

**THE COMPANY**

"The Exorcism of Violet Morgan"

by  
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TEASER

FADE IN:

INT. MORGAN RESIDENCE - FRONT YARD - AFTERNOON

It's late. Almost sundown.

A shape moves across the drive way -- VI MORGAN, our protagonist. She wears her school uniform and carries a back pack.

INT. MORGAN RESIDENCE - FRONT HALL - MOMENTS LATER

The door opens and Vi enters. She shuts the door and shrugs off her bag.

VI  
(calling)  
I'm...

Turning, she falters. CAROLINE MORGAN stands at the bottom of the stairs.

VI (CONT'D)  
(quiet)  
... home.

CAROLINE  
Vi, what have I always said is  
the most important thing?

VI  
Breakfast?

Caroline frowns.

VI (CONT'D)  
You really should watch those  
Arrested Development DVDs, Mum.  
(beat)  
Most important thing -- family.  
Duh.

Vi moves past her into the...

INT. MORGAN RESIDENCE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

And heads straight for the fridge. Caroline steps into the doorway.

CAROLINE  
More specifically, dinner with  
your family. Which you missed.

Still digging around in the fridge, Vi glances at her watch.

VI  
Mum, it's six o'clock.

As she straightens up:

VI (CONT'D)  
Who eats dinner at --

Caroline's right next to her. She snaps the fridge closed.  
Vi sighs.

VI (CONT'D)  
It's a Friday night. I figured you wouldn't mind if I stayed out a little later. Anyway, I wasn't doing anything fun if you're worried about me still being grounded. I was doing homework with Shane.

CAROLINE  
Here's the thing, Vi. I called Shane. Now, he tried to cover for you as best he could but I'm a mother -- more specifically, Penny's mother -- and I know when a teenage boy is lying to me.

Vi gulps. Busted.

CAROLINE (CONT'D)  
Is is a boy?

VI  
No! But, I have one if that's what you're referring to.  
(off Caroline's blank look)  
You met him, remember?

CAROLINE  
Vi, I think I would --

VI  
I wasn't doing anything wrong, okay? I just... I don't want to talk about it.

She steps past Caroline and exits the room.

INT. MORGAN RESIDENCE - FRONT HALL - CONTINUOUS

Caroline, again, follows her. Vi heaves up her school bag and starts up the stairs.

CAROLINE  
But you never want to talk, Vi.

Vi stops, halfway up.

CAROLINE (CONT'D)

You still haven't given me any indication as to why you tore up your father's book. I just... I need you to open up to me.

There's a sad beat.

VI

You wouldn't understand.

She moves upstairs. After a moment, Vi's bedroom door is heard CLOSING.

Off Caroline's disappointment...

INT. MORGAN RESIDENCE - PETER'S STUDY - LATER

PETER MORGAN sits at his computer while Caroline paces in front of him, frustrated.

CAROLINE

She's going to end up in prison, Peter. Or dead. Again. And then everybody's going to blame me. They always blame the mother. Not enough discipline, too many violent movies, not enough vitamins, too much sugar -- Ugh!

She puts her hands over her face. Peter stands and comes around his desk. He hugs her.

PETER

She's a good girl. If anything, it's my fault. She's only been acting out for attention. Ever since we moved, I just haven't been there for her.

Caroline pulls back. Wipes her eyes.

CAROLINE

You really think that's it?

PETER

That or she's a secret alcoholic.

Peter grins and Caroline whacks him in the chest.

CAROLINE

I just hope she's in a better mood tomorrow.

Peter's comforting smile drops.

CAROLINE (CONT'D)  
 (off his look)  
 You do know what tomorrow is,  
 don't you?  
 (reproachful)  
 Peter!

Peter winces. He slinks away from her, back to his desk.

CAROLINE (CONT'D)  
 You don't remember your own  
 daughter's birthday?

Confusion crosses Peter's face -- which daughter?

CAROLINE (CONT'D)  
Vi's birthday!

It clicks.

PETER  
 I knew that.

CAROLINE  
 We need to get her out of the  
 house to set up for the surprise  
 party. Maybe --

PETER  
 (quickly; eager)  
 I can do it.

CAROLINE  
 What?

Peter stands, excited.

PETER  
 Yeah, it'll be like a daddy-  
 daughter day. Making up for all  
 that lack of attention.

Caroline pats his shoulder.

CAROLINE  
 Well, good luck. You're going to  
 need it.

She exits. Peter's smile falters slightly.

INT. MORGAN RESIDENCE - VI'S ROOM - SAME

Vi sits on her bed reading a text book. We COME AROUND the  
 book to see something hidden inside.

A copy of Peter's manuscript.

Vi sadly closes the text book. She shuffles down, resting her head on the pillow, and rolls over.

She hugs the book to her chest and stares out of the window...

FADE TO BLACK.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

INT. MORGAN RESIDENCE - VI'S ROOM - MORNING

ANGLE ON VI

Lying motionless. In a deep sleep.

Some sort of rolled multi-coloured paper tube edges into frame. It creeps closer until it's by her ear.

Then, it unrolls with an obnoxious SHRIEK.

ANGLE ON SCENE

Vi jolts awake. Peter, grinning, sits on Vi's bed. He lowers the party noise maker from his lips.

PETER

Happy Birthday, Vi-Pie.

Vi takes a beat. A very long beat. Finally...

VI

What?

Peter jumps up.

PETER

It's your seventeenth birthday,  
kiddo.

Vi ignores him.

VI

What time is it?

PETER

It's fun-time, sport.

VI

Okay, stop with the nicknames.

PETER

Sure thing, princess.

Vi glares. She leans over to her bedside table and picks up her mobile phone. She checks the time.

A beat. She lowers the phone -- horrified.

VI

It's five o'clock in the morning.

(beat)

Are you insane?

PETER

Well, we have to beat the line  
don't we?

VI

What line?

Off this, cut to...

INT. THE HAPPY VAMPIRE - DAY

The place is empty except for Vi and Peter sitting in a booth by the window. They eat breakfast.

Vi, still struggling to wake up, sips her juice.

Peter, sitting across from her, is taking bites of his scrambled eggs while sifting through a multitude of pamphlets and flyers.

VI

So. This birthday thing...  
(beat)  
It's really gonna take all day?

PETER

Yep. Just the two of us. Thought we could really spend some quality Vi and Peter time.

VI

And we don't do enough of that at home?

PETER

Well, you're always off doing... whatever it is that you do and then there's me and my writing which is going a lot slower since...

An awkward silence settles between them. Peter whips up a pamphlet.

PETER (CONT'D)

How does the aquarium sound?

VI

Dad...

PETER

(another pamphlet)  
Or the nature reserve. We could go hiking!

VI

Dad...

PETER  
 (a flyer)  
 Ooh! The kite festival is in town!

VI  
 Dad!

He stops. Looks at her nervously.

VI (CONT'D)  
 Does this mean you forgive me?

Peter smiles.

PETER  
 Of course I forgive you, Vi-Pie.

Vi doesn't look convinced. Peter's back to the pamphlets.

PETER (CONT'D)  
 So, kite festival. Yes or no?

Vi gulps down her juice.

INT. THE COMPANY - RECEPTION - DAY

With a CHIME, the elevator doors open and ALISTAIR BENSON strides into the room. He carries a briefcase.

He smiles at GLENDA MORRISON who's shrugging off her cardigan behind the reception desk.

BENSON  
 Morning, Glenda.

GLENDA  
 Good morning, sir. Oh, I have to tell you --

BENSON  
 I just have to get settled. I'll be back.

GLENDA  
 But this is about --

Benson smiles at her dismissively and pushes open the door to his office.

INT. THE COMPANY - BENSON'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Benson stops. There's somebody already inside.

A HEAD OFFICE REPRESENTATIVE (male, mid-30s, well dressed) sits in Benson's chair.

Benson sternly comes around the desk and places his briefcase on top.

HEAD OFFICE REP  
(studying briefcase)  
Hmm, nice. Sturdy, well crafted,  
excellent hand grip. Italian?

Benson raises an eyebrow. The Head Office Rep stands. Holds out his hand.

HEAD OFFICE REP (CONT'D)  
I'm sorry, how rude of me. It's  
an honour to meet you, Mr.  
Benson. I'm from Head Office.

Benson doesn't shake his hand.

BENSON  
My chair.

HEAD OFFICE REP  
Yes, of course.

He steps aside. Motions to the chair.

HEAD OFFICE REP (CONT'D)  
Have a seat.

Benson sits down, moving his briefcase to the floor, as the Head Office Rep comes around the desk.

BENSON  
Is there something I can do for  
you, Mr...

HEAD OFFICE REP  
Peter Morgan. I was just curious  
as to how his case was coming  
along. Your reports, Mr. Benson,  
have been woefully neglected.

Benson clears his throat.

BENSON  
Cases like this are very, well,  
delicate. And given that the  
threat of a security leak has  
been dealt with, I made an  
executive decision not to proceed  
with the investigation.

There's a long, tense beat. The Head Office Rep smiles.

HEAD OFFICE REP  
 That's all well and good, Mr. Benson, but now I am making an executive decision. Begin the investigation or Head Office may be forced to replace you with someone who will.

He lets this threat hang in the air for a moment.

HEAD OFFICE REP (CONT'D)  
 Have a nice day.

He exits.

Benson lets out a breath, suddenly seeming very small and powerless.

INT. MORGAN RESIDENCE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Caroline bustles around the room, a washing basket under one arm. She haphazard flings clothes and other out-of-place objects into the basket.

CAROLINE  
 (calling)  
 Penny! Bring in the vacuum cleaner after you've finished!

There's no response. Caroline pauses.

CAROLINE (CONT'D)  
 (louder)  
 Penny!

PENNY (O.S.)  
 (faint; exasperated)  
 Okay! God!

There's a KNOCK at the front door.

Sighing in frustration, Caroline walks into the front hall...

INT. MORGAN RESIDENCE - FRONT HALL - MOMENTS LATER

... And opens the door to reveal SHANE EVANS. He stands on the front porch with a hopeful smile and a pair of movie vouchers.

CAROLINE  
 Oh. Hello, Shane.

SHANE  
 Hi, Mrs. Morgan. Is, um, is Vi home?

CAROLINE  
She's not, actually.

Shane's smile drops.

SHANE  
Oh, okay.

Caroline eyes the movie vouchers.

CAROLINE  
Did you two have plans?

SHANE  
No. I just... I found these in my  
room and they expire next week  
and, well, it was either this or  
going furniture shopping with my  
mother. So...

CAROLINE  
Here you are.

SHANE  
Here I am.

There's an awkward pause.

CAROLINE  
Vi's not here.

SHANE  
Oh, right. You said. I guess I'll  
just...

Shane turns to go.

CAROLINE  
It's her birthday today.

Shane turns back, surprised.

SHANE  
Wait. What?

CAROLINE  
It's her --

SHANE  
Yeah. I... I heard but it's  
just... she didn't say anything.

CAROLINE  
That's not surprising. She's  
never been big on the tradition.

Caroline thinks for a moment and then holds the door open.

CAROLINE (CONT'D)

Would you like to come in?

Shane gives her a grateful smile and moves forward.

INT. MORGAN RESIDENCE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Caroline and Shane enter.

CAM MORGAN is perched precariously on the back of the couch. He tapes some sheets of paper along the top of window frame -- each with a single letter. So far the banner reads, "H-A-P-P-Y".

SHANE

Looks, uh, good.

CAM

A little crude but I think it gets the sentiment across.

One of the P's falls down.

Shane nods to the vacuum cleaner by the door.

SHANE

Need some help cleaning up?

CAROLINE

Oh, good. She brought it in. Cam, where's Penny?

CAM

Figuring out what she's going to wear tonight.

CAROLINE

(sarcastic)

Wonderful.

She sits down on the couch. This causes Cam to topple down beside her -- landing safely on the cushions.

CAROLINE (CONT'D)

Some surprise party this is going to be.

Cam, once optimistic, seems to give up as well. He tosses the other sheets of paper onto the floor.

SHANE

Well... I know what could spice it up a little.

Caroline looks up at him, hopeful.

CAROLINE  
Really? What?

SHANE  
How do you feel about a change of  
venue?

Off this, cut to...

INT. WICKER RECORDS - MAIN FLOOR - DAY

JIMMY EVANS stands behind the front counter, scanning CDs  
for a male CUSTOMER.

JIMMY  
No, no, no and no.

Shane leans forward, throwing out his best attempt at  
"puppy eyes".

SHANE  
Please, Jimmy.

JIMMY  
Yeah, okay.

SHANE  
Really?

JIMMY  
No.

He stops scanning and turns his full attention to Shane.

JIMMY (CONT'D)  
When have I ever given you the  
impression that Wicker Records is  
simply another set for the  
teenage soap opera that has  
become your life? I'm trying to  
run a business here.

CUSTOMER  
Hey, can you just --

SHANE  
The party will start after you  
close. We just need today to set  
up.

JIMMY  
And how do you think the  
customer's will take that? "Oh,  
don't mind us. We're just setting  
up for a party to which you are  
not invited".

Shane turns to the increasingly impatient Customer.

SHANE  
Will you feel left out?

CUSTOMER  
I just want my CDs.

SHANE  
(to Jimmy)  
And I promise I'll clean up  
after.

JIMMY  
I don't -- Gah. Shane. Seriously.  
No.

TABITHA (O.S.)  
Oh, come on Jamison.

TABITHA McMILLAN steps up to the counter. She wears an apron and picks at a plain scone.

TABITHA (CONT'D)  
Let the boy have his party.

Jimmy turns to her. Thinks. He looks back at Shane. At Tabitha again. He sighs.

JIMMY  
(to Shane)  
You are personally patting down  
every guest before they leave. I  
am not losing a months worth of  
stock for this.

He snatches the scone from Tabitha. Glares. Leaves. Shane turns to Tabitha.

SHANE  
I don't get it.

TABITHA  
Don't get what?

SHANE  
It's like you've got this weird  
power over him. He even lets you  
call him Jamison.

Tabitha shrugs.

TABITHA  
I think it's called "having  
boobs".

Shane raises his eyebrows as Tabitha moves away. A beat.

CUSTOMER

You know, I think I'll just try  
 HMV.

Leaving the CDs, the Customer moves for the exit.

He holds open the door for Caroline, Cam and PENNY MORGAN who enter. They each carry large bags from a party supply store.

Shane turns to them.

SHANE

Hey, I talked to my cousin. He  
 said it's cool to have the party  
 here.

CAROLINE

Fantastic.  
 (looking around)  
 This place is great. Very hip.  
 Don't you think so, Cam?

Cam lowers his bag and takes a look around. His face pales in fear.

CAM

It's... great.  
 (beat; muttered)  
 Just great.

He raises the bag of party supplies again, hiding his face.

EXT. PARK - DAY

Peter and Vi walk slowly along the path. Peter is trying to stay cheerful while Vi is less than enthusiastic.

Peter points ahead of them.

PETER

Look! The swings are free.

Vi looks over to a small playground.

PETER (CONT'D)

Wanna go?

Vi takes a moment. Forces a smile.

VI

Sure.

Her mobile phone BEEPS. Vi pulls it out of her pocket. She checks the screen.

ANGLE ON PHONE

The message reads, "Meeting".

BACK TO VI

VI (CONT'D)  
 (to Peter)  
 You go ahead.  
 (re: phone)  
 It's Shane. He wants me to call  
 him.

Peter jogs ahead.

PETER  
 Don't take too long!

As Vi moves off the path, she dials a number. Someone on the other end picks up.

VI  
 (into phone)  
 Jenna? It's Vi.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. THE COMPANY - CONTROL CENTRE - SAME

JENNA COOKE, talking into an ear piece, moves around the room.

She's busy -- checking files that EMPLOYEES hand her, signing forms and monitoring the huge wall sized screen of information.

JENNA  
 Hey, Vi. What's going on?

VI  
 I can't make the meeting. Can you  
 just give me my assignment over  
 the phone?

JENNA  
 Well, I don't know. I mean,  
 Benson wants to talk to you.

VI  
 (worried)  
 Oh, man.

JENNA  
 It's probably nothing.

VI

Nothing like "Hey, I changed my mind about letting your dad live. The assassins will be there in five".

JENNA

Violet...

VI

Please, Jenna. Can't you just hold him off for a little while?  
(beat)  
It's my birthday.

Jenna sighs. Vi has won her over.

JENNA

Fine.

She flips through some pages on her clipboard. Stopping on one, she scans it.

JENNA (CONT'D)

You've got to find the "Garden of Eden". Whatever that is.

VI

Got it. Garden of Eden. Thanks.

JENNA

Oh and Vi? Happy --

Vi flips her phone closed, not hearing her.

JENNA (CONT'D)

-- Birthday.

EXT. PLAYGROUND - PARK - DAY

Vi nears the swing set. Peter's already on one, glaring at any kid who comes near the other.

VI

Dad, listen...

She looks behind him. Across the street is a tiny shop. It's called "The Garden of Eden".

Nearby, but in that general direction, is an ICE CREAM VENDOR.

VI (CONT'D)

Do you want some ice cream? I'll go get us some ice cream.

She takes off for the vendor.

EXT. ICE CREAM VENDOR - PARK - MOMENTS LATER

Vi stands in line at the ice cream cart. She's staring at the shop across the street.

PETER (O.S.)  
You don't have to pay for ice  
cream on your own birthday!

He's right beside her, digging out his wallet. Vi rolls her eyes.

VI  
I... Actually, Dad. I don't...

She bites her lip -- thinking.

VI (CONT'D)  
I wanted to go shopping. Over  
there.

She points across the street.

VI (CONT'D)  
But I know how much you hate  
shopping so, why don't you stay  
here and I'll just --

Vi starts walking. Peter places a hand on her shoulder. He looks down at her, smiling.

PETER  
Violet, I'll go anywhere you  
want. It's your day.

Vi turns towards the street and keeps walking. Peter follows, close by her side.

VI  
(muttering)  
Happy birthday to me.

CUT TO BLACK:

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

INT. THE COMPANY - BENSON'S OFFICE - DAY

The door opens and Jenna pokes her head in.

JENNA

You wanted to see me?

Benson, sitting at his desk, waves her in.

BENSON

Yes, come in.

Jenna closes the door behind her and, a little nervously, comes to stand behind a chair.

BENSON (CONT'D)

Has Vi come in collect her assignment yet?

JENNA

Well, uh, not exactly. She called and said she couldn't make it just now.

Benson closes his eyes, almost pained.

JENNA (CONT'D)

Sir, are you alright?

BENSON

I need to see her, Jenna.

JENNA

I'm sure she'll be in soon.

Benson narrows his eyes at her. Jenna takes a step back, a little frightened. Benson calms.

BENSON

She isn't in trouble. I've been under some pressure from the Head Office.

Jenna, shocked, sinks down into the chair she was previously hiding behind.

JENNA

What?

BENSON

They want progress.

(beat)

On the Peter Morgan case.

He sighs.

BENSON (CONT'D)

I've been letting the whole thing slide because of Vi. I know it will hurt her, digging all that up again. But I just... I need to follow orders.

JENNA

(sadly)

It's her birthday.

BENSON

Jenna. Please.

A beat. She stands.

JENNA

I'll get Andrew to bring her in.

BENSON

Thank you.

Jenna opens the door, about to exit, when she glances back.

Benson has his eyes closed again, his fingers pressed to the sides of his head. He looks tired.

EXT. GARDEN OF EDEN - ESTABLISHING SHOT - DAY

It's a tiny, rundown place. Squeezed in beside a Krispy Kreme and a Sportsgirl.

Thick purple curtains hang in the window, decorated with stars and crescent moons.

A sign propped up out front reads, "Healing Crystals - 50% off!".

INT. GARDEN OF EDEN - DAY

Vi and Peter tentatively browse the array of mystical items.

Passing a shelf of ornate wooden boxes, Vi casts a sideways glance at the OWNER, a wild haired woman in her 50s.

She notices Vi looking and quickly swoops in.

OWNER

(re: boxes)

Those are handcrafted. All the way from India, too. Very strong stuff.

(MORE)

OWNER (CONT'D)

You can hold about twelve years  
of negative energy in there and  
you won't get the slightest  
crack.

VI

(eyes wide)

Great.

Peter, however, seems intrigued.

PETER

What kind of negative energy?

The Owner turns her back on Vi, now invested in Peter, and starts to talk.

Vi, glad for the distraction, slinks away.

INT. GARDEN OF EDEN - BOOK AISLES - MOMENTS LATER

It's quiet back here. Dark and musty. Vi moves slowly along the cramped aisle, dragging her fingers over the dusty, ancient volumes.

From the next aisle over, she hears a COUGH and then the fluttering of PAGES TURNING.

Vi rounds the corner...

SUSANNA HASTINGS (26) is scrawny and pale. Her stringy black hair falls lifelessly around her face as she looks down -- immersed in the book she's reading.

Vi watches her for a beat. Susanna, feeling her eyes, tenses. She looks up.

SUSANNA

(surprised)

Oh.

(awkward)

I wasn't expecting...

VI

Me?

SUSANNA

Anyone, actually.

She gets back to her book.

SUSANNA (CONT'D)

(mumbled)

I wasn't expecting anyone.

Vi turns to the shelf. Pretends to browse. Then:

SUSANNA (CONT'D)  
Do you believe in life after  
death?

VI  
(caught off guard)  
I -- Well, I -- Uh, there are...  
things, I think, that people  
aren't always able to explain.

Susanna steps closer.

SUSANNA  
But really. Do you think it's  
possible? Ghosts, spirits, the  
other side, all of that?

VI  
What do you believe?

A beat. Susanna thinks. Decides.

SUSANNA  
I think I'm being haunted.

She snaps her book shut and shoves it under her arm. Then,  
she disappears around the end of the aisle.

Vi takes a moment, processing this. She follows.

In the second aisle, Susanna scans the shelves urgently.

VI  
What do you mean, "haunted"?

SUSANNA  
I can feel him watching me. I  
catch glimpses of him out of the  
corner of my eye. I smell his  
cologne -- like he's right there  
in the room with me.

(firm)  
He's haunting me.

She grabs another book. Flips through it.

VI  
Sounds more like he's stalking  
you. And, that begs the question,  
who's he?

SUSANNA  
My father. He's trying to contact  
me. I know it.

She presses the book into Vi's hand. She looks down at the front cover. The title reads, "The Séance . A Beginner's Guide".

SUSANNA (CONT'D)

And I'm going to open the door.

INT. WICKER RECORDS - LOFT - DAY

Caroline and Shane thread streamers through the staircase railing. They seem to be in the middle of a conversation.

CAROLINE

I'll have to find some way to thank you and your cousin for this, Shane. Does he like apricot marmalade?

SHANE

I wouldn't know.

CAROLINE

Probably. Everyone likes apricot marmalade. Vi does. Speaking of Vi, I'm so glad that she has someone like you as a friend. You seem like someone she can talk you, you know? Confide in.

Shane sighs -- realising where this is going.

SHANE

Look, Mrs. Morgan --

CAROLINE

Call me Caroline.

SHANE

Caroline. I really don't think I can help you. Vi doesn't tell me much.

CAROLINE

But she has to have mentioned it. About what happened with her and the book? Maybe she told you why she did it?

Shane shakes his head.

SHANE

I'm sorry.

CAROLINE

I've been wracking my brain trying to figure out why.  
(MORE)

CAROLINE (CONT'D)

I suppose it all stems from that accident she had last year. Her... dying and everything. But I just wish... I wish she would talk to me.

(beat)

So... you're sure she hasn't said anything?

SHANE

I'm sure.

Shane turns, getting back to work, and Caroline eyes him suspiciously.

INT. WICKER RECORDS - MAIN FLOOR - DAY

Over by the back wall, Cam is huddled down behind a drum kit.

PENNY (O.S.)

What are you doing?

Cam, frightened, whips his head around. Penny stands over him, holding some paper lanterns.

CAM

Hiding.

PENNY

From what?

Cam points behind her and Penny turns. Across the room, Jimmy hands a customer her change.

PENNY (CONT'D)

(disbelievingly)

The music geek? You're scared of the music geek? And here I was thinking that your biggest fear was someone disproving the laws of physics.

CAM

I can't let him see me.

Penny is a little taken aback by the fearful waver in his voice. She crouches down, concerned.

PENNY

Cam, what's wrong?

CAM

I haven't told anybody this but... awhile ago I sort of... followed Vi into the city.

PENNY

Um... why?

CAM

It's not important. Anyway, I came in here and there was a misunderstanding in which he...

(nods to Jimmy)

... thought I was stealing and almost got me arrested.

PENNY

Oh.

CAM

If he sees me, he'll call the police and I really can't go to jail, Penny. I haven't won a Nobel Prize yet.

PENNY

So you're just going to avoid him for the rest of the night?

CAM

That's the plan.  
(beat; hopeful)  
Can you help me?

Penny takes a moment, thinking. Then, she shrugs.

PENNY

Yeah, alright.

She stands up and Cam follows.

PENNY (CONT'D)

He's coming!

Cam, eyes wide, flings himself onto the ground. Penny laughs and shakes her head as she walks away.

PENNY (CONT'D)

This is going to be fun.

INT. ABANDONED BUILDING - FRONT HALL - DAY

The front door CREAKS open and Susanna peers inside.

SUSANNA

(calling)  
Hello?

She steps inside and is followed by...

VI

Don't think anyone's here,  
Susanna.

SUSANNA

Just checking.

Peter pauses in the doorway.

PETER

Is this even legal?

Susanna jangles a set of keys.

SUSANNA

My dad used to own the building.

Her heavy bag slips from her shoulder and she hefts it back up. Looks around.

SUSANNA (CONT'D)

Come on.

She moves off into the depths of the building. Vi starts to follow but Peter grabs her arm.

PETER

Vi, I really don't think --

VI

She invited us along, Dad. Don't  
you think it would be rude to  
just leave now?

(beat; grinning)

Besides, don't you wanna see a  
ghost?

A beat. Peter hides a smile.

INT. ABANDONED BUILDING - LARGE ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

It looks like some kind of old dining room.

Susanna and Peter lift a splintered table out of the way.  
Vi whips a dust covered table cloth from another. Coughing,  
she spreads it on the ground.

Susanna gets to her knees and empties out her backpack.  
Candles, books and other items skitter onto the table  
cloth.

VI

So, um... if you don't mind me  
asking... how did he die?

SUSANNA  
 (working; head down)  
 Car accident.

VI  
 Oh.  
 (beat; quiet)  
 Sorry.

SUSANNA  
 S'ok.

She whips out a lighter and lights the candles. Then, she motions for Vi and Peter to sit. They sink to their knees.

PETER  
 Do you know how this is supposed  
 to work?

Susanna taps the book.

SUSANNA  
 Why do you think I spent twenty-  
 four ninety five on this thing?

She smiles. The first one since we've met her.

TIME CUT:

Susanna sprinkles herbs from a velvet bag onto the table cloth. Then, she joins hands with Peter and Vi.

Peter and Susanna close their eyes but Vi stays watching.

SUSANNA (CONT'D)  
 I call upon the spirit of Maurice  
 Hastings. I summon him forth from  
 the shadowed realm. Maurice --  
 step into our circle. Reveal  
 yourself.

A gust of wind blows through the room. The candles flicker.

SUSANNA (CONT'D)  
 I can feel a presence.

PETER  
 (getting into it)  
 Me too! I can feel it!

SUSANNA  
 Dad? Is that you?

Vi looks around, skeptical. The wind is coming from the hallway.

She slowly and quietly stands, slipping her hands from the circle. The others don't seem to notice -- too caught up in the moment.

Vi exits.

INT. ABANDONED BUILDING - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Vi steps out into the hall -- shivering in the cold. She turns around.

A window is open. Vi frowns. She walks over and sticks her head outside.

VI'S P.O.V

The fire escape runs right down to the ground.

BACK TO SCENE

Vi pops her head back inside and slides the window closed.

She turns and catches a FIGURE, darting around the corner.

Without thinking, Vi gives chase.

INT. ABANDONED BUILDING - HALLWAY 2 - CONTINUOUS

Vi slides into the next hallway.

Up ahead, the figure -- a shabbily dressed man in his fifties -- leaps into an old style elevator and scrambles to close the grating.

Vi's too quick. She slips inside and SLAMS into the back wall. The elevator GRINDS and starts to move.

Catching her breath, Vi turns to the scruffy and wide-eyed MAURICE HASTINGS.

VI

Who... the... hell...

MAURICE

I'm Maurice Hastings.

A beat. Vi rolls her eyes slightly -- she should have guessed.

VI

Stupid question but... aren't you supposed to be dead?

MAURICE

Well, technically, I am. I can't really...

DING! The elevator opens into the Company reception office.

MAURICE (CONT'D)  
... explain.

Vi and Maurice look shocked.

CUT TO BLACK:

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

INT. THE COMPANY - RECEPTION - DAY

Vi and Maurice step out into the office. Vi throws her hands into the air.

VI

The Company. It's all about the  
freaking Company!

MAURICE

So, you work here too?

VI

Trying not think of it as work  
anymore.

(off his look)

It's a thing.

Benson enters from his office. He spots them both.

BENSON

Ah, Violet.

(to Maurice)

Mr. Hastings, could you give us a  
minute. Miss Morgan and I need to  
talk.

VI

I actually don't have --

Benson glares. Vi turns. Jabs a finger at Maurice,  
menacingly.

VI (CONT'D)

Don't. Go. Anywhere.

She trails after Benson.

INT. THE COMPANY - BENSON'S OFFICE - DAY

Vi sits across from Benson. He has his hands clasped  
together on his desk, all official like.

VI

(stunned)

You're what?

BENSON

I'm sorry, Violet.

VI

I thought it was all over. You  
told me it was over.

BENSON

It's not over.

(beat)

We need to find out where your father got his information about the Company. That person is still classified as a high security risk, even if your father isn't.

Vi nods slowly.

BENSON (CONT'D)

(delicate; gentle)

Now, do you have any information that could help us? A... a copy of the book, perhaps?

A tense pause.

VI

No.

(beat)

I destroyed it all, remember?

BENSON

Are you sure?

Vi stands, angry.

VI

Yes, I'm sure, alright? God! I did what I had to do and now, that isn't enough for you people?

BENSON

Violet, there are things you don't understand.

VI

You got that right.

She whirls around and exits -- SLAMMING the door behind her.

INT. THE COMPANY - RECEPTION - MOMENTS LATER

Maurice sits on a couch by the wall, waiting. Vi plops down next to him, fuming.

A beat.

MAURICE

You're not going to ask... ?

Vi turns to him, glaring.

MAURICE (CONT'D)

Never mind.

Another beat. Vi closes her eyes. Takes a deep breath, pushing her frustration deep down inside. She's got a job to do.

Finally, she turns to him.

VI

Okay, go.

MAURICE

We were in a car accident together. I died but she survived. By the time I signed my contract and returned to life, it was too late. I was in the morgue and the wreck was all over the news. To everyone, I was dead.

VI

And you --

MAURICE

I miss her. Is that so wrong?

VI

In this case? Yeah, it kind of is.

(beat)

You did see her, right? Susanna? She's a mess. And it's all because of you.

(gentle)

You can't have any kind of relationship with her. Not anymore.

MAURICE

What about you?

Vi stands, defensively.

VI

What about me?

Maurice gets up also.

MAURICE

That man you were with, I assume he's your father?

VI

Yes. So?

Maurice moves to the elevator.

MAURICE  
 (condescending)  
 Well, you're dead. You can't have  
 any kind of relationship with  
 him.  
 (beat)  
 Not anymore.

The elevator CHIMES and opens. Maurice steps in just as...  
 ... ANDREW steps out.

ANDREW  
 Well, I can't find Vi anywhere. I  
 just...

He turns. Vi stands in front of him.

ANDREW (CONT'D)  
 ... Give up.

Vi gives him a meek smile. Waves.

VI  
 Hi.

INT. WICKER RECORDS - CAFE - DAY

Penny and Tabitha are in the tiny kitchenette behind the  
 counter, pouring ingredients into a large mixing bowl.

TABITHA  
 It's all intuitive, see?

PENNY  
 So I just...

She grabs a carton of milk. Tabitha guides her hand.

TABITHA  
 Pooooouuur until it feels right.

Penny stops the flow of milk. Looks down into the bowl.

PENNY  
 Cool.

Jimmy approaches. He SLAMS a bag of cocoa onto the table.

JIMMY  
 Tabitha, what are you trying to  
 do to me?

TABITHA  
 (eyeing cocoa)  
 Fill your life with chocolatey  
 sweetness?

JIMMY

Your cocoa was touching my Johnny Cash.

Penny giggles.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Yo, Barbie -- this isn't funny, okay?

TABITHA

Hey, don't get mad at her.

(beat; calm)

Jimmy, my cocoa wouldn't be anywhere near your Johnny Cash if you took the time to organise the shelves properly.

JIMMY

But I just don't have time to --

Tabitha puts her elbows up on the counter and leans forward, eyes wide.

A beat.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Fine.

He stalks away. Tabitha smiles and gets back to work.

PENNY

All clear.

Cam pops up beside them.

TABITHA

(re: Cam; to Penny)

Should I ask?

Penny shakes her head.

INT. WICKER RECORDS - MAIN FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

Jimmy brushes past Shane who was watching the interaction curiously.

After a moment, he turns around and starts to help Caroline push a rack of CDs against the wall, clearing a space in the centre of the room.

SHANE

So, like I was saying, there's not too many people from school. Except for Erin, I guess.

CAROLINE

(unsure)

The boyfriend, right?

SHANE

Yeah. I mean, she knows people at school but I wouldn't necessarily define those people as friends. I could send out a general call, though. Parties are always more fun with, you know, guests.

(after-thought)

And Garretton Academy kids pretty much turn up to anything.

CAROLINE

Okay. Got it.

SHANE

And we should definitely invite BB and Vinkle.

CAROLINE

Oh, for entertainment? Are they like a comedy act?

SHANE

You could say that. They're in my band.

Caroline stops, leaving Shane to push the metal rack by himself.

Quickly realising his job has gotten harder, Shane stops and looks at Caroline.

SHANE (CONT'D)

Um... I've just gotta ask you this. It's okay if... if... Well... I was invited to Vi's surprise party, right? When it was back at your house?

Caroline doesn't seem to have heard him.

CAROLINE

He was right.

SHANE

Who was right?

CAROLINE

I don't know anything about her. These people -- BB, Vinkle. I hardly even know that she has a boyfriend.

She sinks down into a raggedy couch and Shane follows, nervously.

CAROLINE (CONT'D)

I don't know my own daughter.

SHANE

Yes, you do. Of course you do.  
She's... Vi.

CAROLINE

Peter was right. She did it all for attention. Because I never show her any.

(beat)

I am a horrible mother.

There's a long beat as Caroline stares blankly out ahead of her.

Shane, feeling rather awkward, reaches out and stiffly pats her shoulder.

INT. ABANDONED BUILDING - HALLWAY 2 - DAY

Vi and Andrew exit the elevator.

VI

(looking around)

Where the hell did he go?

ANDREW

You've gotta track him down. You can't let Susanna find out that he's still alive.

VI

You? What is all this "you" stuff? Mentor, mentee -- remember?

ANDREW

You're spending the day with your dad. Yeah, why don't I just tag along. I'm sure he'll be totally cool with some skeevy guy --

(quickly; authoritative)

-- This building is incredibly dangerous. Termites. In the walls. They could come down any second.

VI

(confused)

What are you talking about?

Andrew grabs her arm. Spins her around. Peter stands at the end of the hall.

ANDREW  
I work for the city, sir. You'll  
have to clear out.

Peter nods.

PETER  
Yes, yes. Of course. Come on, Vi.

Andrew releases Vi and she hurries towards Peter. As they turn for the stairs, Vi throws a pleading look to Andrew.

He waggles his fingers at her, saying goodbye.

EXT. ABANDONED BUILDING - FRONT STEPS - DAY

Vi and Peter exit.

PETER  
Where'd you run off to, Vi-Pie?

VI  
Me? Oh, I was... Hey, where's  
Susanna?

PETER  
I don't think the séance worked  
as well as she hoped.  
(then; excitedly)  
Ooh, did you feel the cold chill  
that went through the room?  
Creepy stuff, Vi.

VI  
Yeah, yeah -- very creepy. But  
where did she go exactly?

PETER  
A psychic. Downtown. Madam  
Isabelle's or something. She  
thinks she'll have a better shot  
at contacting Maurice there.

Vi sighs and sinks down onto the front steps. Peter is concerned and sits down beside her.

VI  
(sad)  
It's my birthday.

PETER  
I... I know that, Vi.

He puts a hand on her back.

PETER (CONT'D)  
And I'm sorry your day isn't  
turning out how you'd hoped but --

Vi jerks away from him.

VI  
Stop. Just stop it, okay? I don't  
want your sympathy. It's not like  
you even mean it.

PETER  
(hurt)  
Vi...

VI  
I'm sick of talking to people who  
won't listen to me. I said I  
destroyed it, didn't I?

PETER  
Uh...

It's clear now, Vi isn't talking to him.

VI  
I just... I just need to know  
what to do.

A DELIVERY PERSON on a bicycle rides past, a bunch of  
balloons streaming out behind them.

One balloon reads, "Stop Susanna". Another reads, "Save  
Yourself".

Vi takes this in. A beat. Her expression tightens in  
determination.

CUT TO BLACK:

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

Vi and Peter stand across the street from Madam Isabelle's, a little shop tucked away below street level.

PETER

This sure is a strange way to spend your seventeenth birthday, kiddo.

VI

Yeah, well, it doesn't really matter how we spend it, does it? You're only doing this to keep me occupied while mum and the others set up my surprise party.

(off Peter's expression)

It wasn't that hard to figure out.

Peter shakes his head.

PETER

Vi... Why is this stuff with Susanna so important to you? You don't even know her.

Vi looks away, avoiding his question.

Her eyes land on Maurice -- sitting on a bench nearby. He spots her and whips a newspaper up over his face.

VI

(to Peter)

Why don't you go inside. See if Susanna's in there.

PETER

Violet --

VI

Dad. Please.

Peter, resigned, nods and crosses the street. He walks down the set of stairs to reach the door.

Vi, steeling herself, heads for Maurice.

INT. MADAM ISABELLE'S - WAITING ROOM - DAY

Peter enters. The shop is tiny and it isn't hard to locate Susanna -- sitting nervously on one of two chairs.

A wispy curtain hangs over a doorway and a sign beside it reads, "Ring bell and wait".

Susanna looks up at Peter.

SUSANNA  
What are you doing here?

PETER  
Me? I'm just...

He sits down.

PETER (CONT'D)  
Waiting for the psychic. I'm  
lacking direction in my life.

SUSANNA  
Aren't we all?

Peter thinks.

PETER  
Well, not all of us. My daughter,  
for example, she's very...  
driven. Towards what? Couldn't  
tell you but there's a direction.  
I'm sure of it.

Susanna smiles.

SUSANNA  
You two seem happy.

PETER  
Yes. Happy.

His gives her a small, insincere smile.

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

Vi sits down next to Maurice.

VI  
I know what you're doing.

MAURICE  
Just reading the paper.

Vi snatches the paper away from him and places it aside.

VI  
You're going to tell her.

MAURICE  
(scoffs)  
No, I'm --

VI

Well, you can't.

She sighs.

VI (CONT'D)

It'll just make everything way more complicated than it needs to be. Take me for instance. My life? Officially sucks.

(beat)

And Benson's just screwing everything up even more with this dumb investigation stuff. It's like he won't let it go, y'know?

MAURICE

Well, I think Benson's just doing the best he can.

VI

And what would you know about it?

MAURICE

These past few months, I've gotten pretty good at eavesdropping.

(beat)

They're going to fire him if this doesn't get cleared up.

Vi gasps a little. Then, she frowns -- trying to understand.

VI

B-but... how... I just...

MAURICE

In case you didn't know, Benson's life sucks, too.

There's a beat. Maurice reaches over her and picks up his newspaper. He shakes it out, continuing to read.

MAURICE (CONT'D)

And just for the record, I wasn't going to tell her.

VI

But you know you can't do this anymore, right?

Maurice nods sadly.

INT. MADAME ISABELLE'S - WAITING ROOM - DAY

Back with Peter and Susanna. She sighs, shaking her head.

SUSANNA

Everyone keeps telling me,  
"You've got to move on. It's not  
your fault", but I... How can I  
just... get over it?

PETER

I think it just takes time.

SUSANNA

I've had time. Eight months of  
time in which I did nothing  
but... hate myself. Going back  
over every little thing. What I  
could have done. What I did do...

A shaky breath. A tear rolls down her cheek.

SUSANNA (CONT'D)

I was tired. But I didn't want to  
say anything because... because  
he'd just gotten into a fight  
with my brother about uni and he  
just needed to not drive, you  
know? Just sit there and listen  
to crappy top forty radio  
stations and not think.

(beat)

I didn't even realise I'd closed  
my eyes until the car flipped.  
And then everything was upside  
down and... and my dad, he...

She leans into Peter, sobbing. He wraps his arms around her  
and lets her cry.

SUSANNA (CONT'D)

I just want to know if he  
forgives me.

PETER

Of course he does.

Susanna pulls away, wiping her eyes.

SUSANNA

No offense but how, exactly,  
would you know?

EXT. MADAM ISABELLE'S - FRONT STEP - DAY

Vi heads down from the street above, stopping at the door.

She reaches for the door knob but stops when she hears  
Peter's voice.

PETER (O.S.)  
(slightly muffled)  
It's a little something called  
being a parent. It means more  
than just birthdays and family  
dinners.

INT. MADAME ISABELLE'S - WAITING ROOM - DAY

PETER  
It means forgiving your child for  
every mistake. No matter what.  
Searching for forgiveness,  
it's... pointless. Because it's  
already given.  
(beat)  
I just wish my own daughter could  
see that.

Susanna takes this in.

MADAM ISABELLE, a plump woman with a voice like sandpaper  
after a life time of smoking, sweeps out from behind the  
curtain.

MADAM ISABELLE  
The spirits point me to...

Her beady eyes land on Susanna.

MADAM ISABELLE (CONT'D)  
You, my child. Are you ready to  
find the answers you seek?

Susanna stands, wiping her palms nervously on her jeans.  
She takes a deep breath.

SUSANNA  
No, thank you. I think...

She looks down at Peter.

SUSANNA (CONT'D)  
I think I'm just going to go  
home.

Peter gives her an encouraging smile.

EXT. CITY STREET - MOMENTS LATER

Peter walks up the stairs from below street level and looks  
around for Vi. He spots her, standing a few metres away.

PETER  
So, Vi-Pie, what do you wanna do  
now?

Vi steps forward and hugs him tightly. Peter, a little surprised, hugs her back -- laughing.

PETER (CONT'D)  
I wasn't gone that long.

Vi tears herself away and looks up at him, a small sincere smile on her face.

VI  
Thank you for today, Dad. It's been the best birthday ever.

A beat.

PETER  
(grinning)  
Liar.

Vi rolls her eyes.

VI  
Let's just go home. I bet everyone's hiding behind the couch already.

Peter places his arm around her shoulders and Vi wraps hers around his waist. They walk up the street.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MORGAN RESIDENCE - FRONT HALL - NIGHT

The place is dark.

The front door opens and Vi and Peter step inside.

VI  
(loudly)  
Oh, boy. It sure is dark in here.  
I wonder where everybody is?

She pauses. Listens. Nothing.

Vi starts to move blindly towards the living room with Peter close behind.

PETER  
(even louder)  
Maybe everyone's asleep. But they wouldn't forget your birthday, would they?

He flicks on the light.

INT. MORGAN RESIDENCE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Vi and Peter stand in the doorway.

Cam's half finished sign hangs limply from the window frame, the vacuum cleaner sits abandoned by the TV and Caroline's washing basket spews clothes onto the floor.

Vi blinks.

INT. WICKER RECORDS - MAIN FLOOR - NIGHT

Meanwhile, the real surprise party is in full swing.

Shane weaves his way through the dance floor -- packed with GUESTS (most of which are teens unknown to us).

He joins Tabitha over by the front counter.

She doesn't notice him at first, instead -- she stares at Jimmy. He's across the room, glaring at anyone who makes a move for the CD racks.

Tabitha smiles.

SHANE

I think I just figured it out.

Her smile drops. She turns to him -- eyes wide and innocent.

TABITHA

Figured what out?

SHANE

Why you two are... the way you are.

Tabitha fidgets nervously. Gulps down the remaining liquid in her plastic cup.

SHANE (CONT'D)

You guys totally love each other.

Tabitha YELPS and throws a hand over Shane's mouth. She leans in close.

TABITHA

Yell it the world, why don't you?

Shane tries to talk but he's muffled by her hand. She removes it.

TABITHA (CONT'D)

What?

SHANE

I said, I won't tell anyone. It's kind of cool. I mean, I've never actually thought Jimmy was capable of, y'know, liking someone. That way.

Tabitha sighs.

TABITHA

Okay, okay. You've had your little revelation. Can you just drop it?

SHANE

Let me get this straight. You like him and, given that he pretty much does whatever you say with minimal snark, I'm pretty sure he likes you. But you're not going to do anything about it?

TABITHA

What, are you crazy? I couldn't tell him how I feel. He's... he's Jimmy!

SHANE

So...

TABITHA

So, what?

She folds her arms across her chest, straightens her shoulders and stares out at the oblivious Jimmy.

TABITHA (CONT'D)

I'm going to keep working here, like nothing's changed. I'm going to continue to waste my life serving custard tarts to wannabe rockstars while my degree in environmental law gathers dust under my couch.

(beat)

That's what.

A beat.

SHANE

At least you have a plan.

He turns away from her and sees...

... ERIN FOWLER. Just joining the party.

Shane grimaces. He looks away, trying to go unnoticed, but Erin spots him.

ERIN  
(approaching)  
Hey, Shane!

SHANE  
Oh, Erin. Hi. What a surprise.

ERIN  
You invited me.

SHANE  
Did I?

A beat.

SHANE (CONT'D)  
Have you met Tabitha?

Erin and Shane turn to Tabitha.

ERIN  
Nice to...

Not taking her eyes off Jimmy, she reaches forward and snatches a cup from a passing guest. She gulps down its contents.

ERIN (CONT'D)  
... Meet you.

Another beat. Oh, no. This isn't awkward at all!

ERIN (CONT'D)  
Is Vi here yet? I haven't seen her since school let out last year.

SHANE  
Well, she looks about the same.  
(beat)  
Have a good time!

He thumps Erin on the back. Moves away.

As he walks, his mobile phone starts to RING. He digs it out of his pocket and checks the screen. His face brightens.

INT. WICKER RECORDS - STORE ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Shane ducks inside and flicks on the light. He closes the door behind him, drowning out the music and party noises.

SHANE  
 (into phone)  
 Vi!

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. MORGAN RESIDENCE - VI'S ROOM - SAME

Vi paces her room.

VI  
 Okay, look. I'm pretty sure my  
 mum invited you to my surprise  
 party but did she happen to  
 mention where it was going to be?  
 Because, um... It's not where I  
 am.

Shane slaps a hand to his forehead and cringes.

END INTERCUT:

INT. MORGAN RESIDENCE - FRONT HALL - MOMENTS LATER

Vi comes thundering down the stairs, slipping something  
 into large envelope.

Peter, standing by the door, turns to her.

VI  
 It's at Wicker Records.

PETER  
 Where's that?

VI  
 I know. It's okay. But, um... Can  
 you give me, like, fifteen  
 minutes? I just have to drop  
 something off at a friend's  
 place.

Peter nods.

INT. THE COMPANY - BENSON'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Benson stands from his chair and stretches, having been  
 working hard all day.

Vi enters, startling him.

BENSON  
 Violet...

VI  
 Hi. I, uh, I wanted to give you  
 this.

She hands him the envelope. Benson takes it and looks inside. He looks back up at her, almost questioningly.

VI (CONT'D)

I'm sorry about --

BENSON

Happy birthday.

A beat. Vi smiles.

VI

Thanks.

INT. THE COMPANY - RECEPTION - MOMENTS LATER

Vi steps out of Benson's office and, like a weight has been lifted off her shoulders, moves happily to the elevators.

She takes out her mobile and begins typing a text message.

Just then, Jenna steps out of the conference room -- sifting through some files.

VI

Jenna!

Jenna looks up and smiles.

JENNA

Oh, hey, Vi. How's your birthday going?

VI

I'm having a surprise party.

JENNA

And it's not a surprise because...

VI

Unlike me, the rest of my family can't keep a secret.

JENNA

Ah.

VI

Do you wanna come? I'm messaging Andrew right now.

Jenna gives her an awkward smile.

JENNA

That sounds nice but, um, I've got a lot work to do.

Vi nods, not fazed.

VI  
That's cool. It's at Wicker  
Records in case you change your  
mind.

She presses the button for the elevator and it opens. Vi steps inside. She waves as the doors close.

We rest on Jenna's guilty expression.

INT. WICKER RECORDS - MAIN FLOOR - NIGHT

Vi and Peter enter. Both are shocked by the elaborate celebration.

Shane rushes into frame, his back to Vi.

SHANE  
(to party-goers)  
Okay, everyone! She should be  
here soon. So when Vi comes in,  
you all yell --

He whirls around, arms spread. Seeing Vi, his face drops.

SHANE (CONT'D)  
(weakly)  
Surprise.

Despite the ruined entrance, a wide grin spreads over Vi's face.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. WICKER RECORDS - LOFT - LATER

Stepping around a COUPLE making out, Vi moves up the curved staircase.

Her eyes land on Erin, flipping through a bin of vinyl with Cam. Vi approaches.

VI  
Hi.

Erin blinks in surprise, caught a little off guard. He stares for a long moment. Cam nudges him forward and Erin snaps out of it.

He gives her a winning smile.

ERIN  
Hi.

Vi laughs and throws her arms around him. They hug.

ERIN (CONT'D)  
Happy birthday.

VI  
Thanks.

ERIN  
(pulling away)  
So, I kind of missed you.

VI  
That's the worst thing about two  
months at the Gold Coast. No Vi.

ERIN  
Exactly.

Another grin.

JIMMY (O.S.)  
Yo, Girl-Shane!

Cam's face pales as Jimmy steps up to them. He hands Vi a  
hastily wrapped parcel.

JIMMY (CONT'D)  
Happy b'day.

She smiles and pulls off the paper.

VI  
Jimmy! Thank you. You didn't have  
to get me...

Her smile drops. Inside the wrapping is a blank cassette  
tape.

VI (CONT'D)  
A cassette tape. Um... What's on  
it?

Jimmy shrugs.

JIMMY  
Dunno. Found it when I was  
cleaning the store room.

He pats her on the shoulder.

JIMMY (CONT'D)  
I didn't get you a real present.  
(beat)  
Anyway, good to see you Girl-  
Shane.

He nods to Erin.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Some guy.

Looks to Cam. A beat.

Jimmy knits his eyebrows while Cam -- terrified -- starts to shake. Finally:

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Mini-Vi.

(beat; thinking)

No, I can do better.

He turns and walks away, mumbling to himself.

Vi and Erin watch him, amused, while Cam takes a moment, reeling from his good fortune.

From downstairs, a CHEER sounds.

VI

What's that?

Cam brightens.

CAM

Cake!

INT. WICKER RECORDS - MAIN FLOOR - MOMENTS LATER

The crowd parts, creating space for Penny and Tabitha as they carry Vi's birthday cake over to the front counter.

Vi, Erin and Cam walk down the stairs. Vi moves to stand next to Peter and Caroline. She looks to them both and smiles.

Caroline smiles back but it doesn't reach her eyes. Concerned, Vi leans over and hugs her.

VI

(quiet)

I'm going to try harder, Mum. I really am.

Caroline looks touched and blinks away tears.

The bell above the door JINGLES and Vi looks over.

Andrew stands cautiously in the open doorway, holding a present.

Vi grins and beckons him forward. He tentatively steps over to her -- surprised to come face to face with Caroline and Peter.

CAROLINE

Hello...

VI

Mum? Dad? I want to introduce you  
to someone.

Andrew leans over to her and whispers in her ear.

ANDREW

Who am I supposed to be? Friend  
of Shane's?

VI

Just be Andrew.

Then, she looks back to her parents.

VI (CONT'D)

This is my friend, Andrew.  
Andrew, these are my parents.

Andrew holds out his hand.

ANDREW

It's nice to meet you.

There's a tense beat as Caroline and Peter size him up.  
Caroline takes his hand.

CAROLINE

I'm Caroline.

Then Peter shakes his hand.

PETER

Hey, don't you work for the city?

Caroline throws Vi an appreciative smile.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. WICKER RECORDS - MAIN FLOOR - LATER

MUSIC CUE: "Huddle Formation" by The Go! Team

Vi and Andrew sit on the couch by the wall. Vi is  
unwrapping her gift.

It's a blank computer disc. She raises an eyebrow at him.

VI

Am I giving out some kind of vibe  
that makes people think giving me  
store room leftovers is a good  
idea?

ANDREW

It's from Benson. It's a copy  
of...

(quiet)

Of your dad's book. He wanted you  
to have one. To show you that he  
trusts you or something.

VI

Oh. That's...

ANDREW

Weird?

VI

Nice, Andrew. I was going to say  
nice.

Shane almost leaps into frame, bouncing happily. Vi laughs.

VI (CONT'D)

I knew it was a bad idea to let  
you have the extra cake icing.

SHANE

Wanna dance?

Vi looks to Andrew.

ANDREW

Go ahead. I'm not stopping you.

As she stands:

VI

Not what I was asking.

Vi grins and takes his wrist, dragging him up and onto the  
dance floor.

Immersing themselves in the crowd, Vi, Shane and Andrew  
move to the music -- laughing, joking around and simply  
having a good time.

We PULL OUT from this, through the rest of the party and  
out through the glass on the front door.

EXT. WICKER RECORDS - FRONT STEP - CONTINUOUS

Jenna stands at the door, watching.

Her gaze lingers for the longest on Andrew as he takes Vi's  
hand and twirls her around.

Almost snapping herself out of a daze, Jenna turns and walks away.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. THE COMPANY - BENSON'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Roaming over the interior of his office, we stop on Benson as he carefully looks over Peter's manuscript.

"Acknowledgements" is written across the top of the page.

Benson scans it. He takes a red marker and circles the name, "W. R. Crenshaw".

CUT TO BLACK:

END OF EPISODE