

**The Company**

"Paperwork Junkie"

by  
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TEASER

FADE IN:

INT. THE COMPANY - BENSON'S OFFICE - SIDE ROOM - AFTERNOON

ALISTAIR BENSON wanders around the personal library. He studies the books on the walls, occasionally running his fingers over the spines.

JENNA (O.S.)

Sir?

Benson turns. Through a pair of sliding doors, he sees JENNA COOKE enter his office next door.

BENSON

In here, Ms Cooke.

JENNA

Oh, I'm sorry. Am I disturbing you?

BENSON

No, not at all. I'm just... hiding, I suppose.

JENNA

Well, uh, maybe I should come back later, then.

BENSON

Jenna, what is it?

She takes a deep breath.

JENNA

I have something to tell you and... you're not going to like it.

Benson steadies his gaze on her.

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - SAME TIME

CLOSE UP ON ANDREW

Eyes closed. Head against a pillow. We hear the steady BEEP, BEEP, BEEP of a heart monitor.

VI (O.S.)

So he's gonna be okay?

WIDE SHOT

ANDREW FRIAR lies on a hospital bed. VI MORGAN and a NURSE stand with their backs to him, facing another bed across the room. A man with a plaster cast on one leg and a bandage around his head lies unconscious in front of them.

NURSE

We gave him a lot of morphine to kill the pain so he's going to be fairly out of it for a while but there's no permanent damage.

VI

'Coz when that taxi hit him I just thought...

The Nurse smiles and pats her on the shoulder.

NURSE

You don't need to worry, sweetie. Your uncle's going to be just fine.

She gives her hand a supportive squeeze and leaves. Vi walks over to Andrew.

VI

So I'm guessing we screwed up, huh?

Andrew opens his eyes, swings his legs around and pulls himself into a sitting position.

ANDREW

Big time.

VI

Will Benson be mad?

Andrew grimaces. A beat.

ANDREW

Not with you.

He stands and they walk out of the room.

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL - MAIN CORRIDOR

VI

But it's my fault too. We should have asked to see a business card or something. Then we would have known if we'd had the right guy or not.

(beat) )  
(MORE)

VI (CONT'D)

I mean, for God's sake, who spells "John" without an "H"? It's like the cream inside an oreo. Without that, it's just a ... brown circle.

ANDREW

Come on, Vi. We missed a letter, so what?

VI

A guy's in the hospital because we tried to help.

ANDREW

We tried to do our jobs. Helping suggests that we should have some kind of guilty conscious about what happened. Which we don't.

(beat)

Do we?

DING!

Next to them, an elevator - which we didn't even notice before - slides open. There's no one inside. Andrew groans.

ANDREW (CONT'D)

Oh no.

VI

What?

ANDREW

He knows.

VI

Who knows?

ANDREW

Benson!

VI

Already? But we just - -

ANDREW

Trust me. These things have a way of getting around pretty quickly.

He takes a moment, staring into the open elevator.

VI

Well aren't we gonna, y'know, go?

ANDREW

In a sec. I'm gathering... What's that stuff called? Courage.

VI

It's just Benson. He's not gonna go all Leather Face on you and cut your legs off with a chain-saw.

ANDREW

You don't understand. This isn't the first time that I've - -

A mobile phone starts to RING and Vi fumbles it out of her pocket. She checks the screen.

VI

(to Andrew)

Hang on just a sec.

(into phone)

Hello?...Cam, what...Wait, slow down. What happened?....I'll be right there.

She hangs up and turns to Andrew.

VI (CONT'D)

I need to get home.

ANDREW

What's going on?

VI

I don't know. That was my brother. He said it was an emergency.

Andrew starts to lead Vi towards the main doors.

ANDREW

Come on, I'll drive you.

Vi points back to the elevator.

VI

But what about Benson?

ANDREW

Benson can get stuffed. Let's go.

They walk off camera and we stay on the elevator. A beat. It closes.

CUT TO BLACK:

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

INT. MORGAN RESIDENCE - BACK HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

VI (O.S.)  
(calling)  
Cam?! Where are you? Mum?! What's  
going on?

Vi turns the corner and sees CAROLINE, PENNY and CAM MORGAN hovering outside a door at the end of the hallway.

Well, technically - Caroline is hovering, Cam is lying on the floor attempting to peer under the closed door and Penny is leaning against the wall, filing her nails and occasionally flipping through a thick book resting in her arms. Vi joins them.

VI (CONT'D)  
(extremely confused)  
What's going on?

CAROLINE  
Good. You're home. We have a  
situation.

VI  
What kind of situation?

A beat. Caroline is unsure of how to start.

PENNY  
Dad's gone psycho again and we're  
all gonna have to move.

CAROLINE  
Penny!  
(to Vi)  
He's not... No one is moving,  
okay?

VI  
So what's the problem?

PENNY  
I'll tell you what the problem  
is! Just because I graduate next  
year, school is freaking out  
about what I want to do with the  
rest of my life.

She holds up the book and reveals it to be a "Career Guide".

PENNY (CONT'D)  
 Can you believe I actually have  
 to read this? And pick  
 something?!

CAROLINE  
 Penny, I don't think they expect  
 you to - -

CAM  
 (still on ground)  
 He's moving! I can see him...  
 He's walking over to the door...  
 Oh... Wait...

CAROLINE  
 What? What's he doing now?

CAM  
 (to Peter)  
 Hi Dad.

Down at Cam's level, we see Peter sprawled out on the floor  
 on the other side. He calmly pushes a note under the door,  
 stands and walks away. Cam sits up and unfolds the note.

CAROLINE  
 What does it say?

PENNY  
 "Dear Diary. Guess what? I'm  
 stiiiiill crazy".

Vi smacks the back of Penny's head. Penny goes to hit her  
 with the book.

CAROLINE  
 Girls! Not helping!

Penny smiles.

PENNY  
 Yeah. Not helping, Vi. Or maybe  
 you want to call your "cousin".  
 I'm sure he'll be able to - -

VI  
 I know what would help. You could  
 take Dad out clubbing! Oh, wait.  
 He's over eighteen so you won't  
 be breaking the law and that's  
 just no fun.

Caroline glances between them - taking in their hostile  
 tones - but ultimately disregarding their words.

CAM  
(reading)  
"Don't forget to tape *Survivor*."

Caroline sighs in frustration.

CAROLINE  
Oh for the love of...

She starts banging on the door.

CAROLINE (CONT'D)  
Peter! If you don't open this  
door in the next three seconds, I  
swear to God I'll... I'll...

She turns to Vi.

CAROLINE (CONT'D)  
(hopeful)  
Vi?

VI  
(realising)  
Nuh-uh. No way.

CAROLINE  
Please?

VI  
Do you remember what happened  
last time? I had to get six  
stitches and a tetanus shot!

CAROLINE  
But this is different.

PENNY  
Yeah, his study's not on the  
second floor this time.

VI  
Then why can't Cam or Penny do  
it?

CAROLINE  
Because Penny doesn't care and  
Cam's arms are too short to reach  
the latch.

A beat. Vi glares and holds out her hand to Penny who  
reluctantly hands over her nail file. Vi sighs in  
frustration and heads to the back door.

CAROLINE (CONT'D)  
(calling)  
Thank you!

CUT TO:

EXT. MORGAN RESIDENCE - BACKYARD - MOMENTS LATER

Vi huffily moves around the side of the house. She reaches a window and leans over the flower bushes to peer inside. She sees Peter pacing around the room.

She puts the nail file under the window and fiddles it back and forth until the latch on the other side springs open. She pushes up the window and hauls herself in.

CUT TO:

INT. MORGAN RESIDENCE - STUDY - CONTINUOUS

Peter stops muttering to himself and jumps in fright as Vi tumbles to the ground.

She climbs to her feet and dusts off her jeans. She gives Peter a small smile.

VI  
Hi.

CUT TO:

INT. MORGAN RESIDENCE - BACK HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Cam scrambles to his feet as the door opens. Vi slips out first as Peter stands sheepishly in the doorway.

Caroline looks at Peter sternly before throwing herself forward - wrapping him in a hug.

CUT TO:

INT. MORGAN RESIDENCE - FRONT HALL - CONTINUOUS

Vi appears, heading directly for the front door. Behind her, Cam dashes around the corner.

CAM  
Where are you going?

VI  
Out.

CAM  
But you just got home.

VI

Because someone called me saying that there was an emergency. I'm not done doing what I was doing.

CAM

And what was that?

VI

None of your business.

As Vi exits - Cam, surprisingly, doesn't look hurt. He's thinking. Observing. Being the scientist that he is.

He moves to the side window by the door and watches Vi walk down the driveway and onto the foot path - out of sight.

VI (PRE-LAP) (CONT'D)

I'm guessing that this is a little... er... out of the ordinary?

CUT TO:

INT. THE COMPANY - RECEPTION - LATER

ANGLE ON DOOR

More specifically, it is the door leading into Benson's Office. From behind it, MUFFLING YELLING can be heard.

SLOWLY PAN OUT to reveal a group of RANDOM EMPLOYEES including Vi, Jenna and GLENDA MORRISON huddled around the reception desk - attempting to listen to the argument.

JENNA

If you mean, does Benson take time out of his busy day to verbally assault employees? Then, yeah, it's kind of unusual.

GLENDA

They've been in there for hours.

JENNA

Forty-five minutes but I understand the exaggeration. It is... hard to... you know...

VI

Tear yourself away?

GLENDA

It's like reality TV.

(beat)

My son was on *Big Brother*, you know.

They continue to listen.

VI

So, I've been here for a while. I thought I'd gotten to know people like Benson and Andrew pretty well. But... there's something I don't quite get.

JENNA

What's that?

VI

There has to be a reason why Andrew's always getting picked on, right? I mean, Benson doesn't strike me as "pointless vendetta" guy.

JENNA

It's... complicated.

VI

Is that just your way of saying that you don't know?

Jenna gives her an apologetic look.

JENNA

I wish I could help you but I'm not really one for poking my nose around in someone else's business.

VI

Even if that someone else happens to be your friend?

JENNA

Who? Andrew?

She scoffs.

JENNA (CONT'D)

Andrew's definitely not my friend!

Benson's office door bursts open and the employees scatter. Glenda busies herself with the fax machine while Jenna and Vi - unable to actually do anything else - stand awkwardly by the reception desk.

Andrew walks out but makes his way directly to the elevator. He slams his fist against the button.

VI

Andrew!

He turns to her as he steps inside.

VI (CONT'D)  
What happened?

Andrew doesn't even look at her.

ANDREW  
Go home, Violet.

As the elevator door closes, we stay on Vi's hurt and confused expression.

CUT TO:

EXT. GARRETON ACADEMY - FRONT LAWN - DAY

As we CRANE OVER the crowded grounds - Vi, Cam and Penny are easily spotted crossing the street towards the school.

ANGLE ON VI

Who steps onto the footpath and turns, only to jolt to a stop when she sees - -

- - ERIN FOWLER walking towards her, only twenty feet away. Almost sensing her presence, Erin glances up and stops moving.

There is a long, awkward pause and then, they quickly look away - Erin setting off across the lawn and Vi hurrying towards the main entrance. Penny and Cam share a look and then scramble after Vi.

PENNY  
So I guess it's true then?

VI  
What's true?

PENNY  
They really did break up because of you.

VI  
Oh, come on Penny! You really have to pretend that you don't know? You were there.

PENNY  
Yeah. But it's just so sad.

They reach the front steps and walk towards the main doors.

VI  
What?

PENNY

You went to all that trouble to break Bianca and Erin up and now you can't even stand within fifty metres of him.

Vi is shocked and stops. Penny smirks - walking ahead and entering the building. Vi looks down at Cam.

VI

It doesn't seem like I... broke them up... Does it?

Cam shrugs.

CAM

Just from a scattered surveying of our general school populous... You're a scarlet woman.

He continues walking. Vi takes a beat and then starts after him.

VI

Wait. What the hell does that mean?!

CUT TO:

INT. GARRETON ACADEMY - ART ROOM - LATER

Red. Splashed over a canvas.

PULL BACK to reveal BIANCA PARRY as she puts down the paint can delicately. She takes a good hard look at the canvas in front of her and then plunges forward - running her hands over the surface, smudging and smearing the paint in a frenzy of anger and passion.

ANGLE ON VI

As she watches her from across the room. She holds a brush and stands in front of her own canvas.

VI

(re: Bianca's vigour)  
Do you think that's because of me?

SHANE EVANS pops his head out from behind an easel next to Vi. He studies Bianca for a moment.

SHANE

I wasn't aware you taught our art class.

He goes back to his work.

VI

Was that snark? Were you being snarky with me?

SHANE

Nope.

VI

Did I do something?

He shrugs.

SHANE

I'm just painting my painting.

Vi looks at Bianca again.

VI

Do you think she's planning something? Like... dipping my hair in ink or throwing pigs blood all over me?

SHANE

Okay. Number one, you're not *Anne of Green Gables* or whoever and number two, everybody knows that animal blood stunts never end well.

VI

So she's not planning anything?

SHANE

I didn't say that. I just said she probably won't mimic popular culture when she does it.

Vi sighs. Shane's obviously touchy about something. Vi attempts to focus on her work but it doesn't last long.

VI

Okay, what is it?

SHANE

(innocently)  
What?

VI

Don't give me that wide-eyed, 'I-have-no-idea-what-you're-talking-about' look. What did I do wrong?

SHANE

You didn't do anything wrong.

He motions to Bianca.

SHANE (CONT'D)

She just broke up with her boyfriend. Maybe every vicious stab at her canvas isn't about you, okay?

VI

So you think I'm self-centred?

SHANE

No. I think you're freaking out over nothing. If she's mad at anyone, it's Erin. He's the jerk who treated her like crap in the first place.

VI

Excuse me? Did you see what happened at the club?

SHANE

Yeah, I did. I saw a guy trying to cover his own arse after he was caught having a thing for some other girl.

VI

Shane!

SHANE

I'm sorry. That's just how I feel. If you wanna date him, fine. Just don't expect me to like him.

He looks down and picks up his murky water jar.

SHANE (CONT'D)

I need to change my water.

He starts to walk away but pauses and turns back.

SHANE (CONT'D)

And Erin is a girls name.

(beat)

Just so you know.

He walks off and Vi is left stunned. She raises her brush to her canvas but glances around it to watch Bianca who now stands perfectly still - staring blankly at her work.

CUT TO:

INT. ANDREW'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - LATER

Andrew stumbles blearily towards the front door. On the other side someone KNOCKS loudly and appears to have been doing so for some time.

He pulls open the front door to reveal Jenna. She gives him a nervous wave as he stares at her. He looks disheveled - like he's just woken up.

JENNA

Hi.

ANDREW

Hi.

JENNA

Can I... Can I, er, come in?

A beat. Andrew steps back and holds the door open wider. Jenna gives him a small smile and enters. He closes the door behind her.

ANDREW

Take a seat.

Jenna takes a look around the messy living room.

JENNA

I'll just stand. Thanks.

There's an awkward beat. The awkwardness radiates more from Jenna than it does Andrew. He's too tired to care.

JENNA (CONT'D)

I just came by to... to see how you were.

ANDREW

As you probably heard, I'm just peachy. So, if you don't mind, I was just in the middle of a nap.

JENNA

Actually, I haven't heard. That is to say - no one knows what happened last night. Between you and Benson. And when you didn't show up this morning, I was... Well... I was concerned.

ANDREW

About me?

JENNA

N-no. Not you per say. Just... in general.

(MORE)

JENNA (CONT'D)

(beat)

I've never seen him like that before.

Andrew scoffs and flops down onto the couch - yanking an old pizza box out from under him.

ANDREW

What? Like a pompous bastard who only cares about "The Plan"? Because believe me - I've seen that Benson all too often.

JENNA

I just want to know if I can help. If I can talk to him for you. Maybe I can make this blow over sooner and then everything can get back to normal.

ANDREW

The definition of normal changed at around seven p.m last night.

JENNA

What are you talking about?

ANDREW

I'm officially demoted. Andrew Friar is a pencil pusher. From now on, I'm a lackey in the records department.

JENNA

(shocked)

So that means...

Andrew stands.

ANDREW

No more assignments, no more mentoring, no more... doing whatever it is that I used to do.

JENNA

Does Violet know?

ANDREW

Not unless someone else told her.

JENNA

Don't you think she should hear it from you?

ANDREW

I honestly don't care anymore.

Andrew starts towards the front door. Jenna's upset about this and she has to be - making up for Andrew's all too suspicious lack of emotion.

JENNA

I'll fix it. I'll talk to Benson.  
He'll listen to me.

ANDREW

He's done listening to whatever  
anyone has to say about me.

(beat)

Now get out. I'm tired.

He yanks open the door but Jenna won't leave.

JENNA

So you're just going to let her  
wonder what's going on? Let her  
worry about you?

ANDREW

She won't care! She hates me just  
as much as I hate her! I'm happy  
that I'm not Vi's mentor anymore!  
What's more, I feel sorry the  
next loser who has to take her  
on.

Jenna looks at him in horror. Then, her face hardens.

JENNA

I'm sorry you feel that way.

We move WITH HER out into the hallway where she stops.

JENNA (CONT'D)

(shocked)

Violet...

Vi stands just outside of the doorway - frozen. She's still dressed in her school uniform and grips a box of fresh donuts in her hands.

Andrew, upon seeing her, says nothing. But there's a sudden look of guilt in his eyes.

Vi looks close to tears for a moment but grits her teeth and glares, shoving the box of donuts into Jenna's hands and hurrying down the staircase - out of sight. Jenna looks to Andrew and hands him the box.

JENNA (CONT'D)

I'd really love to know how you  
became such a jerk. That way,  
there's a chance it might not be  
entirely your fault.

She leaves. Andrew's expression is cold but wavering.

FEMALE VOICE (PRE-LAP)  
Can I help you with something?

CUT TO:

INT. UNIVERSITY - LIBRARY - DAY - TWO YEARS AGO

NOTE: The flashbacks in this episode are easy to distinguish from the present day. The scenes are slightly blurred, giving every surface a soft glow.

A YOUNG WOMAN - around twenty years old - sits with her feet up on a long wooden table. She raises a pierced eyebrow at the person across from her.

Andrew blushes and looks away, adjusting a pair of glasses. He looks different. His hair is combed neatly, he wears a clean, pressed shirt, khaki slacks and a soft blue sweater is slung over the back of his chair.

While his face is still the same, he looks uncomfortable and stiff in this attire.

ANDREW  
Uh... No. S-sorry. I was just - -

YOUNG WOMAN  
Staring at me.

ANDREW  
Not exactly.

His eyes wander back to her - lingering on her faded Ramones t-shirt. She smirks.

YOUNG WOMAN  
Do I know you?

ANDREW  
I don't think so.

YOUNG WOMAN  
You were at the hospital.

ANDREW  
(startled)  
What? No. I think you're thinking of someone else.

YOUNG WOMAN  
No, I'm not. The field trip last semester. You got your bag caught in that guys wheelchair.

ANDREW  
(embarrassed)  
Oh yeah.

YOUNG WOMAN  
Haven't seen you for awhile.

ANDREW  
I dropped out.

YOUNG WOMAN  
Then what are you doing here?

ANDREW  
An assignment.

YOUNG WOMAN  
What? Perving on girls who are  
trying to study?

ANDREW  
I wasn't - -

YOUNG WOMAN  
Whatever... What's your name?

ANDREW  
Andrew.

YOUNG WOMAN  
Yeah, that sounds right.

She stands, collecting her books and piling them into her  
backpack.

YOUNG WOMAN (CONT'D)  
I'm Charlie. And yes...

She slings her bag over one shoulder, takes both her hands  
and grips her breasts.

CHARLIE  
I have boobs.

She drops her arms and walks away. Andrew, stunned, turns a  
page in his text book and we ANGLE DOWN to see - -

- - A piece of paper used as a bookmark. It reads, "Charlie  
Graham".

CUT TO BLACK:

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

INT. ERIN'S HOUSE - FRONT YARD - NIGHT

Bianca walks confidently up the front path. Upon reaching the door, she pauses and takes a deep breath. Steadying her shoulders, she is about to knock when the door opens. Erin stands at the entrance holding a full garbage bag.

ERIN  
(surprised)  
Bianca. Hi.

BIANCA  
Hello.

Erin moves outside, closing the door behind him.

ERIN  
Did I know that you were coming?

BIANCA  
No. I just wanted to give you  
your stuff back.

ERIN  
Oh! Well, I didn't mean for you  
to... I would have come and...  
It's not like - -

BIANCA  
Save it. I really don't care  
anymore.

Erin is a little taken aback by this. He hoists up the bag and moves around her, heading down to the garbage bins at the curb. Bianca walks after him.

ERIN  
Good to know.

After throwing the trash away, he turns to her.

ERIN (CONT'D)  
So? Where's my stuff?

Bianca looks over her shoulder to the expensive BMW parked in the street. A DRIVER gets out and moves around to the trunk where he pulls out a hefty cardboard box. Coming up to the footpath, he shoves the box at Erin.

ERIN (CONT'D)  
Thanks.

Bianca gives him a tight smile and turns towards the car. The Driver holds open the back door for her.

ERIN (CONT'D)

Wait. Don't you want... I mean, I know I've got a bunch of your stuff sitting around.

Bianca shrugs and waves him off.

BIANCA

Chuck it. I never gave you anything special anyway.

She slides into the backseat and the Driver throws Erin a glare as he climbs into the front. Erin watches the car as it pulls away.

CUT TO:

INT. MORGAN RESIDENCE - PENNY'S ROOM - NIGHT

Penny stares at herself in the mirror for a moment. Her face is still - completely serious.

She lifts a hairbrush into frame and her mouth curls into the biggest grin we have ever seen.

PENNY

(chirpy; energetic)

Hello New York City and welcome to Total Request Live! We've got an awesome show for you this afternoon because guess who we've got hiding backstage? That's right! Justin Timerlaaaake!

She swings around, as if to point to 'backstage' but instead, reveals Cam standing in the open doorway.

Penny jumps and drops the hairbrush. Blushing furiously, she bends down to pick it up.

PENNY (CONT'D)

Jesus, Cam! It's called knocking!

CAM

I apologize.

(beat)

What's Total Request Live?

PENNY

TRL.

(beat)

You know... MTV?

Cam moves forward and sits down on her bed.

CAM

Is that like internet speak? I was reading an article about how teenagers are slowly losing their ability to communicate in traditional forms because their brains are - -

PENNY

What do you want, Cam?

CAM

I wanted to ask you some questions.

(beat)

About Vi.

Penny raises an eyebrow - intrigued.

CUT TO:

INT. MORGAN RESIDENCE - VI'S ROOM - SAME TIME

Vi sits at her computer, surfing the internet. There is a KNOCK at her door and Caroline enters, holding the household's cordless phone.

CAROLINE

Vi, phone for you.

Vi takes it.

VI

Thanks Mum.

Caroline exits.

VI (CONT'D)

(into phone)

Hello?

No reply.

VI (CONT'D)

(into phone)

Who is this?

(beat)

Helloooo? Anybody there?

She lets out of a frustrated sigh.

VI (CONT'D)

(into phone)

Is this Andrew? Ugh. I'm still mad at you, y'know? And I'm not taking any lame excuses. You're a jerk and you can go die.

(MORE)

## VI (CONT'D)

(beat)

Again.

She hangs up and tosses the phone over her shoulder onto her bed.

CUT TO:

INT. ERIN'S HOUSE - ERIN'S ROOM - SAME TIME

Sitting at the end of his bed, Erin slowly puts the phone back into its cradle.

CUT TO:

INT. MORGAN RESIDENCE - VI'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Vi continues to type on the computer when the CHIME of a new Instant Message sounds and a window pops up on the screen.

It reads: "TheCompany4515 says: Meeting".

Vi's eyes widen and she backs away from the screen a little. After a moment, she moves her hands over the keyboard. Should she respond?

Another CHIME and a new message appears.

"TheCompany4515 says: And hurry up!".

Vi hops off her chair. She grabs a jacket and exits.

CUT TO:

INT. MORGAN RESIDENCE - UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Cam steps out of Penny's bedroom just as Vi brushes past him and hurries down the stairs. Waiting for a moment, he sneakily slips into Vi's room.

CUT TO:

INT. MORGAN RESIDENCE - VI'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

He sits down at her computer and sees the instant messages from the Company.

He turns on the printer and clicks the option to print the conversations. The printer WHIRS and suddenly, the monitor flickers!

When it settles and the picture returns, the messages are gone. Cam looks to the printer and picks up the piece of paper being ejected from the machine.

It's completely filled with black ink.

Off Cam's reaction...

CUT TO:

INT. THE COMPANY - RECEPTION - NIGHT

Vi steps out of the elevator to see Jenna standing in the middle of the room.

VI

Okay, let's get this over with.

JENNA

You don't have an assignment.

VI

What? But I got a - -

JENNA

I want to make a deal with you.  
You talk to Andrew - -  
(before Vi can interrupt)  
And I'll talk to Benson.

Vi opens her mouth to speak

JENNA (CONT'D)

Or, you could tackle the boss.  
Your call.

Vi lets out a groan and Jenna smiles.

CUT TO:

INT. THE COMPANY - BASEMENT CORRIDOR - LATER

Vi eyes the clanking pipes overhead with more than a little uncertainty as she makes her way tentatively down the corridor.

She reaches a frosted glass door, with scratched stenciled lettering announcing her arrival at the Records Department.

She grasps the door knob but stops and tilts her head to one side, listening. From inside, she hears the muffled sounds of "She's So High" by Tal Bachman.

CUT TO:

INT. THE COMPANY - RECORDS DEPARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Vi enters the dim and dusty room. On either side of the entrance, metal shelving units stacked with cardboard filing boxes stretch into the depths of the room. Directly opposite her is an aged, humming computer on a desk against the wall.

VI  
 (over music)  
 Hello? Andrew?

She moves forward, stepping around a round wooden table in the centre of the empty space between the door and the desk.

She reaches the computer and turns down the volume of the music. She turns around and jumps in fright!

NEW ANGLE

Holding a heavy cardboard box and standing no less than two metres in front of her is MYRON QUALLEY (27).

He's pale with scruffy dark hair and thick glasses - definitely giving off a "basement nerd" kind of vibe.

VI (CONT'D)  
 Hi.

MYRON  
 You're not supposed to be down here.

He turns and puts the box on the table then hurries forward and turns off the music entirely.

VI  
 Oh, I... I have special permission.

MYRON  
 From Mr Benson?

VI  
 From Jenna.

MYRON  
 Oh.  
 (beat)  
 Who's that?

VI  
 Jenna... Cooke. She does... something...

MYRON  
 (realising)  
 Oh! Right, right, right. Jenna Cooke. Assignment Co-Ordinator. Twenty three, stabbing victim, hired in '02. Got it, got it.  
 (beat)  
 So... Why are you down here?

VI  
I'm looking for Andrew.  
(quickly)  
Friar.

MYRON  
Yeah, he works here now.

VI  
Can I see him?

MYRON  
He's not here.

He turns to the box, taking off the top and pulling out a stack of papers. He sits down at the table and begins to read each one carefully. Vi hovers awkwardly nearby.

VI  
Do you know where he is?

MYRON  
He hasn't shown up.

VI  
(under her breath)  
Why am I not surprised?

MYRON  
So, you don't have to stay here.  
Because Andrew's not here. And you  
were looking for Andrew. And - -

VI  
He's not here. I get it.  
(beat)  
What's your name?

Myron looks up.

MYRON  
Me? Myron Qualley. Twenty-seven.  
Drowning victim. Hired in - -

VI  
Boy, long name.  
(beat; off Myron's look)  
Joke.  
(coughs)  
So, this is the Records  
Department, right? You guys...  
record stuff?

Myron motions to the shelves of boxes.

MYRON

Every employee, every assignment,  
every event that's worth  
recording.

VI

On paper?

MYRON

They're bringing in a new system.  
I'm uploading it all to a  
database.

He looks to the computer.

VI

(amazed)

By yourself?

MYRON

I guess that's why Andrew works  
here now. You wouldn't happen to  
know where he is, would you?

Vi turns away, rolling her eyes, and looks around at the  
shelves of boxes.

VI

So, Myron... If you record  
everything that happens around  
here... How would someone go  
about... finding some  
information?

MYRON

What kind of information?

Vi tries to hide a devious smile.

CUT TO:

INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY - FLASHBACK

Charlie sits by herself at a table by the window, drawing  
in a sketchbook intently.

PAN AROUND to find Andrew sitting at a table across the  
room, watching her. He smiles softly as the sunlight  
filters through the window - highlighting the red in her  
hair.

Catching himself, he looks down into his coffee cup. After  
a few beats, he looks up again.

ANDREW

(surprised)

Gah!

Charlie stands across the table, her sketch book tucked under one arm.

ANDREW (CONT'D)  
What are you doing?

Charlie sits down.

CHARLIE  
You were watching me. Again.  
That's two strikes, Drew.

ANDREW  
What happens if I get a third?

CHARLIE  
You're out.

ANDREW  
I didn't realise I was in.

Charlie smiles and puts her elbows on the table, leaning forward.

CHARLIE  
(playfully)  
Well, you've obviously got it bad for me. Since you've taken up stalking me and all.

ANDREW  
(scoffing)  
I'm not stalking.

CHARLIE  
Then what are you doing?

A beat.

ANDREW  
Uh... I'm... I'm interested in you.  
(quickly)  
In how you are. I mean... Uh... Are you... okay?

CHARLIE  
With what?

ANDREW  
With life?

She doesn't reply. Andrew quickly tries to change the subject.

ANDREW (CONT'D)  
 (re: sketchbook)  
 So you're an artist?

CHARLIE  
 Not really.

ANDREW  
 But you draw.

CHARLIE  
 Just because I draw doesn't make  
 me an artist. I mean, just  
 because you dress like a golf  
 caddy doesn't mean you can tell a  
 driver from a sand wedge.

Andrew laughs half heartedly - a little stung. Charlie  
 cringes.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)  
 (apologetic)  
 Sorry. I swear I'm not normally  
 this offensive.  
 (beat)  
 Okay, maybe I am. But you don't  
 seem... comfortable in those  
 clothes. Are you?

ANDREW  
 I don't know. They're just  
 clothes. They are what they're  
 supposed to be.

CHARLIE  
 They don't have to be.

CUT TO:

INT. CLOTHING STORE - LATER

Charlie sits cross legged on the floor. Beside her,  
 Andrew's bare legs can be seen from inside a change room.

Piles of rumpled clothes lie at his feet. As he talks, he  
 pulls on a pair of jeans.

ANDREW (O.S.)  
 So, Charlie. Tell me about  
 yourself.

CHARLIE  
 Not much to tell. I've lived in  
 Garreton all my twenty years of  
 life - hated most of it.  
 Graduating high school didn't  
 suck, though.  
 (MORE)

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

And now I'm here - trying to be a doctor. God knows why.

ANDREW (O.S.)

You're happy?

CHARLIE

What is with you? All the way here, "Are you okay? Are you satisfied with your life? Do you need help?". I'm starting to think you're trying to get me to join a cult or something.

ANDREW (O.S.)

I'm just... I don't know if this is gonna work.

CHARLIE

(a little startled)

What?

Andrew pushes open the door and Charlie scrambles to her feet. He wears loose, frayed jeans and a faded blue t-shirt, a long sleeved grey shirt underneath. His hair is now ruffled from the continuous outfit changes. He looks like the Andrew we all know and love.

ANDREW

I feel weird.

CHARLIE

What are you talking about? You look hot!

ANDREW

Really?

CHARLIE

Totally! So, is this a bad weird? Are the pants too starchy?

She reaches forward and tugs on his belt loops causing Andrew to jump at the sudden close contact.

ANDREW

They're fine!

He smiles and turns, checking himself out in the mirror. Charlie gathers the abandoned clothes on the floor and dumps them on a table nearby.

CHARLIE

Cool. Well, get changed back and then pull out that credit card mister because...

She trails off, spotting a shirt - all black lace and ribbons - hidden under a pile of discarded clothes.

She pulls it out and turns - Andrew has closed his change room door again and all the others are taken.

Launching forward, Charlie pulls open the door. Andrew lets out a girlish squeal and covers his bare chest as Charlie ducks inside.

CUT TO:

INT. CLOTHING STORE - CHANGING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Charlie pulls the door closed. It's a tight squeeze and, as she tugs off her t-shirt, Andrew can't help but go bright red.

ANDREW

Uh... What are you doing?

Charlie looks over the lacy top, trying to figure out how it goes on.

CHARLIE

All the other rooms are taken.

ANDREW

Yeah. Including this one.

Charlie stops.

CHARLIE

Oh. I'm sorry.

She leans forward, backing Andrew up against the wall.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

(dead-pan)

Am I making you uncomfortable?

ANDREW

(very uncomfortable)

No. No, I'm fine.

Charlie grins impishly.

CHARLIE

Okay then. How about now?

(loudly; giggling)

Oh, Andrew! Stop it! That tickles! Stop, we're in a public place! Gosh, you're so bad!

Andrew covers her mouth with his hand. There's a beat. They're both silent. Andrew slowly pulls his hand back.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)  
You're really cute when you're  
embarrassed.

Andrew starts to laugh. As it fades away, he and Charlie lean closer together. Their lips meet and we PAN AWAY, coming over the stall door.

One of Andrew's shirts, hanging over the door, slips off. As it falls...

CUT TO:

INT. MORGAN RESIDENCE - LAUNDRY - PRESENT DAY

.... A different t-shirt lands on the floor.

Caroline leans down to pick it up and tosses it into the washing machine. She looks over the massive pile of dirty clothes on the floor and sighs in frustration.

Looking up, she sees the shadowy figure of Peter sitting in a tire swing in the backyard.

CUT TO:

EXT. MORGAN RESIDENCE - BACKYARD - NIGHT

Caroline exits the house, wrapping a cardigan around her as she steps down onto the lawn.

CAROLINE  
Aren't you cold?

PETER  
No. I'm fine.

Caroline smiles at the tire swing.

CAROLINE  
I can't believe we brought this  
all the way here from the old  
house. None of the kids ever use  
it, you know? It was only Vi  
anyway and she grew out of it  
when she was ten.

PETER  
(swinging)  
I'm using it.

CAROLINE  
(laughing)  
You can barely fit in it.

Peter gives her a sad smile and Caroline's laughter fades.

CAROLINE (CONT'D)

I didn't say you had to stop,  
Peter. I just... I just didn't  
want you to be cooped up in that  
room all day.

PETER

I'm not.

CAROLINE

Is that right? Peter, nothing  
ever gets done around here. I'm  
at work full time and when I get  
home every night there's still a  
Mount Everest of dirty laundry  
and no one's started dinner  
and...

PETER

What do you want from me,  
Caroline? I'm trying here, I  
really am.

Caroline sighs and shakes her head.

CAROLINE

Never mind. Just... forget about  
it.

She turns and walks back inside.

CUT TO:

INT. THE COMPANY - RECORDS DEPARTMENT - LATER

We travel through the stacks until we find Vi, sitting cross-  
legged on the ground and surrounded by boxes and papers.

Myron heads up the aisle and stops, heaving a box onto a  
shelf and pulling out another. Vi looks up.

VI

I need help.

Myron is a little startled by her voice.

MYRON

I already gave you Andrew's  
files. I shouldn't have even...  
I'm sure there's a rule about  
this somewhere.

VI

Since its your job, I think you  
should know the rules.

MYRON  
Not if I haven't read them.

VI  
Huh?

MYRON  
Have you met Doc?

Vi nods.

MYRON (CONT'D)  
He did something to my head so I  
remember everything that I read.  
Unless the rules were written  
down, I'd have no idea.

He starts to walk away. When, suddenly, Vi is hit with a  
brainwave. She leaps to her feet - scooping up the pile of  
papers with her - and runs after him.

They emerge into the main department area where Myron places  
the box on the table.

VI  
Have you read Andrew's files?  
Like, his assignment reports and  
stuff?

MYRON  
Yep.

VI  
Well?

MYRON  
Well what?

VI  
What can you tell me?

MYRON  
I don't know what you're looking  
for.

VI  
Neither do I. Just... tell me  
everything.

Myron gives her a skeptical look as he sinks down into a  
chair. Vi pulls up one next to him.

MYRON  
Ookay. Andrew Friar. Twenty-four  
years. Was hit by a bus and hired  
as a Runner in '04. Um...  
(MORE)

MYRON (CONT'D)

Attended Garretton University  
before that but dropped out in  
early 2005. Studying medicine.

VI

He was going to be a doctor?

MYRON

I don't know.

VI

Why'd he drop out?

MYRON

I. Don't. Know.

VI

Okay, okay. Continue.

MYRON

Nothing that earth-shattering  
happened to him besides...  
y'know... dying. And then there  
was that thing with Charlie but I  
don't think - -

VI

Wait, who's Charlie?

MYRON

Charlotte Graham. An assignment.  
About three months after he was  
hired.

VI

What happened?

MYRON

He did the worst thing any Runner  
could ever do while working on an  
assignment.

(beat)

He fell in love.

Off Vi's somewhat disbelieving expression...

CUT TO BLACK:

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

INT. THE COMPANY - BENSON'S OFFICE - FLASHBACK

Andrew sits sullenly across from Benson, like a bratty kid called into the principal's office. Also, even though we're in Flashback-Land again, Benson doesn't look all that different.

It should be noted that Andrew is wearing the clothes he bought when shopping with Charlie.

BENSON

Three weeks, Mr Friar. You've been on the Charlie Graham case for three weeks and I've gotten nothing. No report, no updates. Have you even found Mr Graham, yet?

ANDREW

Miss.

BENSON

Excuse me?

ANDREW

Her name's Charlotte.

Benson leans back in his chair, a knowing expression on his face.

BENSON

Ah, I see.

(beat)

You do realise that the Company isn't designed to be your own personal singles bar?

Andrew rolls his eyes.

ANDREW

Come on, it's not like that. She doesn't have a broken connection. She hasn't told me anything.

BENSON

Then you're paying more attention to who's saying it rather than what's being said.

There's a tense pause.

BENSON (CONT'D)  
 I don't have time for this.  
 Either you fix her connection by  
 next week or I'll put someone  
 else on the case.

He picks up a pen and looks down at some paperwork,  
 signaling the end of the meeting. Andrew stands and moves  
 towards the door.

BENSON (CONT'D)  
 And Mr Friar.

Andrew turns back.

BENSON (CONT'D)  
 "Fix her connection" is not a  
 euphemism.

Andrew, already bubbling with anger, glares and leaves -  
 slamming the door behind him.

We stay on the closed door as we...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. THE COMPANY - BENSON'S OFFICE - PRESENT DAY

Jenna knocks, enters and slowly approaches Benson's desk.

JENNA  
 S-sir, I just wanted to talk to  
 about - -

BENSON  
 If the next words out of your  
 mouth happen to be "Andrew  
 Friar", I don't want to hear it.

He looks up from his work.

BENSON (CONT'D)  
 When the Power that controls this  
 place put his name on the List,  
 it was a mistake. I tried to  
 ignore it but it is the absolute  
 truth.

(beat)  
 He isn't supposed to be here.

Jenna's face drops slowly and she looks down.

CUT TO:

INT. WICKER RECORDS - MAIN FLOOR - DAY

Shane, wearing his school uniform, moves slowly up and down the CD racks, a pile of cases in his arms. Occasionally he places one or two onto the rack.

Behind him, JIMMY EVANS sits at the check-out counter fiddling with a mobile phone.

SHANE

"L" comes before "K", right?

JIMMY

Only if "Uh" comes before "D".

SHANE

What the hell are you talking about?

JIMMY

(isn't it obvious?)

Duh.

The bell over the door JINGLES as a customer enters. Shane looks up to see...

ERIN

Uh... Hey.

Jimmy - never looking up from the mobile phone screen - stands and moves around the front counter and up the stairs to the second level of the store.

JIMMY

Shane, customer.

Once he's gone. Erin and Shane take a moment. Neither of them knows where to start. Finally...

SHANE

"W" never seems like it should be at the tail end of the alphabet.

ERIN

Really? I, uh, I've never really thought about the alphabet in too much depth.

SHANE

(under his breath; getting back to work)

Why am I not surprised?

Erin, sensing he's not exactly wanted here, cuts to the chase.

ERIN

I wanted to ask you about - -

SHANE

She's not here.

ERIN

I know. But... From my observation, you seem to be her best friend and I don't want to get into something that she's not... What I mean is... I just wanted to see if...

Shane stops working and puts down the pile of CDs. He turns to Erin.

SHANE

Look, I hate to admit it but she's into you. It's some weird thing that I don't fully understand. Also, I'm a guy and she's, well, Violet, so we don't exactly talk about this kind of thing. But from my observation, you have a shot.

(beat)

And I don't know how I feel about that.

ERIN

Oh... Good... I'm getting the impression that you don't like me very much.

SHANE

Probably stemming from the fact that I've known you since you were four and we've talked to each other more in the past few weeks than we have our entire lives.

Erin nods.

ERIN

I'll get out of your way then.

(beat)

Thanks.

He heads towards the front door. Shane grits his teeth. He can't leave it like this.

SHANE

It's nothing personal.

Erin stops and turns back.

SHANE (CONT'D)  
 She's been through a lot. I don't  
 want her to get hurt.

Erin gives him a small smile.

ERIN  
 I know. And believe me, neither  
 do I.

He pulls open the door and exits. Jimmy leans over the  
 railing up above.

JIMMY  
 You do realise that this Vi chick  
 has taken over your life, right?

Shane looks up and glares. He walks over to the front  
 counter and picks up the store telephone as Jimmy jogs down  
 the stairs.

JIMMY (CONT'D)  
 Hey, hey. What are you doing?  
 That's for store related calls  
 only.

SHANE  
 (with the phone to his  
 ear)  
 Jimmy, do you want to alphabetise  
 everything yourself?

A beat. Jimmy thinks.

JIMMY  
 As you were.

He walks away. On the phone, there is the muffled sound of  
 a VOICE RECORDING and Shane waits for it to end. Then:

SHANE  
 (into phone)  
 Hey Vi. It's, uh, it's me. Shane.

CUT TO:

INT. CHARLIE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

Charlie opens the front door to reveal Andrew, still fuming  
 from his meeting with Benson. Charlie, holding a tea towel,  
 is surprised to see him as she opens the door wider.

CHARLIE  
 Andrew! Is it seven already?

ANDREW  
(as he enters)  
No. Sorry.

Charlie closes the door and follows him into the living room. Andrew paces, frustrated.

CHARLIE  
Hey, hey. What's wrong?

She grabs onto his shoulders, forcing him to stop.

ANDREW  
It's nothing. Just my boss. He...  
He thinks I'm not doing my job  
properly and he's just giving me  
a hard time about it.

CHARLIE  
Well, do you think you're doing  
it properly?

ANDREW  
I don't know.  
(beat; sighing)  
It feels right but - -

CHARLIE  
Then that's all that matters.  
Here, you can set the table.

She pulls away - walking into the tiny kitchen area and hands Andrew plates and glasses from a cupboard.

As he places them on the dining table, Charlie stirs a bubbling pot.

ANDREW  
I'm sorry I'm so early.

CHARLIE  
It's okay. I was just going to do  
a bit of study before you got  
here anyway.

ANDREW  
A test?

CHARLIE  
Final exam tomorrow.

ANDREW  
(concerned)  
Then do you think this is such a  
good idea? I mean, you should  
probably...

Charlie moves around the bench and walks over to Andrew, wraps her arms around his waist.

CHARLIE  
(smiling)  
Stop telling me what to do, Friar.  
I think that this is a very good  
idea.

She leans up to kiss him and we PAN DOWN and behind the dining table, taking us into black.

FADE TO:

INT. CHARLIE'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - MORNING - FLASHBACK

ANGLE ON ANDREW'S FACE

Sunlight shines down on him as he sleeps. After a moment, he stirs and blearily opens his eyes. Rolling over, he stops - confused.

ANGLE ON SCENE

Charlie lies next to him in a large bed, fast asleep. Andrew reaches forward and hesitantly prods her shoulder. She opens her eyes.

CHARLIE  
(smiling)  
Ow.

ANDREW  
Sorry. Just wanted to make sure  
you were real.

Charlie yawns and rolls over, glancing at the alarm clock. It reads 9:40am. She groans.

ANDREW (CONT'D)  
What?

CHARLIE  
I have to get up. Exam.

ANDREW  
(disappointed)  
Oh... Okay.

She snuggles into him.

CHARLIE  
But I'd much rather stay here.

ANDREW  
You should probably go.

She props herself up on her elbows.

CHARLIE

Don't you want me to stay? It's just a little test. It's not important.

ANDREW

Well, someone's decided to change their tune. What happened to the girl who got mad at me for interrupting her study session?

CHARLIE

Seriously, Andrew. Do you want me to go?

Andrew sighs. The answer is, of course, no.

He looks past her to a painting hung on the wall - curly writing is splayed across it reading, "Make Her Go".

Andrew, making a decision, looks into Charlie's eyes.

ANDREW

Stay.

Charlie smiles and puts her head back down on the pillow.

CUT TO:

ANGLE ON A GOLDEN BEACH

PAN OUT to show that the beach isn't real - neither is the bikini clad girl who's lying on it - but is the image on a travel brochure imploring us to visit Queensland's Gold Coast.

CUT TO:

INT. SHOPPING CENTRE - TRAVEL AGENT - DAY

Vi stares at the pamphlet before pulling it off a rack which she gives a good spin - watching the other travel destinations blur past.

As it slows, she plucks up a couple more and looks around - bored. We notice she's still wearing her school uniform.

ANGLE ON WINDOW

Through which we see the bustling shopping centre and Andrew, standing with his back to the window, looking around.

BACK TO SCENE

Vi heads towards the door.

CUT TO:

INT. SHOPPING CENTRE - MAIN CONCOURSE - MOMENTS LATER

Andrew waits, looking rather apprehensive.

VI (O.S.)  
I didn't expect you to show.

Andrew turns. He doesn't smile but he's not unhappy to see her.

ANDREW  
Hey, who can pass up free food?

They begin to walk. Each of them searching for something to say.

ANDREW (CONT'D)  
(re: pamphlets)  
Going on a trip?

VI  
Huh? Oh, no. These are for Penny  
- my sister. She's doing her HSC  
next year and for some reason,  
she's decided to freak out about  
what she wants to do with the  
rest of her life.

ANDREW  
She wants to be a travel agent?

VI  
Brochure model.

Andrew takes the brochure for the Gold Coast and studies the front. As he slips it into his jacket pocket...

ANDREW  
I'll do a little research on  
these models and then give your  
sister some tips, what do you  
say?

VI  
First I'm gonna say, "Ew". Then I'm  
gonna make a face like this.

She scrunches up her nose in disgust and Andrew cracks a smile.

ANDREW

Where do you wanna eat?

VI

I dunno. What about here?

She points to a store across the walk and Andrew turns.

ANDREW

Uncle Al's Home and Hardware? I thought theme restaurants all went the way of the dinosaurs and nu-metal.

Vi starts towards the hardware shop and Andrew follows - growing more confused by the second.

Vi reaches the door.

VI

(suddenly serious)

Ok, before we go in, I just have to ask. Please don't freak out. I did this for your own good.

She takes a firm grip on his jacket and pulls him inside.

ANDREW

Whoa Vi, if I didn't know any better I'd think you were taking me in here to...

CUT TO:

INT. SHOPPING CENTRE - UNCLE AL'S HOME AND HARDWARE -  
CONTINUOUS

ANDREW

(staring; shocked)

.... kill me.

ANGLE ON CHARLIE

Standing at the front of the store wearing a blue employees apron. She looks about the same except her hair is shorter and lighter and she has a few more holes in her ears.

Aside from that, she looks mighty frazzled. She's surrounded by customers - all wanting something different.

She attempts to listen to their demands, ring up someone's purchase, flip through a book of stock and mix paint all at the same time.

BACK TO ANDREW

Who slowly closes his gaping mouth.

VI

I... I hope you're not mad. I kind of...

ANDREW

.... Saw the paperwork.

VI

Yeah.

(beat)

Sorry.

Andrew continues to stare at Charlie. He looks concerned - like this isn't something he wants to see.

ANDREW

What's she doing?

VI

She works here but - -

There's an ALARMED CRY from up ahead as a paint can goes tumbling to the floor - spilling everywhere.

Charlie grabs a cloth as the MANAGER comes storming out of a back office. He and Charlie being arguing - the Manager occasionally motioning to the back of the store angrily.

ANDREW

She was supposed to be a doctor. I... I ignored my Signs, I didn't... I can't deal with this.

VI

But - -

ANDREW

Do you see what I did? I ruined her life.

(beat)

And I never even apologised. I just left, do you know that? She hates me, Violet, and you just... Why can't you just mind your own goddamn business?

He turns, brushing past her, and exits. Vi looks back to Charlie who has stopped listening to her Manager and is staring out at Andrew who storms past the shop window.

CUT TO:

INT. MORGAN RESIDENCE - VI'S ROOM - DAY

Vi, now wearing casual clothes, tosses her school uniform in her washing basket. She paces her room and then stops and kicks her bed in frustration.

VI

Damnit!

She pulls open her bedroom door and exits.

CUT TO:

EXT. MORGAN RESIDENCE - FRONT LAWN - MOMENTS LATER

Vi walks purposefully across the front lawn. As she reaches the footpath, Cam exits the house and, staying a fair distance away, begins to follow her.

CUT TO:

INT. BUS - LATER

Vi sits near the front of the crowded bus. The blurred background sharpens to reveal Cam sitting towards the back.

He turns to look out of the window at the city. His face pales a little at the looming buildings and crowds.

The bus stops and he glances back to find that Vi's seat is empty. Alarmed, he clambers to his feet and almost climbs over other passengers to reach the front.

The doors close and the bus pulls away from the curb. Cam looks out of the window at Vi as she walks away.

CUT TO:

EXT. CITY STREET - CONTINUOUS

Vi approaches a run down apartment building. She presses the button for Andrew's apartment multiple times with no answer.

An ELDERLY WOMAN comes up behind her. She's wheeling a bag filled with groceries - including a bag of cat food.

ELDERLY WOMAN

Can I help you with something, dear?

VI

Do you live here?

ELDERLY WOMAN

Yes. Yes, I do.

VI

Do you know Andrew Friar?

ELDERLY WOMAN

19B. I'm actually looking after his cat for him.

She nods to the bag of cat food.

VI

Stuart? So... Andrew's not around?

ELDERLY WOMAN

Packed up and left a few hours ago.

She digs a crumpled piece of paper out of her purse and hands it to Vi. It's the brochure from the travel agent.

ELDERLY WOMAN (CONT'D)

An "impulsive holiday", he said.

(beat)

He's an odd boy.

Vi's eyes go wide. She takes off at a run.

VI

(calling)

Thank you!

ELDERLY WOMAN

You're welcome and you can keep the... brochure.

But Vi has already disappeared around the corner. The woman shakes her head and walks towards the front door.

CUT TO:

EXT. ANOTHER CITY STREET - MEANWHILE

A bus rushes past the screen leaving Cam behind on a busy footpath. He dodges people as they walk swiftly by, ignoring him.

He looks around and spots a pay phone.

CUT TO:

INT. MORGAN RESIDENCE - FRONT HALL - SAME TIME

The TELEPHONE RINGS for several moments. It echoes throughout the house.

CUT TO:

INT. MORGAN RESIDENCE - STUDY - CONTINUOUS

Peter sits at his computer, typing away. The telephone across the room is RINGING. He looks up at it in annoyance and then stands, hurrying towards it.

INTERCUT WITH:

EXT. ANOTHER CITY STREET - PAY PHONE - AFTERNOON

Cam shuffles nervously from side to side. His face brightens when Peter picks up.

PETER  
Hello?

CAM  
Dad! Dad, I really need your help.

PETER  
Cam?

CAM  
Yes. Dad, I'm downtown. I need you to come - -

Peter starts to walk back to his computer, seeing how far he can stretch the cord.

PETER  
(distracted)  
Downtown, huh? That must be fun. Did you visit the big fountain yet? Why don't you call your mother at work when you want to come home, she'll pick you up.

He hangs up and slips back into his computer chair - completely intent at what he's writing.

Cam - suddenly very scared - hangs up slowly.

CUT TO:

EXT. TRAIN STATION - PLATFORM - AFTERNOON

Andrew sits on a bench, with hastily packed duffel bag by his feet.

In the background, Vi emerges onto the platform. She looks around and for a moment and then walks slowly over to him.

VI  
You're an idiot, do you know that?

Andrew jumps a little at her voice.

ANDREW  
It's crossed my mind once or twice.

Vi sighs and sits down next to him.

ANDREW (CONT'D)

How'd you know where I was?

VI

Jenna.

ANDREW

Aw, crap. The Company hasn't started putting tracking devices in while we're sleeping, have they?

VI

No. I told her you were leaving and she said you'd be at the train station. That you were... "dramatic that way".

ANDREW

(sarcastic)

Oh, lovely. I'm "dramatic" now, am I?

VI

Well, you are running out of town just because things didn't go your way.

(beat)

By the way, where's your car?

ANDREW

Out the front.

VI

You were just gonna leave it there?

ANDREW

It's 24 hour parking.

Vi rolls her eyes.

VI

I still think this is stupid.

ANDREW

Well nobody asked you to come, did they?

Vi crosses her arms and huffily turns to look out at the train tracks.

CUT TO:

EXT. CITY STREET - SAME TIME

Cam moves away from the pay phone and notices a group of TEENS (male and female, aged 13-16) loitering outside the bus stop. He hesitantly approaches them - attempting to muster up a little bit of self confidence.

CAM

Um... Hi.

The teens turn to him, half amused and half annoyed at his presence. The largest one, a tough looking boy of fifteen, speaks first. He's obviously the LEADER.

LEADER

Yeah?

CAM

Did any of you, uh, see a girl come by here? She's sixteen, has long dark hair and she's wearing a... uh... green jacket.

The Leader shares a look with his friends. One by one, they catch onto some kind of joke and begin to snicker. The Leader turns back to Cam and smiles.

LEADER

Green jacket, huh? Yeah, I seen her.

CAM

Really? Could you point me in the right direction? I'd be so grateful.

The Leader shares a smirk with his companions and leans down, slinging his arm around Cam's shoulders.

LEADER

Well, you seem like a good kid so here's what I'll do. I'll point you in the right direction.

He turns Cam around and, using his free arm, points across the street towards Wicker Records.

CUT TO:

INT. WICKER RECORDS - MAIN FLOOR - MOMENTS LATER

Cam enters, followed moments later by the gang of teens who peel off, slipping away to various places around the store.

Jimmy, standing behind the front counter, looks up from a pile of CDs and eyes them all suspiciously. He doesn't notice Cam who approaches the bench.

CAM

Good afternoon.

JIMMY

Oh, hi. Welcome to Wicker Records, Sir. What can I do for you?

CAM

I was wondering if you've seen my sister?

It's around this time that the teens Cam came in with start slipping CDs into their pockets. One kid even attempts to pull off carrying a stack of vinyl discs under his hoodie.

JIMMY

Your sister, huh? What does she look like?

CUT TO:

EXT. TRAIN STATION - PLATFORM

ANDREW

I just... I can't take this anymore. I tried to do the right thing by leaving her. I thought maybe she could find some way to fix what I broke. What I... couldn't fix.

VI

Did you ever think that maybe it was all just a big misunderstanding? I mean, if Shakespeare has taught us anything, it's that the misunderstanding is one the world's most common creatures.

Andrew smirks.

ANDREW

Just let me deal with this, Vi.  
(beat)  
Please.

Vi stands, angry.

VI

This isn't dealing! This is running away. This is... this is what my Dad does, okay? I know this. I know this like the freaking alphabet. If you run away, you will not come back.

(MORE)

VI (CONT'D)

(beat)

And I'm not ready to do this on my own.

As the anger in her eyes fades to tearful pleading...

CUT TO:

INT. WICKER RECORDS - MAIN FLOOR

Cam is still talking to Jimmy who's attention keeps on getting dragged away by the increasingly shifty teens.

CAM

She's sixteen years old, has long brown hair and - -

RANDOM TEEN

Go! Go! Go!

The gang sprints for the door - their clothes stuffed with stolen items!

JIMMY

Hey! Stop!

They make it out and Cam turns to watch them when Jimmy clamps a hand down on the back of his shirt.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Oh, you're not going anywhere. You think I haven't seen like, oh say, every single bank heist flick ever made? There's always a decoy.

He cranes his neck towards the door and sees a POLICE OFFICER jogging across the street, alerted to the action in Jimmy's store.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

And they say there's never a cop around when you need one.

As he drags Cam towards the front door...

CAM

No! I didn't! I swear! I'm just looking for my sister!

CUT TO:

EXT. TRAIN STATION - PLATFORM - AFTERNOON

Vi's mobile phone begins to RING. She gives one last loaded look towards Andrew and turns away, answering it.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. THE COMPANY - CONTROL CENTRE - SAME TIME

Jenna hurries down the stairs from the second level, clutching a piece of paper in her hand.

JENNA

Vi! New assignment for you.

VI

Jenna, this really isn't a good time.

JENNA

That doesn't matter. It's flagged as top priority. I need you to get to...

(reading paper)

Flinders Avenue. It's off Main Street. Do you know it?

VI

(irritated)

Flinders Avenue. Yeah, yeah. I'll make it.

She hangs up and turns to Andrew.

VI (CONT'D)

Assignment. You coming?

He doesn't move.

VI (CONT'D)

(as she walks away)

Fine. I'm going to do my job.

She turns the corner and she's gone. Andrew stares after her. He doesn't move.

CUT TO:

EXT. CITY STREET - WICKER RECORDS - SAME TIME

The Police Officer joins Jimmy and Cam outside the store.

POLICE OFFICER

What's going on here, Sir?

JIMMY

(shaking Cam)

This kid and his little street rat friends lifted my goddamn shop.

(down in Cam's face)

You what that means, punk? 25 to life. No chance of parole.

The Police Officer reaches for Cam's arm.

POLICE OFFICER  
I'll take it from here. We might  
be able to find the location of  
the others.

As Cam is being passed over, he rips away from them and  
takes off down the street. The Officer runs after him.  
Jimmy is left alone on the footpath.

JIMMY  
(calling; to Police  
Officer)  
Run faster! Come on, what is  
this? HIS LEGS ARE SHORT!

CUT TO:

EXT. THE CITY - AFTERNOON

A SERIES OF SHOTS. All INTERCUTTING and moving along to the  
beat of "The Great Escape" by We Are Scientists.

- Cam running as fast as he can go. His eyes are wide -  
he's absolutely terrified. He dodges and weaves around busy  
shoppers and commuters to avoid...

- The Police Officer who is about half a block behind him.  
He's pretty fit so Cam won't be losing him anytime soon.

- Running in the opposite direction of those two is Vi. We  
can't see exactly where she is in comparison to Cam  
until...

CUT TO:

EXT. ALLEY - AFTERNOON

ANGLE ON STREET SIGN

It reads "Flinders Avenue" and points down a wide alleyway.

ANGLE ON SCENE

Vi and Cam meet at the mouth of the alley. While shocked to  
see each other, they don't slow and Vi grabs Cam's hand -  
dragging him down the alley.

They continue to run until they slam into a wire fence -  
stretching across the end of it. It's chained together  
pretty tight. They're trapped.

CUT TO BLACK:

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

EXT. ALLEY - DAY

We're right back where we left off. Cam and Vi stand at the chain link fence - breathing heavily from their run.

POLICE OFFICER (O.S.)

Hey!

Vi whirls around. The Cop stands at the end of the alley and begins to walk towards them - confident that they have no escape.

CAM

Vi!

She turns back to the fence where Cam has found a tear along the wire at the bottom. She kneels down - pulling it back for Cam to wriggle through.

Vi stands and starts to climb the fence clumsily. The Police Officer runs forward and grabs the back of her shirt - attempting to pull her down.

VI

Cam! Go!

Cam doesn't move, staring in horror at Vi as she is ripped from the fence. Vi hits the ground, groaning in pain. The Police Officer pulls her to her feet.

A CAR starts to HONK and Cam whirls around - his eyes widen in shock and he leaps back against the brick wall as the car comes charging towards him!

It blurs past Cam and rips through the chain link fence, narrowly missing Vi and the Police Officer. They are thrown backwards - slamming onto the ground.

The passenger door is thrown open and from Vi's position on the ground, she looks up to see - -

- - ANDREW leaning over from the driver's seat.

ANDREW

Need a lift?

Vi painfully scrambles to her feet and starts to climb into the car. She looks back at Cam - still on the other side of the (now wrecked) fence.

VI

Come on!

Cam runs forward - hopping into the backseat. Andrew hits the accelerator before the doors even close.

The Police Officer slowly sits up, watching after the escaping criminals.

CUT TO:

INT. UNDERGROUND PARKING GARAGE - AFTERNOON

Andrew's car rolls smoothly into the half full parking lot. He parks in a spot by the wall and turns off the engine.

CUT TO:

INT. ANDREW'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Vi looks at Andrew quizzically.

ANDREW

I'm pretty sure that cop saw my license plate. Probably got a good look at the make and stuff too. So, until things die down, we're laying low.

A smile flits across Vi's face.

VI

Been watching a lot of *Prison Break* lately?

Andrew rolls his eyes and climbs out, closing the door behind him. Vi is about to follow when:

CAM

Vi?

She turns around in her seat to face him.

CAM (CONT'D)

Who is that guy and... why are we in his car?

VI

He's... Andrew... Uh...

She takes a deep breath.

VI (CONT'D)

He's a good guy.

There's a beat. Cam nods.

CAM

Aren't you gonna ask me about... about what happened?

VI

What? How you and I ended up in a  
high speed police chase?

(beat)

Nah. We all need a bit of mystery  
in our lives.

She climbs out of the car. Cam sits for a beat, thinking,  
and then follows.

CUT TO:

INT. UNDERGROUND PARKING GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

Andrew is bent over the front of his car, studying his  
license plate. He begins to speak as Vi approaches.

ANDREW

(as he straightens up)

I'm sure the Company will hook me  
up with a new - - Whoa-ho-ho...

Cam stands right next to Vi.

ANDREW (CONT'D)

(to Cam)

Hi, little boy.

Vi stifles a laugh and turns away. She sees a door. In big  
bold letters across the front, it reads: "PUSH ME". She  
taps Andrew on the shoulder.

VI

Hey.

She nods towards the door and moves forward.

CUT TO:

INT. ACCESS HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

The door is pushed open and Vi enters followed by Andrew  
and a confused Cam. The hallway is empty and stretches on  
ahead of them. At regular intervals, closed doors lead off  
to either side.

Vi stops outside a particular door and stares at it for a  
moment. Then, she snaps around to Andrew and Cam - her eyes  
wide.

VI

Quick! I hear someone coming!

She yanks open the door and shoves them both inside. As she  
follows - we PAN UP to see the words on the door as it  
closes.

"UNCLE AL'S HOME AND HARDWARE - BACK ENTRANCE".

CUT TO:

INT. UNCLE AL'S HOME AND HARDWARE - BACK ROOM - CONTINUOUS

It's dark but we can make out the shapes of Vi, Andrew and Cam huddled by the door. After a long moment of silence...

ANDREW

Uh... Vi?

VI

(dramatic whisper)

What?

ANDREW

I don't think anyone's out there.

VI

(normal volume)

Oh. Okay then.

The room is flooded with light. Vi stands with her hand on the light switch and faces the room. Andrew turns around.

MUSIC CUE: "Existentialism on Prom Night" by Straylight Run.

The CAMERA moves AROUND Andrew and takes in the room. It's set up like an artists workshop instead of a hardware shop's storage room.

There is a workbench in the middle of the room, littered with half finished clay sculptures, canvases and jars of paint. From the ceiling, dozens of Christmas and fairy lights hang - making the intricate wire and glass sculptures that hang beside them glitter and sparkle.

There is a huge canvas stretching over one wall - half covered in glorious colours and shapes.

Andrew moves further into the room, taking everything in. He nears the workbench and looks down...

.... Painted across a medium sized canvas is himself, as he looks today.

CHARLIE (O.S.)

It's a new one.

Andrew's head snaps up. Charlie stands in a doorway leading into the front of the store. She pulls off an employee apron as she walks towards him.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

I have more.

She reaches down under the workbench and pulls out two more canvases. One is of Andrew sleeping, the other is of Charlie and Andrew together - smiling.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

But these are older.

She places them down on the bench and looks up at Andrew. He avoids her gaze. Back at the door, Vi and Cam share a look. Vi grabs his arm - moving back the way they came.

VI

We'll... Uh... be in the car.

They leave - closing the door behind them. There is a beat.

CHARLIE

Say something.

He finally looks at her. However, pain and guilt seem to radiate from his eyes.

ANDREW

I... I'm so sorry. I ruined everything. You were supposed to be a doctor but I - -

CHARLIE

I wasn't supposed to be anything. Nothing's set in stone, Andrew. Sure, I flunked out but look at me.

She gestures to the beautiful works in the room.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Does it look like my life is ruined? Yeah, it was a little touch and go there for awhile. I failed my course, you just... up and left and, I mean, I really could've - -

She stops herself and takes a deep breath.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

But that was two years ago. I've moved on.

ANDREW

It isn't supposed to work like that. How could you just - -

CHARLIE

(laughing)

What is it with you and all these "supposed to's"?

(then)

(MORE)

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

I used it. All of the pain and hurt you put me through. That I put myself through. And I found something that I really loved. That makes me so happy.

She smiles, running her fingers over one of the intricate metal works on the bench. Andrew looks down at the painting of him and Charlie.

ANDREW

This is you being mad at me?

CHARLIE

These are the one's I like.  
(beat; smiling)  
There are others.

Andrew chuckles nervously. There's a beat.

ANDREW

I missed you.

Charlie rolls her eyes.

CHARLIE

Just kiss me already, Drew.

She moves forward - pressing her lips against his. Andrew closes his eyes and returns the kiss. Neither of them, however, look overly happy. This is a "good-bye kiss" and they both know it.

They pull apart slowly, resting their foreheads against each other.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Cheer up, kid. You've got a lot to be happy about.

ANDREW

How would you know?

CHARLIE

You're alive, aren't you?

Andrew smiles sadly.

FADE TO:

INT. ANDREW'S CAR - NIGHT

Cam is asleep in the back seat. Vi sits in silence, staring out the window, as Andrew drives.

ANDREW

So... We're good?

VI

Hmm... I'll have to think about that one.

Andrew laughs - hitting her shoulder playfully.

VI (CONT'D)

Yes. We're good.

(beat; tentatively)

But... You should really be asking Benson that question.

Andrew stiffens.

ANDREW

Just because we're friends again doesn't mean you can go meddling in my business, Vi.

VI

It worked, didn't it? You found out the truth about Charlie so I think my meddling record is pretty solid in its achievements.

ANDREW

Yeah but there's so way Benson's gonna believe me after so long. Even if he did... No. It doesn't matter anymore. He wouldn't listen to me.

Vi takes out her mobile phone, turns it on and starts to dial.

VI

But I know someone he will listen to.

CUT TO:

INT. THE COMPANY - BENSON'S OFFICE - LATER

Benson is sitting at his desk, staring blankly out of his window. Without warning, his office door bursts open and Jenna strides in - burning with cold, hard determination.

BENSON

Ms Cooke - -

JENNA

Ah-Ah! My turn.

Benson closes his mouth, shocked.

JENNA (CONT'D)

Andrew Friar is a good employee.  
He's not the best but he's good.  
But you know what? Being the best  
isn't all its cracked up to be  
because when you're at the top,  
there's only one way to go. And  
which way is that?

She pauses - seemingly waiting for a response.

JENNA (CONT'D)

Down. That's right.

(then)

There is no excuse for sidelining  
a good employee when this Company  
needs all the help it can get.  
And in Andrew's case, there's  
really no excuse. Not after  
today, anyway.

She slaps a post-it note down on Benson's desk. We catch a  
glimpse of "Uncle Al's Home and Hardware" written on it.

JENNA (CONT'D)

This is Charlie Graham's  
connection. Consider it fixed.

She leaves. Benson doesn't move, just lets out a breath he  
didn't realise he'd been keeping in. As his eyes move from  
the door to the post-it note, we...

CUT TO:

INT. MORGAN RESIDENCE - FRONT HALL - NIGHT

Vi and Cam enter - both looking tired, grubby and relieved  
the day is over.

CAROLINE (O.S.)

WHERE THE HELL HAVE YOU TWO BEEN?

Well. Almost over.

Caroline stands in the doorway to the kitchen. Penny  
appears behind her holding a fork and bowl, smirking  
through a mouthful of pasta.

VI

We were just...

CAROLINE

Just what, Violet? What excuse  
can you possibly give me for  
disappearing all afternoon and  
missing dinner?

(MORE)

CAROLINE (CONT'D)  
 I know I said I'd give you a bit  
 of lee-way, Vi, but you're  
 sixteen years old not - -

CAM  
 (bursting into tears)  
 Mummy!

Caroline snaps her mouth shut - completely taken aback. Her hardened expression crumbles and she surges forward, wrapping Cam in her arms.

CAROLINE  
 My baby, what's wrong?

As Cam talks, Peter emerges from his study at the end of the hallway and walks forward slowly.

CAM  
 (through sobs)  
 Me and Vi w-went out for i-icecream  
 and then - we didn't do anything  
 wrong at all - but a policeman came  
 and we g-got hurt because we had to  
 run away from t-the policeman  
 because he thought we did the bad  
 thing a-and I don't wanna go to  
 jail, Mummy!

He let's out a wail and Vi raises her eyebrows. She looks to Penny who just stares incredulously at the display.

Cam opens his eyes, looking at Vi over Caroline's shoulder. His face softens momentarily - informing Vi that this is all just an act. Vi grins - almost not believing it.

Peter moves around to the staircase and sinks down onto it. He puts his face in his hands.

PETER  
 Oh God... I am a horrible father.

This catches Caroline's attention and she stands - turning to him. Cam wipes his eyes, still holding onto his mother's arm.

CAROLINE  
 Peter?

Peter looks up and then at Cam.

PETER  
 I am so sorry, Cameron. I  
 should've... You called and asked  
 me for help and I just... How  
 could I do that? How could I be  
 so...

CAM

Dad, it's...

CAROLINE

(appalled)

You what? Our eleven year old son called you because he was in trouble and you ignored him?

Peter nods slowly.

PETER

I... I don't know what to say.

PENNY

How about, "You're hired".

The family turns to Penny. She puts her dinner bowl down on the hall table and pulls a pink note pad from her back pocket.

PENNY (CONT'D)

I've been going through that monster of a book. Y'know, the career's one? And jotting down a few options that appeal to my extensive range of skills.

CAROLINE

Penny, I don't think that this is the time to - -

PENNY

(reading)

My top five choices are; MTV VJ, marine biologist, beautician, archaeologist and personal assistant. Now, I've sufficiently ruled out the first four for various reasons which I won't get into here but - -

Caroline rubs her forehead.

CAROLINE

Honey, is this going anywhere because your father and I - -

PENNY

He needs to get himself together, I know. I live in this house too, people.

She turns to Peter.

PENNY (CONT'D)

So that leaves my last choice - personal assistant. I'd be happy to also combine that with life coach, spiritual guru and fashion stylist because you so obviously need all the help I can give you.

Peter looks to Caroline - almost begging for help - but she says nothing.

PENNY (CONT'D)

Excellent.

She moves forward and grabs Peter's hand, pulling him to his feet.

PENNY (CONT'D)

First thing's first, we're going to write up a list of the things you don't like about yourself - horrible father, socially inept shut-in, y'know - and we'll work our way down from the top, how does that sound?

She pulls him down the hallway and into his study - closing the door behind them.

Caroline, with a mixture of annoyance and simple, unfiltered confusion, turns towards the kitchen.

CAROLINE

(to Cam and Vi)

I'll just put your plates in the microwave, then.

When she leaves, Cam starts to move up the stairs.

VI

Cam...

He turns back.

VI (CONT'D)

Why did you... ?

CAM

I know that there's something going on with you and I know it has something to do with that guy and what happened today.

Vi freezes - alarmed.

CAM (CONT'D)

But that's okay because... I'm moving on. If I stick with this - whatever it is - it could get me into a lot of trouble. It could get you into a lot of trouble.

(long beat)

And I don't think I'm ready for trouble.

He gives her a small smile and continues up the stairs. Vi watches him go, incredibly touched and confused at the same time.

"Have A Little Faith In Me" by Mandy Moore begins to play as we PUSH IN on Vi's face.

CUT TO:

INT. MORGAN RESIDENCE - CAM'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Cam shuts the door behind him and turns - steeling himself for what he is about to do.

Pushing open the sliding doors of his closet, he gazes up at his work of art. His scientific shrine to the mystery that is Violet Morgan.

He reaches forward - plucking a glossy school photograph of Vi off the corkboard. He looks at it for a moment before placing it on the floor at his side.

He gets to work - removing all the papers, newspaper clippings, charts and photographs and tossing them in a messy pile.

CUT TO:

INT. MORGAN RESIDENCE - VI'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Vi enters and heads towards her closed window. She digs her mobile phone out of her pocket and presses it to her ear. As she opens the window with one hand, we hear:

SHANE (O.S.)

(filtered)

Hey Vi. It's, uh, it's me. Shane. You probably don't want to hear from me after our fight. That was a fight, right? I'm not really sure. Maybe it was just me being a jerk but anyway...

Vi hoists herself through the window and out onto...

EXT. MORGAN RESIDENCE - ROOF - NIGHT

Where she settles herself in a comfortable cross legged position on the sloping surface.

SHANE (O.S.)

(filtered)

.... I just wanted to give you a heads up that Erin is probably gonna ask you out. And I know I'm ruining the surprise but - if he does - I just wanted you to know... Don't say no because of me, okay? Not that you would but... I'll see you later, I guess.

Vi takes this news with a surprised smile and hangs up. Then, something catches her attention down on the ground...

.... It's Erin - walking up the path to the Morgan's front porch. Halfway there, he pauses and begins muttering to himself, scuffing his sneakers on the front path nervously.

Vi picks up a twig from the roof and throws it at him. He stops - startled - and whirls around.

VI

Hi.

Erin spots her up above and grins sheepishly.

ERIN

Hey.

There's a beat.

VI

(coy)

Can I help you with something?

ERIN

Actually... Violet Morgan, would you like to go out with me sometime?

Vi's smile spreads into a grin.

CUT TO:

INT. THE COMPANY - RECORDS DEPARTMENT - DAY

Myron sits at the computer, typing intensely, as Andrew clomps forlornly in from the stacks - carrying a box which he rests on the table.

Behind them, the door opens and Benson enters. Andrew seems to cringe - knowing that this visit can't bring good news.

MYRON  
(turning around)  
Who is it?

He sees Benson - gasps - and scrambles to his feet.

MYRON (CONT'D)  
Sir! I... I-I-I didn't know that  
you w-were... coming here.

BENSON  
Mr Qualley, I apologise for  
interrupting you. I know that  
you're a very busy man but if I  
could just have a word with your  
assistant...

He glances pointedly to Andrew.

MYRON  
Oh! Of course. I'll just... Ah...

He rocks back and forth on his feet, unsure. Then, he leaps forward - grabbing the box Andrew just brought in.

MYRON (CONT'D)  
I'll just walk around with this  
for awhile.

He moves off into the stacks. Andrew and Benson stand in silence for a moment. Then:

ANDREW  
I don't know how much further  
down I can go. Maintenance,  
maybe... Or the guy that cleans  
the photocopy machine.

BENSON  
I'm not here to demote you,  
Andrew.

ANDREW  
Then what are you... ?

Benson takes a folded piece of paper from his pocket and hands it to Andrew who simply holds it delicately in his fingers - stunned.

ANDREW (CONT'D)  
Does this mean what I think it  
means?

Benson nods.

ANDREW (CONT'D)

Uh... I guess I'd better go and get Vi.

He slowly moves towards the door.

BENSON

This isn't Miss Morgan's assignment.

(beat)

It's yours.

He clears his throat.

BENSON (CONT'D)

Let's make this official then, shall we? Andrew Friar, you are hereby reinstated as both Miss Morgan's mentor and as a regular duty Runner for the Garretton division of the Company.

(beat)

Congratulations.

He holds out his hand which Andrew takes - rather hesitantly - and they shake. Pulling back, Benson turns and opens the door.

ANDREW

Thanks.

Benson pauses.

BENSON

I just hope you're up for the challenge, Mr Friar.

And he's gone, leaving Andrew alone. We PUSH IN on Andrew's face. His shock fades. There is the beginning of a smile and then:

CUT TO BLACK:

END OF EPISODE