

THE COMPANY

Episode 3x06
"Hero"

by
Sarah-Jane Sheppard

TEASER

FADE IN:

CLOSE ON CT SCAN

A cross-section of a brain, splotched with colour.

INT. THE COMPANY - BENSON'S OFFICE - DAY

ANDREW, sitting across from BENSON, squints at the scan.

ANDREW

So this is what the brain of an
omniscient super being looks like.

(beat)

It's pretty.

He passes it to VI. She doesn't even look at it, handing it
to JENNA. Her interest darts to the newspaper on the desk.

JENNA

Does Abigail know?

BENSON

No, not yet.

JENNA

Shouldn't we tell her? She's here
to clean up the Breaker mess and...

She lays the scan back on Benson's desk.

JENNA (CONT'D)

This is kind of messy.

BENSON

It's also complicated.

ANDREW

How? The Breakers forced the Power
into the body of some innocent
girl. If Head Office knows how to
fix this, everything could be back
to normal by the end of the day.

He looks questioningly to the others.

BENSON

I didn't know you cared so much
about your job, Andrew.

ANDREW

I... I don't. I mean, I'm still getting paid, right? What do I care if we let the world fall apart?

Vi flips a page of the newspaper. Bored, without looking up:

VI

And it sure seems to be falling apart without us. Oh, look. Build-A-Bear is closing.

Benson stares at the scan for a long beat.

BENSON

I'll tell her today.

Off his reluctance, CUT TO:

INT. THE COMPANY - RECEPTION - DAY

Vi, Andrew and Jenna exit the office and disperse. Benson collects a stack of phone messages from reception. He turns --

-- And freezes at the sight of MARCUS being escorted into the room by two SECURITY GUARDS. His wrists are cuffed.

ABIGAIL appears from behind them. She sees Benson and smiles.

ABIGAIL

Alistair, I didn't know you were tagging along.

BENSON

Tagging along?

ABIGAIL

On the transfer. I'm escorting Mr. Pierson to Head Office for further interrogation.

Her cheeriness falters at Benson's blank look.

ABIGAIL (CONT'D)

And you have no idea what I'm talking about.

BENSON

I don't recall authorising this.

ABIGAIL

You didn't need to. It was my call.

She punches the elevator button and the doors slide open. Eyebrows raised, she looks questioningly to Benson.

ABIGAIL (CONT'D)
Care to join us?

MARCUS
Yes, the more the merrier.

The Guards give Marcus a shove, corralling him into the elevator. Abigail steps in after them. She holds the door.

ABIGAIL
Alistair?

A beat. Benson enters apprehensively.

ABIGAIL (CONT'D)
Excellent.
(big smile)
One big happy family.

The doors slide closed.

INT. ELEVATOR - DAY

Mind-numbingly cheerful ELEVATOR MUSAK hums from the speakers as the group ride in silence. Abigail leans over to Benson.

ABIGAIL
How long has it been since you've visited corporate?

BENSON
Not since they tried to fire me.

Not at all caught by the awkwardness, Abigail nods.

ABIGAIL
Well, I think I should warn you.

The elevator WHINES as it begins to slow. Abigail reaches into her blazer pocket and produces an ID badge.

BENSON
Warn me about what?

ABIGAIL
They've made a few... changes.

A sharp CHIME. The doors open to reveal...

INT. HEAD OFFICE - LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

Security. Lots of it.

Set up in front of the bank of elevators is a high-tech and well-staffed security area - walk-through metal detectors, X-ray machines and scanners.

The group emerges from the elevator.

BENSON

Just a few changes?

He is stunned.

CUT TO BLACK:

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

INT. THE COMPANY - CONTROL CENTRE - DAY

The banks of computers sit cold and dark. A few Employees wander aimlessly, but there's no real work going on.

Jenna carries an empty box up the stairs to the upper balcony. As she reaches her office, BONNIE steps out.

JENNA

Oh!

(smiles)

Bonnie, you scared me.

Bonnie just stares.

JENNA (CONT'D)

Were you looking for me?

Without a word, Bonnie glides past her and goes downstairs.

JENNA (CONT'D)

Guess not.

She shrugs and turns back to her office. Andrew swoops in behind her and wraps his arms around her waist. She jumps.

JENNA (CONT'D)

Andrew! What are you doing?

ANDREW

You said you were going to pack today. I'm here to help. So...

She turns to face him.

ANDREW (CONT'D)

Where do you want me, boss?

INT. THE COMPANY - JENNA'S OFFICE - LATER

The box, packed with knick-knacks and office supplies, is on Jenna's cleared desk. Her brass nameplate is wedged in too.

The desk quivers, rattling the box.

JENNA (O.S.)

(giggles)

Andrew, stop! This isn't my office anymore. Anybody could walk in.

BENEATH THE DESK

and hidden from prying eyes, lie Jenna and Andrew. They canoodle sweetly, shoes off and clothes rumped.

ANDREW
(devilish grin)
Anybody, huh?

Jenna rolls her eyes and attempts to sit up.

JENNA
I still have things to pack.

ANDREW
Like what?

He grabs her hand and kisses it.

JENNA
Like things. Office things. Post-its and paperclips and...

His kisses trail up her arm to her neck. He dares a smirk.

ANDREW
Whiskers on kittens?

Jenna's eyes flutter closed as Andrew continues to kiss and nuzzle. She smiles lazily, losing herself.

JENNA
Mmm... Bright copper kettles and warm woolen mittens...

She collapses back onto the carpet. Andrew leans over, his mouth hovering over hers. She opens her eyes.

ANDREW
These are a few of my favourite --

He dives for a kiss, but Jenna rolls away. Andrew pulls back and watches as she fiddles with something by the desk leg.

ANDREW (CONT'D)
Uh... Hello? Turning on the sexy over here and, trust me, this is as good as it's gonna get.

Jenna has forgotten their moment. Instead, she slides a torn scrap of paper from beneath the leg of the desk. She sits up.

ANDREW (CONT'D)
You're cleaning?! Jenna!

JENNA

Shut up for a minute.
 (beat; concerned)
 It's an assignment. I think it's
 been here for awhile.

Andrew chuckles and puckers his lips. Goes in for the kiss.

ANDREW

(sing-song)
 Uh-oh. You gonna be in truh-ble.

Jenna grabs his face with one hand and squeezes his cheeks firmly. She arcs one eyebrow, all trace of humour gone.

A beat. Andrew sighs. With his face still squished:

ANDREW (CONT'D)

Give it.

She releases him and hands over the assignment.

INT. MORGAN RESIDENCE - KITCHEN - DAY

In the post-breakfast clean up, PETER stacks the dishwasher.

INT. MORGAN RESIDENCE - FRONT HALL - DAY

CAROLINE digs her car keys out of her purse.

CAROLINE

(calls upstairs)
 If you two aren't in the car in one
 minute, I'm leaving without you!

She spots a pile of junk mail on the hall table. There's a letter peeking out, already opened. Caroline grabs it.

CAROLINE (CONT'D)

(as she reads)
 Peter? Do you know anything about
 this thing at school?

Peter calls from the kitchen.

PETER (O.S.)

What thing?

CAROLINE

Some information night for Vi's
 senior year. It's on Friday.

PETER (O.S.)

Nope!

Caroline grits her teeth as she pulls open the front door.

CAROLINE
Vi! You better have a good
explanation for why you didn't tell
me about --

DAVID is on the doorstep, fist raised to knock.

CAROLINE (CONT'D)
David!

DAVID
Hi, Mrs. Morgan.

There's an awkward beat.

DAVID (CONT'D)
I'm here to pick up Vi?

CAROLINE
On a weekday morning?

Vi breezes past her to join David's side.

VI
For school, Mum. Not a date.

CAROLINE
I don't know about this, Vi.

VI
(irritated)
What's there to know? The school's
out of your way, anyway.

Caroline folds her arms.

VI (CONT'D)
Wait, you're seriously saying I
can't go?

DAVID
I'll, uh, wait in the car.

He starts to back up but Vi, still locking eyes with
Caroline, grabs his wrist.

VI
Mum?

A long beat. The corner of Caroline's mouth twitches.

CAROLINE
You're taking your brother.

VI
What?!

And CAM excitedly bursts through the doorway.

CAM
I call shot gun!

He takes off, heading to the car. Caroline barely holds back her smile at Vi's shocked expression.

CAROLINE
Drive safe.

She goes back inside and closes the door.

INT. MORGAN RESIDENCE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

PENNY is in her pajamas, sprawled on the couch and eating cereal straight from the box. She watches an infomercial.

As Caroline passes by the doorway:

PENNY
Teenagers, huh?

Caroline's triumph dissipates.

EXT. MORGAN RESIDENCE - FRONT LAWN - DAY

Vi walks quickly away from the house, still annoyed. David catches up and takes her hand, bringing her to a stop.

DAVID
Hey.

VI
(reluctant smile)
Hey.

He leans down hesitantly and kisses her. They pull apart and Vi can't hide her grin, deliriously happy. A car HONKS.

INT. MORGAN RESIDENCE - KITCHEN - DAY

Peter, at the sink, looks up at the sound. Through the front window he sees --

EXT. MORGAN RESIDENCE - FRONT LAWN - DAY

-- Andrew pull up next to Vi and David.

ANDREW

'Sup, kiddies! Anybody want to go on a field trip with Unkie Andrew?

VI

That's it right there. The grossest thing you've ever said.

ANDREW

You can have a piece of candy.

He holds out the assignment. Vi takes it.

INT. MORGAN RESIDENCE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

An action which Peter sees.

CAROLINE (O.S.)

Peter!

PETER

Coming!

He gives one last glance to Vi, standing with the paper in hand, and then walks out of the room.

EXT. MORGAN RESIDENCE - FRONT LAWN - CONTINUOUS

Vi looks over the assignment. Gives it a microsecond of consideration, then:

VI

No.

(then)

David?

DAVID

Pass.

ANDREW

Pssh! You guys suck.

He holds out his hand. Vi is about to give the paper back when another car HONKS. Andrew is blocking a nearby driveway.

ANDREW (CONT'D)

Okay, okay! God, does everyone hate Andrew today?

He pulls his hand back into the car and, in the confusion, misses the assignment. It drops to the ground, unnoticed.

Andrew glares back at Vi and David.

ANDREW (CONT'D)

Have fun sucking face.

He drives off, quite possibly breaking the suburban speed limit. David and Vi watch him go, then David turns to her.

DAVID

So, school?

Vi groans. David laughs and, grabbing her hand, playfully drags her to his car.

EXT. GARRETON ACADEMY - DAY

An announcement on the letter board out front reads "YEAR 12 PARENT INFORMATION NIGHT - FRIDAY".

INT. GARRETON ACADEMY - HALLWAY - DAY

Vi and SHANE shuffle through the mass of students. While Shane is focused on his mobile phone, Vi natters on.

VI

I just think it's suspicious. Benson always told me that if I don't fix a connection, bad things will happen. But I haven't had a new assignment in weeks. Have a look around. Is there chaos in the streets? Is hellfire raining down? No. It's not. And you know why?

SHANE

Balls.

VI

Uh... Not quite what I was going to say but thanks for the input.

Finally looking up from the screen on his phone:

SHANE

Hannah wants me to ditch class today and hang out with her.

VI

You think she's feeling lonely because of all the time you've been spending with Bonnie?

Shane frowns.

SHANE

I didn't until now.
 (defensive)
 And I'm not spending time with her.
 It. Whatever Bonnie is.

His phone BUZZES. A new text. He checks it and sighs.

SHANE (CONT'D)

It's my senior year. Doesn't she
 know how important that is?

BZZZZT! Another text.

VI

Apparently not.

They walk into a classroom.

INT. GARRETON ACADEMY - SCIENCE LAB - CONTINUOUS

Students noisily take their seats. Vi and Shane grab a bench
 in the middle of the room.

Vi eyes Shane with his phone - his fingers fly over the key
 pad as he replies to the text.

VI

You'd better put that thing away
 before Mr. Di Salvo catches you.
 You know he hates that.

Shane tucks his phone beneath his pencil case.

SHANE

No, he hates me. There's a
 difference.

Speak of the Devil. MR. DI SALVO (40s) enters stormily. He is
 a heavy set man, generally unpleasant in disposition. The
 sort of guy who became a teacher because he hates kids.

He SLAMS down his briefcase, bringing the class to silence.

MR. DI SALVO

(off their shock)
 What? After six years, you forgot
 how this works? Books out.

The class hurries to do so.

MR. DI SALVO (CONT'D)

I've just spent the weekend going
 over your quiz results.

SHANE

Will we get them back today?

MR. DI SALVO

You want to ask a question, Evans,
you put your hand up.

Shane begrudgingly raises his hand. Mr. Di Salvo ignores him, instead taking out a stack of papers. Shane lowers his hand.

MR. DI SALVO (CONT'D)

From what I read, you all need a
refresher on the basics. So! Frog
dissections next week!

The class voice their disgust. The papers are distributed.

MR. DI SALVO (CONT'D)

I don't want to hear it! How are
you going to learn this stuff if
you don't get your hands dirty once
in a while?

Vi takes a sheet and turns it over. On the other side is a full page PETA ad - "Stop Animal Cruelty in Classrooms!".

VI

Uh... Mr. Di Salvo?

She holds up the page. Mr. Di Salvo snatches it from her, his face going a bright shade of red.

MR. DI SALVO

This isn't... Everybody throw those
out! Someone must've...

He goes back to his desk, grumbling under his breath, and searches the drawers for the correct papers.

Shane nudges Vi and nods to the doorway.

Bonnie is outside. She wanders past, not seeing them.

VI

What is she doing here?

Sighing heavily, Shane raises his hand.

SHANE

Sir, can I have a bathroom pass?

Distracted by his search, Mr. Di Salvo waves him out.

INT. GARRETON ACADEMY - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Shane emerges from the class and catches up to Bonnie in the empty hall. He takes her arm, pulls her around to face him.

SHANE

You can't be here. This is my school, Bonnie. Do you understand what that is? School? It means no mystical super beings allowed.

She just smiles and takes his hand.

SHANE (CONT'D)

What -- What are you doing?

Bonnie pulls him down the hallway, towards the exit. Shane jerks his hand away and stumbles back.

SHANE (CONT'D)

I have class! I can't just --

Bonnie turns swiftly and walks away. Shane looks from her, to his classroom. He calls, trying to keep his voice down:

SHANE (CONT'D)

Bonnie! You can't do this!
(beat)
Damn it.

He goes after her --

INT. GARRETON ACADEMY - SCIENCE LAB - CONTINUOUS

-- And Vi sees him jog past the open door.

Shane's phone BUZZES from beneath his pencil case. This time it's a phone call from Hannah. A repeating HUM.

MR. DI SALVO

Okay, whose is that?

Everyone looks around excitedly. Mr. Di Salvo zeroes in on Vi beside Shane's empty space. He starts to seethe.

MR. DI SALVO (CONT'D)

Morgan - that Shane's? That his phone?

VI

Um... No, it's...

She grits her teeth a little, then swipes Shane's phone from under his pencil case. She holds it up.

VI (CONT'D)
It's mine, Sir.

She attempts an apologetic smile.

EXT. MORGAN RESIDENCE - FRONT LAWN - DAY

Peter drags the garbage bins down to the curb. Something crunches under his foot. A scrap of paper.

Peter picks it up. It's Andrew's assignment.

"Garreton Park, 10:43am". Peter looks at his watch.

INT. MORGAN RESIDENCE - FRONT HALL - DAY

Caroline walks down the stairs to find Peter pulling on his jacket. He grabs his keys.

CAROLINE
Where are you going?

PETER
I promised to help Collins do some filing around the office today.

CAROLINE
But it's your day off.

PETER
You know me, always willing to help lighten the load.

He gives her a quick peck on the cheek and hurries out.

EXT. PARK - DAY

A charity event is underway. Volunteers man stalls, handing out cups of water to tired cyclists.

Peter fights his way through the crowd and finds a quiet spot by the bridge, an old stone structure arcing over a walkway.

He looks at his watch - "10:42" - and compares it to the assignment sheet. One minute to go.

PETER
Come on...

He cranes his neck to see over the crowd.

A young girl - NELL (9) - climbs onto the guard ledge of the old bridge. Peter sees her and begins to run.

PETER (CONT'D)
Hey! Get down from there!

Nell loses her balance and falls...

... But a hand grabs hers. It's Peter, holding on tightly as Nell dangles fifteen feet above the ground.

PETER (CONT'D)
It's okay, I've got you.

Peter pulls Nell to safety. Back on the bridge, they catch their breath. Nell is wide-eyed in shock.

WARNER (30s), a handsome man, tall and sturdy, pushes towards them. He reaches Nell and pulls her into his arms.

WARNER
Nell, sweetie, are you okay?!

NELL
Yes, Dad. I'm fine.

She looks to Peter in awe.

NELL (CONT'D)
That man saved me.

Peter, still recovering, realises this himself. He smiles.

INT. GARRETON ACADEMY - ADMIN OFFICE - DAY

Vi enters, books under one arm, and joins the line for the reception desk. BIANCA works the photocopier nearby.

BIANCA
What are you doing here?

Vi holds up a pink slip of paper. Bianca snorts.

BIANCA (CONT'D)
Good luck.

Vi responds with a questioning look. Bianca nods to the Principal's office. The blinds are open, showing the back of a black-haired teen as he is berated by PRINCIPAL KING (30s).

Principal King is a svelte, well-dressed man but he's all about the show, the image - as shown by his current tirade.

VI
What's going on in there?

BIANCA

Goth kid stole a bunch of rats from the science lab. Principal King wants to "make an example" of him.

Principal King points the black-haired teen to the door. The teen gets up, finally showing his strangely familiar face - now marred by a lip piercing, studded collar and eyeliner.

As he barges out of the office, Vi gasps in recognition.

VI

Oh my God!

PRINCIPAL KING (O.S.)

Jesse!

The boy now known as JESSE (from 1x06) snaps back. Principal King holds out a pink slip.

PRINCIPAL KING (CONT'D)

Detention. Two months.

(then)

Unless you'd care to tell me what you did with them?

Jesse snarls, grabs the paper and exits. Vi stares after him.

VI

That's Jesse? Jesse Montague?

BIANCA

You know that thing?

VI

He was an assignment. I helped him.

(beat)

At least I thought I did.

Bianca gives the retreating Jesse a judgemental once over. Smirking, she pats Vi's shoulder with insincere reassurance.

BIANCA

Good job, Morgan. You should get employee of the month.

She moves off, leaving Vi with her troubled thoughts.

CUT TO BLACK:

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

INT. WICKER RECORDS - DAY

The bell above the door JANGLES as Shane enters. He is followed closely by Bonnie.

JIMMY sorts receipts at the register, his head down.

JIMMY

If you're looking for anything
Bieber related, get out - then, for
God's sake, don't breed.

SHANE

Have I ever told you that your
people skills need a little work?

Jimmy looks up, taking in Shane's school uniform. He groans.

JIMMY

Aw, crap. Did you graduate already?

SHANE

I cut school. Don't tell my mum.

JIMMY

Get ta sweeping and you've got
yourself a deal.

He hands Shane a broom, then moves his attention to Bonnie.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Vi, you look different. Haircut?

Bonnie tries to take Shane's hand. He pulls it away.

SHANE

Can you stop doing that? Look, just
go and... browse or something.
(off her blank stare;
points)
That means go over there.

Bonnie moves off. Jimmy raises an eyebrow.

JIMMY

Being a bit of a jerk to your new
friend, aren't you?

SHANE

And you would know all about that.

A blank, unamused look from Jimmy.

JIMMY

Start sweeping from the back.

He leaves. Shane looks over at Bonnie. She stares eerily at a couple who, upon noticing her, quickly exit. Shane sighs.

EXT. GARRETON ACADEMY - COURTYARD - DAY

Vi is at a table, ignoring her uneaten sandwich. She stares across the courtyard at Jesse. He is alone, carving something into the lunch table with the pointed end of a compass.

Bianca THUNKS down her tray. She follows Vi's gaze.

BIANCA

Apparently he used to be pretty normal. But then his parents split and he went schizo. Dyed his hair, trashed his uniform. I heard he even got his you-know-what pierced.

VI

I didn't know his parents got divorced.

BIANCA

His mum was cheating on his dad. It was all over school.

(then)

I can't believe you're not reacting to the piercing thing.

Vi pushes away her sandwich. Appetite gone.

VI

You noticed that, did you?

Now looking back at Jesse:

VI (CONT'D)

I finished the assignment. I was supposed to show him what his mother was up to.

(beat; back to Bianca)

But if I did everything I was supposed to, why is he stealing rats from the science lab?

Bianca shrugs and peels the lid off her yoghurt tub.

BIANCA

Maybe he's going to sacrifice them
to the lord of the underworld.

VI

Helpful.

BIANCA

Welcome.

A beat. Vi narrows her eyes.

VI

Are we eating lunch together?

Bianca, horrified, looks at her yoghurt, then back up at Vi.

INT. ANDREW & JENNA'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

The place is a comfortable melding of the couple's combined personalities. Neatly matched furniture (with a bowl of decorative pinecones on the coffee table), offset by the mess of cables and game consoles by the flickering TV.

Andrew tears through the room in the midst of a frantic search. He leans over the sofa, digs under the cushions.

ANDREW

Where is it? Where the hell is it?

Jenna enters from the bedroom. She fixes her earrings.

JENNA

Where's what?

ANDREW

Little bitty piece of paper, about
yay big. May or may not have had
some writing on it.

JENNA

(exasperated)

You lost your assignment?

ANDREW

I say the assignment lost me.

Jenna immediately begins looking as well.

JENNA

This is not good, Andrew. Who knows
how long it was just sitting there?

ANDREW

And whose fault is that?

She shoots him a glare.

JENNA

Are you sure you don't remember what was on it?

ANDREW

It was a time and a place. And since we have no idea how long that thing was under your desk, I think it's a safe bet that I would have missed the window anyway.

JENNA

We have to follow up. It's procedure.

(then)

Try to remember, Andrew. Maybe it was a street name, it could have been --

ANDREW

The park.

JENNA

It's possible.

ANDREW

No, Jenna. The park!

He grabs the remote and turns up the volume on the TV.

News footage of the cyclists coming under the bridge. There's a SCREAM. The camera WHIPS to Nell as she's saved by Peter.

REPORTER

(from TV)

-- And when you entered the park this morning, you had no idea that you would be saving this girl's life.

A female REPORTER stands with Peter. He laughs nervously.

PETER

If I had, I might have worn a nicer shirt. Seriously though, I'm just glad I was here.

REPORTER

As are we, Mr. Morgan. As are we.

(to the camera)

Well, there you have it. An everyday act of heroism from an everyday hero. From Garretton City Park, this is Suzie Sharp with Morning Metro News.

Andrew and Jenna share a shocked look.

INT. HEAD OFFICE - HOLDING CELLS - DAY

A narrow concrete room with a metal bench in one corner and a thick steel door on the opposite wall. Marcus sits on the bench, staring down at his cuffed hands.

The door grinds open, allowing Benson to enter.

Marcus looks up. Smiles wistfully.

MARCUS

It could have been great. It could have been... magnificent.

Benson eyes the bare corners of the ceiling.

BENSON

You should be careful what you say in here.

MARCUS

There aren't any cameras. Not in here. The only thing that interests them is what I say in the interrogation room. That's where they'll be listening.

BENSON

If you just tell them how to get the Power back, this could all be over.

Marcus laughs.

MARCUS

You really don't know me at all, do you, Alistair?

Annoyed, Benson folds his arms.

BENSON

Oh, I knew you were selfish and irresponsible.

(MORE)

BENSON (CONT'D)
 But a scheming megalomaniac? That
 came as a surprise.

A cold beat. He narrows his eyes.

BENSON (CONT'D)
 So this is all about power?

MARCUS
 That's why we call it that, don't
 we? The Power with a capital P.

He sits forward, excited.

MARCUS (CONT'D)
 If I'd found a way to harness that,
 to use it, I would have...
 (shrugs; sad)
 Well, I guess I'll never know what
 I would have done.

Silence for a moment. Benson studies Marcus's sagging
 shoulders, the fraying of his suit coat.

BENSON
 Let me help you.

MARCUS
 No.

BENSON
 Being stubborn won't do you any
 good. They want answers and they'll
 do anything they can to get them.

MARCUS
 I know.
 (beat)
 We're not so different. The Company
 and I. It's all about power in the
 end.

Benson shakes his head and bangs on the door. Marcus frowns.

MARCUS (CONT'D)
 Where are you going?

BENSON
 I'm not interested in your
 speeches, Marcus. Never have been.

A heavy lock scrapes back in the door and it opens.

MARCUS

Telling them about the girl won't
do any good, you know.

Benson walks out, refusing to stop --

MARCUS (CONT'D)

(voice raised)

You think I'm a megalomaniac? What
about the people that pay your
salary?

-- And the door slams closed.

INT. WICKER RECORDS - DAY

Shane, a stack of CDs in one arm, stalks up and down the
aisles. Every so often he shoves a CD onto a rack.

He is tailed closely by Bonnie. Every step he takes, she is
one behind. From Shane's expression, it is starting to grate.

Shane sighs and stops suddenly. He turns on her.

SHANE

That's it! I can't do this anymore!

She cocks her head.

SHANE (CONT'D)

I'm not your baby-sitter. You
shouldn't even be out of the
office.

Bonnie reaches out for him and he stumbles back.

SHANE (CONT'D)

And stop touching me! What is wrong
with you?!

His outbursts attracts the attention of nearby customers, but
Shane doesn't notice them. He SLAMS down his pile of CDs.

SHANE (CONT'D)

Why are you doing this to me?

Bonnie looks around and plucks an album from the rack beside
them. "Friend" by Grizzly Bear. She holds it out.

SHANE (CONT'D)

You think I'm your friend? Friends
don't lie to each other and pretend
to be human when they're not.

(MORE)

SHANE (CONT'D)

(beat)

We are not friends.

Fuming, he grabs the CD from her and puts it back. Bonnie, showing a flicker of sadness, slowly backs away.

Shane catches the eye of a judgemental shopper.

SHANE (CONT'D)

What the hell are you looking at?

Buy something or get out.

The bell above the door JINGLES. Shane looks over just in time to see Bonnie slipping outside. His anger fades.

INT. GARRETON ACADEMY - GYMNASIUM - DAY

Vi dunks a mop into a bucket of dirty water, then SLAPS it onto the polished wooden floor of the empty gymnasium.

As she aimlessly moves it back and forth, she sneaks a glance at Jesse, mopping a few metres away.

VI

So... When did detention turn into a manual labour thing?

She only gets icy silence in return.

VI (CONT'D)

Not that you'd know. It's not like you get detention all the time.

She waves a hand to his clothes, namely a tattered blazer held together with safety pins and punk band patches.

VI (CONT'D)

I just figured with the uniform violations...

(off his glare)

Which look great, by the way.

A beat. With a frustrated sigh, she turns to him.

VI (CONT'D)

What'd you do with the rats, Jesse?

JESSE

What?

VI

You kill them? Feed them to the giant snake you keep in your sacrificial dungeon?

JESSE

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

VI

Sure you don't, Nosferatu.

Jesse angrily throws down his mop.

JESSE

You're crazy!

As he stalks away, Vi indicates the unfinished floor.

VI

Hey! We're not done!
(quiet; determined)
Not by a long shot.

EXT. MORGAN RESIDENCE - FRONT PORCH - DAY

Andrew raps at the door. A moment later, Peter answers - his face dropping in fear as he recognises the visitor.

PETER

Vi's not home.

He starts to close the door --

ANDREW

I'm not here to see Vi. Also,
hello. How are you?

Peter nods, strained politeness.

ANDREW (CONT'D)

Saw you on TV this morning.
(beat)
Just think. If you had gotten there
two minutes later, that kid
would've been road kill. Or the
bicycle equivalent anyway.

PETER

Must have been fate. Or something.

They stand in heavy silence. Andrew grimaces.

ANDREW

Okay, I'll think you'll agree that
this vague "I know you know" thing
isn't really working. So let's just
cut to the chase.

(MORE)

ANDREW (CONT'D)

Give me my assignment, I won't tell the Company that you know about them and you get to keep your brain.

Peter's mouth flaps open and closed like a fish.

PETER

Y-your assignment? But Vi --

ANDREW

Vi? No, no, Papa Smurf. That thing had Andrew written all over it.

Peter produces the paper.

PETER

No, it doesn't.

Andrew, annoyed, pushes his way inside --

INT. MORGAN RESIDENCE - FRONT HALL - DAY

-- And snatches the paper from Peter.

ANDREW

Gimme that! Company property. No civilians. I could be fired for this, you know.

PETER

I was just trying to help.

A beat. Andrew softens.

ANDREW

At least it's over, right? Girl's saved, she's off to live her little girl life?

Peter nods quickly. A little too quickly. Andrew glares.

ANDREW (CONT'D)

Oh, God. What?

Peter grabs a colourful flyer from the hall table. He hands it over. It reads: "You are invited to Nell's 9th Birthday!".

Andrew grits his teeth.

ANDREW (CONT'D)

Great. Just great.

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - DAY

On a quiet street, Jesse walks quickly - his head down. He doesn't notice that, half a block away, Vi is tailing him.

Jesse greets a tattooed THUG outside a run down building. They bump fists and Jesse leads the Thug around back.

Vi peers out from behind a rubbish bin.

VI

Heeeey, Sleazy. Whatcha up to?

She follows, creeping low.

INT. RUN DOWN BUILDING - BACK ROOM - DAY

Vi slips inside. The room contains cleaning supplies and cardboard boxes. She presses her ear against the inner door.

THUG (O.S.)

(muffled)

Where'd you get these things?

JESSE (O.S.)

Do you want them or not?

THUG

Sure. I'm gonna take real good care of these puppies.

The Thug chuckles. Vi looks sick. She grits her teeth and whips open the door, an accusing pointed finger at the ready.

VI

You're busted, you sick --

INT. RUN DOWN BUILDING - KENNEL - DAY

Jesse whirls around. He stands against a row of dog kennels. Beside him, the Thug cuddles two adorable wriggling puppies.

Vi retracts her finger and cocks her head.

VI

-- Puppies?

CUT TO BLACK:

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

INT. ANIMAL SHELTER - KENNELS - DAY

Dogs bark. Jesse moves through the maze of cages, hastily checking things off on a clipboard. Vi scampers after him.

VI

I said I was sorry, okay?

JESSE

Did you? I guess it was hard to hear over you stalking me!

VI

I wasn't stalking. I was concerned.

He angrily turns to confront her.

JESSE

You thought I was going to kill a bunch of rats!

VI

And that offends you?

JESSE

Look around, Vi! I love animals. Yes, I stole those rats. But only because the school was minding them for the science department at Garretton University. They were going to experiment on them.

VI

Oh...

She smiles sheepishly.

VI (CONT'D)

I guess I kind of jumped to conclusions. Or, technically I'd say I didn't have any conclusions and I was just... doing stuff.

JESSE

Yeah, well that's what you do. You do stuff.

He strides off. Vi follows.

INT. ANIMAL SHELTER - OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Jesse enters a small shabby office. There's a faded kitten calendar on the wall and a twenty year old desktop computer.

As expected, Vi is one step behind him.

VI

Okay, that felt a little pointed.

JESSE

It wasn't.

VI

You sure? I think I'm bleeding.

Jesse slaps the clipboard down on the desk.

JESSE

You are so weird!

VI

Says the guy who looks like an extra in a My Chemical Romance video.

She folds her arms and gives him a challenging stare. Jesse quirks a smile. She returns it. Tension officially broken.

Vi leans against the desk.

VI (CONT'D)

So, you saved a bunch of rats from being Frankensteined. What's next?

JESSE

Why do you want to know?

VI

I saw Free Willy one too many times as a kid.

Jesse considers her for a beat, then sits at the computer and types something in. He waves her around to the monitor. She gets a glimpse and flings a hand over her eyes.

VI (CONT'D)

Oh! Ew! That is disgusting!
(peeking through fingers)
What is it?

JESSE

Frog dissection simulator. All the guts, none of the... Well, guts.

Vi risks a closer look. The program is detailed - a perfect computer generated image of the inside of a frog.

VI

You want us to do the dissections
on this instead of actual frogs?

JESSE

Yeah. I mean, slicing up Kermit?
Kind of barbaric don't you think?

VI

Say that to me when you don't have
a piece of metal stuck through your
face.

Jesse rolls his eyes and clicks away from the program.

JESSE

Do you think the school will go for
it or not?

VI

It's worth a shot.

She straightens up and sucks her cheek, like she's dying to say something. She rocks a little on her heels. Jesse sighs.

JESSE

Do you want to play with some
puppies, Vi?

She throws her hands in the air like a giddy toddler.

VI

Puppies!

INT. HEAD OFFICE - CORRIDOR - DAY

Benson stands alone. He looks at a row of photographs - each of important looking people.

Abigail joins him.

ABIGAIL

Ever thought about it?

BENSON

About what?

ABIGAIL

Getting on this wall someday.

BENSON
Somehow I doubt I'd be in the
running for Head Director.

Abigail gasps.

ABIGAIL
Alistair, how could you even think
that? What about Obama? He's... You
know... And, hello, President!

BENSON
You can say "black", Abigail. But
that's not what I meant. I'm not
exactly the Company's favourite
person.

Two Security Guards stride down the corridor. They cart an
Employee between them. He's been roughed up, bleeding a
little. Benson and Abigail watch them as they pass.

BENSON (CONT'D)
Then again... I don't think anyone
is nowadays.

ABIGAIL
I know it seems a little over the
top but we're just trying to
protect the Company.

BENSON
Of course.

They set off, walking side by side.

ABIGAIL
I just hope we can get something
out of Pierson.

She chuckles a little, though it's layered with nerves.

ABIGAIL (CONT'D)
Don't tell the higher ups but he's
my last real lead on this whole
Power debacle. If I come up empty,
what am I supposed to do? Start
accusing people on the street?

BENSON
You're not already?

Abigail frowns. She stops walking.

ABIGAIL

Okay, I'm sensing something here. Some unresolved anger, possibly towards me? Look, I'm sorry I didn't get your approval before transferring Pierson, but I really didn't think --

BENSON

I want to know about the Power.

A beat as Abigail adjusts to the change of direction.

BENSON (CONT'D)

When you find out what happened to it, what then? We forget that all this ever happened?

He motions around at the increased security, the air of paranoia.

BENSON (CONT'D)

Everything goes back to normal?

ABIGAIL

Well... No. Losing the Power is the most devastating thing that has ever happened to the Company. If -- When we get it back, we can't afford to go through this again.

BENSON

You're going to study it.

ABIGAIL

We have scientists already hard at work. We need to find a way to harness it's energy, even to create a duplicate. I mean, it's early stages yet, but you know why this is important, right?

BENSON

What if the Power doesn't want to be studied?

She laughs.

ABIGAIL

You're talking like it's alive or something. It's not a person, it's not even a thing - not really.

She chuckles again, shaking her head.

ABIGAIL (CONT'D)

Come on, your security clearance is almost up.

Thumping him on the back, she sets off down the hall. Benson remains behind - a look of disappointment on his face.

EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

Peter drags a large stuffed teddy bear from the backseat of Andrew's car. They walk towards a brightly coloured building.

PETER

Vi didn't spell it out for me, but after everything that's happened with the book and her behaviour, it was the only logical answer.

ANDREW

Undead employment is a logical answer? I would have gone with drugs. Lots and lots of drugs.

PETER

I know my daughter.

ANDREW

(under his breath)
Obviously not well enough.

Peter stops short, eyes burning into the back of Andrew's head. Andrew sighs and turns to face him.

ANDREW (CONT'D)

You think she'd be happy about this? You risking your life to do an assignment that wasn't even hers to begin with?

PETER

And the Company doesn't put her life in danger on a regular basis?

A beat. Andrew's face is steely as he walks on.

ANDREW

Let's just get this done.

They arrive at the entrance - a set of double doors.

PETER

I can do this by myself.

He grabs a handle and pulls, but the door is locked. Andrew grabs the other and pulls it open easily. He sneers.

ANDREW
Trust me, you can't.

INT. GARRETON ACADEMY - SCIENCE LAB - DAY

Students file in. Principal King, at the front of the class, directs the unusually large mob.

PRINCIPAL KING
Everyone in, squeeze in, that's it.
I know there's not a lot of room.

Vi enters. She is taken by surprise at the amount of people in the room. Jesse waves from a bench at the front.

JESSE
Vi! Over here!

As she sits beside him:

VI
What's going on?

JESSE
(grins)
Revolution, Vi. Revolution.

Mr. Di Salvo enters, closing the door behind him.

PRINCIPAL KING
Is that everyone?

MR. DI SALVO
All senior classes.

Principal King claps, getting the attention of the class.

PRINCIPAL KING
I've called this meeting to discuss the upcoming frog dissections. It seems our office has received some complaints...

Vi looks questioningly to Jesse: "You?". He nods proudly.

PRINCIPAL KING (CONT'D)
... But don't let that deter you. The dissections will go ahead next week as planned.

Jesse looks shocked. A couple of BOYS high-five.

BOY #1

Awesome!

Jesse whips around, glaring daggers.

JESSE

You know that's how serial killers start out, right? Gutting things that can't fight back.

PRINCIPAL KING

(warning)

Mr. Montague...

Jesse leaps to his feet.

JESSE

There are other ways to do this. Other ways to learn the same stuff.

VI

Yeah, he showed me this computer program and it's --

PRINCIPAL KING

I know all about the alternative study options and they have been considered.

JESSE

And?

PRINCIPAL KING

I didn't get to be principal by throwing money around.

Vi looks over at Jesse. He sinks into his seat, discouraged.

INT. KIDZ ZONE ARCADE - DAY

The sound of various arcade games fill the air. Though despite the name, there are not many kids to be found.

Warner and Andrew are at a row of plastic chairs, the teddy bear between them. Both drink coffee from Styrofoam cups.

WARNER

So... How long have you and Peter been together?

Andrew splutters on the last dregs of his coffee.

ANDREW
 (choking; voice hoarse)
 Not long.

ACROSS THE ROOM

Peter and Nell are at the whack-a-mole game. Nell is racking up points like nobody's business. Peter, not so much.

NELL
 (giggles)
 You are so bad at this!

PETER
 I seem to remember these things
 used to pop up a little slower.

NELL
 Maybe you just used to be faster?

PETER
 Touché.

Peter frowns, struggles to find the words.

PETER (CONT'D)
 Nell?

NELL
 (focused on the game)
 Hmm?

PETER
 Is there... Do you ever feel like
 there's some issue in your life,
 something that... that could be
 better? And you just need someone
 to come along and... fix it?

Nell lowers her paddle and turns to him, a look of pure confusion on her face.

NELL
 What are you talking about?

PETER
 Never mind.

They get back to the game. A few moments pass.

NELL
 You mean like... my dad?
 (beat)
 He gets sad sometimes.

PETER

Sad how?

NELL

After my mum left. He's just sad.

Though she concentrates on the game, a cloud has come over her. Peter looks across the room to Warner - still seated, shoulders slumped, a man trying to hold himself together.

INT. WICKER RECORDS - DAY

Shane rings up a customer, mid-rant.

SHANE

She's trying to make me feel bad with her sad kitten eyes but I won't. You know why? I didn't hurt her feelings because she doesn't have any. Match point! Boo and yah!
(then)
I'd like to see her make me feel like a jerk now!

Behind him, Jimmy strides past. A quick SMACK to the back of the head and Shane is shocked into silence.

INT. THE COMPANY - BENSON'S OFFICE - DAY

GABRIELLE, dressed in her Head of Security uniform, lays a file on Benson's desk. Benson glances up from some paperwork.

GABRIELLE

Bi-weekly status report.

BENSON

You don't need to deliver these personally, you know. That's what we have assistants for.

Gabrielle doesn't move. Benson gives her his full attention.

BENSON (CONT'D)

Unless there was something in particular you wanted to discuss?

GABRIELLE

The Breaker receptionist. She's in one of my interrogation rooms.

BENSON

Yes, she is.

GABRIELLE
Kinda like to know why.

BENSON
That's classified.

GABRIELLE
Alistair, if she's a security risk, I need to know about it.

BENSON
She's not.

A calculating beat.

GABRIELLE
Okay.

She gives a curt nod and exits. Benson watches her go.

INT. THE COMPANY - OBSERVATION ROOM - NIGHT

Vi stands in the doorway. Across the room and through the two-way mirror, Bonnie sits motionless in the interrogation room.

INT. THE COMPANY - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Vi turns out of the doorway and walks on. NATHAN approaches, limping along with a set of crutches. His ankle is bandaged.

NATHAN
Have you seen Bianca?

VI
Nope.

She doesn't stop. Nathan shakes his head.

NATHAN
Nice talking to you too.

Vi slows and turns.

VI
Can I ask you something?
(beat)
When you were breaking connections, how did you know you were doing the right thing? How did you know everything would turn out okay?

NATHAN
Have you ever seen the big board?

Vi looks confused.

INT. THE COMPANY - TRACKING ROOM - NIGHT

Nathan leads Vi inside the empty room.

VI

When you said big board, did you
mean b-o-r-e-d 'cause --

Nathan shuffles forward and touches the far wall. The wall -
actually a massive touch-screen monitor - blinks to life.

Vi takes in the blur of colours on the screen. They seem to
be vibrating ever so slightly. She moves closer and squints.

VI (CONT'D)

What exactly am I looking at? I
think I see... Is that a dolphin?

NATHAN

It's not a Magic Eye.

He taps the screen and the image zooms in. It's not just a
blur of colours. They are individual lines, each moving up
and down on a graph.

Nathan taps one. A photograph pops up - a middle-aged man.
This is his line. His life.

NATHAN (CONT'D)

This tracks what happens to people
after we've finished our
assignments. It goes where we
can't, following them for years,
sometimes their whole lives, making
sure everything works out.

VI

How is that even possible?

NATHAN

The internet, community notices,
council records, Facebook, Twitter,
phone calls. We catch it all.

VI

You know this sounds crazy, right?

NATHAN

Yet somehow it works.

He smiles. Vi is still stunned, trying to take it all in.

NATHAN (CONT'D)

It's not surprising that you never knew. Fixers aren't big on follow up.

She shoots him a glare.

NATHAN (CONT'D)

That's not an insult. When you fix connections, you can see it on people's faces. You know you've done something good.

(beat)

Breakers on the other hand, we need a little positive reinforcement. We need to know that, no matter how miserable we made someone today, tomorrow is where everything falls into place.

VI

And what if it doesn't? Even with all of this... Do you think it's possible to ruin someone's life?

A beat. Nathan swallows hard.

NATHAN

I'd say it's more than possible.

He double taps the monitor and it goes dark once more.

INT. NELL'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The foyer is dark and quiet. Warner shuffles to the front door and opens it to find Peter on the other side.

WARNER

Peter... What are you... What are you doing here?

He rubs his eyes, blinking blearily at the light glaring in from of the front porch.

PETER

I came to talk.

WARNER

Now isn't really a good time.

Warner smiles but it falls flat. He looks exhausted. Sick.

PETER

This will only take a minute.

He raises his eyebrows. A beat. Warner relents and steps aside to let Peter in. Warner closes the door and turns.

WARNER
So, what's this about?

PETER
Are you okay?

WARNER
What? Oh, yeah, I'm just... tired.

PETER
All the time or just today?

WARNER
What did you want, Peter?

Peter takes a handful of pamphlets from his jacket pocket. He hands them over. Warner shuffles through and his face drops.

They're all for support groups for people with depression.

WARNER (CONT'D)
What is this?

PETER
You need to get help.

Angry, Warner shoves the pamphlets back at Peter.

WARNER
I think you should leave.

PETER
I've been there, Warner, and I know how hard it is to pull yourself back up. It seems easier to just keep falling but you know what's at the end of that fall? Nothing.

Though Peter's face is grim, his eyes are pleading.

PETER (CONT'D)
Don't for it for yourself. Do it for Nell.

Warner surges towards Peter, getting in his face.

WARNER
Leave my daughter out of this! It's got nothing to do with her!

PETER

It has everything to do with her!
You're her father, so act like it!

NELL (O.S.)

Pete?

She is perched halfway down the staircase.

NELL (CONT'D)

Pete, what are you doing here?

WARNER

Pete's leaving. And he's not going
to be coming back anymore, right?

Warner casts a glare to Peter. Nell scurries down the stairs.

NELL

No!

She clings to Peter's side.

NELL (CONT'D)

Why aren't you coming back?

Peter, feeling terrible, tries to gently pry her off him.

PETER

Nell, it's okay. I have to go.

NELL

Don't go!

WARNER

Nell! Get back upstairs! Now!

He roughly grabs her and drags her from Peter. She spins from his grasp and faces him. She trembles with anger and emotion.

NELL

Why are you sending him away? He
saved me and you didn't. I wish
Peter was my dad 'stead of you. I
hate you!

She runs out the front door. Warner is stunned.

EXT. GARRETON ACADEMY - NIGHT

The letter board reads "YEAR 12 PARENT INFORMATION NIGHT
TONIGHT". Parents file past this, into the building.

INT. GARRETON ACADEMY - SCIENCE LAB - NIGHT

Vi and Jesse load two dozen frogs from a row of glass tanks into a large box. Vi's daintily transfers the frogs.

JESSE

Thanks for doing this. It really means a lot.

(beat)

Why are you doing this, by the way?

VI

I just... I owe you.

JESSE

You owe me? What does that mean?

Vi freezes, not knowing what to say. A frog hops out of the box and onto the floor.

VI

I'll get him!

The frog hops towards the door.

INT. GARRETON ACADEMY - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Vi crawls after the escaping amphibian. Every time she reaches for it, it hops just that little further away.

VI

Come on, froggy. Come back to Auntie Vi. I'll let you lick the fly trap.

SPLAT! The frog lands on a shoe. Vi looks up, meeting the eyes of the shoe's owner.

MR. DI SALVO

Let me guess. Extra credit?

Vi gulps.

CUT TO BLACK:

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

INT. GARRETON ACADEMY - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Mr. Di Salvo marches behind Vi and Jesse, the box of frogs in his arms. Vi lags and he sharply prods her to keep moving.

VI

Mr. Di Salvo, you don't understand.
We weren't stealing them. We were
rescuing them.

MR. DI SALVO

Rescuing them, huh?

VI

Yes! There's a whole good deed
aspect that you're missing here.

Jesse shakes his head and sighs heavily.

JESSE

Shut up, Vi.

VI

Jesse!

JESSE

It's not worth it. We're done.

Vi gapes at him. She can't believe what she's hearing.

VI

We can't be done. We just... we
can't be. We did something good,
Jesse. If you can't see that
then... then you're an idiot!

JESSE

Snappy insult. You come up with
that all by yourself?

She shoves him.

VI

Okay, now you can shut up, Mr. "I'm
too chicken to get a real tattoo so
I'll just draw on myself with a
sharpie"!

MR. DI SALVO

Both of you shut up!

He stops.

MR. DI SALVO (CONT'D)
Do you know how much trouble you
two are in? You're about to get
your arses handed to you by
Principal King. I'm thinking
expulsion.

The reality seems to sink in and it shows on the teens faces.

MR. DI SALVO (CONT'D)
What, no comeback?

Vi perks up. She waves to someone behind Mr. Di Salvo.

VI
Hi, Principal King!

Mr. Di Salvo whirls around. There's no one there. Jesse,
taking his chance, grabs the box of frogs.

JESSE
Vi! Run!

Before Mr. Di Salvo knows what hit him, the pair sprint down
the hallway and around the corner.

INT. GARRETON ACADEMY - SECOND HALLWAY - NIGHT

Vi and Jesse run, shoes squeaking on the linoleum.

JESSE
Glad you picked up on the plan.

VI
Plan?!

They fly around another corner.

INT. GARRETON ACADEMY - THIRD HALLWAY - NIGHT

It's a dead end. Vi screeches to a stop in front of a door
labeled "Roof Access". She yanks it open.

VI
Jesse, in here!

EXT. GARRETON ACADEMY - ROOFTOP - NIGHT

Vi and Jesse burst onto the rooftop. Jesse runs to the edge,
searching for a ladder, but there's nothing. Vi joins him.

JESSE

No way down.

VI

That's okay. He won't find us. We
can hide until the coast is clear.

Breathing heavily, Mr. Di Salvo emerges from the stairwell.

JESSE

You were saying?

He advances on them. Vi and Jesse back up slowly.

MR. DI SALVO

Just give 'em here.

Jesse's grip tightens on the box.

JESSE

No.

MR. DI SALVO

I'm just trying to do my job.

Vi and Jesse back into the air conditioning unit. There's
nowhere else to go. Vi looks around desperately. Then --

VI

So am I.

She takes the box from Jesse, kicks off the grate to the air
conditioning vent and shakes the frogs inside.

INT. ANDREW'S CAR - NIGHT

Andrew pulls up outside Nell's house. Jenna is beside him.

They watch Warner through the windshield. He talks to a
police officer.

JENNA

Something's not right.

ANDREW

Just figuring that out now?

JENNA

The assignment indicated a time and
place. Peter Morgan went there and
saved that girl. There's no way
that assignment was meant for any
other time or any other day.

ANDREW

What are you saying? That paper was meant to get lost under your desk?

JENNA

I saw Bonnie coming out of my office right before we found it.

Andrew take this in, turning it over in his mind.

ANDREW

So, Peter...

JENNA

Maybe he's the best person to help this girl.

Andrew scoffs.

ANDREW

He's the reason the kid ran away!
If anybody finds her, it's not going to Peter bloody Morgan.

Peter appears with a sharp rap on the car window. Andrew rolls down the window. Peter's flushed face leans in.

PETER

I know where she is!

Andrew looks to Jenna in disbelief. Her mouth quirks ever so slightly into a smile.

EXT. PARK - BRIDGE - NIGHT

The surrounding area is quiet and dark, lit only by a few yellow street lamps. Nell sits on the stone ledge, sniffing.

Peter, Andrew and Jenna rush towards her.

PETER

Nell!

She is startled at the sound, whipping her head around. Peter puts a hand out towards Andrew and Jenna to stop them.

PETER (CONT'D)

Wait, we don't want to scare her.

ANDREW

You go.

PETER

Are you sure?

Andrew nods and Peter walks over to Nell. The girl sniffs again, wiping away a tear.

NELL
How'd you know I was here?

PETER
I had a hunch.

She looks at him quizzically.

PETER (CONT'D)
That's a --

NELL
I know what a hunch is.

She turns away from him, swings her legs over the drop.

PETER
You hoped it was going to be your
dad who saved you that day at the
park, didn't you? You planned it.

Nell nods.

NELL
I thought it would make him
remember that I was still here.
That I still needed him.
(tearful sigh; then)
But he doesn't care.

PETER
Nell, that's not true. Your dad
loves you.

NELL
So where is he? Why'd you come
looking for me, 'stead of him?

She scrambles to her feet, balancing dangerously on the stone ledge. Peter immediately senses the danger. Holds out a hand.

PETER
Come on. Get down.

NELL
Why is it always you saving me?
That's not your job! It's his!

PETER
Nell, please get down. We'll find
you dad, okay?

A long beat. Nell wipes her nose with her sleeve.

NELL

Okay.

She steps towards him. The stone cracks and crumbles beneath her feet. She slips back. Peter tries to grab her.

PETER

Nell!

But she is just out of reach. Nell squeaks in fright as she falls, disappearing over the bridge.

Peter's face is one of pure terror. He is joined by Andrew and Jenna as they rush to the side of the bridge.

ON NELL

Falling in SLOW MOTION, hair streaming out, mouth open in a silent scream. Then --

WHUMPF!

She lands, safe and sound, in Warner's arms. Nell looks up at him, dazed.

NELL

You saved me...

WARNER

I saved you.

Warner kisses her forehead and hugs her tight. Above them, relief washes over Peter, Andrew and Jenna as they look on.

INT. GARRETON ACADEMY - AUDITORIUM - NIGHT

Principal King greets parents at the door. Everyone begins taking their seats, MURMURING quietly amongst each other.

Caroline and Penny find some seats towards the aisle. Penny is texting on her phone.

CAROLINE

Turn that thing off.

PENNY

(putting away her phone)
Why do I even need to be here? I've finished high school, remember?

CAROLINE
 Because I don't want you lazing
 around the house all day.

PENNY
 It's seven thirty. Day's over.

She gives Caroline a once over, noting her tension.

PENNY (CONT'D)
 This is about Vi, isn't it?

CAROLINE
 What? No. Why would it be about Vi?

PENNY
 It's always about Vi.

Principal King makes his way to the podium. The room quiets.

PENNY (CONT'D)
 (whispers)
 You know, maybe she might respond
 better if you didn't play the
 villain all the time.

CAROLINE
 I don't play the --

PENNY
 Try being on her side for once. It
 can't hurt.

She takes out her phone again, going back her texts, as
 Principal King taps on the mic.

PRINCIPAL KING
 Welcome, parents, to our Year 12
 information night. This is your
 chance to ask questions about
 what's to come in your child's
 senior year.

(then)
 We know your child's future is
 important to you, as it is to us,
 and we are committed to keeping
 them on the right path.

The rear doors to the auditorium BANG open. The crowd angles
 around to see Mr. Di Salvo march in, dragging Jesse and Vi.

PRINCIPAL KING (CONT'D)
 Uh... Mr. Di Salvo, I've just
 started the meeting.

MR. DI SALVO

Fine. Just lay down some expulsions
and I'll be on my way.

CAROLINE

Vi?

She stands. Vi's eyes go wide when she sees her.

VI

Mum! I... I can explain.

Penny grins, turning off her phone completely.

PENNY

Oh, this is gonna be good.

Caroline steps out into the aisle, confronting Vi.

CAROLINE

Yes, Vi. I would like to hear you
explain why this man wants you
expelled.

Vi opens her mouth --

-- And a long, low RUMBLE sounds from up above.

Everyone looks up. As the RUMBLING gets louder, growing in
intensity, it also becomes clearer. It's CROAKING.

Vi and Jesse share a look of concern.

PENNY

What the hell is that?

PRINCIPAL KING

Everyone stay calm. It's just the
old air conditioning system. It's --

POP! POP! POP!

The air vents in the ceiling spring open and dozens of frogs
come raining down on the terrified crowd of parents!

It's chaos. Frogs fall on heads and clamber over laps. People
SCREAM, some flee for the exit and others get violent -
trying to stamp on the frogs hopping on the floor.

Penny leaps up onto her chair, SHRIEKING like a maniac.

Jesse is distraught.

JESSE

Stop! Don't hurt them!

Principal King eyes off a frog sitting on the podium. He picks up a heavy text book and raises it above his head.

Vi runs for the podium. Leaping onto the stage, she snatches the frog just as Principal King brings the book down. BANG!

The noise brings the room to silence. Vi realises that all eyes are on her.

VI

Uh... Jesse?

Jesse comes up onto the stage. He takes the frog from Vi.

PRINCIPAL KING

What is this about, Mr. Montague?

MR. DI SALVO

He was stealing them. Just like he did the rats.

JESSE

Only because you want to cut them up!

Mr. Di Salvo throws his hands up the air.

MR. DI SALVO

Here we go!

JESSE

If you'd just listen --

Jesse stops himself, frustrated. Principal King places a hand on his shoulder.

PRINCIPAL KING

I admire what you're trying to do, but dissections are a part of the curriculum. Every student has the chance to opt out of the class if they wish.

JESSE

And risk dropping a whole letter grade? It's our senior year!

VI

What about those computer programs?

Principal King sighs. Vi turns to the crowd of parents.

VI (CONT'D)

Jesse showed me this interactive program. It has everything you'd get in a real dissection, only considerably less icky.

(back to Principal King)

And please don't take me any less seriously because I just used the word "icky".

PRINCIPAL KING

We've gone over this.

(to the crowd)

We've discussed this! It's far too expensive. The computer systems would need a complete overhaul for a start. It's just not possible.

Vi and Jesse look discouraged.

VI

I guess that's it.

Caroline raises her hand.

CAROLINE

Excuse me?

PRINCIPAL KING

Ah, yes...

CAROLINE

Caroline Morgan. And I think you're wrong.

Vi and Principal King react in surprise.

CAROLINE (CONT'D)

You said you cared about my child's future. How can you say that with a straight face when you just admitted to a room full of parents that your computer systems aren't up to scratch?

Other parents MURMUR in agreement.

CAROLINE (CONT'D)

These kids don't want to do dissections on real animals and they've offered you a solution. If that means we have to pay a little extra to get this place in order, that's exactly what I'll do.

APPLAUSE from the crowd. Principal King is lost for words, shocked at the overwhelming support for Caroline.

JESSE

I think your mum just saved us.

VI

I think she did.

She grins in amazement.

INT. THE COMPANY - OBSERVATION ROOM - NIGHT

Benson watches Bonnie through the two-way mirror. She sits at the table, staring blankly ahead. Shane joins Benson.

BENSON

Mr. Evans, you're not authorised to be in here.

SHANE

Is she... Has she said anything?

BENSON

No, I'm afraid not.

SHANE

Are you going to tell Abigail?

Benson says nothing.

SHANE (CONT'D)

Before you do... Can I see her?

INT. THE COMPANY - INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

Shane enters. Bonnie brightens but only for a moment.

SHANE

Hey, Bonnie. How's it going?

As expected, she says nothing. Shane sits across from her. A long silence passes. Shane clears his throat.

SHANE (CONT'D)

Guess I'll start then...

(beat)

When we first met, I thought you were this girl who'd been through something terrible. I wanted to make it better. I wanted to help.

(beat)

(MORE)

SHANE (CONT'D)

But then it turns out you're not
who I thought you were, you're not
even a girl, not really.

Bonnie looks away, ashamed.

SHANE (CONT'D)

But that doesn't mean I want you to
be taken away.

A surprised beat. Bonnie meets his eyes.

SHANE (CONT'D)

Forget what I said before, I didn't
mean it. Whatever... Whoever you
are, we're friends.

BONNIE

Friends.

Her voice is dreamy and robotic, like she isn't used to using
it. Shane sits up straighter - shocked. He recovers, then:

SHANE

Yeah.

BONNIE

I like friends.

SHANE

Me too.

They share a smile.

INT. THE COMPANY - OBSERVATION ROOM - NIGHT

Benson watches them through the window. He looks conflicted -
relief mixed with apprehension.

INT. ANDREW'S CAR [MOVING] - NIGHT

MOVE FROM Jenna, asleep in the backseat, to Peter and Andrew
in the front. Both sit in awkward silence.

PETER

You can make a left down --

ANDREW

(already turning)
Got it.

PETER

Right, I forgot. You know where we live. You must have driven Vi home plenty of times.

ANDREW

More than plenty.

Peter stiffens a little. Andrew looks mildly alarmed.

ANDREW (CONT'D)

Just so you know, Vi and I never -- I mean, I mentored her, taught about the Company. Just work stuff, though. I assure you, no other mentoring of any kind was going on.

PETER

I know.

Andrew breathes a sigh of relief as he pulls over in front of Vi's house and turns off the engine.

ANDREW

Good.

(beat)

So why am I getting flashbacks to my high school girlfriend's dad standing at the front door with an air rifle?

Peter doesn't get out of the car. In fact, he doesn't even acknowledge that they've arrived. Andrew clears his throat.

ANDREW (CONT'D)

Uh... Peter? We're here.

PETER

I know I've made things difficult for you these past few days. I apologise for that.

ANDREW

You were just trying to help Vi.

PETER

But I shouldn't. Vi's smart, she's capable of taking care of herself. Even though I know that, there's still a part of me that wants to protect her from you people.

ANDREW

I... I'm not going to pretend that I know what you're going through. I don't have kids. As far as I know.

He takes a beat to consider the terrifying possibility, then:

ANDREW (CONT'D)

But it sounds like you're just doing your job. Being a dad.

(beat)

And for what it's worth, I think you did alright. Vi's... Well, she's one of the good ones.

Peter gives him a tired, grateful smile.

INT. MORGAN RESIDENCE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Caroline flicks on the light and gives a frustrated sigh at the heap of dirty dishes "soaking" in the sink.

As she tugs on a pair of washing up gloves:

CAROLINE

Bunch of animals, like it's so hard to pick up a sponge once in awhile.

A CAR DOOR SLAMS and she looks up through the front window.

Outside, Peter walks away from Andrew's car. He clomps up the front porch and out of sight. Andrew drives away.

CAROLINE (CONT'D)

(calls out; unsure)

Peter?

PETER (O.S.)

Yeah?

CAROLINE

How was work?

He pops into the doorway.

PETER

Oh, you know, just a regular late night in the news room - nothing but front page scoops, cigars and day old egg rolls.

(then)

I'm exhausted. You coming to bed?

Caroline nods and smiles - but it's strained, shaky.

CAROLINE

In a minute.

He smiles cheerily and exits. Caroline turns back to the dishes. A tear escapes her eye and she hastily wipes it away.

INT. ANDREW'S CAR - NIGHT

Andrew fiddles with the radio. In the backseat, Jenna stirs.

ANDREW

Sorry, did I wake you?

She leans forward, sleepily resting her arms on the back of the seat, and smiles at him. Andrew glances back at her.

ANDREW (CONT'D)

You weren't even asleep, were you?

JENNA

Just resting my eyes.

(then)

I liked what you said.

ANDREW

What? To Peter? I've been pretty rough on him. Poor guy needed to hear something good.

JENNA

And it was good. You were good.

She runs her hand through his hair. Andrew chuckles.

ANDREW

Sure, I'm a real Dr. Phil.

JENNA

I don't think you realise how much you've grown. You're different. Not the same guy you were before.

She yawns and settles back into her seat, closing her eyes.

ANDREW

So who am I now, then?

Jenna shrugs. She drifts off to sleep.

JENNA

I guess that's up to you...

Unsettled, Andrew's smile fades.

EXT. PARK - NIGHT

Overhanging branches of a weeping willow sway gently in the cool night air. The moonlight pierces through the green, dancing on the surface of a still and silent pond.

PULL BACK to two sets of legs, MOVE UP to reveal that the legs belong to Vi and Jesse - standing on the bank.

JESSE

Let's do this.

They both kneel, placing a cardboard box on the ground. They gently tip the mass of frogs into the water.

VI

Be free, froggies.

JESSE

Try not to screw up the delicate balance of the ecosystem.

They stay crouched, watching the frogs disappear.

VI

Jesse, can I ask you something?
It's about a couple of years ago
when we had that date.

He scoffs and rises.

JESSE

You call that a date? I call it the worst night of my life.

VI

Gee, you sure know how to make a girl feel special. But I deserve it. I did ruin your life.

Jesse sighs.

JESSE

You didn't ruin anything.

VI

But I thought... Jesse, it was because of me that you found out your mum was cheating.

JESSE

And it was because of you my parents were able to avoid spending the rest of their lives in some twisted sham of a marriage.

Vi frowns in confusion. Jesse digs his hands into his pockets, hunching his shoulders, and takes a deep breath.

JESSE (CONT'D)

I've never told anyone this but... I'm glad I found out. Sure, it was rough. I thought I'd never forgive her for what she did but then it was like the clouds parted. My dad realised how unhappy he'd been since they got married, both my parents started spending more time with me and my mum, well, she's actually still with that guy.

Vi arches an eyebrow.

JESSE (CONT'D)

Yeah, I know. But he's not so bad. He saw Ozzy Osbourne at a dry cleaners once.

VI

So this...

She motions to his outfit.

VI (CONT'D)

... Isn't because you hate your life?

Jesse doubles over in peals of laughter.

JESSE

What? No!

He wipes a tear from his eye - still grinning.

JESSE (CONT'D)

Have you always been this judgemental?

Vi shifts away, folding her arms in embarrassment. Jesse puts an arm around her shoulders and pulls her to him.

JESSE (CONT'D)

Vi, I'm kidding. Look, this? I like this. It's who I am. Besides --

He gives her a wink.

JESSE (CONT'D)
-- Girls think it's sexy.

Vi rolls her eyes and grins. She shoves him away and the two turn back to the pond. The sound of RIBBITING fills the air.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. THE COMPANY - BENSON'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Benson is leaned back in his chair, holding a tape recorder.

BENSON (V.O.)
(from tape recorder)
What is your name?

BONNIE (V.O.)
I do not understand the question.

BENSON (V.O.)
The girl sitting before me, her name is Bonnie. Is that who I'm speaking with?

BONNIE (V.O.)
Bonnie is sleeping.

BENSON (V.O.)
Can you wake her up?

BONNIE (V.O.)
Not while I am here.
(beat)
But I like her name. I like how it sounds. I wish to be called that.

BENSON (V.O.)
Alright. Bonnie, do you understand what has happened?

BONNIE (V.O.)
Things are not in their natural order. I am human. I wasn't before.

BENSON (V.O.)
Do you know how to go back? Do you know how to make it like it was before? When Bonnie, the real Bonnie, was awake?

BONNIE (V.O.)
No. I do not.

Benson stops the tape.

VI (O.S.)

I expected her to sound different.

Startled, Benson looks up to Vi leaning around the door. He waves her in. She enters, closing the door behind her.

BENSON

How did you expect her to sound?

VI

Kind of like a scared bunny.

(beat)

Though I don't really know what that would sound like either.

BENSON

What can I do for you, Violet?

VI

Please don't tell Abigail.

She smiles slightly. It does nothing to hide the desperation in her voice.

BENSON

I didn't think you had an opinion on the matter.

Vi bites her lip, begins to pace.

VI

When Bonnie came along, when the assignments stopped coming, everyone said it was bad but I didn't believe it. The world seemed to be doing just fine without us.

BENSON

Sometimes the results of our work aren't as clear as we would like.

VI

I get that now. But I realised something. I see it clearer than I think I ever have. This job is about helping people who need us. The ones right in front of us.

(beat)

That's Bonnie.

Benson shakes his head and goes to speak. Vi jumps in first.

VI (CONT'D)

Head Office doesn't have some magical cure that's going to put everything back the way it was. They're going to lock her up and force her to talk. That's what the bad guys do and we're not --

The intercom BUZZES.

RECEPTIONIST (V.O.)

Mr. Benson, Abigail Ford is on line one for you.

VI

(pleading)

We're not the bad guys, Benson.

She slowly steps back and exits, leaving him to his decision.

RECEPTIONIST (V.O.)

Mr. Benson?

He pushes the button to talk.

BENSON

Take a message, please.

RECEPTIONIST (V.O.)

Are you sure, Sir?

BENSON

I'm sure.

Releasing the button, he leans back in his chair. Takes a deep, calming breath. A moment later, he picks up the tape recorder. The tape WHIRS as it rewinds. He hits play.

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

Thank you for agreeing to talk with me. Do you mind if I record this?

BONNIE (V.O.)

No, I do not mind.

BENSON (V.O.)

Good. Let's get started then.

Off Benson, as he listens intently...

FADE OUT.

END OF EPISODE