

**The Company**

"Connect"

by  
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TEASER

FADE IN:

INT. BASEMENT - STAIRS

The hulking silhouette of a MAN walks down the slick steps. He grips something tightly in his hand. His face is hidden in shadow.

The camera follows him as he PASSES and moves down a LONG HALLWAY. Leaking pipes hang from the ceiling. Every so often a fluorescent light flickers on and off. As this happens, the object in his hand becomes clear - if only for a few seconds.

A FAST FOOD BAG from the "Happy Vampire".

CUT TO:

INT. BASEMENT - STORAGE ROOM

A lock CLICKS and the heavy metal door SCRAPES open. Light floods the room. The Man stands imposingly in the doorway.

ANGLE ON CORNER

A TEENAGE GIRL, dressed in a rumpled school uniform looks up. Her face is dirty and tear stained. She doesn't even try to scream. She's had enough.

GIRL

(quiet; empty)

Why are you doing this?

No reply.

The Man digs around in the bag and pulls out a plastic knife and fork. He holds them in his fingers for a moment. Considering something.

Stuffing them into his pocket, he tosses her the paper bag. Turns and SLAMS the door.

We are left in DARKNESS.

CUT TO:

EXT. SUBURBAN NEIGHBORHOOD - FRONT YARD - MORNING

MUSIC CUE: "Chariot" by Gavin DeGraw

ANGLE ON FRONT LAWN

A newspaper lands on the freshly cut grass. The partial view of the front page declares, "LOCAL TEEN STILL MISSING.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SEARCH CONTINUES". Next to this is a school photograph of the girl - happy and smiling.

The CAMERA PANS UP to reveal a two story house with a large tree in the front yard - its branches overhanging part of the roof.

PUSH IN on the tree.

PAN UP to reveal that a girl is sitting on a wide branch. Her back resting against the trunk. She is high up - directly opposite the second story window.

This is VIOLET "VI" MORGAN (16). Pretty much a loner. A teenage girl who surprisingly doesn't care about trends and gossip. There's always a feeling of distance between her and others.

The MUSIC is coming from her earphones, an MP3 PLAYER in one hand. She wears simple, non-cutesy pajamas.

CUT TO:

INT. MORGAN RESIDENCE - VI'S BEDROOM

Large cardboard boxes are stacked in one corner. Clothes spill out onto the floor. The room looks very bare at the moment.

The door opens. PENNY MORGAN (18) enters. She wears an identical uniform to the girl in the previous scene. Penny is tall, blonde haired and blue eyed. Model material.

The bed is empty. Confused, Penny spots the open window.

CUT TO:

EXT. FRONT YARD - TREE

Penny appears at the window. Vi, with her eyes closed, doesn't notice her.

PENNY

Vi! Mum wants you to come down  
for breakfast.

No response.

PENNY (CONT'D)

(louder)  
Violet!

A beat. She rolls her eyes and disappears from the window. Penny re-appears one moment later with a book in her hand.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Without even pausing to think it over, she HURLS the book at Vi who reels back in surprise as it skims her head. Vi slips, losing her balance on the branch.

She drops the music player and scrambles for a hold.

A beat.

WIDE SHOT ON VI

Hanging upside down. Her legs wrapped around the tree branch. Her arms dangle comically over her head.

She looks up at the window.

VI'S P.O.V - UPSIDE DOWN

Penny shrugs, un-fazed by her sisters near fall, and disappears back inside.

Still hanging, Vi looks at the ground. Her music player lies shattered on the rocky garden edging.

VI

Aww, crap.

Off her awkward position - -

CUT TO BLACK:

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

INT. MORGAN RESIDENCE - UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - LATER

Vi walks down the hall - now dressed in the familiar school uniform - and heads down the stairs.

She is stopped by CAMERON "CAM" MORGAN (11) - on his way upstairs. Cam is a boy far too intelligent for his own good. He wears the male equivalent of Vi's uniform.

CAM

Have you seen my science project?  
I've lost it.

VI

It's the first day of school.

CAM

It's my own private  
investigation.

A beat.

VI

Really don't care.

She continues downstairs.

CUT TO:

INT. MORGAN RESIDENCE - KITCHEN

Penny and PETER MORGAN (46) sit at the kitchen table. Peter is scruffy and unkempt. He scribbles furiously in a notebook, a bowl of cereal in front of him.

Penny is sipping juice and innocently flipping through a fashion magazine.

Vi enters.

VI

Morning, Dad.

PETER

(excited)  
Disembowel!

He writes it down. Vi grabs an apple from the fruit basket.

VI

(un-fazed)  
That's nice.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CAROLINE MORGAN (44) enters from the FRONT HALL. She is dressed in a neatly pressed business outfit.

VI (CONT'D)

Mum, I need a new mp3...

Caroline holds up the broken music player and a copy of Bram Stoker's "*Dracula*" along with the newspaper.

CAROLINE

(sternly)

Violet - -

VI

(quickly)

Never mind.

Caroline sighs in defeat. Penny smirks as the items are placed on the table.

CAROLINE

You girls ready for school?

Penny?

PENNY

Yeah. I guess.

CAROLINE

Good.

(to Vi; re: apple)

Have something more, sweetie. You don't eat enough.

VI

(frustrated)

What? I don't eat - - Ugh!

She rolls her eyes dramatically as Caroline sits, sips her coffee and unfolds the newspaper.

CAROLINE

(re: headline)

Isn't this just awful. I think she goes to your school.

Penny yawns. Glances at the front page.

PENNY

Don't you mean went to our school?

CAROLINE

It's called optimism, dear.

(to Peter)

Peter, did you see this?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Peter looks up thoughtfully, not having heard a word she's said.

PETER  
Decapitation? Yay or nay?

PENNY  
(matter of factly)  
Ew.

Vi takes a bite out of her apple.

CAROLINE  
Deliberate or accidental?

PETER  
Deliberate. It was the butler.

Caroline pauses. Thinking.

VI  
(under her breath)  
It's always the butler.

Peter hears this. His face falls.

PETER  
(to himself; rambling)  
She's right. Why? Why does this  
always happen to me? It's a  
curse. Everybody suspects the  
butler and I'm playing right into  
their hands! Nice one, Peter.  
Another year of failure - at  
least I'm used to the feeling of  
it.

He stands, his chair SCRAPING against the floor. The notebook falls to the ground and Peter shuffles out. A door is heard SLAMMING.

Penny and Caroline turn to stare at Vi.

CAROLINE  
Violet! You know what he's been  
through! We've been here two  
months and he's gotten so much  
better. You don't want him to go  
back to what he was like before,  
do you?

VI  
I... I'm sorry.  
(beat)  
But you know he's not good at the  
mystery stuff!  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VI (CONT'D)  
 (sighs; defeated)  
 I'll go talk to him.

She picks up his notebook but Caroline stands and takes it from her.

CAROLINE  
 No. It's fine. I'll do it.  
 Just... Just go to school. You  
 don't want to be late on your  
 first day.

She exits. After a beat...

PENNY  
 Why do you always have to be such  
 a freak?

VI  
 I prefer to look on the bright  
 side. At least I'm not you.

She heads for the front hall. Pauses. Turns back and grabs the book off of the table.

VI (CONT'D)  
 Oh and by the way. Next time you  
 decide to get my attention by  
 throwing something at me, can you  
 do it when I'm not sitting four  
 metres from the bloody ground?

She exits.

CUT TO:

EXT. MORGAN RESIDENCE - FRONT PORCH

The front door OPENS and Vi steps onto the porch. She closes the door and leans against it, closing her eyes briefly - taking in a deep breath.

After a moment, she tucks the book into her backpack and sets off down the path.

"Ione Skye" by Kisschasy starts up as we follow Vi's retreating back. It continues as we cut to...

EXT. GARRETON ACADEMY HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

Private school kids mill about on the front lawn of the pristine building.

Vi steps into frame. She's nervous. Struggling to find one ounce of confidence.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She readies herself for the day ahead and walks towards the entrance.

CUT TO:

INT. GARRETON ACADEMY - MAIN HALLWAY - LATER

Vi steps out of the ADMIN OFFICE, a sheet of paper clutched in one hand.

A BELL RINGS and the last stragglers disappear into classrooms. Vi is left alone.

CUT TO:

INT. GARRETON ACADEMY - LOCKER HALLWAY - LATER

ANGLE ON LOCKER

Vi opens the door and piles her books in. Closes it.

CUT TO:

INT. GARRETON ACADEMY - CLASS ROOM

IAN PARKER (32) stands at the front of the room, writing notes onto the board which the CLASS copies down quietly. Mr Parker is cheerful, friendly and considered the "cool" teacher at Garreton.

There is a KNOCK on the door and Vi enters. The class immediately turns to view the newcomer.

VI

Uh... Am I in the right place?

Mr Parker continues to write notes onto the board. He doesn't look over at her as he speaks.

MR. PARKER

That depends.

(then)

"The darkness drops again; but  
now I know  
That twenty centuries of stony  
sleep  
were vexed to nightmare by a  
rocking cradle,  
And what rough beast, its hour  
come round at last, slouches  
towards Bethlehem to be born?"

A long beat.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VI  
Taking a wild guess here...  
Shakespeare?

Mr Parker puts the cap on the marker. Sighs as he faces her.

MR. PARKER  
(disappointed)  
Not everything is about  
Shakespeare.  
(to class)  
He didn't invent the language,  
people!  
(scans the students)  
Erin? Care to enlighten us?

ERIN FOWLER (17) sits in the back of the room. He barely looks up from his comic book. He is handsome and self assured.

ERIN  
"The Second Coming" by W.B Yeats.

MR. PARKER  
Excellent. And I'm sure I'll love  
to hear about the X-Men's latest  
adventure after the lesson.

Erin closes the comic and smiles to himself. It seems that this is a usual occurrence. Mr. Parker turns to Vi.

MR. PARKER (CONT'D)  
Do you like English? Books? The  
structure of words of any kind?  
Even swear words. I can deal if  
you like swear words.

VI  
Yeah. Words are good. I'm a fan.

MR. PARKER  
Take a seat.

Vi moves to an empty seat in the second row.

MR. PARKER (CONT'D)  
Oh, wait!

She stops. Turns back to him.

MR. PARKER (CONT'D)  
I'm afraid I'm going to have to  
condemn you to an age old high  
school tradition.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He motions for her to come forward. Vi does so. He turns her to face the class.

MR. PARKER (CONT'D)  
It's called "Share Time". Share something with us, Miss...

VI  
Morgan.

MR. PARKER  
Miss Morgan. Everybody?  
(to class)  
This is Miss Morgan.  
(to Vi; quietly)  
Go ahead.

A beat.

VI  
Um. Hi. I'm Violet. I moved here from Sydney about two months ago. Uh....

MR. PARKER  
Oh, I forgot. We don't want to hear boring stuff.

Vi isn't sure what to make of this.

VI  
But I am boring.

MR. PARKER  
No you're not! No one is boring. Well, except for my cousin Dwayne but he's worth about a billion dollars. No one really cares if you're boring when you can buy them a yacht with the change in your couch.

VI  
Oh. OK then. Well.  
(thinks; and then)  
This morning I almost fell out of a tree.

The class laughs quietly.

MR. PARKER  
Very nice.  
(as game show host)  
Thank you, Violet Morgan.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Vi sits down. Smiles to herself.

CUT TO:

INT. GARRETON ACADEMY - ART ROOM - LATER

ANGLE ON BLANK PAPER

A pencil comes into frame clasped in the toes of a foot. It begins to draw shakily.

PULL OUT to reveal the foot belongs to Vi. She holds a mirror in one hand and is attempting to draw her face - not looking at the paper on the floor.

This activity is being carried out by the whole class.

Vi sighs. Gives up and looks down at her picture. Screws her face up in disgust.

FEMALE VOICE (O.S)

She has a thing for feet. You  
should have been here last week.

Vi looks up and sees BIANCA PARRY (16) sitting across from her. She looks friendly.

BIANCA

We had to tape sponges to them  
and paint our inner selves.

VI

Sounds fun.

BIANCA

Not when you've just had a  
hundred and fifty dollar pedicure  
the day before.

She laughs. Holds out her hand.

BIANCA (CONT'D)

I'm Bianca Parry.

Vi takes it. They shake.

VI

Violet Morgan.

BIANCA

Yeah. You were in my English  
class this morning. Don't mind  
Mr. Parker. He's kind of weird  
but he marks easy.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She bends down and picks up her self-portrait. She holds it next to her face. It looks like a mangled farm animal.

BIANCA (CONT'D)  
(jokingly)  
How does it look?

Vi laughs.

VI  
Uh. It's very... nice.

BIANCA  
(grins)  
Liar.

A CRASH. Then, WILD LAUGHTER from the other side of the room. Bianca and Vi look over.

A BOY stands by the sink - the front of his uniform covered in red paint. A group of other boys stand nearby - killing themselves laughing. One holds an empty red paint bucket.

Bianca laughs. Vi remains silent - observing.

The Boy, embarrassed, attempts to laugh it off but fails miserably.

Vi looks around for a teacher.

VI  
Isn't someone going to do something?

BIANCA  
Why?  
(motions to the boy)  
It's hilarious!

Vi doesn't seem to think so.

CUT TO:

INT. GARRETON ACADEMY - LOCKER HALLWAY - LATER

The hallway is empty. Vi stands at her open locker. She pulls out a sandwich.

ANGRY VOICE (O.S.)  
You know the rules! No loitering during lunch hours! Detention - half past three.

Vi whirls around.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

An intimidating male teacher, MR. DUFFY (45), stands at the end of the hallway - towering over two terrified students.

Frightened, Vi looks around for somewhere to hide.

The students scurry off. Mr. Duffy turns to continue on his way. The hallway is empty. He glares. Moves off.

CUT TO:

INT. GARRETON ACADEMY - SUPPLY ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Vi peers out of the slightly ajar door. She sees him pass and sighs in relief. Vi turns and screams in surprise.

ANGLE ON SHANE EVANS

Standing - wide eyed - amidst the cleaning supplies and shelves. SHANE EVANS (16) is cute in a geeky way that no one will appreciate in high school but one day wish that they had.

This is the kid from Art.

Vi composes herself.

VI

W - What are you doing?

SHANE

(bluntly)

Standing in a closet. What are you doing?

VI

(beat)

Apparently, the same.

(then)

Second question. Why aren't you wearing pants?

He is, in fact, not wearing any pants and stands only in his Garfield boxers and red stained school shirt.

He blushes.

SHANE

(embarrassed)

So you noticed, huh?

VI

(duh)

Yeah.

He turns and lifts a pair of school pants from a small sink at the wall. They are soaking wet.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SHANE

Some of the jerks in my art class thought it would be funny to tip paint all over me.

VI

Yeah. I saw that. Sorry.

SHANE

Why? You didn't tell them to do it.

(beat; suspicious)

Did you?

Vi is slightly taken aback.

VI

(laughs)

What? No!

Vi steps forward and takes the pants - looks them over in disgust.

VI (CONT'D)

I'm sure that'll come out...  
Eventually.

SHANE

I don't have eventually. I need them sometime in the next couple of minutes.

(then)

The school pretty much frowns on any activity that doesn't involve pants.

Vi throws the offensive item back into the sink.

VI

Did you try the uniform shop?

SHANE

The one day they decide to be closed.

VI

Lost and found?

SHANE

Yes. Fluro bike shorts or a tartan mini. Though I was briefly considering how long I could get away with calling it a kilt.

VI

I see your dilemma.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Shane, annoyed and embarrassed, leans back against the shelf.

Vi's eyes wander past him and light up when they see a large fold of grey cloth poking up from a cardboard box.

Moving forward she drags the box from the shelf and pulls the cloth from the box.

SHANE

What are you doing?

Vi shakes out the material to reveal that it is a spare maintenance jump suit - a little dusty but much cleaner than Shane's uniform.

VI

(a little disheartened)

How do you feel about Ghostbuster-chic?

SHANE

(in Scottish accent)

I say, "Och! Kilt me up, Lassie!"

Vi studies the clothing for a minute.

VI

I can work with this. I think.

She takes a pair of scissors from the shelf. Then pauses. Starts to pull off her school cardigan. She's wearing a white school shirt underneath.

SHANE

(alarmed)

Whoa! What are you... ?!

She hands him the cardigan.

SHANE (CONT'D)

(realising)

Oh.

(beat; whining)

But this is a girls one!

Vi shoots him a glare.

SHANE (CONT'D)

Which will look so adorable on me, I'm sure.

He pulls it over his head to cover the red paint. Vi picks up the jump suit and scissors.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VI

Uh, just a warning. I never did quite get the hang of arts and crafts.

Off Shane's grim expression...

CUT TO:

INT. GARRETON ACADEMY - HALLWAY

ANGLE ON SHANE'S PANTS

The bottom half of the jump suit - held up at his waist by his school belt.

PAN UP to see Shane and Vi walking somewhat confidently down the hall.

They walk directly into the camera until all we see is BLACK.

CUT TO:

EXT. GARRETON ACADEMY - LUNCH COURT - LATER

It's lunchtime. Vi and Shane sit across from each other at a picnic table, separated from the rest. Both eat their lunches in silence.

A beat and then...

SHANE

Thanks.

Vi looks up.

VI

No problem.

SHANE

I mean for... eating lunch with me. I've already thanked you enough for the pants thing. We're both tired of it.

VI

Oh.

SHANE

I'm Shane, by the way. Shane Evans.

VI

Violet Morgan. I'm new.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SHANE

Yeah, I figured.

(laughs nervously)

So, uh... what do you think of  
Garreton Academy?

Vi looks around. Bianca and her group of FRIENDS walk into  
the court yard.

Bianca finishes off a can of soft drink. Tosses it toward a  
nearby garbage bin. It misses by a metre or two. She  
LAUGHS, as does her group. No one makes an effort to pick  
it up.

VI

It's alright, I guess. The people  
don't seem all that...

SHANE

Human?

VI

I was going to say accommodating  
but I'm just the new kid, what do  
I know?

(beat)

It's bigger than my old school at  
least.

SHANE

Why'd you move?

VI

My dad.

SHANE

Oh. New job?

VI

He went crazy.

(quickly)

But only for a little while. He's  
fine now.

(beat)

I think.

Bianca and Co approach.

BIANCA

(to Vi)

Hey! I've been looking for you. A  
bunch of us are gonna skip last  
period for smoothies. Wanna come?

Vi glances at Shane. He's looking down - paying full  
attention to his food.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VI

Uh... I don't know. It's my first day, I don't think that'd be such a good - -

Bianca notices Shane for the first time.

BIANCA

(concerned)

You're not sitting with him are you?

VI

(confused)

Yeah.

BIANCA

Violet, that's not exactly...

She trails off. Then...

VI

(defensively)

Not exactly what?

Bianca stiffens.

BIANCA

Well, I guess I'll see you around then.

She motions for her friends to follow and starts to move off. Glances at Shane.

BIANCA (CONT'D)

(sarcastic)

Nice pants.

Her friends giggle as they head O.S.

Vi watches them go. Turns to Shane. He looks up and smiles gratefully. Vi takes a deep breath.

VI

OK, here's the thing. I miss kindergarten. Making friends was a whole lot easier back then. You'd play princesses and then make mud pies to sell to the other kids in exchange for sticks. I guess... What I'm trying to say is... Do you wanna be my friend?

Shane laughs.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SHANE

Sure. That would be cool.

(beat)

But we are not playing  
princesses.

Vi smiles, pleased with herself.

Off this...

CUT TO BLACK:

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

EXT. MORGAN RESIDENCE - NIGHT

Establishing shot.

CUT TO:

INT. MORGAN RESIDENCE - VI'S BEDROOM

Vi is busy hauling stuff out of the boxes around her room - she pulls out a poster and looks around for a place to hang it.

There is a KNOCK on the door. Caroline enters a moment later.

CAROLINE

Hi, sweetie.

Vi gives her a vague smile and then continues to hang the poster.

CAROLINE (CONT'D)

How was school?

VI

A non stop party. We formed a tribe and raided the teachers lounge. It's nothing to worry about but you should expect a call from the principal soon. Something about the school not condoning any form of cannibalism?

CAROLINE

So, it was alright then?

VI

Pretty much. How was the bank?

CAROLINE

We took people's money. Gave a little of it back. Nothing new.

Vi finishes hanging the poster - stands back to admire it.

CAROLINE (CONT'D)

Well, I just wanted to tell you that dinner was ready.

She starts to leave but hesitates.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CAROLINE (CONT'D)

Violet?

Vi turns to her.

CAROLINE (CONT'D)

(hesitant)

About this morning. I didn't mean to sound... What I'm trying to say is that I'm sorry if I came across as being upset with you. It's just that things with your dad have been rough this past year and we're all trying to make things better for him.

(then; quickly)

I know that you're trying too. But... Maybe you could try a little harder.

VI

What? How am I not trying?

CAROLINE

Vi, I just mean - -

VI

No. It's fine. I get it. I'm the middle child - always blamed, always flawed.

She turns away, busying herself with the boxes but then turns back.

VI (CONT'D)

You didn't give the others this "try harder" speech did you? Cam's spent every day since we've been here holed up in his room probably making a biological weapon of some kind. Penny hasn't actually been present in the house for more than five hours at a time and I'm the one who's not trying?

Caroline is silent. It's clear she doesn't see what Vi is getting at.

CAROLINE

It's crooked.

Vi turns to see that her poster is angled slightly to the left.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CAROLINE (CONT'D)

And we're having casserole.

She exits, leaving the door open. Vi sighs in frustration. Collapses back onto her bed. Closes her eyes.

After a long beat. Penny slips in quietly. She wears a cute dress under an trendy jacket. Her hair and makeup are done up for a night out.

She is halfway to the window before Vi even notices. Vi opens her eyes.

VI

(accusing)

Where are you going?

PENNY

Nowhere.

Vi sits up, rolling her eyes. Penny opens the window.

VI

Really. So, you've finally taken up my suggestion and from now on you're sleeping on the roof?

PENNY

Don't tell Mum.

VI

Oh, like she's not going to notice that one of her kids is missing from the dinner table. Sneaking out kind of only works when they're not actually expecting to see you anytime soon. Or did they not teach you that in "Today's Rebellious Teen" magazine?

PENNY

If they ask, I went to the library.

She starts to climb out.

VI

You broke my mp3 player.

Penny pauses.

PENNY

Technically, the ground broke it. I'm not responsible for the actions of the ground, am I?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VI

Last time I checked, you weren't even responsible for yourself.

(beat)

Or knew what the word "technical" meant.

Penny glares.

PENNY

You can have mine. Are we good?

VI

(smiling)

For now.

Penny climbs out onto the roof and then onto the overhanging tree branch. Vi stands and goes to the window. Her eyes wander to...

A THICK BOOK

Lying on the desk by the window.

A beat.

She sighs. Closes the window.

CUT TO:

EXT. GARRETON ACADEMY - DAY

Establishing shot.

CUT TO:

INT. GARRETON ACADEMY - CLASSROOM

We TRACK ALONG the rows of desks, each filled with students.

STOP ON the last row.

A folded NOTE is passed into frame and across the other side.

The CAMERA FOLLOWS the NOTE as it is opened by Bianca.

She reads it. Smiles. Bianca looks to her friend, SOPHIE GEORGE (16), who passed the note.

SOPHIE

(whispering)

Is that OK?

Bianca nods. Looks over at...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VIOLET

Busy copying notes off the board. Vi feels herself being watched and looks up and back at Bianca. Vi quickly averts her gaze.

The bell RINGS signalling the end of class. Students stand and begin talking excitedly. Vi gathers her books and hurries out of the room. Bianca glances at Sophie, smiles and hurries after Vi.

CUT TO:

INT. GARRETON ACADEMY - HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Vi makes her way along the corridor. Bianca sidles up next to her.

BIANCA  
(polite; sweet)  
Violet?

Vi acknowledges her but keeps walking. Bianca keeps up with her pace.

BIANCA (CONT'D)  
Look, I'm sorry for being such a bitch yesterday. I know that it must be hard coming to a new school without anyone really explaining the... Well... The rules to you.

Vi stops. Turns to her.

VI  
Like who I'm not allowed to hang out with?

BIANCA  
No! I mean... I'm sorry. That was unfair. It's just that sometimes when I'm around my friends, I act a little different. It's like I have to impress them or something which is so stupid but... I want to start over. Be friends.

Vi considers this. She seems sincere. Vi smiles a little.

VI  
I think I can do that.

Bianca smiles.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BIANCA

Cool.

They start walking again. Nervous. Not sure where to begin.

BIANCA (CONT'D)

So, do you want to have lunch  
with me today?

(hurriedly)

Shane can too, of course.

Vi nods.

VI

Sure.

BIANCA

Excellent.

CUT TO:

INT. GARRETON ACADEMY - HALLWAY #2 - LATER

It's empty aside from Vi and Bianca.

BIANCA

Oh! Can you do me a quick favour?

She begins to shuffle her folders, looking for something.  
Pulls out a folded piece of paper. The one from class  
earlier.

VI

(unsure)

Uh, OK.

BIANCA

Can you pin this poster to that  
board? I've just got to go to the  
bathroom.

She hands Vi the piece of paper.

BIANCA (CONT'D)

It's just for some fund-raiser  
for our Community Justice  
program.

Before Vi can respond, Bianca ducks into the girls  
bathroom.

Vi looks around and spots a large pin up board. She walks  
over to it, grabs some push pins and sticks the paper to  
the board. She unfolds it to get a better look.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANGLE ON PAPER

It reads: "SAVE OUR SCHOOL - BAN THE LOSERS".

ANGLE ON VI

As she REACTS to this....

MR. DUFFY (O.S)  
What do you think you're doing?

Vi WHIRLS around. Mr. Duffy from the day before stands behind her.

VI  
I... Uh...

He glances up. Spots the poster. His face goes red with anger.

MR. DUFFY  
What is this? This is an  
incredibly juvenile, immature - -  
(pulls out a notebook;  
flips it open)  
Name?

VI  
I didn't! I swear!

MR. DUFFY  
(louder)  
Name?

VI  
(defeated)  
Violet Morgan.

He scribbles it down.

MR. DUFFY  
(while writing)  
Blatant, hurtful graffiti and  
loitering in the halls during  
lunch hours. That's an automatic  
detention, Miss Morgan.

He tears off the page. Hands it to her. Then, pulls down the poster and walks away.

Vi looks down at the detention slip. Looks up.

ANGLE ON BATHROOM DOOR

Bianca stands in the doorway. She smiles and glances at her watch.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BIANCA  
Perfect timing.

She blows her a kiss.

BIANCA (CONT'D)  
See ya later, Vi.

Bianca walks off down the hallway. Vi groans.

CUT TO:

EXT. GARRETON ACADEMY - LUNCH COURT - LATER

Shane sits at a table alone, eating his lunch. Vi stalks angrily into frame. She almost collapses into the seat.

VI  
What's the number for Hell? I  
think Satan's daughter is  
missing.

SHANE  
Bianca Parry?

VI  
How'd you know?

He shrugs.

SHANE  
You've been here for one day. All  
the other children of Satan take  
at least a week before they start  
getting out their little  
pitchforks.

Vi groans, putting her head in her hands on the table.

SHANE (CONT'D)  
You don't have to be friends with  
me. Y'know, if it's making things  
hard for you.

Vi looks up, confused.

VI  
You seem nice. I mean, you  
haven't done anything in the past  
day and half that would make me  
assume you are anything other  
than nice. I just don't get it.  
Do people not... like you?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SHANE

People don't really pay attention to me. It's Bianca who doesn't like me.

VI

Why?

SHANE

No idea. Probably because I don't pretend to worship her like everyone else but anything deeper than that - I've got nothing.

Vi looks around.

ANGLE ON LOW BRICK WALL

Bianca and Co are seated along this wall - talking and laughing. Erin approaches and Bianca happily jumps down - kisses him.

VI

And she has a boyfriend. Why am I not surprised?

SHANE

That's Erin Fowler. He's kinda the golden boy of Garretton Academy. The teachers love him, the students love him - the girls in particular. He's been the lead in every school play for the last three years. He's either going to end up on a daytime soap or... I dunno... Be President of the World or something.

Vi turns back to Shane. Over his shoulder she sees...

CAM, carrying a pile of books, being stopped by three older boys, typical BULLIES. They laugh, blocking his way. One knocks the books from his arms.

A beat. Vi stands.

VI

I'll be right back.

She hurries over.

VI (CONT'D)

(to boys)

Hey!

They turn. Cam looks relieved.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VI (CONT'D)

What's going on?

BULLY #1

Nothing. Just having some fun.  
What's it to you?

VI

It is my brother and your fun  
better consist of ice cream cake  
and balloon animals otherwise we  
are going to have a problem.

BULLY #2

Is that right?

A tense pause. Vi's steely gaze wavers. Maybe this wasn't  
such a good idea.

CAM

Vi, it's OK. I'm fine.

He picks up the books.

CAM (CONT'D)

Don't worry about it.

He hurries off. The boys still stand, glaring at Vi.

VI

Well, alright then.

(beat)

Carry on.

Vi slowly turns and walks away. She sits down at the table  
again.

SHANE

(incredulously)

You really have some kind of  
death wish don't you?

VI

Huh?

SHANE

First, you pretty much make  
yourself a social outcast by  
sitting with me, you've pissed  
off Bianca Parry and now you're  
looking for a rumble with the  
Dahlby Brothers?

VI

They were messing with my  
brother.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SHANE

Who? That kid? Isn't he, like,  
five?

VI

He's eleven but he's smart.  
That's why he's here a year  
early. And I mean smart as in...  
way smart.

Shane shrugs.

SHANE

Apparently, not smart enough to  
care that his big sis is trying  
to help him out.

(beat)

Just saying.

He gets back to his food. Vi searches for Cam in the yard  
but he's nowhere in sight.

Off this:

CUT TO:

INT. GARRETON ACADEMY - DETENTION HALL - AFTERNOON

ANGLE ON CLOCK

Ticking slowly. It's almost 5:30.

ANGLE ON VI

Slumped over a desk. Staring at the clock.

Several STUDENTS sit around the room looking equally as  
bored.

Mr. Parker sits at the front of the room, slowly spinning  
himself around in the desk chair. He stops and yawns. Looks  
at his watch.

MR. PARKER

Alright, boys and girls. This  
party is getting a little too  
stale. What do you all think of  
cutting out early?

(beat)

Well, five minutes but really -  
what's five minutes in comparison  
to the rest of your life?

The kids smile. Begin to stand. Mr. Parker stands as well.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MR. PARKER (CONT'D)  
I know, I know. You all love me.  
You don't have to say anything.  
Oh and guys?

They pause - turn to him.

MR. PARKER (CONT'D)  
The next time I'm on detention  
duty and I see you in here, I  
want it to be because of  
something cool. Fights and  
loitering and graffiti on the  
bathroom walls is so last decade,  
yo!

Students laugh and begin filing out. Vi exits.

CUT TO:

EXT. GARRETON ACADEMY - FRONT LAWN - EVENING

The evening sky overhead is thick with DARK CLOUDS.

Vi stands alone on the front path. She looks up at the sky,  
pulls a mobile phone from her pocket and dials.

CUT TO:

INT. MORGAN RESIDENCE - LIVING ROOM - SAME TIME

"I'm a Believer" by The Monkees plays LOUDLY in the  
background. Peter dances wildly around the room - lost in  
his own world.

PAN DOWN to see the telephone as it begins to RING, it  
can't be heard over the music but a red light has started  
to flash.

CUT TO:

INT. GARRETON ACADEMY - FRONT LAWN - CONTINUOUS

Frustrated, Vi hangs up and puts away the phone. She takes  
another look at the impending downpour and walks quickly  
across the street.

CUT TO:

EXT. SKY - NIGHT

Lightning flashes. THUNDER BOOMS.

CUT TO:

EXT. EMPTY STREET - NIGHT

Rain pours down onto an umbrella-less Vi as she hurries past the closed up shops and darkened houses.

She nears a NARROW BRIDGE over a slope which leads down into a small creek.

Vi barely notices the dark CAR standing in the middle.

ANGLE ON CAR

A shadowed figure opens the back door - pulls something out. Something big, wrapped in plastic.

As he does this, various ITEMS from the car tumble out onto the slick road.

WIDE SHOT ON BRIDGE

The Man heaves the large object over the railing. It tumbles out of sight.

He stoops, gathers the items and throws them into the backseat. Then, he climbs back into the drivers seat and drives away.

ANGLE ON VI

The rain obscuring her vision, she only sees the retreating tail lights.

As she nears the middle of the bridge, her foot lands on something small, round and slippery.

She yelps in surprise and skids to the side. The old gravel road and rotted wooden railing CRUMBLES and SNAPS as she collides with it and she goes SLIDING down the slope.

She is covered in dirt and mud. Cut by rocks and glass. Almost at the bottom she starts to tumble over and lands amidst the shallow, murky water on her front.

CLOSE ON VI

She groans. Lifts her head groggily. There is something in her hand.

A PLASTIC TOY

A grinning, manic vampire.

CLOSE ON VI

She pushes herself up. Notices something laying on her other side.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THE DEAD TEENAGE GIRL

The plastic wrapping has come undone, her face is cold and pale. Vacant eyes stare up at nothing as Vi falls back - SCREAMING.

She stands and scrambles desperately up the slope. Reaching the top, she hauls herself onto the road. Stands shakily and looks wildly around.

ANGLE ON LIQUOR SHOP

The only illuminated place around. Vi sprints towards it. Her backpack forgotten and the toy still clutched in one hand.

CUT TO:

EXT/INT. LIQUOR SHOP - CONTINUOUS

Vi nears the store, FIGURES can be seen inside. The sliding door OPENS as she nears - a BUZZER sounds. And before the scene can be fully comprehended...

BANG!

Vi stumbles backwards. Stops. Looks down.

PAN DOWN Vi's dirty, rain soaked uniform to see dark red liquid bleeding through her shirt.

She looks up.

WIDE SHOT ON SCENE

A SKINNY GUY holds a gun - aimed straight at Vi.

A NERVOUS CASHIER holds open a bag - money and cigarettes piled into it.

BIANCA and ERIN stand near the shelves of bottles. Erin has his arm around a crying Bianca.

BIANCA  
(softly)  
Oh my god.

Vi falls and knocks over a stand of BOTTLES which SHATTER on the ground.

EXTREME CLOSE UP ON VI

Taking shallow breaths. Eyes wide.

We slowly PULL OUT until a pool of blood can be seen mixing with the glass and clear liquid.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The BEATING OF HER HEART can be heard. As the camera continues to PULL OUT, it gets fainter. Slower.

One last BEAT. It blends seamlessly with...

THE CHIME OF AN ELEVATOR.

CUT TO:

INT. RECEPTION OFFICE - DAY

ANGLE ON ELEVATOR

The doors slide smoothly OPEN. PAN DOWN to reveal...

VIOLET

Looking very spiffy in her now clean, blood-and-dirt-free school uniform.

She raises an eyebrow. A beat.

VI  
(puzzled)  
Huh...

CUT TO BLACK:

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

INT. RECEPTION OFFICE - DAY

Elegant. Stylish. Empty.

A RECEPTION DESK with an engraved sign reading "THE COMPANY" sits at the far wall - directly opposite the open elevator. Behind it is a floor to ceiling window showing a breathtaking city view - bathed in sunlight.

Violet steps slowly out of the elevator. The doors close. She jumps at the movement.

A pair of closed DOUBLE DOORS lead off to one side of the desk. There is a small DOOR to the other side of the reception desk and TWO CORRIDORS disappear around each side of the elevator.

Vi nears the reception desk where she spots a telephone. Several lights blink on and off.

A shiny silver bell sits to one side with a cheerful note in front - "RING ME!"

Vi raises her hand and hovers it over the bell.

BANG!

Vi jumps and whirls around - frightened. The BANGING continues and seems to be coming from the one of the corridors.

MALE VOICE (O.S)  
Goddamnit!

Vi curiously nears the hallway and peers around the corner.

CUT TO:

INT. THE COMPANY - CORRIDOR #1

ANDREW FRIAR (24) stands in front of a vending machine banging on it with his fist. Andrew is cynical and intelligent with a scruffy, disheveled appearance and a killer smile.

He grips the machine with both hands and gives it a good shake before giving up. He looks up and spots Vi.

ANDREW  
(to Vi)  
Got any change?

She steps fully into view. Shakes her head, no.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He sighs. Looks back to the machine.

ANDREW (CONT'D)  
Bastard stole my money.

He gives it a final KICK. Reluctantly turns and walks past Vi into the reception office. She follows.

CUT TO:

INT. THE COMPANY - RECEPTION

He walks to the reception desk. Hops up on top. Reaches around and takes a jar of M&Ms. He offers her some.

VI  
No thanks.  
(beat)  
This might seem like a bit of a weird question but... Where am I?

ANDREW  
You're new then?

Vi doesn't get it.

ANDREW (CONT'D)  
(cheerful)  
Welcome to -  
(moves his legs to reveal the sign)  
The Company. Not quite Hell but close enough.

He slides off of the desk.

VI  
I don't get it. A company of what? A company isn't a name. It's a thing. A collection of... things with a... a purpose... or something.

ANDREW  
Your point?

VI  
(irritated)  
Look, I kind of don't know what's going on. I was at school and then walking somewhere and now, apparently, I'm not - so lay off the cryptic.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANDREW

Whoa, calm down there Snappy the turtle. It's not my job to hand out pamphlets to everyone who winds up here.

VI

Then what is your job?

ANDREW

Right now? Man the phones. Everyone else is at some birthday party or bridal shower or something.

(thinks)

It could be a puppet show.

(then)

I don't care enough to find out. Groups aren't really my thing.

VI

Then I hope you get fired because there are like fifty people on hold.

Andrew turns. YANKS the cord out of the phone. The lights immediately blink off. He turns back to her and smiles, pleased with himself.

ANDREW

Not anymore.

Vi wanders slowly around the office.

VI

So what am I supposed to do? Make an appointment? Take a number?

ANDREW

Well, you're here so that means the appointment thing is already covered.

VI

Huh?

Andrew sighs. Looks around nervously.

ANDREW

I shouldn't be telling you this but no one deserves what this place does to people.

Vi's getting spooked.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VI

What do you mean?

ANDREW

Let's just say that if I could go back, make the choice again?

(beat)

I wouldn't sign anything.

Suddenly, the double doors open. A man (51) wearing a smart business suit enters. This is ALISTAIR BENSON.

He stops when he sees Andrew and Vi. Andrew quickly collects himself. Trying to look as innocent as possible.

BENSON

(surprised)

Oh, Mr Friar. I thought you were at the party?

ANDREW

Nope. Got sucked into watching the phones.

BENSON

Any calls?

ANDREW

Not that I can tell.

Benson turns to Vi.

BENSON

Who do we have here?

ANDREW

Got a live one.

(beat)

So to speak.

VI

(nervous)

I'm Violet Morgan and I - -

BENSON

Morgan? That can't be right.

He moves to the reception desk and flips over a few pages in a LARGE APPOINTMENT BOOK.

BENSON (CONT'D)

Hmmm. You're late.

VI

I never made an appointment. I mean...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VI (CONT'D)

At least I don't think I did. I don't think my mum would book me into anything without telling - -

Benson moves toward the double doors.

BENSON

Come with me.

Vi frowns.

VI

I'd really like to know what's going on before I follow you into the depths of some building I don't even remember coming into.

(beat)

I'd really like to see my parents now.

Benson turns to her. He is almost unreadable - commanding and stern.

BENSON

That's not going to be possible, for a little while at least.

VI

Why not?

BENSON

Because you, Miss Morgan, are dead.

He turns. Exits. Vi is shocked. Even Andrew doesn't seem so relaxed anymore.

BENSON (O.S) (CONT'D)

Coming, Mr Friar?

Andrew throws a glance at Vi before hurrying out of the room. After a beat, Vi follows.

CUT TO:

INT. THE COMPANY - CONFERENCE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The main feature of the room is a long, ornate wooden table surrounded by chairs with one larger, more prominent chair at one end.

Instead of walls, one clear glass window wraps itself around the perimeter - once again showing the city.

Almost unseen is a clear tubular transportation device running around the top of the window which ends somewhere around the head of the table.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Andrew wanders over to a mini golf kit arranged neatly in one corner as Vi enters.

VI

What do you mean dead?

Benson sits down in the large chair - obviously, his usual spot.

BENSON

I mean dead. Deceased, expired, checked out, lifeless, passed away, no longer of this world - do you want me to keep going because I've been doing this a long time. I've got plenty.

VI

(in disbelief)

Are you serious?

ANDREW

He's always serious. Except for those times when he's not.

(beat)

Those times are interesting.

VI

This is insane. I'm not... Dead. I was just fine before and...

She trails off. More than a little freaked out.

VI (CONT'D)

Is this Heaven?

BENSON

Yes, this is Heaven and I'm sorry but I can't let you in.

VI

Why not?

BENSON

We're full up. Just gave away our last room. I'm sure you can sort something out with Satan though - he's always looking for people to throw into the fire pits. May not be the most comfortable accommodation but you'd get a nice tan.

Andrew starts to laugh as he slowly swings a golf club.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANDREW

See? Like that. That's interesting.

Benson shoots him a glare.

ANDREW (CONT'D)

(to Benson)

Now, I haven't been to one of these initiation talks for awhile. Since my own, in fact, but I seem to remember you being a little less... What's the word?

(beat)

Evil.

BENSON

(to Andrew)

Mr Friar, I asked you in here to observe. That means your main priority is to observe. As in, not talking.

Andrew shrugs. Vi slowly sinks down into a seat.

VI

This is getting a little too weird. I'm dreaming or something. I just - -

A GOLF BALL HITS Vi in the back of the head.

VI (CONT'D)

(alarmed)

Ow! What the hell?!

She turns around. Andrew, caught in the act, holds the golf club high in the air. He grins sheepishly. Benson ignores this.

BENSON

Now, Miss Morgan. I feel that we should get down to the business at hand. This is neither Heaven nor Hell. We are far from anything of that nature. My name is Alistair Benson.

(motions to Andrew)

This... Employee of mine is Andrew Friar.

Andrew joins them and flops into a chair a few spaces down from Vi giving her a lazy salute.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BENSON (CONT'D)

I am the Director of something that is known only as The Company. I manage the branch in this city but there are various divisions all over the world. All working for the same purpose. The same goal.

ANDREW

(muttering)

The happiness of baby animals?

Benson ignores him.

BENSON

The repair of broken connections in time and space. Ultimately, the salvation of mankind.

A beat.

VI

Are you one of those religious cult leaders?

ANDREW

(to Benson)

You do come off as a little cult-ish sometimes.

BENSON

(annoyed)

I am just a man, trying to run a successful business and to do that, I need your help. My job is to find people like you, so that you can help people out there.

He waves his hand toward the window. Vi stands and walks toward it, looking out over the city. She turns back to Benson.

VI

Wasn't it night a little while ago?

Benson sighs. Flips over a panel set into the desk. He starts pressing buttons and as he does the view from the window CHANGES.

BENSON

Day, night, Hawaii - it doesn't matter.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He flips the panel back over. Vi now looks out over a beautiful, relaxing BEACH.

BENSON (CONT'D)

All that matters is that you  
decide if you want to work for us  
or not.

Vi walks back over to the table.

VI

Work for you? I've never even had  
a job before! How am I supposed  
to - -

She stops. Turns to Benson.

VI (CONT'D)

Wait. Hang on. Are you insane?

BENSON

Miss Morgan - -

VI

No. I wanna know. I'm not dead -  
I can't be. This is a dream or  
maybe... I'm insane. Oh God, I'm  
crazy.

She sinks down into the chair, horror and dismay written over her face. She puts her head in her folded arms.

ANDREW

(sarcastic)

This is going well.

JENNA COOKE (23) enters the room. Jenna is cheerful and friendly but also dedicated and hard working.

She looks up from a pile of papers in her arms and stops when she sees the meeting in progress.

JENNA

Oh! I'm so sorry. The party just  
finished. I didn't think there  
was another appointment until  
later. I'll just...

She turns to leave. Benson moves toward her.

BENSON

No! No, Jenna. That's quite  
alright.

She turns back to the group.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BENSON (CONT'D)  
(to Jenna)  
This is Violet Morgan.  
(to Vi)  
Miss Morgan, this is Jenna Cooke.  
She's one of our best employees.

Andrew scoffs, rolling his eyes.

Vi, her head still on the desk raises her hand in greeting and Jenna hides a smile.

BENSON (CONT'D)  
(to Jenna)  
She's having a little trouble  
with my explanation for her being  
here.

Vi doesn't move. Her voice comes through muffled.

VI  
I'm having trouble with you  
telling me I'm dead.

JENNA  
You want me to take her on a  
tour?

BENSON  
That would be much appreciated,  
thank you.

She looks to Vi.

JENNA  
Shall we?

Vi looks up, stands and defeatedly follows Jenna out of the room. Andrew remains at the desk.

Benson fixes his gaze on Andrew. A beat.

ANDREW  
(realising)  
Oh! I guess I'll just... Yeah.

He follows Jenna and Vi.

CUT TO:

INT. THE COMPANY - CORRIDOR #1

ANGLE ON VI

As she walks between Jenna and Andrew. Although the corridor is wide and well lit, a feeling of being closed in is hard to avoid.

They pass a door with a window set into it.

Vi slows. Hangs back and turns to look inside.

ANGLE ON INSIDE ROOM

Some kind of communications centre. There is a circle of desks, each with busy EMPLOYEES behind them. In the centre is a huge column resembling a switch board with cords connected into the computer on each desk.

JENNA (O.S)

Violet?

Vi looks around. Jenna and Andrew stand in front of a large open door at the end of the hallway. Vi hurries over. They enter.

CUT TO:

INT. THE COMPANY - CONTROL CENTRE

The huge circular room has two levels and gives off the feeling of a NASA control room. The top level is reached by a curved metal staircase just to the right of the entrance.

EMPLOYEES buzz around the room - talking, taking notes, typing on computers.

A MASSIVE COMPUTER SCREEN covers one curved wall. This shows a map of the world, scrolling numbers and names - too complicated to work out.

JENNA

Welcome to the Control Centre.  
The beating heart of the whole operation. This is where it all happens.

VI

What happens exactly? I swear that I'm not this slow in normal life but today's been... not normal.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JENNA

Well, I don't know how much of this Benson already explained to you.

VI

Not much. At all, actually.

Jenna starts walking up the staircase. Vi follows, then Andrew. As Jenna speaks, they wind through rows of desks, each with a computer. Along each computer scrolls seemingly random combinations of letters and numbers.

JENNA

We're all connected. There's a thread in the universe that strings together our lives into our pasts, presents and futures. It's something that seems so meaningless but...

They stop. Jenna stands at the railing, looking down over the room. She smiles. It's obvious she loves it here. She turns to Vi.

JENNA (CONT'D)

The Company was created for times when this thread is broken - severed from the people who need it the most. Something completely random and innocent can change their lives, usually for the worse and because of this, they'll never do the things that they were meant to do in life. They'll die without living up to their full potential and no one will ever know what could have been. The Company, everyone here, works towards making it right again. Our job is to... connect.

A beat and then...

ANDREW

Did you get that off a billboard?

VI

So, I'm... I'm really dead?

Jenna, ignoring Andrew, gives Vi a weak smile.

JENNA

I'm sorry. If it makes you feel any better.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JENNA (CONT'D)

We've all been dead at one point, even Benson. That's how it all works.

VI

Then how do you... connect if you're dead?

ANDREW

We don't stay dead. I'm not dead. I'm living, breathing, thinking... Well, not so much with the thinking but I'm as alive as anyone else in this room.

(beat)

Except for you. Obviously.

JENNA

When you sign the contract and agree to work here, your death is automatically void. You'll go back to being alive as if it never happened in the first place.

VI

Do I have to do this?

JENNA

(awkward)

No but if you don't... There's a catch.

ANDREW

A complete joke.

Jenna glares at him.

JENNA

It makes sense.

ANDREW

What? Work for us or go back to being dead?

(sarcastic)

Wow - I can see the light. Oh, all the sense it makes!

JENNA

I'm trying to get Violet to make the right choice. She can help people.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANDREW

She can help people by being dead  
too! Make a good example of how  
not to end up.

Vi, overwhelmed, turns and hurries down the stairs. She  
does this unnoticed.

Jenna is barely controlling her anger.

JENNA

You might not like this job but  
there are people here who do.  
Namely, me!

ANDREW

Oh, that's just because you never  
had a life in the first place!

Vi throws a glance to the upper deck, turns and slips out  
of the room.

She is alone in the hallway. Looking around, she notices a  
small flight of steps leading down into a second hallway.  
She follows it.

CUT TO:

INT. THE COMPANY - SUB CORRIDOR

As she walks, the walls seem to move in. The light grows  
dimmer. Vi's footsteps echo ominously on the floor.

She stops.

A shaft of LIGHT beams onto the floor from underneath a  
single door. Vi nears it.

ANGLE ON DOOR

It's blank. There are no signs, no windows. She slowly  
reaches out. Opens it. Goes inside.

CUT TO:

INT. LIQUOR SHOP - NIGHT

Everything is FROZEN.

The Skinny Guy holding the gun, aimed at the Cashier.  
Bianca and Erin - terrified.

Vi stands by the door. Her clothes are neither wet nor  
bloody.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She is the Vi from the previous scene but placed right in the middle of the moments before her death.

Off her reaction - -

CUT TO BLACK:

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

INT. THE COMPANY - ROOM

Violet stands completely still in a tiny, grey concrete room.

The camera MOVES BEHIND HER BODY, coming around on the other side to find that she is standing in...

INT. LIQUOR SHOP - NIGHT

Everything unfreezes. The Robber swings his arm around - the bullet EXPLODES from the gun and shoots Vi right in the chest.

BIANCA

(softly)

Oh my God.

After a beat, an EXACT COPY of Violet falls out of her body. THIS Violet is soaking wet from the rain, blood already seeping through her clothes.

The Real Vi looks down at her. Shocked.

CUT TO:

INT. THE COMPANY - CONTROL CENTRE - MEANWHILE

Andrew and Jenna are oblivious to Vi's disappearance.

JENNA

You never liked it here - right from the first second you signed on.

ANDREW

How can I? You people are forcing me to do your bidding! Just like you're forcing this kid and every other pathetic loser who's unlucky enough to end up here.

JENNA

It's not my fault that you can't look both ways when crossing the street.

Andrew, hurt, opens his mouth to speak. Nothing comes out.

A MALE EMPLOYEE, wearing headphones, spins around in his chair.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WORKER  
Ms. Cooke?

JENNA  
Yes?

WORKER  
I've just gotten word from  
Surveillance. There's a  
disturbance in the Recovery  
Centre.

Confused, Jenna stalks over to the desk. The Employee clicks a few buttons and a screen appears. It is video footage from the room. Jenna gasps when she sees VIOLET in the empty space.

She straightens and looks around - hoping to see Vi still nearby.

She hurries back to Andrew.

JENNA  
(urgent; worried)  
She's in the recovery centre.

ANDREW  
(shocked)  
What?

He whirls around. Vi is gone.

JENNA  
Come on!

They take off running down the stairs, workers almost jumping out of their way.

CUT TO:

INT. LIQUOR SHOP - NIGHT

The Robber looks from the gun in his hand to Violet lying on the floor. He turns and snatches the bag of money from the Cashier's hands.

He sprints for the door. Running right THROUGH the real Vi.

Bianca sobs. Erin pulls away from her and kneels over Vi. He firmly presses a hand to her bullet wound. He looks up at the Cashier.

ERIN  
Call an ambulance.

He does nothing. Stunned.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ERIN (CONT'D)  
 (louder; frantic)  
 Now!

Bianca slowly sinks to the floor.

CUT TO:

INT. THE COMPANY - SUB CORRIDOR - MEANWHILE

Jenna and Andrew sprint down the hallway. They reach the door.

Jenna tries the door knob but it won't budge. Andrew motions for her to move out of the way and takes a step back.

Andrew dramatically KICKS the door. He YELPS and falls back, shaking his throbbing foot. He takes a moment to ready himself. KICKS it again and the door flies open.

They both race inside.

CUT TO:

INT. LIQUOR SHOP - NIGHT

Andrew and Jenna find themselves standing right next to Vi. The door behind them has disappeared. They look around in horror at the scene.

ANDREW  
 (shocked)  
 Oh...

Jenna quickly turns to Vi. She takes her shoulder.

JENNA  
 Violet! We have to get out of here.

VI  
 (quiet)  
 I died. I... I'm dead.

JENNA  
 We have to leave before - -

Too late.

A massive WAVE OF ENERGY rolls through the room. Now, we see not one but THREE scenes molded together - shifting and changing.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The Cashier's desk disappears and is replaced with a SUNNY STREET CORNER. A BUS SCREAMS around it - running right through Andrew, Vi and Jenna.

The shelves, once holding various alcoholic beverages - flicker and change into a DARKENED LIVING ROOM. In the darkness, a FIGURE moves stealthily. A knife gleaming in his hands.

Over this, SIRENS can be heard.

ANDREW

Come on!

He grabs both Vi and Jenna and tries to drag them backwards.

Another WAVE OF ENERGY. The lights flicker. The scenes have changed. Now, the Dark Figure, surrounded in shadow, stands aiming the gun at Erin and Bianca.

He fires and Bianca drops to the ground - shot in the chest.

The bus drives between the shelves - vanishing as it hits the wall.

All the while - Vi, Jenna and Andrew are trying to claw their way to the door which quickly fades in and out behind them. They seem to be being pulled in by the action.

The Dark Figure appears behind Andrew and THRUSTS the knife into his back. Andrew yells out in pain.

They make it to the door. With a final GUN SHOT the door flies open.

CUT TO:

INT. THE COMPANY - SUB CORRIDOR

Andrew, Vi and Jenna are thrown into the hallway. Landing in a heap on the ground. The door SLAMS ITSELF SHUT.

Silence. They each catch their breath. Andrew checks himself - no stab wound. He is unharmed.

A beat and then...

ANDREW

Now, is there a reason why that thing isn't locked?

CUT TO:

INT. THE COMPANY - BREAK ROOM

ANGLE ON MUG

PULL OUT to reveal Vi sitting at the table as Jenna pours hot water into the mug. She places a tea bag into it. Pushes the drink towards Vi who takes it. Vi looks shaken - definitely disturbed.

Andrew leans against the bench. The room is empty aside from these three.

Jenna sits down next to Vi who sips slowly.

JENNA  
Are you alright?

Vi nods.

VI  
What was that?

JENNA  
The Memory Recovery Centre. When people come up here, the first time at least, they don't remember how they died. The room shows people what happened to them. It's not used. At all. As in, Benson's always made it off limits. It's just... one of those things.

VI  
Oh.  
(beat)  
You should really put a sign up or something.

A beat.

ANDREW  
So what now?

JENNA  
(to Vi)  
Wanna continue the tour? We've still got a whole bunch of stuff to see. The Communications Department, the Lab - -

Vi shakes her head.

VI  
No. I want to go home.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Jenna looks uncomfortable.

JENNA

Then... I guess we'll go and see Benson. He'll give you a contract.

VI

I don't want a contract.

JENNA

(apologetic)

It's the only way. If you want to see your family again. If you want to... live. I'm sorry.

VI

Then where would I go? If I don't...

She can't continue. Her grip tightens on the mug.

ANDREW

Any where's better than here. Trust me.

Jenna shoots him a look. Turns back to Vi.

JENNA

A little advice? Never trust Andrew. He's just bitter.

Vi looks unconvinced.

VI

Can you give me a minute?

Jenna nods. She stands and motions for Andrew to follow her. They exit.

CUT TO:

INT. THE COMPANY - CORRIDOR #1

Jenna and Andrew walk a little way from the door and round a corner. Jenna leans against the wall. She sighs.

JENNA

This really isn't going well is it?

Andrew shakes his head.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JENNA (CONT'D)

Although it would go a little better if you'd stop stepping all over me.

ANDREW

(jokingly)

Sorry but I just can't sit by and watch a young thing like that get corrupted by the dark side.

JENNA

(softer)

You really hate it here that much?

Andrew shrugs.

ANDREW

I don't know. Maybe.

(beat)

Listen, about... About what happened in the...

He takes a deep breath.

ANDREW

Have you ever been in there before?

JENNA

No. You?

ANDREW

No. But you know what happened to me. How I kicked the metaphorical bucket.

(beat; unsure)

What about you? I mean... that guy. He kinda stabbed me.

Jenna's face drops.

JENNA

I really don't want to talk about it.

ANDREW

But I - -

JENNA

Ever.

She turns and walks back toward the break room.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JENNA (CONT'D)  
Come on. We'd better get back to Violet.

She pushes open the door.

ANGLE ON ROOM

Empty. Vi is gone.

Jenna, angry, spins around.

JENNA (CONT'D)  
If that girl gets hired, I swear to God, she is wearing a tracking device!

They both take off down the hall.

CUT TO:

INT. THE COMPANY - RECEPTION OFFICE

Vi rounds the corner. Halting suddenly when she realises where she is. She's tired and out of breath but not defeated.

A receptionist GLENDA MORRISON (47) sits behind the desk. She is chirpy and cheerful.

GLENDA  
Oh! Hello, dear. Can I help you?

Vi ignores her. She slams her fist repeatedly onto the elevator button. Nothing happens.

GLENDA (CONT'D)  
Sorry, sugar. It really only works when it feels like it. Got a bit of a moody personality, that one.

Benson enters from the Conference Room.

BENSON  
(to Vi)  
Ah, you're back. Where are the others?

Vi desperately pounds the button again. Andrew and Jenna enter - out of breath.

ANDREW  
It's not my fault!

He spots Vi. Stops.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANDREW (CONT'D)

Oh. Uh... Hello Violet. Thanks for meeting us here... Like you said you would.

BENSON

(suspicious)

What is not your fault, Mr. Friar?

JENNA

That... uh... he did such a good job of introducing Violet to the world of the Company. It was a team effort - really.

ANDREW

Go team us!

Benson is not amused. He turns to Vi.

BENSON

Have you made your decision?

Vi takes a deep breath. Straightens her shoulders and turns to the group.

VI

Yes. I have decided that you should all be locked up and preferably put on extremely high doses of medication. I don't want any part of your freaky rabbit hole world. Alice is so out of here.

BENSON

I see. Is that your final answer?

Before Vi can respond...

JENNA

No! It's not. It's really, really not.

(to Vi)

You haven't thought about this at all, have you? What we do here... It's wonderful.

Vi starts to tear up.

VI

I don't care about wonderful. I'm sure it's all good for you but - news flash - I'm not you. I am Violet Morgan.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VI (CONT'D)

A sixteen year old girl who just saw herself get shot.

Benson frowns.

VI (CONT'D)

I just want to go home and have... casserole with a mother who thinks I don't "try hard enough", a stupid emotionally fragile dad, a sister that doesn't care if she kills me and a little brother who's more intelligent than I am and most likely knows it. But I can't...

(beat; quiet)

I can't do what you want me to.

A long beat.

GLEENDA

So, you want to go home. That's not hard to understand, dear.

Everyone turns to her. Glenda continues to work - scrawling notes and sorting files.

GLEENDA (CONT'D)

I don't know what all the fuss is about. You can go home and have dinner with your family. I don't think that doing a few little errands for us up here is going to interfere too much with that. You know and we know that the only way you can go home is if you sign the contract. In the scheme of things, it's a small price to pay for the rest of your life back.

(beat)

If you ask me, of course. Then again, I'm just a secretary.

Vi looks around the room.

Jenna, imploring and scared. Andrew, disappointed and Benson, standing cold and apathetic. Vi looks down. Wipes away a tear.

When she looks back up, she looks to Benson.

VI

I really hate you. You know that, right?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BENSON

They always do at first.

Benson pulls out a contract from his pocket along with a pen. Vi snatches them out of his hand and slaps the paper down onto the desk.

ANGLE ON CONTRACT

She scribbles her name at the bottom and drops the pen.

Benson takes the contract, folds it and places it back in his pocket. He smiles but Andrew shakes his head sadly, avoiding Vi's gaze.

The elevator CHIMES. The doors slide open. As Vi looks toward it...

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. MORGUE - BODY STORAGE DRAWER

ANGLE ON VI

Deathly pale, her lips tinged with a sickly blue.

Her eyes fly open and she gasps for air. Looking around wildly, she takes in deep gulping breaths.

CUT TO:

INT. MORGUE - MAIN ROOM - NIGHT

The room is empty. Fluorescent lights buzz overhead.

PULL OUT from the wall of identical storage drawers for the deceased.

Vi is inside one of them, very much alive.

BLACK OUT:

END OF EPISODE