

THE COMPANY

"Grave"

by
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TEASER

FADE IN:

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

It's a breathtakingly glorious day. This is the kind of day on which you'd give anything to just lie in the grass, watching the clouds go by. The kind of day on which it's hard to not be happy...

... Unless you're at a funeral.

Across the field of headstones, one is just ending.

Black-clad MOURNERS make their way back to the road, walking together in huddled groups. Behind them, a bulldozer pushes a mound of dirt into a deep hole.

PANNING OVER this scene, we STOP on a row of people, all dressed in black. They stand at the edge of the cemetery. Waiting.

MOVING UP, we recognise the first person as ANDREW. Next to him - KOU, then DIANA, LYNNE and finally VI.

VI

Let's get to work.

DIANA

You call this work?

She smiles, whipping out a black laced handkerchief...

DIANA (CONT'D)

Sweetie, this is fun.

... and heads in the direction of the retreating mourners.

Vi, Andrew, Kou and Lynne move swiftly towards the fresh grave as the bulldozer rumbles away.

ANDREW

Just stay calm. Try not to attract attention.

LYNNE

Oh, yeah. Because digging up a coffin? That's sure not to pull in a crowd.

KOU

We'll be fine. Diana knows what to do.

EXT. CEMETERY - DRIVE WAY - DAY

Diana walks stealthily behind a group of WOMEN. The one in the centre appears to be the MOTHER of the deceased.

MOTHER

I just... I can't leave
without... one more look. Just to
say goodbye.

She starts to turn but Diana leaps forward, taking her arm and pulling her back around.

DIANA

Hi.

MOTHER

H... hello?

DIANA

Such terrible business, isn't it?
So sad. I am... was his
girlfriend. My name's Diana, by
the way.

MOTHER

Girlfriend? But... but he never
mentioned a - -

DIANA

What are you? His mother?

(beat)

Oh.

(quickly;
sympathetically)

He talked about you all the time.
Great stories. More like yarns,
actually. Around the fireplace.
While we... crocheted and...
baked cookies.

She pauses. The group of women don't seem to be buying this. Thinking quickly, Diana lets out a sob.

DIANA (CONT'D)

I just miss him so much. He was
like a brother to me!

WOMAN 1

I thought he was your boyfriend?

DIANA

(beat; through tears)

Why?! Why does God have to be so
cruel?

The Mother steps forward and wraps her in an understanding hug.

MOTHER
There, there. We're all
struggling.

Over the Mother's shoulder, Diana stops crying.

DIANA'S P.O.V

In the distance, Andrew trips comically while going up the hill.

BACK ON DIANA

She rolls her eyes.

DIANA
(mutters)
Amateurs.

EXT. CEMETERY - FRESH GRAVE - DAY

Our other intrepid heroes arrive at the scene - Andrew grumbling and rubbing his knee.

They position themselves around the grave.

Lynne places a duffel bag on the ground and rifles through it. She pulls out digging tools and tosses them to the others.

ANDREW
I feel like a Hardy Boy. But,
y'know, much older and manlier.

Kou takes out a shovel, previously hidden underneath his long trench coat.

VI
I knew it was too hot for a
trench coat.

Kou gives her a disapproving look.

LYNNE
Um, hello? I think there's a
little something we should be
doing.

She points to the grave. Vi gently prods it with her foot.

VI
I'm sure this is a sin.

KOU
Are you religious?

He slams the shovel into the dirt.

VI
Not anymore.

Everyone gets to work, moving the dirt quickly - not caring that it's getting all over them.

Several long beats pass as they dig. Eventually...

ANDREW
Uh-oh.

VI
(still digging)
No. Don't say "uh-oh". "Uh-oh" sounds bad.

ANDREW
I'll re-phrase. Oh goody - an angry mob!

Vi stops digging, rests back on her heels, and turns her head. Her eyes widen.

Diana is running over the soft grass, stumbling.

She pauses to rip off her heeled shoes which she throws over her shoulder at the...

... FUNERAL PROCESSION which is now plowing down towards our amateur grave robbers, looking mighty furious.

VI
Uh-oh.

We FREEZE ON HER FACE.

VI (V.O.) (CONT'D)
But I think I'm getting ahead of myself.

INT. THERAPIST'S OFFICE - DAY

Vi sits in an armchair looking expectantly at...

... A therapist. DR. TURNER (early 40s).

He sits across from her, his legs crossed and a notebook resting on his knee. He is paused - mid scribble - to stare at her from behind a mane of stringy hair.

DR. TURNER
What do you mean, Violet?

Vi sighs.

VI

Well, you're probably wondering what me and these people are doing. Y'know, interrupting a funeral to dig up a corpse. Not really your regular kind of afternoon activity.

DR. TURNER

Very true. Would you care to explain?

VI

Sure.

(beat)

But I'll have to start from the beginning.

She levels him with a ominous expression. A beat.

VI (CONT'D)

I have told you about how I was shot in a liquor store robbery, died and then came back to life, right?

DR. TURNER

I believe we covered that, yes.

VI

Oh.

(beat)

So I'll just tell you what happened last week.

Off this...

CUT TO BLACK:

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

EXT. BEACH - DAY

MUSIC CUE: "Toasted Skin (Summer Song)" by The Academy
Is...

It's the height of summer and this is the place to be.

People swarm over the golden sand, plunging into the
shimmering blue water.

We search for someone we know but these people are
strangers.

EXT. PARK - DAY

We jump through barbecues, cricket matches, footie games,
kids on swing sets and people lazing around on picnic
blankets. Again, no one we know.

A CYCLIST whizzes past us - -

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - DAY

- - Followed by a GROUP OF CYCLISTS, pedaling past a
familiar house.

INT. MORGAN RESIDENCE - VI'S ROOM - DAY

Using the glow of a torch, Vi huddles under the blankets of
her bed, scribbling in a journal.

VI

(muttering; writing)

Hostage, captive, incar... no, I-
N-C-A-S... Damn it.

There's movement outside her little cocoon and Vi whips off
the sheet to find CAROLINE throwing open the curtains.

Light floods the room and Vi switches off her torch.

VI (CONT'D)

How do you spell "incarcerated"?

CAROLINE

Don't be so dramatic. Lunch is
ready.

VI

I'm not hungry.

CAROLINE

Suit yourself.

She exits.

Vi, grumbling, closes her journal and tucks it under her pillow. She stands, moving over to her window.

She looks down at the padlock, still screwed firmly into the wooden frame. Vi glares at it then drags the curtains closed again.

INT. MORGAN RESIDENCE - DINING ROOM - DAY

Caroline, PENNY, PETER and CAM sit around a table of food.

Penny, wearing denim shorts and a bikini top studies her bronzed skin.

PENNY

But it's so blotchy. It doesn't look real at all.

CAROLINE

Tans shouldn't be real, Penny. That's why they invented all those fake ones.

PENNY

No, they invented them for that God awful season called winter. Tans are supposed to be natural.

CAM

You know what else is natural? Skin cancer.

Penny rolls her eyes.

PENNY

No one cares about that anymore.

CAM

Did you know that skin cancer is the most common form of cancer in Australia? And that one in two Australians will develop skin cancer at some point in their lives? Some are at a greater risk, however, such as yourself.

PENNY

(small; growing worried)
Me? But... why me?

CAM

You have fair skin and blue eyes. That means that you have the least amount of melanin in your body.

(MORE)

CAM (CONT'D)

Melanin is a dark pigment which protects against sun exposure. High risk.

A beat.

PENNY

(trying to remain cool)
What are you? A health class video or something?

Caroline turns to Peter.

CAROLINE

Peter, you've been very quiet.

He looks up at her sheepishly, hiding something under a napkin.

PETER

Uh, just... good.

He lifts up a carrot stick and grins. Caroline narrows her eyes, reaches over and moves his napkin away. A second plate is hidden beneath it, piled with food.

CAROLINE

She's a big girl, Peter. She'll come down when she's ready.

PETER

But I just... I feel so awful. She's been up there all holidays.

PENNY

Sulking.

PETER

Penn...

CAROLINE

No, Penny's right. She's sulking.

She puts her hand over Peter's.

CAROLINE (CONT'D)

We just have to be strong. School starts up in a couple of weeks and then she'll have a distraction. She won't be moping around her room complaining about how "unfair" her life is because her parents decided to ground her.

PETER

But isn't it just a little unfair?

CAROLINE

Peter, what she did was wrong.
She needs to be punished.

A beat. Peter sighs and nods.

PETER

You're right.

Caroline moves the extra plate away.

We MOVE AROUND the corner...

INT. MORGAN RESIDENCE - FRONT HALL - CONTINUOUS

... Where Vi perches silently on the middle of the stairs,
listening.

EXT. MORGAN RESIDENCE - NIGHT

Establishing shot.

INT. MORGAN RESIDENCE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Cam and Caroline sit in the darkened room, watching TV.

DR. TURNER (V.O.)

Tell me about your family,
Violet. What have your
interactions with them been like
these past few months?

Vi appears in the doorway, unseen by the others.

VI (V.O.)

Cam's been okay. I mean, he
hasn't really spoken to me about
what happened. I guess I can be
grateful for that.

(beat)

Mum... Well... She's the main
enforcer. The house arrest was
her idea. I tried to get her to
watch *The Virgin Suicides* but she
didn't bite. She told me that if
I was Kirsten Dunst and made
another *Spider-Man* movie, I was
allowed to kill myself.

INT. MORGAN RESIDENCE - FRONT HALL - CONTINUOUS

Vi turns to see Penny coming down the stairs. She's dressed
up for a night out.

Penny shoves past Vi as she pops her head into the living
room.

PENNY
See you later, Mum.

CAROLINE (O.S.)
Bye! Have fun.

VI (V.O.)
Penny. I'm working on the theory that scientists injected her with some of Satan's DNA. It's really the only way to explain how much she enjoys tormenting me over this.

Penny smirks at Vi before slipping out the front door.

VI (V.O.) (CONT'D)
She goes out every night. Just to remind me that I can't.

Vi sighs and turns back to the stairs but stops. A SHADOW moves under the door at the end of the hall. Peter's study.

VI (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Dad... He's been...
(beat)
He hasn't actually looked at me since...

Blinking away tears, Vi turns and hurries up the stairs.

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

Vi enters and flicks off the room lights. In the dark, she goes directly to her window. Pulling open the curtains, she peers into the street - watching for something.

There! A light. A torch light - blinking on and off. It does this three times. Vi lurches back to her bed and fumbles for her torch in the blankets.

She flashes the torch three times in the window.

EXT. MORGAN RESIDENCE - BACK PORCH - NIGHT

The back door opens and Vi slips quietly outside. She glances around the backyard and then steps over to a potted plant beside the porch railing.

Tucked behind it is a plastic bag. Vi grins.

INT. MORGAN RESIDENCE - VI'S ROOM - NIGHT

Vi presses a button on her CD player and loud ROCK MUSIC fills the room. She turns the volume up.

Over at the window, she pulls something from the plastic bag. We can't see what it is until...

... The WHIR of the ELECTRIC DRILL is drowned out by the MUSIC. Vi unscrews the base of the padlock in moments and pulls it away.

Turning off the drill, she pauses and looks over her shoulder - towards her bedroom door.

EXT. MORGAN RESIDENCE / SUBURBAN STREET - NIGHT

SHANE watches Vi as she finishes her climb down the tree.

Her foot gets caught near the bottom and she hits the ground with a THUMP. He laughs.

Vi approaches and whacks him on the shoulder.

VI
Don't laugh. I'm out of practice.

SHANE
Sorry.

A beat.

VI
So...

SHANE
So...

VI
Can we hug?

SHANE
Yes, please.

They throw their arms around each other, smiling.

VI
I missed you.

SHANE
I missed you, too.

They pull apart and start walking.

SHANE (CONT'D)
Do you know how boring this summer has been without you? I'd forgotten what my life was like before you came along and made things interesting with all those crazy assignments.

VI

It can't have been that bad.

SHANE

It was! And I can't believe your mum won't even let me talk to you. No phone, no e-mail - I think she screens your mail, too. I mean, what is she? A communist?

Vi laughs, the smile lingering on her face.

VI

This is nice.

SHANE

What? Bitching about your mother?

VI

This. Us. Hanging out.

SHANE

Well technically it's not hanging out as we are on a mission here. And putting you in danger of another month's grounding, might I add.

VI

I think we'll be safe. I've trained the 'rents to bypass my room when they hear any form of emo rock.

SHANE

Your parents know what emo is? Man, my mum still thinks emo lives on Sesame Street.

Silence settles between them.

SHANE (CONT'D)

So they haven't called you?

Vi shakes her head.

VI

Nope.

SHANE

Not even Andrew?

VI

Considering that my mother confiscated my phone, I think that's probably a good thing.

(MORE)

VI (CONT'D)

I snuck into her room and found it one day, though. Nothing. Nada. No missed calls, no text messages. And did you... ?

SHANE

Checked your e-mail account like you asked. Nothing from super-magic-dead-people. But surprisingly several messages from Neopets.com.

Vi blushes.

VI

It's from when I was, like, ten, okay? I just keep forgetting to cancel my account.

SHANE

It's okay. I logged in as you and fed your little unicorn-seahorse thing.

A beat.

VI

(quiet; embarrassed)

Thanks.

(beat)

I just need to know what I did wrong.

SHANE

Vi, you sacrificed a lot for those jerks and if they can't see that then they're just...

VI

Jerks?

SHANE

Exactly.

(beat)

Hey, speaking of jerks - what's Erin up to nowadays?

Vi rolls her eyes and shoves him away, moving o.s. Shane slows.

SHANE (CONT'D)

What'd I say?

After a beat, he follows.

EXT. SHOPPING CENTRE - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

The duo walk across the half full lot towards the building and the pair of shiny elevators by the entrance.

SHANE

Can I come too?

VI

It doesn't work that way. The elevator will only take an employee.

SHANE

But I know about you guys now so doesn't that make me like an... honorary employee?

VI

Actually it makes you a high level security risk.

SHANE

But I want to help.

VI

I know you do.

They reach the elevators and Shane grabs Vi's arm, forcing her to stop.

SHANE

Then let me.

VI

It's not that simple. There's nothing you can do.

SHANE

Yes there is. I can... or I could... There's always...

(beat)

Starting a petition?

Vi gives him a small smile and gently steps away.

VI

See? I need to do this one on my own, Shane.

SHANE

Yeah, you always need to do this one on your own.

VI

What is that supposed to mean?

SHANE

It means...

He sighs.

SHANE (CONT'D)

It doesn't matter what it means.
Just... just go. I'll see you
later.

He walks away.

VI

Shane! Come on, don't be like
that!

He doesn't respond and keeps on walking. Vi sighs in
frustration and slowly turns back to the elevators.

VI (CONT'D)

Let's just get this over with.

She steps forward and waits. A long few moments pass. Still
nothing.

Vi hesitantly reaches out, her finger inching for the
elevator button when - -

- - DING!

The elevator doors slide open. Vi smiles but it melts when
two SHOPPERS step out, heading into the parking lot.

Vi ducks into the elevator and, once again, waits. The
doors remain open.

Finally, she presses a button. Any button, really. It
doesn't matter.

The doors close. The machine WHIRS and GRINDS as it travels
up... and up... and up.

DING!

The doors slide open.

EXT. SHOPPING CENTRE - UPPER LEVEL - NIGHT

Vi stares out of the elevator doors at a long walkway,
shops on one side - most are closing up now - and MORE
SHOPPERS heading home with their purchases.

She couldn't look more disappointed.

VI (PRE-LAP)

They hate me.

INT. THERAPIST'S OFFICE - DAY (PRESENT)

Vi hasn't moved from her spot in the lumpy armchair.

DR. TURNER
Why would you say that?

VI
Why wouldn't I say that? I worked for these people for, what, a year? I put my life in danger more than once - I did tell you about the old guy with the shot gun, right?

DR. TURNER
Er...

VI
And I practically ruined my father's mental state - not to mention his career - and they like... change my security clearance or something? I'm not allowed in the club house any more, apparently. I just...

She takes a deep, shaky breath.

VI (CONT'D)
I didn't know what to do.

DR. TURNER
What happened when you went home?

VI
What do you mean?

DR. TURNER
Were you caught sneaking back in?

INT. MORGAN RESIDENCE - VI'S ROOM - NIGHT

Vi lies on her bed, reading in silence (the music is now off).

The door opens and Caroline pops her head inside. Neither say a word and Vi doesn't even acknowledge that Caroline is there.

Her mother ducks back out and closes the door.

Vi closes her book.

VI
No. I wasn't caught.
(beat)
(MORE)

VI (CONT'D)

But I kind of wish I was.
Because...

INT. THERAPIST'S OFFICE - DAY (PRESENT)

Vi wrings her hands. This is something she doesn't really want to admit.

VI

Because at least, in that situation, I'd know what I did wrong.

Off this...

CUT TO BLACK:

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

INT. THERAPIST'S OFFICE - DAY (PRESENT)

We're back with Vi and Dr. Turner. Still the same session as before.

DR. TURNER

So, Violet, tell me about this Company. You keep bringing it up and yet... I'm not quite sure what you mean. You work for these people?

VI

Um, yeah. I guess.

DR. TURNER

But you're only sixteen. You can't be telling me that you have a full time job?

VI

I did. I... do. Like I said, they hadn't contacted me since that whole thing with my dad's book.

DR. TURNER

The book about the Company?

VI

Yes.

DR. TURNER

But you did hear from them eventually? Andrew, Diana and, er...

(checking notes)

... the others? In the cemetery?

VI

Yeah. Eventually.

DR. TURNER

What made them come back to you?

A beat. Vi bites her lip.

VI

Well, I didn't hear about any of this until, well, afterwards but things in the Company? Let's just say it wasn't all sunshine and roses.

INT. THE COMPANY - BREAK ROOM - DAY

LAUGHTER. Echoing, booming choruses of the stuff. Coming from a group of EMPLOYEES huddled around a table.

The group parts slightly to reveal...

... Andrew. Smack in the centre and leading this melee.

EMPLOYEE #1

Tell it again. Oh God, you just gotta... please.

ANDREW

That's it. I told you. Best joke in the world. You only get one chance.

Behind the group, JENNA enters.

JENNA

What's going on?

EMPLOYEE #1 thumps Andrew on the shoulder.

EMPLOYEE #1

Tell Jenna. She hasn't heard it.

Andrew's smile drops.

ANDREW

Nah. I don't think it's her thing.

Jenna narrows her eyes at the rest of the employees.

JENNA

Don't you people have jobs to do?

The group disperses quickly.

Andrew is the only one who hasn't moved. Jenna nears the table and puts her hands on her hips.

JENNA (CONT'D)

I thought you were out on assignment.

ANDREW

I did it.

JENNA

And you're back?

Andrew smirks.

ANDREW

What can I say, I just can't get enough of this place.

Jenna reaches into her pocket and pulls out a piece of paper. She puts it on the table in front of him.

JENNA

Good. You can get started on your next assignment, then.

ANDREW

Are you serious? Another one?

Jenna starts to walk away and Andrew stands, outraged.

ANDREW (CONT'D)

This is getting ridiculous, Jenna.

Jenna turns. Something's wrong here. She's dead serious. There's no reassuring smile or apologetic expression. She's totally cold.

JENNA

It's Ms. Cooke, thank you. I am not a co-worker who you can share a laugh with. I'm your boss. If you have a complaint about your workload I suggest you speak to the man in charge.

Andrew darts in front of her, blocking her exit.

ANDREW

The "man in charge" is doing this on purpose, isn't he? I've been working flat out every day. Sometimes doing two or three assignments at a time. How is that fair?

JENNA

I... I never said it was fair. But...

(firm)

This is a business. There's a plan at work here and we have to make sure that everything works in its favour.

(beat)

We have a loyalty to this Company.

ANDREW

You mean you have a loyalty to this Company.

There's a tense beat. Jenna shakes her head.

JENNA
Just do the assignment, Andrew.

ANDREW
But you don't deny it. He's
punishing me for everything that
happened with Shane and Peter
Morgan's book.

Jenna rolls her eyes and pushes past him.

JENNA
Get over yourself.

She exits.

Andrew looks down at his next assignment and defiantly
crumples up the paper.

INT. THE COMPANY - RECEPTION - DAY

Andrew enters from around the corner, passing LYNNE who
exits the conference room.

Andrew nods towards the open doors.

ANDREW
Is Benson in there?

LYNNE
Yeah but...

Andrew stops.

ANDREW
But what?

Lynne winces.

LYNNE
I'm warning you. Just... don't go
in.

Andrew starts walking again.

ANDREW
Lynne, please. I think I can
handle - - Holy birthday suit,
Batman!

He turns back to Lynne.

ANDREW (CONT'D)
There's a naked guy in there!

Lynne shrugs.

LYNNE

Told you.

INT. THE COMPANY - CONFERENCE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

BENSON sits at the head of the table.

His head is turned away, awkwardly avoiding the sight of the naked rear end of SCOTTIE GILMORE. A dirty, unshaven man in his 30s. He's bent over, his pants halfway down his buttocks.

SCOTTIE

(to Benson)

Ya see it? Can you see it now?

BENSON

Unfortunately.

SCOTTIE

I got this scar when my cousin, Brent, pushed me off the barn roof. Landed in a haystack. Now, that wouldn't've been all that bad 'cept for the fact that my other cousin, Brad, was in there with his girlfriend. This scar is

- -

BENSON

Yes, yes. Very good. Now, would you mind covering up your, er, uncovered area, please?

Scottie straightens, pulling up his pants.

SCOTTIE

Visual demonstration, pal.
Another example of - -

BENSON

- - Of why you shouldn't be here because you've managed to avoid death so many times before. I know. I understand what you're saying.

SCOTTIE

So you'll let me live?

BENSON

It's not a matter of me deciding whether you live or die. You're already dead.

(MORE)

BENSON (CONT'D)

You died the minute after you
swallowed that cube of rat
poison.

SCOTTIE

But at least I got a hundred
bucks for it.

BENSON

The man that bet you a hundred
dollars to eat that rat poison
cube was using twenty-cent coins
to pay for his beer. Do you
really think he had a hundred
dollars?

A beat. Scottie sinks down into a chair.

SCOTTIE

Bloody hell.

Andrew COUGHS and steps further into the room.

ANDREW

Hope this isn't a bad time,
Benson, but - -

BENSON

Actually, Mr. Friar, it is. Mr.
Gilmore - -

SCOTTIE

Call me Scottie. Mr. Gilmore is
my dad. And my ma' too, actually.

BENSON

Er, yes. "Scottie" is taking his
time in signing the contract.

ANDREW

So you're free then?

Benson rubs his forehead and stands.

BENSON

Yes, fine. What can I do for you?

ANDREW

I wanted to ask you about my
assignments and whether - -

Benson, suddenly changing his mind, herds Andrew towards
the door.

BENSON

Assignment queries should be
taken up with the Assignment Co-
Ordinator.

He practically pushes Andrew out of the room.

BENSON (CONT'D)
I believe you know her as Jenna.

He closes the door with a sharp CLICK.

INT. THE COMPANY - RECEPTION OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Andrew stares at the closed door for a beat before turning away, grumbling to himself.

INT. THERAPIST'S OFFICE - DAY (PRESENT)

Dr. Turner is scribbling something down on a note pad. After a moment, he looks up at Vi.

DR. TURNER
Tell me about Andrew.

VI
What is there to tell? He's my friend. He sort of smells like the inside of a car boot.

DR. TURNER
But from what I'm hearing, he didn't try to find out what happened to you.

VI
I... I'm sure that he...
(beat)
But he did. He... I spoke to him.

DR. TURNER
How?

Vi looks away, facing the window. She smiles slightly.

VI
(softly)
Shane.

INT. ANDREW'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Andrew emerges from a back room, dripping wet and tugging at a towel around his waist.

He hurries to the front door from behind which comes a loud KNOCKING.

ANDREW
Just a minute. Jeez.

He pulls open the door. Shane stands in the hallway.

ANDREW (CONT'D)

You.

Shane charges inside, not bothering to wait for an invitation.

ANDREW (CONT'D)

(swinging the door
closed)

Come on in. I insist.

SHANE

Why haven't you tried to talk to her?

ANDREW

What?

SHANE

Vi. She's been sitting at home for two months. Two months and she hasn't heard a word from you people.

ANDREW

Okay, look, now's not really a great time, kid. I'm sort of... well, I'm not wearing any clothes and this is kind of awkward since I don't know you... at all and yet you still feel the need to just burst into my apartment without being invited. If I count correctly, this is the second time you've taken that liberty.

SHANE

Taken the liberty? Who are you? Patrick Henry?

ANDREW

Huh?

SHANE

He's like some famous speech guy or whatever.

ANDREW

That's right. I must be having a nightmare. I'm in history class and I'm naked.

SHANE

Look, Vi doesn't want me to get involved but she's my best friend and this is hurting her. It really is.

Andrew sighs.

ANDREW

I was told Vi was taking some time off. That's all.

SHANE

Well maybe someone should tell her that.

ANDREW

And maybe someone should get out of my house so I can get dressed.

SHANE

And maybe someone should stop thinking about themselves for two seconds to help out a girl they're supposed to care about.

There's a long beat as the two stare each other down. Finally:

ANDREW

Well. It appears that we have reached a stalemate.

INT. MORGAN RESIDENCE - VI'S ROOM - NIGHT

MUSIC CUE: "How To Fight Loneliness" by Wilco

Vi lies, face up, on her bed - hugging a stuffed bear to her chest.

She's bored. Incredibly so.

Sitting up, she throws the bear into the air and kicks it across the room like a football where it knocks over a lamp.

VI

(quiet; bored)

Goal.

Vi looks up, noticing something outside. A flashing light.

She grins and leaps to her feet, rushing for her bedroom door.

Pulling it open, she gasps!

CAM

Here.

The boy hands her a small cardboard box.

CAM (CONT'D)
Mum was just about to water your
letter box. I thought I should...

Vi smiles.

VI
Thank you, Cam.

CAM
No problem.

He turns to go. Winces. Turns back.

CAM (CONT'D)
And... here.

He holds out a small purple notebook.

VI
This is my...

CAM
Address book. Yeah. I took it.
(beat)
Sorry.

VI
Why would you do that?

CAM
It was a thing. But I'm kind of
over it now. Sort of. I think.

VI
Should I be worried?

CAM
(defensive)
I'm giving it back, aren't I? And
I didn't show anyone. Except for
Shane. He needed to find Andrew.
(beat)
Sorry. Again.

Vi eyes him warily as he disappears down the hall and
enters his own bedroom.

Then, Vi's sitting on her bed - opening the box.

Inside which is Shane's mobile phone. It RINGS. Vi answers
it.

VI
Hello?

ANDREW (O.S.)
(filtered)
Hey, kid.

Vi smiles. It's a soft, relieved smile. Something more than just being happy to hear from him.

VI
How did you... ?

ANDREW (O.S.)
(filtered)
Look out your window.

Vi stands and moves to her window.

ANGLE ON STREET

Andrew's car is parked across the street, under the glow of a streetlight.

Andrew sits on the hood while Shane waves from his position leaning against the car door.

BACK TO SCENE

VI
Hi.

INTERCUT WITH:

EXT. MORGAN RESIDENCE - STREET - NIGHT

ANDREW
Hi.

VI
Uh, what are you doing with Shane?

ANDREW
Him? The freak came to find me. Hunted me down like a wild animal.
(beat)
You've got a good friend in this one, kid. Make sure you keep him around.

VI
I will. So, what's been going on? With, y'know, the Company and everything?

ANDREW
Vi, I'm so sorry.

VI

'Bout what?

ANDREW

You know about what. I had no idea they'd gone radio silent on you. I just... I heard you were on lock down from what happened with the book so I didn't... I'm such a crappy friend.

VI

No. No, it's okay. You're here now. That's what matters.

ANDREW

Just so you know, I'm going to kick some Benson ass at work tomorrow. He's not going to know what hit him.

Vi laughs.

VI

Now that, I'd like to see.

ANDREW

So why don't you? Shane told me about the drill. Just sneak out.

VI

I... I can't. It wouldn't take me.

ANDREW

What?

VI

The elevator. It wouldn't take me to the Company. I don't know what... I'm not sure if...

ANDREW

They haven't fired you, Vi.

VI

How do you know? It sure seems like it. It's like, to them I never even existed.

ANDREW

So you don't know when you'll be back?

VI

No.

A beat.

ANDREW

Do you want to come back?

Vi doesn't reply for a long moment. She's thinking - seriously considering her answer. Finally:

VI

I don't know.

From down on the street, Andrew watches as Vi lets her curtain drop - obscuring her from view.

CUT TO BLACK:

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

INT. THERAPIST'S OFFICE - DAY (PRESENT)

Vi, suddenly feeling guilty and self-conscious, stands and walks towards the door.

VI

I shouldn't even be telling you this. I'm sorry.

Dr. Turner stands, hoping to stop her.

DR. TURNER

Why? Violet, why can't you tell me?

VI

Because it's just... the Company. They'll... I've already gotten in trouble for this. Like major bad trouble. S.W.A.T teams and interrogation rooms and it's... it's not pretty, okay?

DR. TURNER

I promise, nobody is going to hurt you.

VI

It's not me I'm worried about.

Dr. Turner smiles.

DR. TURNER

I'll be fine. I'm a professional.
(beat)
Just... please sit down.

Vi does so tentatively.

DR. TURNER (CONT'D)

I'm beginning to see a pattern here, Violet.

VI

A pattern?

DR. TURNER

Yes. Your life is like a pizza.

VI

Excuse me?

DR. TURNER

One half is vegetarian, one half is meat lovers. Family and the Company. And you don't allow them to mix.

VI

S.W.A.T teams. Interrogation rooms. Badness. Remember?

DR. TURNER

I take it that the Company is a secret, correct? And that's fine. Everybody's allowed to have a few secrets. What you might want to try is finding some way to mix these two parts of your life without... giving anything away. Does that make sense?

VI

Yeah. It kinda does. Actually it... it sort of happened before.

DR. TURNER

With your father?

Vi nods.

INT. MORGAN RESIDENCE - FRONT HALL - DAY

Vi walks slowly down the hall, towards Peter's closed study door.

She turns the knob, opening it just a crack, and peers inside...

INT. MORGAN RESIDENCE - PETER'S STUDY - CONTINUOUS

Peter sits hunched over a new laptop at his desk, typing sporadically. He sighs in frustration.

PETER

No, no, no, no. It's all wrong. All wrong.

He puts his head in his hands.

INT. MORGAN RESIDENCE - FRONT HALL - CONTINUOUS

Vi's brow furrows in worry as she turns, almost running into Penny, who crosses her arms sternly.

PENNY

I actually cared, y'know?

Vi rolls her eyes disbelievingly.

VI

Yeah, whatever.

PENNY

I'm serious. I know me helping him, doing that whole "life coach" thing seemed like a big joke to you but I was doing it for real. I wanted to help him.

VI

So did I.

PENNY

By trashing his book? By making him feel like a failure?

(beat)

He thinks you hate him. Did you know that?

Vi looks shocked. This is news to her. A beat.

VI

This is just typical of you Penny. "Oh, I actually cared. I wanted to help him". I, I, I, me, me, me. You're just twisting it around to make all the pain about you.

Penny smirks. She leans in, lowering her voice.

PENNY

You're right. This isn't about me. But it's not about you, either.

(beat)

Think about that.

Penny stalks away. We stay on Vi as she reacts to this.

INT. THE COMPANY - DINING HALL - DAY

Lunch time. EMPLOYEES line up next to a fully stocked buffet table before heading to various tables around the room.

MOVING ALONG the buffet line, we stop on Benson. He looks awkward and out of place. This is accentuated by the surrounding employees throwing him odd looks which say, "What the hell is he doing here?".

He picks up his tray and steps out of the line, scouring the room for a place to sit. A few tables discreetly slide bags or jackets onto free chairs but we aren't sure if Benson sees this or not.

Finally:

DIANA (O.S.)
Sir? Would you like to sit with
me?

Benson turns to find Diana sitting alone at a table.

BENSON
You wouldn't mind?

DIANA
Not at all.

She motions to a chair.

DIANA (CONT'D)
Please.

Benson sits down gratefully.

BENSON
This is very kind of you, Miss
Cross. Thank you.

DIANA
Mr. Benson, call me Diana.
(beat; smiling)
So, what brings you to this part
of town?

BENSON
Scottie Gilmore.

DIANA
(incredulous)
The rat poison guy?

BENSON
You know him?

DIANA
Not personally but I did get very
acquainted with his butt scar.

BENSON
Usually I would take lunch in my
office but Mr. Gilmore has
decided that it's the perfect
place to ponder on my contract
offer.

DIANA
So he still hasn't signed? What's
it been? Three days?

BENSON

Four, actually.

DIANA

Wow. That must be a record or something. How long did I take?

BENSON

(thinking)

Hmm, that was... almost four years ago. I believe it was... only about an hour. You weren't too hard to convince, surprisingly.

DIANA

Surprisingly? Believe me, Sir, I am very easy going. It's not hard to get me to agree to anything.

(beat)

That came out a lot sluttier than I intended.

She blushes and looks down at her soup - becoming nostalgic.

DIANA (CONT'D)

I remember thinking that I was in Heaven. I've always thought that Heaven appears to you however you want it and the reception office reminded me...

(embarrassed)

It reminded me of a talent agency. Like for the movies or something. I kind of thought you were a producer for a little while.

(beat)

But that wasn't the reason I signed the contract. I wanted to get back, you know. To see if he was okay.

Benson nods and comfortingly puts his hand on hers. Before we can hear more and find out who "he" is, Jenna enters swiftly.

She scans the room and finally spots Benson sitting with Diana. She hurries over.

JENNA

Sir! I have news!

(beat; disbelief)

Why are you sitting with her?

Diana glares.

DIANA

Is there a problem, Jenna?

Jenna ignores her, turning back to Benson.

JENNA

Scottie Gilmore. He signed the contract.

BENSON

Ah. Finally. Good news for a change.

JENNA

But it's not. Good news, I mean.

BENSON

I don't understand.

JENNA

I've just gotten a surveillance report. Scottie's family are holding a funeral.

(beat)

Today!

And just like that we cut to...

INT. THE COMPANY - RECEPTION OFFICE - DAY

The room is a flurry of activity. Employees scurry around as Benson stands by the front desk, giving orders.

He turns to GLENDA who's on the phone behind the reception desk.

BENSON

Anything?

GLENDA

The security team's still out on that mass memory wipe downtown. They won't be back for another two hours at least.

BENSON

Right. We'll have to organise something else. Diana - -

Diana steps forward, alert and ready for action.

BENSON (CONT'D)

- - And Lynne. Where's Lynne?

Lynne, filling out a form on a clipboard, looks up.

LYNNE

Yes, Sir?

BENSON

Find some more Runners. We need to get a rescue team together.

The elevator CHIMES and Andrew enters the room.

ANDREW

Benson! I need to talk to you.

Kou enters from a corridor and Diana grabs him, whispering urgently in his ear.

BENSON

Everyone! Pay attention! There's been a situation. We need a rescue team down at the East Garretton Cemetery. Uniform is black and mournful. You're not going to a birthday party.

ANDREW

But I just - -

BENSON

Andrew, go with Kou. He'll find you something.

Kou starts to lead Andrew away but he shrugs him off and stands defiantly before Benson.

ANDREW

No!

Silence. Everyone watches as tension fills the room.

BENSON

No?

ANDREW

I'm not following any more of your orders.

(beat)

Not until you get Violet back here.

A beat.

BENSON

Fine. You can pick her up on the way.

He claps his hands.

BENSON (CONT'D)
 Don't dawdle people. Move, move,
 move!

The employees scatter, revealing Jenna. The only one remaining with Benson.

JENNA
 Sir, about Vi...

BENSON
 I don't feel like arguing, Jenna.
 It seems that Violet is returning
 to work today.

JENNA
 No, I didn't mean... I just wish
 it didn't have to be a... demand
 from Andrew, y'know?

BENSON
 Yes, I do. But sometimes,
 although I hate to admit it, that
 boy knows what he's talking
 about.

He disappears into his office, leaving Jenna in front of the reception desk. Glenda clears her throat.

GLEENDA
 It's true, dear.

Jenna rolls her eyes and exits.

INT. THE COMPANY - KOU'S DOMESTIC QUARTERS - DAY

If we didn't know any better, this could be an elegant city apartment. In reality, it's not.

Kou exits the bathroom, buttoning up a black dress shirt as part of his funeral attire. Andrew stands in front of a full length mirror, fumbling with a tie.

KOU
 I know it's not my place to say - -

ANDREW
 Then don't say.

KOU
 But Jenna really cares about you.

ANDREW
 Of course. It's so obvious. All
 those lies, the deceit and
 betrayal? Just her way of saying
 that we're pals.
 (MORE)

ANDREW (CONT'D)

Do you think she'll give me a
punch in the face for Christmas?

KOU

I have to say that I'm surprised.

ANDREW

About what?

He straightens his tie and slips on a jacket as Kou sits on
the bed, tying his shoes.

KOU

All the time I've known you, I
never knew you could be so
stubborn.

ANDREW

Always a good thing.

KOU

If you like going through life
bitter and alone, then yes.

A beat. Andrew glares at him then turns back to the mirror.

ANDREW

Why do you have so many suits?

KOU

I only have two.

ANDREW

I don't even own a pair of shoes
that don't say "Converse All-
Star" on the side so, to me, this
is many.

KOU

(re: Andrew's suit)

I died in that one. At the opera.

Andrew turns to the side, studying himself in the mirror.

ANDREW

Huh. Things you find out.

EXT. MORGAN RESIDENCE - FRONT LAWN - DAY

Vi waits at the end of the driveway. Fidgeting nervously in
her black skirt and shirt.

A mini-van SCREECHES up in front of her and the back door
slides open. The gang's all here.

Andrew motions for her to climb in.

INT. MINI-VAN - DAY

Vi squishes herself in between Andrew and Lynne. Kou sits in the driver's seat - Diana beside him.

Andrew closes the door.

LYNNE

Heard you were on house arrest.

VI

Still am. My little brother's covering for me.

(beat)

So, um... What are we doing?

ANDREW

Crashing a funeral.

He thumps on the back of Kou's seat.

ANDREW (CONT'D)

Giddy-up!

EXT. MORGAN RESIDENCE - FRONT LAWN - DAY

The van speeds away, leaving a cloud of exhaust in its wake.

CUT TO BLACK:

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

INT. CEMETERY - FRESH GRAVE - DAY

CLOSE ON DIGGING

Spades and shovels. Moving dirt. Flinging it up into the air. They're working hard, until...

ANDREW (O.S.)

Uh-oh.

BACK TO SCENE

VI

(still digging)

No. Don't say "uh-oh". "Uh-oh" sounds bad.

ANDREW

I'll re-phrase. Oh goody - an angry mob!

Vi stops digging, rests back on her heels, and turns her head. Her eyes widen.

Diana is running over the soft grass, stumbling.

She pauses to rip off her heels which she throws over her shoulder at the...

... FUNERAL PROCESSION which is now plowing down towards our amateur grave robbers, looking mighty furious.

VI

Uh-oh.

Diana reaches the group.

DIANA

(out of breath)

I don't... know what... happened. They're somehow... immune to my... charm.

ANDREW

(sarcastic)

Really? I wonder how that could be?

Diana growls and snatches a spade from Lynne. She chucks it at Andrew who dodges easily.

LYNNE

Children! This isn't the time.

KOU
Keep digging.

VI
What? But they - -

KOU
Keep digging!

They do so - desperate and hurried. The angry Mourners reach them.

MOTHER
What in God's name do you think you're doing?! This is my son's grave!

ANDREW
Are you sure? Why don't we just dig him up and check. You never know.

MOTHER
Oh, dear Lord! Ken! Ken!

She turns to find KEN lumbering up to the group. He's overweight, balding and sweating profusely in the heat.

MOTHER (CONT'D)
Ken, do something. They're desecrating poor Scottie's resting place.

She turns away, unable to bear the sight anymore.

KEN
Stop it! Stop it right now!

The gang doesn't stop. They keep digging.

KEN (CONT'D)
Alright, that's it. Boys!

A bunch of MEN start forward menacingly but Vi leaps to her feet, standing between them and the other Runners.

VI
Ah-ah! You wouldn't hit a girl, would you?

One hulking guy looms forward, scooping Vi up and plonking her down to the side.

The group of Men interrupt the digging, pulling away the shovels and trowels.

VI (CONT'D)

Look, just... please. Hear me out.

She turns to the Mother, Ken and the rest of the group imploringly.

VI (CONT'D)

We have reason to believe that your son, your friend, Scottie, is still alive.

There are some GASPS and MURMURS from the crowd.

VI (CONT'D)

Now, I know it may be hard to believe but - trust me - this whole coming back from the dead thing isn't as uncommon as you'd think.

(to Scottie's Mother)

I know you love your son. You wouldn't have done all this if you didn't but... just think. If I'm telling the truth. If Scottie really is down there... alive. Imagine what he's going through.

(beat)

Please.

Ken scoffs.

KEN

Look, sweetheart, Scottie's my nephew. I'd do anything for him to be alive again but we just went through his funeral. If he was awake in there, don't you think we would've heard... I don't know... screaming?

MOTHER

(horrified)

Oh God...

KEN

I'm just saying, there's no need to go to all the trouble. The guy is dead, okay?

VI

Mrs... uh... Scottie's mum?

Tears in her eyes, the Mother eyes the grave warily. Then:

MOTHER

Help them dig.

KEN

What?

MOTHER

(to group of Men)

You too. Help them dig.

Unsure, they step over to the grave and kneel down, helping the surprised Runners heave the dirt aside.

Andrew shoots Vi a smile and she grins back.

KEN

This is ridiculous. I can't believe you're doing this. He's dead and you're just making a big joke out of it. Well, you know what? Fine. That's just fine. Because when we're all dead, I'll be up in Heaven - pointing and laughing as you all burn for eternity in Hell. Suffering through fire and damnation and torment! Screaming in agony and wishing that you'd had some bloody respect for the bloody dead!!

ANDREW

Hallelujah!

With a CRACK, they hit the jackpot. Tossing his shovel aside, Kou hops down into the grave, disappearing from view.

A beat.

KOU

Um...

MOTHER

What? What is it?

Vi peeks down into the hole.

VI

Oh boy...

COMING OVER Kou, we see into the coffin.

There's no body. But the box isn't empty. It's filled with electronic goods. Ipods and stereos and DVD players. Quite a prize pack of goodies.

Andrew lets out a whistle.

ANDREW

Now that's the prize I wanna find
in my cereal box.

The crowd surges forward, pressing in to see.

MOTHER

I don't... I don't understand.

DIANA

(pointing)

Hey!

Everyone turns to see Ken sprinting away across the cemetery. However, being as unfit as he is, his sprint is more of a fast paced hobble.

MOTHER

Ken! You get back here!

Three or four onlookers run after him, wrangling him back to the group.

The Mother whacks him over the back of the head with her purse.

MOTHER (CONT'D)

What the hell, Ken?!

KEN

I didn't... I'm sorry. I really am but... it was supposed to be a fool proof plan, really. Scottie would agree with me. We got the stuff - -

MOTHER

By "got" do you mean "stole"?

KEN

In the strictest sense of the word?

The Mother glares.

KEN (CONT'D)

Okay, okay. Fine. I stole it. And I was storing it at my mate's place and we heard through the grapevine that the cops were gonna raid it so I had to, y'know, stash it somewhere else.

MOTHER

In my son's grave?!

KEN

I was going to come back and dig
it up!

MOTHER

Oh, that's much better!

Andrew raises his hand.

ANDREW

Um... Not sure if anybody really
cares about this anymore but,
well, if Scottie's not here...
Where'd you dump his body?

Off Ken's somewhat guilty expression, we cut to...

EXT. FUNERAL HOME - BACK ENTRANCE - DAY

The mini-van pulls up at the curb beside - -

- - Scottie. He sits on the ground beside a HOMELESS MAN,
smoking a cigarette. He's also covered in the remains of
the dumpster behind him.

The back door of the van slides open. Scottie stands.

SCOTTIE

It's about friggin' time. I've
been here for ages.

He nods to the Homeless Man, handing him the remains of his
cigarette.

SCOTTIE (CONT'D)

Thanks, Hal. Catch ya 'round.

Scottie climbs in...

INT. MINI-VAN - MOVING - DAY

... And seats himself right next to Diana. (Lynne now holds
the glamorous front passenger seat spot). Diana cringes in
disgust as the smell hits her.

SCOTTIE

Anyone wanna explain why I woke
up in a dumpster?

KOU

Your Uncle Ken - -

SCOTTIE

'Nuff said.
(beat)
Some family, y'know?
(MORE)

SCOTTIE (CONT'D)
 Hate to say it but, honestly, I'm
 glad to be rid of 'em. Now you
 guys...

He thumps Andrew on the back.

SCOTTIE (CONT'D)
 You guys are the only family I
 need from now on. I'm lucky to
 have you. From the bottom of my
 heart...

Vi, sitting in the very back row, looks thoughtful.

All the other sound in the car FADES AWAY as Scottie's
 words resonate with her.

INT. THE COMPANY - BENSON'S OFFICE - DAY

Benson sifts through files on his desk. There are more of
 them than usual and he looks worn out. Even a little
 relieved to hear a KNOCK on the door.

BENSON
 Come in unless you have more
 paperwork.

Vi enters and holds up her empty hands.

VI
 I'm unarmed. Honest.

BENSON
 Ah. Violet.

VI
 That's my name. And to buck
 cliché I'm going to let you wear
 it out.

Benson either doesn't get the joke or doesn't care to
 acknowledge it.

BENSON
 I suppose you'd like to talk.

VI
 Yeah. I would.

BENSON
 Please sit down.

Vi does.

BENSON (CONT'D)
 What would you - -

VI

Did I do something wrong?

BENSON

No. Of course not.

VI

Because I've been sitting at home, locked in my room for the past two months, thinking that I did. That what I did for you, for this Company, wasn't what you wanted. I destroyed my father's work for you. I ruined my relationship with my family, probably for good, and then I get nothing. Not even a note telling me not to come in on Monday. Am I fired or what?

BENSON

Believe me, Violet. If you had been fired, you'd know.

(beat)

I... simply gave you some time off. Andrew has been taking over your assignments. Although he doesn't seem to have figured that out yet.

Vi glares.

VI

Like I'm supposed to believe that.

BENSON

Yes. You are. Because it's the truth. I apologise. I am truly sorry for what you had to do and for how you were treated by us. By me. But I believed it was what you wanted.

VI

What I wanted was to feel like I wasn't abandoned by... by my family.

BENSON

I'm sorry?

VI

(realising)

I can't do this.

(beat)

(MORE)

VI (CONT'D)

I can't live like this. I need to be honest.

BENSON

Aren't we being honest now?

VI

A family should be honest with each other. And since I can't have that with my parents or my brother or my sister... This is the only family I have left.

(beat)

And I can't go on treating it like a job anymore.

She stands and starts to leave.

VI (CONT'D)

I'll see you on Monday.

BENSON

Violet...

Vi turns back to face him and Benson stands. When he speaks next, he doesn't sound like an employer or a boss. He sounds like a loving parent.

BENSON (CONT'D)

What you did took a lot of courage. I am so proud of you.

Vi gives him a small smile. Exits.

INT. THE COMPANY - HALLWAY - DAY

Andrew tries to brush the dirt of his suit jacket, almost running into Jenna.

ANDREW

Sorry... Oh. It's you.

JENNA

Hi, Andrew.

ANDREW

So we're past the "Mr. Friar" bit now, are we?

JENNA

I'm sorry about that. I was just... angry, I suppose.

ANDREW

I thought we covered this. You don't have a right to be angry. I'm the one you betrayed.

He pushes past her and continues walking but Jenna storms after him - not willing to let this go.

JENNA

God, you are so selfish! You didn't even try to see this from my side, did you?

Jenna steps in front of him.

JENNA (CONT'D)

You have to stop thinking about this as an "us and them" thing. I did what I thought was best for the Company... and for you and Vi.

(beat)

So this is it. My last apology. After this, I'll never say it again. I'm sorry.

Andrew takes a deep breath.

ANDREW

Jenna, I just can't... You're the first person I ever really trusted here and... and... I... I accept your apology. Maybe.

(beat)

But this doesn't mean things are just going to go back to normal.

JENNA

I know.

Andrew nods.

ANDREW

I've gotta return this to Kou. Excuse me.

He leaves.

Jenna watches him go.

This wasn't the reunion she had hoped for but the trace of a smile on her lips tells us that it's enough for now.

EXT. MORGAN RESIDENCE - NIGHT

Establishing shot.

INT. MORGAN RESIDENCE - VI'S ROOM - NIGHT

Vi, showered and dressed in pajamas, puts her black dress shoes into her closet.

There's a soft KNOCK on her door and Peter enters.

PETER

Can I, er... Is it okay if I... ?

Vi nods eagerly.

VI

Sure. Come in.

Peter stands awkwardly in the room, his hands behind his back. Neither of them are sure what to say.

PETER

I have a present for you.

VI

Really?

Peter brings his hand around. He's holding a screwdriver. Vi is confused.

VI (CONT'D)

Dad...

He walks over to her window and starts unscrewing the lock.

PETER

I talked to your mother. More demanded, actually, that you be un-grounded. You're sixteen. It's the summer holidays. No kid should be cooped up indoors just because of some silly little accident.

VI

It wasn't... it wasn't an accident.

PETER

I know. I just want to know...

He sighs, turning to her.

PETER (CONT'D)

... why did you do it, Vi-Pie?

A long pause.

VI

Family. That's why.

(beat)

I'm sorry. You don't know how much...

Peter nods, getting back to work.

PETER

I understand, kiddo. Or at least
I might someday. I think... I
think there are some things in
this world that just aren't meant
to be.

He pulls the lock off the window and opens it.

PETER (CONT'D)

I hereby declare the grounding
lifted.

He smiles sadly and turns towards the door.

VI

I love you, Dad.

A beat.

PETER

I love you too, Violet.

He exits. Vi waits for a moment and then stands, moving
over to the window seat. Slipping her hand under the
cushions, she produces...

... A worn, tattered copy of Peter's manuscript. Some pages
are ripped, others are taped together, but it's all there.
Every dangerous word.

Vi looks up and out of her open window, closes her eyes and
takes a deep lungful of night air.

INT. THERAPIST'S OFFICE - DAY (PRESENT)

The two sit silently for a moment.

DR. TURNER

So that's it?

VI

That's pretty much been my week.
Yep.

DR. TURNER

I have to say, Violet, that was
one amazing story.

VI

Oh, it wasn't a story. Completely
true, I swear.

Dr. Turner nods, eyes wide. He totally doesn't believe her.

DR. TURNER

I'm really glad that you've finally found a way to express your issues. Now, if we could only just channel that into something a little more... realistic. How's that journal I asked you to keep coming along?

Vi sighs, frustrated.

VI

You don't believe me, do you?

DR. TURNER

It all does seem a little far fetched. Magic elevators? Corpses suddenly coming to life? I'm afraid there's only one option left.

He reaches out and smacks his palm against a massive red button on the wall.

Across the room, the door opens. Vi whips her head around as two MEN IN WHITE JACKETS enter.

VI

Hey, where's the butterfly nets?
They always have butterfly nets.

One Man lifts his arm - he holds a huge net on the end of a pole. Vi turns back to Dr. Turner.

VI (CONT'D)

That's much better. Y'know - -

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. WAITING ROOM - DAY

Vi's eyes snap open. A beat.

RECEPTIONIST

Violet Morgan?

Vi looks over. A friendly looking RECEPTIONIST stares at her from behind a desk.

VI

That's me.

RECEPTIONIST

Dr. Turner will see you now.

Vi smiles awkwardly and walks across the room, opening an office door.

INT. THERAPIST'S OFFICE - DAY

Vi sits across from Dr. Turner who smiles warmly.

DR. TURNER
Hello, Violet. It's nice to see
you again. How have you been
finding our weekly sessions?

VI
Good. Very, um, regular.

DR. TURNER
What would you like to talk about
today?

Vi thinks. Possibly about everything that has just happened
- about everything she's been dying to talk about. Then:

VI
Absolutely nothing.

Off her smile...

CUT TO BLACK:

END OF EPISODE