

"PRESS GANG"

SECOND SERIES

EPISODE 6

"AT LAST A DRAGON"

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Producer

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"AT LAST A DRAGON"

CAST

LYNDA
SPIKE
COLIN
SOPHIE
LAURA
MR SULLIVAN
MATT KERR
CAMPBELL'S BUTLER
MR ADAMS
MR MAYER
CAMPBELL
MRS CAMPBELL

BREAKDOWN OF DAYS

NIGHT 1 (WEDNESDAY) Scenes 601 to 637

TITLE SEQUENCE

This sequence of CUTS is taken fast, each SHOT on just long enough to establish what is happening. There should be a general feeling of tension - the calm before the storm.

601 INT. SPIKE'S BEDROOM. EVENING 601

SIKE is sprawled on his bed, hands behind his head, staring at the ceiling.

CUT TO:

602 INT. LYNDA'S BEDROOM. EVENING 602

INTERCUT WITH SC.601

LYNDA sits on the end of her bed, chin propped on hand, staring morosely into space.

CUT TO:

Lynda feeds her goldfish.

CUT TO:

Spike paces his room. He takes a book from a shelf as he passes it, starts flicking through it.

CUT TO:

Lynda reads a book. After a moment she tosses it irritably aside.

CUT TO:

Spike as we first saw him - sprawled on the bed, hands behind his head.

CUT TO:

Lynda as we first saw her - sitting on the end of her bed. She looks round at her alarm clock again. She reacts to the time, stands, walks out of shot.

CUT TO:

603 INT. JUNIOR GAZETTE NEWSROOM. DAY 603

FLASHBACK: FIRST SERIES - EPISODE 1. Scene 5.

603 CONT'D

603

We continue movement from above as Lynda walks round her desk, rapping out orders to Kenny.

LYNDA

Kenny, cut the page two buses and get more pollution from Sarah. And could you get something done about the sign outside? I don't think 'trespassers will be exterminated' is really the image we're trying to project here.

KENNY

Okay, boss.

Spike has been watching Lynda appreciatively. He rises from his chair in pursuit.

CUT BACK TO:

604 INT. SPIKE'S BEDROOM. EVENING

604

Again, continuing the motion, Spike gets off his bed. He goes out of the room, leaving the door open. We hold the shot of the doorway as we hear Spike open another door and then a bath being run.

605 INT. JUNIOR GAZETTE NEWSROOM. DAY

605

FLASHBACK: FIRST SERIES - EPISODE 1

Spike sits himself on Lynda's desk.

SPIKE

Hello? Hi. Excuse me?

Lynda turns.

SPIKE

I'm, er, having some problems filling out this form, you couldn't give me a hand could you?

606 INT. LYNDA'S BEDROOM/LANDING. EVENING

606

Lynda's landing. Lynda, in her dressing gown, heads down the landing into the bathroom, closing the door behind her. We hear a shower start.

607 INT. JUNIOR GAZETTE NEWSROOM. DAY

607

FLASHBACK: FIRST SERIES - EPISODE 1.

LYNDA
What's your problem?

SPIKE
Some of the questions are kind of hard
you know.

LYNDA
What questions?

SPIKE
Well like, ah...

Shot of Spike's doorway as before. We hear splashes and
Spike singing.

Shot of Lynda's bathroom door; the shower noise
continues.

RESUME FLASHBACK

SPIKE
Name?

LYNDA
Well I've a suggestion. Get your
mother to write it on the back of your
hand every morning.

608 INT. SPIKE'S BEDROOM/LANDING. EVENING

608

Shot of Spike's doorway. Spike emerges from the bathroom
in his dressing gown, towelling his hair.

609 INT. LYNDA'S BEDROOM/LANDING. EVENING

609

Lynda's landing. Lynda comes out of the bathroom, a towel
round her hair.

Shot of Spike, on his bed, rubbing his hair with the
towel.

609 Cont'd

609

Lynda, drying her hair with a hair dryer, a thought slowly occurs to her; she frowns worriedly.

LYNDA
(VO FROM FLASHBACK)
Spike Thomson!

CUT TO:

610 INT. JUNIOR GAZETTE NEWSROOM. DAY

610

FLASHBACK: FIRST SERIES - EPISODE 1.

LYNDA
Of course, the American.

SPIKE
Well, an American. There's more
than one of us, you know.

LYNDA
Staying long? Or is this a flying
visit?

SPIKE
I've been here for four years.

611 INT. LYNDA'S BEDROOM/HALLWAY. EVENING

611

Sitting on the bed, Lynda comes to a decision. She throws down the hair dryer, heads for the door.

611 Cont'd

611

Lynda goes hurrying down the stairs. She turns into the hallway, picks up the phone.

612 INT. JUNIOR GAZETTE NEWSROOM. DAY

612

FLASHBACK: FIRST SERIES - EPISODE 1.

LYNDA

Weren't you the one at the school dance who... that was disgusting!

SPIKE

I thought so.

Spike in his bedroom. He turns as he hears the phone ring downstairs.

RESUME FLASHBACK

SPIKE

Hey, can I tell you something?
I mean, I know this could be embarrassing coming from a guy you've just met, but I really think it's something you should know.

613 INT. SPIKE'S HALLWAY. EVENING

613

Spike comes down the stairs, answers the phone.

SPIKE

Hello?

614 INT. JUNIOR GAZETTE NEWSROOM. DAY 614

FLASHBACK: First series - episode 1.

SPIKE

If this was the olden days if this was like thousands and thousands of years ago ... I'd kill a dragon for you.

615 INT. LYNDA'S HALLWAY. EVENING 615

Lynda on the phone.

LYNDA

I want to make one think perfectly clear to you, Thomson. Maybe you're taking me out, maybe I have to go ... but just don't think you get to kiss me goodnight.

She slams down the phone.

Spike winces at the noise. He looks at the receiver in his hand, shakes his head and replaces it. He turns to go.

616 INT. JUNIOR GAZETTE NEWSROOM. DAY 616

FLASHBACK: First series - episode 1.

SPIKE

In fact, I'm going to make you an offer right now. If you'll go out with me some night this week, I'll make a definite commitment to kill the first dragon I see.

617 EXT./INT. LYNDA'S FRONT DOOR/HALLWAY. EVENING 617

Shot of doorbell. Spike's hand comes into shot and presses it.

A wider shot. Spike is very smartly and formally dressed. He carries a bunch of flowers.

Fade up episode title:

AT LAST A DRAGON

Lynda opens the door. She too is dressed for the evening and looks stunning. Spike takes this in.

617 Cont'd

617

SPIKE

I'm a great kisser, Lynda.
Seventeen years and never dribbled.

LYNDA

I expect you practise a lot on your own.

SPIKE

Absolutely. I have this pair of
rubber lips.

LYNDA

I can see that.

SPIKE

Cute! Can I come in?

LYNDA

Why don't you wait in the garden?
There's a little gnome you can
talk to.

SPIKE

Because I'd rather come in. There's
a little gnome there I can talk to.

LYNDA

Is that a joke about my height?

SPIKE

I wouldn't stoop so low.

LYNDA

(Stepping back)
Come in - if you can reach the step.

SPIKE

(Entering)
Is that a joke about my height?

LYNDA

Of course not. You haven't got any.

SPIKE

Oh, you think so? Actually I'm
six-foot-three. I've just been
standing in a hole since I was seven.

617 Cont'd

617

LYNDA

Yes, I've often thought of you that way.

They have gone through the hallway into the kitchen.

618 INT. LYNDA'S KITCHEN. EVENING

618

LYNDA

Do you want a coffee or something?

SPIKE

Sure. Aren't you going to ask me about these flowers?

LYNDA

(Making Coffee) Whose garden did you get them from?

SPIKE

A blind old lady's. She'll never miss them.

LYNDA

You have a very sick sense of humour, you know that?

SPIKE

You should've seen me blindfold her guide dog! I wonder where they both are now ...

LYNDA

Why do you have to be so totally sick?

SPIKE

Self defence. (Holds up flowers)
I didn't take them from a garden.

They hold a look, Lynda drops her gaze.

LYNDA

I'm on edge. Sorry.

618 Cont'd

618

SPIKE

It's okay, it suits you. You're very pretty when you're angry. Of course, I've never seen you any other way. Maybe you're angry when you're pretty.

She looks at him a moment.

LYNDA

(handing him coffee)
Interesting.

SPIKE

What?

LYNDA

Whenever I make you nervous you start cracking jokes at me.

SPIKE

I was cracking those jokes at myself, you just stood in front of me.

LYNDA

Look, can we please stop this? Can we for once just be two normal people?

SPIKE

I can be two normal people if you can.

LYNDA

Stop joking!

They look at each other for a moment.

618

Cont'd

618

SPIKE

Stop making me nervous.

He walks over, presents her with the flowers. She takes them, looks up ruefully apologetic at Spike.

LYNDA

These are lovely.

Spike smiles

SPIKE

I was going to make a joke there but I didn't.

LYNDA

I appreciate it.

SPIKE

It was a very funny joke

LYNDA

I'm sure it was.

Spike opens his mouth to say something.

No, I don't want to hear it anyway.

SPIKE

Could I write it down?

She looks at him shrewdly.

LYNDA

Was that a joke?

CUT TO:

619

INT. HALLWAY. EVENING

619

Spike leans against the wall in the hallway, waiting. Lynda is descending the stairs wearing a jacket over her dress - the two don't go together particularly well.

619 Cont'd

619

LYNDA

(As she descends) Couple of things, Spike. This party's a big deal for me. There's a lot of people I want to ... well, impress. And I just want to be sure you - ...

She has reached the bottom of the stairs. She breaks off as she realises Spike is staring at her jacket.

LYNDA

Something wrong?

SPIKE

I like your dress.

LYNDA

What about the jacket?

SPIKE

I like your dress.

LYNDA

Do you think the jacket goes?

SPIKE

I hope it does.

CUT TO:

Spike is again leaning against the wall as Lynda descends the stairs wearing a different jacket.

LYNDA

(As she descends) The point I'm trying to make is if I'm talking to somebody important and you start up your usual ...

She breaks off. Spike is again staring at her jacket.

CUT TO:

Spike leaning against the wall, waiting. Lynda appears at the top of the stairs, hold up two jackets. Spike considers them.

SPIKE

What was the first one again?

SCENE 620 IS CUT

PAGE 12 IS CUT

620 EXT. LYNDA'S HOUSE. EVENING

620

A taxi is pulling up outside as Lynda and Spike come out of the front door, Lynda in her original jacket.

LYNDA

(calling behind her into house)
Mum, we're off!
(closes door. To Spike:)
Mr. Kerr's going to be there, Mr. Campbell the owner - it's his house we're going to... a lot of newspaper people...

SPIKE

And you want to do some serious grovelling, right?

LYNDA

I do not grovel! When have I ever grovelled?

SPIKE

That guy from the Guardian. You were all over him.

LYNDA

Oh, rubbish!

SPIKE

(opening taxi door for her)
You smiled and laughed more in one conversation with him than in the whole time I've known you. In fact, twice.

LYNDA

I did not grovel!

SPIKE

I had to wipe your chin every time you looked at him.

LYNDA

You just don't understand the concept of building a career, do you, Thomson?

SPIKE

I've made a career of it.

621 EXT. ROAD. EVENING

621

Shot of the taxi as it drives along.

LYNDA (VO)

You know Kenny forced me to go to
this party with you. And all I'm
trying to say is that it's important
to me.

622 INT. TAXI. EVENING

622

Shot of Spike and Lynda on the back seat.

LYNDA

So just don't get up to any crazy
stuff.

SPIKE

When have I ever done that?

LYNDA

The school dance.

SPIKE

Apart from the school dance.

LYNDA

The sixth year social.

SPIKE

And the sixth year social.

LYNDA

The fifth year social, the fourth
year social...

SPIKE

Apart from those...

623

EXT. STREET - DRIVEWAY TO CAMPBELL'S HOUSE.
EVENING

623

Spike is at the driver's window paying the driver, Lynda is at the other side of the car on the pavement.

LYNDA

Sarah's birthday party, Julie's birthday party, Kevin's birthday party ...

SPIKE

Yeh, yeh - but - ...

LYNDA

The school sports day, the staff/pupil social.

Spike has paid off the taxi driver. As the taxi drives off he now joins Lynda on the pavement.

SPIKE

(Puzzled frown) I don't remember the staff/pupil social.

LYNDA

That's part of the problem.

They stand facing one another on the pavement for a moment.

SPIKE

Lynda, I'm not going to let you down.

LYNDA

You'd better not!

SPIKE

For the record, you're about the last person in the world I would ever let down. I thought you'd have worked that out by now.

There is a moment between them. Lynda doesn't know how to respond. She resorts to sidestepping the whole issue with a sudden cheery smile.

LYNDA

Well! Shall we go in?

She heads off out of shot. Spike looks after her, registering the side-step. After a moment he follows.

623 Cont'd

623

Lynda is standing at the large and impressive gates leading to the drive up to Cameron Campbell's house. The house is also large and impressive. Spike joins her.

SPIKE

Don't you think the front lawn is just crying out for an airport?

Abruptly Lynda lets out a loud hiccup.

SPIKE

Huh?

LYNDA

Nothing!

SPIKE

I thought you...

LYNDA

I didn't.

SPIKE

But I thought you...

LYNDA

(firmly)
Everything's under control!

A car horn sounds behind them. They part to allow a long black expensive looking car to roll up the drive between them.

SPIKE

Driving up to the door - why didn't we think of that?

Lynda hiccups again.

SPIKE

You all right?

623 Cont'd

623

LYNDA

I'm fine!

Spike shrugs. He looks up the driveway again. The car has stopped at the door. The chauffeur is opening one of the rear doors. As Spike and Lynda walk up the driveway they see an ARAB in full national dress get out of the car and go to the front door.

SPIKE

Looks like there's some interesting guests, huh?

LYNDA

Hic!

SPIKE

I'm going to go out on a limb here. You got the hiccups?

LYNDA

(Miserably) Not really.

SPIKE

Not really?

Lynda abruptly turns and starts heading back down the driveway.

LYNDA

I need a walk.

SPIKE

What?

LYNDA

Coming?

SPIKE

Where are you going? (Catches her by the arm) Come on, this is your big moment ...

LYNDA

Hic!

SPIKE
(Looks curiously at her) ... you've
got a lot of important people to meet ...

LYNDA
Hic!

Spike looks shrewdly at Lynda. He considers for a
moment, then experiments.

SPIKE
Big moment.

LYNDA
Hic!

SPIKE
Important people

LYNDA
Hic!

He tries the clincher.

SPIKE
social -Special occasion?

LYNDA
Hic!

Spike stares at Lynda in wonder.

SPIKE
Well what do you know! A nervous hic!

LYNDA
(Bristling) It's under control!

SPIKE
Yeh?

LYNDA
Of course!

Spike leans mischievously over to her.

SPIKE
Goodnight kiss!

623 Cont'd

623

Lynda doesn't hiccup.

LYNDA

What's that got to do with big moments
or important people?

SPIKE

It might make a nice social occasion.

LYNDA

Hic!

She glares briefly at Spike, then turns and heads back up
the drive. Spike shakes his head amused and follows.

A shot of the front door as Lynda arrives at it. She
stands there bracing herself for a moment. Spike
arrives next to her. She looks at him defiantly,
plainly very nervous but trying to hide it.

SPIKE

Relax! You're going to be great!

He reaches over and presses the doorbell.

LYNDA

(Instantly) Hic!

SPIKE

Relax!

LYNDA

Hic!

SPIKE

Lynda, what's -...

LYNDA

(Turning to go) I can't go in
just now!

SPIKE

What?

LYNDA

I can't go in!

623

Cont'd

623

As Spike watches in astonishment Lynda disappears round the side of the house. At the same moment the door opens. Spike turns to see a BUTLER in the doorway. He hesitates for a moment.

SPIKE

Listen, I'm going to be ringing this bell in a moment or two, could you open the door when I do that?

The butler stares at him.

SPIKE

Thanks! Great working with you!

He pulls the door shut again.

He looks round

A shot of the corner where Lynda disappeared.

LYNDA

(From off) Hic!

Spike smiles, bemused. He walks round the corner.

He finds Lynda leaning miserably against the wall. She glances at him, looks quickly away. Spike watches her, saying nothing.

LYNDA

(Finally) I suppose this must look pretty funny.

Spike shrugs.

LYNDA

I'm not very good at ... social stuff.

SPIKE

(Smiling) No?

LYNDA

(Looking resentfully at him) No!

SPIKE

(Taking her arm) If you get scared, you can stand behind me.

623

Cont'd

623

LYNDA

(Pulling away) Let's just forget this.
Let's go somewhere else!

SPIKE

What? This is a big deal for you,
remember?

LYNDA

Hic!

SPIKE

Stop that! (Gentler) Now come on!

He leads her firmly round the corner. We hold the shot,
letting them go out of sight.

LYNDA

(From off) Hic!

Lynda promptly walks back round again. Spike's arm
reaches into shot and virtually drags her back round
again.

Shot of the front door as Spike and Lynda arrive at it
again. Spike rings the bell.

LYNDA

Surprised?

SPIKE

At what?

LYNDA

Me.

The door is opened by the same butler. He looks
ironically at Spike.

SPIKE

(Grins at him) You've worked this
door before, I can tell.

He guides Lynda in. We hold on the door as it closes
behind them.

LYNDA

(V.O.) Why aren't you more surprised?

624 INT. CAMPBELL'S HOUSE - RECEPTION ROOM. EVENING

624

We are panning round a very large and opulent room. It is filled with guests, all very formally dressed, with waiters weaving in among them. Although we do not particularly note them SULLIVAN, MATT KERR and the Arab are there.

SPIKE

(OS: during pan)

The school dance, the sixth year social, Sarah's birthday party, Kevin's birthday party, Julie's birthday party...

We have come to Spike and Lynda standing in the doorway. They both have drinks.

LYNDA

What about them?

SPIKE

You were never there. I figured there was a reason.

LYNDA

Hic!

SPIKE

Exactly.

LYNDA

(looking miserably round room)
I'm not good at this kind of thing.
All these people...

SPIKE

Shall we mingle?

He starts to head into the room. Lynda catches him by the arm.

LYNDA

I can't! I don't do conversation!
Anything I say comes out like an order. I say 'hello' and people salute.

SOPHIE

(Off) Hello!

Spike and Lynda turn. SOPHIE and LAURA are standing next to them beaming. They are both dressed as waitresses, complete with aprons and little hats.

SPIKE

Sophie, Laura ... !

LYNDA

What are you doing here?

SOPHIE

Catering!

SPIKE

What?

LAURA

For our cookery project.

SOPHIE

Mr Sullivan arranged it - when the science department wouldn't lend us their rabbit.

LYNDA

Why did you want their rabbit?

SOPHIE

For our cookery project.

Spike and Lynda stare at them. Sophie beams.

SOPHIE

That was a joke!

LYNDA

(Relieved) Oh, right, good ...

SPIKE

We knew that ...

SOPHIE

The science department don't have a rabbit.

LAURA

(As they turn to go) Not any more.

They giggle. Spike and Lynda watch them go, worriedly.

624 Cont'd

624

SPIKE

(to Lynda)
I know three guys in fifth year who
pay them protection money.

SULLIVAN (OS)

Are they on the same rates as the
staff?

SULLIVAN has appeared next to them.

SPIKE

Mr. Sullivan, how could you let those
two in where there are people?

LYNDA

Have you tied down everything
breakable and movable?

SPIKE

Which is everything except those
two.

SULLIVAN

Don't be unreasonable. They've
done a lot of work for this,
they've cooked a lot of stuff.

SPIKE

Anyone we know?

SULLIVAN

That's enough.
(to Lynda)
You know there are rather a lot of
people here tonight anxious to
meet you. Newspaper people.

LYNDA

Hic!

Sullivan stares at her.

SPIKE

That was nothing. I know, she told
me.

624 Cont'd

624

SULLIVAN
(Slightly confused) Well anyway!
Matt's over there talking to some of
his old colleagues. Shall we join them?

Lynda looks over. MATT is talking and laughing with
some people.

LYNDA
Hic!

SULLIVAN
(To Spike) Was that nothing again?

SPIKE
You heard it too?

LYNDA
Look, ah ... I've got to, ah ...
Excuse me!

She turns on her heel and heads quickly away.

SPIKE
Sir, you've known Lynda a lot longer
than I have. She is mad, isn't she?

SULLIVAN
(As if it were obvious) Oh yes!

SPIKE
(Starting after Lynda) Fine.
Just so long as I know.

Sullivan watches him go, smiles.

Lynda is standing agitatedly over in a corner of the room
by a large plant pot.

Spike joins her, looking at her with gentle irony.
Lynda glances at him, noticing him for the first time.

LYNDA
(Flustering) I was just, ah ... going
to the toilet.

SPIKE
Do you want me to pull the potted plant
closer?

624 Cont'd

624

She glares at him. She sets off at a vigorous pace to the door. Spike follows.

LYNDA

(as she goes)
Why do you have to keep following
me?

SPIKE

Mostly, the view.

She glares at him over her shoulder, goes out the door.

625 INT. CAMPBELL'S HALLWAY. EVENING

625

Lynda appears out of the door from the reception room, Spike close behind her. Lynda rounds on him.

LYNDA

Spike, I'm going to the bathroom.
You can't come with me.

SPIKE

No. But I can make sure it's not
an excuse for you to slip off and
go home.

LYNDA

Why would I...

Suddenly Sophie and Laura are between them, each with a sausage roll.

SOPHIE

Could you try these please?

625 Cont'd

625

As Spike and Lynda open their mouths to reply

SPIKE

Look - ...

LYNDA

Sophie - ...

Sophie and Laura reach up and pop sausage rolls into their mouths. Spike and Lynda register surprise and indignation for a moment - then, with no real alternative open to them, they start to chew. Sophie and Laura watch expectantly.

SPIKE

(Still chewing: surprised) Not bad.

LYNDA

Quite reasonable, really.

SOPHIE

Can you taste any disinfectant on them?

Spike and Lynda freeze in mid-chew.

LAURA

Carpet fluff?

SOPHIE

Axle grease?

Spike and Lynda stare at the two of them, alarmedly. Sophie and Laura take silence for a negative.

SOPHIE

Good! (To Laura, as they go) Told you they'd be all right.

They disappear off together. Spike and Lynda stare at one another for a moment, still frozen in mid-chew. In one fluid movement, Spike grabs a vase from the table next to them, holds it out between them so they can both deposit their sausage rolls in it, then replaces it.

625 Cont'd

625

SPIKE

Right! The waiter said the bathroom was at the end of the hall.

LYNDA

You know, usually I do this alone.

SPIKE

No wonder you never make friends.

LYNDA

(Flaring) I do so make friends.

SPIKE

Into what?

She glares at him, starts to head down the hall. She stops, turns.

LYNDA

(Annoyed) Are you going to wait there till I come out?

SPIKE

Absolutely. Ready to jump you if you make for the door.

LYNDA

(Eyes him) As ever.

She opens the door next to her, checks it is the bathroom, goes in. Spike doesn't move. A moment later the door opens again and Lynda pokes her head out, checking he is still there. She withdraws again.

Spike shakes his head, amused. He turns, goes back into the main room.

626

INT. CAMPBELL'S BATHROOM. EVENING

626

Lynda leans against the bathroom door. Slowly she slides down it, till she is sitting on the floor.

LYNDA

Hic!

626 Cont'd

626

A look of utter self-disgust passes over her face. Impulsively, she picks up her handbag and flings it at the opposite wall. From off screen there is a crash and tinkle.

Lynda stares in horror.

627 INT. CAMPBELL'S RECEPTION ROOM. EVENING

627

A shot of Spike in among the party. He is looking round as Sullivan appears beside him.

SULLIVAN

Where's Lynda?

SPIKE

Mentally speaking, the third moon of Jupiter. Which is currently located in the bathroom at the end of the hall.

He glances at the two drinks Sullivan is holding

SPIKE

Two drinks? (Smiles knowingly)
Found a friend?

SULLIVAN

I'm, ah ... cultivating one.

He nods over at the far side of the room. Spike looks over. A very glamorous woman of about Sullivan's age.

SPIKE

(EYEING HER APPRECIATIVELY) Hey, she's female, isn't she? I've heard about that. (Looks at Sullivan)
A fiver says you haven't got a chance.

SULLIVAN

What have I told you about betting, Spike?

SPIKE

What?

SULLIVAN

Never try it with me. A five it is.

He heads over. Spike watches him go, smiles.

He looks round. The Arab is standing with his back to him, pouring over a table decked with food. A mischievous look comes over Spike's face. He strolls over.

SPIKE

Hell of a car you've got out there.
I've seen shorter traffic jams.

The Arab stiffens, slowly turns. Spike stares. Looking out from the Arab head-dress is -

SPIKE

...Colin?

Colin stares at him for a long moment, aghast, not sure what to say. Finally he manages:

COLIN

Who?

ADAMS (OS)

Mister Hafiz!

Mr Adams has appeared next to them, a middle-aged business man type, he has some papers in his hand.

ADAMS

(indicating papers)

Very interesting proposal, Mister Hafiz. I feel sure your uncle and I can do business.

627 Cont'd

627

COLIN
 (Bowling gratefully) May all your
 camels be bountiful.

ADAMS
 Ah, yes, indeed. (Seeing Spike)
 Oh, sorry, is this a friend of yours?

COLIN
 No.

SPIKE
 Yes! (Taking Colin by arm: To Adams)
 Excuse me! One of his mothers wants
 to see him!

Adams watches baffled as Colin is dragged away. A
 moment later Spike briefly steps back into shot and takes
 the papers from Adams.

SPIKE
 You'll thank me!

628 INT. CAMPBELL'S BATHROOM. EVENING

628

Shot of waste bin as a couple of small broken bottles are
 dropped into it. We pan up to Lynda clearing some more
 small broken bottles from the shelf above the sink. Her
 face holds an expression of abject misery.

She catches her own eye in the mirror over the sink.
 She stares at herself miserably.

LYNDA
 Hic!

She closes her eyes in despair.

629 SCENE CUT

629

630

INT. CAMPBELL'S STUDY. EVENING

630

A book lined study. Spike bundles Colin through the door and against a wall; he starts going through the papers he took from Adams.

COLIN

Who is this Colin Mathews? I am Nabeel Hafiz. I'm an Arab. From Arabia.

SPIKE

(Looking at papers) Oil? Under Norbridge High School???

COLIN

(Snatching back papers) I hadn't got to that bit yet!

SPIKE

And you're not going to!

He snatches off Colin's headgear.

COLIN

So. You saw through my disguise!

SPIKE

A tablecloth, with a headband round it? No, I just took a lucky guess!

COLIN

It's a lovely little deal, Spike! You wouldn't believe what these guys will fall for!

Colin starts to wander round the room, looking at it appreciatively.

SPIKE

(Following) Where did you get the car?

COLIN

My uncle. He's in on this.

SPIKE

And the invite?

COLIN

Well I'm a business partner, aren't I?

630 Cont'd

630

SPIKE

Colin, Lynda's at the party. She's here to make an impression. And it's not going to look too good if her financial adviser turns up as an Arabian Knight selling Secondary Comprehensive oil fields. So you cut it out. Now.

He stands menacingly close to Colin. Unusually, Colin doesn't cower. Instead he stares at Spike in wonder - then slowly grins, understanding.

COLIN

You know, a year ago you'd have loved this stuff. Look at you now!

SPIKE

Colin...

COLIN

You're a mug, Spike! You think you can get her?

Spike stares at him. Colin shakes his head, takes the headgear back from Spike.

SPIKE

What?

630 Cont/d

630

COLIN

Think about this, Spike. We're all leaving school in a few months. You think you'll ever see her again?

(Spike frowns)

I mean, what's tonight about? Her career. And she's a viable commodity, that one - she'll take off like a rocket. Kid, you're just helping out on the launch pad.

Close shot of Spike's face. The truth of all this is hitting home. He drops his gaze.

Colin siezes the opportunity. He puts a comforting hand on Spike's shoulder.

COLIN

Women, eh?

(He puts a paternal arm round Spike's shoulder)

I know what you're going through, kid. Heartbreak city, right?

(Spike breaks away from him impatiently)

Listen, what you need's a little business deal to take your mind off it. I've got something good for you, Spike. And it's straight down the middle legit. Of course, you'd have to wear a blonde wig and a dress.

SPIKE

Get out!

COLIN

What?

SPIKE

(Bundling Colin to the door)

Get out!

He slams the door behind Colin. For a moment he stands there, unsure what to do, thinking furiously about what he has just heard.

The door suddenly opens again and Colin pokes his head round with his best salesman's smile.

COLIN

I can tell you're thinking about it!

Spike lunges for the door and Colin withdraws like lightning.

631 INT. CAMPBELL'S HALLWAY. EVENING

631

The bathroom door opens, Lynda comes out, pale-faced and miserable. She barely glances up as an Arab heads down the hall. However, a second after he passes she double-takes and stares after him as he enters the reception room. She thinks about it, shakes her head - it couldn't have been.

She is about to head down the hall herself when Sophie and Laura appear hurriedly out of the reception room, go straight to the vase on the table and start scraping a plateful of food into it.

They turn and go back into the reception room. Lynda stares for a moment, then goes cautiously to the vase and looks in. She winces away in disgust. A look of uncertainty crosses her face. She goes to the reception room, opens the door, looks in.

632 INT. CAMPBELL'S RECEPTION ROOM. EVENING

632

A shot from Lynda's POV. She looks round a moment before she sights Sullivan and Matt. They are talking concernedly and looking around - plainly for her.

633 INT. CAMPBELL'S HALLWAY. EVENING

633

LYNDA

Hic!

She quickly withdraws, closing the door. She thinks for a moment, hard - then evidently comes to a decision.

She crosses to where the coats are hanging, finds her jacket among them. She hesitates for a second, then puts it on. Her mind made up, she turns for the door - and freezes.

Spike is standing there watching her. For a moment neither says anything. Lynda smiles nervously.

LYNDA

Caught in the act, eh?

Spike looks at her for a moment.

SPIKE

You really can't face it?

She shrugs helplessly.

633 Cont'd

633

LYNDA

Don't make me.

Close shot Spike. He is caught between his desire to help her and his desire to keep her. It doesn't take him long to resolve the dilemma.

SPIKE

Okay. Let's go.

He takes his coat, starts to put it on.

LYNDA

You mean it?

SPIKE

Sure. You can't deal with it,
you can't deal with it. No big deal,
right?

He leads the way to the door.

LYNDA

You won't tell anyone about this -
at the newsroom?

SPIKE

(Opening door) Of course I won't.

LYNDA

Spike ...

Spike turns in the doorway.

LYNDA

I appreciate this.

Spike can't quite meet her eye.

SPIKE

Yeh, well ... come on!

He leads the way out.

634 EXT. CAMPBELL'S DRIVEWAY. EVENING

634

Spike and Lynda come out through the door. We track with them down the drive.

LYNDA
Weird, isn't it?

SPIKE
Weird?

LYNDA
Me and parties. Me and people.
I just don't know how to... well,
socialise.

Spike says nothing.

LYNDA
You know, when I was fourteen I
pretended I was ill at my own
birthday party. Kenny came up to
my room and we played chess all
evening.

SPIKE
Good old Kenny.

LYNDA
He won three games in a row and
I threw him out.
(she looks at Spike, smiles)
Good old Spike.

Spike comes to a halt, stares at her.

SPIKE
What?

LYNDA
Well, you got me out of there,
didn't you?

634 Cont'd

634

SPIKE
You're grateful?

LYNDA
Well of course I'm grateful!

SPIKE
(Appeals to heavens) Gimme a break!
Gratitude! Now she does gratitude!

LYNDA
Spike - ...

SPIKE
What a lousy trick!

LYNDA
What's the matter - ... What are
you doing!

Spike has grabbed her by the wrist and is virtually
dragging her back up the driveway.

LYNDA
Spike, let go of me! Spike!
I'm not going back in there!

SPIKE
Yes you are! (Rings doorbell)
And believe me, Lynda - this is going
to hurt me more than it hurts you!

LYNDA
Have you gone off your head?

SPIKE
Completely. Sad, isn't it?

The Butler answers the door. Spike immediately drags
Lynda through.

SPIKE
(To butler) I caught this one trying
to escape - dug a tunnel with a
cocktail stick.

635

INT. CAMPBELL'S RECEPTION ROOM. EVENING

635

A shot of Matt moving through the party, looking around, puzzled. He sees Sullivan.

MATT

Bill?

Sullivan turns from a drinks waiter, again holding two glasses.

MATT

(Eyeing the two glasses) Sorry to interrupt you. Have you seen Lynda?

SULLIVAN

Not since she arrived.

SPIKE

(Off) Mr Kerr!

They both look round. Spike approaches, still discreetly dragging Lynda.

SPIKE

Mr Sullivan!

He 'presents' Lynda.

SPIKE

The Editor will see you now!

MATT

Hello, Lynda - you're looking lovely!
And it's nice to see you at last.

LYNDA

And you, sir.

MATT

And Spike - not looking such a hoodlum
as normal, I see!

SPIKE

And you, sir.

MATT

Well, I'm glad I've managed to find you.
I've been boasting about you all evening,
it would've been very embarrassing if
you hadn't made an entrance.

635 Cont'd

635

LYNDA

Well I'm sorry but I - ...

MATT

In fact, here's someone I've been
boasting to!

An elderly, distinguished looking gentleman has appeared
just behind Lynda. This is ROBERT MAYER.

MAYER

(Taking Lynda's hand) You must be
Lynda Day.

MATT

This, Lynda, is Robert Mayer.
Rather a big name in the newspaper
business.

LYNDA

Oh! (A little nervously) Do you
have a column I would have read?

MATT

No. He has a newspaper.

LYNDA

(Embarrassed) Oh, I see ...

MAYER

(To Lynda) Listen, could we have
a quiet word. I've got to be leaving
soon and I'd appreciate a chat.

LYNDA

A chat?

MAYER

About your future - since Matt's been
telling me all about your past.
(To others) You don't mind me stealing
her away for a minute or two, do you
gentlemen?

MATT

Oh no ...

SULLIVAN

Not at all ...

635

Cont'd

635

Close shot of Spike. He minds a lot but he's fighting it.

MAYER

(Taking Lynda by the arm, leading her away)
Matt's been showing me some of your
work and I have to say ...

A shot of Sullivan, Matt and Spike watching the two of them go off together.

SPIKE

We have lift-off!

SULLIVAN

What?

SPIKE

Nothing.

A glass breaks loudly behind them.

SPIKE

(Hearing this) Don't look at me.
That wasn't my heart!

He goes. Matt and Sullivan exchange a look.

SULLIVAN

Oh dear.

A shot, from a distance, of Lynda and Mayer. Mayer is talking animatedly, Lynda listening intently. She is starting to smile.

A closer shot of Spike grimly watching them. After a moment he turns and walks off through the party. We track with him.

As he goes an ELDERLY WOMAN crosses behind him, goes to a man.

MRS. CAMPBELL

Cameron, where are the car keys?

CAMPBELL

In the vase in the hall.

635

Cont'd

635

She goes. As we continue tracking with Spike, Sophie and Laura cross in front of him. Laura supports Sophie who looks a little ill.

LAURA

I told you not to eat the ones with the green bits! Lucky you made it to that vase in time!

Spike sees something ahead. He stops, calls.

SPIKE

Nabeel!

A shot of Colin, still in his Arab gear, looking round in alarm. He is talking to several business types.

SPIKE

(Going over) Nabeel Hafiz. How the hell are you? (Puts arm round Colin) Sorry to interrupt, guys, but me and this little fella go back years, don't we Nabby?

COLIN

Well - ...

SPIKE

(To others) Hey, have you guys heard Nabby here on the subject of his native culture? He is so interesting! I just learned so much!

A 'thought' occurs to him.

SPIKE

Listen, Nabby, why don't you give us a little run-down now. (To others) You're going to love this!

There is a general murmur of approval and assent. Colin looks at his 'audience' in horror.

SPIKE

Come on, Nabby, don't be shy. Give us the lot! In detail. From the start. Now!

635

Cont'd

635

He smiles maliciously at Colin.

A close shot of Colin's stricken face. We freeze-frame on it.

There is a burst of laughter.

636

EXT. LYNDA'S STREET. NIGHT

636

Lynda and Spike come staggering into shot, helpless with laughter.

LYNDA

No!

SPIKE

It's true!

LYNDA

I don't believe it!

SPIKE

I'm telling you, it's the truth.

LYNDA

He said the capital of Saudi Arabia ...

SPIKE

Yup.

LYNDA

Of Saudi Arabia ...

SPIKE

Yup.

LYNDA

... was Brigadoon.

SPIKE

He did.

They launch into further gales of laughter.

DISSOLVE TO:

637

EXT. LYNDA'S HOUSE. NIGHT

637

Spike and Lynda are just arriving at the gate.

LYNDA

Well! Home at last! (Turns to Spike)
Why didn't we take a taxi - you said you
had money, you said you had a fiver.

SPIKE

I, ah ... lost it.

LYNDA

Oh, well! (Looks very directly at Spike)
I had an amazing time tonight.

SPIKE

So I hear. Everybody wants Lynda.

LYNDA

(Shrugs modestly: smiles) You know
how it is.

SPIKE

(Looks at her a moment) Yeh.

There is a pause.

LYNDA

I wouldn't have had an amazing time
if it hadn't been for... you.

Spike looks away, almost embarrassed.

LYNDA

You were wonderful.

SPIKE

(Making a joke of it) I'm a
wonderful guy!

LYNDA

(Looks at him a moment) Yes.
You are.

There is another pause.

LYNDA

Well! Here we are!

637 Cont'd .

637

SPIKE

Yup. This is here. I remember it.

They stand looking at one another, neither quite sure what to do. After a moment Lynda makes the first move.

LYNDA

(ironically)

Well, I suppose we could shake hands...

SPIKE

What?

She takes a step closer, looks at him expectantly.

Looking untypically nervous, Spike also steps closer. They are now in position for a kiss. Lynda looks at him mischievously.

LYNDA

You're shaking.

SPIKE

Me? I'm rock steady. That's just the world.

They both lean forward to kiss. At the last moment Lynda pulls back. She looks at Spike, considering.

LYNDA

I think you're getting the wrong idea about this kiss.

SPIKE

I'm not, Lynda, honest. It's just a kiss between friends, right? A thank you kiss. It doesn't mean a thing - I know that.

He stares anxiously at Lynda. Lynda looks back at him for a moment, smiles.

LYNDA

I knew you were getting the wrong idea.

As the implications of this settle into Spike, Lynda pulls him over and they kiss for as long as the time slot will allow. When they part, Spike looks distinctly fazed.

637 Cont'd

637

LYNDA

Now, remember your name?

She turns, opens the front door, turns in the doorway.

LYNDA

Well?

SPIKE

Spike - right?

LYNDA

Oh! Is that who you are?

They hold a look for a moment. Both smile. She withdraws again, closing the door.

Spike stares at the door for a moment, unable to stop smiling. He turns and walks down the path. He comes to the gate. He snaps his fingers and it swings open for him. He goes through it. It closes behind him.

Spike looks up at the lamp post in the street outside. It is out. He licks his finger, presses it against the side. The lamp flares into life.

He turns, starts to walk away from us down the street. After a moment, he lets out a great whoop of joy, leaping into the air and throwing his fist.

FREEZE FRAME.

END TITLES.