

THE COMPANY

"Life of the Party"

by
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TEASER

FADE IN:

INT. FOWLER RESIDENCE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

ANGLE ON TWO PAIRS OF FEET

Under a table. No shoes. Playing footsie.

We MOVE UP. The table top has text books and paper spread over it. VI MORGAN and ERIN FOWLER are trying to study.

Vi groans. Drops her head to the table top.

VI

I think I'm actually getting less smart the more I study.

ERIN

That's not true.

Vi lifts her head, challenging him.

VI

Ask me something about industrialisation. Go on. I dare you.

ERIN

Okay. Name two reasons --

She snaps her book closed, cutting Erin off.

ERIN (CONT'D)

(beat)

Good idea. Let's take a break.

As the conversation continues, he stands and moves about the kitchen, grabbing mugs, milk, chocolate powder, etc.

VI

I just feel so overwhelmed. I've got about a million years worth of homework to catch up on, two reports due on Monday and exams coming up...

ERIN

Maybe you could try cutting back.

VI

On school? Um, yeah, that's kind of an unavoidable evil. Like Miley Cyrus or six in the morning.

ERIN

I meant stuff like this.

He leans down to Vi's backpack, sitting on the floor, and pulls out a folded sheet of paper.

He lays it on the table. It's a poster for a lost dog. Vi quickly grabs it and slips it in between some text books.

VI

That's nothing. Some woman lost her dog. I said I'd help.

Erin gets back to making hot chocolate.

ERIN

Don't get me wrong. I'm all for being a good samaritan but don't you have enough on your plate right now?

He glances over his shoulder at her.

ERIN (CONT'D)

Besides, I was thinking that if we got a lot of study out of way, we could go to Kara O'Malley's party tomorrow night.

VI

Who's Kara O'Malley?

ERIN

She's in our year. Glasses. Plays the clarinet.

No recognition.

ERIN (CONT'D)

How long have you gone to this school again?

Vi glares.

VI

So what about this party?

ERIN

She throws one every year and it's always awesome. People come from all over - Garretton Academy, South Garretton High. Seriously, Vi. We have to go.

VI

First we have to study.

Erin carries two mugs of hot chocolate to the table.

ERIN

No, first we have to take a break.

(then)

Careful, it's hot.

Vi frowns as she accepts the mug.

VI

(insulted)

I am aware that hot chocolate is, by definition, hot.

Erin sits down with his own mug. Vi takes a big gulp.

ERIN

Just don't want you to burn yourself.

Vi stiffens and quickly puts her mug down on the table. Her lips are pressed together tightly. Erin eyes her quickly reddening face.

ERIN (CONT'D)

(smirks)

Problem?

Vi stands.

VI

(tongue burned)

Baffoom.

Erin laughs as Vi dashes out of the room.

INT. FOWLER RESIDENCE - BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Vi studies her tongue in the mirror. She prods it. Winces.

VI

Ow.

She shuts her mouth and sighs at her reflection.

INT. FOWLER RESIDENCE - HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Vi emerges from the bathroom, flicking off the light on her way out. She heads back down the hallway towards the kitchen, when something catches her attention.

She stops outside a closed door. There are pale, faded outlines of letters. As if, a long time ago, there had been wooden letters glued over the top of it. The letters spell a name. IRIS.

Vi slowly grabs the door knob. A thin layer of dust comes off in her hand.

INT. FOWLER RESIDENCE - IRIS'S ROOM - NIGHT

The door CREAKS open. Vi stands in the doorway. She feels along the wall for a light switch. Finds it.

The room is illuminated. The walls are a pale pink, beloved childhood dolls and stuffed animals sit on a shelf, an old *NSYNC poster hangs beside the bed.

Vi moves further into the room, curious. She picks up a framed photo from the dresser.

ANGLE ON PHOTO

Erin, a few years younger than he is now, stands beside an older girl - presumably IRIS (18). She's dressed in Garretton Academy graduation robes.

BACK TO SCENE

Erin stands in the doorway, behind Vi.

ERIN

Vi?

Startled, Vi drops the photo on the carpet. She hastily picks it up.

VI

Sorry! Sorry, I didn't mean to --

Erin holds out her mobile phone. He keeps his eyes on her, trying hard not to look around the room.

ERIN

Your phone rang. Someone named Jenna?

Vi gives him a tight smile. Takes the phone and puts it to her ear.

VI

(into phone)

Hey.

(...))

Uh-huh. I'll be right there.

She hangs up. Turns back to Erin.

VI (CONT'D)

Dentist.

ERIN

That was your dentist?

VI

Yeah. I, ah, missed an appointment. She was able to re-schedule.

ERIN

For seven thirty at night?

VI

She... really hates... letting plaque build up.

She hands him the photo. A beat.

VI (CONT'D)

I should go.

She slips past him, out into the hallway. Erin doesn't look at the photo, just puts it back on the dresser. He flicks off the light and closes the door as he exits.

INT. THE COMPANY - RECEPTION - NIGHT

JENNA COOKE stands in the middle of the room.

She holds a piece of paper in one hand and stares impatiently at the elevator doors. She checks her watch.

DING!

The elevator opens and Vi emerges, her heavy school bag on and arms laden with more books.

VI

Hi! I'm here!

JENNA

About time.

VI

I wasn't near an elevator. Had to walk. Also?

She shifts her back, wincing.

VI (CONT'D)

Ow.

Jenna's face softens.

JENNA

Sorry. I didn't mean to snap. I'm just in a bit of a hurry to get out of here.

Vi grins cheekily.

VI
Ooh, big date tonight?

JENNA
(eyes wide)
What?! No! Of course not!
(laughs)
Now you're just being silly, Vi.

VI
It's not so sill --

Jenna shoves the assignment sheet in Vi's mouth.

VI (CONT'D)
(muffled)
'Ey!

JENNA
Your hands are full. See you
later!

She hurries off down the corridor, leaving Vi alone.

VI
(calling after her;
muffled)
Wait! Can you 'ress da 'utton?!

But Jenna's gone. Vi, annoyed, moves for the elevator. Pauses. Contemplates her situation. Her hands are too full.

She bends her knees and attempts to angle herself down. Tries to push the button with her elbow. Failing, she stands.

Sighs (around the paper in her mouth). Last ditch effort. She kicks the button. The elevator CHIMES and opens.

VI (CONT'D)
(triumphant)
'Es!

One book falls from her hands. She steps on it, slipping on the hard cover, and pitches backwards - out of frame.

ON VI

Like a tortoise on it's back. Propped up by her heavy backpack, books strewn around her.

She COUGHS. Sending the assignment sheet in her mouth spiraling into the air.

CUT TO BLACK:

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

INT. WICKER RECORDS - MAIN FLOOR - DAY

SHANE EVANS and GWEN HART make their way down the stairs from the loft. Shane carries an armful of vinyl records. Gwen has just one and studies it as they walk.

GWEN

People actually buy these?

SHANE

For the last time, yes.

GWEN

Isn't it a little outdated?

They reach the main floor and we FOLLOW THEM as they move to the back of the store. Shane starts sorting the records into bins along the back wall.

GWEN (CONT'D)

I mean, they must have invented ipods for a reason.

JIMMY EVANS is passing behind them. He stops. Leans over and takes the record from Gwen. Hands it to Shane.

JIMMY

(to Shane)

She's not allowed to touch these anymore.

Gwen throws Shane a confused look. He shrugs, apologetic.

Jimmy keeps walking. We stick with him as he weaves his way back to the front of the store. He steps behind the counter just as...

... Vi enters, the BELL above the door signalling her arrival.

VI

Hey, Jimmy.

JIMMY

Vi! Haven't seen you around for awhile.

VI

Been busy.

JIMMY

Yeah, heard about your little camping trip shenanigans. That sounded insane!

Vi pales a little at the traumatic memory.

VI
Is Shane here?

Jimmy, oblivious to Vi's reaction, looks over to Shane and Gwen. He shakes his head, almost disappointed.

JIMMY
I don't know about this new girl.
Seems a bit too... What's the
word? Disney channel.

Vi hides a smile and turns away...

SHANE AND GWEN

are still working. Well, Shane's sorting records, Gwen's slung her arm around his shoulders, giggling into his ear.

Vi joins them.

VI
Howdy, love birds.

Shane blushes and Gwen releases him.

GWEN
Vi!

She wraps Vi in a loose hug and air kisses her cheek. Vi's taken by surprise.

GWEN (CONT'D)
What are you doing here?

VI
(recovering)
Um, there was a reason...
(remembers)
Oh, yeah!

She takes out a missing dog poster from her pocket and hands it to Shane.

VI (CONT'D)
Can you try and get Jimmy to put
this up in the window?

Seeing the poster, Gwen makes a sad face.

GWEN
Aw, poor thing. You lost your
dog?

VI
It's for a friend.

SHANE

I dunno, Vi. Jimmy's not really into being, you know, nice.

VI

That's why I came to you.

Gwen takes the poster from him.

GWEN

This sounds like a job for the president of the dance committee.

She smiles, a bit superior.

GWEN (CONT'D)

I'll be right back.

And she's off. Shane and Vi watch her, both a little overwhelmed by Gwen just being... Gwen.

VI

So, Gwen's...

SHANE

Yeah.

(beat)

I mean, it's cool. Having a girlfriend.

(beat)

Finally.

VI

She's nice.

Shane finishes with the records. Dusts off his hands.

SHANE

What are you up to today?

VI

Work.

SHANE

Assignment?

VI

Got another one last night.

SHANE

Two? At the same time? This has to violate some sort of child labour law.

Vi shrugs.

SHANE (CONT'D)

You know, I'm sure I could get out of here early. Maybe help you out.

Jimmy appears. He shoves a crate at Shane - stacked with more vinyl records.

JIMMY

(re: Gwen)

She's also not allowed to talk to me anymore.

Jimmy stalks off. Shane looks down at the crate. Vi pats him on the shoulder.

VI

Thanks for the offer but I can handle it.

INT. SUNSHINE KIDS DAY CARE - DAY

Vi, a look of pure terror on her face, stands in the middle of a room.

She shields herself with a copy of "Goodnight Moon" as a dozen screaming, laughing CHILDREN race around her.

From this war zone, CUT TO:

INT. JENNA'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - DAY

Jenna is asleep, curled up underneath the sheets. Her alarm clock begins to BUZZ and Jenna's eyes open.

From behind her, ANDREW FRIAR jolts into frame - blinking furiously, his hair a mess. Jenna, serene, turns off the alarm.

ANDREW

Whasatime?

JENNA

Nine thirty.

Andrew GROANS and falls back to the pillow. He rolls over, snaking an arm around Jenna's waist over the sheets.

ANDREW

More sleep.

Jenna smiles, melting back into him. A moment passes and she opens her eyes - struggling with some decision. She removes his arm and slips out of bed.

Due to her lack of clothes, we stay on Andrew as she moves around the room.

ANDREW (CONT'D)
What are you doing? It's
Saturday.

On Jenna again as she ties a bathrobe around herself.

JENNA
Assignment coordinators don't
know the meaning of Saturday.

Andrew sits up, grumpy.

ANDREW
You can say that again.

As she passes, he reaches out and grabs her hand. Pulls her down onto the bed beside him. Jenna laughs.

He kisses her cheek, places another kiss on her jaw and keeps going down her neck.

JENNA
(smiles)
Andrew, I have to go.

Despite how much she's enjoying the contact, Jenna forces herself to drop the smile.

JENNA (CONT'D)
Andrew, seriously!

She tears herself away from him and exits. Andrew frowns, annoyed and confused at her sudden departure.

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

Vi exits a brightly coloured, one storey building, a "Sunshine Kids Day Care" sign above the entrance.

As she lets herself out of the child-proof gate, we realise that she's spattered with paint and has some sort of yellow stain on the front of her shirt.

She looks exhausted as she turns and starts down the street, past a row of other businesses.

Just behind her, Erin exits a sporting goods store, holding a bag. He spots her.

ERIN
Vi?

Vi turns around, searching for the owner of the voice. Erin smiles as he jogs towards her.

ERIN (CONT'D)
Thought it was you.

He takes in her appearance.

ERIN (CONT'D)
Whoa. What happened?
(quick)
Not that you don't look nice.

VI
Did you know that Hell has a play group? Well, it does.
(looking over herself)
I'm covered in finger paint and glue and --
(re: yellow stain)
I'm really hoping that's apple sauce but I can't be sure.

ERIN
Taste test?

VI
When Hell freezes over.
(beat)
Which I'm praying it does because then I'd never have to go back there again.

She jerks a thumb back in the direction of the building.

ERIN
(beat)
Why did you go there?

VI
Huh?

ERIN
I thought you said you were going to study all day?

VI
I did? Oh, yeah. Umm... Penny!
(casual)
She agreed to this whole "volunteering" thing ages ago but when the day came, she just had to get a pedicure. You know my sister.

The look on Erin's face tells us he doesn't buy it. Vi seems to realise this, too.

She takes his hand and starts walking. Erin has no choice but to move with her.

VI (CONT'D)
So, this party tonight...

ERIN
We're going?

VI
Well, no. Still got studying to do. But I was thinking --

Erin suddenly slips out of her grasp and moves around her, putting himself between Vi and the road. He's casual about it, never slowing the speed of their walk.

VI (CONT'D)
Umm... Yeah, so, I was thinking that you could go. Alone. I mean, all your friends are going, right?

ERIN
Yeah, but it'll be no fun without you.

VI
I told you, I have to study.

ERIN
So? I have to study, too. That's the whole idea of school. You study. And then you don't study and you go to parties with your really cute boyfriend.

Vi smiles. She stops walking and steps in front of him. Places her hands on his shoulders.

VI
Erin, you know I'd lo-- like to go with you. But I just can't.

ERIN
Question. Exactly how much study do you have to do?

She purses her lips, thinking. Vi steps around Erin - now with her on the outside of him - and they start walking again.

VI
Well, it's not all for exams, you know. There's homework and two reports for History that I missed the due date for and --

ERIN
Why did you miss the due date?

Vi shrugs, not wanting to answer.

Erin takes her hand, pulling her closer into him, but then steps around her - so that he's walking on the outside.

Vi stops.

VI

Okay, I have to ask. What's that about?

ERIN

What?

VI

You with the always needing to be on that side. What's so special about that side of me?

She tilts her head.

VI (CONT'D)

Because, you know, I always thought this side was my best.

Erin laughs a little.

ERIN

No, it's just... You know... The gentlemanly thing to do. Walking on the outside of the girl.

VI

Why?

He shrugs, not really knowing the answer.

ERIN

If a driver has a heart attack and loses control of the car, I'll get hit first.

VI

Seriously?

She rolls her eyes.

VI (CONT'D)

That's so stupid.

Annoyed now, Vi keeps walking. Erin is confused.

PENNY (PRE-LAP)

You're overreacting.

INT. MORGAN RESIDENCE - PENNY'S ROOM - NIGHT

PENNY MORGAN sits in front of her dresser, applying make-up. Vi sits cross-legged on Penny's bed.

VI

Really?

PENNY

Yes, doofus. That's just what boys are supposed to do.

(beat)

You just don't realise how lucky you are.

VI

So Jake doesn't do that stuff for you?

PENNY

Sure, he opens doors on occasion. But really only when I'm wearing those jeans that make my arse look --

VI

Penny?

Penny rolls her eyes. She slips her make-up into a purse and turns around to face Vi.

PENNY

This is girl talk, Vi. Learn to love it.

Vi climbs off Penny's bed. She starts to pace.

VI

But it just makes me feel... uncomfortable, you know? Like, walking next to moving cars or carrying my own books is just way too dangerous for me to handle.

(beat)

I mean, it's always been there. When I think about it. It's just... Erin. So why is it bothering me so much now?

Penny gives Vi a small smile. She stands, crosses to her and places a supportive hand on Vi's shoulder.

PENNY

Aw, Vi. It's because you're a freak of nature. I thought you'd have figured out that by now.

Vi glares and shoves her away. Penny laughs.

VI

Why am I even talking to you?

She heads for the door. Penny steps in front of her.

PENNY

Wait, wait. Come on. I'm sorry. I was just kidding.

Vi looks down at Penny's outfit - a nice dress and heels.

VI

Are you going to the party?

PENNY

Kara O'Malley's thing? Please.

VI

I thought everyone goes.

Penny sits down on the bed.

PENNY

Yeah, I guess. But Jake's taking me to dinner.

Vi sits beside her.

VI

You and Jake have been together for awhile.

PENNY

Practically since we moved here. Sure, we've had our ups and downs but...

She takes a deep breath. Her face is sincere, her eyes bright with nervous excitement.

PENNY (CONT'D)

I think Jake's the one, Vi.

(beat)

I don't... When I think about him... I'm always thinking about him.

She considers something.

PENNY (CONT'D)

He's not perfect. He's no Erin, that's for sure. But... He's Jake.

(beat)

He's the one.

Penny smiles. Vi, happy for her, smiles back but it's half-hearted - her mind elsewhere.

INT. MORGAN RESIDENCE - LIVING ROOM - LATER

Vi sits on the floor in front of the coffee table, books spread out around her. She taps a pen against the page, bored.

CAM MORGAN enters. He sits on the couch behind her.

VI
(without looking)
I don't need your help.

CAM
Okay.

Vi turns to face him.

VI
I don't need your help for a number of reasons. One - you're twelve. Two - it's embarrassing. Three...

She sighs and turns back to her books, not having a third reason.

Cam slides off the couch and sits beside her. He sifts through the mound of work still to be done.

CAM
Wow. You've missed a lot of school.

Vi's eyes go wide.

VI
No, I haven't! I'm there every day. On time and ready to learn.

Cam picks up a sheet of paper.

CAM
This was due three weeks ago.

Vi snatches it back.

VI
Did mum ask you to help me?

CAM
Maybe.

VI
Well, how about you don't and say you did?

She gathers her books together and exits.

INT. MORGAN RESIDENCE - STAIRS - MOMENTS LATER

Vi moves up the stairs - arms still filled with books. A PHONE RINGS. She pauses, halfway up, and struggles to carry her books in one arm. She digs in her pocket. Produces her mobile.

VI
 (into phone)
 Hello?
 (...)
 Hi, Mrs. Harris.

She starts walking again. A still unsteady.

VI (CONT'D)
 Um, I'm kind of busy at the moment.
 (...)
 I hung up the posters everywhere I could think of. No one's seen Skittles.
 (...)
 Look, I'm sorry but I just don't have time to help you search the sewers tonight.
 (...)
 Beep. Uh-oh. Did you hear that? My phone's running out of battery. It's almost -- beep -- talk to you -- beep.

Reaching the top of the stairs, Vi snaps her phone closed.

INT. MORGAN RESIDENCE - UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Vi turns towards her room. Her phone starts to RING again.

Without thinking, Vi answers. The moment she does, she cringes.

VI
 (into phone)
 Mrs. Harris, seriously my phone --
 (...)
 Oh, sorry! Um, can I what?
 (...)
 Isn't Stacy volunteering at day care tomorrow?
 (...)
 The chicken pox? I had that when I was little.
 (quick; coughs)
 Oh, but I think I'm coming down with something else. Something worse.

(MORE)

VI (CONT'D)
(beat; rolls eyes)
Yeah, bird flu. That's it. Bye!

She hangs up. Sighs.

INT. MORGAN RESIDENCE - VI'S ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Vi tosses everything (books and phone) onto her bed. As she does, something flutters to the floor. Vi picks it up.

It's the flyer for Kara O'Malley's party. The address printed right in the middle.

Vi looks from the flyer to the books, scattered over her bedspread. A moment passes as she considers it.

EXT. MORGAN RESIDENCE - ROOF - NIGHT

Vi, shrugging a jacket on, opens her bedroom window and climbs out.

Moving steadily across the roof, she reaches the overhanging tree branches and starts her descent...

CUT TO BLACK:

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

INT/EXT. PARTY - NIGHT

MUSIC CUE: "Guilty Pleasure" by Cobra Starship

The elegant, two storey house is overflowing with excited teenage PARTY-GOERS.

We catch glimpses - snippets, really - of the party, which is practically worthy of being an MTV music video.

- The FOYER - Crowded. Teens exit and enter through the ornate entrance. Greet each other with high-fives and air kisses.

- The BACKYARD - A DJ booth by the side fence. A shimmering pool surrounded by dancing kids. Christmas lights and paper lanterns strung up along the back porch and the surrounding trees.

- The KITCHEN - Empty bottles and cups litter the bench. A COUPLE makes out against the fridge.

- The LIVING ROOM - A GROUP plays spin-the-bottle. There's a BAR in the corner. Everyone seems to be helping themselves. This is where we end our montage...

ANGLE ON THE BAR TOP

A cold can of Diet Coke. Alone amongst the sea of alcoholic drinks. Two hands reach for it at once - one male, one female.

BIANCA PARRY flushes pink. Erin picks up the can, holds it out to her.

ERIN

Here.

BIANCA

No, it's fine. You have it.

ERIN

Really.

Bianca takes the can, grateful. There's an awkward beat - although they don't seem in a hurry to escape each other.

ERIN (CONT'D)

You're not drinking tonight?

BIANCA

No. You?

ERIN
Driving.

BIANCA
Right.

ERIN
I, ah...

He shakes his head and starts to step away.

ERIN (CONT'D)
Never mind.

BIANCA
You're surprised to see me here.

ERIN
But I don't mean it in, you know,
a bad way or anything. You just
haven't really been hanging out
with... well... anyone lately.

BIANCA
Sophie and I patched things up. I
guess we're back to being BFF's.

Erin smirks. Raises an eyebrow.

BIANCA (CONT'D)
That's how she signs all her text
messages. I'd forgotten about
that.

They share a smile. After a moment, Bianca looks around.

BIANCA (CONT'D)
So is, um, she here?

ERIN
Vi? No. She had to study.

BIANCA
Oh.
(beat; smiles)
Good.

Erin's a little surprised by this. We don't get to see the rest of their conversation, however, as a DRUNK GUY bursts into the room. His DRUNK FRIEND by his side.

Drunk Guy has a hand over his mouth, about to hurl. We FOLLOW HIM and his friend as they stumble through the living room...

INT. PARTY - DOWNSTAIRS HALLWAY - NEXT

... Towards the bathroom. They're confronted with a huge line.

DRUNK FRIEND
Hang on, dude!

The pair keep going...

INT. PARTY - FOYER - NEXT

... Where they push their way out the front door...

EXT. PARTY - FRONT YARD - NEXT

... And hurry across the lawn. Drunk Guy makes it to the curb.

He leans against a parked car, bending over into the gutter. Drunk Friends thumps him on the back, laughing.

Behind them, we see Vi walking up the street.

Her path is crossed by a CUTE GUY (17). It's safe to assume he's the owner of the car.

CUTE GUY
(to Drunk Guy)
Not on the car! Not on the car!

Drunk Guy and his Friend stumble off elsewhere. Cute Guy spots Vi. He smiles at her.

CUTE GUY (CONT'D)
Hi.

VI
(still walking; not
interested)
I have a boyfriend.

She heads for the front door.

INT. PARTY - FOYER - MOMENTS LATER

Vi enters. She's overwhelmed by the scale of the party and looks a little anxious at being there alone. She takes a deep breath.

VI
Okay, Vi. Time to have some fun.

She pushes on.

INT. THE COMPANY - BREAK ROOM - NIGHT

Jenna and Andrew make out. After a few moments, she pushes him away. Nervously glances to the door.

JENNA

Someone's gonna walk right in and see us.

ANDREW

So? Isn't it about time people found out?

JENNA

Andrew...

ANDREW

I know, I know. It's just... We didn't tell anyone at first because we wanted to be respectful of Kou's death. I get that. But it's been weeks now.

JENNA

It's not just that.

ANDREW

(joking)
Are you ashamed of me?

JENNA

Andrew, of course not! But I'm the assignment coordinator. I'm... I'm practically your boss!

ANDREW

Um, have you not seen the way Sidney's been drooling over Diana? Doesn't really seem like he has an issue with inter-office romances.

He smiles and goes in for another kiss. Jenna jerks back. Takes a few hurried steps away from him.

ANDREW (CONT'D)

But that's not it. Is it?

JENNA

I just don't know if I can do this, Andrew.

(beat)

We... We just rushed into it so fast. I think it might... We were upset about Kou, about everything that's happened...

ANDREW

Do you want to break up?

JENNA

We can't break up. We were never really together.

Jenna leaves. We stay on Andrew, his heartbreak written all over his face.

EXT. PARTY - BACKYARD - NIGHT

Vi sits on a pool chair. Alone. Bored. Sipping some fruity alcoholic drink.

Behind her, Gwen and Shane emerge from the house. Arms linked. Gwen is dressed up - the epitome of perfection.

GWEN

(to fellow party-goers)
Hi, guys! Oh my God, Laura! That dress is so pretty. Is Jenny here? Awesome! I'll find you later, hon!

Gwen pulls Shane over to a GROUP hanging by the pool.

GWEN (CONT'D)

Hi hi!

The Group all ad-lib some "Hey, Gwen's" and so on. Gwen untangles herself from Shane and air-kisses with some of the Girls in the group while Shane hangs back, awkward. In summary, Gwen's pretty damn popular.

Finally, one GUY stretched out his hand to Shane.

GUY

I'm Jay.

SHANE

(shaking his hand)
Yeah. We're in the same math class.

JAY

(beat; confused)
Really? What's your name?

SHANE

Shane.

Jay looks at him blankly. Gwen leans over to Shane.

GWEN

I'll be back! Have fun!

Gwen disappears with the Girls from the group.

SHANE

Wait! What am I...

But she's gone. Shane turns back to Jay and the others. A beat.

SHANE (CONT'D)

Same math class for three years.

(beat)

Seriously, dude, nothing?

Vi walks through the foreground, carrying her empty bottle. She and Shane miss each other entirely as Vi enters the house.

INT. PARTY - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Vi reaches the bar. She looks around for a place to put her empty bottle. She puts it on top, pauses, and then slides two full bottles in front - hiding her laziness.

She turns to walk away --

-- And comes face to face with Bianca.

For a moment, neither moves. Neither speaks. Bianca's surprised - even a little shocked to see her there - while Vi's just waiting for Bianca to make the first move.

Finally, Vi gives up. Steps around her and exits. Bianca watches after her. Turns back to the bar, a glare in her eyes.

She grabs a bottle of beer.

ACROSS THE ROOM

Erin, his back to the bar, stands talking to a group of FRIENDS. NIKO SHELBY is looking past Erin, to Bianca.

NIKO

Hey, Erin.

ERIN

Yeah?

NIKO

What's the deal with Bianca?

ERIN

What do you mean?

NIKO

You guys are over?

Erin grins.

ERIN

Where've you been for the last year, Niko? Or did you take one too many soccer balls to the head?

NIKO

Dude, shut up. I'm trying to be subtle. You know, gauge whether you'd be pissed at me if I tried to start something with her?

A beat. Erin thinks about this.

ERIN

Go for it.

NIKO

(surprised)
Wait. Seriously?

Erin shrugs.

ERIN

Hey, no one's more surprised than me. I mean, yeah. Go for it.

Niko looks past him. Stands up a little straighter. Erin turns around. Bianca's on her way over. She looks mad.

ERIN (CONT'D)

Hey, Bianca --

BIANCA

You lied to me.

ERIN

No I didn't!
(beat)
Wait. About what?

BIANCA

You said Vi wasn't coming tonight!

Erin has no idea what she's talking about.

ERIN

She's not.

Bianca puts one hand on her hip - the other holding her drink.

BIANCA

Well, you might wanna tell her
that.

She looks towards the back door.

Erin frowns. He turns away from Niko and his friends,
passes Bianca and heads for the back door...

EXT. PARTY - BACKYARD - CONTINUOUS

... Where he emerges outside.

It's the first thing he sees. Vi, by the pool side, dancing
with Shane. She's having fun. Dancing badly.

Shane grabs her hand. Spins her. Vi laughs wildly as she's
propelled away from him. Coming to a stop, she and Erin
lock eyes. Her smile drops.

After a brief hesitation, Erin walks forward. They're still
surrounded by the party - loud MUSIC, dancing teens. Not a
private moment.

ERIN

What are you doing here?

Vi attempts a cheeky smile.

VI

Thought this was the place to be.

ERIN

You said --

VI

Change of plans.

ERIN

You weren't going to call me?

VI

What do you mean?

ERIN

How did you know I was going to
be here?

VI

Well, I guess I didn't. I mean, I
said that you should still come,
even if I didn't.

ERIN

But you're here.

VI

Yes. And you're here. Everything worked out.

Erin looks upset. Vi puts a hand to his face.

VI (CONT'D)

I'm sorry. I was going to call you but when I got here I realised I'd left my phone at home.

Erin steps away. Vi's hand falls to her side. She looks hurt.

VI (CONT'D)

What's wrong?

Erin looks around. A few people have stopped to watch them. The hint of an argument too much to pass up. Shane's a little way away, a concerned look on his face.

ERIN

Can we go somewhere? Let's go to my house.

He starts to turn back inside. Vi takes a step back.

VI

Why can't we stay here?

ERIN

It's too loud. There's too many... Look, we need to talk.

Vi bursts out laughing. She immediately slaps a hand over her mouth, stopping herself.

ERIN (CONT'D)

Are you... Are you drunk?

Vi shakes her head.

VI

No. I only had a little bit.

(beat)

Turns out I'm a lightweight. Who woulda thunk it?

Erin grabs her hand. Starts to pull her into the house. Vi tears herself away. She glares.

VI (CONT'D)

What are you doing?!

ERIN

I don't want to do this here.

VI
Do what here?

ERIN
Okay, fine. To be honest, I'm annoyed that you lied to me.

Vi is shocked.

VI
Lied to you? I never lied to you.

ERIN
About tonight? Yeah. You've been going on about how much studying you have to do but you still have time to find lost dogs and play Mother Goose and go to the dentist in the middle of the night?

VI
(scoffs)
It wasn't the middle of the night.

ERIN
So let's just go and talk, okay?

He reaches for her hand again. Vi yanks it away.

VI
Stop touching me!

Shane moves closer, coming to stand behind Vi. He's on her side.

VI (CONT'D)
And stop... stop opening doors for me and telling me that hot chocolate is hot. I know that!

ERIN
What the hell are you talking about?

VI
I came here because I was tired. I was tired of school and helping people and just... I wanted to have fun.
(beat)
And you're making it not very fun right now.

She sighs. Steps towards him, apologetic.

VI (CONT'D)

Erin... I don't want to fight.

A beat. Erin reaches over. Tucks a strand of her hair behind her ear.

ERIN

So, let's not.

He walks back into the house.

Vi watches after him, a little sad, still annoyed.

She runs a hand through her hair - shaking out Erin's adjustment.

CUT TO BLACK:

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

INT. PARTY - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

MUSIC CUE: "I Knew I Loved You" by Savage Garden

Vi sits on the couch trying her very best to wish away the presence of SOPHIE GEORGE beside her. Sophie leans in, faux sympathy on her face.

SOPHIE
Keep your head up, Vi. You'll get through this.

VI
Thanks.

SOPHIE
You have to be strong.

VI
Good advice, Sophie.

SOPHIE
I mean, there are plenty of other fish in the sea.
(wistful)
Plenty of tanned, athletic, girly-named fish.

Vi narrows her eyes, distracted at Sophie's tangent. Then:

VI
Hang on, Erin and I aren't broken up.

Sophie pats her on the shoulder.

SOPHIE
Aw, sweetie. I wouldn't lie to you. I don't like you. There's no point.

VI
You don't like me? Great. Why are you talking to me?

SOPHIE
I'm the party break-up counselor. It's my job.

A CRYING GIRL runs through the room.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)
Duty calls.

Sophie scurries after her. Vi stares after her in disbelief.

Then, Shane and BB sit on either side her. Shane nods to BB.

SHANE
Look who I found working the DJ booth.

Vi cocks her head - listening to the MUSIC. She looks to BB.

VI
Savage Garden, BB?
(beat)
Really?

BB
Hey, I'm on a break. Not my problem.
(beat)
But, despite what people think, Savage Garden have a lot of artistic merit in terms of...
(off Vi's look)
You liked it better when I didn't talk much, right?

Vi gives him a grim smile to the affirmative. Then, she sighs and slumps even further into the couch.

SHANE
Cheer up, Vi. There are plenty of other fish in the...

With an irritated groan, Vi lurches to her feet and stalks away.

SHANE (CONT'D)
... Sea.

He looks to BB.

SHANE (CONT'D)
Should I go after her?

BB shrugs.

SHANE (CONT'D)
You can talk now, BB.

BB
(straight into it;
casual)
How's everything going with Gwen?

SHANE

Good. Great, actually. I... I really like being around her.

BB

Where is she now?

SHANE

(beat)

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

He frowns.

INT. THE COMPANY - RECEPTION - NIGHT

The MUSIC echoes here for a moment before FADING AWAY...

Andrew drags his feet towards the elevator. Completely crushed. He reaches out to press the elevator button, but stops. Listens.

Noises come from Sidney's office. PINGS and DINGS and BELLS. Andrew investigates...

INT. THE COMPANY - SIDNEY'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

SIDNEY DOBBS is hunched over a pin-ball machine by the wall, his eyes intensely focused, his teeth gritted.

The door is partially open already and Andrew pushes it open further, peering inside. The door CREAKS.

Sidney, distracted, looks up - letting the ball roll down into the re-set position. MUSIC sounds, lights FLASH. He lost.

ANDREW

Sorry.

Sidney shakes his head. He motions to the machine.

SIDNEY

Want a turn?

Andrew's sad eyes light up with excitement.

ANDREW

Yeah!

He darts over. Re-starts the machine and starts to play.

SIDNEY

So, what's keeping you in the office so late? Watch it, it's coming back!

ANDREW
Ah, nothing really. Just stuff.

SIDNEY
Something you don't want to deal
with out there.

He nods to the window. Andrew glances up. Then, back to the game.

ANDREW
You do know that what's outside
the windows isn't real, right?
That's why there are those
buttons on the sill. You can
change it into anything - day,
night, Hawaii.

SIDNEY
Hawaii?

ANDREW
(nods)
It's pretty.

Sidney points to the game.

SIDNEY
There!

ANDREW
Got it.

SIDNEY
And, yes, I did know that,
actually. I was just, I don't
know, trying to help you. I'm the
Director. I should care.
Shouldn't I?

Andrew shrugs.

ANDREW
Not if you don't want to.
(beat)
And, no. I'm fine with stuff "out
there". It's what's in here that
I don't want to deal with.

Sidney nods, knowingly.

SIDNEY
A woman.

Andrew, stunned, straightens up and turns to him. More
MUSIC, more LIGHTS. Andrew's lost.

ANDREW
How did you know?

Sidney nudges him out of the way, re-starts the game and becomes focused on playing.

SIDNEY
It's generally the case. If you'd have said no, my next guess would have been the chicken surprise they're serving for dinner tonight.

He smiles a little.

SIDNEY (CONT'D)
Because no one wants to deal with that.

ANDREW
She... I don't know... It's like we're together but not and it's all getting so complicated when it was just supposed to be simple, you know? I like her, she likes me.
(beat)
Or at least I thought so.

He points to the game.

ANDREW (CONT'D)
Try and get it in that one.

SIDNEY
You and me, Andrew. We're in the same boat.

ANDREW
Oh, you mean you and Diana?

Sidney's eyes widen. He freezes for a moment. The ball rolls past the paddles and into the return hole.

Without looking at Andrew, Sidney reaches over. Starts the game again. Keeps playing like nothing happened.

SIDNEY
Who?

Andrew smirks.

SIDNEY (CONT'D)
Anyway, I was referring to a particular lady of who you are most likely unaware.
(beat; sighs)
(MORE)

SIDNEY (CONT'D)

I know there's something. But there's also something missing. I mean, for Gods sake, we haven't even gone on a real first date, yet.

This strikes a chord with Andrew. He takes a step back. We PUSH IN on him.

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

How pathetic is that?

Off Andrew, CUT TO:

EXT. PARTY - BACKYARD - NIGHT

Niko and Bianca slow dance among the group of other couples. Well, technically it's less "slow dancing" and more "Niko holding Bianca up while she struggles to stay awake".

Bianca tilts her head up to him.

BIANCA

Niko... I'm cold...

He smiles. Wraps his arms tighter around her.

NIKO

I'll keep you warm, baby.

BIANCA

No, I want my jacket.

A beat. Niko nods and releases her. Bianca wobbles a bit on her feet.

NIKO

You're okay?

Bianca nods.

NIKO (CONT'D)

I'll be right back.

Niko enters the house. Bianca continues to sway, unsteady. She looks around and spots Vi, back on her pool chair by the water.

Vi looks up in surprise when Bianca sits down on the other chair next to her. Bianca, incredibly drunk by this point, lies on her side, still facing Vi.

BIANCA

Erin's left.

VI

What?

BIANCA

I saw him. Got in his car and
drove away. Drove away from you.

VI

We're not --

BIANCA

Why are you still here? Nobody
here likes you. I don't like you.

Vi goes to stand.

VI

Yeah, I figured that.

Bianca reaches out. Grabs her hand. Vi stops, surprised.

BIANCA

No, don't go. We're talking.

Vi sighs. She pulls her hand from Bianca's.

VI

Girl talk, right? And I'm
supposed to learn to love it?

Bianca giggles. Vi rolls her eyes and re-takes her seat.

VI (CONT'D)

What did you want to talk about,
Bianca?

BIANCA

I'm sorry I'm always so mean to
you.

Vi blinks.

VI

Huh?

BIANCA

But it's just that... you have
him. And... and I... I've tried
to tell myself that I don't care
but I do care. I care a lot.

She sits up.

BIANCA (CONT'D)

I still love him. And... and I
know he loves me, Vi. I know it.
He tried to kiss me and I --

VI

He did what?

BIANCA

I hated you so much because
you... you had him but now...

She levels Vi with an angry, vicious stare.

BIANCA (CONT'D)

I hate you because you let him
get away.

With that, she bursts into tears! She collapses down onto the pool chair again, burying her face in her arms as she sobs.

Vi blinks back tears. She quickly stands and walks away.

She passes Niko, who hurries to Bianca. He kneels down and puts a concerned hand on her back.

NIKO

Bianca, what's wrong?

Bianca pushes herself up. Her make-up is smeared, her eyes still wet. She leans in and kisses him. After a moment, she pulls away.

BIANCA

Let's go upstairs.

NIKO

(stunned)
Okay.

INT. PARTY - GUEST ROOM - NIGHT

No overhead lights are on but light streams in from the windows, overlooking the backyard. The Christmas lights and lanterns from outside play magically on the bed spread.

Niko and Bianca appear in the doorway, Niko half carrying her. They stumble inside and Niko gently lays Bianca down.

He crawls up beside her. She grabs his shirt and pulls him closer. They kiss again but it's deeper, less sweet, more desperate. They continue to make out for a few moments.

Coming up for air, Bianca relaxes back onto the pillows.

NIKO

Hang on. Just a...

He turns around and shifts to the edge of the bed. He pulls off his shoes. Going back to Bianca, he smiles.

NIKO (CONT'D)

Hi, again.

He kisses her shoulder. Up her neck. Her jaw. Her lips. She lies still beneath him. Eyes closed. He pulls back.

NIKO (CONT'D)
 (sing-song)
 Bi-an-ca?

She doesn't respond. Niko frowns. Shakes her a little.

NIKO (CONT'D)
 Bianca? Bianca, wake up.

Still nothing. Niko rolls his eyes. Climbs off her.

NIKO (CONT'D)
 Great.

He starts putting his shoes back on.

INT. PARTY - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Vi leans over the sink, staring at her reflection in the mirror. She sighs, defeated.

VI
 I'd rather be studying.

INT. PARTY - FOYER - NIGHT

Vi emerges from the hallway and starts for the front door. She almost bumps into Niko who's just come down the stairs.

VI
 Excuse...

Niko reaches his group of friends, not even looking at Vi.

VI (CONT'D)
 (annoyed)
 ... You.

She's about to keep going when she hears:

FRIEND #1
 (to Niko)
 Thought you were with Bianca?

NIKO
 She passed out, man.

FRIEND #2
 Didn't think you were that good.

The group laughs.

NIKO

Hey, I am that good. She'll just have to wait to find that out.

(beat; sighs)

Let's go get drunk.

Amid CHEERS of agreement, Niko and his Friends head down the hallway, into the rest of the party.

Vi's stopped halfway to the front door. She watches the way Niko went.

Then, looks up the stairs. She shakes her head and continues for the front door.

She stops. A beat. She spasms a little, stomping her foot.

VI

Aw, damn it!

She heads for the stairs...

INT. PARTY - GUEST ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Vi enters... And walks right into a set of dresser drawers.

VI

Crap!

She reaches out for the wall and finds the light switch. She turns it on, and sees Bianca sprawled on the bed - dead to the world.

VI (CONT'D)

Bianca? Hey, are you... um... okay?

Vi moves for the bed. She lifts a leg and nudges Bianca with her foot. Nothing.

Tentatively, Vi crawls up onto the bed beside her. She puts a hand in front of Bianca's slightly open mouth.

VI (CONT'D)

At least you're alive.

An idea strikes her. She leans down until she's hovering over Bianca's ear.

VI (CONT'D)

(loud)

Guess what?! Erin and I are going to have a baby!

She sits back. Waits for Bianca to open her eyes. But she doesn't move. Vi's eyes widen.

VI (CONT'D)

Uh-oh.

INT. PARTY - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Vi bursts into the room, looking a bit frantic. Her eyes light up when she catches sight of a telephone by the wall.

As she lifts it to her ear, she hears:

GIRL'S VOICE (O.S.)
(filtered)
O-M-G, she actually said that?

OTHER GIRL'S VOICE (O.S.)
(filtered)
Totally. And I was all W-T-F.

VI
(into phone)
Would you two mind wrapping it up? I need to call an --

GIRL'S VOICE (O.S.)
What the hell? This is a private conversation!

VI
I'm not kidding around!

GIRL'S VOICE (O.S.)
Neither am I!
(continuing conversation)
So, anyway --

Vi SLAMS the phone down. Sophie appears in the doorway. She gives her a pitying look.

SOPHIE
Just a tip, it's way too soon to call him.

VI
Sophie! Look, Bianca's passed out. I think she drank too much. We need to call an ambulance.

SOPHIE
(shocked)
Oh my God...
(beat)
I was waiting for this happen, like, an hour ago.

VI
What?

SOPHIE
 Seriously, the girl's a mess.

VI
 Sophie, give me your phone.

SOPHIE
 If you call an ambulance, there's going to be questions. There's going to cops. And not even half the people drinking tonight are over eighteen. Yourself included. So, take my advice --

VI
 I don't want your bloody advice, Sophie. I want you to be not such a selfish bitch.

Vi roughly shoves past her and exits. Sophie pouts.

SOPHIE
 (calls after her)
 You don't like her either!

INT. PARTY - LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Vi weaves through the crowd.

VI
 (calls)
 Shane! Shane!

She grabs someone's arm.

VI (CONT'D)
 Have you seen Shane? Shane Evans.
Shane. Never mind!

Standing in the middle of the room, she looks lost. Helpless. Then, through the crowd, she sees him --

-- The Cute Guy. The one who hit on her when she arrived. He's leaning against a wall, looking incredibly bored. Vi hurries over to him. As he sees her, he perks up.

CUTE GUY
 It's "I have a boyfriend" girl.
 (beat)
 Well, not so much anymore.

VI
 We did not break up!

CUTE GUY
 So, why are you talking to me?

VI
I need a ride to the hospital.

CUTE GUY
(concerned)
What's wrong?

VI
It's... It's my friend.
(beat)
Please.

Vi starts digging through her pockets.

VI (CONT'D)
I can pay you. I've got --

The sound of keys JINGLING. She looks up. The Cute Guy's got his car keys out, swinging them around one finger.

CUTE GUY
I pick the music.

He pushes off from the wall and starts walking.

Vi falls into step behind him. As they cut a clean path through the still partying teens --

CUT TO BLACK:

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - NIGHT

It's late. Quiet. Then, the old car we saw outside the party - the Cute Guy's car - ROARS through frame.

As it disappears around the corner:

CUTE GUY (PRE-LAP)
It's Finn, by the way.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

FINN, previously known as the Cute Guy, drives. Vi sits in the backseat, a still unconscious Bianca lying across her lap. Vi's studying Bianca, not really listening.

VI
Huh?

FINN
My name's Finn.

VI
Oh, okay.

FINN
(beat)
So, what's your name? Or will I just have to stick with "I have a boyfriend".

Vi glares. Says nothing.

A few moments pass as Finn waits for an answer. Finally, he shrugs. Taking one hand off the wheel, he pulls a pack of cigarettes from his pocket. Puts one between his lips.

VI
What are you doing?

As he goes to light it:

FINN
What does it look like I'm doing?

Vi surges forward, snatches the cigarette from his lips and tosses it onto the floor.

FINN (CONT'D)
What the fu --

VI
She's having enough trouble breathing as it is!

She settles back in her seat. She places a hand over Bianca's lips again, feeling for breath.

VI (CONT'D)
Anyway, you shouldn't smoke.

Finn glances in the rear view mirror, challenging her.

FINN
(smirks)
Why, 'coz it's bad for me?

All he gets is annoyed silence in return. His smirk fades.

FINN (CONT'D)
Sorry. I should have asked.

Vi's taken off guard by the apology.

VI
It's your car.

FINN
Actually it's my brothers. He,
uh, doesn't exactly know I have
it.

Dread creeps over Vi's face.

VI
You do have a license though,
right?

Finn, hiding a smile, makes a non-committal "eh" noise.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - HALLWAY - NIGHT

The elevator at the end of the hall CHIMES and Jenna emerges, jacket and purse over one arm.

She moves up the hall, and rifles through her purse. She pulls out a set of keys. And then her mobile phone begins to RING.

JENNA
(into phone)
Hello?

ANDREW (O.S.)
(filtered)
Hey, it's me.

JENNA
Andrew. Hi.

ANDREW (O.S.)
Wow. Don't sound too excited to
hear from me.

JENNA
Sorry. I'm just tired.

Jenna reaches her apartment door. She moves to put the key
in the lock. But the door is ajar.

ANDREW (O.S.)
Yeah, I figured. I was just
calling to tell you --

JENNA
(scared; quiet)
Andrew. I think there's somebody
in my apartment.

ANDREW (O.S.)
Damn it, you're home already?

The door swings open. Jenna takes a startled jump back.
Andrew stands in the doorway, his mobile phone to his ear.

He looks odd. He's dressed in a nice shirt and pants (same
old ratty sneakers, though). His hair is slicked down,
parted on one side, and he holds a single red rose.

ANDREW (CONT'D)
(still into phone)
So, as I was saying, I was just
calling to warn you that I'd
gotten your landlord to let me
into your apartment.
(beat)
Because I know how you feel about
people breaking in. I didn't want
you to, you know, freak out or
anything.

JENNA
(still into phone;
sarcastic)
Thanks for the heads up.

INT. JENNA'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Andrew steps back, allowing Jenna space to enter. They both
put away their phones. Andrew hands Jenna the rose.

JENNA
Andrew, you don't --

ANDREW
Wait. Don't say anything.

He takes her purse and jacket for her, hanging them on the hook by the door - which he closes behind her.

ANDREW (CONT'D)
I have a surprise for you.

JENNA
I'm guessing it's got something to do with you and...

She motions to his clothes and hair.

JENNA (CONT'D)
... Which is really adorable, by the way.
(grins)
You look like Alfalfa.

Andrew narrows his eyes.

ANDREW
Hey, I'm trying to be romantic, here.

He takes a deep breath. Jenna's grin fades. She watches him, waiting patiently.

ANDREW (CONT'D)
Okay. So, you know how we sort-of-but-didn't-really break up earlier today? Well, screw that.
(beat)
Jenna, I get it. You're afraid that we just rushed into things without really getting to know each other. Sure, we were friends but... It's not the same as really starting a relationship.
(beat)
Which is what I want with you.

Another beat. A nice moment.

ANDREW (CONT'D)
So... Let me start things right.
(beat)
Jenna, would you like to go out with me sometime?

Jenna smiles.

JENNA
Yes, I'd like that.

In an instant, Andrew's at her side. He takes her arm.

ANDREW

How about now? Is that good for you?

They start walking, moving further into the living room. Jenna laughs.

JENNA

Now? Andrew, what...

She trails off, her eyes catching sight of something.

JENNA (CONT'D)

Oh.

Thick red curtains hang on either side of the entertainment centre, framing the TV - which is currently turned on, playing "Love, Actually".

A movie theatre box of popcorn and cup of soft drink (with two straws) is on the coffee table in front of it.

ANDREW

First, we'll take in a movie.

He pulls two movie tickets out of his pocket. Hands one to Jenna.

ANDREW (CONT'D)

Here's your ticket. You'll need to show it again if you leave and want to come back in.

He swings them around to face the kitchen. The centre island is covered in a checkered table cloth. A lone candle burns brightly in the centre.

Andrew moves to the microwave, pops it open and removes two foil covered containers which he places on the table.

ANDREW (CONT'D)

Then, dinner for two at Belmonte's. The best Italian place in town.

He presses play on a portable CD player on the table. OCEANS SOUNDS begin to play - waves crashing, the call of whales.

ANDREW (CONT'D)

I couldn't find any Italian restaurant atmosphere music so we'll have to settle for Sounds of the Ocean volume four.

He darts back to Jenna. Takes her hand.

ANDREW (CONT'D)
But! That actually works
perfectly because...

He pulls her towards the hallway.

INT. JENNA'S APARTMENT - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

They step over a ten novelty blow up bowling pins.

ANDREW
... After we go bowling...

INT. JENNA'S APARTMENT - BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

They enter.

ANDREW
... We'll stop by the Aquarium.

Jenna gasps. She's looking down at the tub, filled with
water and about a dozen swimming GOLDFISH.

She starts to speak, to thank him. But Andrew presses a
finger to her lips.

ANDREW (CONT'D)
Date's not over yet.

INT. JENNA'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Andrew and Jenna lie on the bed, side by side. They stare
up at the ceiling...

... Across which Andrew has strung lines and lines of paper
stars.

JENNA
Star gazing?

ANDREW
Yep.

She rolls over to face him. Kisses him on the cheek.

JENNA
You're amazing.

ANDREW
I know you are but what am I?

Jenna laughs, happy. She presses her lips to his.

JENNA
But I have a favour to ask.

ANDREW

Anything.

JENNA

I don't want to tell anyone about us. Not yet.

ANDREW

(unsure)

Jen...

JENNA

(reassuring)

Not for any reason other than me wanting to keep this special. Just for us. And just for now.

A beat. Andrew nods, agreeing. They kiss again. After a moment, Jenna quickly pulls away.

JENNA (CONT'D)

But you keep the goldfish.

Off this --

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Still driving. Vi's eyes follows something out the window.

VI

That was a stop sign.

FINN

Um, I have two girls in the backseat of my car. I need to drop you off so I can go and tell all my friends about this.

He waggles his eyebrows.

FINN (CONT'D)

But I'll put a sexy spin on it.

VI

You're disgusting.

FINN

Thank you.

VI

That wasn't a compliment.

FINN

I know.

(beat)

So... What's the deal with your friend? This happen a lot?

VI
She's not my friend.

FINN
Oh.

VI
Technically, she's my boyfriend's
ex.

FINN
Figured you were your boyfriend's
ex.

VI
We did not --

FINN
You broke up. I was there. I saw
it. Everybody saw it. Everybody
knows you broke up. Don't know
why. But you did. End of story.

VI
While those are some nice
sentence fragments, you're
completely wrong.

FINN
(shrugs)
'Kay. Whatever.

VI
(insists)
You are. I know Erin.
(beat)
At least... I thought I knew
Erin.

Finn sniggers.

FINN
Erin's a girls name.

VI
Fins are fish legs. What's your
point?

Finn's eyes move to a sign out the window. They're nearing
the hospital.

FINN
So, you thought you knew him?

VI
(to herself mostly)
How could he react like that?
(MORE)

VI (CONT'D)

He wanted me at that party. He begged me to go, and when I show up, he accuses me of lying about it.

(beat)

But he's right. I did lie. I always lie.

(beat; realises)

I'm a terrible person.

Finn's about to say something snarky - we can see it on his face. But, at the last moment, he glances to Vi in the rear view mirror. She looks heartbroken. Completely hating herself.

FINN

(beat; kind)

You're helping blondie back there. You didn't have to. You can't be... so terrible.

Vi smiles a little but she doesn't look any happier.

INT. HOSPITAL - E.R. - NIGHT

ANGLE ON BIANCA

Still unconscious. She's being wheeled through a set of double doors.

ANGLE ON SCENE

A NURSE holding a clipboard approaches Vi.

NURSE

I'm going to need some identification for her, for our records.

VI

Oh, sure. I've got her purse right...

She looks around. Her hands are empty.

EXT. HOSPITAL - MOMENTS LATER

Vi hurries outside. Finn's car is parked by the curb, Finn leaning against it. He's got Bianca's purse in one hand.

VI

Give that back!

Vi reaches for it. Finn pulls it back. He opens it. Slips out a twenty dollar bill.

VI (CONT'D)

That's stealing!

FINN
That's called paying for petrol.

He hands her back the purse and climbs back into the car.

FINN (CONT'D)
(sincere)
I guess not everyone in the world
is as nice as you.

He starts the car. Drives off. Vi watches after him, at least a little touched by him calling her "nice". Then, she glares.

VI
(mutters)
Jerk.

She turns back for the hospital.

INT. HOSPITAL - ROOM - NIGHT

Bianca, scarily pale against the white sheets and pillow of the hospital bed, slowly opens her eyes. She blinks, wincing in pain. She looks around...

... And her eyes land on Vi, sitting in the chair at the bedside. Vi's awake, watching her. They lock eyes.

Vi stands and exits, leaving Bianca alone.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. FOWLER RESIDENCE - FRONT PORCH - NIGHT

Vi raises her finger to the doorbell. She bites her lip. Shoving her hand into her jacket pocket, she turns and scurries off the porch.

Behind her, the door opens and Erin steps out onto the porch.

ERIN
Hey.

Vi, surprised, turns back.

ERIN (CONT'D)
I saw you from the window.

VI
Didn't want to wake your parents.

ERIN
They're out.

VI

Oh. Okay.

She looks down. Scuffs her feet on the edge of the steps.

ERIN

What do you want?

VI

Can we talk?

ERIN

It's late.

VI

It won't take long.

Erin takes a deep breath. He moves further onto the porch, closing the door behind him.

VI (CONT'D)

What happened back there, at the party... I wasn't expecting... I didn't mean for that to happen.

Erin drops his defensiveness.

ERIN

Me either.

(beat)

It's just that you said you weren't going and when I saw you there, I guess I was... I was kind of mad that you'd lied about it. And then you said --

VI

(joking)

Not lookin' for a play by play. I was there, remember?

(awkward; mumbled)

Of course you do.

She sighs.

VI (CONT'D)

I don't think that either of us should have reacted like that.

ERIN

No.

VI

I mean, we should have been surprised. Happy, even. But not...

(beat)

(MORE)

VI (CONT'D)

I think some other stuff might have got mixed in there. In the end.

(beat)

Stuff we should probably talk about.

Erin walks over to the porch railing. Leaning against it, he looks out into the front garden.

ERIN

You know, I always pictured us as this perfect couple. Like the couple in high school that everyone, when they're old and married, they look back at and wish they could have been like us when they were sixteen or seventeen or whatever.

Vi moves to stand next to him. A beat.

VI

That's kind of shallow.
(off his annoyed look)
But still perfectly acceptable.

She thinks for a moment.

VI (CONT'D)

But I don't think you should think of us as perfect. We're not. I'm not.

Erin pushes himself off the railing, frustrated.

ERIN

But it's not even about that. It's not about being perfect. It's about being perfect with each other. I don't think... That probably doesn't make any sense.

VI

So, we're perfect because we... What? What do we do? I go to your soccer games, we watch movies, we make out. And that's about it, right? Shouldn't there be something more?

(beat)

I mean, we've been together for almost a whole year and I didn't even know that you had a sister. You never even --

ERIN

(suddenly angry)

It's not like you asked!

(bitter)

Jesus, Vi. I tried so hard to get you to open up and you just kept pushing me away. Then, the second you realise there's something I haven't told you about my life, I'm the one who's keeping secrets?!

VI

That's not what I'm saying!

(beat; calm)

There are things I can't tell you. And you always said that was okay. You always said that... that being normal was overrated.

ERIN

There's a difference between being a little strange and being, well, you.

VI

(hurt)

Don't.

ERIN

Don't what? Repeat the stuff I've heard kids say about you every day since you came back from the dead?!

(then)

Vi, you have no idea what those people think of you. You have no idea what I've had to protect you from.

There it is. That word again. Vi snaps.

VI

Who said I wanted you to protect me, Erin?! I see the way they look at me. I've heard all the rumours. I'm fine!

(beat)

Some guy killed me and I'm fine. I was almost thrown off a cliff and, guess what? Fine.

(without thinking)

It really never matters whether you're around or not because I always turn out just fine.

A long beat. The words settle like dust. Their anger fades.

ERIN

(quiet)

So what exactly are we talking
about here?

VI

(beat; equally as quiet)

I think we broke up.

MUSIC CUE: "Another Round" - Die Romantik

Vi doesn't linger. She walks down the porch steps and
starts across the front lawn - leaving Erin standing alone.

The space between them stretches. Erin goes back inside.
Vi, at the footpath now, digs her hands into her pockets.

She continues walking and is enveloped by the night.

FADE TO BLACK.

END OF EPISODE