

69

PRESS GANG

Series 5 Episode 6

THERE ARE CROCODILES

Written by
Steven Moffat

Producer: Sandra C. Hastie

Richmond Films & Television Ltd.
50 Frith Street
London W1V 5TE

Tel: 071-734-9313
Fax: 071-287-2058

Shooting Script
8/3/93

Episode 43

Episode "THERE ARE CROCODILES"

CHARACTER LIST

Principals

Lynda
Spike
Julie
Colin
Frazz
Voice
Reporter
Photographer
David Jefford

Background

Gary

SET LIST

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

FLASHBACKS FROM SERIES ONE, EPISODE "Monday, Tuesday"

601 INT. STUDY. NIGHT.*

601

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

LYNDA

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

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

LYNDA

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

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

LYNDA

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

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

LYNDA

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

602 INT. JUNIOR GAZETTE NEWSROOM. DAY.

602

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

We fade up the episode title:

"There Are Crocodiles"

From off we hear the jangling of keys in a lock.

603 INT. NEWSROOM CORRIDOR. DAY.

603

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

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

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

604 INT. JUNIOR GAZETTE NEWSROOM. DAY.

604

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

Frazz throws himself bad temperedly into his chair.

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

LYNDA
(Meekly)
Frazz?

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

LYNDA
You okay?

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

LYNDA
Frazz?

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

605 INT. TOILETS. DAY.

605

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

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

(CONTINUED)

605 CONTINUED:

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

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

LYNDA
Well anyway! I thought that was fun!

Frazz now turns and looks dangerously at Lynda.

FRAZZ
(Quietly)
Forty-three.

She frowns, puzzled.

LYNDA
Forty-three what?

FRAZZ
Nil!

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

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

606 INT. NEWSROOM CORRIDOR. DAY.

606

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

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

FRAZZ
It's a pitch, Colin!

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

(CONTINUED)

606 CONTINUED:

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

FRAZZ

(As he goes)

Colin, there's something I'd like you to do for me.

COLIN

(Following)

Name it, coach.

607 INT. JUNIOR GAZETTE NEWSROOM. DAY.

607

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

FRAZZ

(Savagely sarcastic)

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

COLIN

What's that, coach?

FRAZZ

(Roaring)

Wear a strip!

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

COLIN

You don't like this?

Lynda's thoughts have been elsewhere.

LYNDA

Forty-three, nil?

FRAZZ

Oh good. Finally sunk in, has it?

LYNDA

What about my goal?

COLIN

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

(CONTINUED)

607 CONTINUED:

LYNDA

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

COLIN

Right in the net!

FRAZZ

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

LYNDA

(Still enthusing)

Whack!

FRAZZ

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

Lynda considers this.

LYNDA

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

Frazz despairs.

LYNDA

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

COLIN

Well you were fast, boss. You were slick!

LYNDA

I was, wasn't I?

COLIN

Even the other team were cheering.

Frazz just stares at them both for a moment.

FRAZZ

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

He breaks off, looking at the pair of them.

FRAZZ

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

(CONTINUED)

607 CONTINUED:(2)

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

Frazz stares at her.

FRAZZ
 I thought I just fainted.

LYNDA
 (Shrugs)
 Sorry.

He looks at her in disbelieving wonder for a moment.

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

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

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

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

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

LYNDA
 I haven't actually played football before.

Frazz takes a moment to absorb this confession.

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

COLIN
 Which one's he?

(CONTINUED)

607 CONTINUED:(3)

LYNDA

The guy who wasn't there.

COLIN

Oh, right.

LYNDA

I'll kill him if I can figure out who he is.

(To Frazz)

You know, I loved that idea of numbering everyone - do you think it would work in the office?

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

COLIN

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

LYNDA

Except Spike.

COLIN

Well, yeh, except Spike.

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

LYNDA

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

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

Frazz looks bleakly at him.

SPIKE

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

Frazz is about to reply when - ...

LYNDA

Who's in the toilet?

They all look at her.

FRAZZ

Huh?

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

(CONTINUED)

607 CONTINUED:(4)

LYNDA
You opened up, right?

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

LYNDA
So who's in there?

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

608 INT. STUDY. NIGHT.

608

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

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

LYNDA
Know what?

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

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

She frowns.

LYNDA
What did you mean - did I know then?

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

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

LYNDA
Of disaster?

609 INT. NEWSROOM CORRIDOR. DAY.

609

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

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

SPIKE

Lynda ... !

LYNDA

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

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

SPIKE

She has a passion for detail.

610 INT. TOILETS. DAY.

610

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

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

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

LYNDA

Uh ... can we help you?

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

611 INT. NEWSROOM CORRIDOR. DAY.

611

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

SPIKE

(Laughing)

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

LYNDA

There's someone in there!

SPIKE

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

(CONTINUED)

611 CONTINUED:

LYNDA

All the newsteam were at the match.

SPIKE

(Heavily ironic)

What, you took a role call of the crowd?

LYNDA

Damn right!

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

612 INT. TOILETS. DAY.

612

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

LYNDA

You're very quiet in there!

SPIKE

Which is quite a skill.

She throw him a look.

LYNDA

Hello?

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

LYNDA

Hello, who's in there?

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

SPIKE

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

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

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

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

For a moment they just stare down at it ...

(CONTINUED)

612 CONTINUED:

... then Spike bursts into life.

SPIKE
Get an ambulance!

He is battering at the door.

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

SPIKE
(Yelling)
Lynda, get an ambulance!!

He slams his shoulder against the door again.

Lynda still doesn't move to go.

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

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

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

Close on Lynda staring at him, incredulous.

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

LYNDA (V.O.)
That's when I knew.

613 INT. STUDY. NIGHT.

613

Close on Lynda staring moodily into the flames.

VOICE
How?

She gives the slightest shrug.

LYNDA
I could just see it all. The way it would go.
The logic of it.

614 INT. TOILETS. NIGHT.

614

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

SPIKE

Lynda - ambulance!

615 INT. NEWSROOM CORRIDOR. NIGHT.

615

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

LYNDA

(Quietly, fiercely)

Damn!!

VOICE (V.O.)

The logic?

616 INT. STUDY. NIGHT.

616

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

LYNDA

These things have a logic. You see all the steps, the way it'll go ... But I didn't think - ...
(Hesitates, looks back at her unseen companion.)

I knew it was bad. But I thought I could handle it.

She frowns, troubled by the memory.

LYNDA

I didn't know it would be the end.

617 INT. JUNIOR GAZETTE NEWSROOM. DAY.

617

Lynda comes briskly into the newsroom.

LYNDA

Frazz, phone for an ambulance.

(CONTINUED)

617 CONTINUED:

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

LYNDA
Our toilets need a clean out. Just phone!

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

COLIN
What's going on?

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

LYNDA
Get an ad together. We have a vacancy.

Spike comes bursting through the doors, frantic.

SPIKE
Is that ambulance coming?

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

Impatiently, Spike snatches the phone from him.

SPIKE
There's a guy in the john, he's taken something!
(As phone is answered)
Uh, yeh, ambulance please, quickly!

FRAZZ
Oh God!

Frazz starts heading quickly over towards the toilets.

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

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

COLIN
- urgent.

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

Explosively he slams down the phone.

(CONTINUED)

617 CONTINUED:(2)

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

SPIKE

There could be a guy in there dying, Lynda!

She glances up absently at this.

LYNDA

And he had to choose our toilet.

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

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

COLIN

I'd better go help.

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

VOICE (V.O.)

What do you mean, the end?

618 INT. STUDY. NIGHT.

618

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

VOICE

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

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

LYNDA

Everything.

VOICE

Everything, Lynda?

Again she doesn't reply for a moment.

LYNDA

The Junior Gazette.

619 INT. JUNIOR GAZETTE NEWSROOM. DAY. 619

The same shot of Lynda alone in the newsroom.

We fade to black.

The double-crack of a shotgun being cocked.

A shatteringly loud gunshot.

620 INT. LYNDA'S BEDROOM. NIGHT.** 620

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

VOICE (V.O.)

Tell me about the dream.

621 INT. STUDY. NIGHT. 621

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

LYNDA

Hmm?

VOICE

Your dream. Tell me about it.

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

VOICE

You don't want to talk about it?

Lynda considers this uneasily.

LYNDA

Later.

VOICE

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

LYNDA

Angry.

(CONTINUED)

621 CONTINUED:

VOICE
Nothing else? He could've been dying.

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

The voice is silent for a moment.

VOICE
Tell me about the dream, Lynda.

LYNDA
No.

622 INT. NEWSROOM. DAY.

622

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

JULIE
You're late!

Shot of Lynda coming through the outer doors.

LYNDA
You're fired! I win.

JULIE
You remember what's happening today?

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

623 INT. JUNIOR GAZETTE NEWSROOM. DAY.

623

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

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

Lynda looks across at him with her most deadly stare.

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

(CONTINUED)

623 CONTINUED:

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

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

Lynda registers this with a momentary flicker of alarm.

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

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

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

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

LYNDA
(Looks over at him disparagingly)
Neanderthal!

JULIE
And I saw him first!

Lynda turns, starts heading out of the newsroom again.

LYNDA
Julie, about your taste in men ...

JULIE
(Following)
Yeh?

LYNDA
Get some.

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

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

624 INT. TOILETS. DAY.

624

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

(CONTINUED)

624 CONTINUED:

the floor.

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

JULIE

What's wrong with my taste in men?

LYNDA

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

JULIE

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

LYNDA

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

JULIE

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

Lynda is rocked by this abrupt accusation.

LYNDA

What makes you think something happened?

JULIE

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

Lynda stares at her.

LYNDA

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

She starts to head out again.

JULIE

So what happened in here?

LYNDA

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

She goes out. Julie stares after her, troubled.

625 INT. JUNIOR GAZETTE NEWSROOM. DAY.

625

Lynda re-enters the newsroom to be greeted by a frantic Colin.

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

LYNDA
(Pushing past him)
Spike!

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

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

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

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

Colin has followed Lynda into this conversation.

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

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

LYNDA
(Blankly)
Gary?

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

LYNDA
Oh, what's-his-name!

Spike looks at her with something close to disgust.

(CONTINUED)

625 CONTINUED:

SPIKE

We've got to talk.

COLIN

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

LYNDA

He's right. Not here, not now.

SPIKE

Yes here, yes now!

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

LYNDA

(Quietly, to Spike)

Spike, please.

(Indicates the two men)

The enemy's in the building.

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

SPIKE

Yeh. I know.

Colin turns a reassuring smile on the magazine me.

COLIN

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

SPIKE & LYNDA

Shut up, Colin!

COLIN

(Offended)

Right, lash out at a friend!

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

SPIKE

Okay. Meeting room.

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

(CONTINUED)

625 CONTINUED:(2)

COLIN

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

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

626 INT. MEETING ROOM. DAY.

626

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

She hesitates, starts moving towards him.

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

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

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

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

LYNDA

Why are you so angry with me?

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

SPIKE

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

LYNDA

I understand.

SPIKE

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

LYNDA

I understand about PR too.

SPIKE

He might die, Lynda!

LYNDA

I hope he doesn't.

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

(CONTINUED)

626 CONTINUED:

tack.

SPIKE

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

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

LYNDA

We agreed last night. This stays secret.

SPIKE

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

LYNDA

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

SPIKE

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

LYNDA

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

He looks at her in disgust, turns to go.

LYNDA

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

He looks at her grimly.

SPIKE

Is that what people do?

LYNDA

Some people. Stupid people. And who needs them?

He stares at her.

SPIKE

Why has it taken me this long to realize you are just as big a monster as you seem to be.

(CONTINUED)

626 CONTINUED:(2)

He turns and goes out, slamming the door.

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

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

FLASHBACK

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

The face starts to sharpen, features forming ...

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

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

A shatteringly loud gunshot ...

We fade suddenly to black and cut to:

627 INT. LYNDA'S BEDROOM. NIGHT.

627

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

LYNDA
(Barely a whisper)
David.

628 INT. STUDY. NIGHT.

628

Close on Lynda.

VOICE
Who is David?

Lynda considers this for a moment.

LYNDA
A jerk.

VOICE
A jerk?

(CONTINUED)

628 CONTINUED:

LYNDA
Just someone who tried to hurt my paper.

She looks thoughtfully into the fire.

LYNDA
Just someone I killed.

629 INT. NEWSROOM CORRIDOR. DAY.

629

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

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

Thump! Thump! Thump!

630 INT. JUNIOR GAZETTE NEWSROOM. DAY.

630

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

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

LYNDA
Frazz?

FRAZZ
Hello, Lynda.

He carries on thumping.

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

FRAZZ
Hang on. I will too shortly

And he carries on thumping.

LYNDA
Please stop doing that.

Frazz looks up at her.

(CONTINUED)

630 CONTINUED:

FRAZZ

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

LYNDA

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

Frazz groans his misery.

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

COLIN

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

Frazz looks at him, dangerously.

FRAZZ

We were beaten thirty-seven - nil.

COLIN

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

Frazz looks grimly at Colin.

FRAZZ

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

COLIN

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

FRAZZ

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

Colin considers this for a moment.

COLIN

Look, we beat you. Deal with it.

LYNDA

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

FRAZZ

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

(CONTINUED)

630 CONTINUED:(2)

FRAZZ (cont'd)

win.

COLIN

I can confirm that.

FRAZZ

Shut up, Colin!

COLIN

(To Lynda)

Talk about a sore loser!

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

LYNDA

See you guys in a moment.

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

COLIN

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

631 INT. TOILETS. DAY.

631

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

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

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

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

LYNDA

What do you want here?

The photographer shrugs, nods to the open cubicle.

PHOTOGRAPHER

Well - scene of the crime, right?

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

(CONTINUED)

631 CONTINUED:

LYNDA
Who told you?

No answer.

LYNDA
(Roaring at them)
Who told you?

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

632 INT. NEWSROOM CORRIDOR. DAY.

632

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

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

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

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

Over this:

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

633 INT. STUDY. NIGHT.

633

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

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

LYNDA
David, you mean?

VOICE
David, yes.

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

LYNDA
It's hot in here.

(CONTINUED)

633 CONTINUED:

VOICE
You're uncomfortable?

LYNDA
I'm warm.

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

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

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

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

LYNDA
(Reflectively)
David Jefford ...

FLASHBACK

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

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

FLASHBACK

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

VOICE
Blackmailed you?

Lynda is staring reflectively into the fire again.

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

(CONTINUED)

633 CONTINUED:(2)

FLASHBACK

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

LYNDA

I told him where to get off.

She falls silent, staring into the fire.

VOICE

And?

She considers how to reply to this for a moment.

LYNDA

The problem ... disappeared.

VOICE

Earlier you said you killed him.

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

LYNDA

I have a way with problems.

634 INT. SPIKE'S FLAT. NIGHT.

634

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

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

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

LYNDA

You're dead.

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

SPIKE

(Into phone)

I've got to go. I can't talk now.

Close on Lynda's face, reacting to this.

SPIKE

Later, okay?

(CONTINUED)

634 CONTINUED:

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

LYNDA

Was it you?

SPIKE

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

LYNDA

Did you sell us out to that magazine?

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

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

LYNDA

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

SPIKE

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

LYNDA

I am.

SPIKE

Does that make me an enemy of the people?

LYNDA

I'm asking the questions.

SPIKE

Well, sure. You're the facist.

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

LYNDA

Look, I'm sorry. Can we stop fighting?

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

LYNDA

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

Spike listens. He doesn't react.

(CONTINUED)

634 CONTINUED:(2)

LYNDA

Somebody told them what happened though.

(She looks hard at him)

But I do know it wasn't you.

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

LYNDA

Who was on the phone?

Spike takes another sip at his coffee.

SPIKE

Just a friend.

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

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

LYNDA

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

SPIKE

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

LYNDA

Funny?? This could finish us.

Again Spike doesn't react or reply.

LYNDA

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

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

LYNDA

(Getting angrier)

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

She turns and starts storming for the door.

SPIKE

You don't have to.

(CONTINUED)

634 CONTINUED:(3)

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

SPIKE

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

Lynda turns.

SPIKE

What's-his-name is you-know-what.

It takes Lynda a moment to find her voice.

LYNDA

When?

SPIKE

He died two hours ago.

Lynda says nothing.

SPIKE

Do you care yet, boss?

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

LYNDA

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

Spike doesn't turn.

SPIKE

No. I haven't, have I?

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

LYNDA

Was it you, Spike?

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

FLASHBACK

We fade in on a shot of David Jefford loading a shotgun in a field. As we pull back we see Lynda and company approaching.

635 INT. LYNDA'S BEDROOM. NIGHT.

635

Lynda, dreaming, tosses and turns.

FLASHBACK

David has turned to see the others approaching.

DAVID

Oh, hi!

LYNDA

Your father said we'd find you here.

DAVID

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

COLIN

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

DAVID

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

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

FLASHBACK

LYNDA

What I agreed to earlier - forget it.

DAVID

What? But ...

LYNDA

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

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

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

And the explosion of a shotgun being fired ...

On the gunshot she startles awake.

She lies back staring hauntedly into the dark.

636 INT. NEWSROOM CORRIDOR. DAY.

636

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

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

637 INT. JUNIOR GAZETTE NEWSROOM. DAY.

637

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

FRAZZ

Where the hell were you?

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

LYNDA

I assume you managed to find a replacement.

FRAZZ

It wasn't easy.

He heads to his chair.

FRAZZ

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

...

He drops resignedly into his chair.

FRAZZ

Till we came up with a devastating never-before-tried tactic to deal with him.

(Closes his eye in despair)

Your replacement asked him for a date.

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

JULIE

I love that game!

Lynda looks wearily at Julie, then back to Frazz.

LYNDA

Did we score?

(CONTINUED)

637 CONTINUED:

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

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

Lynda looks at him grimly

LYNDA
More than our usual.

She looks back at the magazine she is reading.

Julie looks at her, puzzled.

JULIE
That the magazine thing about us?

For answer Lynda tosses her the magazine.

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

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

Lynda stares balefully back at him.

JULIE
(During this)
Oh my God!
(She starts speed reading her way
through the article)
When did - ...
(She glances round at the toilets, looks
accusingly at Lynda)
This your big secret was it?
(Flaring)
Couldn't you have told me??

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

FRAZZ
(Crossing to Julie)
Let me see!

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

(CONTINUED)

637 CONTINUED:(2)

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

FRAZZ
 (Turning to Spike)
 You seen this?

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

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

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

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

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

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

There is a moment's silence.

FRAZZ
 Confirmed. This ship is sinking.

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

(CONTINUED)

637 CONTINUED:(3)

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

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

He goes. Silence for a moment.

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

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

LYNDA
Was it you?

The outer doors bang shut. She turns.

LYNDA
Spike?

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

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

There is a tremendous thump and flash ...

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

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

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

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

638 INT. STUDY. NIGHT.

638

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

(CONTINUED)

638 CONTINUED:

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

VOICE
 It was deliberate, wasn't it?

LYNDA
 Deliberate?

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

She stares at him.

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

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

VOICE
 Yes. I am.

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

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

639 INT. JUNIOR GAZETTE NEWSROOM. DAY.

639

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

640 INT. STUDY. NIGHT.

640

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

LYNDA
 The fire. How did I get out?

(CONTINUED)

640 CONTINUED:

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

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

DAVID

You didn't.

LYNDA

Hello David.

641 INT. JUNIOR GAZETTE NEWSROOM. DAY. 641

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

642 INT. STUDY. NIGHT. 642

LYNDA

I didn't get out?

DAVID

You're still there.

643 INT. JUNIOR GAZETTE NEWSROOM. DAY. 643

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

644 INT. STUDY. NIGHT. 644

DAVID

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

LYNDA

Why can't I wake?

DAVID

Because you choose not to.

LYNDA

And why would I do that?

(CONTINUED)

644 CONTINUED:

David just smiles.

LYNDA

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

DAVID

Then why can't you wake?

LYNDA

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

DAVID

I think you do.

645 INT. JUNIOR GAZETTE NEWSROOM. DAY.

645

The fire rages ever fiercer. Lynda is still unmoving.

646 INT. STUDY. NIGHT.

646

LYNDA

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

DAVID

It's getting hotter.

LYNDA

I didn't kill you, David.

DAVID

That's not what you said before.

LYNDA

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

DAVID

Did you care that I died?

LYNDA

Yes I cared! I always care!

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

(CONTINUED)

646 CONTINUED:

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

LYNDA

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

The figure just stares accusingly at her.

LYNDA

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

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

LYNDA

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

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

LYNDA

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

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

647 INT. JUNIOR GAZETTE NEWSROOM. DAY.

647

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

648 INT. STUDY. NIGHT.

648

LYNDA

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

(CONTINUED)

648 CONTINUED:

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

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

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

Close shot of David, now back in the chair.

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

LYNDA
Not yours, David.

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

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

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

649 INT. JUNIOR GAZETTE NEWSROOM. NIGHT.

649

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

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

Shot of the fire screening the door from her.

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

LYNDA
(Wail of despair)
Spike ... !

We lose sight of her in the flames. On this we slowly fade to black to the sound of fire engines.

650 INT. SPIKE'S FLAT. NIGHT.

650

We fade in again close on Spike's face. He is staring out of the window again, his forehead pressed against the glass, and tears are streaming down his face.

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

651 INT. SPIKE'S FLAT. NIGHT.

651

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

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

SPIKE

(Matter of factly)

You're dead.

LYNDA

Yes. But we needed to talk.

SPIKE

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

LYNDA

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

SPIKE

(Shakes his head)

No one did. They would've found out at the hospital. You never did understand reporting, did you?

LYNDA

No.

SPIKE

I love you, Lynda.

LYNDA

Then forgive me.

SPIKE

What for?

(CONTINUED)

651 CONTINUED:

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

LYNDA

(Grinning)

Winding you up. But you did call me a monster.

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

SPIKE

You utter bitch!

LYNDA

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

SPIKE

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

LYNDA

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

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

LYNDA

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

SPIKE

He knows you're alive?

LYNDA

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

SPIKE

(Staring at her; not really listening)

If I kiss you ... do I wake up? I'm not sure I want to know if this is a dream.

(CONTINUED)

651 CONTINUED:(2)

Lynda looks at him for a moment, smiles.

LYNDA

Your choice.

He hesitates. Then they lean in together to kiss.

Before they can, we freeze frame.

END CREDITS

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

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