

THE COMPANY

Episode 3x04
"Caves"

by
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TEASER

FADE IN:

INT. THE COMPANY - RECEPTION - NIGHT

With a CHIME, the elevator doors open. JENNA is inside. She is a few years younger - shaken and speckled with blood.

JENNA (V.O.)

I used to want more for my life. I didn't quite know what.

She takes a few shaky steps into the empty room. She looks around, taking in her unfamiliar surroundings.

JENNA (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Something more than just a good job and a loving family.

The elevator closes. She jumps at the noise.

JENNA (V.O.) (CONT'D)

It was only after I died that I figured it out. What I really wanted.

INT. THE COMPANY - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Present day. Jenna and BENSON nurse cups of tea.

BENSON

And what was that?

JENNA

A future.

She takes a contemplative beat and puts down her cup.

JENNA (CONT'D)

I should get back to work. Thanks for the tea.

BENSON

Anytime.

She smiles weakly and heads for the door.

BENSON (CONT'D)

Have you spoken to him yet?

She pauses, hand on the door knob.

JENNA

We had a conversation. But really,
Alistair, what am I supposed to say
to the man who murdered me?

Off her defeated expression, CUT TO:

INT. THE COMPANY - BASEMENT CORRIDOR - DAY

VI and SHANE walk side by side. Both carry armfuls of files.

SHANE

How about... I like you and I want
to do naughty things to your body?

VI

You need help.

SHANE

Says the girl who made out with a
guy and now refuses to acknowledge
his existence.

VI

I'm not refusing to acknowledge
anything. I just think that David
and I are --

SHANE

Perfect for each other.

VI

Not exactly compatible.

She adjusts her collection of files.

VI (CONT'D)

Besides, I'm a little too busy for
a relationship right now.

SHANE

Sure. Because volunteering to do
all this filing is not a way for
you to avoid talking to David.

They stop outside the door to the Records Department.

VI

Did you follow me down here to help
or just to make me hate you?

SHANE

Definitely the latter.

He heaves his files on top of hers. Vi sags under the weight.

SHANE (CONT'D)

Have fun!

With a cheeky grin, he pulls open the door for her. She walks past, throwing him a glare.

INT. THE COMPANY - RECORDS DEPARTMENT - DAY

Vi moves through the musty storage shelves.

She balances the files as they teeter dangerously... Before sliding to the floor in an avalanche of paper and post-its.

VI

Damnit.

She sighs in defeat, drops to her knees.

VI (CONT'D)

Great. This is just --

Her eyes are on a single page.

VI (CONT'D)

-- Great.

ANGLE ON PAGE

The words she's unable to drag herself away from:

Classified Psychological Report

Jenna Cooke

CUT TO BLACK:

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

INT. THE COMPANY - DIANA'S APARTMENT - BATHROOM - DAY

Hands rummage in a medicine cabinet. They find a bottle of painkillers. The door closes, revealing DIANA in the mirror.

She recoils, disgusted by her sickly, hungover reflection.

DIANA

Maybe she's born with it.

She downs some tablets. Starts to shed her clothes.

INT. THE COMPANY - DIANA'S APT. - BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Now wrapped in a towel, Diana reaches behind the shower curtain. She turns the tap --

-- And there's a SHRIEK from behind the plastic. ANDREW comes flailing out of the tub, sopping wet.

Diana scrambles to turn off the shower while Andrew leans over the sink, his head swimming.

DIANA

Were you sleeping in my bathtub?!

ANDREW

I... I thought I went home. I don't remember anything after...

Diana tenses.

DIANA

After what?

ANDREW

We were in Kou's room. On the bed.

He straightens up, a look of horror coming over him.

ANDREW (CONT'D)

Oh God...

Diana tries not to panic.

DIANA

Andrew, I can explain.

He slumps onto the toilet - completely distraught.

ANDREW

I cheated on Jenna! I cheated on my girlfriend. I'm sick. I'm a sick, disgusting, bad, bad man!

He begins THUNKING his head against the toilet tank. Diana touches his shoulder comfortingly but Andrew leaps up.

ANDREW (CONT'D)

Don't touch me, homewrecker!

DIANA

Andrew! We didn't do anything!

He stops, unsure.

ANDREW

We didn't?

DIANA

No. And you know why? No amount of alcohol on this earth could get me to sleep with you.

ANDREW

Oh, thank God!

He launches forward and hugs her. Diana, still in just a towel, is alarmed. Andrew's relieved smile drops. A beat.

ANDREW (CONT'D)

Inappropriate?

DIANA

Very.

He removes himself from her.

ANDREW

Sorry.

DIANA

So... You don't remember anything about our little... chat?

ANDREW

Not a thing. Why? What did we talk about?

She smiles innocently.

DIANA

Just the weather.

INT. THE COMPANY - DINING HALL - DAY

Shane finishes off a burger. Vi is in the chair beside him, sitting a little too close and speaking in hushed tones.

VI
Listen to this part.

She reads from the single sheet of paper.

VI (CONT'D)
"The employee is unaware of events post-incident, including the death and subsequent Company employment of her assailant, Nathan Percy".

An employee passes by. Vi's eyes dart to him nervously. She lowers her voice and continues reading.

VI (CONT'D)
"It is of this professional's opinion that should Ms. Cooke learn of the Company's involvement in the hiring of her attacker, it would considerably damage her loyalty to this institution".

SHANE
(through chews)
That sucks.

VI
Really? That's all you've got to say? Nathan killed Jenna.

Shane swallows.

SHANE
Maybe he didn't get hugged enough as a child.

Vi shakes her head in disbelief. Shane looks guilty. He wipes his hands on a napkin and takes the paper from her.

SHANE (CONT'D)
Okay. What else does it say?

VI
It's only one page from the psych report. Couldn't find the rest.
(off his judging look)
Not that I looked.
(beat)

Anyway, it mentions her family and some guy named Brian - her boyfriend, I think - but really just focuses on... You know...

SHANE

Nathan.

Vi purses her lips, deep in thought.

VI

You know, this must be why she's been acting so weird lately.

SHANE

Vi...

VI

What?

SHANE

Leave this alone.

VI

I never said --

SHANE

If Jenna wanted you to know, she'd have told you.

VI

Do you think Andrew knows? Nathan's still got his limbs so I doubt it.

SHANE

Vi!

She huffs in frustration.

VI

Fine! You win! I won't do anything!

SHANE

Good.

Something catches his eye across the room.

SHANE (CONT'D)

Because I think there's some other stuff you should be dealing with.

Vi looks to where he indicates. DAVID has just entered. Vi's eyes go wide. She throws herself under the table.

SHANE (CONT'D)
So not avoiding him, right?

VI (O.S.)
Shut up.

INT. THE COMPANY - DINING HALL - MOMENTS LATER

The duo sneakily head for the exit. Vi keeps an eye on David as he moves across the room. He hasn't spotted them.

SHANE
I think I'm missing something here.

VI
Missing what, exactly? You remember how things with Erin turned out.

SHANE
Yeah, but Erin didn't know about the Company. David's different.

VI
You don't know that.

Shane sighs.

SHANE
You're being an idiot. He likes you. And I'm pretty sure you like him otherwise you wouldn't have...

He proceeds to perform a reenactment of a gratuitous make out session - with eyes closed, mouth gaping and tongue rolling.

THWACK! The door swings inward and hits him in the face. From the floor, he moans.

VI
Karma - one, Shane - zero.

She helps him up and they both face Shane's assailant.

The GIRL (20) is a ghostly figure in a stark white hospital gown. She is covered with bruises and tiny cuts.

VI (CONT'D)
Um... Hi.

The Girl looks to her but doesn't respond. A NURSE appears.

NURSE
Bonnie! There you are! Don't go running off, okay? You need rest.

Taking the Girl - now known as BONNIE - by the shoulders, the Nurse leads her away. Bonnie cranes back to look at...

... Shane. And he can't take his eyes off her either. Beat.

SHANE

Who was that?

David appears beside them, startling Vi.

DAVID

She was the receptionist for the Breakers. They found her like that, all beat up, in a secret room in the Breaker building.

SHANE

Why would someone do that to her?

DAVID

Won't know til she starts talking.

He turns --

DAVID (CONT'D)

So, Vi...

-- Only she is nowhere to be seen. The dining room doors swing a little. David looks to Shane who shrugs.

INT. THE COMPANY - HALLWAY - DAY

Vi, walking along, visibly relaxes.

DAVID (O.S.)

Vi! Wait up!

She tenses, speeds up. David catches up and matches her pace.

DAVID (CONT'D)

You late for something?

VI

Yes I am. So if you don't mind...

DAVID

I'll make it quick, I promise.

(then)

Are you free this weekend? The university is having a short film festival or there's the aquarium?

VI

I'm allergic.

DAVID
To marine fun time?

VI
And student films. They see one
Bergman flick and think they're
experts on the human condition.

DAVID
Maybe we could do something else?

Vi grits her teeth. Frustration flashes on her face. She stops walking and faces him.

VI
Look, David, I'm really busy. I'm
actually...

She looks to the paper scrunched in her hand.

VI (CONT'D)
I'm helping Jenna with something
and it's really important.

DAVID
Oh. That's cool. We can talk later.

VI
(thin smile)
Sure. Later.

He smiles. Walks off. Vi turns back and takes a deep breath.

JENNA (PRE-LAP)
What are you up to, Vi?

EXT. CAFE - DAY

Vi and Jenna sit at a little outdoor cafe along a strip of shops. Jenna's eyes are narrowed suspiciously.

VI
(startled)
What? N-nothing!

A WAITER places coffees and cakes on the table.

JENNA
In the two years that I've known
you, you have never once asked me
to have coffee with you.

VI

And that's a glaring oversight in our friendship, don't you think? I mean, we are friends?

JENNA

Of course.

VI

So, we should hang out. Get to know each other.

Jenna smiles knowingly.

JENNA

You want to ask about Andrew, don't you?

VI

Andrew?

JENNA

He says you're fighting but I know he's probably just being stubborn.

Vi pours sugar into her coffee and stirs slowly.

VI

Did he tell you why he's so mad at me? It's because of Nathan Percy.

Jenna stiffens. Vi notices and presses on.

VI (CONT'D)

No one really seems to like that guy. Myself included.

(beat)

How do you feel about him?

JENNA

Me? I don't... I don't think about him. Why would I?

She grabs a passing Waiter and hands back her cup.

JENNA (CONT'D)

Excuse me, I asked for extra foam. Could you? Thank you. Thanks.

He takes it and disappears. Jenna turns back to the table and nervously plays with her napkin. Vi looks sad.

INT. THE COMPANY - DIANA'S APARTMENT - DAY

Diana dumps empty beer bottles into the trash. SIDNEY, looking a little sheepish, appears in the open doorway.

SIDNEY
Big night?

DIANA
Blame Andrew.
(then; reassuring)
Nothing happened, by the way.

SIDNEY
I know.

Putting down the bin, Diana smirks.

DIANA
You're not checking up on me?

SIDNEY
Love, I trust you completely.

Diana's smirk fades guiltily. She gets back to cleaning. Sidney, wringing his hands, moves further inside.

SIDNEY (CONT'D)
Actually, I wanted to ask you something.

DIANA
About the room. Kou doesn't need it so it should go to someone who does. I'm moving on.

But Sidney's mind is elsewhere. The words come in a rush, like he's trying to stop himself from chickening out:

SIDNEY
Andrew was right.

DIANA
About moving on?

SIDNEY
Moving in, actually.
(deep breath; then)
We should move in together.

He smiles, full of hope. Diana is shocked.

EXT. CAFE - DAY

The conversation has relaxed between Vi and Jenna. Their coffee cups are empty and only crumbs remain on their plates.

VI
My favourite subject?
(thinks; then)
Does lunch count?

They laugh.

VI (CONT'D)
But seriously, I feel like I'm
hardly ever at school anymore. And
even when I'm there, I'm not there.

JENNA
(sad smile)
I think I know what you mean.

A beat. Vi leans forward.

VI
Jenna, is everything --

CAROLINE (O.S.)
Vi?

CAROLINE, PETER and CAM approach.

VI
Uh... Hi.

Caroline eyes Jenna, a little wary.

CAROLINE
I thought you were spending the day
with Shane.

VI
Oh, uh, he was busy. Do you know
Jenna? She's Andrew's girlfriend.
You guys remember Andrew, right?

CAROLINE
(hint of disdain)
Andrew, of course.

Jenna smiles.

JENNA
He gets that reaction a lot.

VI

What are you guys doing?

CAROLINE

Cam needs new school shoes.

Cam indignantly pushes his way to the forefront.

CAM

I do not. I need a new Bunsen burner - I told you!

CAROLINE

Can't you just use the stove?

CAM

It's not the same!

PETER

Yeah, Coco, it's not the same.

He grins cheekily.

JENNA

Would you all like to join us?

She starts pulling over some extra chairs. Vi is alarmed.

VI

Actually, we're almost done. And those shoes won't buy themselves.

CAROLINE

Yes, we couldn't intrude.

JENNA

No, not at all. Please. I'll get some menus.

She goes inside. Vi scrambles after her.

INT. CAFE - CONTINUOUS

Vi joins Jenna by the stack of menus at the counter.

VI

They really don't have to stay.

JENNA

Vi, relax. They're your family.

VI

I know. Why do you care?

JENNA

My family knows that I'm alive and I still never see them. You can't imagine how much I wish I'd spent more time with them before...

A sad beat. She puts a hand on Vi's shoulder.

JENNA (CONT'D)

I'm doing this for you.

She takes the menus and goes back outside. Vi watches her take a seat beside the other Morgans and converses happily.

VI

Ditto.

Off her determined face, CUT TO:

INT. THE COMPANY - CUBICLE CITY - DAY

Vi strides through the quiet room. She finds an empty cubicle and slips in. Firing up the computer, she gets to work.

VI

(as she types)

Show me what you got, super computer.

The computer BEEPS. Vi smiles.

VI (CONT'D)

Bingo.

ANGLE ON SCREEN

Her search for "Jenna Cooke" has yielded one result. Jenna's employee file.

BACK TO VI

She clicks. The computer BEEPS again. Not the good kind.

VI (CONT'D)

Classified? Ugh.

She starts typing again, muttering.

VI (CONT'D)

Search for... Jenna Cooke comma parents...

BEEP. No luck.

VI (CONT'D)

Come on!

BIANCA (O.S.)

Are you doing something sneaky?

Vi jumps. BIANCA leans against the cubicle wall.

VI

Don't you have ice cream to scoop?
Maybe some thirty year olds with
dubious moral histories to lust
after?

Bianca looks away, pink with embarrassment. Vi is surprised.

VI (CONT'D)

Wait. That's why you're here?
You're avoiding him? Real mature,
Bianca. That's the dumbest --

She catches herself, noting the familiarity of the situation.

VI (CONT'D)

If you must know, I'm trying to
track down Jenna's family.

BIANCA

And you can't just ask her?

VI

It's a surprise. She's been kind of
down lately.

Bianca studies her cuticles.

BIANCA

Really? I haven't noticed.

VI

That's because you don't know her.

BIANCA

And neither do you if you don't
even know her parent's names.

She smirks and wanders away. Vi glowers for a beat, then is struck with an idea. She takes out the psych report.

VI

I think I know someone who might.

ANGLE ON PAGE

She runs her finger beneath a passage. "... *reluctant to talk about family, including boyfriend Brian Huntley...*".

BACK TO VI

She types the name into the search box. It BEEPS. She grins.

EXT. BRIAN'S HOUSE - DAY

Title over: Melbourne, VIC.

Rundown and dingy with an overgrown front yard. A dark green muscle car sits in the drive. Inside, a phone RINGS.

INT. BRIAN'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

No movement. The answering machine cuts into the call.

VI (V.O.)

Hi. Hopefully I've found the right Brian. Jenna's ex-boyfriend, right?

(beat)

Anyway, my name's Vi. This is probably a bit weird but I was wondering if you had Jenna's parent's contact info? I'm just trying to get in touch with them.

(beat)

Jenna's fine, by the way. It's nothing like... Um... She's doing good. So if you could call me --

A hand grabs the phone. BRIAN (30) is a handsome guy - tall and lean.

BRIAN

Hi, I'm here. Vi, right?

(listens; then)

Yeah, I can dig up the number for you, no worries.

(beat)

You're welcome. Hey, I'm glad to hear Jenna's doing okay. Real glad.

But his face is cold. No happiness there.

CUT TO BLACK:

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

INT. THE COMPANY - COMMON AREA - DAY

Vi leans against the railing on the upper balcony. She plays with the edges of the now dog-eared paper.

DAVID (O.S.)
A penny for your thoughts?

He takes a place at the railing next to her. Grins winningly.

DAVID (CONT'D)
What's the currency conversion on that, do you think?

VI
I'm busy, David.

DAVID
Too busy for some friendly conversation?

VI
Look, I just don't have time for you and...

She eyes him suspiciously.

VI (CONT'D)
... Whatever it is that you're doing.

Vi looks back to the paper, missing the disappointment that flashes across David's face. He squares his shoulders.

DAVID
Homework, huh? I'll take a look.

He grabs it from her.

DAVID (CONT'D)
I was top of my class, you know.

Vi goes to take the page back --

VI
This was before you dropped out, right?

-- But David holds it in the air, out of reach.

DAVID
Ouch. That stings, Vi.
(impish grin)
Maybe you could kiss it better?

Vi's eyes widen in embarrassed shock. She focuses her attention on the paper, tries to grab it.

VI
Give it back!

She jumps. David draws himself up to his full height, page in the air. No way Vi can reach that. He smirks.

DAVID
Make me.

Vi narrows her eyes. She thrusts her palm into his chest, knocking the wind out of him. He doubles over, wheezing.

The paper slips from his hands. Vi watches as it drops over the railing and floats to the ground on the level below.

CLOSE ON FILE

A high-heeled shoe appears beside it. A hand picks it up.

BACK TO VI

Her heart sinks.

JENNA

Shock and confusion cloud her face as she reads. She looks up - locking eyes with Vi.

INT. THE COMPANY - JENNA'S OFFICE - DAY

Jenna SLAPS the paper on her desk. She looks at Vi through narrowed eyes, like a principal interrogating a school child.

JENNA
What is this?

VI
I just found it, I --

JENNA
Did you read it?

Vi can't look at her. Jenna sinks into her chair.

VI

But only because I thought maybe there'd be something that'd show me how I can help you. And I think it did, Jenna, I --

Jenna's eyes sharpen on her.

JENNA

What did you do?

A beat. Vi gulps.

VI

After what you said about wishing you'd spent more time with your family, I wanted to find them for you. I couldn't ask Andrew, of course, so I just... I made a call.

(beat; quiet)

He's supposed to call me back.

JENNA

Who?

VI

Your boyfriend. The old one. Brian.

The colour drains from Jenna's face. She slumps, like she's been punched in the gut. Vi doesn't pick up on her dread.

VI (CONT'D)

I know it's awkward, he's your ex and everything but I just... I didn't really know who else to try.

(beat)

You're not angry are you? Well, I know you're angry but... We're still friends, right?

JENNA

No.

Vi reacts in disbelief. Jenna's voice is drips with venom.

JENNA (CONT'D)

We're not friends. You want to help me? Stay the hell away from me.

Vi runs out, hot tears prickling behind her eyes. Jenna is left alone. Helpless. She puts her head in her hands.

INT. THE COMPANY - HALLWAY - DAY

Sidney, Benson and ABIGAIL walk at a clipped pace.

ABIGAIL

There will be a team waiting for us upon arrival but I want a solid number for the transfer. How many can your security team spare?

SIDNEY

As many as we need. Armed?

ABIGAIL

Of course.

They round the corner --

INT. THE COMPANY - RECEPTION - CONTINUOUS

-- And head for Sidney's office.

BENSON

I think you're forgetting that this is just one man. An army seems excessive.

ABIGAIL

Excessive or not, I want that psychopath out of here.

Diana approaches, cutting off the group.

DIANA

Sidney, can we talk?

SIDNEY

In a minute, love.

Diana looks between him and the others, sensing something.

DIANA

What's going on?

SIDNEY

It's Kieran.

ABIGAIL

We're transferring him to a secure Company facility.

Fear grips Diana's heart.

DIANA

Did he... He hasn't said anything?
I mean, I didn't think you'd gotten
any information out of him.

ABIGAIL

We haven't. And he's not going to
give us a scrap as far as I can
tell. No, it's Company imprisonment
for Mr. James. Until I get around
to firing him, that is.

She motions to Sidney's office, looks to the other two.

ABIGAIL (CONT'D)

Shall we?

SIDNEY

I'll be a minute.

Abigail nods and walks off. Benson looks to Sidney.

BENSON

I think I like her.

He follows. Sidney takes note of Diana's worried expression.

SIDNEY

You alright, pet? You weren't
getting used to having a serial
killer living downstairs, were you?

Diana smiles weakly at the joke.

SIDNEY (CONT'D)

Still, it feels good, doesn't it?
Like we're getting a fresh start.

And the notion finally occurs to Diana. She brightens.

SIDNEY (CONT'D)

Now, what did you want to say?

DIANA

Yes.

SIDNEY

Yes?

DIANA

Let's move in together. I want a
fresh start.

Sidney wraps her in a hug and spins. She squeals in delight.

EXT. MORGAN RESIDENCE - DAY

Establishing shot.

VI (PRE-LAP)
It's been two days and she hasn't
even looked at me.

INT. MORGAN RESIDENCE - VI'S ROOM - DAY

Vi lies on her bed with her mobile phone.

PENNY (V.O.)
So? Ditch her and move on.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. UNIVERSITY LAUNDRY ROOM - DAY

PENNY, talking via a Bluetooth headset, tosses dirty clothes into a washing machine. A few other STUDENTS do laundry also.

PENNY
New friends can't be that hard to
find. Even for you.

VI
I can't just walk away, Penny. All
she sees is me sticking my nose
into her business. The part about
it being for her own good, that's
the part she's missing.

PENNY
Wow.

VI
What?

Penny takes a pair of pink bunny pajamas from her basket.

PENNY
Is that what I sounded like when I
was on my life coach "helping
everybody whether they like it or
not" kick?

VI
You're over that now? I thought you
chose uni courses that would help
you actually be a life coach?

Some girls spot Penny's nightwear. They snicker. Embarrassed, Penny shoves the flannelette nightmare into the machine.

PENNY

Things change.

Something CHIRPS electronically and Penny takes out her phone. She reads the message on the screen, types back.

PENNY (CONT'D)

So, tell me about this David guy.

Vi bolts upright on her bed.

VI

What?

PENNY

Oh, we're way past that. I saw you two playing house the other night.

VI

There's nothing to tell. Honestly.

Penny's phone CHIRPS again. She glances at it quickly.

PENNY

That's not what Cam says.

VI

What does Cam know about anything?

PENNY

Hang on, I'll ask him.

Her thumbs dance across the key pad. Vi clammers off her bed.

VI

Are you guys IMing each other?
About me?!

PENNY

In our defense, now that the season of Top Model is over, we haven't got much else to talk about.

Vi huffs in annoyance and hangs up. Penny taps her ear piece.

PENNY (CONT'D)

Vi? Hello?

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

Cam is typing busily at the computer when Vi bursts in. She marches over and jabs the power button. The screen goes dark.

CAM

Hey!

VI

One more word and I tell the science club you watch America's Next Top Model.

She exits. Cam leans back in his chair to call after her.

CAM

It's the New Zealand version! It's way better!

EXT. STREET - AFTERNOON

Jenna and Andrew carry grocery bags.

ANDREW

You've been pretty quiet.

JENNA

Sorry.

ANDREW

(teasing)

Sure, an apology. That's what I was looking for.

They walk in silence. Jenna gets an idea and takes his hand.

JENNA

Let's go away.

ANDREW

Sure. Where are you thinking?

JENNA

Anywhere. I don't care. What about Hawaii or.. or Paris? Doesn't that sound romantic?

ANDREW

Don't you need to be here for work?

Jenna stops walking.

JENNA

I can take some time off.

ANDREW

Not sure Sidney would agree with
you. Let's just wait until things
calm down, okay?

He smiles and kisses her hand. He lets go of her and walks
on. Jenna's smile fades, desperation taking over.

JENNA

(barely heard whisper)
Andrew, please...

He doesn't hear her.

An engine RUMBLES nearby and Jenna's attention is dragged to
the familiar dark green car, idling further up the street.

She stiffens. Stares intently, trying to get a look at the
driver. The car drives off.

INT. JENNA'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Jenna emerges from the kitchen. Someone KNOCKS on the door.

The sound of SIZZLING food and Andrew's off-tune WHISTLING
follow her through the room.

JENNA

(nervous)
Just a second!

She checks the peephole and relaxes. Unlocking the door
(turning several locks), she opens it to greet MRS. CHU, an
elderly Chinese woman.

JENNA (CONT'D)

Mrs. Chu, hi.

MRS. CHU

Every time I see you, you're even
more beautiful than the day before.

Jenna flashes a tight smile and glances down the hall.

JENNA

What can I do for you? Is it too
smokey? I told him to open a window
before he sets the alarm off.

MRS. CHU

So he found you?

JENNA

I'm sorry?

MRS. CHU

The man. Very handsome. Every beautiful girl needs a handsome man like that.

Jenna glances back into the apartment.

JENNA

Yeah, I guess he's...
 (back to Mrs. Chu;
 doubtful)
 Are you talking about Andrew?

Mrs. Chu holds out a plain white envelope.

MRS. CHU

He gave this to me outside and asked me to deliver it. He said he'd stop by again soon.

Jenna takes the envelope, confusion growing. Mrs. Chu smiles and starts to move back down the hall. She calls back --

MRS. CHU (CONT'D)

Very handsome. Your children will be studied!

Jenna opens the envelope and slides out a white card. Two words on it.

Found you.

INT. JENNA'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Andrew is at the stove, cooking chicken in a frying pan.

He glances to Jenna as she enters. She moves dumbly to the centre island and begins chopping vegetables.

ANDREW

Who was that?

She shakes her head.

ANDREW (CONT'D)

Probably someone who heard about my world famous pepper chicken fettucini. They can't resist.

Jenna gasps in pain. Blood gushes from a cut on her finger.

ANDREW (CONT'D)

Oh, crap! Here, come here.

In shock, Jenna just holds her finger out, letting the blood drip onto the chopping board. Andrew drags her around to him.

JENNA

The food...

He wraps her hand in a dish towel.

ANDREW

No big. We'll make more. Unless you want to go vampire tonight.

He chuckles, but notices her lack of response.

ANDREW (CONT'D)

Jen? What's wrong?

She snaps out of her daze. Pulls away and goes to the sink.

JENNA

I'm fine.

ANDREW

I've been hearing that a lot from you lately. Still not sure I believe it.

JENNA

What else do you want me to say?

ANDREW

The truth might be a good start.

He sighs and places a hand on her shoulder.

ANDREW (CONT'D)

I don't want to push you. But whatever it is, I can help.

(smiles reassuringly)

That's what boyfriend's do.

JENNA

No, it's not.

ANDREW

What?

Jenna jerks away from him - her anger and frustration bubbling to the surface.

JENNA

Boyfriend's don't help. Sure, they tell you that you're pretty, that they love you but it's not real.

ANDREW

Okay, I think I somehow pressed
fast forward on this conversation
because I'm completely lost.

JENNA

We're talking about relationships,
Andrew. Isn't that what you wanted?

ANDREW

Our relationship, yeah! Not...
whatever you're going on about.

(weary)

What is going on, Jenna?

JENNA

NOTHING!

A long beat. Neither speaks. There's only the sound of the
(now charcoal) chicken sizzling on the stove. Finally:

ANDREW

Do you want me to go?

JENNA

(with a glare; snide)

That would really help.

Andrew sucks his teeth and grabs his jacket. Without another
word, he exits, leaving Jenna alone.

A drop of blood runs down her pale skin to the finger tip. It
hurtles towards the floor and just before it hits --

CUT TO BLACK:

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

INT. THE COMPANY - DINING HALL - NIGHT

Vi gasps and leaps up from the table. Blue ink floods the sheet of paper in front of her, obscuring the text beneath.

VI
Damnit!

MALE VOICE (O.S.)
Here.

Hands her a wad of paper napkins. Vi takes them, eyes front.

VI
(starts mopping up)
Thanks. Teaches me for stealing pens from the reception desk.

She turns to smile at her saviour, but it falters. David points to her stained palms.

DAVID
Caught blue-handed.

A beat. Vi cracks a grin. She sits, David sits beside her.

VI
Nice one. You should take that material on tour.

DAVID
What are you writing?

VI
I was writing an apology for Jenna.

David cringes.

DAVID
Guess I should be writing one for you. I didn't mean for you to get in trouble.

VI
It's fine.

DAVID
Well, what can I do?

VI

What?

DAVID

To help. I want... I can help, Vi.

Then, shyly:

DAVID (CONT'D)

I think we work well together.

VI

We really don't.

She cringes, back tracks.

VI (CONT'D)

It's nothing personal. Our last assignment together --

DAVID

Turned out fine! I even think... You know... More than fine.

Vi pretends she doesn't get his meaning.

VI

David... I don't think we should... do any more assignments together.

(beat)

They won't always turn out fine.

She stands.

VI (CONT'D)

I have to go.

She leaves. David's hurt shifts to frustration. He picks up the cracked pen then tosses it across the table.

INT. THE COMPANY - RECEPTION - NIGHT

Vi makes her way to the elevator. Just before she gets there, the doors open and Andrew angrily sweeps past her.

VI

Are you okay?

ANDREW

What?

He falls back onto the sofa, then struggles to pull off his jacket. Untangling himself, he whips it across the room.

VI

Never mind. Habit. I forgot we aren't speaking.

She turns to the elevator but the doors have closed. She jabs the call button and waits.

ANDREW

Looks like your little "I Hate Andrew" Club is really getting some traction.

VI

Andrew, I don't hate -- Wait, what are you talking about?

ANDREW

Jenna and I broke up. Pretty sure it's all my fault.

Vi is shocked.

VI

No...

ANDREW

(sighs)

Yep.

VI

No, it's not your fault. It's mine. Don't worry, I'm going to fix this.

Vi punches the button, the elevator opens and she hops in - reinvigorated and more determined than ever.

ANDREW

How?

VI

One thing at a time, please.

The doors close.

INT. JENNA'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Jenna sits by the window, staring through a crack in the closed curtains. She stands and pulls the curtains open.

Next, she is by the door. One by one, she unlocks the half dozen locks and bolts keeping her safe. Finally, she slides back the chain and steps back - defeat in her eyes.

EXT. ICE CREAM PARLOUR - NIGHT

It's late. The interior of the shop is dark. NATHAN emerges, sans tacky blue uniform, and brings down the roller shutters.

He crouches to lock it into place. When he stands --

-- Vi is right beside him. He jolts in shock.

VI

I'm sorry. Did I scare you?

He takes a beat to recover.

NATHAN

Is there something you need, Vi?

VI

I wouldn't pass up a double scoop of strawberry swirl but you're closed. How's the assignment going?

Nathan just stares at her.

VI (CONT'D)

Okay, I suck at this segue stuff.

NATHAN

That was a segue?

VI

No, this is.

(then)

I know about Jenna.

NATHAN

Oh.

VI

That's all you've got to say?

He glares.

NATHAN

Look, I can't change what happened. I wish I could but the past is just that. Past.

He starts to walk away. Vi remains where she is.

VI

You're just going to let her suffer?

NATHAN
It's not my job to save her.

VI
That's crap!

ON NATHAN

His face steely as Vi calls out.

VI (O.S.) (CONT'D)
You're a Fixer now! So fix it!

He slows and stops.

INT. THE COMPANY - HOSPITAL WING - NIGHT

The ward is quiet. Shane enters with a bunch of flowers.

Moving through the room, Shane's eyes dart over each bed as he looks for someone. Up ahead, one bed is curtained off.

Drawn in, he lifts the curtain back.

Bonnie stands at the bedside of a comatose DOC. Eerily quiet, she gazes down with blank eyes. Sensing Shane, she turns.

SHANE
S-sorry.

Shaken, he lets the curtain drop and turns to go.

In a flash, Bonnie is there. She grabs his arm. Shane looks down at her hand. Holds out the flowers.

SHANE (CONT'D)
I brought you these.

She takes the flowers (dropping his arm in the process). She studies them and, for the first time, she smiles.

INT. NATHAN'S CAR - NIGHT

Stopped in traffic, Nathan taps his fingers impatiently on the wheel. More annoyed at Vi than the other cars.

NATHAN
Tell me, Vi. How exactly am I supposed to help Jenna?

VI

I don't know. All I know is that ever since you came along, she's been different. I just want to help her get past this.

NATHAN

I don't think you can.

VI

Of course I can. I have to.

Nathan sighs in frustration.

NATHAN

How did you die?

VI

Robbery. Some guy shot me.

NATHAN

You ever see him again?

VI

No.

NATHAN

Imagine you did. Imagine you had to see him every day. And every time you looked at him, you remembered what he did to you. What he took from you. That, Vi, is why you can't help her.

A long beat as Vi turns this over in her mind. Then:

VI

Why'd you do it?

Nathan shakes his head.

NATHAN

You don't want the details.

VI

Let me guess. Money? You were a hitman or something, right?

NATHAN

You wouldn't say that so flippantly if you understood what it meant.

Vi looks away, a little ashamed. The traffic starts moving and they drive in silence for a few moments.

NATHAN (CONT'D)

I fell in with these guys. They were into some bad stuff and Jenna, she... she got in the way.

VI

She had a life. Did you even think about that? She had a family that loved her. She had a boyfriend. How do you think he felt?

NATHAN

I can't imagine he was too broken up about it. Brian was the one that wanted her dead.

Vi's face slackens in shock.

VI

Brian?

NATHAN

Yeah. What's wrong?

She gulps. Turns to him with fear in her eyes.

VI

I think I just killed Jenna. Again.

INT. THE COMPANY - SIDNEY'S OFFICE - NIGHT

The room is lit by only a desk lamp. Sidney is hunched in his chair, staring off into the shadows when Diana bounces in.

DIANA

I've been thinking. If we're going to do this, we should do it right. Get a real place, outside of here.

She moves behind him, drags a finger along the bookshelf.

DIANA (CONT'D)

We could have a yard, a letter box, neighbours who haven't seen the inside of one of those morgue drawer things.

(giggles)

Doesn't that sound quaint?

She pauses for his response but gets none.

DIANA (CONT'D)

Well, it sounds good to me.

She drapes her arms over his shoulders, leans down.

DIANA (CONT'D)

You're not getting cold feet, are you? Because there's only one solution for that.

(in his ear; mock serious)

We're going to have to get a puppy.

She kisses his cheek and that's all Sidney can take. He leaps out of his seat, throwing Diana back. He turns to face her.

DIANA (CONT'D)

Sidney! What's wrong?

SIDNEY

This is over.

She places a hand on her hip. Narrows her eyes suspiciously.

DIANA

What exactly do you mean by "this"?
And a definition of "over" wouldn't go amiss, either.

Sidney calmly reaches for his computer. He hits the keyboard and the monitor lights up. Diana's eyes fill with dread.

ANGLE ON COMPUTER SCREEN

The cursor blinks over a login page, awaiting a security code. The text above reads: "Potential Employee Registry - AUTHORISATION REQUIRED".

BACK TO SCENE

DIANA (CONT'D)

Sidney...

SIDNEY

This is it, right? This is what you were after all along?

DIANA

I... I don't know what you're talking about. I've never seen --

SIDNEY

Don't.

That simple word, the pain in Sidney's eyes, that's all it takes for Diana's mask to crumble. She drops her gaze.

DIANA
How'd you find out?

SIDNEY
Turns out that bastard Kieran was good for something. Thought he'd try and play one last card.

DIANA
Kieran?

SIDNEY
What? You're disappointed your boyfriend gave you up?

DIANA
That's not fair.

SIDNEY
Fair? You're going to tell me what's fair? You used me, Diana!

DIANA
I didn't.

SIDNEY
Oh, right. Of course. You tried to get my security codes but I was too dense for even you to manipulate properly. So you went to Kieran.
(beat)
Well, you've got the codes now, haven't you? Why don't you finish what you started?

He puts a hand on the monitor.

SIDNEY (CONT'D)
Come on, Diana! Everything you want is right in front of you! Take it!

Diana shakes her head. Sidney sweeps the monitor off the desk where it SMASHES. Diana lets out a sob and rushes to him.

DIANA
I couldn't lose anyone. Not again. Not even you, Sidney. I love you.

She's grabbing at him now, pulling herself to his chest.

DIANA (CONT'D)
I'm sorry, Sidney. I'm sorry.

Sidney stares straight ahead, stoically heartbroken. He untangles her hands from his jacket and looks into her eyes.

SIDNEY

Me, too.

DIANA

What are you going to do?

SIDNEY

In five minutes, I am going to pick up my phone and call Abigail Ford. I will tell her of your betrayals and appropriate steps will be taken to find you and bring you into custody.

Diana's tear-filled eyes cloud with confusion. Then, she backs up, slowly realising his meaning. Sidney turns away.

SIDNEY (CONT'D)

Five minutes.

Diana looks helplessly from Sidney to the door. No other option. She shakily fixes her clothes and wipes at her eyes.

She slips out of the room. Sidney, his back to the door, lets a single tear escape and roll down his cheek.

EXT. JENNA'S APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Nathan's car SCREECHES to a stop out front.

INT. NATHAN'S CAR - NIGHT

Vi snaps her phone closed.

VI

She's still not answering. What if he's already --

NATHAN

Let's not jump to conclusions.

VI

I called him! I told him that she was still alive - granted, I thought he already knew - but that doesn't change the fact that I called him!

Nathan peers through the window, surveying the building.

NATHAN

You know that thing I said about conclusions? Also applies to panicking. Just go in and get her.

VI

What about you?

NATHAN

You really think she wants to see me right now?

A beat.

VI

Good point.

She opens the door and starts to climb out.

NATHAN

Wait!

He takes her phone from her hand and punches something in.

NATHAN (CONT'D)

(handing the phone back)
Call me if --

VI

He's already there, hacking her into little pieces. Gotcha.

She nods curtly, the waver in her voice betraying her unease.

INT. JENNA'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The door bursts open and Vi runs inside. Jenna, an exhausted wreck, gets up from the couch.

JENNA

Vi? What are you --

VI

I'll apologise properly later but, right now, we need to go.

Jenna shakes her head, tired.

JENNA

I'm not going anywhere, Vi.

VI

You don't get it. He's -- I know about Brian and what he did.

(MORE)

VI (CONT'D)

What he made Nathan do to you.

(beat)

I think he might come back to
finish what he started.

JENNA

You're right.

Hand shaking, she hands Vi the note. Vi glances down and sets her mouth in a hard line. She throws the note aside.

VI

We're going. Now.

She grabs Jenna's wrist and starts to pull her towards the door - but Jenna yanks herself free and backs up.

JENNA

No!

VI

Why the hell not?

JENNA

Because this is what I deserve!

The words shock both of them into silence. Vi chokes out:

VI

Don't do this, Jenna. He's coming.

JENNA

He's already here.

Slowly, Vi turns around. Brian sits in an armchair, calmly taking in the scene. He smiles and rests a gun on his knee.

BRIAN

Hello, Vi. Nice to meet you.

Off Vi's face, terror sinking in --

CUT TO BLACK:

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

INT. JENNA'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Brian locks the door, gun hanging loosely in one hand. He turns to face Vi and Jenna - both still standing.

BRIAN

Much better. So, as I was saying
before we were interrupted --

He smiles quizzically in Jenna's direction.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

You're alive. Didn't expect that.

Vi inches over and slowly takes hold of a table lamp.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

I heard you weren't. Guess you
can't believe everything you --

Vi raises the lamp high but Brian is much faster than her. He levels the gun at her chest and she freezes.

JENNA

Brian, just let her go. She doesn't
have anything to do with this.

BRIAN

I don't think so. You've been gone
for awhile, Jenny. Things have
changed. No more outsourcing, for
one. I like to do things myself.
Easier to keep track of all the
loose ends. And she is a loose end.

He goes over to the window and tears off the cords holding
the curtains back. He tosses the length of cord to Jenna.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

Tie her up.

INT. JENNA'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - LATER

Vi sits in a wooden dining chair amongst Jenna's living room
furniture. Jenna is crouched behind her, tying her hands.

Out of sight, Brian can be heard RATTLING around. The girls
speak in hushed tones, careful not to be heard by him.

VI

(over her shoulder)

What did you mean before? About
this being what you deserve?

Jenna hesitates. No reason she shouldn't come clean now.

JENNA

All of this... It's my fault. When
I was eighteen, I let Brian into my
life. Even though things seemed off
sometimes. Even though people
warned me, I didn't listen. I made
the choice to be with him. And look
where it got me.

VI

So you deserve to get what he
dishes out? That's the biggest load
of crap I've ever heard.

Jenna, taken aback, comes around to face her.

VI (CONT'D)

You made a choice. Big deal. We all
make choices, every single day,
doesn't mean they all lead to mob
related contract killings.

The moment is cut short as Brian appears again.

BRIAN

Enough chit-chat, girlies.

He grabs Jenna roughly by the arm and pushes her into another
chair. He takes the cord from the other curtain.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

Time to get down to business.

As he starts to tie her up, we MOVE AROUND Vi and down to her
hands. She quietly slips her mobile from her back pocket.

INT. NATHAN'S CAR - NIGHT

Nathan's phone rings. He answers quickly.

NATHAN

Vi?

But what he hears is this --

BRIAN (V.O.)
 (through phone)
 First thing's first...

INT. JENNA'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - SAME TIME

Brian crouches down in front of Jenna.

BRIAN
 I really hope this doesn't spoil
 your memories of me. The good times
 we had.

He brushes the hair from her face. Jenna grits her teeth.

JENNA
 Too late.

BRIAN
 And second of all --

He stands. Looks around.

BRIAN (CONT'D)
 -- How stupid do you have to be to
 keep living here? In your witness
 protection hideout? A couple of pay-
 offs and it was easy to track you
 down the first time.
 (thinks; then)
 But then again, maybe you didn't
 have anywhere else to go.

EXT. JENNA'S APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Nathan climbs out his car, still listening intently.

BRIAN (V.O.)
 You were in a new town, no family,
 no friends. Nowhere you could go to
 feel safe...

INT. JENNA'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

He steps back, his words are doing enough damage.

BRIAN
 So you just hid away, in your
 little cave. Hoping, praying, that
 it was all over.
 (then)
 Nothing much seems to have changed.

He motions to Vi who struggles against her ropes.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

You've got sweet little Sandra Dee over here. But is she really doing much for you right now? Be honest.

JENNA

She's my friend.

Vi stops struggling. Touched.

VI

Really? We're friends again?

Jenna sniffs back tears. Nods. Brian can't believe this. He snaps his fingers in front of Jenna's face, brings her back.

BRIAN

Hey, Jenny! Over here! I don't know if you've noticed but your friend? She's going to die. And no one is coming to save you.

The front door is kicked open. Brian whirls around, aiming the gun at --

NATHAN

Hey, Brian. Been awhile.

BRIAN

Nate? What are you...

He looks from Nathan to Jenna, gun never wavering.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

Are you here for her?

Nathan's eyes flick to the gun in Brian's hand, then to Vi and Jenna, watching him with confusion.

He calmly strolls inside, closing the door behind him.

NATHAN

Nah, man. But so far you're doing a better job than I ever did.

(then)

Don't let me interrupt. I just heard you were here and --

BRIAN

(suspicious)

How?

NATHAN

Bobby told me. I called, wanted to catch up.

A beat. Brian studies him, unsure. Then he grins and lowers the gun. He pulls Nathan into a hug, happy to see him.

BRIAN

Where've you been? I should kick your arse, though. I paid you, son of a bitch, and she's still alive?

NATHAN

I'm sorry, Bri. Thought I got her.

Brian turns to consider Jenna.

BRIAN

Then you should do it now. Finish the job I paid you for.

Nathan backs up.

NATHAN

Brian, I don't know.

BRIAN

I'll do the kid.

VI

(squeaks)

What?

He leans in to Nathan, almost embarrassed.

BRIAN

Look, I'll be straight with you. It's Jenny, you know? We were... She's special.

(beat)

But it's got to be done. It's the principle of the thing.

(chuckles)

Not to mention, she can still put me away for life so...

He waits expectantly. Nathan looks past him to Jenna. She sits perfectly still, just staring at him. Waiting.

Nathan swallows hard, and nods to Brian. In a flash, Brian grabs the back of Jenna's chair, drags her into the kitchen.

VI

Jenna!

Nathan remains in the living room, steeling himself.

VI (CONT'D)
Hey, genius. What's the plan here?

NATHAN
Give me a minute.

He takes a deep breath and follows Brian. Vi hisses after:

VI
Oh, please! Take all the time you
need! Would you like some scrap
paper?!

INT. JENNA'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Nathan joins Brian's side as Brian lays the gun on the bench.

Jenna, still tied to her chair, is pushed into the corner. She grits her teeth, trying to control her trembling body, as Brian reaches past her to the knife block.

He slowly removes a knife, the blade coming inches from her face as he pulls it back. He hands it to Nathan.

BRIAN
(to Jenna)
I can't believe I wanted to marry
you someday.

Jenna's stoic expression wavers. A tear falls.

Nathan, gripping the knife tight, lightly brushes away the tear from Jenna's cheek. They lock eyes.

He pulls his arm back, knife at the ready. Jenna closes her eyes, bracing herself. And then two things happen at once.

INT. JENNA'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The front door bursts open, armed SECURITY AGENTS pour in with guns drawn --

INT. JENNA'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - NIGHT

-- And Nathan ferociously jerks his arm back further to elbow Brian in the face.

Brian's head snaps back. He slams into the centre bench and hits the floor. In the doorway, the Security Agents appear.

AGENTS

Freeze! -- Don't move! -- Hands
where I can see them!

Nathan drops the knife and quickly raises his hands. Benson and Andrew push their way through.

BENSON

Lower your weapons! He's one of us!

ANDREW

Jenna!

He darts around Nathan, snatches up the knife from the floor and cuts Jenna loose. He pulls her up and wraps her in a hug.

JENNA

I'm so sorry for what I said. I
didn't mean any of it.

ANDREW

It's okay. I know. I know.

JENNA

I love you.

ANDREW

I love you too.

They kiss through tears. Nathan backs away, aware of his intrusion on the private moment.

INT. JENNA'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Vi is cut free. As she stands and rubs her wrists, she looks around at the chaos.

In the kitchen, Jenna and Andrew continue to hug. Brian is slumped on the floor, starting to come around but surrounded by Security Agents.

Benson joins her.

BENSON

Vi, are you alright?

VI

(dazed)

Yeah, I'm... Benson, what's going
on? How did you know we were here?

She realises.

VI (CONT'D)
Nathan. He called you.

He nods. Vi studies Benson thoughtfully.

VI (CONT'D)
You've always known, haven't you?
About Jenna and Nathan. What really
happened.

BENSON
It was my job to know.

VI
Why didn't you tell her that the
Company hired him? You lied to her.

He sighs sadly and turns to watch Jenna through the doorway.

BENSON
I suppose... Well, I suppose I just
wanted to protect her.

INT. JENNA'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - NIGHT

The Agents haul Brian to his feet. His nose is bleeding. One
takes out a set of cuffs and prepares to restrain him.

JENNA
Wait.

The Agents hesitate but she shoots them a commanding look.
They exit. Now it's only Jenna, Brian, Andrew and Nathan.

ANDREW
Jenna...

She approaches Brian. He keeps his eyes on her...

... While his hand creeps across the bench to the gun.

BRIAN
Guess you think this is over?

JENNA
I'm telling you it's over. Also,
just to let you know. If you had
ever proposed to me...

She leans in, lips by his ear and whispers:

JENNA (CONT'D)
I would've said no.

From her close position, she glances down to see his hand inching for the gun.

Quick as lightning, she flicks a knife from the knife block and stabs it into his hand!

Brian screams in agony. Collapses to his knees, hand pinned to the table. Agents rush back into the room - guns drawn.

A smile plays on Jenna's lips as she exits.

Andrew and Nathan stare after her, comically similar expressions of shock on their faces.

EXT. JENNA'S APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

A crowd of ON-LOOKERS block the street. POLICE OFFICERS tape off the footpath but it's all very mellow - no emergency.

Vi, Benson, Andrew and Jenna group by the front steps.

ANDREW

Your name's not really Jenna Cooke?

JENNA

The witness protection guys aren't big on people keeping their real names. Defeats the purpose.

Andrew looks off wistfully.

ANDREW

I always wanted to change my name. Something cool and mysterious like "Blaze Cassowary".

VI

A Cassowary is a bird.

ANDREW

A freakin' cool bird.

Benson sighs.

BENSON

Oh, good. I'm so glad we're finally able to joke about this traumatic event. I thought it was about time.

He wanders off, shaking his head. The others share a smile.

VI

(to Jenna; awkward)

So, are we okay? I mean, us and...

(MORE)

VI (CONT'D)
 (to Andrew)

Us?

Jenna nods, smiles a little.

JENNA
 We're okay.

ANDREW
 Ditto.

Andrew glares at Nathan as he emerges from the building.

ANDREW (CONT'D)
 I've got a new focus for my
 seething rage.

JENNA
 (warning)
 Andrew...

ANDREW
 He killed you, Jenna!

JENNA
 And I think there's been enough of
 that going around without you
 adding to the body count.
 (then)
 Leave him alone. For me.

A beat. Andrew folds his arms, nods sullenly.

Vi's phone RINGS. She takes it out and glances at the screen.

JENNA (CONT'D)
 Who's that?

VI
 David.

JENNA
 You're not going to answer it?

She meets Jenna's knowing stare. Vi hits the answer button and lifts the phone. She drifts over to the barricade.

VI
 David, hi. Before you say anything,
 I just want to apologise for being
 so schizophrenic. Seriously, I need
 medication or something.
 (MORE)

VI (CONT'D)

But, um, I like you, I do, and I was hoping we could hang out and talk about how much I need intensive therapy.

She chuckles nervously. David says nothing.

VI (CONT'D)

David?

There's a tap on her shoulder. She whirls around. David smiles at her from behind the barricade - phone to his ear.

DAVID

How about coffee?

Vi grins back.

BACK WITH JENNA AND ANDREW

They watch as Brian is wheeled out of the building on a stretcher. His hands are cuffed to it (one wrapped in a bloody bandage).

He's loaded into the back of an ambulance.

INT. AMBULANCE - NIGHT

Brian closes his eyes and takes a deep breath. There's the sound of the doors CLOSING and someone sits down beside him.

BRIAN

Hey, can I get some morphine or something? I'm suffering over here.

Someone childishly flicks the side of his head and Brian's eyes snap open. Nathan looks down at him.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

What the hell are you doing?!

Nathan says nothing and Brian calms, but just a little.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

This isn't over. They'll lock me up, but I'll just send someone else. Just like I sent you. And he won't screw it up, either.

Nathan, his face blank, grabs a length of medical tubing and whips it around Brian's neck. As Brian struggles --

NATHAN

Listen to me very carefully. If you make a call, if you talk to a guy who knows a guy, if you send somebody to even spit in her direction, our next meeting won't be as pleasant as this one.

He releases the cord and Brian - face red - gulps in air.

NATHAN (CONT'D)

Do you understand what I'm saying?

With terrified eyes, Brian nods. Nathan moves to the doors.

BRIAN

(hoarse)

What happened to you, Nate?

Nathan pauses at the door. Without looking back:

NATHAN

I died.

EXT. JENNA'S APARTMENT BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

Nathan coolly hops out of the ambulance and disappears around the other side, bypassing the cops nearby.

They spot movement out of the corner of their eyes and look into the back of the open ambulance, just missing him.

MUSIC CUE: "Eet" by Regina Spektor

Over by the front of the building, Jenna sees this. Off her face, the colours of the police lights flashing across it...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. THE COMPANY - RECEPTION - NIGHT

A continuation of the first scene. Jenna (younger, wearing blood-stained night wear) stands terrified in the empty room.

BENSON (O.S.)

Jenna.

Benson - years younger, but still with the same commanding presence - is in the doorway to the conference room.

JENNA

W-who are you? What is this place?

BENSON

We'll get to that. First, I think you could use a cup of tea.

He smiles reassuringly and motions to the conference room. Something about him, the caring in his eyes, calms her. She follows his lead.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. GARRETON COASTLINE / CITY - DAY

Soar along the shimmering ocean, waves crashing onto the spotless beach. Arc up, over the dunes, to the city in the distance. Buildings reach up to touch the pale blue sky.

INT. JENNA'S APARTMENT - DAY

Jenna, hair pulled back, wearing shorts and an old t-shirt, emerges from the hallway. She carries some shoe boxes.

ANDREW (O.S.)

That the last of it?

He steps out of the kitchen. Before Jenna can answer, Vi saunters in from the back, a lamp in one hand.

VI

Nope. Last one's coming through.

She is followed by Benson, carrying a cardboard box. He is dressed in jeans and a polo shirt. Andrew shakes his head.

ANDREW

I'm never going to get this image out of my head. You should make bumper stickers, Jen. "Alistair Benson helped me move".

VI

In jeans! Jeans, you guys!

She catches Benson's narrowed stare. Her amused smile drops.

VI (CONT'D)

I'll be at the van.

She scurries out.

Benson moves for the door but pauses at Jenna. She places her shoeboxes on top of the box in his arms. Smiles gratefully.

JENNA

Thank you, Alistair.

BENSON

Any time.

He exits. Andrew approaches Jenna and slips his hand in hers.

ANDREW

So... You and me, getting a new
place together. It's a big step.
You sure you're ready?

Jenna looks around the empty apartment.

JENNA

I'm sure.

The pair exit, hand in hand. Jenna closes the door behind
her. We hold on the empty space for a moment, then --

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF EPISODE