

THE COMPANY

"Open House"

by
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TEASER

FADE IN:

INT. MORGAN RESIDENCE - KITCHEN - DAY

CAROLINE MORGAN, wearing a dressing gown and slippers, angrily cracks an egg into a bowl.

Snatching up a fork, she furiously begins whisking as VI MORGAN enters.

Caroline grabs another egg and smashes it against the bowl. Bits of egg shell fall down into the mix. Caroline doesn't notice.

VI

Mum, I think you got some --

CAROLINE

He's really irresponsible, you know that?

VI

Who?

CAROLINE

(to herself)

Who? She has to ask!

Vi nods, understanding.

VI

Dad.

CAROLINE

Your father!

Vi sits down at the table.

VI

What did he do this time?

CAROLINE

Nothing. That's the thing. He told me nothing. Woke up this morning, got all dressed up, dug his briefcase out of the closet - his briefcase, Vi - and drove off. And Penny went, too. Didn't say a word.

Caroline sloshes the egg mixture into the frying pan where it starts to bubble.

VI

Well, I'm pretty sure we can rule out him running off with another woman.

(beat)

Unless Penny is the other woman.

Caroline spins around - her eyes flashing.

VI (CONT'D)

(quickly)

Just trying to lighten the mood.

(beat; serious)

I'm sure everything's fine, Mum. It's just one of Penny's life coaching things, I know it.

CAROLINE

That's not even the issue, Vi.

Caroline rips open the fridge and takes out a carton of orange juice. She look around. No clean glasses.

CAROLINE (CONT'D)

I have to work today. Your father knew that. He was supposed to stay here and watch Cam. Or at least someone was supposed to be here.

She grabs a coffee mug from the sink, empties the remaining coffee down the drain and pours juice into it.

CAROLINE (CONT'D)

I'll have to miss work. I can't rely on Penny and you --

She thumps the mug of juice down in front of Vi. Vi eyes it with disgust.

CAROLINE (CONT'D)

I can't rely on you, either.

Vi looks up.

VI

(defensive)

What are you talking about? Of course, you can. I can watch Cam!

CAROLINE

Really?

Vi cringes.

VI

I can't. I'm busy today.

Caroline looks skyward and throws her hands in the air.

CAROLINE
For goodness sake!

Vi stands, looking guilty.

VI
In fact... I sort of have to
leave like...

CAROLINE
Now?

Vi nods. Caroline, slowly calming down, sighs. She grabs the frying pan from the stove.

CAROLINE (CONT'D)
Well, at least have your
breakfast first.

Vi looks into the pan. Lumps of barely cooked scrambled egg dribble down around two pieces of burnt bacon.

She looks sickened.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Vi walks down the footpath, gulping from a bottle of water.

She swishes the liquid around in her mouth, spitting it into a garden as she passes.

VI
Yeuck!

She tucks the bottle into her shoulder bag and pulls out a piece of paper.

It reads: "84 Lovelock Road, Jessop Hill, Garreton".

Vi looks up, still walking, and steps off the curb. She crosses the street to a new looking two story house.

PEOPLE swarm the front yard. They part to reveal a sign.

"OPEN HOUSE INSPECTION - TODAY!".

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

INT. THE COMPANY - HALLWAY - DAY

LYNNE CAMPBELL walks in a daze. Almost zombie-like in her disorientation.

There are the sounds of far away VOICES and the general bustle of an office environment as EMPLOYEES move around her. She doesn't seem to notice them.

She turns the corner and --

-- collides with JENNA COOKE. The files Jenna holds go crashing to the ground.

Jenna kneels to gather them.

JENNA

Oh! Sorry, Lynne. I wasn't even paying attention. I really should learn to... Hey...

Lynne hasn't moved. She watches Jenna on the floor - her eyes glazed over.

JENNA (CONT'D)

(concerned)

Are you okay?

Lynne blinks.

LYNNE

Uh... Yeah. Yes, I'm fine.

She slowly gets down and gathers a few papers.

JENNA

You just seem a little... off.

Lynne lifts one sheet of paper.

ANGLE ON PAPER

It's a complicated looking print-out. Lots of numbers, diagrams and graphs.

The most eye-catching thing is a table in the centre. Large, clear text reads: "84 Lovelock Road, Jessop Hill, Garreton".

BACK TO SCENE

LYNNE

What's this?

Jenna takes the paper, glancing at it.

JENNA

It's Vi's assignment. I think she's doing it today.

LYNNE

Oh.

Lynne looks confused. Jenna studies Lynne's face, her concern growing.

INT. THE COMPANY - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

ANDREW FRIAR dozes in a chair, his feet up on the table.

The room around him is cluttered with boxes of files. There's a laptop on the table in front of him. It BEEPS.

Andrew opens his eyes and blearily looks to the screen.

A beat. He sighs.

ANDREW

Crap.

Off this, cut to:

INT. THE COMPANY - BENSON'S OFFICE - DAY

Andrew flips up the laptop screen and spins it around to face ALISTAIR BENSON, who sits behind his desk. His suit is crumpled and his tie loosened despite the early hour in the day.

On the screen, there's a pop-up message. "Search Completed. 0 Results in Database".

ANDREW

We've been at this for weeks and, as far as I can tell, the W. R. Crenshaw that we're looking for doesn't exist.

BENSON

Perhaps we're just not looking hard enough.

ANDREW

We're looking bloody hard!

Benson presses a palm to one eye - grimacing as if in pain.

BENSON

We just need to focus. Start from the beginning.

Andrew groans and sinks into a chair.

ANDREW

I'm tired. I want to go home. I'm hoping my cat has figured out how to use the can opener by now.

(beat)

Can't you find somebody else to do this? A couple of oompa-loompa's, maybe?

BENSON

I'm trying to limit the amount of people who have to deal with this.

ANDREW

(stunned; flattered)

So you chose me?

(beat)

Why?

BENSON

That could hardly be helped, Andrew. You were already involved.

Andrew nods, understanding.

ANDREW

Because of Vi. Because it was her Dad Crenshaw told about the Company.

BENSON

We assume that's all he did.

ANDREW

Well, if this is all about Vi... I mean... We could always try...

Benson stands, suddenly forceful.

BENSON

Absolutely not.

Andrew leaps to his feet, too.

ANDREW

But it's her Dad's book. She might even know who Crenshaw is. She might have met him!

BENSON

Believe me, I've already considered this. I don't want her involved.

Andrew's shoulders slump in defeat.

INT. OPEN HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Vi makes her way through the room, looking incredibly out of place amongst the adult HOUSE HUNTERS.

She finds a quiet spot by the fire place and leans against the mantle piece, trying to blend in.

She eyes a row of precisely placed photographs - every one showing a happy, smiling COUPLE. Vi notices there's an odd gap between two of them. Just enough space for another frame.

MALE VOICE (O.S.)
Nothing overly exciting, I'm
afraid.

Vi turns. ARTHUR SMALL (39) looks over the photos. He gives her a smile.

ARTHUR
My wife doesn't really like to
travel.

Vi gives him a polite smile. Then, she frowns - thinking.

VI
Um, do I know you?

Arthur studies her face. His eyes widen. Simultaneously, Vi realises.

VI (CONT'D)
Oh my God!

ARTHUR
You!

VI
Y-you're the bus driver. From
when I... caught the bus that
time.

ARTHUR
I... I can't believe it. Er, am I
supposed to be... happy to see
you?

VI
I don't know.

ARTHUR
You're not going to do anything
strange, are you?

Vi quickly shakes her head.

VI
Nope. I'm just here to look at
your house.

She cringes, realising how lame that sounded. A beat. She takes a deep breath. Holds out her hand.

VI (CONT'D)
I'm Vi. Vi Morgan.

Arthur shakes it.

ARTHUR
Arthur Small. Bus driver.

VI
Still?

ARTHUR
(pointedly)
Well, thirty thousand dollars
doesn't exactly make a retirement
fund.

He looks knowingly at her, gauging her reaction. Vi blushes.

Before she can stutter some sort of denial to Arthur's accusations, IMOGEN SMALL (37), a prim and proper looking woman, steps up beside him.

IMOGEN
Hi, honey.

ARTHUR
Hey. I want to introduce you to
someone.

He motions to Vi.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)
Imogen, this is Vi. She was on
the bus that day.

Vi raises her eyebrows - amused that her escapades had left such an impression.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)
And Vi, this is my wife, Imogen.

Imogen gives her a tight smile. Not unfriendly, just stressed.

IMOGEN
Nice to meet you.

CAROLINE (CONT'D)
I am not just going to stand
around all day, letting him get
to me.

CAM
Alright.
(beat)
What are you going to do, then?

Caroline gives him a determined smile.

CAROLINE
We are going to clean your room.

Cam groans.

EXT. PARRY RESIDENCE - FRONT LAWN - DAY

SHANE EVANS walks his bike up the driveway. Reaching the
front porch, he leans it against the railing.

He pauses and then hesitantly walks up the steps to the
front door, shrugging off his backpack.

He reaches out for the doorbell but just before he touches
it...

BIANCA (O.S.)
(filtered)
What the hell are you doing here,
Evans?

Shane jumps and looks around. Bianca's nowhere in sight.
Her voice is coming from a speaker by the front door.

Shane leans close into the speaker.

SHANE
I, um, I brought your homework.
From school.

BIANCA (O.S.)
No one asked you to. I can catch
up on my own.

SHANE
You've been out sick for weeks
now. I was just... I don't
know... I was sort of worried.

There's silence. A few long moments pass and Shane's about
to turn and leave when...

... BIANCA PARRY opens the door. She studies him. Sighs.
Steps back, holding the door open wider.

Shane gives her a friendly grin and enters. Bianca rolls her eyes and closes the door behind him.

INT. PARRY RESIDENCE - LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Shane enters, holding his back pack. Bianca saunters in after him.

SHANE

You don't seem all that sick, you know.

BIANCA

It's Saturday. I'm allowed to feel better on Saturday, alright?

Shane raises his eyebrows and turns away. He takes a look around the room.

SHANE

Haven't been here for awhile.

BIANCA

I'd like to believe this is the first time, if you don't mind.

She turns to him, crossing her arms over her chest.

BIANCA (CONT'D)

What are you really doing here, Shane? Did Vi send you? Does she want you to dig up some dirt on me, spread it around school again?

SHANE

No! Look, Vi would never --

BIANCA

Yeah, well, she did.

(beat)

I'm not proud of what I said about Lenny, okay? But she didn't have to go and...

She drops her arms and sinks down onto the couch.

BIANCA (CONT'D)

(small; sad)

My friends totally ditched me. Everyone just thinks I'm some big... joke. I'm pathetic.

As Shane sits down beside her.

SHANE

Hey, you're not --

Bianca leaps up.

BIANCA

I'm not looking for sympathy.
Just give me the work I've missed
and get out.

Shane sighs and opens his back pack. He riffles around inside.

He pauses, looking up at her innocently.

SHANE

I would but... My handwriting's
really hard to read. Chicken
scratch, really. You'd probably
need me to translate.

Bianca frowns.

EXT. OPEN HOUSE/SMALL RESIDENCE - DAY

Establishing shot.

INT. SMALL RESIDENCE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Vi and Lynne stand by the window. Lynne inspects the window hinges.

VI

Andrew sent you, didn't he? He
thought I couldn't handle this on
my own.

LYNNE

You do seem a little out of
place, Vi.

VI

So, what, you're just going to
pretend to be my mother, now? Do
you even know how to be a mother?

Hurt flickers across Lynne's face. Vi doesn't notice.

VI (CONT'D)

Look, the guy who's selling the
house - Arthur. I know him from
one of my old assignments. I can
take him and... I guess you could
just have a look around. If you
want.

Lynne doesn't respond.

VI (CONT'D)

Lynne? Hello?

Vi rolls her eyes.

VI (CONT'D)
I'll check in later.

Vi walks away, frustrated.

The noise from the rest of the room fades away as Lynne traces her fingers over the smooth wood of the window frame.

There's a HISSING sound and she tears her hand away - as if she has been burned.

Eyes wide, she stares as fire suddenly engulfs the window. Lynne stumbles back, shielding her face. Behind the glass, two FIGURES can be seen - although barely. They pound on the glass - SCREAMING.

Lynne turns her head away. A moment later, she looks back. Everything is back to normal. No fire. No screaming figures outside the window.

INT. THE COMPANY - CONTROL CENTRE - DAY

Jenna walks through the room, dictating to an EMPLOYEE who scribbles notes on a clipboard.

JENNA
A six percent increase in address based assignments is not yet conducive to the theory of connection trends despite the fact that Auckland and Darwin have produced similar results this year. It should be noted that in 2005, Tokyo --

MALE VOICE (O.S.)
Ms. Cooke?

Jenna turns.

JENNA
Yes?

Two beefy, well dressed SECURITY GUARDS stand before her.

SECURITY GUARD #1
We'd like you to come with us, please.

Jenna, suddenly concerned, turns to the Employee.

JENNA
We'll continue this later.

The Employee, casting nervous glances to the Guards, nods and scampers off.

JENNA (CONT'D)
I'm sorry. What was this about?

SECURITY GUARD #1
There's someone who would like a word with you.

Jenna folds her arms, defiant.

JENNA
And who, exactly, would this "someone" be?

The Guards each step aside, parting to reveal JORDAN CADBURY, the Company accountant from episode 1x07.

JENNA (CONT'D)
Jordan Cadbury?

CADBURY
Good morning, Ms. Cooke. There are a few, ah, issues we seem to be having with your bank account details.

JENNA
Issues? How many?

CADBURY
Six hundred thousand, to be exact.

Off Jenna's stunned face, cut to...

INT. SMALL RESIDENCE - UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - DAY

Lynne. Once again, she walks in a zombie-like state. People pass her but she doesn't acknowledge them.

She nears a closed door. Something about it draws her to a stop.

Her hand reaches for the door knob tentatively. She pauses. Then, plunges forward and opens the door.

It's just a linen closet. Lynne doesn't look relieved.

INT. SMALL RESIDENCE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Vi sits with Arthur on the couch. He motions to the room.

ARTHUR

Well, this is it. Big kitchen,
fenced in backyard, two baths,
one bedroom.

VI

Only one? A house this big?

ARTHUR

There's a downside to everything.

Vi smiles politely. There's an awkward silence and then:

VI

This is probably going to sound
weird...

Arthur laughs.

ARTHUR

I don't think you can top our
last meeting in terms of weird.

VI

Hopefully not. But, um... Is
everything okay?

Arthur blinks.

ARTHUR

How do you mean?

VI

With you. Life, I guess. I mean,
you're moving so things have to
be... stressful and... Yeah.

She props her hand under her chin, suddenly changing track.

VI (CONT'D)

Why are you moving?

ARTHUR

This house isn't exactly a
palace.

He glances around and then leans closer, conspiratorially.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

Between you and me, it's a bit of
a fixer-upper. It was re-built
after a fire. Things still act up
occasionally. Ghosts in the
walls, Imogen says.

Vi sits back, a little spooked.

Imogen appears. Her face is pale with worry.

 IMOGEN
 (to Vi; urgent)
 You have to leave.

Vi stands.

 VI
 What?

 IMOGEN
 You and your mother. Get her out
 of here.

Standing now, too, Arthur puts an arm around Imogen.

 ARTHUR
 Imogen, honey, what's wrong?

 IMOGEN
 She's gone crazy. That woman's
 insane!

Off Vi's confused and frightened expression, cut to:

INT. SMALL RESIDENCE - UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Vi races up the stairs to find a crowd of people gathered around Lynne. Standing at the linen closet, she tears out sheets and towels as she sobs hysterically.

 LYNNE
 They're trapped! They can't get
 out. I need to -- Oh, God.
 They're screaming!

Vi pushes her way through.

 VI
 Lynne, who's trapped?

 LYNNE
 I can hear them screaming!

 VI
 There's no screaming. There's no
 one there. Lynne... Lynne!

Vi grabs her arm, roughly pulling her away from the closet.

Lynne looks down at her hands, clutching towels and pillow cases. She drops them, her hands shaking.

Lynne looks at Vi, tears falling from desperate, terrified eyes.

LYNNE

I can't save them.

Her eyes roll back. A few onlookers GASP and SCREAM as Lynne falls to the floor, unconscious.

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

INT. THE COMPANY - HALLWAY - DAY

Andrew steps out of the break room, munching on a cookie.

A group of people barge past him, marching purposefully, and knock Andrew's cookie to the floor.

Jenna turns, calling over her shoulder.

JENNA

Sorry, Andrew!

The group - which contains Jenna, Cadbury and the two Security Guards - never slows. Andrew scampers after them.

He quickly catches up and eyes the Security Guards who walk intimidatingly close to Jenna.

ANDREW

Jenna, what's going on?

JENNA

There's been a little misunderstanding.

ANDREW

What?

JENNA

They think I've embezzled six hundred thousand dollars out of the Company and into my own bank account.

CADBURY

I never implied that the Company was taking that position, Ms. Cooke.

ANDREW

Then what's with the muscle, huh? Think she's going to make a break for it? Maybe fly to Fiji?

Jenna gives him a warning glance. Cadbury clears his throat nervously.

CADBURY

She is merely being asked to assist with the investigation. Nothing serious.

ANDREW

Nothing serious?!

Jenna places a comforting hand on Andrew's arm.

JENNA

Don't worry. Everything's going to be fine.

ANDREW

I think I'm supposed to be telling you that.

Jenna gives him a small smile and the group disappears through a door marked "Accounting".

Andrew is left alone as the door swings shut.

INT. THE COMPANY - HOSPITAL WARD - DAY

At Lynne's bed side, DOC opens a black doctor's bag. He removes a leather case and undoes the straps while Lynne watches, her face blank.

He lifts a syringe, filled with a murky purple liquid and injects it into Lynne's upper arm.

She closes her eyes briefly. Doc pulls back the needle and puts it away.

His clicks his bag closed.

DOC

Feel better, dear.

He turns and glides eerily for the door. He passes a NURSE who does a double take when she sees him.

The Nurse walks past Lynne's bed, revealing Vi standing across from it. She holds a sandwich wrapped in plastic.

Lynne notices her. Vi walks forward. She places the sandwich down on the side table.

VI

I bought you lunch.

Lynne smiles weakly.

LYNNE

You didn't need to do that. The Company's hospital food is fine.

There's an uncomfortable beat. Her eyes trail to Lynne's arm. A spot of blood leaks from the injection site.

VI

Lynne... What's...

Lynne hastily wipes the blood away.

LYNNE

It's nothing. Don't worry about it.

VI

But you're acting so... I mean, it's not like I ever really knew you before. This could just be another Saturday for you.

LYNNE

Vi, I'm sorry I ruined your assignment.

VI

No, no. You didn't ruin it... I don't think. I just... why did you even come?

LYNNE

I don't know. I saw the address and... it's like something was pulling me in. Like I wasn't in control of my own body.

Again, Vi looks to Lynne's arm.

VI

Does it have anything to do with...

LYNNE

I'm just helping Doc with an experiment. No big deal.

VI

What does it do?

Lynne looks away.

LYNNE

It helps me forget.

Vi opens her mouth to ask the obvious question when Benson enters.

He looks around, spotting Lynne in her bed across the room, and starts to walk over.

Seeing him, Lynne fearfully grips Vi's arm.

LYNNE (CONT'D)

(quiet)

Please don't tell Benson. He wouldn't understand.

Vi is stunned.

Benson appears beside her and looks down at Lynne in concern.

BENSON
Lynne. Glad to see you're
alright.

Lynne smiles.

LYNNE
Thank you, Alistair.

Benson looks to Vi.

BENSON
It's lucky you were there, Vi.

VI
Yeah.

A beat. Benson continues to look at her, waiting expectantly. Vi, a little alarmed, glances to Lynne's pleading face.

VI (CONT'D)
I, uh... Well, I did asked Lynne
to help with my assignment. With
Andrew being busy and everything.
(beat)
So that's why she was there. And
I was there. At the same time.
(beat)
Yeah.

Benson nods.

BENSON
Well, I don't see why that
arrangement can't continue.

He squeezes Lynne's arm. She grits her teeth, fighting pain.

BENSON (CONT'D)
Just take it easy.

LYNNE
Oh, I will.

She smiles weakly. Vi frowns.

INT. PARRY RESIDENCE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Shane sits on the couch flipping through TV channels with the remote. He scrapes the last few kernels from a bowl of popcorn.

He glances around, Bianca is nowhere to be seen.

Standing, Shane grabs the bowl and heads for the kitchen.

INT. PARRY RESIDENCE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Bianca stands at the counter, her back to the door and the phone pressed to her ear.

BIANCA
(into phone)
Dad, please...

Shane hovers in the doorway.

BIANCA (CONT'D)
(into phone)
You haven't been home for months.
I... I miss you.
(beat)
But have you even thought about
it? You said you'd at least --
(beat)
I know you're busy but what does
that matter? I'd love London, I
know it. You wouldn't even know
I'm there. I just...
(beat)
There are schools in England to,
you know. And it's not like the
language barrier will be a
problem!

Shane lowers his head, embarrassed, and turns to leave.

BIANCA (CONT'D)
(into phone; soft)
Daddy, I'm sorry. Just listen to
me...

EXT. SMALL RESIDENCE - FRONT LAWN - DAY

Lynne's car pulls up to the curb. Vi sits in the passenger seat and glares at Lynne.

VI
You said you were okay to drive.

LYNNE
I am.

VI
I see Doc's little experiment
made you forget that a stop sign
means you have to, y'know, stop.

Lynne says nothing. Vi rolls her eyes and opens the car door.

VI (CONT'D)
Stay here.

She climbs out, shutting the door forcefully.

Lynne looks out through the window at the house as Vi makes her way up the front path.

As Vi disappears from view, a BOY (6) becomes visible behind her. He stands in the distance by the side of the house.

He grins and turns, dashing into the backyard.

Lynne hurriedly climbs out of the car.

INT. SMALL RESIDENCE - FRONT HALL - MOMENTS LATER

The door is wide open. Boxes and bags line one side of the hall and Vi glances over them as she takes a step inside.

VI
(calling)
Hello?

There's a THUMP from upstairs. Vi glances up.

VI (CONT'D)
(calling)
Is there anybody home?

Vi takes a step forward, her neck still craned up.

ARTHUR (O.S.)
You're a strange girl.

Arthur steps into the hall, carrying another box which he places down with the others.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)
Has anybody ever told you that?

VI
Usually the language is a bit
more colourful.

Arthur smiles.

VI (CONT'D)
I just came to apologise about
my... my mother. She takes
medication and --

ARTHUR

I understand. I wouldn't have made such a fuss myself. It's my wife, Imogen. She just likes things in their proper order, that's all.

VI

Right.

She motions to the boxes.

VI (CONT'D)

So, you sold the house?

ARTHUR

Hmm? Oh, no. The auction's still a way off. This is just... a bit of spring cleaning.

VI

In March?

Arthur smiles but it doesn't reach his eyes.

EXT. SMALL RESIDENCE - BACK YARD - SAME

Lynne moves around the side of the house into the elegantly manicured back yard.

There's no boy here but Lynne moves further into the garden, searching.

She comes across a garden shed. Moving around the side of it, she sees a swing-set pushed up against the fence. It looks a few years old.

Lynne turns around and stops, seeing something.

The pale face of a little GIRL stares down at her from a window in the second story.

Imogen exits into the backyard, a watering can in one hand. She sees Lynne.

IMOGEN

(angry)

What are you doing?

Lynne looks at her. Looks up again. The girl in the window is gone.

INT. SMALL RESIDENCE - FRONT HALL - LATER

Still with Vi and Arthur.

VI

So, um, where are you taking all this stuff?

ARTHUR

Just down to the second hand store. We don't need it.

Vi peers down into one of the untied bags. A mess of Barbie dolls are tangled inside. Vi reaches in and plucks one out.

VI

I used to have this one. Until my sister broke it.

Arthur smiles nervously and takes the doll from her, tucking it away in the bag.

ARTHUR

You have a sister? Older or younger?

VI

Older.

ARTHUR

You're very lucky.

Vi scoffs.

VI

Yeah, right.

ARTHUR

No, I mean it. There's a bond there that can't be broken. A connection, I suppose.

(beat)

Even if you don't consider yourself lucky, I'm sure your parents --

Imogen stamps in from the back of the house

IMOGEN

Stop talking to her, Arthur.

Arthur turns.

ARTHUR

Imo, it's alright. Vi was just --

IMOGEN

Leaving. Vi and her mother were just leaving.

Arthur turns back to Vi.

Vi gives them both a weak, awkward smile.

INT. MORGAN RESIDENCE - CAM'S ROOM - DAY

The room is an even bigger mess than when they started. Piles of clothes, books and science junk fill the room in some sort of messy order.

Cam sits on the floor by his desk, slowly emptying out his drawers.

Caroline enters with a vacuum cleaner.

CAROLINE

Wow, looks good, Cam. I think we'll be done by dinner time.

Cam sighs and shakes his head.

CAM

Blind optimism.

Amused, Caroline smiles as she pulls open Cam's closet. She starts pulling out shoes and boxes and old board games.

CAROLINE

Is it so wrong to have a little faith, Cam? I have faith we can have this room shining and sparkling and --

CAM

Are you going to start singing?

CAROLINE

Uh-oh.

Cam perks up and turns to her.

CAM

What?

CAROLINE

Someone's turning into a moody teenager.

Cam glares and turns back to his drawers.

CAM

I am not. I aim to avoid all of that mess, thank you very much.

Caroline laughs and gets down onto her knees, digging around in the back of the closet.

She pulls out some cardboard boxes and opens the one on top.

CAM (CONT'D)
You can rest assured that I won't
turn out like Penny or --

CAROLINE
(stunned)
Vi.

CAM
Precisely.

Caroline holds a picture of Vi, taken paparazzi style in the school hallway.

CAROLINE
Cam... What is all this?

Cam turns. He pales.

Caroline sits over his box of investigation material. Every article, picture, note and theory he had scribbled down about Vi. It's all there. Right in front of her.

Cam stands slowly.

CAM
It's nothing. It's just...
something I was investigating
last year.

Caroline sifts through more papers, reading them as she goes.

CAROLINE
(horrified)
You were investigating your
sister?

CAM
It's not as bad as it sounds.

CAROLINE
Oh, Cameron...

CAM
Mum, you don't understand.

Caroline stands, her hands clutching a copy of the newspaper article about Vi from the Garretton Grapevine.

CAROLINE
Understand what, Cam? That you
invaded Vi's privacy? That you
would dig all of this up when the
rest of your family are just
trying to move on with their
lives?

A beat. Cam looks down, avoiding her accusatory gaze.

CAM
(small)
I was just trying to make sense
of it.

CAROLINE
We're all trying to make sense of
it. But this?

She throws the papers onto the floor.

CAROLINE (CONT'D)
This is not the way to do it.

She exits, closing the door firmly behind her.

Cam, upset and ashamed of himself, sinks down onto his bed.

INT. THE COMPANY - CADBURY'S WORK STATION - DAY

It's more like a shoe box than any kind of office. Over the navy blue partition walls, we see dozens of cubicles and hear the sounds of a BUSY WORK ROOM.

Cadbury sits at his cramped desk in front of a computer monitor, typing furiously.

Jenna is squeezed up behind him on a rather unstable looking office chair.

Behind her are the two Security Guards, blocking any form of escape.

Jenna glances over her shoulder at them.

JENNA
Jordan, is this really necessary?

Cadbury swivels around, knocking into the leg of his desk. His pencil holder tumbles over.

CADBURY
I guess it is a little crowded in
here.

He nods to the Security Guards.

CADBURY (CONT'D)
Thanks boys. Er, sirs. I can
handle it from here.

The Guards exchange glances. One shrugs and they move out.

JENNA
Thanks.

CADBURY
You don't seem like much of a
threat to security.

JENNA
Not this year, anyway.

Cadbury raises an eyebrow.

JENNA (CONT'D)
Kidding.

Pushing his glasses up his nose, Cadbury turns back to the
computer.

CADBURY
Yes, well. Down to business,
then. Like I said before, it
seems a large sum of money has
found its way into your bank
account.

JENNA
And we don't know how it got
there?

CADBURY
Well, I have my theories.

JENNA
Which are?

CADBURY
I'd hate to point the blame at
any one person but I do believe
your clearance as Assignment Co-
ordinator gives you access to --

JENNA
Jordan Cadbury!

CADBURY
I have to look at every
possibility.

JENNA
You know me. You bought me a
china tea set for my birthday
last year. Besides, even my
clearance wouldn't get me through
that security system. It's like
something out of Indiana Jones.

Cadbury smiles. Then, he clears his throat.

CADBURY
I suppose you're right. Okay.

He shifts his chair over, allowing Jenna to move closer to the monitor.

CADBURY (CONT'D)
How about we solve this one together, then?

Jenna, relieved, scoots closer. They share a smile.

INT/EXT. LYNNE'S CAR / STREET - DAY

Vi and Lynne sit across the street from a second-hand store.

They watch as Arthur unloads the last of the boxes from his car and takes it into the store.

Lynne looks at Vi for a long beat.

Vi stares intently out of the window, either absorbed in their stake out or simply ignoring her.

LYNNE
Vi... I'm --

Arthur exits the store, gets into his car and drives away.

VI
Let's go.

Vi quickly hops out of the car. Lynne, disappointed, moves slower.

INT. LYNNE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - LATER

Girls toys, books, clothes and accessories are dumped onto Lynne's couch.

Vi puts the empty box onto the floor and takes a look around the room.

It's tiny, barely furnished but still looks rundown. An odd place for a usually strong, confident woman like Lynne to live.

Lynne sits down, perched on the edge of the couch, and starts sifting through the pile. She lifts up a teddy bear.

LYNNE
What do you think happened to her?

VI
To who?

LYNNE

The little girl who owned all of
this.

Vi shrugs and sits down as well. She picks up a Powerpuff
Girls backpack. The tag is still attached.

VI

This is brand new.

Lynne lifts up a purple pencil case.

LYNNE

So's this.

Vi looks up. Notices something.

VI

Hey, turn it over.

Lynne does so. There's a plastic sleeve on the front for a
name to be inserted. There's a name already inside.

LYNNE

Megan.

(beat)

She's dead.

VI

How do you know?

LYNNE

They're giving her things away.
They don't want to remember her.

Vi puts down the backpack.

VI

But that's not right.

LYNNE

Why not?

VI

Why would they want to forget
their daughter?

Lynne smiles softly.

LYNNE

It's like a mist. The way Doc is
helping me forget. It rolls in
and there are things I don't
understand but it's alright
because... It's like...

(beat)

(MORE)

LYNNE (CONT'D)
It's like it all happened to
someone else.

VI
What happened?

Lynne shrugs, laughing a little.

LYNNE
I forget.

She takes a breath and stands, putting the pencil case
aside.

LYNNE (CONT'D)
I'm going to make some tea. Would
you like some?

Vi nods slowly.

VI
Thank you.

Lynne moves out of the room, into the kitchen. Vi looks sad
and thoughtful.

She turns, looking back to the pile of things. She reaches
in, pulling out an old photo frame. There's something
caught inside. Part of a photo that just couldn't be
removed all the way.

Vi digs in with her fingernails and drags it out.

The rest of it is torn away but the important part remains.

Arthur and a girl - a slightly younger version of the one
Lynne saw in the window. They look happy.

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

INT. MORGAN RESIDENCE - CAM'S ROOM - DAY

Cam stands in front of his mirror, wearing his school uniform and tying his tie.

Behind him, Caroline moves past the open door carrying a basket of washing.

Cam stops fiddling with his tie and hurries to the door.

INT. MORGAN RESIDENCE - UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - DAY

Cam steps out from his room as Caroline starts down the stairs.

CAM

Mum!

She pauses and looks up at him.

CAROLINE

(a little cold)

Yes, Cameron?

CAM

I'm sorry.

Caroline shrugs.

CAROLINE

Not me you need to apologise to,
Cam.

She continues down the stairs. Cam watches her sadly, knowing she's right.

EXT. GARRETON ACADEMY - FRONT LAWN - DAY

Vi and Shane make their way across the street to the school. Vi is mid-rant.

VI

And she's just letting it happen.
Like this thing could be so
painful she's willing to go
through all of this just to
forget it. Plus, she's putting
other people at risk too, you
know. How irresponsible is that?

SHANE

You'd do the same if you had a
good reason, I bet.

VI

Yeah but I'm just a kid. Lynne's, like, forty. She's supposed to be a grown up.

(beat)

And did I tell you about Doc and those creepy injections? Drug addict, much?

SHANE

Whoa, okay, I don't even know the woman and that seems a bit harsh.

Vi sighs.

VI

I know. I guess I'm just mad. Annoyed, more like, that I'm stuck baby-sitting while I'm in the middle of this...

A tiny YEAR SEVEN GIRL walks by them wearing a Powerpuff Girls backpack. The same as the one Vi found the other day.

It also has a Sign written across the back: "OVER HERE".

VI (CONT'D)

... Assignment.

Off Vi's expression, cut to:

INT. GARRETON ACADEMY - HALLWAY - LATER

Vi is tailing the girl. Let's call her BETHANY. She looks sweet but with a dash of normal "first year of high school" anxiety thrown in.

Bethany reaches her locker and shrugs off her backpack. Vi makes her move, sidling up next to her.

VI

Hi!

Bethany jumps, eyes wide. She hugs her bag to her chest protectively.

BETHANY

Oh, um, I-I-I'm sorry. Am I in your way? I'll move. Sorry.

Vi places a hand on her shoulder.

VI

No, it's okay. I was just wondering about your backpack.

Bethany still looks wary.

BETHANY

It's the Powerpuff Girls. A lot of people make fun of me. They say only babies like the Powerpuff Girls.

VI

Then why do you wear it?

BETHANY

Because I like it.

(beat)

And my friend was supposed to have the same one. We were going to be twins.

VI

Oh. What happened?

BETHANY

She hasn't come to school. Not once since the beginning of the year.

(sad; worried)

I miss her.

VI

What's her name?

BETHANY

Megan. Megan Small.

Even though Vi was half expecting this, it still comes as a shock.

INT. THE COMPANY - CADBURY'S WORK STATION - DAY

Jenna enters, carrying two mugs. She places one down beside Cadbury as he studies the computer screen.

JENNA

Found anything yet?

Jenna sits down beside him, nursing her own mug.

CADBURY

Yes. And no. I might have but then again...

JENNA

Jordan, please. No riddles.

CADBURY

What? Oh. Well, look here.

He points out something on the screen. Jenna leans in.

CADBURY (CONT'D)

These are our records of your fortnightly pay cheques. Every so often, the amount spikes. As if money was being fed into your account over a series of years.

JENNA

So nobody would notice anything strange.

CADBURY

Exactly. But when we go here, to the records of your bank account out in the, well, the real world... The money only seems to have appeared...

JENNA

... Saturday morning.

Her brow furrows as she gazes at the screen - deep in thought.

INT. THE COMPANY - BASEMENT CORRIDOR - DAY

Vi and Andrew walk along.

VI

You're still my mentor, right?

ANDREW

Yeah. Why?

VI

Just checking.

Andrew rolls his eyes.

ANDREW

Look, I'm sorry I didn't have time to play house with you at that real estate thing but you did fine on your own.

VI

It's not about that. It's about... Lynne. I... I'm worried about her.

ANDREW

Lynne's tough. You don't need to worry.

VI

But what if I do? What if we all do? You weren't there when she...

(MORE)

VI (CONT'D)

I think there's something
seriously wrong.

They reach a door.

ANDREW

One problem at a time, kid. Your
assignment first.

He holds open the door for Vi and she enters. Andrew
follows.

The writing on the door reads: "Records Department".

INT. THE COMPANY - RECORDS DEPARTMENT - LATER

Vi and Andrew are standing over MYRON QUALLEY, the
spectacle wearing, shabbily dressed records keeper.

He is hunched over his computer.

MYRON

You're probably better off
getting surveillance on this,
guys. I don't handle the civilian
records.

ANDREW

But you do if they've been part
of an assignment.

MYRON

Yes, but --

VI

Please, Myron?

MYRON

It's not procedure.

ANDREW

We know. But, come on, you need a
little excitement in your life,
don't you? Walk on the wild side
for a change.

Myron sighs, giving in.

MYRON

Name?

VI

Arthur Small.

Myron pushes himself away from the computer and spins his
chair around. He thinks - but only for a second.

MYRON

Bus driver. You slipped a winning scratchie ticket into his pocket.

VI

Yeah, that's him.

MYRON

Okay. I remember his file. What do you want to know?

VI

Anything in there about Megan Small? His daughter. She would be about --

MYRON

Thirteen this May. Yep. I remember. Aw, there's a picture. She's adorable.

VI

Okay, great. But, um, anything important?

Myron shrugs.

MYRON

What's important to you isn't exactly important to everyone else.

ANDREW

Well, to save you the trouble, can you just pull up the file on the computer?

Myron looks hurt.

VI

It's not that we don't appreciate your talents, Myron, isn't just --

MYRON

Yeah, yeah. It's okay. I get it.

He spins around in his chair, types something into the computer and Megan's file pops up on the screen.

Myron stands.

MYRON (CONT'D)

I'll go... file something.

As he disappears down one aisle, stacked high with cardboard filing boxes...

ANDREW
You're a star, Qualley!

Vi raises her eyebrows at Andrew. He shrugs.

ANDREW (CONT'D)
Guy practically lives down here.
He needs positive reinforcement.

Vi slips into his abandoned chair and scans the computer screen.

VI
Okay, so, Megan... Twelve years old, lived in Garretton her whole life, went to St. Mary's primary school, her older sister... Oh.

ANDREW
What?

VI
Jessica Small. She was fifteen.
(beat)
She died.

ANDREW
I'd say that's a broken connection.

VI
But it was... two years ago. Shouldn't we have been called in earlier? Besides, the Small's never mentioned having a daughter. I've never even seen her, there weren't even any... pictures.

ANDREW
Ooh, I can see the wheels turning. Cogs grinding. Vi's getting a brainwave!

VI
Shut up.
(beat)
I was just thinking... there was a picture missing from the house. The room was like a shrine to OCD and there's this big honking gap in the parade of happy snaps.
(beat)
They took her out.

ANDREW

It could have been a picture of Jessica, Vi. Maybe the memory was too painful.

Vi shakes her head, turning back to the computer.

VI

I don't know. There's something weird about all of this.

She scrolls down the page. Next to Megan's address, one sentence catches her eye.

"COMPANY CONNECTION: LYNNE CAMPBELL (More info)"

VI (CONT'D)

What the...

She clicks on the link and Lynne's employee file pops onto the screen.

Vi quickly reads the page.

VI (CONT'D)

It's the same address. Lynne used to live in that house.

Andrew leans forward, reading over her shoulder.

ANDREW

Hey, it's her Death-day this week. I should get her something.

VI

What?

Andrew points out a date on the screen.

ANDREW

She died five years ago on Thursday.

(reading)

Ouch. Fire. That must've sucked.

Vi digs around in her pocket and pulls out her assignment sheet. She checks it, comparing it to Lynne's address. They match.

VI

(muttered)

Why didn't she tell me?

Vi looks down, about to fold up the paper again but the writing has changed. It now says: "Tell her".

INT. THE COMPANY - DOC'S LABORATORY - LATER

Vi enters hesitantly. The room is almost completely white, offset by the glinting silver instruments.

Vi hears VOICES coming from a back room, the door slightly open. She creeps towards it.

Through the open door, Vi spies Lynne leaning back on a dentist-like chair. Doc hovers over her, speaking softly.

A few moments later, he turns and leaves the room through another door. Vi takes her chance.

INT. THE COMPANY - DOC'S LAB - BACK ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Lynne sits up when Vi enters.

LYNNE

Vi! What are you doing here? You shouldn't be --

VI

Do you remember how you died?

LYNNE

What?

VI

Do you remember Lovelock Road? And the house there? It's your house, Lynne. Arthur and Imogen... They're living in your old house.

LYNNE

I don't... I don't know what you're talking about.

Vi pulls a folded sheet of paper from her pocket. She unfolds it and we see it's Lynne's employee file.

VI

There's something about this Thursday. You don't remember?

LYNNE

Thursday... It's --

DOC (O.S.)

Just another day in the week.

Vi whirls around. Doc stands intimidatingly close, holding a syringe filled with the purple liquid.

He looks from Vi to Lynne.

DOC (CONT'D)
Don't worry about it.

He steps around Vi, coming to Lynne's side.

DOC (CONT'D)
Now lie back and relax.

VI
Lynne, I don't think you should
do this.

There's a beat. Lynne looks from Vi to Doc. She puts a hand on his wrist holding the syringe.

LYNNE
Maybe I should hear what she has
to say, Doc.

Doc smiles.

DOC
Of course.

Lynne moves her hand away.

Doc jabs the syringe into Lynne's arm and injects the contents. She cries out in pain.

VI
No!

Lynne's eyes flutter and she falls back, unconscious.

VI (CONT'D)
What the hell are you doing? Are
you crazy? She said no!

Doc extracts the syringe and slowly turns to face Vi.

DOC
You weren't there. You don't know
what she was like when she came
to me. She wanted to forget. She
made me promise. I can't go back
on my word.

Doc steps towards her. Vi looks fearfully to the sharp syringe.

DOC (CONT'D)
And I'll need your help.

He takes the file from Vi's hand.

DOC (CONT'D)
 We can't be confusing her, now.
 Can we?

Vi gulps.

VI
 Um... I guess... I guess not.

DOC
 Good girl.

He puts the syringe down on the bench and reaches into a drawer.

DOC (CONT'D)
 Lollypop?

He holds up the sweet.

INT. GARRETON ACADEMY - HALLWAY - DAY

A bell RINGS signalling the end of school and, within moments, the hallway is flooded with students.

We find Shane at his locker, shoving books into his school bag.

ERIN FOWLER steps up beside him.

ERIN
 Hey, man.

SHANE
 Oh, hey.

ERIN
 You seen Vi around?

SHANE
 Uh, no. I think she skipped out today.

ERIN
 Oh. She doesn't strike me as the type.

SHANE
 You'll get used to it.

Erin nods.

ERIN
 Okay, thanks. See you later.

He starts to walk away. Shane closes his locker.

SHANE

Erin!

Erin turns back and Shane takes a few steps, catching up to him.

SHANE (CONT'D)

Can I ask you something?

ERIN

Sure.

SHANE

It's about... Bianca.

Erin grimaces.

SHANE (CONT'D)

I just... I've been sort of...
hanging out with her a bit.

Erin looks surprised.

SHANE (CONT'D)

Yeah, I know.

(then)

Anyway, I sort of notice that
sometimes she's... sort of okay.
Like, she can be not a total
bitch on occasion but then it's
like there's this switch that
flips and she's right back to
normal.

ERIN

Yeah. I know that. The bitch
switch.

Shane chuckles a little.

SHANE

That's gotta be an act though,
right? I mean... She's not really
like that.

ERIN

The thing you've gotta know about
Bianca is that she's just...
Bianca. You can't change her.
But, ultimately, she's no
different than all girls.

SHANE

What do you mean?

ERIN

My advice? If you want to hook up with her, stick with the nice guy routine. You know, charming, chivalrous, sensitive. You play that card long enough, a girl will do whatever you want. And, like I said, Bianca's just another girl.

He thumps Shane on the back.

ERIN (CONT'D)

Good luck, man.

Erin walks away. Shane watches after him, a shocked expression on his face.

INT. THE COMPANY - DOC'S LAB - BACK ROOM - DAY

Lynne, asleep, moves restlessly.

As she dreams, we hear the distant LAUGHTER of children. The laughter grows and transforms into terrified SCREAMS as Lynne becomes more and more distressed.

We push in. The roaring, crackling sound of FIRE drowns out the screaming and then --

-- Lynne snaps awake.

She rolls off the chair and hits the floor, coughing and gasping for air.

She reaches out, her fingers grasping the edge of a waste bin. It falls over, rubbish spilling out.

Lynne, opening her eyes, focuses on one crumpled ball of paper. A picture of her is partially visible. She opens up the paper. It's the file Vi brought in.

She leans back against the chair, her eyes moving over the page and taking it all in.

We get flickers of the text. The most important parts.

"... death by fire...", "... two sons, aged six, JOSHUA LUCAS and VINCENT MICHAEL also victims... ", "... burned alive in upstairs bedroom... ", "... husband, CHRISTOPHER CAMPBELL, died in hospital from smoke inhalation...".

Lynne starts to cry - tears stream down her face. She forces herself to continue reading.

"Home destroyed. Rebuilt following original blueprints (2003). Current residents: the Small family".

We push in on "Home destroyed", then move across until the word, "Rebuilt" fills the screen.

Lynne slowly stops crying, her face becoming calm.

LYNNE
It's not right.

She determinedly gets to her feet, letting the paper float gently to the floor.

INT. MORGAN RESIDENCE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Vi and Shane sit on the floor, home work and text books spread out over the coffee table in front of them.

Shane clears his throat nervously.

SHANE
So, I had this conversation with Erin today.

Vi doesn't look up. She frowns down at a note book and the intricate design she's drawing in the margin.

VI
I'm glad you two are friends now.

SHANE
Well, I wouldn't call us friends exactly. Especially after what he said --

Vi says nothing, still drawing.

SHANE (CONT'D)
Vi? Are you listening to me?

VI
Not really. Sorry.

SHANE
What's wrong? Crazy lady from the Company still crazy?

Vi looks up sharply.

VI
She's not crazy.

SHANE
Hey, okay. We're pro-Lynne now. I just wasn't sure. Last time we talked about her, you were a little bit... anti.

VI
I don't want to talk about her
anymore.

SHANE
Okay.
(beat)
How's your assignment going?

VI
Shane!

SHANE
Sorry! I didn't realise Lynne was
your assignment. I thought it
was... Ugh. I'm just going to
stop talking now, okay? Will that
help?

Vi puts down her pen.

VI
Stop talking...

SHANE
I just said I wou --

VI
N-no. Not you. My... Mr. Small...
Arthur. He was trying to tell me
something about... about someone
and his wife, she told him to...

It clicks.

VI (CONT'D)
He was talking about sisters,
trying to tell me about Megan. Or
Jessica. Or both of them. He was
asking for my help.

SHANE
Help? With what?

VI
Megan, his daughter. She's
missing.
(beat)
Sort of.

SHANE
How can you be sort of missing?

Vi looks back down to her notebook.

Her design has transformed into a drawing of a house - fire coming out through doors and licking up the walls. The ends of the flames curl into words, "Save her".

A woman who looks suspiciously like Lynne stands in the garden. She stares up at a girl who leans out of a second story window, screaming.

VI

I guess you can't be.

She stands and runs out of the room.

Shane looks down at Vi's notebook. The drawing is gone. It's just notes and scribbles now.

INT. SMALL RESIDENCE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Lynne stands alone by the mantle piece. She looks over the family photos.

Over these, we get split second images of other photos. The photos that used to be here. Photos of Lynne and her husband and sons.

Lynne's face is blank as she stares.

LYNNE

It's not right.

She picks up a book of matches and strikes one.

We move down her body to the floor. A can of petrol sits by her feet.

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

EXT. SMALL RESIDENCE - FRONT LAWN - DAY

Vi runs up the driveway, watching in horror as smoke pours out of the open front door.

Behind her, a car pulls up and Arthur and Imogen leap out. Arthur sprints towards Vi while Imogen moves slowly, trying to process everything.

ARTHUR

What's going on? Why is there...
Oh my God...

He's watching the front of the house. Lynne stumbles out, coughing and blackened from the smoke. She carries the petrol can.

Vi glares and pulls her eyes away from Lynne. She takes Arthur's arm.

VI

Arthur, where's Megan?

ARTHUR

What... I don't --

Imogen SCREAMS.

IMOGEN

She set the house on fire!
Arthur, do something! Oh, God.
We'll be ruined.

VI

(to Arthur)

She's still inside, isn't she?

There's a tense moment as Arthur looks from Imogen to Vi and then to the house.

ARTHUR

I'm sorry. I... I don't know
what...

Vi lets out a frustrated groan and shoves something into his hand.

Arthur bows his head to look at it. It's the torn fragment of the photograph.

Vi heads toward Lynne. She knocks the petrol can from her hand.

VI

C'mon, we've gotta save Megan.

LYNNE

It's not right, Vi. They put the house back. Just the way it was except without my boys. It's like nobody cares what happened. They just want to forget.

Vi's not getting any help from her. Then...

VI

They died in their bedroom, didn't they?

LYNNE

What?

VI

Joshua and Vincent.

Lynne stifles a sob and nods. Vi looks to the house.

VI (CONT'D)

(quiet; to herself)

One bedroom. There's gotta be another.

Pulling her shirt up to cover her nose and mouth, Vi dashes into the house.

INT. SMALL RESIDENCE - FRONT HALL - CONTINUOUS

It's black with smoke. Flames crackle from the living room to her right.

Ahead of her is the stairs. Vi runs up them.

INT. SMALL RESIDENCE - UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Vi moves quickly, glancing into rooms as she passes.

The master bedroom, then the bathroom. She pulls open one door - it's the linen closet. The last door - a home office. All empty.

Vi stops and doubles over - coughing. From her bent position, she opens her eyes. She's looking right into the open linen closet. There's a gap along the bottom. Even though the smoke, it's visible.

Vi straightens and plunges into the closet. She starts dragging things out, pushing sheets and towels aside to bang on the back wall. It sounds thin. Hollow.

EXT. SMALL RESIDENCE - FRONT LAWN - SAME

Arthur and Imogen stand together. Lynne stands a little way away.

ARTHUR

We have to do something.

He starts forward. Imogen grabs his arm.

IMOGEN

Arthur, no! Then everyone will know. Everyone will see the lengths we've had to go to keep her safe. They won't... they won't understand.

Arthur takes a pained beat as he studies her. He shakes his head, disgusted with himself.

ARTHUR

She's not safe now, is she?

He shrugs away from her and runs into the house.

INT. SMALL RESIDENCE - UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Vi, still coughing, is pulling desperately at the shelves. She's growing weak.

Arthur appears beside her. He angles around her, reaching up behind the door frame and flipping a catch.

The interior of the closet swings inward revealing a smoke filled bedroom.

INT. SMALL RESIDENCE - HIDDEN ROOM - CONTINUOUS

MEGAN SMALL (12), the same little girl Lynne saw from the window, is lying motionless on the floor of the bare room.

Arthur scoops her up and exits.

INT. SMALL RESIDENCE - UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Vi and Arthur, carrying Megan, head for the stairs. One glance down proves that isn't an option. The fire is growing.

They back up. Arthur nods to the bathroom.

ARTHUR

In here!

INT. SMALL RESIDENCE - BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Vi closes the door behind them, stuffing a towel underneath. She darts to the tiny bathroom window. It won't open.

Arthur turns on the shower and climbs in, huddling with Megan under the cold water. He reaches out, grabbing Vi's hand and pulling her in, too.

ARTHUR

There's no way out. I'm sorry.

VI

We can't be trapped. There has to be some way!

ARTHUR

I'm sorry. I'm so sorry.

Vi sees now that he's not talking to her. He's mumbling this to Megan, his mouth pressed against her ear.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

Please wake up, baby. I'm sorry.
We just wanted to keep you safe.
I love you.

Megan shifts slightly. Her hand tightening on Arthur's arm. He grins and laughs through tears.

Vi looks to the door. Smoke continues to waft in.

She glances to Arthur and Megan. Leans back, pressing her head against the tiles, and closes her eyes.

BANG!

An axe rips through the bathroom door. Startled by the noise, Vi opens her eyes.

The door flies open. A FIREMAN stands in the doorway, almost glowing from the red heat behind him.

EXT. SMALL RESIDENCE - FRONT LAWN - CONTINUOUS

As FIREMEN swarm the front yard, Lynne watches blankly from the footpath out front.

Her hand closes over a mobile phone. She slips it back into her pocket.

FADE TO:

EXT. SMALL RESIDENCE - FRONT LAWN - DUSK

CROWDS have gathered to watch the event as it winds down.

The Firemen pack up, POLICE cordon off the scene as NEIGHBORS and NEWS CREWS try to get the best view.

Vi makes her way over to Arthur who watches his daughter being cared for by some PARAMEDICS in the back of an ambulance.

VI

How are you holding up?

Arthur, having just noticed her, is almost startled but recovers, looking back to Megan.

ARTHUR

Surprised you're talking to me, actually. Monster that I am.

VI

Who called you that?

ARTHUR

Nobody has to. It's true, though.

Vi glances at Megan.

VI

She's going to be okay?

ARTHUR

Yeah.

(beat)

Her sister, Jessica, she died. Jess was older, and she was just out, you know, being a teenager. Then one night she didn't come home. A few days later, a bush walker found her out in the nature reserve.

(beat)

Imogen, she... she blamed herself for not keeping Jess safe. For not keeping her close. And then, it all just started, you know? Wouldn't let Megan go to dance class anymore, no more birthday parties... I never thought it'd get this bad. Megan's growing up, she doesn't want to stay at home all the time. Whenever she tried to be... a normal kid, Imo, she'd...

(beat; shattered)

I should've stopped it.

One Paramedic hops out of the ambulance.

PARAMEDIC
(to Arthur)
We're ready. You riding along?

Arthur nods. He looks at Vi. There's a long beat.

ARTHUR
You're a strange girl.

Vi nods, resigned.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)
(gentle; grateful)
Don't ever change.

Vi's surprised by this. Arthur gives her a small smile and climbs into the back of the ambulance.

As it drives away, Vi turns.

Lynne sits by herself on the street curb. Imogen is with another ambulance, wrapped in a blanket and hyperventilating.

Over at the crowd of bystanders, Benson, wearing an intimidating trench coat, flashes a badge at an Officer who lifts up the police tape for him. Benson ducks underneath it.

He's followed by Doc, dressed as a paramedic and carrying his faithful black bag.

Benson moves immediately for Vi.

BENSON
You alright?

Vi smiles.

VI
Aw, didn't know you cared so much, Boss.

Benson gives her a stern look.

BENSON
Is your assignment over?

She shrugs.

BENSON (CONT'D)
Oh, that's helpful.

VI
(re: Doc)
What's he doing here?

BENSON

Doc? Memory wipes on the Small family. They can't know you and Lynne were involved in the fire.

Vi lets out a short laugh.

VI

Yeah, specially since Lynne started it.

Benson slowly raises his eyebrows. Vi waves him off.

VI (CONT'D)

What can I say? Girl's got issues.

She grins and steps around him, heading for Lynne.

Benson catches her arm, gently pulling her back to face him.

Vi, stunned, looks down at his hand. Embarrassed, Benson quickly releases her.

BENSON

W. R. Crenshaw.

A beat.

VI

Vio-let Mor-gan.

BENSON

Do you recognise the name?

Vi shakes her head.

BENSON (CONT'D)

We believe he's the one who gave your father information about the Company. He's credited in the acknowledgements of the book.

Vi takes a moment.

VI

Why are you telling me this?

Benson pauses.

BENSON

Because everyone has a right to know about the things that impact their lives.

Vi turns around, looking at Lynne.

EXT. SMALL RESIDENCE - FRONT LAWN - LATER

Vi sits with Lynne on the curb.

LYNNE
I'm sorry for setting the house
on fire and almost killing you.

VI
Forget about it.

Lynne glances at her sharply.

VI (CONT'D)
Or... don't.
(beat)
Do you know what Thursday is?

Lynne nods.

LYNNE
I don't think I ever forgot. Not
really.
(beat)
I guess I just tried to take the
easy way out.

Vi shakes her hair, ash and dust raining down.

VI
Yeah. The easy way.

Lynne can't help but smile.

We slowly pull back, watching Vi and Lynne as they sit,
taking in the dwindling chaos of the scene.

INT. THE COMPANY - CADBURY'S WORK STATION - NIGHT

Irritated, Cadbury jabs the "Enter" key on his keyboard. He
sighs and swivels around in his chair.

CADBURY
Well, Ms. Cooke...

Jenna perks up.

JENNA
Did we find the problem?

CADBURY
Yes. In that there is no problem.

Jenna groans and slumps back down into her chair.

JENNA

What did I say about riddles,
Jordan?

CADBURY

The money is yours.

A beat.

JENNA

What?

CADBURY

It came from nowhere. I presume
it was created by the Power that
controls the Company.
Technically, its value is nothing
because, technically, it doesn't
exist. But you can still buy
pretty, shiny things with it.

JENNA

So, I'm...

CADBURY

Six hundred thousand dollars
richer.

(beat)

Of course, we'll have to double
check with Mr. Benson but I'm
sure he'll allow you to keep it.
He likes you.

Jenna stands. Sits down again. Clasps her hands in her lap
and then lifts them to her face, covering her mouth.

JENNA

I don't know what to say. I... I
can't keep it. It's not... I
mean... I must have been given it
for a reason.

EXT. SMALL RESIDENCE - FRONT LAWN - DAY

The tail end of an auction. An AUCTIONEER stands before a
crowd of PEOPLE.

AUCTIONEER

Sold for six hundred and forty
thousand to the woman in the
back. Thank you very much for
coming, ladies and gentlemen.
Have a pleasant afternoon.

The crowd begins to clear, leaving Lynne with Vi, Jenna and
Andrew.

LYNNE

I don't know what to say. Jenna,
are you sure about this?

JENNA

Hey, it's not even my money. What
was I going to do with it?

Andrew leans over and speaks quietly into her ear.

ANDREW

You're such a girl scout.

Jenna looks hurt but Andrew, still close, doesn't see.

ANDREW (CONT'D)

And I think that's kind of
awesome.

Jenna smiles.

Lynne moves towards the house, looking over it. Vi comes to
stand next to her.

VI

It's pretty gutted inside.

LYNNE

It's a fixer-upper. I think I can
handle it.

Vi gives her a firm, reassuring smile.

INT. MORGAN RESIDENCE - LIVING ROOM - LATER

Vi walks past the doorway.

CAM (O.S.)

Vi? That you?

She takes a step back and enters the room, looking around.

VI

Cam? Where are you?

Cam puts one hand in the air. He's on the floor beside the
couch.

Vi, amused, comes around and falls down onto the couch
beside him.

VI (CONT'D)

And you're on the floor because?

CAM

I deserve to be on the floor.

VI

Right. Anything I can help you with?

A beat. Cam takes a deep breath.

CAM

Last year was kind of weird. I... I was worried about you and, well, I sort of started investigating you and... and trying to figure out what happened to you that night.

VI

The night I died.

CAM

Yeah.

(quickly)

But I've stopped now, really. You... you can see the notes and stuff if you want. I mean, you can have them.

Vi shakes her head.

VI

No. That's okay.

(beat)

But thanks.

We see a bird's eye view of their positions. Vi on the couch, Cam on the floor - both facing up and with their hands folded across their stomachs.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CEMETARY - DAY

Two graves. Side by side.

Lynne kneels down, putting a bunch of flowers on each grave. She reaches up, tracing her fingers along the headstones.

She stands and starts to walk away, brushing her fingers across the headstone of another grave - "CHRISTOPHER CAMPBELL" engraved on it.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SMALL RESIDENCE - LIVING ROOM - LATER

Lynne stands in the middle of the burnt out shell.

She puts something on the mantle piece and then picks up a broom. She begins to sweep up the clutter.

We move in on the mantle piece.

Right up to a framed photo of Lynne, a man and two smiling boys. This is Lynne's house again.

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF EPISODE