O.S.)
Bo! Wake up, dammit! Bo!!! He's
killing you!!

Bo has the cup in one hand, looks in confusion at the arena perimeter, where a hint of Kenzi flickers.

KENZI (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Help!!!

Then Kenzi SCREAMS, a truly terrified sound, as the guard reaches her, dragging her away bodily.

Bo inhales in recognition, reached by the sound, blinks -- the Old Man turns to Bo quickly, his eyes widening in alarm --

40 INT. ARENA -- AFTERNOON

40

Bo comes out of the spell, eyes snapping open, arms flying up to break the Old Man's grasp on her head. He inhales in shock, and COWERS, scurrying back in terror, his tentacle thingies retracting into his hands.

Then without pause, Bo grabs/HURLS her fallen blade behind her--

--SLAMMING into the far wall, into the arm of the Guard dragging Kenzi away. Pinning him violently against it; Kenzi shocked - but free. SILENCE. All eyes on Bo.

BO
(pointing at Kenzi)
Mine.

Her force of will sends a murmur through the crowd. Dyson exhales, relieved. The Ash and The Morrigan exchange a glance.

THE ASH
(standing, formal)
This one has passed the Test. It
has been witnessed.
(gently, kindly)
Name your side, child.

BO
Neither.
(firm)
I pick the Humans. The rest of you
can go "Fae" yourselves.

Bo drops her weapon with disdain, chin raised defiantly -- although she's breathing hard and can barely stand -- meeting The Ash and The Morrigan's gaze. He's intrigued - The Morrigan is pissed.

(CONTINUED)

40 CONTINUED:

40

Scandalized WHISPERS from the crowd; Dyson WINCES. The Ash and The Morrigan exchange a glance and pivot, exiting - it's the cue the others need, following.

Kenzi looks scared. Bo sinks to her knees, bravado and strength escaping her.

41 INT. ARENA -- CORRIDOR

41

The Ash & The Morrigan walk along, the Ash pensive, The Morrigan in a flap.

THE MORRIGAN

Now can we kill her?

(tense, furious)

She passes without training - who is this girl??

TRICK (O.S.)

May I offer an opinion?

They turn, see Trick in a doorway. The Morrigan snorts.

THE MORRIGAN

You have no station anymore, old man. Don't you have some ...shoes to cobble, or a garden to decorate?

It rolls off Trick. But he gives The Morrigan a LOOK that reeks of power, and she looks away first. The Ash nods for Trick to continue.

TRICK

Someone hid her from both our sides. It would be wise to learn why and who before killing her.

THE MORRIGAN

Great. And meanwhile, she could expose us all.

THE ASH

Not without exposing herself.

TRICK

I'm not saying there won't be a time when she needs to be put down. I'm saying, choose it wisely.

The Morrigan seethes, but is clearly conceding.

42 INT. BO'S CELL (OR ARENA) -- AFTERNOON

42

Kenzi helps Bo back into their cell, who is now showing the effects of her injuries: exhaustion.

(CONTINUED)

42 CONTINUED:

42

Lauren is there, checking her as a doctor would.

KENZI

"You can go Fae yourselves". That was awesome!

LAUREN

You did do exceptionally well. No major injuries, nothing broken--

BO

Yay, me. Look, that stuff you said, about helping me manage my "Succu...buss-y...ness". That still on the table?

LAUREN

I'm sorry. No.

She turns to move - Bo catches her hand, meets her eyes.

LAUREN (CONT'D)

I work for the Light Fae. You chose not to join them. My hands are tied.

BO

You know I can't control it - if you don't help me, I'm going to go right back to killing. Please.

DYSON (O.S.)

They're releasing you both.

They turn, find Dyson watching from the doorway, his attitude hard to read. Lauren quickly starts putting her gear away.

DYSON (CONT'D)

Let's go before they change their minds.

KENZI

Amen to that.

Thrilled, Kenzi's on her feet, ready to bolt. Dyson leads the way. Bo hesitates. Glancing at Lauren, who's avoiding her gaze in the corner.

KENZI (CONT'D)

Coming?

BO

Right behind you.

Kenzi follows her gaze to Lauren, displeased. Leaves them, a tad reluctantly. Bo leans in close to Lauren.

(CONTINUED)

42 CONTINUED: (2)

42

BO (CONT'D)

I could make you.

(then)

But I won't. Not if it's going to
get you in trouble.

Lauren looks tormented by indecision, then moves, touching
Bo's shoulder gently.

LAUREN

Let me think about it. I'll find
you.

Bo smiles, grateful. And then she's gone, hurrying after
Dyson and Kenzi, Lauren out of sorts...

END OF ACT FOUR

TAG

FADE IN:

43 EXT. STREET -- DAY

43

ON THE VAN that first picked them up, parked, as it now deposits Bo and Kenzi back where Bo was first taken.

Dyson follows them out.

BO

I feel like we've been paroled.

DYSON

I suppose you have been.

BO

Mm hmm. Any conditions on our release?

DYSON

No more evidence for humans to find, no messing in Fae business. And no more leaving town.

(shrugs)

The Elders want you where they can watch you.

BO

Well, they don't own me. And I'm not very good at being obedient.

He steps forward just slightly, toe to toe, eyes locked.

DYSON

Learn.

(after a beat)

And when you need help--

BO

"If" I need help

DYSON

--When, you need help, I'm at the 39th Division--

KENZI

Gah! I knew I smelled cop!

DYSON

--or you can ask for me here.

He gives Bo a card - for THE DAL RIATA. As she glances at it he gives Bo a parting look and grudging smile:

(CONTINUED)

43 CONTINUED:

43

DYSON (CONT'D)

You did well, Bo.

He gets back in the Van, and it pulls away, revealing the rest of the street to them.

The girls take a moment, looking around at the Chinese Take out, pedestrian traffic, Hot Dog vendor and usual mundane details of urban life. Silent an appreciative beat.

KENZI

I'm not crazy right? That all just happened?

BO

Unless I'm sharing your crazy.

(nods at street)

So surreal. You think any of these weirdos are Fae?

KENZI

My bets on wiener dude. ...So what now?

BO

We go home. And figure the rest out tomorrow.

KENZI

"We", huh?

BO

Well, I'm going to have to figure out some kind of way to make a living here. You're the one who said we'd be a good team.

KENZI

Cool.

(then)

Just so we're clear about this partnership? You be you, 'n all, but ...I'm only into dudes. Sorry.

Bo blinks - and breaks out in a laugh.

BO

Ohhh, I will try to contain my disappointment.

KENZI

Hey. I have feelings.

(CONTINUED)

43 CONTINUED: (2)

43

Bo grins, pushing her along ahead of her, both clearly full of optimism, as we watch the weirdos on the street--

FADE OUT.

END OF EPISODE