

**THE COMPANY**

Episode 3x07  
"Vi & Shane's Infinite Playlist"

by  
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TEASER

FADE IN:

INT. LARGE ROOM - NIGHT

SHANE, eyes closed, steps into a beam of light. Hidden in the darkness around him, a CROWD chants in a steady rhythm.

CROWD (O.S.)  
Shane! Shane! Shane! Shane!

Then, in a voice clearer than the rest:

VI (O.S.)  
Shane!

INT. THE COMPANY - HANNAH'S APARTMENT - DAY

VI stares at him from across the kitchen bench. Both have text books and homework in front of them.

VI  
Are you paying attention?

SHANE  
Yeah, of course. X equals thirty-four, right?

Vi flips his book closed to reveal the cover. They're studying French. Shane smiles sheepishly.

The front door bangs open. HANNAH and DAVID enter, both carrying bags from various fashion stores.

VI  
You guys went shopping?

Hannah takes the bags from David and scurries into her room.

DAVID  
You call that shopping?  
(calls in Hannah's  
direction)  
I call it "Hannah is a crazy  
person"!

HANNAH (O.S.)  
I'm going to be playing bass for  
hundreds of people tomorrow night -  
I need to look good!

DAVID

The ski boots were a little excessive, all I'm saying.

David sits next to Vi and looks to Shane, exhausted.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Does she do this a lot?

SHANE

Only when she's nervous.

He smiles thinly, letting his own nerves show through. Vi puts a hand on his arm.

VI

He's going to love you, Shane.

DAVID

Who?

SHANE

An old friend of Jimmy's. He's an A&R rep for Equilibrium Records.

Vi smiles like a proud parent.

VI

This guy is going to see the band live and give them a record deal.

SHANE

Yeah, because they just hand out record deals like day old donuts.

DAVID

How else do you explain Kesha?

Vi and Shane take a ponderous beat. Nod in agreement.

INT. THE COMPANY - RECEPTION - DAY

Shane pins an artfully designed flyer to a cluttered bulletin board: "Shane of the Dead @ The Funky Pony. One night only!".

SHANE

There. How does it look?

VI

Good. But I have a feeling not many people look at this thing.

She pulls off a handwritten "Benson Sucks" sign.

VI (CONT'D)

I think this was here on my first day.

ANDREW appears. He takes the sign from her in disgust.

ANDREW

That's just juvenile. What genius thought that would be --

(beat)

Never mind.

VI

(grins)

Recognised your handwriting?

ANDREW

Very funny. If only I had some information to spoil your good mood... Oh, wait.

(sly grin)

Bonnie wants to see you.

Vi's smile drops.

INT. THE COMPANY - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

A sea of yellow post-it notes surround BONNIE. She is hunched over a stack of fresh ones, scribbling intensely.

She tears off one and hands it to JENNA.

BONNIE

Please give it to John.

JENNA

We have three Johns here. You need to be a little more specific.

Bonnie doesn't stop writing.

BONNIE

Please give the assignment to the man named John.

Vi enters, leaving the door open behind her. Jenna sighs in relief - grateful for the reprieve from Bonnie.

JENNA

Vi, you have an assignment.

She peels the post-it off her clipboard. Vi steps back.

VI  
I know but...

JENNA  
But?

VI  
This weekend is a really big deal.  
Shane's band is playing this show -  
their biggest ever - and I promised  
I'd be there to support him.

Jenna looks strangely saddened.

JENNA  
Vi...

VI  
Can't it wait until Monday? Please.

JENNA  
You really need to take this.

A beat. Vi slowly takes the post-it. It reads "Shane Evans".

VI  
I have to fix a connection of  
Shane's?

BONNIE  
No.

She stops writing and looks at Vi.

BONNIE (CONT'D)  
Not fix.

Vi looks into reception where Shane cheerily hands out flyers  
to employees. Vi is filled with grave understanding.

VI  
Break.

Off this --

CUT TO BLACK:

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

EXT. PARK - DAY

BIANCA and NATHAN share a bench in the shade. No sign of the crutches - Nathan's ankle is fully healed.

NATHAN  
Tell me what you see.

Bianca gives a bored glance around the busy park.

BIANCA  
Stuff.

NATHAN  
Like what?

She folds her arms and gives him a narrowed stare.

BIANCA  
This is dumb.

NATHAN  
It's not dumb, it's important. I'm not going to let your skills go stale just because we're not doing any assignments right now.

He takes a beat to let his point sink in. Then, firmly:

NATHAN (CONT'D)  
Now, tell me what you see.

Bianca looks around. Nods to a YOUNG COUPLE strolling past.

NATHAN (CONT'D)  
Okay. Good start. What can you tell me about them?

BIANCA  
You want me to talk to them?

NATHAN  
I want you to watch them. Any detail can be crucial in the successful completion of an assignment.

BIANCA  
You sound like a text book.

Nathan simply motions to the couple. There's a quiet moment as Bianca focuses on them.

BIANCA (CONT'D)  
She's wearing an engagement ring.

NATHAN  
And what does that mean?

BIANCA  
(as if it's obvious)  
They're in love.

NATHAN  
Look closer.

The woman tries to take her partner's hand. He pulls away, takes out his phone and starts texting.

Sadness washes over Bianca. Nathan leans closer to her, a wry grin on his face.

NATHAN (CONT'D)  
Five bucks says they don't make it to the wedding.

Emotion flares up inside her, forcing Bianca to her feet.

NATHAN (CONT'D)  
What are you doing? We're not done.

BIANCA  
I got it. Guys are jerks. Here endeth the lesson!

She strides off. Nathan looks utterly perplexed.

INT. SUPERMARKET - DAY

Vi and Andrew saunter down the chip and dip aisle. Vi's trolley is piled with necessities (chocolate, ice cream, frozen pizza) while Andrew eats from an open box of cookies.

VI  
I hope you're gonna pay for those.

ANDREW  
Don't you ever sample the grapes before buying? It's just like that.

VI  
So, just like stealing?

Andrew rolls his eyes and tosses the box into the cart. He looks through the rest of her purchases with judging eyes.

ANDREW

How long is your family away?

VI

All weekend. Or until Nana Morgan forgets who they are and kicks them out of her house, which is likely.

CAM appears with an armful of supplies. He goes to drop a box of bran cereal into the cart. Vi put out a hand to stop him.

VI (CONT'D)

What is that?

CAM

Cereal.

VI

Cam, mum is away for two days. You can eat whatever sugar loaded processed monstrosity you want.

CAM

But it keeps me regular.

Vi grabs him by the shoulders and forcefully turns him away.

VI

Get something else and for God's sake, it better have a cartoon monkey on the front.

Cam huffs in defeat. As Vi reaches for a packet of chips --

CAM

Gluten-free! Boris and Peng are allergic!

Annoyed, Vi releases the packet and goes for the one beside it. Cam is satisfied and leaves.

ANDREW

Boris and who?

VI

His friends from science club. And I use the term "friends" loosely.

Andrew pumps his arms and grooves to an imaginary beat.

ANDREW

Ooh, nerd party at Vi's.

VI

It's Caroline Morgan sanctioned, therefore not a party. Which is fine with me. I've got enough on my mind without having to worry about Cam throwing an "epic rager".

They push on. Andrew gives her a sympathetic smile.

ANDREW

Still grumpy about Shane?

VI

I just found out that in order to put the universe in balance I need to ruin my best friend's life. I'm allowing myself a moment to grump.

ANDREW

Maybe the assignment isn't about stopping him from playing tonight.

Vi offers a disbelieving look.

ANDREW (CONT'D)

Okay, who am I kidding?

(beat)

How are you going to tell him?

The wheels on the cart squeak as Vi speeds up. Avoidance strategy. Andrew hurries after her.

ANDREW (CONT'D)

You are going to tell him, right?

VI

I want to find out why this is happening first, so I can give Shane a reason. Soften the blow.

ANDREW

Ask Bonnie.

VI

I tried. No help. The Power in human form is kind of a bitch.

She gives Andrew a hopeful side-eye. He catches on.

ANDREW

So... You want my help.

VI

Jimmy's friend, the record label guy, is flying in today. I just need you to do a little digging.

ANDREW

You want me to find out if this band thing is going to turn into a Behind the Music type scenario?

VI

And if you could keep him away from the gig tonight, that would be great. Thanks.

She grabs a cookie from the open box and pops it into her grinning mouth. Chewing, she pushes on.

Andrew remains behind for a beat. He sighs heavily.

ANDREW

Sure, why not? Not like I had plans...

He follows, feet dragging.

INT. SUPERMARKET - FROZEN FOODS - DAY

Cam emerges from the cereal aisle with a couple of brightly coloured boxes clutched to his chest.

He's faced with the long row of frozen goods running along the back of the store...

... and the familiar person currently digging through the ice cream section. Cam stops short.

CAM

Hi.

Bianca looks up.

BIANCA

If it isn't the Littlest Morgan.

She glances to the childish cereal. Cam quickly throws it into the cart of a passing shopper. He smiles awkwardly.

BIANCA (CONT'D)

Any plans this weekend?

CAM

Having some people over. No big deal.

BIANCA  
A party, huh?

Cam nods coolly. But drops the act a moment later.

CAM  
No... I hear you need friends for  
that kind of thing.

BIANCA  
You don't have friends?

He shakes his head. Bianca smiles, a sparkle in her eye.

BIANCA (CONT'D)  
I can fix that.

EXT. GARRETON AIRPORT - DAY

A small airport, just outside of town. Private jets and small passenger aircraft taxi to and from the lone runway.

INT. GARRETON AIRPORT - LOUNGE - DAY

Andrew and Jenna, along with a dozen others, are crowded into the small glass walled lounge. They watch the planes outside.

JENNA  
I should be back in the office.

ANDREW  
So you can hand out assignments,  
doing the job you quit weeks ago?

JENNA  
Benson needs me. How else is he  
going to explain where all these  
new assignments are coming from?

ANDREW  
Fortune cookies?

Jenna levels him with an unimpressed stare.

ANDREW (CONT'D)  
You said you wanted to try  
something new.

JENNA  
I meant data entry or bookkeeping.  
Not actually doing an assignment.

ANDREW  
Technically it's Vi's assignment.

Outside, passengers file off a small plane and onto the tarmac. Jenna takes a deep breath.

JENNA  
What's the plan?

ANDREW  
Plan?

JENNA  
Shouldn't we have a cover story?

The passengers are close now, coming through the lounge doors. Jenna grows more nervous by the second.

ANDREW  
Yeah. We should have one of those.  
(thinks; then)  
Okay, I'll be ambidexterous and you  
be good at math. Ready? Break!

He claps his hands and jets off. Jenna is left at a loss.

BY THE DOORS

Andrew holds up a sign: "Leon Crisp (music guy)".

He is approached by the man himself, LEON CRISP (late 20s). A short, baby faced guy in a tan leather jacket.

His outfit and attitude exudes the effortless "cool" of a guy paid to be in touch with the music scene of today.

LEON  
Where's Jimmy?

ANDREW  
Couldn't make it. Busy, busy, busy.  
But I'm Andrew and this --

Jenna flies to his side. She smiles.

ANDREW (CONT'D)  
Is Jenna.

She takes Leon's hand and shakes vigorously.

JENNA  
I'm good at math!

Leon smiles warily.

EXT. FLORIST STALL - DAY

Vi and David aimlessly browse the array of flowers.

DAVID

You want to know what I think?

VI

I already know what you think and you're wrong. As usual.

DAVID

Shane will understand. Maybe not at first but he will eventually.

Vi sighs in frustration.

VI

I lied to him from the first day we met. I cancelled movies and dinners and study sessions and I never told him why. When I finally did tell him the truth, he ended up on the Company's hit list.

DAVID

Vi, that's not your fault.

VI

Of course it's my fault! My job has screwed up his life enough. I won't let it happen again.

She looks down, a wave of fear coming over her.

VI (CONT'D)

Not if I don't have to.

David wraps her in a comforting hug.

DAVID

What do you want me to do?

Still in the hug, Vi spots Shane across the street. She rolls her face into David's shoulder and groans.

VI

Kill me.

EXT. CITY STREET - MOMENTS LATER

Shane walks along, guitar case in one hand. He doesn't notice Vi and David until they're almost on top of him --

VI

Shane!

DAVID

G'day, mate!

SHANE

Hey...

He smiles, a little confused at their over eager faces.

SHANE (CONT'D)

What's with you two?

VI

Nothing. Everything's fine.

DAVID

Need a hand with that?

He grabs Shane's guitar case. Shane keeps a firm grip on it.

SHANE

I'm cool. Thanks.

DAVID

Come on. It looks heavy.

He gives it another tug. Shane doesn't budge.

SHANE

I said I'm fine.

VI

No need to snap.

David doesn't let go. Shane's confusion turns to annoyance.

SHANE

Sorry but I'd really prefer if --  
Look, would you mind?

DAVID

I just want to help.

SHANE

(straining against David)  
I don't need -- your -- help!

The tug of war comes to an abrupt end as David releases the handle. The sudden lack of resistance causes the case to fly from Shane's hand. It bounces onto the road a few feet away.

SHANE (CONT'D)

Crap!

He reaches for it. A horn BLARES, traffic barrels down. Shane is frozen - deer in headlights. At the last possible second --

-- Vi hauls him off the road.

KEEEERUNCH!

That God awful sound freezes Shane's blood in his veins. He jerks his head to the sky and screws his eyes shut.

SHANE (CONT'D)

How bad is it?

Vi and David solemnly come to his side.

SHANE (CONT'D)

Guys?

Vi makes the sign of the cross over the mangled guitar case.

INT. WICKER RECORDS - DAY

JIMMY paces, punching buttons on his mobile.

JIMMY

I said eleven fifteen. I told him specifically. Did I not say --

HANNAH

Eleven fifteen, yeah.

HANNAH leans with her elbows on the check-out counter. Across the room VINKLE anxiously taps out drum beats on the CD racks. BB is sprawled on the bottom of the staircase.

JIMMY

Then where the hell is he?

VINKLE

Maybe he got arrested.

HANNAH

What for?

Vinkle shrugs.

VINKLE

Lots of things are illegal. Littering, crossing on the 'don't walk' sign, murder.

HANNAH

You think Shane's late because he got arrested for murder?

BB

Dude always looked shifty to me.

JIMMY

None of you are helping!

There's a knock on the window. David waves through the glass.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

We're closed!

HANNAH

It's David.

She moves to unlock the door but Jimmy grabs her arm.

JIMMY

We don't have time for distractions, Hannah.

DAVID

(muffled; through the glass)

I have a message from Shane. Something's happened.

VINKLE

I knew it. Cold-blooded killer.

The others shoot him incredulous looks. Vinkle nods gravely.

EXT. SHOPPING STRIP / FINE TUNES GUITAR REPAIR - DAY

A narrow staircase between a take-away chicken shop and a diving supply store. A faded sign points up the stairs.

INT. FINE TUNES GUITAR REPAIR - DAY

TANYA (mid 40s), a tattooed wall of woman, stares down at Shane's guitar with muted shock.

TANYA

Jesus H. Christ, Evans.

Shane, across the counter, looks hopeful. Vi hovers behind.

SHANE

If anyone can fix this, Tanya, it's you.

TANYA  
By tonight, you said?

Shane nods, biting his lip. Tanya shakes her head.

TANYA (CONT'D)  
That could be tough.

SHANE  
Please, can't you just --

His phone buzzes in his pocket. Shane checks the caller ID.

SHANE (CONT'D)  
(annoyed)  
Jimmy...

Vi bounces forward.

VI  
I got it!  
(taking the phone)  
You just... you know... handle...

She waves to the guitar. Shane turns back to Tanya. Vi appears to answer the phone as she walks to the stairs.

VI (CONT'D)  
Hiya, Jimmy! Uh-huh. Uhhh-huh.

EXT. SHOPPING STRIP / FINE TUNES GUITAR REPAIR - CONTINUOUS

Vi jogs down the stairs. Confident that Shane can no longer hear, she lowers the phone. It continues to buzz. She never answered it. She cancels the call.

VI  
Sorry, Jimmy. Whatever you have to say...

Vi pops off the back of Shane's phone and removes the SIM card. She does the same with her own mobile. Carefully, peering over her shoulder, she swaps the SIM cards.

VI (CONT'D)  
... Shane doesn't want to hear it.

She finishes up just as Shane emerges from the store.

SHANE  
Tanya says it's doable.

VI  
It'll be fixed by tonight? Really?

SHANE

She has magic fingers. And if worse comes to worse, I can just use a guitar of Jimmy's.

They start to walk down the street.

SHANE (CONT'D)

How mad is he, by the way?

VI

Huh?

SHANE

On the phone.

VI

Oh. David calmed him down. He said he'll see you when he sees you.

SHANE

That sounds... not like him.

VI

Don't worry. It's just one show.

Shane stops short.

SHANE

It's not just one show, Vi.

She turns to face him, acutely aware of the intensity pulsing from him as he speaks.

SHANE (CONT'D)

This is the show. Do you how many bands never make it anywhere? And it's not because they suck, it's because no one will give them a shot. Tonight is my shot.

(beat)

Tonight is what my entire life has been building up to. Without this... I'm nothing.

He keeps walking. Vi allows her face to show what she's really feeling. Misery.

CUT TO BLACK:

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

INT. THE FUNKY PONY - DAY

Neither funky, nor equestrian in nature, "The Funky Pony" is a dingy hole-in-the-wall music venue. It's empty but the floors are still sticky and everything smells like sweat.

The band - BB, Vinkle and Hannah - lug instruments from a side door and up a ramp into the backstage area.

INT. THE FUNKY PONY - BAR - DAY

Jimmy is seated at the bar at the back of the room.

He has his phone on the bar top and an untouched beer in front of him. He presses the re-dial button on the phone.

SHANE'S VOICE

This is Shane, leave a message.

Jimmy hangs up. Re-dials.

SHANE'S VOICE (CONT'D)

This is Shane, leave --

He jabs a finger at the phone. A pitiful ring, then:

SHANE'S VOICE (CONT'D)

This is Sh --

Jimmy heaves a sigh and puts the phone away. David slides onto the next seat.

DAVID

Man, you fall apart easily.

JIMMY

I have damn good reasons to fall apart. The lead singer is M.I.A. I went to pick up Leon at the airport - he wasn't there. I'm so off my game today, I can't even come up with a derogatory nickname for you.

He gives David a narrowed stare, thinking.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Guy.

DAVID

Good one.

A beat. David questions his next move, but can't resist.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
Can I ask you something?

Jimmy waves him on.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
If this works out, what does that mean for Shane? It's not like your guy is Willy Wonka, handing out the keys to the chocolate factory.

JIMMY  
What are you saying?

DAVID  
At the end of the day, what if it doesn't make his life any better?

Jimmy's eyes bore right through David's, making the younger man shift uncomfortably. Then, in a matter-of-fact tone:

JIMMY  
You're not allowed to talk to me anymore.

He slips off the bar stool and walks away. David takes a beat, then reaches for Jimmy's drink.

HANNAH  
Okay, what's going on?

She stares accusingly from his side.

DAVID  
What do you mean?

HANNAH  
I've been working for the Company a lot longer than you. I know an assignment when I see one. So I'll ask you again... What is going on?

David smiles nervously.

INT. CITY OF SYDNEY - DAY

Flashes of skyscrapers and congested roads. The Sydney Opera House and Harbour Bridge glisten in the sun.

EXT. CAR PARK - DAY

The Morgan family car pulls into a spot. PENNY is asleep against the back window. As the engine dies, she wakes.

She blinks out at her surroundings.

PENNY  
(muffled through the  
glass)  
Oh. Hell. No.

She's up and out of the car in an instant.

CAROLINE and PETER follow. Caroline puts out her hands in a gesture of surrender. An attempt to soothe the savage beast.

CAROLINE  
Now, before you overreact --

PENNY  
How could you do this to me?

A new, wider angle reveals their location.

EXT. UNIVERSITY CAMPUS - DAY

A wide path, bustling with foot traffic, branches off to several buildings. At the far end is the largest building. The words "University of Sydney" arc over the entrance.

Penny stares down the path, her back to her parents.

CAROLINE  
Penny, talk to me. What are you  
thinking?

Penny whirls around and stalks back to the car. As she passes Caroline, she hisses through her rage.

PENNY  
You suck.

Back in the car, she slams the door and pops in her iPod earbuds. Peter and Caroline share a look.

PETER  
That went well.

EXT. EVANS RESIDENCE - DAY

Establishing.

INT. EVANS RESIDENCE - SHANE'S ROOM - DAY

Vi sits cross-legged on the bed. She sneaks a glance at her phone. The screen is alight - Jimmy's name on the caller ID.

SHANE (O.S.)  
What about this?

He steps out from behind his closet door. He wears a tight white t-shirt and a leather jacket.

VI  
You remembered to invite the  
Cunninghams tonight, right Fonzie?

SHANE  
A simple no would do.

He ducks back behind the closet door and strips off the jacket and shirt. While he digs for another option...

... Vi nervously picks at the threads on the comforter.

VI  
Shane?

SHANE  
Yeah?

VI  
Do you ever think about the future?

SHANE  
Oh, yeah, all the time! My robot  
maid? I'm gonna name her Rosie like  
on The Jetsons.

VI  
Aside from the robots and flying  
cars, do you think we'll still be  
friends?

Shane pops his head around the door.

SHANE  
What?

VI  
I just mean... After tonight,  
you'll get a record deal and so  
that obviously means records and  
tours and music videos and... You  
forgetting all about me.

He shrugs on another shirt and sits on the bed with her.

SHANE

Vi, you're an idiot.

VI

Thanks. Just what I needed.

SHANE

I could never forget about you and whatever happens tonight, we'll always be friends.

Shane rummages in his bedside drawer. He comes back with a sharpie and scribbles his name on the back of her hand.

VI

What is that?

SHANE

My autograph. My first one should go to someone special.

He smiles at her and they look into each other's eyes, hands clasped together. The moment stretches... Then Shane lets go.

SHANE (CONT'D)

I'd avoid showering. That hand is going to be worth a lot someday.

He goes back to the closet. Vi smiles down at her hand.

EXT. UNIVERSITY CAMPUS - CAFE - LATER

Peter exits the cafe with two cups of coffee. He joins Caroline at a little table and passes her one cup.

CAROLINE

One of us should talk to her.

Peter looks over. They have a clear vantage point of Penny, still in the car, pretending that they don't exist.

INT. CAR - DAY

Peter taps lightly on the window. Penny pointedly ignores him, though he manages to catch her eye. He motions for her to roll down the window. Begrudgingly, she complies.

PENNY

I hope you're both proud - abusing Nana Morgan's good name like this.

PETER

In our defense, we were going to drop by on the way home. Maybe with a pie.

PENNY

You lied to me.

PETER

We did. I'm sorry.

His face is lined with guilt. Penny shakes her head.

PENNY

I know it wasn't your idea.

(then)

She doesn't get it. She thinks that bringing me here is going to change my mind. Like I'll see what I've been missing and come running back.

PETER

How do you know you won't?

An icy look from Penny. Peter sighs.

PETER (CONT'D)

Here's the deal. Mum took the car keys so we're not going anywhere until she gets what she wants.

PENNY

I'm not re-enrolling.

PETER

You don't have to. You just have to stop by a little on-campus gathering. A party.

Penny looks unsure.

PETER (CONT'D)

I promise I'll keep her off your back for the rest of the day.

(quickly; better offer)

Week.

A beat as Penny considers the intriguing proposal.

PENNY

What kind of party?

Peter opens the car door for her. Penny steps out.

INT. EVANS RESIDENCE - SHANE'S ROOM - DAY

Shane scrutinizes himself in a full length mirror. He wears jeans and a simple logo t-shirt.

SHANE

Are you sure? The lead singer's supposed to look good. I look like... well, me.

Vi helps him slip on a blazer. She smiles at his reflection.

VI

You're perfect.

Shane smiles back. The nice beat shifts into awkwardness and he turns away, throwing discarded clothes into the closet.

SHANE

I've been thinking about what you said earlier - about us being friends in the future. I think I know why we're still friends today.

Vi bounces onto his bed.

VI

Our shared indifference to Glee?

SHANE

It's you, Vi.

He faces her, looking serious. Vi blinks in surprise.

VI

Me?

SHANE

If you hadn't told me about the Company and let me into that part of your life, I probably would've bailed a long time ago.

Vi looks thoughtful.

VI

The Company made us closer...

SHANE

I guess.

He grins wryly.

SHANE (CONT'D)

Of course, then there was that time they basically tried to kill me.

Vi says nothing. She stares down, thinking hard.

SHANE (CONT'D)

Vi? You okay?

She stands hurriedly and gathers her things, checks her pocket for her phone. All the while, avoiding eye contact.

VI

Yeah. I, ah, I just remembered I promised to help Andrew with an assignment. He's totally useless without me.

SHANE

Oh... Okay...

VI

But I'll meet you at the show.

SHANE

Don't be late.

At the door, she turns back and meets his eyes.

VI

Wouldn't miss it for the world.

She exits. For a moment, Shane looks worried - then he shrugs it off and turns to the mirror. He strikes a rock star pose.

INT. EVANS RESIDENCE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Shane's mother, LORI, irons. She sees Vi pass the doorway.

LORI

Are you off, Vi?

Vi pops back.

VI

Yeah. Thanks for having me.

LORI

Anytime, sweetie.

A beat. Vi hesitates then walks in further.

VI  
 Can I ask you something? It's about  
 Shane.

Lori smiles and puts down the iron, giving Vi her full  
 attention.

LORI  
 In that case, go ahead. I'm an  
 expert on the subject.

VI  
 If you told him not to play  
 tonight, would he listen?

LORI  
 Why would I tell him that?

VI  
 I just mean... Hypothetically.

INT. EVANS RESIDENCE - HALLWAY - DAY

Shane emerges from his room. He's a few feet from the  
 bathroom when he overhears --

VI (O.S.)  
 It's going to be a disaster, he's  
 going to embarrass himself in front  
 of four hundred people. It's in his  
 best interests to not go on stage.  
 (beat)  
 Would you tell him not to play?

He's heard enough. Shane, hurt and angry, flees to his room.

INT. EVANS RESIDENCE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

With no idea that Shane was listening, Lori crosses to Vi and  
 puts an arm around her.

LORI  
 I know you're nervous for him but  
 nobody can see the future. We just  
 have to believe that we're headed  
 in the right direction.

Vi nods, despair sinking in.

INT. HOTEL SUITE - BATHROOM - DAY

Leon splashes water onto his face, then glances over his  
 shoulder to the door.

LEON  
You guys really didn't have to walk  
me to my room. Or follow me inside.

INT. HOTEL SUITE - DAY

Jenna and Andrew, both at the table, react to his voice.

ANDREW  
It's that great Garreton  
hospitality. You're going to miss  
it when you're gone, I promise.

He eyes Leon's suitcase on the bed and leans over to Jenna.

ANDREW (CONT'D)  
(hushed)  
Distract him.

JENNA  
He's in the bathroom.

ANDREW  
So keep him there.

They split - with Andrew going for the suitcase and Jenna to  
the bathroom door. She gets there just as Leon emerges.

JENNA  
You're a record producer?

She plants one hand firmly on the door frame, blocking his  
exit. Leon is surprised but forced to focus on her.

Unseen by Leon, Andrew rifles through his luggage.

LEON  
I'm an A&R rep.

JENNA  
Oh, A&R. I love the things that  
those letters stand for.

Andrew flicks aside clothes. He digs through the toiletry bag  
and finds some cologne. He sniffs. Nice.

LEON  
Artists and repertoire. I scout new  
bands, recommend them to the label.

Jenna nods. Leon considers her for a beat, then smiles.

LEON (CONT'D)

I work with a lot of well-known  
artists. I won't call them stars.  
They're just people, after all.

(beat)

Ever heard of Beyonce?

One ear on the conversation, Andrew rolls his eyes.

JENNA

You scouted Beyonce?

LEON

Well, no. But it'd be pretty easy  
for me to score you some tickets.

Andrew finds an envelope in the side pocket. He glances at  
the letter inside, then tucks it into his jeans.

LEON (CONT'D)

If you were interested.

(beat)

Are you, you know, interested?

Jenna's eyes go wide. With no hint of subtlety:

JENNA

I have a boyfriend!

Leon nods --

LEON

Awesome.

-- And brushes past her.

Panicked, Jenna follows. Andrew is no longer at the suitcase  
but over by the window. He innocently bats the curtains.

Jenna breathes a sigh of relief.

LEON (CONT'D)

Look, Jimmy's obviously not showing  
up. I say we meet him at the venue.

He heads to the door, ready to go.

ANDREW

Wait!

LEON

Why?

Jenna goes to Andrew's side.

JENNA  
We can't let you leave.

Leon narrows his eyes.

LEON  
You're not friends of Jimmy's, are you? What do you want with me?

Andrew and Jenna share a panicked look. No clue what to do. Then, like a shaky-voiced angel, Jenna begins to sing. Badly.

JENNA  
*They say we're young and we don't know. We won't find out until we grow.*

Leon's eyes widen. Jenna nudges Andrew.

ANDREW  
*Well I don't know if all that's true. Cause you got me, and baby I got you. Babe.*

They lock eyes and begin to sing and sway in unison.

ANDREW & JENNA  
*I got you babe. I got yooooou babe.*

Off the bizarreness of this, CUT TO:

EXT. SHOPPING STRIP / FINE TUNES GUITAR REPAIR - DAY

Shane emerges, brand new guitar case in hand.

He steps up to the curb, ready to cross the street, and hoists the case into his arms - cradling it protectively.

BIANCA (O.S.)  
Shane?

Bianca steps out of a shop nearby. Her arms are loaded with bags of party supplies. Shane smiles, uber friendly.

INT. BIANCA'S MERCEDES-BENZ - LATER

The only sound is the purr of the engine. Bianca is behind the wheel with Shane in the passenger seat.

BIANCA  
What'd you two fight about?

SHANE  
Who?

BIANCA

You normally can't go three minutes without mentioning Vi and -- Look, it's coming up on twelve now.

Shane stares out the window. Bianca nods.

BIANCA (CONT'D)

It's none of my business. Sorry.

Shane turns back.

SHANE

That's it? You're not going to keep prodding until I tell you something you can throw in her face the next time she pisses you off?

BIANCA

That is offensive, Shane.

(beat)

And incredibly accurate. I have to find a new tactic.

SHANE

Let's just say that Vi might not have my best interests at heart.

Bianca looks surprised. Shane notices.

SHANE (CONT'D)

What?

BIANCA

Nothing, it's just... I find that kind of hard to believe.

A quiet beat. Shane smiles appreciatively.

SHANE

You're coming tonight, right?

BIANCA

Tonight?

SHANE

My gig. You're coming?

Bianca is suddenly caught off guard.

BIANCA

I -- I didn't know I was invi --

Shane's phone rings. He digs it from his pocket.

SHANE  
 (checks the screen;  
 confused)  
 It's Andrew.

He answers the call and, just as he is about to say hello, Andrew cuts him off.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - DAY

Andrew has a finger in his ear, trying to keep out the surroundings noise. Behind him, Jenna talks to reception.

ANDREW  
 (into phone)  
 Before you start yelling, just know we did the best we could. Short of Jenna jumping into bed with the guy -- And I don't care how badly you want to keep him away from Shane, I am not letting that Beyonce obsessed Hobbit touch my girl.

Shane's grip on the phone tightens - knuckles going white.

ANDREW (CONT'D)  
 (retrieving the envelope from his pocket)  
 It's not a total loss, though. Leon seems pretty legit. Found a letter from a children's charity thanking him for his bi-monthly donation.  
 (then)  
 Does that mean he gives twice a month or every two months?

With his teeth gritted in anger:

SHANE  
 It goes either way.

Andrew freezes.

ANDREW  
 Vi?

Shane angrily hangs up. Andrew closes his eyes.

ANDREW (CONT'D)  
 Crap.

END INTERCUT.

INT. BIANCA'S MERCEDES-BENZ - CONTINUOUS

Shane rips off the back of his phone and pulls out the SIM.

BIANCA  
What's going on? What are you  
doing?!

SHANE  
She switched SIM cards.

BIANCA  
Who?

SHANE  
Who do you think?  
(beat)  
Take me to an elevator.

Bianca continues to drive, not saying anything.

SHANE (CONT'D)  
Bianca!

She jerks the car into a u-turn.

INT. THE COMPANY - RECEPTION - DAY

The elevator doors have barely opened when Shane storms in.  
He stops short. Vi is by the reception desk, her back to him.

SHANE  
Vi! You have some serious  
explaining to do!

She turns around, her eyes red and puffy from crying. She  
can't find the words. BENSON places a hand on her shoulder.

BENSON  
Yes, Mr. Evans. I'm afraid we do.

CUT TO BLACK:

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

INT. THE COMPANY - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

"SHANE EVANS"

The offending handwritten note, quivering slightly in Shane's unstable fingers. Benson's voice is dreamy and distant.

BENSON

Shane, do you understand what I'm saying to you? Shane?

Shane focuses on Benson and Vi. He drops the paper.

SHANE

(flat)

Vi was assigned to break a connection of mine. Something to do with my music.

BENSON

That's correct.

Benson's eyes flick to Vi. Both are worried.

SHANE

What is it, then?

VI

What's what?

SHANE

Am I gonna turn into a horrible person, forget where I came from? Or is it worse? They'll find me in a hotel bathroom with a needle sticking out my arm. Personally, I'd hope for the former. Both are cliché but at least I'll live.

VI

It's a little unclear.

Shane sneers.

SHANE

Unclear? You're ruining my life and you don't even know why?

The hurt on Vi's face is obvious.

BENSON

It's more complicated than that.

(beat)

You have a very unique history with the Company. You're not an employee, yet you've been intricately involved in dozens of assignments - sometimes to the point where your involvement is crucial to their success.

SHANE

Yeah, because Vi convinced you not to erase my memory.

VI

It started before that.

SHANE

What are you saying?

BENSON

Beneath the reports and assignments and elevators, the Company is about helping people walk their true path. It's about destiny.

(beat)

We believe that the Company is yours.

Shane reacts in shock.

INT. MORGAN RESIDENCE - KITCHEN - DAY

Cam zips around, taking manic swipes at various surfaces with a rag. Half cleaning, mostly freaking out. A door slams.

CAM

Vi?

Bianca enters. She heaves several bags onto the bench.

BIANCA

The world does not revolve around Violet Morgan, thank you very much.

CAM

But she's the only one with a key.

Smiling, Bianca jangles her key chain.

BIANCA

Not anymore.

Before Cam can question this, Bianca distracts him with the process of unpacking. She unloads some paper lanterns.

CAM  
You got decorations and --

BIANCA  
Essentials.

She takes out a stack of red plastic cups.

CAM  
We already have plastic cups.

BIANCA  
But not red ones. All the American kids use these in the movies. It's the universal sign for "I'm underage and drinking beer".

Cam perks up.

CAM  
You got beer?

BIANCA  
Dude, no. You're thirteen. I got you red cups so you can pretend you're drinking beer.

She shoves the cups at him. Cam accepts them reluctantly.

CAM  
Fine. It's not like anybody is going to show up anyway.

Bianca rolls her eyes. She slips her mobile phone from her purse and holds it a few inches from his nose.

CAM (CONT'D)  
What am I looking at?

BIANCA  
(taking the phone back)  
I tweeted about the party this morning. Already have thirty-four DM's asking for the address.  
(then)  
I considered just making all the details public but I don't want things to get out of hand.

She gives Cam's shoulder a quick pat.

BIANCA (CONT'D)  
Now go and hide the silverware.

She scoops up the paper lanterns and breezes out.

INT. THE COMPANY - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Shane stands and shakes his head vigorously.

SHANE  
No, no, no. The Company is not my  
destiny. That's Vi's destiny.

VI  
Hey!

SHANE  
Well, what else are you going to do  
with your life?

VI  
Again. Hey!

She pushes her hurt feelings aside.

VI (CONT'D)  
When we were talking today,  
something kept nagging at me.  
It was something Nathan showed me.  
Something that fits everything  
together, like pieces of a puzzle.

SHANE  
Vi, you're not making any sense.

Vi looks to Benson.

VI  
We should just show him.

Benson places a manila folder on the table. From it, he takes  
a photograph which he slides across the table.

Recognising the face staring back at him, Shane sinks into  
his seat. He pulls the photo closer.

It's of a teenage boy. A boy who shares Shane's infectious  
grin and fair complexion.

SHANE  
That's my...

BENSON  
Your father. Thomas Lee Evans.

Shane, still studying the photo, attempts a nonchalant tone but his voice shakes.

SHANE

And you just happen to have a file on him?

BENSON

Your father was a troublemaker, as I'm sure you know. What you might not know is that he was an assignment.

Shane looks up from the photo - shocked.

BENSON (CONT'D)

A Breaker received his name in 1984. He convinced your father to take a neighbour's car for a joyride.

He takes another page from the file.

BENSON (CONT'D)

That's a copy of the police report.  
(beat)  
That day effectively caused a rift between your father and your grandfather. Thomas was sent to boarding school in Garretton.

Shane nods. He knows this part.

SHANE

And he met my mum.

VI

There's more.

Next, Benson produces a photograph of a teenage girl. Lori.

BENSON

It was not until one particular school function that they finally saw each other in the right light.

SHANE

Spring formal, I know.

BENSON

Your mother had decided not to attend.

(MORE)

BENSON (CONT'D)

She wouldn't have, it weren't for the encouragement of a young lady named Harriet O'Neil. A Fixer.

Shane pushes away the collection of photographs.

SHANE

And what exactly is this supposed to prove? If the Company wanted my parents to be together, where were you guys when they called in the divorce lawyers?

BENSON

It was never about them. All of this, every event, every misstep, every choice made by yourself or your family pushed you towards that defining moment. Quite possibly the most important moment of your life.

He lays a third photograph on the table.

BENSON (CONT'D)

The day you met Violet Morgan.

Shane picks up Vi's photo, then locks eyes with the real girl sitting beside him. He is oddly calm - taking it all in.

SHANE

What does this mean?

BENSON

To be completely honest with you I don't know what this means. But I know someone who might.

INT. THE COMPANY - HOSPITAL WING - DAY

Bonnie sits at the bedside of DOC. In the quiet, the only sound is of his heart monitor. She senses someone...

BONNIE

Are you upset with me?

Reveal Shane and Vi standing behind her.

SHANE

You knew. Of course you did. Because you made this happen.

Bonnie stands and faces him.

BONNIE

I can not make things happen. That  
is why I need the Company.

She puts a hand to his face. His jaw clenches beneath her  
gentle touch.

BONNIE (CONT'D)

Why I need you.

SHANE

(as he steps away; re:  
Doc)

Do you need him too?

All three look down at Doc's sickly frame. Just a bag of  
bones against the sheets.

BONNIE

He is broken. Before this shell, I  
could not speak. My voice was only  
in him. In here.

She touches a finger to Doc's temple. Vi raises her eyebrows.

VI

Doc could hear you in his head?

BONNIE

Yes. But no longer.

(beat)

I believe that when Mr. Pierson  
tore me from my place and put me in  
this body, our thread was severed.  
Wilhelm and I... We can no longer  
function together.

(with deep sadness)

He is broken.

Vi takes a step towards Bonnie, eyes narrowed suspiciously.

VI

You knew this was going to happen,  
didn't you?

BONNIE

Yes... And no. I don't believe it's  
something you would understand.

Fed up, Shane grabs the curtain around the bed and whips it  
across, removing Doc's presence from the conversation.

SHANE

How about you try us, Bonnie? Huh?

He gets right in her face. Vi grabs his arm --

VI  
Shane, calm down.

-- But he pulls himself away. If Bonnie is intimidated by him, she doesn't show it. Her face remains blank.

SHANE  
If I'm so special, if I was only  
born to be standing here with you,  
if you "need me" so badly, why  
can't you just be straight with me?  
(yells)  
What the hell is going on?!

During this, Vi's mind has been buzzing. All the pieces clicking into place. She leaps forward and drags Shane away.

VI  
Shane... She needed him.

SHANE  
(groans)  
Oh, not you too.

VI  
Listen, listen to me. Bonnie said  
that Doc could hear her voice in  
his head. He invented everything  
the Company needs to do its job -  
the memory wipes, the technology  
that lets us see Signs...  
(beat)  
What if... What if she told him how  
to do it. All of it. And now he's  
broken.

She takes a shaky breath.

VI (CONT'D)  
Shane, I think Bonnie's trying to  
tell you that you're the new Doc.

A beat.

SHANE  
I'm the new what now?

Vi turns to Bonnie, watching silently from the sidelines.

VI

That's right, isn't it? That's why you made sure he was on the Company's radar from the beginning, why you brought us together. You needed him here, to be your...

She searches for the word.

BONNIE

Friend.

A door SLAMS in the background. Both girls look - Shane is gone. Vi takes off running, leaving Bonnie to look forlorn.

INT. THE COMPANY - HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Shane strides down the stark white hospital hallway. A second later, Vi scampers out of the hospital wing and chases him.

VI

Shane! Shane, where are you going?!

SHANE

(without looking back)  
I have a show to get to.

VI

You can't still go on. What about Bonnie? What about the new Doc?

He whirls around, a desperate look in his eyes. He's afraid.

SHANE

I'm not the new Doc, I'm not the new anything. I'm just me.  
(beat)  
Now, are you coming or not?

VI

Shane, I...

SHANE

Fine. Screw the Company. And screw you too.

He walks away. Off Vi's shocked reaction, CUT TO:

INT. UNIVERSITY CAMPUS - RECEPTION HALL - NIGHT

Light piano music filters through the air, combining with the sound of clinking glasses and rumbling conversation. The room is crowded with faculty and other adult guests.

Penny is in the corner, nervously surveying the room.

PENNY

This is not the kind of party I thought you meant. I don't think we're even allowed in here.

CAROLINE

Nonsense. I'm sure your professors would be thrilled to see you again.

Penny arches a suspicious eyebrow.

PENNY

So they can give me an uplifting pep talk and convince me to come back?

Caroline raises her palms in an innocent shrug. Penny sighs and looks back to the room. She spots a WOMAN in the crowd.

CAROLINE

Who's that?

PENNY

No one.

CAROLINE

Come on, Penny. I really am trying to help.

PENNY

Bernadette Meyers. My -- One of the psych professors.

(beat; shy)

It was my favourite class.

This news thrills Caroline. Barely able to contain her excitement, she gently pushes Penny forward.

CAROLINE

Go say hello.

Penny shakes her head.

CAROLINE (CONT'D)

Penny. Go.

It's clear Penny really does want to say hi. She gives in and walks over. Peter approaches Caroline with a plate of food.

PETER

Caroline, I think we should talk.

CAROLINE

You've made your stance on this plan very clear, Peter. But, as usual, you happen to be wrong.

PETER

She's talking to someone.

CAROLINE

Her favourite professor.

She looks pleased.

PETER

Are you about to do an evil laugh?

CAROLINE

Don't be silly, I'm not -- Oh.

Across the room, the conversation isn't going well. Tears leak from Penny's eyes as PROFESSOR MEYERS talks and sips from her champagne glass, clearly unmoved.

PETER

Is that happy crying?

Penny turns from Professor Meyers and rushes away.

CAROLINE

I don't think so.

As Penny runs past them, she bursts into tears. Peter shoves his plate at Caroline.

PETER

Penny, wait!

He runs after her. Caroline is left stunned. She looks to the professor and her eyes darken.

INT. UNIVERSITY CAMPUS - RECEPTION HALL - MOMENTS LATER

Across the room, Caroline nears Professor Meyers.

CAROLINE

Excuse me, Professor Meyers?

PROFESSOR MEYERS

Yes?

CAROLINE

My name is Caroline Morgan. I'm --

PROFESSOR MEYERS  
Penny's mother, of course.

She smiles warmly, though Caroline isn't placated.

CAROLINE  
Do you happen to know why a  
conversation with you led to my  
daughter crying her eyes out?

PROFESSOR MEYERS  
I was just trying to be honest.

CAROLINE  
And by honest you mean...

Professor Meyers sighs a little.

PROFESSOR MEYERS  
I remember your daughter, Mrs.  
Morgan. I have a class of two  
hundred, but I remember her.

A tiny smile flashes on Caroline's face.

PROFESSOR MEYERS (CONT'D)  
She turned in a paper on Freud's  
structural model of the psyche. All  
of her examples were from a reality  
show called Jersey Shore.

(beat)

Mrs. Morgan, some people are just  
not meant for the world of  
academia.

Caroline blinks. She frowns.

CAROLINE  
Was it good?

PROFESSOR MEYERS  
Excuse me?

CAROLINE  
The paper. Was it any good?

PROFESSOR MEYERS  
That's not really my point.

CAROLINE  
(terse)  
I see. Have a nice evening.

Caroline exits.

EXT. FUNKY PONY - NIGHT

Music throbs from inside the club. There's a line of people around the block.

INT. FUNKY PONY - BACKSTAGE - NIGHT

Hannah peeks through the curtain. The crowd is buzzing with anticipation. She turns to BB and Vinkle - both panicking.

VINKLE

What are we going to do? We're called "Shane of the Dead". We can't go on without the Shane!

BB

I knew we shouldn't have given into his front-man demands. The name doesn't even make sense!

Concerned, Hannah slips over to Jimmy. He has his fingers pressed to his lips, deep in thought.

HANNAH

Jimmy...

JIMMY

I know, I know.

He takes a deep breath.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

I'll do it.

HANNAH

What?

JIMMY

I've watched you guys enough. I know the chord changes and... most of the words.

Hannah looks wary.

HANNAH

Are you sure?

JIMMY

(not sure at all)  
Yeah. Totally.

SHANE (O.S.)

Guess I'll just go home then.

He grins from the backstage entrance, guitar in hand. Vinkle shrieks in excitement and leaps on him in a crushing hug.

VINKLE  
Never leave me again.

BB pries Vinkle off and claps Shane on the back.

BB  
Yeah, dude. What he said.

Surprisingly, the next hug Shane gets is from Jimmy. The sweet moment is cut short as Jimmy hisses in his ear:

JIMMY  
I love you but after the show, I am going to kill you.

SHANE  
Thanks for the heads up.

They pull apart. Before Hannah can make a move, Jimmy claps his hands.

JIMMY  
Okay! Gather round, kids.  
(beat)  
There are moments in life that define you. That shape you into the person you're meant to be...

Shane looks down, already feeling a little guilty.

JIMMY (CONT'D)  
But tonight isn't one of those moments because, if it were, I would have come up with a better speech. The moral of the story: I spent half my savings on this venue so don't screw me. Capiche?

A beat. He nods sharply and ducks through the curtain. Shane starts setting up his guitar. Hannah sidles over.

HANNAH  
Have you talked to Vi?

SHANE  
You're all in this together, huh?

HANNAH  
Shane, no, it's not --

SHANE

I've gotta tune up.

He grabs his guitar and walks away. Hannah looks crushed.

INT. FUNKY PONY - NIGHT

Jimmy worms his way through the crowd to join Leon.

JIMMY

Leon!

LEON

Jim! Long time no see!

JIMMY

Where the hell have you been?

LEON

I think I was kidnapped by a Sonny and Cher tribute band but the less said about that the better. When are they on?

JIMMY

Couple of minutes.

LEON

Well, if these kids are as good live as they are on the demo, this could be the start of something big.

JIMMY

I like the sound of that.

He grins.

EXT. FUNKY PONY - NIGHT

Outside, the line has disappeared but a few people still mingle out front. Vi walks to the door.

ANDREW

Vi!

He and Jenna approach the club, hand in hand. Vi joins them.

ANDREW (CONT'D)

Where's Shane?

VI

He's going to play.

She looks wrecked. Andrew takes Vi's hand and squeezes.

ANDREW

I'm sorry, Vi. If he's made up his mind, I guess there's nothing you can do.

Vi looks down at their intertwined hands. Shane's autograph is still scrawled on her skin.

VI

Yes there is.

She runs inside.

INT. FUNKY PONY - BACKSTAGE - NIGHT

Vi bursts through the backstage curtains. Shane is there, tuning up.

VI

Shane! I need to talk to you.

SHANE

What is this? A last ditch effort to make me see the light? You should have called in a bomb threat or something because nothing you can say is going to change my mind.

VI

Good.

A beat. Shane wasn't expecting that.

VI (CONT'D)

I thought I'd done everything I could, but that's not true. I can do what I promised. I can be here.

SHANE

Vi...

But Vi steps forward, breathless but determined.

VI

You're my best friend, Shane. If this is what you want, then it's what I want too.

She grins and throws her arms around him.

VI

Screw the Company!

Over her shoulder, Shane doesn't look so sure.

CUT TO BLACK:

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

INT. FUNKY PONY - NIGHT

Anticipation is at an all time high as Vi weaves through the crowd. David, near by stage, waves her over.

DAVID

Vi!

She gives him a peck on the cheek.

DAVID (CONT'D)

I'm guessing everything worked out?

VI

Nope, not at all.

DAVID

Then why are you smiling?

The house lights go down. The crowd cheers.

A single spotlight comes on over BB and his keyboard. He starts to play. Next, another light over Hannah on bass and Vinkle on drums. All begin the introduction to the song.

There's a patch of darkness over Shane's mic. As the song really kicks into gear, the brilliant stage lights come on --

But Shane's not there.

The band continues to play, but this is obviously wrong. The music is hollow - needing that guitar and vocals to make it whole. Hannah looks to each other in confusion.

The crowd reacts, underwhelmed, and the band peters out. Some scattered boos, a few encouraging claps.

Off Vi's reaction, CUT TO:

EXT. MORGAN RESIDENCE - NIGHT

Music pumps. Party is in full swing.

INT. MORGAN RESIDENCE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Cam finds Bianca in the doorway of the crowded room.

CAM

I want to say thanks. I can't believe you did this all for me.

BIANCA

As much as you amuse me, Cameron,  
this wasn't all for you.

She eyes off a CUTE GUY across the room. Some serious eye-flirting going on there.

BIANCA (CONT'D)

Now, if you'll excuse me, the Queen  
B is gonna get herself some honey.

(beat)

Okay, that was lame. Pretend I  
didn't say that.

CAM

Already forgotten.

She moves off.

EXT. UNIVERSITY CAMPUS - CAR PARK - NIGHT

Penny sits on the curb by the car, sniffing and wiping a hand over her damp cheeks. Caroline emerges from the shadows.

CAROLINE

Where's dad?

Penny gives a tiny shrug. Caroline sits beside her.

CAROLINE (CONT'D)

I know you're feeling pretty low on  
self-confidence at the moment --

PENNY

(sharp)

That's not the problem.

CAROLINE

It's not?

Penny stews in her anger.

CAROLINE (CONT'D)

Help me understand, Penny. Please.

PENNY

You think this is all about me  
feeling bad about myself but you're  
forgetting one important detail.

CAROLINE

Which is?

PENNY

I'm awesome! I am just an all-round perfect human being and I'm going to do amazing things with my life.

There's a sad beat. She looks around at the campus.

PENNY (CONT'D)

But this place made me feel like that wasn't possible without being someone I'm not. I felt like my life was going in some direction it's not meant to. Like I'd lost control. When I quit, it was like I was finally standing up for myself. I wish you'd understand that.

CAROLINE

I think I do. A few years ago I probably wouldn't have. I'm sorry.

They hug.

PENNY

Can we go home?

CAROLINE

Sounds good.

They stand. Penny groans.

CAROLINE (CONT'D)

What? What is it?

She points to a champagne coloured sedan.

PENNY

That's her car.

CAROLINE

Professor Meyers?

PENNY

Yeah. You know, I kind of wish I could key the doors or let the air out of her tyres. But I know that wouldn't make me feel any --

THUMP! A clod of dirt splatters onto the windshield. Penny turns. Caroline is in the garden bed, hands dirty.

PENNY (CONT'D)

Mum!

CAROLINE

Oh, that bitch deserves it. Come on, it's just a little dirt.

Penny is shocked. She grabs a clump of dirt and throws. The windshield cracks and the car alarm goes off.

CAROLINE (CONT'D)

Penny! That was a rock!

PENNY

Run!

They bolt.

EXT. FUNKY PONY - NIGHT

Jimmy puts Leon in a cab outside the quickly emptying club.

JIMMY

Just give us one more chance. You know they're good.

LEON

They are. But lead singers with stage fright don't go down too well with the label. I'm sorry, Jim.

Jimmy nods reluctantly and backs away from the cab.

The cab pulls away from the club. It passes Jenna and Andrew who wave to Leon as he drives by. He does a double-take.

INT. MORGAN RESIDENCE - FRONT HALL - NIGHT

More and more kids come streaming in the front door. The house is full to bursting and things are getting out of hand.

INT. MORGAN RESIDENCE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Bianca grabs two cans of soft drink from the ice filled sink. Cam races in, yelling to be heard over the music.

CAM

Bianca!

BIANCA

Having fun?

CAM

Things might be getting a little too rambunctious, don't you think?

BIANCA

Sure. If I knew what "rambunctious" meant. Look, I'm kind of busy at the moment.

Through the door into the living room, the Cute Guy smiles and waves.

CAM

But Bianca --

BIANCA

Enough. As of late, my life hasn't been all that great. I deserve one night with a cute guy who actually wants to be with me. So just go out there and have some fun. Like me.

She takes the drinks back to the living room.

INT. MORGAN RESIDENCE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

But as she enters, she sees the Cute Guy grabbing a passing girl. The two immediately start making out.

Bianca is crushed.

EXT. MORGAN RESIDENCE - BACKYARD - NIGHT

Bianca flees outside, pushing past a few couples returning to the party indoors. Cam follows her onto the lawn.

CAM

Bianca, are you okay?

Bianca lets out an anguished cry. She kicks a lawn chair.

CAM (CONT'D)

He... he was a jerk. I think. I really don't have all the variables to ascertain --

BIANCA

It's not even about him.

CAM

But inside you said --

BIANCA

What's wrong with me?

She sinks to the ground. She seems small, weak. Mascara is already starting to streak down her cheeks.

CAM

What?

BIANCA

Erin, Nathan, now stupid party guy.  
Am I that disgusting? Am I that  
horrible a person?

Cam approaches nervously. He drops to his knees beside her.

CAM

You're not. You're not horrible.

BIANCA

Then why doesn't anybody want me?

She looks at him with a tear-streaked face. A pathetic sight.

Cam thinks for a moment, then leaves over and kisses her. It barely lasts two seconds and Bianca throws herself back.

BIANCA (CONT'D)

What the hell?!

She scrambles to her feet. Cam quickly follows.

CAM

I thought -- Wasn't that like a  
signal?

BIANCA

Cam, you're thirteen years old! Why  
the hell would I be giving you  
signals?! You're just a kid!

She stops, realisation coming over her.

CAM

I'm sorry. I just --

BIANCA

Shut up.

(beat; to herself)

I'm such an idiot. I have to call  
Nathan. I have to apologise.

CAM

For what?

BIANCA

It's not his fault he doesn't love  
me. When he looks at me, he sees  
you!

Cam stares intently, trying to understand. Bianca takes out her phone and starts to dial.

CAM

Uh... Glad I could help...

From inside the house, something SMASHES. Bianca and Cam turn to the noise.

INT. MORGAN RESIDENCE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Two guys wrestle in a pile of wood that once was a coffee table. Bianca and Cam rush in. Cam pauses and backtracks.

He has spotted --

INT. MORGAN RESIDENCE - FRONT HALL - CONTINUOUS

Vi. She closes the front door behind her. She takes a moment to observe her raucous surroundings and meets Cam's eyes.

CAM

I can explain.

A beat. Vi ignores him and drags her exhausted body up the stairs.

INT. MORGAN RESIDENCE - VI'S ROOM - NIGHT

Vi throws the door open. Light from the hall pierces the darkness and stirs an unclear shape lying on the bed.

VI

Date night's over. Everybody out.

She flicks on the light. The shape on her bed is Shane.

For a moment, Vi is stunned. Shane sits up slowly. Vi closes the door and the sounds of the party are blocked out.

VI (CONT'D)

Are... are you okay?

SHANE

Still processing.

VI

It's a lot to process.

She perches on the edge of the bed, tense.

VI (CONT'D)

Everyone's worried about you.

SHANE  
They're angry.

VI  
They're not --  
(beat; who is she  
kidding?)  
Okay, maybe a little angry.

Vi tenderly rests her hand on his.

VI (CONT'D)  
You still have a choice in this.

SHANE  
Really? Because I thought bailing  
on the gig was a pretty clear  
indicator that I'd made my choice.

The real Shane shines through in a wry grin.

SHANE (CONT'D)  
Too subtle?

VI  
So you're saying...

He puffs out his chest and smiles.

SHANE  
Say hello to the new Doc.

Not buying it, Vi shifts closer to him.

VI  
Shane, are you sure about this?

They are both quiet as Shane considers his answer. Then --

Cam throws himself into the room, interrupting the moment. He is flustered - his voice approaching a hysterical squeak.

CAM  
Help!

INT. MORGAN RESIDENCE - FRONT HALL - NIGHT

A kid with a lamp shade for a hat flies down the hall on a desk chair. He holds his red cup in the air and howls.

He whizzes past Vi, Shane and Cam at the bottom of the stairs. Vi snatches the cup from the kid's hand.

VI  
Give me that!

She sniffs the cup and takes a sip. Yells to the crowd.

VI (CONT'D)  
This is Fanta! You're not even  
drunk, you morons!

CAM  
I'm sorry, Vi. It just got out of  
hand.

SHANE  
Don't worry, Cam. We'll fix it.

He slaps Cam's on the back, then catches Vi's fearful eye.

SHANE (CONT'D)  
What?

VI  
You might want to hide.

Before Shane can ask why --

JIMMY (O.S.)  
Shane!

Shane doesn't turn around but his face goes pale.

SHANE  
Vi...

VI  
I'll get him out of here.

Shane ducks past her, disappearing into the throng of lively party-goers. Vi makes her way to Jimmy by the front door.

VI (CONT'D)  
Now's not really a good time.

Jimmy doesn't even see her. He charges after Shane.

JIMMY  
Shane! Get back here!

Vi growls under her breath and follows.

INT. MORGAN RESIDENCE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The wrestling match has ended and Bianca pitifully tries to clean up the remains of the table. She knocks aside the legs of the Cute Guy, now making out with the girl on the couch.

Shane enters, quickly followed by Jimmy, then Vi. Cam turns off the music.

JIMMY

You just walk away from everything now, do you?

SHANE

(whirling to face him)  
What do you want from me, Jimmy?

JIMMY

I want you to go back an hour and play the Goddamn show.

Shane grits his teeth.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

What the hell, man? We worked so hard. We put everything into this.

SHANE

What do you mean "we"? You're not even in the band.

On the couch, the Cute Guy separates his mouth from the girl's.

CUTE GUY

Hey, put the music back on!

Jimmy turns on him, eyes cold.

JIMMY

How about you show a little respect for your intellectual superiors, monkey boy? Now take your girlfriend and get the hell out.

He drags the guy up and shoves him to the door. Bianca hides a little smile. Jimmy's not done. He turns to the other kids.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

That goes for everybody! Party's over, children!

They don't dare argue with him. Everyone troops out, leaving only Shane, Vi, Bianca, Cam and Jimmy.

Jimmy looks back to Shane.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

What were you saying? That I'm not  
in the band? That's fine. But you  
still owe me an explanation.

A beat. Shane looks to Vi. She does nothing. It's up to him.

SHANE

No.

Jimmy takes a step back, like he's been knocked in the chest.

JIMMY

So I guess that's it then?

SHANE

I guess so.

Jimmy exits. On the way out the door, he passes Caroline,  
Peter and Penny.

CAROLINE

Vi?

But Vi has other things to deal with. She looks around. Shane  
slips out the second door.

EXT. MORGAN RESIDENCE - BACKYARD - MOMENTS LATER

The back door bangs open as Vi runs after him.

VI

Shane, wait!

SHANE

I -- I can't, Vi. I just can't.

With tears in his eyes, he walks away into the night.

EXT. MORGAN RESIDENCE - LATER

It's late. The party has cleared out.

INT. MORGAN RESIDENCE - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Caroline and Peter spread new sheets on their bed. Caroline  
is beyond exhausted.

CAROLINE

She's eighteen years old. I thought  
that might come with some modicum  
of self-awareness.

(MORE)

CAROLINE (CONT'D)

But obviously not. Obviously she hasn't changed.

(beat)

You know we can never leave her home alone again, right?

PETER

Don't you think you're being a little hard on her? Maybe she had a reason.

Caroline throws the pillows onto the head of the bed.

CAROLINE

A reason? Really, Peter? And what reason would Vi have to throw a party without permission?

PETER

How are they ever going to learn if they don't make mistakes?

CAROLINE

So you're saying we shouldn't punish them?

Peter grins wryly, trying to keep things light.

PETER

Punishment is so dated. What are we? Parenting in the fifties?

CAROLINE

I know what you're doing, Peter.

He stops. Fear grips him, though on the surface he attempts to look confused.

CAROLINE (CONT'D)

You want to protect your daughter. You did the same today with Penny. It's commendable, it is. But when I try to figure out what you're protecting them from, the only reasonable answer I can come up with... is me.

PETER

Coco --

CAROLINE

You have a responsibility as a father.

(MORE)

CAROLINE (CONT'D)

But you're forgetting that you also have one to me as a husband. We're supposed to be in this together.

PETER

Are you... Are you asking me to choose?

CAROLINE

Do I need to?

INT. MORGAN RESIDENCE - VI'S ROOM - NIGHT

Vi collapses onto her bed and buries her face in the pillow. A moment later, she props herself up. Something's not right.

She slides a CD case from under the pillow. Semi-professional, it boasts a printed cover and booklet.

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

Vi hits play on her CD player. The song, a Shane of the Dead original, begins. (Though, for our purposes, "Just Stay" by Kevin Devine will do just as well).

Vi lays on her stomach, the CD booklet in front of her.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MORGAN RESIDENCE - FRONT PORCH - NIGHT

Bianca untangles paper lanterns from the porch awning. She awkwardly climbs down from the railing and stumbles.

Cam appears and steadies her - two hands on her hips. Bianca flashes a grateful smile, then remembers and jerks away.

She gets back to cleaning, hiding her mortified face. Cam, however, is unable to control the grin that spreads over his.

INT. THE COMPANY - HOSPITAL WING - NIGHT

ANGLE ON HEART MONITOR

It beeps rhythmically for a few moments, then suddenly flat lines. The high-pitched drone is cut off when --

BONNIE

switches off the monitor. She was expecting this.

With a deep sadness, she climbs onto the bed and curls up beside Doc's body. She presses a kiss to his cheek.

INT. MORGAN RESIDENCE - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Caroline faces the mirror, smoothing lotion over her arms. In the reflection, she sees Peter already in bed, hunched away.

She catches herself in the mirror and pauses. Studies herself for a long beat. She doesn't like what she sees.

INT. MORGAN RESIDENCE - VI'S ROOM - NIGHT

Still on her bed, Vi flips to the last page of the CD booklet. The thank-you's. Something comes over her.

VI

"To Girl-Shane. Thanks for not  
being dead".

She smiles tearily.

EXT. BUS SHELTER - NIGHT

Shane is alone, huddled against the wall.

Wind kicks up. Trash swirls onto the street. A piece of paper slaps against Shane's leg, caught there. He picks it up.

It's a discarded flyer for his gig. With a heavy heart, Shane lets it go - watching as the wind carries it into the night.

FADE TO BLACK.

END OF EPISODE