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PRESS GANG Series 3 & 4

EPISODE EIGHT

"UnXpected"

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PRESS GANG Series 3 & 4

Episode Eight

"UNEXPECTED"

CHARACTER LIST

LYNDA DAY

SPIKE THOMSON

SARAH JACKSON

COLIN MATHEWS

FRAZZ DAVIES

JULIE

TIDDLER

News Team

Harry (Sc. 804)

Graham (Sc. 804)

COLONEL X

DR. THREEWAYS

SIR EDWARD

DR. GILLESPIE

MISS MADDEN

DR. CLIPSTONE

Bulky Thug (Sc. 801)

Man with Gun (Sc. 806)

Mugger (Sc. 811)

SCHEDULE OF DAYS

Sc. 803 to 812

Sc. 813

Sc. 814

Sc. 815 to 820

Sc. 822 to 830

Sc. 801, 802, 806, 807, 809, 821

DAY 1

DAY 2

NIGHT 2

DAY 3

NIGHT 3

VIDEO

801 EXT. GROUNDS OF A LARGE HOUSE. DUSK

801

Establishing shot of a large house set in spacious grounds.

We track round slightly bringing a MAN into the foreground. He is bulky and thug-like. He has a gun in one hand and is looking around warily.

There is a sound like a twig snapping. The MAN starts and spins round, trying to locate the source of the noise.

A puzzled look comes over his face. He reaches behind his neck and evidently feels something unfamiliar. From the back of his neck he plucks a tiny dart.

He stares at this in somewhat bleary astonishment.

There is a voice from off screen - suave, urbane, very English.

COLONEL X

(Off)

Don't worry. It'll only knock you out for around eight hours.

The MAN makes a confused attempt to see who's talking - then his legs give way and he collapses to the ground.

A shot of him as he hits the dirt. He is still struggling to remain conscious. A pair of gleaming black shoes walk into shot and come to a halt by the MAN'S head. The end of a walking cane plants itself on the ground next to the feet.

COLONEL X

When you recover, drink a lot of water. You may dehydrate.

Closer shot of the MAN'S face as he tries hard to focus on his attacker.

BULKY THUG

Colonel X!

His eyes flicker shut.

Shot of COLONEL X looking down at the MAN, his face obscured by the brim of his hat. He now looks up and over at the house. He has a weather beaten but handsome face and is elegantly dressed almost to the point of flamboyance.

His POV of the house. We close in on a lighted window.

802 INT. THREEWAYS' ROOM. DUSK

802

We pan from a reverse shot of the window to a close shot of the back of a bald head. The bald head slowly turns to reveal a truly malignant face in pebble-thick glasses. This is DOCTOR THREEWAYS.

He fixes his malevolent gaze on someone out of shot.

THREEWAYS

I must warn you. I intend to cause you quite excruciating pain.

803 INT. FRAZZ'S FLAT. EVENING

803

Intercut with Sc. 802 as required.

Close shot of FRAZZ. He is leaning back in a chair looking coolly at THREEWAYS.

FRAZZ

Sounds reasonable.

THREEWAYS holds up a rather silly looking cross between a gun and a hypodermic.

THREEWAYS

I would advise you, therefore, to reconsider your position.

FRAZZ looks unruffled.

FRAZZ

Nope. I'm brave.

THREEWAYS comes forward, starting to giggle horribly. We hold him in sinister close-up as he looms over his victim, a satanic gleam in his eyes.

THREEWAYS

The agony will be quite exquisite.

FRAZZ looks ironically back.

FRAZZ

You ever considered plucking your nose hairs? I think you might enjoy it.

THREEWAYS brandishes his hypo-gun.

THREEWAYS

We will begin.

803 CONTINUED

803

FRAZZ
Fine, great. Mind if I make a
phone call?

804 INT. JUNIOR GAZETTE NEWS-ROOM. EVENING

804

LYNDA is striding through the news-room followed by JULIE
and her clipboard.

JULIE
Harry?

LYNDA
Busy.

JULIE
Jeff?

LYNDA
Busier?

JULIE
Kevin?

LYNDA
(Calling across)
Kevin, you feeling any better?

KEVIN looks up blearily from his typewriter.

KEVIN
I'm still a bit dizzy and I
can't seem to concentrate.

LYNDA
(To Julie; as they head on)
It's so unfair! Why do we have
to pay them the same money when
they're not healthy?

A boy appears by LYNDA, hands her some papers and waits
while LYNDA starts to check through them.

JULIE
How about Graham?

LYNDA
Graham? Are you serious?
Graham with the IQ of a traffic
light? He's phenomenally
stupid, amazingly ugly, and has
incredible foot odour. You know
that rumour about his mother not
being seen in public with him

LYNDA (CONT.)
 unless he wears a mask? Not true. She wears it. He's a half-witted, unpopular, pathetic little worm and it's high time we got rid of him.
 (Hands papers back to boy)
 Thanks, Graham.

GRAHAM goes, still wearing the rather doleful expression he wore throughout this exchange.

JULIE
 (Getting impatient)
 Your plan does depend on finding someone, Lynda!

LYNDA
 Someone better.

SARAH
 (Calling across from her desk, phone in hand)
 Julie - Frazz for you on line four.

JULIE
 (Picking up the phone next to her)
 Thanks.
 (She punches the button)
 Yeh?

805 INT. FRAZZ'S FLAT. EVENING

805

Intercut with Sc. 804 as required.

FRAZZ on the phone.

FRAZZ
 There's this guy called Doctor Threeways. He disintegrates brains. Julie, you've got to get me out of this.

JULIE
 You volunteered. You said you loved it.

FRAZZ
 When I was a kid. I didn't realise it was this bad.

805 CONTINUED

805

JULIE

Tough. Now you are remembering you're due in for late duty in about twenty minutes?

FRAZZ

You're a real comfort, Julie.

JULIE

(Grins)

Say hi to the Colonel!

She hangs up.

806 INT. STAIRCASE OF THE BIG HOUSE. EVENING

806

A shot down the stairs. COLONEL X comes quickly and silently up them.

Suddenly he freezes, tenses. He darts off to one side out of sight.

We hold this shot. Another MAN with a gun fills the foreground as he appears at the stairhead. He looks around, turning to face us as he does so. He frowns. He reaches behind his neck, plucks out a tiny dart.

He looks at this puzzled.

807 INT. THREEWAYS' ROOM. EVENING

807

Shot from below of DOCTOR THREEWAYS looming over us with his hypo-gun.

THREEWAYS

One last moment to reconsider?

Shot of FRAZZ looking intensely bored.

THREEWAYS

Very well, then. This should prove most interesting.

We have slowly pulled out to reveal that the man he is threatening isn't Frazz at all, but an elderly distinguished looking gentleman tied to a chair. This is SIR EDWARD.

EDWARD

Do your worst, Dr. Threeways!
You'll never get away with this!

808 INT. FRAZZ'S FLAT. EVENING

808

We continue to pull out, revealing that the above is all taking place on a TV screen and that we are in fact in Frazz's flat.

We continue to pull out from the screen then pan down to where there is a video cassette box lying on the floor. The cover reads: "COLONEL X. TWO EPISODES FROM THE CLASSIC TV SERIES". During above we hear the whine of the hypo-gun going into action and SIR EDWARD'S very unconvincing cries of agony.

Shot of FRAZZ slumped in his chair watching this. He shakes his head at how corny it all is.

809 INT. THREEWAYS' ROOM. EVENING

809

Intercut with Sc. 808 as required.

Close shot of THREEWAYS with his hypo-gun pressed against SIR EDWARD'S forehead. He is laughing demonically and rather hammily.

Shot of FRAZZ covering his eyes in despair at this.

There is a sudden noise from behind DOCTOR THREEWAYS. He spins, looks round at the door. He looks suspiciously at SIR EDWARD - who looks defiantly back at him - then darts quickly over to the door. He opens it a little way and sticks his head out for a quick look round.

THREEWAYS

Hmm!

He brings his head back in and closes the door. He now has a tiny dart sticking out of his forehead which he seems unaware of.

THREEWAYS

(As he heads back to Sir Edward)
How foolish of me! For a moment
I thought it was your Colonel X!

He comes to an abrupt halt, gives a puzzled blink and falls sideways out of the picture revealing COLONEL X standing in the doorway. We hear THREEWAYS crash to the floor off screen.

COLONEL X

(Holding up his walking cane)
Good evening, Sir Edward. Did I
mention I've had my walking cane
fitted with a simple but
effective dart gun?

809 CONTINUED

809

EDWARD

Colonel, thank God you're here!
That computer over there is
programmed to detonate a nuclear
device hidden somewhere in
England!

COLONEL X

Just as I suspected.

COLONEL X goes quickly over to the stupidly large and very cheap looking prop that is supposed to be a computer.

EDWARD

Careful! It may be booby
trapped.

COLONEL X

Don't worry, I've had experience
in dealing with this kind of
technology. Fortunately I have
a hatpin and some string.

EDWARD

Good Lord! How could you have
known you would be deactivating
a computer?

COLONEL X

It's a policy of mine, Sir
Edward, always to expect the
unexpected.

FRAZZ

Yeh? Get this!

He levels his remote at the TV screen. The picture winks out just as COLONEL X is opening his mouth to speak.

810 INT. FRAZZ'S FLAT. EVENING

810

FRAZZ sighs, looks at his watch. Evidently it is time to go. He reaches for his coat which is lying on the floor.

Close shot of his coat as he lifts it out of shot. We hold on the scatter of "Colonel X" related merchandise that lies scattered around the floor. We start to pan slowly over it - old yellowing comics, dogeared paperback novelisations, a theme music record, an old copy of the TV Times with Colonel X on the cover. As we hear the front door shut behind FRAZZ, we come to a folder out of

810 CONTINUED

810

which much of the above has spilled. It is a Junior Gazette folder and is labelled, in Julie's handwriting, "COLONEL X - TENTH ANNIVERSARY NOSTALGIA PIECE".

Over this we start to hear someone whistling.

DISSOLVE TO:

811 EXT. SLEAZY ALLEYWAY. EVENING

811

A shot down the kind of sleazy alleyway you could easily find on the lot at Shepperton.

FRAZZ is heading through the alleyway towards us - it is otherwise deserted. He is whistling.

He looks at his watch, makes a face, quickens his pace slightly.

Suddenly there is a clatter from behind him. He spins round in alarm.

A cat is regarding him coolly from the top of some bins. It has dislodged one of the lids.

FRAZZ grins at how easily startled he was. His grin fades slightly as he realises he is in the alleyway completely on his own.

He looks around, plainly somewhat discomfited. He glances down the far end where we can see in the distance, through the narrow entrance to the alleyway, people passing by in the main thoroughfare.

FRAZZ pulls himself together. He smiles at his own uncharacteristic nervousness and turns to go on.

FRAZZ

(As he turns; bad
impression of Colonel X)
It's a policy of mine always to
expect the -

He never completes the sentence.

A shot from his POV as he turns into the path of an oncoming fist.

We cut to a close shot of the cat hissing at the sudden commotion.

A shot of FRAZZ hitting the ground.

811 CONTINUED

811

A close of the cat watching as we hear what is plainly a pretty nasty beating in process. It only lasts a few second then things go quiet.

The cat leaps down off the bins and scampers away down the alley.

Close shot of FRAZZ'S unconscious face. We pull slowly out to reveal a pair of hands going quickly through Frazz's jacket. A wallet is found, taken. The hands withdraw and we hear a pair of feet running off down the alley.

We hold on FRAZZ. He groans. His eyes flutter half open. He makes no attempt to rise but puts one hand to his head which we can see is bleeding quite badly.

He moves his head slowly, looks to the end of the alley.

A blurred, weirdly slanting shot down the alley. We can just make out people still passing at the far end.

Painfully FRAZZ heaves himself up on one elbow, dimly aware that he needs to get help. The effort is too much for him and he collapses back to the ground.

He lies there breathing hard, his eyes closed in despair.

Suddenly, from off screen, we hear the click of approaching footsteps.

FRAZZ'S eyes flick open again. Is this help - or another attack. We close in on his anxious face as the footsteps click closer and closer ...

Then, in a shot framed and composed identically to the one near the beginning, a pair of gleaming black shoes walk into shot and come to a halt by FRAZZ'S head. The end of a walking cane plants itself on the ground next to the feet.

FRAZZ'S eyes stare at the shoes a few inches from his head. With a terrible sense of disbelief he drags his gaze upward.

A shot from his POV. COLONEL X is standing over him. We freeze frame on this.

Fade up Episode Title:

"UnXpected"

811 CONTINUED

811

JULIE
(V.O.)

What about Peter?

812 INT. JUNIOR GAZETTE NEWS-ROOM. EVENING

812

JULIE is pursuing LYNDA with her clipboard.

JULIE
Peter's got his good points.

LYNDA
(Gives her a look)
Name them.

JULIE
(Obviously struggling a little)
Personal hygiene. And I hear
he's got a nice shirt.

LYNDA
He started that rumour himself.
He thought it would make him
sound glamorous.

JULIE
(Looks dubiously up
from her clipboard)
Listen, you sure it's such a
good idea to date a guy on the
news team? Don't you think it
might kill the mood a bit, you
being his boss.

LYNDA
Quite the reverse - he'll know I
can dock his pay if I don't have
a good time.

As she says this she looks round - and sees something.

SPIKE is heading from the doors to his desk. Evidently
he has just arrived.

LYNDA
(Braces herself)
Well! Here goes!

JULIE
You really think Spike's the
jealous type?

LYNDA

(Moving off towards Spike)
He's about to be.

SPIKE sits at his desk, takes some papers from his IN-Tray. LYNDA appears next to him.

LYNDA

You just entered a room without a string of gags about how pretty you are. Want to talk about it?

SPIKE

It's a sad story. My ego got so big it left me.

LYNDA perches on the corner of his desk, looks at him seriously.

LYNDA

Spike, you know how you said you wanted to start dating other women while you try to figure out how you feel about me ...

SPIKE

What I said, Lynda, more accurately, was that I would rather date any other woman in the entire universe - regardless of size, shape, age, creed, or species - than you.

LYNDA

(Nods impatiently)

Sure. But if none of those relationships work out we're an item. Thing is, I've decided I should start seeing other people too. And I think you should know - I've got a date.

SPIKE

Good.

LYNDA

(Flaring)

What do you mean "good"?? I just told you I've got a date!

SPIKE

What do you want from me? A reference?

812 CONTINUED

812

He goes back to reading the papers from his IN-Tray.
LYNDA looks daggers at him and is about to move off
when -

SPIKE
(Without looking up; suddenly)
What's his name?

LYNDA hesitates fatally.

LYNDA
Ahh ...

SPIKE
(Laughs)
I see. You've got a date - you
just don't know who with.

LYNDA
Well I've narrowed it way down.

SPIKE rises to his feet, comes face to face with LYNDA.

SPIKE
You want to know something,
Lynda? You couldn't get a date
if you were paying.

LYNDA
Of course I could! We've got
loads in petty cash!

She turns and starts striding to her desk.

SPIKE
Okay boss, I'll make you a deal.

LYNDA
Not interested! Julie, tell
Jeff both his articles are
completely lousy and he's on
window cleaning duty till he
shapes up.

As she says this she takes the two articles in question
from her tray, tears them in half and tosses them in the
bin.

JULIE
You didn't even read them.

LYNDA
Look, my windows need cleaning,
okay!

SPIKE

(To Lynda)

You get yourself a proper, legitimate, unpaid date - without the use of even minimum force - and I'll cook you both dinner.

LYNDA

(Stares at him)

What??

SPIKE

You know I'm a great cook. A candle-lit dinner for two at a venue of your choice. I'm chef and head waiter.

LYNDA

(Suspiciously)

And what do you get out of that?

SPIKE

Nothing. Because it's not going to happen. Because no guy is going to want to have dinner with you. You've got to know this Lynda. Guys don't like you.

LYNDA

Of course they do. Why don't they?

JULIE

(Breaking it to her gently)
Lynda, they do tend to have an image of you as sort of a ruthless, ambitious, monomaniac.

LYNDA

(To Spike, smugly)

See?

SPIKE

Well then! Is the bet on?

LYNDA

I'll find a man. Just you make sure I've got something to feed him!

812 CONTINUED

812

SPIKE
(Grins)

I'll bring the food, you bring
the meat.

LYNDA
You're going to regret this,
Thomson! This is going to be
the meal of a lifetime!

SPIKE
In that case we'd both better
get shopping.

LYNDA looks defiantly at him as he heads off - till her
gaze falls on JULIE regarding her ironically from across
the desks. Her face changes.

LYNDA
What have I got myself into?

The phone rings.

JULIE
(Reaching for it)
The usual. And it's about up to
your neck.
(Into phone)
Hello, Junior Gazette?
(As she listens her face
fills with horror)
What??

813 INT. HOSPITAL WARD. DAY

813

A small room with only two beds, one of which is not
currently occupied. We start on a close shot of FRAZZ,
his head bandaged. He is sleeping. We pull out and pan
round to a shot of the open door. JULIE, LYNDA, and a
DOCTOR appear in the corridor outside. JULIE has a box
of chocolates under her arm.

DR. GILLESPIE
Now keep in mind he's been
concussed and we've still got
him heavily sedated. So it's
entirely possible he won't know
who you are.

JULIE
(Nods seriously)
I see. We wouldn't have come if
we'd known he was that bad.

LYNDA

Yeh. You guys could just have
told him we'd visited.

JULIE looks daggers at LYNDA who doesn't understand the
reprimand.

DR. GILLESPIE

Now feel free to sit with him
for a while but if he doesn't
wake himself up please make no
attempt to bring him round.

LYNDA

Don't worry. We never have.

DR. GILLESPIE goes. LYNDA leans over the bed.

LYNDA

FRAZZ?

JULIE

Weren't you listening? He's
drugged, concussed, and won't
know who you are.

LYNDA

Right. I was going to ask him
to have dinner with me.

FRAZZ promptly groans and stirs.

JULIE

Lynda! You've upset him now!

FRAZZ opens his eyes weakly.

JULIE

Hi, Frazz.

With difficulty he focuses on JULIE. He looks over, sees
LYNDA.

LYNDA

Don't get up.

FRAZZ looks at her bleakly, not amused.

FRAZZ

Cheers, Lynda.

LYNDA

(Defensive)

Just trying to lighten the mood
a bit - take your mind off the
mess you're in.

JULIE

How are you feeling?

FRAZZ'S grimace of pain is answer enough.

FRAZZ

What happened?

JULIE

It's probably best if you don't
think about it just yet.

LYNDA

You were mugged though.

JULIE

(Shoots her a look)

You were found unconscious and
kind of roughed up in an
alleyway off Hartford Road. We
assume you were mugged.

LYNDA

Because your wallet was missing.

JULIE gives up on LYNDA.

FRAZZ

Anything good to tell me?

LYNDA

(Considers; genuinely trying)
Did you hear about those
possible pay rises?

FRAZZ

No.

LYNDA

Well Julie and I both got them.

FRAZZ gives her a look.

FRAZZ

So where's Spike?

JULIE

He came along but we lost him
somewhere. You know how it is -
this place is full of nurses.

FRAZZ smiles. The process is evidently painful.

JULIE

Do you get that? It's such an
ugly uniform.

LYNDA

And so uncomfortable.

FRAZZ and JULIE look at her.

LYNDA

(Hastily changing the subject)
So you really can't remember
anything then?

Closer shot of FRAZZ'S face as he frowns, thinking.

FRAZZ

No. I just ...

He tails off, remembering.

A flash of FRAZZ'S POV shot of COLONEL X looking gravely
down at him.

JULIE

What's wrong?

FRAZZ is lost in thought.

LYNDA

Frazz?

FRAZZ

Who found me?

JULIE

What?

FRAZZ

In the alleyway, who found me?

JULIE

(Shrugs)

Some guy. Apparently he didn't
stick around.

FRAZZ goes silent again, his face deeply troubled.

813 CONTINUED

813

LYNDA

You okay?

He doesn't answer for a moment.

FRAZZ

I'm fine.

He breaks out of his reverie, lies back again, looking quite drained.

FRAZZ

I'm just a bit ... tired.

Shot from FRAZZ'S exact POV of the GIRLS standing over him.

JULIE

Oh sure. You get some sleep.

The picture starts to lose focus as FRAZZ drifts off.

JULIE

We'll tell Spike to make another try - I'm sure he'll make it this far some time. And if there's anything you want, just contact the news-room, we'll see to it. All right?

During the above the picture has completely de-focused and now faded to black.

JULIE

(V.O.)

He's asleep.

LYNDA

(V.O.)

Does that mean we can go now?

814 INT. HOSPITAL WARD. NIGHT

814

Close shot of FRAZZ as his eyes snap open almost as if in response to the above.

However, when we cut to the wider shot, we see that the room is empty and that it is now night.

FRAZZ looks blearily round. On the table by his bed is the box of chocolates JULIE brought for him.

He settles back, listening to the silence around him. He stares pensively at the ceiling.

814 CONTINUED

814

Suddenly, through all the other noises of the hospital, he can hear the click of approaching footsteps.

A shot tracking with the now familiar gleaming black shoes as they pace their way down the corridor.

We start tracking in on FRAZZ'S increasingly alarmed face. The footsteps get closer ... FRAZZ knows what this is.

He closes his eyes tightly, wishing the footfalls away.

FRAZZ

No! No!

The footfalls echo louder and louder - then abruptly stop completely.

FRAZZ relaxes, sagging with relief. He opens his eyes.

Standing at the end of the bed is COLONEL X.

FRAZZ freezes, stares.

COLONEL X

It is exceptionally unwise to venture into the back streets of any city without some knowledge of unarmed combat. Or possibly a flame-thrower in your signet ring.

FRAZZ just stares at him.

FRAZZ

(Weakly)

Oh no ...

COLONEL X

Brave heart, Frazz, it's only a mild concussion. I got a lot worse back in '78 I recall. I had to deactivate a nuclear missile that was about to fall on London - from the inside.

FRAZZ

(Resignedly)

I remember that episode.

COLONEL X

That was the last case I worked on with my good friend, Sir Edward.

(Frowns)

For some reason I never saw him again after that.

FRAZZ

He got his own series.

COLONEL X

(Looking round room)

Odd places, hospitals, aren't they?

FRAZZ

(Calmly)

You don't exist. You're a character from a TV show I used to watch when I was a kid.

COLONEL X looks at him curiously.

FRAZZ

Sorry. Just thought I'd mention it.

COLONEL X

You know, the head nurse here reminds me rather of Baroness Von Sternin, the famous German assassin.

FRAZZ

Oh. Good.

COLONEL X

It's not her, of course. The Baroness died a few years ago when she inadvertently wore one of her own exploding necklaces to the opera. Tragic business. The lead soprano was terrified about singing a high 'E' ever again.

FRAZZ

This is crazy.

COLONEL X

What's crazy, Frazz?

FRAZZ

"Colonel X" was a kids TV series ten years ago. It got axed because the actor who played you was killed in a car accident. John England - that name mean anything to you?

COLONEL X

Should it?

FRAZZ

Well you're wearing his face.

COLONEL X

I'm not currently in one of my disguises, Frazz. I checked before I came out.

FRAZZ

It's funny. Most people when they get knocked on the head, they maybe get a migraine or something. I start picking up children's television.

COLONEL X

Perhaps you'd better rest now, Frazz, you're talking rather oddly. Not unlike my mother did shortly before I discovered she'd been replaced by an identical robot replica.

(Reflects)

I still pray I blew up the right one.

FRAZZ leans back.

FRAZZ

You're right.

(Yawns)

You don't exist, but you're right.

He closes his eyes. We hold on this face throughout the following.

814 CONTINUED

814

COLONEL X

(Off)

Rest is important, Frazz, the human body can only take so much. I'll return when the moment is propitious. And if I may, I'll leave you my card.

FRAZZ

(Starting to drift off)

No you won't. I'm planning on getting better - which means you're getting out.

We start closing in on FRAZZ'S increasingly sleepy face.

COLONEL X

(Off)

Rest, Frazz. We have much to do when your strength is restored.

FRAZZ

(Mumbling now)

Whatever you say.

COLONEL X

(Off)

And remember, Frazz - expect the unexpected.

(Increasingly echoed and fading)
Always expect the unexpected ...

We cut to a high shot of the ward. FRAZZ lies sleeping in the bed. Of COLONEL X there is no sign ...

We begin a very slow DISSOLVE TO:

815 INT. HOSPITAL WARD. DAY

815

An identical shot of the ward except that it is now daylight and FRAZZ is sitting on the side of the freshly made bed in his dressing gown. We crane down till we have a shot of his troubled face. He takes a sip at his coffee mug. After a moment, he smiles, shakes his head at his own foolishness. It was only a dream after all.

He stands, sets his coffee mug down on the bedside table. Next to the box of chocolates. He takes the box, flips open the lid ...

... and freezes. Sitting on top of the untouched chocolates is a calling card marked with a large "X".

815 CONTINUED

815

FRAZZ stares at it, rooted to the spot.

A shot closing in on the "X" card lying in the box as we
DISSOLVE TO:

816 INT. JUNIOR GAZETTE NEWS-ROOM. DAY

816

Shot of LYNDA sitting at her desk plunged in gloom.

JULIE regards her with exasperation.

JULIE

Look, why don't you just tell
Spike you give in?

LYNDA

Because I'd rather die than let
Spike win anything ever!!

JULIE

Why?

LYNDA

You know what he's like. He's
so competitive.

JULIE

Well I keep telling you -
there's only one guy left who
hasn't turned you down.

LYNDA'S gloom goes deeper.

JULIE

(Firmly)

He's your last shot!

817 INT. COLIN'S STOREROOM. DAY

817

COLIN is at the top of some ladders positioning some
boxes on a high shelf.

LYNDA

(As she comes in; business-like)
Colin, I'm not going to beat
about the bush. I'd like to
have dinner with you, take it or
leave it.

COLIN stares down at her, utterly astonished.

COLIN

(After a long moment)

Why?

817 CONTINUED

817

LYNDA steels herself to say it.

LYNDA

(Looking faintly nauseous)
I find you very attractive. So
take that look off your stupid
face!

COLIN

Attractive??

LYNDA

Yes.
(Attempts a sweet smile -
not very successfully)
Is that so surprising?

COLIN

Well you've always had that rule
about me not being in the same
room while you're eating. And
that time I accidentally touched
your hand you punched me over a
desk ...

LYNDA

(Brightly)
That was flirting! Look -
dinner, just you and me, no one
else to know about it. What do
you say?

COLIN

(Staring down at her,
deeply suspicious)
Just you and me, no one else to
know ...
(He thinks he understands)
You're going to kill me, aren't
you?

LYNDA

I'm not going to kill you,
Colin. It's just dinner for two
with no one else around.
(Remembers)
Except Spike - he'll be cooking.

This is too much for COLIN. He fumbles his grip on the
top shelf, starts to fall back ...

We hold on LYNDA'S face as she watches the ladder fall
back and send COLIN crashing to the floor. We still hold
on her face as the crashing goes on for some time as

25

817 CONTINUED

817

objects rain down on the unfortunate COLIN. Throughout this her face does not flicker. She turns and goes out.

818 INT. JUNIOR GAZETTE NEWS-ROOM. DAY

818

LYNDA comes out of the storeroom. JULIE is waiting outside.

LYNDA

He said "yes".

(Moving off)

Oh, and he may need some medical attention.

JULIE looks worriedly at the storeroom doors.

SARAH appears by LYNDA as LYNDA heads back to her desk.

SARAH

Where's Spike?

LYNDA

He's out on a story with Frazz.

SARAH

(Surprised)

Frazz is back??

LYNDA

First day.

819 EXT. AN INDUSTRIAL ESTATE. DAY

819

Shot of a Portacabin. The sign outside reads "MKM ROAD HAULAGE SERVICES".

820 INT. MARTINGALE'S OFFICE. DAY

820

A secretary - MISS MADDEN - is hovering over an overalled SPIKE who is kneeling at the lock on the door.

SPIKE

(Still examining the lock)

Your head office phoned us - they want new locks on all these doors. Apparently some newspaper reporters have been trying to sneak a look at your files. Miss Madden, could I see the key to this door?

The door to the inner office.

820 CONTINUED

820

MISS MADDEN

Oh, certainly.

She takes a key from a hook, hands it to him.

SPIKE

(Examining key "professionally")
Oh, one of these babies. That
takes me back!

SPIKE hands the key back.

SPIKE

Miss Madden, would you step
outside and push this key under
the door please.

MISS MADDEN

Certainly!

She goes out, closes the door. We hear the key turn in
the lock.

The key slides under the door. SPIKE picks it up and
pockets it.

SPIKE

I'll just be a few minutes.

SPIKE goes to the filing cabinet, opens the top drawer
and searches through it.

He finds the file he was looking for. He takes the file
and crosses to the window and opens it. Outside is
FRAZZ. SPIKE starts sorting through the file, taking out
certain papers and handing them to FRAZZ.

SPIKE

(As he does this; evidently
continuing an earlier conversation)
So where were we? You were
having this crazy dream in the
hospital - about Colonel X
visiting you.

FRAZZ

You did get "Colonel X" in the
States, right?

SPIKE?

Sure. But never in person.

820 CONTINUED

820

FRAZZ

Okay - in the dream, just before he goes, he tells me he's going to leave me his calling card.

SPIKE

I remember those. He had cards with big X's on them, yeh?

FRAZZ

In the morning I found this inside the box of chocolates Julie brought me.

He hands SPIKE the "X" card. SPIKE stares at it in astonishment. FRAZZ watches him, amusedly. After a moment SPIKE looks baffled at FRAZZ for the explanation.

FRAZZ

(Grinning)

Turn it over.

SPIKE turns it over. On the back is written: "AN OFFICIAL COLONEL X CALLING CARD - JUST TO REMIND YOU WHAT'S WAITING WHEN YOU GET BACK TO WORK! LOVE, JULIE".

SPIKE laughs.

SPIKE

Must've given you an interesting few moments.

FRAZZ

You're not kidding.

SPIKE

Okay! Back to work!

Having handed FRAZZ the last of the papers, SPIKE starts to close the window on him.

FRAZZ

(Off)

Excuse me ...

MISS MADDEN turns, waiting outside Martingale's door.

FRAZZ

Mr. Martingale said I could use the photocopier.

MISS MADDEN

Of course. It's right there.

820 CONTINUED

820

FRAZZ goes to the photocopier, starts to feed the papers SPIKE gave him into it. As he does so he glances up and through the window just in front of him. He freezes, stares.

A shot from his POV. In the distance, standing seemingly staring at him is the unmistakable figure of COLONEL X.

FRAZZ stares, thunderstruck. He puts his hand to where we can still see the faint mark of the original bruise.

COLONEL X raises his hat to FRAZZ then turns and strides away.

COLONEL X

(V.O)

Did you really think you'd seen
the last of me?

821 INT. THREEWAYS' ROOM. DUSK

821

COLONEL X steps slowly into a close-up and looks imperiously down.

COLONEL X

Did you really think it would be
so easy?

COLONEL X bends bringing him face to face with the bald-headed, thickly bespectacled DR. THREEWAYS who is now tied to the chair SIR EDWARD was tied to earlier.

COLONEL X

You're a fool, Doctor Threeways!

822 INT. FRAZZ'S FLAT. NIGHT

822

As we slowly pull out we see that this is once again on Frazz's TV screen.

FRAZZ is crouched on his sofa watching this in a kind of horrified fascination.

823 INT. STAIRWELL OF THE FLATS. NIGHT

823

Close shot of a pair of black shoes ascending the concrete steps ...

820 CONTINUED

820

FRAZZ
(Grinning)

Turn it over.

SPIKE turns it over. On the back is written: "AN OFFICIAL COLONEL X CALLING CARD - JUST TO REMIND YOU WHAT'S WAITING WHEN YOU GET BACK TO WORK! LOVE, JULIE".

SPIKE laughs.

SPIKE
Must've given you an interesting few moments.

FRAZZ
You're not kidding.

SPIKE
Okay! Back to work!

Having handed FRAZZ the last of the papers, SPIKE starts to close the window on him.

MISS MADDEN is bent at the keyhole blowing away.

FRAZZ
(Off)
Excuse me ...

MISS MADDEN turns. FRAZZ has come through the outer door, the papers tucked discreetly under his arm.

MISS MADDEN
(Embarrassed)
I was just ... blowing through this keyhole.

FRAZZ
Ah, you must be a locksmith. Mr. Martingale said I could use the photocopier.

MISS MADDEN
Of course. It's right there.

SPIKE
(Off; from Martingale's office)
Miss Madden!

820 CONTINUED

820

MISS MADDEN
 (Bending back to her task)
 Sorry!

Grinning at this, FRAZZ goes to the photocopier, starts to feed the papers SPIKE gave him into it. As he does so he glances up and through the window just in front of him. He freezes, stares.

A shot from his POV. In the distance, standing seemingly staring at him is the unmistakable figure of COLONEL X.

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 (V.O)
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 the last of me?

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FRAZZ is crouched on his sofa watching this in a kind of horrified fascination.

823 INT. STAIRWELL OF THE FLATS. NIGHT

823

Close shot of a pair of black shoes ascending the concrete steps ...

824 INT. FRAZZ'S FLAT. NIGHT

824

Intercut with Sc. 821 as required.

FRAZZ hears the footfalls faintly from outside. He frowns, deeply worried.

COLONEL X

(On TV)

Now tell me! Which of the Royal family did you replace seven years ago with a robot replica?

DR. THREEWAYS

I see no reason why I shouldn't tell you. It's ...

The shot of THREEWAYS freezes, his mouth open.

Shot of FRAZZ lowering the remote. He turns, listening for the footsteps.

825 INT. STAIRWELL. NIGHT

825

Close shot of the doorbell. A hand comes into shot, pushes it ...

826 INT. FRAZZ'S FLAT. NIGHT

826

FRAZZ startles at the sound of the doorbell. He considers, gets to his feet ...

Shot of the inside of the front door as FRAZZ'S arm reaches across it to open it. He hesitates - then leans in and peers through the spyhole.

A shot through the distorting lens of the spyhole. A bald head with thick spectacles looms grotesquely at us.

FRAZZ stumbles back in shock. He looks through the open door to his living room where he can see DOCTOR THREEWAYS still-framed on the TV screen. The doorbell rings again.

FRAZZ stares at the door, plainly now completely unnerved and starting to lose it.

FRAZZ

Go away! Go away!!

There is a moment's silence - then the doorbell starts ringing continuously.

Shaking, FRAZZ plunges his face into his hands, his fingers digging into his eyes.

826 CONTINUED

826

As the doorbell shrills on we go to a shot of THREEWAYS frozen on the TV screen, slowly closing in on the mad eyes of the mad doctor ...

We slowly fade to black.

827 INT. JUNIOR GAZETTE NEWS-ROOM. NIGHT

827

High shot of the news-room. It is almost empty. The last few are pulling on their coats and heading out.

A shot of FRAZZ, sitting troubled at his typewriter, staring into space. JULIE goes past him, plainly on her way home.

JULIE

(To Frazz)

Not heading off then?

FRAZZ

(Coming out of his reverie)

No, I, uh ... don't feel like going home yet.

JULIE

Well you can't stick around too long I'm afraid. Lynda's having her big meal here tonight - with Colin, would you believe.

FRAZZ

(Absently)

Right.

JULIE looks concernedly at him.

JULIE

You okay? You've been very quiet all day.

FRAZZ

(Looks at her wearily)

I'm fine.

JULIE

(Brightly)

Well! Hang in there!

She turns, heads off. We hold on FRAZZ as he sits there, alone and helpless, staring at his typewriter. We hear the doors bang shut behind JULIE ... and a hatted shadow slides over the surface of FRAZZ'S desk.

COLONEL X

The moment has come, Frazz. I need your assistance in a matter of the gravest importance.

FRAZZ springs to his feet, walks away from the COLONEL.

FRAZZ

Look, no offence, but would you mind getting out of my head. I don't like socialising with fictional characters!

COLONEL X

(Sitting in Frazz's chair)
That's interesting actually, Frazz - I was once a fictional character.

FRAZZ somewhat double-takes on this.

FRAZZ

What?

COLONEL X

The diabolical St. John Squareheart used his deadly fictionalising ray on me.

FRAZZ

(Stares at him)

Fictionalising ray ...

COLONEL X

Exactly. I spent two weeks as a minor character in "Hound of the Baskervilles".

FRAZZ

(Bleakly)

Of course you did.

COLONEL X

Fortunately I managed to escape along with Desmond Hargrove, another character from that fine mystery novel.

FRAZZ

I've read "Hound of the Baskervilles". There's no one called Desmond Hargrove in it.

COLONEL X

Well there isn't now.

FRAZZ despairs.

FRAZZ

Look, what I'm trying to say is,
you're just my imagination.

(Considers)

And I've got to admit - it's
better than I thought.

COLONEL X

I don't quite follow what you're
saying, Frazz.

FRAZZ

Look, I got a bump on the head
and I started seeing characters
from a crappy kids show.

(Double-takes)

I just explained myself to a
symptom of concussion.

COLONEL X

You seemed to have a higher
opinion of me in your youth -
you sent me some very nice
letters. I was particularly
touched by your request for one
of my machine gun walking canes
so you could slaughter the
teaching staff at your school.

During the above FRAZZ has turned away in frustration -
and seen TIDDLER standing watching him from just inside
the doors, evidently having just arrived.

FRAZZ

(Smiling weakly)

Hi, Tids!

TIDDLER

Hi!

TIDDLER starts heading for her desk.

COLONEL X

But now I - your childhood
hero - turn up to ask for help
and find my request ignored.

TIDDLER sits at her desk, her back to FRAZZ.

FRAZZ
(To Tiddler; ignoring Colonel X)
So, ah ... how are you?

TIDDLER
(Without turning)
Fine.

COLONEL X
(Bristling)
Very well then! Since you are
treating me as if I don't exist
I will leave now and return
later this evening when, I
calculate, events will have
reached their terrible crisis!

COLONEL X starts striding for the door. FRAZZ goes
awkwardly to TIDDLER.

FRAZZ
Tids, you're probably wondering
why I was kind of talking to
myself when you came in there.

TIDDLER
Well no.
(Looks curiously at Frazz)
Frazz, can I ask you a question?

FRAZZ
(Puzzled)
Sure.

TIDDLER
Why are you ignoring that man?

And she points at COLONEL X who has turned at the doors
to look disapprovingly back at FRAZZ.

For a moment FRAZZ cannot believe what is happening.

FRAZZ
You can see him??

TIDDLER
Well of course I can see him.
(Smiles at Colonel X)
Hi.

COLONEL X
(Nods courteously to her)
Good evening, dear lady.

827 CONTINUED

827

TIDDLER
(Aside to FRAZZ)

He's cute!

FRAZZ stares at COLONEL X, completely bewildered. He starts to walk towards him, a man in a dream.

FRAZZ
People can see you? You're
really here?

COLONEL X looks at him sardonically for a moment.

COLONEL X
I told you at the very
beginning, Frazz. Expect the
unexpected!

And with a swirl of his long coat, COLONEL X is through the doors and gone.

We hold on to FRAZZ'S astonished face.

828 INT. FRAZZ'S FLAT. NIGHT

828

Close shot of a newspaper clipping in FRAZZ'S hand. It reads: "JOHN ENGLAND KILLED IN CAR ACCIDENT".

FRAZZ tosses this clipping aside, picks up another one - "'COLONEL X' DEAD IN CAR CRASH". FRAZZ studies this, vexedly. The doorbell rings. FRAZZ looks round, remembering back to his visitation of the previous night.

Shot of the spyhole in the front door as FRAZZ leans in and peers through it.

A shot of the same bald, bespectacled head viewed through a distorting lens. FRAZZ shrugs, pulls open the door.

The man on the doorstep is in fact DR. CLIPSTONE. Not seen through the lens his sinister resemblance to DR. THREEWAYS is considerably less marked.

CLIPSTONE
I'm glad you haven't told me to
go away this time, Mr. Davis.

FRAZZ
Yeh, sorry about that. I
thought you were ... someone
else.

CLIPSTONE
I'm Doctor Clipstone from the
Norbridge Mental Home. I think
you and I ought to discuss John
England, don't you?

Shot of FRAZZ'S face as he absorbs this. DISSOLVE TO:

829 INT. FRAZZ'S FLAT. NIGHT

829

FRAZZ stands at the window looking rather bleakly out.
CLIPSTONE sits rather prissily on the sofa. They both
have coffee mugs and evidently have been talking. There
is a short silence.

FRAZZ
(Turning from window)
More coffee?

CLIPSTONE
Thank you, no.

FRAZZ sighs, sits on the window sill.

FRAZZ
So why has he latched on to me?

CLIPSTONE
All John ever does at the Home
is read all the "Colonel X" fan
mail over and over again - so we
make sure it all gets to him.
Have you ever written to him,
Mr. Davis?

FRAZZ
(Smiles sadly)
All the time, when I was a kid.
And recently I sent off for some
stuff for an article I was
doing.

CLIPSTONE
He must've supposed from your
letters you'd be prepared to
help him once he'd escaped.

FRAZZ
So. He was following me even
before I got mugged.
(Reflects)
It's funny. My childhood hero
coming to me for help.

CLIPSTONE

When I heard about your curious dream from Dr. Gillespie at the hospital I concluded that it probably wasn't a dream at all. Mr. Davis, do you know where John is at the moment? He must be found and returned to the home!

FRAZZ is lost in his own thoughts.

FRAZZ

It's crazy, isn't it? I almost feel like I owe him.

CLIPSTONE frowns at this, as if perplexed by the notion.

830 INT. JUNIOR GAZETTE NEWS-ROOM. NIGHT

830

Shot of a candelabrum standing on a white table cloth. A match is struck and a hand comes into shot, lighting the three candles.

A wider shot reveals a table sumptuously set for two in the middle of the news-room, the desks all cleared to make way for it. SPIKE, elegantly dressed as a waiter, is lighting the candles. LYNDA, in an evening dress, is watching him somewhat respectfully. Of COLIN there is yet no sign. Beyond them we can see SPIKE's cooking apparatus set out on a desk - again, the wok and stove etc.

LYNDA

Stop grinning!

SPIKE

(Solemnly)

I'm not grinning.

LYNDA

You're grinning! It just hasn't reached your face.

SPIKE shrugs, continues to work on the table.

LYNDA

Colin happens to be a cute, sexy, charming guy. I've always been very attracted to Colin.

SPIKE

(Looking critically at table)
You know, we should really have
done this at your flat.

LYNDA

Don't be stupid, I don't want
him to know where I live!

SPIKE

(Glancing at his watch)
Kind of late, isn't he?
(Suppressing a smile)
I hope nothing's come up.

LYNDA

He'll be here! If there was a
problem he'd have told me by
now.

Promptly the phone rings.

LYNDA

I'll just get that excuse.
Phone! I'll just get that
phone!

As SPIKE grins, she crosses to the phone, answers it.

LYNDA

Hello, Junior Gazette...
(All the following
perfectly calmly)
Hello, Colin... I see... No,
that's fine... I understand...
Die soon, Colin.

She puts the phone down, turns to face SPIKE who is
regarding her ironically.

LYNDA

Colin won't be able to make it.
He says he's been unavoidably
kidnapped by terrorists.

She sags into a chair, defeated. She stares at the
floor. SPIKE leans over and blows out the candles. He
looks over at LYNDA but now seems more sympathetic than
triumphant.

LYNDA

I should be touched really. He even went to the trouble of having people shouting in the background in foreign accents. It's amazing how far people will go to avoid spending an evening with me.

SPIKE

Pretending to be kidnapped isn't that far.

LYNDA

He offered to send me one of his fingers as proof.

SPIKE hasn't really got a comforting answer for that.

LYNDA

You were right, Spike. People don't like me.

SPIKE

Hey, come on ...

LYNDA

I don't know how to relate to people. I just compete. For thirteen years of my life Kenny Phillips was my best friend - I know, I kept score. Now even Kenny's gone. You know, if I could just learn not to think of the rest of the world as the opposition I might be half-way to being a sane human being.

SPIKE

(Stares at her worriedly)
That was kind of a reasonable and mature thing to say. Lynda, you're scaring me!

LYNDA

(Rising to her feet)
Maybe I'm finally learning that being smart and being right isn't a licence to treat people like dirt!

SPIKE
 (Desperately worried now)
 Hey, you're talking all kind of
 ... sane and nice!

The doors fly open and COLONEL X strides in.

COLONEL X
 Nobody move! I am Colonel X!!

LYNDA and SPIKE stare. SPIKE understands.

SPIKE
 Oh, now I get it! This is a
dream!

LYNDA
 (Staring at the Colonel)
 Colonel X?? Like on the
 television??
 (Worriedly to Spike)
 Can you see him too?

COLONEL X
 Of course he can see me, I'm not
 wearing my invisibility cloak.
 (Considers)
 Actually, I couldn't find it.

SPIKE
 This is wild! I don't normally
 get them this vivid!

LYNDA
 You're not dreaming, Spike!

SPIKE
 You wait. Any second this room
 will be full of nurses!

FRAZZ has entered in time to catch this last comment.

FRAZZ
 Sorry, Spike, you're wide awake.

LYNDA
 (Staring astonished at Colonel X)
 He's really here?

SPIKE
 (Staring astonished at Lynda)
 You were really being sane??

COLONEL X

I'm delighted you've decided to believe in me, Frazz.

During above FRAZZ has scooped up the phone and dialled.

FRAZZ

Dr. Clipstone? I was right, he's here... Could you make your way over to the news-room, fast as possible?

He puts the phone down, turns to COLONEL X.

COLONEL X

Dr. Clipstone? The name seems vaguely familiar.

FRAZZ looks grimly at COLONEL X for a moment.

FRAZZ

I've got a problem, Colonel X. Can I talk to you about it?

COLONEL X

Of course.

FRAZZ

(Takes a breath)

There was this guy once - called John England. Funny thing - he looked exactly like you.

COLONEL X

Ah! A robot!

FRAZZ

No. An actor. It's kind of a sad story - he was killed in a car accident a while back along with his wife.

COLONEL X

That is a sad story.

FRAZZ

There's a twist. You see, he didn't really die - his wife did but he survived. The press misreported it and the family decided not to correct the mistake.

COLONEL X

How strange. Why not?

FRAZZ

Out of kindness maybe. You see John England couldn't cope with what had happened. He sort of lost it a bit. Ended up in a Mental Home.

COLONEL X

Poor unfortunate fellow. But why are you telling me?

FRAZZ

Like I say, he lost it a bit.
(Looks hard at Colonel X)
And now he thinks he's you.

There is a long silence. COLONEL X and FRAZZ remain staring at one another.

FRAZZ

I was wondering, Colonel X, if you had any advice.

The COLONEL strokes his chin thoughtfully. He moves a few steps away, pondering.

COLONEL X

I think I know what you're trying to say to me, Frazz.

FRAZZ

You do?

COLONEL X

But I fear you are somewhat misguided.

(He turns)

Let us imagine this John England. It is entirely possible that he is not a particularly happy man. Perhaps he has become hopelessly typecast in one role and his acting career is effectively over. He may even drink rather too much. Possibly he even blames himself for the accident that killed his wife. In those circumstances is it so odd that he decides to become someone else?

830 CONTINUED

830

FRAZZ frowns at this.

FRAZZ

You trying to tell me he's
happier walking around thinking
he's Colonel X??

COLONEL X

Why not? After all ...

(A smile with a
hint of complicity)

You'd have to be mad to be John
England.

FRAZZ looks at him for a long moment. SPIKE and LYNDA
look on, riveted.

FRAZZ

You're a wise man, Colonel X.

COLONEL X

Well I've had some experience in
the area of mental illness.

FRAZZ

I've heard that.

COLONEL X

As a matter of fact my departure
from that field was rather
sudden and I fear it may have
caused some consternation.
Perhaps it's time I was getting
back.

FRAZZ

Someone's on their way.

COLONEL X claps a hand to FRAZZ'S shoulder.

COLONEL X

I chose you well, Frazz.

(He turns to Spike and Lynda)
I'm sorry I've not had more time
to make your acquaintance ...

SPIKE

(Stepping forward to shake hands)
Spike Thomson, Colonel. We got
your show in the States. Loved
it.

COLONEL X hands him an "X" calling card.

COLONEL X

America is a fine young country,
Spike, with a great deal of
potential.

SPIKE

Thanks, Colonel.

COLONEL X turns to a somewhat unnerved LYNDA.

LYNDA

(Meekly)

Hello. Lynda Day.

COLONEL X

Dear Lady.

He takes her hand and kisses it. Instinctively, LYNDA
curtseys - rather awkwardly.

COLONEL X

You remind me rather of my one
true love - Olga Romanoff. She
was head of a Russian suicide
squad so our relationship was
necessarily brief.

LYNDA

(Trying hard not to melt)

Colonel X ... would you have
dinner with me?

The COLONEL looks round at the table, smiles charmingly
at LYNDA.

COLONEL X

I would be delighted!

He turns, goes to the table, pulls out Lynda's chair for
her.

LYNDA

(To Spike, next to her)

Check this out for a date!

SPIKE

(Looks at her ironically)

I take it you've just unlearned
where you're going wrong in
life?

LYNDA

Get cooking sucker!

830 CONTINUED

830

She heads over to the table.

FRAZZ glances round. DR. CLIPSTONE is watching all this somewhat confusedly from the doors. FRAZZ starts heading over to him.

LYNDA

(Sitting in the offered chair)
Thank you!

SPIKE heads for his cooking utensils.

At the doors ...

FRAZZ

(To Clipstone)

I think we've got everything
under control. Could you maybe
give us a couple of hours?

CLIPSTONE looks wonderingly over at the table ...

SPIKE bangs down the starters in front of LYNDA and the COLONEL.

SPIKE

(Sourly)

Bon appetit!

COLONEL X

Thank you!

COLONEL X reaches over and passes his fist along the candelabrum, there is a flash from his ring and we cut to a close shot of the candles as they spring into flame.

Freeze frame.

End credits.