

THE COMPANY

Episode 3x08
"In The Heat Of The Night"

by
Sarah-Jane Sheppard

TEASER

FADE IN:

EXT. FACTORY DISTRICT - DAY

Black smoke billows into the sky as a factory goes up in flames. FIREFIGHTERS bravely battle the blaze.

WOMAN'S VOICE (V.O.)

Early reports say that it is unlikely anyone was inside the building at the time of the fire. Arson investigators are currently on the scene.

PULL BACK to reveal the disaster is playing out on a TV in:

INT. MORGAN RESIDENCE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

PETER is on the couch. He's dressed in a t-shirt and boxers, hair flattened to his forehead in a sweaty mass.

On the TV, the image of the fire changes to that of a REPORTER at an in-studio desk.

REPORTER

We'll continue to follow that story as it develops. Next up, local weather with Weatherman Rob. Rob?

Cut to WEATHERMAN ROB in a Hawaiian shirt and sunglasses.

WEATHERMAN ROB

Heat, heat and more heat! That's what we can expect from this week with temperatures expected to hit the high thirties.

Peter glances out the window.

EXT. MORGAN RESIDENCE - BACKYARD - DAY

PENNY is on a lounge chair in the shade. She holds a hose on a shirtless CAM. He is sprawled on the grass, cooling off.

INT. MORGAN RESIDENCE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Peter turns back to the TV.

WEATHERMAN ROB

As this unseasonable heat wave continues to roll across the state, remember these sun safe tips - drink plenty of water, always wear sunscreen and if worse comes to worse, I've got two words for you.
(reveals toy water pistol)
Cold shower.

He squirts the water pistol at the camera.

INT. MORGAN RESIDENCE - VI'S ROOM - DAY

VI and DAVID are tangled on her bed, a forgotten game of cards spread out around them as they kiss passionately.

VI

(pulling back; pained)
Mmm. David, wait.

His hands are off her in an instant.

DAVID

Sorry. Damn, I'm sorry.

He sits up, swinging his legs over the edge of the bed.

Vi frowns in confusion, only half paying attention to him as she gropes around on the bedspread beneath her.

VI

Sorry about...

She yanks a bent playing card from under her butt. She tosses it aside and crawls over to him. David doesn't see this.

VI (CONT'D)

... About what?

DAVID

I don't want to push you.

VI

Seriously? Don't worry about it.

DAVID

But you said you weren't ready.

VI

When did I say that?

DAVID

When we were helping that pregnant girl, remember? It was before we...
 (takes her hand)
 Before this.

Vi smiles softly at their linked fingers.

VI

Oh, yeah.
 (beat; nervous)
 David, have you ever... You know?

An awkward beat. The question is answered in his silence. Vi drops his hand and shifts away, embarrassed.

VI (CONT'D)

Right. Of course you have.

DAVID

I hope that's okay.

VI

Yeah, I mean, at least one of us should know where everything goes.
 (quickly)
 Not that anything is going to go anywhere anytime soon... Right?

Before he can answer, CAROLINE enters, a full laundry basket under one arm. Vi and David jolt apart.

VI (CONT'D)

Mum!

Caroline, oblivious to what she just walked in on, opens Vi's closet and starts to pack away clothes.

CAROLINE

Just dropping off some laundry, Vi. Make yourself useful. Go through these undies and make sure I didn't mix in any of your sister's.

Much to Vi's horror, Caroline starts grabbing pairs of panties from the basket and throwing them across the room.

David dodges the hail of multicoloured intimates while Vi plucks them out of the air and shoves them under her pillow.

VI

Mum!

A pair of daggy white granny panties hit her in the face.

VI (CONT'D)

Caroline!

Caroline turns and sees Vi, red faced and fuming.

CAROLINE

Oh. Sorry.

She exits, closing the door behind her. A beat. Caroline pops back in and pushes the door open halfway.

CAROLINE (CONT'D)

I'll just leave that... there.

With Caroline gone, Vi looks to David. He fights a smile.

VI

Don't.

DAVID

What?

VI

It's not funny!

They both break into a fit of laughter. Vi leans in for another kiss but David gently pushes her back.

DAVID

Actually, I should be going.

VI

What? Why?

DAVID

(climbs off the bed)

Don't you have an assignment to do?

Vi screws up her nose in annoyance. David gives her one last lingering kiss. As they part:

DAVID (CONT'D)

You missed one.

Vi opens her eyes. A pair of polka dot undies dangle from between his fingers. She takes them. David grins. Exits.

Vi looks at the underwear scrunched in her hand. She lets out a giddy laugh and collapses back onto her pillows.

CUT TO BLACK:

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

INT. THE COMPANY - RECEPTION - DAY

BENSON waits by the elevator with a few EMPLOYEES. The doors open, releasing a flood of people. ABIGAIL is among them.

She spots Benson and maneuvers through the sudden crowd.

ABIGAIL

Morning, Benson! Looks like the morale around here is picking up.

She nods to the people heading into the elevator.

ABIGAIL (CONT'D)

Hello, hi, how are you?
(reaching Benson;
suspicious)
Were those Runners? They look
strangely focused.

BENSON

Assignments.

Abigail arches an eyebrow. Benson remains calm.

BENSON (CONT'D)

A tech uncovered some more
uncompleted assignments that were
stored in our backup hard drives. A
glaring oversight on our part.

A tense beat as he waits her for reaction. She nods curtly.

ABIGAIL

At least you're taking care of it
now. There's no reason Head Office
needs to know.
(winks; then)
Shall we get this meeting started?

She starts over to the closed conference room. Benson leaps forward, swiftly taking her arm. He leads her away.

BENSON

I'd prefer we use my office today.

ABIGAIL

But aren't the Department Heads
coming? Bit cramped in there.

BENSON
I like cramped. Emphasises
camaraderie.

Abigail shrugs and allows herself to be guided into Benson's office. As she goes, HANNAH emerges from the conference room.

HANNAH
(hushed; beckoning him
over)
Benson!

He glances into his office, speaking to Abigail.

BENSON
Excuse me for a moment.

He closes the door and joins Hannah.

BENSON (CONT'D)
Yes, Miss Marshall?

HANNAH
We have a problem.

INT. THE COMPANY - CONFERENCE ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Benson and Hannah enter.

BENSON
What do you mean she's doesn't feel
like writing any more assignments?

THWACK! A balled up yellow post-it hits him in the head.

BONNIE lies on the conference table wearing a breezy floral sundress. Her bare feet dangle lazily over the edge.

She peels another post-it from the block, scrunches it up and throws. It sails past Hannah and hits the wall.

A WIDER ANGLE reveals that the floor is covered with little yellow balls of paper. Hours of wasted time.

HANNAH
That's what I mean.

Off Benson's concern, CUT TO:

DIRTY SNEAKERED FEET

pounding on the pavement.

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

A young man runs as if the Devil is at his heels. Several yards back, a thick-necked POLICEMAN gives chase.

NOAH (early 20s) is all limbs and elbows - a lanky kid who's almost swallowed by the dark hoodie he's wearing.

He crashes into SHOPPERS (all of which are wearing far more weather appropriate gear).

NOAH
Sorry! 'Scuse me! Gang way or
whatever!

Behind him, the Policeman is gaining.

POLICEMAN
Stop! I said stop!

A GIRL'S NETBALL TEAM exit an ice cream shop. They start to fill the footpath. Noah sees his chance. He speeds up --

-- And darts past, just as the girls block the whole path. The Policeman doesn't quite make it. As he careens into them:

POLICEMAN (CONT'D)
Watch out!

ON NOAH

Still running. The sound of SHRIEKING GIRLS fills the air.

EXT. ALLEY - DAY

Noah skids around the corner. There's a dumpster, some wooden packing crates and a high barbed wire fence. Dead end.

NOAH
Crap.

He whirls around but comes face to face with Vi.

NOAH
Crap!

POLICEMAN (O.S.)
Out of the way!

Noah bounces nervously, getting desperate. Making a decision, he sprints to the packing crates and crawls behind them.

Vi watches this with bemused interest. She looks at her watch: "11:15". Next, she takes out a post-it note.

CLOSE ON POST-IT

The handwritten message reads: "11:15am. Lawson Lane".

BACK TO VI

She looks to the street sign pointing down the alley. "Lawson Lane". She sighs and heads over to Noah's hiding place.

VI

Hi. You need some help?

NOAH

Shut up, shut up, shut up!

The Policeman runs into the alley - huffing and puffing. He looks around for Noah, though there's no sign of him.

POLICEMAN

Damnit!

(spots Vi)

Hey, kid!

VI

I'm eighteen so not a kid but I can see how my youthful zest for life would confuse you. I'm very zesty.

POLICEMAN

Did you seen a guy come down here?

VI

A guy?

She looks over her shoulder. Noah's terrified eyes peer out from between the slats in the packing crates.

VI (CONT'D)

Skinny guy? Wearing a hoodie in thirty-five degree temperature?

The Policeman nods. Vi points towards the main street.

VI (CONT'D)

He went that-a-way, Officer.

The Policeman dashes off. Vi cranes after him.

VI (CONT'D)

A thank you would be nice!

Noah crawls out of his hiding spot. He dusts off his jeans.

NOAH

Thank you. Seriously. You just saved my life.

VI

Don't mention it. I'm Vi.

NOAH

Noah.

Vi holds out her hand. Noah slaps it then continues with a complicated handshake. Vi follows dumbly. Noah gives up.

NOAH (CONT'D)

We'll work on it.

INT. DINER - DAY

Vi and Noah are in a booth by the window. A WAITRESS clears their empty plates and puts down a bill.

NOAH

I got this. I owe you.

He grabs the bill, looks at the total. Ouch. He bites his cheek and fumbles around in his pockets.

Vi sighs and reaches across. She takes the bill from him. As she takes out her own wallet:

VI

So, tell me about this fugitive thing. Did a one armed man kill your wife and blame it on you?

NOAH

It's kind of a long story.

VI

I saved you from the cops and I'm paying for your tuna salad - which, by the way, smelled like cat food.

She slaps some money onto the table and leans in.

VI (CONT'D)

I think I have a right to know.

Noah runs his hands through his hair, making it stick straight up like he has just put his finger in a socket.

NOAH

Okay! Okay, but... You have to remember that I didn't do what they think I did. And even -- even if I did, I swear it's not that bad.

GRUFF PATRON (O.S.)

Hey, turn that up!

The GRUFF PATRON, a sweaty man eating a burger at the counter, points to a tiny TV hanging above.

The Waitress turns up the volume on a news report. Images of the factory fire play out over the Reporter's shoulder.

REPORTER

Breaking news on the factory fire story from earlier today. Arson has been confirmed as the cause and police have released a sketch of the alleged arsonist. This man was seen fleeing the scene shortly before firefighters arrived.

The sketch appears on the TV. Vi squints, trying to get a better look. Noah pulls up his hood and sinks down.

The sketch is a little rough, a little too beady on the eyes and wide in the forehead, but it's him. It's Noah.

INT. THE COMPANY - SURVEILLANCE DEPARTMENT - DAY

A large, busy room full of cluttered work stations. Employees scan images through facial recognition software, study grainy satellite photos and monitor phone conversations.

ANDREW barges in, finishing a donut. The door swings closed. JENNA catches it before it smacks her in the face.

ANDREW

Why not come on another assignment with me? That was fun, right?

JENNA

It's nothing personal, Andrew. Being a Runner just isn't for me.

ANDREW

But working for the surveillance department and spying on people is right up your alley?

He licks the icing from his fingers, looks around for a place to wipe them and settles for a jacket hanging on a chair.

JENNA

I don't know. Could be.
(points)
There's Jerry.

Across the room, JERRY (mid 40s, bulging middle and bald spot) goes over some work with an Employee. He spots her, holds up four fingers and points. Jenna nods and sets off.

ANDREW

And look at that, you're using code. You're a spy already.

JENNA

That's my desk number and I don't appreciate the mocking, thank you.

ANDREW

He gave a newbie on a test run her own desk? Looks like Jerry's got an office crush. Should I be worried?

JENNA

I don't have my own desk.

ANDREW

You didn't answer my other question.

He grins cheekily. Jenna is not impressed. She stops walking.

JENNA

What are you even doing here, Andrew?

Andrew wilts. He looks down, scuffs his shoes on the carpet.

ANDREW

It's your first day. Thought you might need some encouragement.

Jenna softens and smiles, feeling a little bad.

JENNA

Oh. Thanks.
(walking again)
But I'm honestly looking forward to this. It'll be nice to just sit and stare at a screen for awhile. No assignments, no distractions, no dramas.

They reach desk number four. It's already occupied. Jenna's desk mate swings around, smiling cheerfully.

NATHAN.

Both of their excited smiles drop simultaneously.

INT. DINER - BATHROOM - DAY

Vi, alone in the small bathroom, paces in front of the mirror. She's on her mobile.

VI

I need to talk to Bonnie.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. THE COMPANY - DAVID'S APARTMENT - DAY

Shirtless and shining with sweat, David does crunches. His mobile is on speakerphone and is on the floor beside him.

DAVID

No can do. Hannah says she's out of commission.

VI

Out of commission? What does that even mean?

DAVID

Dunno.

Vi looks suspicious.

VI

Wait, you're breathing weird. What are you doing?

DAVID

Working out.

VI

Seriously?

A beat. She fixes her hair in the mirror.

VI (CONT'D)

What kind of working out?

David pauses mid-crunch, looks to the phone in surprise. Vi shakes it off.

VI (CONT'D)

No! Ngyah!
(deep breath; then)
(MORE)

VI (CONT'D)

I'm on an assignment and it just went and did a "frying pan to fire" sort of deal. As in, badness.

David grabs the phone and stands.

DAVID

Anything I can do?

VI

No. Well, if you've got any ideas on how I'm supposed to fix this...

DAVID

Vi, you can do this. You just have to trust your instincts. I believe in you.

Vi smiles, touched. Then, Noah bursts into the room.

END INTERCUT:

INT. THE COMPANY - DAVID'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Through the phone, David hears Vi SCREAM.

DAVID

Vi?! Vi, what's wrong?!

There's some muffled scrambling. Vi comes back on the line.

VI

I'm fine. Talk later.

The line goes dead. David looks perturbed.

INT. DINER - BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Vi puts her phone away and turns to Noah. He has his back against the door, a pathetic attempt at a barricade.

VI

What are you doing?

NOAH

They know.

VI

Who?

He pushes off from the door and hurries to her side.

NOAH

Everyone out there! They know my face! They know what I --

VI

What you did?
(raises an eyebrow)
I thought you were innocent?

NOAH

I am, I swear! The cops -- They're targeting me because I've, well I've had some problems in the past.

VI

Problems with what?

A beat.

NOAH

Fire.

Vi growls in frustration and turns to face the mirror.

VI

Okay, it looks like you've got two options. You turn yourself in and --

NOAH

What?! No, are you crazy?
(beat; calmer)
Look, I just -- I need somewhere to hide until the heat dies down.

Vi considers his reflection - eyes as big as they can get, lips parted in a nervous grimace, hands clasped beneath his chin in a begging gesture.

She closes her eyes and takes a few deep breaths.

NOAH (CONT'D)

What are you doing?

VI

I'm trusting my instincts.

NOAH

And what do your instincts say about me?

Opening her eyes, she turns from the mirror and faces him.

VI

I might know a place that's empty.

NOAH

Thank you, thank you, thank you!

He jumps on her in a gangly, yet powerful, hug. Vi gets a mouthful of sweaty hoodie and gags. Something BUZZES.

Vi pries Noah off and takes out her phone. She sighs.

VI

But we have to make a stop first.

ANGLE ON PHONE

A new text message: "Family meeting".

INT. THE COMPANY - SURVEILLANCE DEPARTMENT - DAY

The room hums with activity but Nathan and Jenna sit at their desk in awkward silence. They look anywhere but each other.

Jenna lifts a steaming cup of coffee. She murmurs into it:

JENNA

So...

Jumping at the opening, Nathan turns to her.

NATHAN

Hmm?

JENNA

Oh, I was just... Um... What exactly are we supposed to be...

She glances around the busy room.

JENNA (CONT'D)

... doing?

NATHAN

Oh, right. Here.

Nathan types something into the computer. A series of CCTV footage pops up - people scurrying about the streets.

NATHAN (CONT'D)

Jerry had me get started. Basically an assignment's gone off the rails.

He hits a key. A photo of a grungy looking guy pops up.

NATHAN (CONT'D)
Name's Mick Toller. Problem
gambler, owes a bunch to a loan
shark. His ex-wife is this close to
moving to Cairns with his two kids.

JENNA
And what do they need us for?

NATHAN
He's gone. The Fixer on the case
can't find him anywhere. And she
needs to know where he is to --

JENNA
Fix.

NATHAN
Exactly. I've started with the CCTV
and traffic camera footage from
around his apartment.

He looks her way. She's focused on the screen but seems to sense his eyes on her. She clutches her coffee cup tighter.

NATHAN (CONT'D)
So... How about we speed up to the
last time he was seen...

Nathan reaches for the mouse. As his hand passes by her, Jenna jerks back, dousing herself in piping hot coffee.

She gasps and leaps up. Nathan scrambles for some tissues.

NATHAN (CONT'D)
Sorry! Oh, man. Here's some
tissues. That really was my...

He holds out the handful of tissues, but Jenna has already bolted to the door. Nathan watches her leave - helpless.

NATHAN (CONT'D)
... Fault.

INT. THE COMPANY - ELEVATOR - DAY

Jenna enters, jacket and purse in hand. As the doors close, she shakes out the still damp coffee stain on her blouse.

Overcome by emotion, she slumps against the wall. Looks down at her hand - the one Nathan barely grazed. It's shaking.

INT. MORGAN RESIDENCE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Vi, Penny and Cam are on the couch. All face forward, each with various looks of shock and disbelief on their faces.

VI
Wait, what?

PENNY
Therapy?!

CAM
Is this a joke?

Peter and Caroline stand across from them.

CAROLINE
No joke. I've booked us in for some family sessions and I don't want to hear any complaints about it.

A beat and then a cacophony of noise.

VI/PENNY/CAM
This is so not fair! / I can't believe you did this without even asking us! / My mental health is my own business!

PETER
Okay, okay. Everybody calm down.

They shut up, but Penny isn't quite done yet.

PENNY
Fine. I'll go. Just as long as you admit who this is really about.

She and Cam look to Vi. Vi's mouth drops open in shock.

VI
Me?! I'm not the one forcing everybody to go to therapy!

CAROLINE
I'm doing this for us. We haven't exactly been functioning like a normal family since...

A pause. She tries to select her words carefully.

PENNY
Since Vi kicked the bucket?

CAM
Bought the farm?

PETER
Shuffled off the mortal coil?

CAROLINE
Peter!
(sighs)
Isn't there anybody who thinks this
could actually be good for us?

REVEAL Noah on the arm rest next to Vi. He raises his hand.

PENNY
Call me when it's time to get my
head shrunk. And don't expect any
tears or heartfelt revelations.

CAM
(follows her)
It could be interesting from a
scientific perspective. Do you
think they'd mind if I took my own
notes?

PENNY
Oh, they are gonna love you, Cam.

Peter slips out of the room as well, through the second doorway into the kitchen. Vi chases after him.

This leaves Caroline with Noah. She smiles, strained.

INT. MORGAN RESIDENCE - KITCHEN - DAY

Peter digs through the fridge as Vi rushes in.

VI
Dad, about this therapy thing --

PETER
It wasn't my idea, Vi-Pie.

VI
I know. If ideas had passports,
this one would have citizenship in
Carolineia.

PETER
Where do you come up with these?

VI
My dad's a writer, it's genetic.

A beat. Peter's head is still in the fridge. Vi huffs in annoyance, drags him out and snaps the door closed.

VI (CONT'D)

You need to get me out of this.
Remind her that I've already seen a
psychologist.

PETER

It's not that easy. Your mum
thinks... We both think this will
be a good thing. For all of us.

VI

How? I can't talk about my
feelings, I can't tell the truth
about what's really been going on.

PETER

Why not?

Vi freezes. Did she hear that right?

VI

Uh... What?

PETER

Think about it, Vi. Won't it be so
much easier if they knew the truth?

VI

Right. It would be easier. If they
believed me and if the Company was
cool with that sort of thing, but
they won't and they're not.

Peter shrinks back. Vi immediately regrets her tone.

VI (CONT'D)

I'm sorry, I just... I thought you
were on my side.

PETER

Can't always be on your side, Vi.

Vi's face darkens with hurt. She quietly leaves the room. Off
Peter's sadness...

CUT TO BLACK:

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

EXT. WICKER RECORDS - NIGHT

The windows are dark. A "CLOSED" sign hangs on the door.

INT. WICKER RECORDS - MAIN FLOOR - NIGHT

The air conditioning is on full blast. Over the HUM, voices MURMUR from the loft, up the curved wrought iron staircase.

INT. WICKER RECORDS - LOFT - NIGHT

With the remnants of a Happy Vampire take-out meal in front of them, Vi sits in on the floor, in between David's legs.

Noah is on the couch, scrounging the last few fries from the bag. He looks around at the darkened store.

NOAH

This place is awesome. I can't believe the owner just gave you a spare key.

VI

Technically wasn't the owner.

DAVID

Owner's cousin.

VI

And only because he was worried he'd lose his own copy. He gave me the backup to the backup.

NOAH

So where's the owner?

VI

Out of town. He just needs a break.

She looks up at David, concerned.

VI (CONT'D)

I should call him, shouldn't I?

NOAH

The owner?

VI

(not listening to Noah)
It's just... It's Shane.

(MORE)

VI (CONT'D)

I wanted to give him some space but maybe I should... Should I?

David shrugs and rubs her arm supportively.

NOAH

So what's the deal with you two?

DAVID

Well, we're together.

He lifts his cup to take a sip.

NOAH

Good. Cuz all that touching, that'd be weird if you weren't. Or if you were like... siblings.

Vi looks mortified. David does a spit-take, luckily missing Vi but spraying his pant leg with cola.

DAVID

(choking back a laugh)
I'll be right back.

Vi crawls off him and David heads downstairs. When he's out of earshot, Vi scrambles over to sit by Noah on the couch.

VI

(hisses)
Thanks.

NOAH

What?

VI

I really like this guy. I'd kind of like to keep his thoughts of us strictly non-familial.

NOAH

I don't think that's going to be too hard.

VI

What do you mean?

NOAH

You've seen the way he looks at you. The way you look at him. It's like geez, get a room already!

Vi goes pink.

NOAH (CONT'D)
 Sorry. I'm kind of... I should
 learn when to keep my mouth shut.

They sit in silence for a long moment. Vi fiddles with the
 cuffs of her jeans. Then, finally:

VI
 It's weird. I never really saw
 myself being... with anyone. Not
 even my ex and we were together
 for, God, a year.
 (beat)
 But it's different with David. It's
 like there's this...

NOAH
 Heat.

VI
 (surprised)
 Yeah.

Noah stares off, his own thoughts whirling.

NOAH
 You try to fight it but it just
 gets stronger. Every day, it builds
 until you can't ignore it anymore.
 Part of you doesn't want to. Part
 of you wants to know what it feels
 like to just give in. To surrender
 to the heat. Because, suddenly,
 it's not just heat anymore.

He locks eyes with Vi. An intense, knowing stare.

NOAH (CONT'D)
 It's fire.

Vi is breathless, caught up in his words. A long beat, then
 Noah breaks. He stands, jolting Vi out her thoughts.

NOAH (CONT'D)
 I'm gonna... Need some air...

He hurries down the stairs just as David returns. David
 glances at Noah's quick retreat, then turns back to Vi.

DAVID
 Everything okay?

VI
 Y-yeah. Fine.

A song - "Pittsburgh" by We Are Scientists - bursts to life, bouncing off the walls of the empty space. Filling the air.

INT. WICKER RECORDS - MAIN FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

Noah's finger hovers over the 'play' button on the sound system. He looks up at Vi and David on the loft, then exits.

INT. WICKER RECORDS - LOFT - CONTINUOUS

Vi looks around for the source of the music. When she looks back, David is holding out his hand.

DAVID

Dance with me.

Vi takes his hand and he pulls her up. They are still for just a moment, then David slides his hands around her waist.

She steps in closer to him and lays her head on his shoulder. They move to the music - slow and sensual, hands brushing bare skin, gripping clothes, bodies pressed close.

It's barely a dance - more like a sultry mating ritual.

CLOSE ON THE AIR CONDITIONER

A crappy old box in the wall. It crackles and sparks.

BACK TO SCENE

The power blows. The music and the already dim lights cut off. Vi and David stop dancing, still holding each other.

They meet each other's eyes. A long, torturous moment. No sound but their shared breath. Vi swallows hard...

... And steps back, breaking the spell.

EXT. EVANS RESIDENCE - NIGHT

Establishing.

INT. EVANS RESIDENCE - SHANE'S ROOM - NIGHT

Angry MUSIC shakes the walls. Junk, dirty clothes and bowls crusted with old cereal cover every surface.

BIANCA enters. Alarmed at the state of the place, she picks her way across to the stereo system, turns down the music.

SHANE (O.S.)

Mum! Get out of my room!

Blankets fly off the bed to reveal SHANE - shirtless and hair mussed. His angry scowl changes to a look of confusion.

SHANE (CONT'D)

Bianca?

BIANCA

You sleep naked? That's a fun fact
I never wanted to know.

Shane stands and the blankets fall away revealing his pajama pants. As he rummages for a shirt on the floor:

SHANE

What are you doing here, Bianca?

BIANCA

Mr. Benson wants you to come back.

Shane pulls on a shirt and falls back into bed.

SHANE

I haven't gone anywhere.

Bianca kicks aside some trash, her face pinched in disgust.

BIANCA

Clearly.

Shane starts to pull the blankets back up but Bianca snatches them away and throws them to the end of the bed.

SHANE

Bianca!

BIANCA

Look, we all know you haven't
stepped foot in the office since Vi
ruined your life. I get it, that
place is just a big bowl of suck to
you right now. But something's up
with Bonnie and the big boss man
seems to think it's because you're
not there.

SHANE

I'm not her babysitter.

BIANCA

Aren't you the new Doc? Her human
link to the world or whatever?
Kinda the same thing as being her
babysitter if you think about it.

Letting out a frustrated growl, Shane slams back onto his pillow - hands over his face.

SHANE

I'm not the new anything. I just want to be left alone.

Something CHIRPS electronically. Bianca lifts up Shane's wastebasket and picks out his mobile phone.

She scrolls through dozens of unread texts from Hannah. She tosses the phone onto Shane's chest.

BIANCA

Don't you think you should make an exception for your girlfriend?

Shane sighs heavily and texts back.

SHANE

She's not my girlfriend. Not anymore.

The phone is thrown again, back to Bianca. On the screen is the text Shane just sent:

"hannah - breaking up w/ u. cya"

BIANCA

(shocked)
Shane...

Shane hikes the blankets up and gets comfortable.

SHANE

Oh, yeah. And you can tell Benson to go screw himself.

Shane rolls over, done with her. Bianca stumbles back. She's stunned. She delicately places Shane's mobile on the desk.

Just as she reaches the door --

SHANE (CONT'D)

Bianca?

She looks back, hopeful. Shane motions turning a knob and Bianca's face falls. She adjusts the dial on the speakers, turning the music up to it's original, painful volume.

Bianca leaves. Shane turns to face the wall once again.

EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

Vi faces a large office building. Through the glass walls, she watches David who stands by the elevators in the lobby.

He steps into an elevator. The two share a wave, little smiles, as the doors close.

Vi walks on. A fire engine SCREAMS past her.

EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Vi cuts down a walkway into an open air parking lot. She digs in her bag, not paying attention to what lies ahead.

Finally looking up, she stops walking.

VI

Oh my God.

A car is on fire. Completely engulfed in roaring flames.

The fire engine is parked nearby and FIREFIGHTERS get to work. A gaggle of ONLOOKERS keep a safe distance.

Something catches Vi's attention on the other side of the lot. A scrawny figure peeking out from around a corner.

She narrows her eyes and strides back the way she came.

EXT. STREET CORNER - NIGHT

The fire is reflected in Noah's wide eyes. He stands statue still, entranced by the dancing oranges and yellows.

He is grabbed from behind. He is spun around and slammed him into the brick wall - hard.

NOAH

Ow! That hurt!

VI

Good! Something you want to tell me, Noah?

NOAH

You think I did this? No! I was just walking along and --

Vi sniffs him and recoils, disgusted.

VI

Playing with gasoline?

NOAH
 (desperate; searching)
 No, I... I wasn't... I...

He sinks to the ground, puts his head on his knees.

NOAH (CONT'D)
 I'm sorry.

Vi's anger fades. She sighs and sits beside him.

VI
 Why do you do this?
 (then)
 Yeah, "the heat", you already told
 me about that. But I just... I want
 to understand.

NOAH
 But you do. You and David --

VI
 Setting fire to things is not the
 same as wanting to --

She stops herself. Runs a hand through her hair.

NOAH
 Maybe you should have turned me in.

VI
 What?

NOAH
 In the alley. You should have told
 the cop where I was hiding. Then
 none of this would have happened.

VI
 Nice, blame the girl who's trying
 to help you.
 (sighs)
 What else am I supposed to do?

NOAH
 I don't know. All I know is that
 there's only one way to stop it.

He stands, eyes hard. He starts walking towards the blazing
 car. Vi leaps to her feet.

VI
 What are you doing?!

NOAH
Turning myself in.

She darts in front of him, blocking his path.

VI
You can't!

NOAH
Why not? Who else is going to stop
me?

VI
I will. I'm on your side, Noah.

He looks down to her outstretched hand. He takes it, then Vi slaps his hand away and follows with a confusing handshake. Noah struggles and Vi waves him off.

VI (CONT'D)
We'll work on it.

INT. ANDREW AND JENNA'S APARTMENT - DAY

Jenna, in her pajamas, eats cereal at the breakfast bar.

Andrew enters through the front door. He's soaked in sweat, huffing and puffing.

JENNA
You shouldn't exercise in this
heat.

ANDREW
Exercise? Are you kidding? I had to
run back because I forgot my coupon
for a free egg and bacon McMuffin.

He rounds the breakfast bar into the kitchen area and snags the coupon from the fridge door.

ANDREW (CONT'D)
Aren't you going to work?

Jenna takes a spoonful of cereal.

JENNA
Haven't made up my mind yet.

ANDREW
Well, I'll add my vote to the No's.

JENNA
You don't think I should go back?

ANDREW

Of course not! You think I want my girlfriend to be desk buddies with the guy who murdered her?

Jenna gets up to put away her bowl, lips pursed in annoyance.

JENNA

Thanks for bringing that up.

As she rinses her bowl in the sink, Andrew wraps his arms around her waist and puts his chin on her shoulder.

ANDREW

I'm sorry but, look, it's not like you'd forgotten. I know you, Jenn. You're never going to get over what happened so why make it harder on yourself?

He kisses her cheek.

ANDREW (CONT'D)

I'll tell Benson you're sick.

He leaves, totally missing the look of irritated determination that comes over Jenna's face.

INT. GARRETON PSYCHOLOGY - WAITING ROOM - DAY

CLOSE ON THE SMILING, SHAGGY HAired DR. TURNER

His face is frozen. Unblinking. PULL BACK to reveal that this is a photo on the wall of a quiet, comfortable waiting room.

Caroline, Peter, Penny and Cam enter. Flushed and shiny from the heat. They sigh in relief at the temperature change.

PENNY

Who invented air-conditioning?
Because I would totally have sex
with them right now!

CAROLINE

Penny!

PENNY

It's just a figure of speech! God!

She flops onto a couch. Cam sits on another and looks around the empty waiting room.

CAM

Where's Vi?

PENNY
Not here yet. Shocker.

PETER
I'll call her.

A friendly RECEPTIONIST peers over her computer monitor.

RECEPTIONIST
Can I help you?

CAROLINE
Caroline Morgan. We have a family
session with Dr. Turner at two.

RECEPTIONIST
(checks the computer)
That appointment has been changed.

CAROLINE
What do you mean changed? I called
yesterday to confirm.

RECEPTIONIST
Yes and this morning somebody
called to switch from a family
session to a private one. Dr.
Turner's in with your son now.

CAROLINE
My son...?

Caroline looks to Cam, now reading a newspaper. She snaps
back to the Receptionist - instantly in tough Mum mode.

CAROLINE (CONT'D)
I want to know who called and gave
away our session.
(beat)
Now, thank you.

The Receptionist gulps and hurriedly starts typing.

EXT. PARK - DAY

Vi moves away from a cart selling frozen drinks, her own cup
of colourful iced deliciousness in hand. She answers her
RINGING MOBILE.

VI
Hello?

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. GARRETON PSYCHOLOGY - WAITING ROOM - DAY

Peter is seated in the corner, hand cupped over his phone in an attempt to be secretive.

PETER

Vi! I've been calling you!

VI

Sorry, I was in the middle of some tough decision making - blueberry blast or raspberry razzle. You'll be proud to know I thought outside the box and got the combo.

PETER

We're at Dr. Turner's office.

VI

So I guess mum knows about the little switcheroo I pulled?

PETER

You could say that.

Across the room, Caroline ARGUES with the Receptionist.

VI

I would've just gotten Noah his own session but Dr. Turner was all booked up.

PETER

I don't like this, Vi.

VI

Things are a little crazy right now. It's not like the Company is giving me all the answers. But trust me, I have it under control.

Cam shakes out his newspaper. Peter sees the front page - the sketch of Noah stares back at him. He reacts with suspicion.

PETER

And what about Noah?

Vi huffs in frustration.

VI

Under control! Yes! You may not be on my side but I am. I know what I'm doing.

(MORE)

VI (CONT'D)

(then)

I've gotta go. I'm melting.

She hangs up. Peter takes the paper from Cam.

CAM

I was reading that!

Peter ignores him, turns to the front page and starts to read the article alongside Noah's picture.

INT. THE COMPANY - SURVEILLANCE DEPARTMENT - DAY

Jenna strides towards the desk where Nathan is already working. She slings her jacket and handbag over her chair.

JENNA

Sorry I'm late.

NATHAN

No worries.

He slides a Styrofoam cup of coffee across to her. Surprised, she reaches for it.

NATHAN (CONT'D)

Wait.

He tightens a disposable lid onto the top and shoots her a slight smirk. Jenna takes a beat. A smile sneaks through.

INT. WICKER RECORDS - MAIN FLOOR - DAY

Vi leans against the counter. She scrolls through images on her phone - smiling at pictures of her and David together.

NOAH (O.S.)

Vi? You here?

VI

Here!

She puts her phone away as Noah enters from the back.

VI (CONT'D)

How'd the session go?

NOAH

Good. I know it'll take time but I think I did the right thing.

VI

I'm glad. So no more setting fires?

NOAH

No more fires, I promise.

(beat)

What about camping? Campfires, do they count? Because I'm a big camper. I find that getting back to nature really --

Something metallic CLANGS out the back. Vi tenses.

VI

Did you close the back door when you came in?

NOAH

Yeah. I mean, I think so. Maybe.

Vi rolls her eyes and heads down the back.

EXT. WICKER RECORDS - BACK ALLEY - DAY

The back door opens and Vi emerges. She comes down the short flight of stairs and sees Peter standing amongst the trash cans. He tries to get a look into the back window.

VI

Dad?

He whirls around and knocks over some bins.

VI (CONT'D)

What are you doing?

PETER

Vi! I, uh, I need to talk to you.

VI

Okay...

He tries to lead her down the alley, towards the main street.

PETER

This isn't really something we can talk about here. A couple of blocks away would be better. Yeah, this feels like a "couple of blocks away" type conversation.

VI

What's going on? You're acting like me when I know something bad's going to happen and I'm trying to --
(gasps in realisation)
Oh God, what did you do?

A beat. Peter takes a deep breath.

PETER

I followed Noah from Dr. Turner's office. I didn't... I didn't know you were going to be here.

VI

And what do you want with Noah?

PETER

The police are looking for him, Vi.
(off her lack of surprise)
But you already knew that.

VI

Of course I knew. He's my assignment, Dad. He needs my help.

PETER

And how are you doing that? By harbouring a fugitive? What he did, Vi, someone could've been hurt. Someone could've died.

VI

What are you saying? That I should turn him in? Because that's not what this assignment is about.

PETER

How can you be sure?

VI

I trusted my instincts.

PETER

So did I.

Vi finally notices the mobile phone clenched in Peter's hand and hears the wail of SIRENS coming closer.

VI

Dad...

He says nothing. Vi back up, disbelief on her face.

She runs back inside just as police cars tear down the alley and surround the building.

CUT TO BLACK:

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

EXT. WICKER RECORDS - DAY

Four police cars screech to a stop, angled towards the front entrance of the store. They block off the street.

INT. WICKER RECORDS - MAIN FLOOR - DAY

Vi rushes in from the back. Noah is peering out the front window, looking more terrified by the second.

Vi darts over and grabs him.

VI

Time to leave.

Creeping low, they dash up the spiral staircase. A couple of POLICE OFFICERS approach the front door.

EXT. WICKER RECORDS - CONTINUOUS

Peter slips through the crowd of ONLOOKERS. He's worried.

INT. WICKER RECORDS - LOFT - DAY

Vi lets go of Noah as they make it to the loft.

The small space is entirely enclosed. A railing along one side, brick wall on the other. No doors, no windows.

NOAH

When you said "time to leave", what exactly did you mean?

Vi steps up onto the couch. She tears a band poster off the wall. Behind it is a narrow (and grime covered) window.

Noah raises his eyebrows.

VI

Shane hates washing windows.
(cranks open the window)
Are you coming or not?

EXT. WICKER RECORDS - ROOFTOP - MOMENTS LATER

Vi and Noah wriggle out of the window on their bellies.

Heat radiates off the roof, rippling through the air and stinging through their clothes.

VI
Owowowow Hothothot!

She leaps up, Noah doing the same. They run, then skid to a stop at the edge. There's an alley below but no ladder.

NOAH
We're screwed. Oh, God. I'm
screwed. I'm going to prison. I
won't survive in prison, Vi!

Vi spots a cable running from a tall metal pole on the roof of Wicker Records to the lower building next door. She turns to the hyperventilating Noah and makes a grab for his belt.

NOAH (CONT'D)
What the hell are you doing?!

VI
Give me your belt.

NOAH
What?

VI
Belt or prison. Your choice.

A beat. Noah fumbles with the buckle.

Two seconds later, it's in Vi's hands. She slings it across the cable and wraps both dangling ends around her hands.

Noah finally catches onto her plan. He glances over the edge of the roof. He gulps, then wraps his arms around Vi.

NOAH
Are you sure this is going to work?

VI
Oh, yeah. I saw Chuck do it once.

NOAH
A friend of yours?

VI
As much as you can be friends with
a fictional character.

NOAH
What?!

Vi pushes off and they zip-line across to the next building.

EXT. SECOND ROOFTOP - CONTINUOUS

They hit the end of the line and roll onto the rooftop - both exhilarated, adrenaline pumping. Vi holds up the belt.

VI

Praise be to Chuck!

The belt - completely worn in the middle - snaps in half. She and Noah get wide eyed. That was close.

EXT. WICKER RECORDS - DAY

The police prepare a battering ram.

PAN OVER to the alley beside Wicker Records. Vi and Noah sneak down the fire escape and slip into the crowd, unseen.

INT. THE COMPANY - SURVEILLANCE DEPARTMENT - DAY

While facial recognition software scans the face of Mick Toller and compares it to the CCTV footage, Jenna and Nathan look through phone records. They turn pages simultaneously.

JENNA

Our employee said she lost contact with Toller on Thursday, right?

NATHAN

Right. And I'm not seeing a single phone call made after that day.

JENNA

Nor on his mobile.

The computer BEEPS. Red text flashes across the photo of Toller: "NO MATCH".

NATHAN

It's like this guy just dropped off the face of the planet.
(defeated sigh)
I say we call it a day.

JENNA

You can do whatever you want but I'm not giving up. This is my job.
(beat)
Today, anyway.

She gets back to the computer monitor. Nathan is spurred on by her determination and hunches in.

NATHAN

So what are we missing?

Jenna clears the screen of Toller's picture. Now only the CCTV footage remains. It is split into footage from multiple cameras and angles - all frozen on a busy street.

JENNA

This is the last sighting of him.

NATHAN

3:16pm, passing the intersection on Valencia Road.

He hits play. They see Toller walk past and move off camera.

JENNA

Where'd he go?

NATHAN

Uh, that's what we're trying to find out.

Jenna points to the next screen over. No sign of Toller.

JENNA

This is the next camera along. He should have passed it by now.

Nathan leans closer to study the angles.

NATHAN

There's no other streets in between. Couldn't have turned off and he'd have been seen by another camera anyway.

He stands.

JENNA

So now you're really giving up?

NATHAN

I'm going to check it out.

Jenna blinks.

NATHAN (CONT'D)

It's okay. You don't have to come. I'll be back soon.

He gives her a reassuring smile and heads off.

Jenna looks conflicted. Then she leaps up, grabs her handbag and chases after him.

JENNA
Nathan! Wait!

EXT. VALENCIA ROAD - DAY

A CCTV camera watches over a dingy stretch of shops - most of which are boarded up. The area borders a busy intersection.

Jenna and Nathan are on the corner, checking out the camera.

NATHAN
This is it. The camera he passed.
(points up the street)
Blind spot should be up there.

JENNA
Guess we should take a walk.

They stroll along. Jenna clutches her handbag tightly while Nathan has absolutely no idea what to do with his hands.

NATHAN
So...

JENNA
What... Uh... What brought you to the surveillance department?

NATHAN
Something to do. That girl, Bonnie, can only write so many assignments.
(beat)
You?

JENNA
I have to do something now that I'm not the Assignment Co-Ordinator.

NATHAN
Ever considered being a Runner?
Lots of fresh air, plus you get the mingle with humanity in its purest form.

A DRUNK stumbles out of liquor shop and belches as they pass.

JENNA
I tried it. Wasn't for me. I kind of... fall apart in the field.

NATHAN

Really? I think you're doing okay.

He smiles. Jenna finds herself smiling back, grateful. Then, something catches her eye. She points.

JENNA

Second CCTV camera.

NATHAN

Toller must have disappeared somewhere in between that camera and this one.

They look back the way they came. Aside from more boarded up shops and the open liquor store, nothing looks out of place.

NATHAN (CONT'D)

Well, I don't see --

Jenna hurries back to the liquor store. Nathan follows...

... And finds her staring down a narrow light of stairs, squished in between the liquor store and a closed pet shop.

EXT. ALLEY STAIRCASE - MOMENTS LATER

Nathan leads the way down the grimy cement steps.

JENNA

Why would someone come down here by choice? That's what I want to know.

They reach the bottom. A graffiti covered door is almost hidden entirely. Nathan tries the handle. Locked.

NATHAN

Oh, well. It was a long shot.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

(muffled through the door)

Mick, you son of a bitch!

Someone - possibly Mick - starts to SCREAM. Jenna and Nathan look to each other in alarm.

NATHAN

Jenna, call for back-up.

JENNA

There's no time for that!

NATHAN

But we don't even have any --

Jenna pulls a stun gun from her bag. Nathan shrugs. That'll do.

INT. BASEMENT ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The door bursts open and Nathan tumbles in - his shoulder braced low. Jenna darts in behind him. The stun gun CRACKLES.

Their faces slacken as they take in their surroundings.

REVERSE ANGLE

A dingy basement poker game is going on. The floor is littered with beer bottles and Chinese takeaway boxes.

The guy from the photos - MICK TOLLER - leaps around his POKER BUDDIES, hands full of cash and a grin on his face. None of them look like they've washed for a couple of days.

MICK

This is amazing! What a streak! Oh, man! I am on fire!

He stops, finally seeing Jenna and Nathan in the doorway.

MICK (CONT'D)

Can we help you?

Off the surprised faces of Jenna and Nathan, CUT TO:

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

DR. TURNER (early 50s) emerges from his building. Like his picture, his hair is shoulder length and he has a scraggly beard. He fishes for his car keys in his pocket.

Caroline watches from a few yards back.

CAROLINE

Dr. Turner!

DR. TURNER

Yes?

He glances back, still walking, as she hurries to him.

CAROLINE

I'm Caroline Morgan. I... I need to speak with you.

DR. TURNER

My office is open from eight tomorrow morning. You're welcome to make an appointment.

Dr. Turner reaches his car. He goes to unlock it but Caroline maneuvers herself in between. Her eyes are pleading.

CAROLINE
Dr. Turner, please...

He sighs and lowers his keys.

DR. TURNER
What can I do for you, Mrs. Morgan?

Caroline lets out a relieved breath.

CAROLINE
My daughter came to see you a couple of summers ago. Violet.

DR. TURNER
Violet... Yes, I remember her. Not a big talker. What's the problem now?

CAROLINE
I... I think I'm losing her. I have been for a long time now.

DR. TURNER
Well, if you want to get her to come in for some more --

Caroline scoffs. Like that's ever going to happen.

DR. TURNER (CONT'D)
Right. I see.

He puts his briefcase on the roof of his car and scratches his beard with his keys.

DR. TURNER (CONT'D)
Okay, I'm going to give you some advice. It may be unorthodox and if it backfires, I will deny ever having this conversation and you can not sue, is that clear?

CAROLINE
(nods; eyes wide)
Crystal.

DR. TURNER
Forget sitting her down and trying to get through to her. That obviously hasn't worked. You need to act.

(MORE)

DR. TURNER (CONT'D)
You need to do something so drastic
that she is forced to accept
reality.

CAROLINE
What should I do?

He unlocks his car and puts his briefcase in the backseat.

DR. TURNER
That is up to you.

Caroline takes this in. Dr. Turner hops into his car.

EXT. BUS DEPOT - DAY

Noah waits nervously by the curb, eyes on the line of buses
around the side of the building. Vi walks up behind him.

VI
Noah.

He whirls around. Vi holds out his ticket. He smiles
sheepishly and takes it. As they walk towards the bus:

VI (CONT'D)
I'm sorry we didn't have time to
stop by your place.

NOAH
I like traveling light.

They join the back of the line. People are already boarding.

VI
Well, I guess this is it.

There's an awkward beat, then they hug. Pulling away, Vi
smacks him on the arm.

VI (CONT'D)
And no more fires. I'm serious.

Noah smiles and is about to shuffle towards the bus, but he
pauses. Looks back.

NOAH
Vi? Remember what I said earlier,
about heat and fire and how you can
try to fight it but...

She puts a hand on his arm, face serious.

VI

Noah, you don't have to give in.

NOAH

I know. But... maybe you should.

With a little shrug and a smile, he gets on the bus. Vi stares after him, a little shocked.

INT. BUS - MOMENTS LATER

Noah drops into his seat. Through the window, he waves to Vi. She waves back, then turns and disappears into the crowd.

A PASSENGER moves down the aisle. A lighter falls out of his pocket.

Noah picks it up and stares at the little piece of yellow plastic. Feels the weight in his hand. His knee starts bouncing. Sweat beads on his forehead. He swallows hard.

He gets to his feet and heads towards the front of the bus.

INT. EVANS RESIDENCE - SHANE'S ROOM - DAY

Sunlight pours through a gap in the curtains and onto Shane's face. He wakes, groans and pulls the blankets over his head.

The sound of muffled VOICES drag him out again.

INT. EVANS RESIDENCE - KITCHEN - DAY

Bianca is at the kitchen table beside Shane's mother, LORI. They are looking through a photo album as Shane slouches in.

LORI

This is his Year 6 graduation. He insisted on the Bart Simpson tie.

BIANCA

Matching underwear?

LORI

Of course.

They laugh. Shane glowers and swoops in to grab the photo album. He backs up, protectively hugging it to his chest.

LORI (CONT'D)

Oh. Hi, honey.

BIANCA

(sly grin)
Afternoon, Poopy.

Shane's eyes widen. He looks to Lori in disbelief.

SHANE

Mum?!

LORI

I'm sorry! We were talking and the name just came out.

BIANCA

And it dies with me. I swear, you have nothing to worry about.

(beat; snickers)

Poopy.

SHANE

I wanted a dog and I couldn't say "puppy"! I was three, okay?!

(back to Lori)

How could you tell her?

LORI

Because I live to embarrass you.

She takes the album from him and exits. Shane casts a quick glance to Bianca, then opens the fridge. Grabs some juice.

SHANE

I thought I made it pretty clear that I wanted to be left alone.

He takes a swig straight from the carton.

BIANCA

I don't think the Company cares about what you want.

SHANE

There's a surprise.

He sits at the table, juice carton still in one hand.

BIANCA

You threw me last night, okay? I'm not used to this version of you.

SHANE

And what version is that?

BIANCA

The major douchebag who breaks up with his girlfriend via text.

Shane looks away, a twinge of guilt.

BIANCA (CONT'D)
 Just forget about why Mr. Benson
 asked me to come here and tell
 me... What's going on with you?

He resists, gritting his teeth.

BIANCA (CONT'D)
 Shane, come on. I know we're not
 exactly best friends but...

SHANE
 But what?

BIANCA
 (shrugs)
 That's all I've got.

A beat. Shane's shoulders slump in defeat, his prickly
 defenses quickly melting away.

SHANE
 It's just... Music is all I've ever
 wanted to do with my life and, all
 of a sudden, it's no longer an
 option. It's like I've been hit by
 a car and the doctors are telling
 me I'll never walk again.
 (beat)
 Even though Vi gave me a choice,
 even though I chose the Company...
 It doesn't change the fact that
 this isn't what I want.

BIANCA
 I'm sorry, Shane.

Shane manages a weak smile. Bianca shrugs and leans back.

BIANCA (CONT'D)
 I'm sorry that your life sucks but,
 let's face it, you should be used
 to it by now.

Shane reacts in indignation. Bianca ploughs on.

BIANCA (CONT'D)
 So what if you're never going to be
 straddling a half naked model on
 the cover of Rolling Stone? You'll
 be just like every other high
 school stoner who dreams of being
 the next Dave Grohl.

Shane angrily scrapes his chair back. He goes to the fridge and shoves the juice in the door.

SHANE

Was this Benson's plan too? Have you come here and make me feel like crap?

BIANCA

You're missing the point.

SHANE

And what's that?

BIANCA

This isn't Bonnie's fault.

This catches Shane off guard.

BIANCA (CONT'D)

And this little pity party isn't hurting the Company like you think it is. It's just hurting her.

(stands)

Truth hurts, Poopy. Deal with it.

She slaps him on the back as she leaves. Shane doesn't react.

INT. THE COMPANY - DAVID'S APARTMENT - DAY

David approaches his front door, rapid KNOCKING comes from the other side. He opens it --

-- And Vi lunges into his arms. She slams her lips onto his. After a moment of passionate kissing, David pushes her back.

DAVID

Vi, what are you doing?

VI

Giving in.

She kisses him again. David returns it wholeheartedly. Vi kicks the door closed with her foot. They tumble off screen.

CUT TO BLACK:

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

INT. THE COMPANY - DAVID'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - DAY

MUSIC CUE: "Song Beneath the Song" by Maria Taylor

Trail up through tangled sheets and discarded clothing. An electric fan hums, rotating back and forth.

Vi and David are in bed, facing each other. Their nakedness is covered by the sheets.

DAVID

Hi.

VI

Hey.

DAVID

You okay?

VI

(nods)

Mmm-hmm.

DAVID

This was certainly... unexpected.

VI

You think I shouldn't have come over?

DAVID

Vi, the day that I don't want you to show up at my door for sex is the day I want you to shoot me.

The realisation seems to come over Vi. She buries her face in the pillow. David frowns in concern.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Vi? What is it?

VI

(muffled)

Oh my God.

She looks up at him, unable to hide her smile.

VI (CONT'D)

We just had sex.

She laughs giddily and David laughs along. After a moment, Vi takes a deep breath. She rolls over, gropes for her clothes.

David uses his elbow to prop himself up and smirks.

DAVID

You're leaving? Way to make a guy feel used.

VI

(as she gets dressed)

I'm sorry. I've gotta start my assignment report and then try and convince my family that I haven't lost the plot entirely. Again.

She grabs her phone and turns it on.

DAVID

Think you'll be finished by tonight? We could grab dinner.

Her phone CHIMES. Not just once - again and again. Vi frowns.

VI

This can't be good.

DAVID

What?

She presses a few buttons and puts the phone to her ear.

VI

Nineteen missed calls.

DAVID

From who?

The faint sound of a VOICE MESSAGE sounds from her phone. Vi listens for a few moments, then her face goes pale.

VI

Oh my God.

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

ON VI

We MOVE WITH her as she jogs up the street. Her gaze is firmly fixed on something off screen.

Smoke begins to waft around her. The CROWD thickens. She forces her way through, the distress in her eyes growing.

Reaching the barricade, her knees buckle and she grabs the barricade for support. She's looking at...

EXT. WICKER RECORDS - DAY

The building is a smouldering wreck. FIREFIGHTERS spray water over the blackened remains. Not that it would save anything.

The entire top floor has collapsed like a ruined souffle. Windows are shattered, the front door blown off its hinges.

Vi takes in the stomach-churning sight, a hand to her mouth.

PETER (O.S.)

Vi!

She looks over. Peter, Caroline, Penny and Cam push towards her. They wrap her in a hug, though Vi is stiff with shock.

CAROLINE

Thank God you're alright!

VI

Y-yeah, I'm fine. What are you guys doing here?

PENNY

We thought you were inside, loser!

CAM

I told them that the temperature inside the building still would've allowed identification of your body but only through dental records.

(shaky smile)

Also, I'm glad you're okay.

VI

Thanks. I think.

Caroline stills hangs on her, stroking her hair. Vi pries her off.

VI (CONT'D)

Mum. Mum, I'm fine. I'm okay.

PETER

Can't say the same for that.

He looks briefly to the Wicker, then back to Vi. There's an awkward beat between them. Unspoken tension.

PENNY

Poor Shane's cousin.

They all look to her in surprise.

PENNY (CONT'D)
What? I can be empathetic!

Caroline turns back to Vi.

CAROLINE
We saw the fire on the news. Dad
told me you were in there and I...

She starts to tear up.

VI
But I wasn't. Me and Noah we...
(realising)
Noah.

All shock gone from her body, Vi is on point - alert and determined. She moves away from the Morgans and searches.

VI (CONT'D)
Noah!

Caroline, Peter, Cam and Penny follow.

CAROLINE
Well, we've been calling and
calling. If you weren't in the
building, why didn't you answer?

VI
Noah!
(to Caroline)
It's nothing. I had my phone off.

CAROLINE
Why would you do that?

VI
I just did.

She grabs Cam.

VI (CONT'D)
Have you seen him?
(shouts over their heads)
Noah, you son of a bitch!

This gets her a couple of weird looks from the crowd. Vi pushes on. Caroline follows, getting seriously annoyed.

CAROLINE
 You can't just leave your phone
 off, Vi. We thought you were dead!

VI
 I was watching a movie with David.

CAM
 Which one?

Vi stops short. Noah is temporarily forgotten.

VI
 I... Ah... I can't remember.

CAROLINE
 You can't remember?

She shares a suspicious look with Peter and crosses her arms.

VI
 I'm not IMDB, I don't know the name
 of every movie ever made. It was
just a movie.

Penny gasps and points an accusing finger.

PENNY
 You had sex!

VI
 What?!

PENNY
 You did! You totally had sex!

VI
 I did not! Shut up!

CAROLINE
 Vi?

Vi looks to Caroline and her shoulders slump.

VI
 It's not a big deal. Me and David,
 we...

She trails off. This isn't what Caroline wants to hear. An
 air of awkward realisation settles over the family.

PETER
 Vi...

His attempt at comfort is met with a glare from Vi.

VI
You can yell at me later but right
now, I have to find an arsonist.

She strides away and is quickly swallowed up by the crowd.

INT. DINER - DAY

Vi enters, breathing hard and shining with sweat. She spots a dark hoodie peeking out from a booth. She marches over.

VI
You son of a --

A 12 YEAR OLD SKATER KID and his GRANDFATHER look up at her.

VI (CONT'D)
-- Wonderful woman. She's an
inspiration to the world.

MALE VOICE (O.S.)
Violet?

She turns to find Dr. Turner in a booth by the window.

VI
Uh... Dr. Turner. Hi.

DR. TURNER
Is everything okay?

VI
Yeah. Everything's great.

She looks around the diner. It's clear she's desperate.

VI (CONT'D)
Actually, have you seen Noah? You
had a session with him this
morning. Dark hair, skinny like a
little weasely backstabbing rat?

Dr. Turner shakes his head.

VI (CONT'D)
Thanks.

She's about to leave but reconsiders.

VI (CONT'D)
I know there's this confidentiality
thing but...
(MORE)

VI (CONT'D)

He didn't mention anything about lying to me and burning down a music store, did he?

A Waitress puts down an ice cream sundae. Dr. Turner looks from the dessert to Vi. He pushes it across the table.

DR. TURNER

I think you need this more than I do.

Vi sits down and swirls the spoon around in the sundae.

VI

I don't understand what happened. I thought I was supposed to help him. I thought I did help him. But now... Why would he do this?

DR. TURNER

Looks like I'm oh for two on my professionalism count for today.

VI

What?

Dr. Turner squeezes his eyes shut. He sighs.

DR. TURNER

Noah didn't stay for the whole session.

VI

What do you mean he didn't stay?

He opens his eyes and pulls back the sundae.

DR. TURNER

He left. After ten minutes of silence, if that matters at all.

(beat)

Cherry?

He holds out the maraschino cherry. Vi shakes her head.

VI

Wait, so he... He just left? Why would he do that?

DR. TURNER

Some people just don't know how to be helped.

He gives her a sad, yet reassuring smile. Vi leans back in the booth - completely stunned.

INT. EVANS RESIDENCE - SHANE'S ROOM - AFTERNOON

Shane sits on his bed with an acoustic guitar. He plays scales halfheartedly. He hits a bum note and cringes.

The DOORBELL rings.

EXT. EVANS RESIDENCE - AFTERNOON

The screen door creaks open and Shane stares out at --

SHANE

Benson. Mr -- Mr. Benson. You're here. At my house.

Benson, in his neatly pressed suit, looks out of place on the rundown front porch. He gives an amused smile.

BENSON

Yes. Miss Parry expressed to me that she would rather "lick dirt" than speak to you again today.

Shane nods in understanding. An awkward beat.

BENSON (CONT'D)

Look at that sunset. Shall we sit?

SHANE

Sure. Just try to keep your weight centered. Termites.

Undeterred, Benson sits on the top step. Shane doesn't know what else to do except sit beside him. Another long beat.

SHANE (CONT'D)

I know I said I would be the new Doc, whatever that means, but I just... I don't think I can.

BENSON

What makes you say that?

SHANE

Re-phrase. I don't want to.

BENSON

I see.

Benson thinks for a beat, eyes firmly fixed on the sun hovering over the vibrant pink and orange horizon.

BENSON (CONT'D)

Before I say what I'm going to say, I want to assure you that this is not a threat. I'm simply trying to put things in perspective.

SHANE

And what perspective is that?

BENSON

We could force you. I could authorise a team. They would bring you back to the Company where you would be restricted only to the labs where you would work. There would be no outside contact, no freedom, and this little rebellion would have been a waste of time.

Shane looks unnerved.

SHANE

Oh. That perspective.

BENSON

I don't want to do that, Shane. But the fact of the matter is, I don't know how to proceed from here. Your situation, it's rather unique.

(beat)

The people that I hire, they come to me at the end of their time. I give them a second chance at life.

He finally locks his gaze on Shane.

BENSON (CONT'D)

You on the other hand... Your life was just beginning.

This hits Shane hard. He throws his hands in the air.

SHANE

Exactly!

He leaps up and stomps down the steps (which creak under his weight). Now on the front lawn, he makes his case to Benson - still running on anger and desperation.

SHANE (CONT'D)

It's not just about the music. I'm eighteen years old. I'm supposed to...

(MORE)

SHANE (CONT'D)
to learn how to live in my own
place and buy a car that breaks
down every two seconds and go
backpacking through Asia.

(beat)
I shouldn't be responsible for the
beating heart of the universe.

A deep breath. Another thought strikes him.

SHANE (CONT'D)
But you know what pisses me off the
most? None of you people seem to
care.

He barges past the still seated Benson. Wood splinters and -
CRACK! - Shane's foot goes through the slat. He looks down at
his foot stuck in the hole and his shoulder slump in defeat.

BENSON
You have dreams. I understand that.

Benson reaches into his jacket pocket. He retrieves his
wallet - inside is a photo of a smiling baby girl.

He holds the photo out. Shane takes it curiously.

BENSON (CONT'D)
My dream was to see my little girl
grow up. The Company took that from
me and I let them do it because I
knew it was the right thing to do.

Benson stands. He takes the photo, slips it into his pocket.

BENSON (CONT'D)
I'm sorry that we took your dream
from you, Shane.

Benson's face is gravely serious. Shane swallows hard, then
nods. Benson takes his arm and helps pull him from the hole.

BENSON (CONT'D)
Are you okay?

Shane gives a shakes his foot. All good.

SHANE
Yeah. Thank you.

He holds Benson's gaze for a moment - both feel the weight of
the words. Then, Benson nods and moves off.

A few yards down the front path, Benson stops. Turns back.

BENSON

I know it's not my place but can I offer you some advice?

SHANE

Shoot.

BENSON

Never end a relationship via text message. It's...

SHANE

A major douche move?

BENSON

For lack of a better term.

Shane nods, half smiling. He watches Benson walk away, then turns his attention to the sun sinking over the horizon.

EXT. MORGAN RESIDENCE - NIGHT

Vi drags her feet up to the front porch. Peter waits on the step. He stands when she reaches him.

PETER

Vi...

VI

Go ahead. Say it.

He looks confused. She sighs and sits on the step.

VI (CONT'D)

"I told you so". I tried to trust my instincts but I screwed it up. And I can pinpoint the exact moment it happened.

Something CRUNCHES in her hand. Her assignment. She stares down at the scribblings - "11:15am. Lawson Lane" - then screws up the paper and throws it away.

VI (CONT'D)

I know you were trying to protect me. I know you were on my side.

Peter smiles thinly. He can't meet her eyes.

PETER

Vi, I'm sorry.

VI

What for?

He looks over his shoulder, towards the front door. Curious, Vi gets up and goes inside.

INT. MORGAN RESIDENCE - FRONT HALL - NIGHT

A wheeled suitcase and backpack sit at the bottom of the stairs. Vi runs her fingers along them, confused.

VI
This is my...

She looks back out to the porch. To Peter, still not meeting her eyes. She realises that it's because he's crying.

VI (CONT'D)
Dad, what's... What's going on?

Caroline steps in from the kitchen. Her arms are folded across her chest. Her expression is stone cold.

VI (CONT'D)
Mum?

Vi struggles with what this means.

INT. THE COMPANY - RECEPTION - NIGHT

Jenna enters from around the hallway. She rummages in her handbag, looking for something. Nathan jogs after her.

NATHAN
Jenna!

He hands over her stun gun.

NATHAN (CONT'D)
You forgot this.

JENNA
Thanks.
(beat)
Crazy day, huh?

NATHAN
Yeah. I mean, a four day winning streak that prevented Toller from leaving his poker game. Who could have seen that coming?
(beat)
I think we did good, though.

JENNA
Me too.

There's another beat - the air thick with things left unsaid.

JENNA (CONT'D)

Do you... do you think this will
ever feel normal?

NATHAN

Probably not. But look --

He reaches out to touch her hand. She jolts a little in
fright. Then relaxes and lets him take her hand.

NATHAN (CONT'D)

We can get past this, Jenna. This,
right here, it's proof.

He looks to their hands. He shifts his until he is not so
much holding her's, but they are holding each other's.

ACROSS THE ROOM

Andrew enters, whistling to himself. He sees Jenna and Nathan
by the elevators - hands clasped together. A tender moment.

The whistle dies on his lips.

INT. THE COMPANY - CONFERENCE ROOM - NIGHT

Bonnie spins slowly in her chair, staring at a point on the
ceiling. The floor is littered with scrunched up post-its.

Shane stands in the doorway, a meek little smile on his face
and his acoustic guitar slung over his back.

SHANE

Want some company?

Bonnie smiles. She hurriedly clears the table of the ruined
post-its and pulls another chair over for him. He sits.

SHANE (CONT'D)

(re: his guitar)
Do you mind if I...

She shakes her head, all too eager to have him there.

SHANE (CONT'D)

Okay, then.

Shane starts to play. Some tune he makes up off the top of
his head. Bonnie drinks it in, happiness melting through her.

She turns back to the table, pulls a fresh pad of post-its towards her and starts to write.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - NIGHT

Vi, weighed down by her backpack, drags her suitcase along the footpath. She stops, dumps her backpack on the ground.

She digs her phone from her pocket.

ANGLE ON MOBILE SCREEN

A list of recently called numbers. The top two are David and Shane. She scrolls back and forth between them.

BACK TO VI

She bites her lip. Chooses one. She fixes a brave smile on her face as she puts the phone to her ear.

VI

Hey, it's me. This is going to sound random but I kinda need a place to stay...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MORGAN RESIDENCE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Peter watches the weather report. On the screen, Weatherman Rob is in a more respectable suit and tie.

WEATHERMAN ROB

... with temperatures expected to drop rapidly tonight due to a cold front moving in from the South. Those expecting another balmy week had better rug up...

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - NIGHT

Vi shrugs on a jacket. She takes one look behind her...

WEATHERMAN ROB (V.O.)

Things are going to get chilly.

... Then trudges off into the night, dragging her suitcase.

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF EPISODE