

THE COMPANY

"Curiouser and Curiouser"

by
Lee A. Chrimes

TEASER

FADE IN:

INT. YACHT - BELOW DECK - DAY

VI stands before us, inside the cabin of an all-too familiar yacht. She stares into the camera, not moving, as the cabin rocks gently from side to side.

She looks down at her hand - she's holding a half-eaten apple. She looks back up:

And there's KIERAN, munching on another apple. Vi looks back to her hand - the apple is gone.

She hears muffled SHOUTS coming from outside, and turns to the porthole window.

The suddenly huge, circular window shows NATHAN and KOU fighting on the deck outside.

Vi heads for the glass - her movements slow and dreamy - but when she reaches it and tries to SHOUT...

Silence. She tries again - still nothing.

And a HAND clamps down on her shoulder.

EXT. YACHT - MAIN DECK - NEXT

Vi is suddenly out on the deck, watching as Nathan holds Kou head-first in the water.

Nathan holds Kou's ankle, preventing him from turning or breaking the surface. AIR BUBBLES rise and pop.

Vi stands beside Nathan, watching Kou slowly drown, emotion strangely lacking.

The water around Kou is suddenly covered with PAPERWORK - scraps of paper idly floating on the water.

Stepping past Nathan, who grimly holds onto Kou even as Kou himself still struggles, Vi reaches the rear of the boat.

Scooping some of the papers from the water, she holds them up for a better look:

It's an official COMPANY REPORT. Kou's name is at the top - but the rest of the paper is BLANK.

Vi sorts through the other sodden sheets - every one exactly the same.

INT. THE COMPANY - SIDNEY'S OFFICE - DAY

And now we're suddenly inside SIDNEY's office, the man himself behind his desk - BENSON stands to one side of him.

Vi looks at her hands - she's still clutching several sheets of the blank reports.

She opens her mouth to speak - but the papers are SNATCHED away from her as JENNA marches past, joining the others. She's followed by ANDREW.

She looks from face to face - none of them welcoming or friendly. Vi squirms.

Finally, Sidney rises - the others abruptly nowhere in sight. His head is bowed.

He looks up into her eyes, sucking in a deep breath and opening his mouth:

And makes the sound of a fantastically loud ALARM CLOCK!

Vi cocks her head to one side, confused.

INT. MORGAN RESIDENCE - VI'S ROOM - MORNING

Vi. In bed. Waking blearily from her dream. She looks towards the offending alarm clock - 7:30am.

She reaches across to silence the alarm, rolling onto her back and staring at the ceiling before letting out a heavy SIGH.

VI (PRE-LAP)

You don't need to be a
psychoanalyst to figure any of that
out.

INT. THE COMPANY - CORRIDOR - DAY

Vi walks alongside Andrew and Jenna.

VI

I mean... I know I haven't exactly
been sleeping all that well
since... you know...

JENNA

Since Kou died?

ANDREW

("as if!")
Since Vi and her boy broke up.

JENNA

Oh.
 (beat; realises)
 Oh! I'm sorry, I --

VI

(not listening)
 What gets me is that Myron and I know somebody tampered with Kou's assignment report, but I still can't get anyone to listen to me about it.

ANDREW

That's because you need to approach it the right way.

VI

And that would be?

ANDREW

I dunno.

Vi HUFFS, frustrated. Jenna nudges Andrew aside to take his place at Vi's side.

JENNA

Vi, you have to look at this from the Company's perspective.

VI

(darkly)
 Sometimes, I think that's the only perspective.

JENNA

People can't access assignment reports across branches. It's only general things like personnel files, basic administration stuff.

Vi frowns, thoughtful.

ANDREW

And anyway, it's your word against the Breakers on this one, and your recent...

VI

(narrows eyes)
 "My recent" what?

ANDREW

(awkward)
 You know, your... er... Jenna?

JENNA

What Andrew is trying to say, in his usual delicate way, is that your recent performance record works against you a little.

VI

But I --

JENNA

(over her)

Extenuating circumstances or not, I'm afraid it's facts on paper that matters. Especially with a new boss trying to play by the rules.

Vi pouts, her gaze falling ahead. Andrew nudges her.

ANDREW

What?

VI

What?

ANDREW

I know that look. What're you planning?

VI

(indignant)

I'm not planning anything.

(beat)

I'm just thinking.

She glances at the other two from the corner of her eye.

VI (cont'd)

(careful)

If nobody outside of this branch can access those reports, then...

Jenna stops suddenly. The other two backtrack to join her.

JENNA

Vi, you can't possibly be suggesting --

VI

What other explanation is there?

(beat)

Somebody here altered Kou's report. One of the Fixers.

Jenna hesitates, then resumes walking. Vi and Andrew follow.

JENNA

I don't know.

ANDREW

We should at least check out her theory.

(off Jenna's look)

We owe it to Kou to at least try.

VI

And anyway, let's assume that the Breakers are also involved in this - I mean, they're responsible for what happened to Kou, right? How are we going to prove that?

ANDREW

You already have an idea, don't you?

Vi grins, sweet.

VI

Maybe.

ANDREW

Because you'd better not be evil planning what I think you're evil planning...

JENNA

She's right, though.

(beat)

We're going to have to pay the Breakers a visit.

The three move off screen.

BLACK OUT:

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

INT. THE COMPANY - BREAK ROOM - DAY

Andrew is cooking up some coffee while Jenna leans glumly against the counter.

ANDREW

Stop it.

JENNA

(distracted)

Stop what?

ANDREW

Looking into the distance like you've just seen your cat get run over, and you're being inexorably dragged towards it.

He glances up - she's giving him an (understandably) odd look.

ANDREW (cont'd)

Well, you were!

JENNA

Actually, I'm more surprised by you using the word "inexorably".

He passes her one mug of coffee.

ANDREW

Read it in one of your magazines. Which, by the way, you need to stop leaving round my place, because I'm starting to get worryingly interested in the dietary habits of Posh and Becks.

She sips the coffee - grimaces - and puts it down as Andrew swigs his own, oblivious.

JENNA

This is a bad idea.

ANDREW

All our ideas are bad. We just have so many that occasionally, some of them work.

JENNA

Andrew...

He's already heading for the door.

ANDREW
 I'll go round up a Dirty Dozen.
 (thinks)
Half Dozen. See ya.

And he's gone. Jenna sighs again, then without thinking takes another sip of her coffee.

Blech. She starts to spoon in a whole lot of sugar...

INT. THE COMPANY - SIDNEY'S OFFICE - LATER

Jenna is handing Sidney a series of folders.

JENNA
 And these are the time sheets for
 the Control Centre staff.

SIDNEY
 Right, right...

He flicks through, scribbling his signature in the appropriate places.

He doesn't notice Jenna fidgeting awkwardly, waiting for him to finish. His job done, he hands the papers back.

SIDNEY (cont'd)
 Anything else?

JENNA
 (beat)
 Actually, yes, there is. A meeting
 with Marcus Pierson, Director of
 the Garreton Breakers.

SIDNEY
 (blinks)
 Do I have one scheduled?

JENNA
 No, sir. That's my point - you
 should arrange one.

SIDNEY
 And why's that? Has something
 happened that I need to speak to
 him about?
 (suspicious)
 If this is about Violet --

JENNA
 (quickly)
 It's a protocol thing. Well, more
 diplomatic, really.
 (MORE)

JENNA (cont'd)

Benson used to go over there at least once a year, just to catch up, keep each other in the loop.

SIDNEY

Ah, right. I get you. Just an informal, "how's business?".

JENNA

Exactly. Shall I pencil you something in for, say... today?

SIDNEY

(raises eyebrow)

Bit short notice, isn't it?

JENNA

I know, but what with everything that's gone on recently Benson never got the chance to meet his last annual appointment, so...

Sidney doesn't look convinced, his attention already wandering.

JENNA (cont'd)

It'd go down very well with Head Office, too.

Sidney perks up, suddenly interested again.

JENNA (cont'd)

You know, show both them and your employees that you're stepping up to the role of Director.

SIDNEY

(nods)

Yeah... yeah, alright then. Do it. Make me something for this afternoon.

JENNA

Of course.

Jenna turns to leave. She's at the door when:

SIDNEY

Oh, and Jenna?

She turns. Sidney smiles, genuine.

SIDNEY (cont'd)

Thanks. It's good to know I've got somebody on my side.

Jenna manages to force a smile in response - just.

VI (PRE-LAP)

So? Are you in?

INT. THE COMPANY - RECORDS DEPARTMENT - NEXT

Vi and Andrew stand before Myron, who tries to ignore them as he types away on his PC.

VI

Myron?

MYRON

I heard you the first time. I'm just deliberating.

ANDREW

Can you deliberate a bit quicker, mate? We've got more cannon fodder on the way, and I want this square by the time they get here.

Andrew SLURPS the dregs of his coffee, missing the dark look Vi shoots his way.

Myron finishes typing, turning in his chair to face them both. He holds their gaze for a long beat.

MYRON

Alright.

VI

(beams)

Great.

MYRON

I mean, you won't have anybody else who can navigate their own records department, will you?

VI

You're the only man for the job, Myron. Thanks.

VOICE (O.S.)

Which just fills me with confidence.

Vi stiffens - as GABRIELLE enters.

VI

What's...

(turns to Andrew)

You didn't.

Andrew marches up to Gabrielle, extending his hand for a shake. To everyone's surprise, she does so.

GABRIELLE

Friar.

ANDREW

Gabby.

(winces)

Dautry. Ma'am. Er...

GABRIELLE

"Gabrielle" will be just fine.

(nods; to Vi)

Morgan.

VI

Uh... you're coming with us?

GABRIELLE

Either that, or I'm actually here to report you all and have you hauled away in chains.

She looks round. Rolls her eyes at Vi and Myron's terrified expressions.

GABRIELLE (cont'd)

Yes, I'm here to help. Kou... he was a good man. If the Breakers had anything to do with his death, then I want proof just as badly as you do.

VI

(hesitant)

Alright... is that everyone?

ANDREW

(checks watch)

We're just waiting for --

ANOTHER VOICE (O.S.)

Room for one more?

Vi perks up, turning as DAVID steps into frame.

DAVID

Sorry I'm late. It's like a maze down here!

Vi offers a warm smile.

VI

Hey.

DAVID

(grins back)

Hey.

GABRIELLE

Bringing David in was my idea. He's so new, nobody at the Breakers will recognise him. He'll be a good diversion if we need one.

ANDREW

Which we probably will.

(off looks)

Not being a pessimist, more... actually, I can't think of another way to say it.

Jenna enters and joins the group. She still looks rather downcast.

ANDREW (cont'd)

Oh. Did it not go well with Sidney?

JENNA

Hmm? Oh, no, it went just fine. He agreed to the meeting, so I've booked it for an hour's time.

VI

So... why the long face?

JENNA

Unlike some people, I'm not all that comfortable lying to my boss. Especially not another one.

Vi raises an eyebrow. Andrew quickly steps to her side.

ANDREW

What she means is, she's just too honest for her own good sometimes.

GABRIELLE

Can we perhaps hear some kind of plan, now? Or is this the wrong meeting for that?

Jenna steps up to Myron's desk and lays down her appointment book.

JENNA

Sidney'll head for the elevator in just under an hour, and it will be tuned to take him straight to the Breakers office. All you have to do is follow him through before the frequency resets.

DAVID

The elevator has a frequency?

ANDREW

Explains the muzak, doesn't it?

VI

Wait, "you"? As in, you're not coming with us?

ANDREW

Someone needs to stay here to cover for us in case we're missed. And Jenna has the most honest face.

JENNA

Besides, I'm the assignment coordinator. I actually have work to do.

GABRIELLE

How are we supposed to follow Sidney, exactly? Hide at the back with our hands over her eyes so he can't see us?

JENNA

When the lift returns to the Company, there's a seven-second delay before it resets its destination. You just need to jump in the moment it comes back.

Andrew CLAPS his hands loudly, startling the others.

ANDREW

Brilliant. Attagirl. Right! See you all up in reception in forty-five minutes, then.

Gabrielle strides from the room, not wasting a moment. Vi nods and exits, David following her. Myron hands Jenna her appointment book and swivels back to his computer screen.

Andrew and Jenna head away from Myron's desk. Andrew glances round to make sure they're alone before sliding an arm round her waist.

ANDREW (cont'd)

We'll be fine.

JENNA

(not convinced)
Yeah...

He stops, turning her to face him.

ANDREW

(firm)
We'll be fine.
(MORE)

ANDREW (cont'd)

And do you know how I know we'll be fine? Because this was your plan, and you're about the only one here who knows what the bloody hell they're doing. Ergo... fine.

She starts to protest - so he KISSES her.

JENNA

(blinks; starts to grin)
That's cheating.

ANDREW

So tell the teacher.

And he KISSES her again, Jenna's doubts melting away for a moment as she returns it.

INT. THE COMPANY - RECEPTION - LATER

Vi and Andrew loiter by the water cooler, trying (and failing) to look inconspicuous.

VI

(hushed voice)
So, I was thinking, when we get inside, David and I should head for the --

ANDREW

Yeah, about that...
(sighs)
I don't think you should go.

VI

What?

She stops, checking round that nobody heard that.

VI (cont'd)

Why not?

ANDREW

It'll be dangerous, for one, you're not exactly in the best emotional state of mind right now --
(off her dark look)
I'm sorry, but you're not - and we also know that a former serial killer could be over there waiting for you, so --

VI

He had his chance to kill me. He didn't take it. So I think I'm safe. Ish.

(off look)

Andrew. Seriously.

(MORE)

VI (cont'd)

You don't have to worry about my "emotional state of mind". I can compartmentalize the me and Erin... thing. This is important. And besides, if... if I hadn't messed up the Signs with a Breaker's assignment, then maybe...

She lets it hang. Andrew doesn't have an answer.

INT. THE COMPANY - DINING HALL - NEXT

Sidney sits with Benson, halfway through a pasta salad.

SIDNEY

So what is the best way to greet this Marcus fella?

BENSON

He appreciates punctuality. And be direct. Look him in the eye when you shake his hand.

(slight smile)

And don't be alarmed if you feel your knuckles starting to rotate during the handshake.

Sidney raises an eyebrow. Benson keeps chuckling, taking another mouthful of his lunch.

SIDNEY

Got it. Thanks, Benny.

He rises. Benson looks up, surprised.

BENSON

That's it? You don't want to know anything else about how to deal with him?

SIDNEY

I think I can muddle the rest out myself.

BENSON

He can be very... particular.

SIDNEY

(smiles)

Not a problem. Thanks again.

And he's gone, Benson watching him go.

INT. THE COMPANY - RECEPTION - NEXT

Jenna, Myron, David and Gabrielle emerge from the corridor, joining Andrew and Vi at the watercooler.

Andrew does a quick head count - grins to himself, seeming pleased about something.

JENNA
Sidney's on his way.

She nods towards a door marked "Employees Only".

JENNA (cont'd)
In there, quick.

The six of them hustle inside - and not a moment too soon, as Sidney rounds a corner just as the door closes.

He heads straight for the elevator, HUMMING to himself. He looks to the desk - no Glenda. He frowns, puzzled.

ANDREW (O.S.)
(muffled; through door)
Why do we have a door marked
"Employees Only"?

JENNA (O.S.)
(muffled; through door)
Ssh!

ANDREW (O.S.)
Seriously, who else is going to be
up here?

The elevator PINGS as the doors open, and Sidney steps inside. As the doors close...

... the door hiding the team opens, Jenna peeking out. Once the elevator is on its way, she quickly steps out.

JENNA
Come on!

She hurries over to the lift, glancing towards the empty reception desk as Andrew joins her.

JENNA (cont'd)
Where's Glenda? She was the one
part of this side of the plan I was
the most worried about.

ANDREW
Persuaded her to take an extended
lunch break.

JENNA
Do I want to know how?

ANDREW

(smirks)

Not if you still want me to come
over later.

Jenna quickly THUMPS his arm, shooting a wary look at the others as they approach.

VI

All set?

GABRIELLE

Given that this has gone so well
this far.

Jenna looks up, watching the numbers on the elevator panel - although it's displaying strange SYMBOLS instead.

The display goes blank, and Jenna holds her finger over the "Call" button.

JENNA

Here we go.

The elevator PINGS, and she quickly jabs the button, starting to count back from seven.

The team pile inside, Jenna staying put but still counting down, and as the doors slide shut she meets Andrew's eyes for one last time:

INT. BREAKERS BRANCH - RECEPTION - DAY

The doors slide open. Wherever they are now, it's suddenly much darker. Colder.

There's a long beat before Andrew takes the plunge and steps out into this new area.

If office buildings could have an evil twin, then the team have found theirs.

The paint work is cracked, the wallpaper peeling and the carpet threadbare and patchy.

Neon strip lights FLICKER overhead, suspicious damp patches rising up the walls.

Instead of the Company's broad reception desk, there's something only a few steps up from a folding table before them, holding an archaic PC and a clunky, retro phone.

Faded paintings hang on the wall, thick layers of DUST coating their frames.

The others join him, looking around as they take in their new surroundings.

GABRIELLE

(dry)

Oh, yeah. Definitely still going well.

Andrew shoots her an annoyed look as we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

INT. BREAKERS BRANCH - CORRIDOR - DAY

Pressed up against the wall, Andrew slides forward one careful step at a time. Like a scruffy ninja.

GABRIELLE (O.S.)

What the hell are you doing?

Beat. PULL BACK - Gabrielle's standing nearby, arms folded. Making the mid-ninja Andrew look even more ridiculous.

ANDREW

Being stealthy. We are in enemy territory, you know.

GABRIELLE

Which is, in case you hadn't noticed, dead. I've seen funerals with more...

She trails off. Too soon for those kinds of jokes.

The others step into frame as Andrew steps away from the wall, straightens his clothing and turns to them.

ANDREW

Right, then. Gabrielle and I'll go do some recon, find out the lay of the land. Vi, David, you go with Myron and head straight for the Records Department. Anybody asks, you're new and have been given some sucky filing job. Make a joke out of it - people'll be less suspicious if you act like you're already sick of being here.

VI

Why do I get stuck with the safe job? Oh, yeah, that's right. I'm "fragile".

Andrew rolls his eyes a little.

ANDREW

Good luck.

And as the team disperse, grouping up and heading off, we CUT TO:

INT. BREAKERS BRANCH - CORRIDOR - NEXT

Sidney is wandering down a similarly dilapidated corridor, following the RECEPTIONIST. He sports a Visitors badge.

SIDNEY
 (looking around)
 I see what you mean about things
 being a bit different over here,
 eh? Could do with a spot of paint
 here and there!

The Receptionist doesn't even reply. She reaches a plain door marked "MARCUS PIERSON" and stops.

SIDNEY (cont'd)
 In here, is it? Right. Thanks.

Still silent, the Receptionist turns and glides away. Sidney waits at the door for a beat, then finally KNOCKS. No answer. He pushes open the door and steps in.

INT. BREAKERS BRANCH - MARCUS' OFFICE - NEXT

Inside, Sidney double takes at the contrast:

Marcus' office is sleek, modern, clean and a million dollars further down the line from the cheaply-painted corridor outside. Sidney even checks outside again before entering.

Looking around, he takes in the mod cons - a shiny, top of the range Mac, bay windows showing a breathtaking sunset, rows of neatly-arranged books, magazines, DVDs and CDs, and a plush leather sofa against one wall.

But no Marcus.

Sidney paces around, trying to find somewhere innocent to take a seat, when the door opens - and in comes MARCUS PIERSON.

SIDNEY
 Ah, Marcus.
 (extends hand)
 Sidney Dobbs, I'm from the --

Without a word, Marcus scoops up some of the papers from his desk, turns and exits. He didn't even look at Sidney.

Stay on Sidney for a beat, arm still outstretched, before he blinks and lowers his hand. Utterly perplexed.

INT. BREAKERS BRANCH - CORRIDOR - DAY

Vi, David and Myron are keeping their heads down as they walk down one of this branch's long, dim corridors.

DAVID
 You'd think they'd spring for some
 better lighting.

MYRON

Studies have shown that neon lighting is thirty-seven per cent more likely to induce migraines, nausea and dizziness in employees than regular economy --

VI

(hisses)

Be quiet!

She glances up - a young BREAKER passes by, giving them an odd look.

DAVID

(sheepish)

Sorry.

VI

Look, we need to stay inconspicuous. And commenting on the lighting when we're supposed to be undercover is kind of... overconspicuous.

(before Myron can speak)

Yes, I know that's not a word.

The trio head on - coming to a large BOARD tacked to the wall. One corner is peeling away.

The board is a mess of arrows, pointing to various departments and sections of the building.

David steps up to it, tracing his finger along to locate the arrow for "Records", which points further down the corridor.

DAVID

Alright, looks like we just keep going this way, and we'll soon be...

His voice trails away - PUSH IN on Vi. She's staring at another arrow:

RUNNERS.

She lays a hand on David's arm, cutting him off mid-sentence. She doesn't notice the odd look he gives her - and her hand.

VI

Myron, can you handle going down to Records to snoop by yourself?

MYRON

Well --

VI
 (over him)
 Great. C'mon, David.

She leads him off - back the way they came.

MYRON
 But... hey! Wait!

VI
 (over shoulder)
 We'll come get you in a little
 while, Myron! Just got something to
 do first!

They turn a corner. Myron hesitates, suddenly horribly aware of how conspicuous he looks.

Another BREAKER passes, and he tries to casually nod a greeting - managing only to GRUNT loudly instead.

The Breaker gives him another puzzled look, and as Myron shrinks back down the corridor, we CUT TO:

INT. BREAKERS BRANCH - CORRIDOR - NEXT

Still flicking his eyes the way of any Breakers that pass, David whispers to Vi:

DAVID
 Where are we going?

VI
 To get some answers.

DAVID
 Answers that aren't in Records?

VI
 Exactly.

DAVID
 Oh.
 (beat)
 So... what kind are those?

VI
 The kind that we can only find by
 talking to some Breakers ourselves.
 Stuff that gets left out of
 official records. The most powerful
 information gathering tool in the
 known universe.
 (grins)
 Gossip.

David doesn't look any more convinced as we CUT TO:

INT. BREAKERS BRANCH - STAIRWELL - NEXT

Gabrielle opens a door onto a winding metal staircase, stretching up and down for many floors.

She's peering upwards, trying to work out where it goes, as Andrew joins her.

ANDREW

Have to say, Gabby --
 (off her sharp look)
 Sorry, Gabrielle... this isn't the
 kind of recon I was expecting.

GABRIELLE

You'd rather go back out there and
 practise your American Ninja
 impression?

Andrew hesitates. Gabrielle allows herself a brief smirk, starting to descend the stairs.

ANDREW

Where are we going?

GABRIELLE

I don't know. Which is why I'm
 going there.

She continues, and with a glance behind him Andrew is quick to follow.

INT. BREAKERS BRANCH - RECORDS DEPARTMENT - NEXT

Myron enters. Continuing the almost schizophrenic decor of the branch, Records is the complete opposite of its dank surroundings.

High-tech computers, sleek filing cabinets, chattering terminals, whirring rows of servers - the CIA would be proud.

There's nobody here but the machinery, however, and Myron walks unopposed further into the room.

He pauses by one of the servers, leaning over to peer at its innards.

VOICE (O.S.)

Excuse me?

Myron JUMPS up, arm BANGING into one of the servers. A display screen POPS OPEN, and he quickly tries to push it back into place.

The keyboard locks, resisting his efforts to frantically reset it - until a FEMALE HAND reaches in, hits a button, and the display slides smoothly back into place.

Myron turns to meet AUDREY CEREZA (27), an attractive woman of Filipino descent.

AUDREY
Who are you?

MYRON
(faltering)
Myron. My name. Myron. Uh... New.
I'm new.

AUDREY
So which is it? "New" or "Myron"?
They can't both be your name.

MYRON
Uh... why not?

Audrey quirks an eyebrow - bemused rather than suspicious.

AUDREY
I'm Audrey Cereza.
(points to name badge)
Head of Records. You're either lost
or about to get thrown out on your
arse by security, so...

MYRON
(quickly)
I'm new. Definitely. Very new. Lost
and new.

Audrey narrows her eyes, scrutinising Myron. He squirms under her piercing gaze as we CUT TO:

INT. BREAKERS BRANCH - RUNNERS DEPT. - NEXT

Vi and David lean round a corner, getting a better look at the area before them:

A lo-fi cubicle farm, with drab furniture and soulless grey partitions around a sea of desks.

Breakers mill around - some gathered around colleague's desks, others by the nearly empty vending machines.

Vi scans the room, slipping out and walking on. David keeps looking for a beat before realising and following.

DAVID
(as he catches up)
Whoa. Why don't we have one of
these things?

VI

I think we do. I don't know, there was just something too "Dunder-Mifflin" about the whole thing so I never put my name down for a desk.

DAVID

Right.

(beat)

So, what are we doing here?

VI

Learning to trust and not ask so many questions.

(off look)

I'll know when I see it. Or hear it. One or the other.

DAVID

Right, right. Got it.

(beat)

Uh... how've you been?

She quirks an eyebrow. He shrugs.

DAVID (cont'd)

(whispers)

Trying to look like we belong here. Chit-chat is a useful tool.

VI

(beat; nods)

I'm... alright. Surprisingly alright, actually. I mean, I thought I'd be scraping the floor today because of...

DAVID

Recent events?

(off look)

Gossip. Like you said.

VI

How much do you know?

DAVID

Surprisingly little. About most things, I'm finding out.

VI

Let's see. Last few weeks...

(counting off on fingers)

Attacked by a serial killer, witnessed a murder and broke up with my boyfriend.

David suddenly brightens - but is quick to mask it with a look of sympathy as Vi turns back to him.

VI (cont'd)

As you can see - sunshine and hollow chocolate bunnies all round.

DAVID

Yeah... I get that.

(beat)

Uh... so, you and Erin, what happened with...

He trails off, realising she's looking elsewhere. He follows her gaze:

And she's watching NATHAN stroll along the far wall of the area, oblivious to the attention. Luckily.

VI

Remember that thing I was looking for?

She grabs his hand. David manages to suppress a grin.

VI (cont'd)

Time to earn your pay check.

As she drags him away, we hear:

SIDNEY (PRE-LAP)

It was like I wasn't even there.

INT. BREAKERS BRANCH - CORRIDOR - NEXT

Sidney is on his mobile phone, standing outside the door to Marcus' office.

SIDNEY

I tried to follow him out, but he must have snuck back in while I wasn't looking.

JENNA

(filtered; through phone)

How do you know?

SIDNEY

Because now the door's locked, and I can hear him working at his computer.

JENNA

Which means he can also hear you talking to me outside.

SIDNEY

(beat)

Good point. So what should I do?

JENNA

I, ah... I'm not sure. Benson never reported this kind of thing.

SIDNEY

Then perhaps I should speak to him instead? Could you go and find him for me?

JENNA

Of course.

Sidney glances back towards the door as we CUT TO:

INT. BREAKERS BRANCH - DINING HALL - NEXT

The place is a scummy and unwelcoming as the rest of the building. Vi and David step inside, Vi scanning the room for Nathan.

She pots him over by the counters, being served his lunch in dollops of unappetizing mulch.

DAVID

And I thought my old school canteen was bad.

VI

We need to get closer without him seeing us.

DAVID

(miles away)

In fact, I think this is my old school canteen...

Vi's off again, and David has to hurry to catch up. She's careful to stay behind him as they close in.

They take a seat, Vi hiding herself behind one of the pillars dotted around the room. Nathan's a couple of tables away.

Vi peeks out, looking at what he's doing - and her eyes widen as she takes in:

Nathan fiddling with a DRIVER'S LICENSE. Tapping the corners of it against the table. Kou's picture is in the corner.

VI

(to David)

Look! There!

DAVID
What is it?

VI
Kou's driver's license. We have to
get it.
(beat; triumphant)
There's no way the Breakers can
explain away that.

DAVID
And we can prove they were involved
in Kou's death.
(beat)
We can prove you were right, Vi.

VI
Exactly.

She glances back - there's no easy way to get to Nathan
without being seen, however.

DAVID
So how do we do this?

VI
Remember that diversion Gabrielle
mentioned you being?

DAVID
(gulps)
I have a vague recollection, yeah.

VI
(waves him away)
Go on, then. Divert. I'll swipe the
license once Nathan's occupied.

He hesitates, about to answer, but she's already fixed back
on Nathan. With a little sigh, he rises.

ON DAVID as he travels back across the room, ending up near
Nathan's table. He loiters, at a loss for a plan.

ON VI as she watches him, mentally willing him to come up
with something clever to do, when:

VOICE (O.S.)
Haven't seen you around here
before.

Vi jumps and turns - to see JUDY CARLYLE (13), a slightly
chubby blonde girl with cold, calculating eyes. She POPS a
bubble of gum.

Vi visibly relaxes when she realises that Judy isn't a
threat.

VI
 (amused; joking)
 Are you trying to pick me up?

Judy smoothly slides into an empty seat. She removes the bubble gum from her mouth and sticks it under the table.

JUDY
 Are you new?

VI
 Yep. New. That's probably why we haven't met before.

JUDY
 Do you know who I am?

A beat. Vi can feel the mood drop. She becomes tense.

VI
 Um... Should I?

JUDY
 I'm Judy. Everyone knows me. And I know everyone.
 (beat)
 Even the newbies.

Vi gulps. Judy doesn't break her gaze - not backing down.

INT. BREAKERS BRANCH - BASEMENT CORRIDOR - NEXT

Gabrielle steps off a staircase and into another long, gloomy corridor. An odd, distant BUZZING sound can be heard.

Frowning, she starts towards it as Andrew finally emerges from the same staircase, out of breath.

ANDREW
 Were you power... stair-walking?

GABRIELLE
 I'm just trying to cover a lot of ground. Keep up.

She doesn't stop, forcing Andrew to jog to catch her up.

ANDREW
 There must be some law against a maximum walking speed on a mission.

GABRIELLE
 You're just out of shape, Friar.

ANDREW
 You can call me "Andrew", you know.

GABRIELLE

I know.

She stops, raising a hand to stop Andrew too. They're at a junction, Gabrielle leaning round to peer out:

There's only one feature in the corridor beyond - a single, unmarked DOOR. The buzzing is much louder here.

There are also dozens of POWER CABLES running in and out of the room, as though it's some kind of generator station.

The door opens, bright light suddenly flooding the corridor. Gabrielle ducks back as two lab-coated TECHNICIANS exit.

As she keeps watching, the technicians hurry off into the darkness - but two more employees scurry back, entering the room as the door closes.

ANDREW (O.S.)

Gabrielle? What is it?

Gabrielle leans back, musing on this as Andrew cranes round for a peek of his own - too quick to see anything.

ANDREW (cont'd)

What? What did you see?

He looks to Gabrielle - still lost in thought as we CUT TO:

INT. BREAKERS BRANCH - DINING HALL - NEXT

Back with Vi, as she reluctantly lays a pack of GUM into Judy's waiting hand.

VI

Okay, I bought you more gum. You promise to leave me alone, now?

JUDY

For a little while, yeah.

Vi narrows her eyes - but releases the gum. Judy stuffs it into her pocket, then marches away.

Vi shoots her a filthy look - then spots KIERAN walking past the dining hall entrance, munching on an apple!

She looks back to Nathan - David still hasn't made his move. Vi looks back after Kieran - he's gone.

She's torn. Looks both ways again. And then rises, hurrying out of the room.

INT. BREAKERS BRANCH - CORRIDOR - NEXT

As Kieran rounds a corner in the foreground, Vi peeks round one in the background.

She hurries up to the corner her turned, carefully leaning round:

And see's Kieran enter a room marked 'SURVEILLANCE.' Vi waits, checking both ways before heading over.

INT. BREAKERS BRANCH - SURVEILLANCE - NEXT

Vi pushes the door ajar - no sign of Kieran inside. She cautiously enters, letting the door shut quietly.

Before her is a bank of dozens of CCTV monitors - looking like they've been rescued from the Seventies. Half of them are broken, and those that work show fuzzy, ghostly images.

Seizing the opportunity to snoop, Vi starts examining the various monitors to see what she can learn, when:

KIERAN (O.S.)
I know you're there.

She freezes - then DARTS behind a row of dusty old shelving units, moments before Kieran emerges from the shadows!

He looks both ways, a playful grin on his lips.

KIERAN (cont'd)
Come on out.

ON VI as she huddles, terrified, trying not to make a sound. Kieran's FOOTSTEPS seem awfully close.

KIERAN (O.S.) (cont'd)
Judy, we both know you're getting a little too old to play these games.

Vi blanches as she twigs who Kieran thinks is here - but then stiffens again as Kieran comes to stand right by the unit she's hiding behind!

KIERAN (cont'd)
And we also both know I'm too good at finding you for them to ever last long...

CLOSE ON VI as she closes her eyes, cursing herself for being stupid enough to follow him, as we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

INT. BREAKERS BRANCH - SURVEILLANCE - DAY

Kieran is now pacing along the row of shelving units, peeking through the gaps in each.

KIERAN

I'm going to start counting down,
because you know I always find you
in ten... nine... eight...

He's edging back towards Vi, who scrunches herself up into a tiny little ball - as if it'll somehow help.

KIERAN (cont'd)

Seven... six... five..

He's moments away from seeing her now. Vi doesn't even breathe.

KIERAN (cont'd)

Four... three... two...

And just as he leans down towards her hiding place:

KIERAN (cont'd)

One!

The door OPENS, and two SECURITY GUARDS step in. Kieran quickly stands, to bemused looks from the Guards.

KIERAN (cont'd)

(smiles)

Hey there, boys. Good break?

GUARD

Er... can we help you with
something?

KIERAN

No, no. It's all good.

Kieran steps out, PATTING one of the Guards amiably on the shoulder as he exits - and slipping his APPLE CORE into the Guard's pocket.

Vi waits for the door to close before she EXHALES. She risks a look out - the Guards are over by the monitors.

REVERSE ANGLE from the monitors, the two Guards already cursing and trying to get better signals. Vi slips out and carefully opens the door, escaping at last.

INT. BREAKERS BRANCH - CORRIDOR - NEXT

Vi keeps her head down and hurries away, rounding a corner - and BUMPING into someone!

She lets out a YELP - but it's only David. She SIGHS with relief - then HITS him on the arm.

DAVID
Ow! What was --

VI
You scared the crap out of me!

David frowns, registering how edgy she looks.

DAVID
Is everything alright?

VI
I'm fine.
(beat)
Did you get it?

David hesitates - then holds up the LICENSE.

VI (cont'd)
(beams)
Aw, fantastic! How did you manage it? Did anyone see you?

David turns - there's a variety of FOOD STAINS smeared across the back of his shirt.

DAVID
Engineered a workplace incident over by the condiments. Managed to grab the license on my way back out, as Nathan was helping clean up my mess.

Vi reaches for it - but David holds it away from her.

DAVID (cont'd)
(pointed)
You'll notice that no part of the above situation mentions anything about you helping me.

VI
(sighs)
I know, I'm sorry, I got --

DAVID
Distracted by running off somewhere else without warning? So I noticed.
(MORE)

DAVID (cont'd)
Was this another one of your hunches?

VI
Let's just say that next time I have a hunch...

She GRABS the license, starting to move on.

VI (cont'd)
... do me a favour and shoot me.

David falls into step beside her as they walk away.

DAVID
Leg alright?

VI
Somewhere that'll leave an awesome scar.

They turn a corner out of view as we CUT TO:

INT. BREAKERS BRANCH - BASEMENT CORRIDOR - NEXT

With Gabrielle and Andrew. She's keeping up her surveillance of the mystery door, as a bored Andrew TAPS the wall.

GABRIELLE
Please stop that.

ANDREW
We're meant to be recon-ing. Not loitering.

GABRIELLE
Andrew, if you continue to tap, we both know I can break several of your fingers without even looking round.

And Andrew stops tapping. He leans around Gabrielle to see what she's watching:

There's no activity in the corridor. No sign of anyone moving to or from the door.

ANDREW
That's it? We're staking out a door?

GABRIELLE
Something about this, it's --

ANDREW
(sighs)
For God's sake...

He strides out into the open, round the corner and towards the door before she can react!

GABRIELLE
(hisses)
Andrew! Andrew!

He ignores her, heading up to the door and opening it - instantly flooding the corridor with light!

ANDREW
(boggles)
What --

Gabrielle rushes into frame, SHOVING Andrew inside and quickly SLAMMING the door after them.

INT. BREAKERS BRANCH - MYSTERIOUS ROOM - NEXT

ON ANDREW AND GABRIELLE, squinting into the BRIGHT WHITE LIGHT radiating from something off screen. It pulses. Throbbing stronger, then weaker.

They're frozen in shock. Then, slowly, as they adjust to whatever it is in front of them, they frown in confusion.

ANDREW
(bewildered)
Huh.

INT. BREAKERS BRANCH - CORRIDOR - NEXT

With Sidney, who looks up as he hears someone approaching - it's Benson. Sidney smiles, relieved.

SIDNEY
Alistair. Thanks for coming over.

BENSON
Not a problem. It's quiet back at the office.
(beat; thinks)
Actually, it's very quiet...

SIDNEY
So, er, can we do this, then? I mean, I'd just like to get started, so...

Benson snaps out of his thought, raising his hand to knock at the door:

Which opens before he can to reveal a suddenly jovial, smiling Marcus.

MARCUS
Alistair! About bloody time!

BENSON
(nods; smiles)
Hello, Marcus.

They shake hands warmly, before Marcus pulls Benson in for a hearty man hug.

BENSON (cont'd)
This is my colleague, Sid --

Sidney's in between them hand outstretched.

SIDNEY
Sidney Dobbs. Regional Director,
Garreton Fixers.

Marcus looks him up and down, then glances at Benson - who nods. Marcus finally takes Sidney's hand.

MARCUS
Marcus Pierson. Garreton Breakers.

They shake - Sidney managing to suppress a grimace as Marcus' famously painful handshake makes its mark.

MARCUS (cont'd)
Anyway, anyway. Come in, please.

Marcus waves them both inside, Sidney stepping in before Benson - who has to pause to let him through.

INT. BREAKERS BRANCH - MARCUS' OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Marcus returns to his desk as Benson takes a seat on the sofa. Sidney slots in beside him, moving through several poses to try and settle on the most casual.

MARCUS
It's been too long, Alistair.
Clearly they've still got you
working hard over there, even with
recent...
(looks at Sidney)
... changes.

BENSON
We're always having to adjust to
something, Marcus. It's just a
matter of how fast and how well we
do it.

MARCUS
Very true.

He leans over and pops open a mini-fridge - crammed with minibar-style miniature bottles.

MARCUS (cont'd)
Refreshments? Wine? Spirits? Beer?

BENSON
Nothing for me, thank you.

MARCUS
Ah, come on, Al. You're not the man
at the top now, let your hair down
a little!

Sidney glances at Benson - and his very short hair.

SIDNEY
I'd love a beer, if that's alright.

Marcus goes quiet, fixing Sidney with a steely glare. Sidney shifts, trying to let it bounce off him.

Marcus relents, sliding out a small bottle of BEER and handing it to Sidney.

MARCUS
(as Sidney sits back)
Did Al ever tell you how he and I
first met?

SIDNEY
No, no, he didn't.

MARCUS
Al?

BENSON
(amused)
Marcus and I were both Fixers. Back
in the old days.

MARCUS
Whether you consider them the
"good" old days depends on your
perspective, eh? Sorry. Carry on.

BENSON
He was an employee long before I
was. After I was hired, I worked in
the Control Centre while Marcus was
a Runner. Then, when I moved up to
Assignment Co-Ordinator he became
my deputy of sorts.

MARCUS
(indicates office)
And now, as you can see, the
student has become the master of
his own little world.

SIDNEY

Yeah, I had noticed how... cosy your office is, compared to the, er...

MARCUS

The state of things outside?

(shrugs)

There's not as much cash to go around as your side of the fence enjoys. We have to stretch our resources a little more efficiently, and I for one work much more efficiently when I have somewhere more comfortable to lay my hat.

Sidney looks to Benson, not seeming to share this view. Benson keeps a non-committal expression in place.

MARCUS (cont'd)

So, Mr. Dobbs, I understand you've taken over from Al here, and one of your orders of business is to re-establish regular communications with our branch?

SIDNEY

That's the idea, yeah.

MARCUS

What do you reckon, Al? Should I give this fella a chance?

Sidney frowns - not liking being spoken about as if he wasn't even there.

BENSON

(off Sidney)

He's been tossed in at the deep end of a difficult job, but he's doing his level best to settle both himself and his staff in.

Sidney looks to Marcus, who is sizing him up again.

MARCUS

Very well. Let's... communicate.

Sidney manages a hopeful smile as we CUT TO:

INT. BREAKERS BRANCH - RECORDS - NEXT

PAN ACROSS the rows of sleek, HUMMING servers as we hear:

MYRON (O.S.)
It's simple. It's all about primary
and recent focus.

AUDREY (O.S.)
Yeah, but you're making it look
easy! You're the flashy brain
implant guy, I'm just... me.

Stop on Audrey and Myron - now sitting amicably at her desk.
Myron is scribbling on some paper.

MYRON
"Me" doesn't seem to be too bad
from over here.

He freezes. Realises he just delivered an actual line. He
looks up - Audrey is smirking. She spotted that too.

MYRON (cont'd)
(suddenly flustered)
Um, ah - okay, er... let's... let's
try this.

He holds up the sheet - two dozen words are written on it.
Audrey's eyes flick down it before Myron puts it down.

MYRON (cont'd)
Go.

AUDREY
Um... Enemy. Lasagna. Robust.
Below. Er... Wax?

MYRON
Very good. Go on...

AUDREY
Semi-automatic... Aqua. Um...

She's stuck. Myron grins. She reacts, grinning widely.

AUDREY (cont'd)
Damn it! I know this, I know this!

He holds up the paper. She scans down the words.

AUDREY (cont'd)
Accompany, Slacks. I knew that!

MYRON
See how you remembered the first
few, then the last few? That's just
the way your short-term memory
works. Primary, then recent.

AUDREY

Okay, now you try. And I write the words.

She takes the paper, quickly scribbling down several more random words. She holds up the list. Myron reads. And then she snatches it away.

AUDREY (cont'd)

Go!

MYRON

Coffee. Gymnastic. Motorcycle.
Unibrow. Existential. Plastic.
Extra. Nightly. Cow. Jettison.
Goodbye. Through. Everything -

AUDREY

(amazed)

Alright, alright! You win!

Myron leans back, cool and casual.

AUDREY (cont'd)

That implant is amazing. You sure I can't just lop off the top of your head and borrow it?

MYRON

You'd have to speak to my superiors. But they'd probably want to see a medical license first or something. They're sticklers.

Still laughing, Audrey rises. Myron stays seated.

AUDREY

You hungry? I'm gonna grab some lunch.

(without waiting for a reply)

Of course you're hungry. I'll be right back.

Myron nods, watching her as she hurries out of the room - but as soon as she's gone, his smile drops.

All business, he turns to her PC and starts rapidly rattling away at the keyboard.

OVER HIS SHOULDER as he mines through her server's folders, scrolling through files and folders until he finds:

"Assignment Reports 08". Myron keeps typing, and soon reports filed by both Nathan and Kieran pop up.

Myron scans over the pages, flicking through them - his brain better than any scanner or printer as he memorizes them.

And then a thought strikes him. BEHIND THE PC so we can't see the screen as he searches for something else.

Myron stops. Eyebrows rise. He leans back in his seat, staring in surprise at the screen as we CUT TO:

INT. BREAKERS BRANCH - CORRIDOR - NEXT

Vi is staring down at Kou's license as she and David head down another dimly lit corridor. A door waits further ahead.

 DAVID
What is it?

 VI
Hmm?

 DAVID
Andrew told me which of your faces
to look out for.

 VI
Because I have more than one?

 DAVID
Yes. And this one...

He taps her lightly on the forehead.

 DAVID (cont'd)
... means you're musing on
something, but it's making you a
little sad. So spill.

 VI
(blinks)
Andrew gave you that much detail?

 DAVID
He was very specific. So?

Vi looks at the license - and Kou's photo. She SIGHS.

 VI
I'm glad that we've got this. Now
we can get somewhere in proving
that Nathan killed Kou, but...

 DAVID
But you're thinking about him, and
how he's gone, and it's making you
miss him all over again.

VI

Yeah...

A loud SNAP stops them in their tracks. The duo slowly look ahead - and there's Judy. Chewing a popped bubble of gum back into her mouth.

JUDY

Hi, newbie.

VI

("oh, brother...")

Judy. Hello.

(beat)

Again.

JUDY

(off license)

What's that?

Vi doesn't break eye contact, slipping the license into her back pocket.

VI

Nothing. How's my gum?

JUDY

(screws up nose)

Tastes funny.

VI

Well... that's too bad.

Silence. Judy keeps her eyes fixed on them both.

VI (cont'd)

(casual)

By the way, Kieran was looking for you. Said he knows you're too old for hide and seek, but if you had nothing to do he'd love to play a game.

Judy doesn't respond - just POPS another bubble.

VI (cont'd)

We should be going. You know, all those connections to break, busy, busy.

They approach the door - and Judy holds it open for them.

VI (cont'd)

Thanks.

Vi manages a half-hearted smile at Judy as she and David exit. Judy never takes her eyes off them as we CUT TO:

INT. BREAKERS BRANCH - BASEMENT CORRIDOR - NEXT

Back on the mysterious door - which opens, BRIGHT LIGHT spilling out again.

Andrew stumbles out first, lurching unsteadily on his feet. Gabrielle follows a moment later, quickly shutting the door.

ANDREW

What... the...

GABRIELLE

We should get out of here.

She starts to lead him away. Andrew still looks like he's trying to remember Pi to several digits.

ANDREW

I just... it was so... so...

GABRIELLE

Yep, that's what I was thinking too. Pick it up, Friar, before --

VOICE (O.S.)

Hey, you two!

They stop. Gabrielle closes her eyes and curses - before turning round, suddenly all smiles.

A SECURITY GUARD approaches. No neck - just muscle. He eyes the duo suspiciously.

GUARD

This is a restricted area. Where are your passes?

ANDREW

(blurts out)
Turtle?

The Guard reacts - which gives Gabrielle room to swing a RIGHT HOOK into his jaw!

The Guard stumbles towards the wall, and she follows up by CRACKING his head against it. He goes down, stunned:

But his hand is already on his walkie-talkie, hitting a RED BUTTON. Gabrielle sees this. Exhales.

GABRIELLE

He just hit a silent alarm.
Backup'll be here any second. Which means it's time to go.

He gets the hint, hurrying after her as we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

INT. BREAKERS BRANCH - CORRIDOR - DAY

Sidney and Benson head away from Marcus' office. Sidney is cheerful - why, he's almost whistling.

SIDNEY

That went well. That went fantastically well, in fact.

BENSON

(non-committal)

You caught him in a good mood, that's for sure.

SIDNEY

And I have you to thank for that, Benny. I couldn't even get my foot in the door without your help, but hopefully now I can make this a more regular occurrence.

BENSON

Hmm.

They reach the end of the corridor - just as several SECURITY GUARDS hurry past!

SIDNEY

Where do you think they're going?

BENSON

To deal with a problem, I expect.

Benson seems thoughtful - like pieces are falling into place.

SIDNEY

Shall we go take a look? Maybe we can help?

BENSON

We've done enough for today. Best not get too involved in another branch's affairs.

But Sidney isn't listening - he's already following the guards, forcing Benson to follow as we CUT TO:

INT. BREAKERS BRANCH - BASEMENT - NEXT

Gabrielle and Andrew are also running, hot-footing it back towards the staircase they entered from.

ANDREW

Can I just please have a bloody second to process any of what I just saw?

GABRIELLE

Process later - run now!

They start up the stairs - but Gabrielle stops. Andrew barges into her, but she's listening intently:

And hears FOOTSTEPS clattering down the stairs above, heading straight for them.

GABRIELLE (cont'd)

We need another exit.

She breaks and streaks further down the corridor. The already flustered Andrew takes his time starting after her.

ANDREW

Gabby, wait! I think I need to scratch the backs of my eyeballs to stop them burning first! Gabby?

He doubles his pace to catch up, as we CUT TO:

INT. BREAKERS BRANCH - HALLWAY - NEXT

Security hustles past - passing before a "Staff Only" door. A moment later, it opens a fraction.

It then opens fully to allow Gabrielle and Andrew to exit. He registers the sign on the door as she closes it.

ANDREW

Look - they've got one of these as well!

Gabrielle isn't listening, trained eyes scanning for an exit before she hears:

SIDNEY (O.S.)

All I'm saying is, it could be another useful thing to have...

She freezes, turning round - just as Benson steps round a corner down the corridor!

They lock gazes, Sidney's voice getting louder as he closes in.

ON BENSON - Without blinking, he smoothly turns back and blocks Sidney from joining him in the corridor.

BENSON

Sidney. As a former Director to one anxious to please the right people - stay out of this. Marcus will not appreciate what he'd class as "meddling".

WIDE ANGLE to show Gabrielle grabbing Andrew and rapidly hauling him out of frame.

Benson catches the movement in his peripheral vision, and once the duo are safely out of sight he steps aside.

Sidney is oblivious to the diversion as he and Benson continue walking up the corridor.

SIDNEY

You're sure? Well, I mean, of course you're sure, you worked with the guy for, how long?

BENSON

Long enough.

Whatever Benson's thinking, his face doesn't betray it as he and Sidney walk on, and we CUT TO:

INT. BREAKERS BRANCH - RECEPTION - NEXT

Gabrielle and Andrew round a corner and find themselves back at reception, slowing their pace to a casual walk.

The receptionist looks up, clocks them both - then looks back to her paperback. Not giving a hoot.

VI (O.S.)

No, I'm sure it was this way, because look - there's that painting that looks like Andrew's --

Vi and David arrive from another corridor - freezing when they spot Gabrielle and Andrew.

ANDREW

Vi! At last. Where's --
(twigs)
Oh, tell me you didn't.

Vi squirms guiltily - as a door opens and Myron emerges. Right into the middle of the situation.

MYRON

(off looks)
Something in my teeth?

He picks at his gums as the group gather by the elevator.

ANDREW

(to Vi)

I'll deal with you later.

DAVID

How are we getting back?

GABRIELLE

Sidney's on his way back with Benson.

MYRON

Benson's here? Did he see you?

GABRIELLE

(ignoring him)

If they're heading back to our office...

VI

... then we just hop in after them, same as before. Got it.

Gabrielle looks up, hearing Sidney's voice again. The team follow her round an alcove by the elevator, out of sight.

Sidney and Benson appear, the receptionist not even acknowledging their presence as they approach the elevator.

SIDNEY

I feel good about today. I think I achieved a lot.

BENSON

Looks that way.

SIDNEY

Mind you, it'll be a relief to get back home.

He glances around - nobody's there to listen, but still - then leans closer to Benson.

SIDNEY (cont'd)

This place gives me the willies. Look at the state of it!

BENSON

They run things a little differently over here.

Sidney straightens as the elevator doors PING open.

SIDNEY

Hmph. Be a lot different if I was in charge.

BENSON

Yes, I imagine it would.

They step inside, Benson looking like he expects to see something as the doors close.

Once they're en route, Gabrielle leads the others back out. David nudges Vi.

DAVID

Show them what we found.

VI

Just a sec. Walls have ears.

ANDREW

These walls are more likely to have earwigs.

PING. The elevator opens, and the team step inside. As the doors close:

INT. ELEVATOR - NEXT

Vi reaches into her back pocket - but tenses up.

DAVID

What is it?

She slowly draws her hand back - to reveal a packet of BUBBLE GUM! She stares at it, horror slowly dawning.

VI

(snarls)

That snotty little bi --

CUT TO:

INT. BREAKERS BRANCH - RUNNERS DEPT. - NEXT

WHAP. Kou's LICENSE is dropped onto a scruffy, untidy desk - and Nathan reaches into frame to take it.

NATHAN

Where did you find this?

He looks up - there's Judy. Arms folded.

JUDY

You should really take better care of your things, Nate.

She starts to walk off. Nathan rises, calling after her:

NATHAN

Judy?

She stops and turns. Steps back towards him, haughty.

JUDY

Two randoms claiming to know
Kieran. The clumsy guy from the
dining hall and some ugly girl. No
idea why they wanted it so bad.

(beat)

You're the mentor here, Nathan.
You're supposed to be looking out
for me.

Nathan opens his mouth to respond - she's already off on her way. Perplexed, he sits back down.

He looks from the license to his computer. With a determined expression, he pulls his keyboard closer.

He runs a search for "Kou Yimou", then sits back and waits for results. Fingers drumming anxiously on the desk.

A screen pops up - it's Kou's personnel file. And as Nathan reads down, it clearly states that he's a Runner for the Garretton Fixers.

Nathan closes his eyes. Sags. Exhales as if that nagging doubt gnawing away at him was just confirmed.

He opens his eyes and stares at Kou's photo. Holds up the license, just to be sure.

NATHAN

(mutters; darkly)

Kieran...

He SLAPS the license down against the desk, rising quickly and marching out of his cubicle.

PUSH IN on Kou's face, smiling lopsidedly back at us from the screen, before we:

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. THE COMPANY - BREAK ROOM - DAY

The team, now joined by Jenna, sit around the table.

VI

I had it. I had it right there in
my hand, and she just... she...

ANDREW

S'alright. We know you had it.

VI

But we can't prove anything now!

MYRON

Yes, we can.

Everyone looks to him.

MYRON (cont'd)

I went through past assignment reports for Nathan Percy and Kieran James. Nathan mentioned Kou in his. Even admits to having killed him at the marina.

DAVID

No chance you got a printout of any of this, is there?

MYRON

I don't need one. My memory implant makes me a pretty reliable witness.

(beat)

Plus, I'm a bad liar.

JENNA

Did you find anything else?

MYRON

There was no mention anywhere in the report of Kou being a Fixer.

Vi looks up. Frowns.

VI

But that means...

ANDREW

Nathan didn't know Kou was on our side.

GABRIELLE

Maybe he thought he was another part of the assignment?

DAVID

But why kill him?

MYRON

He wasn't the only one. I did a cross-reference search and found lots of other reports where the assignment was killed.

JENNA

How many?

MYRON

Lots. I mean, it's not exactly conventional, even though it is an acceptable last resort - but the amount of deaths I saw goes way past "acceptable". Sort of edging towards "life without parole".

The team digest this.

ANDREW

I saw a turtle.

And that gets him plenty of funny looks.

ANDREW (cont'd)

Could've been a tortoise. I'd need to check. But it was definitely...
(to Gabrielle)
You saw it too, right?

JENNA

I'm sorry, what?

GABRIELLE

We found a... a room.

JENNA

With a turtle in it?

ANDREW

Maybe a tortoise. Those are the ones with feet, right?

GABRIELLE

There was a light. And... cables and screens. Things to monitor...

DAVID

Monitor the turtle?

ANDREW

Nope, definitely think it was a tortoise now.

GABRIELLE

It was the Power.

A stunned silence.

VI

The Power? As in... the thing that controls the Company? The thing that... is the Company?

JENNA

Oh my God. But... but how?

DAVID

And why did Andrew see a... you know?

JENNA

The Power is... well... powerful. So powerful that if anybody saw it in it's true form, they'd die instantly or... go crazy or melt or something. That's the theory, anyway.

MYRON

Whenever humans lay their eyes on it, it transforms itself into something we can comprehend. Like... a chair or an icecream or --

ANDREW

A tortoise.

DAVID

So what's it doing over at the Breakers?

JENNA

It's everywhere. All at once. Every Company branch has access to it. No one knows why we'd ever need to actually...

(to Gabrielle)

What did you say they were doing?

GABRIELLE

Monitoring it.

JENNA

Right. That.

More silence.

MYRON

And they had blueprints. On their computer system.

JENNA

What of?

MYRON

This place. The Fixer offices. That's the other thing I noticed - found it by accident, really. Complete, floor-by-floor layout of this entire building.

Vi lets out a loud SIGH, laying her head back down on the table.

VI

And now the Breakers are going to accuse us of something. Breaking and entering or whatever and we're all going to be fired. We can't win!

Gabrielle takes out her mobile phone and checks the screen.

GABRIELLE

There's been no security bulletin about any unauthorised intrusion, so it looks like we got away with it this time. That's something.

JENNA

Maybe they know you were there but are choosing not to report it?

DAVID

Why would they do that?

No one knows the answer.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BREAKERS BRANCH - MARCUS' OFFICE - DAY

Marcus and Kieran are watching playback of CCTV footage on Marcus' wide screen monitor.

It clearly shows the various Fixer teams scurrying round the building.

Kieran leans over the desk, scowling at the sight of Vi. He turns to Marcus - who is leaning back in his chair, thinking.

KIERAN

What are we going to do about this?

MARCUS

"We" will do nothing.

KIERAN

You saw where they went! They saw the Power Room, they got into Surveillance, they snooped around the Runners - who knows what they found out!

MARCUS

Kieran, there's no need to overreact.

Kieran SCOFFS, stomping back over to the door. As he opens it, Marcus calls out:

MARCUS (cont'd)
We can't arouse their suspicions,
Kieran. I trust I don't need to
impress the importance of what
we're doing onto you - nor how
vital it is we keep it to
ourselves.

Kieran exhales, unhappy but getting the message.

KIERAN
You're saying we should keep a low
profile?

MARCUS
Exactly.
(beat)
At least until the time is right.

Whatever this is about, both men seem pretty confident about
it.

Kieran exits, leaving Marcus to study the CCTV footage again -
watching Sidney and Benson leave with a thoughtful look on
his face as we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF SHOW