Episode  "THERE ARE CROCODILES"

CHARACTER LIST

Principals

Lynda
Spike
Julie
Colin
Frazz
Voice
Reporter
Photographer
David Jefford

Background

Gary

SET LIST

INT. JUNIOR GAZETTE NEWSROOM
INT. NEWSROOM TOILETS
INT. STUDY
INT. LYNDAA'S BEDROOM
INT. SPIKE'S FLAT

FLASHBACKS FROM SERIES ONE, EPISODE "Monday, Tuesday"
601 INT. STUDY. NIGHT.*

We start in darkness. First we hear buzzing and sparking of a bad electrical connection. Then there is a crack and this gives way to the crackle and roar of flames as from a fireplace. We hold on this for several seconds. A voice speaks in the dark. Lynda.

LYNDA
Okay, it’s like this. There’s a tribe living by a river. And in the river there are crocodiles.

We are fading in very slowly close on Lynda’s face, flickering in firelight as from a hearth.

LYNDA
The tribe has one particular piece of wisdom passed down through the generations. It goes like this. If you happen to meet a crocodile don’t stick your head in its mouth.

As her face becomes clearer we see that she seems to be talking to someone we don’t see who is sitting opposite.

LYNDA
Now and then - and who knows the reason - people ignore this advice. Which is sad, because they die. But very stupid, because they were warned. They had a choice.

As the screen comes slowly to full brightness we see that Lynda is sitting in a leather armchair. The room around her - the little we can see of it - is shadowy and indistinct but seems to be some kind of book-lined study.

LYNDA
The moral of the story is this: you can’t afford to be stupid. There are crocodiles.

602 INT. JUNIOR GAZETTE NEWSROOM. DAY.

The newsroom is deserted. The lights are off, the typewriters are under cover.

We fade up the episode title:

“There Are Crocodiles”

From off we hear the jangling of keys in a lock.
603  INT. NEWSROOM CORRIDOR. DAY.

A high shot down the corridor towards the outer doors. Through the glass we can see someone unlocking them.

Through the doors comes Frazz. He is furious - and he is wearing a muddied football strip. The big keyring dangles from one hand. He goes battering through the doors into the newsroom.

A beat later Lynda - also in a football strip - appears at the outer doors.

604  INT. JUNIOR GAZETTE NEWSROOM. DAY.

Close shot of the Junior Gazette keyring being flung down hard on a desktop.

Frazz throws himself bad temperedly into his chair.

Closer on Frazz. He is in a truly tremendous sulk. Beyond him we see the newsroom doors ease open and an untypically cautious Lynda peers in.

LYNDA
(Meekly)
Frazz?

Frazz swivels his chair round away from her. She comes tentatively a little way into the room.

LYNDA
You okay?

Frazz says nothing. After a moment he gets grimly to his feet and starts heading for the doors again.

LYNDA
Frazz?

He marches straight past her and out into the corridor. Through the doors we see him march into the toilet and bang the door behind him.

605  INT. TOILETS. DAY.

Frazz goes straight to the sink, splashes some water on his face.

LYNDA
(From doorway)
We were all just wondering if you were, ah ... upset about something. You seemed to leave a bit suddenly.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

Frazz snorts derisively, but otherwise ignores her. He goes over to the two toilet cubicles. One has “Out Of Order” pinned on the door. The other door is firmly closed. Frazz pushes at it - occupied.

A quick shot of the engaged sign showing on the door.

LYNDA
Well anyway! I thought that was fun!

Frazz now turns and looks dangerously at Lynda.

FRAZZ
(Quietly)
Forty-three.

She frowns, puzzled.

LYNDA
Forty-three what?

FRAZZ
Nil!

LYNDA
Oh, I know that! I do actually understand the game, Frazz, why does everyone around insist on treating me like a some kind of sporting ignoramus?
   (She frowns)
   So who got the forty-three?

Frazz groans in despair and heads out of the toilet. As he passes it we cut again to a momentary close shot of the engaged sign on the cubicle door.

INT. NEWSROOM CORRIDOR. DAY.

As Frazz emerges from the toilet Colin is coming through the outer doors at the far end.

COLIN
And there he is, the man of the moment. Congratulations, coach - liked what I saw on that court!

FRAZZ
It’s a pitch, Colin!

COLIN
No, I’m being sincere. Listen, the Sherrington Herald guys are on for a rematch next week - what do you think?

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

Frazz eyes Colin bleakly for a moment. He starts to head into the newsroom.

FRAZZ
(As he goes)
Colin, there’s something I’d like you to do for me.

COLIN
(Following)
Name it, coach.

INT. JUNIOR GAZETTE NEWSROOM. DAY.

Frazz heads for his desk, followed by Colin and Lynda.

FRAZZ
(Savagely sarcastic)
The next time the Junior Gazette all-stars turn out to strike unholy terror into the hearts of their unworthy and trembling opponents, there’s just one tiny thing I’d like you to do.

COLIN
What’s that, coach?

FRAZZ
(Roaring)
Wear a strip!

He throws himself into his seat. Colin looks down at the suit he’s wearing.

COLIN
You don’t like this?

Lynda’s thoughts have been elsewhere.

LYNDA
Forty-three, nil?

FRAZZ
Oh good. Finally sunk in, has it?

LYNDA
What about my goal?

COLIN
Yeh, what about Lynda’s? Nice moves there, boss.

(CONTINUED)
607 CONTINUED:

LYNDA
Did you see the look on Bill’s face. I just whacked it right past him!

COLIN
Right in the net!

FRAZZ
Yes, you’re quite right. I’d forgotten about Lynda’s big moment.

LYNDA
(Still enthusing)
Whack!

FRAZZ
One tiny point. Does it bother either of you at all that Bill keeps goal for us?

Lynda considers this.

LYNDA
Well, yes, actually. I mean he hardly moved!

Frazz despair.

LYNDA
He just stood there staring - like he couldn’t believe it was happening.

COLIN
Well you were fast, boss. You were slick!

LYNDA
I was, wasn’t I?

COLIN
Even the other team were cheering.

Frazz just stares at them both for a moment.

FRAZZ
How is it possible for you pair to grow up in this country and not know the most basic rules of football! Any normal person - ...

He breaks off, looking at the pair of them.

FRAZZ
Did I just use the word “normal”? I apologize, I must have banged my head in the game.

(CONTINUED)
LYNDA
(Guiltily owning up)
Yeh, sorry, that was me - my shoe came off when I scored.

Frazz stares at her.

FRAZZ
I thought I just fainted.

LYNDA
(Shrugs)
Sorry.

He looks at her in disbelieving wonder for a moment.

FRAZZ
Tell me something, Lynda ... Given that we were already twenty-one goals behind ... given that we were two players down because you personally sent them off for being consistently late on deadlines ... Given those things, don’t you think it was an unusual tactic to suddenly score against your own side and concuss your team captain?

LYNDA
(Brightly)
Well it had the benefit of surprise.

Frazz groans in despair and puts his head down on the desk.

LYNDA
Frazz, there’s something I’d better tell you.

Frazz raises his head and looks bleakly at her. What can it be now? She looks solemnly at him for a moment.

LYNDA
I haven’t actually played football before.

Frazz takes a moment to absorb this confession.

LYNDA
I wouldn’t have played today if what’s-his-name had bothered to show up.
(Frowns)
Where was what’s-his-name?

COLIN
Which one’s he?
LYNDA
The guy who wasn't there.

COLIN
Oh, right.

LYNDA
I'll kill him if I can figure out who he is.
(To Frazz)
You know, I loved that idea of numbering everyone - do you think it would work in the office?

Frazz gives a groan of despair at this and gets up, heading away from them. He is blocked by a still enthusing Colin.

COLIN
Come on, Coach, go easy on yourself. Most of your team hadn't even played before!

LYNDA
Except Spike.

COLIN
Well, yeh, except Spike.

Frazz comes to a halt, looks grimly at them both.

LYNDA
Spike's an expert, he loves football. He's played it all his life.

Shot of the doors as Spike comes through them - kitted out as an American footballer.

Frazz looks bleakly at him.

SPIKE
Well would it have killed you to be more specific??

Frazz is about to reply when - ...

LYNDA
Who's in the toilet?

They all look at her.

FRAZZ
Huh?

Troubled, Lynda lifts the big Junior Gazette keyring from Frazz's desk.

(CONTINUED)
607 CONTINUED:(4)

LYNDA
You opened up, right?

Frazz nods. Lynda looks over to the newsroom doors and the toilet door visible beyond them.

LYNDA
So who's in there?

VOICE (V.O.)
Did you know then?

608 INT. STUDY. NIGHT.

At first it seems we have cut to black - then we realize we are craning slowly up on the back of a high-backed leather armchair, coming to a shot of Lynda sitting opposite in an identical armchair.

Again we see nothing of her interrogator, seated in the chair over which we are now looking.

LYNDA
Know what?

VOICE
It doesn't matter - just a thought. Tell me about the football game. It seems a little out of character.

LYNDA
It was Frazz's idea. I went along with it because I thought maybe we could all do with some kind of joint activity. I wasn't supposed to be playing, of course. What's-his-name didn't make it.

She frowns.

LYNDA
What did you mean - did I know then?

VOICE
Sometimes people talk about having ... almost a premonition.

She looks grimly at him, allows herself a slight, bitter smile.

LYNDA
Of disaster?
609 INT. NEWSROOM CORRIDOR. DAY.

Lynda comes storming out of the newsroom, goes straight to the toilet ...

Spike, following, is just in time to catch her arm ...

SPIKE
Lynda ... !

LYNDA
If someone’s in my toilet I want to know what they’re doing!

She goes into the toilet. Spike turns to Frazz who has followed them out.

SPIKE
She has a passion for detail.

610 INT. TOILETS. DAY.

Spike enters to find Lynda testing the door of the closed cubicle. Definitely locked! She hesitates. She looks to Spike, suddenly uncertain of what she should say.

Spike shrugs, indicating that it’s entirely her problem!

She looks at him sourly, turns to the door again.

LYNDA
Uh ... can we help you?

Spike instantly roars with laughter. Furious, Lynda flies at him, dragging him out into the corridor with her.

611 INT. NEWSROOM CORRIDOR. DAY.

Spike is still laughing as he is bundled out into the corridor.

SPIKE  
(Laughing)
Can we help? What are we offering here - a quick squeeze on the major intestine?

LYNDA
There’s someone in there!

SPIKE
So one of the newsteam came in on their day off. Does it matter?

(Continued)
611 CONTINUED:

LYNDA
All the newsteam were at the match.

SPIKE
(Heavily ironic)
What, you took a role call of the crowd?

LYNDA
Damn right!

She pushes open the toilet door again and starts to go back inside.

612 INT. TOILETS. DAY. 612

Lynda is approaching the cubicle door as Spike follows her in. She glances defiantly at him, looks back at the cubicle.

LYNDA
You’re very quiet in there!

SPIKE
Which is quite a skill.

She throw him a look.

LYNDA
Hello?

Closer on Spike. A slight frown - it is starting to occur to him that something might actually by wrong.

LYNDA
Hello, who’s in there?

Troubled, Spike comes forward. Perhaps there is something wrong in there.

SPIKE
Look, uh ... sorry if this sounds dumb but are you okay in there?

There is the very slightest of groans from beyond the door. Something falls ...

Close on the bottom of the door by Spike and Lynda’s feet. Something rolls ...

A hypodermic syringe rolls sedately from under the door and knocks against Lynda’s foot.

For a moment they just stare down at it ...
612 CONTINUED:

... then Spike bursts into life.

SPIKE
Get an ambulance!

He is battering at the door.

Lynda is still staring down at the syringe, almost as if in shock.

SPIKE
(Yelling)
Lynda, get an ambulance!!

He slams his shoulder against the door again.

Lynda still doesn’t move to go.

He launches himself at the door again and this time it crashes open.

As it does so we cut to POV from inside the cubicle. Spike and Lynda stare in shock.

Close on the slack, white face they’re staring at. The pallor is deathly - there is only the faintest suggestion of any breathing at all.

Close on Lynda staring at him, incredulous.

LYNDA
(Almost under her breath)
What’s-his-name!

LYNDA (V.O.)
That’s when I knew.

613 INT. STUDY. NIGHT.

Close on Lynda staring moodily into the flames.

VOICE
How?

She gives the slightest shrug.

LYNDA
I could just see it all. The way it would go.
The logic of it.
614 INT. TOILETS. NIGHT.

Spike becomes aware that Lynda is still standing behind him. He turns on her starting to bundle her out of the room.

SPIKE
Lynda - ambulance!

615 INT. NEWSROOM CORRIDOR. NIGHT.

Lynda is bundled out into the corridor. She still seems almost confused. Uncharacteristically lost in the speed of events. She takes a moment, seemingly to steady herself. There is anger in her face.

LYNDA
(Quietly, fiercely)
Damn!!

VOICE (V.O.)
The logic?

616 INT. STUDY. NIGHT.

Close on Lynda’s face she stares into the unseen fire thoughtfully for a moment.

LYNDA
These things have a logic. You see all the steps, the way it’ll go ... But I didn’t think - ... (Hesitates, looks back at her unseen companion.)
I knew it was bad. But I thought I could handle it.

She frowns, troubled by the memory.

LYNDA
I didn’t know it would be the end.

617 INT. JUNIOR GAZETTE NEWSROOM. DAY.

Lynda comes briskly into the newsroom.

LYNDA
Frazz, phone for an ambulance.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

FRAZZ
(Taken aback)
What for? What's happened?

LYNDA
Our toilets need a clean out. Just phone!

Frazz still somewhat bewildered - grabs a phone, starts dialing.

COLIN
What's going on?

Lynda glances at him and starts heading bad temperedly to her desk.

LYNDA
Get an ad together. We have a vacancy.

Spike comes bursting through the doors, frantic.

SPIKE
Is that ambulance coming?

FRAZZ
(Receiver)
I'm phoning. What's happening?

Impatiently, Spike snatchs the phone from him.

SPIKE
There's a guy in the john, he's taken something!

(As phone is answered)
Uh, yeh, ambulance please, quickly!

FRAZZ
Oh God!

Frazz starts heading quickly over towards the toilets.

SPIKE
Junior Gazette offices, Dolphin Bridge, Norbridge. Fast as you can, it's -

As he speaks he glances over in Lynda's direction - and stares, the last word almost dying in his mouth.

COLIN
- urgent.

Shot of Lynda from Spike's POV. She is coolly at her filing cabinet, pulling out a folder.

Explosively he slams down the phone.

(CONTINUED)
617 CONTINUED:(2)

Lynda looks up from her folder, startled at the sudden noise. Spike is glaring at her, utterly incensed.

SPIKE
There could be a guy in there dying, Lynda!

She glances up absently at this.

LYNDA
And he had to choose our toilet.

She realizes, too late, how seriously Spike is taking this. He stares at her. She falters, seems about to say something ameliorating - but Spike is already storming back out of the room. Lynda stares after him, seemingly thrown by this turn of events.

Colin - uncomfortable at being left alone with her in this mood, starts awkwardly to back away to the doors after Spike.

COLIN
I'd better go help.

He heads out. As he does so we cut to a shot of Lynda standing at her desk through the still flapping doors - she looks suddenly very alone.

VOICE (V.O.)
What do you mean, the end?

618 INT. STUDY. NIGHT.

Again close on Lynda's face. She is staring into the fire, as if lost in her own thoughts.

VOICE
You said you didn't know it would be the end.
The end of what?

She looks at him grimly, doesn't reply for a moment.

LYNDA
Everything.

VOICE
Everything, Lynda?

Again she doesn't reply for a moment.

LYNDA
The Junior Gazette.
INT. JUNIOR GAZETTE NEWSROOM. DAY.

The same shot of Lynda alone in the newsroom.

We fade to black.

The double-crack of a shotgun being cocked.

A shatteringly loud gunshot.

INT. LYNDAS BEDROOM. NIGHT.

Close on Lynda as she bolts awake, terrified. She looks wild-eyed around her darkened room. After a moment she calms herself. She lies back on her pillow again, staring troubled at the ceiling.

VOICE (V.O.)
Tell me about the dream.

INT. STUDY. NIGHT.

Close on Lynda. She is staring into the fire again. She seems almost not to have been listening - though in fact she was. She looks to her companion a little vacantly, affecting not to have heard.

LYNDA
Hmm?

VOICE
Your dream. Tell me about it.

She looks at him for a moment with the same vacant, preoccupied expression. She gives a tiny shake of her head.

VOICE
You don’t want to talk about it?

Lynda considers this uneasily.

LYNDA
Later.

VOICE
Tell me about the boy you found then. How did that make you feel?

LYNDA
Angry.

(CONTINUED)
621 CONTINUED:

VOICE
Nothing else? He could’ve been dying.

LYNDA
He didn’t have to be - he took the drugs. His choice, his problem.
(A beat)
There are crocodiles.

The voice is silent for a moment.

VOICE
Tell me about the dream, Lynda.

LYNDA
No.

622 INT. NEWSROOM. DAY.

Julie pokes her head out of the newsroom doors into a close-up.

JULIE
You’re late!

Shot of Lynda coming through the outer doors.

LYNDA
You’re fired! I win.

JULIE
You remember what’s happening today?

LYNDA
(Heading into newsroom)
We plan and discuss the next edition and I make people cry. How did I do?

623 INT. JUNIOR GAZETTE NEWSROOM. DAY.

As Lynda comes into the newsroom she comes to a halt, staring.

A shot from Lynda’s POV. A youngish, rather brutish-looking man is sitting in her chair talking to another who is sitting on the bench at the side.

Lynda looks across at him with her most deadly stare.

LYNDA
Julie, there’s a man sitting in my chair. It’s a (more)

(CONTINUED)
623 CONTINUED:

LYNDA (cont'd)
shame really - he’s so young.

JULIE
They’re from the magazine. The publicity piece Colin set up?

Lynda registers this with a momentary flicker of alarm.

LYNDA
Is that a reason to let him sit in my chair?

JULIE
He’s cute - I didn’t like to say no.

LYNDA
Some time we’re going to get through a morning without you saying that.

JULIE
(Gives a little wave to the guy)
What do you think of him?

LYNDA
(Looks over at him disparagingly)
Neanderthal!

JULIE
And I saw him first!

Lynda turns, starts heading out of the newsroom again.

LYNDA
Julie, about your taste in men ...

JULIE
(Following)
Yeh?

LYNDA
Get some.

At the doors Lynda almost collides with Spike who is just coming in.

They look at one another without speaking. There is a distinct coldness between them. He heads past her towards his desk. Lynda watches him go, bleakly. She heads out into the corridor. Curiously, Julie follows.

624 INT. TOILETS. DAY.

Lynda comes through the door. Immediately she bends, looks all round (more)

(CONTINUED)
624 CONTINUED:

the floor.

She goes to the rubbish bin, looks quickly through it. Beyond her we see Julie come through the door.

JULIE
What's wrong with my taste in men?

LYNDA
Julie, you were the official pin-up at the last prison riot! Do you think it's good for this paper's public image to have a bunch of lifers on a rooftop waving signed photographs of the assistant editor?

JULIE
Oh come on, it must've happened to you. A few of your ex's land up in the same block ...

LYNDA
A few? They're thinking of naming the wing after you!

JULIE
So what happened in here you don't want anyone to know about?

Lynda is rocked by this abrupt accusation.

LYNDA
What makes you think something happened?

JULIE
I tell you the press are here and you immediately search the toilets. And then you mention our public image for the first time in living memory.

Lynda stares at her.

LYNDA
You're good. I may have to kill you.

She starts to head out again.

JULIE
So what happened in here?

LYNDA
I can tell you this much, Julie. It's a secret.

She goes out. Julie stares after her, troubled.
Lynda re-enters the newsroom to be greeted by a frantic Colin.

**COLIN**
You went to the toilet with the press here??
Think of your image!

**LYNDA**
(Pushing past him)
Spike!

**COLIN**
(Waving over to the magazine men)
She’ll be with you in a moment!

Spike working away in the foreground as Lynda comes through the doors in the background. She heads straight over to him.

**LYNDA**
(Leaning close in, quietly)
What happened to the hypodermic?

**SPIKE**
(Impatiently)
Well I took it to the hospital obviously - they had to know what he was on.

Colin has followed Lynda into this conversation.

**COLIN**
Could we keep the voices down? This has negative publicity potential.
(Calling across to the magazine men)
Just a bit of crazy newsroom banter here. I love this place.

**SPIKE**
And in answer to your other question, Gary’s in a very bad way.

**LYNDA**
(Blankly)
Gary?

**SPIKE**
(Icily)
Gary is the member of your staff who is probably dying. Tell me you haven’t forgotten.

**LYNDA**
Oh, what’s-his-name!

Spike looks at her with something close to disgust.

(CONTINUED)
625 CONTINUED:

SPIKE
We’ve got to talk.

COLIN
Look, guys, drugs in the office is one thing we
can’t allow to get out.

LYNDA
He’s right. Not here, not now.

SPIKE
Yes here, yes now!

Colin glances over at the two magazine men. They are watching this
obviously unpleasant confrontation with mild interest.

LYNDA
(Quietly, to Spike)
Spike, please.
(Indicates the two men)
The enemy’s in the building.

Spike doesn’t look at the two guys. He looks straight at Lynda.

SPIKE
Yeh. I know.

Colin turns a reassuring smile on the magazine me.

COLIN
Listen, this is just a personal, domestic thing -
their relationship’s in a bit of trouble. Lynda’s
a bit hyper, Spike’s always too tired. Personally
I think they just need time together and mood
lighting.

SPIKE & LYNDA
Shut up, Colin!

COLIN
(Offended)
Right, lash out at a friend!

Spike glances contemptuously at Colin. He looks grimly across at the two
men. There are things he is itching to say but appreciates that this
situation is a problem.

SPIKE
Okay. Meeting room.

He strides over to the meeting room, goes in. Lynda watches him go,
unsure what to do now. She starts to head hesitantly after him.

(CONTINUED)
625 CONTINUED:(2)

COLIN
Go to him, Lynda - go to your true love! We
won’t peek.

He gives a cheesy smile and a wink to the bemused magazine men.

626 INT. MEETING ROOM. DAY.

Lynda closes the door behind her. Spike is at the other end of the room.
He is not looking at her.

She hesitates, starts moving towards him.

He instantly responds by walking restlessly to the other side of the room.
He doesn’t want to be close to her.

Lynda comes to a halt, helpless. She glances behind her.

A shot from Lynda’s POV. The two magazine men are watching curiously
from the other side of the glass. Colin is gabbing away furiously to them,
trying - unsuccessfully - to assure them that nothing interesting is going
on.

A little uncomfortable at this scrutiny. Lynda turns back to Spike.

LYNDA
Why are you so angry with me?

Spike looks out into the newsroom, still avoiding looking at her.

SPIKE
We’re talking about a human life here. An
actual human life - do you understand that?

LYNDA
I understand.

SPIKE
Because it looks to me like all you can see here
is a PR problem for your newspaper.

LYNDA
I understand about PR too.

SPIKE
He might die, Lynda!

LYNDA
I hope he doesn’t.

But she says it rather cooly. Spike is not convinced. He tries a different
(more)

(CONTINUED)
SPIKE
Okay. Answer me one question. What happened here is news. And it concerns an issue that affects our readership. Why aren't we printing it?

For a moment Lynda doesn't reply. She is looking out into the newsroom at the magazine men.

LYNDA
We agreed last night. This stays secret.

SPIKE
I didn't agree, Lynda, I just happened to be in the room while you were talking. Get the difference?

LYNDA
We can't afford for this to get out. We sell to schoolchildren - we recruit at schools!

SPIKE
So why don't we do the job we're supposed to? Drug abuse is an issue, why don't we tell them about the dangers?

LYNDA
(Ironic)
"Drugs can kill you" - what a headline! Next week, why it's bad to fall off high buildings.

He looks at her in disgust, turns to go.

LYNDA
People do things because they're dangerous! We'd be as good as advertising.

He looks at her grimly.

SPIKE
Is that what people do?

LYNDA
Some people. Stupid people. And who needs them?

He stares at her.

SPIKE
Why has it taken me this long to realize you are just as big a monster as you seem to be.
626 CONTINUED:(2)

He turns and goes out, slamming the door.

We go close on Lynda's face, stricken at what he has said. Again we fade to black.

Voices. A babble of them, indistinct. Lynda's among them, forceful making a point ...

FLASHBACK

We fade in on a face, way out of focus. The voices babble on ...

The face starts to sharpen, features forming ...

There is the double-crack of a shotgun being cocked ...

The face is now clear, looking straight at us, behind him a vaguely woodland setting ... Long term viewers of the series might possibly recognize him as David Jefferd from "Monday Tuesday" in the first series.

A shatteringly loud gunshot ...

We fade suddenly to black and cut to:

627 INT. LYnda's bedroom. Night.

Lynda wide awake, breathing hard, scared out of her wits by this nightmare.

LYNDA

(Barely a whisper)

David.

628 INT. Study. Night.

Close on Lynda.

VOICE

Who is David?

Lynda considers this for a moment.

LYNDA

A jerk.

VOICE

A jerk?

(continued)
628 CONTINUED:

LYNDA
Just someone who tried to hurt my paper.

She looks thoughtfully into the fire.

LYNDA
Just someone I killed.

629 INT. NEWSROOM CORRIDOR. DAY.

A high shot down the length of the corridor towards the outer doors - like the one at the top of the show. Frazz comes through the doors, strides down the length of the corridor, batters through the doors into the newsroom.

A few moments later a rhythmic thumping is faintly heard from the newsroom.

Thump! Thump! Thump!

630 INT. JUNIOR GAZETTE NEWSROOM. DAY.

We slowly crane down from a general shot of the empty newsroom to discover Frazz in his chair solemnly beating his head on his desk.

A shot of the doors as Lynda appears at them. She looks tentatively in at Frazz.

LYNDA
Frazz?

FRAZZ
Hello, Lynda.

He carries on thumping.

LYNDA
I, uh - thought it went better this time.

FRAZZ
Hang on. I will too shortly

And he carries on thumping.

LYNDA
Please stop doing that.

Frazz looks up at her.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

FRAZZ
If you explain just one thing. Why do you
insist on constantly scoring against us! I
mean, five times in one match!

LYNDA
It was personal. Spike and I are fighting and
you had him in goal.

Frazz groans his misery.

Colin comes bounding cheerfully into the room. This time he is in a
Colinesque approximation of a football strip.

COLIN
Well, coach, how do you feel? Tired but
proud?

Frazz looks at him, dangerously.

FRAZZ
We were beaten thirty-seven - nil.

COLIN
Really? Didn’t keep track of all of it myself, I
had some calls on my portable.

Frazz looks grimly at Colin.

FRAZZ
Colin, can I make one general point about the
game of football.

COLIN
Hey, coach, shoot! I do still regard myself as a
beginner.

FRAZZ
No matter how badly your team is doing, you
are not - under any circumstances - allowed to
change sides!

Colin considers this for a moment.

COLIN
Look, we beat you. Deal with it.

LYNDA
These are supposed to be fun matches, Frazz.
We’re supposed to be enjoying this.

FRAZZ
Let me explain. A fun match is a match you
(more)

(CONTINUED)
630 CONTINUED:(2)

FRAZZ (cont’d)

win.

COLIN
I can confirm that.

FRAZZ
Shut up, Colin!

COLIN
(To Lynda)
Talk about a sore loser!

Lynda looks at him wearily, starts heading for the doors.

LYNDA
See you guys in a moment.

As she heads for the door we hold on Colin cheerfully watching her go. From off we hear Frazz’s head thumping resume. Colin watches this, smiles knowingly.

COLIN
Okay, Frazz, I read you. You want me back on the team!

631 INT. TOILETS. DAY.

Shot of the inside of the door as Lynda pushes it open - and stops to stare.

A shot from Lynda’s POV. The two guys from the magazine are there. They are in the middle of setting up a shot of one of the cubicles. The cubicle in which they found Gary!

The photographer grins apologetically but neither of the two seem particularly discountenanced.

Lynda looks from one to the other, momentarily dumb with shock. Her recovery is fast.

LYNDA
What do you want here?

The photographer shrugs, nods to the open cubicle.

PHOTOGRAPHER
Well - scene of the crime, right?

Lynda is reeling from this. Disaster is overtaking her faster than she can comprehend.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

LYNDA
Who told you?

No answer.

LYNDA
(Roaring at them)
Who told you?

Again no answer is forthcoming. She turns, storms out of the toilets ...

INT. NEWSROOM CORRIDOR. DAY.

As she storms across the corridor she becomes aware of someone entering at the far end ...

She looks round. Spike. He falters to a halt, seeing her, seeing her expression. There is a flicker of guilt on his face - almost perhaps, defiance.

A shot tracking in on Lynda’s face. She is staring at him, disbelievingly ...
Could it have been him?

A shot tracking in on Spike’s face. What does she think she knows?

Over this:

VOICE (V.O.)
He tried to hurt your paper?

INT. STUDY. NIGHT.

Again close on Lynda’s face. The firelight seems a little brighter now, the crackle of the flames a fraction louder.

She is staring vacantly into the fireplace again. She looks up, registering that her companion has spoken - but doesn’t reply for a moment.

LYNDA
David, you mean?

VOICE
David, yes.

She evades his gaze for a moment, looks back at the fire. She shifts uneasily in her seat.

LYNDA
It’s hot in here.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

VOICE
You're uncomfortable?

LYNDA
I'm warm.

VOICE
Tell me about David. How could he have hurt your paper?

LYNDA
I though we were talking about Spike and the magazine.

VOICE
For now I'd like to talk about David.

Lynda stares at him resentfully. Plainly she doesn't want to talk about this. Her eyes flick back to the fire. For a moment she just stares morosely - then she sighs as if the effort of memory is painful to her.

LYNDA
(Reflectively)
David Jefford ...

FLASHBACK

A brief glimpse of David and Lynda talking at Lynda's desk early in "Monday Tuesday". He is pulling a folder from Lynda's tray and dropping it in front of her.

LYNDA
... was a guy on the newsteam who ... blackmailed me.

FLASHBACK

A brief glimpse of David and Lynda walking through the playground together. He is talking animatedly, she is listening sourly.

VOICE
Blackmailed you?

Lynda is staring reflectively into the fire again.

LYNDA
It was the early days, we were still at school. And we cheated a little on absence notes and homework copies. David threatened to report us if I didn't promote him to the writing team.

(CONTINUED)
633 CONTINUED:(2)

FLASHBACK

David heads towards us out of a classroom. As he closes the door he looks quickly round. We whip pan to a shot of an angry Lynda.

LYNDA
I told him where to get off.

She falls silent, staring into the fire.

VOICE
And?

She considers how to reply to this for a moment.

LYNDA
The problem ... disappeared.

VOICE
Earlier you said you killed him.

She turns her gaze from the fire, fixes him with a look.

LYNDA
I have a way with problems.

634 INT. SPIKE’S FLAT. NIGHT.

Close on Spike’s face. He is gazing thoughtfully out of the window. He has a phone at his ear and is listening gravely. We can only hear the faintest murmur of the other voice.

We hold on this for a moment until a slight noise makes him turn.

Lynda - in her coat, evidently just arrived - is standing across the room from him fixing him her most deadly stare.

LYNDA
You’re dead.

Spike looks at her for a moment, considering. He turns and looks back out the window, returning to his phone call.

SPIKE
(Into phone)
I’ve got to go. I can’t talk now.

Close on Lynda’s face, reacting to this.

SPIKE
Later, okay?

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

He hangs up. Lynda’s eyes go straight to the phone. Who was he phoning?

LYNDA
Was it you?

SPIKE
Great. First you kill me, now you ask if I’m guilty.

LYNDA
Did you sell us out to that magazine?

She looks hard at him, finding it difficult to believe the worst.

Calmly, Spike lifts a coffee mug from the window sill, takes a sip at it.

LYNDA
You didn’t, did you. I can’t believe it would be you.

SPIKE
Now you find me innocent - nice sense of judicial procedure. You ought to be running a small police state somewhere in the third world.

LYNDA
I am.

SPIKE
Does that make me an enemy of the people?

LYNDA
I’m asking the questions.

SPIKE
Well, sure. You’re the fascist.

Lynda looks at him uneasily for a moment. Then she smiles, seems to relax.

LYNDA
Look, I’m sorry. Can we stop fighting?

Spike’s silence is not encouraging. She moves closer to him.

LYNDA
I just lost my temper in the newsroom, okay? I should never have accused you like that.

Spike listens. He doesn’t react.

(CONTINUED)
LYNDA
Somebody told them what happened though.
(She looks hard at him)
But I do know it wasn't you.

Again she is disturbed by Spike's silence. She can't stop her eyes flickering to the phone again. She can resist asking no longer.

LYNDA
Who was on the phone?

Spike takes another sip at his coffee.

SPIKE
Just a friend.

Silence lengthens. He isn't going to say any more.

Lynda tries to throw off her feeling of disquiet by suddenly becoming brisk and business-like.

LYNDA
Colin's in touch with the magazine. He's trying to find out what they're going to print about us, maybe see what strings he can pull.

SPIKE
Funny being on the receiving end for once, isn't it?

LYNDA
Funny?? This could finish us.

Again Spike doesn't react or reply.

LYNDA
If we get a name for drugs in the office we lose the support of the schools and Matt Kerr. No support, no paper. Understood?

Spike says nothing, just looks at her grimly. He takes another sip at his coffee. His utter calm, his lack of response, is infuriating Lynda.

LYNDA
(Getting angrier)
And all because little old what's-his-name had to go shooting up in my office! I could kill him!

She turns and starts storming for the door.

SPIKE
You don't have to.

(CONTINUED)
It takes a moment for the implications of this to hit home in Lynda. She falters to a halt, doesn’t turn.

SPIKE
It was Frazz on the phone. He’s just been on to the hospital.

Lynda turns.

SPIKE
What’s-his-name is you-know-what.

It takes Lynda a moment to find her voice.

LYNDA
When?

SPIKE
He died two hours ago.

Lynda says nothing.

SPIKE
Do you care yet, boss?

He turns, resumes staring out of the window. Lynda is silent for a moment.

LYNDA
You know, you’ve never actually denied it was you who sold us out.

Spike doesn’t turn.

SPIKE
No. I haven’t, have I?

We hold on a shot of the two of them. Spike staring out the window with his back to Lynda.

LYNDA
Was it you, Spike?

Spike is silent. We hold the shot then slowly fade to black.

FLASHBACK

We fade in on a shot of David Jefford loading a shotgun in a field. As we pull back we see Lynda and company approaching.
INT. LYNDIA’S BEDROOM. NIGHT.

Lynda, dreaming, tosses and turns.

FLASHBACK

David has turned to see the others approaching.

DAVID
Oh, hi!

LYNDA
Your father said we’d find you here.

DAVID
You mean he actually knew where I’d gone. I didn’t think he knew I existed.

COLIN
Listen, we could come back some time you’re not armed. I mean, not busy!

DAVID
(Glancing down at gun)
Just shooting some rats. You know, passing the time.

Closer on Lynda, dreaming. She frowns in her sleep, seems almost to be mumbling the words from long ago.

FLASHBACK

LYNDA
What I agreed to earlier - forget it.

DAVID
What? But ...

LYNDA
You’re not going to blackmail me, David. No way, no how.

Again a shot of Lynda, fevered in sleep, tossing, turning ...

Over this we hear the double-crack of a shotgun being cocked ...

And the explosion of a shotgun being fired ...

On the gunshot she startles awake.

She lies back staring hauntedly into the dark.
636  INT. NEWSROOM CORRIDOR. DAY.

High shot down the length of the corridor towards the outer doors - again like the one at the top of the show.

Once more a disgruntled Frazz comes through the doors, strides down the corridor and into the newsroom.

637  INT. JUNIOR GAZETTE NEWSROOM. DAY.

A shot close on Frazz as he comes through the doors - and comes to a halt.

FRAZZ
Where the hell were you?

A shot from Frazz’s POV. Lynda is slumped in her chair. She is reading a magazine. She looks drawn and tired.

LYNDA
I assume you managed to find a replacement.

FRAZZ
It wasn’t easy.

He heads to his chair.

FRAZZ
The Sherrington Herald had a new player too as a matter of fact. Dirty one. Fouled about four of us. Kicked Mike in the face. Head-butted Jeff. Very nearly had me in a head lock ...

He drops resignedly into his chair.

FRAZZ
Till we came up with a devastating never-before-tried tactic to deal with him.
(Closes his eye in despair)
Your replacement asked him for a date.

Julie comes through the doors in a football strip looking radiant.

JULIE
I love that game!

Lynda looks wearily at Julie, then back to Frazz.

LYNDA
Did we score?

(CONTINUED)
637 CONTINUED:

JULIE
(Winking at her)
Tell you about it later.

FRAZZ
(Ignoring her)
Only our usual quota of own goals.

Lynda looks at him grimly

LYNDA
More than our usual.

She looks back at the magazine she is reading.

Julie looks at her, puzzled.

JULIE
That the magazine thing about us?

For answer Lynda tosses her the magazine.

Close on the magazine as Julie catches it. It is folded to the right page - a double spread on the Junior Gazette. The headline reads: “Deadlines and drugs: The high pressure world of the Junior Gazette”. There are a number of photographs of the newsroom in action, at least one of them featuring Lynda in full flow. Over this we hear the doors open.

Spike is in the doorway. He is carrying a copy of the magazine. He looks at Lynda, unmoving.

Lynda stares balefully back at him.

JULIE
(During this)
Oh my God!
(She starts speed reading her way through the article)

When did - ...
(She glances round at the toilets, looks accusingly at Lynda)

This your big secret was it?
(Flaring)

Couldn’t you have told me??

Lynda ignores her. She and Spike continue to stare at one another.

FRAZZ
(Crossing to Julie)
Let me see!

He takes the magazine, starts glancing down it in mounting horror.

(CONTINUED)
JULIE
(Still berating Lynda)
 Couldn’t you at least have told me?? Don’t you think I could’ve helped.

FRAZZ
(Turning to Spike)
 You seen this?

Spike says nothing, his gaze still locked on to Lynda’s.

JULIE
Have you looked at our sales lately?? We need all the support we just lost!! We’re finished!
(She looks bitterly at Lynda; then, quieter)
 You’d have told Kenny.

FRAZZ
Colin told me he was pulling strings at the magazine. He said there was nothing to worry about! What happened?

A business-suited Colin appears cheerfully at the doors, popping round from behind Spike.

COLIN
Hi, everyone! Sorry I missed the match, coach, but I bet you played a storm. Anyway, just popped in to say goodbye.
(He holds up a copy of the magazine)
I’m taking over as their sales manager. No long speeches, please, I know you’ll only choke. I want you always to think of me as someone you used to know and if you’re ever lonely, just remember - you’ve got space in my quality time. Let’s do phone!
(Takes a last look round the newsroom)
Wow, I’ll miss this place!

He heads off down the corridor jauntily whistling “The Sun Has Got His Hat On”.

There is a moment’s silence.

FRAZZ
Confirmed. This ship is sinking.

JULIE
(Angrily to Lynda)
 You should’ve told me!

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:(3)

She turns and storms out of the newsroom. Frazz looks uneasily between Spike and Lynda.

FRAZZ
I'll, uh - leave you to it.

He goes. Silence for a moment.

SPIKE
Aren't you going to ask if it was me? This time I'll tell you.

She looks at him for a moment, slowly swivels her chair so that she is looking the other way. We hold on her face as it swivels into a close-up. From off, after a moment, we hear Spike go out the doors and his footsteps start to fade away down the corridor. Abruptly Lynda can resist it no longer and she calls out.

LYNDA
Was it you?

The outer doors bang shut. She turns.

LYNDA
Spike?

She gets up, heads to the doors. As she passes the computer she becomes aware of the buzzing sparking noise that we heard at the very start ...

She looks closer, reaches in to check the connection between computer and printer ...

There is a tremendous thump and flash ...

In slow motion we see Lynda hurled back across the newsroom. Over this we hear the double-crack of a shotgun being cocked ...

Lynda crashes on to the floor by Spike's desk. Over this we hear the blast of a shotgun ...

We hold on the shot of her prone form. From off we hear the crackle of a fire starting ...

VOICE (V.O.)
And that's how the fire began?

INT. STUDY. NIGHT.

Close on Lynda. The fire crackle continues into this scene and flickering on her face seems brighter still. She is frowning, puzzled, concerned.

(CONTINUED)
638 CONTINUED:

LYNDA
(Distractedly)
Yeh. Yeh, must've been.
(Puzzled)
Fire?

VOICE
It was deliberate, wasn't it?

LYNDA
Deliberate?

VOICE
At some level. Plunging our hand into faulty electrics ... only weeks after you managed to get yourself locked in an air-tight vault. You're making some odd mistakes. How hard are you really trying to stay alive, Lynda Day. Maybe you don't think you deserve to any more.

She stares at him.

For the first time a shot from Lynda's POV of her companion. He sits in the high-backed armchair opposite. We can see his hands on the arm rests but his face and body are lost in the shadows.

LYNDA
Well ... I suppose you're the expert on suicide.

VOICE
Yes. I am.

Close on Lynda staring at her companion. Her eyes flicker down as she notices something she hasn't noticed before.

There is a shotgun resting against the side of the opposite armchair.

639 INT. JUNIOR GAZETTE NEWSROOM. DAY.

Shot of the doors to the newsroom with the computer in the foreground. The place is already ablaze, the doorway unpassable. We pan quickly round to Lynda unmoving on the floor.

640 INT. STUDY. NIGHT.

Lynda is staring at her companion, the beginnings of real fear in her face.

LYNDA
The fire. How did I get out?

(CONTINUED)
640 CONTINUED:

Close on her shadow-hidden companion. The roar of the fire grows louder. Firelight starts to flicker into the shadows, beginning to illumine the darkened face ...

Staring amusedly at her from the opposite armchair is David Jefford.

DAVID
You didn’t.

LYNDA
Hello David.

641 INT. JUNIOR GAZETTE NEWSROOM. DAY.

Various shots of the newsroom now fully ablaze. We see the framed first edition flaming on the wall ... Lynda’s swear box burning furiously ...

642 INT. STUDY. NIGHT.

LYNDA
I didn’t get out?

DAVID
You’re still there.

643 INT. JUNIOR GAZETTE NEWSROOM. DAY.

Shot of Lynda still prone on the floor as the fire crackles and thunders around her.

644 INT. STUDY. NIGHT.

DAVID
And you’re not waking up. If you don’t soon, it’s all over.

LYNDA
Why can’t I wake?

DAVID
Because you choose not to.

LYNDA
And why would I do that?

(CONTINUED)
644 CONTINUED:

David just smiles.

LYNDA
Because I'm supposed to feel guilty over you, is that it? David all I ever did was tell you where to stuff it and what kind of creep you were. You shot yourself.

DAVID
Then why can't you wake?

LYNDA
Trust me, I'll wake. I don't hate myself enough to burn.

DAVID
I think you do.

645 INT. JUNIOR GAZETTE NEWSROOM. DAY.

The fire rages ever fiercer. Lynda is still unmoving.

646 INT. STUDY. NIGHT.

LYNDA
(Putting a trembling hard to her brow)
It's hot.

DAVID
It's getting hotter.

LYNDA
I didn't kill you, David.

DAVID
That's not what you said before.

LYNDA
It's what I'm saying now. You killed yourself. Your choice.

DAVID
Did you care that I died?

LYNDA
Yes I cared! I always care!

The firelight is now fierce in its intensity. Lynda momentarily shuts her eyes against the glare. She hears something fall and she opens them again

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

A hypodermic is rolling across the floor towards her. She looks up. Gary is now in the chair opposite.

**LYNDA**

Good old what's-his-name! You missed some great football!

The figure just stares accusingly at her.

**LYNDA**

Look, I'm sorry you're dead, okay? I do care.

She rubs her face, blearily. The building heat seems to be taking its toll. She takes a breath - and seems to be gathering strength.

**LYNDA**

But to be perfectly honest with you, I don't care a lot. You had a choice, you took the drugs, you died. Are you seriously claiming no one warned you it was dangerous? But you did it anyway, right? And you're dead. Pardon my saying, but it takes a lot to convince you there's a health risk.

Lynda seems to be gathering strength by the second. She staggers to her feet, clutches at the mantelpiece for support.

**LYNDA**

I mean, have you had a look at the world lately? Just how dumb do you think it is safe to be around here? There's plenty of stuff going on that kills you and you don't get warned at all. So sticking your head in a crocodile you were told about is not calculated to get my sympathy.

She pauses for breath, wiping her forehead. She is sweating in the heat.

647 **INT. JUNIOR GAZETTE NEWSROOM. DAY.**

A quick flash of the newsroom. Fire is raging throughout. Lynda just lies there.

648 **INT. STUDY. NIGHT.**

**LYNDA**

You're dead. And I do care. But you were weak and stupid and you made a bad choice. And actually that isn't a crime. It just happens (more)

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

LYNDA (cont’d)
to have the death penalty.

She sags momentarily against the mantelpiece, fighting for breath again.

LYNDA
You had a warning, you had a choice, you got it wrong. Sorry. That’s life for you.

Close shot of David, now back in the chair.

DAVID
And what about you, Lynda? What’s your choice?

LYNDA
Not yours, David.

DAVID
(Shakes head)
It’s too late. The fire has spread, there’s no way out.

LYNDA
I know. But unlike you, I’m not going quietly!

Close shot of David’s firelit face looking curiously up at her.

INT. JUNIOR GAZETTE NEWSROOM. NIGHT.

The newsroom is ablaze. The exits and windows are impassable.

On the floor Lynda sits bolt upright, choking on the smoke. She tries to stand but she is racked by a coughing fit and her eyes are streaming. She falls back against Spike’s desk, looking wildly round. David was right. There’s no way out!

Shot of the fire screening the door from her.

Shot of Lynda as the fire in the foreground starts to obscure her.

LYNDA
(Wail of despair)
Spike ... !

We lose sight of her in the flames. On this we slowly fade to black to the sound of fire engines.
We fade in again close on Spike’s face. He is staring out of the window again, his forehead pressed against the glass, and tears are streaming down his face.

We hold on this for a while then begin a very slow dissolve to:

Spike lies sprawled on his bed. From the state of the duvet it has been a restless night. A slight noise makes him stir. He looks blearily up and freezes at what he sees.

Silhouetted against the streetlamp lit window is Lynda. She looks ghostly, ethereal, not quite there. He stares at her for a moment as if not entirely surprised she’s here.

SPIKE
(Matter of factly)
You’re dead.

LYNDA
Yes. But we needed to talk.

SPIKE
I wish we could talk. I wish I didn’t have to dream it.

LYNDA
Dreams will do. There’s just one thing I have to know before I, uh - leave. Was it you who told the magazine?

SPIKE
(Shakes his head)
No one did. They would’ve found out at the hospital. You never did understand reporting, did you?

LYNDA
No.

SPIKE
I love you, Lynda.

LYNDA
Then forgive me.

SPIKE
What for?

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

She reaches behind her and clicks on the light - revealing her smudged face, charred clothing, bleeding hands. She couldn’t look less ethereal.

LYNDA
(Grinning)
Winding you up. But you did call me a monster.

It takes a moment to impact on Spike that this is no dream and she is alive.

SPIKE
You utter bitch!

LYNDA
Too late, you said you loved me. And you’ve now said that eight more times than I have so I’m definitely winning in this relationship!

SPIKE
The firemen said no one could’ve got out! You were dead!

LYNDA
Yeh, but I didn’t like the company. Losers!

He has come over to her, touches her. He is hardly able to believe she’s real.

LYNDA
The good news is the insurance on the building is going to be a real boost for our finances. Plus news stories about my miraculous escape should divert attention from what’s-his-name. I figure if I stay hidden for a while and suddenly reappear claiming memory loss we should get some good coverage. Also I’ve paid Colin a visit and got him back working for us.

SPIKE
He knows you’re alive?

LYNDA
Not precisely, no. I told him I’d risen from hell on a mission from Satan to explode his brain. He’s signed an exclusive contract for the next twelve thousand years.

SPIKE
(Staring at her; not really listening)
If I kiss you ... do I wake up? I’m not sure I want to know if this is a dream.

(CONTINUED)
651 CONTINUED:(2)

Lynda looks at him for a moment, smiles.

   LYNGA
   Your choice.

He hesitates. Then they lean in together to kiss.

Before they can, we freeze frame.

END CREDITS

*THE STUDY: This set should be done as a redress of the set for Lynda’s flat.

**LYNDA’S BEDROOM: This, obviously, should not be a complete set. We stay close on the bed and the room is in darkness.