PRESS GANG Series 3 & 4

EPISODE SIX

"HOLDING ON"

written by
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"PRESS GANG" Series 3 & 4
Episode Six
"HOLDING ON"

CHARACTER LIST

LYNDA DAY
SPIKE THOMSON
KENNY PHILLIPS
SARAH JACKSON
COLIN MATHEWS
FRAZZ DAVIES
TIDDLER
ZOE
ALEC CONNELL
MOIRA CONNELL
SHOE MAN
MARINGO
SECRETARY
EXTRAS
Phil
Workman

SCHEDULE OF SCRIPT DAYS

SCENE 601 TO 603 AND 606 AD2005
SCENE 604, 605 AND 607 TO 638 DAY 1
SCENE 639 TO 642 DAY 2
INT. CORRIDOR. DAY

Close shot of a face in an oil painting - a man’s face, stern and fatherly. He is staring out at us in the traditional portrait way.

CUT TO:

Another oil painting face of the same stern, fatherly type.

CUT TO:

This time a younger man but still in oils and still with that look of fixed sincerity.

CUT TO:

An older man again. The look is the same but by now we might have noticed a gradually more modern appearance to the successive paintings.

CUT TO:

This time staring gravely out at us from the oils is the face of LYNDA DAY - but this is a Lynda a good fifteen years older than the one we know.

We hold on her face for a moment then pan down the portrait to the caption beneath the gold frame:

"LYNDA DAY
DAILY CHRONICLE EDITOR
2005"

We hear a soft chime.

A shot of a pair of lift doors as they roll back leaving us with a close shot of SPIKE THOMSON fifteen years on.

A wider shot as he comes out of the lift.

Lynda’s portrait directly faces the lift. It is the last of a series running the length of the corridor.

SPIKE looks up at the portrait for a moment, then turns and heads down the corridor.

He has only gone a few steps when he quickly turns and looks back at the painting.

Shot of the painting looking gravely back at him.
SPIKE eyes the painting suspiciously, turns to go on, coming face to face with a WORKMAN who is replacing the canister on the water cooler. The WORKMAN is staring at him, obviously a little bemused at his antics.

SPIKE smiles sheepishly, feeling the need to explain.

SPIKE
Every time I turn my back on that painting I feel as though she grins at me - like she knows something I don't.

The WORKMAN looks at him deadpan, then looks at the painting.

WORKMAN
So that's why.

He goes back to work on the water cooler. SPIKE frowns at his reaction, looks suspiciously back at the portrait. He heads down the corridor.

Shot of Lynda's portrait staring gravely at us. Fade up Episode Title:

"Holding On"

INT. OUTER OFFICE. DAY

Close shot of a sign on Lynda's door - "EDITOR - LYnda DAY". Over this we hear a girl crying. We pull out until we have a shot of the outer office. A secretary - ANGELA - sits at a desk by Lynda's door crying her eyes out.

SPIKE comes through the outer door.

SPIKE
Ahhh... is she in?

ANGELA breaks out in a yet louder wail.

SPIKE
Stupid question.

He goes to a water cooler. Fills a cup, takes it over to ANGELA. He places it on her desk.

SPIKE
Drink something. It's only morning, you'll dehydrate.

He goes through the door to Lynda's office.
INT. LYNDA’S OFFICE. DAY

The office is large and opulent.

LYNDA is at the far end behind an enormous desk. She is reclined way back in her chair talking on the phone.

LYNDA
Look, tomorrow we’ll just fire Bennett and Stimpson, we’ll leave Ross till next month. And the tall one in features, I want him out too... I told you his name, the tall one... What do you mean, they’re all tall? Well fire the tallest.

LYNDA notices SPIKE. She smiles at him absently, waves him into a seat.

SPIKE instead goes to the window, standing looking out.

LYNDA
Now that explosion on the south side, the chemicals factory - how are we covering that?

She has turned her chair round to look at her television playing in the corner with the sound turned down. It is a news broadcast showing footage of the burning building.

LYNDA
Apparently there’s really dangerous fumes and stuff so we can’t risk sending anyone too close.

(A thought occurs to her) Mind you, we’re firing those guys tomorrow anyway...

SPIKE glances round a little incredulous at this - but she’s not joking.

LYNDA
What the hell, brief them.

SPIKE turns and looks back out the window. He is not a happy man.

INT. JUNIOR GAZETTE NEWS-ROOM. DAY

We are back in our customary time zone. A long shot of a middle aged couple sitting together in the meeting room talking soberly. We are viewing them from some distance away in the main part of the news-room.
We hold on this shot during the first part of the following conversation.

SARAH
(V.O.)
You've got to promise not to laugh.

KENNY
(V.O.)
I promise.

SARAH
(V.O.)
It isn't funny for them.

KENNY
(V.O.)
I'm sure it isn't.

SARAH
(V.O.)
This is a great story and I don't want to lose it. One giggle out of you...

Shot of KENNY discussing with SARAH.

KENNY
Look, will you trust me? I'm not going to laugh.

COLIN appears between them. His face is unusually serious but he has the forefinger of one hand pressed against the end of his nose squashing it flat, as if it were glued there.

COLIN
Sarah, have you told him how serious it is?

One look at COLIN and KENNY has broken up laughing.

COLIN looks at KENNY, outraged, his finger still planted on his nose.

COLIN
(Towering indignation)
It so happens, Kenny, that this is not an amusing situation!!

SARAH
(Warningly)
Kenny...
COLIN
My nose is practically flat!

KENNY, who was on the point of recovering, burst out laughing anew.

SARAH
Look, this is all part of the same thing. Take it seriously!

KENNY
(Controlling himself)
I will, I promise.

She gives him a last warning look and starts leading the way to the meeting room, as KENNY and COLIN follow:

KENNY
So why can't you take your finger off your nose?

COLIN
You'll see.

INT. THE MEETING ROOM. DAY

The COUPLE look up as SARAH leads KENNY and COLIN through the door.

SARAH
Sorry to keep you waiting. Alec and Moira Connell, this is Kenny Phillips and Colin Mathews.

COLIN
Hi. Sorry about my nose.

KENNY
Hello.

COLIN
I can hardly breath, you know.

SARAH
(Taking a seat)
As you can see, Colin is also a victim of Mr. Maringo's curious sense of humour.

COLIN
I don't see anything funny about this. I may have to put straws up my nostrils.
KENNY virtually convulses keeping in the laughter.

SARAH
Alec, could you start by telling Kenny what you told me.

ALEC looks hesitantly at KENNY.

ALEC
Well first of all we’re not exactly sure it was Mr. Maringo.

MOIRA
It just seems likely.

ALEC
(Nodding agreement)
In view of what you’ve told us.

KENNY
So, ah... what’s the problem?

ALEC
(Instantly)
Divorce the bitch!

KENNY stares.

KENNY
What?

SARAH
That’s the problem.

ALEC
(Instantly)
Divorce the bitch!

SARAH
(To Alex)
Sorry.

ALEC
I did ask you - please don’t use that word.

KENNY
(Really confused by all this)
What word?

MOIRA
"Problem".
ALEC
Divorce the bitch!
(Looks pleadingly at his wife)
Darling...!

KENNY is staring at the CONNELLS as if they have come from another planet.

MOIRA
Every time someone says... that word... Alec says "Divorce the bitch!"

There is a silence as KENNY stares at him, comprehending.

KENNY
Why?

ALEC
I can't help myself, I just have to say it.

COLIN
Right! Like I can't get my finger off my nose!

Close shot of KENNY. He is rapidly coming to the conclusion that everyone else here is mad.

He looks for help to SARAH but she just smiles at him, enjoying his confusion.

ALEC
The thing is, it's starting to affect my work?

KENNY
Really?

ALEC
I'm a marriage guidance counsellor.

There is a long silence as KENNY absorbs this information and its implications.

KENNY
Yes I could see how that might be a problem.

ALEC
Divorce the birch!
SARAH finally takes pity on KENNY. She slides a sheet of paper across the table to him.

SARAH
Some information on Mr. Maringo - might help you out.

KENNY lifts the sheet, looks at it. We, however, do not see it. He smiles, finally understanding.

KENNY
I see!

SARAH
And what would you say if I told you Frazz and I have a plan to catch Maringo in the act?

KENNY looks curiously at SARAH.

INT. LYNDÁ'S OFFICE. DAY

LYNDÁ is still on the phone, SPIKE is still at the window.

LYNDÁ
...and anyway we can discuss that later.
(Glances over at Spike)
Okay, Dave, got to go. It's two o'clock and I'm only at item five on my schedule... That's right - Spike.

SPIKE reacts to this.

LYNDÁ
See you!

She puts the phone down.

LYNDÁ
So! What do you think of the new office?

SPIKE
The fortieth floor, huh? That's some elevator ride, I think I've got jet lag.

LYNDÁ
(Smiles)
Up here you don't have to pray - you just lean out the window.
SPIKE
I thought by now he'd be leaning in.

LYNDA
Well, sure. I was joking.
(Suddenly business like)
Right then, Spike, it's been lovely!

She picks up a hand-sized cassette recorder and talks into it.

LYNDA
Wednesday, item six. Doesn't look like we'll be able to afford Damien Campbell's salary much longer - suggest we assign him to a war zone...

SPIKE
(Stepping forward)
We need to talk.

The seriousness in SPIKE'S tone catches LYNDAR She looks at him.

SPIKE
If you could manage to stop thinking about your precious schedule for maybe a whole eight seconds, you and I need a serious talk.

LYNDA regards him dubiously.

LYNDA
Eight seconds?

SPIKE
Lynda... stuff the schedule!

LYNDA looks at him for a moment, nods grimly.

LYNDA
I knew this was coming.

SPIKE
(Surprised)
How?
LYNDA
(Flipping open her filofax)
Well we had a serious talk booked for today.

SPIKE looks at her in despair.

LYNDA
Can we squeeze it in before seven? I'm out tonight.

SPIKE
Cancel.

LYNDA
(Looks at him in surprise)
Spike, I can't! This guy's an important contact for me, I've got to keep on his good side.

SPIKE looks at her, very suspicious.

SPIKE
(Acid)
And what interesting joint activities will that involve?

LYNDA looks at him in utter indignation.

LYNDA
Don't be disgusting - I'm just going to butter him up.
(A beat)
That was an expression.

SPIKE stares at her, not satisfied.

LYNDA
Look, this is all perfectly straight forward and above board. I'm simply going to have a pleasant social evening with a good friend in order to further my career.

SPIKE
(Unconvinced)
Just a pleasant, social evening.

LYNDA
Exactly.

SPIKE
That's all, is it.
LYNDA
Of course.

SPIKE
So it wouldn't be the slightest bit awkward if I decided to come along?

LYNDA
Why would it be?

SPIKE
Good.

LYNDA hesitates a moment.

LYNDA
On thing, though.

SPIKE
What?

LYNDA
Could you bring a date?

SPIKE leaps explosively from his chair.

SPIKE
That's it, I've had it with you!

LYNDA
(Flaring also)
Well I've had it with you too, you're becoming pathetic!

SPIKE
And you're becoming a work-obsessed, amoral, megalomaniac!

LYNDA
I'm sorry, it's too late to try and get back in with me.

SPIKE
I'm out of here! For good!

He starts striding for the door.

LYNDA
You've said it before, Thomson - you've been saying it since the Junior Gazette.
SPIKE
Well fat chance I had back
then - you stole my passport,
remember?

LYNDA
You could've got a new one, it
isn't difficult. You stayed
because you wanted to.

SPIKE
Because I wanted to?? I had Zoe
waiting for me in the States.
That's one relationship you
really screwed up for me.

LYNDA
Zoe! You're not still on about
Zoe! Spike, she was a glammed-up,
air-head bimbo!

SPIKE
Yeh. And she really liked me.

LYNDA
Well I've never stopped you
seeing her.

SPIKE
(Boggling at this)
Lynda, you ran a front page
feature exposing her as the head
of an international drugs
syndicate. She's doing life -
along side the girl I chatted to
in that restaurant four years
ago and the one who smiled at me
in the elevator last Christmas.

LYNDA
I suppose next you'll be saying
I'm jealous.

SPIKE
I'm going to tell you something,
Lynda Day. If I ever got a shot
at doing my whole life over, no
way are you going to be part of
it!

LYNDA
Oh, I see. It would be happy
ever after with Zoe, would it?
SPIKE
It might just be.

LYNDA
Well go for it.

SPIKE
It’s fifteen years too late for that, Lynda.

LYNDA
No it isn’t.

SPIKE stares at her, not understanding.

SPIKE
What do you mean?

LYNDA
Isn’t it obvious? This is a dream dummy!

Close shot of SPIKE, uncomprehending.

We hear a phone ring...

607  INT. SPIKE’S UNCLE’S HOUSE/LIVING ROOM HALLWAY/Front Door. DAY

SPIKE had dozed off in an armchair in the living room. He startles awake. On the table next to him a phone is ringing.

He slowly gets his bearings, answers the phone.

SPIKE
Hello?

608  INT. JUNIOR GAZETTE NEWS-ROOM. DAY

Intercut with Scene 607 as required.

KENNY is on the other end of the line. As he talks he looks at the sheet of paper SARAH gave him - but we still don’t see what is written on it.

KENNY
Spike, hi. It’s Kenny.

SPIKE
(Still a little fazed)

Kenny?
KENNY
Can I interest you in the weirdest story in Junior Gazette history?

SPIKE
What?

KENNY
(Picking up the sleepy tone in Spike's voice)
You okay?

SPIKE
I'm fine. I was asleep, that's all.

KENNY
At one o'clock in the afternoon?

SPIKE
(Sitting forward, rubbing his eyes)
It's five a.m. in California - I'm a patriot.

KENNY
Think you could wake yourself up by this evening? We need you to go to the Theatre - with Lynda.

SPIKE
(Almost wincing at the name)
Lynda? Listen, Kenny, can I ask you a really dumb question?

KENNY
Of course. So long as I can snigger about it with my friends afterwards.

SPIKE hesitates. It is obvious he is still shaken by the dream.

SPIKE
Do you think dreams can predict the future?

KENNY is completely taken aback at this coming from SPIKE.

KENNY
What?
SPIKE
(Embarrassed but pressing on)
You know, like tell you how
things are going to turn out,
that sort of stuff.

KENNY is saved from having to answer by Spike’s doorbell.

SPIKE
Hang on, Kenny, someone’s at the
door.

Shot of KENNY.

KENNY
No problem.

ALEC
(From off)
Divorce the birch!

INT/EXT. SPIKE’S UNCLE’S HOUSE. DAY

Shot of the inside of the front door as SPIKE’S arm
reaches across frame to open it.

We cut to a close shot of SPIKE’S face as he pulls it
open.

He stares in utter astonishment.

A GIRL is standing on the doorstep, suitcases at her
feet. She might look vaguely familiar to us. Beyond her
we can see a taxi pulling away from the kerb.

GIRL
I guess I got a little tired of
waiting for you to come home.

SPIKE takes a moment to believe it.

SPIKE
Zoe!

INT. JUNIOR GAZETTE NEWS-ROOM. DAY

KENNY waits impatiently on the phone.

He sighs, leans back in his chair, tosses the sheet of
paper SARAH gave him on to the desk. We go with the
paper, holding it in close shot as it lands.

It is a theatre handbill and reads: "MR. MARINGO, THE
AMAZING HYPNOTIST".
MAN
(V.O.)
He really is astonishing - the
best hypnotist act I've ever
seen.

DISSOLVE TO:

611 INT. MARINGO'S DRESSING ROOM. DAY

A close shot of MARINGO'S face. As we pull out from him
we see that he is slumped in front of his mirror staring
boredly at himself.

MAN
(V.O.)
He gets these people up on the
stage and you can't imagine what
he gets them doing - poor
suckers. So try and get here
and see him, I think we could do
business.

During above MARINGO has got up, and started to pace
boredly round his dressing room. He pauses by a table,
picks up a portable phone off it and looks at it for a
moment. He smiles sardonically.

MAN
(During above; V.O.)
One problem - he's got kind of a
funny sense of humour. You
know, sending people out still
doing all kinds of weird stuff.
He made a maths teacher forget
the number five, that kind of
thing.

612 EXT. THEATRE. DAY

Shot of "MR. MARINGO, THE AMAZING HYPNOTIST" lettered
across the front of the theatre.

MAN
(V.O.)
I'm not sure why he does it.
Probably some sort of self-
publicity thing. Anyway, I've
just been in talking to him and
I think I got somewhere.

During above we have panned down to a shot of the theatre
doors which are plastered in "MARINGO" posters.
We discover the MAN standing outside the theatre talking on a portable phone.

**MAN**

I told him if we're going to represent him he has to cut that stuff out. I think he got the message.

As he says this he turns slightly - to reveal that the portable phone, so far mostly obscured to us, is in fact a shoe. He continues to talk confidently into it.

**MAN**

Look, I'll be back in London some time this afternoon. Let's get together, talk some things over.

As he says this he starts to head off down the street, still talking.

We pan with him till we come to LYNGA leaning against the wall of the theatre watching him go.

Closer shot of the MAN'S feet. One of his shoes is off causing him to limp slightly.

**MAN**

(During above)

Can you hear me clearly enough? I can't quite make you out. I think there might be something wrong with this phone.

Shot of LYNGA shaking her head at this.

A longer shot of LYNGA still watching the MAN go - a POV shot of someone standing a little distance away. We hold on this for a moment.

We cut to a shot of SPIKE standing staring at her. There is a sadness in his face.

He takes a breath, braces himself.

**SPIKE**

Lynda?

Close shot of LYNGA as she turns - only it is the more fearsome LYNGA of fifteen years hence.

Close shot of SPIKE as he blinks in surprise.
Close shot of LYNDÃ as she turns, this time as her more familiar younger self.

LYNDÃ
You took your time.

SPIKE looks at her ironically - this is LYNDÃ just as he dreamed her.

SPIKE
(Coldly)
Behind schedule, am I?

LYNDÃ is surprised at his tone. She laughs.

LYNDÃ
Hey, I’m jôking! Spike, you’re exactly one minute late - I’m not going to hound you for that. What kind of monster do you think I am?

SPIKE
Oh, right. Sorry.

LYNDÃ
You can easily make up the time tomorrow.

SPIKE stares at her. She turns, starts heading round the side of the building.

LYNDÃ
So did Kenny tell you the plan?

SPIKE
(Following; glancing up at theatre frontage)
To trap our mad hypnotist - he was vague. Look, before we get down to that...

He catches LYNDÃ gently by the arm, turns her round. They are now just outside the stage door.

SPIKE
Lynda, we need to talk.

LYNDÃ
Yeh, you’re right. We’d better.

SPIKE is taken aback at this.
SPIKE
You want to as well? Without checking your diary?

LYNDA
Well I think we ought.

SPIKE stares at her for a moment, then nods his head, understanding.

SPIKE
It never occurred to me you'd sense something wrong too. No offence, but mind if I go first?

LYNDA
Well, no.

SPIKE
I've got a lot of stuff I really need to say to you. I've been going over it in my head and... Well maybe it's better if I just start talking, yeh?

LYNDA
(Shrugs)

Sure.

SPIKE
I find this kind of hard. I almost get embarrassed. Isn't that crazy.

(Braces himself)
The problem I've got, Lynda, it's sort of like a choice. Now Zoe - my girl in the States, remember? ...Okay, so she's a bit of a bimbo, she's not too bright... She's nothing next to you in any department and I don't deny it. But she's kind of... easy to be with. Easy on my life.

He looks hard at her for a moment, forces himself to continue.

SPIKE
Look, I know we never quite got it together this time around... and maybe here and now isn't the time or place to say it... and believe me I'll deny I ever did
SPIKE (CONT.)
say it - to your face if
necessary... but you are
something special, Lynda Day.
Not easy - no way easy - but
very, very special.

He breaks off, looking away. He is embarrassed and on
edge.

SPIKE
Isn’t it weird? I’m embarrassed
saying this stuff. I mean
there’s only you here and I’m
embarrassed.

LYNDA
Where’s all this going?

SPIKE
Maybe the same place you are.
You wanted to talk too.

LYNDA
I just wanted to check the
equipment was working.
(Into her brooch)
How’s it doing, Frazz?

The back doors of a small van parked right next to SPIKE
and LYNDA fly open. Inside - all wearing headphones and
clustered round a CB type unit - are FRAZZ, SARAH, COLIN
and an older man called PHIL.

FRAZZ
Fine. Every word, clear as a
bell.

LYNDA
Good!

SPIKE stares in horror at a van full of people looking
sheepishly back at him.

SARAH
Hi, Spike.

FRAZZ
(Nodding to him)
Spike.

Hi.

COLIN
SARAH
Phil, this is Spike.

PHIL
Hi.

SPIKE stares at them all. He can’t quite find the words.

SARAH
(Rather lamely)
It’s, ah, Phil’s equipment we’re using.

LYNDA
(Suddenly business-like)
He’s just done a matinee and he’s got a show this evening. Word is he holes up in his dressing room between performances – should be the perfect time to catch him.

SPIKE has finally found his voice.

SPIKE
You guys were listening??

LYNDA
Didn’t Kenny tell you about this?

SPIKE looks at her blankly. LYNDAA turns to SARAH to provide the explanations.

LYNDA
Sarah?

SARAH
This guy Maringo’s been pulling some pretty unfunny tricks on anyone he can get his hands on in every town he’s played.

COLIN
(Bitterly; finger on nose)
Tell me about it! To think I was offering him my personal management.

SARAH
Thing is, he’s a hypnotist. No one’s got a very clear memory of what happened. So it’s pretty hard to nail him.
LYNDA
So you and I knock on his
dressing room door and say we’re
fans. On past evidence he’s
likely to try something with us.

SARAH
Only we’ve got him on tape.

LYNDA
Not to mention on our front
page.

SPIKE seems to take a moment to absorb all this.

SPIKE
You guys were listening??

LYNDA
(Shoots him a despairing glance)
Come on, let’s get started.

SPIKE
Didn’t it occur that was a
private conversation??

LYNDA
Don’t be silly - everyone was
listening.

SPIKE
I said a lot of private and
personal stuff there.

LYNDA
It wasn’t that private and
personal.

FRAZZ
It was really. Do you want a
playback?

SPIKE lunges for the tape machine.

SPIKE
Give me that!

He snatches the cassette, turns on LYNDA.

SPIKE
Did you actually manage to
listen to anything I said while
I was pouring my heart out?
She looks at him for a moment. Then plucks the cassette from his hand.

LYNDA
I’ll get a moment later.

She turns and goes, heading to the stage door.

SPIKE watches her go sourly.

SPIKE
I’ll say one thing for her. 
She’s got a great way of stopping me feeling guilty.

SARAH looks at him curiously.

SARAH
Guilty about what?

SPIKE looks at her for a moment. He starts to follow LYNDA.

INT. JUNIOR GAZETTE NEWS-ROOM. DAY

Close shot of phone as it rings. TIDDLER answers.

TIDDLER
Hello, Junior Gazette?... No, she isn’t here right now, can I take a message.

She listens a moment, frowns troubled.

TIDDLER
I’m putting you on hold.

She punches a button, calls to KENNY.

TIDDLER
Kenny!

KENNY
(Turning)
Yeh?

TIDDLER’S face is serious.

TIDDLER
It’s the American Embassy in London.

KENNY
What??
CONTINUED

TIDDLER
They want to talk to Lynda about a stolen passport.

Close shot of KENNY’S face as he reacts.

INT. MARINGO’S DRESSING ROOM. DAY

MARINGO sits staring at himself in the dressing room mirror much as he did when we first saw him. The door knocks. MARINGO glances over, gets up.

He pulls open the door to reveal SPIKE and LYNDIA.

LYNDIA
Sorry to disturb you, Mr. Maringo. We were wondering if we could have an autograph.

MARINGO looks at the pair of them for a moment.

MARINGO
Excuse me a moment.

He closes the door on them. Instantly he starts to look around his rather messy dressing room, obviously for something in particular.

INT. OUTSIDE MARINGO’S DRESSING ROOM DOOR. DAY

SPIKE and LYNDIA talk in whispers.

SPIKE
What’s he going to do to us?

LYNDIA
Nothing he won’t undo when he finds out who we are. If he succeeds in doing anything at all, that is – it’s you and me because we’re strong personalities. We only have to catch him in the attempt.

During this speech we have CUT TO:

INT. VAN. DAY

We hear the dialogue continue as the others listen in.

SPIKE
(V.O.)
I thought it was just you that had strong personalities.
LYNDA
(V.O.)
Thanks. From both of us.

FRAZZ
(Grins)
This is good stuff.

617 INT. MARINGO’S DRESSING ROOM. DAY
MARINGO finds what he is looking for under some junk on his table.
He has in his hands what appears to be fact sheets about SPIKE and LYNDA, each with a large photograph attached.

MARINGO
(Grins)
Jackpot!

618 INT. JUNIOR GAZETTE NEWS-ROOM. DAY
KENNY and TIDDLER are in urgent conference.

KENNY
Exactly what did they say?

TIDDLER
Just what I told you.

KENNY
Stealing a passport is serious. If Spike’s told anyone...

He tails off ominously.

TIDDLER
Spike wouldn’t get her in real trouble. Would he?

KENNY
Maybe he didn’t know. Keep them on hold, I’ve got to make a couple of calls.

He moves off.

619 INT. OUTSIDE MARINGO’S DRESSING ROOM. DAY
SPIKE
I do still need to talk to you.

LYNDA
Look, I’ve still got the tape.
CONTINUED

SPIKE
About my passport.

Abruptly the door opens again. This time MARINGO is all smiles.

MARINGO
Sorry about that. Do come in.

SPIKE and LYNDAL are momentarily taken aback.

LYNDAL
Thank you.

We hold on MARINGO as SPIKE and LYNDAL go past him into the room.

MARINGO
And how about a little demonstration?

INT. VAN. DAY

SARAH
We've got him!

INT. OUTSIDE MARINGO'S DRESSING ROOM. DAY

Shot through the doorway of SPIKE and LYNDAL standing uncertainly within. The door swings shut in our face, blocking them from view.

INT. JUNIOR GAZETTE NEWS-ROOM. DAY

KENNY picks up the phone, flicks off the hold. TIDDLER stands at his shoulder.

KENNY
Hello, can I help you?

INT. SPIKE'S UNCLE'S HOUSE. DAY

We start on the phone, slowly panning up to the person talking.

Intercut with Scene 622 as required.

AMERICAN LADY
I'm looking for Lynda Day.

KENNY
(Distort)
She's not here right now.
AMERICAN LADY
Well we need to talk to her very urgently. We have information that she has stolen a passport.

We have panned up to see that the American Lady is ZOE.

ZOE
I'm sure I don't have to tell you this is very serious.

KENNY
No, you don't.

ZOE
The passport must be returned immediately.

KENNY
And you must be Zoe.

ZOE is silenced. She is utterly astonished.

KENNY
I think the American Embassy getting involved in this is a long shot. Anyway I just phoned them and they don't have a call through to us. So who's female, American, and wants Spike to get his passport back.

ZOE
(After a moment)
You must be Kenny.

624  INT. VAN. DAY
They are gathered around, listening.

MARINGO
(V.O.)
Now grip hard. Hard as you can.
As if you're never going to let go. That's right.

625  INT. JUNIOR GAZETTE NEWS-ROOM. DAY
KENNY
So! You're in England.

626  INT. SPIKE'S UNCLE'S HOUSE. DAY
Intercut with Scene 625 as required.
ZOE
I’ll be back in the States by
morrow. With Spike. We’re
booked on the 6 a.m. flight,
tell that to Lynda Day!

KENNY
Short visit.

ZOE
Long enough.

KENNY
If you can find Spike’s
passport.

ZOE
We’ll find it.

KENNY
Has it occurred to you if he
really wanted to go back he
could’ve got a new one by now?

ZOE
I don’t see what it’s got to do
with you.

KENNY
Just that I’ve been around those
two long enough to know the
crossfire’s not a good place to
be. And I think that’s right
where you are at the moment.
Friendly advice.

626 CONTINUED

627 INT. VAN. DAY

LYNDA
(V.O.)
That’s amazing. Really amazing!

SPIKE
(V.O.)
So, ah... how do I get out of
this?

They all glance at one another, wondering what has
happened.

MARINGO
(V.O.)
I have to go out for a while.
SPIKE  
(V.O.)
But you’ve got to get me out of this.

MARINGO  
(V.O.)
Do I?

LYNDA  
(V.O.)
Would it change your mind at all, Mr. Maringo, if I tell you this entire conversation has been taped. And that we at the Junior Gazette are very interested in interviewing you about some of your recent activities?

MARINGO  
(V.O.)
No.

We hear the door open and slam.

FRAZZ and SARAH exchange a frantic glance.

SPIKE  
(V.O.)
Hey!!

FRAZZ tears off his headphones throws open the van doors.

628  EXT. THEATRE. DAY

FRAZZ and SARAH scramble out of the van in time to see MARINGO come striding out of the stage door, heading towards his car parked at the kerb.

The stage door flies open again and SPIKE comes lunging out.

SPIKE  
Hey, no, wait!!

He is dragged back by LYNDA pulling at his other hand.

LYNDA  
Spike, there’s no point!

SPIKE  
Frazz, stop him!
CONTINUED

But MARINGO is already starting up his car.

SPIKE
(Frantic)
He's getting away!!

LYNDA
(Pulling him back)
It doesn't matter!

Maringo's car drives off. SPIKE stares wildly after it.

Close shot of his horror-struck face as he yells at the receding car.

SPIKE
You can't do this to me!!

INT. SPIKE'S UNCLE'S HOUSE. DAY

ZOE
(By now quite annoyed)
As a matter of fact Spike's gone to see Lynda right now to get his passport.

INT. JUNIOR GAZETTE NEWS-ROOM DAY

Intercut with Scene 629 as required.

KENNY
Zoe, believe me, I'm neutral in this. But once you get those two together...

ZOE
Look, Spike's going to be back here at five o'clock. He promised me and that's all there is to it!

She slams down the phone.

KENNY winces as she does, hang up ruefully.

INT. SPIKE'S UNCLE'S HOUSE. DAY

ZOE has thrown herself into a chair. She sits there, face like thunder, breathing, arms tightly folded. We have the telephone big in the foreground. Suddenly the phone rings. ZOE looks murderously across at it.
ZOE
Spike, this better not be you with some lame-brained excuse!

EXT. THEATRE. DAY

Close shot of SPIKE with LYNDÁ’S portable phone at his ear. We slowly pull out from him to reveal that he is still holding LYNDÁ by the hand. Indeed they seem to be fastened together as LYNDÁ is trying to pry her fingers free with SARAH’S help.

SARAH
It’s just like Colin with his nose. You really can’t budge those fingers?

INT. SPIKE’S UNCLE’S HOUSE. DAY

Intercut with Scene 632 as required.

ZOE snatches up the phone.

ZOE
Yes?

SPIKE
Zoe, this is going to be quite hard to explain...

ZOE
(Flaring)
Then don’t! If you’re not back here in ten minutes, we’re finished! Understand? Finished!

She bangs the phone down hard.

EXT. THEATRE. DAY

SPIKE clicks off the phone.

SPIKE
(Bitterly)
I can’t believe this!

LYNDÁ
So Zoe’s back. You might have told me.

SPIKE
You might have let me!
SARAH
(Giving up on Lynda’s hand)
Sorry. Looks like you’re stuck.

LYNDA
It’ll wear off. Let’s get back
to the news-room.

She starts heading towards the van, pulling SPIKE after her.

SPIKE
Hey, no! I’ve got to get back
to Zoe.

He starts pulling her off in the other direction. She
digs in her heels.

LYNDA
(Pulling back)
I’ve no particular wish to meet
Zoe, thank you!

SPIKE
(Pulling on)
If I don’t get there and explain
this I’m a dead man!

LYNDA
(Pulling back)
Look on the bright side. When
she sees you hand in hand with
me you’re a dead man anyway.
(Grabs hold of Sarah)
Sarah, pull!

SPIKE
Frazz, give me a hand!

LYNDA
(Warning)
Colin, you’d better go on my
end!

In fact SARAH doesn’t pull, FRAZZ doesn’t move. And
COLIN jumps back into the van, saying:

COLIN
I’ll just check the tape.

PHIL, leaning against the van, watches all this in
bemusement.
SPIKE
Damn it, will you let go!

LYNDA
I can't. And neither can you!

SPIKE glares at her for a moment.

SPIKE
Fine! Then you're coming with me!

He starts dragging her determinedly off. We hold on FRAZZ and SARAH watching them go.

LYNDA
(As they go)
Spike, this is ridiculous! I don't want to meet Zoe, it's going to be very embarrassing for me... Sarah, get after Maringo - and try to get something together for tomorrow's edition, maybe three columns...

As her voice fades, FRAZZ turns to SARAH.

FRAZZ
Not your average romance, is it?

SARAH smiles, looks round at the van.

COLIN is listening to the playback of Spike and Lynda's hypnotism. We notice for the first time in the episode that his finger isn't on his nose. SARAH appears at the open doors.

SARAH
Colin, I...

She breaks off as she sees COLIN start in fright and instantly put his finger back to his nose. He smiles at her innocently.

COLIN
Yes?

SARAH stares at him.

SARAH
Wrong hand, Colin.
CONTINUED

On COLIN'S guilt ridden face we DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SPIKE'S UNCLE'S HOUSE. DAY

ZOE is sitting reading a magazine. She is wearing a walkman and nodding her head in time to the music.

We hear the front door slam though ZOE doesn't.

SPIKE
(Off)

Zoe?

ZOE still doesn't hear. Through the door - which we can see directly behind ZOE - comes SPIKE and LYNGDA. SPIKE looks appropriately nervous, LYNGDA looks resentful and slightly embarrassed. They come to an awkward halt, behind ZOE.

SPIKE
Ah, Zoe? Zoe??

(Without looking round; chilly)
I can hear you as a matter of fact.

She pulls her headphones off.

ZOE
You took a long time getting here.

She still doesn't look round, ostentatiously flicking through her magazine.

SPIKE
I was towing. Look, I've got something I kind of need to explain here.

ZOE
(Icy calm)
If it's got anything to do with Lynda Day, Spike, I'm going to kill you.

LYNGDA is more discomfited than ever. SPIKE absorbs this information as calmly as he can in the circumstances.

SPIKE
Right, I see!
Impulsively, ZOE gets to her feet and walks forward a few steps, keeping her back turned to SPIKE. We now lose SPIKE and LYNDAA from the frame. ZOE folds her arms tightly, suppressing strong emotions.

ZOE
You know why I’m not looking at you, Spike? Because when you’re lying I can always see it in your face. So!
(She detaches the player section of her walkman from her belt)
If you don’t answer this next question truthfully I’m going to throw this walkman at you.
(Braces herself)
Is there anything between you and Lynda Day?

She turns to look at SPIKE.

A shot from her POVs. SPIKE is now sitting on the sofa, one arm hanging, apparently casually, over the sofa back to where LYNDAA is evidently hidden.

SPIKE
Of course not!

ZOE considers a moment - then throws the walkman hard at SPIKE. SPIKE ducks.

Behind the sofa LYNDAA is not so lucky. The walkman bounces off the wall and batters her on the head. She suppresses a cry, rubs her head, and looks murderously at the walkman lying on the floor in front of her.

SPIKE
What was that for?? I’m telling you the truth - there’s nothing between me and Lynda.

ZOE glares at him for a moment - then she sags, relenting.

ZOE
I’m sorry, Spike. I’m just a bit... I don’t know.

She goes over to SPIKE, sits next to him. She nestles into the crook of the shoulder which is attached to the arm which is currently attached to LYNDAA. By SPIKE’S face, he is aware of the immediate danger of the situation.
ZOE
I was speaking to that Kenny
guy. He got me all worked up.

SPIKE
That’s Kenny for you - brutal
with women.

ZOE looks teasingly at SPIKE, snuggles in closer.

ZOE
You know, your uncle said he
wouldn’t be back till quite
late.

SPIKE stares at her, realising where this is leading.
This is an embarrassing situation.

Behind the sofa, LYNDA is horrified. This could be
unendurable.

SPIKE
(Obviously worried)
How late?

ZOE
(Picking up his worried tone)
What’s wrong?

SPIKE
(Flustered a bit)
Well it’s going to be dark
later. He might get attacked by
criminals.

ZOE
What are you talking about?
(Smiles sexily at him)
Shut up and put your arm round
me!

She obviously means the arm hanging down the back of the
sofa - and that isn’t a possibility. SPIKE prevaricates.

SPIKE
Now?

ZOE
Yes, now! Spike, we haven’t
been together for weeks! Why
won’t you put your arm round me?

SPIKE
Well it’s such a big step.
ZOE

Spike...!

SPIKE
Okay, okay, I’ll put my arm round you, I will! I’m just about to.

As he says this we cut to a shot behind the sofa. SPIKE is shaking LYNDÁ as if signalling her to do something. She doesn’t understand.

A shot of ZOE as LYNDÁ’S hand slips over the back of the sofa and rest on ZOE’S shoulder – the one further from SPIKE – creating the illusion that SPIKE has put his arm round her. LYNDÁ keeps her hand close to ZOE’S shoulder so that it is out of ZOE’S eyeline. This is so ZOE won’t notice the smallness of the hand or the nail varnish.

SPIKE
There we are!

ZOE
That’s better!

She snuggles into SPIKE. Behind the sofa LYNDÁ grimaces.

ZOE
She’s a real bitch, that Lynda Day, isn’t she?

SPIKE
(Realises he’s damned either way here) Ahhh... that’s quite a tricky question.

ZOE
Tricky?? She stole your passport! She’s a cold-hearted, selfish bitch! (Winces)

Ow!
(Puts her hand to the shoulder Lynda is gripping) Spike, you’re hurting me!

SPIKE
Am I?

ZOE
Yes!
SPIKE
Well I’ll stop!
(For Lynda’s benefit)
Right now!

ZOE stares at SPIKE, puzzled. The hand’s grip relaxes.

SPIKE
And I’ll give it a rub.

The hand hesitates – then reluctantly starts rubbing ZOE’S shoulder.

ZOE
(Looks at him a moment, smiles slowly)
You’re in a really crazy mood, aren’t you? Maybe I’m going to have to kiss you better!

She starts to lean in to him. SPIKE starts to lean in to her. Suddenly LYNDÆ’S hand yanks ZOE back from him.

ZOE
What are you doing??

SPIKE
Sorry about that. Just a… twitch.

He leans in to kiss her. ZOE is yanked yet further back from him.

ZOE
Spike!

SPIKE
(Momentarily losing his temper)
Stop that!

ZOE
(Stares at him)
Who are you talking to?

SPIKE can’t find a reply for a moment. He is a desperate man.

SPIKE
My hand.

Behind the couch LYNDÆ grins to herself. She’s enjoying this now.
ZO\(E\)  
(Deeply troubled)  
Your hand?  

SPIKE  
Yeh, just in a jokey way, you know. Hello hand!  

LYNDA’S hand waves back at him. ZOE sees this out of the corner of her eye. She is becoming rapidly convinced that SPIKE has gone mad.  

ZO\(E\)  
(Eyeing him, troubled)  
You are in control of this hand, aren’t you?  

SPIKE  
Of course I am! Complete control!  

Behind the sofa a look of devilment passes across LYNDA’S face. Her hand flies momentarily off ZOE’S shoulder and slaps her in the face. ZOE stares in wordless horror at SPIKE. SPIKE is no less horrified but improvises gamely.  

SPIKE  
Stop getting hysterical!  

ZO\(E\)  
What??  

SPIKE  
You were getting hysterical - I had to slap you.  

ZO\(E\)  
(Stares at him a moment)  
You’re going out of your mind!  

SPIKE  
No, I’m not!  

LYNDA’S hand pinches hold of ZOE’S cheek and starts shaking it up and down very fast.  

ZO\(E\)  
(As best she can)  
Spike!  

At this moment ZOE shoves SPIKE hard away from her and pushes herself to the other end of the sofa. Then, to her horror, she realises the hand still has hold on her cheek while SPIKE is now much further than an arm length
away. She takes a long moment to absorb this apparently horrifying information. Both SPIKE and LYNGDA have frozen.

ZOE
(Almost hysterical now)
What have I done to your arm?

There is no further point in concealment. LYNGDA rises from behind the sofa, one hand with SPIKE, the other with ZOE. ZOE stares at her. As ever, LYNGDA tries to keep her composure.

LYNGDA
(To Zoe)
I expect you’re surprised to see me.

ZOE can’t find words to reply. She just stares.
LYNGDA bends. Picks up the walkman, tosses it to ZOE.

LYNGDA
By the way, I think this is yours.

ZOE can take no more. Suddenly she is on her feet and running from the room.

SPIKE
Zoe!

We hear her feet go thumping up the stairs. SPIKE plunges his face in his one free hand. At the same moment LYNGDA’S portable phone rings.

LYNGDA
(Reaching for phone)
Didn’t go entirely smoothly, did it?
(Answers phone)
Hello, Lynda Day?

EXT. A STREET. DAY

SARAH is in a phone box. In the background we can see the van.

SARAH
Lynda, I’ve found out the truth about the hypnotist story. Get to the newsroom, fast as you can!
She hangs up and starts heading back to the van. On this we DISSOLVE TO:

INT. JUNIOR GAZETTE/MEETING ROOM. DAY

Close shot of ZOE’S solemn, tear stained face.

A wider shot reveals that we are in the meeting room. SPIKE and LYNDÁ are sitting opposite the silent, miserable ZOE. SPIKE looks pleadingly at ZOE who won’t look back at him.

SPIKE
Zoe, I’m telling you the truth!

LYNDÁ
(Looking off)
And here comes the proof.

SARAH is leading MARINGO and COLIN through the news-room towards them.

LYNDÁ
Looks like Colin got his nose fixed.

SARAH ushers a penitent looking MARINGO and COLIN into the room.

SARAH
(Grimly)
Sorry we’re a bit late. I’ll let Mr. Maringo do the talking. His real name’s John Hardie, by the way.

SPIKE and LYNDÁ look to MARINGO. ZOE also takes an interest. MARINGO takes a breath before launching into it all.

MARINGO
I’ll keep this brief since it’s hardly in my interests to annoy you any further. Alex Connell has never been a marriage guidance counsellor. He’s also never been hypnotised - he was pretending to be because he was paid to. As was the man you saw outside the theatre talking to
MARINGO (CONT.)
his shoe. As were all my other
so-called victims. Except
Colin. He was the one who paid
them.

LYNDA gets it.

LYNDA
(Turning to Colin)
You’re his manager, aren’t you?
You set this whole thing up to
get him publicity on our front
page!

MARINGO
I’m afraid that’s correct.
You’d be surprised how good this
kind of publicity can be.

COLIN suddenly clutches his ribs in apparent agony.

COLIN
Ahh!
(Starts groping his
painful way to the door)
Sorry, Lynda, it’s just that
dammed bullet wound I took
during the gun siege while I was
negotiating for your life.
Maybe I’d better go and have a
lie down - try not to worry.

He is now through the door. It closes behind him.
Instantly he races off through the news-room and out
through the doors. LYNDA watches him go, deadpan, then
turns back to MARINGO.

LYNDA
Go on.

MARINGO
One thing you have to
understand. I never expected to
succeed in hypnotising you two.
We thought the attempt would be
enough to make the story. I got
the fright of my life when you
guys went under.

SPIKE
Why?
MARINGO
Because I'm a fake.

SPIKE and LYNDÁ stare. ZOE too.

MARINGO
My show only works because I've got plants in the audience.
I've never actually hypnotised anyone in my entire career.

LYNDÁ frowns, baffled.

LYNDÁ
Then... then how...?

She raises her hand, still fastened to SPIKE'S.

MARINGO
I don't know. Nearest I can figure, you two must have some strong need to hang on to one another.

This hits home in different ways in SPIKE, LYNDÁ and ZOE.

SARAH
(Looking around, noting this)
Mr. Maringo, I think we should step outside and have a chat.

MARINGO
(Getting up)
Yes, of course.
(As he goes; to Lynda)
I'd be very grateful if this could be kept out of the paper.

LYNDÁ
Get out!

MARINGO and SARAH go. There is a silence. ZOE gets to her feet.

ZOE
We've got a flight booked at six a.m. tomorrow, Spike. If you love me, not her, you'll be able to let go.

SPIKE and LYNDÁ stand too. They look at one another.
LYNDA  
(Mischievous smile)  
Well, Spike? Can you let me go?

SPIKE says nothing. He raises their joined hands. Close shot of his face as he make a supreme effort of concentration.

Close shot of LYNDA’S face her smile is smug.

Close shot of their joined hands.

Close shot of Zoe.

Close shot of LYNDA’S face. Her smile slackens.

Close shot of their joined hands. SPIKE’S hand is slowly slipping free. LYNDA’S grip stays a moment longer but this also goes.

SPIKE turns to ZOE. She throws her arms around him.

ZOE  
Spike!

LYNDA stares at them a moment, hardly able to believe it. Then she turns, walks slowly out of the meeting room, leaving SPIKE and ZOE to embrace.

She goes to SPIKE’S desk. Close shot as she pulls open a drawer, extracting a small notebook emblazoned with "JUNIOR GAZETTE RULE BOOK". She looks up to see that SPIKE has come out of the meeting room and is standing looking at her. She tosses him the notebook.

He looks at it in confusion.

SPIKE  
My Junior Gazette Rule Book?

LYNDA  
There’s no such thing.

SPIKE stares at her a moment - then rips the cover from the book. Underneath it is his passport.

He looks at LYNDA. She looks at him. The news-room is silent. A long moment passes.

SPIKE turns to ZOE, takes her by the arm.

SPIKE  
Come on.
He leads her from the news-room. LYNDA watches them go.

We hold on LYNDA staring at the still swinging doors as the news-room tentatively comes back to life around her.

We start to slowly crane up from her, leaving her a lonely, still figure in the centre of the bustling news-room. As we start to crane up we hear:

PILOT’S VOICE
We are now cruising at a height of thirty-five thousand feet with a ground speed of six hundred miles an hour. It’s good flying weather and we hope to be touching down in California in about ten hours - that’ll be eight a.m. local time.

During the above we have DISSOLVED TO:

INT. PLANE. DAY

A close shot of ZOE and SPIKE in their seats. A close shot because it’ll only be a little set.

PILOT’S VOICE
So settle back in your seats and enjoy the flight.

ZOEN, who is in the act of putting on her walkman, turns to the somewhat glum looking SPIKE.

ZOEN, who is in the act of putting on her walkman, turns to the somewhat glum looking SPIKE.

ZOEN
Regrets?

SPIKE shakes his head, sighs.

SPIKE
Not really. It was kind of like a story that came to its natural end.

ZOEN
Good!

But as we close in on SPIKE’S face he still looks rather broody.

INT. JUNIOR GAZETTE NEWS-ROOMS. DAY

LYNDA sits into a very similar close-up, looking remarkably cheery.
LYNDA
(Across the desk)
Morning, Kenny!

KENNY
(A little surprised)
Morning boss. You seem very cheery.

LYNDA
(Positively glittering with happiness)
Maybe it's because I'm ending one chapter of my life and starting a whole new one full of new excitements and new challenges.

KENNY looks dubiously at LYNDA. This doesn't sound like her at all.

KENNY
May be.

LYNDA
I'm feeling generous concerning Mr. Maringo, by the way.

KENNY
We're not exposing him?

LYNDA
We're exposing him on the front page and the centre-spread.

KENNY looks shrewdly at LYNDA for a moment. He thinks he's got it.

KENNY
Lynda... that tape Sarah told me about - the one where Spike says Zoe's a bimbo and you're terrific... I'd love to hear it some time.

LYNDA
(Expression of mock innocence)
You know what, Kenny? I think I may have misplaced it somewhere.

KENNY looks at her reprovingly. A wicked grin starts to tug at the corner of LYNDA'S mouth.
641 INT. PLANE. DAY

Close shot of the walkman in ZOE’S hand as she presses the play button.

A shot of SPIKE and ZOE next to each other in their seats. SPIKE is asleep. ZOE settles back to listen.

After a moment ZOE’S eyes flick open in confusion. As she listens her expression becomes one of outrage and anger.

She slowly turns her baleful gaze on SPIKE next to her...

FREEZE FRAME.

END CREDITS.

As the credits roll we go back into SPIKE’S dream from the start of the episode.

642 INT. CORRIDOR. DAY

The fifteen years older SPIKE comes back along the portrait lined corridor. He presses the button for the lift, waits. He looks at the stern portrait of LYNGDA, salutes it.

The lift arrives, SPIKE gets in.

As he steps in he looks across at the portrait again - and stares.

SPIKE’S POV of the portrait. LYNGDA is grinning at him like she knows something he doesn’t.

The doors roll shut on the portrait, bringing season 3 to a close.