

LOST GIRL

Episode 107

"ArachnoFaebia"

Written by
Emily Andras

WHITE PRODUCTION DRAFT 26-Apr-10
FULL BLUE DRAFT 28-Apr-10
FULL PINK DRAFT 29-Apr-10
FULL YELLOW DRAFT 30-Apr-10
GREEN DRAFT 30-Apr-10
FULL GLDNRD DRAFT 3-May-10
DBL WHT DRAFT 4-May-10
DBL BLUE DRAFT 6-May-10
DBL PINK DRAFT 7-May-10
DBL YELLOW DRAFT 19-May-10

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

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

LOST GIRL

"ArachnoFaebia"

TEASER

FADE IN:

1 EXT. CLUBHOUSE -- DAY 1

To establish. Stock shot.

2 INT. CLUBHOUSE -- ENTRANCE -- DAY 2

KENZI leads in a model cute, muscular PIZZA DELIVERY GUY in jeans, carrying a pizza. She fluffs her hair, flirting. But he's looking for someone else...

KENZI

So, Pizza Pete! How's the day job?

PETE

Soul-sucking. Though I got an audition tomorrow. Power tools commercial.

KENZI

You'll "nail" it. See what I did there?

Pete brightens when he sees BO walking towards them.

PETE

Hi.

BO

(to Kenzi)

This guy up in your grill?

KENZI

Not yet. But the night's still young.

Kenzi winks at Pete. Bo rolls her eyes.

BO

Less blah, more 'za.

Bo strokes Pete's cheek, producing that GLOW. He sighs, ecstatic. She leads him back towards the door.

BO (CONT'D)

Next time, think double cheese, Phil.

PETE

It's Pete. And I love you--!

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED:

2

She SLAMS the door in his adoring face. Kenzi follows Bo into the living room (littered with Kenzi's dirty clothes), pouting.

BO

What?

KENZI

I was getting my flirt on.

BO

With the delivery dude?

KENZI

He's an actor. And I'm pretty sure his crust is double-stuffed, if you know what I mean.

BO

I wish I didn't.

KENZI

It's all so easy for you. I want adoring man slaves who do whatever I want.

Bo makes a face. She steps into an old bowl CAKED with hardened cereal. She shudders.

BO

Some things are easy for you. Like confusing the floor with the sink. And the laundry hamper.

Bo CHUCKS some of Kenzi's dirty SOCKS at her, pointedly.

KENZI

I'm not the one who leaves my weapons everywhere.

She holds up a comically large AXE.

KENZI (CONT'D)

Were you planning on chopping some wood?

BO

It's for protection. *Our* protection.

KENZI

Well just consider these "our" socks.

Bo grabs Kenzi's hand, excited. Kenzi jumps.

(CONTINUED)

2

CONTINUED: (2)

2

BO

Hey -- this is a fight. Our first
fight!

KENZI

Mazel tov?

BO

It's like we're real-life sisters!

She hugs Kenzi. Kenzi hugs her back, still grumpy.

KENZI

For walking Viagra, sometimes you're
such a nerd.

Bo picks up a DIRTY FRYING PAN.

BO

Not to belabor the point but -- I
actually saw rat poop this morning.

KENZI

(shudders)

Maybe I will put away these dishes.
But not 'cause you said to, scary
dish Nazi.

BO

Relax. I'm picky. Not psychotic.

KENZI

Family. It's always psychotic.

Bo grins fondly after Kenzi, headed for the kitchen....

3

INT. SUBURBAN HOUSE -- DAY

3

A worried old LADY hums as she checks the front door.

PEARL

Five minutes until our show starts!
Are you making the popcorn?

She checks the multiple LOCKS. She tsk-tsk when she finds
the CHAIN LOCK dangling.

PEARL (CONT'D)

Martha? Martha! You left the chain
undone. After sixty years, you'd
think you'd learn to lock the front
door!

Pearl shuffles into the kitchen.

(CONTINUED)

3

CONTINUED:

3

PEARL (CONT'D)

Haven't you been reading the papers?
It would break Mother's heart, if
she knew what was happening to the
old neighbourhood.

Pearl peeks furtively between the kitchen drapes. SCRATCHING
HERSELF. Tsk-tsks at a COBWEB in the corner.

PEARL (CONT'D)

Thieves. Rapists. Waiting around
every corner.

She taps a ROLLING PIN in her palm, menacingly.

PEARL (CONT'D)

But they won't get us, dear sister.
When they come, we'll be ready.

SFX: CREAK. PEARL whips around -- and comes face-to-face
with her wizened older sister, MARTHA. Who smiles, holding
her knitting. Pearl smiles too, relieved.

PEARL (CONT'D)

There you are. Ready for "Spin, Win
and Grin?"

Martha GRINS, wickedly. And SHOVES her knitting needle right
into Pearl's belly. Pearl gasps and collapses. Martha stares
at the needle, coated in blood, satisfied.

MARTHA

After sixty years? I'm ready for
you to shut the hell up.

She raises the needle again. Pearl screams...

We pan away to the shadows...where a grotesque, fist-sized
SPIDER crawls out from under Martha's knitting. Watching.

The carnage reflected in its eight evil eyes...

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

4 INT. CLUBHOUSE -- DAY

4

Bo paces, checks her watch. Watches, amused, as Kenzi puts on her gak -- headscarf, gold jewelry, etc.

KENZI

You're meeting Lauren for drinks later.

BO

Right.

KENZI

So you don't have to come with me.

BO

Sure.

KENZI

It's just business. A little side venture.

BO

Okay.

KENZI

Have you seen my dreamcatcher?

Bo holds up a BIG DREAMCATCHER. Kenzi tilts her head.

KENZI (CONT'D)

No, my BIG one.

BO

Yeah, I'm totally coming for this. *Whatever* this is.

Bo grins. Kenzi nods reluctantly.

KENZI

Just -- be cool.

BO

One of us has to be.

Kenzi glares. She and Bo head for the door...

5 INT. SUBURBAN HOUSE -- DAY

5

Bo and Kenzi enter the empty house. Kenzi bows deeply -- at a busy REALTOR.

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED:

5

KENZI

Namaste. You must be Cheryl Fields.

Cheryl does an awkward half-bow in return. Absent-mindedly moves aside some POLICE TAPE.

CHERYL

My friend Bonnie raved about the smudging you did on that former grow-op. Thank you for doing this on such short notice.

KENZI

My time is fluid. All time is, really...

Kenzi opens her arms, beneficently. Bo hides her smirk. Cheryl nods, clearly eating this up.

CHERYL

The heirs want a total cleansing before I officially put it on the market.

Bo takes note of the dusty, COBWEBS hanging everywhere.

BO

Place sure needs it. What happened here, anyway?

CHERYL

Messy incident, 'bout a week ago.

Cheryl looks shifty. Kenzi clears her throat.

KENZI

Don't mind my assistant. Very intuitive -- but has the tact of a grizzly bear.

CHERYL

Of course, Shaman Czigany.

BO

(mouthing silently to Kenzi)

Shaman?

Kenzi THRUSTS a lighter and a sage stick at Bo, glaring.

KENZI

Do shut up and light the sage stick.

She smiles at Cheryl -- and puts on her tribal PENDANT.

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED: (2)

5

KENZI (CONT'D)

Don't worry. We'll get rid of any residual evil forces.

CHERYL

God bless you.

KENZI

Goddess bless us all.

Kenzi closes her eyes, begins to HUM. She grabs the sage incense from Bo, and starts to wave it around, slowly.

KENZI (CONT'D)

(chanting in Russian)

Cheryl watches, enraptured.

BO

(under her breath)

Damn.

Even Bo looks impressed.

6 EXT. HOUSE NEXT DOOR -- DAY

6

DYSON and HALE exit the house next door.

HALE

(reading his notepad)

Sweet couple of spinsters...lifetime together in the family home...unfortunate tragedy. Typical neighbour speak for "the blood bath next door tanked our property values".

DYSON

Thought I was the cynic.

HALE

What do you want me to say? Granny snapped, then Stitch n' Bitched her own sister. Open-and-shut murder-suicide.

DYSON

The fourth one in three months.

HALE

So, now murder suicide's contagious?

DYSON

If Dark Fae's involved.

(CONTINUED)

6 CONTINUED:

6

HALE

What dark Fae? I've never heard of anything that could do this.

DYSON

That's why I want to canvass the neighborhood again. See if anyone saw anything unusual.

HALE

Like a bright yellow succ-mobile?

Dyson groans as he follows Hale's point -- to Bo's CAR.

HALE (CONT'D)

Look at that. Parked right outside Casa De Massacre.

DYSON

It's like she's addicted to trouble.

Hale smirks as Dyson sighs...

7 INT. SUBURBAN HOUSE -- DAY

7

Bo watches, amazed, as Kenzi finishes up her Shaman routine.

KENZI

...To the west, our best. To the east. Be released. To the south, to the north. All spirits...go forth!

She thrusts her hands in the air. Then staggers.

BO

You okay?

Bo steadies Kenzi. Kenzi nods weakly.

KENZI

I'm sorry. It just takes so much out of me. Thank you, Sequoia.

BO

(mock solemn)

No. Thank you.

KENZI

The dwelling is cleansed. There will be no more darkness here.

CHERYL

Then I can list the house with a guilt-free conscience.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

7 CONTINUED:

7

CHERYL (CONT'D)

Good thing, too. This neighbourhood's prices are skyrocketing.

KENZI

As are my commissions...

CHERYL

Of course. Cash?

Kenzi nods. Bo brushes a cobweb from her shoulder. Cheryl reaches for her purse. All too busy to notice the large hairy SPIDER crawling into Kenzi's oversize purse...

8 EXT. SUBURBAN HOUSE -- DAY

8

Cheryl waves goodbye as Bo and Kenzi trudge down the walk, by a FOR SALE sign on the lawn.

KENZI

I smell bacon.

She indicates, Hale and Dyson, leaning against Bo's car. Dyson waves. The girls approach, somewhat guilty.

BO

You don't have to follow me around, you know. There's these things called cell phones.

DYSON

Hey, you're at my crime scene.

Hale smirks at Dyson.

HALE

Once they go wolf...

BO

Ugh. Please.

But they SMILE at each other. Hale nods at Kenzi.

HALE

Hi Nana. Nice babushka. You running some new gypsy con?

KENZI

I am an innocent entrepreneur.
(off Hale's look)
Who will cut you in at five per cent?

HALE

I didn't see anything illegal.

(CONTINUED)

8 CONTINUED:

8

He and Kenzi high-five. Bo smiles at Dyson, intrigued.

BO

Crime scene, hm? What happened here?

DYSON

I'll tell you -- if you agree to help me with the case.

BO

You, asking me for help? I'm intrigued.

DYSON

Relax. It's not a marriage proposal.

BO

But I've already sent out the invites!

She grins. Everyone heads for their cars...

9 INT. DAL RIATA -- NIGHT

9

Dyson and Bo sit cozily in a booth.

BO

Sixty-eight years old, and she slaughters her sister? Sounds like dark Fae to me.

DYSON

Maybe. Though Hale thinks I'm nuts. Truth is -- sometimes humans just kill each other. Take away their flatscreens, their mini-vans -- they're all still barbarians at heart.

BO

So why are you investigating?

Dyson pulls out a map. Points to various red circles.

DYSON

Last three months, there's been a series of similar murder-suicides -- all within a confined household. All within a forty mile radius.

BO

Freaky. What can I do?

DYSON

Keep your ear to the ground? Talk to some of your Dark Fae contacts?

(CONTINUED)

9 CONTINUED:

9

BO

Told you being unaligned would have its privileges.

DYSON

If it is Dark Fae, it would have to be something big. Powerful.

BO

There was nothing in that house but dust. Dust and cobwebs.

LAUREN (O.S.)

Hey, stranger.

They turn to see Lauren, looking radiant. She smiles at Bo.

LAUREN (CONT'D)

Am I late? Or...early?

BO

Right. Right! Because we had...plans!

Bo smiles weakly. Lauren's smile fades. Dyson looks intrigued.

DYSON

You guys need to discuss doctor patient stuff?

LAUREN

No, no. Just being social.
(hopeful)
Were you leaving?

DYSON

And miss this?

Bo gulps.

BO

Why don't we all sit together. C'mon Dyson, scooch over!

DYSON

I don't *scooch*.

BO

(nervous funny)
You're part wolf. Bet it we found you some carpet...

Dyson shoots her a look. Lauren squeezes in beside him.

(CONTINUED)

9 CONTINUED: (2)

9

BO (CONT'D)
This will be fun! I can't believe
we've never hung out before. Just
us three. *Wow.*

Silence. Dyson and Lauren stare.

BO (CONT'D)
Like, a threesome.

Lauren and Dyson look uncomfortable. Bo winces.

BO (CONT'D)
(too fast, trying for
funny)
Not that I've thought about it.
(even more embarrassed)
Wow.

Bo cringes, astonished. What's wrong with her!?

10 INT. DAL RIATA -- POOL TABLES -- NIGHT

10

Kenzi stares over at the booth, worried.

KENZI
I love me some Bo, but she's gotta
end the juggling act.

Hale leans over, excited.

HALE
I just wish we had popcorn.

KENZI
Being a good person--

HALE
She's not a person. She's mystical
panty remover.

KENZI
--Means not being oblivious to other
peeps' feelings.

HALE
Like her B.F.F's jealousy.

KENZI
(self-satisfied)
Exactly.
(realizing)
No. Me? Jealous? I...ha!

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED:

10

HALE

You don't have to fake it with me.
I know what it's like, hanging in
the shadow of an Alpha Dog. Still,
I do alright. Lots of loose lovelies
left over for the H-bomb.

Hale winks, mostly teasing. But Kenzi looks disgusted.

KENZI

You're officially the most disgusting
man alive.

HALE

Girl -- *do* find a sense of humor.
Por favor.

She reaches into her purse...

KENZI

Son of a--!

--She pulls out her finger. It's smeared in blood.

KENZI (CONT'D)

Feels like something bit me!

Hale pulls out KNIFE after THROWING STAR after BRASS KNUCKLES
from her bag, amused.

HALE

That happens when you carry a small
arsenal in your purse.

Kenzi staggers a bit, dizzy. Hale frowns, concerned.

HALE (CONT'D)

Man up. It's just a scratch.

KENZI

It's not that. You're just giving
me a headache.

She exits, still rubbing her aching head.

11 INT. DAL RIATA -- NIGHT

11

Bo winces as Dyson and Lauren face off.

LAUREN

I'm surprised to see you here, Dyson.
Since you don't have time to return
my phone calls.

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED:

11

DYSON

I always have time for a pint. I'm just not that interested in being poked and prodded for sport.

LAUREN

Oh c'mon. It's just a physical.

Lauren SMILES, trying for light.

DYSON

I haven't had a sick day in decades.

LAUREN

The Ash requires it.

DYSON

Then he can give me a call.

Dyson smiles, above this. Lauren sighs.

LAUREN

Dyson. We're on the same side.

DYSON

No -- you're a human who "works" for my side.

Bo smiles trying to change the subject.

BO

Boy howdy, I need a shot. Who's with me?

Lauren leans in, pointedly.

LAUREN

My "work" is the will of the Ash. Are you questioning that?

Dyson leans forward, challenging.

DYSON

Are you questioning my fealty?

BO

Whoa, whoa. I don't know what that is. But I'm sure she's not questioning it.

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED: (2)

11

LAUREN

I can speak for myself.

DYSON

When the Ash lets you.

Lauren knocks back her drink, stands.

LAUREN

(smiling weakly)

Thanks for the...fun.

Bo is speechless. Lauren exits, too proud to look back. Dyson raises an eyebrow. Bo turns to him, exasperated.

BO

Do you always have to be you?

Dyson just shakes his head and makes for the bar.

12 INT. CLUBHOUSE -- LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT

12

Now in pajamas, Kenzi grabs the remote, turning on the TV to a kid's show: "Jungle Jeeves", where an impressively mustached BRIT in a SAFARI SUIT and PITH HELMET stands in a SAFARI TENT, playing with jungle animal figurines on a card table (think seriously low budget TVO).

JUNGLE JEEVES

Pip pip, all khaki loving kids! Did you know Safari means "long journey" in Swahili?

KENZI

I did not.

Kenzi snuggles into the couch, cracks open a bottle of aspirin. She downs a few pills with milk out of the carton. Notices the (not folded) pile of clothes in the laundry basket.

She reads the note atop the pile.

KENZI (CONT'D)

Dear K. Your turn to fold. Love,
Bo.

Kenzi frowns, then angrily DUMPS the laundry onto the floor. She blinks, kind of surprised at herself.

Bo arrives home, on the phone.

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED:

12

BO

Well, let me know if you do hear anything, Siegfried. Yeah, I know. Sometimes humans just kill each other.

She hangs up.

KENZI

What's that about?

BO

I'm helping Dyson with a case. More Jungle Jeeves? Really?

KENZI

It's my happy place.

(beat)

I'd do him.

But she TURNS OFF THE TV. Bo blinks at the spilled laundry. Kenzi smiles weakly.

KENZI (CONT'D)

Whoopsie.

Kenzi picks up the note. Bo sighs and grabs a drink from the vending machine.

KENZI (CONT'D)

So which *lovah* did you pick? Or did Dr. Freeze and Canine Crotch just fight to the death?

BO

I don't get it. Dyson's the one who gave me the greenlight to date other people. But then Lauren shows up, and he gets all testy.

KENZI

Because he has Testes. Dudes tend of get irrationally territorial.

(knowingly)

It's a ball thing.

BO

Ugh. I knew it meant nothing. I've got to stop waiting for that guy to become emotionally available.

KENZI

Don't give up yet! His lips say no, but his wolfing out says yes. And... Lauren?

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED: (2)

12

BO

She's human. I could kill her.

KENZI

Thought she fixed your hungry honey pot.

BO

It would be a helluva test run.
With someone I care about.

KENZI

Poor Bo. So many choices, just one
vagina.

Bo laughs. Then punches Kenzi's shoulder affectionately.

BO

I can't believe I used to have to be
me. Without you.

Kenzi hugs her back, actually kind of touched.

KENZI

Going it Kenzi-less? Wouldn't wish
that on my worst enemy.

BO

It's just good to be home.

Kenzi nods. Bo releases her and clomps upstairs. SHOT OF:
Kenzi's open gypsy purse...

13 INT. CLUBHOUSE -- BO'S BATHROOM -- NIGHT

13

Bo's in the shower, letting the hot water wash away her
worries. CREEPY MUSIC as a SHADOW creeps across the wall.

Through the steam, we see it -- the SPIDER. Crawling up the
shower PIPE. Bo lathers up her hair, singing to herself.
Bo tilts her head back, rinsing her hair...we see the spider
sitting on the shower pipe above her. Watching.

Close on: the spider spreads its legs -- bares its fangs.

Bo opens her eyes, sighs.

BO

What a night.

The spider SPRINGS from the pipe, towards Bo and we--

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

14 INT. CLUBHOUSE -- MORNING

14

Kenzi pours herself a big bowl of cereal, looking the worse for wear. She rubs her head, winces.

KENZI
(reading box)
"A natural source of vitamins and
minerals". So, no Vicodin, then.

Behind her, someone GIGGLES. Kenzi whips around, confused.

KENZI (CONT'D)
Bo?

She shrugs, reaching for the milk. Then -- a flood of WHISPERS fill the room. Kenzi looks around wildly. She gingerly presses her ear against the wall. The whispers grow louder...

BO (O.S.)
You gonna clean this mess up?

KENZI
(jumps)
Mother-of-pearl!

Kenzi blinks, freaked. Bo stares at her groggily. She grabs a cloth and wipes up the counter.

BO
I must've drank more than I thought
last night. My head is throbbing.

Kenzi whirls as the WHISPERS start again.

KENZI
Mine too. Do you hear that?

BO
What?

Kenzi shakes her head, no. She takes a big bite of cereal, chewing maniacally as she talks.

KENZI
It's like whispering kids...or
giggling elves. Did you pick up any
elves last night? I'm not judging...

Kenzi's voice fades out. On BO -- all she can hear is Kenzi's chewing. CLOSE ON: Kenzi's mouth. From Bo's paranoid POV, the chewing gets louder and LOUDER. Bo snaps.

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED:

14

BO
All I hear is someone who won't chew
with her mouth closed!

Kenzi clamps her mouth shut. The whispers stop. Bo winces.

BO (CONT'D)
Sorry, Kenz.

Bo rubs her head, then itches her shoulder.

BO (CONT'D)
I just feel so... *blargh*.

KENZI
Might be worth a visit to Lauren.

BO
After last night? I'm not sure that's
wise.

KENZI
Neither are more Toastie Bun Buns,
but lookee me.

BO
(nods)
Hit me.

Kenzi pours Bo a big bowl. Off Bo and Kenzi, not up to par...

15 INT. LAUREN'S LAB -- DAY

15

Lauren examines a tired-looking Bo with a tongue depressor.

LAUREN
Say "ahh".

BO
Ahhh.

LAUREN
Physically, you're fine.

BO
Emotionally, I'm a level ten harpie.

Lauren's ASSISTANT shoots Bo a *look*, offended. She exits.

BO (CONT'D)
Is she--?

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED:

15

LAUREN

(nods)

Of the Boston harpies. The headaches,
the moodiness, the short temper?
You can chalk it all up to the
injections.

BO

Did you change up the formula?

LAUREN

I'm always tinkering, trying to
provide the most effective treatment.
It's more art than science. You
have a unique set of hormones.

BO

When my hormones flare up, I usually
go horny. Not horrid. Although
last night. I guess I was kind
of...insensitive.

Lauren struggles to find the words.

LAUREN

So you and Dyson. What is that,
exactly--?

KENZI (O.S.)

Doc?

Kenzi hovers, looking shifty.

KENZI (CONT'D)

Can I talk to you for a second?

LAUREN

(almost relieved)

Sure.

She and Kenzi STEP ASIDE. ANGLE ON: another corner.

KENZI

My head's pounding harder than a
sailor on shore leave.

LAUREN

Let's take a look.

She shines an otoscope into Kenzi's eyes. Kenzi winces.

LAUREN (CONT'D)

Your photosensitivity is heightened...

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED: (2)

15

BACK ON: Bo, buttoning up her shirt. She glances at Kenzi and Lauren. From Bo's COOL, PARANOID POV, Lauren and Kenzi are getting very close. Flirting. Lauren caresses Kenzi's neck. Kenzi laughs and strokes Lauren's cheek. They both turn to look at Bo, mockingly. Bo gapes, confused and hurt...

ANGLE ON: Reality. Lauren feels Kenzi's neck, professionally.

LAUREN (CONT'D)

...glands are a little swollen. You might be fighting off a flu?

KENZI

(sarcastic)

Med school. Worth every dime.

Lauren smiles. She leads Kenzi back towards Bo.

LAUREN

Well the only other thing I can think is -- maybe there's something in your environment that's making you both sick. Mold...asbestos?

BO

A buttload of food-encrusted dishes, lying around the house?

Kenzi glares at Bo. Lauren raises an eyebrow.

KENZI

You ready to rumble?

BO

You go ahead. I've got to talk to Dyson about his case.

Bo exits, avoiding Lauren's gaze -- and her conversation. She shoots a look back at Kenzi, a little wary...

16 INT. 39TH PRECINCT -- DAY

16

Hale sits on his desk. Dyson has mounted a larger MAP pinpointing the locations of the various murder-suicides, with PICTURES of the victims taped up along its edges. Dyson points to the various photos in turn.

DYSON

Scott Abbot was Danielle Swift's cousin. He's the one who found the bodies. And Fran De Rossa was the Swifts' nanny.

(CONTINUED)

16 CONTINUED:

16

HALE

What about our ole biddie butcher?
Martha Cage?

DYSON

Went to church with Joy De Rossa.

HALE

Shit.

Dyson grins, triumphant.

DYSON

I was right. It's all connected.
The victims -- and the perps. They
all knew each other, however
tenuously.

Dyson opens an evidence BOX.

DYSON (CONT'D)

Had to pull some strings, but I got
evidence boxes from the other
jurisdictions. For the first and
second killings. Whole thing's been
making me nuts.

HALE

Speaking of your nuts: succubus,
ten o'clock.

Hale points to Bo, entering the bullpen, absentmindedly
itching herself. Dyson smiles despite himself.

DYSON

Hey. What's up?

BO

Can we talk in private?

Bo eyes Hale, a little suspicious. Hale clears his throat,
and makes for his desk. Dyson takes Bo over to grab coffee.

DYSON

This is private-ish.

BO

I grilled my dark Fae contacts --
Siegfried. Bobby D. That merman
with the eczema. No one's too sure
what's behind your murder-suicides.
Still -- I cobbled together a list
of possible leads.

Bo hands Dyson a piece of paper with a few NAMES.

(CONTINUED)

16 CONTINUED: (2)

16

DYSON

Thanks.

BO

Now I need you to do me a favor.
(takes a deep breath)
Run a background check on Kenzi?

DYSON

What? Why?

BO

She's been acting strange. And sort
of...mean. Think she's planning to
do something. Against me.

Bo's POV takes on that paranoid POV. Dyson smiles evilly.

DYSON

Why not just kill her?

Bo blinks. Her POV returns to normal. Dyson looks stricken.

BO

Pardon?

DYSON

I said, since when don't you trust
her?

BO

You're probably right. We already
know she's a thief. What else is a
background check gonna tell me?

She giggles, almost frantic. Dyson searches her face.

DYSON

Bo. Are you alright?

BO

Just twitchy. And...itchy.

She giggles again. Glances up at his CRIME SCENE PHOTOS.

BO (CONT'D)

Hope you find this thing. Whatever
it is.

DYSON

I better. Once it gets hold -- no
one leaves the house alive.

She exits, still SCRATCHING. Hale grabs his arm.

(CONTINUED)

16 CONTINUED: (3)

16

HALE

If you're done dancing, you better witness.

Hale reaches into the evidence box -- and pulls out a bloody T-SHIRT. It's coated with a SLIMY, COBWEB substance.

HALE (CONT'D)

Unless this shirt is Peter Parker's? We got a problem.

DYSON

Bo said the Cage house was full of cobwebs.

HALE

(realizing)

There were tons in the Abbot house, too.

(off Dyson's look)

I just thought they had wack hygiene!

He BAGS the shirt and grabs his coat.

DYSON

Fae Lab it is.

He makes for the door...

17 OMITTED

17

18 INT. LAUREN'S LAB -- DAY

18

Lauren observes Dyson's COBWEB sample under the microscope.

LAUREN

Your average arachnid could never spin this. The webbing is astonishingly intricate -- and eight hundred per cent stronger than silk.

DYSON

So it *is* Fae.

LAUREN

(nodding)

My money's on something old and unpleasant. I need some time to complete the cell analysis. In the meantime -- you've dodged my phone calls long enough.

She SNAPS on a rubber glove.

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED:

18

LAUREN (CONT'D)

Time for a little quid pro quo.

DYSON

You've got to be kidding.

Lauren narrows her eyes.

LAUREN

Sit.

Dyson sits on the examination table, miffed. Lauren uses her hammer to tap his knees.

LAUREN (CONT'D)

Reflexes -- excellent.

She writes something down in her chart. Scans his file.

LAUREN (CONT'D)

And...your police bosses have you in therapy because...?

She stares pointedly. Dyson steams.

DYSON

That's confidential.

LAUREN

You work for the Ash. Nothing is confidential.

DYSON

So you're his doctor and his narc. Good to know.

Lauren smiles sweetly, not taking the bait.

LAUREN

I'm an excellent multi-tasker. Unbutton your shirt.

He reluctantly undoes a few buttons. Lauren feels the glands in Dyson's neck.

LAUREN (CONT'D)

Bo also mentioned -- you've been awfully tired lately.

DYSON

Bo told you that.

LAUREN

I guess she was worried about you.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED: (2)

18

LAUREN (CONT'D)

And we're close. She knows she can talk to me.

She almost smirks. Dyson starts buttoning up his shirt.

DYSON

Yeah, I'm exhausted. But it's Bo's fault.

LAUREN

What do you mean?

DYSON

You two are close. Ask her.

He smiles knowingly. Lauren reels, not sure he's telling the truth.

LAUREN

Sure, Dyson.

Dyson just smiles. Her look darkens.

DYSON

Should I wait for my analysis?

LAUREN

We're done here.

DYSON

Good talk.

He exits, smiling to himself. Point, Dyson.

19 INT. CLUBHOUSE -- LIVING ROOM -- DAY

19

Bo walks in, itching herself wildly.

BO

(calling out)

Do we have any Calamine lotion?
Think I'm allergic to cop shop coffee.

Bo takes in the messy dishes, the laundry, the knocked over wig stands. Fuming, she starts tidying.

BO (CONT'D)

Kenzi! Are you listening to me?

She turns -- and finds Kenzi's SWORD, inches from her eye. Kenzi puts a trembling finger to her lip, shushing her.

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED:

19

KENZI

(whispering nervously)

Everything's listening to you. You're
always so *agro*.

BO

I'm not the one with the blade.

She pushes the sword of her face.

BO (CONT'D)

What's gotten into you?

KENZI

We need to call an exterminator. Or
ten. 'Cause I almost got webbed in
the face by the mother of all spiders.

BO

It's an insect. I'm sure it's more
scared of you than you are of it.

KENZI

Hello!?! It tried to web me in the
face part of my *face*!

Bo crosses her arms, amused. Kenzi sighs.

KENZI (CONT'D)

You want to see it yourself? Fine.
It's "being scared" of us in the
basement. That's where
it...*scurried*.

Kenzi follows Bo, almost pushing her ahead. Bo swallows.
Eyes shifting suspiciously.

BO

You first. Wouldn't want you to
shove me down the stairs or anything.

Kenzi rolls her eyes. Pushes forward, with a deep breath.

KENZI

Just a bug, just a bug, just a big,
badass bug...

The girls head towards the basement door.

20 INT. LAUREN'S LAB -- DAY

20

DING! Dyson's sample analysis is finished. Lauren glances
at the screen. She gasps -- and runs for her phone. Then
PUSHES a red button on her desk...

(CONTINUED)

20 CONTINUED:

20

LAUREN
Detective Dyson, please.

INTERCUT WITH:

21 INT. 39TH PRECINCT -- DAY

21

Dyson picks up his phone, smirking.

DYSON
Sorry. I'm not coughing up any more
details.

LAUREN
Your sample's from a Djieien.

DYSON
Never heard of it.

LAUREN
They're extremely rare. There's not
much information in the databank.

Lauren clicks through some old MICROFICHE on her monitor.

DYSON
What *do* we know?

LAUREN
It's a nomadic Native American
underFae. Injects its victims with
a venom that stimulates the
hypothalamus, causing hallucinations
and paranoia.

DYSON
Always a fun combo.

LAUREN
It gets worse. As the venom
circulates through the nervous system,
it produces increasingly powerful
bursts of aggression, persecution
anxieties, and finally, homicidal
rage. Without a target for that
rage, the victims often end up
attacking...

Dyson grits his teeth as he glances at his MAP.

DYSON
(grimly)
Each other.

(CONTINUED)

21 CONTINUED:

21

LAUREN

The Djieien then psychically feeds off the flood of adrenalized pheromones.

Dyson grabs his coat, mind racing.

DYSON

More than one family member was sometimes found holding weapons. Why didn't they just leave the house?

LAUREN

I don't know. The spider may bite multiple victims, producing intense fear -- maybe agoraphobia? Whatever it takes to keep them contained.

DYSON

What are the initial symptoms?

LAUREN

Headache, itchiness, paranoia...

Dyson paces, now officially worried.

DYSON

Dammit. It's got *Bo*.

Lauren's face falls.

LAUREN

Are you sure?

DYSON

Unfortunately.

LAUREN

As long as this Djieien's living, it'll have a hold on her.

DYSON

One more thing. What does this thing look like?

Lauren looks at her monitor -- featuring a scan of a hand-drawn illustration of a hideous arachnid.

LAUREN

A spider. It looks like a giant, hairy spider.

Dyson hangs up, exits with his FILE. Lauren frets. In walks an athletic, authoritative woman: SERENA.

(CONTINUED)

21 CONTINUED: (2) 21

SERENA

Dr. Lewis. You pushed the alarm?

Lauren hesitates for a split second, then--

LAUREN

We've got a situation...

She looks stricken. Serena nods.

22 INT. CLUBHOUSE -- BASEMENT -- DAY 22

Bo and Kenzi tip-toe into the basement.

KENZI

I've seen this movie. The funny friend ends up with a fricking hockey skate in the jugular. Every time.

BO

(exasperated)

Well let's hope the spider isn't wearing skates.

Bo brushes up against a cobweb. Kenzi points gleefully.

KENZI

Ha ha! You've been chosen. Marked by the spider! I'm safe!

BO

Didn't he go for your *face*?

KENZI

You shut up.

(gulps)

Bo...

Kenzi points, hand shaking, to a giant WEB.

BO

That's a lot of web for one wee spider.

KENZI

Wee? You could put a *saddle* on that thing.

BO

I thought you said it was the size of a rat!

KENZI

A steroid-gobbling gym rat.

(CONTINUED)

22 CONTINUED:

22

SFX: CRASH! From the corner of the basement.

KENZI (CONT'D)

What was that?

BO

Quick. What's plan B.?

KENZI

Go get him, tiger!

Kenzi pushes Bo towards the web, then makes for the stairs, terrified.

BO

I hate Plan B!

Bo follows, freaked. We pan to the real spider, (projecting a huge shadow) watching them go. It's normal/fist-sized...

23 INT. CLUBHOUSE -- LIVING ROOM/VESTIBULE -- DAY

23

Bo runs into the vestibule, FLINGS open the front door, to find it's been BRICKED UP.

BO
We're trapped!

KENZI
At least we're together.

Kenzi and Bo hug each other, trembling.

BO
Right. Together, we'll be fine.
Long as we keep our heads...

We PAN to a reverse shot of the door...which is completely clear. There is no brick wall. The venom has taken full effect, and the girls are hallucinating...

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

24 INT. CLUBHOUSE -- LIVING ROOM -- DAY

24

The girls pace, itching themselves wildly.

KENZI
(swearing in Russian)

BO
Kenzi, do NOT go full Russian on me.
Don't panic!

KENZI
Why not?

BO
I don't know. It's something people
say!

KENZI
People who lose their wedding ring.
Or gain a little weight. Not people
trapped by a giant freakin' spider!

Bo rubs her head, getting angrier.

BO
I wonder why the spider chose our
place? What with the free eats!

She brandishes another dirty dish. Kenzi crosses her arms.

KENZI
Well now that he's here, why don't
you make out with him -- then his
best friend. Maybe the spider will
die of a broken heart!

Kenzi burns...but now her eyes drift to the TV. Her POV
takes on the PARANOID effect -- and Jungle Jeeves looks
straight into the camera, talking DIRECTLY to her.

JUNGLE JEEVES
Hippopotamus says: time to get rid
of the succubus...

BO
...we need to stay calm. Calm...

JUNGLE JEEVES
...she's too strong...

(CONTINUED)

24 CONTINUED:

24

BO
...Concentrate on beating this
thing...

JUNGLE JEEVES
...before she disposes of you. You
know she will. Look at her eyes!

BO
Kenzi!

Kenzi snaps back to reality. Bo snorts, sarcastically.

BO (CONT'D)
A spider has somehow SEALED us into
this tomb of a house. Do you think
you could tape this?!

Suddenly -- BANG! The front door slams open.

BO (CONT'D)
What was that?

Bo pushes Kenzi back flat against the wall. Holds a finger
to her lips.

25 INT. CLUBHOUSE -- ENTRANCE/LIVING ROOM -- DAY

25

Hale walks through the vestibule, on the phone with Dyson.

HALE
I'm five minutes ahead of you, buddy.

He notes the now numerous COBWEBS in the corners of the walls.

HALE (CONT'D)
Looks like sad-ass Halloween in here.

He smiles, cocky, entering the living room.

HALE (CONT'D)
Dyson, relax. Coaxing messed up
girls out of their comfort zone is
my specialty.

Kenzi leaps out -- brandishing her sword.

KENZI
Phone. Now.

Hale hands it over, taken aback. He smiles, alarmed.

HALE
Not the pillow fight I was expecting.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

25 CONTINUED:

25

HALE (CONT'D)

Girls -- let's take deep, lady
breaths. Have you guys happened to
see a raunchy looking spider?

Bo and Kenzi exchange a look -- as Bo SMASHES a dirty FRYING
PAN over Hale's head, knocking him unconscious.

KENZI

Why'd you do that?

BO

He knows about the spider. He's in
on it!

KENZI

Totally! Good thinking!

Kenzi nods, as if this is logical. Bo looks at the dirty
pan in her hand -- then tsk tsks at Kenzi.

BO

Still *dirty*.

Kenzi glares.

26 INT. CLUBHOUSE -- LIVING ROOM -- MOMENTS LATER

26

TIME CUT. Bo paces as Kenzi starts to tie unconscious Hale
WITH SARAN WRAP to a chair. Bo braces herself, dizzy.

BO

Is that my vest? Did you steal my
vest?!

KENZI

It's not stealing if I haven't left
the house yet.

BO

I'm so angry at you.

Bo resumes pacing. Kenzi nods, wrapping Hale in saran.

KENZI

If we were in prison? I'd give you
such a shiv.

BO

I'm serious. Why am I so mad at
you? Sure, you're a total slob,
immature, have terrible taste in
men, always need saving -- god, you're
awful!

(CONTINUED)

26 CONTINUED:

26

KENZI

(muttering)

'Least I don't have man feet.

Bo grits her teeth furious again. Then holds her head.

BO

This isn't right. Something's wrong
with my head.

KENZI

And can we talk about your hair?

(re. Bo's hair)

What's this all about?

BO

I'm serious. The itching, the
headaches -- the voices. I need to
heal.

(meaningful)

I need to *feed*.She looks at Kenzi. Kenzi freezes, horrified. Grabs a snack
pack off the table.

KENZI

May I interest you in a pastry?

BO

Not that kinda hungry.

KENZI

No, oh no.

She grabs a BASEBALL BAT, threateningly.

KENZI (CONT'D)

I always knew, someday, when you got
hungry enough. You'd eat my face.

BO

Put down the bat. I won't hurt you.
Much.

Kenzi swings the bat wildly.

KENZI

Don't come any closer!

Bo moves towards her -- Kenzi flees the room. Bo looks at
Hale, lustily.

BO

You'll do.

(CONTINUED)

26 CONTINUED: (2)

26

She straddles Hale, kissing him heartily, draining his CHI--
He wakes up, stunned. Bo breaks free, gasping. Her eyes
clear. Hale smiles, woozily.

HALE

You taste like apricots!

Then PASSES OUT AGAIN. Bo smiles, relieved.

BO

(calling)

Kenzi! It's okay! I was right,
there's something wrong with us. I
think we were hallucinating.

She runs for the--

27 INT. CLUBHOUSE -- ENTRANCE -- DAY

27

Bo flings open the door -- and comes face to face with A
BLACK OPS-TYPE GOON -- and SERENA, both holding SHOTGUNS.
The entrance outside is draped with PLASTIC SHEETING. Through
the sheeting we can see several extras in HAZMAT SUITS
carrying/setting up Bio-hazard-esque equipment.

SERENA

Ma'am -- get back in the zone.

BO

Who the hell are you--?!

She reaches out to touch her. Serena rears back.

SERENA

Back in the house! Now!

She PUMPS her SHOTGUN, aiming it at Bo.

SERENA (CONT'D)

It's real simple. You leave, we
kill you.

BO

That's insane.

SERENA

That's Quarantine.

Off Bo's terrified face, as Serena slams the door.

28 EXT. CLUBHOUSE -- DAY

28

Dyson pulls in next to Hale's cop CRUISER and a black VAN
that says EXTERMINATORS. He exits to find Serena and the
two GOONS in hazmat suits, guarding the door.

(CONTINUED)

28 CONTINUED:

28

Serena approaches, with a professional -- but wary -- smile.

SERENA

Detective Dyson. Is this part of your -- what do humans say -- "beat"?
(smiles)
Haven't see you since that night in Manila.

These two have great professional respect for each other...and a history.

DYSON

Serena. What are you doing here?

SERENA

Walk with me.

She pulls him aside. He keeps glancing at the house.

SERENA (CONT'D)

You're looking at the Ash's new Head of security.

DYSON

Congratulations. Now give me the situation.

She continues, somewhat ignoring him.

SERENA

The position has its perks -- and its downsides. Like, informing a colleague that his friends have been isolated. This is officially a lock-down.

DYSON

Quarantine? How did you know--
(gritting his teeth)
Lauren.

SERENA

(nodding)
Try to understand. This Djieien feeds on human and Fae alike.

She cracks her knuckles, ominously.

SERENA (CONT'D)

It must be exterminated.
(beat)
Along with the...infected.

(CONTINUED)

28 CONTINUED: (2)

28

DYSON

I'm going in.

SERENA

Then you'll never come out. Do you really think that's the best way to help your friends? Your partner?

DYSON

You gotta give me something, Serena. For old times sake.

She searches Dyson's face, and checks her watch.

SERENA

I can give you two hours.

DYSON

What the hell am I supposed to do from out here--?!

SERENA

Two hours.

Dyson nods grimly and heads for his car. Serena turns to her Black Ops guy.

BLACK OPS

Should I pull back the team?

SERENA

No. We're still on schedule.

Serena watches Dyson go, sympathetic.

SERENA (CONT'D)

There's nothing he can do. His people are as good as dead.

She pats Black Ops on the back.

SERENA (CONT'D)

Hell, they may have already killed each other.

Black Ops nods, walks back towards the tent...

29 INT. CLUBHOUSE -- ENTRANCE/VESTIBULE -- DAY

29

Bo sits slumped against the door, trying to think. She spots Hale's CELL PHONE and dials frantically.

(CONTINUED)

29 CONTINUED:

29

BO
Pick up, pick up...Dyson!

INTERCUT WITH:

30 EXT. CLUBHOUSE -- DAY

30

Dyson answers, walking towards his car.

DYSON
Bo? Are you okay?

BO
Not exactly. A spider bit me and I
went kinda 'nam. But I healed myself.

DYSON
You didn't use -- Kenzi?

BO
No. I fed off Hale.

Dyson considers this.

DYSON
Fed *how*, exactly?

BO
Would you focus? I did what I had
to do. Hale's absolutely fine.

She sighs. This is bad. CUT TO:

31 INT. CLUBHOUSE -- LIVING ROOM -- DAY

31

Hale wakes up, very weak. He lets out a muffled CROAK (his voice almost gone from Bo's drain) as the SPIDER emerges from the basement.

HALE
(croaking)
Crazy ladies! A little help!?

The spider bares its fangs and scurries towards Hale, straining against his bonds. It crawls up his leg...Hale tries to whistle -- but he's so weak and scared, nothing comes out but a SQUEAK.

HALE (CONT'D)
(trying and failing
to whistle)
Fffft...

Close on: the spider sinking its fangs in Hale's THIGH.

32 INT. CLUBHOUSE -- ENTRANCE/VESTIBULE -- DAY

32

Bo cracks open the front door. Peeks into the BIO-HAZARD TENT. Through the plastic sheeting, she can see people in HAZMAT SUITS setting up equipment.

BO

Dyson. They won't let us leave.

DYSON

I know. I'm outside. And I'm working on it.

BO

See? This is why you're my favorite stalker.

DYSON

Hang on. Keep them safe.

BO

I will.

DYSON

And Bo? You have to kill this thing.

The SPIDER creeps out of the living room. Stops to watch her. Bo freezes.

BO

With pleasure.

The spider scurries down to the basement. Bo hangs up -- and follows.

33 INT. DAL RIATA -- DAY

33

Dyson bursts inside, to find the bar EMPTY -- but for Lauren and TRICK poring over ancient texts. Trick doesn't look up from his book.

TRICK

Sorry. Bar's closed!

Dyson advances, shoving a furious finger in Lauren's face.

DYSON

What the hell were you thinking?
Calling in the Ash's hit squad?

Lauren SLAMS down a reference book, and points to a drawing of a small town, littered with bodies.

(CONTINUED)

33 CONTINUED:

33

LAUREN

1872 -- a Djieien infects a mining community -- leading to the mass murder of six hundred souls. Another single Djieien is thought to be responsible for the bulk of the Sudanese genocide!

DYSON

You didn't even give Bo a chance.

Trick puts a gentle hand on Dyson's shoulder.

TRICK

Dyson. She did the right thing.

The three stare at each other. Dyson rubs his brow, trying to calm down. Trick hands him a SHOT.

DYSON

I bought us two hours.
(staring down Lauren)
Before they torch the joint.

Dyson downs his shot. Sighs.

DYSON (CONT'D)

So. How do we beat it?

Lauren and Trick exchange a look. Dyson sighs. What now?

34 INT. CLUBHOUSE -- BASEMENT -- DAY

34

Bo creeps into the spooky basement.

BO

This is my house.

She takes in the cobwebs. Moves forward.

BO (CONT'D)

These are my friends.

She reaches down, picks up a SHOVEL.

BO (CONT'D)

So if you wanted to piss me off?
Mission accomplished.

The spider makes a break for it. Bo SLAMS DOWN THE SHOVEL, splicing the spider in half.

Then -- it trembles -- and the two halves, REJOIN. Bo gapes.

(CONTINUED)

34 CONTINUED: 34

BO (CONT'D)
Nice trick.

The spider scurries away a few steps. Bo grits her teeth.

BO (CONT'D)
What the hell are you?

She gulps and raises the shovel again.

BO (CONT'D)
Doesn't matter. I can keep this up
all night.

She slams down the shovel, just missing the spider.

SFX: SLAM! The basement door slams shut. Bo gapes.

BO (CONT'D)
(with dread)
Kenzi? Sweetie? Was that you?

She puts down her shovel. Stuck.

34A OMITTED 34A

35 INT. DAL RIATA -- DAY -- CONTINUOUS 35

Trick holds up a book, with an anatomical drawing of a heart.

TRICK
More bad news.

DYSON
Wonderful.

TRICK
(translating/reading)
Listen to this: The creature is so
crafty, it "buries its heart". Until
you find the heart and destroy it--

LAUREN
The spider itself is virtually
invincible.

DYSON
Son of a bitch.

He opens his file folder.

DYSON (CONT'D)
Before Bo got infected, she did some
digging.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

35 CONTINUED:

35

DYSON (CONT'D)

Produced a list of possible dark Fae
leads on my murder suicides.

(reading the list)

Peter Byrd, Gordon Hurley, Thomas
Mooney--

35 CONTINUED: (2)

35

TRICK
Gordon Hurley?

DYSON
You know him?

TRICK
Deals in exotic animals and underFae.
Imports some pretty foul things on
the black market, for sport, food,
whatever. Hasn't come into the bar
for about three months.

DYSON
(putting it together)
About the time the first murder-
suicide happened.

Trick flips through his ledger book. Tears out an address,
and hands it to Dyson.

TRICK
His office.

LAUREN
I'm going with you. I can identify
the heart.

DYSON
This day just gets better and better.

She and Dyson rush out...

36 INT. CLUBHOUSE -- LIVING ROOM -- DAY

36

Hale comes to again. Kenzi moves from the basement door,
rushing to untie him. Hale groans, groggy. BO POUNDS ON
THE CLOSED BASEMENT DOOR, PLEADING TO GET OUT.

BO (O.S.)
Kenzi. Kenzi! You've got to let me
out!

HALE
Freaky bitch...bit me...

BO (O.S.)
Kenzi! You really don't want to do
this!

KENZI
(snorts)
Don't worry. I locked Bo in the
basement. You're lucky she didn't
Hannibal Lector your lips off.

(CONTINUED)

36 CONTINUED:

36

HALE

No, not Bo...I can't remember...

Kenzi SLAPS him. Hale blinks. Then grins at Kenzi.

HALE (CONT'D)

You girls stop fighting? Nobody even got their top ripped off!

Kenzi pulls Hale off his chair, itching herself wildly.

KENZI

The front door is bricked up. You clearly know some secret way in -- and out of here. You take me with you? I'll let you live.

She taps her baseball bat against her palm as a warning.

KENZI (CONT'D)

Truce?

HALE

Sure.

He shakes her hand. Kenzi breaks into a smile, sweating. Hale indicates Kenzi should go ahead up the stairs.

HALE (CONT'D)

Ladies first.

Kenzi look suspicious. Hale points upstairs, solemn.

HALE (CONT'D)

Secret way out.

KENZI

You'd pick me over Bo, right Hale? You're on my side.

HALE

Of course, Kenz. Of course.

She nods and turns her back. Hale ITCHES HIS NECK. He makes to follow Kenzi up the stairs -- but first grabs Bo's AXE.

HALE (CONT'D)

I definitely choose you.

He springs up the stairs, giggling menacingly...

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

37 EXT. CLUBHOUSE -- DAY 37

To establish.

38 INT. CLUBHOUSE -- BATHROOM -- DAY 38

Kenzi tip-toes into the bathroom, trailed by Hale. She pauses outside Bo's bedroom, confused.

HALE

Just a bit further. Go on, now.

KENZI

The secret way out is through Bo's bedroom?

Hale nods solemnly -- then collapses into giggles. Kenzi smiles too, uber crazed.

KENZI (CONT'D)

What? Tell me.

(solemn)

It's okay. I found my sense of humor.

HALE

Knock knock!

KENZI

Who's there?

HALE

A guy who's wondering if he can whistle loud enough to make your brain explode.

He grins, menacingly -- then starts to WHISTLE his Siren SONG. Kenzi BOLTS inside Bo's bedroom, barring the door. Hale sighs, contently -- whistling louder and LOUDER.

39 INT. BO'S BEDROOM -- CONTINUOUS 39

SFX: Hale's haunting whistling. From inside, Kenzi's eyes go glazed, in a siren trance, as her hand involuntarily reaches for the doorknob. She shakes it off, horrified.

KENZI

No!

She frantically stretches out her arm, grasping for the remote to the stereo, CRANKING the music.

KENZI (CONT'D)

More.

(CONTINUED)

39 CONTINUED: 39

She looks around -- and grabs a HAIR DRYER, turns it on, and tosses it onto the bed. She spots a VACUUM. Bo has stuck a note on it: "Kenzi -- Feel Free!" She hits the power button.

KENZI (Singing/Yelling) (CONT'D)
Jungle Jeeves, oh Jungle Jeeves!
Safari with him, through vines and
leaves...

She covers her ears, backing away from the door, trembling...

40 INT. DAL RIATA -- DAY 40

Dyson and Lauren rush a scruffy, clearly insane GORDON inside. He clutches a terrarium, protesting.

GORDON
She's a sweet girl. She just gets
moody!

LAUREN
Moody like Jeffrey Dahmer.

GORDON
I should really get home. For when
she finishes.

DYSON
We're not going to let her finish.

Trick approaches, stunned at Gordon's appearance.

TRICK
Gordon. You look...well.

GORDON
Trick! Please don't let them hurt
my baby.

TRICK
Is he talking about -- the spider?!

LAUREN
He thinks the Djieien is his pet.

GORDON
She always comes back to me. Once
she's had her fill of death.

DYSON
(to Trick)
Got anything to shut this guy up?

Trick reaches under the bar and rummages around a beat.

*

(CONTINUED)

40

CONTINUED:

40

TRICK

I've got just the thing. Somewhere...
Aha!

*
*
*

He pulls out a silver box and pops the top. As he takes a
pinch of the white powder inside--

*
*

LAUREN

We still need him talking. To tell
us where the Djieien buried its heart.

*
*

TRICK

Don't worry. This will just calm
him down some.

*
*
*

He blows the pinch of powder into Gordon's face. Gordon
blinks twice and smiles placidly. As Trick returns to his
reference book, Lauren leans in.

*
*
*

40 CONTINUED: (2)

40

LAUREN

(smiling)

Can you tell us all about the Djieien,
Gordon?

*
*
*

GORDON

I'd do anything -- for her.

DYSON

(disgusted)

Great. He's spider-whipped.

Trick looks up from his book, frowning.

TRICK

My translation was off. The Djieien
doesn't *bury* its heart.

He looks at Gordon with disgust.

TRICK (CONT'D)

It implants it.

LAUREN

Implants. Like in...something?

TRICK

Or someone.

Dyson and Lauren exchange looks, then turn to Gordon. Who
blinks back, bewildered. A beat.

GORDON

What am I missing here?

As Gordon looks on stupidly, Dyson rips open his shirt.
Lauren pulls out her STETHOSCOPE, holds it to Gordon's chest.

*
*

LAUREN

Let me listen.

*

She frowns, astonished.

LAUREN (CONT'D)

We have two heartbeats!

Trick stares in horrified awe.

TRICK

He who lies in the mud will rise
dirty.

Lauren is thinking furiously.

*

(CONTINUED)

40 CONTINUED: (3)

40

LAUREN

Less Gaelic wisdom, more looking for
makeshift surgical tools!

Trick snaps out of it, GRABS a tray of cutlery...

41 OMITTED

41

42 INT. CLUBHOUSE -- BO'S BEDROOM -- DAY

42

Kenzi backs away from the door. THWACK! Hale's axe comes through the door. Kenzi screams. Hale sticks his head through the hole and grins.

HALE

Wish I could say this wasn't gonna hurt.

He reaches through the hole for the doorknob...opens the door, advancing with the axe over his head.

Bo LEAPS into the room, stepping between Hale and Kenzi.

BO

You should ask before you borrow my things.

She CLOCKS him again with the dirty frying pan. He goes down like a sack of bricks. Bo and Kenzi stand over Hale, panting.

BO (CONT'D)

Twice in one day. He'll be lucky if he can remember the alphabet.

KENZI

I'm glad you stopped him.

Kenzi reaches down -- and PULLS OUT HALE'S GUN from his waist clip. She points it at Bo, grinning wildly.

KENZI (CONT'D)

'Cause nobody kills my best friend -- but me.

BO

Kenzi! It's me!

She COCKS the gun.

KENZI

That's why I'll give you a ten second head start, roommie. One, two...

Bo hesitates -- then BOLTS for the stairs.

43 EXT. CLUBHOUSE -- DAY 43

Serena dials her cell. INTERCUT WITH:

44 INT. DAL RIATA -- DAY 44

Gordon is now laid out on the bar. Dyson's cell RINGS. He *
flips it open and answers the call. Lauren and Trick continue *
to inspect Gordon.

DYSON
Five more minutes, Serena!

SERENA
I gave you all the time I could.

DYSON
We've traced the source, we can kill
the spider--!

45 EXT. CLUBHOUSE -- DAY 45

Serena sighs, genuinely sorry.

SERENA
Unless you snuck back into the house?
I highly doubt it. We have to
eliminate the parasite. Now.

DYSON
It won't work. You won't kill it!
Not until you destroy its heart--

Serena continues, not really listening.

SERENA
I understand, you wanting to stall.
But you should realize -- this is
doing your friends a mercy.

She hangs up and glances at Black Ops. He nods.

BLACK OPS
We're in position.

SERENA
Douse it. *

Serena thrusts out her hands, and they burst into FLAMES.
Black ops nods, grabs a canister of flammable liquid, moving
towards the clubhouse...

46 INT. DAL RIATA -- DAY 46

Dyson throws down his cell phone.

(CONTINUED)

46 CONTINUED:

46

DYSON

We need to get that heart out! *Now.*

Trick flips frantically through another old book.

TRICK

There might be some alchemist's potion
to poison the organ...

Meanwhile, Lauren calmly feels along Gordon's abdomen. She finds what she's looking for.

LAUREN

Here.

She grabs a STEAK KNIFE and PLUNGES in into Gordon's belly. Gordon looks down at himself.

GORDON

Owww.

He looks down at himself, stunned. Lauren SNAPS on a DISH GLOVE. Dyson and Trick watch, both horrified and impressed. Lauren PULLS OUT a bloody mass.

LAUREN

(marvels)

What an ingenious creature.

She STABS the heart, with a satisfying SQUISH!

INTERCUT WITH:

47 INT. CLUBHOUSE -- LIVING ROOM -- DAY

47

Bo cowers behind the couch. Kenzi enters, brandishing the gun like an old pro.

BO

Kenzi. What are you doing? I don't
want to hurt you anymore!

KENZI

But I *really* want to hurt you.

She pulls the trigger. Bo ducks as a stack of NEWSPAPERS bursts into tatters.

KENZI (CONT'D)

Sorry, Bo. I'm about to make another
mess.

Bo grabs Kenzi's sword -- thrusts it at Kenzi.

(CONTINUED)

47 CONTINUED:

47

BO

Stay back!

But she can't do it. Kenzi AIMS right at Bo's heart -- then suddenly gasps, dizzy.

KENZI

Wowzers.

Almost collapses, re-gaining her balance on the couch. She blinks away tears.

KENZI (CONT'D)

Bo? Ohmigod, Bo! I am so sorry.

She THROWS the gun away. Grabs Bo in a big hug.

BO

Shhh. It's over. I don't know how, but... We're okay.

KENZI

Not everybody.

She and Bo walk towards the dying Djieien, wheezing in the corner. SPIDER POV of the girls LOOMING over it.

KENZI (CONT'D)

(uber sarcastic)

Should we show mercy?

BO

Mercy *this*.

She SLAMS her boot down on the spider.

48 INT. DAL RIATA -- DAY

48

Lauren calmly flips open her cell phone, her hands bloody.

LAUREN

It's Dr. Lewis. Call off the cleansing. In the Ash's name -- it's done.

She lets out her breath. Dyson stares, stunned.

49 EXT. CLUBHOUSE -- DAY

49

Black Ops hangs up his cell. Calls out to Serena.

BLACK OPS

Change of plans.

(CONTINUED)

49 CONTINUED:

49

SERENA

I hate getting all hot and bothered
for nothing.

She stops advancing on the house; blows out her flaming hands.

END OF ACT FOUR

TAG

50 INT. LAUREN'S LAB -- DAY

50

In a hospital gown, Bo approaches Lauren.

BO

So the spider dies and the venom in our system just...evaporates?

LAUREN

Dissipates.

BO

Uh huh?

Lauren smiles, trying to explain.

LAUREN

The Djieien produced a magnetic field which absorbed and fed off your rage. When it died, the emitting electrons...

(off Bo's look)

...and, I'm boring you.

BO

No, no! Science. It's nifty. What matters is, you saved us. You're getting awfully good at that.

The girls smile. The chemistry electric.

BO (CONT'D)

Least I could do to say thanks -- is buy you that drink?

LAUREN

(coy)

I better check on your blood work.

Kenzi and Hale, also in hospital gowns, sit sheepishly, as they're examined by lab assistants.

HALE

Sorry about the...trying to make your head go boom.

KENZI

(shrugs)

Meh. It's cool.

HALE

Also -- could you maybe not tell Dyson that I kissed Bo?

(CONTINUED)

50 CONTINUED:

50

KENZI

You were unconscious.

HALE

Kenzi? Dude can turn into a *wolf*.

Bo returns. Hale starts absentmindedly whistling.

BO/KENZI

(too quick)

Don't do that.

They both shiver. Hale grins.

51 INT. LAUREN'S LAB -- DAY

51

Dyson enters. He cocks his head at Lauren, calmly.

DYSON

You were willing to kill Gordon.

LAUREN

I'm a *doctor*. It's called triage.

DYSON

I just didn't think you had it in you.

LAUREN

You don't seem to think much of me, period.

He leans in. She doesn't flinch.

DYSON

You're inconsistent. You call a strike on Bo, then stab a man to save her. I don't trust your motivations.

Her eyes go to Bo. Dyson's follow.

LAUREN

It's not your trust I'm interested in.

He turns to leave. She regards him curiously.

LAUREN (CONT'D)

Dyson -- I'm curious. Is it really my loyalties you're worried about? Or that this time, I saved Bo?

(CONTINUED)

51 CONTINUED: 51

She smiles, triumphant.

DYSON

Hey. You were the one almost got her
killed in the first place.

He exits. Lauren's face is unreadable.

52 INT. CLUBHOUSE -- LIVING ROOM -- DAY 52

Bo enters with a hammer and nails.

BO

For the new bedroom door. I got a
nice, sturdy oak.

KENZI

Sturdy's good.

She's touched to find Kenzi carefully picking up her laundry.

BO

Kenzi. You don't have to do that.

KENZI

Yeah. I do. I like to think I
wouldn't have gone through with it.
But I was ready to pull the trigger.
I wanted to.

BO

If I hadn't healed myself? I would
have dissected you like a frog.

KENZI

And for the record. Whatever you
wanna do in your *entirely personal*
romantic life? I got your back.

BO

Even when I was feeling stabby, I
knew that.

On the television, Jungle Jeeves begins.

JUNGLE JEEVES (O.S.)

Pip, pip! Want to know what happens
when a jaguar meets a rhino?

Kenzi makes a face and turns it off.

KENZI

I hate that show.

SFX: KNOCK, KNOCK. Dyson enters -- with pizza.

(CONTINUED)

52 CONTINUED:

52

DYSON

I give you -- pepperoni and green pepper.

KENZI

You're a god in wolf's clothing.

She carries it into the kitchen. Bo smiles warmly.

BO

Sit a spell. Have a slice.

DYSON

Thank you, m'lady. But I have a debriefing with the Ash. I'd rather not be late.

BO

How Lauren of you.

Dyson winces. He clears his throat.

DYSON

About that.

(trying to find the words)

Lauren is too close to the Ash. Too political. And you're too close to her.

Bo holds up a hand. She doesn't want to hear anymore.

BO

I can't figure you out. You say you don't want to be exclusive. That we can see other people...

DYSON

We can.

BO

Long as it's not Lauren?

He stares, impassive. Bo sighs.

DYSON

I don't trust her.

BO

I do.

Dyson stays stone-faced. Bo crosses her arms.

(CONTINUED)

BO (CONT'D)

And the one thing I do know about
Lauren? She cares. Are you willing
to say the same?

52 CONTINUED: (3)

52

DYSON

Fine. Sounds like you've made your choice. So when you need to heal? You go see Lauren.

Bo grabs his coat. Holds it out for him, calmly.

BO

Good talk.

Dyson hesitates. Then takes his coat and exits. Kenzi re-enters, eating a slice.

KENZI

Aw! Did he leave?

Bo looks stormy.

KENZI (CONT'D)

(off Bo's face)

Wait. We pissed at Dyson again? Trying to buy us off with pizza. What a douche!

She elbows Bo in the ribs. Bo laughs.

BO

Kenzi? Don't ever change.

Kenzi takes off her socks and tosses them onto the floor. Plops down on the couch.

KENZI

Couldn't if I tried. Juuust in case...

Kenzi sprays another round of BUG-BE-GONE (etc.) 'round the clubhouse (possibly on camera lens).

FADE OUT.

END OF EPISODE