THE COMPANY

"Saving Benson"

by
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TEASER

FADE IN:

INT. BENSON'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - MORNING

ALISTAIR BENSON lies in bed, asleep. An alarm clock begins to BUZZ obnoxiously.

Opening his eyes, Benson rolls over and faces the alarm. He slowly reaches a hand up and silences it.

INT. BENSON'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - MORNING

Benson enters, dressed in a smart business suit. He's looking down - fumbling with his tie.

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)
Morning, honey.

PATRICIA BENSON (30) sits at the table, spoon feeding a BABY in a high chair. Benson’s distracted by his tie.

BENSON
Yeah.

Patricia rolls her eyes. She stands and walks over to him. She takes the tie out of his hands and begins to tie it expertly.

Benson takes the time to study her face.

PATRICIA
What?

BENSON
Nothing. Just trying to imagine life without you.

PATRICIA
How does it look?

BENSON
It doesn’t exist.

Patricia smiles as she finishes off his tie. She shakes her head.

PATRICIA
Alistair...

BENSON
I’m not kidding.
(beat)
I love you, Patricia.

PATRICIA
I love you, too.

They kiss.

CHILD'S VOICE (O.S.)
Ew! Mummy and Daddy are sexing!

They break apart. Patricia is mildly amused while Benson is confused. Benson turns to see a SIX-YEAR-OLD GIRL sitting at the table. The baby is nowhere in sight.

PATRICIA
It's called kissing, Faye. One day you're going to kiss boys just like I kiss Daddy.

BENSON
Patricia.

Patricia laughs and pats him on the shoulder reassuringly.

PATRICIA
But not for a long time.

Faye just giggles and swings her legs beneath the table. Patricia notices Benson's expression and frowns.

PATRICIA (CONT'D)
Are you okay?

BENSON
Everything's changing.

PATRICIA
Of course it is, silly. That's what happens.

BENSON
But it's too --

FAYE (O.S.)
Mum? Dad? Ready to go?

Benson turns around.

EIGHTEEN-YEAR-OLD FAYE stands in the kitchen doorway, dressed in a navy graduation robe - a hat in her hand.

Patricia - who still hasn't changed a bit - smiles, holding back tears.

PATRICIA
Oh, you look beautiful.

Faye looks to Benson.

FAYE
Dad?

BENSON
(stunned)
Yes, you look --

Suddenly, Faye and Patricia are across the other side of the room. Patricia holds the back door open.

PATRICIA
Come on. We'll be late.

FAYE
Hurry up, Dad!

BENSON
Alright, just give me a --

Pain crashes over him like a tidal wave. Benson clutches his head and drops to his knees, his face contorted in agony.

CLOSE UP ON BENSON

His eyes are closed tight. Sweat beads at his temples. Then, just as quickly as it started, the pain fades away. Benson's face calms and his breathing slows.

A SOUND pushes to the foreground. The steady BEEP, BEEP, BEEP of a heart monitor.

Benson slowly opens his eyes.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Benson lies in a hospital bed. The room is dark, lit only by the glow of moonlight.

Sitting up, Benson squints into the shadowy corners of the room.

BENSON
Who's there?

There's MOVEMENT. A FIGURE - which appears to be a man - sits in an armchair.

BENSON (CONT'D)
(realising)
I know you...

JENNA COOKE appears at his bedside. Benson's attention is dragged away from the figure in the corner.

JENNA
No hard feelings, okay?

BENSON
Jenna --

Jenna grabs the pillow from behind him and pushes it down over his face.

Benson struggles, clawing at her arms, but Jenna’s grim determination forces us to...

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. BENSON'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - MORNING

Benson’s alarm clock begins to BUZZ. He opens his eyes and rolls over but doesn’t move to turn it off.

The NOISE continues as Benson stares up at nothing - his face blank and emotionless.

CUT TO BLACK:

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

INT. MORGAN RESIDENCE - FRONT HALL - MORNING

VI MORGAN walks down the stairs, tugging on her school blazer. She WHISTLES the Star Wars theme song.

At the bottom step, she pauses. Vi cocks her head to one side, listening.

There's nothing but silence.

INT. MORGAN RESIDENCE - KITCHEN - MORNING

Vi appears in the doorway. She narrows her eyes.

VI
(suspicious)
Good morning.

The rest of the Morgan family (CAROLINE, PETER, CAM and PENNY) are seated around the kitchen table. Not talking. Not eating. Not doing anything - but trying to look nonchalant about it.

CAROLINE
Good morning, Vi.

PENNY
Hey.

CAM
Morning.

Vi moves further into the room.

VI
What's going on?

CAROLINE
Nothing. We're just having breakfast.

Vi eyes the empty kitchen table.

VI
Ah, the Hollywood diet.

She makes her way to the fridge. As she moves, the others turn - watching her every move.

Vi opens the fridge and grabs a juice popper. As she pierces the straw through the seal, she turns to her family. They immediately look way.

VI (CONT'D)
Okay. What's going on? Were you guys talking about me?

Caroline smiles, completely at ease.

CAROLINE
No, of course not, sweetie. We were talking about --

PETER
(interrupting)
We were talking about various world events including but not limited to: global warming, the US presidential election and umm...
(off Caroline's look)
... Other... things.

A beat.

VI
You guys kind of suck.

She marches out of the kitchen. Caroline sighs.

CAROLINE
Penny?

Penny leans over and smacks Peter on the back of the head.

EXT. MORGAN RESIDENCE - FRONT PORCH - LATER

Vi, her backpack slung over one shoulder, closes the front door. She turns around.

VI
Shane?

SHANE EVANS, grinning a little ashamedly, walks across the lawn towards her.

SHANE
Miss me?

Vi leaps off the porch steps and wraps him in a huge hug.

SHANE (CONT'D)
(laughs)
I'll take that as a no, then?

Vi steps back and punches him in the arm.

VI
Actually, I don't know if I should be happy or not.
(MORE)

VI (CONT'D)
Seeing as how you just abandoned me for weeks. You know, I actually had to study in study hall?

SHANE
Oh, the tragedy!

Breaking into a fit of giggles, they amble off screen.

INT. THE COMPANY - RECEPTION OFFICE - DAY

Jenna enters from around a corner, sifting through an armful of files.

Her attention is broken by LOUD, ANGRY VOICES and she looks up to see a MOB OF EMPLOYEES surrounding the reception desk.

GLENDA MORRISON is ignoring them, staring intently at her computer.

Jenna comes quickly around the desk.

JENNA
Glenda? What are you --

She stops, staring at the screen. Glenda is playing solitaire. Jenna leans over, switching off the monitor.

GLENDA
Oh, my!

She looks up, seeing Jenna for the first time. She smiles.

GLENDA (CONT'D)
(loud)
Hello, Jenna! How are you today?

Jenna motions to the Employees (who would be, if this were a real TV show, ad-libbing their dialouge. Things like “I need to get these filed!”, “Hey, I was here first!” and “Just listen to me, damnit!”).

GLENDA (CONT'D)
Oh, sorry!

She pops two ear plugs out of her ears.

GLENDA (CONT'D)
It was getting a bit much.

Jenna turns to the crowd.

JENNA
Excuse me? Um... Hello?

They don't listen. Jenna motions for Glenda to get up from her chair. She does.

Jenna uses the chair to step up onto the desk. Now a good way above the crowd, she WHISTLES.

In the sudden silence:

MALE EMPLOYEE
(to friend; quiet)
Is she gonna take her shirt off?

Jenna glares in his direction.

JENNA
Okay, what's the matter?

They ALL start up at once.

JENNA (CONT'D)
One at a time! One at a time!

EMPLOYEE IN SUIT
Mr. Benson has to sign these assignment reports and she --
(he nods to Glenda)
-- won't let me into his office.

EMPLOYEE WITH APRON
I need to see Mr. Benson, too. The kitchen staff are really harping on about that raise he promised us.

EMPLOYEE WITH “COMMENT” BOX
(hysterical)
Our comment card review session was supposed to start ten minutes ago! Ten minutes ago!

JENNA
Alright, I think we can get all these things sorted out. But...

She looks behind her. Glenda's back in her chair, looking at the computer.

JENNA (CONT'D)
Can somebody help me down?

INT. ELEVATOR - DAY

ANGLE ON A SHEET OF PAPER

It reads...

To: Mr. Alistair Benson.

This is a reminder that your disciplinary hearing is scheduled for today at 11:30am in court room A.

From: The Company (Australasian Regional Head Office)

ANGLE ON BENSON

He looks over the paper grimly. Then, he folds it carefully and slips it into his pocket.

The elevator glides to a smooth stop, a bell CHIMES and the doors open.

INT. HEAD OFFICE - LOBBY - DAY

Benson exits the elevator into the lobby - which is far larger and more stylish than our reception office.

Although he tries to appear unfazed by the grandness of the place, Benson still looks like a very small fish in a very large pond.

INT. HEAD OFFICE - COURT ROOM - DAY

One of the heavy double doors swings open. Benson enters, hesitantly.

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)
You're late, Mr. Benson.

The room is like any other court room except for one major difference. At the bench where the Judge would normally sit, THREE people are seated. The WOMAN who spoke is one of these.

They are too far away to see properly and Benson starts to walk closer through the otherwise empty court room.

BENSON
I apologise.

WOMAN
No excuses?

BENSON
I assumed you wouldn't be interested.

Benson reaches a table and chair, set up directly in front of the Judges bench.

BENSON (CONT'D)
Is this for me?

WOMAN
Yes. Have a seat.

Benson sits down.

WOMAN (CONT'D)
My name is Mrs. Clark. This is Mr. Kelland and Mr. Webb.

MRS. CLARK (54) peers over the rim of her glasses at the man sitting beside her, MR. KELLAND (40), a native New Zealand man. On her other side is MR. WEBB (35), who gives Benson a faint, polite smile.

MRS. CLARK
Any questions so far?

Benson shakes his head.

Mrs. Clark leans forward, clasping her hands together on the table in front of her.

MRS. CLARK (CONT'D)
Then let's get straight down to business, shall we? We've looked over your case very thoroughly, Mr. Benson.

MR. KELLAND
We're not surprised that it was brought to a disciplinary hearing. Your file is... Let's just say the required reading was extensive.

MR. WEBB
And we'd like to hear your side of it all, we really would. But...

A bit lost for words, he looks at the others.

MR. KELLAND
But we believe we have all the information we need.

Mrs. Clark sighs.

MRS. CLARK
Let's be honest, Mr. Benson. We've never had a Director of a Company branch going through one of these proceedings before.

MR. WEBB
At least not in this division of Head Office.

MRS. CLARK
And, after we decide your punishment...
(beat)
I'm sure you'll be the last.

Benson's expression has been blank. At this moment, he wavers slightly. He's afraid.

INT. THE COMPANY - BENSON'S OFFICE - DAY

Jenna sits at Benson's desk, a stack of paper in front of her. She takes one off the top - tries to read it but rubs her eyes, exhausted.

LEX GRACE - Benson's bubbly personal assistant that we met last season - enters without knocking.

LEX
Ah, so the rumours are true. Benson's dead.

Jenna looks up quickly.

JENNA
(alarmed)
He's not dead!

Lex shrugs, slapping another piece of paper down in front of her. He slumps down into an empty chair.

LEX
Well, I am his personal assistant. If he's not here, I at least should get to know where he is.

Jenna sighs. She picks up the newly delivered paper.

JENNA
What's this?

LEX
Expenditure report from the surveillance department. Got handed to me on my way up.

Jenna glances over it. She raises her eyebrows.

JENNA
Sixty-eight dollars for raw cookie dough?

Lex shrugs.

LEX
You know how those guys are.
(beat)
Look, I need to know what's going on. Not because I have a reputation as being the break room gossip but because this affects my job.
(beat)
He's coming back, right?

Jenna opens her mouth to answer. The TELEPHONE RINGS.

They both turn to look at it, simply watching the red light blink on and off.

INT. GARRETON ACADEMY - HALLWAY - DAY

As other STUDENTS walk by, Vi stands at her locker, piling in books. Shane trudges up beside her - hauling an armful of papers.

Vi sees him and struggles to hold back laughter.

VI
Oh... Wow.

SHANE
You could have at least mailed me some of my assignments.

VI
I had assignments of my own. Not just history and math but... you know...

SHANE
Yeah, I do. I still have your crazy Sign things in my head, remember? I saw them all. Loads of fun when I was watching Wheel of Fortune, by the way.

Vi opens her locker wider.

VI
Here. Stash some of it with me. You can pick it up later.

SHANE
Thanks.

Vi helps him load the papers into her locker. She closes the door and they both start walking down the hall.

VI
You want to hear something funny?

SHANE
To get my mind off the inevitable Mount Everest of work waiting for me later? Yes, please.

VI
I think my family are keeping secrets from me.

SHANE
And that's funny because...?

VI
It's just... different, you know? I mean, I'm always the one avoiding the subject and having to come up with excuses as to why I missed dinner or have to run off all of a sudden.
(beat)
What do you think it is?

SHANE
What?

VI
The secret?

SHANE
It's probably nothing. They did plan that surprise party for you.

VI
But it's not my birthday.

SHANE
And your dad didn't tell you he was still working on the book.

VI
Unless he's attempting a sequel, I think I'm safe.

SHANE
Well, maybe...

Shane shrugs off the thought.

SHANE (CONT'D)
Never mind.

VI
What?
(beat)
Shane, come on.

SHANE
You don't think it has something to do with what... you know... today is?

VI
Wednesday?

SHANE
Okay, changing the subject...

Vi frowns, growing annoyed.

VI
Shane!

Suddenly, a FLOOD OF STUDENTS push past her, directed by MR. PARKER.

MR. PARKER
Come on, guys. Into the auditorium. Hurry up. On your marks, get set --
(calling ahead)
Brian, I know you're on the track team but there's no need to show off!

He spots Vi and Shane.

MR. PARKER (CONT'D)
Well, don't dawdle. We've got assembly.

He moves off.

SHANE
Assembly? That's always on Friday.

Vi shrugs.

VI
I guess today's special.

Shane goes pale. He stops walking and takes her arm.

SHANE
Vi, I don't think you should go in there. It might be... too much for you.

VI
Yeah, especially when they read out all the sports notices. Talk about yawn-worthy.

SHANE
No, I mean... Ugh! I... Vi...

Shane grits his teeth, trying to find the right words. Vi's light mood quickly darkens.

She pulls away from him and walks down the hall, turning a corner...

INT. GARRETON ACADEMY - SECOND HALLWAY - DAY

She nears the auditorium doors. Students walk past her, heading inside.

Shane jogs around the corner after her.

SHANE
Vi! No!

INT. GARRETON ACADEMY - AUDITORIUM - DAY

Vi enters, coming to a stop in the open doorway. Her eyes wide, she takes in the sight.

REVERSE ANGLE

Vases of flowers are spread out along the auditorium stage, surrounding a large picture of OLIVIA GIBSON.

A student ORCHESTRA sets up by the stage. They are all dressed in black.

A colourful banner - obviously made by an art class - is slung along one wall. It reads: “We Will Always Love You, Olivia!”.

BACK TO VI

Shane joins Vi's side. He takes a shaky breath.

SHANE
It's been a year since she died.
(beat)
And a year since you died.

There's a long beat as Vi's shock sinks in.

SHANE (CONT'D)
Vi, I'm sorry. I --

She turns back to him. Laughing, she smacks him in the chest.

VI
You had me scared there for a second, Evans.

She turns back, shaking her head and smiling to herself.

VI (CONT'D)
Idiot.

She moves further into the room.

Off Shane's surprise, cut to:

A ROW OF PINS AS THEY'RE KNOCKED DOWN BY A BOWLING BALL.

We're in:

INT. BOWLING ALLEY - DAY

ANDREW FRIAR pumps his fist in the air.

ANDREW
Oh, yeah! Another strike for the Drewmiester!

He dances around in a circle - spinning to point a finger at someone O.S.

ANDREW (CONT'D)
How do you like them apples?

REVERSE ANGLE

A passing BOWLER (male, middle-aged, bright blue bowling shirt) stops.

BOWLER
(confused)
Are you talking to me?

We move to a WIDE SHOT where we see Andrew is completely alone amid a sea of BOWLING TEAMS.

Andrew drops his hand, replacing his triumphant grin with a blank expression.

ANDREW
I'm sorry, what?

BOWLER
What?

ANDREW
What?

BOWLER
Were you talking to me?

Beat.

ANDREW
No.

He turns, collecting his ball as its returned by the machine. Utterly confused, the Bowler walks off.

He takes his ball down to the end of the lane. Poised, he narrows his eyes at the new set of pins down the end.

ANDREW (CONT'D)
Oh, yeah. You know what's coming, don't ya?

He swings the ball back and forward again - and his MOBILE PHONE begins to BUZZ in his pocket.

Reacting to the phone, he lets the ball go too late. It sails through the air, landing a few lanes over.

There are a few alarmed CRIES. Andrew, as he digs his phone out of his pocket, tries to ignore them.

ANDREW (CONT'D)
(into phone)
Yeah?
(beat)
What?
(beat)
WHAT?!

The Bowler - now at the lane next to him - stares in his direction.

ANDREW (CONT'D)
(to Bowler)
Oh, not you. Calm down.

He hurries to the row of plastic chairs and attempts to tug off his bowling shoes - keeping the phone pressed to his ear with his shoulder.

ANDREW (CONT'D)
(into phone)
Jenna, repeat what you just said. There's some craziness going on over here.

INT. THE COMPANY - BENSON'S OFFICE - DAY

Jenna - now alone in the room - is on her mobile phone. She's gathering papers, riffling through drawers.

JENNA
Get Vi. Meet me at the Company.
(beat)
It's bad, Andrew. Really bad.

INT. BOWLING ALLEY - DAY

ANDREW
(into phone)
I'll be there in ten.

He hangs up and shoves his phone into his pocket. He dives down to the shoes again. Gives them another tug.

ANDREW (CONT'D)
Ah, screw it!

Leaping up, he grabs his jacket and runs off - the red and white bowling shoes still strapped firmly to his feet.

We ANGLE DOWN to see his sneakers, lying abandoned on the floor.

CUT TO BLACK:

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

INT. THE COMPANY - JENNA'S OFFICE - DAY

Jenna stands at the window, looking down over the busy CONTROL ROOM.

Vi and Andrew sit at her desk. While Andrew flicks paperclips across the tabletop, Vi looks confused.

VI
I just don't get it. So, he's fired. That's not so bad. We just argue to the right people and he'll have his job back by next week.

Jenna turns back to them. She's been crying. Vi is stunned by this as she watches Jenna wipe away a few stray tears.

JENNA
You're new at this. I wouldn't expect you to understand.

Vi scoffs.

VI
Not so new. I've been hear a year today, remember?

Stunned silence. Then, Jenna BURSTS INTO TEARS. She hurries forward, pulling an alarmed Vi up and into a hug.

JENNA
I'm so sorry, Vi. I didn't even think.

She pulls her away, staring intently into her eyes.

JENNA (CONT'D)
Are you okay?

She turns to Andrew.

JENNA (CONT'D)
Then we shouldn't tell her about...
(then; to Vi)
Maybe you should just go home.

Vi pulls away.

VI
Okay, what the hell is wrong with everyone?
(MORE)

VI (CONT'D)
You're all acting like I'm about to self-destruct or something.

Andrew stands.

ANDREW
Well, uh... When I had my one year, I sort of... set fire to the break room.

JENNA
I became obsessed with The Brady Bunch.

ANDREW
Seriously? Did you start saying “groovy” and “neat-o”?

JENNA
Not important right now, Andrew.

VI
So it's a pretty big deal around here, then?

ANDREW
Sometimes there’s cake.

She sighs and sits down again.

VI
What's wrong with me?

Vi shakes her head quickly - snapping out of it.

VI (CONT'D)
No, you know what? That's not even important right now. What about Benson? What shouldn't you tell me?

Jenna and Andrew share a look. They are wary.

ANDREW
Don't you wanna know more about the cake?

Vi shoots him a withering stare. Andrew quickly backs up, motioning for Jenna to take his seat.

She does and scoots closer to Vi. She takes her hand.

JENNA
Well, Vi, when a Company employee is fired it means that their contract will be... terminated.
(MORE)

JENNA (CONT'D)
And since our signing the contract was a condition of coming back to life after the first time we died, then...

She can't continue. A new round of tears starts building up. She turns away, furiously wiping her eyes.

ANDREW
Benson's just going to... go back to being dead.

There's a long beat.

VI
(calm)
Oh.
(beat)
That is... not good.

Confused by her (lack of) reaction, Andrew and Jenna share another look.

Vi glances at her watch.

VI (CONT'D)
Well, I should probably get back.

She stands and heads for the door.

VI (CONT'D)
Let me know how all this stuff goes, okay?

Jenna nods numbly and Vi exits.

Andrew sits down next to Jenna.

ANDREW
Hey, are you okay?

JENNA
I just found out my boss is about to be murdered, how do you think I am?

ANDREW
If you were anyone but you and we worked anywhere but here... You might not be so upset about that.

Jenna cracks a small smile.

JENNA
I'm sorry.

ANDREW
I get it. So... What happens now?

Jenna looks to the window and the control room beyond.

JENNA
I guess I should send out a memo or something.

ANDREW
Has anyone spoken to Benson yet?

Jenna's face falls. Off her concern, cut to:

INT. MUSEUM - CAFE - DAY

Benson sits a small table, a cup of tea in front of him. There's a huge window beside him, looking down over a display of DINOSAUR FOSSILS.

Jenna walks up to the table.

JENNA
Mind if I sit down?

Benson nods solemnly and Jenna takes a seat across from him.

JENNA (CONT'D)
I tried looking for you in the world habitat exhibit but, it's closed for renovations.

BENSON
Hence the tea.

JENNA
Right.

BENSON
Do I want to know how you found me?

JENNA
Head Office. They put a surveillance team on you in case you tried to out the Company to the world before... You know.
(beat)
So how long --

BENSON
Friday. Midnight. They can be very dramatic when they want to be.

JENNA
Look, sir --

BENSON
I'm not your boss anymore, Jenna.
Call me Alistair.

Jenna takes a moment. Then, she grits her teeth.

JENNA
No.

Benson raises his eyebrows in surprise.

JENNA (CONT'D)
I'm sorry, I won't. I just can't
accept this. This is...
unacceptable.

BENSON
Then maybe you should complain.

JENNA
Well... Yeah, maybe I should.
(beat; thinking)
In fact...

Her face brightens momentarily. Excited, she leans over the table to him.

JENNA (CONT'D)
An appeal, Benson. We're going to
go for an appeal.

She stands and hurries away. She's on a mission now.

Benson turns, looking through the window.

ANGLE ON THE DINOSAURS

Wires and bones. They are empty. Dead.

BACK TO BENSON

Not in the least comforted.

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - DAY

Shane walks in the gutter, kicking up dried leaves and sticks. He doesn't notice Vi, leaning against the fence of someone's house.

VI
Hi, stranger.

Startled, Shane spins around and almost trips. Gathering himself, he steps up onto the footpath as Vi joins him.

SHANE
Is everything okay? After Andrew came to get you I thought --

VI
Everything's fine. But, I need to ask you something.

SHANE
Sure. Anything.

They start to walk along.

VI
Do you think I'm weird?

SHANE
(amused)
You're just asking this now?

VI
I mean, for not being all freaked about Olivia's memorial and stuff. I didn't know her. Sure, it's sad that she died but mostly I remember finding her body in a ditch and then running into the middle of a robbery.

SHANE
No, that's not weird.

VI
Oh. Good.

SHANE
What <u>is</u> weird is the fact that you're not freaked about that other stuff you just mentioned.
(beat)
No offense but it was only last month that you erased your own memory so you wouldn't be reminded of your death and now it's your actual death-aversary and you're not even... Well... I kind of expected...

VI
Expected? You mean you... you were waiting for this?

SHANE
I don't... Man, this is coming out wrong. I just... I thought you would need a friend.

They stop walking.

VI
So that's why you came back from your dad's? To stop me going all Mount Vesuvius?

Shane shrugs.

SHANE
If you want to look at it like that.

A beat.

VI
So... now that I'm not reacting like you'd hoped --

SHANE
Vi...

VI
Are you going to leave again?

SHANE
No. I just left because of everything that happened. With the Company and Rabbit. I just... I couldn't deal. But I got all your Signs and I knew that you were still... You never got any time to just run away and adjust so... You're strong, Vi. If you're not going all... “Mount Vesuvius”... then I guess...

VI
There's nothing wrong with me?

Shane shrugs and starts walking again - back to noncommittal teenage boy.

SHANE
I dunno. I'm not a doctor.

Vi half smiles and rolls her eyes as she follows after him.

INT. THE COMPANY - HALLWAY - DAY

Andrew walks along, deep in though. He passes a GUY at the vending machine, holding a five dollar note.

Seeing Andrew, the guy turns.

GUY
Hey, mate. Got change for a five?

Andrew turns back, fishing his wallet out of his pocket. He hands the Guy some coins.

ANDREW
Yeah, sure.

The Guy hands him the five dollar note.

GUY
Thanks, Andrew.

Andrew starts to walk away but stops. Hang on...

He turns back.

ANDREW
Hey, how did you know my --

He's just in time to see the Guy disappear around the corner.

Confused, Andrew looks down at the five dollar note. He turns it over. A piece of masking tape is stuck to the other side. There's writing on it.

It reads, “Jack’s Fruit & Veg. 7:30pm”.

Off Andrew, we cut to:

INT. MORGAN RESIDENCE - VI'S ROOM - NIGHT

Now dressed in a t-shirt and pyjama pants, Vi sits at her desk - surfing the net.

There's a soft KNOCK at her door. Vi waits for the person to enter but a moment passes and they don't. The person KNOCKS again, even more gently this time.

VI
Um... Come in?

The door opens and Penny pokes her head in.

PENNY
Can I come in?

Vi quirks an eyebrow.

VI
I thought I established that with “come in”.

Penny moves in further. She has a stack of CDs in one hand and some clothes draped over her arm.

She hands the CDs to Vi who takes them, surprised.

PENNY
I borrowed these from you awhile ago.

VI
Wow, thanks.

Penny heads for Vi's closet. Pausing, she look at her over her shoulder.

PENNY
(re: closet)
Can I?

Vi waves a hand. Penny opens the doors and starts hanging up the clothes.

PENNY (CONT'D)
And I sort of borrowed these too.

VI
But, Penny, you never return my stuff. I think you still have that Mermaid Barbie I got for my sixth birthday.

PENNY
I'll try and find it. It might be in the box under my bed.

Vi laughs, standing.

VI
No, it's fine. I'm just...
(realising)
This is about my death-aversary, isn't it?

PENNY
Huh?

VI
Never mind. Just, don't worry about me, okay? I'm not going to go psycho and murder you in your sleep.

Penny pales.

PENNY
Oh my God. I hadn't thought of that. I just didn't want you to cry!

Vi tries not to laugh as Penny heads for the door.

PENNY (CONT'D)
(disturbed)
Oh and your boyfriend's here.

Vi stops laughing. She looks down at what she’s wearing.

VI
What?

Penny exits.

VI (CONT'D)
Tell him I'll be a minute!

MUSIC CUE: “Monster (Acoustic)” by Meg & Dia

She turns her back, not seeing ERIN FOWLER appear in the doorway. He remains in the hallway, watching as Vi starts to pull her t-shirt off.

Erin COUGHS, startling her. Vi whirls around - hastily lowering her shirt again.

VI (CONT'D)
(smiling widely)
Erin! Hi!

ERIN
And the fakest greeting award goes to...

Vi drops the act. She smiles ruefully.

VI
Sorry. You just surprised me.

ERIN
Your mum let me up. I hope that's okay.

VI
No, no. It's fine. Do you want to... come in, maybe? Although I'm sure the hallway is very nice this time of year.

ERIN
Got a great view at least.

He enters properly, taking a look around the room.

ERIN (CONT'D)
I just realised I've never been in here before.

VI
Seriously? That's um... interesting.

Vi sits down on her bed.

VI (CONT'D)
So... What are you doing here?

Erin sits down beside her.

ERIN
I was worried about you. I tried to find you after the memorial but you sort of disappeared.

VI
I had a thing.

ERIN
Come on, Vi. We both know why you bailed.

VI
(eyes wide)
We do?

ERIN
Yeah. It's okay to feel weird about today. Kind of scared. A little nervous.

VI
Why would I be nervous?

ERIN
It's been a year.

VI
Since I died and came back to life, yeah. A year since that night where I got shot and --

ERIN
A year since I really saw you.

A beat.

VI
What?

ERIN
That night in the liquor store. I mean, I'd seen you at school but, I was with Bianca and...
(MORE)

ERIN (CONT'D)
I remember, when you were shot, I tried to save you but... I couldn't.

He takes a deep breath and runs his fingers down her cheek, tracing her face.

ERIN (CONT'D)
Vi, when I found out you were okay... There was a part of me that promised I would always try to keep you safe. To protect you.

He closes his eyes and leans in to kiss her. Vi edges back. Their faces only inches apart...

VI
I don't need protecting.

A beat. He opens his eyes.

ERIN
What?

VI
I mean... I guess, maybe sometimes but... Today? Right now? Not so much.

Erin backs up.

ERIN
Oh.

VI
But, um, thank you?

ERIN
Thank you?

VI
Is that not... appropriate?

Erin laughs but it's hollow and fake. He stands.

ERIN
Well, um, I guess I'll see you at school tomorrow, then?

VI
Sure.

Erin exits. Vi sits on her bed for a moment, trying to understand what just happened.

She stands and moves to her dresser. She stares at herself in the mirror.

She squints. Scrunches up her face as if she'd just tasted something sour. She leans in close - her face right up next to the glass - and pulls one eye open with her fingers.

VI (CONT'D)
Come on. Cry, damnit.

She lets go of her eye and leans back.

VI (CONT'D)
You were shot for Gods sake.

Nope. Still nothing. She sighs.

INT. JACK’S FRUIT & VEG - NIGHT

Andrew stands in an aisle, pretending to study the array of apples in front of him. Really, he’s casting glances at every CUSTOMER that walks by.

Someone leans in front of him, grabbing an apple.

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)
I’m surprised.

Andrew looks over. GABRIELLE DAUTRY stands beside him, an empty basket over her arm

She's dressed down - no suit or gun. Jeans and a casual jacket. She's even got a hand bag.

She puts the apple in the basket and grabs another.

GABRIELLE
I didn’t really expect you to show.

Andrew blinks, struggling to believe what he's seeing.

ANDREW
What are you doing here?

GABRIELLE
I wanted to talk to you.

ANDREW
No, I mean <u>here</u>.

He motions to the very mundane setting around them.

GABRIELLE
Strawberries are half price. Come on.

She nods down the aisle and they start to walk. Occasionally, Gabrielle will put some items into her basket.

GABRIELLE (CONT'D)
Do you need a minute?

ANDREW
I'm fine.
(beat)
Are those pearl earrings?

Gabrielle glares.

ANDREW (CONT'D)
Shutting up.
(beat)
So, you're the anonymous message leaver. I'm assuming the dude at the vending machine was one of your team?

GABRIELLE
He won't talk. My boys are loyal.

ANDREW
And, yep, there it is. You're creepy again.

GABRIELLE
Look, do you want to save Benson or not? Because I could easily find someone else.

ANDREW
Save him how? Jenna's doing that whole appeal thing.

GABRIELLE
Benson's contract termination is in two days. Do you really think the Company will let that appeal go through in time? Smell this melon.

She shoves a rock melon at him. Andrew sniffs it.

ANDREW
Very... melony.

Gabrielle puts it in her basket. They've stopped walking now. Andrew moves to face her.

ANDREW (CONT'D)
So there's no hope.

GABRIELLE
Oh, there's hope. But it involves a little rule breaking. Which is why I chose you.

ANDREW
What exactly do you have in mind?

GABRIELLE
Well, they can't terminate his contract if there's no contract to terminate.
(beat)
You're going to steal it.

Andrew blinks - taking this in. After a moment, he grins.

CUT TO BLACK:

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

INT. BENSON'S HOUSE - FRONT HALL - DAY

The place is dark and musty. Old photographs line the walls.

The front door is pushed open. Jenna steps slowly inside.

JENNA
(calling)
Benson? It’s me, Jenna!

She studies the photographs on the wall. A younger Benson, standing with his parents. There’s one of Benson, Patricia and Baby Faye.

Jenna smiles a little. Benson steps into the hallway. He’s dressed casually.

BENSON
Ah, Jenna. I didn’t hear you knock.

Jenna jumps a little, startled.

JENNA
Sorry, the front door was open.

BENSON
Come on through.

He motions for her to follow.

INT. BENSON'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Benson goes over to the sink, filled with water, and continues to wash a pile of dirty dishes.

JENNA
What are you doing?

Benson glances at her, amused.

BENSON
What does it look like I'm doing? Grab a towel.

Jenna puts her bag down on the table. She takes a tea towel and begins drying the dishes that Benson hands to her. She’s concerned.

JENNA
How are you holding up?

Benson chuckles a little.

BENSON
I'm fine, Jenna. I think that visit to the museum the other day did me good. Cleared my head a little.

JENNA
I'm not... I guess I expected...

BENSON
You expected me to be huddled in a corner somewhere? Hiding under my bed, perhaps?

JENNA
I don't know. But I didn't expect... this.

BENSON
And what's that?

Jenna puts down the towel. She goes to her bag and takes out some papers.

JENNA
I just came by because I need you to sign some things. For the appeal.

Drying off his hands on Jenna's abandoned towel, he moves to the table. He grabs a pen from Jenna and scrawls his name at the bottom.

BENSON
Is that all?

JENNA
Yes. I have to get these back to the office.

BENSON
Say hello to Glenda for me.

JENNA
I will.

Benson gets back to the dishes. Jenna pauses in the doorway, watching him.

Oblivious to her continued presence, he starts to HUM. Jenna exits.

EXT. GARRETON ACADEMY - ESTABLISHING SHOT - DAY

A bell RINGS. Taking us into...

INT. GARRETON ACADEMY - HALLWAY - DAY

Erin walks along the hall, holding a Biology textbook under one arm.

Up ahead, he spots BIANCA PARRY - blankly taking things out of her locker. She looks tired.

Erin nears an open doorway. He pauses, glancing in.

Vi sits with Shane at a lab table, laughing and smiling. Erin looks back to Bianca. She closes her locker and moves off - never noticing him.

Erin slips away from the classroom and follows Bianca.

INT. GARRETON ACADEMY - ART ROOM - DAY

Erin enters the empty room, looking around. NOISE from above grabs his attention. He makes his way to a staircase and walks up into...

INT. GARRETON ACADEMY - ART LOFT - DAY

Bianca stands with her back to him, putting a painting smock over her uniform.

As Erin's footsteps sound on the loft floor:

BIANCA
The loft is for year elevens only. You're not allowed --

She turns around and finds herself lost for words.

ERIN
Hey, Bee.

BIANCA
What are you doing here?

ERIN
I knew you had a free period so I... I guess I followed you.

BIANCA
Why?

Erin puts his textbook down on a nearby table. He shrugs, stepping further into the loft.

ERIN
I really don't know. It was a probably a bad idea.

BIANCA
Probably.

She turns her back on him, facing a blank canvas.

ERIN
What are you working on?

BIANCA
Assignment. I'm behind.

ERIN
You helped with that banner for Olivia, right?

BIANCA
How'd you know?

ERIN
I recognised the little flowers along the bottom. You used to draw those on my math book - thanks, by the way.

He smirks. Bianca quickly faces him.

BIANCA
What are you really doing here, Erin?

ERIN
I wanted to talk.

BIANCA
We haven't talked in months. Not since I broke up with you.

ERIN
Actually, there was Gwen's party.

BIANCA
Excuse me?

ERIN
You were kinda drunk. You asked me if I was happy.

BIANCA
Oh.
(beat)
So... Are you?

ERIN
I think the question is, are you?

Bianca looks away, getting a little teary.

She walks over the edge of the loft and grips the railing tightly. She's struggling. Trying to hold it together.

Finally, she takes a deep breath.

BIANCA
I hate your girlfriend, Erin. But not for the reasons you think. She's Vi. She's weird. But she's not so bad.
(beat)
Except, part of me just hates her so much for... coming to town in the first place. It's like, she's the one thing I keep coming back to. Before she got here - everything was fine. I had you, I had friends, I was... who I was supposed to be. But now...

Erin puts his hand tentatively on her shoulder.

ERIN
I don't think Vi could have had anything to do with --

Bianca pushes his hand away, turning to face him. She's almost angry now.

BIANCA
No, I know that, Erin. I'm not stupid. She's just there. All the time. When I close my eyes, I see her on the ground - dying. I have dreams about it. That night. Only... They're always different. If she... Erin, if Vi wasn't there that night... If she hadn't walked in... He could have shot me.
(beat)
It could have been me.

She stares intently into his eyes - desperate to make him understand.

Erin leans in - going for a kiss - but Bianca takes a hurried step back. Realising his mistake, Erin stops.

There’s an awkward moment. Neither is sure how to react. Then, Bianca moves around him, getting back to her work.

As she stares at her blank canvas, Erin sighs. He turns, walking down the stairs.

We’re with Erin, now, as he retreats. He shakes his head, utterly confused.

EXT. MORGAN RESIDENCE - FRONT PORCH - DAY

As her MOBILE PHONE RINGS from somewhere inside her school bag, Vi lugs it up the last few steps - dropping it on the door mat.

She crouches down, digging around inside it.

VI
Don't hang up. Don't hang up. Don't -- Ah-hah!

Retrieving the phone, she answers it.

VI (CONT'D)
(into phone)
Hello?
(beat)
Oh. Hey.
(beat)
Um... Sure. Seven o'clock okay?
What --
(beat)
Then, I'll just get changed and --
(beat)
Andrew, I don't have a black cat suit with matching night vision goggles.
(beat; sighs)
Okay, I'll see what I can do.

She hangs up.

INT. MORGAN RESIDENCE - VI'S ROOM - DAY

Vi enters - stopping almost immediately in the doorway. She's shocked to see Caroline at her desk, rifling through the drawers.

VI
Mum?

Caroline takes a few hurried steps back and whirls around - grasping the basket of fresh laundry on Vi's bed.

CAROLINE
Hi, sweetie! I was just bringing your clothes up...

Vi moves further into the room, glancing over her desk.

VI
Uh-huh.

She crosses her arms, raising an eyebrow at a nervous Caroline. Finally, Caroline sighs.

CAROLINE
Oh, alright. I was looking for your diary.
(quickly)
Not to read! I just wanted to know if you had one. Otherwise I wouldn't bother giving you this.

She pulls a book out from underneath some clothes in the washing basket. It's beautifully bound in red leather. On the cover, the word "Diary" is written in gold.

Vi takes it, flipping through the blank pages in amazement.

VI
Wow, Mum... Thanks. It's beautiful.

CAROLINE
I just thought you might like to, I don't know, write down your feelings. So you don't...

VI
Explode?

CAROLINE
I know you'll find some use for it.

Smiling, she picks up the washing basket and exits - patting Vi on the shoulder as she passes.

Vi sits at her desk and opens the diary to the first page. She grabs a pen and starts to write.

She's quick and - within a few moments - sits back to admire her work.

CLOSE UP ON PAGE

To Buy

1) Lock for bedroom door.

BACK TO VI

She's about to close the diary when she pauses and goes back to it.

CLOSE UP ON PAGE

She's added:

2) Black cat suit.

BACK TO VI

She smiles, satisfied.

INT. ANDREW'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Vi - dressed in all black - sits on the couch watching TV. Stuart, Andrew's cat, is curled up on her lap.

Andrew enters from the bedroom, zipping up a backpack. His outfit mimics hers in terms of colour.

Vi yawns.

VI
Are we ready, yet? It would be awesome if I could sneak back into bed sometime before dawn.

ANDREW
We're just waiting on Jenna.

He's fidgety. Nervous. He pauses for a moment, thinking.

ANDREW (CONT'D)
Where's my torch?

VI
You packed it ten minutes ago.

There's a KNOCK at the door. Andrew moves for it.

ANDREW
About time.

As he pulls open the door...

ANDREW (CONT'D)
For Gods sake, Jenna --

Lex enters, handing his mobile phone to a stunned Andrew.

LEX
This is for you.
(beat; re: Andrew's clothes)
Wait, was there a dress code?

He looks down at his garish paisley shirt and sighs.

LEX (CONT'D)
Colour me embarrassed.

Then, looking up, he spots Vi.

LEX (CONT'D)
Hey, girlie. How ya doin?

He makes his way over to the couch.

ANDREW
(into phone)
Hello?

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. THE COMPANY - BENSON'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Jenna's got the speaker phone on. She types furiously on a laptop, every so often stopping to scribble something on a piece of paper or sift through the stack of files in front of her.

JENNA
I am so sorry!

ANDREW
(quiet)
What is he doing here, Jenna?

JENNA
I've been working my butt off trying to get Benson's appeal to go through. I haven't had time to do any other work - of which there is a lot seeing as how I've had to take over a temporary Director. I'm way behind as it is.

ANDREW
He's... I like Lex but... We work well together, you and me. Remember when you broke me out of jail? Fun times, right?

JENNA
I don't have time to play Charlie's Angels with you, Andrew.
(beat)
Come to think of it, I don't even know what you're doing except that it's probably very, very illegal. All you told me was to wear black.

ANDREW
And I see that you didn't relay the message.

JENNA
Oh, grow up. Either take him or send him home but Lex was the best I could do, okay?
(MORE)

JENNA (CONT'D)
(beat)
Actually, I hear he's pretty good at picking locks so --

Andrew's sold.

ANDREW
That's fine. See you later, Jenna!

He hangs up.

END INTERCUT:

INT. ELEVATOR - NIGHT

Vi, Andrew and Lex stand side by side. Andrew has his backpack slung over one shoulder.

VI
(to Andrew)
You sure we won't get caught?

ANDREW
Don't worry. Everything's taken care of.

He gives her a reassuring smile. It wavers slightly.

INT. HEAD OFFICE - SECURITY - NIGHT

A middle-aged SECURITY GUARD sleeps with his feet up on a desk. The wall of security camera monitors in front of him goes unwatched as - one by one - they turn to STATIC.

INT. HEAD OFFICE - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Andrew walks ahead, holding a hand drawn map which he studies intently.

As Vi and Lex hang back, she takes this opportunity to look around.

VI
So, this is Head Office, huh?

LEX
Not exactly. I mean, this is the central point for all the Company branches in Australia, New Zealand, stuff like that. But then this place reports to --

VI
-- Another Head Office? How far does it go?

LEX
All the way up to the great and powerful Oz.
(off her look)
The Power? Big bundle of super charged energy that knows everything before it happens? The thing that sends you your assignments?

Vi still looks blank.

LEX (CONT'D)
Kids today. If it doesn’t have a Facebook you don’t want to know about it.

VI
Hey, you’re only a few years older than me.

Lex opens his mouth to respond.

ANDREW
Hey, guys?

They look up ahead where Andrew stands by a closed door.

ANDREW (CONT'D)
Found it.

Reaching him, Lex studies the electronic key pad by the door.

LEX
Sorry, guys. Don’t think a bobby-pin’s going to cover this one.

ANDREW
No problem.

He punches in the code. It BEEPS and Andrew pushes open the door.

VI
How did you...

ANDREW
Like I said, everything’s taken care of.

He holds the door open wider. Lex and Vi slip inside, Andrew follows after them.

INT. HEAD OFFICE - CONTRACT ARCHIVE - NIGHT

The trio stand on a balcony, looking out over the room.

The room itself is huge (as in warehouse, aeroplane hanger huge). It houses rows upon rows of black monolith type structures.

ANDREW
Wow.

LEX
Awesome.

Vi, not fazed by the sight, looks around. She spots a desk with a computer on top. She nudges Andrew.

VI
Hey, isn't there something we're supposed to do here?

INT. HEAD OFFICE - CONTRACT ARCHIVE - MOMENTS LATER

Andrew sits in front of the computer, typing away. Lex paces behind him.

Vi's over at the balcony railing. She swings back and forth, peering over the side. It does a long way down.

LEX
(re: computer)
Benson's contract is in there?

Andrew nods to the monoliths.

ANDREW
No. It's in there.

Vi turns to look at them.

VI
(amazed)
They're... Those are filing cabinets?

LEX
How the heck are we supposed to get our hands on it, then?

ANDREW
We're not.

He pauses. Lex and Vi stare at him - waiting for an explanation. Andrew smiles smugly.

ANDREW (CONT'D)
We can't just take Benson's contract. They'll think Benson planned this himself to stop his termination.
(MORE)

ANDREW (CONT'D)
We just want to give Jenna more time for the appeal to go through.

VI
And how are we going to do that?

ANDREW
There are a lot of contracts in there. If Benson's got mislabeled, it'd take forever to find it.

VI
Nice plan. You came up with that yourself?

Andrew presses some more keys.

ANDREW
(unsure)
Uh... Yes?

VI
(impressed)
Hmm.

The computer BEEPS.

LEX
That sounded bad.

ANDREW
I'm in Benson's file. I'm trying to change the location of his contract but...

Lex points to something on the screen. Three names are flashing in red: CLARK, KELLAND and WEBB.

LEX
What are those?

ANDREW
They're the members of the panel who sentenced Benson. I can't get any further without their authorisation codes.

VI
What?

ANDREW
It's not supposed to be set up like this. I... I guess since it's so close to the termination, they're taking extra precautions.

VI
Okay, I officially take back my impressed “hmm”.

Andrew gets up from the desk. He strides over to the edge of the balcony. There’s a ladder going down to floor level.

He starts to climb over the railing.

VI (CONT'D)
What are you doing?

LEX
Oh, yeah. Kill yourself. That’ll solve all your problems.

Ignoring him, Andrew looks to Vi.

ANDREW
Never rely on machines, Vi. I think I, Robot taught us that much.

He swings his other leg over the railing and starts to lower himself down. Then, his mobile phone starts to BUZZ in his pocket.

Startled, he loses his footing and slips.

VI
Andrew!

She and Lex dive forward, grabbing onto him through the balcony railing. Andrew’s hanging on with one hand, swinging dangerously over the drop.

ANDREW
My phone...

VI
(to Lex)
Hold on to him.

She lets go of Andrew and reaches down into Andrew’s back pocket. After a few moments of awkward searching, she pulls out the phone - still ringing.

LEX
Does this mean you guys are going steady now?

Andrew glares at him. Lex laughs as he helps drag Andrew back onto the balcony.

Vi stands and looks down at the phone.

ANGLE ON SCREEN

It reads: “Gabrielle Dautry calling...”

BACK ON VI

Vi grits her teeth. She answers.

VI
(into phone; cold)
Hello?

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. GABRIELLE’S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Gabrielle, dressed for bed, stands at the kitchen bench. She’s got a laptop in front of her with what looks like a set of complicated blueprints on it. There’s also a running timer.

Her mobile phone to her ear, she stands a little straighter at the sound of Vi’s voice. Even though the situation is urgent, she talks quietly.

GABRIELLE
(into phone)
Who is this? Where’s Friar?

VI
Friar’s a little busy right now.

Andrew, now safe, turns to Vi. His face falls as he realises who she’s talking to.

GABRIELLE
Morgan? Jesus, I told him not to bring you. Look, there isn’t much time --

VI
You did this on purpose, didn’t you? Gave Andrew a map and a couple of codes but not enough to actually help. Why the hell --

GABRIELLE
The cameras come back on in sixty seconds.

Vi’s eyes go wide.

VI
What? Well, stop them!

GABRIELLE
There's nothing I can do. Just get the hell out of there.

VI
I can't believe this. I can't believe --

This last time, Gabrielle actually raises her voice.

GABRIELLE
For Gods sake, Morgan, RUN!

INT. HEAD OFFICE - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Vi, Andrew and Lex explode from the archive room and sprint up the hallway. As they run off screen:

ANDREW (PRE-LAP)
You're blowing this way out of proportion!

INT. ANDREW'S CAR - DAWN

Lex is nowhere to be seen. Andrew drives with his eyes fixed firmly on the road. However, he still squirms under Vi's furious gaze.

VI
She tried to kill my dad!

ANDREW
Fair point but it's not like she's trying to kill anyone right now. She wants to help.

VI
It's Dautry, for Gods sake. She was probably just trying to get us caught so we'd get fired along with Benson. I mean, come on, "You have sixty seconds"? She couldn't have given us a bit more warning?

ANDREW
Vi, it's not her fault! She did the best she could!

Suddenly, Lex pops up from the backseat wearing an eye mask. He holds up one side.

LEX
You two mind keeping it down?

ANDREW
(mumbled)
Sorry.

Lex lies down again. There's a beat.

VI
(quieter; to Andrew)
What's with the Dautry love all of a sudden? In fact, what's with the Benson love?

Andrew rolls his eyes.

ANDREW
Seriously?

VI
Because the Andrew that I met a year ago? The one punching the vending machine and trying to convince me that the Company is "not quite Hell but close enough"? He wouldn't care about any of this crap.

ANDREW
Yeah, well, people change, Vi.

The car slows to a stop. Vi, almost surprised, looks around. They've arrived at her house.

ANDREW (CONT'D)
Anyway, it's not like it matters. Now it's all up to Jenna and her red tape.

They sit in silence for a moment. Then, Vi climbs out.

EXT. MORGAN RESIDENCE - FRONT LAWN - DAWN

Vi closes the car door behind her. Andrew leans over the seat, looking down through the open window.

ANDREW
Hey, Vi!

She leans down.

ANDREW (CONT'D)
For someone who's supposedly gone all Dexter on the inside? You seem pretty pissed off about this.

Vi looks hurt.

VI
Thanks.

ANDREW
Meaning, I think you're fine.
(beat)
'Night.

VI
(quiet; touched)
'Night.

Andrew drives off.

WIDE ON SCENE

Vi is left alone as Andrew's car moves down the street.

She begins to walk up the path to the front porch as dawn breaks over Benson's last day.

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

INT. MORGAN RESIDENCE - KITCHEN - DAWN

The front door is heard OPENING and CLOSING. Vi enters, having just been dropped off by Andrew.

Cam stands at the microwave, watching a bowl rotate slowly.

VI
You'll get cancer.
(beat)
Not only from the microwave but from the being awake earlier than nine.

Cam glances at her but doesn't respond. Vi sits down at the table, exhausted.

VI (CONT'D)
Cam, when are you going to start swearing like other twelve year olds? A good four letter word will resolve that conversation nicely.

The microwave BEEPS and Cam retrieves his breakfast. He sits down at the table and pours milk over his porridge.

CAM
Mum made us all promise we wouldn't upset you. Apparently you're "internalising" and anything we say could set you off.

Vi groans and stands.

VI
I'm going to bed.

She pauses, narrowing her eyes at him.

VI (CONT'D)
And if anyone asks, I've been here all night.

Cam nods. Vi exits.

INT. THE COMPANY - BENSON'S OFFICE - MORNING

Jenna stands at the window. She looks out at the pink and yellow glow on the horizon. Dawn.

Behind her, the door opens. Jenna turns quickly, hopeful.

JENNA
Benson?

Glenda gives her a small, apologetic smile. She puts a cup of coffee down on the desk.

GLENDA
Thought you might be able to use a little pick-me-up.

Jenna sighs.

JENNA
Thanks, Glenda. That’s very thoughtful of you.

She comes around the desk to sit in Benson’s chair.

JENNA (CONT'D)
Any news on the appeal?

GLENDA
Still stuck in processing, I’m afraid. There’s not much we can do from here.

JENNA
You mean there’s <u>nothing</u> we can do from here.
(beat)
I went to see him yesterday. He was acting... normal. No, not normal. Happier than normal. It was like... he didn’t really believe that he was going anywhere. It was like he believed in me - in this appeal - to save him.
(beat)
And I let him down.

GLENDA
Oh, sweetheart, no.

JENNA
He must realise now that he’s going to die. How do you deal with that, Glenda? One day to live.
(beat)
What do you do?

Off this, cut to:

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - DAY

Benson stands on the sidewalk, looking at a house across the street.

Someone steps up beside him. Gabrielle. She's dressed for work.

GABRIELLE
I told Head Office I'd watch you today. Make sure you didn't do anything stupid.

BENSON
Would this be classified as stupid?

GABRIELLE
If you planned on going over there, knocking on that door? Yes. It would.

BENSON
No one else is watching me? Listening?

GABRIELLE
Just me. We can talk.
(beat)
Andrew failed. I failed. I didn't anticipate needing authorisation codes. It was stupid. I'm sorry.

BENSON
You were just following my orders.

GABRIELLE
Actually, I wasn't. You're not the director anymore, remember?

Benson smirks.

BENSON
Gabrielle, are you saying you did this out of friendship?

GABRIELLE
Not in so many words, sir.
(beat)
But if you do what I think you're going to do, our friendship might be short lived.

BENSON
I understand.

The mood darkens. Benson seems to slip away - thinking about something. Remembering.

BENSON (CONT'D)
I had a brain tumor. I died in the hospital while my wife was speaking to the doctor. I knew it was coming. Just like now. I wish...

He stops himself. There's a beat.

BENSON (CONT'D)
Care for some breakfast?

GABRIELLE
I could eat.

Neither of them move. They continue to watch the house.

EXT. HOUSE - FRONT LAWN - DAY

Patricia exits the house. She's older now - in her fifties - but still recognisable from Benson's dream.

She calls over her shoulder.

PATRICIA
Faye, we're going to be --

Twenty-three year old Faye hurries out, dressed casually. She looks the same as she did at eighteen although a little more confident.

FAYE
Late, I know, I know.

They both head to the car in the driveway. Patricia fishes out a set of keys from her purse which Faye grabs, grinning cheekily.

FAYE (CONT'D)
I'm driving!

Patricia sighs - exasperated - as she reaches for the passenger side door. She stops, sensing something.

She looks across the street to where Benson was standing but he's no longer there.

Off Patricia's face, cut to:

EXT. CITY SCAPE - DAY/NIGHT

The day FLASHES past us.

The sun rises - making the city sparkle. It arcs over the buildings, before dropping down to the horizon again.

The sky grows dark. Night has come.

EXT. BENSON'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Jenna sits on the front step, waiting.

Benson opens the front gate and walks up the path. Jenna scrambles to her feet.

JENNA
Benson! I've been so worried.

BENSON
Jenna, what are you doing here? You're not actually thinking about coming with me tonight, are you?

JENNA
Why wouldn't I? Benson --

BENSON
(stern)
No, I absolutely forbid it. You are to go home right now and stay there, do I make myself clear?

JENNA
But if I left... Who would make you dinner?

Benson's face softens.

INT. BENSON'S HOUSE - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Benson and Jenna sit at opposite sides of the table, eating silently.

Over forkfuls of food, Jenna watches him.

CLOSE ON BENSON'S HAND

He moves to lift his glass. His hand shakes.

ON BENSON

He makes a fist, steeling himself, and lowers his hand again.

Jenna sees this. She looks away.

EXT. WICKER RECORDS - NIGHT

Vi walks up to the door. She eyes the “CLOSED” sign which is prominently displayed in the window. Still, the lights are on and faint MUSIC plays from inside.

INT. WICKER RECORDS - CAFE - NIGHT

Vi is seated at one of the tables by the wall. Shane digs around in the freezer behind the counter.

VI
Your mum said you were here. I hope you don’t mind me just dropping in.

SHANE
No, it’s cool. You’re actually saving me from manual labour.

From elsewhere in the store there’s a CRASH and an alarmed CRY.

VI
Jimmy been watching those home improvement shows, again?

SHANE
Tabitha has cable. There’s a twenty-four hour D.I.Y channel.

VI
Yikes.

Shane comes out from behind the counter with a economy-size tub of ice cream and two soup ladles.

He joins her and pops off the icecream lid. Handing her one of the ladles, Vi smiles.

VI (CONT'D)
No regular people spoons?

SHANE
You don't like being whimsical?

VI
They're in the dishwasher, aren't they?

SHANE
Let me rephrase. Shut up and eat the damn icecream before I take it away.

Vi smiles and they dig in.

SHANE (CONT'D)
So, what's up?

VI
(casual)
Nothing much.

SHANE
You're still worried that there's something wrong with you.

Vi is suddenly worried. Almost frantic.

VI
What if I stay like this forever? What if I'm never able to feel anything ever again?

SHANE
I think you're overreacting.

VI
That's just it. I'm not reacting at all! I'm not anything!

SHANE
I'd say you're hysterical.

Vi glares.

SHANE (CONT'D)
Okay, alright, sorry. But you think you're just bottling up all your feelings and one day you're going to explode. Maybe that's not true.

VI
What else could it be?

SHANE
Maybe you've gotten over it.

VI
Gotten over being shot to death and then coming back to life? Don't think so, Shane.

SHANE
Well, I don't know. You think I know what I'm talking about? I just mean, when we were all at the liquor store and Rabbit showed up with the gun --

VI
Fake gun.

SHANE
You didn't know that at the time.
(beat)
Maybe that was all like therapy.
You went through that all over
again - and you survived.

Off Vi as she considers this...

INT. ANDREW'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Andrew sleeps on the couch. He hasn't even gotten changed from the night before.

Lex flops down into an armchair nearby. He looks around. Picking up a discarded bowling shoe, he tosses it at Andrew.

Andrew snaps awake. He blinks at Lex.

ANDREW
How'd you learn to pick locks
anyway?

LEX
Another story for another day.
Right now, I have news.

Andrew sits up. He glances at his watch.

ANDREW
It's not time, is it?

LEX
For Benson's appeal? Oh, yeah!

ANDREW
What? But... I spoke to Jenna and
she said --

LEX
That the paperwork was still in
processing? Well, being the
feisty young go-getter that I am,
I remembered the names of his
judges and looked 'em up.

ANDREW
How did you get them to --

With one hand, Lex rubs his thumb and fingers together.

ANDREW (CONT'D)
(stunned)
You bribed them?
(beat)
(MORE)

ANDREW (CONT'D)
We are going to have to hang out more often.

Lex grins, pleased with himself.

INT. WICKER RECORDS - NIGHT

Vi and Shane walk back from the cafe area into the main store. Vi slips her mobile phone into her pocket.

VI
That was Andrew. I've got to go.

SHANE
Sure. Hope everything's okay.

Vi nods.

VI
Me too.

They pass JIMMY EVANS who's leaning against the front counter, looking over some sort of map.

JIMMY
Hey, I found the blueprints. This blue part is the store room, right?

Shane glances at it.

SHANE
That’s the Indian Ocean.

Jimmy looks over the map, grumbling.

JIMMY
Goddamnit.

Vi shares a smile with Shane. She starts walking towards the door.

VI
Bye you guys.

JIMMY
Not saying I was eavesdropping or anything...

Vi turns back. Shane sighs.

SHANE
Jimmy...

JIMMY
Okay, fine. I was eavesdropping and I was just thinking, maybe that's your problem.

VI
Eavesdropping?

JIMMY
Thinking.
(beat)
You’re like... a musician who’s obsessing over the perfect chord progression.

Vi raises her eyebrows. A beat.

VI
I'll see you guys later.

She exits. Shane turns to Jimmy. He shakes his head at him, annoyed.

INT. HEAD OFFICE - COURT ROOM - NIGHT

Starting on Vi, we TRACK ALONG the group. We pass Lex, Andrew and Jenna before stopping on Benson.

REVERSE ANGLE

Clark, Kelland and Webb sit facing them. Clark narrows her eyes at Webb.

CLARK
Well, since someone decided that he wanted to give Mr. Benson a second chance, I suppose I’ll call this appeal hearing to order.

Webb nods not so subtly at Lex.

CLARK (CONT'D)
Alistair Benson’s contract is to be terminated tonight at twelve a.m. Anyone may speak on his behalf. I open the floor.

A long pause. As the seconds tick by, Vi looks over at the others. Jenna looks to Andrew. None of them know what to say!

Benson is tired and shaken. He can’t speak for himself. Jenna notices this and takes his hand.

Vi sees this. We PUSH IN on her as she thinks. Then, she closes her eyes and takes a deep breath.

CLARK (CONT'D)
Well, if nobody is going to say --

VI
I have something to say.

Everyone looks to her, surprised. She takes a step forward.

VI (CONT'D)
I have a lot of things to say, actually.
(beat)
These past few days, I haven't been myself. I'd forgotten that it was my... a really important day. And when I realised, I didn't care. And that scared me.
(beat)
I kept on going over and over in my head that there must be something wrong with me. But that was it - that was what was wrong with me. My head. Not, my head, exactly, but just that I was... thinking. Thinking too much about what was wrong, if I was going to stay like this forever.

KELLAND
I'm sorry to interrupt but, does this have a point?

VI
It does. Because that's also the problem with you. You look at Benson and you think. You think about the choices he's made, you think about the book, you think about how many times he's done something you don't approve of. But you have to stop thinking.

She motions to the others standing behind her. The emotion is building now. She's getting worked up - her eyes fill with tears.

VI (CONT'D)
You just have to look around this room and you can feel how much we don't want him to die. You can't try and understand why he does the things he does, not from up there. You just have to understand that we know. He does these things because he cares. He cares about us, he cares about the Company, he cares about --

CLARK
He cares about a lot of things, yes we get it. But one little girl, telling us that we don't understand, isn't going to change anything.

Her face falls. The tears finally spill from her wide, shocked eyes.

VI
(quiet)
No... But I...

She looks up at Benson. So touched by her words, he’s on the verge of crying, also!

BENSON
Vi --

VOICE (O.S.)
Just what on Earth is this nonsense?

Everyone turns. A tall, burly figure stands in the doorway.

CLARK
M-Mr. Pierson? What are you doing here?

MARCUS PIERSON (53) strides forward, his expression one of annoyance and sourness.

MARCUS
I was under the impression that, according to the Laws of Appeal, the party in question is allowed anyone to speak on his behalf.
(beat)
Is that not so?

He glances towards Benson who returns his look with one of surprise and bemusement.

CLARK
Well, yes. I’m just surprised.

Vi looks to Andrew and Jenna, confused.

VI
(whispering)
Who’s --

JENNA
(shocked)
Marcus Pierson. Director of the Breakers.

Marcus paces slowly in front of the three Judges, eyeing them carefully.

MARCUS
This trial is nothing but a charade. An excuse for the Company to blame someone for breaches of security which were out of anyone's control.

He stops, pointing to Benson.

MARCUS (CONT'D)
The amount of work that this man, this widely respected man, has done for this organisation is immeasurable. He is a shining example to directors throughout Australia and the world.
(beat; lowers arm)
The Garreton Fixer Branch was a lopsided mess of unproductive and inefficient employees until Alistair Benson was awarded director. Since then every runner in that branch has been able to give one hundred percent under stern and confident guidance.

He continues his pacing.

MARCUS (CONT'D)
And from my personal experience - I thought we awarded heroes. I thought we praised hard work. That was the Company I gave my life for. That Alistair gave his heart and soul for.
(beat)
But in unique circumstances that arise you seem quick to forget everything that those worthy of praise have done.

Marcus points to Benson again.

MARCUS (CONT'D)
And if you <u>murder</u> this man, right here and now, then the Company will find itself with a wound that will never fully heal. Scales will be tipped out of favour, and the balance that Garreton has sustained will crumble.

His line of sight accusingly scours the three Judges again.

MARCUS (CONT'D)
And will the three of you be seen as the “heroes that protected the Company”? Or will you be seen as the villains who used a great man as a scapegoat for someone else’s mistakes?

He takes a breath, keeps his eyes on the Judges as they start to confer with one another.

Behind him, Benson watches Marcus curiously.

FADE TO:

INT. HEAD OFFICE - HALLWAY - NIGHT

MUSIC CUE: “I Will Follow You into the Dark” by Death Cab For Cutie

The doors to the court room open and Benson exits. His face is blank - but only for a moment. As Vi, Andrew, Jenna and Lex exit after him, he turns, smiling.

Everyone’s happy. Lex raises his hands in the air triumphantly. Benson laughs. He shakes hands with Lex, then Andrew.

He turns to Vi. Gives her a small, grateful smile. She returns it.

Andrew turns to Jenna, standing a little way behind the group. She’s half smiling, half crying. Andrew laughs and holds out his arms. Jenna steps into them and he wraps her in a hug.

Finally, Marcus exits. He doesn’t stay with the group - doesn’t even acknowledge them.

He walks to the end of the hallway where he pauses to speak with a MAN who stands with his back to us.

Vi watches him. Benson follows her gaze.

VI
Is he a friend of yours?

BENSON
We worked together as Fixers a long time ago. He was quite possibly the best runner the Company’s ever seen.

VI
I thought he was the director of the Breakers?

BENSON
He transferred. It was the only way he could move up. He does a lot of good where he is.

Vi nods. Benson steps away from her, turning to speak with Lex. Vi looks back to Marcus.

Marcus turns, walking down the hallway to the lobby. The man he was talking to follows, quickly glancing over his shoulder at the others. His face becomes visible. It's KIERAN JAMES.

Vi's face darkens.

INT. THE COMPANY - RECEPTION OFFICE - DAY

Andrew - his eyes bloodshot - sits on the floor with his back against Glenda's desk.

WIDEN to reveal Vi sitting next to him. She watches him, frowning.

VI
I feel your pain.

Then, she grins.

VI (CONT'D)
Isn't that great?

Andrew groans, putting one hand to his head.

A bottle of aspirin drops into his lap. Andrew blinks and looks up. Jenna stands over him. She smiles.

JENNA
Good morning.

Andrew groans again.

JENNA (CONT'D)
Looks like someone had just a little too much fun last night.

Andrew holds out his hand. Jenna grabs it, pulling him up. Vi stands as well.

ANDREW
Last time I checked, it was customary to celebrate when someone we like doesn't die.

Benson exits his office, a box of personal items in his hands.

BENSON
(deadpan)
Oh, stop. You're making me blush.

Andrew goes to rolls his eyes but winces, pained. Jenna eyes the box.

JENNA
So you're not even allowed to keep the office?

BENSON
No. But it's still possible I could get it back one day. As Head Office put it, I'm to observe my replacement with the aim of using his or her skills to further my own abilities as a director.

ANDREW
Still sucks.

JENNA
Better than the alternative.

VI
So, who's the new guy?

The elevator CHIMES. Vi, Andrew, Jenna and Benson look to the doors as they slide open.

A lanky man wearing a wrinkled suit steps out into the room. He's yapping away on a mobile phone in an English accent. This is SIDNEY DOBBS (43).

SIDNEY
(into phone)
Yeah, I'm here. Just got here.
(beat)
The UK to Australia in ten seconds. Told you it'd be quick.

He glances at the group.

SIDNEY (CONT'D)
Well, I'm pretty sure it's Australia.
(beat)
Fine, I'll check.

He nods to Jenna.

SIDNEY (CONT'D)
Say something Australian, yeah? Shrimp on the barbie? Dingo ate my baby?

JENNA
Uh...

SIDNEY
(into phone)
Yep. This is it. Gotta go.

He hangs up. Turns to look at the gang. There's a long beat.

Looking past them, he spots the door that says "Director" on it.

He heads towards it. As he passes, he pats Benson on the shoulder.

SIDNEY (CONT'D)
Can't find someone to get me a coffee, could you? Cheers.

He disappears into Benson's old office, the door clicking shut behind him.

Off Benson's stunned reaction:

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF EPISODE