

LOST GIRL

Episode # 108

RESHOOT

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LOST GIRL

TEASER

FADE IN:

1 INT. APARTMENT BUILDING HALLWAY -- NIGHT 1

BO (24, sexy-tough) leans on the wall as she moves forward under a flickering light. Stumbling slightly, CLEARLY INJURED: cuts on her face and cradling her left arm.

Leaving a blood smear along the peeling wall, heading towards an apartment at the end of the hall...

INTERCUT WITH:

2 INT. DYSON'S APARTMENT -- NIGHT 2

DYSON (30s, gorgeous badass) is beating the hell out of his heavy bag, one of the few "accessories" in his bachelor pad. Sweating with exertion, his skin webbed with strange old scars and (possibly) some stranger tattoos.

He looks up at the half-knock, half-thud at his door. Opens it.

Finding Bo leaning there. Takes in her appearance, expressionless, still slightly out of breath -

And begins to close the door. She expected it, judging by how quickly she jams her foot in the door.

DYSON

I'm busy.

BO

Seriously? C'mon.

DYSON

(impatient, firm)

We talked about this--

BO

Last time. Promise.

Bo leans in. Slowly LICKS the sweaty pulse of his neck, whispers:

BO (CONT'D)

Please?

He closes his eyes a minute, his grumpiness turning to temptation -- then PULLS her inside and slams the door,

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED: 2

pushing her against it, ignoring her injuries --

Bo's not complaining about the rough handling, meeting his kiss, arms wrapping around him.

3 INT. DYSON'S APARTMENT -- BEDROOM -- MOMENTS LATER 3

They're instantly all over one another. Make their way, stumbling, RAVENOUS, to his crumbled bed.

He THROWS her down. She TWISTS from under him, fights her way on top, RIPPING OFF HER shirt as we watch from behind.

You can't call this making love. It's too aggressive, too competitive and hungry -- but in the middle of it, something STRANGE AND BEAUTIFUL begins to happens:

BO BEGINS TO HEAL. And Dyson begins to look pale, his breathing more labored. She's clearly taking something out of him.

DYSON

Okay. Enough.

(nothing, then, firm)

Bo. Enough.

Bo has a final shiver of ecstasy, just as he rolls and forces her off him, onto the mattress. Dyson coughs, getting his breath back--

...As Bo lies still against the pillows, we WATCH HER LAST CUTS slowly HEAL on her face. Bo exhales, eyes ecstatic, like a junkie that just got high...

4 INT. DYSON'S APARTMENT -- A FEW HOURS LATER 4

Bo ROUSES, lying naked under the sheet -- sees Dyson, fully dressed, waiting for her.

DYSON

You should probably get going. I've got stuff to do.

BO

...Right. Yeah, me too.

She sits up, mildly embarrassed by his unusual dismissal. She grabs a clean shirt of his, quickly dressing.

DYSON

(wry)

Do I even want to know what trouble you got up to tonight?

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED:

4

BO

Hm? Oh, nothing exciting. Tracking a guy for a client, thought he was alone. He wasn't. "Violence ensued".

Takes her hand, admiring the skin.

DYSON

Well, on the plus side, looks like you've started healing faster.

BO

Thanks. Been working on that with Lauren.

DYSON

I bet.

BO

Jesus, Dyson. Leave it, already.

DYSON

I'm just saying, for a smart girl, you're pretty stupid about her.

(shrugs)

She's leading you on. She's never gonna love you.

BO

Who said anything about love?

(impulsive, defensive)

And you don't know that.

DYSON

I meant what I said, Bo. You need to start handling your healing on your own. I'm out.

OFF Bo. Not happy.

5 INT. ABANDONED HOTEL -- DAY

5

Bo and KENZI (21, punk-cute; human grifter) wander through the dark halls of a once beautiful, gothic hotel.

BO

He's just being such a...*girl*.

KENZI

Why, because Wolfboy's tired of you life-sucking him whenever the mood hits? You're right, what an asshole.

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED:

5

BO

(wry)

It's not like he's not getting anything out of it -- trust me.

KENZI

Okay, first - eww. Second, he's just pissed about Lauren. Obviously, you can't have Dyson and chase after Dr. Hotpants anymore. Time to pick a team, dude.

BO

Teams are stupid.

KENZI

(peering around)

Hey, you sure this is where we're supposed to meet this guy?

BO

Yeah. Looks like it'll be a quick meeting--

She moves Kenzi's wrist, directs the flashlight beam--

BO (CONT'D)

Cuz that's him.

--SHOCKCUT to the DEAD GUY hanging from a noose in the middle of the filthy room ahead, maybe fifty feet away.

Kenzi REACTS, startled and grossed out (though less of either than WE would be. She's no novice, clearly.) Mutters:

KENZI

We really need to start hanging out with a better class of people.

6 INT. ABANDONED HOTEL -- BALLROOM -- CONTINUOUS

6

They enter carefully. Bo is on alert, doing a sweep of the room and it's many doorways, while Kenzi approaches to get a better look at the swaying body. Bo glances over at her--

BO

What do you think?

Up close, he's a pudgy middle aged guy in a Hawaiian shirt. Kenzi wrinkles her nose in distaste, FLASHLIGHT BEAM on him.

KENZI

Well, if it's suicide, I think he should have seriously rethought his last outfit--

(CONTINUED)

6 CONTINUED:

6

Suddenly the 'corpse' lifts his head, eyes opening.

SIEGFRIED

They gone?

KENZI

Jesus--!

She jumps, whips a MACHETE from the hidden strap at her back. Siegfried HISSSES, showing unusually long, sharp canine teeth.

SIEGFRIED

Hey, hey, hey! Relax. On your side!

(to Bo, re: Kenzi)

Ahem? Call off your human, please?

BO

(amused)

Sorry. Thought you were dead. What's with the noose?

SIEGFRIED

Unrelated business disagreement.

(untying self, scoffs)

"Dead". As if a little lynching could kill me. I'm mildly insulted.

BO

I mildly apologize. So, what's this information I'm going to be dying to have?

She drops the duffel at his feet as he hits the ground. He removes one of a half dozen DONOR BAGS of blood happily. Then she puts her FOOT on it, waiting. He smiles.

SIEGFRIED

What if I told you I'd found your mother--

BAM - in one motion she has him by the throat, squeezing.

BO

I'd say you better not be messing with me, Siegfried.

SIEGFRIED

(holds up envelope;
barely audible)

Here.

Bo RELEASES him, as he hacks and coughs. She snags the envelope, looks inside - at a photo of a pretty woman. Bo stills, reverent. Kenzi comes close, for support.

(CONTINUED)

6

CONTINUED: (2)

6

BO

Is this her?

SIEGFRIED

For 20 blood bags? You wish. She's just as far as I got on the trail. Rest is up to you - she's outta my reach.

BO

(reads picture caption)

"Lou Ann Heidinger"?

KENZI

Heidinger? The "baby killer" chick?

(to Bo re: Siegfried)

C'mon. Short, fat and fangy is playing us.

BO

You know her?

KENZI

Bo, she's all over the news.

(at Siegfried, annoyed)

And she's on death row, genius. Her execution is in, like, three days.

Very convenient.

SIEGFRIED

Hey, I said she had the answers.

Didn't say you had a lot of time to get them.

He smiles. OFF Bo's frown, weighing the challenge.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

7 OMITTED 7

8 OMITTED 8

9 INT. LAUREN'S EXAMINATION OFFICE -- DAY 9

Lauren works on Bo, a check up. She tries being professional, but they can't help sliding into playful flirtation.

Lauren catches Bo's eyes drifting unconsciously down Lauren's top. Bo lets her.

BO

I like your necklace.

LAUREN

Thank you.

Lauren smiles, quickly slips the AMULET back under her shirt.

BO

Do you ever miss working on normal people?

LAUREN

Well, no offence to my own kind, but Humans are a little pedestrian, now.

BO

Once you go Fae you never go back, huh?

Lauren looks up, returns her smile --

LAUREN

So I hear.

(trying for casual)

Speaking of humans. Have you been successful with any...sexually, yet?

BO

Still a little scared to try the whole meal deal. No rush. Right?

LAUREN

No! Of course not. Take your time.

BO

Because I was thinking, taking things slow on that front... would be good. For everyone. If they were okay with that.

(CONTINUED)

9

CONTINUED:

9

A bit of awkward subtext: Bo is basically asking Lauren if they can wait longer to get physical with one another.

(CONTINUED)

9 CONTINUED: (2)

9

LAUREN

Devil's advocate: a succubus needs a healthy sex life to stay stable. And of course, when wounded you'll still need sex to hear yourself--

BO

I kinda got that part covered. Or, did, I guess...

LAUREN

Oh. Really? With who?

Lauren moves aside, busies herself unnecessarily with her gear, so Bo can't see her highly curious expression.

BO

Dyson. I trust him. And he's Fae, so I don't have to worry about draining him to death. Everybody wins.

LAUREN

Well. That's good to know.
(can't resist)
Of course, as your doctor, I'd be more comfortable with you picking someone a little less well travelled. But it's your choice.

Lauren smiles a little stiffly. Clearly not pleased. Bo cocks her head, watching her, intrigued by the reaction.

10 INT. SUPERMAX PRISON -- DAY

10

Bo and Kenzi approach a security checkpoint, BORED GUARD at his station.

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED:

10

They look sexy and semi-believable in their tailored jackets.

BO

Now Lauren's acting jealous, I swear.

KENZI

The three of you should just get a room, already. Here--

(hands her FAKE Ids)

I owe about a million favors for the rush job on these.

BO

Nice work.

Bo studies them quickly. Gets the Guard's attention.

BO (CONT'D)

Special Agent Krazner & associate.

We're here to conduct a final profile.

He grunts, moves away to flip through the list.

KENZI

(sotto singsong)

This is crayy-zzzzyy.

BO

A lead is a lead. Let's just see where it goes.

GUARD

Don't see you on the list.

Bo leans forward, puts a hand on his. Her TOUCH EXUDES a subtle, shifting VIS FX where it makes contact -- a brief RIPPLE up his arm, to his heart.

BO

Sure you do. Right there.

But he can't take his eyes from hers. Her sexual magnetism is too potent. He swallows, dry-mouthed.

GUARD

Okay. Head on in, Agent. If you need anything... Call me.

They smile, take their badges. Kenzi mutters:

KENZI

I bet you've never paid for a single speeding ticket. Bitch.

Bo snorts under the BUZZ of heavy security doors opening.

11 INT. SUPERMAX PRISON-- VISITORS DOCK -- DAY

11

Bo & Kenzi sit across a table from LOU ANN (prison jumpsuit, fragile and beautiful) as she's brought to them, appropriately shackled. A SADNESS pooling off Lou Ann.

Till she sees Bo... and her face CHILLS. Part fear, part suspicion, she's wary and slow to warm. SPEAKS ONLY TO BO.

LOU

What do you want?

KENZI

For the record: we aren't really cops--

BO

(quietly)

She knows. She's Fae.

Kenzi is surprised. Sits back, let's Bo carry it.

BO (CONT'D)

I'm looking for my mother. I was told you might know who she is.

LOU

I don't even know who you are.

BO

She sent me to be raised by humans, if that triggers anything--

LOU

(alert, fascinated)

The Foundling?? I've heard of you, even in here. But just gossip, nothing that would help you.

BO

You're sure you don't know anything?

LOU

Believe it or not - I'm the last person who would keep a mother from her child.

Kenzi reacts with a snort of derision at the baby killer.

LOU (CONT'D)

Someone's wasting your time. And you're wasting mine.

Lou heads for the guard at the door. Bo has a sudden impulse:

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED:

11

BO
Siegfried sends his best.

LOU
Never heard of him.

Her frown of annoyed confusion seems sincere. Bo stares after Lou intensely as she EXITS with the guard, then:

KENZI
Well, that was rude and anticlimactic.

She rises, grabbing her stuff -- Bo's sits, troubled.

KENZI (CONT'D)
...What's wrong?

BO
I just don't think Siegfried would have lied to me.

KENZI
Why, did he find Vampire-Jesus?

BO
No, but he knows I'm going to turn right back around now, and go kick his ass. A lot. There are easier ways for him to score blood.
(stubborn)
There's something else going on here.

Bo knocks on the exit door; waits as the Guard opens it for them. Kenzi sighs, clearly less convinced than Bo. And looking just a bit concerned by Bo's stubborn hope.

12 OMITTED

12

13 INT. TENEMENT -- AFTERNOON

13

ON Siegfried, humming along to an operetta in his tiny kitchen. Making dinner, chopping a few ingredients contentedly -- he lights up as he hears the DING of his microwave...

And takes out the BLOOD BAG Bo paid him off with, nicely warmed. Crossing with it to his blender--

as CAMERA moves with him, it passes behind a MAN watching quietly from across the room. This is VEX (30s; creepy-handsome.)

Siegfried craps himself when he realizes he's not alone, and who he's facing.

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED:

13

VEX

I hear you've been sharing family
business with outsiders. Bad vampire.

SIEGFRIED

No! I swear--
(fawning, fear)
Maybe a... teensy bit. Fella's gotta
make a living, right?

Vex is unimpressed. Siegfried stills, swallowing.

SIEGFRIED (CONT'D)

Please don't hurt me.

Vex *Tsks*.

VEX

No talking.

And from Siegfried's sudden struggle to make sound, it's
clear that Vex's commands are impossible to ignore. Vex
pretends to just notice Siegfried's prep work.

VEX (CONT'D)

Oh, balls -- am I interrupting a
meal? Please. Don't let me stop you.

Siegfried's sweat and terror is increasing... finds his body,
as Vex's puppet, moving to the cutting board by the sink.
HAND closing on the SMALL SHARP PARING KNIFE there.

Raising it slowly, closer to his neck. Siegfried WHIMPERS,
presuming a stabbing...

...Instead, his hand VEERS over the garbage disposal, DROPPING
the paring knife down it.

Vex SMILES.

VEX (CONT'D)

Oops! Clumsy. Be a dove and get that
for me?

...Siegfried's eyes widen, watching as his arm reaches down
DEEP into the garbage disposal mouth. He bares his FANGS in
fear.

Vex turns up the operetta, starts humming and moving to it
in the b.g., as Siegfried -- sweating and whimpering -- finds
his other hand reaching out to the SWITCH on the wall.

A LOUD, grating sound emits, the whirring of the blades,
MUSIC drowning out Siegfried's screams...

(CONTINUED)

13	CONTINUED: (2)	13
	OFF Siegfried's expressive, panicked eyes--	
14	OMITTED	14
15	OMITTED	15
16	OMITTED	16
17	OMITTED	17

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

18 INT. TENEMENT -- HALLWAY -- NIGHT

18

People stand in their doorways, craning their necks towards Siegfried's door. A wearied FEMALE COP blocking it.

FEMALE COP

All right people, mind your distance.

ANGLE -- INSIDE THE APARTMENT

Dyson -- in plain clothes, wearing a POLICE DETECTIVE badge -- is finishing up his investigation of Siegfried's gory body, pulling off his gloves as he heads for the open door, ducking under the crime scene tape

HALLWAY

smiling at the Cop.

DYSON

I'm done here. Send in forensics when they decide to bless us with their presence--

FEMALE COP

Hey, Detective--

She nods at the end of the hall, Dyson follows her gaze...

FEMALE COP (CONT'D)

That woman keeps asking for you. Says it's urgent?

It's BO. Dyson stills. Eye contact, and then she's approaching, but Dyson cuts her off, taking her by the arm and dragging her with him. She's craning for a look.

BO

Is he dead?

DYSON

(sotto)

What the hell are you doing at my crime scene? Do you know how stupid that is?

BO

Just tell me! Is Siegfried dead?

He opens the stairwell door, SHOVES her--

19 OMITTED 19*
AND 20 AND
20 20

21 INT. TENEMENT -- STAIRWELL -- DAY 21

--inside, for privacy. Releasing her.

 DYSON
So you admit you know him.

 BO
Why wouldn't I?

 DYSON
You tell me. Start with where you
were between eight and midnight
yesterday.

 BO
Oh, come on. You don't think I did
that!

 DYSON
It's not what I think, it's how it
looks. Your scent was all over the
blood bags in his apartment. I'm
assuming your fingerprints are, too.

 BO
...Shit.

Let's her panic a beat before rescuing her.

 DYSON
Relax. We've got people in evidence
control, I'll handle it. But you owe
me. Talk.

 BO
He was helping me with something.
Something... personal.

 DYSON
Please don't tell me it was another
tip on your mother.

She waits. Three. Beats.

 BO
It was another tip on my mother.
 (cuts him off)
Hey, you don't get to judge me - you
didn't spend the last ten years a
 (MORE)

(CONTINUED)

21 CONTINUED:

21

BO (CONT'D)

raging freak with a bodycount. I'm entitled to some damn answers.

DYSON

(with effort)

Fine. What was this incredible tip.

BO

That I needed to talk to Lou Ann Heidinger, that woman on death row. Hey, did you know she's Fae?

DYSON

Dark Fae. And anytime they're involved, Bo, you back off. I hope you're dropping this now.

BO

I would, if I got closure with Siegfried, but someone made that impossible.

(imploring)

Can you get me Heidinger's police file? If there's nothing helpful in there, I'll drop it. Promise.

He was about to let her out the door. Considers.

DYSON

Ask nice.

BO

...Pretty please?

(inspired)

With Siegfried's rushed autopsy report on top--?

Her "hopeful begging" expression makes him laugh. Lets her go.

DYSON

You just used up your last favor. Hope it's worth it.

They pass into the hall, the guys with the BODY BAG passing ahead.

21A EXT. THE CLUBHOUSE -- SAME DAY

21A

What looks like a boarded up, abandoned house in a seedier side of town--

22 INT. THE CLUBHOUSE -- NEXT DAY

22

Kenzi sits cross legged on the couch, eating chips and salsa absently, reading Siegfried's autopsy report. Flips the page -- and VEERS back, making a face at the grisly pic.

KENZI

Ugh. I'm thinking salsa was not a good idea.

(to Bo, re pix)

Siegfried didn't go easy. Someone made an amusement park out of his pain receptors.

Bo enters, pacing, reading through Lou ann's file.

BO

There's nothing in Louann's file that helps me, either. No connections with Siegfried, or me.

(flipping)

OK. Forensics proved Louann drowned her stepkids, and then set the house on fire to cover it.

(looks over, wryly)

Siegfried wasn't drowned by any chance?

KENZI

Uh uh. Heart cut out. While he was still alive.

BO

What?? Let me see that.

(takes file)

No way a human got close enough for that, so we're talking about some kind of Fae--

(alert)

Why are there no defensive wounds?

She looks closely, flipping through grisly photos.

BO (CONT'D)

That report say anything about ligature marks, sedatives, shit like that?

KENZI

Hang on...

(finds doc)

Nope. No restraints, no drugs. Why?

(CONTINUED)

22 CONTINUED:

22

BO

Because that means he let his hand
be julienned and his heart cut out
without putting up a fight.

KENZI

...How is that even possible?

But Bo's eyes widen as she makes the realization.

23 OMITTED

23

24 INT. SUPERMAX PRISON -- MORNING

24

Bo faces Lou Ann again, alone this time. Bo is amazed.

BO

You didn't do it.

LOU

What are you talking about?

BO

You know what I'm talking about.
Someone was controlling you. Someone
made you kill those kids--

LOU

Lukas, Jacob and Cody. They had names.
And why does it matter now?

BO

They're about to execute you for
something you didn't do--!

LOU

I meant, to you.

Her eyes are hard, weighing; Bo admits a selfish truth.

BO

Because I still think we're connected
somehow. We just need more time to
figure it out.

(then)

Maybe we can help each other.

Louann nods slowly, believing her motives. Relaxes slightly.

BO (CONT'D)

How did things go so wrong for you?

(CONTINUED)

24 CONTINUED:

24

LOU

I fell in love with a human. I knew the rules, but ignored them. Seems so crazy now.

BO

(relating, firm)

It's not that crazy. Did he know what you really were?

LOU

No. God, no. I wasn't that stupid. And the more I loved him and his boys, the more I tried to cut myself off from my clan, to protect them.

(then)

Guess I didn't do a very good job.

BO

Are you saying that's why the boys were killed, to punish you for choosing humans?

LOU

I'd say it worked. Wouldn't you?

Bo is furious on multiple levels. Leans in.

BO

Listen. I have a friend, she's connected with the Light Elders. I can get an audience with The Ash, plead for help.

(energized)

He won't let this stand. I'm going to get you out of here.

Bo doesn't notice Lou's sad, wise smile.

25 INT. HOME OF THE ASH --HALLWAY -- DAY

25

Bo and Lauren approach. Lauren laying the rules.

BO

Thank you for arranging this. I know he's not a fan.

LAUREN

Just, please try and be respectful. And brief. And don't mention I've been helping you with your treatments, that's between us--

BO

Jeez, should I also curtsy? Relax!

(CONTINUED)

25 CONTINUED: 25

Bo is a little put off by Lauren's apprehension.

26 INT. HOME OF THE ASH -- DAY 26

The Ash (40s; slim, cultured; exudes power) the most politically powerful Light Fae in their district, is trimming plants in his solarium as Lauren leads Bo in to him....

THE ASH

Come.

Lauren's head slightly BOWED in deference to The Ash, and stays that way. Bo FROWNS, but is distracted as The Ash speaks.

THE ASH (CONT'D)

Have you been rethinking your allegiance, perhaps?

BO

It's come to my attention that a Fae is about to be executed by human law, for a crime she didn't commit.

THE ASH

I know of whom you speak. It's a matter for the Dark Fae.

BO

But they're the ones who betrayed her.

26 CONTINUED:

26

THE ASH

She is not of my clan, nor under my protection. To interfere in their business would be madness. Lesser things have started wars between us.

BO

So she gets to rot in jail for something you all know she didn't do... because you're scared to start trouble?

(truly confused)

It would be so easy for you to fix this. You have power in the human world that I don't--

THE ASH

Perhaps you should have thought of that before declining to join us.

Bo stiffens at the dig. His smile becomes thin and tight.

THE ASH (CONT'D)

Child, you mean well. But you play with elements you don't understand.

BO

(bitter warning)

So do you.

(exiting)

Thanks for the advice. I'll let myself out.

He watches her go. Glances at Lauren.

THE ASH

My. Still so charming.
(gestures after Bo)
Go. This troubles me.

OFF Lauren, anxious.

27 INT. HOME OF THE ASH -- HALLWAY -- MOMENTS LATER

27

Lauren hurries, catching up with Bo as she exits from her audience, pissed.

LAUREN

What the hell were you thinking in there??

BO

What was I thinking?

(CONTINUED)

27 CONTINUED:

27

BO (CONT'D)

(whispered, fevered)

You're the human, how can you work for that jackhole? He's as bad as the Dark Fae!

LAUREN

Just saying that proves you still have no idea what you're dealing with.

(grabs her)

Bo, this is dangerous. I have no influence with the Dark. I can't help you if you get in trouble.

BO

Not asking you to.

Bo stares at Lauren. Something inside of her shifts, resolves. She answers calmly.

BO (CONT'D)

Tell your "boss" he's not the only connection I have.

Lauren is frustrated, but knows she can't stop her.

28 INT. CHINESE RESTAURANT -- NIGHT

28

MAYER (60s, small, curmudgeonly) sits in his favorite booth. Bo enters, and looks straight for him. She approaches --

-- and TWO BIG MEN in neighboring booths LOOK UP AT BO, then at Mayer, a subtle question to him. He NODS approval, and they let Bo pass. This man is powerful.

She seems comfortable with him. They like each other. He grimaces down at the food on his plate as she sits across.

MAYER

They call this moo shu. I could make this.

BO

You're the one who eats here every damn day.

MAYER

Why shouldn't I? Took me twenty years to get the seat how I like it.

(gestures at plate)

Eat, talk. Skinny is not so good for a woman.

She smiles, takes a forkfull.

(CONTINUED)

28 CONTINUED:

28

BO

I have a friend in jail. I need some help on getting her out.

MAYER

And you come to me? I'm flattered.

BO

Don't be. You're the only contact I have in the Dark Fae AND human crime worlds.

MAYER

Even I'm not so good with death row.

Bo stops chewing, looks at him, surprised by the leap.

BO

...You know?

MAYER

You are not so good with subtlety. You need to learn to tread a little more lightly.

(smile fades)

Some advice? Humor an old man, and let this one go.

BO

God! Doesn't anyone want to help this woman?

MAYER

Sure. I also want to climb Everest. But it's maybe not so good for my health, hm?

BO

Are you saying the Fae will physically stop me?

MAYER

I'm saying, Light Fae, Dark Fae, we all must respect the One Rule--

BO

Yeah yeah. Keeping our existence secret from the humans. So?

MAYER

What you're attempting is too high profile! All human eyes are on this woman.

(CONTINUED)

28 CONTINUED: (2)

28

MAYER (CONT'D)

(tries clarifying)

This "Louann", she chose Humans over her own. My people objected -- why shouldn't we feel slighted? -- and so they made an example out of her. Family business. End of story.

BO

So, you're allowed to kill your own? How is that okay with everyone??

MAYER

Beaussse, we exposed nothing. The Humans have someone in jail, they closed the case, leave it alone already. This is how things work in our world.

BO

And this is exactly why I won't join your world. Light or Dark.

MAYER

Yet.

Longstanding debate. Bo's irritated, but dials it back.

BO

Look, if you can't help me get her out, at least help me find who put her in. Who was the real killer?

He stares at her. And then seems to relent.

MAYER

I'll look into this for you. You'll hear from me.

She nods, wiping her mouth with her hand, being dismissed.

MAYER (CONT'D)

Bo--? Be careful with this. You've made enemies already.

BO

Then I'm asking the right questions. Thanks for moo shu.

Mayer rubs his eyes as she goes, looking pensive.

32B CONTINUED:

32B

REVERSE ANGLE -- SUBJECTIVE POV, CAMERA RUSHING towards a still kneeling Bo--

-- who TURNS, on her feet, blade flashing and ready, facing...

Nothing. Just her empty room. Bo exhales. Irked at herself. Hand on her racing heart, she manages a half laugh, relieving the tension. Turns back to the tub--

--to find the MORAGH inches from her face. She only sees it a split second before - with an inhuman screech - it reaches out and PUSHES HER DOWN, face first into the filled tub.

Bo yanks the clear plastic shower curtain down with her, tangling in it as she fights for her life. Twisting around, suffocating under the plastic, kicking her feet so hard on the ground she cracks tiles..

33 INT. THE CLUBHOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

33

Kenzi moves her head to the game's thumping bass. And then. Just slightly under it. HEARS other, more ominous THUMPS.

Kenzi frowns. Removes her earbuds -- just as a trickle of DUST & DRIED PLASTER filters down from above. Where the thumps are coming from.

KENZI

...Bo?

A beat. And then Kenzi springs into action, on her feet and bolting for the stairs...

33A INT. THE CLUBHOUSE -- BO'S BEDROOM/BATHROOM -- CONTINUOUS

33A

Bo breaks free, falling out of the tub, fighting for air.

Before she can scream, the creature moves superfast, almost a blur. WHIPS a bony hand out, grabbing Bo's neck and THROWING her against another wall. Gets in close, choking Bo.

FACE TO FACE with the intruder, first full sight of her attacker: like some sort of swampish humanoid; hair dreadlocked with mud and twigs, EYES WHITE and dead. It grins its dirty teeth...

KENZI skids into the bedroom. Just as:

...with a magnificent CRASH of debris and bodies, Bo explodes through the partial bathroom/bedroom wall, dust flying. DAMAGED PIPES AND ELECTRICAL WIRES EXPOSED, as she lands hard, sliding a few feet. The Moragh steps through the hole, advances.

(CONTINUED)

33A CONTINUED:

33A

Bo looks around in a panic. Can see A BROKEN PIPE poking out of the crashed drywall across from them...

KENZI

Hey. Fugly!! Over here!

Thinking fast, Kenzi yanks an axe from Bo's "Tickle Trunk" (her weapon chest) and WHIPS it.

TIGHT ON the Moragh, as the axe goes wide, sinking harmlessly into the wall beside it. Moragh TURNS ITS HEAD to HISS at Kenzi, but returns its attention to Bo --

...She's gone. It turns, looking around as--

BO

Yoohoo.

The Moragh turns just as Bo IMPALES it (from behind?) with a broken pipe she's ripped from the trashed wall. It staggers a few feet in surprise, towards the wall.

It LOOKS DOWN at its chest, and the pipe that protrudes. Makes a low laugh, hand on the pipe, grinning as it starts to slowly pull it out.

Bo smiles darkly, two steps ahead. Tuts.

BO (CONT'D)

I'm not finished yet.

Bo yanks over one of the SPARKING broken wires, touching the raw end to the exposed pipe.

The Moragh SCREAMS, electrifying to death (VisFX). Bo hits the deck near Kenzi, LIGHTS FLICKERING house-wide for a beat, until the Moragh finally dies.

Silence, except the friends harsh breathing, until, stunned:

KENZI

Holy shit. That was hardcore.
(seeing Bo's condition)
You're bad. I'll call Dyson.

Bo nods weakly, lying back and catching her breath as Kenzi takes off at a run...

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

34 INT. THE CLUBHOUSE -- KITCHEN -- NIGHT

34

Bo sits at the little melamine table in her grotty kitchen, looking battered. Pours another shot, hands still slightly shaking. IN BAD SHAPE. DYSON's with her, interrogating her gently.

DYSON

That wasn't an assassination. Not sanctioned by the elders, anyway.

BO

(bitter)

So, she wasn't coming to kill me. She was just in my shower to, what -- loofah me?

DYSON

If this was official, they'd have sent more than one against you. Your powers are still too unknown to risk any less than a major assault.

BO

Isn't there some kind of general Fae rule about, I dunno, NOT trying to knock one another off? Keeping peace between the sides?

DYSON

You have no side! This is what we've been trying to get you to understand. Why we wanted you to choose between Dark and Light, like the rest of us. You have no protection if you have no fealty.

BO

So I have to be owned to be free?

DYSON

No. Just to stay breathing.

BO

I don't accept that. Maybe you just never tried hard enough for something more.

DYSON

(hard)

I've tried.

(CONTINUED)

34 CONTINUED:

34

She's hit a sore spot, and backs off. Dyson rubs his neck a beat. He watches her: arms wrapped protectively around herself, knees drawn to her chest, an air of fear and fury rolling off her. BEAT UP. Dyson hesitates then, almost resentfully, rises:

DYSON (CONT'D)

Come on. You're staying with me tonight. You need more healing than Lauren's little needles can give you.

BO

You cut me off, remember?

DYSON

I'll make an exception.

BO

I won't.

(off his surprise)

I needed your help tonight. Not your pity.

(then)

Go on home. I'll be fine on my own.

She looks at him, not open to debate. He's not in the mood to argue it, walks out. Bo hears Kenzi's slow clap, sees her in the doorway.

KENZI

Well done. Alienating the few friends we have. I know I feel safer.

Bo squeezes her eyes shut. Wishing the night was over.

35 INT. "THE DAL RIATA" TAVERN -- MORNING

35

TRICK stands on his stool behind the bar, drying mugs. It's an off hour, empty, as Bo enters, sliding onto a stool in front of him. She's healed up some. Not all.

BO

(noticing, surprised)

You actually do dishes?

He frowns at her, confused. She shrugs, embarrassed.

BO (CONT'D)

I dunno, I guess I thought you'd just sort of

(magical gesture)

..."poof".

(CONTINUED)

35 CONTINUED:

35

TRICK

I have an industrial dishwasher in
back. That "poof" enough?

(curious)

You're a little early for a drink.

BO

And probably too late for advice.
But it's what I need.

(takes breath)

What's a Morragh?

TRICK

Why?

BO

Because one just tried to kill me.

Trick blinks, surprised. Puts the glass down.

TRICK

Come in the back.

Bo is the one surprised now, by the rare invitation. Gets up
to follow.

36 INT. THE DAL RIATA -- TRICK'S OFFICE -- AFTERNOON

36

Private, sumptuous quarters with an outer and inner area.
Trick loves old, beautiful things. He's at the other end of
the room, searching in a curio cabinet as Bo waits in the
outer chamber within sight of him, her eyes wandering all
over the ancient artifacts and books, taking it in.

BO

Nice. It's like antiques roadshow in
here.

She pauses, staring into a sort of trophy case filled with
arcana. One is a necklace, ancient looking. Calls out:

BO (CONT'D)

Lauren has one of these things.
What is it, some kind of amulet?

TRICK

(distractedly)

Lauren? She's under Ward of the Ash.
She wears his mark.

BO

Because she works for him?

(CONTINUED)

36 CONTINUED:

36

TRICK

Fae Elders don't employ humans -
They own them. In return for their
protection.

BO

...Oh. Cozy.
(beat)
She neglected to mention.

Bo's face drops and darkens, highly perturbed. Changes the
topic and tone as Trick re-enters the room behind her.

BO (CONT'D)

Sorry to keep bugging you with
questions. There are just so many
damn types of Fae. Wish there was
some kind of book or something to
keep track of them.

He turns and drops what he brought -- a BIG, OLD, LEATHER
TOME labeled The Book of Fae, on the cluttered desk in front
of her. Bo looks down at it, then back up at him, deadpans:

BO (CONT'D)

...I also want a pony.

He smirks, sitting on a high stool and flipping through the
ancient, type-and-lithograph pages. Bo leans in, fascinated.

BO (CONT'D)

Kelties, sprites, Djiin, halforn. I
never heard of half of these.

TRICK

Wouldn't be doing our jobs, if you
had. Here--

He stops on a page, turns the book to her. Bo bends, reading.

BO

The Morragh.

TRICK

Tell me something. As a succubus,
what do you feed on?

BO

Nicotine and wishful thinking?

He stares at her, unsmiling. She shifts in her chair like a
kid, wanting to avoid the serious topic. She sighs, relents:

(CONTINUED)

36 CONTINUED: (2)

36

BO (CONT'D)

"Chi", I think. Or whatever you want to call the human life force.

TRICK

Most of us live off the Humans in some way. Their blood, energy, emotion. It's the nature of Fae.

(taps page)

The Morrigh -- feeds on rage. You've angered someone. They sent one of these after you.

BO

What if they send more? Or worse?

TRICK

You're your own weapon. A succubus is not without power--

BO

No. I don't like losing control that way. That's not an option.

TRICK

At a certain point it's not about losing control anymore. It's about taking it.

(holds her gaze; sighs)

But, until you're there--

He slides something towards her across the table: an odd shape under a wrapping of navy velvet. Uncovered, it's a long, straight, horn-like stick with a sharpened point. But when Bo leans towards it, it EXTENDS, growing towards her.

BO

Whoa! Whatever it is, I think it's happy to see me.

TRICK

The Siracon. From the Old Times. It can hurt all Fae, and its touch protects the bearer from corruption.

BO

Groovy. What's it made of?

TRICK

Unicorn horn.

BO

Ha.

(then; balks)

Shit, really?

(CONTINUED)

36 CONTINUED: (3)

36

His eyes hold hers, inscrutably, but then he grins and shrugs. Not a real answer. She smirks back.

BO (CONT'D)

I never know when to believe you.

TRICK

Probably better that way.

She doesn't disagree.

37 INT. SUPERMAX PRISON -- LOU ANN'S CELL -- AFTERNOON

37

Bo is in Lou's actual cell with her, in the middle of some personal recollections -- OUTSIDE, we can see the Guard Bo has bespelled (sc. 10) lingering, distance for privacy.

BO

...I think she came to see me, once. I was about four. My foster parents turned her away.

LOU

Did they know you weren't human?

BO

In hindsight--? Yeah.

(sad smile)

My foster mother... her mind isn't what it used to be. By the time I knew what questions to ask, she'd lost all the answers.

LOU

I'm so sorry, Bo. I wish I had them for you. We've been through everything--

BO

I know.

Bo nods, trying to suppress her emotions. Starts pacing.

BO (CONT'D)

Well I still want to help you. We need to get you out of here.

LOU

How?

BO

(desperate spinning)

I can control maybe two Guards, you could handle a few more--

(CONTINUED)

37 CONTINUED:

37

LOU

--and then what? Hope the other
hundred just happen to look away?
(chuckles)
We're Fae, not gods. We have limits.

Bo stops moving. Appalled at her relative good humor.

BO

They're going to kill you. How can
you possibly be okay with that?

LOU

Because I'm ready.
(softer)
My boys died for me. I'm ready to
die for them.

BO

(frustrated)
But you'd be paying for someone else's
sins -- there's no absolution in
that.

LOU

There's relief. That's something.
(then)
Our people have eyes everywhere. I
could never truly be free. So, please.
Just let me finally sleep.

BO

At least tell me who killed them.
Don't let them die unavenged.

She strokes Bo's hair, almost maternal. Gently:

LOU

Getting yourself killed isn't
vengeance, Bo. And I've caused enough
deaths, already.
(with difficulty)
I won't take your visits any more.
This will have to be goodbye.

Bo turns to go, angry and upset. Lou's last peace offering:

LOU (CONT'D)

Bo - I may not be your mother, but I
know what it feels like to be one.
(intimate)
Wherever she is: she loves you.
Don't ever doubt that.

This is almost too much for Bo to hear. A bittersweet,

(CONTINUED)

37 CONTINUED: (2) 37

emotional parting. Bo turns, Guard coming quickly over --

38 INT. HOME OF THE ASH -- TRAINING ROOM -- DAY 38

Lauren walks with the Ash:

 THE ASH
Our little succubus is persistent. *
 (turns) *
I know you've been helping her without *
my permission. *

 LAUREN *
I...um... *

Lauren pales slightly. Panicked. *

 THE ASH *
I assume you've been getting closer *
to her for the good of the Light *
Fae. Yes?

 LAUREN
(hating this game)
...yes. Of course.

 THE ASH *
Good. And now we can use that *
relationship.

 LAUREN
I don't understand.

 THE ASH
The man Bo seeks is called Vex.
He's a favorite of the Dark Fae.
 (sighs)
If Bo kills Vex, the Dark will kill
Bo. And I'm not ready for that until
I know more about her.

 LAUREN *
(relieved) *
Good. What can I do? *

 THE ASH *
I'll negotiate with the Morrigan to *
have this Vex sent away. You will *
keep Bo on a leash until he is gone.

38 CONTINUED:

38

LAUREN

How? I've tried reasoning with her-- *

THE ASH

She's a succubus. *

(exiting) *

I'm sure you'll think of some way to
distract her. If you want to keep
her alive. *

He smiles.

OFF Lauren, face unreadable.

39 INT. THE CLUBHOUSE -- NIGHT

39

Bo's onto her couch, taking a sip from her stiff drink. Kenzi
treads gently. Worried for her.

KENZI

You have to let this go.

BO

I can't.

KENZI

She physically committed the murders,
Bo. There's no smoking gun for us
to find, no way to pin this on the
real killer. No help from the Fae.
(shrugs)We can't protect everyone, especially
the ones that don't want us to.

BO

I wasn't just doing it for her.

KENZI

I know.

39 CONTINUED: 39
Kenzi smiles at her with sad empathy.

40 INT. THE CLUBHOUSE -- LATER 40
Bo pours Lauren some wine. A bit tense and awkward.

LAUREN
I heard your friend dropped her
appeal.
(shrugs)
Thought you might not want to be
alone right now.

Bo moves some of Kenzi's junk off the couch for her,
invitation to sit. She does.

LAUREN (CONT'D)
Can I ask you something? You barely
know this woman. Why are you taking
it so personally?

BO
Because we both want the same things.
(realizing)
No matter how miserable I was before
you told me I was Fae... at least
back then, I still hoped I could
live a normal human life one day.
If I wanted to.

LAUREN
But do you really want a normal life?
The picket fence, the kids--

BO
I want to know that it's my choice
to make. Not theirs. Lou made her
choice, and look what they did to
her?
(impassioned)
If I let that go. If I let them get
away with it. What chance will I
ever have of living a life of my
(MORE)

40 CONTINUED:

40

BO (CONT'D)

own? And who would want to share it
with me?

She holds Lauren's eyes a moment, a true question, and the most honest moment they've ever had. It's a little intense for Bo, who stands, tossing back her drink.

BO (CONT'D)

I know one thing. Whoever framed
her, I'm finding them tonight--

LAUREN

Wait...

Lauren stands with her, close. Stares at Bo a suspended moment - and then goes for it. Leaning in, lips meeting.

The kiss is sweet, at first. Healing, empathetic, consoling. But soon - there's heat. Bo pulls back, confused, unsteady.

BO

What are you doing--

LAUREN

I'm not sure yet. Just-- let me...

Lauren gently but decisively takes control, pushing Bo back on the couch, straddling her with her fingers on Bo's buttons, lips on her lips, as the two finally give into the tension that's been building...

41 INT. THE CLUBHOUSE -- BO'S BEDROOM

41

They've made it to the bed. Lauren begins to notice Bo is holding back. Increasingly anxious.

LAUREN

What's wrong?

BO

... I don't want to hurt you.

She's talking physically. Lauren holds Bo's face.

LAUREN

I trust you.

It means everything to Bo, She smiles, until her eyes drift down, notice The Ash's necklace hanging between Lauren's breasts. Bo reaches up with two hands, snapping it angrily and TOSSING it.

BO

Nobody owns you.

(CONTINUED)

41 CONTINUED:

41

An important moment between them, Bo holding her gaze pointedly a beat - Lauren reacts, kissing Bo passionately.

One look as we leave them, their equal intensity, the tenderness beneath, and it's clear they have a real and strong emotional connection, not just sexual...

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

42 INT. THE CLUBHOUSE -- BO'S BEDROOM -- LATER

42

The After-Bliss. Lauren shifts in her sleep, opens her eyes. Sees Bo quietly finishing getting dressed.

Lauren sits up abruptly. Bo winces, then smiles in apology, sitting on the bed beside her, whispering.

BO

Sorry! Go back to sleep.

LAUREN

You're leaving? Why?

BO

I'll be back. I just can't let this Lou Ann situation go. There's something I need to take care of--

Lauren sits up, agitated, starts quickly pulling on her shirt.

LAUREN

No. You have to stay.

BO

(amused, affectionate)

I didn't figure you for "clingy".

But Lauren doesn't smile, clearly troubled, and so Bo sobers. The beginnings of suspicion. She comes to Lauren, gentle.

BO (CONT'D)

What's going on?

LAUREN

Nothing--

BO

Lauren.

LAUREN

Please let this go. For me? Your revenge could start a damn war.

(hopeful)

I'm doing what I can politically. But I need a few more hours.

Lauren touches Bo. Bo pulls back slightly.

BO

...is that why you're here with me?
A diversion?

(CONTINUED)

42 CONTINUED:

42

LAUREN

Just hear me out. We have your best interests at heart.

BO

We? Who is WE?

A cold fury -- and comprehension -- is rising in Bo.

LAUREN

Bo--

BO

My God. Were you sent here?

LAUREN

Let me explain--

BO

Were you sent here?

The words reach out like a slap. The room falls silent. Lauren takes a breath. A huge, hard admission.

LAUREN

Yes.

Bo PIVOTS, walking towards the door--

LAUREN (CONT'D)

It's not what you think!

BO

--you have no idea what I think, and less about what I feel for you, or you couldn't do this to me.

LAUREN

I'm sorry!

Bo ignores her, grabbing the rest of her stuff.

LAUREN (CONT'D)

Goddamit, I'm trying to protect you! I didn't do anything wrong!

(CONTINUED)

42 CONTINUED: (2)

42

BO

You're in my bed because he told you
to be. EVERYTHING about that is wrong.

Hold their look for a beat, then as Bo turns to go:

LAUREN

This is suicide. Vex is too
strong for you--

BO

You know his name?! Where is he?

Lauren shakes her head, firm. Won't help her get herself
killed. Bo turns in disgust.

LAUREN

Where are you going?

BO

To get answers. I'm through playing
nice.

Bo heads for her door, stepping over Lauren's scattered pile
of clothes, sees something glimmer. Bends in one swift move,
picking it up and throwing it at Lauren in disgust.

BO (CONT'D)

And don't forget your dog collar.

Lauren, half naked and distraught, looks down at what she's
caught in her hand: the Ash's amulet necklace. Closes her
hand around it in an angry fist as we hear the front door
SLAM behind Bo.

43 INT. CHINESE RESTAURANT -- NIGHT

43

Mayer reads the paper. Looks up at a sound--

Just as a BODY of one of his henchmen LANDS on the table,
spilling the soup, the huge henchman rolling off onto the
ground with a groan.

Mayer looks up calmly. Sees BO standing there, looking like
a force of nature. Mayer raises an eyebrow.

MAYER

This is how you say hello?

(CONTINUED)

43 CONTINUED:

43

BO

No more stalling. Where do I find
this Vex?

(cuts him off, firm)

You owe me, Mayer. I'm calling the
debt. On your blood honor.

He looks sharply at this. Pushes back from the table, like
he has sudden heart burn. Grudgingly reaches for a pen.

MAYER

This is no favor I'm doing you.

(while writing address
on napkin)

Here. Here is where you go, if you're
crazy enough. Vex is a favorite of
the Dark Elders. You don't want that
trouble--

She takes the address from him, stalking off. He watches her
go, unhappy. His Henchman has roused, on his feet,
embarrassed. Mayer glares at him, unimpressed.

MAYER (CONT'D)

(cranky, re: table)

Clean up this mess...

44 OMITTED

44

45 INT. SUPERMAX PRISON -- NIGHT

45

Lou looks up as her cell bars are opened. A PRIEST and WARDEN
are there, subdued. Lou takes a breath, then stands...

46 OMITTED

46

47 INT. SUPERMAX PRISON -- CORRIDOR -- NIGHT

47

Lou does the dead man walk. Chin raised. Other prisoners
reacting as she passes, banging the bars...

48 INT. THE CLUBHOUSE -- NIGHT

48

ON a weapon chest as it's opened to reveal her stock - blades,
maces, throwing stars, crossbows.

Bo loads her belt with her usual throwing knives. Hesitates,
then runs a palm over Trick's special horn-blade. Stuffs it
into her pocket. Closing the chest, grim faced. Ready...

49 INT. SUPERMAX PRISON -- NIGHT

49

--Lou Ann is STRAPPED down onto the table, looking peaceful.
Priest MURMURS under the music as he reads her her last

(CONTINUED)

49 CONTINUED:

49

rights... OPENS the blinds, for the small audience of witnesses...

INCLUDING TRICK, watching stonefaced. Louann stares at him, confused. Clearly recognizing him. She tries to rise slightly, to speak--

But the 5 GLASS CYLINDERS of sedatives and poisons begin to empty in sequence. Lou closes her eyes. And won't open them again... music ending sequence.

50 INT. VEX'S STRIP CLUB -- MAIN FLOOR -- NIGHT

50

ON a boarded (locked?) door -- as Bo kicks it in.

She enters, walking through an empty stripclub that's seen better days. Bo walks by the stage - as the STAGE LIGHTS come on, blinding her.

VEX

(over mic)

Ladies and gentlemen: she's classy,
she's sassy, let's welcome to the
stage: *Boooooo.*

Bo shades her eyes, looking up.

BO

You going to show yourself?

VEX

That's right, we haven't officially
met yet, have we? And here I feel
like old friends...

She can see him now, as he stands comes to the balcony, sitting on it, legs dangling. Chatty and creepy.

Bo lets him talk, one hand still shielding her eyes... as we see the other, slowly removing a weapon.

VEX (CONT'D)

I've heard a lot about you. You're
a very silly, confused girl, to care
so much for the humans.

(tsk)

It's that kind of thinking that got
Lou Ann killed.

Bo slides her THROWING KNIFE from her hiding place...

BO

Actually, you're what got her killed.
I'm here to make that right.

(CONTINUED)

50 CONTINUED:

50

VEX

Ooh. I have chills. How do you intend
to do that, pray tell--?

--only, instead of throwing it, her RIGHT ARM jerks suddenly
at an odd angle, placing the blade against her own BELLY.

Her eyes widen, confusion and fear; Vex grins, controlling
her like he did Siegfried.

VEX (CONT'D)

--When you can't even control your
own weapon.

The blade is pushing SLOWLY into her belly, millimeter by
millimeter. Her muscles are shaking, BLOOD welling slowly --

50A INT. "THE DAL RIATA" -- NIGHT

50A

Trick enters, heads for his office; It's a slowish night;
Dyson plays pool with Kenzi in the corner.

KENZI

What the balls?! Are you cheating?

DYSON

No. Just genetically superior.

KENZI

So -- you are cheating.

He grins. Trick pauses, watching Lauren enter and head for
Dyson, more distraught than we're used to seeing her.

LAUREN

I didn't know where else to go.
It's Bo. I made a huge mistake--

DYSON

Slow down. Talk.

LAUREN

(taking breath)
She knows who framed Lou Ann, a mesmer
named Vex. He's too strong for her,
Dyson--

Dyson stiffens. Clearly dangerous. Catches Trick's eyes -

TRICK

Go.

Dyson throws down his cue, already moving. Kenzi, too.

(CONTINUED)

50A CONTINUED:

50A

DYSON

Where?

LAUREN

We think the old strip club on
Prospect road.

Dyson pauses as he passes Lauren. In close, sotto threat:

DYSON

If he hurts her...

LAUREN

I know. Just hurry.

She watches him go. OFF Trick, pensive. Perfectly still.

51 OMITTED

51

52 OMITTED

52

52A OMITTED

52A

53 INT. VEX'S STRIP CLUB -- MAIN FLOOR -- CONTINUOUS

53

Vex lands with a thump, having jumped down neatly from the railing (OR: he approaches leisurely down the stairs, watching her pain.) Whistles as he approaches her, Bo struggling on the ground now, blade in her belly. He swipes a liquor bottle from a dusty table en route, pours himself a tot.

VEX

Care for a drink?

Bo is concentrating on using her FREE LEFT HAND, trying to pull her right, Vex-controlled hand off the blade. Can't... But she can SEE THE SIRACON, strapped to her thigh. She keeps talking, WITH EFFORT, distracting him while moving her left hand slowly--

BO

You know, I think you're the first
person I'm going to enjoy killing.

He's crouched over her now, admiring his prey.

VEX

Now, that's awfully judgmental. You
barely know me.

BO

You cut out Siegfried's heart and
forced a woman to drown her children.

(CONTINUED)

53 CONTINUED:

53

VEX

(offended)

Yes, well I never said I was perfect.

...Her hand CLOSES on the weapon...

She INHALES, regaining her control and breaking Vex's hold-- yanks the knife from her stomach, using the fist to PUNCH Vex, sending him back.

Bo is a bit woozy, getting to her feet to face him.

BO

Uh oh. Puppet cut her strings.

She EXTENDS the siracon to its full blade length as she slowly approaches, hate in her eyes. Vex smiles.

VEX

Ooh, fancy. I didn't know we were bringing toys.

(indicates sword)

That one's cheating, by the by.

BO

I can live with that.

She reaches him, now, blade in his face--

VEX

Careful. I know things about you. And your Mum.

BO

Shut your lying mouth.

VEX

Why do you think I took my time with that chubby vampire? Ohhh, he was holding out on you. I've got all the goodies, now.

BO

Then I suggest you share.

She grabs his shirt and pulls him in - blade against his skin, now, SIZZLING, Vex wincing just as--

In the B.G. DYSON enters, KENZI behind, freezing at the scene. Dyson's EYES flash in anger, but he keeps his cool.

DYSON

Bo. Stop--

(CONTINUED)

53 CONTINUED: (2)

53

BO
(fixated on Vex)
No more games. Tell me who I am. Or
I will cut it out of you.

And in almost a blur, Bo is WHIPPED aside. THROWN off of Vex. She crashes against the stage -- and when she orients herself, is dismayed to realize it was Dyson who threw her. Dyson turns, standing between them, and gives Vex a glare.

DYSON
Go.

She springs to her feet -- Dyson is at her, holding her back, pinned down against the stage. Bad angle for her to get the upper hand. He's using force, not gentle, and she struggles.

VEX
(to Bo)
To be continued, then.

BO
(to Dyson)
Are you crazy?? What are doing??

Vex moves past Kenzi, whistling on his way out, as Bo gets half free, before Dyson physically SHOVES her back down again.

DYSON
Saving your ass, something you're
clearly too stupid to--

And the SIRACON BLADE appears in frame as she raises it to near his throat. In their b.g. KENZI reacts, appalled.

KENZI
Bo, Jesus--

But Dyson and Bo are eyelocked. Super tense.

BO
Let me go.

DYSON
No.
(then)
If you kill him, they won't stop
until you're dead.

BO
I don't care.

He MOVES IN CLOSER, slightly, blade pushed to his skin now.

(CONTINUED)

53 CONTINUED: (3)

53

DYSON

I do.

He's giving her no choice. An emotionally meaningful standoff between them -- until she RETRACTS the blade, the Siracon contracting out of frame, signaling her acquiescence.

Kenzi takes a step back in relief, breathing again, as Bo tosses her collapsed siracon (the knuckles) aside. Looks at Dyson, spent.

BO

He was the only lead I had left to her.

DYSON

(gentle, empathetic)

Then you had nothing left. He was lying to you, Bo.

Bo looks away from him, not ready to hear this. Kenzi catches Dyson's gaze, gestures her head towards the door, for him to leave them alone. Dyson starts to go. Pauses. Sincere.

DYSON (CONT'D)

I wish I could tell you there's some grand conspiracy, Bo, but there's not. Vex, Siegfried, Louann... they didn't know anything about your mother. Nobody does.

She turns, desperate to believe, at Dyson's back as he leaves:

BO

Somebody knows. Somebody fucking knows!

He continues out, leaving the girls together. .

KENZI

(gently)

Come on. Let's go home...

Camera pans past, to the wall and into BLACKNESS...

54 OMITTED

54

55 INT. PRISON MORGUE -- NIGHT

55

... and out of it. Simple run down room, vaguely antiseptic/medical. Two metal tables/gurneys. One with a full BODYBAG on it.

A Bodybag that starts to MOVE.

(CONTINUED)

55 CONTINUED:

55

Just a twitch, at first. Then a shove. And finally a full on, panicked fight from the person inside, leading to them TEARING open the bag from the inside--

--as Louann sits up on the table, body bag spilling around her. Fighting for breath, panicked, eyes watering. She looks around in total, terrified confusion--

REVEAL TRICK, sitting calm (if severe) on a stool ten feet from her, staring back.

TRICK

We need to talk.

Off Louann's shock we...

FADE OUT.