

# LOST GIRL

Episode 105

"Dead Lucky"

Written by  
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WHITE PROD. DRAFT 11-Feb-10  
FULL BLUE DRAFT 17-Feb-10  
FULL PINK DRAFT 19-Feb-10  
FULL YELLOW DRAFT 22-Feb-10  
GREEN DRAFT 22-Feb-10  
GOLDENROD PAGES 25-Feb-10  
DBL WHITE PAGES 25-Feb-10  
DBL BLUE DRAFT 26-Feb-10  
DBL PINK DRAFT 2-Mar-10  
DBL YELLOW DRAFT 18-Mar-10  
DBL GREEN DRAFT 19-Mar-10  
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LOST GIRL

"Dead Lucky"

TEASER

FADE IN:

1 INT. 39TH DIVISION -- NIGHT 1

The cop shop is dark and deserted -- but for DYSON and BO, kissing passionately in the corner. Bo breaks away, grinning.

BO  
So, you're *not* worried about your co-workers walking in on us?

DYSON  
Gotta love statutory holidays.

Dyson picks Bo up and sits her playfully on his desk.

BO  
Why, Dyson. Right on your desk?  
Hardly police protocol.

DYSON  
Want me to get the cuffs?

A beat. Then, Bo and Dyson are groping each other giddily.

Bo throws her head back, her eyes turning, as she FEEDS off him -- but we see the look on Dyson's face; a perfect mix of pleasure and pain...

2 INT. 39TH DIVISION -- LATER 2

Bo and Dyson sit slumped by the desk, panting as they button up their shirts, boots, etc.

DYSON  
Well, that was...

BO  
Loud. Hope the neighbours don't call the cops.

DYSON  
I am the cops.

He stands up, wincing. She follows.

(CONTINUED)

2

CONTINUED:

2

BO

Thanks for responding to my emergency,  
officer. 'Cause when I need to  
heal...I need it *now*.

She pulls him towards her. Dyson pulls back, a little shaky.

DYSON

Funny thing, I didn't even spot a  
paper cut.

BO

What can I say? I was hungry.  
Speaking of -- who's a girl gotta do  
around here to get some breakfast?

Her grin widens, but Dyson hesitates.

DYSON

Breakfast makes things... confusing.

BO

Fine, no breakfast. Is that a rule?

DYSON

Never much liked rules, but maybe we  
should set some. So no one  
gets...sensitive.

BO

Seriously? Feels kind of high school.

DYSON

(grins)

I bet you were great in high school.

Bo actually winces. Ah, *no*. Changes the subject.

BO

Alright. In the spirit of  
clarifying..."*this*" -- what else?

DYSON

(thinking)

Rule two -- no discussing our  
arrangement with other people.

BO

Exception: Kenzi. She already knows,  
and she pouts when I fib.

(CONTINUED)

2

CONTINUED: (2)

2

DYSON

Rule three: we come, we go. No questions, no sad good-byes.

BO

Ooo, good one!

She leans in, trying for cute.

BO (CONT'D)

How about -- as long as we're doing this, you can't give me the "don't take this case" speech.

Dyson leans in, smiling equally as manipulatively.

DYSON

On the condition that you *always* tell me what case you're working.

BO

Deal.

(hesitates)

And as far as us, um, seeing other people..?

DYSON

Well, we're not exclusive. Right?

She smiles, weakly. He does too. It's awkward.

BO

Uh, right. Right! Mmmkay then--

She salutes, turns to leave. He takes her arm. She stares.

BO (CONT'D)

What are you doing?

DYSON

Walking you to your car.

BO

No sad goodbyes -- remember?

DYSON

I'm not crying. Just seeing you out.

BO

Don't you get it yet, Dyson? I can take care of myself.

And with that Bo saunters off, feeling pretty chuffed...

3 EXT. STREET -- NIGHT

3

Bo turns the corner, still feeling smug--

--As a big GOON (SEYMOUR) steps out from behind a BLACK VAN, blocking her path. He cracks his knuckles. Bo sighs.

BO

Great.

OOF! She KNEES him in the groin. He buckles. Bo grins --

--SFX: CLICK! Two other GOONS emerge -- their guns aimed right at Bo's head. Bo winces. Uh oh. She smiles weakly at Seymour.

BO (CONT'D)

Sorry about your...

Seymour stands up, wincing. Waves his gun towards the van.

SEYMOUR

In.

BO

(deflated)

...Nuts.

Seymour's two goons muscle Bo into the van. She sighs sheepishly -- not quite the woman she imagined...as the door SLAMS--

4 OMITTED

4

FADE OUT.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

5 OMITTED 5

5A INT. LATE-NIGHT DINER -- NIGHT 5A

Kenzi smiles sweetly at the client opposite the booth from her -- a frosted blue eyeshadow'd relic from the eighties.

KENZI

Ms. Sizemore, Bo Investigates is *the* premiere P.I. service in the city.

MS. SIZEMORE

I am so relieved to hear you say that. I honestly don't know where else to turn.

KENZI

Tell me what we're dealing with here.

MS. SIZEMORE

She...she's trying to kill me. I know that may not seem like a big deal...

Kenzi takes notes, excited. \*

KENZI

Oh, I'd say that's a massive dealio. Does this 'she' has a name?

MS. SIZEMORE

Ms. Snickerpants.

KENZI

Your -- boss? \*

MS. SIZEMORE

My cat.

Kenzi tries to keep her face neutral.

KENZI

Mm hmm?

MS. SIZEMORE

I went to the police. They looked at me like I was crazy!

Kenzi pats her hand, sympathetically.

(CONTINUED)

LG-105 "Dead Lucky" TRIPLE WHITE 5-10-10 5A.

5A CONTINUED:

5A

Crazy? KENZI  
Hardly.

5A CONTINUED: (2)

5A

KENZI (CONT'D)

(beat)

You do know we get paid in real life money, right?

Ms. Sizemore nods, holding up a fist of bills. Kenzi beams.

KENZI (CONT'D)

More creme soda?

Ms. Sizemore shakes her head, no.

KENZI (CONT'D)

Bo will be here soon. She's just...detained. Maybe she's wrangling another sociopathic kitty!

\*

MS. SIZEMORE

Ms. Snickerpants isn't a sociopath. She's possessed. See?

Ms. Sizemore produces a picture of a normal looking cat.

KENZI

Yes. It's all becoming quite clear. Just let me check my messages again...

\*

\*

Kenzi flips open her cell, getting desperate...

KENZI (CONT'D)

(under her breath)

This certainly puts the suck in succubus...

No messages. She closes it again. Dammit, Bo--

6 INT. CHINESE RESTAURANT -- NIGHT

6

Seymour JABS Bo in the back with his gun, pushing her forward. Bo blinks in the dim light. Surprised at her surroundings -- a dingy Chinese restaurant. She smiles at Seymour, trying for seductive.

BO

Yanking girls off the street? Helluva way to drum up business for the dim sum.

At the bar, an older man (MAYER) rummages through a basket of FORTUNE COOKIES, his back to Bo -- though Bo clearly registers him as the man in charge. Seymour smirks at Bo, keeping his gun on her. He nods at the other goons.

(CONTINUED)



LG-105 "Dead Lucky" TRIPLE WHITE 5-10-10 5C.

6 CONTINUED:

6

SEYMOUR  
Go park the van. I got Little Miss  
Thing.

( CONTINUED )

6 CONTINUED: (2)

6

The two goons depart. Bo smiles wickedly -- bad move.

BO

Thing *this*.

She LEAPS into action, KNEEING Seymour in the crotch AGAIN. He oofs and hits the ground, dropping his gun.

SEYMOUR

What's wrong with you?!

BO

You should really invest in a cup.

Bo calmly picks up the gun -- walks confidently to the bar. Mayer still hasn't turned around. She leans over the bar next to him--

BO (CONT'D)

Thanks -- but I'll be taking my Egg  
Foo Yong to go.

Mayer shrugs, and pats her on the back -- producing a brief SHIMMER TRAIL/effect.

MAYER

See you, then.

(CONTINUED)

6 CONTINUED: (3)

6

Mayer cracks open a FORTUNE COOKIE, tsk-tsking at what's inside. Suddenly, Bo SLIPS on a discarded pair of chopsticks. She lands on her back with a THUD -- the gun skidding away across the floor.

MAYER (CONT'D)  
You're outta luck, kid.

He licks his fingers, still "glowing" with Bo's luck.

MAYER (CONT'D)  
And I should know: I feed off the stuff.

She groans on the floor, rubbing her bruised butt -- as the two (returning) goons rush into the room, pull her to her feet and drag her towards Mayer. Now he finally turns to look at her.

MAYER (CONT'D)  
So. I'm Mayer, and the boob you nailed in the *kishkes* is my nephew. Seymour.

Seymour lumbers over, walking gingerly. Mayer regards him with disdain.

SEYMOUR  
Told you she'd be no good.

MAYER  
Oh, I'd say she's very good. Now get her some water.

Seymour hesitates, glaring at Bo. Mayer SLAPS him across the face.

MAYER (CONT'D)  
*Water!!*

Seymour scurries off to fetch it. Bo smirks.

MAYER (CONT'D)  
Now we can talk. I'd like to hire you. Investigate a little problem I'm having.

BO  
You kidnap me, clearly need family therapy.... Not a great first impression, Mayer.

MAYER  
Let me explain. Maybe we can help each other.

(CONTINUED)

6 CONTINUED: (4)

6

Mayer leads Bo towards the GAMBLING AREA.

MAYER (CONT'D)

Like I said -- I'm a luck Fae. I  
feed off the luck of humans who come  
here to bet.

Seymour hands Bo a glass of water. She sniffs it  
suspiciously, then pointedly puts it down. Seymour scowls.  
Mayer almost grins.

MAYER (CONT'D)

I work in the human world as a bookie.  
Run numbers on everything from sports  
to natural disasters.

BO

Sounds super. But I'm not much of a  
gambler.

MAYER

You're something better: not dark  
Fae. You can go where my guys can't.

BO

Places that require good hygiene?

They reach the GAMBLING AREA.

MAYER

This is serious. I've been duped --  
by a human.

Mayer snaps his fingers. Seymour idles over with a laptop.

MAYER (CONT'D)

My security tapes from yesterday.

Seymour hits a button. We ZOOM INTO THE SCREEN...

7 INT. FLASHBACK -- CHINESE RESTAURANT -- GAMBLING AREA - DAY 7

Yesterday. Mayer reigns confidently over the gambling room,  
now filled with sad sack human BETTORS, who loom miserably  
over monitors playing horse RACES (boxing, etc.) Seymour  
approaches Mayer with a handful of cash. And Mayer SLAPS  
him, in front of everybody.

MAYER (O.S.)

I was discussing a business matter  
with Seymour -- when one of my  
favorite customers entered -- Roger.

ROGER enters, shuffling over to Mayer, who greets him warmly.

(CONTINUED)

7 CONTINUED:

7

BO (V.O.)  
He got a last name?

MAYER (O.S.)  
No last name required: he always  
paid in cash. I'd been feeding off  
Roger for weeks. Schmuck had  
virtually no luck left.

Roger nods, opens a silver briefcase (presumably stuffed  
with moolah). Mayer nods appreciatively. The next horse  
race begins. INTERCUT WITH:

7A INT. CHINESE RESTAURANT -- GAMBLING AREA -- CONTINUOUS

7A

Bo frowns, confused.

BO  
So why take his bet?

MAYER  
I gotta make cash for the guys  
upstairs. I take it you've met the  
Morrigan?

BO  
(nodding, deadpan)  
What a peach.

MAYER  
Don't get me started. Still, it's a  
perfect fit for me. I eat and provide  
funding for our side. Except this  
time, things didn't go as planned.

CUT TO:

7B INT. FLASHBACK -- CHINESE RESTAURANT -- GAMBLING AREA - DAY

7B

Roger RUBS HIS EYEBROW -- then WINKS at Mayer. Mayer frowns,  
confused -- then gapes as Roger's horse wins the race.

MAYER (V.O.)  
I'd already drained Roger of all his  
luck. There's no way he could have  
won on his own.

Roger collects his big bundle of money from Seymour (in  
CHINESE TAKEOUT BAGS) then exits. Mayer watches him go,  
gobsmacked.

8 INT. CHINESE RESTAURANT -- GAMBLING AREA -- NIGHT

8

Mayer leans urgently towards Bo.

(CONTINUED)

8

CONTINUED:

8

BO

Again. I'm here...?

MAYER

I need an outsider to investigate Roger. One who won't advertise my little problem.

BO

Even if I could forget that you van-napped me -- which I won't -- why would I help you?

Mayer leans forward, with a triumphant grin.

MAYER

Because I'll let you have ten minutes with my niece.

BO

Tempting. She cute?

Mayer ignores this.

MAYER

Word on the street is, you'd like to know where you came from.  
(reverentially)  
She can...see things.

BO

Sounds trippy.

MAYER

I'll give you a taste, for free. And you'll see. Cassie's the real deal. A bonafide...*oracle*.

Mayer nods at Seymour, who solemnly bangs a GONG. Bo holds her breath -- as a lollipop licking, iPod bopping, Hello Kitty/pink lovin' TEEN GIRL throws open some sliding doors. She waves at Bo cheerfully.

CASSIE

What up, homies?

Cassie giggles girlishly. Off Bo's confused look we--

CUT TO:

9 OMITTED 9

9A INT. LATE-NIGHT DINER - NIGHT 9A

Kenzi stands off to one side, speaking into her cell.

KENZI

Bo, pick up. This is me, leaving a fifth message. Please tell me you're on your way. Paranoid Puss-in-Boots is getting shifty.

She hangs up. Returns to find -- Ms. Sizemore putting on her coat.

KENZI (CONT'D)

Where are you going?

MS. SIZEMORE

To find a private investigator who will take me seriously.

KENZI

We're serious as shit! Bo's just a little late.

MS. SIZEMORE

How are you going to find out how to cure my cat when you can't even find your boss?

KENZI

Oh, Bo's not my boss. She's the muscle. Well, the love muscle--

Nothing. Blue Eyeshadow snorts.

MS. SIZEMORE

*Amateurs.*

KENZI

Okay. Fine. Bo's obviously not coming. But I'm willing to take your case -- for half price.

MS. SIZEMORE

Puh-lease. I'm not gonna hire the assistant.

She storms out of the diner. Kenzi glowers. Then stuffs her cell phone angrily into her purse.

KENZI

And I can't cover the check.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

9A CONTINUED: 9A

KENZI (CONT'D)  
Thanks a lot, Bo.

Kenzi stares at the bill...then starts searching her purse for change. \*

10 INT. CHINESE RESTAURANT -- KITCHEN -- MOMENTS LATER 10

The kitchen is deserted, but for Bo and Cassie. Candles have been lit, casting eery shadows off the walls. Bo now SITS at a low, Asian-style table opposite a bored Cassie, who's twirling her hair.

BO (O.S.)  
You. Can read my future?

CASSIE  
What was, what will be...the whole  
shit sandwich.

She giggles vapidly.

BO  
I need to know who my parents were.  
But how do I know...

CASSIE  
I'm telling the truth? Why don't we  
visit your past? See if we can't  
stir up something, like...significant.

She grabs Bo's hand. Cassie's eyes roll back in her head. Her breathing increasingly ragged. As Bo stares, transfixed.

BO  
Whoa.

SUDDENLY -- as we ZOOM into Bo's eyeball--

11 INT. FLASHBACK -- CAR -- NIGHT 11

"Rural" feel. Crickets chirp. A Patsy Cline-esque song drifts over the air, coming from the radio of a parked car.

CASSIE (V.O.)  
*You were eighteen. He was your first  
love. Kurt? No. Kyle.*

In the BACKSEAT, a fresh-faced, eighteen year-old Bo shyly kisses KYLE, a strapping, blond farmboy type.

(CONTINUED)



11 CONTINUED:

11

CASSIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

*He wanted what all the boys want.  
Your parents had taught you it was  
wrong. Very wrong. But he persisted --  
and you adored him.*

Kyle kisses Bo's neck. She giggles. Then blushes. He reaches for her buttons, inquiring. Bo nods nervously.

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED: (2) 11

CASSIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
*You were scared.*

The young lovers' kissing becoming more urgent...Kyle slowly peels off Bo's shirt.

CASSIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
*And then you got hungry.*

She reaches for his belt buckle...suddenly aggressive. Hungrier than she's ever been...

11A EXT. FLASHBACK -- CAR - CONTINUOUS 11A

We pan towards the car. A LIGHT suddenly emitting from within. The car rocks gently.

CASSIE (V.O.)  
*You fed off him. Drained him. Then passed out.*

From within we hear muffled screams of...passion? Terror?

INTERCUT WITH:

11B INT. CHINESE RESTAURANT -- KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS 11B

Bo reacts to what she's "seeing", via the oracle. Tears/horror fill her eyes, etc.

CASSIE (V.O.)  
*When you awoke, you came face to face with your true self. Your birth right. With death.*

BACK TO:

11C EXT. FLASHBACK -- CAR - CONTINUOUS 11C

Silence. The car is now still.

CASSIE (V.O.)  
*But you had no idea what it meant. What you were.*

Car door FLINGS open. Muffled whimpers of FEAR (from Bo.)

CASSIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
*A sinner. A killer. A beast.*

Young Bo stumbles out of the car, struggling to pull on her shirt...a limp, dead arm hangs from the car...

11C CONTINUED: 11C

CASSIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
*So you ran. Haven't been back since.*

12 INT. CHINESE RESTAURANT -- KITCHEN - NIGHT 12

Bo GASPS, wrenching her hand from Cassie, gulping for air. Cassie snaps back to attention. Smacks her lips, giggling.

CASSIE  
OMG -- channeling *totally* gives me cotton mouth. Got a mint?

CUT TO:

12A INT. CHINESE RESTAURANT -- NIGHT 12A

Bo approaches Mayer, still shaken by her memory. Mayer grins. Seymour scowls at Bo, still suspicious.

MAYER  
So. We got a deal?

SEYMOUR  
We can't trust her.

MAYER  
(sighing, to Bo)  
One more groin shot for the road?

Seymour backs away, scared. Bo grins, shake her head no.

BO  
I find out how Roger beat the house?  
Cassie reads me again. See if I've got any early memories of my real parents.

He hands her some security tapes as she heads for the door.

MAYER  
Good luck.

BO  
Like you've got any to spare.

She exits, still trying to forget that awful memory...

13 INT. CLUBHOUSE -- MORNING 13

Bo slams the door, dumps her keys.

BO  
Hello!

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED:

13

And turns, coming face-to-face with a pajama clad, mad-as-hell Kenzi.

KENZI

You're a tardy 'tang.

BO

Aww -- did Kenzi wake up on the wrong side of the bed?

KENZI

We can't afford beds! Remember? We had a meeting!?

Bo's face falls, guilty.

BO

Shit. The client!

Kenzi ticks off her grievances on her fingers.

KENZI

I upload the calendar to your phone, tape post-it reminders over the sink --

BO

Kenzi--

But Kenzi blows right over her.

KENZI

I even learned how to spreadsheet. Me! Because it's my way of contributing. Someone's got to keep you on schedule!

Bo smiles, trying for light.

BO

I'm not a train.

KENZI

No, you're the talent with the great caboose. You think I like acting like--  
(shudders at the word)  
--the adult!?

BO

Probably no more than I liked being snatched off the street, two hours ago.

She raises an eyebrow. Kenzi blinks. Her face falls.

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED: (2)

13

KENZI

And, I'm a dink.

BO

No. I should have called.

(teasing)

Once I earned my freedom.

KENZI

What happened?

Bo peels off her top, suddenly exhausted.

BO

Van. Dark Fae. Potential info about my parents.

KENZI

I'm sorry.

Bo shrugs, over it.

BO

(reaching into pocket)

Fortune cookie?

She tosses it to Kenzi, then heads for the bedroom.

KENZI

Now where are you going?!

BO

Bank the outrage for awhile. Please?

Mama's too tired to chat.

(thinking)

Though, could you call Dyson? Tell him we've got to talk?

She smiles and runs upstairs. Kenzi reels, hurt.

KENZI

Will do -- *partner*.

She sighs. So much for being a team.

14 INT. 39TH DIVISION -- DYSON'S OFFICE -- DAY

14

Bo leans over Dyson, who sits in front of a computer featuring a PHOTO CAPTURE of Roger (from security feed). Kenzi sits slumped in a nearby chair, her feet on a bunch of case files, fiddling childishly with various OFFICE SUPPLIES.

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED:

14

DYSON

We'll take this captured image from the security feed, run it through facial recognition software, and...

KENZI

And she wets herself over your geek skills?

Kenzi shoots Dyson a murderous look. Bo glances her way, too. What's that about? Kenzi smiles sweetly, covering.

KENZI (CONT'D)

My bad. Too much bitch in my cereal this morning.

DYSON

I don't *like* you helping Mayer.

BO

Too bad you're not allowed to tell me what cases to take. As per our... *agreement*.

Dyson GROWLS. Bo sighs. Leans in close.

BO (CONT'D)

Think of it more like...getting free intel on the dark.

Kenzi rolls her eyes.

DYSON

Okay -- why *doesn't* Mayer have his own guys looking into this?

BO

He doesn't want his Fae bosses to know he got conned.

DYSON

Interesting.

Computer DINGS -- finished scan. Dyson grabs a notepad, jots down the address.

DYSON (CONT'D)

(tearing off page)  
Roger Murphy's home address.

BO

Thanks. See you around?

They grin. The chemistry between them electric.

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED: (2)

14

DYSON

Could be.

Bo holds up her hands, "surrendering". She exits, still smiling. Dyson stares after her. Kenzi waves Bo ahead.

KENZI

Right behind you! I gotta hit the ladies room--

(to Dyson, a lot less sweet)

'Cause I just barfed in my mouth.

DYSON

Bully for you.

She shoots a RUBBER BAND INCHES from Dyson's head. He growls, snatches it with his lightning-fast reflexes.

KENZI

I can't believe I backed you with Bo. You made me look like a total tool.

DYSON

Mmmm.

Dyson turns back to his computer, typing away -- refusing to bite. Kenzi shakes her head, genuinely disappointed.

KENZI

Worst part is, you treated her like shit -- but somehow, now you're forgiven!

Kenzi grabs her jacket and leans in close.

KENZI (CONT'D)

And that's why I'm no longer on Team Dyson.

She exits.

14 CONTINUED: (3) 14

DYSON  
I have a team?

He frowns, confused despite himself.

15 EXT. ROGER'S HOUSE -- NIGHT 15

To establish. Lots of cars in driveway. Bo and Kenzi make their way to the front door, cautious.

KENZI  
So this Roger guy bested a Fae bookie?

Kenzi presses the doorbell. Bo regards her curiously.

BO  
What was that back there with you  
and Dyson?

Kenzi opens her mouth -- then leans on the doorbell again.

KENZI  
Let's goooooo.

Door OPENS -- revealing Roger's WIFE, MARCIA, in an elegant black suit. Bo and Kenzi smile sweetly.

BO  
Sorry to disturb you. We're here to  
see--

MARCIA  
Roger? Of course. Welcome.

Bo and Kenzi exchange a glance, then follow Marcia into the--

16 INT. ROGER'S HOUSE -- LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT 16

--Which is awash with IRISH FIDDLE MUSIC and jolly whiskey DRINKERS in funeral wear. Bo and Kenzi take it in.

BO  
Just in time to party.

KENZI  
Though we're a tad underdressed.

Someone passes her a SHOT. She brightens.

KENZI (CONT'D)  
Oo, whiskey!

Kenzi downs, slamming the glass upside down on a bookcase.



16 CONTINUED:

16

BO

Classy.

Kenzi grabs an hors d'oeuvre off a table laden with food. Stuffs the entire thing in her mouth.

KENZI

Unlike, say, boinking peeps to death?

BO

*Touché.*

Kenzi taps her toe a little to the Irish music. Free drink and food has cheered her up considerably.

KENZI

So where's Mayer's big winner?

Bo takes in the party, suddenly sober.

BO

Kenzi, this isn't a *party party*--

Marcia stops abruptly, turning sadly.

MARCIA

Here he is. The guest of honor. My Roger.

Bo and Kenzi peer into the OPEN CASKET atop the dining room table. Wherein lies ROGER. Pale and, well, deceased.

BO

It's a wake.  
(to Marcia)  
He looks peaceful.

KENZI

And really, really dead.

Marcia stifles a sob. Bo frowns confused. Kenzi strokes Marcia's arm, sympathetically. Trying for delicate.

KENZI (CONT'D)

When exactly did he...bite it?

Bo winces. But Kenzi maintains her "compassionate" face.

MARCIA

Two days ago.

She exits, still sniffing. Kenzi turns to Bo, excited.

(CONTINUED)

16

CONTINUED: (2)

16

KENZI

He was dead twenty-four hours before  
he walked into Mayer's and placed a  
bet.

BO

Mayer was wrong. Roger wasn't  
unlucky.

KENZI

He was a bloody *miracle*.

The girls stare at the corpse. Now what?

END OF ACT ONE

FADE OUT.

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

17 INT. "THE DAL RIATA" TAVERN -- BAR STOOLS -- NIGHT 17

We PAN across the bar -- an eclectic collection of tough and eccentric-looking FAE, finally settling on Bo, who sips her beer, lost in thought, Kenzi beside her. Behind the bar, TRICK smiles at Bo, almost fondly. She sighs.

TRICK

You look confused. Uh oh--

He points towards a weird jar full of floating funghi.

TRICK (CONT'D)

Did you eat some of those toadstools?

Bo grins, shakes her head, no. Slams down her beer.

BO

Riddle me this -- how can a dead guy walk around placing bets? I know gambling's an addiction, but c'mon.

TRICK

A dead human?

Bo nods. Trick groans. Kenzi smirks.

KENZI

What? Fae Zombies?

TRICK

The Chinese call them Hsien. We just call them body jumpers. They can inhabit the recently dead, just by touching them.

BO

Like a ghost?

TRICK

Oh, they got their own bodies. They just don't like 'em.

(pulls a face)

Nasty buggers.

BO

What's so bad about that?

TRICK

It's...distasteful. Humans are for feeding off of. Not wearing.

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED:

17

Bo and Kenzi laugh. Trick grins too. Meanwhile...

ANGLE ON:

Nearby corner of the bar. Dyson hears Bo laugh and smiles. He sighs and cracks open another ENERGY DRINK. HALE chortles.

HALE  
That's your third. And you still  
look like shit.

DYSON  
Girl's relentless. This is the first  
break I've had all week.

HALE  
Give Bo my digits. I'll cover your  
shift.

DYSON  
I can manage.

HALE  
Clearly.

Dyson just grins. Hale leans in, curious.

HALE (CONT'D)  
Seriously, man. What's it like?  
Being with -- a succubus?

Dyson widens his eyes, innocent.

DYSON  
Remember Daphne?

HALE  
The nymph? Hourly.

Dyson leans in, smiling wickedly.

DALE  
I lost her number. And I'm too tired  
to care.

Dyson winks and heads for the bar. Hale watches him go, envious. He sighs and makes for the pool tables...

18 INT. "THE DAL RIATA" TAVERN -- BAR STOOLS -- NIGHT

18

Dyson sidles in next to Bo. She smiles, happy to see him. Kenzi scowls -- and makes for the pool tables.

BO  
We were just talking about you.

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED:

18

Dyson shoots an almost nervous glance at Trick.

18 CONTINUED: (2)

18

DYSON

Really.

BO

I was saying, if *anyone* in town knows a Hsien...

Dyson GROANS. Trick grins. Bo looks surprised.

BO (CONT'D)

Wow. For a bunch of far-out fairy folk, you guys are judge-*mental*.

DYSON

(to Trick)

I do know a Hsien. Our side.

BO

There. Was that so hard?

She rubs his head affectionately. Dyson removes her hand, unamused, squirming under Trick's gaze.

DYSON

(bristling)

You want my help or not?

BO

Of course! Never know when I might get injured on an investigation. Need a little *healing*.

DYSON

What happened to rule number two?

BO

Rules are meant to be broken.

She winks. Dyson remains stone-faced. Trick frowns. She and Dyson walk towards the...

19 INT. "THE DAL RIATA" TAVERN -- POOL TABLES -- NIGHT

19

...Bo catches Kenzi's eye and WAVES GOODBYE. Kenzi registers Bo leaving without her -- her face falls for a second. She frowns and sinks another shot.

KENZI

Yeah. How'd that taste?

She grins at Hale, and lines up her cue with the eight ball.

KENZI (CONT'D)

Looks like you owe me fifty bucks.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED:

19

KENZI (CONT'D)

Consider yourself schooled -- don't  
play pool with une petite hustler.

19 CONTINUED: (2)

19

Hale opens his mouth and whistles, a somber, HAUNTING tune...his SIREN VOICE mesmerizing Kenzi. She stumbles, missing the shot. Hale cracks up.

HALE

Here's *my* free lesson -- don't play pool with a Siren.

Other patrons in the bar guffaw, their laughter a lot less warm. Kenzi turns beet red, then angrily hangs up her cue.

HALE (CONT'D)

Was it something I sang?

Everyone cracks up again. Kenzi grabs her coat. Hale takes pity -- grabs her arm as she attempts to flee.

HALE (CONT'D)

Whoa, whoa, whoa. If you're bringing your human act here, into Fae world? You'll need to nut up.

KENZI

Y'all don't play fair.

HALE

Right -- but in your world, people always do the right thing, the good side always wins, and the nice guy always gets the girl.

KENZI

Your point?

She steams, hiding her hurt. Hale smiles kindly.

HALE

You have to show people you can handle your shit. That you're more than just the...sidekick.

Kenzi bristles at the word.

KENZI

I don't give a rat's ass what any of you think. Only Bo.

She marches for the door, head held high. Hale nods.

HALE

Better.

He watches her go, bemused. Then returns to the tables...



20 INT. CITY MORGUE -- NIGHT

20

Florescent lights flicker as Bo follows Dyson down a hallway. SEXY MUSIC echoes down the hall.

DYSON

This Hsien I know -- he works as a morgue attendant.

BO

Oh, irony.

DYSON

(gritted teeth)

That's one word for it.

They turn a corner. The morgue is cold, sterile. Dyson nods towards -- a BEAUTIFUL WOMAN with SLASHED WRISTS (a suicide) dancing among the slabs to music off a BOOMBOX.

Dyson TURNS off the boombox, cutting the music.

DYSON (CONT'D)

Honestly, Eddie. Why is it always the blondes?

The woman scrambles towards the desk, reaches out her hand and touches the CHUBBY NERD seemingly napping behind it. The woman slumps to the ground. The nerd jerks awake, looking sheepish -- and freaked.

EDDIE

H-hiya Dyson. Who's the dame?

BO

Dame? Someone from 1932 follow us in?

DYSON

Bo, meet Eddie. Light Fae. He loves to try on corpses, then parade 'em around town. Gets him in all kinds of trouble.

EDDIE

(nodding, oddly proud)

Those Elvis sightings in the seventies? That was me.

BO

Um. Congrats?

(CONTINUED)

20 CONTINUED:

20

Eddie stands, slides open a file cabinet. Grabs a sandwich.

EDDIE  
But I'm cured now. Learned to  
appreciate my own...  
(sighs as he examines  
himself)  
...body. Twelve step taught me --  
"Thou shall not wear thy neighbour."

Bo stares pointedly at the body on the floor. Eddie shrugs.

EDDIE (CONT'D)  
I'll call my sponsor.

Dyson pushes Eddie back into the desk chair -- looming  
menacingly. Eddie swallows his bite. Hard.

DYSON  
Eddie. You really crossed the wrong  
guy this time. I hear Mayer's  
apoplectic.

He glances at Bo for confirmation. She nods solemnly.

BO  
Seriously pissed.

Eddie reacts, clearly horrified at the thought.

EDDIE  
Mayer Mayer? No, no. I'd never  
deal with the dark. Scouts honor!

He tries to do "scout's honor"...can't quite remember how it  
goes. Bo hides a smile.

DYSON  
Honor's not exactly your strong suit.

EDDIE  
I swear on my Mama's sacred skin.  
(hesitant)  
But...our people keep tabs on each  
other, across party lines. And  
rumor has it -- Lucas is in town.

He shudders. Dyson releases his grip on Eddie, frowning.

BO  
Who's Lucas?

DYSON  
Dark Fae Hsien.  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

20 CONTINUED: (2)

20

DYSON (CONT'D)

And one nasty pervert. Makes Eddie's transgressions seem positively PG.

EDDIE

(genuinely touched)

That is so sweet.

DYSON

So where is he? The real Lucas?

EDDIE

You know the drill. You wanna find a Hsien...?

Bo nods slowly, getting it.

BO

...You find his real body.

Dyson signals to Bo. Time to go. Dyson reacts to the dead woman on the floor, somewhat revolted.

DYSON

And Eddie? Clean up this mess, would ya?

He and Bo head for the exit. Bo shakes her head.

BO

Time to break the bad news to Mayer.

DYSON

On your own. I can't enter dark Fae territory.

BO

Men -- always with an excuse...

She smiles, teasing. He grins back.

21 INT. CHINESE RESTAURANT -- GAMBLING AREA -- NIGHT

21

WHAM! Mayer SLAMS his fist down on a table, rattling the china. A few human BETTORS look up, surprised -- then go back to watching the ponies.

MAYER

Feh! A dirty body jumper? In MY house?!

Mayer pulls Bo aside, urgent.

(CONTINUED)

21 CONTINUED:

21

MAYER (CONT'D)

If someone hired a Hsien to bring me down? I need to know who. ASAP!

KENZI

He didn't bring you down. You just got stiffed. Literally.

Mayer holds up a hand in Kenzi's face, not making eye contact.

MAYER

Stop *hockin me a chinick*. I don't discuss business with humans.

BO

(dry)

You just gobble up their cash and luck.

MAYER

I got played out of serious bank -- two hundred thousand, earmarked for my Fae bosses. I don't nip this in the bud, they'll bury me six feet under.

BO

They'll kill you?

MAYER

Oh I won't be *dead*.

Bo and Kenzi react to this. Mayer sighs, truly worried.

MAYER (CONT'D)

But that's nothing. When I think what they could do to my family...

Concerned, he looks at Seymour, hovering nearby -- picking his nose. Mayer swats Seymour's hand away, revolted.

MAYER (CONT'D)

Were you born in a barn?!

SEYMOUR

(protesting)

I got allergies!

Mayer shoos him away. Seymour scowls at Bo as he exits. Kenzi clears her throat.

(CONTINUED)

21 CONTINUED: (2)

21

KENZI

Bo? Could you please ask Mayer who would want to destroy his reputation? He's such an enchanting guy, I can't imagine...

Mayer calms down. Snaps his fingers.

MAYER

I have been losing a lot of business to this new backroom gamer. Jesper Salming.

BO

Professional rival? Always a worthy suspect.

MAYER

I can't get you an invite.

BO

I generally don't need one.

She smiles knowingly. Mayer nods, writing down the address...

22 INT. CLUBHOUSE -- LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT

22

Bo holds up various outfits/accessories against herself as she preps to go out. Kenzi watches, incredulous.

KENZI

Thank damn I'm here. You can't just waltz into an underground gambling den and get the kingpin to "talk".

BO

A little giggle, a little tongue down his throat -- I can probably make him ice skate.

KENZI

Magic hoo-hah aside; back room poker is complicated. Almost ceremonial. I should know -- my Dad would spend hours playing. Taught me everything I know.

Bo chews her lip, serious -- and nervous.

BO

If we do this. Go in -- how do I know I can trust you?

Kenzi's face falls.

(CONTINUED)

22 CONTINUED: 22

KENZI  
For serious?! Bo--

Then Bo grins, chuckling. Got ya.

BO  
See! That was a bluff! Right? How  
was my poker face?

KENZI  
(relieved)  
Oh, it's on, bitch. Ante up.

She grins as FUN, SEXY MUSIC starts throbbing...

23 OMITTED 23

24 INT. JESPER'S DEN -- NIGHT 24

...We pan over the girls, now GLAMMED UP, looking call girl  
HOT, as they enter the smoky, industrial warehouse: Jesper's  
backroom poker game.

SLOW MOTION, a la KILL BILL, as Bo and Kenzi approach THE  
POKER TABLE in the middle of the room (no other tables,  
please). Heads swivel -- all eyes on stunning Bo. Kenzi  
can barely contain her greedy glee as she spots the high  
stakes game, where a bunch of HIGH ROLLERS sit behind their  
piles of chips, while OBSERVERS, couture-clad GIRLFRIENDS,  
and cigar chomping BETTORS watch them play.

KENZI  
Backroom poker's like golf on meth.  
And baby, I'm getting a contact high.

Kenzi stares HARD at the players, analyzing. Cougar-esque  
WOMAN plays with the straw in her drink. COWBOY HAT yawns --  
but his eyes are alert. PIT STAINS chews on a fingernail.  
Kenzi leans over to Bo, whispering.

KENZI (CONT'D)  
Dude, I could rule this game. Check  
the cougar. She plays with her straw  
every time she bluffs.

BO  
So?

KENZI  
What the players unconsciously do  
each time they bluff -- or when they  
know they got the goods? That's  
their tell. Learn someone's tell,  
you can always know their next move.

(CONTINUED)

24 CONTINUED:

24

BO

Thank you, Rainman. Now keep your eyes open. Take note of the exits.

KENZI

I'll talk to the players. See if they've seen anything weird. Like an empty body, just lying around.

BO

I'll find Jesper--

She notices a well-GUARDED, huge European dude (JESPER) staring at her. She smiles seductively.

BO (CONT'D)

Unless he finds *me*.

Jesper raises an eyebrow. Nods his head towards his office. Bo stands up, smiling. Leans down to kiss Kenzi adieu.

BO (CONT'D)

I'm off. And if I signal...

KENZI

Back in fifteen or I fake a seizure.

BO

That's my girl.

She winks. Bo smiles. And makes her way towards Jesper...

25 INT. JESPER'S BACK OFFICE -- NIGHT

25

Jesper leads Bo into his private office, which is separated from the poker pit by a wall of GLASS. She whistles admiringly, approaching some wrought-iron ANTIQUES.

BO

You collect iron work? These gates are incredible.

JESPER

And impenetrable. Took them off a twelfth century Dutch fortress.

She turns, her eyes flashing seductively.

BO

You always take what you want?

JESPER

I'm not above a little force when necessary.

(CONTINUED)

25 CONTINUED: 25

He moves close behind Bo. Kisses her along her jawline.

JESPER (CONT'D)  
You're easily the most beautiful  
piece in here.

BO  
Wait until you see the rest of me.

Bo turns, unzipping the back of her dress in one motion.  
She kisses him hungrily...

26 INT. JESPER'S DEN -- NIGHT 26

Kenzi sidles closer to the poker table, straining to get a  
glimpse of Bo through the glass wall. An OLD DUDE in a  
player's seat checks her out, then waves her over. He leans  
in, smiling -- and pinches Kenzi's butt. She jumps, annoyed.  
He winks.

MARIO  
I'm Mighty Mario.

Kenzi looks him up and down.

KENZI  
You sure about that?

She leans in over his shoulder. Points to a SUNGLASSES  
WEARING, COWBOY HAT'D PLAYER across the table.

KENZI (CONT'D)  
F.Y.I.? Cowboy hat yawns when he's  
bluffing.

MARIO  
Two minutes of gawking and you figured  
out his "tell"?

Kenzi shrugs, fake wide-eyed. Mario snorts. The cowboy  
yawns. Mario narrows his eyes.

MARIO (CONT'D)  
I'll call.

Cowboy hat looks sheepish. Shows his cards -- he's got  
nothing (Jack high). Mario whoops. Grabs all the winning  
chips. Then pulls Kenzi closer.

MARIO (CONT'D)  
Alright, Hot Box. Looks like I found  
my lucky charm for the night.

He hands Kenzi a stack of chips. She grins at her newfound  
money. Leans over, eagerly, innocent act dissolving.

(CONTINUED)



26 CONTINUED:

26

KENZI

Check out Pit Stains. Chews his fingernails when he KNOWS he's toast...

On Kenzi, slightly forgetting the task at hand...

27 INT. JESPER'S BACK OFFICE - NIGHT

27

Bo pushes Jesper onto his desk, ravenously. She breaks their kiss, somewhat reluctantly, laughing. Shivers, her cold breath visible in the icy air.

BO

It's cold in here.

JESPER

I'll keep you warm.

Jesper buries his head in Bo's chest, breathing in her scent. Bo smiles. She's got him.

BO

Where's the body, Jesper? Where's the Hsien?

JESPER

Which Hsien?

Bo runs her fingers through his hair, producing that GLOW.

BO

The one you're using to take down Mayer.

(playing vulnerable)

Mayer took everything I had at the track. If you're bringing him down? I want in.

JESPER

All I know is, you're one powerful succubus.

BO

What?

Bo is suddenly on the alert -- but Jesper is lightning fast. He pushes her off him, flipping her over, so that Bo's pinned against the desk. He leans in, grinning horribly.

JESPER

Twenty years from now, when you've really learned to channel your power? I wouldn't be able to resist you. Even knowing you came to spy on me.

(CONTINUED)

27 CONTINUED:

27

He grabs her hair, pulling her off the desk.

BO

Who told you I was coming?

JESPER

Doesn't matter. You're not *leaving*.

BO

Then you won't mind telling me who robbed Mayer.

He THROWS Bo to the ground. Jesper laughs.

JESPER

(genuinely surprised)

Why would I bother to eliminate that low-level bookie?

BO

'Cause you're clearly such a reasonable guy.

JESPER

You've no *idea* what I am.

He holds out his hands. His fingers get frosty, as if turning to ICE (or similar effect). Bo gapes, astounded.

BO

Didn't peg you for frigid.

JESPER

And you'll make a beautiful, cold *corpse*.

Bo grits her teeth. Jesper launches his ATTACK. His frosty thumbs sink into her chest. Bo's face FREEZES over (or similar effect) -- as Bo ROARS in pain...

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

28 INT. JESPER'S BACK OFFICE -- NIGHT 28

RESUME ACTION: Bo gasps as she wrestles under Jesper's icy grip. Wounded and struggling -- she tries gamely to escape--

BO

Someone needs a manicure.

But no dice. Jesper just grins, sinking his thumbs even deeper into her chest--

29 INT. JESPER'S DEN - NIGHT 29

A rowdy CROWD has gathered around giddy Kenzi and her sugar daddy, Mario. They've amassed a large amount of chips.

KENZI

Woo! There's my backdoor flush.  
Such a beautiful sight.

SCHNOOK! FROST splinters against the glass wall. Kenzi sucks in her breath.

KENZI (CONT'D)

Bo? Is that a -- signal?

She registers the guards standing outside the office. Leans over Mario, laughing.

KENZI (CONT'D)

*Winning* makes you even more butch.

She smiles flirtily at PIT STAINS. Then turns to Mario, voice low.

KENZI (CONT'D)

Pit Stains just stuck an ace up his sleeve. That bad?

Mario stands up in a rage, scattering chips. He pulls the card out of an astonished Mario's sleeve.

MARIO

Son of a bitch -- he's a cheat!

The crowd goes wild. Pit Stains throws a PUNCH -- accidentally hitting STUNT GUY instead of Mario. Soon it's a BRAWL, with everyone fighting. Kenzi hits the ground, hesitates -- then reaches up and grabs a handful of chips/money, stuffing them down her top.

(CONTINUED)

29 CONTINUED: 29

She CRAWLS past the guards, slipping past the glass wall into--

30 INT. JESPER'S BACK OFFICE - NIGHT 30

--Where she sees Jesper's frosty thumbs sunk deep into Bo's chest, burning like liquid nitrogen. Bo cries out in pain. Panicked, Kenzi picks up a CROWBAR and SWINGS it at Jesper's head.

KENZI

Eat crowbar.

Jesper barely budes -- but turns, incredulous. She serious? Kenzi drops it, sheepishly.

KENZI (CONT'D)

My bad.

--but her distraction gives Bo time to SWING an uppercut, knocking Jesper off her, and over the desk.

BO

Weapon!

Kenzi looks around frantically, trying for better.

KENZI

Ugly fence? Chandelier?!

Jesper swoops in for another attack --

BO

Feet.

Bo rears onto her back and KICKS him with both feet, right in the chest. He flies backwards -- impaling himself through his back onto a GIANT METAL CLOCK. He roars in pain, struggling to pull himself off. Limping, Bo grabs Kenzi and pulls her out.

31 INT. JESPER'S DEN -- NIGHT 31

Kenzi struggles to drag Bo through the chaos. Bo grimaces, clearly in a great deal of pain.

BO

You know the way out?

KENZI

(nodding)

Turn left at Mario and book it.

She looks longingly at the poker table, covered in chips.

(CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED: 31

KENZI (CONT'D)  
Bye bye, retirement fund.

Suddenly Bo COLLAPSES, shivering wildly.

KENZI (CONT'D)  
Bo! Bo!!

Kenzi manages to shoulder the semiconscious Bo out through the exit and into the night.

32 INT. "THE DAL RIATA" TAVERN -- POOL TABLES -- NIGHT 32

Closing time. Bar's near empty. At the pool tables, Hale and a still-exhausted Dyson finish up their game. Dyson points towards corner pocket.

DYSON  
Eight Ball.

Dyson sinks the shot. Hale snorts.

HALE  
Eat *my* ball.

Kenzi BURSTS into the bar, shouldering Bo. She looks about wildly, then hurries over to Dyson.

KENZI  
(whispering loudly)  
Yo! 9-1-1 Booty Call. Like, *now*.

Dyson nods grimly. Hale can't help but snicker.

HALE  
Better down another espresso.

Dyson punches him playfully as he passes. Hale oofs. Dyson grabs Bo off Kenzi, easily carrying her into--

33 INT. "THE DAL RIATA" TAVERN -- BACKROOM -- NIGHT 33

Dyson props still-shivering Bo against one of the whiskey barrels, and takes off her jacket.

DYSON  
What the hell did you do? You're so cold...

BO  
Remember rule three. N-no questions...

Bo almost passes out, teeth chattering with cold. Dyson softens.

(CONTINUED)

33 CONTINUED:

33

Frowns as he takes in the BLACK FROSTBITE MARK on her chest. Dyson grabs her face.

DYSON

Stay with me. What did he look like?

BO

Big. European. Terrible kisser.  
(shivering)  
His hands frosted over. Cold as  
hell...

DYSON

A Hrimthurs -- Scandinavian Frost  
Giant. The ice in their veins can  
stop a man's heart.

Dyson shakes his head, deadly serious.

DYSON (CONT'D)

Bo. You could literally die of  
frostbite.

He takes off his jacket, getting ready. Bo winces, smiling through her pain.

BO

You need to work on your foreplay.

DYSON

That a new rule?

BO

It's just good manners.

She kisses him, then breaks free, cries out in pain.

DYSON

Don't hold back. Take what you need.

He kiss her tenderly. But Bo's survival instincts are kicking in. She grabs his hair, desperate. She wraps her legs around him frantically as they make love furiously. Bo's eyes turn as she VISUALLY DRAINS DYSON. And it's his turn to cry out in agony...

DYSON (CONT'D)

Arrgh!

34 INT. TRICK'S BAR - CONTINUOUS

34

Glasses/picture frames rattle/fall off the shelves as Bo and Dyson thump against the opposing wall. Hale and Kenzi exchange an awkward glance.

(CONTINUED)

34 CONTINUED:

34

HALE  
Seen any good movies lately?

Trick enters, utterly confused.

TRICK  
Did the troll get out?!

KENZI  
Bo. And Dyson...  
(off Trick's look)  
Just...talking. A lot of...meeting.

Smiles innocently. Trick exits, pissed. Kenzi frowns.

KENZI (CONT'D)  
Prude.

Hale grins.

35 INT. TRICK'S BAR - LATER

35

A grateful Bo and ashen Dyson emerge. She smiles, appreciatively.

BO  
Red Cross has got nothing on you.  
(searching his face)  
Hey. You okay?

DYSON  
Looks worse than it is. So much for  
keeping us a secret.

BO  
Sorry about that.

DYSON  
The stakes were higher this time.

Trick enters to retrieve his pint, shoots Dyson a disapproving scowl, then exits to the back room, slamming the door behind him. Dyson frowns. Bo raises an eyebrow, confused.

BO  
What's his problem?

KENZI  
Bo!

Kenzi runs over, examining her. She shakes her head, amazed.

KENZI (CONT'D)  
Not a scratch.  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

35 CONTINUED:

35

KENZI (CONT'D)

(to Dyson)

Dude, your junk could cure cancer.  
Though you look kinda green.

DYSON

(dryly)

I'm a quarter leprechaun.



35 CONTINUED: (2)

35

KENZI

Really? Hey, listen -- Jesper must've  
been tipped off by someone who *worked*  
*for Mayer--*

BO

(nodding)  
Someone told him I was coming.

RING! Dyson's cell phone rings.

DYSON

(answering/listening)  
Dyson. Calm down, Eddie. *Who's*  
*there??*  
(closing phone)  
Line went dead. Morgue?

Bo looks down at her Jesper dress.

BO

Really not dressed for it.

He and Bo turn. Kenzi calls after them, playing it cool.

KENZI

Yeah. You guys go! I got this.

Hale approaches, grinning.

HALE

Left behind again? How 'bout we  
shoot some stick?

KENZI

Sorry, Hale. I got a case to solve.

Kenzi exits, determined.

36 EXT. CHINESE RESTAURANT/CITY - NIGHT

36

Kenzi yawns, leaning against a parked car/telephone pole/etc. --  
trying for inconspicuous.

She peers through her binoculars. She narrows her eyes as  
Seymour and one of Mayer's Goons drive up in a big CADDY.

KENZI

Giant Goon-mobile: check.

Seymour opens the passenger door -- and trips on his way out --  
not the smoothest dude.

(CONTINUED)

36 CONTINUED:

36

KENZI (CONT'D)  
Bumbling idiots: check.

Seymour heads inside. The driver Goon then exits the car, looking nervous. He opens the TRUNK, pokes at something inside, then slams it shut, real quick. He scurries inside after Seymour.

Kenzi takes another look around -- then sneaks towards the caddy.

Kenzi uses her Slim Jim to jimmy open the car door. She reaches inside the glove compartment and pops the trunk. Heads 'round the back, opens up the trunk -- and GAPES at what's inside (which is OBSCURED from our view).

KENZI (CONT'D)  
Holy honey pot--

Suddenly, from behind -- A HAND clamps over her mouth, clutching a dirty rag. Kenzi struggles against the chloroform -- then slumps, unconscious, against her unseen assailant...

37 INT. CITY MORGUE -- HALLWAY -- NIGHT

37

Bo and Dyson creep cautiously. Dyson leans against the wall, dizzy -- trying to catch his breath. Bo frowns, concerned.

BO  
I did take too much.

He wills himself to stand up straight, covering. Gruff.

DYSON  
Don't flatter yourself. Ready?

She nods. They turn the corner, spot Eddie's desk -- empty.

BO  
Eddie?

They approach the freezer door -- where Eddie is engrossed, prepping a body on a gurney.

DYSON  
Eddie!

Eddie JUMPS when he sees them.

EDDIE  
Mercy! Dyson! What up, brother?  
(lecherously at Bo)  
Hello.

Dyson glances around. Bo frowns, equally confused.

(CONTINUED)

37 CONTINUED:

37

BO

Are you okay?

EDDIE

Never better. So...

He gives a little salute, then starts pushing his gurney into the freezer. Dyson steps in front of it, exasperated.

DYSON

Eddie -- YOU called ME. Sounded like you were about to soil yourself. "He's here"?!

Eddie shrugs, nervous.

EDDIE

He was.

BO

Lucas?

EDDIE

(oddly surprised)

Right. My fellow Hsien. Wanted to know if I'd been talking to "that succubus".

(leering at Bo)

He doesn't like you sniffing around his business. But I scared him off.

DYSON

You?

Eddie RUBS his eyebrow nervously. Bo's eyes widen. CUT TO: FLASHBACK: Mayer's security feed. Roger rubs his eyebrow. BACK TO: Bo frowns.

BO

You know, I've learned some interesting things these past few days. That Fae can be bookies. That body jumpers exist.

She approaches Eddie, smiling. But cautious.

BO (CONT'D)

That people often have a "tell" when they're bluffing.

EDDIE

You think I'm bluffing?

(CONTINUED)

37 CONTINUED: (2)

37

BO  
You rubbed your eyebrow. Like dead  
"Roger" did when he placed his bet.

Dyson frowns, noticing a few blood drops on the floor. Bo also looks down -- as BLOOD leaks out of Eddie's pantleg.

BO (CONT'D)  
Eddie's not here anymore, is he?

Eddie sighs and turns around -- revealing A KNIFE sticking out of his back.

EDDIE  
Nooooo. Thank God.

He turns back around, his expression now VICIOUS.

EDDIE (CONT'D)  
Guy was pathetic, right to the end.

Lucas/ Eddie's Body SHOVES the gurney into Dyson, sending him backwards into the FREEZER. Already drained, Dyson reels for a moment on the ground.

Lucas SLAMS the freezer door shut, knocking Bo backwards -- then flees into the morgue.

DYSON  
Bo!

He rattles the locked handle. Bo tries from outside the freezer. No dice. She peers into the window.

BO  
Locked!

DYSON  
I got it. Go!

Bo nods, takes off after Lucas. Dyson punches the door, stuck. He roars, frustrated. Bo is on her own.

i37 OMITTED  
THRU

i37  
THRU

40 INT. CITY MORGUE -- NIGHT

40

Bo enters under the plastic sheeting. She stands in the silence, peering into the darkness.

BO  
Big bad body jumper..? Come out,  
come out wherever you are...

(CONTINUED)

40 CONTINUED:

40

The shapes of bodies on various slabs (draped in sheets) are visible before her. She calls into, her voice an echo.

BO (CONT'D)  
I know you can only jump bodies by touching them, Lucas.

She spots BLOOD DROPS on the floor. Gotcha.

BO (CONT'D)  
And I'm not gonna let that happen.

She continues to follow the blood trail, cautious.

BO (CONT'D)  
So come easy or make this hard.  
Either way, this is the end of the line.

She catches sight of Eddie's BODY, now lying lifeless against a wall. She moves closer...

...oblivious to the CORPSE rising silently behind her off its slab...the sheet slipping onto the floor...

41 OMITTED  
THRU  
44

41  
THRU  
44

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

45 INT. CITY MORGUE -- NIGHT

45

Bo stares down Eddie's corpse, unsure -- as a body rises off a slab behind her, CLAMPING its grey hands around Bo's neck. The sheet slips off the body -- a YOUNG MAN WITH A Y INCISION (from an autopsy). Bo struggles, then turns and slams her back (and the corpse behind her) into the wall. The corpse lets out a horrible CRY -- and inches towards another slab.

BO

That the best you got?

LUCAS/AUTOPSY

Oh, I'm just getting warmed up.

Autopsy reaches out, touches another corpse. It sits up comically, wobbles -- then reaches out to the next SLAB in the row. THAT corpse springs to life -- as the first body collapses. The "inhabited" corpse reaches out to another body -- then another -- like a sick game of dominoes. Bo tries to track Lucas' body jumping.

The last body touches a slab, and suddenly the Hsien is in a HUGE BODYBUILDER (in open tuxedo shirt/bow tie with two visible BULLETHOLES in his chest). He leaps off the slab, grinning. Bo swallows. Hard.

LUCAS/BODY BUILDER

Let's dance.

BO

Bring it, juice monkey.

Body Builder Corpse cracks his knuckles, advancing...

BO (CONT'D)

Dyson! Anytime. Really!

Meanwhile--

46 INT. CITY MORGUE -- FREEZER -- NIGHT

46

A visibly drained Dyson pounds against the heavy steel door, producing some visible dents -- frustrated and shocked by his reduced strength...

47 INT. CITY MORGUE - CONTINUOUS

47

Bo kicks the Hsien/Body Builder Corpse a few times as it advances towards her. Her blows do little to stop it comin'.

(CONTINUED)

47 CONTINUED:

47

LUCAS/BODY BUILDER

When you're dead, I'm gonna wear  
your corpse like a coat.

BO

I'm calling PETA.

She throws an PUNCH -- the Hsien GRABS her fist in its hand.

LUCAS/BODY BUILDER

Then I'm gonna tear Dyson up into  
itty, bitty pieces. Using your hands.

BO

Speaking of itty bitty--

She GRABS the Hsien/Body builder by the crotch. He roars  
and lets go of her hand.

47A INT. CITY MORGUE -- FREEZER -- NIGHT

47A

Dyson continues to pound at the door. He stops and leans  
against it, exhausted.

47B INT. CITY MORGUE - NIGHT

47B

Lucas/Body Builder pulls Bo's arm off his crotch -- then  
tries to bear hug her. Bo slips out of reach, leaping nimbly  
across the tops of several slabs. But Lucas/Body builder is  
fast -- he shoves a cart/gurney at Bo, trapping her. He  
charges, picking Bo up and SLAMMING her down on an empty  
slab -- closing his meaty hands around her neck--

48 INT. CITY MORGUE -- FREEZER - CONTINUOUS

48

Dyson summons all his strength, moves back a few steps, WOLF  
OUTS and charges the door --

48A INT. CITY MORGUE - CONTINUOUS

48A

--SFX: Sound of Freezer Door BREAKING OPEN -- as Bo hovers  
near unconsciousness, Lucas/Body Builder's hands 'round her  
neck, 'til -- SFX: CLICK. Dyson cocks his gun, and points  
it right at the Hsien's head, breathing heavily.

DYSON

No more bodies within reach. I pull  
the trigger, you're as dead as the  
one you're in.

Lucas releases his hand around Bo's neck. Panting, Bo stares  
at Dyson, incredulous.

(CONTINUED)

48A CONTINUED: 48A

BO  
(breathless)  
What took you so long?!

Dyson squares his jaw, unable to tell her the truth...

49 OMITTED 49

50 INT. CITY MORGUE -- HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER 50

Dyson sits across the desk from a now zip-tied BODY BUILDER CORPSE. Bo leans against a wall, rubbing her bruised neck.

BO  
Who paid you to take down Mayer?  
Where's his money?

LUCAS/BODY BUILDER  
Somewhere you'll never find it.

DYSON  
Whatever. We got all the time in  
the world. Unlike you.  
(breathing deeply)  
I can already smell that corpse  
starting to rot. Few more hours,  
it'll be so decomposed, you won't be  
able to stay in it.

Bo smiles, getting it. She perches prettily on the desk.

BO  
If you don't get back to your own  
body soon, Lucas, you'll be worm  
food. Like your little human puppets.

Lucas/ Body Builder corpse shifts in his chair, uncertain.

BO (CONT'D)  
At this point, I'm thinking of locking  
you in one of the morgue's body  
drawers. Hell of a way to spend  
your last few hours...

Lucas/Body Builder snarls, furious. But stuck.

LUCAS/BODY BUILDER  
--He FORCED me into Roger's corpse.  
Fixed the bet at Mayer's. Said if I  
didn't trick the old bookie, I'd  
lose my body forever!

DYSON  
He who, Lucas?

(CONTINUED)



50 CONTINUED: 50

Dyson leans forward, urgently. CUT TO:

51 INT. CHINESE RESTAURANT -- NIGHT 51

Bo and Dyson enter, Dyson pushing a zip-tied Lucas/Body Builder corpse before him. They stop at the entrance way in front of Mayer.

BO

This is Lucas -- your body jumper.  
He's gonna tell us who ripped you  
off.

MAYER

He better.

Mayer doesn't move, blocking their way.

BO

You gonna let us in?

Bo and Dyson move to come inside. Mayer stops them.

MAYER

You? Yes. Him? No.

Bo looks surprised. Dyson fumes.

DYSON

I can't enter without his permission.

He squares off with Dyson. Confrontational.

MAYER

We work for different sides. I don't  
want him knowing my business.

DYSON

And I don't want the Ash knowing I  
was involved in it.

BO

So you both stay quiet. Everybody  
wins.

MAYER

(to Dyson)

On your blood honor?

He holds out a hand. Dyson seethes, then shakes it. Mayer  
nods.

MAYER (CONT'D)

Bad peace is better than good war.

(CONTINUED)

LG-105

"Dead Lucky"

GREEN

2-22-10

47A.

51

CONTINUED:

51

He steps aside.

( CONTINUED )

51 CONTINUED: (2)

51

Seymour lumbers over. His eyes grow wide when he spots Dyson, Bo -- and the bodybuilder in handcuffs. He scoffs, nervously.

SEYMOUR

What's with the meat delivery?

BO

Lucas spilled, Seymour. The jig's up.

MAYER

What!

Seymour swallows, now real nervous.

SEYMOUR

You don't know what you're talkin' 'bout.

Mayer takes in his sweaty, nervous face, realizing--

MAYER

Can't be.

LUCAS/BODY BUILDER

Believe it, Pal. Seymour and his buddy hired me. My real body's in his car.

MAYER

*Dreke fresser!*

Mayer's goons surround Seymour and his driver goon accomplice (from scene 36).

SEYMOUR

(to Lucas)

You sick corpse jockey! All you had to do was not...be stupid!

BO

Pot, meet kettle. You poor, dumb--

Mayer holds up a hand, stopping her. Seymour's lip quivers.

MAYER

My sister's only son. I gave you everything but common sense.

SEYMOUR

You never let me do nothing!

Swift as lightning, Mayer SLAPS Seymour across the face.

(CONTINUED)

MAYER

Three hundred years, you finally  
grow a backbone -- and use it to try  
and usurp your own uncle!?

51 CONTINUED: (4) 51

SEYMOUR  
I just wanted some respect--

MAYER  
You're dead to me.

He turns away. Seymour's face falls...

DYSON  
Shall I go get the body of evidence?

Dyson smirks as he shoves Lucas/Body Builder corpse towards the exit.

51A OMITTED 51A

51B EXT. CHINESE RESTAURANT/CITY - NIGHT 51B

Dyson pushes Lucas/Body Builder towards Seymour's caddy. Lucas nods towards the trunk. Dyson reaches to unlock it.

DYSON  
In here?

He pops it open, revealing Lucas' rather pitiful REAL body -- and Kenzi, her arms bound. She gives a little wave.

DYSON (CONT'D)  
Kenzi??

KENZI  
Really-gotta-pee-please-don't-tell-  
Bo-I'm-here!

He scoops wee Kenzi out with one hand.

In the background, two Goons push Lucas/Body builder towards his own body. The body builder reaches out, touches it -- the now animated body in the trunk breathes deep. The body builder corpse collapses. Dyson stares in disgust. Kenzi raises an eyebrow. Whoah.

KENZI (CONT'D)  
That's new.

DYSON  
(to Lucas)  
You're welcome.  
(to Kenzi)  
As for you...

He loosens Kenzi's bonds. She gives him an awkward -- but grateful -- hug. He smiles, bemused.

(CONTINUED)

51B CONTINUED:

51B

DYSON (CONT'D)  
Blind date gone bad?

KENZI  
Please, mock the human. 'Cause that's  
not getting old.

In the background, the goons chuck the body builder's body  
into the trunk -- then drag real Lucas away...

KENZI (CONT'D)  
None of you take me seriously.  
(serious)  
Except Bo. And I just wanted to  
keep it that way.

Dyson stares, totally getting what she means. Kenzi sighs.

DYSON  
Then...I won't tell her about this.

KENZI  
Like I won't tell her how much it  
hurts you, every time you two are  
together.

Dyson reacts, surprised. She nods, moved.

KENZI (CONT'D)  
Yeah. I noticed. But we both know --  
it's worth it.

DYSON  
Welcome back to Team Dyson.

KENZI  
You *wish*.

She snorts. But laughs. He grins.

DYSON  
(nodding)  
We're getting T-shirts.

She punches him. Ha ha.

52 OMITTED  
THRU  
54

52  
THRU  
54

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT FOUR

TAG

FADE IN:

55 INT. CHINESE RESTAURANT -- NIGHT

55

Dyson leads Kenzi inside. Bo's mouth drops open.

BO  
Kenzi! What are you doing here?

KENZI  
(too fast)  
He texted. We text.

Dyson hides a grin.

DYSON  
You know. Backup.

Dyson hides a grin, nods and exits. Bo raises an eyebrow.

BO  
Weirdo.

KENZI  
He's not so bad.

BO  
I meant you, freak.

Mayer's goons remove a still sobbing Seymour, as Bo and Kenzi approach Mayer's booth and sit down. Bo watches Seymour go -- with something almost like pity.

BO (CONT'D)  
Seymour--

MAYER  
(spits at the name)  
A traitor. My own flesh and blood...

BO  
What are you gonna do with him?

MAYER  
Get him somewhere safe.

Mayer looks very, very tired. Bo and Kenzi react, surprised.

(CONTINUED)

55 CONTINUED:

55

MAYER (CONT'D)

He's family. So. You promise not to tell, I let you see the oracle.

He nods, crisply. But Kenzi pounces, leaning forward eagerly.

KENZI

"Let", my *balls*. That was the first deal -- and she made good on it. You want Bo to keep your secret? That's a whole new shebang.

MAYER

What do you want?

BO

I'll take the debt.

Mayer raises an eyebrow. Bo shrugs.

BO (CONT'D)

Never know when I'll need to call one in. On your blood honor?

She scowls, sternly. She's learning. Mayer extends his hand, nodding. Bo shakes, pleased. Mayer half-grins.

MAYER

You're alright. For a succubus.

BO

Not so bad yourself -- considering you're dark Fae.

MAYER

So join us.

BO

I keep telling you people -- I'm not picking sides. At least, not until I find out about my parents.

She stares pointedly. Mayer nods, understanding.

(CONTINUED)



55 CONTINUED: (2) 55

MAYER  
Cassie's in the back.

Bo exits the booth, heads for the kitchen, excited. Kenzi grabs an egg roll. So not intimidated by Mayer. Their fingers touch, briefly -- producing that SHIMMER TRAIL of Mayer's. He examines her, curiously.

MAYER (CONT'D)  
I'd love to feed off you.

KENZI  
I'd make a bad snack. I've never had much luck.

Mayer licks his fingers. She's wrong.

MAYER  
You've got the taste of a survivor.

He points at Kenzi. Mayer smiles kindly, pouring her some tea.

MAYER (CONT'D)  
And if I can't eat you? I can use you. If you need a job--

KENZI  
--I got a job.

Kenzi exits the booth -- not accepting the tea. Mayer watches her go, almost...respectful.

56 INT. CHINESE RESTAURANT -- KITCHEN -- NIGHT 56

Cassie cracks her neck. Peers across the counter at Bo.

CASSIE  
Let's do it.

Cassie grabs Bo's hand. A FLASH OF LIGHT.

57 INT. VARIOUS N.D. -- NIGHT 57

A SERIES OF DE-COLORIZED IMAGES flash onscreen:

57A INT. N.D. PRISON CELL -- NIGHT 57A

SFX: Crying. A woman, hair obscuring her face, in timeless (no specific era, please) dungeon garb -- i.e. a grey, slouchy shift falling off one delicate shoulder, tied with a crude rope belt. Her hands are in manacles, her feet attached to the stone wall by a long chain. She shivers and rocks back and forth, clearly in a bad way.

(CONTINUED)

57A CONTINUED: 57A

CASSIE (V.O.)  
*A girl. Your mother. Betrayed --  
by the one she loved most.*

57B INT. N.D. WOODS -- DAY 57B

This same woman RUNNING through the woods, still in dungeon wear, in and out of trees. Fleeing. Wild hair obscuring her face.

CASSIE (V.O.)  
*But she escaped. After all those  
years. Searching...yearning...for  
her child. For you.*

57C INT. N.D. LOCATION -- NIGHT 57C

CLOSE ON: a MACHETE. Blood drips down the blade.

CASSIE (V.O.)  
*She will be coming. There will be a  
battle. Death.*

57D INT. N.D. LOCATION -- NIGHT 57D

Suddenly, Bo's there, her face coated with blood. SLOW MOTION as she swings the blade, angry as hell.

CASSIE (V.O.)  
*You. You will have to choose. She's  
coming. She's coming. She's--*

A last FLASH OF LIGHT--

58 INT. CHINESE RESTAURANT -- KITCHEN -- NIGHT 58

Cassie BREAKS her grip on Bo's arm, staggers to the sink.

CASSIE  
I'm gonna ralph.

She coughs then turns. A shaky Bo hands her a kleenex. Cassie dabs -- at her BLEEDING NOSE. Cassie looks around wildly. Panicked.

BO  
What was that? That wasn't my memory.

CASSIE  
No duh. Do NOT tell anyone that  
just happened.  
(freaked)  
That, like, never happens.

58 CONTINUED:

58

BO

But -- what does it mean?

Cassie stares -- a combination of fear and awe.

( CONTINUED )

58 CONTINUED: (2)

58

CASSIE

You're a major player. Fate has  
some serious plans for you.

(brightening)

Later!

She exits happily. Kenzi enters, hesitantly. Takes in Bo's  
stricken face.

KENZI

And?

Bo can't even talk. She just shakes her head. Kenzi squeezes  
her arm, sympathetic.

KENZI (CONT'D)

It was a long shot. Maybe it's better  
not knowing. Family -- it's  
complicated.

Bo turns to Kenzi, stunned.

BO

Kenzi -- she's alive. My mother's  
alive.

Off Bo's utterly shocked gaze...

FADE OUT.

END OF EPISODE