

THE COMPANY

"Vi of the Future"

by

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TEASER

FADE IN:

EXT. GARRETON ACADEMY - DAY

Establishing shot.

MR. PARKER (PRE-LAP)
What I'm about to tell you is a
true story.

INT. GARRETON ACADEMY - AUDITORIUM - DAY

MR. PARKER sits on the edge of the stage, leaning forward -
gazing intently to the hundred or so seated YEAR 11
STUDENTS.

MR. PARKER
When my brother-in-law was a kid,
he had a babysitter. An old lady
named Mrs. Raddish.
(beat; thinks)
Or it might've been cabbage.
(anyway)
Dunno. Some sort of vegetable.

A few rows from the front, VI and SHANE share an amused
look. GWEN, sitting beside Shane, frowns.

MR. PARKER (CONT'D)
But, the thing about Mrs.
Vegetable was that she could see
the future. One day, she had a
vision that the local school bus
would crash. And then...
(ominous beat)
... It did.

Gwen raises her hand.

GWEN
That's not a true story.

MR. PARKER
And that wasn't a question.
Questions generally follow that
sort of a hand motion, y'know.

GWEN
It was also badly communicated.
Aren't you an English teacher?

MR. PARKER
Well, you get an "F" in
listening. How's that?

He hops off the stage. Gwen's mouth drops open in shock. Shane tries to hold back laughter. He fails.

MR. PARKER (CONT'D)
I was trying to get you guys in the mood. You know, set the tone for the day. Because, well, you all know what today is.

He claps his hands together, feigning excitement.

MR. PARKER (CONT'D)
Today's the day "The Man" tries to tell you what you're going to be when you grow up. He's going to tell you what part of the machine you're going to grind away in until you get old and die!

A long silence. Mr. Parker sighs.

MR. PARKER (CONT'D)
Maybe I should just read off the sheet they gave me, huh?

He reaches behind him and picks up a piece of paper lying on the stage.

MR. PARKER (CONT'D)
(reads)
After high school, you'll be faced with many options to choose from...

As he speaks, we PUSH IN on Vi. She's listening intently.

MR. PARKER (CONT'D)
Will you continue your studies? Will you travel? Will you find employment? What is the right path for you? Well, we can't answer all of those questions for you, but we can help guide you into finding out yourself.

(beat)
Today, you'll be sitting a state approved "career aptitude test" that can shine some light onto the question you're all asking yourselves... "What do I want to do for the rest of my life?"

BANG!

Everyone turns to see the auditorium doors swung open, CRASHING into the wall.

ANDREW FRIAR stands in the doorway - eyes wide, face red with embarrassment.

ANDREW
(beat)
Handle's... slippery.

Vi SIGHS.

EXT. GARRETON ACADEMY - DAY

ON PAPER

Printed text reads: "RUBBISH CO."

ON SCENE

Vi holds the paper in her hand, reading it. She and Andrew walk down the steps towards the street - and Andrew's car, parked at the curb. They're alone.

ANDREW
I thought my days of being
humiliated in high school were
over.

VI
Well, you didn't have to come and
give it to me straight away.

ANDREW
Yes I did. Assignment came with a
time stamp. To be in your hands
by...

He checks his watch.

ANDREW (CONT'D)
... Two minutes from now.
(grins)
Just made it.

VI
So whatever this "Rubbish Co."
thing is, it's going to happen in
two minutes?
(sarcastic)
Great, I have time to prepare.

She shoves the paper at him.

VI (CONT'D)
Can't you at least help me out
today? I've got a career test
this afternoon and classes before
that. I can't keep ditching
school like this.
(MORE)

VI (CONT'D)
I'm falling behind. Think of my
future, Andrew!

ANDREW
(not caring)
Wow. Hysterics. That's new.

He takes Vi's assignment. Folds it up. Puts it into her
jacket pocket.

ANDREW (CONT'D)
And I can't help. Not today. Got
a lunch date.

They reach the curb and Andrew climbs into his car.

VI
With who?

ANDREW
No one you know.

He starts the car, waves and drives off.

VI
(calling after him)
But I don't think you know anyone
I don't know!

The sound of his car FADES into the distance. Vi groans and
turns back to the school. She pauses.

Half a dumpster is visible around the side of the building,
the words "RUBBISH CO." on the side.

EXT. GARRETON ACADEMY - SIDE - MOMENTS LATER

Vi approaches the dumpster. She takes out her assignment.
Compares it.

VI
My future. Digging through trash.

She looks at the assignment sheet.

VI (CONT'D)
You guys suck.

Vi balls up the paper. Tosses it into the dumpster.

Almost immediately, it comes sailing OUT of the bin,
landing at her feet. Vi freezes, her eyes wide.

VI (CONT'D)
Um... Hello? Is somebody, ah, in
there?

Something SHUFFLES around inside. There's a GRUNTING noise as whatever it is claws it's way up the side of the dumpster.

Vi takes a few hesitant steps forward, creeping ever closer. She reaches the side --

-- And a BOY's dirt smudged face appears over the rim!

Vi takes a few startled steps back.

FIL (17) climbs out. He's wearing a Garreton Academy uniform - a bit tight, one or two sizes too small for him. He's lanky, with long limbs and has dark scruffy hair. His eyes are wild, constantly darting around - exploring the world.

VI (CONT'D)

Um... Hi.

Fil carries a broken computer keyboard - which he brushes off with the sleeve of his shirt.

VI (CONT'D)

I'm Vi.

He doesn't reply.

VI (CONT'D)

I'm sorry. I didn't catch your name.

FIL

Fil.

VI

Nice to meet you.

Fil starts to walk past her. Vi side steps - blocking him.

VI (CONT'D)

(re: dumpster)

What were you doing in there?

Fil holds up the keyboard.

FIL

Looking for this.

VI

That have some special significance to you?

Fil shrugs. Avoids her gaze.

Vi studies Fil's ill-fitting uniform. The cuffs of his pants are a good ten centimetres above the tops of his socks. She points.

VI (CONT'D)

You might wanna have someone fix that.

Fil looks down at his pants.

FIL

What's wrong with them?

VI

It's a little bit ventriloquist dummy, don't you think?

When she gets no recognition from Fil...

VI (CONT'D)

You don't know what a ventriloquist is?

FIL

I'm not from around here.

VI

(beat)

Where are you from?

Fil pauses. He's hesitant to tell her. Takes a deep breath.

FIL

The 22nd century.

Not waiting for her reaction, he steps around her and darts off screen. A beat.

Vi turns around, facing the way he went. Her eyebrows are raised in disbelief.

She opens her mouth to speak. But isn't sure what to say. All she can manage is:

VI

And they don't have tailors in the 22nd century?

CUT TO BLACK:

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

INT. GARRETON ACADEMY - MAIN HALLWAY - DAY

Fil, clutching the broken keyboard under one arm, walks down the empty hallway.

He trails his free hand along the row of lockers. Occasionally rattles a handle - seeing if anyone has left theirs unlocked.

Vi falls into step beside him.

VI
(casual)
So, you're from the future?

FIL
(condescending)
Well, if this is 2007, and I'm from the year 2121, that would mean...

He waves a hand to her. Vi narrows her eyes at his tone.

VI
Let me guess, your DeLorean's parked out back?

FIL
What does that mean?

VI
Back to the Future? The movie?

Fil stops walking. He levels her with a suspicious gaze.

FIL
You're with them, aren't you?

VI
Who?

FIL
Them. The... The scientists.

He turns on his heel and starts walking faster down the hallway. He quickly grows nervous, eyes darting into every doorway.

FIL (CONT'D)
They said things I didn't understand. Talked about... "movies" and "make believe".

They turn a corner --

INT. GARRETON ACADEMY - SECOND HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

FIL
 (suspicious)
 Why are you following me?

Vi doesn't know how to answer that. She looks to Fil's hands - twitching, fidgeting with the keyboard.

The letters on the keys have re-arranged themselves, now forming the words: "H E L P H I M".

VI
 (quick)
 I want to help you.

FIL
 Why?

Vi doesn't answer. She stops walking, reaches out for a locker. The door swings open easily at her touch.

VI
 Barry Spence. Always forgets his combination.

Fil, surprised, flashes her a smile. He shoves the keyboard at her and begins digging around in Barry's locker. He takes out a calculator - studies it, tucks it into his pocket.

VI (CONT'D)
 (mutters)
 I'll pay him back later.
 (beat; re: keyboard)
 So, what's with all this?

She cracks a grin.

VI (CONT'D)
 (joking)
 You building your own time machine or something?

FIL
 (beat; still digging through the locker)
 Five years ago, my parents and I planned a trip. Just a weekend in 2002. Nothing flashy. But we got separated and they had to go home without me, or we'd all be stuck here.
 (beat)
 They're trying to find a way to bring me home, I know it. But there's permits, red tape.

He closes the locker and turns to her.

FIL (CONT'D)
 (realising)
 And you're making fun of me.
 (beat)
 You don't believe me.

VI
 Oh, no. Sure, I do. The future.
 It's totally... plausible.

Fil shrugs.

FIL
 I guess you'll still be useful.

They start walking again.

FIL (CONT'D)
 You'll need to keep watch for
 them.

VI
 Who? Oh, the scientists.

FIL
 Their leader. He's the worst. He
 wants the secret of time travel
 and he'll do anything to get it.

Vi nods, desperately trying to hold back laughter.

VI
 How will I know who he is? He has
 a scar? Eye-patch? One arm?
 (exaggerated)
 "It was the one armed man!"
 (off Fil's look)
 The Fugitive? No? So, no movies
 in the future?

FIL
 (ignoring her)
 You'll know him. He wears these
 shoes. These... purple shoes.

Vi slows to a stop. Fil, on a mission, keeps going.

VI
 (to herself)
 Purple shoes. Okay.

Her optimistic expression falters. With a sigh, she steps
 out of frame - hurrying after Fil.

INT. GARRETON ACADEMY - HALLWAY - LATER

Vi stands with her back to a closed supply closet - her arms crossed, legs spread "bouncer" style.

INT. GARRETON ACADEMY - CLOSET - MEANWHILE

Fil rummages through shelves and boxes. He stuffs a roll of duct tape into his pocket. Sniffs a tub of floor wax and wrinkles his nose in disgust.

INT. GARRETON ACADEMY - HALLWAY - SAME

A BELL RINGS and the hallway is quickly flooded by STUDENTS. Vi gives them all a stern once-over as they pass.

Shane appears at her side.

SHANE

Who is he?

Alarmed, Vi checks the closet door. Still closed.

VI

How'd you know about that?

SHANE

I saw the Sign. You know. "Help him".

He takes a finger and makes a swirly motion in front of his eyes.

SHANE (CONT'D)

I've got the crazy word jumble thing goin' on too, remember?

VI

Right. Of course. I'm just a bit...

SHANE

Yeah, I get it. That was a bit much, Andrew bursting in like that. And you missed out on the rest of Mr. Parker's speech.

(dead-pan)

I think he really got through to me, when he went off on that tangent about how he used to want to play the tambourine in a traveling vaudeville show.

Vi smiles and shakes her head.

VI
 Can't believe I missed that.
 (beat)
 What are you up to, now?

SHANE
 Supposed to help Gwen study for
 the career test.

VI
 How exactly are you supposed to
 study for...

SHANE
 I didn't ask.
 (impatient)
 But, seriously, Vi. Your stuff is
 way more important. I wanna help.
 Fill me in.

The closet door opens, WHACKING Vi in the back. She
 stumbles forward. Regains her balance.

Fil slips out and picks up the computer keyboard, leaning
 up against the wall. He eyes Shane nervously.

VI
 (to Fil)
 It's okay. He's with me.
 (introducing)
 Fil, this is Shane. Shane, Fil.

Shane nods.

SHANE
 Hey. You know, you look really
 familiar.

FIL
 You must be thinking of one of my
 ancestors.

SHANE
 Um...

Choosing to ignore that, he spots the keyboard in Fil's
 hands.

SHANE (CONT'D)
 I don't take computer studies but
 I'm pretty sure you don't need to
 supply your own equipment.

Fil doesn't get it. With his face blank, he looks to Vi.

FIL
 We have more work to do.

He wades into the sea of Students. Vi, pained, looks from the retreating Fil to Shane.

VI

Fil!

(to Shane)

I've gotta stay with him. I'm --

SHANE

Yeah, I get it. Go.

As Vi runs after Fil:

SHANE (CONT'D)

(calls)

But don't forget the test!

VI

(over her shoulder;

faint)

I'll be there!

And she's gone. Shane SIGHS.

SHANE

No you won't...

He moves off screen.

INT. THE COMPANY - RECEPTION - DAY

The elevator CHIMES and Andrew emerges. He quickly steps aside as a couple of EMPLOYEES hop in after him.

Andrew approaches the reception desk where GLENDA sits silently - staring at the closed door to Sidney's office.

ANDREW

Hey, Glenda. Seen Jenna around?

No response. He RAPS sharply on the desktop and Glenda JUMPS. She swings her chair around to face him.

GLENDA

I'm sorry, sweetie. A bit caught up in my work.

Andrew quirks an eyebrow.

ANDREW

And how much does this work pay?
Because I'm actually quite good
at doing nothing.

Glenda laughs and slaps him playfully on the arm.

GLEENDA

Cheeky!

She glances around and then leans in close. She beckons him forward with one finger.

GLEENDA (CONT'D)

Now, you didn't hear it from me,
but there's something going on
around here.

ANDREW

Really? What?

GLEENDA

Jenna and Benson and Dautry have
cloistered themselves up in the
conference room, talking about
who-knows-what. All I know is
that if Sidney comes out of his
office, I'm supposed to do this --
(sings; loud)
*How do you solve a problem like
Maria?*

Andrew, alarmed at her sudden volume, jolts backwards.

GLEENDA (CONT'D)

*How do you catch a cloud and pin
it down? How do you --*

ANDREW

Okay, yeah, I get it.

The door to the conference room is FLUNG open and JENNA
pops her head out, looking around wildly.

GLEENDA

Sorry, dear. False alarm. Go back
to your secret meeting.

Jenna throws her an exasperated look. Andrew, holding back
laughter, joins Jenna at the conference room doors.

ANDREW

(re: Glenda; low)
Think you need a new system.

JENNA

(shrugs)
She really wanted to sing.

INT. THE COMPANY - CONFERENCE ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Jenna and Andrew enter. BENSON sits at the head of the
table, in his old "Director" chair. GABRIELLE stands, her
hand on her gun holster.

JENNA
Nothing to worry about.

ANDREW
Glenda was just giving me a
demonstration.

He sits down at the table. Nods to where Gabrielle's hand
is placed.

ANDREW (CONT'D)
But I see you have a back-up
plan.

Gabrielle, realising, removes her hand from her gun. She
nervously crosses her arms.

GABRIELLE
Force of habit.

As Jenna sits down:

JENNA
We're all on edge.

ANDREW
Except for me. I'm hungry.
(to Jenna; hints)
Weren't we gonna --

BENSON
I'm not comfortable with this,
Jenna.

ANDREW
Hey, it's just lunch!

Jenna shoots him a look.

ANDREW (CONT'D)
Oh, right. Secret meeting.
(beat; embarrassed)
Carry on.

BENSON
You didn't have little mutiny
conferences when I was in charge,
did you?

JENNA
This isn't a mutiny.

ANDREW
And they weren't conferences.

JENNA

This is getting us nowhere.

(beat)

Are we going to tell Sidney what we found in the Breaker offices or not?

GABRIELLE

The man is a joke. He didn't believe Morgan when she said the Breakers killed Kou so why should he believe us about this?

BENSON

May I remind you, Gabrielle, that you don't exactly have a reputation of trusting Violet, either.

GABRIELLE

That's different.

BENSON

How?

JENNA

I say we go straight to Head Office.

ANDREW

Yeah, and they'll fire Sidney on the spot.

GABRIELLE

I'm all for that idea.

ANDREW

Before they get to us, who they'll also fire.

Gabrielle looks less enthusiastic about this part.

BENSON

This needs to be handled delicately. I'm just worried that going over Sidney's head will create more problems.

JENNA

Benson... Alistair... The man took your job. Aren't you angry about that?

BENSON

This isn't the time nor the place for that discussion, Jenna.

(MORE)

BENSON (CONT'D)

Regardless of how I feel about Sidney, he is this Company's Director.

(beat)

And you've heard my opinion on the matter.

He stands and swiftly moves for the exit, an air of disappointment about him.

Gabrielle quickly jogs after him. The door closes after her. There's a beat.

ANDREW

She didn't go to shoot him, did she?

Jenna cracks a tired smile.

EXT. GARRETON HERALD - DAY

An elegant building, several storeys high, with a mish-mash of old and new flavours.

The first few floors are presumably the original building with exposed brick and twisting ivy. Above that, a sleek and modern "office building" style addition.

INT. GARRETON HERALD - BULLPEN - DAY

We MOVE THROUGH the bustling room, weaving through overflowing desks, sleep-deprived STAFF and RINGING TELEPHONES.

Land on PETER. At his desk, tucked away in the corner. The "in-box" on the edge of his desk is already piled high with work.

He takes an article from the top and begins reading - chewing on the end of a pencil.

PETER

(reads)

One such tween series, "Sweet Valley High", revolves around identical twins Eliza and Laura Wakefield.

He SIGHS. Crosses something out. Writes in the margin.

PETER (CONT'D)

Elizabeth and Jessica.

(beat)

How do I know that?

A fellow CO-WORKER, a heavy-set man in his mid-40s, approaches Peter's desk.

CO-WORKER

Pete, you've been summoned.

PETER

Evie just saw me this morning. I know she's the junior editor and all but --

CO-WORKER

Not Evie.

He looks across the room to the row of offices. One frosted glass door remains closed.

CO-WORKER (CONT'D)

(ominous)

Him.

ON PETER

looking apprehensive.

INT. GARRETON HERALD - OFFICE - DAY

There's a gentle KNOCK on the door. Slowly, it opens and Peter peers inside.

PETER

Hello? You, um, asked for me?

REVERSE ANGLE

The office is a mess. Piled high with overstuffed mail bags, take-out containers and old newspapers. In the middle of it all is a desk with a computer on top.

SAM FIELDING, the socially maladjusted advice columnist from last season, sits behind it - feet up - playing with a stress ball.

Upon seeing Peter, he tosses him the ball. Peter catches it - dropping his notepad and pencil in the process.

SAM

Fact checker, right?

PETER

(collecting his items)

Yes, I'm Peter Morgan. It's --

Sam stands - impatient and exasperated.

SAM

Close the door.

Peter does. Sam starts to pace.

SAM (CONT'D)

I've been doing this for years now. Giving people advice. My column, "Dear Sam", has won the readers favourite award two years running. Two years! And just because of one little lawsuit, Evie's ready to pull the plug unless I "co-operate".

He stalks forward, grabs Peter's shoulders and guides the startled man over to the desk. He plonks Peter down in the chair.

SAM (CONT'D)

So this is me co-operating!

PETER

(beat)

What's the problem, exactly?

Sam takes the stress ball back from Peter, crosses the room and sits on a huge bag of mail.

SAM

I give advice. Sometimes, I need to... skew the facts a little to make my advice, well, easier to swallow.

PETER

And someone tried to sue you?

SAM

I never stated that going hot air ballooning would cure arthritis.

(beat)

Except that I did. But that's not the point!

He closes his eyes, sighs, and slumps even further into the mail bag. He waves a dismissive hand at Peter.

SAM (CONT'D)

Just make sure I don't get fired.

A beat. Peter looks at the computer and starts to read. He occasionally scribbles something down onto his notepad.

After a few moments, Sam opens his eyes and frowns.

SAM (CONT'D)

Did you say your last name was Morgan?

PETER

Yes. Peter Morgan. I --

SAM
You're not related to Violet, are you?

PETER
(beat; surprised)
She's my daughter.

Sam jumps up from the mailbag and grins.

SAM
Wow! How's that for coincidence.
How's she going, anyway? How'd
that problem of hers work out?

PETER
I'm sorry, I'm confused. Did she
write into your column?

Sam laughs and shakes his head.

SAM
No, she worked for me. For a few
days, anyway. Last year.
(beat)
She didn't tell you?

PETER
I... I guess not. Maybe it just
slipped my mind.

SAM
She was a cool kid. I don't know
if you've picked up on this but I
can be a bit of a jerk sometimes.
And, well, Vi, she was the only
one who actually called me on it.
(beat)
Aside from Evie.

He shoves a pile of papers off the desk onto the floor and
perches on the empty space.

SAM (CONT'D)
So? Did it help?

PETER
Did what help?

SAM
My letter.

All he gets from Peter is a blank look. Sam rolls his eyes.
He hops off the desk and goes to a pile of newspapers. As
he sorts through them:

SAM (CONT'D)

When she worked for me, she started telling me about this problem she was having. Don't know what it was.

He pauses and glances back at Peter.

SAM (CONT'D)

Your daughter should have a diploma in being vague.

(beat; back to looking)

Anyway, since she didn't seem to want my help, I wrote a fake letter and put that and my advice into the column.

(then)

Ah-hah!

Grabbing the newspaper, he wanders back over to Peter. He folds the paper to the correct section, clears his throat, and begins to read...

SAM (CONT'D)

"Dear Sam, I have a problem. I am stuck in the middle of two choices and neither looks good. One will hurt someone I love and the other will hurt someone I respect. Please help me. Signed, Sixteen and Senseless".

He hands the paper over to Peter - who looks concerned and confused.

SAM (CONT'D)

I think I really captured her voice.

PETER

(reads)

"Dear Senseless, there's no easy way out of this one...

(beat)

... Everyone is a victim. Everyone will be hurt in some way...

(beat)

You know what you have to do".

Slowly, he lowers the paper and looks up at Sam.

PETER (CONT'D)

What did she have to do?

SAM
 (shrugs)
 Beats me.

Peter looks back to the paper. His eyes move to the top of the page.

PETER
 This date... It's the same day
 that...
 (beat; realises)
 Oh my God.

With a death grip on the paper, he leaps up from the chair, pushes past Sam and dashes from the room.

The door swings closed behind him.

SAM
 (beat)
 Weird family.

INT. GARRETON ACADEMY - HALLWAY - DAY

ON FIL

His face filled with longing. A deep sadness.

WIDER ANGLE

From behind him, we see that he's looking at a TIMELINE.

Tucked away in the break in a line of lockers, the banner is interspersed with great moments in history. At the far right, there's a huge QUESTION MARK.

FIL
 What would you do if you could
 see your future?

Vi is standing off to the side. She walks forward.

VI
 I don't know.
 (beat)
 Actually, that's a huge lie.

Fil turns around, facing her.

VI (CONT'D)
 I'd say "Hell, yeah. I wanna see
 my future".

FIL
 You don't want to be surprised?

VI

That's the thing. I'm afraid that there's not going to be any surprises. Not for me, anyway.

(beat)

It's more than likely that, in my future, I'm going to be doing this. Exactly this.

(beat; sad)

And I'm not sure how I feel about that.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

Violet Morgan!

Vi looks up the hallway. PRINCIPAL PATTMAN (50s) leans out of a doorway. He squints at her through thick spectacles.

Fil, alarmed, flattens himself against the wall.

VI

Um... Yes, Principal Pattman?

PRINCIPAL PATTMAN

Thought that was you.

(then; barks)

In my office! Now!

Vi, not at all worried, looks back to Fil.

VI

(quiet)

I'll be back in a minute.

PRINCIPAL PATTMAN

What was that?

As she turns towards him and starts walking:

VI

(sweet)

Nothing!

Back with Fil, he turns his head.

He's right up against the banner. Reaching up, he gently traces his fingers over the question mark...

INT. GARRETON ACADEMY - PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER
ON PURPLE SHOES

Shiny, dark purple leather shoes. Behind them, and out of focus, the office door opens.

We SHARPEN on Vi as she enters. Her eyes to the floor, she spots the shoes almost immediately.

She freezes. Her eyes widen as uncertainly takes hold.

NEW ANGLE

Principal Pattman brushes past her.

PRINCIPAL PATTMAN
Violet, this man would like to
speak to you.

PURPLE SHOES MAN (30s) stands. He's rail thin, bald and wears the stuffy tweed suit of an intellectual.

Fil's scientist.

He meets her eyes. And smiles.

CUT TO BLACK:

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

INT. GARRETON ACADEMY - PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE - AS BEFORE

Vi remains standing, unsure how to react as Principal Pattman rounds his desk. He holds up a picture of Fil - thrusting it at her in an accusing manner.

PRINCIPAL PATTMAN

Do you recognise this boy?

VI

Uhhh...

PRINCIPAL PATTMAN

Because when we showed this photo to some of your peers, they told us that he had been talking to you.

VI

They must have confused me with someone else.

PRINCIPAL PATTMAN

All twenty-seven of them?

Vi grimaces. Principal Pattman leans in, like he's living in some sort of police drama.

PRINCIPAL PATTMAN (CONT'D)

Where is he, Violet?

VI

I...

PRINCIPAL PATTMAN

Where.

Purple Shoes Man, Fil's Scientist, raises a finger.

PURPLE SHOES MAN

Excuse me, Principal Pattman. Would I be able to speak to Via for a few moments? Alone?

A beat. Principal Pattman, reluctant to stop his interrogation, nods. He exits.

Purple Shoes Man turns to Vi. He flashes her a nervous smile. He motions to the chair beside Vi.

PURPLE SHOES MAN (CONT'D)

Why don't you have a seat, Via?

VI
 (suspicious)
 It's Vi and you must be the
 Scientist.

He holds out his hand.

PURPLE SHOES MAN / DR. CURTIS
 Doctor, actually. My name's Dr.
 Curtis.

Vi ignores his hand. Sits down. DR. CURTIS sits in his own
 chair.

DR. CURTIS
 I work at the Garreton
 Psychiatric Institute. Fil --

He looks to the photo on the desk.

DR. CURTIS (CONT'D)
 That boy. He's my patient.

Vi blinks.

VI
 Psychiatric institute? As in...
 the crazy house? Fil's crazy?
 (beat)
 Well, that explains a lot.

DR. CURTIS
 It's not a "crazy house".

VI
 What about Fil?

DR. CURTIS
 He's one of our permanent
 patients. A very disturbed young
 man. I'm worried that if I don't
 find him in time... He could do
 something to harm himself or
 others.

Vi frowns, concerned.

VI
 But he seems pretty reasonable.
 You know, for someone who thinks
 they're from the future.

DR. CURTIS
 You see, Fil has been with us
 since he was thirteen years old.
 (MORE)

DR. CURTIS (CONT'D)

He suffers from a delusion where he believes that he's from the future and he's desperate to get back.

VI

(nods)

To see his parents.

DR. CURTIS

(beat)

Two weeks ago he escaped. We've been searching the places he might find comforting. Places from his old life, before the institute - like Garretton Academy, for instance.

VI

But if he's been in the crazy hou -- Sorry, institute -- since he was thirteen, he would have just started here. Doubt if there's strong memories pulling him back.

DR. CURTIS

That's where you're wrong. Fil was at school when it happened.

VI

When what happened?

DR. CURTIS

(sad)

When his parents died.

Beat.

VI

Oh.

EXT. GARRETON ACADEMY - COURTYARD - MIDDAY

Shane and Gwen sit beside each other at a picnic table. Gwen's busy looking through booklets and printed pages while Shane eats lunch, bored.

SHANE

Is there a question about homicidal tendencies? Because I heard that if you pick the answer suggesting you have them, they say you'll be an astronaut.

(takes a bite of sandwich)

Or something.

GWEN

What does killing things have to do with being an astronaut?

SHANE

(shrugs)

I just heard it somewhere.

Gwen rolls her eyes, not impressed, and grabs a book. She flicks through it.

GWEN

(reads)

Okay, Lindsay Lohan downed several bottles of champagne at --

(beat)

Hang on.

She flips to the front.

GWEN (CONT'D)

This is a gossip magazine.

SHANE

Maybe you'll become a journalist. Ooh, you could write those celebrity blind items. Like "Which up and coming TV star enjoys donating cursed voodoo dolls to children's charities?".

Gwen's getting fed up.

GWEN

Shane --

There's a COUGH from off screen. Both Gwen and Shane look over to a BERNARD (17), a smart looking boy. He smiles.

BERNARD

Hi, Gwen.

GWEN

Bernard, hi. Oh, is there a debate club meeting on now?

BERNARD

No, no. I, ah...

He glances between Shane and Gwen.

BERNARD (CONT'D)

Sorry to interrupt the conversation you were having with your friend but I was wondering...

(beat)

(MORE)

BERNARD (CONT'D)
Would you be interested in
accompanying me to the formal?

GWEN
Oh...

She stares at Bernard, a little taken. Shane, confused,
glances between them.

GWEN (CONT'D)
I...

SHANE
(quick)
She has a boyfriend.

Gwen, coming back to her senses, smiles apologetically.

GWEN
Yes. He's right.

BERNARD
Oh, sorry. Um... Who's your
boyfriend again?

Confused, Gwen and Shane look at each other. Shane raises
his hand. Bernard chuckles.

BERNARD (CONT'D)
Yeah, okay, Gwen. Pull the other
one, why don't you?

GWEN
No, really. I'm with Shane.
We're... We've been together
since camp.

BERNARD
Ah, I get it. Playing hard to
get.

SHANE
Dude, what's your problem? I'm
her boyfriend. She's my
girlfriend. No playing hard to
get, no pulling anything.

A beat. Bernard blinks in surprise.

BERNARD
Oh. Right. Sorry. Um... It's just
that...

He points behind them to a group of STUDIOUS BOYS across
the courtyard.

BERNARD (CONT'D)
 ... My friends and I have been watching you two for thirty minutes and we'd come to the conclusion that you were just friends.

SHANE
 (annoyed)
 You concluded falsely, *Bernard*.

Bernard scratches at the back of his head, not quite ready to give up.

BERNARD
 Really?

Gwen LAUGHS. Shane throws her an incredulous look.

GWEN
 I'm sorry, Bernard. I'm going to the formal with Shane. But thanks anyway.

Bernard nods in acceptance. He starts to walk away.

Gwen, still laughing softly, turns to look at Shane. He's not amused and Gwen's smile quickly drops at his sour expression.

BERNARD (O.S.)
 Are you sure he's not gay?

Yes!	GWEN	Yes!	SHANE
------	------	------	-------

A few beats as Shane and Gwen find themselves alone again.

SHANE
 That was weird. Us? Not a couple?

GWEN
 Yeah, I know. Don't worry about it. Bernard's not very observant. At a debate meet once, he didn't even notice the bell had rung and he kept up his argument for another four minutes.
 (beat; thoughtful)
 Which was very impressive considering --

Shane launches forward, smashing his lips into hers.

Both of them have their eyes open - looking all the more awkward for an already awkward kiss. A few moments pass. They pull away. There's no romance. No lustful lingering.

Embarrassed, Gwen gets back to her books and Shane gets back to his lunch.

INT. THE COMPANY - JENNA'S OFFICE - DAY

Jenna opens the door, to find Benson sitting at her desk.

JENNA
Alistair? What are you...

BENSON
I've been in hiding.

JENNA
In my office?

BENSON
I hope that's alright. You did --

Jenna nods and moves further into the room. She closes the door behind her.

JENNA
I did offer, yes. You're right.
(smiles)
Feel free to hide for as long as
you want.

Benson returns the smile, grateful. As she nears, Jenna sees him holding something. A notepad with scribbles words across it - many false starts and things crossed out.

Jenna looks guilty and Benson, sensing the connection, places the notepad on the desk.

BENSON
I wasn't snooping. I promise. But
I couldn't help but notice...
(beat)
Have you finished it yet?

JENNA
Does it look finished?

She sighs. Presses a hand to her head.

JENNA (CONT'D)
I'm sorry. That was... It's just
a letter.

BENSON
To Head Office about the things
Andrew's little raiding party
found in the Breaker offices.
(beat)
(MORE)

BENSON (CONT'D)

I assume you weren't going to show this to Sidney before you faxed it over?

JENNA

No. I wasn't.

BENSON

I wasn't aware that we'd made a decision about that yet.

Jenna takes a deep breath.

JENNA

Sir... Alistair, it's...

She's struggling.

JENNA (CONT'D)

I understand that there's always been a chain of command. I've admired it, I've followed it. But there are some things that are just... too important. Sidney's still new. We don't know him. We can't trust him.

BENSON

I trust him. In my opinion --

JENNA

And that's all it is now, isn't it? An opinion. What you say doesn't go. Not anymore.

She's started saying it. She can't stop herself - no matter how much she wants to.

JENNA (CONT'D)

You're not in charge of me, Alistair. And I don't have to follow your orders.

She turns on her heel and goes quickly to the door.

BENSON

Jenna?

She stops, but doesn't turn around - eyes looking as if they're fighting a charging army of tears.

With no reply, she exits. Benson watches her leave. His reaction unreadable.

INT. GARRETON ACADEMY - EMPTY CLASSROOM - DAY

Fingers poke and prod a film projector. WIDEN to reveal Fil biting his tongue as he tries to pry it open.

The door OPENS and Fil jumps as BIANCA walks into the room carrying a textbook.

She glances at Fil as she replaces the book back onto the shelf. Fil's eyes dart to hers, then away. He's nervous.

BIANCA
Do you need help or something?

FIL
What? Who? Me?

She points to the projector.

BIANCA
Do you need help carrying that to the equipment room?

Fil glances at her. Then to the projector.

FIL
This? Yes, yes. Need it. Contains important stuff I need. The rest of it is redundant.

Bianca raises an eyebrow as she walks over, but Fil picks it up quickly. It doesn't seem too weigh much as he heads to the door.

BIANCA
(sighs)
Oh. Now the whole of me feels redundant.

She suddenly takes a few steps ahead and OPENS the door for Fil. They head into the empty hallway...

INT. GARRETON ACADEMY - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

They stand, just outside the doorway. Fil smiles at Bianca.

FIL
Thank you.

Bianca nods.

BIANCA
No problem.

She starts to walk away.

FIL
(calling)
You look sad.

Bianca stops, turns. Fil walks up to join her.

FIL (CONT'D)

You're a part of a history that's
being written as we speak. You
could be studied in a text book
one day.

(beat)

You shouldn't be sad for that.

At her side, Fil keeps walking down the hallway. Bianca
ends up following.

BIANCA

I'm not sad. I have a pool with a
water slide.

FIL

You look fine. Kind of...
vibrant. Colourful.

(squints)

You remind me of a girl I knew.
Or know. Or have yet to meet.
Tenses are funny things aren't
they?

BIANCA

(small, confused smile)

Yeah.

(beat)

So I might be in a textbook
someday, huh? I can see it. A few
pages on my parents and them
conceiving me and then a bunch of
questions about what happened to
make them decide extended
holidays in Europe were a better
alternative to living with me.
Please use quotations. Twenty-
five marks. Answers on page two-
eighty-three.

FIL

So, not sad, then?

Bianca gives him a wry smile.

FIL (CONT'D)

Well, trust me, I can answer the
essay question on absent parents
with my eyes closed.

They slow to a stop outside of a door marked "BASEMENT". He
tries to open it - his arms still around the projector.
Bianca does it for him.

BIANCA

This isn't the supply --

FIL
Thanks for helping.

BIANCA
I didn't...
(beat)
Hey, you look familiar. Did we
maybe...
(almost realising)
Didn't we have some classes
together in year seven?

Fil shakes his head.

FIL
I don't go here.

BIANCA
(confused)
You don't go here?

FIL
Not yet.

He enters the basement, the door closing behind him. Bianca remains the hallway, pondering his answer.

She reaches for the basement door handle. Stops. And decides, instead, to walk away.

INT. MORGAN RESIDENCE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

CAROLINE folds laundry, looking distant.

She jumps at the sound of the front door OPENING AND CLOSING.

PETER (O.S.)
Coco?

CAROLINE
(calling)
In here.

Peter passes right by the living room door. Caroline frowns.

CAROLINE
Peter?

PETER (O.S.)
In a sec!

We hear him RUMMAGING in another room.

CAROLINE
What are you doing here?

Peter finally enters, flashing her a smile.

PETER

Took a long lunch to visit you on
your day off.

Caroline smiles, touched by the sentiment. As Peter nears,
she leans out for a kiss --

-- but Peter shoves a copy of his BOOK into her hands.

CAROLINE

(stern)

Peter...

PETER

Can you turn to the start of
chapter five? Just read from
there, please?

Caroline stares at the book, and then to Peter.

CAROLINE

I really don't think...

PETER

Please.

Sighing in defeat, Caroline opens the door, turning to the
desired page and clears her throat.

CAROLINE

(reading)

"The change in Vivian is odd. So
odd that it's not just me that's
noticed it. There was a call from
work the other day, asking if Viv
was sick. She's been falling
asleep at her desk, and that's
even when she bothers to show up
at all..."

Caroline looks to Peter. Peter makes a winding motion with
his hand.

CAROLINE (CONT'D)

(continues reading)

"She comes and goes from the
apartment at all hours, she's on
the phone to people I've never
heard of before. Viv explained to
me that she just made some new
friends."

(beat)

"She even signed up for a
photography class and didn't tell
me. That's strange, isn't it?"

Peter looks blankly ahead, listening to her.

CAROLINE (CONT'D)

(still reading)

"I asked her, why she didn't tell me about the class. About her friends and new hobbies - but she acted like she always does now. Evasive. Secretive. Odd."

(beat)

"Sometimes I wonder if she didn't come back all there after the accident. Whatever it is, whatever happened to her. It changed her."

She closes the book and looks to Peter.

PETER

That's from when Viv --

CAROLINE

-- Finds her housemate's diary, I know. I've read this over and --

PETER

But it's... This... this change in Vivian, it's all because she's started working for the Company.

(beat)

You don't... It doesn't remind you of anyone, does it?

CAROLINE

(no hesitation)

You mean Vi.

Peter's surprised she caught on so fast.

PETER

Well, it explains everything, doesn't it? She's almost like a different person after she came back --

CAROLINE

What are you trying to say, Peter? That Vi's working for some mystical "Company"? That she's leading some secret double-life, running around "fixing connections" and playing guardian angel?

(sighs)

You've said multiple times that the character of Vivian is based on Vi. Vi's... changes...

(MORE)

CAROLINE (CONT'D)

(beat)

It's not surprising that there
are similarities.

Caroline hands Peter his book, offering an attempt at a
comforting smile before going back to the laundry.

Peter looks at the book and clasps it tightly in both
hands.

EXT. GARRETON ACADEMY - COURTYARD - DAY

A queue of students line up outside the gymnasium. A bright
blue banner with the words "CAREER TEST" is strung against
the wall. Scanning down the line, Vi leans against the wall
- looking slightly numb.

SHANE (O.S.)

Hey, Vi?

No response.

SHANE (CONT'D)

Vi!

Vi SNAPS out of it to see Shane and Gwen looking at her.

SHANE (CONT'D)

Are you okay?

GWEN

Yeah Vi, you look
kinda...spacyish.

VI

"Spacyish?"

GWEN

I'm saving my big words for the
essay portion.

(wistful)

God, I hope there's an essay
portion.

Vi straightens up and rubs her eyes.

VI

It's just...

She turns, looks up to find the blue banner has the words
"FIND FIL" written on them now. She sighs.

VI (CONT'D)

(still looking)

I'm going to have to go.

Shane takes a peek, seeing the sign.

SHANE

Do you want a hand?

VI

Thanks, but I need to do this alone. It's me. My...thing. There's no reason you can't have a "normal" future.

He tries to reply with something uplifting, but only can muster a comforting smile as Vi starts to walk down the rest of the line.

VI (CONT'D)

(to randoms)

Excuse me? Has anyone seen a guy called Fil? About yay-high and not born for another hundred and...

(think about it)

...another ninety...

No-one pays her any attention.

VI (CONT'D)

Never mind.

She goes to walk off when she suddenly finds herself face to face with Bianca!

BIANCA

This friend of yours, is he wearing a uniform two sizes too small?

VI

(cautious)

Yes...

BIANCA

Try the basement.

VI

Oh. Kay.

(beat)

Thanks.

The line starts to move as students file into the gym, Bianca, ignoring Vi now, heads off with them.

INT. GARRETON ACADEMY - BASEMENT - LATER

Footsteps ECHO as Vi walks the steps. It's dark and creepy with capital letters on the adjectives.

She looks around, her mouth opening and closing as she keeps second guessing her decision to call out.

Then she sees it.

She steps forward to see a SINGLE FULL LENGTH LOCKER with wires, gadgets and lots of flashing lights around it. She takes a step further to see someone kneeling beside it with their head inside.

VI

Hello?

The person straightens - It's CAM!

Beat.

VI (CONT'D)

Cam?

CAM

Oh, hey Vi.

VI

(blinks)

Uhh...what are you doing in the dark and creepy horror movie atmosphere down here?

CAM

I'm helping Fil with the time machine!

VI

Huh? But time travel is impossible!

(beat; then)

It is, isn't it?

Cam laughs.

CAM

Usually it is, but this is just fun. A laugh, even. But wouldn't it cool if it actually, you know, worked.

VI

Why? So you can find out when you'll finally hit puberty?

(huffs)

Cam, just get out of here and get to class.

Cam releases a long sigh, and lowers a tool that was in his hands before walking out of the basement.

As he leaves, Vi takes a walk around the locker - seeing several components and such all around it. She walks back round and JUMPS --

-- as FIL stands there, scratching his head.

FIL
Oh. Hi Vi.

He kneels down off camera to begin work. Then lifts his head back up.

FIL (CONT'D)
Where did that kid go?

VI
You mean my brother, Cam?
(beat)
He's got better things to do than mess around with this. You might not care about anyone's future but your own but that kid is going places. He doesn't need you ruining his chances.

Fil blinks, then just SHRUGS.

FIL
He's smart and little - the latter was extremely useful in connecting a few of those wires there in the back.
(off her annoyed look)
I just needed some help.

VI
But that's what I'm here for!

FIL
Okay.

VI
Okay?

FIL
Yeah.

He opens a makeshift panel which is basically a modified calculator.

FIL (CONT'D)
I need your help to configure the VPN Hackit attachment on the side so that I can dial out onto the ultraweb.

VI
The ultraweb?

FIL

Yeah, it was based on something called "The Internet". 2121 functionality are completely dependant on the running of the ultraweb.

Vi steps around, seeing a small panel in front of her.

VI

So this is it?

Fil nods as he pushes a few buttons on the panel.

VI (CONT'D)

So... What's it like it the future?

FIL

It's good.
(beat)
Why do you ask?

VI

I'm just curious. Why can't your parents just zip back here and get you? I mean, they could go to the time travel agency and pick you up - like lost property.

FIL

(sighs)
I told you, there's protocols and all this government stuff. It's not as easy as that.

VI

(testing)
I... I was told that they... that your parents were, um.... dead.

Fil shakes his head.

FIL

No, they're not.

Vi looks at him.

FIL (CONT'D)

I saw them before they went back to the future. They were alive.
(beat)
But... I was told that they'd died. In some sort of accident, I can't really remember. I just remember going to the hospital with my aunt.
(MORE)

FIL (CONT'D)

(beat)

When she wasn't looking, I snuck down to the morgue. To see for myself, you know?

He pauses.

VI

And?

FIL

... And they were alive. Just standing there. Talking to this man. He told them they had to leave right then.

(beat)

I hid. I was scared. I... I wanted to talk to them but I... I tried to follow them, when they left, but I lost them. I went back to my aunt, to tell her, and there was another man... An old guy. A doctor, maybe. He was waving this light in front of her eyes. It was like a... a future gadget.

VI

(heart sinking)

Future gadget?

FIL

I tried to tell my aunt about my parents but she... It was like she didn't remember. She said the doctor told her that they had been cremated already - a mix up with some forms or something.

Vi looks away, thinking.

FIL (CONT'D)

(excited)

They faked my parents death to protect me while I stayed behind here before they come back to get me. It's a cover story so no-one would miss them!

On Vi as she puts the pieces together, realising what this all means...

CUT TO BLACK:

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

INT. THE COMPANY - BREAK ROOM - DAY

Jenna sits at the table, staring down at her hands.

JENNA

I am a horrible person.

Andrew places a cup of tea down in front of her. He takes a seat beside her.

ANDREW

That's crazy. So, if anything,
you're mentally unstable.

JENNA

How could I say those things to
him? Benson's always been there
for me and I... I acted like that
didn't even matter. I acted like
he didn't matter.

She shakes her head, utterly ashamed.

ANDREW

Benson'll be fine. He's...
y'know... Benson. Besides, it
doesn't change anything. He still
thinks we should tell Sidney, you
don't.

Jenna meets his eyes - looking unsure.

ANDREW (CONT'D)

You still don't, right?

JENNA

I can't think about that right
now.

ANDREW

Then what are you thinking about?
(beat)
Oh, right. You being a horrible
person.

Jenna's lip starts to tremble.

ANDREW (CONT'D)

Which you are not!

Her eyes fill with tears.

ANDREW (CONT'D)

Aw, Jenna...

Andrew wraps Jenna in a hug.

Behind them, Vi enters. She halts in the doorway, seeing Jenna in tears.

Andrew looks over Jenna's shoulder, shakes his head and waves Vi away. She nods, backs out of the room...

INT. THE COMPANY - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

... And walks right into SIDNEY. She flashes him an apologetic smile.

He steps around her. He's about to push open the break room door --

VI
Ah, I wouldn't.

Sidney glances through the window set into the door. Andrew and Jenna haven't moved.

Vi turns. Starts to walk away.

SIDNEY
(re: Jenna; concerned)
Is everything alright?

Eager to get her story out, Vi pivots - coming back to face Sidney.

VI
They're supposed to be dead! Dead is simpler. Dead is easier.
(beat)
I could just help him to accept that his parents are six feet under and everyone goes home, la-di-da. But when they're alive? And.. and not only alive but one of us?
(beat; sighs)
I've been down this road before. The whole "dead parent really works for the Company" revelation gets less fun every time I hear it. So, no. Everything is not alright.

And off Sidney, trying to work out how this conversation came about, CUT TO:

INT. THE COMPANY - SIDNEY'S OFFICE - LATER

Sidney's behind his desk. He taps away on his computer. Vi sits across from him, her knee bobbing up and down impatiently.

ON COMPUTER SCREEN

Two personnel files pop up - accompanied by passport style photos. Fil's parents.

ON SCENE

SIDNEY

Naomi and Franklin Adams were hired in 2002. By us. And by us I mean, well, not me. Benson would have probably --

VI

Yeah. I got it.

She shifts to the edge of her seat.

VI (CONT'D)

Do they live in the domestic apartments? If Fil thought they were dead, they'd probably want to keep out of public, right?

Sidney scans the computer screen.

SIDNEY

I'd say that's the reason they transferred to Mainz.

VI

(beat)

To what?

SIDNEY

Mainz. It's a small city in Germany. Really quite picturesque.

Vi slumps back in her seat, the impatience and urgency draining from her face. Sidney, picking up on the change, misunderstands its meaning.

SIDNEY (CONT'D)

(beat)

And Germany is a country... In Europe. It's not too far from England, actually. Where I'm from.

(beat)

I'm English.

VI

(stunned)

How could they do this?

SIDNEY

Vi?

VI

His parents... They just left him here. Didn't they love him? Didn't they want to be with him?

SIDNEY

I think that's why they left. Staying in Garretton, there'd be too much temptation to try and be a part of his life.

Vi surges to her feet.

VI

He doesn't have a life! He has... time machines and delusions and doctors telling him that he's crazy. Which he is!

(outraged)

They left him and they made him crazy!

SIDNEY

Violet, sit down.

She hesitates.

SIDNEY (CONT'D)

Come on, now.

She sits down slowly. Sidney places his elbows on the desk, bringing his hands together. He takes a deep breath.

SIDNEY (CONT'D)

Life is hard --

Vi rolls her eyes and makes an annoyed "ugh" noise.

SIDNEY (CONT'D)

Okay, okay. No speeches.

(beat)

Well, maybe just a little one.

Before Vi can object again:

SIDNEY (CONT'D)

Sometimes when we agree to work for the Company, the people we leave behind... they fall through the cracks. Sometimes, our signing up to fix connections leaves some of them broken.

(beat)

(MORE)

SIDNEY (CONT'D)
 Maybe that's what your assignment
 is about. Going back to the
 beginning, and making it right.

ON VI, her face softening. He's gotten through to her.

EXT. GARRETON ACADEMY - COURTYARD - DAY

Students file out of the open gymnasium doors. Inside, we
 spy desks spread out the length of the room.

Shane emerges, shrugging on his school blazer. Twirling a
 pencil in his fingers, he steps out of the crowd and cranes
 his neck - searching for someone.

Through the open doorway, he sees Gwen in deep conversation
 with Mr. Parker. She motions to an exam paper in Mr.
 Parker's hand.

FIL (O.S.)
 Who's that?

Startled, Shane turns around. Fil stands behind him, eyes
 on Gwen.

SHANE
 Oh, hey. Fil, right?
 (no reply; then)
 Um, that's Gwen. My girlfriend.

Fil looks from Gwen to Shane and back again. A beat. He
 goes to speak --

SHANE (CONT'D)
 Don't. Just... don't.

He shakes his head. Turns away from the gymnasium doors to
 give his full attention to Fil.

SHANE (CONT'D)
 Where's Vi?

FIL
 I was hoping you would know. I
 need to say good-bye.

SHANE
 You're leaving?

Fil nods.

SHANE (CONT'D)
 Well, Vi has a habit of running
 off. You get used to it.
 (beat)
 Or, I guess you won't.

Across the courtyard, Dr. Curtis emerges from the building. He looks around and his eyes land on Fil.

DR. CURTIS

Fil!

Fil's head snaps up. His eyes widen at the sight of Dr. Curtis. Shane looks around.

SHANE

Hey, who's --

Fil's off - leaping up onto a lunch table and jumping off the other side! He sprints for another door.

Dr. Curtis starts after him, but is slowed down by the crowd of Students.

DR. CURTIS

Fil! Wait! I just want to talk!

He makes it past a stunned Shane. A beat. Shane tosses his pencil aside and takes off after them --

-- Just as Gwen emerges from the gymnasium. She catches Shane's blur as he passes.

GWEN

Shane?

INT. GARRETON ACADEMY - HALLWAY - DAY

Fil BURSTS through a set of double doors. He dodges a few Students heading his way.

STUDENT #1

Watch it!

Before the doors have a chance to close properly, Dr. Curtis enters - hot on Fil's heels.

ON DR. CURTIS

as he runs. Then, Shane speeds into frame beside him. Dr. Curtis glances at him. Double-takes. Who is this kid?

ON SCENE

Fil fakes left and dodges right down another hallway. Dr. Curtis falls for it and veers left.

He SLAMS into Shane, who's wasn't tricked by Fil's fake-out. Dr. Curtis BARRELS Shane into a row of lockers.

INT. GARRETON ACADEMY - SECOND HALLWAY - DAY

Regaining their balance, they continue on. Up ahead, Fil ducks into a classroom.

Dr. Curtis darts in after him but Shane keeps going up the hallway - joined by Fil once again as the boy emerges from the classroom's second entrance.

ON SHANE AND FIL

running together now.

SHANE

Why are we running?! Who is that
guy?!

It's almost like Fil doesn't hear him. He's focused on one thing...

FIL

Gotta get home. Gotta find my
parents. Gotta get back to the
future.

Shane double-takes at this. Then, he looks over his shoulder. Dr. Curtis is back in the hallway with them.

DR. CURTIS

Fil! Please! You need help!
You're not from the future!

Dr. Curtis suddenly CRIES OUT. He slows, pressing a couple of fingers into his side. Shane stops running. He heads back to Dr. Curtis, now doubled over - breathing hard, face red.

As they both recover from the chase, Shane looks up the rest of the hallway. Fil's gone. He looks back to Dr. Curtis.

SHANE

He thinks he's from the future?

Off this, CUT TO:

INT. ELEVATOR - DAY

MUSAK plays softly. The doors open into the Company's reception office. Vi steps in and, almost immediately, the doors slide closed behind her.

She looks down at a post-it note in her hand. An ADDRESS written on it. It's not local. She tucks it in her pocket.

VI

(beat; unsure)

So, um... I don't know how this works. I've never done this before.

Vi's the only one in the elevator. Who's she talking to?

VI (CONT'D)

Sure, there was that time when we broke into the Breaker offices and you had to be tuned to some sort of "frequency" but Sidney didn't say anything about doing that this time.

She's talking to the **elevator**.

VI (CONT'D)

Then again, he doesn't exactly know about last time.

(beat)

So, what I'm trying to say is, you seem pretty capable of knowing where people need to be. And I need to be somewhere... unusual.

(beat)

Hopefully I don't end up in Antarctica or something. That would suck.

She cocks her head to one side, musing.

VI (CONT'D)

Do they have elevators in Antarctica?

DING!

The elevator stops. The doors open - to reveal a posh looking HOTEL.

EXT. HOTEL - NIGHT

Vi emerges into the cool night air. She's got a deliriously happy grin on her face - hardly believing where she is.

A DOORMAN nods to her as she passes.

DOORMAN

Guten Nacht.

VI

Das ist mein hamburger!

She waves to him and continues on up the street. The Doorman shakes his head.

DOORMAN
Touristen.

PAN UP to a GERMAN FLAG above the entrance, waving gently in the breeze.

INT. MORGAN RESIDENCE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Caroline's on the couch, reading a mystery novel. Peter appears in the doorway through to the kitchen.

PETER
Cup of tea?

CAROLINE
Mmmm, yes please.

She continues to read. We INTERCUT WITH...

INT. MORGAN RESIDENCE - KITCHEN - SAME

... Peter, in the kitchen. He sets about making two cups of tea.

The kitchen and living room are joined by wide doorway - so we partially see what's going on in both rooms.

PETER
Caroline?

CAROLINE
Yes?

PETER
Have you given any more thought to what I said before?

CAROLINE
We're not buying a goat.

PETER
No, not that. About...

He hesitates. Pops two tea bags into the cups.

PETER (CONT'D)
About the book. And Vi.

Caroline SIGHS. She closes her book, suddenly turned off the thought of reading anything, and puts it down on the coffee table.

She shifts on the couch, angling around to face Peter through the doorway.

CAROLINE

Peter, what's gotten into you? I thought we'd put that book behind us.

PETER

We have. I have.

CAROLINE

Then what's with the sudden interest in it and what does any of it have to do with Vi?

The water in the kettle starts to BUBBLE and STEAM. Peter pours it into the tea cups.

PETER

Nothing. I was just...
(beat)
It's nothing.

Caroline nods, satisfied.

CAROLINE

Good. Because, to be honest, you're starting to remind me of Cam and his little "investigation".

Peter frowns.

PETER

What investigation?

CAROLINE

I found a box in his cupboard. It was full of notes, articles about Vi's... her death, photos of her. It was like... he was convinced there was something more going on with her. More than just being a teenager, that is.
(alarmed)
Peter!

Peter looks down. Still pouring, boiling water flows over the rim of the tea cup and onto the kitchen bench!

PETER

Damn it.

Peter reaches out for a tea towel, lying nearby, but it's been soaking in the hot water. He jerks his hand back, having scalded himself.

PETER (CONT'D)

Damn it!

Then, Caroline's suddenly at his side. She grabs his hand and turns on the tap. She holds his hand under the cold water. Pressed close together, their eyes meet.

PETER (CONT'D)
Why didn't you tell me about this?

CAROLINE
I did. You heard me shout "Peter!", didn't you?

PETER
About Cam and Vi.

Caroline shrugs.

CAROLINE
You were busy with the book. I guess I didn't... I didn't want to bother you.

Peter nods, his mind racing with this new information. He looks back to the sink and his injured hand.

INT. THE COMPANY - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Benson stands at the window, looking out at a breathtaking SUNSET. The window, so large it stretches along two walls, allows for a wonderful view.

He lifts a hand, placing it on the window sill.

ON BENSON'S HAND

as he touches a silver PANEL. About the same size as a TV remote. A number of buttons are set into it. Benson's finger finds a DIAL in the centre.

ON SCENE

Benson turns the dial, and the sun sinks smoothly over the horizon, twilight passes in only a few moments and - suddenly - we see the dark night sky sprinkled with twinkling stars.

JENNA (O.S.)
Good thing my office doesn't have a window.

Benson turns to see Jenna, gently closing the door behind her. She smiles.

JENNA (CONT'D)
I'd never get any work done.

Benson nods, his eyes returning to the night scene outside.

BENSON
Maybe that's why I'm no longer
Director. Too easily distracted.

Jenna pales. She scurries towards him.

JENNA
Oh, no, Alistair, I didn't mean
to imply that you didn't work --

BENSON
(chuckles)
I know, Jenna. It was a joke.
(beat)
Apparently not a very good one.

JENNA
Guess I'm not in a joking mood.

She shrugs.

JENNA (CONT'D)
Sorry.

Then, a beat. Her face tenses. Her voice grows heavy with
meaning.

JENNA (CONT'D)
I'm sorry.

Benson looks down.

ON HIS HAND

Still on the window sill. Jenna's hand resting gently,
comfortingly, over his.

ON SCENE

Benson brings his hand up, wrapping Jenna's firmly. He
smiles - sad, understanding.

BENSON
I know, Jenna. I know.

He releases her. Their moment of tenderness passed, Benson
swipes at the panel in the sill. Immediately, BLINDS sweep
along the glass, obscuring the view.

Benson turns from the window and walks over the conference
table. He takes a seat - not in the director's chair at the
head of the table - but another one, a place down.

BENSON (CONT'D)
My only concern is for Sidney.

Jenna joins him at the table. Sits beside him.

JENNA

Concern? Alistair, he hasn't done anything to deserve concern.

(beat)

Except maybe concern for our own mental health.

BENSON

He's established several programs to improve employee camaraderie.

JENNA

Like the "Save the Kangaroos" cake stall? He does know they're not endangered, right?

BENSON

He gave Kou's eulogy.

JENNA

After he sent Kou on the assignment that got him killed.

BENSON

He's the Director.

JENNA

But you're supposed to be the Director, Alistair! You! Head Office just tosses around decisions and hands down punishments to make themselves feel important. They're not here. They don't know what you did... What you do for this Company.

BENSON

(beat; sad)

A touching speech, Jenna, but a few months too late.

(beat)

We can't change the past. But we can change the future. That's our role in the universe.

JENNA

What does that have to do with Sidney? What are we supposed to do?

BENSON

Whatever you think is best, Jenna. As you said, I'm no longer in charge. My opinion is just that. An opinion.

JENNA

Benson...

BENSON

We may not respect Sidney, but we must respect that he's the Director now. He's deserves that much.

He stands. Starts to move for the door. He pauses and looks back to Jenna.

BENSON (CONT'D)

I would like to think that you would show Sidney the same respect you showed me.

He exits. Jenna looks torn, now dealing with a new internal struggle.

INT. GARRETON ACADEMY - HALLWAY - DAY

ON A BIT OF WIRE

Copper cased in red plastic. It pokes out from underneath a door - slightly ajar. Someone reaches down into frame and removes it.

ON SCENE

Dr. Curtis studies the wire. Shane stands beside him. They both look to the door. "Basement. No Student Access".

INT. GARRETON ACADEMY - BASEMENT - DAY

Fil's frantically adjusting things on his time machine. Sweat beads on his forehead and he licks his dry lips in between MUMBLING and MUTTERING calculations to himself.

DR. CURTIS (O.S.)

Fil, listen to me...

Fil whirls around - eyes wild. Dr. Curtis approaches slowly - palms up. Shane's a little bit behind him, looking nervous.

DR. CURTIS (CONT'D)

I can help you.

Fil glances to the time machine.

FIL

It's finished. Don't need any help.

DR. CURTIS

You know what I mean, Fil.
 (beat; re: time machine)
 And you and I both know that
 thing is never going to work.

Fil reaches out. Grasps a LEVER. He pulls and suddenly, the
 time machine LIGHTS UP. It starts to WHIR and HUM.

Dr. Curtis tries to hide his surprise. Shane grins.

SHANE

Awesome.

Fil takes a step backwards, towards the door to the
 machine.

DR. CURTIS

Now, Fil, please. You're undoing
 all the progress we've made
 together. Don't you remember our
 sessions?

Fil's face twists into something pained. He's fighting back
 tears.

DR. CURTIS (CONT'D)

Do you remember how we talked
 about your delusions? And how we
 said that if you got better,
 you'd be able to go home.

A tense beat. A tear rolls down Fil's face.

FIL

I am going home.

With that, he steps back into the machine and SLAMS the
 door closed.

We STAY ON the machine as the whole thing starts to SHAKE.
 SMOKE pours from it as the WHIR of the machine grows louder
 and louder. Then, slowly, the WHIR fades. The LIGHTS stop
 blinking. A few beats as everything settles.

Slowly, the door SCRAPES open. Fil stumbles out of the
 machine, COUGHING.

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

Fil?

Fil looks up.

Two people emerge from the smoke. A woman and a man. FIL'S
 PARENTS. They smile at him, a deep sadness mixed with joy.

Vi steps up beside them. But Fil doesn't see her. His eyes are on his parents.

FIL
(through tears)
Mum? Da --

Then, the time machine EXPLODES!

CUT TO BLACK:

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

INT. GARRETON ACADEMY - BASEMENT - AS BEFORE

The force KNOCKS Fil against the wall - immediately knocking him unconscious.

The other - Vi, Shane, Dr. Curtis and Fil's parents, NAOMI and FRANKLIN ADAMS reel back - not close enough to be truly harmed by the explosion.

NAOMI

Fil?! Fil! Oh my God, Franklin!

Franklin starts for Fil's unconscious form. Dr. Curtis grabs his arm. Electricity SPARKS.

DR. CURTIS

Wait!

The FIRE starts to spread. It RAGES through the basement - filling it with smoke. The SPRINKLERS go off and, in the distance, a FIRE ALARM starts to blare.

SHANE

We need to go!

DR. CURTIS

Everybody out!

Naomi tries to continue on to Fil. The smoke is too thick - she doubles over, COUGHING. Franklin grabs her and pulls her towards the stairs.

INT. GARRETON ACADEMY - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Shane and Dr. Curtis burst from the smoke filled doorway, COUGHING powerfully. Naomi and Franklin stand a little away way. Naomi is sobbing and hyperventilating.

Behind them, frightened students hurry down the hallway to the exits.

NAOMI

Fil's still down there! He's still --

FRANKLIN

Don't worry. I'll get him.

Franklin starts for the doorway, SMOKE still billowing out - like a thick curtain, it's impossible to see through.

SHANE

(realising)
Where's Vi?

Shane RUNS to the door, pushing past Franklin.

SHANE (CONT'D)
 (shouting)
 Vi! Vi!

Suddenly Vi LURCHES into the doorway, holding Fil up!

Shane grabs the other side of Fil and drags him further into the hallway where his parents suddenly POUNCE on him - both crying.

Vi slumps to the ground, COUGHING. Shane's down beside her and he pats her on the back. He shakes his head, grinning at her.

EXT. GARRETON ACADEMY - LATER

A FIRE TRUCK sits outside the front of the school along with several AMBULANCES.

Fil appears on a stretcher, now awake but slightly dazed.

He passes Vi, Shane and Dr. Curtis who are being tended to by PARAMEDICS. Dr. Curtis looks over to see Fil being loaded into an ambulance. He heads over.

DR. CURTIS
 (to Paramedics)
 I'm his doctor. I need to ride with him.

Franklin and Naomi appear, unseen by Dr. Curtis. Vi, however, catches this.

VI
 Dr. Curtis!

He turns around, completely missing Franklin and Naomi climbing into Fil's waiting ambulance and taking his place.

INT. AMBULANCE - NEXT

Fil looks up at his parents. He smiles.

FIL
 I found you...

EXT. GARRETON ACADEMY - NEXT

Dr. Curtis knits his eyebrows in confusion. He holds out his hands to Vi as if to say, "What do you want?".

VI
 (smiles)
 Nice shoes.

The ambulance doors SLAM CLOSED, alerting Dr. Curtis. He turns around as the ambulance drives away.

The camera PANS BACK to see Vi and Shane given the all clear. They start to walk away, when Cam appears. He looks concerned.

VI (CONT'D)

Hey.

CAM

Hey.

(beat)

So it was sort of my fault that the thing exploded. Fil - he had no idea what was going on, and I was just trying to make it, you know, work and --

VI

Cam?

CAM

Yeah?

VI

Just shut up.

Cam nods as Vi gives him a hug. She releases him as Gwen hurries over.

GWEN

Oh God, are the two of you okay?

SHANE

Yeah, we're fine. No major injuries.

Gwen looks to Shane.

GWEN

(sigh of relief)

Thank God.

She smiles at him. Him at her. Vi looks at this, tilting her head in confusion.

VI

You don't have to be embarrassed. Kiss him, woman!

Shane and Gwen look to Vi, and then to each other.

GWEN

We need to talk.

SHANE

I think we should talk.

A beat. They turn and walk off, leaving Vi to watch them curiously. She looks down at Cam.

CAM

You're not going to tell mum, are you? About my part in the time machine stuff?

VI

Your secret's safe with me.

She sling an arm around his shoulders and they walk off screen.

INT. THE COMPANY - CONFERENCE ROOM - LATER

Sitting at the table is Sidney, Benson, Naomi, Franklin and a MEDIC. In the background, Vi leans against the wall, observing the proceedings.

SIDNEY

I have to ask you whether you are both sure about doing this.

FRANKLIN

Yes, we are.

SIDNEY

Because there are risks.

MEDIC

(nods)

Fil's brain function could decrease dramatically, he could be left without --

NAOMI

We know the risks. But we just can't leave things the way they are.

Sidney sighs.

SIDNEY

They didn't cover this in orientation.

(beat)

What do you think, Benny?

BENSON

I think that this is an assignment that's currently unfinished.

They assimilate this, and then they ALL TURN TO VI. She smiles weakly.

VI

Right. My assignment. Lucky me.

INT. HOSPITAL - CONSULT ROOM - LATER

The MEMORY WIPING DEVICE flashes across Fil's eyes. Hands move it down to reveal Sidney smiling at him.

SIDNEY

(softly)

Hello young chap! You gave us quite a scare.

Fil blinks, looking extremely dazed.

FIL

I-I...I'm in the hospital?

SIDNEY

You certainly are, you've been in the wars.

FIL

The wars?

SIDNEY

It's a figure of speech. I'm like that, you know. Never understand what I'm saying; but at least you're okay now.

FIL

Are you a... a doctor?

WIDEN to reveal Sidney standing by Fil's bed. He's dressed in regular casual suit. Nothing about him says "doctor".

Before Sidney can answer, the door opens and Franklin and Naomi enter. Naomi hurries forward, embracing Fil into a big hug.

FIL (CONT'D)

Mum?

(laughs)

Ow, you're kinda -- Come on, it's not like you don't see me every day.

Naomi, blinking back tears, pulls herself back.

NAOMI

You're right about that.

FIL

What happened?

FRANKLIN

You were doing a science project
at school. There was an explosion
and you hit your head.

Fil frowns, thinking back.

FIL

I don't remember any explosion...
The last thing I remember I
was... at school and they called
me into the office because there
was -- The accident! You guys
were in a crash!

Franklin chuckles.

FRANKLIN

Fil, that was five years ago.

NAOMI

And we're fine. Minor bumps and
bruises, that's all.

She smiles at Sidney. He flashes one back. Then, pats Fil's
leg over the hospital sheets.

SIDNEY

Looks like you three have about
five years worth of things to
catch up on.

He winks at Fil.

SIDNEY (CONT'D)

Have fun.

Sidney exits...

INT. HOSPITAL - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

... And sees Vi standing, watching from afar.

VI

Is he okay, now?

SIDNEY

He should be. He doesn't remember
the crash, or at least the
consequences of it.

(smiles)

I believe we can write this off
as a successful assignment, Miss
Morgan! Good job.

VI

(weak smile)

The route Fil's life was supposed to take got so screwed up, there was no way to fix it. I couldn't make him not crazy. I just thought... The only thing we could do was to go back to the moment when everything changed - the crash. Now he gets to start over.

(thoughtful beat)

He gets a new future.

SIDNEY

There's still some work to be done though, Dr. Curtis for a start...

VI

Just remember to set that wiping device to normal again, because we don't want a whole town full of people thinking that it's 2002.

SIDNEY

(nods)

I will do, don't worry.

Vi stands tall, taking a breath.

VI

Thank you, Sidney. You're not that bad a director.

(beat)

Sort of.

With that, she turns and walks away - leaving Sidney standing there.

SIDNEY

Not that bad?

(beams)

I can live with that.

He walks off smiling.

SIDNEY (PRE-LAP) (CONT'D)

WHAT?!

INT. THE COMPANY - SIDNEY'S OFFICE - LATER

Sidney KICKS the corner of his desk in rage, but stumps his foot.

He glares to unseen people, and his face is red. Angry.

SIDNEY
 I can't believe that you are just
 telling me this, now! Going
 behind my back!

REVEAL Andrew, Jenna and Benson sitting in front of him,
 looking on edge.

ANDREW
 We needed proof! You didn't --

SIDNEY
 (to Jenna)
 So you convinced me to meet with
 Mr. Pierson just so this whole
 thing could take place?

Jenna tries to say something.

ANDREW
 Hey! It wasn't --

Sidney jabs a finger at Andrew, but doesn't look at him.

SIDNEY
 Shut. Up.
 (continues)
 So you decided to just use me?
 Just so that you can satisfy your
 own curiosity?

BENSON
 Sidney...

Sidney just LOOKS at Benson, but doesn't say anything and
 instead just shakes his head slowly.

Sidney walks back around his desk.

SIDNEY
 All this time I thought I was
 actually getting to you all! I
 thought I was finally earning
 your respect! But instead, you
 are still subvert my authority
 and my trust!

JENNA
 But sir --

SIDNEY
 It's clear that you have your own
 loyalties, so...

He waves them towards the door. Andrew, Benson and Jenna
 look at each other and begin to slowly get out of their
 chairs make their way towards the door.

SIDNEY (CONT'D)
 You all just see me as some kind
 of joke? Is that it?

None of them know how to answer.

INT. THE COMPANY - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Andrew, Jenna and Benson look at each other. Benson shares a long look of guilt towards Jenna before walking away.

ANDREW
 What do you think's going through
 his mind?

JENNA
 That's something that I don't
 want to think about Andrew.
 (sighs)
 Not what I want to think about...

With one last look, she turns away.

INT. MORGAN RESIDENCE - CAM'S BEDROOM - EVENING

Cam sits at his desk, reading a book when a knock on his open door causes him to turn around to see Peter standing there.

PETER
 Cam.

CAM
 Dad.

Peter steps into the room, looking around.

PETER
 So... How are you?

CAM
 (suspicious)
 I'm okay... How are you?

PETER
 Good. Good...
 (hovering)
 So, do you know what's up with
 Penny? Or Vi?

CAM
 Vi?

Cam suddenly looks regretful.

CAM (CONT'D)
 What did mum tell you?

PETER

She told me nothing about you and Vi, and certainly nothing about any investigation of any sorts.

CAM

(regretful)

Well I may or may not have lied to mum about throwing out everything...

PETER

(cryptically)

So there might not be anything on a investigation that didn't take place?

CAM

There may not be. It depends.

They look at each other. An odd quiet settles between the two of them.

Cam looks at Peter, suspecting. Peter looks at Cam, wary.

INT. SHOPPING CENTRE - DAY

Vi and Shane walk along the shopping centre, both eating ice cream. They look happy. It's a new day.

VI

So, where's Gwen?

(eyes narrowed)

Is she protesting over at Principal Pattman's house over him closing school for a week?

SHANE

Don't think so. Actually, I don't know where she is.

(sighs))

She's... Well, we're now kinda broken up.

VI

Oh, Shane, I'm sorry.

SHANE

No, it's okay. I'm okay. We talked about it and we both feel the same way about us just being friends, you know?

VI

Really?

SHANE

Yeah. You see, I closed my eyes and tried to picture myself in the future. A future, or any future with Gwen, and whether it was twenty years or next week, I just saw us hanging out. Talking. Joking. Playing scrabble with made-up words... Like friends.

(beat)

Like us.

They both walk up to an elevator, and Vi pushes the button.

SHANE (CONT'D)

Speaking of futures, you missed your career test - so you have no idea what you're going to be.

The doors open, and they both walk in.

INT. ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS

The doors close.

VI

I don't know what I'm going to be. Hopefully I'm going to be married to a hot movie star, or maybe not. But I do have a good idea about one thing.

(beat)

I'm positive the Company is going to be a part of my life for a very long time.

There's a small laugh.

VI (CONT'D)

And you know what? That usually would be the cause for me to run away kicking and screaming like a really loud wailing banshee. But I stop, and I picture a future - any future - and the Company is always there.

The elevator doors open and they walk out.

INT. THE COMPANY - RECEPTION - DAY

Vi and Shane walk into the reception and Vi looks around.

VI

I think I'm pretty okay with that.

She smiles and she walks off with Shane, passing the words
"THE COMPANY" on the front desk.

CUT TO BLACK:

END OF EPISODE