

THE COMPANY

Episode 3x03
"They Lied About The Cabbage Patch"

by
Sarah-Jane Sheppard

TEASER

FADE IN:

INT. THE COMPANY - CONTROL CENTRE - DAY

The room is crowded, multiple EMPLOYEES to each work station.

ANDREW saunters in, a calm figure amid the panic. He spots JENNA talking to a timid female ASSISTANT.

JENNA

No, you're right. That is a stupid question. This one --

(shoves a file at the Assistant)

-- Goes under "fix". This one --

(shoves another)

-- Goes under "break". That's what the colour coding is for. You do know what colours are, don't you?

The Assistant sobs and scurries off.

JENNA (CONT'D)

(under her breath)

Moron.

ANDREW

Hey, babe. Got a minute?

She whips around.

JENNA

Does it look like I have a minute?

ANDREW

Wow. No need to bite my head off.

Jenna begins to walk through the room. Andrew follows.

ANDREW (CONT'D)

I just thought we could talk.

(low)

You know, about the other night in your apartment... With the crying.

JENNA

Andrew, I'm busy.

ANDREW

I know, I just --

JENNA

If you knew, you wouldn't be here
wasting my time, would you?

She stops, turns to him. That was harsher than anticipated.

JENNA (CONT'D)

I'm sorry. Even though we aren't
getting new assignments, there are
still piles of unclaimed ones I
have to deal with.

She motions to the dark wall-sized monitor.

JENNA (CONT'D)

And without our main processor, I
can't figure out which employee
they were meant for. It's gotten to
the point where I just have to take
my best guess and hope whoever I
send can handle the job.

She eyes him hopefully.

JENNA (CONT'D)

And I'm sure you could handle one
more assignment, right?

He bites his cheek. Grimaces. Jenna sighs in frustration.

JENNA (CONT'D)

Just go and find Vi or something.

ANDREW

But we're in a...

Jenna's already walking away.

ANDREW (CONT'D)

... Fight.

He sighs.

INT. COMMUNITY CENTRE - DAY

A COUNSELOR (late 20s, female, hip) adjusts her glasses,
flashing the spangley bracelets adorning her wrists.

COUNSELOR

So, who wants to go first?

REVERSE ANGLE

A circle of TEENAGERS sit on metal folding chairs. As we PAN the group, we notice that the girls are all visibly pregnant.

COUNSELOR (CONT'D)

You know the drill. If no one volunteers, I'll just have to pick someone. And I know how you all love that.

The teens try to shrink down in their seats. The Counselor looks around and holds her gaze on someone.

COUNSELOR (CONT'D)

How about our newcomer.

(beat)

Violet?

VI jerks up, almost falling off her chair. She crosses her arms over her flat stomach.

VI

Oh, no. That's okay.

COUNSELOR

If you're here, it must mean you want to talk about what you're going through.

VI

I'm not going through anything.

COUNSELOR

It's very normal to feel that way. Most of the girls here have talked about the denial they went through when that little strip turned blue.

VI

I'm not in denial. I'm not pr --

She stops herself, grossed out. Some SNICKERS from the group.

COUNSELOR

Violet, if you can't say the word, you can't come to terms with your situation. Come on. Try it.

(reassuring smile)

We're all here for you.

A beat. Vi grits her teeth.

VI

Preg --

She takes a deep, defeated breath.

VI (CONT'D)
Pregnant! Fine! I'm a real "Juno:
Down Under". Can someone else talk
now?

COUNSELOR
But I want to hear about you. Oh,
and the baby's father, of course.
This is about both of you.

WIDER ANGLE

DAVID sits on the other side of Vi.

COUNSELOR (CONT'D)
David, would you like to share?

He slings an arm over Vi's stiff shoulders and grins.

DAVID
Where do you want me to start?

Vi shrinks down, completely mortified.

CUT TO BLACK:

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

INT. COMMUNITY CENTRE - DAY

David has the rapt attention of the group. They lap up every word. Vi has a hand to her cringing face.

DAVID

Then she opened the music box...

PREGNANT GIRL WITH BRACES

The one you hand crafted yourself?

ANOTHER PREGNANT GIRL

From the driftwood you found on the beach?

COUNSELOR

After you released your grandmother's ashes into the sea?

David nods. His eyes glisten with tears.

DAVID

And inside was a note, tied with the ribbon she wore in her hair, the night we met at the spring carnival. Remember, sweetie?

Vi drops her hand, glaring daggers at him.

COUNSELOR

What did it say?

A long beat. David licks his lips. He is nervous under Vi's irritated gaze. Vi's eyes soften in confusion. Then --

-- The door BANGS open, signalling the arrival of two teens.

SLOAN and ZACK (both 17) drink Slurpees. Zack has a skateboard and Sloan's blonde hair is streaked with bright shocks of colour. She's also several months pregnant.

Seeing them, the Counselor sighs a little under her breath.

COUNSELOR (CONT'D)

Sloan, Zack. Better late than never. Come and join in.

As they sit:

COUNSELOR (CONT'D)
 Let me introduce you to our new
 faces. This is Violet and her
 boyfriend, David.

VI
 He's not my boyfriend. Hey. DAVID

They exchange sharp looks.

COUNSELOR (CONT'D)
 Well, er, let's move on.
 (beat)
 Sloan. Any thoughts on what we
 discussed last session?

Sloan sucks on the Slurpee straw defiantly.

ZACK
 That means "pass".

COUNSELOR
 There's no passing in these
 sessions, Zack. And no outside
 food, either.

Sloan and Zack share a look, silently communicating. Zack
 puts both their cups on the floor.

COUNSELOR (CONT'D)
 Sloan?

SLOAN
 What we spoke about last session...
 Oh, you mean "What do I want to do
 about this"?

She lifts her shirt, revealing her protruding belly (plus
 naval piercing).

SLOAN (CONT'D)
 I'm liking option one. Which is the
 time machine. I could go back to
 that fateful Saturday night, turn
 to Zack and say, "No, Zack. I do
 not want to watch that re-run of
 Bones with you". Problem solved.

ZACK
 Pssh! It wasn't Bones. It was...

He looks to David.

ZACK (CONT'D)
What's manlier than Bones?

COUNSELOR
Well, since time travel isn't on
the table --

VI
Yeah, the flux capacitors on e-bay
are way expensive.

Sloan cracks a smile. The Counselor frowns in Vi's direction.

COUNSELOR
(back to Sloan)
Have you given any of the other
options some consideration?

Sloan looks down. Nervously plays with the edges of her
shirt. Her tone has shifted.

SLOAN
I'm too far along to... Yeah,
obviously I'm too far along. Which
sucks but there's nothing I can do
about that now. So... I guess I can
either keep it or give it away.

COUNSELOR
And being an adopted child
yourself, do you think that might
impact your final decision?

Sloan fixes her with a hard stare.

SLOAN
I have to pee.

She pushes her chair back forcefully. Zack smiles awkwardly.

ZACK
Pregnant chicks do that.

As Sloan walks away, Vi watches her with concern.

INT. THE COMPANY - HOSPITAL WING - DAY

DOC is tucked into bed, still unconscious. He is attached to
all manner of monitoring equipment which BEEPS steadily.

BENSON and SIDNEY are at his bedside. Benson studies a chart.

BENSON
He's still unresponsive.

He slips the chart back onto the end of the bed.

BENSON (CONT'D)
We're lucky Abigail thought to
check the hospitals when she did.

SIDNEY
Yes, brilliant plan. Does she have
one for figuring out why he's now a
vegetable?

Sidney's mobile phone BUZZES. He checks the screen. Sighs.

SIDNEY (CONT'D)
A director's job is never done.

He gives Benson a curt nod and exits. Benson looks back down
at Doc's pale, unmoving form.

YELLING, the sounds of a fight, bring us to --

INT. THE COMPANY - RESIDENCE HALLWAY - DAY

Two MEN scuffle while a CROWD watches. Sidney pushes through.

SIDNEY (CONT'D)
Enough!

He hauls them apart.

SIDNEY (CONT'D)
I said enough! I suggest you go and
make yourselves useful.

The Men slink off. Sidney eyes the crowd sharply.

SIDNEY (CONT'D)
That goes for all of you.

The crowd disperses and yet the hallway doesn't seem to get
any less busy. Employees carry boxes and suitcases, moving in
and out of apartments, struggling for enough living space.

Sidney adjusts his jacket and turns, his eyes landing on
DIANA where she stands in the doorway to her apartment.

SIDNEY (CONT'D)
(beams)
Diana! My heroine, my angel!

They kiss hello. Diana smiles, picks up a laundry basket.

DIANA
That's what I like to hear.

SIDNEY
You've got a two bedroom, yes?

Her smile drops a little.

DIANA
Uh... Technically.

SIDNEY
Excellent! We can move at least one Breaker in with you by this evening. Maybe another on the couch. I know it'll be tight but --

DIANA
No.

Beat. Sidney blinks in surprise.

SIDNEY
No?

DIANA
Nobody is getting that room.

SIDNEY
Sweetheart, it's empty.

Behind them, Andrew passes by...

DIANA
And that's how I like it. I don't do roommates.

... And Andrew backpedals right into their conversation.

ANDREW
That's what she said!
(beat; chuckles)
I'm totally Tweeting that.

He takes out his phone and types away.

SIDNEY
We really need the space, Di.

DIANA
I'm sorry, Sidney. I know you're under a lot of pressure to find somewhere for all these Breakers but I just... I can't.

ANDREW
I've got an idea. Why don't you two
just move in together?

Sidney and Diana go wide-eyed.

SIDNEY
I, ah --

DIANA
We're not --

SIDNEY
It's a little --

DIANA
-- Soon for that.
(beat)
Isn't it?

SIDNEY
Worst idea I've ever heard.

A beat. Diana, shrinking in disappointment, nods.

DIANA
Sure, well, I should go. Laundry.

Averting her eyes, she hurries off. Sidney realises his mistake. He turns on Andrew. Murder in his eyes.

SIDNEY
Right, you little git! You're going
to pay for that.

Andrew's face drops.

INT. COMMUNITY CENTRE - DAY

The session is over. Everyone trickles out. David is at the snack table, perusing the cookies, when Vi joins him.

VI
You're sick, you know that?

DAVID
I'm a genius. I keep them wrapped
up in the details of our epic
Nicholas Sparks love story and they
won't be asking about --
(pointedly clears throat)
-- the finer points of conception.

He takes a bite of a cookie. Vi narrows her eyes.

DAVID (CONT'D)

But you're going to blow our cover
with that "He's not my boyfriend"
stuff.

Vi folds her arms and leans against the table. She surveys
the last stragglers out of the therapy session.

VI

(muttered)

I can do this just fine on my own.

DAVID

What was that?

She straightens up.

VI

They're leaving.

DAVID

Who?

She points. Sloan and Zack are walking out.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Isn't that a bit premature? How can
you be sure we're here for them?

VI

We may not be getting Signs
anymore, but I still know when the
Company is trying to tell me
something. I can feel it.

Vi puts a hand over her stomach, indicating that this is
where the feeling lies. The Counselor walks past and smirks.

VI (CONT'D)

Oh, bloody hell!

She throws her hand off her stomach and stomps away.

EXT. COMMUNITY CENTRE - CAR PARK - DAY

Vi exits the building and zeroes in on Sloan and Zack.

Sloan watches from the curb as Zack shows off some
unimpressive skateboard tricks a few metres away.

As she casually sidles up to Sloan:

VI

He's cute.

SLOAN
Zack? He's kind of a dork.
(then)
Violet, right?

VI
Call me Vi. Can David and I give
you a lift?

SLOAN
Thanks but I'm covered.
(apprehensive)
My mum's picking me up.

VI
You don't sound too happy about
that.

SLOAN
I guess.

She quiets, looks intently at Vi - considering her for a long moment. Vi quirks an eyebrow. Finally, Sloan nods, decided.

SLOAN (CONT'D)
Macadamia.

VI
The nut?

SLOAN
The ice cream. We're getting some.

She grabs Vi's hand. Vi looks back.

VI
But what about your mum?

SLOAN
She'll survive.

Vi allows Sloan to drag her away.

EXT. ICE CREAM PARLOUR - DAY

A bright blue and white exterior with cow-print awning.

INT. ICE CREAM PARLOUR - DAY

The group enters. Sloan goes to a table. Zack digs out his wallet on his way to the counter.

SLOAN
Make mine a double!

David is already taking out his money.

VI
You're not paying for me, are you?

DAVID
(over the top)
Well, I am your boyfriend.

He jerks his head in Zack's direction, still standing close enough to hear them. Vi rolls her eyes and turns around --

-- Where she sees something off screen. She smiles, liking it, and grabs both Zack and David's shoulders.

VI
Put your money away, boys. This one's on me.

INT. ICE CREAM PARLOUR - COUNTER - MOMENTS LATER

Vi props her elbow up on the counter.

VI
Hi.

The server, in a blue and white uniform, turns. It's BIANCA - an embarrassing ice cream cone shaped hat atop her head.

BIANCA
What the hell are you doing here?

VI
I could ask you the same question.

She bites her lip, dying to laugh. Bianca glares.

BIANCA
Shut up. Like you never had to take a crappy job for an assignment.

VI
I have. This is my therapy.

Something CLATTERS in the back and NATHAN, wearing an identical uniform to Bianca, pushes out through the doors.

NATHAN
Oh. Hi.

VI
Hey.

It's awkward. Not friendly but not cold either.

NATHAN
(to Bianca)
Have you found the target yet?

BIANCA
No! This "No Sign" stuff is hard. I
have no idea what I'm doing.

Nathan puts a hand on her shoulder and smiles.

NATHAN
That's why I'm here.

He starts to wipe down the counter. Bianca's eyes linger on him, a giddy smile on her face. Vi raises an eyebrow.

Bianca sees Vi watching her and collects herself.

BIANCA
We're, ah, we're out of cookies and
cream. Would you mind?

Nathan sighs and heads into the back.

VI
What was that?

BIANCA
What?

VI
You making goo-goo eyes at Grosse
Point Blank. Have a crush, do you?

BIANCA
(rolls her eyes)
Please! He's like thirty.

VI
Not to mention a confessed killer.

BIANCA
That was ages ago!

Vi blinks in shock.

VI
Oh my God. You do.

BIANCA
Shh!

VI
You're in love with him!

BIANCA

I swear to God, Vi, if you --

Nathan re-emerges from the back room with a tub of ice cream. He pauses, straining with the weight, and looks to Bianca.

NATHAN

Where do you want me?

Bianca SQUEAKS. Her face turns a fiery shade of red. She flees into the back room. Nathan looks confused.

NATHAN (CONT'D)

What was that about?

Vi shrugs.

INT. THE COMPANY - JENNA'S OFFICE - DAY

Jenna sits behind her desk, swamped with paperwork. The Assistant from earlier, the one prone to tears, knocks.

ASSISTANT

Ms. Cooke? I was told
to give you these.

She places a box on Jenna's desk. It is stuffed with files and rolls of paper. Confused, Jenna looks through it.

JENNA

Schematics... expense reports...
This isn't for me.

ASSISTANT

Well, I could --

The Assistant reaches for the box. Jenna grits her teeth.

JENNA

No. Don't. I'll take care of it.
Just hand out these assignments.
The employee's name is at the top.

She pushes a folder across the desk. The Assistant reaches out but Jenna slaps her hand over it.

JENNA (CONT'D)

Wait.

She pulls one slip of paper back. Guards it.

JENNA (CONT'D)

Not this one.

The Assistant backs up slowly and exits. Jenna swivels her chair away from the door and looks down at the paper.

In the upper corner is a name. Nathan Percy.

INT. ICE CREAM PARLOUR - DAY

Sounds of COMPUTER GENERATED VIOLENCE emanate from an arcade game in the corner. David and Zack play with gusto.

Back at the table, Sloan and Vi finish off their ice creams.

VI

Won't your mum be worried?

SLOAN

Less worried, more fire breathing she-demon.

(off Vi's wide-eyed look)

Don't worry. My sister'll calm her down. It's like she's got special powers - being the sole biological offspring and everything.

VI

So you do this stuff a lot?

Sloan puts aside her empty cup and glances to her belly.

SLOAN

In case you haven't noticed, I'm not one to do things quietly.

(then)

What about your mum? How'd she handle the whole "grandma" thing?

Vi takes a long beat, considering her lie.

VI

How did she handle it...

(beat)

The first friend she made at work was this guy - totally gay. But when she talks about him, she won't say that he has a boyfriend. It's always Lawrence and his "roommate".

(then)

Point is, she's a lot more close-minded than she thinks she is. She'll never say it out loud but, in her eyes, first comes love, then comes marriage...

SLOAN

(nods)

No room for the teenage girl with swollen ankles and a big decision to make.

A sad beat. Vi sighs.

VI

Look, normally I'd wait for some magical sign to show me the right way to tackle this but since that's not really an option right now, I'm just going to come out and say it.

(beat)

What can I do to help?

SLOAN

(confused)

I don't want any help.

VI

What do you want, then?

Sloan considers. Meets Vi's eyes.

SLOAN

I want to find my birth mother.

CUT TO BLACK:

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

INT. WICKER RECORDS - DAY

Kelly Osbourne's "Papa Don't Preach" plays over the stereo system. Vi, David and HANNAH are towards the back of the store, sifting through a clearance bin of cut-price CDs.

SHANE joins the group. He dumps another armful of CDs into the bin. Vi cocks her head, listens to the music, and groans.

VI

Anything but this song!

SHANE

(smiles cheekily)

I thought it might help you get into character.

HANNAH

At least put on the original. This is just painful.

DAVID

I like Kelly Osbourne.

VI

Can we get back on topic, please?

They abandon the clearance bin and move together around the main floor, perusing the racks of CDs as they talk.

HANNAH

So, she wants you to help her find her birth mother?

VI

Not exactly.

DAVID

Sloan's bringing it up with her family tonight. She wants us there for moral support.

SHANE

And why is she doing this now? You think it's got something to do with, you know, her situation?

VI

She mentioned something about wanting perspective.

David frowns.

DAVID
You didn't tell me that.

VI
I need to tell you everything now?

DAVID
It's my assignment too.

Her back to him, Vi casually continues to look at the CDs.

VI
Well, David, when you're the one
everyone thinks is pregnant, maybe
you'll do a better job of
controlling information flow.

Shane and Hannah trade confused looks.

DAVID
I'm sorry --

VI
Good.

DAVID
-- But I was under the impression
that we were a team.

Vi's mouth drops open. She whirls around, about to retort.
Shane swoops in between them and grabs her arm.

SHANE
Heeey! Vi? A word?

INT. WICKER RECORDS - CAFE - MOMENTS LATER

Vi and Shane stumble down the steps into the cafe area, out
of sight of the other two. Vi runs a hand through her hair.

SHANE
Are you okay?

VI
Of course I'm not okay! People
think that David and I...
(glances around; low)
... Did it.

SHANE
And you have a problem with this?

VI

Like you even need to ask that!

Shane shrugs.

SHANE

I thought that you and David kind
of had something.

VI

What?! When?

SHANE

Last year, during the Breaker raid.

VI

Oh, please!

She storms back out into the main area of the store.

SHANE

(calls after her)

That wasn't a no!

INT. THE COMPANY - RESIDENCE HALLWAY - DAY

Diana strolls along with her basket of freshly folded
laundry. Andrew lurches out of a doorway and jogs beside her.

ANDREW

We should hang more.

DIANA

Out a window or over a fiery abyss?
You should really be more specific.

ANDREW

Heh. That's funny. But not really.

(then)

You never invite me over for fondue
night or anything. I'm starting to
think that we're not even friends.

Diana unlocks her apartment door. Pauses.

DIANA

Let's get two things straight. One,
I have never, ever had a fondue
night and two, we're not friends.

She enters...

INT. THE COMPANY - DIANA'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

... And before she can close the door, Andrew follows.

ANDREW

So why are you letting me into your humble abode, huh? You're giving me a lot of mixed signals here, Di.

Diana puts down her laundry and turns to him.

DIANA

What's going on, Andrew?

Andrew throws up his arms.

ANDREW

Fine! I'm coming clean. Sidney asked me to strong arm you into giving up your spare bedroom.

DIANA

(shocked)

He what?

ANDREW

Maybe "strong arm" is the wrong term...

DIANA

He can't have it.

ANDREW

I get it. I know you think I'm a moron but Kou was my friend too.

Diana looks down, almost ashamed.

ANDREW (CONT'D)

But we've gotta move on. He's gone.

Getting an idea, he strides over to the closed door.

ANDREW (CONT'D)

Look. His stuff is gone. It's just a room. A big empty...

He opens the door.

INT. THE COMPANY - DIANA'S APT. - KOU'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Exactly as Kou left it. The bed is unmade, sheets still on the mattress, clothes hang in the open wardrobe.

ANDREW (CONT'D)

Room...

Off Andrew's shock, CUT TO:

INT. MORGAN RESIDENCE - FRONT HALL - NIGHT

CAROLINE stands at the bottom of the stairs. She calls up.

CAROLINE
Vi! Your date is --

Vi clomps downstairs. She is dressed in the same clothes she had on earlier that day.

VI
I heard you the first time. And
he's not my date.

She shoots a narrowed glance to David, who is just inside the entrance. He's wears a blazer and button down shirt.

DAVID
Good to know. You ready?

Vi grabs her jacket from the bottom of the stairs. Caroline, continuing to smile knowingly, follows her to the front door.

DAVID (CONT'D)
Nice talking to you, Mrs. Morgan.

Vi pushes David out, exiting along with him. Caroline winks at her. Closes the door.

EXT. MORGAN RESIDENCE - FRONT PORCH - CONTINUOUS

DAVID (CONT'D)
Did your mum just wink at me?

VI
It was at me.

They make their way down the porch steps.

DAVID
Why'd she wink at you?

VI
Maybe she's developed a facial tic.

They reach David's car, parked at the curb. Vi waits at the passenger side door while David fishes for his keys.

VI (CONT'D)
Anything else you'd like to ask me?

A beat.

DAVID
Is that what you're wearing?

Vi looks down at her outfit.

VI
What's wrong with what I'm wearing?

DAVID
(wide-eyed; innocent)
Nothing.

A self-conscious beat. She whips her jacket at him and flounces back up to the house. David cringes.

EXT. SLOAN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

A rickety looking home with an overgrown front yard. A tyre swing hangs from a tree and wind chimes TINKLE in the breeze.

INT. SLOAN'S HOUSE - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

A delicious dinner is spread out. Vi and David sit together. Zack plays on an iPhone. Across the table, Sloan has her hair braided by LAUREL (33, bright and bubbly).

MRS. REESE (52) enters, glass of wine in one hand and bowl of potato salad in the other. She TUTS in Zack's direction. He sheepishly puts away his iPhone.

Vi and David are frozen in that awkward "first time dinner guest" sort of way. As Mrs. Reese sits:

MRS. REESE
What are you waiting for, a starter pistol? Help yourselves!

She takes a slurp of wine. Notices Sloan and Laurel.

MRS. REESE (CONT'D)
Laurel, for Pete's sake! Will you stop that? It's unhygienic.

Laurel takes her seat while Sloan smirks at her mother.

SLOAN
Are you saying I'm dirty, Mum?

MRS. REESE
Grandma Reese would certainly think so.
(off Sloan's stony face)
Oh, come on! It was a joke!

She turns to Vi and David.

MRS. REESE (CONT'D)
Don't mind my daughter. It's the hormones. Would either of you like some wine?

SLOAN
Mum, she's pregnant. And it looks like you've had enough wine for everyone.

LAUREL
Sloan!

SLOAN
It was a joke!

David clears his throat.

DAVID
Actually, I'm driving so...

MRS. REESE
Good. That's good. You're responsible.
(from the corner of her mouth; points to Zack)
Unlike some people I know.

SLOAN
Mum! Not cool!

ZACK
Yeah, totally. Besides, it was fifty percent Sloan's fault.

Vi and David exchange awkward glances. Laurel flicks Sloan's brightly coloured hair and smiles comfortingly.

LAUREL
Cheer up, Rainbrow Brite. Mum's allowed to be a little miffed.

Mrs. Reese raises her glass.

MRS. REESE
Thank you!

Laurel doesn't appreciate the contribution. She takes a moment, puts a smile and looks to Vi and David.

LAUREL

It's really nice to meet you both.
Sloan has told us absolutely
nothing about you.

VI

We just met, really.

Shoveling food into her mouth:

MRS. REESE

Moves fast, that one.

Zack snickers. Sloan throws a bread roll at his head.

MRS. REESE (CONT'D)

Hey!

LAUREL
Sloan!

But Sloan ignores them. She stands.

SLOAN

I have an announcement to make.

ZACK

(rubbing his head)
Don't people usually clink a glass
for that?

SLOAN

It's about me and where I came
from.

VI

Sloan?

Sloan frowns in her direction. Vi gives her a pointed look.

VI (CONT'D)

Can we talk for a second?

INT. SLOAN'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

The girls enter, Vi leading the way. She turns to Sloan.

VI

I don't think this is a good idea.

SLOAN

What?

VI

What do you mean "what"? The whole
reason I'm here, Sloan.

(MORE)

VI (CONT'D)

I'm the wind beneath your wings
while you tell your mother you want
to kick her to the curb, remember?

SLOAN

God, you make it sound so horrible.
And anyway, it's not about that.

VI

All I'm saying is maybe you should
wait. She doesn't seem all that
crazy about you having a kid. Do
you really think she'll be on board
when you tell her you want to find
your birth mother as well?

Sloan looks unsure.

SLOAN

Maybe not at first but --

VI

Then is it really worth it?

This gets Sloan back on track. With her eyes full of emotion:

SLOAN

I have no idea who my birth mother
is, Vi. All I know is that she was
a kid, just like me. She went
through the same thing I'm going
through right now. I have to know
if she made the right decision in
giving me away. If she's happy, if
her life is better without me...

She looks down to her pregnant belly.

SLOAN (CONT'D)

... Then it might be the right
decision for me too.

(beat; determined)

I know my mum will understand.

A beat. Vi sighs, nodding.

VI

I'll be right out.

Sloan smiles and exits.

Vi takes a breather. She eyes the open bottle of wine on the
counter. She grabs a mug and sloshes some in. Goes to drink --

-- And spots Laurel in the doorway. She pauses, the mug at her lips. She takes an exaggerated sniff. Puts down the mug.

VI (CONT'D)
Just checking it hasn't gone off.
You shouldn't leave that open.

She starts to step past Laurel.

LAUREL
Hang on a second, Vi.

VI
Can it wait? Sloan wants me to --

Then, from the other room, loud and piercing:

MRS. REESE (O.S.)
You want to what?!

VI
-- Be there when she makes a huge
mistake.

Vi sighs, glum.

INT. THE COMPANY - DIANA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

A KNOCK on the door. Diana answers to find Andrew on the other side.

ANDREW
I know we're not friends but...

He holds up a case of beer.

ANDREW (CONT'D)
Wanna play beer pong?

DIANA
A drinking game?

Andrew nods and Diana rolls her eyes. She moves back into her apartment, towards the kitchen. Andrew leans inside.

ANDREW
Is that a no?

DIANA
That's a no to the game...

She reaches into the freezer, pulls out a bottle of vodka.

DIANA (CONT'D)
 ... Yes to the drinking.

INT. MORGAN RESIDENCE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Caroline enters, followed by PETER. She goes to the oven and takes out a sizzling roast. They are mid-conversation.

PETER
 I don't think it's a date.

CAROLINE
 Oh, please. Boys do not put on
 clean shirts and walk all the way
 to the front door to collect a girl
 if it's not a date.

Peter shrugs, conceding. Caroline picks up a knife.

CAROLINE (CONT'D)
 I'm not worried. She's young, she
 deserves to have a little fun.
 (beat; knife poised over
 the roast)
 Unless you think there's a reason I
 need to worry?

PETER
 No! No, I'm sure she's fine.

CAROLINE
 What if he tries to pressure her
 into something?

CAM walks into the room --

CAROLINE (CONT'D)
 What if he wants her to send him
 naked pictures?

-- And he pivots, going straight back out again.

PETER
 He's not going to --

CAROLINE
 It's called sexting, Peter, and it
 was on Oprah!

Peter grimaces.

PETER
 It's not a date.

CAROLINE
But you just agreed that --

PETER
Just trust me, okay? It's not a
date. Think of it as... work. She's
just working.

A beat.

CAROLINE
He's going to pay her?!

The front door SLAMS and, seconds later, Vi, David and a
teary looking Sloan appear in the doorway to the front hall.

Vi, trying to act casual, looks between her stunned parents.

VI
This is Sloan. She's gonna
sleepover. Maybe for awhile.

Sloan waves.

INT. MORGAN RESIDENCE - PENNY'S ROOM - LATER

In Penny's somewhat bare room, Vi and David - both tensely
quiet - stretch sheets over the bed and tuck in the corners.

DAVID
Any idea how we can fix this?

Vi straightens up, looks at the bed.

VI
Looks fine to me.

DAVID
I meant Sloan.

VI
I know.

DAVID
You saw how her mother reacted. She
feels like Sloan betrayed her.

VI
I'll think of something.

She smooths out the sheets and picks up a pillow. He takes it
from her and tosses it to the head of the bed.

DAVID

I thought even without Signs you still knew when the Company was trying to tell you something.

Vi looks up, frustrated.

VI

What is your problem?

He steps back, throws up his hands.

DAVID

Me?! You're really -- Arggh!

VI

I'm really what? A pirate? E-nun-ciate, David!

PENNY (O.S.)

Am I interrupting something?

The voice, small and distant, causes the two to look around in confusion.

On the desk, a laptop sits open. PENNY (or a choppy, webcam version of her) looks out from the screen.

PENNY (CONT'D)

Because I can come back.

Vi strides over and leans down, peering into the camera.

VI

Penny? What are you doing?

PENNY

I could ask you the same question. What are you planning on doing with my bed and...

(eyes David)

That...

Vi and David share an alarmed look.

VI

We're not going to do anything in your bed -- with your bed! A friend of mine is staying the night.

DAVID

A pregnant friend.

VI
Is that really relevant?

Penny spins in a slow circle with her computer chair.

PENNY
Preggers, huh?

She leans in and props her chin up on her elbow. Grins.

PENNY (CONT'D)
Mum and dad making small talk with
a pregnant teenager? Now that is
something I'd like to see.

There's a beat. Vi turns to David, face filling with dread.

VI
Small talk?

They both bolt from the room.

INT. MORGAN RESIDENCE - FRONT HALL - MOMENTS LATER

Feet THUNDER down the stairs. Vi and David land at the bottom and dart over to the kitchen. They skid to a halt in the doorway --

INT. MORGAN RESIDENCE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

-- Where they confront an apologetic looking Sloan. She sits at the table, angled around to face them.

SLOAN
Vi, I am so sorry. I thought they
knew.

Peter, all colour drained from his face, stands beside Caroline. She holds the roast in a glass dish.

CAROLINE
(to Vi)
You're... pregnant?

The dish slips from her hands and SMASHES on the ground.

CUT TO BLACK:

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

INT. MORGAN RESIDENCE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Glass and food CRUNCH under foot as Vi inches into the room. She holds out her hands, an attempt to calm the beast.

VI

Mum...

Sloan stands.

SLOAN

I'll wait outside.

DAVID

Good idea.

She scurries out. As soon as she leaves, Caroline finds her voice. She turns on Vi, her eyes dark with anger.

CAROLINE

Pregnant?! How could you be so stupid?!

VI

Sloan didn't mean --

CAROLINE

-- To tell us that you'd gotten yourself knocked up?! No, Vi, I imagine she didn't!

Peter, recovering quickly, looks between Vi and David.

PETER

I'm sure Vi has a good explanation.

CAROLINE

A good explanation? For ruining her life? I don't think so, Peter.

(whirling back on Vi)

I thought you were a virgin!

VI

Whoa! Hey! Let's not say anything we can't take back!

Cam saunters in.

CAM

What's going on?

CAROLINE
Vi is pregnant!

VI
Mum!

Cam shrugs. He is surprisingly nonchalant.

CAM
Huh. My money was on Penny for the first Morgan pregnancy scandal.

Vi wobbles on her feet, looking faint.

VI
Can we stop saying the p-word?

CAM
How about "gestation"?

Vi groans. David takes Cam by the shoulders.

DAVID
Not a great time, little buddy.

As David propels him out the door:

CAM
Can we expect a shotgun wedding in the near future? Inquiring minds want to know.

David turns back to the room, finding Caroline's eyes on him.

DAVID
(quiet; terrified)
Vi... Vi... What do I do?

VI
Don't move. Don't even breathe.

CAROLINE
(icily calm)
Vi, we're going upstairs. Your father is going to have a little chat with... David.

Her lips twitch, like his name left a bad taste in her mouth.

VI
Mum, I don't think --

But Caroline grabs her by the wrist and pulls her out. A long awkward silence. Peter clears his throat.

PETER

I take it that she's not really --

DAVID

No. No, it's... It's just a job.

Peter nods. He takes a dustpan and brush from under the sink.

PETER

Alright, then. Guess we should make ourselves useful.

He hands the cleaning tools to David and delicately picks up the ruined roast. Off David, not feeling reassured:

INT. THE COMPANY - DIANA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Empty beer bottles litter the coffee table. Andrew sits on the floor, facing Diana who is sprawled on the couch. She waves around the half empty bottle of vodka.

DIANA

It was a total accident, us rooming together. Some computer error. Said I was a guy. As if you would find a pair as good as these on a guy.

She grabs one of her breasts through her shirt. Andrew, taking a sip of beer, coughs and splutters.

ANDREW

Riveting. Go on.

DIANA

We were the last two people you'd ever expect to be friends. A philosophiser pushing forty, a stuck up actress with a career going nowhere.

(depressed sigh)

Just like a crappy sitcom.

ANDREW

I think I've seen that one. Starring David Spade?

Diana gazes off, deep in thought.

DIANA

But it worked. We worked, as friends. He got me.

Andrew nods.

ANDREW
I know what you mean.

Diana scoffs and Andrew frowns, offended.

ANDREW (CONT'D)
Why do people do that?

DIANA
Do what?

ANDREW
Laugh off my feelings and my
opinions like they don't matter.
Everybody does that.

DIANA
But Kou didn't.

ANDREW
Never.

DIANA
I miss him.

ANDREW
Me too.

They take swigs from their respective bottles.

INT. MORGAN RESIDENCE - VI'S ROOM - NIGHT

Caroline whirls through the room like a tornado of panic and destruction. She tosses aside bed covers and clothes, paws underneath the mattress and rummages in the closet.

VI
Mum!

No response. Vi can only watch helplessly.

VI (CONT'D)
What are you even looking for?

CAROLINE
Evidence.

She abandons the closet and goes to Vi's desk. Sifts through the drawers.

VI
Of what? My total lack of having
sex? I am not pregnant!

CAROLINE
Don't you lie to me.

VI
I'm not!

Sick of this, Vi marches over to Caroline and slams the drawer closed. Caroline yanks her fingers free just in time.

VI (CONT'D)
Stop! Just stop.

Shocked out of her manic rampage, Caroline takes a moment.

VI (CONT'D)
Sloan misinterpreted the situation.
And to be honest, I'm offended that
you'd believe her over me.

CAROLINE
Oh, don't give me that.

VI
Why not? I'm your daughter. You're
supposed to trust me.

CAROLINE
Have you given me any reason to?

A beat. Vi sinks down onto her bed.

VI
I guess not.

Caroline sits beside her. Sighs deeply.

CAROLINE
You scare me, Vi.

VI
What?

CAROLINE
People think that Penny is the one
to keep an eye on. That she's the
one who'll sneak out in the middle
of the night and never come home.
(beat)
But I've never really worried about
Penny. Sure, she pushes the
boundaries, but she never blows
right through them.

Vi frowns - confused, hurt.

VI

And you're saying that I do?

CAROLINE

I just never know what you're going to do next.

EXT. GARRETON ACADEMY - NIGHT

Dark and empty. Glass SHATTERS somewhere inside.

INT. GARRETON ACADEMY - BOY'S LOCKER ROOM - NIGHT

A hand slips in through the broken pane, unlatching one of the high windows. A moment later, David drops into frame.

He looks up.

DAVID

You good?

Vi lands at his side. She straightens up. Clicks on a torch.

VI

Let's go.

They move off.

INT. THE COMPANY - JENNA'S OFFICE - DAY

Nothing less than chaos. Files are stacked everywhere. Boxes are still yet to be opened but bulge with more papers.

Benson steps inside, not able to open the door fully thanks to the protruding drawer of a filing cabinet.

BENSON

Jenna?

Her head pops up from behind her desk. She's sitting on the floor, sorting through files.

JENNA

Yes?

BENSON

I thought I saw a light on.

JENNA

Couldn't sleep. I thought I'd at least try to get on top of tomorrow's workload.

She smiles shakily from the floor. Benson comes closer.

BENSON
There was a meeting.

JENNA
It's the middle of the night.

BENSON
Today. There was a meeting today
and you missed it. That's not like
you.

Jenna slumps.

JENNA
I... I forgot.

Getting a second wind, she starts to crawl around on the
floor, looking for something.

JENNA (CONT'D)
Well, um, I can... If you just let
me print out my report, I can
probably knock out a couple of pie
charts and... Where is that cable?

She grabs one.

JENNA (CONT'D)
What does that... No...

She tosses it aside. Keeps searching. Benson sighs.

BENSON
Jenna... Jenna, stop.

He stands over her. She looks up at him. A beat.

BENSON (CONT'D)
And get off the floor.

JENNA
(as she stands)
I'm fine.

BENSON
I didn't ask.

JENNA
I'm just busy. With the Breakers
arriving, I've been swamped.

Benson looks around. His eyes land on a some sort of
blueprint, spread out on her desk.

BENSON

I can see...

Jenna follows his line of sight.

JENNA

They sent it up here by mistake.
Should go downstairs in records.
But I think I've got the hang of
it. See, this thing...

She picks up the sheet, points to something.

JENNA (CONT'D)

That's either a window or a
revolving fireplace.

Benson pries the blueprint away from her and lays it aside.

BENSON

You have enough work to do already.

JENNA

I can always do more.
(insistent)
I'm fine.

A beat. Her lip quivers. Benson nods. Takes a step back.

BENSON

We can reschedule the meeting.

He takes a date book from his pocket and scribbles something.

BENSON (CONT'D)

Look through your schedule. See how
this works for you.

He tears the page off and hands it to her. Without another
word, he exits.

ON THE PAGE

A few dates are circled. But something is visible through the
paper, written on the other side. Jenna turns it over.

In Benson's powerful scrawl, he has written:

You are stronger than this.

Jenna absorbs this, her eyes bright with tears. She holds
them back as she looks past Benson's note...

... To Nathan's assignment sheet on her desktop.

INT. THE COMPANY - DIANA'S APT. - KOU'S ROOM - NIGHT

Andrew enters. He moves slowly, afraid to disturb the quiet. He touches a jacket hanging on the back of a chair.

DIANA (O.S.)
I was going to pack it away.

She steps in, arms folded around herself protectively.

DIANA (CONT'D)
All of it. I even had the boxes
ready and I just... I couldn't.

Diana sinks onto the end of the bed.

DIANA (CONT'D)
And you know what he would say to
me right now? "You've spent too
much time wishing you could change
the past. The only thing you can
change is the future".

Andrew sits down beside her.

ANDREW
That sounds like him. What a jerk.

Diana's face crumples as she starts to cry.

ANDREW (CONT'D)
I was just kidding! He wasn't a --

DIANA
It's all my fault!

ANDREW
Diana, there was nothing you could
have done.

DIANA
I could have saved him. I could
have saved him, Andrew.

Andrew is taken off guard. There's something more to her words than just those of the guilt-ridden survivor.

EXT. GARRETON ACADEMY - NIGHT

Establishing.

DAVID (PRE-LAP)
This is a good idea, Vi.

INT. GARRETON ACADEMY - ADMINISTRATION - NIGHT

Behind the front desk, David is at a computer. He looks to Vi who sits on the floor, a yearbook open in her lap.

VI

Well, I figure if Sloan's birth mother was a teenager herself, there'd have to be some record of her attending school. It'd be faster if we could just hack all the files from the Company but --

DAVID

It's been a little nuts there recently.

David sighs and rubs his tired eyes. Vi notices.

VI

Wanna switch?

David nods and comes around the desk. She hands him the yearbook and hops around to the computer.

DAVID

Thanks.

VI

I'm not being nice. The faster this thing gets done, the faster people will stop thinking I've got a bun in the oven.

She shudders.

VI (CONT'D)

Great. Now I'll never be able to eat pastries again.

David grits his teeth and begins to flip through the yearbook rather angrily. Vi eyes him. Smirks.

VI (CONT'D)

(baby voice)

What's the matter? Does someone get gwumpy when they're sweepy?

DAVID

I'm just wondering what your problem is with me?

Taken aback, Vi blinks in surprise.

VI
I don't have --

DAVID
Yeah, you do. What's so bad about
being around me?

Not liking how she's being spoken to, Vi narrows her eyes.

VI
Maybe it's the fact that everyone
thinks we did it!

DAVID
So?

VI
So?! It's disgusting!

DAVID
Oh, I'm disgusting. Thank you.

She slaps a hand to her forehead.

VI
I didn't mean... Ugh! I know that
people do it, okay? And it has to
be good otherwise they wouldn't
make movies about it.
(quickly)
Not that I've ever seen any of
those because, like I said --

DAVID
It's disgusting?

VI
Exactly!

He shakes his head, takes a beat.

DAVID
Would you be this averse to having
a fake relationship with just
anyone? Or am I special somehow?

VI
Firstly, it's too early in the
morning to be pulling out words
like "averse" and secondly... What
the hell are you talking about?

DAVID
You, Vi! You and me!

VI

There is no you and me!

David gets back to the yearbook.

DAVID

Good. Glad we've cleared that up.

A moment of silence.

VI

(apologetic)

David...

DAVID

What month was Sloan born?

VI

I think you're getting a little too wrapped up in this.

David stands, still focused on the yearbook.

DAVID

And when are yearbook photos usually taken?

VI

It's just a job. Pretend. Remember?

He puts the book down in front of her.

DAVID

Shut up and listen to me. July, right? Yearbook photos are taken in July.

(beat)

Well, look who missed out.

David is pointing to a row of student photographs. One square, right in the middle, is blank.

CLOSER ON PAGE

Beneath the blank spot: "Not pictured: Laurel Reese".

CUT TO BLACK:

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

INT. MORGAN RESIDENCE - VI'S ROOM - NIGHT

The numbers of Vi's alarm clock glow. 2:55am.

Vi and David climb in the window. Vi sits on her bed and clicks on the lamp.

VI

I feel like I'm in some bad midday movie. Her sister is really her mum. This stuff actually happens.

DAVID

It did to Jack Nicholson.

VI

Do we tell her?

DAVID

We have to. It's the job.

Vi looks guilty. She looks up at him.

VI

David, about what I said earlier, about this all being just a --

CLICK! The overhead light goes on. Vi leaps up.

Caroline, in her nightgown, is in the doorway. A look of pure fury is on her face.

VI (CONT'D)

I can explain.

Before she has to do just that, tyres SCREECH outside.

David, closest to the window, looks out.

ANGLE ON FRONT LAWN

A car has pulled into the driveway. Mrs. Reese bursts from the passenger side and charges up the lawn. Laurel scampers after her.

BACK ON SCENE

DAVID

We've got a problem.

Vi's eyes are locked on Caroline's angry ones.

EXT. MORGAN RESIDENCE - FRONT LAWN - NIGHT

The porch light goes on, followed quickly by Vi and David plowing out through the front door and down to the lawn.

Still in her nightgown, Caroline follows. She is joined by Peter, hopping as he tugs on his slippers. Cam is behind him.

PETER

Gee, the Jehovah's Witnesses are keeping late hours nowadays.

Caroline shoots him a death glare. He shrinks.

OVER WITH VI AND DAVID

as they meet Laurel and a hysterical Mrs. Reese on the lawn.

VI

Uh... Hi. You realise it's the middle of the night, right?

LAUREL

I'm so sorry. Sloan texted me your address, just to safe. And she saw the message and --

MRS. REESE

I want to see her. I want to see my daughter.

(calls past her)

Sloan! Sloan!

Laurel puts a hand on Mrs. Reese's shoulder.

LAUREL

She'll come home when she's ready.

MRS. REESE

No, she has to... she has to understand...

She starts to tip over. David holds her steady. She's drunk.

CAROLINE

Vi, what is going on? Who are these people?

VI

Give us a minute, Mum.

Mrs. Reese breaks away from David, pushes over to Caroline.

MRS. REESE

You know what it's like. You do everything you can, you give them every part of yourself and it's not enough. They just... they go and make decisions they can't handle and they throw it back in your face, like it's your fault.

(beat)

How did we get here? How did we become such bad parents?

Caroline is speechless.

SLOAN (O.S.)

Mum?

She walks over to the group.

SLOAN (CONT'D)

What are you doing here?

MRS. REESE

I want to explain. I love you.

SLOAN

But not enough to help me, right?
(then)

I'm not trying to replace you. I just want to know who she is.

Mrs. Reese shakes her head. Sloan frowns.

SLOAN (CONT'D)

You know who she is, don't you?

CAROLINE

Vi? What is going on?

MRS. REESE

I can't.

DAVID

Vi, what do we do?

SLOAN

Mum?

VI

Tell her.

She's talking to Laurel, though everybody can hear her.

VI (CONT'D)

Trying to hide the truth, hide your feelings... It doesn't help anyone.

Laurel looks to Mrs. Reese who nods.

LAUREL

I'm sorry, Sloan. I am so sorry.

A beat. Sloan laughs - a shocked, disbelieving sound.

SLOAN

Yeah, right. Pull the other one.

VI

It's true, Sloan.

Sloan's smile fades. She shakes her head.

SLOAN

No... You're lying. You're lying!

She runs back to the house. Vi immediately sprints after her.

VI

Sloan, wait!

EXT. MORGAN RESIDENCE - FRONT PORCH - CONTINUOUS

Sloan stops in the doorway. Turned away from Vi, she grips the door frame for support, overcome with emotion.

VI

Just give them a chance to explain.

SLOAN

(quiet)

Help me.

VI

I did. I am. I just thought --

SLOAN

No, Vi...

She slowly turns around. One hand clutches her stomach. She looks to Vi, pain and fear in her eyes.

SLOAN (CONT'D)

Help me.

And she collapses at Vi's feet.

INT. THE COMPANY - DIANA'S APT. - KOU'S ROOM - NIGHT

Andrew and Diana sit side by side on the bed.

ANDREW

What do you mean you could have saved him?

DIANA

My brother was only ten. I was driving and we... It was my fault.
(fighting back tears)
I pleaded with Benson. Begged him.
"Bring J.J. back instead of me".
But Benson said it didn't work that way. Only people who were on the list could get a second chance.

ANDREW

What does your brother have to do with Kou?

A glimmer of excitement, of hope, in her eyes. She smiles.

DIANA

I found a way, Andrew. A way to bring everybody back. Whoever you want. Just like the Breakers. They changed the list. They added that Parry girl to theirs, even though she wasn't meant to be on it!

Diana stands, paces, unable to stop.

DIANA (CONT'D)

I could add my parents and Kou and anybody! If they died, they'd come straight back here. The Company would have to hire them.

ANDREW

Diana, what you're talking about is impossible. The Breakers could only do that because they had Marcus Pierson. He had access to the list because he's a... director.

His face slackens in realisation.

ANDREW (CONT'D)

Sidney.

Diana looks down, ashamed of herself.

DIANA

I knew I could never get to Benson, so it had to be Sidney. And, yes, when he came along, I did pretend to have feelings for him but that's all changed now.

Andrew frowns.

ANDREW

But Kou's dead. He never came back a second time.

DIANA

I... I know. I never had a chance to get the codes. I was too late.

Andrew takes this in, almost disappointed.

ANDREW

Why are you telling me this?

She sadly looks around the room. Her eyes find a photograph on the dresser. A snapshot of Diana and Kou. Happier times.

DIANA

It's time to let go.

Then, looking back to Andrew:

DIANA (CONT'D)

And with the Breakers coming here, after the deal I made to get their codes, it's all just too much.

Andrew rises.

ANDREW

Deal?

Diana pales. She takes a beat, sucks in a deep breath.

DIANA

Kieran gave me Marcus Pierson's access codes to the list... After I got the Breakers into the building.

ANDREW

The raid... You let them in...

He runs a hand through his hair.

ANDREW (CONT'D)

I don't want to know this.

His head in a daze, he stumbles out of the room.

DIANA
Andrew! Wait!

She runs after him --

INT. THE COMPANY - DIANA'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

-- Prepared to follow him out the front door.

DIANA
Please don't tell Sidney!

Only she stops short. Andrew isn't at the door. He's in the kitchenette, sifting through the freezer.

He pulls out a tub of ice cream and turns to her.

ANDREW
What do you think the ratio of rum
to raisin is in this?

Off Diana's disbelief, CUT TO:

EXT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

An ambulance pulls away from the emergency room doors.

INT. HOSPITAL - WAITING ROOM - NIGHT

A sombre group is gathered. Laurel and Mrs. Reese, exhausted and scared, hold hands.

The Morgans - all clad in their pajamas and dressing gowns - keep wary eyes on Vi who leans against the opposite wall.

David join her, putting away his phone.

DAVID
Zack's on his way. Any news?

Vi shakes her head.

VI
I don't know what to do.

DAVID
This is just a job, right?

She meets his eyes, confused. He nods to Laurel, now left alone as Mrs. Reese disappears into the bathroom.

DAVID (CONT'D)
So you should do your job.

INT. HOSPITAL - WAITING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Vi sits in Mrs. Reese's empty seat. Smiles reassuringly to Laurel who smiles back, though hers is apologetic.

LAUREL
I'm sorry we dragged your family
into this. I feel awful. Especially
about what I did to Sloan.

VI
Do you mind if I ask what happened?

LAUREL
I was just a girl. I wasn't ready
for the responsibilities of being a
parent. And it wasn't my idea, to
pretend that I was just her sister.
Our mum... My mum, she just wanted
me to have a shot at life, you
know?
(beat; sad)
She wanted that for both of us.

She looks down the long hallway, her thoughts with Sloan.

VI
She's going to be okay.

LAUREL
How do you know?

Vi thinks for a moment. Not sure how to answer.

A DOCTOR enters (40s, tired after a long night shift). He
flips through a clipboard.

DOCTOR
Mrs. Reese?

Mrs. Reese hurries over.

MRS. REESE
Yes, that's me.

DOCTOR
Sloan's mother?

A beat. All eyes go to Laurel. She takes a deep breath.

LAUREL

That's me.

She stands, joining Mrs. Reese and the Doctor. Everyone, the Morgans includes, listens intently.

LAUREL (CONT'D)

How is she?

DOCTOR

She's stable. The baby is fine.

They sigh in relief. Vi looks to David. Both smile.

DOCTOR (CONT'D)

It's nothing serious. Low blood sugar coupled with stress. She'll be fine to go home in the morning.

MRS. REESE

Can we see her?

DOCTOR

Actually she's requested a word with...

He looks down at the clipboard.

DOCTOR (CONT'D)

(off notes)

Vi.

(then; looks up)

Is there a Vi Morgan here?

Everyone looks to Vi. She raises her eyebrows in surprise.

INT. HOSPITAL - SLOAN'S ROOM - NIGHT

Vi taps on the door frame. Sloan is pale against the stark white hospital sheets. Vi moves in and sits by the bedside.

VI

How are you feeling?

Sloan shrugs and plays with the edges of the sheets.

VI (CONT'D)

Everyone's pretty worried about you. Your sister --

(beat)

Laurel feels awful.

SLOAN

Good.

VI
You don't mean that.

SLOAN
She was right there and she never
said anything. Neither of them did.

Vi says nothing.

SLOAN (CONT'D)
Guess I got what I wanted. Laurel's
been perfectly happy without me as
a daughter. Maybe it's a sign.

VI
What do you mean?

SLOAN
Maybe Grandma Reese should adopt
another illegitimate rugrat.

She tears up.

SLOAN (CONT'D)
I think I'd make a good big sister.

The emotion becomes too much. She buries her face in her
hands and cries. Vi pulls Sloan's hand away from her face.

VI
Sloan, you don't really want that.

SLOAN
How would you know what I want?

VI
I just have a feeling. It's telling
me that finding your birth mother
was never about doing what's best
for your baby.

A beat. Sloan nods shamefully.

SLOAN
I just... I had to know... why she
didn't want me.

She looks to Vi, pleading tearfully.

SLOAN (CONT'D)
Why didn't she want me, Vi?

Vi is caught for a moment. Unsure of what to do.

Then, she leaps up and goes to the inner window. She yanks up the blinds, revealing the hospital hallway beyond.

Outside, Laurel sits on the edge of her seat - wracked with nerves and guilt, eyes red from crying.

VI

Does that look like a woman who
doesn't want you?

Sloan takes in the sight and wipes away her tears.

INT. THE COMPANY - JENNA'S OFFICE - DAY

Jenna, more put together this time, back to her old self, finishes a quick tidy of her office. There's a KNOCK --

And she looks up to see Nathan in the doorway. He wears sweat pants and an old hoodie. Just rolled out of bed.

She tenses a little upon seeing him. He moves in, nervous.

NATHAN

Someone called. Said it was urgent.

JENNA

You have an assignment. Left over
from before your branch fell apart.

Jenna coldly hands him the slip of paper.

NATHAN

At three a.m.?

She gives him a steely look. He concedes, going back to the door, but pauses.

NATHAN (CONT'D)

Who else knows?

JENNA

I don't know what you mean.

NATHAN

You know what I mean.

A beat. She squares her shoulders.

JENNA

Right. Who else knows that you're
the one who broke into my apartment
and stabbed me to death?

(beat)

(MORE)

JENNA (CONT'D)
Sorry, I guess I forgot to include
that in our executive newsletter.

Nathan goes to speak. Jenna cuts him off.

JENNA (CONT'D)
I'm imagining that you're about to
say one of two things. Don't. Don't
you dare try to even the playing
field, saying that I killed you
too. That's just tacky.

NATHAN
(defensive)
And what's the second thing?

JENNA
Don't apologise.

Nathan's jaw tightens.

NATHAN
Are we done?

JENNA
For now.

She sits down. Shuffles some papers.

JENNA (CONT'D)
You can go.

Again, Nathan turns to leave. But he stops. Stares down at
the blueprint, laid out on the filing cabinet by the door.

JENNA (CONT'D)
I said you can go, Mr. Percy.

He holds up the blueprint, the animosity between them
temporarily forgotten - at least in his mind.

NATHAN
What's this?

JENNA
None of your business.

NATHAN
This is wrong.

Jenna stands, interested now.

JENNA
What?

Nathan crosses to her desk. Lays out the paper.

NATHAN
These are blueprints for the
Breaker building.

JENNA
I'm aware.

NATHAN
But they're... Look, I know this
building. I've walked through these
corridors a million times. There's
this one door, a room.

JENNA
What's your point?

He points to one section. A hallway. No rooms.

NATHAN
It's not here.

Jenna takes in this surprisingly development.

EXT. HOSPITAL - CAR PARK - NIGHT

The Morgans shuffle tiredly towards their car. Vi trails meekly behind them.

David exits through the emergency room doors. He looks around, spots Vi and jogs over.

DAVID
Hey.

VI
Hey.

They walk awkwardly side by side, neither sure what to say.

DAVID
Do you, uh, need a lift?

Vi motions ahead to her pajama-clad family.

VI
I'd better stick with the fam for
awhile. Damage control.

DAVID
Got it.

VI
Sloan said she'd add me on
Facebook. Send me baby updates.

DAVID
That's nice. But how are you going
to explain your own lack of baby
pictures in nine months time?

Vi shrugs.

VI
Eh. I'll just de-friend her in a
couple months. She won't even
notice.

DAVID
(smiles)
Man, that's cold.

Vi smirks back. They stop walking and settle into an awkward
silence. Then:

<p>DAVID (CONT'D) Look, I'm really sorry I was such a jerk.</p>	<p>VI I shouldn't have said those things to you tonight.</p>
---	--

A beat. They both chuckle. David motions for her to go ahead.

VI
You're right. I'm not very nice to
you. I don't really know why.

DAVID
Nice apology.

Vi raises her eyebrows. But David was just playing.

VI
This assignment just put me in a
weird head space. Relationships
and... sex... It's...

DAVID
Not where you're at right now.

VI
I guess.

A car HONKS. Up ahead, the Morgans are already buckled in,
waiting on her. David nods, accepting.

DAVID
 Fair enough.
 (beat)
 So, friends?

Vi looks down. He's holding out his hand. She takes it.

VI
 Friends.

MUSIC CUE: "Look At Her Face" by The Coral Sea

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Vi climbs into the backseat, looking troubled. Caroline, in the front passenger seat, looks over at her. She's not happy.

VI
 What?

Caroline huffs and turns back. Peter starts the engine and the car pulls out. Vi looks out the window at --

-- David, approaching his own car nearby.

Peter catches the direction of her gaze.

PETER
 He's a nice boy.

CAROLINE
 (chiding him)
 Peter.

Vi, her brow knitted in confusion, looks down at her hand. The one that held David's. In the front, Peter shrugs.

PETER
 I'm just saying that --

VI
 Stop the car.

A confused beat.

EXT. HOSPITAL - CAR PARK - NIGHT

The Morgan's car comes to a sudden stop and Vi leaps out. A few yards away, David unlocks his own car, oblivious.

VI
 David!

She strides over to him and he turns just in time to meet the crushing force of her lips on his. Passionate and powerful.

ON THE MORGANS

Gawking from the car.

CAROLINE

Still think he's a nice boy, Peter?

BACK TO VI AND DAVID

After a long beat, they pull apart - breathless. David blinks at her in shock. But Vi says nothing, just slowly backs away.

She walks back to the car, a pleased smile creeping over her. The MUSIC continues over the following...

INT. THE COMPANY - RECEPTION - NIGHT

Jenna, Nathan, Benson and Sidney watch the elevator.

INT. BREAKER BUILDING - CORRIDORS - NIGHT

A SECURITY TEAM sweeps through the winding maze. The LEADER has a hand-held GPS which he follows up to a plain door. It is reinforced with multiple heavy duty locks.

INT. BREAKER BUILDING - MYSTERIOUS ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

The door bursts open and the Security Team enter. Flashlight beams sweep the room. Hanging wires and chunks of melted plastic are illuminated.

CLOSE ON THE DEBRIS

Moving past, catching glimpses of the aftermath of some sort of explosion. Stop on a pair of grazed bare feet.

A YOUNG WOMAN

She is tied to a chair in the centre of the room. Her head hangs, face hidden by long dark hair. Off this --

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF EPISODE