

**THE COMPANY**

"Loose Lips Sink Ships"

by  
Lee A. Chrimes

TEASER

FADE IN:

INT. EVANS' RESIDENCE - SHANE'S ROOM - MORNING

It's morning. Sunlight streams in through a gap in the curtains, dust particles floating through the air.

PAN DOWN to Shane's bed, and a figure lying within. There's a stir of movement as they shuffle round - and it's VI.

She's still fully dressed and is wide awake - doesn't look like she slept much last night.

She stares at the incoming daylight for a moment before her eyes trail down to the floor.

And there lies SHANE, head resting on a pillow, gaze locked on the ceiling. He's also fully dressed and similarly wide awake.

Vi bites her lip, turning back round - not ready to speak to him just yet. Shane... stares some more.

Vi suddenly turns back, mouth open - but pauses, shrinking back and returning to the sanctuary of the duvet.

His head moves, looking to the bed, and his mouth opens, ready to break the uncomfortable silence - but he stops as well. The thought dies on his lips.

There's another long beat as the two hold their respective positions, before Vi finally turns and leans over the edge of the bed, looking directly down at him.

VI

Shane.

No answer. He doesn't even look at her.

VI (cont'd)

(firmer)

Shane.

He blinks, taking a deep breath - but still no eye contact.

VI (cont'd)

(pleading)

Shane...

SHANE

Juice.

VI

(blinks)

What?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SHANE

I want some juice.

He stands, quickly stretching and heading for the door. He still hasn't looked at her.

SHANE (cont'd)

Do you want juice? Course you do.  
I'll go get some... juice.

He's halfway to the door when she calls out:

VI

Shane!

He stops, slowly turning to face her at last. She holds his gaze, her features softening.

VI (cont'd)

Just tell me you believe me.

He pauses - then tears his eyes away, quickly exiting the room. You can almost hear Vi's heart breaking as she flops back down.

CUT TO:

INT. EVANS' RESIDENCE - KITCHEN - NEXT

Shane is in Robot Mode, mechanically pouring two glasses of orange juice as slowly as humanly possible.

LORI enters from the front room, paper in hand, and pauses when she sees him.

LORI

Shane?

SHANE

That's my name. Don't wear it out,  
or I'll make you buy me a new one.

Lori blinks, entering the kitchen.

LORI

Alright, that's unusual, even for  
you.

SHANE

Batman.

LORI

I'm sorry?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SHANE

Specifically, Batman Returns.  
(off Lori's look)  
It's a line from a film, mum.

LORI

Ah, right. I should have known  
you'd make a reference to something  
I wouldn't know about.

She realises what he's doing at last.

LORI (cont'd)

Two glasses? I take it Violet's  
still here, then?

SHANE

Either that, or I'm making sure I  
get my vitamins.

LORI

Has she called her parents yet?

SHANE

Don't know. Maybe.

LORI

Well, don't you think you should  
check?

Shane suddenly SLAMS the OJ carton onto the kitchen counter,  
making Lori jump. He takes a deep breath, clearly fighting to  
stay calm.

LORI (cont'd)

Shane? Is everything alright?  
(beat)  
You two... didn't... did you?

Shane looks up at her, now back in control.

SHANE

Friends, mum. That's all. She took  
the bed, I had the floor. We  
couldn't let her go in the state  
she was in.

LORI

(backpedaling)  
No, no, that's fine. I understand.  
I was just - oh, you know.

Shane nods, picking up the two glasses and heading for the  
stairs. He's halfway there when Lori calls out:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

LORI (cont'd)  
It's just...

Shane sighs, slowly turning to face her.

LORI (cont'd)  
Tom - your father and I, well... we  
were only sixteen when we - -

SHANE  
(cuts in)  
And that's all I ever want to know  
about the subject.

Lori wisely lets him go, sighing as she watches Shane turn into the hall.

CUT TO:

INT. EVANS' RESIDENCE - SHANE'S ROOM - NEXT

Vi is sitting up, brushing her hair with a small, spiky comb as Shane re-enters.

She freezes, and he holds her stare for a beat, glasses in hand. She sheepishly extracts the comb from her hair.

VI  
Sorry, I, uh... I was just looking  
for something to - -

SHANE  
(extends arm)  
Juice.

Vi blinks, then gingerly reaches out and takes one glass. Shane joins her on the bed.

There's a beat as he takes a swig, Vi still casting worried glances his way.

SHANE (cont'd)  
What I don't get is...

She waits for him to finish.

VI  
Yeah?

SHANE  
You... died. And then... you came  
back.

VI  
That's right.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SHANE

Only now, you work for this...  
'Company,' running round, doing...  
things.

VI

Fixing connections.

SHANE

Connections, right. That's it.  
You're a Runner. Or a Fixer.  
(frowns)  
Or is it both?

VI

Mutually inclusive.

SHANE

Right. And you've been doing this  
ever since you...

VI

Died.

SHANE

(nods)  
... and all the running round, and  
disappearing, and that scruffy  
Andrew guy you keep hanging around  
with, and all the general 'Morgan's  
a weird one' thing you do so  
well...

VI

All part of the job.

Shane nods again. He swigs his juice as Vi nervously takes a sip, switching her phone back on with her free hand and setting it down beside her.

SHANE

You can appreciate why I'm having a  
hard time believing any of this.

VI

Try being the one who died.

SHANE

Vi...

VI

Sorry.  
(beat)  
Would it help if - -

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BEEP BEEP BEEP. Vi, immediately on edge, turns for her phone on reflex.

She checks it - and the display reads '11 new messages.' Vi closes her eyes.

VI (cont'd)  
(to herself)  
Please, please, please...

Vi opens her eyes. Shane watches her face as it falls.

SHANE  
Is that... them?

She looks up at him, fear in her eyes.

VI  
Worse.  
(beat)  
It's my mother.

Off this...

BLACK OUT:

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

EXT. MORGAN RESIDENCE - FRONT PORCH - MORNING

Vi heads up the step, dog tired but actually managing to look as though a great weight has lifted off her shoulders.

That is, until she hears:

CAROLINE (O.S.)  
(screaming)  
I don't want to hear it! I want to  
know where she is!!

Vi grimaces. Uh oh. She fishes her keys out of her pocket but pauses before sliding them into the lock.

For a moment, she looks back to the street, half considering not going in - but then, head bowed, she turns the key and opens the door.

CUT TO:

INT. MORGAN RESIDENCE - HALLWAY - NEXT

Vi opens the door a fraction and peeks inside. The coast is clear. She can hear movement and raised voices from other rooms.

She slips inside and shuts the door as carefully as possible. Heading for the stairs, she tip-toes two teeny little steps before:

CAROLINE (O.S.)  
(thunderous)  
Violet!!

Busted. Vi spins as CAROLINE appears from the kitchen, her face red, her hair a mess, in full Angry Mum swing.

CAROLINE (cont'd)  
Where the hell have you been!?

VI  
I - -

CAROLINE  
Do you have any idea what your  
father and I have gone through  
because of you?

VI  
But - -

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CAROLINE

We've had half the street up and looking for you! You could have been, have been dead, lying in a ditch somewhere!

VI

Can I - -

CAROLINE

Where on Earth have you been all night long? Why didn't you call? Why did you switch your phone off?

By now, the ruckus has attracted more attention - PETER, with PENNY and CAM either side.

PETER

Caroline? What's - - Vi!

He starts to rush forward, but Caroline cuts him off - she's not done yelling yet.

VI

Hi, d - -

CAROLINE

Don't think you're going to talk your way out of this one, young lady! Now answer me! Where have you been?

A beat. Everyone looks at Vi, waiting for the answer. Vi GULPS - this could be a life-changing moment.

VI

(meek)  
At... Shane's?

CAROLINE

(swoons)  
Oh, my God...

Caroline throws her hands up as Penny and Cam manage to get closer.

VI

We had this huge, huge fight so I went running over there, only it was pouring with rain and I showed up all hysterical and soaked through, so his mum invited me in and said I should stay over, and Shane and I were talking all night so I left my phone off, and...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

VI (cont'd)

(beat)

I'm sorry.

Caroline shakes her head, not able to even look at Vi right now. Penny glances at her before edging closer.

PENNY

Are you alright? Nothing...  
happened, did it?

VI

What? No, of course not! I'm fine!

PENNY

Oh.

Penny's expression goes from concern to smug in half a second.

PENNY (cont'd)

Boy, are you gonna get it...

CAM

I'm glad you're home safe, Vi. I  
was worried.

Vi looks oddly at Cam, the only calm face in the chaos around her, as Peter tries to soothe the frantic Caroline.

PETER

It's okay, sweetheart, look. Ssh,  
it's alright. Vi's here now, look.  
Everything's - -

She suddenly **SHOVES** him out of the way and rounds on Vi again.

CAROLINE

You are grounded for ever, young  
lady! Get to your room, this  
instant!

Vi looks almost relieved, turning and trudging up the stairs.

Penny's Cheshire Cat smirk follows her, but Vi's too tired to even notice.

Caroline and Peter are still having their heated debate - Peter's playing the mediator without much success.

CUT TO:

INT. MORGAN RESIDENCE - VI'S ROOM - NEXT

Vi steps inside, spies her bed and allows herself a smile as she falls face first onto the covers.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She bounces a little, the muffled sound of Caroline's ranting starting to fade out as she approaches blissful sleep at last...

BEEP. It's her mobile again. Vi scrunches up her face - not now.

BEEP. This one isn't going to go away. Eyes still closed, she fumbles for her phone, holding it up before her as she squints open one tired, red eye:

CLOSE ON: MOBILE SCREEN

'Meeting.'

CUT TO:

INT. THE COMPANY - RECEPTION - NEXT

The elevator doors slide open to reveal Vi, mouth wide open as she yawns.

Smacking her lips, she steps out into the foyer, not noticing the air of alarm all around her for a beat.

She blinks, frowning as she looks around - employees are rushing from room to room, corridor to corridor. People she's never even seen before.

Vi looks around, trying to find the source of the commotion, approaching GLENDA behind the desk.

VI

Uh, Glenda? What's going on?

Glenda's fielding four calls at once, but manages to wave for Vi to wait a moment.

GLENDA

(into phone)

Yes... yes, we will. Right away.

(into another phone)

Hello? Yes, just putting you through.

(into another phone)

Just connecting you now.

She puts three different handsets down with a huff, pushing her glasses up her nose.

GLENDA (cont'd)

Anybody'd think the Titanic just pulled in...

Glenda stares at Vi for a beat, who motions to all the craziness around her - explanation, please?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GLEENDA (cont'd)  
Ah, yes. Just a moment.

Glenda starts rifling through every folder, file, binder and scrap of paper on her desk, finally coming up with a single, folded sheet of paper. She hands it to Vi.

VI  
What's this?

GLEENDA  
Your assignment!

Vi look around again. Still the craziness.

VI  
Uh...

Three phones start ringing at once again, and Glenda picks one up as she motions towards the board room.

GLEENDA  
Andrew's in there dear, said to go  
in when you're ready.  
(into phone)  
Hello?

Realising that's all she'll get, Vi turns round - and is almost BOWLED OVER as somebody hustles past her!

COMPANY EMPLOYEE  
(heading away)  
Sorry!

VI  
Uh... no problem.

Bemused, she heads for the Board Room.

CUT TO:

INT. THE COMPANY - BOARD ROOM - NEXT

Vi pushes open the doors and steps inside, glad to seal herself off from the commotion going on outside.

ANDREW is there, scanning over several different reports at once. He looks up, sees Vi and beckons her over.

VI  
Andrew? What the heck's going on?  
Nobody'll tell me anything. Or, at  
least, I doubt they would even if  
they'd stop going all anime for a  
second.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANDREW  
Going all what?

VI  
You know...

She waves her hands around and pulls a crazy face.

ANDREW  
(beat)  
Right. Too old for that one. Come on, sit.

She pulls up a chair next to him.

VI  
(off paperwork)  
Okay, now I know something's up, because you're actually touching filing. With your hands.

ANDREW  
Surveillance reports.

Vi pales, but he doesn't notice.

ANDREW (cont'd)  
We've all been given a stack to get through, so it's not just me suddenly bitten with the bug. Apparently, there was a major league security breach overnight, and everybody's running around like mad trying to find out why, and oh God I just realised it was you, wasn't it?

VI  
(blinks)  
Huh?

He turns to her, shoving the paperwork away.

ANDREW  
Please say it wasn't you.

VI  
Okay. It wasn't me.

ANDREW  
(exhales)  
Oh, thank God.

VI  
(beat)  
But it was.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ANDREW  
(cursing)  
Gah! Don't... nyah!

VI  
I'm sorry!

She slumps forward, head on the desk.

VI (cont'd)  
I'm so, so sorry...  
(looks up)  
Does Benson know?

ANDREW  
Nobody knows. Not yet, anyway. And  
if a genius like me could figure it  
out, I reckon you've got about two  
hours tops before you're...  
actually, I don't even know what  
they'd do to you for this.

VI  
It was Shane.

ANDREW  
Your funny little friend?

VI  
(hits him on the arm)  
He is not 'funny'!  
(and again)  
Or 'little'!

ANDREW  
Ow! Right, right! Fine! What did  
you tell him? Please don't say  
everything.

She doesn't have to. She winces, and Andrew groans.

ANDREW (cont'd)  
We're buggered. We are well and  
truly up the fishsticks without a  
ripple here.

VI  
We're what?

ANDREW  
(off paper)  
Is that your assignment?

Vi realises she's still holding the paper.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

VI

Oh, yeah, Glenda gave it to me.

She starts to open it, but Andrew snatches it away.

ANDREW

Hannah can do it.

VI

But - -

ANDREW

No! 'But' is not a word that comes out of your mouth today. Understand? Not even in a funny way.

VI

(sags)

Fine.

Andrew doesn't look at the assignment either. He tucks the paper into his pocket, and as he does, we:

CUT TO:

INT. THE COMPANY - SECURITY OFFICE - NEXT

As a SECURITY GUARD leans into frame, headset on, he reaches for the volume control on a desk in front of him.

ANDREW

(filtered)

Now. The important thing here is not to panic...

Andrew's voice comes from the speakers, and as we PULL BACK we take in the rest of the office - a map of the Company building covers one wall, swamped by blinking DOTS.

ANDREW (cont'd)

For the rest of the day, we are to behave as absolutely normal.

VI

(filtered)

Got it.

ANDREW

As long as we keep this between us, we'll be just fine, and hopefully so will Shane 'I Know Something You Don't Know' Evans.

The Guard reaches for a phone, dialling an extension number.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GUARD  
 (into phone)  
 Sir? It's Shenley, down in  
 Security. We have a situation.

Listening to the response, the Guard turns and punches in the name 'Shane Evans' on a keyboard.

A computer screen scrolls down a list of search results, striking them out as it cross references them with both Vi and Andrew - until Shane's name and address are left.

CUT TO:

INT. EVANS' RESIDENCE - SHANE'S ROOM - NEXT

Shane lies back on his bed, flicking through TV channels.

Eventually, he flicks the set off and sits in silence for a moment longer.

He picks up his mobile, dials in a number and waits for an answer as we:

CUT TO:

INT. WICKER RECORDS - SHOP FLOOR - DAY

With music blaring from the speakers, JIMMY is at his desk, fiddling unsuccessfully with some kind of plastic tag round a CD case.

Over by the front door, a new SECURITY BARRIER is in place.

He reaches for his ringing phone, glad of the distraction. He rolls his eyes when he sees Shane's name.

JIMMY  
 (into phone)  
 Look, mate, if this is about that  
 girl again, then I'm sorry we  
 exchanged such harsh words about  
 her. If it's about your mum and  
 dad, then, well...

SHANE  
 (filtered; through phone)  
 It's alright, Jimmy. I just wanted  
 to... talk.

JIMMY  
 (surprised)  
 Oh. Oh, right. Well, uh... yeah.  
 Talking... talking is good.

INTERCUT:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SHANE

What're you up to?

JIMMY

Oh, you know. Just trying something new out.

He holds up the CD again, still locked in its plastic case. He shakes it a few times, trying to free it.

JIMMY (cont'd)

(defeated)

And, like most new things, it's turning out to be a crushing, bitter disappointment...

(beat)

Are you sure you're not going to yell at me?

SHANE

Yeah, I'm sure.

JIMMY

Because, you know, I was all braced and ready for it. Had this face I was going to make to show how sorry I was and everything.

SHANE

(grins)

Not needed. But thanks. Face pulling is the mark of a true apology. No... I've got bigger things to worry about now.

JIMMY

Women?

SHANE

Women.

JIMMY

Girl-Shane?

(corrects himself)

Violet?

SHANE

She... she told me something the other night, and I'm not sure I... well, I don't think anybody could... it was all just so...

JIMMY

Woop! Woop! Emo Alert! Look, you can tell me. Whatever it is.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SHANE

She just told me some stuff, and I'm not sure I believe it. But it's important to her. At least, it seemed important to her.

(sighs)

I just don't know.

(beat)

Maybe if I - -

WOOP! WOOP! An actual alarm goes off this time - in the record store. Jimmy fumbles the phone, startled.

SHANE (cont'd)

Jimmy? What's that?

JIMMY

(rapid)

New alarm gotta go talk later bye.

He hangs up, leaving a bemused Shane to stare at his phone.

CUT TO:

INT. THE COMPANY - RECEPTION - DAY

Andrew and Vi head for the elevator, doing their darnedest not to draw attention to themselves.

Which, of course, means they look about as suspicious as two people can look as they scurry along.

They're almost at the elevator doors when they hear:

BENSON (O.S.)

Violet?

She jumps a mile, slowly turning round to face BENSON as he approaches them. His expression is typically unreadable.

BENSON (cont'd)

I need to see you in the conference room.

VI

But I was just on my way to - -

BENSON

(firm)

Now.

ANDREW

She's got an assignment, Benson, she can't just - -

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Two SECURITY GUARDS appear behind them, blocking their path to the elevator.

BENSON

I'm sorry to have to do things this way, but it'll be better for everyone if you just do as I say.

Vi looks to Andrew, who stares at Benson, trying to read him, before she admits defeat and slouches into:

INT. THE COMPANY - CONFERENCE ROOM - NEXT

Benson follows Vi and Andrew inside, the two Guards closing the doors and taking up places just behind the Runners.

VI

(meek)  
Benson...

BENSON

Violet, please. It's probably for the best if you don't say anything.

ANDREW

Wait a minute! What's going on?  
What are you accusing her of?

VI

He knows, Andrew.

Andrew blinks, looking to Vi in surprise that she'd blow their cover. Vi slowly turns to look at Benson.

VI (cont'd)

Don't you?

Benson pauses, then briefly nods his head. Vi has to fight back a sudden burst of emotion, biting her lip.

VI (cont'd)

What... what's going to happen to Shane?

BENSON

You're fully aware of the rules in a situation like this.

VI

(blurts out)  
But he's my best friend!

BENSON

You should have considered that before telling him what it is you do now.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VI

No! This isn't... this isn't fair!

BENSON

Believe me, Violet, I'm sorry it has to be this way. But this is how things are done here.

VI

I won't let you hurt him.

She takes a step forward, fear transforming into bravado and anger, but the Guard behind her GRABS her shoulder and roughly pulls her back.

Nobody's watching Andrew, and at the Guard's heavy-handedness his features harden - nobody touches his girl.

VI (cont'd)

(struggling)

Get off me! Benson! Do you hear me? I won't let you hurt him! He doesn't deserve that! This is my fault! Take it out on me!

Benson just lowers his head sadly - and Andrew lays a hand on Vi's arm to stop her struggling.

ANDREW

You owe me one.

She blinks - and Andrew SMASHES his elbow back into his Guard's jaw!

The Guard staggers back, and in a second Andrew lays another PUNCH into Guard #2, yanking Vi from his grip and KICKING open the doors, dragging her out into:

INT. THE COMPANY - RECEPTION - NEXT

Andrew charges towards the elevator, Vi bouncing along behind him as the Guards YELL for them to stop.

Another employee is just leaving the lift, and the doors are starting to close...

BENSON

Andrew! Get back here, now!

Andrew doesn't even look back, sprinting for the closing doors as fast as he can.

Behind him, Benson is catching the two Guards up, all three closing on the escapees...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

... and Andrew and Vi clatter into the elevator just as the doors slide shut. Vi gets one fearful glance at the incoming Guards before they're gone.

Panting for breath, Benson turns to a startled Glenda as the two Guards bark into their walkie-talkies.

BENSON (cont'd)  
Glenda, get me Gabrielle Dautry.

Benson looks back to the elevator, fuming.

CUT TO:

INT. EVANS' RESIDENCE - HALLWAY - DAY

Shane slowly walks down the hall to a frantic KNOCKING on the door and RINGING of the bell.

SHANE  
Alright, alright? Jeez...

He opens the door - and there's Vi and Andrew.

VI  
We have to get out of here.

SHANE  
What? But you - -

VI  
Is your mum in?

SHANE  
No, she's at work. Vi, why are you -

VI  
Shane! If you're ever going to trust me again for just one moment in your life, then make it now!

SHANE  
Why? What's going on?

Andrew leans back outside and glances up the street - and then pales at whatever he sees.

ANDREW  
They're here.

SHANE  
Who's here?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Vi doesn't bother to reply, instead pulling Shane along as she heads for the back door. Andrew closes and locks the front door and races after them.

CUT TO:

EXT. EVANS' RESIDENCE - BACK PORCH - NEXT

With Shane still protesting, he and Vi burst from the back door, Vi dragging him down the garden path to a door in the fence up ahead.

Andrew hops down the steps after them, casting another glance back towards the house as we:

CUT TO:

INT. EVANS' RESIDENCE - HALLWAY - NEXT

WHAM! The front door is KICKED OPEN by another Security Guard, flanked by several more who quickly disperse and infiltrate the household.

ANGLE ON: DOORWAY

A worm's eye view of two BOOTS as they stride into frame, pausing before stepping over the threshold.

GUARD (O.S.)

It doesn't look like the target is here, sir. We'll spread out.

Slowly PAN UP to reveal the owner of the boots - dark power suit and blazer, walkie-talkie on the belt, gun holster in view - and then a woman's face, framed by long brown hair.

This is GABRIELLE DAUTRY. She's wearing shades, not bothering to remove them as she takes out her mobile phone.

GABRIELLE

(into phone)

Mr. Benson? It's Dautry. The situation is worse than we anticipated.

Off her cold and commanding presence...

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

EXT. STREET - DAY

Vi and Shane jog into view, out of breath and finally stumbling to a halt.

As they gulp in deep lungfuls of air, Andrew rejoins them, bouncing with nervous energy as he looks every which way around them.

They're on a street leading away from the 'burbs, but there's plenty of cover - fences, trees, parked cars and the like.

SHANE

Alright... who were those people?

ANDREW

Security.

VI

Our security.

SHANE

You mean... from the place where you and your...

(off Andrew)

... 'cousin' work?

VI

He's, uh... he's not my cousin.

SHANE

Yeah, I'm willing to accept now that you may have lied to me about a few details here and there.

That stings her, and Shane instantly regrets saying it.

ANDREW

Name's Andrew.

(offers hand)

I'm a Runner. Like Vi.

Shane hesitantly shakes his hand, letting Andrew go back to his lookout.

SHANE

Hang on a sec... were those people just after us because of what you told me?

VI

They don't really smile down on tattle-tales where I work.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SHANE

And this Andrew... he's on your side?

VI

From day one, yeah. He kind of showed me the ropes in the early days. My very own mentor.

They turn - Andrew is sneaking from fence to fence like the world's worst spy, very theatrically checking that the coast is clear.

Shane looks to Vi with a raised eyebrow, and she just sighs.

VI (cont'd)

Taught me everything he knows.

SHANE

So what now?

VI

Besides more running?

SHANE

We need a plan, Vi. If we're in trouble because of what you told me, then... then...

VI

Then it has to all be true.

Shane finally realises this. Naturally, it takes him a few seconds to restart his brain.

SHANE

So you... and you really... and since then, you've...

(exhales)

All of it was true, wasn't it?

VI

Every word.

SHANE

I need a drink.

VI

You're sixteen.

SHANE

I need to be old enough to drink.

Vi glances back at Andrew, then a thought hits her. She takes Shane by the arm.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

VI  
Come on. I've got an idea of where  
we can go.

SHANE  
You do?

Vi offers her best hopeful smile as we:

CUT TO:

INT. ERIN'S HOUSE - FRONT PORCH - NEXT

And ERIN opens the door to Vi, Shane and Andrew.

VI  
(brightly)  
Hi!

ERIN  
(blinks)  
Uh...

Shane looks far from pleased to be here, and Andrew keeps a nervous lookout on the street.

VI  
We're in a bit of a mess. Can we  
come in for a sec?

ERIN  
Uh, I guess s - -

VI  
Thanks!

She ushers the Shane inside but grabs Andrew, pulling him close and whispering into his ear:

VI (cont'd)  
We need to find out what's going on  
back at the Company.

ANDREW  
Right. I'll just be a minute, then.  
I believe there's a big red phone  
in a glass case over there I can  
use.

VI  
Andrew!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANDREW

What am I supposed to do? Did you miss the bit where I slugged out two security guards and masterminded your daring escape? I think that marks me down as a bad little boy.

Vi starts to retort, but is interrupted as Erin clears his throat.

They look up to find Erin and Shane staring at them from the open doorway, both at a loss for what to do next.

ERIN

So... what's going on?

Vi tries her best smile once again, but the grin's wearing a little thin by now as we return to:

INT. THE COMPANY - BENSON'S OFFICE - DAY

JENNA enters to find Benson mid-conversation. She waits for him to finish, approaching his desk.

JENNA

You wanted to see me?

BENSON

I've no doubt you've heard about Miss Morgan's great escape by now.

JENNA

I'd, ah... I've heard a rumour.

BENSON

(not buying it)  
She's in a lot of trouble, Jenna.  
And this time, this whole mess goes way past me. I'm...  
(beat)  
I'm actually worried.

JENNA

There must be some explanation for Vi's behaviour, sir. She wouldn't just take off like that without a damn good reason.

BENSON

So what was Andrew's excuse?

JENNA

Excuse me?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BENSON

He left with Vi. Didn't you hear that part?

(bitter chuckle)

Rumour mill must be getting a little sloppy.

JENNA

Andrew? But- he- he'd never- are you sure?

BENSON

I've got two bruised security guards who'd say yes, I'm sure.

JENNA

I don't understand. Andrew was so proud to become an official Runner again, I just can't believe he'd do anything to jeopardise that so soon...

BENSON

He was helping a friend, Jenna. That's the kind of bond that goes past just being a colleague.

Benson settles back in his chair, rubbing his weary temples.

JENNA

What can I do?

BENSON

I need you on damage control. Help me get a statement written up to be sent to all employees, before the various rumours spiral out of control.

Jenna nods, scribbling this down on her notepad. She pauses when her phone BEEPS, and she quickly checks the screen.

BENSON (cont'd)

Jenna?

JENNA

(off phone)

It's just Sinead down in Catering. I asked her to let me know when lunch was ready.

(off his look)

They're serving asparagus soup today. It's my favourite. I wanted to get in early.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Benson raises an eyebrow, but quickly remembers he has actual problems to be worrying about instead.

BENSON

Alright. Get started on that letter and call me once the first draft is ready.

She nods and stands, heading for the door.

BENSON (cont'd)

Oh, and Jenna?

JENNA

(turns)  
Yes, sir?

BENSON

If either Violet or Andrew make contact with you, let me know immediately.

She smiles and nods, quickly exiting. Benson watches her go, a glimmer of suspicion crossing his mind before his phone RINGS again, and as he answers it we:

CUT TO:

INT. GARRETON CITY BANK - UNDERGROUND PARKING GARAGE - NEXT

Jenna pushes open a door and emerges into the dingy underground car park, scanning the shadows as she slowly paces forward.

She waits a few moments, arms folded, clearly unsettled by the creepy surroundings, but then turns to go.

And bumps straight into Andrew!

ANDREW

(deadpan)  
Boo.

Jenna SHRIEKS, then angrily HITS him on the arm.

JENNA

Don't do that!

Jenna's anger is short-lived, quickly turning to relief.

ANDREW

You got my message, then?

JENNA

Are you alright? What happened?  
Where's Vi? What did you two do?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANDREW

Yes, we had to cut and run, safe,  
and it's a long story.

Jenna crosses her arms - right back to annoyance.

JENNA

Try me.

ANDREW

Right. Er... Vi told her best  
friend the full story.

JENNA

(beat)

And that was the long version?

ANDREW

This is the part where you tell me  
what the hell to do next...

JENNA

When you say the 'full story,' do  
you mean...

ANDREW

Everything. Death, the Company, the  
whole shebang.

Jenna exhales, running a hand through her hair.

ANDREW (cont'd)

Yeah, that was my first reaction  
too.

JENNA

You need to give yourselves up.

ANDREW

(blinks)

I'm sorry, what?!?

JENNA

Andrew, be realistic! You can't  
stay on the run from the Company!  
They've got Dautry after you, did  
you know that?

Andrew blanches at the name.

JENNA (cont'd)

Exactly. Look, would turning  
yourselves in really be so bad?

ANDREW

Er, yes?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JENNA

Worst case scenario is that Vi's friend gets a memory wipe and everything goes back to normal. Benson's a forgiving man, Andrew.

ANDREW

No, he isn't.

JENNA

(realising)

No, he isn't.

Jenna turns and starts to pace, her mind trying to conjure up a solution.

ANDREW

Jenna...

She looks up, and Andrew approaches her. There's a sincerity in his eyes she's never seen before.

ANDREW (cont'd)

Help me.

She looks away, but after a beat slowly brings her face back to his. They hold each other's stare for a long moment.

JENNA

I - -

GABRIELLE (O.S.)

Andrew Friar? Don't move.

CLICK. Gabrielle slides smoothly into frame, her GUN pressed to the back of Andrew's head.

He stiffens, his eyes falling back on Jenna - and then narrowing.

ANDREW

I see you have your own idea of 'help.'

JENNA

What? No! I didn't - -

She's cut off as more of Gabrielle's men flood the scene, surrounding Andrew in moments.

JENNA (cont'd)

(to Gabrielle)

Stop! You can't - -

Andrew is SLAMMED against a car bonnet as he's cuffed. Gabrielle steps before Jenna.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

GABRIELLE

We'll take it from here, Miss  
Cooke.

JENNA

(furious)

How dare you treat him like that!  
He's a Company Runner, you can't  
just - -

GABRIELLE

As of right now, he's my property.  
(beat; grins)  
And I'm kind of rough with my  
things.

Jenna is helpless as Andrew is hauled back up and shoved towards a waiting van. His eyes stay on Jenna every step, and there's no doubt in his mind that she set him up.

She tries to call out to him, but she waits too long. The van doors close with a SLAM.

Jenna is left standing as the van turns and SCREECHES away, and in moments she's on her own once again.

CUT TO:

INT. ERIN'S HOUSE - FRONT ROOM - DAY

Erin and Shane sit on the sofa, facing Vi who stands before them both, pacing up and down.

VI

I was upset, you know, a little  
hysterical, and uh... heh, this all  
sounds a little stupid now, but - -

SHANE

Huge fight. Huge. Her mum yelled at  
her...

VI

... and his mum yelled at him...

SHANE

... so end result...

VI

... Shane needs to stay here. For a  
couple of days. Or so.

Erin is silent for a few beats as he processes their hastily-improvised story.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ERIN

Just one question. How am I supposed to explain this to my parents?

SHANE

Just tell them the truth.

ERIN

Which is? I got a little lost back there.

SHANE

That I had a huge fight with my mother, because of me still being in touch with my dad, and she kicked me out of the house. I'm waiting for things to cool down.

ERIN

Right. Okay, then.

He stands, Vi anxiously watching his every move.

ERIN (cont'd)

I'll, uh... go get the spare room ready.

He exits, and once he's gone Vi breathes a loud sigh of relief.

SHANE

Nice improv.

VI

Thanks. You too.

SHANE

Well... strictly speaking, that wasn't all improv.

VI

Huh?

A beat. She gets it.

VI (cont'd)

Oh...

He leans back on the sofa, hands behind his head. Vi watches him for a beat, then takes a seat beside him.

VI (cont'd)

Tell me everything.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

He looks over to her, then the duo share a smile for what feels like the first time in weeks.

CUT TO:

INT. EVANS' RESIDENCE - HALLWAY - DAY

LORI is seen heading up the front steps, before pausing when she sees the front door wide open.

She steps inside warily and spots a FIGURE standing down the hallway outside Shane's room - his back to her.

Her eyes flick around, looking for a weapon, and fall on Shane's guitar lying in the hallway.

She stealthily creeps forward, scooping it up and raising it like a baseball bat as she advances.

She takes a few steps forward, but when the figure starts to turn round she lets out a YELL of anger, rushing in!

The intruder whips round - and it's TOM! He gets his hands up just in time to block her first swing.

TOM

Woah! Hey!

LORI

Tom?!?

Her jaw drops, and she slowly lowers the guitar.

LORI (cont'd)

What are you doing here?

TOM

I came to town to, well, to see Shane but when I got here he didn't answer his phone, so I thought I'd swing by.

(beat)

Aren't you supposed to be at work?

LORI

I forgot my lunch. How long have you been coming here?

TOM

First time. Did you know your front door's been kicked open?

LORI

What?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TOM

Yeah, that's why I came in.  
Nothing's been taken, as far as I  
can tell.

Lori pushes past him to look into Shane's room, then turns  
and heads back into the hallway, trying to process.

LORI

So... Shane isn't here?

TOM

His phone is.

He holds Shane's mobile phone up. Lori suddenly realises  
something, closing her eyes and groaning inwardly.

TOM (cont'd)

Lori?

LORI

We had a fight... Shane and I. We  
had a big, stupid fight.

TOM

Over what?

LORI

What else? Over you.

TOM

Oh.

LORI

He's probably taken off somewhere  
to teach me a lesson... did you try  
Violet's place?

TOM

(shakes head)

I wouldn't know where she lives.

LORI

Stands to reason they'd be in this  
together. Come on, we have to go  
and find him.

She heads for the door, opening it just as somebody reaches  
up to knock.

It's HANNAH, a sheet of paper in her hand which she quickly  
stuffs into her pocket, fixing the Evans' with a smile.

HANNAH

Hi! Is Shane home?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Tom and Lori exchange a look.

LORI  
And you are?

HANNAH  
Oh, sorry. I'm Hannah.  
(offers hand)  
I was in Shane's band, briefly.

TOM  
So you're a friend of his?

HANNAH  
I'd say so, yeah.

LORI  
Good. Than you can help us find  
him.

She grabs Hannah's wrist and starts to leave the house.

TOM  
Uh, Lori...

She looks round - then realises she's still holding Shane's guitar in her other hand.

Shoving it into Tom's arms, she drags Hannah towards her car, and as Hannah throws a confused look back to Tom, we:

CUT TO:

INT. ERIN'S HOUSE - UPSTAIRS LANDING - DAY

Vi is sitting at the top of the stairs - breathing deeply and trying to relax. Her phone RINGS.

VI  
(into phone)  
Hello?

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. LORI'S CAR - DAY

As Lori drives and bickers with Tom up front, Hannah discreetly speaks into her phone in the back seat.

HANNAH  
Violet? It's Hannah.

VI  
Han? What are you doing calling me?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HANNAH

I figured I should give you a heads up. I'm currently riding with your friend Shane's parents, looking for you two.

VI

You are? Wait - why are you out looking for us?

HANNAH

My assignment. Your assignment, I mean. It was Shane's address.

VI

Oh, no...

Vi leans her head in her hand - unaware that Shane has just emerged from a room a little way behind her, and is now listening in.

VI (cont'd)

You know what this means, don't you?

HANNAH

Actually, no. Hence the call.

VI

Shane and his parents are the assignment.

HANNAH

Seriously?

Hannah glances at the still-bickering Tom and Lori up front, biting her lip.

HANNAH (cont'd)

Ouch. You clearly get all the sucky assignments.

VI

It's alright. I'll... I'll think of something. Just try to stall them.

HANNAH

Not a problem. It's not like I know where we're going.

Shane creeps a little closer, still listening.

VI

I'm starting to think I made a mistake.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

HANNAH

With what?

VI

With what I did. Telling Shane.  
Starting this whole... thing.

(sighs)

Maybe it'd be best if he did just  
get his memory wiped...

And with that, Shane suddenly rounds the corner, and Vi whips round.

VI (cont'd)

Shane!

Without a word, the thunderous-looking Shane BARGES past her and heads down the stairs.

VI (cont'd)

Shane, wait!

She races down the stairs after him, into:

INT. ERIN'S HOUSE - HALLWAY - NEXT

Shane steps off the staircase just as Erin walks into frame.

ERIN

Oh, hey, is the little room all-

Shane walks straight past - and straight out the door.

ERIN (cont'd)

... right.

Vi clatters down the stairs almost running straight into Erin.

VI

Shane! Shane!

ERIN

Vi? What the hell's going on?

Vi doesn't have time to explain, throwing the door open:

EXT. ERIN'S HOUSE - FRONT PORCH - NEXT

But as she runs outside, Shane is gone. Vi looks up and down the street, shouting his name, but he's long gone.

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

INT. THE COMPANY - INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

Andrew sits before a small desk. There's one other chair in the room, but it's empty - Gabrielle is choosing to pace around the room instead.

Andrew is still scowling in disgust, chewing on his apparent betrayal by Jenna. He glances at his reflection in the large mirror set into the opposite wall.

Gabrielle lights a cigarette, coolly blowing smoke across the room. The only other sound is the faint, eerie whir of the air conditioning.

ANDREW  
(off cigarette)  
Those things'll kill you, you know.  
Hopefully again.

No answer. Gabrielle just grins wickedly at him and takes another drag.

ANDREW (cont'd)  
Can we clear something up? This is,  
in fact, an interrogation, right?

Gabrielle just shrugs.

ANDREW (cont'd)  
I only ask because it feels like  
we've been here for a few hours and  
you haven't even asked me anything.

GABRIELLE  
What would you like me to ask?

ANDREW  
If I'd like to go now.

Gabrielle steps over to the door, unlocking it and throwing it wide open.

GABRIELLE  
Go ahead.

Andrew hesitates, watching her, but she doesn't move. He slowly stands, his chair SCRAPING loudly.

A beat. He glances at the open door, then back to Gabrielle. There's that shrug again.

He makes up his mind and strides for the door - and Gabrielle sticks her leg out to TRIP him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Andrew falls flat on the ground, and before he can recover Gabrielle's hauled him to his feet and SHOVED him back into the chair. She's in his face while he still reels.

GABRIELLE (cont'd)  
 But first, you tell me where to find Violet Morgan and the security leak she's hiding, and throw in a confession to your part in her plan to reveal the Company's secrets. Then you can walk out of here.

Andrew shakes his head, clearing the cobwebs, but when he meets Gabrielle's steely gaze he just cracks a grin.

GABRIELLE (cont'd)  
 Something funny?

He just shakes his head, starting to LAUGH. Gabrielle straightens, scowling at him, but this just makes the whole situation funnier for Andrew.

GABRIELLE (cont'd)  
 Oh, so you don't care what happens to you, is that it?

ANDREW  
 Not really, no.

GABRIELLE  
 So what about your little accomplice?  
 (leans in close)  
 What if I told you what the punishment would be for Violet Morgan if we discover she was working alone?

He looks towards the mirror, and we:

CUT TO:

INT. THE COMPANY - OBSERVATION ROOM - NEXT

And in the small room on the other side of the two-way mirror, Benson stands and watches Andrew. Impassive as ever.

Gabrielle keeps talking, although with the intercom off we can't hear what she's saying. Andrew's shocked expression tells us it is not good.

Jenna enters through the only door, a cup of coffee in hand, trying not to look into the room as she approaches Benson.

She hands the drink to him, pauses and then turns to leave. Still not looking into the interrogation room.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She's halfway back towards the door as Benson sips his coffee and calls out:

BENSON  
He's fine.

She stops. Turns. Finally looks inside. And her heart breaks at the sight of Andrew in there.

BENSON (cont'd)  
As long as he co-operates, we'll go easy on him. Even if he doesn't, well... There are still ways he can get out of this. Mostly intact.

Jenna bites her lip, looking from Benson to Andrew and back.

JENNA  
Does he... I mean, has he said...

BENSON  
I'll make sure he knows you had nothing to do with his arrest.

JENNA  
(relieved)  
Thank you. Sir.

She turns to leave.

BENSON  
But we will be having a conversation about how you came to meet him in the underground parking garage of the Garretton City Bank.

Jenna slowly turns, but Benson just calmly sips his coffee. More intimidating through his inaction. Jenna wisely slips out of the room.

Benson reaches forward, turning on the sound from the next room.

ANDREW  
(filtered)  
It was me.

CUT TO:

INT. THE COMPANY - INTERROGATION ROOM - NEXT

Gabrielle paces around Andrew, knowing she's got him right where she wants. His head is bowed.

GABRIELLE  
Sorry? What was that?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANDREW

(lifts head)

I said, it was me. I planned this. I wanted somebody to find out what we do here.

GABRIELLE

You're trying to tell me you set this whole thing up?

ANDREW

What, you don't think I could manage it? Come on.

(steely)

I hate this place. Everybody knows that. I'd do anything to get out of my contract here and go back to being dead. Getting minced up under the wheels of that bus is still a million times better than the crap I've been through every single day because of this place. Because of him.

GABRIELLE

Mr. Benson?

ANDREW

Of course, Benson! Do you see any other megalomaniacal sadists in charge around here? He likes putting us through all this grief. He loves it. To see the looks on our faces when all we get is a slip of paper with one line on it, and then we get told we're responsible for fixing someone's life! No wonder people like me break the rules!

Gabrielle eyes him, trying to decide if he's for real.

GABRIELLE

So what about Morgan?

ANDREW

What about her? She's just a little kid. In way over her head.

GABRIELLE

(grins)

You're lying.

ANDREW

Am I? Think about it. She was lumped with me on her first day.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ANDREW (cont'd)

She looks up to me. Trusts me. I've been her mentor and her friend. I can make her do anything I want.

GABRIELLE

Are you really willing to take the fall for her, Friar?

ANDREW

Why get her involved? I'm the one you want.

He turns to face the two-way mirror.

ANDREW (cont'd)

Did you hear that? It's me!

CUT TO:

INT. THE COMPANY - OBSERVATION ROOM - NEXT

Benson is reflected in the glass as he stares back at Andrew.

ANDREW

(filtered)

It's me! I'm the one you want!  
Leave Violet out of this!

Benson hears a RINGING and turns away from Andrew's ranting.

Over on a small desk, amongst Andrew's personal effects, lies his MOBILE PHONE.

Benson steps over, lays down his coffee and picks the phone up, checking the caller ID. It's Vi. He answers the call and puts the phone to his ear.

VI

(filtered; through phone)

Andrew! Oh, thank God. Listen, Shane ran off because he heard me talking to Hannah about him, and I may have kind of hinted that it wouldn't be so bad if he lost his memory and everything went back to normal, and I know I didn't mean it and it was a stupid thing to say, but I said it anyway, and now he's-

BENSON

Violet?

INTERCUT WITH:

EXT. STREET - DAY

Vi GASPS in horror, hurling the phone away on reflex.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A beat.

She steps off screen, and a moment later returns with the phone back in her hand, picking off stray bits of grass.

VI  
Be... Benson?

BENSON  
Hello, Violet.

VI  
Where's Andrew? What have you done with him?

BENSON  
I'm afraid Andrew is unavailable at the moment.

VI  
Please don't - -

BENSON  
Violet, we both know that the quickest way for this to end is if you turn yourself in and allow Mr. Evans to undergo the memory erasure procedure. Otherwise, you're risking - -

VI  
I'm sorry, I... I have to go and find my friend now.

She hangs up.

BENSON  
Violet? Violet! Hello?

He checks the screen, then turns and RAPS his knuckles on the two-way mirror.

Inside, Gabrielle glances up at the mirror, then with a few parting words to Andrew turns and exits. She enters the observation room a moment later.

GABRIELLE  
Sir?

BENSON  
(off phone)  
We have an update. Of sorts.

She raises an eyebrow, and we:

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - DAY

Tom and Lori hurry down another street, with Hannah trailing behind as she types in a text message.

TOM  
We've been this way.

LORI  
No, we haven't.

TOM  
I'm telling you, we have. Look.  
(points)  
See that Starbucks? We passed that once already.

LORI  
How can you even tell?

TOM  
(eyes her)  
Lori, we're not - -

LORI  
No, you're not. As in not helping me find my son.

TOM  
(beat)  
He's my son too, you know.

LORI  
In name only.

That stings. Lori's too upset to realise this. Tom glances back to Hannah, still engrossed in her phone.

TOM  
Anything?

HANNAH  
(looks up)  
Huh? Oh, no. I'm still sending out reports to friends out in the field. You know, keeping up a watch for him.

TOM  
Right. Good.

He looks back to Lori, who's carried on walking without waiting for him, and with a resigned expression he jogs to catch her back up.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ACROSS THE STREET:

Vi turns a corner and spots Tom and Lori, quickly ducking back out of sight. Then, she spots Hannah, and with a bite of her lip decides to break cover.

Hannah looks up as Vi falls into step beside her, flashing a pearly white smile at her.

HANNAH

Hey!

VI

Hey. How's the search going?

HANNAH

Put it this way - we could have found Spock by now. So where's...  
 (glances round)  
 ... ixnay on the hanesay?

Vi doesn't answer, and Hannah's smile hits a bump.

VI

(grimaces)  
 He heard us, Hannah. Talking about how it could be better for him to get caught.

HANNAH

(whistles)  
 Boy, did you ever screw up.

Vi shoots her a look, and Hannah rolls her eyes.

HANNAH (cont'd)

Gallows humour, Morgan. Come on.

Tom and Lori still haven't seen Vi, the two Runners hanging back to carry on talking.

HANNAH (cont'd)

Something I can't figure out, though. When we were on the phone earlier, you said something about this whole mess being your fault, and then 'telling Shane.'

Vi freezes - caught red-handed.

HANNAH (cont'd)

What I want to know is... telling Shane what?

Vi's stuck for an answer, and Hannah works it all out in the time it takes Vi to turn back to face her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

VI

(winces)

It was just... I needed... somebody  
had to know!

(beat)

You know? He's my best friend!

HANNAH

Who now has half of the city out  
looking for him, it seems.

VI

Hannah! Not helping!

HANNAH

Just making my point.

VI

(rubs temples)

What are we going to do now? Even  
if we find him again, we can't stay  
on the run forever! I'm sixteen!  
I'm too young to be a fugitive!

HANNAH

Seems to me you need to work out  
how to fix this without Shane  
having to forget everything.

VI

And again with the obvious...

HANNAH

Just saying. Is Shane remembering  
everything really that important to  
you?

VI

Yes!

(thinks)

No. Yes. Yes, it is.

HANNAH

Alright, then.

(calls out)

Mr. and Mrs. Evans?

Vi freezes as Tom and Lori turn round, seeing her.

LORI

Violet!

VI

Uh... hi?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Lori stomps over, and Vi braces herself, but she's not expecting:

LORI  
(almost pleading)  
Do you know where Shane is?

VI  
(quickly)  
No! No, I don't. That's why I'm here. Uh...

HANNAH  
I called her. You know, another pair of eyes.

TOM  
Good call. Literally.

LORI  
We're running out of ideas here, Violet. We could use a fresh approach.

TOM  
There's always Jimmy's record store.

Everyone turns to him. He shrugs.

TOM (cont'd)  
Shane seems to spend half his life there, after all.

LORI  
Alright, then. Let's go.

Lori's off again, and Vi trails back with Hannah.

VI  
He won't be there.

HANNAH  
How do you know?

VI  
Because I told him to stay away from places where people would think to...  
(lightbulb)  
That's it!

Vi suddenly turns and darts away.

HANNAH  
Vi?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

Hannah watches her go, bemused, then with a shrug starts to follow.

CUT TO:

INT. PARRY RESIDENCE - HALLWAY - DAY

Answering a KNOCK at her door, BIANCA opens the door to reveal a breathless Vi, with a cab pulling away in the background.

BIANCA  
Morgan? What are you - -

VI  
Is he here?

A beat - and then Bianca sighs, nodding.

BIANCA  
Can you get him out of here? He's acting all weird. Like you. And Lenny's going to be here soon, so I want any traces of residual freakiness out of my house before then.

Vi pushes past her, into:

INT. PARRY RESIDENCE - FRONT ROOM - NEXT

And there's Shane, absently staring at the TV. He sees Vi and blinks in surprise, before sullenly turning away.

SHANE  
So you found me.

VI  
Yeah, I did. And that means other people'll figure this out before long, so come on.

She marches over to him, grabbing his arm, but he shrugs out of her grip.

SHANE  
I'm staying right here.

VI  
Like hell!

Vi glances round - Bianca is watching their little domestic with amusement.

VI (cont'd)  
Shane, please...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SHANE

Forget it! How do I know you aren't just going to hand me over to your 'friends'? I heard what you said.

VI

I wasn't thinking. That's a terrible idea, I should never even have thought of it. I'm sorry.

Shane just sits back, arms folded haughtily. Vi inwardly curses, turning to Bianca.

VI (cont'd)

Can you give us a minute?

BIANCA

But I told you - -

VI

(firm)

Bianca.

Rolling her eyes, Bianca throws up her hands and stomps off. Vi takes a seat next to Shane, who's still ignoring her.

VI (cont'd)

How'd you get in?

SHANE

Gossip trade. I told Bianca I'd dish up a little dirt on you and Erin if she let me crash here.

VI

(horrified)

You did what?!? You didn't... tell her about...

SHANE

No, of course I didn't. I don't hate you that much. Yet.

VI

Shane...

She reaches for him, but a glare from Shane makes her withdraw her hand.

VI (cont'd)

Okay, fine. So you don't think you can trust me. I get that. So what if I told you I know someone else who can help convince you that we need to stick together?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SHANE

Who?

HANNAH (O.S.)

Hey, Shane.

Shane stiffens, slowly turning to see Hannah leaning in the doorway. She offers a wave.

HANNAH (cont'd)

Miss me?

His jaw drops, and we cut to:

INT. THE COMPANY - HOLDING CELLS - DAY

Jenna strides down a long, plain corridor, featureless save the thick DOORS set into one wall. Hearing voices up ahead, she ducks into an alcove, out of view.

Gabrielle and Benson appear at the junction up ahead, pausing to continue their conversation.

GABRIELLE

You're sure?

BENSON

Positive. Violet's last assignment concerned Shane's parents, and now that we've located them maybe we can get some-

GABRIELLE

Leverage?

BENSON

(beat)

I was going to say 'progress.'

GABRIELLE

Same difference.

Benson doesn't look too pleased with Gabrielle's opinion, and the two walk on out of sight.

Jenna pops out of her hiding place once they're gone, looking a little alarmed at what she just heard.

She continues down the corridor, checking the various cell doors until stopping at once. Glancing both ways, she takes out her ID badge and swipes it down the card reader lock.

CLICK. A green light appears, and Jenna pulls the door open to reveal:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANDREW

Sitting inside the plain cell. He looks up, surprised to see Jenna, before settling back into his sulk.

ANDREW

Come to gloat, have you?

JENNA

Oh, Andrew, don't be so ridiculous. How can you still think I had anything to do with you ending up in here?

ANDREW

The marvel of convenience.

She steps inside the cell, arms folded.

JENNA

Benson knows where Shane's parents are, and they're going to use them to catch him.

Andrew raises an eyebrow.

JENNA (cont'd)

Now, ask yourself why I'd be volunteering such sensitive information if I wasn't actually on your side?

ANDREW

(long beat)  
Good point.

He stands, walking up to her. Another beat.

ANDREW (cont'd)

I haven't got to hug you, have I?

JENNA

(rolls eyes)  
Come on.

She leads him back outside. Andrew pats his jacket, looking for his phone - which Jenna offers to him.

ANDREW

How did you - -

JENNA

(holds up ID badge)  
Senior Authority privileges.

He smiles, starting to dial, but then cancels the call.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ANDREW

They'll be monitoring my phone. I can't call Vi to warn her.

JENNA

What about a land line here?

ANDREW

Same deal. You know what Dautry's like.

JENNA

Well, in that case...

She smirks, reaching into her pocket and dropping a white and very flashy phone into Andrew's hand.

ANDREW

What's this?

Jenna shrugs casually as Andrew turns it on.

ANDREW (cont'd)

Is this... is this Diana's phone? Damn, how'd you convince her to - -

JENNA

Who said she even knew I had it?

Jenna turns, walking confidently down the hallway. Andrew watches her for a moment, a dazed smile on his face, before hurrying after her.

CUT TO:

INT. PARRY RESIDENCE - FRONT ROOM - DAY

Shane is still staring in shock at Hannah as Bianca marches back in, cordless phone in one hand.

BIANCA

Alright, Lenny's on his way over. I want the Morgan and Evans Carnival out of my house.

VI

Trust me, we're going. Come on, Shane.

He looks up at her, and as she extends her hand he stares at it for a long beat.

Vi looks tense - will he join her? - but when he finally takes her hand, she smiles, relieved.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - DAY

Heading back into the city centre, the trio walk along when Vi's phone RINGS.

She checks the display - it's an unknown number. She stops to answer it, leaving Hannah with Shane.

SHANE

So...

HANNAH

Yeah, I work at the Company. Just like Violet.

SHANE

And...

HANNAH

Yes, you were an assignment, just like one of the jobs she gets to do. If it helps, you were definitely one of my favourites.

SHANE

Oh. Er... you're welcome.

Vi hangs up and hurries over to them.

SHANE (cont'd)

Who was that?

VI

We, uh... it was Andrew, and he - -

SHANE

Vi.

She looks up, meeting his gaze. He doesn't need to say anything. No more secrets. She nods.

VI

They know where your mum and dad are.

SHANE

I don't know where they - Wait, my dad's here? He's in town? That's... I can't believe it.

(beat)

My mum and dad? Together?

HANNAH

Looking for you. They were pretty worried. If that helps.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SHANE  
Where are they?

VI  
Wicker Records.

SHANE  
So what are we waiting for?

He turns and starts to hurry down the street.

SHANE (cont'd)  
Come on! We've got to warn them!

VI  
Shane, no! It's too dangerous!

SHANE  
They're my parents!

VI  
They won't hurt them, it's you  
they're after!

HANNAH  
Not necessarily...

SHANE  
What?

HANNAH  
Theoretically, they could hurt your  
folks as much as they want, so long  
as they wipe their memories of it  
afterwards.  
(beat)  
Theoretically.

Shane shoots Vi a look - now can we go save my parents?

CUT TO:

EXT. WICKER RECORDS - REAR ENTRANCE - DAY

The trio assemble at the shop's tradesman's entrance,  
surrounded by crates, bins and other clutter.

SHANE  
Okay. I'll go in, make sure they're  
fine, then ship them out here.

VI  
Shouldn't we - -

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He raises a finger - this isn't up for discussion. With a last nod to Hannah, he turns and enters.

CUT TO:

INT. WICKER RECORDS - SHOP FLOOR - NEXT

Shane steps cautiously out into the main area of the store (which is surprisingly empty).

SHANE  
Hello? Mum? Dad?

TOM (O.S.)  
Hello, Shane.

Shane turns - and there's Lori and Tom, along with Jimmy.

SHANE  
(relieved)  
You're here! I thought you were - -

And out steps Gabrielle from behind one shelf!

SHANE (cont'd)  
... in trouble...

She folds her arms and smiles, and Shane hears more movement behind him - it's Benson, along with DOC and several more Security Guards.

LORI  
We're sorry, Shane.

He turns back to Lori.

LORI (cont'd)  
We tried to warn you, but...

Gabrielle glares at Lori, and she quietens down. Turning her attention back to Shane, she smirks again as we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

INT. WICKER RECORDS - SHOP FLOOR - DAY

It's a standoff. Shane on one side, Jimmy, Lori and Tom in the middle with Gabrielle, and Benson, Doc and the security team cutting off his exit.

JIMMY

Can I ask what the hell's going on?

LORI

(hisses)

Jimmy!

JIMMY

What? Shane suddenly becomes Australia's Most Wanted and I'm not allowed to ask why?

(off Gabrielle)

And who the hell is this? Barging into my store and taking the place over!

SHANE

Jimmy... leave it. It's alright.

Shane holds his ground as Benson joins Gabrielle, first addressing Jimmy, Tom and Lori.

BENSON

I'm sorry about this. I really am. But your son is mixed up in something that...

(sighs)

Never mind. Just, please, stay calm and we'll have this resolved in no time.

TOM

Have all what resolved?

LORI

Is Shane in some kind of trouble?

GABRIELLE

You could say that...

JIMMY

How about us? Are we in the same trouble, or can we, you know... not be in trouble?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LORI

Jimmy! What's the matter with you?  
This is Shane! He needs our help!

GABRIELLE

You can 'help' him by all shutting  
up and letting us deal with this!

Lori blinks, affronted by Gabrielle's tone, but when she glimpses the GUN holstered inside her jacket, she wisely quietens back down.

Benson walks up to Shane, who's clearly ready to fight or flee, his eyes flicking all around.

BENSON

Hello, Shane. We haven't met. My  
name is Alistair Benson.  
(offers hand)  
I'm Violet's boss.

Shane looks at the hand, then gingerly shakes it.

BENSON (cont'd)

Do you understand what's happening  
here?

SHANE

I know something I shouldn't... and  
you want to make me forget.

BENSON

That's right. It's a painless  
procedure, I can promise you. We've  
used it many times.

SHANE

What if I don't want to forget?

BENSON

That's not an option.

SHANE

But - -

BENSON

You can understand, I'm sure, what  
would happen if what you know  
became common knowledge.

Shane knows that, but still shakes his head.

SHANE

No.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BENSON  
Shane, you don't -

SHANE  
I said no!

Tom takes a step forward but is intercepted by Gabrielle. He tries to stare her down, but Lori pulls him back - squeezing his hand tightly.

SHANE (cont'd)  
Vi told me everything because she's  
my best friend. And...

He looks away, as though realising something at last.

SHANE (cont'd)  
... and for the first time in  
months, I can see that.  
(looks up at Benson)  
And that's not something I'm going  
to forget.

Benson exhales, growing frustrated, but Shane just stares back defiantly.

CUT TO:

EXT. WICKER RECORDS - REAR ENTRANCE - NEXT

Sitting up on an empty crate, Hannah watches Vi pace up and down. Both girls are unaware of the situation inside.

HANNAH  
So does this mean Shane'll help you  
out with assignments now?

VI  
I don't know. I guess so...  
although, technically, he already  
has. Remember that lock down we had  
a while back?

HANNAH  
The power cut at the party?

VI  
Yeah. I got Shane to basically do  
my assignment for me, without him  
even realising.

HANNAH  
Wow. He's easily led, isn't he?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VI

(ignoring that)

You know, a lot of my assignments seem to end up with him getting involved.

HANNAH

Well, don't forget mine.

(off her look)

His band, remember?

VI

So why is that? Why would so many things bring Shane into contact with the Company like that?

She stops, another thought striking her.

VI (cont'd)

My last assignment... it was because of my last job that I had to tell Shane about everything! He got directly involved! There was no other way!

(penny drops)

There was no other way...

HANNAH

Woah, woah, hang on. What are you saying? Are you saying that somebody wanted you to tell him? But that's - -

VI

(over her)

Ridiculous. Yeah. So why would the Power thing that controls all the assignments even risk setting that up? I mean, they must have known about him being my friend, and how I'd already had to get him involved in Company stuff. Why use me for the job?

HANNAH

Hate to say it, Morgan, but you've got a point...

Vi glances towards the back door.

VI

Maybe we should - -

HANNAH

You'd just be making it worse. Give him chance to talk to his folks.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Vi nods, still looking at the door.

CUT TO:

INT. WICKER RECORDS - SHOP FLOOR - DAY

Shane's being held by two beefy Security Guards now, as Doc heads over with the memory-wiping device in his hands.

Further back, Gabrielle stands guard before Jimmy, Lori and Tom, who watch on in alarm as Doc approaches.

LORI

What is that thing? What are you going to do to our son?

TOM

Get away from him! He hasn't done anything wrong?

GABRIELLE

And how would you know?

TOM

Let us go!

Tom balls up a fist, ready to swing for Gabrielle.

JIMMY

Uncle Tom...

Tom turns to face Jimmy, who actually looks genuinely scared.

JIMMY (cont'd)

(shakes head)

Don't.

Tom looks down, realises his fist is clenched and slowly opens it, surprised at himself.

The Doc approaches Shane, the erasure device is just like we first saw it all those months ago - as small as a pen light, sliver and sleek.

Shane backs up despite the guards holding him, coming to a stop in between the new security barriers by the door.

DOC

Trust me, this won't hurt a bit...

Shane tenses up, but he's got nowhere left to go as the Doc holds up the device, the guards keeping him still.

There's a BLINK of RED LIGHT as the Doc waves the device over Shane's eyes for a beat, then he steps back. He nods to the guards, who release Shane.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DOC (cont'd)  
Now... what do you know about the  
Company?

Shane blinks, looking left and right.

SHANE  
I... I don't...

Benson holds his breath - everyone is staring at Shane.

SHANE (cont'd)  
I don't know if that was supposed  
to do something, but it didn't.

Doc's smile drops, and with a groan Gabrielle marches in.

DOC  
I don't understand, it's never...

He looks down at the device, giving it an experimental shake.

DOC (cont'd)  
Something must be interfering with  
it.

He looks up - sees the security barrier.

DOC (cont'd)  
(to guards)  
Move him away from - -

SMASH! Shane takes advantage of the distraction, SHOVING a  
pile of CDs over and streaking away!

He BASHES into Doc, who stumbles back and TRIPS Gabrielle,  
the two Guards slipping on the pile of CDs knocked in their  
path!

The barrier does its job at last as several CDs slide into  
it, and a loud ALARM starts to sound as Shane tears into the  
store.

CUT TO:

EXT. WICKER RECORDS - REAR ENTRANCE - NEXT

Vi and Hannah jump to their feet as they hear the alarm.

HANNAH  
What's - -

But Vi is already inside. Hannah races in after her.

CUT TO:

INT. WICKER RECORDS - SHOP FLOOR - NEXT

Hannah joins Vi to find the store in chaos - Tom leads Lori and Jimmy away as Benson, Doc, Gabrielle and the security team spread out, yelling to one another as they search for Shane, the ALARM still blaring overhead.

SHANE (O.S.)

Psst!

Vi spins - Shane is crouched behind a display stand.

SHANE (cont'd)

We have to get everyone out of here!

VI

What's going on?

SHANE

It was a trap. They tried to make me forget, but it didn't work.

(looks round)

Where are my parents?

Vi looks up - and Hannah is already with Tom and the others, leading them back towards the rear exit as Gabrielle's team crash round the store.

The reunited team look to Vi, who darts back towards the rear exit.

TOM

Shane?

SHANE

I'm alright, dad.

He looks to Lori - and realises she's still holding Tom's hand. Shane allows himself a grin.

VI

Shane, come on!

He turns and heads for the door, but hears:

GABRIELLE (O.S.)

Hold it!

He spins round - Gabrielle has her GUN trained on him. The rest of the Guards swoop in, cutting off the escapees.

GABRIELLE (cont'd)

Not one more step, Evans.

He looks to Vi, her eyes wide and pleading.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VI

Shane...

He turns back to Gabrielle - and then straightens.

Gabrielle nods to her guards, who step in and grab him, shoving him over to Tom, Lori and Jimmy.

Vi runs up to Benson as Hannah hangs back, waiting to see how this goes next.

VI (cont'd)

Benson! You can't - this isn't what's supposed to happen!

BENSON

Violet, you're only making this harder than it has to be!

VI

You don't understand!  
(desperate)  
He's meant to know!

That makes everyone stop. Benson raises an eyebrow.

BENSON

Excuse me?

VI

Don't you get it? Why else would he keep getting involved? Why have so many assignments been to do with him and his family?

GABRIELLE

She's stalling! Come on, we don't have time for - -

Benson raises a hand, cutting her off. Vi keeps his gaze.

BENSON

Go on...

VI

My last job, the one with the car accident. Shane followed me. I thought the assignment was about saving someone's life but they would have been okay even if I hadn't gotten involved. My last assignment... It wasn't about them. It was about Shane.

(beat)

Don't you see? That's part of the job!

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

VI (cont'd)

I can do my job better if he knows,  
that's what all this has been  
leading to! So I'd have to tell  
him!

Benson chews this over. He looks from Doc to Gabrielle, to Shane and back to Vi.

There's a long, tense beat. Vi bites her lip, everyone waiting for Benson's response.

BENSON

(slowly nods)

Alright.

Vi's face lights up.

GABRIELLE

What?

DOC

Mr. Benson? Are you - -

BENSON

Shane can keep his memories.

Benson turns to face Tom, Lori and Jimmy.

BENSON (cont'd)

They can't.

(to Doc)

Take them somewhere where there's  
no interference and do what needs  
to be done.

(to Vi)

Is that okay with you?

Vi isn't sure if he means that or not, but nods anyway.

Lori struggles as a seething Gabrielle starts to lead her away with the others.

LORI

Shane? What's going on?

SHANE

It's okay, mum. I'll be right out.

Shane catches his dad's gaze, and the two exchange a nod as they're ushered outside.

VI

Benson?

He turns to look at her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

VI (cont'd)

Thank you.

BENSON

I just hope your theory is correct,  
Miss Morgan. Or we're all in very  
big trouble.

He walks off, heading for the front door as a grinning Hannah  
steps over to Vi.

HANNAH

Nice move, Morgan.

VI

You reckon? I was kind of making it  
up as I went along...

SHANE

No, you're right. It all makes  
sense.

She turns to him as he approaches. He's actually grinning.

SHANE (cont'd)

We're friends for a reason, Vi.

She smiles back, leaping forward to give him a hug. Hannah  
beams, just as the back door opens and Tom, Lori and Jimmy  
walk back inside.

LORI

Shane!

She rushes forward, sweeping him up in her arms.

LORI (cont'd)

Where have you been? We were so  
worried!

SHANE

I'm fine! I'm fine. We just...

He looks to Tom - do they remember anything?

SHANE (cont'd)

I wanted you and dad to have to  
spend some time together.

Lori looks to Tom, who can't help but smile.

SHANE (cont'd)

I figured me 'running away' was the  
only thing that'd do it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

Lori throws Tom a glance - did he plan this? Tom just shakes his head, still grinning.

SHANE (cont'd)  
Looks like I was right.

Lori hesitates - then grabs Shane again, just relieved to have him back.

JIMMY (O.S.)  
Aw, come on!

They turn - Jimmy has his hands in the air, standing in the middle of his thoroughly trashed store.

JIMMY (cont'd)  
What the hell? I'm gone for one second... Shane! What'd you do?

Shane and Vi exchange a grin, before Lori starts to lead him away.

LORI  
Come on. Let's go home.

TOM  
Yeah. We're just - -

LORI  
Er, excuse me? Where are you going?

TOM  
Uh... home?

LORI  
With us? I don't think so.

SHANE  
Mum!

LORI  
Shane, he doesn't - -

TOM  
No, it's alright. I can take a hint.

He turns to leave on his own, but a sharp look from Shane to Lori makes her call out:

LORI  
Tom...

He turns. A beat, then Lori sighs.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

LORI (cont'd)

Come on.

He grins, winking at Shane as he follows them out.

CUT TO:

EXT. WICKER RECORDS - NEXT

Benson leaves the shop, seeing Gabrielle's van pull away. He nods to Gabrielle as the van drives past him - and then Jenna and Andrew come racing round the corner!

JENNA

Benson!

(corrects)

Sir!

ANDREW

Where's Vi? If you've hurt her or Shane, so help me, I'll - -

Benson just calmly walks up to them both.

BENSON

Calm down, Andrew. Violet's fine, and so is her friend.

ANDREW

But... but that was Dautry in the van, wasn't it? She was here?

BENSON

That's correct.

ANDREW

And they're both...

BENSON

Fine. Needless to say, we will never speak of this again, but the official line is that Shane Evans can keep his knowledge of the Company, and we are no longer seeking to apprehend him.

(to Jenna)

I see you couldn't help but get involved in this after all.

Jenna looks down, guiltily, but Andrew grabs her arm and pulls her close.

ANDREW

She cares about Vi too. She cares about everyone in the Company.

(to Jenna)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANDREW (cont'd)

Even me. She's the best employee you've got, and... and if you've got anything to say to her, you say it to me as well.

Surprised by his words, Jenna's stuck for words as Benson steps closer.

BENSON

I can't say I'm surprised, just a little... hurt.

JENNA

I'm... I'm sorry, sir.  
(glances at Andrew)  
But I did what I felt I had to.

Benson nods, stepping past them and heading down the street.

BENSON

I'll see you both at the office tomorrow.

He rounds a corner, leaving them together. They're silent for a beat, until Jenna realises Andrew's still holding on to her arm.

ANDREW

Oh, sorry, I - -

JENNA

No... it's alright.

She looks up, and they hold each other's stare.

JENNA (cont'd)

Did you mean what you said?

ANDREW

Probably. Which part?

JENNA

The 'if you say it to her, you say it to me' bit.

ANDREW

Well... yeah. And I wanted to say thanks for rescuing me, too. To have somebody like you put your neck on the line for someone like me, it... it made me realise maybe I'm not so bad after all.

JENNA

(softly)  
Andrew...

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

VI (cont'd)  
and I've just remembered I'm still  
meant to be grounded.

Hannah smirks, patting her on the shoulders.

HANNAH  
You're lucky you still have  
parents.

She exits, and as a curious Vi watches her, we:

CUT TO:

INT. MORGAN RESIDENCE - VI'S ROOM - LATER

Vi is busy searching her room for something as Caroline enters.

CAROLINE  
Violet Louise Morgan...

She straightens, turning to face her.

VI  
You only call me that when I'm in  
trouble. What did I do?

CAROLINE  
Oh, I don't know, maybe not be at  
home most of the day, even though  
you're grounded.

Vi sits down on her bed, putting on her best 'don't hate me'  
face.

VI  
Mum...

CAROLINE  
Don't. I can't say I'm surprised,  
just a little... disappointed.  
(sighs)  
I really don't know how to get  
through to you any more.

VI  
Mum, I'm really, really sorry.  
(beat)  
I love you.

CAROLINE  
(rolls eyes)  
That stopped working when you hit  
double digits.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VI

It's not anything personal. There are just some... things I have to do.

CAROLINE

Well. You go right ahead and keep doing your 'things,' Violet. When you're ready to behave like a member of this family, be sure to let us all know.

She turns and marches out of the room, and Vi realises she didn't phrase that right with a GROAN.

CUT TO:

INT. MORGAN RESIDENCE - HALL - NEXT

Vi KNOCKS on the door to Cam's room.

CAM (O.S.)

(through door)

Who is it?

VI

It's Vi. Cam, have you borrowed my phone charger again?

CAM (O.S.)

(beat; evasive)

Er... no.

Vi rolls her eyes and starts to leave, when:

CAM (O.S.) (cont'd)

Maybe you could try Dad's study? He might have a spare.

Vi considers this, then with a nod heads down the stairs.

CUT TO:

INT. MORGAN RESIDENCE - PETER'S STUDY - NEXT

Vi knocks on the door and leans inside - Peter isn't there. She heads in and opens a few drawers on his desk.

She opens one and freezes, the colour draining from her face. Inside is a MANUSCRIPT - it's Peter's book. But why would this shock her so much?

With shaking hands, Vi lifts the thick wad of paper out, revealing the title:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

'The Company - a novel by Peter Morgan.'

BLACK OUT:

END OF SHOW