

LOST GIRL

Episode # 106

"Food For Thought"

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WHITE PROD DRAFT 3-Mar-10
FULL BLUE DRAFT 8-Mar-10
PINK DRAFT 9-Mar-10
FULL YELLOW DRAFT 12-Mar-10
GREEN DRAFT 12-Mar-10
FULL GOLDENROD DRAFT 15-Mar-10
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LOST GIRL

"Food For Thought"

TEASER

FADE IN:

A0 INT. BO'S BEDROOM -- NIGHT

A0

Kenzi struts in scarfing back a slice of pizza, taking a second to realize Bo is getting "ready" for something, Bo assessing various tops in a mirror.

KENZI

I mean, really: is there anything so sweet as melty, melty cheese--

(pauses, frowns)

Wait, do we have plans? What're we doing? Do I have time to change--

BO

(amused)

I have plans. I'm getting ready for a doctor's appointment.

*
*

KENZI

Uh... in a push up bra and sexy boots? At this hour?

(faux whisper; cups her mouth)

Newsflash: I don't think they're a real doctor.

*
*

BO

It's with Lauren, knob. I'm taking a test tonight.

(re: shirt)

What about this one?

Kenzi comes behind, scrutinizes her in the mirror.

KENZI

Not low enough, more boob-ala; gotta let the girls breathe.

Bo considers, then shrugs agreement, tossing the options aside. Kenzi goes to recline on Bo's bed, watching Bo finish her make up.

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*
*

KENZI (CONT'D)

What kind of test is this, anyway? A sex test? She gonna grade on your curves?

(CONTINUED)

A0 CONTINUED:

A0

BO

Actually, it pretty important. It's kind of like a... succubus midterm. Lauren's taking me for a night on the town, wants to see if I've learned full control in the real world yet.

(sighs)

I know I've come pretty far fighting my feeding urges, just not sure I've come far enough...

*
*

*

KENZI

So - what's with the fashion panic?

*

BO

I want to look nice.

*

KENZI

For a test. Or for Lauren?

(shrugs)

What? I'm just saying, this seems like date nerves. I know you like-a de ladies.

BO

Well, relax. This is definitely not a date. I just freaking hate tests. I'm better with multiple orgasms than multiple choice.

*

KENZI

Mwah-ha-haa.

Bo turns to her reflection, takes a breath, trying to calm herself.

BO

But you're right. I need to chill. It's not the end of the world.

(takes a breath)

There will be no disasters on the menu tonight. Just drinks, maybe dinner. What could possibly go wrong with that?

*
*
*

OFF Bo smiling as she preps to go.

1 INT. THE DAL RIATA - NIGHT

1

Bo and Lauren each down a TEQUILA SHOT, then suck on a lime. Not drunk, but Lauren is relaxed enough to share her passions for her work.

(CONTINUED)

1 CONTINUED:

1

LAUREN

--I'm just saying, the beauty of your kind is how elegantly they've evolved. Sometimes, things that seem fantastic are actually quite simple.

BO

Uh... did you just call me simple?

Bo feigns mock offense; Lauren flashes a smile.

LAUREN

You know what I meant.

BO

Yeah, well -- I certainly wouldn't call my ole 10 year killing spree simple.

LAUREN

No, but we're changing that. You're getting really good at controlling yourself in a lab environment --

(indicates room)

You're ready for a test drive in the real world.

BO

You picked a good spot. The sexual energy in this place is off the charts tonight.

Lauren grins. Bo takes a swig of BEER and slams it down, eager to begin.

BO (CONT'D)

So: how does this work?

(CONTINUED)

1 CONTINUED: (2)

1

LAUREN

Tell me something first: when you're in a crowd like this, how do you read a libido?

BO

I see an energy flow.

LAUREN

Like an aura?

BO

(grins, explains)

Yes. A horny, horny aura. The more aroused someone is, the hotter they burn.

Bo indicates a COUPLE across the room.

BO (CONT'D)

Take them. He's average. But she's way more into him.

LAUREN

(excited, fascinated)

You can tell that much? So...on a scale of 1 to 10?

BO

He's a four. She's a seven.

LAUREN

And...what about me? Right now?

Bo reacts to the flirtation with a dry smile.

BO

What about keeping this professional?

LAUREN

Call it scientific curiosity.

BO

Oh, you're definitely curious. Not sure it's entirely scientific.

Their gaze meets; Lauren looks away first, blushing.

LAUREN

We need another drink.

BO

Ohh, yeah--

She's already flagging barstaff...

2 INT. THE DAL RIATA - NIGHT

2

Bo and Lauren are ensconced in a booth now. A flirty, leave-us-alone vibe. Bo and Lauren each down a TEQUILA SHOT, then suck on a lime. Empty SHOT GLASSES litter the table. Lauren's relaxed; tipsy. Bo laughs affectionately.

LAUREN

Woo! One more lime, I won't feel my lips.

BO

I like After-Hours-Lauren! You need to work on not being so in control all the time.

LAUREN

Noo, we're here to work on you gaining control. Come on:

Lauren reaches for Bo's hand; Bo hedges.

BO

You sure you're ready for this?

LAUREN

Hit me.

Bo takes Lauren's hand; a wave of energy surges between them. Lauren INHALES sharply, turned on, chest a bit constricted.

BO

You feel that?

LAUREN

Yes. ...But focus on what you're feeling.

BO

...hungry.

LAUREN

Good.

They lock eyes for a beat, then Bo leans in for a kiss. Lauren does, too, mouths almost meet... until Bo stops.

BO

This is crazy. Once I really start feeding, I can't stop.

LAUREN

You can! You just need to believe it. You're ready, Bo.

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED: 2

BO
(hesitates, then)
Some other time.

Bo's a bit embarrassed to be wussing out; Lauren looks a bit disappointed. A beat of awkwardness.

LAUREN
Okay. We'll keep working on it.
(then, gently)
It might help if you stopped fighting
your nature. The Fae aren't monsters,
Bo. Neither are you.

Off Lauren and Bo, at an impasse.

3 INT. HALIMA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT 3

CLOSE ON a CLEAVER slicing through the air, then THWACK as it cuts into a RAW SLAB OF MEAT.

REVEAL HALIMA, 60s, sweet ethnic-grandmotherly vibe, making herself some nice home made soup in her cozy, dimly-lit room. Knickknacks adorn nearly every available surface. Music PLAYS in the b.g.

She HUMS along to the MUSIC, takes a lid off a steaming pot to toss in the meat and some HERBS. Takes a TASTE.

Needs a little something. Still humming, she opens her fridge, pokes about inside--

--and takes out a HUMAN FOOT, plopping it into her soup pot...

4 INT. HALIMA'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT 4

Halima GROANS; sleeps fitfully in her bed. She sits up and CLICKS on the bedside light.

Goes to her bedroom mirror (or picks up a handheld one bedside)--

REVEAL BLOOD staining her face, leaking from her eyes. Halima SCREAMS as we crash to CREDITS...

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

5 INT. LAUREN'S CLINIC - DAY

5

Bo and KENZI wait in a sleek, modern room. Kenzi fiddles with high-tech research equipment as they chat.

KENZI
How much longer's this gonna take?

BO
You have somewhere better to be?

KENZI
I'm starving. And this place gives me the creeps. It's so...Lauren.

BO
Give her a chance. She's more interesting than you think.

KENZI
Only because you want to see her naked bits.

Bo laughs; Kenzi absently spins a LEVER until it falls off in her hand.

KENZI (CONT'D)
... Is this supposed to come off?

BO
You break it, you bought it.

KENZI
Wouldn't surprise me. Doctors are bigger cons than I am.

BO
Dial it down. She's really helping me, Kenz.

KENZI
Hey, I'm super happy the "treatments" are workin' for you. But nothing in this world is free.

BO
So?

KENZI
So, ever asked yourself: what's she getting out of this arrangement?

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED:

5

Bo frowns lightly at this thought; Kenzi hides the lever behind her back as Lauren breezes in. A bit shy and reserved around Bo again.

LAUREN
Sorry, I'm late.

BO
Busy morning?

LAUREN
And it just got busier. Would you mind if we rescheduled? I have to get to an outside appointment.

BO
Anything wrong?

LAUREN
(distracted)
Just official business.

BO
As in, none of my business. And here I thought we'd made progress last night.

Lauren looks over at Bo's unimpressed tone. Bo gets to her feet, collecting her stuff. Lauren hesitates, then:

LAUREN
You could...tag along?

KENZI
Why, is it take a Fae to work day?

LAUREN
(ignoring; to Bo)
You want to know more about my work with other Fae. You'd get to meet one from one of the oldest Fae orders.

BO
Sure. We'd love to.

Bo and Lauren exchange a smile. Kenzi eye-rolls.

LAUREN
Great. We're off to visit a sick patient at home.

KENZI
Wait, sick...? Nobody mentioned sick...

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED: (2) 5

Off Kenzi as she shuffles grudgingly out behind them.

6 INT. HALIMA'S APARTMENT - DAY 6

Lauren FLASHES her ASH NECKLACE to a BIG LUG standing in the apartment's doorway. Bo sees the interaction; notes it as odd.

LAUREN

Where's Halima? The Ash sent me.

The LUG grants them entry and leads them towards a bedroom. Kenzi hesitates; Bo looks back. Kenzi is craning her neck to look towards the bedroom.

BO

You coming?

KENZI

I'm gonna take a pass.

(explains)

Fae-cooties. I'm not big on sick peeps.

LAUREN

Fine. Wait here...and try not to break anything.

Kenzi shoots her a fake smile, which turns into a scowl as Lauren moves off.

KENZI

(muttered impersonation)

'Try not to break anything'.

As Bo passes she LIGHTLY slaps the back of Kenzi's head in punishment for her mockery. Kenzi winces, then sighs, glancing around and looking for how to kill time.

7 INT. HALIMA'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - DAY 7

Heavy curtains are drawn. The dim light reveals the room has a boho-gypsy vibe, cheerfully decorated with an abundance of colourful beads and scarves.

A plume of smoke rises from burning incense next to TWO FAE FAMILY MEMBERS who use finger beads and CHANT quietly.

FIND HALIMA in bed, propped up by an array of pillows. Her eyes weeping blood is the only colour on her ashen face. She dabs her eyes with a cloth as Lauren examines her.

Bo looks on from a respectful distance.

(CONTINUED)

7 CONTINUED:

7

HALIMA

Thank you for coming. I hate to cause any fuss.

LAUREN

Don't be silly, you know we take care of our own. The Ash sends his best.

(sitting, friendly)

You're actually my first Aswang patient.

HALIMA

I'm not surprised. We rarely need to see a doctor.

BO

Sorry --Aswang?

LAUREN

(indicates Bo)

My assistant. She's new to all this.

Halima smiles, weak. She motions for Bo to approach. Meanwhile, Lauren has opened her med kit, is taking her pulse or listening with a steth:

LAUREN (CONT'D)

Aswang are one of the older Fae orders. They may not know it, but humans enjoy a very symbiotic relationship with them.

BO

How so?

HALIMA

We eat human corpses.

Beat.

BO

Say again...?

Halima manages an amused smile/cough at Bo's polite shock and distaste.

HALIMA

(to Lauren)

She is new.

(to Bo, gentle)

We would never take a human life, we just use their dead bodies. For our nourishment.

(CONTINUED)

7 CONTINUED: (2)

7

LAUREN
(to Halima)
Look up for me--?

Lauren moves in with a optical scope to examine Halima's eyes, while continuing to answer Bo.

LAUREN (CONT'D)
Aswang help keep contagions out of
the human population by eating their
diseased dead, so both sides benefit.

Lauren puts down the scope.

HALIMA
It's bad. Isn't it?

LAUREN
I'm not liking what I'm seeing.
Could this be due to...someone you
ate?

Off Bo's being mildly creeped by the question, and Halima as she dabs at a bloody tear, considering.

8 INT. HALIMA'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - DAY

8

A warm and welcoming room that has a classic grandmother vibe complete with cookie jars, potted plants, colourful tea towels, etc. Kenzi smiles as she takes in the bric-a-brac.

Her stomach GROWLS LOUDLY.

KENZI
(pats stomach)
Easy, boy.

She checks to confirm she's alone, then begins to poke around. She opens a canister and pulls out a TEA BISCUIT.

KENZI (CONT'D)
Score!

She tears off a piece and scarfs it back.

Growing bolder, she lifts the cover off a pot on the stove. She INHALES DEEPLY. The soup smells amazing.

Off Kenzi as she ladles SOUP into a bowl; prepares to eat.

9 INT. HALIMA'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - DAY

9

Pick up where we left off with Bo, Lauren and Halima chatting.

(CONTINUED)

9 CONTINUED:

9

HALIMA

I really don't see how this could be food-related. I've eaten everything: Cancer, Black Death, Ebola -

LAUREN

- With no past side effects?

HALIMA

Just the odd case of heartburn.

She leans forward for emphasis:

HALIMA (CONT'D)

But I know my body and something's definitely wrong. I'm dying, aren't I?

LAUREN

Let's not get ahead of ourselves.

BO

I'm sure Lauren can help you.

LAUREN

First, I have to isolate the cause. I'll need to check your food. What have you eaten in the last 24 hours?

Off Halima, contemplating.

10 INT. HALIMA'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - DAY

10

Kenzi sits at a small table. She BELCHES, satisfied. In front of her rests an EMPTY SOUP BOWL. She uses a small crust of biscuit to wipe along the inside of the bowl.

ANGLE ON Bo and Lauren as they stride in -

And STOP. They STARE.

ON Kenzi as she spins around, still holding the biscuit. Frowns at their obviously freaked reaction.

KENZI

(mid mouthful)

What? What I do?

Lauren strides to the stove, sticks long-handled tongs deep into the pot and pulls out the dripping HUMAN FOOT.

Off Kenzi, horrified.

11 INT. HALIMA'S APARTMENT - LATER

11

ON KENZI at a sink (kitchen or bathroom) head back, gargling loudly.

INTERCUT:

Bo and Lauren confer as, in their b.g., Kenzi is freaking out. Periodically shouting at them. Currently ransacking the cupboards for anything mouth-cleansy.

KENZI

So, not only does this Ass-wang have a really unfortunate name...it also eats dead people?! And noobody thought to mention this? "Hey, Kenzi, look out for random body parts. Oh, and -- by the way-- foot soup!"

LAUREN

Try to keep it down.

KENZI

(whisper-rants)

I want a second opinion, 'cause that sounds like the worst possible advice!

Kenzi harumphs, returns to the SOAP PUMP she's found, scrubbing her tongue with some.

BO

Relax, Kenz. It's gonna be okay.
(quietly, to Lauren)
It is, right?

LAUREN

We're not even sure the soup made Halima sick. It could be completely unrelated.

(shrugs)

Even if it is the soup, Kenzi may not be affected. Human physiology is completely different from Fae.

Bo watches as Kenzi starts rifling through drawers, mildly frantic. Resorts to SPAYING some perfume on her tongue, gagging.

KENZI

Anyone got any mints??

BO

(sotto; to Lauren)
What do we do?

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED:

11

LAUREN

I'll go test the soup, I should know more in a few hours. Halima gets her food from Pelway Funeral Homes. Go find out what you can about this foot.

Bo nods, then Lauren exits with the FOOT in a tupperware container.

Kenzi rejoins Bo, slightly more chill. Bo winces.

BO

You all right?

KENZI

Fantastic. Worst case scenario I just ate toxic soup. Best case - I'm a toe-sucking cannibal!

Bo smiles, gently leading her out.

BO

We're going to figure this out. It'll be all right.

KENZI

Sure.

(muttering)

I mean, sometimes I stick my foot in my mouth, but at least it's always my foot.

Bo slings her arm around Kenzi's shoulder as they leave.

11A EXT. FUNERAL HOME - DAY

11A

To establish.

12 INT. FUNERAL HOME - HALLWAY - DAY

12

MARIAN, 50s, the PRIM FAE FUNERAL HOME DIRECTOR, escorts Bo and Kenzi down the hallway.

MARIAN

Poor Halima! This is terrible. She's been a customer for years.

BO

How exactly does that work?

MARIAN

On the surface, we operate as a typical funeral home, and offer
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED:

12

MARIAN (CONT'D)
excellent service to our human
clients.

KENZI
And on the side, you do hot business
feeding gramma to the Fae?

Marian shoots her a grim look. Bo presses on:

BO
She's not feeling well. Go on,
please.

The three women breeze into -

13 INT. FUNERAL HOME - CASKET SHOWROOM - DAY - CONTINUOUS

13

A somberly decorated room, filled with VARIOUS CASKETS.

Kenzi pops a ROLAIDS TABLET, then checks out a CASKET. She
strokes the interior, then spies the price tag: \$10,000.

KENZI
(sotto; to Bo)
If you weren't dead already, these
prices would kill you!

MARIAN
(continues, not hearing)
We have very tight regulations for
the food appropriation stream, only
suitable candidates are selected.

BO
Define suitable?

MARIAN
There's an extensive checklist. No
immediate relatives, factors like
cause of death, age, ethnicity, all
help us assign bodies to the
appropriate outlets.

KENZI
That's very...recyclly. Why should
something go to waste when someone
else needs it, right?

MARIAN
Precisely.

BO
We need to know about your last
shipment to Halima.

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED:

13

Marian turns to her fileodex/card reference system.

MARIAN

James Sibley. 43. He was the victim of a hit-and run, but I didn't like the look of him. He was marked Aswang-Only just in case.

KENZI

Why just Aswangers?

MARIAN

We provide for many carrion-eating Fae, but few have the constitution of the Aswang. They can eat anything, so the entire shipment went to Halima.

BO

And Sibley's address...?

Off Bo as Marian hands her the fileodex card.

13A INT. THE DAL RIATA -- BACK ROOM -- NIGHT

13A

Trick PLOPS a beer stein on a small table in front of plump, disheveled, mid-60s Fae, ARVAL.

ARVAL

Ahhhh! Thank you, Patrick.

Arval takes a long draw as Trick settles into a nearby chair.

ARVAL (CONT'D)

This is one fine ale.

TRICK

You should know. You order it every time.

ARVAL

What can I say? I find comfort in routine.

TRICK

So, do you have it?

ARVAL

In all these years, have I ever failed to deliver?

Arval opens a rickety satchel; rifles through it and pulls out a vial of powder. Trick grabs it; opens it and places a pinch on his tongue. He smiles, satisfied.

(CONTINUED)

13A CONTINUED:

13A

TRICK

I've been craving a big dish of
Colcannon. This --
(holds up the vial)
--is the secret ingredient.

ARVAL

How does that old song go?

Arval stares off, prepares to recite.

ARVAL (CONT'D)

"Oh, wasn't it the happy days when
troubles we had not."

TRICK

"And our mothers made Colcannon in
the little skillet pot."

ARVAL

Yes! I'll drink to that!

And Arval takes another slug of beer.

TRICK

So, what do you want for it?

ARVAL

How about that?

He points to a beautiful old case resting on a side table.

TRICK

The Gleipnir? Out of the question.

Arval LAUGHS; motions to look at it.

ARVAL

You used to have a better sense of
humour.

Trick hands the case over. Arval opens it to reveal a thin
chain, almost like ribbon. He runs his fingers over it.

ARVAL (CONT'D)

Hard to believe this held the Fenris
wolf.

TRICK

Forged by Dwarves. Stronger than
any iron chain. The more Fenris
struggled, the stronger it became.

(CONTINUED)

13A CONTINUED: (2)

13A

ARVAL

It's a beauty. You ever want to trade it--

TRICK

--never going to happen.

ARVAL

Never say never, old friend.

Arval winks, then takes another slug of beer.

OFF Trick, pensive, as he SNAPS the case closed and returns it to the table.

14 EXT. SIBLEY HOUSE - DAY

14

Bo and Kenzi approach. Kenzi pops a ROLAIDS TABLET; a large bag on her shoulder.

BO

You sure you're okay? You look a bit flushed. Here - let me carry the bag for you.

KENZI

Relax, Mom. I'm fine. Besides, I'm gonna need it in a sec.

BO

For what?

KENZI

Decent neighbourhood. Decent building. Do the math.

BO

I thought we agreed - no stealing on jobs.

KENZI

Technically - you can't steal from a dead guy.

(off her snort)

Seriously. Ask museums. It's a thing.

14 CONTINUED: 14

Bo shoots her a look. Then spies the door ajar. STOPS. Bo motions for Kenzi to be quiet as she edges the door open -

Bo creeps in, with Kenzi close behind -

15 INT. SIBLEY HOUSE - DAY - CONTINUOUS 15

Bo and Kenzi move further inside. The house has been ransacked: clothes litter the floor, furniture overturned, etc.

KENZI
Somebody was definitely looking for something. What a mess!

Then a MUSCULAR GOON jumps Bo from behind, pushes Kenzi aside. Bo spies a TATTOO, clearly visible on the arm wrapped around her neck. As she struggles against him:

BO
I'm guessing you aren't the maid--

MUSCULAR GOON
Piss off, whore.

Bo 'busts free', shoves him back.

BO
Mouth! There are ladies present--!

Bo sobers when he WHIPS OUT A GUN. He backs away; bends to grab a DUFFEL BAG stuffed with papers. While he's distracted, Bo crouches and sweeps her foot out; knocks his legs out from under him.

As he goes down: BLAM! A SHOT RINGS out, going wild, no idea where it lands. Bo ducks; Kenzi covers her face and dives to the floor with a THUMP.

The MUSCULAR GOON scrambles to his feet with the DUFFEL BAG and flees out a side door.

Bo jumps up, charges after him, when:

KENZI (O.S.)
(whimpers)
Bo...?!

Bo turns, sees Kenzi on the ground.

BO
Kenz! You hit?!

KENZI
No...

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED:

15

Kenzi raises her head to reveal BLEEDING EYES (just like the Aswang's).

KENZI (CONT'D)

But suddenly I don't feel so good.

Off Bo's panic.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

16 INT. LAUREN'S CLINIC - DAY 16

Lauren stares through a microscope.

MICROSCOPE POV of a GLASS SLIDE where cells devour each other.

LAUREN (O.S.)
You are nasty, aren't you?

BACK TO SCENE

Lauren records a few notes until Bo hustles in carrying a bleeding, slightly weak Kenzi.

LAUREN (CONT'D)
What happened?

BO
She collapsed!

LAUREN
Damn it. Over here--

Lauren is alarmed and swings into action, helps Bo place Kenzi on an EXAMINATION TABLE. Kenzi is a bit panicked.

KENZI
Everyone calm down. Just a little
eye blood... who hasn't had a little
eye blood, huh?

BO
(ignoring; to Lauren)
Can you help her?

Lauren wipes Kenzi's eyes, but Kenzi snatches the cloth away. Fear starting to show under her bravado. Motions her two LAB TECHS to come help.

KENZI
Really, I probably just sneezed too
hard. I should go home and rest.
Bo, can we just go home?

LAUREN
I did develop a rudimentary treatment -

KENZI
- Told ya. I'm gonna be fine.

(CONTINUED)

16 CONTINUED:

16

BO
So give it to her!

Lauren pulls Bo aside to speak quietly as Kenzi is cleaned up by the Lab Techs in the b.g.

LAUREN
A treatment isn't a cure. If she's bleeding internally, like Halima, I can give her a platelet transfusion, try and slow it down...

BO
...but that won't last for long.

Bo waits, grim, and Lauren nods. Bo takes a breath.

BO (CONT'D)
So what are we dealing with?

LAUREN
(agitated)
Hemorrhagic fever from some sort of thread virus I've never seen before.

BO
Then where the hell did it come from?

LAUREN
Definitely the foot.

Lauren indicates the work station a few feet away, where the remains of the FOOT is surrounded by medical gear.

LAUREN (CONT'D)
I found a chemical substance in the tissue I can't identify.

BO
That doesn't make any sense. The funeral director said foot-guy died from a simple hit-and-run, not some damn plague.

LAUREN
That may've been the official C.O.D., but he was already a very sick man by then.

Bo SIGHS, frustrated. Lauren leans in close.

LAUREN (CONT'D)
You should know, Halima's worse. Her family's bringing her in.

(CONTINUED)

16 CONTINUED: (2)

16

Bo sits with this a beat, turns to her. Firm.

BO

I need some good news, Lauren. How do we fix this.

LAUREN

(not confident)

...if we could find the original source of infection, theoretically, I could use a sample to create an antitoxin.

BO

(decisive)

Good. We'll do that. I'll dig into Sibley's life, see what I can find out.

Lauren is a bit taken aback as Bo breezes past, squeezes Kenzi's hand.

BO (CONT'D)

I'll be right back. You're in good hands.

(to Lauren)

Take care of her.

Bo is on a mission now, a force of nature; Lauren just nods as they part. OFF Kenzi, looking alone and scared.

17 INT. 39TH DIVISION - DAY

17

CLOSE ON a COMPUTER SCREEN as J-A-M-E-S S-I-B-L-E-Y is entered into a LAW ENFORCEMENT SEARCH ENGINE.

BO

Anything yet?

REVEAL Bo alternately pacing and staring over DYSON's shoulder at the SCREEN. BANK RECORDS come up.

DYSON

Looks like this guy couldn't hold down a job. Then, 8 months ago, a steady stream of money started flowing into his account from...Taberman & Associates.

BO

Maybe they know something. Can you get an address?

The CLICK of the KEYBOARD as Dyson enters the request.

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED:

17

DYSON
Doesn't exist - it's just a front.

BO
Dammit!

She paces, upset.

DYSON
What about the guy tossing Sibley's
apartment? Remember anything about
him?

Dyson pushes a chair over for Bo. She sits.

BO
I dunno... white guy, maybe 5'10?
Seemed like a pro.
(recalls)
He had a tattoo on his arm.

DYSON
What'd it look like? I'll run it
through the database.

She's excited now. The CLICK of the KEYBOARD as Dyson enters
the description. Bo moves to him; peers over his shoulder.

BO
There was a skull, with big ass horns.
And then there was a wheel or some
kind of...tire?

DYSON
A motorcycle tire?

She nods and he smiles, pushes his chair back.

DYSON (CONT'D)
Hell, I don't even have to look that
one up. Local bikers: The Iron
Chains.
(grabs coat)
C'mon. I know where they hang out.

Off Bo and Dyson as they charge out in hot pursuit.

18 EXT. IRON CHAINS CLUB HOUSE - DAY

18

A dingy gang house, line of bikes out front. A handful of
TATTOOED LUGS and their old ladies drink and chat on the
porch or lawn. A few work on their BIKES. Convivial.

Bo struts over; all eyes turn to her for a beat.

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED:

18

BO
Hello, boys. Got a minute?

The MURMURS and CAT CALLS cease as Dyson appears behind her. Bo spies the MUSCULAR GOON sitting at his bike, tinkering.

BO (CONT'D)
(to Dyson)
That's him.

MUSCULAR GOON'S POV in the bike mirror as Bo and Dyson approach. He SMASHES his beer bottle; brandishes the jagged glass.

MUSCULAR GOON
Walk away. I got nothin' to say.

TWO TATTOOED BLOCKHEADS step up behind Bo and Dyson.

DYSON
Friendly place.

Bo and Dyson exchange a look, then Bo delivers a killer PUNCH, SMASHING her fist into GOON's face. He HOWLS in pain.

Dyson spins, throat-punches one BLOCKHEAD who falls to his knees GASPING for air.

The others start to grumble and approach. Dyson HOLDS UP HIS BADGE and they pause.

DYSON (CONT'D)
Don't anybody be stupid. Just here
for some information.

Meanwhile, Bo has the Muscular Goon bent over, holding his arm behind him and ready to break it. The others watch, tense.

BO
Feel like talking now?

MUSCULAR GOON
Okay, fine! It ain't worth this
much trouble.

BO
What were you doing in that apartment?

MUSCULAR GOON
A guy paid me 500 bucks to clean it
out.

BO
What guy?

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED: (2)

18

MUSCULAR GOON

Didn't get a name.

Bo bends his arm again. He HOWLS.

MUSCULAR GOON (CONT'D)

But I followed him downtown! Wanted to know where to find him in case he tried to stiff me.

DYSON

And?

MUSCULAR GOON

And he works in that big ugly building on the corner of Dunkirk and University.

Bo releases him; he FLOPS over, winded. She glances at Dyson.

19 INT. LAUREN'S CLINIC - DAY

19

Dyson stands nearby, a tad awkward, as Bo perches on Kenzi's bed, dabs her bloody eyes.

BO

We might've got a break in the case.

KENZI

What can I do?

BO

Rest. I can handle this one solo.
(leans in; sotto)
Just hang in there till I get back.
Deal?

KENZI

Deal.

As Bo leaves, Dyson moves closer.

KENZI (CONT'D)

You'll stay with me, right?

DYSON

You bet.

Kenzi reaches out, squeezes his hand - doesn't let it go.

KENZI

Promise?

DYSON

...Promise.

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED:

19

He's a little caught off guard by her vulnerability.
Embarrassed she shrugs it off.

KENZI

Not that I'm scared or anything.
I'm just bored. You amuse me.

He smiles. Surrrrre.

ANGLE ON LAUREN AND BO

at Lauren's computer station at the far end of the room.

LAUREN

You think Baron Chemical's involved?

In their b.g., Dyson sitting and talking to Kenzi, making her LAUGH briefly... then dissolve into a coughing fit. Bo glancing over at Kenzi worriedly, then back to Lauren.

BO

That's the building we traced this
to. Maybe Sibley was a lab rat for
them, some kind of top secret toxin?

LAUREN

That would help explain all the
residual chemicals in his system.
But if so, it's not an approved trial.

BO

How do you know?

Lauren indicates her COMPUTER, scanning her page quickly.
(COMPUTER SCREEN: "BARON CHEMICAL: current trials" etc..)

LAUREN

We keep track of approved clinical
trials globally, make sure none look
problematic for the Fae.

(shrugs)

None of the Phase III drugs they're
testing would cause this.

BO

Whatever's killing Kenzi is probably
somewhere inside that place. I'm
breaking in, and I need your help.

Lauren actually laughs. Bo doesn't. Lauren blinks.

LAUREN

Oh. You're serious. ...Me? What
can I do?

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED: (2)

19

BO

Come with me. I need your expertise.
I don't even know what I'm looking
for.

LAUREN

That's crazy. It's too dangerous.

BO

So I should just let Kenzi die?

LAUREN

Of course not.
(flustered)
Anyway, I work for the Ash. I can't
just go pursue things unapproved.

BO

This thing can kill Fae. How is
helping me stop it not in the Ash's
best interest?

They stare at each other a beat, then Lauren relents. Looks
back at her computer screen briefly, thought forming.

LAUREN

Okay. I might know a way to get us
in. But we'll need Dyson's help.

Off Bo as she shoots Lauren a grateful smile.

20 INT. LAUREN'S CLINIC - HALLWAY - LATER

20

Kenzi looks ASLEEP in the b.g., through the open doors.
Lauren, Bo and Dyson congregate, talking a bit sotto.

LAUREN

We're in luck. Baron Chemical's
been cited for processing errors in
its labs and it's scrambling to calm
stockholder jitters.

BO

Why is that lucky?

LAUREN

Because now they're bringing in
outside Quality Control Inspectors.

She hands Dyson a PHOTO of a WOMAN, her name reads: Karina
Hansen.

LAUREN (CONT'D)

I could pose as this one.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

20 CONTINUED:

20

LAUREN (CONT'D)
She's flying into town tonight.
(to Dyson)
Can you detain her?

DYSON
We've got someone placed in Customs,
owes me a favour. He could probably
put her on a 24-hour hold. Let me
check--

Dyson moves off, flips open his cellphone. He turns back.

DYSON (CONT'D)
Call me when Kenzi's up.

Bo turns to Lauren as Dyson saunters off.

BO
And what about me?

Lauren smiles.

21 INT. BARON CHEMICAL - HALLWAY - DAY

21

LAB WORKERS pass along the hall.

LAUREN (V.O.)
Baron's Director of Operations is a
legendary letch. He's had a revolving
door of assistants over the past
year.

SLOW-MO: Bo struts along the hall in believable but highly
sexy "Naughty Secretary" mode: short skirt, low-cut blouse
and killer heels.

LAUREN (V.O.) (CONT'D)
I'm sure you can convince him to
take you on. So to speak.

Heads turn; all eyes TRACK Bo as she struts past heading
confidently to the big LAB ENTRY at the end of the hall.

She pauses at the OPEN DOORS, grabs a passing security guard
by the arm, eyes scanning the busy lab in front of them.

BO
I'm here to see the Director of
Operations?

KOUYOUMIJIAN (MID-50s) stands just inside the lab doors,
consulting with someone; LOOKS UP at the sound of his name,
PASS KEY attached to his pants. He gives her the 'full body
scan'; likes what he sees.

(CONTINUED)

21 CONTINUED:

21

KOUYOU MIJIAN

That's me. What can I do you for?

BO

I'm Cindy. I hear you could use a new assistant.

She shakes his hand; a surge of ENERGY passes between them. It's all the convincing he needs. He hands off his CLIPBOARD to the tech he was speaking with with barely a glance, approaching Bo with a smile and gallant gesture.

KOUYOU MIJIAN

Walk with me.

Bo smiles back coquettishly, walking with him.

21A INT. 39TH PRECINCT -- DAY

21A

Dyson escorts a frazzled DR. KARINA HANSEN into the precinct. She's cuffed, and he carries or drags her carry on luggage.

DR. HANSEN

I'm telling you, I'm a doctor, not a drug mule!

*

DYSON

So you keep saying.

DR. HANSEN

Look, can't we talk about this? There must be a rational explanation.

DYSON

Sure. And you can tell it to the judge.

*

(to detective)

Can you get me a 1059?

*

The detective gives him a paper as they pass; Dr. Hansen continues to plead as Dyson calmly studies the form.

DR. HANSEN

Oh, this is ludicrous! Baron Chemical can vouch for me, they just flew me in to start a contract!

*

*

*

DYSON

With a drug company, huh? That's convenient.

*

*

*

DR. HANSEN

I have no idea how that stuff got in my bag!!!

*

*

*

(CONTINUED)

LG-106 "Food For Thought" DOUBLE YELLOW 5-10-10 26A.

21A CONTINUED:

21A

DYSON

Which stuff, the drugs or the pipe
bomb?

(CONTINUED)

21A CONTINUED: (2)

21A

DR. HANSEN

Bomb?

(then)

I need to sit down.

DYSON

Knock yourself out, we're gonna be a while.

He slides a rolling CHAIR towards her as Karina limply takes her seat a tad dazed.

DYSON (CONT'D)

(to Detective)

Watch her. I'll take this to Evidence.

He indicates the bag, heading out into the hall.

21B INT. 39TH PRECINCT - INTERROGATION ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

21B

Lauren is PACING the small space - looks up.

DYSON

Here.

He hands the bag to Lauren who does a quick look through.

DYSON (CONT'D)

There's Baron ID in there. I'll need the rest back.

LAUREN

You got it. What happens to the real Karina?

Dyson casts a glance behind himself at the closed door, as if wanting to be extra sure no one sees this.

DYSON

Law says I can hold her for 24 hours. I'll make sure we clear her of all charges after that.

He's EYEING her pensively, as Lauren takes a BARON ID TAG from the bag, hands the bag back.

LAUREN

Thanks, for this.

DYSON

I'm surprised the Ash would put his head geek at risk this way.

(CONTINUED)

21B CONTINUED:

21B

LAUREN

(breezy)

He wasn't going to. I talked him
into it.

*

He's not sure he likes the sound of that. Shakes his head.

DYSON

Hope you know what you're doing.

He opens the door, looking out before going through--

22 INT. LAUREN'S CLINIC - DAY

22

Kenzi, rouses. She's wan; dry lips and face. Looks around -
alone. Her bed is now encircled with CURTAINS, cordoned
off. She's alarmed.

KENZI

Dyson--?

She HEARS some commotion in the room. Sits up with effort,
yanks the intravenous from her arm and stumbles off her bed,
heading for the curtain.

KENZI (CONT'D)

Anybody--?

Kenzi WHIPS back her curtain, sees out into the larger room--
--as an ALARM WAILS O.S.

KENZI'S POV of LAB ASSISTANTS rushing INTO the room, past
her curtains -- PUSHING HALIMA on a bed, crash cart
accouterments etc along for the ER-type ride.

Kenzi follows the commotion - can't get a good look at Halima
past the frenetic lab staff.

KENZI (CONT'D)

Hello?

LAB ASSISTANT (O.S.)

We're losing her!

Kenzi, as if in a nightmare/dream state, slowly navigates to
a head on view --

KENZI'S POV of HALIMA, who looks HORRIFIC, blood leaking out
of her orifices, etc.

(CONTINUED)

22 CONTINUED:

22

KENZI

Oh my God... help her. Help her!!

The BEEEEEEP of Halima's stopped heart; the lab staff look over at Kenzi's intrusion, in gloves and masks.

LAB ASSISTANT

Get the human out of here.

Descend; drag her away.

KENZI

Noooo! Let me go!

Off Kenzi as she struggles to escape, being dragged back towards her bed, one of the Lab Assistants holding up a NEEDLE as if preparing to sedate her...

KENZI (CONT'D)

Bo!!!!!!!!!!

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

22A EXT. BARON CHEMICAL - DAY 22A

To establish.

23 INT. BARON CHEMICAL - RAT TESTING ROOM - DAY 23

REVEAL BO, pacing in the small space, surrounded by CAGED RATS. Looks over as the DOOR OPENS--

--finding Lauren entering, a bit nervous: the name tag on her lab coat: KARINA HANSEN. They have an urgent, sotto convo.

BO

What took you so long! I've been waiting in Rat City the last half hour! I think they're starting to judge me.

Bo gestures at the CHITTERING RATS.

LAUREN

Sorry, couldn't get away, they were giving me the grand tour. This undercover stuff is a rush! I don't know how you stomach it.

(takes breath,
focussing)

How about on your end? Any problems with Kouyoumijian?

BO

None. I'm in. So what have you found out?

LAUREN

Well, whatever we're looking for is probably in Sector 6, but I'm not cleared for access to it.

BO

What about the security?

LAUREN

Three on duty at all times. Two posts.

BO

I can handle them. Let's do this.

She goes to move. Amazed, Lauren stops her.

(CONTINUED)

23 CONTINUED:

23

LAUREN

You're not serious? Listen to yourself, Bo. You're not thinking clearly.

BO

I don't want to think, I want to do something! The clock is ticking.

LAUREN

The odds of us saving Kenzi go up if we don't actually get caught first.
(calm, firm)

I know you're impulsive, but we need to go in with a plan. That's how I work.

The stare at each other a beat. Bo relents.

BO

Fine. We'll play it your way. What's the brilliant plan?

Lauren slips a RECORDING DEVICE from her pocket, hands it to Bo.

LAUREN

Sector 6 is a restricted zone. We need a pass key and voice cue. You have to get both from your boss.

BO

Fine, done. I'll just succubus him.

LAUREN

Okay, again: use your head. You go too far and start leaving bodies, it'll just bring more attention.

BO

If I can't go Succubus, how am I supposed to pull this off??

LAUREN

Trust me. You have enough... charms, all on your own.

Lauren blushes slightly. Bo smiles softly.

LAUREN (CONT'D)

Now, we have better odds if we try this after hours, so at 7, I'll create a diversion in the lab that'll temporarily disable the guards. That's your cue.

(CONTINUED)

23 CONTINUED: (2)

23

BO
And if we screw this up? How long
does Kenzi have.

Lauren smiles empathetically; touches Bo's hip.

LAUREN
Let's make sure that doesn't happen.

Off the moment holding between them. BROKEN as a lab tech
opens the door and Lauren and Bo break contact and go back
to their "roles".

24 INT. LAUREN'S CLINIC - DAY

24

Kenzi wakes, moaning. She looks rough, ashen with cracked
lips. There are no more curtains, no more Halima - just
her.

She sneaks to the main door and gives it a tug; finds it
LOCKED. Wants to cry from fatigue and frustration.

KENZI
Dammit!

KEYS RATTLE O.S. in the door.

Kenzi shuffles back to her bed, just as a LAB ASSISTANT
strides in carrying a tray. He approaches the bed, produces
a syringe and searches for a viable vein.

A nervous, scared Kenzi attempts to make a connection.

KENZI (CONT'D)
Didn't you just take some of my blood,
like an hour ago?

She winces as he jabs her arm; fills vials.

KENZI (CONT'D)
If this is some weird blood donor
thingy, cookies are normally provided.

The LAB ASSISTANT remains mum.

KENZI (CONT'D)
Your bedside manner really sucks.

He stares at her with disdain. His attitude peeves her.

KENZI (CONT'D)
What do you have to be so high and
mighty about? It's not like you
saved that Aswang.

(CONTINUED)

24 CONTINUED:

24

As the LAB ASSISTANT applies cotton wool to the puncture site Kenzi sits forward, realizing; panic rising.

KENZI (CONT'D)

That's right! You couldn't save her. So how hard are you gonna try to save...a dirty human?! Huh?

Kenzi grabs the syringe; points it toward him. He lurches back in fear. Looks from her to the closed door. Too far.

LAB ASSISTANT

What do you want?

KENZI

Unless you wanna be stuck with a contaminated needle - you're gonna help me get outta this hellhole.

She looks him over.

KENZI (CONT'D)

But first things first. Strip.

Off the confused LAB ASSISTANT as he drops his pants.

25 INT. BARON CHEMICAL - HIGH-TECH LAB - DAY

25

A hive of quiet activity as six QUALITY CONTROL INSPECTORS perform tests on various chemicals and drugs.

FIND Lauren filling a PHARMACEUTICAL CENTRIFUGE (e.g.) with liquid. Then, she pretends to record data as she scans the room. The CLOCK says 4:15.

With everyone busily working - She runs her finger along a row of bottles; extracts one.

She removes a syringe from her lab coat and expertly inserts it into the bottle.

She extracts liquid then injects it into a COLLARED NEEDLE.

Off Lauren as she caps and pockets it.

26 INT. LAUREN'S CLINIC - DAY - LATER

26

Dyson stands by Kenzi's empty bed as the LAB ASSISTANT, who is dressed in (different) scrubs again, is tying up his shoes, defensive and peevish.

DYSON

I can't believe you let her leave.
Where the hell did she go?

(CONTINUED)

26 CONTINUED:

26

LAB ASSISTANT

No idea, can't be far, though, she's deteriorating too fast.

DYSON

How much time does she have?

LAB ASSISTANT

She's human so it's hard to know for sure, but I'd say less than 12 hours.

DYSON

Is she contagious?

LAB ASSISTANT

Not unless you plan on eating her. Which would serve her right.

Dyson gets in his face a little.

DYSON

This has to be kept quiet. No one can know she's gone. Not Lauren. Not Bo. No one. Got it?

The LAB ASSISTANT nods 'yes' as DYSON exits. EYES flaring as he INHALES, scenting the air.

27 OMITTED

27

28 INT. BARON CHEMICAL - KOUYOUMIJIAN'S OFFICE - DAY

28

Bo is alone, hurriedly SEARCHING the desk. When the door opens, she immediately strikes a sexy pose on the desk, covering.

Kouyoumijian smiles, comes towards her.

KOUYOUMIJIAN

I called your references. You come highly recommended.

BO

That's me. Satisfaction guaranteed.

Bo leads him towards his couch by his tie.

BO (CONT'D)

I don't want to give you the wrong idea about me. I'm a good girl.

She pushes him down, straddles him with a smile.

BO (CONT'D)

Very, very good.

(CONTINUED)

28 CONTINUED:

28

KOUYOUMIJIAN

I can see that.

He goes to kiss her but she PULLS BACK coyly, out of reach. Meanwhile, her free hand reaches into her skirt band, grabs the MINI RECORDER (from Lauren) stashed there and furtively presses 'VOICE RECORD'. She pouts.

BO

I have a confession to make. It's kind of embarrassing.

KOUYOUMIJIAN

Your secrets are safe with me.

BO

I'm not sure how to pronounce your name.

KOUYOUMIJIAN

Is that all! Don't feel embarrassed. It happens a lot. It's Mkhitar Kouyoumijian.

Bo purposely mangles it:

BO

Koo-yoo-jammy...?

KOUYOUMIJIAN

Not bad.

BO

Strange. I don't usually have trouble wrapping my mouth around things.

He shoots her a lascivious smile and moves in close.

KOUYOUMIJIAN

(slowly; with emphasis)
Mkhi-tar Kou-you-mi-ji-an.

She leans in, whispers hot against his cheek--

BO

Such a sexy name.

--as he GROANS, nearly overcome with lust, oblivious when she tears the PASS KEY from his pants.

Then Bo sits straight, pops off him smiling brightly.

BO (CONT'D)

Oops, five o'clock! See you tomorrow!

(CONTINUED)

28 CONTINUED: (2)

28

KOUYOU MIJIAN

--huh?

He swallows thickly, watches her swish away. Then smiles, enjoying the game.

KOUYOU MIJIAN (CONT'D)

Little tease.

Bo's back is to him, but her face is all business.

29 EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

29

Birds TWITTER. Kenzi sits on a weathered bench, still in scrubs, wearing her jacket. Dyson appears, sits beside her. She glances over at him.

KENZI

Big ups for finding me. That wolf nose of yours is solid gold.

DYSON

Interesting choice.

KENZI

I came here a lot when I was a kid. Sometimes you just need a quiet place to think, ya know?

Dyson nods, 'yes'. Kenzi's quiet a bit, then:

KENZI (CONT'D)

You promised you wouldn't leave.

Dyson SIGHS; knows he let her down.

DYSON

I'm sorry. Bo needed some help. Came back as soon as I could.

She COUGHS, not quite ready to forgive him.

KENZI

I'm not going back to that place. Period. It's wa-a-a-y too Cuckoo's Nest. I'd rather die in a ditch.

DYSON

Then I'll take you somewhere else. Somewhere safe.

They look at one another. She weighs her trust in him.

(CONTINUED)

29 CONTINUED: 29

KENZI

Okay. But can we stay a bit longer?
It's nice here. Unless you've got
somewhere to be?

DYSON

No. I'm good.

Kenzi smiles up at him.

30 INT. BARON CHEMICAL - HIGH-TECH LAB - NIGHT 30

A WALL CLOCK reads 7:00. Room empty now. CLOSE ON A CABINET
DOOR as it slowly pops open to reveal Lauren squished inside.

Lauren crawls out of the cubby-hole. She moves quickly across
the room's windows, deftly MIXING several chemicals together

31 INT. BARON CHEMICAL - HALLWAY OUTSIDE HIGH TECH LAB - NIGHT 31

The HEAD OF SECURITY and GUARD 1 (female) scan the hall on
their rounds.

GUARD 1

Hey, those Quality Control geeks
allowed to be here unsupervised?

HEAD OF SECURITY

Damn.

(into WALKIE)

Hey Clint, be advised: clearing a
bogey out of floor five.

GUARD 2

(over walkie)

Copy that.

They saunter forward...

32 INT. BARON CHEMICAL - HIGH-TECH LAB - NIGHT 32

The GUARDS charge into the lab. Can't see Lauren.

GUARD 1

Doctor Hansen? You still in here?

Hearing nothing, move further inside. SMOKE starts to flow.

Guards COUGH. Lauren pops up behind them, wearing a gas
mask, and locks them inside the lab.

The GUARDS look back at her, betrayed, then FLOP to the floor
as they struggle, overcome by the gas.

(CONTINUED)

32 CONTINUED: 32

Lauren pulls off her mask, slightly out of breath with adrenaline: and speaks into her phone to Bo:

LAUREN
Sorry! You'll sleep it off!
(into phone)
Bo? You're a go.

33 OMITTED 33

34 INT. THE DAL RIATA - TRICK'S LAIR - NIGHT 34

Dyson carries Kenzi inside Trick's plush private room, replete with ancient artifacts, books, etc.

TRICK
You got her--?

DYSON
Yeah. Thanks for closing early.

TRICK
The fewer who know about this - the better.

Kenzi's flushed and a little disoriented, muttering to herself in Russian.

Dyson plops Kenzi on a cozy sofa. She wakes enough to notice her odd surroundings. Mumbles:

KENZI
Did I just wake up in Narnia? Or is that the fever talkin'?

TRICK
Shh. Rest.

And she nods off as Trick SQUEEZES a cloth already waiting in a bowl of cold water, laying it on her forehead.

TRICK (CONT'D)
(glances at Dyson)
You know they'll expect her to be brought back to the lab. The Ash could come after you for insubordination.

DYSON
I don't always take orders from him.

34 CONTINUED:

34

TRICK

True, but he's not supposed to know that.

They share a brief, wry smile; Dyson eyes Kenzi.

DYSON

Can you do anything for her?

Trick pulls a blanket gently over Kenzi.

TRICK

I can buy her some time. The rest is up to Bo and Lauren.

Off Kenzi, sleeping fitfully.

35 INT. BARON CHEMICAL - SECTOR 6 HALLWAY/ENTRANCE - NIGHT

35

An ARMED SECURITY GUARD (GUARD 2) stands outside the locked door for SECTOR 6, the RESTRICTED ZONE.

Bo approaches from behind.

BO

You know what?

He turns, hand to his utility-belt/weapons. She's eyeing him up and down coyly.

BO (CONT'D)

You really fill that out.

Bo continues approaching, UNBUTTONING a few buttons on her shirt. He's confused and cautious.

GUARD 2

You aren't clear to be here, ma'am.

BO

I can't help it -- I really do love a man in uniform.

He raises an eyebrow - and crosses his arms, unimpressed.

GUARD 2

Honey, that makes two of us.

Bo halts, comprehending her total lack of affect on him: he's gay. She sighs, deflated.

BO

Aw, shit.
(shrugs)
Succubus it is--

(CONTINUED)

35 CONTINUED:

35

--and then she GRABS his wrist at the skin, yanking him into her KISS.

And then she kisses him; begins to suck the LIGHT from him. He MOANS; his desire reaching fever pitch.

They SLAM against the wall then slide to the floor. Her eyes flicker to BLUE as she begins to drain him.

An AURA FX reveals his LIFE FORCE slipping into Bo; her eyes gleam BLUE.

He GRUNTS, fading. Bo throws her head back, realizing.

BO (CONT'D)

Focus!

She can't resist, though, drawn back into the kiss...

And then tears herself off, EYES normalizing.

BO (CONT'D)

No.

She takes a few deep breathes, wrests control of herself... then looks at him, anxious. Reaches out to touch his face--

He groans, alive. MUTTERS to himself, like a drunk. Bo smiles a million watt smile.

BO (CONT'D)

I did it! Check me out!

Heady from the encounter, she pulls herself up and stumbles toward the SECTOR 6 ENTRANCE.

O.S. the SOUND of a gun being COCKED!

GUARD 2 (O.S.)

(groggy)

Not so fast. What the hell did you do to me--

Bo whips around to face the GUARD 2 as he struggles unsteadily to his feet, and points his GUN at her. She raises her hands, teeth gritted,

BO

Apparently, not enough...

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

36 INT. BARON CHEMICAL - SECTOR 6 HALLWAY/ENTRANCE - CONT'D 36

We resume same scene: a standoff between Bo and the armed Guard.

BO
This is what I get for playing nice.

GUARD 2
I don't know what you're playing,
but -

REVEALING Lauren in standing behind him; as he falls FLAT onto his belly, Bo looks down in confusion and see the TRANQ NEEDLE (that Lauren prepped in sc#25) sticking out of his back, where Lauren obviously jammed it. BO lights up, proud and amazed.

BO
Look at you, saving my ass!

LAUREN
I know! It was incredible!
(waves at him)
He'll be fine once it wears off.

Lauren exhales, composing herself.

LAUREN (CONT'D)
But I'm now officially out of my
element. I think it's time we played
it your way.

BO
Good. Let's do this.

ANGLE ON the SECURITY DOOR a few feet away as they hustle to it, Lauren scanning around nervously as Bo SWIPES Kouyoumijian's PASS CARD.

Lauren assesses Bo's disheveled clothing and lipstick.

LAUREN
(semi-sotto)
So, did you...you know, with the
guard? Back there?

Green lights FLASH on the SECURITY PANEL.

BO
Yeah.

(CONTINUED)

36 CONTINUED:

36

LAUREN
But...he's still alive.

BO
I know. I stopped myself.

She flashes a proud grin, Lauren REACTS, amazed, as they move forward.

36A INT. THE DAL RIATA -- NIGHT

36A

Trick paces, looks up as Arval, lugging the satchel, shuffles toward him. His TEA SET (from sc 38) on the bar.

TRICK
You're late, Arval. I was beginning to think you weren't coming.

ARVAL
Patience! You requested a very rare commodity.

TRICK
But you did get it?

ARVAL
With difficulty. I had to barter several prized pieces. My last phoenix skin. A rare tusk. The first edition of--

TRICK
Let me see it.

Arval rifles through his satchel, extracts an item covered in cloth. Trick unwraps it to reveal an ABATH HORN.

TRICK (CONT'D)
It's perfect.

Arval slides him a grin. Puts his hand on it again.

ARVAL
It's expensive. You think you can afford it?

Trick extracts the Gleipnir case, hands it to Arval.

ARVAL (CONT'D)
The Gleipnir?
(then)
Are you sure?

(CONTINUED)

36A CONTINUED:

36A

TRICK
I'm sure. And for a further trade
in future.

Arval opens the case; admires the thin chain.

ARVAL
We have a deal, my friend.

But Trick is barely listening, already walking to the bar
with his horn.

37 OMITTED

37

38 INT. THE DAL RIATA - TRICK'S LAIR - NIGHT

38

KENZI is awake, looking ghastly, but trying to investigate
the small space, huddled in a blanket.

She runs her fingers along the drawer of an old desk. Opens
the drawer, takes out the one item: an old looking (leather
wrapped?) kit, that when unwrapped, reveals an odd collection:

A small glass bottle, old NEEDLES with remnants of dried
blood in them; rubber tube for tying off a vein; and an old
fashioned PEN NIB. Kenzi frowns, lightly passes her hand
over it--

TRICK
Don't.

She jumps. He just stares at her a beat, a small tray in
his hands. Crosses over beside the couch or bed, putting
down the tray and starting to calmly GRATE what looks like a
piece of OLD HORN/ANTLER into a teapot.

KENZI
(chagrined, re: kit)
Sorry. ...What is it?

TRICK
Something I no longer use. Come
have some tea.

She does, a bit wobbly. Trick take the antler/shaving tea
and pours her a cup. She smiles a bit shyly.

KENZI
For a cranky ole bartender, you make
pretty good with the nurturing.
(staring in cup)
What's in this? Eye of newt?

(CONTINUED)

38 CONTINUED:

38

TRICK
(amused)
Something like that. Abath horn.
(MORE)

38 CONTINUED: (2)

38

TRICK (CONT'D)

It should slow the bleeding for a
little while, improve your strength.
Had to guess at the human dosage.

Kenzi takes a sip. She's SHIVERING.

KENZI

Thanks. And thanks for letting me
crash. I'm feeling better already.
I think this is just one of those 24-
hour plagues.

Trick smiles sadly at her; Dyson enters in the b.g., catches
his eye. Neither happy.

38A INT. THE DAL RIATA - TRICK'S LAIR - LATER

38A

Kenzi does seem a little more stable, if not much better
looking. Dyson is taking his watch, now; places another
blanket on her.

KENZI

I'm fricking freezing, dude. Can
you wolf out and lie on my feet?

DYSON

Maybe later.
(then)
Bo's gonna come through, you know.
She always does.

KENZI

So how come you all look so freaked
out? It's not polite to lie to the
dying girl, you know. Bad juju.

He doesn't say anything. She tries to sit up a little.

KENZI (CONT'D)

Look - I need you to full up, death-
bed promise me something.

DYSON

Will you just lie down.

She lies back, wracked with a bloody cough into a white
rag/handkerchief for a moment.

KENZI

I see more than anyone thinks, because
no one's ever watching me. They're
always looking at Bo. And what I
see is you helping her - even when
it hurts you.

(CONTINUED)

38A CONTINUED:

38A

DYSON

So?

They stare at each other for a beat.

KENZI

So, how can you protect her if being with her makes you weak?

DYSON

I'm working that out.

Not good enough. Kenzi puts a hand on his.

KENZI

What I'm asking is, if I'm not... "here", some day. Can I count on you to have her back? Even if it means cutting her loose?

Off Dyson as he stares at Kenzi.

38B INT. BARON CHEMICAL - VOICE AUTOMATED ENTRANCE - NIGHT

38B

Bo and Lauren at the ENTRANCE, as an AUTOMATED VOICE CUE from the SECURITY PANEL prompts them:

AUTOMATED VOICE

Please state your name.

Bo produces her mini recorder device, CLICKS PLAY.

RECORDED MESSAGE

Mkhitar Kouyoumijian.

Then SWOOP, the door pops open.

LAUREN

So all our training is working, you can control it?? You know what this means--?

BO

(genuine)

It means I have a lot to thank you for. But first, we gotta save Kenz.

Lauren permits a slight smile, then:

LAUREN

Eyes open. We need to find the source, or maybe core samples, genetic materials--

Bo and Lauren move inside -

39 INT. BARON CHEMICAL - SECTOR 6 LAB - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS 39

DARKENED room -- motion triggered.

The YELLOW OVERHEADS are lighting now, showing--

REVERSE to Bo's POV: a LARGE CONTAINMENT TANK housing a HUGE SNAKE partially obscured by a murky liquid, with attendant machinery attached to it.

BO (CONT'D)
--ya think it might be whatever's in
the giant fricking tank?

Lauren stares; amazed. They APPROACH. Upon closer inspection they can see something moving inside. Bo TAPS the glass.

BO (CONT'D)
Here, snakey snakey--

And WHOMP, something clearly SNAKELIKE (and weird-looking, NOT your average python) SLAPS against the side of the glass.

LAUREN
That's no snake. It's a Basilisk!

BO
Is that bad?

Lauren eagerly CLIMBS up the little STEPS beside the tank, looking in.

LAUREN
It's just bizarre. An incredibly
rare UnderFae, extremely toxic skin.
I'm amazed they even got it here!
(then, assessing
equipment)
Poor thing. They've got it on life
support. Hand me that--?

Bo looks where she points, picks up a long PROBE/EXTRACTOR. Lauren flips the security latches and tugs on the tank lid. It won't budge. Bo is alarmed by Lauren's move.

BO
What are you doing?

LAUREN
I need a tissue sample.

Bo quickly ascends the stairs; takes up position beside Lauren. Bo grabs the lid handles and uses her Succubus strength to slide open the hatch, then she takes the PROBE/EXTRACTOR from Lauren.

(CONTINUED)

39 CONTINUED:

39

I'll do it. ^{BO} Get its attention so I
can jab it.

39 CONTINUED: (2)

39

LAUREN crouches, TAPS on the glass while BO perches precariously above the open tank above her, poised with EXTRACTOR in hand. The water ripples -

BO (CONT'D)
Almost.... That's it....

Then the BASILISK raises its terrifying head and WHAPS it against the glass directly in front of Lauren's face. EKE!!

LAUREN
NOW!

And with a mighty thrust, Bo STABS it with the medical device - in and out, fast, taking the core sample with her.

BO
What else do we need?

Lauren checks and removes the sample, pockets it as Bo hurries down the steps.

LAUREN
Just this! I'll use it to create an antitoxin.

BO
Then let's get the hell out of here.

Lauren descends the steps, joins Bo who's moving toward the exit. Bo spies Lauren hesitate at a MEDICAL LIFE-SUPPORT CART.

BO (CONT'D)
What's wrong?

LAUREN
We can't leave it behind, it's too dangerous!

BO
Well, we aren't taking it with us!

(CONTINUED)

39 CONTINUED: (3)

39

LAUREN

It's no good to them dead. Help me!

BO joins Lauren at the MEDICAL CART; they both frantically rip out the CORDS that lead to the tank.

A piercing ALARM begins to blare.

BO

Shit! They're on to us!

LAUREN

We don't have much time. The lab will be put on automatic lock down!

BO

Let's go, let's go!!!

Bo darts toward the exit. Lauren rips out one last CORD then sprints after Bo, while the SIREN still screams...

40 OMITTED

40

END OF ACT FOUR

TAG

FADE IN:

41 INT. THE DAL RIATA - TRICK'S LAIR - NIGHT 41

Bo sits next to the weak and delirious Kenzi. She's dried out like Halima. Her lips are cracked and bleeding. INTRAVENOUS IN HER ARM, bag hung, needle PARAPHERNALIA laid out on a table beside. Bo is agitated, touching Kenzi's cheek gently.

BO
She's still burning up! How long's
this supposed to take?

LAUREN
It should be working by now.

ON Bo as she takes a DEEP BREATH, stressed to the max. Dyson moves towards her to offer consolation--

--But Lauren steps in just ahead of him.

Dyson pulls back in surprise at the familiarity between them as Lauren slings her arm around Bo's shoulders and Bo leans ever so slightly into her embrace, eyes still locked on Kenzi.

Kenzi's head slumps to one side; her mouth falls open.

Bo GASPS, leans forward. Is Kenzi...?? Bo grabs Kenzi's dry, wrinkled face. CLOSE ON Kenzi's eyes as they flicker open.

KENZI
Bo...???

BO
I'm right here.

KENZI
(groggy)
I'm hungry...

They all look to one another and LAUGH. Lauren moves in; quickly checks Kenzi over.

TRICK
Any special requests?

KENZI
Yeah. No more feet.

Dyson moves in to see Kenzi; Bo pulls Lauren to one side.

(CONTINUED)

41 CONTINUED:

41

LAUREN

Healing will be slow. She needs to take it easy for a while.

BO

Yeah, good luck convincing her of that!

(smile fades)

Thank you. For everything.

LAUREN

Well, I owe you some thanks, too. It was nice to get out of my shell.

DYSON'S POV as Lauren moves in close to Bo. ON Bo as she spies Dyson watching. She pulls back; it's awkward.

BO

Um...Look, Lauren -

LAUREN

- I get it. We're not undercover anymore. This is the real world.

She struggles for the right words.

LAUREN (CONT'D)

I'm happy Kenzi's going to be okay. I really should go.

Bo watches as Lauren grabs her coat and bolts out the door.

42 INT. THE DAL RIATA - NIGHT - LATER

42

VARIOUS FAE populate the bar.

Trick slides a TAKEOUT BAG containing a burger and fries in front of Kenzi. Her pallor's improved; she's on the mend!

KENZI

Ohhhh, meaty goodness. Come to mama.

Kenzi scarfs it back, famished. Bo looks on, pleased. Dyson ambles over.

DYSON

Everything all good?

BO

Great, actually. Scored points with the Ash for helping solve this; Kenzi's on the mend; and my sex life's no longer on the critical list.

(CONTINUED)

42 CONTINUED:

42

DYSON
Oh, yeah. How so?

BO
All my training is working. I can probably have sex with humans now. No casualties.

DYSON
(hard to read)
Guess you have the good doctor to thank for that. She going to be your first test run?

Bo frowns, a bit put off.

BO
Why, would that be a problem?

DYSON
What you do with other people is your business.

BO
So... you wouldn't care if I started seeing other people. Hypothetically.

There's a beat when he might react - but he just plays it cool and sips his beer.

DYSON
Not at all.

He heads off, leaving Bo alone, looking a little conflicted.

BO
Good to know.

Off a confused Bo as she watches Kenzi devour her food, we...

FADE OUT.

END OF EPISODE