

PRESS GANG Series 3 & 4

EPISODE THREE

"CHANCE IS A FINE THING"

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Episode 28

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"PRESS GANG" Series 3

Episode Three

"DEAR YOU"

CHARACTER LIST

LYNDA DAY.....JULIA SAWALHA  
SPIKE THOMSON.....DEXTER FLETCHER  
KENNY PHILLIPS.....LEE ROSS  
COLIN MATHEWS.....PAUL REYNOLDS  
FRAZZ DAVIES.....MMOLOKI CHRYSTIE  
SEAN PHILLIPS  
JUDY WELLMAN  
KEVIN ROSS  
JEFF  
KELLY  
JANET  
CLARK KENT  
GIRL  
HEAD WAITER  
LUCY  
Other Girl  
Waitress  
String Quartet

301 INT. DARKNESS. DAY

301

In the darkness we don't know what we're looking at - a faint suggestion of wooden boards with strips of light peeping through the gaps between.

A shadow passes over the far side of the boards, they creak and strain as if under some pressure...

There is a grunt of effort, the sound of wood splintering. One of the boards jerks, starts to work loose...

Finally it comes free allowing in a gash of light.

The view we get is momentarily confusing. A section of ceiling, the shoulder of someone working at the boards.

In fact, as it transpires, we are under floorboards looking directly up at the room above.

As we watch KENNY'S face comes into view. He has tools in his hands and is working on the next floorboard when something catches his eye. He is looking down directly at us. He frowns and reaches.

302 INT. KENNY'S GRANDFATHER'S HOUSE. DAY

302

A shot from Kenny's POV. Lying beneath the floorboard is an ancient yellowing envelope.

He lifts it to examine it, bringing it into a big close-up.

"Mr. Sean Phillips,  
24 Lancress Street,  
Norbridge"

The writing is blurred by a water stain and the paper curled and yellow but this address is still basically legible.

KENNY straightens up, examining the envelope.

A wide shot reveals him to be in the hallway. The floorboard he has lifted runs up to the front door.

A thought occurs to him.

He holds the envelope to the letter-box in the door and lets it drop as if it has been pushed through the flap.

The envelope drops neatly back into the hole in the floorboards.

He smiles, reaches for the door, opens it.

303 INT/EXT. KENNY'S GRANDFATHER'S HOUSE. DAY

303

Kenny's Grandfather - SEAN - is clipping the hedge at the end of the garden.

KENNY

(As he opens door)

Grandad! Want to guess when you last had these floorboards up?

As he says this he is taking the envelope from beneath the floorboards again. He sits himself on the front step.

His grandfather - SEAN - doesn't turn from the hedge as he answers.

SEAN

No idea. Not in years.

KENNY is staring at the postmark. He has finally deciphered it and is somewhat astonished. When he speaks he is more reacting to what he reads than replying.

KENNY

1937!

SEAN considers this.

SEAN

Oh, I don't know about that.

(Pauses, considers)

Mind you...

KENNY glances up at his GRANDFATHER who just carries on tranquilly clipping the hedge without looking round. He can't resist it!

The gummed flap on the envelope has long ago given way. Gingerly he pulls the frail and ancient letter from within.

The writing is partly obliterated by a water stain but a good part of it is perfectly legible. First, though, KENNY goes to the last page and the signature at the end.

He frowns at it, trying to make it out.

KENNY

Know anyone called...

(Squints closer at signature)

Christine?

SEAN

No.

303 CONTINUED

303

KENNY goes back to the start of the letter, briefly glances at it.

He is about to reply when something catches his attention in the letter. He frowns, now reading rapidly.

Over at the hedge his GRANDFATHER is oblivious to this.

SEAN

Used to know a Christine. Long,  
long time ago.

SEAN frowns, as if disturbed by a memory.

KENNY looks up from the letter across at his GRANDFATHER. His look is somewhere between wonder and horror.

SEAN

(Still clipping)

Why do you ask?

Abruptly KENNY stuffs the letter and envelope back into his pocket.

KENNY

Oh, nothing! No reason!

There is a distinctly hurried, hollow note in Kenny's voice - enough to make SEAN turn and look at him shrewdly.

KENNY gets to his feet a little uneasily.

KENNY

Well I'd better get those  
floorboards fixed, yeh?

He turns goes back inside.

SEAN stares after him, troubled.

Inside KENNY leans against the front door. He pulls the letter from his pocket, starts to read it again.

We slowly close in on his face.

We fade up to Episode Title:

"DEAR YOU"

304 INT. JUNIOR GAZETTE NEWS-ROOM. DAY

304

A shot of a typewriter being pounded from the exact POV of the typist - in other words as if we were the typist.

304 CONTINUED

304

Throughout the following sequence we shoot subjectively from JUDY WELLMAN'S POV, so that FRAZZ, KEVIN, JEFF and SPIKE all speak straight into the camera as if it was Judy.

FRAZZ  
(Off)

Hi.

We look up. FRAZZ is smiling somewhat lecherously at us.

JUDY  
(V.O.)

Hi.

FRAZZ  
New around here, right?

JUDY  
(V.O.)

Started this morning.

FRAZZ leans confidentially over the typewriter. He is trying to be charming but still comes across as lecherous.

FRAZZ  
Well look this place can be kind of confusing at first so if you need any help, any advice, anything at all, I want you to know: I'm available.

JUDY  
(V.O.)

Yeh?

FRAZZ

You bet.

JUDY  
(V.O.)

I'm not.

FRAZZ stares at us. His face falls.

CUT TO:

We are on the typewriter. A half page has now been written.

KEVIN  
(Off)

Judy Wellman?

We look round to see KEVIN approaching, camera in hand.

JUDY  
(V.O.)

That's me.

KEVIN

Kevin Ross.

(Perching on her desk)  
Listen, I don't want you to take this the wrong way but you really have the most amazing face. I'm a photographer, right? Bone structure is my thing. And your facial planes are doing something special to me.

JUDY  
(V.O.)

That's a terrible chat-up line. I mean that's really embarrassing.

KEVIN  
(Going pale)

What?

JUDY  
(V.O.)

Is this your first time?

KEVIN stares at her, his ego visibly shrivelling.

CUT TO:

Back on the typewriter. She is three-quarters of the way down the page.

JEFF  
(Off)

Excuse me...

We look round, this time the other way. JEFF is approaching.

JEFF

This is going to seem a little weird. I've never met you before, right? But last night I had this incredible dream. Know what? You were in it.

JUDY  
(V.O.)

Well you really must tell me  
about it.

JEFF

Sure.

He grins at her.

JUDY  
(V.O.)

First though - is that some food  
sticking to your teeth?

In fact there isn't any - but JEFF'S composure is  
completely blown and a horrified hand flies to his mouth.

CUT TO:

Back on the typewriter. We are completing the last line.

SPIKE  
(Off)

Hi.

We look up. SPIKE is standing over us doing his best  
charismatic look.

JUDY  
(Off)

Spike Thomson?

SPIKE  
(Taken aback that  
she knows his name)

Yeh.

JUDY  
(V.O.)

No thanks.

We pan back down to the typewriter. She completes the  
last line, whisks the paper from the roller and chucks it  
in her tray. As it lands we cut quickly to a close shot  
of label on the tray - "OUT".

We hold on this for a moment then hear typing start up  
again.

A wider shot shows a back view of JUDY typing away  
remorselessly. SPIKE has gone.



SPIKE

(Off)

There's only one possible explanation.

A shot of SPIKE gathered with JEFF, KEVIN, FRAZZ and other wounded egos next to the doors.

SPIKE

She's a man.

KENNY comes through the doors. We go with him as he heads into the news-room with a distinctly worried look on his face.

He goes straight to LYNDIA who is sitting at her desk scoring her way through a pile of typescript.

KENNY

Lynda, I've got something I need to talk about. Something personal.

LYNDA

(Absently)

Is it on the agenda for the news-team meeting?

KENNY

(Taken aback)

I can't talk about it at a meeting! It's a very personal, private matter.

LYNDA

Oh I'm sure no one will mind.

So saying she gathers her typescript together and heads off into the news-room. KENNY stares after her aggrieved.

KENNY

Lynda...!

He starts to follow.

KENNY

Look, Lynda...

He is interrupted by COLIN appearing by his side, throwing an arm round his shoulders.

COLIN  
Kenny, babe! Got time for a  
five?

KENNY  
A what?

COLIN  
A five. That's fast lane talk  
for a five minute meeting - pass  
it on.

KENNY  
(Trying to go)  
Well I've really got to...

But COLIN has already pressed him down into a convenient  
seat.

COLIN  
Got a concept I want your input  
on, Kenny. Let me down-load  
some data on you and see if the  
cat licks it up.

KENNY  
Was that fast lane talk too?

COLIN  
Affirmo.

KENNY  
(Getting up)  
Look I really must...

COLIN  
(Pressing him down  
in his seat again)  
Know why people admire you so much?  
Know what it is you've got? Depth,  
Kenny! That's what people say about  
you! They say "Boy, that Kenny  
Phillips - he's got lots of depth and  
stuff!"

KENNY is staring worriedly at COLIN.

KENNY  
What are you planning, Colin?

COLIN  
Hey, no plan!

KENNY

Last time you said that two days later I was lead singer in a rock band.

COLIN looks shocked.

COLIN

Below the belt city! Kenny, I'm not into that kind of deal any more. I do serious business now - I plan and organise the finances of the major league newspaper of tomorrow and don't you forget it.

KENNY

(Patiently)

What are you planning?

COLIN

Kenny, have you ever considered being a male model?

KENNY promptly stands up to go.

COLIN

I put that wrong! Hear me out, kiddo, it's not as bad as it sounds!

KENNY looks at him ironically, then folds his arms to stoically hear him out.

COLIN

Advertising, Kenny! Promotion! A photograph of you reading the Junior Gazette.

KENNY is taken aback at this.

KENNY

What?

COLIN

Because you're the kind of guy we want buying our product. You're the image we want to project.

Despite himself KENNY is surprised at the reasonableness of this suggestion.

COLIN

A photograph of you, Kenny.  
Representing decency and  
wholesome family values. With  
depth, integrity, and  
seriousness. Stripped to the  
waist.

KENNY

What?

COLIN

Well it might be a hot day.

KENNY

Colin, I kind of draw the line  
at nude photography.

COLIN

(Shocked at the  
very suggestion)

Kenny! You'll have a thong!

KENNY looks witheringly at COLIN.

KENNY

Stripped to the waist!!

(As he goes)

Don't tell me - you asked Spike  
first.

COLIN

Well - Lynda actually.

He heaves a bitter sigh at Kenny's lack of understanding  
and throws himself angrily into a chair.

COLIN

Kids!

We cut to a different shot of COLIN slumped in the chair,  
this one a subjective shot from JULY WELLMAN'S POV again.

We watch COLIN for a moment - then he looks over at us.

A shot of JUDY from COLIN'S POV. It is our first sight  
of her face. She is quite lovely.

She smiles.

COLIN stares back at her in disbelief. No woman has ever  
smiled at him spontaneously before.

JUDY goes back to her typing.

COLIN still stares.

JUDY glances back at COLIN. She smiles again.

A shot through the shelf unit of SPIKE and his cohorts watching these proceedings from their new vantage point. Their jaws are slack at Colin's apparent success.

A shot of COLIN from the Boys' POV. He can't handle Judy's attention. He looks away, gets quickly to his feet, and heads hurriedly towards his storeroom.

A shot of SPIKE and the BOYS. They all turn as one man to look at JUDY.

A shot of JUDY from the BOYS' POV. She watches COLIN go with considerable interest.

Close shot of SPIKE devastated and incredulous.

SPIKE

Colin??

As COLIN approaches his storeroom he risks a backward glance.

JUDY is absorbed in her work again.

We close in on COLIN'S face as he stands amazed that such a beautiful girl would even notice him.

Suddenly she looks up directly at him.

COLIN reacts like a scalded cat he spins round, marches straight into the cupboard standing next to his storeroom doors, and bangs the door behind him.

We hold on the cupboard as it rocks slightly with the impact of its new occupant.

He has done this with sufficient noise and suddenness that most of the news-team are now staring at the cupboard.

Close shot of JUDY. She smiles, amused - but fondly.

After a moment the cupboard door opens and COLIN emerges with an outward air of extreme officiousness.

COLIN

(Calling across news-room)  
Lynda, that cupboard seems to be  
in order now.

304 CONTINUED

304

Shot of LYNDA now at her desk staring bemusedly at COLIN.

LYNDA

Thanks, Colin.

COLIN disappears into his storeroom.

LYNDA shrugs, goes back to her work.

An ancient yellowed envelope drops in front of her. She looks up. KENNY is beside her.

KENNY

This is a letter for my Grandfather. It's fifty-four years late. The question is: do I tell him what it says?

LYNDA stares at KENNY with a puzzled frown.

On her face we DISSOLVE TO:

305 INT. JUNIOR GAZETTE NEWS-ROOM. NIGHT

305

A high shot of the news-room. People are packing up to go. A few unlucky ones are staying on for late duty.

A shot of the "NO ENTRY" sign on Colin's door. A fist comes into shot and knocks on it.

306 INT. COLIN'S STOREROOM. NIGHT

306

COLIN is working away on his calculator. He is surrounded by Teddy Bears which appear to have some bearing (sorry) on his calculations.

COLIN

(Automatically)

Come in, leave it on the desk, the cheque's in the post.

JUDY

Hi.

He looks up to see JUDY. He shoots to his feet in shock.

COLIN

Hi.

He stares at her, rigid with terror.

JUDY  
(Looking round  
at the bears)  
Friends of yours?

COLIN  
No. Those are teddy bears.

JUDY  
(Suppresses a smile)  
I see. Sorry.

COLIN  
(Anxious to reassure her)  
Oh no, perfectly understandable  
mistake, a lot of people think  
they're real -  
(Hesitates, realising  
how silly this sounds)  
... bears.

JUDY takes one, looks at it.

JUDY  
They're lovely.

COLIN  
Got them cheap, as a matter of  
fact. Rejected design.

JUDY  
Can't think why.

COLIN  
Me neither. Especially since  
they double as this handy knife.

He pulls off the bear's head revealing it to be stuck on  
by a spike projecting down from its neck.

JUDY  
Kind of a dangerous toy, don't  
you think?

COLIN  
Well, yeh. But on the bright  
side it's a safer than average  
knife.

JUDY  
(Look dubiously at Colin)  
Right.

She pops the head back on and casually puts the bear on the radiator next to her.

JUDY

Listen, I -

COLIN

(Urgently; referring  
to the bear)

Not on direct heat! They  
combust!

JUDY

Oh, sorry.

JUDY snatches the bear off the radiator.

COLIN

And watch yourself on the paws.  
I nearly lost a finger.

Gingerly JUDY sets the bear down on the floor. She turns back to COLIN, smiles enchantingly which strikes fresh terror into him.

JUDY

My name's Judy. Judy Wellman.

COLIN

That's a nice name.

JUDY

And yours?

COLIN

Oh, it's nice too.

She smiles

JUDY

Could you be a little more  
specific?

COLIN stares at her blankly. After a moment he has an inspiration. He snatches a business card off his desk and hands it to her.

JUDY

Thanks.

(Glances at it,  
pockets it)

It's Colin Mathews by the way.



COLIN

Thanks.

JUDY

Colin, you'd better know: I don't believe in hanging around - if I see something I want I go for it.

(She gives an involuntary laugh at the way she is talking)  
You must be thinking I'm really forward.

COLIN

Oh no, you're just the right shape.

She can't quite suppress a smile at this. COLIN instantly realises he got it wrong. He blushes and stammers.

COLIN

Oh! You mean - ...Oh!

JUDY

So let me kind of pop the question.

COLIN

(Talking himself into a real lather)

Look, sorry about mentioning your shape. Honestly, it's not that noticeable! Not that I'm saying you're shapeless! I mean, you're not. It's probably just the way you dress.

(Closes his eyes in despair)

Oh!

JUDY lays a calming hand on his arm.

JUDY

Colin - want to go out?

COLIN

(Hugely relieved)

Yes, thanks.

And he gratefully gets up and goes out. The door closes behind him.

306 CONTINUED

306

JUDY sits for a moment in astonishment. She realises she's got a tough job ahead. She gets up, goes to the door, knocks on it.

COLIN opens up.

JUDY

I meant go out on a date, Colin.

Close shot of COLIN staring at her.

COLIN

Oh.

LYNDA  
(V.O.)

"Dearest Sean".

307 EXT. CAFE. NIGHT

307

Shot of the cafe.

LYNDA  
(V.O.)

"How could you think I wouldn't  
reply to your letter?"

308 INT. CAFE. NIGHT

308

We are panning slowly round the various people in the cafe.

LYNDA  
(V.O.)

"Even if the answer was 'no' do  
you really think I wouldn't  
write back? And anyway, the  
answer could only ever be  
'yes'".

We have panned round to discover KENNY and LYNDA at a table. LYNDA is reading aloud the letter.

LYNDA

"Darling, of course I accept  
your proposal and I am the  
happiest woman alive to know  
that I will soon be - ..."

She breaks off, looks at KENNY.

LYNDA

"...your wife."

They are silent for a moment. KENNY lifts the envelope.

KENNY

Did you see the stamp?  
Canadian.

LYNDA

(Flips to end of letter)  
"All my love and eagerly  
awaiting your next letter,  
Christine."

KENNY

Except she never got another  
letter. Because my grandfather  
never got this one.

LYNDA

And assumed the worst.

KENNY

(Taking letter)  
Ditto Christine.

LYNDA

Sad.

KENNY

Six months later he met my  
grandmother. And to cut a long  
story short - hi there.

LYNDA smiles, goes back to the letter.

KENNY

Thing is - do I tell him?

LYNDA looks up sharply at this.

KENNY

Bit of a moral dilemma, really.  
He's got a right to know - it's  
his letter, his life. But maybe  
telling him would - you know -  
upset him, hurt him. I don't  
know what to do here.

LYNDA looks at him for a moment.

LYNDA

What's on your mind?

KENNY

(Taken aback)

I just told you.

LYNDA

No you didn't. You wouldn't come to me with a moral dilemma, Kenny. You know I count anything as moral if no one can prove I did it.

KENNY

Finally, after twelve years, a moment of modesty.

LYNDA

(Grins at him)

I thought I was boasting.

She takes the letter, pops it back into the envelope.

LYNDA

I don't know anyone better equipped to sort out a moral dilemma solo than Kenny Phillips.

She drops the envelop on the table with an air of finality.

LYNDA

So what's on your mind?

KENNY

(Looks at her for a moment)  
Amoral, but smart.

LYNDA

With great legs.

KENNY

That's got to be better than a conscience any day.

LYNDA

Absolutely.

KENNY hesitates. He looks at her for a moment then launches into it.

KENNY

Do you realise if it wasn't for a coincidence of floorboard repair and post fifty-odd years ago I wouldn't exist? I just find it weird - scary - that my entire life is the result of a dumb mistake.

He frowns. He is finding this difficult to say, even to LYNDA.

KENNY

I feel like... like I'm not supposed to be here.

He looks worriedly at LYNDA.

KENNY

Does this all sound really pathetic and stupid?

LYNDA

Yes.

(Getting up)

Let's get some more coffee and decide who to fire from Graphics.

She goes. For a moment KENNY is too outraged to react. Then he is on his feet and following her to the counter.

KENNY

(Blazing with indignation)  
Well I am so sorry, are my problems not providing enough entertainment for you.

LYNDA

On don't be like that, Kenny, they usually do.

(To girl at counter)

Two coffees please, one white, one black. And a couple of those minty biscuits.

KENNY

Look, I want to discuss this.

LYNDA

Kenny, you'll only start going on about philosophy and destiny and the meaning of life - I hate those.

LYNDA (CONT.)

(To girl)

Actually, forget the biscuits,  
he's putting on weight.

KENNY grits his teeth and tries to make LYNDA see the obligations of friendship.

KENNY

Lynda, try and understand. I  
want to discuss a problem I am  
having, with my closest friend.

LYNDA

Well haven't you got any other  
problems?

KENNY

Specifically I want to discuss  
the problem I have concerning  
the letter!

LYNDA

But I don't like that one.

KENNY

I am not putting on weight!  
(To girl)  
I will have those biscuits,  
thank you.

LYNDA

(To girl)

Just the one, though.

KENNY

Look, let me put it another way.

LYNDA

(Hopefully)

A really different way?

KENNY

Remember that time I kept  
getting a wrong number when I  
was trying to phone my aunt.

LYNDA

Oh, right! The girl in Dublin!

She laughs.

LYNDA

(To the girl)

He fell in love with a wrong number!

KENNY swallows his embarrassment.

KENNY

I really clicked with that girl. Suppose I had actually found out her number and we'd met up. It's possible - and I'm only saying possible - that we could've ended up some day, you know, married with kids or whatever.

LYNDA

(Looks at him  
incredulously)

Some people get over a wrong number faster than this.

KENNY

That's not the point I'm making! Just think of all the yet unborn whose future existence could depend on something as dumb as a wrong number.

LYNDA

(To the girl)

Actually, forget the coffees, I'm worried about his blood pressure too.

The GIRL, coffees made and in her hands, is about to protest - but LYNDA is already heading for the door.

KENNY

(Following)

Lynda, do you see what I'm saying?

LYNDA

Yeh. But so what?

She starts to go out.

KENNY

Don't you find it alarming that your whole life could be the result of a pointless, meaningless accident? Just a simple coincidence?

As he says this he is going out of one of the double doors and a GIRL is coming in through the other. To dedicated viewers she may look familiar. He goes, we hold on her.

She looks around for a moment. A voice calls her from off.

GIRL  
(Off)

Kelly!

KELLY - for that is her name - looks over.

KELLY  
Janet, hi! Sorry I'm late.

We notice she has an Irish accent.

GIRL  
Don't be silly, come on, sit down.

KELLY  
The trip over was murder.

JANET  
Well you're here now. So tell me - how's Dublin?

Close shot of KELLY. She is indeed the Dublin girl from "Love and the Junior Gazette" Episode 17).

309 INT. CLASSY RESTAURANT. NIGHT

309

Establishing shot of a suitably moodily lit, romantic restaurant.

SPIKE  
(V.O.)

I've booked you a table tomorrow night at the Golden Pheasant.

COLIN  
(V.O.)

That's a hotel! I was just thinking dinner...



SPIKE  
(V.O.)

There's the restaurant in the hotel, Colin, and it's very nice. Perfect for a first date.

We have panned round the restaurant to discover COLIN coming through the doors. He looks around somewhat uneasily.

COLIN  
(V.O.)

I can't handle it, Spike. I go to pieces the moment she's in the same room!

SPIKE  
(V.O.)

Well try and control that because being in the same room is kind of a minimum requirement. Look, just stay cool, be calm, and think confident. You'll be fine.

As we hear SPIKE say this we see COLIN straighten his back, tilt his jaw and generally psyche himself up. He's ready for anything!

The HEAD WAITER appears by him.

WAITER  
Can I help you, sir?

COLIN  
No thanks, I'm going to be fine!

He starts to head determinedly into the restaurant.

WAITER  
(Following)  
Have you booked a table?

COLIN  
(Turning)  
Ah, yes. A table. Yes I have. I've booked a table.

The WAITER looks enquiringly at him.

COLIN  
And two chairs. I'm meeting someone so two chairs would be good.

WAITER  
(Patiently)

Name, sir?

COLIN  
Judy Wellman. She's a very nice girl, she'll be no trouble.

WAITER  
Thank you for putting my mind at rest, sir. And your name?

COLIN  
Mathews. Colin Mathews.

The HEAD WAITER consults his book.

WAITER  
Ah yes, sir. The young lady has in fact arrived.

COLIN  
(Going pale)  
Oh. Has she?

He looks round in terror. He sees JUDY at the other end of the restaurant at a table. She looks ravishing. She gives him a little wave.

Rather vacantly COLIN waves back but doesn't move.

WAITER  
(Picking up a menu)  
Shall I show you to the table, sir?

COLIN  
No, it's okay, I think I can find it.

The WAITER considers how to deal with this breach of restaurant etiquette.

WAITER  
Well perhaps you wouldn't mind showing me.

COLIN  
Sure.

And so COLIN leads the WAITER through the restaurant, COLIN looking as though he is going to his execution.

SPIKE  
(V.O.)

It's a first date so don't try anything, none of the macho stuff - you save that for when you're lying to your mates the next day. Just be charming, interested, and don't expect too much. She'll love you for it.

They have reached the table. And the WAITER is pulling the chair out for COLIN.

COLIN

Hi.

JUDY

Hi.

WAITER

(Taking out notebook)

Are you staying at the hotel?

COLIN

I shouldn't think so, it's just a first date and I don't expect too much.

Both the WAITER and JUDY do something of a double-take on this. JUDY hides a smile behind her hand.

WAITER

Very good, sir.

The WAITER goes. COLIN and JUDY look at one another. There is a moment of lethally awkward silence.

JUDY

Nice restaurant.

COLIN

Thanks. I mean, yes.

JUDY

I think I've been in every restaurant in town and this one is definitely the nicest.

COLIN

Oh! You must eat a lot.

She frowns slightly at this.

309 CONTINUED

309

COLIN

Ah! I didn't mean - ... Sorry.

The lethal silence resumes.

JUDY

Well! Here we are!

COLIN

Yeh. I was about to say that.

The silence begins again.

Shot of COLIN.

COLIN

(V.O.)

We're going to sit there in  
silence, I know we are.

Shot of JUDY.

SPIKE

(V.O.)

You'll be fine.

Shot of COLIN starting to look awkward.

COLIN

(V.O.)

Look you've got to come along  
and tell me what to say. I'll  
make it worth your while.

Shot of JUDY also starting to look awkward.

SPIKE

(V.O.)

Colin, no one needs a prompt to  
have dinner.

Shot of COLIN getting positively desperate.

COLIN

(V.O.)

Please!

Shot of JUDY, willing COLIN to speak.

SPIKE

(V.O.)

I'm telling you: no way!

A square of card written on in felt tip edges up behind JUDY'S head to where COLIN can read it. It says "THAT'S A LOVELY DRESS".

COLIN

That's a lovely dress, Judy.

A shot of SPIKE at the table directly behind holding up the card. He now takes it down and as we hear the conversation continue at the next table we note that he has a pile of cards in front of him and a felt marker in one hand.

JUDY

(Off)

Thank you. I made it myself.

COLIN

(Off)

Really? That must be a lot cheaper.

We go back to JUDY and COLIN at the table.

JUDY

Well. It helps.

COLIN smiles and nods. He is running dry again. Anxious seconds pass before another caption appears above JUDY'S head. "HOW WAS YOUR DAY?".

COLIN

So how was your day?

JUDY

All right. Ran into my boyfriend actually.

COLIN double-takes on this. A shot of SPIKE doing the same.

JUDY

Well my ex-boyfriend - we've been on and off for years.

COLIN looks suitably relieved.

JUDY

Know what his name is?

(She giggles)

Clark Kent. No relation.

COLIN

(A little puzzled at this)  
He's not one of your relations?

JUDY

No, I just meant his name, you know? No relation to Superman.

COLIN looks worriedly at JUDY.

COLIN

Judy, Superman isn't a real person.

JUDY

(Stares at him a moment)  
Right, yeh.

At the other table SPIKE looks despairing.

JUDY

Shall we check out the menu?

As they both open their menus we go to SPIKE who is writing up a new card when a WAITRESS appears next to him.

WAITRESS

Are you ready to order, sir?

SPIKE

Uh, yeh, I guess.

He smiles at her and as casually as he can in the circumstances he holds a card over his head for COLIN to read.

Shot of card over JUDY'S head. It reads "DOES SHE LIVE WITH PARENTS? (IMPORTANT)".

COLIN registers the card.

COLIN

Judy, do you live with your parents?

JUDY

Well, my father. My mother's dead.

COLIN stares in horror at this. He looks frantically over at SPIKE for a prompt but SPIKE is busy ordering.

COLIN

(Trying to calm himself)  
Dead, eh? That's interesting.

JUDY stares at him.

JUDY (CONT.)

is sweet - this is getting sickening. If you can't get a grip on yourself let's call it a night? Or are you going to try and get sensible?

SPIKE holds a caption over JUDY'S head. "COME WITH ME TO THE TOILETS".

COLIN

(To Judy)

Come with me to the toilets.

SPIKE collapses in despair, JUDY stares in disbelief. And it hits COLIN what SPIKE actually meant.

COLIN

Oh, sorry, said that wrong. Look, I'll just go to the toilet on my own, right, you can go later if you want.

He gets uneasily to his feet, as does SPIKE at the table behind.

JUDY

You guys going for a conference?

They both freeze. JUDY looks round straight at SPIKE.

SPIKE

(Badly feigning surprise)

Judy!

(Sees Colin)

Colin!

COLIN

(Badly feigning surprise)

Spike!

(Sees Judy)

Judy!

(Realises)

I mean, no, I knew you were here. I just - forgot.

JUDY spies the pile of cards on Spike's table. She reaches over, starts flicking through them. SPIKE and COLIN exchange a troubled glance.

JUDY looks ironically at the pair of them, displaying three of the captions - "THAT'S A LOVELY DRESS", "HOW WAS YOUR DAY?" and "DOES SHE LIVE WITH HER PARENTS? (IMPORTANT)". She raises her eyebrows enquiringly.

309 CONTINUED

309

COLIN

And, ah, has she been dead long?

JUDY

(A little colder)

Five years.

COLIN

Five years, really?

SPIKE has by now finished with his WAITRESS. He has heard this turn of the conversation and is now frantically trying to signal COLIN to change the subject - but COLIN isn't getting the message.

COLIN

And what about the rest of your family, are they alive?

JUDY

(Colder still)

Yes.

COLIN

Right, I see. So it's just your mother in fact.

SPIKE has given up.

JUDY

Colin, can I ask you a question?

COLIN

Sure.

JUDY

Why are you being such a jerk?

SPIKE is now trying to signal to COLIN to meet him in the toilets, pointing at COLIN, himself, and to the door to the gents. COLIN still isn't getting the message.

COLIN

Ahh... I don't think I understand.

This is as much directed at SPIKE'S frantic gesticulations as at JUDY. SPIKE ducks round down, starts to write on another card.

JUDY

Can't you just relax and can't we just have a normal conversation? A little shyness



309 CONTINUED

309

COLIN stares for a moment.

COLIN

Good Lord, Judy, Spike's been  
writing down everything I say!

310 INT. KENNY'S GRANDFATHER'S HALLWAY. NIGHT

310

Close shot of a nail being hammered into a new  
floorboard. KENNY leans back from his work, reaches for  
another floorboard.

LYNDA

(Off)

Kenny, this is stupid. You've  
been talking to me in  
monosyllables all day, let's get  
this sorted out.

KENNY

I promised I'd have this  
finished for when my grandfather  
gets back, do you mind?

LYNDA

(Off)

Look, I'm making a concession  
here. Just a few conditions  
under which I am prepared to  
discuss your problem.

KENNY looks up wearily.

KENNY

Okay, let's hear 'em.

He goes over to the front door where LYNDA is talking  
through the letter flap.

LYNDA

I can't come in?

KENNY

Conditions!

A sheet of paper pokes through the flap. Bemusedly,  
KENNY takes it.

LYNDA

I got them typed up.

Disbelievingly KENNY takes the paper.

KENNY

Fifteen, Lynda??

310 CONTINUED

310

Another sheet pokes through the flap.

KENNY

What I had in mind, Lynda, was more a personal and sincere apology.

LYNDA

I told you - it's in your In-Tray.

KENNY groans. Impulsively he flings open the door, confronts LYNDA on the front step.

KENNY

Why do you have absolutely no conception of the responsibilities of friendship?

LYNDA

That's nice, the same day I send you a memo!

Wearily KENNY gestures her towards the door.

KENNY

I just don't understand why it's so difficult to discuss a problem with my best friend.

LYNDA

(Going in, turning  
in doorway)

Well I don't see why it's got to be that particular problem. You've got hundreds!

KENNY

(Outraged; still  
on doorstep)

What do you mean, I've got hundreds??

LYNDA

Oh, come on Kenny! You're a complete neurotic.

KENNY

I'm a complete neurotic?? Well let's just take a little look at who's talking!!

LYNDA

What do you mean by that??

310 CONTINUED

310

KENNY

Well no offence, Lynda, but  
let's be honest - you're a  
selfish, paranoiac maladjusted,  
psychotic complete bitch.

She stares at him, mouth open in shock. Then she steps  
back and slams the door in his face. KENNY stands on the  
doorstep, stunned.

After a moment he starts knocking on the door then bends  
to the letter flap.

KENNY

Lynda? Lynda?

311 INT. CLASSY RESTAURANT. NIGHT

311

SPIKE and COLIN sit at Colin and Judy's table. SPIKE is  
wolfing into the meal that he ordered at the other table,  
COLIN sits dismal. JUDY is long gone.

SPIKE

Okay - plan B.

COLIN

(Miserably)

Did you see the contempt in her  
eyes when she left, Spike.

He shakes his head glumly.

SPIKE

Contempt is one of the major  
emotions men inspire in women,  
Colin, it's a real place to  
start.

COLIN

No. I'm giving up.

SPIKE

Look, tonight was minor league  
stuff, she didn't lay a finger  
on you. Love ain't love till  
you've been slapped in public.

COLIN isn't convinced.

SPIKE

You've got to come across to her  
a bit more. Project yourself,  
sell yourself.

COLIN

(Head snapping up)

Sell myself?

SPIKE

Exactly. When it comes to women, Colin, 'no' is not an answer.

COLIN

(Increasingly indignant)

You never mentioned selling.  
You never said it was selling.

SPIKE

(Taken aback)

Well it is, in a way.

COLIN

Selling! All that endless talk and you never told me it was just selling! How could you have missed that out, Spike? Do you know nothing about love??

He has got to his feet in indignation. He now spins on his heels and heads off.

COLIN

(As he goes)

I can do selling.

SPIKE stares after him for a moment puzzled. A GIRL, dressed as a waitress passes, pulling on a coat.

SPIKE

Lucy?

She turns.

SPIKE

I didn't know you worked here!

LUCY

I just got off.

SPIKE

Well this date's going free.  
Want to join me?

LUCY

Yeh, great!

And she sits in Colin's chair.

311 CONTINUED

311

A shot tracking with COLIN as he strides determinedly for the door.

COLIN

Selling!

We continue to track with him as he bursts out of the restaurant doors and we catch a glimpse of him striding past one of the windows. We pull back from this shot bringing a table with four girls round it into frame. One of them is KELLY, the Dublin girl, another is JANET, her friend.

They are laughing as they come into view. As the laughter subsides:

JANET

So what are you doing while you're over, Kelly?

KELLY

I've got to go and visit my cousin, she lives somewhere near here.

OTHER GIRL

Yeh? Where?

KELLY

(Pulling a notebook from her pocket)

Lancess Street, I think. Yeh, 2 Lancess Street.

A shot closing in on Kelly's open notebook. We can see, clearly written. "EILEEN - 2 LANCESS STREET, NORBRIDGE".

DISSOLVE TO:

312 EXT. KENNY'S GRANDFATHER'S HOUSE. NIGHT

312

A shot of a sign reading "LANCESS STREET". We pan up from it to a shot of Kenny's Grandfather's house. He is talking through the letter flap.

KENNY

Lynda, will you open up, please? Look, it's my grandfather's house!

Close shot of the numerals "24" on the house door. We pan down to KENNY calling through the letter flap.

312 CONTINUED

312

KENNY

This is the wrong way round,  
boss. Let me in and you can  
slam the door again from the  
front step.

313 INT. KENNY'S GRANDFATHER'S HALLWAY. NIGHT

313

Intercut with Scene 312 as required.

LYNDA is on the other side of the door, arms tightly  
folded, looking furious.

LYNDA

No one calls me a selfish,  
paranoiac, maladjusted psychotic  
bitch.

(Considers)

Well, my mother...

KENNY

Lynda, you've got to come out of  
there. I've known you to sulk  
for days and I don't think it  
should involve moving in with my  
grandfather.

Irritably she slams shut the letter flap. Her portable  
phone rings and she snatches it from under her jacket and  
looks at it instantly bewildered. The letter flap flicks  
momentarily open.

KENNY

The red button.

It flicks shut again. LYNDA presses the button.

LYNDA

Lynda Day... Colin, not just  
now!

She puts the phone away.

KENNY

Okay, Lynda, you asked for it.  
I'm going to tell you my new  
theory of destiny!

LYNDA makes a face.

KENNY

It goes like this. Know what  
Einstein said - "God does not  
play dice with the Universe".

KENNY (CONT.)

So the way I see it, if something's meant to happen, it happens.

LYNDA

(Disparaging)

Oh, please!

KENNY

Chance and coincidence, that's just the way it looks.

LYNDA

I hate this stuff!

KENNY

If it's supposed to happen that you meet someone, you meet them. If it's not, your letter falls under a floorboard.

LYNDA

Okay, I'm coming out.

She opens the door. Sadistically, KENNY keeps going.

KENNY

If my grandfather was supposed to be with Christine he would've found that letter.

LYNDA comes out on to the step, pushes KENNY - still talking - in.

KENNY

So none of it's down to chance, oh no. It's destiny!

LYNDA

Don't talk so wet, Kenny. There's no such thing!

So saying she pulls hard on the front door and slams it shut. She pulls so hard in fact the "4" out of the "24" is knocked clean off the door. It falls to the step where it breaks in two. Irritably, LYNDA kicks the pieces into the bushes, turns and heads off down the path.

Close shot of the letter flap as it flicks open.

313 CONTINUED

313

KENNY

(Calling out, mockingly)  
I'm telling you, Lynda -  
destiny!!

We crane up from the letter flap to the remaining numeral still nailed to the door. The house is now numbered 2.

We hear Lynda's phone ring. A shot of LYNDA stopping by the "LANCRESS STREET" sign and answering her phone.

LYNDA

Colin, what is it?  
(Listens a moment; incredulous)  
Do I need the news-room tomorrow night?  
(Starts walking again)  
I've got four people on late duty and frankly I'm not about to be persuaded - ...  
(She breaks off, comes to a dead stop)  
How much??

314 INT. JUDY'S HOUSE. NIGHT

314

Close shot of a telephone as it rings. We pull out slightly as JUDY answers it, sitting at one end of a sofa.

JUDY

Hello.

315 INT. COLIN'S STOREROOM. NIGHT

315

Intercut with Scene 314 as required.

COLIN

Don't hang up, it's Colin. Look I know you're not on the rota for tomorrow but could you come by the news-room about eight in the evening?

JUDY

(After a moment)

Why?

COLIN

I just want to straighten things out with you, that's all. Promise.



315 CONTINUED

315

JUDY

Well... I'll see, okay?

COLIN

Look, say you'll be there. This is really important to me.

JUDY

(Glances at someone  
out of shot)

I'll try. Got to go now, Colin.

She puts the phone down.

COLIN sits back with a satisfied smile.

316 INT. JUDY'S HOUSE. NIGHT

316

JUDY moves along the couch and snuggles up beside a big brutish looking guy sitting at the end of it. He is wearing a sweater with an enormous Superman "S" stitched on the front. Guess who!

They are watching TV the lights of which are flickering over their faces.

CLARK

Who was that?

JUDY

Oh, no one.

CLARK

(Suspicious)

Same "no one" as you were out with tonight?

JUDY

I was out with Betty, I told you.

He looks blackly at her. Suddenly the coffee gripped in his fist seems to explode. He looks at it perturbed, shows the pieces to JUDY.

CLARK

I just broke another of your mugs.

Close shot of the pieces in CLARK'S massive hand.

On this we DISSOLVE TO:

317 INT. JUNIOR GAZETTE NEWS-ROOM. NIGHT

317

A shot of COLIN as he sees himself in the mirror. He is straightening the bow tie of his evening suit and there is a distinctly smug look on his face.

We cut to a wider shot as he turns from the mirror to survey the news-room.

It is empty apart from him and looking somewhat smarter than usual. A central space has been cleared among the desks and a gong hangs on its stand at the side of this.

COLIN goes to the gong.

COLIN  
(Calling out to  
persons unknown)

Test run!

He takes the hammer, strikes the gong.

COLIN  
Storerroom, can you hear that?

VOICE FROM COLIN'S STOREROOM  
Yes!

COLIN  
Darkroom?

VOICE FROM DARKROOM  
No problem!

COLIN checks his watch, goes back to the mirror, admires himself.

COLIN  
Class, style, and  
sophistication!

And indeed he does look rather good till he spoils the effect by pressing one of his shirt buttons and causing his black bow tie to spin round frantically while tinkling out a high speed version of "TONIGHT" from "WEST SIDE STORY". He stops it.

COLIN  
Maybe not.

From out in the corridor he hears the doors clatter open. He gives himself a last encouraging look in the mirror and heads eagerly out to the corridor.

In the corridor he stops dead and stares. At the far end is a brutish figure with a Superman "S" emblazoned on his sweater, the doors swinging behind him

CLARK

I want to speak to Colin Mathews.

COLIN notes the "S" on his sweater, makes a shrewd guess as to his identity and quickly formulates a strategy. He turns and calls back into the news-room.

COLIN

Colin Mathews!

CLARK

(Advancing down the corridor)

He's been out with my girl, she just told me. I'm going to deal with him.

COLIN

(Backing away in news-room)  
Colin Mathews, eh? Listen, tell you what - why don't you leave this with me and when I see this Colin Mathews fellow I'll give him a pretty damn good talking to, I can tell you. Because this kind of thing makes me so cross!

CLARK

You one of the little rat's friends?

COLIN

Me? Never heard of him! But I expect I'll know him just by the slimy look.

CLARK

I'm going to mince his face.

COLIN

Hey, now you're giving me ideas! Listen, you go on home and I'll deal with that dirty punk! Trust me - all of a sudden Colin Mathews is going to wish he'd never been born!

He looks resolutely up at CLARK. JUDY comes bursting in.

JUDY  
Colin, has he hurt you?

COLIN  
(Looking around as  
if for "Colin")  
You saw Colin somewhere? Boy,  
wait till I get my hands on that  
no-good guy!

CLARK isn't fooled and grabs COLIN by the throat. COLIN  
whimpers.

CLARK  
You're Colin?? You said you'd  
never even heard of him.

COLIN  
Okay, so I exaggerated a little.

JUDY  
I'm sorry, Colin. I didn't want  
to tell him but he made me.

CLARK  
(Shaking)  
You were out with Judy, right?  
You had dinner with Judy!

COLIN  
And I'm so pleased to meet you  
because she never stopped  
talking about you the whole  
time.

CLARK  
You her bit on the side?

COLIN  
Hey, no way. She just needs  
someone to talk to about how  
terrific you are!

CLARK  
She's my girl!

COLIN  
She's a girl? You know, I'd  
never noticed.

JUDY  
Clark, there's nothing going on.  
Honestly!

317 CONTINUED

317

CLARK is slowly being convinced.

CLARK  
(Releasing his grip)  
Just friends? No funny  
business.

COLIN  
Just friends! I mean, we shook  
hands but I could tell she was  
thinking of you!

There is a long pause while CLARK thinks.

CLARK  
I'm going to mince your face  
anyway.

He renews his advance, COLIN starts backing.

COLIN  
Look, don't do this. You'll  
feel really, really guilty  
afterwards and I just don't want  
to louse up your evening like  
that.

JUDY  
Clark, don't!

CLARK  
Know why I'm going to mince your  
face anyway?

COLIN  
Well I bet it's a very good  
reason because you're such a  
regular guy. But hell, am I  
worth it?

CLARK  
Because I think you're taking  
the mickey out of me.

COLIN  
(Now backed against a wall)  
Oh no, not at all, I've never  
taken anyone so seriously in my  
life, really! I look at you, I  
say to myself: "Wow! Serious!".

CLARK is somewhat mollified at this.

CLARK

That's better!

And he jabs COLIN'S chest with his forefinger for emphasis - instantly starting up COLIN'S spinning, musical bow tie. CLARK stares at it. COLIN thumps himself in the chest, stopping it.

CLARK

Nothing between you two?

(Takes him by the neck)

You were just meeting up here social like?

COLIN

You took the words right out of my throat.

CLARK

(Considers)

I'm feeling mellow today. I'm going to let you off.

JUDY sags relievedly into a chair on hearing this.

CLARK

But if I ever catch the faintest whiff of something going on between you two I'm going to come for you and you're going to set a new world record for being dead!

And he takes COLIN and throws him across the room. COLIN staggers across the floor, falls, and batters his head on the gong. It sounds loudly through the room.

What happens next takes only a few seconds. WAITERS appear from Colin's storeroom, a table for two is rolled in front of where JUDY is now sitting, a heated trolley is positioned next to her. Simultaneously a STRING QUARTET emerges from the darkroom, arranges itself around the table, and starts to play romantic music. One of the WAITERS lights the candles on the table while the other, who has crossed to the light switches, dims the lights. The FIRST WAITER flicks on a hidden projector which throws a heart shape on to the wall with the words "COLIN AND JUDY" written inside it. He then pulls out the other chair from the table and turns to the prone and horrified COLIN.

WAITER

(Gesturing towards chair)

Mr. Mathews?

318 EXT. KENNY'S GRANDFATHER'S HOUSE. DAY 318

A shot of the house including the "LANCRESS STREET" sign in the foreground.

319 INT. KENNY'S GRANDFATHER'S HALLWAY. DAY 319

Shot up through the gap in the floorboards as at the beginning. KENNY appears above us, envelope in hand. He looks at it ruefully.

KENNY

Sorry, Christine.

He drops the letter towards us just as we hear the phone ring.

Shot of KENNY answering the phone.

KENNY

Hello?

320 INT. JUNIOR GAZETTE NEWS-ROOM. DAY 320

Shot of LYNDA on the phone. Intercut with KENNY as required.

LYNDA

What came after maladjusted?  
I'm considering a tattoo.

KENNY

(Laughs)

I'm sorry too, boss.

LYNDA

So why the hell aren't you here?  
This morning we need every hand  
we can get.

A wider shot of the news-room. It has been devastated. The news-team are putting it back together again. SPIKE is looking baffled at the remains of a violin.

LYNDA

Colin hired the news-room last  
night and it looks like he's  
been playing with something  
thermo-nuclear. No sign of the  
man himself which is ever so  
slightly ominous. Oh, hang on.

COLIN is coming through the doors. He is completely unscathed.

320 CONTINUED

320

LYNDA

(Calling over)

Colin, wouldn't mind a little word at some point.

COLIN

I can explain everything.

(Heads towards storeroom)

Except women.

LYNDA

(Into phone)

Yeh, that was him.

(Frowns puzzled)

Completely unscathed...

321 INT. COLIN'S STOREROOM. DAY

321

COLIN freezes in the doorway. JUDY is sitting penitently within. COLIN looks coldly at her, crosses to his filing cabinet.

COLIN

Clark made quite a mess of the news-room.

JUDY

Till you saw him off. I just couldn't believe how brave you were.

(Considers)

Still, I suppose he wasn't armed.

COLIN

Listen, I was just lucky I was able to grab that teddy bear.

JUDY

You're the first guy I've ever been out with that stood up to my boyfriend. I want to see you again.

COLIN looks at her incredulously.

JUDY

I know what you're going to say. I lied to you, I got you in trouble. Well I'll probably lie to you and get you in trouble again, Colin. But you know something? I'm worth it.



JUDY (CONT.)

(She smiles at him, comes  
sexily over to him)

Don't say anything. Just ask  
yourself how often a girl like  
me comes along for a guy like  
you. And don't kid yourself for  
one moment that you're going to  
say no.

She takes him in her arms and kisses him long and hard.  
When they finally part COLIN is somewhat fazed. After a  
moment he reaches behind for a teddy bear and presents it  
to her.

COLIN

I want you to have this.

JUDY

Well Colin that's sweet but to  
be honest I don't really want  
it. It might burn my house  
down.

COLIN

(Looks at her a moment)

I know.

As the significance of this remark hits JUDY, COLIN goes  
to the door and holds it open for her. JUDY stares at  
him dazedly. Slowly she goes out. She turns in the  
doorway, still in a state of shock.

JUDY

No one's ever done this to me  
before.

He closes the door in her face. For a moment he looks  
solemn - then he grins and swaggers over to his desk.

COLIN

Cute kid but what the hell!

322 EXT. KENNY'S GRANDFATHER'S HOUSE. DAY

322

KELLY steps into a close shot, looking at something.

A shot of the pathway leading up to Kenny's Grandfather's  
front door now bearing the number "2".

323 INT. KENNY'S GRANDFATHER'S HALLWAY. DAY

323

KENNY is still on the phone.

323 CONTINUED

323

KENNY

I suppose in the end I just  
couldn't see what good telling  
him would do. On my argument if  
he and Christine had been meant  
to get together they would have,  
right?

324 INT. JUNIOR GAZETTE NEWS-ROOM. DAY

324

LYNDA

You managed to say that without  
using the word "destiny". I'm  
grateful.

325 INT/EXT. KENNY'S GRANDFATHER'S HOUSE. DAY

325

As KENNY laughs he hears the doorbell ring.

KENNY

Hang on, someone's at the door.

When he opens the door KELLY is on the doorstep.

KELLY

Hello. Is Eileen there?

KENNY

No Eileen here, sorry.

KELLY

(Puzzled)

This is number 2?

KENNY

No, it's number 24. The 4 just  
fell off. Number 2 is right at  
the other end.

KELLY

Oh! Sorry.

KENNY

No problem.

He closes the door, goes back to the phone.

LYNDA

Who was it?

KENNY

Oh, just a wrong number.

END CREDITS

NOTE

For Kelly's mistake to be credible Sean Phillips' house should be positioned right at the end of the street just as No. 2 would be at the other end. Thus if Kelly arrives at the No. 24 end the first house she sees would appear to be No. 2 and she would have no reason to notice that the neighbouring house is - somewhat confusingly - No. 22.