

THE COMPANY

Episode 3x01
"The Last Train"

by
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TEASER

FADE IN:

INT. ELEVATOR - DAY

Down at floor level, the elevator appears to be empty. MUZAK plays softly in the background. With a CHIME, the doors open.

The feet of a dozen people shuffle in. They are on their way to work - evidenced by their sensible heels or briefcases.

WHOOSH! The elevator takes off. Nobody speaks. MUZAK is still prominent. Then, two familiar voices...

GIRL (O.S.)
It's going to suck.

GUY (O.S.)
How do you know?

GIRL (O.S.)
I just know.

GUY (O.S.)
But how?

The CAMERA MOVES towards the back of the elevator, stopping on two pairs of shoes we haven't seen before. They were already there when the others arrived, just off screen.

The shoes are not at all business-like. A pair of scuffed Converse and some flip-flops (toenails painted bright green).

GIRL (O.S.)
Well, I've never been trapped in a submarine with a mountain lion, either. Yet I'm about ninety-seven percent sure that would suck.

GLIDING UP, the non-conformists are revealed. VI and ANDREW.

ANDREW
Ninety-seven percent?

She shrugs.

VI
Three percent leeway in case the mountain lion knows how to pilot a submarine. Then it's all good.

ANDREW
This is stupid.

Vi huffs and crosses her arms.

VI

I blame my parents. If they had
just kept the little rubber
raincoat on for a few more years...

There's awkward shuffling around them. The other elevator
occupants are trying not to listen but don't have a choice.

VI (CONT'D)

If they'd waited, I could be
turning fifteen. Or sixteen!
(wistful sigh)
Ah, sixteen.

Then, the gloom overcomes her again.

VI (CONT'D)

This is going to be the worst
birthday ever.

Andrew goes to speak. She holds up a finger.

VI (CONT'D)

And don't ask me how I know that.
We've covered this. I just do.

ANDREW

Okay, fine. You think your birthday
is going to suck. I, on the other
hand, happen to disagree with you.

VI

Give me one reason why being
eighteen is better than being
seventeen.

ANDREW

I'll give you three. Pubs, pokies
and porn.

DING!

The elevator stops. There's a few sighs of relief as the
other occupants hurriedly disembark, thankful for the pardon.

The doors THUNK closed again. Andrew and Vi are alone.

ANDREW (CONT'D)

That was fun. We should ride to
work during peak hour more often.

VI
 Andrew, this is serious!
 (grumbles)
 Some mentor you are.

ANDREW
 Hey, while some mentors just show
 you the ropes and sit back, I take
 a much more hands on approach.

He flicks her ear. She slaps him away, annoyed, and he
 laughs. Vi can't help but smile too. The elevator slows.

ANDREW (CONT'D)
 Trust me, Vi. This is going to be
 the best birthday ever.

The touching moment is cut short as the doors open once more,
 revealing JENNA - poised to greet them. She looks serious.

JENNA
 (grim)
 They want to see you.

INT. THE COMPANY - RECEPTION - MOMENTS LATER

The repaired reception desk gleams. Even the burn marks on
 the walls have been painted over. It's all shiny and new.

Vi, Andrew and Jenna near the closed conference room doors.

VI
 You won't even give us a hint?

JENNA
 I'm sorry, Vi. I wish I could.

VI
 I thought we were just being called
 in to collect a new assignment?

JENNA
 Oh, right. That too.

She slips a bit of paper from her pocket. Hands it over.

ANDREW
 Come on, Jen. You've gotta give us
 something.

He puts an arm around her. Waggles his eyebrows suggestively.

ANDREW (CONT'D)
 I'll make it worth your while.

JENNA
 (shrugs him off)
 If you keep doing that eyebrow
 thing, I'll never make it worth
 your while again.

She reaches for the door knob but Vi grabs it first, scared.

VI
 Wait! I can't do this.

JENNA
 Vi...

VI
 We get called in for some meeting,
 that's fine. All in a day's work.
 But a closed door meeting with a
 secret, unknowable agenda? I want
 to be prepared.

ANDREW
 Yeah. We could be facing a firing
 squad in there. You can't let us go
 in blind.

JENNA
 If you were to face a firing squad,
 don't you think you'd appreciate a
 blind fold?

Andrew and Vi give her identical pleading looks.

JENNA (CONT'D)
 Okay, fine! But you have to promise
 me that you won't let them know
 that I gave you a heads up.

Both reply with the "Scout's Honor" salute.

INT. THE COMPANY - CONFERENCE ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

The doors burst open, startling SIDNEY and BENSON who sit at
 the conference table. Andrew storms in - fuming.

Vi is next, with less anger and more wide-eyed terror. Jenna
 chases after them, regretting her earlier moment of kindness.

ANDREW
 You're splitting us up?!

SIDNEY
 How did you --

He looks to Jenna. Of course.

SIDNEY (CONT'D)

Right. Well...

(to Benson)

I guess we can ixnay the preamble,
then.

ANDREW

Damn right.

BENSON

Andrew, control yourself.

Andrew jabs an accusing finger at Sidney.

ANDREW

Why are you doing this? Head Office
won't return your calls about the
Breaker mess so you're taking it
out on us?

SIDNEY

That is not what this is about.

ANDREW

Then why?

Sidney stands calmly, completely unruffled.

SIDNEY

My mentorship scheme was only
supposed to last six months. It's
been brought to my attention that
you two have been together for far
longer than that.

ANDREW

(helpless; grasping at
straws)

But... but she needs me.

As Sidney continues to talk, we go to the silent Vi. We PUSH
IN on her face as the world she knew begins to crumble.

SIDNEY (O.S.)

Vi has been with the Company for
two years now. She is more than
capable of continuing her
assignments on her own. Heck, I
know for a fact that she's done it
before and done it well.

(beat)

(MORE)

SIDNEY (O.S.) (CONT'D)
She's grown up and while she may
have needed you once, she doesn't
need you anymore.

Back to Sidney. He lets these words sink in.

SIDNEY (CONT'D)
Sorry for being so blunt, mate.

Sidney sits down again. Conversation over. Jenna gives Benson
a pleading "please say something!" look. He spies Vi.

BENSON
Vi? Is there... is there anything
you'd like to say?

Vi looks up at Andrew. A beat, then:

VI
Worst. Birthday. Ever.

CUT TO BLACK:

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

EXT. MORGAN RESIDENCE - DAY

A bright and sunny day. Andrew's car pulls up out front. It lingers morosely at the curb, the engine rumbling quietly...

INT. ANDREW'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

... Until Andrew turns it off. He and Vi sit in glum silence for a moment, neither knowing quite what to say.

ANDREW

You wanna see a movie tonight?

VI

I'll probably be busy. Assignment.

ANDREW

Right.

Vi opens the door. She is half out, her foot on the curb.

VI

I'll just grab my phone and we can go. Are you sure you don't wanna...

She motions to the house.

ANDREW

I'll pass.

VI

They don't hate you, Andrew.

ANDREW

They don't hate the guy that tore you away from your sister's graduation to play paintball?
(then; getting worked up)
I know it was just an excuse Vi, but really? Paintball? One look at my scrawny arms and general aversion to being shot and the whole lie falls apart!

A beat.

VI

Are you done?

ANDREW

Yes.

She gets out. Andrew leans over and grabs her sleeve.

ANDREW (CONT'D)

Just... tell 'em again that we're not dating. I think your mum's still under the impression that I'm going to break your heart.

He chuckles, trying to lighten the mood. Vi's smile doesn't reach her eyes. She pulls away and heads up to the house.

Leaning back in his seat, Andrew sighs and runs a hand over his face.

INT. MORGAN RESIDENCE - KITCHEN - DAY

A birthday cake. Pale pink frosting is spread on with a butter knife. A finger reaches into frame and --

CAROLINE

Ah!

CAM yanks his finger back. Licks off the stolen frosting.

CAM

What?

CAROLINE shakes the butter knife at him threateningly.

CAROLINE

Not for you.

He shrugs innocently. The front door SLAMS.

VI (O.S.)

I'm back!

Caroline flings herself between the doorway and the cake.

CAROLINE

Don't come in here!

VI (O.S.)

(thumping up the stairs)

Noted!

(further away)

And you're crazy!

Caroline notices Cam snaking another finger towards the cake.

CAROLINE

Hey!

Cam spins away and plops down at the kitchen table.

CAM

But I'm hungry.

CAROLINE

I made you breakfast!

She motions to the milk and cereal laid out on the table.

CAM

No offense, Mum, but putting a box of Coco-Pops on the table is not "making breakfast".

CAROLINE

Peter, you want to take this one?

The box of cereal is pulled aside to reveal PETER sitting across from Cam. Through a mouthful of Coco-Pops:

PETER

Don't talk back to your mother. She carried you in her womb for nine months.

Caroline smiles.

PETER (CONT'D)

And if you don't behave, she can shove you right back up there.

The butter knife CLATTERS onto the kitchen bench.

CAROLINE

Peter!

CAM

Gross! Dad!

But Peter just shrugs and slurps the milk from his bowl. Cam, disgusted, scrapes his chair back and heads for the door.

CAM

(exiting)

I'll be in my room, praying for an alien invasion.

Vi enters. She tucks her mobile phone into a shoulder bag.

VI

What's going on?

She gets a look at the cake and groans.

VI (CONT'D)

Tell me that's not a birthday cake.

CAROLINE

I told you not to come in here.

VI

Mum, I said --

CAROLINE

You don't want a birthday this year. I heard you. A lot.

Peter appears beside them and places his bowl in the sink.

PETER

Your Mum's worked really hard on this, Vi-Pie. And you only turn eighteen once.

With an anguished cry, Vi flees the room. Peter and Caroline share a concerned look, then Peter jogs after her.

PETER (CONT'D)

Vi, hang on a sec!

INT. MORGAN RESIDENCE - FRONT HALL - CONTINUOUS

Vi waits impatiently at the front door. Peter appears.

VI

Yeah, what?

PETER

Is everything okay?

VI

It's fine. Just --

PETER

Work stuff?

VI

Yeah. How did you know?

PETER

A father knows.

VI

A father who knows about the Company knows. Otherwise, you'd just think I was on drugs.

Peter chuckles and sits at the bottom of the stairs. He pats the spot next to him. Vi points to the door.

VI (CONT'D)
Dad, I've really got to...

He gives her a hard look. That wasn't a request. Vi sits.

PETER
Do you remember what we talked
about in the hospital?

VI
First or second time I got shot?

Peter tenses. Vi cringes.

VI (CONT'D)
Sorry. Wrong crowd.
(then)
Yeah, I remember.

PETER
And so you'll do it?

VI
I'm not doing anything dangerous.
(quickly)
Today, anyway.

PETER
(warning)
Vi...

VI
I know. This is my job, but you're
my dad.

PETER
And you being safe is more
important than anything these
people tell you to do, right?

VI
It's not that simple.

PETER
Yes, it is. If you need me, you
call me and I'll come and get you.

Vi nods.

PETER (CONT'D)
My little girl...

He smiles proudly and hugs her.

PETER (CONT'D)
 Though, I guess I should stop
 calling you that. You're not so
 little anymore.

Over his shoulder, still in the hug, Vi's face drops.

EXT. WICKER RECORDS - DAY

Establishing shot.

INT. WICKER RECORDS - LOFT - DAY

Vi is sprawled, face down and motionless, on the couch.

SHANE, HANNAH, VINKLE and BB stare at her curiously. They are surrounded by instruments, having just finished practice.

BB
 I think she's dead.

HANNAH
 She hasn't moved since we started
 the second set run through, so I
 wouldn't rule it out.

SHANE
 She's not dead. Are you, Vi?

No answer. Shane's a little less sure.

SHANE (CONT'D)
 Vi?

Vinkle throws a drum stick. It bounces off Vi's back and she shifts. Everyone breathes a sigh of relief and gets back to packing away the equipment. Shane joins Vi by the couch.

SHANE (CONT'D)
 Are you okay?

VI
 (still lying down)
 I'm fine.

Shane crouches, following her eyeline to see that she's watching Andrew, on the level below, browsing CDs.

SHANE
 Yeah, I believe that.

He knocks aside her legs and sits down.

SHANE (CONT'D)

Anyway, have you given any more thought to my list?

VI

List?

SHANE

The list I e-mailed to you, taped to your locker and handed you when you walked in.

VI

Right. That list.

She sits up, digs around in the couch cushions and pulls out a scrunched up piece of paper. She glances over it.

VI (CONT'D)

All this stuff looks great, Shane, but... I guess I don't really need a Furby or a signed picture of David Hasselhoff.

SHANE

It's not about what you need. It's about what you want. What do you want for your birthday, Vi?

VI

Nothing.

Shane just looks at her blankly.

SHANE

What about a collection of scented candles?

VI

(heavy sigh)

I have to go.

She gets up and drags her feet towards the stairs.

SHANE

But Vi --

VI

I'm not kidding, Shane. No gifts.

She goes downstairs. Shane stands, watching until she's out of sight. Then he turns to the others - not at all satisfied.

SHANE
 (accusing)
 Okay, who suggested the Furby?

He moves off screen. Over this, a WHISTLE BLOWS.

EXT. TRAIN STATION - DAY

A small, one-platform station. A sleek inter-city TRAIN is about to depart. Vi and Andrew round the station house and hurry towards it. Andrew looks over the assignment sheet.

ANDREW
 This is it!

VI
 But I don't have a ticket!

The WHISTLE BLOWS again.

ANDREW
 Vi, I'd lecture you about time management skills except that I don't really have any myself. Just get on the train. You'll be fine.

He places a hand on her back, pushes her up to the open door.

CONDUCTOR (O.S)
 (over loudspeaker)
 Eleven forty-five to Eden Beach is now departing. Please stand clear.

Vi looks back at Andrew, stricken with sudden panic.

VI
 Come with me.

ANDREW
 Vi, I --

VI
 I'll never ask you for anything ever again. This'll be it, as long as I live. Just... Andrew, please do this for me. Please.

A tense beat.

ANDREW
 You didn't let me finish.
 (grins)
 I thought you'd never ask.

Vi smiles and moves fully into the train. Andrew pulls himself up. He hangs there, taking one last look around the platform as the train hums to life. He smirks --

ANDREW (CONT'D)
Sorry, Sidney.

-- And ducks inside. The exterior door THUNKS closed.

INT. TRAIN - ECONOMY CAR - DAY

Vi and Andrew move down the narrow aisle, searching for some empty seats among the other passengers.

As she passes a MAN in an aisle seat, Vi knocks the Akubra hat off his head (think "Australian Cowboy"). She smiles sheepishly, dusts off the wide-brimmed hat and hands it back.

VI
(re: hat)
I like it. Very "Man From Snowy River".

He narrows his eyes at her. Andrew takes her shoulders, propelling her forward. He leans down to her ear.

ANDREW
How about we hold off on freaking out innocent bystanders until it's absolutely necessary, yeah?

They sink down into a couple of empty seats.

VI
Thanks for doing this.

ANDREW
Well, I figure I haven't done anything to make Sidney's face go that special shade of purple yet this year. Why not start now?

VI
No, I mean it. Thanks.

Andrew considers her.

ANDREW
What's going on? First there's the birthday hate and now you're acting like the world's gonna end if I don't fix this connection with you.
(then)
(MORE)

ANDREW (CONT'D)

You have done assignments on your own before, remember?

VI

I know. It's just... them springing this on us like it's no big deal. But it is a big deal. You're my mentor.

ANDREW

Not anymore.

Vi glares warningly.

ANDREW (CONT'D)

I'm not happy about this either, but there's nothing we can do.

VI

So, this is it, huh? The last time?

An awkward beat. Andrew checks his watch.

ANDREW

We've got five hours.

He rises into the aisle, a picture of strength and determination.

ANDREW (CONT'D)

Let's get to work.

He goes to take a step but the train jolts forward. Andrew, losing all composure, stumbles, trips and -- THUD!

Vi peers down at him over her armrest. She winces.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. TRAIN - FIRST CLASS CAR - DAY

Vi slinks down the aisle, trying to discreetly scope out the oblivious passengers. Andrew follows close behind her.

ANDREW

There'th way too many people. How are we thupposed to figure out who to help?

Vi snickers at his lisp.

ANDREW (CONT'D)

Thut up! I bit my thounge!

VI
And I thympathise.

Unamused, he smacks her across the back of the head.

They stop at the front of the carriage, at the doors leading into the vestibule. They hang here, trying to look casual.

VI (CONT'D)
If I get a Sign telling me to help
every person on board this train,
I'm throwing myself off.

Vi glances around. A MAN (38, suit and flashy ROLEX) reads the paper. Beside him sits --

-- An anxious WOMAN (25, unkempt but pretty). She nervously wrings her hands.

Vi looks back to the newspaper. The headline has changed into a large arrow. It points to the anxious Woman. Vi nods.

VI (CONT'D)
It's her.

ANDREW
And you thay that becauth?

VI
There was a Sign. And look at her.
She's terrified of something.

ANDREW
Maybe thee getth motion thick.

VI
(beat)
I have no idea what you just said.

Andrew nudges her, drawing her attention to the Rolex Guy. He folds his paper and walks down the aisle where he stops to chat up ANOTHER WOMAN (26, poised, flaming RED hair).

This is Vi's chance. She sweeps in, dropping down into the vacant seat beside the anxious woman - MONA MacDONALD.

While Mona looks startled, Vi spots a tattoo on her wrist.

VI (CONT'D)
(reads)
"God gave burdens, also shoulders".
(then)
That's deep.
(MORE)

VI (CONT'D)

My sister wanted to get a tattoo,
but my mum said she'd disown her.
Guess it's lucky she's finally
moved out to go to uni. She can
finally get "Mrs. Justin
Timberlake" inked on her forehead.

She chuckles but notices Mona isn't joining in.

VI (CONT'D)

You know, you don't really strike
me as the tattoo type.

(jokingly)

Got any hidden piercings or gang
affiliations?

Again, Mona doesn't respond.

VI (CONT'D)

Is everything okay?

MONA

Y-yes. Yeah. I'm...

(in a high squeak)

I'm fine.

Mona angles around to look down the aisle. At the same time,
Vi spots Mona's purse, tucked in the seat pocket in front.

VI

Are you looking for someone?

Vi ponders.

VI (CONT'D)

Or looking out for someone?

Mona doesn't reply and turns to the window. Her hands,
clasped in her lap, are trembling. Vi sees this.

VI (CONT'D)

That's cool. You're not the type
for small talk. I get it.

She slips away. Mona looks oddly rattled by the encounter.

INT. TRAIN - FIRST CLASS VESTIBULE - MOMENTS LATER

The automatic doors HISS open and Vi darts in. Andrew is
already waiting. He runs his tongue along his teeth.

ANDREW

What'd thee -- What'd she say?

VI
She won't talk.

ANDREW
(deep sigh)
We've got nothing.

Vi smiles and holds up a train ticket.

VI
I wouldn't say that.

ANDREW
(reading the ticket)
Mona MacDonald.
(then)
It's a start.

VI
So, since I started this I thought
you could, I don't know... finish?

ANDREW
I think you've got it handled.

VI
(pouts)
No, I don't.

Andrew grabs her shoulders and guides her through the doors.

INT. TRAIN - FIRST CLASS CAR - CONTINUOUS

They emerge into the carriage again. Both freeze, surprised.

ANDREW
I guess you don't...

They're staring at Mona's seat. It's empty.

CUT TO BLACK:

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

EXT. TRAIN TRACKS - DAY

Establishing. The train rumbles through an industrial area.

INT. TRAIN - FIRST CLASS CAR - LATER

In the same carriage as before, Vi moves swiftly up the aisle. She joins Andrew near the first few rows of seats.

VI

The train is five carriages long.
That's ten bathrooms. Five are
empty, three are occupied by angry,
unhelpful people, one's out of
order and...

(grossed out)

You don't wanna know about number
ten.

ANDREW

You didn't find her?

VI

Oh, I found her.

ANDREW

(exasperated)

Well, why'd you say --

VI

You're an idiot.

Andrew huffs in annoyance.

ANDREW

She can't have just disappeared.

Vi looks around at the other passengers.

VI

Did you ask anyone?

ANDREW

These people are trapped together
in a confined space for five hours.
The last thing they want to do is
pay attention to who's around them.

His eyes land on the empty seat beside Mona's. He frowns.

VI

What?

ANDREW

There was a dude sitting there. And
the woman he was talking to...

He points to another empty seat a few rows back.

VI

You noticed some woman all the way
back there? Was she hot?

ANDREW

Don't tell Jenna.

VI

All three are gone. That's just a
coincidence, right? They must be --

ANDREW

-- Heading this way.

He points to the other end of the carriage and, sure enough,
the Red-Haired Woman and Rolex Guy are striding up the aisle.

VI

(unsure)

Maybe they're just coming back to
their seats.

ROLEX GUY

(pointing at Vi and
Andrew)

Hey! You two!

Andrew and Vi share a comic, wide-eyed look.

ANDREW

Go!

Andrew hustles Vi out of the carriage --

INT. TRAIN - FIRST CLASS VESTIBULE - CONTINUOUS

-- And right into a dead end.

A sign on the door in front of them reads: "NO ENTRY. DRIVER
ONLY". They're at the front of the train with nowhere to run.

VI

Nice.

They turn to face the oncoming threat. Red and Rolex step into the vestibule. Both are intense and intimidating.

RED

We want a word with you.

Andrew steps in front of Vi. He starts forward, palms up.

ANDREW

Look, we don't want any trouble.
We're just trying to --

The train bumps. Andrew stumbles and goes to steady himself. Unfortunately, he does it by grabbing onto Red's shoulder.

Quick as a flash, she's got his hand twisted behind his back. Rolex Guy joins in and throws him face first into the wall!

VI

Andrew!

He can only moan pitifully in reply.

Vi takes a deep breath and squares her shoulders. Letting out a "Xena: Warrior Princess" WAR CRY, she runs at the scuffle.

INT. TRAIN - FIRST CLASS CAR - SECONDS LATER

Red and Rolex Guy are propelled backwards through the doorway, tackled by Vi - who ploughs after them!

As they hit the floor, Andrew stumbles in - clutching his injured arm. He stares at Vi in shock. She looks back at him and casually blows a loose strand of hair from her face.

VI

Let's go.

Stepping hurriedly over the dazed pair, Vi and Andrew take off down the carriage, past the gaping passengers.

INT. TRAIN - SLEEPER CAR CORRIDOR - LATER

Rolex Guy and Red stalk down the narrow corridor, glancing through windows into a number of SLEEPERS. They continue on.

Through one window, two beds are occupied. The faces of the SLEEPING PASSENGERS are hidden beneath blankets.

A moment passes. Vi and Andrew roll out from under the beds.

INT. TRAIN - SLEEPER - CONTINUOUS

Andrew goes straight to the door, peers out into the hallway.
Vi looks down at her passenger - a snoring bearded man.

ANDREW

I think --

VI

Shh!

ANDREW

(joins her; whispers)

I think they're gone.

VI

Not forever. This is a train,
Andrew. They're going to find us
eventually.

ANDREW

What are we going to do?

Vi whips out her mobile phone and starts to dial.

ANDREW (CONT'D)

Who are you calling?

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. THE COMPANY - JENNA'S OFFICE - SAME TIME

Jenna, at her desk, answers her mobile phone.

JENNA

Hello?

VI

Hey, Jenna. It's Vi. I need you to
do me a favour.

Jenna sits up straighter.

JENNA

Anything.

VI

Mona MacDonald. Like the farmer,
not the clown. I need the works.
And sooner would be better. We've
got some creeps hanging around.

Jenna scribbles down the name.

JENNA

Got it.

Before Vi can hang up:

JENNA (CONT'D)

Vi?

VI

Yeah?

JENNA

You said "we".

VI

Uh...

JENNA

Is Andrew with you?

Vi bites her lip.

VI

No.

JENNA

(stern)

He can't be helping you, Vi.

Vi angles away and lowers her voice so Andrew can't hear.

VI

He's not helping. He's a casual observer. Like Switzerland.

JENNA

Just be careful. He wasn't meant to be on this assignment. You have no idea how it could affect things.

Vi looks over her shoulder at Andrew. He's now checking on his injuries - gingerly stretching out his arm and flexing his fingers. A bump is already forming on his forehead.

VI

Don't worry. It's under control.

She hangs up but her concern still lingers.

EXT. TRAIN TRACKS - DAY

The train snakes through the Australian countryside.

INT. TRAIN - SLEEPER - DAY

Vi and Andrew sit on the floor, backs to the door. Their unknowing bunk companions continue to snooze undisturbed.

ANDREW

So, Mr. and Mrs. Smith definitely have something to do with Mona going A.W.O.L, right?

VI

You think they kidnapped her?

ANDREW

Dunno.

He cracks his neck. Winces.

ANDREW (CONT'D)

But I don't think they're on our side.

Vi thinks for a moment.

VI

She's got be somewhere. Like I said, we're on a train. It's not like there's that many places to hide her.

ANDREW

What are you thinking?

VI

If they took her against her will, she'd have to be somewhere she couldn't ask for help. Some place no one else would go...

Her face lights up.

INT. TRAIN - SLEEPER CAR VESTIBULE - MOMENTS LATER

Vi leads the way through the doors, exiting the sleeper car.

As Andrew steps over the threshold, the doors slide closed, snagging the back of his jacket. He jerks back and hits his head on the glass.

ANDREW

Goddamnit!

Vi reaches behind him and pulls the door handle. With a HISS, the doors release him. He gives her an embarrassed smile.

VI

You know, you don't have the best safety record on assignments.

ANDREW

(rubs his head)

My safety record is fine. I only get hurt saving your arse.

They continue through the vestibule. Vi's mind whirs.

VI

Except for today.

ANDREW

And?

INT. TRAIN - DINING CAR - CONTINUOUS

They come through the doors without any mishaps.

VI

And what?

ANDREW

What's your point?

They squeeze through the line of people waiting for food.

VI

How much do you know about the Power?

ANDREW

You mean the Company's Power? The little girl shaped Power that brought you back to life again?

VI

Yeah. Do you... do you think it has a reason for everything it does?

ANDREW

Well, Jenna and Benson would say that it "works in mysterious ways".

Vi stops and faces him.

VI

What do you say?

Andrew softens, realisation dawning upon him.

ANDREW

Vi... Whether the Power had some other reason for keeping you around, I don't know. What I do know is that I'm grateful everyday that it did.

(then; earnest)

Don't think for one second that you're not meant to be here.

He gives her a squeeze and continues on. Vi sighs glumly.

VI

That's not what I was asking.

She follows.

INT. TRAIN - DINING CAR VESTIBULE - MOMENTS LATER

The two stand outside a bathroom. An "Out of Order" sign hangs on the door.

ANDREW

This is it?

VI

It's a place no one would go.

Andrew puts his fingers on the door handle. Tests it.

ANDREW

(whispers)

It's unlocked.

Vi shrugs. What do they have to lose? Andrew opens the door --
-- And Mona blinks out at them, looking terrified!

ANDREW (CONT'D)

Hey, Mona, right? It's okay. We're here to help.

Mona holds up a can of pepper-spray and lets fly. Andrew screams girlishly - his hands immediately going to his eyes!

Mona bolts past him, disappearing into another carriage. Vi watches in shock as Andrew panics, slamming into the wall.

EXT. TRAIN - DAY

Establishing shot. Train's still moving.

INT. TRAIN - BATHROOM - DAY

Andrew leans over the sink. He bangs on the tap but no water comes out. He returns to rinsing his eyes with bottled water.

Vi's behind him, sitting on the toilet lid. Andrew pauses, blinking his sore red eyes at Vi's reflection in the mirror.

ANDREW

I think getting pepper-sprayed in the face may have somehow affected my ability to hear. Did you just say that you think the Power is trying to kill me?

VI

How is it so hard to believe?

ANDREW

Because it implies that some higher being actually gives a damn about me.

VI

And why shouldn't it? You're a valuable part of the Company.

(off Andrew's look)

Occasionally.

(then)

Okay, so it's not like I know what I'm talking about. I've just got this feeling. Getting caught in the door, the tongue thing, the pepper-spray...

ANDREW

... All points to me being in the wrong place at the wrong time.

(beat; reassuring her)

They're just coincidences, Vi. And since when can any of those things kill?

Vi sighs, frustrated with both herself and Andrew.

VI

You're not supposed to be here with me. What if all this stuff is a warning? Like it's all leading up to something bigger?

ANDREW

Vi... This?

He motions to his red-rimmed eyes.

ANDREW (CONT'D)
It's all a part of the job.

VI
Then why haven't I gotten hurt?

ANDREW
(wry grin)
Four hours to go.

Vi isn't amused. Andrew goes to continue washing his eyes but the bottle is empty. He gives Vi an innocent, pleading look.

She rolls her eyes, opens the bathroom door and exits.

INT. TRAIN - DINING CAR - LATER

Vi's at the counter, buying another bottle of water.

SERVER
Three fifty.

Vi hands over a five dollar note.

She waits for her change. Glances around. Red and Rolex Guy are heading through the dining car, about to spot her!

Vi gasps and pivots away, ducking slightly to hide her face.

Behind her, the two march past - not noticing. Vi straightens up and finds herself staring into the chest of the "Australian Cowboy" from earlier.

She looks even further up to meet his questioning eyes.

VI
(awkward smile)
Uh... Hi.

She nods to the pre-packaged sandwich in his hand.

VI (CONT'D)
Ham and cheese. Good choice.

She steps away from him and looks around for her pursuers.

Through the plexiglass door at the end of the carriage, she sees them in the vestibule. Andrew's hiding place - the bathroom - is right there. Vi waits - holding her breath.

The two continue on, moving through the second set of doors and into the rest of the train. Vi breathes a sigh of relief.

Her phone RINGS.

VI (CONT'D)
 (answering)
 What?

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. THE COMPANY - JENNA'S OFFICE - SAME TIME

Jenna presses a button on her mobile phone, setting it to speaker, and puts it down on her desk.

She gets back to her computer, typing as she talks.

JENNA
 Bad time?

VI
 Very nearly. What've you got?

JENNA
 Mona MacDonald exists but --

VI
 But? What do you mean "but"?

JENNA
 Not until a couple of weeks ago.
 (scanning the screen)
 She's got a bank account, driver's
 licence, all the usual stuff - but
 it's all brand new.

Vi shrugs, not seeing the problem.

VI
 So? She changed her name or
 something.

JENNA
 But there's no record of that. At
 least, not any place I've looked.

VI
 (to herself)
 What kind of person wouldn't exist?

A beat as she lets that question hang. Jenna lights up.

JENNA
 Oh! The creeps!

VI

Huh?

JENNA

You said you had a creep problem.

In the vestibule, Rolex Guy and Red return. Vi looks worried.

VI

More like have.

JENNA

Well, who are they?

They pause at the bathroom door.

VI

I don't... Oh God...

JENNA

Vi?

VI

I don't know who they are, okay!
It's not like they're wearing name-
tags!

A beat. Jenna has a thought. Taking the phone off speaker, she presses it to her ear.

JENNA

What are they wearing?

VI

If you start heavy breathing --

Red glances to Rolex. He nods. She yanks open the bathroom door and the pair surge inside. Vi watches, horrified.

JENNA

Vi, what are they wearing?

Vi's distracted by the struggle.

There are muffled SHOUTS. Limbs flail through the bathroom doorway. People in Vi's carriage start to take notice.

JENNA (CONT'D)

Vi!

VI

Uh -- Clothes. Normal clothes.
Suits, kinda. They're plain. I
don't know fashion, okay?

JENNA

What else?

VI

(annoyed; sarcastic)

The woman's got a sensible yet stylish bun. She's very pretty. Probably a part-time model.

JENNA

The woman. Is she wearing heels?

VI

What?! No, she's not wearing heels. What the hell are you --

Jenna leaps to her feet.

JENNA

I know who they are!

INT. TRAIN - DINING CAR VESTIBULE - MOMENTS LATER

Vi charges in from the dining car.

VI

Andrew! Andrew, Mona is in witness protection! Those two are --

She swings into the bathroom doorway.

VI (CONT'D)

(stunned)

-- Cops.

Inside, it's more than a little crowded.

Andrew is shoved against the sink - face squished to the mirror. Red is in the middle of cuffing him while Rolex Guy, a badge clipped to his belt, has a gun pointed to his head.

ANDREW

Yeah, I figured.

CUT TO BLACK:

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

INT. TRAIN - EMPTY CAR - LATER

TRAIN ATTENDANTS clear the carriage of passengers. They throw curious looks to Vi and Andrew as they shuffle out.

The two are sitting in some empty seats, both with their hands cuffed behind their backs.

Mona hovers near Rolex Guy - SERGEANT CHAN. He places a comforting hand on her back and guides her to an empty seat.

Chan's partner, SERGEANT PASCAL (formerly known as Red) goes through Vi's shoulder bag and Andrew's wallet.

ANDREW

Look, guys, I think there's been some kind of mistake. We're --

CHAN

-- Innocent?

ANDREW

Yeah.

Chan looks to Pascal.

CHAN

You heard him, Pascal. They're innocent. We should let them go.

Pascal doesn't move but Andrew shuffles forward, giving her better access to the cuffs behind his back. Vi elbows him.

VI

I think he was being sarcastic.

Andrew slumps back.

VI (CONT'D)

I know how this looks but it's really...

(struggles; then)

I know how this looks!

Holding their driver's licences, Pascal flips open her phone.

PASCAL

(to Chan)

I'll find out what we're dealing with.

She turns away...

PASCAL (CONT'D)
 (into phone)
 Yeah, this is Pascal. I need you to
 run a check on two individuals -
 Violet Louise Morgan and Andrew
 Alexis Friar.

Vi snickers.

VI
 Alexis?

ANDREW
 I'm sorry, what was your
 boyfriend's name again?

Chan looks between them, shakes his head incredulously. He
 leaves them to bicker and sits down beside Mona.

CHAN
 Mona, do you recognise either of
 them?

MONA
 No, I...

She glances around and lowers her voice.

MONA (CONT'D)
 I just have this feeling.

CHAN
 I know. You don't have to worry.
 I'm here. Nothing's going to happen
 to you.

He pats her hand reassuring and she smiles.

WITH VI AND ANDREW

As the reality of their situation sinks in, Andrew sighs.

ANDREW
 Okay, maybe the Power is trying to
 kill me.

VI
 What made you change your mind?

ANDREW

I don't know. A little of this, a little of having a freaking gun pointed at my freaking head!

Vi throws a worried glance to Chan and Mona as Andrew panics.

VI

Shh!

ANDREW

Stop shushing me! I'm gonna die!

VI

Andrew, calm down.

ANDREW

I can't calm down! I'm on the Power's hit list! Why is this happening to me?!

Squirming, Vi looks guilty over at him.

VI

Maybe it's... because of me.

Andrew looks confused. He doesn't believe it - but Vi does.

VI (CONT'D)

I made you get on this train. Maybe that changed things. Maybe this connection isn't getting fixed the way it was supposed to.

(beat)

Maybe we're screwing up the plan.

ANDREW

And so the Power is trying to make things right again by killing me?

VI

I don't know. The only thing I do know is that the Company seems to think that I can do this job without you.

(shaky beat)

But I can't.

Blinking back tears, she looks away. There's no time for Andrew to comfort her as, suddenly, Chan and Pascal are standing over them.

CHAN

Get up.

They do and, much to their surprise, Pascal uncuffs them. Andrew rubs his tender arm. Pascal gives him a small smile.

PASCAL
Sorry about the arm.

Mona stands hurriedly, alarmed.

MONA
What's going on? What are you
doing?

CHAN
Seems we made a mistake. They're
police officers.

Vi and Andrew, now free of the cuffs, share a wide-eyed look.

VI
We're police officers?

CHAN
(shaking their hands)
I'm Sergeant Chan. This is Sergeant
Pascal and, according to base, you
two have been assigned to protect
Ms. MacDonald as well.

Pascal looks to Chan, sort of annoyed.

PASCAL
Wish we'd been given a heads up.

ANDREW
Ah, you know how it is down at the
station. Protect and serve. Busy,
busy.

Vi still looks confused.

VI
(quiet; to Andrew)
How the hell --

ANDREW
(grins)
My girlfriend is awesome.

INT. THE COMPANY - JENNA'S OFFICE - SAME TIME

Jenna's at her desk, smiling triumphantly at her computer.

The monitor shows that she's hacked in to the Garretton Police database. Two fake profiles are pulled up for Vi and Andrew.

INT. TRAIN - EMPTY CAR - AS BEFORE

Vi gets it and smiles. She throws up her hands.

VI
 (to Chan and Pascal)
 Guess this was just a big
 misunderstanding. How
 Shakespearian.

Chan nods, satisfied.

CHAN
 So that's it, then.

VI
 That's it?

CHAN
 We were operating under the
 assumption you two were after Mona.
 (shrugs)
 If you're on our side, I think
 we're jumping at ghosts.

He thumps Andrew on the shoulder.

CHAN (CONT'D)
 Congratulations. You just landed
 the easiest job you'll ever get.

He sinks into a seat. As does Pascal. They relax. Vi and Andrew, however, aren't done.

ANDREW
 (quiet; to Vi)
 This can't be it. Not for us.

VI
 (distracted)
 It's not...

Her eyes are on Mona's tattoo. The inky scrawl now reads, "It's not over". Vi's looks to Mona's face. She is still shaken, still afraid.

VI (CONT'D)
 It's not over.

Louder than she expected, everyone looks to her.

CHAN
 How do you know?

Vi draws herself up. She looks stronger, more confident.

VI
 Because I know.
 (points to Mona)
 And she knows.

Mona freezes.

VI (CONT'D)
 You can feel it, can't you?.
 Someone's here. They're after you.

Mona nods. Vi looks to Chan and Pascal.

VI (CONT'D)
 We need to get her off this train.

PASCAL
 We're still hours from the station.

VI
 (frustrated)
 That's not good enough.

ANDREW
 Well, what are we supposed to do?

PUSH IN on Vi. Her gaze is steely. She smiles smugly.

VI
 We stop the train.

There's a beat as she basks in the daring of her plan. Then:

PASCAL
 (casual)
 Yeah, sure.

CHAN
 (nods)
 We can do that.

Vi deflates.

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - DAY

A cow lethargically munches grass. The train whooshes past.

INT. TRAIN - EMPTY CAR - DAY

Chan and Pascal are gone, presumably to organise the stopping of the train. Vi and Andrew sit together as Mona nears.

MONA
Excuse me, officers? Am I
interrupting?

Vi quickly glances to Andrew, back to Mona.

VI
No, not at all.

Mona sits down in a seat opposite so she's facing them.

VI (CONT'D)
Is everything okay?

MONA
I just wanted to apologise for
having them come after you. If I'd
have known you were with the
police, I never would have ran...
(to Andrew)
Or maced you.

ANDREW
It's cool. Well, more burning,
actually. Searing... Kinda itchy...

Vi nudges him.

ANDREW (CONT'D)
Apology accepted.

VI
You were just protecting yourself.

MONA
I shouldn't have to, really. I've
got Oliver and Paula.
(off their confused looks)
Chan and Pascal. They've been
looking out for me.

VI
What are they protecting you from,
exactly?

MONA
You don't know?

Vi flounders. Oops. She looks to Andrew for a lifeline.

ANDREW
We didn't get the details. This was
sort of a last minute assignment.

Mona nods.

MONA

I was working late one night and,
as I was closing up the store, I
saw this... this murder. More like
a robbery, actually, that ended in
someone being all... dead.

(sad beat)

I was the only witness.

ANDREW

Wow.

(beat)

Please tell me you're going to hide
out in Amish country.

MONA

What?

ANDREW

Y'know, "Witness"? Harrison Ford?

Vi shoots him a glare.

VI

Don't mind him. He failed
"Introduction to Tact" at the
academy.

MONA

Oh. So, um... I testified and the
guy went to prison but it turns out
he has a lot of friends. Friends
who also like shooting people. And
there's a good chance one of those
people will be me.

She smiles shakily. Brave Little Toaster. A heavy beat.

VI

That... sucks.

ANDREW

(low)

Good tact.

Vi turns to him, annoyed.

VI

Why don't you make sure this
carriage is secure?

ANDREW

But --

VI

I'm sure Ms. MacDonald would appreciate it.

Andrew huffs and moves away from the conversation.

MONA

He failed a lot of classes at the academy, huh?

VI

Barely graduated.

Mona smiles. They sit in silence for a moment.

MONA

I wasn't always like this. I wasn't always so scared.

Vi nods to Mona's tattoo.

VI

Sure. That's gotta take some guts.
(then)
And standing up in court too. You should be proud of yourself, Mona.

MONA

If it wasn't for Oliver, I wouldn't have --

She catches herself.

MONA (CONT'D)

I'm just glad you're all here.

A thoughtful look crosses Vi's face.

VI

You've grown pretty close, huh? You and that cop guy?

MONA

He's been with me since the start. I think that's what makes this harder. I'm getting a new life and police protection isn't really supposed to be a part of it.

(beat)

I don't think I'll be able to do this without him.

Vi gives her a small, supportive smile but finds her eyes wandering past Mona - landing on Andrew instead.

Vi's phone RINGS. She makes an apologetic motion to Mona as she answers and moves down the aisle.

VI
(into phone)
Hello?

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. DEPARTMENT STORE - DAY

Shane wanders through the "Teen Miss" section, looking more than a little out of his depth.

SHANE
(into phone)
What's not over?

VI
Huh?

SHANE
The Sign. We're still teammates in the Company's mystical word jumble, remember? Anything I can do?

He flicks the tassels on a hanging suede jacket.

VI
I got it covered. What are you up to?

SHANE
Oh, I'm just not shopping for your birthday present.

Vi purses her lips.

VI
Shane, I was serious about what I said before. I don't want anything.

SHANE
Just give me a hint!

VI
(exasperated)
How many more hints do you want?!

SHANE

Big or small, sentimental or superficial, flammable or fire retardant?

VI

I'm hanging up now.

SHANE

How about --

True to her word, Vi cancels the call. She rolls her eyes.

END INTERCUT:

EXT. TRAIN TRACKS - DAY

Brakes SQUEAL. The train starts to slow.

INT. TRAIN - ECONOMY CAR - DAY

As the train stops, passengers look around in confusion.

Vi enters. She leads the way for Andrew, Mona, Chan and Pascal. They all walk with purpose.

INT. TRAIN - ECONOMY CAR VESTIBULE - CONTINUOUS

Entering the vestibule, a Train Attendant pulls the exterior door open for them and disappears back into the carriage.

There's a bit of a drop down to the ground, then a second set of train tracks and then - further away and up a small incline - a stretch of road where a police car waits.

Pascal jumps down first, followed by Chan. He waits for Mona as she turns to Vi and Andrew.

MONA

I guess this is it.

VI

Good luck.

MONA

Thanks.

She moves to the door but hesitates. Andrew gets out and, along with Chan, helps Mona out of the train.

INT. TRAIN - ECONOMY CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Vi drops down into an empty seat. She looks out the window, where she has a clear view of Mona, Chan and Pascal heading up to the car in the distance.

She sighs and closes her eyes. But she's not relieved. Something nags at her.

Heavy FOOTSTEPS jar her from her thoughts. She looks around. A familiar looking figure makes his way up the aisle.

The Man with the hat. Our Australian Cowboy. His eyes - dark and determined - are fixed firmly out the window...

... On Mona.

FLASH TO:

INT. TRAIN - ECONOMY CAR - DAY (FLASHBACK)

In the crowded carriage, Vi knocks the hat off his head.

FLASH TO:

INT. TRAIN - DINING CAR - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Hiding from Chan and Pascal, Vi finds herself next to the same Man. She looks up at him and smiles awkwardly.

BACK TO:

INT. TRAIN - ECONOMY CAR - DAY

Vi's eyes widen as the sickening thought hits her.

VI

Mona...

As the Man nears her, he slowly reaches into his jacket...

CUT TO BLACK:

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

INT. TRAIN - ECONOMY CAR - AS BEFORE

The Man, nearing Vi but with eyes on Mona outside, reaches into his jacket. Vi needs to act fast.

She shoots her leg out into the aisle. He trips and the carriage shakes as his muscled form hits the deck.

Passengers GASP in shock. Vi smiles triumphantly. A smile that quickly drops as the Man sits up, looms over her and...

... Pulls out a Transit Inspector ID.

UNDERCOVER TRANSIT OFFICER
(through gritted teeth)
Can I see your ticket, Miss?

Vi takes a second to pull herself together. She looks out the window at Mona, now at the car.

TRANSIT OFFICER
And I believe this is yours.

He holds up her flip-flop. Now ripped in half, damaged when she tripped him. She takes it and smiles meekly.

VI
Thanks.

A beat. She leaps from her seat and sprints up the aisle. The Transit Officer gets to his feet and gives chase.

INT. TRAIN - ECONOMY CAR VESTIBULE - MOMENTS LATER

Vi dashes through the inner door and slides it closed. Through the window, she sees the Transit Officer barrelling towards her.

Andrew watches through the open exterior door.

ANDREW
Vi, what are you doing?

The Transit Officer reaches the other side of the door.

TRANSIT OFFICER
Miss! Open this door right now!

Vi braces herself, holding it closed.

VI
 (to Andrew)
 Stop her! You have to stop Mona!

EXT. TRAIN TRACKS - DAY

Andrew turns from the carriage. In the distance, Mona and the others are nearing the police car. They're too far away.

As he turns back to Vi --

ANDREW
 Why? What's going on?

INT. TRAIN - ECONOMY CAR VESTIBULE - CONTINUOUS

The inner door rattles. The Transit Officer fumes on the other side.

Vi continues to hold it closed but she's struggling.

VI
 We can't let her leave. Not without knowing the truth. She's...
 (strains)
 She's not afraid of the guy she put away, she's afraid of being on her own. Of... of growing up without those cops around to look out for her. She doesn't think she can do it on her own, after what she's been through.

A thrilled smile flashes across her face.

VI (CONT'D)
 But she can, Andrew! And she needs to know that before she goes off to live the rest of her life afraid!

Andrew takes this in. Then, he points across at the car. Chan and Pascal are climbing in. They're about to leave.

ANDREW
 So why are you telling me this?

Vi's grip on the door slips. The Transit Officer wrenches it open and grabs Vi. He forcefully wrestles her to the ground.

ANDREW (CONT'D)
 Vi!

A HORN sounds.

EXT. TRAIN TRACKS - DAY

A SECOND TRAIN is coming down the other set of tracks. It will pass right between Andrew and the car in which Mona is about to be whisked away forever.

Vi is laying flat on the floor of the train with the Transit Officer pressing a knee into her back. She looks to Andrew.

VI

You have to do it! Get her to come back so I can explain.

ANDREW

But there's a freaking train!

The Transit Officer points at Andrew.

TRANSIT OFFICER

Sir! For your own safety, get back on this train right now!

The second train is closer.

ANDREW

Vi, about what you've been saying all day - about the Power wanting to kill me? Don't you think this is not so much tempting fate as it is standing in front of it and calling it a little bitch who couldn't get me even if --

But Vi is calm. With absolute certainty and faith:

VI

You are not going to die.

Andrew nods. He turns and runs across the second set of tracks.

But his foot catches under one of the wooden slats. He goes sprawling across the tracks. The HORN sounds again.

The Transit Officer leaps off of Vi. Vi pushes herself up - watching Andrew in open-mouthed terror.

Andrew frantically yanks his foot. It won't budge. Sweat pours off him. The train's almost upon him --

VI (CONT'D)

Andrew!

-- And she looks away as it flies past.

A long beat. Her hair swirls around her face, caught in the wind. When it falls away, we see that she's crying.

Pale and shaking, she dares to look at the train tracks...

Only to see that Andrew is not there. He is racing up the incline, waving to stop the car as it starts to pull away.

The car stops and Chan climbs out to see him.

Vi lets out a relieved breath and, from her kneeled position, collapses back onto the floor of the vestibule. She grins.

Someone COUGHS. Vi looks up. The Transit Officer looms over her. He crosses his arms. Not happy.

INT. THE COMPANY - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Benson goes over paper work. Jenna enters. Seeing her, Benson smiles and pushes out his chair to face her.

BENSON

To what do I owe the pleasure?

JENNA

I just had a call from Vi. Her assignment's done.

BENSON

Excellent. But you really should be telling Sidney, not me.

Jenna folds her arms, a knowing expression on her face.

JENNA

I know this was your idea.

BENSON

I don't know what you're talking about.

JENNA

You really expect me to believe that Sidney was behind splitting them up?

They stare each other down. A friendly battle. There's a twinkle in Benson's eye. A twitch of a smile. She's got him.

JENNA (CONT'D)

I won't tell them. I understand why you did it. It's time for Vi to --

BENSON
This wasn't about Vi.

Jenna looks confused.

JENNA
Andrew?

Benson makes a shrugging motion - "You didn't hear it from me". Jenna, knowing she won't get anymore, exits.

EXT. EMPTY HIGH WAY - DAY

MUSIC CUE: "Someone Else's Life" by Joshua Radin

Vi and Andrew walk along (Vi with only one shoe). Both are already sweating in the heat.

VI
I really should have bought a
ticket. Or sturdier footwear.

ANDREW
Yeah but that guy was a jerk for
kicking us off, though. Not cool.
(beat)
I was never really going to die,
was I?

VI
No. I don't think.

Andrew shakes his head.

ANDREW
Thanks for almost making me get hit
by that train then. That was fun.

VI
Are you really mad at me?

ANDREW
I don't know, Vi. This whole
thing... How'd you know about Mona,
anyway? You only spoke to her,
like, twice.

Vi shrugs.

VI
It was familiar. What she was going
through.

ANDREW

But you don't have any revenge
crazed convicts gunning for you.
Serial killers, maybe --

She shoves him. He grins. Vi sucks on her lip nervously.

VI

Okay, don't laugh.

(beat)

I was afraid - I am afraid - of
what it'll be like without you
there. I think that's why I'm
really hating on my birthday this
year. Eighteen is big, it's --

ANDREW

Growing up.

VI

Exactly! Scary.

ANDREW

Only if you let it be.

He hesitates. Questions his next move. Then:

ANDREW (CONT'D)

You know, just because I'm not your
mentor anymore, it doesn't mean I
won't be around.

VI

It'll be different.

ANDREW

Things are always going to be
different, Vi. It's life.

VI

Life sucks.

ANDREW

And then you die.

VI

(smirks)

Most of the time, anyway.

They share a look, a smile. They keep walking...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MORGAN RESIDENCE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

ON VI'S BIRTHDAY CAKE

Glowing. Two candles (a "1" and an "8") in the centre.

Caroline carries it over to the coffee table. Vi kneels in front of it, Shane and Cam beside her. Peter snaps pictures.

PETER

Just turn it a little to the --

Cam shifts the cake.

PETER (CONT'D)

Perfect!

As he keeps snapping away, Shane slides an envelope to Vi.

VI

What's this?

SHANE

Your present.

VI

Shane!

SHANE

Just open it before you freak.

She takes a card out of the envelope. On the front is a glossy picture of a wrapped gift - ribbons and all.

Tense, dreading what's inside, Vi opens it...

The card is blank. Confusion flickers across her face. She looks to Shane. He grins.

SHANE (CONT'D)

Happy birthday.

Vi smiles widely. She throws her arms around him and plants a kiss on his cheek, topping it off with a playful noogie.

CAROLINE

Okay, okay! Stop before you knock something over, please?

CAM

Hurry up! I'm starving!

Vi stares at the glowing number 18 - facing it without any fear. She leans forward, takes in a deep breath and --

INT. THE COMPANY - JENNA'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Jenna, her face blank, leafs through a file - not reading, just taking it in. It's Nathan Percy's personnel file.

The lights overhead FLICKER. Employees CRY OUT in alarm.

INT. THE COMPANY - CONTROL CENTRE - CONTINUOUS

Jenna emerges onto the balcony overlooking the cavernous room filled with computer terminals. She steps up to the railing to see, almost in a wave, the computers shutting down.

The massive wall-sized monitor at the back of the room goes dark. An Employee steps up beside her, also concerned.

EMPLOYEE

What the hell just happened?

From Jenna's face, it's clear that this is bad.

CUT TO:

BLACK.

Slowly PULL BACK to reveal a pair of eyes. Empty. Dull.

Moving further back, REVEAL that the eyes belong to DOC.

A bell-like DING repeats over and over. PULL BACK MORE.

INT. DEPARTMENT STORE - ELEVATOR - NIGHT

Doc is gaunt and pale. He has a full beard and wears dirty, rumpled clothes. He could be dead. He's certainly not conscious, despite his open staring eyes.

He is slumped against the wall, one arm flopped out through the doors. They try to close but bounce back - DINGING.

Concerned SHOPPERS crowd around - whispering, gawking.

One last DING and --

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF EPISODE