

THE COMPANY

Episode 3x09
"The College Years"

by
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TEASER

FADE IN:

INT. MORGAN RESIDENCE - PETER'S STUDY - DAY

PETER, PENNY and CAM (who is dressed in his school uniform) crowd around a window overlooking the back yard.

CAM

I have to say, I'm concerned.

PETER

Don't be silly. She's fine.

PENNY

Dad, you once blocked a McDonald's drive-through and demanded that the Hamburglar be prosecuted to the full extent of the law. You get no say when it comes to what is and isn't a mental breakdown.

Outside, CAROLINE pops up from beneath the window. She is dressed for a day of gardening - dirt streaked overalls, floppy hat, gloves and a trowel. She smiles brightly.

CAROLINE

I'm planting hydrangeas!

Penny mimics Caroline's enthusiasm.

PENNY

That's great, Mum!
(quieter; still smiling)
She's getting worse.

Caroline waves, then drops out of view.

CAM

It's because of Vi. She misses her.

PENNY

Good. You don't just kick your kid out onto the street. Not even a clearly maladjusted kid like Vi.

PETER

It's a bit more complicated than that, Penn. Your mum didn't want this any more than I did.

She just stares at him, eyes silently judging. Then, to Cam:

PENNY

Come on. I'll drive you to school.

The pair make their way to the door. Peter calls after them.

PETER

Everything's going to be okay. I
bet Vi misses us like crazy. She'll
come crawling back any day now!

He smiles a little too confidently.

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

Steam fills the tiny room. VI is in the shower doing her best Avril Lavigne impression. She's having a great time.

VI

(sings/butchers)

*Why'd ya have to go and make things
so complicated?*

*Acting like you're somebody else
getting me frustrated.*

*Honestly you promise me I'm never
gonna find you fakin'. No, no, no.*

Vi shuts off the water and gropes outside the plastic curtain. She pulls back a tiny hand towel. Sighs.

She hops out of the tub and turns, just as...

SHANE walks in, wearing pajamas, a towel slung across his shoulders. Vi yelps in alarm.

VI (CONT'D)

Shane!

He flings a hand over his face. Vi yanks the shower curtain over to cover herself.

SHANE

Sorry! Sorry!

He retreats. The door slams behind him.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. EVANS RESIDENCE - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Shane leans against the door. His hand still covers his face through now it's more due to embarrassment. A long beat.

SHANE

Vi?

Still clutching the shower curtain around her:

VI

Yeah?

SHANE

Sorry.

VI

It's okay.

SHANE

We should probably work out a system or something, now that you're staying here.

VI

Can I suggest knocking?

SHANE

Good call.

(beat)

So, are you excited for the uni visit this week? At least it gets us out of History, am I right?

He chuckles lightly. Vi doesn't.

VI

Really? You're gonna do this now?

SHANE

What's the rule here - no eye contact for thirty minutes?

VI

Make it forty-five.

SHANE

Done.

He turns to leave when the door opens. Vi pops her head out. She grabs the towel from around his neck.

VI

But could I just grab...? Thanks.

An awkward smile. She closes the door. Shane gulps, shakes his head, and dumbly shuffles off screen.

CUT TO BLACK:

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

EXT. GARRETON UNIVERSITY - QUAD - DAY

A freshly cut lawn spider-webbed by pathways that lead to clusters of collegiate looking buildings. A wide array of STUDENTS gather to chat, to make-out, to catch up on sleep.

A GRUNGY GUY with an ill-advised soul patch hands out flyers. One ends up in the hands of Shane as he passes.

SHANE

Check it out. Our first uni party.

He hands the flyer to Vi who reads it with disdain.

VI

Vodka cruisers and ping-pong? Can't miss that.

SHANE

(takes the flyer; folds it away)

Knives to my soul, Vi. Knives.

VI

I'm sorry but I just think this whole thing is a waste of time. For all of us.

BIANCA clomps into frame, teetering on thick wedge sandals.

BIANCA

Just because you can't handle higher education and the Company at the same time doesn't mean others can't. And by others I mean moi.

SHANE

Well, I'm excited. We'll get a tour of the campus, check out some classes, maybe even start a political protest.

(fist in the air)

Down with this sort of thing!

This earns him some weird looks from the passing students.

VI

Check you out. Walking on the brighter side of life.

(beat)

(MORE)

VI (CONT'D)

I guess you're fine with that whole
"New Doc" thing now?

SHANE

Fine might be reaching. It'll take
some getting used to and I'm not a
hundred percent sure what I'm
actually supposed to do as the new
Doc but at least Benson promised me
Head Office won't try to experiment
on my brain.

BIANCA

At least not until you settle in.

Vi leans around Shane to shoot her a glare. Then:

VI

What about Bonnie? Has she told you
any more about how this is supposed
to work?

BIANCA

Yeah. What happens when she stops
being Bonnie and goes back to being
some freaky ball of energy?

Shane takes a breath, a little daunted at the thought.

SHANE

She said it'll be like...
intuition. When she needs me to do
something...

VI

You'll just know.

SHANE

Exactly.

He smiles. A beat as they hold each others gaze.

EXT. GARRETON UNIVERSITY - LAWN - LATER

Vi, Shane and Bianca gather with a bunch of other high school
students. Vi flips through her tour booklet.

VI

The dining hall doesn't even have a
sundae bar. What a gyp.

SHANE

Shh!

He points ahead where a pretty black girl comes to stand in front of the group. FAYE (23) is shy, plainly dressed and lacking the confidence she so rightly should possess.

FAYE
(nervous wave)
Hi. Hi, everyone.

Most of the group don't even notice her. She clammers onto a nearby bench. This gets their attention.

FAYE (CONT'D)
Welcome to Garretton University. My name's Faye and I'll be your tour guide for the next few days.

As she continues, Shane leans over to whisper in Vi's ear.

SHANE
You think she's related to Benson?

VI
Jeez, Shane! Just because they're both black! I thought you were --

Shane shows her the back of the tour booklet. Under the tour guide heading is her name: 'Faye Benson'.

VI (CONT'D)
Oh.

INT. THE COMPANY - BENSON'S OFFICE - DAY

A clock TICKS softly in the background. BENSON, seated at his desk, smooths his fingers along the edge of a photo frame.

A sharp KNOCK at the door.

Benson places the photo on his desk - revealing a high school graduation snap of Faye and an older woman, her mother.

BENSON
Come in.

He repositions himself over paperwork as GABRIELLE enters.

BENSON (CONT'D)
What can I do for you, Gabrielle.

GABRIELLE
Sir, we may have a problem.

She slaps down a thick manila folder and puts her hands behind her back, feet apart. As Benson leafs through:

GABRIELLE (CONT'D)

The surveillance department has reported a spike in some undesirable activity.

(beat)

Mostly civilian chatter about strange people showing up out of the blue and helping them or seemingly ruining their lives. Also, elevators. Lots of people suddenly very interested in those.

BENSON

I see. Send out some teams. A few simple memory wipes should do it.

He closes the file and pushes it back to her.

GABRIELLE

I'm afraid it won't be that easy. This chatter - it's coming from people who have already had their memories erased.

(beat)

They're starting to remember.

A grim beat as Benson realises the severity. Gabrielle takes out her mobile, ready to dial.

GABRIELLE (CONT'D)

I can inform Abigail Ford if you want to --

BENSON

No.

GABRIELLE

No?

Benson stands.

BENSON

I want to keep this away from Abigail for the time being.

Gabrielle considers him. She puts her mobile away.

GABRIELLE

Alistair, if there were something going on that I needed to know...

BENSON
 I'd tell you.
 (beat)
If there were something.

GABRIELLE
 (beat; nods)
 Guess I'll keep digging then.

BENSON
 Appreciated. Thank you.

As she heads for the door, her face unreadable:

GABRIELLE
 Just doing my job, Sir.

INT. GARRETON HERALD - NEWSROOM - DAY

The room hums. Peter is at his desk in a cramped back corner.

Someone dumps a stack of papers in front of him. Peter sighs and sifts through the pile. Unsettling headlines flash by - '3 dead in helicopter crash, inexperience to blame', 'Arsonist still at large', 'Domestic violence on the rise'.

PETER
 (under his breath)
 World's falling apart...

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
 Morgan!

The tall and striking EVIE MALONE (early 40s but tells people she's 29) snaps her fingers at him from across the room.

Peter is up like a shot. He jogs over to her.

PETER
 Yes, Evie?

She beckons for him to walk with her. They jet off through the newsroom. Everyone leaps out of Evie's way as she nears.

EVIE
 You're a writer, aren't you?

PETER
 Well, fact-checker but --

EVIE
 You used to write novels, right? I read one once. Something about a mystery solving...

She clicks her fingers for the end of the sentence.

PETER
Organic vegetable farmer. "Beet to
Death". B-E-E-T, get it?

He chuckles. Evie doesn't. Peter shrinks.

PETER (CONT'D)
It wasn't my best.

Evie stops outside a row of offices.

EVIE
How'd you like to put some of that
imagination back to work?

PETER
Are you... Are you asking me to
write an article?

EVIE
(laughs)
I'm not that desperate. No, I'm
talking about the advice column.

PETER
But that's Sam's page.

EVIE
And it still would be, if he
bothered to show up. Sam's M.I.A.

She taps the frosted glass door nearest to them. The words
'Sam Fielding, Advice Columnist' are still there.

EVIE (CONT'D)
So, do you want the gig or not?

Peter looks stunned. Not sure how to respond.

EXT. GARRETON UNIVERSITY - WALKWAY - DAY

Faye leads the group of about fifteen high school students -
including Vi, Shane and Bianca - along an undercover walkway.

FAYE
Now, this wing of the university
has a long and interesting history.

A few of the group stifle groans. Faye smiles cheekily.

FAYE (CONT'D)
Just kidding. It was built in 2005.

They near some glass double doors.

FAYE (CONT'D)

But it does house our brand new
state of the art library. In we go.

She pulls one of the doors open and holds it for the students
as they file past. Vi and Shane hang near the back.

SHANE

You should ask her.

VI

About what?

SHANE

About Benson.

VI

I've learned my lesson when it
comes to meddling. Remember Jenna
and a certain psycho ex?

SHANE

You're not meddling. Just making
conversation.

He disappears into the library. This leaves Vi as the last in
line. She stops and Faye curiously lets the door fall closed.

FAYE

You're not coming in?

VI

You know how criminals aren't too
fond of the police? Well, I've been
racking up late fees since kindy.

Faye laughs. Vi awkwardly leans against a pillar.

VI (CONT'D)

Hey, uh, weird question. You
wouldn't happen to be related to an
Alistair Benson, would you?

Faye's pleasant expression is replaced with shock.

VI (CONT'D)

Aaaand stunned silence means I've
crossed a line. I didn't mean to --

FAYE

He was my dad. I was just a baby
when he died. How did you know?

VI

I, ah, I recognised your last name.
My little brother likes to collect
old obituaries. I've tried to get
him into stamp collecting but...

(beat; guilty)

I didn't mean to make you
uncomfortable.

Faye smiles and shakes her head. She's about to speak when
GRIFFIN (22, lanky hipster type) appears and grabs her.

GRIFFIN

Faye! Thank God! Hide me!

Vi looks surprised but Faye seems used to it.

FAYE

Hide you from what?

GRIFFIN

Tucker! He keeps after me to hand
out flyers for his friggin' party.

FAYE

Griff, you're his roommate. Just
tell him no.

Griffin puts his head on her shoulder and moans pathetically.

GRIFFIN

But he's so hot!

The goatee guy from earlier - the one handing out flyers -
joins them. This is TUCKER (22). He slaps a handful of flyers
into Griffin's chest and winks.

TUCKER

Help me with these and maybe we can
work something out, stud.

CARLY (19, cute in a ditzzy sort of way) bounces at Tucker's
side. She pulls the lollipop from her mouth and pouts.

CARLY

Enough with the boy-flirting,
Tucker. We're late for class.

TUCKER

Lighten up, babe. We're young. We
should be enjoying the sunshine,
making new friends...

(spots Vi)

(MORE)

TUCKER (CONT'D)

Hello, there. Faye, gonna introduce us?

FAYE

Sure, sorry. These are my friends. Griffin, his roommate Tucker and Tucker's girlfriend, Carly. Guys, this is...

She squints. She doesn't know Vi's name.

VI

Vi. Nice to meet you...

Vi spots something out of the corner of her eye. It's ANDREW, out in the courtyard, looking lost.

VI (CONT'D)

And I'll be right back.

She hurries off. The others watch her as she goes.

GRIFFIN

She's cute. Can we keep her?

EXT. GARRETON UNIVERSITY - COURTYARD - DAY

Vi joins Andrew and taps him on the arm. He turns around.

VI

Hey, what are you doing here?

ANDREW

Feeling nostalgic for my med school days. Oh, and there's this.

He pulls BONNIE into frame. She smiles and waves.

ANDREW (CONT'D)

I tried to call but it went straight to voicemail.

VI

Yeah, my phone's dead and I left the charger at home.

BONNIE

You should go home and get it.

VI

Is that an assignment or just you trying to be helpful?

BONNIE
I'm not being helpful?

VI
(beat; unamused)
Is there something you wanted to
tell me, Bonnie?

BONNIE
Faye.

VI
Faye?

BONNIE
(nods)
Faye.

VI
(sighs)
Faye.

She looks back to the walkway. Faye is now talking to a terse looking woman - PROFESSOR DAWSON. They walk off together.

Vi frowns.

INT. GARRETON UNIVERSITY - CORRIDOR - DAY

Vi walks along, looking around. She's lost them. She hears VOICES from a nearby classroom.

FAYE (O.S.)
Professor Dawson, please. There's
been a mistake.

PROFESSOR DAWSON (O.S.)
You're my TA, Faye. The tests were
accessed from my account. You were
the only other person with access.

FAYE (O.S.)
But that doesn't mean I stole them.

Vi slides along the wall, nearing the door. She peeks in.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. GARRETON UNIVERSITY - CLASSROOM - CONTINUOUS

Faye and Professor Dawson stand in the empty room. Faye is distressed - arms folded, hugging herself protectively.

FAYE

You know me. Why would I steal those tests from the university's intranet? I don't even take Intro to Archaeology!

There's a beat. Professor Dawson arches an eyebrow.

PROFESSOR DAWSON

I never said which classes they were for, Faye.

Faye's face drops. Professor Dawson leans in, her eyes cold.

PROFESSOR DAWSON (CONT'D)

I sincerely hope you have enjoyed your time here. Believe me, it won't last much longer.

She turns on her heel and stalks out. Vi flattens herself against the corridor wall as Professor Dawson walks off.

Vi looks shocked, not wanting to believe what she just heard.

CUT TO BLACK:

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

INT. THE COMPANY - LAB - NIGHT

A stark white room filled with silent machines. Four exhausted TECHNICIANS work over what looks like a row of slender metallic flashlights. The memory wiping devices.

INT. THE COMPANY - DOC'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Benson and Jenna watch through the window of Doc's cluttered office. Bulging cardboard boxes are stacked on every surface - a halfhearted attempt to clear the place out.

Jenna faces the lab, her arms folded.

JENNA

The devices are deteriorating. Something in their design means that the effects of the memory wipe aren't lasting like they should.

(turns to Benson)

But there's one thing that doesn't make sense to me. Why haven't we heard of this happening anywhere else? Why is it just Garreton?

Benson opens one of the boxes. It is packed with exercise books. Journals. Benson leafs through one, taking in the nonsensical scribblings of a madman.

BENSON

Doc.

JENNA

Benson, we went through all his paperwork when he was first taken. It's all nonsense.

BENSON

Maybe to us.

(putting the journal
aside)

But what I mean, Jenna, is that Doc invented this technology. He pioneered it. After the testing phase, his designs were implemented in branches the world over.

(beat)

Except for this one.

JENNA

What are you saying?

BENSON

The memory wiping devices in Garreton - both those used by Fixers and Breakers - they're not like the others. They're the designs Doc was working on, trying to make them better. More effective.

JENNA

Well, obviously he failed.

(beat)

And Head Office authorised this?

Guilt flashes across Benson's face. He says nothing. Jenna looks surprised then narrows her eyes in annoyance.

She leans down, her arms resting on the back of an office chair, to collect herself.

JENNA (CONT'D)

So does this mean that everyone that got a dose of Doc's prototypes are going to start remembering?

BENSON

It seems like only the strongest held memories are resurfacing.

A beat. He looks down at her sadly.

BENSON (CONT'D)

I considered Doc my friend, Jenna. I trusted him.

JENNA

I know.

She sighs and straightens up.

JENNA (CONT'D)

Maybe we can tell Abigail that we lost all of ours. Ask for some replacements. She might not think you're totally incompetent.

She offers a cheeky smile. Benson smiles back. Then, the hopelessness settles over them. They look back to the lab.

JENNA (CONT'D)

What are we going to do? It's not like Doc left us a repair manual.

A thought strikes Benson.

BENSON

I don't think we'll need one...

INT. GARRETON UNIVERSITY - DORM COMMON ROOM - NIGHT

Shane stands in a line of students, each of them chugging a cans of beer. The crowd yells encouragement over the MUSIC.

Shane, standing in between Tucker and Griffin, finishes his can first. He throws it down and raises his arms in triumph.

The crowd is audibly disappointed in the outcome. Tucker finishes off his beer and claps Shane on the back.

TUCKER

You should consider applying for GU, Shane. You'd fit right in.
(waves his empty can)
Another? Griff?

Both Shane and Griffin wave him off. Tucker shrugs.

TUCKER (CONT'D)

More for me.

He leaves. There's an empty table nearby. Griffin sits, Shane follows suit. Griffin takes a swig of his half-full beer.

GRIFFIN

So, you got a boyfriend, High School? That's my nickname for you. High School. It's cute, right?

SHANE

I'm, uh... That's not me.

GRIFFIN

Guess you're right. Does make you sound a little "jail-baity".

SHANE

I mean the gay thing. Because I'm... not.

A beat as Griffin scrutinizes him. He sighs, heaves himself up and walks away, not looking back. Shane looks put out.

SHANE (CONT'D)
Nice talking to you too.

Vi appears and bobs down beside him.

VI
Something's not right about this
"Faye Benson is a cheater" thing.

SHANE
What are we gonna do about it?

VI
David and I are going to check out
her dorm room while everyone's
distracted.

SHANE
You need any help?

VI
We've got it covered. You have fun.

She pats his shoulder and smiles, then moves off.

BIANCA (O.S.)
Because they certainly will.

He turns. Bianca has appeared in Griffin's empty seat - a vodka cruiser in one hand. Shane sits, suspicious.

SHANE
What is that supposed to mean?

BIANCA
As much as I hate that office
gremlin Judy, she's always good for
a bit of gossip.
(leans forward; wicked
smile)
I heard that Morgan and the
beefcake took the plunge.

SHANE
They got married?!

BIANCA
They had sex, idiot.

She leans back and takes a sip. Shane is flabbergasted.

INT. GARRETON UNIVERSITY - DORM HALLWAY - NIGHT

People squeeze past David and Vi. He stands tall, blocking their view of Vi as she jimmy's the lock with a credit card.

DAVID

Vi, I don't think that works in
real --

With a CLICK the door opens a crack. Even Vi looks surprised.

VI

Looks like Andrew's mentoring is
finally paying off.
(glances around)
Kiss me.

David is confused but Vi takes charge. She throws herself into his arms and gives him a big sloppy kiss. They tumble backwards - Vi giggling "drunkenly" - into Faye's dorm room.

INT. GARRETON UNIVERSITY - FAYE'S DORM ROOM - NIGHT

Still kissing her, David kicks the door closed with his foot. Vi quickly breaks away and checks out the tidy, one bed room.

David is left slack-jawed.

DAVID

What? That's it?

VI

It's called a "cover", David.
Nobody's going to look twice at the
drunk couple hooking up.
(points)
Check the desk.

David rolls his eyes and follows orders. Vi perches on Faye's bed and sifts through the contents of her bedside tables.

DAVID

How are things with your family?

VI

You know, maybe we should make out
some more. Really solidify that
cover story.

DAVID

I'm serious, Vi. We haven't really
talked about you running away.

He sits beside her.

DAVID (CONT'D)

I do have some experience in that area, remember?

VI

Except that I didn't run away. My mum kicked me out, there's a difference.

She looks down at her clasped hands, hurt. David puts a finger under her chin and gets her to face him.

DAVID

Not if she's willing to take you back, there's not.

There's a sad beat.

VI

(looking past him)

Hey...

She crawls over him, to the foot of the bed and reaches Faye's bookcase. There's a corner of yellow paper sticking out from behind it.

VI (CONT'D)

There's something taped here.

David gets up and shifts the bookcase out. Vi pulls off the yellow envelope taped to the back.

Vi settles on the bed, David in front of her. She slides a glossy photograph from the envelope.

Taken through the gaps in a leafy hedge, the photo shows Faye locked in a romantic kiss with a cute, red-headed woman.

DAVID

Vi.

He points to the back of the photo. She turns it over. There's a handwritten message - 'IF YOU TELL, I TELL'.

Vi and David share shocked looks.

EXT. FAYE'S HOUSE - DAY

A bright and sunny morning. Vi makes her way to the front door of the well maintained one-storey house.

She rings the bell, which ECHOES inside, and waits nervously.

A woman answers. Though she's no longer fresh-faced, she's still beautiful. This is PATRICIA BENSON.

PATRICIA
Hello. Can I help you?

Vi is stunned, captured by the moment of coming face to face with Benson's wife. She finally comes to her senses.

VI
Is Faye home?

INT. FAYE'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY

The room appears frozen in Faye's younger years - lacy pink curtains flutter in the breeze and a line of teddy bears stare down from the shelves above the bed on which Faye sits.

Faye wears pajamas, though the dark circles under her eyes suggest she hasn't actually slept. Vi, standing in the middle of the room, takes the photograph out of her shoulder bag.

FAYE
(alarmed)
Where did you get that?

VI
Question is, why was it taped to
the back of your bookshelf?

Faye clambers off the bed, desperation in her voice.

FAYE
What? You think I should have
framed it? Posted it on Facebook?
(beat)
Nobody knows about me, Vi.

VI
Except for the person who took that
picture.
(beat)
And the redhead. Pretty sure she
figured it out.

FAYE
This isn't funny. This is my life.
They think I cheated, they could --

She checks fearfully over her shoulder. The door is closed.

FAYE (CONT'D)

My mum thinks I came home to study.
She doesn't know that I could get
kicked out of school.

VI

So let me help you. I know you
didn't steal those tests, Faye.

A beat. Faye bites her lip. There's guilt there.

VI (CONT'D)

Or maybe I'm wrong.

Faye sinks onto her bed in defeat.

FAYE

The photo was slipped under my dorm
room door about three months ago.
There were instructions. Whoever
this person is, they know I'm a TA
for Professor Dawson. They know I
have her intranet password. They
said that if I didn't use it to
steal the tests, they'd tell
everyone... about me.

VI

When's your meeting with the Dean?

FAYE

The one where I have to explain
myself? Not soon enough. I just
want to get this over with, Vi.

Vi brow furrows.

VI

Wait, you're just going to take it?
Whatever punishment they decide,
that's alright with you?

FAYE

What else am I supposed to do?

Vi slaps the photo onto the bedspread.

VI

Hello? Evidence of blackmail! We
know you're innocent.

Faye shakes her head. Vi sits beside her, pleading.

VI (CONT'D)

Faye, if you tell the truth --

FAYE

I said no, okay?!

The door opens and Patricia pops her head in.

PATRICIA

Everything alright in here?

FAYE

Fine, Mum. Thanks.

Patricia, not quite sure, nods and leaves.

Faye's eyes linger. Vi follows her gaze. She's not looking at the door... But on a photo of Benson hanging next to it.

VI

It's because of him, isn't it? You don't want to tell anyone because of Bens... I mean, your dad.

FAYE

I know it's hard to understand. I never knew him, not really, but I don't want to disappoint him.

VI

He's not the kind of guy who would care about that, Faye. He'd love you no matter what.

FAYE

And how would you know?

Vi sighs.

VI

Okay. We'll do it your way. But you have to let me help.

FAYE

Why would you want to do that?

VI

Just consider me a friend of the family.

She smiles reassuringly.

INT. GARRETON HERALD - SAM'S OFFICE - DAY

Peter enters, looking at a copy of the Garreton Herald. The 'Ask Sam' column takes up half a page with the sub-heading 'He's Back!' at the top. Peter smiles proudly at this.

Peter fires up the computer and settles down. He rummages through a big bag of mail on the floor beside him.

PETER

Who is going to get my help today?

A little BLIP comes from the computer. An IM window has popped up. The message, sent sometime in the night, reads:

'Room 8, Oceanview Motel. ALONE.'

EXT. OCEANVIEW MOTEL - DAY

Far from any sort of ocean view, Peter pulls into the lot of the dingy motel. He parks in the space outside of the room 8.

INT. PETER'S CAR - DAY

Peter stares through the windshield at the closed door, silently considering his next move.

There's a sharp RAP at the window. Peter jumps and looks --

The dark haired and bad-tempered advice columnist SAM FIELDING stares in. He has a mouthful of waffles from the Styrofoam box in one hand.

SAM

You coming in or are you just going to sit there?

INT. SAM'S MOTEL ROOM - DAY

The place is a mess. Rumpled sheets, empty take-away wrappers - the room hasn't seen a maid in over a week. Computer printouts, scribbled notes and maps are pinned to the walls.

Sam enters. Peter follows hesitantly and closes the door behind him. He eyes the state of the room with concern.

PETER

So... How have you been?

Sam clears a spot at the desk and puts down his breakfast. He seems to talk a little too fast to be entirely sane.

SAM

I knew it was you. I knew you took over my column. I could tell from the way you told that crybaby house frau to "share her concerns" with her husband. All that touchy-feely crap. I knew it was you! God, where are my manners?

He holds up a waffle speared on a plastic fork.

SAM (CONT'D)

Have you eaten?

Peter takes the waffle and puts it back in the box. Sam begins rummaging through the mess on the desk.

PETER

Sam, what is going on? Why aren't you answering Evie's calls? Everybody thinks you've lost it.

SAM

Maybe I have. Or maybe I've found exactly what I've been missing.

PETER

What are you talking about?

Sam finds what he's looking for. He holds up a copy of Peter's book. The one about the Company. He smiles.

SAM

I remember, Pete. I remember everything.

Off Peter's shock --

CUT TO BLACK:

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

INT. THE COMPANY - LAB - DAY

Jenna is once again in Doc's office, watching through the window as Shane attempts to fix one of the memory devices.

There are no other Techs in sight, just Bonnie and Bianca sitting side by side on a bench. They flip through magazines.

Shane fiddles with some wires. Sparks shoot out. He yelps in pain and sticks his finger in his mouth.

SHANE

Damnit!

(glares at Bonnie)

I'd appreciate a little help. You are kind of the expert.

(beat)

Bonnie?

Bonnie remains focused on the magazine.

BONNIE

I'm busy. I need to determine who wore it best.

Shane transfers his glare to Bianca.

SHANE

I blame you.

BIANCA

Why? For everything she knows about how the universe is supposed to click together, this girl knows next to nothing about being human. I'm just helping her out.

BONNIE

Shane? Did you know that stars are just like us?

Rolling his eyes, Shane gets back to work.

SHANE

Oh, yeah. You're a girl, Angelina Jolie is a girl, therefore --

BONNIE

(a revelation)

I am Angelina Jolie.

(MORE)

BONNIE (CONT'D)
 (deeply concerned)
 How am I to support all my
 children?

Shane looks up, incredulous.

Across the lab, NATHAN enters. He and Bianca lock eyes and he stops short. An awkward beat.

NATHAN
 Hi.

BIANCA
 Hey.

He keeps walking, going into Doc's office where, unheard, he converses with Jenna. Bianca flips a page in her magazine.

SHANE
 That was weird.

BIANCA
 No it wasn't.

SHANE
 You may be over him but there's
 still that residual awkwardness.

Bianca's eyes narrow on him, demanding. Shane shrugs.

SHANE (CONT'D)
 Vi and I are best friends. We tell
 each other everything... Or at
 least I thought we did.

The troubled thought sticks with him. He frowns down at the work bench. Bianca softens, almost reading his mind.

BIANCA
 Maybe she didn't think it was
 appropriate to tell you about her
 and David doing the deed.

SHANE
 Why not? I'm not saying I want a
 play-by-play, I just --
 (beat)
 You know what? Forget it.

BIANCA
 Are you jealous?

Shane reels back, horrified and overreacting.

SHANE

What?! No! A definite, unequivocal,
resounding no.

Bianca arches an eyebrow.

BIANCA

You never even liked her? Not even
a little bit?

SHANE

(thinks for a beat;
gravely serious)
This does not leave the
conversation.

He leans over and lowers his voice.

SHANE (CONT'D)

Back when Vi first started at
school, in the first couple of
weeks I maybe, sort of had a crush
on her. But then she died and came
back to life and the crush thing
sort of fell by the wayside.

BIANCA

And now you're in the friend zone.

SHANE

And that means...?

BIANCA

When someone puts you in the friend
zone, that's it. Game over. Even if
you wanted something more, it's
never going to happen.

She casts a quick glance to Nathan in the lab's office. Then
back to Shane.

BIANCA (CONT'D)

Question is, Shane... Do you want
something more?

Shane goes still, considering the question. The memory wiping
device sparks again and he jumps back.

INT. THE COMPANY - DOC'S OFFICE - DAY

Nathan glances out the window into the lab, then turns his
back to it. Jenna is at the desk. She dials a number.

NATHAN
What's going on?

JENNA
(phone to her ear)
Just trying to hide Benson's
mistakes from Head Office and make
sure the existence of the Company
isn't revealed to the world.

NATHAN
Then I guess this isn't a good time
to ask you for a favour?

She raises an eyebrow at him. Then, with no answer on her
phone, she hangs up and hits the speed dial again.

NATHAN (CONT'D)
Yeah, I know you don't exactly owe
me any favours. I just need a
surveillance team for my
assignment. They kind of love you
down there so I thought you could
put in a good word for me.

Jenna still doesn't look convinced.

NATHAN (CONT'D)
I just need an extra set of eyes.

Still no answer. Jenna sighs in frustration, then nods out
into the lab. At Bianca sitting on the bench.

JENNA
You've got some. They belong to
that girl over there. The one
you're supposed to be mentoring.

NATHAN
Preferably a different set of eyes.

Jenna gives him a look. "Seriously?". Nathan gives up.

NATHAN (CONT'D)
It's fine. I'll manage.

He heads for the door. Jenna tries the number again.

NATHAN (CONT'D)
Ever thought that maybe he just
doesn't want to talk to you?

JENNA
(glares)
You can go now.

NATHAN
Going.

He leaves. Jenna stands, the phone to her ear again. It continues to RING faintly, no end in sight.

JENNA
Andrew...

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - FOYER - DAY

Peter paces next to a row of mailboxes. He checks his watch. Been waiting awhile. Then, Sam bursts in the front entrance.

SAM
Good, you're here.

PETER
What's going on? Why meet at your
apartment instead of the motel?

Sam excitedly takes Peter by the arm and leads him to a closed basement access door by the stairwell. He takes out a set of keys and unlocks the door. He grins, fire in his eyes.

SAM
Phase two, Pete.

PETER
And what is phase two?

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - BASEMENT STAIRWELL - CONTINUOUS

Sam pushes in, taking the lead. Peter nervously follows him down the cement steps which disappear into darkness.

SAM
You have no idea how clear it all
is. I remember talking in my office
and all the research we did. I
remember those bastards in the
train yard holding me down, shining
that bloody brain scooping thing in
my face. The Company is real, Pete.
Your book. It's all real. I know
you don't remember, but I think I
found a way to help with that.

They've reached the bottom of the stairs. There's another door, hidden in the gloom. Sam has his hand on the handle.

PETER

And what way is that?

SAM

Like I said. Phase two.

He opens the door --

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - BASEMENT ROOM - CONTINUOUS

-- And, in the middle of the room, there's Andrew. Tied to a chair, a strip of duct tape over his mouth.

INT. THE COMPANY - BENSON'S OFFICE - DAY

CLOSE ON A PHOTOGRAPH

Black and white. Surveillance-style. Vi outside Faye's house.

ANGLE ON SCENE

Vi sits across from a steely-faced Benson. She looks over the photo, alarmed.

VI

You're spying on me? That's what you do now? Stalk your employees? Because that's super not-crazy.

Benson just sits. Lets her think about it.

VI (CONT'D)

You were spying on Faye.
(beat; back-tracking)
Which, you know, is pretty sane when you think about it. A lot.

BENSON

I appreciate the retraction, but I don't spy on my family. I have a surveillance unit that will occasionally notify me if anything suspicious comes up.

(beat)

A Company employee visiting my family is considered suspicious.

VI

(meek smile)

I was selling raffle tickets, if you can believe it.

(off his lack of response)

Which you obviously don't.

She sighs. No more jokes.

VI (CONT'D)
It's nothing that I can't handle.

BENSON
I'm confident of that, I simply
would have preferred that my wife
and daughter never be a part of...

He shifts uncomfortably. This is hard for him.

VI
You really miss them, don't you?

Benson's eyes find the framed photo of Patricia and Faye on his desk. A deep sadness comes over him.

BENSON
One would think after all these
years that those feelings would
dull. That with each day, I
wouldn't miss them quite as much.
(beat)
Which one?

VI
I'm sorry?

BENSON
Patricia or Faye?

VI
It's your daughter.

This hits Benson sharply. Vi goes to speak - to comfort him - but there's a KNOCK on the door. David pops his head in.

BENSON
Yes, David?

DAVID
It's, ah... Vi?

Benson nods. She can go.

INT. THE COMPANY - RECEPTION - MOMENTS LATER

Vi and David move away from Benson's door.

DAVID
You didn't tell him, did you?

VI

He just knew. Not about Faye being into the girl-love but anyway, what have you got?

DAVID

I traced the e-mail address Faye was given. The one the blackmailer got her to send all the tests to.

VI

And?

He hands her a slip of paper.

DAVID

Name and address.

VI

My hero.

She kisses his cheek.

VI (CONT'D)

I'll get Shane.

She excitedly darts off screen.

INT. GARRETON UNIVERSITY - DORM HALLWAY - DAY

Vi knocks determinedly on an unidentified door. Shane and David back her up.

The door opens to reveal a bleary eyed Griffin. Just woke up.

GRIFFIN

(surprised; to Shane)

High School. Changed your mind, did you?

Vi barges past.

INT. GARRETON UNIVERSITY - GRIFFIN'S DORM ROOM - DAY

Griffin stands there dumbly as Vi enters, followed by Shane and David.

The room is a mess - typical college boys. Tucker clambers off his bed on which Carly is also sprawled.

VI

Oh, good. You're all here. We need to have a word.

Shane lurches forward. Jabs an accusing finger at the trio.

SHANE

Cheater cheater pumpkin eater!

VI

Or four very juvenile words.

DAVID

We know you three are blackmailing
Faye to steal those tests.

Tucker glances to Griffin, then folds his arms over his chest and stares down his accusers. Not a hint of fear on him.

TUCKER

Really? I'd like to see you prove
it.

VI

Griffin, you're her best friend --

SHANE

Supposedly.

VI

And you're gay, which made it a
whole lot easier for her to be
honest with you. Perfect blackmail
material, right at your fingertips.

Griffin snorts and rolls his eyes. David takes a photocopy of the blackmail shot from his back pocket and tosses it down.

DAVID

Carly, you take photography, don't
you? What do you wanna bet we'll
find the negatives in your room?

Unlike the boys, Carly is starting to sweat.

Vi narrows her eyes and zeroes in on Tucker. She takes a few steps forward and crosses her arms.

VI

So that leaves Tucker. I'm guessing
this was all your idea.

CARLY

Tucker, what do we do? If I get
expelled my parents are going to
make me get a job!

TUCKER

We're not going to do anything.

He looks straight at Vi, a slight smirk on his lips.

TUCKER (CONT'D)

Because, while it might be completely true, they can't prove it. The only way this will blow back on us is if Faye comes out and we know she's not going to do that. Right, Griff?

GRIFFIN

(cold; no guilt)

Like you guys said, I'm her best friend. I know these things.

TUCKER

So fine, I confess. We cheated. We stole the tests.

Vi stares him down. A long beat. She looks back at Shane.

VI

Think we got it?

SHANE

Perfect sound bite.

She slips a mini tape recorder from her pocket and rewinds. Griffin, Tucker and Carly are horrified. Not expecting this.

VI

Wanna hear it again?

DAVID

(hand in the air;
mockingly enthusiastic)

I know I do!

Vi hits play. From the recorder: not the conversation we just witnessed. Instead, Shane's voice and a poppy guitar track.

SHANE (V.O.)

(sings)

*This is a song about juice, juice,
juice. Ooh, yeah! Juice, juice,
juice. What kind of juice? Well,
there's apple juice and orange
juice and lots of other kinds of
juice --*

Vi turns off the recorder.

VI

Shane!

SHANE

What? I love juice! I'm not
ashamed!

(beat)

Oh, and the record button kind of
sticks sometimes. Probably shoulda
mentioned that.

Vi stares at him with wide, disbelieving eyes.

INT. GARRETON UNIVERSITY - DORM HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

The door slams in Vi's face. She slowly turns to Shane and
David as CACKLING LAUGHTER is heard from inside the room.

Vi sighs and leans against the wall, sliding to the floor.
Shane and David sit on either side of her.

VI

Faye's screwed.

DAVID

We tried our best, Vi.

SHANE

Maybe you can try talking to her
again. She might change her mind
about telling everyone the truth.

VI

She won't listen to me. She won't
listen to any --

A figurative light bulb goes on.

SHANE

Vi?

VI

I have an idea. But there's a good
chance it's a really, really bad
one.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - BASEMENT ROOM - DAY

Back with Peter, Sam and an incredibly nervous Andrew - tied
to a chair, sweat beading on his forehead.

Peter is shocked. Andrew eyes sharpen on him. Peter silently
tries to communicate. To apologise.

Sam moves between them. He removes the duct tape from Andrew's mouth.

SAM

This is one of the ones we identified the first time, remember? He died and came back, just like your kid. Andrew Friar. He was hit by a bus.

ANDREW

Technically it was a kombi van.

SAM

So you confess?

ANDREW

Confess to what, dude? Being in the wrong place at the wrong time. Who kidnaps someone from outside a Nando's, anyway?

SAM

Tell us about the Company.

ANDREW

All I wanted was some chicken.

SAM

Tell us!

He lifts a hand to strike. Andrew flinches. Peter steps in, grabbing Sam's hand.

PETER

Sam!
(calming)
Sam, let me try.

SAM

Seriously?

PETER

Maybe this guy needs a gentler approach. Like you said, I'm the expert on the touchy-feely crap.

SAM

Yeah... Yeah, okay. I'll be upstairs. If he gives you any trouble...

Peter nods, not quite knowing what the end of that sentence is supposed to be. Sam leaves, stomping up the stairs.

A moment passes, then Peter rushes to Andrew and unties him.

PETER

Andrew, are you okay?

His hands free, Andrew touches his head and winces.

ANDREW

I think I have a subdural hematoma the size of a grapefruit but I remember what a subdural hematoma is, so at least med school wasn't a total waste.

PETER

I am so sorry. I have no idea how this happened. Sam's just --

ANDREW

Remembering everything. Yeah, I got that. And you don't have to apologise, it's not your fault.

Peter looks confused. He kneels to untie Andrew's ankles.

ANDREW (CONT'D)

The Company sent out a memo. The problem's on our end.

PETER

So they know?

ANDREW

Not about Sam specifically but I'll give them the heads up.

PETER

They're not going to hurt him, are they?

The ropes fall away and Andrew stands and stretches.

ANDREW

That depends on if he keeps kidnapping people. You gotta lock that down.

PETER

I will, I promise. I'll keep him out of trouble.

(beat)

He wasn't like this, even before the memory wipe. I'm worried.

ANDREW

I'll call you when we know more. I
just have to get out of here first.

There's a beat. Both men sense the elephant in the room.

ANDREW (CONT'D)

So...

PETER

(sighs; nods)
Make it look real.

He closes his eyes, cringing in anticipation. Andrew shrugs apologetically then -- WHAM! -- punches him in the face.

INT. GARRETON UNIVERSITY - FAYE'S DORM ROOM - DAY

Faye is cleaning out her dorm room, packing things up. Vi taps lightly on the open door

VI

Hey...

FAYE

Oh, hi. Come on in. Thought I'd get
a head start on the moving out.

VI

Have you spoken to the Dean yet?

FAYE

Not yet. Today. I know I'm going to
get kicked out and that's fine.

Her lip quivers. Her hands shake as she roughly shoves clothes into a suitcase.

FAYE (CONT'D)

There are other schools. I'll tell
my mum they made a mistake or that
I just want to study further away.

Tears well in her eyes. She drops the clothes and sinks onto her bed. Vi takes a few tentative steps forward..

VI

Faye, I'm here to try and convince
you, one last time, that maybe,
just maybe it won't be so bad
telling the truth.

FAYE

I know that you don't understand.
You think it's crazy and dumb.

VI

(sits beside her)

It's not dumb. I just think that
maybe you're remembering him wrong.
I don't think your dad would want
you to be afraid of being yourself.

There's a beat. The pain on Faye's face, in her eyes, is
intense. As she speaks, more and more tears leak out.

FAYE

I have this picture. It's of my dad
and I. I was just a baby. We're in
the park by the creek and we're
sitting under this big willow tree.
He's holding me in his arms and
he's looking down and smiling at
me. Sometimes I think that maybe I
remember it, like it's not just a
picture. I go and I sit under that
tree and I pretend that he's
sitting next to me. Holding me. But
I don't remember him. I don't
remember him.

She's sobbing now. Tears streaming down her anguished face.
Vi takes Faye in her arms, a weak attempt at comfort.

VI

Faye, there's something I have to
tell you, but you have to promise
that you won't freak out...

In the background, something we didn't notice before, a shape
in the doorway. It's Benson.

Faye opens her eyes and sees him over Vi's shoulder. She
pulls away, shocked. Vi realises that she's seen him. Sighs.

VI (CONT'D)

Too late.

CUT TO BLACK:

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

INT. GARRETON UNIVERSITY - FAYE'S DORM ROOM - DAY

Faye stands shakily - still teary, not believing her eyes.

FAYE

Daddy?

BENSON

Yes, Faye. It's me.

FAYE

But you're... Mum said you died.
You had a brain tumor and it...
(so sure of herself)
You're dead.

Benson moves further into the room.

BENSON

It's somewhat difficult to explain
but... I'm not. I didn't lie to
you, your mother didn't lie. This
is... I don't know what to say.

VI

How about "I love you, please don't
get expelled"?

A glare from Benson and Vi hops up.

VI (CONT'D)

I'll wait in the hall.

She exits. Faye doesn't notice, too busy scrutinising the man
in front of her.

FAYE

You look old.

BENSON

(smiles softly)
You look beautiful. You look like
your mother.

FAYE

Does she know?

BENSON

She thinks I'm gone. That's the way
it needs to be.

Faye hardens. There's a sharpness to her voice.

FAYE

So let me get this straight. You faked your death and spent the next twenty odd years doing what? Just enjoying the fact that you didn't have a family? Or is that the whole point - you've got some other family somewhere and they're better than what we were?

Horrified, Benson reaches out for her. She pulls back.

BENSON

No, Faye, no. There's no one else.

FAYE

Then why?

BENSON

I wish I could...

Faye's eyes are locked on his. Demanding. Daring him to tell her anything other than the truth.

BENSON (CONT'D)

I died, Faye. I died and I found myself somewhere... else. I was alone. Frightened. But then I was given an opportunity. I signed a contract and I was able to come back. The only catch was that I had to keep this a secret. I couldn't contact your mother, I couldn't see you ever again.

(beat)

That was the hardest thing I've ever had to do, Faye.

FAYE

You expect me to believe that?

BENSON

For the purposes of this conversation, I hope so.

(beat)

But regardless of whether you believe me, I needed you to know.

This hits home for Faye. She softens.

FAYE

I need you to know something too.
I'm not... What I mean is, I'm a...
(deep breath; then)
I like girls, Dad. I'm a lesbian.

A moment of stunned silence. Faye fidgets nervously. Then, hesitantly, Benson reaches out. He puts a hand to her face.

BENSON

I love you, Faye. Nothing could ever change that. I'm proud of you.

FAYE

Really?

He smiles. Warm and loving.

BENSON

If death couldn't change how I feel about you, nothing else stands a chance.

They hug. Faye begins to cry again. Benson rests his chin on her head, crying as well - happy tears from both of them.

MUSIC CUE: "Tell Me" by Bryan Greenberg

INT. GARRETON UNIVERSITY - DORM HALLWAY - DAY

Out in the hall, standing next to Faye's doorway, Vi smiles.

INT. GARRETON UNIVERSITY - RECEPTION - DAY

Everything moves in SLOW MOTION as the music plays over.

The Dean's office opens. Faye emerges, smiling confidently. The DEAN follows, the incriminating photo in his hand.

He casts a withering glare to Griffin, Tucker and Carly, sitting in a row of chairs beside the door.

Faye crosses the room. There's a bounce in her step, a lightness to her. She's finally free.

She passes Vi who waggles her fingers to the guilty trio as they troop into the Dean's office. They look miserable.

INT. THE COMPANY - LAB - DAY

The MUSIC continues, though quieter.

Shane enters. The room is empty save for Bonnie and Jenna, standing over the row of now mangled memory wiping devices.

JENNA
(re: devices)
Shane... What happened?

SHANE
I told you I didn't know how to do
this, okay? I tried my best.

He hops up onto the bench opposite, his shoulders slumped.

JENNA
We really need these fixed.

SHANE
I know. It's not my fault that
someone has decided not to help.

BONNIE
He's referring to me.

SHANE
Thanks, Bonnie. I think she got it.

The lab doors swing open. It's Andrew. Jenna spots him.

JENNA
I'll leave you guys to it.

She hurries out. Shane sighs. Covers his face with his hands.

SHANE
Why won't you help me?

BONNIE
I'm trying. You're not listening.

Shane lets out a sharp, disbelieving laugh. Bonnie moves closer. She is tentative, seemingly nervous.

BONNIE (CONT'D)
Perhaps I haven't been as helpful
as I should have been.

(beat)
I won't always be here, in this
body. I won't always be able to
talk to you. That frightens me.

SHANE
Bonnie, you don't get frightened.
You're not... you're not human.

BONNIE
This body is. It's wired to feel
things. Happiness, pain, fear.
(MORE)

BONNIE (CONT'D)

(beat)

I'm afraid of going back to the way things were. Before I found you.

She touches his face. He takes her hand and wraps it in his.

SHANE

You don't want to leave?

BONNIE

No, Shane. I don't want to leave.

SHANE

Then I'll make sure you don't. I promise.

He drops her hand but leans forward and presses a kiss to her forehead. Bonnie smiles, immediately flooded with relief.

SHANE (CONT'D)

So, teach me how to do this?

She nods. He hops off the bench and pulls up a stool in front of the broken devices. Bonnie slips her hand into his pocket.

SHANE (CONT'D)

What are you --

Out comes his iPod. She pops one ear bud in his ear, the other in her own as she sits beside him.

BONNIE

You have to relax and you have to listen.

She puts a hand over his heart. The MUSIC gets louder. Shane closes his eyes, just listening to it. Taking it all in.

With his eyes still closed, he reaches across the bench to a row of tools. He picks up a pair of needle-nose pliers.

He opens his eyes, pops open the device and gets to work.

With Bonnie beside him and the music in his ears, everything goes like clockwork. He seems to instinctively know which tools to pick up, which parts of the machine to focus on. There are no sparks, no mistakes. Shane is perfect.

INT. THE COMPANY - HALLWAY - DAY

Andrew strides down the hall. Jenna scampers after him.

JENNA

Andrew! Andrew, slow down! You're the one who came to talk, remember?

But he's looking around for a quiet place. He finds a door and holds it open for her. Jenna looks in. Raises an eyebrow.

JENNA (CONT'D)

Seriously?

Andrew motions her in impatiently. She sighs. In she goes.

INT. THE COMPANY - SUPPLY CLOSET - DAY

Andrew follows her in and closes the door. Jenna flicks on the light. They're surrounded by shelves of office supplies.

JENNA

Why are you being so secretive? Is this about Peter and his reporter friend? Yes, I got your rather lengthy text. You know, it would have been much easier to call.

ANDREW

We need to talk.

JENNA

That's what I've been trying to do, Andrew. You've been avoiding me.

ANDREW

You're right. I should just man up and do it. Get it over with.

JENNA

Get what over with?

For the first time, Jenna realises that something much more serious is going on here. She puts the pieces together.

JENNA (CONT'D)

Oh. I see.

(beat)

I'm not an idiot. I know you think there's something going on between Nathan and I but there's not.

(beat)

I know the idea of falling in love with a killer is very "in" these days but I'm not some swoon-happy teenager and Nathan is... Well, he's just the man I'm trying to keep out of my nightmares.

She looks hurt, though her tone is still one of anger.

JENNA (CONT'D)

I thought you would've understood that. Or I thought you would've at least given me the benefit of the doubt instead of just deciding that this relationship wasn't worth --

Andrew looks down. Jenna reactively follows his gaze.

In between them, Andrew holds a black velvet ring box. Inside is a diamond engagement ring. Simple and elegant.

Andrew is surprisingly calm.

ANDREW

I bought it today. Before that whole kidnapping thing, of course.

Jenna doesn't speak. Andrew smiles.

ANDREW (CONT'D)

Jenn? Are you gonna say something?

JENNA

So you're not... You weren't going to break up with me?

ANDREW

No, dummy.
(beat)

I don't love seeing you and Nathan hanging out but I get that it's something you need to do. At least I'm starting to. You okay?

She's still shocked. Struggles to form words.

JENNA

I just... I don't know... Why?

ANDREW

The past few months, with everything that's been happening, it just got me thinking. I hate this place. Always have. I used to spend every day regretting my decision to sign that bloody contract. And, in a way, that hasn't changed. I don't feel like I belong here.

(beat)

But then there's you.

(MORE)

ANDREW (CONT'D)

I've never felt about anyone the way I feel about you. You make all of this worth it and there's nothing I want more than to spend the rest of my second life with you.

He gets on one knee.

ANDREW (CONT'D)

Jenna, will you marry me?

JENNA

You hate it here?

ANDREW

(grins)

Kinda hoping you'd take something else away from that monologue.

JENNA

You hate it here and I'm just the best of the worst?

Andrew scrambles to his feet. The smile is gone.

ANDREW

That's not what I meant. I --

JENNA

I know that's not what you meant but it's part of it. You're just so desperate for something good. Something to wake up for.

(beat)

I guess that means, if you loved ice fishing, you'd transfer to a Company branch in Alaska, right?

ANDREW

So I'm guessing that's a no?

JENNA

I...

Her mobile CHIRPS. She blinks, stares down at the screen.

JENNA (CONT'D)

Shane fixed it. He thinks, anyway. We need to run some tests.

There's no response from Andrew. He stares at her, numb.

JENNA (CONT'D)
Andrew? Did you hear me?

He nods and snaps the ring box shut. He presses it into her hand.

ANDREW
You can return it if you want. Just don't let me find it.

Jenna frowns, not understanding. Andrew exits and closes the door behind him. The lock CLICKS.

JENNA
Andrew?

She shakes the handle. He's locked her in. She bangs on the door, her eyes going to the ring box in her hand. Realises.

JENNA (CONT'D)
Andrew!

INT. THE COMPANY - LAB - DAY

Shane holds a repaired memory wiping device in his hand. He looks warily at Andrew who stands in front of him.

SHANE
Are you sure about this? Maybe we should wait for --

ANDREW
Do it.

Shane turns a dial and, with a tiny HUM, the light at the end of the device comes to life. He waves the light in front of Andrew's eyes like a doctor checking for pupil reflexes.

Jenna bursts in, out of breath.

JENNA
Andrew!

Shane flicks off the light. Andrew blinks a couple of times and shakes the fog from his head. He sees her and brightens.

ANDREW
Hey, Jenn. What's up?

JENNA
Did you... Did you really just do that?

ANDREW

(confused)

Do what?

(beat)

You look a little stressed. I have just the cure for that.

He wraps an arm around her shoulders.

ANDREW (CONT'D)

Van Damme marathon! Hard Target,
Street Fighter and Double Impact.
He plays twins, Jenna! Twins!

JENNA

(weak)

Sounds good...

She tucks the ring box into her pocket.

EXT. GARRETON UNIVERSITY - QUAD - DAY

Vi jogs down the steps of the main building. She sees Faye and Benson up ahead. They share a quick hug.

As Vi nears, the crowd thickens. People cross her line of sight, briefly obscuring Faye and Benson. She sees him take something from his pocket. A pen? A memory wiping device?

Vi finally makes it to Faye who looks a little dazed. Benson is already walking away.

VI

Faye, hey. Are you okay?

FAYE

Oh, Vi! I'm so relieved that this is over. Thank you for helping me realise what I needed to do.

VI

Don't thank me. Thank your dad.

Faye smiles vaguely.

FAYE

What are you talking about? My dad died when I was a baby.

Vi looks ahead - Benson is quickly disappearing into the crowd. She squeezes Faye's arm.

VI

Never mind. Look, I've gotta go.
Good luck with, y'know, life.

She dashes off, leaving Faye confused.

EXT. GARRETON UNIVERSITY - QUAD STEPS - MOMENTS LATER

Vi catches up to Benson as he starts to descend a short flight of brick steps that lead to a tree lined pathway.

VI

Benson!

He stops, hand on the railing.

VI (CONT'D)

She really doesn't remember what happened? You showing up again, telling her the truth?

BENSON

It's better this way.

VI

Why?

BENSON

Why should I have the privilege of family when so many other Company employees do not? It's cruel.

(beat)

And, no. That wasn't a veiled comment about you and your father.

Vi's eyes widen in fear.

VI

How did you...?

(quick; desperate)

I didn't tell him, I swear. He just figured it out.

BENSON

I know. As did I.

Benson smiles reassuringly.

VI

So what does this mean?

BENSON

While it would be cruel of me to take something for myself everyone wants so desperately for their own lives, it would be equally as cruel to take that same thing away from you.

(beat)

Your father is safe as far as I'm concerned. I just hope him knowing the truth has brought you closer together.

Vi looks sad. Benson starts leave but pauses, looks back.

BENSON (CONT'D)

Oh, and one more thing. I think it would be better if you didn't complete a report for this particular assignment.

Vi nods numbly and watches him go.

EXT. GARRETON UNIVERSITY - QUAD - DAY

Nathan walks through campus, searching for someone.

He spots Bianca alone on a bench and watches as three beefy looking UNI GUYS approach, looming over her. Nathan glowers.

OVER WITH BIANCA

Not enough time to get our bearings before Nathan appears.

NATHAN

Leave her alone.

BEEFY GUY #1

We were just --

NATHAN

Leave.

He takes a menacing step forward. Eyes dark, fists clenched. An intimidating sight. The Guys hurry off, freaked out.

Nathan's stony face breaks into a smile as he turns to Bianca. She leaps up, not quite so happy to see him.

BIANCA

What the hell is your problem?!

NATHAN

Me? I need your help with an assignment. Those guys were --

BIANCA

Giving me directions to the drama centre! What did you think they were doing?

Nathan goes to speak, doesn't want to say it.

BIANCA (CONT'D)

I get that I'm too young for you. That's fine. But if we're going to be just co-workers, I need you to not be such a douchebag.

She knocks his shoulder as she stalks off, still fuming.

EXT. TRAIN YARD - NIGHT

Eerie, filled with long shadows and empty, silent carriages. Peter and Sam wait in the space between two trains. Peter sports a bit of a bruise on his jaw.

SAM

Why do these people always insist on meeting in train yards? Makes me think I'm about to have my memories sucked out of my head. Again.

PETER

Don't worry. We can trust Andrew.

SAM

So punching you in the face makes him trustworthy? You need to set your bar a little higher, Pete.

PETER

Look, all I know is that he called and said he wants to meet.

SAM

These Company people, man. They're like the government. Got all our information just sitting there.

There's the RUMBLE of a car's engine. Car doors SLAM. Footsteps CRUNCH. Peter perks up. Sam fidgets nervously.

PETER

I think this is him.

SAM

This is gonna bag us a Pulitzer. I can feel it.

Andrew appears in front of them. He is closely followed by Jenna. The pair stop several yards away.

SAM (CONT'D)

You said we were meeting alone.

ANDREW

You get to bring a friend, so do I.

SAM

Fine. But just in case you're planning on memory wiping me, just remember that I know Krav Maga.

(claps his hands; smiles)

Now, let's get down to business.

JENNA

We want to speak to Peter Morgan first.

Peter is surprised.

SAM

Honey, you can speak to me.

Jenna doesn't back down - clear and commanding.

JENNA

Did you write the book on this? I don't think so. I talk to Peter Morgan or we walk. And let's face it, you need us, Mr. Fielding. No proof, no story, remember?

Sam looks to Peter, nods him over. Peter walks tentatively towards Jenna and Andrew. They all speak in hushed tones:

PETER

Hi, Jenna. Andrew. Good to see you both again. How are things?

JENNA

They've been better.

(beat)

Look, we need to deal with this now before things get out of hand.

She slips a memory wiping device from her coat pocket.

JENNA (CONT'D)

Andrew?

ANDREW

What? You heard him - he knows Krav Maga. That's the scary one, Jenna.

JENNA

We can't just let a reporter wander around knowing what he knows.

PETER

I'll do it.

A surprised beat.

JENNA

Are you sure?

PETER

He's my friend. I can get close.

He takes the device from her and nods, his face grim. He hides it in his palm as he goes back to Sam.

SAM

What'd they say? Do we get an exclusive?

PETER

I'm sorry, Sam.

Sam chuckles.

SAM

About what? They said no?

Peter raises the memory wiping device. Sam's smile drops, a look of hurt and betrayal coming over him.

SAM (CONT'D)

You're with them? All along, you were... I can't believe this. I thought we were friends.

PETER

We are.

He casts a quick glance over his shoulder. Jenna and Andrew can't hear them. He looks back to Sam, suddenly urgent.

PETER (CONT'D)

That's why I need you to pretend that you don't remember.

(MORE)

PETER (CONT'D)
I need you to go back to your motel, get your things and get out of town.

SAM
Pete --

PETER
Sam. This is serious.

Sam swallows the lump in his throat. Nods.

SAM
Okay.

Peter lifts the device to Sam's eye level. It's turned off - no light shines. Sam grabs his wrist. Meets his eyes.

SAM (CONT'D)
Thank you, Pete.

Peter nods.

OVER WITH JENNA AND ANDREW

They watch as Peter goes through the motions - waving the device in front of Sam's eyes. They can't see that it isn't actually turned on.

Andrew sighs happily and takes Jenna's hand.

ANDREW
Long day, huh?

JENNA
(troubled)
Yeah...

She gently pulls her hand away and wraps her arms around herself protectively. Andrew doesn't pick up on the vibe.

EXT. GARRETON PARK - NIGHT

ANGLE ON A PHOTOGRAPH

Aged. Dog-eared corners. It's of a younger Benson. He sits beneath a willow tree, holding a baby Faye in his arms.

ANGLE ON SCENE

Faye sits beneath the same willow tree, a creek babbling quietly to one side. She traces Benson's face in the photo.

She lowers the photo and the background sharpens to reveal Benson walking towards the tree, towards her. Faye smiles.

FAYE
You're late.

Benson smiles back.

EXT. EVANS RESIDENCE - NIGHT

David's car pulls up out front.

INT. DAVID'S CAR - NIGHT

David turns off the engine and looks over at Vi.

VI
Thanks for the lift. See you
tomorrow.

She leans over to kiss him. He puts a hand on her shoulder, gently pushing her back.

DAVID
Vi, can we talk?

As she settles back into her seat:

VI
This sounds ominous.
(beat; sighs)
This is about my family, isn't it?

DAVID
They must be worried about you.

This changes Vi's attitude. She folds her arms grumpily.

VI
Well, I'm sorry but there's nothing
I can do about that.

DAVID
You can go home.

VI
David, I know you feel strongly
about this because of what happened
to you but your situation and mine?
Not the same.

DAVID
I know. That's my point.

He takes a deep breath.

DAVID (CONT'D)

About three months after I ran away from home, I gave in and decided that I wanted to go back. So I called and... Let's just say it was a short conversation.

Vi's brow furrows, her eyes sad as she studies him. David continues, powering through the pain the memories bring up.

DAVID (CONT'D)

They didn't want me, Vi. I know that your parents do.

(beat)

I'll support you in this, I will. But I just don't agree with you.

Vi half-smiles.

VI

When have you ever?

Despite the moment of levity, David doesn't smile back.

VI (CONT'D)

I should go inside.

She goes to open her door. The expression on David's face stops her. She raises an eyebrow.

VI (CONT'D)

Unless there's a topic number two?

DAVID

Did I do something wrong?

VI

(sighs; hand to her head)

Except for repeatedly telling me that I should crawl back home and beg for forgiveness when I don't want to?

DAVID

When you left --

Vi gives him a sharp, warning look.

DAVID (CONT'D)

When you got kicked out, you could have come to me. But you didn't.

(beat)

(MORE)

DAVID (CONT'D)
 Do you... Do you regret what we
 did? When you and I...?

Vi's eyes widen. She touches his shoulder, his face.

VI
 No! No, God... David, it's not like
 that. I went to Shane because...
 Well, he's my best friend.

INT. EVANS RESIDENCE - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Shane parts the curtains and peers outside. He sees the car
 with David and Vi inside.

INT. DAVID'S CAR - NIGHT

Vi offers a smile.

VI
 That's all.
 (beat)
 Are we cool?

DAVID
 (nods; then)
 Sweet dreams.

He kisses her forehead. She smiles.

Through the car window, the curtain in Shane's window falls
 back into place.

INT. EVANS RESIDENCE - HALLWAY - LATER

Vi enters through the front door.

VI
 Anybody in? Shane?

SHANE (O.S.)
 I'm in the living room!

INT. EVANS RESIDENCE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Shane's on the couch. There are pamphlets spread out on the
 coffee table. Vi dumps her shoulder bag and sits beside him.

VI
 What's all this?
 (looking through the
 pamphlets)
 (MORE)

VI (CONT'D)
University of Technology Sydney,
University of Melbourne, University
of Texas?

She looks to Shane with concern.

VI (CONT'D)
Are you sure you'll be able to
handle university and being the
Company's new Doc?

SHANE
I don't really think I want to.

Vi reacts in surprise.

SHANE (CONT'D)
Today I got a taste of what my life
with the Company would be like. It
felt... right somehow. Like it was
what I was supposed to be doing.

He gathers up some pamphlets.

SHANE (CONT'D)
So all these are actually for you.

He holds them out. Vi pushes them away and shakes her head.

VI
Shane, no. I've had almost three
years of mixing education and the
Company. It's been hard. Too hard.

She stands and moves around the coffee table - trying to get
herself as far away from the pamphlets as possible.

VI (CONT'D)
After high school, I'm just going
to be a full time Company girl.

She smiles. It doesn't reach her eyes.

VI (CONT'D)
And I'm fine with that.

SHANE
That's too bad. Because I asked
Jenna. She said you have to go.

VI
She did not.

SHANE

She did. She said that field agents are the ones who interact. They have to connect with people. In order to do that, you have to be out there, living life. Connecting.

VI

Yeah, but that doesn't mean --

SHANE

That means going to university and, Hell, even getting a real job.

(beat)

Don't you get it? That's how you find people, Vi. People that need your help. Look at Faye. If we hadn't been there...

He gives her a knowing look. Vi sighs and flicks one of the pamphlets, still disbelieving.

VI

But don't you think the Parisian School of the Arts is a stretch?

SHANE

Jenna said people transfer all the time. There's nothing to say that you have to stay in Garretton.

Vi's face goes slack. A long beat.

VI

But what about us?

SHANE

I just want you to be happy.

Another beat. Vi grins. She bounces back to the couch and sits beside him. Excited, she grabs up more pamphlets.

VI

So, University of Texas? Think they have a course on rodeo clowning?

SHANE

Yeah, like you'd sign up for that.

VI

You never know. Rodeo clowns need the Company's help too. Ooh - what about England? Cambridge - you think I could get into Cambridge?

She continues to look through pamphlets, for the first time actually excited about what the future might hold.

Shane just stares at her, his bittersweet smile lingering.

INT. SAM'S MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Sam flies into the darkened room. He slams the door and slides the chain across.

He retrieves his laptop and sets it down on the desk. As it powers up, he excitedly rifles through his notes.

SAM

And Samuel Fielding takes the
Pulitzer...

A door CREAKS open. Sam freezes, his back to the noise. He glances to the long shadow that creeps along the carpet towards him.

SAM (CONT'D)

Who's there?

There's a CLICK and a sound like STATIC. Then, a familiar voice. Sam's voice.

SAM (CONT'D)

(recorded)

Evie, it's Sam. I've got a story
for you and by story, I mean the
biggest thing in print journalism
since... Well, print journalism.
It's the Company, Evie. You don't
know what that means yet but --

The voice goes dead. Sam steels himself and turns around.

Gabrielle stands just outside the bathroom door, a mini tape recorder in one hand.

GABRIELLE

You really didn't think we'd have a
phone tap on you? And you call
yourself a conspiracy expert.

She slips the recorder into her pocket, pushing back her jacket to reveal the gun at her hip.

Sam sees it but pretends not to care. He flops into the desk chair and spreads his arms out nonchalantly.

SAM

You caught me. Go ahead - erase my memory, do whatever it is that you think you need to do to protect your precious Company. But don't think for a second that I won't --

BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!

Gabrielle doesn't breath, doesn't blink. A woman with ice in her veins. She calmly lowers her weapon.

ON SAM

As he slumps to the floor. Blood leaks from the bullet holes in his chest.

Stay on him, on his staring, lifeless eyes, as Gabrielle's dark boots step over him. She exits.

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF EPISODE