

THE COMPANY

"The Biggest Mistake"

by
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TEASER

FADE IN:

INT. WARDROBE - NIGHT

In the dark, surrounded by hanging clothes, VI MORGAN holds back terrified sobs. She fumbles through her bag as, outside, MUFFLED VOICES can be heard.

Getting desperate, Vi turns her bag upside down. She shakes out the contents onto the wardrobe floor.

She finds her mobile phone and, with shaking fingers, begins to punch in a phone number.

BANG! At the sound of the gun shot, Vi drops the phone.

It lands in the scattering of her belongings. The screen illuminates a piece of paper. It reads, "ADRIENNE WINCHESTER".

INT. THE COMPANY - RECEPTION - DAY

TITLE CARD: Twelve Hours Ago

Vi leans against the reception desk. She glances at her watch. Stifles a yawn.

ANDREW FRIAR bounds up beside her, unable to hide his grin. He ruffles her hair, cheerfully.

ANDREW

What's up, my little purple flower?

VI

It's nine in the morning. Why are you so happy at nine in the morning?

ANDREW

Because I get a day off.

VI

(confused)
But Jenna told me to be here early. Some big assignment.

ANDREW

She told you to be here early. Nothing to do with me.

(sing-song)
Because I don't have an assignment!

He does a little dance, shaking his hips and waving his arms around.

VI

Then what are you doing here at
nine in the morning?

Andrew stops mid-dance.

Before he can properly react, JENNA COOKE steps out of the
conference room. She spots Vi.

JENNA

Great, Vi, you're here. Come on
in.

Vi smiles. She ruffles Andrew's hair.

INT. THE COMPANY - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Vi smiles at KOU YIMOU, who sits along one side of the
table. She sits down beside him.

VI

Hey, Kou.

KOU

Good morning, Vi. How's life?

VI

Tiring.

She yawns again and turns to Jenna who sits down across
from them - right next to another woman.

JENNA

Vi, this is Roxanne Turrell.

ROXY TURRELL (23) smiles a little nervously and holds out
her hand.

ROXY

Call me Roxy.

Vi takes her hand and they shake.

VI

Nice to meet you. I haven't seen
you around before. Are you new?

ROXY

Um, I don't come to this branch
much.

Vi's unsure what she means but smiles anyway.

VI

Oh, okay.

Kou clears his throat, and looks pointedly at Jenna.

KOU

Jenna, don't forget to mention
what department Miss Turrell
comes from.

(beat)

That would be rude.

He throws Roxy a frosty smile. Roxy flushes pink,
embarrassed, and Jenna gives Kou an annoyed glance.

JENNA

I was getting there.

(to Vi)

Roxy's a Runner for the Breakers.

Vi takes this in. She's not sure how to react.

VI

Oh.

There's a beat. The room's suddenly a whole lot colder.

Finally, Jenna flips open a folder. She hand each of the
others a piece of paper, an assignment.

JENNA

Since Vi and Roxy are new when it
comes to an assignment like this,
I'll explain how it works.

She looks to Kou.

JENNA (CONT'D)

If that's alright with you?

He doesn't reply. Jenna continues.

JENNA (CONT'D)

Each of your assignments are
connected. Three people. A
husband and wife and, through
preliminary recon, a man who
we've determined to be the
wife's... er... lover.

She hands a photograph to Roxy.

JENNA (CONT'D)

This is the happily married
couple. And I use the word
"happily" extremely loosely.

Roxy passes the photo to Vi.

Vi looks at it. A HUSBAND and WIFE share a kiss, oblivious
to the secret photographer.

KOU

So, our assignment is to make the other man back off? Breaking his connection with --

JENNA

Just the opposite, actually.

VI

You mean...

Jenna smiles grimly.

JENNA

Looks like it's the end of the road for Mr. and Mrs. Winchester.

Vi looks back down at the photo. They look happy. They look like they're in love. Vi frowns.

CUT TO BLACK:

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

INT. MORGAN RESIDENCE - VI'S ROOM - DAY

Vi moves around the room, slipping things into a shoulder bag - like the one we saw in the flash-forward.

As she does this, she talks rapidly into her mobile phone.

VI

(into phone)

... And you remember Mr. Lesnick, right? From school? And the guy on the bus last year? All Breakers. All creepy. But Roxy seems nice. I don't want to hate her for no reason but I kind of feel like I have to. I mean, Kou's all with the eye-daggers at her and Jenna's...

She sinks down onto her bed.

VI (CONT'D)

(sad)

Come home, Shane. Please.

(beat)

Call me when you get this message, okay?

She hangs up and puts the phone in her bag.

For the first time, we hear MUFFLED YELLING coming from somewhere in the house.

INT. MORGAN RESIDENCE - UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - DAY

Vi exits her bedroom, pulling on a jacket. Her bag swings from one hand.

Vi pauses at the top of the stairs, her hand on the banister. She's listening to the YELLING - which is coming from the master bedroom at the end of the hall.

PETER (O.S.)

This is ridiculous! You're being so unreasonable!

CAROLINE (O.S.)

Don't you start lecturing me about "unreasonable demands", Peter!

PENNY MORGAN appears in the bathroom doorway, drying her wet hair with a towel.

PENNY

Just how I want to spend my Saturday, right? Front row seats at the cage match.

VI

I thought we were doing that whole supportive thing?

PENNY

Oh, we were. And it worked. Now she wants him to get a job.

VI

Oh.

(beat)

Well, I'm going to go and meet some friends.

She pauses.

VI (CONT'D)

(surprised)

Wow, that was my best material and not even a chuckle.

Penny rolls her eyes.

VI (CONT'D)

What I was going to say was, why don't you go out, too? You know, get away from... that.

Penny nods to another closed door.

PENNY

Cam won't come out of his room. I can't leave him here.

VI

Okay. Well, good luck.

PENNY

Thanks.

They share a smile. Vi heads down the stairs.

Penny glances to her parent's bedroom door. With a sniff of disapproval, she turns back into the bathroom and closes the door.

INT. MORGAN RESIDENCE - MASTER BEDROOM - DAY

PETER and CAROLINE MORGAN face off from opposite sides of the room. They're both upset.

PETER

What do you think I've been doing for twenty years, Caroline? That was our deal - your work is out there, mine is here.

CAROLINE

Oh, please!

PETER

What? Being a stay-at-home dad is work!

CAROLINE

Maybe so but I've seen a lot more of the stay-at-home and next to none of the dad these past few years.

Peter looks genuinely hurt. Caroline scoffs.

CAROLINE (CONT'D)

Don't give me that, Peter. When was the last time you actually remembered to pick Cam up from astronomy club? Or the last time you vacuumed something or, God forbid, cooked a meal that didn't come in a frozen box?

PETER

I do a lot more than you think, Caroline. You just never notice.

Caroline narrows her eyes.

CAROLINE

Do you know why I don't notice things like that? Because I am exhausted, Peter. Exhausted from working all day, being the sole earner, then coming home and cleaning, and cooking, and doing everything you're supposed to.

(beat)

I work, I take care of the house, and I raise our children.

Then, almost as an after-thought:

CAROLINE (CONT'D)

Not like you're a great help there either --

PETER

Don't.

For the first time, Peter gets some fight in his eyes.

PETER (CONT'D)

Don't you dare say that I'm a bad father.

CAROLINE

Cam is being bullied. Do you know that? But what can I do? Anything I do will only make it worse. Things with Vi are... I don't think they will ever be back to normal and Penny --

PETER

Our kids are smart. They're independent. I trust them.

CAROLINE

So, according to you, we should just let them run wild?

PETER

Maybe.

CAROLINE

Peter!

PETER

Are you forgetting? This isn't about the kids. This is about you and your insane compulsion to force everyone in the world into steady employment!

Caroline lets out a hollow laugh. She starts to tear up.

CAROLINE

Well, I'm sorry for just wanting what's best for you.

She exits swiftly. Peter takes a moment, not sure what just happened.

INT. HEAD OFFICE - BOARD ROOM - DAY

ALISTAIR BENSON stands at the window. Outside, it's dark. Not just nighttime but a SWIRLING GALAXY OF STARS. Truly breathtaking.

Behind him, the door opens. Benson turns to see a woman enter. MELINDA BRYCE (27) clutches a laptop bag and is bubbly with excitement as she walks towards him.

MELINDA

Mr. Benson?

BENSON

Yes?

Melinda is about to say more when a stern looking executive sweeps into the room behind her. The door SLAMS shut and Melinda jumps - hurrying to a spot at the table.

HANK SIMON (45) bypasses Benson - ignoring him completely - and takes a seat at the head of the table.

He shuffles around for a minute, removing a stack of papers from his briefcase, before finally meeting Benson's eyes.

HANK

Are you waiting for an invitation, Mr. Benson?

Surprised, Benson says nothing. He takes a seat.

HANK (CONT'D)

Well --

Melinda's laptop CHIMES as it starts up. Hank throws her a withering glare. Melinda almost seems to shrink under it.

HANK (CONT'D)

Well... Alistair Benson, my name is Hank Simon, I'm an executive of employee affairs here at Head Office. This is my assistant.

He motions to Melinda.

HANK (CONT'D)

She's going to be taking notes.

Melinda flashes Benson a friendly smile.

HANK (CONT'D)

Now... Let's talk about why you're here.

He leans back in his chair, clasping his hands together. Benson is calm - not giving even a hint of emotion away.

INT. CAFE - DAY

Vi and Kou enter. They scan the room, looking for someone. Roxy, at a table by the window, waves them over.

As they walk over, Vi glances at Kou.

VI

(quiet)

Play nice.

He says nothing. They sit down. Roxy slides a menu towards them.

ROXY

I haven't ordered yet. Thought I should wait.

VI

I'm not really hungry.

Roxy picks up on the tension. The awkwardness radiating from Vi.

ROXY

I... I know it must be weird, working with... with someone like me. But, really, we're on the same side. I mean, it's all about putting the universe in order in the end, right?

(beat)

I've only been doing this for six months and, let me tell you, I hate breaking connections just as much as you two hate the thought of it. Can't we... Can't we just try to get along?

Kou and Vi share a look. Kou nods.

KOU

You're right. I apologise.

VI

Yeah. Me, too.

ROXY

(smiling)

Great.

(beat)

So, I guess we should... get down to business.

She doesn't know how to continue. Kou takes over.

KOU

Well, we each got a name of the three people involved. We should decide if we're going to combine our efforts or keep to one runner per one assignee.

VI

Won't it get kind of complicated if we're all working on the same person?

KOU
One each it is then.

A beat. He looks to Roxy.

KOU (CONT'D)
Unless you'd prefer --

ROXY
No, that's fine.

Roxy smiles a little, grateful that he would ask.

Kou pulls a folder from his bag. Out of his pocket, he takes his assignment sheet.

KOU
I have Vernon Reid.

ROXY
Michael Winchester.

VI
And I've got the wife, Adrienne.

Kou opens the folder. He hands a thin dossier to each of them.

KOU
I got this from Jenna. Since this assignment is rather complex, a surveillance team did some reconnaissance. This is some general information on each assignee.

Vi looks a bit daunted.

VI
There's not going to be a test, is there?

KOU
My dear, life is a test.

Vi groans.

VI
You sound like Benson.
(beat)
Where is he, anyway? I mean, if this whole combined assignment thing is such a rare deal, you'd think he would have at least stopped by to wish us luck or something.
(MORE)

VI (CONT'D)

(fake hurt)

It's like he doesn't even care.

KOU

He has a meeting with some executives at Head Office.

VI

Oooh, Benson got called to the principal's office.

Roxy giggles. Vi and Kou turn to her, surprised, since she hasn't made a peep for awhile. Roxy blushes.

ROXY

That was funny.

Kou clears his throat.

KOU

Yeah, well, we should probably, you know...

VI

Work?

KOU

Right.

A long beat.

VI

How exactly do you manipulate two people into getting a divorce?

Kou isn't quite sure either.

ROXY

Well... I have some... ideas...

EXT. CITY STREET - LATER

Roxy's at a pay-phone. She cradles it next to her ear as she dials a number - read off from the papers Kou handed out at the cafe.

ROXY (V.O.)

We have to find a way into their lives. The surveillance team must have seen something that would indicate which two should be together. We just have to look for those same clues.

VI (V.O.)

Like a mystery.

INT. SEEDY BAR - LATER

Kou enters, casually glancing around the low-lit interior.

ROXY (V.O.)
Find out where they spend their
free time. Make yourself part of
the background.

Kou takes a seat at the bar. Orders a drink.

EXT. ANOTHER CITY STREET - LATER

Vi walks up the street. She stops at a medical clinic.

ROXY (V.O.)
Then, just get them talking.

INT. CAFE - DAY

We're back with the group. Roxy starts re-folding her
napkin self-consciously.

ROXY
I mean, just do what you normally
do. Our jobs aren't that
different.

VI
No, that's a good start, Roxy.
Thanks.

EXT. MEDICAL CLINIC - LATER

She steps up to the glass window, peering through the
shades.

Through the window, we see a woman - ADRIENNE WINCHESTER
(32) working behind the front desk.

Vi looks down at the photograph from earlier which is paper-
clipped to the front of the information sheets.

VI (V.O.)
I just hope it's going to be that
easy.

CUT TO BLACK:

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

INT. MEDICAL CLINIC - EXAMINATION ROOM - DAY

Vi sits on the table, one pant leg rolled up over her knee.

Adrienne, in a simple nurse's uniform, sits on a stool in front of her, examining Vi's exposed knee. She prods carefully.

ADRIENNE

Is that painful?

Vi HISSES dramatically.

VI

Ouch. Yeah. Bad.

ADRIENNE

And you said you --

VI

-- Got into a fight with the fireplace, yep.

ADRIENNE

Mind if I ask who won?

VI

Oh, definitely me. That piece of scrap metal is now just a... piece of scrap metal.

Adrienne smiles, amused.

ADRIENNE

I see.

(beat)

And why would you think getting into a fight with a fireplace was a good idea?

Vi shrugs.

VI

I just got frustrated.

(beat; careful)

It's my parents. They... they've been fighting a lot lately.

She watches Adrienne from the corner of her eye. She's testing the waters.

Adrienne stands and crosses to the desk. She scribbles something on a clipboard, careful not to look at Vi.

ADRIENNE

The doctor will be with you
shortly.

She puts the clipboard down and heads for the door. Vi is quietly panicking, desperate to keep Adrienne in the room.

VI

Wait!

Adrienne turns. A beat. Vi widens her eyes and turns down the corners of her mouth - trying to look as pitiful as possible.

VI (CONT'D)

Will you wait with me? I have
this... phobia of doctor's
offices.

Adrienne doesn't react. Vi is forced to continue.

VI (CONT'D)

More specifically, being alone in
one. Because, when no one's
around...

She moves her eyes to the hanging SKELETON in the corner.

VI (CONT'D)

(whispered)

... They come to life.

There's a beat as Adrienne figures out if Vi's being serious or not. Finally, she smiles.

ADRIENNE

His name is Vern.

Vi blinks, shocked.

VI

What?

Adrienne leans against the desk. She smiles at the skeleton.

ADRIENNE

Well, to me he is.

(sad)

But maybe I should re-think that
now.

VI

What do you mean?

Adrienne shakes her head.

ADRIENNE

Nothing. How's your knee? Do you want some ice while you wait?

VI

No, no. It's fine.

She pauses. Grimaces.

VI (CONT'D)

I mean, it's agonising but I can take it.

ADRIENNE

Tough kid.

VI

Do you have kids?

A beat.

ADRIENNE

No. Always wanted them, though.

VI

Your husband doesn't?

Nervous, Adrienne touches her wedding band. She starts to fiddle with it. Vi's aware of this.

ADRIENNE

So, you said your... your parents have been fighting a lot? That must be difficult.

VI

Yeah.

(beat)

I know this sounds stupid but... I'm pretty sure they're going to get a divorce.

Adrienne looks shocked.

ADRIENNE

Oh, I wouldn't jump to that conclusion.

(beat)

Sometimes people just argue. That doesn't mean they should stop being together.

VI

Then... When should two people stop being... you know... together?

Adrienne considers this.

ADRIENNE

When being together doesn't feel
right anymore. When you don't
feel...

(beat)

Sometimes marriages just run
their course.

Looking down, she realises that she's still playing with
the wedding band. She puts her hand in her pocket.

Vi smiles a little sadly. She rolls down her pant leg and
hops off the table.

VI

Well, uh, I guess I'll --

ADRIENNE

Your knee!

Vi, eyes wide, realises her mistake. With fake shock on her
face, she flexes out her leg - stretching.

VI

Oh my God.

(beat)

You're a really good nurse!

She smiles and waves.

VI (CONT'D)

Bye!

She exits, leaving Adrienne stunned.

INT. MEDICAL CLINIC - WAITING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Vi emerges from the hall. She shakes her head.

VI

Man, I suck at undercover.

A DELIVERY MAN steps in from outside. He holds a huge
bouquet of roses. Her interest piqued, Vi watches as he
lays them down on the front desk.

DELIVERY MAN

Delivery for Adrienne Winchester.

The RECEPTIONIST nods.

RECEPTIONIST

I'll get her.

She ducks into the hallway. The Delivery Man looks over his clipboard while he waits.

Vi slips slyly over to the desk. She carefully plucks a card from the jungle of red flowers. Turning it over, there's one simple message scrawled in pen: "Don't give up on us".

Vi replaces the card. With a sad glance at the bunch of flowers, she exits.

INT. THERAPIST'S OFFICE - DAY

Roxy sits in a comfortable armchair, her hands folded nervously in her lap. MICHAEL WINCHESTER (35) sits across from her, a note pad on his knee.

ROXY

Thank you for seeing me on such short notice, Mr. Winchester.

MICHAEL

That's no problem at all. My receptionist tells her that you sounded very upset on the phone. Any reason why?

Roxy looks around the room.

ROXY

This is a great office.

She spots a photograph of Michael and Adrienne on the desk.

ROXY (CONT'D)

Is that your wife?

MICHAEL

Now, Jessica, we're here to talk about you.

(beat)

Do you think of yourself as a happy person?

ROXY

Yes, I suppose.

Roxy sees an opportunity and takes it. She continues:

ROXY (CONT'D)

I think I have my parents to thank for that. They divorced when I was a little girl. Best thing that could have happened to me.

Michael nods and scribbles something in his note pad.

MICHAEL

Interesting.

ROXY

Yeah.

(beat)

I'm sorry, why is that interesting?

MICHAEL

Parents getting divorced is usually such a confusing and traumatic time for a child.

Roxy takes in a shaky breath.

ROXY

My father was... He was an alcoholic and a drug addict. When he left, my mother finally felt... free. I...

(beat)

I liked seeing her happy.

MICHAEL

Maybe she was covering up her pain, for your sake. And you, Jessica, maybe you're still suffering. You did seek therapy after all.

Roxy looks confused, even a little offended.

ROXY

So you're saying I would have been better off if they stayed together? I wouldn't still be here?

MICHAEL

Marriage is a sacred bond. It's the eternal binding of two souls. For that bond to be broken, it's... It's unnatural.

Roxy glares.

ROXY

(defensive)

So, rather than live an "unnatural" life, my mother should have put up with the bruises? Him lying? Stealing money out of her purse every time he needed a fix?

Michael writes something down.

MICHAEL
And where is your mother now?

A long beat. Roxy bites her lip.

ROXY
She's dead.

Michael eyes her carefully. A slight superior smirk on his lips. As if that proves his point.

MICHAEL
Why did you lie about who you really are?

Roxy is caught off guard. Her eyes widen in alarm.

ROXY
I... I didn't --

MICHAEL
It's alright, Roxanne. I'm not upset. I actually understand.

ROXY
You do?

MICHAEL
It must be hard, trying to live your own life. Always in the shadow of your father.
(beat)
But here, in this office, you don't have to be Trix Turrell's daughter. I don't care about your father's fame or his gold records. I just care about you.

He smiles.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
I care about you, Roxanne.

Roxy shifts in her seat, a little creeped out.

INT. SEEDY BAR - DAY

Kou, sitting at the bar, slides a half empty glass slowly between his hands.

VERNON "VERN" REID (38) sits down a few seats away from him. He motions to the BARTENDER.

VERN
(to Bartender)
Whiskey.

A few moments later, the glass is placed down in front of him and he takes a drink.

KOU
Little early in the day, isn't it?

Vern nods to Kou's empty glass.

VERN
Don't think you're in much of a position to comment, mate.

KOU
Touché.

VERN
Anyway, I deserve it.

He gulps the drink down. Slams the empty glass onto the bar top. He motions to the Bartender for another.

KOU
How do you mean?

Vern turns, studies him.

VERN
I bet I know why you're here.

KOU
Oh, yeah?

VERN
Woman trouble.

KOU
How'd you know?

VERN
Only kind of trouble there is.
(beat)
Except for that other kind of woman trouble but I doubt that applies in this situation.

The Bartender gives him another drink.

KOU
My girlfriend threw me out this morning.

VERN
Ah, I can relate. Well, not exactly. This girl... woman... We don't live together but...
(MORE)

VERN (CONT'D)
She's getting that look. Like I'm
not worth it anymore.

KOU
I hear you.

He slides over into the next chair - moving closer to Vern.

KOU (CONT'D)
Do you want some advice?

Vern chuckles.

VERN
Sure. What've you got?

KOU
You might not be worth it. But
she is. She's always going to be
worth the fight.

He holds his glass out to Vern's. Vern, taken a little off guard, takes a moment to catch up. They clink glasses.

A mobile phone starts to RING. Kou digs around in his jacket pocket. He checks the screen.

KOU (CONT'D)
Excuse me.

VERN
Girlfriend?

Kou downs the rest of his drink and stands.

KOU
One and only.

VERN
Good luck, man.

Kou pats him on the shoulder as he passes.

KOU
You, too.

He reaches the door and exits.

DIANA CROSS slides out from a booth by the door. As she follows, she snaps her own phone closed.

EXT. SEEDY BAR - PARKING LOT - DAY

Kou stretches in the sunlight as Diana joins him.

DIANA
You and your exits, Kou.

KOU

What? I can't just bestow the guy with some heartfelt wisdom and then disappear in a cloud of smoke. It's gotta be natural.

DIANA

Aw, you're so cute when you're in actor-mode.

She smiles and nudges his shoulder with own.

KOU

Alright, enough of that, Miss Cross. How about I buy you lunch?

Diana slips on a pair of obnoxiously large sunglasses.

DIANA

It's a date.

They link arms and head out of the lot.

INT. HEAD OFFICE - BOARD ROOM - DAY

We're back with Benson, Hank and Melinda. Hank looks over a sheet of paper. As he talks, Melinda types every word into her laptop.

HANK

You've been a director for how many years now? Almost ten?

BENSON

Almost.

HANK

I'm just curious but, why is it that all of your infractions seem to have occurred in the last year and a half?

BENSON

Bad timing.

HANK

Right. So... None of it has anything to do with you, I don't know, hating the Company?

Benson is a little amused.

BENSON

Whoever said that I hated --

HANK
Because from the things I've
read...

He pulls a thick file from his briefcase. He drops it onto
the table with a THUMP.

HANK (CONT'D)
You're don't seem to be a big
fan.

BENSON
That is absurd.

HANK
Then explain it to me.

Benson says nothing, his jaw tightens - irritated by Hank's
tone.

HANK (CONT'D)
Explain to me why you allowed a
civilian, one --

He checks a page in the file.

HANK (CONT'D)
-- Shane Evans, to keep his
memory after learning about the
existence of the Company?

He waits for a moment but Benson doesn't reply. Melinda's
meek, quiet voice pipes up.

MELINDA
There is evidence to suggest that
the Power has a reason for...

Hank gives her a withering stare. Shrinking under his gaze,
she gets back to typing.

HANK
(to Benson)
Or, perhaps, you have some good
idea as to why you allowed the
incredibly damaging book about
the Company to be released to the
public!

MELINDA
Um... Sir?

Hank looks to her - already glaring. Melinda stammers a
little but pushes on.

MELINDA (CONT'D)

At last check, the book only sold a total of fifty-two copies so it's highly unlikely it would pose much of a threat now.

(beat)

Of course, that's all in the file.

HANK

Melinda?

MELINDA

Yes, sir?

HANK

Stop talking.

Melinda nods. Hank turns back to Benson. He waits.

HANK (CONT'D)

Well?

BENSON

Oh, I'm sorry. Is this the part where I'm supposed to defend myself?

Melinda looks shocked. Hank glares in disapproval but Benson doesn't break eye contact - a defiant glint in his eye. Off this, cut to:

INT. CAFE - DAY

Roxy sits at a table, staring out of the window. Behind her, an attractive young man enters. KIERAN JAMES (22), an American, removes his sunglasses, narrowing his eyes as he scans the room.

He spots Roxy, her back facing him, and comes around the table. He sits down across from her.

Roxy drags her attention away from the window. As she recognises him, she smiles happily.

ROXY

Kieran! You got my message!

KIERAN

Damn right, I did. You think I'd miss out on a chance to hang with my favourite girl?

ROXY

You just wanted to get out of the office.

KIERAN

Look at that, six months on the job and you've already got me pegged.

ROXY

I'm smarter than I look.

KIERAN

You already look pretty genius to me.

Roxy rolls her eyes, still smiling. Kieran grins.

KIERAN (CONT'D)

So, how's the assignment going? Those Fixers giving you a hard time?

ROXY

No, we worked it out. We're all on the same side, after all.

She bites her lip, wanting to say more.

KIERAN

But?

ROXY

But it's just... I don't know if I'm cut out for this.

Kieran groans, rocking back in his chair.

KIERAN

Roxy, we've been through this!

ROXY

I know, I know, and I'm sorry but... It's just this feeling I can't shake.

KIERAN

And that's perfectly natural --

ROXY

Ugh! Don't talk to me about natural.

KIERAN

Touched a nerve, did I?

Roxy shakes her head.

ROXY

No, it's just... I saw this therapist --

Kieran looks uncomfortable.

ROXY (CONT'D)

-- For the assignment! And this guy, I -- well, me and the Fixers -- we're supposed to break him and his wife up.

KIERAN

You've done stuff like that before.

Roxy looks embarrassed. She fiddles with her paper napkin, tearing it into little pieces.

ROXY

Yeah but... I just don't think I can face him again.

She looks up and leans towards Kieran. She lowers her voice.

ROXY (CONT'D)

There's something not right about him, Kieran.

Kieran's face is blank for a moment, unreadable. Then, he smiles warmly.

KIERAN

You have such beautiful eyes.

Roxy throws herself back.

ROXY

Kieran!

Kieran laughs as Roxy crosses her arms, upset.

KIERAN

I'm sorry! I'm sorry! I was just trying to make you feel better.

ROXY

I'd feel better if you were actually helping me instead of goofing around!

Kieran calms himself. He becomes serious.

KIERAN

What about trying the assignment from a different angle? Take a look into the wife.

ROXY

But that's Vi's assignment.

Kieran cocks his head questioningly.

ROXY (CONT'D)
Vi's one of the Fixers.

KIERAN
But it's all one big assignment
in the end anyway, right? I mean,
you said so yourself - you're all
on the same side.

ROXY
Yeah, I guess.
(beat)
But what about the husband? I
can't --

KIERAN
I'll take care of it.

Roxy looks shocked.

ROXY
Is that... is that allowed?

Kieran shrugs.

KIERAN
It'll be fine.

Roxy looks relieved.

ROXY
Okay. Thank you, Kieran. I don't
know how to thank you enough.

Kieran slaps his hand on the table jokingly.

KIERAN
You can bring me some food,
woman!

Roxy smiles. She stands.

ROXY
I'll get some menus.

She walks over to the front counter of the cafe. As she
does, Kieran turns. His expression shifts. He smiles a
little but it's no longer playful or kind. He watches her
like a predator.

Over at the counter, Roxy picks up two menus and turns. She
faces Kieran and his face changes back - becoming friendly
and supportive again.

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

Kou and Diana stand at the curb, waiting for the flow of traffic to cease.

Kou stares across the street, watching Roxy and Kieran through the window. His expression is calculating and suspicious.

Off Kou, cut to:

INT. HEAD OFFICE - HALLWAY - DAY

Benson walks along the busy hallway. He stops, looking to a sign on the wall. "Break Room".

Just past the sign are a set of double doors. Benson pushes them open and enters.

INT. HEAD OFFICE - BREAK ROOM - DAY

Soft PIANO MUSIC plays in the background, heard among the voices of a few dozen EMPLOYEES.

Benson takes in the bistro-like set up. A far cry from Garretton's crummy little tea-and-coffee corner.

Behind him, Melinda enters. She steps up to his shoulder and leans.

MELINDA

(mysterious)

We need to talk. Meet me by the fountain.

Off Benson's confusion, cut to:

INT. HEAD OFFICE - BREAK ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Melinda and Benson sit on a lounge in a secluded corner of the room. Beside them, water bubbles in a indoor pond.

MELINDA

You don't remember me, do you?

BENSON

Melinda Bryce, how could you suggest such a thing? Of course I remember you.

Melinda smiles.

MELINDA

Took a couple of minutes though, didn't it?

BENSON

Just a couple.

(beat)

So, how are you? We haven't spoken since...

MELINDA

... Since you recommended me for this head office job.

BENSON

I always thought you could do more than just being my personal assistant.

MELINDA

Well, I'm good. This job is...

BENSON

Not everything you'd hoped?

MELINDA

I'm working my way up. I'll be where Mr. Simon is one day.

BENSON

Ah, Hank Simon.

(beat)

I don't like him.

MELINDA

You and the rest of the world.

Melinda looks a little nervous.

BENSON

Melinda? You said there was something we needed to talk about?

MELINDA

Right. The thing is...

(beat)

What the hell are you doing, Benson?

BENSON

(surprised)

I, er, I thought I was --

MELINDA

You're not even trying to defend yourself. You're just sitting there while that idiot rambles on about how you're such a terrible director.

BENSON

Well, I'm not sure I need to defend myself. I think my actions speak for themselves.

MELINDA

Your actions say that you can't handle this job anymore.

She sighs.

MELINDA (CONT'D)

You have to know what this meeting is really about, don't you?

Benson nods.

MELINDA (CONT'D)

If you don't convince Hank Simon that you had a good reason for everything, he's going to find some way to take this further.

BENSON

How much further?

MELINDA

All the way.

Realisation dawns upon Benson. He's in trouble.

EXT. MORGAN RESIDENCE - AFTERNOON

A car pulls up to the curb.

INT. KOU'S CAR - AFTERNOON

Kou looks to Vi, who sits in the passenger seat. She looks at her house with apprehension.

KOU

Something wrong?

Vi snaps out of it.

VI

No, I'm fine.

KOU

(serious)

I saw Roxy with another Breaker today.

VI

She has friends at work, so what?

KOU

I keep forgetting how new you are at this.

VI

Hey, I'm not a fan of the Breakers, okay? Twice they've gotten in my way and been all smarmy and self-righteous about it. But Roxy's different. She's nice!

KOU

It's not in her nature to be nice.

VI

And how would you know?

KOU

Do you know why some people are chosen to be Breakers and some are chosen to be Fixers?

Vi shakes her head.

KOU (CONT'D)

It all comes down to what's in here.

He presses a hand to his chest, over his heart.

KOU (CONT'D)

Some people are naturally inclined to help others. Whether they realise it or not, their lives are spent looking at the people around them, observing their weaknesses and downfalls, finding ways to make it all better. They make excellent Fixers.

(beat)

Like you, for instance.

VI

And so Breakers...

KOU

... Are just the opposite. They are the people without empathy, without compassion. They see a crying child and never give a thought as to what they can do to help. Breaking connections comes easy to them. Some might... Some might even take pleasure in it.

Vi takes this in.

VI
That's horrible.

KOU
(bitter)
We're polar opposites and yet
we're supposed to work side by
side. For the greater good.

Vi looks saddened. Kou looks a little ashamed of himself.

KOU (CONT'D)
Look, it's nothing personal
against Roxy. She seems...
Well... It's just that it's
difficult to be around Breakers,
knowing what it is that they do.
It feels... It feels almost like
a failure.

We push in on Vi as she takes his words in.

VI
(quiet)
Like we're giving up.

Vi's face is now determined.

INT. MORGAN RESIDENCE - KITCHEN - AFTERNOON

Vi enters, a telephone book under one arm and the household
cordless phone pressed to her ear.

VI
(into phone)
Yes, table for two, eight
o'clock.

She looks to the ceiling, distracted by Peter and
Caroline's MUFFLED ARGUMENT.

VI (CONT'D)
(into phone)
I'm sorry, what?
(beat)
Oh, Winchester. Put it under the
name Winchester.
(beat)
Thank you.

She hangs up. Sitting down at the table, Vi sighs and flips
open the phone book. She pulls out a sheet of paper -
previously used as a bookmark - and looks over it.

It's Michael Winchester's profile. Vi dials a number from it.

VI (CONT'D)
(into phone)
Hello, is this Mr. Winchester's secretary?
(beat)
Yes, I want to leave a message for him. The Dining Experience. Eight o'clock. Tell him to be there if he wants to save his marriage.

She's about to lower the phone when...

VI (CONT'D)
(into phone; quickly)
And bring flowers!

She hangs up, a satisfied smile on her face.

INT. ROXY'S APARTMENT - AFTERNOON

With some difficulty, the door is heaved open - scraping harshly against the door frame.

Roxy stumbles in, followed by Kieran. Pressing her body against the door, she SLAMS it closed.

Kieran takes a look around.

KIERAN
Nice place.

He's lying. The apartment is miniscule and in desperate need of repair.

ROXY
Yeah, right.

She does a circuit around the room, picking up clothes and other items.

She clears a space of the couch and Kieran sits down.

Roxy's unmade bed - separated by a dividing screen - is right in his line of sight. Roxy quickly dumps the clothes onto the bed and pulls the screen closed.

ROXY (CONT'D)
It's a dump.

KIERAN
No, it's...
(sincere)
I like it.

Roxy smiles.

ROXY

So, my world famous hot
chocolate, right?

KIERAN

Please. But I just have to say,
if it doesn't live up to the
hype, I'm afraid we can't be
friends anymore.

Roxy heads for the tiny kitchenette and begins making the
drinks.

ROXY

Really, Kieran, thanks for
helping me out with this. That
guy was just a creep. It was like
he... knew me. Which isn't that
far fetched, considering.

KIERAN

Ah, yes. Roxanne Turrell. Office
rockstar. Speaking of, I found
one of your dad's records the
other day.

ROXY

At the junkyard, I hope.

KIERAN

Close. A bargain bin at this
crappy music store downtown.

Roxy's gone quiet. She stands with her back to him, pouring
milk into two mugs.

KIERAN (CONT'D)

I'm a jerk.

She turns to him, surprised.

ROXY

What?

KIERAN

Bringing up... I don't know you
very well but I've caught onto
the fact you don't like to talk
about... Well... You know...

Roxy smiles sadly. She nods. Turns back to the drinks.

There's a soft BEEPING NOISE. Kieran turns his attention to
Roxy's laptop, sitting on the coffee table.

An alert has popped up: "1 NEW E-MAIL".

Glancing up at Roxy, he sees that her back is still turned. She hasn't seemed to notice.

Kieran's fingers stretch for the keyboard. Then, Roxy turns. Kieran casually rests his hands back on his knees. Roxy carries two mugs over to the table.

As she sits down:

KIERAN (CONT'D)

Oh, by the way, you just got an e-mail.

Placing the drinks down on the table, Roxy excitedly pulls the laptop towards her.

ROXY

Oooh, maybe it's that thing I asked for.

KIERAN

Thing?

ROXY

After lunch, I called the Company and got them to dig up some extra information on Adrienne Winchester, the wife.

She clicks open the e-mail, then opens an attachment. A page pops up.

KIERAN

What's that?

ROXY

Medical records.

KIERAN

That's rather... specific.

ROXY

I just have this feeling.

Kieran smiles, watching Roxy's intense concentration as she reads the page.

KIERAN

Okay, Nancy Drew. Tell me, is your hunch right?

ROXY

Unfortunately.

(beat)

(MORE)

ROXY (CONT'D)
Broken bones, bruises, a
concussion. The signs are all
there.

KIERAN
(realising)
Son of a bitch.
(beat)
Don't worry, Roxy, I'm taking
care of him, remember?

She's not listening. She's staring at the screen.

KIERAN (CONT'D)
Roxy?

Stunned, Roxy turns the laptop around to face him. She
points to something on the screen.

ROXY
That's not all.
(beat)
She's pregnant.

Roxy sits back on the couch, stunned. Things have just
gotten a whole lot more complicated.

CUT TO BLACK:

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

INT. THE DINING EXPERIENCE - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Adrienne stares at herself in the mirror. She's all dressed up - sexy black dress, her hair in elegant waves. Gorgeous.

A hand, holding a tube of red lipstick, moves into frame.

VI (O.S.)

Can I try this?

A NEW ANGLE reveals Vi sitting up by the sink. Her drab, everyday clothes only succeed in making Adrienne look all the more beautiful.

Oblivious to the question, Adrienne takes the lipstick and applies a second coat to her lips. She takes a deep breath as she turns to Vi.

ADRIENNE

Do I look okay?

Vi scoffs.

VI

Um, yeah. I think you'll pass.

Adrienne smiles giddily.

ADRIENNE

I can't believe Michael arranged all this. And even getting you, his new secretary, to do... What was it you called it?

VI

Preliminary research.

ADRIENNE

Right! It's all so... romantic. It's almost not like him.

Vi hops off the counter and goes to the bathroom door. She peeks outside.

VI'S P.O.V.

Michael enters the restaurant, looking around. He's not dressed up - still wearing his clothes from work - and doesn't carry any flowers.

BACK TO SCENE

Regardless of this, Vi turns to Adrienne. She smiles.

VI

He's here.

Adrienne pales a little.

ADRIENNE

Do I really look okay?

Vi rolls her eyes. She gently pushes her towards the door.

INT. THE DINING EXPERIENCE - NIGHT

Adrienne emerges from the bathroom. She freezes for a moment, nervously smoothing out her dress.

Vi exits after her and, again, nudges her towards Michael who stands in the middle of the room, amongst the tables of PEOPLE.

Adrienne starts to walk towards him. Vi stays where she is, watching proudly.

Michael turns, seeing Adrienne. Shocked, he looks her up and down.

MICHAEL

Adrienne!

ADRIENNE

Hello, Michael. I just wanted to say thank --

MICHAEL

What the bloody hell are you doing?

Adrienne's smile falters. As does Vi's.

ADRIENNE

What do you mean?

MICHAEL

Don't play this game with me, Adrienne. It is extremely childish.

ADRIENNE

Michael, I --

MICHAEL

Leaving me some cloak and dagger message? "Meet me for dinner or else?". I know a cry for attention when I see one, Adrienne, and this? This is just pathetic.

ADRIENNE
 Message? I didn't leave a
 message. Michael, you arranged
 this dinner for me.

MICHAEL
 Whatever gave you that idea?

Adrienne points to Vi.

ADRIENNE
 Ask your secretary!

Michael looks to Vi. His face darkens.

MICHAEL
 That is not my secretary.

Vi hurries towards them.

VI
 Look, I can't explain everything!

MICHAEL
 Save it.

He grabs Adrienne by the wrist.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
 We're going home.

Adrienne cries out in pain as Michael viciously drags her
 towards the door, attracting the attention of nearby
 diners.

Vi is horrified but can do nothing but watch as Michael and
 Adrienne exit.

After a few long beats, she takes a step towards the
 door...

... Just in time to collide with a passing WAITER, leading
 a COUPLE to their table.

Two menus tumble from the Waiter's hands.

VI
 Sorry! I'm so sorry!

She picks them up. About to hand them back, she notices
 something on the front.

A Sign. The name of the restaurant has changed to: "Follow
 them home".

Looking up, she shoves the menus at the Couple. She takes
 off running for the door!

The sound of a DOORBELL RINGING takes us into...

INT. VERN'S HOUSE - FRONT HALL - NIGHT

Vern opens the front door to reveal Roxy. Her expression is gravely serious.

ROXY
(urgent)
Mr. Reid, I need to talk to you.

INT. VERN'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Vern enters followed closely by Roxy. He gestures to the couch.

VERN
Please, take a seat.

ROXY
I'd rather stand.

An awkward beat. Roxy fidgets, tucking her hands into her pockets.

VERN
You said you were a friend of
Adrienne's?

ROXY
Yes. And... I think there's
something you should know.

Vern sits down.

VERN
I can't believe she told you
about us. She was always so... It
just doesn't seem like her.

(beat)
Actually, she hasn't been acting
like herself recently anyway. She
tells me she loves me, tells me
that she'll leave her husband,
then she turns around and
completely shuts me out - doesn't
return my calls, she --

ROXY
She's pregnant.

A stunned beat.

VERN
(quiet)
Oh.

ROXY
That's it? "Oh"?

VERN
Well, what do you want me to say?

ROXY
You don't get it, do you?

VERN
Get what?

ROXY
She's afraid of him. She's afraid of what he'll do to her if he finds out about you and about the baby.

VERN
How does she know it's even mine?

ROXY
Oh, I know you did not just say that.

Vern stands angrily.

VERN
Who do you think you are? This is between me and Adrienne. If she really wanted me involved in any of this she would tell me herself.

ROXY
You heard the part where I said she's terrified of her husband, right?

She takes a deep breath.

ROXY (CONT'D)
Look, obviously this isn't really your area of expertise but I've seen this all before. Adrienne isn't going to leave Michael. She's scared.

VERN
Of what?

ROXY
Of her child not having a real family.

Vern takes this in.

VERN

What am I supposed to do?

ROXY

Fight for her.

Roxy waits for Vern to react. To jump into action. Instead, he slowly sinks back down onto the couch.

Roxy shakes her head, disgusted.

ROXY (CONT'D)

Fine.

She leaves.

INT. HEAD OFFICE - BOARD ROOM - NIGHT

Once again, Benson's at the window - looking out at the glittering galaxy. Hank and Melinda enter, taking their usual seats.

HANK

Take a seat, Mr. Benson. If you're not going to defend yourself then I say we wrap this thing up.

Benson turns. He looks at his seat, slightly pulled out from the table - awaiting his return.

He looks up at Melinda, her face worried. Then, he turns to Hank.

BENSON

I love the Company. The Company is my life, my entire existence. Without it, I would be dead. Without this place, I would be nothing. I believe in what the Company does...

(beat)

... But not in how they do it.

Hank reacts in surprise, tinged with annoyance. Melinda is frozen in shock - her fingers hovering over the keyboard.

BENSON (CONT'D)

I don't understand why the lives of our employees have to be destroyed in order for the universe to function. Nothing can function if it is dead on the inside.

(beat)

I do love this Company.

(MORE)

BENSON (CONT'D)

But I am no longer proud to be a part of it.

Hank leans back in his chair, his face a mask of disapproval.

Melinda is horrified. This isn't what she had in mind when she told him to defend himself.

EXT. WINCHESTER RESIDENCE - FRONT LAWN - NIGHT

A car pulls up out front. Roxy leaps out. Halfway to the front door, she pauses and listens to the ARGUMENT coming from inside.

VI (O.S.)

They've been like that for awhile.

Startled, Roxy jumps. Vi emerges from behind the bushes lining the yard.

VI (CONT'D)

Kinda reminds me of my parents, lately.

A beat.

VI (CONT'D)

And, no, I was not just hiding in the bushes.

(beat)

That would be ridiculous.

Roxy gives her a distracted smile. She looks to the house.

VI (CONT'D)

(suspicious)

What are you doing here?

ROXY

I have to talk to Adrienne.

VI

Adrienne's mine. Michael, on the other hand, is one giant can of crazy that's all yours.

BREAKING GLASS sounds from inside. Vi and Roxy immediately spring into action - racing for the front door.

INT. WINCHESTER RESIDENCE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Vi and Roxy enter, taking in the ugly scene.

Michael pulls his hand free from the china cabinet. Shards of broken glass litter the floor by his feet.

Adrienne grabs some tissues and hurries over to him.

ADRIENNE

Let me see.

Michael flexes his bleeding hand.

ADRIENNE (CONT'D)

I need to bandage it.

ROXY

Adrienne, are you okay?

For the first time, Adrienne and Michael notice that they're not alone.

MICHAEL

What the hell are you two doing
in my house? Get out!

Before Vi and Roxy can respond, Vern steps up behind them. Adrienne's eyes go wide.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Oh, great. Another one. All of
you, out!

ADRIENNE

(soft)

Vern...

She drops Michael's injured hand. Michael, stunned, looks between the two.

Vern gently pushes past the girls. He's focused only on Adrienne.

VERN

I'm not going to give up on us,
Adrienne. What we have... It's
worth fighting for.

(beat)

Adrienne, I love you. We can be
together, us and the baby.

Adrienne smiles in relief. She steps towards him, reaching out.

ADRIENNE

Oh, Vern.

WHAM! Michael's fist collides with Vern's face, sending him reeling back.

VI

Oh my God!

ADRIENNE

Michael, no!

Michael turns on her, boiling over in anger. Adrienne hastily backs up - terrified.

ADRIENNE (CONT'D)

Please, Michael.

He grabs her arm and, before anyone can stop him, drags her out of the room.

Vi, Roxy and Vern watch as they disappear into the bedroom at the end of the hall.

With the SLAM of the bedroom door, only silence remains. Vi and Roxy share a look - this isn't going the way they had hoped.

Roxy takes a step toward the darkened hallway. Vi grabs her arm.

VI

Roxy!

Roxy gently pulls away.

ROXY

It's okay.

She takes a deep breath.

ROXY (CONT'D)

I know what I'm doing.

INT. WINCHESTER RESIDENCE - HALLWAY - NIGHT

We're tight on Roxy's face as, with cautious determination, she pads quietly towards the closed bedroom door.

With a shaking hand, she reaches out for the door knob. She grasps it, turns it, pushes the door open --

-- And is greeted by Michael, aiming a gun in her face!

CUT TO BLACK:

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

INT. WINCHESTER RESIDENCE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Roxy slowly emerges from the hallway, shuffling backwards, her hands raised. She's followed by Michael, still holding the gun.

VI

Oh my God. Roxy...

ROXY

Don't worry, Vi. It's gonna be --

MICHAEL

Shut up!

(beat)

Who are you people? What right do you have to interfere in my life?!

Roxy nervously eyes the gun.

ROXY

Is Adrienne okay?

MICHAEL

(offended)

You think I would hurt my wife? I love her.

Vern steps forward.

VERN

Look, Michael, we can talk about this. We --

Michael swings his arm around and SHOOTS Vern! Vi screams!

Vern hits the floor. Vi crouches over him. Vern groans, clutching his arm.

VERN (CONT'D)

I'm okay. It's just my arm. Go and make sure Adrienne's okay.

(beat)

And I think I'm going to pass out now.

Vern slumps back, eyes closed. Vi crawls behind the couch, making it to the mouth of the hallway.

Looking over her shoulder, she sees Michael - once again - aiming his gun at Roxy. He hasn't noticed Vi's disappearance yet.

INT. WINCHESTER RESIDENCE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Vi enters to find Adrienne sitting on the floor. She's a mess - crying, shaking, eyes wide with fear.

VI

Adrienne, are you okay?

She nods, numb. Vi looks around. She lifts up the bedspread.

VI (CONT'D)

Come on, get under the bed. You have to hide.

Adrienne does as she's told.

INT. WINCHESTER RESIDENCE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Nothing has changed. Michael and Roxy face off - the gun aimed at her. Vern lies on the floor, still unconscious.

MICHAEL

She is my wife. She is my business. Not yours.

ROXY

You're right. She is your wife.
(beat)
But she's not good enough for you.

Michael is confused. His hold on the gun loosens a little.

ROXY (CONT'D)

She doesn't deserve you. She cheated on you, she fell in love with someone else.

(beat)

What you said in the therapy session, about me not being over my parent's divorce. You were right.

Michael calms. He lowers the gun to his side. Roxy looks relieved.

INT. WINCHESTER RESIDENCE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Vi spies the wardrobe. She pulls it open and slips inside.

INT. WINCHESTER RESIDENCE - WARDROBE - NIGHT

These are actions we know. Vi, sitting in the dark, cries as she digs through her bag.

Spilling out its contents, she finds her phone and begins to dial.

INT. WINCHESTER RESIDENCE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Michael takes a deep breath, he almost smiles a little.

MICHAEL

I am right, though. Adrienne
can't see it. She's always
thinking she knows better than --

BANG! Michael is thrown back. When he hits the ground, he's already dead - a bullet hole right in the middle of his chest.

Roxy whirls around. Kieran, his face cold, stands in the doorway. He drops his arm to his side, still clutching the smoking gun.

Roxy is horrified.

In an instant, Kieran becomes comforting. He strides over to her. Gently touches her arm.

KIERAN

Roxy, are you okay?

ROXY

What did you do?

KIERAN

I did what I had to. I did my
job.

ROXY

He's... he's dead.

KIERAN

Yeah, come on. We gotta go.

He starts to walk towards the door. Pausing, he turns back. Roxy hasn't moved.

KIERAN (CONT'D)

Roxanne!

He holds out his hand. Roxy stares at it for a moment.

Then, she slowly reaches out for him. Their fingers meet and intertwine.

INT. WINCHESTER RESIDENCE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Ever so slowly, Vi opens the wardrobe door and peers out. She listens. The FRONT DOOR SLAMS.

Vi hurries to the bedroom window. She looks out into the yard.

Roxy and Kieran sprint across the yard to Roxy's car. Vi focuses on Kieran. His face. The gun in his hand. His other hand holding Roxy's.

Off Vi's worry and suspicion, cut to:

INT. WINCHESTER RESIDENCE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Vi and Adrienne slowly emerge from the hallway. They take in the horrific scene. They see Michael's body.

Adrienne gasps. She hurries over to him.

ADRIENNE
Michael... Oh God...

Then, across the room, Vern GROANS and begins to stir.

Adrienne's eyes light up. She turns her back on Michael's body - instead, kneeling by Vern.

ADRIENNE (CONT'D)
Vern! Vern, are you okay?

VERN
Are you okay?

Adrienne nods and smiles. She starts to tear up.

ADRIENNE
Vern, I love you!

VERN
I love you, too!

Adrienne leans down to him and they share a kiss - both happy that the other is alright.

After a few moments, Adrienne pulls back. She turns to Vi.

ADRIENNE
Thank you for --

But Vi is gone.

INT. KOU'S CAR - NIGHT

Again, Kou pulls up to the curb out the front of Vi's house. And, once again, Vi is distracted.

KOU
Everything's going to be okay.
(beat)

(MORE)

KOU (CONT'D)

The Company will make sure
Adrienne and Vern aren't charged
in relation to Michael's death.
We'll plant a witness report
about the real shooter fleeing
the scene. Burglary gone wrong or
something.

When Vi doesn't respond, Kou frowns.

KOU (CONT'D)

Vi, are you alright?

Vi is shaken. A little numb from the events of the night.

VI

I wish you had been there. I wish
you had seen the way they just...
ran away.

KOU

You think it was another Breaker?

VI

Who else could it have been?

Vi sighs.

VI (CONT'D)

I just can't help but think
that... despite everything
getting so crazy in the end...
the assignment still got done.
Adrienne and Vern are together
and Michael, well, his connection
was broken. Just like it was
meant to.

KOU

That doesn't mean killing him was
the right move to make.

VI

So what do we do?

KOU

I'll take care of it.

VI

What about my assignment report?

KOU

Vi, I said I'll take care of it.

Vi nods. She looks towards her house.

VI

I wish you could take care of
everything.

She reluctantly opens the car door.

INT. MORGAN RESIDENCE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Vi enters, looking to the ceiling. She's listening. But there's only silence.

Breathing a sigh of relief, she fully faces the kitchen --

-- Only to be startled by Caroline and Peter sitting at the kitchen table.

VI

Woah!

(then)

Moved onto the staring
competition round, huh?

CAROLINE

(teary)

Oh, Vi.

She stands and pulls Vi into a hug.

CAROLINE (CONT'D)

My brave little Vi.

VI

Uh... What?

Caroline holds her at arms length. Her face is serious.

CAROLINE

I just want you to know that
under no circumstances are your
father and I getting a divorce.

Peter stands.

PETER

But if I die in an air raid
mission, she's allowed to re-
marry.

(beat)

But only if he's very, very rich.

Vi raises an eyebrow. She untangles herself from Caroline.

VI

That's great news but, uh, why
would you think that --

PETER

-- Cam told us. He said you were worried about us, you know, splitting up.

CAROLINE

And that made us realised how selfish we've been these past you days.

(beat)

We just needed to get it all out of our systems. To clear the air.

PETER

Next time we fight, we're going to do it in code so you kids don't feel so uncomfortable.

VI

That's great, dad.

(beat)

So, um, I'm going to bed now.

She starts to exit. At the doorway, she pauses and turns back.

VI (CONT'D)

I'm glad you're not getting a divorce.

Caroline looks to Peter and smiles.

CAROLINE

Me too.

She and Peter kiss. Vi scrunches her nose up in disgust.

VI

Ew.

Peter wraps Caroline in his arms - and that's Vi's cue to exit.

INT. MORGAN RESIDENCE - STAIRS - NIGHT

Vi climbs the stairs, just as CAM MORGAN heads down the other way.

She puts a warning hand on his shoulder.

VI

Might wanna steer clear of the kitchen for awhile.

CAM

Noted.

VI

Oh, by the way, I never told you
I was worried about mum and dad
getting a divorce.

Cam shrugs.

CAM

I know. I just told them it was
you because I didn't want to seem
like a baby.

Cam continues on his way. Vi thinks for a moment, unsure
whether she should be offended.

VI

(amused)

Right.

She walks off screen.

FADE TO:

INT. THE COMPANY - BENSON'S OFFICE - DAY

Jenna places a steaming cup of coffee down on Benson's
desk. Beside it, she lays a folded newspaper.

She straightens up, revealing Andrew leaning in the
doorway. He smirks.

ANDREW

Benson's coming back today, huh?

JENNA

Yep.

ANDREW

You're such a teacher's pet.

Jenna puts her hands on her hips.

JENNA

(indignant)

I am not!

Andrew raises his eyebrows. A beat. Jenna meekly produces a
shiny red apple from her jacket pocket. She brushes it off
and places it next to the newspaper.

JENNA (CONT'D)

It's just that when he was away
yesterday, I had to take over his
duties as a director. Benson's
got it really hard, you know.

ANDREW

And you want to make sure he never leaves again?

JENNA

Oh my God, not for a million years!

Benson enters, stepping past Andrew. He's concentrating on something - not even realising that either of them are there until...

JENNA (CONT'D)

How was your meeting, sir?

There's a beat. Benson pulls a piece of paper from his pocket. He holds it for a moment.

BENSON

It went well.

Then, he's out of his daze. Right back to being the man in charge. He hands her the paper.

BENSON (CONT'D)

Make sure my assistant, Lex, marks this date on my schedule.

JENNA

What's it for?

Benson sits down behind his desk.

BENSON

(casually)

The date for my trial.

(beat)

When they decide whether they're going to fire me or not.

He shakes out his newspaper and starts to read.

Off the shocked reactions of Jenna and Andrew...

CUT TO BLACK:

END OF EPISODE