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PRESS GANG Series 3 & 4

EPISODE SIX

"HOLDING ON"

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"PRESS GANG" Series 3 & 4

Episode Six

"HOLDING ON"

CHARACTER LIST

LYNDA DAY

SPIKE THOMSON

KENNY PHILLIPS

SARAH JACKSON

COLIN MATHEWS

FRAZZ DAVIES

TIDDLER

ZOE

ALEC CONNELL

MOIRA CONNELL

SHOE MAN

MARINGO

SECRETARY

EXTRAS

Phil

Workman

SCHEDULE OF SCRIPT DAYS

SCENE 601 TO 603 AND 606

AD2005

SCENE 604, 605 AND 607 TO 638

DAY 1

SCENE 639 TO 642

DAY 2

601 INT. CORRIDOR. DAY

601

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

CUT TO:

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

CUT TO:

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

CUT TO:

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

CUT TO:

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

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

"LYNDA DAY  
DAILY CHRONICLE EDITOR  
2005"

We hear a soft chime.

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

A wider shot as he comes out of the lift.

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

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

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

Shot of the painting looking gravely back at him.

601 CONTINUED

601

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

SPIKE smiles sheepishly, feeling the need to explain.

SPIKE

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

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

WORKMAN

So that's why.

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

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

"Holding On"

602 INT. OUTER OFFICE. DAY

602

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

SPIKE comes through the outer door.

SPIKE

Ahhh... is she in?

ANGELA breaks out in a yet louder wail.

SPIKE

Stupid question.

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

SPIKE

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

He goes through the door to Lynda's office.

603 INT. LYNDA'S OFFICE. DAY

603

The office is large and opulent.

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

LYNDA

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

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

SPIKE instead goes to the window, standing looking out.

LYNDA

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

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

LYNDA

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

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

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

LYNDA

What the hell, brief them.

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

604 INT. JUNIOR GAZETTE NEWS-ROOM. DAY

604

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

604 CONTINUED

604

We hold on this shot during the first part of the following conversation.

SARAH  
(V.O.)

You've got to promise not to laugh.

KENNY  
(V.O.)

I promise.

SARAH  
(V.O.)

It isn't funny for them.

KENNY  
(V.O.)

I'm sure it isn't.

SARAH  
(V.O.)

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

Shot of KENNY discussing with SARAH.

KENNY

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

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

COLIN

Sarah, have you told him how serious it is?

One look at COLIN and KENNY has broken up laughing.

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

COLIN

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

SARAH  
(Warningly)

Kenny...

604 CONTINUED

604

COLIN

My nose is practically flat!

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

SARAH

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

KENNY

(Controlling himself)

I will, I promise.

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

KENNY

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

COLIN

You'll see.

605 INT. THE MEETING ROOM. DAY

605

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

SARAH

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

COLIN

Hi. Sorry about my nose.

KENNY

Hello.

COLIN

I can hardly breath, you know.

SARAH

(Taking a seat)

As you can see, Colin is also a victim of Mr. Maringo's curious sense of humour.

COLIN

I don't see anything funny about this. I may have to put straws up my nostrils.

605 CONTINUED

605

KENNY virtually convulses keeping in the laughter.

SARAH

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

ALEC looks hesitantly at KENNY.

ALEC

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

MOIRA

It just seems likely.

ALEC

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

KENNY

So, ah... what's the problem?

ALEC

(Instantly)  
Divorce the bitch!

KENNY stares.

KENNY

What?

SARAH

That's the problem.

ALEC

(Instantly)  
Divorce the bitch!

SARAH

(To Alex)

Sorry.

ALEC

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

KENNY

(Really confused by all this)  
What word?

MOIRA

"Problem".



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

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

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

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

KENNY  
Why?

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

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

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

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

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

KENNY  
Really?

ALEC  
I'm a marriage guidance counsellor.

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

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

ALEC  
Divorce the birch!

605 CONTINUED

605

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

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

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

KENNY  
I see!

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

KENNY looks curiously at SARAH.

606 INT. LYNDA'S OFFICE. DAY

606

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

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

SPIKE reacts to this.

LYNDA  
See you!

She puts the phone down.

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

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

LYNDA  
(Smiles)  
Up here you don't have to pray -  
you just lean out the window.

SPIKE

I thought by now he'd be leaning in.

LYNDA

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

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

LYNDA

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

SPIKE

(Stepping forward)

We need to talk.

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

SPIKE

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

LYNDA regards him dubiously.

LYNDA

Eight seconds?

SPIKE

Lynda... stuff the schedule!

LYNDA looks at him for a moment, nods grimly.

LYNDA

I knew this was coming.

SPIKE

(Surprised)

How?

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

SPIKE looks at her in despair.

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

SPIKE  
Cancel.

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

SPIKE looks at her, very suspicious.

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

LYNDA looks at him in utter indignation.

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

SPIKE stares at her, not satisfied.

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

SPIKE  
(Unconvinced)  
Just a pleasant, social evening.

LYNDA  
Exactly.

SPIKE  
That's all, is it.

LYNDA

Of course.

SPIKE

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

LYNDA

Why would it be?

SPIKE

Good.

LYNDA hesitates a moment.

LYNDA

On thing, though.

SPIKE

What?

LYNDA

Could you bring a date?

SPIKE leaps explosively from his chair.

SPIKE

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

LYNDA

(Flaring also)

Well I've had it with you too, you're becoming pathetic!

SPIKE

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

LYNDA

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

SPIKE

I'm out of here! For good!

He starts striding for the door.

LYNDA

You've said it before, Thomson - you've been saying it since the Junior Gazette.

SPIKE

Well fat chance I had back then - you stole my passport, remember?

LYNDA

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

SPIKE

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

LYNDA

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

SPIKE

Yeh. And she really liked me.

LYNDA

Well I've never stopped you seeing her.

SPIKE

(Boggling at this)

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

LYNDA

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

SPIKE

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

LYNDA

Oh, I see. It would be happy ever after with Zoe, would it?

606 CONTINUED

606

SPIKE

It might just be.

LYNDA

Well go for it.

SPIKE

It's fifteen years too late for that, Lynda.

LYNDA

No it isn't.

SPIKE stares at her, not understanding.

SPIKE

What do you mean?

LYNDA

Isn't it obvious? This is a dream dummy!

Close shot of SPIKE, uncomprehending.

We hear a phone ring...

607 INT. SPIKE'S UNCLE'S HOUSE/LIVING ROOM  
HALLWAY/FRONT DOOR. DAY

607

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

He slowly gets his bearings, answers the phone.

SPIKE

Hello?

608 INT. JUNIOR GAZETTE NEWS-ROOM. DAY

608

Intercut with Scene 607 as required.

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

KENNY

Spike, hi. It's Kenny.

SPIKE

(Still a little fazed)  
 Kenny?

KENNY

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

SPIKE

What?

KENNY

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

SPIKE

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

KENNY

At one o'clock in the afternoon?

SPIKE

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

KENNY

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

SPIKE

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

KENNY

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

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

SPIKE

Do you think dreams can predict the future?

KENNY is completely taken aback at this coming from SPIKE.

KENNY

What?



608 CONTINUED

608

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

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

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

Shot of KENNY.

KENNY  
 No problem.

ALEC  
 (From off)  
 Divorce the birch!

609 INT/EXT. SPIKE'S UNCLE'S HOUSE. DAY

609

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

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

He stares in utter astonishment.

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

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

SPIKE takes a moment to believe it.

SPIKE  
 Zoe!

610 INT. JUNIOR GAZETTE NEWS-ROOM. DAY

610

KENNY waits impatiently on the phone.

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

It is a theatre handbill and reads: "MR. MARINGO, THE AMAZING HYPNOTIST".

610 CONTINUED

610

MAN  
(V.O.)

He really is astonishing - the best hypnotist act I've ever seen.

DISSOLVE TO:

611 INT. MARINGO'S DRESSING ROOM. DAY

611

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

MAN  
(V.O.)

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

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

MAN  
(During above; V.O.)

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

612 EXT. THEATRE. DAY

612

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

MAN  
(V.O.)

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

During above we have panned down to a shot of the theatre doors which are plastered in "MARINGO" posters.

612 CONTINUED

612

We discover the MAN standing outside the theatre talking on a portable phone.

MAN

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

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

MAN

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

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

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

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

MAN

(During above)

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

Shot of LYNDA shaking her head at this.

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

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

He takes a breath, braces himself.

SPIKE

Lynda?

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

Close shot of SPIKE as he blinks in surprise.

612 CONTINUED

612

Close shot of LYNDA as she turns, this time as her more familiar younger self.

LYNDA  
You took your time.

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

SPIKE  
(Coldly)  
Behind schedule, am I?

LYNDA is surprised at his tone. She laughs.

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

SPIKE  
Oh, right. Sorry.

LYNDA  
You can easily make up the time tomorrow.

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

LYNDA  
So did Kenny tell you the plan?

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

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

SPIKE  
Lynda, we need to talk.

LYNDA  
Yeh, you're right. We'd better.

SPIKE is taken aback at this.

SPIKE

You want to as well? Without checking your diary?

LYNDA

Well I think we ought.

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

SPIKE

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

LYNDA

Well, no.

SPIKE

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

LYNDA

(Shrugs)

Sure.

SPIKE

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

(Braces himself)

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

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

SPIKE

Look, I know we never quite got it together this time around... and maybe here and now isn't the time or place to say it... and believe me I'll deny I ever did

SPIKE (CONT.)  
 say it - to your face if  
 necessary... but you are  
 something special, Lynda Day.  
 Not easy - no way easy - but  
 very, very special.

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

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

LYNDA  
 Where's all this going?

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

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

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

FRAZZ  
 Fine. Every word, clear as a  
 bell.

LYNDA  
 Good!

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

SARAH  
 Hi, Spike.

FRAZZ  
 (Nodding to him)  
 Spike.

COLIN  
 Hi.

612 CONTINUED

612

SARAH  
Phil, this is Spike.

PHIL  
Hi.

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

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

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

SPIKE has finally found his voice.

SPIKE  
You guys were listening??

LYNDA  
Didn't Kenny tell you about this?

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

LYNDA  
Sarah?

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

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

SARAH  
Thing is, he's a hypnotist. No one's got a very clear memory of what happened. So it's pretty hard to nail him.

LYNDA

So you and I knock on his dressing room door and say we're fans. On past evidence he's likely to try something with us.

SARAH

Only we've got him on tape.

LYNDA

Not to mention on our front page.

SPIKE seems to take a moment to absorb all this.

SPIKE

You guys were listening??

LYNDA

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

SPIKE

Didn't it occur that was a private conversation??

LYNDA

Don't be silly - everyone was listening.

SPIKE

I said a lot of private and personal stuff there.

LYNDA

It wasn't that private and personal.

FRAZZ

It was really. Do you want a playback?

SPIKE lunges for the tape machine.

SPIKE

Give me that!

He snatches the cassette, turns on LYNDA.

SPIKE

Did you actually manage to listen to anything I said while I was pouring my heart out?



612 CONTINUED

612

She looks at him for a moment. Then plucks the cassette from his hand.

LYNDA

I'll get a moment later.

She turns and goes, heading to the stage door.

SPIKE watches her go sourly.

SPIKE

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

SARAH looks at him curiously.

SARAH

Guilty about what?

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

613 INT. JUNIOR GAZETTE NEWS-ROOM. DAY

613

Close shot of phone as it rings. TIDDLER answers.

TIDDLER

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

She listens a moment, frowns troubled.

TIDDLER

I'm putting you on hold.

She punches a button, calls to KENNY.

TIDDLER

Kenny!

KENNY

(Turning)

Yeh?

TIDDLER'S face is serious.

TIDDLER

It's the American Embassy in  
London.

KENNY

What??

613 CONTINUED

613

TIDDLER

They want to talk to Lynda about  
a stolen passport.

Close shot of KENNY'S face as he reacts.

614 INT. MARINGO'S DRESSING ROOM. DAY

614

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

He pulls open the door to reveal SPIKE and LYNDA.

LYNDA

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

MARINGO looks at the pair of them for a moment.

MARINGO

Excuse me a moment.

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

615 INT. OUTSIDE MARINGO'S DRESSING ROOM DOOR. DAY

615

SPIKE and LYNDA talk in whispers.

SPIKE

What's he going to do to us?

LYNDA

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

During this speech we have CUT TO:

616 INT. VAN. DAY

616

We hear the dialogue continue as the others listen in.

SPIKE

(V.O.)

I thought it was just you that  
had strong personalities.

616 CONTINUED

616

LYNDA  
(V.O.)

Thanks. From both of us.

FRAZZ  
(Grins)

This is good stuff.

617 INT. MARINGO'S DRESSING ROOM. DAY

617

MARINGO finds what he is looking for under some junk on his table.

He has in his hands what appears to be fact sheets about SPIKE and LYNDA, each with a large photograph attached.

MARINGO  
(Grins)

Jackpot!

618 INT. JUNIOR GAZETTE NEWS-ROOM. DAY

618

KENNY and TIDDLER are in urgent conference.

KENNY  
Exactly what did they say?

TIDDLER  
Just what I told you.

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

He tails off ominously.

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

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

He moves off.

619 INT. OUTSIDE MARINGO'S DRESSING ROOM. DAY

619

SPIKE  
I do still need to talk to you.

LYNDA  
Look, I've still got the tape.

619 CONTINUED

619

SPIKE

About my passport.

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

MARINGO

Sorry about that. Do come in.

SPIKE and LYNDA are momentarily taken aback.

LYNDA

Thank you.

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

MARINGO

And how about a little demonstration?

620 INT. VAN. DAY

620

SARAH

We've got him!

621 INT. OUTSIDE MARINGO'S DRESSING ROOM. DAY

621

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

622 INT. JUNIOR GAZETTE NEWS-ROOM. DAY

622

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

KENNY

Hello, can I help you?

623 INT. SPIKE'S UNCLE'S HOUSE. DAY

623

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

Intercut with Scene 622 as required.

AMERICAN LADY

I'm looking for Lynda Day.

KENNY

(Distort)

She's not here right now.

623 CONTINUED

623

## AMERICAN LADY

Well we need to talk to her very urgently. We have information that she has stolen a passport.

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

ZOE

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

KENNY

No, you don't.

ZOE

The passport must be returned immediately.

KENNY

And you must be Zoe.

ZOE is silenced. She is utterly astonished.

KENNY

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

ZOE

(After a moment)

You must be Kenny.

624 INT. VAN. DAY

624

They are gathered around, listening.

MARINGO

(V.O.)

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

625 INT. JUNIOR GAZETTE NEWS-ROOM. DAY

625

KENNY

So! You're in England.

626 INT. SPIKE'S UNCLE'S HOUSE. DAY

626

Intercut with Scene 625 as required.

626 CONTINUED

626

ZOE

I'll be back in the States by tomorrow. With Spike. We're booked on the 6 a.m. flight, tell that to Lynda Day!

KENNY

Short visit.

ZOE

Long enough.

KENNY

If you can find Spike's passport.

ZOE

We'll find it.

KENNY

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

ZOE

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

KENNY

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

627 INT. VAN. DAY

627

LYNDA

(V.O.)

That's amazing. Really amazing!

SPIKE

(V.O.)

So, ah... how do I get out of this?

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

MARINGO

(V.O.)

I have to go out for a while.

627 CONTINUED

627

SPIKE  
(V.O.)

But you've got to get me out of this.

MARINGO  
(V.O.)

Do I?

LYNDA  
(V.O.)

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

MARINGO  
(V.O.)

No.

We hear the door open and slam.

FRAZZ and SARAH exchange a frantic glance.

SPIKE  
(V.O.)

Hey!!

FRAZZ tears off his headphones throws open the van doors.

628 EXT. THEATRE. DAY

628

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

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

SPIKE  
Hey, no, wait!!

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

LYNDA  
Spike, there's no point!

SPIKE  
Frazz, stop him!

628 CONTINUED

628

But MARINGO is already starting up his car.

SPIKE  
(Frantic)  
He's getting away!!

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

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

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

SPIKE  
You can't do this to me!!

629 INT. SPIKE'S UNCLE'S HOUSE. DAY

629

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

630 INT. JUNIOR GAZETTE NEWS-ROOM DAY

630

Intercut with Scene 629 as required.

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

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

She slams down the phone.

KENNY winces as she does, hang up ruefully.

631 INT. SPIKE'S UNCLE'S HOUSE. DAY

631

ZOE has thrown herself into a chair. She sits there,  
face like thunder, breathing, arms tightly folded. We  
have the telephone big in the foreground. Suddenly the  
phone rings. ZOE looks murderously across at it.



631 CONTINUED

631

ZOE

Spike, this better not be you  
with some lame-brained excuse!

632 EXT. THEATRE. DAY

632

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

SARAH

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

633 INT. SPIKE'S UNCLE'S HOUSE. DAY

633

Intercut with Scene 632 as required.

ZOE snatches up the phone.

ZOE

Yes?

SPIKE

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

ZOE

(Flaring)

Then don't! If you're not back  
here in ten minutes, we're  
finished! Understand?  
Finished!

She bangs the phone down hard.

634 EXT. THEATRE. DAY

634

SPIKE clicks off the phone.

SPIKE

(Bitterly)

I can't believe this!

LYNDA

So Zoe's back. You might have  
told me.

SPIKE

You might have let me!

SARAH

(Giving up on Lynda's hand)  
Sorry. Looks like you're stuck.

LYNDA

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

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

SPIKE

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

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

LYNDA

(Pulling back)

I've no particular wish to meet  
Zoe, thank you!

SPIKE

(Pulling on)

If I don't get there and explain  
this I'm a dead man!

LYNDA

(Pulling back)

Look on the bright side. When  
she sees you hand in hand with  
me you're a dead man anyway.

(Grabs hold of Sarah)

Sarah, pull!

SPIKE

Frazz, give me a hand!

LYNDA

(Warning)

Colin, you'd better go on my  
end!

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

COLIN

I'll just check the tape.

PHIL, leaning against the van, watches all this in  
bemusement.

634 CONTINUED

634

SPIKE

Damn it, will you let go!

LYNDA

I can't. And neither can you!

SPIKE glares at her for a moment.

SPIKE

Fine! Then you're coming with me!

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

LYNDA

(As they go)

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

As her voice fades, FRAZZ turns to SARAH.

FRAZZ

Not your average romance, is it?

SARAH smiles, looks round at the van.

635 INT. VAN. DAY

635

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

SARAH

Colin, I...

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

COLIN

Yes?

SARAH stares at him.

SARAH

Wrong hand, Colin.

635 CONTINUED

635

On COLIN'S guilt ridden face we DISSOLVE TO:

636 INT. SPIKE'S UNCLE'S HOUSE. DAY

636

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

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

SPIKE  
(Off)

Zoe?

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

SPIKE  
Ah, Zoe? Zoe??

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

She pulls her headphones off.

ZOE  
You took a long time getting here.

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

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

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

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

SPIKE  
Right, I see!

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

ZOE

You know why I'm not looking at you, Spike? Because when you're lying I can always see it in your face. So!

(She detaches the player section of her walkman from her belt)

If you don't answer this next question truthfully I'm going to throw this walkman at you.

(Braces herself)

Is there anything between you and Lynda Day?

She turns to look at SPIKE.

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

SPIKE

Of course not!

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

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

SPIKE

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

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

ZOE

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

She goes over to SPIKE, sits next to him. She nestles into the crook of the shoulder which is attached to the arm which is currently attached to LYNDA. By SPIKE'S face, he is aware of the immediate danger of the situation.

ZOE

I was speaking to that Kenny guy. He got me all worked up.

SPIKE

That's Kenny for you - brutal with women.

ZOE looks teasingly at SPIKE, snuggles in closer.

ZOE

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

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

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

SPIKE

(Obviously worried)

How late?

ZOE

(Picking up his worried tone)  
What's wrong?

SPIKE

(Flustering a bit)

Well it's going to be dark later. He might get attacked by criminals.

ZOE

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

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

SPIKE

Now?

ZOE

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

SPIKE

Well it's such a big step.

ZOE

Spike...!

SPIKE

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

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

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

SPIKE

There we are!

ZOE

That's better!

She snuggles into SPIKE. Behind the sofa LYNDA grimaces.

ZOE

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

SPIKE

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

ZOE

Tricky?? She stole your  
passport! She's a cold-hearted,  
selfish bitch!

(Winces)

Ow!

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

SPIKE

Am I?

ZOE

Yes!

636 CONTINUED

636

SPIKE

Well I'll stop!  
 (For Lynda's benefit)  
Right now!

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

SPIKE

And I'll give it a rub.

The hand hesitates - then reluctantly starts rubbing ZOE'S shoulder.

ZOE

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

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

ZOE

What are you doing??

SPIKE

Sorry about that. Just a...  
 twitch.

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

ZOE

Spike!

SPIKE

(Momentarily losing his temper)  
 Stop that!

ZOE

(Stares at him)  
 Who are you talking to?

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

SPIKE

My hand.

Behind the couch LYNDA grins to herself. She's enjoying this now.



ZOE  
(Deeply troubled)  
Your hand?

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

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

ZOE  
(Eyeing him, troubled)  
You are in control of this hand,  
aren't you?

SPIKE  
Of course I am! Complete  
control!

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

SPIKE  
Stop getting hysterical!

ZOE  
What??

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

ZOE  
(Stares at him a moment)  
You're going out of your mind!

SPIKE  
No, I'm not!

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

ZOE  
(As best she can)  
Spike!

At this moment ZOE shoves SPIKE hard away from her and pushes herself to the other end of the sofa. Then, to her horror, she realises the hand still has hold on her cheek while SPIKE is now much further than an arm length

636 CONTINUED

636

away. She takes a long moment to absorb this apparently horrifying information. Both SPIKE and LYNDA have frozen.

ZOE

(Almost hysterical now)

What have I done to your arm?

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

LYNDA

(To Zoe)

I expect you're surprised to see me.

ZOE can't find words to reply. She just stares.

LYNDA bends. Picks up the walkman, tosses it to ZOE.

LYNDA

By the way, I think this is yours.

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

SPIKE

Zoe!

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

LYNDA

(Reaching for phone)

Didn't go entirely smoothly, did it?

(Answers phone)

Hello, Lynda Day?

637 EXT. A STREET. DAY

637

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

SARAH

Lynda, I've found out the truth about the hypnotist story. Get to the newsroom, fast as you can!

637 CONTINUED

637

She hangs up and starts heading back to the van. On this we DISSOLVE TO:

638 INT. JUNIOR GAZETTE/MEETING ROOM. DAY

638

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

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

SPIKE

Zoe, I'm telling you the truth!

LYNDA

(Looking off)

And here comes the proof.

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

LYNDA

Looks like Colin got his nose fixed.

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

SARAH

(Grimly)

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

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

MARINGO

I'll keep this brief since it's hardly in my interests to annoy you any further. Alex Connell has never been a marriage guidance counsellor. He's also never been hypnotised - he was pretending to be because he was paid to. As was the man you saw outside the theatre talking to

MARINGO (CONT.)

his shoe. As were all my other so-called victims. Except Colin. He was the one who paid them.

LYNDA gets it.

LYNDA

(Turning to Colin)

You're his manager, aren't you? You set this whole thing up to get him publicity on our front page!

MARINGO

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

COLIN suddenly clutches his ribs in apparent agony.

COLIN

Ahh!

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

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

LYNDA

Go on.

MARINGO

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

SPIKE

Why?

MARINGO

Because I'm a fake.

SPIKE and LYNDA stare. ZOE too.

MARINGO

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

LYNDA frowns, baffled.

LYNDA

Then... then how...?

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

MARINGO

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

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

SARAH

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

MARINGO

(Getting up)

Yes, of course.

(As he goes; to Lynda)

I'd be very grateful if this could be kept out of the paper.

LYNDA

Get out!

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

ZOE

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

SPIKE and LYNDA stand too. They look at one another.

LYNDA

(Mischievous smile)

Well, Spike? Can you let me go?

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

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

Close shot of their joined hands.

Close shot of Zoe.

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

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

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

ZOE

Spike!

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

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

He looks at it in confusion.

SPIKE

My Junior Gazette Rule Book?

LYNDA

There's no such thing.

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

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

SPIKE turns to ZOE, takes her by the arm.

SPIKE

Come on.

638 CONTINUED

638

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

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

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

## PILOT'S VOICE

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

During the above we have DISSOLVED TO:

639 INT. PLANE. DAY

639

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

## PILOT'S VOICE

So settle back in your seats and enjoy the flight.

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

ZOE

Regrets?

SPIKE shakes his head, sighs.

SPIKE

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

ZOE

Good!

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

640 INT. JUNIOR GAZETTE NEWS-ROOMS. DAY

640

LYNDA sits into a very similar close-up, looking remarkably cheery.

LYNDA  
(Across the desk)  
Morning, Kenny!

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

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

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

KENNY  
May be.

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

KENNY  
We're not exposing him?

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

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

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

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

KENNY looks at her reprovngly. A wicked grin starts to  
tug at the corner of LYNDA'S mouth.



641 INT. PLANE. DAY

641

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

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

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

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

FREEZE FRAME.

END CREDITS.

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

642 INT. CORRIDOR. DAY

642

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

The lift arrives, SPIKE gets in.

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

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

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