

THE COMPANY

"Spin-Off Material (Part 2)"

by
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TEASER

FADE IN:

EXT. MORGAN RESIDENCE - FRONT LAWN - MORNING

It's slightly overcast but warm enough. A soft breeze blows through the leaves of the tree in the front yard.

VI MORGAN sits on the broadest branch, her back to the rough tree trunk.

With eyes closed, she nods along to the MUSIC coming from her ipod. She's completely calm.

THWACK!

A small rock hits the side of her head. Vi's eyes fly open and she tumbles sideways - startled.

She scrambles for a hold on the branch. Her fingers slip. The ipod falls and then...

... She's upside down. Legs wrapped around the branch, arms struggling to hold her shirt in place.

MALE VOICE (O.S.)

Uh... Sorry.

Frustrated, Vi blows her hair from her face.

From a few metres away, ANDREW FRIAR waves sheepishly.

ANDREW

Hi.

Vi glares.

VI

Oh, it's not a problem.

Andrew darts forward and helps her down. As Vi maneuvers off the branch...

VI (CONT'D)

A near death experience is the only way to start the day.

Her feet touch the ground and she fixes her hair as best she can.

VI (CONT'D)

After a big breakfast, of course.

She looks to Andrew. Waits for him to speak. Andrew just stares at her intently.

VI (CONT'D)
I'm not a witch, I swear.

ANDREW
(snapping out of it)
Huh?

VI
The rocks? With the throwing?

ANDREW
Oh. Uh. I was just... I called
but you didn't...

VI
Right.

A beat. A long, awkward beat.

VI (CONT'D)
I assume you're not looking for
me. Given the way you practically
ran screaming when I opened the
door last night.

Andrew grimaces - not sure how to start.

ANDREW
Well... Here's the thing...
(beat)
You really don't recognise me?

Vi shakes her head.

VI
Should I?

ANDREW
It's me. Andrew.

Taking a few steps back, Vi laughs nervously.

VI
Look, I don't know who you've
been stalking on MySpace but it's
not me.

ANDREW
Vi, come on --

VI
And, by the way, how do you know my
name?

Andrew's mouth gapes open.

ANDREW
I-I-Uh, it's... I mean --

Vi turns and walks quickly towards the front porch.

VI
Okay, this is starting to creep
me out. You need to go.

He starts after her.

ANDREW
Wait. Please.

Vi reaches the front door. As she opens it:

VI
Leave me alone!

She enters, SLAMMING the door behind her.

INT. MORGAN RESIDENCE - FRONT HALL - MORNING

Vi turns to peer out of the window beside the door.
Andrew's gone.

She takes a deep breath. Turns back.

VI
That was weird.

She thinks for a moment. Half smiles.

VI (CONT'D)
Cute. But weird.

She moves off.

EXT. MORGAN RESIDENCE - FRONT LAWN - MORNING

MOVING ALONG the rocky garden edging by the base of the
tree, we land on Vi's ipod - a huge crack running down the
front.

The MUSIC playing from the earpieces begins to FADE. The
screen shows the powering down message: "Goodbye".

It flickers and dies.

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

INT. THE COMPANY - HOLDING CELL - DAY

An ANT feels its way across a grey cement floor. It reaches a bread crumb and stops, inspecting it.

A huge blurred MASS lowers itself into frame behind the ant and it's hoard. The mass sharpens.

It's DOC. Lying on the floor of his cell beside a lumpy cot.

DOC

Hello there, little fella.
Whatcha found there? Come on,
don't be scared.

ALISTAIR BENSON stands outside the cell - separated from it by shatter-proof glass.

BENSON

Now, Wilhelm. You've only been in
here for twelve hours. It's far
too early for that.

Doc nods and sits up. He glances over his shoulder at Benson.

DOC

Very true.

He stands, dusting off his palms.

DOC (CONT'D)

I'll wait a few months before I
name him.

Doc nears Benson.

BENSON

You're expecting to be here that
long?

DOC

Aren't I? Because according to
you, I did a very naughty thing.

BENSON

And I'd like to know why.

Doc chuckles.

DOC

Getting straight to the point, I
see.

BENSON

I'm a very busy man. Thanks to you.

Doc's eyes roam Benson's blank expression.

DOC

Pull up a chair.

Benson doesn't move. Doc shrugs. He seats himself on the cot and, with some struggle, sits cross-legged.

DOC (CONT'D)

Now, let me see. Where do you start with any good story? I'd wager it would be at...

He holds his hand out to Benson, waiting for the response.

DOC (CONT'D)

The beginning. Very good, sir.

He clears his throat.

DOC (CONT'D)

Once upon a time --

BENSON

Get on with it, Wilhelm. I don't have time for this.

Doc's smile drops.

DOC

It started with a walk. I left the Company for the first time in years. Maybe the first time since I was hired. I just wandered for awhile, I had no mission, no real desire to go to any one specific place. That's how I ended up at the park. Sitting on a bench. Next to one Peter Morgan.

BENSON

You didn't seek him out?

DOC

Now why would I do something like that? You seem to think I did this because I have some... vendetta against the Company, Benson, which, I can assure you, I don't. This is about the threads of the universe. They weave themselves in ways we can't even imagine.

BENSON

The universe led you to Peter Morgan?

DOC

He was tired and broken and spent. I could see almost immediately that Peter was a man of great potential. He already had the words inside of him, he just needed me to help him put them together.

BENSON

You gave him the idea for the book.

Doc nods.

DOC

We continued our meetings. Whenever he got stuck on some small detail. It seems strange to you, Benson, but... he needed it. He needed to become the man he once was.

(beat)

Peter Morgan's connection was broken.

A smile creeps over Doc's face.

DOC (CONT'D)

And I fixed it.

Off Doc's maniac grin, cut to:

INT. THE COMPANY - BENSON'S OFFICE - DAY

Andrew enters.

He ignores JENNA COOKE and SHANE EVANS, who sit in chairs opposite Benson's desk.

He slumps to the ground, his back leaning against the side of the desk - his feet to the wall.

Jenna starts to stand.

JENNA

Andrew? Are you...

Andrew kicks his foot forward - SMASHING it through the wall. He makes no effort to remove it.

JENNA (CONT'D)

... Okay....

She sits back down and turns to Shane instead.

JENNA (CONT'D)
You want something to eat?
There's a buffet breakfast in
five minutes.

SHANE
I don't think I could ever eat
again.

Andrew SCOFFS.

ANDREW
Bloody teenagers. You're all so
goddamn overdramatic.

He YANKS his foot free.

The door BURSTS open and Benson strides inside. He SLAMS
the door closed behind him and, fuming, stalks around the
desk.

He sits down and clasps his hands together. A beat.

BENSON
So, how is everyone today?

JENNA
Uh...

BENSON
Reports? Updates? Progress?
Anyone?

Andrew stands.

ANDREW
She doesn't remember anything. I
tried again this morning.

SHANE
Maybe I could --

BENSON
I think trying to bring Vi back
is a lost cause, I'm afraid. She
made her choice.

JENNA
But, sir, this isn't just
something we can decide
ourselves. There are channels.
Head Office has to be informed.

BENSON

And they will be. But, right now, we need to assess whether we can continue without Violet Morgan.

ANDREW

Of course we can't. What about all that balancing out the universe crap? There'll be one less Runner, meaning more assignments for everybody else.

BENSON

Not with young Mr. Evans, here. Somehow, the power that controls the Company has decided that he is important enough to bring into our circle. And, judging from the events of the past few days, it seems he's the one getting Vi's assignments now. He can take over for her.

SHANE

Hang on, I didn't ask for this. This isn't fair.

BENSON

Life isn't fair, Mr. Evans. Sometime's you just have to accept it.

Looking back down to his desk, his eyes gloss over the hole in the wall. He does a double take.

BENSON (CONT'D)

Why is there a hole in my wall?

With a soft CLICK, the door closes. Andrew's slipped out.

INT. THE COMPANY - RECEPTION OFFICE - DAY

Andrew reaches the elevator. Jenna hurries out of Benson's office and joins him. She looks concerned.

JENNA

Andrew, please don't do anything stupid.

The elevator CHIMES and the doors slide open. Andrew steps inside and turns to face her.

ANDREW

I think Vi's already covered that.

Jenna moves a hand in between the doors, stopping them from closing. She purses her lips.

A beat. Andrew sighs.

ANDREW (CONT'D)

I'm just going to get the memory gizmo back. Can't have Little Miss Forget-Me-Now running around with Company property, can we?

JENNA

Then I think Shane should --

ANDREW

The kid's a mess. He hasn't slept, he's just... I can handle this, okay?

Jenna nods and steps back.

JENNA

Okay. But take Kou. And --

The doors slide closed. A beat.

JENNA (CONT'D)

(softly)

Be careful.

INT. MORGAN RESIDENCE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

MUSIC is playing. More specifically, it's Shania Twain's "Man! I Feel Like A Woman!".

We are on the faces of CAROLINE MORGAN and PETER MORGAN as they stand in the doorway. They watch something with confusion and a little concern.

PETER

Should we do something?

CAROLINE

What's there to do?

Inside the living room, Vi dances wildly to the MUSIC VIDEO playing on the TV. She holds a feather duster in one hand and cleans as she SINGS ALONG.

CAROLINE (CONT'D)

This is... normal.

She looks to Peter.

CAROLINE (CONT'D)

Isn't it?

CAM MORGAN and PENNY MORGAN appear beside them. Following the gaze of their parents, they turn to look at Vi.

PENNY
What's with the freak?

CAM
Is she alright?

PETER
She's fine. Just a little...
cabin fever.

He looks to Caroline, pleadingly.

CAROLINE
Maybe we should all go out for
lunch. De-stress a little.

PENNY
I think Vi's already got that
covered.

At this point, Vi turns to them - completely comfortable with having an audience. She strikes a pose.

VI
(singing along)
Man! I feel like a woman!

Off the faces of her family, we cut to:

INT. ANDREW'S CAR (NOT MOVING) - DAY

Andrew and KOU YIMOU watch intently as, across the street, the Morgan family exit the house and climb into their car - Cam and Vi playfully fighting for the last window seat.

KOU
She looks happy.

Andrew ignores him. The Morgan's drive off.

ANDREW
Let's go.

He climbs out.

INT. MORGAN RESIDENCE - VI'S ROOM - DAY

Andrew enters first. He moves slowly, taking in the stillness of the room.

Kou steps around him and begins searching swiftly. He is careful to replace whatever he moves. Never leaving a trace that he was there.

Andrew runs his fingers along the books on Vi's bookshelf. Kou stops, studying him.

KOU

I can do this, Andrew. If you want to wait outside.

ANDREW

No, I don't want to wait outside.

KOU

I know how hard this must be for you.

ANDREW

Really? That's funny, because it's really not all that hard. She's a good kid. She deserves a break from all this. It's fine.

KOU

She's not... she's not taking a holiday, Andrew. Vi's not coming back.

Andrew turns away.

ANDREW

(muttering)

I guess we'll see about that.

Kou shakes his head sadly and gets back to work. Andrew reaches the window seat. He starts lifting the cushions - throwing them onto the floor.

Underneath the last one is the memory wiping device. Andrew picks it up. A piece of paper is rolled around it.

With shaking fingers, Andrew hesitantly unrolls the paper.

He glances at Kou who's searching the other side of the room. His back is turned.

Andrew looks back to the paper. As he reads it, his eyes slowly start to well with tears.

After a few moments, he hastily stuffs the note into his pocket. Blinking back tears, he turns to Kou.

ANDREW (CONT'D)

Found it.

Andrew tosses the device to him and quickly fixes the window seat cushions.

ANDREW (CONT'D)

Let's go.

He hurries out of the room. Kou takes a moment then slowly follows.

MUSIC CUE: "Sweetness" by Jimmy Eat World

INT. WICKER RECORDS - MAIN FLOOR - DAY

The place is a little less crowded than usual. Probably because of the complete disarray of the main floor.

BB and VINKLE set up the stage area, hefting display racks off a raised platform.

VINKLE

BB! You're not doing it right!

BB

I'm lifting a big metal thing.
There's only one way to do it.

VINKLE

It's - - ow! -- on my - - ah! --
my foot!

Vinkle drops the shelf and it falls to the side. With a huge CRASH, it hits the ground. CDs spiral in all directions.

Vinkle hops away, shaking out his foot.

VINKLE (CONT'D)

My podiatrist said I'm not
supposed to put heavy things on
it!

Across the store, Shane enters. BB, ignoring Vinkle, spots him.

BB

Dude, where've you been? We've
got a gig tonight, you know!

Behind Shane, HANNAH MARSHALL enters. BB grins. Vinkle stops hopping around.

BB (CONT'D)

(re: Hannah)

But we forgive you, if she's back
for good.

Shane and Hannah share a smile.

SHANE

Yeah. I think she's back. Do you
think you're back?

HANNAH

I very definitely think so.

She grins. BB opens his arms and Hannah skips forward, hugging him. She turns to Vinkle but he flinches away. Hannah smirks and grabs him anyway.

GWEN (O.S.)

Shane?

Shane, somewhat startled, looks up. GWEN HART makes her way down the stairs from the loft.

SHANE

Uh, hi, Gwen. Hey.

GWEN

What are you doing here?

SHANE

I sort of, well, my cousin --

He turns, searching for Jimmy but he's nowhere to be seen.

SHANE (CONT'D)

-- Doesn't seem to realise my band is trashing his store.

GWEN

The blonde guy? With glasses?

Shane nods.

GWEN (CONT'D)

He was ranting before and trying to figure out what to do. I'm pretty sure he landed on "ignoring it and hoping it goes away".

SHANE

Right. Yeah...

GWEN

I'm just picking up a CD for Niko.

SHANE

So, you guys are still...

GWEN

We're still, yeah.

Over with BB and Vinkle, Hannah notices Gwen.

SHANE

Well, no, I just meant that you guys should... come to the show. My band. Tonight. Here. We're playing a...

GWEN

Show?

SHANE

Exactly. And you should come. I guess it's sort of... an apology. For the other week.

Gwen thinks for a moment. Smiles.

GWEN

Yeah. That sounds like fun.

SHANE

It will be. Fun. Lots of it.

GWEN

Well, I'm just gonna... pay.

Shane leaps out of her way, waving out his arms towards the front counter.

SHANE

Okay. You go pay and I'll just be... over there. With my band who you will see tonight.

GWEN

Tonight. Okay.

Shane, practically dying from awkwardness, moves away. As he exits frame, he cringes in embarrassment.

INT. THE HAPPY VAMPIRE - DAY

Caroline, Peter, Cam and Penny are seated in a booth by the window. They each have a macabre themed meal in front of them but no one's very interested in eating at this point.

Vi approaches the table, tossing a handful of tomato sauce packets onto it.

VI

I bring sauce.

She sits down, picks one back up and eyes it carefully.

VI (CONT'D)

Okay, I'm all for being detailed but do they really have to shape these like blood bags from the hospital?

Looking up, she waits for a response. The rest of the family stare at her with a mix of nervousness and anticipation.

VI (CONT'D)

What is it? Do I have something on my face?

CAROLINE

No, sweetie. We have to... tell you something.

Vi's face drops.

VI

Oh God. Is Penny pregnant?

PENNY

What?!

VI

Because you are not turning my room into a nursery.

Penny grabs a chip from Cam's tray and hurls it at Vi who dodges easily.

PENNY

Skank!

VI

Well, obviously not if I'm not the one --

PENNY

I found Dad's book, you freak! It's getting published and we're having the stupid launch party tonight!

Silence. They stare at Vi. Waiting for the inevitable meltdown. Vi blinks. She looks to Peter.

A beat.

Her face lights up.

VI

You're getting a book published? Oh my God, Dad! That's awesome!

Peter, Caroline, Cam and Penny share stunned looks. This is definitely not the reaction they were expecting.

INT. THE COMPANY - BENSON'S OFFICE - DAY

Benson looks asleep, sitting back in his chair.

His telephone RINGS and his hand moves only slightly to pick up the receiver and lift it to his ear.

BENSON
(into phone)
Yes?

There's a long beat. Some RAPID UNINTELLIGIBLE SPEAKING from the other end of the line is heard through the silence.

Benson's eyes open.

INT. ANDREW'S CAR (UNMOVING) - DAY

Andrew sits in the car. Kou paces along the footpath beside it, MUMBLING into his mobile phone.

His attention is broken, however, by the Morgan family car driving back up the street and pulling into the drive way.

Everyone climbs out, making their way back into the house, but Andrew's gaze is fixed solely on Vi. Smiling, carefree, happy.

Snapping his phone closed, Kou leans down to the passenger side window.

KOU
Something's happened.

Andrew looks to him.

KOU (CONT'D)
We need her back.

Andrew reels for a moment. He wasn't expecting this.

The sound of the DOORBELL echoing through the Morgan house brings us into the next scene...

EXT. MORGAN RESIDENCE - FRONT PORCH - DAY

Vi opens the door and steps out onto the porch.

VI
Hi. Can I help you?

Kou smiles at her kindly.

KOU
Actually, we think we can help
you.

VI
(confused)
We?

Seeing nobody beside Kou, Vi starts to look around. Andrew, flattened against the wall by the door, launches forward.

He slaps a hand over her mouth, muffling her SCREAMS. His other hand grabs her around the waist, lifting her into the air. Dodging her flailing arms, Kou grabs her legs.

Carrying her between them, Andrew and Kou sprint down the porch steps, exiting frame.

We hear CAR DOORS SLAM, the ENGINE ROARING to life and the SQUEAL of TYRES as the car speeds away.

A gentle breeze blows through the yard. It reaches the porch and pushes the front door closed with a soft CLICK.

CUT TO BLACK:

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

INT. HOUSE - PANTRY - DAY

In the darkness, we can barely make out the shape of a PERSON. We can, however, hear quick, frightened BREATHING and the sound of quiet, restrained MOVEMENT.

A door opens. Light floods the tiny room and reveals Vi, mouth and hands duct taped, sitting by the wall. She looks up with wide, teary eyes.

Kou and Jenna stand in the doorway. Jenna's mouth is open in shock.

JENNA

Oh my God.

She closes the door quickly.

We're still on the door, watching the shadows of Jenna and Kou's feet dance about underneath it. We hear their muffled VOICES, also.

JENNA (O.S.) (CONT'D)

What the hell is wrong with you?!
You just took her?!

KOU (O.S.)

It was Benson's idea.

JENNA (O.S.)

What?! This is just... do you know how much this is going to screw her up? She's going to be mentally and emotionally scarred for the rest of her life!

KOU (O.S.)

Not if we get her memory back.

Jenna sighs.

JENNA (O.S.)

Where's Andrew? He should be dealing with this.

KOU (O.S.)

He's in the basement.

JENNA (O.S.)

Right. The basement. Where else would he be?

There's a beat. Jenna opens the door once again. Vi blinks, her eyes adjusting to the light.

Jenna leans forward, a kind smile on her face.

JENNA (CONT'D)

Well...

Nope. Nothing she can say is going to make Vi feel better right now. She straightens and closes the door.

INT. HOUSE - BASEMENT - DAY

Jenna and Andrew sit side by side on the floor, their backs pressing against a washer and dryer.

Andrew drinks from a bottle of beer - empty bottles lie at his feet.

Realising the one in his hand is empty as well, he kicks open a small fridge by the wall and pulls out a second bottle.

He opens it. Takes a swig.

ANDREW

This sucks. I'm going to jail and this...

He studies his bottle.

ANDREW (CONT'D)

Isn't beer.

He hands it to Jenna who sips.

JENNA

You don't like ice tea?

ANDREW

No. Because it sucks.

JENNA

You're starting to sound like her, you know.

ANDREW

What? A bratty teenager?

JENNA

I was thinking "charmingly honest" but, I guess that works too.

ANDREW

Because that's what she is. A bratty teenager.

JENNA
(scolding)
Andrew --

ANDREW
Nah. Said so herself. See?

He digs around in his pocket. Pulls out the paper he found in Vi's room. He hands it to her. She glances over it.

JENNA
It's a note.

ANDREW
From Vi. And I can tell you exactly what it says.

He scrambles to his feet. Wobbles a little. Then, he straightens his shoulders and clears his throat.

He begins to pace rather pompously.

ANDREW (CONT'D)
(reciting; mocking)
"Andrew. I know this may seem like I'm giving up or that I'm not grateful for everything you've done for me this past year. The truth is, you're amazing --"
(to himself)
Amazing? Really? Personally I would've gone with "Han Solo but better looking". Anyway, what else is there? Oh, yeah.
(then)
"But I guess I'm just not cut out for this. Also, what I said before about giving up? It's true. I am. I'm being selfish, I know that, and this is probably going to make me seem like the world's brattiest teenager but I can't do this anymore. I'm sorry. Love, Vi".

He bows to Jenna. She stands slowly, the note clenched in one hand.

Stepping up to him, she moves closer. She stares deeply into his eyes, her own face is unreadable.

The bitterness in Andrew's eyes softens. He leans in...

... And Jenna SLAPS him across the face.

Andrew YELPS and reels back. Jenna, gritting her teeth in anger, doesn't linger and moves swiftly past him and up the stairs.

Andrew takes a calming moment. He suddenly picks up one of the empty bottles and HURLS it at the wall where it SHATTERS.

INT. HOUSE - PANTRY - DAY

It's still dark and, as the door opens, Vi closes her eyes - unable to take the sudden rush of light.

A SHADOW moves across her. Vi opens her eyes slowly.

Shane crouches in front of her and gently peels away the duct tape from her mouth.

VI

Shane, thank God. These people are insane.

He touches her face, smoothing her hair away from her eyes - which are lit up with happiness and relief.

VI (CONT'D)

They think I know them. We have to get out of here.

He says nothing. He can't even look her in the eyes.

VI (CONT'D)

Untie my hands. Shane, come on. We have to hurry.

She's still not getting it.

SHANE

Vi...

Her pleading face drops slowly. Fear and uncertainty take over.

VI

(suspicious)
How did you know where to find me?

SHANE

I can explain everything.

VI

No...

SHANE

Vi, please. You have to understand --

VI

Understand what? What the hell is the matter with you? I am your best friend and you're helping them?

SHANE

They're your friends, too. You just don't... you don't remember.

VI

I think I'd remember being friends with a bunch of PSYCHOPATHS!

She yells the last word past Shane, out into the rest of the house.

SHANE

You work with them. The Company. Do you remember the Company?

VI

Shane, no. This is crazy.

SHANE

But... not everything's there, right? In your head?

VI

What are you talking about?

SHANE

You remember things the way they are now. But... it's a little fuzzy on exactly how they came to be that way. Like Erin.

VI

What about Erin?

(beat)

Are you saying he's in on this too?

SHANE

No. Just... he's your boyfriend. But how?

(quickly)

And that isn't an insult, okay?

(beat)

Do you remember him and Bianca breaking up? And what about Wyatt and the Trendsetters last year? Why would you ever hang out with people like that?

VI

I don't... I don't know.

SHANE

It's the Company. Everything directly related to them has been removed from your memory.

VI

Shane, why would anyone do that?
How could they --

SHANE

You did it to yourself.

A flicker of shock passes over her face. Then, she glares.

VI

Look at me, Shane. They just grabbed me and shoved me in a car. I thought I was going to die.

She tears up. She takes a deep breath, almost afraid to say what she's thinking.

VI (CONT'D)

Am I going to die?

SHANE

(quick; comforting)
No, no. Of course not. Jeez, Vi. These people, they would never hurt.

(beat)

I would never hurt you.

A tear rolls down her cheek.

VI

(soft)
Too late.

She looks away. Shane looks heart-broken.

INT. HOUSE - KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Shane exits the pantry and shuts the door. He puts a chair under the doorknob.

Shoulders slumped in defeat, he moves for the kitchen door. Andrew enters, blocking his exit.

Andrew has sobered up by this point, most likely due to Jenna's attack.

ANDREW
Hey, where are you going?

SHANE
I'm out. I've got a show tonight.

ANDREW
You're just going to leave her?
She's your friend, dude.

Shane shakes his head, stepping around him.

SHANE
Whatever.

ANDREW
Just think you're making the
wrong choice, that's all.

Shane whirls back, angry.

SHANE
Look around, Andrew! People make
choices.

He points to the closed door of the pantry.

SHANE (CONT'D)
She made one. Doesn't mean it was
wrong.

ANDREW
So you think she's better off
this way? Not remembering us?

SHANE
She remembers me just fine. But,
thanks to you people, she'll
never trust me again.

He leaves. Andrew watches after him for a moment before
looking to the pantry.

He walks over and moves a hand across the door. He slides
to the ground, pressing his ear against it.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. HOUSE - PANTRY - SAME

Vi matches his position. Hands still taped behind her back,
she awkwardly rests her head against the door.

INT. THE COMPANY - RECEPTION OFFICE - DAY

The doors to the conference room open and a dozen EXECUTIVE
TYPES pour out, MURMURING seriously amongst themselves.

Benson, the last to leave, looks somewhat shell-shocked. He heads immediately for GLENDA MORRISON, sitting behind the reception desk.

BENSON

We're too late.

He motions to the now empty conference room.

BENSON (CONT'D)

There's just been a meeting. Apparently the glitches in the Company's systems didn't start a few days ago. Surveillance and communication files have been corrupted. We've been getting limited information for God knows how long.

GLENDA

Well, what does that mean?

BENSON

There was no way we could find out about this book being published until now. It's too late. I suppose... I suppose we won't be needing Violet back after all.

GLENDA

Alistair, don't blame yourself.

BENSON

I don't have to. Head Office will blame me enough for everyone.

GLENDA

Well, if they already know about this - and it's a sure bet that they do - we just have to change our approach.

BENSON

Glenda?

GLENDA

I have an idea.

(beat)

But first, we need to give that adorable Violet Morgan her memory back. And you know exactly how to do that.

She looks at him, knowingly. Benson sighs and tilts his head back - CRACKING his neck.

INT. THE COMPANY - HOLDING CELL - DAY

Benson walks down the hallway. He stops at Doc's cell.

Inside, Doc sits on his bed.

DOC

Before. Why did you call me
Wilhelm?

BENSON

It's your name, isn't it?

DOC

Not for over a hundred years.

BENSON

I'm still curious as to how
you're still alive, by the way.
Even after being reanimated by
the Company. In fact, I have a
lot of questions.

Doc stands. He begins moving around the room slowly,
enjoying the conversation.

DOC

All in good time, my friend.

BENSON

Yes. You won't be going anywhere.
I think we've established that.

DOC

So, that means you came here for
some other reason. Let me
guess... You need my help.

BENSON

"Need" is a rather strong word.
It would save us a few hours
labour. Possibly save your
laboratory from being ransacked
right away. Violet Morgan's
memory. How do we retrieve it?

DOC

You would stoop to bluffs and
threats? Really, Benson? I
thought you were better than
that.

Benson puts a hand into his pocket. He pulls out a key card
and swipes it over the lock. With a HISS, the glass door
slides open.

Benson steps inside, stowing away the key card.

BENSON

Then it seems neither of us knows
much about the other, do we?

Doc takes a wary step back, intimidated by Benson's
imposing figure.

Nearing Doc, he looms over him threateningly. Then,
Benson's face softens.

BENSON (CONT'D)

Please.

Doc's taken by surprise.

BENSON (CONT'D)

I know a part of you still cares
about the Company.

There's a moment as Doc takes this in. He sighs and sinks
down onto the small bed once again.

DOC

Before I can help you, there's
something I need you to promise
me.

BENSON

I can't promise --

DOC

You can. You must.

BENSON

Tell me how to return Vi's
memory. Then... we'll see.

Doc considers this. Resigned, his shoulders slump.

DOC

Talk to Myron Qualley, from the
records department. He's heard me
mention the procedure, and with a
memory like his, well...

He looks up at Benson, a tired smile on his face.

INT. HOUSE - PANTRY - DAY

Andrew and Vi sit across from each other in the tiny,
cramped room. The room is illuminated by a single hanging
bulb.

Vi watches Andrew with suspicion. He just looks guilty.
They are silent for a long while and then...

ANDREW

I'm sorry.

(beat)

You don't believe us. I get it. I wouldn't either. I was going to show you the note you wrote me. But Jenna has it.

(beat)

Anyway... You're a good kid. You don't deserve this.

He stands.

VI

Andrew?

Surprised, he turns back.

VI (CONT'D)

I don't remember you. But I know... we were friends.

A tear rolls down her cheek.

VI (CONT'D)

I want to remember.

Andrew smiles, relieved. Vi shifts uncomfortably, whimpering in pain a little as her restraints pull awkwardly against her arms.

Crouching down, Andrew reaches behind her. We FOLLOW his hands as they feel for the duct tape. It lies, torn on the floor underneath Vi's hands.

In between her fingers, she holds a set of keys.

She snaps her arm around and the sharp edge of the key slices along Andrew's jaw.

He YELLS in pain and tumbles back, knocking open the pantry door. Vi leaps up, wobbling slightly on cramped legs, and leaps over him.

INT. HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

As she sails through the air, Andrew grabs her ankle. With a THUD, Vi hits the ground.

They struggle. Vi rolls over, kicking Andrew in the face with her other foot. Andrew releases her and Vi scrambles to her feet, running out of the room.

EXT. HOUSE - FRONT YARD - DAY

Vi bursts out of the front door and takes off across the lawn.

Andrew stumbles to the front door. Blood dripped down his neck from the cut and he's breathing heavily - in pain.

He watches, unable to follow, as Vi veers off the lawn and disappears down the street.

CUT TO BLACK:

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

INT. FOWLER RESIDENCE - ERIN'S ROOM - AFTERNOON

ERIN FOWLER sits at his computer, MUSIC turned up loud. He doesn't hear or see Vi as she crawls in the window behind him.

She stumbles a little, making a louder THUMP when her foot hits the ground. Erin turns.

ERIN

What the -- Vi?!

He gets up. Vi starts to speak, barely audible through both the MUSIC and her own sobbing.

ERIN (CONT'D)

Hang on, I can't hear you.

Erin flicks off the speakers. The MUSIC STOPS. Vi continues to cry. Erin steps forward, wrapping her in a hug.

ERIN (CONT'D)

God, Vi, what's wrong?

VI

(through sobs)

I don't know what happened. They just took me, I don't know why and they act like I know them. I'm so scared, oh God. They're going to come after me.

ERIN

Slow down. Who's after you?

VI

These guys. And a woman. And Shane was there, he's helping them.

Erin takes her hands, he looks down. Her wrists are red and swollen - bruising already.

ERIN

Did they do this to you? Did Shane do something?

Vi nods, starting off another round of tears. Erin's face becomes a mask of sheer anger. He pulls away from her and grabs the telephone beside his bed.

ERIN (CONT'D)

I'm calling the cops.

VI
I just wanna see my parents.

ERIN
We really should --

VI
Erin, please.

Erin sighs, putting the phone down.

ERIN
I'll drive. Come on.

Wrapping an arm around Vi's shoulders, he starts to lead her out of the room.

EXT. FOWLER RESIDENCE - STREET - AFTERNOON

Erin bundles Vi into the car. Andrew's car comes SCREECHING around the corner.

INT. ERIN'S CAR (NOT MOVING) - AFTERNOON

Vi cranes her neck around.

VI
Oh my God! Erin, it's them!

Erin leaps into the car. Starts the engine.

VI (CONT'D)
Go! Go! Go!

ERIN
What do you think I'm doing?

He hits the accelerator and the car shoots off down the street.

INT. ANDREW'S CAR (MOVING) - AFTERNOON

Andrew drives - still bleeding. Jenna's in the passenger seat, Kou's behind them.

JENNA
Andrew, slow down! You're going to hit someone!

ANDREW
We gotta get her back.

KOU
Alive being the preferable option!

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - AFTERNOON

Erin's car speeds up, whipping around a corner. Andrew's follows.

After Erin's car passes, another car begins to back out of a drive way.

INT. ANDREW'S CAR (MOVING) - AFTERNOON

Jenna points to the car about to block their path.

JENNA
Andrew, look out!

Andrew swerves, going off the road and right into...

EXT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - FRONT LAWN - AFTERNOON

... A white picket fence. Smashing it to pieces in the process.

The car RUMBLES and STALLS, slowing to a stop in the middle of the yard.

INT. ANDREW'S CAR (NOT MOVING) - AFTERNOON

The three catch their breaths.

ANDREW
Don't worry. I know where she's going.
(beat)
But we might need backup.

Jenna throws him a glare.

INT. PUBLISHING HOUSE - EVENT ROOM - NIGHT

An elevator rests with its doors open. A FIGURE stands inside, silhouetted by a blinding white light.

We PULL BACK to reveal that it's the cover of "The Company", a novel by Peter Morgan.

Huge cardboard displays of these things are set up - creating a walkway from the main entrance to the rest of the party.

Vi and Erin enter. Their terrified, sweating faces are a stark contrast to the mingling PARTY GUESTS.

Hurrying down the walkway, Vi points across the room.

VI
Over there.

Peter and Caroline talk to a few guests - including a petite WOMAN.

Peter is flipping through a copy of the book.

PETER

I was thinking about reading a little from chapter twelve. It's the most exciting part. But, then again, maybe it's best to start at the beginning. People could get confused.

Vi reaches the group. Erin hangs back.

WOMAN

Whatever you think is best, Peter. I'm just happy the book is finally done.

CAROLINE

Oh, Vi! We were starting to get worried.

The Woman turns at Vi's entrance. We recognise her. Vi does too - sort of.

ALICE CARVER, dressed in a professional looking business ensemble, smiles in shock and surprise.

ALICE

Vi! Oh, wow. This is...

VI

Um... Hi...

CAROLINE

You know each other?

ALICE

We met on a bus last year. Sounds mundane, I know, but it was a very eventful day. Don't you remember, Vi?

VI

Yeah, I... think so. Alice, right?

ALICE

Yes. Actually, after that day I got back into book editing. I think The Company was my first big break.

Vi starts at the word "company".

VI
I'm sorry, what?

Erin steps in, drawing her gently away from the group.

ERIN
So, what did they say? Can we
call the cops now?

VI
Huh?

ERIN
Vi!

She blinks. Snaps out of it.

VI
Oh! I guess I just...

She looks back to Alice.

VI (CONT'D)
I was just trying to remember.
I've met her before. I know I
have but I just can't... I can't
picture it, you know?

ERIN
Somehow, I think you've lost the
urgency of the situation, Vi.

Penny, followed by Cam, joins them.

PENNY
Vi? There's some guy looking for
you.

Tensing up, Vi grips Erin's arm. She looks around.

VI
Where? Is he like all... scruffy
and bleeding?

PENNY
Um... No.

She points.

PENNY (CONT'D)
At least, not anywhere visible.

Vi looks to where Penny is pointing. MYRON QUALLEY stands by the snack table, adjusting his glasses and studying a cheese cube.

Vi's hand slips down into Erin's.

VI

Come on.

She starts to move towards Myron but Erin doesn't budge.

ERIN

Vi...

VI

He's alone. Even if he is working with them, I've got you to protect me.

Erin half smiles. Then, coughs - serious again.

He and Vi walk over to Myron who, upon seeing Vi, carefully places the cheese cube in his jacket pocket.

MYRON

Violet. Hi.

VI

Uh. Yeah.

MYRON

Oh, I'm sorry. How rude of me. This is the "first" time we've met.

And, yes. On "first", he really does do the air-quotes thing. He holds out his hand. Vi shakes it hesitantly.

MYRON (CONT'D)

Myron Qualley.

He leans in.

MYRON (CONT'D)

(whispers)

I have information.

VI

About what?

MYRON

(still in close)

The people who are after you. I can help you. But I need --

Erin places a hand on Myron's chest - guiding him back a little. Myron blushes and adjusts his glasses.

MYRON (CONT'D)

Right, sorry. I, uh --

(glances at Erin; to Vi)

-- really do need to speak to you. Alone.

Vi looks to Erin. He gravely shakes his head.

INT. PUBLISHING HOUSE - STAIRWELL (LEVEL 4) - NIGHT

Pushing open the door, Vi enters onto the stairwell landing.

Myron follows and the door closes almost all the way.

INT. PUBLISHING HOUSE - EVENT ROOM - NIGHT

Erin stands on the other side, his foot props the door open.

Cam and Penny join him.

PENNY

What's going on?

ERIN

Been asking the same question all night.

INT. PUBLISHING HOUR - STAIRWELL (LEVEL 4) - NIGHT

Vi, crossing her arms over her chest, leans against the wall.

VI

Talk.

Myron shrugs off his backpack and begins to sift through it.

MYRON

Well, it's not really something I can tell you.

VI

Really? Because when you said "information", I thought --

MYRON

I sort of need to show you.

Vi's confused. Myron pulls out a silver cylindrical object. It looks kind of like an insulin jet injector.

Vi takes a few wary steps backward - edging up the stairs.

VI

What the hell is that?

MYRON

It won't hurt a bit. I promise.

He reaches out for her arm.

MYRON (CONT'D)
If you'll just look into the --

VI
No!

She shoves him back. Hard.

Myron loses his balance and falls over the railing.

INT. PUBLISHING HOUSE - STAIRWELL (LEVEL 3) - NIGHT

With a sickening CRACK, Myron hits the ground. His eyes are closed and he doesn't move again.

INT. PUBLISHING HOUSE - STAIRWELL (LEVEL 4) - NIGHT

The door bursts open and Erin, Penny and Cam appear in the doorway. Vi stares down over the railing in shock.

ERIN
Vi! What happened?

Vi looks up but stares over his head, out into the party.

Andrew followed by Jenna, Kou, DIANA CROSS and LYNNE CAMPBELL enter the room, looking around.

Panicked, Vi turns and flees up the stairs.

ERIN (CONT'D)
Vi!

He takes off after her. Cam and Penny follow.

INT. PUBLISHING HOUSE - EVENT ROOM - NIGHT

Andrew spots Erin, Penny and Cam disappearing into the stairwell. The door CLANGS shut behind them.

ANDREW
There!

The gang hurries through the room.

MUSIC CUE: A cover of Simple Mind's "Don't You (Forget About Me)" by...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. WICKER RECORDS - MAIN FLOOR - NIGHT

Shane. Standing centre stage, strumming his electric guitar and crooning into a microphone to the receptive CROWD.

The rest of the band - Hannah, BB and Vinkle - play their instruments behind him.

Gwen enters. She awkwardly adjusts her outfit and occasionally takes a swipe at a stray tear running down her face.

Shane's eyes, previously roaming the crowd, are now fixed on Gwen. His face a mix of infatuation and concern.

Hannah, who had been watching Shane, looks from Shane to Gwen and back again.

She takes a few hurried steps back, trying to hide in the shadowed corners of the stage. She, instead, runs into Vinkle's drum kit, knocking over the cymbal stand.

It CRASHES to the floor, messing up the beat. The band still plays.

Shane's attention is pulled away from Gwen. He gives Hannah a look and she shrugs apologetically.

Turning back to the crowd, he keeps singing.

EXT. PUBLISHING HOUSE - ROOFTOP - NIGHT

THUNDER RUMBLES and it starts to rain. The heavy door SCREECHES open.

Vi, Erin, Penny and Cam run onto the rooftop.

Vi immediately SLAMS the door closed and fumbles for the bolt. She slides it across the door, locking it.

PENNY

Vi! What the hell is wrong with you?

VI

We've gotta get out of here!

PENNY

So, you lock the door? Genius.

Cam steps closer to Penny.

CAM

Penny, I'm scared.

PENNY

As soon as Vi stops being a freak, we'll leave.

Vi whirls around, desperately searching the rooftop for another way out.

Her eyes land on a FIRE ESCAPE LADDER.

VI

There!

PENNY

You've gotta be kidding. I'm wearing a skirt, Vi.

Erin steps forward, pushing her towards the ladder.

ERIN

Just go already!

Penny rolls her eyes and starts to climb down the ladder. Cam looks to Vi. She nods, giving him a shaky smile.

VI

It's okay, Cam. I'll catch up.

Cam hesitates. Erin grabs him around the waist and carries him to the ladder. Dropping him by the edge, he ruffles his hair.

ERIN

No worries, kid.

Grumbling, Cam steps onto the ladder.

CAM

Not a kid.

Erin turns back to Vi. He motions for the ladder.

ERIN

Your turn, Vi.

Suddenly, something heavy SLAMS into the door from the other side. Wild BANGING and SHOUTING follow.

Vi hurries away from the door, over to Erin. She hugs him.

VI

I'm sorry. I shouldn't have gotten you involved in this mess.

Erin pulls away. He places his hands on either side of her face.

ERIN

But this is what I want, Vi. To be involved. This is your life. Messed up and scary, yeah, but... I want to be here for you.
(beat)
I love you.

Vi smiles.

VI
I love you, too.

They share a kiss. A few moments later, Vi breaks it. She's serious again.

VI (CONT'D)
We should probably run.

ERIN
Yeah.

Vi reaches for the ladder.

The bolt gives way and the door bursts open. Andrew, Kou, Diana, Lynne and Jenna stumble out onto the rooftop.

They spot Vi and Erin immediately.

DIANA
Oh great, it's raining! My hair is going to be ruined.

LYNNE
You didn't have to come, you know.

DIANA
And let you guys take the credit for saving the day? Nuh-uh.

Erin reaches down, picks up a length of pipe.

ERIN
Stay back!

ANDREW
Come on, mate. We're not here to hurt anyone.

He continues to move forward. Erin takes a swing at him. Andrew dodges.

ERIN
I said stay back!

He turns his head to Vi - still warily eyeing the others.

ERIN (CONT'D)
Vi, climb down.

VI
I'm not leaving you.

DIANA
Oh my God. That's so sweet!

JENNA

This has gotten way out of hand.

Diana jabs a finger at Vi.

DIANA

I blame amnesia-girl. Like her life now is so much better without us.

JENNA

Without you, it probably is.

Diana turns to her, fuming. Kou steps between them.

KOU

Ladies, please.

DIANA

Don't get involved, Kou. Jenna has something to say. I think we should let her say it.

LYNNE

Should I remind everyone that we're on a mission here? Vi needs us.

VI

No, I don't!

ERIN

No, she doesn't!

DIANA

(to Erin)

Stay out of this, cupcake.

ANDREW

Okay, okay. Diana - go and wait in the car.

DIANA

And who the hell put you in charge?

Andrew motions to his wound.

ANDREW

I'm bleeding! Look! There's blood! Now go and wait in the freaking car!

Diana glares.

DIANA

Fine. Have fun finding your little escapee.

JENNA

What?

Diana nods behind them. As they turn, she smirks and walks off.

Over at the ledge, Vi and Erin are both gone.

ANDREW

Oh, come on!

Thunder CRACKS and we cut to:

INT. WICKER RECORDS - MAIN FLOOR - NIGHT

The crowd APPLAUDS.

SHANE

(into microphone)

Thanks for coming out tonight. We are... well... we don't have a name yet but we had a great time and hope you did too!

More CHEERING. MUSIC comes over the sound system and the band starts moving off the stage.

BB

That was awesome!

VINKLE

Yes. I had a good time. Except for...

He throws a nervous glance at Hannah. Who drops her head, embarrassed.

BB

Hey, Shane --

Shane, walks past them, slipping off his guitar and shoving it to Hannah.

SHANE

One sec, guys.

He disappears into the crowd...

... And finds Gwen. About to leave.

SHANE (CONT'D)

You're leaving?

Gwen turns.

GWEN

I can't keep you from your
adoring fans.

She sniffs and dabs a tissue at her nose.

SHANE

Gwen, are you okay?

Gwen nods. Then, shakes her head.

GWEN

Niko and I broke up.

Shane's face brightens momentarily.

SHANE

Really? Oh, that's... horrible.

GWEN

I guess. It's all so... new. I
can't really talk about it. I
just wanted to stop by.

SHANE

Well, I'm glad you did.

A beat.

GWEN

Me, too.

She gives him one last smile and slips out the front door.
Shane takes a deep breath.

He turns, almost running into Hannah. She hands him back
his guitar. He takes it, wraps Hannah in a hug and lifts
her off the ground.

SHANE

Did you hear? She's free!
Totally, utterly and completely
free!

HANNAH

Er, would you mind putting me
down, Shane?

He does.

SHANE

What's wrong?

HANNAH

I just came to tell you that I'm
leaving the band.

Shane laughs.

SHANE
Yeah. Very funny.

HANNAH
I'm serious.

SHANE
But... but you just came back.
You can stay this time. I know
about the Company and everything
so it's okay.

Hannah takes a step back.

HANNAH
It's not. I'm sorry.
(beat)
I made a bad decision.

SHANE
I guess there's some of that
going around.

HANNAH
I guess.

There's a quiet beat. Hannah, remembering something, digs
around in her pocket.

HANNAH (CONT'D)
I made this for you... It's,
well, kind of stupid but I
thought it could be a fun band
name for... you guys.

She hands him a piece of paper. Unfolding it, his eyes
light up.

On the page are four words hand drawn in block letters.
Decorated with cartoon stars, skulls and music notes, the
words read: "SHANE OF THE DEAD".

SHANE
Hannah... Wow. This is...

HANNAH
Stupid?

SHANE
Awesome.
(beat)
Thank you.

There's an awkward beat.

HANNAH

I'll pack up my stuff. Maybe I'll see you around.

Shane says nothing. Hannah turns back to the stage and Shane watches her sadly as she moves through the crowd.

INT. PUBLISHING HOUSE - EVENT ROOM - NIGHT

At the entrance, a troop of SECURITY GUARDS enter. They are followed by two people dressed as DOCTORS and, finally, Benson himself.

Slowly, the crowd notices the new arrivals. Alice weaves her way through the party towards them. She stops at Benson.

ALICE

This is actually a private event and if you don't have an invitation --

BENSON

My name is Elliot Tanner. I'm with the Garretton Health and Safety Commission.

He takes her arm and leans in, conspiratorially.

BENSON (CONT'D)

Now, I don't mean to alarm you but we have reason to believe a biological weapon of sorts has been released in the building.

ALICE

You mean like... terrorists?

BENSON

Exactly.

ALICE

Al-Qaeda?

BENSON

Tasmania.

Alice gasps.

BENSON (CONT'D)

Do we have your co-operation?

ALICE

I - - I, of course.

Benson quickly turns away from her to address the party. He claps his hands.

BENSON

Can I have your attention,
please? There's no need to be
alarmed. This is just a routine
bio-terrorism drill. It's
possible some people in the
building have released a virus.

The crowd REACTS.

BENSON (CONT'D)

It is not life threatening. We
need everyone to form two lines
in front of our friendly doctors.

The people in white coats wave - big grins on their faces.

BENSON (CONT'D)

They're going to check your eyes
for signs of the virus with a
little light. It doesn't hurt and
it will be over before you know
it.

He gives them a reassuring smile.

Peter watches with suspicion as the crowd begins to move
into lines. He takes a few steps backwards.

EXT. PUBLISHING HOUSE - ROOFTOP - NIGHT

As rain pounds down around them, our Runners continue their
search.

Jenna, standing by the stairwell door, calls over to Lynne,
leaning over the roof ledge.

JENNA

They can't have gone down the
stairs. They would've run into
Diana.

LYNNE

She could've let them pass.

Kou crosses in between them.

KOU

Diana wouldn't do that.

JENNA

Really?

Andrew appears.

ANDREW

Jeez, guys. Can we not, please?

(beat)

Look, they've gotta be up here somewhere. We would've spotted them if they tried to go down the ladder. Just... split up.

Kou and Lynne move off in different directions. Andrew looks pointedly to Jenna.

ANDREW (CONT'D)

Watch the door.

He stalks off. Jenna looks a little hurt.

We MOVE AROUND the roof, passing our Runners as they look.

We FIND Erin, crouching behind a heating duct. He looks across the roof, watching Vi. She's on the ground by a raised glass skylight - only hidden because she's laying flat.

Erin tenses as he sees Andrew nearing Vi's hiding place. He's too far away - he can't help her. He looks down, remembering the pipe in his hand.

He stands HURLING it at the back of the open staircase door. It CLANGS off the metal. Jenna SCREAMS and Andrew whirls around.

ERIN

Vi! Run!

Vi leaps up off the ground, scrabbling on the wet surface. Andrew turns back at the sound of Erin's voice.

Erin goes to run but he's grabbed from behind.

Lynne SLAMS him into the edge of the heating duct - knocking him out. She's legitimately alarmed as Erin slumps to the ground.

Back with Vi, she runs for the fire escape ladder. Andrew's hot on her heels.

She reaches the ledge and makes a grab for the ladder. Her fingers curl around the first rung but it's still raining and she can't hang on.

Vi slips and, with a SCREAM, begins to fall...

CUT TO BLACK:

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

EXT. PUBLISHING HOUSE - ROOFTOP - NIGHT

Vi's falling from six stories up. Rain cascades down around her, drowning out the sound of her SCREAMS. She's going to die.

She closes her eyes tight...

... And a hand finds her own.

Vi's body is yanked to a stop. She hangs - suspended in the air. She opens her eyes. Looks up.

Andrew's body half hangs over the ledge. His arm stretches down, his hand around hers.

It's going to be okay.

And then Vi's hand starts to slip. Andrew quickly reaches down his other hand.

ANDREW

Vi! Grab my other hand!

VI

No!

ANDREW

Don't be an idiot. You're slipping!

VI

How do I know you won't pull me up and then just shoot me or something?

ANDREW

If I really wanted to kill you, don't you think this would be the perfect opportunity?

Vi takes a moment. She's still unsure.

ANDREW (CONT'D)

You just have to trust me!

Vi's hand starts to slip a little more.

INT. PUBLISHING HOUSE - EVENT ROOM - NIGHT

There is mild, concerned CHATTER from the two lines of PARTY GUESTS that snake their way around the room, all leading up to the two Company employees at the front.

Each Employee waves the light of a memory wiping device over the eyes of the Guest. They take a moment. Nod and move them on. Like some sort of production line.

Benson stands nearby, over seeing the procedure. While two Security Guards stand by the doors.

Shane enters behind them but stops suddenly - the Guards blocking his way.

SECURITY GUARD
(to Benson)
Sir?

Benson looks over. Nods. The Security Guards step aside and Shane enters.

He walks through the room, looking for Vi. Then, as he passes a narrow enclave in the wall, Peter leaps out. He grabs Shane, excited and scared.

PETER
Shane!

SHANE
Oh, hey, Mr. Morgan. Have you seen --

PETER
Shane, listen to me. I know this is going to sound crazy. I can't believe I'm even thinking it let alone saying it but...
(beat)
My book. It's real. Everything about the Company, this secret thing they've got going. It's all real.

SHANE
What? You can't be serious.

Peter motions to the room.

PETER
Look around you! What do you think is happening here? They know I've gotten too close. I don't know how I got too close, exactly, but this... this is what they do.

Shane turns, looking to the memory erasing going on at the front of the queues.

SHANE
And what exactly are they doing?

PETER

I don't know. But we've got to get out of here.

SHANE

Um... Mr. Morgan...

PETER

You do believe me? Don't you, Shane?

(beat)

I'm not crazy.

Shane studies him for a long moment. He makes a choice. Taking Peter's arm, he starts to walk.

SHANE

(quiet)

Is there another way out of here? I can get you --

BENSON (O.S.)

Hello, Mr. Morgan.

Shane cringes and drops Peter's arm. The pair turn around slowly. Benson stands before them.

BENSON (CONT'D)

I'm honoured to meet you. The author of such a great work.

He smiles. Holds out his hand. Peter doesn't take it. He looks to Shane.

SHANE

Where's Vi, Mr. Morgan?

Unintentionally, Peter's eyes flick to the stairwell door.

SHANE (CONT'D)

Thanks.

Shane darts away. Peter stares at Benson - eyes filled with suspicion.

EXT. PUBLISHING HOUSE - ROOFTOP - NIGHT

Still hanging by Andrew's hand, Vi closes her eyes.

ANDREW

Vi, please!

Gritting her teeth, she reaches her other hand up. Andrew takes hold and pulls her up and over the ledge.

They both collapse on the ground, exhausted but their blood thick with adrenaline.

Jenna, pale and shaken, walks quickly for the stairwell door. Kou grabs her hand but she pulls it out of his grasp.

KOU
Where are you going?

JENNA
Gonna look for Myron.

He watches her, concerned, as she slips through the door.

INT. PUBLISHING HOUSE - STAIRWELL (LEVEL 4) - NIGHT

Shane opens the door. It closes behind him with a METALLIC clang. A GROAN sounds from somewhere below him.

Shane stops. Listens. It SOUNDS again. Shane leans over the railing.

He looks down.

SHANE
Jesus...

INT. PUBLISHING HOUSE - STAIRWELL (LEVEL 3) - NIGHT

Shane leaps down the last few steps, arriving at Myron's side. His hands hover over him, unsure of what to do.

SHANE
Uh... Guy? Hey, guy. Are you okay?

Myron opens his eyes.

MYRON
Company?

SHANE
Yeah. I guess. I'm not really --

Myron grabs Shane's shirt. Drags him close. With his other hand, he holds up the strange device.

Shane is frightened for a moment but Myron doesn't seem to be threatening him with it.

MYRON
This is a Memory Retrieval unit.
It's not hard to use, you just --

SHANE
Whoa, whoa. What are you talking about? I can't use that on...
This is for Vi?

Myron nods. Winces in pain.

MYRON

Turn it on. Press this button.
Turn it off. This button. It pre-
programs itself given the amount
of memory erased. It just sort
of...

SHANE

Fills in the missing pieces.

MYRON

Right. You hold it up, like
this...

He demonstrates on Shane. Hovering it over his eyes.

MYRON (CONT'D)

But whatever you do, make sure
she doesn't blink. Not once.

SHANE

What? Why -- Why not?

JENNA (O.S.)

Oh my God, Myron!

Jenna hurries down the remaining steps and falls to her
knees. She pushes Shane aside. He's now holding the memory
retrieval device.

JENNA (CONT'D)

Are you okay? What happened?

SHANE

(to Myron)

Hang on. Seriously, what'll
happen if she blinks?

JENNA

(to Shane)

They're up on the roof. Just go.

SHANE

No. I wanna know if I'm about to
inadvertently kill my best friend
because of --

JENNA

You'll have to start all over
again. That's all.

SHANE

Oh.

(beat)

See ya.

He turns and takes off up the stairs at a run. Jenna slides closer to Myron. She fixes his crooked glasses.

MYRON

Why'd you say that?

JENNA

You seriously wanted to tell him the truth?

(beat)

Myron, there's a little something in the outside world called tact.

She smiles at him.

EXT. PUBLISHING HOUSE - ROOFTOP - NIGHT

Shane emerges onto the rooftop.

We MOVE WITH him as he nears the group. They part as Shane comes closer, revealing Vi on the ground.

Shane crouches down, coming face to face with Vi. She's crying, shivering from the rain.

VI

I'm so confused.

SHANE

Everything's going to be okay.

VI

You can't promise that. Even if this is real, even if I have forgotten half of my life... How do I know it's not better being forgotten?

SHANE

I guess you just have to trust me.

Vi nods a little. Shane lifts the memory retrieval unit to her eye. She flinches back. With his other hand, Shane takes hers.

SHANE (CONT'D)

It's okay. Just, uh, don't blink.

He presses a button on the device and claw like prongs protrude from the end. They begin to spin, faster and faster, creating a sort of vortex.

A light pulses within it - weak at first but grows stronger and stronger until, white hot, it FLOODS THE SCREEN.

SMASH CUT TO:

We get a succession of quick FLASHES. Forgotten moments in time. Most move by too quickly. We recognise a few...

Vi being shot.

Lying on the ground, the last bit of life draining from her body.

Stepping into the Company reception office.

On the street, Andrew pulling up beside her in his car.

Running through the darkened store room of the Happy Vampire. Being chased by the psychotic killer.

Signs. "Follow Her", "Find Duke Jones", "Run", "All of them".

Nathan Percy, the Breaker on the bus.

Opening the drawer in Peter's study. Finding the book.

Later, ripping the book to shreds.

Her birthday at Wicker Records. Dancing with Shane and Andrew.

Then, something new. We haven't seen this before...

Picking up the memory erasing device. Standing in front of her mirror. With a blank expression on her face, she lifts it to her eyes.

As she does so, there's a blinding FLASH OF WHITE LIGHT and we...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. THE COMPANY - HOSPITAL WING - NIGHT

Moonlight shines through the window, falling on Vi's sleeping face. Slowly, her eyes open.

She sees Shane, asleep in a chair beside the bed. Nearby, Jenna and a bandaged and bruised Andrew sleep upright on a couch.

Vi looks to her side. There's another hospital bed. Myron lies in it, attached to a heart monitor which BEEPS softly.

Vi, suddenly concerned, slips out of bed. She crosses to him. Touches his arm.

BENSON (O.S.)
He'll be alright.

Vi turns. Benson stands in the doorway, holding a folded newspaper. He crosses the room to her side.

VI

I remember I... I pushed him.

BENSON

And you were completely right to do so. You feared for your life.

Vi turns to Benson, tears in her eyes.

VI

I messed everything up. And now the book and my family... Oh God, they all... There was the fight and...

Benson puts a comforting hand on her shoulder. Vi steps in, hugging him, crying into his chest. Benson reacts in surprise. Then, awkwardly pats her back.

BENSON

Their memories have been erased. No one remembers the... er... major events of the past few days. But the book...

Vi pulls away. She wipes her face.

VI

You stopped it?

BENSON

No.

VI

I don't understand. So all of this, it meant nothing? You brought me back... for nothing.

BENSON

You see, Violet, we thought you were the only one who could convince your father to pull out of the book deal. But, you proved harder to pin down than we anticipated. By the time we got you back...

VI

It was too late.

BENSON

That might have been the case all along. Books aren't published overnight.

(MORE)

BENSON (CONT'D)

It's a long, trying process. It takes months of planning, editing, meetings, legal discussions. I believe we were foolish to think a week would be sufficient.

VI

So, that's it. The book comes out and everybody knows. The Company's not a secret anymore.

BENSON

That depends.

He unfolds the newspaper, looking over it.

BENSON (CONT'D)

This is tomorrow's paper. And this is the first book review of what I assume will be many.

Vi frowns.

VI

There's something you're not telling me.

BENSON

It was Glenda's idea. Altering the reviews. Influencing the critics. You'd be surprised at how many book stores decide to cancel their orders once they learn that a book could sell as dismally as this one.

(beat)

I'm sure your father has an amazing way with words. Unfortunately, these words... won't earn him much standing in the literary world.

He hands over the article. Vi slowly bows her head, reading.

We catch sight of the page. The headline reads: "Keeping Bad Company". The next thing we notice, a rating. Zero stars out of a possible five. Obviously, the review is not good.

BENSON (CONT'D)

I'm sorry, Violet.

Vi, too stunned to reply, tightens her grip on the newspaper.

MUSIC CUE: "Innocence" by Avril Lavigne

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. MORGAN RESIDENCE - FRONT PORCH - NIGHT

Safe from the rain underneath a bright red umbrella, Vi makes her way up to the porch.

Coming up the steps, she shakes off the umbrella. Folds it up. She doesn't notice Peter sitting on the swinging porch seat a few metres away.

PETER
Hey, Vi-Pie.

Vi turns. Smiles sadly.

PETER (CONT'D)
Where'd you run off to?

VI
Nowhere important. How'd the book launch go?

PETER
Good.
(beat)
I think.

Vi cocks her head quizzically.

PETER (CONT'D)
Think I had a little too much celebratory champagne.

Vi opens the front door but pauses, one foot inside.

VI
You coming in?

Peter shakes his head.

PETER
I'm going to wait.

VI
For what?

PETER
My first review. It's going to be in the morning paper. I just... I don't think I can sleep.

Vi steps back out onto the porch, closing the front door softly.

She studies Peter, sitting almost on the edge of the porch swing with an eager, innocent smile on his tired face.

She walks over and sits down next to him. Peter watches her, a little surprised.

VI

I'll wait with you.

Peter smiles, moving back and relaxing in the seat. Vi leans into him, putting her head on his shoulder.

We PULL BACK from them as they wait, watching the rain.

FADE OUT.

END OF EPISODE